

Attorney General solicits affidavits to establish prescriptive land rights

Cannery Row, Carmel, Big Sur beaches sought

By GARY KOEPEL

Under the auspices of the California State Attorney General's Office, and pursuant to a request from the Central Regional Coastal Commission, a selected group of over 1,000 individuals are being personally solicited to submit their written testimony regarding their use of beach and upland areas in Cannery Row and Carmel-Big Sur in order to determine "whether any public rights exist in the areas by reason of past public use."

According to informed sources, the "Questionnaire and Declaration" was issued from the Los Angeles office of the state's Attorney General. Each document is numbered, it is being selectively distributed, and it is being returned to the Attorney General in care of the Central Coastal Commission.

Contents of Questionnaire

The four page document consists of two pages of detailed questions and two pages of area parcel maps. The questions pertain to the use of two coastal areas: a 14 square block area surrounding McAbee Beach in Cannery Row, and a three to four mile coastal area involving Carmel Highlands, the uplands, and four beaches: Yankee Point, Yankee, Malpaso, and Otter Cove.

Signers of the questionnaire are asked specific questions about their use of these areas, including types and frequency of use, the method of gaining access, whether there was "fencing," "interference," or "no trespass signs"; it asks if other people had been observed using the area, and whether the area was used as one would use public property. The questionnaire becomes a declaration "under penalty of perjury" when it is signed and dated.

Signers Face Possible Civil and Criminal Charges

According to one peninsula attorney, "the intent of this document appears to be to seek to establish either adverse possession or prescriptive rights, either of which may eliminate the need for or reduce the amount of compensation to be paid upon the taking of private property."

"If the state succeeds in confiscating private property with this new tactic of soliciting affidavits, they will have

Continued on page 16

STATEMENT NO.

QUESTIONNAIRE AND DECLARATION FOR MACABEE BEACH AND OTTER COVE

The State of California is investigating uses made of beach and upland areas around Cannery Row and Carmel-Big Sur for the purpose of determining whether any public rights exist in the areas by reason of past public use. Your answers to this Questionnaire and Declaration will be appreciated.

Name (Print): _____
Address: _____
Telephone (Home): _____ (Office): _____
Occupation: _____ Age: _____

1. Have you personally and openly used any of the areas shown on the attached maps?

If so, please indicate the approximate extent of your use over the years and specify the areas used by completing the following chart:

| Areas Used | Years of Use | Frequency (times per year) | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| | | May to Sept. | Oct. to April. |
| Macabee Beach (Cannery Row) | From 19__ to ____ | | |
| Otter Cove (Carmel-Big Sur) | From 19__ to ____ | | |

Further explanation: _____

2. Please mark the areas of your use on the attached maps; please try to pinpoint the locations and dates of use.

3. Please describe the uses you have made of these areas (for example: boating, fishing, swimming, surfing, sunbathing, nature watching, hiking, picnicking, diving, access to water or beach, etc.).

4. Please describe how you gained access to these areas including where you parked your car.

5. Did you ever ask for and receive permission to use the area? If so, describe the circumstances.

6. Did anyone ever interfere in any way with your use of the areas? If so, how?

7. Have you observed others using these areas? If so:

(a) How often were others there?

(b) How many people were usually present?

(c) What areas were they using?

(d) What uses were they making of these areas?

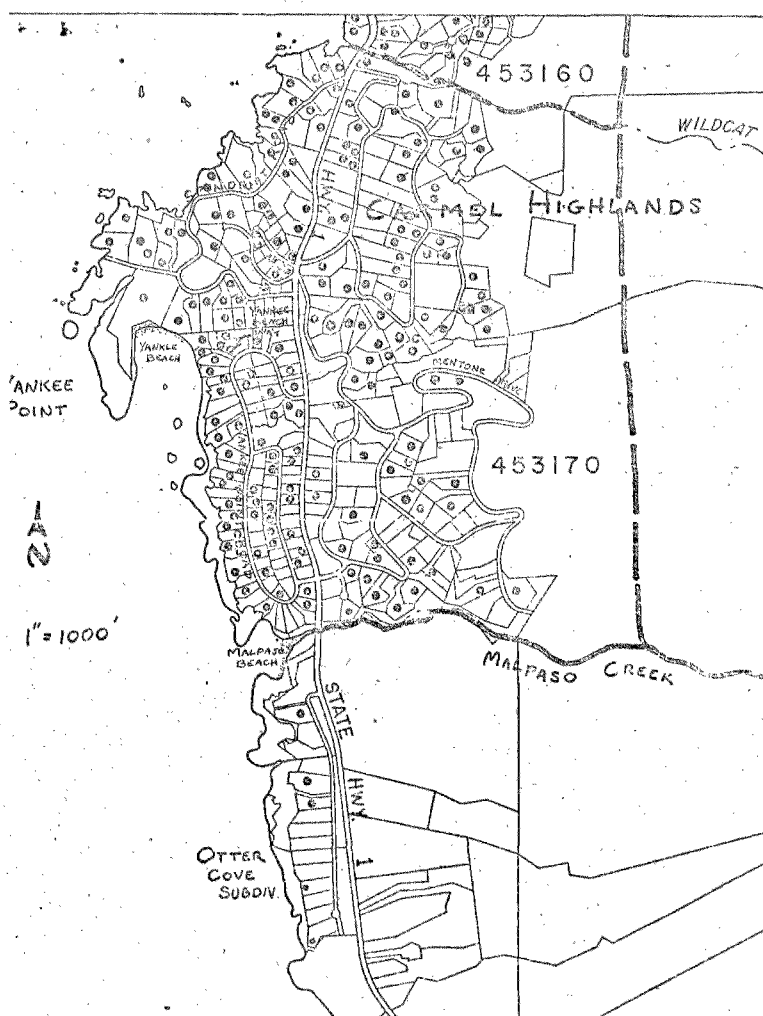
8. Do you know the names of other people who have used this area? If so, please list them with their addresses and telephone numbers, if known:

9. Do you possess or know of the existence of items such as photographs, notebooks, newspaper clippings, or other records relating to your use of the area or the uses of

PHOTOSTAT of precedent-setting questionnaire and parcel maps being circulated. The Statement Number has been removed to protect the person solicited.



CAPTAIN COOPER children returned to school on a rainy Sept. 5. Children are Ani DeGroat, Anna Wright, and Laura Thrash. In background is Eric DeGroat. Busdriver Larry Brassfield also returns to a busy schedule. For story, please turn to Page 10.



Additional documents appear on back page.

Planners adopt Big Sur rezoning

On August 30 the Monterey County Planning Commission approved a resolution to rezone county coastal areas from the existing Scenic Conservation (SC) Zone to a new zone called "CZ." The resolution will be voted on next by the Board of Supervisors at their Sept. 19 meeting.

According to Robert Slimmon, County Zoning Administrator, the new zoning will require a "Use Permit" rather than the "Special Permit" previously required by the Interim Ordinance.

"The law provides that local governments must make reference to the Coastal Act in any new adopted regulations," said Mr. Slimmon, who added that a Coastal Permit would still be required.

New Requirements

The permit procedure itself will remain relatively unchanged from that of the Interim Ordinance, but there will be three main differences.

First, whereas there were no fees for the Special Permit, the new Use Permit Application would cost \$25;

Second, the applicant would be required to comply with Chapter 3 of the Coastal Act;

Third, there will be no categorical exemptions for any uses. Land uses which are now automatically allowed are residential, agricultural, and existing commercial, but under the new zoning they would also require a Use Permit.

All applications for all land uses would go before the Planning Commission if the new zoning resolution becomes law.

Board to Meet

The Board of Supervisors will discuss the CZ rezoning resolution at their next meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 19 in Salinas.

Continued on page 16

This Issue

The Dengates Centerfold
Plane Crash & Fire Page 2
Fire Brigade calls Page 3
Birth of a Newspaper Page 5
Lion in the Rain-Rinsed Morning Page 6
Interview with Larry Brassfield Page 10
Dixieland Jazz Page 11
Softball League Page 11
Wildlife Page 14

Plane crash in Ventana Wilderness kills passengers, starts wild fire

By Paula Walling

A single engine plane crashed Friday, Sept. 8, in the Ventana Wilderness killing the pilot and three passengers. The victims were identified as Wendy Eagling, 23; her brother, David Eagling, 25; Chris Aebersold and Teri Rushmer. All were from the Carmel Valley area.

The crash occurred at about 7 p.m. at a point three-quarters of a mile off the Coast Ridge Road touching off a ten-acre timber and brush fire. The blaze burned redwoods, pines, madrone and heavy brush.

"Snow down area"

It was in an area where the 1974 snow had broken branches and tree tops which later dried, creating a high potential fire risk. Last year's Marble-Cone fire burned in such a "snow down" area as this, so a crew of 30 California Division of Forestry and U.S. Forest Service fire fighters was sent to prevent such a recurrence. They arrived on the site at 10 p.m.

Mutual Aid

By 3 a.m. on Saturday, the fire was contained; it was controlled overnight. A mop-up crew of 70 fire fighters was assigned to the blaze to keep hot spots from flaring up. Crews came from other areas of the Los Padres National Forest (Los Prietos, near Santa Barbara) as well as from the Angeles and San Bernardino National Forests.

Permission Granted

Unlike the Marble-Cone fire, immediate permission from Washington was granted to enter the wilderness area with chainsaws and to use a helicopter. The blaze was close enough to the Coast Ridge Road that no heavy equipment was needed. One helicopter, six C.D.F. and three U.S.F.S. engines were used to bring the blaze under control and airlift a survivor, who later died.

"MAST did a super job"

Forest Service official Jack Gollaher had strong praise for the MAST (Military Assistance to Safety & Traffic) crew who removed the survivor from the wreckage by helicopter, assisted by CDF emergency oxygen equipment, USFS, the Monterey County Search and Rescue. Gollaher says they "did a super job." "They hoisted her up while the helicopter hovered" over the difficult terrain at 2:30 a.m.

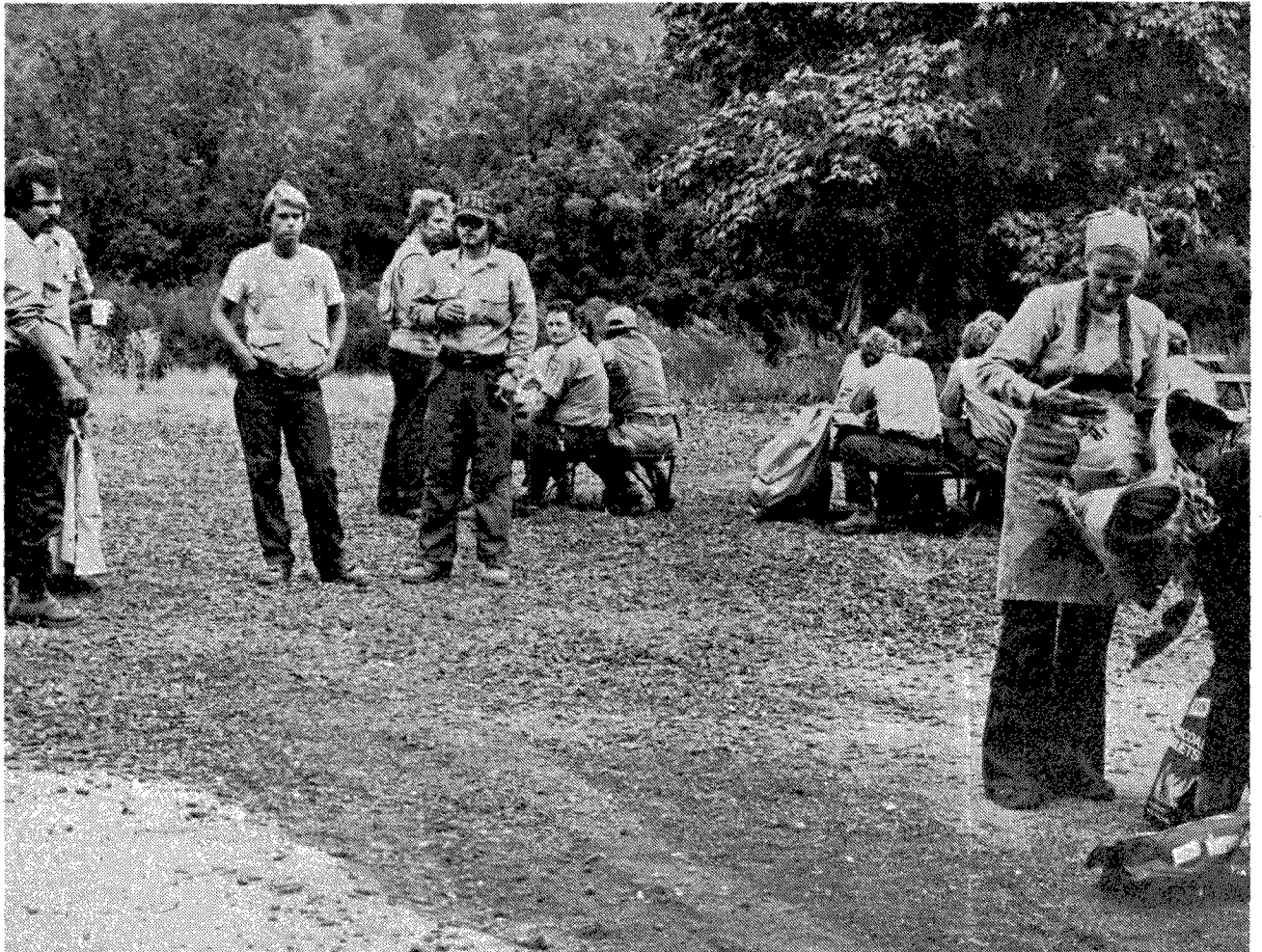
The Monterey County Sheriff's Department and the FAA are investigating the cause of the crash. The plane disintegrated upon landing.

Frank Stewart

Frank Stewart, who was stationed in Big Sur at the time of the Molera Fire and has since transferred to King City, was among those called to help. He acted as Service Chief, coordinating food service for the crew. About a half dozen women helped with food preparation as well as on the fire line.

Assistance from Nature

A gentle rain which started Saturday in the late afternoon helped the mop-up crews by dampening the entire ten-acre burn.



FIRE CREWS take time for a meal. Camino Cielo has the contract for kitchen services. Former Big Sur resident,

Frank Stewart, was in charge of food service.

Brigade responds to structure fires

By MARY HARRINGTON

Wednesday, September 6, fire caused major damage to a deck and detached storage area at the Partington Ridge home of architect Mickey Muennig. Smoke was spotted by Chief Trotter who called Muennig's neighbor Bob Nash to check.

The Fire Brigade praised nearby Partington residents who responded and succeeded in knocking down and containing fire to the immediate area. Michael Warren, Bob Nash, Patrick Moore, Kate Healy, Sarah Healy, Christian Nimmo and Howard Welch used shovels and garden hoses to combat the blaze.

Fire Brigade members responding were Chief Trotter, Larry Phelan, Mike Sutton, Ralph Dengate, Don

Krausfeldt, and Jim Hunolt. Other agencies were the U.S. Forest Service from Big Sur and Pacific Valley, and the Arroyo Seco Helitac Crew. CDF responded but was turned back en route.

Muennig was not at home at the time of the fire, and cause of the fire is still under investigation. The building did not have gas or electricity. Rain the day before lessened chances of nearby brush and grass catching, and made containment easier. Contents of the room lost in the fire included valuable collections of art books, many of them out of print, record albums, and architectural drawings. The house itself was saved; losses were estimated at \$15,000.

The next evening the Fire Brigade was called out again

at the request of CDF to a reported structure fire at Ventana Restaurant. Minor damage was reported to a kitchen wall as a result of a smoldering log pile adjacent to an outside fireplace on the terrace. Restaurant employees put out the fire and the Fire Brigade checked to see that the fire had not spread to the interior of the wall. Responding were Chief Trotter, Assistant Chief Chamberlain, Don Krausfeldt, Ken Wright and Ron Thrash. Cause of fire is unknown. Losses estimated at \$500.

Esalen Institute reported an early morning fire in the coffee-catering area of the Lodge. The flames were discovered and extinguished by the morning crew. Cause: flammable coverlet over the coffee maker ignited.



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Margaret Chenery dies at 88 October 5

Margaret Miller Chenery, 88, died at her home in Big Sur following a long period of ill health.

She served at different times as president and treasurer of Coastlands.

Neighbors and friends have fond memories of Mrs. Chenery. Margery Johnson recalls, "Her patio by day was covered with birds and by night with a great variety of animals. She loved them all. Whenever Margaret heard of a person in need, she gave generously and usually anonymously."

She is survived by a son, Peter J. Chenery and two daughters, Janet Dai Chenery and Mrs. Burnley Wadsworth, six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Her husband, William Ludlow Chenery, former editor and publisher of *Collier's Magazine*, died three years ago.

We wish to express our deepest sympathies to Sam Brown on the loss of her father. Our hearts and thoughts are with her at this sad time.

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Gazette**
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667-2222**



Big Sur Church Services

San Lucia Mission
September 24th, 5 p.m.
Episcopal Service
Between River Inn and
Big Sur Campground

St. Francis Church
Saturday Mass, 4 p.m.
Catholic Service
1/2 Mile North of Fernwood

**Pfeiffer Big Sur
State Park**
Sundays, 10 a.m.
Non-denominational Service
State Park Campfire Center

**Immaculate Heart
Hermitage**
Sunday Mass, 11 a.m.
Mass on weekdays, 8:15 a.m.
Evening Prayer, Sundays at
5 p.m. and weekdays at 6 p.m.
Catholic Service
1/2 Mile south of Lucia Lodge



New training sessions begin

By Frank Pinney

Most of us don't need to be reminded that before the Big Sur Volunteer Fire Brigade was formed in August, 1974, there was no regular fire suppression capability within 35 miles of Post Hill. This meant that many of the fine old homes here were lost to what would have been an easy fire had there been a local department to call for assistance.

Even when the U.S. Forest Service station is manned from May through the end of the dry season, there is a conflict which puts the structures in Big Sur in jeopardy due to the broad mission of the Forest Service for wildlands

suppression. This conflict was graphically apparent when during the Marble Cone fire all of the regular paid fire fighters in the area were committed to the big fire and the community was left to its own resources. At that time the Fire Brigade stood by with equipment deployed along the coast in the event of an unrelated fire or a break in the main fire line that might threaten our homes.

Early in our formation we saw that we must develop an essentially independent and autonomous capability supporting the self-sufficient concepts of the people who first settled this county. In order to reach that self-sufficiency, however, we saw that we would need to

have a lot of help along the way.

New training session beginning

The latest chapter in our story of outside support will begin on Thursday, September 21, with the first session of a practical course in structure fire suppression. Organized and funded by the Community Education Department of Monterey Peninsula College, and with the particular help of the Director, Jim Cardwell, and Cedric Rountree of Carmel Highlands, the course will be tailored to the physical conditions and equipment which we have in our own community.

The course instructor is Dan Guice, a captain with the Mid-Carmel Valley Fire Department, who at one time was a member of the USFS crew at the Big Sur Station. Dan has organized six three-hour classes of all hands-on practical work which will culminate on October 15 with a special session of simulated fire situations designed to test the application of the skills covered in the course.

Dan will be teaching such diverse and important topics as proper use of breathing apparatus, forcible entry, rescue, proper salvage techniques for protecting personal property, fire fighting strategy and tactics, pump operation and vehicle fires. Class

enrollment has been set at 20 students to allow the regular Brigade members and a few selected members of the community at large to be involved.

"Fire Triangle"

School children can tell you that the three supports of the "Fire Triangle" are fuel, oxygen and heat. The removal of any of these will put out the fire. Our experience in the Fire Brigade has taught us that fire suppression in our community is based on a similar triangle. In this case the three elements are Communications, Donations and Training. Loss of any one of these elements would bring the Brigade to an end.

For our training, the basic philosophy has been to build skills such that all members will know all aspects of fire suppression equally well. With an all-volunteer membership and difficult physical access to much of our community, we have to assume that any one of us will be the first to arrive at a fire.

In the beginning, the active members were eager but inexperienced and badly in need of skilled training in basic techniques. We turned to several sources for help and got our first training in wild fires from the staff at the U.S. Forest Service Station during the summer of 1975. That fall MPC sponsored a course in Fire



SUE RIGHTOUT enjoys the book selection at the Fire Brigade Book Sale. Lou Eisenberg says more people

have been coming in to buy books. Books donated sell for 50 cents each.

Control for us and Captain Charlie King came down from Seaside to teach 18 hours of fundamentals.

The following spring, Charlie came down again to teach Fire Control, this time to new Brigade members and people from key areas of the community where first response to a fire call might well be your next door neighbor. Since that class in 1976, we have worked during our regular two monthly meetings and special drills to develop a sound knowledge of our tools and techniques, critiquing each fire call we go on to learn our strengths and weaknesses. The personal commitment and involvement from Brigade members has reached a point now where with the 10 earliest members, who are still involved, and including the newer members, a total

of over 3,000 hours of their time has been donated for regular meetings alone. In addition, uncounted thousands of hours have been donated by Brigade members in related efforts such as community education and fund raising not to mention the time spent responding to the dozens of fire calls to date.

Yes, Big Sur has a Fire Brigade to be proud of—proud the work the members are doing and proud of the support the community members are giving. The Fire Brigade is a living example of a community taking personal and collective responsibility to fill its own needs. It is this spirit that has above all else drawn the active and enthusiastic support of our neighboring communities and agencies to aid us in our important work.

Big Sur Volunteer Fire Brigade responses 1975-1978

By PAT CHAMBERLAIN
Asst. Fire Chief

1975

- 10/5—Partington Ridge. Tom Carvey Res. Structure. Total damage: gas leak from water heater.
- 10/24—Post's homestead. Ventana Corp. Hot Water heater gas leak. Fire out upon arrival.
- 10/27—Sycamore Cyn. Downings property. Grass. One acre. Illegal burning.
- 11/8—Riverside Campground. Vehicle fire. Total damage.
- 11/17—False alarm.
- 11/25—El Sur Ranch. West side S.R. 1, S/Pt. Sur. Fire in duff under cypress trees. Illegal campfire.
- 11/29—Ventana Inn. Ventana Corp. Structure. Wall behind fireplace.

Faulty insulation. \$1,500 damage.

- 11/30—El Sur Ranch. S.R. 1. Vehicle fire. Arson. Total damage.
- 12/4—South Coast Center. Esalen Inst. Structure. Candle left burning unattended. Total damage to room 57.
- 12/4—El Sur Ranch. West side S.R. 1, S/Pt. Sur. Fire in duff. Illegal campfire.

1976

- 1/3—Riverside Campground. Structure unit No. 6. Cause unknown. Moderate damage. (First known major structure fire that didn't burn to the ground.)
- 1/5—Doud Ranch. PG&E pole fire. Downed wire.
- 1/20—Partington Ridge. Crile Prop. Illegal campfire.
- 2/5—Partington Ridge. Roosevelt Prop. False

alarm.

- 2/11—Fernwood Housing area. Steeb res. Electrical. Children put wire in electrical outlet. Minor damage.
- 3/30—Ventana Inn. Ventana Corp. Structure. Lack of insulation around fireplace. \$5,000 damage.
- 3/30—Santa Lucia Campground. Episcopal Church. Ground fire. Careless smoking. 50 sq. ft.
- 4/18—S.R. 1, N/Fernwood. Gas wash down.
- 5/1—S.R. 1 at Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park. Gas wash down.
- 5/3—Burns Creek. Gasset Res. Fire in rubbish pile. Spontaneous combustion.
- 5/9—S.R. 1, Hurricane Point. Vehicle fire. Accident. Total damage.
- 6/24—Ventana Restaurant. Ventana Corp. Grill fire. Out on arrival.

- 7/1—S.R. 1, S/Ventana. Vehicle & brush fire. Accident. 1 3/4 acre brush fire. Total vehicle loss.
- 8/11—S.R. 1 near Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park. False alarm.
- 7/13—East side, S.R. 1, N/Fernwood. Grass fire. Arson.
- 10/8—West side, S.R. 1, N/Point Sur. Ground fire. Illegal campfire.
- 12/8—S.R. 1, N/Pt. Sur. Gas wash down.

1977

- 2/28—East side. S.R. 1, Near Capt. Cooper. Ground fire. 50 sq. ft. Illegal campfire.
- 3/5—El Sur Ranch. West side, S.R. 1, S/Pt. Sur. Duff fire in cypress grove. Illegal campfire.
- 3/26—East side, S.R. 1, S/Nepenthe. False alarm.
- 8/1—Partington Ridge. Able Res. Brush fire.
- 8/9—S.R. 1 S/Hurricane Pt.

Vehicle. Elec. system short. Major damage.

- 8/17—Fernwood Campground. Structure. Hot water heater.
- 8/25—El Sur Ranch. West side. S.R. 1, S/Pt. Sur. Illegal campfire.
- 12/2—Coastlands. PG&E utility pole fire.
- 12/13—Partington Ridge. Roosevelt Res. Chimney fire. Out on arrival.
- 12/20—East side, S.R. 1, at Mill Creek. Wildland fire. Assist CDF.

1978

- 1/23—Partington Ridge Rd. J. Trotter. Vehicle fire. Electrical short. Total damage.
- 2/28—Old Coast Rd. 3/4 mile E/Bixby Creek. Vehicle fire. Arson. Total damage.
- 3/18—Partington Ridge. Koepfel property. Chimney, dirty flue. Minor damage.
- 6/30—Old Coast Rd. 1/2 mile

E/S.R. 1 at Molera Ranch. Illegal campfire in redwood tree.

- 7/5—S.R. 1 at Molera Ranch. Vehicle and brush fire. Accident. 50 sq. ft. of brush. Major damage to vehicle.
- 7/12—Riverside Campground. Boiler room. Structure. Minor damage. Out on arrival.
- 7/15—Old Coast Rd. Molera Ranch. Tree. Illegal campfire.
- 7/22—S.R. 1. Near Fullers'. Ground fire. False alarm.
- 9/6—Partington Ridge. Muennig Res. Structure. Major.
- 9/7—Ventana Restaurant. Ventana Corp. Structure. Hot logs against wall. Minor damage.
- 9/9—Responded to Big Sur with "Jaws of Life" for traffic accident victim.



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Views and Viewpoints

Education, Entertainment and Busing

Imagine yourself on a bus for 534 hours on Highway 1. Too much of a good thing? That's how much time each middle school and high school student can look forward to spending on the school bus this year. Some spend more, some slightly less. (In one sense, Big Sur has forced busing.)

What can you do with all that time? Talk to friends, watch the view, sing, make mischief? It all wears pretty thin when you do it three hours each day. Read, write? "I get sick" is the usual response. Few people can read any length of time on a winding road without feeling queasy.

Suppose that same bus were equipped with eight channels of audio programs and individual headsets? You could still talk to friends and watch the view. Chances are you'd do less group singing and make less mischief. No great loss. Sustained group singing on a bus is rare, and any school bus driver can tell you, they could do with less mischief.

Audio programming exists on jets. Would it be possible to find a used system from an old 707 or perhaps buy a new system?

I spoke to Mr. John Turturici, Western Regional Director for In-Flight Motion Pictures, which services audio entertainment for airlines in San Francisco, and he sees no reason such a system couldn't be installed in a school bus. He referred me to the Audio Program Director in New York for further information. (A subsequent editorial will include his response.)

If four channels could be programmed by the students and four by the teachers of middle and high school, ex-

cellent use could be made of that 534 hours. Perhaps language tapes could be included. A language lab for credit could even be offered on the bus. According to Mr. Turturici any program can be made up if their existing ones didn't meet our needs.

What would it cost? That question is still unanswered, but probably, much less than some worthy things for which the community has raised funds. And students can raise their own money, if they are given some direction and organization. Who knows, perhaps a company might take on a pilot program such as this? We could ask.

Would it be used? Ask someone who rides an hour and a half each way, each day. "Oh yes, sure, I'd listen to it," said Tracy Trotter.

She spoke of a loosely organized and unsuccessful attempt to raise \$60 for a radio last year. They only raised \$20. "You know the old bus that used to have a radio in it?" she asked. "Well, the kids along time ago put that in. They bought it. But last year we tried to buy one. Everyone pitched in a dollar, but it didn't work out. The kids did go for it last year, but there just wasn't enough money to get the one we wanted."

With some planning and caring, I think we could do better than that.

With a radio, how do you decide which station to listen to? Although a radio must surely be better than nothing, eight taped channels could make a long ride seem shorter. Eight choices must be better than one. Says Tracy Trotter: "Everyone has different tastes."

What is your view?

Thanx!

Dear Big Sur,

Many thanx to more people than I could possibly name. My season with the forest service is ending soon. I leave with much reluctance, fond memories, and hopes of returning again. I have enjoyed being in your home. It was a special privilege to have touched a part of your community. I wish you all well.

Special appreciation to the "Fire, Fire" melodrama - to Walt Trotter, the Fire Brigade, Penny, the entire company, and especially the audiences. Fun is hardly the word.

With love,
Charlie, a juggler

Diablo first hand

To the Viewpoints Editor:

I was amazed to read your enthusiastically anti-nuclear editorial concerning the recent (August 6, 1978) protest rally and non-violent "occupation" at Diablo Canyon. (San Luis Obispo). Seldom does one see a media comment as forthright and unequivocal.

I was one of the 487 who gained an arrest record by willfully trespassing on P.G.&E. property. The spirit of brotherhood and deep sense of purpose of this disparate group from all over California (a 71-year-old woman from Bolinas was

a great inspiration to us all) was truly wondrous.

But Diablo Canyon is still moving full steam ahead toward getting its operating license. The last few "public" hearings this fall will probably be as superficial as have all the ones in the past and P.G.&E. expects to be "on line" in early 1979.

The Abalone Alliance of San Luis Obispo is presently fighting the legal battle in the courts to obtain a resounding "not guilty" for all of us protestors. Our goal, quite simply, is to close Diablo Canyon.

It won't be easy. We must, as your editorial stated, keep on protesting until the county of San Luis Obispo and the executives of P.G.&E. realize that the people do indeed have a say in their non-nuclear future.

We need help. All kinds of help; not just to climb over the fences. Another protest is going to be scheduled for some time this winter. Any person of any age who is concerned about life on our planet can lend a hand. (Telephone 667-2578).

Carl Paul Alasko
Big Sur, CA

Gazette welcomed

Dear Editors:

Congratulations to you all on the first edition of the *Big Sur Gazette*! We were impressed with both the content and layout of the paper. The enthusiasm which has been generated as a result of the first edition is proof of the potential success of this long overdue mode of communication in Big Sur.

Perhaps the paper can help to close the erroneous publicity gap which has developed over the years about Big Sur. One of the best examples of this is found in the *Merriam-Webster Dictionary of Proper Names*, which defines Big Sur as "A spectacular sector of the California coastline south of Monterey. Orson Welles bought it for a song for Rita Hayworth and sold it at a slight profit; it is now a state park."

Thank you for your efforts in bringing this newspaper to Big Sur.

Good luck!

Will and Tomi Lussier
Monterey

Viewpoints

As with anything new in Big Sur, *The Gazette* is likely to arouse interest and generate conversation. Happily, those who have ideas 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.

OUR REPUBLIC AND ITS PRESS WILL RISE OR FALL TOGETHER

Joseph Pulitzer
1847-1947

Fraser praised

critique criticized

Dear Editors:

Well, I guess Big Sur has come a long way in the last few years. It now has its first professional uptown-type newspaper, complete with an enthusiastic review of our celebrated "Fire! Fire!" on the front page. The review of the show, although lengthy and detailed, I fear neglected completely the olio act of singer-guitarist Ron Fraser, and his accompanists, Z. Squint, Michael Hawks, and Bobby Ruppell. Ron sang songs of his own composition which deserve, without quibbling, the highest praise for their extreme musicality and expressive lyrics.

I'm sure the *Gazette* could have found space for the skit if it had shortened other parts of the review. For instance, more column space was devoted to the Esalen Indian skit than to the entire Melodrama.

Furthermore, the disproportionate number of words spent on the Precynthia Ostertag section leads me to believe that the *Gazette* feels satirization of

Coastal Commission activities is more newsworthy than satirization of the Department of Interior or more pertinently, Incorporation efforts.

All three are tantamount to each other in their potential effects on the erstwhile, politics free, Big Sur community and therefore deserve equal space.

Let us hope that the *Big Sur Gazette* lives up to what it claims it is: simple, newsy, and having just the right old time, hometown flavor.

Carol Hartman
Big Sur

Editor's Note: The reviewer regrets having been called away from a portion of the olio performances, including the Coastal Commission skit, due to family matters. This portion of the review had to be handled by telephone interview with the Melodrama director; hence, the detailed description of a funny act sadly missed.

Apologies to Ron Fraser, Zenobia Squint, Michael Hawks, Bobby Ruppell and to Neal Arbon for what must have been outstanding performances.

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Gazette**

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Please use your ashtray

The Big Sur Gazette

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Paula Walling Executive Editor
Ronni Bloom Webster Advertising
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Claire Chappelllet Columnist
Mary Harrington Contributor

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CINEMA SUR AT VENTANA
Monday evening at dusk

Sept. 18 *Wizard of Oz*
Sept. 25 *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

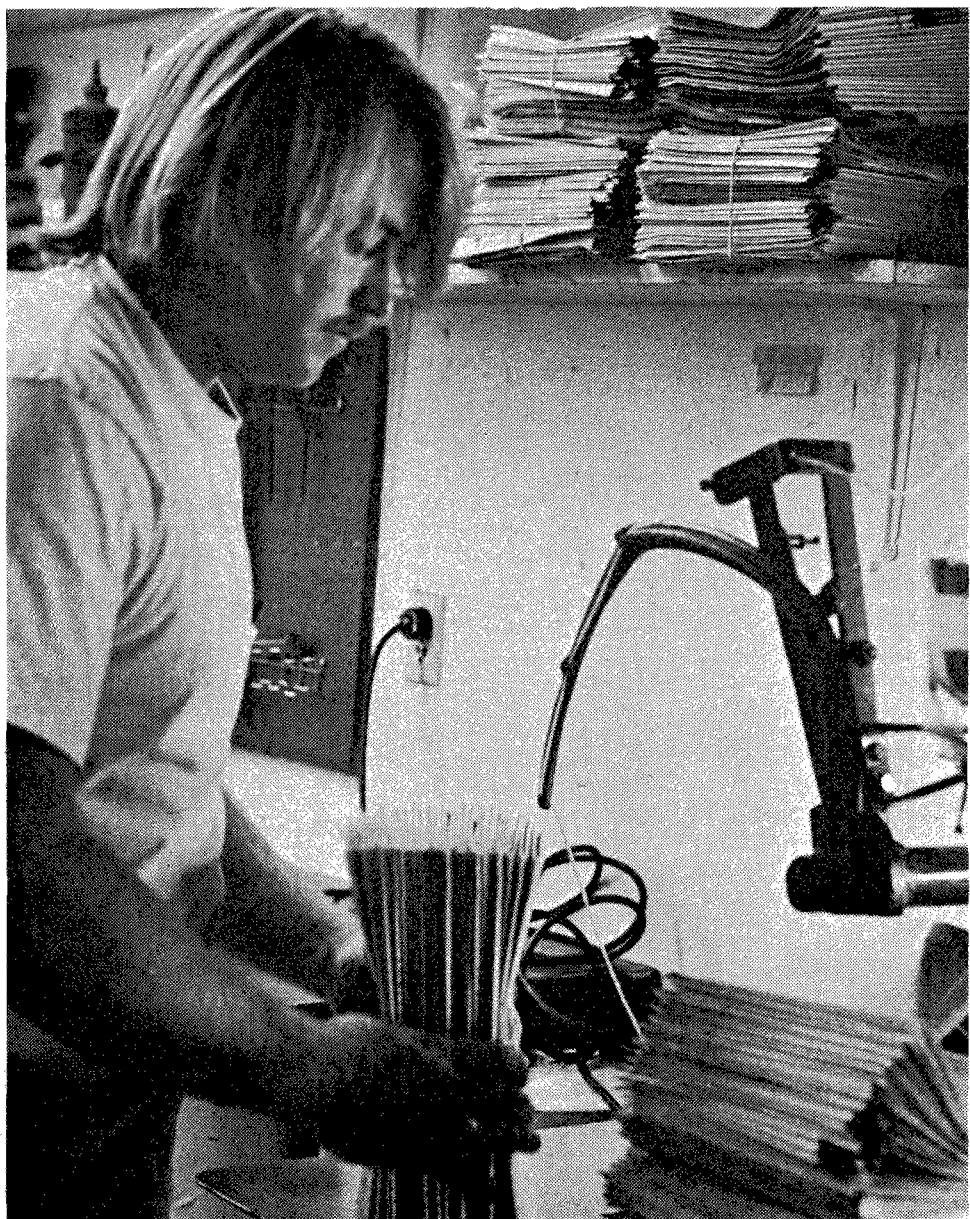
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JACK NIELSEN supervises printing of the first issue of the Big Sur Gazette.



BOB EGLI bundles issues of the Gazette. copies of the first paper.
Big Sur residents received complimentary

Birth of a newspaper

As a matter of record, Big Sur's first formal newspaper came into being Aug. 25, 1978.

The *Big Sur Gazette* was printed in Carmel Valley by Carmel Communications Corporation.

The *Gazette* wishes to thank the *Carmel Pine Cone*, *Carmel Valley Outlook* and the *Monterey Peninsula Review* staff for its assistance and encouragement in preparing that first issue. We look forward to working with them for many future issues.

Our list of subscribers has been increasing steadily

since the publication of our first issue. We wish to thank each and every one of them for their interest and support. A special thanks to the many who took the time to inform us of their first impressions of the *Big Sur Gazette*.

"Felicitations, salaams and congratulations on your *Big Sur Gazette*! I think the layout and contents is really tops and enclosed is my subscription."...Giles G. Healey, Big Sur

"Congratulations on your paper...thanks, to all of you for our *Big Sur Gazette*..."...Penny Vieregge, Big Sur.

"We have been coming to Big Sur for the last eight years and always are greatly saddened when it's time to leave. In fact, we were there just last week and to a great delight we were just in time to receive the first publication of the *Big Sur Gazette*."

"Since part of us are always in Big Sur, we just have to subscribe. We will look forward to receiving the *Gazette* as well as wishing you every success possible in continuing to publish it."...Candy Campbell, Van Nuys.



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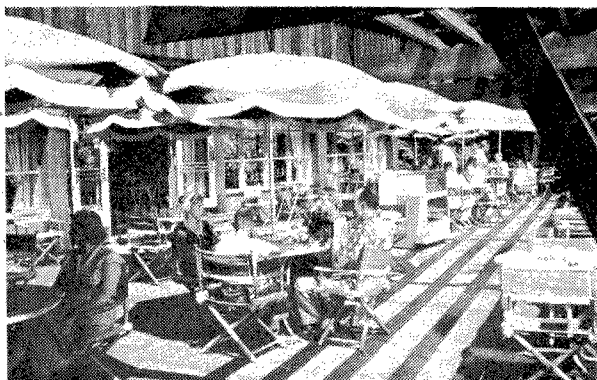
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I read late, and slept lightly, but my dogs didn't bark and my traps were undisturbed in the morning. I let the old ewe out of her cage, and waited for the trapper to arrive and do my work for me.

Big Dave Butterfield arrived in a pickup truck. He changed out of his cowboy boots into rubber boots, and after I'd explained the problem, he threw traps and a box of small equipment into the back of my truck.

"Better lock up your dogs. We don't want 'em in the traps," he advised. I put my Lab and feist in the house.

The sheep had been dragged farther into the dense brush. The lioness had fed there last night instead of coming on up the hill for my last old ewe.

Dave dragged the partly eaten sheep to the edge of the brush so that the back was heavily screened. Using a garden trowel he leveled a small bench at the front of the carcass where the lion would have to come.

"He won't eat it if it's spoiled," he said conversationally as he worked. "As long as he's eating it, you could eat it."

"They were too much like pets to me," I tried to explain.

He cocked each double-sprung number 12 trap on his knee, and slipped the tongue trip into the notch of the pan. Each trap had a five-foot heavy chain attached to a steel two-pronged anchor.

"Better to let him drag the trap and hang up on the brush. Wear him down, like catchin' a fish on light tackle."

He set the five traps in a neat row, and tucked squares of denim over the pans and beneath the jaws. Taking a wood-framed strainer out of his box, he shook fine wet earth over the entire set until it was invisible. "Maybe this don't do any good. Lions aren't usually much trap-shy. But that's how I do it."

He looked the set over. "Ought to dress it up some, I guess." He dragged a burned fence post over and positioned it as an easily passed by obstacle. He wadded up a bunch of dried weeds and wiped the earth around the set, and like the miracle an artist produces, the scene became perfectly natural: a dead sheep weathering into the brush.

"If it rains hard, you might come back down and check to see it looks all right." I took that as a compliment. He knew I was a professional writer, but I wasn't a tweedy egghead.

Back at his truck, he explained that in order to discourage trophy hunters the carcass, including hide and skull, would be kept by Fish and Game. Presumably their lab experts would dissect it and chart its existence on the great lion map of California.

I had not even whispered that I thought the lion was *my* lion, but his senses were acute.

"Tell you what," he said as he changed boots again, "why don't you go down there in the morning and kill him. That way you'll save me a trip if he don't show up. Just give me a call, however it goes."

"Glad to Dave."

"Shoot him in the ear. You can't make a mistake that way."

Lion in the Rain-Rinsed Morning

Story by

JACK CURTIS

After he left I let my dogs out and went down to the valley for the mail. An hour later, when I returned, my dogs were gone.

I'd expect Poky, the Lab, to wander down to the school and try for some extra petting from the kids, but Peppy, the little brown feist, never left home. At least she never had in six years. Rather, she practically fought everyone who approached. Her chosen job was defending the establishment.

The word feist comes from the Middle English *fisten*, to fart.

I guessed where she'd gone. I loaded the 30-30 just in case, drove to the turnaround, and ran the rest of the way down to the trap-set.

All the traps were sprung, the smooth ground torn. The hair on the back of my neck started to rise. I levered a shell into the rifle chamber because I didn't really know what had tripped those traps. I studied the brush. There was no disturbance, no movement, no sound, but two traps were gone.

I squatted on my heels and studied the setup carefully, until I saw the half-buried chain leading into a dense clump of lupine. I aimed the rifle until I could just define my little dog spread-eagled and quivering on the front leg and another on the back.

I grumbled with relief, "Ya dumb little fart, what the hell are you doing down here, I hope to Christ you're dead."

Gently squeezing the traps open, I eased her legs clear. Her eyes were shut. Trembling, she was pretending to be dead. I laid her by the fence in the open, assured that she had no broken bones, no matter how embarrassed she was at being caught by her own curiosity.

Now the headache was to reset the traps as well as Dave had set them. I'd brought no tools.

And then I saw the large design. The lion was to be truly my lion. I was the man to set the traps. Twenty-six years of homesteading and writing and thinking were coming together in a point.

I scooped out the loose dirt with my fingers. In Peppy's turmoil, one of the cloth patches was lost. We'd have to do without. I set the trap triggers as Dave had set them, turning the springs together to make a horseshoe shape which gave a three-point foundation for the trap jaws. I spaced them carefully, coiled the chains as he had done, and neatly sprinkled through my fingers the fine wet dirt.

I laid the burned fence post as it had been laid, and brushed down the slope with a wad of weeds.

Backing away from the set, I thought my picture was just as good as Dave's.

I picked up my little dog and carried her and the rifle up the hill to the truck.

Within an hour, Peppy was trotting around, nosy as ever. The traps, big and steely, do not really damage the animal so much. Peppy's legs are not much larger around than my thumb.

The holding is the hurt. I've seen rabbits and coons gnaw their legs off to escape the holding. That's enough for a man to hate a trap. But if you come quickly and are competent and merciful, the trap is only a small part of the catch.

I loaded the .44 automatic and sharpened a four-inch blade, and I prayed again the lioness would come to my caged ewe and fall directly into my own traps right in my own yard. I set the alarm for six and went to bed. It was already my fifty-fifth birthday, the fourth of January, crazy, guilt-ridden, challenging Capricorn.

Unremembered tortured nightmares. I was glad to hear the buzzing clock in the dark.

I dressed for a long hunt. My best hiking boots, double socks, extra shells, a piece of rope, Kleenex, a tough windbreaker. I just didn't know where the morning would take me. I was certain that eventually it would bring me to the lion, and that I would kill it whether I could ever completely justify its killing or not.

You cannot survive on the homestead if you do not decide. If you cannot kill, you must move back to suburbia, and count your memories and souvenirs: the ax scar on your shin, the arthritic elbow.

The decision was made. The fading night was cool and wet. I checked my traps by the ewe's cage. They were untouched and again I released the ewe into the pasture.

My wife was slumbering in the warm waterbed. The hawks in the canyon were asleep in the top of a redwood. Nothing hunted or fled in the pale darkness. Even the roosters had not sensed the dawn. It was fresh and the sky was overcast with a deep, stormy purple. Point Sur's light turned, the Rock was in darkness.

Instead of driving the half-mile of narrow lane, I preferred to walk. Somehow it seemed my spirit should become less mechanical and more in harmony with the sky and the sodden ground. To the east now, a faint golden glow outlined the distant ridge, San Martin Top, Cone Peak, Marble Peak, real lion country.

The lonely old ewe blatted and followed me along the fence as far as she could. My dogs, seeing the rifle and remembering the traps, had conveniently disappeared.

The quail were still roosting in the brush. As I walked down the path around the broad hill, a gray California thrasher tipped off a point of brush to grab a bug.

The whole hill and daybreak were mine. The world slept while the great cat and I entered a dream.

At the end of the lane, I quickly jacked a blunt cartridge into the chamber of the .44. I aimed the scope at a dried yucca stalk. It was clean and clear. My hands were cold, but I could squeeze a trigger.

I hoped the cat would be right there, caught next to the kill. I even expected her to be there.

There was light enough now to see even a gray shadow close to the ground. I forgot time as I left the road for the natural hill and worked slowly toward the trap-set.

The carcass was undisturbed, moldering away like composted leaves, but the traps were sprung, the ground clawed out in great swaths. I studied the trap-set carefully; I must not miss the slightest detail.

There were four traps scattered about. That meant the lioness had taken one with her. Hell, she could have it on her tail, she could throw it, there was no way of knowing. I remembered the vision I'd seen three nights before, the huge, nonchalant, silvery force flowing in the pen.

Remember every bit of it, Jack, it's your life and her life, and in truth it is the essential moment.

I backed off. The smart move would have been for the lioness to run into open country to keep the trap anchor from fouling in the brush. Given some time and distance, she could work out of the trap.

Make no hasty mistakes, Jack. Assume first she went across the open hillside.

I looked for tracks, disturbance. There was no sign.

Then she's gone directly uphill, downhill, or across into the brush.

I went uphill because it had to be eliminated first. Dave had said the trap would hang right up, be close by. A veteran professional, he'd looked at me, listened to me, and decided I could handle it.

But as I meticulously worked over the upper slope, searching for sign; I was thinking: Dave Butterfield is getting paid for doing this. I'm not. Why should I go after this lion when I've had no experience? I'm not trained for this kind of hazard.

From the upper slope I could see most of the area. Below the set were scattered brush and rocks, but due west toward Point Sur there was nothing but a high, dense mat of lupine, deep enough to hide anything that wanted to hide.

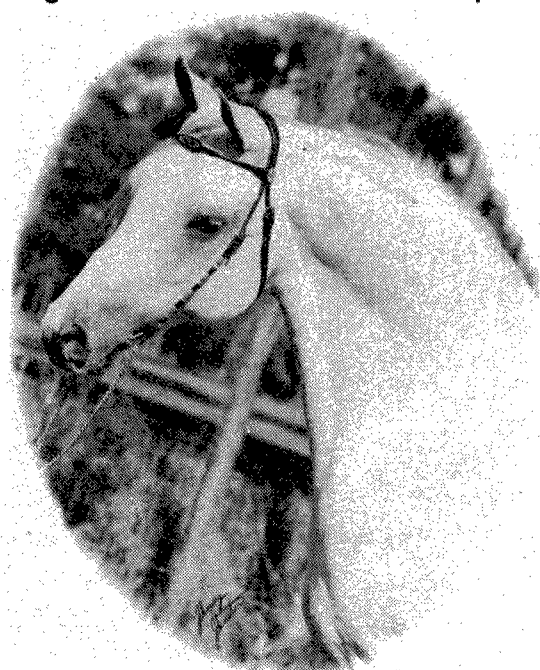
The lioness was in that lupine jungle. Should I go after her, or should I go back and call Dave? "Hey, Dave, she's hurt and she's hid out in tall brush, maybe you better come down with some dogs or a posse or something...."

Goddamn. I was skewered on my own past. The sheep were my sheep. The land was in every sense my land. And the lion therefore was *my* lion.

Continued on next page

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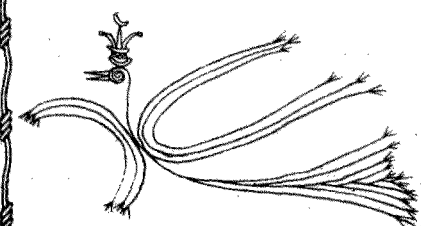
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Very well. A bank of ivory-yellow layered the eastern horizon now. At last the spooky shadows were gone. She was not downhill. I could see that. Therefore I had to pick up her trail to the west.

I worked through the brush slowly, heart sputtering like a percolator. No sign. Or not good enough sign. She'd already been through that area several times in the past few days. I needed a hot trail.

I cut around a cliff and crossed at the head of a rocky gulch. I stayed above. I did not relish being below the cat.

I walked down through the head-high brush alongside the gulch. There had to be some new sign of disturbance there or she had cast the trap in a bush and was either waiting or long gone in huge invisible leaps.

Judging from the light way the traps had handled my little dog, I could imagine how insignificant one would be to the desert-colored insolent beast.

On the first pass down the hill I missed the sign. I moved on west about twenty feet and worked up again, doing what I like least. Uphill, she had the advantage.

But the decision had been made. I was not going to call for Dave. I was going to do my job.

Halfway up the slope, I saw a broken branch by a short scar freshly ploughed into the ground.

Okay. We're on her. Now how old is it? Hours or minutes? Was she caught early last night or early this morning? No way of knowing. I was on her last trail. It could run for miles, depending on too many options over which I had no control or understanding or foresight.

Nothing for it but to go slowly along the way the crushed brush pointed. The lupine now was higher than my head. A helicopter couldn't have found me in that simple organic tangle. Nor the cat.

I couldn't see any farther than I could step. I remembered how hard it was to see Peppy immobilized in the brush right under my nose.

I carried the cocked .44 at the ready in both hands.

I stepped carefully, trying to be soundless. Trying to be measured and honest and patient.

I came upon a whole lupine bush broken down. She must have snagged up here and fought a long time to clear the hook. The lupine looked as if bulls had battled on it.

I watched for birds flying, I listened for tiny sounds. I didn't need to psych myself up. My doctor would have despaired at my blood pressure. I smiled at that for a moment.

Bill had said, "Jack, that's your lion...."

We are coming together, lion.

I waited and I heard a branch sigh. My eyes snapped but it was only a bent branch trying to return to position. Yet that would mean she'd just recently bent that branch. How long? A minute, five minutes? I tried to smell her, but she had the breeze on her side.

I stepped along, carefully, gently, trailing a big lioness with maybe a little trap hung on her paw.

I never heard her. I never smelled her. I simply *knew* she was there three or four steps ahead of me. I searched the bland, obscure brush but it revealed nothing. I quietly settled to one knee close to the ground where I could see beneath the foliage.

Behind the slender trunks of the brush was a swatch of living brownness. Easy. Easy. Sort it all out, Jack. Don't crowd her.

I waited, holding on one knee, the rifle close to sighting, but first I had to identify the animal, then parts of it. Unlikely, but still, it was the color of autumn-coated deer.

A movement. A close, tense ear turning behind the brush stems. That was her head then. I waited, slowly her head turned. No question now. I could see the black nose, then an eye.

Dave had said shoot him in the ear. I thought I'd shoot her the way I wanted to shoot her. And I wouldn't be hurried into shooting where I didn't want to.

Slowly her round clean head turned toward me and I saw her jaws and nose, and her two eyes gazing at me just above ground level through the leaves and branches.

Not anger. Not sorrow. A perfectly dignified resignation.

I raised the rifle to my shoulder and set the eyes on either side of the post in the scope, paused the most brief moments to think "Done," and squeezed the trigger.

In the scope I could see the red hole perfectly placed, slightly high and between the eyes. The head settled solidly to the ground.

I waited. Who knows what such a wild beast might do in death?

I stood and worked through the brush. Her forelegs were huge, thick as baseball bats.

I opened the long hind legs and saw the sex, and that her small dugs were dry. The tail flopped like a big furry club. She would weigh 130 pounds.

The trap, snagged in the brush, held her by two toes on her right front foot. She was perfectly fit, there was no sign of sickness. There were no scars, no ticks, fleas, no nothing. She was a big prime lioness gone off course.

It didn't matter that she'd killed the sheep of an aging homesteader.

What really mattered was between ourselves.



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."

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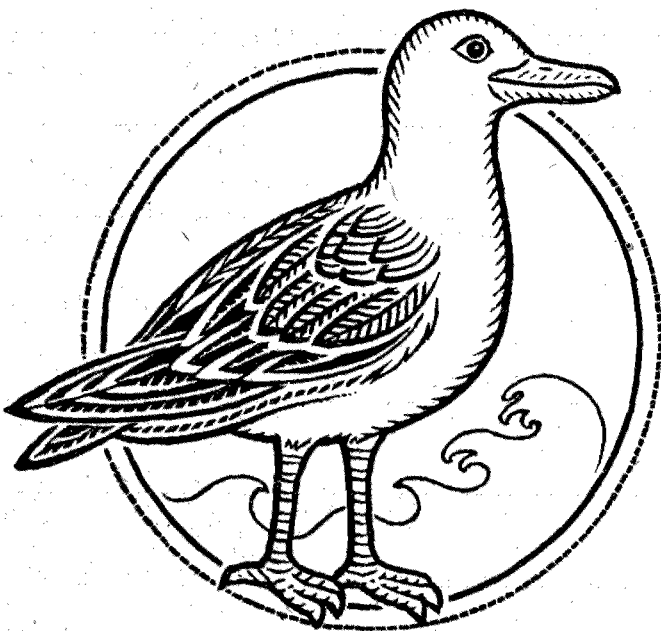
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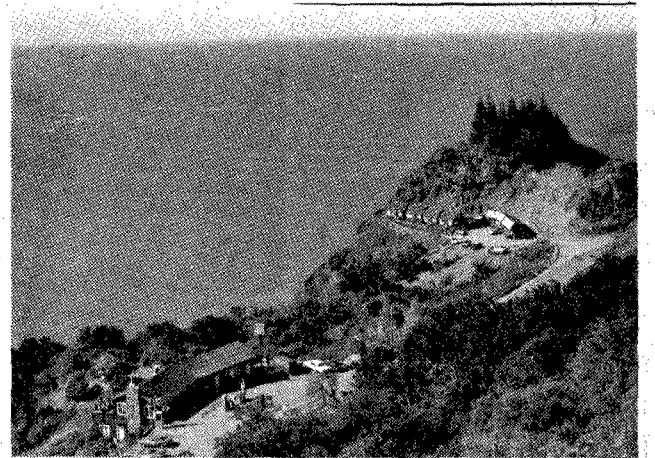
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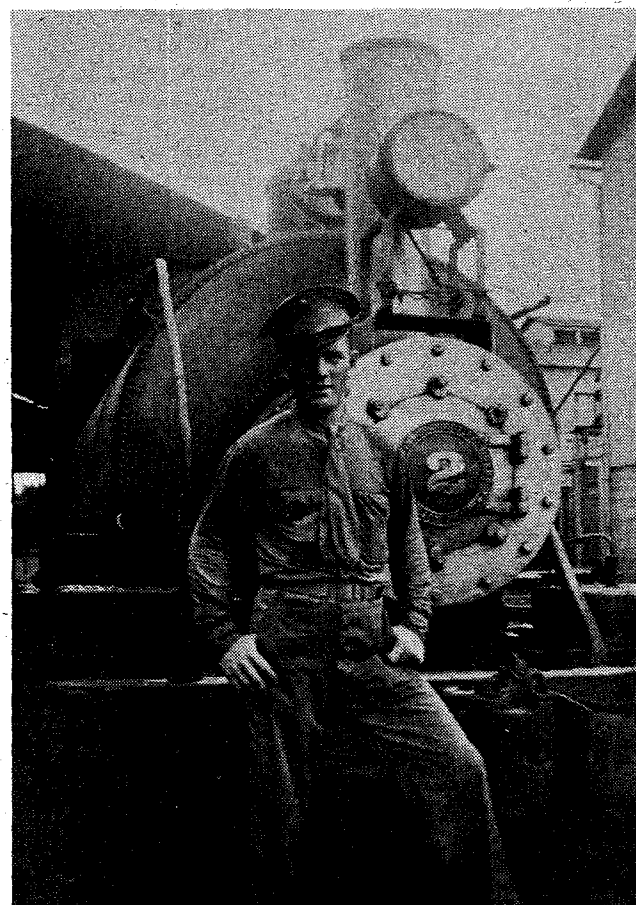
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Vital statistics:
Ralph was born in Jamestown, North Dakota. Loretta was born in Wells, Minnesota, but grew up in the same small town as Ralph, Jamestown, North Dakota. They were married June 29, 1944. They have three sons and 11 grandchildren. Loretta has twin brothers, twin sons and twin granddaughters.



In 1944 Ralph made Loretta an offer she could not refuse.



Pearl Harbor, 1940

Ralph Speaks ...

Ralph Dengate has been the highway maintenance foreman in Big Sur for 15 years. He retires in October after having served a total of 33 years in District 5 with Caltrans.

The event of his retirement occasioned the following interview with Gazette Editor Gary Koepfel.

RALPH, WHEN DID YOU FIRST COME TO BIG SUR, AND WHAT HAD YOU DONE BEFORE?

Loretta and I arrived in Big Sur in July of 1963. I traded foreman jobs with Vic Moe. I came here and he took over my old job at Shandon Maintenance Station.

Before that I worked with a traveling paint crew out of Morro Bay for 15 years.

WHEN WERE YOU BORN AND WHERE?

I was born a long time ago, one October in Jamestown, North Dakota. In 1940 I joined the Marines and was stationed in California until being shipped to the Hawaiian Islands.

DID YOU SEE COMBAT?

Well, I was at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese bombed it on December 7, 1941. No, I wasn't on a ship but I was stationed in the Harbor. It was a total surprise. They knew we were closer to the war in the states than we did over there. The planes came in by the carrier loads just after they had declared war and hit all those other islands, the Philippines, Wake, all of them. I was there quite a while because they wouldn't transfer us. We were the old hands there, we'd been there before the war.

AND AFTER THE WAR?

Then I came back to the states, and was sent to the troop training camp for the Army in Morro Bay where we trained five divisions out of San Luis Obispo in Amphibious Warfare.

I liked the area very, very much and am still here, and am going back there, to San Luis. We have an old home there, and y'know, the best part of it is, it's mine, all mine! It's pretty nearly a hundred years old, but it's a good old house; I wouldn't trade it for a new one!

DURING YOUR 15 YEARS AS FOREMAN ON THIS HIGHWAY YOU MUST HAVE EXPERIENCED SOME UNBELIEVABLE THINGS.

I wish I'd have kept a diary. Could write a helluva book. Well, it's been a good experience. Had a lot of good bosses who have tolerated me ... I'm not the easiest one to get along with, you know.

But you never know what's going to happen next on this road, it might be blowin' up a car to being accused of dynamitin' before daylight. We get accused of doing lots of things, get swore at, threatened to get the hell kicked out of us ...

THIS MUST BE THE MOST DIFFICULT ROAD TO MAINTAIN IN CALIFORNIA. IS THAT SO, RALPH?

Yeah. You close this one and everybody's on your

On the whole I've enjoyed it very, very much. There's been some heartaches, some disappointments, but overall, I've been real happy here.

WHICH WAS THE LARGEST ROCK YOU HAVE SEEN ON THE ROAD DURING YOUR 15 YEARS?

I think that one that came down last winter at Sea Lions was the biggest that came down in one hunk. We had another at Partington that made a dent in the road two and a half feet deep! Another big one took 30 sticks of dynamite to break it up.

WHAT IS THE BIGGEST MUSSLIDE YOU'VE SEEN?

River Inn, 1973, the second slide, in February.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST WASH OUT YOU'VE SEEN?

Same year, your place at Lafler Canyon, February 11. All that night I was standing outside watching the downpour and I kept saying to Loretta "Chicken, we're gonna have problems, problems, problems."

Emil White called that night and said, "I've got three feet of water around my cabin. What should I do?" I said, "If I was you, I'd evacuate!"

That was the same night you got it.

IS THE WORK OF MAINTAINING THE HIGHWAY SEASONAL OR YEAR 'ROUND?

Oh, we've got to work the year around. Thing that people don't realize is that 50 per cent of the work is out of the public's eye. Like we're cleaning culverts, it doesn't show on the surface. We just finished three weeks of cleaning culverts. When they're full you don't see them driving over, and when they're empty you don't see them, but we know they're there!

I HAVE HEARD AND READ THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST MAINTAINED SECTIONS OF HIGHWAY IN THE COUNTRY. I BELIEVE IT. DO YOU?

There's probably some places, but I've never heard of them.

One time, the head of the road maintenance for the whole state of New Jersey, stopped to talk and asked about our operation, men, equipment, miles of road. When I told what we had he thought I was lying. He said he'd have to use half the men in the state of New Jersey to keep this road open. We had an awful time convincing him that just a few of us did it.

WHEN DID YOU BECOME A MEMBER OF THE BIG SUR GRANGE?

Loretta and I joined when we came here in 1963. I got here in time to help build the new kitchen.

We've been active members in the Grange since we came, and I think it's been a very good organization for the community. After all, we do need a community building, and it should be supported, maybe a little bit more than it is.

TO WHAT OTHER COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS DO YOU BELONG?

Well, we're members of the Saint Francis of the Redwoods Catholic Church. We belong to the square dance group, have for years, and we still can't square dance - not like we should be able to!

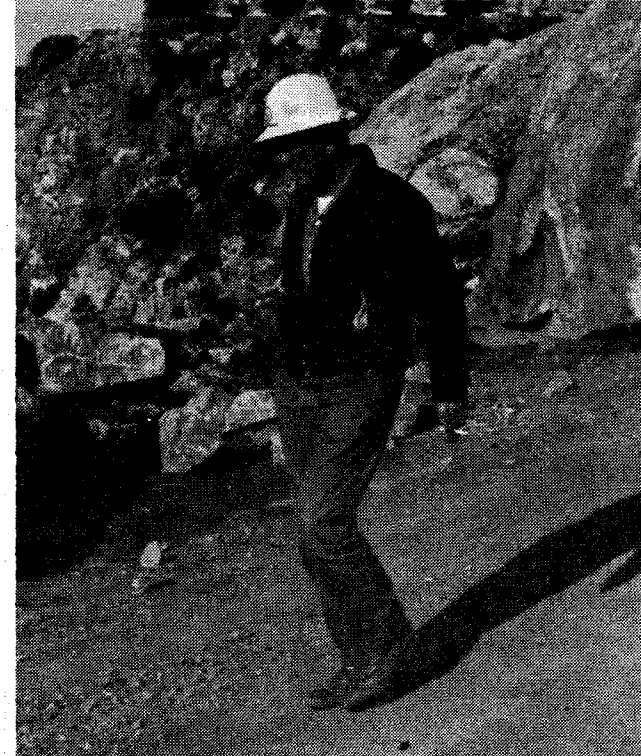
We've been active in the review and such. I drove for the Big Sur Ambulance crew for five and a half years, and for the Fire Brigade for four years.

Whatever's good for the community is what we like. I bowl at the Navy Base and do a lot of hunting and fishing (no comment, Walt!).

HOW MANY CHILDREN DO YOU HAVE, WHERE ARE THEY, AND WHAT DO THEY DO?

We got three boys, the elder two are twins. William is a Major in the Air Force stationed in Omaha, and Wayne is in San Luis at Western Electric. Willard is a splicer for General Telephone in Washington.

We plan to visit my brother and son in Washington in October and do some fishing, and we plan to spend November in Nebraska visiting William. In December we'll start heading for our home in San Luis.



Dengates Retire

WILL YOU MISS BIG SUR AND THE COMMUNITY?

I'm looking forward to having no schedules, to an open-ended vacation.

I'm gonna miss the people here - it's gonna be slow and boring without all this activity. But we're looking forward to visits from our Big Sur friends.

WHAT IS YOUR FUNNIEST EXPERIENCE IN YOUR 15 YEARS HERE?

Oh, there are so many. During one storm a motorist asked about the road condition when we were clearing a slide. The road was open but it was a mess, and we warned him about falling rocks. He was about to go on through anyways when a six-ton boulder fell on the road near his car. "That's the convincer!" he said as he turned around and sped away.

Then one man, mad as hell while waiting for us to clear the road, said he'd never been on a road before that didn't have a detour. I thought for a minute, then said, "Y'know what? You're never gonna be able to say that again!"

But the funniest thing was when we were blasting a large rock that had fallen on the road. The charge didn't blow. My superintendent and Ron Thrash were resetting the charge very carefully, and one of the local characters walked up quietly behind them and discharged a pistol. If you think Cape Canaveral rockets take off, you should have seen them!

Hans Ewoldson
He's an original. He doesn't knuckle down to bureaucrats. And he's always working for the people of Big Sur.

Ron Thrash

As a boss he's been the fairest man I've ever worked for - he's more than fair about the whole job. I've learned a lot from him, and he's been a great next door neighbor.

Lolly Fassett

He has always been interested in our projects and has lent us his expertise. He helped us move the Phoenix Bird to the Patio, which was quite a project. He is a friend to artists and has always been a friend of Big Sur.

Kenny Meyrose

For 13 of my 20 years of driving the schoolbus Ralph cleared the highway of rocks early in the morning. He was always so kind about making a safe trip for the kids, and he did a helluva job!

Don Krausfeldt

Well I'm not happy about his retirement! It took me 13 years to find a human being for a foreman - I hate to see him go.

He is very fair. He's all for the state, but he can look beyond the book; the book for him is a guide, not a Bible.

Oh, he knows how to get mad and chew, but even then he is fair.

He's irreplaceable to the state, the community, and his friends.

Walter Trotter

When we needed Ralph he was always there. It didn't matter if it were after dark or before daylight, and it didn't matter what it was - moving rocks for the school bus or rescuing stranded motorists - Ralph always did his best.

Nobody has been more helpful to the community unless it'd be his wife, Loretta. I respect the time, energy, and effort they have both devoted to this community.

You wouldn't have enough time or paper to put down the laughs he has furnished to the community - from the youngsters to the old people.

In all my years of living on the Coast, I've seen them all come and go, and Ralph Dengate has been the exception.

Hans Ewoldson

He's an original. He doesn't knuckle down to bureaucrats. And he's always working for the people of Big Sur.

Ron Thrash

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Oh, he knows how to get mad and chew, but even then he is fair.

He's irreplaceable to the state, the community, and his friends.

Harry Dick Ross

He's such a goddamn wonderful person, it's difficult to put him into words.

Over the years, no matter if Ralph has been up all day and all night opening the road after a slide in or slide out, he always waved me through with a wide, happy, cheerful smile.

And that has endeared him to the Coast.

Kenny Wright

Ralph, no matter what or who, is always willing to help. He might not like you or your lifestyle, but he's always willing to help you and Big Sur.

Bill Spring

Ralph is always cooperative and helpful, especially on advising me how to drive through a slide area. He's just a great guy and he deserves a lot of recognition and appreciation for all of his service.

John Harrington

He's done a lot of favors for people - many of which cannot be mentioned!

Jack Mahoney

A cordial chap, helpful and cooperative, Ralph is a good man for his job. He enjoys the community and is a meaningful part of it.

Guelda Trotter

Ralph has always been so helpful clearing the road for the school bus in the mornings. He personally sees that the road is clear.

He has kept his men working and they like and respect him.

Both he and Loretta have done so much for the Grange and the church.

Bill Post

We're going to have trouble replacing Ralph because he'd done so much for the community and for the state in keeping the road open. I wish him the best hunting and fishing in his retirement.

Esther Ewoldson

Ralph, you know, can control bulldozers, dump trucks, loaders and graders, but he still hasn't been able to catch that gopher in his garden!

The Dengates assumed so much responsibility in the community, I just don't know what we're going to do without them.

Pat Chamberlain

What comes to mind is Ralph's complete ability to get along with anybody and everybody. He doesn't make snap decisions about people, and he is always available when help is needed.

And, as many people have witnessed over the years, as hard as he tries, without a doubt, Ralph is truly a lousy shot! But we love him anyway!

Edmund Kara

He's given me a couple of very beautiful pieces of wood. He's always been very interested in what I'm doing. I'm crazy about the guy. He challenges me to make him chuckle.

He helped me haul the door (for Clint Eastwood's house) into town and deliver it.

He helped get the bird (the Phoenix sculpture at Nepenthe) up there. I was always embarrassed that I forgot to thank him publicly when we had the party.

Doris Fee

Big Sur residents are most grateful to Ralph for being helpful whenever some special need has arisen. This was especially evident last year when preparations were being made to restrain the river from surging onto private land. Without all that sand, willing and helpful neighbors could not have built that sandbag wall. We shall miss you Loretta and Ralph at Grange and other gatherings. Come see us often.

Frank Trotter

There's no foreman ever done that much for the community.

You know he's sticking his neck out. He lets the ambulance stay down there, and the fire truck stay in the garage - which is a state yard.

This is what he figures the community ought to get from the state.

He and Loretta have been real faithful in the Grange. For the Revue and Melodrama, she has always taken part in the kitchen and he has always taken part in the lights or curtains. In fact, last year he said it was the first time he ever sat down and watched the revue without having to work in it. He had never been out to see all the acts from the front.

He's also on the Volunteer Fire Brigade. He's done a lot for the church.

I don't know of a nicer woman... She's really a dedicated woman.

Don Krausfeldt has told me of all the foremen he worked for Ralph's the best. He'll do anything in the world for him, because he has been on his own with little supervision from me.

He gets the job done by getting the right equipment when we need it. He holds up his end well and I've had no worries at all.

He gets on well with the men, and he is of the old school; he has coped with the "new thinking" and he endured it to retirement.

I've tried finding a replacement, but it's going to be hard to fill his boots. I'll have to spend more time in Big Sur and I'm sure going to miss him.

Mary Fleenor

Loretta I think, is the sweetest person in the whole world. They've been active in the church. Ralph has always helped keep the church up. Their son Willard was married there.

Bill Thompson

What I like most about Ralph is that he is a very quiet and understanding person who takes it all in, then is very helpful and gets the job done.

Kristin Coventry

The ladies are all going to miss his favorite line: he puckers his lips, smacks them together, and says "C'mon, ladies, give us a kiss!"

Gary Koepfel

More than any other single person Ralph has done the most in keeping the highway open and safe throughout the worst of all possible conditions - fires, storms, floods, mudslides, washouts, rockfalls, etc., etc.

He and Loretta have been quiet, almost unseen anchors in the community. The Grange, church, ambulance, and Fire Brigade will feel their absence, and the community will cherish their memory.

Best of hunting and fishing and taking it easy, but don't forget to come back and visit!

Dick Elliot (Caltrans Deputy District Director)

To me the best thing about Ralph is the way he tries to help out the people in Big Sur - he's our representative to the local people and he's been just great.

Whenever there has been an emergency he has responded - even if it was off the highway. We sure hate to lose him.

Bill Reynolds (District Maintenance Engineer)

I appreciate Ralph most in the way he operates during an emergency, especially with other agencies. Why, he's received letters of commendation from Department of Parks and Recreation, the Forest Service, Highway Patrol, and many letters from the public.

I also like the way he has become part of the Big Sur community, and how he has let the maintenance yard be used for parking the ambulance and fire truck for the community.

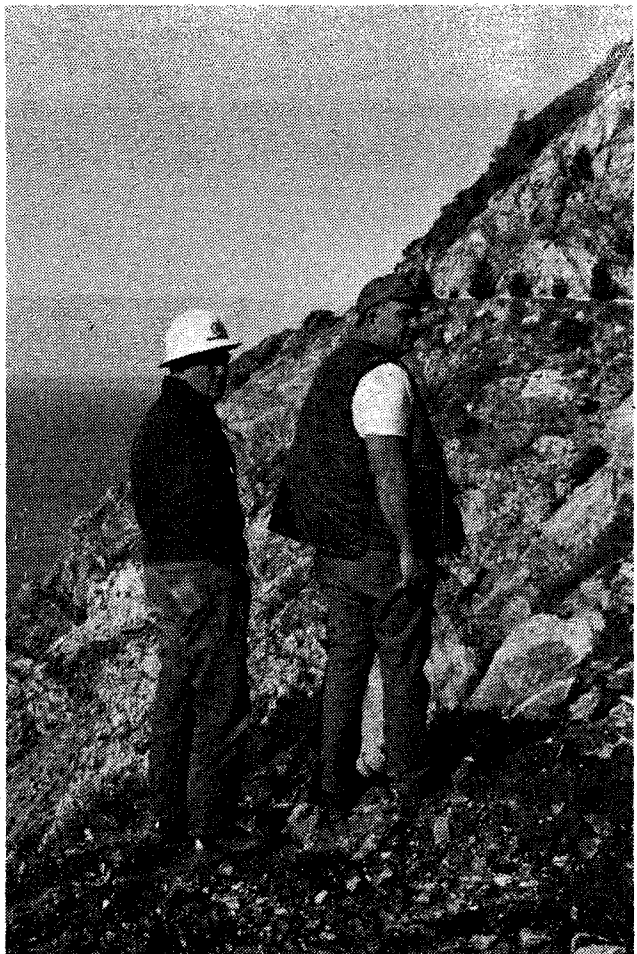
We're really going to miss him up there.

Bob Billings (District Maintenance Superintendent)

Ralph is my right hand in the Big Sur area. With his experience and ability, he has been on his own with little supervision from me.

He gets the job done by getting the right equipment when we need it. He holds up his end well and I've had no worries at all.

He gets on well with the men, and he is of the old school; he has coped with the "new thinking" and he endured it to retirement. I've tried finding a replacement, but it's going to be hard to fill his boots. I'll have to spend more time in Big Sur and I'm sure going to miss him.



Ralph with friend at road's edge.

Vicki Koepfel

He's got the most thankless job in the universe. He really does come through when you need him. He sure deserves a vacation - prolonged, and Loretta can see him whenever she wants, and she won't have to worry about him anymore.

But they better come back to visit and check up on the new guy.

Paul Hettich

Ralph and Paul Hettich started working for Caltrans at almost the same time and were on the same crew.

Once they were working with polaskis (a combination axe and hoe) near Marge Johnson's house when "All of a sudden Ralph came running up - scrambling up the bank holding his hands over his face saying 'Oh Oh Oh!!!' The only thing I could think of was that he'd hit himself with the polaski. What actually happened was that they'd been digging and he chopped into a nest of yellow jackets and they stung him on the nose!"

About the highway: "I've always enjoyed the ride up and down, always. Never tire of it. It's always a beautiful drive. When we have friends, that's one of our tours, going up and down the highway, showing them different things."

Loretta doesn't feel Big Sur has really changed much in the 15 years they've been here. "There are changes," she says, "but you'd really have to go out and look for them."

Howard Welch

When the road's closed, Dengate's our hero! He's always kept the road open, and he's always open for a joke. He's elfishly cheerful.



Halloween square dancing.

Loretta Speaks ...

When the Dengates arrived in Big Sur 15 years ago, Loretta began working at the post office. She and Ralph joined the Grange soon after arriving.

"We started square dancing right after we got here," said Loretta. "You know, I never bowled before in my life either until we bowled here."

Loretta's day begins early. After she and Ralph finish breakfast, she says the crew gets together. "The fellows always come in and have coffee."

Loretta talked about the frightening aspects of Ralph's job. "Some of the storms at night - we would be called out all night long for problems. Sometimes they did go out, but it was only in case of a real emergency. They would go out (at night) to move slides and rocks if it wasn't too hazardous. Those stormy nights!"

About the highway: "I've always enjoyed the ride up and down, always. Never tire of it. It's always a beautiful drive. When we have friends, that's one of our tours, going up and down the highway, showing them different things."

Loretta doesn't feel Big Sur has really changed much in the 15 years they've been here. "There are changes," she says, "but you'd really have to go out and look for them."

Scenic Highway school bus driver

By PAULA WALLING

When the children go back to school, Larry Brassfield goes to work. Brassfield, the Captain Cooper School bus driver for four years, probably has the most scenic daily bus route of any driver in California. The drive takes him along Scenic Highway 1 from Point Sur to four miles north of Esalen Institute.

It's a route he doesn't take for granted. "Once I saw a golden eagle -- and, of course, whales. I don't look for whales myself, but sometimes if the kids see a bunch of whales, we'll pull off."

Unpredictable Road

If there is ever a safe time to watch for the California Gray Whale, it isn't in the winter months when they migrate to Baja California.

The highway at this time is never taken for granted, not just because of scenery, but because of driving hazards.

"The road is always unpredictable, but that's just part of Big Sur," says Brassfield.

Last year it seemed especially treacherous after two drought years. "I had lots of trips where I'd just barely make it through. One time I came down and there was a big boulder [by sea lions] north of the Coast Gallery and I had to back up a long way. The road was totally blocked. Another time, there was mud all the way from Selvig's to Partridge Ridge. It was two or three inches thick all the way down the road," he recalled.

Herald Story

When the section of highway at the Newell road went out, "The Herald (Monterey Peninsula Herald) said I got trapped between the slides, but that wasn't true." Actually, "a Caltrans loader came by and I just followed him with his yellow light blinking and so it looked like he was leading me through. It sounded pretty spectacular, though."

Ted Bergquist

When Ted Bergquist, the former bus driver for Captain Cooper and Pfeiffer Schools, became ill, the school district looked over Brassfield's qualifications and decided to train him for the job.

Brassfield remembers those first few months and how much the children loved Ted Bergquist. "They really respected and missed him. And they said I couldn't sing as good as he could. But they liked my songs better...so there are consolations."

"We Sing A Lot"

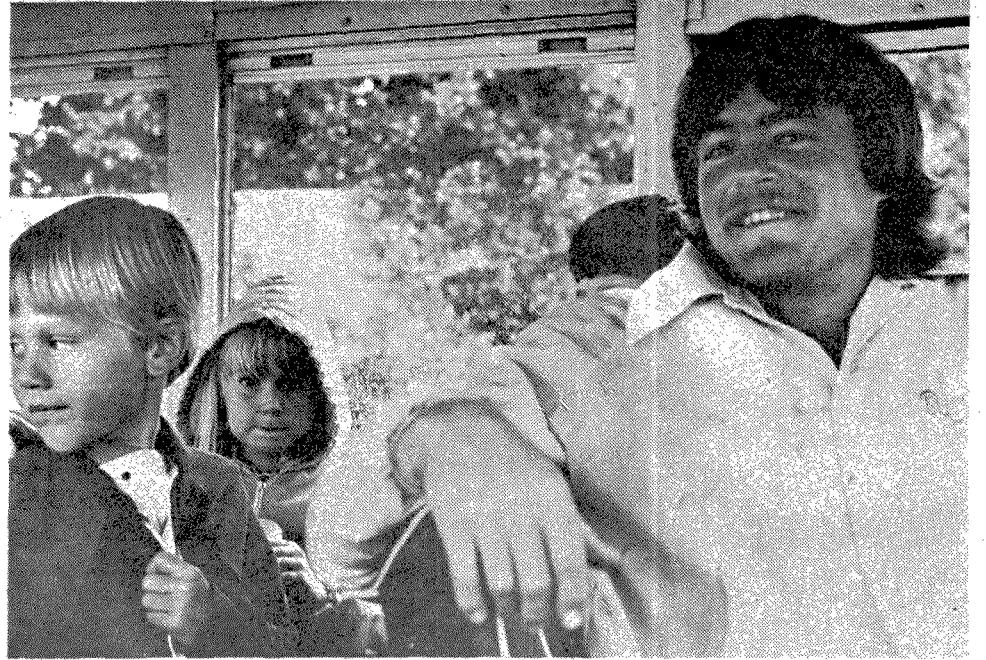
"We sing a lot. That's a fun thing we do on the kindergarten bus run. We do songs that they learn in the Spring Sing. We practice them." The children sing on field trips and regular bus runs. Other than Spring Sing time, they probably sing most at Christmas time.

Felt Welcome

Brassfield appreciates the way the community extended itself when he first came here. "I really felt welcome from the beginning. I was given a chance to show that I was a safe driver and that I was a responsible part of the community. I think this community really gives people a chance to show what they can do."

Turkey Awareness Week

Brassfield felt the need for a gimmick of some kind to call the children's attention to the increase in traffic each spring. "I figured there had to be some kind of way to



RICK LEKBERG and Keri Knutson of Point Sur Naval Facility sit up front with Brassfield.

make them realize that the road was more hazardous."

With the increase in traffic comes an increase in careless drivers, or "Turkeys." "I do tell the kids that we need the tourists, too. That not all tourists are turkeys."

The gimmick alerts children to the highway dangers when they are off the bus and to the increased driving difficulty when they are on it. By celebrating "Turkey Awareness Week," at which time Brassfield gives them special treats, "they're helping make the

bus safer," he says.

He laughed remembering when he had the children write about Turkey Awareness Week. One child with a good sense of humor wrote: "I just found out what Turkey Awareness Week is: That's when all the turkeys come to Big Sur to mate and all the tourists come to watch!"

Bus Safety

Asked what other thoughts he might have for bus safety, Brassfield said that in some states buses were equipped with red stop signs that extend from the back of the bus instead of just the flashing red lights. He thinks such a device could help get children across the highway more safely. Some drivers, even those who know California

law, pass the bus when the red lights are flashing and Brassfield is trying to escort children across the highway.

Some Characters

Just after the rainy first day of school this year, Brassfield reflected on his time with the children as though it were the end of the school year. "That's one thing I miss -- all these kids moving on to Middle School. We've really had some characters come through here."

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BECAUSE
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OF DANI RIDGE
HAS HEADED OUR
SUR COAST DEPARTMENT
FOR 15 YEARS**

AND

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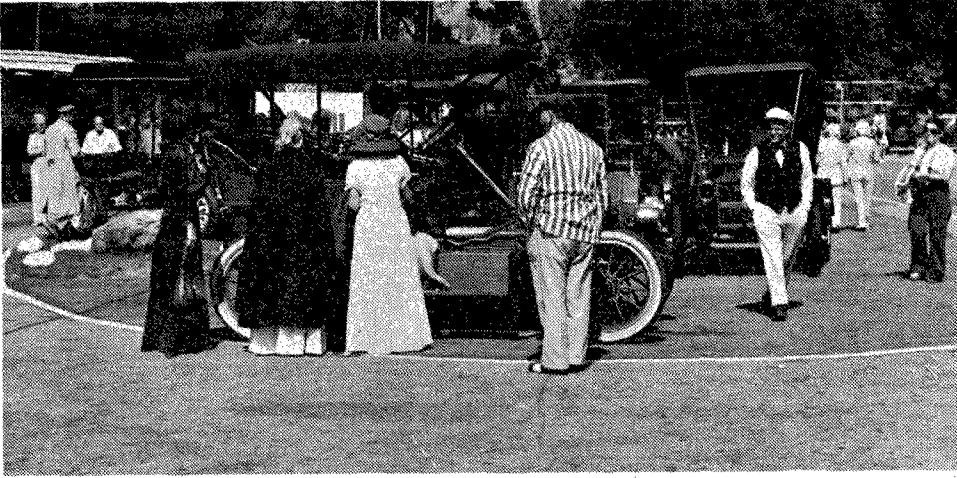


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THE ABALONE STOMPERS—Jackson Phillips, Darrell Renfro. Stock, Eddie Smith, Jake Stock, Bob

Dixieland in Big Sur

Dixieland jazz music at River Inn started with the horseless carriage.

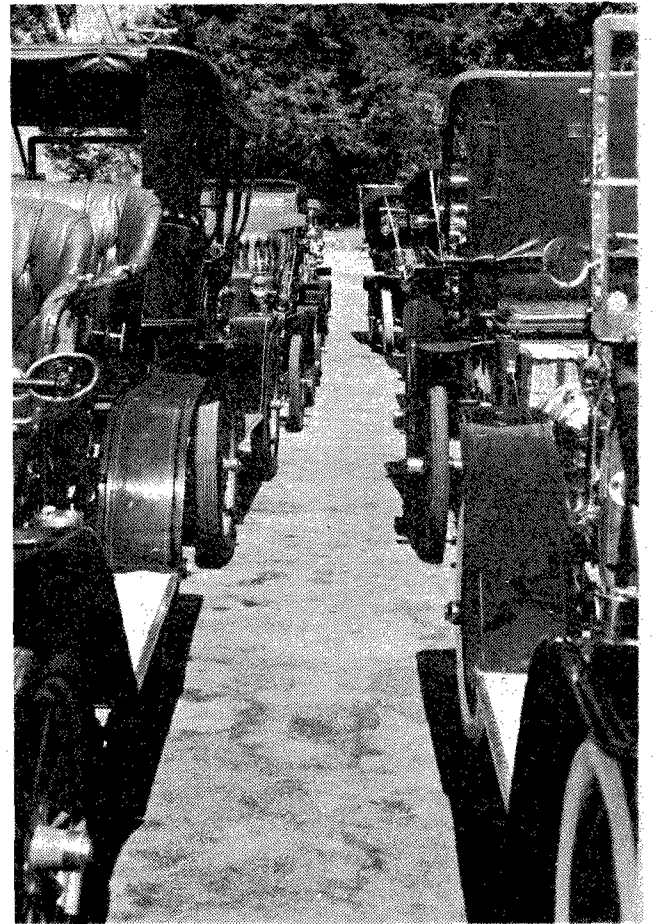
One year ago on a mid-September day George Malone, River Inn's manager, entertained the drivers of about 40 horseless carriages representing several states.

In addition to a banquet provided them, Malone called Jake Stock and the Abalone Stompers to entertain the turn-of-the-century clad drivers.

Since then Dixieland on Sunday afternoons (and now Friday and Saturday evenings) has for many people become an institution in Big Sur.

Jake Stock plays clarinet and sings in a hearty Louis Armstrong-style voice. Until her recent death, Jake's wife, Grace, played piano for the band.

Stock has eight children, two of whom live in Big Sur—Peter and Sally Stock.



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

Summer softball soon to end

by Larry Brassfield

As the summer draws to an end so does softball in Big Sur. This year, the Big Sur Softball League was again a great success. Many a Monday and Tuesday night have been enjoyed at the old State Park ball park.

There was enthusiastic participation in the league by its 10 teams, with a total of over 100 ballplayers. Also there were lots of spectators out to cheer for their favorite team and visit their friends.

Thanks to State Park

Some special thanks and appreciation to the Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park for the use of the field and contending with the additional Monday and Tuesday night traffic. There was a change

this year at the gate. Baseball fans in the previous years have used the "Lodge Only" entrance, avoiding the gate house traffic. But this year, the park issued baseball tickets to be taped on the windshields.

The new policy brought about misunderstandings by a few creatures of habit who continued to use the Lodge Entrance.

Thanks to Rod Ortiz

Special thanks also to Rod Ortiz for organizing the league and doing the necessary paperwork so the community could once again play ball.

This year Point Sur, The Outlaws, Ventana and the State Park compete for the number one spot in a double-

elimination playoff. When a team loses two games, it is eliminated; the last team left becomes the winner for this season.

Playoff Schedules Set

Playoff games begin Monday, Sept. 11, with Point Sur and Ventana playing in the first game starting at 5 p.m. Immediately following, at approximately 7 p.m., will be The Outlaws against State Park. Tuesday, Sept. 12, the losers of Monday's games will compete in the early game and the winners of Monday's games will play immediately after.

The final championship matches will be played Monday, Sept. 18, and Tuesday, Sept. 19, begin-

ning at 5 p.m.

Whatever the final outcome, one must agree that this year Big Sur saw some of the most highly spirited and well-attended league games ever to be played.

A recap of the regular season standings as of Sept. 10 is as follows:

| | W | L | T |
|---------------|---|---|---|
| Point Sur | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| The Outlaws | 7 | 2 | 0 |
| Ventana | 6 | 2 | 1 |
| State Park | 6 | 3 | 0 |
| Team Ten | 5 | 3 | 1 |
| Fernwood | 4 | 5 | 0 |
| Wreckers | 3 | 6 | 0 |
| River Inn | 3 | 6 | 0 |
| Over the Hill | | | |
| Gang | 2 | 7 | 0 |
| Girls | 0 | 9 | 0 |



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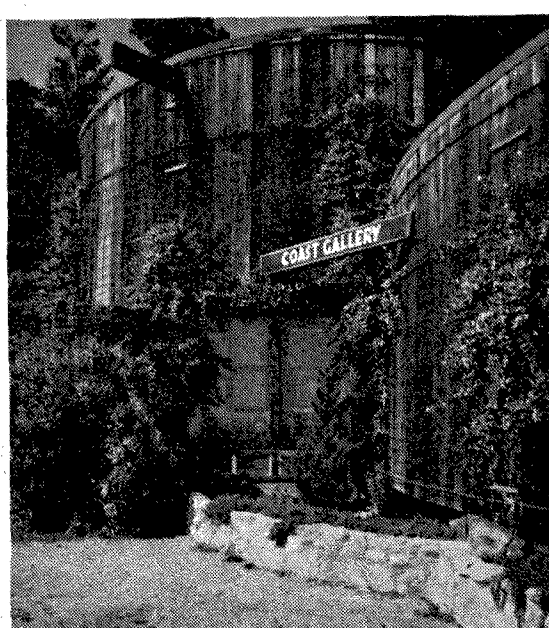
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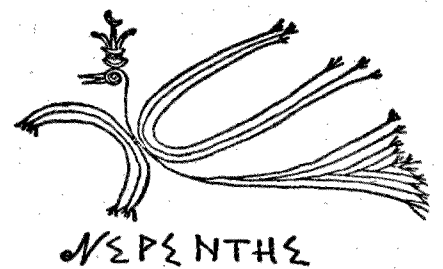


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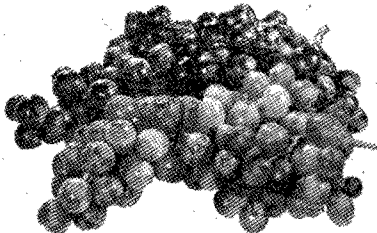
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Claire's Cooking Corner

BIG SUR RECIPE

GRAPES GALORE!!!

Nothing could be tastier than popping fresh, cool grapes into your mouth, but if you want to be more creative when guests are coming, you'll be "grapeful" for these:

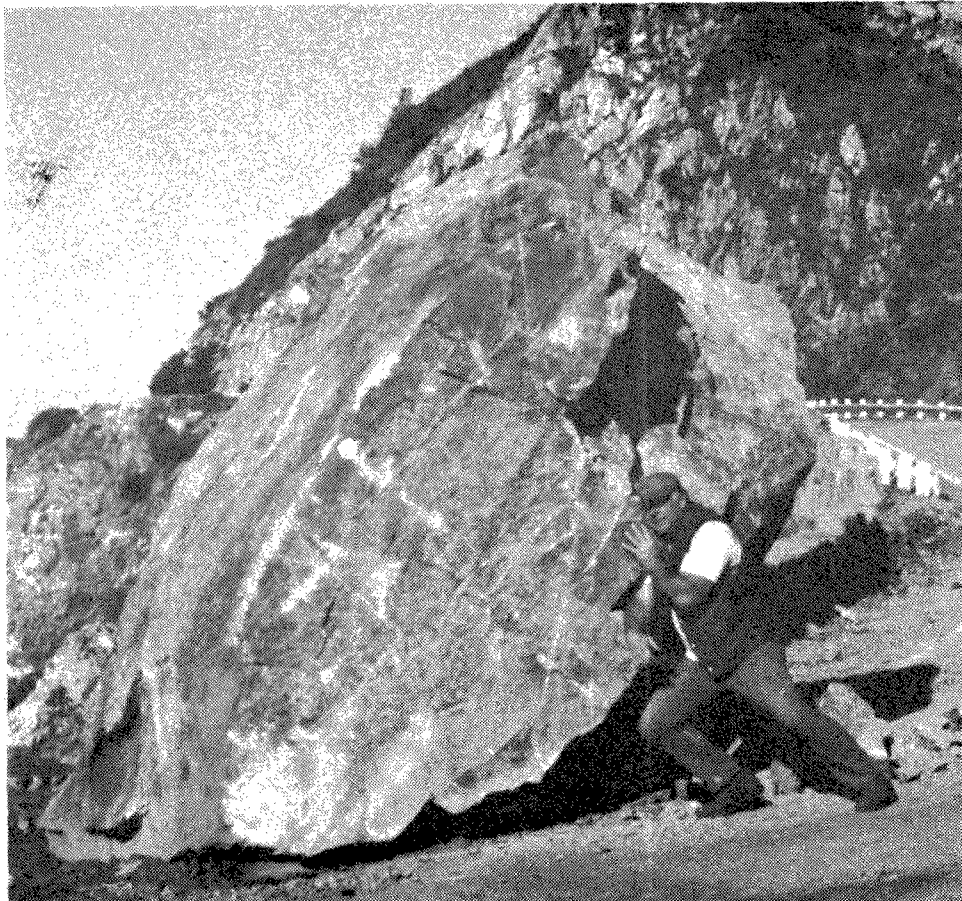


1. Dinner: Filet of Sole

Place sole in open baking dish; squeeze fresh lemon juice on top; liberally cover with sauce of 1 cup mayonnaise mixed with 2 cups sour cream. Then diligently dot entire surface with whole, green seedless grapes. Bake 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with rice and green salad.

2. Dessert: Refreshing-grape

Using a flat-bottom dish, at least 2-inches deep, fill with whole, seedless grapes. Cover entire surface with 1/2-inch sour cream, and 1/4-inch layer of dark brown sugar. Refrigerate 2 hours before serving.



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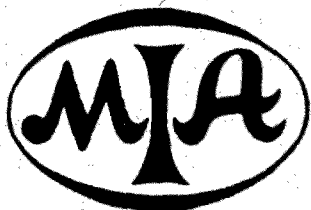


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BIG SUR

YOUR RETURN IS OUR REWARD



PHOTO BY LEWIS JOCELYN

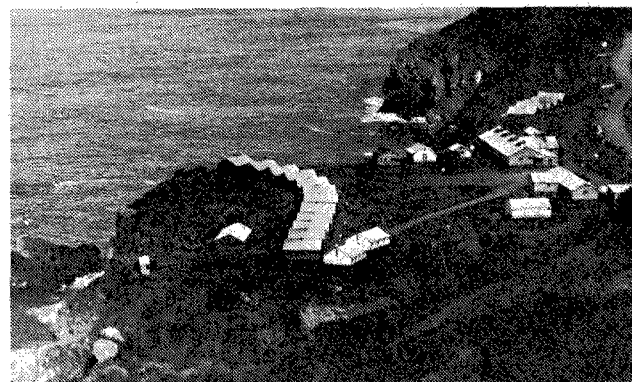
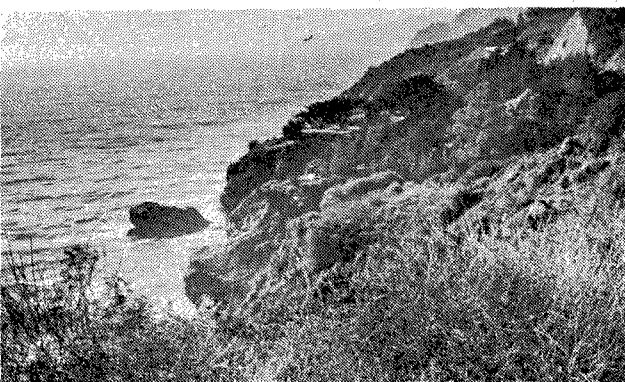
/ Photo from the Collection of Pat Hathaway

AT THE TIME OF this photograph, May 7, 1935, Mrs. J. C. Smith was postmaster and the property had just recently been turned over to the state park, according to Esther Ewoldsen. The resort, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Ewoldsen's parents, consisted of about 16 rooms. "Mother did all the managing herself and

frequently did all the cooking herself," she said. The post office was moved from the Post's to this location in 1905. "When the elder Mr. Post (William Brainard) became too old to take care of the post office and no one else in the family was interested, Mother said she would take the post office in order to keep the road open," said Mrs. Ewoldsen.

"When I took over the post office in '43, it was with the understanding that I could move it to River Inn because we were going to run that resort. Lots of changes occur." The post office building shown was torn down. The resort burned in 1946.

Slow Traffic
Please Use
Turnouts



(Pat Hathaway Collection)

Correction:

Correction: The above photograph published in the first issue of the *Gazette* came to Pat Hathaway (hence to us) labeled: "Kirk Creek Workcamp in the 30s." While there was quite a large workcamp at Kirk Creek, this one was at Anderson.

The accompanying photograph shows the area (from a slightly different angle) as it appears today. We will make every effort to authenticate each picture in the future.

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THE NEWBORN MIROUNGA pup just north of Granite Creek with its wrinkled black skin. Using a foreflipper, sand is flipped over the body by newborn pups, who can

also swim at birth. Adults of all ages flip cool sand to lower their skin temperature and move flies. Like harbor seals they lack the ability to rotate their rear flippers forward.

Mirounga also come ashore while molting skin and fur. Adult males develop a bulbous nose which can be inflated to intimidate the competition and attract the girls.

The Northern Elephant Seal

We share our coastal environment with many unique forms of life often unseen in our own day to day lives.

So that their importance and diversity may be better known and appreciated, we dedicate this section to those creatures who cannot speak for themselves.

Northern Elephant Seals: *Mirounga angustirostris* By Judson Vandevere

(Editor's note: Jud Vandevere was seasonal naturalist at Pt. Lobos Reserve State Park for eight summers and has been studying the behavior of sea otters for the last nine years. With botanist Beatrice Howitt he assembled the plant collections (herbaria) at Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park and Julia Pfeiffer Burns State Park. He is currently a consultant for the Big Sur Land Trust. Mr. Vandevere is an authority on the sea otter, as well as many other forms of life. He is on the executive committee for Friends of the Sea Otter and serves as a director for the Monterey Peninsula

Audubon Society.)

Alan Baldrige is back at Stanford's Hopkins Marine Station as librarian. In the early '70s, he suggested that elephant seals might someday breed near Lafler Canyon. His speculation was made before the overflow seals at Ano Nuevo, on the Santa Cruz-San Mateo county line, began breeding on the mainland inshore from the island. But why Lafler Canyon?

Alan knew that Margaret Owings and George Selvig had noticed elephant seals on Grimes Beach in the middle and late '60s, and when Alan discovered a large male ashore near Lafler, the intriguing possibility of a Big Sur breeding colony occurred to him.

Before the first birth to take place anywhere on the mainland in this century was recorded at Ano Nuevo Point in 1975, I photographed (in January 1973) the newly born Mirounga pup pictured here just north of Granite Canyon. Alan's expectation now appeared even more plausible.

Then in December 1975 a large group of elephant seals was seen ashore south of Willow Creek. But, alas, we still lack confirmation of a breeding colony near Big Sur.

Of all pinnipeds (meaning feather- or fin-foot and referring to walruses, sea lions, and fur and hair seals) the northern elephant seal male is exceeded in length only by the southern species, 16 feet as opposed to 20 feet. In weight, two tons as compared with three. However, with marked sexual dimorphism (size differences) fully grown females of both species are but 10 to 12 feet long and weigh just under a ton.

Like sea otters and gray whales, elephant seals were hunted virtually to extinction. Although no Mirounga (from an Australian native name) were recorded anywhere from 1884 until 1892, Townsend and Anthony killed seven of the only eight they could find that year for the Smithsonian Institution. The actual number in existence that year may have been from 20 to 100. Townsend

was only able to find four in 1904 and killed them for museums. Even though Townsend killed 14 more during the next eighteen years, by 1922, on Isla de Guadalupe off Baja, 264 were counted. This population then came under Mexican and U.S. protection, and today more than 48,000 breed over a 1,000-mile range.

Nevertheless, having miraculously recovered from extinction (a condition of near-extinction) elephant seals, sea otters and gray whales probably lack genetic variation and may experience a population crash in the future should they be unable to adjust to a major change in the environment.

Jeff Norman joins the Big Sur Gazette staff as a contributor. He will be searching for authorities willing to share their knowledge of the many marine and land mammals and other forms of life around us.

We invite your suggestions and comments on this new Wildlife Section of the Big Sur Gazette.

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Prescriptive land rights sought by Attorney General

Continued from page 1

established a new precedent, and no present owner of property in the coastal zone will be safe," he said.

"The questionnaire invites exaggeration of use, and it seemingly sanctifies trespass. Signers of the declaration may well find themselves subjected not only to civil action, but to possible criminal action as well."

Gion-Dietz

Gion-Dietz is the consolidated term used to refer to two law cases (Gion vs. Santa Cruz and Dietz vs. King) wherein private property was taken without compensation because public use had been sufficient to establish implied dedication. The Gion property had been used by the public for 60 years, and the Dietz property had been used for over 100 years.

Unrestricted use of private property by the public could amount to dedication of the land. The law is unclear as to the question of the extent of the use. The controlling law reads: "Litigants, therefore, seeking to show that land has

"Who determines what coastal area will be targeted next?"

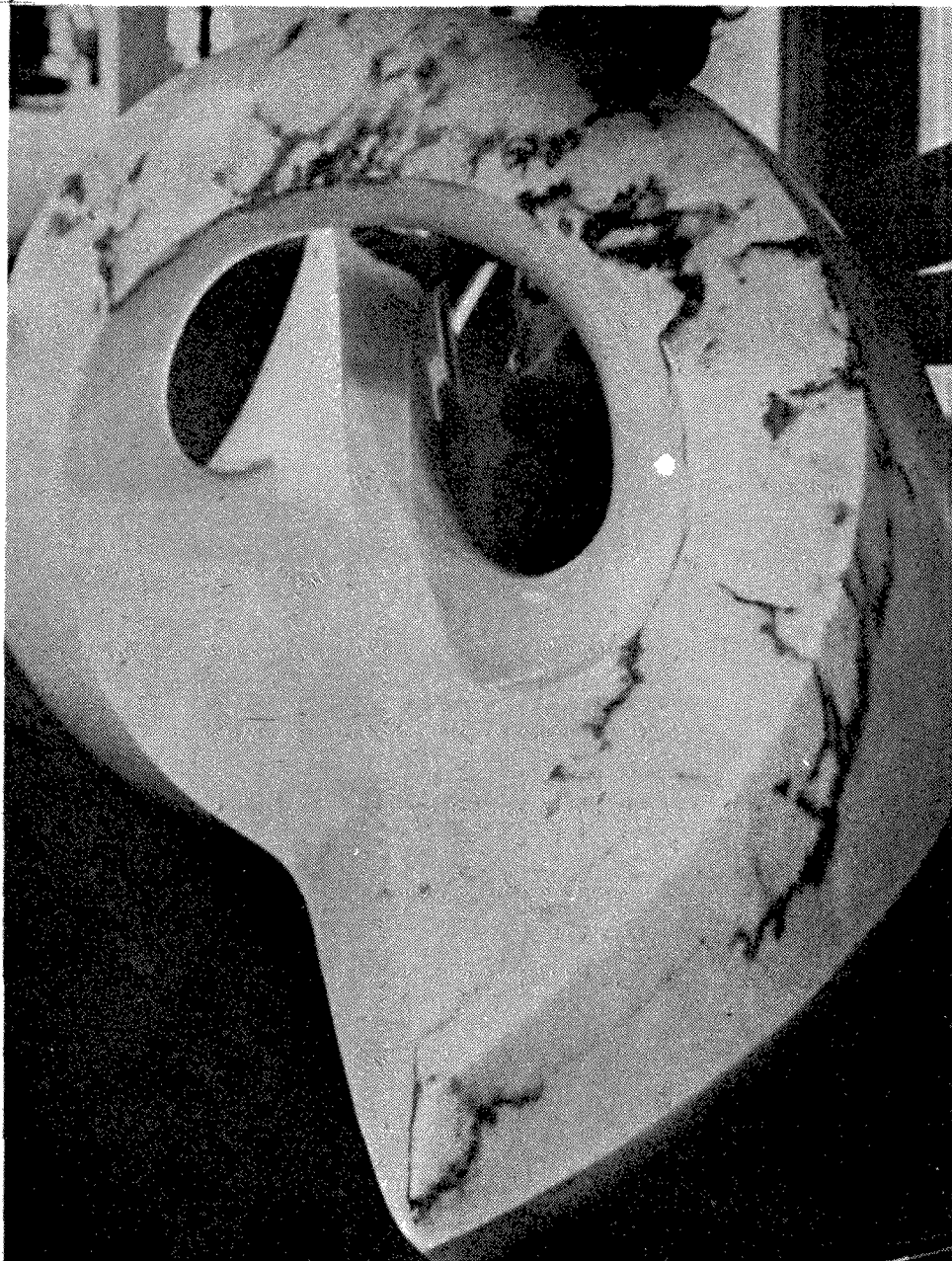
been dedicated to the public need only to produce evidence that persons have used the land as they would have used public land. If the land involved is a beach or shoreline area, they should show that the land was used as if it were a public recreation area."

"And that's exactly the kind of questions asked in the AG's questionnaire," said one concerned homeowner in Carmel Highlands. "Why, they're trying to establish prescriptive rights based on sworn history of trespass by innocent people."

One South Coast resident who had heard about but had not seen the questionnaire asked, "Who determines what coastal area will be targeted next?"

Protecting Private Property

In response to the question of how owners can protect their property against prescriptive acts and Gion-Dietz lawsuits, a local attorney advised that the land must be either posted or people using the land would have been required to ask the owner's permission; if trespassers had been asked to leave or were evicted, or if the owner has filed and recorded with the county a notice granting permission to the public to cross their land with their formal permission.



GORDON NEWELL'S newest sculpture, "Overpass," on permanent exhibition at Seaside Department of Motor Vehicles.

Newell wins sculpting ...

In August, Gordon Newell completed the installation of a sculpture commission for the Department of Motor Vehicles building in Seaside.

Titled "Overpass," the sculpture is a direct carving from Italian marble. It measures six feet long by two feet wide and two feet high.

"It's an example of non-objective, abstract art," says Newell, "but the title allows people to relate to it. Too many people live on a literal level most of the time; the title alludes to a freeway in a poetic fashion, and it gives

them the opportunity to conceptualize."

Won State Competition

During May a public meeting was held in Seaside to select five models from this area to be entered in a state-wide competition sponsored by the Art in Public Buildings Program. Regional representatives were also selected from the audience to present the models to the State Architects Office in Sacramento which made the final selection.

At the time the competition was somewhat

controversial because the public selected the sculptures at an open public meeting rather than the traditional process involving "experts" and committees.

Local Sculptor

Gordon Newell lived and worked in Big Sur from 1936 to 1964, then moved to Monterey where he opened the Monterey Sculpture Center and worked until 1973. He and his wife, Elenor, now live in Darwin, but often visit their families on the Peninsula and their friends in Big Sur.

Big Sur rezoning

Continued from page 1

If the Board adopts the resolution, it will then set a date for public hearings at both the Planning Commission and Board of Supervisors. The Board's public hearing is tentatively scheduled for Oct. 10.

All affected coastal property owners will be notified of the hearing dates in the media and by mail.

CZ to Remain

After LCP

Mr. Slimmon said that, once established, the basic idea of requiring a Use Permit for all applications will probably remain even after the Local Coastal Program has been certified.

When asked if a Use Permit and a Coastal Permit were redundant, Mr. Slimmon replied that it probably would be up to the time the County assumes jurisdiction. When the County completes and the Coastal Commission certifies the LCP, a Coastal Permit will no longer be required.

"The County feels and the law says that, as the local agency, we must adopt the Coastal Act," he said. Concluding, "It is hard to adopt any zoning without leaving it somewhat open for the applicant's and the County's standpoint."

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Incorporation Committee co-chaired

Chairman of the Committee for the Incorporation of Big Sur Paula Walling has asked that all future meetings be co-chaired by John Harlan of Lucia.

Harlan, active on the steering committee, has acted in an advisory capacity since the last townhall meeting.

other people? If so, please describe the items and list the name of parties or locations where such items can be found:

10. Did you make use of this area as you would public property? If so, please explain:

11. Have you ever observed any "No Trespassing" or equivalent signs, or signs giving permission to utilize the property? If so, when and where?

12. Have you ever observed any fences on the property? If so, please describe such fences, location, conditions of fence, type of fence and approximate date observed.

13. Have you ever lived or worked either in the Cannery Row area or the Carmel-Big Sur area? If so, when and where?

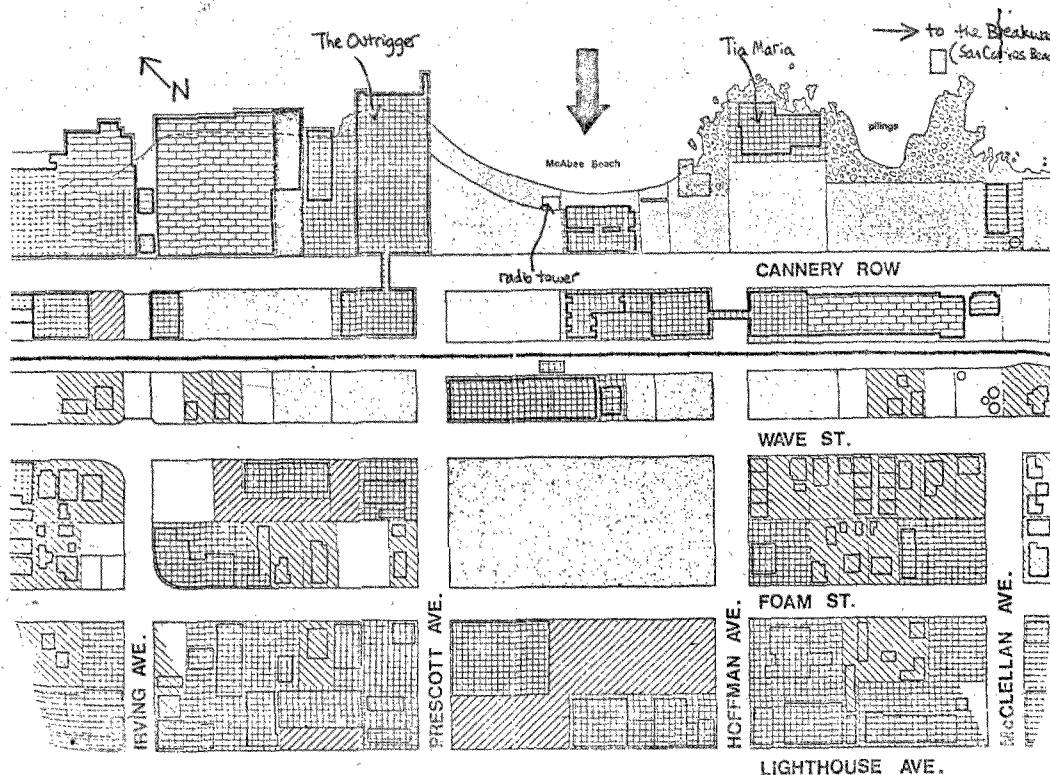
I declare under penalty of perjury that any answers to the foregoing Questionnaire and Declaration are true and correct to the best of my recollection.

Dated at: (City and State) on (Date)

(Signature)

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CENTRAL COAST REGIONAL COMMISSION
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PARCEL MAP above shows McAbee Beach and surrounding 14-block area. Second page of questionnaire appears at left with self-addressed return envelope.