

JANUARY 1966

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Rancho Santa Fe Library Guild

By MELISSA LEE

The Library Guild monthly Board meeting was held at the Library Thursday, Jan. 5th. It was officially announced that Mrs. S. Y. (Fran) Johnson, who has served as county Librarian at our local library was granted a six months leave of absence for further augmented study in Library Science at San Diego State College.

It was also announced that Mr. Arthur B. Murray, Head of the County Library System had appointed Mrs. William E. Fraser (Kathryn) to be the replacement during Mrs. Johnson's absence. Mrs. Fraser has an imposing background for this position, to mention three outstanding qualifications; she served as secretary to Mr. Laurence M. Klauber, Vice-President in Charge of Operations of the San Diego Gas and Electric Co., and typed Mr. Klauber's outstanding material for his famous book on snakes. She served as Librarian of the San Diego Gas & Electric Co.'s Library and catalogued books at the Oceanside Hospital.

The latest books added to the Guild's permanent collection (purchased by Guild funds) are:
NON-FICTION:

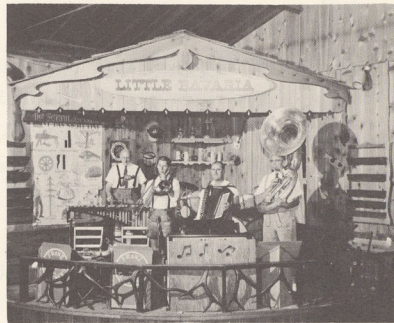
No Laurels for De Gaulle by Mengin
The F.B.I.'s Most Famous Cases by Tully
Comparative Guide to American Colleges by Cass, Birnbaum

MYSTERY:

The Window Watcher by Archer
The Manhood of Henry Winters by Kirkbride

FICTION:

The Chinese Visitor by Eastwood



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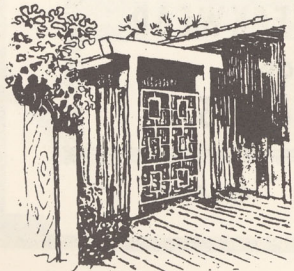
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Breaking The Sound Barrier

By DEL COLBY

If "Tranquility" is a function of silence then tranquility is a condition fast disappearing from our daily lives. We have come to the Ranch for many reasons but I think most of us are looking for one last island of contentment where we can preserve for just a little longer, the life that we have found good in the past. But now each day we are shattered by the roar of the Navy planes from Miramar (we are grateful they are ours) or by the noxious racket of uncontrolled exhausts from motor scooters (for which I'm most ungrateful). Even the local political scene seems to be upsetting. We understand that some of the Association directors aren't even trying to be re-elected. Seldom is there a time when one can listen and not hear some sound of civilization or feel some barrier is separating one from nature. There is to me, one remaining refuge and I doubt anyone will be surprised by what else I have to say.

I hold that there remains one last stronghold of "Tranquility" and that stronghold is your garden. Here is a place where one can ignore the sounds and confusion of the outer world and deal creatively with the minor confusions and problems presented by Nature. For instance; "NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT BARE-ROOT ROSES". Planting a seemingly dried up bunch of stems and roots and watching them develop rapidly into a vigorous bush with magnificent bloom, is most reassuring. Certain procedures in planting must be observed, of course, but I'm tired of writing instructions and I'm sure you are tired of reading them. Let's just use good sense about watering (sic) and keep a sharp eye peeled for invasion of hostile insects that will arrive with the coming warm weather. If you do want specific instructions about gardening, we will be more than happy to talk to you personally. Maybe next month we will be less philosophical and more specific about garden problems. Anyhow, January isn't much of a month for gardening.



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Guest Editorial



By ELIZABETH CHATAIN

MY IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

"Wonderful, marvelous," were the only two words I knew, when I first came here, to express my enthusiasm. (about America) And then the kids at San Dieguito decided to teach me some American slang words. Now my American vocabulary is better, but I still think that America is "wonderful!"

I have been exactly four months now and I think everyday I have found something new, different, and interesting.

I had hardly gotten acquainted with my "welcoming" family when I was drafted by my school, San Dieguito. It is quite a change because none of the French schools are co-educational. The French schools are also just a building where you go to study. There are no football and basketball games; no meetings, no dances, and no pep rallies at school. The sports are not as important, in France and I was surprised, but happy to find out that here I can learn how to play "boys" sports during my gym classes. So I have found San Dieguito more fun, more relaxing and by these things, I can like school.

I think I'll remember forever, my first football game which confused and amazed me. And I'll never forget my first date when a boy whom I didn't really know called me and asked me to a dance. I was going to say no—because of my French habit of saying no, when you really don't know the boy—but my "mom," who is so much help for all these new things, told me I could say yes. I'll never regret it; it was a lot of fun.

I like American weekends. (In France we must go to school on Saturdays.) The weekends have given me time to travel a little bit, with my family. By this way, I went to Disneyland; Los Angeles, and San Diego. Disneyland was fantastic! I had never heard of Disneyland before and my surprise was large. My family encouraged me to go on all the rides, which made it more fun.

It was so much fun, so much laughing, that didn't want to leave, but when we did we went to the ghost city. (Knott's Berry Farm). This I really enjoyed too.

I have discovered and loved American music! I have gone to many classical or jazz concerts.

My sister who is a very busy and active girl takes me to many meetings, dances, and games which are really new and interesting for me.

I spend much time also with a sporting life like: riding, swimming, ice skating, and skiing. Skiing was another terrific experience I've had.

I went with the Brooke family and Diane, up to Mammoth for a week of skiing. (Mom, Dad, and the boys came up later to join us.) I enjoyed the trip up very much and especially liked the Mojave desert and the snowy mountains. We spent the week in a really "neat" chalet and passed everyday, all day long skiing. I also spent Christmas Eve up there. This was very different but quite a nice experience.

There are dozens and dozens of things that I have enjoyed here: the friendly, welcoming people, so nice — and the beautiful weather, splendid even when it rains. And above all I've enjoyed living with the Mohr family, who are such a "wonderful" family with me, that I feel really like one of their own children and I'm enjoying their family life.

I hope to have many other experiences, in the new year, which will give me more help toward my future career, in journalism.

Another hope I have is to see as much as I can of California by traveling to such places as: San Francisco, Yosemite, the Sequoia Forests, Beverly Hills, the Famed Hollywood, Palm Springs, and Sacramento. I also would like to see Mexico and Seattle.

I want to make the most of my year here by doing as many things as I can. My best wishes to you all for a wonderful year, too.

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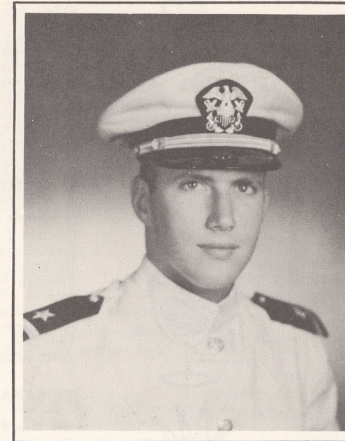
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In Memoriam



Lt. Arthur Sinclair Hill, Jr., U. S. Navy

1937-1965

Within the hearts of every Ranchoite this past week there was a personal flag at half mast. Honor was paid on Monday last to the valor and courage of a brave young lieutenant, Arthur S. Hill, Jr., a career officer in the United States Navy, whose assignment was with Fighting Squadron 92 in the U.S.S. Enterprise operating off Viet Nam.

The telegram from the Navy department was brief. In part it read: "... killed in action on the twenty-ninth of December, 1965, in Southeast Asia, as the result of an aircraft crash while on night combat with an armed reconnaissance mission."

Lt. Hill, the son of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Sinclair Hill of Rancho Santa Fe, was married last Fall. The twenty-eight year old young man attended four years of High School at St. George's in Rhode Island, and entered Stanford University in 1955. As a five year engineering student, he graduated in 1960 and entered Officer's Candidate School in preparation as a flyer in the Navy. Lt. Hill arrived from duty in Viet Nam in May, returning there shortly after his wedding last September 18th. In addition to his young wife, he is survived by two sisters: Virginia Hill of the Ranch, and Mrs. Russell F. Holcomb Jr. of Kansas City. The family was together in Kansas City celebrating the Christmas Holidays when news of his death reached them.

Memorial services for Lt. Hill were held at 2 p.m. last Monday afternoon in the Airman's Chapel at Miramar Naval Air Station. Rev. Roland Anderson of the Village Church assisted Chaplain Hunter with the impressive service.

*"A Hero is dead. So young, so brave.
Lt. Arthur S. Hill, Jr. . . . we salute you!"*

dining out

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Adventure in the Mediterranean Countries Dec. 31st, 1964 to Jan. 21st, 1965

Prospective readers please note:

The following is merely a travel diary, kept only as a prop for my failing memory, and was never meant for publication. It is only due to the persistence of the world's greatest "Con Artist", Ruth Giffin, that it appears here. It really falls in the same category as home movies, no? But blame Ruth, not me, if you're bored.

—Catherine Burns

12-31-64—8:00 p.m.

Starting over Atlantic, from New York

Weather—Blowing like Billy Bejbers

We're off! Trying out our Christmas present to ourselves—round trip tickets to the ancient worlds. A funny time to start a trip — New Year's Eve — but we'll see what the airline has in store for a celebration.

12 M.

Well, now we know. On the stroke of midnight, passing over bleak St. John's, Newfoundland, a gloomy stewardess informed us that the line was treating us to a New Year's drink. What a wild, wild party! All the crew disgruntled over working tonight, all the passengers morosely sipping the bounty. At least no hangovers tomorrow.

Eat, eat, eat, half way across the world. By four in the morning we've already had tomorrow's breakfast and two lunches. Our digestive tracts are almighty confused and the seat belts are shrinking.

1-1-65—9 a.m.

Madrid

0°C. (And that's damn cold)

Not a very auspicious spot to stretch our weary muscles. Two passengers fell on the ice patches. Drizzling rain and a deserted terminal didn't exactly lift our spirits. Hope we can take off in this weather.

12 Noon

Tunis

Cold and windy.

Disappointing that we can't even enter the airport terminal here. Weather so bad the Transits not allowed to leave the plane. On take-off we spotted a few sod huts sprouting lush green headdresses and a flock of sheep nursemaided by a pair of burmoosed gentlemen.

To take our minds off the weather we were served a "unique" luncheon of turkey with a blood pudding dressing laced with walnuts and topped off with a masterful confection. This ring of coconut paste, encircled by marzipan was crowned with a chocolate disc wishing us a "Happy Xmas". Knew we were losing time, but that much?

2:45 p.m.

Tripoli

Still stormy.

Such a hard rain squall here that we couldn't land. Went into a holding pattern for a while. When we did get down it was still raining too hard to go in the terminal.

Lost our Libyan Army officer here. Guess he's coming home from the U.N.; it just recessed. Hate to lose him. His strutting and pompous aggressiveness have kept us amused on an otherwise uneventful flight.

How desolate the desert is here around Tripoli. Around Tunis the fields were packed with green ring depressions, wells I guess. In Tripoli their animal corrals are circular hedges with narrow openings closed by wires.

Landed in Cairo 8:00 A.M. Friday morning our time, 6:00 P.M. their time. Since 7:00 A.M. Thursday morning we've been served 8 meals. Simply couldn't face the last one. Met by a curly haired Egyptian "Call me John" who battled our way through Customs. Such a scrutiny! Even reprinted our names on the police blanks we had filled out. Passports and visa examined by 6 different people. All money must be accounted for. Very nice airport, stark but good architecture. Brought to Shepherds, second only to the Cairo Hilton. Very old, patronized by many locals. Joined them in the lobby to sample Turkish coffee. Have had a ghastly time figuring out how much a pound and a piastre are worth. None of our money converters gave it and no one seemed to know. When we changed money at the hotel we received 430 piastres, \$10.00 so they're 23c today at least. \$2.30 to a pound.

Love the uniforms in the hotel. Long red "dresses" with gold braid trim and a white wrapped fez-like hat. All help very dark in complexion. Soap brought by a charming fellow in white nightie. Made one cup of bouillon with my electric coil but the 220 v. was too much for its feeble soul. Off to bed about noon our time. P.S.—Guess what was on TV? Yancy Derringer with Arabic subtitles!

1-2-65

Cairo

Fair, California-like.

Off to the Coptic Church. Ruins of Greco-Roman Papillion rather interesting. Church claims Mary, Joseph and Christ hid in a hole there. Jewish Synagogue. Both terribly commercialized. Pay to get in, forced donation, sale of pamphlets, no reverence. Horrible stench. Worse than Tlaquepaque. Cairo museum huge, interesting, dirty. Mohammed, guide, is typical. Claims to be a professor and an archaeologist. Spits while he lectures, quotes printed labels verbatim. Rushes you by the interesting junk. Tut's treasure magnificent. Hustled through to visit a perfume factory. Mint tea and a sales talk. Could hardly wait to wash off the samples. Next steered to "my Cousin's" bazaar by Mohammed. He's most upset because we're not falling for this so he can get his cut. "My brother-in-law's" shop is right across from the hotel, tell him I sent you." Tried to get us to change money on black market. No dice. We don't want to get in any trouble here. The affair of the American soldier in Turkey is still fresh in our minds.

(Continued on next page)

Lunch in hotel. Tried Gambari, "Giant shellfish from the Mediterranean." Good but just medium sized shrimp, some shelled, some not. Had Shish Kabab; some of it was ground lamb shaped like chunks of meat. Gorgeous chandeliers of pierced bronze in dining room. Best looking things in the hotel. The Turkish rugs are absolutely threadbare.

Afternoon, Pyramids and Sphinx. What a disillusionment! Are almost in the middle of the city of Giza, across the river from Cairo. Climbed up to burial chamber in Cheop's pyramid, long, steep, dirty climb, half of it bent over double. Mohammed wouldn't go, sent a spry little old man with us. Nothing in chamber but granite sarcophagus. Queen's chamber empty. Camels were interesting. Gaudy trappings, no odor. Hang on when they go up or down! Lurching gait. Egyptians eat them. Saw several being driven home from the market. Ahmed says good as beef.

Sphinx right next to the 3 pyramids. Very small compared with our ideas of it. Features almost gone. Terribly disappointed. Must have a tremendous press agent here. Kept comparing it with Mexico and Mexico came out smelling like a rose. Finally shook the guide and took an evening stroll. Were spoken to by fellow pedestrian who had visited States. Turned out he had a bazaar on the street and we must join him for tea. Kind of fun. Was trying to "take" us but did it rather well. Bought 2 small camels from charming Frenchwoman in nearby bazaar. Too tired for dinner. Coffee, rolls and fruit in room.

1-3-65

Luxor
Delightful.

Left at 5:30 A.M. for airport. Flew U.A.A. DC6. Very crowded, dirty. Sahara is formidable. Goat cheese and camel meat sandwiches for breakfast, with coffee and sweet dessert. Air line bus to old Winter Palace. This is more like it! Picturesque mud homes, water wheel with oxen, lots of horses and a giant alfalfa, lush and green. People friendly.

Hotel is fabulous. Old, old, old. No elevator, wide corridors, high ceilings, no baths with rooms, antique furniture and fixtures throughout. The wash basin in our room is older than we. No closets, antique commodes. Brass bed with canopies and mosquito netting. Boards in place of mattresses, we're sure. Ancient marble light fixtures hanging from high ceiling. Baths down the hall. Footed tubs the like of which I've never seen before. Toilet on a raised dais, why I don't know. Water chest looks like mahogany and gurgles ominously. Lever like a brake handle. Nice garden behind hotel. Best flowers we've seen yet (Cairo's were ghostly). Just changed clothes (holiday atmosphere here) and off to Karnak Temple in an antique horse carriage with a wizened up little dark man in 3 nighties. Says he's been a guide for 42 years and I don't doubt it. Best one I've ever had. Brooks no interference with his speeches but is good. Now we are impressed by Egypt. Temple is spectacular. Most was in ruins from earthquake 27 B.C. but is being reassembled. Such

a similarity between Egypt and Mexico in everything. Arab on plane this A.M. was double of Tony Costillo. Stones better fitted in Mexico. Temple at Karnak larger than anything there and the city of Luxor is clean. Were sweeping the ruins this A.M. No smell like Cairo. Good lunch, Continental "family style" type. Many French and Italian children. Just couldn't see enough of Karnak but this P.M. was impressed by Luxor temple. Not as large but better preserved. Not so damaged by earthquake. Avenue of 2,000 sphinxes leads from Karnak to Luxor. Many have been hauled off to use in native dwellings, but some are just being uncovered. Houses were torn down to uncover many of the ruins at Luxor. Mosque built in the center of the temple. Still there, standing high on a heap of rubble. Moslems agreed to tearing down their houses—for a price—but not their mosque.

Evening sail on the Nile in feluca. Absolutely wonderful. Countryside is lovely, water calm, mild breeze. Dinner at hotel good. P.S.—Vernon made us all jump when he yelled "Crocodile" in the feluca. Was a funny, of course, and the boatman enjoyed it immensely. Ramadan started when we were on feluca—boatman served us dates and oranges when he broke his fast. Thought he would blow up the boat when he fired up a balky gasoline stove to make tea. Thank heaven, he had no extra cups.

1-4-65

Luxor—Valley of the Kings.
Warm and balmy.

Perfectly delightful day with our wizened little "father" Abd-el-Rahim. To the Valley of the Kings first and our showman guide took us directly to King Tut's tomb to our great surprise. Thought that would be our Grand Finale. Long passageway, comfortably large, led to two rooms, one containing the sarcophagus and middle gold covering and mummy of Tut. Very beautiful, but no pictures allowed. Adb-el-Rahim explained that he was taking us there first because Tut's tomb was the smallest and least impressive of all and he was so right. Amenhotep's and Seti I's were great. Couldn't go to the bottom of Seti's; they're afraid the upper rooms will collapse if they excavate deeper. Stopped for refreshment at the Tomb of Coca-Cola — not very spectacular but had one feature the others didn't—air conditioning. Gets to 45°C in summer. Swarms of boys furtively selling "relics" from the tombs, ones they had made the night before. Trailed us on our hike over the high ridge coming down on the price all the time. After we finally bought one to get rid of them, another tagged along acting as unofficial guide, since "father" declined the hike and was meeting us on the other side. Wonderful view of the Temple of Hatshepsat from the high cliff. Then at a signal, hundreds of people started running off the surrounding cliffs toward the Valley. Thought they were tourists but turned out they were workers, excavating for the restoration of the third terrace of the temple. And it was quitting time. At the temple all but one of Hatshepsut's pictures have been chipped out of the walls by her dear brother (also her husband) who killed her for the throne. At the

tomb of one of the Nobles, "Father" threw harsh words (screamed, in fact) at a vendor who was pestering us and almost a brawl ensued. Was broken up by an Arab guard carrying a sturdy leather whip for that very purpose, I guess. Almost had another brawl when a new guard refused to let us take a flash picture. "Father's" temper was growing short. At the Nobles' tombs, the natives build little courtyards around the tombs with high beds constructed of mud. Live in the tombs but sleep in these elevated beds to be safe from snakes and scorpions. Gov't. has built apartments for them a little distance away but they won't move. Valley of the Nile is lush and lovely from here. Colossi of Memnon huge. One was toppled in the earthquake 27 B.C. and rebuilt by the Greeks who wanted to hear the whistle made by it when the wind blew. But no whistle. It was caused by wind blowing through a single hole in the one enormous chunk of granite and after being pierced together again, no sound. Even then we had archaeologists! Two tiny girls approached me, begging. Turns out they wanted my lipstick, not "Baksheesh." Persistent as fleas. Market day at the bazaar so we toddled down and had V. measured for a sidari (arabic robe). And what a traffic jam that caused! Street only eight feet wide and everyone had to take in this sight. He did look pretty funny with all those tailors swarming over him. They made and delivered it in 2 hours. Didn't tie their threads tho. I bought some beads from the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut—genuine, they say, with a license by the Gov't. to sell them. "Father" told us the vendor's grandfather had collected them when he worked on the first excavation many years ago.

Although we have been very uneasy in this country, we have had only one sign of enmity from the people. Today when I offered only 10 piastres for a cap (had bought the same thing for that the night before) the vendor became quite angry and shouted that the Germans would pay a pound (\$2.30) for it but the Americans would give only 10 piastres (23c). Think, tho, that it was because the American with us (a Hollywood character, writing the lyrics for a motion picture to be made in Cairo) was very rude, hooting with laughter when the man mentioned the price. Generally the people have been very polite, but they ask us constantly if we like their country and tell us what a great man Nasser is. They have exceedingly short tempers and we often hear them screaming at each other.

Menu in the hotel is printed in a different language each day. Almost all the personnel speak English, French, Italian and German as well as Arabic. Makes us ashamed that most of our countrymen are so conceited as to speak only our own tongue. Very few Americans here, mostly Germans, with lesser numbers of Italians and French.

1-5-65

Cairo

Off to Cairo in the grubby little U.A.R. plane. Airport is a military base and no photos allowed, although coming in a German tried it after being warned three times not to. Soldiers

all over. Our EFJRO man, Jean Marie Badir, met us. He's just out of high school and has been a guide for 3 years. Very serious and very conscientious.

Brushed off a guide at Shepherds and went to the large Muski Bazaar by ourselves. Everywhere we stopped the salespeople tried to get us to give them dollars instead of piastres. V. was all set to buy a copper and silver tray, big thing with its own table stand. The shopkeeper had demonstrated the silver inlay technique and served us tea and we were all quite chummy. The price was quoted at \$30 and he would ship it for \$5 more. This sounded risky but we were willing to try it. Then came the pay-off. V. said he must change some money at the bank to pay for it. Oh, no. This was the price in dollars, not pounds. It went up another \$5 if we paid in Egyptian money, and no talking would break him down. The exchange rate is 43 to 1 but on the Black Market they give 55 to 1. We remembered the American soldier just ransomed from 3 years in a Turkish jail and stood firm. But it was a struggle in every shop. They all wanted dollars, 55 to 1 for "green" money, 50 to 1 for travelers checks.

Bought a mother of pearl and ivory inlaid box, that was all. On our return to the hotel, our shunned guide was still there and the first thing he asked was did we have lots of things shipped home. Was obviously disappointed when we said no. Now we know we were right. They just don't arrive. Confirmed this with the desk clerk and tour guide. Smart us!

I was feeling punk but just couldn't leave Cairo without seeing its famed night life. Decided on the Cairo Tower, an impressive tall circular building overlooking the Nile, with a revolving restaurant at its peak. Built in 1962 by Nasser with U.S. foreign aid funds.

Beautiful outside, but the elevator was a decrepit tiny thing, and the interior! Stark, undecorated, harshly lit and cheap chairs and tables. Worn out carpet. Could have been so lovely and instead was so depressing we took one look and scrambled. Went to Nile Hilton and found the "atmosphere" we were seeking. Belvedere room overlooks the Nile and is decorated in Egyptian style. Excellent band, with a vocalist who sang continuously, switching languages with each song. We danced to a rumba in French and a fox trot in what we think was Hindu.

A party of about 8 Indians was seated beside us, beautiful women in striking saris and fat pampered looking men. As I was speculating on the genuineness of all those jewels one couple took to the dance floor and started—of all things—the Twist! You haven't lived 'til you've seen a sari-ed woman twisting!

A buffet only was served this night but such a buffet! The smoked fish, cucumbers in Yoghurt (I think) and the chicken curry were out of this world. Best curry I've ever tasted. Egyptian rosé wine so-so. Desserts elaborate and delicious. Had a pudding type thing, very bland, Baba-au-Rhum and a bit of quince preserve.

Floor show long and enjoyable. Two Spanish dancers (man was excellent) and, to V's delight,

(Continued on next page)

a ballet (pronounced "belly") dancer. She wriggled and squirmed pretty well, and sweated exceedingly well, but I've seen some Twisters do about the same. Anyhow, now he's seen one, he can die happy.

1-6-65 Cairo, Beirut, Istanbul

Up at 4:45 and delighted to have breakfast in our room. Jean Marie and our courteous driver conveyed us to the airport where I indulged in a last minute spree and bought two lengths of silk material. Would never have heard the last of it had I come home without that.

Ran out of Egyptian money at airport as we left; wanted to tip the guide in dollars—after we had been checked through customs. He agreed, but when he saw how many police were in the airport he got chicken and made V. change his money. Certainly gives you an uneasy feeling.

Then began the meleé! We were jammed aboard a bus for the plane and teetered and toppled as the driver careened about. But the worst was yet to come. Those Arabs have absolutely no respect for anyone—female, elderly, anyone. Being last on the bus we should have been first on the plane, but we were pushed, shoved and jostled far back. Almost had our arms pulled off as they elbowed between our bodies and our baggage. Deliver me from that again! Plane dirty and uncomfortable. Extra seats put in these so leg-room is non-existent. Glad this is our last flight with Misrair.

Met at Beirut by a little cutie who detoured us around the formalities and settled us in the lounge. Met a Britisher over here for 4 years, going back to London for a boat show. Pumped him a bit about the country and got very frank opinions. "Dirty Arabs, all of 'em. No industry, just leeches from the trade routes. Stinking place." Not very complimentary on the whole. Gift shop small, terrible junk, so we have no souvenirs from Lebanon.

Guess we lost most of the Arabs here or else PAA won't stand for such nonsense, so boarding was a pleasure again. Swedish stewardesses this time, a jolly bunch. Served the most appetizing hors d'ouvres I've ever seen. Continued our running gin rummy game over the Mediterranean and shouted down a few instructions as to how they should conduct their war on Crete. V. was hero of the stewardesses when he uncorked a champagne bottle for them.

Turkey was white, white, white with snow. High mountain ranges in here. Beautiful clear day when we landed in Istanbul, but cold! Guide said we were lucky; they usually had snow at this time of year. None of the suspicious scrutiny in the airport that we had at Cairo. Excellent driver, very clean car with a carpet on the floor in rear, courteous agent, a Mr. Axtel. Dropped off at the Hilton.

I had gotten chilled at the airport and was coming down with a good cold so tried to get the hotel doctor to give me a penicillin shot. He wouldn't be in 'til 5 so went on our scheduled tour anyhow and was thoroughly miserable. Saw the famed Top Kapai (pronounced Top Kappel) and was overwhelmed by the china and jewel collections. Our guide was a cosmopolitan gentleman who had a deep and

lively interest in his work and presented the sights with rich enthusiasm. Such a thrill to walk thru the Sultan's Gate of Happiness into his restricted harem area. He maintained 500 and some concubines here. Mr. Axtel is acquainted with one of these, a lady now in her eighties, and gave us some little side-lights on her life here. In her 11 years in the harem she had the opportunity to entertain the Sultan only 20 times, although she was one of the favorites. "Too much competition" she says. But she retired a wealthy woman with the jewels she was given and has married twice since.

The interior is completely covered with blue and white tiles. Very striking. V. was properly impressed when he found himself in the harem rooms themselves. In the King's "pleasure" room were four niches where the girls awaited their master. These were curtained so the girls would not know who their competitors were, as they were very jealous of the Sultan's attentions. Each niche has a cabinet which contained pastries designed to whet the Sultan's "appetite" and give him more vigor. Mr. Axtel would love to have the recipe for them—could make his fortune he says. We suggested he buy stock in Wheaties.

Saw the "relics" of John the Baptist's arm and top of his skull. The possession of these holy relics determined the right of a sultan or Caliph to rule. The "sultans" so designated by the English were not recognized by the people since they did not possess the holy relics. One room in the palace devoted solely to crowning the new sultans. They had a short life span—so many "obligations" to meet.

Tulips were grown in the harem gardens and from there the seed was sent to Holland to start their great industry. Each concubine had one eunuch to prepare her food, one to bathe her, one to do her shopping and one to do her cleaning. Must have made a pretty good dent in the Sudanese population to take care of all these girls.

On special occasions they drank their wine from cups made entirely of emeralds, only held together with fine gold. These were worth over \$1,000,000 apiece. A few cups and small boxes were made of a single emerald hollowed out.

The thrones were wonderfully uncomfortable looking, with rubies, emeralds and diamonds reaching out to jab one all over. The rugs and even the baby blankets were stiffly encrusted with pearls. How does one wash a pearl blanket? And who would want to go barefoot on those rugs?

Even the swords and muskets were covered with gold and jewels. Some sneaky soldier had plucked a good living from the handle of one musket. That is, if he did live to enjoy it.

Can't get over the lack of guards for this fabulous treasure. They treat it like a collection of costume jewelry. And truly, that's what it looks like. It is dirty and many of the stones are uncut, the silver and gold are tarnished, so the whole effect is that of a lot of circus trappings. The china, of course, is a different story. Nothing disguises its true value.

And this is only about a tenth of the treasure of the Sultans. The rest is buried underground, far in the interior, for fear of the Russians. Even so, they could make a pretty darn good haul, just in the museum.

Went to the Blue Mosque next and just at the most fortuitous moment. It was the hour of prayer at sunset and the Muzzims were chanting from the minarets. We donned slippers and proceeded inside to watch the faithful at their prayers. As Mr. Axtel says, the Moslem religion is an acrobatic one, up, down, up, down, — 1, 2, 3, 4. Before leaving, we drank from the fountain of Fatima to ensure a longer life. The tile work in this mosque is gorgeous, just like the interior of the harem. When the Sultan built this, he placed rain gutters of pure gold all around it. But the people were a bit annoyed by this flamboyance, particularly when they had absolutely nothing, and refused to patronize his new mosque. On questioning the Grand Vizier as to the reason for this unseemly boycott of his prized construction, the Sultan was amazed at their lack of approval, but had the gutters removed to the sanctity of his palace away from the censorious eyes.

Gone, too, are the old Turkish fez and the veils of the women. They are now outlawed by the Government.

Our tour was to have included the bazaars, built in the 1000 old stables of the Byzantine era, but my cold and the weather cut that out. Wanted to shop for a harem ring and some of the beads with which they ornament their horses. Instead, spent my bazaar money on a trip to the Hilton's doctor. Thumped my chest, looked at my throat and announced I had a cold! Big deal. What did he think I'd been telling him? Wouldn't give me penicillin, just some vitamins and throat pastilles and a bill for 75 lire, plus medicine. Came to well over \$10. Must have been darn expensive thumps.

Dinner in our room. Pretty terrible and darn expensive. Best Hilton in the world, huh? They had better look around.

1-7-65 Istanbul and Athens Overcast

Here I was fussing about not getting to the bazaars and they have wonderful shops at the airport. As you're moved from one area to another the bazaars get more expensive and your resistance gets weaker. Bought some skewers for shish-kebab and at the last minute succumbed to some unbelievably uncomfortable Turkish slippers.

Delightful flight on Olympia Airlines. Clean, clean, clean and delicious food. Stewardesses lively and friendly. They pointed out the Island of Lesbos as we flew over it.

Did they say it was warmer in Greece? Brr! Hotel Amalia right near the Parthenon, across from the park. Keep turning heat on and off. You roast or you freeze. Dinner in hotel, soup only for V. who is now trying to steal my stuff, and a vol au vent and pastry (chestnut) for me. Two women at next table who V. swears came from the Island of Lesbos. Inclined to agree with him. Sick as dogs so to bed early.

1-8-65 Athens

Cold and Windy

Both horribly ill so skipped our tour and stayed in bed 'til noon. Breakfast only, then off on the afternoon tour. Ye Gods, it's freezing! Up to the Parthenon by bus with a woman guide. So cold we couldn't really take it all in properly. Looks awfully amateurish after Luxor. Should have made our circuit the other way. Surprised at how little restoration has been done and how the marble has weathered so badly. The columns are fluted beautifully but are not so impressive, being done in several pieces.

The Agora is just being excavated by Americans but not much to see. Very eroded and stone work poor. Most of the people on the bus, including us, did not even venture forth to look at it. Just too darn cold. V's polaroid wouldn't even work right in this weather. Emulsion stuck to the film and his hands were so cold we had to use a nail file to help get the film out. Wool socks, a heavy bandana and gloves for V. are now on our shopping list. Met a couple from Escondido who have just come from Crete and promise us milder weather there.

Dined at a quaint little taberna in the Plaka, at foot of the Acropolis. Taberna Vinvs. Had fine explicit directions from the concierge, even to the name written in Greek in case we got lost, and still we missed it. Everyone we asked sent us in a different direction so we saw quite a bit of the area. Finally stumbled on to it, our big problem having been that the name was printed in Greek capitals and the concierge wrote it in their small letters! Very few signs in our alphabet here.

The taberna was very picturesque, very grubby exterior but clean linens, etc. Tastefully decorated in peeling pink and yellow whitewash, where it wasn't worn off completely. Gracious wall-eyed waiter helped us order native dishes. Biggest problem was that we couldn't tell whom he was talking to. Started with dolmadakia, meat and rice wrapped in vine leaves and served with a creamy yellow sauce tart with lemon. Delicious! V. ordered fish a la spetsiota, a big chunk of very white meat fish looking like a breast of chicken cooked in olive oil. Strange large bone in it—could it have been cuttlefish? I had delicious shish kebab, tender, tender young lamb, grilled very lightly, still pink inside. Tried the local wine, retsina, prepared with raisins. Were served ½ liter in a small tankard. Finished off with halvas spesial, kind of a cream of wheat made with honey and almonds. All in all, the best meal we've had.

1-9-65 Athens — Crete

Clear and a little warmer

Took the morning tour, woman guide again. Visited the National Museum and was saturated with male nudes. Not a female in the bunch. Just the opposite of Cairo Museum — very clean, very few exhibits but well displayed. Wish I had some high boots; all of

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these floors are icy. You can be toasty warm from the knees up but your legs are freezing.

Stopped for a while at the temple of Zeus and Hadrian's Arch. Passed the Olympic Stadium and watched the changing of the guard at the Royal Palace. Visited two Byzantine churches.

Lunched near Parliament Square at Taberna Kalamia. Sort of a combination South Seas and Indian decor, with peeling bamboo and dried ears of corn. Same antique screen doors and eroded paint. Unironed table cloths and napkins but clean.

Dolmadakia again and Moussaka, a layered dish of eggplant, and meat. Got fooled, tho; wrong season for eggplant so they made it with potatoes. Topped with Cream of Wheat again. V. had Peach Compote (dish of canned peaches) and I tried Creme Carmel. Lot like Mexican Flan.

Wouldn't I love to have a tape recorder here. Such a jumble of languages. We make a game of guessing the nationalities of our neighbors, then try to identify the language they're speaking. By the way, where are those handsome Greeks I heard about all my life? All I've seen were standing naked in the Museum. Have they all emigrated to the U.S.?

Dashed thru the Royal Gardens, right in front of our hotel, to get a picture of the palace guard. V. took a polaroid of me standing next to one, then showed it to him. Wish we could have taken another of the expression on his face! A little bell rang then, and all the guards clomp-clomped up and down in front of their boxes. I'm sure they need the exercise in this weather with those short skirts they're wearing. Another dash back thru the lovely gardens (names of trees in Greek and English) and back just in time to take off for Crete. They promise us warmer weather there—sure can use it.

Good gosh, thought we were back with the Arabs! When those Greeks take off for a plane you'd think it was a miniature Olympics. They break from the starting gate like the field at Santa Anita. Woe unto anything or anybody in their path. Funny, they're so very polite everywhere else.

Deposited at a very deserted little hotel in Iraklion. Too sick to eat and freezing to death. No one will ever suffocate in a Greek room; they all have at least a half inch crack under each window. Thought they sported some new style in starched curtains, flaring out from the top at about a 45 degree angle, but no, it is just the breeze at the bottom holding them in that position.

This bed is unique also. The pillows appear to be stuffed with tennis balls and the springs are metal links. A two inch thick mattress completes the ensemble, sitting so low on the thin spring that you are surrounded by a ledge of two inches of bed frame. Just try turning over in that kind of narrow box. Cracked my knees and elbows unmercifully. Well, maybe you could get used to it. Glad I don't have to.



1-10-65

Iraklion, Crete

Clear but cold andwindy.

Still miserable, but put on slacks and every other stitch of clothes I brought and dragged down to dining room for breakfast. Am wearing a pair of V's socks over 2 pair of panty stockings and am altogether a thing of beauty.

Four small tables and we eat cold bread and drink Nescafe in solitary "splendor?" Back to bed — I can't take it. We face on a square, right next to a Greek Orthodox Church and at 7 this morning I thought we were back in Taxco, or at the very least, there was a bombing or fire and the volunteers were being called out. Such a discord and clanging and banging you have never heard in your life. Think they must be short of church bells and are making do with old water heaters and sledge hammers. Guess it is effective tho, sure got us up out of bed in a hurry. When we assured ourselves that there was no catastrophe in our immediate vicinity, climbed back on our pallets for a bit more rest, but darned if they didn't anticipate this and set the machinery in motion again. Sounded almost hysterical in its efforts to rouse the populace.

I was sick as a dog so V. took off in search of a drug store and some antihistamines. Since it was Sunday, this was a good trick. Finally found a little one and after a bit of difficulty with his sign language, collected a bottle of nose spray (made in England) and one of pills with instructions in Greek and German. Oh well, I couldn't feel worse so, downed a few.

Cancelled our tour to the great distress of the little girl in the office. V. wandered about the village alone, reporting back to my bed of pain occasionally. Came in bearing a kind of turnover with a bit of cheese in it, a bottle of ouzo, the anise liquor and a dripping plate of gooey baklava, a pastry made of almonds (they cheated and used peanuts) floating in a honey syrup. Pretty weird lunch.

Getting colder by the minute so I stayed in bed and let the maids clean around me, ordered dinner brought to our room and such a confusion. V. asked by phone for the menu and was assured by some distant soul that dinner would be brought up as soon as it was ready. Then the unseen one, hung up, never having asked what room we had or what we wanted to eat. Nothing daunted, my valiant spouse tried again, this time to learn no diners were served and before he could gather his wits he was chatting with the girl from the tour office, whom they'd rung up at her home. This nonpulsed him so completely that he made a few lame remarks about the weather and possible trips the next day and hung up without ever resolving the problem of food.

So the good provider sallied forth and discovered a bevy of sidewalk stands doing a thriving business in our "hamburger" tradition. Back he came with his hands full of little paper wrapped parcels, oozing a bit of grease here, a drizzle of honey there. Delicious tidbits they were: an overgrown taco like thing

of meat, onion and tomato, an agonizingly rich cheese pastry and little fritters swimming in honey and crowned with sesame seeds and cinnamon. Washed this down with the remainder of the ouzo. After all, how often can you ouzel in Iraklion?

1-11-65

Iraklion, Crete

Alternating drizzle and sunshine.

Monday — These four gals are determined not to let us out of their clutches — tourists are mighty scarce right now so we were herded off to Knossos and made to admire its wonders in the drizzle. I'm sure I would have been more impressed if my nose hadn't kept dripping. Their Museum was excellent, well displayed but drafty. I was ready to give up at noon, but relented in the face of the guide's consternation.

Lunch at a tiny restaurant (7 small tables). A plate of bean soup warmed us somewhat and I tackled some small red fish, about the size of our smelts. Very good but so much work. V. had shish kebab. At the next table sat a Greek Orthodox priest with his hair done up in back like a matador's. By far the handsomest Greek we've seen. We're the center of attention in all these little cafes; I feel like a goldfish.

Off to Phaestros, clear across the island, with a very damp stop at a ruined church in Gortys. Our guide snuffled thru her entire spiel, refusing to let the rain daunt her. Wild anemones were just coming out everywhere and she stopped to pluck a bouquet that grew sadder by the hour. Simply poured in Phaestros and the wind turned the umbrella wrong side out. That's where I beat a hasty retreat to the rest house and left V. in the clutches of our indomitable guide. On the way back over the mountains we passed thru a snow-storm and as our driver was a bit miffed at the guide's increasing orders, we speeded around blind curves (wrong side of road, of course) at increasing speed. Was pretty exciting a few times, especially when he argued the middle of the road with a truck on one of these curves.

Back barely in time to grab our bags and dash for the airport, where we cooled our heels (and I do mean cooled) for 1½ hours. Think the incoming plane must have made a sightseeing swing over Africa. Same mad Greek rush for seats, but finally settled and on our way. Good old Mr. Kostos was hovering in the airport at Athens after a long wait and we gratefully nestled under his fluttering wing. Were afraid we'd be confused for the other Burnses who had been in our Iraklion hotel. Boy, did we throw them when we walked in there and announced our name. Such consternation! Anyhow, back to the Amalia and a warmer room.

Went back to the Plaka again for dinner, this time to the Tavern of the 7 Brothers. Picked it because it was supposed to have Greek dancers, but the only one we saw was

a plump be-beaded wench who did a belly dance Athenian style. Did get to try the taromosalata, fish eggs, bread crumbs and onions ground in a mortar. Looked like pink mashed potatoes and tasted just the same. V. had a good veal and cheese stew, outrageously rich and I tried the mixed grill, outrageously tough. Think their "ballet" dancer is a bigger attraction than their food.

1-12-65

Athens and Rome

Overcast, a WEE bit warmer

Started off on a shopping spree for horse beads, the only thing we've seen here that we wanted. Wandered about thru queer little alleys, dodging rubbish collectors and cars spattering muddy water. Bought some pacifiers for V. and his co-workers. Believe it or not, Greek men sit fondling these little strings of beads by the hour. Thought at first they had some religious significance, but they're simply pacifiers to keep their nervous fingers busy. Won't V. make an impression when he pulls one out at the next staff meeting?

Bought some horse beads, but couldn't find the big ones we were searching for. Then, on the way back I discovered FURS! Good grief, why didn't someone tell me about these? Full length Persian Lamb or Broadtail coats \$110-\$200, Mink \$300, Beaver \$250. With only 15 minutes left I simply couldn't make up my mind to buy one. Don't know the first thing about picking good Persian lamb. It is as much a uniform here as Mink stoles are in the States. Such agony for a woman to go thru. Afraid to spend that much for fear we'll want to buy lots of stuff in Rome and Madrid. May always regret it!

V. finally decided that wash and wear was here to stay and gathered up all his extra clothes and our purchases to date for Mr. Kostos to ship home. \$20 to send 'em! Next time we'll know.

Left Greece with mixed emotions. Their ruins didn't really come up to our expectations but, boy, would I have loved a few more hours on the Fur Excursion. Beautiful drive along the harbor to the airport. Papa Kostos hovered around nervously 'til we worked our way thru Customs and vanished into the waiting room. Bet the poor man has ulcers.

Stewardess marched us in formation to the plane, so we weren't mowed down by the mob. Plane quite late again. Flew on a Comet 4, very comfortable but had a flaw in the window glass which V. said would not be permitted in a U.S. plane. Marvelous lunch. Gobs of food and all delicious. Nice airport in Rome but about 45 minutes to an hour from town. Took airport (Olympia) bus and were met at terminal by a very indifferent guide. Housed at Hotel Majestic, old but elegant and comfortable. Certainly have seen our share of varied bathroom fixtures on this jaunt. This room has a funny wooden peg, high on the wall, to flush the toilet and some kind of a weird flexible metal shower bath arrangement

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that we haven't been able to cope with yet. We're still confounded by a hanging cord and swivel affair that hangs on the wall above our last 4 bath tubs. Afraid to pull it for fear it will summon a maid to scrub our backs. Used it for a clothes line the first time we encountered it but apparently this did not meet with the maid's approval for she moved all of our wash.

Was so all fired up over my fur experience that I barely gave V. time to put down our bags before dragging him out on a shopping spree. Alas, alack, found to our dismay that Rome is a costly article. Thought sure we could get Italian sweaters, shoes and gloves at bargain prices but am afraid they're much cheaper in California. Walked our legs off and didn't purchase a thing. Have heard so much about Italian ties. Hah! Most of them are wide things and look like Christmas returns. Did see some leather ones tho, not cheap, but different. Meals in the hotel are ridiculously priced. \$1 for coffee and a cold roll. So we dined at a little restaurant close by. Mine-strone, canelloni, spinach and white wine. Very good. But we had ordered too much. Couldn't eat nearly all of it.

1-13-65

Rome WET

Woke to gloomy skies and a good authorative drizzle. Breakfasted in an elegant dining room on tepid coffee and cold rolls (\$1 each!). Donned my plastic boots and raincoat and braved the elements for our morning tour.

Must say we're terribly impressed by the number and size of the ruins here. So much to see after the few in Greece. Almost every corner has a fountain, a statue or a fragment of Roman wall.

First to the Borghese Gallery. My, my, my! Such overwhelming elegance. Leaves one breathless. Every wall, every ceiling is a work of art in itself. We were particularly fascinated by the paintings on the ceiling. The perspective was so perfect that we were convinced they were bas reliefs instead of paintings. Could happily spend the entire day here.

Visited the Colosseum and was inspired by its magnificence. What it must have been in its glory! Became mad all over again at the vandalism of the Christians who looted great buildings of material for churches and palaces. The Pantheon is a splendid example. Here was a building erected to house the gods of ALL religions, to cure the strife existing between people of various faiths and help them to live in harmony and tolerance. But what worked so well for everyone else would not satisfy the Christians. They must destroy every symbol but their own, tear down the other gods and loot the Parthenon of its bronze and gold for their own cathedrals. What a pity tolerance is unknown to them.

Bought a rosary for Lani and went to an audience with the Pope to have it blessed. Stood for an hour and 10 minutes jammed in a crowd of thousands. Four women fainted around us. Such a lack of respect these people pay to their sacred buildings. They spit and

smoke in the corridors and run up and down them, then in the audience room they climb up on the ornamental mouldings or stand on the chairs to get a better view. Fainting women are dragged out unceremoniously, the crowd just pushing in to take their places. Anyhow, Lani is blessed, I guess. I held up the rosary while everyone shouted "Il Papa" and the Pope made blessing motions. Of all things they played Silent Night on a wavering violin while we awaited his entrance.

The audience with his Excellency lasted so long that we had to miss lunch, so after the last tour, stopped in a little luncheonette for a bite to eat. Picked out a cold meat and a cheese and each had two small slices. A glass of wine and rolls added the bill up to more than we had paid for our whole dinner the night before. Phooey!

Bundled up as best we could and walked about the city a bit, still window shopping and looking for an interesting restaurant. Prices are outrageous; these Italians must all be wealthy. Have seen only one stylish dress and a few good looking shoes, but can get Italian knits, bags and shoes for less at home. Almost no sweaters shown; everyone bundles up in Persian lamb or scroungy mink. Fail to see where Italians get their "best dressed" title.

No restaurants looked as good as our little one by the hotel, so we went back for another meal. Creama tortellini was very delicious.

1-14-65

Rome

Cold, some drizzle

Off early for Hadrian's Villa with the same pompous little guide as yesterday. Only four of us on a big sightseeing bus. Should have been cozy and fun but "Professor" precluded all that.

The Villa was spectacular but just as we started to take a picture the guide headed back for the bus. We hadn't seen anything! Not more than 10 minutes for the whole 3 acres of it.

Hurried to catch up with the other couple and received such a tongue lashing as I have never had before. Just like a teacher chastizing an unruly pupil. Was so mad I didn't even answer him.

On to Villa d'Este where we had a three-fourth hour stop. Naturally. There were coffee shops and the Professor's buddies there. He tried to steer us into buying leather goods, just as he had "pushed" Benedictine at the Monastery, but we balked. The gardens really were lovely, in a damp-fountainy way, but we were too upset over missing Hadrian's Villa to be impressed. Guide was obnoxious again on the way out, we were only too happy that he buried himself in his newspaper on the way back and pointed out nothing. If he goes to Pompei tomorrow, I don't!



1-15-65

Rome, Pompei, Sorrento

Better, but overcast

V. sweated out this trip to the bus terminal as Mama was balking at another trip with that nasty little guide. Left hotel at 7 then cooled our heels for an hour til they straightened out all the world affairs at the station. But at last took off with a charming young fellow called Mimo. The bus was rough and jouncy and the driver played a tattoo on the gas pedal, but oh how delightful to have a considerate and enthusiastic guide. The whole tour took on quite a holiday air.

Traveled through much agricultural land, and to our surprise, found they used water buffalo here. Many canals to the ocean with huge funnel-shaped nets suspended above them. Wonder if they catch fresh or salt water fish? Passed through little villages specializing in Provotone and Mozzarella (they keep it under water) cheeses and salamis. Drooled hungrily as we whizzed by them hanging in front of tiny shops.

Naples is charming; would love to spend some time there.

At first glance the city seems decked with flags for a festival, but no, it's laundry. Tall buildings and narrow streets combine to offer clothesline space for the residents. So a six story building sports five lines of flapping washing stretched across the street to its counterpart. All very gay and very revealing.

A cameo factory was the typical tourist trap, but fascinating nevertheless. Such intricate work, chiseling features on chunks of conch shell. Funny how long the stops are at these "factories".

Lunch provided a pleasant surprise. What appeared to be fried onion rings tasted like abalone and turned out to be squid. Had seen them in native markets before but not ventured a taste. Delicious.

Pompeii was really thrilling. Everywhere, life frozen in motion. The pots on the stove, the trapped people mummified so suddenly, the perfect preservation of the deep chariot wheel ruts in the stone paved streets. Even the "dirty pictures" on the wall of a bachelor's dwelling. (We women were shunted off while the men were escorted into that room.)

Saw a girl making sketches of horse carvings and thereby made two interesting acquaintances. She and her mother are English, from Rhodesia, the girl born there. Teaches school and is active in the local Pony Club. Veddy British, veddy reticent, but thawed on the subject of horses. Things were getting bad in Rhodesia and they wondered how much longer they could stay there. I finally worked up the nerve to ask them what the pull chains in all our European bathrooms were for. They were so glad we had asked—they didn't know either.

All too short a time in Pompeii; must come back some day. On to Sorrento, one of the loveliest spots ever. The Isle of Capri is just a stone's throw from here. Ocean so blue, flowers so lush. Put this on the "Return" list too. Now we know what they do with the Senior Citizen lemon trees. Make them into exquisite inlaid boxes and tables. Truly master craftsmen here.

All the way back to Rome Mimo kept coaxing V. to join him in an unrecognizable version of "Come Back to Sorrento". Really a fun trip.

1-16-65

Rome and Madrid

Weather a shade better

Back to the Colosseum and Forum for a more leisurely visit on our own. Besides, V. was burning with a suppressed desire to mount the Speaker's Rostrum and make like Marc Antony. I caught a splendid shot of his oration, but the guards viewed the performance with mounting suspicion.

One final, futile shopping tour and a trip down the Spanish Steps took my last ounce of walking power. Ah well, no Italian clothes but at least I've one fabulous Roman hairdo to remember. Was shuttled through the hands of seven people for just a shampoo and set (each with his hand out) but it was a spectacular production.

One picture we didn't take but will always remember is that of the serious young priest arrayed in brown cassock and jaunty beret, tottling down the street on a motor scooter. Brief case swinging from the handle bar and robes flapping briskly in the breeze, he made a rare sight. But it seemed too impolite to photograph him.

7:00 p.m.

Off to Madrid

Our long-awaited visit to Spain began auspiciously with the most spacious hotel accommodations of the trip. A very grand suite, and warm too.

1-17-65

Madrid

Drizzling again

We brought it with us. Just call us the Hat-fields, Super Rainmakers.

Everyone, but everyone, should visit the Spanish Royal Palace. Such splendor is unbelievable. Crystal chandeliers six feet in diameter (some rooms have only teeny three-foot ones), Flemish tapestries to burn, furniture out of this world. Each new room leaves you gasping.

Franco doesn't live here—says it's for royalty only—but does use it for entertaining visiting V.I.P.'s. What a blessing it was preserved intact, in spite of the Revolution. Its exterior is forbidding and fortress-like, but such goodies it hides. Utterly fabulous.

While we were still breathless from the Palace, we were taken to the Prado Museum and went into shock all over again. The art treasures here are completely overwhelming. Words couldn't do it justice; I'll just savor it inside.

On the practical side we were impressed by the extensive slum clearance program. Franco is cleaning the huge city dumps and erecting spacious apartment houses for the former hotel dwellers.

(Continued on next page)

1-18-65

**Toledo
Cold and blowing a gale**

First stop a factory again. This time to see the famous Toledo steel being made. V. bought a fencing foil for Craig. And after all his stern admonitions to me to buy only "packable" items!

This city is a national monument, no modern buildings allowed within the city walls. Fascinating bits of old Moorish architecture, typical arches and towers well preserved or cleverly restored. The Alcazar, fortress made famous in the great Revolution, is undergoing massive restoration as it was all but destroyed during the long siege.

Scurried thru narrow passageways, bent almost double against the dirt-laden wind, and were actually grateful to pop inside the churches on the tour. For at least five minutes, that is, until the clammy chill made the wind seem good by comparison. Wonderful old city, well worth revisiting in more clement weather.

On the way back to Madrid, we tried to find out from our guide why armed soldiers were posted every mile along the road. No answer. This was standard procedure for all questions concerning Franco or the government.

Took a bit of doing but we located the Casa Botin, famous haunt of the bullfighters, and dined blissfully on their specialty, a whole roast suckling pig. And imagine, we thought the waiter was saying "bee!" all the time, not "peeg."

How dirt cheap everything seems here after the rest of our trip! I'm shopping for a leather coat, but the only one that really "turned me on", as Brian says, was a pony skin. And you know we'd lose Cecil Gray forever if I turned up in that.

1-19-65

**Madrid and Lisbon
A little better today**

Wouldn't you know it? The foil is missing. Still on the darn bus. V. will never hear the last of this!

A flurry of phone calls and two trips to the tourist agency produced nothing but the glad tidings that it was in the bus depot a zillion miles out of town and they are holding it for us. No, they can't send a messenger, we must retrieve it in person. A forty-five minute taxi ride it took, and I was sure we could have bought two or ten foils for the cost of the fare. But it came to 90 cents! Wonder what gas costs?

Two hours to flight time and my dear husband made The Decision. I couldn't leave Spain without a suede suit like that wonderful one in the hotel lobby show case. Off we dash to Mitzou's, THE leather shop of Madrid. Our guide was horrified. I'd pumped him for bargain stores and I end up here. I was horrified too when I priced them. But Father stood firm and we picked out one. But you don't do that. You must be fitted in muslin first and then come back for two more fittings. One hour to plane time. With much English and a stab at Spanish (My Mexican hasn't done much to develop the proper "lisp") we talked them into

a rush job and a wildly protesting seamstress stitched me up in muslin. Then the hat. It was an original and couldn't be copied. They ended up by selling me the original and making another for me in suede. Such a flurry I've never seen. People running in all directions. V. signing Traveler's Checks like mad, poor guide loading baggage—fencing foil included—then a wild ride to the airport, arriving just in time. Bet he was glad to get rid of those crazy Americans.

12 noon

Lisbon

**Hadn't rained here for weeks —
until the Hatfields landed**

Gay carefree air established at once. Taxi driver from airport races for man leaning over to retrieve dropped umbrella. Bumps him gently, all in spirit of good clean fun. They bellow insults at each other, we drive off with cabbie grinning broadly. Guide inquires as to why U.S. sends aid money. Cites case of African chiefs chartering planes with U.S. funds for carefree holidays in Paris. Sorry, sonny, the State Department hasn't filled us in on that.

City is spanking clean. Blue and white tiled buildings and mosaic sidewalks look as though some industrious Dutch housewife had just scrubbed them.

Very imaginative Popular Arts Museum down on the waterfront. Life-like tableaux similar to our Museum of Man ones, with a very fresh approach. Bright clear designs of the fishermen's garb are light-hearted.

Portugal presented the greatest surprise of the trip in her Pena Castle. Here is the Fairy Castle we've all pictured. A hundred Disneys must have worked to create this fantasy. Turrets and moats, battlements and towers, even a drawbridge, and all covered with the most beautiful of tiles. And to climax it all, it sits high on a peak in a sea of lovely shrubs and flowers. Camellias by the thousands. Glad we saw this last. It's everything you've ever dreamed of in a castle.

On to Estoril Beach and the famous casino there and back to take in an evening of fado singing. With another couple—New Yorkers—we ventured forth at the very respectable hour of nine, only to find the restaurant hadn't opened yet. A small boy volunteered to announce us, doors opened, waiters donned aprons and we were set. But no fados for hours yet we find, so started our leisurely dinner with our waiter's proffered selection. Turned out to be the most delicious giant shrimp I've ever seen. Then they brought us tasty little samples of everything cooking, I think, and we had a ball. Really, it was more fun before the fado singers arrived. Their mournful dirges, black shawls and highly stylized posturing cast a pall on the gaiety. But since we were the only customers we had to be appreciative of all this attention lavished on us. Three singers, two guitarists, three waiters and two cooks hovered over us for hours. Great evening.

1-21-65

Lisbon

Darned if it hasn't stopped raining!

This is it. The last day. The very last. And there are gobs of people we haven't bought presents for. There were so many things to see, souvenir hunting seemed to lose out. But now, one last wild shopping spree: fishermen's sweaters and caps for Craig and Brian, embroidered bags, yarn dolls, on and on we dashed. And again V. did it. Couldn't resist those charming Portuguese clay roosters, attired in all their gaudy hearts and flowers. A two inch high one? Four? Six? That's right, the sixteen incher was the only one that suited him.

So rush, rush, back to the hotel, dripping packages. But we didn't quite make it. A shoe-shine boy grabbed V. by one leg and started to work. I dropped on the nearest bench and laughed at his plight. But the best was yet to come. Suddenly he lifted V's foot and started hammering. Horrors, was that a huge metal tap he was putting on the toe? It was, and V's howls could be heard for blocks. He threw the boy some money and took off with the kid still hanging on. Sounded pretty strange, walking in the hotel with one metal toe and one leather one. Took quite a while to pry the darn thing off, too.

So, goodbye to Portugal and to the whole wonderful adventure. Can't wait to go back, but let's not pick January next time. Did learn a lot, especially how handy a fencing foil and a heavy pottery rooster can be in clearing the way when boarding a vehicle. V. didn't dare carry them; he would have been slapped or punched. Must remember to buy one in Egypt next time.

Back to New York to play "Slop-the-Slush" for a few days and get our eating and sleeping habits straightened out. Wonder how long it will take to save up for another trip like this?





THE NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY AT THE GARDEN CLUB topped all previous parties in fun and merriment! Here you see the party at its height, just as the clock struck twelve and ushered in a brand new year. Since identifications seem in order, the gal on the left with the pained expression is Annette Reeves, while her dancing partner, Don Frick, seems bewildered by the staggering effect of horns blasting in his ear; the Gerald Champ, Jr. watch the fun; while Fred Reeves celebrates the turn of the year in the good old fashioned way of bussing Louella Liverwurst (the lucky man!)



THREE HANDSOME RANCHOITES, Jan Cantwell, Peg Walker and Inez Bell drink a toast to themselves while waiting for husbands who have a way of disappearing when they see a camera approach!

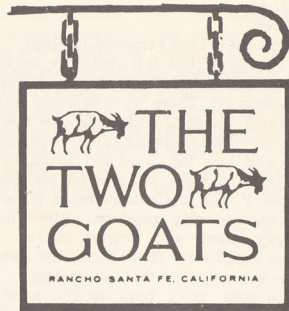


GOURMET DINING AT CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE IN ESCONDIDO was enjoyed over the Christmas Holidays by a family party which included: (left to right) Ralph Giffin, Ruth Giffin, Pam Brees, Bill Brees, Jean Brees, Walter Brees. Pam Brees is the former Pamela Giffin who was married last summer in the Village Church. She and her husband reside in San Francisco and spent the Christmas holidays in Rancho Santa Fe and Del Mar.

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This Month in Rancho School

JAN BAIRD
Kindergarten
Mrs. Pierce



Before Christmas we learned songs in Spanish for the Posada. I liked Marchemos Cantandos. After Christmas I saw a big killer whale at Sea World. I also went to the zoo and saw a big fat Boa Constrictor snake that squeezes people. I like to be back at school. We are making mittens.

TAMMY LEEGER
Grade 1
Mrs. Jennings



Before Christmas Mrs. McQuilkin came and we had a party with cupcakes and ice cream. Santa Claus came to our room and he gave us some gingerbread men. I thought it was really Mr. Biggins.

After vacation we made snowflakes and we are hanging them all around our room.

CARL ROWE
Grade 1
Mrs. Wadia



Sharon Gordon, one of our good students, is moving to La Jolla and has started going to school there. Her big brother Jeff has left our school too.

Betsy Meyer went to Mexico over Christmas. She had a very good time. They had some trouble with the boat trailer but a friendly man from Mexico helped them out so everybody got back alright.

I went to Missouri to see my grandmothers and cousins during the holidays. We had a good time but there was only a little bit of snow one day. I think it's colder here.

There are a lot of creepy crawlers and other Christmas presents in our room. Craig Johnson shared his creepy crawlers with the class.

My father told me that Mrs. Wadia's husband has written a book. It's a very big book—more than 600 pages.

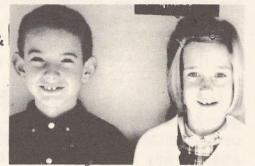
Denise Prim's fish had a birthday. Kelley Novak was bitten by a cat. Betsy Thomas went on a missile cruiser. On Thursday she went to Los Angeles to see Mr. Thomas be presented to the Supreme Court.

ARIEL ROLAND-HOLST
Grade 2
Miss Kawano



Our class is learning about how we get night and day. Melissa Russell got a puppy for Christmas and she calls her Daisy. The Blue Bird Girls are selling peanuts. Vicky Buechting went to Los Angeles. Over the vacation my cousin came to our house. I'm sure other people in my class did something, too.

LINDY NOVAK &
ROBERT BIBLE
Grade 3
Mr. Cook



Room 4 wishes you a Happy New Year. We (Lindy Novak and Robert Bible) have been chosen as the third grade reporters. Before Christmas vacation, we had our Christmas party. Scot Luger got three ponies for Christmas. Robert Bible got a quarter horse. Robert's horse is called Nona J. We are going to begin our study in times tables on Monday. We are studying space and we watched the rendezvous of Gemini 6 and Gemini 7 on TV. We are having tests on addition and subtraction facts. We are learning cursive writing and lots of other things. Our class has been very busy these days. We hope you have a nice school year.

CHRISSIE STROHMEYER
Grade 4
Mr. Osting



Hi Readers!

We had a nime time at our Christmas Party. We enjoyed breaking the pinata. Two of the room mothers, Mrs. Strohmeier and Mrs. Worstell, helped the party to be a success. We have been busy this first week of school working on our special projects. Mr. Osting has given us areas where we can work on our displays. We are all making interesting reports. Some of these are: Gary Carlton — Rockets, Martha Driggs—Plants, Cindy Triplett—Cells, and Mike Sproul—Frogs. We have a new boy in our class named Bruce Benton. He is from Sunset View in San Diego. We have all enjoyed our Christmas vacations. John Mohr went to Mammoth. Cindy Triplett went to Tombstone, Arizona. Mr. Osting went skiing and had a very nice time.

Have a Happy New Year!

KATHY HAFLINGER
Grade 4
Mrs. Feist



Hi there!

When we came back to school on Monday, Mrs. Feist asked us to do New Year's resolutions for school. A lot of them were pretty good. We hope we can keep them.

In Social Studies we're beginning our study on California. We will compare it to our study of Japan.

Many children went somewhere on their Christmas vacation. Lili Foard went to Stockton, California. Tom Wilson went to the mountains and brought back an old, interesting newspaper. Chip Gaunce went to Big Bear. Candy Scarborough went to Pasadena. Janet Rowe went to Missouri to visit her relatives, and Lisa Jones' grandparents came to visit them on Christmas.

Mrs. Malcolmson came in on Wednesday and gave us a Mental Maturity test. She complimented us on our behavior and cooperation. We were glad when it was over. Our whole class wishes you a Happy New Year.

TOM WARD
Grade 5
Mrs. Harper



Hello, Readers:

Christmas vacation is over and it is time to get down to school work, even though fooling around was fun. To be truthful, it is time to get down to business and quit playing.

One student went to Hawaii and two students went to Los Angeles. Most of our class stayed on the Ranch. Those who stayed on the Ranch had fun, too.

We are writing reports on Astronomy. I am writing about the sun. We are also learning about Presidents. I am writing about the President William Harrison.

RICHARD NEWMAN
Grade 5
Mrs. Taylor



Dear Readers:

In Mrs. Taylor's class we are doing reports on the States. We all have two States because there aren't enough children in our class.

We are also having a big sale on odd spelling, late assignments, careless work, untidy papers, in the fifth grade, room nine. So far no sale. Laura Nance's birthday is the 18th of January this month.

WENDY CHRISTENSEN
Grade 6
Mrs. Ross



Happy New Year, readers!

This new year has turned out quite nicely so far. Some of the students have received letters from the soldiers over in Viet Nam. We are fixing up a bulletin board for all the Viet Nam letters that come in. Our class also is doing reports on Hawaii. To go along with the Hawaiian reports we're going to make a bulletin on the Islands. Which reminds me, during the holiday season Camille Bowen was at the Islands and as I understand, Santa visits all the Hawaiians in their little grass shacks on a surfboard instead of a sleigh!

On January 6, our class elected officers. The main officers are: President Tim Savage, Vice President Robert Dewey, Secretary Ann Freeland, and Program Chairman Wendy Christensen. Oh yes, we have an assistant program chairman too. She is Cary Schoensee.

MICAELA COBERLY
Grade 6
Mr. Taylor



Happy New Year, Readers.

I am your new reporter from Mr. Taylor's class. We are working hard this New Year of 1966. We have two new people in our class. Pam Ptak from Omaha, Nebraska, and Jeff Benton from San Diego, California. We were also fortunate enough to get Dick Feist back.

We are reading a new book called "Freedom, America's Choice." We have read Dwight D. Eisenhower's letter to the students of the United States. We also read "Portrait of an American" by Nancy Hale who was a descendant of Nathan Hale. Fred Worstell and James Van Evera put up a bulletin board about freedom.

We are seeing a series of modern math film strips about sets, subsets, factors, primes, and composites. Some of this is review material from earlier in the year, as well as introductions to new processes and concepts.

Our class is starting reports on Australia. They should be very interesting and educational.

Mr. Taylor is taking an art course. He has been sharing with us his new ideas and projects. Our next project will be paper manipulation. We have been having some very exciting and interesting art classes.

I hope you have enjoyed my column.



BRIAN MURPHY
Special Reading
Mrs. Meyer



This year our room is very crowded so Mr. Weiss is making two tables that won't take up much room.

A week before Christmas we had a contest to see who got the most stars in our book. In the fourth grade Brian Murphy, Candy Scarborough and John Hendrichs won. It was fun and we got ice cream cones for the surprise. In the fifth grade the winners were Mari Burgess, Bob Cantwell and Bill Wilson. The sixth graders who won were Mitch Gosney, Ann Hendricks and Cathy Kinney.

CARY SCHOENSEE
Spanish
Mrs. Martin



Feliz Ano Nuevo!

Dear readers, we are all back to work. Tests are here and so are report cards. After all the rain over the vacation, a lot of people went down to Mexico. Senora Martin got to go down for a little while but because of the rain she had to come back. My name is Cary Schoensee. I like Spanish a lot because my mother is Spanish and because we went to Spain. From that day on I liked Spanish.

LISA BERKSON
Music
Mr. Biggins



Hi, Readers:

I will be reporting for just this month because Mr. Biggins is sick so he can not choose a new reporter.

Our choir has made a resolution for 1966. We are going to sing like angels. No, we have had compliments about our singing. The Rotary Club sing was a complete success. One gentleman even cried when he heard us sing. The choir has been working on new songs for the spring festival.

The band has not been working on many new songs because of Mr. Biggins being absent.

All and all we'll be working hard this year. When Mr. B. asks us to work we work hard. Many people have joined the choir since Christmas. The choir has enlarged quite a bit.

Well, I hope you have enjoyed my column. Thank you again.

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NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS* AT LA COSTA



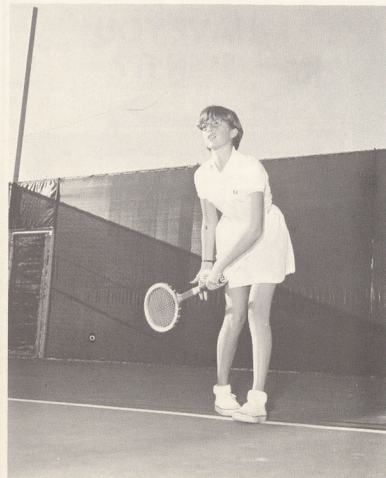
THE HAPPY WORLD OF YOUNG PEOPLE AT LA COSTA

Parents who sometimes wonder where the younger generation is heading for in these days of the Beatles and others of their ilk would have few qualms had they watched 48 determined and dedicated girls playing in La Costa's first annual Girls' Invitational Tennis Tournament last month. The tournament featured competition in age groups from 12 to 18 and attracted several of the county's most promising young players.

For a first effort, the tournament was a complete success, thanks in large part to the personal interest and direction of La Costa pro Nancy Kiner, who began her own great career as a junior player from Ventura. Ever since Nancy took over as La Costa's tennis pro, she has been vitally interested in promoting junior tennis. With her fantastic enthusiasm Nancy is invariably a source of inspiration to young players, and last month's tournament provided Nancy with the kind of juniors she loves to encourage.

Not unexpectedly, Kris Kemmer, who is ranked 4th nationally in the girls' division 14 and under, won her age bracket competition at La Costa and confirmed Nancy's opinion that she is headed for a big career nationally.

Paulette Verzin, a pretty junior also highly regarded, made off with top honors in the 18 and



Kris Kemmer, ranked 4th nationally in the girls' division 14 and under, took part in the first annual La Costa Girls' Invitational last month and won her class.

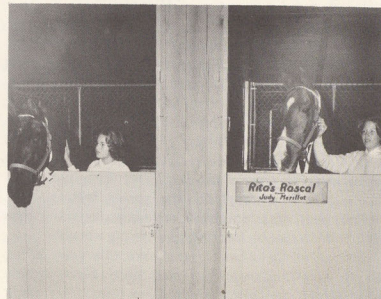
under competition. Ann Lebedeff of San Marcos, who is also coming along with a potentially fine game, gave a good account of herself in the La Costa tournament even though losing out in a semi-final round.

Having successfully staged this first tournament as a 3-day event, Nancy has plans for another girls' invitational in the near future that should bring to the La Costa courts some of the finest juniors in the state. It is this kind of activity, incidentally, that promises great dividends for junior tennis in this area.

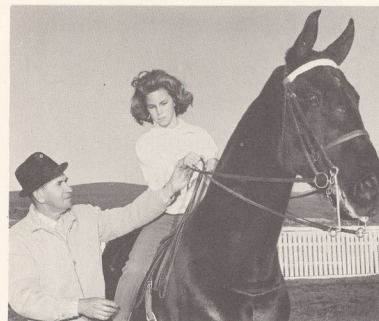


A typical afternoon at the La Costa Stables finds young Suzie Merillat and her lovely mare, Belle of San Pedro, working out in preparation for the horse show at Indio next month.

Junior horsewomen are also having their innings at the spacious La Costa Stables, where a score of fine saddle-breds are being put through their paces for the 1966 horse show circuit that gets under way with the Date Festival next month at Indio.



Parting time finds Suzie and Judy Merillat in the stalls at La Costa giving an affectionate pat to their horses, Belle of San Pedro and Rita's Rascal.



Trainer-manager C. L. "Danny" Daniels, shows Suzie Merillat a correct rein position.

Trainer-manager C. L. "Danny" Daniels, who is particularly well known for his work with junior riders, is currently grooming three of his charges, Karen Zable, daughter of the Walter Zables, and Judy and Suzie Merillat, daughters of the LeRoy Merillats, for a busy season in the show ring.

One of the rewarding sights around the La Costa Stables is to see the enthusiasm these junior horsewomen have for equestrianism. Although it may be an old cliché, there's no better way to teach a youngster a sense of responsibility and purpose than taking care of a horse and showing him in competition.

Mrs. Merillat, for example, makes a round trip of 80 miles several times a week so her two daughters can work their saddle-breds under the knowing eye of trainer Daniels.



The day's workout completed, Judy and Suzie Merillat personally reward their saddle-breds with a heaping pail of dinner.

Both Judy Merillat and Karen Zable took home a clutch of ribbons from the recent National Junior Horse Show at Santa Barbara. Around the La Costa Stables the feeling is prevalent that the Merillat sisters and Karen will give a good account of themselves at the various shows scheduled in the weeks ahead.



All in a day's work. Judy Merillat sees to it that her handsome steed has his hoof cleaned.



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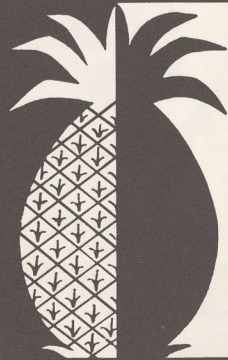
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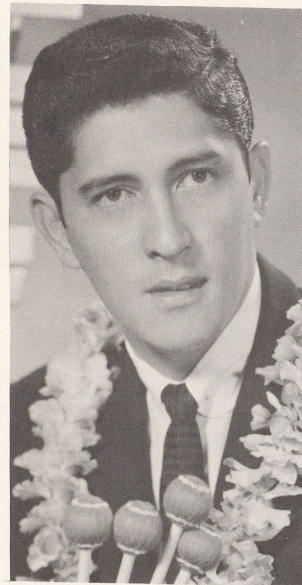
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Arthur Lyman Returns to Bali Ha'i!

Good news travels fast, but it seems like an eternity since San Diegans were treated to the artistry of Arthur Lyman, who returns to Shelter Island's Bali Ha'i for a limited engagement February 1 through February 13.

Headliners wherever they travel, the four-member Arthur Lyman group has appeared in concert and night clubs in Hawaii and across the mainland. Young Lyman, slim, dark-haired virtuoso of the vibes, captivates audiences wherever he goes with the magical power of his ever-changing music—sometimes soft and sensuous, turning diamond-hard with savage pounding of native drums.

In this unique group, you'll thrill to the artistry of the versatile Lyman performing on vibes, marimbas, congas, bongos, and guitar. Pianist Clem Low doubles on the glockenspiel, chimes, clavichord, and percussive instruments. Bass player Archie Grant, Jr. is equally talented on the flute, ukelele, and guitar, while Harold Chang is seemingly everywhere, dividing his talents among the xylophone, ukelele, and 14 different drums. Together they generate the power of a 20-piece band, with a fresh, exotic sound that is unforgettable in the beautiful surroundings of Bali Ha'i. To appreciate the sounds of Arthur Lyman, one needs this South Pacific atmosphere, and Bali Ha'i has it all. Here, delicious Cantonese dinners and exotic Polynesian beverages of Bali Ha'i compliment Arthur Lyman just as his new, vibrant sound fits the lush, Tiki-studded surroundings of this South Seas paradise on Shelter Island.

Devotees of the Arthur Lyman sound are encouraged to make reservations for his limited engagement by calling host Tom Ham at Bali Ha'i — 222-1181. Make a date to treat yourself to a compact, Polynesian vacation—an evening with Arthur Lyman at Bali Ha'i.



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Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

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Is Your Hair a Problem?

If your hair is thinning, your hairline receding, or even if you are BALD, you can help this condition right at home with an exciting new product called HAIR-BACK, a super high protein powder taken with fruit juices.

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1646 Highway 101, Leucadia
753-1641

Rancho Santa Fe is the First To Be Honored as a Community "Neighbor" to Rancho Bernardo with Special Night at Rancho Bernardo, Monday, January 17th

by *Kenneth Scripsma, general manager*
RB Inn and Country Club



Ken Scripsma

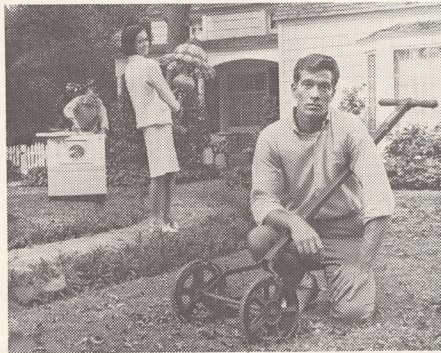
A fine gourmet buffet will be prepared on this special night . . . and the menu includes Roast Baron of Beef; Roast Long Island Duckling; Seafood en Patty Shell, plus their usual assortment of excellent salads, vegetable and dessert — all for \$2.95. There will be a special "Happy Hour" from 5 to 7 p.m., and live entertainment! So why not plan right now

to get a party together — call and reserve a table — and come and join your neighbors in having a great evening; Rancho Bernardo Inn is just a short fifteen minute drive from Rancho Santa Fe, cutting across through Felicitas Park. The Inn is a delightful place to dine on any evening . . . but "Rancho Santa Fe" Night promises to be very, very special! We'll see you there!

The Judson School in Scottsdale, Arizona is College accredited for a well-balanced program of study and recreation.



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 you've got to get a new lawn mower, and then one
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**Rancho Bernardo Inn
 & Country Club**

17550 Bernardo Oaks Dr., San Diego, California 92128 | Area code 714, 748-1611
 January 7, 1966

Dear Rancho Santa Fe Resident:

The Rancho Bernardo Inn and Country Club is planning a special Rancho Santa Fe Night on Monday, January 17, 1966, so you may have an opportunity to join your friends and neighbors in a fun evening at the delightful Room of the Dons.

Chef Charles Stephens, well known in the North County for his excellent cuisine, is preparing a sumptuous buffet to be served from 5:30 to 10 PM featuring Roast Baron of Beef, Long Island Duckling and Seafood En Patty Shell, plus an outstanding array of salads and appetizers. All of this plus your choice of dessert and beverage for just \$2.95.

In our new Rancheros Cantina we will be featuring the finest in cocktails, with a special Happy Hour from 5 until 7 PM with all bar brands at just 50¢ for this occasion. Bar Manager Pat Patterson has prepared a special Rancho Santa Fe drink for your enjoyment - be sure and try the Eucalyptus Lady.

We look forward to having you with us and to meeting you in person. Why don't you get a party together and call our Miss Muriel Clemens at 748-1611, extension 205 for reservations. Miss Clemens will be happy to reserve just the right table for you.

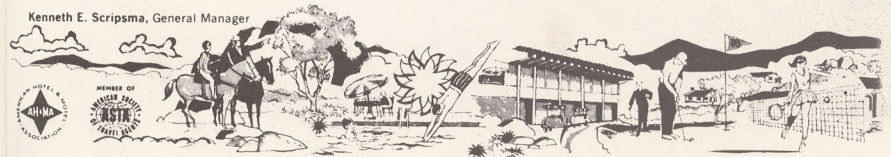
The Rancho Bernardo Inn will have several guest rooms open for your inspection. Our Pro Shop will also be open that evening so you may meet our Golf Professional, Bob Gutwein, and become acquainted with his large and varied selection of sports clothes and gifts. Bob will have a drawing for Rancho Santa Fe residents with the lucky winner receiving a beautiful gift. Be sure you place your name in the drawing box when you visit the Pro Shop.

We look forward to seeing you on January 17 and having the opportunity to serve you in 1966.

Sincerely,

K. Scripsma
 Kenneth E. Scripsma
 General Manager

Kenneth E. Scripsma, General Manager



First Monthly Meeting of Executive Board of Women's Council, Held at Village Church

Mrs. Dermont Macconel, President, officiated at the first monthly meeting of the Executive Board of the Women's Council of the Village Church on January 10, heading members and friends of the church into a busy schedule of events for the forthcoming year. Already underway is a series of bridge lessons, preceding the bridge marathon, being given by Mrs. Josephine Walters Smith, a certified Goren Master Teacher. Lessons are being given each Friday through January and reservations may still be made for the two remaining Fridays by calling Mrs. Robert Cantwell.

Sponsored by the Women's Council, the bridge marathon which has been so successfully held in previous years will commence during the week of February 20 for all bridge-playing Ranchoites and will continue through May 21. Prizes will be awarded in all flights with proceeds from the event going into the Benevolent Activities Fund of the Women's Council. Mrs. James F. Reeves, marathon director, requests you call her early for information and reservations. Phone 756-1686 or send reservations to P.O. Box 505, Rancho Santa Fe.

Plans are underway for a luncheon February 22 in Fellowship Hall at the Village Church and two of the most sought after speakers in the country have accepted invitations from the Women's Council to speak to all interested persons. Both men and women are invited and encouraged to attend. The Reverend Lloyd J. Ogilvie, present senior pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Bethlehem, Pa. and The Reverend Bruce Larson who is present executive director of the "Faith at Work" magazine will bring their marvelous speaking capabilities to the Ranch and the office of the Village Church will be taking early reservations. Please phone 756-2441.

Reverend Ogilvie was formerly the senior pastor, at age 25, at the Winnetka Presbyterian Church near Chicago and was the organizing pastor there from 1955 to 1962. He received his theological degrees in Edinburgh, Scotland and he and Reverend Bruce Larson should present a speaking afternoon of great interest.

Mt. San Jacinto Conquered by Steel Structure

The impassable craggy, granite slopes of Mt. San Jacinto can now be conquered by any visitor to Palm Springs, by riding the world-famous aerial tramway.

But first, the conquering was done by the founders, Francis Crocker and Earl Coffman of Palm Springs, men of vision.

With their dreams and visions to work with, L. E. Dixon of San Gabriel, contracting engineer, master-minded the five steel goliaths, towers one through five, which hold the five miles of cable.

The 80-passenger cable cars glide over these cables approximately 2½ miles in a mere 15 minutes.

The trip begins in Chino Canyon at the Valley Station, located at 2,643 feet, and concludes at the Mountain Station, 8,516 feet.

The Mountain Station is the gateway to Mt. San Jacinto State Park which encompasses 13,000 acres with 54 miles of hiking trails and five campsites.

The tramway provides desert visitors with snow sports during winter months and spectacular sightseeing, hiking, camping and picnicking in the cool temperatures of summertime.

Many a winter tourist to Palm Springs has found himself golfing and swimming in the morning and in less than half an hour, breathing the snowy mountain temperatures at about 20 degrees.

Special events for each major holiday take place at the summit, and the full-moon ride is always a spectacular unequalled by any Hollywood scenario. Full moons for the remainder of this year are Oct. 10, Nov. 8 and Dec. 8. Special entertainment is provided on these nights.

A particularly impressive ride for the visitor is taken about 4 p.m. when the vast Coachella Valley is drenched in the setting sunlight. Tramway officials suggest that plans be made to dine at the Alpine Restaurant, high atop the mountain, remain until dark, and descend after the moon has risen.

But, any way you take it, the aerial excursion at Palm Springs is a magical ride aboard modern man's miracle into nature's wonderland of unsurpassed scenic beauty.



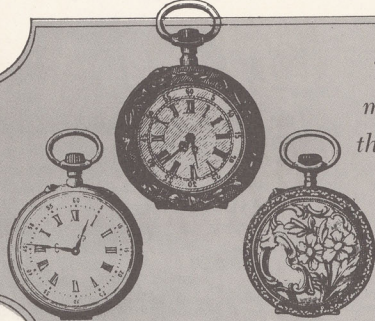
Five Hilltop Acres with Five Large Bedrooms and Five Bathrooms

This beautiful Rancho Santa Fe home is practically new. An orange grove, family orchard and lawn are all under sprinklers. A tree-lined driveway is a delightful entrance to home, stable, corral and ring. The large swimming pool has a dramatic waterfall . . . and night lights are activated when darkness falls. The front of the house has a large veranda with spectacular views and the fine wrought iron veranda furnishings are included. The home itself is spectacular. Master bedroom with parquet floors and beamed ceilings; large paneled study with attached office; family room; work room; wine room. Exceptional storage facilities include three cedar-lined walk-in closets! The handsome dining area has a beamed ceiling. Three-car garage, double heating, double water softeners, unique lighting, flood lights outside, intercom and music interconnected to all rooms, stereo speakers in the living room. Carpets, drapes, shutters and some custom furniture is included. This exceptionally fine home, close to Village and school is offered with attractive terms. Moderate down; owner will finance balance. For particulars, call or write

R. M. CLOTFELTER

LICENSED REAL ESTATE BROKER/RANCHO SANTA FE, CALIFORNIA **756-2422**





Time! time to look about, time to move about, now after the holidays there is finally time for your domain.

RANCHO SANTA FE INTERIORS

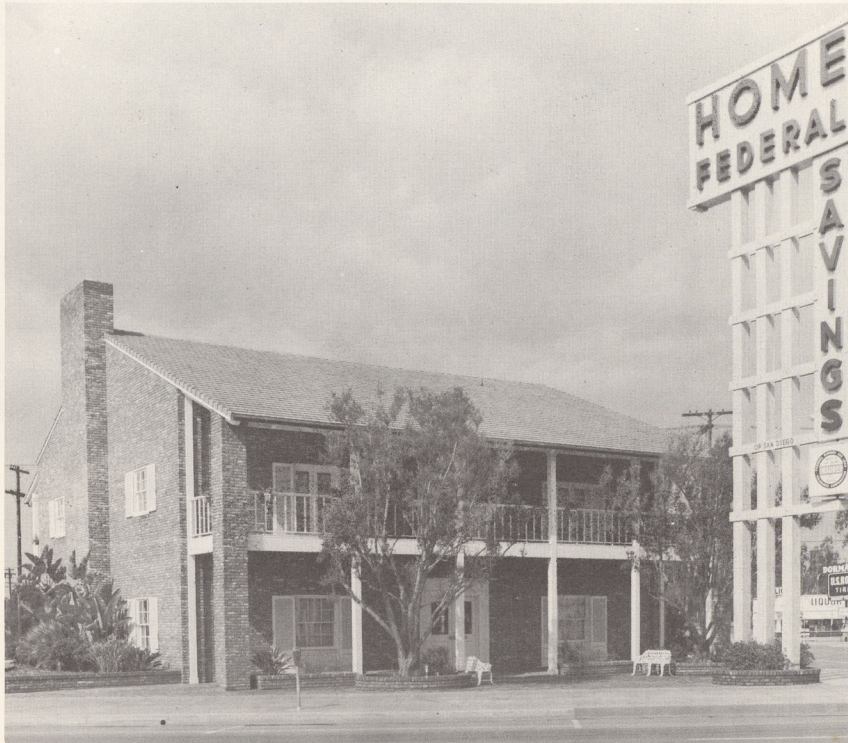
756-2278

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Bulletin

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SUBDIVISIONS

P & G Ins. Co. (P. T. Fletcher) (Kimridge Escrow) Por Lots 1 and 6, Blk 5, Via de Fortuna and El Montevideo, consisting of 34.1 gross acres, ±, into two (2) sites of 13.93 and 19.40, ±, net acres. Approved.

D'Vincent, D. Por Lot 4, Blk 24, Los Morros, consisting of 6.0 gross acres, ±, into two (2) sites of 3.0 and 2.7 net acres ±. Approved.

DIRECTORS' REPORTS:

Mr. Corlett, Chairman of the Golf Course Committee, reported that the Committee recommends use of the golf course for a special tournament sponsored through The Inn, for April 1966. It was moved, seconded, and carried to approve this recommendation.

Upon recommendation of the Golf Course Committee, it was moved, seconded, and carried that Admiral Thomas Francis Connolly, Commander Naval Air Force Pacific Fleet, be accorded regular golf playing privileges at the Rancho Santa Fe golf course through payment of the prorated monthly fee during the period of his active assignment to the San Diego area. The initiation fee was waived.

It was moved, seconded, and carried to authorize the purchase of a greens mower at a cost not to exceed \$475.

Mr. McLaughlin, Chairman of the Finance Committee, reported on the December 2 meeting of his Committee. A cash projection will be prepared for the second half of the fiscal year 1965-66.

Mr. McLaughlin reported that a study had been made on suitable compensation to Mr. Robin Wanner on his retirement, effective December 31, 1965, after more than twenty years employment with the Rancho Santa Fe Association. It was moved, seconded, and carried, Mr. Corlett abstaining, to authorize the payment of \$100 per month to Mr. Wanner during calendar year 1966; \$75 per month during calendar year 1967 and \$50 per month during calendar year 1968. These payments are made as a gratuity in the absence of any established pension plan.

The Finance Committee is unanimously of the opinion that the restaurant should be turned over to a concessionaire for its operation. The Secretary was requested to report at the next meeting on this matter.

Mr. Teagle, Chairman Planning Commission. It was moved, seconded, and carried to authorize Rancho Santa Fe Engineering Co. to make preliminary engineering studies for the relocation of the presently proposed prime arterial on the west side of the Ranch to an alignment lying to the west of Rancho Santa Fe, at a cost not to exceed \$500.

It was moved, seconded, and carried to authorize the Chairman of the Planning Commission to initiate an agreement with the Santa Fe Irrigation District for the proper restoration of roads in Rancho Santa Fe disturbed by Irrigation District installation of water mains, to include replacing the median striping.

ADVANCED PLAYING PRIVILEGES:

"A" — 207 "B" — 120.

RECESS:

The meeting was recessed for lunch and a field trip at 12:15 P.M. and adjourned at 2:30 P.M.

H. G. Larson, Vice President
David A. Van Evera, Secretary

MINUTES OF THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE RANCHO SANTA FE ASSOCIATION, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1965, AT 9:00 A.M. IN THE BOARD ROOM.

PRESENT: Vice President Larson, Directors Corlett, Loretz, McLaughlin, Teagle and Thieme.

EXCUSED: President Harris.

ALSO PRESENT: Association members Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cook, R. M. Clotfelter, G. C. Calder, A. C. Ridland, E. T. Price, F. S. Coffin, J. Powell, Mrs. W. Weddell, Mrs. C. C. Loomis, Mrs. D. B. Patton; non-Association member Bruce Dillon; Association Counsel H. F. Tebbetts, Secretary Van Evera and Assistant Secretary Allen.

PUBLIC HEARING: 9:00 A.M.

Mr. Larson declared the Public Hearing open to consider the petition for appeal from a ruling of the Art Jury denying a request for subdivision of portion of Lot 8, Block 34, El Puente, filed by Mrs. Wardie Cook.

He asked if anyone wished to be heard on the appeal now before the Board. Mr. H. W. Cook identified himself as the husband of the petitioner and requested that the Board of Directors favorably consider the petition. Mr. Gordon Calder, President of the Art Jury, explained the reasons for the Art Jury's position.

Mr. Larson asked if there was anybody who wished to speak in opposition to the subdivision request. No one else spoke in opposition to the request. The Public Hearing was closed at 9:20 A.M.

After an inspection of the site the Board took the matter under advisement for further study.

VISITORS:

Mr. R. M. Clotfelter appeared before the Board to speak in regard to a recent request by Mr. P. J. Anderson to subdivide portion of Lot 2, Block 19, Lago Lindo, consisting of 3.8 gross acres into two (2) sites of 1.7 and 1.7 net acres. After an inspection of the site the Board voted unanimously to approve the subdivision as requested.

Mr. E. T. Price, representing the Rancho Santa Fe Library Guild, presented to the Board a resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of the Guild concerning possible use of Association property for a proposed Library building. It was the decision of the Board that the matter be referred to the Planning Commission of the Rancho Santa Fe Association for study in conjunction with representatives of the School Board and Library Guild.

MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING:

It was moved, seconded, and carried that the minutes of the previous meeting be approved, as corrected.

ART JURY RECOMMENDATIONS:

After visiting the sites the following actions were taken on Art Jury recommendations:

MINUTES OF THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE RANCHO SANTA FE ART JURY HELD ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1965, AT 9:00 A.M. IN THE BOARD ROOM.

PRESENT: President Calder, Architect Jung, Member Ridland and Alternates Coffin and Price.
ALSO PRESENT: Secretary Van Evera and Recording Secretary Joyce Duffield.

The meeting was called to order by President Calder. The Art Jury on motions duly made, seconded, and carried, acted on the following matters of business:

NEW CONSTRUCTION:

1. Quirk, W. E. Res. and Gar. Por Lot 3, Blk 7, La Crescenta. Approved.
2. Hughes, R. J. Res. and Gar. Por Lot 3, Blk 33, El Secreto. Deferred.
3. Strauss, E. (Smith, P. F.) Res. and Gar. Por Lot 21, Map 2089, Lago Lindo. Deferred.
4. Sullivan, A. (Ferdyn, J. E.) Res. and Gar. Lot 2, Blk 29, Zorro Vista Estates. Deferred.
5. Mobil Oil Co. Service Station, Lot 3, Blk 30, La Flécha. No plans submitted.
6. Appleton, L. E. Res. and Gar. Por Lot 22, Blk 36, El Arco Iris. Deferred.

PRELIMINARY STYLE CHECK:

7. Peterson, D. Res. Por Lots 7 and 9, Blk 48, Via de la Valle. Deferred.
8. Green and Lambert 32 Unit Apt. Project, Por Lots 2 and 3, Blk 31, Via de Santa Fe. Approved.
9. McKinney, S. Res. Lot 8, Blk 7, Via de Fortuna. Approved.
10. Welles, C. Res. Por Lot 50 and 53, Map 2129, Avenida Maravillas. Deferred.

ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS:

11. Craig, H. A. Additional room, Por Lot 2, Map 1742, Lago Lindo. Approved.
12. Johnson, R. L. Stable, Lot 1, Blk 2, Paseo Delicias. Approved.
13. Rickard, C. L. Stable, Por Lot 18, Blk 37, Los Arboles. Approved. Setback variance recommended to Board.
14. Kowalski, J. E. Stable, Por Lot 3, Blk 22, Los Morros. Approved.

SUBDIVISIONS:

15. Cottingham, B. Por Lots 4 and 5, Blk 7, Avenida Alondra, consisting of 4.9 gross acres ± into two sites of 2.2 and 2.4, net acres ±. Approval not recommended to Board of Directors.
16. Allard, A. D. Por Lot 22, Blk 36, El Camino Real, consisting of 3.9 gross acres ± into two sites of 1.8 and 1.8 net acres ±. Approval not recommended to Board of Directors.
17. Jennings, F. D. Por Lot 3, Blk 47, La Madreselva, consisting of 6.0 gross acres ± into three sites of 2.0, 2.0 and 2.0 net acres ±. Approval not recommended to the Board of Directors.
18. Hughes, R. Por Lot 3, Blk 33, El Secreto, consisting of 4.00 gross acres, into two sites of 2.9 and 2.0 net acres ±. Approval not recommended to Board of Directors.
19. Getson, V. (Rancho Getson) Por Lot 5, Blk 29, consisting of 8 gross acres, into 4 sites of 2.0, 2.0, 2.0 and 2.0 net acres ±. Approval recommended to the Board of Directors, pending expiration of posting date 1-7-66.
20. Truog, J. Por Lot 14, Blk 32, Linea del Cielo, consisting of 3.4 gross acres ±, into two sites of 1.4 and 1.8 net acres ±. Approval not recommended to Board of Directors.

21. Getson, V. Por Lot 2, Blk 19, Via de la Cumbre and Avenida de Acacias, consisting of 2.08 gross acres ± into two sites of 1- and 1- net acres ±. Approval not recommended to the Board of Directors.

KEEPING OF ANIMALS:

22. Kowalski, J. E. (Murphy tenant) 2 horses at Por Lot 3, Blk 22, Map 1742, Via de Fortuna and Los Morros on 4 acres ±. Approval recommended to the Board of Directors.

23. Barber, R. E. 3 horses at Por Lot 3, Blk 7, Map 1742, Via de Fortuna on 4.73 acres ±. Approval recommended to the Board of Directors.

24. Johnson, R. L. 3 horses at Lot 1, Blk 2, Map 1742, Paseo Delicias on 53 acres ±. Approval recommended to the Board of Directors.

25. Miller, B. K. 37 horses and get at Por Lot 3, Blk 23, Map 1742 La Noria on 23 acres ±. Approval recommended to the Board of Directors for thirty (30) horses.

Gordon Calder, President
David A. Van Evera, Secretary



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Board Minutes

MINUTES OF THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE RANCHO SANTA FE ASSOCIATION, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1965, 9:00 A.M. IN BOARD ROOM.

PRESENT: President Harris, Vice President Larson, Directors Loretz, McLaughlin, Teagle and Thieme.
EXCUSED: Director Corlett.

ALSO PRESENT: Association members H. A. Cottingham, R. C. Blackledge; non-Association member Bruce Dillon; also Secretary Van Evera and Assistant Secretary Allen.

EXECUTIVE SESSION:

The Board met in executive session at 9:00 A.M., with the regular meeting convening at 9:30 A.M.

MINUTES OF PREVIOUS MEETING:

The minutes of the previous meeting were approved, as corrected.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE ART JURY:

Meeting Date. The Secretary advised that the Art Jury had unanimously voted to hold the monthly meetings of the Art Jury on the second Thursday of each month, starting January 13, 1966.

The following final actions were taken on Art Jury recommendations:

REQUEST FOR VARIANCE

Rickard, C. L. Stable, Por Lot 18, Blk 37, Los Arboles. Request setback variance from 100' to 50' from the property line. Approved.

KEEPING OF ANIMALS

Kowalski, J. E. (Murphy tenant) 2 horses at Por Lot 3, Blk 22, Map 1742, Via de Fortuna and Los Morros on 4 acres ±. Approved.

Barber, R. E. (McKinney escrow) 3 horses at Por Lot 3, Blk 7, Map 1742, Via de Fortuna on 4.73 acres ±. Approved.

Johnson, R. L. 3 horses at Lot 1, Blk 2, Map 1742, Paseo Delicias on 53 acres ±. Approved.

Miller, Mrs. B. K. 37 horses and get at Por Lot 3, Blk 23, Map 1742, La Noria on 23 acres ±. Deferred.

DIRECTORS' REPORTS:

Mr. Harris reported on a recent meeting with Mr. William Craven, Administrative Assistant to Supervisor Cozens in which the road situation was discussed particularly with reference to the projected paving of Camino Real. As a result of the discussion, the views of the Association with respect to the 40' width of the paving will again be conveyed to the appropriate county representatives.

Mr. McLaughlin, Chairman of the Finance Committee, reported that several golf members were delinquent in the payment of their monthly installments of the annual playing privileges. It was moved, seconded, and carried to authorize the Chairman of the Finance Committee to post the names of members delinquent in excess of ninety days.

It was moved, seconded, and carried to open a savings account in the amount of \$10,000, and transfer the payroll account to the Bank of La Jolla.

The Financial Statement for November, 1965 was discussed. Copies are available at the Association office.

Mr. Teagle reported on the first meeting of the Planning Commission. Present needs are to consider zoning and securing adequate commercial and civic areas and to set up long range goals for at least 20 to 25 years. The immediate needs are to consider the library location and to work out with the School Board and the Library Guild the necessary details. Satisfactory progress is being made in this matter with final action anticipated in January.

SECRETARY'S REPORT:

Use of Clubhouse. The Secretary reported that use of the Clubhouse has been requested for December 21 by the Women's Golf Club and January 8, 1966 by the Men's Golf Club. It was moved, seconded, and carried to authorize the closing of the Clubhouse to the general public for those dates, subject to adequate advance notice and posting.

Letter of protest. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Elroy O. Jones in regard to the request of Do Builders for a right of ingress and egress along the northerly portion of Association property, Lot 141. The letter was referred to the Planning Commission for consideration. Mr. Jones asked that if the Board proposed to grant the requested easement, he first be permitted to appear in opposition. The Board agreed to honor his request.

ADVANCED PLAYING PRIVILEGES:

"A" — 210 "B" — 122.

EXECUTIVE SESSION: The Board was in executive session from 11:35 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.

ADJOURNMENT: There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at 12:30 P.M. to reconvene at 9:00 A.M. Monday, December 20, 1965.

H. V. Harris, President
David A. Van Evera, Secretary

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**AL HILL, JR. —
DEL RANCHO POOL REPRESENTATIVE**
Resident of Rancho Santa Fe for 18 Years

MINUTES OF AN ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE RANCHO SANTA FE ASSOCIATION, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1965, AT 9:00 A.M. IN THE BOARD ROOM.

PRESENT: President Harris, Vice President Larson, Directors Corlett, Loretz, McLaughlin, Teagle and Thieme.

ALSO PRESENT: Association members J. E. Eddy, Elroy O. Jones, H. Ray Millard, G. G. Steinwenter, W. K. Wheelock and John C. Wood; also Secretary Van Evera and Assistant Secretary Allen.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Harris at 9:00 A.M. The Secretary read a "Tentative Revised Cart Fees" schedule, dated December 20, 1965.

Mr. H. Ray Millard read a proposal of the committee representing private cart owners. (Copy attached) A discussion ensued with members in the audience participating.

It was moved by Mr. Corlett, seconded by Mr. Loretz, that the "Tentative Revised Cart Fees" schedule, dated December 20, 1965, be approved. Discussion followed. The President called a recess at 10:15 A.M. The meeting reconvened at 10:30 A.M.

Mr. McLaughlin read a new statement of "Tentative Revised Cart Fees" which had been modified to incorporate a suggestion from the committee proposal referred to above. Mr. Corlett withdrew his original motion.

It was moved by Mr. McLaughlin, seconded by Mr. Loretz, that the new revised schedule of cart fees be approved. Mr. Loretz moved to amend the motion to include that recognition be given the present established waiting list for private carts by continuing same. The amendment motion died for lack of second. The President called for a vote and it was passed unanimously to adopt the following cart fee schedule, to become effective January 1, 1966.

**(A) Present Private Cart Privilege
6 Months**

Jan. 1 - June 30, 1966

Registration Annual \$ 2.50
Private Cart Privilege 85.00

Club Year

July 1, 1966 - June 30, 1967

Registration Annual \$ 5.00
Private Cart Privilege 170.00

The existing private cart privileges to be discontinued when club membership terminates. Waiting list to be eliminated.

(B) Additional Private Carts

Jan. 1 - June 30, 1966

Registration \$2.50
Per round fee 4.00

July 1, 1966 - June 30, 1967

Registration \$5.00
Per round fee 4.00

This plan provides for additional private carts at fees directly related to usage and substantially below the club cart rates.

(C) Club Carts

Single use: 18 holes \$7.00; 9 holes \$4.00.

Annual use—lease basis: Annual charge per individual member \$350.00 plus \$3.50 per round to be paid by the rider, unless a lessee. If lessee drives cart alone, he will pay \$3.50 per round.

Mr. Harris expressed the appreciation of the Board for the study, interest and helpful suggestions made by the committee representing private cart owners.

Planning Commission. It was moved, seconded, and carried to authorize the expenditure of an amount not to exceed \$150.00 for a surveyor's plot plant of the area in the vicinity of the Association office, to assist in the consideration of possible improvements.

ADJOURNMENT. There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at 10:55 A.M.

MINUTES OF AN ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE RANCHO SANTA FE ASSOCIATION, MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1965, AT 9:00 A.M. IN THE BOARD ROOM.

PRESENT: President Harris, Vice President Larson, Directors Loretz, McLaughlin, Teagle and Thieme. **EXCUSED:** Director Corlett.

ALSO PRESENT: Secretary Van Evera and Assistant Secretary Allen.

The President declared the meeting in executive session at 9:00 A.M. This was completed at 11:30 A.M.

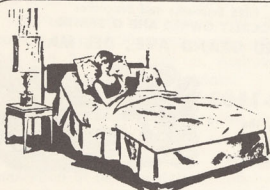
There being no other matters of business to be brought before the Board the meeting adjourned at 11:30 A.M., December 20, 1965, to reconvene at 9:00 A.M., Tuesday, December 28, 1965.

H. V. Harris, President
David A. Van Evera, Secretary

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**San Diego Gas & Electric Company
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SAN DIEGO, January 10 — San Diego Gas and Electric Company, the largest taxpayer in the city and county, added \$5,665,297 to the county's coffers today.

The sum was the first of two installments on the company's 1965-66 ad valorem taxes. A check for the amount was turned over to County Tax Collector James P. Rasmussen by A. R. Cox, vice president-finance, for SDG&E.

The tax money will be shared with local taxing units, including incorporated cities and towns, school districts, and irrigation districts.

An additional \$103,447 is being paid in first installment ad valorem taxes to the city of Coronado and to Orange, Riverside, and San Bernardino Counties.

Second installment will be paid in April and will raise the total paid by SDG&E for the year to \$11,537,968.



**Construction Under Way on
"La Serena" Apartments**

Many interested onlookers marveled at the dexterity of this huge piece of equipment, in use recently on the construction site of Rancho Santa Fe's newest rental apartments, "LA SERENA." This property is under construction on Paseo Delicias by "Rancho Santa Fe Properties," and the firm of Chapin & Galleher are Rental Agents.

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Robert C. Picking, Chairman

Death of Howard T. Christanson Saddens Ranchoites

Howard T. Christanson was born in Port Arena, California, December 10, 1897. Being a native son of California, he spent his entire sixty-eight years in the Golden State, having attended grade school, high school, and then the University of Southern California, up until 1918, when he became a member of the armed forces of World War I.

He took his cadet training at the S.A.T.C. at the University of Southern California. While there he received an appointment to Officers' Training School, which was not followed through because of the termination of the World War I. In the latter part of 1918.

For many years he was active in the real estate business in Beverly Hills, and later, West Los Angeles. In 1940, he joined the Machinery Sales Company, of which company he was president of the Corporation, until his death. During these ten years, he was manager of the factory, which was actively operated during the years of World War II. He was then advanced to Vice President — then General Sales Manager — and approximately five years ago he was elected President of Machinery Sales Company, succeeding the then deceased, D. N. Macconel, who had for years headed the company.

Mr. Christanson was very active in many civic activities. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, Rotary Club, the Bel Air Bay Club, and was also a past president of the Beverly Hills Optimist Club.

The Machinery Sales Company, under Mr. Christanson's leadership, had become one of the largest of its kind in the United States, and some several weeks before his untimely passing, he and his organization had conducted the largest national dealer display of machine tools manufactured all over the United States and represented by the prominent machine tool manufacturers from a large number of the lending companies, for which his company acts as distributor. This display was conducted at the old Shrine Auditorium display rooms and was attended by literally thousands of manufacturers from the airplane industry and many diversified industries who were customers of Machinery Sales Company.

It was the only, and by far the largest machine tool display ever conducted by dealer-distributor organization in the history of the machine tool business.

He leaves a widow, Vinita H. Christanson, residing in their family home at Brentwood, at 275 Homewood Road. Funeral services were held at the Chapel of the Brentwood Presbyterian Church, conducted by Reverend Chester Tolson, a friend of many years. For those who wish to remember the deceased, a Memorial Heart Fund has been established in his name in the Heart Fund Association of Los Angeles County.



THE

Divot

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DON FRICK

HARRY LEE
JIM STOCKTON

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Vice-President

RANCHO SANTA FE GOLF CLUB

DIRECTORS

HERB PRATT - WORTH WARNER - DR. NED FOWLER
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Secretary

Thursday Team Matches

Worth Warner is team captain of the Ranch's Thursday Golf Team which will play home and home matches against three opponents this winter. There will be 16 men on the squad with maximum allowable handicap of 16.

The schedule:

January 20—At Apple Valley
January 27—Apple Valley
February 3—Lake San Marcos
February 10—at Lake San Marcos
February 17—Rancho Bernardo
February 24—at Rancho Bernardo

A special bulletin from the SCGA relays some information on rule changes and local options which, if we interpret them correctly, means that:

(1) As of January 1, 1966, striking an unattended flagstick will be prohibited only when the ball is played from the putting green. There will no longer be a penalty for striking an unattended flagstick when playing from off the green within 20 yards of the hole. This involves cancellation of an optional Local Rule, authorized in 1965, which permitted striking an unattended flagstick except when the ball was played from within the flagstick's length of the hole.

(2) Time Saver No. 1—a Local Rule can be adopted providing that, in stroke play, each player shall play continuously on the putting green until he holes out, unless his ball lies in competitors line after the first putt. Penalty for Breach: Two strokes.

(3) Time Saver No. 2—a Local Rule can be adopted for both match and medal play to the effect that a ball may be lifted for cleaning only after the first putt. Penalty for Breach: Match play—Loss of hole; Stroke Play—two strokes.

Everybody clear?

The Man Behind The Machines

Kansas-born and Kansas-raised, Gary Silor moved to California in 1958 to pursue his chosen career as golf course superintendent in our sunny (?) climate. Today he's the new "maitre de" of the fairways and roughs of Rancho Santa Fe Golf Course.

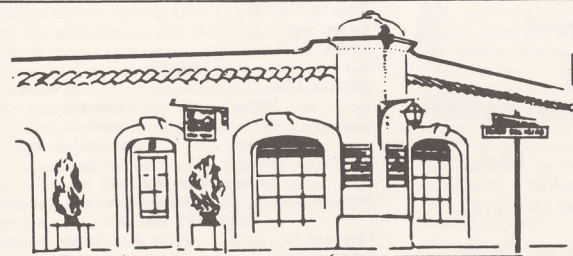
A dedicated young man, with broad experience in his field, Gary talks with enthusiasm about our golf course and looks forward to being able to help improve it to the point where it ranks second to none in the area.

"The natural, adult-spaciousness of the layout gives us a head-start over all other courses in the area" says the new superintendent. "All we need is the sprinkling system (now due for completion this spring), some up-grading of machinery, and remodeling and extension of some of the tees."

Gary was born in Eldorado, Kansas and attended high school and junior college in that town. His first job was on the grounds staff at the Eldorado American Legion course. He also worked at the Pratt Country Club, Pratt, Kansas before moving west to join the staff of Singing Hills where he became superintendent in 1958. From 1960-62 he was engaged in completing the construction of the par 3 course and driving range at Disneyland, then he came back to San Diego County and headed up Vacation Village and Carlton Oaks before taking on his present job last month.

Gary and his wife, Gena—who hails from Augusta, Kansas—have three children; Alan, 9; Danny, 7; and Gay Lyn, 4.

Welcome to all of the Silors... and good luck to you here!



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BATTLING THE BARRANCA

By DON FRICK

We conclude our 16 month stint as editor of the Divot with just a brief word of thanks to the men of the Golf Club who have made our job easier by providing the news and information necessary to our job . . . and particularly to Bill, Kathy, Robbie, Gloria and the others at the Golf Shop for their gracious assistance.

And we have just a few items of note to pass along for Ranch historians to chronicle . . . such as the eagle copped by Hank Isaacs on the 8th hole last month . . . the Horatio-at-the-Bridge feat performed by Richard "Lion-Hearted" Simpson as he repaired a plugged-up drain system during the height of the December 21 rainstorm, and in so doing prevented the putting green from being washed into Dan's lap in the clubhouse . . .

Plus a word of welcome to the new members of the Golf Club who have joined in the last two months, particularly Ray Ptak, whose 4-handicap (Omaha-born) will be sorely tested on our hills and dales . . . and a word of condolence to Don Morris on his knee injury, which probably could have been avoided if he'd made more effective use of the fairway areas . . . and congratulations to Worth Warner on his re-election to the board of directors.

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The Fair Sex

By MARY LOU LEWIS



The Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot, as you well know, was postponed on account of rain. In fact it rained so much that the Thanksgiving Tournament became the Christmas Party. However when it finally came off it was a great success. Maybe some of the scores weren't as low as last year, but then again the course was not quite as heavy. Gifts were exchanged and some re-exchanged. Our Chairman, Barbara Matzinger, introduced the "Daffy Duffers", our new nine-hole group and Katie Knight presented turkeys to the lucky winners.

Winners were: 1st with a low net of 62, Virginia Hammond, Barbara Matzinger, Edith Christopher, Louise Conklin; There was a three-way tie for 2nd with a low net of 67, Margaret Bushard, Rue Harris, Pat Wearne and a blind draw; Clarice Dobroth, Virginia Shaw, Betty Doblér, Nita Gibbons; Marion Millar, Tony Detrick, June Gibbs, Florence Satten; a two-way tie for 3rd with a low net of 68; Chumpy Forbes, Dorothy Croft, Millie Randolph, Kathryn Knight; Doll Freeman, Ava Raft, Ellen Farr, Betty Pratt.

The winners of the Daffy Duffers, who managed to get their tournament in before the rain were: Pauline Roe, Frauline Macconnel, Glennie Ginder, Barbara Holland and Bonnie Boyle.

Gerry Enochson had quite a thrill on the 4th hole she sank her 4th shot with a six iron, thereby giving her a net two or a double eagle. We welcome two new members to our group, Mrs. Arthur E. Meyerhoff (Elaine) from Brairgate, Deerfield, Illinois and Mrs. Thomas Lefforge (Bonnie).

A group of eight couples are leaving for Borrego Springs on Friday morning and returning Sunday. They intend playing golf and running their own tournaments. (weather permitting). Included in the group are the Wells Huntleys, Wright Huntleys, Chauncey Hetzlers; Worth Warners, George Lewis's, Ken Knudsons, Elmer Mortons and the Ken Enochsons.

FAIR SEX

		SWEEPS	
January 18th	Tin Whistle	
	Bogey	1 point	
	Par	2 points	
	Birdie	3 points	
	Eagle	4 points	
	Strokes where they fall		
January 25th	Field Shots. Full Handicap	
FEBRUARY SWEEPS			
February 1st	Medal Play. Board Meeting	
February 3rd	Guest Day	
February 8th	Best Ball of Foursome	
February 18th	Putts	
February 22nd	Odd or Even	
To be selected after tee off.			



Meet Your Neighbors . . . The Thomas W. Osborns, Sr.

Thomas W. Osborn, Sr., was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia . . . but it was in Pueblo, Colorado where our story begins. Major Cuthbert A. H. Osborn was stationed in Pueblo when his dashing son was a high school charmer. At just the right moment (about the middle of the senior year) this handsome campus man crossed paths with pretty Martha Merchant. That did it! He wooed and won her, and they set up housekeeping in Pueblo where Thomas W. Osborn, Jr., was born. As business demands grew, the family moved to Red Bank, New Jersey, where John Harrison Osborn put in his appearance to complete the family circle.

Shrewsbury, New Jersey was "home" during 1934. For twelve years, Tom Sr. was associated with General Motors Company, two years with General Tire Co. and for the past eighteen years with General Electric Co. During WW II he was stationed in the Pacific islands representing Gruman Aircraft, parts division.

In 1957 Tom was transferred to Southern California General Electric Appliance Div., Los Angeles and in 1958 to San Diego. They commuted week-ends to San Diego and surrounding areas in search of a home to buy, or property on which to build.

One late afternoon on their way back to Los Angeles they decided to take a right turn off highway 101 and follow a sign that read "Rancho Santa Fe 5 miles." And what a right turn that turned out to be! They immediately fell in love with the Ranch as soon as they saw the beautiful tall trees. This was the first time since leaving New Jersey they had seen any trees growing in a natural state in California!

Subsequently they bought property and built their home. It is surrounded by orange trees, pepper trees and palm trees, which thrive in our wonderful climate.

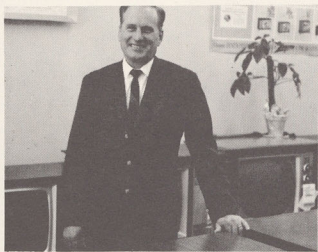
Their interests are centered mainly around family and friends, community, church and school activities. Tom Sr. was a member of the Board of Trustees of La Jolla Country Day School for three

years; and is an usher at the Village Church in Rancho Santa Fe. In April 1962 Tom Jr. returned home from Germany and the Armed Services to announce his engagement to a very lovely young girl in Abst-Gmund, Germany, Miss Gudrun M. Froelich. The following December they were married in the Village Church in Rancho Santa Fe. On August 3, 1964 the Osborn family was blessed with a lovely little grand-daughter, Regina Gay Osborn . . . and on December 21, 1965 a fine young grandson, Eric Michael Osborn, arrived. Tom Jr., a graduate of St. Andrews prep. school and Lehigh University, is associated with General Insurance Company and was recently transferred to San Diego from the Los Angeles area. John H. Osborn, a freshman at the University of California in Santa Barbara, is a graduate of La Jolla Country Day School. Active in many areas of sports, John is now a member of the newly formed Crew Club of U.C.S.B. On the Ranch, John was an active member of the Junior and Senior Westminster Youth groups of the Village Church, a member of the Junior and Senior Assembly of San Diego and attended the College Assembly dance during the Christmas Holidays. Hobbies? Girls — of course — along with music and sports.

The new arrival in the Osborn family is being held by his great-grandmother, Mrs. Celia M. Merchant, who recently celebrated her 83rd birthday. Mrs. Merchant came to the Ranch in 1963 from Pueblo, Colorado and enjoys "Rancho Living" with the Osborn family.

Having lived in Rancho Santa Fe the past seven years the Osborns feel especially privileged to have become a part of this community, to have experienced the warmth of its friendships, spiritual growth in its Community Church and the good fortune to have raised their youngest son in this community. They are especially impressed with the deep rooted civic pride of the Rancho residents and their determined and continuing efforts to preserve the natural beauty of the Ranch and to keep it as such for the generations to come.

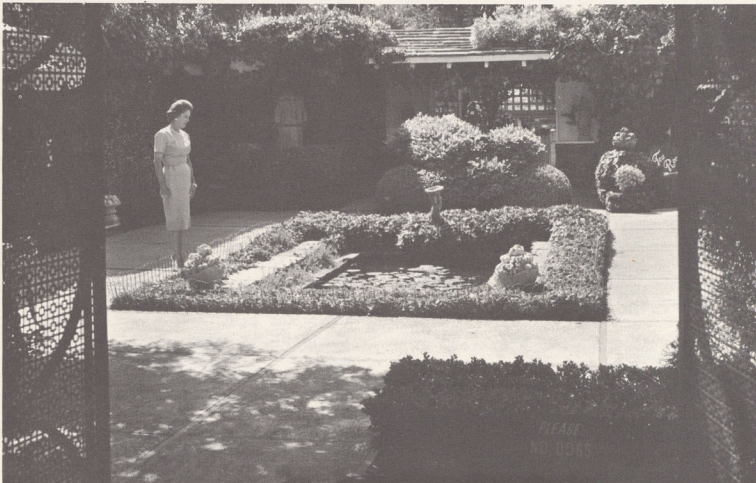
According to the Osborns, "No where on earth can equal "Rancho Living" in Rancho Santa Fe!



Judson's Journal

They say nothing happens until someone sells something — Gary Judson, owner of Judson's Television and Appliances in Encinitas has won his 5th trip this year for merchandising.

"It leaves me dizzy," Judson says, "I can't believe it. I have waited all my life to go to Honolulu and yet that was anti-climatic after being in Hong Kong, Tokyo, Europe, South America, Jamaica and Mexico City all in one year. I sincerely appreciate all of our many customers who made these trips possible. I'll never be able to thank the many people who have had confidence in us and our products."



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"In only two years we have outflanked all the North County in Color TV sales and our appliance and service departments have also won us many new friends."

"Jamaica was the easiest-going Republic I have seen this year and the customs and manners were so sincere that one could not enjoy a more pleasant vacation. While the rains came to Southern California, Jamaicans were enjoying 75 degree weather in the daytime and swimming at midnight in the warmth of ocean currents. It is a wonderful country, still unspoiled and sociable to strangers, with more laughs per square mile than I have seen in a long while."

Mexico is in much the same vein, warm friendly people, intensely proud of their heritage. While there I read a foreign edition of Time magazine which stated that Mexico City had one of the highest costs of living, approximately \$36.00 per day. However, we stayed at the Hilton Hotel for only \$14.40 per day and the meals ranged from 95c for breakfast to \$3.00 for dinner. The most expensive tour from the hotel was only \$12.00 for bullfights and the University all day including seats and lunch. All-in-all I had a marvelous and exciting trip!



MEXICO -- 1965

By MARIAN DREW

Once Mexico weaves her spell about you she is ever whispering for your return.

It was on one such "return" that we flew by small plane with two friends — this allowed closer observation of life below.

We flew from San Diego across ranges and into the land of desert where mountains rise from a sea of sand — each in a cloudy stole.

Hermosillo was our check in point. After filing the flight plan, having miscellaneous documents pronounced in order and gasing up, we were released for take off by a blast of Spanish and static from Hermosillo's flight tower.

Lunch was served on a cloud over Bacochibompo Bay as Guaymas slipped by beneath us.

Mexico's formidable iron peaks guard her coast, defying intruders. A gold and green agricultural area blankets Los Mochis and spreads south. Some fields looked like a chenille cover, other trees resembled cloves on a ham. All, rich fruits of irrigation.

Looking eastward one sees vast silent spaces yet unexplored. Indian trails scribble a way of life in sand and clay, or wed wilderness to village.

Westward is the sea, quivering in noon's silver glare. Subterranean abysses off shore stimulate thoughts of galleons and treasure wedged there in the mirk and excite an idle mind.

Out of Mazatlan agriculture blends into jungle which tightens in on river and swamp. Strange corrugated formations of land appear which a geologist should solve.

A circular isle rises out of jungle water ways. It is a lone village, for there is no clue to civilization on the horizon. Even its main trail leading out becomes tangled in denseness and seems to give up.

One pink church dominates the islet. People are brought by large canoes from trail to isle through hyacinth choked tributaries. Here they pray in the pink place of worship or go to market. Not knowing its name we calle it "The Sunken Village." During rainy seasons its perimeter is submerged.

More puffy islands south look like a Japanese landscapist had deliberately painted them.

Forests of banana and coconut palms flourish beyond island puffs. Then swooping over one last link of mountain chain Puerta Vallarta looms, lush and sunny.

Just moments flight time south of Vallarta in a small cove, sleeps the Indian village of Yelapa. Our friends always buzz the village before landing in Vallarta. Natives know their plans and spill out on the beach to wave — wings are dipped in return and those below know hotel reservations are in order for the next day.

Arriving in Puerta Vallarta is retarded by more document inspection and scuring gas. It is wise to take on fuel upon arrival. Consequently we saw the last cab lunging into



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darkness toward town. (There is one phone, we were told, in Vallarta). A friend produced his pick-up truck and, laden with luggage, compadres and the four of us, we bumped into town.

Puerta Vallarta is an utter chaos during peak season — Tourists, burros, carts, kids, dogs, horses, natives, chuck holes and cabs.

Mountains tumbling seaward form a long narrow town. With its new road being hewn southward Vallarta is now on the move. Here construction pulses away on her most chic and exciting mansions where palms press roots into Bahía Banderas in a lazy paradise.

Exploring Puerta Vallarta's colorful shops is a special adventure.

Hotels and restaurants are equally alluring. One restaurant is constructed of wood, plaster and tiger skins. Another is perched on a second floor with one railing, no walls, and only the stars beyond.

Vallarta's small museum is in the school. It boasts of fine artifacts which are coveted by its founder in order to prevent these treasures from sifting out of their rightful place.

The town is divided by a river which gives life to all who bathe, wash clothes, drink and cook from its flow.

Sleep on Saturday night in town is not always easily achieved with only louveres between you and Mexico throbbing outside.

We fell into bed to lilting tunes punctuated by various events according to the hour. The first being a cat fight which was obliterated by a fire crackling carcacha exhausting by. Then mariachis and their guitars, some pounding heels in dance messages or voices bawling of tragic love. In the distance one dog started all dogs barking. Eventually roosters and turkeys joined the pandemonium. By 3 A.M. Vallarta's burro population had not been heard from — but HARK! — No sooner had my thought slipped into the firmament than it happened — BURROS! This effect was devastating to the weary, plus dust filtered through eerie louver creases and enveloped us. Soon we were rocked by a new blast from Mariachis. This time at our door. Those next door had been escorted home by the instrumental ones under a barrage of "music of their country." Even at 4 A.M. we could not be disenchanted for we felt blessed as the spell of Mexico permeated. However, the night pattern was not over for church bells resounded at 6 A.M. for Vallarta's faithful to assemble.

Puerta Vallarta has the Princess of Churches. A delicate crown rises heavenward from atop her steeple.

At 7 our friends informed us we had 40 minutes to dress, pack and eat in order to catch the boat for Yelapa.

Daily tour boats go to Yelapa and return at 3 P.M. after lunch and exploring the jungle. It is possible to hire your own boat and man for a faster trip.

We blurred into action and stood, bare foot on the sands of Banderas, punctually awaiting our dug out canoe. This takes peo-

ple out to Caunche. Any building of pier would rob native boatmen of a livelihood. Being unpredictable canoes prove more exciting.

It was a calm hazy morning and the sea was pungent and teeming with life. Fishing here is spectacular.

Our fish watching and jungle mdeitation was jossed by a lethargic old turtle flapping by. We were half way to our destination.

Round the next bend, guarded by two wise pelicans on a rock, Yelapa came into view. A golden arm of sand curved to receive all who wander into that little harbor of heaven. Thatch roofed huts, lavender ironwood bloom and her serene lagoon reflecting coconut palms are quick to captivate one. No other place on earth seems to exist and time ceases here.

Again, there is no pier. Due to tides we landed on the village side after transferring to dug outs.

Although there was a fair sized delegation viewing our landing we were met with their inscrutable Indian silence and reticent bare children. The little ones' skin is of "Aztec" velvet, tapped by an indigo glow of jet hair. We smiled and spoke first to the Indians. This unleashed eager warmth in return.

Having landed one mile from Hotel Lagunita, bags and luggage were delegated to a native boy and a hike over the only trail began. There is no street here and burro or horse constitute their mode of transportation.

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Rancho Salon of Beauty

El Tordo — Rancho Santa Fe



756-1966

We climbed between boulders, heaps of chickie, village huts and over sleeping dogs and pigs. Chickie bearing burros have the right of way and tourists slid aside.

Native women gossip happily and wash clothes in the river. Greetings were exchanged as we accomplished a rock to rock crossing.

Hotel Lagunita is the most fantastic and romantic place we will ever visit. Guests lodge in their own native hut of thatch roof and woven sides, cement floor, bath and shower. Some huts may have a canvas pulled up on the front at night, but are otherwise open to the night and the sea, always. (The other three sides are of woven vine panels.)

Each hut is on a path with hibiscus, bougainvillea, banana and coconut palms blooming happiness. They are situated between sea and jungle.

Locks are unfamiliar in Yelapa where only a peg to keep doors closed is necessary.

The hotel cuisine is of special note. Exotic fruits and vegetables are always fresh and abundant. Shrimp, lobster, turtle steaks, fish, venison, beef, pork, chicken are all local and to be found on the menu. A shaft of bananas is hung on a rafter for all to eat. The dining area lounge and kitchen are all contained under one thatched roof. The only sides are on its kitchen end.

Several Americans have built charming houses nearby. One of these is among the happiest men we know. For \$100 a month he has the above foods and a houseboy. Rent on his land is \$100 a year.

Hotel Lagunita has a cat. Not the usual brand of hotel kitty, but a moody ocelot who is ensconced in her cage due to a bad record with birds.

The bar maintains a pyramid of coconuts for popular drinks.

Guests are also amused by a rancous clowing Macaw who is bent on demolishing next year's coconut crop of the hotel palm. Often he is found strolling on hotel paths and checking on guests. His nights are spent under one of the palm leaf umbrellas which adorn Yelapa's beach by the hotel.

Other varieties of Spanish speaking parrots climb over frame work of the main "A" frame, chattering and delighting guests.

One last attraction is the small deer who is a gentle friend to all who pass.

Upon occasions natives hold a coming of age party at their cantina for a daughter who is of age. She drinks ricea with eligible bachelors and the festive night is danced away. Hotel guests are sometimes included.

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When tour boats leave at 3 P.M. some guests remain — prepared or not — for a stay, the intimate group is immediately united by their mutual feeling of enchantment for Yelapa.

An example of this closeness was shown Thanksgiving. Guests from the Bay area brought a large turkey which they do each year. Everyone at the hotel participates and Thanksgiving flourishes in the jungle.

There is much to occupy the time in Yelapa: skin diving in the world of tropic fish, fishing, safari, tour of the small art gallery, horseback, hunting artifacts, hiking to village or misty falls, beach combing, eating three large meals a day, observing plant and wild life, swimming, or simply collapsing under the soothing intense sun. If you know people who live there a visit with them passes happy hours.

We had the good fortune to watch natives construct a new hut. No nails were used. Most things are lashed by sturdy vines.

Small Indian boys helped their father drag palm limbs all day. Father, clucking soft Indian words which set their little legs in obedient and rapid motions and—a hut was born.

At night a gnarled old man keeps vigil, from under serape and sombrero, while the hotel sleeps. He takes his station under the front coconut tree.

In Yelapa nature's songs are of wind, sea, rain and birds. Exotic birds, flocks of noisy parrots may be heard. A symphony of crashing, hissing surf swells, explodes and ebbs on coast rocks. Rain on a thatch roof is a violent thing, but the calm following rain is like violin music.

A flaming sunset ended where night began and departure day had to be faced by our unwilling group.

Once more at Puerta Vallarta's air port and OKed for take off we soared over green dragon-like ranges and left their valleys steaming in morning mist. One last manta ray was seen at sea, a black dot beyond the breaker line leisurely flapping north too.

Our heading of 33 meant San Diego was ahead in approximately 6½ hours.

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Rancho Rifle Club
Tournament Awards

Awards were made Saturday, January 1, 1966, to the winners of the 4th Annual Tournament held by the Junior Rifle Club of Rancho Santa Fe. The Club is sponsored by the Rancho Rotary and coached by Col. Ivan Yeaton.

The Rancho Santa Fe Rotary Perpetual Trophy, awarded to the tournament grand aggregate winner and club champion, was presented by "Red" Laswell, Rotary President. For the second year in a row, the trophy was won by John Desha, who scored 536-10CSX600.

Runners up to John for the Club Championship were Bill Cope, 2nd, and Jack Buchans, 3rd. These three shooters finished in the same 1, 2, 3 order last year. All have qualified for the National Rifle Association rating of Distinguished Expert.

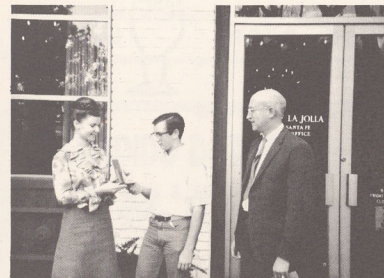
Grand Aggregate Competition for shooters below the grade of Distinguished was won by Lee Smith, with David Herbert finishing second, and Tom Wellman, third.

Additional awards were made for individual firing positions. Among the Distinguished Experts, John Desha won first place prone, Bill Cope won first place kneeling, and Jack Buchans won second place standing. In the expert class, Lee Smith won first place prone, David Herbert won second place standing, and Tom Wellman won first place kneeling.

In addition to the Rotary award and medals for the grand aggregate tournament, four local business firms donated trophies for the winners in the Special Sporting shoot which is also held each year. John Desha won the Rabbit Shoot trophy donated by Bob Francisco, Inc.; Jack Buchans won the Deer Shoot trophy donated by Security First National Bank; Lee Smith won the Crow Shoot trophy donated by Bank of La Jolla; David Herbert won the Woodchuck trophy donated by Ashley's Market.

Tim Read was awarded the sharp shooters medal.

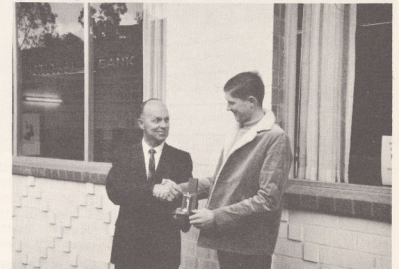
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Bank of La Jolla Manager, "Bud" Lightner, approves as one of his prettiest employees present crow shoot trophy donated by bank to winner Lee Smith.



Fred Ashley presents woodchuck trophy, donated by Ashley's Market, to winner David Herbert.



Security First National Bank Mgr., Earl Schweikert, presents deer shoot trophy donated by the bank to winner Jack Buchans.



John Desha, grand aggregate winner and club champion, receives Rotary award from Rotary President, "Red" Laswell.



John Desha receives rabbit shoot trophy from Bob Francisco. Trophy was donated by Bob Francisco, Inc.



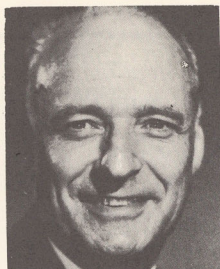
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Mr. Douglas has resided in Rancho Bernardo for the past two years. The parents of his students will be most pleased to recommend him.

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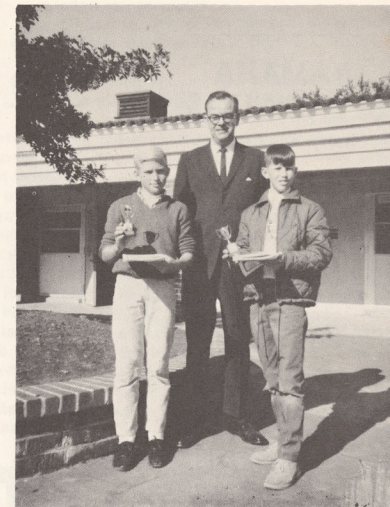
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RANCHO SANTA FE TRAVEL SERVICE honors recent cover design winners, Cole Pardee and Barry Bell of the Rancho Santa Fe Elementary School. Mr. Richard Leavitt, manager of Rancho Santa Fe Travel Service is shown making the December presentations.



CASA DE CUNA CHAPEL is a haven of peace for young, homeless children. The fine Catholic nuns were very grateful for the help which came from others at Christmas time.



CHRISTMAS WAS MADE MERRIER for the little folk at the Casa de Cuna orphanage in Tijuana during the holidays as Rancho Santa Fe Firemen William Stoba, David Bixler, and Sheriff Chernousko — along with Del Mar Fireman Gary Togle . . . loaded their trusty "sleigh" with clothing, candy and toys and left all these gifts with the good Catholic sisters who run the orphanage. It is presently caring for 73 needy children.

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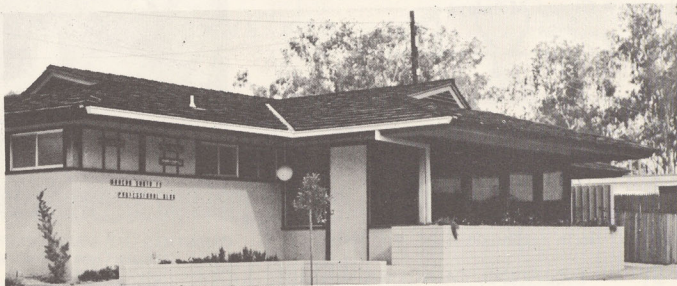
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A residential development "of the highest quality" is being considered for building on the Val Sereno Ranch of 400 acres-plus, of which 55 acres are in Rancho Santa Fe, the balance in Olivenhain.

This was disclosed Monday by Sam Rose of Olivenhain Realty who acted as agent for the sale of the ranch. Escrow closed December 27 for the \$950,000 sale by Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Croft of Rancho Santa Fe to El Camino Norte Development Company. The company is comprised of J. Paul Bailey and 12 others in Los Angeles and Orange Counties.

Croft said the Val Sereno was operating as a cattle ranch until the day escrow closed. He said he and Mrs. Croft had bought another homesite in Rancho but that it had nothing to do with this transaction.

Rose said that last month engineering studies had begun on the ranch property to ascertain its "best use."

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"Up In The Air"

By ED RANSOM, JR.



Since the beginning of time, people have always enjoyed seeing a view of any new city they visit. Consequently, I would like to expound on sky rooms around the country. Some are quite familiar, a few are new and novel.

One of the newest roof top restaurants is in Kansas City. It is in the center of the downtown area on top of the Commerce Towers, a large building soaring forty stories. As you reach the top, you will find a rough cobblestone street and walls reminiscent of an old European by-way. Wander one way and down a few steps to a cocktail lounge Mongolian in atmosphere. Up a few steps and one finds an old Irish restaurant. Turn the other way and enter the Astro Lounge, done in dark blue with a huge revolving globe of the world that dominates the center of the room. Around the room and across the windows are large lounge chairs, equipped with padded ear phones that produce stereo music while sipping your cocktail. The other rooms are a Louis XV room, a Ger-

man Hofbrau and outside glassed-in terrace for sandwiches and drink.

Of course, one of the famous sky-rooms is in San Francisco, the Top of the Mark. Today, there are several, one of the best new ones is the Fairmount Hotel, towering over the Mark Hopkins, and with a glass elevator very intriguing to ride during foggy nights. In the Northwest, the Space Needle is still going around, and at this time of year it is the favorite for Sunday brunch. One eats and looks at the snow on the Olympics and the Cascades in the distance.

Some of us have been to Hawaii, and there too, are several sky rooms. The highest being on top of the Ilikai with a sweeping view of the yacht harbor and Diamond Head. La Ronde is lower, but a revolving restaurant in the Ala Moana shopping plaza. As of September, another revolving lounge has been added on top of the new office building on Kalakaua across from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

In Chicago, the favorite of many late at night is the Prudential building on the edge of Grants Park, and it is called, naturally, "The Top of the Rock." And last, but not least, our own El Cortez in San Diego. One way I manage to see the sky room at the Cortez is through the window of the plane landing at Lindbergh. Try it the next time you fly. It's different.

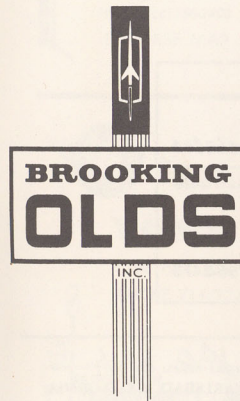
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Tennis

By FRAN JOHNSON

Play in the North County Doubles League will occupy members of the Rancho Santa Fe Tennis Club during the coming two months. Men's and women's doubles teams from the Ranch will compete with teams from El Camino Country Club, San Dieguito Tennis Club, Oceanside and Escondido Tennis Clubs. Match play begins Jan. 15 and will continue for six weeks.

Captains for the teams are Ty Cobb, men's, and Jonelle Nance, women's. Representatives from Rancho Santa Fe on the women's team will be chosen from the following roster: Pat Todd, Virginia Dewey, Mary Day, Irene Perry, Mary Anderson, Flo Day, Jonelle Nance, Nancy Mason, Betty Savage, Kay Wasser, Pat Woolley, Louise Loomis, Sue Hughes, Fran Johnson, Joy Emrick, Diane Stone, Barbara Bovee, Beverly Bowen, Betty Brooke, Dolores Parker, Shirley Hoadley, Mary Ann Cantwell, Lois Harris, Pat Manion, Muriel Pardee, Annette Reeves, Nonnie Sullivan, and Elinor Teague. Teen-age players are also available as substitutes.

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The Country Friends

By INEZ BELL

The Country Friends held their first board of directors meeting of the new year, at the Salvation Army's "Door of Hope", a facility that provides unwed mothers with a home and care until their babies are born.

After a tour of the wonderful new buildings, guided by Major Gwen Carruthers, Home Superintendent, the board met in the conference room.

The Country Friends has been helping this worthy agency since 1957 when they presented the "Door" with a new delivery table.

After the meeting the board had a no-host luncheon at "Wickersham's Restaurant."

Number one on the agenda was the upcoming membership luncheon to be held at the Twin Inns in Carlsbad on Feb. 10. There will be a no-host social hour at 11:00 a.m. followed by luncheon at noon. Arrangements will be taken care of by the area directors from Oceanside-Carlsbad and Vista. Named to sit at the head table with President Miss Erna Clark are: Mmes. Ralph Dusenbury, La Motte Cohu, Leonard T. Bell, Clayton Brace; Thomas Clotfelter, Raymond Gordon, Donald B. Cobb, Robert Maw, Arthur Thorne and the guest speaker. Reservations: Mrs. Royal B. Lord.

Miss Clark is holding a coffee at her home in Rancho Santa Fe, on Jan. 17 at 10:30 a.m. Invited are the publicity director, chairman of hospitality and all of the area directors, including Mrs. Clayton Brace, newly named director for the San Diego area.

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"Gringo From Chilpancingo"

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I'm just a gringo to a girl in Chilpancingo Who can't even remember my name. She makes my heart zingo, but to her it's like "Bingo"

With a prize at the end of each game. South of the border, Mexico Is a place where I yearn to go. The rumbas quicken dancing feet Senoritas don't miss a beat. Rhythms make your pulses tingle When with dark eyed girls you mingle Skies are brighter, blouses tighter Lips are redder, kisses better If the gringo knows the lingo And his Pesos start to jingle! I met one cuter than the rest Of these an dthose, she has them best The name they call her by is Juana In her language there's no manana! I say, "A kiss?" She says, "Si, Si!" For nothing is too good for me But then, before her lips meet mine There is a little pause for time While she smiles and says, "Si, Senior Peso for a beso, favor!" And if I feel I care to dance She looks at me and then perchance Her eyes say si, her lips say, "More Pesos before we're on the floor!" Oh, I'm just a funny gringo To a girl in Chilpancingo, Who learned that back North I must go To work hard and make some more dough Then with pockets filled with pesos I will return and buy besos From the dear Juanas who wanna In the bright land of Manana!

*Footnote—A beso is a kiss—in case you didn't know!



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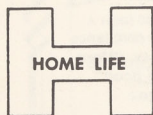
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The Innkeeper's Jottings

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! Your friendship and your business over the past year were sincerely appreciated and may they continue throughout 1966. Many toasts are made during the Holiday Season with perhaps the traditional eggnog or perhaps a hot buttered rum served in a mug or perhaps some concoction served in an English pewter tankard with a glass bottom. But no matter what the drink or how it is served, it always seems to be enjoyed more during the fellowship of this festive period of the year. And New Year's Eve with the singing of auld lang syne, many of us have a nostalgic sadness for things of the past and loved ones far away. Resolutions are made—most of them to be broken — but all made with good intentions for a different and better year to come.

The holiday decorations are put away or discarded and the last of the fruit cake and cookies eaten and happy memories bottled to be uncorked in the future. Thank you notes to be written and then that lull, which follows every holiday and the great effort to settle down once again to normal living, with the wish to make the New Year a better and more profitable one. THE INN is not going out on a limb to make any special New Year resolution, but hope all the Ranch residents, as well as neighboring towns and our guests will continue to enjoy our facilities and feel free at all times to suggest new ideas for improvements, as well as complain if everything is not satisfactory. We are never resentful of warranted criticism.

Yes, people make strange New Year's resolutions and seriously endeavor to keep them for a week or two. Extravagant women resolve to cut down on spending and cut the budget, but there are always the after-holiday sales and the itching to get the bargains, so there goes the resolution. Husbands resolve to improve dispositions, but quickly fall back into the pattern of being the early morning grouch or cranky when returning to the folds of the household after a busy day at the office or a poor golf score. We all know our faults and there is something about the end of a year which seems to pull us up by the bootstraps, making us aware that there should be a change. New Year's day, when you awaken with the egg-nog or champagne hang-over and while reclining with the ice-bag on your head, the resolution is always made to cut down on the drinking, but then the telephone rings and a friend says "come over for a New Year's drink" so the ice-bag is emptied and off you go for a repeat. Of course, we can't forget the calorie counters and for a few weeks the Waitresses at THE INN have requests as — no dressing, please — no butter — heavens forbid no rolls — good lean meat and who, pray tell, ever heard of dessert. But soon the taste buds long for a sweet or a wee bit of gravy and you turn your head so not to see the bath-room scale. How many make a resolution to exercise more, instead of sitting and watching the "idiot box" and then when there is that eerie silence the television is once again turned on and we sit before it, for more broadening of hips and nibbling and exercise is forgotten.

But resolutions are fun and there is always New Year's Eve of 1966 and plenty of time then.

Rancho Santa Fe Branch of The American National Red Cross

By VEVA FRANCISCO

Board meeting, Jan. 4th, 10 A.M. in Fellowship Hall of the Village Church. Chairman, Mr. Elroy O. Jones.

Mr. Jones brought to the attention of the board the fact, "there is a great need for additional Gray Ladies at our San Diego County General Hospital and at U. S. Naval Hospitals, San Diego and Camp Pendleton." Miss Thelma C. Cuevas, chapter Recruitment chairman and Mrs. Wm. A. Maloney, Chairman of Hospital and Community Agency Services, urge you to make this a happy New Year for hundreds of our less fortunate friends in hospitals and convalescent homes by volunteering now.

St. Peter's Episcopal Church To Hold Annual Meeting

St. Peter's Episcopal Church of Del Mar will hold its Annual Meeting in Middleton Hall on the church grounds Sunday evening, January 16th, according to the rector Rev. Matthew A. Curry.

The meeting will be preceded by a short vesper service in the church sanctuary at 4:30 p.m. and a covered dish supper at 5 o'clock.

Mr. Charles A. Chapin of Rancho Santa Fe, Senior Warden of the church Vestry, will preside at the meeting at which three new vestrymen and delegates to the San Diego Convocation will be elected.

Committee members for the pot luck supper include Mrs. Tom B. Pearson, Mrs. Stuart W. Shore and Mrs. Charles O. Ayars of Del Mar, Mrs. George E. Buxton of Montecillo, and Mrs. Arthur L. Brown and Mrs. Charles A. Chapin of Rancho Santa Fe. Child care will be provided by Miss Deborah Ayars.

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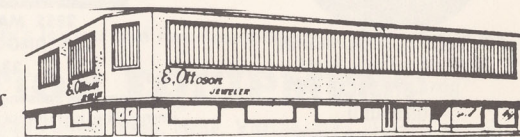
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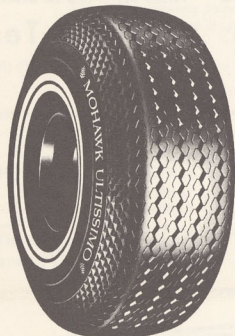
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Tom Eley, manager of the Otay-Winchester Trap and Skeet Range, looks on while Mrs. Homer (Irina) Reed demonstrates her shooting prowess with an over-and-under shotgun on the newly completed public trap and skeet range south of Chula Vista on Otay Valley Road.

Otay-Winchester Trap and Skeet Range Opens

Public trap and skeet shooting became available to San Diegans October 30 with the opening of the Otay-Winchester Trap and Skeet Range on Otay Valley Road, south of Chula Vista. Featuring seven shooting fields—five trap fields and two skeet—and illuminated for night shooting, this is the only public range of its kind in the county. The new facilities include a modern clubhouse, paved parking, and a completely equipped children's playground located well away from the shooting areas.

The Otay-Winchester Trap and Skeet Range is open Tuesdays through Fridays from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. and from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. Free lessons by a certified NRA shotgun instructor are available by appointment during the normal operating hours of the range.

Activities at the new trap and skeet range are supervised by Tom Eley, internationally famous marksman who recently resigned from the Marine Corps to accept managerial duties at Otay-Winchester. Eley won the World Military Invitational Skeet Championship in 1958 and twice was runner-up in the same event. His rifle and skeet trophies, collected from all over the world, could, in his words, "fill the entire house if we didn't weed 'em out from time to time."

Born and educated in Mississippi, the soft-spoken Eley attended Perkinson Jr. College before enlisting in the Marine Corps in 1937. A career Marine, he served in the South Pacific during WW II. In addition to his World Championship in 1958, Eley's other triumphs include the Far Eastern Skeet Championships, the Okinawa Skeet Championships, and the State Championships of Hawaii and North Carolina.

The latest model Winchester shotguns, from .410 to 12 gauge, and Winchester trap ammunition are available at the range for shooters who do not have their own guns or provide their own ammunition.

Trap and skeet ranges have long been available for the eastern shooting public and are now rapidly making their appearance in the western parts of the country. Carefully supervised and expertly maintained, they offer excellent opportunities for individuals and gun clubs alike to maintain their shooting skills between the hunting seasons. Night lighting extends practice hours and makes the facility available to sports-minded men and women from all over the community.

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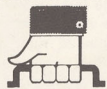
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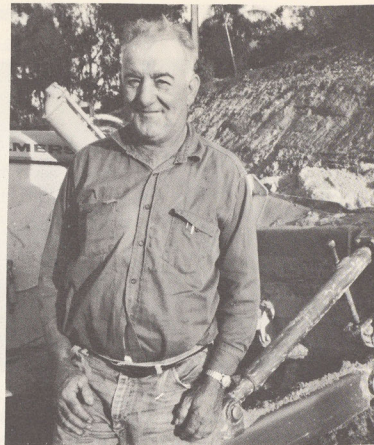


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By JACK MANION

Sometimes we go along for months without recognizing the good craftsmanship that goes on around us all of the time. One of those craftsmen we have known for the past fifteen years is Karl C. Fidero. We watched him operating his bulldozer the other day and marvelled at the ingenuity he exercised in removing a strata of sandstone that many another dozer operator would give up on (speaking from experience as this writer had an engineer battalion during one of the wars with twenty bull dozers as part of the equipment).

Karl will be 62 the 24th of July. He was born at the edge of Spook's Canyon, a site almost every Ranchoite can see from the front window. In asking what his hobby is he mentions keeping his wife Eulalie happy in the first place and then going on about his business keeping the yard nice. His various plantings, including fuchias, are testimony of his off-hours work. Further talk discloses experience during the flood of 1916 when the water was thirty feet deep in the San Dieguito River bed near the foot of Zumaque. He also mentions the big rain of 1927, planting the eucalyptus trees in the village with gangs of Mexicans driving mules, working on the building of The Inn, etc.

Karl's bulldozer work is unique in that he knows virtually every foot of soil on the Ranch and can estimate uncannily when it comes to the hours a certain job will take. For my money, if its dozer work, call Karl.

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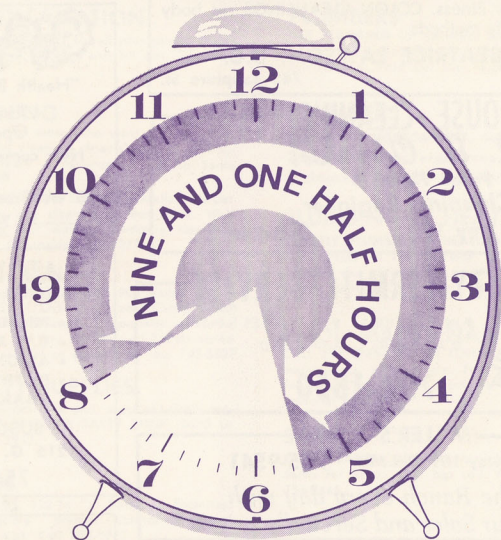
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Hawaiian students at Judson School, Miss Kinau Wilder of Honolulu and Bill Hansen of Hilo, enjoy picking fresh dates from the palm trees on campus. The trees are pollinated each spring by the Agriculture class.



Miss Deborah "Dee Dee" Olson, senior student at the Judson School in Scottsdale, Ariz. is photographed on the way to the tennis courts with her brother, Larry. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Olson, 7750 East Roseland Drive in La Jolla. "Dee Dee" was crowned Homecoming Queen for the annual Thanksgiving celebration at Judson.

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