

Begin on top of the hill at Coit Tower. The 39 Coit bus caught at Washington Square will drop you here. The parking lot in front of the tower has a 30-minute limit, and it can take over an hour to get to it in slow tourist traffic.



1 COIT TOWER In the poem "Redwood Highway" Philip Lamantia invokes this prominent landmark: "Climb the ocean's ceiling over the Bay Area/ my dream identical to Coit Tower . . ." The tower was erected in 1933 with \$118,000 left by the 1929 Will of Lillie Hitchcock Coit—one-third of her estate to be used for "construction of a memorial for the beautification of Telegraph Hill." The city added another \$700,000

to the fund. Lillie was the cigar-smoking, poker-playing mascot of the volunteer fire department's Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5. Of the various proposals submitted for the monument, it was architect Henry Howard's nozzle-like tower that was selected by the newly formed Arts Commission as most fitting to her memory. (Howard said his drawing was not intended to represent a fire-hose nozzle, but anyone can see that it does, all intentions aside.) Noble St. Gertrude Altherton served on the commission and protested the plan—she felt that none of the proposals was worthwhile, maintaining to the end of her life that Coit Tower "insults the landscape" and that Lillie Coit "deserved a better memorial." The tower was commemorated in Gasque (1958) in a lengthy "Ode to Coit Tower" by Gregory Corso, which begins

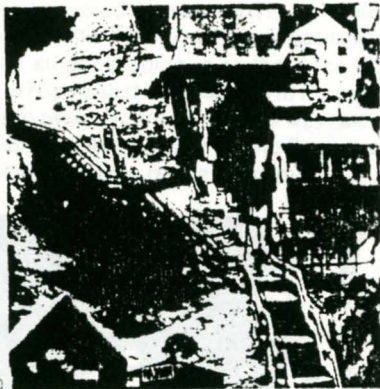
Anti-verdurous phallic were not for your pouring height booming in tears like a sick tree or your ever-gaudy comfort adding your city's much wrinkled sky you'd seem an absurd Babe squatting before mortal millions.

The interior murals painted by the Public Works Project artists in 1933-1934 in the social realism style of Diego Rivera are worth seeing. The literary panel—controversial at the time—features multiracial readers perusing grim headlines in the periodicals section of a library. Across the room, walls are lined with books by Upton Sinclair, Jack London, Floyd Dell, Langston Hughes, Bakunin, Rexroth, and other progressive writers. In the center of the picture, a man opens a book by Karl Marx, while in the foreground the overseer of the mural project is reading a story called "The Weird Spirit."

The view from the top of Coit Tower is breathtaking—though the outlook from the parking lot itself is spectacular enough. In his rambles about the city in 1879-1880, Robert Louis Stevenson often climbed to this area and sat looking out over the Bay toward Mount Tamalpais and the Golden Gate. In Henry Mead Bland's *Stevenson's California* (1924), Charles Warren Stoddard is quoted: "I had my lodge in San Francisco on vigorous Telegraph Hill when I first met him. Stevenson was out on one of his numberless strolls that took him into odd parts of the city, and came by my plover nest . . ." (Stoddard also wrote that he first met R.L.S. in his "eyrie" on Rincon Hill. Albert Shumate of the California Historical Society investigated the rival claims of Stoddard's birdlike apartments, which Stevenson in his San Francisco novel *The Wrecker* described as "a museum of strange objects—paddles and battle clubs and baskets, rough-hewn stone images, ornaments of threaded shell" collected by Stoddard in the South Seas. In the September 1967 issue of the society's *Quarterly* Shumate determines that now-vanished Rincon Hill was the place where this historic literary meeting occurred, setting R.L.S. on his way, ultimately, to Samoa.)

Looking out over a century later from this Stevensonian vantage point you'll get a great view of the Golden Gate Bridge—where detective Sam Archer desperately talks to a girl who is threatening to jump, in James MacDonald's novel *The Underground Man* (1971). "The Rock" of Alcatraz still sits starkly in the Bay, where Robert Stroud, the "Bird Man" of Alcatraz, was imprisoned for many years (the papers that made him famous were actually written in other prisons). The larger, forested mass of Angel Island lies beyond. (You can still see the calligraphy on the walls of the barracks on the island, poems written by Chinese immi-

grants who were held here in the 1800s pending permission to enter California. They were exported for cheap labor, and built the railroads and fortunes of men like Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford.) Further east, Yerba Buena Island rises in mid-Bay between San Francisco and Oakland, with the two reaches of the Bay Bridge leading east and west through a tunnel cut in the rock, and the man-made Treasure Island, built on landfill for the 1939 World's Fair, flattening out northeastward into the Bay. The court martial for Captain Queeg in Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* (1952) takes place here, John Mersereau set his amusing mystery *Murder Loves Company* (1940) on T.I. during the Fair, and the final scene in George R. Stewart's post-apocalyptic science-fiction novel *Earth Abides* occurs on the rusted, partially collapsed roadway of the Bay Bridge over which cars have not passed for decades.



Head down the Green or Street stairs.

Filbert stairs, 1880

Here Harry Lafier built his famous "compound" which was a meeting place for Bohemian writers and artists in turn-of-the-century San Francisco. It was made partially from lumber salvaged after the fire of 1906—and from planks he pirated from the huge sign built on the summit of the hill in 1908 to honor the Great White Fleet on its world cruise. The sign, some two stories high and a block long, read WELCOME. Lafier was crowned a hero for demolishing the monstrous eyesore. George Sterling often visited the compound, and the poet Nora May French lived with Lafier here briefly in the first shack he threw together in late 1908, when San Francisco was a charred ghost of the old city, with many areas still deserted. Lafier's place is gone now, but walk down these or better the Filbert Street stairs and along the narrow, wood-planked streets that run from it will give you a good idea of the architectural look of that era—and the day-to-day life of hill dwellers as nicely caught in *Laughter on the Hill* (1945) by Margaret Paron.

At the bottom of this flight of steps is Montgomery Street where you'll see to your left

2 JULIUS CASTLE Sam Spade and his secretary Effie Perrine have lunch here in "A Man Called Spade," and Hammett's short fat Continental Op also climbs Telegraph Hill to investigate "a big frame house . . . hung dizzily on a shoulder of the hill, a shoulder that was sharp where rock had been quarried away. The house seemed about to be skiing down on the roofs far below."

The husband-and-wife sleuths, the Holidays, live on "that saucy hill they call Telegraph" in Howard Rigsby's *Murder for the Holidays* (1951). In David Dodge's *Death and Taxes* (1941), a cop "didn't like the idea of sitting up in the fog all night on Telegraph Hill" on a stakeout. Howard Feare's *The Mystery of Telegraph Hill* (1961), and Dana Lyon's *The House on Telegraph Hill* (1948), are set on San Francisco's most famous hill.

Move south on split-level Montgomery Street

Where the condos stand on the west or upper side of the street you could once find 1443 Montgomery, where Robert Barbour Johnson lived in the basement apartment for twenty-five years. Johnson, if known at all today, is remembered for a few shockers he wrote for *Weird Tales* magazine, such as "Far Below," in which hordes of sub-human cannibals derail subway trains in New York City and drag the hapless commuters off for lunch. Johnson also wrote *The Magic Park* (1940), a fine guide to Golden Gate Park, which he illustrated, and many stories about circus life for *Blue Book*—Johnson once knew every circus elephant in America by name. A 50,000-piece miniature circus, exact in every detail that he carved was set up in the window of an Oakland department store one Christmas. The true horror stories about Johnson come from his cavalier attitude toward books. The first thing he did was to break the spine of a new hardcover book so the pages would lie perfectly flat. His friend George Haas, an avid book collector, recalled picking up a book beside Johnson's chair and was appalled to find that Johnson had marked his place with a piece of bacon.

At the Filbert Street stairway drop down to the lower Montgomery roadway.

Worth noting is the art deco building with the glassed-in elevator at 1360 Montgomery—Lauren Bacall's apartment house in "Dark Passage," based on the David Goodis novel. Humphrey Bogart climbed the steps nearby and rode the elevator up to Bacall's place in this great San Francisco movie.

Turn left into Alta Street, where you'll see at No. 60-62:

3 THE DUCK HOUSE Easily spotted by the flight of ducks painted under the eaves, this was home for Armistead Maupin, who came to San Francisco from Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1971. When his "Tales of the City" began appearing serially in the *Chronicle* May 24, 1976, Maupin became an instant success with this elaborate soap opera about newly arrived, naive Mary Ann Singleton, the Maupin-like gay Michael Tolliver, and other modern city types. Three paperback novels from this popular series have been published so far. Veteran columnist Charles McCabe is the one who persuaded *Chron* editor Richard Theriot to give Maupin a shot. "I thought he'd end up doing a column, but he did the serial," McCabe said. "I told Arm it was vulgar as shit, and it would play."

If you continue to the sheer cliff at the end of Alta you'll see a series of numbers on the left, for the apartments built over the edge of the precipice that plunges down to Battery Street.

4 22 ALTA is where McCabe lived for many years, and where his body was found May 1, 1983, after a fatal stroke. McCabe began as a columnist for the *Chronicle* in 1959 with "The Fearless Spectator" in The Sporting Green section, and went on to become a mainstay of the morning paper. His literate columns, comparable to the prose of classic essayists Montaigne and Samuel Johnson, were written here in the early morning, usually in an hour. He would then adjourn to his favorite pub, Gino & Carlo on Green Street. After his rise to a major position on the paper, the irascible McCabe stopped going in to the office and mailed in his pieces. In the late 1970s he said he had been to the newspaper building only "three times in twelve years." His wake was held at the Church of St. Francis at Columbus Avenue and Vallejo Street, and the mourners included many of the longtime residents, rum-pots, and writers of North Beach.



Gregory Corso and Kaye McDonough

Continue south on Montgomery half a block to Union Street. On the southeast corner of.

5 MONTGOMERY & UNION In this old wood-frame building Gregory Corso lived with his infant son Max in 1978 on one of his extended stays in San Francisco. He subsequently moved downhill, where he now lives in a large bay-windowed building on Montgomery Street between Green and Broadway. So does the poet Kaye McDonough, author of *Zelda* (1978), a poetic play that uses North Beach bohemian settings. The publisher of Greenlight Press, she handsets type and prints books in a spare room in her flat on Montgomery overlooking the Bay.

Roll down the Union Street hill. At Kearny turn right and climb part of the block to.

6 1425 KEARNY Richard Brautigan lived here in the late 1960s in the flat of anthropologist-student Valerie Estes when his first books *In Watermelon Sugar* (1968) and *Trout Fishing in America* (1967) were

first capturing national attention. (During his stay Brautigan painted pictures of trout on the toilet seat.) He'd been an active participant in the 1950s poetry scene in North Beach, cales a couple of blocks downhill on Grant, and in the 1960s commuted between the Beach and his place in the 2500 block of Geary Boulevard, across from Sears. He was fond of the Geary bus on which he claimed to do major thinking—there and at Enrico's Sidewalk Cafe on Broadway.

The back of this building faces on Genoa, one of the hill's many Mediterranean-style alleys. Poets Philip Lamantia and Nancy J. Peters lived at 30 Genoa in the early 1970s, then moved a few doors south to their present top-floor flat.

Return to Union Street and continue downhill.

7 478 UNION In the 1940s and early 1950s this building housed the Pencil Writers Studio managed by the prolific pulp writer Kenneth MacNichol and his wife Polly Lamb Goforth. Polly Lamb wrote anonymous fiction for women's confession magazines and practiced visualization magic, "seeing" checks coming to pay the rent, the checks came. The Pencil Studio was opened for regular meetings of the San Francisco Chapter of the Fortean Society, in which followers of the unusual books of Charles Fort (*The Book of the Damned* and *Lo!*) gathered to discuss UFOs and various unexplained phenomena. George Haas came over from Berkeley and Robert Barbour Johnson walked down the Hill. Johnson maintained that Polly Lamb was a genuine sorceress, and that her continued delvings into the occult led to her sudden death in the mid-1950s when she unleashed some power from Outside. The seeds of interest in the occult sowed by this group in the 1940s would lead to such popular forums as the Church of Satan, begun in the early 1960s by Anton Szandor LaVey, a friend of Johnson and Haas. Interest in the occult and mystical has been consistent in San Francisco's history, with spiritualism a hot topic in the 1900s when many San Francisco writers essayed the supernatural—such as Gertrude Atherton in the excellent tale "The Foghorn." Even economist Henry George wrote a few ghost stories during his years in the city.

Go on to Grant and turn right. One block up on the southeast corner of Grant and Filbert.

8 CITY LIGHTS PUBLISHING HOUSE In 1967 the editorial offices and backlist books were moved from the basement of the City Lights Bookstore into this place, where they stayed until 1978. At that time the offices were moved back to the store (which had expanded into the adjoining storefront on Columbus previously occupied by "James Fogazi, Bulotti and Co., Fratelli Forte, Props"—an Italian travel agency). Dozens of books were added to the City Lights list in this period—Jack Hirschman's *Lyrical*, Di Prima's *Revolutionary Letters*, Kerouac's *Slattered Poems*, Cassady's autobiographical *The First Third*, Bukowski's *Erections, Ejaculations, Exhibitions and General Tales of Ordinary Madness*, and Norse's *Hotel Nirvana* among them. This place was a center for the North Beach literary community and for visiting writers.

While Yevtushenko opted for the luxurious St. Francis Hotel, the Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky slept on a mattress on the floor of the upstairs apartment during his 1972 American readings. Nancy J. Peters, now co-editor and director of *City Lights*, came to work for Ferlinghetti here in 1970. She and her husband Philip Lamantia drove Voznesensky up to Fort Ross so he could research an epic poem about the tragic 1806 love affair of the Russian explorer Nikolai Rezanov and Doña Concepcion Arguello, fifteen-year-old daughter of the Presidio commandant. In 1972 Ferlinghetti moved into the apartment over the City Lights offices where he lived until 1978.



Glancing up the Filbert hill
toward Coit Tower again, you
will see at the end of this
building:

9 28 HARWOOD ALLEY Site of innumerable literary evenings (mornings, noons, and nights), the tiny apartment belongs to Neel Cherkovski who has cheerfully fed and entertained many an itinerant and indigent writer. Among those who have dwelt here for significant periods are Raymond Foye, Bob Kaufman, Gregory Corso, Michael Weiner, Martin Malz, and Howard Hart. Of course, this is the same Harwood Alley notorious in the 1950s as "Speed Alley" — haunted by high-lifers in the fast lane.

Continue north. On the east
side of the next block a small
alley runs into Grant. In the
late 1970s Brian Doohan lived
in apartment No. 1 in

10 30 GERKE ALLEY From this building Doohan continued an offbeat literary artform he had first conceived and executed in Philadelphia. The work *Greasy Fingers* was a novel one-hundred and fifty pages long, read one page at a time, using a map. Doohan pasted each page up in the toilet of a skid row bar, on the wall of a warehouse near a river, on the ceiling of a doorway of a fashionable townhouse where some gangster had lived, using a master map and guide book: the reader would travel from one page to the next to read the book and actually going into the *greasy* physical environments was an important aesthetic aspect to the work: the reader was in a real sense *living* the novel. As he moved from city to city Doohan would revise the book to meet local reference points. Here in San Francisco he made use of places like Palace Billiards, on Market (open twenty-four hours a day), Tenderloin bars, Chinatown alleys, and the waterfront. *Greasy Fingers* took about a week to read if you devoted some three hours a day, but weren't killed in some dive along the way.

In his apartment here Doohan worked on a number of equally weird projects. He had clotheslines strung across the room with pages and notes from novels in progress hanging from them, literary laundry, he has not yet coined a name for the "Greasy Fingers" genre — "Just call it vandalism."

On the southwest corner of
Grant and Greenwich just up
the block you could once enter
the

11 BREAD AND WINE MISSION Run by Pierre Delattre, a minister, the Bread and Wine Mission was one of the many hangouts for hipsters in the Beat 1950s, a place for people to meet, drink, talk, and read poetry. It no longer exists, the building having been remodeled and "gentrified," a fate which is overtaking all of North Beach and Telegraph Hill.

Turn east up Greenwich, north
into Child Alley, and east again
into quarter-block-long:

12 TELEGRAPH PLACE Poet Eric Barker and his wife, the dancer Madelynne Greene, lived in No. 56 in this hidden street in the late 1940s before they moved to Little Sur. Clark Ashton Smith visited them here. In 1966 Barker recalled, "In later years when we lived in San Francisco he would come and stay in our little apartment just below Telegraph Hill. But Ashton was never really at home in a city. We used to climb Telegraph Hill and look across the bay toward San Rafael and talk of the old solitary days together that the real estate promoters had killed forever. Those were the days before the quiet and lovely hills above San Rafael were savaged by bulldozers in preparation for the coming real estate boom. There were sunlit glades full of giant oaks, green valleys and wooded hills where we could walk and rest all day without meeting anyone."

Follow Child through to
Lombard, where you'll find at
404 Lombard the building in
which the writer-anthropologist
Jorge de Angulo lived from
1936 through 1939. At Grant
go north another block to
Chestnut. To the east, up the
hill you'll find:



13 339 CHESTNUT This walk-up flat was rented by Lawrence Ferlinghetti soon after he moved permanently to San Francisco in 1951, and he lived here until he bought 706 Wisconsin on Potrero Hill in 1958. In this period he and Peter Martin opened City Lights Pocket Book Shop, the first all-paperback bookstore in America. And in 1955 Ferlinghetti began his City Lights publishing program with the first book of the Pocket Poets Series, his own *Pictures of the Gone World*. Many of these poems, as well as others collected in *A Coney Island of the Mind* (1958) were written here. In the following poem is reflected the architectural mood of the buildings constructed in staggered levels up the side of Telegraph Hill.

Away above a harborful
of caulkless houses
Among the charley noble chimneypots

On a rooftop rigged with clotheslines
a woman bastes up sails
upon the wind
hanging out her morning sheets

Return to Grant, and go back
on Grant to Greenwich, then
west, downhill to

14 540 GREENWICH In the 1960s Joe Gores lived in this apartment, working as a private investigator and writing his first private eye stories. Here he created his "Daniel Kearney Agency," based on his work with the David Kikert and Associates detective agency on Golden Gate Avenue. The first story from the fictitious "DKA File" appeared in the December 1967 issue of *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine*; editor Queen later called this series as "authentic as a fist in your face." Gores put over 100,000 miles a year on his car doing his skip-tracing work and says he was threatened with every implement of destruction made by man. A priest once tried to run Gores over when he made an attempt to repossess the father's car! Gores uses the Bay Area as accurately as a map-maker, and his DKA stories and novels are certainly the most realistic portrayal of day-to-day detective work in the modern city. The novels *Dead Skip* (1972), *Final Notice* (1973), and *Gone, No Forwarding* (1976) are easily found in paperback, and a collection of the short stories is forthcoming.

One day during Gores' stint on this street, a trucker unfamiliar with the city wheeled his tractor-trailer rig up Greenwich, not realizing that it turns into a stair-street a block east, with a sharp turn right down a steep grade onto Kearney—the only way out for cars. The turn was impossible to negotiate with the huge rig, and the trucker couldn't back out safely because of all the cars typically parked in No Parking zones. He was stuck.

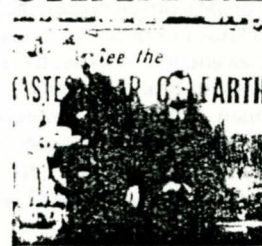
Police came, cordoning off the area, afraid the truck would lose his hold on the hill—the careening rig would cause thousands in property damage, and they didn't want any people in the way. Gores heard the commotion and walked up the hill. He saw what the problem was, identified himself to the cops as an auto reposessor, and went to get his key ring with dozens of keys that would open every make of car on the market. Gores moved the illegally parked cars, the trucker backed safely downhill and away, and then Gores and the police reparked all the cars just as they found them, illegally, with tickets locked inside.

Continue downhill to Stockton
then left one block to

15 WASHINGTON SQUARE On one of the benches near the Stockton Street end of this park is a small metal plaque dedicating the bench to San Francisco-born Irving Stone, famous for his biographical novels such as *Sailor on Horseback* (1938), about a fellow San Francisco native and writer Jack London. Stone was born Irving Tannenbaum near Washington Square July 14, 1903.

In the center of the Square there's a statue of Ben Franklin, the oldest public monument in the city, presented by the teetotaling dentist Henry D. Cogswell in 1879. The base of the statue is inscribed: "Presented by

CHANGE



Richard Brautigan and Ron Loe winsohn

H. D. Cogswell to our Boys and Girls Who Will Soon Take Our Places And Pass On. A time-capsule enclosed inside was opened in a public ceremony in 1979. A few scraps of verse were found, along with other odd memorabilia, including a tooth of the French Revolutionist Robespierre. The monument once had three faucets from which ran Vichy, Calumet, and Congress mineral waters. We find, ironically, Shorty the wind in Brautigan's *Trout Fishing in America* unconscious here—"He had fallen face first out of his wheelchair and just lay there without moving. Snoring loudly." The narrator thinks that Shorty should be nailed in a packing crate with a couple of cases of wine and shipped for safe-keeping to Nelson Aigren.

The Washington Square Bar and Grill across Columbus Avenue at 1707 Powell has become a major hangout for our more "uptown" writers in the last decade. Alice Adams, Ella Lettland, Herb Gold, Warren Henkle, and other journalists frequent it. As a sure sign that it is a hot and widely known spot, it has already appeared as a location in a mystery novel, by former *Chronicle* reporter Julie Smith (Smith once went undercover on a farm run by the Moonies near Boonville, California, among other assignments.) Her equally intrepid heroine Rebecca Schwartz in *Death Turns a Trick* (1982), about murder in a C.O.Y.O.T.E.-like prostitute's organization, eats a meal here between perils—she lives up Union Street on Telegraph Hill.

In his column March 19, 1982, Herb Caen (who has a condo in the new complex at the foot of the Greenwich Street stairs) reported in abbreviated Caenese: "At the Wash. Sq. Barngrill, the party of the week was for Rita Mae Brown, the lesbian activist, to launch her latest book, *Southern Discomfort*." A pushy photogger from People mag pushed her Armistead Maupin and Randy Shilts against the ladeez room door for a shot that only a rag like People could love. . . . Brown, who rose quickly to fame with her first book *Rubyfruit Jungle* (1973), often flies into the city from her home in North Carolina; she and Maupin once planned to host a TV talk show for the large gay community in San Francisco. Shilts, called by *Publishers Weekly* "the first openly gay establishment journalist in California"—a writer for the *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Wage Voice*, and the gay papers the *Advocate* and *Christopher Street*—had just published his biography of assassinated gay supervisor Harvey Milk *The Mayor of Castro Street*. And so are literary movements born and literary sites established.

the lower segment of Telegraph Hill Boulevard, Greenwich comes back to life at a loop bordered with flowers and continues west. On the north side of this juncture lived Harold Gilliam, a contemporary author and newspaper columnist. Mike's Grocery is at the corner of Grant, and in the same building during the early 1930s was a lodging house, more grandly listed in the directory as the Telegraph Hill Hotel, with the entrance at 485 Greenwich Street. Child Street and its byways, Telegraph Place, join Greenwich on the north.

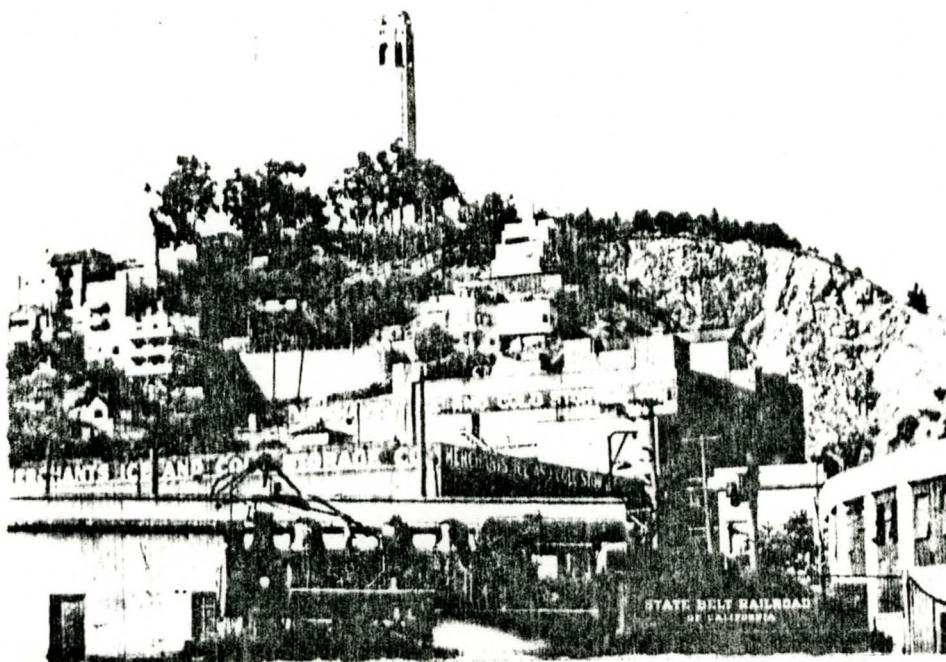
Telegraph Hill played a part in the fragmentary history of several churches. On August 20, 1853, the Reverend W. C. Pond conducted the opening services of the Second Congregational Church, which was on the north side of Greenwich just above Stockton. Among the church's trustees was William A. Pfeiffer, for whom the short street is named. About six years later this edifice was shared with the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, with the Reverend F. Mooshake officiating on Sunday afternoons; Mooshake was something of a nomad, preaching to his flock from various borrowed pulpits. Apparently the Lutherans bought this former Congregational church about 1862, when the Reverend J. M. Buehler sermonized under the banner of the First German Evangelical Lutheran Church.

However, serious problems arose in November 1862 when property owners along Dupont (Grant) sought to lower the grade of this street at its crest near the Greenwich intersection. When this was done, it also involved a similar adjustment of Greenwich all the way down to Stockton; some

lots were then well above the new grade. The Lutheran church was so remote that its members began to complain; "Men will not worship in a temple reached only by ladders or balloons," was one observation. The difficulty was overcome by purchasing a lot on Geary Street by Union Square and erecting a new church.

The old building on Greenwich was vacant until 1886, when the parishioners of St. John's German Evangelical Church (organized 1879) climbed up the many stairs to move in and remain for nine years; then the church changed its name to St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church and moved to Mason Street on Russian Hill. The old church building was destroyed in the fire of 1906. The two-story apartment house presently perched on this lot at 568-70 Greenwich is still high above the street, but in early times Church Place, now Edith Street, provided an easier approach from the east.

Farther down Greenwich, past long rows of post-fire apartment buildings, is the North Beach Playground, a part of the Recreation and Park Department financed by a bond issue approved by the voters in September 1903. Five years elapsed before the 14 pieces of property were purchased and Greenwich Alley was closed. For many years a branch library for North Beach had been advocated, but when it was finally approved, two more years were necessary to fix its location, as everyone had a different idea. Finally, in 1957 Mayor George Christopher recommended that one corner of the playground be used for this purpose, a recommendation which was approved by the supervisors, and the library was built.



In the late 1930s, No. 8, a Baldwin steamer, stands by the engine house (right). The same picture taken today would show many more housing units in the background than at this time. (—Roy D. Graves photo)