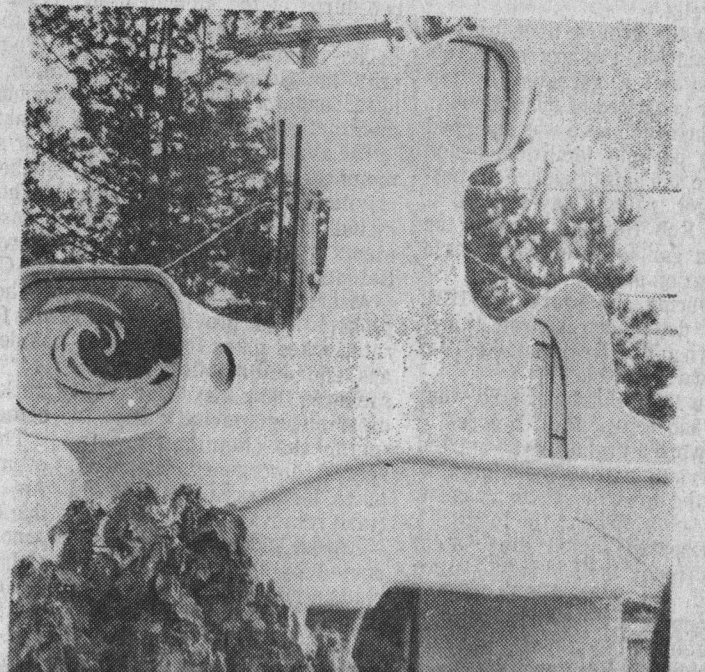
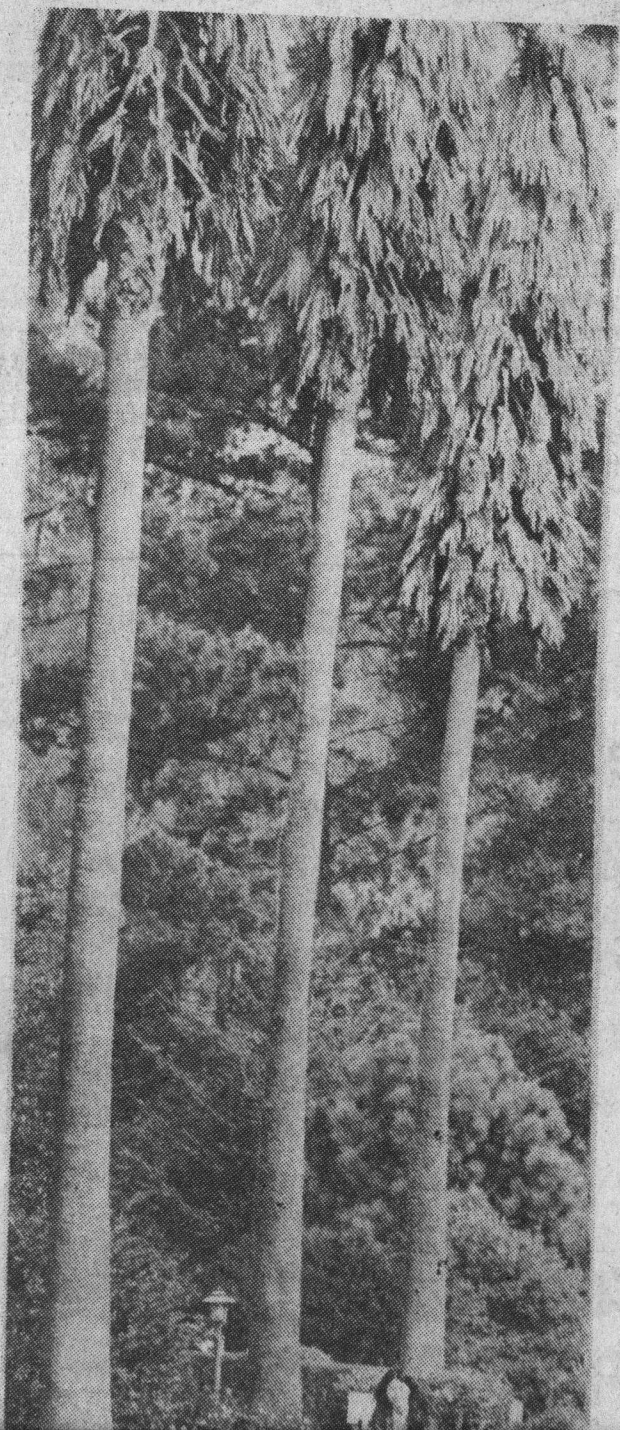


*La Selva Beach*

Sunday, February 8, 1976 Santa Cruz Sentinel—13





**Tref'n'Sea  
Living**

Photos by  
Bill Lovejoy

La Selva Beach couldn't decide what it wanted to be: Spanish or Scotch. So it settled for nice.

And it had problems deciding something even more basic than its nationality: just what it really was. La Selva means "the forest," and everybody knows you can't name a beach after a forest.

Except in...

Where it really applies.

The niceness is about the only thing that's uniform. Housing ranges from beachfront condominiums to a domicile of Space Odyssey architecture that would

look as right in Atlantis as it does at 411 La Playa Boulevard.

As to that forest, the trees range from gnarled, century-old oaks to stately redwoods to...palm trees! Which 20-year-old Sydnie Moore pedals past on her way to her 140½ Margarita Road home.

Some of the beach is reserved for La Selvans and is protected by gates. And lots of it is protected by a weather-sculptured cliff that overlooks a fine romping spot for you and your dog.

For more on La Selva see next page for Don Righetti's story.

