

The San Diego Union
Thursday, October 25, 1984

North County Panorama

Be it ever so humble . . .

More and more, North County residents are deciding to share the cost of their castle

By Charlotte Hutchison
For North County Panorama

In North County, this Eden of benign climate and lush scenery, a new trend is on the upswing: home sharing.

It's a movement fueled by an acceleration in rents and a shortage of housing. But there are other reasons as well: security, companionship. Some people just don't like to live alone.

The proposition is, are you willing to share your heart? Can you make a home with somebody with whom you are not intimately acquainted?

Shared housing can afford a renter more "upward mobility" — in the jargon of the '80s — than one paycheck or income provides.

Such a seeker after quality is Ann Judge, a young woman who is fluent in broadly accented English (she emigrated from England) and animated body language.

A.J., as her friends call her, has a sound regard for the main chance. That is, she wants to control her destiny, put rest in her days and make her life significant and interesting. She works for a publishing company, lives in Carlsbad, and doesn't mind stating her case for shared housing.

"I think sharing your home, your castle, the place where you must want to be, is character building," she says. "Taking a risk on another individual is an investment in life and can be an exhilarating experience. If the venture fizzles, so be it. No experience is totally lost and can be an education in living."

Indispensable elements for success, in Ann's view:

"You must have an agreement up front. Make it clear to yourself what is important for your well-being, and define that to your home seeker. I never advertise for a house or a home mate. I have a network of friends, and after I put the word in I still do a lot of screening."

"For example, my bedroom is sacred to me. I couldn't live with someone who might violate my privacy. And I can't share a bath; I'm not comfortable being confrontive with a male housemate over use of the bathroom mirror (my makeup or his shave) before a date."

A.J. has had an even mix of

male/female roomies. On the whole she prefers males, although she admits they are not "consistently 100%."

"But if you can live with that, and accept their boot-camp Saturday clean-up if they curb their comments about your friends they may dislike."

Sharing, to some women, means they tend to borrow clothes.

"You may see your favorite belt on your home-mate at the local disco," says A.J. "One of my former roomies was getting married and her trousseau took over my condo for six months. Another was a cookie freak. She whipped up a batch so often I could never get my yogurt in the refrigerator."

The trick, according to A.J., is to tread a fine line between assertiveness and tact.

"If you can say, 'Look, I'm OK, you're OK, but please don't leave my \$50 cursive plugged in all day' those little resentments won't clobber your insides," explains A.J. "But you can't make demands on another person without being willing to make adjustments yourself. Life is a barter. You pull your weight and I'll pull mine."

"But honestly, the marvelous thing about having a compatible woman in the house is the tremendous emotional support you give each other, especially if the mingling of personalities is right."

One of the pitfalls to avoid is the expectation that in moving in with a member of the opposite sex you will be inevitably thrust into a close and enduring relationship.

Each day in the life of Yvonne Denisovich (not her real name) began with the hope that her male housemate would not fix dinner for her.

Yvonne prefers to remain anonymous because her experiment bombed. Early on, everything came up roses, with both agreeing to a pact that Yvonne thought was mutually desirable.

"I had been recently divorced," Yvonne says, "and I wanted compatibility but not a relationship. When this chap answered my ad to share my condo, I thought he was in sync. Both of us like running and bicycling. Since my work hours are unpredictable,

See SHARE on Page 6

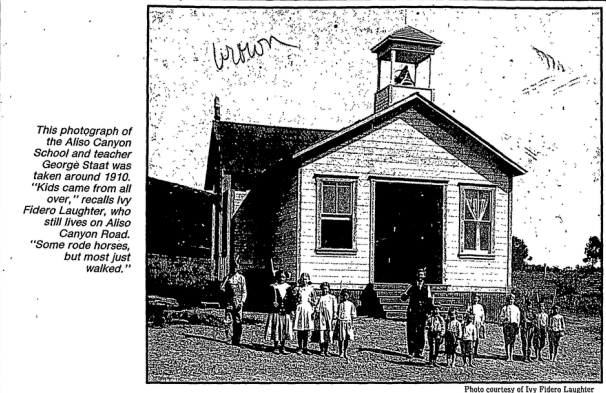


Photo courtesy of Ivy Fidero Laughter

One School, One Room

Former students turn the pages back to the turn of the century

By Meg Torbert, For North County Panorama

Turn-of-the-century schoolhouses in North County may be old, but they are not forgotten.

Former students willingly recall school days spent in one-room schoolhouses. In fragile albums they keep old report cards, promotion certificates and poems written by teachers.

Some schools have been torn down, and only faded photographs remain. Others are being painstakingly restored by local historical societies. Books chronicle their history.

Here is a brief look at four old North County schoolhouses.

ALISO CANYON SCHOOL

For about 30 years, the only building that broke the expanse of hills and meadows below Aliso Mountain was a one-room schoolhouse, named the Aliso Canyon school.

The school was built on land donated by Ferdinand Cohen, who had in 1885 bought 100 acres of land in what is now northeast Rancho Santa Fe. In 1887 he arrived with his wife, Minnie, and his two daughters, Mathilda and Amanda, who attended school over the hills in Elfin Forest.

Mathilda married Theodore Fidero, and they eventually had 10 children. There was a need for a closer school not only for the Fidero children but for other families as well. Cohen and his neighbors built the school on Aliso Canyon Road probably about 1890, using wood hauled in by Fidero.

"Kids came from all over," recalls Ivy Fidero Laughter, who still lives in the old homestead on Aliso Canyon Road. "Spook's Canyon, Rancho Bernardo. Some rode horses, but most just walked."

"We were close enough so we could go home for lunch. Grandma would always have a pot of pink beans and homemade fresh bread on the stove," says Laughter.

Still, there were disadvantages to living "next door" to school.

Laughter was designated the janitor, and for \$12.50 a month she mopped the floor, washed the blackboards and cleaned the erasers, took the flag in and made sure the privies had toilet paper.

"I wasn't much of a school," having only a pot-bellied stove for heat in the winter and windows for light, says Laughter. Inside the outshouses were black widow spiders, she recalls, "so we'd wait until we got home."

She hauled water from her house to the school, which had no water supply. "I still have the bucket, a blue enameled one," says Laughter. "I'd put it on the table with a dipper. The kids had their tin cups hanging on the wall underneath their name, and they'd get a drink of water after recess."

Her younger brother, Vernon, who now lives in Escondido, remembers watching children on their way to school, driving a horse and buggy. "The horse would wait all day, and then they'd clomp-clomp home again," he says.

In those early years, when the Santa Fe Railroad was still trying to grow eucalyptus trees for railroad ties in Rancho San Diego, the farmers' children were taught by county-hired teachers from San Diego. Because the school was so far from the city, the teachers lived in a cabin, built by the parents, across the road from the school.

Laughter's older siblings Edna, August, Karl and Theodore were taught by George Staat, whose son Bert Staat now lives in Solana Beach. The younger Staat has photos in an album that show shiny-faced students sitting at wooden desks, staring somberly into the camera, and another of students doing calligraphy outside the school.

Laughter had several teachers, and she remembers well Mrs. Merkin's son, who until he was school age accompanied his mother to school and would wreak havoc, piling records on the hand-cranked photograph until they'd fly all over the room.

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He came from Iran to Valley Center to mine the 'green gold'

By Ted Bear
For North County Panorama

VALLEY CENTER — "My dogs Excel and Daisy eat them. They like avocados better than dog food. They go out and find them in the groves, and I don't have to buy food for them."

Jahannhah Palizban, who came here from Iran when the Moslem fundamentalists took over that country, was telling me about his avocado groves in Valley Center and Vista.

"And you know, dogs are smart. One of the best ways to ripen avocados is to cover them with something, even dirt, because when an avocado separates from a tree it starts emitting a ripening gas. Well, dogs bury avocados so that the gas stays in contact with them, and that ripens them fast. Then the dogs dig them back up and eat them."

"An avocado on a tree will never ripen, not until it's picked. But you see, that's good. It's something I take advantage of. If the market prices are not right, I let full-grown fruit stay on the tree. And then I sell just at the best time."

"But the dogs again. All my neighbors are telling me the same thing. Their dogs roam the groves too, looking for fruit that has fallen down."

The genial Palizban, who now uses John as his first name, explains that animals and young children, left to

themselves, are naturally attracted to the kinds of food they need.

I can believe that dogs like avocados. A little magazine I found in the public library, the "Avocado Grower," detailed a dispute among growers in 1982 over feeding avocados to dogs. It seems that in that year avocados had been overproduced, with fruit rotting in warehouses and prices plunging, so the California Avocado Commission started promoting the fruit as dog food.

Right away, other growers protested. They pointed out that years had been spent building the image of the avocado as a gourmet luxury food and now "our love fruit" shouldn't be just fed to dogs.

Our love fruit? Yes, but let's look at the second word first. Is an avocado a fruit or a vegetable? An avocado is a fruit because botanically it is. It is "the fleshy ovary of a plant surrounding the seed." So are fruits like tomatoes and cucumbers, which we also call vegetables. The problem is that there is a botanical definition and a kitchen definition.

Even the Encyclopedia Britannica, after a long discussion, gives up.

"The popular distinction between vegetable and fruit is difficult to uphold. In general, those plants or plant parts that are usually consumed with the main course of a meal are popularly regarded as vegetables, while those mainly used as desserts are

considered fruits."

Now "love." The Avocado Grower was not the first to refer to the avocado as the love fruit. An ingenious man hired in the 1920s to do public relations for the young avocado industry got it off to a great start by issuing an indignant public denial of the rumor that avocados were aphrodisiacs.

Actually, he didn't make it all up. The rumor had been around a long time. In 1687 the British explorer William Dampier, after seeing an avocado for the first time, wrote in his journal: "It is reported that this fruit provokes to lust, and therefore is said to be much esteemed by the Spaniards."

It was ethnic stereotyping, to be

sure, but the people who knew the fruit best, the Aztecs, esteemed it for the same reason. The Aztec name for it was *ahuacahuatl*, or testicle tree.

Ahuacahuatl became *ahuacatl*, and it turns avocado. So it does not, as many think, come from the Spanish word for lawyer, *abogado*. For one thing, this fruit does not resemble a lawyer from any angle.

Of the many other names it has borne, a few are alligator pear, nut-

case, poor man's butter. Palizban calls them green gold, and for him they have been that. Since coming to the United States he has been by turns a grove worker, manager, owner and real estate agent specializing in avocado groves. His fortunes have been on a yo-yo. In Iran he was a millionaire; then he had to leave with almost nothing, now, thanks to avocados, he's back up there again. Last year he sold avocado groves worth \$2.8 million.

Fifty-four years ago, Palizban was born on a farm west of Tehran. After graduating from the University of Tehran, he came to the United States in 1950 to study American agricultural methods at the University of Illi-

nois. When he returned to his own country two years later, he entered into contact with U.S. farm-aid people there and modernized his family's farm.

Using machinery, fertilizers and new methods, he built the farm up to 15,000 acres, growing wheat and alfalfa, breeding Arabian horses, and raising trees in a nursery and would no doubt have kept going — but for the revolution, his known contacts with Americans, and the fact that his brother was a prominent general in the Shah's army.

"I sent my family out, and then I went out," Palizban said. "I did not take with me much more than my

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John Palizban surveys his groves north of Escondido.

The San Diego Union/Charles Starr

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Schools

One student of the Ramona schools recalls that during her horse-riding days, "I always wished for a bicycle, and now all the kids want a horse."

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pump, pump, pull away; tag, run, sleep, run, and scavenger hunts organized by the teacher.

"We used to have a lot of fun," she says. "At Christmas we would make colored paper chains and string cranberries and popcorn."

"But by 1910, when laughter was ebbing the fifth grade, Aliso Canyon school no longer had enough children to justify keeping it open. The school was closed, and the children sent to the village of Rancho Santa Fe, which the Santa Fe Land Improvement Co., a subsidiary of the railroad, was beginning to advertise as an exclusive community.

Laughter remembers she first attended school in a building that at the time was the top shop. "It was part of a big garage," she says. "They opened it up for the students."

About three years later the students moved across the street to the newly-built school, designed by the architect Lillian Rice and paid for by Santa Fe.

Laughter was not enchanted by the switch. "It was a hardship going to Rancho Santa Fe," she says. Her father would drive her and, later, her younger siblings Lillian, Julia, Ruth, Vernon and Alma, in a Buick truck. On the way home, they'd start out walking and get picked up by their father halfway home.

Rancho Santa Fe school was at that time part of the San Diego School District (now Solana Beach), which did not sit well with the community's new exclusive image.

In 1924, the Santa Fe company petitioned the county, requesting "the proper school facilities for the many investing settlers who have been and are being attracted to the widely advertised and highly developed Rancho Santa Fe."

"The company asked to be annexed to the Aliso school district, since it had too few students to qualify for a school district of its own. (County records indicate the Rancho Santa Fe district intended to break off from Aliso when enrollment increased, but as the Aliso district remained relatively unpopulated, de-annexation never took place.)

An opposing petition was filed by property owners from the San Diego district, who complained that if Rancho Santa Fe left their district it would "double the tax rate for the remaining property owners."

"Their petition also read, 'Said lands are now on the market, or to be placed soon on the market in five to 10-acre tracts, and it should be left to the sign owners of these lands to decide as to the location of the boundaries of a new district, if one is formed, and not to any one man or company.'

"The Santa Fe company did not get its request for its own school district until 1927. The company then renamed the district Rancho Santa Fe, and the Aliso district ceased to exist. "The school itself did not last much longer. Laughter recalls it was used as a house for the cook hired to feed Rancho Santa Fe workers. But later it was abandoned, the roof began to leak and vandals broke windows.

Laughter thinks the old school was

down sometime before World War II. Not even the foundations remain today. The field adjacent looks much the same, except for the addition of a sign, advertising country estate lots for sale.

RAMONA GRAMMAR SCHOOL

"Wherever they had eight or more children, they opened a school. When the kids got out of school, they jumped on a plow or a harrow and went to work."

Thus the beginnings of Ramona's school system are described by Guy B. Woodward, resident historian and director of the town's museum. Woodward himself attended the early schools, and as museum director he collects information, old photos and memorabilia about all of Ramona's schools.

Ballena School, according to Woodward's research, was six miles "up the road" from Ramona. Started in 1870, it was the ninth district to be organized in San Diego County.

The cost of operating Ballena for eight months in 1875 was a whopping \$625, which included \$600 for eight months' of the teacher's salary and \$25 for repairs, according to old county board of education records. The district received \$235 from the county and \$300 from the state during that period.

Another early rural Ramona school was Spring Hill Grammar School, built on the old Warnock place in 1886 of adobe brick, and now in ruins.

Art Warnock, born in 1902, doesn't recall that old school. He attended the second Spring Hill school, built in 1897 on the Rotz ranch, and operated until 1943. He graduated in 1917.

"I was raised up there, and I was the only one in my class," says Warnock, now a Ramona resident. "I was voted least likely to succeed, and I fulfilled the prediction," he laughs.

He walked about a mile and a half to the school. "They called it near in those days," he notes.

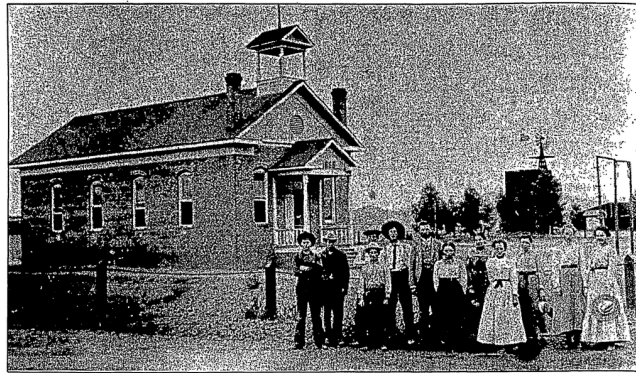
Ramona's first school downtown was the 1888 school, built of locally made red brick, at Ninth and D Streets. It was donated by the Santa Maria Land and Water Co. when the company laid down the town site, which was then called Nuevo.

In 1884, a land speculator named Milton Santee bought 7,000 acres and, hoping to lure settlers with a romantic name, changed the town's name to Ramona after a popular book of that time.

Many current Ramona residents attended elementary school at the 1888 school, located at Eighth and D Streets, for first through third grades; the nearby Grammar School, which had two rooms, for fourth through eighth grades; and then high school at a cement building at Ninth and H Streets, which the 1912 high school.

School started at 8 a.m. and got out at 4, remembers Woodward. "Some of these kids were walking five or six miles," he says. "I only had to go two miles to the 1888 school, and about a mile to the Grammar School." He graduated from high school in 1925.

Woodward, son of the Ramona postmaster, lived with his aunt and



This school in downtown Ramona was built in 1888. The photo was taken in 1903.

Ramona Historical Society

uncle, who were childless, and got up at 4 a.m. to help with the dairy farm. "I earned 25 cents a day for it, and 25 cents a day for pitching hay in the summer. I bought all my own clothes, and I bought an old Model T Ford. I think I paid \$5 for it," says Woodward, who now drives a green Model 4.

He recalls playing hockey in the open field in front of the school, using a maulskay branch for a hockey stick and a five-cent milk can for a puck.

June Mykrantz Scarberry, her sister Elizabeth and brother Stephen all

Dreyer ranch. About 1896, a new school was built on the Mussey Grade Road, which was the old road to San Diego. It still exists and is now a private home.

"My mother took us in on horseback for first and second grades," says Gardner, who graduated from Ramona high school in 1928. "They cut a trail over the mountains, and she'd ride to school with my sister on the back, and then she'd ride home again. They let my sister start a year early, so she wouldn't have to go back again."

Gardner's father, Elmer Booth,

a bicycle, and now all the kids want a horse."

Of the old Ramona schools, only two still exist, the Earle School and the Ballena School on Highway 78 to Julian. Both are now private homes.

The 1888 school was demolished in 1956, and the Grammar School, also called the Pinther School, was torn down about the same time. The 1912 high school was demolished in the mid-60s. "It was so solid, they had to bring in a 'headache ball' to tear it down," says Woodward.

Says Woodward, whose Town Hall museum once housed high school students, "It would have been nice to have the old '88 school."

OLIVENHAIN

SCHOOL

There is a slightly bizarre history to Olivenhain's first schoolhouse. The founder of the Colony of Olivenhain, a settlement of German immigrants east of Encinitas, was one Theodore Pinther, who proved in 1885 to be a scoundrel.

Pinther, after helping settlers buy arid land for the then outrageously high price of \$15 an acre from Frank Kimball, was discovered to have been involved in a kick-back scheme.

When the settlers discovered the scam, they imprisoned Pinther for a few days until he confessed and was subsequently released by a San Diego sheriff. He then departed with great haste, leaving behind his small house, according to Richard Bumann's book, "Colony Olivenhain."

Needing a building to start a school, the settlers appropriated the Pinther house, spent \$15 to convert it into a temporary schoolhouse, and began school there in 1888.

The makeshift school served for two years, until the settlers made a larger one-room school out of Fred Denk's house and moved it to the corner of Seventh and E Streets.

Children from the Olivenhain valley attended this school until it was moved to San Diego's high school campus in 1943.

Fred Denk, who was born in 1897 in the Denk family homestead on Manchester Avenue, and his wife, Alvina, both attended the school.

Denk walked about a half mile to the school, but he recalls other students riding burro, driving horses and buggies, or walking as far as five miles.

He got up before dawn, like many other students, to do chores at the farm.

Art Cole, who started school in Olivenhain in 1913, remembers that "when we got home from school, there was plenty to do. I'd milk the cows, feed the pigs, get horses in the barn, chop and bring in the wood, and haul all the water we used in the house."

Herman Wiegand, now 94, says "Those teachers were wonderful. I remember Miss Eleanor Lewis. The teachers had to be a graduate of a Normal School, but I don't believe she was."

He adds, "Some of those kids were as big as she was. When they'd get to being bad, she just used to put her head down and cry. But she was good with the little kids, kind and patient. She kept us all busy."

Children from the families who lived in the northeastern part of Olivenhain were in the late 1880s supposed to attend the Aliso school, in north Rancho Santa Fe.

Adam Wiegand began petitioning the county in 1894 to allow his children to attend the Olivenhain school. In 1895, a letter to the county read: "Mr. Wiegand, Herman Birman and Louis Weller... say it is impossible to send our children to Aliso in the rainy season, while they can always be sent to the San Elijo School located in Olivenhain, which at the same

time is also our post office and nearer for our children, besides having better roads, but the main object is we would like our children going to a good school and the San Elijo School is up to higher grades than the Aliso."

Wiegand remembers attending only the Olivenhain school and walking from his family homestead, about four miles. When his younger sister, Amelia, started school, she was too young to walk that far and the children started driving a horse and buggy.

Many children walked miles, Wiegand recalls. "I often wondered how kids learned anything after they'd walked four miles to school," he says.

In the years before World War I, instruction included a short session in German, as many of the children came from families where German was the primary language.

His teachers were good, Wiegand says, but he claims the quality of education there declined in later years. "We took our children out," he says. "It was lousy."

Denk's son Harley attended the school and finished eighth grade in 1938. He remembers it as a rough school, long on the three R's and short on the social graces.

"These people were farmers," he says. "Etiquette was really not known. We were lucky to have a suit, or shoes."

Denk says, "It was a different type of education than the kids got now. Today, they're taught to be extroverts. The kids then were very shy."

"There was a traveling art teacher, and we almost worshipped the woman, because she could make these beautiful drawings. But she could never get us to talk more than a whisper."

He adds that "it was a good education for a very personal education. There was lots of personal attention."

The school yard wasn't very big, he says, so the kids would take turns playing games like ball the ball. Once a year, there would be a Play Day with other schools, competing in track and field sports. Winners were given a ribbon with "Play Day" inscribed on it.

Bruno Denk was a trustee of the Olivenhain school while his children were attending. "There was much to do," he claims, except interview teachers.

"We'd get new graduates, and they'd board with different families. This would be their first school, and as soon as they'd get the hang of it, they'd leave," says the senior Denk.

One problem was the low pay. Denk remembers the school paying a monthly salary of \$15. "There was no special tax," he says. "That was the most we could afford to pay."

Denk was also a trustee of the high school, and after the school closed for lack of students, the school was moved to the San Diego campus and used as a music room.

About three or four years after I left (as trustee), the first thing I know, they'd torn it down. That made me mad, because I'd have brought it back here."

Wiegand also says he tried to save the school house. "We were going to move it back," he says, but when he tried to find the building, "It was all gone."

ENCINITAS

ELEMENTARY

Ida Noonan Trux has an autograph book that dates back to her earliest school days at Encinitas Elementary School.

On one page is a poem composed by her teacher in the third grade that reads: "Ida, Myrtle, Jennie, Dol."

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This photo of the Ballena School six miles east of Ramona was taken in 1909.

Ramona Historical Society

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Schools

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Up to any kind of folly in the midst of all their fun/struggling each for number one/Your teacher, Will Alger, 1985."

Truax will be 100 years old next February, yet she can recall with great detail the first schoolhouse in Encinitas, located at Third and F Streets.

Her father, James Noonan, encountered the Encinitas coastline in 1886 and proclaimed it "the most beautiful spot he had seen in all his travels," recalls Truax. He bought 10 acres of what is now the Self Realization Fellowship, or Swami's Point, for \$1,000.

"We were living on the point," she says. "I trudged half a mile up a dirt road to the school." Truax says the school was enclosed by a fence, "leaped so we couldn't walk on it."

There was a wood stove for heat and a cistern that collected water from the roof, she says. "There was a galvanized bucket that came to a spout at the bottom on a rope with a pulley. Some big boy would pull up a bucket of water, and we had a long-handled wooden dipper."

"In all the time I lived in Encinitas of near a one-room school I never had a communicable disease, and I never remember the school being closed for sickness," says Truax.

The students had slates, and attached by string a slate pencil and an oyster sponge, Truax remembers, instead of blackboards and paper. "Sometimes if you hit a wet spot, by, could they squeak."

The school had been built by the grandfather of another student, Janie Hammond Grice, who finished eighth grade there in 1912. The Santa Fe Railroad's representative, J.P. Pitcher, hired Edward G. Hammond and his son, "Ted" Hammond, cabinet makers, to build a school out of redwood in 1883, according to a booklet, "Little View — The School That Would Not Die," by former Pacific View teacher Lloyd O'Connell.

The one-room school housed first through eighth grades until 1927, when it was sold for surplus and moved off the school site. In 1968, slates were taught at the Encinitas Hotel while an anteroom, a partition and blackboards were added. Grice, who for 30 years ran the



Photo courtesy of Jay Filner Laughter

Built by the parents, this cabin was home for the teachers at Aliso Canyon School. The photo was taken about 1910.

cafeteria at San Diego High School, remembers driving a horse and buggy with her two older brothers from the Hammond homestead at the end of Leucadia Boulevard.

She says about 30 children attended school when she was in the sixth grade, the girls wearing shoes and the boys going barefoot. "In summer, everybody would go barefoot," she adds.

"I always liked school," she says. "But you didn't dare get into trouble. If they caught you passing a note they'd stand you in the corner. Sometimes they'd send you out to the anteroom but then you'd get into trouble again, so mostly they'd stand you in the corner, face to the wall."

Chores for Grice included milking the cows before and after school. She says "the worst" was when she was attending high school, which involved catching the train to Oceanside and back.

"The cows would be out in the pasture," she says, "and I'd have to get on a horse to round them up and milk them. I put in a busy life, I'll tell you."

Grice ended up teaching in a one-room school herself, in the San Diego River Valley. "I had eight

nurse."

Truax remembers students playing games such as "mumble-bee," or "mumble-peg," that would not be allowed now. The game involved flipping open pocket knives into the dirt, a peg was driven into the ground, and the losing student would be given the task of pulling it out by his or her teeth, says Truax.

There were two tennis teams, Grice says, the Encinitas Tennis Club and the Pan American Tennis Club. The school had a dirt tennis court and there were two public courts at Second and E Streets.

"We didn't play other districts," says Grice. "It was too hard to get to each other."

A year ago, the schoolhouse, which had been used over the years as a private home, was donated to the Encinitas Historical Society by Bud Fisher, and moved back to the Pacific View campus.

There a small band of volunteers labored on weekends to restore the building. The original windows have been removed but they got broken, and the group is looking for someone to rebuild the window frames.

Maintenance of the work crew is Bill Manley, director of restoration. On a recent weekend, a primer coat was applied by volunteers.

O'Connell, who wrote the history booklet as a project with his Pacific View students and provided half the funds for the second printing, says expertise is not required.

"If you can hold a hammer, that's all that's needed," he says. "Skill isn't necessary."

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Plus Tax, Lic., Ins., Title, D.O.C. OFFER EXPIRES 10/31/84

red tag sale!

YOU'LL SAVE 40% as much as

LA-Z-BOY
on the LA-Z-BOY®
Recliner, Sleep Sofa, Sofette
or Swivel Rocker of your choice!

Here's your chance to save big dollars during our famous "RED TAG SALE." Choose from San Diego's largest selection of genuine LA-Z-BOY® products... all available for immediate enjoyment. Look for the red tags throughout the stores for special savings... as much as 40%. Hurry in Now — This sale is for a limited time only.



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Showcase shoppes

Mon.-Sat. 10-530

Sunday 11-4

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