

The Big Sur Gazette 25c

FIRST YEAR, NO. 1

BIG SUR, CALIFORNIA 93920

AUGUST 1978



PAT CHAMBERLAIN as villain Byke diverts the attention of the cast as he drugs their afternoon tea. Seated:

Jon Hodson, Jill De Groat, Pat Chamberlain. Standing: Kevin Harris, Kevin Parson, Erin Gaffil.

Lion in the Rain-Rinsed Morning

Story by
JACK CURTIS

As I walk around the hill toward the house, I have a half-mile to think of meanings and feelings, of what is significant in selected deaths and what is purposeless.

The .44 magnum carbine on my shoulder was the correct weapon for the lioness, but I had bought it years before to kill nocturnal feeding wild boar. Its heavy bullet isn't easily deflected by small branches, its six-power wide-lensed scope admits abundant light, and I chose it this morning because, as a semi-automatic, it bangs out four slugs without my having to resight or reload.

If I must hunt, I hunt alone. And if I shoot, I mean to kill instantly.

In spite of five different rifles and three shotguns racked in my room, I enjoy none of it.

The .30-06 is for the distant boar who ravages my hilltop pasture. The .22 is for the blue jay devouring my apricots. The .308 is for a coyote with chicken feathers in his smile. The old Marlin 30-30 is an all-around saddle rifle, and the .44 magnum must have been made for hunting lion at close quarters in deep brush.

The sun has still not cleared the eastern ridge, but a band of pale, brandy-colored sky extends up into the dark, stormy blue of the early morning. Sporadic showers of the night before slant on southerly. This week's rain has broken the drought that brought the lioness into my sheep pen.

For a generation I had preached to my older neighbors that the redtail hawk, master wind-rider, never ate chickens and was a friend to man. And yet only a month ago a magnificent redtail dropped into my chicken yard and ate a Buff Orpington hen. I purposely missed him with the .22 several times, but he kept returning so I killed him with a 12-gauge shotgun loaded with number 6 bird shot.

I blame the hawk's aberration on the drought, and my opinion is all the more reinforced by the onslaught of this lioness.

If it had rained in December, she might never have detoured off her home grounds. It wasn't that I had moved in on her, or was crowding her family. I'd pioneered this homestead before her grandfather was born. My little pasture is nothing compared to the huge, road-free Ventana Wilderness area where wild boar and deer and lion can keep their balance as nature alone would have it.

Only yesterday Dave Butterfield, the trapper, who walks like a tall steer roper, had said, "They talk about balance of nature, but to my mind there's no such a thing, it's the extremities of nature that moves things along. Hot and cold. Dry and wet . . ."

Drought reduces rabbit production on the ridge, the hungry lioness moves in on the homesteader.

But time has changed the boundaries. The lioness is now the alien. She has left my homestead far too long to expect

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"Fire! Fire!

Celebrates Fourth Year"

Story by
PAULA WALLING
Photography by
DOUG AND PAULA
WALLING

The Big Sur community turned out in numbers for two consecutive weekends to delight in its annual melodrama and at the same time benefit both the Big Sur Volunteer Fire Brigade and the Big Sur Grange. The show grossed over \$2,000.

"Fire! Fire! or Virtue Rewarded," in its fourth year, continued to entertain and involve audiences. People came to the performance to vent their hostilities and voice their approval, booing and hissing the villain and villainess and ooing and cheering the heroes and heroines.

This year's cast included a charming performance by Jill De Groat as Laura Thatcher, "beauty and goodness personified"; Neil Arbon played the ardent soldier messenger, Joe Snorkey; Pat Chamberlain as Byke convinced us he was "the dregs of humanity fashioned into one foul form." Kevin Harris, as Jack Thatcher, gave an excellent performance. Jon Hodson, as Mr. Thatcher, "a sore leaf hanging on the tree of winter," played his almost silent part with dry humor. Hodson also doubled as the stationmaster. Kevin Parsons as Frank Persip, gave a fine performance as "a New York blood down to the country to woo his love." Ann Mahoney as Flora, "a child of the streets," Betsy Slakey as Dora, Erin Gaffil as Whiffle and Tori Chesebrough as Mother Judas, all gave performances as professional as any at the First Theater in Monterey. Walter Trotter and Peter Stock convincingly portrayed themselves, that is, the Fire Brigade. Gary Koepfel was this year's Master of Ceremonies, giving the audience the traditional instructions on how the players should be greeted.

An outstanding performance by pianist, Carol Hartman, provided a fast-paced musical background for the melodrama and several of the olios.

Flavor of the old Revue

"The work that went into it had all the flavor of the old Revue," said Penny

Viergege, who with her husband Paul co-directs and produces the show each year. On the program, they are listed along with Jean Krausfeldt as simply "enablers." Viergege pointed out that the olios, the traditional acts preceding a melodrama, had expanded from 20 minutes in the original 1974 presentation to an hour and one half for the 1978 show. (Also, they were not the same any two evenings.)

The olios, often music and declamations, took a political turn this year, covering local issues such as incorporation, the Department of Interior, and the Coastal Commission in satirical form.

In one skit, Frank Trotter played a silent Indian as three outsiders invade his settlement armed with clipboards, recommendations and regulations.

First came a prospective resident (Debbie Swiatowiec) who asked such questions as, "Without a mayor, who leads your parades?" She ended by saying, "I hear if you don't incorporate, you may become like an Indian Reservation."

Next a Department of Interior representative (Kevin Harris) approached the Indian and shuffled through the papers on his clipboard searching for information on "Large Sir." He then asked the Indian's opinion on his native land becoming a National Park. The Indian (an Esalen) answered with continued silence and a look of disgust.

The representative insisted the Indian "would be fairly represented," then admitted as he fumbled through his papers, "I don't seem to see any Indians listed."

Finally Precynthia Ostertag (Jill De Groat) of the Coastal Commission entered, attired in a red suit and leopard-skin pillbox hat. She informed him: "The red zig-zags on your teepee are quite conspicuous from Highway 1. You need quarter-inch screening over your smokehole," she continued. "Your corral poles are longer than six feet and do not comply with fencing restrictions." Also, fencing "requires a permit." She stated that the racoon skin insulation in his teepee didn't meet code, and said she doubted whether there was a BTU listed for the dried cow dung he was burning. She told him that he would need to clear 30 feet of brush (manzanita, genista, coyote brush and ceanothus) from around his teepee. Then pausing, she stated that to avoid soil erosion, he would need to plant "such native plants as manzanita, genista, coyote brush and ceanothus!" Finally, she asked if he was aware that his teepee was "in the viewshed of the proposed, possible, future trail system?" With eyebrows raised, she stated that she was "willing to waive all these irregularities" if he would give the "right-of-way to build a foot trail through his

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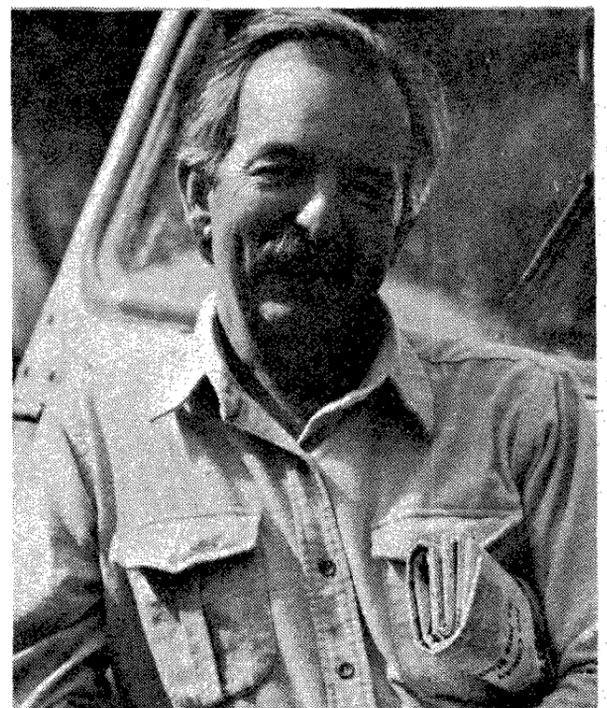
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JACK CURTIS has been a resident of Big Sur for 30 years. "Lion in the Rain-Rinsed Morning" appeared in the September 1977 "Atlantic Monthly."



Views and Viewpoints

Nuclear Plants and Earthquakes

In geological terms, Big Sur lies just around the corner from Avila Beach (Diablo Canyon), and Avila Beach from Santa Barbara. We share a relatively short stretch of ocean, the same tide, the same currents. We are linked with what happens to the south whether we like it or not.

The recent moderate (only 5.1) Santa Barbara earthquake knocked out hundreds, some reports say thousands of windows, derailed a freight train, collapsed a restaurant roof, destroyed two house trailers, ruptured water and natural gas lines, and broke powerlines that touched off grassfires. It also touched off controversy about the possibility of two short-term, yet potentially, devastating environmental disasters.

The first centers around highly volatile liquified natural gas storage proposed for the Santa Barbara area, the second around major oil spills from already established drilling platforms. Both these eventualities were reasonably well covered by the media.

A third exists, however. A disaster potential more far-reaching than we seem to have the ability or desire to imagine: a nuclear accident as a result of an earthquake. (No time for potential threats of sabotage, terrorism, and the inevitable radioactive waste disposal problem.) The threat of massive radioactive contamination resulting from "natural" disasters should be deterrent enough to keep nuclear plants out of operation. (A major earthquake fault—the Hosgri Fault—lies only three miles off shore from Diablo Canyon, a fault conveniently "not found" until the project was two years along.)

Regardless of facts, self-interest groups fight for their right to make money by selling out future generations.

In his letter to the *Monterey Peninsula Herald*, poet William Withrup said, "That is why we made the journey to Avila Beach—because we are concerned not only for the futures of our own children, but also for the children of the politicians, public utility executives, military officers, national energy advisors and newspaper editors who are trying to pass off this deadly cup of broth as something healthy and beneficial for mankind."

The illusion that any structure is earthquake-proof can quickly be dispelled by a trip to any area where such an instant leveling of buildings has just taken place.

Why then does nuclear power "just keep coming doggedly on?" To quote Withrup again, "Because the self-interest groups mentioned above have the bucks to take out big ads and snow the public. They have the bucks to invest in the reactors—and the utility companies know they will reap a big profit—and they have the bucks to buy toady physicists and biologists..."

Whatever we call our oblivious state of mind on the subject of nuclear generating plants, those of us who oppose them need to examine in depth our own conscience. How far are we willing to go to reverse the current pro-nuclear trend? We know how far nuclear proponents will go. CBS quoted Governor Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire as calling the Seabrook Power Plant protestors "filthy, foul, and un-American" and said "they should leave the country." Fortunately, Californians have not elected such a representative. Still Diablo marches on. And so we hope do the protestors.

Hats off to those who tried to draw attention to our energy madness, to those who secured their first arrest record in the name of future human beings, animals, and plant life.

Perhaps the late sixties-style rock festivals would be worth renewing at Seabrook, Sun Desert and Diablo. New protest songs would need composing, and at least a half-million people would be there to sing them.

As Woody Guthrie said, "Civilization is spread more by singing than anything else, because whole big bunches can sing a particular song where not every man can join in on the same conversation. A song ain't nothing but a conversation fixed up to where you can talk it over and over without getting tired of it. And it's this repeating the idea over and over that makes it take a hold."

One eloquent, succinct song printed on tags and tied to helium balloons released at each nuclear generating site could have considerable impact on the nearby residents, those whose lives would be lost or seriously affected in the event of catastrophe.

Proponents of nuclear energy would argue that we don't have enough fossil fuels to meet our needs. But we do have alternative sources and, if the nuclear proposals were set aside, scientists would be called upon to invent and perfect additional sources.

Future generations deserve such consideration—they will find energy.

"Democracy is not a free ride. It demands more of each of us than any other arrangement.

There can be no rights and privileges without responsibilities."

ERIC SEVAREID

Viewpoints

As with anything new in Big Sur, *The Gazette* is likely to arouse interest and generate conversation. Happily, those who have doubts and comments may voice them in the opinion section titled "Viewpoints." We respect and welcome your thoughts. Write "Editor, *The Gazette*."

Here are some rules:

Letters, preferably typed, should not exceed 300 words. *The Gazette* reserves the right to edit or reject letters which do not meet its standards of good taste, accuracy, and length. Letters must bear the name, mailing address, location and telephone number of the writer. Only your name and "Big Sur" (or elsewhere) will be printed. No anonymous letters accepted for publication.

Be your own editor. Brevity means more viewpoints per issue can be included. The success of *The Big Sur Gazette* depends on your response. Let us hear from you.

Gazette

Genesis of a Name

"What are you going to call it?" is usually the first question asked when you say you are starting a newspaper.

Researching periodical names nationwide merely led back to what sounded suitable for a small community paper. *The Gazette* does not pretend to be anything else. "Gazette" is simple, newsy, and has just the right old-time, hometown flavor.

For the fun of it, a few names under fleeting consideration were:

- The Big Sur Horizon,*
- The Big Sur Town Crier,*
- The Big Sur Vista,*
- The Big Sur Boar (!!),*
- The Big Sur Territorial News,*
- The Big Sur Sun.*

Try some of your own making. You may write us suggestions, but they will all be printed in *The Big Sur Gazette*.

USED BOOK SALE FOR FIRE BRIGADE AT BIG SUR LODGE

The only source for used books on the coast is the Fire Brigade's Bookshelf at the Big Sur Lodge, according to Lou Eisenberg, fund-raiser for the Brigade.

All Books 50c

Westerns, mysteries, guide books and gothic romances -- hardcovers and paperbacks -- books of all kinds have been donated to the Fire Brigade and are all being sold for 50c each.

Honor System

The books are for sale in the lobby of the Big Sur Lodge, which is located inside Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park (Lodge visitors may bypass the Park Ranger Station and need not pay park entrance fees). Books are purchased on the Honor System by dropping 50c into the Brigade Donation Box.

Space and Shelves Donated

Don and LaVonne Tosh, operators of the Lodge, have donated the lobby space to the Brigade on a permanent basis for raising funds from the sale of used books. Frank Trotter built and donated the handsome redwood book shelves.

For the past two summers the used book sale has earned over \$1,500 for the Fire Brigade.

The Big Sur Gazette

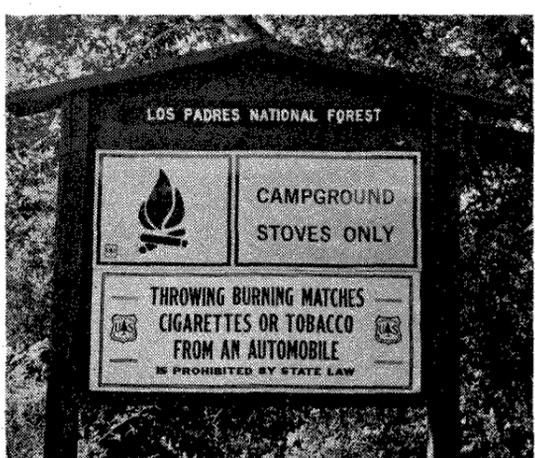
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Burning Permits

The USFS has the responsibility of issuing burning permits on lands under its jurisdiction in the Big Sur area. Burning permits will be issued during fire season for the following purposes only: barbecues, campfires, and industrial operations (i.e., welding). Outside-of-fire-season burning permits for other uses will be issued according to the following regulations:

1. No permit will be issued for more than five days.
2. Each burn site will be field checked for compliance by a Forest Officer prior to issuing the burning permit.
3. Permittee will burn only on "burn days."

Information regarding the "burn day" status may be obtained by contacting the USFS Big Sur station. The "burn day" status is determined on an air pollution basis by the State Air Resources Board and does not relate to fire danger. Further information regarding burning permits and other fire regulations may be obtained by phoning the USFS at 667-2423.

Sincerely,
Tom Lowell AFPT
Tom Mounts FPT

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SEPTEMBER THROUGH MAY
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THROUGH AUGUST (15 ISSUES)



Outlook hopeful for library

By MARY HARRINGTON

The outlook for continuation of library services in Big Sur is hopeful, but concern is still warranted. Currently library hours have been cut from three to two afternoons a week.

County librarian Barbara Wynn of the head office in Salinas said she feels the situation has improved. The Board of Supervisors are reported to be supportive of the county library system. Mrs. Wynn said two separate budgets have been prepared, one with a 15 per cent cut in expenditures and one with a 25 per cent cut. Library services for Big Sur are included in each budget. It is a question of how many hours the library will be open. Mrs. Wynn hopes to see the extra afternoon restored.

Asked about improvement of library services and facilities, she emphasized that this next year will be a survival situation. Solutions to the funding problems for county libraries will be a matter for the legislature. Finding and financing more adequate housing for the library will depend upon community help to a greater extent than would have been necessary before Proposition 13.

History

Library service first came

to the coast area in 1914 when it consisted of a small collection of books kept in homes. Occasionally librarians would ride down the coast with books in their saddlebags. Eventually a small library was set up in the post office while Mrs. Ewoldson was postmistress. By the time current librarian Kay Short took over, the library was located in the River Village complex. After the mudslide of 1972 she operated out of her home until the county set up the trailer still in use next to Ripplewood.

Services

The Big Sur Library is a branch of the Monterey County Library. Although the collection of books is limited due to lack of space, on request the librarian can get any of the books in the County Library collection. Interlibrary loan arrangements make it possible to borrow books from other public libraries and from many university libraries. The county library also maintains a research and reference section in Salinas; these services are available through the Big Sur Library.

Mrs. Short also works at building up a section of local interest. Library hours are from 1 to 5 p.m. Wednesday and Friday.

Citizen Advisory Committee elects new officers

The Citizens' Advisory Committee elected the following new officers at its July meeting: Roger Newell, Chairman; Kent White and John Harlan, Vice Chairmen; Gary Koepfel, Secretary.

Residents Invited

The Committee will be meeting regularly to develop the Local Coastal Program and residents are invited to attend and encouraged to participate in the planning process.

Meetings are scheduled for the second and fourth Tuesdays every month from

7:30 to 10:30 at the Big Sur Grange Hall.

Molly Morse born at Community

Former residents of Pfeiffer Point and Bixby Point are the happy parents of a new daughter. Jill and Sam Morse (S.F.B. Morse Associates), now living in Carmel, announced the birth of their second child, Molly Breese, on July 22, 1978. The eight-pound baby girl was born at 1:30 a.m. at Community Hospital. The Morses have another daughter, Holly Bailhe.

It pays to advertise in **The Gazette**

FRIENDS OF THE SEA OTTER



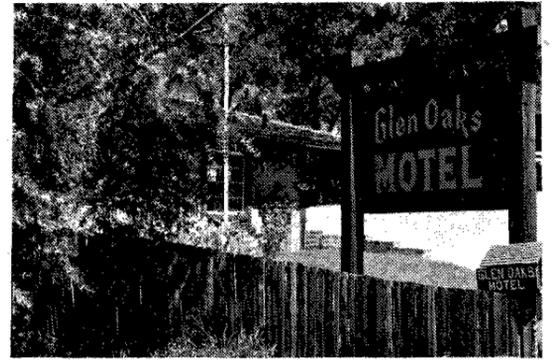
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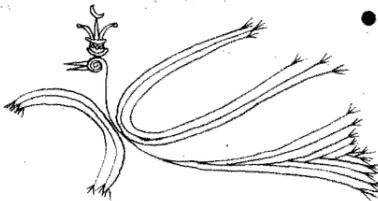
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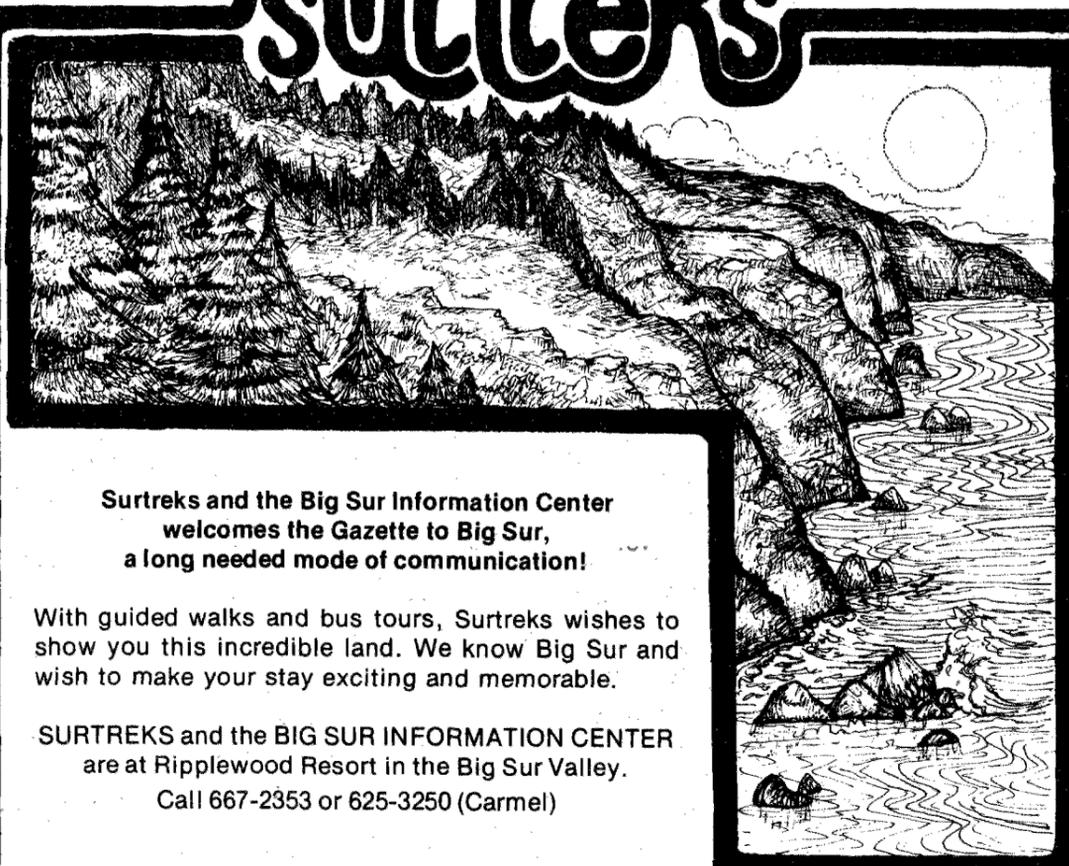
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Continued from page 1

to reclaim it peaceably or rationally.

William Witherup, the poet who neighbors nearby, had said, "You've got to kill him, he's in your karma, he's *your* lion."

Having undergone a catastrophic brush fire three years ago in which 20 years of loving labor had burned in as many minutes, I decided to fence in a girdle of sheep forage around the house. I bought five ewes to eat the incendiary brush. The first was an old Hampshire, assertive as a wigged judge. The others were year-old Suffolks, black-faced, handsome, healthy creatures. In the fall I took them to the old Grimes ranch up the coast where Don Brightwell keeps a registered Suffolk ram, and left them to be covered. In theory the flock would be more than doubled by my birthday in January.

As I walk back from the killing place this morning, I am thinking that I still have not learned an absolute. The abhorrent, like love, is a part of life, and no matter how ideally beautiful your creation, you never know when its other face will turn up.

The new rain chilled and refreshed my daybreak. The hills above, rising toward the ridge like great fists, were still burned brown, and wisps of vapor hung across their knuckles as in Japanese landscapes. Most people in the valley were still asleep. The world as far as I could see was completely mine. Only out to sea, beyond scarred old Point Sur where a tanker pushed north and a tiny tug towed a huge barge southerly, was mankind at work.

I love this country when it is clean washed, and empty of noise and tourist trade.

Only five days before, I'd functioned easily and beneficially within the homestead which, despite fire and mud slides, had been worked back to near self-sufficiency.

The problems we had were problems we'd solved many times before. With our four children grown and gone, my wife had returned to teaching at the country grade school close by. My most immediate ambition was to plant more pine trees along the steep dirt road. Death and taxes were minor concerns for us. We had turned the corner on dramatic excesses.

And yet that morning of the first rain, only two of the young ewes came to my call. The old Hampshire had been returned to the ram at Palo Colorado, but still there should have been two more of the young ones crowding each other for their morning barley ration.

I wondered, but thinking the other two were probably in the pasture below the swimming pool, perhaps lambing in some private spot, I went on to the chicken house and fed the 14 Buffs. Their yard is on high ground and it was from there that I saw a young black-faced ewe hanging over the fence.

Because of high cross fences, it was a long run around. No need to hurry: she was hours dead. Neck broken, her throat had been torn out with the skill of a surgeon and the ferocity of a mad beast.

I'd presumed that any sheep problem would be caused by dogs. My own black Lab and tan feist were harmless for sure. I knew them too well.

But with a heavy and sinking heart I went to search for the other missing ewe, hoping against hope now that she was off lambing. She was due. They were all due to lamb this month.

Working downhill in long swings through the dripping brush, I found her driven into the fence, killed exactly as the other. Beautiful pregnant mounds of cold meat wrapped in damp gray fleeces.

Only yesterday they had eaten apples from my hand.

There were signs beside this one. To my eye they were big dog tracks, Great Dane sized. Big dogs could come up from the valley, but here, oddly, were the tracks of only one dog. A single coyote would kill sheep, but probably not a single tame dog. Yet the track was too big for a coyote.

I told my wife of the loss, and later in the day dumped the two carcasses over a cliff. I hadn't the heart nor the necessity of other hard-pressed days to butcher them.

I called a couple of experienced old-timers for their opinions and they concurred. It had to be dogs.

And yet ... and yet the two dogs I suspected (without reconciling the fact that there were only one dog's tracks) both had ironclad alibis. They'd been kept inside all that night by their owners.

I strengthened the fence of a small pen so that only a very determined dog could break in, and that evening I put the remaining sheep inside to be safe. I expected the killer dog or dogs would come by and arouse my own dogs, but there was no disturbance that night.

In the morning I let the pair of ewes out to pasture and that night returned them again to their safe pen.

I loaded my shotgun with double-ought buckshot in case I did get a chance at the dog, especially since we were coming into a full moon. Despite the intermittent rains, enough light filtered through.

Sitting by the fire, reading a new edition of Jeffers' difficult book *The Women at Point Sur*, I heard "Auld Lang Syne" on the radio and realized it was not only a New Year, it was past my bedtime. I boarded the warm waterbed beside my sleeping wife and drifted off, to be brusquely awakened by the distinctive barking of my dogs a few minutes later. I was warm, muzzy, and I dearly dreaded going out into the cold wet night, but I had to save the sheep. I grabbed a flashlight, snapped out of bed, into my slippers, and completely naked, charged out of the house and up the hill toward the sheep pen.

I wasn't aware of the cold and wet. My whole intention was to reach the sheep and scare off the dog. I'd forgotten the loaded shotgun.

At the pen I aimed my flashlight into the darkness. Immediately two phosphorescent globes appeared like moons. I just couldn't comprehend the steadiness, the power, the heavy easiness, the mass of cat staring back at me. She seemed enormous, pale-silvery in this light, smooth as moth wings, uncaring, unhurrying, feminine, a vital force flowing before my eyes. I had no sense of fear; my whole education certified that the mountain lion never attacked man.

I knew without thinking that she was female.

I did hate her. In one part of my mind, I raged and insulted her.

But she stared at me, and in a few moments gathered herself and leaped lightly to clear the fence, but, blinded by my light, she hit the six-foot-high mesh and, easily as a ballet dancer, turned in midair and glided back to the ground facing me again. She was not afraid of being caught, not in any panic or frenzy. Low to the ground she flowed toward me.

And naked, in the cold wet, I waited and stared and absorbed, trying to see every motion and nuance, trying to intuit every sense of an animal I had never seen before in such a lonely and open way and never would again, and this it seemed to me then was a cresting point of my life, this meeting. I had spent my working years to come to balance with this beast, this closeness: not sharing, but fixing a position of mutual proximity and possibly wonder; certainly I was in wonder at myself and the night and the cat approaching me like a silvery roll of mist with luminous eyes fixed on my own. I stood silent until she came within one easy jump, and without thinking I made the snarling sound of the lion in the back of my throat.

She stopped and held. Was she blinded? She knew I was there. My dogs were hiding, terrified of the scent of the animal. But she had left her killing, and now she was

leaving me.

Turning, she drifted down behind a patch of brush, and I ran back to the house, knowing already how late it was to get the shotgun.

When I returned, the pen was empty except for the two dead ewes, lying side by side like sleeping sisters, both their necks broken. Her round smooth head with its little wine-cup ears cocked up, hearing my breathing, my rotten heart pounding, my imitation cat snarl: it was all gone.

If I had turned to run, she'd have killed me in less than a second. Not because I was an enemy, but because I was hot-blooded, naked, and running, a valid target for a cat already high on killing.

I'd been too enthralled by the vision itself to race from it. Her beauty and grace had in fact saved my life.

But then, we were locked together in a more profound engagement.

Despite all the temporizing and posturing of arguments for "balance," there is no way to avoid the geometry of life and death. The sheep did not deserve to die. They were not even used for food. The cat simply enjoyed killing the terrified animals.

The cat must be killed.

By morning the decision was agreed upon. I told the story of the lion to Bill Witherup. "That is *your* lion, Jack," the poet said. I told it to gentle Don Brightwell at the Grimes ranch when I picked up my old ewe, my last sheep. "You've got to kill him or he'll never stop coming back. You hate to do it, but you've got to."

Wintertime word travels fast in this community.

During the day I built a cage just large enough for the old ewe who was blating about the pasture as only one lonely sheep can blat.

Screening the area off from my dogs, I rummaged through the barn loft for five steel lion traps I had found 30 years before in an old cabin up on Willow Creek. Thirty years they'd been waiting, and I had never planned or even conceded that they would ever be used. Yet, why had I kept them?

The exposed two sides of the cage were guarded by the five concealed traps. If the lion came back for one last sheep, it would have to put a paw in one of those traps.

The old ewe was bait. The traps were set.

I hauled the two new carcasses down a small lane around the ridge and dumped them on the wet hillside.

The shotgun was loaded. Nothing now to do but wait.

My nervous energy was not inexhaustible. The resolution had to be quick or, outwitting me, she could come and go and kill as she pleased.

She did not come that night.

The following morning Captain Hugh Thorne of Fish and Game called from San Luis Obispo. He'd heard I had a lion problem. His men would be in touch within minutes though it was Sunday morning.

And within minutes, Warden George Ritchie called from Monterey, asking directions to the homestead.

Ritchie, a handsomely moustached, prime specimen of game warden, arrived in his green uniform, a holstered, short-barreled .357 magnum on his hip.

Ritchie explained that he was obliged to inspect the dead sheep in order to make positive a lion was the killer. The lion's guilt being legitimized, I would be issued a permit to kill the "depredator." The permit was good for 10 days only, but it was renewable.

I didn't mention that I already had my five traps set.

It commenced raining again when I drove him down the slippery cross-country lane to the hillside where I'd dumped the sheep.

The carcasses had been dragged down the hill and across the fence into my neighbor's brush.

The lioness had been eating one of them. Gut gas was hanging over the stiff woolly bundles. Ritchie, satisfied that a lion had killed the sheep, would arrange for the Monterey County trapper, Dave Butterfield, to take care of the depredator.

The bureaucracy was functioning with amazing precision.

I prayed that the lioness would come into my traps that night, otherwise she would be dissipated in the nameless, faceless Department of Fish and Game

She was "my lion," if she would only come to me.

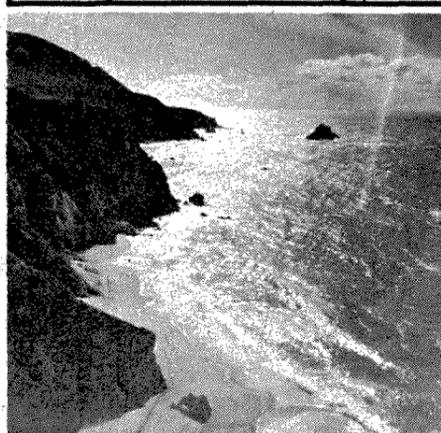
The conclusion of the story will be in the September 15 issue of "The Big Sur Gazette."

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highway striped, that is new lines applied, by the end of next week. Sometime after Labor Day, work on the bike path will begin. The work must be done when the temperature is at least 65 degrees, and it needs to be completed before the rainy season.

Henry Miller Returns to Big Sur



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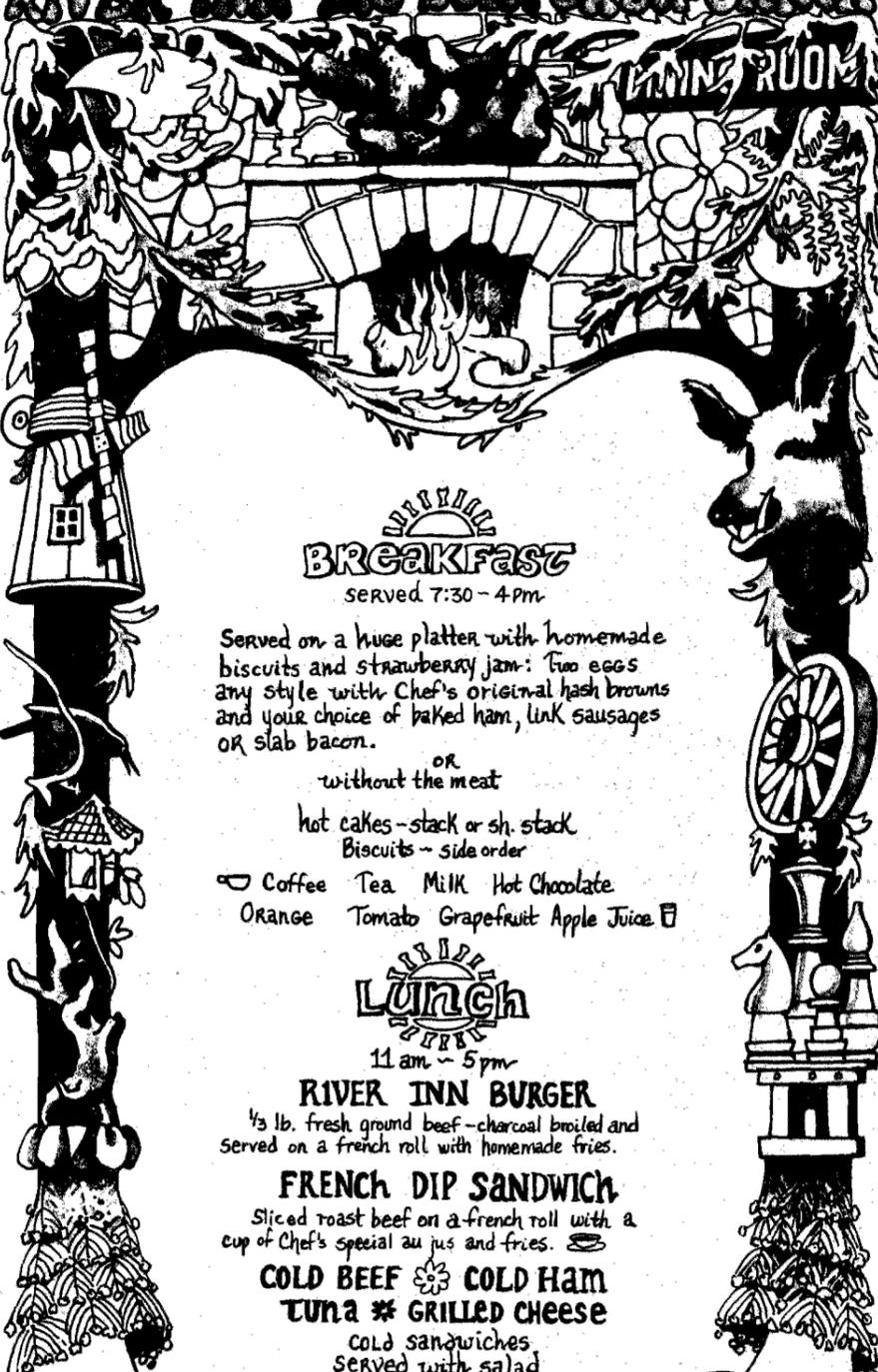


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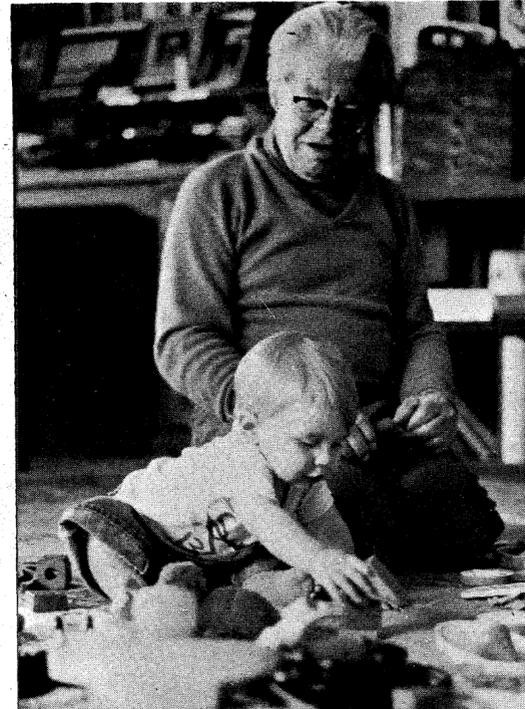
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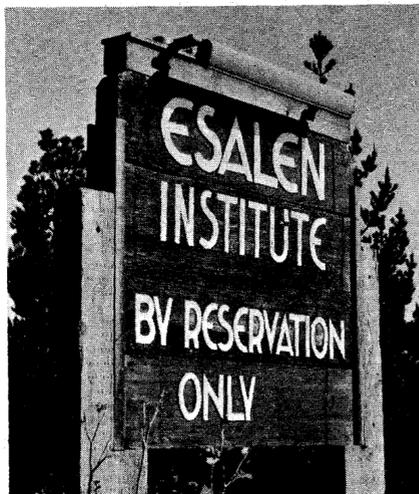
YOUR RETURN IS OUR REWARD



"THIS IS just something that I do because I'd prefer Big Sur had good-looking signs."



"Harry Dick Ross relaxes with a friend."



Half a century of sign making

Story and Photography by PAULA WALLING

Harry Dick Ross has no idea how many signs he has carved. At one time he says he kept a card index of his sculptures. "I thought it was fun to know that one went to Arizona and one went to Hawaii." But he never had such a record of his signs, perhaps partly because he has not done any for use outside Big Sur. "This is just something that I do because I'd prefer that Big Sur had good-looking signs. And if someone like me doesn't do them—well, other people may like them, but I don't." Ross carved his first sign in 1928. "It was long since stolen and carried away. It was for the Castro Ranch...We used to come and spend part of the summer there and I thought Rochie (Rojelio Castro) deserved a sign." Ross' second sign was for the Stone House. "It's been stolen several times," he says.

"I always feel very important when someone steals one of my signs." "When I worked for the Forest Service, they had some sort of little old hand-lettered sign. I made a beautiful carved sign with a shield that they use. I had a little extra one that I was supposed to wear, so I set it in the design. But one day the sign was missing. Two years later, the FBI or the sheriffs or somebody brought it back

down. They found it in a fraternity house at Stanford. They'd gone in there for something else and there it was." That certainly was not the first, last, nor largest Ross sign to be stolen and returned. Captain Cooper School, which once had no sign to identify it, now has two—one at the lower gate and the other at the school itself, the latter set firmly in concrete. The second sign came about as the result of a theft.

A Captain Named Cooper
Lt. Frank Loge of Fort Ord spotted the 300-pound sign in his neighbor's backyard—then tracing it, discovered that it had mysteriously disappeared from the school months before. He recalls that the sign was "in the backyard of a house formerly occupied by a Captain named Cooper."

In the meantime, however, Ross was quick to carve another sign. So the school, to its good fortune, has two.

Asked if he had a favorite sign, he said it was the Captain Cooper School sign. "I enjoy very much driving by and seeing that."

Although Ross uses many styles of lettering, his signs offer the driver of Highway 1 a continuity and consistency not found in signs elsewhere.

For the background of each sign he uses a gouge, thus creating a sort of Van Gogh texture. Frames for his signs are built into the design, giving each a unique, yet

uniform quality. Finished, yet rustic, a Ross sign wears well in the harshly varying Big Sur climate. People become protective of his signs. George Malone is pleased that Ross' original "Dining Room" sign carved with a deer and trees still hangs at River Inn—inside. "I carved that sign back when some people named Rogers owned River Inn," Ross recalls.

For half a century and almost single-handedly, he has kept bad taste in signs out of Big Sur (a couple of neon beer signs in windows excepted). Because people who live here are sensitive not only to the land itself, but to anything set upon it, a Ross sign has special value. His influence shows in many Big Sur signs carved by others. Imitation does not bother him. If anything, it flatters him and perhaps saves him the trouble of doing a sign himself. (Such signs as those at the library and the school he does gratis.)

The Ventana Signs
Kipp Stewart designed the lettering on the many signs at Ventana. "It was a big job," said Ross. "That's why I hired people to help me." Lynn and Richard Jayce apprenticed with Ross during that project. "They cut the planks out themselves. Most of them come from downed timber in the canyon."

"I'm trying to quit doing signs."
Asked how he happened to learn sign making, Ross modestly replied, "I just happened to know lettering. I spent most of my young life going to art school. You learn those things." But after 50 years of carving them, he says, "I'm trying to quit doing signs. I've done enough signs. It's a lot of work."

When the most recent Lafler Canyon slide (February 1973) took the life of a California Department of Transportation maintenance man, it also took with it a portion of the highway, the jewelry studio of Goph Albitz, a sculpture (The Lovers) by James Hunolt, a van owned by Deborah Medow, and the Coast Gallery sign carved by Ross.

Sign at Sea
A few days after the storm, a woman walking along the beach in Pacific Grove saw the sign bobbing in the ocean. She recognized it and waded into the surf to get it. Waves, rocks and sand had battered and rounded the sign, which now said "oast Gallery." The woman pulled it ashore and returned it in a station wagon to the gallery.

In addition to meeting with adventure, Ross' signs meet with the admiration and appreciation of the people in the Big Sur community. Aesthetic, unobtrusive, they are a daily reminder to us how things can be made to look when someone really cares.



Claire's Cooking Corner

BIG SUR RECIPE

I agree with Edward Espe Brown, who writes in *The Tassajara Bread Book*, that: "A recipe doesn't belong to anyone. Given to me, I give it to you. Only a guide, only a skeletal framework. You must fill in the flesh according to your nature and desire. Your life, your love will bring these words into full creation. This cannot be taught. You already know. So please cook, love, feel, create." Because our gardens are overflowing with vegetables at this time of year, the first recipe will be:

Jiffy Soup

Cut up freshly picked zucchini, or any combination of vegies; cover, barely, with water; bring to just below boiling; put everything in blender; add 2-4 Tbsp. Dr. Bronner's Balanced Protein-Seasoning (Natural Food Stores); add 3 Tbsp. Sesame Oil; blend at high speed. This is usually warm enough to serve immediately, or put back in pot and add chunks of Tofu until they are warmed through.



BURNS CREEK by Larry Secrist

DRIVE SLOWLY

at Night



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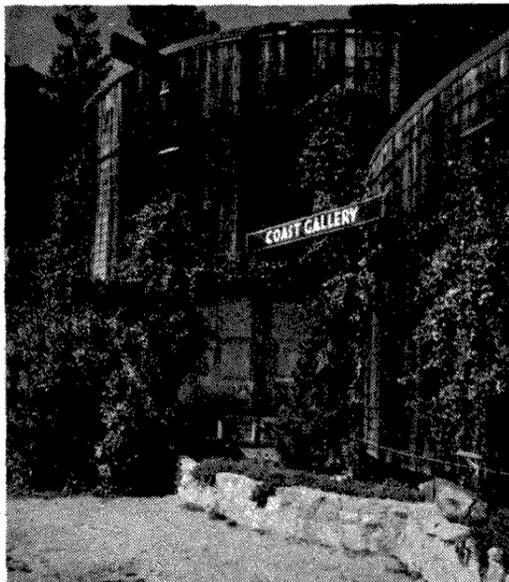
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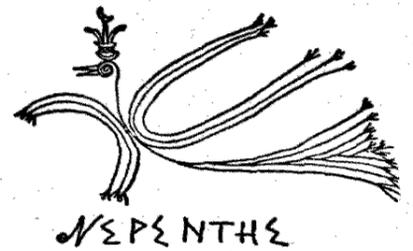
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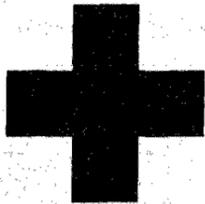
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BIG SUR AMBULANCE
Semi-Annual Response Summary

01-01-78 through 06-30-78

DISPATCHES

- 23 Accidents
- 20 Medical Emergencies
- 0 Stand-by Requests
- 1 Maintenance
- 1 Other

45 TOTAL DISPATCH
(4 Cancelled)

MILEAGE:

- 27,793 Ending
- 25,163 Beginning

2,630 TOTAL MILEAGE

PERSONNEL RESPONDING

- 27 dispatches, Tori Chesebrough
- 18 dispatches, Martha Wright
- 15 dispatches, Donald Thompson
- 12 dispatches, Jon Hodson
- 8 dispatches, Lois Farber
- 6 dispatches, Hilton Riley
- 8 dispatches, Steve Beck
- 6 dispatches, Brian Lyke
- 4 dispatches, Peter King-Monk
- 4 dispatches, Beverly Newell
- 3 dispatches, George Steeb
- 2 dispatches, Cathy Jaeger
- 2 dispatches, Penney Vieregge
- 2 dispatches, Barbara Von Protz-Chamberlain
- 1 dispatch, Neal Arbon

118 TOTAL Personal Responses

American Red Cross
Carmel-by-the-Sea Chapter

BIG SUR AMBULANCE
Response Sheet Summary

JULY 1978

DISPATCHES

- 9 Accidents
- 8 Medical Emergencies
- 0 Stand-by Requests
- 0 Maintenance
- 0 Other

17 TOTAL DISPATCH
(3 Cancelled)

MILEAGE:

- 28,616 Ending
- 27,793 Beginning

823 TOTAL MILEAGE

- PERSONNEL RESPONDING**
- 11 dispatches, Tori Chesebrough
 - 6 dispatches, Martha Wright
 - 6 dispatches, Don Thompson
 - 4 dispatches, Lois Farber
 - 4 dispatches, Beverly Newell
 - 3 dispatches, Hilton Riley
 - 2 dispatches, Frank Trotter
 - 2 dispatches, Peter King-Monk
 - 2 dispatches, John Hodson
 - 2 dispatches, Brian Lyke
 - 2 dispatches, Steve Beck
- 44 TOTAL Personal Responses



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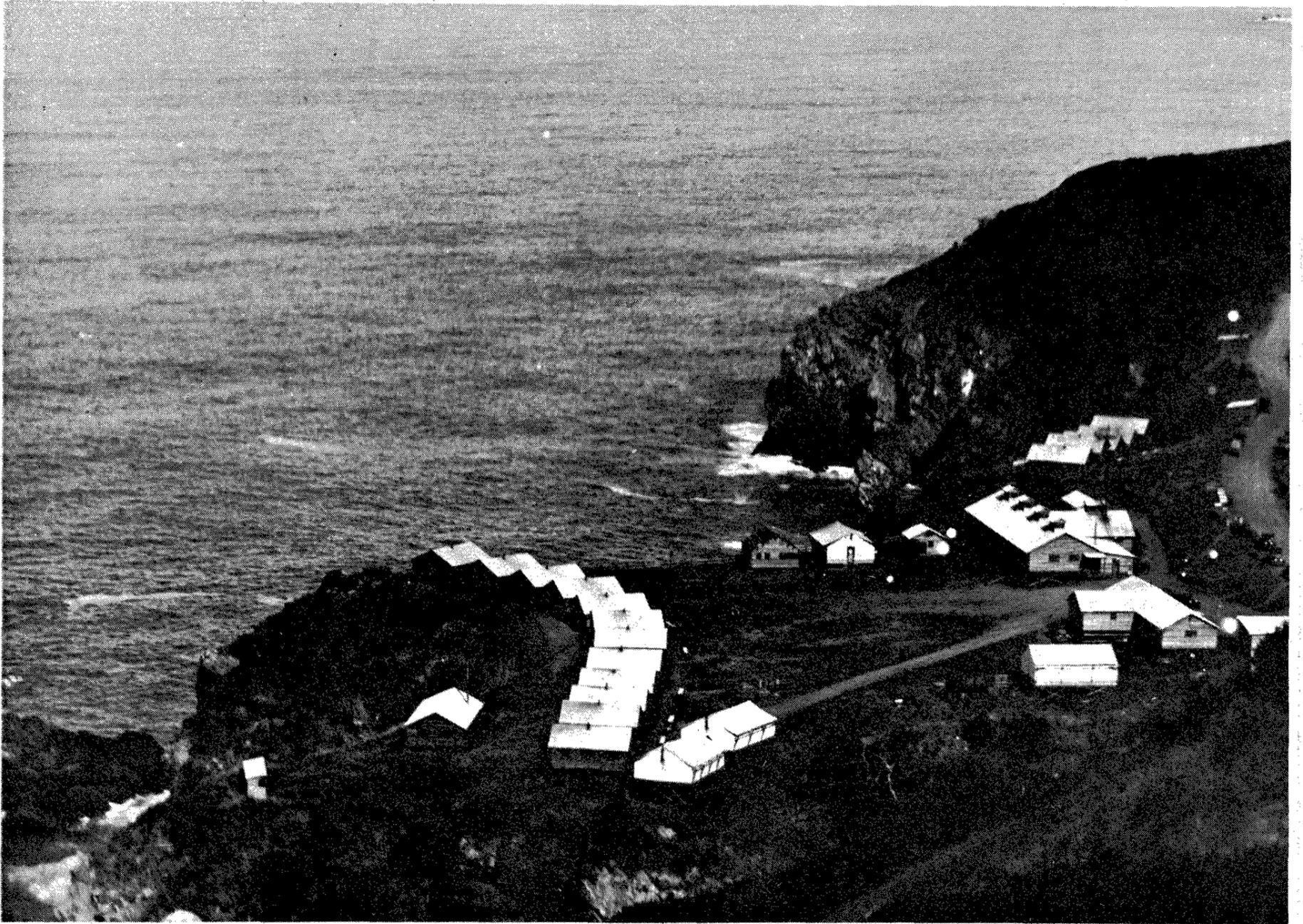
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Kirk Creek work camp from Nacimiento Road. Early 1930s

Big Sur - 10 Years Ago

From the *Pine Cone*, Aug. 1, 1968

PARENTS PROTEST SCHOOL BOUNDARY CHANGES

Several parents of fifth- and sixth-grade children who attend one-room Palo Colorado School protested attendance boundary changes made by the Carmel school board at the last meeting.

Objections were made by parents to their children being transported to Carmel Middle School and Captain Cooper School in Big Sur.

Some parents expressed fear that the school would be closed, but the school board assured them that boundary lines were changed because of a population increase.

From the *Carmel Pine Cone*, Aug. 15, 1968

PALO COLORADO SCHOOL CLOSED

The one-room school house that serves 21 students in the Palo Colorado Canyon was closed by the school board Monday night.

Superintendent Harris Taylor recommended to the board that Palo Colorado School be closed for educational purposes.

"The children would be better off in a larger school where there are more teachers specializing in grade-level subjects," he said.

Fifty parents objected strenuously to busing their children the 20 miles to the Captain Cooper School in Big Sur when their children could walk to this one.

One parent said the deed to the property specified that it would revert to its original owners if not used for educational purposes.

Despite objections, the motion to close the school passed.



Big Sur Historic Society forming

A number of Big Sur residents have expressed the wish to find a way in which Big Sur's colorful



history could be preserved and documented to ensure its transference to future generations.

On August 6th, the newly formed Big Sur Historical Society held an informal meeting in the kitchen of Casa Boronda. Its goal: to promote awareness within the community of former lives and events in these surroundings, and to preserve areas where the

original vision can still be appreciated.

As a locally initiated project dependent upon local support, they invite anyone interested in gathering, documenting, preserving and perpetuating the historical facts and memorabilia of this area to join them. They also invite inquiries and suggestions.

If you are interested in more information or in becoming a charter member, contact Sylvia Eisenberg at 667-2249, Pat Addleman at 667-2498 or Toni Nicklaus at Nepenthe.

Future meetings will be announced in both *The Big Sur Gazette* and *The Big Sur Round-Up*.

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Big Sur Church Services

<p>San Lucia Mission August 27th, 5 p.m. Episcopal Service Between River Inn and Big Sur Campground</p>	<p>St. Francis Church Saturday Mass, 4 p.m. Catholic Service 1/2 Mile North of Fernwood</p>
<p>Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park Sundays, 10 a.m. Non-denominational Service State Park Campfire Center</p>	<p>Immaculate Heart Hermitage Sunday Mass, 11 a.m. Mass on weekdays, 6:15 a.m. Evening Prayer, Sundays at 5 p.m. and weekdays at 6 p.m. Catholic Service 1/2 Mile south of Lucia Lodge</p>

Gazette Classified

CLASSIFIED AD INFORMATION

The Big Sur Gazette is pleased to offer an opportunity for residents to now place local classified advertisements at a reasonable rate.

Free classified ad space will be given to those residents seeking employment opportunities, any lost and found notices, and to anyone offering a community service or offering to share with the community (i.e. child care, ride sharing, etc.).

All other classified advertising will be priced at a rate of \$2.00 per ad allowing up to 20 words and \$.10 for each additional word over 20.

For information or assistance in composing your ad, call 667-2512, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

To place your ad, mail wording for the ad, including selected category, plus payment to: Big Sur Gazette, P.O. Box 7, Big Sur, CA 93920. The available classified categories are:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Caretaking | Mechanic |
| Carpentry | Painting |
| Child Care | Personal |
| Community Services | Pets |
| Electrical | Plumbing |
| For Rent | Real Estate |
| Garage Sales | Road Grading |
| Gardening | Roofing |
| Hauling | Rototilling |
| Help Wanted | Rummage Sales |
| House Cleaning | Septic Service |
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| Lessons | Work Wanted |
| Lost and Found | |
| Miscellaneous | |

Classified deadline:
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At the Big Sur Grange

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"HAVE NO FEAR, the Fire Brigade is here," declares Chief Walter Trotter.



BARBARA VON-PROTZ Chamberlain, Frank Trotter and Phyllis Smyth sing "The Boll Weevil."

... or Virtue Rewarded

Continued from page 1
 campsite." She then red-tagged him, that is, handed him a red tag—which he used to adorn his headdress. The Indian withheld comment on these unwelcome visitations until he was left alone. His only remark: "Ugh! No good!" To Penny Vieregge, the satire is based strongly on reality. "Everything is factual, even the so-called imaginary names," she says. The Esalen Indian skit was written by the participants. She merely handed out roles and the actors took it from there.

The audience found it easy to identify with "Inchworm," a song for summer driving, beautifully sung and spoken by Pat Chamberlain, Ronni Bloom Webster, Betsy

Slakey, and Ken Pratt. The performance of the skit "Count Dracula" was exceptionally well done—with authentic-sounding Transylvanian accents.

Ronni Bloom Webster, accompanying herself on the guitar, delighted the audience with her enthusiastic, professional singing.

Maggie Sherman in her delicate, sensitive style, performed a duet by using a tape recorder and accompanying herself on the autoharp.

The trio of Frank Trotter, Phyllis Smyth, and Barbara Von Protz-Chamberlain delighted the audience with "The Boll Weevil."

In difficult roles superbly played, Carol Hartman interviewed Debbie Swiatowiec in "Cool Debbie." Carol, after being offended and outraged by Debbie's behavior, begins to emulate her swinging style

by the end of the interview.

The final Sunday audience had the good fortune to hear Pat Du Val sing "Mariah."

The Big Sur Dance Company performed a very beautiful modern dance number choreographed by Carmen Harrison, who also danced, joined by Christine Campbell, Marie Case, and Jill De Groat.

The audience was thoroughly confused and tongue-tied by the time Tori Chesebrough and Pat Chamberlain finished their "Sue Saw."

Performing with the entire company, Jill De Groat also soloed in the song *The Man Who Fights the Fire*, which featured the quick glimpse of a leaping fire fighter painted by Harry Dick Ross.

"Up the River" was a take-off on life in the Big Sur Valley last winter. It centered around the building and boarding—and re-

boarding—of an ark. The Geodialectic Overflow Department (G.O.D.) pays Noah's bar a visit. They go about their business of placing high water markers through his bar. When Noah hesitates to accept the idea of building an ark, G.O.D. asks him, "Noah, how long can you tread water?"

Buzz Brown, outstanding as Noah, also composed a song for the skit, "Squirmin'est Worm in the Tater Patch."

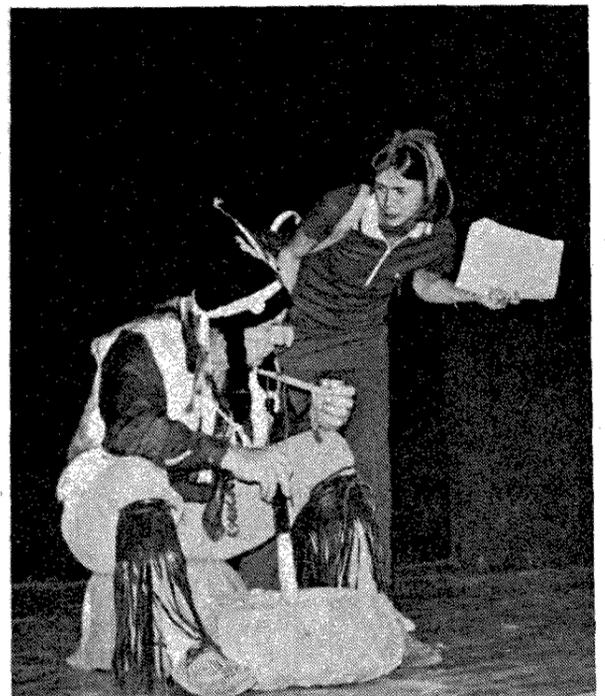
From the opening "Instant Movies" skit to the jugglers, Ana Vieregge, Lori Crum, to Charlie Jones skilled pantomime and juggling act, to the final curtain, the audience delighted in this year's show.



PENNY VIEREGGE said, "The work that went into it had all the flavor of the old Revue." She feels it could not have been a success without the Dengates, the Hettiches and the Krausfeldts.

MELODRAMA COMPANY

Neal Arbon, Frankie Bernstein, Cyril (Buzz) Brown, Christine Campbell, Marie Case, Barbara Von Protz-Chamberlain, Pat Chamberlain, Jerry Chesebrough, Tori Chesebrough, Lori Crum, Nancy Gooch, Jill De Groat, Loretta Dengate, Ralph Dengate, Sylvia Eisenberg, Esther Ewoldsen, Justin Cheshier, Berley Farber, Lynell Farber, Lois Farber, Dianne Farrow, Doris Fee, Mary Fee, Mary Fleenor, Ron Frazer, Erin Gaffil, John Giza, Nancy Giza, Kevin Harris, Carmen Harrison, Carol Hartman, Marty Hartman, Ted Hartman, Michael Hawks, Pat Hettich, Paul Hettich, Jon Hodson, Jim Hunolt, Margery Johnson, Don Krausfeldt, Jean Krausfeldt, Dottie Williams, George Lopes, Dottie Lopes, Julian Lopez, Ramona Laymance, Willie Nelson, Melanie MacDaniel, Ann Mahoney, Jean Meyrose, Liz Murphy, Beverly Newell, Teva Newell, Kevin Parsons, Char Plas, Mike Pena, Ken Pratt, Gayle Post, Barbara Richardson, Harry Dick Ross, Bobby Ruppell, Maggie Sherman, Kay Short, Betsy Slakey, Bette Sommerville, Jim Sommerville, Tom Brenner, Lukie Smith, Phyllis Smyth, Zenobia Squint, Liza Stevens, Peter Stock, Mike Sutton, Debbie Swiatowiec, Fran Thompson, Linda Thrash, Ron Thrash, Fern Trotter, Frank Trotter, Gelda Trotter, Walter Trotter, Ana Vieregge, Paul Viereggek, Penny Vieregge, Bobby Warcken, Ronni Bloom Webster, Dottie Williams, Martha Wright.



ESALEN INDIAN, Frank Trotter, ignores questions posed by tourist Debbie Swiatowiec.

CAPTAIN COOPER SCHOOL
 opens Sept. 5th
PACIFIC VALLEY SCHOOL
 opens Sept. 11th

Children at both Big Sur schools return to a busy schedule in early September.

KINDERGARTEN SCREENING POSTPONED

As a result of Proposition 13, staffing funds for the August 24th kindergarten screening program at Captain Cooper School and all Carmel schools have been withheld. The school district plans to make the program available early in the school year.

USE YOUR ZIP CODE

BIG SUR POST OFFICE

Window Hours	8:30-4:30 M-F
	Closed Sat./Sun.
Lobby Hours	8:00-8:00 M-F
	9:30-8:00 Sat.

CINEMA SUR AT VENTANA
 Monday evening at dusk

Aug. 28	The Thin Man	William Powell, Myrna Loy, Maureen O'Sullivan
Sept. 4	That's Entertainment	All-Star Cast
Sept. 11	Hunchback of Notre Dame	Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Judy Garland
Sept. 18	Wizard of Oz	George Sanders, Angela Lansbury, Peter Lawford
Sept. 25	The Picture of Dorian Gray	

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