

## Morale seemed so high...

Mark was a "squared away," twenty-one year old sailor from the *Kitty Hawk*. Somewhat heavy, he wore a V-neck sweater, button-down shirt, and had his dark, brown hair styled on the sides and back. He was on liberty, adding distractions to the long stay for the eleven-week crew.

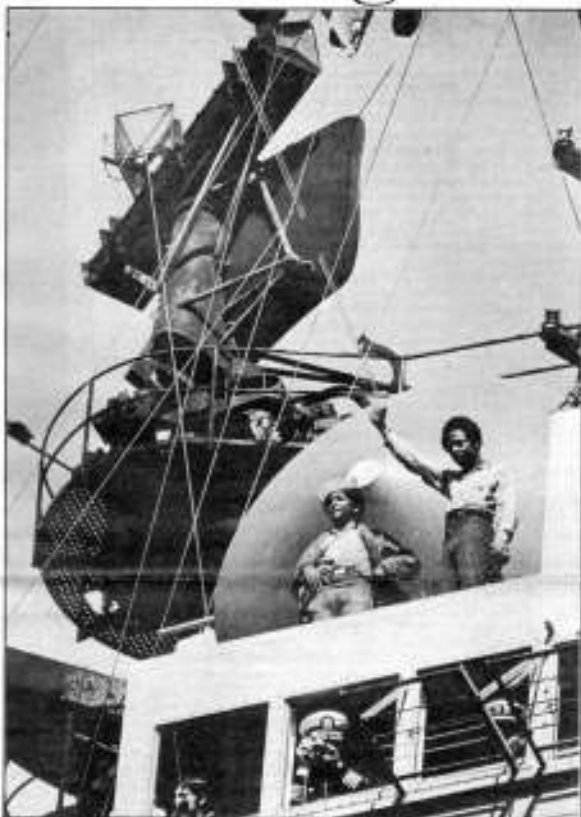
"And, hey," he added, using open, expressive, "you know where I can meet some nice college girls. You have out to State College to try to meet some, but they won't talk to you if you're Navy." He was the kind of guy who would be in college if it hadn't been for the draft. "I did pretty well in high school, joined the New York Register crew and got accepted at several colleges. But it was 1966 and went with the battery system. I was wrong. When the Navy recruiter came around to our high school - he was a male - he persuaded me to join and get into the nuclear program." For some reason it wasn't made clear, Mark ended up at the Naval Engineering and Naval Ordnance training to be an electronics technician's mate.

"This is the *Hawk* and proud of it, but the pretty good by the fact we're in it." He mentioned a kidnapping of the *Oceanic* mail flight that occurred the *Kitty Hawk* was in the front page of virtually every paper in the country. "The son of-a-bitch is a liar; the just doing my four years and getting out. But morale seemed so high on board, things seemed to be going so well... everyday the Captain came over the One M.C. (communications) and told us what we were doing. How every-

thing was going and stuff."

Mark seemed nervous to red-act information on the racial fight. Almost as if he were going to set the record straight by himself. "I didn't see the actual fight myself. My boss and I were asleep in our working quarters when it happened. We were seven levels above the action. All of a sudden the XO (Executive Officer) came over the One M.C. and said, "All black broken units. This is an emergency. All black units must get all mail messages on to the E/C's (The Executive Officer). The XO is dark, remember, Mark explained. Mark went off to see the word "looked" but was and then he'd covered him self and say "Wish." He wasn't prepared, he said. "A few minutes after the XO gave his order, the CO (Commanding Officer) came on and re-iterated the XO's order. The Captain said the XO's order was a mistake, everyone should go back to his own quarters. We didn't know what to do, so we and my boss locked our compartments doors. Black guys were going around looking up white guys. A friend of mine was sleeping in a compartment and they came in and yanked another guy out and took him up."

Mark was careful never to use the word "riots" but one was divided if he felt it. He went on, talking about the racial situation on board. A human relations group had been on the *Kitty Hawk* since the beginning of the cruise, and their reports had been reported all over the ship. A black staff petty officer in Mark's division had notified the



Naval standards. (Two sailors were fined fifty dollars each for not getting bathroom papers.) "Some of those guys, gee, you shouldn't see their hair. Down to hair," Mark pointed below him on.

But he didn't think that Beverly had anything to do with the racial business. "Hey, old Zerkowick, I can hear this don't hurt him. It's the best thing that ever happened to the Navy, getting rid of the nitty nitty nitty. Wouldn't know it, a bunch of blacks and whites would wreck everything."

Mark said he'd had some bitter experiences with black sailors on the ship. When a group of sailors came on board, he had them up to get some paperwork information. "Big, cocky, when we gonna get paid? they bombarded him. There was a little thing in his voice as he said this, but he was really philosophical about it. He said he'd read about the Defense Department's attempt to the media to prevent out of the photo and that the Navy had probably been

convulsions in its accounting. Another thing that bothered him was the black handshaking routine. "Here, put out your fist like this," he showed me. And then he said about what a problem it was when you were going down a passageway and you had to wait for two blacks to go through the handshakes. "You're really in a hurry, you know."

Mark wasn't an archetypal sailor. There were interesting nuances to his character: he was going to study in some college courses when the *Kitty Hawk* went to San Francisco ("You know any good schools up there?") and he was going to visit a girl in Las Vegas ("You got even if she's pregnant. Two had she got knocked up by a green?") But it was hard to know how the other sailors felt about the fight, or how they fit into the complexity of them. Mark seemed to represent the complexity and contradictions in a situation that was hard to reduce to merely black and white.

Ralph Jackson

In North Beach in 1962 if you weren't 21, you slipped a fake driver's license to the bartender and hoped to get into the bar. A TOPLESS bar. Two dollars a drink to look at these boobs. But it was worth every penny then. Just to look at those boobs. The sons of San Francisco had to come yet to Southern California and it was still Forbidden Fruit. Like borrowing the old man's car in high school and making runs to Tooty before it got cleaned up, when the Blue Fox was still open. Now, now that you're older, everywhere you go you see signs of the Fruit: the neon TOPLESS, BOTTOMLESS, ALL-NUDE, GO-GO GIRLS. Everywhere.

# just a job

On Midway Drive, next door to Shakey's, "the family pizza," the In Spot serves its clientele the Fruit. Under a thousand different names, the In Spot sits on a thousand neighborhood corners in Chula Vista, Imperial Beach, and El Cajon. This one on Midway has all the elements of the neighborhood go-go bar. The pool tables clacking, the juke box blaring, cigarette smoke and obnoxious music, assaulting the customer, and the girls dancing, knees eye-level with bar patrons.

Surrounded on three sides by the handsome bar, the stage has a wall mirror as backdrop, so it looks bigger than it is. The dancing girl sports a green sequined g-string and top and hair-sprayed red hair. Her waltz face makes you wonder whether she is bored or scared or stoned. She moves jerkily to the strains of "Little Eggy", her fingers outstretched and her forearms moving from front to back, back to front, front to back.

When the girls aren't performing, they serve drinks. A dark girl with short hair and a tiny, shiny jacket that comes just below her chest and looks like it was designed for Star Trek dinks nervously. She has a very slight Mexican accent, every phrase clipped short. She has danced go-go for five years in Seattle, British Columbia, Portland, San Francisco and here. And she hasn't noticed any difference between the cities. "People are people." And she has an apology to make. "I'm married and my husband doesn't mind." Another girl with pale skin, long hair, and a black tasseled outfit is obviously much newer to the scene. She is friendly to visitors, squealing, squealing, and giggling with them. "Oh, excuse me!" she squeals, bumping into two guys. Up on stage she's actually bubbly, and more creative in her choreography, trying to act out the words in Jim Hendrix's "Purple Haze". She squats, bends over, winking at the bar customers, and when she gets yelled and applause from a table twenty feet away, she claps and laughs in response. She'll beam. On the wall above the table flattens the animated, lighted sign, "Miller! if you've got the time! we've got the beer."

The guys here downstairs are classier. They cater not only to a Neey and blue collar crowd but to pretty bourgeoisie and visiting businessmen as well. As soon as one enters the Barbary Coast, at 4th and C Streets, the difference is clear. Red carpeting, softer lights and music, no pool tables, tough bouncers. There are two large, semicircular bars around two stages with a girl dancing on each stage. On a platform connecting the two stages is the Magic Box. At measured intervals during the evening, the performer undresses behind the Box, steps in, and the flashing lights hit her. "You can see her but she can't see out," the waitress knowingly confides to us as we watch the gyrating girl. A-la.

Lyn, petite and blonde in a brown, polka-dot shift, gives us our drinks and pours out her feelings. "Oh, Ah'm just passin' by here, a-waitin' for the right man," she says. "Ah used to work at the King's Club an' Ah think Ah'm goin' back there. Here ya gotta dance in that Box, on air conditions; ya get all sweaty, your hair gets ratty, there's a real tough room to move around in there. And the woman who runs the day shift is so scatterbrained, I don't even know my own schedule. Course Ah've saved lots of money, bought me a home. 'D like to get married 'n have my baby in two years." Lyn doesn't look like she belongs here at all. Her face is much too delicate, like a sorority girl's; she still has a little sparkle in her eyes. Even though she's been at it for five years, she isn't hard-looking like the others. She says she had quit school in the ninth grade. "You all students? ... That's nice,



"The girls can't touch their bodies with their hands or spread their legs more than fifteen inches."

he harks. A shipmate on the submarine tender Gompers ("I can steel plate anything"), he moonlights as Les Girls. The manager, thin and bearded, says yeah — most of the business is Navy ("I don't know where the Marine recruits go"), but they're getting a lot of convention business. Asked about the huge Les Boys sign on top of the building, he explains that it was a female impersonation show but "it didn't go over with the straight audience." He says he's very cautious about lewd dancing. "The girls can't touch their bodies with their hands or spread their legs more than fifteen inches." But he complained of harassment. "The policemen sent their personal feelings on us."

The lobby was very cheap-looking. Red flock wallpaper and the ugly fluorescent-on-black paintings from Tipson. A girl named Crystal with heavy eye make-up started to argue with the manager about whether she could get a ride in the Les Girls bus. The bus apparently is intended only to rotate the dancers between Les Girls and two other clubs, the Bedroom on University Avenue and the Showplace downtown. But Crystal wanted a ride. And she pointed by standing face to face with the manager and moving her mascara eyes first this way, then that way, and putting a mad look on her mouth.

Another girl in the lobby with blonde hair, ironically named Tracy, gave me the unbelievable line that she liked dancing and when she applied for the job, she thought they just wanted dances. Was she surprised when they asked her to take her clothes off? Only a little more believable was her story that the graduate from high school in Phoenix at sixteen, came to San Diego ("because it was the nearest place out of Phoenix"), and after frying donuts and sitting babies, she tried Les Girls. The pay was okay, but she didn't like the insulting audience. "I want 'em to watch my dancing, not my body ... I ignore the ones interested in my body." Also, the pay is low: fifteen dollars a night for topless, twenty-five for all nude. "That's a dollar seventy an hour less than the place next door."

Well, why don't you leave Les Girls for the place next door? "That's a bar, and I'm only nineteen." The King's Club on Broadway and 4th claims to be the Cadillac of San Diego's go-go bars. Its manager, a young, wily guy with a gap between his two front teeth and heavily flared sideburns gives the reason: "I shop around. I'm not allowed in the other bars 'cause I fly off the good-looking girls from those places. And we don't allow any wacky behavior in here." The King's Club seemed to be the most boring of the go-go bars: no catcalls from the audience, no road stripping; a girl just threw off her dress behind a pillar and went to it, so joke bars, no Magic Box. As the door opened to let in more visitors, the girl dancing looked at her watch. Two Japanese businessmen sat down at the bar and a waitress bent over, hand on her hip, to take their orders. "Hey, Docie," she yells across the room, "draw two for over here!"

Boring the question is put to two of the "wider" girls. "Well, are you bored in your job, don't you ever get bored?" they answered defensively. "You know, it's hard for a girl to get a job in San Diego, even if she's got college. This is a job just like any other job!" —Kevin Malloy

## TOPLESS GIRLS KING'S CLUB

I never did like studyin' ... Ah'm really glad you-all came in here. You don't get much of a chance here to talk to people like this."

Up on stage a girl was shaking her plump buttocks in the faces of these young patrons. One of them let out a cowboy yell and the black gay next to him laughed. Eventually Lyn came on stage wearing a purple g-string and a purple sash that went from the g-string to her neck. She had said she started out go-go and then she went topless. But she wasn't going to go completely nude. "It doesn't leave anything to ya know, the man's—ah—imagination." She said she was one of twelve children, her father was an electrician and they lived in Palm City, near Imperial Beach. "Seventeen grandchildren, you should see us at Thanksgiving," her voice and her eyes went up for emphasis. As she danced her very simple dance, she kept looking beyond the bar and its inhabitants. Every time the door opened, her eyes inspected the new arrivals. She looked very bored. "You'd better be here if she averted, but she agreed it had been different at the beginning: "Ah felt really good, lived day to day, really enjoying myself. Now Ah just come in, do real job 'n leave."

Les Girls, on Rosemead just off of Highway 8, is another kind of go-go. They make their money from the three-dollar admission charge instead of high-priced liquor. A liquor business, since there are thousands of eighteen, nineteen and twenty-year-olds a few blocks away at the Naval Training Center.

"Really. Look me up in Minneapolis," the earnest young sailor hid good-bye to the cabby and head for the door. The taxi driver ignores him. "Yeah, sure," and marks another trip on his ledger. Inside, the bartender. He is in the Navy, too, but he's older and bigger and tougher than the recruits. "Awright, let's see those I.D. cards,"

# UC

QUALITY LIGHTWEIGHT BICYCLES

## CYCLERY

CHRISTMAS STORAGE  
Be sure to register for FREE bicycle

10— SPEED BICYCLES    3— SPEED BICYCLES  
PARTS    ACCESSORIES    ONE DAY SERVICE

3288 GOVERNOR DRIVE UNIVERSITY CITY  
453-8600  
At the top of Regents Road in the Bradshaw Shopping Center

**\$100 OFF**  
YOUR CHOICE OF A  
FAMILY PIZZA OR  
DOUBLE ORDER OF CHICK & CHIPS  
(WITH THIS AD)

## SHAKEY'S PIZZA PARLOR & Ye Public House

24 kinds of Pizzas  
Chicken Fried  
Chicken  
Meat  
Potatoes  
Ice Cream  
Black Beer

At Shakey's we serve fun  
family dining  
with the whole family

3278 Midway Drive (2nd Block from the Aerial)  
788 Oxford Street, nearby West  
2123 Pacific Highway, Imperial Beach

Starting January 1, 1973  
10014 Main Ave., Lakeside

Good at above 4 locations only

# theatre

When Sean O'Casey's *The Plough* and the Stars was first presented in Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1926, outraged spectators threw vegetables and shoes, in stink bombs, and jumped on stage to fight with the actors. Critics shrilly denounced the play as "dirt for dirt's sake" and labeled O'Casey a member of the "Sewage School." Why? *The Plough* and the Stars is set in Ireland, 1916, just before and during the abortive Easter Rising against the British, and rather than being a piece of patriotic puffing and propaganda, it is solemnly anti-war. It is not that O'Casey was not pro-Irish Independence — he was — but in this play he is not concerned with the justice of a cause, but the tragedy of war. He shows us the working-class victims of the war which was to be "glorious" and which Woodhouse was to be "real war" for Irish unity. These victims are predominantly women and they are an stuffy "Daughters of the Irish Revolution." In the last act the young Nora who has opportunity to return to the bourgeoisie is reduced to hysterical babbling when her husband is killed, and Bessie, a throw of an Irishwoman who is pro-British, grows to become the tragic heroine of the play when she is shot trying to save the helpless Nora.

**Outraged spectators threw vegetables and shoes, lit stink bombs, and jumped on stage to fight with the actors.**

*The Plough* is a woman's play, and it is fortunate that Mirella Elendferend, D.J. Sullivan, and Pat McCune who have the three most important and difficult parts, give solid performances. As Bessie, the beer-drinking fruit vendor who is yelling from her window, Pat McCune is especially good. Of the major male actors, Robert Hays who plays the intelligent Corey (Irish slang for smart aleck) is by far the best. This is lucky since he represents the Marxist point of view in the play, and it is with him that much of O'Casey's sympathies lie. The *Plough* and the Stars after all, is the flag of the working class association, not the flag of the nationalists, and as the Corey says, the labourer's flag shouldn't be used for a national cause. And he mentions one very nice character. The bartender who looks on at the lady, leading Irish life in his pub with a beretted, eyebrow-up look, is perfect and very funny himself.

Performances ran through December 16th.

If the last act is Jacobean tragedy with its corpses and agonizing death scenes, the first three are checkful of Irish humor and blarney. A lot of blood may be spilt, but a lot of beer — tremendous quantities, in fact — is drunk. There is the broad comedy of Irish character — the insults, the taunts, the passionate outbreaks of temper, the hot fight in a pub when Mrs. Gogan rushes from one man to another trying to get rid of her baby — "shoot the baby!" — so she can talk to Bessie. And, of course, satire: O'Casey lampoons the doddery old Irish patriot who dresses in an absurd military get-up with outrich plumes waving from his helmet.

To produce this play is an ambitious undertaking and Mission Playhouse's Edythe Passmore has done quite well by it. The

Crystal Palace Theatre  
3205 Ocean Front Walk  
Phone for reservations: 458-8000

## Follow the signs to no-service-charge checking.

Just keep a \$100 minimum balance in your checking account with us and you'll never pay another service charge.

70 offices throughout Southern California.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
1ST  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
Member FDIC

See Them Live!

## CENTER EARTH TRIALZ

Fri. Sat. Sun. 8:30pm - 9:30pm

CRYSTAL PALACE THEATRE  
3205 OCEAN FRONT WALK  
Phone for reservations: 458-8000

contempo 10  
THE GREATEST COMPELLING LIVE THEATRE STAGE

At the Center...  
**WAITING FOR GODOT**

by Samuel Becket  
New Play

The plight of two friends seeking hospitality for a moment-to-give meaning to their existence will touch you in the jobs you do with wit and insight in the corner of your social behavior.

CALL TODAY! 458-8000







NOBODY CARES BUT...

KDRI FM  
SAN DIEGO

**& LETTERS**  
 READER, Box 80803  
 San Diego, CA 92138

**Dear Reader:**  
 For all the positive things James Page seemed to have to say about his business a few issues back in your paper, his musical 7 productions come off as the most barren events I have ever attended - bar none. This is true no matter how hard the unfortunate musicians try to overcome the situation. One instance that comes to mind is Elton John's concert in Sept., '71, when Reggie kicked a Page's banister in the back of the head, immediately after this banister had "received" a love duet to her. So reserved was at the concert.

With this in mind, would you people please get me in touch with the S.D. Rock Liberation Front.  
 Oh yes, thank for the Reader.  
 Timothy Spann

**Dear Reader:**  
 Although I am not ordinarily very interested in the classical music scene, I found Jonathan Sewell's review of the San Diego Symphony quite enlightening. Will his reviews continue to appear in the Reader?  
 (Mrs.) Betty Dyer

**Dear Reader:**  
 I have read all of your issues and I must agree with R. Stephenson of La Jolla (in letters a few weeks ago). The film page is the

**READER  
 READER  
 READER  
 READER  
 READER**

**PUBLISHER**  
 James E. Motman  
**EDITOR**  
 Alex Farwell  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR**  
 Mark Meyer  
**FILM EDITOR**  
 Debra Shepherd  
**SAN DIEGO ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE**  
 Jan Krakow  
 John Cowan  
**LOS ANGELES ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE**  
 Bill Butler  
**CIRCULATION DIRECTOR**  
 George Conway  
**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**  
 Kathleen Blomquist  
 Jeff Weinstein  
 Charlotte Schaeffer  
 David Gregson  
 Ralph Jackson  
 Gavin Mallory

**READER**  
 Post Office Box 80803  
 San Diego, CA. 92138  
 (714) 276-3866

best thing going but the reviewer only criticizes the notes. If he could just tell something of what the movies are about (plot or theme) it would be much better and more enjoyable.  
 Glenn  
 Circulation Mgr. USU NEWS

**Note:** This is not an official opinion of the USU NEWS staff.

**Dear Reader:**  
 As one of the hundreds of volunteers who worked on the Constitution Project, I too have asked myself, while trying to assess the present situation, "Whiff or the San Diego Peace Movement?" However, as an analysis I found your article filled with some basic errors in fact. For example, John Cantwell and Will Watford are in reality John Kent and Will Watson. With the inability of the writer to be informed on such simple points it is not surprising that on the more important issues he is even more misinformed.

In terms of my own life, non-violence is more than just one means of reaching an end, it is the only way. It is even more than a means, it is a life style. For me, it is NOT a "false one." Rather than the general Peace Movement becoming more sophisticated, I feel I have. What I mean is, for nonviolence and peace are separate issues. San Diego Nonviolent Action had the popular support of the Peace Movement not because the movement members were sincerely dedicated to the concept of non-violence, but because the Constitution Project was the only thing going that could keep alive what was at that time a dying S.D. Peace Movement.

"Whatever happened to N.V.A.?" the article asks. To talk about N.V.A. is to talk about more than a name on a piece of newspaper, it is to talk about people. That is a people proposition, and people propositions don't die until the people do. So the question becomes, whatever happened to US the people? We have become earthworms, working quietly to dig through the superficial brainwashing ballast that prevents Americans from recognizing their common brotherhood with the larger World Family. One thing many activists forget, is that before you can change a person's mind you must touch his heart. I'm not saying all activists should only be quiet earthworms, but rather that they be sure what they are doing is in the public interest rather than in their own self-interest. Such pretense is the worst kind of ballast.  
 Bill Roe  
 232 Cypress St., Apt. C  
 Chula Vista, Ca. 92010

End of Hardwood Pacific States  
  
**THE PROPRIETOR**  
 PLANT BOUTIQUE  
 HOUSE PLANTS  
 POTTERY  
 TERRAZZOS &  
 HERB GARDENS  
 4415 OCCAN Blvd. San Diego, Calif.

**THE PROPRIETOR**  
  
 Vegetarian Restaurant  
 and  
 Cultural Center  
 441 University Ave.  
 San Diego, California

**have the READER sent to your very door**  
 Have the READER mailed to your very door every week for 24 weeks. Only \$4.98.  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip code \_\_\_\_\_  
 Enclosed is my check for \$4.98 please start my subscription to the READER Post Office Box 80803 San Diego, CA 92138

**WORLD PREMIERE IN SAN DIEGO**  
 Modern opera has developed an intriguing reputation of cliché: the tone cluster fugues of Gustav's Dow Rodgers, the fortuitous vocal lines of Schoenberg and Berg, the sparse neo-classical accompaniments of Stravinsky, the repetitive declamations of Britten, the orchestral severity of Henze, and the fine wheeling collection of everybody else. When the San Diego Opera first announced the world premiere of *Medea* by an unknown composer, one's admiration of the company's adventurous attitude might have been tempered by the grim expectations of the usual conglomerate of ingredients. However, now that the premiere is past, composer Alva Henderson stands revealed as an original talent, capable of transforming cliché into his own lyrical, neo-Romantic style.

The story, of course, concerns Medea's vengeance on her faithless lover, Jason. This she accomplishes through the murder of Jason's two sons and his bride to be. Since, in true Greek fashion, all three violent actions tragically offstage, the burden of the drama lies on the shoulders of Medea and a chorus of onlookers. Under such circumstances,

David Gregson  
**MUSIC**

Henderson's work is anachronistic in these days of ever more progressive cacophony. The vocal lines are delectably angular, but these is no mistaking their Italianate lyricism, their striving after attractively sustained high notes at the ends of phrases. Present also in the music are Wagnerian leitmotifs, many of them quite beautiful. Henderson's music is unashamedly emotional and dramatic, yet, alas I suspect, these artistic tendencies will not find sympathy with the majority of contemporary musicians. The idiom is simply too conservative.

For this important premiere, the San Diego Opera company imported the noted mezzo-soprano, Irene Dalis, an artist who is especially famous for her role of Kundry in Wagner's *Parsifal*. *Medea* offered Miss Dalis a true tour de force. In the opera, as in the play by Euripides, the figure of the enchantress Medea is literally omnipresent. The strain of such a role, vocally and dramatically, is phenomenal, but Miss Dalis is quite equal to it.

Although her diction was imperfect Wednesday night, the prima donna ranted and raved with conviction, and kept her lovely, although somewhat small voice in control. Unfortunately, Miss Dalis was unable to hold some important top notes, an ominous sign for her future career. Whatever her faults, however, Miss Dalis managed to be exciting as Joffin's tormented lady. The play, incidentally, was originally created for Denise Judith Anderson, who, happened to be in the audience for the opera premiere.

Directing all these people on stage was Gloria Hager, a San Francisco Opera veteran, who can only be described as very competent. Her stage pictures were rarely static, but that's part of the problem. Occasionally it was difficult to determine exactly why characters were moving from point A to point B. The movements of the drama seemed especially without motivation.

Approximately 27 miles of ribbon formed the vertical Venetian blind effect at the back of Robert Darling's impressive setting. The floor rained about atop a raked stage, and dominating the picture at the right was a large house scarred by two large bronze-spattered doors. The doors looked quite substantial as long as no one opened them, but the slightest movement, unfortunately, betrayed their flimsy construction. Darling's costumes contrasted with all this expressionistic grandeur by being rather drab and uninteresting, the drabness, at least, being intended.

**GRAND OPENING**  
 SPECIAL \$13.99—  
 Car & Style, Manure and Shampoo  
 FOR APPOINTMENT  
 Call 236-8464  
**Captain's Quarters** Men's Hair Styling Salon  
 1399 North Avenue Located in the new Cabrillo Sq. Apartments  
 Free Parking in the Building

**middle earth BOOKS**  
 HANDMADE  
 HANDMADE POTTERY  
  
 6367 EL CAJON BLVD.  
 92121

**VOLKSWAGEN ALFA RALLYE import parts**  
**DISCOUNT PRICES**  
 GATE El Cajon Blvd.  
 209-1390  
 Open 9-6 Daily  
 10-2 Saturday  
 Master Charge  
 Bank Americard  
 BMW HONDA JAGUAR

