



Jonathan Nicholas

## Eat to the beat

Sometimes I look back rather fondly on those days when we went to restaurants to eat. Today, of course, we go to restaurants for "a dining experience." Assuaging hunger is generally incidental to the business of being there. If the trend continues, I fully expect to one day encounter a restaurant that serves nothing edible at all.

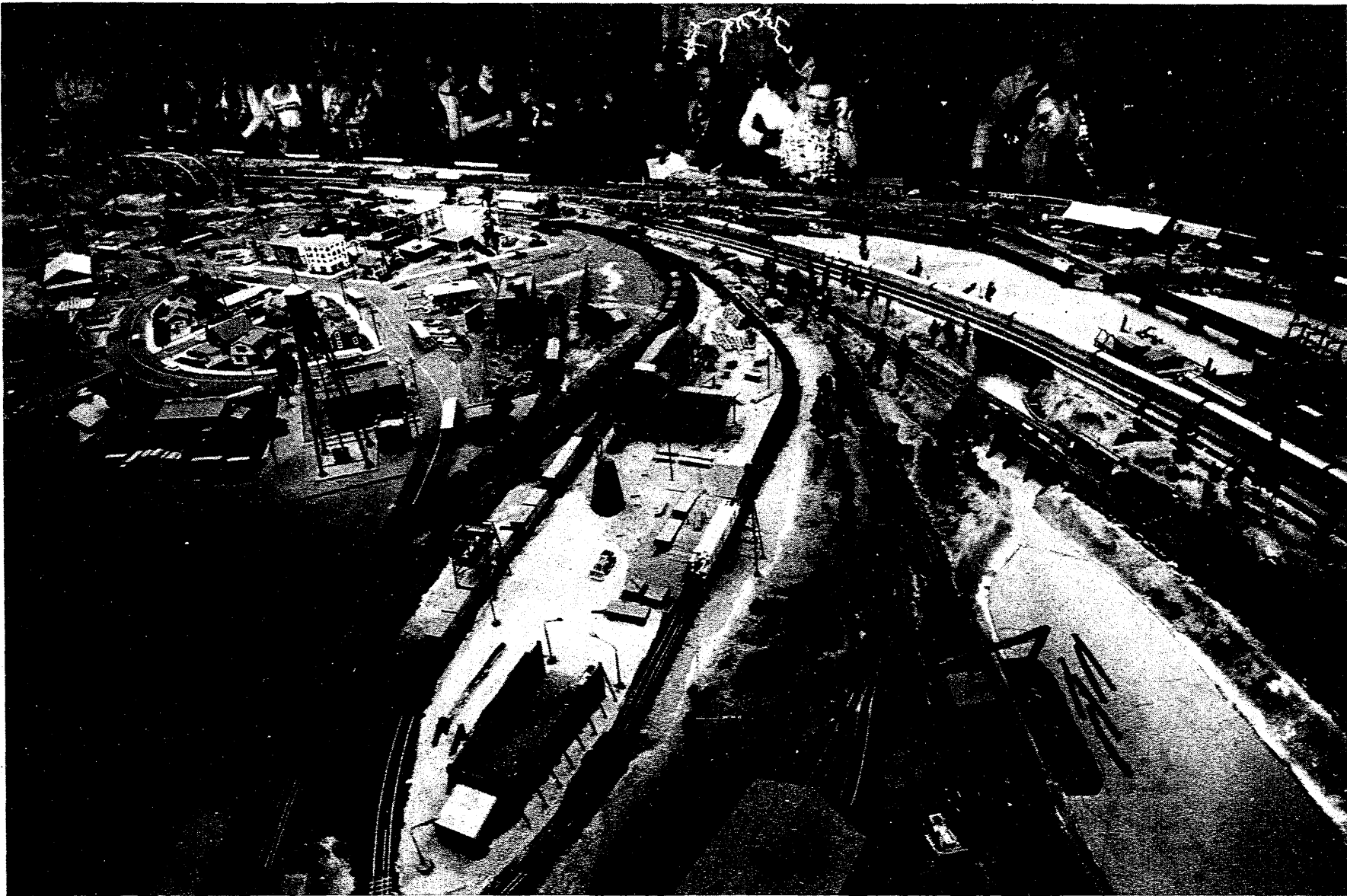
Consider the boutique restaurant: This establishment is the culinary stepchild of the notion that small is beautiful. The wine list is longer than the walk to the restaurant. The menu may comprise a choice between the house special and dining elsewhere. Ambiance is packed into the rooms like amalgam into a filling. Parking is always a problem. Late at night, the chef — he has invariably studied under someone with whom you are expected to be familiar — emerges from his kitchen to a burst of applause. Dinner reservations here may be traded as part of divorce settlements. Without fail, the waiter introduces himself. His name is always George. I have it on firm authority that Winston Churchill was served by the same fellow at the same table at his London club for more than 60 years without once finding it necessary to hail the chap by name. In Portland, places like Indigene and L'Auberge lead this particular pack.

Then there is the en route restaurant. This is the place that is designed for you to drop into if you happen to get bored on your way to some place more interesting. Such establishments are most frequently encountered in locations which are half way to somewhere else. La Maison Surrette in McMinnville, for example, is situated at the precise spot where a West Hills stomach begins to growl on its way home from Salishan. The apotheosis of this genre is the fast-food outlet. Forget the Big Mac. I am convinced that the McDonald's empire is built on the backs of people going somewhere who grew tired of asking surly gas station attendants for restroom keys.

The antithesis of the en route restaurant is the destination restaurant. Here the location is so obscure that folks drive from miles around just to show the spouse that they were able to find the place. At the Helvetia Tavern near Hillsboro, for example, people get a perverse pleasure from realizing that they have just driven nineteen and one half miles from Portland to order a jumbo-burger. If your timing is right, it's true, there is the added attraction of bumping into Floating Point Systems founder Norm Winningstad, the only man in Oregon known to bring along his helicopter when going out for a burger and fries. Other establishments in this category include Chez Moustache — other than Gene Kretz's wiener schnitzel, why would anyone want to go to Aurora? — and Mac and Velma's, the only reason why any law abiding citizen should be seen cruising St. Helens Road at 3 a.m.

Whoops. I almost forgot the theme restaurant. Here the idea is that you will be so busy suffusing yourself in ambiance that you won't really notice the food. Portland examples include Father's — where the soup is occasionally as cool as the decor — and The Organ Grinder — an establishment dedicated to the Philistine notion that children should be (allowed to make a) scene and (not prevented from behaving like a) herd. One of my personal favorites was the recently deceased Horatio's, where the buxom serving wenches did their best to look both naughty and nautical. Somehow I always found it hard to swallow the notion that a pirate just back from a voyage of rape and pillage would be satisfied with a serving of quiche.

Before closing this admittedly contumelious categorization, I should perhaps mention the chain restaurant. Someone once suggested that in America the very notion of nationhood is founded on the fact that it is possible to drive from New York to Los Angeles without eating anyplace other than a Dairy Queen.



Staff photo by ROSS HAMILTON

GRAND SCALE — Spectators file past huge Columbia Gorge Lines layout in North Portland quarters of Columbia Gorge Model Railroad Club Sunday. Club will soon start a new layout.

## Railroaders outgrow first trains — and a clubhouse

By DAN HORTSCH  
of The Oregonian staff

Some people start with the small figure-8 layout and the inexpensive eight-piece train under the Christmas tree, the twin orange diesel locomotives resting under the twinkling lights reflected in the window against the breaking holiday dawn.

Some people stay there, content to play a few years with the model train, a traditional Christmas present, perhaps adding a few items to give it a little more atmosphere.

Others don't stop there. Others, like members of the Columbia Gorge Model Railroad Club, can't sit still with that basic set, or even several trains on a basement layout with mountains and tunnels. They've got to build bigger and better.

Bigger and better is what club members have had at their North Portland location since 1949, where the club's annual show is being held. Bigger and better still is what they'll start work on when they move next year to new quarters.

Hundreds of people poured into the small red caboose entrance of the club building at 3405 N. Montana Ave. Sunday during the second weekend

of the show, which concludes next Saturday and Sunday. What they saw is a spectacular 20- by 55-foot layout that requires nearly 30 operators to keep everything going on the massive layout.

Members, who might be lawyers or physicians, police officers or even real railroaders in their

on their rounds past scenes carrying names of the Northwest: Portland Yards, Blue Lake, the Columbia River, Detroit Dam.

Visitors saw a 50-minute show that began in the dark, station and engine lights glowing, continued in growing light and ended again with

land policeman who is a guard for Multnomah County District Court, said the building will be constructed during the coming year, but then the real work begins. It will take "three years, possibly four," to build the new layout, he said.

That's an exciting, not an intimidating prospect, however. "The fun of a railroad is the building," Smith said. "This one here, every year you take a piece of it and change it."

Oluf Bockel, announcer and assistant show chairman, will build a scale model of Portland's Union Station for the new system, which will allow visitors to walk down the "Columbia River" and see the huge model layout spread out on either side.

Morse, who is chairman of the board in addition to sometimes being general yard master for this year's show, said that the expanded layout will require more operators, and the club actively will seek new members.

The show will conclude Saturday and Sunday, starting at noon Saturday and at 1 p.m. Sunday. Admission is \$1.25 for adults and 75 cents for children under 12.

Soon the Columbia Gorge Model Railroad Club will be pulling up stakes and starting over. 'The fun of a railroad is the building,' says one member

working lives, sported Can't Bust 'Em striped jackets and overalls with railroad patches — Southern Pacific Lines, Western Pacific, Grand Trunk Railway System, Union Pacific, and most important, Columbia Gorge Lines.

Listening on earphones to directions of general yardmaster Bill Morse and mainline dispatcher Randy Nelson, who watched the scene from a control booth, the operators sent dozens of trains

darkness. Against sound effects of chugging trains, an announcer offered explanations of the Main Line and Mountain Division lines.

After next week, however, the massive hobby project will have to be torn down. The land has been sold and a new clubhouse, three times the size of the old one, will be built at 2505 N. Vancouver Ave.

Clete Smith, show chairman and a retired Port-

## Tri-Met geared up to fight daytime taxis on mall

By STAN FEDERMAN  
of The Oregonian staff

Tri-Met will wheel up heavy union guns this week in its latest battle with two Portland taxicab companies over their attempt to gain weekday access to the Portland Transit Mall.

The question of such access will be taken up again Thursday by the Portland City Council, which must decide how often taxicabs can use the \$16 million mall, which was built originally for mass transit use.

Taxicab spokesmen have previously contended that cabs should be considered mass transit and should have access rights to the mall as well as buses. Tri-Met officials insist that cabs do not qualify as mass transit and therefore have no legitimate claims to such access.

Speaking on behalf of the Tri-Met position this week will be Mel Schoppert, international vice president of the Amalgamated Transit Union, which represents some 1,450 Tri-Met drivers and maintenance personnel.

Schoppert is expected to emphasize driver fears that daytime use of the mall by taxicabs will vastly increase the potential for dangerous accidents throughout the mall area.

"We fully support the agency in its anti-taxicab position on the mall," said Del Hadley, the newly elected president for the union's Division 757 that has headquarters in Portland.

Hadley stressed that Tri-Met drivers work a "distinct pattern" of operations on the mall with equally distinct work

rules during daylight hours.

"You get a cab in between buses in the daytime, and you break that pattern and cause immediate safety problems," said Hadley. "We hope the City Council is made aware of the dangers; our drivers certainly are."

Two weeks ago, Dan Cooper, attorney for Broadway Deluxe Cab Co. and Radio Cab Co., told the City Council that under an Oct. 13 policy ruling, the federal Urban Mass Transportation Administration had placed taxicabs in the category of mass transit.

Cooper quoted Arthur Teele, UMTA administrator, as saying the cab industry was a part of the mass transit system. As such, said Cooper, cab companies have the right to operate on a mass transit-designed mall.

But Jim Cowen, Tri-Met general manager, said last week that he has a letter from Tri-Met's legal firm, Kell, Alterman and Runstein, that disputes Cooper's "theory."

Cooper said the agency's attorneys said that the Oct. 13 policy statement referred only to the planning and development of paratransit services as a part of local transportation programs.

Paratransit, said Cowen, is a concept that represents a set of transportation services ranging from the private automobile to conventional bus service. Some of these services, he added, include shared-ride taxicabs.

But nowhere in the policy statement, said Cowen, does it say a taxicab — other than one used on a shared-ride

basis — constitutes mass transit.

Tri-Met attorneys, Cowen said, noted that a shared-ride taxicab would be considered one in which a customer could not exclude other riders — such as a handicapped or senior citizen pickup and delivery service.

And Tri-Met often contracts such services with local cab companies, said Cowen.

Late last July, the City Council authorized a temporary 90-day mall experiment that allowed cabs to use the mall from 7 p.m. to 6 a.m. and all day Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Before this, cabs were allowed on the mall only at night and all day Sundays and holidays when Tri-Met bus schedules are extremely light.



BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH

## Bhagwan speaks: Faith key to experiences

By TOM STIMMEL  
of The Oregonian staff

RAJNEESH PURAM — Would I be interested in an audience with Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the Indian religious mystic who has become an object of fascinating curiosity since he moved to Oregon a year and a half ago?

I would be honored, I said. "B'gwan," as he is known to his disciples on their Central Oregon ranch, "the guru," as he is known by outsiders, has lived in silent seclusion since moving here.

His only public appearances have been for a few silent hours during his disciples' World Festival last July, his daily drives in one of his Rolls-Royce automobiles to Madras and return, and a trip to Portland for an immigration hearing.

"This would be an appearance only," emphasized Ma Prem Isabel, press representative for the Rajneesh commune. "B'gwan does not give interviews." Nor does he sit for newspaper photographers. Two photos of the Bhagwan were furnished.

An audience time of 8:30 p.m. was stipulated. Certain preparations were required. After a day of visiting the ranch and dining in the home of Ma Anand Sheela, the ranch manager, I was told to take a shower. "B'gwan is very sensitive to odors." I was given unscented soap and a choice of Rajneesh Brand

unscented shampoos.

I also was provided with proper clothing — a pair of slacks and a shirt of orange-brown color such as disciples wear.

"Ah, that's more like it," said some disciples at the house when I reappeared.

Isabel drove me to the Bhagwan's secluded estate, a complex of mobile home units. Indirect lighting caught discreetly placed shrubbery and a lawn manicured to putting-green perfection. We entered through a side door, past a wire cage of peacocks.

Inside, we were met in an anteroom by Sheela and her husband, Swami Prem Jayananda (formerly John Shaffer), and a young woman, Ma Prem Chetna, who was sitting on the floor, knitting.

We sat on the floor, too, while Sheela disappeared. Half an hour later she came for me. We walked through several corridors; then she opened a door and instructed me to go ahead.

The Bhagwan sat in a wing-backed chair, alone in the room. At his side was a low table, heaped with books. I could see nothing else in the room, which looked like a recreation room in any suburban basement — linoleum floor and peccan wall paneling — empty but for a chair, a table and a man.

I said I appreciated the opportunity to be there, and we sat on the floor, Sheela at one side of the Bhagwan and me on the other.

Nothing more was said, so I decided that, non-interview or not, I would ask a question. I said I knew that Bhagwan had entered his silent stage but would it not be useful for relations between his commune and the rest of Oregon if he were to appear publicly and speak occasionally.

His answer consumed 40 minutes. I paraphrase his answers, and I do not assume to have understood all he said, or even to have heard it all, his voice was so low.

He spoke of religiousness, not religion. The Bible or the Koran, it doesn't matter; Jesus or Mohammed, it doesn't matter. Faith does not matter; what matters is how faith affects one's experience.

Numbers stand out: He had read 150,000 books, there were 18 years of Jesus' life about which we know nothing, from age 12 to 30.

But his answer to my question was, "I have said everything."

He wore the stocking cap and the gray robe seen at his appearances at the festival. He looked only at me all that time, his eyes penetrating, his fingers at times pressed against each other. He was speaking, but he was remarkably quiet.

After 40 minutes, and one question, I returned to the others. In a while we left, passed the peacock cage and found our way through darkness by the feel of the gravel driveway underfoot.