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Special Pulver Section:  
Reader's Sixth Annual Guide  
To San Diego

# VISITORS ON Autumn THE WING in San Diego brings tourists of a different kind



GORDON ELBERT SMITH

The dirt road leads west from Nineteenth Street in Imperial Beach, about a quarter mile of rough, bumpy driving that ends at a small turn-around. Ahead lies a cultivated field, but a path curves around the side of it toward sandy hillocks and the beach. This is the Tia Juana River mouth, the southernmost part of the California coast. To the north are the yellow hangars of a Navy auxiliary landing field; three miles south stands the wire fence that marks the border with Mexico. For the last few years this place has been the site of a dispute between environmentalists and developers, the latter of whom proposed to build housing and a marina in the lowlands near the river. Now it appears that the federal government will purchase the land for use as a wildlife refuge, thereby preserving what is one of San Diego County's prime bird habitats.

A pale sun rises over the freeway to the east as I take the path alongside the road. Tractors are mowed this Sunday morning

a meadowlark breaks into clear, cheerful song from atop an empty oil drum. After a few hundred yards the path begins to parallel a narrow water channel that now, at low tide, is filled with birds probing the mud for snails and crabs. Their drab and somewhat similar plumage belies the many different species: willets, dunlins, sandpipers, mottled godwits, and long-billed curlews, among others. It is only September, but many of these birds have arrived for the winter and would not have been found here a few months or even a few weeks ago.

The path leads onward toward the beach. Imprinted in the damp ground at my feet are thousands of different bird tracks, some curving away, others looping back, intersecting in a maze of patterns. They grow particularly thick at the edge of a small inlet, where the path abruptly ends. At my approach two godwits begin to take to the air with a clatter of claws; three pale-browed wrens look on, as if in the autumn light as they disappear northward.

Suddenly there is a great commotion

from the other side of the inlet, and a huge flock of elegant terns—a gray and white bird with a black cap and orange bill—starts up. In a few moments there are roughly a thousand of them flapping and calling overhead, making a tremendous din. Far away across the sand another flock takes wing; they turn this way and that in the distance, presenting a glittering effect of white, then gray, then white. Only in the fall are elegant terns found along San Diego's coast in such great numbers. Although a few pairs nest locally, the vast majority breed to the south, in the Gulf of California. But in a phenomenon characteristic of many species, they fly north to gather in flocks before nesting. In the past, terns would nest in the coastal dunes of San Diego, or in a thick thicket along a strip of white sand near the mouth of the Tia Juana River. But in 1964, the U.S. Navy built a new pier and wharf at the mouth of the river, and the terns moved to the new nesting grounds.



# City Lights

## One Man Ban

Some people will call him a nut. Others will call him a hero. But nobody will say he doesn't have guts. To protect his identity he asked that his real name not be used (he'll be known here as Jack). You'll learn his name when he gets

thousand screamers. Jack sits and stares and waits, the resolve etched on his face, as the jet passes. He doesn't smile much these days. He hasn't got the time. It was just a little more than a week ago that he woke up and decided he had to do something. "The rationalization that it's okay for

wake up in the morning and start thinking about what I had thought about the day before." The morning he finally decided he had to act he went down to the library at the Union/Tribune building and read through the packets of clippings on Cambodia. "I sat there for an hour trying to admit to myself

For the same reason he doesn't want his name used, Jack asked that his departure date not be disclosed. If the Thai government knew when he was coming, it might not let him off the plane. He'll be there within three weeks. Jack's motivation remains something of a puzzle. It's

## Birds And Bees And Referees

Last August the board of supervisors, over the heated objections of several right-to-life groups, passed along HEW funds to the local Planned Parenthood affiliate. The pro-life groups fought hard, charging conflict of interest against Supervisors Moore, Hedgecock, and Taylor, and also against several high-level administrators at the county health department, which handles the county's contract with Planned Parenthood. Though some of these named are collecting any money from Planned Parenthood, they do have different degrees of involvement with that agency. Supervisor Moore helped Planned Parenthood find an office and funding for a branch in El Cajon. Lee Taylor gives Planned Parenthood \$1000 a year. Roger Hedgecock's wife is on Planned Parenthood's Board of Directors.

Last June Hedgecock made a formal request to county counsel asking for an opinion on whether his wife's position on Planned Parenthood's board constituted a conflict of interest for himself. County counsel stated that there was no legal conflict, but went on to say, in a move Hedgecock thought to be out of its area of responsibility, that "in order to avoid any possible controversy, however, you may wish to consider obtaining from any vote involving a contract with Planned Parenthood."

In their zeal to uncover hidden relationships between Planned Parenthood and other government agencies, the pro-life groups made one charge that seems to have little basis. They claim to have discovered that there is an agreement between Planned Parenthood and the city schools whereby Planned Parenthood "teaches" the schools' sex educators. Joan Patton, who made that charge in a letter printed in the *Evening Tribune*, is a representative of the Pro-Life League. She is a regular speaker for Pro-Life and frequently addresses high school audiences throughout the county. Duane Maley, director of health services, the arm of the Unified School District which is responsible for teaching sex education, says there is no program set up with Planned Parenthood to train teachers. "We don't need anybody, else to train our

teachers," says Maley. "I don't know where she got that idea."

Patton says she got that idea from an aide in Lucille Moore's office. Many sources, president of the Right-To-Life Council, is the person who actually spoke with the aide, Edie Dene. They both have different accounts of the conversation. "I asked her [if Planned Parenthood had an] 'exam' to teach the sex educators," recalls Solobak, "and Edie said yes, they did." Dene remembers it differently, and claims, "We never discussed anything like that." Dene Maley was fuming when he read the charge in the newspaper, and he asked Patton why she didn't call him to find out if it was correct. Patton recalls answering, "Why should I believe what I hear from you after the dishonest treatment we got from your office last year?"

What Patton was referring to was an appointment she thought she had in March, 1977, to speak before the school district's twenty-two sex educators. After she gave her presentation, which included slides depicting aborted fetuses, Patton says she had a "funny feeling" about the group. She stopped several people on their way out the door and discovered that most of those she had spoken to were not sex educators after all. "He [Dick Lewis, the assistant director who had set up the talk] just collected warm bodies," says Patton. "They were all receptionists and secretaries."

Lewis says there was a "communication problem" before the talk given by Patton, and that a Mormon-sponsored pro-life group had spoken to the educators just before Patton was scheduled. "So, many of our people felt they'd already heard what she was going to say," recalls Lewis.

Planned Parenthood has addressed the sex educators more than once in the past. The Pro-Life League, after what they say was two years of effort, was finally able to address the teachers last month. And even though their vociferous opposition to the board of supervisors passing on federal funds to Planned Parenthood was to little avail, the pro-life people feel they've at least made themselves heard in the place where they believe those funds cause the most damage — the public schools.

— N.M.

## Book Him

The lobby of the downtown library, normally not the scene of high drama, was the arena for some cops-and-robbers-style action last Wednesday at lunch time. When a young man (carrying a hidden copy of Jessica Mitford's *A Fine Old Confession* in his knapsack) triggered the alarm system at the exit and bolted through the front doors out to E Street, library personnel near the front desks rushed after him, caught him, and called four policemen to cart the miscreant off to the county jail. Although such incidents of theft are common, it was one of the first such arrests in more years than most of the library employees can remember — but it won't be the last, they promise.

Eric Sarver, one of the

security guards at the main branch, was the first to tear after and stop the book thief last week. ("He said he just wanted something to read at the blood bank and he would have returned it," the guard recounts cynically.) Sarver's involvement was appropriate, since he's been most responsible for changing the library policy. When he first started working as a guard this summer, his fellow employees had long resigned themselves to releasing individuals who trigger the alarm. "There had always been a strong feeling of not wanting to harass people, since this is a public library," Sarver says; plus, older employees also remember a lack of cooperation from the city in prosecuting book thieves in the past. When Sarver contacted the city attorney's office to find out exactly what

could be done, however, he found that the office now is "more than happy to cooperate." So now anyone who tries to sneak any volumes through the alarm system can expect to lose his library card for a year, and to receive a citation (and possibly physical arrest) for theft.

Sarver says no one knows how many books are stolen outright from the city's libraries, since inventory systems aren't yet fully computerized. In addition, the line between overdue and stolen books tends to blur. However, he says the magnetic strips hidden in the book bindings have been setting off the detector downtown at least three times a week. (Properly checking out a book deactivates the strips, which are being attached to each volume in the library's

collection.) Even when every book finally contains the alarm-setting code, librarians still will have to worry about the branch libraries, where patrons exit with only a visual inspection.

Sarver stresses that the library isn't trying to entrap people; in fact, the main branch has added signs to warn of the increased security. "We're not in the business of incarcerating people," he says. "We're simply not going to continue to let them walk off with public property." The added vigilance may also bring unexpected benefits. When the would-be thief was arrested last week, for example, circulation employees found that he owed \$123 in overdue fines, so a notice to appear in small claims court greeted his arrival at the county jail.

— J.D.

## Fido Just Burled My Yogurt

Sissy McGill, who runs perhaps the ultimate San Diego business, works out of a shaded La Mesa residence located just around the corner from Anthony's Seafood Restaurant.

Danes for almost twenty years and had lost three of her animals to a disease called "blast." "It mostly strikes medium and large dogs, and about 1000 dogs a week in this country die from it," she says. "The dog swells up within ten minutes and within three hours he's dead." When she learned that the condition rarely kills dogs in Germany, where Great Danes

dog food uses soybean as a base. "Now, soybeans are excellent for people," McGill asserts, "but soybeans contain an enzyme which can irritate the stomachs of dogs." Excited about her discovery, she wrote all the major U.S. dog food manufacturers. "I sent them the formula free, and it had cost me a bundle. But I didn't want to make dog food; I

By last spring, the business had grown so much that she left her job with the La Mesa school district. Currently, she stores the L.A.-manufactured product in a mini-warehouse on Johnson Avenue in El Cajon, from where she ships it to local retailers (health food stores, feed stores, and a few groceries) as well as to customers as far away as Bermuda and Hawaii. This winter she'll also begin producing an East Coast supply at a Massachusetts mill.

As the business has blossomed, so has McGill's zeal for promoting natural canine nutrition. Crisply, she reels off canine horrors, as outraged as any raw foods vegetarian discussing frozen TV dinners. "Most people don't realize that when the dog food label lists chicken by-products, that may include feathers, beaks, and ground-up feet. . . . They can also contain something called 'reused bakery products,' and that can mean stale cookies covered with white sugar, or birthday cakes which have become moldy. The bakeries can grind this all up and sell it to the dog food companies." She says the incident which shocked her most, however, occurred when one company offered to buy her dog and "one of the first things the guy wanted to put in was ground tobacco leaves! He uses that as a crude source of protein."

McGill also has expanded her product line, along with the Solid Gold Natural Herbal Dog Food, she also hawks natural antecipa pills, skin cream, vitamins, minerals, and other products. The former schoolteacher also has big plans. With her eye on a new shopping center scheduled to open in Petrosquitos, she says she may consider opening the world's first canine health food store. "People are interested in natural foods and I think they're becoming aware that's so either spend the money on food or you're going to spend it at the veterinarian's."

— Jeannette DOWNS and Neil Matthews



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM COIT

over to Thailand, takes a train to the border town of Arany. Agnath, and walks the six kilometers to the Cambodian border. When he gets there Jack is going to hold up a sign that reads in Cambodian: Stop The Killing. Why? "I don't have the answer for what should be done in Cambodia," he shrugs. "It'll raise the question."

The question in Jack's mind is how the world could allow between one and three million Cambodians to either be killed or allowed to starve since mid-1975. "It's been called a present-day holocaust," he says, "and I don't want to have to say to myself twenty years from now I knew what was going on and didn't do anything about it."

Jack lives beneath the final approach to Lindbergh Field in an apartment that rents for ninety-five dollars a month. About every fifteen minutes a jet flies over and punctuates the conversation with the noise of a

me to live like I'm living while people are dying on this planet no longer exists."

Jack's been trying to figure out what he wanted to do since he quit his job with the Union Tank Car Company a year and a half ago. He had saved up enough money to support himself without having to go on unemployment or food stamps, a point of pride for him. Before his accounting job, Jack had worked as a counselor in the area of mental retardation, drug, and alcohol abuse. For the past eighteen months his job has been thinking. "That's what I did for work," he says. "I'd

and acknowledge what was going on over there. I was shaken."

But why Cambodia? There are other places where people are dying. "Rather than do anything about killing, we throw up our hands and turn on Charlie's Angels," replies Jack. "I felt tremendous emotional upset. The U.N. does not work for me. Nobody seems to represent the people in Cambodia or the people under Idi Amin. What do we do? We turn it into a joke — Idi Amin jokes."

For the past week and a half Jack has been trying to organize his protest mission. He doesn't have much money left, so he got a friend to loan him enough for a round-trip ticket to Bangkok and three weeks' living expenses. He's been working closely with the Cambodian community here and in Los Angeles. He realizes he may only have thirty minutes to hold up his sign before the Thai government puts a stop to it. For this reason Jack wants to make sure there are reporters present. "If I go out there and nobody knows about it, what's the use?"

obvious he's deeply pained by what is happening in Cambodia, but so are a lot of other people. He had a Catholic upbringing, but he doesn't call himself religious today. He wants people to stop killing each other, but so does the United Nations. The difference is that the killing matters to him on a very personal level. "The world doesn't work for me," he says. "There are these powers that don't seem to mind that people are dying." Then, as a jet screeches closer, Jack raises his voice and half yells, facetiously, "If Cambodia tried to nationalize some oil company or something, we might go to war. But if they're just killing people, well, that's okay."

— N.M.



SISSY MCGILL

Sissy has decorated her residence with symbols of the interest which recently lured her away from a twenty-four-year teaching career. Two proud Great Dane profiles appear on the garage doors, more canines adorn the front gate, and Sissy's white van bears a bumper sticker proclaiming "Great Dane Power." In the house, two flesh-and-blood animals, almost as large as Shetland ponies, each day gobble down Sissy's concoction, by her boast "the only natural dog food in the United States."

"Most dog foods over here are just loaded with chemicals," she clucks, bustling around her living room. A slender platinum blond, she hops with alacrity from one topic to another like a hyperactive flea. She says her interest in canine nutrition budded a few years ago, when she'd been breeding Great

typically live thirteen to fifteen years (compared to the seven-to-nine-year American Great Dane's life span), the La Mesa went to Europe to do some research.

She returned with no answers ("No one had ever heard of blast"), but came back loaded with samples of dog food, which she subjected to chemical analysis. She says the results showed one striking difference between the American and Continental chow. Whereas the German dog foods were cooked slowly, their American counterparts are steamed and cooked fast, and most importantly, most American

was teaching school at the time. "Not one company showed any interest, however, so the woman experimented with having the product milled first in Escondido, and then in Los Angeles, adding herbs (parsley, thyme, sage, rosemary, red raspberry leaves, confrey, garlic, and kelp) to the meat, bonemeal, cheese, fish, and grains. McGill says the finished product, a hard-baked kibble which resembles broken cracker meal, rivals the venerable German recipe which has been used for at least seventy years. Still, she only went into business with it reluctantly. "I didn't think anybody was interested in a natural, herbal dog food except for me," she says. "But people kept saying, 'Why don't you run off an extra sack for me?'"

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB BURROUGHS





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## Think Tank

Thanks to Matthew Allen for the information as to where some scientists may be found to congregate socially (September 21). It is true that we scientists as a general rule are not the type to congregate in public to amuse ourselves. It may interest you to know, however, that a very notable exception to this general rule may be found at the Briteville Restaurant in La Jolla each and every Friday evening between approximately 5:15 and 6:30 p.m. There you will find an assortment of California's (indeed some say the nation's) most promising young scientists, "ramping down" from another challenging and creative week at Science Applications, Inc., a firm often referred to by the San Diego Union as "a La Jolla think tank." There you will be quite likely to find such notables (in their respective fields) as Tom Rosen (meteorology), Sue Rosen (computer systems and artificial intelligence), Sam Jelinek (physics), Steve Fin (nuclear analysis), Bill Lyon (environmental analysis), and many others. While certainly not the most socially adroit group that one might find in the La Jolla watering holes (bankers, attorneys, etc.), they do exhibit a certain sense of savoir-faire.

So you see, some scientists, like bankers, do enjoy congregating socially, and we would like to invite any who wish to join us to do so. However, unlike bankers, et al, we prefer to resolve the crucial issues of the day while getting blitzed, rather than just discuss them.

*Vis Dura, staff scientist  
Science Applications, Incorporated  
La Jolla*

## A Moron Lovely As A Tree

May I suggest two improvements for your publication? First, knock off the cutesy headlines. They're unnecessary and linguistically offensive. "Who do you blame when it's nobody's fault?" (September 28) hit rock bottom.

Second, start charging for the "personals" column. This should result in a significant reduction of the garbage from the *Star Wars* freaks. While it's difficult to determine if these people are low-grade morons or simply children using their allowance money to buy postage stamps, it is sickening to think that trees must die so that such nonsense can be printed.

*Charles A. Rogers  
Chula Vista*

# Letters

## Acacia In Point

Your article "A Tree Grows in Claremont" in the September 28 Reader ("City Lights") pretty well sums up my feelings about the lack of trees in San Diego. We moved here from the North County three years ago, where on an acre and a half we had perhaps over a thousand trees and shrubs. The apparent lack of interest here in outdoor landscaping is astonishing to me. Plants are even considered to be a nuisance rather than a pleasure and a fulfillment. The manicured look of commercial landscaping jobs done on shopping centers, banks, and the like, while commendable, only presents a continuation of a boring overall landscape.

The continued proliferation of freeways, and the grading art cuts, only hide the natural beauty of San Diego in addition. The small lots and narrow streets preclude planting trees or even some of the beautiful flowering shrubs such as hibiscus and large flowering yucca such as bougainvillea and crape de leo.

I really must take exception to your statement that "Schneider says... few flowering tree species do well here." Where have Schneider and you people been when the numerous varieties of acacias, coral trees, dombeyas, pittosporums, grevilleas, casahuate, and of course the many, many showings of eucalypti, large and small, bloom?

To go one step further, very few of the extremely spectacular blooming shrubs are planted here. It is difficult to say why, as surely the boring, monotonous two Eugenia in each front door is out of place for what can be a medium-sized beautiful tree.

To go one step further, very few of the extremely spectacular blooming shrubs are planted here. It is difficult to say why, as surely the boring, monotonous two Eugenia in each front door is out of place for what can be a medium-sized beautiful tree.

I do feel that many parts of your article contain irresponsible reporting, and this casts doubt on all of your material.  
*Edith Pratt  
San Diego*

## This Is My Beef

After Eleanor Widmer's story about Abe's Deli, we decided to have lunch there. This was our experience: We arrived there about 11:30 and our waitress took our order, which was a corned beef sandwich for my husband and a whole-fish plate for me. We waited thirty-five minutes before we received our order and they were not busy. My husband's

sandwich was a disaster. It was cut the wrong way and was stringy, and my plate consisted of a couple pieces of fish and two pieces of white fish with potato salad and cole slaw — surely not worth \$4.95. When we mentioned it to the cashier she just shrugged her shoulders.

By the time they got organized they may not have customers to serve. It seems they have a lot of people behind the counter getting in each other's way.  
*Enith Outman  
San Diego*

## Pie Eyed

I take issue with Eleanor Widmer's critique of San Diego Chicken Pie Shop ("Let Them Eat Pie," September 21). She presents the negative aspect of this restaurant, ignoring many positive aspects, for which it is now a most popular eating place. While her theme of "soul and soul" food is interesting and cute, it is not the whole truth in the case of the Chicken Pie Shop.

The basic menu does not "consist of chicken pies." Daily luncheon entrees also include meat loaf, chicken legs in sweet-and-sour sauce with rice, and ham omelets. The dinner entrees include corned beef and cabbage with boiled potatoes, baked chicken, and on Sundays and holidays, complete ham or turkey dinners. In addition, the large selection of the menu includes steaks, fish, and a very good chef's salad.

While the San Diego Chicken Pie Shop is not gourmet, it does not have to be; it can be a simple, hearty, home-cooked meal. In my humble opinion, it is one of the best all-around bargains in town.  
*Betty Soloff  
San Diego*

## Enuf Is Too Much

Jonathan Saville's tirade in your last issue tells the Reader's readers little or nothing about Shmoo Shango or her choreographers For Colored Girls, but it tells us a lot about him. Apparently, when his business is pushed, his whole system — like a sea anemone — simply closes down. The play is, he completely closed himself off from experiencing and being moved by a truly peak theatrical experience.

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Nothing in Saville's review would suggest to any reader that For Colored Girls might possibly be for anyone anything more than a "piece of fraudulent and immoral junk." (This words!) Yet every one of my several friends who saw it found it to be a powerful emotional experience — theater at its best with its unique combination of content, color, movement, and sound blending to touch frighteningly intimate personal depths. One friend, for example, found the sketch "somebody almost walked off with all my stuff" so profoundly moving that she remained deep in her thoughts for perhaps half an hour. "That was my story, my whole life," she finally said. By contrast, Saville can only see this particular sketch as something to hold up to ridicule.

Saville is upset by Shango's phonetic spelling. Perhaps this keeps him from seeing the conspiracy power of some of the immediacy that characterizes her writing, both poetry and prose. (Has Saville read *Satanstoe*?) He apparently isn't at all upset by the fact that virtually every national critic disagrees with him — he simply dismisses them all (and me) as "mainly white, male, liberal, and guilt ridden." Oh, well. The day after Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg Address, some New York critics wrote that they felt "embarrassed" for "that poor president."

My anger isn't directed at Saville, however. His loss is only his loss. My anger is directed at the Reader for giving such conspicuous display to one angry individual's self-serving review. If your one-sided coverage kept even one reader from experiencing For Colored Girls, you have done a grave disservice. Indeed, that is too high a price to pay for one contributing editor's ego trip.  
*David D. Madole  
San Diego*

I am writing in response to the September 21 theater article "Enuf Is Enuf," by Jonathan Saville. Fortunately, I saw the outstanding production, For Colored Girls, and thus, I am responding to the racist, sexist, unprofessional diatribe by Saville from both a personal viewpoint (as a theatergoer) and a professional viewpoint (as a college/university instructor of English and Women's Studies).

I assume Saville considers himself an academic professional person who staunchly defends the "academic objectivity, intellectual disinterestedness, and worship of factual evidence, which

(continued on page 13)

# PRESS PASSES

## Let's Look At The Big Picture

A billboard is one of those things politicians love to hate. Billboard companies have been fighting for their existence since Wrigley's Gum put up the first board around the turn of the century. And any day now, either the guarantee or the snuffing out of that existence in San Diego is due to be delivered by the California Su-

ing their minds something to do and thereby keep them more alert. And, they argue, if billboards are dangerous, why does the highway patrol advertise on them?

It cannot be denied that billboards are effective, especially in Southern California. "With one outdoor buy you're going to eventually reach everybody in the city over a thirty-day period," claims Bob Shumake, sales manager of Foster and Kleiser, one of two major billboard companies in San Diego. Like most advertising mediums, billboard companies don't re-

and boards pitching hotels and motels are on the approaches into the city.

Both major billboard companies in San Diego, Foster and Kleiser and Pacific Outdoor Advertising, are extremely sensitive to public opinion. Sometimes they have no choice. Since they only lease the land the billboards are on, the terms of the lease are really up to the landlord. The University Avenue Church of the Nazarene, which recently purchased some land that has billboards on it at Interstate 8 and Waring Road, has stipulated in its lease to Foster and Kleiser that there will be no ads for



MARV GUNDERSON

perme Court. It's been almost a year since the state supreme court visited the University of San Diego and heard arguments on whether the city's 1972 ordinance banning billboards is constitutional. The billboard companies believe it infringes on their right to free speech. Lower courts saw it that way, too. But in its appeals, the city has brought its disaster of billboards all the way to the final judge. The city argued that billboards are a safety hazard because they're designed to catch the motorist's eye. The city also claims that billboards "uglify" San Diego and thus damage the tourist trade as well as cause surrounding property values to decline.

But there are those, both in and out of the industry, who believe billboards are a thing of beauty and an art form. Billboards can even be found in museums these days. And the billboard companies argue that their signs actually help motorists by giv-

ing them space; they sell circulation. To reach just about everyone, an advertiser will buy what's termed a one hundred showing. This is about eighty boards, sprinkled all over the city, and the billboard hawkers say that in a month they'll reach ninety-five percent of the population forty-two times. All for only \$18,300. You can also buy showings as small as the number five. This is four boards, \$822 per month, that'll reach five percent of the population daily.

Of course the best place for a billboard to be is along the freeway. The choicest and most sought-after spots are Interstate 8 at Fairmount, and Interstate 5 at Thirty-second Street. It's also important that the board face the proper direction. Most liquor ads, for example, face homeward-bound traffic. (Who ever boozes it up on the way to work?) Generally, suntan lotion ads are at the beach,

The Pacer, a Loma Portal nightclub that promotes its topless dancing with billboard images of buxom women. The group also forbids liquor and cigarette ads, as do several other leaseholders.

This year, one woman who was not a leaseholder even caused Foster and Kleiser to move an Imperial Beach billboard advertising the zoo. Her doctor called the company and told them the woman could not drive past an ad that featured a huge picture of a snake wrapped around a "You Belong in the Zoo" logo. The woman was terrified of snakes. They moved the board the next day.

The most beautiful boards are the ones that are painted by hand, and San Diego lays claim to a man people in the industry call the best billboard painter in the world. Marv Gunderson is his name, and he works out of a "studio" in Sorrento Valley that is really an outdoor lot with a rack

on it big enough to hold boards as large as forty-five feet by ninety feet. Gunderson paints the only boards in the country good enough to satisfy Marlboro. It takes him about ten days to finish one board, and he does about twenty-five a year for Marlboro. Almost all of them are sent east to either Chicago or to Irvine, Texas, where they're erected at Texas Stadium, home of the Dallas Cowboys.

Gunderson, 57, is as weather-faced as the Marlboro men he constantly paints. He started out as a painter for Pacific Outdoor, which sent him to study fine art at USC almost thirty years ago. Just after Gunderson left Pacific Outdoor to go into business for himself, the Marlboro account came along. "Marlboro had been having trouble getting real good art," says Gunderson.

"They went to Pacific Outdoor and... then Pacific Outdoor suggested they try me." So for the last three years Gunderson has been creating gigantic renditions of western scenes. The painting of the lettering and the cigarette packs he leaves up to his sons, Gunderson just does the pictorial work. His pallet consists of a tray of coffee cans full of oil paints, which he mixes just as any other artist does, but on a larger scale. After establishing the basic outlines on the board, which is almost as big as a drive-in movie screen, he uses huge brushes. He extrapolates these outlines from a photograph sent to him by the advertising agency. Each ad has its own name — J.D. Saddle-Up, J.D. Marley, Winfield's Corral, Snowspray, and Darryl's Cabin. "J.D." are the initials of the younger Marlboro man, Jerry Dominick. The older Marlboro man, Darryl Winfield, is a friend of Gunderson's. "He's just an old cowboy," chuckles the old cowboy painter. "He goes out and gets drunk every Saturday night." Both the models have their own ranches (Winfield's is in Wyoming and Dominick's is in Arizona), and neither was a professional model before Marlboro discovered them.

Gunderson has done some strictly local boards, too. Notably, the "Tri-Vision" board in San Diego Stadium that rotates and shows three separate ads. He also painted the Marlboro ad on the opposite side of the scoreboard in the stadium. Although he won't disclose what the ad agency pays him for his art work, Gunderson says, "I make a good living." And he's not worried about losing his livelihood to a city ordinance. "They've been fighting billboards ever since I can remember," he says. "Thirty years ago people told me, 'Hey kid, don't get into this business.' They'll be fighting it forever."

— Neal Matthews

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# Off the Cuff

What movie has remained memorable for you?



James Garret  
Modeling Student  
Hillcrest

Oh, God! I really don't know what to think about this movie. I've got several feelings. It's such a good movie I wonder if someone made it to make people realize what's going on and then again I think maybe somebody made it as a mockery to religion. I just don't know, and I wanted to get up and walk out but I was compelled to sit there because it was such a different type of movie, interesting with meaning. I guess it means probably to look where you're at, where you're going and get it together. I should have done that when I left the theater but I haven't yet, in fact I'm planning on church this very next Sunday which'll shock all my friends! I can tell you!



Chuck Bernard  
Clerk  
Downtown

The best movie I ever seen was fifteen years ago, lasted three hours, Clark Gable when they burnt Atlanta down. Ah, you know that thing, well I enjoyed it because it's a very practical movie, practical because rebels die hard. I'm a rebel from Tennessee and I oughta know.



Jay Callahan  
Orthopedic Mechanic  
Downtown

Richard Widmark in *Red Skies Over Montana* impressed me so much because when I first seen the movie I felt I wanted to be as dynamic as him and I felt when I grew up I'd probably look something like him and in a way I do. I'm short, I got blond hair and I got scars on my face and I try to make my life a little bit like Richard Widmark. I went five years to the Toastmasters International at the Pentagon when I was barbers' there because I wanted to be as forceful and dynamic as Richard Widmark and before I quit I became president of Toastmasters and as forceful and dynamic as Richard Widmark.



Horatio  
Carpenter  
San Diego

*Pope!* It was an inner-feeling movie if you know what I mean and I liked it so much I even cried in this flick. That's how good it was. It was about this dude and his old man and was based more on reality than fantasy and I dug that. I'll go see a fantasy for the trip but I don't get nothin' out of it but *Pope!* was for real, real with no B.S. and no fakins' and shakin'.



Sarah Wynn  
Bookkeeper  
University City

One I really remember and have seen many times on TV is *The Heiress* with Olivia de Havilland. It's one of the oldies. Her mother died in childbirth and she grows up a not very attractive daughter who could never equal her mother to her wealthy father and Montgomery Clift is her suitor after her money and all through this movie her dad tries to make her see this. They make plans to elope but when her father disinherits her, Montgomery Clift doesn't show up but makes plans with her again after her dad dies leaving her the money. She lets him make all the plans but when he comes to get her she bolts the door. It's a classic.



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# WING

(continued from page 1)

Dr. Amadeo Rea, curator of birds and mammals at the Museum of Natural History in Balboa Park, is a wiry man with a full black beard and pale blue eyes. In the last twenty years he has collected and analyzed bird specimens from all over the western hemisphere. The shelves in his office at the museum are littered with feathers and bird bones with tags attached to them, and there are likely to be several long-dead specimens arranged rather fortitously on top of the papers which cover his desk. Rea is a taxonomist who captures and studies different bird species and subspecies as a means of learning about their migratory habits. He often finds it necessary to shoot these specimens in the field in order to be able to study them properly, but he chooses his subjects carefully and avoids the destruction of birds he does not need. Rea is only thirty-nine years old, but his hair is flecked with gray.

"The migratory habits of birds today probably developed about three million years ago," he told me in his office on a sweltering afternoon recently. "The movement of glaciers at that time changed the

routes that now appear to be passed on from generation to generation genetically. And these routes vary widely in length and direction. Keep in mind, there are different types of migration."

Some birds, he noted, breed in the north and migrate in the fall to the tropics. Other birds breed in the north and migrate only to temperate areas like San Diego. Still others — locally, the robin would be an example — simply move down from higher altitudes to lower ones for the winter. And some birds, of course, don't migrate at all.

As might be deduced from this, all birds do not migrate at the same time. At almost every time of the year there is some species migrating somewhere. Wilson's phalaropes fly south as early as mid-June, a time when willow flycatchers are just arriving in San Diego for the summer. Among the later fall migrants are some species of hawks, who don't begin their migration until October. At that time they can be seen gliding high above coastal ridges like the one along Point Loma, taking advantage of wind updrafts as they move southward along the coast.

How do birds know where to go? Rea's eyes shone as he pondered the question. "Well, we don't really know all the answers to that. Some birds migrate at night,

way. Man is drying out and ruining many habitats, and this seems to me to be one of the long-range problems in bird migration. Where will they stop? What will they do if all the right habitats are gone — just keep on going? Birds have to refuel, but what happens if there are no more gas stations for a hell of a long way?"

• • •

Early morning clouds hang over Agua Hedionda Lagoon in Carlsbad. About forty people armed with binoculars and telescopes stand near the water's edge; most are Audubon Society members who have gathered here for a bird-watching tour of San Diego's North County lagoons. These lagoons — Agua Hedionda and Bataquitos in Carlsbad, and San Elijo in Cardiff — are a good place to see migrating shore and marsh birds, mainly because there are some of the last undisturbed habitats left on the Southern California coast.

The leader of the tour is Phil Unitt, a husky young man with blond hair, a ruddy complexion, and gold-rimmed glasses. Earlier this year Unitt began a study of the least tern, an eight-inch long, gray and white bird that has been on the federal endangered species list since 1970. The study, sponsored by the California Depart-



availability of food, and migration likely began as a means of discovering new food sources."

How birds know when to migrate isn't precisely known, but they appear to react to the length of the daylight period as well as physiological changes in their own bodies. For many birds the latter means a change of plumage. "Here, I'll show you," Rea said, sliding open a cabinet drawer to reveal neat rows of dead specimens. "This is a scarlet tanager I took on the Amazon a few years ago." He handed me the soft, nearly weightless body. "You can see that the olive green color of this bird is a far cry from its scarlet breeding plumage. It hardly looks like what we know as a scarlet tanager at all. But bright plumages are primarily a means for birds to identify their own species during breeding season. In the winter there's no need for that, so some birds molt to a less colorful plumage which, incidentally, serves to make them less visible to predators."

Rea had warned to his subject and began gesturing with his long, bony hands as he talked. An Indian bracelet of silver and turquoise gleamed on his wrist. "Species like the elegant tern that fly north in the fall probably do so to take advantage of food sources available in certain areas. How they discovered there was food to be had in those areas, though, isn't known. They simply evolved traditional migratory

and it's been proven that these species navigate by the stars. Exactly how they do it, though, no one is completely certain. In the Americas we're really just scratching the surface on a lot of these questions."

Occasionally a bird will fly hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles off its usual migratory path. If someone spots it while it is in this unfamiliar habitat, it becomes known as a "rare bird," and there are birders (as bird watchers sometimes refer to themselves) who will travel hundreds of miles just to catch a glimpse of it. According to Rea, a bird that has flown off of its migratory path is possibly lost. "Migrating birds can get lost during prolonged overcast periods when they can't orient themselves to the stars or the sun. But it seems to me more likely that many of these birds have imperfectly received the genetic code for their migratory route. A code like this is an enormously complex thing, and one small variation would mean that the bird might end up on the West Coast instead of in South America."

"Migration is a real hazard for birds," he continued. "Some of the biggest killers are lighthouses, TV and radio towers, tall buildings. There are buildings in the eastern United States that kill hundreds of migrating birds each night. It's a matter of sweeping them up in piles in the morning. A migrating bird also takes its chances in finding suitable places to rest along the

ment of Fish and Game, required someone with an extensive knowledge of birds to count the least terns nesting locally and record their breeding success. Unitt is only twenty-two and just received his bachelor's degree in zoology from San Diego State University this spring, but he has been interested in birds since he was fourteen and is one of the top two or three birders in San Diego.

Right now he is standing with binoculars to his eyes, staring out across Agua Hedionda Lagoon. Most of those present, who range in age from fourteen to about sixty, are wearing hiking boots and jackets as protection against the morning cold; Unitt has on only jeans, a blue flannel shirt, and a pair of mud-caked green and white tennis shoes. As he scans the lagoon he identifies birds which to the less experienced observer, even through binoculars, appear only as a vague dot in the distance. The rest of the group surveys the water with varying degrees of success.

"What was that cinnamon-colored bird that just flew over?" asks one young man. "That was a marbled godwit," says Unitt.

"I think my husband just saw a doughnut and coffee fly over," whispers one middle-aged woman to another. Two boys spot a great blue heron standing on a point of land not far away. "We're in the ninth grade," I overhear one of them

tell an elderly lady a few minutes later. "Our teacher is on the tour, too. He announced in class that any students who were interested could come along. We're the only two who showed up."

Unitt shows the heron to those who have not seen it, and points out nearby willets, sandpipers, and a small flock of black-bellied plovers resting on a sandbar. All of these birds, he explains, are winter visitors to this area. Then, in response to a question, he begins to talk about his work with the least tern.

"At this lagoon we found ten pairs nesting on the mud flats a little bit east of here. These twenty birds managed to fledge only four young; you couldn't call that great success. One of the problems was that the nesting area was accessible to motorcycle riders who came through a gap in the fence nearby. I don't think the motorcycles actually ran over any eggs, but the noise alone would be enough to scare the birds off." Someone ventures the argument that least terns are disappearing simply as a result of natural selection, and Unitt smiles ironically. "The least tern wouldn't be endangered if it weren't for the fact that human use has taken over many of their nesting sites," he says.

"They come back one spring and find that their nesting area has either disappeared

in this lagoon," Unitt explains for the group's benefit. "Normally they leave here around April and don't come back until fall. Why did these six stay? It's hard to say; it's pretty unusual. I guess they just liked it here."

It is nearly noon, and Unitt decides to bring the tour to an end before driving south to San Elijo Lagoon. Since most birds become less active during the middle of the day (in order to avoid the heat), today's prime bird-watching hours are over anyway. But just before we head back to our cars, Unitt sights a small group of pectoral sandpipers, a medium-sized bird with rich brown markings on its back. "Certainly the most interesting species we've seen today," he remarks, and by interesting he means rare. To the novice, even some of the common species may appear striking, but expert birders tend to frequent only those places where rare visitors are likely to stop. The North County lagoons are such areas, but they provide shelter only for birds that prefer marshy habitats. One must look elsewhere to find migrating land birds.

On another occasion I accompanied Unitt to a small canyon near the Tia Juana River known as Smuggler's Gulch. The canyon runs east-west across the international border, and the ground was covered



PHIL UNITT

AMADEO REA

or is now suddenly accessible to a large number of people. The birds move on to someplace else or fail to nest that year. Obviously, if they fail to nest for a number of years, the population is going to be reduced."

He goes on to say that least terns have now left San Diego for the winter. No one knows where they go. It's thought that they winter on islands off the coast of Central or South America, but with the estimated total population only 775 pairs, no one has been able to trace them.

While Unitt has been talking, the great blue heron has stood unmoving on the point, seemingly impervious to both the group of people watching it and a high-speed boat towing a water skier that periodically passes close by. Now, as we head back to our cars, the boat swings close one more time and the heron starts up and flies eastward with slow, sweeping strokes of its broad wings.

At Bataquitos Lagoon a few miles south, Unitt points out some of the more unusual winter visitors to San Diego County, including a white-faced ibis, a large brown bird with an extraordinarily long, downward-curving bill. It is feeding near reeds on the far side of a narrow inlet, eyeing us warily. Finally it tires of being on display for such a large group of intruders and takes off for a more secluded spot. "There are six ibis that stayed all summer

with bits of Spanish-language comic books and other signs of Mexican workers who may have stayed in the canyon before seeking employment, legal or otherwise, in the United States. The place wasn't exactly a garden spot, but the willow and tamarisk trees there attract migrating warblers, and migrating warblers attract Phil Unitt. We crashed around under the trees awhile; they were so dense that the few birds that could be heard singing nearby couldn't be seen at all. "To identify birds in a place like this you have to rely a lot on their songs," Unitt finally admitted, then identified an unseen California thrasher and an ash-throated flycatcher. Unitt owns the three-record companion to *A Field Guide to Western Birds*, and he has spent many hours listening to it in order to learn to identify birds by their calls alone. Still, Unitt said the records aren't nearly as valuable as going out and listening to birds in the field. "The problem with the records is that they often have songs that you'll hear only at a bird's breeding grounds, which might be in the arctic."

As we made our way back through the willows, a small greenish bird flashed by with a buzz. "Black-chinned hummingbird," Unitt grinned. When we came out into the open at last, he turned back to look at the stand of trees and sighed. "You see a lot of good birds at this place," he

(continued on page 16)

"Man is drying out and ruining many habitats. What will they do if all the right habitats are gone — just keep going? Birds have to refuel, but what happens if there are no more gas stations for a hell of a long way?"



## Straight from the Hip

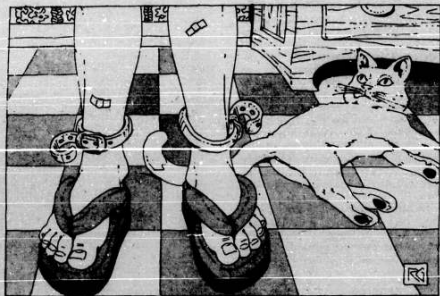
MATTHEW  
ALICE

Dear Matthew Alice:  
Is there a chemical or nontoxic substance I can put on my legs to keep fleas off? The house has been bombed, powdered, and sprayed — all to no avail. The cat is not mine, but the fleas don't know that. They think the cat and I go together, like soup and salad. They love my succulent legs. I need your help.

Jon Lyons  
San Diego

The first thing to do is bomb, spray, or powder the house again with a good flea killer. The recent warm weather is likely to hatch new generations of fleas, and any effort to keep them from biting your succulent legs won't work unless the house population is under control. An adult flea can survive for weeks without a taste of blood. Because of this, you'll have to keep spraying or dusting the rugs for days after you've spotted the last flea. And for your own sake, give the cat back to its owner.

Now, for your legs. There's a natural insecticide called pyrethrum powder that costs about five dollars a pound (\$2.39 retail for eight ounces). It is made from a certain chrysanthemum that contains a fragrant oil found to kill many kinds of insects, including fleas and roaches. The Green Garden Nursery at 4910 Cass Street in Pacific Beach sells the stuff (telephone 488-9931). Give the powder a try, and as a last resort, wear flea collars around your ankles, but remove them at the slightest sign of discomfort or irritation. (The flea collar trick was used by a couple of years ago in San Francisco by



ads in such computer-technology magazines as *Byte*, *Interface*, and *Kilobaud*.

Dear Matthew Alice:  
Recently I heard two statements attributed to Al Jolson. They are: "You ain't seen nothin' yet!" and "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" They are so similar as to be easily confused. I was wondering if Jolson coined both of them. Since these are just the kind of expressions that go over big at toga parties and around campfires, I hope you can answer with certainty.  
D. Brennan  
La Jolla

I can't find evidence that Jolson coined either of the statements you mention. It may be popularly held that Jolson coined one of them, or both — or maybe the singer made them famous in one of his movies or stage plays. In any case, they are not listed in quotation dictionaries, as often happens with short and general statements whose origin is impossible to determine. And anyway, why worry about attributing the quotes to Jolson or anybody else? Do you think somebody at a toga party or campout is going to challenge your sources? Just tell people, with a charming and fake air of authority, that Jolson did in fact coin both expressions. Fakers, after all, is the secret of "going over big" at parties.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to: Matthew Alice, c/o the Reader, P.O. Box 80863, San Diego, Ca 92138.

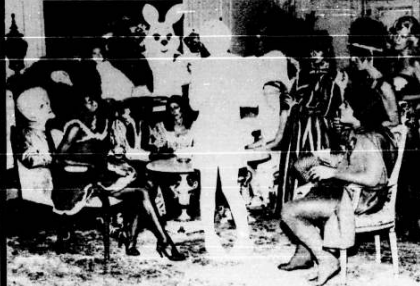
those who had to cope with an abundance of fleas.)

Dear Matthew Alice:  
At U.C. Berkeley there is a computer room where anyone can get computer time for business or games. Is there such a place here in San Diego? How does one get access to the facilities?  
M. Green  
Hillcrest

The big colleges here — UCSD and State College — both maintain computer rooms, but you have to be a student to use them. Elsewhere, you pay by the hour. A local company called Computer

Timesharing Corporation rents the use of a Hewlett-Packard 2000 computer for one to eight dollars an hour, depending on the hour and day of the week. Call Computer Timesharing and explain your special needs. The person I spoke with at the company refused to give his name, the address of the company, or the location of the computer, and he asked me not to print the company's telephone number. He wouldn't even explain why he doesn't want this information in print. But no matter, it's all in the new telephone directory on page 201 of the white pages. If you find no satisfaction with Computer Timesharing, you might try the classified

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## WING

(continued from page 9)

said, "but there are a lot of birds you don't see."

We drove north along the Silver Strand toward Coronado, and Unitt talked more about his study of the least tern. Forty-three pairs were found nesting at Lindbergh Field, on the sandy ground between the runways. The location matches their natural breeding grounds in every way except for the roar of jets going by. So far the birds have shown no ill effects from a decibel level that would damage human ears.

"There's another nesting spot just a little north of here," he went on, pointing to a stretch of beach just south of Coronado. "There might be a few late breeders left." But when the place came into full view, Unitt groaned. The parking lot near the spot he had planned to visit was covered with the campers and motor homes of people spending a day at the beach.

"Do you want to stop?" I asked.  
"I don't see any reason to," he replied, and his disgust was plain. "The least terns would be gone. There are people there."

...

In late September I returned to the beach near the Tia Juana River mouth. A light autumn haze hung in the air above the sand and water. Beyond the breakers a school of black porpoises could be seen; only their dark backs and fins were visible as they swam slowly southward.

In the distance a flock of brown pelicans circled above the water a few hundred yards out from shore. Occasionally one would fold its wings and dive swiftly into the water in pursuit of a fish. The brown pelican is a big, stately looking bird, and the diving ones made a sizeable splash as they knifed into the water bill-fint. It looked as if they were catching a lot of fish. Brown pelicans are an endangered species; when DDT was used extensively a few years ago, it eventually found its way into the birds' bodies and weakened the shells of their eggs when they were laid. The birds crushed their own eggs as they

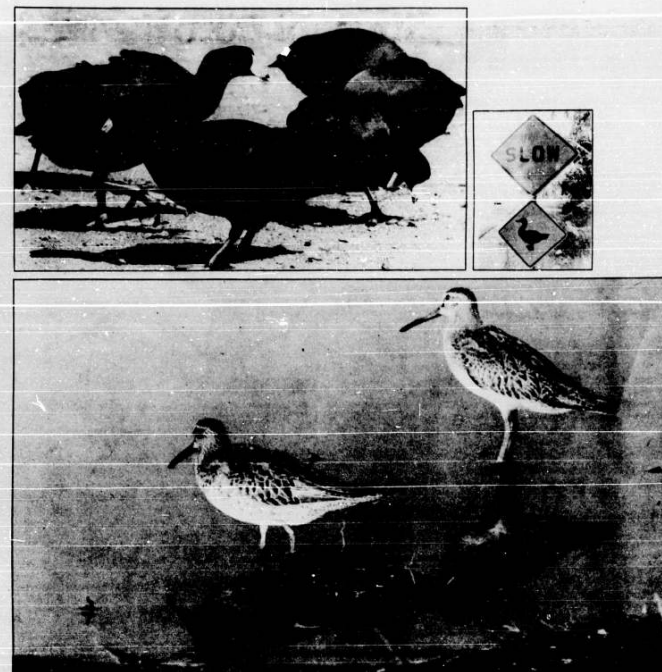
tried to incubate them. With the banning of DDT, however, brown pelicans seem to be making a comeback. The nearest breeding colony to San Diego is on the Coronado Islands, but studies have shown that most of the birds here at this time of year come from the Gulf of California.

I walked north along the beach, expecting every couple of hundred yards to surprise at least one huge flock of elegant terns. I had been here not three weeks earlier and seen thousands of them. They're a beautiful sight in their huge flocks, all flying and calling at once. It's a wonder they don't bump into each other, or maybe they do and just don't mind. But on

this day there was no sign of them on the sand and none were visible in the sky. A lone heerman's gull, fighting the wind, glided down at me impassively as it flew past. After two miles or so I finally stopped and admitted to myself the obvious: the elegant terns were gone. They had flown south for the winter, to gather in huge groups of 10,000 and more on the coastal islands of South and Central America.

I turned and walked back, tramping slowly through the dry sand away from shore. Through binoculars, a whitish area could be seen on the beach far away; perhaps a flock of terns, or perhaps — at this

distance — even a wide patch of trash. But when I was nearer I could see it was a group of snowy plovers. They, too, gather here in flocks before flying south for the winter; and now, in late morning, they seemed to be patiently waiting for something. I smiled, because the snowy plover is a plump white bird with dark eyes and a short black bill, and waiting patiently looks like one of the things it probably does best. I drew a little closer, but the group seemed to notice me all at once and hurriedly ran off across the sand. Now and then they stopped to look back at me before moving off again, and the look in their eyes was one of terror. □



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# Local Events

## Lectures

"CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A FAMILY," the first lecture in a series sponsored by the San Diego Psychoanalytic Institute, Renaissance Division, will be presented by Dr. Ralph Greenman, professor of psychiatry at UCLA and author of "The Techniques and Practice of Psychoanalysis." Friday, October 6, 8 p.m., Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. C\$-7.00.

"ART, ARTISTS, AND MUSEUMS" will be the topic of a presentation by Edward L. de Witte, director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, Tuesday, October 10, 8 a.m., Sherwood Hall, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 700 Prospect Street, La Jolla. 454-9777.

"PROSTITUTION IN THE AMERICAN PAST," a lecture by Ruth Rosen, professor of history at UC Davis, will be presented as part of the "New Views of Women" series, Wednesday, October 11, 3 p.m., room 55-101, SDSU.

DREAM INTERPRETATION will be the subject matter of a presentation by Richard Curcio and Joseph Hart, Wednesday, October 11, 11 p.m., Montezuma Hall, SDSU. 286-6047.



JOHN ASHERBY

Although poets like to think of themselves variously as saviors of truth, creators of unique fancies, or divinely entrusted guardians of a secret lexicon, it can nevertheless be said that they are equally defined by the nature of their art to reveal through their works subjective analyses of and/or reactions to the human condition. Given this oversimplification, it can also be said that what a poet writes about is not nearly as important as the way he writes about it and the "poet" poet can usually be recognized both by a no nonsense, intuitive grasp of his singular vision, and by an idiosyncratic use of language in conveying them. It is by these criteria that John Ashbery has been judged one of America's very best poets.

Ashbery's poetry is considered by some to be a philosophical and psychological barometer of our times, but that alone would not suffice to place him at the forefront of contemporary poetry. That he has been able to find those words which articulate for us the moment of historical

consciousness we occupy is made all the more significant by an elegant and inventive use of language that many feel is unparalleled in recent poetry.

In his book, *Self-Portrait as a Corner Mirror*, a long, meditative reflection on a painting by Francesco Parmigianino, Ashbery conveys a sense of his in his comparison of contemporary values to those of the Renaissance, mourns the passing of the spirit of individualism that characterized that era, and bemoans what he considers our fragmented spiritual and moral stances. But more importantly, the work displays Ashbery's fresh use of language, his disjointed, angular phrasing that often combines the colloquial with the formal for remarkable effect.

Grand Collage

All things come sometimes of themselves and the names which stem from them leech out to other realms. Naively, spring comes again. The vintage does its duty this time. In the basement, the old garbage cans are heaved against the railing on the yellow yarn and crack open and fall apart. And today is Monday. Today's lunch is Spanish omelet, lettuce, and tomato salad. John, with and cookies. Tomorrow's sloppy joe on bun. Sautéed corn, steamed tomatoes, rice pudding and apple. The names we speak don't matter as we have agreed on a little ahead of them. And now it is time to wait again.

*Self-Portrait*, published in 1975, won every major American literary prize for which it was eligible, including the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award, and the National Book Critics Circle Award for Poetry. His more recent *Houseboat Days* has received similar accolades.

This week Ashbery will visit San Diego for a two-day celebration of his art. On Thursday, October 12, Ashbery will read from his own works at 4 p.m. in the Music Bachel Hall, SDSU campus. Sunday, October 15, will see two presentations of "John Ashbery: Self-Portrait," a program

arranged by and for the SDSU Readers Theatre, featuring selections from all of Ashbery's works, and performed by Carol Smith, Stephen Scott, Tom Walsh, Elizabeth Albrecht, Sharon Finer, and Fred Moramarco. "John Ashbery: Self-Portrait" will be offered at 2 and 8 p.m. in SDSU's Little Theatre. For additional information, call 286-5138.

## Special Events

SECOND ANNUAL WE LOVE CARDEFF DAY, sponsored by the Cardiff Town Council, will feature a parade down San Diego Avenue at 10:30 a.m., a town picnic, entertainment, games, prizes, local coloring, and a family street dance at 6:30 p.m., including music by Fluke. Saturday, October 7, in the village of Cardiff by the Sea.

SIXTH SERBIAN FESTIVAL, featuring displays, a flea market, live Tambura music, "sloboda" dancers, and Serbian food, will take place Saturday and Sunday, October 7 and 8, noon to 5 p.m., St. George Serbian Orthodox Church, 3025 Denver Street.

CHINESE FOLK FESTIVAL, the cultural contributions of Chinese-Americans will be honored with exhibits and demonstrations including Chinese cooking. Sunday, October 8, 1 p.m. through November 12, Villa Montezuma, 1925 K Street, 239-2211.

NATURE TOURS conducted by the San Diego Audubon Society, covering plants, animal life, and rock formations in the 405-acre Silverwood wild life sanctuary, will take place every Sunday, 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., Silverwood sanctuary, 10 miles Montezuma, five and one-half miles east of Lakeside on Wildcat Canyon Road. 291-8271.

ELEANOR WIDMER

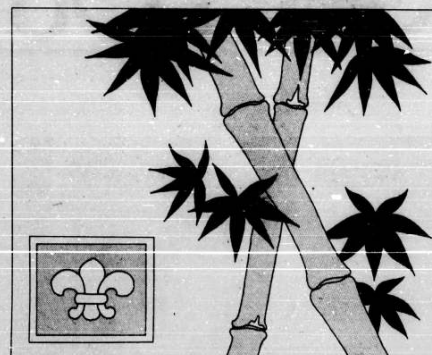
The Restaurant: Ming's Garden  
The Location: 5771 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla (454-7775)  
Type of Food: Mandarin Chinese  
Price Range: Individual dishes from \$2.75 to \$14  
Hours: Dinners nightly, Sunday through Thursday, 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Friday and Saturday, 5 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Lunch, Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Reservations recommended on weekends.

Nostalgia inevitably breeds distortion. Recollection may dim that which is ugly and draw it out of our magician's hat of remembrance as something elegant or worthwhile. I am one who rarely rejects the past, not in any morbid sense, but as part of a continuum. There are still a few dresses in my closet that are at least twenty years old, and recently I unearthed a slouched gray hat from my college days that is now very much in vogue. Alas, what we beautes have left a jagged trail of holes on the brain, and possibly it's for the best. To what occasion would I wear this gray fedora that once shielded me from the blasts of Lake Michigan? And in any case, on its own merits, the hat is lopsided and homely.

In like manner, if someone could produce those inexpensive meals that nurtured my youth, I wonder whether I would still find them edible. If I were back in New York, could I really subsist on Cheek Full O' Nuts sandwiches and those fifty-cent Chinese meals? There were even places in Chinatown where you could dine for thirty-five cents, but the cooking was entirely Cantonese, and we ate such dishes as egg foo yung, or Chinese omelet, and chow mein (pronounced by New Yorkers as "char mayne") and consisting of bits and pieces of diced chicken and vegetables served over dried, hard, Chinese noodles.

All of us are much more sophisticated about Chinese cuisine today, as the invasion of Mandarin and Szechwan cookery in San Diego will attest. To be sure, my life is not made easier by the names. There are Mandarin House and Mandarin Palace, and the Golden Dragon and the Silver Dragon, and the New Moon and the Half Moon; not to mention the Mandarin Garden and the very latest Ming's Garden.

Ming's Garden is located on the site of the old Blue Jade in La Jolla, and if this



## Squirreled Away

introduction about nostalgia will lead you to believe that you will obtain inexpensive dishes on blue-willow plates, suppress the image. The owners are striving for elegance, and theirs is the only Chinese menu in town which lists the soup in French, as *soup du jour*, and the chef salad *a la chinoise*.

Why the French influence? The owner has participated in restaurants, not only in Shanghai, but all over continental Europe. He speaks excellent French, and the restaurant is modeled on French service. Carts are brought to the table, and on the first night I attended, the portions were presented individually — with the waiter doing the serving — rather than placing the dish, family-style, upon the table. The second time I went, when I deliberately ordered more plian dishes, the waiter did not dole out the food.

To begin with the menu, it is wide ranging and on the expensive side — a small dish of cold hors d'oeuvres will set you back six dollars. The house specialties are braised prawns à la Szechwan, sizzling rice shrimps, Mandarin squirrel fish, smoked tea duck, mu shui pork, and Chiang pork chicken. The continental influence is apparent in the preparation of these dishes. The Chiang pork chicken is braised in cream of soy sauce, and the sizzling shrimp are prepared in tomato sauce. In other words, you will find an unusual form of Mandarin cookery at Ming's Garden, some of which succeeds eminently, and some not at all.

During my first visit, we sampled many of the unique dishes. We started with the shredded chicken salad, and it was excellent, one of the best I've had in San Diego. Should there be four people in your party, order chicken salad two, rather than what we did. The dish for four is much too large to serve as an appetizer; the smaller portion at two dollars will suffice. It should not be overlooked, regardless of portion or price. However, we also had the crab meat and asparagus soup, and though it sounded exotic, it had virtually no taste. My advice is to bypass this soup. Mention should be made of the soup prices: a small order of shark fin soup is \$6.50, bird's nest is \$5.75, and crab meat \$3.50. Large orders are slightly less than double. Some soups are \$2.50 and \$2.75, but if you are watching your budget, forego the soup.

We ordered two of the house specialties, the mu shui pork (\$4.75) and the Mandarin squirrel fish. The pancakes accompanying the mu shui pork proved rather leaden, so I just ate the filling, made from pork with eggs, black mushrooms, dry lily flowers, and Chinese cabbage. The hoisin sauce that one spreads on the pancakes was delightful.

The hit of the evening proved to be the squirrel fish. It is so named because it is served with pine nuts, and thus by association has been called squirrel fish. In fact, it turned out to be rock cod, and when you order it, you have to negotiate for the price. Only the whole fish is available,

which might present a problem if there are only two in your party. But it was perfect for four of us. It cost eight dollars, and the price seemed to be determined by the size of the fish. We had a large whole cod, oozing a delicate sweet-and-sour sauce and laced with pine nuts. If you like sweet-and-sour sauce, try this one. No matter how large the fish, it slides down easily.

We also had a very good chicken with black bean sauce (\$4.50). Bear in mind that Mandarin cooking employs quite a bit of oil, and that unlike Cantonese black bean sauce, this dish does not arrive saturated in a sauce, but rather coated with it.

On the second occasion I opted for the more common dishes — namely, cashew chicken (\$4.25) and pan-fried noodles (\$3.75), the latter of which is quite filling and is prepared with shrimp, chicken, and slices of beef. Noodles are extremely soothing to the soul, and if you would like to try Ming's Garden but are concerned about cost, then the noodle dish should be high on your list, along with the cashew chicken, in which large toasted cashews are used.

The dining room of Ming's Garden is pleasantly appointed. The tables have cloths and melon-colored napkins, and there's a whole cadre of young waiters, not to mention a glamorous hostess and the cosmopolitan owner. The whole experience is quite posh — in fact, this is the most elegant Chinese restaurant in San Diego. Most of it is worth it, though I do not believe that one should pay for the rice and the tea (which cost twenty-five cents a bowl and twenty cents per person respectively). In that area, I have nostalgic feelings about the days when rice and tea were automatically included, as they are at many Chinese establishments. But Ming's Garden charges for everything. Remember this when you order rice. We made do with two orders of rice on the initial occasion, and no rice at all when we had noodles. Ming's Garden has the right to set whatever prices it wishes; I have the right to be irked at paying separately for rice and tea.

Lastly, be sure to add your check carefully. Arithmetic is not the strong point of some of the waiters, and both times there were mistakes on our bill. Apart from the limitations in price and the fact that some dishes, inevitably, were not as masterful as others, the food is quite fine. It's the only Mandarin restaurant in San Diego whose service and atmosphere have a French air.

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# LIGHTS OUT

You can't make beef wellington out of Purina Dog Chow, no matter how hard you try.

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Frederick Knott's mystery thriller *Wait Until Dark* is currently on view at the Fiesta Dinner Theatre in Spring Valley. What kind of a play is this postulate to roast beef, fishcakes, broccoli souffle, and bread pudding?

*Wait Until Dark* belongs to an extremely popular category of theatrical and narrative works, a category which also includes such things as *Dial M for Murder*, *Sorry, Wrong Number*, *Gaslight*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *The Perils of Pauline*, *King Kong*, the Greek legend of Perseus and Andromeda, the medieval legend of Saint George and the Dragon, and most of the "gotic" novels you find in supermarkets (the ones which show on their covers a disheveled and bony young lady running screaming from a Charles Addams house or a French Renaissance chateau).

The basic plot device in all these plays, movies, novels, and tales is the assault by horrible male creatures on a beautiful, youthful, helpless female. On this basic plot, authors play variations. The inhuman males may be humans trying to kill their wives or drive them mad, sadistic lords of the manor, psychopathic killers, mercenary hit men, giant apes, sea monsters, devils, or Things from Outer Space. The heroine may be vulnerable simply because she is a woman — that is, physically weaker than her attacker, or never taken seriously when she claims there is a plot against her life or a Blob creeping in the kitchen window, because "you know what women are like." Or the author may intensify her helplessness by heaping additional disabilities on her: she may be crippled, or deaf and dumb, or in a country where nobody speaks her language. How does she manage to escape her tormentors? In some versions of the basic plot, she is saved only by the last-minute intervention of a powerful but good male — Perseus on a winged horse, or a persistent inspector of police. In other versions, she has to depend pretty much on her own ingenuity to extricate herself from Bluebeard's castle or that dreadful brownstone on East Sixty-Eighth Street. The men who might have helped to save her are not to be relied on because they laugh at her "whims," or because the telephone lines have been cut, or because the causeway to the mainland lies under water at high tide, or because the message has not gotten through, or because — when it comes down to matters of life and death — there just isn't anybody a girl can be really sure of.

Plays and novels of this sort are composed according to formula, and if you like you can make up your own simply by juggling all the traditional elements. For example: a young lady from Darien, Connecticut finds herself in a hospital in



GRETCHEN DEBOER, ROBERT CURTIN

Transylvania, paralyzed from the neck down; she is being simultaneously threatened by an insane surgeon, the Communist secret police, Count Dracula, and (because of a vital piece of information she is inadvertently in possession of) two murderous rival groups in the Sicilian Mafia or the Vatican Curia; and the American Consul, the only person within three hundred miles who understands English, tells her "Now, now, Linda, this is just another of your nervous attacks; take a Valium and you'll feel better in the morning."

I suppose *Wait Until Dark* is less preposterous than this, but not by much. Here the heroine is blind, her husband is away at his photographic studio; and she is therefore left alone in a Greenwich Village apartment that is for some reason as isolated from the rest of the world as if it were a lonely cottage on the edge of Dartmoor. Three crooks are after a narcotic-stuffed doll that the husband has unknowingly brought home. The only person within reach who is not a dangerous criminal is a naive little girl from an apartment upstairs. And so . . .

If you are listening to a story about Perseus and Andromeda, you are willing to believe practically anything: sea monsters, flying horses — all are completely acceptable. In modern transformations of the tale, especially those that pretend to belong to the tradition of realistic theater or novel, things have to be less fantastic, more credible in terms of what we know about real people and real life. The power of the paranoia fear that fuels these works comes to depend on the utterly familiar, realistic, everyday world in which the terrifying events take place. We expect consistent and believable characterization, and actions that are

comprehensibly motivated. *Wait Until Dark* is an extraordinarily poor example of the genre, and its defects are precisely those of characterization and motivation.

Consider Susy Hendrix, for example. The playwright is not content with making her blind; he also makes her so innocent and simple-minded that she almost seems to be suffering from mental retardation. Gretchen De Boer's performance at the Fiesta Dinner Theatre emphasizes these qualities, what with the little-girl voice and the monotonous intonations of her dialogue — he had to make some kind of decision, after all — but the result is a melodramatic monster who would feel at home in a Jack the Ripper movie, but who is merely laughable as a drug trafficker in Greenwich Village.

As to the direction, Frank Wayne (Fiesta's executive director) has to contend with a script in which the climactic scenes all take place in the dark. The dark is scary, and Gothic novels make good use of it to increase the terror their heroines undergo. But while total blackout is wonderfully effective in something we read, where our imagination can see what is going on no matter how dark things are, there is a limit to the amount of total blackout one can use effectively in the theater — and *Wait Until Dark* enormously exceeds that limit. All that bumping around and screaming on the darkened stage struck me as variously comical and boring, never as frightening. Perhaps Mr. Wayne could have managed things better, but I doubt it. You can't make beef wellington out of Purina Dog Chow, no matter how hard you try. It is legitimate to ask, however, why you should have chosen to start with the dog chow in the first place.

Which brings us back to the dinner aspect of the Fiesta Dinner Theatre. I liked the food there; I liked the atmosphere; I liked the idea of a leisurely meal followed by a play; and I think most of the rest of the audience shared these sentiments. It also appeared that most of the rest of the audience liked the play as well, and there we parted company. Still, it may be that in the context of such a pleasant evening, even so bad a play as *Wait Until Dark* will provide enough entertainment to make you move and how he would sound. And, if it is live people on a stage, after all, and all of them thoroughly professional; and if nothing else, it's better than television. □

small-time swindler, a suave and cultivated posser (he pretends to be a friend of the heroine's husband), and a fellow with an ultimately good heart (he just can't find it in him to test up the heroine). Forced to choose, Mr. Pinter has fastened on the suave and cultivated character, which he manages with a nice sense of style; but he cannot impart verisimilitude to a purely artificial grouping of incompatible traits, which is all that the script gives him. Finally, there is Harry Roat, Jr., played in this production by Robert Curtin. Mr. Curtin is asked to be 1) a clever crook trying to cheat his fellow crooks out of the fortune in heroin hidden in the doll, and 2) a psychopathic killer who likes to torture and murder women.

Either character would be deficient to play the role of villain required by this kind of plot; both characters squeezed into the same person is just too much. Mr. Curtin's decision to play Harry Roat throughout as a dangerous madman is understandable — he had to make some kind of decision, after all — but the result is a melodramatic monster who would feel at home in a Jack the Ripper movie, but who is merely laughable as a drug trafficker in Greenwich Village.

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## Letters

(continued from page 13)

compared to an almost empty parking lot on a Saturday night. (Four or five other cars in the lot got all four tires slashed, while Mark only lost two — history buffs will find a well-written article describing the whole incident in SDSU's *Daily Aztec* circa September through October 1974, or thereabouts.)

I think the most interesting part of Mark's comments was with regard to Infinity I, the club that broke away from S.T.A.R. Mark has never had a single thing to do with Infinity, yet he claims it has all S.T.A.R.'s old problems. But I guess it's all understandable; Mark thinks S.T.A.R. is well run these days, too. (Don't believe it, Mark — I was at the last S.T.A.R. meeting and you weren't.)

I think that most of us find it hard to understand why anybody would write an article that made himself look worse than the people he wrote about, but I think a friend who was mentioned in the printed version of Mark's article summed it up best. Mark, you stated that science fiction fandom was the last resort for those who fail in the real world. But now that you've failed in fandom, too, where else can you go?

David C. Barber  
San Diego

### Will Fogg Ever Lit?

We are dismayed that the *Reader* could publish such unsubstantiated and potentially damaging material as Mark Fogg's "Star Wars." The article was used as a vehicle for character assassination rather than a description of the author's experiences as a fan (intending

meetings, wearing costumes, buying models, et cetera). We would especially like to refute the comments about Infinity One. Fogg's entire involvement with the club consisted of briefly attending the April meeting. He has not been back since.

While STAR has become an acronym for younger fans, Infinity is the accepted organization for the more serious and mature. Besides publishing both a widely circulated newsletter and a fan magazine, the club's activities have included tribute and trivia nights, film viewings and discussions, and qualified and entertaining speakers such as John Chavez (writer/producer of the upcoming twelve-million-dollar sci-fi epic, *Weatherman*).

Infinity has also maintained a high community profile. Projects have included presentations and exhibits for local libraries and other clubs (Mensa). It is currently supporting a convention whose profits will go to the Old Globe and the Aerospace Museum.

Though Fogg depicts fans as ill-adapted misfits, Infinity's membership is definitely in touch with the "real world." "Jan" has recently celebrated the first anniversary of a happy marriage; "Paula" is an assistant supervisor at a large company; "Curtis" is an honors student working on her master's at SDSU; and "Dicky" is currently employed (at nine dollars an hour) building miniatures for Steven Spielberg's latest film.

In conclusion, there is only one explanation for Mark Fogg's ascent to leadership in S.T.A.R., San Diego — hot air rises.

Lisa Morton, President  
Karen Schaubert, former vice-president  
Terry Campbell, member  
John Elgion, member  
Gunter Richard Gotsch, security officer  
Infinity One

### Paranoia Strikes Deep

By resorting to phony names, Mark Fogg used a September 21st *Reader* article to launch a personal attack upon several former acquaintances, including myself. This little piece of blatant character assassination was entitled "Star Wars," and as little or no grains of truth lay anywhere therein (he didn't even get the founding date of S.T.A.R. right), I can only assume he had another motivation for the article: hatred.

That is a word Webster defines as "intense hostility or aversion usually deriving from fear, anger, or sense of injury," which, I might add, is very frequently based on wrongs that are purely imaginary. For that they also have a word: paranoia.

If Fogg thought me "the most amoral person" he had ever known, he might be surprised to learn that, while I never disliked him (and don't now), I always considered him the most insecure and fear-ridden individual I had ever known. His constant concern that someone (it was different people, but always someone) was plotting an insidious take-over of S.T.A.R. often disturbed me, no less so because his paranoia was so convincing I sometimes found myself believing it. But it was never true. No one ever planned to "steal" S.T.A.R. No one was ever "out to get" Mark, in spite of his claims to the contrary. It never happened.

Mark was not around when S.T.A.R. began. But neither then, nor after his arrival, was a "laser beam" ever necessary for "cutting your way" into office. There was never at any time a concerted effort

to exclude anyone, and only Mark has ever claimed otherwise. Of course S.T.A.R. wasn't perfect. I made plenty of mistakes. And yes, there were unpleasant incidents. But Mark was not the only victim of these. Few if any of the occurrences he describes, in fact, were at all related to his political acrobatics within the S.T.A.R. Then again, if you're looking for excuses to support the theory that everyone's out to get you, anything is valid.

I have little to say regarding the supposedly beneficial aspects of Betty's (Betty Boyer?) election to the office of president. The record speaks clearly for itself. Since the took office, nine out of the ten elected council members have subsequently left their positions. In the five years that Pearl Rae Stuckler and I headed the club, there was never a single resignation. The point about Fogg's accredits to me came, in reality, from someone within his own organization, and that kind of sick thinking has, sadly, begun to typify today's S.T.A.R.

For the record, Infinity One was formed by none of S.T.A.R.'s old (or current) gossip problems. In fact, most of us who founded S.T.A.R. belong now to Infinity precisely because we grew sick and tired of just the sort of lying, backbiting, distortion, and innuendo that permeates Mark Fogg's article. We do retain the hope, however, that when those who cannot bring themselves to get along with others have gone their separate ways, San Diego science fiction fandom may get back together again.

In the meantime, I wish to apologize, on Mark's behalf, to the

many who were no doubt deeply hurt by the perverted cruelty of "Star Wars." The article served no purpose.

Personally, I prefer to remember the good things about S.T.A.R. For a while there, you could come to a meeting and sense the almost euphoric "other-worldliness" that comes of being with other fans. In the end, we've found you really don't need a big organization behind you to work that kind of magic. Nowadays, we can still get together for a movie here or a slide show there, whatever differences we once had long ago forgiven, and the old atmosphere that was S.T.A.R. comes back again. The real S.T.A.R. San Diego survives in us, and it does still stand for something. So in case I never said it, people, thank you for making it happen. To Karen, who is nothing like the spiteful *femme fatale* depicted in Mark's article; David, Bruce, and John (we know you weren't really madmen and conspirators); Jamie, Dave, Greg, Jenny, Pearl, Lisa, both our Scouts, and my patient and abiding husband Chuck, thank you for creating S.T.A.R. with me, and for keeping its memory alive. I love you all.

Jessamie Graham, former president  
S.T.A.R. San Diego

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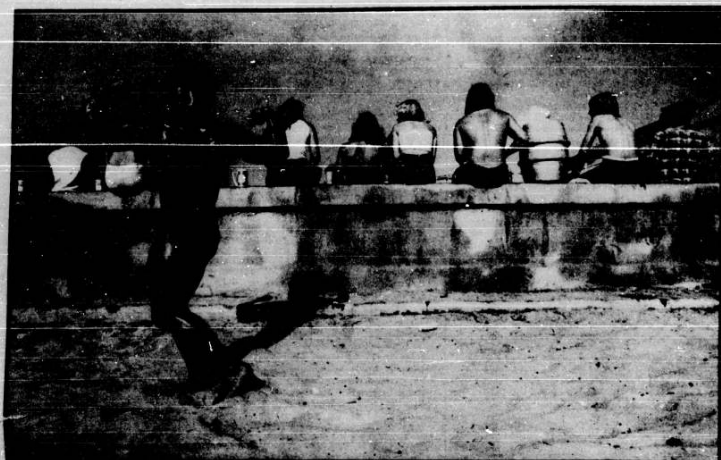
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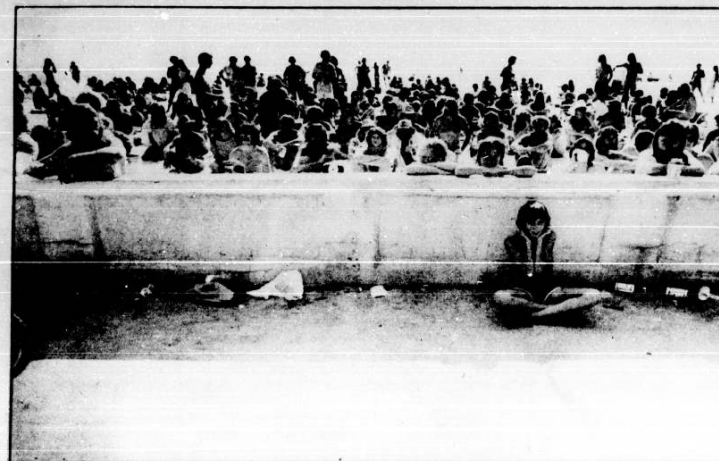
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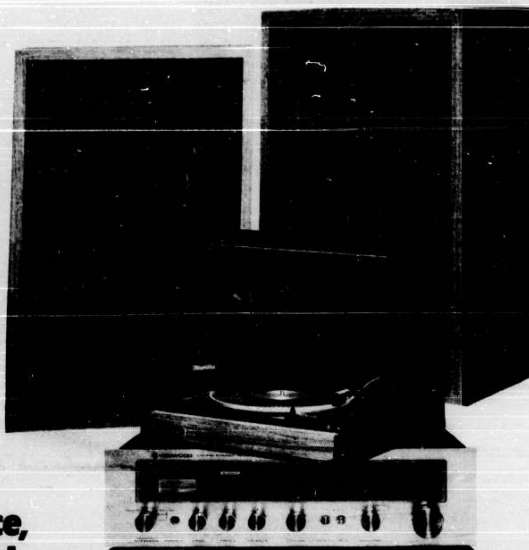




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## Second Section

### Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

#### This Week's Concerts

It may be a comparatively minor annoyance, but the civic choir that L. an inveterate inhabitant of San Diego, find most taxing is that of trying to generate interest in locally based musical talent. This Saturday our chance to indulge in community pride will be offered at the "Starlight Bowl Festival" in Balboa Park. This concert, a Third World smorgasbord, will spotlight reggae by Roots of Creation, born by alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, and salsa by Storm.

Roots, one of the few Jamaican reggae bands to work exclusively in this country, exhibits the sort of lively, buxant vigor The Wailers did when they had Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingston to anchor Bob Marley's sentimentality.

McPherson is in the vanguard of today's uncompromising boppers, right alongside Art Blakey, Dexter Gordon, and Dizzy Gillespie. As this community's professed jazz lovers lean toward this genre, it's ironic that few people recall the marks McPherson has made with Coleman Hawkins, Miles Davis, Barry Harris, and Charles Mingus, among others. He's an obstinate traditionalist, but eminently deserving of homage. After all, if he's good enough for the Newport Jazz Festival, he should come off brilliantly here.

For further seasoning, the festival

will also feature salsaes par excellence. Storm, given the scant competition, it would be dangerous of me to hail them as San Diego's greatest salsa band, but their current ensemble is marvelous indeed. As for the more concerned, their versions of the Fania All Stars' "En Olatia," Ray Barretto's "San Juan Blues," and Carl Tula's "Soul Sauce" (hardly a personal favorite) are much more appealing than the originals. The festival looks as an afternoon well spent.

My most fanciful pipe dream is that one day the arcane genre which, for lack of a more definitive term, has been labelled "free jazz," will find a large enough audience to make it a viable attraction in these parts. Before their appearance earlier this year at Starlight Bowl Sound I entertained illusions that Jack DeJohnette's Directions would fulfill that personal wish. While they drew a respectable crowd, their performance was far from scintillating. To be fair, it was diffuse and disappointing. The musicianship in this band is, for the most part, quite high. DeJohnette is a fast, malleable drummer and a thoughtful composer. Humphrey Little Brown is a seminal figure among Midwest "outlier" jazz players, based in Cedar Rapids. He's a diamond-hard accompanist. The group's crucial element is guitarist John Abercrombie, possibly the larval of the many McLaughlin-Coryell disciples. Sadly, he seems to

determine a hefty portion of Directions's direction. Though it looks enticing on paper, in practice their four-way fusion of mainstream, avant-garde, hard bop, and jazz-rock results in a sour potluck. The time I saw them may very well have been simply a bad night, but I attend their Monday night show at the Backdoor. It will only be for two fingers crossed purposes of proving my original impression incorrect.

Monday night will be noticeably busy. At the Catamaran, Butch Lacy, that most chaotic of local keyboard warriors, brings his experimental String Consort to the stage. The times have been witness to this aggregation. I've been thoroughly impressed by Lacy's ability to coax rich, romantic strains from each player. This show may be even more interesting than the others because of vocalist Ella Ruth Piggie, one of the few and jazz vocalists worthy of accolades.

At the Ray the same evening, guitarist Kim Simmonds will lead what seems like the 143rd version of Sonny Bennett. An orchestralist in blues rock has become, Simmonds' doggedness in prolonging the form is commendable. He's never been an innovator, but his dedication has resulted in memorable pieces ("This Time," "Get Out of Long Way to Go," and the best white boy cop song "Wrong Being Doodie" and "I Can't Get Next to You"). Although I am no fan of vibraphone Cat Tula's



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improving, different style of Latin jazz, I will nonetheless make mention that he begins a six-day

engagement of the Catamaran Tuesday. — Steve Esmedina

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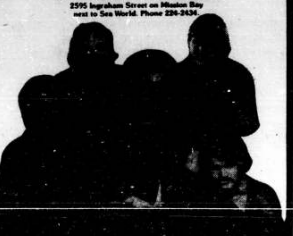
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p.m. Friday. IMPORTANT!  
Information must be received by  
the Friday preceding the Thursday  
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## San Diego Concerts

Bill Evans and Philly Joe Jones:  
Catalamran, Wednesday,  
October 4 through Sunday,  
October 6, 3999 Mission  
Boulevard, 488-1081.

Baggage-Jazz-Rock Festival  
featuring Boots of Creation,  
Charlie McPherson, and others:  
Starlight Bowl, Saturday, October  
7, 12 p.m. 235-6574.

Phil: Corall Day, Intersection  
of Aberdeen and Newcastles,  
Saturday, October 7, 6:30 p.m.  
753-3593 or 435-6034.

Directions featuring Jack  
DeLafayette, Lester Bowie,  
Middle Games, and John  
Abercrombie: Baccarat,  
Monday, October 9, 8 and 10:30  
p.m., SDSU, 286-6947.  
Severy Brown: Ray, Monday,  
October 9, 7:30 and 10:30 p.m.,  
4642 Cass Street, 488-3303.  
Buckley String Consort:  
Catalamran, Monday, October 9,  
9 and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission  
Boulevard, 488-1081.

Carl Taylor: Catalamran,  
Tuesday, October 10 through  
Sunday, October 12, 9 and 11 p.m.,  
488-1081.

Black Dancers: Ray, Friday,  
October 13, 8 and 11 p.m., 4642  
Cass Street, 488-3303.

Pete Seeger and Doc Watson:  
SDSU Open-Air Amphitheatre,  
Saturday, October 14, 3 p.m.,  
286-6947.

Joe Kamel: Catalamran, Friday,  
October 20 through Sunday,  
October 22, 9 and 11 p.m., 3999  
Mission Boulevard, 488-1081.

The Cops and Stylz: Sports Arena,  
Sunday, October 22, 7:30 p.m.,  
Sports Arena Boulevard, 594-4774.

Bobby "Blue" Bland:  
Catalamran, Tuesday, October 26  
through Saturday, October 28, 9  
and 11 p.m., 3999 Mission  
Boulevard, 488-1081.

Foreigner and Walter Spear:  
Vista, 435-9200; Magic,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves  
Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5055;  
Sumner Wine, contemporary,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

Black Angus, 5427 Kearny Villa  
Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3100;  
Gabe Laporte Band, pop,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

Boathouse, 2040 Harbor Island  
Drive, 291-8010; California  
contemporary, Wednesday  
through Sunday; Stone's Throw,  
Monday and Tuesday.

Boatford's Old Place, 1205  
Prospect, La Jolla, 499-8262; Fred  
Lohmann, R&B, Wednesday  
through Saturday.

Cafe Del Rey Maru, 1549 El  
Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8011;  
Quintana, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

Captain's Anchorage, 5440 La  
Jolla Boulevard, 489-4834; John  
and John, Thursday through  
Saturday; Alex Seltzer, Tuesday  
and Wednesday.

Captain's Anchorage,  
Caribbeo, Jeff Bradley Group,  
Tuesday through Saturday;  
Nightwing, Sunday through  
Monday.

Cash and Cleaver, 140 South  
Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach,  
481-8238; John Penn, soft rock and  
pop, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside  
Avenue, San Mateo, 449-0700; Listen,  
rock, pop, 40 and original,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

Cal Fish Hut, 3120 Plaza  
Boulevard, National City,  
475-5990; Jeffrey Woodies,  
contemporary folk, Thursday  
through Saturday.

Bar X Branch House, 117 East  
Broadway, Vista, 234-8260; White  
Drive, country and Western swing,  
Thursday through Saturday.

Betty Up Tavern, 143 South  
Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022;  
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Santhone of Tokyo, 477 Camino  
Del Rio South, 298-4666; Laura  
Zambo, pop and jazz, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Black Angus, 411 Kearny, Chula  
Vista, 435-9200; Magic,  
contemporary, Tuesday through  
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Charlie's Horse Lounge, Winnet  
Circle Lodge, 550 Via de la Valle,  
Del Mar, 755-6666; Cinammon  
Ridge, country, Thursday through  
Saturday.

Chateau, 3223 College Avenue,  
582-5820; Vass Dethell, 30a to 60a  
music, Wednesday through  
Sunday; Steve Johnson, Harry  
James-style music, Monday and  
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Chuck's Steak House, 1250  
Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-5325;  
Butch Lacy Quartet featuring Hollis  
Gentry, jazz, Friday through  
Sunday; Joe Marino Quartet, jazz,  
Monday through Thursday.

Chuck's Steak House, 1423 East  
Valley Parkway, Escondido,  
740-5100; Windfall, country and  
folk, Wednesday through Saturday.

Crossroads, 345 Market Street,  
Downtown, 233-7850; Carl Evans  
Group, Friday and Saturday.

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Bar X Branch House, 117 East  
Broadway, Vista, 234-8260; White  
Drive, country and Western swing,  
Thursday through Saturday.

Betty Up Tavern, 143 South  
Cedros, Solana Beach, 481-9022;  
Million Dollar Band, rock, Friday  
and Saturday; Tall Cotton, country,  
Thursday.

Bar X Branch House, 117 East  
Broadway, Vista, 234-8260; White  
Drive, country and Western swing,  
Thursday through Saturday.

Daley's, 1396 Third Street, Chula  
Vista, 427-8683; Bill Steel, light  
rock, Thursday through Saturday.  
Daley's Lounge, 4196 Claremont  
Mesa Boulevard, 272-5441; Lella  
Mamet, guitar, Friday and  
Saturday.

Daley's at the Beach, 327 North  
Highway 101, Solana Beach,  
755-7572; Bratz, rock, Wednesday  
through Sunday; Tony Oriego,  
jazz, Tuesday.

Distillery, 9522 Miramar Road,  
Mira Mesa, 271-8780; gold,  
variety, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

Barle's, Torrey Pines Road at La  
Jolla Shores Drive, 459-0541; John  
Small, piano, Thursday through  
Monday.

Fast Cars, 455 First Street, Encinitas,  
753-2578; Bob Long and The  
Billion Dollar Band, country-rock  
and boogie-woogie, Friday and  
Saturday.

Cafe Del Rey Maru, 1549 El  
Prado, Balboa Park, 234-8011;  
Quintana, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

Captain's Anchorage, 5440 La  
Jolla Boulevard, 489-4834; John  
and John, Thursday through  
Saturday; Alex Seltzer, Tuesday  
and Wednesday.

Captain's Anchorage,  
Caribbeo, Jeff Bradley Group,  
Tuesday through Saturday;  
Nightwing, Sunday through  
Monday.

Cash and Cleaver, 140 South  
Sierra Boulevard, Solana Beach,  
481-8238; John Penn, soft rock and  
pop, Wednesday through  
Saturday.

Castaways, 10757 Woodside  
Avenue, San Mateo, 449-0700; Listen,  
rock, pop, 40 and original,  
Tuesday through Saturday.

Cal Fish Hut, 3120 Plaza  
Boulevard, National City,  
475-5990; Jeffrey Woodies,  
contemporary folk, Thursday  
through Saturday.

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Saturday.  
Firebirds, Washington at Centre  
City Parkway, Escondido.  
745-1931; Dr. Down, Thursday;  
Disco Rain, Friday; Kent, Saturday.

Firebirds, 5373 Mission Center  
Road, Mission Valley, 291-8635.

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## OCTOBER 5, 1978 21



# Reader's Guide to

through Saturday.  
Navajo Inn, 5515 Navajo Road.

465-1730. Joint effort.  
contemporary. Tuesday through  
Saturday. Bill Gibson, disco.

Sunday and Monday.  
Ocean Beach Inn, 1838 Bacon

Street, Ocean Beach. 222-6822.  
Jai-Francis, country rock. Friday  
and Saturday.

One Night Stand, 4971 Voltaire.  
Ocean Beach. 222-2146. Tom Cat.  
R&B, Thursday, Robbie and Blues

**JADE GARDEN CHINESE RESTAURANT**  
Mandarin & Shanghai Cuisine

**\$5 OFF DINNER COUPON**

GOOD FOR \$5 OFF THE JADE GARDEN FEAST FOR 2  
(includes soup, appetizer, 2 special entrees & dessert)  
reg. \$13.95

good through 10/15/78

Open 5-10 PM (Closed Tues.)  
3861 Mission Blvd. 270-0440

**oazzie's music** at 6875 el cajon blvd. in  
san diego is a reasonably worthwhile place  
to be outfitting yourself with any kind of  
musical instrument.

we sell guitars, drums, electric keyboards,  
hand instruments, pianos, organs, and a bunch  
of other stuff at discounted prices; and  
we service what we sell in our own shop.  
check it out. 469-0113.  
mon.-sat. 9:30 a.m.-8 p.m. sun. 12-6

**Little Bavaria**  
Wednesday & Thursday  
**GAS, FOOD & LODGING**  
Free from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.  
on the historic Old & Railroad.  
BELL BUTT LANE  
FREE SUNDAY  
GOING WITH THE FLOW  
GOING WITH THE FLOW  
DANCE ON THE LARGEST DANCE FLOOR  
IN NORTH COUNTY!! (21+ 50)

College & American themes  
several sat. & sun. from 10 a.m.  
Closed 10/15/78  
222-3380

**DANCE TO SUNSET CHAMPAGNE**  
Friday and Saturday 9-11

to a glass  
Friday night only

See Goss, listening pleasure Sun. 9-11

7826 Broadway  
Lemon Grove  
464-9294

W Hwy 94 E  
Broadway  
S Imperial Ave.

**VEAL OR SCAMPI DINNER FOR TWO \$10.95**  
and a half-liter of house wine.  
Reg. \$16.95

Veal Parmigiana or Shrimp Scampi with  
alfalfa salad and a basket of bread.  
Good every night. Expires Nov. 1,  
1978. Limit—two dinners per sat.

**LUNCH SPECIAL \$2.99**  
Daily 11am - 4pm Monday-Friday

**Carnavaggio's ITALIAN RESTAURANT**  
5205 Midway Dr., San Diego 222-0541

**Sat. Dance Party**

**FREE!** Shrimp cocktails, smoked  
halibut & more—served all night!

**FREE!** Disco lessons 8 p.m. Live  
entertainment—Hot Lips' Diane.

**DOOR PRIZES!** **GAME PRIZES!**

—Dancing  
—Pool  
—Darts  
—Giant T.V.

**Zordis 2**  
Cocktail Lounge

1310 Morena Blvd. at Tacolote Rd. 276-5637

Why wait for "special sales" in order to save money  
on your next guitar purchase? Check these

**EVERYDAY LOW PRICES**  
at  
**The Convention Music**  
— Pacific Beach:

ACOUSTICS	LIST	OUR PRICE
Guild F-30	\$335	\$280
Guild D-40C	600	490
Guild D-85	875	690
Ovation Arjos 1621	635	410
Ibanez S372	260	300
Ibanez S365	300	340
Alvarez-Yairi FY-40	450	300
Alvarez Arjos 8086	365	245
Yamaha FG340	235	185
Yamaha FG325	125	105
Aria BE10	225	180
Hohner LESBOR	500	335

ELECTRICS	LIST	OUR PRICE
Ibanez Pro w/case	\$770	\$530
Ibanez FY-300 w/case	625	475
Ibanez Scaman w/case	695	485
Ibanez Street w/case	505	275
Guild S-60 w/case	398	295
Ovation Peacemaker w/case	650	375
Westbury Custom w/case	599	395
Westbury 2101 w/case	380	380
Aria Pro II LP w/case	512	335
Aria Pro II LP w/case	594	395
Guild B-301A w/case	544	398

This is only a partial list of the money we can save on guitars, banjos, mandolins and  
amplifiers. We want to save you the bargaining hassles you find with other music stores, so  
please stop in and see us at:

**The Convention Music**  
1415 Garnet Ave. P.B. 272-5255  
Open every 7 days a week — Financing Available  
\*All items subject to prior sale

**DEJA-VU**  
HAS YOUR HALLOWEEN COSTUME

Photo by LARRY GRIMES

3746 PARK BLVD.  
293-7355  
MONDAY SATURDAY  
12:00-5:30

ANTIQUE CLOTHING ART DECO JEWELRY

# the Music Scene

Review, Friday, CY Dig it, pop.  
Saturday, Free Space and CY Dig  
it, Sunday, Sunny and Jinxie,  
Monday, Greg Long, Tuesday.

Orion, guitar duo, Tuesday and  
Thursday; Bill Coleman and Fred  
Roth, jazz, Wednesday; Lori Bell  
and Pam Soper, classical and  
jazz, Friday and Saturday.

Valley Inn, 875 Hotel Circle South,  
298-8281. Affirmation,  
contemporary.

Reuben & Lee, 480 Harbor Island  
Drive, 291-1880. Blue Siles,  
contemporary disco, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Reuben's, 5455 Grossmont Center  
Drive, La Mesa. 465-3463. Don  
Livingson, country, Tuesday  
through Saturday.

Pelican Club, 7828 Broadway,  
Lemon Grove. 464-9284.  
Bandana, dancing music, Friday  
and Saturday.

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## Reader's Guide to the Music Scene

Springfield Wagon Works, 690 North Second, El Cajon, 440-5787; Second Wind, pop-rock, Wednesday through Saturday; Mike Stone, guitar, Sunday through Tuesday; Springfield Wagon Works, 5205 Kearny Mesa Road, 565-2272; Aweosom, Wednesday through Saturday; Wayne "psychedelic" Giv, guitar, Sunday and Tuesday; Street, 5420 Campo Road, 697-8424; Live bands, Friday and Saturday; Gary Kelley, disco, Sunday; Sweet Bang, 4237 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach.

272-7802; David Cheney, flamenco guitar, Thursday; Chuck Perin, guitar, Friday; Rick Dato, Soladuro; Tavern, 1298 Prospect, La Jolla, 454-9567; Mark Lissman Trio, jazz, Friday and Saturday; Free Free Band, 5270 Main Street, Ramona, 789-3765; Brown Sugar, rock, Friday and Saturday; Tam Horn's Lightness, 2150 Harbor Island Drive, 291-9110; Margaret Wakefield, pop, Wednesday through Sunday; Bill Steel, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday afternoon.

Top of the Arc, 1950 Harbor Island Drive, 291-6700; Valerie Foremost and Friends, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Trojan Horse, 6179 University Avenue, 562-0770; Touch of Country, Wednesday through Saturday; Disco, Sunday through Tuesday; VIP Lounge, 500 Hotel Circle North, Town and Country Hotel, 291-7311; Best of Friends, pop, Wednesday, Hall Moon Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive; Threesome,

contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday; Rita Moss, Tuesday through Saturday; Zand's, 1310 Avenida Boulevard, 276-5637; Disco and top 40, nightly; Neil Young and Crazy Horse; Inglewood Forum, Friday, October 20, 7:30 p.m. (213) 651-4000; Foreigner and Walter Egan; Inglewood Forum, Wednesday, October 26, 8 p.m. (213) 673-1300; Billy Joel; Inglewood Forum, Monday, October 30, 8 p.m. (213) 673-1300; Andre Crouch and the Disciples; Greek Theatre, Friday,

October 6, 8 p.m., 2700 North Vermont Avenue, (213) 660-8400; Rhythm with the Main Event and the Coors; Inglewood Forum, Friday, October 20, 7:30 p.m. (213) 651-4000; Neil Young and Crazy Horse; Inglewood Forum, Monday, October 23, 7:30 p.m. (213) 651-4000; Foreigner and Walter Egan; Inglewood Forum, Wednesday, October 26, 8 p.m. (213) 673-1300; Billy Joel; Inglewood Forum, Monday, October 30, 8 p.m. (213) 673-1300.

Hall and Oates with City Boy; Santa Monica Civic, Sunday, November 5, 8 p.m. (213) 351-0044; Bush and Pat Travers; Live Beach Arena, Tuesday, November 14, 8 p.m. (213) 436-3661.

## Clubs

Bickell Theatre, 657 Robertson, (of Santa Monica Boulevard); West Hollywood, (213) 699-0472; Kaya Ballard, Thursday through Sunday; Concerts by the Sea, 100 Fairview's Wharf, Redondo Beach, (213) 379-4998; Willie Bobo, Thursday through Sunday; Donkey's, 4269 Lonsomith Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213) 769-1506; Jack Sheldon, Friday and Saturday; Golden Bear, 306 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach, (714) 535-9000; Jerry Hubbard, Thursday; Lighthouse, 30 Pier Avenue, Hermosa Beach, (213) 372-6911; Mill Jackson, Thursday through Sunday; Palomina, 6907 Lankershim Boulevard, North Hollywood, (213) 765-9256; Randy Sharp and Pamela Miller, Friday; Anson "Folter" Williams, Saturday and Sunday; Parlor Room, La Brea and Washington, (213) 756-8704; Eric Jones, Thursday through Sunday; Playboy Club, 2020 Avenue of the Stars, (213) 277-2777; Sylvia Sims, Thursday through Sunday; Bary, 9009 Sunset Boulevard, (213) 678-2222; Norman Connors, Thursday and Friday; Johnny Rodriguez, Friday and Saturday; Scandalo, Corner of Hollywood Boulevard and La Brea, (213) 651-6881; Sarah Vaughan, Thursday through Sunday; Stonewood, 8151 Santa Monica Boulevard, (213) 666-2200; Gulet Ri, Thursday through Saturday; Smile, Sunday; Sweetwater, 264 North Harbor Drive, Redondo Beach, (213) 372-0455; Jimmy Rabbit, Friday and Saturday.

## READER FREE CLASSIFIED ADS

(PLEASE SEE BACK PAGE FOR INSTRUCTIONS)

**"EXPLORING PERSONAL PREJUDICES"**—An opportunity to explore various kinds of "likes" and "dislikes" which we have that close off from experiencing life more fully. Monday, October 7, 7:30 to 10:30pm. Further information: En-Vision House 294-5897.

**THE HANDBOOK to Her or Conscience** can help you transform your life. For information on activities, seminars, and workshops, call Adventures in Living, 291-4842.

**PARTY!** All on beach bash. If you're 15-18, basically leashed and single, you're invited. Bring your own. (Surfer types, get lost.) La Jolla Cove, October 14, 7pm. The Unconventional Convention.

**PET PEEVES**—Cage, Marous handbook. Better than Pet Food. Great small gifts for Xmas. Generous discount in quantity. Dealers toll 125-1050 for free information.

**"WHAT IS IT?"** A 5-hour seminar involving a unique game that provides insight into how we actually think and how we ordinarily respond to life challenges. Wednesday, October 11, 7:30 to 10:30pm. Additional information: En-Vision House, 294-5897.

**SUNSHINE CANYON SCHOOL**—A sharing experience for children and adults, a whole learning approach providing the stimulating and varied environment of our children centers. 582-5141.

**O.B. COMMUNITY Free School** needs donations of used dicto, typewriter, photo equipment, audio-visual equipment, books, paper, paperclips, a vehicle truck or van. 293-5849.

**BATTERED WOMEN**, you're not alone. There are people who are concerned. Call The Center for Women's Studies and Service 24-hour hotline: 233-3088.

**GROW YOUR OWN** lettuce, celery, carrots, cabbage, peas, and tomatoes. Come garden with us. Ocean Beach Community Garden. Senior citizens welcome! 222-1096.

**WOMEN IN MINISTRY**—A discussion on a woman's ministry in a Christian community. Wednesday, October 11, Catholic Newman Center, 5856 Hardy, SDSU. Please come!

**TYPING BY VIVIAN** Authors, students, real estate forms, etc. Correspondence. Live! personal attention. 4225 Kansas No. 1 294-0773.

**LIKE THINGS in order, efficient?** How about your body? Find out how energy integration can help. Intuitive Healing Center 3363 28th St. SD, Call 295-1864.

**WOMEN RUNNERS:** Join the YWCA Adult Women's Running Club for scheduled workouts and companionship. Varied times and locations. Call Gail at 239-0355.

**I'M EXTREMELY Depressed** my cat has been missing since 921 (Ocean Beach). Blue Point Himalayan (Ruffy, White, with a Grey Face and Tail). Reward Call 293-7868.

**SCIENCE OF Mind Teaching** that produces success. Sunday 11am Mission Temple, 1401 Windsor, Cardiff. Offices: Classes, Books, 230 Birmingham, Cardiff 438-0233 info.

**SEMI-RETIRED Swimmers**, 20 and over swimmers and distance; get back into shape and swim Masters. Workouts can be fun. Call Ron, 284-5667am.

**NORTH COUNTY Parents without Partners:** In discussions, dances, adult parties, family activities. Membership slightly single parents due to death, divorce, separation or unmarried status. 726-2345.

**TORREY PINES District B.S.A. Scouters:** Bring family over to annual district Recognition Event, April 11, 11 aboard center. Kory Hawk, North Island NAB.

**HELP Center** is volunteer counselors and attorneys who can help you understand your problems. Call 582-HELP or drop in 2:10pm weekdays at 2008 College. Legal by appointment.

**ALPHA PROJECT** at 3432 University is a community social service agency that has referrals for emergency food and clothing. Call 282-2117.

IF YOU MEET around with prescription and over-the-counter drugs, and fast safe, radioactive for 500,000 years. Stop San Onofre, join Community Energy Action. 295-0206.

**PRACTICAL INTEGRATION** of spiritual principles in everyday living. Assisted by various activities offered or sponsored by the Institute. Healing Center, 291-1884, 3393 28th St. SD.

**PLUTONIUM** is Thelander future. Nuclear reactors produce plutonium, toxic and radioactive for 500,000 years. Stop San Onofre, join Community Energy Action. 295-0206.

**O.B. COMMUNITY Free School** is in need of donations of a vehicle, disks, chairs, evening, camping supplies, tables, staging, wood, cooking supplies. 293-5269.

**END VO WORRIES** with a visit to a public health clinic. Confidential, no charge, no appointment. Several locations including East San Diego Health Center, 8353 University Avenue, Monday, 5:30 to 8:30pm, and South Bay Health Center, 282 Fig Avenue, Chula Vista, Tuesdays 5:30 to 8:30pm.

**JOHN US:** Guru Gita, ancient Sanskrit chanting, 7 to 8am daily, meditation 5:45 to 6:45am daily, with 100% discipline, 12411 S. Street, Suite 295-1817.

**JUNK MAIL:** Have you been getting junk mail? If so, you can stop it. Call 291-1884, page 284 of your October 1978 White Pages Telephone Directory and warn your friends.

**ARE YOU ONE** of the millions of persons who are "gambler's ruin"? If you want help to call Gamblers Anonymous, 239-2911.

**DOLL CLUB FORMING:** beach area, day-time meetings, for study and social. Call 663-2275 or write P.O. Box 1563, La Jolla, CA 92037.

**PARTY!** All on beach bash. If you're 15-18, basically leashed and single, you're invited. Bring your own. (Surfer types, get lost.) La Jolla Cove, October 14, 7pm. The Unconventional Convention.

**3 DAY MPCC WORKSHOP** license exam review seminar, October 21, 22, 23, December. This is a demanding and comprehensive program. Past participants have been 100 percent successful in passing exam. For information call 231-3855, X112.

**MALE/FEMALE RELATIONSHIPS:** An all-day Saturday seminar designed to deepen understanding of actual problems currently existing between the sexes. Topics include: attraction, relationship, sexual adjustment, politics, intimacy and hurt, jealousy, love, and freedom in relationship. Popular, worthwhile, and highly recommended. Information: 294-5897.

**THE LOVE CONNECTION** presents Tony Franchina, a leader in the field of parapsychology and cosmic science who re-proaches ancient wisdom as a Christian mystic and gives a practical application to problems of everyday living. Anthroposophy, introductory lecture, Friday, October 13th, 7:30pm, 83 at the door. Energy Rhythms House, 5829 Third Avenue, San Diego, Wednesday, October 14 and 15th, 10am to 5pm, \$40 advanced registration. Tom/Love Gabriel 298-1706.

**SHY?** P555E at work and with the opposite sex? Problems expressing yourself in social and professional situations? I had experience with anxious and aggressive individuals? Learning not because you're always a "yes man"? Do you always have to drink before you can feel at ease in communicating with the opposite sex? The Scandinavian Institute for Behavioral Research is exclusively devoted to solving these problems quickly, easily and non-psychotherapeutically. Please do not hesitate to call because of your shyness! 224-4444.

**NEED A NEW T-shirt?** Tired of rip-off? Win-cent's T's has a T for you at 4748 Vineland in Ocean Beach. Plans, indoors-outdoor jewelry. Tuesday thru Saturday, 10:30-5.

**ECKANKAR**, the path of total awareness, will present an introductory talk followed by a 6-week class book review, commencing October 7th at 7pm at Ocean Beach Community School, Room 3, 4741 Santa Monica Avenue.

**ADVENTURE TOURS LTD.** is sponsoring a series of weekend backpacking and camping expeditions to Catalina Island, Colorado River, Baja and beyond. 275-3841.

**SEX SEX SEX** unique book tells how to stimulate sexual desires through acupuncture, hypnosis, sound, herbs, more. Send \$3.95 to SSS, 666-D Miramar Road, San Diego, CA 92126.

**EXEMPT YOURSELF** from the Mensa entrance exam. Acceptable scores: SAT 1300, GRE 1250, LSAT 662, ACT Composite 29, Army OCT 136, Navy OCT 68, many others. 960-7488 or 433-7773.

**LAST CALL** for Mensa entrance exam, Saturday morning, October 7, 10am. Also Thursday evening, October 12, 10am. High IQ social club. Do you know your IQ? Details, reservations: 960-7488 or 433-7773.

**COUNSELING** of personal lifestyle problems: Couples, families, individuals, substance abuse, sexual adjustment, communications by licensed professionals. Fees on a sliding scale. For San Diego appointments and information, call 231-3855, in Carlsbad, call 279-0941.

**The LAST DANCE CONTEST**  
With contest this Tuesday  
\$100  
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WEEKLY SPECIAL  
2 FOR 1  
Fresh Strawberry Shake  
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Hours:  
Sun.-Th. 11 a.m. - 10 p.m.  
Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m. - midnight  
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488-1400

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Includes: mattress, safety liner, Chemelex heater with thermostat, pedestal, fill kit and conditioner.  
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ers, dura Ace brakes,  
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OCTOBER 5, 1978 39



















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OCTOBER 5, 1978

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**old globe theatre**

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**Save UP TO \$24**

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**SENIORS SAVE \$21**

In the best seat location of your purchase a pair of Subscriptions in both theatres on Sunday Matinee.

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by Mary Gail Widdman 1st O.G. Production

**November 14 thru December 3**

**PRESENT LAUGHTER**

by Noel Coward

**January 6 thru January 28**

**TOYS IN THE ATTIC**

by Lillian Hellman

**February 6 thru February 25**

**THE FRONT PAGE**

by Mark Twain

**March 6 thru March 25**

**EQUUS** by Peter Shaffer

**old globe theatre**

(at the Spreckels Theatre, second and Broadway)

Performance	Section	YOU PAY	1 Price	YOU SAVE
PRESS PREVIEW (see Sat.)	A, B	\$15	\$17.50	\$2.50
PRESS PREVIEW (see Sat.)	B	\$13	\$15.00	\$2.00
Fri. & Sat. Eve.	A	\$38	\$35.00	\$3.00
Fri. & Sat. Eve.	B	\$25	\$22.50	\$2.50
Tue., Wed., Thur. & Sun. Eve.	A	\$24	\$20.00	\$4.00
Tue., Wed., Thur. & Sun. Eve.	B	\$22	\$17.50	\$4.50
Sunday Matinee	A	\$22	\$17.50	\$4.50
Sunday Matinee	B	\$20	\$15.00	\$5.00

**STUDENTS (full time day college) and MILITARY (limited active duty)**

Performance	Section	YOU PAY	1 Price	YOU SAVE
Tue., Wed., Thur. & Sun. Eve.	A	\$17	\$21.25	\$4.25
Tue., Wed., Thur. & Sun. Eve.	B	\$16	\$21.25	\$5.25
Sun. Matinee	A	\$16	\$21.25	\$5.25
Sun. Matinee	B	\$15	\$21.25	\$6.25

**SENIOR CITIZENS Age 60 and over (MATINEE only)**

Performance	Section	YOU PAY	1 Price	YOU SAVE
Sunday Matinee	A	\$16	\$21.25	\$5.25
Sunday Matinee	B	\$15	\$21.25	\$6.25

Example: 2 p.m. Matinee 2 p.m. 1 p.m. Night Club 9:30 p.m.

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at the Spreckels Theatre

(see 5 plays for \$5.00 or \$6.00 each)

or Carter Centre Stage

(see 5 plays for \$5.00 each)

**STUDENT/MILITARY SUBSCRIPTION**

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**SAVE UP TO \$17** on a pair of Subscriptions in both theatres (off the full single ticket price)

1. Available for both the Spreckels Theatre and Carter Centre Stage

2. BONUS Subscription offer not available toward student or military 2-subscriptions

3. Not available Friday or Saturday evening or Preview

4. Identification Card Number on bottom of Official Order Form required for each Student or Military Subscription purchase

**SENIOR SUBSCRIPTION**

(age 60 and over)

**MATINEES ONLY**

**SAVE UP TO \$21** on a pair of Subscriptions in both theatres (off the full single ticket price)

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2. BONUS Subscription offer not available toward Senior Subscriptions

3. Identification Card Number on bottom of Official Order Form required for each Senior Subscription purchase

**old globe theatre** (at the Spreckels)

1. Subscriptions @ \_\_\_\_\_ total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

2. Type of Subscription (Indicate) ☐ Regular ☐ Bonus

☐ Senior ☐ Student/Military ☐ Preview

3. Series No. \_\_\_\_\_ (see schedule) \_\_\_\_\_ (see schedule)

OR (please make 2 choices)

4. Day Preference: ☐ Monday Eve (Preview) ☐ Tuesday Eve ☐ Wednesday Eve ☐ Thursday Eve ☐ Friday Eve ☐ Saturday Eve ☐ Sunday Eve ☐ Sunday Mat

☐ CHECK HERE if tickets are not available in the requested location, another location in the same Series is acceptable.

5. Combined Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Minus BONUS deduction (if applicable) \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (see below)

Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

ADD Re-Building Fund Contribution \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total Due \$ \_\_\_\_\_

BONUS Subscriptions Examples (for one person)

Old Globe Subscription	Carter Subscription	Example 1	Example 2
\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00
\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00
\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00
\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00
\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00

Deduct one single ticket price (Lower price of two) - \$6.00 - \$6.00

PLEASE PRINT

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (Business) \_\_\_\_\_

Student/Enlisted Military/Senior ID # \_\_\_\_\_

**carter centre stage**

1. Subscriptions @ \_\_\_\_\_ total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

2. Type of Subscription (Indicate) ☐ Regular ☐ Bonus

☐ Senior ☐ Student/Military ☐ Preview

3. Series No. \_\_\_\_\_ (see schedule) \_\_\_\_\_ (see schedule)

OR (please make 2 choices)

4. Day Preference: ☐ Monday Eve (Preview) ☐ Tuesday Eve ☐ Wednesday Eve ☐ Thursday Eve ☐ Friday Eve ☐ Saturday Eve ☐ Sunday Eve ☐ Sunday Mat

☐ CHECK HERE if tickets are not available in the requested location, another location in the same Series is acceptable.

5. Combined Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Minus BONUS deduction (if applicable) \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (see below)

Sub Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

ADD Re-Building Fund Contribution \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00
\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$24.00

Deduct one single ticket price (Lower price of two) - \$6.00 - \$6.00

PLEASE PRINT

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (home) \_\_\_\_\_ (Business) \_\_\_\_\_

Student/Enlisted Military/Senior ID # \_\_\_\_\_

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**About the Covers**

It's never far from the mind of his work, and admirers, familiar with a career begun thirty years ago, would marvel at the drawings on display, and say: "Oh, Harold, I'd know your hand anywhere." Surprised, surprised. No hands? Those drawings, like the one on the cover, are certainly the work of Harold Cohen, but they were done by computer. If the computer does the drawing, does that mean it has become the artist? No, Cohen still reserves that name for himself and is very much in control of the machine. It's just that he's taught it how to draw.

At work in his UCSD studio, Cohen communicates with the computer via a keyboard and the computer responds with drawings on a viewing screen, but in order to make the computer's drawing activity visible to the large audience expected at major exhibitions last year in Germany and in Holland, the artist designed and built a small drawing device, the "turtle," which would operate in the museum on large sheets of paper. The "turtle," which has a built-in pen, receives impulses from the computer by means of a long, thin cable. The impulses carry instructions which drive the "turtle" around on the paper and direct all the movement required to draw a figure.

None of this would be remarkable except that no two drawings are alike. In fact, there are no drawings stored in the machine. There is only the program itself, which contains of roughly 300 rules for how to draw and which can be considered a model of human drawing behavior. The drawings themselves are like imaginary landscapes, populated with curious little creatures and decorated with clouds, with a light and open sense of humor that is related both to deconstruction and to storytelling, but the program knows nothing about the world or what things look like. It never makes a drawing of anything. However, it does know about human perception. It knows the difference, say, between closed forms, like circles or wiggly egg shapes, and open forms, like X's or zigzags. Having drawn a figure, the program may choose to add to it—draw lines radiating outward from the shape, or inward, add on new lumps, or draw another complete figure inside it.

Cohen has exceeded some primitive but fundamental knowledge about image-making into his computer program. He was one of the first artists to take computing seriously and use of the very few to be taken seriously by computer scientists, as evidenced by his two-year stint as a Visiting Scholar in the computer science department at Stanford University. One of the most interesting things about Cohen's work is that even though his computing work involves rather obscure critics at the cutting edge of a field, the resulting art is accessible. It has a very generous and whimsical character.

Cohen, an Englishman, has had an international career as a painter and as an artist since his early twenties, but by the time he was forty, the thought of continuing on in the same way didn't seem completely satisfying. "I had the growing sense of the inadequacy of artistic motivations and the feeling that somehow I wasn't learning enough going to the studio everyday and putting paint on canvas." He was feeling around for a way to draw to what was essential, understandable, and understood in his work, and he also wanted a release from the social and cultural restrictions of his place in the London art world. He was willing to try new things for their own sake, quite indifferent to whether they seemed to have any direct usefulness in art-making. At that point, ten years ago, he accepted a professorship in the visual arts department at UCSD and during his first days on campus discovered computing. He used programming for the sheer joy of dealing with a tough puzzle, and before long he recognized that he had gained procedures for dealing with the structures of thought with a clarity and precision uncommon in artistic activity. Computer programming enabled him to develop new ways of thinking about, and of dealing with, his own long-standing preoccupations—especially, understanding art as a manifestation of the human mind.

Cohen believes that image-making flows from basic human drives and that to understand anything about it, old notions about art, like genius and taste, inevitably must be challenged. Cohen's computer produces, without human intervention, firsthand drawings of a sort that previously could only have been done by human artists. He seems to have discovered something not only about his own activity as an artist, but also quite a bit about the general nature of human drawing behavior. All the while still producing some of the most delightful drawings to be seen anywhere.

The first American exhibition of the "turtle" and the computer at work will be next summer at the San Francisco Museum of Fine Art.

—Recky Cohen

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## San Diego's Past Written to Keep You in Historics

# Get off on the High Footnote

Judy Lin

San Diego's early years saw a man named Alonso Horton who declared, "I thought San Diego must be heaven on earth. It seemed the best spot for building a city I ever saw."

Since then San Diego has been a farming town, a hide-curing town, a cowboy town, a military town, and most recently, a \$1 billion tourist town. It has also been a flooded town, a hysterical town, and a hot town. "America's Finest City" now boasts 800,000 residents, most recent immigrants in search of the good life. Horton must have been right about "heaven on earth."

**WARTIME WATERFRONT**  
Immediately following the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, San Diego responded as protectors of the American shores. Mayor Percy J. Benbough telegraphed President Roosevelt, saying, "We are ready and awaiting orders. Firemen and policemen have been ordered to stand by." Within two days, 1,200 men and women were enlisted as enemy aircraft spotters, and protection plans were invoked for water, telephone, and power systems. A steel net was placed across the entrance to the harbor.

The Consolidated Aircraft Corporation (Convair) had moved to San Diego from Buffalo, New York, in 1940. Headed by retired army major Reuben H. Fleet, Convair received orders for nearly 200,000 warplanes to be produced in two years' time. The war production employment boom brought thousands of new residents to the city. Concealed about attacks on the waterfront, gigantic camouflage nets—painted to resemble, from the air, part of a town with streets and houses—were used to cover the Convair plant, Lindbergh Field, and Pacific Highway.

The FBI searched homes of all aliens living in Coronado within easy sighting of naval ships and bases. All aliens were required to get I.D. cards from the post office and were restricted from traveling more than five miles from their homes except to places of employment. Aliens were also asked to banish themselves voluntarily from the vicinity of the waterfront; an Italian manager of the Hotel del Coronado refused and was forcibly removed from the premises and placed in confinement.

The FBI announced it had a complete file of all Japanese living in San Diego County, most of whom were engaged in farming. While the Japanese were not immediately removed, signs on the streets of San Diego warned, "Don't Gossip—The Enemy is Listening." On April 1, 1942, 1,150 Japanese were shipped by train to the Santa Anita Racetrack, then separated into smaller groups for relocation camps in the interior. A month later the remaining 426 Japanese were sent to Parker, Arizona, internment camps.

**DEVIL'S CORNER**  
Fears that Southern California was soon to become an American state, the Mexican governor in 1843

granted huge parcels of land to his friends and family, to be developed into ranches. One 16,000-acre plot (now in Escondido) was given to Juan Bautista Alvarado. The property was sold to Oliver S. Witherby, the first State District Judge of San Diego, several years later. Called Rancho Rincon del Diablo, or The Devil's Corner, the rancho was home to hundreds of workers, including cowboys, woodcutters, tanners, carpenters, shoemakers, harness makers, gardeners, milk and cheese men, dressmakers, washer women, cooks, and butchers.

The Devil's Corner, in addition to being a successful ranch, had a reputation for being the ideal place at which to mix business with pleasure. In the late 1800's, a great number of San Diego's prominent bachelors, as well as a few married men, made trips to The Devil's Corner for days on end, seemingly engaged in business. It was surmised with suspicion by some that the men were doing more than that. More than one Indian woman at Devil's Corner, during that era was known to be "stirring the hearts and imaginations of countless white men." The dark-skinned, voluptuous women often walked about half-naked, as was their custom, kindling the lust of many a Victorian-era male. As slaves and servants, the women offered special personal services to male visitors at many ranches, including sexual favors. The manager's journals contain accounts of San Diego bachelors joining rodeos (roundups) during their visits. But many San Diego businessmen, strangely enough, found it necessary to attend rodeos as often as twelve times a month.

**JACKASS MAIL SERVICE**  
On August 9, 1887, a pack of tired and dusty riders and pack animals pulled into town for the very first overland delivery of mail. The 1,470-mile route ran across the parched plains to San Antonio, Texas, and the journey took "just" thirty days. The editor of the San Diego Herald lauded the fine service a few months later, "They have never failed to make their scheduled time. They have lost animals, wagons, and men, fought Indians and conquered the desert, but they always bring their mails along inside of time." The only problem was the lack of postage stamps. During the mail service's first few weeks, San Diegoans had to send to San Francisco for stamps via steamer.

**NORTH PARK**  
Have you ever wondered why University Avenue and El Cajon Boulevard have miles and miles of parking spaces with no central area? This is why: San Diego, unlike Eastern cities, was developed after the era of the automobile. Stores simply followed the route of the cars from El Cajon and La Mesa in long, narrow strips.

**CITY PARK/BALBOA PARK**  
The San Diego Board of Trustees set aside 1,400 acres of land for City Park, later known as Balboa Park, in 1868. Nearly twenty years later, few improvements had been made; the area consisted of desolate canyons and mesas covered by dense chaparral and wildflowers and inhabited by quail, lizards, coyotes, and wildcats. The westernmost canyon was used as an animal pound, where stray horses and cattle were impounded until their owners bailed

them out. City officials, who had already seen the city go bankrupt in 1880, wanted no financial responsibility for improving the parkland.

In 1887, businessman Bryant Howard and several associates asked for a portion of the land for charitable organizations. The request was granted on the stipulation that improvements be made. Called the "Charles Tract," the acreage was improved with 10,000 trees and two Victorian-style buildings called the Orphan's Home and the Women's Home. Howard and his partners went bankrupt in 1893, and the land was transferred to the city. The buildings burned down in 1897. (This land now holds Balboa Naval Hospital.)

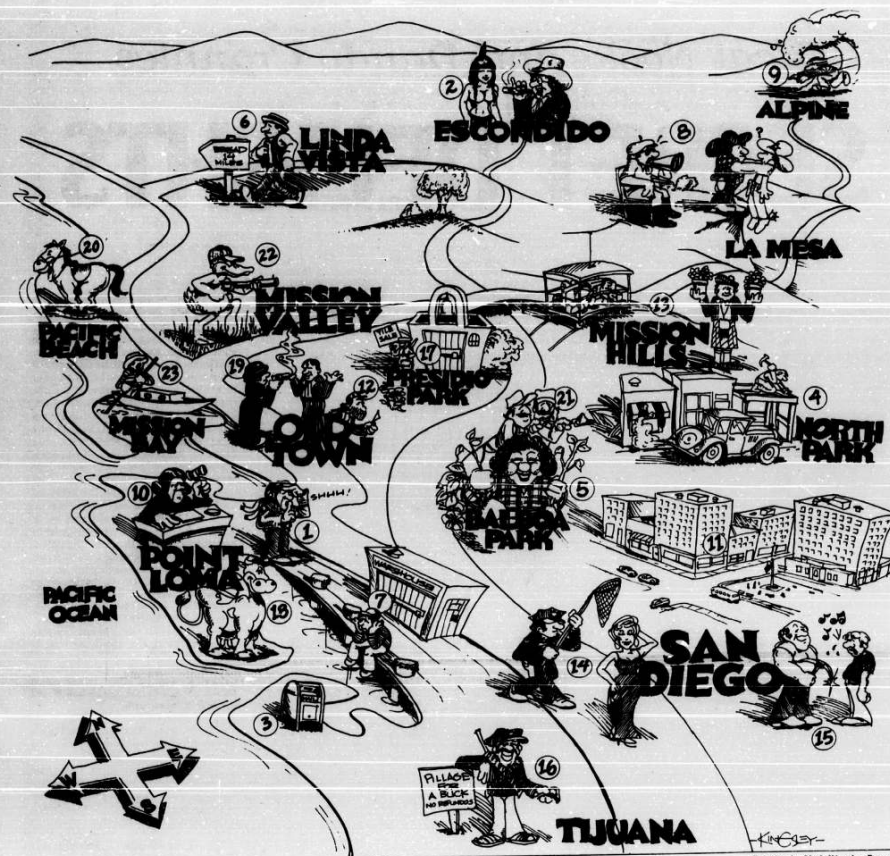
In 1890, the Ladies Annex of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce raised \$514 to plant trees and bushes on fourteen acres on the west side between Juniper and Palm Streets. They also wanted to improve a two-acre parcel near Date Street, and a twelve-acre site between Ivy and Palm Streets, both at the park's western edge. Under the guidance of Kate Sessions, Annex member and horticulturist, over 700 trees were planted in these sections. That same year, residents of Golden Hill began to plant and maintain the southeast corner, and they constructed the city's first golf course.

Pushing for major improvements, Kate Sessions (later to be known as the "Mother of Balboa Park") asked for the use of thirty-two acres of land as a nursery, for which she would trade 400 "choice and varied sorts of trees" for use in the park, plazas, and on city streets. She was granted the land, and when fully planted it contained about 20,000 trees from all over the world. The entire northwest portion of the park is Sessions' former nursery.

In 1892, a land rush was made on the park by businessmen and organizations, including the Knights of Pythias Lodges of California, who wanted land from the former charities tract for a home for ill Pythians and their dependents. City councilmembers discussed building a school near 25th Street. And squatters had established makeshift homes in the park near downtown. In 1899, frustrated over the lack of large-scale improvements, City Park Commissioners sent a map and specific on the park to Frederick Law Olmsted, designer of New York's Central Park.

Olmsted estimated a total improvement plan would cost \$7,000. Major landscaping of remaining undeveloped areas began in 1901, when E.W. Scripps donated trees and shrubs from his Miramar Ranch, and retailer George Marston offered to foot the bill. In 1902, Samuel Parsons, Jr., colleague of Olmsted, was hired to complete the design and improvements. In November, 1910, City Park was renamed Balboa Park in commemoration of the first European to set his eyes on the Pacific Ocean.

**LINDA VISTA**  
The World War II years saw the establishment of Linda Vista, a federal housing project for war workers and their families. Linda Vista (which means "beautiful view") consisted of 2,000 permanent homes, 1,000 temporary homes, and 750 dormitories, with no garages or sidewalks. The project was completed in 1959 working days. 14,000 people moved in and



immediately complained that they had to go fourteen miles to stores for a loaf of bread; local stores and schools were soon added. Linda Vista was dedicated by Eleanor Roosevelt in 1942. Following the war, a large proportion of the residents bought their homes and stayed.

**DAVID'S FOLLY**  
In 1850, investors, led by San Francisco's Heath "Kanaka" Davis, sought to establish an area by San Diego Bay as the city's central site, to be named "New Town." For \$2,304, promoters bought the 160 acres of land bordered by the harbor and map-penciled lines which are now Front Street and Broadway. A flurry of building followed, and \$60,000 was spent on a wharf and construction plans were abandoned. That same year, Joshua Bean was elected San Diego's first mayor. (Previously, San Diego had been a California "pueblo" under Los Angeles governorship and Bean had been the last "alcalde" of the Mexican San Diego.) The city council voted him a salary of \$6,800 for the mayor and themselves. Bean vetoed the bill and worked the sum down to \$2,400 a year. Still, this rate of spending bankrupted the city in two years.

The city charter was revoked and the government vested in a board of trustees.

**SILENT FILMMAKING IN LA MESA**  
Eastern filmmakers began their journey westward as early as 1898, when the Thomas Edison Company sent cameramen to shoot California documentaries. One of the first such films was *Street Scene, San Diego (California)*. The twenty-five foot piece of film featured a quick glimpse of downtown and a double-decker trolley car.

In 1911, the American Film Manufacturing Company, otherwise known as the Flying A, moved from Chicago to La Mesa in the Wolff Building on the north side of Lookout Avenue (now La Mesa Boulevard). The actors and crew lived in nearby houses. The Flying A worked in constant danger of bullets from the guns of thugs hired by the eastern-based Motion Picture Patents Company, a monopoly the Flying A dared to defy. The thugs aimed at cameras, very scarce machines, the damage of which could put the company out of business for months. On remote locations, the company posted sentries with rifles around the area.

It took three days to shoot two reel pictures. The company produced over one hundred cowboy pictures and Southern California

documentaries, including such infamous titles as *The Yiddisher Cowboy* and *The Cowboy Socialist*. In 1912 the Flying A moved to Santa Barbara.

That same year, Essanay Film Manufacturing Company moved to La Mesa under the leadership of Gilbert M. "Bronco Billy" Anderson, famed cowboy actor, director, and producer. Essanay left after three months. Veteran director William Paley, working for the British-owned Nestor Company, produced several Southern California documentaries in San Diego.

These early filmmakers were attracted to San Diego's temperate climate, providing ideal conditions for year-round filmmaking. Furthermore, the wide-open country allowed expansive creativity. Said one director of the Flying A of a typical filmmaking day, "I'd pile everybody into two backboards, a ranch wagon for our equipment, the cowboys on their horses, and off we went into the country to make a picture. On the way out, I'd try to contrive something to do. I had a heavy named Jack Richardson, so we'd send the leading man up there to struggle with Richardson and throw him off the cliff. Now, having made the last scene of the picture, I had to go backwards and try to figure out why all this had happened."

Eventually, major film companies in San Diego joined the growing film colony in Hollywood, and San Diego was useful only as a location for wild-west shootouts.

**MORENA RESERVOIR FLOOD**  
A long drought prompted city officials to contract with rain-maker Charles Hatfield in the spring of 1916 for a solution to their problems. For a \$10,000 fee, Hatfield promised to end the drought and fill the Morena reservoir, southwest of Alpine. Bringing his equipment down from Glendale, he set up tall towers near the lake and installed mysterious-looking machines which produced periodic explosions of vapor.

In a few days it began to rain. The downpour washed out Lower Otay Dam and killed twenty people living in the Otay River valley. The flood washed through Mission Valley, carried houses and livestock out to the sea on tossing waves. San Diego became an island, cut off from the rest of the world. Steamers came with emergency food and supplies. Angry city officials claimed the flood was an act of God, demanded proof from Hatfield that he truly brought on the waters, and refused to give him his \$10,000. Hatfield left town. Cleaning up and repairing the flood damage took several years.

(continued on page 12)



## Great Nooks and Dandy Crannies

# SECRET DELIGHTS

### Gale Fox

Every San Diego neighborhood has its mysteries, accessible only to those who venture behind the scenes. The "Do Not Enter" must be ignored; doors must be rapped on, and natives questioned. For those poised toward urban discovery, even a city of freeways and skyscrapers can feel soft around the edges. And once tamed by intimate glimpses, the city is yours.

The following sampling of San Diego experiences is offered to complement your own:

The leaning tower of palm may be glimpsed from afar in Point Loma, but few have ever tracked down its roots. Visible for blocks around its mini-habitat, the once erect Pluma has endured a period of decline. The last two winters have stormed this community landmark and endowed it with a penchant for the north. If it falls, its friends will land beyond the gray confines of the hidden park it dominates—probably in the backyard vegetable garden of one of the surrounding residences.

This is one of two small parks in the Cabrillo Terrace subdivision of Point Loma. Except for two unheralded public entries, one from Canon Street and the other from Trumbull, the park is enclosed by private homes. This, the larger park of the pair, is officially known as Cabrillo Park North and occupies 2.1 acres of city-tended turf. The neighborhood uses it for Sunday walks to church, for Friday playing, picnics, and Easter egg hunts. Cabrillo Park North was created by resolution in 1912.

The laying of Interstate 5 along the crossroads of Washington Street, San Diego Avenue, Kettner Boulevard, California and India streets dispossessed much of the lawlessness that characterized the old Five Points neighborhood. Vestiges of the bars and ramshackle housing remain, but an art colony has congregated across from the paved-over miniature golf course, putting the intersection on the right side of the tracks. Sidewalk history in the form of contractors' marks, former street names, and construction dates emblazoned in local cement, traces the growth of the neighborhood. Just north of Five Points, on the southeast corner of Henry and California streets, is an ancient relic indeed: the only extant sidewalk date in San Diego inscribed in Roman numerals.

That early morning fragrance wafted on an eastern wind from 418 Island Street, downtown, is essence of soy. The Koba family is San Diego's resident "tofu," makers of tofu and other foods from the super soy bean. Daily they concoct a fresh supply of soy products for sale, including tofu, the curd; okara, the chaff; and ko-age, a deliciously deep-fried form of tofu ready for stuffing with rice. A favorite of these foods include many non-Japanese who westernize tofu as a fat-free, protein-rich salad dressing. More traditionally, it is used in soups or as a main course, garnished with vegetables. In addition to their wares, the Kobas present all who enter with the endangered taste of the friendly neighborhood grocery.

The glory of the Cromwell Court cul-de-sac in Normal Heights is revealed only on nights that San Diego teams play at



Drawing by Rick Gentry

home. If display takes your breath away, you'll want to approach slowly, on foot, from the Carmelite monastery at 5158 Hawley Boulevard, north to Cromwell Place and east to Cromwell Court. Ignore the notice of a dead end (pedestrians have that advantage) and step onto the last lot overlooking Mission Valley. Whether for the Padres, the Chargers, or the Aztecs, San Diego Stadium will be putting on a show unmatched by the close-up contents of the complex. Don't delay; the view will become a thing of the past if development makes private this dazzling sight.

Kellogg Street, in the Playa section of Point Loma, bears west across Rosemary Drive. This continuation of the street is a

private road, as proclaimed by a sign, and that alone is certainly enough to suggest a city secret worth investigating. Ascending into the Silvergate neighborhood of Point Loma, the private drive winds past a panoramic view of San Diego Bay sweeter than that from the old lighthouse monument, because here it is forbidden fruit.

Crossing Rosemarys east on Kellogg, now Kellogg Street, you land in the sands of a waveless beach unknown to most of the commuters who are rush-hour neighbors of this place. Sheltered by the island of that name and purified by the open sea rounding the tip of Point Loma, Kellogg Beach is perfect for lay swimming. Gray mullets like these waters, too, and punctuate the calm of the channel with their leaps.

It would be historically disrespectful to visit 958 Coast Boulevard South in La Jolla in your bathing suit despite the fact that the beach is just across the street. The most famous resident of this cottage, Lucille Jeardau, had delicate tastes on the subject of dress. She also had the power to enforce her point of view. A La Jolla resident since 1895, Lucille Jeardau volunteered to curb the "effervescent enthusiasms" of the soldiers from nearby Camp Kearny, during World War I, and became Southern California's first police-woman. On one point of law she was firm: everyone but children had to cover up his beach costume on the streets of La Jolla. Her reputation on this issue endeavored the lively sport of testing exactly how far one could go without being arrested by Lucille Jeardau. The police-woman herself would wear a brown jersey jacket and skirt while walking her beat.

"Miss Jeardau's House," as the cottage is called, is typical of the summer rentals built in La Jolla from 1910 to 1915, when people would move in from as near away as San Diego (a two-hour journey by public transportation) to spend summers at the seaside.

The most dramatic approach to the cottage is via the pedestrian passage called Ocean Lane, adjacent to the Bell Weir at 1000 Prospect Street.

Follow the yellow brick road to a Coronado address: 1101 Star Park. You are looking at "Meade House," ca. 1896. L. Frank Baum was wont to winter here in the early 1900s. Of course the name is familiar. Baum is the creator of *The Wizard of Oz*. He wrote four of the *Oz* books during his Coronado sojourns.

To see San Diego shine, you must first achieve some perspective; then you can sense your own place in the constellation of our city lights. From the eleventh floor of a downtown building planned for another purpose, San Diegans can enjoy an exciting vision of their city in all directions. The Concourse Parking Garage, at Second Avenue and B Street, offers this pleasant by-product of its primary function. Built in 1964 from city employees' retirement funds, the roof of the spiral parking lot can be reached in style either by elevator or by stairwell after stairwell for a cardiovascular workout.

Like many of the intimate glimpses of San Diego, this next used to be the beaten track, rather than off it. Time was that the Spruce Street suspension bridge in Hillcrest was a well-heeled pedestrian route between Brant and Front streets and toward the trolley to downtown. Although there is now more horsepower than pedestrian power in the environs, the suspension footbridge sways on as of old. Its neighborhood of multitextured canyon below and unique architecture at either end remains largely contemporary with the building of the bridge.

Noteworthy on the Brant Street side are a 1913 Mediterranean villa by Mead and Requa and a 1926 classic Mediterranean residence by Johnson. (The Johnson is on the southwest corner of Brant and Spruce, and the M & R is next to it.) Both Richard Requa and William Templeton Johnson designed public buildings in Balboa Park for the 1935 California-Pacific Exposition. Requa's Spanish Village and

Federal Building are still an active part of the park scene, although his Old Globe Theater has been downed by arson. Johnson designed the Fine Arts Gallery and the Natural History Museum.

Three hundred seventy-five feet across the bridge on the Front Street side is another Mead and Requa, this one a modest-looking 1918 manse that houses 6000 square feet of southwestern view.

Although the bridge dates from 1912, its safety should be no cause for suspense. Regularly inspected and repaired ever since its dedication to Edwin M. Capps (elected mayor of San Diego in 1915), the bridge has been closed for repair only once in sixty-seven years and can hold 2186 150-pound people... before dinner. In January 1977, the Spruce Street bridge became historical site No. 116.

### Joe Applegate

The traffic circle at Harbor Island is one of San Diego's most private and spectacular settings for a picnic. Surrounded by Harbor Island Road, the circle of grass and trees is fifty yards across, spacious enough to subdue the noise of traffic on Sunday when the circle is at its best for spur-of-the-moment picnics with a couple of friends. No crowds, no radios playing War at close range, and no lack of parking. The lack of toilets is a drawback, but restaurants and hotels are within view and walking distance. A sidewalk passes almost tangent to the circle, from where you see the San Diego skyline to the left, the Coronado Bridge in center view, and across the bay, aircraft carriers gap as storms against the peninsula. No small children allowed at this secret place without supervision.

The As-is section of the Volunteers of America Store. This backroom jumble of toys, books, appliances, coats, carpets, sofas, tables, and easy chairs is one of the last rummaging grounds in the second-hand business since Goodwill Industries began to look like Bufilem's. The store is at Fourth Avenue and G Street, in deepest downtown. The bargains are in sofas and easy chairs, every one of which is hideous, busted, or both; but the selection is good and the prices low. It could be what you need to furnish that bomb shelter you've been dreaming of for years.

Cité des Livres. Where in town does one find a grand selection of current and classic French books, in French? Nowhere. La Cité des Livres is at 2306 Westwood Boulevard in Los Angeles, (Zip Code 90064; Telephone 213-475-0658). The shop's staff is duteous in answering requests for books by mail. More than duteous—the staff is sometimes charming. Some write replies by hand, in authentic Continental script, and when one telephones, the accent is all—*délicieux*. Most paperbacks cost between two and five dollars delivered. The shop carries American bestsellers in French, and though the new titles cost dearly—*Passager* is \$16.95; *Roots* \$17 for paperbacks in large format—they make fine gifts to students of French, and a book or two in your bathroom will astound friends and confound enemies with your (mail-order) culture.

Airball at the Fine Arts Gallery. Earnest as they may be, the mimes and banjo players of Balboa Park cannot fill the bill through a long afternoon with children. Try a game of airball at the Fine Arts Gallery. For this, take a sheet or two of paper, wadded in a ball, and go to the east side of the building. (You walk across a patch of grass and through a stand of eucalyptus to reach it.) There you find, against the wall, a floor of steel grates where blowers in the building's air conditioners are creating an updraft. The effect is fantastic. You stand with air rushing up your body, as though you were visiting the Grand Canyon, the hard way. When you tire of that sensation, it is time to play airball. The game resembles handball as played at

elementary schools, except you swat a paper ball instead of a rubber one; the air keeps the paper uplifted. Fun? It's something to do, anyway, since the gallery started charging admission.

The Odyssey on Sunday Night. Democracy comes to life at the Odyssey, a chromium-and-glass discotheque that reserves Sunday night for Greek folk dancing. Away with autocracy where one picks another to dance. In the Greek style, one joins fingers in a line of single dancers, everyone dancing the same steps. Caliope's Cofeehouse and dance hall at 30th Street and Meade Avenue turns Greek on Friday night (and Balkan on Wednesday, Israeli on Thursday, and international on Saturday), but it doesn't serve beer as the Odyssey does. And there is more choice at the Odyssey: anyone tired of folk dancing can step a few doors down West Point Loma Boulevard for hustling at the Italian.

The ABC Club. On Fifth Avenue a few steps south of Market, the ABC Club is a tribute to low prices and gentle humanity. Till two o'clock every night, the pool hall, with its five tables, its juke box and bar, is in the care of Mrs. Ruby Yamada, proprietor. She is seventy-five and no taller than a pool cue. One night, about eleven-thirty, she told one patron he was drunk and couldn't play any more. This fellow focused his eyes on Yamada—she came about to his waist—and roared that he wasn't drunk and was going to put her down if she kept on like that. She stepped closer and told him she meant it. He roared back. She pointed to the door. He shook his cue and a couple of guys came to Yamada's aid, helping the drunk man gently to the street. Pool is fifteen cents a game; long neck Budweiser fifty cents a bottle.

Guerrero Park. Genuine Mexican life can be seen within walking distance of downtown Tijuana. Follow the crowds to Revolución or Constitución and then look

for Eighth Avenue, which crosses both streets. Turn south (away from the border), and walk five or six blocks to Guerrero Park. Here, and in the neighborhood about the park, are middle-class streets akin in social standing to North Park or East San Diego. See the abundance of children's shoe stores, the well-worn school and crowded cinema, and the sporting goods store that displays all manner of U.S. equipment, including the Converse "Chuck Taylor" basketball shoe in seven colors, from banana to plum. A sociology walk in the district begins at the *Christian Salon de Beauté* (the Christian Beauty Parlor), and follows the park's straight path to the Church of San Francisco. The pink church stands next to a children's clothing store of matching color.

The Westerner is a dance hall in National City that goes halfway toward replacing Neutral Ground, which closed last year. (It was a biker's bar on El Cajon Boulevard near Hoover High, where the bands played loud rock and roll, and where the audience tested the many possibilities of spasm-dancing.) The Westerner, at 22 West Seventh Avenue, demands no cover charge for dancing to a hard-working band, and outside the door one sees some truck bikes parked by the sidewalk. So what if the Harleys have Navy stickers on their chrome-plated forks; nothing's pure and original anymore. Interesting crowd, though—married couples in long hair and blue jeans. A refreshing club in many ways.

The Axel Wars car collection is truly a secret place. Eighty classic cars have been garaged in a former roller rink at G and Front streets downtown. The cars belong to Axel Wars, a Mexican millionaire who keeps them showroom new while they appreciate in value. He does nothing to publicize his treasure, which happens to be within sight of the new regional office of the Internal Revenue Service. Sometimes you can glimpse the collection through a door that's left open on G Street.

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JEANNETTE DE WYZE

times, once more recalling the past.

I mention this because I figure if you're interested in exploring Tijuana away from the tourist scene, you've got to be realistic. You can't go and expect the same kind of excitement as visiting the San Diego Zoo or shopping pictures at the Embroiderers' Guild. To me, the struggles of this blasted city are stamped upon its every scene, stamped upon the university, stamped upon the beaches to Chapultepec.

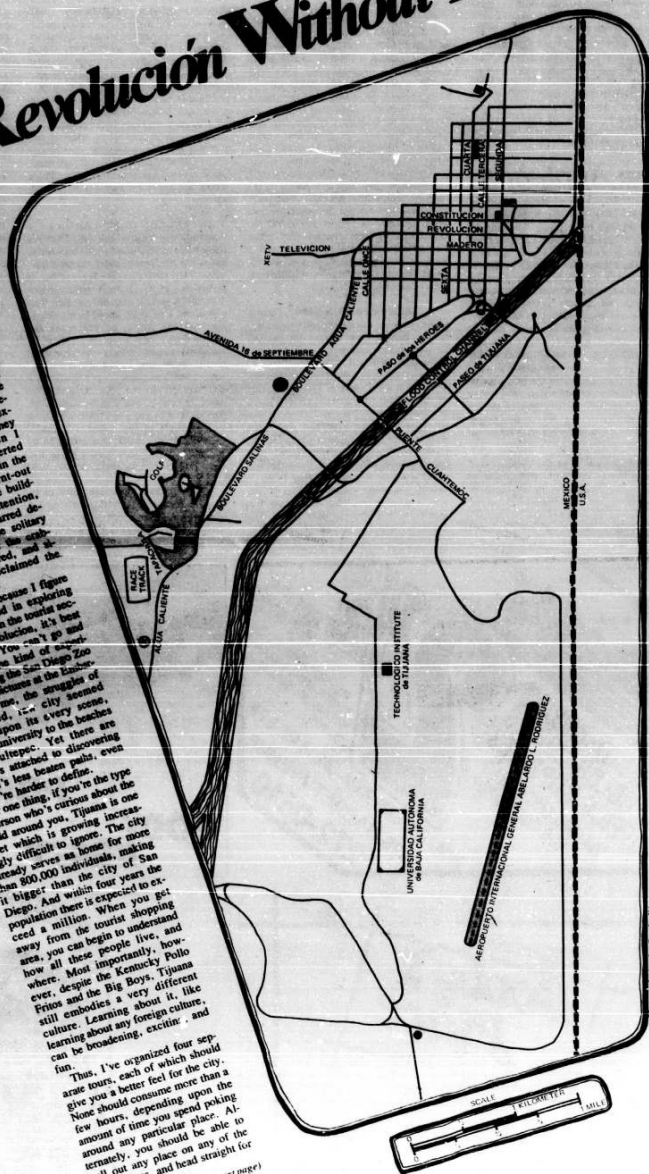
Tijuana's harder to discover pleasures attached to discovering the city's least beaten paths, even if they're harder to define.

For one thing, if you're in the type of world around which Tijuana is one facet which is growing increasingly difficult to ignore. The city already serves as home for more than 500,000 individuals, making it bigger than the city of San Diego. And within four years the population there is expected to exceed a million. When you get away from the tourist shopping area, you can begin to understand how all these people live, how where. Most importantly, how ever, despite the Kennedy, Tijuana Fritos and the Big Boys, Tijuana still embodies a very different culture. Learning about it, like learning about any foreign culture, can be broadening, exciting, and fun.

I've organized four separate tours of which you can choose the one that interests you the most.

Thus, I've organized four separate tours, each of which should give you a better feel for the city. None should consume more than a few hours, depending upon the amount of time you spend poking around any particular place. Alternately, you should be able to pull out any place on any of the four outings, and head straight for it individually.

*(continued on next page)*



(continued from preceding page)

## DOWNTOWN

Under the

First pay a visit to the most notorious past, embodied in the Blue Flower Club up on the north end of Revolution. Once removed of display of the live sex acts and displays of bestiality, the Blue Flower is now a tame place.

Now return to Segunda (Second) until you reach Segunda y Tercera (Second and Third) where you should turn right and walk to the left side of Segunda, where a large brick city hall, built in 1974, is a just a stone's throw away. Look for Tipiana's city of activity during the working hours as the people register complaints at the Departamento de Ocasas, record births, and deal with other assorted red tape. The fountain just outside the mayor's office is dry, but the courtyard still seems like a

cool eye in the center of the hurricane of shoppers and sellers just

One more block and you're walking in the same direction) but the other side of the street is the Santa Iglesia, Cathedral named after Mexico's omnipotent patron, Our Lady of Guadalupe. If you've never kept your head in the sand, do so, even though the building isn't that terribly gray. It was misbegotten which curbed its popularity.

tables in the spartan main room. Stop for a few moments in the library lobby, however, to see if several glass display cases dominated by the Walker Scott Company. Along with some stones and pottery, the cases contain relics from the old hotel Agua Caliente closed in 1935. Under a fine of just lie some old wine and a few pieces of silver, two of Muscatel wine, and mementos: all respectfully labeled.

Now brace yourself for a short stroll but a brisk climb, worth it for what lies at the top. When you leave the library, turn right on Cuarta (Fourth) and walk up the hill; there are no sidewalks, but for the passing traffic, look out for the passing traffic to your left.

[illegible]

(continued on page 23)

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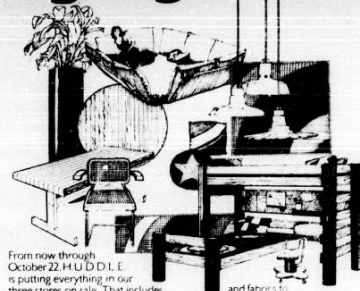
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# H.U.D.D.L.E.







## Get Off on the Right Footnote

(Continued from page 5)

### LOMLAND

Forty-three-year-old Katherine Tingley pulled into San Diego in 1896 and shortly thereafter established Lomaland, headquarters for the Theosophical Society of America. The Point Loma school offered Hindu philosophy, art, music, and drama, in the idealistic search for the utopian life. In the 1920's Tingley was publicly accused of having an affair with another woman's husband, was sued, and lost the case. She borrowed money from sports equipment magnate A. Spalding to pay the fine and couldn't afford to pay him back. In 1929 she died in an automobile crash. Lomaland closed, the property was sold, and the site now holds Point Loma College.

### HORTON'S ADDITION

In April, 1867, businessman Alonso Erastus Horton arrived from the East, immediately proclaiming that the area called New Town (see Davis' Folly) should indeed be the city's central site. Desiring to purchase land, he discovered that the terms of office of the city's

board of trustees had lapsed, leaving no one to authorize the sale of land. Furthermore, no money was available in the city's tills to pay for a new election. Horton put up his own money for an election, and the new members of the board of trustees (who also happened to be his new friends) allowed him to purchase 1,000 acres for twenty-five cents each. A new townsite was plotted. Horton advertised lots for sale, gave away land to people whose interests coincided with his own, and constructed several new buildings and a wharf. A real estate boom began. Old Town residents flocked downtown.

Among the new buildings constructed was Horton House, on Broadway and Fourth, a lavish two-story mansion which cost \$150,000 and had over one hundred rooms, gardens, and a riding stable. (The U.S. Grant Hotel is now on this site.) Also constructed was Horton Plaza, a grassy park across the street, with room for 5,000 closely packed people attending outdoor concerts and dances. In 1898 Horton began to rent the plaza to the city for \$100 a month. Several improvements were made to the plaza in 1910, including a new foundation, walkways, and several large palm trees. Many of the trees soon became infested with termites and had to be cut down. The city has since gained full ownership of the plaza and continues, in the 1970's, to study plans for improvements, including one idea, voted down, for completely paving the plaza with concrete, thus dissuading "undesirables" from congregating there.

### OLD TOWN PLAZA JAIL

San Diego's first jail was an adobe den in the Plaza in Old Town, incapable of holding anyone for long. In 1866, figuring that any bonafide town should have a real jail, the city's Common Council asked for bids. A \$3,000 low bid

was received from a pair called the Israel brothers. However, one bidder, Hungarian Count Agoston Haraszthy, was the son of a count. Haraszthy was accepted, the council explaining to the citizenry that they wanted a good job, not a cheap one. Count Haraszthy built his jail of cobblestones with mortar containing no cement. Rains damaged it severely before completion. The count appeared for \$3,000 more, received it, and finally finished the structure.

One of the jail's first prisoners was Roy Bean, nephew of then-Mayor Bean. Roy had a jackknife in his pocket which he promptly used to cut a neat hole in the jail's wall and make an easy escape. The jail was forever ruined.

### MISSION CLIFF PARK/GARDENS

San Diego's first amusement park was located at the end of present-day Park Boulevard, in University Heights. Merry-go-rounds, grand balloon ascensions, traveling theater troupes and dancers entertained visitors who could also visit the cafe and saloon or enjoy the panoramic view from the hills of Mission Cliff Park.

In 1898 businessman John Speecher bought the park for use as an end-of-the-line attraction for passengers riding from downtown on his cable car railway. Deciding he wanted a more tranquil atmosphere, he hired a Scottish gardener who supervised the planting of trees and flowers, and the addition of a lily pond, pavilion, aviary, Japanese garden, and picnic area. The thirty-eight acre spread was renamed Mission Cliff Gardens. It was the most popular spot in town for Sunday picnics and meetings of garden clubs. Some of the park's more spectacular moments occurred during the great floods in Mission Valley, when huge crowds gathered

on the cliffs to watch the waters roaring in great waves toward the ocean. Mission Cliff Gardens rapidly lost its popularity when Balboa Park began to grow in 1915. It was closed in 1929, and in 1942 it was subdivided and sold as residential lots.

### THE STINGAREE

San Diego's redlight district, called The Stingaree, was quite a hot spot in the early 1900s. Bounded by First, Sixth, and E Streets and the bay, the district flourished as a mecca for lonely sailors. Swarms like the Old Tub of Blood (on the southwest corner of 3rd and Island) and the Seven Buckets of Blood (across the street on the southeast corner) housed the lower-priced ladies. Parlor houses just south of these, such as the Green Light, offered higher class ladies who often dressed in their finest and drove around the city in carriages hired by their Madams, passing out calling cards. Also located in this district were gambling and opium dens, and City Hall, on 6th and G Streets.

City officials made regular pre-emption attempts to clean up The Stingaree. One such cleanup occurred in November, 1913, when 138 ladies were arrested and thrown in jail. On behalf of a benevolent reform committee, Mrs. F. W. Alexander addressed the women assembled in the police courtroom the following morning. She explained it was not the purpose of the committee to coerce them in any way, but that the committee hoped to bring some happiness into their lives by inducing them to reform. Following her speech, the women laughed, chewed gum, smoked cigarettes, and loudly voiced their desire for breakfast. Two prostitutes promised to reform. The rest were trouped to the Santa Fe train station and shipped to Los Angeles, but many of them bought roundtrip tickets.

### FREE SPEECH RIOTS

The four corners of 5th and E streets were popular sites for soapbox speeches at the turn of the century. Among the regular users were representatives of the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.), or the Wobblies. Advocating power to the working class, the early Wobblies built up tolerance in San Diego and gained members among migrant workers, Orientals, Mexicans, and women.

In 1911 the Wobblies joined forces with the Mexicans and Mexican-Americans advocating a socialist revolution in Mexico. Tijuana had been overthrown by the socialist army early that year. I.W.W. speakers decried the "despicable capitalists" in downtown San Diego. Members slashed tires on cars and made it unpleasant for pedestrians in the area. As if that weren't enough, they denied the existence of God and vowed an end of allegiance to the American flag and Constitution.

In January, 1912, San Diegans, fearing for their safety, passed legislation prohibiting public speaking in the square. One month later the Wobblies and the police showed up full strength in a demonstration which resulted in forty-one arrests. One-hundred-seventy-five were arrested in the Free Speech League's nonviolent plan to glut the city's jails. The Wobblies sent for reinforcements from Eastern states. City officials requested state troops but were turned down by a governor who had not been supported by San Diego in the recent election.

Hundreds of screaming, singing inmates in the jails drowned out proceedings in adjacent courtrooms. Stockades were erected outside for the overflow. 5,000 Wobblies came to San Diego. There was talk of trying the conspirators on grounds of treason. The San Diego Union suggested hanging them. County supervisors authorized a mounted

patrol at the border. Fences were turned on both Wobblies and citizens rioting on downtown streets.

Five months into the chaos, 1,000 citizens formed a vigilante force. Prisoners were shipped to Sorrento Valley, where they were forced with the handle of a pickaxe to sing the "Star Spangled Banner." The vigilantes kidnapped the editor of the San Diego Herald, a Wobblies supporter, and took him to Los Angeles, ordering him to never return.

Two months later a Wobbler member attacked two policemen. In the ensuing riot which involved all the Wobblies, all the police, and 1,500 citizens, the Wobbles were killed and one policeman injured. The formidable law and order force drove the Wobblies out of town.

### TUJANA OVERTHROW

Socialist revolutionaries overthrew the government of Tijuana in 1911. Frightened socialist army members posted themselves at the border, where for \$1 visitors could enter Tijuana and further pillage the town.

### PRESIDIO/MISSION

"The Sacred Expedition of 1769" arrived in San Diego on June 27, led by Gaspar de Portola, the first California governor. San Diego was officially founded on July 16, 1769 on a hill overlooking what is now the Morena area. Father Junipero Serra, who accompanied the expedition, dedicated the first California mission to the glory of God. The mission was to be protected by a military settlement, or presidio. The earthwork walls and butte for shelter became known as "The Plymouth Rock of the Pacific Coast," the first foothold of European civilization in California.

The presidio housed troops and priests alike, all in great danger from the Yuma Indians in the valley below. Commenting on his

frustrating attempts to convert the Indians to Catholicism, one priest noted, "They are absolutely opposed to all rational subjection and full of the spirit of independence . . . a considerable armed force must needs be on hand to repress their natural and crusty pride."

Several times the mission was attacked. In 1774 it was burned nearly to the ground, and Father Luis Jayme was slaughtered, thus becoming the first California martyr. The mission was moved that year to its present site in the valley of the San Diego River.

The Indians were gradually lured to this new mission with promises of food, beads, clothing, and a better life. Living under strict circumstances, some ran away, but were captured, flogged, and dragged back to the mission to work in the fields. Of nearly 6,000 Indians joining the mission, hundreds died from starvation or disease. Priests commented on the puzzling inability of the Indians to adapt.

By the 1820s Indians no longer posed a danger to white men, and people living in the mission were encouraged to build homes outside the walls. In 1834 the military settlement was converted to a pueblo, or town. The presidio crumbled, reduced to one soldier, who sold the building's tiles and furnishings to defray debts owed him by the government. By 1840 the entire presidio had crumbled to the ground. In 1927, the land was dedicated as Presidio Park, and grass, trees and flowers were planted. The Serra Museum was completed in 1929.

### WATERFRONT HIDE HOUSES

Beginning with the arrival of the good ship *Sachem* from Boston in 1822, Easterners warmed to the abundance of cheap cowboys from California ranches (the cows were descendants of those brought to

California missions by Spanish priests). Eastern ships brought hides from other California ports to San Diego, and what is now Ballast Point became the center of the industry. Hide houses, looking much like large barns, employed crewmen to clean the hides and cure them. Most of the meat was left out to the buzzards and coyotes.

Richard Henry Dana, in his book *Two Years Before the Mast*, called the area "Hide Park." The marketplace atmosphere saw Easterners trading guns, hardware, woolens, cotton goods, and more exotic items from Asian journeys for the valuable hides. It was a great social event for San Diego ladies to be taken to the boats by their gents for a view of the merchandise. Wealthy cattlemen displayed their affluence openly, and the ranches were known for their great hospitality. Fiestas lasted for days and cost thousands of dollars. Strangers were free to come and go as they pleased. As house guests, they found a bowl full of uncounted money, replenished daily, in their rooms. Rodos, bullfights, and bull and bear fights offered entertainment. The hide heydays ended in the early 1850s, when Easterners discovered they could get hides cheaper elsewhere.

### THE NOT-SO-GREAT WAX BULLET DUEL

Colonel J. Rankin Magruder, West Point graduate, Mexican war hero, and commander of the San Diego military district, had taken to duels during peacetime. He had just killed a pioneer doctor in Los Angeles the week before when he returned to San Diego in the summer of 1852 to even his score with George T. (Two Bits) Tibbets. Cause for the duel is not known for sure. Some believed that Magruder, a strong supporter of the Confederate point of view, wished to take Tibbets to task for his

(Continued on page 22)

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# San Diego Triptych



Montage by Valerie Samuel

MICHAEL HOLZMAN

People say that I would be happier in London, and I usually think that I would be happier in San Francisco, but I'll never live in London (it's too cold there) and there are never any jobs in San Francisco, so I guess I'll just stay in San Diego. What's the point of leaving? Everyone who does leave eventually comes back, anyway.

My friend Scott, who is secretly famous, comes back every year or so to look at the palm trees outlined against those stagey sunsets at Windansea. Usually he lives in New York, painting apartments, loading liquor trucks, indexing books for the U.N., but once, or sometimes twice a year he comes back to San Diego to look at the palm trees and at the sun setting with an occasional green flash into the Pacific, and to get a good tan. I mean, in the East you have to work at getting tan, fighting off the mosquito and the humidity and all, while here, not to be tan means that you've been sick, right?

Elise went off to Europe for nearly a year once, spending the lingering remnants of the Continental Motor fortune in good dinners in Paris and questionable hotels in Madrid. She's back. And Precilla went off for a summer with a prince in Florence. She's back, too. Some people go away for good, usually to San Francisco, like Cy and Dan, but most of us keep coming back, or just stay here, even if we don't want to. Why? Why spend your life in a provincial city at the end of the continent?

JEFF SPURRIER

There was a time in my life, I am mildly ashamed to admit, when I steadfastly denied being from San Diego.

All through my college days and for years afterward, while living in the Bay area, I would refer to San Diego as the place where I had simply grown up, adding hastily that I had left years ago, obviously having seen the errors of my ways.

I first left the old haunts behind at the age of seventeen. Then I was only too eager to cast off the childhood memories that were still lingering around the streets near Windansea where I had grown up.

At seventeen such memories are easy to forsake, for one suddenly becomes aware that there are a multitude of new, enticing, exciting experiences waiting just over the horizon.

Having left one home, I found it difficult to feel settled in another. After five years Berkeley also soon began to wear thin, its cloying, hip smugness grating incessantly at some ingrained sensitivity like an annoying, invisible pebble in my shoe.

Casting away seemed to be the order of the day and I found myself fleeing Berkeley, and America in general, for life abroad. I became a farmer in the Peace Corps in Batofila, Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Along in the bush, I was huddled around my flickering kerosene lantern and staring at the mud walls of my room, when the forgotten

LINDA BROWN

I hated San Diego at first sight. I was fifteen years old, a reluctant transplant from Colorado. I'd left behind the Rocky Mountains, skiing, a lifetime of friendships for this flat, barren land. The hills in August, 1957 were refer to San Diego as the place where I had simply grown up, adding hastily that I had left years ago, obviously having seen the errors of my ways.

My father, whose change of job dictated the move, drove us in through La Jolla to soften the blow. We wound down the road that resembled the Grande Corniche in Monaco (La Jolla Shores Drive before straightening). Dad pointed out magenta bougainvillea flaming above the pink stucco walls of La Valencia Hotel. Nothing changed my mind. I hated San Diego.

I had grown up in an elm-shaded neighborhood in Denver. People rarely moved. They bought one house and lived and died in it. The houses were two-story, brick, substantial — nothing like the low, wooden tract house we moved into with only a small brick walkway and a fence separating us from our neighbors. The first year I lived here I couldn't get used to constant sunshine. Lack of seasons made me edgy and irritable. I missed the drama of winter. "Spring" came unnoticed in February without its annual rite of passage, watching the first blue sky peek its way out of ground damp from snow. Where were the blues, the

In a large wooden tub outside my window a strange plant coked a blue beak and unpacked wings of flame toward the textureless blue sky. It was called "bird of paradise," and it was an apt symbol for my schizophrenia about San Diego. I was in a place often defined as "paradise" and I couldn't believe it. San Diego was as surreal as a movie set. Here ponies looked down from trellises at greater-than-human height. I had only seen them at Christmas in green, tinfoil-wrapped pots. Palm trees swaying their matted skirts in a chorus line at the edge of Balboa Park were not trees, but some periwinkle substitutes. And the sun burned on, a relentless klieg light over-seeing this floral extravaganza.

Someone in La Jolla had a geranium lawn. I thought of my mother's red geraniums, carefully nursed in their zinc-lined planter, wintering on top of the radiator in the sunroom, transplanted to the garden each spring, brought back into the house at the first sign of September chill. Out here they roted — common as grass.

Beneath the bright colors San Diego felt empty to me. No one seemed "rooted" here. I went to a newly opened high school. Many of my best friends were "transients" like me, having moved to San Diego from Iowa, Santa Monica, northern California. We were all extras in a confusing movie, trying to cast ourselves for significant parts in other people's lives against a background of transience. Many of the people I sat in classes with had moved every other year of their lives, had no ties to their histories, as often as one would trade in a car. Impermanence was a given to them, the

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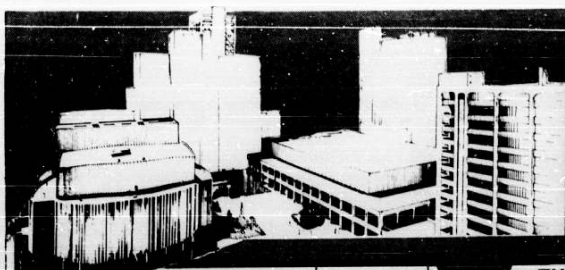


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## San Diego Triptych

LINDA BROWN

(continued from page 14)

their fixed referees were television and pop culture, and, in some cases, church.

Yet even through the difficult high school years there was the canyon. San Diego, blessedly, is a city of canyons. The one behind my house has long since been converted into medical centers and apartment complexes, but in 1957 it was pristine. One short hike down the ice plant and the various trails began — to the grove, to the small dam where my brothers caught crickets, to the coral. (The horses had just been moved out the preceding year.) I still have a long silver scar on my ankle from tangling with barbed wire on a moonlit walk through the canyon.

I rode the high school nightmare with the thought that I would be "going away" to college. I did spend two years at a university in northern California where one winter it rained every day for three months. One of my fellow sufferers from San Diego told me that it had rained the first day of spring quarter and he had almost canceled his registration. He couldn't take another day of rain. By now accustomed to sunshine, I nodded in commiseration. The hills around Palo Alto were lush and green, dotted with live oaks, but I got sick of rain water dripping through my bicycle spokes. This attempt to transplant myself had failed. Still not calling it home, I returned to San Diego in 1961 for what would become a seventeen-year, almost uninterrupted stay.

I remember the exact moment of my conversion. I was sitting in the "Mickey Mouse" Cafe in Tecate (so named by my friends for its mouse-shaped neon sign) drinking Dos Equis and smoking a Delicade. It dawned on me that I lived thirty minutes away from another country, a culture rich with tradition, whose history I (in some measure) shared as a Californian. Then as now, biculturalism is part of my love for San Diego. I don't feel at home unless I hear Spanish spoken on the streets and in the stores.

Life in San Diego on the U.S. side of the border seems a lot different from the early 1950s.

The folk singing movement spawned coffee houses like the Settlement and the Candy Company that had some ambience and memorable performers who've made names for themselves. But to "make it" you had to leave San Diego. That was a given.

Many of my friends left for the Bay Area after getting degrees from San Diego State. The ones who'd made the break returned often for visits that sometimes stretched into months, but they were "from Berkeley." One of the emigrants told me in 1967, "I'd really feel like a martyr if I had to wait for the consciousness level in San Diego to rise." The student protest movement was slow taking hold here. In 1970 a would-be SDS organizer at San Diego State was retelling the story that had long been current in Berkeley — DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE, MUTILATE. Students walked past his booth unhearing, sustained, intent on private conversations.

"I went looking for the cultural community in San Diego . . . and I found him." I heard this joke every time I visited the expatriates in San Francisco. The notion that San Diego lacks serious culture is an accusation San Diego is still living down despite the impact of UCSD, the opera, local ballet companies and repertory theater groups, a jazz renaissance, the return of foreign films, and writers and artists with national reputations in year-round residence.

What San Diego does lack is a center — visible as the Boston Commons — an area that represents the heart of the city, around which a great city characteristically radiates. Horton Plaza is a poor substitute. Cultural movements are dispersed by freeways that spider away in all directions. Still missing are bookstores/coffeehouses/salons/outdoor cafes where artists could gather, as well as small presses and sustained media attention, notably in the form of good criticism, that mirror in whose focus art thrives.

Judging by the perceptions of visitors, I begin to think the zoo in Balboa Park is our city's center of attraction; with its canyon-cages, the zoo has built an international reputation partly because it makes conscious use of San Diego's equable climate and unique terrain. If other public buildings, such as the proposed Mission Bay aquarium, took advantage of this indoor-outdoor climatic environment, I think San Diego would become more distinctive, that is to say, distinguishable from other cities. I predict art that mirrors San Diego's major subcultures: biculturalism, outdoorism, in

museums, air-brushed sails of colorful design sweeping through regatta in Mission Bay. Perhaps San Diego will choose to become the first officially bilingual city, the first solar city (the city run by the sun is *ciudad iluminada por el sol*). There are many ways in which San Diego could sidestep Los Angeles and become more itself.

The pattern of taking for granted, the I'm-just-here-till-I-find-a-better-place syndrome also affected me. Most of the years I've lived here I thought I would eventually move away. Driving to work down Palmhurst Avenue, looking at late-afternoon shadows on the cactus and chaparral in the canyon, pampas grass silk in the fading sun — even though I'd grown to love the contours of the hills and the naive vegetation — I would whisper to myself, "This is like Santa Fe." Each trip to work became a fantasy of setting out for New Mexico. I would move to Hong Kong. I would go teach at San Miguel de Allende. The dream of Elsewhere.

Certainly I believed I was readily uprootable. I denied I had any roots in San Diego. I put myself to the test when I moved to Texas in the summer of 1972, keeping my apartment "to store my things." Houston is *hoy* is a steambath," my brother warned. An eager-to-please motel owner in El Paso described a rat scampering across the floor of my room as a "bit of water bug." Though she was glossing over defects of sanitation in her low-rate homelife, there were bugs in Texas of a size I'd never seen before. The weather there was harsh: flash floods, tornado warnings. A capricious low-pressure spot sucked seven windows out of a fifty-story building one Tuesday afternoon, sending heavy pans of sun-baked plate glass crashing to the streets below, destroying the aesthetic effect of one of Houston's newest skyscrapers. Air pollution was severe and the steambath never let up. I lasted two months; sang all the way home.

Another aspect of the fantasy of Elsewhere was laid to rest Christmas week, 1976, when I flew to New York to attend a convention. It was the beginning of the awful winter. Friends who'd moved from Chicago to San Diego last me muffers, gloves, wool caps. In my eleventh-floor hotel room in New York the windows wouldn't close. Outside the thermometer read thirty-eight degrees. The street below was never quiet, not even at four in the morning. My dreams became vertical; I was caged in tall buildings that cramped and pressed toward each other. One night I

watched an orange balloon moon float between four seventy-story buildings. Nostalgically I remembered watching the moon rise over La Jolla Cove. Somewhere between the over-heated hotel rooms and the damp, slushy streets I caught a cold. It worsened into a week-long sore throat, the likes of which I hadn't had since I'd left Denver as a child.

It was twenty-eight days after New Year's Day, 1977, when I boarded the plane at Dulles International. Another San Diegoan talked of standing in line to see the King Tut exhibit. "My foot was so cold that if anyone had stepped on them, they would have shattered." I had conveniently managed to forget the asthma I'd left behind in Colorado, how it had felt to fight my way against cold air up the incline to East High School, and even the blessed contrast of not having to fight nature in San Diego.

Three hours later the pilot called our attention to the snow-covered spine of the Rocky Mountains. We were passing over Denver, my old home. I redefined myself as a Westerner at that moment. The Los Angeles airport was its usual self — an outpost of the La Brea tar pits — but it was warmer. Sun was descending to break through cloud cover even on this January day. I bought a postcard of the brightest bougainvillea I could find to mail to my San Diego friends.

January 2, 1977, a Sunday, found me sitting in the silence of a La Jolla Friends meeting, my eyes closed in meditation. The sun was out and the sky had the exceptional blueness of a clear winter day. I felt immense safety and well-being. At the end of the hour, I looked across the meeting house to an open window. Framed in white against the sky was a small tree bearing three oranges. Oranges, green leaves, blue air were lower than my stained glass window. I was home.

Since this realization, I've begun an experiment in "rooting" myself here: walking in various neighborhoods, turning off to investigate historic markers. That's how I've discovered the Rosecroft Gardens in Point Loma, row upon row of prize-winning begonias in shades of red bright enough to detach the retina. I take a friend to photograph the manila in Chicano Park where an Aztec corn goddess looks the Coronado Bridge out of the bay. I find a Shakerian house in Mission Hills, watch fish slap out of water for a twilight feed. Enchiladas at the Lomita Taco Shop, followed by an afternoon's "read" at the Women's Store

(continued on page 20, column 1)

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## San Diego Nuptial

LINDA BROWN

(continued from page 18)

In Golden Hills, is a monthly treat. Elusive as San Diego is to define, I think it feels "safe" to most people. It has a small-town quality (I'm always meeting people who know people I know), mountains (this is ironic, a warm bathtub where we all bump into each other), with big-city opportunities. There are so many pockets of nature — the ocean, canyons, parks, mountains to the east, desert — it's hard sometimes to remember that San Diego is a city.

On one of those perfect fall Sundays when the ocean is navy blue, I've visited my "p-wet" places (a canyon where calm horses watch me absorb a silence of eucalyptus groves) and am seeing friends whose hilltop view flattens the ocean to a sheet of dancing glass. "Could heaven be more beautiful than this?" "No, but it's less expensive," they laugh.

I suppose that's the trouble with paradise. It's a little dull and it's hard not to take for granted.

MICHAEL HOLZMAN

(continued from page 14)

I don't know. The weather's nice, don't you think? Even if it isn't as good as it used to be, I don't remember there ever being rainstorms in August and September before the last few years. And when I was growing up out near State it never rained more than six inches or so, and all that was in the winter. But today it was dry and about seventy-five degrees and there was a nice gentle wind off the Pacific (Zephyr?) and I went for a walk with John because the computer wasn't working and we sat on a little hill near the eucalyptus grove and watched the black birds graze and where else would one want to be, really?

After all, there are three or four decent French restaurants and a sacred fantastic Mexican restaurant and the bars are off right

(even though Michel charges 102 percent on the wine). Of course, there still are only two thousand people in the city (one's latest lover is always the ex-lover of one's ex-lover's lover), but those two thousand are as interesting as the folks one would know in New York or . . . or where? Oh, yes, San Francisco. Well, I really would rather live in San Francisco, but, anyway, this is a nice place.

There are, for instance, all these poets: Sherkey and Paul and Ellis and Bob and the other refugees from Fresno and San Francisco, and Alberto just back from Texas, and then there's Candy, of course. So many poets for a small town. Not to mention the playwrights (Jay and Susan) and the novelists (Buggers and me). And all the artists (Jeff and Carol and Richard and the wives of cardiologists in La Jolla). And then the musicians. I mean, even if you aren't into micro-tonality there are all these classical (or do you call them academic?) composers and Pauline, and, well, just all these musicians, even if their favorite tune is always "Tuning." (Tina, across the court, is practicing scales again.)

I think that among the animals I like the pet-est best, those that Captain Bob nurtures so well near the Cave Store. But what do I mean, "best"? The ducks trying to take off down at that cove south of the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club are fine, too, so is, now that we're there, anyway, the lone champion surfer catching the swells at sunset, below the cliffs at Coast Walk.

And I really do like the fact that there are all these Chilean refugees around, now, just in from Paris, and then there are those economists from the University of Baja California, right? I mean, where else can you drink wine all afternoon in Bob's patio to celebrate his marriage to an Aztec princess and still be ten miles into the United States? And the next day talk to John (another John) about power politics in Sacramento and Washington and listen to stories about Stalin told by this guy who is on his way to the SALT talks but is nervous and passing time with you this afternoon. Somewhere, maybe, but not anywhere with this light off the ocean at Scripps Pier.

I also like the bar at the Wild Animal Park that always sleeps directly over the sign that has an arrow pointing straight up and the inscription "bat." But the construction camp for dolphins and sea lions on Point Loma is awful.

Well, anyway, it is a big enough town to have two (three? four? I don't want to offend anyone) universities and those French restaur-

ants and enough bars for variety, even if they do look at you funny if you are a mixed couple trying to get into Diablo's to dance.

JEFF SPURRIER

(continued from page 14)

memories would come filtering back, unbeckoned and unavoidable.

One memory in particular stood out vividly, rich in detail and emotion, that in some way signified what growing up by the beach meant to me. I was sitting on my newly purchased Gordon & Smith surfboard in the water at Black's. It was a cold morning in June and the sun was just beginning to crawl over the tops of the cliffs. The water was nearly deserted and the slow, gentle waves heightened the feeling of timeless privacy. The waves rolled lazily in, unmindful of my shivering presence. Suddenly I was surrounded by a school of dolphins, their dull fins slicing the water as they meandered southward. It was a deliciously private experience, a time when I could talk to the ocean, feel its rhythms, and think it for being what it was.

Disease and boredom eventually brought me back to America for one short year. I found that my brief encounter with the hunger, death, and disease that plague most of the world had left me unable to endure the oh-so-casual neo-classicism of my peers, both in San Diego and Berkeley. Once again I left the country, this time for Japan.

On the other side of the Pacific I was able to come to some sort of understanding with my home. From the safe distance of 6000 miles I could relax and look forward to the semi-annual visits to my parents in La Jolla. I would stand on the beach below my home in Akiba and stare across the waters to the east, knowing that I was indeed connected by the liquid link, however tenuous it may have seemed.

Ultimately the frustrations of life abroad, of existing as an expatriate whose roots could never sink very deep, brought me back to California.

For a time San Diego delighted me. After four and one-half years of the polluted Japanese beaches and a somewhat geriatric life-style, La Jolla indeed seemed a jewel. I could now understand the impressions of a Japanese friend of mine who had visited my parents while I was still in Japan. Why, he had asked me, had I chosen to leave such a delightful

place behind to come live in Tokyo? Sitting in the bowels of Tokyo Station, barely conscious of the rumble of trains overhead, surrounded by hordes of pasty-faced businessmen in gray suits stuffing their faces with cheap sushi, I had a difficult time mustering up an answer.

I have now been back in the States for more than a year, feeling fairly permanent for the first time in fifteen years. I'm not living in San Diego, but in Los Angeles. Hollywood, no less. I visit San Diego regularly, usually staying two or three days at a time. I anticipate these biweekly excursions to the beaches, clean air, and quiet streets of my hometown with an incredible greed.

I feel much more comfortable now about enjoying America in general and San Diego in particular than I did in the past. Now I brag with gusto to my friends at work about how wonderful it was last weekend at the beach.

When I am asked why I don't move there I make up some facile answer. The truth is that I am not sure that I would be satisfied with a full-time commitment. I am vaguely afraid that special delight I feel when I roll off the freeway near I-152 late on a Friday night.

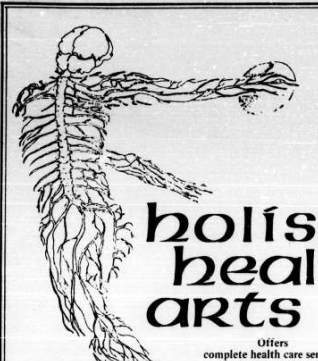
Perhaps it is simply that marriage is not for me. The rhythm of friendship seems to flow more easily in my mind. I prefer drifting in and out, encountering flashes of my past while thoroughly enjoying my sensuous present.

There are still times, however, when the circle comes round, and banded up in it I am. I must confront an emotion I find impossible to intellectualize away: I am sitting on my slightly battered Paul Ruyon surfboard in the water opposite the train station at Del Mar. The water is not as crowded as it could be on a July morning, possibly due to the this fog that covers the beach. The sea is a smooth pudding of sine-wave swells drifting dreamily toward the sand. The sun is poking through enough to keep me warm and watchful. Suddenly, not more than five feet from the end of my board, two porpoises leap out of the water. They describe a graceful curving arc at least six feet in the air. Droplets trailing from their silvery gray bodies cascade down in a fine shower that shimmers into a quivering brief rainbow. Shivers run up my neck and for the first time in fifteen years I find myself talking to an old friend.



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## Get Off on the Right Footnote

(continued from page 13)

Unionist politics. Others suggested that Tibbets' beautiful younger sister was involved. Whatever the disagreement, Magruder invited Tibbets to a duel in San Diego's first Masonic temple, a building facing the Plaza in Old Town.

Magruder, a cre- a shot, fired first and his bullet struck his enemy squarely in the forehead. Expecting to see Tibbets collapse, all present were amazed to see him unharmed. As it turned out, Magruder's friend John Phoenix had played a practical joke on him, loading the derringers with candle wax mixed with lamp-black. Magruder was so angry he threatened to kill everyone. He eventually calmed down; he was convinced by friends that he had won the duel and that his name remained untarnished.

### ● PACIFIC BEACH RACETRACK

The promise of San Diego's becoming a major terminus of the transcontinental Texas & Pacific Railroad spawned a real estate boom across the entire city in the 1860s. In Pacific Beach, developers cleared away grainfields, pitched tents, and hired an auctioneer. Their advertisements called it "The Finest Beach in the World." One of its main attractions was a huge racetrack,

complete with stables and grandstand, constructed on a large meadow. Horse races took place every weekend, and visitors could stay in the nearby hotel or adjoining cottages. The railroad never materialized, and with the end of that dream came the end of the racetrack and big plans for Pacific Beach. Most people who had purchased land there up and moved away, though a few stayed to cultivate lemon groves and work in the lemon-packing plant. Home Federal Savings & Loan now sits on the former racetrack site on the corner of Garnet and Mission Bay Drive.

### ● PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

With the completion of the Panama Canal in 1915, San Diego businessmen decided to take advantage of the event. San Diego was the first port of call in the U.S. northbound from the canal, but ships were bypassing the city and going on to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Hoping to lure commercial and military ships into port, the city planned the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Accompanying large-scale landscaping improvements to Balboa Park (see City Park), baroque-style buildings were constructed to house the exposition—Italian plaster workers were brought in to do the ornamentation.

Fears that the exposition would be a financial failure were alleviated when Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Edison, and Henry Ford arrived for opening-day ceremonies. The first U.S. Navy battleships entered the harbor and marked the start of the navy's support of the San Diego economy. San Diego became known throughout the country for its climate and location as an ideal residential community. Many of the exposition's buildings remain as museums and halls in Balboa Park,

and animals used in exhibitions provided the core for the future San Diego Zoo.

### ● MISSION VALLEY MODERN

Mission Valley, which has flooded periodically throughout the years, was originally hom to Indian tribes. In the 1860s a single road connecting several small houses in the valley crossed the San Diego River from Old Town to the mission. In the 1870s and 1880s the valley grew as a center for truck farming, sheep-herding, bee-keeping, and duck and dove shooting. It was all wiped out in a great flood in 1904. The late 1880s saw dairy farming and flower nurseries, before the great flood of 1916.

In the 1950s the valley became the horseman's paradise, crisscrossed by twenty miles of bridle paths. The Mission Valley Improvement Association, fought against proposals for roadside stands, an airport, and a cocktail lounge for State College students. They also did not want a super-highway. They lost.

Charles Brown, "pioneer" of commercial building in Mission Valley, came upon the tranquil scene in the late 1950s. A detailed evaluation of the area reported it as a prime location for construction, noting "the only alleged disadvantage seems to be fear of flood." Brown bought 22½ acres for \$79,000 and built the Town & Country Hotel. In 1957 the May Company bought land for the future Mission Valley Shopping Center. \$25 million was spent on the center, which was built one level above the ground in the event of floods. \$27 million was spent on the stadium.

### ● MISSION BAY

Until recently, Mission Bay was for the most part an uninviting swamp. Historically, the San Diego River occasionally changed course, sometimes flowing into

San Diego Bay, other times flowing into Mission Bay, carrying silt into the bay each time it flooded. In 1877 the Army Corps of Engineers built a dike which diverted the river away from San Diego Bay to Mission Bay, and Mission Bay became more of a marshland than ever before.

In 1940 the city dredged small portions of the western shore and a few small bay-side beaches were built. San Diego voters approved a \$2 million bond issue in 1945 for the conversion of the marshes into a land and water recreation area. The early concept did not include hotels, but offered a small airplane landing strip, a ballpark, golf course, nursery, aquarium, stables and bridle paths, and space for yachts, rowing, sailing, swimming, and picnics.

Businessman John Spreckels had already invested \$4 million in Belmont Amusement Park in Mission Beach, and along with other civic- and profit-minded officials, he envisioned Mission Bay as the future "Venice of America." The war's end posed serious problems with the loss of military income. Tourism was suggested as the next best thing to war, but Harry Woodhead, new president of Conval, warned it would be foolhardy to count on such dependable resources, fearing San Diego would become another western ghost town.

Nonetheless, improvement efforts began. Further dredging of the bay created new beaches, and silt was used as landfill for land recreation areas. In 1967 a long levee was completed which helped to prevent the buildup of silt, and in the early 1970s a flood control channel was built, diverting the San Diego River directly to the ocean.

When Mission Bay may not be the "undependable resources" of tourism which totaled \$30 million in 1946, came to more than \$1 billion in 1977.

## Revolution AROUND THE COUNTRY CLUB AND GOLF COURSE

This outing takes you through Tijuana's wealthiest neighborhood, to the city's oldest slum, structure, and to a variety of other landmarks in the area. Start by driving into the central area and turning left on Revolution. Follow it to where it just starts to bend, and turn right into the second street which cuts in from the right after Calle Once (Eleventh Street). This is Tele-iclon (the Ma-Sueter). This is Revolution's way of other side of Revolution it's another side, which is another sure way of identifying it) and if you follow it to the XETV broadcast tower and station at the top, it offers one of the best all around views of the city. It's a little tricky to follow, however, and the best advice I can offer is to follow it to the left where it forks near the top. At the next fork, go to the right. On the way down, you may opt to park your car near the bottom of the hill and walk around in the neighborhood just to the right of

low it to where it just starts to bend, and turn right into the second street which cuts in from the right after Calle Once (Eleventh Street). This is Tele-iclon (the Ma-Sueter). This is Revolution's way of other side of Revolution it's another side, which is another sure way of identifying it) and if you follow it to the XETV broadcast tower and station at the top, it offers one of the best all around views of the city. It's a little tricky to follow, however, and the best advice I can offer is to follow it to the left where it forks near the top. At the next fork, go to the right. On the way down, you may opt to park your car near the bottom of the hill and walk around in the neighborhood just to the right of

Tele-iclon. This is Colonia ("neighborhood") Cabo, notable only because it contains an interesting economic mix of housing, from tightly guarded wealthy homes to tired little cabins. Back in your car, continue east on Revolution, which changes into Boulevard Agua Caliente on Boulevard Calimax grocery store on the right hand side of the street on the right hand side of the road, you'll come to a major intersection. If you've never seen the Palacio Azteca, you should turn right at this intersection (on Avenida 16 de Septiembre) because the hotel is something of a landmark. Built about eight years ago, the blue and white tile-decorated structure was one of the major

milestones along Tijuana's passage to real cityhood. Inside, you can see Jose Gonzalez Navarro's striking (ohby sculpture. Back on Agua Caliente once again (and continuing south) you'll see the old building, Plaza de Toros, on the right, where most of the bullfights still are staged despite the construction of the newer building. The entrance to bust the tower, keep your eyes peeled for the famous, exclusive Chapultepec, the famous, exclusive colonia of Tijuana. The street you want comes just before the golf course, and both a stop light (continued on page 29)



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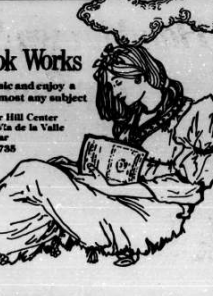
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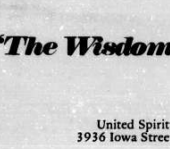
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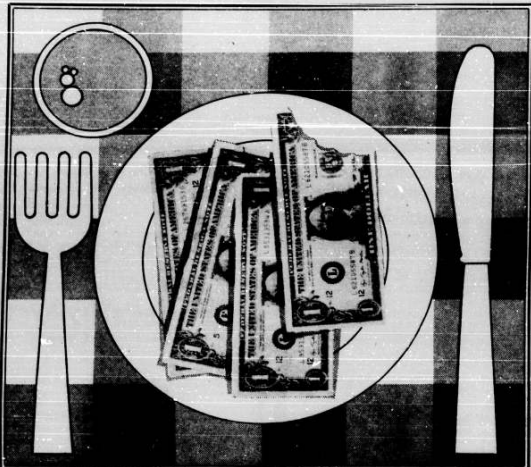
# Reader's Guide to Budget-Dining

## PLACES TO FORK UNDER \$4

ELEANOR WIDMER

As any restaurant diner on a budget will testify, the best way to save money and eat well is to go out for lunch, particularly at an expensive restaurant. This may appear to be a contradiction in terms, but like many a syllogism, it has its own peculiar logic. Posh restaurants frequently have luncheon specials which are of fine quality. The prices are low relative to the cost of dinner, and for approximately four dollars you can have a superior luncheon special at such places as the Ulysses S. Grant Grill, Lubach's, and Nino's, to mention just a few whose dinner menus will set you back triple that amount.

To be sure, not everyone has the time or inclination to go out to lunch. Vacationers and retirees often center their days around lunch, and then in the evening they prepare a light snack. If, however, luncheon dining is not one of your options, it is still possible to have decent meals for under four dollars. Please note the word "decent." Due to the high cost of food, labor, et cetera, one can't expect the grandest meals for this price, but most of the ones listed below will give you your money's



worth. I have not mentioned soup-and-salad places because most of them use an idyllic formula. Nor is this guide definitive. It is a partial list of dining places where you may eat

inexpensively and well, and it has been selected with variety in mind.

### AMERICAN

**Anthony's Sea Food.** With the exception of Anthony's Harborview and Star of the Sea, it is still possible to get good fish and chips at all other branches of Anthony's for \$3.75. The portions are much smaller than they used to be, but they also have excellent seafood salads that are under four dollars. You will find the rooms noisy, crowded, and filled with a sense that other diners are breathing heavily for tables. But the fish is fresh and wholesome.

**Chicken Pie Shops.** 3801 Fifth Avenue (295-2269). Chicken Pies for as low as seventy-five cents. The complete dinners are heavy on starches but cost as little as \$1.75. Noisy but cheery.

**Clay's Texas Pit Bar-B-Q.** 623 Pearl Street, La Jolla (454-2388). Good barbecued chicken and homemade baked beans. Small, unpretentious, pleasant atmosphere. Half a barbecued chicken is still \$2.25.

**Buffum's Dining Room.** Fashion Valley (291-6660). If you like live and on-stage

are out shopping, this is quite an edible meal for \$3.50. The chairs are deep, the service prompt, and while the food won't make a gourmet list, I've known people hooked on their liver and onions special. Avoid the May Company Dining Room in Mission Valley; it has one of the worst kitchens in town.

**Gnades Sea Cafe.** 5589 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard (571-0224). Adequate fish and chips for \$3.75 and Monday night special of all-you-can-eat seafood spaghetti, and salad for \$3.75. There's a fish market at one end; the dining room is separate.

**Houlihan's Old Place.** 5323 Mission Center Road (297-6370). This watering place seems to have an appeal that defies age and status. Lots of hamburgers, omelets, and assorted American, both visual and culinary.

**Magic Pan Creperie.** 4353 La Jolla Village Drive, University Towne Center (453-6616). Assorted crepes, including many dessert ones, served in two well-appointed rooms, one for smokers only.

### GERMAN

**Black Forest Inn.** 1037 University Avenue (298-2269). This homey German family restaurant has a special menu called "light dinners" that cost under four dollars and are sufficiently filling for the average appetite. The cooking is plain but good.

### ITALIAN

**Figaro.** 741 Washington Street (296-4811). This is especially good at lunch, with its

many inexpensive and tasty dishes. At dinner, many pastas are under four dollars and so is the eggplant parmesan.

**Cadellier.** 7878 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard (560-1747). Your best buys here are at lunch, where you may have filling meals of wide variety. For dinner, the under-four-dollars are mostly pastas.

### JAPANESE

**Kiyo's.** 3365 Fifth Avenue (295-0504). Your best bets are the appetizers, especially the raw fish, or sashimi. The sashimi is not served at lunch. At present the entrees are limited.

**Osaka.** 3645 University Avenue (282-3688). Modest in physical plant, and lacking in raw fish, it serves a most plentiful tempura at modest prices, and very good lumpia (egg-rolls). Most dinners are still in the three dollar range.

**Yoshihino's.** 1810 W. Washington Street (295-2232). Unless you arrive when the doors open, there's always a long wait here. The food is inexpensive and of high quality.

### CHINESE

If you dine with one other person at these restaurants, you can manage to eat for approximately four dollars each.

**Mandarin Garden.** 8242 Mira Mesa Boulevard (582-2791). Excellent luncheon specials. Well-prepared Mandarin cuisine. Tends to be crowded evenings. Though the evening menu is extensive, you won't go wrong by sticking to the less costly dishes.

**Mandarin Palace.** 1730 Garnet (274-5111). Unpretentious

decor, but well-prepared food, with a minimum of MSG. The sauces have no thickening.

**New Moon.** 6557 El Cajon Boulevard (583-2722). For both Cantonese and Mandarin cooking, still one of the best places in town. Don't expect much in atmosphere, but the cooking makes up for it.

### GREEK

**Athens Market.** 414 E Street (234-1955). The name is now obsolete. Their popularity as a restaurant led to the demise of the front-room market. Lunch is best. Open Friday night only for dinner. The neighborhood is grungy but colorful.

**Georgia's.** 3641 Madison Avenue (284-1007). My favorite item here is the assorted appetizer plate. Most dinners are under four dollars. The portions are large and the food prepared from scratch, using no canned or frozen products.

### JEWISH

**Abe's Delicatessen.** 7612 Fay Avenue, La Jolla (454-9021). At present I recommend the corned beef sandwiches only, a meal in themselves for \$1.95. The chef still has to get his act together on the other items. But the corned beef sandwich is worth the trip.

**Blumer's.** 5379 El Cajon Boulevard (582-2791). Many dinners of good quality under four dollars.

**Haiman's.** 412 University Avenue (295-5222). Haiman's has not heard of inflation; you can still get dinners under three dollars. However, they close at six p.m., so you have to dine early.

### KOREAN

**Seoul Restaurant.** 807 Broadway (234-2041). Unpretentious dining room presided over by pleasant people. Diners extremely reasonable but hot. Lots of garlic, so kiss with caution.

**Seoul House Restaurant.** 2121 Adams Avenue (299-3571). Some very fine Korean cooking is done in this spotless restaurant. Most dinners are in the five dollar range, but you can get some items for under four.

### MEXICAN

Most people have their favorites in Mexican food, but each of the three listed below is different in character and gives good value.

**Al Oso's.** 1251 Prospect Street, La Jolla (454-2232). One of the best attractions of this place is the outdoor area and the young people who congregate here. The chile rellenos are especially good.

**Fidel's.** 607 Valley Avenue, Soriana Beach (753-9852). There's usually a long wait, but it's worth it. Very extensive menu, carina type of atmosphere, and even a half of a tostadita suprema will be enough for a meal.

**La Fe.** 1487 Market Street (238-9801). Situated on Market Street, downtown, this is a fa-

vorite haunt for artists and others of modest means. High quality and low prices. There's a pool room attached and a store-front style dining room.

### POLISH

**The Three Mermaids.** 2539 Adams Avenue (281-3729). You can get a nice bigos, or hunter's stew, for \$3.75, as well as rolettes, stuffed with chicken or meat. Home cooking and homey atmosphere.

### VIETNAMESE

**Thanh-Viet.** 3686 University Avenue (280-3242). Very good crepe/omelet with vegetables, large shrimp and other assorted dishes for under three dollars. French-style Vietnamese.

**Vietnam.** 4869 University Avenue (284-7737). Most auspicious atmosphere of all the Vietnamese restaurants around. Good dinners for \$3.75.

### VEGETARIAN

**Gatekeeper.** Interstate 8 at Waring Road (287-2770) and Interstate 5 at Via de la Valle, Del Mar (481-8661). Both branches have pleasant rooms, but their items under five dollars are limited to soup, health-food sandwiches, and dinner salads. Two-dollar minimum per person.

**Prophet.** 4161 University Avenue (283-7448). The best vegetarian restaurant in San Diego. Extensive menu and many items under four dollars. Unusual sandwiches and unique desserts.

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## Reader's Guide to Pier Fishing

# JUST FOR THE HAUBUT

TINA KAFKA

I could not have been more surprised when I reeled in the fishing line at the Imperial Beach pier and there was a fish dangling at the end of it. I had cast my hook, bait, and line into the briny deep as a raw novice, and the sight of a fish flopping around on the end of my line was at once unexpected, horrifying, and thrilling. "I caught a fish, I caught a fish!" I screamed, betraying my inexperience, since no one else seemed inclined to announce his catch. A ten-year-old girl fishing next to me on the pier examined my catch and informed me solicitously that my fish obviously had not tried to take my bait at all. She pointed out that the fish had been hooked through the eye, not the mouth. "He was probably just swimming by," she said. To further puncture my ego she added, "Your bait probably fell off before the fish swam by."

I knew nothing about pier fishing, before a week ago. Since then I've been initiated not only to the thrill of the chase but to a sport that is enjoyed by a vast array of people. There were dads with their sons, moms with their daughters. I saw many women fishing alone or with other women, and many three-generation families combining a day of fishing with picnics and barbecues. One eight-year-old fishing with his uncle told me he had to throw everything back into the ocean that he had caught that day because his family's freezer was stuffed with fish. He and many others said they did not really come to catch fish, though they were happy if they did. They came mainly to soak in the sun, talk to their friends, and just have a good time. A little lady under a big straw hat informed me, with a hint of an Irish brogue, that she was ninety years old and came to the Ocean Beach

public fishing pier almost every day; she loved the fresh air and the exercise. "And you can't get fish any easier, honey," she added as she cast her bait into the sea.

Pier fishing, unlike other sports, does not require of the novice a heavy financial investment. Basically, the equipment consists of a rod, reel, line, hooks, and sinkers. There are two types of arrangements available — the conventional casting rod and reel, and the spinning rod and reel. The spinning system is more appropriate to the novice since it is the lighter and more manageable of the two. The difference lies in the way the line feeds from the reel. Both types could be purchased beginning at about twenty dollars, but the casting system has a much more expensive upper limit and is employed by the more serious fisherman.

There are many bait-and-tackle shops and sporting goods stores around town where fishing equipment can be purchased, but almost every

public fishing pier has a bait-and-tackle shop that rents the necessary equipment. For \$2.50 or less, you can rent a rod, reel, hooks, line, and sinkers for an eight-hour day of fishing.

Bait is another variable in the fishing game, and opinion varies widely about which bait is most likely to catch a fish. Anchovy, a thin silver fish that looks like a sardine, seems to be the most popular choice, but even then, some prefer them to be defensive and manipulate all the variables. And finally you develop common sense — you learn how to avoid the pitfalls and still get where you want to go. Still, he says, the beginner needs "a fishing pole and a hook and a lot of luck." There is no doubt, however, that some basic skill is required. I overheard one lady say, "No wonder I haven't caught anything. My hook wasn't in the water." It is an absolute necessity that the hook be under the water in order to catch a fish.

At each pier I was told that different varieties of fish were running, but the same fish travel under many different names, so confusion is inevitable. The fish I caught was a croaker, also known as a hardhead, corvina, croaker, and ronce. Mine was only three and a half inches long, but there are bigger croakers in the sea. Two fish caught after by pier fishermen are the mackerel and bonito. Bonito averages between three and fifteen pounds and is supposedly one of the fastest swimming fish in the sea, but not too tasty. Mackerel, by contrast, is smaller and tastier.

I saw a few lucky (or skilled) fishermen who had managed to catch halibut. There were queenfish, surf perch, jacksmelt, sea trout, tom cod,

the anchovy. Another bait favorite are the guts of other fish. Mackerel guts are supposedly superior because they are so salty, oily, and bloody. Some fishermen look upon all fish baits with disdain and instead use "Lucky Joes" — hooks camouflaged by brightly colored wool. One woman explained that ocean fish are crafty and will avoid food they never catch anything, repeatedly baiting their hooks, casting out the lines, and reeling them back in. If the bait is still on the hook, that in itself is cause for celebration, and if it isn't, they can always speculate about the big one that got away.

The alternative to the cast-out-reel-in technique is a more passive style: propping the pole against the pier and sitting down with a good hook, a

radio, and a beer, glancing at the pole occasionally in the hope that it will be bending crazily. Some fishermen use two poles at the same time, propping one and holding the other. Fishermen employing "Lucky Joes" characteristically bob their poles slowly up and down.

Whether catching a fish is a matter of skill or luck is a question open to debate. Ray Thomas, manager of the Crystal Pier Bait and Tackle Shop in Pacific Beach, claims that learning to fish is like learning to drive a car. First you're unsure and somewhat timid, he says. Then you catch a couple fish and you get cocky and take chances. Next you learn how to be defensive and manipulate all the variables. And finally you develop common sense — you learn how to avoid the pitfalls and still get where you want to go. Still, he says, the beginner needs "a fishing pole and a hook and a lot of luck."

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Each public fishing spot has its fierce devotees who claim that it is the place to fish in San Diego. For a novice, convenience and availability of rental equipment are the foremost considerations. I recommend a

spot with a nice view; chances are you'll have time to enjoy it.

**Shelter Island:** The pier right off Shelter Island Drive is the oldest public fishing pier on San Diego Bay and plans for its renovation are now being considered. This T-shaped pier is heavily used by the public, and like most of the other piers, it is open twenty-four hours a day. During the summer the bait-and-tackle shop on the pier is also open twenty-four hours. Winter hours are still uncertain, but the shop managers predict they run from six or seven a.m. until ten p.m. on weekdays, and midnight on the weekends. Night lights come on at sunset. The bait-and-tackle shop rents complete tackle (rod, reel, line, hooks, and sinkers) for \$2.50 and sells live and frozen bait. Live anchovies sell for ten cents apiece. Refreshments are also sold in the shop and public restrooms are nearby.

A grassy strip extending along the rocky shore is perfect for picnics and barbecues, and a fishing family member can be easily called when dinner is ready. He may even have something to throw on the fire. The view of downtown San Diego, the sailboats, and the ocean birds is worth a trip here even if the fish aren't nibbling.

**Crystal Pier:** This pier at the foot of Garnet Street in Pacific Beach is privately owned and operated by the Crystal Pier Motel Hotel. (The City of San Diego may buy it sometime soon.) The motel charges adult fishermen seventy-five cents each to fish from the pier and fifty cents for a child. Photographs inside the motel office date the pier at 1927 and it looks as if it has not been too conscientiously maintained since then. The rough wooden

slats which make up the pier itself have shrunk with age and water is clearly visible beneath your feet as you walk. Metal patches have been nailed down in several spots. The railing is definitely not safe for small children. As opposed to the public piers, which specifically prohibit overhead casting (flinging the hook back over the head to jid up momentum before swinging it forward into the ocean), it is freely indulged in here, making walking around even riskier. The pier and the bait-and-tackle shop are open from seven a.m. until seven p.m. Ray Thomas, manager of the bait-and-tackle shop, is friendly and helpful. Tackle is rented out for \$2.50 a day. Because it is a private pier, fishing licenses are required.

**Ocean Beach Municipal Pier:** This pier and the Imperial Beach pier are the longest public piers in San Diego. The Ocean Beach pier is T-shaped, extending out to the ocean 1971 feet. It opened in July, 1966 as a cooperative effort of the city and state and is now administered by the park and recreation department. About halfway out, a bait-and-tackle shop sells supplies and bait and rents tackle for \$2.50 a day. The shop will loan a bucket and knife to renters. Next to the shop is the Sea Dawg Fish and Chips restaurant. The bait-and-tackle shop and restaurants are open from seven a.m. until ten p.m. seven days a week.

The hard-core fishermen on this pier seem to prefer fishing closest to the T end of the pier; novices seem more content to remain near the bait-and-tackle shop so they can easily replenish their supplies of hooks and bait.

Fish heads lie everywhere, unwanted remnants of the catch. This was the first pier I

visited and it was immediately initiated to the rather gruesome spectacle of fishermen, both young and old, picking up freshly caught, still-living fish and slamming their heads against the railing to kill them.

This is a public pier open twenty-four hours a day. It is located at the foot of Niagara Avenue in Ocean Beach.

**Twenty-fourth Street Pier:** This pier in National City is somewhat of an enigma to National City officials. When asked, a city planner had to check with someone else whether National City even had a fishing pier within its boundaries. It so happens that what the California Department of Fish and Game calls the Twenty-fourth Street Pier is actually located right off Thirty-second Street. It is in National City, but it is administered by the San Diego Unified Port District, which has authority over piers facing San Diego Bay.

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