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YOU CAN TAKE THE HICK OUT OF THE COUNTRY

Y R H M U O O E H T T O T U O M O I H E H T H A T H A D T O Y
By Ormsbee Whyte

There used to be a homey old saying that you can take the hick out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the hick.

There have been times in San Diego's not-always-distinguished past when she has offered living proof of this old bromide, and any idea that we are out of the woods may be mere wishful thinking. The hot breath of 1969 is on the seat of our pants, and some of the possibilities which it offers are frightening.

Years ago, one of San Diego's more colorful mayors made a profound observation:

"San Diego," said hizzoner, "is a city of suckers. They'll take any kind of bait, although they seem to prefer biting on a bare hook." Unfortunately, his own philosophy so impressed him that he put it into practice. Just the same, the peasants were loyal to him, and when he came back from San Quentin it is said that he was met, at the Santa Fe depot, by a group of prominent well-wishers, with a brass band. Yes, sirree -- San Diego never lacks that indefinable something.

And there was the time when the first of the famous Benson log-rafts was towed in from the Columbia River. All got up in his boat, and tucker, our mayor went out in a Whitehall boat (or maybe it was a tugboat)

