

THE TIJUANA RIVER ESTUARY AND BORDER FIELD STATE PARK

Land of Diversity
Land of Hope

Robert Beken
Tritium Press

Universal praise for Robert Beken and *The Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park*

“This book is the first to link this area to its roots — Tijuana, Mexico.”

Bill Johnson, author of *Guide to Tijuana's Hot Spots*

“Anyone who would want to visit this place has to be an idiot.”

Paul Anderson, world traveler, lecturer.

“There aren't enough antibiotics in development in any laboratory on earth to counteract the possible consequences of falling down in that place.”

Dr. Adam J. P. Smith, M.D.

“This place will take a thousand years to stop fermenting.”

K.C. Edwards, San Diego

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Table of Contents

List of Figures	VII
Forward	I
Introduction.....	3
The Source: Tijuana, Mexico	II
Tijuana, Mexico: 1900 to Today.....	31
Estuary and Park	79
Northern Approach.....	159
Fauna and Flora	169
Photo Album	191
Imperial Beach, California.....	193
Military Facilities	207
Los Angeles, California.....	223
Narcocorridos	231
Gateway For Sex Slaves	233
Prison Products	243
Index.....	249

List of Figures

Dr. Leland Yee	5	Tijuana hotel	49
Gobernador Politico y Militar Don Gaspar de Portola	17	Tijuana Colonia	51
Father Junipero Serra	18	Colonia Libertad	51
San Fernando Velicata	21	Colonia Libertad development	52
Mission doors	23	Border detritus is art	52
Mission interior	24	Santa Muerte	55
San Diego Mission de Alcala	24	Enough is enough	57
Los Angeles County Seal	27	Mexico port of entry	59
Santiago Arguello	27	San Ysidro Trolley Station	60
Pre war map of San Diego	30	Serious about crime	61
Columbus after Pancho Villa	32	Border Inspection	61
Airplanes against Villa	32	Muffler carrier	62
Archduke Ferdinand	34	Secondary Inspection	63
Assassin of the Archduke	34	Leavenworth	63
Bank Vault Door	36	Human dashboard	64
Border Monument #257	37	Vinyl Human	64
Border Patrol in the 1920s	38	San Onofre Checkpoint	65
Border Patrol in the 1930s	38	Wrong way border travelers	65
Tijuana Zebra-donkey	40	Freeway adventure	66
Good road	42	Border Crossing Works	66
Tijuana: The city and the river	43	Tijuana Minaret	68
Tijuana Security	44	Tijuana watershed	72
Tijuana Paddy Wagon	45	Tipping bucket	73
Tijuana Armored	46	Tijuana water	73
Tijuana Authority	46	Tijuana flood channel filled to its banks	75
Molino Rojo	48	Dairy Mart Bridge blowout	76
Chicago Club	49	Hollister Street Bridge	77
		Border Field is not this exit	79

Prison Industry is close by	80	Park view home	113
Donovan Prison	80	Paint sniffing and RICIN	114
Dairy Mart Road	81	San Diego Parks Monument	115
View from freeway exit	81	San Diego Monument up close	116
Freeway crossers are a hazard	82	View south from USBPEZ	117
California Park's Center	82	SD County USBPEZ lands	117
San Diego County Monument	83	Sewer sniffers	118
Danny R. Marschall Bridge	83	Border Barbecue	118
River riches	84	Border Banishment	119
River Tinsel	84	Sewage pond blowout	120
Entrance bridge	85	Sewage pond blowout	120
Marschall Bridge plaque	85	Sewage floods	121
Cell phones work here	87	Bunker Hill	121
Sewage as Industry	88	Bunker Entrance	122
Half a billion dollars in sewage	89	Bunker View	122
No dumping allowed	89	Level One Hazard	124
End of triple fence	91	Ancient shells bask in the sun	124
River estuary park is ready	92	Portable generators	127
End of an era	92	Generators light the border	128
Official Park Entrance sign	93	Tranny Traveler	128
Entrance to USBP facility	94	Sewage boost pump	129
Paths north	95	Rehabilitation means RICIN	130
"La Eme" gang tattoo	96	Acres of RICIN	131
USBP Gateway	96	Park is west	131
Nuestra Familia tattoo	97	Border sea barrier	132
Asociacion Zeta tattoo	98	Mud dweller	135
Emblem of our Heritage	100	Deep penetrator	136
The New Los Angeles	100	Park view	137
Forced Return Gate	102	Park's only structure	137
USBP taxi interior	103	Trail sweep	139
USBP taxi front view	104	Park accouterments	139
USBP taxi rear view	104	Brilliant nights await	140
USBP Jeep	105	Lights, Camera, Action!	140
Seismic sensors	106	Heritage is here	141
USBP Monitoring Center	106	Dead Duck	141
Seasonal streams abound	107	Taxi awaits	142
Hidden nuggets of recyclables	107	Plaza Monumental	142
Concrete prophylactics	108	Border monuments	143
Direct from Mexico	108	Nixon dedication monument	143
Frog death	109	Park and beach	145
Environmentalist's dream	109	Armored SUV	146
Indescribable treasures	110	Armored windows	146
Ricinus communis	110	Crusted sewage	148
RICIN as agriculture	111	Other crusted sewage	148
Metaphor for Diversity	112	Swim here, it's okay ... really	149
Estuary headquarters	113	SEALS were defeated	149

List of Figures

Border protection	150
Beach visitors abound	151
Border Field State Park	153
Headquarters monument	159
U.S. Submarine S-37	159
Northern View	160
Headquarters parking	160
Traveler Trail	161
Estuary Headquarters	161
Banner for our future	162
Strange vents abound	162
The Swamp Shoe	163
National Landmark	164
View south	164
Headquarters, a Victim	165
Massive corrosion	165
Creosote Pilings	166
Raccoon	179
Raccoon too	180
Coyote	181
Opossum	181
Ground Squirrel	182
Striped Skunk	183
Striped skunk wider view	183
City Seal	194
Imperial Beach, not a beach	194
A permanent beach community	195
A beach community with charm	195
Imperial Beach welcome	196
New Imperial Beach Hospital	197
Imperial Beach, California	198
Imperial Beach north	200
Imperial Beach Power	200
Navy Landing Field	201
Navy Field entrance	202
Wullenweber	203
Wullenweber berm	205
Border Field looking southwest	211
Biplane view to north	211
Control tower	212
Radioplane Company plant	214
Engine Data Plate	214
U.S. Army Air Corps Field	215
Tiny powerful drones	215
Metropolitan Airport	216
Catapult launch	216
Heavier than it looks	217
Norma Jean with propeller	217
Norma Jean with wrench	218
Actual S-37 Christening 1919	219
Clean to the end	219
California destruction	220
Slow disintegration	220
Buildings lost	220
Broken dreams	221
Border Field, aerial view	221
Border Field gunnery emplacements	222
Tijuana Hard Rock Cafe	233
Tijuana Booze Prices	234
Tijuana Doll	234
Sex Slaves	235
Slavery in America	236
Clear headphones	244
Clear TV	245

Forward

As I sit here at my desk in New York City, I can feel the industrial wastes of the world suffocating our future. While the United States is most assuredly the premier aggressor in this attack on the billions of Helpless in this world, we do nothing. Choking gasses, plastic, evil gasoline, all combine to enslave Mother Earth and poison Her Innocent Helpless Children.

I hope that this book can be one step in bringing us closer to nature by letting us all explore the culturally and biologically diverse around us. Diversity is our strength and most assuredly, as our President Bill Clinton said: "It depends upon the meaning of ... is." Yes, the Tijuana River Estuary and the California Border Field State Park are wonderful hidden treasures and they deserve to be documented, described and celebrated so that

they then can be explored by all. Certainly, my decision to begin my series of nature books with the first an adumbration, an awakening about the southwestern most park in our so very diverse America must have been The Great Spirit whispering to me.

Here, in these many pages I am sharing with you the secrets and curious corners of this magical place. I am certain that even the Spirits of ancient Indian tribes which hunted and fished and clammed in these riparian lands are all smiling down upon us today.

As great native peoples of our neighbor country to the south call to their mothers in their native tongue: Nantli ... Nantli ... Nantli! I bid you all Hope, Peace, Love, and pleasant reading.

Introduction

At the southwestern most corner of the United States of America's contiguous 48 states lies a magical land of gently flowing seasonal streams, a great and wide river, and verdant parklands eagerly waiting discovery by flocks of travelers, tourists, and naturalists.

These lands are called the Tijuana River Estuary and California Border Field State Park. While separate and apart as political entities they share the same gentle expanse of flowing waters and interesting, if not even rare, flora and fauna.

For tens of thousands of years the seasonal streams nestled in what is now Mexico have coursed in gleaming rivulets toward the sea. The distant source of this life giving water is the gently sloping land encompassing the 1,735 square miles of hill and valley all lying on both sides of the U.S. / Mexican border and eastwards from

the Pacific Ocean.

Today, the crystal waters flowing from these lands build and build again until they are a delightful torrent and this torrent flows through what is now the city of Tijuana, Mexico, and then through the parklands and then to the sea.

Without these waters, the great city of Tijuana could not exist. Without these waters, this great river estuary and park could not exist. As these waters flow out from that city they slow and spread and create vast marshlands which are a lure for migrating birds, small animals, delicate rare insects, and vegetation.

The view here is of miles of verdant, moist, and shaded river bottom, and then finally a wide alluvial plume which releases these waters to the sea. Here, they mix with the great Pacific Ocean and that

ocean's powerful currents swirl these rich waters northward along the California coast for even 50 miles.

Some years ago environmentalists and others who care about nature gathered together and encouraged the State of California and the County of San Diego to acquire properties adjacent to the Tijuana river and to then create a wondrous park for our children, and for us all.

These parklands encompass more than 2,500 acres and includes the Tijuana Slough National Wildlife Refuge, the San Diego County Tijuana River Valley Regional Park, San Diego City property, United States Navy property, and finally, the California Border Field State Park. This entire area is called the Tijuana River National Estuarine Research Reserve (TRNEER). While deriving funding from varied and diverse sources, it is officially managed by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and the California Department of Parks and Recreation.

At least two non profit organizations thankfully enjoy millions of dollars from the existence of the TRNEER and they include the California Coastal Conservancy and the much smaller Southwest Interpretive Association. The Southwest Interpretive Association alone has been funded more than thirty million dollars.

The TRNEER offers 2,500 total acres which are comprised of 1,660 upland

acres, 120 non-tidal fresh water marsh acres, 400 salt marsh acres, 250 tideland acres, and 70 open water acres.

The many confusing titles and links between government agencies, their interests, and their vast funding sources, make it quite difficult to keep track of the separate the varied interests and even properties. And then too, calling such a magical place the TRNEER seems cold, if not even hateful. Calling the area the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park divides the lands into a more manageable concept of simply wet and nearly dry.

Today, this valley, this river estuary, and this great park, compete for visitors with other California destinations and parks such as Yosemite. Certainly, the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park can easily hold its own when compared to such tired, over-visited clichés.

Other parks beckon all with open arms. The Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park have nearly 2,000 armed guards who make every effort to stop visitors from entering these lands from certain directions, and yet the visitors come.

How many visitors would Yosemite enjoy if half the park's borders were fenced and guarded or composed of an impenetrable barrier such as the Pacific Ocean? How many visitors would come to Yosemite if Yosemite had its own jail capable of handling more than 300,000 prisoners a year?

No, the Tijuana River Estuary and California Border Field State Park are special places, even magical places, and should be first on your list when you visit California.

This estuary and park are assuredly different. What we have here is, truly, the future of America. These lands are also the first to bring all of nature together as one.

While many California destinations remain crass and commercial, the citizens of California have been enlightened by Dr. Leland Yee, (D) of San Francisco, a member of California's State Assembly. Dr. Yee is also a child psychologist and has certainly helped make California's schools what they are today.

Dr. Yee also rid California of cruel non-diverse requirements that certain state records be in English. Thanks to Dr. Yee, they can now be recorded even in Chinese and it's up to the state authorities to sort it all out.



Dr. Leland Yee

His Spirit lives here in the estuary and park.

Dr. Yee also wrote and sponsored California Law ACR 144 which has required California's renown Building Standards Commission to officially adopt new standards that promote the principles of Feng Shui.

There are several types of Feng Shui and the one used here in the estuary and park is from (and is called) "The Form School." This effort began many centuries ago in southern China. It is based upon the careful balance of land formations with the interplay of waterways and then with their embracing geography.

In balancing nature with Feng Shui, objects must be perfectly aligned and in the right place and in harmony and balance with all that is around them. Everything must be in harmony with nature and the universe. California has now made this law and this is good. As this process blossoms here in the diverse areas of the estuary and park, a visitor's life improves. Their time here will bring about harmony, health, love, children, creativity, self-development, and their internal aspirations will be clarified. Yes, thankfully, it is now the law in California.

Feng Shui combines with the flows of all energy. It is said that it is the balance of yin and yang and the natural earth's elements of fire, earth, metal, and water. Air is not part of the balance, which is helpful here in the estuary and park because in these parklands the focus of its energies is most

assuredly more toward the diversely blending materials of a firmer nature.

Thousands of years of Chinese development have proved that energy flows in waves which can be seen in nature as hills and valleys, and in the wriggling of streams, and even in the currents of air, if they are heavily laden.

While we all are aware that Chi moves in curious lines following the land's topography, what we forget is that such waves are helpful and natural and needed by our inner selves.

Here in the estuary and park, straight lines are conductors of negative energy called *sha chi* or "killing energy."

We can see this here in the park and most vividly in the massive, vile, east / west border fence of cold steel and gray concrete. The "killing energy" radiating from that monument to cultural separateness is even draining to be near.

So, Feng Shui is the center of life here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. The grand vistas and curious hidden places all have been designed and implemented to maximize your pleasant experience.

So that you might bring such peace, harmony and inner delights to those special places near where you might live, the complete transcript of Dr. Yee's new California

Law is included here. After visiting the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park you too will see Fen Shui's potential, *everywhere*.

Yes, here in these special lands, we and our children can see first hand the building of a Great Border Destination. Each improvement and each tax dollar spent is there for us all to see. In this time of budgetary crises, it is good to know that the state and county governments have given these few acres such high funding priority. Improvements to the park area have already cost nearly one billion dollars from our treasury and the improvements continue to this very day.

Yes, the cost so far is the equivalent of a year's savings for 200,000 entire American families. Certainly, the investment will all be worth it someday. The work continues. Just one essential improvement to the park is not even *scheduled* for completion until 2024. It has been estimated that this one small improvement will cost nearly \$5,000,000 and we all know how budgets are — so this estimate will become a victim to inflation, design changes, and even new and surprisingly rich archeological discoveries at the worksite.

Other needed and immediate improvements include a new \$8,000,000 park road and a new \$1,200,000 restroom.

Then there is the Tijuana Estuary Tidal Restoration Program (TETRP). This pro-

BILL INTRODUCED IN CALIFORNIA FOR FENG SHUI AND BUILDING STANDARDS:

BILL NUMBER: ACR 144

INTRODUCED BY Assembly Member Yee

JANUARY 5, 2004 Assembly Concurrent Resolution No. 144 — Relative to Feng Shui.

This measure would urge the California Building Standards Commission to adopt building standards that promote Feng Shui principles and publish these standards in the California Building Standards Code.

WHEREAS, Feng Shui is a natural earth science that reveals how people are affected by their immediate surroundings, and its core philosophy states humankind must live in harmony with the environment; and

WHEREAS, The practice of Feng Shui originated 4,000 years ago in ancient China when palaces and senior official residences were built according to Feng Shui principles that ensured that the royal families and senior court officials enjoyed harmony and high vitality living in a positive energy environment; and

WHEREAS, Feng Shui means wind (Feng) and water (Shui), and Chinese practitioners have focused their studies on obtaining the most benefit from the understanding of the flow of energies in the earth known as chi; and

WHEREAS, Feng Shui advocates living in harmony with the Earth's environment and its

energy lines, so that there is a proper balance between the forces of nature; and

WHEREAS, Feng Shui is widely practiced in China, Taiwan, Singapore, and Malaysia, and it is regarded as a vital part of everyday life in many parts of Asia; and

WHEREAS, Several western companies practice Feng Shui, including Citibank, N.M. Rothschild, Shell, and Sime Darby, and the principles of Feng Shui have become increasingly popular in western culture with fashion designers such as Donna Karan and Tommy Hilfiger integrating it in their showrooms, and entrepreneur Donald Trump consulting Feng Shui experts at his properties; and

WHEREAS, The structure of a building can affect a person's mood, which can influence a person's behavior, which, in turn, can determine the success of a person's personal and professional relationships, and the aim of Feng Shui architecture is to study how the environment in which people live may affect their lives and influence their quality of life; now, therefore, be it Resolved by the Assembly of the State of California, the Senate thereof concurring, That the Legislature of the State of California urges the California Building Standards Commission to adopt building standards that promote Feng Shui principles and publish these building standards in the California Building Standards Code; and be it further Resolved, That the Chief Clerk of the Assembly transmit copies of this resolution to the author for appropriate distribution.

gram is designed to “restore the tidal prism” to the Tijuana River estuary and one of the program documents states:

Chapter 2 Section III of the 1998 Management Plan articulates a new, bold vision for the Reserve that emphasizes its international geographic significance as the southwesternmost (sic) corner of the U.S. The Reserve is a largely undiscovered open space bordered on all sides by dense urbanized communities in the US and Mexico. At present the Reserve is not visitor friendly and contains degraded habitats.

“Not user friendly and contains degraded habitats” seems a harsh assessment of these lands, but then the TETRP received more than ten million dollars in taxpayer funds in just one year alone. Certainly, that proves prisms are expensive.

Thankfully, these lands employ more than 200 government workers as park rangers, technicians, interpretive facilitators, and grant recipients, at a cost of more than \$20,000,000 per year.

These programs are now being expanded to fund, with US taxpayer dollars, vast projects in Mexico as well, and to thus bring full employment to those peoples just across that imaginary line we call a border.

The mean spirited federal government Department of Homeland Security takes

an alternate view. They are now encroaching on these lands with a thin line of roadways and fencing. Slowly, and inexorably, they are building a narrow barrier to separate America from our neighbor, Mexico. Slowly, they are cutting our two great cultures apart. They are pressing what seems to be a massive cleaver of gleaming steel between our two peoples.

Yes, it is border, culture and language that separate us. They all must be tossed aside — even *crushed* — if we are to become One Culture, One People, and *One Earth*.

Here, along the border what was once a great open land of friendship and oneness all is being hacked to pieces. The hidden, private, secret places of the night, along that imaginary “border line,” are being exposed by the brilliant glare of thousands of vile blue white flood lamps glaring down from huge steel towers. Plumes of noxious exhaust float across the land from portable generators feeding those lights with their electricity. Hundreds if not even thousands of armed men, with *guns*, lurk in the shadows, their badges gleaming in the artificial light, their radios crackling and hissing all night long. Uniforms, boots, bullet proof vests, guns, leather, all combine to create a cold line of force along our border with Romantic Mexico. Testosterone rules.

Tragically, innocent travelers from the south who have simply crossed into the United States — across that arbitrary and

invisible line called The Border — are captured and transported great distances to centralized collection points and then pushed back across “The Line” and back into Mexico.

The Tijuana River Estuary and California Border Field State Park stand bravely in the breach, and offer all visitors of every race, creed, nationality, and sexual orientation a warm welcome, and the hope for a truly diverse and loving future.

The Source: Tijuana, Mexico

The Tijuana River has the romance of the Parisian Seine, the boyhood adventure of the Mississippi, and yes, it has the biologically teaming waters of its modern sister river, the Nile. It's most reassuring to know that its waters swirl across the Pacific Ocean and even wash the distant shores of Asia, and Africa, and the verdant islands of the South Pacific.

Because the Tijuana River gives life to the gentle birds who visit the river estuary and park, it is appropriate that we give the river the same approbation as the gentle channel from which avian life is released into the world — Cloaca. The river is huge and so incredibly life giving that “Cloaca Maxima” or “Cloaca Madre” should be its name.

The source of the nurturing waters that create the river, its estuary, and all the green park lands discussed in this book is

Tijuana, Mexico. Most curiously, the vast majority of all the visitors to the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park are also from Tijuana, Mexico.

Because of the incredible success the estuary and park have had in luring so many visitors from across the border it seems appropriate that the source of these waters, and the source of these many visitors, be given prominence and discussed in some detail.

Tijuana, Mexico, actually touches the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park's southern boundaries. The vast majority of all the visitors from the south — about 100,000 a year — are simple travelers who bypass the formal and bothersome entry procedures at the U.S. port of entry and who instead cross directly from their bustling city and into these verdant American park lands.

Most don't stay the many, many hours needed to enjoy the arguably confusing minutiae of the river and park and instead, either carrying heavy loads of valuable medicaments or as simple travelers with Los Angeles as their goal, easily traverse the park and continue their trek northwards. Curiously, most of these many visitors from the south do their visiting when the land is cool and damp, in the dark of night.

While the term "most" can have many meanings, in the present case we discover that of the approximately 101,100 actual visitors to the estuary and Border Field State Park each year, 100,000 are from Tijuana, Mexico, 1,000 are from the United States and the remaining 100 are from the someplace else in the rest of the known and caring world.

Statistics can be difficult to interpret. Certainly, in the present instant the numbers of "visitors" recorded by the various TRNEER agencies can be confusing. Each government employee working in these lands does in fact "visit" them each day he works. Thus, if we had 200 state and local government employees employed in these lands then that would be 200 "visitors" five days a week. That is more than 50,000 additional visitors a year. When we see the TRNEER statistics for numbers of visitors we see that they report about 55,500 visitors per year. Of course, if we think like they do then this is all true. But we need to then include the 100,000 travelers from

Tijuana, Mexico (making the visitor count 155,500) and then the 3,000 United States Border Patrol agents and their 365 or more visits per year which makes the grand total well over a million visitors a year to this magical place.

To add to these numbers we have the thousands of school age children who cross the border from Tijuana every school day and attend public schools in the United States funded by the American taxpayer. These children may also visit the estuary and park as part of their American school curricula. Thankfully, when they get older they can even go to an American college funded by the American taxpayer. All they need do is somehow, someday "plan" to provide some form of documentation of their legal status.

But what can there possibly be about the citizens of Tijuana that draws so many of them to this luscious belt of greenery and flowing water which we call the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park? Do they seek out the diversity? Do they enjoy the damp, moist, shaded spots which are so unlike their homeland? Do they yearn for a special closeness with rare flora and fauna? None of us can really say.

Because the source of these waters and the history of these interesting places is so vital to our understanding of the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, some portion of this guide must include that history.

There are literally hundreds if not thousands of books on the subjects of San Diego, and Tijuana, and Early California, but none seem to offer the detail needed to present a concise picture of the area.

The rest of this chapter is dedicated to an accurate history of this place and some of its people.

What a magic word, *Tijuana*. Many years ago the name of that great city was Tia Juana which was the Spanish version of the ancient Indian name for this enchanting place. The ancient Kumeyaay Indian term for the area was “Tijuan” which meant “by the sea.” Just a very few years ago it was modified to its present form.

Actually, there is some question as to whether the original name is Tia Tijuan, or Tijuana, or Tiwana, Tigwana or Tia Juana. The first recording of the spelling of the name is in the records of the San Diego Mission de Alcala of August 1824. An Indian named Santiago was baptized at the Rancho de la Tia Juana and it was duly recorded that way in the mission’s journal.

The native populations of the area are of three ancient groups: the San Diequito, the La Jolla and Pauma. Native migrations arrived in the area even 9,000 years ago. Many researchers suggest that the differences between these groups is their advance to milling tools including metates, manos, and even discoidals (dis-

coidals look like skateboard wheels).

Many researchers today suggest that the differences between the San Diequito and La Jolla groups, when defined by their tool sets, is not temporal or cultural variability but rather just a simple and pragmatic adaptation to their surroundings. Additional federal grants will soon be provided to root out the truth.

In the entire area there are four distinct Indian groups, the Kumeyaay, the Luiseños, the Cupenos, and the Cahuillas. About 1,500 years ago the Yuman and Shoshonean peoples came to this area. These peoples are today locally known as Kumeyaay. The local Kumeyaay are divided into three subgroups, the Ipai, the Tipai, and the Pai Pai. For more than a thousand years the Kumeyaay wandered the area in small bands. Many of these Indians slept in the open and migrated from one fresh water source to another. All of these groups believe that all life originated in the sea and that at one time all things (plants, animals, mountains and rivers) could talk to each other.

San Diego is a harsh environment. It is today a glorious tourist mecca but survives only because billions of gallons of fresh water are imported from hundreds of miles away. Before the importation of that water San Diego was survivable only through minimization of effort to reduce caloric requirements and the maximization of survival strategies which included a

streamlined life-style.

The local coastal Indian villages survived on a staple of acorn mush which was accented with octopus, abalone, clams and fish including grunion (a small slimy fish found wriggling on the beach by the thousands after a full moon). The Indians did not know of cloth. They did not know of the wheel. They did not have permanent houses and lived in temporary twig huts which are about the same size, and shape of a California pack rat's. The Indians were pure hunter gatherers essentially unchanged since they arrived even nine thousand years before.

Starting in 1539, the area was visited by Spanish and British and even Russian explorers and settlers. Melchior Diaz got as far as Imperial County, California by a land route, and Hernando Ruiz de Alarcon, who was supposed to provide Diaz with supplies by ship, reached a point even a few miles up the Colorado River.

Navigation was an art and not a science and whether it be Manila Galleons seeking Acapulco and a thousand miles off course, or ships driven off course by weather; they arrived. While we might think that California was a magnet for European migration the reality is that even in 1822 there were fewer than 4,000 Europeans in the entire state.

In 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo laid anchor in San Diego bay and named it San

Miguel. He also recorded in his diary that the local climate was "*delicioso*." In 1602, Sebastian Viscaino lead another expedition, anchored in San Diego bay, and renamed it San Diego after Saint Didacus of Alcala, Spain. San Diego also happened to be the name of the flagship for his expedition.

California was thought to actually be one huge island. Rumors were that the island was ruled by Queen Califa, a queen of black skinned amazons. So California is the land of Califa.

Spain claimed "right of discovery" to Alta or Upper California in royal decrees of 1744 and 1747. It seems that the czarina had sent Russians to explore the area and they were discovered seal hunting off the coast and even building forts (near what is now San Francisco). King Carlos III of Spain made the decision to claim these lands through occupation with settlements. He sent orders to Mexico in 1744 and 1747 to have the government there send expeditions to Alta California in order to establish what was called Right of Dominion. It was not until 1768 that these claims were acted upon.

In reality, Spain had been blessed with great fortunes from her explorations of the New World and while other European countries had dedicated even centuries to building a substantial manufacturing infrastructure and even a huge trading industry, Spain instead, spent.

Spain thought its future to be simply more rich new worlds to discover and ever more spending. In addition, Spain had yet to recover from the treason of some of her people and their betrayal of this Christian country to the Muslims. As impossible as it may seem, Spain was still recovering from more than seven hundred years of desperate war with Muslim Invaders.

We must understand that Mexico was not the only land of riches sending treasure to Madrid. From 1565 until 1815, Spanish galleons laden with the riches of the Orient including silks, porcelain, and spices all sailed once a year from Manila to the port of Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico. In the 16th century, these were the largest ships ever built by Europeans (the Chinese built larger ones). Some were even 1,200 tons, and hundreds of persons would be carried from Manila to Acapulco on one of these ships. The ships carried high value cargo and even used stacks of silver bars as ballast.

These ships steered 5,000 miles across the Pacific Ocean and as close to a line at 30 degrees north latitude as possible. They only sailed north of this line for good winds to keep their sails full. When these ships saw land they turned south. If things went as planned then the first land seen by the sailors would be the southernmost tip of Baja. The ships would then sail southward to Acapulco. The cargo would be off-loaded and sent overland to the Mexico's Caribbean city of Veracruz where it

was loaded onto ships bound for Havana, Cuba. At Havana, these ships would join the Treasure Fleet which sailed once a year for Spain.

English ships hunted along the Pacific coast looking for these Manila Galleons. Thomas Cavendish looted and burned the Manila galleon Santa Ana right at the tip of the Baja peninsula in 1587. George Compton chased the San Sebastian in 1754 all the way to the beach. That galleon's crew ran their ship aground on California's Catalina Island and tried to escape. George Compton then killed all of the ship's crew he could find. Eventually, Spain required all ships sailing along the California coast, including the Manila galleons, to stop at Monterey.

It was in this climate that King Carlos III sent Jose de Galvez to be Visitador General of Mexico. Sr. Galvez arrived in 1765. He had been a judge in Madrid and had been at the periphery of the King's Court and he knew politics. The Visitador General was like a temporary Inspector General and he held rank over the local Viceroy during his stay.

Northern Mexico was awash in blood. The Indians of the Sonoran desert were attacking the Spanish settlers. Sr. Galvez was no fool and he devised a way to use private moneys (to look good to the king) to fund a punitive expedition into the Sonoran wastelands and to make the Seri and the Pima and the Apache Indians see

The Big Picture — painted in their blood this time instead of a Spaniard's.

Sr. Galvez probably had certain “issues” and may have from time to time thought of himself as Moctezuma reincarnate or even the king of Sweden. He also may have proposed a punitive expedition into the Great Sonoran Desert composed of uniformed Guatemalan monkeys. But we must remember that whatever his tenuous connection to the realities of this world (or any other), he was most assuredly the man in charge.

Sr. Galvez had an ulterior motive and that was to find a land route to Monterey in Alta California. His ulterior motive was deep set and he was devious and he rummaged around in old records and discovered two of the Kings Orders that had yet to be followed. These orders detailed how the Catholic missions should be expanded and that they should act as the boundaries to the King's Dominions and that these new lands should be colonized, and that two ships should be constructed to sail to Alta California and patrol the coast (probably to look for the vile English and then maybe some Russians).

Sr., Galvez ordered the Viceroy (or Virrey) of Mexico, the Marquis de Cruillas to make it so. The Spanish Naval Base at San Blas on the Pacific coast was duly ordered to build two ships. San Blas not only made ships for the Spanish navy but they made cannon. They later made the mission bells

for the California missions.

At about this same time the king of Spain noticed that in Portugal and in France, the Jesuits were being arrested and their properties seized and all their riches remanded to the king. Carlos III decided that the Jesuits who ran his missions at that time certainly held a loyalty to Rome instead of to him and so secret orders went out to arrest all the Jesuits and to seize all of their property in the New World.

At about this time Sr. Galvez tried to expand his political power in Madrid and he sent a letter to the king saying that Sr. Cruillas — the Viceroy — had “*an inclination to presumption, haughtiness and despotism.*” The king replied to this letter not with praise but by demoting Sr. Galvez. Now Galvez and Cruillas were equal in power and had to work together to, among other things, find a way to rid central Mexico of its unemployed and ship them all to the borders (history *does* repeat itself). To raise money they also started a lottery.

The man nominated by Galvez and Cruillas to rid Baja California of its Jesuits was Gobernador Politico y Militar Don Gaspar de Portola. On November 30, 1767 he arrived at San Jose de Cabo on the Baja California peninsula set on ridding the place of Jesuits, and that he most certainly did.

As the Jesuits were shipped out the Fran-

ciscans were shipped in. The Franciscans were formed as a Catholic Order in 1209 and are named for Francis Bernardone of Assisi. The Franciscans are recruiters. Their mission is to bring all to The Faith and they are called “the fishers of men.”



Gobernador Político y Militar Don Gaspar de Portola

He rid Baja California of its Jesuits.

It was Sr. Portola who then bonded with the Franciscan Friars and convinced them to imagine the potential of new missions to the north. The Franciscans agreed. Sr. Portola now had the option of staying in the capital city in Baja, Loreto, and doing essentially nothing, or going with the expeditions to explore the north. The existing missions were pathetic and barely surviving. Portola’s hope was that vast riches might be found by creating this string of new missions to the north. Of course, nobody wanted to really pay what such an adventure would cost and so Portola closed two missions (Gonzaga and los Dolores) to save some money which could then be applied to the bill for these expeditions.

The general plan remained to create new missions, then settle them with people from the mainland, patrol the California coast, and create a land route to Monterey.

One might wonder why the king would still want to send Catholic missionaries. The reality is that nobody else wanted to go. The risks were huge and the rewards were proven to be minuscule. Also, missionaries were sent because they were free. We must remember that even America’s idealistic Peace Corps “volunteers” got paychecks. Further, almost nobody — once sent — ever came back. So the king needed to send people who worked cheap and had a “higher calling” so that such a one way trip would be acceptable to them.

Father Junipero Serra was born on November 24th, 1713 on the Balearic island of Majorca which is in the Mediterranean right off the coast of Spain. He held the Duns Scotus chair in philosophy at his alma mater, Lullian University, in Palma, the capital city of Majorca. Father Serra had two PhDs from that university, one in Theology and one in Philosophy. Serra left for Mexico in 1749 at the age of 37. It took 99 days for his ship to travel from Cadiz, Spain to Veracruz, on the eastern coast of Mexico. He reached Mexico City on December 31, 1749, and began his studies of Indian culture so that he could better bond with his future flocks. He spent much of his time in the missions in the Sierra Gorda mountains of mainland Mexico. He was only about 5'2"

and weighed about 120 pounds.

In 1767 he was ordered to Baja California as President of the Baja California Missions. His offices were at the mission Nuestra Señora de Loreto at Baja's capital, Loreto, 450 miles south of San Diego. Loreto was a beautiful small city on a pleasant wide beach facing the Sea of Cortez. Serra was responsible for the management of fifteen missions which had been built by the Franciscan's predecessors, the Jesuits.



Father Junipero Serra

He gave his life to the Californias.

When Galvez and Croix (not the King of Spain) ordered Portola to get the Catholic missionaries to settle Alta California, five expeditions were organized and sent north from Baja. Three expeditions went by sea and two by land. The land expeditions left from Loreto and the sea expeditions left from La Paz near the southern tip of Baja and 750 miles south of San Diego. Father Junipero Serra was the Superior of the Franciscan Friars for these expeditions and

Gaspar de Portola was the overall military leader. One land expedition was led by Captain Fernando Javier de Rivera y Moncada and the other by Portola.

Jesuit Missions of Baja California

1697 — Nuestra Señora de Loreto

1699 — San Francisco Xavier

1705 — Santa Rosalía de Mulegé

1708 — San José de Comondú

1720 — La Purísima Concepción de María Cadegomó

1720 — Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe

1721 — Santiago de las Coras

1721 — Nuestra Señora de los Dolores

1728 — San Ignacio

1730 — San José del Cabo

1733 — Todos Santos

1737 — San Luís Gonzaga

1752 — Santa Gertrudis

1762 — San Francisco de Borja

1767 — Santa María de Los Angeles

The only person with real experience in Baja California was Rivera. He had led expeditions throughout the area and had walked as far north as the Colorado river.

But we must understand that there were no roads, there was no water, and there was no food. If you made a mistake you could die. Sr. Rivera was assigned the most dangerous task of all which was to “go

first.”

Sr. Portola’s marching orders were: *“In accordance with my instruction, Portola will lead as chief in the exploration expedition which, in the Divine Word, is to be a march by land from the last mission of Santa Maria de los Angeles, situated on the Frontier of this peninsula at 31 degrees latitude to as far as the port of Monterrey at 37 degrees latitude.”*

The ships for the three ocean expeditions had been built, but before they could leave they had to be outfitted. There were no suitable harbors where they would be protected as they were being prepared for the journey north so a safe harbor with facilities had to be built from scratch. The vacant, barren, dry, bay at La Paz (hundreds of miles south of Loreto) was then outfitted as a staging area. One visitor to the place at the time said: *“... they are making preparations here that are unbelievable in such a remote and undeveloped country.”*

Two of the ship expeditions, the San Carlos and the San Antonio, arrived in San Diego bay in April of 1769. The third, their supply ship the San Jose, was lost at sea. Father Serra writes in a letter dated July 3, 1769: *“the San Carlos is without sailors, for all have died of scurvy, save one and a cook.”* Of the 219 who made up these expeditions only about half survived the trip.

The land expeditions fared a little better.

The northernmost mission in Baja was Santa Maria de los Angeles and was specified in the orders as the jumping off point for the expedition. This mission was really too far south to be adequate to the task. A forward base had to be created at what would become mission San Fernando Velicata, about 315 miles south of San Diego. This forward base of operations was then equipped with 400 horses and pack animals, hundreds of cattle, and tons of supplies. All of this was transported to this place across a completely desolate, waterless expanse of desert. These supplies had to be brought over the spine of Baja California with its peaks at over ten thousand feet.

These expeditions were most assuredly not what you see in the movies where three friars and a donkey happen over a hill and see San Diego Bay. In reality, nearly all the able bodied men in the entire (but small) capital city of Loreto were drafted into the expeditionary force plus Indian volunteers.

The first expedition took 51 days to march the 315 or so ground track miles from Velicata to San Diego. The lead expedition had to hack its way through the brush and clear a path for not only humans but for mules and oxen pulling carts. The second expedition took only 39 days but the route had now been marked out for them and the trail cleaned. The second expedition, with Father Serra and Sr. Portola, was well equipped for such a

brief journey and had 169 pack mules.

The measurement used for the journey was called the “Legua” or league. A league was 5,000 veras. A vera was a bit less than 33 inches at that time. It later became 33 1/3 inches. A league was the distance one could walk in an hour or about 2.6041666 miles. The distance from Velicata to San Diego was measured as 121 leagues by one expedition and 122 leagues by the other expedition. To make these measurements the explorers could only count their accurately measured footsteps.

There were two men responsible for keeping diaries for the land expeditions, Father Jose de Canizares and Father Juan Crespi. Their diaries comment on the Tijuana River Estuary and the border area itself. Both of these commentaries describe what is now called Goat Canyon at the US / Mexican border and part of the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park complex.

Canizares: *“In the morning we set out along the edge of the beach. After traveling about one league, I saw the rocky point above the port of San Diego, at a distance of six or seven leagues. We followed the shore and discovered a bay which extended more than five leagues inland. We followed along it, going northwest, but having found a running stream we stopped to water our animals.”*

Crespi: *“We set out in the morning course due northward. We had shortly to descend a very steep slope to a stream that was very deep down, but having got down, we commenced climbing up over a large pass for the reason that the way which we had been following along the shore was cut off by the land’s turning very “cliffy” along the seashore. On going about a league, we won past a point of land that had hindered us from seeing in what direction the sea ran onward; and there, for a vast distance along, was revealed to us the plain that we were to follow along the shore. We made our, from a small rise, the sea reaching far inland, and there caught sight of the ship’s main masts. After going for about three hours, we arrived at a handsome stream running with a good sized flow of water. The stream flows at the foot of the range that we have on our right during the whole day’s march and draws back over a league.”*

The first of the Europeans to enter what is now the United States was probably Father Juan Crespi who crossed the Tijuana River on May 13th, 1769. The group had started with 42 Cochimi Indian volunteers from Loreto, 25 “soldados de cuera” or “Leather Jackets” which are described later, and three men guiding the animals. By the time the expedition crossed the Tijuana River 30 of the 42 Indians had died. What was left of the expedition was nothing but skeletons and

the men's gums were bleeding profusely from scurvy.

Missions founded by Rev. Junipero Serra

- 1769 — *San Diego de Alcalá*
- 1770 — *San Carlos Borromeo*
- 1771 — *San Antonio de Padua*
- 1771 — *San Gabriel Arcángel*
- 1772 — *San Luis Obispo de Tolosa*
- 1776 — *San Francisco de Asís*
- 1776 — *San Juan Capistrano*
- 1777 — *Santa Clara de Asís*
- 1782 — *San Buenaventura*

Missions founded by Rev. Fermín Francisco Lasuén

- 1786 — *Santa Bárbara*
- 1787 — *La Purísima Concepción*
- 1791 — *Santa Cruz*
- 1791 — *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad*
- 1797 — *San José de Guadalupe*
- 1797 — *San Juan Bautista*
- 1797 — *San Miguel Arcángel*
- 1797 — *San Fernando Rey de España*
- 1798 — *San Luis Rey de Francia*

Missions founded by other Franciscans

- 1804 — *Santa Inés*
- 1817 — *San Rafael Arcángel*
- 1823 — *San Francisco Solano de Sonoma*

Father Junipero Serra arrived with the second expedition on June 29th. He established Mission San Diego on July 16, 1769 (the day of the Triumph of the Holy Cross), and the California mission system was begun. Father Serra's expedition to Alta California brought us 21 missions:

Again, and for the record, Father Serra created a mission on his way to San Diego. This mission was created at the jumping off point for the land expeditions, San Fernando Velicata, about 150 air miles due south of San Diego. Mission San Fernando Velicata exists today as nothing but two weathered bits of a single adobe wall.



San Fernando Velicata

The unknown mission of Father Serra.

Mission San Diego de Alcalá was established more than twenty miles north of the Tijuana river near the San Diego river on a hill about as high as the highest point in the Border Field State Park, Bunker Hill.

The local Indians were very suspicious and also had no concept of private property, unless it was something that belonged to *them*. After acclimating themselves to the presence of the Spaniards they began walking off with all sorts of things that looked interesting. The Indians usually took from the sick who were aware enough to complain of the thefts but too sick to do anything about them. These thefts included even the sheets the sick were laying on. The Indians had no knowledge of cloth let alone the value of many of the things the Spaniards thought vital to their very survival in this hostile land. The Indians even tried to steal the sails right off the San Carlos. When the Spaniards protested the thefts, the Indians attacked the settlers and destroyed the mission.

The settlers somehow persevered and the mission was rebuilt and it remained at this hillside site for five years. Hauling water to such heights and even just climbing the hill was tiresome. By having it on a hill it was, however, defensible and that had already been proven to be vital.

After five years of peace with the Indians the mission was moved to a more accessible location six miles easterly and at the very edge of the San Diego River. The decision to move the mission was made by Father Luis Jayme and approved by Father Serra. The new site was not only close to the San Diego River but also close to several Indian villages.

During the night of November 4th, 1775, eight hundred Indians from eighteen different villages stormed the mission grounds. They had been incited to violence by their religious leaders who didn't like the foreign competition. These eight hundred Indians pillaged the mission, burned it to the ground, and slaughtered the settlers. Father Jayme became California's first Christian Martyr and is buried under the altar of the church. Father Serra was away but quickly returned to the burned out shell with 12 soldiers for protection, and the process of San Diego's mission rebuilding was started.

While 12 soldiers may seem like a pitiful "rapid reaction defense force", they had horses and they had guns. Centuries before, when Cortez had arrived in the New World, he had watched as his men were kidnapped, trussed up to stakes, their limbs cut off while they were fully alive and awake, and these limbs then cooked and eaten by the Indians. The Indians would do this deed not fifty yards from the Spaniards. The Spaniards could smell the cooked flesh of their fellow comrades and most assuredly hear their screams. Swords are nice but guns are better. Further, a sword cut is bad but a bullet stuck someplace inside your body means at least a very slow death from broken bones, burst blood vessels and rampant infection. The Indians quickly discovered that "a tiny hole means big trouble", and stayed clear of people with guns.

The local Indians had bone tipped spears for fishing, bows and arrows for hunting, and a war club. The war club was called a macana and looked like a curved machete only made of a hard wood.

Normally, each mission had but four soldiers. As time went on, the soldier's weaponry was enhanced to more adequately meet the threat. The final accouterments for each soldier included two pistols, a rifle, a pack, and his horse. For protection from the Indian's arrows the soldiers still wore vests made from several layers of leather. The horses had heavy leather protection too. The common name for these soldiers was "Leather Jackets."

An early contemporary description of the soldier's outfit was written by Miguel Costanso of the Royal Corps of Engineers and describes the "Soldados de cuera:" *"The soldiers' ... defenses are the heavy leather jacket and shield. The first, made like a coat without sleeves, is composed of six or seven thicknesses of white deerskins, tanned, impenetrable to Indian arrows since they are not discharged from close range. The shield is of two thicknesses of raw bull hide. It is held with the left arm to deflect lances or arrows as the trooper defends himself and his horse. They use, besides the aforesaid, a kind of apron of leather, fastened at the pommel of the saddle and hanging over each side which they call armas or protection, which are folded over their thighs and legs so they will not be injured in riding through the brush. Their weapons are the lance, which they*

manage dexterously on horseback; the broadsword; and a short musket which they carry thrust into and made fast into its sheath."

This mission slaughter of 1775 did have some positive impact in that it fundamentally changed the look of the California missions and created a "California Mission Style" we see in high priced homes today. First, it encouraged all new roofs to be built from fireproof tiles. This is a lesson some San Diego residents have as yet not learned with more than 2,000 San Diego, California homes burned to the ground in one recent brush fire alone.

Out of necessity, the missions also became fortifications. The standard form of a mission became a quadrangle with exterior walls even six feet thick. The single story buildings had windows with heavy wooden shutters three inches thick.



Mission doors

To survive, the doors were three inches thick.

The San Diego de Alcala mission complex was also built in a quadrangle and the mis-

sion itself is 150 feet long and 35 feet wide and 29 feet high and built with walls of adobe. The mission is narrow because there were no trees available to make wider roof beams. The mission's windows are high up in the walls for security and because adobe is heavy and weak and cannot support the weight of the walls if the windows are closer to the ground. The high windows were originally fitted with thin translucent rawhide skins because there was no glass available.



Mission interior

Simple splendor dedicated to Christ.

Adobe is a truly an imperfect building material but it was all that the Franciscans had to work with. It can only be used in dry climates because rain will melt it. The architecture of an adobe building always offers extended roof lines to protect the walls from rain. There are no bell towers in an adobe mission because they cannot be built with adobe. The bell "tower" usually consists of a single arch with several small window pockets where small bells can be hung.

The San Diego mission was actually rebuilt several times. The first was after the first Indian attack within a month of the settler's arrival. The second when it was moved six miles eastward. The third was after it was burned to the ground and Father Jayme murdered. The fourth, after a massive earthquake in 1803. The fifth, in 1808. The sixth, in 1931 (when it was rebuilt to resemble how it looked in 1813). The only parts remaining from 1813 are some of the foundation, the beams over the doorways, and the floor tiles near the altar.



San Diego Mission de Alcala

Mission walls were massive and roofs of tile.

The San Diego Mission was one of the poorest of the entire string of northern missions. The land was terrible and water was scarce. Slowly, Mission San Diego de Alcala grew and encompassed 50,000 acres, with corn, wheat, barley, kidney beans and chick peas. The mission vineyards produced enough grapes for wine and its gardens yielded many varieties of vegetables. The mission owned 20,000

sheep, 10,000 cattle, and 1250 horses. These are amazing statistics considering that the area was nothing but chaparral and dust with no domesticated animals whatsoever when the Spanish arrived. These statistics are even more amazing when we realize that the local Indian tribes have yet to repeat or even approach such personal productivity in the nearly 200 years since the missions died out.

We must understand that the Indians were not beaten and they were not starved and they were in fact treated very, very well. Any stories to the contrary are pointedly propaganda. The average mission had only two friars and four soldiers. Later the mission would also have enjoyed the soldier's families. Surrounded by thousands of Indians these Europeans survived at the will of the local tribes. If an Indian ever was punished, the general consensus was that he deserved it. The Indians were treated so well in fact that Father Lasuén — who followed Father Serra — had to put the Indians on an “Eight Day Plan”. Indians could come from their villages and stay at the mission for eight days and then they had to leave and a new batch could come. This might be considered the first form of a year ‘round “summer camp.” The real problem was that Mission San Diego just could not support the number of Indians living nearby and then too, the Indians had a different agenda.

The Franciscans held all these mission lands in trust for the Indians. The plan

was to turn all the lands over to the Indians as soon as possible and as soon as they would actually know how to maintain the vast improvements the Spaniards had made to these lands. Unfortunately, the Indians had no interest in the “regimentation” required to actually develop or maintain the properties. Compared to their thousands of years as hunter gatherers, this sudden interface with the modernity of even 1780 was all just too alien.

We must also acknowledge the politically incorrect reality that this entire mission effort was a catastrophe. The many decades of wasted effort probably drove the Spanish Franciscans clinically insane and their attempts at ever more strict rules and regulations to try to get the natives to progress to a more modern society and way of thinking were an abysmal failure.

It may be hard to believe but the Spanish missions were fully active in California for only about 30 of their 54 years and were slowly brought down by what we would today call “leakage” or insider theft. The Indians did not really see the missions as progress, civilization, and commerce. Indians stole cattle and worst of all, they stole the horses (the highest value property on these lands) and sold them.

One cannot but see such an historically dismal reality reflected in American efforts in Afghanistan. While America brings “democracy, peace, and prosperity” to that land it remains as it has for a thousand

Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; February 2, 1848

TREATY OF PEACE, FRIENDSHIP, LIMITS, AND SETTLEMENT BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND THE UNITED MEXICAN STATES CONCLUDED AT GUADALUPE HIDALGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1848; RATIFICATION ADVISED BY SENATE, WITH AMENDMENTS, MARCH 10, 1848; RATIFIED BY PRESIDENT, MARCH 16, 1848; RATIFICATIONS EXCHANGED AT QUERETARO, MAY 30, 1848; PROCLAIMED, JULY 4, 1848.

IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD

ARTICLE XII

In consideration of the extension acquired by the boundaries of the United States, as defined in the fifth article of the present treaty, the Government of the United States engages to pay to that of the Mexican Republic the sum of fifteen millions of dollars.

Immediately after the treaty shall have been duly ratified by the Government of the Mexican Republic, the sum of three millions of dollars shall be paid to the said Government by that of the United States, at the city of Mexico, in the gold or silver coin of Mexico The remaining twelve millions of dollars shall be paid at the same place, and in the same coin, in annual installments of three millions of dollars each, together with interest on the same at the rate of six per centum per annum. This interest shall begin to run upon the whole sum of twelve millions from the day of the ratification of the present treaty by — the Mexican Government, and the first of the installments shall be paid-at the expiration of one year from the same day. Together with each annual installment, as it falls due, the whole interest accruing on such installment from the beginning shall also be paid.

years a despicable pit of warlordism, barbarity, child sex slaves, and drug smuggling. Two years into America's version of an Afghan War the opium crop was the largest it had even been in all of Afghanistan's history.

Once the Franciscan mission system collapsed, all but one of the missions turned to dust. Only the mission at Santa Barbara remained profitable and active.

If the missions gave California anything it was city names. Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, San Jose, and Carmel, are all mission names. We once could see our mission heritage in the flags, buildings and seals of the local California governments.



Los Angeles County Seal

Honoring the history of California.

One by one these acknowledgments of the foundation of this land in Christian Faith are being erased through legal actions of the ACLU. It should not be surprising to know that a mission bell or a slim gold

cross on a government seal must be removed no matter that the entire state is based upon what those Christian men brought here more than 200 years ago.

In 1821, Mexico gained its independence from Spain and the new government did not see the missions as profitable. On March 24th, 1829 the Mexican Governor of the State, Sr. Jose Maria Echerdia, gave nearly 30,000 acres to Sr. Santiago Arguello Moraga who named the area Rancho Tia Juana. The rancho was composed of six huge tracts. The Mexican Decree of Secularization of 1834 removed the administration of the San Diego mission from the Franciscans and gave it as well to Sr. Santiago Arguello Moraga. The ownership of the mission lands was disputed in the U.S. courts until 1972.

The title to all of these lands was then renewed by Governor Pio Pico in 1846 (for "seis sitios de grenado major" — six major cattle ranches).

A black and white photograph of a handwritten signature in cursive script. The signature reads "Santiago E. Arguello" and is followed by a large, decorative flourish that loops back under the name.

Santiago Arguello

Arguello held San Diego in his hands.

During the Mexican American War of 1847, the Mormon Battalion lived inside the San Diego mission. They built a second floor, stabled their horses on the ground floor, and lived on the floor above. They got to their second floor “barracks” using outside ladders tucked into the high mission windows.

The Mexican American War of 1847 remains with us today in the term “Gringo.” The American soldiers had several marching songs and “Green Grow the Rushes” was most popular and “Green Grow” became “Gringo.”

The Politically Correct definition of “Gringo” is that it comes from the word griego which is Spanish for Greek. This of course requires that the average Mexican native be so well educated that he knew that there was a Greece and that the people living in that land of “Greece” were called *Greeks*.

The reality is that most of Mexico did not speak Spanish when this word “Gringo” was created and most assuredly did not know that the earth was even round let alone that there was a Greece, so we have to seek a far simpler etymology. We might even be able to attribute the word to a date as early as Mexico’s dictator Santa Ana and his altercation with obstinate Americans at the battle of the Alamo (1836). The Alamo’s real name is Mission San Antonio de Valero and was a Spanish (Jesuit) mission established in 1718.

The obvious source of the word “Gringo” is from a song that was sung as early as the battle of the Alamo in 1836 and most assuredly by American troops in the Mexican American war to follow 20 years later.

The song was sung as a marching song and also to while away the hours at camp. It was written by Robert Burns.

Green Grow the Rushes Oh

by Robert Burns

There's no but care on every hand
In every hour that passes oh
That signifies the life of man
and twere not for the lassies oh

(Chorus)

Green grow the rushes oh
Green grow the rushes oh
The sweetest hours that e're I spent
Were spent among the lassies oh

The worldly race may riches chase
And riches still may fly them oh
And when at last they catch them fast
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them oh

-Chorus-

Give me a quiet hour at e'en
My arms around my dearie oh
And waryl cares and waryl men
May a gae topsy-turvy oh

-Chorus-

For you so grave you sneer at this
You're no but senseless asses oh
The wisest man the world e'er saw
Dearly loved the lassies oh

-Chorus-

The Battle Hymn of The Republic is an even more strange confluence of happen-

stance. The music is from a Christian Hymn. It received new words by a few men in the U.S. Army who were in barracks in Baltimore. They had a sargent, Sergeant John Brown, and they made up lyrics around him. No, the lyrics are *not* about the *other* John Brown of Abolitionist fame and Harpers Ferry. The song was quite popular in the U.S. Army. The specific battalion where it originated stopped singing the song when their Sergeant John Brown accidently drowned.

A husband and wife were passing a troop of soldiers who were singing the song and the husband asked the wife if she could / would write new lyrics. She did and sold them. The Battle Hymn of The Republic was born. The lyrics to even this now ancient part of Americana are changed from time to time. In the Korean “war” the line “die to make men free” was changed to “live to make men free”. That single line flips back and forth today depending upon the singer’s political persuasion and what is in the news at the moment.

It might be of interest to note that the Mexican American War of 1847 and the resultant Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848 actually moved the local US border *north*, not south. The original border of conquest was at Mision de Descanso and twenty miles south of its present line of demarcation. Further, the United States actually held all of Baja California as well and returned it as part of the peace

treaty. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo moved the border north to the old Mexican state borders between Baja and Alta California. The treaty did cut Sr. Santiago Arguello Moraga’s huge Tia Juana Rancho into two pieces.

In addition, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo required that the United States pay Mexico 15 million dollars in gold (Article XII) and also for the United States to assume all existing debts that Mexico might have with any Americans (Article XV). While possibly not Politically Correct in today’s climate, the fact is that the United States paid Mexico more than twice as much for what was essentially the Great American Desert than the United States did for all of Alaska. It is also under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that the United States agrees to police its border with Mexico (Article XI).

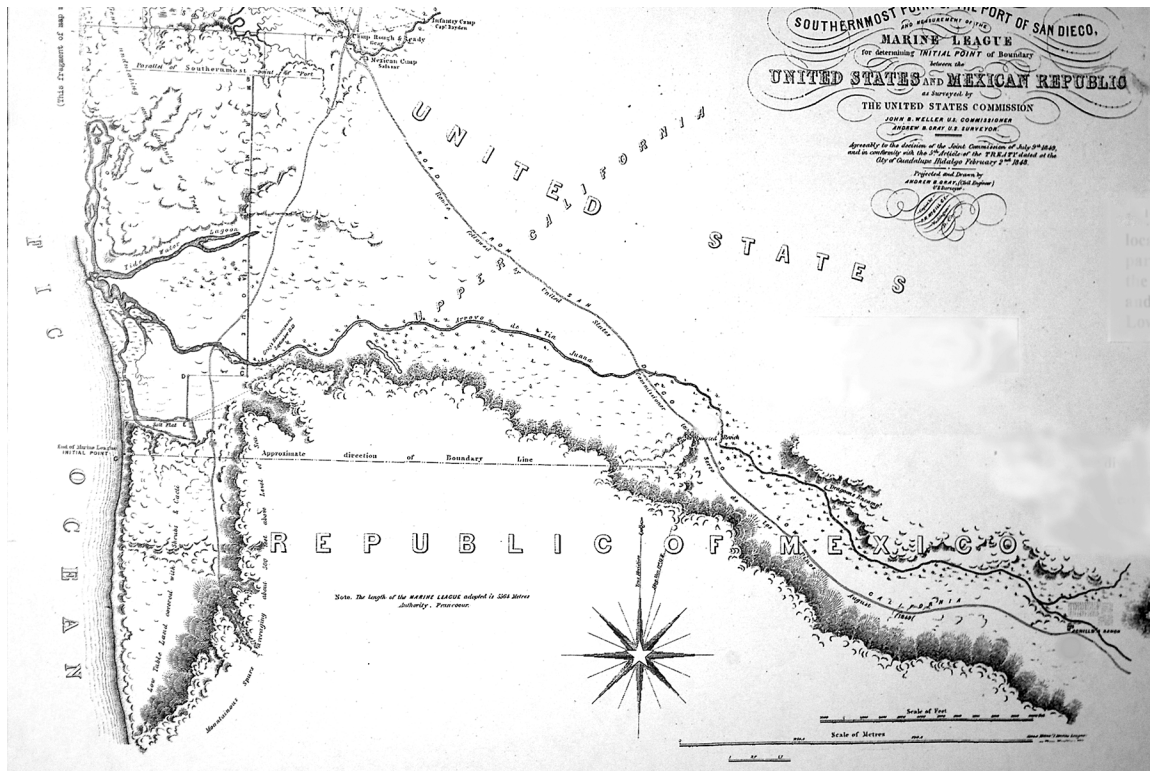
After the war, the Butterfield Stage Line connected San Diego with points east and the trail passed through Tia Juana on its way to Yuma, Arizona. A little later, one American was troubled by the placement of the new border and tried to take all of Baja California for himself. “General” William Walker finally surrendered, and to the United States Army, at Rancho Tia Juana.

Sr. Arguello legalized his ownership of his rancho lands by fulfilling all of the requirements to finally take title and this was confirmed by the President of Mexico,

Benito Juarez in 1861. The rancho lands below the border became what is now Tijuana.

San Diego's interest in the area probably began with Dr. David Hoffman of San Diego who rented some land in "Tia Juana" which offered a hot mud spring. He named it Aqua Caliente Sulfur Hot

Springs and opened it for business as a nineteenth century version of a New Age Health Farm for Americans. Thanks to the efforts of a William Ruben, who owned a stage coach and provided transport from San Diego to this hot mud, this business prospered and "Tia Juana" attracted the attention of Americans.



Pre war map of San Diego

Note that the Mexican "border" is on a line through the peninsula of Pt. Loma.

Tijuana, Mexico: 1900 to Today

By the year 1900, Tia Juana was a dusty mud brick one street border town with 242 citizens. The name changed at about this time to simply Tijuana. The river kept the name Tia Juana until the 1970's.

Tijuana started to take on a cosmopolitan feel in 1904 with the construction of a railway line from San Diego to Yuma which followed part of the old Butterfield stagecoach route.

Mexico fought a revolution from 1911 through 1921 and some of the revolutionary action was visited upon Tijuana and the local air was polluted with clouds of gunsmoke. A Sr. Ricardo Flores Magon and his followers fought their way up over the mountains from the desert town of Mexicali, and toward Tijuana. The "Magonistas" as they were called (although only nine were Mexicans), captured Tijuana one Sunday morning. Informed citizens of

San Diego actually came down to watch the battle (from a spot safely north of the border). There wasn't much to see because the Mexican Army drove the small band out in less than a day.

That is not to say that Mexico was not quite a vibrant place to be during its revolution. More than 10,000,000 people died during the revolution and that is equivalent to about 20 African Rwandas in a row or about 20 times America's casualties in World War Two. And unlike Rwanda (or World War Two), most of the victims of the Mexican Revolution were killed not with guns but with farm implements and it was one neighbor killing another.

There was a "San Diego" involved in all of this but it was San Diego, Texas, and not San Diego, California. There was at this time a "Plan of San Diego" to return all of

Texas to Mexico. There were certainly some energetic arguments about the merits of this plan and more than 200 Americans were killed during the discussions.

Looking back on the Mexican revolution, who can forget the Heroic Pancho Villa and his visit to Columbus, New Mexico with his murder of more than 20 Americans (including the murder of a pregnant woman), and his using the light from the flames of burning buildings to target the American civilians with his rifle fire. At Columbus's Commercial Hotel, Villa's men literally went up the hotel stairs and hacked the residents to pieces.



Columbus after Pancho Villa

Pancho Villa shot American women and children by the light of the town's burning buildings.

There was a small U.S. Army post nearby and Pancho Villa's men attacked them before dawn. The only Americans awake were the cooks and they fought the Mexicans with the only things they had which were buckets of boiling water and kitchen knives.

It might be of interest to note that Pancho Villa's activities were sponsored in part by Wells Fargo Bank.

Sr. Villa attacked Columbus on March 9, 1916, and then Nogales, Arizona, and Glenn Springs, Texas.

President Wilson sent the army and navy to seize the port of Veracruz to give our troops a port for resupply. U.S. Navy sailors fought the Mexican army to a halt and the Mexicans called them "bluejackets."



Airplanes against Villa

The first airplanes were used to chase Villa.

Ten American AB-3 Curtiss flying boats arrived in Veracruz and this was the world's first use of naval air support.

Sr. Villa's actions at Columbus and elsewhere so enraged President Wilson that he finally mobilized the entire U.S. Army and National Guard. In weeks, he quickly created the largest single cavalry force since the American Civil War fifty years before and ordered it against Pancho Villa.

General Pershing hunted Sr. Villa in Mexico for several months. These American troops were the first to ever use motor vehicles, including aircraft, in battle. They were, *technically*, not the first to use aircraft in military application in the Americas. That honor probably goes to a French mercenary who dropped bombs on ships in Guaymas harbor in 1913.

General Pershing was assisted by other officers such as (later) General Douglass MacArthur and (later) General (and even later yet U.S. president) Dwight David Eisenhower.

Even (later) General George S. Patton was involved and he shot a Mexican officer, tossed the man over the hood of his car and then drove around looking for someone who could identify the officer for the record books.

Two troops of black cavalry under the command of Captain's Charles T. Boyd and Lewis S. Morley also fought the Mexicans.

The Mexican government put more than 10,000 of their own federal troops along the border to stop us from getting to Villa.

Americans do seem to “forgive and forget” and just five years later Mexico was a popular travel destination for Americans. But “interesting events” would occur before then.

About this time, the Tsar of Russia was upset with certain people of Austro-Hungarian ethnicity and so he sent in his most feared (and most feared for good reason) agents, the OKHRANA, to whack their leader-to-be Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

This leader-to-be and his wife were touring Sarajevo at the time. Sarajevo was a backwater city in a distant part of his less than stable empire. There were questions asked as to why there was no security guard whatsoever for the Archduke and his Consort for this visit but arms were waved rapidly in the air, and fingers pointed in all directions.

In any event, their four car procession then began a tour of the area near the Mijach River when a Russian OKHRANA stooge, a Chabrinovich, tossed a bomb (they had not invented hand grenades yet) at the Archduke's vehicle. The fuse was too long and the bomb blew up under the next vehicle wounding a Lt. Merizzi.

The Archduke and his wife then drove directly to the town hall and “rebuked” the mayor of Sarajevo for his city's “Lack of Hospitality.” Then the three (and a half) car motorcade set off immediately for the hospital to visit the just wounded Lieutenant Merizzi.

The plot now thickens because the mayor came along and in fact actually *led the procession* and one might imagine that at least

he would know how to get to the city's hospital.

Of course he did, but that is not the way they went Instead the cars went down a certain street where another OKHRANA stooge, a diseased, under age, certified moron (really now, diseased, under age, and certified) was waiting with a pistol. The child-moron fired two well-aimed shots killing the Archduke and his wife.



Archduke Ferdinand

Many people did not like him.

Not to worry. The diseased, under age, certified moron would die in prison of tuberculosis before the Great War he had initiated had even ended.

If any of this sounds familiar (all of John F. Kennedy's girlfriends, Lee Harvey Oswald whacked by Jack Ruby who died very quickly in prison, and then we have Vince Foster) it is all a coincidence.

The fact that Russia had been sending the highest level intelligence to France for years, including "SIGINT" and that Russia and France were up to their armpits together in various dark schemes should not enter into this discussion.



Assassin of the Archduke

Under age morons can be useful. He is the one being dragged away on the right.

France was, for example, sending the Russians all the decrypted Japanese diplomatic message traffic that France could decrypt. The Russians had lost a war to the Japanese earlier in the century and were really interested in what these people might be plotting next.

Some brief amount of time passed and then most of Europe mobilized their armies and created hell on earth.

Germany most assuredly did then become embroiled in an incredibly vast and complex military matter in Europe. The situation looked bleak and so the diplomats in Germany decided to hedge their bets.

A diplomat in Germany (Herr Zimmermann) sent a telegram to the rulers of Mexico stating that should Mexico decide to enter the war on the side of Germany that Mexico would most assuredly get back all the lands taken from them by the Gringo-Americans under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo sixty years before. This was a most perfectly normal and quite reasonable offer, except American President Woodrow Wilson found out about it.

In 1912 Wilson had been Governor of New Jersey. When he became president he decided to back one side in the Mexican Civil War. He also told people that he considered himself the personal tutor for Mexico's selection of a form of government. Wilson was the son of a Civil War chaplain on the Confederate side. He read the Bible daily. It was said about him: "*He never thought about public matters, as well as private ones, without first trying to decide what faith and Christian Love commanded in the circumstance.*" In his declaration of war speech to Congress of April 2, 1917 he stated that Germany was a "*threat to Humanity itself.*" He also stated that "*the world must be made safe for democracy.*"

What also bothered president Wilson was

that the Germans had the nerve to use American cable lines to send the telegram offer to Mexico. How did he find out? No, the Mexican rulers most assuredly did not tell him. It was the British who told him.

We must also understand that Mexico was in the middle of that ten year long civil war and allegiances and loyalties were vague concepts of a more philosophical than concrete nature.

Remember too that we had just invaded the place to stop their impressive form of barbarity from constantly washing over our southern border and the Mexicans had mobilized 10,000 troops to kick us out.

It was also quite true that Mexico was most assuredly interested in "land reform" of this general if not this specific type offered by Germany, and may well be so even to this very day.

We must also understand that winning a war is usually defined by who winds up with the people and the land. So if it's *your* people who are on *the* land, then *you* won. *Comprende?*

The other link between Mexico and the Balkans is their music. Mexico has embraced this music and so if most of the Mexican music you hear sounds like some kind of an odd polka it's because that's exactly what it is.

But we must be very aware of the realities of the times. After 1900 the United States had invaded Nicaragua, Honduras, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, created a fake country of Panama (from the lands of Columbia) and occupied this fake country to build a canal. Then the United States built the largest ground force in fifty years and rammed it down into Mexico looking for Pancho Villa. This massive army was far larger than the army used to take those Mexican lands of the Mexican American War and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in the first place.

World War Two had the highest Military Participation Rate (MPR) of 12.2%. The Confederate side during the Civil War had an MPR of 13.1%. The Mexican War had an 0.4% MPR as did the Spanish American War an 0.4% MPR. The First Persian Gulf War had an MPR of 1.1% but that included all men and women under arms including those in Japan and Germany and South Korea.

Some countries are operated like companies looking for good stock prices and long term results be damned. Other countries (China and Mexico) take a more laid back view and realize that they can let the decades do the work for them.

We must also be fully aware that the "Lusitania" was not our cause for war in World War One. The Lusitania was sunk on May 7, 1915 and we went to war after President Wilson spoke to Congress on

April 2, 1917. That is about two years later with anybody's calculator.

Also, the Lusitania was a ship of war and was carrying troops. The Germans knew it was carrying troops, and the Canadians knew it was carrying troops because it was their troops it was carrying. They were marched to the gangplank and up into the ship and German spies saw them and counted them. The "problem" was that they were only to be sworn in as "troops" by and into the British Army when they arrived on the docks in England. Also, the ship was required to zigzag to avoid attack and it purposely did not.



Bank Vault Door

Tijuana was so close, and the U.S. Army so very far away. Thick steel bought time.

Violence along the U.S / Mexican border was "violent" and yet San Diego was trying to become a major U.S. Destination City for tourism and commerce. San Diego had not only a great exposition (The Panama Exposition of 1915) but it had a building boom.

Tijuana's impact on the community of San Diego of 1909 to 1925 can still be seen in the older buildings of the era. The First National Bank, Bank of America, San Diego Trust and Savings Bank all built new central bank buildings in San Diego during the 1910 to 1925 time frame. All of them built bank vaults several levels below ground and with doors eight feet tall and even two and a half feet thick. These massive armored steel vault doors were designed to save the banks' assets from Mexican bandits, or from the Mexican army (it was hard to tell which was which at the time) until lots of U.S. troops could arrive from Los Angeles 120 miles to the north.

About this time there was a flood in Tijuana and much of the town was washed away. This "cleansing" included the one border monument that people could get their hands on which was #257. While it was planted securely on high ground it was somehow "washed away with the flood waters."

During the middle of the First World War, with American GI's flooding down from San Diego, Tijuana became rich enough and large enough to become a municipality. At the same time, America's mischievous teenage troops were running amok in San Diego and to keep them from tearing the city apart San Diego's town fathers banned cabaret dancing and nightclubs. This act drove even more of America's wartime youth southward to Tijuana.

As required by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of nearly 80 years before, a United States Border Patrol was finally created in 1924.



Border Monument #257

Stolen at first opportunity.

One of the U.S. Border Patrol's primary limitations, implemented to enhance border cooperation, was "No Swashbuckling."

U.S. Prohibition was really enforced in the 1920's and Tijuana opened its doors wide and built hundreds of bars and nightclubs to lure thirsty Americans south.

Rum runners became a real threat on the highways and byways of southern California as the smugglers avoided or fought with U.S. Authorities to quench the thirsts of Americans.



Border Patrol in the 1920s

A simpler time was had by all.

As America entered into a Great Depression, illegal aliens in America were summarily deported. Tijuana became a staging area for them as they were pushed over the border. Most were handed full fare tickets on trains heading south at a cost to the American taxpayer of about \$15 per ticket. This would be equivalent to about a week's good pay.

Some of these people decided to settle in Tijuana instead of venturing farther south into Mexico. It was then that Tijuana's "colonias" were born. People could buy a large plot of land for just seventy five cents. Many of these colonias are no more developed today than they were when their new owners arrived in the 1930s.

Other colonias sprout even today as if from the earth like carrots, only quicker. One day there is nothing on a hillside and the next there are "houses." The Tijuaniastas have names for these people: "Paracaidistas" or "Parachutists" because of their sudden and unexpected appearance. Whether from the earth or the sky, they come.



Border Patrol in the 1930s

Footprints are footprints even today.

A major source of building materials in Tijuana home construction is worn out wooden garage doors from San Diego and points north. Fashion in Southern California once dictated that such doors be fabricated from plywood and be reinforced. Six of them give you four walls and a double-wide roof.

Yes, as America's southwestern urbanites convert to aluminum garage doors of the articulated type these older doors are stacked even eight feet high on the backs of pickup trucks and carted south.

After World War Two U.S. tourists began flocking to Tijuana, and the city boomed as a major destination for everything forbidden in the USA.

It is today a caricature of itself on steroids — if not on amphetamines, morphine, cocaine, crack, heroin, Angel Dust, PCP, Ecstasy, and hashish.

Tijuana has an official economy and tax base for a city of maybe half a million yet has a population of between one and a half and two million. Tijuana today is larger than San Diego, San Francisco, or Seattle, and defies all links to normal city planning and economic principles. Yes, the rest of the city's economy is based on drugs.

According to the report "Democracy in Latin America: Towards a Citizens' Democracy," published by the United Nations Development Programme, the 18 countries of Latin America today are a steaming quagmire of violence and crime. Further, the crime and violence are so bad in Latin America that fully 54.7 percent of the populations would prefer an "authoritarian regime" to the "democracy" they have now.

We are fortunate in that there are few places that are better examples of what "Diversity" and "Democracy" have wrought than Tijuana, and it so very, very close to America.

The city of Tijuana is today home to more

than a million permanent residents and possibly another 600,000 simple travelers who have just arrived and who plan to traverse the border areas and become part of the new grand centers of the Real Mexico deep in America.

In Tijuana, the newspapers are filled with stories about "Mas Sangre" — all most assuredly terrible stories about American Gringo-atrocities against simple undocumented migrant travelers and no reflection on any untoward activities which may have occurred within their own vibrant city itself. The violence is so bad that Tijuana's citizens have even held mass protests and street marches packed with thousands to call attention to their plight.

The popular saying in Tijuana is: "Tijuana, so close to America and so far from God". However, Tijuana is not Mexico and it is not *los Yunaites Estaites* — the "Spanglish" term for America. Tijuana is a rich blending of diverse peoples and that is its real strength. And that strength is coming to America. California has more than 8,000,000 undocumented migrants — simple travelers — living in almost completely insulated, isolated and yet culturally rich communities.

We must understand that the second most important place for Mexican politicians to campaign for votes, after Mexico City, is not Guadalajara or Juarez but Los Angeles, California, USA. Further, should a Mexican become a US citizen he main-

tains his key rights as a Mexican citizen.

Lastly, we have illegal aliens (if you admit that you came to the United States of America hidden in the trunk of a car, then you really, *really* should consider yourself an illegal alien) living in the United States who are now running for political office in Mexico. The state of Zacatecas, for example, has purposely set aside two congressional seats for such “migrants.” Yes, there is a “blending” of cultures going on.

Then too, for the eight million or so “undocumented” in California it’s really frustrating to be part of a community and be told that you just don’t matter. Just because you’re an illegal alien they tell you that you can’t vote.

The good news is that five municipalities in Maryland alone, including Takoma Park, which is a suburb of Washington, D.C., allow non-citizens a vote. The city of Chicago also allows non-citizens to vote. There are efforts across the country to change local and state laws to let the “undocumented” vote including in Hartford, Connecticut, San Francisco (of course), and Los Angeles. Another big target is New York City, where more than a million non citizens may soon vote. “Voting your pocketbook” takes on a whole new meaning when these people vote *your* pocketbook.

Tijuana is known for its night life and entertainment. American tourist pam-

phlets on Tijuana say things like “*It’s a place for adventure! Tijuana today can be one of the most exciting cities on earth if you know where to look.*” You really don’t have to look very far.



Tijuana Zebra-donkey

Hand painted zebra-donkeys abound. Get your photo here. You only live once.

Restaurants the likes of Cien Anos (“100 Years”) offers repasts found no place else on earth and include authentic Pre-Spanish Conquest delights such as cactus worms.

For over 100 years, the people of the United States have visited Tijuana for its

charms. There are hundreds of small cozy cafes waiting for visitors ready to enjoy the mysteries of possibly a thousand types of Tequila. Floor shows abound with exotic and raucous entertainers who invite or even demand audience participation. Diversity abounds and transgender, transsexual, and most assuredly transspecies diversity are all celebrated here on stage in the spotlights and accompanied by live music.

Door after door along Tijuana's Avenida Revolucion is filled with laughter and smells that some say are even intoxicating. The bars are always in a price war so expect to be lured in with "hot deals" like three cold beers for a dollar. If the caps are still firmly on the bottles it's probably a good deal.

Some of these establishments may spice their drinks with even Flunitrazepam (Rohypnol), or the animal anesthetic ketamine, to gain temporary control over their customers. Most of the Rohypnol available in Tijuana is even manufactured in Mexico. The Mexican tablets are round, white and slightly smaller than an aspirin tablet. Ketamine is a powder available at any animal feed store in Mexico. Neither of these formulations have any taste and so they can be added to any beverage.

Date rape drugs have all sorts of uses. The drug's effects begin within 30 minutes, peak within two hours, and may last for as long as eight hours. The ideal victim is vis-

iting Tijuana alone. These individuals are then robbed or even kidnapped and then held while their credit cards are used at a nearby ATM.

Lunch can be a simple and safe repast offered by any local street vendor. The luncheon of choice is the "Torta" — a hard roll sandwich with indescribable contents of a meaty consistency. Refrigeration is costly and limited so add the hot sauce, *lots* of cilantro, and enjoy.

One local place to visit is the Tijuana Wax Sculptures Museum (Museo de Cera de Tijuana) which is located downtown. The Tijuana Wax Sculptures Museum features a life sized Aztec sacrifice with the victim split open like a fish and blood dribbling everywhere.

Everywhere in Tijuana there are Tijuana policeman. The city is of course, absolutely safe. Guns are completely outlawed in Mexico and so crime is nonexistent.

In Tijuana the police are not "cops" and they are not "pigs" but instead are called "perro" — dogs in the Tijuana vernacular.

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration has reported that even 80 percent of police officers, prosecutors and judges in Tijuana and in the state of Baja California are on a drug cartel payroll.

While "Chief of Police" and "thirty six years in prison" make an odd combina-

tion, they do go together quite well when they describe Police Chief Antonio Hermenegildo Carmona and the 36 years he just received for aiding Tijuana's Arellano Felix drug cartel. Then too, as guns are outlawed in Mexico we need not discuss the machine gun he had in his house "just for emergencies."

"Crime" is a bad word and only the mean spirited would utter it in the same sentence as "Tijuana." There are, however, whispers about kidnappings of scores of persons each year in the city and the quiet exchanges of huge bundles of cash.

Body guards look good but you can't always be surrounded by six of them. Sanyo discovered this when their local manager, Mamoru Konno, was suddenly vacuumed from a Tijuana street. He was held for ten days by local taxi drivers until Sanyo paid the \$2 million. His adventure reached the media only because the kidnapping had been orchestrated by rank amateurs.

Mexican singer Vicente Fernandez moved his entire family from Mexico to San Antonio, Texas, after paying off the kidnapers to get most of his son back in one piece. The other piece had been sent earlier to prove that the kidnapers actually had the kid.

Spain now warns its citizens about traveling to Mexico after eight of its citizens were kidnapped and six of them died.

Of course, then when is "kidnapping" really kidnapping? Here in Tijuana being trapped in a taxi for hours, beaten nearly to death, and your credit cards and ATM cards used while you are so claustrophobically ensconced isn't kidnapping. They did let you go, didn't they?



Good road

Stay on roads like this and stay alive.

Kidnapping is a quick cash generator for many in the city and so it is best to travel only on local toll roads and not the "romantic close-to-the-people dusty roads" with the temporary blockades and torches (torches only after sundown). The U.S. Embassy keeps lists of such incidents and they include robbery, kidnapping, and even the murder of an Egyptian diplomat.

The U.S. Embassy advises U.S. citizens not to hitchhike or accept rides from or offer rides to strangers because it vastly complicates their work day and the shipping of bodies back to the United States requires a lot of paperwork.

Sometimes all this action spatters northwards over the border. Thanks to the triple fencing along most of the local urban border areas these spatterings are limited.

One place where they still occur is in the huge concrete lined flood control channel which splits Tijuana into two pieces. Miscreants will make some effort to escape the Tijuana authorities and head for the border. These individuals will even drive their cars at high speed right up the middle of the flood control channel with the authorities in hot pursuit.

While an American police officer might

spend months in a Mexican jail for crossing the border (he had a gun in his possession, after all), the Mexican police chase their prey deep into the USA.

U.S. authorities have placed massive concrete barriers across the flood control channel right along the yellow line which demarcates the border to stop these northward bound adventures. The barriers might be washed away with the next big rain but they do their job for now.

Tijuana consists of a paved core which is surrounded by barren barrios of distinct violent subcultures. It is always best to



Tijuana: The city and the river

Tijuana is divided into two parts by a massive flood control channel. The international border is the diagonal line. The Port of Entry is at the top left corner of this image.

drive through the romantic Colonias in convoy. If one of your vehicles becomes disabled, then the other vehicles can offer a quick escape.

Yes, there are issues regarding certain emotional events among some individuals in the city but the actual murder rate in Tijuana is certainly not more than about 1,500 per year (San Diego, California has a murder rate of less than 100 per year). Of course, this body count is an *actual* body count. This is the number of people discovered on the street, in cars, in houses, or mysteriously plopped at Tijuana's city dump. The 1,500 does not include the vast numbers of "others" who find their way into shallow graves scattered across the 10,000 square miles of desert sands from Tijuana to the Sea of Cortez.

For example, six people were dragged from a house in the Colonia of Guaycura and their fermenting bodies were later found scattered in isolated areas near Tecate and Ensenada. In the Colonia of El Sauzal, 19 people were ripped from their beds and then lined up and machine gunned. Is this unusual? No.

While Rio de Janeiro or even Mexico City are in to armed robbery or even pickpocketing (where the crimes are not intended to injure the victim but just separate him from his cash), Tijuana is different. In Tijuana the *intent* is to at least injure and usually the intent is to kill.

Yes, Tijuana does have certain "issues" with murder. The murder rate in the United States is about 5 per 100,000 of the population. Tijuana has a murder rate that is about 100 per 100,000 of the population.

The city of Tijuana actually has a higher murder body *count* than all of Western Europe combined, but such excitement and spice make a quick visit south just that much more interesting. The recent political situation in all of Iraq averaged 560 deceased Americans per year which is about the number of deceased for just the Grand Barrio in Los Angeles, California, USA, or about a third of Tijuana's score. Tijuana is assuredly demonstrating its excitement and spunk. The police are — truly — just for show.



Tijuana Security

These "non-soldiers" carry full-auto assault rifles and are velcro'd into hot and heavy body armor.

Yes, it is also true that in Tijuana there are, on average, ten mysterious events each year where policemen have somehow ended their lives. This tragic situation includes the unfortunate end of Federico

Benitez Lopez, the Tijuana Chief of Police. It is only a rumor but some speculate that the 54 bullet holes in his body were simply an accidental discharge of his personal revolver when his car was callously bumped at a stop light.

It is unfortunate but Sr. Federico Benitez Lopez is not the only Tijuana Police Chief to recently, and quite spontaneously depart to immortality. Three other police chiefs have recently been murdered in Tijuana: Arturo Ochoa Palacios, Isaac Sanchez Perez, and Alfredo de la Torre Márquez.

Then too, the former commander of the federal police force in Tijuana, is under investigation in the murder of State Prosecutor Hodin Armando Gutierrez Rico who was accidentally shot 150 times while standing in front of his house, and then tragically, and certainly accidentally, run over by a large truck.

Yes, and the former commander of the federal police, Rodolfo Garcia Gaxiola, is now under a cloud of suspicion for possibly having whacked Sr. Gutierrez because he was planning to arrest Sr. Gaxiola in connection with the murder of the Tijuana police chief, Jose Federico Benitez Lopez. It seems that the now very dead police chief had turned down a \$100,000 bribe from the drug traffickers sometime just before he expired.

Even the local cops on the beat can disap-

pear only to be found in the trunks of cars with American dollar bills sprinkled on their corpses like rose petals as a special message to all those “in the know.”

With about 1,500 murders a year in the city it is good to know that more than 75 percent of Tijuana’s murders are simply scores being settled between the many drug gangs.

Cali, Columbia, may be the world’s center of drug violence with an average of 2,000 dead per year, but Tijuana is a smaller city and so the per capita death rate is actually higher in Tijuana.



Tijuana Paddy Wagon

Cruising for prison passengers. “Pardon Senor, No aire acondicionado aqui.”

Tijuana can be an exciting tourist destination, with more than 40 executions right on city streets in one month: Mesa de Otay (16 dead), La Mesa (14 dead), and downtown Tijuana (11 dead). The people in America who want “Open Borders” should enjoy some of this excitement, personally.

American tourists visiting Tijuana do face a good chance of being in the middle of one of these events and really having something worth talking about back in Omaha, even collecting some smoke stained bullet casings off the sidewalk to show around at coffee with the girls.



Tijuana Armored

Solid rubber tires and many inches of steel plate.

Tourists should remain alert. There are several police stations in Tijuana and even one right at the San Ysidro Port of Entry (POE). Certainly, the one at the POE should be the most secure and the most carefully watched. But it was here at the POE police station that American women have been raped by Tijuana Police.

In one case, while the husband and his nine year old son were taken to an ATM kiosk to get money for the bribe, the wife was subjected to extreme “duress”. The music being played on the radio as background music at the time was either Rancheros or Narcocorridos (see chapter dedicated to this genre). The police of

Ensenada (a few miles south) have been known to gang rape tourists right inside their main police station.



Tijuana Authority

You do not want to go in there.

The good news is that the Mexican army has finally left the city. For many years the army held the place together at the tips of their bayonets and were enforcing the will of the PGR (Baja California state police) quite “strenuously.” Everything then was just too quiet. Tijuana is a far more lively city now that the army has gone away.

The city of Tijuana is quite romantic and yet emotional and the people mercurial.

On any average day in Tijuana there can be three completely unrelated, but tragically huge, events among the vibrant population. Some have said that the loud bangs are only celebratory fire crackers and yet inflammatory and quite specious reports say that they are pitched gun battles and armed robberies.

On just a single day something huge will occur in the fashionable “Zona Rio” area of town and on that same day something huge will occur in the La Mesa commercial district. And yes, that very same day, loud noises may be heard right at the US / Mexican border and in one case it involved two Tijuana policemen (Antonio Garcia and David Cruz) and three other men who some delusional witnesses said may have been holding ... guns. The two policemen do seem to have ended the day leaking profusely and did expire at the scene from unknown causes.

In 1994 a Mexican presidential candidate died suddenly in Tijuana to the accompaniment of loud noises. The mean spirited say that the candidate’s demise was part of some narco-political conspiracy with Mexico’s president Carlos Salinas de Gortari at its head. Somehow, the area of the incident was bulldozed within days, the “gun” discovered at the scene was somehow lost at the police station, the bullets stuck in the candidates body were never found, and while there were approximately 5,000 people surrounding the candidate at the time, no one saw a thing.

While this may seem outrageous, we here in America have the interesting historical event of a White House confidant of Hillary Clinton’s, Mr. Vince Foster, suddenly departing to the clouds and winding up plopped deep in a local Washington, D.C. park with no dirt on his suit or shoes, a bullet hole in his head with no bullet inside the hole, and all the blood scab dried dribbling uphill when it should have dried dribbling down hill.

All such events are usually investigated by Tijuana police driving new SUVs. Curious newspaper reporters from America have noted that many of these SUVs still had their California, USA license plates and seemed to still be registered to Americans hundreds of miles north of the border. Through some confusion, these American owners had even reported their vehicles stolen.

Efforts are being made to placate America tourists who seem to be intent on causing emotional distress among the Tijuana police community. Nearly a hundred TV cameras have been installed at major tourist centers within the city to record the scene 24 hours a day. No longer can American tourists inflammatorily accuse the police of wrongdoing.

Efforts are now being made to strenuously enforce traffic laws especially on tourists and with the laying of heavy fines to thus minimize as much as possible the potential for touristo-terrorists. Tourists must

be the culprits and must be controlled.

The most dangerous place to drive your car in Tijuana is near Avenida Revolucion and Avenida Constitucion and Second and Third Streets. Over 60 percent of all accidents there are rear-enders and Mr. and Mrs. Gringo-tourist don't have a chance.



Molino Rojo

Moulin Rouge, Tijuana style. There's "Boom Boom," but no "Can Can."

Even the stiff collard downtown Tijuana business district is rich with diverse themes and interests. The quaint streets of Zona Rosa are a celebration to diversity

and to wide ranging urges. Most permanent residents in the district are women while most visitors are men. Of course, in this picturesque district of narrow lanes and interesting smells diversity can be explored as dramatically as anyone might possibly wish. Many say that only on such lively Caribbean Isles as Dominica, with its northern portion embracing the approbation of Haiti, can one come close to the potential of Tijuana's Zona Rosa.

In nearly all the bars in Tijuana there are what are called "ficheras" who are girls employed only to get you to spend money on them. If you enjoy spending \$10 every fifteen minutes on someone who does not speak English and with whom you will get no farther than a quick whack in the head out in a back alley then this is your kind of tourism.

In Zona Rosa, however, things are really different. Along these romantic lanes are the many street walkers and "clubs" waiting for the eager. The "clubs" include the Molino Rojo, Chicago, and Adelitas. There will be a strange man with a clip board out in front of each and his job is to record the ins and outs of the "girls." The interiors of these places include a stage and most interior decoration is done in an off-red motif.

When you (male, female, whatever) go inside you can sit down and wait for the girls to visit you. If they are abrupt to you then you may not get much for your

money, later. The girls will cost you \$60 for the girl plus \$15 for the hotel room.

The girl will take you to the hotel associated with the “club” you visited. You will have about 20 minutes to do whatever on earth you planned to do and that’s all. Someone will start banging on the door of your room at the 20 minute mark and get down-right noisy very quickly.



Chicago Club

If you can pay for it, you’ll get it.

The room will consist of a bed or hard table-like surface and may or may not even have running water. The room will be about the size of a closet or American

bathroom. Your hotel room rent will have included one towel but she will use it first and so you might just want an extra.

The girls can turn 20 customers a day and most of those customers will be carrying something you really, really, *really* do not want but will most assuredly get.



Tijuana hotel

“Hotel” is a real stretch, but 20 minutes is enough.

Streetwalkers are also wandering around in this area and they seem to stay near Constitucion and Callejon Coahuila streets. They will be under the trees or leaning against the walls just waiting for

you. If you walk within arms reach of them they will grab at you. “Hey, Gringo, you want a good time?”

The price for a street walker is \$15 to \$25 and that’s not for what you wanted and most assuredly not what you will be getting. If you want them to remove clothing, then you pay more. If you want to touch their breasts then you will pay more. If you want to walk away without any (or all) of the five most virulent STDs on earth then stay north of the border.

But it’s best to stand back and just look at The Big Picture. Sodomy is now legal in San Francisco and that city is even giving out “permits” right at city hall so it would seem you might have a better time there.

But they couldn’t stop there. San Francisco has just removed the last vestiges of morality with “massage parlor girls (boys, whatever) not required to have any license or even get a criminal background check or even be fingerprinted.

So the reality is that however virulently despicable Tijuana may be, you might now be “safer” in Tijuana, Mexico, than San Francisco, USA.

The entrepreneurial spirit is alive in Tijuana and it starts at a young age. Clusters of boys between 12 and 16 often patrol the streets. The singular American male Gringo they may encounter — day or night — may be lightened of his wallet

if not even smallish parts of his body. The singular American female fares far worse.

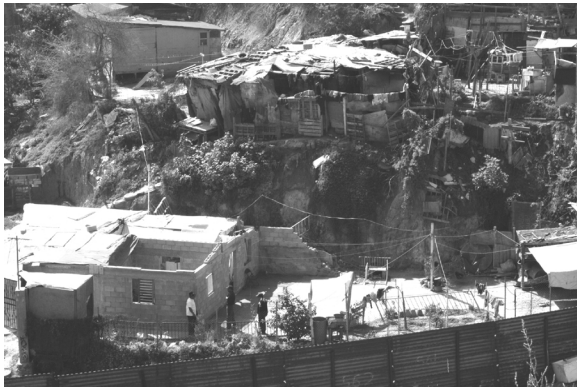
These children find strength in numbers and in total independence and do completely fend for themselves. Feral dogs are more polite. Many of these children live in deep caves that they have secretly dug beneath the concrete slabs of hillside homes. They will huddle together on cold evenings sniffing the gentle vapors from glue, or paint, or gasoline — all substances that are far removed from the evils of American drugs.

But their brains are much smaller now and these lively children have become precocious and wildly unrestrained in their actions. They create a true spectacle of vigorous youth. The girls have their own groups and almost all seem to hope to grow up and work the cafes and night clubs of Avenida Revolucion. There are about 1,000 boys and girls so busily occupied with this life today in Tijuana, Mexico.

When these bands of eager youths cross the border and enter the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park (which they most assuredly do) we all can greet them with open arms and allow them to share our picnic baskets.

The eastern sections of the city hold various local but diverse districts — including Colonia Libertad. It is in many of these Colonias where Mexico meets America.

Here, hillside homes overlook the Tijuana river estuary and the park. As part of the natural embodiments of the region, roosters crow from dawn to dusk. As with much of Tijuana, there is no running water or sewer system. These homes often have but a deep pit at the back as their toilet facility and sometimes these pits are actually emptied.



Tijuana Colonia

Life so close to America and so far from God. The border is the fence at the bottom of the image.

To keep their Colonias clean, residents tidy the land and gently place the detritus of their city over and beyond the border fence. Due to America's federal, state and local health rigidity, American sanitation crews are paid great sums to (depending upon what is dumped) quickly, and certainly daily, carry away these gifts.

In this way we are thus blessed with the resurrection of one of the Great Glories of Ancient Rome. There is no reason to travel to Italy when we can savor such historic practices right here and so very close to home. America now has its own

Esquiline Gate and can enjoy the wide diversity and strata of life that is normally hidden from us in our ever-so-clean milieu. Here along Tijuana's northern edge we have the mounds of feces, the bones, and the trash which hearken back to ancient places which were recounted in Latin as "the haunt of witches, who strip the flesh from the corpses."



Colonia Libertad

Hillside retreats are just a jump away. The border is the fence at the bottom of the image.

If only we did not mean spiritedly steal these treasures that were so gently placed over our border wall and laid upon our lands. Most certainly, by now if left alone the mounds would each be 200 feet high and a beacon for cultural interplay and an intriguing playground for our children. These gifts by now would most assuredly be prominent contenders for taxpayer funded art grants from the federally funded National Endowment for the Arts. Such grants are offered for what is called "Performance Art."

At the far eastern edge of the city is the

Rodriguez International Airport. While fondly named an “international” airport, nearly all the flights coming and going are actually domestic. There is no need for callous security affronts as seen at American airports. People from many cultures and lands can wander the field and even climb the many stairs and visit the inner workings of the airport’s control tower.



Colonia Libertad development

View homes are everywhere, ready for you.

Mean spirited Americans say that a fully fueled 747 could depart Rodriguez International’s east-west runway and without even climbing higher than 600 feet the plane could gently bank its silver wings and in less than three short minutes arrive in downtown San Diego and sprinkle itself hither and thither and with great notoriety — not to mention an even more spectacular landing on one of America’s huge and uranium powered nuclear aircraft carriers which are moored two at a time in San Diego’s harbor. The obvious and desperately needed fix is layered arrays of anti-aircraft guns facing south, because

it is just a matter of time before this happens, and time is very short.

Tijuana’s Colonia Aeropuerto is home to not just the airport but to La Mona which is a huge concrete replica of the Statue of Liberty sans clothing and with her upraised hand a fist pointing to the United States in the international “screw you” symbol. This edifice to art is not just an airport statue with pubic hair but somebody’s house. The “artist” has said: *“Give me enough re-bar and an oxyacetylene torch and I’ll line the border with giant nude Amazons.”*



Border detritus is art

The leavings of a busy city are removed daily, or even sooner (if it’s a body).

To the west side of Tijuana is the commercial district and westerly from there are many ornate hillside residences. Many of these residences are filled with large families with familial links or even what we might call tentacular appendages reaching thousands of miles to the south to Columbia and even ten thousand miles to the east to Afghanistan. While they consider

themselves simple families, we in America have embraced a different, if most assuredly mean spirited, term for them: The Cartel.

The “ratta tat tat” sporadically followed by the subtle counterpoint of “Brrappp ding ding clank” one hears on warm summer evenings in Tijuana is only the distant echoes of automatic weapons fire as familial entanglements and disagreements are settled within The Cartel.

There is a Mexican group far worse than The Cartel and it is called “Los Lenones.” An entire chapter has been dedicated to them and their competitors now operating in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

The local but hateful American newspaper, The San Diego Union-Tribune, seemingly ignorant of the cultural sensitivities of Tijuana and its people offers headlines such as “Feds block homes in drug cartel probe” and “Shootout gives hint the Arellano-Felix drug cartel is split” and thus fills its pages with lurid stories — insulting as they may be. In the present case the articles were on the very same page and covering 40 column inches.

Much of Tijuana city life is centered on the rise and fall of the fortunes of The Cartel and The Cartel’s exportation of certain highly refined agricultural products to the USA. Because the Tijuana river estuary and Border Field State Park are literally

less than an inch away from this massive enterprise, a more detailed discussion of The Cartel is in order. Most assuredly, their couriers visit the estuary and park daily and by the dozens.

Tijuana’s Arellano Felix Organization — The Cartel — still supplies about a third of all cocaine sold on America’s streets and huge portions of the marijuana. Because these refined agricultural products are so very important to Mexico’s economy, odd situations occur which are curious and yet fascinating and something you might well experience first hand during your visit to Tijuana or to the estuary and park.

In one such “situation” the Mexican Federal Judicial Police encountered a hundred Baja California State Judicial Police who were also engaged (after hours, of course) as personal bodyguards for The Cartel’s leader Javier Arellano Felix. Thousands of bullets buzzed through the air. Bodies lay scattered and dribbling various fluids in the warm hazy sunlight. Javier Arellano Felix — “El Señor, or also known as, “El Min” — survived the event.

In another situation two Mexican Federal Police agents were gunned down right on the Tijuana courthouse steps after they had testified in a legal matter concerning The Cartel and some of these highly refined agricultural products.

In the nearby Mexican State of Morelos, all 552 of the state’s police detectives were

fired under suspicion that they were providing protection for the drug traffickers.

Tijuana tourism takes on a whole new meaning when we discover that even Tijuana's Director for Tourism was arrested under a cloud of proven drug sales.

The Arellano Félix Cartel may be the most lethal criminal organization within 5,000 miles of San Diego but that does not mean that it is perfect. The Cartel's Efraín Pérez Pazuenga, Jorge Aureliano Félix, and seven of their accomplices were recently passengers in an armored convoy rumbling through Tijuana's Zona Rio high class district on their way to serious prison time. Sr. José Manuel Ayala Mora, an homicide detective for the state of Baja California; Alfonso Escobedo Villalvazo, a former Baja California Police agent; and Alberto Antonio Gómez, a former federal police agent were included in this handcuff parade.

Business continues and Eduardo Arellano Félix, a former medical student, now oversees finances for The Cartel.

The Cartel has had issues with the editors of the local Tijuana newspapers. We all must agree that a tendentious Letter To The Editor has little weight when compared to launching a fusillade of 300 machine gun bullets through the newspaper's front door.

The Tijuana weekly paper Zeta was brought to task for its editorial stand when the paper's editor was wounded and his bodyguard ascended to immortality during an early morning discussion. A squad of young adults surrounded their car and perforated it in a vast number of places. The youths were so enthusiastic in their interplay that they accidentally sent one of their own to visit La Santa Muerte in this flurry of bee-like whizzing of bullets and clouds of burned cordite.

La Santa Muerte is, by the way, the latest import from Mexico. La Niña Blanca, Santa Marta, Martita, La Flaca, all are names for the saint. This is the Saint of Evil and is represented by a cloaked female skeleton. While nobody has told the Pope that this saint exists, you will see it everywhere in Tijuana and soon on streets near where you live, just wait.

With The Cartel taking serious pressure at the top of U.S. DEA's Hit List, the lesser ranking drug organizations are more active in the city. The Ismael "Mayo" Zambada drug cartel is now taking control of certain segments of drug operations in Tijuana. Violent Inter-Cartel clashes are certain to increase.

The editor of the Tijuana weekly paper Zeta, Jesús Blancornelas, who is a close observer of the drug trafficking groups and who actually survived being perforated by their lead laden antipathy toward him (see above) says an Arellano Félix sis-

ter, Enedina, has taken over the day-to-day administration of The Cartel.

Not everyone at Zeta survives such encounters. Hector Felix Miranda, co-founder of Zeta, was murdered by two Cartel gunmen. But there's more.



Santa Muerte

Soon a popular Christmas gift everywhere.

Francisco Ortiz Franco, another editor of Zeta, departed our world while sitting in his car with his children (8, and 10) at his side when two youths wearing masks put four bullets into his face. While the children were “unharmmed” they won’t forget “dead daddy” for a long, long while. The murder occurred on a busy Tijuana street and only a block from Baja California State Police offices.

The interesting background to this Tijuanaicide includes the fact that Sr. Ortiz’s 14 government-supplied bodyguards were mysteriously removed just days before he was killed.

Under some real pressure from somewhere or other (and certainly not ever seen in Tijuana before) a score of very odd-but-muscular looking people all dressed in black ski masks and blue jumpsuits appeared from the sky at Rodriguez International Airport. They were notionally “from Mexico City.” These muscle-people quickly tracked the culprits down and then surrounded a house in the pleasant and quite upper class neighborhood of Loma Dorada.

These Mexican “police” who then commenced to assault the house were met with 0.50 caliber belt fed Browning machine gun fire. Many houses nearby were perforated through and through by this 0.50’s awesome firepower. Such a weapon makes a “chug chug chug” sound and can continue this “chugging” until its barrel melts. The “police” returned fire and after 20 minutes of spectacular interplay the “suspects” fled in a car.

Normal civilian police tactics include the liberal dispensing of tear gas canisters. Tear gas canisters usually set the house ablaze. In the present instant no tear gas was used and the intent seemed to be virtual annihilation and not capture so as to certify that there would be no witnesses to provide embarrassing testimony at *any* later time. The desperados had other plans.

After several miles of car chase the “suspects” were captured. The Cartel’s news-

paper-editor-assassination-team ring leader, Mario Alberto Rivera Lopez, better known as “El Cris”, was captured *alive*.

Neighborhood children then collected the hundreds of bullet casings and made a game of peering through the 0.50 caliber bullet holes in house walls even a quarter mile away and which allowed them to see almost clean through these homes.

One possible reason for the “no witnesses” policy that these desperados rejected is that there may be links from this Zeta newspaper murder to the Tijuana mayoral candidate Jorge Hank Rohn.

Sr. Ortiz’s funeral was held at the parish of Parroquia de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe and was presided over by Monsignore Salvador Cisneros.

Monsignore Cisneros said: *“This leaves a mark of sadness in the history of our city. We can say with truth that his work, that his spirit remains with us and it transcends the limits of space and of time and of our own history ... We hope for justice through the structure of our society and our systems. We have to keep believing in our institutions, which despite their own limitations, try to respond to our society.”*

Speaking about the violence and murder in Tijuana Governor of Baja California Eugenio Elorduy Walther said: *“We consider this a challenge to authority, but also a challenge to Baja California society.”*

Baja California Assistant Attorney General Rogelio Delgado Neri downplayed all such scurrilous comments as being *“scurrilous comments.”* Sr. Delgado even put the total murder rate in Tijuana at “only” 261 a year.

But Sr. Delgado was then, and almost immediately, blasted into the land of immortality while sitting at a local popular Tijuana bar. The many nearby Gringo-tourists must have *loved* those few minutes of real life adventure.

Unfortunately, more of the “police” doing this ski mask and blue suit assault thing should have been wearing those ski masks and blue suits. A week after the assault, Officer Luis Amando Dorantes, one of the team members, was kidnapped, viciously tortured and then murdered. Sr. Dorantes was a Tijuana Police Department supervisor in the district where the massive gun battle had occurred and had been involved in locating the house and fingering the residents.

Remember, Tijuana is: *“... a place for adventure! Tijuana today can be one of the most exciting cities on earth if you know where to look.”* Yes, just follow the wafts of cordite smoke and the slippery trails of blood.

As with the easy-to-bomb-from-the-sky Taliban versus not-ever-to-be-found al Qaeda, isolated extremely violent “mini-cartel” cells are now taking over the drug

business in Tijuana and elsewhere. These smaller organizations will be harder to fight, more violent, more flexible and far less visible. But their merchandise still comes through the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, by the ton.

The city of Tijuana is also home to various Cartel enforcement teams. These teams make Tijuana safe for their leaders and most assuredly quite unsafe for their leader's opponents. These teams wander the highways and byways in armored cars while wearing heavy bullet proof garments and toting automatic weapons.

While even the most obese post menopausal American tourist from Omaha visiting Tijuana for the first time while attending a San Diego multi-level marketing seminar on non-ephedrine based diet products can spot the odd caravans of black SUVs sprouting antennae and so heavily laden that the sidewalks shake as they rumble past, the local authorities are oblivious.

For some reason, on the American side of the border the toll-free hotline (877) NO2METH does pay off and more than 800 Mexican traffickers were recently arrested in a single bust.

As "freedom" is brought to Mexico the citizens are becoming confused. In Zocalo Square in Mexico City nearly half a million people have protested The National Violence. People demanded the death

penalty for criminals and carried empty caskets and photos of missing or murdered relatives. They shouted Basta! Basta! (Enough!).

The murder rate in Mexico is three times that of the United States and they have no guns (guns are illegal, remember?). Mexico has about number of murders a year as the United States (15,000) but they have one third the population.



Enough is enough

Mexico is violent so they come here.

There have also been a little over 15,000 kidnappings in Mexico in recent years. Business leaders in Mexico City even brought in former New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and paid him \$4.3 million American dollars to stop the crime. He has failed.

Even the police find kidnapping to be a real money maker and use false arrest warrants to scoop people from their homes and then hold them for ransom.

These anti-crime protests were held in all major Mexican cities including Tijuana.

Who perpetrates these murders? Around the world murders are perpetrated by males between the age of 15 and 34. They are not perpetrated by old ladies or infants in prams. Who crosses our border illegally? Mexican males between the age of 15 and 34. Mexico is thus exporting not just their “workers” but their, and the world’s, most violent demographic.

Most assuredly, all that these people really need are jobs and they will forgo their life of crime. Some say that unemployment is a problem in the United States and that the obvious solution to gaining full employment in this country is to have those jobs “outsourced” especially when the job itself actually remains in America and yet can still be filled with foreign, and far cheaper, labor. The benefits are tremendous. Buying a product at Wal-Mart at half what it costs elsewhere effectively doubles your salary. Lastly, America’s state governments have taken the lead in such “outsourcing” and even food stamps are now processed, in every state of the Union but two, in India.

Just as America is “outsourcing” its jobs, so is Mexico. Mexico is now sending its manufacturing to China. Workers in Mexico are no longer working and they receive no unemployment insurance. Today, Mexico’s primary export is people and their only market is America. Reve-

nues derived from this export exceed \$14 billion a year from California alone as moneys are pulled from California’s economy and wired south. The true magnitude of this money shift is unknown but \$30 billion a year from the national US economy seems about right. The \$14 billion statistic is but the known California dollars leaving through official bank channels and not in somebody’s pocket in cash.

More than 40% of all businesses in California admit that they have no plans of hiring workers for their plants in California and are instead shifting jobs out of state. This must be why California is raising its minimum wage.

This \$14 billion being sent south each year by California’s “undocumented” population is second only to the various revenue streams generated by The Cartel in all trade of any single kind between Mexico and America.

It may be interesting to note that researchers have discovered that everywhere on earth, simple migrants have five times the number of cases of schizophrenia as the local population. Furthermore, migrant males have 40% higher levels of schizophrenia than migrant females. The levels of schizophrenia go off the charts when these migrants are also “undocumented.” Certainly, we must direct more tax dollars to this need. The number of “undocumented” in California is increasing so rapidly that additional research grants

must be funded.

The San Ysidro Port of Entry is the largest international border crossing in the entire world. Even 24 lanes of freeway traffic converge on the US border inspectors and border transit times of two and three hours are normal at rush hour.



Mexico port of entry

40,000 cars a day cross this border.

The Department of Homeland Security is quite concerned about what might happen here should someone decide to get serious and detonate something really big. We all must admit that only a heavily medicated deranged pacifist would deny the possibility considering what goes on every day in Tijuana right now.

Soon, radio jammers will be in place to stop cell phones from operating anyplace near here. Just as all presidential limousine itineraries are covered by such jammers today, so will all places where Americans congregate including airports, movie theaters, stadiums, and this Port of Entry.

The good news is that such cell phone jammers might soon be legal if not actually mandatory in America's restaurants.

The San Ysidro Port of Entry also has the most polluted air in the entire Tijuana valley. Not only do you have the exhausts of thousands of Mexican cars (which are not required to have emission controls), but Tijuana has such a poor sewer system that you are enveloped in clouds of tiny bits of dried human feces floating in the air like microscopic brown snow.

Tijuana isn't the only place with fecal "snow." Anyone living east of Cucamonga, California, or near Fontana, California, has a similar flavoring in their air. The high concentration of cattle feed lots and dairy farms east of Interstate 15 stir up a similar but *far smaller* cloud.

The situation at the Port of Entry has recently improved a bit in that 25 million American taxpayer dollars have just been invested to give the 22,000 trolley passengers who cross the border from Mexico each day more concrete to walk on as well as real bathrooms to use and even 30 palm trees for shade.

Instead of them using the back of a building as a unisex urinal, these people now have more "user friendly" places to go and this reduces the amount of urine laden dust and fecal material drifting in the air.

The air in Tijuana is filled with human

feces as well as arsenic, cadmium, mercury, and even PCBs, so the potential effect of such Trolley Toilet improvements on air quality are really a matter of perspective.

Tijuana's diversity overflows its borders and lands even here at the trolley station. Police are still trying to solve the murder of the local trolley station's poor hard-working coffee stand vendor who was viciously murdered and then his body burned beyond recognition. His 1993 Ford Aerostar van is most assuredly now someplace deep in Mexico.

While it is quite true that there is 15% less sunlight filtering through the earth's atmosphere today than there was 50 years ago, the amount of light here at the Port of Entry is even less.

While we all know of "Global Warming", the good news, the incredible reality of what we may call "Global Dimming" means that the need for dark glasses will eventually disappear. Yes, and thanks to Tijuana's contributions, everywhere from the Port of Entry to the Pacific ocean, the various particulate matter (including urine soaked dust and powdered human feces) will all make for a "sunglasses optional" outing.

After waiting some indeterminate period of time at the Port of Entry to cross into America, you will finally reach the stop light and be given a few moments to con-

sider The Cartel and how you might get \$20,000,000 in reward money. Of course, if it was all that easy it would have been done by now.

As you look at the poster you will have your face recorded forever by the color camera. The front of your vehicle and the rear of your vehicle have already been recorded in living color.



San Ysidro Trolley Station

\$22,000,000 doesn't buy much of a trolley station. Yes, that really is all of it.

When the light goes green you move forward and will be greeted by American government employees and asked a question or two. This is not the time to include any slight inflection or accent in your verbal responses or to be carrying any prescription medicines or to be driving a rental or a borrowed car. Most assuredly, picking up a passenger during your brief stay in Mexico and then bringing them back with you can make life exceedingly interesting for you, your passenger, and for the many federal officers you will soon meet.

Personal criteria of interest to these officers include large or small spider web tattoos on elbow, wrist, or especially on the forehead, or face. Fingers or knuckles which embody tattoos of strings of letters or words also catch their eye. Tattoos which seem to have been self implanted with pen or pencil make them curious. Neck tattoos of any kind demand a closer look.



Serious about crime

There are \$20,000,000 in rewards for you.

Certain attire attracts attention but normally it will have been something else which had these officers invite you from your car only then to see your baggy trou-

sers with the crotch at knee level. Earrings are examined with some interest especially if they are of the champagne cork size and style. Nose rings, tongue studs, all do exactly what they were planned to do — attract attention.



Border Inspection

Twenty four lanes and there is still a two hour wait. Here are lanes 21 through 24. Always answer honestly, they know.

While America's new morality, "Heroin Chic" in the vernacular of the advertising industry, might be good for Rave parties, it can attract special interest from these federal officers and ultimately have your vehicle join the 5,000 or so which lie rusting in the many nearby federal impound lots and even have you find yourself ensconced in a micro-studio apartment with no windows, a steel door, and with a cold shower far down the hall.

Some will offer forged passports and that is quite acceptable. It would be mean spirited to seize these certainly quite expensive forgeries and arrest the miscreant. Instead the forgery is returned and the person

turned back south. At other times people will actually be allowed entry into the country with passports *known* to be forged or stolen because they are even so listed in the U.S. government's own database. Rep. Tom Lantos, D-San Mateo, has called such practices "moronic" and "idiotic."

Yes, the hours in line waiting to cross northward at the border can sometimes be finalized and enjoyed with a detailed vehicle cleaning and inspection — all performed at no charge by American government employees. This process is called "Secondary Inspection."

For a Secondary Inspection, your car is directed toward a nearby parking area. First, there will be a more detailed inspection of your identification documents. They will run a check on your birth registration; checks will be made with EPIC (the Border Patrol's El Paso Intelligence Center database) and NCIC (the FBI's National Crime Information Center database). A K-9 team will then sniff into all the nooks and crannies of your vehicle. Finally, teams of eager young men and women will peek in and under seats, under carpets and even inside your car's hollow bumpers. This last form of peek-a-boo requires motorized hand tools and even sharp saws.

While it may seem untoward to do this to your car, if they are in fact *doing* this to your car, then you have by now already been embraced by steel clasps at hand and

foot and are sitting on a sturdy but comfortable bench, in the shade, awaiting any potentially embarrassing discoveries. They have full authority to do this under Section 287 (a) of the INA and under certain delegated authorities under Title 19 and Title 21 of the USC.



Muffler carrier

They will keep looking no matter how long it takes. Even if they have to open your muffler.

What this all means is that border and customs people can act as representatives of other agencies because those other agencies have given them the authorization to do so. Acting for the Drug Enforcement Administration is one additional power provided these officers.

There are few adumbrations that can compare to the awakening of the snotty "self absorbed" teenage bimbo in ultra low hip hugger pants (with a tattoo just above the crack in her butt) and thong sandals who thinks "America" is the pampered San Fernando Valley high school scene. At a United States Port of Entry she may not be received as she expects. These federal

officers can even refuse her entry into the United States.

Sneaking ‘Jose’ across the border in the trunk of her car because he was a hot dancer at the local nightspot can get her a few years in a place she deserves to be in.



Secondary Inspection

This is never where you want to be.

Some enterprising people try to become “one” with their vehicles. This can include being installed not *in* the passenger compartment but *under* the passenger compartment. Even becoming part of the gas tank is a traveler’s option.

To stay clean, some people simply slide under the dashboard. Vans are a most popular “vehicle” for this sport because they offer a bit more space than regular cars. Of course, the mean spirited border and customs authorities are not novices and have seen this popular device used before.

Most of what is brought “accidentally”

across the Port of Entry is drugs. The drugs can be hidden in bumpers, headliners, even tires.

Some people make The Big Mistake of buying one of the very few government seized vehicles worth buying at a federal auction instead of letting it just be crushed. Many of these vehicles can still have drugs hidden inside them. The U.S. federal agents did their best but sometimes these smugglers accidentally put things in really good hiding places.



Leavenworth

No, she won't go there. It's for men only.

It all becomes a Confluence of Fate when a lucky auction buyer is an Hispanic and takes this newly purchased car south across the border only to attempt to return at a U.S. Port of Entry. Yes, this time the federal authorities might just find that *other* stash and off to the “Hoosegow” goes Jose.

It's far worse when the Mexican authorities find the stash. Mexico operates under

Napoleonic Law and you are really guilty until proven innocent. People have spent years in prison for marijuana that was only discovered because it had rotted so much over the years that the smell was enough to attract the attention of even the Mexican authorities.



Human dashboard

Vans prove to be a popular smuggling tool.

Other embarrassing but popular discoveries include car seats that seem to move all on their own. Yes, possibly once a year the inspection teams or even a primary inspector will notice a car seat that seems to be “self-animated.” Further inspection will often find that a passenger is seated upon a seat which itself is a passenger.

Yes, somehow, one of the passengers decided that day to embrace vinyl upholstery as tourist attire for his trip north and to sit on a bare steel seat frame. The second passenger — completely unaware of the first — simply took his rightful place in this now warm and far more ergonomic seating system.

There is a second “Port of Entry” to the United States and it is 60 miles north on this same freeway. At this other port of entry cars are again stopped and searched. All the same rules apply and the only difference is that secondary inspection is a small asphalt ramp and a bench where you can be conveniently clasped to that steel bench in the shade.



Vinyl Human

Ergonomics taken to the extreme.

To earn a little house money teenage Marine Corps wives with their husbands off on a WESTPAC cruise would smuggle things/people/whatever over the winding roads of the huge Camp Pendleton Marine Base to avoid this checkpoint. What this second checkpoint means is that we have tacitly surrendered the southernmost 60 miles to a foreign power or we wouldn't have U.S. Border Patrol defending our borders 60 miles inside our own country.

In any event, many, many travelers just won't wait those long hours to cross the

capriciously imposed and impossible U.S. / Port of Entry. Then too, many are not encumbered with documents which would normally allow one to cross the border at an official Port of Entry. Many say that the U.S. border itself is at fault, and most assuredly it is. Emma Lazarus' poem urges the world to come here, and most assuredly they do. Each year about a million undocumented travelers are discovered along the southern border by our government employees and then returned southwards. Only about one in four is caught and returned so the actual number of such northbound travelers exceeds four million a year. America is finally blending and becoming one with its neighbor to the south.



San Onofre Checkpoint

Another Port of Entry into America but 60 miles inside the country.

Some of the more spirited border travelers simply avoid the delays by crossing at the Port of Entry on foot, going northwards in the south bound freeway lanes of America's busy Interstate 5. While startling to freeway drivers, it is often quite successful.

Even a hundred travelers at a time will burst right through the Port of Entry and scatter in glorious spirals of eager humanity.



Wrong way border travelers

They avoid the long lines and just go north in the south bound freeway lanes.

Such impetuosity can however be fatal when the sprinter collides with a 65 mile per hour 6,000 pound SUV. The family of the victim usually settles with the driver's insurance company for slightly less than a million dollars. Unfortunately, very few of these special freeway sprinters have time to visit the Tijuana estuary and Border Field State Park.

The good news is that hundreds of small bands of truly professional personal assistants — or guides (the true professional is called *coyote* in Spanish) — now help the most needy travelers cross this imaginary line between Mexico and the U.S. and right across the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

America's drug laws are capricious and

entrepreneurs who once specialized in transporting those refined agricultural products now instead transport “travelers.” The diversity of the peoples crossing from the south is astounding. The rich cultures of Iran, Iraq, Algeria, Afghanistan and even Chechnya all blend at the border and become one with their guide who leads them to America.



Freeway adventure

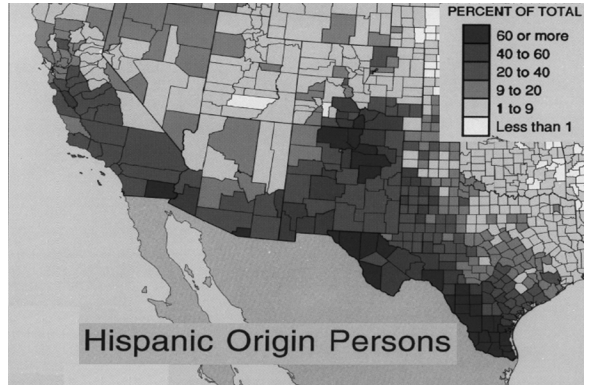
Being hit by an American’s SUV at 65 m.p.h. makes the family rich.

Yes, The Cartel, with all that implies, are now running the people smuggling business and millions of “undocumented” are assisted each year in their crossing someplace along the border.

The cost for a Mexican to be led across the frontier is about \$2,000. The cost for someone from Iran or Afghanistan can be well over \$20,000.

Because the “coyote” is part of a larger organization (The Cartel), he can even offer financing to his Mexican clients. He is most assuredly aware of where you will

be working, he knows when you will be paid, and he knows that he can find you or your various body parts or better yet, parts of your relatives, when needed. The risk is low.



Border Crossing Works

This federal data is from 1990.

Further, there is a very well developed infrastructure to move and store these “pollos” (chickens are what this human cargo is called). There are scores of drop houses in Los Angeles and Santa Ana where even a hundred “undocumented” can be stored at one time. With a single bathroom things can get very interesting. These “pollos” can be held hostage until their relatives pay additional fees before they are released.

Not to worry. Thanks to the recent U.S. Supreme Court NAFTA ruling on Mexican trucks operating inside the United States, we’ll be seeing some really interesting news in our newspapers. A standard 40 ft. cargo container can carry 177 “undocumented”. When you combine

trucks with bald tires, and no brakes, with Mexican drivers earning five dollars a day who are working 20 hours a day to get even that, with 177 “undocumented” packed in the back, the carnage will be like fully packed 707 airplanes falling from the sky every week.

To keep their costs down, most of these border travelers now depend upon provisioning from inside America. Various local tax deductible charities and even local governments sponsor their flow north through the provisioning of food, housing, and even full medical care. This surety of support lures them by the millions, and they come. This migration is enhanced by local political pressures which restrict American police from enforcing immigration laws.

The Cartel has some level of difficulty in actually laundering all the mountains of cash they collect from their various medicament sales, their importation of Eastern European and Mexican women with their quick conversion into prostitutes which are then sold by the thousands in the United States (a teaser for you reading a later chapter), and lastly, their burgeoning business in trafficking of “undocumented”. By financing their customers and knowing so much about them, The Cartel knows which businesses to buy and or control in America. And they do.

The Cartel’s client from someplace like Afghanistan, however, is a mystery. The

Cartel’s coyote is not familiar with the duties and purposes of such travelers. Should they suddenly vaporize — actually vaporize in a pink flash you understand — the coyote could be considered a link in the chain, part of the plan, a knowing participant (or even an Enemy Combatant).

The good news is that clients from Afghanistan are far less eager or likely to meet their 72 Virgins in one huge pink blast than those clients from Saudi Arabia or other places where Islamic Wahhabism is de rigeur. A coyote’s client from Saudi Arabia might have to pay even \$50,000 to cross the US border.

Be warned. A smuggler with five Saudi Arabians in tow meeting you in the Tijuana River Estuary or Border Field State Park will want no witnesses. *Comprende?*

But, yes, part of this price disparity is the guide’s “Don’t ask, don’t tell” policy. The guide might be capriciously and arbitrarily held responsible by American government employees for the future deeds of his guests once they enter the U.S. Many would say that this is even a savage policy but we can only hope for better times to come with a new American administration. All of this is embodied in what assuredly is mean spirited legalese called U.S.C. Title 18 — Sections one, two, three, and four, which include discussions about Aiding and Abetting and Accessory.

To make matters worse, militant Islam is now flooding Mexico and even gaining substantial numbers of converts. The interlinking of these Muslim cells is called the “Jihadi Spider Web.” Most of these cells operating in Mexico link directly to cells in Los Angeles, California, USA.



Tijuana Minaret

Do you have a 100 ft. tall minaret? Tijuana does, and you will too.

Making this work as an “all Islamic” operation, immigrants in Los Angeles or elsewhere are given loans to start legal businesses. All of these businesses are modest and include clothing and small food stores and even rental property. The

businesses repay the loans in cash and while interest is not allowed ‘donations’ above and beyond the apportioned repayment are expected. All of this cash money is collected by itinerant money collectors who switch locales frequently and are thus almost impossible to track.

For example, we have people such as Ashraf Ahmed Abdallah who seem to operate human trafficking rings which smuggle Muslims from the Middle East to America through Mexico. Don’t worry, he makes sure that he holds something as security until he is paid.

Hispanic gangs such as Mara-18 and Salvatrucha are already tightly linked to this “Minaret Network.” These gangs are far more violent than The Cartel and, yes, they are now operating out of Tijuana.

So there is now a confluence of interests between The Cartel, the Afghan drug lords and even the North Koreans. Afghanistan supplies about 70% of the world’s opium which is usually converted in to heroin and sent to markets in the United States and Europe. While the United States and the UN offer \$500 per acre to the Afghan farmers to not grow opium poppies, the farmer derives over \$6,000 per acre from its husbandry. About 250,000 acres of Afghanistan are planted in opium poppies. A farmer can produce about 16 kilograms of opium per acre. Afghanistan’s estimated yearly opium crop is 5,000 tons. The US military destruction

of opium crops in Columbia and Peru makes Afghanistan essential to The Cartel's success. The Cartel is up to its clavicle in wholesale marketing of Afghan derived heroin to the United States.

Now we add the North Koreans. North Korea provides more than 40 tons of opium to the world from their government run collective farms. Further, much of this opium is refined into heroin at government run laboratories which are also in North Korea. That this is a state run enterprise is evidenced in the sudden arrests of even North Korean diplomats and intelligence agents with their hands in the drugs.

While 40 tons may seem trivial when compared to Afghanistan's 5,000 tons, it is really a matter of perspective. We must remember that North Korea steals children from Japan and then enslaves them to train saboteurs who can then return to Japan and take revenge in time of war. North Korea has only one declared enemy on earth and that is the United States of America. North Korea is on a crash program to build intercontinental ballistic missiles (the Taep'o-dong-2 series with the TD-2/NKSL-X-2 having a range of even 4,300 km.) to reach the United States (safely and from a boat). North Korea already has as many as five fully operational nuclear weapons. The Great Leader of North Korea has said about the programs, "*Even the American Bastards won't be able to bother us.*"

There really is only one group capable of moving North Korean heroin into the United States and that is The Cartel. The fact that The Cartel can successfully move tons of cocaine and heroin into the United States virtually at will really does mean that they have the infrastructure to move essentially *anything* into the United States and that includes nuclear weapons from North Korea.

We must remember that at all levels of such trans-border entrepreneurship scattered from Tijuana to Kabul to even Pyongyang, these people really do believe themselves to be *patriots*. And of course many of them truly are. Yes, they most assuredly are. It is somewhat inconvenient for us and even perplexing to us that the list of countries to which they hold such allegiance — even a spiritual allegiance — and be willing to give their lives, does not include the United States of America.

So while we have people here in America wanting us to open our borders and let them all in. Those people being let in have some really different views of what they should do when they get here.

Here is a hard bit of information on one of those "patriots". He can be considered the "poster child" for Chicano Rights and AZTLAN in America.

The example is an "American Chicano Rights Activist" by the name of Gilberto Lopez y Rivas. Sr. Lopez y Rivas was a

University of Minnesota professor of Chicano Studies. His published works on “social justice” are available at most “Chicano Rights” libraries.

What Sr. Lopez y Rivas did was hand as many as 4,500 pages of top secret United States chemical warfare documents describing how to make the lethal chemical agent Novichok to the Soviet’s Military Intelligence — the GRU.

The FBI worked on this case for about 23 years and it cost the lives of at least two FBI agents.

Novichok was developed by the United States and it is between eight and ten times more toxic than anything else in the US arsenal including the most commonly feared chemical warfare agent on earth: VX

Sr. Rivas — actually *campaigning on his record* as an Enemy of the United States of America — was elected to high office within the Mexican government. His actions to provide the Soviet Union with the poisons to murder every last man, woman and child in America got him elected to Congress in Mexico, and he remains there even to this day.

Yes, a person who did everything he could possibly do to see the people of America dead, used his betrayal of America as part of his political campaign in Mexico, and was elected to the Congress of Mexico.

What this means is that not only are the voters of Mexico proud of his efforts to kill Americans but the Mexican government must think it perfectly fine or he would never have made it to Mexico’s congress, where he has been for over a decade. Their government has had ample time to read all about Sr. Rivas and take action. They have not and will not. He must then represent the position of the Mexican Government.

In Sr. Lopez y Rivas’ own words: “*We didn’t do our [GRU] work for the money. We did it for ideological convictions that my wife and I have maintained to this day. We have never changed our trajectory, our ideas. We have worked for revolutions in Central America — in El Salvador, Nicaragua. I was an adviser to the Sandinista government in Nicaragua, to the EZLN [Mexico’s Zapatista rebels]. My trajectory has been a clean one, transparent.*”

He then went on to say: “*It is easy to be against the government of the United States because of what it has done to Mexico — more than one hundred military incursions into our territory, the exploitation of Chicanos throughout history, the expropriation of about half our land, invasions in 1914 and 1916. All of this you can look at through the light of history, and even today you can see the North American domination of our economy and our military.*”

So, and most unpleasantly, the reality of the al Qaeda and others (including elected representatives of the Mexican govern-

ment) is that they are not what the “American Media” say they are.

Most are well educated, married, and with families including little children. Further, while America portrays them as anti-social psychopaths, in fact, most had normal childhoods and were never in any trouble with the law. Lastly, those who did participate in crime did it to fund their new political involvements and not for personal gain.

America’s government today is fascinated by the odd looking National Traffic Light Display they use to warn the citizenry of impending doom-ness. Some days it is amber and some days it is yellow. It can never go to green because the government would then be sued by citizens if *anything* happened in the country. It can never go to red because if it did then the government would get sued if *nothing* happened in the country. We have thus entrapped ourselves in a Monstrous (and quite terminal), Kafkaesque Bureaucracy.

To maintain our “Diversity” America is being turned into one huge Stalinesque Gulag with national ID cards (read “Internal Passports”) and ever more body searches (which are in the millions a day even now).

All of this shapes the interplay and mixture of diverse cultures and peoples visiting the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park

Tijuana depends solely upon the mountain springs and rainfall flowing down from the 1,735 square miles of Sierra Juarez watershed for every drop of its water. This watershed sends its water first to Tijuana before it eventually crosses north into the United States and through the wetlands south of Imperial Beach and then to the sea.

Because all of this water will eventually cross into the United States, the American taxpayer has funded millions of dollars in remote sensing equipment which senses rainfall in scores of places on the Mexican side of the watershed and which then sends that information to San Diego County administrators.

The information displayed is essentially little “blinks” which represent the tipping of miniature “teeter-totter” rain buckets as they automatically fill and dump at the more than 65 scattered measurement sites. The systems transmit their data at between 136 and 174 MHz and these signals can be picked up on many radios.

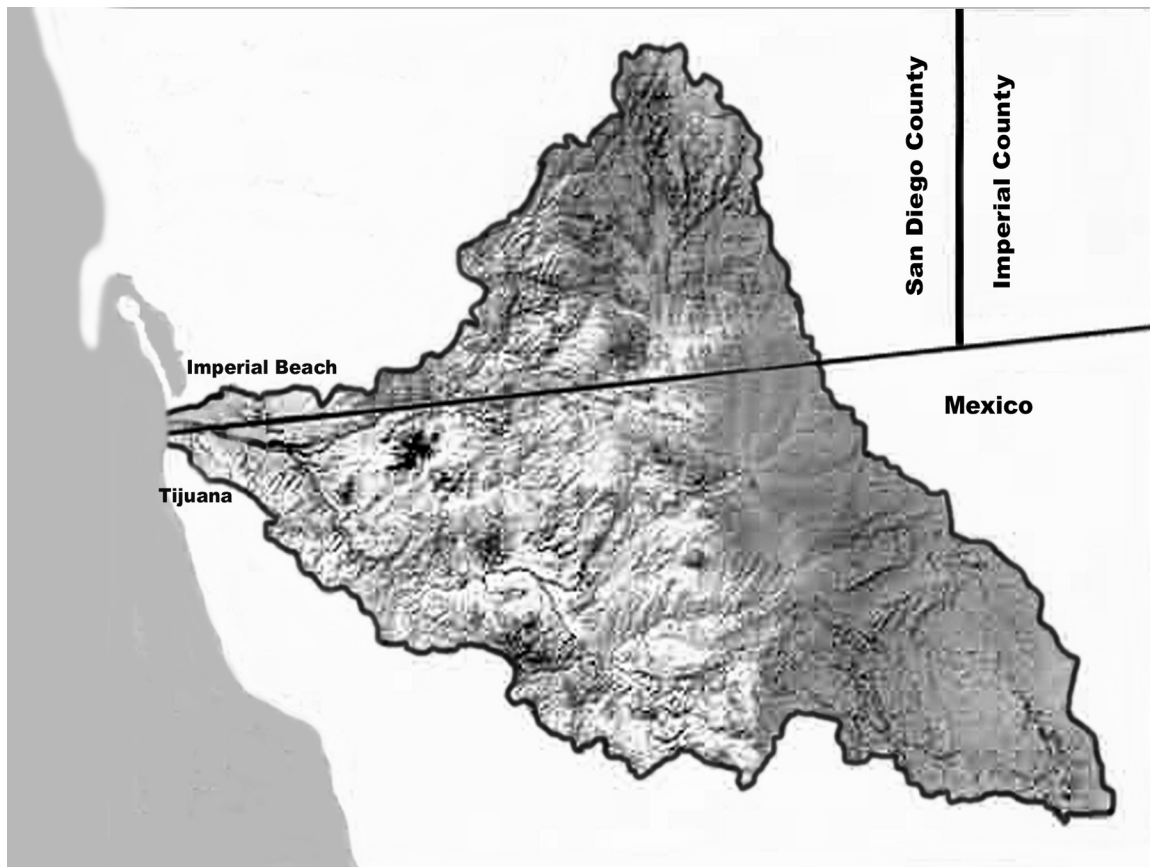
These systems are quite expensive and it is most assuredly not the vendor’s fault. Somebody has to make these systems and yet stay in business and that means there has to be enough profit to make it all worth while doing. Further, these devices have to be rugged enough to survive even being in Mexico and not winding up being stolen and sold at some border swap meet.

But to the hardware side we have to add the federal grants and “Studies unto Perpetuity.” Many people have gone off and gotten themselves Ph.D.s and need jobs. Their self importance is measured by the size of their grants and the cost of their toys. They actually compete with each other for bigger toys. Spending even \$100,000 for a computer program and then getting a new version every year to look good and then publish “studies’ that nobody will ever read is at the heart of their version of The American Life-style.

The Rio de las Palmas is the major water

system for Tijuana. The first collection point is the Presa el Carrizo possibly 20 miles east of the city. The second, and only other, is the Rodriguez reservoir near downtown. Some parts of Tijuana depend upon water wells which pump toxic ground water to the surface. Some say that this must be the water used in the local restaurants.

The Japanese have funded various water projects in Tijuana as has the United States. The existing Tijuana water pipes service about 40,000 acres of the city. The system is quite deficient in pipe, pumps



Tijuana watershed

1,735 square miles of watershed drain through Tijuana and then through the estuary and park.

and engineering skill.

Tijuana is also built in a bowl and so the service must be provided to areas at sea level and at heights of even 1,200 feet. Water pressure ranges from 20 psi to 70 psi. Most American homes have pressures no lower than Tijuana's *maximum*.

The Baja California Office of Human Settlement and Public Works sets the minimum working pressure for a potable water line at 20 psi. To try to make some kind of sense out of the Tijuana's water system it was divided into four major districts in 1992. Each district has about 55,000 official connections to its water lines.



Tipping bucket

Rain falls into funnel at top and tips alternating buckets which press the microswitch at the side of the unit. Each "click" represents a measured amount of water.

The Tijuana water system is a maze of leaking pipes and failed engineering. To try to stop the continuous leaks, the entire system has been physically cut into 32 independent "hydrometric" subsystems so

the city engineers can monitor water flow, and discover and repair the leaks. Also, there are people who make illegal connections to these pipes and during these connection processes they can't turn off the water so these connections may be substandard and also leaking. The leaks let this valuable resource drain into the earth and the leaks usually cannot be seen above ground.



Tijuana water

New plastic pipe going in, paid for by you.

The Tijuana water system cannot supply water to city heights greater than about 984 feet and so these areas most assuredly must somehow get their own water. Tijuana's unconnected colonias are serviced by water trucks. These trucks get their water from city distribution pipes and then physically truck it to the homes in need. The homeowner pays for the water and for it being trucked to his home. Many of these homes have huge cisterns usually made of concrete and which can store a week's needs.

One can assume that if the home has no water connection then it most assuredly has no sewer connection.

Because the Tijuana population is growing 4% to 6% a year there is an impending water deficit. Further, because of the vast amounts of pavement, rooftops, and a large paved flood channel, the deep aquifer beneath the city is not being replenished and the ground water is becoming ever more poisoned.

Lastly, the lack of a real sewage / septic system for the hundreds of thousands of homes not connected to the city's integrated sewer system means that the soil of vast areas of the city is being permanently poisoned.

Amazing as it may seem, Tijuana has one of the most developed water and sewer systems in all of Mexico. The water system operates 24 hours a day and seven days a week (one of the very few), and about 63% of all toilets in the incorporated areas of the city are connected to a sewer line. This leaves about 50% of the sewage flow not connected to anything because most of the outlying homes (farther than about a mile and a half from city hall) are just open vertical pits in the ground.

Tijuana's San Antonio de los Buenos sewer plant, about six miles outside of town, is massively overloaded and just dumps its "surplus" into the sea.

Industry in Tijuana includes huge numbers of factories that can no longer operate in the United States on environmental grounds. These factories spew some of the most amazing fluids into the dry creek beds and gullies and these fluids evaporate into the air, or soak into the ground water table, or eventually flow into the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

We must understand that when these poisons pour onto the surface of the earth they do not drop like gamma rays and stop only when they hit 200 feet. These fluids coat the earth and as they penetrate the earth they stick to the dirt and less and less goes deeper and deeper. This means that a heavy rain will dissolve the most dense levels of these poisons and flush them down the creeks and all the way to the Tijuana Estuary and Border Field State Park.

In Zonal del ex-ejido Chilpancingo, a few miles east of downtown what is normally an extremely rare and very fatal birth defect called anencephaly is rampant. Infants are born without brains. The flood of cases in Chilpancingo has been linked to massive levels of industrial toxins seeping into the ground water. The highest levels of these industrial wastes flow in terrifying torrents into the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park after the first hard rainstorm.

For another example, we have Metales y Derivados, a lead smelter in the city. While the facility has been closed for

many years it seems to contain more than 2,500 tons of soluble lead slag alone. The total of all dangerous materials on the property exceeds 23,000 *tons*. When it rains all of this tries / does come to America.

When these places are cleaned up it will have been done with your money. The Border Environmental Cooperation Commission (you) is footing much of the bill.

Even the “recycling” companies in Tijuana are amazing suppliers of odd liquids to the estuary and park. One of them, Ecologia

Siglo XXI, was so bad that even the Mexican authorities (PROFEPA) came on the scene and closed them down. This was of course after two major fires at the plant where hazardous wastes / recyclables had somehow blended, co-mingled, and spontaneously combusted into huge conflagrations. The rains come and wash all of these materials northwards over the border.

Maquiladora companies (that means factories) are required by Mexican law to return waste materials to their country of origin and Ecologia Siglo XXI said they had the American EPA permits to truck these wastes northward. The United



Tijuana flood channel filled to its banks

Yearly rains send flood waters even 20 ft. deep into the estuary and park. That's only a tire floating at bottom right, not a body.

States Environmental Protection Agency is on record as stating Ecológica Siglo XXI never had such permits.

To add yet another layer of pollution to this soup, the Mexican border area is home to huge cattle feed-lots just east of Tijuana. When driving eastwards from Tijuana to Tecate on the free road (not the toll road and so it's best not to drive there at night) one can become nearly overwhelmed by the perfume of thousands of gallons of yellow-green and foaming cattle urine mixed with hundreds of tons of

steaming, fermenting cattle feces all washing down shallow gullies toward Tijuana. When the rains come, it all comes to America.

The only constant and continuous flow of water to the estuary and park is that which is first passed through the water pipes of Tijuana — and then through its factories, cattle, and citizens — and which then gently flows into America's border greenbelt paradise the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.



Dairy Mart Bridge blowout

When the Tijuana flood control channel fills, the torrent removes American bridges and farms.

The city of Tijuana has no real storm drain system per se and the clean and cleansing rains fall from the sky and drench the city only from about October through April. These blessed rains clear the depressions and gullies and arroyos of the detritus of urban life. All is washed in gleaming torrents toward the sea. For the first few miles the floods are channeled in an ugly American taxpayer funded gray concrete slew about a quarter mile wide.

This huge drain has been designed to survive even a 650 year flood. Finally, the waters enter the Tijuana River estuary and

are slowed by the dense vegetation. It is here that the non biodegradable objects of Tijuana city life are filtered and piled even twenty feet high. The sparking plastic containers and bottles are a valuable resource just waiting to be harvested. The smaller objects and the little living things to be seen only under a microscope all flow unimpeded and westward toward the sea.

There are many little streams and rivulets that course down from the city streets and which then race through hidden canyons and into America and then finally on to



Hollister Street Bridge

Millions of dollars in aid to Tijuana still leave America with blown bridges in the rain.

the sea. These rivulets are but smaller versions of the huge seasonal inundations from the Tijuana River itself. Because vast tracts of Tijuana remain very close to nature and have avoided paved roads and even sewage connections for as long as 100 years, these gully-waters from Tijuana are rich with fertile and growth giving nutrients ready to make the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park waters a brilliant yellow, green, and beige. And be aware again that some of that dusty brown haze carried northward over the border is actually dusty flakes of dried human feces. If you see a bloated arm sticking out of a pile of tires, trash, and bottles, you can

add him to the 1,500.

For some reason, the Health Department of the City of San Diego takes exception to the quality of these rivulets and streams and will post even ten miles of California beaches with signs demanding that bathers stay out. Certainly, the vast and yet refreshing quantities of cadmium and lead in these gently flowing waters do aid in purifying them.

This then is Tijuana, Mexico, the singular source, the “Cloaca Madre,” of the verdant Tijuana River Estuary and California Border Field State Park.

Estuary and Park

An American citizen's main access to the Tijuana River Estuary and California's Border Field State Park is from the large Interstate freeway which ends at the U.S. Port of Entry at the Mexican border. The quickest access to the river and park area is to take Dairy Mart Road from the south bound lanes of Interstate 5.

Be careful not to take CALTRANS' suggestion and make your exit at Coronado Avenue. CALTRANS is sending you not to the park but to a gray concrete visitor's center miles away.

Also, be careful not to exit at the PRISON exit. There are several prisons near the park (all medium security fortresses — one even for juveniles) but tourism is not encouraged.

The State of California offers Donovan Correctional Facility which is a billion

dollar hotel for the more violent among us.



Border Field is *not* this exit

CALTRANS hides the park from tourists.

There are two jails run by the County of San Diego just to the east of Donovan. There is also a modern and mostly concrete (and razor ribbon festooned) facility for “juvenile offenders” which has replaced the outdated and “for a different era's juvenile criminal” here as well.

The R.J. Donovan facility covers over 780 acres and has a staff of 1,300. Special programs are provided for “undocumented immigrants” in the prison’s \$81,000,000 a year operating budget.

Driving past some of those places on visiting days can really be interesting. On these days of hormonal abundance and tele-remote-intimacy the inmates’ wives / girlfriends (boyfriends) are all stacked bumper-to-bumper busily painting their faces while waiting to enter the prison parking lots.



Prison Industry is close by

Even 5,000 tattooists yearn for your company.

Their mixtures of oddly “Wal-Mart-ish” perfumes (abundantly applied) waft for nearly a quarter mile. They really are something to enjoy. Do be careful because it is illegal to take photos of these prison places; *any* of them.

Turning right from the Dairy Mart Road off ramp, Dairy Mart will soon become Monument Road and one simply follows

that road to the distant park and finally to the sea.

Should you miss the exit, you will most certainly — and in as few as 90 seconds — cross the border into Mexico. Once you have entered Mexico you have entered a Netherworld. To return to the United States requires only your clearing the wide expanse of taxi stands and the military police (with fully loaded Heckler & Koch G3 caliber 0.308 assault rifles at the ready) and then making a quick U-turn.



Donovan Prison

Official State Photo, over 4,300 inmates.

In any event, Dairy Mart Road is your freeway exit and from there the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park are now only minutes away.

While the tension and excitement may be mounting please remember when exiting the freeway to turn right at the first stop sign and to actually stop at the second stop sign. The entire area is like a hurricane — frenzied activity on the exterior and near

nothingness as you proceed deeper and deeper to the center.

To the right is a large apartment complex. There are lots of children playing and the “dingle-dingle-dingle” of the local ice cream truck offers a frequent and lilting melody.



Dairy Mart Road

This is the right exit for the estuary and park.

There is that other access to the Tijuana River Estuary which has a small visitor center and more but it is really no fun. You can find information about that other part of the estuary in a later chapter.

Be warned, thousands of people are scurrying up from the south, and directly across your prospective path, only to then hide themselves deep in America. The flurry is so huge and constant that even road signage has been placed for their safety and yours. While some localities might have deer crossing signs, or even duck crossing signs, here near the estuary and park we have Tijuana crossing

signs.

The Tijuana River Estuary is open 24 hours a day and seven days a week. While this may not be what our government tells us, most of its visitors to the area are far too eager and cannot wait for normal hours and instead they visit at will. It is often said that for “Gringos” it is best for you to visit here only during daylight hours and then only when you are part of a convoy of other vehicles.



View from freeway exit

Frenzied activity lures you deeper and deeper.

The safest place to discuss the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park with park employees is the State of California’s main visitor’s center in what is called Old Town five miles north of downtown San Diego. This place is a relatively safe 33 miles north of the estuary and park.

Only one tourist has ever been found dead in front of the State of California’s Old Town Visitor’s Center and she had suc-

cumbed to a tree falling on her.

Dairy Mart Road has now changed its name to Monument Road. There is only one cross street anywhere along what is now Monument Road and that is Hollister Street a few miles on and so you can't get lost on your way to the distant park and its glistening beach.



Freeway crossers are a hazard

Everyone wants to visit the estuary and park.

The first viewing point of photographic interest on your approach to the estuary and park is the large San Diego County funded beige monument to the Tijuana River Valley Regional Park. It is not by

accident that the color of the monument matches the colors of the diverse waters flowing past.



California Park's Center

Only one dead body; a record.

It might be of special interest to note that the monument is not one from the State of California. No, the State of California keeps the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park a secret. In fact, *their* local visitor's center is not in the park, is not at the park, and is not even *near* the park, but instead is several miles north of the park and even four miles farther away from the park than this huge and welcoming San Diego County monument. The State of California's local visitor center is — quite curiously — off a residential street and *well* up wind.

The San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department strives for excellence in their efforts to bring diversity and caring to all of San Diego County's Parks, including this one. Throughout this chapter, lilt-ing messages from this organization'

pamphlets have been included for your enjoyment.

Their words have even been quoted directly from the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department Strategic Plan for the years 2004 through 2009. Here is the first of many so you will know to recognize them:

The Parks and Recreation plan lays out how we meet today's challenges, and anticipates what opportunities and risks are on the horizon. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.



San Diego County Monument

A beige monument for a beige land and its beige liquids.

The second viewing point of interest on our way to the distant sea, is the grand bridge which can be considered the formal gateway to the lands of the estuary and park. At a cost of about 38 million dollars, the Danny R. Marschall Bridge is eagerly awaiting throngs of visitors who may someday come.

To the left are small agricultural fields and a view of the distant Tijuana flood control channel.

To the right as we cross the bridge we can see vast mounds of valuable recyclable resources just waiting for an entrepreneurial free spirit.



Danny R. Marschall Bridge

This bridge is only for the estuary and park.

Viewing the area from the bridge one discovers that these recyclables reach even twenty feet into the dusty sky. All are a product of the vibrant economy of Tijuana, Mexico. Plastic bottles, cartons, even full sized refrigerators all are gloriously stacked one upon the other in myriad shapes and forms well worth recognition from the Tate Art Gallery in London.

Of course, the myriad detritus of Tijuana life includes paper products and bits of colored plastic sheeting. Much of this is even caught on the evening breeze and floats into the riparian foliage becoming gloriously perennial Christmas ornament-

tation.

These materials truly are but the flotsam and jetsam of Tijuana's vibrant humanity carried to us on peristaltic tsunamis from their concrete lined flood control channel just upstream.



River riches

Even mounds of recyclables 20 ft. high await your gaze and appreciation.

In other parts of the border area these morsels are gently deposited over the high border fence onto U.S. lands where they are collected even daily (or sooner depending upon what is dumped).

Rather than make the trek all the way to the border line much of Tijuana's unwanted-ness can simply be dropped in any creek, gully, or the huge concrete lined flood control channel which divides that great city. It all will find its way here.

The bridge gives us all time to savor the diversity of the lands before us. It may be interesting to note that not a single bird is heard. There is only the faint and distant

hum from the massive but curious industry soon to be discovered a bit farther down the road.

You may notice an odd feature built into the bridge's architecture. While its span is only about 30 feet above the strangely tinted stream, the bridge is equipped with high barrier fencing. That fencing is not to keep people from jumping, but rather to keep people from dumping.



River Tinsel

Delicate bits of plastic sheeting drape the riparian foliage and sparkle in the sun.

There are enough bodies scattered hither and thither already without this bridge becoming "the place" to dump a few more. To tease the potential dumper the bridge is equipped with little outcroppings so the potential dumpers can see the nifty places where they can't dump.

Every bridge of note receives a dedication and this one is no different. On the north west corner of the bridge is its dedication. The bridge has been dedicated to Mr. Danny R. Marschall.

It seems that Mr. Marschall was born in Anaheim, California and was involved in World War Two. It goes on to say that he saved many people here in the valley during a great flood.

The strawberries he grew here were world renown and even provided at Wimbledon.



Entrance bridge

Special viewing areas are not for dumping.

As one might imagine, there is far more to this bridge than meets the eye. Mr. Marschall was most assuredly carefully selected to have the bridge named after him. The City of San Diego must have really respected him.

A check of San Diego city records shows:

Minutes of the Council of the City of San Diego for the Regular Meeting of Monday, April 15, 1996

SUBJECT: Settlement of the Claim of Danny M. Marschall.

A Resolution approved by the City Council in Closed Session on Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Authorizing the City Manager to pay the settlement of each and every claim against the City, its agents

and employees, Superior Court Case No. 685611, Danny M. Marschall v. City of San Diego, et al., resulting from an incident occurring on or about January, 1993;

CITY MANAGER SUPPORTING INFORMATION:

This constitutes the complete and final settlement of the claim by Danny M. Marschall against the City of San Diego, its agents and employees. Aud. Cert. 9601025.

Dedicated to Danny R. Marschall, a long time resident and community activist of the Tijuana River Valley.

Born February 15, 1919 in Anaheim, CA, to German immigrants, Mr. Marschall lived a life which expressed his love of family, his faith, his love of the land and people from all walks of life, and his belief in civic activism. He knew he could make a difference.

He served two terms in the U.S. Army before being honorably discharged in 1946. Mr. Marschall received the Good Conduct Medal, WWII Victory Medal and the American Campaign Medal. After the war, Mr. Marschall developed farmland in Ventura, Orange, and Riverside counties before moving his business to 500 acres of farmland in the Tijuana River Valley in 1974. His prize-winning strawberries were served at Wimbledon, and giant peppers exported to Europe.

Marschall Bridge plaque

It is a nice and long commendation for Mr. Marschall's work in the Tijuana Valley.

Maybe you can have a bridge named after you too if you can't take it any more and sue the socks right off *your* city, and win.

Appropriate precautions should be taken prior to visiting *any* of the areas beyond this bridge. Attire for your visit should be carefully considered. Whatever clothing you wear should not be brought back into your home until you launder it twice in a solution of bleach. Your shoes or boots, once touching these waters and lands, should never be brought into your home again.

The agent N,N-diethyl-meta-toluamide

might also be applied in liquid, lotion, spray, and even wrist, neck, or head band form. This agent is usually offered at as low as 4% concentration and as high as 100% concentration in various consumer products. The agent was developed by the U.S. Army in 1946 and so those of you who are pacifists may demur.

This agent repels mosquitoes which may be carrying malaria and / or West Nile virus, and ticks carrying Lyme disease. Popular concoctions including this agent in their formulation often refer to it as DEET.

Some consideration for prophylactic medicaments is also in order. While Ciprofloxacin Hydrochloride has been the antibiotic of choice for many serious diseases, drug resistance is on the rise. Vancomycin Hydrochloride remains effective. Ceftriaxone also remains effective although it is not available in pill form and must be injected. A private discussion with your personal physician is most assuredly in order prior to visiting the area. Let your doctor decide what is best for you. The San Diego County Parks people do not lie when they say:

Park visitors have the opportunity to learn about the environment first hand, and to take those lessons home with them. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

Frequent visitors to the park include

United States Border Patrol Agents and many of them have filed certain legal actions against the United States Government due to diseases and disabilities which they may have contracted while walking or riding through these lands.

As the State of California Parks Department whispers to all visitors to this park — and this is a direct quote from their website: “*Please call 619-575-3613 prior to making plans for arrival since safety conditions change at Border Field State Park.*” The park gate is open from 9AM to 5PM, as safety conditions permit.

From here to the Pacific ocean, the area swarms with United States Border Patrol Agents. For your own safety it is best to always remember where that last Border Patrol Agent you saw was parked. Keep that information, that map, that life preserver, in your consciousness, and if possible, try to keep an Agent always in view.

The entire Tijuana River area could be filled with impressive historical and archaeological sites. Rumors persist that there are more than 16 archeological sites located in the nearby area but no one can decide where they might actually be. Numerous federal grants have been funded to discover these sites and to preserve them forever. Some reports put one site under the present U.S. Port of Entry which could require its permanent closure on preservation grounds. As many as ten more very prehistoric sites have also been

reported as being located somewhere.

Spanish explorers discussed a native village located in the valley in 1769 but the exact location of the village was not recorded. This may be because the Indians slept in the open and built no earth penetrating structures more sophisticated than that of a California pack rat and which might have left a trace of their existence. Father Junipero Serra did camp someplace in the area in 1769 on his way to creating the San Diego Mission de Alcalá.

There are a number of recorded paleontological sites in the area including the San Diego Formation and an unnamed Pleistocene terrace deposit. The sites would be of special significance due to their superb preservation if they could be found.

As we drive forward we find to our far left a 100 million dollar plant for the processing of 15 million gallons of Mexican sewage a day. This is the South Bay Water Reclamation Plant. The plant was built many years ago and produces tons of sludge which can be called “reduction.” A bit farther on, and again to our left, is a 400 million dollar plant for processing another 25 million gallons of Mexican sewage a day and this one creates many additional tons of “reduction.”

Most assuredly, Tijuana has its own “factory” for the reduction of this liquid. The San Antonio de los Buenos plant six miles south of the border bubbles onwards but

this is the land of Romantic Mexico and Manana and so the easy life means much of their liquid is dumped raw directly into the sea.



Cell phones work here

This is a “park” so the cell phone towers are camouflaged as (hollow fiberglass) palm trees. Note the “peek-a-boo” rectangular window to access the myriad inch thick cables hiding inside.

Recycling is paramount in the design future of the estuary and park. Here, these sparkling factories glean valuable biological essences from the liquids flowing north from Mexico and convert them into tons of golden brown product which can be shipped to sites as far away as Arizona.

While Mexico could have constructed these facilities, nearly \$500,000,000 of America's treasure was invested here to make certain that we would own the refined essence.



Sewage as Industry

A colorful street-facing monument to swirling sewage all captured in hand crafted stone.

All of these diverse and semi-processed streams are then carried by a single underground pipe 11 feet in diameter (called the “SBOO”, or South Bay Ocean Out-fall) to a place more than three miles offshore and released at a depth of about 100 ft. so as to provide nutrients to the lobsters and other delicious produce soon to be at our dinner table. It may be interesting to note that the gentle Pacific Ocean tries to refuse these mega-gallon gifts. Megawatts of electricity must be dedicated to pumping the flow — injecting it forcefully into the depths of sea. The “SBOO” is even provided with a separate boost pump station which is, appropriately, right at the entrance to Border Field State Park.

It is the goal of environmentalists to have

the United States of America spend about two billion dollars more (and even more hundreds of millions of dollars a year to keep it all going) to provide “secondary” processing of this sewage.

Yes, although the sewage is all from Mexico, it is best that we allow them to deliver it to us raw and then we pay for the machinery to process it, then pay to process it, and then pay to deposit only the frothing “whey” deep in the ocean. The “curds” we save for ourselves.

It would be mean-spirited to leave Tijuana to its fate so the United States Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) is spending 18.5 million dollars, loaning the Tijuana sewer department 18.5 million dollars and the North American Development Bank (which is you) is loaning Tijuana another 6 million dollars, to build new sewer lines under the streets of Tijuana to send even more of this effluent north across the border.

The United States EPA is generous with your money. They even funded \$350,000 for transit busses *in Mexico City*.

But there's more. Generations ago, the city of San Diego built an emergency and absolutely temporary connection between the existing effluent plant below the border in Tijuana and the main billion dollar sewer processing system in San Diego 30 miles north and on the western side of Point Loma. The \$30,000,000 spent by

the city of San Diego just for this connection was activated less than a week after it was completed, it has never been shut off, and it is still very much in operation to this very day. Thus, we provide three processing plants for Tijuana's millions of resident's "produce" all at American taxpayer expense.



Half a billion dollars in sewage

The sewage industry is so huge that its mechanical plant actually fades into Tijuana's north-drifting toxic haze.

There are darker plans afoot. It seems that San Diego derives 85% of its drinking water from sources controlled by the city of Los Angeles. San Diego has allocated \$2,000,000,000 (two billion dollars) to remedy this situation.

Nearly 30 miles north of the border is a huge "toilet-to-tap" sewage processing facility. the plan was to build this \$200,000,000 plant and the convert local San Diego sewage in to drinking water.

The hue and cry was heard around the world and the effort was stopped in its

tracks. With such an investment already made, the plant was converted (notionally, nothing was changed but the name on the wall) into providing "non-potable" water for nearby lawns. Miles of streets were dug up and filled with huge and separate piping to provide this recyclable liquid to all. The outlets for these pipes are purposely marked in purple. Anyone specially plumbed and using these liquids is constantly monitored and inspected. While these liquids are "perfectly safe" and "a future resource for our desert dry southwest" if the inspector finds a single sprinkler head which is dribbling these liquids onto a sidewalk the user can be fined.



No dumping allowed

It all depends upon the meaning of "dumping."

But here, so far from the citizens of San Diego, lies easily 100 million gallons of "fluid" a day that might, given enough science, time, and money, be converted into something slightly less toxic than fluoride (which is actually up there quite near plutonium for toxicity). It most assuredly is a Naturalists Dream.

Why send this valuable resource into the sea when it might possibly, in some way, at the end of the day, and in time, be quite potable? Besides, it might be a benefit; a tourist lure. The city can say that they are really only adding “minerals” or even “flavor enhancers” to the local drinking water.

There do seem to be certain issues with various medicines which cannot be easily filtered from these waters. What this means is that whatever medicines are being taken in Tijuana, soon you will be too.

Driving farther and to the left we now pass the end of the hateful United States Border Patrol Triple Fence. Instead of celebrating our diversity and opening our arms to the millions upon millions of peoples wanting to build their own separate communities in America, we fence them out. The triple fence is just what that name implies. The southernmost fence is constructed of steel plate and is about eight feet high. The second fence is constructed even of massive concrete columns 10 feet high and spaced not more than a few inches apart and all topped with fine mesh chain link fencing which is tilting toward Mexico.

This secondary fence was placed here because Mexicans were using fully laden heavy trucks to crash the older barriers and enter the United States with loads of cocaine. This second fence has been designed to stop any vehicle weighing up

to about 40,000 pounds and travelling at even 50 miles per hour. The terrain south of this barrier is such that speeds of 15 miles per hour are excessive.

Much of this second fence system is planted many feet into the ground so that tunnelling beneath it is far more difficult. That is not to say tunnels are not popular. An average of about five tunnels are discovered right in this area every year.

One recent tunnel was connected to an existing storm drain on the U.S. side of the border. Huge plastic-wrapped bricks of cocaine were handed out the curb-side storm drain inlet to a waiting van. One smuggler’s arm would stick out of the storm drain and hand the block of cocaine to another arm sticking out of the bottom of the van. These entrepreneurs just draped a dirty bed sheet along the bottom of the van so that no one would see them at work.

Other tunnels have included narrow gauge railways (with steel tracks) and lighting, and even high volume fans to blow in fresh air. Some of these special tunnels have been even a quarter mile long.

The Border Patrol has tried all sorts of things to “detect” these tunnels. One problem they have is the soil along here is high in clay content and that makes some of the “detectors” ineffective. Lastly, some of these tunnels are 59 feet below ground

level, and therefore difficult to detect in *any* soil.

Another problem they have is that protecting our borders is not funded because it would be mean spirited to protect our borders.

Those several tunnels built over the last few years that were more than a quarter mile long were also wide enough to bring a quarter megaton nuclear warhead into the country. Because these special tunnels cost a million dollars to build, there is no lack of *intent* here, only in the imaginative selection of the product to be imported.

The last fence of the triple fence system is made of galvanized steel chain link. But finally, here and at last, the fencing stops and freedom and border friendship reigns.

Not everyone is enamored with the premature cessation of the fence. Mr. Robert C. Bonner, Commissioner of U.S. Customs and Border Enforcement met with his many local border area employees and discouraged their suggestions that military intervention is all that can stop the flow of curious travelers and refined agricultural commodity importers from crossing our border. Certainly, our forces are busy in Afghanistan, Iraq, Haiti, Yemen, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Korea, Okinawa, Guam, Iceland, England, Germany, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, and even Italy — and 130 other bases around the world — and have no time for such silly domestic concerns.

In areas where there is no fence, life is good. For example, the flood of “undocumented” and the concomitant loads of refined agricultural commodity importers coming across an Indian reservation which shares a common national border (Indian reservations are Nations, remember) with Mexico is “*causing a flood of crime, chaos and environmental destruction on our reservation.*”



End of triple fence

Freedom starts here and goes all the way to the beach.

At least this is what Ned Norris Jr., vice chairman of the Tohono O’Odham Indian Nation said during U.S. Senate

hearings in 2004.

Verified counts put the number of abandoned and burned vehicles left by smugglers on just this one reservation alone at over 1,300 *per year*. Most of these vehicles were stolen in Phoenix and Tucson, sent into Mexico for their loads and then abandoned north of the border. Many were even burned to erase any possible evidence.



River estuary park is ready

It is amazing what a hundred million of your tax dollars can buy. It is smaller than it looks.

Certainly, Mr. Norris is too close to the situation. Such people just do not see The Big Picture and possibly need counseling in Anger Management.

The optimum method of access to the park areas any farther to the west is on horseback. It is best to keep all of your body parts off these grounds. There are several horse stables in the area. Some are on Monument Road and some are on Hollister Street which is a simple right turn (north) from Monument Road.

The largest and most popular horse rental was Sandi's Rental Stable at 2360 Hollister Street (and to a lesser degree California Horse Rentals across the street owned by the same Ron Allen Mullis). The manager of Sandy's was Mr. Jack Hankey.

To save the Tijuana River Estuary and park from Ethereal Damage, the San Diego County Parks Department, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and other local agencies heroically spent a full twenty years forcing these people out of business. They have succeeded.



End of an era

Honeymooners can now do something else.

Parks enhance property values, contribute to healthy and productive workforces, and help attract and retain businesses. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

Of course, these properties are now available for purchase by the state and at a greatly diminished price because their reason for commercial existence has been removed. Thankfully, deaf and blind peo-

ple, and children from four to eighty four will no longer harass the local flora and fauna with giggles of laughter.

Honeymooners can now spend their time someplace else besides riding horseback along the beach.

Sandi's Rental Stable had a long history and far more fame than one might imagine. The movie Slaughterhouse Five was filmed nearby. So was Top Dog with Chuck Norris, and Born in East L.A., and Men Apart, and Sharon Stone's movie Quick and the Dead. The horses used in Sharon Stone's movie were Adam, Jeremy, Little Bit, and Cookie.

San Diego County Parks and Recreation, for all their beige concrete monuments and decades of multi-million tax dollar expenditures, offers only one small area actually accessible by visitors on all of their Tijuana River Estuary property. This "park" is a hidden flat spot on Hollister Street. It consists of some short paths and two wooden notice boards.

Safe and well-maintained park facilities promote family-friendly recreation, reduced crime, cultural harmony, and community spirit. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

To find this place, there are two bridges on Hollister and just south of the second bridge, turn left (2310 Hollister, the blue

mailbox will have to do, there is no other signage whatsoever). The other way to find it is to look for huge panels of garish graffiti on the western side of the second bridge. If you pass the graffiti you have gone too far and need to retrace your travel by about 10 yards.



Official Park Entrance sign

One might think that you would get more than just this mailbox for a hundred million dollars.

This hidden "park" area represents over a hundred million taxpayer dollars, the destruction of many happy businesses, and the loss of a hundred of horses for our children's excitement and pleasure, so enjoy.

The environmentalist forces are busily at work. Thanks to the city of San Diego's Multiple Species Conservation Plan, homeowners of even fifty years are being told that they can have no structures, not even their own homes, on their own property. Farmers twenty years on these lands are having their strawberry fields taken from them on environmental grounds and then converted into a San Diego County

sponsored dump. The supreme political proponent of this “open borders / land to the people” scheme is Congressman Bob Filner.



Entrance to USBP facility

Even 1,000 prisoners pass here each day.

What the residents and land owners here may be missing is that the state, the county, and the city, are responsible for this virulent frothing sewage which is bubbling across these citizen's lands. Once these liquids cross the border and onto government property it cannot legally leave. Governments are trying to get these people out before some lawyer gets to them and whispers “massive class action

lawsuit.”

As you entered this area from Dairy Mart Road you crossed over a bridge dedicated to one man brave enough to fight city hall and win. Thanks to the city of San Diego's ignorance and poor planning, the Tijuana river raged out of its concrete barrel and wiped out all of the farms and ranches here in this valley. Only one man fought to have his property restored and he sued and won. Slowly, inexorably, the juggernaut of city hall is grinding the few survivors to dust.

We now continue westward on Monument Road.

To our right and far across the estuary to the north lies the huge U.S. Border Patrol facility built just to defend the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. This facility can process more than a thousand travelers a day. This government facility, emplaced so deep in the Tijuana River and Border Field State Park, guards our lands. It allows the river to become a natural Fortress America.

Many have said that the United States Border Patrol “knows no retreat, believing that he either fears his fate too much or his deserts are small who dare not put it to the touch to win or lose it all.”

Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, continuous, unbroken, America is defended by these brave men and women.

One Worlders and those even funded by the Mexican Government itself fight to destroy our borders. Undismayed the USBP carries on. Here in these lands the United States Border Patrol is the irremovable thorn in the soft side of The Cartel.

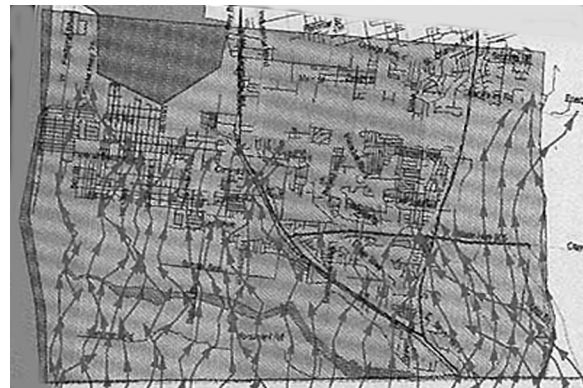
We cannot say that the city and county of San Diego are against America, and the flag, and the Pledge of Allegiance (however that thing now goes) but we *can* say that the city and county of San Diego do not / will not provide the United States Border Patrol with a paved road from their facility to the border. To stay on pavement, Border Patrol vehicles must circumnavigate The Great Circle and only then and eventually appear along the border-line. So if you see their vehicles racing north they are really driving south and will eventually prove it to you.

But thanks to this Border Patrol facility, the area has less foot traffic, fewer border crashing vehicles and the myriad dead bodies instead of being found even hanging in trees, now only wash up on Monument road after a heavy rain and looking like water-logged road kill. So, yes, thanks to this new facility there is less to excite the tourists and receive notation on photographic film and video tape.

If we mean spiritedly consider the facility a “jail” then this “jail” — built only, exclusively, and solely, to service the border travelers who may be discovered in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field

State Park — is larger than the “jail” for a city the size of Albany, New York.

And while Albany, New York, might have some desperados, they pale in comparison to what passes through the park and into this facility’s cozy little rooms. Every year nearly a thousand violent felons who have already been deported from the United States after serving their time even in some American maximum security penitentiary are recaptured right here in the estuary or park after crossing north from Mexico.



Paths north

This is a map of “Traveler Trails” through the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

These thousand gentlemen (all are men) are convicted murderers, rapists, drug smugglers, arsonists, or worse (and there are worse, see a later chapter). Fifteen years is the term for re-entry and their new incarceration will be at a federal facility. Many of these repeat travelers will fight recapture with every weapon in their vast arsenal. It is best to stay well away from any potentially diverse travelers you may

encounter in the area.

But these known and convicted rapists and murderers, drug smugglers and child slavers are not the tip of the iceberg; instead they represent only the uppermost singular water molecule of that iceberg. Besides these convicted murderers and rapists, apprehensions here in the estuary and park have exceeded a thousand travelers in a single day.



“La Eme” gang tattoo

With 100,000 members (and growing), you may see this tattoo more and more.

Because many people, especially “environmentalists”, are completely disconnected from reality it is important to actually describe in some rather incredibly unpleasant detail what actually comes across the border here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, seeking “freedom.”

It is fascinating to realize that about one fourth of all guests now in America’s many prisons are these simple innocent travelers from Mexico. America has over two mil-

lion guests in its prisons in total and about half a million are simple — and undocumented — travelers from Mexico.



USBP Gateway

Massive electric gates and glistening coils of razor ribbon keep out the curious.

It costs the United States of America about \$15,000,000,000 (fifteen billion dollars) a year just to store these “undocumented” people in our prisons.

Most of these undocumented persons have been incarcerated for what some people might call violent crimes (rape, murder, assault) and are ensconced in maximum security or even super-maximum security facilities — for your protection and theirs.

Most of these Mexican convicts are in rather good physical condition and have been invited to stay in America for several years because they have been proved beyond a reasonable doubt to have in some way used their immense physical prowess on others (see Tijuana, Mexico above).

These incarcerated travelers originally slipped through the border and then quickly lost themselves in a distant community of shared culture and language. Unfortunately, they somehow erred and now spend their days vigorously exercising, tattooing, and awaiting release. When they are released they will be deported. Should they return they will get even fifteen years in a federal facility. Yes, they are caught, a thousand a year, right here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

While it is true that no California prison guard has ever stabbed an inmate, thousands of guards have been assaulted, blinded, and murdered.

The vast majority of all prison inmates in California prisons from south of the border are committed to violence. These “undocumented migrants” do not go to jail for stock market swindles and bank fraud.

The criminal activity from the south is drugs and violence. It is not just their “prior history” but their way of life and the very fabric from which these criminal’s souls are constructed. When in prison, these convicts segregate themselves into groups such as “Northern Mexican” and “Southern Mexican”. Violence is the thread that stitches them together and it is executed with an extremely businesslike attitude.

Let’s say that you are transported to the prison and your best prison-bus-buddy is from the “south gang” and you are from the “north gang.” You will associate only with your own kind. A gang leader will approach you and ask you to stab your buddy because he is not of your gang. If you refuse then you are told, in a calm and matter of fact way, that then instead they will just stab *you*.



Nuestra Familia tattoo

They are truly a family to admire. Notice the knife stuck through the head; and they mean it.

In prison your Mexican gang will dress the same and look the same. They will have the same shaved heads and oversized shirts. This all is for camouflage. Yes, the prisoners do this not so that they show their “colors” but rather so that when they stab someone it will be nearly impossible from the security camera video record to know who did it. The prisoners have nothing to lose. Stabbing you is a badge of honor. Just as many Mexican street gangs hold the killing of an American police officer as a real status symbol so do these gang members once in prison see a guard’s

death or injury as their ticket to fame. It is more than worth it to them to spend a few extra years in a maximum security facility just to return with that “badge.”



Asociacion Zeta tattoo

Eager, muscular, young men show this sign with pride.

The imprisoned youthful criminals are no different. In fact, they will assault an officer just so that they can attain real status and be transferred to an adult facility.

Making weapons is not difficult. We must remember that these prisoners have 24 hours a day and seven days a week to apply to the task. Many full sized machetes have been constructed from parts of cafeteria serving carts and even serving trays. Any plastic container can be melted down and cast into the shape of a weapon. Yes, deodorant, shampoo, soap, any plastic container can be converted into a lethal weapon once melted down into an appropriate shape. One of the most lethal weapons in prison is a toothbrush because it can be quickly cut down into a slim pointed weapon most assuredly able to

slip between your ribs and deep into your heart.

By law, the prisoner can even have his own television. This TV must, however, have a clear plastic case so that the guards can inspect its interior very closely. While the TV cable entering the TV (yes, they have cable TV) may seem innocuous, it is not. The guards must constantly measure the lengths of the cables entering the TVs. The prisoners will snip bits from the TV cable. The center conductor of the cable can be turned into the sharp tip of an arrow or dart and most assuredly dipped in urine, feces, or AIDS infested blood. You may not die from the dart's puncture wound but you will die a “death of diversity” from Hepatitis and AIDS.

The prison guards are constantly on the watch for potential assault. While the “disconnected” of this world may think that the guards are simply punishing the prisoners by having them strip and bend over, it is not true. All prisoner weapons are stored in the only place that they can hide them in prison which is their rectum. These sharp weapons are wrapped in toilet paper. This most personal but essential habit of prison life is called “keestering.”

Just prior to a riot the prisoners will actually squat, pull their weapons from the rectums and only then begin their assaults on each other and their guards.

The only defense the guards have is what

is called a MK9 Pepper Spray canister from Federal Laboratories. This canister contains 58% water, 28% alcohol, 13% antifreeze and one fifth of one single percent capsaicinoids. The material comes out of the canister in a single squirt like a thin creamy stream. The canisters cost about \$30.00 each.

When not assaulting each other with custom made weapons the prisoners will use their fingers and teeth. It is nothing for a prisoner to bite off the body parts of another prisoner.

Even local jails have such problems. In Los Angeles central jail, which is probably the largest single hotel for Hispanic criminals on earth, there are yearly events where a prisoner has both his eyes gouged out.

Things do get described in the jail's log book as "serious" when the prisoner's entire face has been ripped from his skull by someone else's fingernails.

One might think that being in jail limits one's bounding diversity. Not so. These inmates kill each other at a rate of about one a month. With a population of about 20,000 that works out to 60 per 100,000 or twelve times the murder rate of the U.S. as a whole. And that is inside a fortified and secure jail with handcuffs, bars, and armed guards. What do these people do when they are out on the streets and there are no guards and bars to separate them from each other and from *you*. It all hap-

pens at the Los Angeles central jail.

These Los Angeles jails are operated by the County of Los Angeles and all sheriff's deputies' shoulder patches and all their vehicles and buildings display the county seal.

Los Angeles County is now in the midst of a "Seal Suit" where any representation of morality, of honor, of history of California, must be erased to take us to the Land of Political Correctness.

While Los Angeles is spiraling into the abyss of prison madness, the ACLU (never to miss an opportunity to destroy the fabric of our society) has forced the County of Los Angeles to remove all references to morality from the county seal. The areas at issue are the halo on the maiden Pomona and, the vile cross.

In fitting with The New California, one alternative version of the county seal has been proposed. It removes the halo from the maiden making her of "simple virtue" and the cross and all references to God have been replaced with a reference to Hollywood and the tragedy of HIV / AIDS with two loving men embracing in the act of sodomy.

In California's state prisons the prisoners will often "gang up" on a guard. In one case the guard was picked up bodily and carried to the railing so that he could be tossed over and fall to his death on the

concrete pavement far below. All the quick thinking guard could do was snap a handcuff to his wrist and the other cuff to the railing so that when he was actually tossed over the rail he dangled in the air until rescue arrived.



Emblem of our Heritage

An emblem of a different age and a different people.

When not trying to stab each other, or the guards, these prisoners will “gas” them. Gassing is the euphemism for the prisoner storing his urine, feces or blood products and then throwing these substances at others through his barred cell door. Because the prisoners have Hepatitis A, B, C, D and HIV/AIDS and various sexually transmitted diseases (from “encounters” in prison), a load of these human poisons tossed into the eyes can even be fatal.

According to one interesting non-profit organization: *“Mexican gangs provide the social interaction, economic motivation, and needed interpersonal security, which help prisoners survive the degradation, deprivation, and violence, of incarceration.”* These

people are probably federally funded and do volunteer work at the Tijuana Estuarine Reserve.

As the flood of “undocumented” continues, California’s prisons are increasingly Hispanic. The most violent of the violent (and you now know what that can really mean) must be housed not just in “maximum security” prisons like San Quentin or Folsom but in fortresses where the defenses are on the inside instead of the outside. One such “super-max” California facility is Pelican Bay. While Hispanics make up about 37 percent of California’s prison population they make up 59 percent of those housed at Pelican Bay.



The New Los Angeles

Our future is of Love and Understanding.

As more and more young males come across the local border from Mexico, California has become America’s Jailer. California may only have about 11% of America’s population but it has about 25% of America’s most violent criminals and as evidenced by the Super-Max prison

at Pelican Bay, 59% of those are Hispanic.

As the flood continues from the south, state after state must construct such “Super-Max” prisons. The Federal Bureau of Prisons found that 36 states now operate some form of super-maximum-security prison facility to protect even their own violent prisoners from these extreme predators.

How violent are these people? Many of those captured in Los Angeles are illegal aliens and are (as stated above) deported to their country of origin.

What happens when they arrive in their country of origin is a complete demonstration of the monstrous threat these people are to America. What do they do when they get back home? They create gangs. The gangs they create are so violent that they are actually destabilizing the governments of Honduras, El Salvador and Guatemala.

One Honduran official estimated the “Los Angeles affiliated” gang population of his country at 33,000. That is larger than the Honduran Army.

The situation is so frustrating that even the President of Honduras, Ricardo

Maduro, personally leads Dawn Patrols which sweep these criminals off the streets.

Mr. Tom Hayden (former husband of American Hero “Hanoi Jane” Fonda) admits that he has traveled to Honduras and talked to these gangs. In one case he talked to a gang member at a McDonald’s in San Pedro Sula who assured him that it was his brother who set up the local Honduran branch of the Los Angeles, California, USA Mara Salvatrucha gang. “Company Franchise” takes on a whole new meaning when it includes murder, rape, drug smuggling, assault and child slavery.

What do the governments of Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador do with these gangs? They shoot them.

California’s Mr. Hayden believes that it is mean spirited for America to return these criminals to their native lands. New federal programs, re-integration, training, humanistic values, all should be combined to welcome such travelers back to America; even to keep them here.

As the governments of Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador fight back, more and more of these criminals try to return

Over the next few pages the bottom of each page will display the photos of just some of the “travelers” you may meet here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. Each of these “travelers” are wanted by the FBI for various crimes and are operating on forged Mexican Police Identification. The photos herein are from those IDs. Note that in these photos the same shirts, ties, and coats are shared by all the parties.

here even if it could get them 15 years.

What does the Mexican government do with “undocumented” gang members traipsing north over Mexico’s southern border? They probably shoot them.



Forced Return Gate

This is the “Catch and Release” gate. Mexico is on the other side.

The gang members who somehow actually, and again, reach the southern U.S.

border are some *really* Tough Hombres and you most assuredly better not be standing between them and their direct path to Los Angeles.

This then is the diversity we celebrate right here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

The United States Border Patrol building is arguably the highest value structure for many miles around and most assuredly the highest value and largest building in the City of Imperial Beach in which it lies. The building complex is surrounded by a tall silver fence and access to its interior is made through a motorized gate. There is a TV camera and an intercom and in use one communicates with the very same person responsible for husbanding the building’s many border travelers who are *very* securely ensconced within.

Yes, within these buildings Feng Shui must be the byword. Delicate but handsome rooms are provided for each traveler the government employees might somehow encounter in the estuary and park, and then deem worthy of detention. Each room is fitted with bed, telephone, and even private toilet facilities made of gleaming stainless steel.



A guest's safety is paramount and each room has a private door with a secure steel dead bolt lock. Each guest is served truly sumptuous meals and is even provided with full telephone services right inside his "room." Usually, their first private call will be to the Mexican Consulate in San Diego. Large and stately busses — quite similar to those used as tourist busses in America and Europe — are often employed to transport the travelers to a bay front 20 story high rise building in downtown San Diego nearly 30 miles away.

The views from that building are fantastic and are of all of San Diego and its harbor. Condominiums with the same view but just across the street sell for far more than three million dollars each.

Those many travelers not to be transported to San Diego are often taken to the U.S. Port of Entry and patted on their way southward across the imaginary boundary and back into Tijuana, Mexico. "Catch and Release" is the byword for many thousands of these souls.

The return gate used by the U.S. Border Patrol is just to the west of the normal port of entry. Just beyond this gate is the police station discussed in an earlier chapter. The

Immigration or U.S. Border Patrol bus or van is driven up to the gate and the "returnees" then closely guarded for their last ten steps south. On the southern side of the gate during these returns will be Mexican Immigration Authorities. They can refuse to accept a returnee.



USBP taxi interior

It seats six in stainless steel comfort.

Very little of the bus transportation you may see in the park is for tourists. Some,



which can be discerned by the green and white décor and steel mesh window accouterments, is reserved for the travelers captured in these border lands.



USBP taxi front view

Air conditioned comfort waits each passenger.

The invitation and statement “This is simply for your safety and mine” offers each captured traveler the exceptional and interesting experience of stainless steel hand and leg bracelets which securely inter-link and encourage each traveler to take delicate measured steps.

Then too, not all local taxis are the same. The federal government offers special taxis for these northbound travelers who may be discovered from time to time in the estuary or in the park itself.

The taxi’s interior is fully heated and air conditioned and has room for six. Pol-

ished stainless steel is the central theme for the taxi’s interior. Safety is paramount and each passenger is fitted with a seat belt.



USBP taxi rear view

The module is even portable to other vehicles.

The driver and his assistant are furnished with air from a different source than that offered the passengers. While 17,000 strains of tuberculosis await, few of these government employees seem eager to complete or even start their collections.

Lastly, the tiny postal delivery trucks you may see from time to time along the approaches to the park are actually the only vehicles our federal border defenders can afford. Painted in green and white instead of the standard postal blue, they carry our forces to meet the foe along the border. Certainly, it is good that these government employees are so encumbered. These vehicles have nearly no metal in



them — seemingly made of pressed plastic throughout.

Their upside is their incredibly low cost. Their downside is their incredibly low cost. While millions of four wheel drive SUVs are sold in America each year, statistically, none of them are driven off road. The farsighted Department of Homeland Security has equipped our forces with the first environmentally pure motor vehicle. It uses no gasoline because it can't be driven, because it can't go anywhere, because its tires are too narrow, and it hasn't enough horsepower, and it has only two wheel drive. Most of these vehicles are thus environmentally perfect — purchased and then parked in one spot for their entire lives. Their purpose is thus not to pursue perceived transgressors (because they can't) but to park on the "X". Even with their vehicles glued to one spot these dedicated government men and women in green uniforms do — in spite of Washington's suggestions to do otherwise — capture thousands of northbound travelers each and every day.

One way these individuals can be detected is with the hundreds of seismic sensor boxes scattered throughout the estuary and park. Each sensor connected to its box can detect the footfalls of anyone nearby.

These detection of such events is then sent to distant control and dispatch stations and agents are then sent to discover the cause.



USBP Jeep

Recycling makes sense.

These seismic sensor systems are not all that good. What they depend on is the "thump-thump" of your footsteps to be loud enough for them to be detected. The sensor actually used for this detection is the same \$20 sensor used in thousand sensor long strings in the oil industry to look for oil. In the oil industry the seismic data is recorded for long periods and then computers "see" all sorts of important echoes which are converted into even 3D imagery. Used for footstep detection each single footfall must be big enough to push the sensor from "nothing" to "something." The technology is thus about at a level of that used in World War Two. There are far



better systems out there but if they were used then more illegal aliens would be captured and that's bad?

Again, about a thousand known violent felons who have already spent years in even some super-max prison are recaptured every single year right here in the Tijuana River Estuary and California Border Field State Park. The vernacular approbation for these persons is "1326" from the federal law which will put them away again for a long, long time.



Seismic sensors

Your footsteps are important to them.

A clue to the possible intentions of the odd person you might see in the park may

be his direction of travel. If he is moving along east / west trails he might be a tourist. If he is moving on trails south to north it is probably best to give him a very wide berth. If he approaches you, back up and seek assistance from the people lurking about with shiny badges, radios, and guns.



USBP Monitoring Center

Video and seismic data all flows here, 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Continuing on our way to the park, we cross several seasonal streams flowing from left to right. These streams flow from about October through April. One can actually estimate the month of the year by a quick but safely distant glimpse at the color and texture of these streams.



The first rains of the season flush the thick scab-like encrustations of chemical pollutants, feces, and trash from the canyons. October is the month of brown and gray green which slowly transitions in April to waters that are light tan, fern, or even ever so rarely a silver white (lead and cadmium).



Seasonal streams abound

Yellow or beige, all are welcome in America.

Strategic Initiative: The Department of Parks and Recreation is leading the county’s effort to preserve open space, which provides recreation opportunities, shelters wildlife, and naturally purifies air and water. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

It is at these stream crossings that the road changes briefly from asphalt to concrete. This abrupt change in road material is to

preserve the pavement. If the effluent passing from south to north flowed over asphalt the asphalt would quickly dissolve. Concrete survives.



Hidden nuggets of recyclables

Every stream is a treasure trove awaiting.

Parks and open space areas help protect natural resources and wildlife, enhance water and air quality, and improve overall community livability. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

These stream crossings are all posted with “No Swimming” signs which are only offered in Spanish. The good news is that the only “surfers” ever found anyplace along here were quite water logged and very, very dead.

As you can see, many of the photos herein were captured in early January and the



flow is a golden grayish tan. Then too, even a tiny seasonal stream can be a cornucopia of recyclables which are freely stacked in cheerful mounds of myriad colors.



Concrete prophylactics

Roads convert from asphalt to solid concrete wherever they might touch the seasonal fluids.

Our Vision: A park and recreation system that is the pride of San Diego County. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

These gentle waters have saved us from danger. Once, the river was filled with vicious amphibians leering and croaking and ready to leap. This form of creature had only three things on its mind: If what it saw was larger than itself it would escape into the shadows. If what it saw was smaller than itself then it would gobble it mercilessly. If it was the same size as itself

it would force sexual favors from the poor innocent being. The amphibian's many teeth and claws were razor sharp and ready to be used on the unsuspecting.



Direct from Mexico

Is that really a dead body on the right?

Once the area was filled with the deep croaking and burping and even the splashing noises of these creatures.

Thanks to the tremendously odd enrichment of the streams of water flowing from Tijuana, these vile creatures have been eliminated. No longer is the night filled with creaks and groans and thumps of these green entities looking only for sex and a free meal. Their weakness was their skin. As aggressive as they may have been, their skin was more delicate than a baby's bottom and for all their bravado they have succumbed to modern times. Finally, they are gone. One dead species you have now



missed is the Arroyo Toad.

But this is not to say that there aren't things out here of an amphibian nature not worth collecting. There must be *some* because the State of California legislature has passed laws against taking them / it.



Frog death

These waters, rushing north from Mexico and carrying debris and effective poisons, ended the local Amphibian Threat.

Yes, California Assembly Bill 2140 increases the penalties for taking things in parks and elsewhere to \$2,500 and even a year in jail. It seems that Hmong (a group specifically named in the discussion) collect rare entities and then serve soup made from these entities / endangered species at their wedding banquets.

It is good to know, however, that entrepreneurs have made some real headway along

the estuary with our without the looming Amphibian Threat. One gentleman plowed huge mounds of earth into long ribs and then seeded these mounds with earthworms. While the worms were prized, it was their "castings" that promised great profits. Castings are the product released from the "other" end of an earthworm. Castings look, feel and smell like black topsoil. The rare product was sold for over two dollars a pound.



Environmentalists' dream

Recycling opportunities take on a whole new dimension here in the estuary and park.

Others say that these worm efforts were merely a charade for maintaining a huge dump. In any event, the man, his worms, and his dump, were removed from the estuary at a cost to the taxpayer of tens of millions of dollars so as to allow these grand waters to flow gently westwards and to water the delicate plants and animals.



Environment: We preserve and enhance the environment in San Diego County. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

Purity is in the eye of the beholder and this is certainly true when we gaze at the flora. Rare plants abound in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.



Indescribable treasures

Mountains of Mexico flow to America.

For example, the entire estuary and park are filled with one of the most interesting of all plants and one that is a native of Ethiopia. Any modern terrorist yearns for the chance to poison millions — or billions — and we here at the Tijuana Estuary and Border Field State Park most certainly aim to please.

Yes, everywhere you look in the estuary and park we have enough special dark green plant life to kill every man woman and child on earth at least twice over. Of course, the term we must use is not “dead” but instead the notional term “unexpected departure” is far less harsh. Thanks to the

plants in the park, these “unexpected departures” will occur at home, office, or school, and by the millions if not even by the billions.



Ricinus communis

The aesthetically challenged can bond here in the estuary and park.

To those of the appropriate persuasion, all it takes is a few special visits to the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park and even the laziest of terrorists, or shall we say “aerobically and culturally challenged persons”, will find thousands of pounds of the most potently lethal plant material on earth just begging to be harvested.

Anyone can have a simple bacterial infection like anthrax. Here in the park we grow the singularly most poisonous plant on earth and the one that can be most quickly made into the most deadly biological poison ever invented: RICIN

The Department of Parks and Recreation offers a wide variety of both active and passive parks and recreation, in settings that appeal to the County's diverse population. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department

Gloriously, there are at least 20,000 RICIN (*Ricinus communis*) plants growing in the estuary and park. In fact, they seem to be purposely planted as a ground cover.

We most assuredly cannot, dare not, must not, call this plant ugly. Instead, we can encourage everyone to use the term "aesthetically diverse" or even "aesthetically challenged"

We all must thank the State of California and the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department's administration for preserving this wonderful opportunity for all those of a like mind to come, discover, harvest and prepare, this most magical of

powders: RICIN.

RICIN is not a difficult product to create. It is far easier to create than is cocaine. The first thing one does is remove the oil (just squeezing it will work) and then take the remaining mash and process it with alcohol (Tequila will work), or even (because flavor is not a real concern) gasoline.



RICIN as agriculture

20,000 RICIN plants. They even border the roads as ornamental ground cover.

Thank goodness, anyone attempting to rid the park of this most exhilaratingly and terminally efficient plant will be arrested. You are, after all, in a park.

The fact that this plant is not native and in fact choking out the native flora seems beyond the California Collective Birkenstocker's ken. In fact, while this entire place could be renamed Death Central for



all sorts of reasons, the Birkenstockers are instead out getting state and federal grants to pluck a few garland chrysanthemums from a dried sewage pit three miles to the north. How much tax payer money does one get to use “propagules” and “the ecotone” and then actually have the gall to get *volunteers* to pull the weeds on two acres of sewage scab? Over \$25,000.



Metaphor for Diversity

RICIN gloriously tossed with tires. A celebration for all, here in the estuary and park.

It is quite amazing that we all can look at the pictures of thousand foot tall skyscrapers being leveled on 9/11 by airplanes commandeered by twenty people with two dollar box cutters and yet we allow a half million pounds of the most lethal plant on earth to not only grow freely not ten feet from 10,000 convicted felons, murderers and the largest drug smuggling cartel on earth who all hate our collective

guts, but have it all be protected by the odd assortment of \$150,000 a year American civil servants who “*provide nurture to nature and to our children.*”

Thankfully, these plants do not just drop their seeds. That would be inappropriate behavior. These plants explosively eject their seeds. When one of these plants detonates its seed pod the noise is amazing and the projectiles dangerous. But be warned, if an average traveler, still in a sweat from avoiding a score of Border Patrol Agents, passes you when one of these seed pods detonates he will think it was you who were mean spiritedly attempting to delay his passage with gunfire. He may very well shoot you and the problem for you is that his bullets won't bounce off like the ones from a seed pod.

Lastly, no one has — it seems — discussed the consequences of a fire in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. With all of this RICIN bursting from every leaf, stem, seed, and twig, being within ten miles of this place during a fire might prove a truly life altering experience (see “unexpected departure” above).

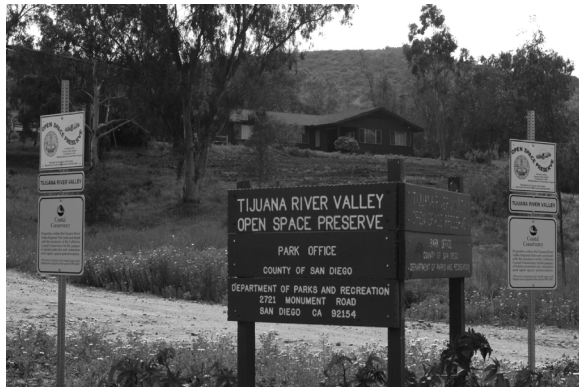
As we continue our drive, we now come to the county estuary headquarters building. It is the brown ranch house style building



to the left and up the hill. Note that their big brown administration sign is actually ringed by RICIN plants.

We promote a culture that values our employees, partners, and customers and fosters innovation in parks and recreation.

San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.



Estuary headquarters

Even their sign is ringed in RICIN plants.

Please note also that there is no visitor parking at this headquarters. In fact, on most days you will find far more state government vehicles parked here at headquarters than you will find visitor vehicles at their park.

With about 200 taxpayer funded employees wandering the lands and only about three park visitors, one might assume that each park visitor will be handsomely sup-

plied with information and care. Not so. The chances of you actually talking to a park employee or even seeing a park employee are quite slim.



Park view home

Sending travelers north is simplified with a 180 degree view of the border.

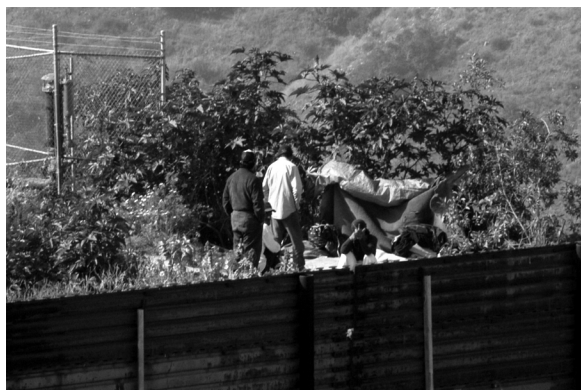
Many of the more curious have searched the outlying towns of Imperial Beach and Nestor and even San Ysidro looking for these employees. They seem to simply vanish. The only reasonable answer is that they have all transported themselves south across the border during daylight hours.

Above us and to the left is one of the most modern and interesting of park view homes. The home is festooned with antennae and has been remodeled to include an unusually tall second story with airport control tower style windows that view more than 180 degrees of the



border.

The windows all cant inwards at the bottom which minimizes glare and makes it difficult to peek inside and see who's watching whom. Whatever the whispers about the watchers behind the windows it would be mean spirited to even think that they are monitoring the border line and sending off their thousands of border crossers in complete synchronization so as to avoid U.S. government border patrolling activities.



Paint sniffing and RICIN

Road kill roasting on an open flame can be a hazard when you are sniffing toluene, especially when living under a RICIN bush.

Such whispers are truly only rumor and speculation. The building's adjacent guard tower does portend some possible link to Martita (see The Cartel above)

Up the canyon to our left are some of the more humble border homes of wayward travelers who have stayed behind in Tijuana. On some days one can see them sniffing the contents of spray paint cans.

Solvent fumes act very much like the ancient anesthetic called "ether" and give the user a "buzz." The problem is that certain solvents, such as ether, have been found to offer permanent rather than transitory effects on the brain and that is why some of these solvents are used only for "one way" trips.

Such generally known solvents (and which offer some serious opportunity for no return ticket) include chloroform and (in metallic spray paints) toluene.

Cans of metallic colored paint sprays provide the desired hallucinatory effects in the least amount of time and are much preferred. The contents of these cans are quite flammable and mixing gutted-road-kill roasting on an open campfire with paint fume sniffing often creates a sudden large oval shaped detonation which can be heard and even seen from well over a mile away.

Youth Initiative: Create positive recreation experiences for youth



and their families that develop skills that will benefit them later in life. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

A little farther on and we can see an interesting rectangular observation tower which is the most prominent structure now between us and the park. It has a flat roof and a single and quite rectangular window.

With only that single open window some have said that it is a clock tower. It does make noises — mostly the gentle bubbling and whispers from its coating of gray-green bacteria. Certainly, it should be noted that while many buildings are artfully painted with territorial claims that some would call graffiti, here we see only the singular word LOVE. But it may be best to keep your visit short and to stay well upwind.

This San Diego County Parks and Recreation Monument and Tower is part of the Tijuana Effluent Society's efforts to send us even more of their "discharges." All sewage from the far west side of Tijuana (that is actually connected to a sewer line) is pumped through a primitive tunnel which passes this spot along the border. The massive and mixing waves of fermentation gasses must be allowed to escape or the system would stop. The gasses are vented here. The tower must be this massive to withstand any potential gas explosions. Also, its thick walls and thin roof

makes for a vertical detonation thus saving nearby houses.

The way this device seems to work is through the magic of that gray pipe to the right side of the building. Beneath this tower is a huge sewer. That sewer has a vent pipe which you see to the right of the window. Normally the vent pipe suffices in venting enough gas to allow the Mexican sewage to flow as a calm stream. Should something untoward occur, the tower can itself act as a storage tank and hold many gallons of liquid. Think projectile vomiting into a bucket.



San Diego Parks Monument

This monument to the USBPEZ signals open season to all who care.

Following such a belch, the liquid can then dribble back into the bottom of the vent pipe (through a valve not shown) or simply ferment and dry within the tower itself. Such a large window seems essential only if there is any potential for a detonation of the tower's contents.

The first reaction would be that the gas flame exits the window. The second reaction would be an overpressure which would blow the roof off the tower (note how thin the roof is so that it can go first). Only if someone is manufacturing crystal methamphetamine using ether and venting that process into the local sewer someplace upstream would there be a good chance of the entire tower being destroyed.

Department land. Thankfully, this area is a United States Border Patrol Exclusionary Zone (USBPEZ). The San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department has banished all U.S. Border Patrol from their lands.

We provide for the safety and well-being of the individuals, families and communities we serve. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.



San Diego Monument up close

LOVE is the singular message emblazoned here.

Yes, it seems that the Director of the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department sent a formal letter to the United States Border Patrol that said: *“I trust you will instruct your staff not to come on to this parcel since they have no authority to do so.”*

Again, it is best to always know where a Border Patrol Agent is parked. Keep this information, this map, this life preserver, in your consciousness, and even in distant view.

It may be of interest to know that the area specifically mapped as the “U.S. Border Patrol Exclusionary Zone” is immediately adjacent to the border and centered on the towering sewer vent.

Staying well up wind near this tower is not a problem because you are now on San Diego County Parks and Recreation

There are many who believe that the true purpose of this Exclusionary Zone is to allow for the secret construction of the first San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department Skyway. Delicate, aluminum gondolas, cable-suspended, carriages, are to be mounted upon the top



of the sewer tower and, as they gently sway too and fro, glide northward over the border to a receiving platform some ninety two and a half feet north of the border fence.

With about 100,000 “travelers” a year their easy market, a \$1,000 ticket will pay off the hundred million taxpayer dollars they have invested in the area in just the first year of operation.



View south from USBPEZ

View shows silvery river of Mexican sewage flowing north under Mexican freeway berm.

But anyone not too enamored with Birkenstocks may do some quick mental arithmetic and calculate that the number of troops and tanks available to the federal government on a picosecond’s notice to suggest and possibly even encourage an alternative use for this area may exceed the number available in a millennia to any organization built on true love and “it’s all for the children.”

But until the U.S. Government gets over the shock and awe, and stops laughing,

what this means of course is that you have entered a true Twilight Zone.

Border travelers have yet to become aware that this singular segment of the entire United States border is protected not by armed federal officers but by the very odd unshaven-anywhere naturalist in Birkenstocks (and possibly a safari jacket and a tan hat).



SD County USBPEZ lands

The LOVE tower is on the right and the forbidden land is to its left. Skyway can cross road.

Of the 1,945 miles of border with Mexico, this is the only place where all peoples are free to act out all their fantasies of love and caring. And you can most assuredly be next.

In this USBPEZ, if you are approached by a south-to north-traveler, or (worse) several travelers ... run. Run as you have never run before. Run as if this was the last moment you had on earth. Run to where-that last Border Patrol Agent was parked and when you approach, scream and move yourself so that you are not in a direct line

of fire between the Agent and the travelers...

Strategic Initiative: Promote natural resource management strategies that ensure environmental preservation, quality of life, and economic development. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.



Sewer sniffers

Five sniffers and (in this case) their bottle of gasoline are captured here. They live between the border fence and the sewage laden creek.

The State of California Parks Department has spent millions of dollars attempting to preserve the effluent flowing onto their lands from Mexico. This preservation effort has included a vast array of settling ponds with walls even ten feet high where the diverse Mexican liquids and interesting objects tossed our way by Tijuanaistas can be captured and stored for all park vis-

itors to see and enjoy. The walls of these ponds were specifically ordered to be made of earth.

Strategic Initiative: Develop outdoor adventure programs such as ecosensitive camping, backpacking, surfing. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.



Border Barbecue

Outdoor adventure comes alive! Good Ecosensitive Campers will barbecue anything. Are you game?

One might assume that placing a mound of earth in front of a tsunami of lump-laden sewage that's rumbling down rain filled canyons in Mexico and which will gush northward into the USA just might not work. While completely obvious to you and to me and to every competent civil engineer in the educated world, it seems to not have been obvious to the State of California Parks Department.





County of San Diego

DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION

RENÉE E. BAHL
DIRECTOR

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September 26, 2003

Michael D. Hance
Supervisory Border Patrol Agent
San Diego Sector
U.S. Border Patrol, Department of Homeland Security
2411 Boswell Road
Chula Vista, CA 91914

Dear Mr. Hance:

I have reviewed the Right of Entry Agreement for Tijuana River Valley Regional Park parcel APN 663-030-04-00 that was recently dropped off at our park ranger station. This agreement would authorize the Border Patrol to come on to this parcel in the park to take core samples.

I am not signing the requested agreement and am denying the U.S. Border Patrol, Department of Homeland Security the right to access Tijuana River Valley Regional Park land for any construction project or testing for a construction project. I understand from my staff that the Border Patrol, Department of Homeland Security planned to do the work described in the requested agreement on or about October 8, 2003. However, I trust you will instruct your staff not to come on to this parcel since they have no authority to do so.

Sincerely,

RENÉE E. BAHL
Director

cc: Cailin NiChrualaoich, Supervising Park Ranger
Michael McFedries, District Park Manager

"To preserve regionally significant natural and cultural resources and provide opportunities for high quality parks and recreation experiences."

Border Banishment

The U.S. Border Patrol is not allowed to patrol the border. That's odd.

Yes, thoughts of “concrete” and “reinforcement” and “flow diversion” seem to have been beyond their ken.



Sewage pond blowout

More than 1,000 cubic yards of debris and untold millions of gallons of sewage flow to the sea.

With the first rains of winter, gushing Tijuana waves carrying vast tightly knitted islands of used tires, bottles, bodies, and more into these settling ponds and then right out the other side. The twenty foot thick pond walls were destroyed; burst through from the explosive force of the foaming sewage flow.

The monstrous damage to the environment was covered by the local press. The press seemed to attribute the breaching of the earthen walls to a truck hitting them. A photo was included in that story on the San Diego Union Tribune’s page one.

No effort whatsoever was made by the State of California to make repairs and stop the continuing flow.

The State of California Water Quality Control Board finally cited the state parks for the damage. The state parks made no effort to make repairs and was then fined. Still no repairs were made.



Sewage pond blowout

The scale of the sewage flow can be seen in the size of the huge white diesel truck. The effluent and debris now rumble unimpeded to the park and then to the sea. The bull ring and border park are in the background.

So while Mr. or Mrs. Average Citizen can lose their house and everything else they own for even accidentally polluting a single house drain with mineral oil they were using as a laxative, the California State Parks can dump 1,000 cubic yards of debris and tens of millions of gallons of almost fluorescent effluent across miles of land, even into the ocean itself, and yet nothing is done.

Each year that goes by, even more raw sewage flows into America, and there is more poisoning of the land, more poisoning of the animals and more poisoning of the sea itself.

Finally, to our front, we can see our goal, the Border Field State Park. The road returns, at last, to natural and loosely compacted earth. Driving becomes a sport.

From this last vantage point, the park's towering overview called "Bunker Hill", one can truly see the vastness of the estuary and park. That the hill providing this view has such a menacing name is a tragedy.



Sewage floods

Forever bursting the flimsy barriers, the effluent carries flotsam and jetsam and dumps it in shallow pools across the land. The bull ring and park are in the background.

Very early in the last century we were concerned that the Germans were certain to invade. We built some truly massive cannon which could blast 1,650 pound shells to the horizon and which could be used to sink those invading German ships. The ships of greatest concern were called the dreadnaughts and were the large battleships. Our shore based cannons were mounted in bunkers on what is called

Point Loma (about twenty miles north of the park). These cannons were housed in "batteries" including Wilkeson, Calef, Woodward, Humphreys, Strong, and Ashburn, which you can see on the right as you travel to the Point Loma Lighthouse.

Without radar it was difficult to figure out the exact position of the enemy. Then too, Point Loma might have been enveloped in a fog bank and the gunners would have no way of knowing where to point the guns (to defend us from the hordes of invading German ships). Thankfully, the guns could only be pointed in a westerly arc.



Bunker Hill

Here's a view home with security.

By placing remote observation bunkers hither and thither it was possible to triangulate the position of these soon to arrive German ships and then with some intense spherical trigonometry, solid geometry, and gunnery calculations (on paper by a junior officer, by hand, and recorded in detail in a log book for later Courts Mar-

shal when he erred) the position of the Germans could be sent by telephone to the guns at places like Battery Ashburn. These border observation bunkers would each contain four soldiers working 12 hour shifts.



Bunker Entrance

Deep, cold, and a long way down.

Once fired at 2,700 feet per second it would take the 1,650 pound shell even a full minute to sail over the sea and land on the Germans (to increase range the shell is fired upwards not directly at the ship because gravity affects the range). To save time, several guns would be fired at once and from different batteries. Point Loma would shake so much from the guns that dust would rise from the opposite side of the peninsula. The entire city of San Diego shook when these guns were fired in salvo. Downtown San Diego buildings like The Bank of America and The San Diego Trust and Savings Bank and The El Cortez Hotel all shook or swayed from the distant blasts.

The flame coming out the barrel of one of these guns extended about 150 feet and the smoke would often form a perfect ring. There was enough cordite burned with each shot that, downwind, headaches would disappear. Many forms of cordite contain nitro-glycerine and that marvelous substance relieves headaches and lowers your blood pressure. It is also good for angina.



Bunker View

The park and bull ring lay there before us.

It took about 100 men to load and fire each gun. The shells were stored in a very safe and very deeply buried bunker and then by a form of bucket brigade these huge shells were rolled one at a time by scores of men toward the breach of the gun. The shell was lifted in line with the breach by an elevator that looked like a spoon. Eight men would then push the shell six feet into the gun's chamber with a 22 foot long ramrod. More than 400 pounds of powder in four silk bags would then be carried on stretchers and rammed home by those same men and with that

same 22 ft. long ramrod. The massive breach block would be hinged closed and rotated to the locked position. A small caliber brass shell that looked like a .45 pistol shell would then be pressed into a little hole at the back of the breach block and the hammer cocked. The gun would be lifted in elevation and rotated in azimuth. The gun crew had not a clue what they were aiming at. They only positioned the gun as ordered. Upon command, a lanyard would be pulled and all hell would break loose. A good crew could fire one round a minute.

We must understand that the rule of thumb was that to be successful you needed a gun with a barrel diameter larger than the thickness of the opponent ship's armor plate. These were very large guns. Their barrels were at least fifty feet long. Actually, they were rifles and not artillery. They were designed to be fired even point blank and directly at the enemy ship if the enemy were stupid enough to get that close.

World War Two came along and we now had the Japanese invading instead of the Germans. Thankfully, we had only a single air raid in all of southern California.

Thankfully is the correct term when we understand that "errors were made." On the night of February 25, 1942 only two months after Pearl Harbor, Los Angeles suffered the only southern California "air raid." The Los Angeles Times reported in

50 point type:

LA AREA RAIDED!

Seal Beach, Santa Monica, Long Beach Imperiled.

There were about 100 searchlights blazing the sky. There were about 500 flak guns blasting skyward, firing rounds nearly three feet long and more than three inches in diameter. Tons of shrapnel burst into sparkling bits in the night sky and fell thousands of feet to earth perforating homes and even cars. There were five deaths in Los Angeles just from heart attacks.

In reality, the 203rd Coast Artillery under the command of a Lt. Col. Snell had one of their guns go off by accident. That is all it took. Everybody let loose. Everyone expected the Japanese to attack and so why not now? Some say that they event was a set up to force saboteurs to go active and allow our brave forces to catch them. The light show of the Shock and Awe of Baghdad was nothing when compared to the circus of Los Angeles of February 25, 1942.

Each of those 100 searchlights put out 800 million candle power. You could read a newspaper at five miles with the light from just one of them. They were powered by carbon arcs and these arcs took 65 volts DC at 120 amps.

Yes, you could actually see it all from San Diego, 120 miles south. That is why we

are so very fortunate that the massive gun batteries on Point Loma could only face the ocean and not the city of San Diego.



Level One Hazard

The area is a DOD Level One hazard with loads of unexploded ordnance awaiting everyone. You may be a single step from Paradise.

The Battle of Midway (which eliminated any real threat from the Japanese fleet after the first six months of the war) and the advent of radar made these Bunker Hill observation posts and the many huge gun batteries less useful and the lands were assigned to other uses. In the present case these uses included a bombing range.

Bunker Hill was then used as the radio communications station for various military aerial bombing sessions. The instructors for these sessions were ensconced in the still remaining steel reinforced concrete bunkers ten feet thick and equipped with narrow shrapnel-proof slits for viewing and sub basements for moments of a student's tactical, and explosive, errors.

Finally, it is true that the entire landscape

below these bunkers and in almost all directions is still from time to time posted as a former bombing range with a DOD danger grade of Level One (highest level). The area is listed in the federal registry as a level one unexploded ordnance site.

The good news is that whatever was dropped here so many years ago seems to have settled in. Yes, if it hasn't already exploded in the last 60 years, it probably won't now. But who's to say? This may be your day.

Here too we have vast fields of Indian artifacts. These historic treasures are like diamonds sparkling in the sunlight. Here and then ... there ... we can see the scatterings of the bleached white shells of tiny sea creatures.



Ancient shells bask in the sun

There is a whisky bottle at top center.

The shells are scattered over a quarter square mile of land. Archaeologists have noted in legal papers that this wide expanse of shells is the last vestige of

American native culture along the border. The essence of their reports is that a hundred or more years ago the indigenous peoples of this area dug the little animals from the ocean sands — more than a mile a way — and then carried them inland in delicate native baskets and up this 200 ft. high mountain to open them and eat the nutritious contents. The contents of each shell would have been a meaty morsel far smaller than a medium sized olive (actually the size of the olive pit).

Mean spirited, hateful, people, who say that they actually have some experience in clamming, have evilly discussed an alternative process whereby the indigenous people could not possibly have been that stupid and would have simply eaten the clams on the beach. Walking inland and then up a 200 ft. high mountain only to scatter the shells evenly and carefully over the entire mesa from edge to edge would have been bizarre (they even go so far as to say that these indigenous peoples did not have celebratory spray cans of metallic paint during those times with which to shrink their brains sufficiently to even think of doing something as stupid as this).

Further, they say that no one in their right mind would climb up a mountain to eat clams when the only drinking water is, down at the river ... Lastly, these hateful men (they are all men) say that there are no traces of fire pits or animal bones or even ancient ground stakes from the

indigenous people's rare but rumored low framed conical houses. Their hateful and outrageous conclusion to this sea shell scattering mystery is that the shells are even 10,000 years old and the present 200 ft. high mountain was once, in those ancient times, the river bed and beach. Their hateful conclusion is that the shells are those of little animals who simply died in place 10,000 years ago leaving their bleached white carcasses for us to view today.

They point to thousands of almost identical landscapes around the world where this is true.

Lastly, they are eager to provide a shovel (which the indigenous peoples did not have) and let these "archeologists" labor along the shore for three weeks consuming clams, clams, and more clams. After a good day's dig in the surf the "archeologists" would then be marched the full mile inland through the quagmire of mud and up the mountain to celebrate their archeologically correct culinary masterpiece without lemon juice and certainly eaten quite raw. And then these "archeologists" could traipse back down the hill for a drink of water. These vile, hateful, mean spirited people estimate the archeological re-enactor's life expectancy at less than a week from lack of a warming fire, exposure to the elements, starvation or (from the clams living here today or from the water they drank) terminal food poisoning.

The salt marshes all around us and the freshwater marshes behind us (which are fed by the continuous and the seasonal and quite nearly fluorescent issues from Tijuana discussed above) all give refuge to migrating and native water fowl. The avocet, black-necked stilt, American widgeon, teal, and pelican all celebrate the park with us.

Curiously, the park seems almost completely absent of permanent avian residents. Most agree that this is due to the rich foods and even odd morsels of protein so abundant in this area.

An innate desire for flight — with an incumbent need for a lithe body — encourages the many birds which otherwise could be seen nesting here to stay far, far away. The more vicious and callous whisper words of “biohazard, Enterococcus, E. Coli, Coliform, lead, cadmium”, and even “dead without a squawk”.

This is not to say that the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department is not funding multi-million dollar studies of the various bird populations. Various subcontractors are hired to wade through the riparian thickets to count birds. These birds cannot be seen. The “count” consists of what the surveyor might hear while thrashing through the thickets and the mud.

The riparian areas can provide about 500 pounds of foods of all sorts per acre per

year. The problem is that when these 500 pounds of foods are soaked in everything from cholera and syphilis to lead, mercury, and cadmium, (plus the things that make human babies have no brains) their true food value may be somewhat diminished. Some will even ask the obvious question of what happens when anything eats a RICIN bean, or leaf, or stem.

Many avian species nest here at the park only for brief periods and then only during the summer months. A good choice of seasons considering the consequences of a serious sprinkling with those curiously stimulating streams available during the winter rainy season which would most assuredly leaden their flight abilities.

Some of the birds nest in subtle depressions in the ground and offer their eggs, by the thousands, to hungry night travelers passing through these lands. Grant proposals have been submitted so that counseling can be offered to the birds by highly paid state government naturalists so that the potential post partum depressions of our feathered friends will be minimized.

Seeing the naturalists in their oversized beige sacking and with primitive bird puppets on each hand cooing gently to the despondent flock will be a sight to behold. Yes, and these huge and numerous state and federal university grants round out the reasons for the diverse mixture of interested parties on-site taking such profound interest in these creatures. The

good news is that the vile liquids that actually make it this far in the estuary and park are then, thankfully, swallowed by the hundreds of skunks in the area who die before they can eat too many baby birds still in their nests.

Diverse nesting behaviors are not limited to those of the avian variety. Night and day the estuary and park are blessed with young women of simple virtue. They clamber over the low spots of the vile border barrier and consult with park visitors during daylight hours and even more lustily with border travelers during the cool evening darkness. Most assuredly, it was that Prince of Inhibition, Pope Gregory who more than 1,400 years ago gave us the Seven Deadly Sins.

Yes, those of us not recent graduates of the American Public School System remember that it was Pliny the Elder who said that sexual propriety could be learned from the activities of elephants that *“copulate only in hidden places and afterwards bathe in a river.”* And this is most assuredly true even today. Here and there among the rushes and other riparian flora of the estuary and park lands, one can just discern the telltale animations and squeals of delight.

Many centuries ago, a student of Diogenes espoused that there is no shame attached to satisfying lust through masturbation and he then improved upon his thesis by example and frequently copu-

lated with his wife in public places. We are blessed here in the estuary and park with a most equal celebration of diversity in want and most assuredly in action. Alluringly, the park is most truly a mecca for ... *all.*



Portable generators

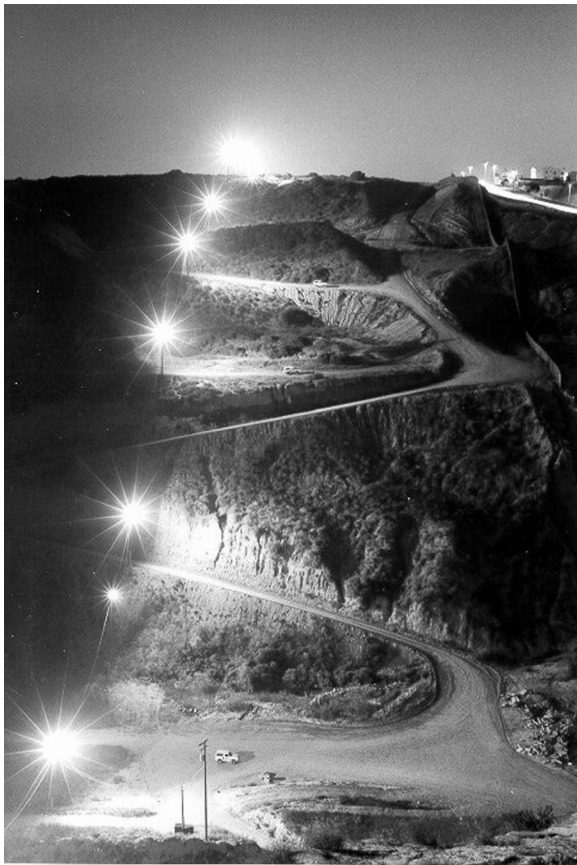
Scores of these are in the estuary and park.

Night in the park can be quite interesting. Much of it is illuminated by portable generators to expose the more adventuresome travelers to their audience of uniformed officers. The darker areas fill one with foreboding, emptiness, and fear.

For most tourists these places will be wildest, darkest jungle, and deepest swamp

they have ever seen.

Yes, the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park frequently become poetic platforms where we can say that lust pursues its own gratification, headlong, impatient of any control, immune to reason. Here in this magical land, lust is there for all to see in a trail of clothing strewn across the low native grasses and well-used and milky-filled protections are scattered like rarely seen planets in the night sky.



Generators light the border

Their blue white orbs add a cheerful invitation to all.

While Kant and Freud thought far less of

these behaviors than we now do, these liquid laden acts are but a symphony of pleasure and response punctuated by lilting cries and basso grunts which are heard in this magical place in any season, in any weather, and at any time. There is no doubt that tenured professors around California already have their grant proposals filed to spend years closely examining this diverse micro-culture here along the border.



Tranny Traveler

It's good the jail cells have unisex bathrooms.

While some might find that gun battles, flurries of half naked giggling prostitutes, and Tsunamis of sewage splashing up to the car's floorboards all enrich their tourist experience, others may disagree.

The State of California really does care and while diversity is paramount, they really suggest that it is most assuredly best to call ahead before your planned visit to the park.

Of course, many of these (and certainly the most interesting) events will be spon-

taneous and unplanned and be but a random interplay of peoples and their desires and so you may easily become involved unexpectedly and intimately at any moment in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

Youth Initiative: Create positive recreation experiences for youth and their families that develop skills that will benefit them later in life. San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department.

We finally come to the official gate and entrance to the California Border Field State Park. To the left we can see a massive pumping station which is pressurizing and pumping up to a hundred million gallons of sewage a day. The exit pipe (the “SBOO”) is buried right beneath our feet. On quiet days you can not only hear the whine of the pumps but you can actually hear and even feel the massive surge of sewage flowing just a few feet beneath where you stand.

The first question one might ask is “Does this gate actually provide entrance to the California Border Field State Park?”

Remember the CALTRANS sign way back there on the freeway that said “Border Field State Park THIS WAY” and then sent you miles off course to some sissy concrete cottage hidden in the tall grass?

With federal employees suing the federal

government for being “Agent Oranged” by the land, sea and air of this place it is quite possible that the State of California does not actually *want* you to be here.

Sure, they have spent hundreds of millions of dollars (as has the County of San Diego) on this place but maybe they know something that you only know *now*. And that is, that this place is *dangerous* and will never be better and can only get worse.



Sewage boost pump

Even 100,000,000 gallons of sewage a day slither beneath your feet, forced into the sea by this huge pump system.

To get this far you have already endured microscopic human feces flakes, human urine dust, bubbling fluorescent sewage that dissolves concrete, enough RICIN to drop the entire mammalian population of planet earth, a few “New Age” border guards in Birkenstocks (in the USBPEZ), tattooed gang members returning to the LA Barrio, and even (if you got lucky) free spirited transvestite hookers.

And, if you were foolish enough to have

parked your car and walked this far into this place, your car has probably already been driven south and maybe even (if it was a new white SUV) sold to the Tijuana Police Department.

But there's a problem. Because this entire 2,500 acre area is some really strange quagmire of inter-agency political links and even stranger funding sources, the distant "Visitor's Center" is also officially part of "The Park."



Rehabilitation means RICIN

Vast areas under direct cultivation.

The State of California told you that the "park" was miles in the other direction. The concrete cottage people "over there" will tell you that what is over here (as you stand inside their concrete bunker / building), is "the park." *You* are the one who ignored their entreaties and literally went out of your way and came here instead.

If we examine the exact words used by the California Park Service in describing this park we can only become intrigued by its

mysteries: *The park offers hiking, horse trails, surf fishing and birding. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was concluded on February 2, 1848, officially ending the war with Mexico. It provided that the new international border between the two countries be established by a United States and Mexican Boundary Commission. Both commissions surveyed and located the initial borderline at Border Field.*

As we move forward we come upon a veritable farm of RICIN plants. Vast acres are being allowed to blossom with this wondrously ugly green plant. One can only stand back in amazement and gaze at the verdant green acres of RICIN being nurtured here before us.

The plants have even been provided with their very own irrigation system. By "irrigation" one must agree that three dedicated control systems commanding miles of piping all lubricating the very life of the plant called Death is a joy to behold.

While most of the RICIN in the estuary and park lives on effluent and seasonal rains, the State of California is spending untold taxpayer dollars feeding these new plants millions of gallons of city drinking water.

So the State of California website invitation to join them in diverse and exciting experiences here in Border Field State Park may not really mean all that it says.

The mean spirited among us might point out that what they say is that there is no bathing, no wading, no walking. They also might say that the only permanent structure here (except a toilet) is a monument to Mexico's defeat at the hands of the Gringo. Note that they also mention "horse trails" but have done all in their collective power to bankrupt and destroy the only horse rental business within five miles.

There is other state government advice through omission. There is no talk of actually eating those fish you might catch.



Acres of RICIN

Sprinkler controls for the RICIN which is growing as far as you can see. The bull ring and monument tower are in the far background. That's a half mile of RICIN.

The park does offer bike trails. You may have issues with the type of tire required for their navigation. Because the park is essentially a seasonal if not permanent swamp, if you plan to do more than glide smoothly around the park's singular parking lot then tires of at least four inches in

width would be best.

Schwinn now offers the perfect bike. With the continuous diversification of America, their "Stingray" model had become passé. They have now updated the bike in more ethnic colors and the new mechanics include four inch wide tires which makes it perfect for touring the local trails.



Park is west

The park is just at the left on that gentle rise.

Fishing is fantastic here. It is best however to not be near the beach after sundown and never near the beach at mean nautical twilight (the darkest part of the night).

Be warned, it is here that "Salvoes meet the Salt."

The brilliant xenon spot lamp beams from hovering Border Patrol helicopters and the dozens of racing Border Patrol vehicles often combine at the surf line into a panoply of light, sparkling, frothing, splashing off the odd but quite dangerous humanity swimming northwards around

the steel fence staked 100 yards into the Pacific Ocean.

Your fishing lines may be misinterpreted as grappling devices for the various water-proof packages of high value medicaments being pushed northward from Mexico. The rest of your life is a long time to spend in Leavenworth.



Border sea barrier

Don't be caught here at night.

Gentle horses are preferred here in the park. Any horse skittish from gunfire or low flying helicopters is best kept in the corral. Then too, getting your own vehicle and its horse trailer westwards across the rich earthen paths to the secure pavement of the park may prove difficult.

There are miles of trails in this park. Most do seem to flow from south to north and all head from low spots in the existing border defenses to the beach and points north. Thanks to the many travelers furtively scurrying northwards, the area trails are not wide gentle paths as seen in other

parks. Here, the paths are like narrow brown varicose veins menacingly scattered over the hills. Others of these trails wiggle through the marshlands but it's best to leave those trails not just to the light in spirit but actually to the very light in weight.

Stepping on one of those odd and rusty metal lumps in the marsh and then suddenly, but only very temporarily, becoming airborne and seeing the park from 100 feet up has certain advantages but until Imperial Beach builds their new 5,000 bed hospital your chances of survival are slim. Remember too, the marshlands are soft and your fall from such a great height might just plant you far below ground level and you may never be seen again. What's worse, luck might have it that you land on a second UXB and send yourself, or parts of yourself, high in the air once more.

The park teems with wildlife. Most appears after dark and with accouterments of coarse cursing and female entreaties. It is also best to remember that for your safety all travel into the park should only occur where your view is not impeded by any flora.

There is that quite interesting possibility that you will meet a border traveler and the encounter may not resolve itself in your favor. The State of California's Parks Department has, after all, said for the record: *safety conditions change.*

Sundays are rumored to be quite interesting in the park, California State Park suggested safety conditions be damned. There are numerous reports of groups of religious people visiting the park on Sundays. California State Parks and Recreation Chief Ranger Robert F. Freeman has even tossed such people out of the park when they started making too much noise (singing church songs). On October ninth he was quoted by staff writer Rita Gillmon of the San Diego Union as saying; *“But when you set up a podium and loudspeakers, you have an assembly ... It is for their own protection.”* Chief Ranger Freeman continued with: *“The border isn’t a good place to do this kind of thing. There are people riding around down there [Mexico] with guns and they may not understand.”* Of course, two can play that game.

There is no corroboration of the following events, but this is the report:

With the morning fog still at the surf line and vapors steaming off the sodden biomass of the old bombing range, clusters of pickup trucks circle on the asphalt-at-the-sea and heavy set women and their chain smoking anorexic husbands tend to their children all dressed in Sunday finery. More senior and silver whiskered adults are already tending to the barbecues smoking in a dozen pits.

A lay preacher rises onto the roof of a well worn Dodge Power Wagon and prayers are given to all around.

One does not want to interfere in their Holiest of days but this song seems to drift to us on the wind:

It is said that as the preacher raises them to a fever pitch, rifles come from every nook and cranny and the congregation sways to and fro.

Most assuredly at some time during their service the free spirits of The Cartel will send a few bumble bee whizzing AK47 rounds over the border and off the sides of the pickup trucks so carefully circled in the park.

The reaction, the slow “pause and turn” of the gathered parishioners is an electric and most exciting event. Silence comes over the gathering and all slowly turn their faces (and their guns) to the south.

With a solemn but wavering call of “Retribution”, the congregation’s firepower is unleashed southwards.

Unlike the U.S. Marines in Iraq who can be hampered by long supply lines and sissy.223 plastic rifles, here in the Border Field State Park the people of a simpler America have ... Real Guns ... and their muzzles are faced southwards and they launch a Holy Firestorm.

Silence comes over the park and little birds can be heard to sing somewhere.

It seems that The Cartel’s various partici-

pants in this exchange of views never survive the encounter and so there is no one left to dissuade them from repeating the encounter the next Sunday. Their bodies are eventually plopped at the edge of the Tijuana dump and so life returns to normal in that city to the south.

Then too, vague reports suggest that not every weekend is limited to just thrilling Sunday events. Saturdays are rumored to be filled with the laughter of large groups of very interestingly attired people. Weddings here in the park must be heartwarming to see. Because of its remoteness, all sorts of diverse groups may hold this place dear. Many weddings today are celebrated as marriages of similar and oddly non-similar sexes. Others today, may even be of similar and non-similar species. While the two adult men are being blessed, the marriage ceremony often includes “Your father should be proud” and of course sometimes the response is “But this is my father”. Incest is a vile word but after all is it really incest when it is between father and son?

Here in the park it is rumored that ceremonies stay safely away from these questions with safe alternatives such as the celebration of intimate trans-species bonding. Dolly — her fur so warm and well, *furry*, seems the perfect bride and one can hear:

But true happiness can now be found with the newer and even more diverse alterna-

tives which offer a far more exciting potential. Yes, now we have even transgenic alternatives for true happiness. Dolly is but a middle of the road and a conservative California life style alternative.

Yes, here in the park, Polly is the future, with genes spliced from any plant, mammal or even an arachnid, she can offer true happiness. With a gestation period of just a few months and “maturity” but a year away, everyone can now find the mate they always wanted and celebrate the combining of two souls of absolutely limitless diversity here at the California Border Field State Park.

From the border northwards, the park offers miles of windswept beach for brisk walks in ankle deep sand and possibly somewhat futile efforts at exploring the even deeper sand dunes.

While you may have heard about the Boll Weevil of cotton fame, the parklands before you and the dunes to the north are home to a Dune Weevil. Everywhere you step is an adventure.

You will most assuredly encounter diverse colonies of immigrant peoples digging at the low tide mark. They are harvesting clams. Whatever the arbitrary state and federal rules and regulations governing such collecting, the California Fish and Game authorities are many miles away and so most days, huge potato sacks of

clams are eagerly collected for later sale in distant ethnic communities.

That these clams absorb the vast streams of nutrients flowing from the estuary and park means that beaches farther on will receive less. Medical care is provided to all in America and a weekend ethnic clam bake followed by a quick visit to a local hospital ER is fully covered by you the taxpayer.

If you are wondering how bad these clams really are the data is already on file. Shellfish samples from the area tested for *E. coli* and other contamination offer 23,000 mpn (most probable number) per 100 grams of tissue which exceeds the maximum allowed by law by a factor of 153 times. Yes, that is not a misprint. That is not 1.53 or 15.3 it is 153 times the maximum allowable contamination.

Of course we also have what are called “red tides” here which infuse the clams with dinoflagellates of a most poisonous type. Clams and mussels eat anything that fits and dinoflagellates are tiny space ship looking animals that fit. They are partially dissolved by the clam or mussel and their nutritional value absorbed. Dinoflagellates get even, and they do this by creating a most terminally toxic chemical and daring anybody to eat them. Skunks at least let you live. From May 1 through October 31 it is best to stay far away from these clams or mussels. *E. coli* and even leprosy are bad but dinoflagellate neurotoxins are

far, far worse.

Neurotoxins are materials that can affect the way our nerves and brain function. They can in fact stop them from functioning *at all*. There are many types being created by dinoflagellates but here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park we have the absolute worst: Saxitoxin. Saxitoxin comes from these “red tides” which are a flowering of certain dinoflagellates, or plankton, in the open ocean. The flowering is exacerbated by high nutrient levels (i.e. from sewage).



Mud dweller

23,000 mpn might do this to you too.

Many of these plankton, or dinoflagellates, even produce light. They produce this light when they are disturbed. This light can be quite bright — as bright as a firefly. These plankton have even been praised as having actually saved the life of a U. S. Congressman (Randy “Duke” Cunningham). This Congressman was a pilot during the Vietnam War and was returning to his ship when all of his instruments lost power. After some seconds of night blindness he was able to see the glow being generated by the plankton that had been stirred up by his home ship’s propellers and he followed that path of dim light for miles and directly to the stern of his aircraft carrier.

The local coast is especially rich with these plankton from mid to late summer. At this time of year nutrients from the depths (river exudation and sewage outfall SBOO pipe) are pushed to the surface by certain ocean currents. These nutrients allow the plankton to reproduce at extreme rates. At these times of year it is not uncommon for 100,000,000 of these plankton to be found in a single gallon of seawater. The water is cloudy with them. And these plankton are deadly poison. One of the most poisonous is *Protogonyaulax catenella*.

It is important to understand how potent this poison really is. Saxitoxin is 100,000 times more potent than pure cocaine and there is no pleasure in your trip. The part of a clam called the siphon is the most

lethally laden. In the case of a mussel it is the digestive tract. The very local mussel *Myrtilus californianus* is the best.



Deep penetrator

Happy as a clam has a whole new meaning.

People in the southeastern areas of the country should not feel abandoned. There are various extremely evil little bugs that they can enjoy. One of the most lethal little darlings is *Pfiesteria piscidia* — also a dinoflagellate. *Pfiesteria piscidia* can kill you if you eat it, or even get it on your body — and it might even kill if you just breathe the air near the water where it lives. This is one hell-fire bug. The book “And The Waters Turned To Blood” by

Rodney Barker gives a good overview on the little fellow. The bug exudes toxins that can eat holes through your flesh and then paralyze your muscles. Many biologists say the bug actually does feed on human blood. Maybe we can grow it here?



Park view

Seemingly starkly featureless in its beauty, the park actually offers exciting and diverse experiences for all.

We all should be very wary about being near all that bacteria laden fluid of the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. We may not have *Pfiesteria piscidia* but we have about five miles of bacteria laden riparian diversity venting itself into our lungs. It can't be good for us.

Just up the beach from the estuary and park is a curious installation. It is an AN/FRD-10, better known as a Wullenweber antenna array. With its huge ring of antennas and monstrous computer processing facilities the installation is privy to all that is uttered through the ether for thousands of miles around (see Imperial Beach below).

The San Diego Union reported that the building of the Border Field State Park's flat parking area, for all the popular hue and cry for preservation, was accomplished over the corpses of half of the entire world's population of dudleya (*Dudleya variegata*). Their headline was "Border Park work wipes out rare flower." This plant is mouse grey and has pink flowers. The wanton slaughter was accomplished under the direction of California State Parks Department employees to create the 135 car parking lot, and the toilet which we all enjoy today.



Park's only structure

This toilet will soon be upgraded at a cost of \$1,200,000. It already has a TV.

Yes, the Border Field State Park itself offers a grassy knoll, a picnic area with tables, and a restroom.

There are also numerous — even hundreds — of narrow trails which lead off in all directions but which all begin in Mexico and end someplace far, far to the north. The surface texture of these trails is remarkable. While all around, the earth is

abrasive to the touch, the silent padding of millions of northward bound feet moving along these narrow paths have crushed the earth into a soft tan powder. Certainly this has helped make the park a quiet place because the thousands of nightly forays northward no longer have the loud crunch-crunch- crunch which can disturb the seasonally nesting birds and small sleeping animals.

Government employees do assist in keeping the larger of these trails clean. They are swept each late afternoon of almost every single day. Some say that the trails are swept in this way because the powdery earth can now reveal footprints of travelers which make them easier to catch — only to then later release.

Other explanations include the possibility for these employees's simple affection for Martha Stewart and her penchant for neatness.

The park's singular spot of closely cropped green grass may actually be the leach line for the one and only restroom and any questions as to why the grass remains so green all year around have just answered themselves.

Just between the potted RICIN plant and the third placard is an odd box planted by the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. It does not tick, whine or hum. It seems to have no cables issuing from it. It must be watching something but only scientists

know for sure.

Everywhere you go in the park itself you are watched by remote video cameras. They are, of course, for your safety.

*Down went the traveler, a bullet was his fate
Down went the traveler, and then the traveler's
mate!
Up jumped the smuggler, and gave our boys THE
LOOK
And we manned the guns together and laid aside
THE BOOK, shouting
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition and
we'll all stay free!
Praise the Lord and swing into position!
Can't afford to sit around and wishin'
Praise the Lord we're all between perdition
and the Border Field State Park!
Yes, the father of the children said it
You've got to give him credit
for a son — of — gun — of — a — gunner was
he,
Shouting;
Praise the Lord we're on a mighty mission!
All America! We're not a — goin' fishin';
Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition and
we'll all stay free!*

The cameras that are small and cheap looking are sending imagery to some distant park office. The cameras that look expensive and powerful are U.S. Border Patrol cameras.

The cheap cameras are about the size of an empty toilet paper roll and are mounted in protective covers. The covers are usually rectangular. When they are rectangular then the cameras inside usually do not

move.

There are big TV cameras here which pan and tilt, and they are the ones that you see, panning and tilting.



Trail sweep

Keeping the trails clean and smooth is a daily task, even if it is only to see a traveler's footsteps in the dust.

The small cameras are usually mounted in silvered dome-like fixtures. Inside these fixtures are delicate electric motors which allow the camera to pan and tilt. The big difference here is that these dome cameras keep their panning and tilting a secret from you. No, you can't just look at them and figure out where they are pointing / looking.

The good news is that these small cameras are not very good and the images are usually fuzzy.

All of these cameras send their data by UHF radio and do not depend upon per-verse land lines.

The small cameras depend upon brilliant illumination for a picture. Anything you do under the light will be seen and recorded.

There are "other" towers here in the estuary and park that do not suffer from such problems. These low light level and night vision cameras can see you in starlight. Other cameras here are called FLIR (forward looking infrared) and can see you from just the heat of your body. Yes, it is true that the less you wear the more they see.



Park accouterments

Benches and barbecues abound for the adventurous.

The FLIR cameras require an operator and are usually mounted on the back of a truck. What's more, they usually come with two more U.S. Border Patrol Agents. It seems that "travelers" can sneak up on the FLIR camera operators and this can be very bad. The other agents are there to make sure "travelers" do not do such things.

At the western edge of the grassy area are a series of park placards discussing everything *except* the various species of birds, land and aquatic mammals, and fish which promise some potential for being seen near the park from time-to-time.

The placards continue from west to north and are mounted securely on the barrier wall separating the flat walkways from the loose sand beyond.



Brilliant nights await

Light towers abound to give the area a stadium glow all night long.

Yes, the placards discuss history, settlers and more, all in Spanish and sometimes

even in English. The one placard really missing is the one describing the park's most frequent set of visitors — the travelers from the south. The more than 100,000 travelers from the south visiting each year outnumber all other species seen here *combined* and by a ratio of far more than ten to one.



Lights, Camera, Action!

The camera is the little black ball at bottom right. No, you cannot see where it is pointing.

To the left of the beige wall and observation area is a planter with purposeful and custom drip irrigation system and filled with an example of the true essence of this place, a singular RICIN plant.

The road narrows and one can step around the permanently placed United States Border Patrol vehicle (its engine always running) and down to the beach. Please look for any DANGER posters in English and Spanish.

Surfing and other beach activities are enhanced by the novel breakwater fabricated of rustic — if rusting — steel plates.

Estuary and Park

Sometimes, swimmers from the south will peek around its westward edge and then swim furiously pushing large waterproof bales of high value cargo northwards and — when met by American government employees — the encounters can even be punctuated with loud bangs and the distant but familiar wail of ambulances.

Immediately south of the park is the Tijuana bull ring where thousands of people gather to receive fresh meat on certain Sundays. The roar of the crowd is contagious. The seats in the shade are the most expensive.



Heritage is here

All information is in Spanish and English.

There are two bull rings in Tijuana, one downtown and this one next to the Border Field State Park. This one here at the park is called Plaza Monumental. The bull-fighting season lasts six months and the fights alternate between the downtown bull ring and this one at the park. The bulls sacrificed here come from all over Mexico. The optimum size for a bull is

about 1,000 pounds and each bull selected to fight the matador has been vetted for temperament and horn size.



Dead Duck

The estuary and park are an avian paradise waiting for vast flocks of gentle birds to nest and rear their young. Here, a mother yearns for her loving children somewhere lost in the perfumed beige liquid. Not to worry Mother! There is always next year's hatchlings.

The seats cost about \$50 for the first ten “barreras” rows in the shade (sombra). The cheaper seats in the sun (sol) or more than ten rows back, “tendidos preferentes”, cost about \$30. Prices can vary from \$70 for the very first row to \$15 for the very last row and out in the sun.

Siesta is taken quite seriously in Mexico and tickets can only be purchased between 10AM and 2PM and then between 3PM and 6 PM.

It is best to take a group tour bus because taking a cab will offer you a tremendous surprise when you discover that cabs take people to the bull ring but not *from* the

bull ring. It is about a five mile walk back to the U.S. Port of Entry.



Taxi awaits

Border Patrol vehicle awaits with engine running and note the purposely-park-potted RICIN plant on right.

Between the park and the bull ring is a solid granite monument — a great Obelisk — which has been proclaimed everywhere in the media as a monument to border friendship. More than 150 years ago a grand monument was constructed in distant Massachusetts and then carried around the horn to this special place.

Hundreds of people refer to this monument as the premier symbol of the close bond between the countries of the United States and Mexico. Throngs of people photograph this huge glistening obelisk and refer to it in newspaper articles and stories everywhere. The ancient inscription — the only inscription on that entire monument — is certainly one of cooperation and cultural diversity:

The destruction or displacement of this monument is a misdemeanor punishable by the United States or Mexico.

That singularly lyrical sentence is all that there is on this great stone. While some will attribute far more meaning to these words, they do not lie, but instead are just expressing a metaphor for the future of America. It is also true that this stone was once about 11 feet tall. Vandalism and the then needed refurbishment has reduced it to its present size. Lastly, the monument was once serial number one of 258. Texas politicians wangled their ways in Washington and had all the monuments along the entire border with Mexico renumbered so that they would have number one and we would have number 258.



Plaza Monumental

Thousands spend Sundays here.

It gets even better in a private account of the park's official dedication ceremonies. Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, wife of the then President of the United States, presented a document to the gathered parties which transferred these lands to the State of Cal-

ifornia. The ceremony was held immediately adjacent to the border monument. The transfer occurred at about 11 AM on August 18th, 1971.



Border monuments

The U.S. monument is the small obelisk in front and the huge Mexican monument is shining for all to see.

Several illegal aliens took that moment to cross the border so as to be apprehended, given a free lunch at Border Patrol expense, and then a free ride to the U.S. Port of Entry five miles away (catch and release). Unfortunately, the official party was not interested in apprehending illegal aliens and these men missed their free

lunch and a free ride. They were all completely ignored.

The park's first 24 hours in existence included yet another metaphor for its future. The park's nice new steel gate was stolen in its entirety that very night and park rangers arrived the next morning to unlock absolutely nothing.



Nixon dedication monument

The park dedication was marred by illegal aliens in the crowd trying to get arrested.

Not to be out done, Mexico has constructed its own border monument and it is bigger, wider, and taller. Unlike our simple stone object, Mexico's monument has a gleaming light at its top and shines gloriously all through the night. Its inscription seems to change from day to day with the ever changing contents of the next spray can.

Directly to the west in the Pacific Ocean are several islands. These are the Coronado Islands and are the property of Mexico. They were noted by Juan Cabrillo in his diary of September, 1542. Russians

slaughtered elephant seals and fur seals on the island until the animals were all but exterminated. Chinese and Japanese immigrants cleaned the island of its millions of pounds of abalone shells which were then sent to Europe only to return to America as buttons. Pirates were based on the island during the California Gold Rush. There is nothing to see there today except a Mexican Army post and a lighthouse.

Closer to the Coronado Islands than to the nearby beach you may see several small fishing boats. These fishing boats are often drug smugglers or illegal alien smugglers. If you have binoculars with you, simply look closely and you may see that the six or seven people on each boat are not holding fishing poles. The poles may well be there but they are all rusted and icky looking. You may also note that the people in these two boats are talking to each other and scanning the horizon. They will be looking for big white boats with orange bars on them often associated with the United States Coast Guard. You might even discover that the people on these boats are Chinese. Chinese non-fisher-people massed on the deck of a 15 ft. long boat and slowly heading north may be a hint that they are simple travelers who have come 8,000 miles and are now seeking safe harbor. If they were North Koreans instead of Chinese then I would suggest vacating the area immediately and getting well up wind. Los Angeles would be well up wind. Primitive nuclear weap-

ons detonated at ground / ocean level make a real mess.

Just to the north a hundred yards or so are the remnants of a great military installation where young pilots learned the art of war more than 65 years ago. These historic elements are well preserved deep beneath a thick coating of rich putrid earth. In the early months of 1942 it was the pilots who trained here who dove on America's enemy at the Battle of Midway and turned the tide of war in our favor. Imagine if September 11, had been followed by an almost complete victory just six months later. And that the heroes of that victory — who never returned — were forever so remembered as we do here and that their now faint memories were so gloriously preserved.

At a memorial to another war and its dead, nearly 3,000 miles away it says:

“... this memorial is for those who have died, and for us to remember them.”

Maya Ying Lin, designer, Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall

Certainly, the Vietnam Memorial is a black trench open to the air and visited by hundreds of thousands. The memorial we have here in the park is a set of trenches now hidden beneath a rich, moist, odiferous pudding. Then too, the Vietnam Memorial was the first of our memorials that was “outsourced.”

That memorial was made of black granite from Bangalore, India. Construction costs of the Vietnam Memorial wall alone totaled approximately \$4,284,000 which is far less than it will cost just to remove the unexploded ordnance buried here at California's Border Field State Park.

It is here and now as it was with the Potter's Field of ancient Rome. Two thousand years ago Caesar Augustus buried Rome's Potter's Field under many feet of soil. The Field was renamed Horti Maecenatis (Garden of Maecenas). Unlike the Rome of today, we here and now still have the opportunity to savor the heavy fragrances of The Decomposing.

Yes, the real secret to enjoying the Border Field State Park is in knowing where to step. Much of the park is, of course, a former bombing range and so many of the subtle earthen lumps and mounds surrounding you may well be ancient failures in the art of war. The cost of cleanup — to be completed by 2024 — might actually be in the tens of millions of dollars and watching your step seems a more environmentally sound solution.

Then too, all of these impediments to your access to the grounds do protect the nesting birds from harassment and bother. Goodness, these little birds can flit lightly from place to place while you most assur-



Park and beach

The “dead giveaway” is the absence of any living beings (see the two border patrol vehicles?).

edly with one wrong step will flit only once and to great heights, and while ensconced in a pinkish gray cloud.



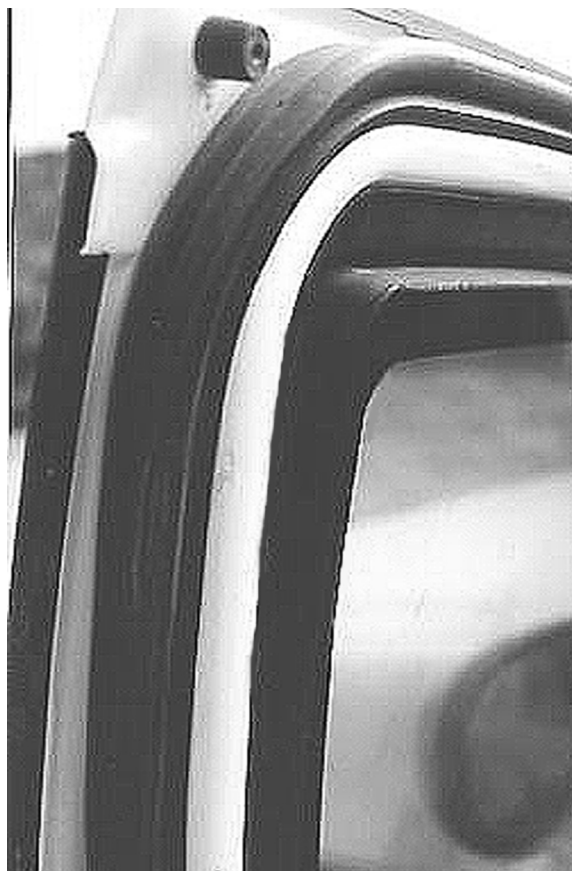
Armored SUV

A secret inch of steel solves many problems.

The faint buzzing you hear just at your side or even just over your head everywhere in the estuary and park may not be the swarming of vicious American or even Africanized bees. Thankfully, the rich waters of the estuary and park seem to have somehow caused a caloric calamity and those vile insects have all died most assuredly from high levels of body fat and lack of exercise. Instead what you are hearing are but the northward border exudation of high velocity bullets. Mexico is a land of Fiesta and the border simply teams with rousing parties so raucously punctuated. Because guns are illegal in Mexico the bullets have to go somewhere and northward bound seems to these simple gentle people as a safe refuge for them. Special vehicles are suggested for those who wish to stay in the park for more than a few brief moments. Consider an SUV

with windows three inches thick and steel applique at least an inch thick as a good start.

The United States Border Patrol is constantly getting shot at here along the border so they often use 15,000 pound armored SUVs. They look the same to anyone even from three feet away but a close look at the tires and an even closer look at the windows reveals their secret.



Armored windows

Three inches of LEXAN plus glass. The window pane sticks out and in.

Many times the Border patrol will park an armored SUV between their little jeep and

the border. This way the bullets, which are sure to come, will have to go through both sides of the armored SUV before they can splat into the Agent.

If you wish to compliment The Pope you can purchase your vehicle from his “supplier” O’Gara-Hess & Eisenhardt in Fairfield, Ohio.

Others prefer to purchase from Ford which, thanks to our country’s ever increasing diversity, is now enjoying a new market demand and offering real armored cars factory direct. But do watch where you drive or you and your vehicle can become a permanent fixture — a new lump — deeply enveloped by the ooze of the estuary or the park.

Then too, digging could be on your list of activities to be enjoyed here. Certainly, there is that issue of unexploded ordnance but the risks are probably small. In addition, the vast numbers of active bacteria and tiny viruses all combine at certain times of the year to make the earth quite soft and moist. It is true that digging even just below the crust might sometimes release gasses which could be noxious to small children. Most children are tough and well armed for self preservation. A gag reflex here or there and for the very precocious and persistent., projectile vomiting, all combine to help the children make up their own minds as to what to do, or not do, on an outing in this wonderful park.

An objective view would suggest that a visit to the park has much in common with watching the recent motion picture “Cabin Fever” in that the actual hero is the flesh eating bacteria waiting to spread itself all across the land.

Remember, the lands upon which you step are most probably soaked in sewage. And this sewage includes things not seen in American effluent for 70 years, if ever. The chemical reactions which occur as these liquids meet, mix, dry and are then affected by ultra-violet light can be amazing. They can do almost everything but combust. Well, they actually do combust but those reactions have probably already occurred and well up stream and nearer the source.

One tablet of seemingly great popularity to visitors is benzathine penicillin G which can be seen on the pharmacy shelves with the brand name of Bicillin L-A. Don’t bother with the Bicillin C-R because it has only half the active ingredient. While not a cure-all, certainly the syphilis one might casually contract here in the park through any open wound will be but a distant memory after several months of close clinical supervision and treatment.

The differences in sewage and mineral contents of the various muds all make for different “fingerprints” of textures and thicknesses of these interesting crusts.

The fluids reaching this far into the estuary and park usually have dropped their heaviest elements (lead for example) and are laden only with viruses and bacteria. Bacteria create acids on their own and in fact most sewer pipes are dissolved not at the bottom but at the top where the sewage does not touch the pipe at all. A sewage stream is a microcosm of Earth and has strata in its life forms. The bacteria in the pipe near the top create massive amounts of acids and it is these acids which eat away the pipes.



Crusted sewage

Diverse mixtures help bind the land in special ways.

When one reacts various acids with metals and minerals and then exposes it all to ultraviolet light various subtle reactions occur and these reactions change the bonding strength of the mud.

When one builds a mud home in Tibet one does not do it just with dirt and water. One adds a good load of dung. The dung, even a dung slurry, is used to create quite interesting bonding characteristics. Most

of the religious wall paintings in Tibet are actually painted upon a surface that is composed of various diverse layers of mud and dung.



Other crusted sewage

The fluids and dirt react, creating diversity.

In our present and far less than artistic and most assuredly quite primitive case, when the mud dries it will then crack thinner or thicker and in larger or smaller islands.

Even the uninitiated can with some brief instruction discern the gross differences in these characteristics.

It is quite true that agronomists and geologists will even put the earth to their tongue to discover its inner secrets. In the present case this might not be wise.

Some may believe that the park is filled with rare plants and that great riches are theirs for the digging. While it is true that we all must say “There’s a Difference For Plants” and we should improve their delicate lives. Then too, without federal fund-

ing most supporters of these plants would not have any employment. This is one of America's true employment growth areas. While "Enhanced Automation" has made America far more efficient in actually producing something, there are vast areas of full employment where absolutely nothing is ever done — which means more people can be hired to do even less of it and so becoming a federally funded botanist is thus the perfect career choice.



Swim here, it's okay ... really

Permanent beach signage alert all to the diverse potential.

Surfing or even entry into these nearby waters may bring on pleasures unknown

to those who frequent other riparian and ocean venues. The seasonal rains inundate the nearby beach with nutrients and other things which can often react with and stimulate a reaction with or even the replication of certain antibodies in our blood-streams.



SEALS were defeated

Swimming in the estuary sent half the SEAL team to the United States Naval Hospital.

Just up the beach is the United States Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado. It is home to the Pacific coast's SEALs. These teams of elite Sea Air Land war fighters once practiced their operations here at the California Border Field State Park. Unfortunately, as tough as they are, they are no match for the viruses and bacteria oozing from the beach to the sea. After a mass SEAL hospitalization, all future attacks on this beach were halted. The water won.

Within our bodies special molecules such as MHC-II (for Major Histocompatibility Complex Class II) can become active. Lymphocytes can begin casting about for something to do and T cells can stimulate

B cells to start antibody production. This all can be quite exhausting and well worth a demure although it does burn calories, cut appetite, and you most assuredly will lose weight.



Border protection

It is a shame all the signs are in Spanish.

Celebratory gamma globulin injections often suffice as a preemptive or as a palliative, but some of the more energetic disease forms discovered here in the park have been known on occasion to shorten life to a matter of weeks if not days or even just to hours.

Then too, gamma globulin shots are truly

your most direct path to Total Diversity. These injections come only from human blood plasma. An injection of gamma globulin can most certainly create a temporary immunity to some diseases. But yes, the gamma globulin used for these purposes is extracted from real humans. This human blood plasma is derived from the quite specialized and yet Truly Diverse adult population which — when not pushing their shopping carts — visits plasma centers in a city's central core and sells their blood. This collected tank of gamma globulin is then stirred well and the resulting mixture is likely to contain antibodies from all sorts of individuals who have been exposed to and possibly even recovered from the infections you might soon contract here in the estuary or park.

Then too — and most assuredly — another huge source of these liquids is the vibrant population of travelers who pass through this very park and arrive in Los Angeles and then participate in America's capitalism with the sale of their own bodily fluids, again at those city core storefront businesses.

We also must understand that while most other states let their visitors know about the sudden and wide ranging diversity of the flora and fauna of the oceans or streams into which they may dip their toes, California is quite adamant in its policy of confidentiality. Why startle visitors or harass them with pesky posters?

Then too, because most visitors are from the south, it may be that the State of California actually does post the signs but we Gringos can't understand them. The great Mexican languages of Triqui, Mam, and Nahuatl (pronounced Nah Wat) may in fact be on posters throughout the park. How can we Gringos tell?

Coliform, E. Coli and Enterococcus are all ready for us to enjoy here at the park at any time of year. The levels rise and fall geometrically with the rains from November through April. And because bacterial agents require tedious analysis, and sometimes days of incubation to detect and to

prove their level of diversity and density, less testing is actually ... more.

But the State of California's health employees have been mandated by their State Assembly to monitor certain beaches for these biologicals. Between April 1 and October 31, certain beaches of California are tested five times per month — slightly more than once weekly.

The tests take about three days to complete so the delay between obtaining a deliriously — if deleteriously — potent sample and the discovery of its potency could be as long as nine days.



Beach visitors abound

Spending just a few moments off these shores can mean forever on the beach.

Bravely, the State of California maintains a very specific list of beaches that must be tested. Whatever protest, whatever unwarranted and exaggerated health issue is brought before the Assembly they stand firm. It is these beaches which must be tested. One criteria for testing is that there be 50,000 or more beach goers. While 101,100 or so people visit this park, 100,000 of them do not count.

But be rest assured, whatever diverse entities one might collect by the millions in all the orifices of one's body — they should only make you stronger.

The curious thing about these mandatory testing dates however, is that of course they do not include the months with 92% of all the rainfall. Thus, the State of California is testing when there is almost nothing to test. This ingenious practice enables the state to enjoy substantial economies in labor, signs, additional testing, and even barricades. More importantly, most tourists will be home and sick in bed long after their average of a five day California stay.

Then too, because Triqui, Mam, and Nahuatl (pronounced Nah Wat) may have no truly popular written form, the state of California may just now be funding universities with massive grants to create “intuitive” character sets, or even ethnically appropriate symbology for new posters and signs.

If it was up to the State of California, a

seriously incontinent 200 foot long Giant Squid backstroking to Antarctica could pass the park any time after dark during the entire months of November, December, January, February, or March, and it would never be detected. This is good. Should its putrid discharges kill or maim beach goers then these deaths or injuries can only remain “complete mysteries” to California state authorities and especially to all of the several dozen tourists who are sure to visit the estuary and park during that part of the year.

Our heroic state officials are most fully aware of the benefits of the various liquids flowing through these lands and often to the sea. Those vibrant floating micro-colonies of diversity must remain untouched. Bravely, the state stands firm in its efforts to maintain the flow and keep diversity. They do have a plan however. Stopping the vile federal government from impeding this diversity is their goal. Massive fines are levied as frequently as possible against the federal border protection services so as to cut their budgets and thus remove this federal impediment to open borders.

Yes, it is border, culture, and language that separate us. They all must be crushed to allow us to become One Culture, One People, of One Earth.

There is another part to this story. Publicly Owned Treatment Works (POTWs) are required to collect shoreline water

samples as part of their permits to discharge their treated wastewater into the ocean (there are five offshore ocean outfall pipes in San Diego County and the one here at the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park is the SBOO — the Mother of all outfalls). The monitoring frequency for these “POTWs” varies, but

most are testing weekly all year round.

As amazing as it may seem, having a gigantic sewage plant spewing even a hundred million of gallons of who knows what for miles out into the ocean with you standing right on this beach may actually be a good thing.



Border Field State Park

You can find the seven USBP vehicles, but how about the vast numbers of beach goers?

Yes, the beach adjacent to the border fence here at the park and seven other locations up the beach as far as the distant naval station are — thanks to that sewage plant — tested weekly all year round. The heroes are the people at the new \$400 million

dollar International Wastewater Treatment plant which you saw on your left at the entrance to the Tijuana River Estuary.

There are, however, some “issues”:

First, these people are tasked with testing for things that will have come from the ocean toward the shore — from the tip of their outfall pipe many miles away. These people have not been tasked with testing to detect things that are leaving the beach and going toward the ocean.

Second, it takes about three days of laboratory work to discover something in the water sample. So in this case — with testing once a week — it can easily be ten days from when that Giant Squid splashes past or even slithers out of Tijuana after a most satisfying time in the Zona Rosa to when the county health department danger posters go up.

Third, these people would have to take the sample on the day the Giant Squid splashed past. Their chances of actually discovering anything between test dates is thus only one chance in seven.

Fourth, the pollution must be flowing continuously and be present in the water during the one minute (out of the 1,440 minutes in a day) when they take the sample.

Fifth, it is best to test down stream to actually capture something. If one collects the sample from the ocean before the Tijuana waters enter the ocean, your sample will be clean all year round. And then if your next testing location is so far away that the plume is diluted by the vast volume of the Pacific Ocean, you won't catch the event at

all.

Sixth, the vast majority of the flow from Tijuana never makes it to the ocean. It is absorbed by the dry earth over the many mud miles from its various Mexican city sources to the open marshes. That's why digging in this place can be an extremely interesting adventure.

Most importantly, this testing is done in the ocean and not at the park and not at the estuary. What is trapped in the estuary and park — as evidenced by the massive mounds of debris captured in the riparian flora — can only be imagined.

Then too, some might say that all of this remains an egregious violation of the Marine Mammal Protection Act. People might say that according to federal law, anything that has the *potential* for harming marine mammals is a serious violation of the law and that there are stiff federal penalties for such violations. In reality, all is ignored.

In fact, the County of San Diego Parks and Recreation Department is in egregious violation of state and federal law for allowing all of these pollutants to exit their lands. In California, if you take a glass of water from the bay it is illegal to pour it back in because such a "discharge" (from the glass in your hand to back in the bay) exceeds the limits for such pollutant discharges as allowed by law. The city of San Diego found this out when they built

their convention center parking garage below sea level and adjacent to the bay. They planned to just take the seepage which accumulated and send it back into the bay. After the place was built the EPA entered the scene and forced them to purify the bay water which seeped into the parking garage before pumping it back into the bay. And that amounted to only about 200 gallons a day. This EPA adventure cost the city over seven million dollars in filtration equipment and it all occupies a hundred former parking spaces beneath the convention center. So while 200 gallons of water that seeps through a concrete wall is a BIOHAZARD, the millions of gallons of raw sewage, cadmium, lead, and acid spewing from county “park” lands are “harmless.”

Yes, the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department is allowing millions of gallons of the vilest liquids this side of Bombay, India to wriggle downstream, through their lands and then spew into the sea.

Is this... *illegal*? Sure! There are even federal people who really get excited about such things. It justifies their jobs. These feds even print *this* on their stationery: “*Conserving protected marine resources and maintaining marine biodiversity*”

The federal government has a really thick book of laws. The book is getting thicker by the day but they found room for this:

TITLE 16 — CONSERVATION

CHAPTER 31:

MARINE MAMMAL PROTECTION

1. Level A Harassment- has the potential to injure a marine mammal or marine mammal stock in the wild; or

2. Level B Harassment — has the potential to disturb a marine mammal or marine mammal stock in the wild by causing disruption of behavioral patterns, including, but not limited to, migration, breathing, nursing, breeding, feeding, or sheltering.

Any person who violates any provision of this subchapter or of any permit or regulation issued thereunder, except as provided in section 1387 of this title, may be assessed a civil penalty by the Secretary of not more than \$10,000 for each such violation.

No penalty shall be assessed unless such person is given notice and opportunity for a hearing with respect to such violation.

Upon any failure to pay a penalty assessed under this subsection, the Secretary may request the Attorney General to institute a civil action in a district court of the United States for any district in which such person is found.

The good news is that the feds are willing to pay *you* real money for telling *them* about “things” like the bubbling sewage you saw gurgling from the estuary and park and thence into the sea. They are really eager to hand you cash to tell them about the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

And in the law where it says “\$10,000 for each violation,” that might mean *per day*.

The questions are:

NOAA has established a toll free telephone number for information regarding suspected violations of any conservation law enforced by the Office for Enforcement.

These calls are monitored and help provide an effective tool in combating unlawful acts for safeguarding our nations living marine resources.

If you have any information which leads to a civil or criminal conviction, you may be entitled to a reward.

Report any violations or suspected violations of Federal marine resource laws using the toll free number above.

Dare to get involved and take an active participation in the conservation of our natural resources.

1-800-853-1964

Does the gurgling mess you stepped in here have the ***potential*** to injure a marine mammal or marine mammal stock in the wild?

Does it have the ***potential*** to disturb a marine mammal or marine mammal stock in the wild by causing disruption of behavioral patterns, including, but not limited to, migration, breathing, nursing, breeding, feeding, or sheltering?

If what you saw here in the estuary and park has the ***potential*** to do these things then the feds will put a stop to it. And they will fine these bad people and maybe even pay you for the tip.

Unlike a lottery, everyone might get paid. Just file the complaint and see what happens. All the information you might need

is at the end of this chapter.

If you just can't wait, then here is the phone number: 1-800-853-1964.

Also, federal law is quite interesting in that, *knowing what you know now*, should you decide not to make a report then such an act of omission might be construed by the feds as Aiding and Abetting which is a criminal act.

Lastly, it is a only a fluke of culture that the city of Tijuana, Mexico, does not have a truly abundant dog population (see "Torta" above). This means that distemper is not prevalent in the city's effluent. If there is one thing that Pinnipeds — better known as seals — and dogs have in common it is distemper.

Canine distemper is a contagious, incurable disease. Distemper occurs among dogs and almost every other carnivore, including seals. Infected dogs shed the virus through bodily secretions and excretions, which in this case would most assuredly be carried in the streams from Tijuana to the sea.

Yes, humans can get this too.

But seals with distemper, the agent spreading hour by hour from seal to seal across the wide Pacific, would be the final tribute to the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

Northern Approach

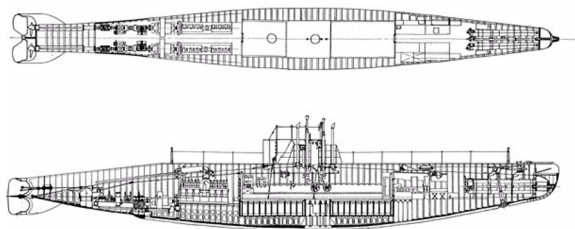
The Tijuana River Estuary is provided with a state, county, and federally funded, fully staffed visitor center. To reach the center, simply take the Palm Avenue exit from Interstate 5, as if you were going to Imperial Beach, and go west. Where Palm Avenue bends to the right / north, you go straight. When you arrive at the beach simply turn left and take the last available road left again.



Headquarters monument

Don't sit on it. It's leaning. You could die.

There is a large concrete monument in front that says: "TIJUANA ESTUARY," and "National Wildlife Refuge," and National Estuarine Research Reserve," which marks the access to the visitor center, at 301 Caspian Way Imperial Beach, CA 91932, phone: 619-575-3613.



U.S. Submarine S-37

Sunken wreck right off the beach.

As a safety concern, it would be best not to stop and sit on the concrete monument for a photo. The monument is listing

about 15 degrees and may topple over from any side loads.

If you had instead decided to make that last turn a right turn (toward the ocean) instead of a left turn, you would have run into a sunken submarine. Fate can be mysterious. Yes, just a few yards off the beach is S-37, an American submarine built in 1918 and which saw action in World War Two. It was responsible for the sinking of a Japanese destroyer, the Natsushio (blowing it into two large pieces) and the sinking of the 2,776-ton freighter the Tenan Maru.



Northern View

Estuary building is at middle, at upper edge of swamp.

The submarine had certain “issues” with security and survival which included a constant oil leak which left a huge oil slick on the ocean surface like an arrow pointing “depth charge here.” For a boat that had been built in 1918 it still did fairly well.

Because “reality” is not Hollywood, it

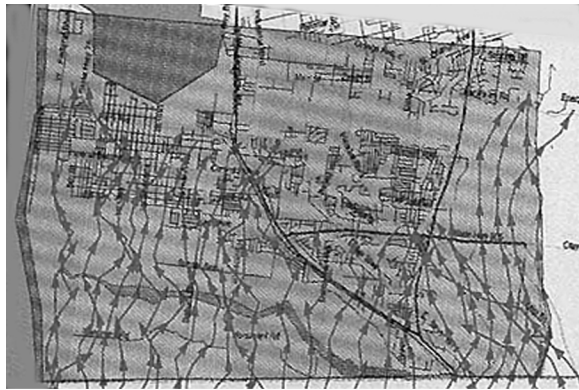
might be good to know what being inside this very submarine was like in World War Two: *“The bunks beyond the wardroom are filled with torrid, skivy clad bodies, the sweat running off the white, rash blistered skin in small rivulets. Metal fans are whirring everywhere overhead, and at the end of the bunks, close to my ear, I am playing cribbage with the skipper, mainly because I don’t like to wallow in a sweat soaked bunk most of the day. I have my elbows on the table near the edge and I hold my cards with my arms at a slight angle so the sweat will stream down my bare arms, without soaking the pile of cards in the center. Overhead is a fine net of gauze to catch the wayward cockroaches, which prowl across the top of the wardroom and occasionally fall straight down. They live in the cork insulation, which lines the inside of the submarine itself. We’ve killed over sixteen million cockroaches in one compartment alone. The deck in the control room is littered with towels, used to sponge up the water dripping off the men and the submarine itself.”*



Headquarters parking

No room for visitors, only government cars.

The submarine has been here for decades and yet most residents of Imperial Beach do not know it is here or where it is. For most of those years beneath the sea but on the beach, the submarine was just a clean but rusting hulk. As the levels of sewage from Tijuana (and which flow from the Tijuana River and into the sea) increased the submarine has become massively encrusted with mollusks.



Traveler Trail

Note that the left most trails / arrows show a path right past this visitor's center.

Anyone who says that the effluent levels in the nearby ocean are low needs to be shown what this non-existent sewage is growing just a few hundred yards from the visitor's center.

But you have instead decided to make that very hard turn to the left and now have arrived at the Tijuana Estuary Headquarters. The area is considered a “*unique coastal wetland*” and “*among the most biologically productive systems on earth.*” The people who care so much about this place go on to say that “*Shallow basins. are*

warmed by the sun ... and organic material [is] constantly mixed by ocean tides.” Then there’s “*the estuary retains natural, daily tidal flushing ...*”

When one sits back and gazes at those words, “most biological productive system, constantly mixed organic material, daily flushing,” it conjures up the image of a poor quality low-flow toilet or somebody’s colon.



Estuary Headquarters

Don't worry, it's well up wind.

There are about four miles of “trails” here on this side of the estuary and park. The trails are for people and not horses.

While their very own government brochure says: “*Equestrian trails are available on the south end of the Reserve, and horses can be rented from neighboring stables.*” The reality is (of course) that these very government agencies have done their utmost to bankrupt these “neighboring stables” and to drive them completely out of the area.

So there are no horses to rent and if you try to bring your own horse to this place there is a great likelihood that your horse trailer will sink up to its hubcaps in the well seasoned and germ laded earth.



Banner for our future

Quixotic and yet a metaphor.

Much of the funding for this place comes from various federal “programs” which include those for educating children in “*estuarine ecology*” and “*environmental border issues.*”

The visitor center offers parking for twenty cars but most of the parking places are filled with white government vehicles. The parking area is constructed not of a hard surface but instead of large stone gravel. Even inside the car with the radio turned on you can hear your tires crunching into these sharp stones. The reason for the gravel is that the parking lot may well continue to “settle” and hard pavement would crack (sink).

A quick calculation shows that there are

about a quarter million dollars in government vehicles parked here at any moment.

Because one person can't drive more than one vehicle at a time, that indicates there have to be at least ten or fifteen government employees someplace around here all the times. The average burdened labor rate of \$100,000 a year makes this place a one to two million dollar a year eco-toy funded directly or indirectly by the taxpayer.



Strange vents abound

Just to be safe, stay clear.

The visitor center is the solid concrete gray green building / bunker to the right

and partially hidden in the tall grass.

A brief examination of the building's windows shows that they are heavier than normal and this might reflect the facility's allure for frequent burglaries.

If there is one verified migration route well defined in the public records it isn't for birds but for the "travelers." This visitor center has to be a fortress to survive the periodic assaults of the people coming from the south.

Near the building entrance and to the left you will see that the building's floor plan was not all that it should have been and someone inside has filled his floor-to-ceiling window with what looks like the back of a kitchen sink with dish soap bottles beneath.

The building reflects its cross border heritage and the word "Tijuana" is mounted on the roof in welded steel letters all gloriously askew.

There are what seem to be concrete mushrooms randomly placed along the walk. Each is topped with an inch thick steel plate held up with monstrously thick steel reinforcing rod. Some say these are simply armored gas vents for the methane gas bubbling from deep below. The inch thick steel plate promises to deflect the blast.

To the right is a luxurious restroom. To the front is the gift shop and visitor center.

Because the employees have no one to talk to all day but themselves they all seem eager to meet new friends.

To keep them smiling don't ask about the concrete mushrooms, don't ask why so few of the exhibits are completed even though they have been open for five years, don't ask how much they make (and if, unlike you, they have 100% fully covered medical insurance), don't ask why all the mud is such an odd color (and blows bubbles) and don't ask what happened to the guy who's only trace is that one mud covered tennis shoe (The Swamp Shoe) stuck out there in the mud by the trail.



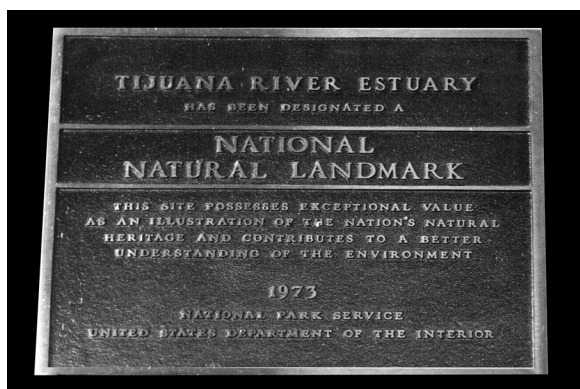
The Swamp Shoe

Come back again and again, watch it dissolve.

If you decide to make this part of your itinerary, remember to see your doctor first. Just because you are miles up wind of the real estuary and park does not mean that you can't inhale something really tenacious and interesting to all those specialists at your local hospital back home. Being famous in the society page of your

local paper is one thing, being famous as the topic of a medical journal article is quite another.

The views from the trails are of tall grass, odd mud streams, and the distant hills of Mexico. You can see the bull ring far to the south. To the east there is the U.S. Navy helicopter training field and helicopters circle day and night and their thwap thwaping rotor blades are impossible to ignore.



National Landmark

The ticket to nearly a billion dollars.

Depending upon the time of year the smells can be interesting. The place offers the smell of decomposing vegetation, decomposing animal matter, a very slight scent of sewage, wafts of burned jet fuel from the helicopters, and the scent of growing vegetation and sometimes even the scent of flowers.

There are several trails to visit here. The McCoy Trail is featured prominently in park literature. The McCoy Trail is actually just a new use for the flat tops of a series of earthen dikes surrounding a vast complex of abandoned sewage settling ponds. So, yes, stepping off the trail can be the most interesting thing you have ever done in your entire life.



View south

The swamp extends from here to the distant bull ring and park.

The massive levels of evaporating effluent and factory chemicals from the too nearby city of Tijuana may be taking their toll on the building. Unless these civil servants have no pride and just refuse to do the required maintenance, the building is corroding at an alarming rate.

When you stand back and just look at this place you see that there cannot be any



pride here. The “TIJUANA” marquee above the entrance to the building has been askew for years and nothing is done.

It is not possible to miss the crookedness of that thing. How can these people come to work every day and not finally just take action and fix it?



Headquarters, a Victim

The building is aging before its time.

The excuse will most assuredly be that “there is no funding to fix it.” So terms such as “pride,” and “self esteem” are not in their vocabulary.

We must remember that this place is a

money magnet. Whether it be from “environmentally concerned” silver haired old ladies or government bureaucrats, the money flows in.



Massive corrosion

Fumes or lack of maintenance and the windows are becoming structurally unsound.

The other reason for its funding is “research.” For example, this place is a vehicle for tenured and un-tenured professors across the country to justify their existence. Not every professor can cure cancer or do something that’s actually productive. As with most things in life there is a bell curve and some people get NASA, stem cell research, or solar power, and

other people get *this place*.

In the crevices of their minds they know what they are really doing (nothing) and they become quite aggressive toward anyone not in tune with their odd-but-ecological efforts.

They research the vegetation, the fish, the reptiles, and the birds. They also have been funded to monitor water conditions including salinity and temperature and they do this monitoring every 30 minutes 24 hours a day seven days a week.

The good news is that they pride themselves in an Educational Water Quality

Monitoring Laboratory (which, by the way, uses volunteers) to “*study bacterial contamination of the estuarine waters.*”

The most prominent geographical feature on this side of the estuary and “park” is the long black line of poisonous creosote soaked pilings stretching off southwards into the distance. The pilings are all that remain of a large local sewer line. The sewer pipe has been removed but the thick black poisonous pilings remain. Some find sport in hopping from one piling to the next until they slip and fall in the swamp. No one has yet made it to the end, or been found.



Creosote Pilings

Can you hop to the end of the line?

Northern Approach

With a total budget exceeding a hundred million dollars a year and a magnet for grants from all corners, this “preserve” has a solid future.

Fauna and Flora

California is one of the most biologically diverse places on the continent. The Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park harbor some really unique forms of fauna and flora. But it is a terrible thing to lure visitors to a park by promising them sights of rare and exotic fauna and flora and then have the visitor see absolutely nothing of the sort. In this book there is only detailed information on the fascinating species certain to be seen in the estuary and park.

The species you will most assuredly see and especially feel here in the estuary and park include certain bacteria, viruses, insects, arachnids, plants, and a few non-fermenting mammalian or possibly a few avian entities with internal temperatures still above 98.6. Yes, a visit to these areas can make young and old alike into junior thanatologists.

The various deep mud dwellers in the estuary and park are not discussed because to see them you must dig them up and that would disturb their rich natural habitat. In addition, the massive doses of viruses and bacteria (not even considering the unexploded ordnance) and smells just below the earth's semi-coagulated crust pose far too great a danger.

It is doubtful that the reader of this book will actually believe these places to be as bad as they really are. To ignore the warnings is to place yourself and your family in great peril.

You might well think that these places cannot possibly be this bad or "they" would close them off and build a 20 ft. high climb-proof fence around them.

In fact, part of the "they" are trying to do just that to the Tijuana side by closing the

last three miles of border with some very serious fencing. The other part of the “they” won’t let them do it because this a “park” and is “too close to nature” to be disturbed.

The danger is not just from the thousands of criminals migrating north through the area but from the very earth and air and water. One false step here in the estuary and park and the results of your folly might not appear in you for five years and then in the form of cancer or other malady.

The only time to see the four legged animals of the park actually moving around is after sundown. It is so incredibly dangerous to be in the park after dark that it was just not worth the risk.

Also, even taking night time photos of these animals can disturb them and their existence in the estuary and park is so incredibly tenuous because of the stupendously poisonous environment in which they have to live that in good conscience they should be left alone.

Those poor animals never hurt anyone and yet the “environmentalists” get tens of millions of American tax payer dollars to wiggle their arms in the air, do “studies,” and let them die.

All the photos of the animals in this book were taken at the San Diego Natural History Museum. No animal was put at risk

because they were all very much dead, and dead for a very, *very* long time when these photos were taken. I don’t think any of them had a toe tag dated after 1933. One of the animals had been “collected” in 1906.

The bacteria rampant in the park include, coliform, E Coli, enterococcus, staphylococcus, and also those causing tuberculosis, wet and dry gangrene, syphilis, leprosy, cholera, yaws, dysentery, and even murine typhus, leptospirosis, trichinosis, salmonellosis, plague, Colorado tick fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, relapsing fever, tularemia, babesiosis, and ehrlichiosis.

The viruses include Polio, West Nile virus, Hanta virus, and Rabies

The insects include mosquitoes, termites, flies, ticks, and wasps. Then there are the arachnids.

As for the four legged mammals, there are (non-human) coyotes, raccoons, ground squirrels, mostly-rabid skunks, opossums, and rats. There are bats, too.

While bacteria, viruses, flies, wasps, arachnids, rabies infected anus sprayers, and rats are by far the most populous residents in the estuary and park there are others. There are even birds.

As the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park continue to expand, to

ooze, to cross vast areas of semi-soft earth, all of these life forms follow.

In planning wetland “restoration” one is faced with several hard choices. One of these choices is whether or not to allow humans any visitation rights.

Wetlands were created by nature in a way *purposely* not compatible with human habitation or even visitation.

Yes, there have been a few training films celebrating the diversity of wetland / human habitation. One such training film of popular note would be “Deliverance,” but for the most part wetlands have been left devoid of any human footprint.

People often forget that wetlands are “diverse” and while at present “diversity” is America’s theme and goal, its true implications for Future America have been virtually ignored.

Wetlands are vast breeding grounds for various plants, animals, insects, bacteria, and even viruses which may defend themselves vigorously, or which may have faulty survival strategies in Our World.

Ebola is an example of one virus that has a failed or faulty survival strategy, in humans, in that it kills nearly everybody it touches and so quickly that the virus cannot expand within this target rich realm.

Anthrax, on the hand, offers a similar

near-certain death blow, and to every mammalian entity which comes near, but it depends upon the bloated carcass of its now-very-dead victim to explode and spew visceral contents far and wide which then can be consumed by mammals not well versed in sanitary feeding habits and so it spreads itself quite nicely.

Here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park we have many diverse life forms which may offer equally diverse and really fatal consequences to all humans who enter these lands.

There are serious philosophical discussions possible on the “intrinsic value” versus the “instrumental value” of a living entity. Do we encourage the entity to prosper in a diverse world and at our peril or do we act selfishly and exterminate it?

If we are to enter these lands then certain entities living there may well kill us. It is their nature and it is programmed into their very genes to do so. Do we then think only of our children and exterminate these opponents to our visitation?

Just because we might get Hanta virus, something as sissy as Lyme disease, or even a virulent / terminal case of encephalitis does this mean that the carriers of those entities, who would not affect our well-being if we stayed away, should be wiped from the earth?

And we do have one other little problem.

Not all inhabitants of these “wetlands” will stay in them. Some of these entities can crawl, skip, scamper or even fly great distances.

The larger the “wetland” the greater the populations of these entities there can be and the more likelihood there is that they will crawl, skip, scamper, or fly to a home near you; even to *your* home.

Certainly, a “wetland” that is harboring living things that latch on to humans and kill them dead is good in that it keeps us out of places we should not be in. The problem is that these entities, even when appearing in the cleanliness and safety of our homes, believe that they must obey their Prime Directive which may be to breed right over our dead bodies.

Some say we must look at these entities as our diversity and strength and not as things that will kill us and our children (possibly even our pet hamsters and dogs) if we happen to get some in our homes with us.

Some have taken this moral principle even to a civic level. For example, the delightful community of Imperial Beach, California, which is bordering on the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, made a conscious choice to reject parks, homes, theaters, golf courses, swimming pools and bright new schools, and to instead offer the lands otherwise to be dedicated to such progress to become a large breed-

ing ground for all of the aforementioned. And this breeding ground has been built upon a massive lake of dried human sewage. It has also been built around a continuously flowing *stream* of human sewage.

Vague concepts of “flora” and “fauna” are nice for park brochures and for travel programs at the local church auditorium. The reality is that the vast majority of those collecting brochures or sitting through some odd two hour presentation on a place (which is hosted by an even more odd person in Birkenstocks and a safari jacket and who probably arrived on a bicycle) will never actually *go* to those places. And that is what the presenter is counting on.

He is not interested in you actually *going* there. He is interested only in taking your money to tell you how wonderful this or that place you never heard of really is.

Like it or not that is the reality of most “environmentalist” pitches. In fact, a close look at most “environmentalist” groups will find that easily 70% of what they collect goes to “overhead.”

The average half hour pitch for a new weight reduction plan using duct tape which is running at 3:00 AM on a Mexican clear channel radio station may well have more factual information than your Birkenstock'd tour guide / presenter.

A good rule of thumb is the less you have

ever heard about a place before, the better the chances are that if you go there you will come back dead.

There are vast numbers of tenured college and university professors who travel the world “on sabbatical” and then come home and write up some of the most “romantic” versions of reality.

We must remember that those professional tourists could not possibly continue their world touring (at taxpayer expense) if they told you that this place or that place was actually a despicable pit of ten million land mines and its jungle trails were filled with well armed drug-sodden half-crazed drug smugglers shipping quarter mile long mule trains of opium (romantic northern Thailand, Burma, Laos as just one example).

Here, in these pages, we have *reality*.

Termites

Termites are small, monochromatic insects belonging to Isoptera. This group of insects dates back more than 100 million years. The name Isoptera is Latin for “equal wing” and acknowledges the fact that some termites have both sets of wings which look to be about the same.

Termites are a good thing in the wild. Not only do they reduce wood fiber to dust but their tunnels help make soils porous and filled with termite excrement which is a

good fertilizer.

Here in the estuary and park we can see two types of termites: dry wood and subterranean.

Termites can form large nests consisting of very different looking termite types. The largest termite in the nest will be the queen. Her function is really only to lay eggs. She can lay thousands of eggs in a single day. A king is always by her side. There are other termites in the nest and some have large heads with powerful jaws. Others have a bubble head that squirts a liquid. These strange ones are called soldiers. The largest group of termites in the nest is the workers. The workers tend to the queen, cooperate in building the nest, and do the food gathering

Termites are unique among insects in that workers can be male or female. Surprisingly, termites can be long-lived: queens and kings can live for decades while individual workers can survive for many years.

There are 17 different types of termites in California, but the termite diversity seen in the estuary and park is limited to two groups: dry wood and subterranean.

Drywood termites live in very dry conditions and can even be found in the dead limbs of trees and bushes. These termites usually live above ground and do not need to be near the earth. Subterranean termites live their lives under ground in very

deep nests.

Termites are sometimes confused with certain ants which have wings and which also leave their underground nests in swarms to establish new colonies.

Dry wood termites

Dry wood termites can infest dry dead limbs of native trees and shade and orchard trees, and even the utility poles and fence posts in the estuary and park.

Dry wood termites have a low moisture requirement and can tolerate dry conditions for prolonged periods. They remain entirely above ground and do not connect their nests to the soil. Their pellets may be a clue to their nest nearby. These pellets look like rice and have six flattened surfaces separated by six longitudinal ridges. The pellets can vary greatly in color.

Subterranean Termites

Subterranean termites require moisture. These termites will nest in the soil and maintain some path to the soil through tunnels in roots or wood or even via tubes that they will build. These shelter tubes are made of soil with bits of wood.

While many might think that the interesting fluids oozing through the lands might be deleterious to termites, it is just not so. The two real survivors on earth are cockroaches and termites.

The western subterranean termite, *Reticulitermes hesperus*, is the most destructive termite found in all of California. In the drier areas of California, *Heterotermes aureus*, is the most destructive species of subterranean termites.

Here in San Diego we celebrate diversity with the imported Formosan subterranean termite, *Coptotermes formosanus*. Here in the estuary and park the Formosan subterranean termites swarm at dusk and are attracted even to car head lamps.

Flies

There are thousands of species of flies but only a few here in the estuary and park.

The popular flies in the estuary and park include *Musca domestica*, *Musca autumnalis*, *Stomoxys calcitrans*, and several in the genus *Phaenicia*. They all breed in animal waste and decaying organic material (that means dead bodies) from which they collect bacteria and viruses that they then give to humans. The estuary and park are also fortunate to have *Stomoxys calcitrans* (sometimes called the “biting fly”) which actually feeds on human blood.

Anyone who has watched road kill slowly decompose here in the estuary and park have noted that flies experience the complete cycle of metamorphosis with egg, larva, pupa, and adult stages. The female fly will deposit her eggs in animal matter and where her maggots can then complete

their development. The maggots will feed on the bacteria within their surroundings. When the maggots are ready for their next development stage they convert their skin into a puparium, or hardened shell in which a pupa develops.

Within the puparium, the pupa transforms itself into an adult fly and when ready will pop out of the end of the puparium and escape. Once out in the open the fly will pump fluids into its veins which causes the wings to unfold and expand. The wings will dry and harden so that the now adult fly can ... fly.

As we all have witnessed on TV programs such as *CSI*, the rate of fly development is dependent upon temperature and they can go from egg to adult in as little as seven days.

Musca domestica

Musca domestica is a favorite here in the estuary and park. These flies gather at picnic baskets everywhere. They can be found in greatest numbers during the hotter summer months.

What is wonderful about these insects is that they have sponging mouth parts and eat solid food by first liquefying it with their saliva.

Yes, here in the estuary and park the flies actually spit on your food.

These flies can reproduce into huge swarms here in the estuary and park because of their rapid developmental time and the hundreds of eggs produced by each female. The female will lay her eggs in warm, moist, carcasses, manure, garbage, decaying fruits, or soils contaminated with any of those materials. The younger larvae do not respond well to light and to avoid the light they will burrow into the squishy organic material in which they are developing.

Because they have sponging mouth parts and spit on your food they can quickly spread disease to humans. These insects carry bacteria and viruses that cause even cholera, yaws, and dysentery.

Fannia canicularis

Fannia canicularis are most numerous during the cooler months. As temperatures rise in summer their populations diminish.

Flying clusters of male *Fannia* maintain a position 5 or 6 feet above the ground. Thankfully, a strong breeze will disperse their swarms. This habit of hovering at face height makes them annoying at picnics but they will move out of the way when approached.

Stomoxys calcitrans

Stomoxys calcitrans attacks people. These flies become severe in the early summer, and then decrease in numbers as the sum-

mer progresses. These flies are similar in appearance to other flies except they have a bayonet like proboscis sticking out from the front of their head.

Male and female *Stomoxys calcitrans* can feed about once a day on the blood of humans and do give a quite painful bite. They are true blood feeders and capable of transmitting viruses. These flies prefer to feed on the legs and lower body of their victims. If left undisturbed, on infant children for example, these flies will engorge themselves with blood in less than 5 minutes. Once so engorged they will move to a quiet place to digest their meal.

Ticks

There are about 48 different species of ticks in California and the border area and the western black-legged tick may be the worst.

All ticks have three different stages of life that feed on human blood: the larva stage and then the nymph stage and finally the adult stage. The good news is that only the nymph and the adult female are important in transmitting Lyme disease. Ticks in the nymph stage are abundant from April through July.

The nymphs live in the vegetation on the ground and so lying on the ground or kneeling on the ground puts the park visitor at greatest risk. Once attached to a host, the nymphs feed for about 3 to 5

days before they drop off. They only change to the adult stage weeks or even months later.

Adult ticks are most active from late fall to early spring. Adult ticks will climb low vegetation and lie in wait for hours or even days. About 85% of all their attacks are between the ankle and the knee. Adult females will bite and then continue to suck your blood for about a week and will expand to about four times their original body length. The females will then drop off the host. Female ticks will then lay between 900 and 1,000 eggs in nearby earth. Adult males rarely attach to people.

People are more apt to be attacked by adult ticks in the morning or in the late afternoon.

Besides the bacterium that causes Lyme disease, California ticks transmit at least eight other microbial agents affecting humans such as: Colorado tick fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, relapsing fever, tularemia, and babesiosis. The western black-legged tick is also a carrier of another recently recognized bacterial disease, ehrlichiosis, which can be quite fatal to humans.

If you discover a tick on your person it is best to remove it immediately. Many of the dangerous tick borne diseases can take a day or more to get into your body so you have time to save yourself.

Wasps

One of the most dangerous of the local wasps is the yellow jacket. Yellow jackets, especially the western yellow jacket, tend to vigorously defend their nests. The wasp's defensive behavior increases as the season progresses and as the colony populations become larger while food sources become scarcer. Foraging yellow jackets will start to show up at picnics, barbecues, and even around dishes of dog or cat food. These wasps can gather around your food in huge swarms.

Yellow jacket nests are begun in the spring by a single queen. She emerges in the late winter or /early spring to feed and start a new nest. From spring to midsummer nests are in the growth phase, and the larvae require large amounts of protein. In the spring the workers forage for protein. By late summer the colonies are slowing their growth and need large amounts of sugar to maintain the queen and workers.

“Yellow jacket” actually refers to several species of wasps in the genera *Vespula* and *Dolichovespula* (family Vespidae). Included in these groups of ground-nesting species are *Vespula pensylvanica*, which is the most common and is sometimes called the “meat bee.”

Yellow jacket nests are often built in old ground squirrel holes. Colonies can reach populations of even 15,000 individuals. The wasps build a nest of paper made

from fibers scraped from wood mixed with their saliva. It is built as multiple tiers of vertical cells and enclosed by a paper envelope around the outside that usually contains a single entrance hole. If the ground squirrel hole is not big enough, yellow jackets will increase the size by moistening the soil and digging it out.

Immature yellow jackets are white larvae that become white pupae. The pupae develop adult coloring just before they emerge as adult wasps.

These yellow jacket nests were favorite treats for local native Indian populations. The Indians would fan smoke into the hole and then scoop out the nest in its entirety. The nest would then be fried and the larvae and pupae eaten.

Aerial-nesting *Dolichovespula arenaria* and *D. maculata*, build paper nests that are attached to the limbs of trees. Entrance to the nest is usually at the bottom. Aerial nesters do not become dangerous scavengers at the end of the season but they are extremely defensive when their nests are disturbed. *D. arenaria* can bite and sting at the same time. Wasp stingers have no barbs and so the insect can repeatedly attack, this is especially true when the wasp becomes trapped inside clothing.

The volume of foreign protein injected into the body and the tissue damage caused by destructive enzymes in wasp venom can be quite serious. Red blood

cells and other tissues in the body are destroyed. The various tissue debris and other products are all then carried to the kidneys. Blockages in the kidneys can result in kidney failure and death.

Spiders

Spiders resemble insects and sometimes are confused with them, but they are *arachnids* (see Polly above), not insects. Spiders have eight legs and two body parts which are a cephalothorax and an abdomen. Arachnids do not have wings or antennae.

All spiders are meat eaters and essentially all the spiders in the estuary and park area have toxic venom. Yes, all of them. Humans only concern themselves with spiders that can cause harm to them and so spiders which can actually harm us we call "poisonous." The reality is that they are all venomous and certainly all poisonous to whatever it is that they actually wind up eating.

The black widow spider, *Latrodectus hesperus*, is the most common spider in the estuary and park. Venom from its bite can cause reactions ranging all the way to death. Anyone bitten by this spider should remain calm and seek medical attention. To make the doctor's job easier it is best if you bring the spider with you.

An adult female black widow spider has a shiny black body, slender black legs, and a

red or orange mark in the shape of an hourglass on the underside of its abdomen. The body is about half an inch long.

An adult male black widow is smaller than the female and has a small abdomen. The male black widow's fangs are too small to break human skin. The top side of its abdomen is olive greenish gray with a pattern of cream-colored areas and one light-colored band going lengthwise down the middle. The hourglass mark on the underside of the abdomen typically is yellow or yellow-orange.

Only the larger immature female and adult female spiders are able to bite through human skin and then inject enough venom to cause a reaction.

The web of the black widow is an irregular, tough-stranded, sticky cobweb mesh in which the spider hangs with its underside up. During the day the spider hides under an object at the edge of the web or stays in a silken retreat in the center. The black widow will come out of its hiding place when the web is disturbed. This is especially true if there are egg sacs. The egg sacs are mostly spherical, about 1/2 inch long and 5/8 inch in diameter, creamy yellow to light tan in color, opaque, and tough and papery. A female may produce several egg sacs. Tiny, young, black widows, are white in color.

A black widow spider bite is very much like a bullet wound, small on the outside

and big on the inside. Pain tends to spread from the bite to other parts of the body and muscular spasms may develop. In some cases the abdominal muscles may become quite rigid. Other effects can include profuse sweating, fever, increased blood pressure, and even difficulty breathing and speaking. Typically, the pain and other symptoms reach a maximum within 12 hours and then subside.

Recluse Spiders

Loxosceles include the brown recluse spider, *L. reclusa*. The Chilean recluse spider (*L. laeta*), was introduced into Los Angeles County in the late 1960s. It is known to have a bite that is toxic to humans. California's recluse (*L. deserta*) is found in the desert regions of southern California and neighboring states. Its bite can cause problems.

All recluse spiders can have a violin-shaped mark (with the neck of the violin pointing backward) on the top side of their cephalothorax. The mark should not be used as an identifying factor because it is often indistinct. One unique feature of recluse spiders is their six eyes, arranged in pairs in a semicircle. Most other spiders have eight eyes.

All recluse spiders make large, cobweb-type webs with thick strands extending in all directions. A person bitten by a recluse spider may not be aware of having been bitten. The first symptoms often appear

several hours later. They consist of pain, a small blister, redness, and even swelling at the location of the bite. The bitten tissue will die and fall off, exposing the raw flesh beneath. The area usually develops into an open sore that is very slow to heal and may leave a sunken scar.

Tarantulas

Tarantulas are spiders that live in tubes in the ground during the day and come out at night to hunt insects near the entrance to their holes. They are often feared because of their large size and hairy appearance. The bites of California tarantulas are similar to that of a bee sting.

If you have a bite problem in the estuary and park you may be able to call 1-800-876-4766 (or 1-800-8-POISON).

Raccoons (*Procyon lotor*)



Raccoon

They barely survive on the local water.

Procyon comes from the Greek words *pro* meaning 'before,' and *kyon*

meaning 'dog.' Thus the Greek word means "before dog." The second word, Lotor is Latin meaning 'washer,' and it refers to the raccoon's habit of washing its food before eating,

The raccoon is about three times the size of a house cat and some can get to even 35 pounds. The animals front paws are seemingly delicate and slender. The raccoon's fur can be several colors with gray, or black or brown. The most endearing feature of the animal is its black mask across its eyes.

The raccoon lives near the Tijuana river itself. They have dens. The poisonous water they must drink keeps their populations in the estuary and park quite low.



Raccoon too

We are killing them through inaction.

Raccoons are primarily nocturnal. They are smart, curious animals and will eat just about any food they come across. They have a delicate sense of touch and their front paws are more like hands in the way in which they can open trash cans or your

picnic basket.

Raccoons breed from October through late February. Gestation is about two months, and the young are born between December and April. A litter may have two to seven young, with an average of four. The pup's eyes open at about three weeks. Although the pups begin to forage and hunt with the mother within two months, she will care for them for almost a year.

Coyote (*Canis latrans*)

The name coyote is a corruption of the ancient Aztec word coyotl, which means "barking dog." The animal is about 35 pounds here in the estuary and park. The animals are usually emaciated looking, but are still over 20 inches high at the shoulder.

The coyote is very much like a dog in that it is intelligent and adapts quickly to new problems. They can live quite close to humans.

Coyotes became a distinct species 2.3 million years ago when they parted from their gray wolf ancestor.

Coyotes are opportunistic predators and scavengers. They are far smarter than you might think and when they get hungry, coyotes will start targeting the other predators in the area such as foxes or bobcats. When hunting, coyotes often work in

pairs. One animal will openly chase the prey and the other coyote will come around and hit the prey head on as it tries to run away. This tactic is repeated again and again until successful.



Coyote

They bond almost for life.

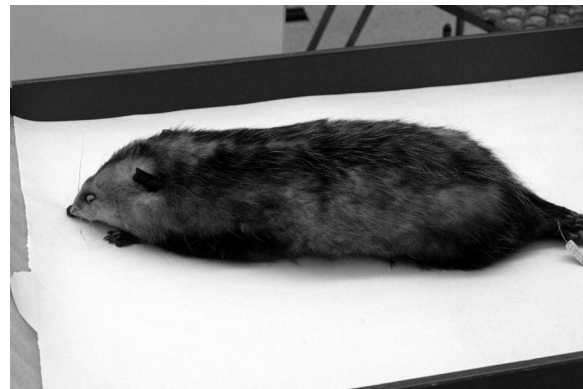
Coyotes will eat whatever they can catch. Coyotes are nocturnal but it is not that uncommon to see them early in the morning light. You can hear them in the estuary and park all night long as they call to each other.

Coyotes are, in general, monogamous. Pair bonds frequently last for many years, though not for life. Mating takes place in January and February. Gestation lasts 60 to 65 days. During that time the male and female stay together and prepare a den for their coming pups. As time grows near, the male will hunt alone and bring food to the female. Coyote litters typically range in size from 5 to even 10 pups.

Pups are born blind, helpless, hairless, and

toothless. Coyote parents teach their pups basic hunting and survival skills during their first summer. By August or September, the litter will gradually begin to disperse as individual pups become independent. In a more wholesome environment, a coyote can have a life span of 12 to 15 years. Here in the estuary and park that life span is much, much shorter.

Virginia Opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*)



Opossum

They eat and then become road kill.

The Virginia Opossum is not native the area (or it would be called the California Opossum) and was imported to the state in 1895. it is about 2 1/2 feet in length, which includes its foot-long hairless tail. The animal weighs over four pounds although it looks larger because of its hair. The animal has an opposable thumb in each hind foot. The opossum has fifty sharp teeth. It is one really ugly animal.

The opossum is the only marsupial in the United States and females have a fur-lined

pouch. The number of young in a litter will often outnumber the number of teats, and those without, will die. The opossum can have two or even three litters per year

California Ground Squirrel

Otospermophilus beecheyi was named for Frederick William Beechey and is sometimes called the Beechey Ground Squirrel.

The rodent is covered in mixture of gray and light brown fur. A band of slightly darker fur, with light gray flecks, extends from the head over the middle of the back. Gray fur forms a cape over the sides of the head and shoulders.

The tail can be seven inches long which is more than half the length of the head and body. The tail is covered with a mixture of yellow, gray and black fur and is lighter on the underside. Adult California Ground Squirrels are between sixteen and nineteen inches long.

California Ground Squirrels live in burrows which they have dug, if possible, into hillsides. The tunnels are about four inches in diameter and can be even thirty-five feet long.

California Ground Squirrels spend enormous amounts of time above ground each day. They often spend their time feeding (seeds, fruits, acorns, roots, mushrooms, and even grasshoppers, crickets, and caterpillars), sunning themselves, and groom-

ing. These squirrels spend most of their life within 100 feet of their burrow and rarely does the squirrel explore farther than a 150-yard radius.



Ground Squirrel

Tail is fluffy when alive.

California Ground Squirrels hibernate for several months of the year. In some areas, adult squirrels may spend as much as eight months in hibernation. The males are the first to begin their hibernation. Females and young squirrels may not begin hibernation until several weeks after the males.

California Ground Squirrels go into a true state of hibernation. Their heart rate slows to a tenth of its normal rate and their respiration slows to one breath every few minutes. They will awake every four or five days to eat some of the food that they have stored away during the summer and to use special “bathroom” chambers before they return to their sleeping quarters. The males are the first to emerge from hibernation in the spring. California Ground Squirrels may live as long as six

years in the wild.

Skunks

The striped skunk (*Mephitis mephitis*) is the king of skunks in California. The spotted skunk (*Spilogale putorius*) can also be seen throughout the park most evenings. Skunks are quite nocturnal and spend their evenings in the park eating insects, road kill, rare birds, and rare bird's eggs. You probably will not see the skunks during your visit unless you disturb their nests.



Striped Skunk

A bit bigger than a house cat and furrier.

Breeding begins in October and births begin in March of the following year. The males will compete for females and because they are not too bright they might mistake you for a competing male. This could be very bad for you.

These animals are about the size of a house cat but don't let size fool you. What they lack in intellect, eyesight, camouflage, and really big teeth they more than make up

for in their innate ability for anal assault.

It takes about nine weeks for the female to bring forth a litter and the litter averages six young. The female can actually delay the birth of here young until she decides that there is an adequate food supply. After weaning, the mother will bring the pups live prey including rare baby birds and then train the pups how to hunt and kill. Skunks are one of the few animals that seem to actually enjoy killing and will kill for sport.



Striped skunk wider view

Stupid as a concrete post but can put you in cardiac arrest with a single spray.

The skunk has “musk” glands at their anus and they squirt this musk with some considerable accuracy. It is best to stay at least twenty feet away from the back end of a skunk. A skunk's musk in small doses — from 600 feet away — can actually have a tilting fragrance seemingly of even fresh coffee. At twenty feet or closer it can bring on a near death experience and it does not easily wash off so the experience can go on and on and on. When threatened, the

skunk will stamp its front feet, stand on its front paws, and then wave its behind in the air. You may not notice all of these behaviors and instead just be sprayed.

Skunks are *extreme* predators and eat entire populations of ground nesting birds which would include most of the rare migrating bird populations in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

Skunks are also the largest carrier of rabies in all of California. In fact, about 65% of all skunks in California tested for rabies were found to carry the virus. Rabies is quite lethal and can be enjoyed by man and beast. Once symptoms appear it is too late and only “palliative” care can be offered.

Rabies can be contracted not just from a bite but even from inhaling fecal dust containing the virus. Those warm dusty evenings in the park can really become short lifetime memories.

In addition to rabies, skunks offer us all leptospirosis, listeriosis, canine distemper, canine hepatitis, Q-fever, tularemia, and trypanosoma.

Skunks offer the estuary and park visitor far more than just these maladies because here, they are also infested with ticks, fleas, and even mites which are all known vectors for other diseases.

Rats

There are two types of rats in the estuary and park, the roof rat and the Norway rat. Norway Rats (*Rattus norvegicus*), are also called brown rats or sewer rats. These are burrowing rodents that are far larger than roof rats. Their nests may be lined with shredded paper, cloth, or other cushiony material.

Roof rats (*Rattus rattus*), also called black rats, are slightly smaller than Norway rats. Unlike Norway rats, their tails are longer than their heads and bodies combined. Roof rats are very agile climbers and usually live and nest above ground in trees and dense vegetation. The roof rat prefers warmer climates. In areas where the roof rat occurs, the Norway rat may also be present.

Rats are active at night. They have poor eyesight, but they make up for this with very good senses of hearing, smell, taste, and touch.

Norway rats are more powerful swimmers and roof rats are far more agile and are also better climbers.

Norway and roof rats do not accept diversity and will kill each other on sight. The Norway rat is larger and the more dominant species and it will kill a roof rat in the fight.

Rats can transmit several diseases to

humans including murine typhus, leptospirosis, trichinosis, salmonellosis, and ratbite fever. Plague can be carried by both roof and Norway rats, but in California it is more commonly associated with the ground squirrels and skunks which also live in the estuary and park.

Pit Vipers

One of the most abundant animals in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park is the pit viper, of the family Crotalidae.

There are so many of these beasts here in the area that a heavy rain will wash them off the hillsides, and they are then carried through the estuary and far out to sea. The problem is that they then wash up on the beach a few miles away. Water-logged pit vipers are quite upset and very unpleasant.

The pit viper has a set of glands in its skull that produce and store venom. This venom can then be discharged through fangs that can even be an inch long. These animals need that venom to compete for food and the loss of a fang can mean death to the animal. Nature does provide, and the teeth farther back in the mouth can move forward after the loss of a fang and actually become a new fang.

The venom from a pit viper is quite dirty in that it contains all sorts of things you probably would rather not have under your skin or in your joints or planted deep

in your bones. This venom includes enzymes, metals, proteins, lipids, and lycoproteins.

The good news is that unless you are a tattooed male the chances of getting bitten are slim.

Statistically, about 74% of all pit viper bites in San Diego are to males. Further, most of these males have tattoos. Oddly, a high percentage of those males are also full of beer. Lastly, a great many of these victims actually have tattoos of snakes on their bodies.

When you are bitten here in the estuary or park, you have about a 30% chance of it being a “dry bite” meaning that you did not get any venom stuffed into your body.

The chances of you being bitten here are good enough that knowing the sequence of events after the bite may be important to you. Here are the steps you must take immediately after being bitten here in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park: No suction, no ligatures, no cutting, no ice.

When you arrive at the emergency room the nurses and doctors may want to help you and that actually could be bad. The best thing to do is take a felt pen and mark your body around the bite and then monitor for swelling. If you have no swelling then you probably have had a dry bite.

The sequence of events is: swelling, necrosis, blebs, rhabdomyolysis, hypovolemia.

The vast majority of all bites are to a hand or finger. The bite can swell and your finger will look like a sausage. After 48 to 72 hours a huge blister will form and it will have a black “frostbite” look. The fluid under the blister is fairly disgusting and the skin of the blister is really disgusting. The blister can be removed after it demarcates itself – gets as big as it will get.

Beneath that blister is usually some serious even devastating form of injury to your body. The doctor will usually “debrade” this skin of the blister at the 96 hour mark.

In some cases the damage will “auto-amputate” and the body part will just fall off.

One can think of such a bite as being injected with acid. Your tendons, joints, bones, muscle, flesh, skin, all can be completely destroyed.

But the good news is that because the venom is so poisonous, the chances of a bacterial infection are slim because the venom often kills the local bacteria.

Things can get a bit dicey if you have been bitten and the venom enters directly in to the bloodstream. This can cause you serious problems and most certainly even death. What happens is called a “clotting cascade” and the venom has thrombin like

enzymes that split up the fibrinogen molecules. As the body tries to save itself you will bleed from your gums and even your intestines. It is this fast infusion of venom into the body that causes an overload and the body cannot handle the overload and you bleed to death from everywhere. This bleeding can also be from another problem which is a low platelet count.

As for treatments, some people use ice and this works to lower the pain but often they will keep the ice on the wound for too long and get frostbite. People have often put ice on the bite and the pit viper had not actually injected any venom and so the victim (if we can call a tattooed drunk who is out petting snakes a victim) seriously wounds himself with an ice cube.

Not a single study shows that cutting the bite open does any good. If you try to suck out the venom the bacteria in your mouth may actually infect the site and cause you serious damage. Using a constriction band can help but only if you leave the band loose. The purpose is not to cut off blood flow but to slow the lymphatic system drainage to the heart and other organs.

If the emergency room starts asking you when you had your last meal then they want to cut you open and that may be bad. Remember, ER’s want to do something and often anything is considered better than nothing and you, your insurance company, and your credit card may disagree. Some ER’s will draw a circle

around the wound site and cut out all the tissue. Other ER's will perform a "fasciotomy" which has nothing to do with your face but a lot to do with splitting your limb open like a Fourth of July hot dog on the grill.

Remember that about 30% of all pit viper bites are dry — there is no venom. So waiting for some sign of envenomation can be a safe and effective treatment — do nothing for an hour and just see what happens. If there is swelling — and you can just compare one limb with its alternate to see if one is swelling — then antivenin can be started. If your platelet count goes below 90,000 get antivenin. If your fibrinogen count goes below 90 get antivenin

The first thing the ER will then do is test you for possible allergy to the antivenin. This test takes about 15 minutes and seems to mean almost nothing. It is required because on the little pamphlet in the antivenin box it says to do it. Wyeth Laboratories does not want to get sued and neither do the doctors, nurses or hospital so if the pamphlet said for you to stand on your head they would have you stand on your head.

The antivenin used most frequently in the US is from Wyeth Laboratories. It is called Crotalidae Polyvalent. It consists of three components in the tiny box. There is a batch of freeze dried horse serum, a vial of BOF, and a vial of sterile water. The sterile water has a preservative of 0.001 % phe-

nylmercuric nitrate which may be what causes autism in certain people, but this may not be the time to worry about that. The antivenin is most effective for four vipers: South American, Eastern Diamondback, Western Diamondback, and the Fer de lance.

You will note that the pit viper found here in the park, the Southern Pacific, is not on the list. There is some cross reactivity, so there is some benefit.

The pit viper found in the park is extremely venomous and great care must be taken to stay away from them.

The ER will start you at ten vials of antivenin. They may also infuse adrenaline diphenhydramine 50 mg. Figure \$10,000 as a good start for this visit to the ER. Add another \$5,000 if you took a helicopter.

There is a very good chance that you will then become ill from the antivenin serum. You can have a rash on arms legs or trunk. Steroids work to lessen the symptoms.

Birds

Owls (Order Strigiformes) are quite prevalent in the area. While they might look odd, the "disk" of feathers which makes up their face is actually a sound lens. If you look closely you will discover that their ears are not in line. One owl ear is slightly higher than the other. While humans have to tilt their heads to get an idea of a

sound's height, the owl comes by this ability naturally. An owl is incredibly stupid but thanks to its stealth-like feathers it can swoop down on its prey even several times before the food discovers too late that it has been targeted.

The estuary and park offer homes to the Great Horned Owl, *Bubo virginianus*; the Western Screech Owl, *Otus kennicottii*; and the Barn Owl, *Tyto alba*. All three of these owls will eat just about anything alive, or dead, and the Great Horned Owl will even eat dead skunks.

The other thing good about owls is that they vomit a bone ball every day. This ball is all that is left of their last meal. If you look through the drier areas of the park you might see such balls beneath tree branches.

If you don't find any you can instead make your own with six cups of rice crispy cereal, two cups of semisweet chocolate chips, one cup sugar, one cup corn syrup, one cup chunky peanut butter, two very crisp cookies broken into bone-like fragments.

Of course, if you are allergic to peanuts then do not breathe the fumes from nor touch nor consume any of these ingredients in any combination and at any time.

Further, if you are under the age of about 35, do not attempt this at all. Your mother never taught you to cook nor read direc-

tions and so the chances of you doing more than just burning yourself are too slim to make this worth attempting.

Mix the sugar and the corn syrup in a pan and heat until it bubbles. Mix the crispy cereal and chocolate chips. Take the sugar and corn syrup off the heat and carefully add the chunky peanut butter. Mix the crispy cereal in with the pan of hot mess. Let the hot mess stand for ten minutes or so and then spoon it into an Owl Dropping sized ball and roll it in the fake bone cookie chips. Now comes the hard part. Place this spoon of bird vomit into your open hand and then close your hand. Squish the mess up toward the top of your hand and your thumb. Turn your hand (and thumb) downwards and let the mess "vomit" in a ball out the hole in your hand and on to a plate.

Let the balls cool and feed to all those not lucky enough to come with you to the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

The area is also a destination for over 300 species of migratory birds including the northern pintail (*anus acuta*), cinnamon teal (*anus cyanoptera*), American widgeon (*Anus Americana*), surf scoter (*Melanitta perspicillata*) and even the ruddy duck (*Oxyura jamaicensis*).

There are more than a score of permanent species in the area including the willet (*Catoptrophorus semipalmatus*), dow-

itcher (*Limnodromus* sp.) western sandpiper (*Calidris mauri*), and the marbled godwit (*Limosa fedoa*).

The area is also home to eight protected species including the light-footed clapper rail, California least tern, Belding's savannah sparrow, least Bell's vireo, California brown pelican, Peregrine falcon, and the snowy plover.

Vernal Pools

Vernal pools are shallow depressions in the ground that fill with water during the winter months and then slowly drain and finally dry out completely during the spring and summer. Vernal pools are usually bottom layered with clay or hardpan which creates an impermeable or waterproof surface. Some of these depressions have existed for half a million years, but then other such depressions, called "valleys," have lasted as long or longer. Also, here in the estuary and park, what you might believe to be a vernal pool may in reality simply be an old bomb crater. The San Diego fairy shrimp and western spadefoot toad survive in suspended animation beneath the surface of some of these depressions until rain awakens them. If the "rain" was just a flood of sewage then that vernal pool is now dead.

Flora

There are eight general types of vegetation in the area: Grassland, Chaparral, Weird Mixture, Mulefat Scrub, Sage Scrub, Salt

Marsh, Succulanet Scrub, and Willow Scrub.

Grassland

This area contains such diverse plants as white stem filaree (*Erodium moschatum*), Italian ryegrass (*Lolium perenne* var. *multiflorum*), little barley (*Hordeum pusillum*), blue dicks (*Dichelostemma capitatum*), peppergrass (*Lepidium dictyotum*), cheat grass (*Bromus tectorum*), wild oat (*Avena fatua*), California burclover (*Medicago polymorpha*), common sow thistle (*Sonchus oleraceus*), prostrate yellow-cress (*Rorippa curvisiliqua*), ripgut-grass (*Bromus diandrus*), weak-leaf burbush (*Ambrosia confertifolia*), and California coreopsis (*Coreopsis californica*).

Chaparral

Plants in this area are shrubs with thick sclerophyllous leaves and are fire tolerant. In fact, fire seems to be a requirement for their reproduction. The prominent types are: chamise (*Adenostoma fasciculatum*), coast white-lilac (*Ceanothus verricosus*), bushrue (*Cneoridium dumosum*), mission manzanita (*Xylococcus bicolor*), Mojave yucca (*Yucca schidigera*), black sage (*Salvia mellifera*), broom baccharis (*Baccharis sarothroides*) and mulefat (*Baccharis salisifolia*).

Mulefat Scrub

These plants are supported by frequent

flooding. without flooding these areas would probably be taken over by cottonwood or sycamore. The dominant species are: mulefat, castor (*Ricinus communis*), broom baccharis, tobacco tree (*Nicotiana glauca*) and arroyo willo (*Salix lasiolepis*).

Sage Scrub

Sage scrub is found on the hillsides because the seasonal flooding and the constant saturation of the lower areas would kill them. These areas included: deeweed (*Lotus scoparius*), cinquefoil (*Potentilla* sp.), bushrue, giant coreopsis (*Coreopsis gigantea*), chamise, bursage (*Ambrosia douglassii*), laurel sumac (*Malosma laurina*), coastal sagebrush (*Artemisia californica*), black sage, flat-top buckwheat (*Eriogonum fasciculatum*) lemonadeberry (*Rhus integrifolia*), and San Diego sunflower (*Viguiera laciniata*).

Salt Marsh

The Tijuana River Estuary is a salt marsh. Dominant species include: Parish's glasswort (*Arthrocnemum subterminale*), salty Susan (*Jaumea carnosa*), and salt heliotrope (*Heliotropium curassavicum*).

Succulent Scrub

Succulent scrub is found in the coastal

bluffs and includes: deeweed, desert encelia (*Encelia farinosa*), California encelia (*Encelia californica*), sweet fennel (*Foeniculum vulgare*), miner's lettuce (*Claytonia perfoliata*), coastal sagebrush, lemonadeberry, little lbarley, white-stem filaree, Italian ryegrass, chad-0scale (*Atriplex canescens*), dudleya (*Dudleya* spp.), coastal agave (*Agave shawii*), cliff spurge (*Euphorbia misera*), and California desert thorn (*Lycium californicum*).

Willow Scrub

The willow scrub areas are dense, winter-deciduous riparian thickets. These areas are so dense they are essentially impenetrable. The species here include: several willows (*Salix* sp.), cottonwoods (*Populus fremontii*) and western sycamore (*Plantus racemosa*).

The area offers many different habitats to explore and enjoy and they include: the Pacific Ocean, beaches and sand dunes, tidal channels and mudflats, salt marshes, brackish marshes, and higher riparian areas.

Be sure to have your shots up to date before you come here and remember to burn your boots when you get home.

Photo Album

The many photos that follow are a celebration of the Tijuana River Estuary and California's Border Field State Park.

The captions are taken directly from sworn testimony at California Coastal Commission hearings on the status of the estuary and park lands, from presenters who went before the commission, or even

from the State of California's Coastal Commission staff report itself.

Any disparity between what you see in the photo compared to the description by even sworn state employees, is only in the eye of the beholder and there can always be differences of opinion.

Imperial Beach, California

Another way to reach the estuary and park is by taking the Palm Avenue off ramp from Interstate 5. Imperial Beach is a quaint community enveloping the busy four lanes of mile long Palm Avenue. A quick left on Saturn Boulevard will take you near the estuary and park and you will be safe because this is how one gets to the United States Border Patrol Imperial Beach Facility. Yes, maybe 3,000 Border Patrol Agents are now between you and the estuary and park.

This Palm Avenue off ramp is about 30 minutes south of San Diego. As you approach the off ramp you will see hills to the south with myriad radio and TV transmitter antennae. You will also see one of the largest flags flying anywhere on earth. It is a Mexican flag. All of what you see in the distance is in Tijuana, Mexico.

By taking that off ramp you are now,

notionally, in Imperial Beach, California.

Excitement abounds day and night in this magical city. Traveling on the wide expanse of Interstate 5 past the Palm Avenue off ramp even in the early morning hours offers great potential for excitement. Travelers, exhausted by merriment below the border, have on occasion bullet riddled nearby vehicles in other lanes. While it is true that some teenagers have then spent more than a week slowly dying from such an Interstate Adventure here near Imperial Beach, the raucous excitement carried north from Tijuana and shared with everyone is well worth the time and effort to experience firsthand.

The mean spirited federal authorities at the U.S. Port of Entry record video from numerous cameras and it is an easy matter for them to count to the second the time between a vehicle's crossing of the border

and gunfire at the Palm Avenue exit. Further, these authorities can offer car type, license plate, and even a color photo of driver — all to the local police, sheriff or highway patrol who may then try to minimize recidivism.



City Seal

Where, exactly, does one sail?

Of course, the United States Border Patrol can't be everywhere. To keep the crime statistics down, much of Imperial Beach is not actually called Imperial Beach for the totalizing of murders, rapes, and assaults. For example, when you entered Imperial Beach you entered at the Palm Avenue off ramp and stopped at the Saturn Boulevard traffic light, by the "Welcome to Imperial Beach" monument. This is not Imperial Beach. It says it is Imperial Beach but it is not, *technically*. Therefore, when you are stabbed at this intersection (as people are from time to time) you are not part of the Imperial Beach crime wave. You are part of the Egger Highlands crime wave. By the way, there are other "Egger Highlands" places in the area including a place called

"Nestor."

Imperial Beach is Palm Avenue. While some might take the freeway exit seeking the glories of another "Palm" — that of Palm Springs and its Palm Canyon Drive where Rolex and Rolls Royce blend with well tanned idle women lining up in front of surgical centers for a quick nip and a tuck from their favorite plastic surgeon — here things are *really* different.

While San Diego is one of the richest places in the world, per capita income in nearby Imperial Beach was \$16,003 in the year 2000. Twice as many families rent (6,490) here than own (2,782).



Imperial Beach, not a beach

Looking north from Palm Avenue at the multi-colored salt flats.

As with most "frequently traveled" border areas over the last ten years, the White population has dropped precipitously (by 29%) while the Hispanic population has increased almost geometrically (by 45%). Thanks, again, to the U.S. Census Bureau, we can also call attention to the

change in American Indian / Alaska Native populations in the area and confidently say that they have dropped by 54%.

As you pass the Saturn Boulevard intersection you will see to your right the real Imperial Beach. Here, low cost and diverse housing is offered to all. It is no slur to say that duct tape is in fact a structural material here in Imperial Beach.



A permanent beach community

Palm Avenue means home.

Yes, Imperial Beach is a haven for everything on the far left side of the bell curve. This full mile of Palm Avenue is like a 45 rpm record of Slim Williams played at 42, or your car running on seven cylinders when it has eight.

The good news is that from your first moment on Palm Avenue you can see that your way out is just a few minutes ahead.

As the San Diego area seeks out more living space even Imperial Beach is now

being eyed as a homesite. For at least ten years people would rather commute 70 miles each way to Temecula, California than live in close, nearby, homey, Imperial Beach. Finally, even Temecula home prices are out of sight and so now Imperial Beach used home prices have gone up nearly 50% in a single year. Somebody paying a \$3,000 a month house payment (which is by itself more than twice what the average per capita income is for the area) is not going to stand for what goes on in this place.



A beach community with charm

Is your house paid off?

The official theme of the city as: “*IB, The Place To Be!*”

Imperial Beach offers dozens of cozy restaurants and diverse eateries specializing in Mexican foods of all sorts. Prices won't get much higher than \$8.00 unless you slip on the interestingly speckled floor, break the table, and then have to buy it as well.

In the city's directory of "Specialty Restaurants" they have a listing for, and large photo of, a Subway Sandwich store.

They do have a Starbucks.

The city's budget for street improvements seems to have been spent on the construction of that "Welcome to Imperial Beach" monument in the middle of the median strip.



Imperial Beach welcome

Only the gun show sign is bigger.

The city is blessed with no shopping centers or other encumbrances to your transit so a quick exit is assured. One favorite pastime for residents seems to be visiting gunshows and even they must be held some 30 miles to the north. Do you *need* a gun here? *Well ...*

Even with their "Egger Highlands" places not being counted, Imperial Beach logged crime rates of 885, 997, 845 per hundred thousand people for years 2000, 2001, and 2002. These rates are for things like

murder, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, and arson.

While one might think that a place with a name like Imperial Beach would have a wonderful beach ...

The city's own material states: *"It's not something any chamber of commerce would want to publicize, but Imperial Beach has to live with this unfortunate fact: Sometimes the ocean is so polluted by sewage that the beaches have to be closed."*

Of course, the source of this virulent fluid is a complete mystery to the Imperial Beach City Council. You know where it is coming from. An eight year old girl going for her Brownie "Earth Connections" (it used to be called "Ecology") patch, who dug a three inch hole in the ground at the entrance to the Border Field State Park knows where it is coming from.

But the City of Imperial Beach has (as one would imagine having read this far in this guidebook) found nearly a million dollars of taxpayer money for a two year study to seek out the source of this mysterious (but quite virulent) liquid.

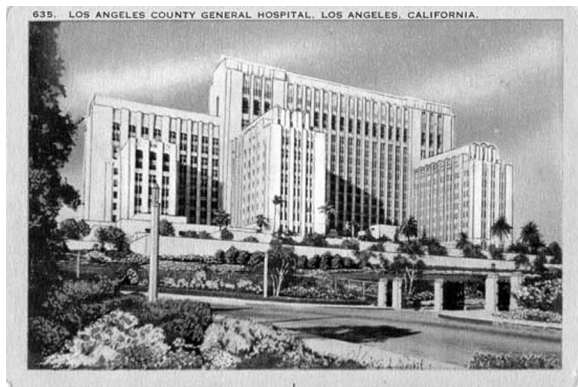
The government employee partly responsible for this research effort hopes to make this *"a long term commitment,"* and *"a model for all to follow."* What that means is "half a million taxpayer dollars a year for the rest of his natural life."

The city may have a secret plan to become A Great City, and that would explain the city's fight to stop the installation of any additional mean spirited barriers to border diversity at the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

Yes, the city may have its secrets and the darkest one might just bring literally billions of new dollars to this interesting border community.

Of course, the secret is new industry and the industry they plan to lure here is health care. Yes, health care is the only American industry with full employment at every conceivable level and most assuredly, ever higher profits.

It is rumored that Imperial Beach seems to be planning to build an exact copy of Los Angeles General Hospital and lure or just replicate that hospital's 10,000 employees for this border burg.



New Imperial Beach Hospital

Getting serious about health.

With 70% of all births at Los Angeles General Hospital now to illegal alien mothers it makes sense to let those travelers save all that time and effort and just have them march single file that single mile north of the border for all their medical needs.

There's medical business galore along our border with Mexico. In Bisbee, Arizona, the 13 bed Copper Queen Community Hospital lost a million dollars in just one year being forced to care for indigent "travelers". The Tucson Medical Center closed its trauma center because "travelers" were filling all the beds and never paying. University Medical Center in Tucson loses over a million dollars *a month* to "travelers."

To stem the flood, American hospitals have donated everything from defibrillators to complete ambulances to Mexican border communities and yet the "travelers" prefer to come north to American hospitals (we can fix that, see Martin Luther King Hospital in a later chapter).

With Arizona's southern counties soon to be closed to cross border traffic through vicious application of federal border enforcement, all of the medical business now handled there can also be lured to Imperial Beach. As it is, Douglas, Arizona's only hospital has closed its OB/GYN because only penniless illegal aliens were arriving for care.

Thanks to the availability of massive federal grants (again, see Martin Luther King Hospital in a later chapter) a bright new hospital in Imperial Beach will set records for swift birthing and U.S. citizenship for all. With 5,000 beds and 10,000 employees, all funded by the federal government (and that means you), Imperial Beach will become a mecca for the diseased and dangerous, so long as they can somehow get through the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. Leprosy, wet gangrene, Lassa Fever, incurable tuberculosis, maybe even Kuru, all will be welcome in Imperial Beach. And they all will come, and soon.

We must also understand that Imperial Beach has created its present dirth of employment all on its own. For decades the Imperial Beach City Fathers were making every effort to lure high tax base residential development to the city.

Helix Land Development Company purchased 126 acres for a marina and very high end residential development. There was to be high rise residential properties, a large shopping center, low density housing (read a million of dollars each), medium density housing, medium high density housing, a yacht club, a large community auditorium, a boat harbor, a golf course,



Imperial Beach, California

Salt flats are to north. Thick line is Palm Avenue. Wullenweber is big donut at upper left. Sunken submarine is near pier at far left. "Park" building is someplace near bottom left.

and all schools and roads paid for in full by the Helix Land Development Company.

Not only that, but a critically needed flood control channel was to be built to take Tijuana's sewage far out to sea.

In the early 1970's Imperial Beach was fighting tooth and claw to stop the seizure of these border lands by the government for a "park." Local newspaper headlines such as: "New Action Taken to Save Beach" and "Stites Aims New Attack At State" reflect the desperate efforts of a few visionaries who actually wanted to build a future for the tax paying people here.

At the same time, scientists and health officials were adamant that \$21,000,000 (in 1970 dollars) should be spent immediately on that flood control channel to protect America from the Tijuana sewage. That never happened either.

As late as February of 1975, the San Diego Union newspaper reported that Imperial Beach residents were marching on Washington, D.C. to stop the seizure of these lands and their conversion into a "park." All of this was to no avail.

With a subsequent change in "administration" in Imperial Beach, the future of the City of Imperial Beach has been *sealed*.

Where once people hoped to bring clean water, open space, grass, swimming pools,

and children to Imperial Beach what they have instead *purposely selected* is a steaming, festering, mud land of decaying sewage as a "lure" to tourists the world over, and as an embodiment of the city's culture and its hope for a bright future.

While "Diversity is Our Future" may ring from the belfry of the Imperial Beach town hall, what they are now really getting is probably *far* more than they realized.

When you have, essentially, a swamp as your neighbor, you must understand that all of this neighbor's "swamp things" will come visit you. The larger your neighborhood swamp, the more things there are to come visit. While the chances of billions of Border Park anthrax spores wafting in huge tan clouds and powdering your doorstep are not that likely, other things are.

In the present case you have 2,531 acres of sewage laden swamp supporting rabid skunks (65% tested are rabid), two kinds of very unpleasant rats, meat eating flies, wasps, and vast swarms of virus and bacteria carrying mosquitoes.

Yes, while bussing for ethnic balance in the schools may be "good," you must understand that all of those entities listed above are fully capable of bussing loads of bacteria and viruses to you and to every air breathing thing near you.

Not only are your kids not safe but even

your kid's caged iguana and gerbil can be face down in shallow graves in the backyard with ice cream stick tombstones from what you bring home from that place, or from your own front yard as they run, crawl, skip, fly, or buzz past.

The only photo of the Border Field State Park in any of the Imperial Beach promotional material is a photo of a darkening sunset with the caption "Border Field State Park". Thus, you see nothing but a dark, cloud covered sun just above the horizon. The park, the beach, the sand, the surf, the ocean, and everything out to about 13 miles (the horizon) is in deep shadow. *They do know.*



Imperial Beach north

From Palm Avenue looking north over the salt flats toward the glowing power plant.

We really must stand back in wonder and try to conjure up an image of the kind of political entity that would trade parks, pools, schools, and tax revenues, for a place where dangling clumps of Ebola virus are the only things missing.

The City of Imperial Beach says of their swamp: "*The Tijuana River National Estuarine Research Reserve, Check out Imperial Beach's environmental jewel!*"

While much of California has been frustrated by limited electrical supplies, the city of Imperial Beach is blessed with a nearby huge and powerful power station which literally hums and glows. The gentle clouds of steam from its spinning wheels and rumbling generators may actually keep local Imperial Beach house plants refreshed.



Imperial Beach Power

It's good to have so many megawatts so close to home. On quiet days you can hear it rumble.

To the north of Imperial Beach is a natural salt marsh and a commercial operation for the separation of salt from seawater. The status of each pond's drying can be estimated in the color of the bacteria laden water — pink, green, red.

The good news is that the power plant needs lots of water for cooling and early autumn mornings, hot steam rises from

the bay over an area about a mile across.

Yes, the salt works seems to benefit because the now pre-heated sea water from the power plant helps speed the drying of the seawater into large gleaming clumps of oddly colored crystals.

Just a bit to the north of these salt flats is a free anchorage for boats. When we think of “boats” we may not quickly conjure up the image of a gray castle made of wood and plastic and nailed to the top of a listing barge where “all sorts” of “parties” were held for many years. If you ain’t “in” to stringy bead curtains, you ain’t invited. Sailboats without sails, boats aground and even sunk, all add to the rich diversity of this part of the bay.

Certainly all these boats must tie up to a sewage collection vessel and have their tanks pumped out but just dumping it all in the bay is sure a lot easier. So the drying salt flats are really flavored in all sorts of ways.

Then too, while the city is called “Imperial Beach” and even has a sailboat on its city seal, there is no place in the city to launch a boat and no place to go if you did.

To add another flavor to the salt, the center of the bay is the only FAA Visual Flight Rules path for airplanes and helicopters. This means that all sorts of aircraft buzz almost as if on a narrow freeway from downtown San Diego to Imperial Beach

and points south. The helicopters drip the most unusual of the fluids as they pass.

On the southern boundary of Imperial Beach the United States Navy has constructed the city’s largest place of employment. This is the US Navy’s Outlying Landing Field. When you were in the estuary and park you may have wondered where all of those strings of helicopters were coming from.



Navy Landing Field

This is where all those helicopters came from.

There are usually scores of helicopters thumping the air and their blade-thwapping actually shakes the earth.

It is safe to say that there are territorial claims over the estuary and park as to where the U.S. Navy helicopters will circle and where the U.S. Border Patrol helicopters will circle.

It is easy to discern which helicopters are which. The big gray twin rotor ‘copters weren’t U. S. Border Patrol helicopters

because they were too high in the air. The Border Patrol helicopters fly low enough to see your face / back pack / guns / whatever.

But now you know that all the noisy big gray ones came from here. Junior pilots are given their Big Chance to fly multi-million dollar craft here, and over the estuary and park. The official thinking might be that if they crash the helicopter anyplace around here it will simply plop into something really soft, squishy, and deep, and with a few million dollars and an even bigger helicopter they can pull the thing out of the mud and start over.



Navy Field entrance

Marines and concrete protect \$1.95 gasoline.

Just to the north of the city is another government facility nestled behind high mounds of an earthen berm topped with glistening spirals of steel ribbon and with its own large staff of security personnel to encourage travelers from the south to please use other northbound paths. The people of this place are quite mean spirited

and not in tune with the Siren Song of Total Diversity in thought and deed so embraced by our universities and certain cities. While some might call this facility a Wullenweber AN/FRD-10, others just call it “The Elephant Cage.” Whatever its name, few who enter its grounds uninvited ever leave.

Even the official name of the place seems to be classified, but the “spin” is that it is all just a training facility, of some type. It is best not to even look for the entrance. Really.

The mystery of this place has been the subject of whispers and midnight terrors for decades. In reality, the place is not a huge radio beam generator for lowering the testosterone levels of the residents of Tijuana. Nor is it a secret landing zone for alien spacecraft.

The place is a Wullenweber. A Wullenweber is a strange device which was first discovered by our invading troops in a dark green forest in Germany at the close of World War Two. The Germans invented the parachute, the jet plane, the cruise missile, the ballistic missile, the Volkswagen and more. The “more” includes the Wullenweber.

The Wullenweber has been installed on what was once called “Coronado Heights,” which is a bit of a misnomer unless “height” means three inches above sea level. The area was originally a real

estate development dream of about 1887. A land rush sold 600 lots for a total of \$181,550 back in 1888. In 1941 the United States Navy went completely hormonal and started construction of a place to be called Ft. Emory.

Why the U.S. Navy would own a “fort” is beside the point, and construction started in a panic. The purpose of the construction was to be a set of monstrous solid concrete batteries each containing a rifle of at least 16 inches in bore and ready to fight off the Japanese Invaders. Time was of the essence because they certainly had to get these things built before the war was over. They didn’t make it. The “fort” was then converted into the perfect place for a Wullenweber.

The Wullenweber AN/FRD-10 is a system used by the Naval Security Group — linked to the National Security Agency — to closely examine those radio communications emanating from distant places around the world which may be of interest to them.

The AN/FRD-10 is a huge electronic machine of 120 antennae ringed at least another 40 antennae within. At the center of the huge ring is a solid concrete building with various secret electronic systems inside.

Local names for this place include: Dinosaur Cage, Elephant Cage, or even Turkey Cage.

This facility occupies more than forty acres and has four concentric circles of poles with an outside diameter of almost a thousand feet. These poles measure from eight feet high to over one hundred feet high.

If you have ever been listening on your portable radio and discovered that if you pointed your radio’s antenna at the transmitting station you received a clearer signal, you have the basic principle of this huge machine.



Wullenweber

It is much larger than it looks.

As radio waves are received from some distant transmitter they will first hit the receiving antenna nearest to that transmitting source. Then the waves will touch the next nearest and the next and the next.

It is possible to electronically align these antennas so that they all seem to receive those waves at the same instant. By doing so the signal becomes considerably stronger.

It is also possible to electronically misalign these antennas so as to block out other signals.

Thus, this huge antenna system can electronically “point” toward any spot on the compass and focus all of its interest on any signals emanating from that area.

In these days of powerful electronic systems one might imagine that it could be possible to switch from one point of interest on the earth to another very, very quickly. It might then be possible to look at hundreds or even possibly thousands of specific transmitters of interest all at the same time.

All of these signals may be automatically categorized as to source and strength and date and time. Further, the manpower required to maintain and point the antenna can be small. The manpower required to analyze all of this information might be substantial. The information might be best sent to some distant processing center by satellite.

As one might imagine, the U.S. Navy may not want us to know who they are interested in or what signals they listen to.

Nominal operational range of this system is about 3,200 miles.

While we live in an age of satellites, the use of such aerial machines can be quite expensive and repair impossible. Cer-

tainly, a satellite might overfly some point of interest from an altitude of only 100 miles. One might think that this is better than listening from 3,000 miles away. The problem is that satellites do not hover. Satellites seem to fly past at even 17,000 an hour and thus can miss morsels of interest.

During the Cold War two interesting local targets of Soviet Nuclear Weapons were the huge U.S. Navy transmitting antennae system at Chollas View and this Wullenweber in Imperial Beach. Each were probably worth several hundred kilotons.

Wullenweber intelligence stations exist at Fort Devens, Massachusetts for monitoring Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and all of western Russia. The Feld Station Augsburg, in Germany can monitor Russia and all the way to Iran. Canada has several Wullenweber stations, including CFS Masset on the North coast of Graham Island in British Columbia. The Masset station may be listening to the Russian naval base at Petropavlovsk and to the Russian Pacific surface and submarine fleet headquarters in Vladivostok. There is also another system at Elmendorf AFB in Alaska.

The specific areas of interest for the Wullenweber near Imperial Beach, California, are a secret.

Most assuredly, this strange and still quite secret AN/FRD-10's high berms and barriers funnel the border travelers along the

beach and toward the various nuclear weapons storage bunkers only a brisk walk northward from the park.



Wullenweber berm

Protective berm with Tijuana in the haze.

Living in San Diego means living near nuclear weapons. We must understand that while California is the seventh largest economy in the entire world (bigger than Red China's), San Diego by itself is the seventh largest military force in the entire world. Not only does the place have tens of thousands of real assault troops (the United States Marines), but it has a marvelous air force of one thousand six hundred nuclear capable fighters and bombers and lots of really huge black missile launching submarines. Then we have the hundreds of surface ships including cruise missile launching ships. Finally, we have six nuclear powered aircraft carriers. Each carrier needs more than 5,000 men to run it and even though these things are more than a thousand feet long they can do a zippy 50 miles per hour. plus. Stopping is a problem, but forward is fun. To hold all

those things that can really go BOOM in the night the security forces have placed the special uranium and plutonium powered stuff in heavily secured bunkers right up the sandy beach from the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park. Yes, right up the beach.

Who on earth might be so interested in these bunkers and some form of general retribution? The ships that landed Marines at Mogadishu, Somalia came from San Diego. The surface ships that sent hundreds of cruise missiles into Baghdad came from San Diego. The fighter bombers that blew up the Iraqi's homes came from San Diego. The submarines that sent cruise missiles to Afghanistan came from San Diego. The ships that sent the cruise missiles into the Al-shifa aspirin factory in Khartoum, Sudan came from San Diego. The ship that sent the surface to air missiles into the Iranian passenger laden Airbus flight 655 and killed hundreds of civilians was the USS Vincennes, from San Diego.

And do not think that our organs of state security do not have nightmares about retribution. A few years after the USS Vincennes blew the Iran Air flight 655 out of the air, an SUV belonging to the ship's captain was blown up right next to a major shopping center in San Diego. Things do happen.

So it is good that we live in this land of Hope and that we can block out the Dark-

ness. For it is all quite true that many of our simple travelers come from cities 10,000 miles distant — Baghdad, Kabul, Damascus, Jiddah, and Peshawar — and they are constantly peering over the U.S. Navy's fencing and at those odd steel reinforced earthen lumps with the heavy steel doors and the too few guards and they are certainly wondering how to peek inside and light a fuse.

Inside these bunkers are enormous amounts of stored energy in the form of uranium and plutonium and other rare metals and which are often tickled by puffs of tritium gas. A pound of uranium is about the size of your eyeball. The retail price of uranium is approximately \$10.75 per pound although there seem to be few retail stores open for business outside of Chechnya. Uranium is 40 times more naturally abundant than silver and so it is not nearly as special as we all have been told ever since our "Duck and Cover" days at grade school.

In the present case, a ton can become a kiloton and then a kiloton can become a megaton all so very, very quickly in those bunkers just to the north of the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

Our local border areas with Mexico have been scarred with that mean spirited tall boundary of steel. Much of it is lighted all night long. With its construction, auto thefts in San Diego dropped by about 30% and burglaries also dropped by about 30%.

The city fathers (and mothers) of Imperial Beach seem adamant today that enough is enough and that the miles of border immediately to the south of their city limits should be maintained in their natural state and untouched by long stretches of additional steel and concrete barriers which may in any way impact the diversity and volume of visitors to the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

The Cartel, and Osama, are *very* happy.

Military Facilities

It wasn't until 1856 that the boundaries between the United States of America and the United States of Mexico were finally completely surveyed and set. The southwestern most boundary being marked as Boundary Monument #1 at what is now Border Field State Park.

Some time later, Texas politicians in Washington, D.C. got the order of all the border boundaries reversed so that the last boundary monument, in Texas, would become the first. The Border Field's boundary marker then became Boundary Monument #258.

For decades thereafter Americans would take buggy rides from San Diego to the Boundary Monument at the border and have a picnic. We must remember that it had been only a few years since the "Battle of the Alamo" and the "Battle of San Jacinto" (right here in San Diego County)

and Americans did not have a "diverse" view of the people to the south.

Gunfire still echoed off the hillsides and there continued to be a considerable level of animosity between the two nations.

The Spanish American War came with the destruction of the USS Maine in Havana harbor. A few years later a similar but smaller U.S. Navy ship, the USS Bennington, blew up right in San Diego harbor killing over a hundred seamen. As with the USS Maine many years before the cause was a faulty boiler and faulty supervision of the engine room crew, not sabotage.

Early in the last century, President Theodore Roosevelt plotted to separate the nation of Columbia from the northern portion of its real estate. That portion then became the country of Panama. Panama was quickly turned into the largest

construction site in the Western Hemisphere with America's building of the Panama Canal.

The military importance of San Diego skyrocketed with the canal because San Diego became the nearest American naval facility to the canal to protect this high value potential target.

Great hopes for San Diego and the commerce derived from canal freight were dashed when people discovered that all the east bound freight would have to be sent from the port of San Diego via the San Diego and Arizona Eastern Railway which coursed not just eastward through the United States but also through Mexico. Diversity is nice but bandits are bad, very bad. Forty four miles of the track lay in Mexico.

We must also understand that most of the potential customers for this freight line would be European companies and they were thousands of miles away and when they thought of Mexico at all it was as a land of bandits, sombreros and cactus.

This was a time of tremendous Mexican Banditry and few wanted to face what had happened to Americans on trains when Pancho Villa stopped a train, pulled the Americans from it and shot them all in the head, then stripped their bodies and left them all to rot at the side of the tracks.

Thanks to Mexican bandits San Diego

lost its chance as a major commercial port and the honor went to Los Angeles, San Pedro, and Long Beach, all a hundred miles to the north. From there the train tracks led eastwards entirely, and safely, inside the United States.

As an aside, San Diego today does as much sea freight in a year as Los Angeles does in a single day.

The attacks by Pancho Villa on American territory were far more inflammatory than what got us into World War One. It may be hard to imagine but it is true.

When Pancho Villa attacked American cities and slaughtered innocent men, women, and children including an infant still in the womb, and used the light from the burning buildings to illuminate his targets, America became enraged. Pancho Villa's 1,000 riders burned towns to the ground.

It might be of interest to know that drugs were involved and that many of his men were high on marijuana during these attacks. Pancho Villa then slaughtered ranchers and farmers on his way back into Mexico.

Part of America's reaction to Villa's attacks was due to guilt. America was watching Mexico tear itself apart in a civil war and slaughter about a million of its citizens each year in the effort (that would span ten years). It would have been equivalent

to an American civil war where possibly ten million people in this country were hacked to pieces with farm implements each and every single year *for ten years*.

We never thought that this Mexican violence could ever come to America and when it finally crossed our border in the arms of Pancho Villa and his thousand desperados we were enraged with ourselves for thinking that it could never happen here.

President Wilson called out the entire U.S. Army and the entire National Guard and slammed them against the border with Mexico. He even ordered the U.S. Navy to seize the Mexican port city of Veracruz which they did in a day. This entire effort was the largest mobilization since the Civil War and far larger than all of America's efforts against Spain in the Spanish America War.

The American border area near Tijuana became an armed camp and troops were trigger happy.

There was a war going on far away in Europe and Germany secretly offered Mexico all the lands taken by the Gringos in the Mexican American War of decades before if they would ally with Germany. President Woodrow Wilson took umbrage at this and declared war against Germany. Why he would declare war on Germany for making an offer while it was Mexico who had accepted the offer is for scholars

to discuss.

Yes, America's first very real foreign war was brought to this country with President Woodrow Wilson. While many say that The Great War was caused by the Germans torpedoing the Lusitania, the fact is that the Lusitania was torpedoed in May of 1915 and we did not go to war until April of 1917.

Yes, we have to realize that just as with our recent excursions into distant wars, all was not what it seemed. In the case of America's entry into The Great War, we have to understand that at the time, 70% of all exports from America went to England and her allies. Further, American banks were owed nineteen times more money by England than by Germany. Should Germany win then American "jobs" might have been compromised.

With America's entry into The Great War, it could later be renamed a World War. In this case, World War One.

Fortifications were built all along the California Coast and even along the US / Mexican border. These fortifications would remain and be almost continuously expanded for nearly a century.

The air field here along the estuary was started by the U.S. Army in 1917. The U.S. Army had no imagination and called the facility "Aviation Field." The U.S. Army actually operated an air field miles

to the north at Coronado called “North Island” (because at the time it actually was an island surrounded by salt marsh). In 1918 the U.S. Army became more creative and named the local facility the Oneonta Gunnery School Field. Before the end of that year it would be renamed again and this time to Major William Ream Field.

Major Ream was the first U.S. Army flight surgeon to be killed in an aircraft accident. In the early 1920’s Ream Field was used by the U.S. Navy. The U.S. Navy expanded the facility by leasing an additional 140 acres from neighboring civilians.

About this time “Border Field” was also created. The field was adjacent to and south of Ream Field and wedged between Ream Field and the Mexican border. It occupied about 100 acres. It was designed to be used for “Dive bombing, gunnery training, and practice landings during dry weather.”

The inter-war years brought the area a depression and the US military sank in world ranking of “World Military Powers” to a strength below that of Greece.

General Douglas MacArthur made various entreaties with then President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, all to no avail. In about 1933 the general told Roosevelt something like: “*Someday an American boy is going to be laying in the mud with a Japanese bayonet in his stomach and I want him to curse you and not me.*” General Mac-

Arthur then went outside and vomited in a White House bush. The president shipped MacArthur off to the Philippines to keep him from running in the next presidential election on the Republican ticket.

Things fold in on themselves when we realize that the Naval Air Station on Coronado which controlled these more remote border area fields trained the first group of Japan’s fledgling aviators at the Coronado flying school on the island. One of the pilots who learned to fly at Coronado was Lieutenant Yamada. Lieutenant Yamada would later become head Japan’s Naval Aviation during World War Two.

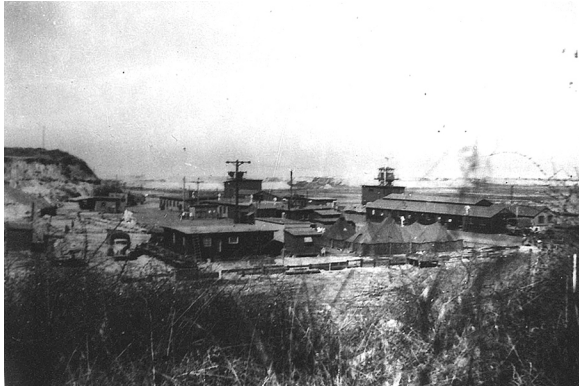
History becomes down right bizarre when we realize that the first commanding officer of this Naval Aviation Facility, Lieutenant Commander Earl W. Spencer Jr. had a wife named Wallis.

“Wife Wallis” became Wallis Warfield Simpson Windsor, yes, the woman who King Edward of England gave up his throne to marry. He gave up his throne but not his fortune.

She and her new husband, now demoted to a Duke and she now promoted to a Duchess, then moved into the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York and stayed there for the next 50 years.

With World War Two on the horizon, the border area itself was of concern to the

military and numerous fortifications were constructed. The old concrete observation bunkers were refurbished and readied for use to defend us against the certainly soon to be invading Japanese.



Border Field looking southwest

It was a World War Two gunnery and bombing range.

We must be fully aware of the fact that America did not actually have an air force (see Greece above). While the adventure movies of the late 1930's still exist today they are quite hard to find. In them you have America's great film stars piloting biplanes off of battleships and engaged in dogfights in planes made of cloth. Certainly, America had the designs for aluminum airplanes with high speed single wings but no money to build any.

While Germany used aluminum airplanes to bomb communists in Spain in 1936, America toddled around the sky in cloth covered biplanes. When Europe was buzzing with swarms of high power fighters in 1939, America had nothing not made of

cloth. American was in real trouble and was going to discover how much trouble real quick. President Roosevelt can only have looked to war as an alternative to the continuing economic depression.



Biplane view to north

Border Field is below.

Yes, war was looming and America instituted the draft and fired up the factories to build armaments. The draft was quite limited in the amount of time each man had to serve and when nothing happened after months and months of service by October of 1941 many men began deserting. Some time after December 7th, 1941 most all of them returned to their posts.

The first expensive single wing American planes then built in quantity were bombers (still with some cloth parts) and almost all of those were quickly sent to Hawaii and to Manila in the Philippines to defend us from oriental threats. They essentially arrived on top of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. All were destroyed by the Japanese while parked on the ground.

Border Field was the site of frenzied activity during the war and was a center of great activity for U.S. Navy carrier based aircraft. The Border Field facility covered many acres and consisted of numerous wooden buildings and even canvas tents.



Control tower

Shops and control tower looking north.

Much of America's southwestern most border area became an aerial combat gunnery range and other parts of it became a very real bombing range.

The field remained an outlying field through the start of World War Two.

In 1942 the U.S. Navy spent over a million dollars converting Ream Field into an air station. While it was now a U.S. Navy Facility through and through it retained the U.S. Army name of Ream Field.

The facility was then also used for close air support training.

In July of 1944 Ream Field was upgraded

to use the HE 5 catapult and arresting gear systems as were used at the time on aircraft carriers of the Pacific Fleet.

The facility had more than 3,000 officers and enlisted men on board. It was the U.S. Navy who certainly used the area the most and who trained their pilots how to calmly line up on a target and drop something really big (like a torpedo). This skill was quickly used at the Battle of Midway where such planes were sent out from our carriers and essentially none of those planes returned. It was the Battle of Midway that turned the tide of war in America's favor by essentially destroying any threat from a Japanese naval fleet.

Other sailors here were trained how to shoot at enemy aircraft by shooting at real built-and-flown-to-scale airplanes that were operated by radio control.

America's attention was now directed to the European Theater and nearly all our energies and treasure were quickly focussed there.

The Pacific Theater was then divided between Admiral Chester Nimitz (U.S. Navy) and General Douglas MacArthur (U.S. Army). Both of these men were far past retirement age and yet it was they who with nearly nothing but brave men and women won the war in the Pacific.

Back in about 1935 the U.S. Navy and the Army Air Corps started investigating the

use of radio controlled drones for anti-aircraft gunnery.

One of the most fantastic confluence of events would then make Border Field far more interesting than one might otherwise imagine (although having the woman who destroyed the British Throne, being a Navy wife, from San Diego is hard to beat).

Reginald Denny was a well paid movie actor in Hollywood with a tremendous fascination for model airplanes. Mr. Denny was a British actor who would play American parts. While much of Hollywood tried to add the panache of “England” to their actions and speech, Mr. Denny did just the opposite. This was the era of Errol Flynn and his Brutishness put him on the top of the American fan charts.

Mr. Denny’s interest in model airplanes (and his Hollywood money to allowed him to pursue that interest) led him to building ever larger model planes and to build sophisticated radio control systems for them.

We must remember that transistors had not yet been invented and all these ancient radio systems operated using delicate vacuum tubes and needed huge, heavy batteries to power them. Vacuum tubes had to actually glow red hot to become active and that required tremendous amounts of electrical power and very heavy lead acid

batteries.

While the radio set stayed the same size no matter what size the plane, the bigger the plane the bigger the battery that could be carried and that equated to ever longer radio controlled flights.

Mr. Denny and engineer Walter Righter, were the true fathers of America’s unmanned drones because they were the ones to form The Radioplane Company to build these miniature planes for our military.

Today the industry is called the “unmanned aerial vehicle (UAV) industry.” These two men were the pioneers in the field of pilotless aviation.

The first vehicles they sold were called the “Dennyplane” model airplane series, which were a pre-cursor to the “Radioplane” and were powered by Walter Righter’s “Dennymite” engine.

Yes, it does seem that if you write the checks you can pick the names.

The “Dennyplane” was sold first to hobbyists of the late 1930s and brought model aviation to the masses in pre-WWII America.

In March of 1942 the Radioplane company moved from their old building in Venice, California into the former Timm Airplane Company plant at The Metro-

politan Airport. This was certainly a different era in that their nice new plant was fronted by orange groves.



Radioplane Company plant

The Lockheed P-80 hanger is top right.

One of the last projects for the company was the construction of the Paraglider for NASA's Gemini Program in 1962.

The Radioplane drone flown here at Border Field was the OQ-19D which weighed 350 pounds, was of aluminum construction, and had a wingspan of eight feet.

The all metal constructed, radio controlled, target drone KD-2R3 (OQ-19D) was manually controlled at low altitudes, tracked with binoculars on a search light control up to 3,000ft and radar tracked at high altitude.

Here are the details of the Radioplane Target Drone

Power: McCullough 0-100-1
4 Cylinder, 2 Cycle engine.

72hp @ 4,400 RPM

Fuel capacity: Gas mix w/100wt oil 11 gallons.

In operation, the front two cylinders would fire together and then the rear two. The engine had needle bearings and chrome plated cylinder bores. The drone's top speed was 350 miles per hour.



Engine Data Plate

This engine pulled us into the UAV era.

Thousands of these drones were produced. While here near San Diego the wounded drones might fall from the sky and land forever in the Pacific Ocean that was not the case at other facilities. Even today these ancient drones are being picked out of swamps in Louisiana and odd places in Canada.

The drones used here by the navy were made in Los Angeles right at the Metropolitan Airport by the Radioplane Company.

The Radioplane Company was the largest manufacturer of such drones in the entire world. Years later this simple technology would be improved and become even the Firebee drone built in San Diego by Ryan Aeronautical.

The Metropolitan Airport was used by the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War Two and row upon row of bombers sunned themselves in the California sun. The hangars at Metropolitan Airport were also used by various airplane manufacturers during the war to build real airplanes. Ten years after the war (in 1957) The Metropolitan Airport became the Van Nuys Airport. While it began as a small general aviation field many decades before, just as with the “Dennyplane” it is far more famous than you might expect.



U.S. Army Air Corps Field

Metropolitan Airport in 1944.

Movie studios such as Warner Brothers used the Metropolitan Airport for various airport movie sets. At the middle right edge of the aerial photo is a tower. That

tower is the one seen in the movie *Casablanca* when the evil Germans were welcomed by the helpless French and the obsequious Italians. While the rest of the airport shots in that movie are fake and use models, the German’s airport arrival shot is very real.

Here at Border Field these Radioplane target drones were launched with either a catapult or from a circular rail system (which enabled them to travel around and around until they gained flying speed).



Tiny powerful drones

First target drones were made of wood and cloth. Border Field’s were of aluminum.

The catapult had several advantages in that it was “small” and the plane would start flying in the direction you pointed the catapult rail. There was a little “problem” in that sometimes the catapult would not speed the plane to flight and the plane would instead simply go splat a few feet beyond the end of the catapult.

The catapults were even 75 feet in length and usually tossed KD-2R3 drones into

the air fast enough that their tiny engines could keep them in flying.

The circular rail system had the advantage of not allowing the plane to leave its carriage until it was at flight speed. The problem was that you weren't really always all that certain as to which way the plane would go once released.



Metropolitan Airport

*Far more familiar to you than you might think.
Famous tower is at right edge of field.*

In any event, the little planes then sped off under the control of an operator seated in a tower well behind a huge line of gun emplacements and turrets.

Gun systems from various aircraft and ships were arranged in an arc facing the open range.

The target drone “pilot” manipulated switches and a control stick to fly the little planes in patterns across the gunnery range in a way that roughly corresponded to typical attack passes which gunners might soon see in actual combat.

The planes were equipped with a VHF receivers for guidance. As technology improved they were all upgraded to UHF receivers after 1957.

On a signal from the controller the gunners were told to acquire, track and shoot down the drone.



Catapult launch

A 75 ft. long catapult was used.

A parachute recovery system on the drone would activate if the drone was hit or when it was time to have the drone “land.” Landing was accomplished with an internally mounted 28 panel (about 28 feet in diameter) cargo parachute that could be commanded by radio to pop open when required.

Flight paths were typically an oval race-track course. Only on the flight path *toward* the gunners was anyone allowed to shoot at the drones.

The prize awarded to successful gunners was typically the wooden propeller from

the downed drone. It was a sought-after trophy to be displayed proudly.

In 1952, Radioplane Co. became the Radioplane Division of Northrop Aircraft, Inc. Some time later the Radioplane Division became known as “The Ventura Division, Northrop Corporation.”



Heavier than it looks

Small wings flew fast to keep drone aloft.

In 1944 “Norma Jeane” got a job at the Radioplane Company which was located at the Metropolitan Airport in Los Angeles, California.

“Norma Jean” had a bad childhood and her mother had run off with a “bad man” and become pregnant. The “bad man” then abandoned the pregnant woman after only a few months of liaison.

“Norma Jean” was born in 1926 and struggled to be a regular kid in school.

Just out of high school “Norma Jean” took a job at the Radioplane Company right at

the Metropolitan Airport near Los Angeles, California.

This was her first and actually the only real job she would have in her entire life.

U.S. Army Private David Conover was ordered by then Captain Ronald Reagan (yes, that Ronald Reagan) to go over to one of Ronald Reagan’s friends plants (in this case Mr. Denny’s) and photograph Women War Workers.



Norma Jean with propeller

Not every factory worker looks like Norma Jean.

“Norma Jean” was working that day. She worked in the factory as a parachute fitter for the drones. In January of 1945 “Norma Jeane” quit her job at Radioplane because Private Conover had told her that she seemed special. Private Conover suggested that she should “definitely go into modeling.”

Who was “Norma Jean?”

Why, Marilyn Monroe.



Norma Jean with wrench

She may hold that wrench as if it was a spatula but Norma Jean still did good.

Thanks to the money Reginald Denny earned as an actor, his company could survive the ups and downs of government procurements and a company’s normal and expected development failures.

If you went to a theater to see any of the following movies then you too, if only indirectly, contributed funds to the development of America’s UAV Industry:

Prior to World War Two, America’s naval fleet was not much better than its aircraft. We were still depending upon ships made during or just after World War One.

This held true not just for our surface

fleets, which the Japanese were to bomb at Pearl Harbor, but also to our submarines.

One such boat to make minor history here at Border Field was the S-37.

- Cat Ballou (1965)*
- Advance to the Rear (1964)*
- Company of Cowards? (1964) (UK)*
- Phantom, The (1961) (TV)*
- Scarlet Pimpernel, The (1960) (TV)*
- Around the World in Eighty Days (1956)Escape to Burma (1955)*
- Sabaka (1954)*
- World for Ransom*
- Abbott and Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1953)*
- Fort Vengeance (1953)*
- Iroquois Trail, The (1950)*
- Tomahawk Trail, The (1950) (UK)*
- Screen Actors (1950)*
- Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (1948)*
- Escape Me Never (1947)*
- Christmas Eve (1947)*
- Sinner’s Holiday (1947)*
- Secret Life of Walter Mitty*
- The (1947) Macomber Affair*
- My Favorite Brunette (1947)*
- The (1946) Mr. Wendall*
- Tangier (1946) Fernandez*
- Love Letters (1945)*
- Song of the Open Road (1944)*
- Crime Doctor’s Strangest Case (1943) Strangest Case (1943) (UK)*
- Over My Dead Body (1943)*
- Eyes in the Night (1942)*
- Hedda Hopper’s Hollywood No. 6 (1942)*

The submarine S-37 was awarded the Yangtze Service Medal. China Service Medal, American Defense Medal (with Sea Clasp), Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal (5), World War Two Victory

Medal, and the Philippine Defense Medal.

The submarine S-37 did duty in the Pacific Theater and sank two Japanese ships: one destroyer and one cargo ship.

Aerial bombing practice here at Border Field included water borne targets as well as ground targets. One of those soon-to-be water targets was the U.S. Submarine S-37. It was being towed to the area to be blasted out of the water when it broke its tow line and sank. This submarine is now visible at low tide (yes, that means it is in the ocean) just west of the strange Visitor's Center for the Tijuana Estuarine Reserve.



Actual S-37 Christening 1919

The sub was active through WWII

After World War Two the Border Field area reverted to a more subdued life-style and some lands were used as farms.

The military remained active here and used the area for research into all sorts of odd devices. These included the first hover

craft that used a cushion of air to move over the water and which now can be seen brought to fruition in huge hangars at the United States Marine Base, Camp Pendleton.

It truly was fate that brought “Norma Jean” to her first job as a lowly mechanic at a factory owned by a then famous movie star, only to then be catapulted into stardom as were her company’s products.



Clean to the end

Base was maintained until transferred to State of California.

Within a decade of their use as practice drones here along the border, newer versions were being operated even in Vietnam to photograph enemy targets without requiring a human to be in the plane.

After World War Two, in 1949, Border Field and Ream Field were closed. The Korean “Police Action” brought Ream field back to life for several years and all helicopter squadrons in the entire Pacific Fleet trained here. It was then known as “Helicopter Capital” of the Pacific. After

the Korean activities it was closed again. The Vietnam War resurrected it once more and it became a full “Naval Air Station” in 1968.



California destruction

Base is left to rot into the ground. Mexico is in the distance.

In 1974 it was reduced to being a “Navy Outlying Landing Field” as such it is considered part of Naval Air Station North Island.



Slow disintegration

Abandoned, the base comes apart.

Border Field was reduced to being “Border Field Naval Reservation” as late as

1976.

Ream Field is the only field on the west coast dedicated to helicopters. The 11 helicopter squadrons of the entire Pacific Fleet practice their landings here at Navy Outlying Landing Field (NOLF) Imperial Beach.

In addition, about 40% of all U.S. Navy helicopter pilots get their instrument flight training at NOLF.



Buildings lost

History is lost, and few memories remain.

The United States Navy’s Outlying Landing Field gives novice helicopter pilots a place to practice at relatively low altitude without annoying the voters.

The Field now occupies about 1,190 acres of which 550 acres are “managed” by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

This means the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is responsible for the effluent, and not the United States Navy. Allowing this

Military Facilities

effluent to flow from these lands to the sea is a direct violation of the Marine Mammal Protection Act.



Broken dreams

Looking through a broken window to the north, the buildings wait their complete collapse.

The last vestiges of American military in the area are the U.S. Navy Outlying Landing Field and the Wullenweber a bit to the north.

The Wullenweber is a huge integrated glowing machine first invented by the Germans and discovered by our troops in a verdant green forest in Germany. It has been copied by us around the world. Its purpose is to listen to radio transmissions and determine their transmitting location, and other things.

Finally, "Border Field Naval Reservation" was declared surplus. The United States



Border Field, aerial view

Border Field buildings are to the north of the bull ring.

Geological Survey maps of 1979 show the area as now “Border Field State Park.”

When the U.S. Navy transferred these lands and their infrastructure to the State of California there were great hopes that wonderful things would happen here.

Instead, the area is slowly being stripped of all human habitation and becoming ever more a huge metastasizing, oozing,

sewage scab.

Rather than use the buildings and infrastructure it all was allowed to rot.

Today, only the odd rusting hulks of unexploded ordnance and scatterings of oxidizing artillery shells carpet the landscape just below the surface and everywhere you might step.



Border Field gunnery emplacements

You can see the Border Field gunnery emplacements, 200 yards inward from the beach at the right.

Los Angeles, California

Why a chapter on Los Angeles in a book about the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park? Because Los Angeles is the travel destination for the vast majority of these people, the travelers, traversing the estuary and park.

Los Angeles is also the transit hub for these travelers coming from any part of the border and going to any part of the United States. Most of these travelers congregate at the huge Los Angeles airport “LAX.” As the Los Angeles airport becomes ever more diverse, it is ever more impossible to easily spot the illegal alien. Then too, court decisions have made “profiling” bad.

Air travel was once the realm of clean people who dressed as if to church to fly someplace. Today, the scrape, scrape, of thong sandals being dragged across the floor as the unwashed tattooed

thing waddles in shorts and tank top to the ticket counter is the norm.

Illegals from everywhere now meander the highways and byways of LAX and fly hither and thither with little to be heard from our Homeland Security people. It is also interesting to note that baggage thefts have tripled since the TSA has taken over baggage handling. While having someone take something *out* of your bag is bad it may be far worse if he puts something *in*.

Los Angeles, California is really a second Tijuana and it is becoming more so every day. Los Angeles, California, may have as many as three million hardy souls who at some time crossed the border illegally and through the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park and have remained together — maintaining their native tongue and life-style above all else. There are more people of Mexican descent in Los

Angeles than in any other place on earth except Mexico City. There are even more Spanish speaking radio stations in Los Angeles than there are English speaking stations. When Mexican politicians want to reach their second largest national constituency they leave Mexico and come to Los Angeles. Yes, the Mexican illegal alien population in Los Angeles makes it the second most populous Hispanic city in the world and their votes do count.

The future of any city can be seen in its children. This new Tijuana of the north has a school population which is 75 percent Hispanic and 9 percent Gringo. Of all the children in these schools, 66 percent come from homes where English is not spoken. The Los Angeles city schools have started a huge taxpayer funded building spree thanks to the growth of the Hispanic population with 750,000 students in schools — which represents more children in school than in 27 of America's other states *combined*.

This northern Tijuana's school system was designed for Gringos and of an older era and where a single school accommodated even 5,000 students, so the new designs offer schools with only 500 students to allow these children to learn at their own pace. Thankfully, the 163 day school year is specially tailored to accommodate the student's seasonal cross border migrations. Only about half of the Hispanic students ever graduate from high school and yet the graduation test they have to pass is less

than what is required of children in the eighth grade in Europe.

While about 25% of the population of Mexico avoids and does not speak the language of the Conquistadors — Spanish — this seems not to be an impediment to their success in what they call The Land of The Gringo. Because the Mexican people are truly of the Bronze Continent and strive to bring their heritage to all of America's Southwest, there is no reason for them to really even learn English. It is with great relief that we all must agree that America will instead — and very soon — learn Spanish.

Then too, attaining new language skills can be an issue. Learning a new language can be traumatic. Federal records show that transitioning from Danish or Dutch to English takes about one year. Transitioning from German to English takes about one year. Transitioning from Spanish to English takes six years. Transitioning from Hmong to English takes more than eight years. These are average times. Further, this data is from the public schools. It is mean spirited to traumatize children with such difficult tasks. With the Hmong, after about 25 years of English language instruction by federal government teachers — so that they could pass the U.S. citizenship exam — our government short circuited the process and gently made them all citizens by Act of Congress. Certainly, we must do as much for our brothers and sisters from the

south, all of them.

Of course, our travelers from the south have their own ideas of their new life in America and this simple plan is set forth in the "*El Plan De Aztlan*" which is available from printed manuscripts and even thoughtfully provided on the University of California at Riverside Internet website:

In the spirit of a new people that is conscious not only of its proud historical heritage but also of the brutal "Gringo" invasion of our territories, we, the Chicano inhabitants and civilizers of the northern land of Aztlan from whence came our forefathers, reclaiming the land of their birth and consecrating the determination of our people of the sun, declare that the call of our blood is our power, our responsibility and our inevitable destiny.

We do not recognize capricious frontiers on the bronze continent.

Brotherhood unites us, and love for our brothers makes us a people whose time has come and who struggles against the foreigner "gabacho" who exploits our riches and destroys our culture. Before all of our brothers in the bronze continent, we are a nation, we are a union of free pueblos, we are Aztlan.

Nationalism is the key. Nationalism is the common denominator.

Economic control of our lives and our

communities can only come about by driving the exploiter out of our communities, our pueblos, and our lands.

We can quickly see the effects of this plan as we embrace such diversity in this City of the Angels, Los Angeles — 130 miles inside the United States.

As the "undocumented travelers" increase in number they have hit some kind of critical mass and the City of the Angels has become another Tijuana.

The shopkeepers of downtown Los Angeles have turned the central five block area of their city into an Hispanic tourist mecca. To encourage visitors even to dare to come, they pleaded with the police to increase law enforcement. When the police were unable to provide the numbers of police actually needed to keep rampant crime in check these shopkeepers assessed themselves and have hired more than 100 private police — with guns — to manage the safety of visitors. These 100 "hired guns" are not ensconced in the high rise office buildings (they have their own private police forces) but instead patrol the tiny tourist area.

Los Angeles Police Chief William Bratton — assuredly one to increase his empire but we can't hold that against him — is now mean spiritedly trying to increase his police force by 3,200 just to quell the culturally celebratory events occurring night and day in the barrio.

Nearly 200 police cars prowl the barrio 24 hours a day, seven days a week and to Chief Bratton, it isn't enough. The glorious Fiesta continues around the clock in this barrio to the north. Certainly, there are thousands of celebratory events every year which do not rise to the level of even local TV news coverage. There are the eight year olds who bleed to death from bullets when they walk into the crossfire of drug cartel gun battles. There are the smoldering corpses of teenage girls who are gang raped, shot in the head, and then set on fire in front of their boyfriends' homes.

There are over 600 Hispanic gangs in Los Angeles with a total of over 40,000 members.

Yes, the diversity of America inexorably increases to our mutual benefit. Whatever disputes these travelers may have between themselves, and whatever their result, America is there to help. For example, should our travelers from the south reach their goal of Los Angeles and somehow cause any conflict within their new community that might encumber them with a wound, they need only live long enough to make it to a hospital's door to have their every medical need cared for and healing assured. Eight hundred sixty million taxpayer dollars are invested each year in providing a level of medical care familiar to them and at just one local hospital alone.

The barrio surrounding the Martin

Luther King Hospital has the highest mortality rate of anyplace in California; it also has the highest incidences of disease of all types of anyplace in California. One must visit Detroit to find an equal anyplace in America.

Yes, the Martin Luther King Hospital is dedicated to the people of the barrio and provides exciting interplay and lasting memories to all. It is truly "of the people, and by the people, and for the people" and it holds itself in high regard as an exemplar of our collective futures. It is staffed by the people of the area so as to provide the appropriate sensitive cultural courtesies.

For example, one man appeared at the emergency room door suffering from gangrene of the intestines. It was later — somehow — discovered that here in the hospital he had fallen off his gurney and for more than 12 hours had been laying right on the floor of the emergency room in a pool of his own vomit.... dead.

Another patient appeared in the emergency room with gangrene on his leg, pneumonia and a collapsed lung. And kidney failure. He stayed in the emergency room for more than 22 hours and received nothing. The good news is that in this specific case the staff wasn't terribly encumbered by any huge cold body laying stiff on the floor which would have created a general traffic hazard to the many visitors and staff who were passing by.

Yes, the authorities demur that this hospital does “seem” to be somewhat “out of compliance” in the areas of nursing, pharmacy and quality assurance but it remains open as a symbol of neighborhood strength and of our collective cultural future.

The links between MLK Hospital and Mexico are more interesting than one might imagine and even include a former MLK doctor who was recently arrested on suspicion of killing a former patient of the hospital — a deaf-mute — during a “sexual encounter” in a Calexico hotel room. This would be a humdrum affair if it weren’t for the dozens of video tapes of other such encounters which seem to have been recorded right at MLK Hospital and which include an unconscious naked man strapped to a board.

During one of these diverse encounters, which occurred right inside an MLK hospital room, the doctor had barred the door and police were called. The doctor finally opened the door and showed the police his hospital identification. The police did notice the straps and the video camera but it’s really best not to rile the neighborhood (e.g. The Watts and Rodney King riots) and / or face a massive lawsuit, so they left.

Of course, the Martin Luther King Hospital is immediately adjacent to Nickerson Gardens which is the largest federally funded housing project west of the Mississippi. The Nickerson Gardens complex

occupies nearly 70 acres and is ruled by several youthful groups which we certainly should not call gangs.

During a single two hour barrio gun battle between these youthful groups and the Los Angeles police, the police fired more ammunition than they did during any single event of the Watts Riots or the Symbionese Liberation Army shootouts of the last century.

During another altercation in Nickerson Gardens, the Los Angeles fire department arrived to quell the flames and encountered fusillades of gunfire. The fire fighters formed their vehicles into a “V” and used them as shields. The police advised them to cut their hoses and vacate. The fire fighters refused because the hoses were expensive. After another fusillade of AK-47 rounds the fire fighters cut their hoses and departed the area with a police escort — letting the place burn.

During the recent “Rodney King” disturbance, much of the local area was pillaged and burned to the ground. The many youthful groups in question were seen targeting stores owned by Koreans. Many of these stores were burned to the ground. In Koreatown itself — near the mid-Wilshire District — the Korean shopkeepers had time to prepare and were better armed. Many of these Korean shopkeepers were veterans of the Korean War and well trained, quite willing, and more than able to defend their own lives and property.

One Korean gentleman said: “Burn this down after 33 years? This is my market, and I am going to protect it.” One Korean brought in a machine gun. More than 500 rounds were expended by these Koreans in gunfights as they protected their own lives and property.

While the national news media reported the treatment of Mr. King by the police and the verdicts of innocent at the policemen’s trial as the reason for the disturbances, the Los Angeles Times researched the arrest records after the event and discovered that of the 694 felony court files, the name “Rodney King” was recorded only once and then only when the perpetrator was quoted as uttering: “Fuck Rodney King.”

We must understand that it takes at least 45 minutes to fill out the paperwork for a felony arrest. The police thus could either stay on the street protecting lives and property or take themselves away for nearly an hour doing paperwork on a single “suspect.” You had to be pretty special for them to take time out of their busy day to actually arrest you. The 694 felony arrests from the event were most assuredly the most virulent of the puss bursting from the boil.

There were over 13,000 military troops needed to quell the “disturbance.”

Analysis of the events showed that 80% of the Hispanics were foreign born and rep-

resented between 49% and 66% of their local neighborhood population depending upon the area.

Nickerson Gardens holds a special place in the hearts of the Los Angeles Police and it is all hushed up. Here is one example of what goes on even to this day:

“41 Arrested in Police Sweep Through Nickerson Gardens

“More than 400 heavily armed Los Angeles police officers and FBI agents broke down doors and roused residents of the state’s largest public housing project before dawn Wednesday, arresting 41 alleged gang members who authorities say dealt in violence and crack cocaine throughout South Los Angeles.”

When in Los Angeles and looking for excitement, here are some places to look:

Avalon Gardens / Gonzague Village 701 E 88th Pl., LA, CA 90002

California Apts. 609 California Av., Venice, CA. 90291

Clemson-Corbett 5600/5700 Clemson/Corbett St., LA, CA. 90016

Estrada Courts 3232 Estrada St., LA, CA. 90023

Gibson Manor 1501 E. Century Blvd., LA, CA. 90028

Imperial Courts 11541 Croesus Av., LA, CA. 90059

Independent Square 2455 S. St. Andrews Pl., LA, CA. 90018

Jordan Downs 9800 Grape St., LA, CA. 90002

Las Palmas Gardens 1776 N. Las Palmas Av., LA, CA. 90028

Los Angeles, California

Mar Vista 11965 Allin St., LA, CA. 90230

*Nickerson Gardens 1509 E. 114th St., LA, CA
90059*

*Owensmouth Gardens 6300 Owensmouth Av.,
Woodland Hills, CA. 91367*

*Pueblo Del Rio 1801 E. 53rd St., LA, CA.
90058*

*Ramona Gardens 2830 Lancaster Av., LA, CA.
90033*

*Rancho San Pedro 275 W. 1st. St., San Pedro,
CA. 90731*

*Reseda East 18450 Ingomar St., Reseda,
CA.91335*

*Reseda West 7725 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA.
91335*

*San Fernando Gardens 10995 Lehigh Ave.,
Pacoima, CA 91331*

*Simpson/Saticoy 7541 Simpson Av., N. Holly-
wood, CA. 91606*

*Snyder Villas 1536 Yosemite Dr., LA, CA.
90041*

Union Tower 455 S. Union Av., LA, CA.90017

*Westside Manor 1224 S. Norton Av., LA, CA.
90019*

*William Mead/Rose Hill 1330 N. Cardinal St.,
LA, CA. 99012*

But that is all in Los Angeles, and over one hundred thirty miles away from our dusty, romantic city by the sea of Tijuana, the Tijuana River Estuary, and the Border Field State park.

Narcocorridos

Because the Tijuana Estuary and Border Field State Park are so close to the border, diverse music will drift to you carried northward on the wind. Most of what you will hear

is mariachi. Now, the mariachi's sing of roads paved in gold from the generosity of the narco-lords. Now they sing of how cocaine flows from the mountains of Columbia and of how the rulers of those mountains spread their wealth along the highways of Mexico and far into the U.S. Even the Mexican Governor of Cancun, Mario Villanueva, is the hero of these songs — since his disappearance with a hundred million dollars in narco-profits.

More than a hundred years ago Europeans settled in Culiacan Sinaloa, Mexico, and started farms and even breweries. These Europeans brought the polka and its music to Mexico.

With the recent conversion of Mexico's exports from industry to drugs and illegal aliens, the song *Contrabando y Traición* became popular if not even a cliché. The song put one musical group called *Los Tigres Del Norte* at the top of the music charts. The song is about Mexican drug smugglers who cross the border with their car tires filled to the rims with drugs.

Popular song writers include *El As De la Sierra*, *Jenni Rivera*, *Los Originales de San Juan* and the recently dead under mysterious circumstances *Adan Sanchez*. The man who started it all was Adan's father *Chalino Sanchez* — also dead and possibly killed in a drug deal gone bad.

Chalino Sanchez's story is quite representative of Mexico today. Sinaloa, Mexico is the center of Mexico's drug industry. *Sr. Sanchez* was living there when one of his sisters was raped. *Sr. Sanchez* shot the

guilty party dead and then escaped Mexican authorities by “undocumentedly” crossing into the United States. He settled in Los Angeles and spent his time hiding from the many U.S. and Mexican authorities looking for him for that murder.

Sr. Sanchez began singing professionally and recorded his first song which was dedicated not to his raped sister but to his brother who seems to have been killed, in a Tijuana, Mexico hotel.

The song was very well received in Mexico and in fact so well received that very, *very* real narcotraffickers started commissioning personalized songs from him. Sr. Sanchez would sell the narcotraffickers custom songs for about \$2,000 each. Sr.

Sanchez then died a violent death at the age of 31, in Sinaloa, Mexico after performing in the famous night spot “Salon Buganvilias.”

The premier Narcocorrido artist today may be Lupillo Rivera who was born in Jalisco, Mexico, and yet was somehow raised in Long Beach, California. Sr. Rivera is known as “El Toro de El Corrido.” Sr. Rivera sings with violence, vulgarity, and obscenity to sold out concerts in Los Angeles and elsewhere, and to his millions of CD buyers and fans.

All of this diversity is available to you in the Tijuana River Estuary and California Border Field State Park.

Gateway For Sex Slaves

Tijuana is an amazingly wondrous place. The Tijuana River Estuary and California's Border Field State Park are gateways to America for some of Mexico's and Tijuana's most violent and despicable forms of humanity.

But it gets *worse*, and here it is.

Let's look at just one transaction between Tetyana Komisaruk, Valery Komisaruk, and Serge Mezheritsky, and their sale of some women who would soon become sex slaves in America. Where did this happen? In Tijuana, Mexico, of course. The sale actually occurred in Tijuana's Hard Rock Cafe.

The Tijuana Hard Rock Café calls Tijuana "... *this rowdy, hip-happening town.*" We all must agree that it most certainly is that.

The Tijuana Hard Rock Café is built in a



Tijuana Hard Rock Cafe

It's a "... rowdy, hip-happening town."

renovated two story yellow masonry building at 520 Avenida Revolucion. It is a quick \$5.00 taxi ride from the border.

Gospadyin Gordey Vinitzky entered the Cafe and had a drink at the bar. He was met some time later by Tetyana Komisaruk's husband, Valery Komisaruk. The two men nodded and casually exited the cafe, walking out into back the parking lot and to a waiting van. Inside that van were six Ukrainian women all around the age of 20.



Tijuana Booze Prices

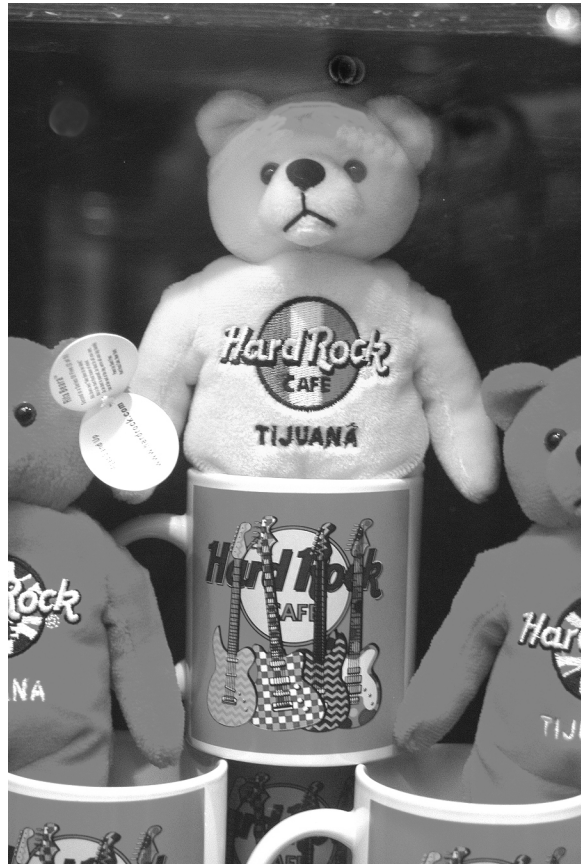
They ordered off this menu on the wall. Prices are in Pesos and Dollars. The ratio is about 12 to one.

Gordey Vinitzky looked into the van and pointed at two of the women and said he'd buy them for \$10,000 each. The deal was done.

What then happened to these women, and to thousands more of them each year, is the topic of this chapter.

It is one thing to have women earning a

living being prostitutes and quite another to have them be sex slaves. Sex slaves are *slaves* and are paid nothing.



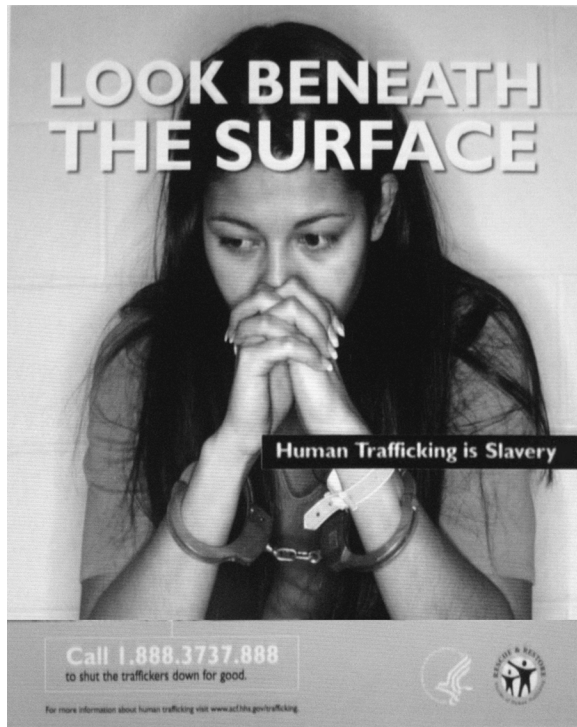
Tijuana Doll

For \$10,000 you can buy a real live one.

And when they come to America they are not all 20 years old. Many of these girls are only eight years old and will probably be sex slaves until they die. In the present case, all of them have been pushed across the US / Mexican border at places such as Cottonwood Canyon, and Goat Canyon, and even Smuggler's Gulch in the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

Yes, while one would not think that sex

slaves and trafficking in human flesh would be part of a book on the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, we must understand something very important.



Sex Slaves

Worn out and maybe dead at age thirteen.

The United States of America's border with Mexico is not sport, it is not a game. This border is not fun and it is not, as most of their ilk seem to think, some environmentalist's wet dream or plaything.

There are all sorts of "people" in this world and some of them conspire with each other knowingly or unknowingly to bring about certain results.

In the present case we have the Tijuana

Estuary and Border Field State Park. It takes about 2,000 armed federal agents to stop the real barbarity of this world from crossing that imaginary line — that border — right along the estuary and park.

If you could possibly have thought that a fortress with razor ribbon and 2,000 armed men and women would be built inside the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park for no reason except to be cruel, then you are also part of this problem. Those 2,000 men and women are there to protect you and me and our children and our grand children from what is described here in these many, many pages.

Human trafficking is slavery. Most victims of human trafficking are young children and teenage women and according to the U. S. Department of State, between 18,000 and 20,000 of these victims are smuggled into the U.S. each year.

While drug smuggling is the largest criminal enterprise on earth today, the trafficking in human souls is number two.

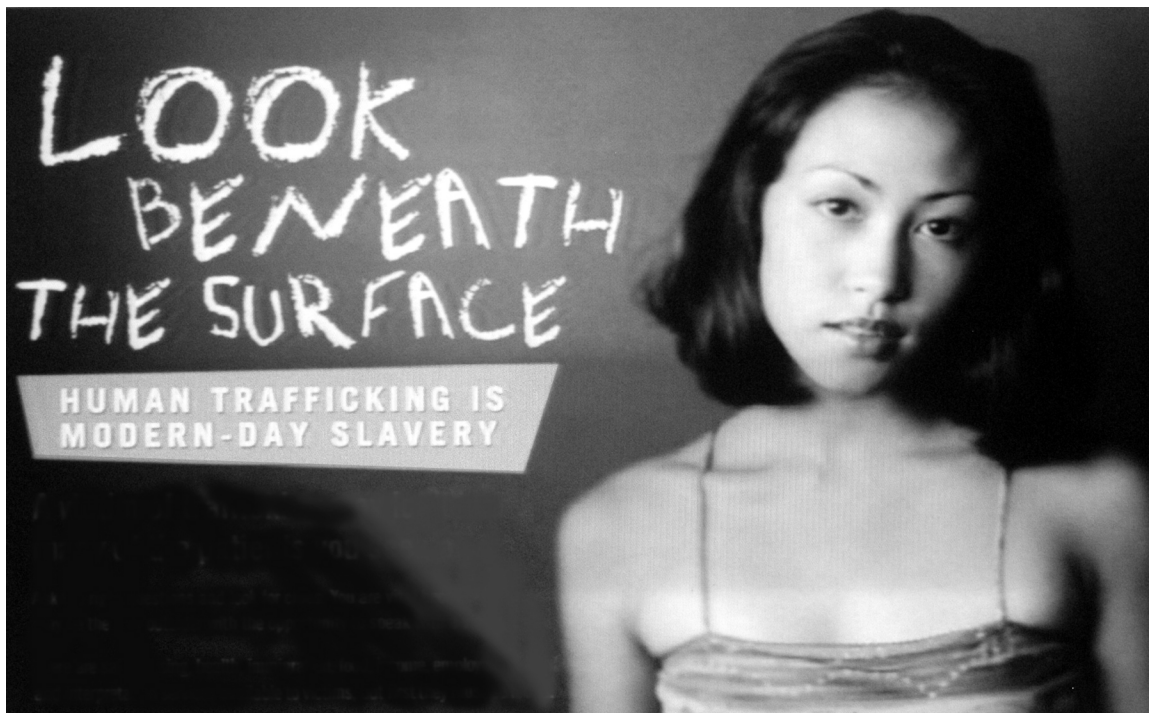
While the drug smuggling industry is remaining stagnant, human trafficking, and that means sex slaves, is a growing industry. Traffickers use various techniques to instill fear in their victims and to keep them enslaved. Some traffickers keep their victims under lock and key.

The more frequent practice is to use less

obvious techniques including:

1. Debt bondage — financial obligations, honor-bound to satisfy debt
2. Isolation from the public — limiting contact with outsiders and making sure that any contact is monitored or superficial in nature
3. Isolation from family members and members of their ethnic and religious community
4. Confiscation of passports, visas and/or identification documents
5. Use or threat of violence toward the victim's families.
6. The threat of shaming victims by exposing the reality of their life to their family
7. Telling victims they will be imprisoned or deported for immigration violations if they try to escape or call for help.
8. Control of the victims' money, e.g., holding their money for "safe-keeping"

In October 2000, the Trafficking Victims Protection Act of 2000 (TVPA) made human trafficking a Federal crime. It was enacted to prevent human trafficking overseas, to protect victims and help them rebuild their lives in the U.S., and to prosecute traffickers of humans under Federal penalties. Prior to 2000, no comprehensive Federal law existed to protect victims



Slavery in America

All around us, and our local civil servants ignore it.

of trafficking or to prosecute their traffickers.

Health issues seen in trafficking victims include the following:

1. Sexually transmitted diseases, HIV/AIDS, pelvic pain, rectal trauma and urinary difficulties from working in the sex industry.
2. Pregnancy, resulting from rape or prostitution.
3. Infertility from chronic untreated sexually transmitted infections or botched or unsafe abortions.
4. Infections or mutilations caused by unsanitary and dangerous medical procedures performed by the trafficker's so-called "doctor."
5. Malnourishment and serious dental problems. These are especially acute with child trafficking victims who often suffer from stunted growth and poorly formed or rotten teeth.
6. Infectious diseases such as tuberculosis.
7. Untreated diseases, such as diabetes or cancer.
8. Bruises, scars and other signs of physical abuse and torture. Sex-industry victims are often beaten in areas that won't damage their outward appearance, like their lower back.
9. Substance abuse problems or addictions either from being coerced into drug use by their traffickers or by turning to substance abuse to help

cope with or mentally escape their desperate situations.

10. Psychological trauma from daily mental abuse and torture, including depression, stress-related disorders, disorientation, confusion, phobias and panic attacks.

If you think you know of a victim you can call the Trafficking Information and Referral Hotline at:

1 - 888 - 3737 - 888

There are scores of strange people in positions of power in the California state government, and San Diego county government, and the San Diego city government, who think that we should remove the border defenses along these parklands and let the whole world unite.

Please remember that these "people" in power know full well about everything printed here in this chapter. They ignore it. They have a higher calling and a few dozen or a few hundred dead eight year old girls who died of a drug overdose or syphilis, or an abortion gone bad won't stand in their way.

It is only remotely possible that they are simply disconnected from reality. The most unpleasant thing most of them have ever had to do in life is maybe share a bathroom with their university students or other government managers at an equal paygrade.

They usually think their world has completely come apart when their Lexus gets a flat.

Again, why are sex slaves a chapter of this book? Because thousands of innocent women are pushed northward across our southern border each year and most of them cross right here in San Diego, California and even through the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park.

These girls are shipped as far as New York City. What the local police found in a house in Plainfield, New Jersey for example, was scatterings of stinking moist mattresses, bottles of penicillin and even Misoprostol which is an ulcer drug that can cause a spontaneous abortion, especially when taken by a 14 year old girl. Did I say 14 year old girl? Yes, I did, and that is because the house was filled with them; all were sex slaves.

These girls had been forced to provide sex to even 30 "Johns" a day. And this goes on not just in Plainfield, New Jersey, but in most cities of America. Girls from 6 to 26 are a commodity which is trapped, sold, shipped and then sold again and again.

The CIA says that thousands of enslaved women are shipped across our southern border each year. As stated above, the State Department's director of the Office to Monitor and Combat Trafficking in Persons offers the opinion that there could easily be twenty thousand sex slaves in the

United States at any one time. And because this is not some fantasy and is instead the real world, the final fate of the aged or tired or sick or even just "surplus" girl is often death.

The National Organization for Women notwithstanding, the women of highest value are blond haired blue eyed and tall. A good source of this product is Moscow, in Russia, Kiev in the Ukraine, and Chisinau in Moldova. Because the girls are young they are as foolish as those in this country at that age.

When promised a future as a fashion model in Disneyland or some other fantasy, they often believe it. What they quickly discover is an interlude of gang rape in Mexico followed by even worse once they cross the border at the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park and begin their "real" work which somebody's new definition of Hollywood.

Part of the fantasy plied on these girls is that America is wonderful and that crossing the border is not like getting over a real country's border but rather that the "Mexican border is like a freeway." And we must agree that it most assuredly is that.

Commercial airplanes arrive at Mexico City's airport every day carrying groups of these girls. The Mexican officials are in collusion with the traffickers and these girls are separated from the passenger flow and quickly shunted out to waiting cars.

Mexico is also a source girls. Because this Mexican “product” is not blond haired and blue eyed and tall, it has a far, far lower market value.

The Mexican sex slave trafficking cartel is called “Los Lenones,” and is composed of nearly 20 major trafficking groups and more than 100 smaller groups. This is a real industry and “Los Lenones” even takes orders, and fills them as needed to service the slave-filled brothels of America.

Such treatment of women is decried in Mexico but it is seemingly better than what *could* happen to them. In the Mexican border town of Ciudad Juárez more than 400 young women have been kidnapped, raped, murdered, dismembered and then dumped in shallow graves. Even Amnesty International has had mass rallies along the border with the likes of Eve Ensler (of “The Vagina Monologues”), Sally Field, and Jane Fonda.

The only thing that has stopped this wanton Mexican violence from crossing north over the border and into the United States of America has been the United States Border Patrol.

Throughout Mexico and along what is called the “Via Lactea,” or “The Milky Way,” these sex slave gangs look for prime victims. Most of the Mexican girls have dreamed of El Norte and know that many of their schoolboy friends plan to go there soon to work and send money home.

After a bit of cajoling by the gang member to get her alone the girl is then beaten, drugged, and kidnapped.

The majority of Los Lenones operate from a small town called Tenancingo, which is just a few miles south of Mexico City, Mexico’s capital. We have to understand that none of this could possibly go on if the Mexican government at the highest levels was not also involved. By “involved” we must understand that this means not only taking bribes but active participation in the trafficking of these child slaves.

Before some “women’s rights” group starts to complain about “men” we must understand that is *women* who break these girls’ spirit and force them into the sex trade.

The young girls can relate to other women and if those women are older then they have far more influence and control. These older women beat the girls and train them. It is the women who torture them and crush their souls. After some days or weeks of soul breaking the older women then give these girls to the men.

What sells in America is “innocence” and so whatever torture and beatings the girl gets it must not show. Many of the blond haired blue eyed ones are taken from Tijuana to a small town 60 miles south called Ensenada. It is here that the girls are enslaved even 20 at a time in guarded and well tended homes. Breaking them can take weeks.

It is critical that these girls learn to say “U.S. Citizen” without an accent. It is best to ship the girls across the border at the San Ysidro Port of Entry in a car and right in front of U.S. Immigration. For those who cannot be brazenly smuggled through the Port of Entry the only avenue north is over the line someplace else.

In places like Colonia Nido de las Aguilas, near San Diego, the Mexican girls are pushed northwards and are then met several miles inland with transportation to take them to Los Angeles and points east.

At nearby places like Cottonwood Canyon, Smuggler’s Gulch and Goat Canyon, in the Tijuana River Estuary and just east of the State of California’s Border Field State Park, European girls are forced over the border — wearing spiked heels and miniskirts and all ready for work.

Then we have the “innocent” farm workers who have illegally crossed the border to “work”. In Vista, California, about 50 miles north of the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, in the riparian lands of the San Luis Rey River (and near the ancient mission of that name), there are veritable forests of tall reeds.

A health care worker visited the place once because it was rumored to be a nest of farm workers with no running water, no toilets, and no houses of note except the several hand dug mud caves and shelters built from plastic trash bags and bent

reeds.

What the health worker walked into was a cluster of over 400 wild eyed Mexican men surrounding about 50 girls who were all between the ages of 12 and 15 and all dressed in tight clothing and high heels. There was also a separate group of a dozen girls none of whom was more than 11 or 12 and these girls were actually wearing white communion dresses. It is reported that the girls huddled in a circle and had eyes as big as those of terrified deer.

The ground there remains a squalid, a slippery mass of leaves, used condoms, and black / blood soaked clumps of toilet paper. Sometime after nine in the morning the girls still come. They are dropped off nearby and crawl through the reeds to their workplace. Their “Johns” wait at a 7-Eleven some distance away and are shuttled back and forth as needed. The girls will stay about half the day and the “Johns” pay about \$20 for 20 minutes.

We can most assuredly put a face on this situation with the arrest of Guillermo Romero, 43, and Guadalupe Ventura, 27, who were living on North Citrus Avenue in Vista, California, and who pleaded not guilty to smuggling women in to the country illegally and forcing them to work for years as prostitutes.

Where did these women work? Among the reeds alongside the San Luis Rey River.

The San Diego County prosecutor Christopher Tenorio said smugglers take young girls from their families and bring them to the United States and force them into prostitution. Sr. Romero and Sr. Ventura have had their charges increased to include harboring aliens for prostitution and transportation of illegal aliens for financial gain.

In another case, a Mexican man brought women into the United States for prostitution and was sentenced to two years in federal prison. The truth to this man's story is difficult to know because the women all drowned while at work deep in the USA.

Because so many women are being smuggled across our local border and right through the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park, some people in San Diego (and the nation) are waking up.

The Bilateral Safety Corridor Coalition of San Diego just received a half million dollars from the U.S. Department of Justice to fight this evil. The U.S. State Department just handed them a full one million dollars.

Just because *you* have never heard about this going on does not mean that it isn't going on. When police say that fingerprints and background checks are needed before you can open a massage parlor it is for a reason.

In San Francisco, The Delusioned Ones have done away with such mean spirited requirements and opened the city's doors to pedophiles and sex slavery and worse. And there is no telling them otherwise.

We must also remember that San Francisco is the place where live and very real sex acts are performed on parade floats in "Gay Pride" parades. Is this bad? The answer has been: "This is an adult parade and children don't have to come here."

The question really is where do you draw the line? Do we wait until somebody has to make the decision whether porking a 12 year old girl (or boy) is okay in San Francisco?

If we think for a moment about those twenty thousand "undocumented worker" sex slaves in this country now, and then consider the fact that thousands more are forced across our San Diego border area each and every year, we seem to have an arithmetic problem. What happens to the "well used" ones, the girls that are tired or sick or too old?

The only exit from this maelstrom is deportation or death. When caught by the police they are so traumatized that they cannot admit what has happened to them. They are then simply deported as common prostitutes.

The problem with being sent "home" is that the girl and the family have been poi-

soned by the catastrophe and the family is usually so ashamed that they do not want the girl back. Death, or a similar line of work in her home country are all that remain for her.

Thanks to our open border and especially

the San Diego County Parks and Recreation Department and their private version of border diversity with their United State Border Patrol Exclusionary Zone, this nightmare will most assuredly continue.

Prison Products

With so many massive prisons (and about 5,000 prisoners) so very near the Tijuana River Estuary and Border Field State Park and a federal “jail” larger than the jail for Albany, New York, dedicated specifically to the estuary and park’s visitors, smack dab in the middle of this place, a closer look at this demographic is in order.

Remember too, the person you meet here in the estuary and park may well soon be incarcerated in a state or federal prison, or worse, be returning from being deported after having been incarcerated in one of these facilities. You will need things to talk about.

While the size of the California prison population is already quite astronomical, we must understand that it is growing at even 9.9% per year. As the immigrant population in California increases, the total prison population increases as well,

and California’s prison population has tripled since 1980.

While profiling is bad, it seems that to stay alive in a prison, or near a prison inmate, profiling does make a difference to your lifespan. And most assuredly, nothing available to these inmates should be a potential raw material for a weapon.

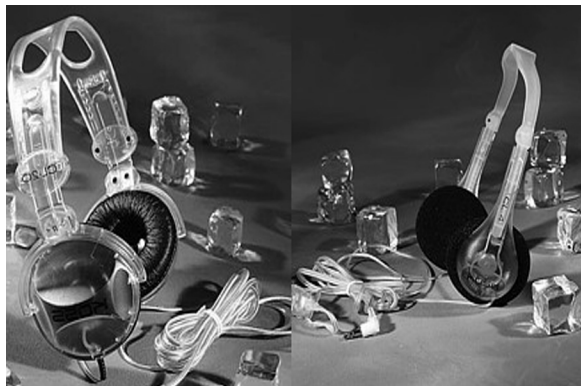
While in olden times, prisoners were even given knitting needles to let them spend the hours knitting sweaters for granny, today even a toothpaste tube is a potential weapon.

Because fights-to-the-death occur even over what’s on the radio, several manufacturers now make “prison proof” radio and TV headsets.

Such headsets are mandated by some corrections departments and are popular

items in prison stores inside the walls and in mail-order catalogs that sell directly to inmates and their families.

In fact, over the last ten years Sony and Koss have become leading suppliers of these accessories to the prison market.



Clear headphones

Peek-a-boo made easy

Prison headphones are now becoming popular “outside” as well, as more of this demographic goes through the revolving door of the prison system and inspires their children to use the same “macho” products.

These headsets must be made of clear plastic and have no metal parts capable of being used as a weapon. Even the “springs” holding the headset to the head are made of plastic.

Because plastic can be melted down and then molded into a weapon Koss and others have to use special plastics that “self destruct” under such heat.

While a long-life signal cord can be important to the civilian it is critically important to the prison guard or potential hostage. The prisoner can't have one.

The cords on these prison headsets are constructed of such materials that they fail under any real tension and thus cannot be used by an inmate as a weapon including a garotte to strangle friend and neighbor alike or to act as a binding for any potential hostages.

Also, while most consumer products have long warranties this is not possible in a prison product. The prisoners will take the product apart and then when they fail to make a weapon from it or to create a hiding place for their drugs they will try to return it to the factory for a full refund.

While full-sized head phones are a good market, the more miniature “ear bud” type headset is far less threatening to the guards. Koss alone does over a million dollars a year in “ear buds” to prisons.

The entire market to prisoners is almost a secret market. Regular civilians may be become upset when they discover that prisoners have TVs and stereos and even weight lifting equipment.

The prison guards look at all of this differently. The prisoners have to have something to “lose” in prison and losing radio or TV privileges give the guards a bit of control over these individuals. With years

to spend in prison and nothing to do, these devices help the prisoners while away the hours.

There are complete and quite secret distribution chains for products to prisoners. The catalogs are in Spanish and the products are targeted to the Spanish “prison consumer.”

A prisoner can usually receive only four shipments a year and these shipments can weigh no more than 30 pounds.

The family or friend of the inmate can order from a printed catalog or even on line. The products are not ordered by the prison but by the families and friends.

The contents of the shipments can only be from an approved list of products so this makes it difficult for the sender to “do it yourself” as well as for the recipient who may never get anything because the guards impounded everything.

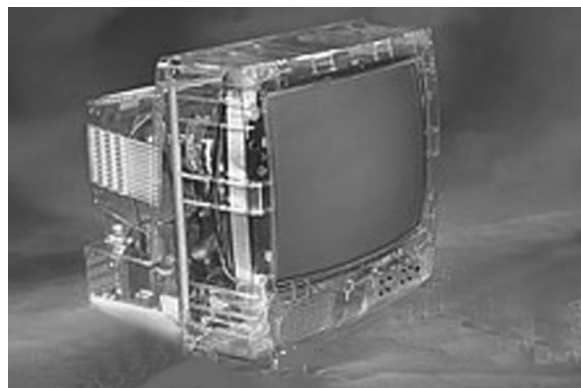
It is really easier for the family to just order from that catalog and then have the products shipped at no charge to the prison. The prison personnel know where the package came from and the package thus has a higher safety level for them and promises less work in sorting through it for contraband.

The employees at these special catalog companies receive some level of background checks to make certain that they

are not of a gang or have some reason to add Exacto Blades or other weapons to the box.

In fact, any sharp instruments used in the processing of these packages at these warehouses are inventoried each day and the employees searched on their way in to work.

One such catalog company is Union Supply. It is based in Rancho Dominguez, Calif., and distributes items to prison stores and also offers that nice catalog of over 5,000 items.



Clear TV

No place to hide that spare guard uniform.

Because these people even make their own drugs in prison it’s important they be offered a limited number of places to hide their handiwork inside their cells.

The Zenith C13A05 television “features a futuristic transparent case” and is one popular prison product. While “Zenith” seems like an American company the

product is actually made in Korea.

So yes, the “feel good” iMac was not the first to offer a see-through case and Apple may well have copied it from a prison TV. We have “Heroin Chic” for fashion clothing, so why not “Prison Chic” for your computer and TV? If you like it, maybe its genetic.

Here’s what the Border Field State Park travelers can have in prison:

- California Quarterly Packages:
- Snack foods (candy, coffee, soup, tuna, cookies, crackers).
- Personal Hygiene (toothpaste, shampoo, lotion, soap)
- Tobacco (cigarettes, Bugler, Skoal)
- Clothing (underwear, t-shirts, sweats, shoes, socks)

But do please remember that there is a 30 lb. limit on all packages and a limit of one package every three months.

The sales and marketing materials for these products are quite good and the verbiage pleasant. As one might imagine the “diverse” intellect of the customer and the emotion packed into each and every purchase makes it essential that ordering be simple and easy and without any big words or “baggage.” In addition, these

suppliers are interfacing with murderers, rapists, child molesters, drug dealers, arsonists, and more, so it’s best not to make them angry.

As for prices, the products are so reasonably priced that they would do well to open their catalogs to all of us (really).

Here’s a bit more:

“Access Securepak is designed to be your ONE STOP SHOP for sending care packages to your family or friends in the California Prison System. This program removes the hassle and high cost of shipping packages to the correctional facility of your choice. You receive FREE shipping and handling on all orders, and no longer need to shop at multiple stores for the many items you like to send. Just shop, click, and let Access Securepak do the rest!

“Are you looking for your favorite brands and great new products? Access Securepak will serve you with the best quality and value in the market. All products offered have been approved by the staff at the correctional facility, eliminating the guesswork of items that are allowed. You will find a complete line of food, snacks, personal care, tobacco, clothing and much more.”

But one thing is undisputed: It is a severely fragmented market and these prison stores are run differently state by state, even prison by prison.

Many times, what's sold in the prison store or even in the catalog depends on the level of security and it is all at the warden's discretion. The major trend in non-consumables is a movement toward clear / see through products.

Amazing as it may seem, the catalogs are specific to each prison. Yes, what you can order your buddy while he is in Folsom is not necessarily what you can get him when he is incarcerated in San Quentin.

But rest assured, clear TV's, clear hot pots, even clear electric shavers are in demand. Anything that the inmate can touch, all the way down to clear trash cans and trash bags, must be "clear."

There is an almost endless demand for new items, because inmates possess an ability to modify nearly anything in unexpected ways and usually into a weapon to kill or a tool to make drugs.

Index

A

abandoned sewage settling ponds 164
Abdullah, Ashraf Ahmed 68
Acapulco 15
ACLU 99
Adobe 24
Afghanistan 25, 66, 91
Afghanistan, opium crop 27
Africanized bees 146
Airplanes, model 213
al Qaeda 56
Alamo 28
Alamo, Battle of the 207
Alarcon, Hernando Ruiz de 14
Albany, New York 95
Algeria 66
Al-shifa aspirin factory 205
American widgeon 188
Amnesty International 239
Amphibian Threat 109
AN/FRD-10 137
anthrax 111
anus acuta 188
Anus Americana 188
anus cyanoptera 188
Apache Indians 15
Aqua Claliente Hot Springs 30
arachnids 169

Arellano Felix Organization 53
Arguello, Santiago 27
Arroyo Toad 109

B

babesiosi 170
Baghdad 205–206
Baja California Governor Walther 56
Baja California State Judicial Police 53
Baja Missions, list of 18
Bangalore, India 145
Barker, Rodney 137
Barn Owl 188
barreras 141
Beechey Ground Squirrel 182
Belding's savannah sparrow 189
benzathine penicillin G 147
Birkenstockers 111
biting fly 174
black widow spider 178
Blancornelas, Jesus 54
Bluejackets 32
Bombers, WWII 211
Border Environmental Cooperation
Commission 75
Border Patrol created 37
Border Patrol Triple Fence 90
Born in East L.A. 93

boundaries, U.S. / Mexico 207
 Boundary Marker, numbers switched 207
 Boundary Monument theft 37
 Boyd, Charles T. 33
 Bratton, LA Police Chief 226
 brothels 239
Bubo virginianus 188
 bull ring 141
 Bunker Hill 121
 Butterfield Stage Line 29

C

Cabrillo, Juan Rodrigues 14
Calidris mauri 189
 Califa, Queen of Amazons 14
 California Assembly 109
 California brown pelican 189
 California Fish and Game 134
 California Ground Squirrel 182
 California Horse Rentals 92
 California least tern 189
 California life style alternatives 134
 California Mission Style 23
 California's recluse 179
 CALTRANS 79
 Camp Pendleton 219
 Canine distemper 157
 canine distemper 184
 canine hepatitis 184
 Canizares, Father Jose de 20
 Cartel, The 53
 Casablanca, movie 215
 Caspian Way 159
 Catalina Island 15
 Catch and Release 103
 Catholic Missionaries 17
Catoptrophorus semipalmatus 188
 Cavendish, Thomas 15
 Ceftriaxone 86
 Chaparral 189
 Chechnya 66, 206
 Chilean recluse spider 179
 Chinese immigrants 144
 chloroform 114
 cholera 170
 Christmas ornaments 83

CIA 238
 cinnamon teal 188
 Ciprofloxacin Hydrochloride 86
 circular rail system 215
 City of the Angels 225
 Ciudad Juárez 239
 Civil war, Mexico 208
 clams 134
 Clinton, Bill 1
 Cloaca 11
 club, Indian war 23
 Coast Artillery 123
 cockroaches 160
 coliform 170
 Colonia El Sauzal 44
 Colonias, creation of 38
 Colorado River 14
 Colorado tick fever 170
 Columbia 207, 231
 Columbus, New Mexico 32
 Compton, George 15
 concrete mushrooms 163
 condoms 240
 Conover, Private David U.S. Army 217
 copulate 127
 Coronado Avenue. 79
 Coronado Islands 143
 Cost of Illegals to California 58
 Cottonwood Canyon, 234
 Coyotes 65
 creosote soaked pilings 166
 Crespi, Father Juan 20
 crystal methamphetamine 116
 CSI 175
 Cuba 15
 Cuera, sodatos de 23
 Cupenos Indians 13
 Curtis flying boats 32

D

Dairy Mart Road 80
 Damascus 206
 DEA Hit List 54
 DEA report 41
 dead without a squawk 126
 DEET 86

Index

Denny, Reginald 213
Dennymite engine 213
Dennyplane 213
Department of Homeland Security 59
Descanso, Mision de 29
Detroit 226
Diaz, Melchior 14
Discovery, right of 14
DOD danger 124
Dolichovespula 177
Dolly 134
Dominion, Right of 14
Donovan Correctional Facility 79
dowitcher 188
Draft, U.S. pre-WWII 211
Drone, catapult launch 215
Drone, Circular rail launch 216
Drone, KD-2R3 214
Drone, OQ-19D 214
Drones, Army Air Corps. 212
dudleya 137
dung slurry 148
dynoflagellate 135
dysentery 170

E

E Coli 170
Eastern Diamondback 187
Echerda, Jose Maria 27
Ecologia Siglio XXI 75
Educational Water Quality Monitoring
Laboratory 166
ehrlichiosis 170
Eight day plan 25
Eisenhower, Dwight David 33
El As De la Sierra 231
El Plan De Aztlan 225
El Salvador 101
El Toro de El Corrido 232
England 91
enterococcus 170
environmental border issues 162
EPIC 62
Equestrian trails 161
estuarine ecology 162
Ethereal Damage 92

Ethiopia 110
European Migration 14
European, first to enter California 20
Expedition, first 19
Expedition, second 19
Expeditions 18

F

Fannia canicularis 175
Federal auto auctions 63
Fer de lance 187
Ferdinand, Archduke Franz 33
Filner, Congressman Bob 94
Fishers of men 17
flies 170, 174
FLIR 139
Fonda, "Hanoi Jane" 101
Fort Devens, Massachusetts 204
forward looking infrared 139
France 34
France, WWI 34
Francis Bernardone of Assisi 17
Franco, Francisco Ortiz 55

G

Galvez, Jose de 15
gangrene 170
garage doors 38
Gassing 100
Germany 91
Giant Squid 152
Giuliani, New York Mayor Rudolf 57
Glenn Springs, Texas 32
Goat Canyon 234
Grassland 189
Great Circle, The 95
Great Depression 38
Great Horned Owl 188
Great War, The 209
Greek 28
Green Grow the Rushes 28
Gringo 28
Gringo-atrocities 39
ground squirrels 170
Guam 91
Guatemala 101

Guatemalan monkeys 16

H

Haiti 91
 Hanta virus 170
 Havana 15
 Hayden, Tom 101
 Hepatitis 100
 Heroin Chic 61
 Hispanic gangs 226
 HIV / AIDS 99
 Hmong 109, 224
 Hoffman, Dr. David 30
 Hollister Street 93
 Hollywood 238
 Honduras 101
 Honeymooners 93
 Huffing 114

I

Iceland 91
 Imperial Beach 206
 Imperial Beach, California 193
 Indian reaction to Spanish 22
 Indian regimentation 25
 Indians, cannibalism 22
 Indians, Cortez 22
 Indians, treatment of 25
 Iran 66
 Iraq 66, 91
 Italy 91

J

Japan 34
 Japanese immigrant 144
 Jesuits 16
 Jiddah 206
 Jihadi Spider Web 68
 Juarez, Benito 29

K

Kabul 206
 keesterling 98
 Khartoum 205
 King Carlos, Spain 15
 King of Sweden 16

Komisaruk, Tatyana 233
 Komisaruk, Valery 233
 Korea 91
 Korean War 227
 Koreans gunfights 228
 Koreatown 227
 Kumeyaay 13
 Kuwait 91

L

La Jolla Indian 13
 La Paz 18
 Land dispute, Arguello 27
 Latrodectus hesperus 178
 League 20
 least Bell's vireo 189
 Leather Jackets 23
 Leavenworth 132
 Legua 20
 leprosy 170
 leptospirosis 170, 184
 light-footed clapper rail 189
 Limnodromus sp. 189
 Limosa fedoa 189
 Lin, Maya Ying 144
 listeriosis 184
 Loma Dorada Incident 55
 Los Angeles 223
 Los Angeles central jail 99
 Los Originales de San Juan 231
 Los Tigres Del Norte 231
 Loxosceles 179
 Luisenos Indians 13
 Lullian University 17
 Lusitania 36

M

Macana 23
 MacArthur, General Douglas 210
 Maduro, Ricardo 101
 Magon, Ricardo Flores 31
 Magonistas 31
 Major Histocompatibility Complex Class I 149
 Majorca 17
 Mam 151
 Manila Galleons 15

Index

Mara-18 gang 68
marbled godwit 189
Marschall, Danny R. 83
Martin Luther King Hospital 226
Martyr, first California Christian 22
Mas Sangre 39
McCoy Trail 164
mean nautical twilight 131
Melanitta perspicillata 188
Men Apart 93
Mephitis mephitis 183
Merissi, Lietenant 33
Metals y Derivados 74
Metropolitan Airport 213
Mexican Decree of Secularization 27
Mexican Federal Judicial Police 53
Mexican sex slave trafficking cartel 239
Mexican War 28
Mexico City airport 238
Mezheritsky, Serge 233
Midway, Battle of 212
Milky Way, the 239
Minaret Network 68
Misoprostol 238
Mission rebuilding, San Diego 24
Mission system collapse 27
mission, northern most Baja 19
Mission, secret 19
Missions, Alta California 21
Missions, closed, Baja 17
Missions, fortified 23
Missions, founded by Fermin Francisco Lasuen 21
Missions, founded by others 21
MK9 Pepper Spray 99
MLK Hospital 227
Moctezuma 16
Mogadishu 205
money magnet 165
Monroe, Marilyn 218
Monterey 15
Morelos police detectives 53
Morley, Lewis S. 33
mosquitoes 170
most probable number 135
Muerte, la Santa 54

Mulefat Scru 189
murine typhu 170
Musca autumnalis 174
Musca domestica 174
musk 183
mussels 135
Myrtilus californianus 136

N

N,N-diethyl-meta-toluamid 85
NAFTA 66
Nahuatl 151
Nantli 1
narco-lords 231
narcotraffickers 232
NASA 214
National Estuarine Research Reserve 159
National Wildlife Refuge 159
Natsushio 160
Navy Outlying Landing Field 220
NCIC 62
Neurotoxins 135
New York City 238
Nickerson Gardens 227
Nile 11
Nimitz, Admiral Chester 212
NO2METH 57
Nogales, Arizona 32
NOLF 220
Norma Jean 217
Norris, Chuck 93
Norris, Ned Jr. 91
North American Development Bank 88
North Korea 69
northern pintail 188
Norway Rats 184
nuclear weapons 205
nymphs 176

O

O'Gara-Hess & Eisenhardt 147
Office to Monitor and Combat Trafficking in Persons 238
OKHRANA 33-34
Okinawa 91
Old Town 81

Old Town Visitor's Center 81
 Otospermophilus beecheyi 182
 Otus kennicottii 188
 owl vomit bone ball recipe 188
 Owls 187
 Oxyura jamaicensis 188

P

Pai Pai Indians 13
 Panama 207
 Paracaidistas 38
 Paraglider 214
 Parks and Recreation Tower 115
 Patton, George S. 33
 Pauma Indian 13
 Peace Corps 17
 People smuggling at POE 63
 peregrine falcon 189
 Pershing, General 33
 Peshawar 206
 Pfiesteria piscidia 136
 Phaenicia 174
 Philippines 210
 Pico, Pio Governor 27
 Pima Indians 15
 Pinnipeds 156
 Pirates 144
 plague 170
 Plainfield, New Jersey 238
 Plaza Monumental 141
 plutonium 206
 Point Lom 121
 Polio 170
 Pollos 66
 Polly 134
 Pope Gregory 127
 Poppies profit 68
 Port of Entry 59
 Portola, Don Gaspar de 16
 POTW 152
 Presa el Carrizo 72
 prostitutes 234
 Protogonyaulax catenella 136
 Publicly Owned Treatment Works 152
 puparium 175

Q

Q-fever 184
 Quick and the Dead 93

R

rabid skunks 170
 Rabies 170
 rabies 184
 Radioplane Company 213
 Rancho de la Tijuana 13
 rats 170, 184
 Rattus norvegicus 184
 Rattus rattus 184
 Reagan, Captain Ronald 217
 red tides 135
 reduction 87
 relapsing fever 170
 Revolution, Mexican 31
 Richter, Walter 213
 RICIN III
 Ricinus communis III
 Rio de las Palmas 72
 Rivera, Captain Fernando Javier de 18
 Rivera, Jenni 231
 Rivera, Lupillo 232
 Rocky Mountain spotted fever 170
 Rodney Kin 227
 Rodriguez International Airport 52
 roof rat 184
 roof tiles 23
 Roosevelt, Franklin Delano 210
 Roosevelt, Theodore 207
 ruddy duck 188
 Rum Runners 38
 Rwanda 31

S

S-37 160
 Sage Scrub 189
 Saint Didacus 14
 Saint of Evil 54
 salmonellosis 170
 Salt Marsh 189
 Salvatrucha Gang 68
 San Antonio 19
 San Blas 16

Index

- San Carlos 19
San Diego and Arizona Eastern Railway 208
San Diego County Monument 82
San Diego Formation 87
San Diego Mission de Alcalá 13
San Diego Union 137
San Diego, military importance 208
San Diego, Plan of 31
San Diego, Texas 31
San Diego's Multiple Species Conservation Plan 93
San Dieguito 13
San Jacinto, Battle of 207
San Luis Rey River 240
San Ysidro Port of Entry 59
Sanchez, Adnan 231
Sanchez, Chalino 231
Sandi's Rental Stabl 92
Santiago 13
Sarajevo 33
Saudi Arabia 91
SBOO 88
Scripps Institute of Oceanography 138
SEAL 149
seasonal streams 106
Second Port of Entry 64
Secondary Inspection 62
Seine 11
seismic sensors 105
Seri Indians 15
Serra, Father Junipero 17
Serra, Father Superior 18
Seven Deadly Sins 127
sex slaves 234
Shellfish 135
Sierra Gorda mountains 17
Siesta 141
Smuggler's Gulch 234
snowy plover 189
Soldados de cuera 23
Solvent fume sniffing 114
Somalia 205
Sonora 15
South American viper 187
South Bay Ocean Outfall 88
South Bay Water Reclamation Plant 87
Southern Pacific Pit Viper 185
Spanglish 39
Spanish American War 207
Spiders 178
Spilogale putorius 183
spotted skunk 183
staphlococcu 170
Stewart, Martha 138
Stingray 131
Stomoxys calcitrans 174-175
Stone, Sharon 93
Strigiformes 187
striped skunk 183
submarine 160
Submarine, S-37 218
Succulanet Scrub 189
Sudan 205
surf scooter 188
Surfing 149
Swamp Shoe, The 163
Swashbuckling 37
Symbionese Liberation Army 227
syphilis 170
- ## T
- Tajikistan 91
Taliban 56
Tarantulas 179
Tate Art Gallery 83
Tattoos 61
Temecula, California 195
Temporary sewer connection 88
Tenan Mar 160
Tenancing 239
tendidos preferentes 141
termites 170, 173
termites, dry wood 174
termites, subterranean 174
TETRP 6
Texas, back to Mexico 32
The Cartel Enforcement Teams 57
Thefts, by Indians 22
Tia Juana Rancho 29
Tibet 148
ticks 170, 176
Tiguana 13

- Tijuana 13
 Tijuana Anencephaly rate 74
 Tijuana Cartel Houses 52
 Tijuana child gangs 50
 Tijuana city dump 44
 Tijuana Colonia Libertad 50
 Tijuana Effluent Society 115
 Tijuana equivalent to Haiti 48
 Tijuana Esquiline Gate 51
 Tijuana Estuary Tidal Restoration Program 6
 Tijuana Fecal snow 59
 Tijuana feed lots 76
 Tijuana Gang Rape of Tourists 46
 Tijuana Hard Rock Café 233
 Tijuana kidnapping 42
 Tijuana monthly murder count 45
 Tijuana murder rate 44
 Tijuana nightlife 40
 Tijuana police 41
 Tijuana Police Chief Alfredo de la Torre Marquez 45
 Tijuana Police Chief Arturo Ochoa Palamacios 45
 Tijuana Police Chief Benitez Lopez 44
 Tijuana Police Chief Isaac Sanchez Perez 45
 Tijuana Prosecutor Hodin Armando Gutierrez 45
 Tijuana River National Estuarine Research Reserve 4
 Tijuana River Valley Regional Park 4
 Tijuana sewer system 74
 Tijuana Slough 4
 Tijuana Trolley Murder 60
 Tijuana Urine Dust 59
 Tijuana Zona Rosa 48
 Tijuana, name change 31
 Tijuana, WWI 37
 Tijuanicide 55
 Tijuana crossing signs 81
 Timm Airplane Company 213
 Tiwana 13
 Tohono O'odham Indian Nation 91
 toilet-to-tap 89
 toluene 114
 Top Dog 93
 Tourist crime interface 46
 Treaty, Guadalupe Hidalgo 26
 trichinosis 170
 Triqui 151
 tritium 206
 TRNEER 4, 12
 TRNEER, size 4
 trypanosoma 184
 Tsar of Russia 33
 tuberculosis 104, 170
 tularemia 170, 184
 TV cameras 139
 Tyto alba 188
- U**
- U.S. Border Patrol facility 94
 U.S.S Main 207
 Undocumenteds 40
 United Nations Development Programme 39
 United States Border Patrol Exclusionary Zone 116
 uranium 206
 USBPEZ 116
 USS Vincennes 205
 Uzbekistan 91
- V**
- Valero, Mission San Antonio 28
 Van Nuys Airport 215
 Vancomycin Hydrochloride 86
 Veracruz, U.S. seizure 209
 Vernal pools 189
 Vespula 177
 Via Lactea 239
 Viceroy 15
 Vietnam Memorial 144
 Villa, Pancho 208
 Villa, Pancho at Columbus 32
 Villanueva, Mario 231
 Virey 16
 Viscaino, Sebastian 14
 Visitador 15
 visitor center 159
 Vista, California 240
 vomiting bone balls 188
 Voting, illegal aliens 40

Index

W

Wal-Mart 80
Warner Brothers 215
wasps 170
waterlogged road kill 95
Watts Riots 227
Weird Mixture, 189
Wells Fargo Bank 32
West Nile virus 170
Western Diamondback 187
western sandpiper 189
Western Screech Owl 188
WESTPAC 64
wetland "restoration" 171
willet 188
Willow Scrub 189
Wilson, Woodrow 1912 35
Wilson, Woodrow declaration of war 35
Wimbledon 85

Women War Workers 217
World War One 209
World War Two, border area 210
Wrong way sprinters 65
Wullenweber 202-204, 221
Wyeth Laboratories 187

Y

yaws 170
yellow jackets 177
Yeme 91
Yuma 29

Z

Zeta 54
Zeta editor 54
Zimmerman Telegram 35
Zocolo Square Protests 57
Zonal del ex-ejido Chilpancingo 74