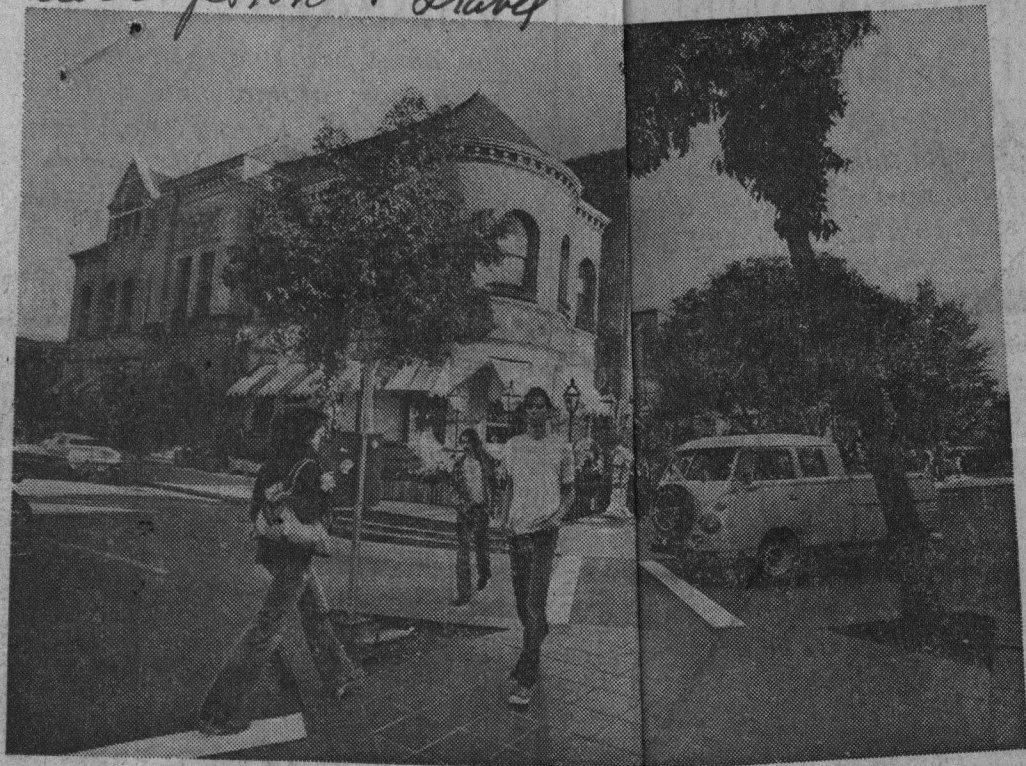


Description & Travel



OLD COURTHOUSE—Santa Cruz's yellow-brick Car House, formerly the county courthouse, is in Pacific Mall in the center of the city's old business district.

Times photos by Marianna Diamos

CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

All Quiet in Santa Cruz

BY DAVE SMITH

Times Staff Writer

SANTA CRUZ—It is a damp, wintry day, and a stiff wind is chilling the etched, rocky coast of Santa Cruz, drenching the headland in mist and fog.

Out here, as far west as you can climb, the town seems far behind, glimmering and twinkling uncertainly as the first lights come on in the gathering dusk.

The fitful wind snatches up tatters of fog and sends them inland, obscuring the lights of town,

then unveiling them, then blotting them out again. To the west, the last bit of light strains, a pale pink, through the fog and then vanishes. Steinbeck's story about the last man in the Western Hemisphere to see the sun go down unreels in the mind, as fresh as the day it was written.

A young man and woman, arms clenched about each other under great, swaddling coats, stand silently and pivot on the last point of rock—turn—

Please Turn to Page 8, Col. 1



WORKING ON THE BUILDING—Judy and Wayne Miller, far right, with others, clean up outside their home. The Millers have succeeded beyond their dreams in Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz: All Quiet in the West

Continued from First Page

ing from a rocky islet to the north where silent birds, gulls and pelicans are all facing west and letting go of the day without a cry, and then to another islet, close by and straight ahead, which is covered with sea lions that flop and flounder and bark their outrage at each other's clumsy encroachments. From time to time one slips off the rock, into the sea, taking on an unimaginable grace.

Santa Cruz is perhaps as beautiful a spot as there is in California, if not the world.

Located on the northern end of Monterey Bay, about 1½ hours from San Francisco and neatly sequestered by the Santa Cruz Mountains from the metastasizing suburban sprawl of the San Jose area to the east, Santa Cruz has been a quietly delightful backwater of civilization since its first settlement by the Spaniards in the early 1800s.

Three phenomena of modern life have made incursions into the slumberous atmosphere of the town—the hippies, the university and a wave of horrific murders in the early 1970s—but all have been woven into the fabric, so you can hardly see the patched places, and life in Santa Cruz puts on as amiably as before, its mellow intact.

To many people, both in Santa Cruz and all around the country, Santa Cruz, its life-style, is the bellwether community of California Dreamin'—whatever that is.

And what is it?

Susannah, an English major at UC Santa Cruz, ponders the question with an arch bemusement for some time, a bit taken aback at having to find words for a mode of living that she evidently has accepted as a foregone conclusion.

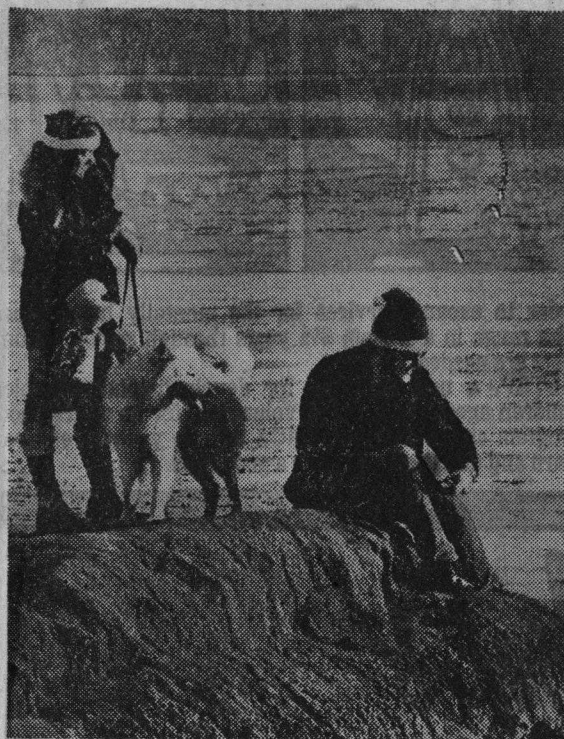
"It's hard to talk about the obvious without sounding stupid or unreflective," she opens in a defensive preamble. "I don't think I'm either one, really. I'm just happy—and I suppose that sounds a little unstylish.

"But here goes." She straightens in her chair and states her thesis with a wicked grin, as if reciting *How I Spent My Summer Vacation* for a classroom exercise. "What Is the Essence of the Santa Cruz Life-style?" She pauses, then sinks back lazily. "Aw, it's just letting things be, letting people be . . .

"That sounds morally sloppy, huh? 'Doing your own thing,' and all that. And I guess it is, for some people. But for me, I sort of assume that most people are more or less like me. I'm actually sort of conventional and nice and square and motivated, and I work at my studies and I don't do a lot of outrageous things, like drugs and sleeping around. I don't seem to have any need to go around demonstrating a whole lot of things, and most of the people I hang around with don't either.

"I guess we're just not as picturesque as they were, oh, say 10 years ago. But that was some different kind of world, too. And I think a lot of kids back then sort of pushed their own buttons because they thought it was expected of them. They performed for the rest of the country, maybe.

"Well, that was OK for them. Some of them are still



BEACH—Janice Cregan, left, Klaxton Suralis and friend wait for Santa Cruz sunset.

Times photo by Marianna Diamos

doing it. But I'm a quieter type, and with the sort of people I move with, letting people be just doesn't involve a whole empty, blanket permissiveness. Nobody I know wants to step on anybody else . . ."

Wayne and Judy Miller live in an orange-yellowish house in Capitola, the next-door-south suburb of Santa Cruz. The house is in the process of extensive enlarging and rebuilding. It seems a safe guess that any house the Millers ever live in will be in that process, because the Millers have always been determined to make, and then remake, their own reality.

Five years ago they were relative newcomers to Santa Cruz from Temple City, mildly dropout counterculturists in orientation, looking for a grubstake in a town that didn't need much addition to its labor force.

But Wayne, 30, founded the Gargoyle Bros. Wrecking Co. and, with a crew of friends from Temple City, tore down old houses for fun and profit. From some of the better old Victorian homes they dismantled they saved the

best parts for incorporation into a dream house the Millers planned to build on 11 redwooded acres in the hills behind nearby Soquel, next to Nisene Marks State Park. The hope, then, was to build a house in the \$60,000 range—sounded like a Middle-Eastern fortune—sell it and repeat the process until they had enough that they could move even further from civilization, say up near Redding.

Today they chuckle with content as they think back on those dreams of the early '70s. They were dreaming, a right, and succeeded better than they had hoped.

"We never did build the house up in the hills," says Wayne. "The county's building requirements kept upgrading beyond our ability to keep up with them, and finally we just could not guarantee that we'd have the water.

"But even though we didn't realize it then, we got in just at the beginning of this tremendous boom in property, so we finally sold the 11 acres for just about what we'd once dreamed of selling it for with a house!

"And while all that was going on, we were working on Please Turn to Page 9, Col.

INTERNATIONAL

SILKS & WOOLENS

8347 BEVERLY BLVD., L.A.
653-6453

OPEN SUNDAY 11 TO 5 P.M.

OPEN DAILY
9 AM TO 6 PM

JANUARY CLEARANCE

WEDNESDAY
9 AM TO 9 PM

LARGE ASST.
ALEX TYPE
SOLID COLORS
MATTE
JERSEY

LARGE
ASSORTMENT
POLYESTER
AND
WOOL
DOUBLE-KNIT

SUNDAY
AND
MONDAY

QIANA

SANTA CRUZ

Continued from 8th Page

houses down here in town. We bought an old fixer-upper, but that burned before we could remodel it, so with the insurance we got a lot and built a really beautiful place and sold that for twice what we'd once planned for the dream house up in the hills.

"And then we bought this place, plus the lot and house next door, and we just sold off that house and kept the lot to build another house on, so we've got a lot of work to do. We're really doing well..."

Judy smiles, thinking back over the hard work of the past five years. "I guess we've sort of joined the establishment. Not really, but... well, we've worked hard. I love being a carpenter, and I'm pretty good now. There's a tremendous satisfaction about seeing a dream take shape under your own hands."

"And we still have our dream to get further away from it all. A while back, when we couldn't quite afford it—we could, now, dammit—there was this island for sale in the middle of a big lake up in Oregon. Can you imagine it? A whole island..."

Well, why don't they check back on it? It might still be available. There can't be too many people ready to take on a whole island..."

"Maybe we should," Judy murmurs, half to herself. "We could handle it now..."

One imagines that the Millers, at once laid-back and hardworking, could handle just about anything.

The Pacific Mall extends about five blocks up the center of Santa Cruz's old business district, and is like a 24-hour town meeting and commedia dell'arte rolled into one.

Spare-change artists amble back and forth across the street with murmurous importunities, finally clustering with the crowd that has gathered to hear a jazz combo jamming in the sidewalk cafe flanking the splendid yellow brick Cooper House, formerly the Santa Cruz County Courthouse.

Benches along both sides of the mall are filled with people soaking up the watery-thin sun of a winter morning, and on one bench is a sight that seems to set the seal on how Santa Cruz residents have assimilated one another's differences in an easy truce: an old man, a pensioner from one of the rented furnished rooms overlooking the mall, and a scruffy young man, quintessentially hippie by his dress, are playing cards and exchanging venomous insults on each other's abilities, in the way of friends.

It wasn't always like that in Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz developed to a modest size on the fuel of the Gold Rush of 1849 and its handmade industries, timbering and agriculture. Because of its relative difficulty of access behind a wall of mountains, it never burgeoned into the booming port city that its excellent natural harbor could have permitted. Instead, it became a retirement town, a resort, a retreat for those who made their fortunes out east, in the flatter parts of California.

It was not until the mid-1960s that modernity began to catch up with—or track down—Santa Cruz.

While Santa Cruz, a beautiful way station on scenic U.S.

Highway 1, had long been familiar to occasional hitchhikers and motorcyclists, it was in the mid-1960s that hippies began flocking into town in droves, intent on dropping out of the then-repugnant majority society and doing their own thing.

Hand-in-hand with this phenomenon came another major sociocultural shock to Santa Cruz—the 1965 opening of the UC Santa Cruz campus on the old Cowell Ranch property overlooking the town. This experimental campus of

cluster colleges and coed dormitories brought additional thousands of new, young faces to sedate, old Santa Cruz.

The older townsfolk and the new occupied mutual exclusive, distrustful spheres for several years before a prickly symbiosis was established between the newcomers, with all their new ideas, and the old-timers who, with mixed feelings, provided the service industries for the ploding new population.

Please Turn to Page 10, C



DISCO
PERM
DISCOUNT
20% OFF

our regular \$30.00 to
\$50.00 Perms
including Cut, Shampoo
and roller or blower set.
By Master Stylist
for limited time only

Magic
Mirror
HAIRDRESSERS

THE PEOPLE WHO CARE FOR YOU AND YOUR HAIR
Open Monday through Saturday • Call for an appointment

32 Locations in Los Angeles, Orange, Ventura and San Bernardino Counties. Consult your
telephone directory... INCLUDING OUR BEAUTIFUL NEW SALON IN STUDIO CITY,
11333 Ventura Blvd. (213) 766-9591

*SM reg. Cal.

© 1979 MM, Inc.

California Dreamin' in Santa Cruz

Continued from 10th Page

Until the arrests, the disconnected, random pattern to the killings set everyone's nerves on edge. When a person was killed for no reason, then anyone could be next, for no reason, and anyone could be suspect. Local authorities imposed strict secrecy about the investigations in progress in an effort to reduce antagonism and suspicion between the traditionally hostile factions in town.

And ultimately, it was learned that all three young men were locals—not from the disreputable, hippie newcomers at all. Frazier had lived in Capitola since childhood and was known as a friendly, OK sort; Mullin grew up in Felton and was recalled as a polite, overachiever in school, and the giant Kemper was well-known as a beer-drinking buddy of many off-duty policemen, who weren't aware of his sealed juvenile record of confinement at Atascadero

State Hospital for the 1965 murders of his grandparents when he was 15.

John Resnick, 34, a native of Santa Cruz, hunches over a table at the Catalyst, principal night spot and meeting place in Santa Cruz. A young woman is scat-singing over a soft three-man combo, but off here in the corner, behind potted trees, it is quiet, like a private garden at night.

"It took a while for all that trouble in 1973 to really sink in," says Resnick, "but finally it began to dawn on everybody that the guys who killed all those people—hell, 26 innocent people—were guys that they watched grow up. They weren't a bunch of spooky strangers. They were US, man... So the locals really went through some changes on that. And finally, the tension just drained off."

"Tough lesson, but it's made things a lot quieter around here..."