



# City Lights

## Because I Salivate When I Hear Sirens

All George Pritchard did was apply for a job as a deputy sheriff. But in March he was weeded out of contention after a psychological evaluation found him not acceptable for the job. "And suddenly I've got this big black mark against me," says Pritchard, "and I have to be defensive about something that I don't even know about. If it concerns my personality, I feel I have the right to know why I don't fit in. If I'm not suited for police work, fine, I'll accept that. But they should show me where I'm not qualified."

Pritchard is one of hundreds of candidates for deputy sheriff who have been deemed not psychologically acceptable since 1978, when the county began evaluating the mental and emotional qualifications of applicants. Last year 533 applicants for deputy sheriff made it to the psychological evaluation phase of the application process; 194, or thirty-six percent, received unfavorable evaluations. And in every case, as a matter of explicit policy, the applicant was not told why he or she is psychologically unfit for the job. There is no appeal process.

Last week the \$60,000-a-year contract for psychological evaluations came before the board of supervisors for renewal next fiscal year, and the board, at Supervisor Tom Hamilton's instigation, refused to re-fund the program until it was re-examined.

Hamilton believes the lack of an appeal process is "wrong," and also suggested that three psychologists on a panel may be a better way to perform the evaluations than simply relying on one expert psychologist, which is the way it is run now. "Our question is one of fairness," explains Greg Smith, one of Hamilton's aides. "It's a subjective judgment being made on people by one man. We could be all wet, but some of those who've complained about failing the psychological evaluation were really crushed. They're just left hanging and they don't know why."

Dr. Charles Galbo, the psychologist on contract to do the evaluations for the county, is opposed to the idea of informing the applicant about the specifics of his or her unsuitability. "The client is not the individual, the client is the sheriff's department," says Galbo. "How do you tell someone that they're immature? How do you tell someone that they're retarded? Yes, some of the applicants are actually retarded. Everybody would want the right to be defensive, and I'm not being paid for therapy, I'm hired to

do evaluations." Dr. Galbo, who is a consultant for several law enforcement agencies in the western U.S., receives seventy-five dollars from the county for every applicant he evaluates. His procedure includes administering the Rorschach Ink Blot Test, scoring the 566-question Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI), looking at the results of the Draw-A-Person Test, the Bender Motor Gestalt Test, and the Incomplete Sentence Form (administered by his secretary), and a short, five- or ten-minute interview. He looks for certain traits and attitudes that would make a person either suitable or unsuitable for police work. "Very few actually give much thought to what it is being a police officer," says Galbo. "I'm interested in the motive, first of all. Unfortunately, most of those who are responding to the sheriff department's advertising on TV and in the newspaper want to be police officers because they need a job. And I don't think that should be the primary motivation."

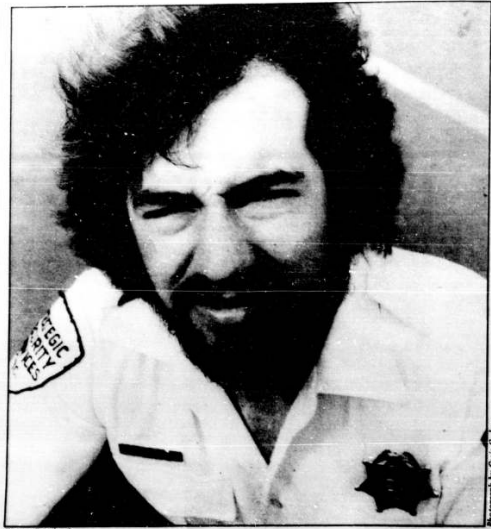
Other motives Galbo has encountered are, "... because I look good in green" (a female applicant), "I have friends who are police officers," and "My stepfather's wife is on the force." Galbo, along with sheriff's department personnel officers, say the quality of the applicants has declined seriously in the last five years, a local reflection of the national trend. But still, wonder those who perhaps are rejected because they want to be cops for the wrong reason, should we permanently stigmatize applicants who don't measure up to one of society's most demanding jobs?

"Now," says twenty-four-year-old George Pritchard, "if I apply for another job the first question they'll ask is where else I've applied. My failure of the psychological tests for the sheriff's department can be very damaging to me. And yet, in the form letter they sent saying I'd failed, they said my personality could change in a year, and to consider reapplying then. If I knew what to change, I'd work on it."

-N.M.

## How Much Is That Doggie in the Thrifties?

It was a Thursday morning in mid-December last year when Joan Kingsland noticed that a big, fluffy Siberian husky had wandered into her Bonita neighborhood. The dog immediately attached itself to Kingsland, a sixth-grade teacher at Montgomery Elementary School in Chula Vista, who already had five dogs of her own. About the same time that Kingsland called in a "dog found" ad to the *Union-Tribune* classifieds (on Friday), a neighbor across



George Pritchard



Joan Kingsland

the street called the dogcatcher. It became a race between classified readers who might be looking for a Siberian husky and the South County Animal Shelter's policy of holding strays three days before destroying them. A classified reader won.

"I thought," says Kingsland, "that if I could do this with just one dog, what could I do with a whole kennel full?" At the beginning of the year Kingsland began to visit the nearby pound almost daily, making a comprehensive list of the dogs in each of the fourteen adoption kennels. After receiving a go-ahead from County Animal Control, she began placing classified ads in the *Union-Tribune*. At one point she ran as many as seventeen ads in one day, all of them heralding a particular dog and giving the price the pound charges to adopt it (thirty-four dollars for males, sixty-four dollars for females, though the ads had to be skillfully worded for the later since the Thrifties have a sale price limit of fifty dollars). Since January Kingsland has spent over one hundred dollars a month on ads for dogs in the pound, and she says when people respond all she does is direct them to the animal shelter. She maintains that she receives no remuneration from anybody. The U-T evidently believes otherwise.

In mid-April the newspaper decided it would no longer accept Kingsland's dog ads for

Photograph by Greg Carlson

Photograph by Greg Carlson

# City Lights

the Thrifties, and when she asked why, Kingsland says she was told by Charles Appgar, who heads the classification department, "that he was losing money on me." Appgar suggested that she run the ads in the Dog Sales column, which costs \$5.52 for two lines per day. In contrast, the Thrifties ads only cost two dollars for two lines for three days. Says Kingsland, "I sensed that he [Appgar] thinks I'm a crook who's making money off this."

Mr. Appgar declines to comment on his dealings with Kingsland, saying, "Conversations between the newspaper and its clients are privileged." He does, however, draw an analogy. "We wouldn't allow a person repairing, say, washing machines as a sideline in his garage, to advertise washing machines in the Thrifties." Appgar refuses to comment on the implication that he thinks Kingsland is somehow selling dogs.

Kingsland is still spending about a hundred dollars a month advertising impounded dogs, either by getting friends to allow her to use their phone numbers in Thrifties ads (her phone number tips the paper off to her identity), or by running ads in the Dog Sales column, which allows for fewer ads due to their higher cost. She's also started keeping a ledger book with the names of people interested in finding a particular breed of dog listed under the breed's heading. (There are four pages of people looking for Dobermans.) When she finds requested dogs on her frequent visits to the pound, she contacts the interested person. "Why do I do this? Because life is precious. Cats, dogs, turtles. ... Fleas, no. Fleas, I kill flies. Maybe I just can't communicate with flies and fleas, I don't know, but I feel that the higher animals just have so much to teach us. There's something about life. You don't just kill everything."

-N.M.

## The Cause of Carol Cahill

She has already hopped out of her Mercedes-Benz sedan and booted through the door of her big house on Alameda Boulevard in Coronado. And you have to hurry to catch up with her even though she's hugging a leather briefcase full of papers relating to her latest cause: the rights of kidney patients. That's all she wants to discuss right now, although she acknowledges that the kidney issue is only the latest in a long string of issues that have galvanized her, transformed her into one of Coronado's most notorious gadflies, intimidator of city councilists, *adulte terrible*, and now poster with the medical establishment, Carol Cahill. She has already reached the far room on the first floor of the house. "This is an activist's house," she says. "This is one activist's room. Look at this!"

Look! Cahill's notes, Cahill's studies. These are all activist papers that are very essential. Her files on the kidney issue—files which she says document that local doctors are sacrificing high-quality patient care to increase their profits—have spilled out of this study and begun to encroach upon her dining room, and they all look jumbled. "I don't think a real mover keeps good files. 'Cause they're always in motion. The files are almost moving themselves."

She herself is moving again.

Books? reading program. "It takes you seven years to get through them all. You learn something about existentialism, which only means that you are! Live!" However, she says Plato and Aristotle influenced her the most. "And Ecclesiastes is the best book in the world."

About the same time, she says a friend who was the editor of the *Coronado Journal* occasionally began asking her to fill in at the school board meetings for him. Eventually Cahill wrote several columns

policy to rent only to single servicemen, who often seemed to go off to Southeast Asia and die with appalling frequency. She says one time she asked one of her tenants, a reckless, redheaded young pilot, if there wasn't anything which would motivate him to be careful, to try to come back alive. He had no family, no girlfriend. But he enthusiastically eyed the prize Jaguar automobile which Cahill had just received to meet condition. "So I told him if he came back I'd sell it to him for a thousand dollars. I told him I was sure he wouldn't

Jolla. But at other times she found herself gasping for air, nauseated, perspiring. And gradually, Cahill's attention turned to the artificial kidney cell (the filter). "I began noticing that each time I came in, the cell would get dirtier and dirtier and dirtier until the sixth use it almost looked black." Cahill says she began marking the cylinder with a pen—and she would count six marks before a fresh cell greeted her. One time a technician showed her the cell packaging. Cahill hit the roof when she read warnings in five



Carol Cahill

Photograph by Greg Carlson

riocetting across the living room, dumping the contents of her briefcase on a table. She's a tall, almost imperious figure, who these days wears her iron-gray hair cropped short. As she paws through the files, intense concentration masks her long, high-cheekboned face, compresses her wide mouth into a tight line. "Look at these records! I'm methodical. I know the facts." Only reluctantly does she shift her attention for a moment from the kidney issue to an explanation of how it was that she first entered the activist fray.

She says at one time she didn't care what went on in the world around her. That was long before, when she was married to a Navy submarine captain, and the mother of five young children. Politics and the world of larger ideas rarely intruded upon her life, until one day she found herself divorced in her late twenties. It was then, she says, that she resolved to develop her intellect. To do so, she committed herself to working through the entire "Great

for the paper. As she searched for column material, her glance eventually fell upon the first major issue that catapulted her into action. "They had built the Coronado Bridge [in 1968], but they weren't going to put any lights on it," she remembers.

That prospect struck Cahill as appalling. When Caltrans officials didn't respond to her protests, she organized other citizens and finally called in state inspectors who confirmed that the unit bridge would be hazardous. So the lights went in, although Cahill lost a related fight in which she argued that the bridge's thirty-seven-inch ledge wasn't high enough. "They testified that it was physically impossible for a car to go over a thirty-seven-inch ledge. And you know one did just recently."

During the Vietnam War, her championing of causes accelerated. She organized a drive to raise money to mail goods to American prisoners of war. She also owned a number of houses in Coronado at that time, and while most Coronado landowners refused to rent to bachelors, she made it her

come back; I knew the type. But sure enough, several months later he showed up with a cashier's check. He said, 'Here's the money,' and I said, 'Here's the keys.' Cahill winces at the memory. "That car must have been worth at least \$10,000! But it was worth it not to go to another funeral!"

Cahill also was in business by that time, operating a store called the Import Hut next to the Coronado Ferry. When the ferry closed down and Cahill's business partner left the area, Cahill moved the enterprise farther up Orange Avenue. But finally illness forced her to close it.

That illness, kidney disease, was the agent which led her to her current crusade. She says about three and a half years ago, she finally began kidney dialysis treatments. In that process, kidney patients have their blood pumped through a machine which artificially cleans the blood by running it through a special filter. Cahill says at times she felt free after the three-weekly sessions at the Burdette dialysis center in La

languages that the cells were only for one-time use. "I began demanding a new cell. I even offered to pay extra for it, even though I found out that the government pays them \$138 per patient every time a patient is dialyzed. ... But they said, 'Everyone reuses here, and if you don't use it you can go to Biomed where they reuse up to twenty-five times or more.'"

Indeed, upon investigation Cahill found that all the centers in San Diego reuse the cells, cleaning them with formaldehyde between dialysis sessions. (In contrast, she says, eighty percent of the dialysis centers nationwide don't reuse the cells.) In response to the San Diego centers' claims that the reused cells were safe, Cahill points to the manufacturer's strong recommendation against reuse. In response to the doctors' contention that they must reuse the cells to run the centers profitably, Cahill scoffs. "I didn't think we got kidney disease to make people rich." Then she interjects, "Isn't this a great story? It's a hell of a story!"

(continued on page 21)





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## Her Karma's In The Shop

Your story on Marianne Cheatum ("Prophet Marriage," May 21) was as wonderful as the lady herself. It captured her energy, her spirit, and her "karma," if you will.

Years ago, when I was a struggling shopkeeper in a now defunct La Jolla African import store, Ms. Cheatum was a regular, local, and gracious customer. Her Prophet restaurant was then in its infancy, but even to this day I have never tasted better vegetarian cuisine.

If this sounds like a fan letter, then so be it. I can't speak too highly of Marianne Cheatum.

If there were only some kind of counterbalance chamber of commerce, then I would hereby nominate Ms. Cheatum as its first and most honored "woman of the year."

Gail Arpa  
Point Loma

**Bob's Hope**

I want to thank Jeanette DeWise for an excellent article on Marianne Cheatum. Miss DeWise's unbiased writing was a

welcome relief. I also want to thank Miss Cheatum for doing the things she does for the community of San Diego. In this day of "Mercedes or mortgage," it's a breath of fresh air to see someone start up a business that stresses such things as spiritual, together, and hope. Miss Cheatum never forgets the hope she represents to those of us who wish to buck the nonspiritual business world we are involved in. There are certain things that should have a priority if we wish to be truly fulfilled in our lives. Miss Cheatum is someone who seems to keep her priorities in better order than most. I hope success continues to come her way.

Rob Gilroy  
Carlsbad

**Mighty Like A Roach**

Thanks to the lovely Jeanette DeWise for her story on Alex Dreher and his resignation from the San Diego Union ("City Lights," May 21). And what a shame that it's true. Dreher's reports were unlike anything that the Union is accustomed to printing. They were important stories about deadly serious matters, they came straight and fresh and hard from the inside of the turmoil, they were personal and honest. She says the profile of love as her loyal employees, eternally and most gratefully satisfied to

can only maintain wage, chant the motto and a channel more a job into her pockets.

In her search to find her "roots," Marianne has stumbled through various religions. Finally she has found devotion in the creed of Rastafar. Why? Because this religion suits her special spiritual and racial needs. But how can one be a true devotee if one does not adhere to the sacraments? In the case of the Rastas, marijuana smoking is a sacrament!

Charles Chiles  
Chattanooga

**Rastafari Godmother?**

In regard to the article "Prophet Sharing" in last week's Reader, Marianne M. Cheatum's ("Supreme Matzah") of the Prophet International Vegetarian Restaurant) method of restaurant management is a very clever one indeed. She reaps the profit of love as her loyal employees, eternally and most gratefully satisfied to

can only maintain wage, chant the motto and a channel more a job into her pockets.

In her search to find her "roots," Marianne has stumbled through various religions. Finally she has found devotion in the creed of Rastafar. Why? Because this religion suits her special spiritual and racial needs. But how can one be a true devotee if one does not adhere to the sacraments? In the case of the Rastas, marijuana smoking is a sacrament!

Charles Chiles  
Chattanooga

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# A FREE MAN IN PARIS

Feeling unfettered and alive is the ideal, but a generation of young Americans has traveled with an unnecessary burden. Some say they are going "backpacking" in Europe.

They get dressed up in gear appropriate for climbing in the Sierras, then fly off to the sophisticated cities of Europe. And they wonder why the natives seem gruff. Local author Derek Evans calls them "dirtbaggers".

When you consider the impression you want to make as a traveler, consider a trip to Le TRAVEL STORE, the travel outfitters. They have the latest designs in travel gear including a travel pack with the advantages of a backpack, but without the disadvantages. They also have camera bags, totes, duffles and daypacks, plus money belts, voltage converters, London Fog rainwear, luggage carts, guide books, phrase books, maps, and lots of ideas and advice.



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## Straight from the Hip

Dear Matthew Alice:  
I've been trying to find a place where I can buy a case of cassette tapes at wholesale or at least at reduced rates, but I'm not having any luck. Most record stores and stereo stores will sell by the case but at regular prices. Any idea where I can get a deal on quality tapes?  
R.S.

Loma Portal

I've learned of two places that sell cassettes at low prices, whether they're quality tapes or not, you'll have to learn your self. Don Nuzzo, a twenty-seven-year-old surfer and guitarist, has gone into business for himself, selling tapes out of his home in La Mesa (9520 Janney Way; telephone 469-5290). He was surfing somewhere up north when I called, but his mother answered my questions. She said a cassette containing ninety minutes' worth of Agfa tape costs \$1.04. A plastic box for the tape is fourteen cents extra. Further discounts are given for orders of one hundred or more. When I told Mrs. Nuzzo that the price sounded almost incredibly low, she said, "I know. But I'm sure that whoever buys the tapes will be satisfied with them. He's been selling tapes since November. . . . At that time he worked for an electronics company in El Cajon and picked guitar for the Cavalry Mountain Boys. The band needed cassettes for taping its own material, and these were supplied by a friend of Nuzzo who owned a bulk loader — the machine that feeds raw tape into empty cassettes. Nuzzo liked the idea of making his own cassettes, and saw his friends in the music business as a ready line of customers for his product. So, for \$10,000 he bought a bulk loader and opened shop. Before Mrs. Nuzzo hung up, she said that Don also duplicates cassettes. Within a month, Soundtrax Recording



the psoralens it needs to give you the richest, darkest, smoothest tan ever! And they keep on working until your melanocytes migrate to the cornified layer of the epidermis. So don't let ultraviolet radiation spoil your fun this summer. Ask your doctor for the drugs that really trigger your pigments — Oxoralen and Trisoralen. (You'll love the scents, too!)

Dear Matthew Alice:  
While going through my parents' record collection and playing whatever sounded interesting, I came across an old record that sounded very familiar to my Top-40 ears. After listening more closely, I remembered the song it sounded like. I went out and bought the remake, a song that was a big hit for a country superstar within the last decade. But the original writer from the old record is given no credit on the new hit. I believe there is a case for plagiarism, and would like to know — when does plagiarism occur, what are the rules, and who should be connected to investigate this claim?  
Tim Oliver

The pertinent thing to do is contact the original writer and inform him, or her, of your suspicion. Only the person whose property was plagiarized can act on the transgression. It's possible that the copyright on the original song expired and was not renewed, thereby falling into the public domain, or more likely the remake artist agreed to pay royalties to the holder of the original copyright without giving credit by name.

Got a question you need answered? Get it straight from the hip. Write to Matthew Alice, c/o Reader, P.O. Box 80803, San Diego, California 92138.

Studios, at 8170 Ronson Road, Kearny Mesa (telephone 560-8449), will offer European tapes under its own brand name. Ninety minutes' worth of the chromium tape would cost about nine dollars, said Soundtrax engineer Jim Papageorge. A similar cassette by Ampex costs \$3.80 at the Sound Company, 3675 Sports Arena Boulevard. A spokesman for the store said that tapes by Ampex, TDK, and Maxell carry lifetime guarantees through the store, so long as the buyer keeps the receipts.

Dear Matthew Alice:  
I sunbathe easily, and I have heard that there are melanin pills on the market that help you darken. Are they safe, where are they available, and how do they work?  
B. Stone

Mission Beach  
The latest Physician's Desk Reference

lists two drugs, both of them available only by prescription, that somehow induce the skin to make extra melanin and thereby tan more easily. They are Oxoralen, in capsule and lotion, and Trisoralen, in capsule only; both are made by the Thomas C. Elder Company. The drugs take their names from a group of chemicals called psoralens, which affect melanin-producing cells. Some researchers believe that the psoralens act directly on the melanocytes, other believe that the chemicals have an inflammatory effect, to which the extra melanin is a protective response. Safety tests have been insufficient to permit the drug's use on children under twelve, and special warnings apply to those people with liver trouble, bronchial problems, or hypersensitivity to aspirin. In short, the drugs may be a little risky, but oh what a marvelous tan! In two short weeks your integumentary system will absorb all

## THE LONG GREEN LINE

(continued from page 1)

mountains, awaiting orders to embark on a mission that will take them one hundred miles on foot in five days. For what purpose? "We're infantry," explained the colonel that morning before we left the base. "Our mobility has been our feet. When I look over the battalion [in August] I found that they were less than capable marchers. We've been training for this a long time, and now we're going to show that we can move this battalion one hundred miles quickly, over varied terrain and weather conditions. And complete it in a combat status." The troops, of course, have their own interpretations. "For Browne points for the colonel," says one. "Because Sullivan's lost his marbles," explains another.

But nobody is taking now. The colonel is standing tall before his men, his rock jaw jabbing forward as he yells, "BU-TAL-YUN! A hundred-mile hike starts with the first step!" The red-and-gold guidon flags of the separate companies hang limp on their wooden poles. "Right company!" the colonel continues. "Form a column of two!" He turns on his heels and, followed by his staff formation, marches the few steps to the asphalt road and heads west. Beside him marches the sergeant major, and behind them in two walk a radio man and various liaison officers. They all carry light (fifteen to twenty pound) combat packs and have .45-caliber pistols strapped to their waists. Nobody carries any bullets.

Company by company the rest of the battalion moves out. Dressed in camouflage uniforms and billed caps, carrying combat packs, war belts (which hold canteens, first-aid kits, and cartridge



Colonel J.V. Sullivan

pouches), and rifles, the Marines file into a column that stretches for a half mile along the road. "It's just mind over matter, man, just mind over matter," mutters one soldier as he steps onto the asphalt. "Yeah," retorts a companion, "the colonel don't mind and we don't matter."

### Monday, 10:45 a.m.

The green column is drawn out along a gray ribbon of road folded into chalk tan foothills. Ahead lie brown mountains and bubbling silver clouds, rising up with the heat into a gaping blue canopy. The pain hasn't set in yet, and spirits are high. Waves of yells ripple along the column as cars drive by, the volume of the outcry

shifting up or down depending on the sex of the vehicle's occupants. "Hey, Henry," says a soldier in Weapons Company, at the head of the column, "you know the three stages of ugly?" "Nah."

"Well, the first stage is when you have to put a bag over her head so you can kick her."

"Yeah. The second stage is when you have to put a bag over both her head and your head, in case hers falls off. You listen, Henry?"

"And the third stage is when you wake up in the morning with your arm around her, and you look over there and see how

ugly she is that you don't want to move your arm and chance waking her up, so you chew your arm off at the shoulder and spit!"

The troops trudge along, joking, kicking rocks and squashed lizards, some never opening their mouths, but all passing the time somehow. A soldier in Weapons Company falls out to walk beside the column and lead them in song:

The prettiest girl/The prettiest girl/  
I ever saw/I ever saw/  
Was sippin' bourbon/Was sippin' bourbon/  
Through a straw/Through a straw/  
I walked right up/I walked right up/  
I sat right down/I sat right down/  
I ordered up/I ordered up/  
Another round/Another round/  
I picked her up/I picked her up/  
I laid her down/I laid her down/  
Her long blond hair/Her long blond hair/  
Fell all around/Fell all around/  
And now I have/And now I have/  
A mother-in-law/A mother-in-law/  
And thirteen kids/And thirteen kids/  
Who call me pa/Who call me pa/  
The moral of/The moral of/  
The story is/The story is/  
Instead of bourbon/Instead of bourbon/  
Stick to beer/Stick to beer!

### Monday, 11:10 a.m.

The column has turned onto a dirt road to the left, and the colonel has halted it for the first break of the journey. Packs are dropped, green plastic canteens are opened, cigarettes lit, boots pulled off.

"Man," says Tito, a lance corporal, "I got eighteen motherfuckin' days left in the Marine Corps and I'm out here humpin' a hundred miles."

"Shit," replies a buddy, "that ain't nothin'." Johnson's had his discharge physical and he's out here humpin'. Don't that beat shit?"

Some of the troops sprawl out asleep, others trade grapes, and a few read books and magazines, science fiction and low riders. The colonel is up front brushing his boots.

(continued on page 8)

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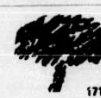
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<b>Schiff Vit C</b> Timed Release 1500 MG—100 tabs Reg. \$9.95 <b>Special 5<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Nu-Life Inositol</b> 500 MG—50 tabs Reg. \$9.75 <b>Special 1<sup>st</sup></b>	<b>Kal B Complex</b> 100 MG—100 tabs Reg. \$14.95 <b>Special 1<sup>st</sup></b>	<b>Nulife Choline</b> 500 MG—100 tabs Reg. \$5.95 <b>Special 2<sup>nd</sup></b>
<b>Real Aloe Vera Juice</b> QT Reg. \$7.60 <b>Special 1<sup>st</sup></b>	<b>Hain Cold Processed Mayonnaise</b> 24 oz. Reg. \$1.90 <b>Special 1<sup>st</sup></b>	<b>Hain Safflower Oil</b> QT Reg. \$3.21 <b>Special 1<sup>st</sup></b>	<b>DMSO</b> 8 oz. Reg. \$14.99 <b>Special 1<sup>st</sup></b>
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## THE LONG GREEN LINE

(continued from page 7)

**Monday, 12:30 p.m.**

The battalion has fallen out for lunch on a plateau a couple of miles from the San Diego County line. Behind us is the dark blue basin of the Salton Sink; before us, the jagged brown mountains falling like a crumpled curtain onto the desert floor. The support crew has hauled in six chemical toilets, a "water buffalo" trailer holding 400 gallons of highly chlorinated water, and a truckload of C-rations. The five companies separate, and everybody chooses a little box of C-rations: spaghetti and meatballs, beans and franks, beans and meatballs, ham slices, pork slices, ham and eggs, beef and potatoes. The canned main dishes are accompanied by smaller cans of applesauce, fruit salad, crackers, jams, peanut butter, cinnamon rolls, and a small package containing marshmallows, chewing gum, toilet paper, and a plastic spoon. A disposable can opener, called a John Wayne, is handed to each man along with packages of ice-blue heat tablets, to warm the food. The stern-faced sergeant major shows me how to make a stove by punching holes in the empty cracker can with the John Wayne, placing the heat tabs inside it, then bending it into an ellipse so that my round can of pork slices rests atop it. The heat tabs ignite with one match and burn without a flame, leaving no residue. As lunch warms, the regimental surgeon, Navy Lieutenant Commander Joe Calderon, M.D., walks over to have a word with the colonel.

"The private on the bus?" he says, referring to the one who stopped the whole caravan so he could use the bathroom.

"Yeah," says the colonel, working on his feet.

"We had to send him back. He was passing blood."

"Okay, good. Anybody else fall out?"

"No. Nobody yet."

Chewing my tepid pork slices, I ask the colonel about the chemical toilets, the

rumors of cold beer waiting at the bivouac points, and the portable showers awaiting the battalion Wednesday night. "And the troops are even talking about some kind of bar they'll be visiting. I thought Marines were supposed to rough it."

"Nooooo," the colonel says knowingly, pouring foot powder between his toes. "You don't need practice being miserable. That's no help at all."

**Monday, 2:00 p.m.**

Misery is not in short supply. The column has been led onto a sand road to the left, and as it climbs and drops along the hot hills of the Borrego Badlands, there is little chatter among the troops. "What time is it?" somebody in Kilo Company asks.

"Two o'clock."

"Fourteen hundred!" another voice chortles.

"Two o'clock-fuckin' clock!" the time giver retorts.

The slanting sun pounds hot on the backs of dusty necks, trellised with rivulets of sweat. The column moves up grades and down washes in a cloud of dust, crawling like a thousand-footed caterpillar searching for food in a decimated garden. When the column turns sharply and doubles back upon itself, the different companies yell to each other in lowering, guttural yelps and growls. "Who's humpin'?" screams a soldier. A deafening roar comprising the hollered company names—Weapons, H & S (Headquarters and Service), India, Kilo, Lima—echoes back through the hot gullies. There is hostility in the sound, the hostility of pent-up pain.

**Monday, 3:56 p.m.**

As the column tramps laggardly around another of the countless bends, a wonderful pastel latrine appears as if in a miracle. Suddenly we're amidst a sprinkling of trucks and Jeeps and a few green tents, and the improbable strains of Willie Nelson's song "On the Road Again" twang out from a tape player set up in the mess tent.

On the road again.

Just can't wait to get on the road again.

The life is love is makin' music with my friends.



And I can't wait to get on the road again.

The companies fan out separately into the fingers of dry washes that empty onto the dirt road. The faded-Levi blue of the Salton Sea is still visible to the east, and the scrub-freckled low mountains are up close now to the north and west. The colonel says we've walked thirteen miles today, the shortest hike of the journey; some of the troops swear that we took a wrong turn and walked at least sixteen or seventeen miles.

The colonel and sergeant major stow their gear in the tent set up for them beside the road. All around them, the twinkling of entrenching tools against tent stakes rises like the canyon breeze. Dinner, which is being cooked at the base camp near Warner Springs, is late in arriving, and after camp has been made and faces have been shaved (using helmets for shower bowls), there's nothing much to do but wait. The colonel gathers his officers and staff NCOs together on the side of a hill for a drug and alcohol rehabilitation meeting as the sun falls behind the mountains. "I don't think knocking these guys' dicks stiff at office hours is the solution," he says at one point. "It's gonna take counseling at the platoon level."

As soon as it's dark, the sweet aroma of marijuana smoke floats down the ravines.

By the time show arrives, along with a truckload of Budweiser, it's nearly eight o'clock. The portable generator, providing light to the mess tent, breaks down just as the chow line forms, and the turkey à la king, mashed potatoes, green beans, corn, salad, white bread, and milk are served by flashlight. So is the beer, which is rationed so that each man gets no more than two cans, supposedly. A lesson was learned the month before while a group of Marines were on cold-weather training near Big Bear. After plenty of beer one night, two companies got into a bloody brawl which required sutures for several personnel. I didn't need to ask why the bullets were left at Camp Pendleton.

**Tuesday, 10:40 a.m.**

After walking about ten miles on soft sand, the battalion ravenously devours the green scrambled eggs and S.O.S. (shit on a shingle, a spum of gravy and hamburger) as it sits under a stark line of dirty oak trees beside a dry creek bed. Also slept on every plate is a slice of ham, a spoonful of hash browns, two slices of white bread, and an apple or orange. "Just like your momma cooks, eh?" comments Gunsmoke Sergeant Jack Horner of Kilo Company.

"If my momma cooked like this," answers a grunt, "I'd beat her ass."

"When we're posed to dump this shit?" asks a soldier who's just cleaned his paper plate and plastic fork.

"Over in the body bag," says his buddy, pointing to a long black plastic bag hanging on a tree.

"Nah, that's no body bag, man," says another Marine. "Body bags got zippers in 'em. I seen one one time."

**Tuesday, 4:30 a.m.**

On the road again.

Like a band of gypsies we go down the

highways.

We're the best of friends.

Insisting that the world keep turning our way.

And our way is on the road again.

Willie Nelson does the honors for rev-ellie, and within thirty minutes camp is broken and three-five is ready for chow. Alas, it is late again, so those who can't wait for a promised brunch eat C-rations for breakfast. The canned ham and eggs aren't necessarily any more appealing for breakfast than the canned spaghetti and meatballs. In the gathering light a soldier stands in line to fill his canteens at the camouflaged water buffalo. He wets a green handkerchief and ties it around his head after his canteens are filled. It is already very warm. "This is fucked, man," he laments to no one in particular as he limps back toward his outfit. It seems to be the universal sentiment, with eighty-seven miles to go, even though today the battalion is slated for a triumphant march through the town of Borrego Springs (population: 1179). "It'll be good for morale," the colonel explains just before he leads his men back to the dirt road and the first few dusty switchbacks of the day's twenty-two-mile hike.

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**Tuesday, 2:00 p.m.**

The temperature is pushing the high nineties, and the rumor mill has it that businesses are closing down in Borrego Springs so that everybody can watch the Marines march through. Just past the Borrego Airport, about a half mile east of town, the battalion falls out north of the road. While a color guard breaks out the American and Marine Corps flags from the back of a van, each company is briefed about marching tight (thus far, they haven't been required to march in step), looking squared away, and impressing the desert folk. Marching songs are allowed, but only clean ones. When the blisters are all molekined and the fresh socks are placed into the newly powdered boots, the battalion returns to S-22, the road to Borrego Springs. Each company is segmented into four platoons. Everybody marches in step, with rifles shouldered, and each company has an NCO beside it calling cadence or leading it in song. It's wonderfully exciting to the 400 Borrego Elementary School students who've been looking forward to this moment for weeks, and they all come bursting out of the school next to the road when the Marines come into view. They even bring out a color guard with a Marine Corps flag.

"Wow!" squeals a little girl in the throng of jack boots hitting pavement. "It's the Marines! There's millions and trillions of Marines!"

The school band, consisting of a dozen tiny musicians, breaks into "Arch of Triumph" as the colonel and his staff march by, just behind a flashing Highway Patrol car escort. The colonel salutes the color guard and the children are nearly apoplectic with joy.

Now people in shorts and lumpy T-shirts are lining the road, waving, hollering encouragement, egging on the troops. About twenty residents of the Borrego Road Runner Club, a trailer park, give three hearty "Hip-hip, hoorays!" as the staff formation passes, and the colonel, smiling broadly, salutes them too. When the colonel hits the traffic circle at the east end of town a wave of applause sweeps the fifty or sixty bystanders on the grass, and the colonel salutes them. Some wave back

with American flags. "You can do it, guys!" yell the browned, dumpy spectators. Through the window of the local steak house a manual siren wails, and it mingles with the voices of the singing troops, the clapping hands, the thudding feet. It is a few moments of passing pride for everybody, and then the town is quiet once again, the residents safely inside their air-conditioned sanctuaries. The Marines have two more miles to go before they reach the bivouac site.

Just outside of town, the battalion is brought into a route step. Several soldiers literally fainted from the heat during the march through Borrego, and a few are still falling out with heat prostration. Others have different problems. Private Blanton asks to drop out because of a bloody nose, a fairly common reaction to the heat. His platoon commander orders him to keep walking. "You don't have to worry about your nose bleeding," cracks a corporal walking behind Private Blanton. "Just wait 'til his brains comes out."

"Shut the fuck up," says Blanton.

"Hey," bristles the corporal, "you can't talk to a corporal in the Marine Corps like that."

Blanton turns around and says, "Your momma gives the best head I know."

"Yeah!" retorts the corporal, "well your momma is the best bang I ever had!"

Blanton puts up his fists and hits the corporal on the shoulder to try and knock off his glasses. "I don't like to hit a guy with glasses," he explained later. "It's your knuckles."

The platoon commander, a young lieutenant, steps between the two men and pushes Blanton, who snaps, "Yeah, I'll kick your ass too, punk!"

"Marine," says the lieutenant calmly, "you just put an end to your Marine Corps career."

"Thank you, sir," says Blanton, who was put into the support group that night and expects to draw three months with hard labor before he's discharged.

Meanwhile, at the rear of the column, Doc Bennett and Doc Murillo (both Navy corporals) are attending to the last casualties of the march through town. About twenty Marines have had to be trucked up

to the bivouac point, and even the sergeant major has fallen back with thigh cramps. He's now helping the corporals try to cool down two soldiers laid out beside the road. They're both semiconscious and writhing, and the highway patrolman has gotten into the fray by hauling out a five-gallon jug of water and dousing them. Doc Bennett pulls their boots and socks off, sending puffs of foot powder into the stifling afternoon air. Water is poured on their feet. They both vomit. Finally the jeep ambulance arrives and the two Marines are lifted onto stretchers and sent to the bivouac site.

"You know what you're supposed to do if you got a guy ragged with heat exhaustion and you don't have any water to cool him down?" Doc Murillo asks Doc Bennett as they stroll along the road, out of sight of the rest of the battalion.

"Nah, what?"

"You piss on him and rub it in," Murillo says seriously. "No shit. It's in the manual."

"Nah, what?"

"You guys better get out of that test or I'm gonna come in there and get some."

Within thirty minutes, sleeping bags and sea bags are piled in mounds, ready to be loaded by the support group onto trucks and hauled to the next bivouac area. The air is still warm as Kilo and Lima companies stand in formation, their black rifle barrels glinting hard in the moonlight. The other three companies were transported by truck up the hill last night, sleeping at the intersection of S-22 and Highway 79, our destination. "That town yesterday motivated you, Marine?" Staff Sergeant Jones asks ironically as about fifteen of us squeeze onto the fenced bed of a noisy green truck.

"Yeah, no shit, there weren't no guys, but there were chicks everywhere."

The campsite is right at the base of the mountains we're to be trucked up tomorrow. To the west, a long, sloping, cactus dotted flood plain empties out of Hellhole Canyon and meets the road, S-22. To the east, the fading desert melts into the Salton Sea which in turn dissolves into the horizon. As the sun turns everything burnt orange, a dune buggy drives by on the road, which borders the bivouac site. A collective uproar responds to the waves of the vehicle's occupants.

"Hey, is that chow? That must be chow, man!" yells a soldier who doesn't see the dune buggy.

"Yeah, that's chow," I'm glad it's 'all fightin' the war, 'cause it sure ain't gonna be me."

"Oh. Same thing."

**Tuesday, 4:53 p.m.**

"Hey, I really got out on that march through town," says a grunt in Lima Company as he massages his feet. "I didn't see no guys anywhere, but I saw chicks everywhere!"

"S'cause you weren't lookin' for guys."

"Yeah, no shit, there weren't no guys, but there were chicks everywhere."

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**Wednesday, 3:30 a.m.**

The chipped moon is still high when Staff Sergeant Augustine Jones, the first platoon sergeant of Kilo Company, starts awakening his men. "Up in the mornin' with the risin' sun," he sings, aping a favorite marching song. "gonna be some humpin' motherfuckers 'fore the day is done! Come on, get up. Today's the day we gonna get some. We gonna get plenty today." (Get Some is the motto that is inscribed on the battalion's insignia.)

Dim shapes among the rocks begin to stir, and young voices call out. "Kerry, you be talkin' in your sleep good last night."

"Yeah, he talked 'til 3:30."

"You guys better get out of that test or I'm gonna come in there and get some."

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**Wednesday, 5:05 a.m.**

It's only the middle of the week, today's going to be the roughest hike, and the two companies have just been driven twenty

(continued on page 10)

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## THE LONG GREEN LINE

(continued from page 9)

noisy miles in the open air, which lost about twenty degrees in temperature between the desert foothills and the mountain pastures. The mood is low as the five companies are reunited. Five hundred men stand stiffly, puffing vapor on an empty lot beside the intersection of S-22 and Highway 79. The ones who slept up here last night battled intense cold and blaring headlights; nobody's in much of a mood to wait long for the green scrambled eggs rumbling toward them along the deserted highway.

Staff Sergeant Jones stands alone amid the grid of his platoon's packs and rifles, which are laid out on the wet grass. Jones is twenty-seven, has nine years in the Corps, and carries himself with seriousness. He's one of the half dozen men in Kilo Company with combat experience. I ask him how the battalion would fare under fire. "We get under attack," he says, staring at the men clustered around the water buffalo, "we'd lose half these guys. A lot of 'em are weak-minded. . . I've never seen so many psychological problems in my life. I'm not staying in. I've seen a real attitude change in the Corps the last four years. I know I'm gonna get killed 'cause of one of these guys someday. We'll get into an ambush or something, and they'll be running, or else they'll drop down. And really, the only thing you can



do in an ambush is move toward it. If you drop, they got you trapped; if you run, they probably set up booby traps." Soldiers interrupt with yells about food trucks coming into sight, and Jones turns around to see the trucks make a left onto S-22, and pass the battalion by. The grunts can't believe it. They let out a collective growl, and within a minute the colonel pulls up in a van, learns that the food has missed its target, and furiously hops back

in and orders the driver to chase down breakfast. Jones chuckles and then continues. "These guys think it's a game, getting up at two a.m. But one of these times we could find ourselves in El Salvador. I was at Camp Lejeune a few years ago. They got us up at two a.m. one morning, the next thing I know we're in Cuba." A red Datsun sedan speeds by and the driver rolls down the window and thrusts

his middle finger into the cold air. "Just like home," somebody remarks.

**Wednesday, 8:15 a.m.**

The battalion has just walked through the hamlet of Warner Springs, and its spirits seem to have risen with the dawn. Desert lizards have been replaced by squirrels, cows, and horses. To the left glow the white domes of Mt. Palomar. The companies have spaced themselves at one-mile intervals. The increasing pain is staved by dark salses of humor. "My dogs are past cussing me out, man," mutters a limping soldier to the Marine beside him in Kilo Company. "They ain't even speaking to me anymore."

"Yeah, da agony da da feet." The first platoon commander, Second Lieutenant Daniel Renaldi, figures it's time for a song: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two!" he rasps.

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two!" repeats the company. *A Dago from Fortilles/A Dago from Fortilles/Was walking down the streets of Spain/Was walking down the streets of Spain/Sellin' hot tamales/Sellin' hot tamales/He said the world was round/He said the world was round!*

He said it could be found/He said it could be found! That hypothetical masturbatin' sonofabitch Columbus/That hypothetical masturbatin' sonofabitch Columbus/Well he walked right up to the queen of Spain/Well he walked right up to the queen of Spain/Sellin' ships and cargo/Sellin' ships and cargo/He said I'll be a sonofabitch/He said I'll be a sonofabitch/If I don't bring back Chicago/I'll don't bring back Chicago!

He said the world was round/He said the world was round! He said it could be found/He said it could be found!

That hypothetical masturbatin' sonofabitch Columbus/That hypothetical masturbatin' sonofabitch Columbus/ . . .

**Wednesday, 8:44 a.m.**

It's starting to heat up, and Kilo Company is about to begin its ascent through the scrub oak mountains behind Warner Springs. The company has fallen out beside a dirt road heading east from the highway, and it's tending its feet and filling its canteens.

"You done put your shoe on without that sock, Kerry," Staff Sergeant Jones points out, sitting with his men on a bed of vibrant grass speckled with lavender flowers. "I thought I forgot something," Kerry says, chagrined, prompting laughs.

"Mars to Kerry, Mars to Kerry, come in Kerry." "Doc," chuckles Jones, "break out some remembrance pills for Kerry here." In a couple of minutes the company is formed up on the dirt road, ready to move, but one man is still waiting for Doc Bennett to minister to his blisters.

"Take care of it next break," hollers Gunnery Sergeant Horner, who's eager to get walking. "I'm waitin' for the doc—" "I'll take care of it next break, let's go!"

"How bad is it?" asks Doc Bennett, a Navy corpsman, as he finishes with another pair of feet. "It's bad, man," says the soldier, displaying raw red craters on his heels.

"Take care of it next break, let's move!" screams the gunny, losing patience.

"It'll just take a minute," says Bennett. "The colonel doesn't want to wait, take care of it next break!"

The soldier disgustedly yanks his socks on over his open blisters. "You see the bullshit we go through, man?" asks a trooper in line on the road. "And for what? So we can say we humped a hunched miles? Critical, man, critical."

**Wednesday, 11:25 a.m.**

And on that day three ships set sail/And on that day three ships set sail/They all were triple decks/They all were triple decks/The queen she waved her handkerchief/The queen she waved her handkerchief/Columbo waved his pecker/Columbo waved his pecker/He said the world was round/He said the world was round/He said it could be found/He said it could be found!

The company arrives at Indian Flats campground about 11:30. Lunch is flown in aboard a CH-46 Sea Knight helicopter. The meal consists of mashed potatoes, spinach, creamed corn, salad, bread, and huge burnt chunks of what must be ground beef, but no one seems able to make a positive identification. "Shit," says a disheveled soldier, sitting beside a small stream beneath a greening oak, "they make us walk all day and expect us to eat this shit!"

"Gimme a cigarette, man," requests a buddy who's finished eating. "You bastard! You burn!" yelps the first Marine. "You and Valdez and Martinez—some of you ever have any fuckin' cigarettes."

Channel 8 reporter Jim Gordon has arrived in a station wagon and is busy talking to Marines while his cameraman films bistory feet. "I bet you five bucks they didn't take a picture of the chow," says the soldier beside the stream under the tree. "It'd break the fucking camera."

Gordon, smiling comically, is finishing up an interview with the colonel. The chow line is in the background. "I asked a Marine how far he marched so far," says Gordon, "and what do you think he answered?" He points the microphone at the colonel's mouth.

"Well," the colonel deadpans, "it's about forty-eight miles." "You know what he said?" Gordon prompts, trying hard to contain himself. "No." "He said, 'Too far.' Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha." The colonel grins.

**Wednesday, 4:13 p.m.**

Well, they sailed for days and weeks/Well, they sailed for days and weeks/Across the broad Atlantic/Across the broad Atlantic/If not for the aid of a horse's ass/If not for the aid of a horse's ass/The crew would've all gone frantic/The crew would've all gone frantic/He said the world was round/He said the world was round/He said it could be found/He said it could be found!

The endless steep switchbacks have taken their toll: thirty men have fallen out of the battalion and been transported by truck to the evening's bivouac site. When a truckload of the lame passes Kilo Com-

pany on the road, a chorus of "broke-dicks!", "cand' asses!", and "fakers!" mingles with the black exhaust. There is pride in communal pain; nobody wants to be left behind. Private pain is something else again.

"Know what we get out of this?" remarks a soldier stumbling over the manzanita roots in the road. "We get a fuckin' T-shirt that says we did it and a day off." "What about the pride?" I ask.

"Well, I hope other people's proud of us 'cause when I'm humpin' up that hill, about to die, I don't call that pride, I call that stupidity."

They say that in the Marine Corps, the chow is mighty fine/They say that in the Marine Corps, the chow is mighty fine/A biscuit rolled off a table, and killed a pal of mine/A biscuit rolled off a table, and killed a pal of mine/UA I want to go/UA I want to go/But they won't let me go/But they won't let me go!

They say that in the Marine Corps, the women are mighty fine/They say that in the Marine Corps, the women are mighty fine/They look like Phyllis Diller, and walk like Frankenstein/They look like Phyllis Diller, and walk like Frankenstein/UA I want to go/UA I want to go/But they won't let me go/But they won't let me go!

**Wednesday, 6:00 p.m.**

For the last two hours Kilo Company has been hearing that the bivouac point is just a mile and a half farther, a rumor the troops gladly swallow, only to have it upchucked again like a cud thirty minutes later. (continued on page 12)

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## THE LONG GREEN LINE

(continued from page 11)

later. Just a mile and a half farther. By the time they reach the Navy SERE School base, which has been the site of the field kitchen all along, and will be their campsite tonight, the Marines of Kilo Company are exhausted and angry. "That's how they get you to fight," explains one trooper after collapsing onto his pack at the spot where he'll bed down. "They get you so pissed off by making you do this kind of shit that you want to go out and rip a tree in half. Then they let you loose on the enemy."

Portable showers have been trucked in, and everybody is entitled to five minutes under a pattering stream of lukewarm water. Not too many men are moving very fast as they limp painfully toward the showers in their rumpled skivvies. Their richly colored, fresh tattoos betray their age: the average Marine here is twenty years old. As night descends, quicken the tempo of entrenching tools and the beat of the soul music coming from dozens of PX-purchased radios, the Marines dig in. Most are asleep early, some are drinking beer, and a few are smoking "daffy" in the bushes. Each man pays for his own beer, the price depending on whether the shipment was bought in local liquor stores, was partly donated, or was bought wholesale somewhere. Those who buy marijuana pay the price of the captive customer. Colombian goes for thirty dollars a quarter-ounce out here, almost double the going rate at Camp Pendleton.

### Thursday, 7:17 a.m.

Hey-oh daffy! Hey-oh daffy! I wish I was back on the block/I wish I was



back on the block!  
With that bottle in my hand/With that bottle in my hand!  
Lord I want to be a drinkin' man/Lord I want to be a drinkin' man!  
Am I right or wrong?/You're right!  
Are we weak or strong?/We're strong!  
Sound off/One-two!  
Sound off/Three-four!  
Break it on down  
now/One-two-three-four-one-two, three-four!

"Abhh, love that pain," says a Marine in Weapons Company as he limps along toward Temecula on the shoulder of Highway 79. "That's what I came in the Marine Corps for—all that pain."  
"Pain is the essence of life, man," comments a companion. "But this ain't no pain, I been walkin' since I was two, and I'm gettin' paid for it now."  
They're getting paid to walk just over twenty-five miles today, all but the last

mile or so on the hard tack beside the highway—a much more punishing surface to walk on than uneven dirt and rocks. Eventually, each pebble lying on the asphalt takes on its own dastardly mission of boring into the bottom of your sore feet. The only way to beat it is to forget about it. Some carry books to read while they walk, others carry transistor radios, most carry on incessant, almost mindless chatter, and everybody sings. "When I was in ITS [Infantry Training School] they used to call us nards," says a trooper. "You know what that means?"  
"Nah."  
"Troops Under Rigid Discipline."  
Hey-oh daffy! Hey-oh daffy! I wish I was back on the block/I wish I was back on the block!  
With that bottle in my hand/With that bottle in my hand!  
Lord I want to be a drinkin' man/Lord I want to be a drinkin' man!  
Am I right or wrong?/You're right!  
Are we weak or strong?/We're strong!  
Sound off/One-two!  
Sound off/Three-four!  
Break it on down  
now/One-two-three-four-one-two, three-four!

Thursday, 11:55 a.m.  
The battalion has trekked fifteen miles today and has a little over ten to go. It's broken down into companies hugging what shade can be found on a natty campground beside Highway 79. Doc Ketchum hunches over a grunt in Weapons Company whose feet are pocked with bulbous blisters. He pulls out a hypodermic needle and prepares to insert it into a giant blister to withdraw the fluid. "Wait! Wait, Ketchum! Don't do it yet!" calls Dr. Calderon as he springs toward the corporal.  
"Why, sir?"  
"Cause I'm saying so. And no more questions."  
"Okay, sir," Ketchum shrugs and wipes the sweat from his brow.  
"Cause I want to get on TV," the doctor explains, a little sheepishly. A reporter and photographer for Channel 39

have come out to do their story on the hundred-mile hike, and the doctor has promised them some action footage. The photographer walks over with the camera and draws a bead on the Marine's blister. "Okay," he says. "Okay, Ketchum," says the doctor. "Okay," seethes Ketchum. The needle slides into the milky skin and the clear fluid tumbles out into the plunger.

### Thursday, 3:15 p.m.

"Yeah, I'd take these guys into battle, no qualms," says Master Sergeant Snyder, the top-ranking enlisted man in Weapons Company. We're walking down a long, winding hill and we're just behind the rest of the company. "Sure, they're a different kind of people than they used to be, and you got your two echelons in the Corps now, almost like a generation gap, but it's not the men I'd worry about in a combat situation, it's the politics. I just don't think the politicians would let us do it right."  
"I'm thinking about El Salvador, and I personally hope they don't send us down there. It'd be the same as over in Nam. The only way you'd know if they weren't your enemy would be if they weren't shooting at you. Now take Afghanistan. If they wanted to send us there, that's some place where we could do some good. Now this is just my personal opinion, but if they wanted us to drive the Russians out of Afghanistan we could do it, we'd know how to do it, and I wouldn't have any hesitations about it. But, the political situation, the economic situation, it affects us more than the actual make-up of the Corps."  
"Take the Dragon Platoon here," he points up to his men, referring to the platoon that fires Dragon antitank rockets from the shoulder. "There's fifty-six guys in the platoon, and most of 'em have never fired a real Dragon round, or even a practice round. The rounds cost \$5000 apiece, and the practice rounds cost more, so we can't fire 'em very much. It's just a shame."

### Thursday, 6:00 p.m.

Arriving a few steps ahead of the rest of the battalion at Woodstock Campground, about ten miles up the road from Temecula, the colonel and his staff, foot-sore but stoic, position themselves on a little rise so they can view the separate companies rounding the last bend. The colonel grins broadly and claps and gives the number-one sign as his men tramp into camp, and they greet his welcome with banshee yells and whoops. There is a curious mix of anger and pride in their young, flushed faces as they complete the week's longest march. They'll be finished tomorrow. Even the sergeant major is smiling and clapping, forgetting for the moment that it was one of these men that deliberately torched his medical records a few weeks back.

The colonel immediately calls a meeting in his tent of all his company commanders. Still unbeknownst to the troops is the presence of a small tourist village within 200 yards of the bivouac site. The mock Western main street consists of a saloon, a restaurant, a general store, an electronic game arcade, and a few gift shops. It is called Woodbuckle, and caters mostly to the campers who stay at the adjoining campground. Its proprietors have been looking forward to this huge off-season bonanza of Marines for weeks. "Sir," cautions a company commander, "we're asking for trouble if we put these Marines down there tonight."  
"I really believe that if we treat 'em like adults, man, we can act like adults, we won't have problems down there. I'm not going to make it off-limits. We'll post staff sergeants in certain places and set curfew at ten o'clock."  
"What about weapons?"  
"Have 'em take their weapons with them."

Thursday, 7:40 p.m.  
On the road again  
Just can't wait to get on the road again

The fifty or sixty rifle-toting Marines jammed into the smoky saloon shout their approval when the country combo on the bandstand takes a whack at the hump's theme song. And even though the pitches of beer flow freely, the rowdiness is held to stomping and yelling. Several company commanders and higher-ranking enlisted men are in the bar, as is the colonel, so the troops are on their best behavior. Across the street at the restaurant, Marines are wolfing down chili burgers and coffee, down the street they're plugging quarters into electronic games called Tailgunner, Sea Wolf, GORF, and Asteroids Deluxe. The recorded sound effects of eerie explosions, disintegrations, and rocket thrusts from the games float into the saloon through the windows. "Just one more day of this horse shit," exults a Marine as he pours me another beer. "I got forty-five days left in the Corps and you know where I gotta go next week? To the rifle range. And I've qualified with the rifle the last three years. Critical, man. And you know what else? They just sent me to Jeep driving school last month. I ain't even got enough time left to drive around the base! Don't that make a whole lotta sense?"  
Actually, the whole battalion goes to the rifle range next week. "It's a come-as-you-are war," the colonel had explained earlier in the evening. "Sir," cautions a company commander, "we're infantry, and on this march we've proved that we can move, we can communicate, and we can shoot—er, next week we'll prove that we can shoot."  
Standing at the bar with a line of other Marines holding M-16s and waiting for pitchers, a grunt tells me, "This ain't shit, man. Back on the farm I've gotten up at 3 a.m., worked all day shuckin' hay 'til midnight, got beaucoup hemorrhoids, and compared to that, this ain't shit." The morale is visibly lifting.

The life I love is makin' music with my friends.  
And I can't wait to get on the road again

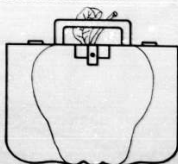
### Friday, 2:45 p.m.

The Marine band that led the battalion in from the Fallbrook gate has made it all the way to the parade grounds on Camp Pendleton. A crowd of about 500 people—Marines, wives, children—is applauding and screaming as the band passes behind the white grandstands, the battalion following in step to the beating drums. The band bends sharply around at the far end of the parade grounds and brings three-five up toward the regimental commander waiting on the grass. The Channel 39 helicopter is circling overhead, the band is playing the "Marine Corps Hymn," and the troops are marching in clipped, squared columns. When the colonel struts past the regimental commander, he snags his head to the right and jerks his hand up to his cap in an aggressive salute, his jaw locked, his eyes burning with pride. The crowd has been whipped to a frenzy by the publicity all week, and now here they are, all 500 of the troops in the grungy flesh, stern-faced, prideful, and mad.

But as soon as they're past the parade grounds the battalion's elation crumples, and the four miles to camp are celebrated with whoops and howls and laughter. The guidon bears run their flags in endless circles around the battalion as it marches, a drum corps up front marking time. And though none of them would have ever walked a hundred miles in a week without being coerced, now that they've done it they're the baddest grunts on the base. "I only got two words to say to you!" barks the colonel when the battalion is formed up at headquarters. "Three-five!"  
"THREE-FIVE!" 522 men repeat in a thunderous tribute to their unit, to themselves.

"Get some!" screams the colonel. "GET SOME!" echoes the battalion, repeating its famous motto. The colonel dismisses them with a ninety-six-hour pass. The men will have to supply their own T-shirts to be emblazoned with commemoration of the march. The colonel will supply the decals. □

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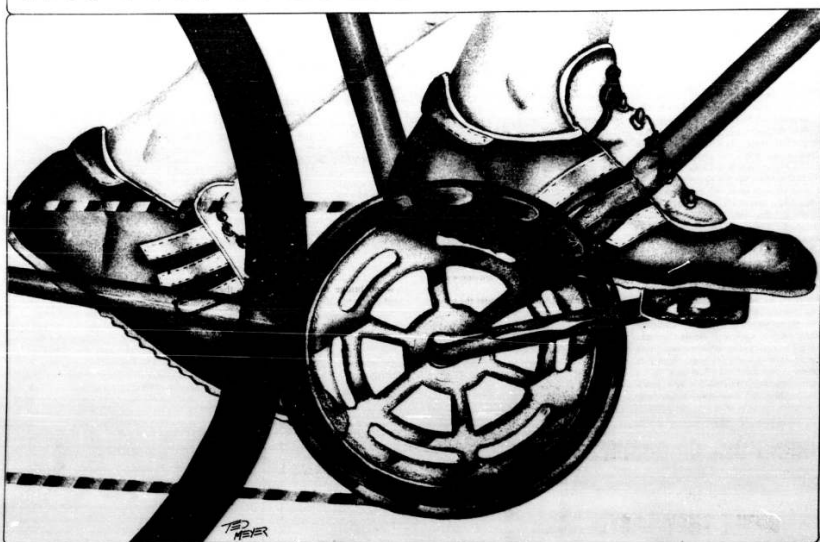


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# MY FAVORITE BIKE DISASTERS



BY GORDON SMITH

The grotesque bicycle accidents I got into as a child have given bicycles an almost mystical significance to me. One of my earliest memories is of sitting atop a runaway tricycle, zooming down a long hill toward an impossibly sharp turn. Half the neighborhood was looking on at the top of the hill, waiting to see what the outcome would be. This particular event pressed itself into my psyche like a dream, on the order of those times you imagine yourself falling off a cliff, only to wake up twitching in bed; and it was joined there in subsequent years by a collection of freak occurrences and plain old blunders that also now provide the valuable service of reminding me what a nitwit I can be. Still, although I sailed through the tricycle incident with little more than half a face scraped off, a few of the other times I felt certain I might slip through a crack in the cosmic curtain on my bicycle. Some people's souls, it's said, are black; others are made of gold. Mine is the one with the bicycle tire tracks on it.

All this was brought home to me one morning a few weeks ago while I was riding my bicycle to work downtown. It was one of those cool, clear mornings that San Diego is famous for, but whatever else you say about this city, it's not a healthy place in which to ride a bicycle. The government has been shamelessly pandered to cars at the expense of bicycles and most other forms of transportation, and nowhere is this more dangerously apparent than downtown. Whizzing down any one of the narrow approaches to the city's center on a bicycle (I was on Fourth Avenue), you find yourself crowded against the rows of parked cars by driver after driver who seems bent on making you an ornament for his right fender. To be honest, though, this is probably an exaggeration — most of the drivers aren't even aware you exist. Maybe it's the San Diego Clippers hat I wear, or my sunglasses, or the rubber bands I wear around my pants cuffs, but no one pays attention to me, anyway.

Of course, I'm as anxious to stay out of the traffic lanes as the next guy. The only trouble is, to crowd the parked cars is to set yourself up for every bicyclist's nightmare:

the car door suddenly flung open in front of you. Like stumbling across a mother grizzly with cubs, this is a situation you simply should not be in. It's no-win. To put on your brakes hard at this point is to flip over onto your back, while to continue on means, at the very least, a few assorted bruises and maybe a broken nose.

Perhaps the most dangerous situation, though, is the car making a right turn just as you are starting across the intersection on your bicycle. It's one of the more interesting facts about bicycles (and one that demonstrates how truly mysterious they are) that they're completely invisible to the vast majority of American drivers. And for the few who can see them, no appointment is too trivial, no split-second wait brief enough, to allow them to pause until a bicyclist is safely across an intersection before making a right turn. A friend of mine once compared the game of drivers versus bicycles and pedestrians to the game of basketball; and if you're the driver of a car, brother, you never hesitate, you take it straight to the hoop every time.

It was the right-turn situation I found myself in at Fourth and Laurel the other morning, one which, as usual, nearly resulted in a collision. After exchanging hateful glances and silent obscenities with the driver of the car, I continued on, heart dropped to the street, landing with a jolt in a sitting position. Fortunately, no one had witnessed this latest variation of my morning routine, and when one of my classmates asked me later in the day what had caused the long, thin red mark on my neck, I was able to mumble some sort of excuse without arousing suspicion.

My next major accident came little more than a year later. The ten-speed, I had discovered, was expensive to maintain, and there were times when a snapped gear cable or bent wheel rim would go undetected for weeks out of financial necessity. During these periods I would get around on my trusty "paper bike," a heavy red Schwinn I used primarily to deliver copies of the *San Diego Union* to

sixty-odd households in the neighborhood every morning.

I was in the habit of riding a bicycle to my league games at Rolando Little League, and one afternoon when my ten-speed was out of order, I took my Schwinn. The field was located several miles from my house, near University Avenue and 70th Street, in the middle of a dreary suburban tract that was relatively small then but has since spread across most of the San Diego metropolitan area. There was only one entrance to this field, up a short, steep driveway into the parking lot.

The game went well enough; we had a first-place team that year, and I played first base. Tiring after tiring, though, I was distracted by a beautiful girl with black hair who stood behind the opposition's dugout and made faces at me. Her behavior had me completely baffled until, finally mentioning it to my coach, I was informed she was doing it "because she likes you." This piece of news was unexpected but not entirely unwelcome, and when the game was over I hung around in the hope that she might, too. She didn't, but I kept putting off my departure anyway, helping the coach put away our equipment and frequently glancing around the field.

The stands had emptied by then, and twilight had come. Our coach was the last person to leave the field besides me; I saw the headlights of his car cross the parking lot. A few minutes later I mounted my bicycle resignedly and pedaled slowly across the parking lot, then coasted downhill toward its mouth.

All at once I ran into a force field. At least, that's what it felt like: one of those invisible walls of electromagnetic power that repel the unwary in pulp sci-fi novels. I hit the blacktop with a crunch, on my back this time, and I heard my bicycle clatter down somewhere in the darkness in front of me. My arms ached and my heart was racing. For an instant, I felt as if I was looking into the abyss — a vision I will probably never understand but will certainly never forget.

It took me a few minutes to figure out what had really happened. The coach,

being the last person to leave in a car, had hooked up a steel chain across the mouth of the parking lot to prevent people from parking there during off hours. Today, I still approach parking lots on a bicycle with profound distrust. The chief effects at the time, though, a pair of welts on my arms, were nearly concealed by my baseball jersey and disappeared within a few days.

My career as a paperboy was drawing to a close when the last bizarre bicycle accident befell me a couple of years later. We lived on College Avenue in those days, a few blocks from San Diego State College, in a house perched well back from the street on a small hill. A steep driveway led down to the avenue, and my older brother (who was also fortunate enough to have a morning paper route) and I were fond of whooshing down the driveway and out into the street every morning on our way to deliver the *Union*. (At five a.m., traffic was not a major concern.)

One year, however, the city, in its wisdom, determined to turn a portion of our front lawn (along with our neighbors') into a new traffic lane. This "street widening" went on for months, and during the middle of it a four-foot-deep trench appeared on our side of the street. It paralleled all the houses on the block, ten or twelve feet from the newly relocated curb, and then turned sharply up a side street near our house in an "L" before mysteriously coming to a stop several yards from the main avenue. This trench had been dug, I believe, in order to install a new water main, although I was never sufficiently

interested to find out for certain one way or the other.

In spite of the obvious danger the trench posed to a couple of happy-go-lucky paperboys, neither my brother nor I suffered any mishaps for many weeks. We approached it with great caution, in fact, and the city's engineers had kindly laid a bridge across it in front of our driveway, a few pieces of soggy plywood that we rarely used after morning after morning without

incident. But in time I began to eschew the plywood bridge for a new route to the street. Turning left out of the driveway, I would pedal down the ten-or-twelve-foot-wide strip between the trench and the curb; then, upon reaching the side street one house away, I would maneuver carefully around the short arm of the trench that ran up it. After that, the entire avenue was mine.

But a morning came when, muddled by

It's one of the most interesting facts about bicycles that they're completely invisible to the vast majority of American drivers.

an all-too-brief night's sleep, the roaring of my alarm clock, and the sheer drudgery of having to deliver papers on yet another dark, chilly morning, things did not go so smoothly. In short, as I stuffed the last folded and rubber-banded copy of the *Union* into the bulging bag slung on the back of my bike and prepared to set out on my rounds, I had forgotten about the trench altogether. This in itself was not a fatal mistake, normally I would have noticed it as soon as I started down the driveway. But as fate would have it, on this particular morning the air was thick with one of those drizzling fogs so characteristic of Southern California winters. As I coasted down the driveway, I couldn't see the trench at all.

Somewhere I missed doing a nosedive into it immediately in front of the driveway. I turned left, and with the breath of God at my back, pedaled on obliviously only inches away from disaster (this was later borne out by the tire tracks my brother discovered while trying to reconstruct what had happened). I would have made it, too, except for the treacherous "L" turn in the trench that I was now heading for at full speed.

Without warning the bicycle turned wheelies beneath me. Suddenly, almost magically, I was rising upon the handlebars, then leaving them far behind and below. And as I hurtled on through the cool gray morning mist, one thought kept running over and over through my mind: Why is this happening? Why is this happening to me?

□

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Like most Americans, I vacillate between theories of personal abstinence and self-indulgence. There are moments when I gaze into my clothes closet and am suffused with guilt at the variety of outfits and the number of shoes I possess. I have clothes for walking, for jogging, for teaching, for writing, for the theater, for dining. There's even one outfit for the opera. Needless to say, I have jogging, walking, and teaching shoes, shoes for dancing, and high-heeled shoes that are terrifically sexy but which are essentially sitting shoes because if I walked in them for more than a minute I'd fall on my face. In my moments of renunciation, I think of my childhood when I owned exactly one pair of shoes, worn until they were too small and with the heels awry. My total wardrobe then consisted of a school skirt, a middie blouse, and one dress for a special occasion which was invariably too short because I had been denied its use for too long.

When I find myself aghast at the copiousness of my clothes, I vow to give most of the stuff away and to wear only three or

four items until they are ragged. This mood lasts about a week, and during this period as I walk my dog I may be glimpsed in tennis shoes held together with hand-sewn, and vested in an old sweater of my son's which still has a breath of wear in it. Then suddenly an old friend is due to arrive after an absence of a decade, and I fling open my closet and realize that I am bored with every single item therein. Nothing will do but the purchase of something new and fresh. After all, clothes are all fantasy items and have more to do with how we think we should appear in terms of our role in life than with actual need.

In like manner, when I go to my cupboard to prepare the simplest meal, I discover most of the ingredients for French, Italian, Jewish, Chinese, and even Middle Eastern cooking. As with my clothes, I make resolutions to clear every shelf until

only three or four pristine items remain. But suddenly during a smashing, ebullient sunset I feel like having purged chestnuts, as the Greeks prepare them, or Cretan-style cheese-cinnamon pastries, and then I'm off and running, making more purchases. Needless to say, I have an almost identical attitude toward dining out. On the one hand, there's no reason that I can't eat boiled rice with a few steamed vegetables. On the other, life is fairly precarious, and under the circumstances I may as well try something new, something expensive, something exotic.

Which brings me to Kobe Misono, a new Japanese restaurant with a twist — it has a teppan room where steaks, chicken, and shrimp are prepared before your eyes at communal cooking tables. It also has a tempura bar — not a sushi bar, not a

sashimi bar, but a tempura bar. I visited Kobe Misono on two occasions and tried both rooms.

To begin with the physical plant, it's all brand new and located right off Highway 163 on Kearny Villa Road, in an area noted for its small businesses. You would hardly expect to find a complete Japanese complex right next door to Denny's, but as they say in popular song, "That's America for me." While the outside is quite unimpressive, the inside is attractive and refined. Similar in design to Yae's Japanese Restaurant in Rancho Bernardo, Kobe Misono boasts a large bar in a separate area which overlooks a garden filled with Japanese pottery and statuary. The bar has a giant screen on which are projected the images from a television set.

There are two dining rooms. The larger contains the teppan tables and the smaller holds the tempura bar. On entering, you are asked which dining room you prefer. Please be aware that if you wish an order of tempura it can be brought to the teppan room. That is exactly what I did on my first visit — my friend and I ate in the "hibachi steakhouse Teppan room," as it is called on the menu. The distinctive feature of this restaurant is that it offers Kobe beef, which is to say a corn-fed beef, flown in from Japan. It is not available every night of the week — you are advised to ask about its availability during any given month. In any case, the first night we ordered two tempura appetizers: shrimp and vegetable (\$2.75) and *kushi teri*, which consists of shrimp, scallops, and chicken, marinated in teriyaki sauce and broiled on a skewer (\$3.25). Both of these are delicate, each in its own way. The tempura batter is airy and outstandingly subtle and light, and the skewered seafood is beautifully done.

Illustration by Elizabeth Matthews



There's only one thing wrong with both of these: the price. There's very little food for six dollars, which is the price of complete meals elsewhere. The preparation cannot be faulted, but each morsel is costly.

My friend and I shared one steak dinner in addition to these appetizers. The New York strip loin steak (\$12.75) was served with soup and salad, neither of which rated high marks, because of an overdone pepper. The clear broth was ruined by excessive pepper, and we couldn't finish it. The salad, which is largely lettuce, cucumbers, and cherry tomatoes, has an almost disastrous dressing, thousand island with ginger and sesame oil that ironically tastes "fishy." I wondered whether anchovy paste had been added, but the beautifully kimonoed waitress spoke very little English and didn't quite understand my question when I asked her.

The steak was first-rate, though after the pepper pot of soup and salad, I had to ignore the white-hot chaf not to use any pepper. He seemed astounded by the request and asked whether I was allergic to pepper. To simplify my life, I nodded affirmatively, and he was careful not to pepper the meat and to avoid it on some of the vegetables. The latter consisted of eggplant and sprouts. It is one of the characteristics of Kobe Misono that one item is served at a time — the mountain of

sprouts remained on the hibachi so long, we nearly had to for dessert. But these are small matters. If you like steak, the quality of meat is very fine. A twelve-ounce rib-eye steak will set you back \$14.75, and a combination filet mignon and lobster is \$16.95. We really are up into big bucks for the latter two. The cheapest item at the hibachi table is chicken for \$7.25. Regardless of your choice of entrée, you get a few shrimp thrown in, but Japanese meals do not overwhelm you with food. You feel satisfied but not full when you are done. You may share any of the more expensive entrees as my friend and I did, but you would have to add at least one appetizer in the event that you individually had only half an order of steak or scallops or prawns.

On my next visit my friend and I sat at the tempura bar, and that is really a "happening." It's similar in appearance to a sushi bar and when you see raw fish and seafood displayed on the counter you think they are available to be eaten raw. But they are not. They are all dipped in batter and fried. We ordered one appetizer of raw beef served in soy sauce (\$4.50), one scallop tempura (\$6.95), and one tempura dinner of shrimp, scallop, and an assortment of sea creatures, plus vegetables (\$8.75).

The appetizer of raw sliced beef (*Niku*

*Sushi*) was the most outrageously overpriced dish I've had this year. We had six strips of raw beef, each strip about an inch and a half long. I shared it with my friend and we tried to do the Japanese ritual, that is, to take small bites and to chew slowly, but in fact you could have put three of those tiny slices into your mouth at one time and still not felt glutinous. Even at half price it would have been a dubious buy, though the quality of meat is wonderful.

Having tempura at this bar is an experience. The tempura maker works very slowly, and he prepares one customer's order at a time and one vegetable at a time. First we got our skewers of scallop and shrimp and then we waited an eternity to receive a gorgeous strip of broccoli, then a mushroom, then an onion, then a yam, then a slice of eggplant. All of these were brought separately, boiling hot and placed on our plates right from the sieve from which they had been taken from the hot oil. It was very gorgeous, very aesthetic, but difficult for Western diners. No doubt it's marvelous for your digestive system to consume a mushroom in butter and then to wait several minutes for the sprig of broccoli, but if the tempura bar were filled to its limit, you could read several chapters of a book, play gin rummy, or do toe aerobics for quite a while between vegeta-

bles. I had, in fact, virtually given up on the variety of sea creatures that was supposed to come with my dinner, when they arrived after the vegetables: octopus and squid and whitefish — the octopus was almost too tough to swallow.

Make no mistake, the tempura is beautifully prepared, but the best bet at the tempura bar is either the shrimp or scallop tempura, both of which are \$6.95. These are served with the aforementioned salad and with rice miso soup, which arrived midway along with the vegetables. Our bill, without drinks, was over twenty-one dollars. That's a lot of money for a somewhat delicate meal of vegetables and a few skewers of seafood. Admittedly we did have a costly appetizer, so I recommend that you stick to the least expensive items at the tempura bar or at the hibachi.

The food at Kobe Misono is of high quality, the salad dressing poor, the clear broth too peppery. The service is considerate, and warm towels are presented before meals. The organization of the meals has yet to be synthesized, even in the hibachi room. The prices are very high. Stay with the modestly priced items. If, like myself, you are feeling abstemious, prepare some rice and vegetables at home. If, like myself, you wish to be moderately extravagant, try the shrimp or scallops in either room, and the fine steak. □

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# I Love Lucia



Carlo Bini

Barry McCauley and Gianna Rolandi

JONATHAN SAVILLE

Both of the operas recently produced by the San Diego Opera present us with the typical beleaguered heroine of nineteenth-century melodrama. In Donizetti's *Lucio di Lammermoor*, the heroine is forced and inveigled by her overbearing, vindictive brother to break her vows to the man she loves and to marry another; in Puccini's *Tosca*, the heroine is forced and inveigled by the overbearing, vindictive police chief of Rome to offer her

body to him in return for the freedom of the man she loves. The beloved tenor, the cruel baritone, the soprano tossed to and fro by the passions of men, the conflict of love and power, the social tyranny, the thwarted eroticism, the centrality of the heroine's emotional adventures (even to the point of inevitably giving her name to the opera) — these are the elements in a story so dear to the nineteenth-century imagination that it is told and retold in every literary genre, and nowhere more so than on the operatic stage.

There are notable differences between these two heroines, however. Lucia is pure

victim, pure vulnerability; she lives for love and has no interest outside it; and when masculine aggressiveness knocks her down, she lies there helpless. Between Lucia (1835) and *Tosca* (1900) the operatic heroine has acquired a richer character, a more diversified existence, and a good deal of spunk. Florio *Tosca* lives for love, it is true — but, as she tells us, she also lives for art; she has her own career, as a singer, quite independent of her amorous life. When she is brutalized by the tyrannical male, she (like Lucia) reveals all her pathos and vulnerability; but then she picks up a knife, hides it behind her back,

and awaits the right moment, and plunges it into Baron Scarpia's wicked breast.

Both Lucia and Tosca appear on stage brandishing knives, and both are murderesses — but there is a crucial difference between Lucia's stabbing her newlywed husband Arturo and Tosca's stabbing the lustful police chief. Lucia has gone mad; her killing is the act of a disordered mind; it is a purposeless, useless, misdirected deed of destruction. In Lucia, it is only in insanity that a woman may express her justified hostility toward the men who have oppressed her, and even then she kills the wrong man, for her true oppressor is not Arturo but her brother. Tosca, in contrast, is fully in control of what she is doing; she manipulates Scarpia just as he has manipulated her, and when she kills him, her act is an intentional, appropriate, and justified deed of self-protection, as well as a political blow against tyranny. Lucia is a victim, even when she murders; Tosca asserts her mastery of her own life. (Ultimately Tosca is undone by the clever scheme Scarpia initiated before his death — but that is a matter of plot, rather than of character.)

What this means is that Tosca is a complex character, mixing pathos, compassion, tenderness, anger, dependence, independence, pride, artistic temperament, and self-assertiveness. No wonder Sarah Bernhardt so loved this role in the Sardou drama from which Puccini's libretto is derived. The operatic role demands a singing actress of the first rank — and Martina Arroyo, who appeared in the San Diego production, can scarcely be described in such terms. Miss Arroyo has a gorgeous voice, and it was in excellent shape at the performance I heard, but she distinctly lacks the dramatic fire so requisite for a memorable Tosca. Her voice expresses generalized emotions, but she pays little attention to the passing nuances of words and musical phrases; one does not hear in this singing the intensity, the mercantile moods, the flashes of temper or coyness or desire that belong to the living Tosca Puccini created. Everything is grand, dignified, beautiful, and relatively dull.

Miss Arroyo is even less adept when it comes to acting. She is a fine-looking woman of the Big Mama type, placid, rounded, beaming, a genial Earth Mother. She looks nothing at all like anyone's idea of Tosca, and she has no acting skills to speak of. In the San Diego production, her distressed scurrying when Scarpia chased her around the stage, along with her mas-

sive attempts to crouch in her long gown like an angry beast at bay, carried out the slightest conviction, she simply looked ridiculous. Here one must blame director Joe Capobianco, who when dealing with a soprano of Miss Arroyo's proportions and theatrical disabilities should have devised stage actions for her that would keep her immobile almost all the time, better no movement at all than movement that introduces elements of the comic and grotesque into the most dramatically heated scene of the opera. In general, Mr. Capobianco does not seem to have been at his best in this production. The ecclesiastical procession in act one, to take one more example, was much too static, centralized, and ponderous. It ought to reflect in spectacle the power and sweep of the music, but in fact it was merely a lot of people in church garb walking slowly downstage center and stopping with bored looks on their faces.

The drama of this scene was further diminished by the rather feeble volume of the chorus's pious hymn and Scarpia's sadistic-erotic soliloquy. Mr. Friedrichs has a pleasing, well produced voice, a nice vocal line, a musician's sense of phrasing, and an intelligent understanding of the words and the dramatic situations. But his voice is just too weak to be heard over a chorus, and throughout the opera it was also too weak to project a really vivid characterization of this melodramatic arch villain. As for tenor Carlo Bini, he was his usual self, with a loud, braying delivery, a strong wobble, every gulp, sob, and scorp in the book, and the sort of atrocious overacting that would not be acceptable in *Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life*. *Murder in the Red Barn*, or *Dracula*. That Mr. Bini is touted as "San Diego's favorite tenor," and that he seems to be cast in at least half the San Diego Opera's productions, must be seen as a sign of the fundamental provinciality of this company.

A poor *Tosca*, then — but an exceptionally able Lucia, for the company is principally it is not (thank goodness) absolutely consistent in its apparent intention of remaining small time. Soprano Gianna Rolandi was the Lucia in this production, and a strikingly good one. This role, as I've suggested, has none of the complexity of Tosca; there are basically only two states of mind to be communicated, pathos and madness. It was above all in the famous mad scene that Miss Rolandi's dramatic

gifts revealed themselves; she — and stage director Patrick Bakman — succeeded in interpreting and refreshing the familiar material so that the audience was forced to take Miss Rolandi's insanity seriously, and so that the superb atmospheric of Donizetti's setting of the libretto became a palpable theatrical experience.

The original touches were numerous and effective, sometimes thrilling. When Miss Rolandi's Lucia referred to the minister that married her to Arturo (or, as Lucia imagines, to her beloved Edgardo), she suddenly focused on her old tutor Raimondo and rushed upon him in a rage, hammering on his chest with her fists to express her anger at the forced marriage; the confused emotions of the fantasized bliss and the actual agony were thus wonderfully fused. The same device was used with brilliant effect in the following lines, where (in the fantasized wedding) Lucia tells her new husband, "Alfin son tua, Alfin sei mio" ("At last I am yours, / At last you are mine"). Miss Rolandi sang the first line in the usual fashion, with an upwelling of tender and erotic joy. But when she came to the second line, immediately afterward, her mood suddenly changed, and the words and the music that goes with them became expressions of crazed, murderous satisfaction, as she clutched her hands as though over a victim she had just torn apart. In this reading, the first line refers to Edgardo, whom she loves, whom she was forbidden to marry, but who in her diseased mind has become her husband; the second refers to Arturo, whom she has been forced to marry, and whom she has murdered. I cannot remember a performance of the mad scene in which Lucia's internal conflicts have been so tellingly illuminated.

Music and text were throughout integrated into dramatic expression. Even the passage of time between flute and voice — a passage usually taken principally as a means of showing how the soprano can do the instrument one better — was, in this production, dramatized as a further sign of Lucia's madness. The flute music was presented as a delusion. Miss Rolandi listened to it with a look of amazed happiness on her face; she was singing a duet with a sound that — the staging led us to believe — was purely in her imagination. Similarly, the florid runs, roulades, and trills that characterize this lengthy aria are ordinarily used by sopranos chiefly as a means of displaying their technical agility, or — at best — as devices of purely formal beauty. But *coloratura* singing was in fact

one of the devices complicit of Italian Romantic opera used explicitly to express madness (they used it for other things as well, of course), and every once in a while Miss Rolandi brought this connection back to life by performing the *coloratura* as a stylized representation of mad laughter — an effect all the more stunning in that she kept scrupulously to the notes.

As for Miss Rolandi's voice, it is a limpid, lovely instrument, and she uses it with a full command of the long, smooth lines and subtle dynamic shadings of the *bel canto* style. An accomplished singer — but one must point out two defects. She reaches the highest notes with difficulty, and they are thin and shrill. A less common defect: she imitates Beverly Sills so slavishly that at times we seemed to be hearing not a performance of the role of Lucia but rather an impersonation of Beverly Sills performing the role of Lucia. The imitation extends from the method of vocal production to the expressive devices and includes even such things as the sibilant Sills' "s" and the beating pronunciation of the broad "e" which Miss Sills' admirers so dearly and which aficionados of good singing so deplore. That Miss Rolandi has a good voice, that she is an intelligent and sensitive musician, and that she has an impressive command of vocal acting no one would want to deny. But it would be invigorating to hear the real Gianna Rolandi, rather than an expert replica of somebody else. Truly good singing is bound up with the innermost identity of the singer, and it is precisely an indication of that personal identity that was missing in Miss Rolandi's otherwise admirable performance.

Of the other singers less need be said. Tenor Barry McCauley, who sang Edgardo, is a musical and passionate singer with a deep understanding of dramatic meanings. He demonstrated these same abilities — in several languages, all of them marvelously idiomatic — in his recent song recital in the Grossmont Community Concert series. He cuts a handsome figure on stage and acts with restraint, expressiveness, and power. But while the lower and middle ranges of his voice have a full-bodied, resonant, exciting, almost baritone quality, the upper range is regularly pinched and nasal, thus spoiling some of the splendid vocal effects he courageously reaches for. He gets the notes, but they are so much thinner and reedy than what the lower ranges would lead us to expect that he invariably disappears at just the moment when the tenor

ought to thrill us. We are waiting for a trumpet and we get a muted cornet. If Mr. McCauley could open up the top he might turn out to be one of the world's eminent sopranos, as it is, he is a good, generally satisfying singer, who does not quite live up to his potential.

Baritone John Brocheler is apparently another of "San Diego's favorites," for he sings here all the time — alas! Still, Lucia's brother Enrico is supposed to be a loud, coarse, crass, insensitive, square, mean, pushy fellow, so perhaps Mr. Brocheler, with his special singing style, was well cast. But even of the singers, Lucia is not only villainous brothers and persecuted females; it is also atmosphere, the atmosphere of Romantic Scotland as imagined by Romantic Italy, luminously glowing, rich with vegetation and tradition, redolent of mysterious woods and antique castles, and filled with the misty melancholy that Donizetti evokes so poignantly in the long-breathed minor-key melodies of his wind instruments. It is this Walter Scott atmosphere that was evoked with exquisite skill by Marsha Lou Eck's sets (borrowed from the New York City Opera) — all in shades of brown and blue, with overarching lacinate foliage, encrusted stonework, old burnished wood, and the aged patinas of murky stucco. Indeed, to get a sense of what Lucia *di Lammermoor* is all about, the world in which the poor heroine is compelled to give up her love, her mind, and her life, all one need do is list the scenes and invite the use of the reader's imagination: "A deserted lodge near Ravenswood Castle," "A hidden clearing in Ravenswood gardens," "An anteroom in Ravenswood Castle," "The Great Hall of Ravenswood Castle," "The ruined tower of Wolf's Crag," "The Ravenswood family burial ground." Can there ever have been a more perfect Romantic name than "Ravenswood"?

May I, however, close on an unromantic note? I wish only to report a curious dialogue I heard from the talkative people behind me at the Civic Theatre. At the end of the second act, Edgardo bursts into the Great Hall of Ravenswood Castle where Lucia, against her will, is being married to the man chosen by her brother; all action stops, and six of the characters begin one of the greatest concerted pieces in the history of opera. At that moment, a voice behind me cried excitedly, "I recognize that! It's the Secret from Lucia!" To which another voice replied, awe-struck, "I didn't know that was in this!" □

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# Dark Indeed



Jennifer Price, James A. Marshall, and Roy Von Der Mieden

JEFF SMITH

The program notes for the Old Town Opera House's production of *Dark Deeds* at Swan's Place claim that this "tongue-in-cheek uproarious melty-drammer," written by Tim Kally, promises its audience "no redeeming social value whatsoever." That's true. The play, which won a statewide contest for original melodramas sponsored by the Old Town Opera House, is tiresomely clumsy, and often genuinely offensive. It also makes the television show *Laverne and Shirley* seem, by contrast, as significant as Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. At one point late in the play the villain Montague Leech turns to the audience and asks, "Did you ever hear such drivel?" No. Not since my preschool days, anyway.

A good melodramatic production can be fun. Its simplistic, good-versus-evil view of life is at times refreshing at the conclusion of a long, gray day. Its overblown

of the cast as a whole

Given these criteria, or simply regarded as a piece of theater, *Dark Deeds* at Swan's Place is a flop. There were one or two interesting individual performances, and the ensemble work occasionally achieved levels demanded by good melodrama, but on the whole the acting was very uneven (at times quite amateurish), the direction was an inconsistent puzzle, and the play itself — filled with quip like "Were there any great men born in this town?" "No. Only babies." — repeatedly offended where it apparently sought eagerly to please.

*Dark Deeds* contains many unstable instances of outright racial smearing, all done within the aura of "good, clean fun." The play behaves as if it exists in a realm of indecency that is free from the necessity of a human rights clause. As I watched the Old Town Opera House production, I began to wonder what it assumed about its audience, what it felt it could take for granted. Did it assume, for example, that the audience would regard the demeaningly stereotypical, young Oriental woman Tai Pan (who is labeled "a petal from Peking" and whose pose of naive servitude is unceasing) as a fitting, humorous portrait of the race? Did it assume, for example, that the stereotypical Carla Castanet de San Diego (a shrill hooker called the "she-wolf of Monterey") would glide right past the audience as an accurate — and thus somehow comical — picture of a Spanish-speaking woman? And did it assume as well that the number of derogatory references, near the end of the play, to homosexual relations would evoke the kind of derisive laughter they were apparently designed to do?

Or did it assume that, under the aegis of melodrama, such things are fair play, given the stereotyping nature of the genre in general? Like farce, melodrama takes tons of liberties with the conventions of drama. Which is part of its charm. But this does not mean that one has license to indulge in slurs of the sort done in *Dark Deeds*. They were many. They were clearly intended to evoke low, cheap laughter — as a substitute for the playwright's inability to evoke the genuine article. And they were offensive on their own merits.

Any appeal to the unconventional nature of melodrama as a reason for presenting these insults is flimsy at best. As is the equally suspect justification that this is the way things were in the old opera houses of the Nineteenth Century. This particular "meltydrammer" was not unseated from the dusty trunk of some withering saloon in a ghost town out West. It was written — obviously very quickly — last year. Thus any argument suggesting that the play can behave in this manner because it seeks to capture the flavor of the "real thing" is a hoot. There are no moral, artistic, or humane reasons at all for including the insensitive mishmash that paraded across

the stage at the Old Town Opera House.

The production itself was no great shakes. Old Killeen's unstudied direction gave the play a busy yet lifeless quality that strained for laughs, in some of the least likely of places, at every possible moment. The result was either low-grade groaners (about three of which were funny) or the tasteless, below-the-belt gimmicks already mentioned. Killeen's ensemble work, the synchronized, a cappella reactions of the entire cast on stage, was at times effective. Overall, however, the direction was a loose, hit-and-miss affair, and many of his artistic choices were questionable.

Killeen's casting, for example, is somewhat of a mystery. The play tells the story of how the original opera house in California came to be. It was founded in Monterey by a man named Jack Swan, who, most sources report, was an okay person. Actor Roy Von Der Mieden's Jack Swan, however, is a disturbing entity in that — there is little evidence in the script to suggest it other than the fact that the heroine dumps him in the end in favor of a younger man — there is a masochistic, consistently self-deprecating air about him that is hard to fathom.

As were several other choices in the casting. Two performances, however, were a pleasure, though in no way could they — even when combined with the excellent technical work of Lawrence Czoka (sound), Bette Ogami (lighting), and Lawrence Evans (costumes) — salvage the evening. Martha Gene was head, shoulders, and ankles above the rest of the cast as Montague Leech, the obligatory villain of the melodrama. Marshall's energy, stylized but appropriate gestures, and precise timing were continually impressive. When he was off-stage, the show suffered appreciably from his absence. Gene and Marshall merit much better productions than this one.

After *Dark Deeds* opened, Mike Connolly assumed the role of chief administrator at the Old Town Opera House. He plans to continue running melodramas, which is the stated purpose of the theater, and he has signed Professor Mike Harvey, from San Diego State University and an expert on the genre, to direct. Connolly and Harvey have already cast two separate companies of local actors, all of whom will be paid, to perform mini-shows in the afternoon and full-length productions in the evening — a total of twenty-three performances each week beginning June 19. Along with best wishes for such an ambitious project, I have one request: no more *Dark Deeds* at Swan's Place. Please. That thing should be consigned to an old trunk in a ghost town and should be given a dusty burial. *Requiescat in pace.*

## City Lights

(continued from page 1)

When Cahill recounts these things, her eyebrows climb and scowl and show up again. She says she noted other questionable practices, such as the heavy use of hepin, a blood thinner which Cahill suspects may often be overused in order to make the filters last longer. She also began questioning the fact that dialysis center technicians receive only ten hours of training. "Would you like an amateur to come at you with something like this?" she asks, brandishing one of the giant needles used in the process. "Or be told if you don't like it get out? Or if you complain, you'll make the technician nervous and you might get hurt?" She has a

voice — loud, angry, cutting — which could buzz through a thirty-year-old oak tree. "What could be more intimidating than sitting there and having all your blood pulled out of you? With great big needles in you so that if you even move an inch, you hurt?" Yet she continued to complain, and even organized a local chapter of a national kidney patient's organization. However, by last fall, relations between Cahill and the La Jolla center had deteriorated so badly that she left the center permanently. After several centers refused to treat her, she finally found a private doctor who agreed to train her in the practice of home dialysis. Today she undergoes the blood-cleansing twice weekly in a bright, gleaming room which she has

converted in her home; she says her adverse symptoms have disappeared. "So my problem is solved. I don't have a problem anymore. But I have vowed to help these people." So even though she was simultaneously leading the recent fight against using federal money to improve the sidewalks in downtown Coronado (a fight which she won overwhelmingly in the May 5 Coronado city election), she has continued to carry the banner for kidney patients. To that end, she got Assemblyman Larry Kapiloff to introduce three bills relating to the dialysis centers into the state legislature. One of the three recently died in committee, however, and the other two have since been severely gutted. Nonetheless, Cahill vows to

continue her lobbying efforts, efforts which she figures have so far cost her more than \$10,000. She has spent some money, for example, on billboards relating to kidney patient rights which just went up at five different locations around the county. She says another part of it is the income she's lost from being away from her current business, another retail shop on Orange Avenue called Many Splendored Things. She's also urging relatives of kidney patients to insist on autopsies when their loved ones die, to be on the alert for signs of formaldehyde poisoning. She says even if there is some doubt about the harmful effects of reuse, "the patient should have the right to say what goes into his own body. This is medical rape. It borders on assault!"

Her strong, long fingers jab into the table, then clench and pound at it. She says, "To us, this is a human rights issue. We go to war. We send people to El Salvador. We have grain embargoes all around the world. And right here in San Diego County patients are denied basic human rights. We shouldn't have to fight for this. . . . But you have to stand up! . . . I think you learn that from Plato. You don't choose to be a gadfly. You grow into it."

— J.D.  
— Jeannette DeWyer and Neal Matthews

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## Letters

(continued from page 4)

wonder who Kave bothered to be and there to offer the same excuse that the Union couldn't afford Dreher's "thousands of dollars per year" in travel expenses. Why

not just admit that the Union won't stand for any good talk about the Comins, Norada, who are trying to take over the United States, colonies in Central America? Why not just admit that Ed Moore, called Helen Cooper, the other day and wanted to know what the hell was going on with this punk Dreher?

It's supposed to be the fashion these days to try to get out of the closet and announce what a right wing thing you really are. Who does it, especially when you have your man in the White House and his friends running the country? I don't think my wife will be the person of uncertain insight to

believe that if Dreher had been reporting faithfully all this time about the right wing government in Central America the wealthy Madame Cooper might have been able to scrape together enough dough to keep him going.

The pet in this column is not is that Dreher, now free of

illusions to the Union, will be able to seek a larger audience through other media. It is worth anything, mine is that Alex Dreher has health, and continue the difficult work he has begun so well.

R.W. Rivd  
Chula Vista

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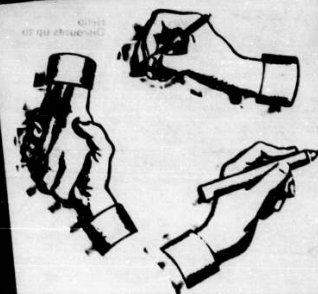
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Ex-Registered Nurse  
Redland Gardens

When I was in nurses' training some twenty-five odd years ago, a patient of mine told me I resembled Patricia Neal. This was up north in New Brunswick. Well, I always followed her career after that, even after she had that stroke. I'm not sure about the resemblance. We all probably look like quite a few people we don't know. My mother used to tell me that she never knew anyone who looked like so many different people. She said I looked like my brother when I got mad. . . . But these were all people you wouldn't know, so I guess we better stick with Patricia Neal.

Yesterday I went to the doctor, he says, "Jesus Christ, Anthony Quinn." We have good pizza here, too. Everybody asks for autographs. I give them. Sometimes I forget and sign them. "Frank Sardina."



**Sherri Paulson**  
Secretary  
Chula Vista

I was up at the Santa Cruz beach boardwalk, heading back to my car. The parking lot attendant said, "Hey, Natalie!" I turned and he said, "You look like Natalie Wood!" I said, "Thanks." I went into a store that sold old movie pictures, just to see if I could see a resemblance. They didn't have any of her. Another time I was working at a theater up in Carmel Valley, out in the middle of nowhere. The power went out and all the employees were stuck there. We crashed out all over the place. . . . lit candles. My mascara was smeared, my hair was swept to one side. A girl's head of mine pointed at me and shouted, "Sophia Loren." Everyone else said, "My God, she does." Which just goes to show you that under the right lighting conditions, you can look like anyone.



**Rick Munson**  
Travel Consultant  
La Jolla

It was my hairdresser. She was cutting my hair and she said, "Has anybody ever told you that you look like John Ritter?" I'm easy. I didn't even know who he was at first. She said, "You really do." Then that show *Three's Company* rang a bell. I said, "Oh, him." We don't watch much television but my wife and I happened to see a commercial with Ritter in it. My wife said, "See, see. . . . The only other person I resemble is my brother. We're not twins, he's two years younger. My mother's still trying to figure that one out."

My face is not famous, but I must have the kind of face that everybody thinks they know. A person just the other day said, "You look just like my Uncle John." My name is John. I'm Italian. I'm loud when I'm talking. I laugh. I'm happy. I'm outgoing. Every place I go - a wedding, a large gathering, a club - people say I look like a brother, like an uncle, like a friend of theirs. When I first came to this country. . . . I come from Palermo, Sicily. People asked if I was Ricardo Montalban. I barely spoke the language then, this was thirty-three years ago. Now my head is bald, I'm heavier. It would be hard to find a resemblance. But I think I will always look like somebody's uncle.

**John Pecoraro**  
General Contractor  
North Park

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- Lin Jakary



# PARKING LOT EXTRAVAGANZA

**SATURDAY & SUNDAY**  
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PORTABLES

HOME STEREO COMPONENTS  
**SONY**  
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**KOSS**

**Cerwin-Vega!**  
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## Olympic Volleyball

It is an accepted fact of life in America that our president, once elected to a first term in office, immediately begins to campaign for re-election four years later. The country's participants in the other major quadrennial event, the Olympic Games, are not as favored, not provided, that is, with housing and gainful employment while they prepare for the chance to win a medal as one of the best athletes in the world, and as a representative of their country. The advantages of being able to train regularly are obvious for all athletes, and especially critical for team players, who must have time to train together. The chances will be better than they've ever been for the U.S. men's volleyball team, who will train and compete together for three years, from now until the Los Angeles Olympics in July-August, 1984. Their home base and training center will be here in San Diego, in the Federal Building in Balboa Park, where they will be practicing most mornings from eight to noon.

Twenty of the country's top volleyball players have recently arrived to compete in player trials for the fifteen-man San Diego Training Center team. The majority of them are from

Southern California, including a Manhattan Beach native who attended SDSU, but they come from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, and Colorado, too. Final selections are being made

for the twelve-member team that will play its first international match next week against Brazil. These twelve players may not ultimately make the Olympics, for the roster can

and probably will change as some get better and some get worse. But it is, at least, certain that there will be a U.S. team, which qualifies automatically. (continued on page 4, col. 3)



U.S. Men's Volleyball Team



## Herbert York

"In Geneva," the speaker reports enthusiastically, "or the embassy residence we had a Turkish chef. He prepared this superb chicken for our buffet. He would remove the chicken from the bones, and he made a sauce from the jellied broth of the chicken to which he added cream. He spooned the white sauce over the chicken. Then he took some fine oil and saturated it with paprika and spooned that over the white sauce. So what he had was a sauce on top of a sauce. It was marvelous. Of course, the best cooking

was done at the Soviet Mission in Geneva. They made blinis, stacks of them. You had to put butter on the blinis, then unctuous [sour cream] and then red and black caviar. It was marvelous but the Russians always said the blinis were not as good as at home. The cooking has improved in the Soviet Union, but still their idea of a good meal is filet mignon." Is the speaker a writer on international cuisine? A lecturer on dining embassy-style? Indeed he is not. He is Herbert York, U.S. ambassador to the Trilateral Negotiations on a Comprehensive Test Ban in Geneva, Switzerland, during the

(continued on page 4, col. 5)



## This Land Is Dorland

A pair of ravens, soaring wing-to-wing on endless patrol above Lupine Canyon, were my only neighbors for the two months I lived and worked at the Dorland Mountain Colony. Without clock, telephone, or electricity, my sanctuary was a cinderblock cottage within the 300-acre nature preserve near Temecula, twenty-five miles north of Escondido.

I started in my poetry from sunrise until the noon sun invited me outdoors. An easy climb down a switchback trail

through Lupine Canyon brought me to fragrant meadows where I could sunbathe with the lizards on lichen-covered granite, or enjoy the shade under a circle of ancient oaks. Another favorite picnic and meditation place was the small lake, ringed with strawberry- and lemon-colored lily pads where dragonflies performed aerial ballets.

At Dorland, poets, writers, playwrights, artists, and composers mingle with the wildlife under the protection of the Nature Conservancy, a national land-preservation organization. An admissions committee screens the projects submitted by applicants, and selects the "fellows" who will

live and work at Dorland for up to two months, free of charge. The first poet, David Trinidad, arrived in the fall of 1979. Privacy is paramount at Dorland. When I wanted to meet May Swenson, one of America's most respected contemporary poets, I had to leave a note in her mailbox and hope she would accept my invitation to tea. (She did.) Knowing that no one will drop by without an invitation contributes to the abundance of creative work accomplished by such Dorland fellows as poets Elsie Klein Healy and Brian Swann, composer Steve Mitchell, humorist Ashleigh Brilliant, and wildlife

(continued on page 4, col. 4)

## Section 2

## Events, Theater, Music, Film





# READER'S GUIDE TO LOCAL EVENTS

feature performance artist Norma Jean Peak. Wednesday, June 3, 4 p.m.; Center for Music Experiment, 425 Matthews Campus, UCSD. Free; 452-6766.

## Radio/TV

**Philharmonia**, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, under the direction of Carlo Maria Giulini and with pianist Maurizio Pollini, in a performance of two works by Beethoven. Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat and symphony No. 4 in E Minor, will be broadcast Thursday, May 28, 10 p.m., repeating Sunday, May 31, 1 p.m., KPTB-FM 99.

**"Breath of Life Radiothon,"** the fifth annual sponsored by KSNB to benefit the National Asthma Center, will be broadcast live from Parkview Plaza, Friday, May 29, 6 p.m. to midnight. Saturday, May 30, 12 a.m. to midnight and Sunday, May 31, noon to 9 p.m., KSNB-AM 1240 and FM 97.

**Tennis**, the World Cup Tennis final match between John McEnroe and Vitas Amaratunga will be broadcast Saturday, May 30, 10 a.m., Channel 6.

**"Whatever Happened to Aunt Alice?"** a 1987 film directed by Lee Katon and starring Geraldine Page as a wealthy eccentric who murders her housekeepers for their money, and Ruth Gordon as a landlady who will be televised Saturday, May 30, 8 p.m., Channel 6.

**"The Jibing of Granny Weatherall,"** Geraldine Fitzgerald stars as the title character of Katherine Anne Porter's novel. Saturday, May 30, 9 p.m., repeating Wednesday, June 3, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

**"Boris Godunov,"** the Lyric Opera of Chicago production of the Muscovite opera will be broadcast Sunday, May 31, 1 p.m., KPTB-FM 94.1.

**"Emmy '91 ... A Festival at the Globe,"** the seventh annual San Diego local Emmy awards will be televised live from the Festival of Stage at the Old Globe Theatre, Sunday, May 31, 7 p.m., Channel 10.

**International Piano Competition**, the sixth annual Van Cliburn competition will be covered Sunday, May 31, 7:30 p.m., Channel 15.

**Great Performances** will present a dramatization of three short stories by Irwin Shaw. *The Girls in Their Summer Dresses*, *The Moment*, and *The Man Who Married a French Wife*, with Carol Kane and Jeff Bridges as two of the characters, Monday, June 1, 8 p.m., Channel 15.

**"Mr. Rogers Talks with Parents About Competition,"** Fred Rogers of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* and psychologist Tom Lott will talk with Susan Stember of National Public Radio about children's need to be free. Monday, June 1, 10 p.m., repeating Thursday, June 4, 10 a.m., Channel 15.

**"Flamingo Road,"** Michael Curtis' 1949 film starring Joan Crawford as a carnival dancer who gets entangled with Zachary Scott, David Brian, and Sydney Greenstreet, will be televised Monday, June 1, 9 p.m., Channel 19.

**"Sarah in America,"** Lilli Palmer portrays the legendary French actress Sarah Bernhardt in an adaptation of Ruth Suck's stage play. Wednesday, June 3, 9 p.m., repeating Sunday, June 7, 1 p.m., Channel 15.

## Galleries

**Recent Paintings by Nancy Kirtledge** will be displayed through May 31, sales and rental galleries, San Diego Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 252-7941.

**"Diverse Documents,"** an exhibition of photographic works by Grosvenor College students, will be on display through May 31, Dickinson, Exc. Galleries, 6610 El Camino Boulevard, San Diego, 286-7821.

**Photographs by Marc Mendel** will be on exhibit through May 31, Here Fine Arts Gallery, 2207 Connecticut, Old Town, 297-9778.

**Watercolors, Paintings, Aquatints, and Graphics by Jon Mink** will be on exhibit through May 31, Art Collector, 4151 Taylor Street, Old Town, 298-3232.

**Paintings, Graphics, and Multiple Media by Bill Alington** will be exhibited through June 3, Thomas Baber Galleries, 2402 Grand Avenue, La Jolla, 454-3445.

**Contemporary Art Works by twenty-five San Diego artists** will be exhibited through June 3, Maple Creek Gallery, 2402 Ketter Boulevard, San Diego, 234-2151.

**Spring Exhibition of Student Art** will include paintings, drawings, ceramics, sculpture, prints, and computer art, through June 3, James Chubbey Gallery, Maricopa College, One Barnard Drive, Oceanside, 757-2121.

**Photographs by Rob Johnson** will be exhibited through June 3, Durall Photographics and Galleries, 1452 West Mission Road, San Marcos, 727-5443.

**"Flag Room 1,"** an installation by Gary Ghislandi, will be on view

through June 13, Pan Shop Gallery, 748 Fifth Avenue, downtown.

**"Associates to Walls,"** an exhibition of new work consisting of eighteen photographs that document acts done to walls, by Russell Baldwin, will be on view through June 14, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, 707 Prospect Street, La Jolla, 454-1541.

## Volleyball

because the U.S. is the host country, Brazil will almost certainly qualify as well, because they compete for an Olympic berth in the relatively weak South American zone, and because their team is usually number five or seven in the world.

It will be an interesting match, predicts U.S. coach Doug Beal (who as a player was in more international matches than any other player in the history of U.S. volleyball, and who now has a Ph.D. in exercise physiology), because the styles of the two teams mesh so closely. Both teams favor the so-called Oriental style of volleyball, which emphasizes confusion and faking the other team out, with low passes on serve, quick set-ups, and a lot of cross-passing, and a lot of activity at the net.

The Eastern European, emphasizes bigger and better. Bigger players with more power and less error-prone approach of simple plays and endless repetition. Serving and blocking are the two skills it takes to win at volleyball and neither Brazil, whose players are small, nor the U.S., which until now has had a weak team, are being trained together for several months and a majority of the players were together in the last Olympics. The U.S. team had a team quality since 1968, but they will have the home court advantage, in what for all of them is a new home. Next week's game will be a nine-match series, and it will be the only one to be played in San Diego. The U.S. team will be hoping for at least a split in the series.

The international volleyball match between the USA and Brazil will take place next Wednesday, June 3, 7:30 p.m., in the main gymnasium at UCSD. Tickets are available at

the UCSD box office, (452-4545), the Mesa College athletic department (Ann Heck, 792-2420), or at the USA men's volleyball headquarters, suite 410 of the Lavin Building, 1660 North Hurl Circle Drive, Mission Viejo. For further information, call the team headquarters at 492-4162.

— Amy Chu

## Dorland

(continued from page 1)

photographer Beverly Stevenson. From the time Ellen and Robert Dorland homesteaded Rancho La Brea in the 1930s, they dreamed of sharing their mountain ridge with other artists. The late Robert Dorland divided his energy between playing flute with the San Diego Symphony and exploring higher mathematics at Caltech. Ellen Babcock Dorland, a composer, teacher and concert pianist, taught and performed throughout Europe and the U.S. before retiring to the ranch.

"Tic-tac," which means "everlasting youth" in a local Indian dialect, proved a fitting name — at ninety-two, Ellen Dorland continues to teach music, to study the relationship between poetry and music, and to guide the course of the colony, which is owned and managed by the Nature Conservancy.

Currently, only two or three fellows at a time can be accommodated at Dorland. With the goal of building two new cottages, the Nature Conservancy is hosting a benefit

concert, May 31 at the Maple Creek Art Gallery, 2402 Ketter Boulevard in San Diego. From 2:00 to 5:00 p.m., the atmosphere at Dorland will be approximated in San Diego, with a poster-making demonstration by sculptor Edward Peters, one of the founders of Maple Creek; a poetry reading by Ann Stanford, a member of Dorland's admission committee; music performed on flute and guitar by Jennifer Jeffries Hall, a slide show on Dorland by photographer Beverly Stevenson; and Melvin Horton, a talk by Dorland's project director, Barbara Horton. The gallery is currently showing the joint work of twenty-five San Diego artists. Donations are five dollars for the general public and two dollars for seniors and students, with all proceeds earmarked for improvements at Dorland. For

benefit information call the gallery at 234-2151. For applications or information about becoming a volunteer worker at Dorland Mountain Colony, write to P.O. Box 6, Temecula, California 92190.

— L.E. Patterson

## York

(continued from page 1)

work in the area of arms control began during the Eisenhower administration and continues to the present.

As a youthful physicist from the University of California, Berkeley, he started, and then directed, the prestigious Lawrence Livermore Laboratory at UC Berkeley, which promulgated research under the sponsorship of the Atomic Energy Commission. Shortly thereafter, when President Eisenhower asked for a science committee on nuclear arms control, Herbert York was a likely candidate because of his expertise.

Since then, he has divided his time between government arms control affairs and academia. From 1961 to 1964 York served as chancellor at UCSD, and from 1970 to 1972 as acting chancellor. For the last four years he has been living in Geneva, the site of arms control negotiations.

At present, he is director of the program in science, technology, and public affairs at UCSD, where his work involves national security. The author of two books, including *Race to Oblivion* (1970), and innumerable articles in both scientific and popular journals, York is also a member of the World Affairs Council of San Diego.

Herbert York will speak on Tuesday, June 2, to the World Affairs Council. His talk, "Negotiating with the Soviets," will be given from a personal point of view. Lunch starts at noon at Tom Ham's Lighthouse, 2150 Harbor Island Drive. The talk begins at 1:00 p.m. Both the lunch and talk are \$6.75 per person for members of the World Council and their guests, and \$7.75 per person for nonmembers. The talk alone is two dollars to the general public and free for students. For reservations and further information, call 231-0111.

— E.J. Rackow

# READER'S GUIDE TO THE THEATER

Theater findings are compiled by Jeff Smith, contributing to the young girl and Helen, Jane Helen is the girl's grandmother. Other cast members are Richard Kestler, Elizabeth Rostock, and Tonya.

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6. Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Matinee Saturday at 2:30 p.m.

Wednesday through Saturday, dinner at 6:30 p.m., curtain at 8:30 p.m. Matinee Sunday, brunch at 11:30 a.m., curtain at 1:15 p.m.

**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**  
The Lyric Dinner Theatre's production of the Jewish Shtetl musical is a completely done show, for the most part, but it does not bring out the joy and feel (and thus also the courage of the citizens of Anatevka, a small Jewish community in Carpat Basin of 1905, to experience the former in the face of the latter) that are inherent in the script and that infuse its songs with a degree of depth and feeling rarely found in musicals. The cast is also competent, if at times untrained. Gordon Howard's work as Tevye, the character, as the wooden side, a Bialystoker, is not very compelling version of the original. With a full beard and steady stage presence, Howard looks the part. He also sings reasonably well in a deep, baritone voice. Yet he does not communicate all the complexities of the heart of his seemingly simple character. Tevye is both a hardy survivor and a man who experiences an almost jubilation in a gradual stripping away of the values he has sought to uphold. Howard is only partially successful in showing the cumulative effect of this process. And the lack of a Jewish identity in the part he has taken seems only to diminish our sense of Tevye's remarkable resilience to endure. Of the other members of the large cast, a few more special mention. Pat Porch, as Golda, gives her character a stark, almost underplayed tenacity that suggests strength in reserve. Wendy Shindler and Leslie Gold, as Tzeitel and Hodel, are very nice daughters, despite a wistful quality, the most noteworthy being capable singing voices. They also supply the show with some much needed energy from Larry Shindler, as Perchik, and Gregory Lewis, as Motel the tailor, do the same. At Shtetl's Rabbi, however, is a disabbling over-the-top performance as Shtetl's rabbi, a caricatured mannequin verge on an insupportable parody of the Rabbi's calling. The Lyric's Fiddler on the Roof, a musical about the Jewish people, is not without its moments of musical and dramatic poise. But those moments are fewer than they would have expected both from the show, which last time was *Dances at Siva* and *The Sound of Music* — have been first-rate, and from the great musical. (Sm.)

Lyric Dinner Theatre, through July 19.



Working is a Blessing

**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**  
The Lyric Dinner Theatre's production of the play about the rise of Thomas A. Becket to sainthood, Terrence McNally's lovely costumes, for example, are a mixture of medieval fancy and modern dress. And Gary MacDonald's minimalist set designs suggest the period, around 1170 A.D., but they demonstrate no real-consuming obsession with historical accuracy. No matter. History, for Anouilh, is about as useful as last year's calendar. Becket, in effect, is like a dance, performed by the medieval historical figures of the play about the rise of Thomas A. Becket to sainthood. Terrence McNally's lovely costumes, for example, are a mixture of medieval fancy and modern dress. And Gary MacDonald's minimalist set designs suggest the period, around 1170 A.D., but they demonstrate no real-consuming obsession with historical accuracy. No matter. History, for Anouilh, is about as useful as last year's calendar. 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# READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

## This Week's Concerts

It's difficult to imagine now, but there was a time when women rock performers were not taken very seriously by either the media or the public. In the last days of the Sixties, Linda Ronstadt was known simply as the cute, barefoot singer for a two-piece band called the Stone Poneys. Joni Mitchell was merely David Crosby's chief lover and production client, and Bonnie Raitt was a cover-horned punny serving drinks to businessmen at the Playboy Club in New York. About that same time, Ellen McIlwaine was forming her own blues-rock band and churning with the likes of Jimi Hendrix, Richie Havens, Elvin Bishop, and Muddy Waters.

The Nashville-born McIlwaine was special not only because she was accepted into an all-male environment, but because she gained entrance to that exclusive clique by virtue of her side guitar playing, an unheard-of accomplishment for a woman in those or any other days. Yet, as her discography attests, she's been competing on equal terms with the biggest male rock luminaries.

McIlwaine remained a shadow figure, releasing her own gritty albums of blues and rock and not to mixed reviews and low sales. She seemed a head, unable or unwilling to play the winsome, lovelace charmer, or any of the other archetypes that record companies had created for women performers. McIlwaine wanted to rock, and that confused a lot of people, especially in the marketing offices of Polygram. Even her inclusion on a record called "The Guitar Album," on



ELLEN McILWAINE

which she shared vinyl with Eric Clapton, T-Bone Walker, John McLaughlin, Rory Gallagher, and Roy Buchanan, failed to convince the buying public that a woman guitarist belonged in the same league with such heavies. So McIlwaine gradually faded into the background of the Seventies rock picture, moving to Canada in 1975 (where she played with Quebec's very popular Ville Éclair Blues Band), and returning to Atlanta three years ago to attempt a resurrection of her once promising career. She has supposedly finished work on a sixth album (with Jack Bruce and several Chicago blues figures

sitting in), but I believe that she's still waiting for a record label to pick up the option on the record. Back when McIlwaine's first albums were released, I found her guitar playing remarkable at best and adequate at worst, while her singing struck me as a bit too stylized and grating. With only that memory to go by, I must qualify my recommendation of her appearance this Friday and Saturday night at the Belly Up Tavern in Solana Beach, where she will share a bill with the James Corby Band. The second installment of the Spring Music Festival (the first put on brought you Afro, Road Pump, and

Hiroshima) will feature the Woody Shaw Quintet, Joe Farrell, Manzanita, and the San Diego Jazz All-Stars (which, in turn, features Joe Manilla and Friends). Show's reputation as a fine trumpet corner (Fuglehorn player remains within jazz circles, for the most part. This is to Show's credit, since he has consistently avoided the commercial chthonies of funk, string-laden ballads, and the often artificial energy of fusion that might have attracted a larger following. No happy media celebs. Show's less-than-robust reading of his pop-to-ballad repertoire and elegant playing

didn't really come into the light until Dexter Gordon used him and his band upon Gordon's return to the States in 1975. Since that time, Show's career has progressed as thoughtfully and smoothly as one of his unmistakable solos, and his performances are among those most enthusiastically anticipated by fans of straight-ahead jazz. I'm not certain if Show's current group is the same as that which has been banishing the West Coast for the past couple of years, but I can heartily endorse his concert here no matter who sits in with him. By putting him on the same bill with Joe Farrell, one of the better tenor sax flutists around (when he's not playing childish games with Chick Corea), the folks of International Blend have practically guaranteed a "can't miss" for discriminating jazz buffs. Adding local color to the proceedings will be Manzanita and the San Diego Jazz All-Stars, and hopefully the weather will cooperate when five action begins at 1 p.m. this Sunday at the San Diego City College's Athletic Field.

In other concert news this week, Spirit has Dik, DeBorah and the Root People and Actual Size tonight. Thursday, Deez, Beaky and the Blue Tones, and Sue Me will compare Gels' Night Out on the same club on Friday, and the Zipper and the Rick Black Band follow them on Saturday night. Strange Daze will perform their tribute to the Doors at the Roachpot on Sunday at 8 p.m., and thirty minutes later Kevin Lettau and Ron Satterfield will close out the San Diego Music and Jazz Singers Series at the Gaslamp Quarter Theatre, downtown. Monday looks quiet, but the Spirit will bring "I'm a Boy" in on Tuesday, and the Twosies will put the week in perspective on Wednesday from the same stage. — John D'Agostino

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**SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1:00 PM TILL DUSK**

San Diego City College Athletic Field (12th & 'A' St.)  
INFORMATION: CALL 284-9633 or 287-6718 or 288-1731  
Tickets \$6.25 Advance  
Ticketon (all locations) - License Plaza - Fiquette Records - Chameleon Records - Prophet & Back - International Blend - Earth Song (Book store [Del Mar] and Blue Services) or 7 days a week at NAVSTA Bowling Center \$1 Discount  
NO BUTTLES - NO CANS

**International Blend**  
Sals & Coffee House  
4034 30th Street, (at 36th) 287-6718  
No Age Limit

**JUNE**

**Monday's COMEDY NITE**  
with Don Victor  
Workshop 6:30 Signup 8:15  
SHOWCASE 8:30 No cover charge

**Thursday's TALENT NITE**

**Sunday's JAZZ NITE**

**June 5th Salsa Dance**

**June 7th JIM STOREY**  
NEW JAZZ EXPERIENCE

**June 11th Direct from England EQUATORS**  
RaggaSka

**June 12th CHARLES OWENS**

**June 13th CHARLES OWENS**

**June 19th Salsa Dance**

**June 20th ART BLANKY**  
Jazz Messengers

**June 21st STAN GETZ**

**June 26th Salsa Dance**

**June 28th JIM STOREY**  
NEW JAZZ EXPERIENCE

After hours with  
**STEREO 90—NOVENTA FM**

KSON & KGB · FM 101.5 welcome  
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special guest star  
**LEON RUSSELL and the NEW GRASS REVIVAL**

Introducing the Musical Comedy of  
**DON BOWMAN**

**DEL MAR RACE TRACK—FRIDAY JUNE 5, 8:00 PM**

Easily reached by auto, train or bus!



Reserved seats, \$12.50. Infield general admission, \$10.00 in advance, \$11.00 day of show—50% military discount. Gates open at 5 PM.  
Tickets available at all Ticketmaster & Select-a-seat locations. Del Mar Box Office open day of show ONLY.  
Tickets available also at: KSON studios in College Grove Center  
NO alcoholic beverages, drugs, cans, containers of liquid, fireworks, sleeping bags or animals allowed.  
Produced by **RAUL WATSON** **TELEVISION** 3 Greek Theatre shows SOLD OUT  
L.A. and Orange County come on down!

The Music Scene continues every Friday and Saturday 5:30-10:30 p.m. with a variety of live entertainment. Call 234-2008 for more information and photos to be used in the Music Scene. For more information call 234-2008. For more information call 234-2008.

## San Diego Concerts

Dirk Debonaire and the Boat People and Actual Size: 8pm, tonight, Thursday, May 28, 9pm, 10:30, Sunday, 275-3943.

Ellen McIlwaine and the James Conway Band: 8pm, 9pm, 10:30, Sunday, 275-3943.

### LITTLE BAVARIA

CARMEL VALLEY ROAD DEL MAR  
Largest dance floor in North County

**Tonight, Thursday, May 28**  
**PACIFIC BEACH RHYTHM & BLUES BAND**

**Friday, May 29**  
*Tweed Sneakers*

**Thursday, June 4**  
**THE BLITZ BAND**  
**RICK ELIAS BAND**

Wednesday-Friday Lunch served 11 a.m.-2 p.m.  
MUST BE 21. I.D. REQUIRED

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**Reggae: Sound of the Eighties**



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**THE FRIENDS BAND**  
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ADVANCE TICKETS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

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A Del Mar Tradition

WEDNESDAY NIGHT KANON SPECIALS 9:30-11:30 PM

THURSDAY NIGHT KANON SPECIALS 9:30-11:30 PM

FRIDAY NIGHT KANON SPECIALS 9:30-11:30 PM

SATURDAY NIGHT KANON SPECIALS 9:30-11:30 PM

SUNDAY NIGHT KANON SPECIALS 9:30-11:30 PM

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Jerry Weintraub & Concerts West present

**KGB-FM 101.5 WELCOMES**

# The Moody Blues

1981 Long Distance Voyage



**THE SAN DIEGO SPORTS ARENA**  
**MON., JUNE 22, 8:00 PM**  
**TICKETS GO ON SALE SATURDAY, MAY 30**  
**ALL SEATS RESERVED: \$10.50 and \$9.50**

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE SPORTS ARENA BOX OFFICE AND  
 ALL ARENA TICKET AGENCIES: MAD JACK'S SOUND CENTERS  
 & LEO STEREO STORES.

*The Long Distance Voyager is available on  
 Polygram Records & Tapes.*

Cadence Avenue, Solana Beach  
 481-9022: Becky and the  
 Blue-Tones, rhythm and blues,  
 Tuesday: The Chicago Jay-De  
 Dilemma, Friday afternoon: Ellen  
 McWhorter, slide guitar, with the  
 James Corro Band, rock and roll,  
 Friday and Saturday: The Foxes,  
 country rock, Wednesday.

Black Angus, 5247 Keamy Villa  
 Road, Kearny Mesa, 279-3100  
 Special K, contemporary, Tuesday  
 through Saturday.

Black Angus, 707 E Street, Chula  
 Vista, 429-2200: Top 40, Call club  
 for information.

Black Angus, 10370 Friar Road,  
 Mission Valley, 553-5862: Secrets,  
 contemporary, Monday through  
 Saturday.

Black Angus, 1000 Graves  
 Avenue, El Cajon, 440-5055:  
 Fantasia, contemporary, Monday  
 through Saturday.

Black Frog Restaurant, 4672  
 Frederick Boulevard, East San  
 Diego, 264-5797: Sammy Titt  
 Organ Trio featuring Holly  
 Maxwell, jazz, Friday through  
 Sunday.

Wormy Stone Pub, 5617 Balboa  
 Avenue, Chula Vista, 279-2033:  
 Benny McNally, folk ballads,  
 Wednesday through Sunday.

Blue Parrot, 1208 Prospect Street,  
 La Jolla, 454-9131: Bill Coleman  
 Quartet, jazz, Thursday; Don  
 Menasco, jazz, Friday and  
 Saturday; Mexican Flamenco Trio,  
 flamenco music and dance,  
 Sunday; Gary Music Co., Latin  
 jazz, Monday; Sammy Titt Organ  
 Trio, jazz, Tuesday; Dilemma,  
 Wednesday.

Boat House, 2040 Harbor Island  
 Drive, Harbor Island, 291-8010:  
 Portland Malcol, contemporary,  
 Wednesday through Saturday.

Babbar's, 485 First Street,  
 Encinitas, 436-7267: Jerry McCann  
 and the Gigolos, jazz, Friday,  
 Saturday, and Wednesday;  
 Johnny Almond and Mike  
 Lessem, blues, Sunday  
 through Tuesday.

Bombardier Bicycle Club, 2806  
 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island,  
 226-2483: Manzanita, jazz,  
 Thursday through Saturday; Steve  
 with Jacquin Dix Press, Tom  
 Bechler, and Mike Thomas,  
 rock-jazz fusion, Sunday and  
 Monday.

The Bounty Hunter, 135 North  
 Highway 101, Solana Beach,  
 481-5758: The Foxes, country rock,  
 Thursday; San Diego Blues and  
 Electric, rhythm and blues, jazz,  
 Friday and Saturday; the Foxes,  
 country rock, Wednesday.

Bull and Bear, 690 North Second  
 Street, El Cajon, 440-5757: Native  
 Son, contemporary, Wednesday  
 through Saturday.

**STRIPES!**  
 are in.

**STRIPES!**  
 LOVED BY ALL

**BUCK'S TICKET SERVICE**  
 CHOICE SEATS ON SALE NOW FOR  
**WILLIE NELSON** FRI. JUNE 5  
**KOOL JAZZ** FESTIVAL ON  
 \*RUSH JUNE 9 IN SAN DIEGO - JUNE 10-14 IN L.A.  
**JOURNEY** \* **PLASMATICS**  
 VENTURA-SUN. JUNE 7 MON. JUNE 15  
**TOM PETTY** \* **VAN HALEN**  
 IN L.A. JUNE 28-30 IN L.A. JUNE 19, 20

RESERVE CHOICE SEATS NOW FOR  
**MOODY BLUES** IN SAN DIEGO  
**ROLLING STONES** KINKS AUG.  
 RED - J. GEILS - AC/DC - SANTANA - CHUCK MANGIONE  
 PAT BENATAR - ELO - CHRISTOPHER CROSS - GEO. BENSON  
 ROD STEWART - WHO - HEART - PRETENDERS - STARSHIP  
 JOE WALSH - JIMMY BUFFETT - GORDON LIGHTFOOT - ZZ TOP  
 WE WILL BE GLAD TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. CALL US!  
 A SMALL REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT GUARANTEES YOU CHOICE SEATS.  
 2725 GARNET 273-4567 CALL US!  
 PACIFIC BEACH

**Le Chalet**  
 Entertainment by the sea  
 Never a cover charge  
**Le Happy Hour 5-7 Mon.-Sat.**  
**Wide Screen Cable Sports**

**ASAP**  
 Tonight only, Thursday  
**HIGHWAY ROBBERY**  
 High energy Rock & Roll  
 Friday & Saturday  
**BAND AUDITIONS**  
 Sunday afternoon 4 to 7 p.m.  
 Litres of Margaritas only \$3.00

**The Critters**  
 ...a tasty blend of the best in country, rock, blues and  
 finely-crafted originals.  
 Sunday & Monday

**ONYX**  
 Southern Rock  
 Tuesday & Wednesday  
 "Just a stroll to the O.B. Pier"  
 5046 Newport Ave. 222-5300

**SAN DIEGO TICKET EXCHANGE**  
 ON SALE NOW  
 ★★ **WILLIE NELSON** ★★  
 DEL MAR RACETRACK FRI. NIGHT JUNE 5  
 ★★ **RUSH** ★★  
 SAN DIEGO JUNE 9  
 RESERVE NOW FOR FUTURE CONCERTS  
**MOODY BLUES + KINKS + BOWIE + SANTANA**  
**ROD STEWART + TOM PETTY + J. GEILS**  
**R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON + ROLLING STONES**  
 CALL US BUY-SELL-TRADE SEAWORLD AT  
 FIRST CHARGE BY PHONE DISCOUNT PRICES  
**1504 FERN STREET**  
 298-8570

**MY RICH UNCLE'S**  
 and Carlos' Restaurant  
 287-7332  
 6205 El Cajon Blvd.  
 (SOUTH OF EAST 16TH STREET)

THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY MAY 28-30  
**THE BLAZE**  
 SUNDAY, MAY 31  
**MONDAY & TUESDAY, JUNE 1 & 2**  
**THE FEEDBACK**  
 MY RICH UNCLES PROUDLY PRESENTS SAN DIEGO'S  
 TWO FINEST BANDS. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THESE TWO  
 INCREDIBLE BANDS HAVE PLAYED TOGETHER.  
 ADVANCED TICKETS ON SALE \$4.00

WED. JUNE 3  
**JERRY RANEY & the SHAMES**  
 PLUS THE  
**RICK ELIAS BAND**  
 COMING SOON  
**TALAVISION, PENETRATORS**  
**10c BEER**  
 4:30-8:30 DAILY  
 (AT THE ROUNDER'S ROOM ONLY)  
**HAPPY HOUR**  
 4:30-6:30 MONDAY-SATURDAY



**The Carriage House**, 7945  
Balboa Avenue, Clairemont.  
278-2597: Skip Garcia.

Avenue, College Grove. 582-5821.  
Birdie Carter Trio, jazz. Thursday  
through Saturday.

**Da Vinci's**, 626 E Street, Chula Vista 427-8880: Top 40, nightly.

**Dookies**, 4125 El Cajon Boulevard  
San Diego, 283-6581; Paul Gregg

**Fat City**, 2137 Pacific Highway, downtown. 232-0686: Melissa

the  
anti

Reservations recommended

Old

Who -  
ZZ T  
San

Helen - REO Speedwagon (in S.C.)  
Blondie - Rod Stewart - Bowie -  
- Pat Benatar - Blue Oyster Cult

Alice Cooper  
Co. - Devo  
rt - Clash

**FLASHMASTERS**

*NEW HOPE FOR  
THE WRETCHED*


Featuring Wendy O. Williams

**Monday, June 15 at 8 pm**

*"Sometimes I feel it when you're down on your knees"*

San Diego Golden Hall  
 Tickets \$9.00 advance, \$10.00 day of show.  
 All Select-A-Seat outlets, all Trip Tickets, Golden Hall Box Office

**lehr's cabaret**  
PRESENTS




America's most outstanding ELVIS impressionist

**Jonathon Von Brana**  
&  
**Thunderbird**

Appearing May 27—June 6, Wed.—Sat. 9 p.m.—2 a.m.

**WEDNESDAYS!**  
Well doubles for the price of singles  
**THURSDAYS!**  
Thursday is Kamikaze night—Kamikazes \$1.00



**lehr's greenhouse**  
*restaurant and florist*


7020 Camino del Mar South, Mission Valley 299-2879

7:30 to 10:00 \$2.00

# WE'RE NOT

## The Magic If

The band of a thousand faces. You'll see 7 wild and witty musician-comedians bring back the variety show with panache, verve and loads of unpredictably original material. The Magic If's own unique brand of Music and Comedy Tuesday through Saturday, 9-1. Sundowner lounge (to miss it, is to miss out).



Sharon

1500 HAZARD

140 S. Aurora      Marina Square      705-6733

# ED FOR OUR MUSIC.



**Stone's Throw**

They'll take you on a musical tour of the 20s through the 60s — from sultry blues to swing to rock — with sets of pizza! 9s-11. Tuesday-Saturday. At The Butterfield.

Serving light (and interesting!) fare. Cocktails. Fancy coffers.

Vintage wines by the glass and imported beers. (Try the fried clams, they're great.)

(Kavanaugh apart from the rest.)

**Harbor Island Hotel**

Marina and more. Worthwhile.  
1000 Harbor Island Drive, San Diego, CA 92161 (214) 231-2900

**C Mon-Down**  
Every Tuesday through Saturday



**Tail Cotton**

This Friday, May 29

**\$400**

**DANCE**

**CONTEST**

Finals being held  
during band breaks

Every Tues. & Thurs. 7-9 pm

**Free Country Dance Lessons**

Every Sunday and Monday

**Jetexas**

Rockin' Country

**7-DAY MEXICAN BUFFET**

**LUNCH** Mon.—Fri., 11—2 '3"  
**BRUNCH** Sat.—Sun., 11—3 '4"  
**DINNER** Every Eve. 5—8:30 '4"

**Midway & Rosecrans 224-2401**



## PETER SPRAGUE & DANCE OF THE UNIVERSE ORCHESTRA

Coming in June:  
**KEVYN LETTAU**  
Vocalist from Peter Sprague and Dance of the Universe Orchestra  
with the **MEL GOOT** Group

1309 Camino Del Mar 755-6744

## Hill House RESTAURANT & BAR



## Connor & Dalton

Contemporary, Folk, Rock, Country  
Wed. & Thurs. 8:30-12:30, Fri. & Sat. 9:00-1:30

## Barrie Cunningham

Rockabilly, Country Rock & Contemporary  
Sunday thru Tuesday



Reservations recommended for lunch, dinner and Sunday Champagne Brunch. Banquet facilities available. 2730 Via de la Valle - Del Mar - 755-6814 In the Flower Hill Mall

## HALCYON

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

## Poison Ivy

Sunday-Monday

## FOUR EYES

Dinner Specials

Monday-Complimentary beer and wine while you dine

Tuesday-Spaghetti special-All you can eat with salad & garlic bread \$325

Hill House, 2730 Via de la Valle, Del Mar, 755-6814. Del Mar, 755-6814. Del Mar, 755-6814. Del Mar, 755-6814.

Hilton Cargo Bar, 1775 East Mission Bay Drive, Mission Bay, 276-4010. Peacock, 276-4010. Peacock, 276-4010.

Holiday Inn/Embroidery, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5720. Tony Drew, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

Holiday Inn/Mission Valley, 595 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-5720. Tony Drew, piano bar, Tuesday through Saturday.

Horsehoe Tavern, 7604 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 469-6344. Ram Band, rock and roll, Thursday through Saturday.

Houston's Old Place, 5323 Mission Center Road, Mission Valley, 297-6370. Partners, contemporary, Friday and Saturday.

Humphrey's, 801 Main Inn, 2241 Shelter Island Drive, Shelter Island, 224-3577. The Jon Sandoval Band, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Rho Moss, piano bar, Tuesday through Friday.

Hungry Hunter, 1221 Vista Way, Coronado, 433-2633. Sue Kirkpatrick, contemporary and originals, Thursday through Saturday. Ralburn and Palmer, contemporary, Sunday and Monday.

Islands Hotel, 1441 Quivira Road, Mission Bay, 224-3541. Butch Lucy, jazz, Wednesday through Saturday.

Islands Lounge, Harbortel Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, Mission Valley, 297-1101. Elements, contemporary and dance music, Tuesday through Saturday. Jinnah Williams, mellow music, Sunday and Monday. Polynesian music and dance, Thursday through Sunday.

Jo Ely Club, 379-23 Juniper Street, North Park, 284-8672. Crowd-dancers, rhythm and blues, Thursday.

Judy Rogers, 807 West Harbor Drive, Seaport Village, 233-4300. Pelican Alley, contemporary, Wednesday through Saturday.

Judy Rogers, 1020 West Harbor Drive, Coronado, 722-1831. Tony Soraci Trio, popular oldies through contemporary, Wednesday through Sunday.

Jose Murphy's, 4302 Mission Boulevard, Pacific Beach, 276-3220. David Bradley, variety, Thursday through Saturday. Thunderbolt the Wondercat, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday. The Nomads, rock and blues, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Journey, 5375 Kearny Villa Road, Kearny Mesa, 276-2940. The Penetrators, rock and roll, with the Pease, rock and roll, and the Originals, rock and roll, Saturday.

Krazy George's, 6447 University Avenue, East San Diego, 563-5700. Country Paradise, country, Friday and Saturday.

Kang Food, 2949 Fifth Avenue, Hillcrest, 298-7302. Bob Ward, classical guitar, Thursday. Pat Barber, classical guitar, Friday. Carlos X. Pema, vibes, Saturday and Sunday.

La Casa Blanca Restaurant, 2444 San Diego Avenue, Old Town, 295-6380. Ricardo Bierna, jazz featuring in Spanish and English, Friday through Sunday.

La Hacienda Cantina, 878 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 298-6281. Eddie & Cholo, contemporary, Tuesday through Saturday. Night Wings, contemporary, Sunday.

Lakeland Resort, Highway 101, Covington, 765-0736. Country western every Friday and Saturday. Call club for information.

## THE NEW BOX OFFICE

1600 Alameda, Coronado Island, 444-5511. Mission Valley, 294-5511.

Thursday, May 28

## GROUND ZERO

Friday & Saturday, May 29 & 30

heavy rock & roll with



San Diego's most intense heavy rock band

Sunday, May 31st

Garden's Night with

## NASTY HABITS

DANCING FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT

Admission is free until 9:00 p.m.

## NASHVILLE WEST

LIVE COUNTRY MUSIC & DANCING AT ITS BEST

## \$1 A DRINK

Any well drink or beer is just one buck

AND

We still feature the great country music of

## LOVE STAR EXPRESS

No cover charge Sunday-Thursday

Cover on Friday & Saturday is

ONLY \$1

## COUNTRY DANCE CLASSES

Every Sunday & Monday 7 p.m.

4240 West Point Loma Blvd.

Open daily 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. 224-8282

## MOM'S SALOON



## Pocketful

Appearing May 26 through June 14

June 1

Special Dance Contest

Happy Hour: 10-9 Every Night All Drinks Doubles at Regular Price

Beer Pickers: \$1.05/Class 25c, \$1.05 Drink Special Mon.-Thurs.

LIVE ROCK & ROLL EVERY NIGHT

229-1083 945 Garnet P.B.

Le Chateau, 5046 Newport Avenue, Ocean Beach, 222-5300. Pub, rock and roll, Thursday. Highway Station, country rock and blues, Friday and Saturday. Critics, rock and roll, Sunday and Monday. One, Southern rock, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Little Ravaria, Carmel Valley, Road (between 15 and 101), Del Mar, 755-1383. Tweed Snedden, rock and roll, Friday, polka band, Saturday.

Lehr's Greenhouse, 2828 Camino

del Rio South, Mission Valley, 296-2828. Live music, Thursday through Saturday. Call club for information.

Little Ravaria, Carmel Valley, Road (between 15 and 101), Del Mar, 755-1383. Tweed Snedden, rock and roll, Friday, polka band, Saturday.

Leading Zone, 4198 Convey Street, Claremont, 277-9869. Fuse, rock and roll, Thursday. The Fuel, band, rock and roll, Friday. Dark, Ryker, rock and roll, Saturday. Warlock, rock and roll, Sunday. The Flyz, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday. Dark Ryker, rock and roll, Wednesday.

Leading Zone, 4198 Convey Street, Claremont, 277-9869. Fuse, rock and roll, Thursday. The Fuel, band, rock and roll, Friday. Dark, Ryker, rock and roll, Saturday. Warlock, rock and roll, Sunday. The Flyz, rock and roll, Monday and Tuesday. Dark Ryker, rock and roll, Wednesday.

London Opera House, 5404 Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8574. A Pair of Peaches, featuring Diane Dixon and Christy Lee, country, Friday and Saturday.

London Opera House, 5404 Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8574. A Pair of Peaches, featuring Diane Dixon and Christy Lee, country, Friday and Saturday.

Longshot Saloon, 843 Grand Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8574. A Pair of Peaches, featuring Diane Dixon and Christy Lee, country, Friday and Saturday.

Longshot Saloon, 843 Grand Avenue, San Marcos, 744-8574. A Pair of Peaches, featuring Diane Dixon and Christy Lee, country, Friday and Saturday.

LEFT TRACK PRODUCTIONS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH

## RUKKUS

IN AN ARTIST'S MANAGEMENT AGREEMENT FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL: (714) 387-6815

RESTAURANT

## BLUE PARROT

Live Jazz - Great Lunches & Dinners

Thurs. Bill Coleman Quartet 9:00 am  
Fri. Sat. Don Menza Quartet 9:00 am  
Sun. Mosca Flamenco Trio 9:00 am  
Mon. Gary Music Co. 9:00 am  
Tues. Sammy Trist Organ Trio 9:00 am  
Wed. Dixieland 9:00 am

Cable Saloon - June 4, 5, 6  
Miss Anita O'Day - June 20  
1208 Prospect, La Jolla, Opposite the Cove, 484-9131

Tom & Flo welcome you to

## THE LONGSHOT SALOON

Friday & Saturday

## A Pair of Peaches

Diane Dixon & Christy Lee

Saturday, May 30

## Longshot Saloon

1st Anniversary Party

Featuring homemade pizza & fine Italian food  
843 Grand Avenue, San Marcos  
744-8576  
11 a.m.-2 a.m., closed Sunday

## DANCE

This Saturday

## PENETRATORS

FLEXIES ORIGINALS

## JOURNEY

5375 Kearny Villa Road, Claremont Mesa (off ramp)  
279-2040

## THE CLUB ALTERNATIVE

A PARTY CLUB FOR NICE PEOPLE - PROMOTING A NON-"DISCO" OR NON-"SINGLES-BAR" ATMOSPHERE

- A refreshing, new social exchange for the "thinking person," with special appeal to the creative or professional.
- An exciting new outlet for sincere, unpretentious people to enjoy good conversation and friendship in a party atmosphere.
- Singles & couples over 21. Alcohol served.
- Cost: nothing to join. Pay separate cover for each party.
- Each party at a different location.
- Unusually pleasant "musician's choice" music, like contemporary jazz, pop, international selections, soundtrack favorites, etc. - alternating between dancing and listening numbers (no hard disco, rock, easy listening, or live acts).
- TRIPS, OUTDOOR FUNCTIONS, HOLIDAY & MASQUERADE PARTIES

FOR MORE INFORMATION: 298-6309, Mon. thru Sat. 4-7 p.m.

## Rock & Roll SAPPHIRE

Saturday 8 p.m.

## TUBA-MANS

Grand Slam & Sports Reception

Giant screen T.V. Cocktails, beer and fine food. Families welcome. -FOOD TO GO- 2551 University 295-9426 (just east of Texas St.)

## THE LOADING ZONE

Friday, May 29

## THE PUSH BAND

Performs their non-stop, high energy, electro-rock show

Saturday, May 30

## DARK RYDER

Red hot southern rock

Thursday, May 28

## FUZE

High voltage rock-n-roll-No cover

Kamikaze 50'-9:00 p.m. till closing

Monday & Tuesday, June 1 & 2

Catch a buzz with

## THE FLYZ

Well vodka drinks-75c-No cover

Sunday, May 31

## WARLOCK

Rock-n-roll-No cover

Coming in June-Rick Elias

4198 Convey St.  
277-9869

(one half block south of Balboa)  
Featuring San Diego's finest live entertainment  
Plenty of free, lighted parking

## Jim Seal & Swift Kick

Orange County's Premiere Country/Western Band!

Tuesdays thru Saturdays, 8PM to 1AM!

## Montanna's Revenge

Cowboy Country!

Sunday & Monday Nights, 8PM to 1AM!

Free dance lessons every Thursday evening 8 PM

## RODEO

Lunch, Dinner, Cocktails & Live Entertainment.  
La Jolla Village Dr. and Villa La Jolla Dr. Phone 457-5590  
THE COUNTRY/WESTERN NIGHT CLUB WITH A TOUCH OF CITY CLASS.



















**1**

**Chateaubriand  
for Two  
\$1500**

Chateaubriand is dining at its best, a flavor dish known for tenderness, preparation and incredible taste.

Crystal T's Emporium now brings you that experience daily 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. at a price that's hard to believe. For only \$15.00 you and a companion will savor this delicious dish which includes:

- Chateaubriand for two persons
- Dinner Saled or Soup
- Vegetable du jour
- Potato du jour
- 1/2 Carafe Wine or Split of Champagne

**Crystal T's Emporium**

In front of the Town and Country Hotel, Mission Valley, 291-7131.

**EL MORO**  
**Restaurant**  
 The only one of its kind!!  
**Do as the**  
**Spaniards do!**



**By popular demand!**  
**Flamenco entertainment expanded**  
**to Thursday, Friday and Saturday**  
**nights**

**Experience Gypsy Flamenco.**  
**Try our authentic cuisine.**  
**Drink wine from a "Porron."**

Lunch 11:00-2:30, Dinner 5:00-10:00  
 Sunday Brunch 12:00-4:00

**Reservations Necessary**

**Marina Village—Mission Bay      1845 Quivira Rd. 222-2883**

**BUY GOOD**, reconditioned color TV portables, for fraction of new cost. Black & white also. 90-day carry-in labor warranty. Detsa TV, 4215 University. 281-9759.

**BATHTUB ENCLOSURE**, used, sliding doors, tempered, clear glass, aluminum frame. Fits up to 59" x 25". 222-7095, afternoon.

18 POOL FILTER, pump, cost \$750 at Wards. Well \$325, bike exerciser, Sears, \$65, truckload firewood from construction, \$40; Sam Gym, \$25. 907.3332

801

(across from Ace Drive-in Theatre)  
Sunday-Thursday 11 a.m.-10 p.m.  
Friday & Saturday 11 a.m.-11 p.m.

**WATERBED, COMPLETE,** queensize with heater, excellent condition but no room in apartment. Best offer: Rodney 465-9639, keep bying.

**Mann Theatre Complex**  
Hwy 78 at El Camino Real  
2641 Vista Way, Suite 4  
Oceanside 439-1652

two locations:  
392 N. El Camino Real  
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**POINT LOMA RIDGE** huge old mansion with great cottage on private corner lot. 1-1/2. Close by 7th. Callouts from call. 449-4445. 117-1500.

**LEAVING STATE** must sell 2 condos. Adobe Falls 2 bedroom with all amenities. Near 405. Must sell in San Carlos with all on with best price and terms. 562-9333.

**NORTH-10th (DINO)** Party house 2 bedroom 1-1/2. 1/2 bath home on 1st. Acres. For more info. Must sell. Call 449-4445. 117-1500.

**PROPERTY MANAGEMENT** Available. Full management for your business and rental properties. Call for info in your property. 782-1136. 281-6887. 473-8591.

**FINANCING/RENTAL** 2 bedroom 2 bath. 130,000 down & assume loan with payments of 1849 per month. Call 782-1136. 281-6887. 473-8591.

**CONCRETE** 2 bedroom 1-1/2 bath. 130,000 down & assume loan with payments of 1849 per month. Call 782-1136. 281-6887. 473-8591.

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**PATIO TOMATOES** — Grow your tomatoes in a pot!

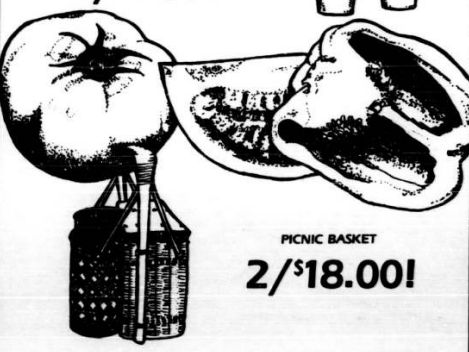
**GIANT BEEFSTEAK** — Grows 30-50 tomatoes per plant!

**BELL PEPPERS** — Grows 15-30 giant peppers per plant!

**PETUNIAS, MARIGOLDS, MARGUERITE DAISES**

**4" POTS — MIX OR MATCH**

**2/\$1.00!**



Good with this ad thru June 3

**180 Washington St.  
3rd & Washington in Hillcrest  
Open 9-7; 7 Days a Week  
291-0215**

**PICNIC BASKET**

**2/\$18.00!**



**MISSION RIDGE** by Stadium low down Adobe 1 1/2 bath in shower 1 bedroom 1 1/2 bath condo with terms. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**184-100 LA MESA TOWNHOUSE** 2 bedroom 2 bath garage patio. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**DEL MAR CONDO** 198,000 by owner 2 bedroom 2 bath pool and jacuzzi. 11876. 562-9333.

**ASSUME 10% LOAN** 2 bedroom 2 bath condo. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**PRIVATE LAKES** — AND DENSE TREES in the heart of Mt. Vista. National California 40 acres. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**FOR SALE BY OWNER** 2 bedroom 2 bath. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**20 ACRES NEAR JAGUAR** 20 acres. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**DEL CERRO** 1-1/2 bath large lot. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**BY OWNER** 4 bedroom 2 bath den fireplace double garage. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**2 BEDROOM** 1 bath Terrace Green condo off South Bay. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**BY OWNER** 194,000 3 bedroom 2 bath den. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**SAN CARLOS CONDO** in Hyde Park Villas. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**CORONADO** Assume 10% loan with owner carrying second. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**VIEW LOTS** 5/8 acre. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**RANCHO BERNARDO** Seven Oaks adult condo. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**LOWN 2nd** must shed 118,500 and a 3rd must shed 118,500. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**SMALL LOT FOR SALE** near Coronado. 281-0142 after 5pm.

**184-100 LA MESA TOWNHOUSE** 2 bedroom 2 bath garage patio. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**DEL MAR CONDO** 198,000 by owner 2 bedroom 2 bath pool and jacuzzi. 11876. 562-9333.

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**20 ACRES NEAR JAGUAR** 20 acres. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**DEL CERRO** 1-1/2 bath large lot. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

**BY OWNER** 4 bedroom 2 bath den fireplace double garage. 138,000. 281-2614 or 281-6887.

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## How to Place Your Free Classifieds

**DON'T CALL US.** Due to the large volume of free classifieds, we cannot call you. Please do not call us to ask how to place your classifieds. We will call you. All ads, or to request information from ads, must be in print.

**BUSINESS CLASSIFIEDS.** Business classifieds, of local and national interest, must be in print. They may be in print, but they must be in print. They may be in print, but they must be in print. They may be in print, but they must be in print.

**FREE CLASSIFIEDS.** Ads of less than 25 words are free. To place your ad, you must be in print. To place your ad, you must be in print. To place your ad, you must be in print.

**ADVERTISING.** Ads of more than 25 words are not free. To place your ad, you must be in print. To place your ad, you must be in print. To place your ad, you must be in print.

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