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TRAVEL



Tall tales in

History meets the sea in this intriguing California hamlet

By Anne Z. Cooke

LOMPOC, Calif. — I thought I'd seen everything. Then I discovered a remarka-ble collection of the world's old-est pictorial art hiding out in Lompoc, a modest hamlet perched on the wave-dashed coast of California, north of Sant Barbara.

oast of California, management as what I mean, 36 uge paintings on the walls in the Jd Town district, an art whose rigins reach back 35,000 years—or more—to figures drawn on axee walls in Europe and else-there.

The wins in Early, there, The who and why of cave art emains a mystery. But not in ompoc, where the now-famous untal project was launched with purpose, to revitalize the historic center and attract more

purpose, to revitalize the hisoric center and attract more
ourists.
According to Vicki Andersen,
dministrator of the Lompoc
dural Society and a painter in
er own right, Lompoc needed a
oost after 1989, when Vandenerg Air Force Base, the commuity's biggest employer and cusomer, shut down the shuttle
unuch program.
Murals were suggested, But
he residents wanted more than a
sigointed array of big pictures.
Susseed, they chose a single
stream, the communication of the preent.
Naveswers handled for the preent.
Naveswers wondered if a town.

sent.

Naysayers wondered if a town of 43,400 people, stratdling a rocky shore on a lonely corner of the coastline, had much to tell. But Lompoc surprised them. Taken together – think of them as a contemporary "book of hours" – the murals are as fascinating as any medieval manuscript.

ript. But I'm getting ahead of my-

olf.
On a weekend in town, I met
on Ostini, 6-foot-6 and rangy,
and president of the Lompoc
ourism Council. A tireless local
storian, he volunteered to shov
e around.

storan, he volunteered to shove around.
"The pretty good with a selfided map, as long as it has reet names and numbers." I sured him when we me't in the tel parking lot. "I can mavigate is by myself."
"No worries, no worries," he piled, pumping my hand. "I ways learn something from uring people around. Lompoe home, so showing it off keepse up to date."
He pointed east, toward the liley.

"I was born on a farm right of nere, next to that hill, so I know nost of the folks here," he said. aks all the questions you want, and if there's something I can't nswer, I know who to call." I could picture his parents run. I'd come that way, north-ress from Santa Barbara on U.S. lighway 101. Turning off on

State Route 1 was the first surprise, no urban sprawl, the bane of Southern California. The high-way, crossing the valley wound between open meadows, flowering hedges, stands of white oaks, white farmhouses, neatly hoed vegetable ploty, vineyards planted in geometric rows, and all of it framed by the gold-and-green Santa Rita Hills.

Twenty-odd miles later, approaching the town, a rainbow appeared owerhead. Glittering through a misty veil, it shed a glow on the empty lots and dinly repair shops that clutter the outskirts of almost every small town. And there was Ostini, in the

repair stops that care and coulsdirts of almost every small town.

And there was Ostini, in the Hilton Garden Inn's parking lot, roposing that we start at the South Side Coffee Co., a funky Old Town hangout at the corner of Ocean Avenue and South H Street. Finding a booth, we sat over a latte and studied the mura map, then walked south to the center of Old Town.

Since well space becomes awailable at different times, the murals aren't painted in sequence. The "Flower Industry for instance, by artist Art Mortimer, celebrating the 1960s and 70s, when Lompoc's flower seed business was the nation's largest is on one corner, while the mura "Chumash Indians," where the history actually starts, is on another.

The La Purisima Mission

business was the nation's largest, is on one corner, while the mural "Chumash Indians," where the history actually starts, is on another.

The La Purisima Mission ("purisima" is one of several Chumash languages), is depicted twice, and the name of the town, founded in 1844, as a temperance community, also remembers its official of the company of the



Lompoc is known for its art and a culture that supports creative design in every form, from murals to crosswalks.



d advice on what to see? Ask the friendly staff at South Side fee Co., in Old Town, serving breakfast, lunch and, of course, coffee

Uptown Cafe, (don't miss this place, the town's top-rated restaurant), notable for Painter John Pugh's rounge Foel ship, which seems to be crashing through the wall, we talked also other fourist attractions. I'd noticed that Lompoc has two golf courses. The bigges draw, said Ostini, are the vineyards, which offer wine tours and testing rooms. Known for outstanding pined to the standing t

"When a new mural is planned, we request bids and choose a painter through a jurying process.

Vicki Andersen, administrate of the Lompoc Mural Society

morning joining a tour with guide Purker Grand, through the workshops and the garden, Since the 2,000-acre state historic park workshops and the garden, Since the 2,000-acre state historic park next door has 25 miles of pilking trails, the place is always busy. I loved the back-to-grandma memories on the Fabing-McKayspanne house both, a restored Victorian property and blacksmith shop, but missed the Lompoc Museum, now located in the former Carnegie Library, a 1910 colonial revival gen. The colonial revival