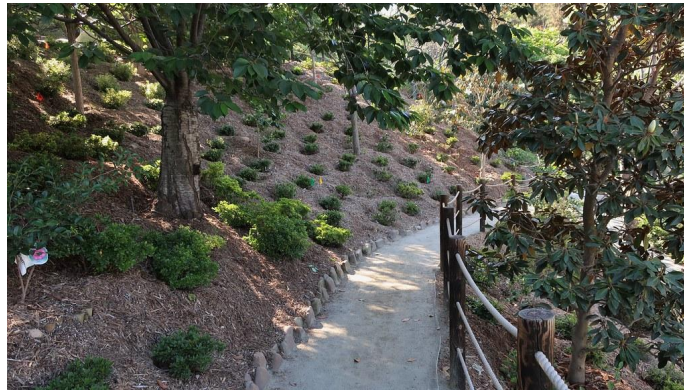


## Balboa Park “Journey’s End” (7th level)



Path at the Japanese Friendship Garden, Balboa Park

“Good company in a journey makes the way seem shorter.”

-Izaak Walton

A journey takes the traveler from one place to another, often with a destination in mind. The distance, challenges, and time come from the course of the journey, but also the fortitude, attitude, and resilience of the traveler. A successful journey requires planning and preparation, flexibility and spontaneity. Friendships and teamwork can make the journey all the more enjoyable.

During our fall trip to Pali Institute, we talked about this middle school journey. We anticipated what was to come, making plans and setting goals. We discussed how we make the transition from elementary to middle school. This seventh grade year is coming to an end and you are half way through this middle school experience. Each of you has navigated this first leg of the trip in your own way, but with a shared destination and the friendship of your peers.

Before we pause for the summer, it is nice to look back at how far you have come, to celebrate all that you have accomplished in this first half of middle school. We will reflect on the academic, life skill, social, and emotional growth this year has brought. Through student planned trips to various Balboa Park museums, gardens, and locations, we will recap the academic content of the year. Community building activities will reinforce the connections we have made. Meal preparations and camping will exhibit your practical life skills and independence. While guided Solo Time will give you the opportunity to reflect on your time at Maria Montessori School and the journey of your 7th grade year.

### Guiding Questions

1. How have the 13.8 billion years of the universe and 200,000 years of human history led to this moment in time and me in this moment?
2. How has our Room 7 community helped me on my journey this year?
3. What leadership qualities have helped me, and others, succeed? How can I improve my leadership skills for the next part of my journey?
4. Where am I on this journey to becoming a whole, strong, and worthy person?

### What You Will Learn

1. how to make connections between the work we have done in the classroom, the exhibits, shows, and experiences during this trip.
2. about the indigenous people that once lived in the area that is now in Balboa Park.
3. how to plan, prepare, and serve a large meal.
4. how the museums the class chose connect to our classes this year.

### What You Will Do.

1. Plan and prepare a meal to share with your classmates.
2. Explore two Balboa Park museums chosen by you and your classmates.
3. Experience a Shakespearean play at the Globe Theatre.
4. Engage with and serve the local community through a trail clean-up.
5. Connect with the area in and around Balboa Park on the Seven Bridges urban hike.
6. Observe leadership skills in yourself and others.

## Balboa Park “Journey’s End” (8th level)



Path at the Japanese Friendship Garden, Balboa Park

“Good company in a journey makes the way seem shorter.”  
-Izaak Walton

A journey takes the traveler from one place to another, often with a destination in mind. The distance, challenges, and time come from the course of the journey, but also the fortitude, attitude, and resilience of the traveler. A successful journey requires planning and preparation, flexibility and spontaneity. Friendships and teamwork can make the journey all the more enjoyable.

During our fall trips to Pali Institute, we talked about this middle school journey. We anticipated what was to come, making plans and setting goals. We discussed how we make the transition from elementary to middle school to high school. As your eighth grade year comes to an end, so too does your time at MMS and your early childhood. You are now securely in the midst of adolescence and on your path to adulthood. Each of you has navigated middle school in your own way, but with a shared destination and the friendship of your peers.

As we end our time together, it is nice to look back at how far you have come, to celebrate all that you have accomplished. We will reflect on the academic, life skill, social, and emotional growth the last two years have brought. Through student planned trips to various Balboa Park museums, gardens, and locations, we will recap the academic content of this year. Community building activities will reinforce the connections we have made. Meal preparations and camping will exhibit your practical life skills and independence. While guided Solo Time will give you the opportunity to reflect on your time at Maria Montessori School and the journey of your early adolescent years.

### Guiding Questions

1. How have the 13.8 billion years of the universe and 200,000 years of human history led to this moment in time and me in this moment?
2. How has our Room 7 community helped me on my journey this year?
3. What leadership qualities have helped me, and others, succeed? How can I improve my leadership skills for the next part of my journey?
4. Where am I on this journey to becoming a whole, strong, and worthy person?

### What You Will Learn

1. how to make connections between the work we have done in the classroom, the exhibits, shows, and experiences during this trip.
2. about the indigenous people that once lived in the area that is now in Balboa Park.
3. how to plan, prepare, and serve a large meal.
4. how the museums the class chose connect to our classes this year.

### What You Will Do.

1. Plan and prepare a meal to share with your classmates.
2. Explore two Balboa Park museums chosen by you and your classmates.
3. Experience a Shakespearean play at the Globe Theatre.
4. Engage with and serve the local community through a trail clean-up.
5. Connect with the area in and around Balboa Park on the Seven Bridges urban hike.
6. Observe leadership skills in yourself and others.

## “Journey’s End” Itinerary

Location	TIME	ACTIVITY	ASSIGNMENTS TO DO/ DUE:	NOTES
WEDNESDAY				
MMS	8:15	Arrive at MMS	<input type="checkbox"/> Graduation Speech	Load bags in Mrs. Sheehan’s car
	8:30	Opening Ceremony- Turning to One Another poem <a href="https://youtu.be/lclqoNR5Zs4">https://youtu.be/lclqoNR5Zs4</a> or <a href="https://youtu.be/5fk_PQsqm9c">https://youtu.be/5fk_PQsqm9c</a>		Trip folder Pencil
	9:00	Seminar	<input type="checkbox"/> Read and annotate <input type="checkbox"/> Participate <input type="checkbox"/> Self-evaluation	
	9:30	Snack, Load, & Leave		
Boy Scout Camp	10:00	Arrive and Park at Boy Scout Camp		
Zoo?	10:15	Zoo?	Field Study packet	Daypack, water bottle, trip folder
	12:30	Lunch		Sack lunch from home or \$ for zoo lunch
??? (TBD by students)	1:15	History Museum; Museum of Us or other	Field Study Packet	
Boy Scout Camp	4:00	Set-up and unpack		
	5:00	Dinner Crew OR Speech Practice Dinner Dinner Crew Cleans		
	6:30	Solo Time & Reflections	Monday Journal	
	7:00	7th Grade parent pick-up 8th Level Camp Fire Building		
	8:00	8th Grade super secret rites		

		of passage		
		Get ready for bed		
		Flashlights off/ Quiet Time		
THURSDAY				
Boy Scout Camp	7:30	8th Level- Wake-up Breakfast Get dressed and ready More super secret stuff		
MMS	8:30	6th and 7th Level - Load and Leave		Load *** car
Boy Scout Camp	9:00	7th level set-up and unpack w/ 8th level help		
Balboa Park/ Downtown	9:30	7 Bridges Hike		
Rose Garden	12:30	Lunch		
Canyon (near BS camp)	1:30	Service Activity		
Boy Scout Camp	4:00	Community Building Free Time		
	5:00	Dinner Crew OR Speech Practice Dinner Dinner Crew Cleans		
	6:30	Solo Time & Reflections		
	7:00	The Old Globe Play		
		Get ready for bed		
		Flashlights off/ Quiet Time		
Friday				
Boy Scout Camp	7:30 AM	Wake-up Breakfast Get dressed and ready Make lunch More super secret stuff		

	9:00	Take down camp Pack up		
	10:00	Load Cars & Clean		
??? (TBD by students)	11:00	Balboa Park museum chosen by students		
Prado Balboa	12:30	Lunch at the Prado		
	1:30	Return to car and drive to MMS		
MMS	2:15	Closing ceremony		





## Balboa Park "Journey's End" Checklist

✓✓ ✓✓	Assignment	Description	Do or Due Date
<input type="checkbox"/>	Permission Slip	Have a parent sign your permission slip and return it to Ms. Smith	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Packing	See attached packing list; pack appropriately	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Transportation	Confirm your adult knows- Wednesday: All students at school by 8:15 AM; 7th level picked up at Balboa park at 8:00 PM Thursday: 7th level at school by 8:15 AM Friday: Regular pick-up at MMS.	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Money:	Bring \$5 to Ms. Smith	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Meal Prep (Fill in the days and meals for which you are responsible.)	<input type="checkbox"/> Day:                      Meal: <input type="checkbox"/> Day:                      Meal: <input type="checkbox"/> Day:                      Meal:	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Camp Set-Up	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Tent and sleeping gear</li> <li>• Cooking area</li> </ul>	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Seminar	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Read "The Way We Gather" and annotate</li> <li>• Participate in seminar</li> <li>• Complete self-evaluation</li> </ul>	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Daily Journaling	<input type="checkbox"/> Wednesday <input type="checkbox"/> Thursday <input type="checkbox"/> Friday	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Science	<input type="checkbox"/> Science Museum activity	
<input type="checkbox"/>	History	<input type="checkbox"/> Kumeyaay work	
<input type="checkbox"/>	ELA	<input type="checkbox"/> Old Globe play reflection	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Camp Pack-up	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Pack clothing</li> <li>• Tent and sleeping gear</li> <li>• Cooking area</li> <li>• Double check you got everything</li> </ul>	

## Day 1 - San Diego Zoo (Year A-2023)

### Zoo Employee Observations

Adapted from [San Diego Zoo Curriculum](#)

Goal: To gain an understanding of different jobs at the zoo through observations and an interview.

#### Directions

1. Observe the variety of jobs at the zoo. Put a check next to the jobs you see people carrying out during your visit. Circle the jobs in which people work directly with animals.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Admissions clerk          | <input type="checkbox"/> Food service staff         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Animal trainer            | <input type="checkbox"/> Gardener                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Merchandising sales clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Zoo Keeper                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Custodian                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Veterinarian               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Researcher                | <input type="checkbox"/> Visitor Assistance Officer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bus driver                | <input type="checkbox"/> Other: _____               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Security officer          |   |

2. Observe three employees who are doing different jobs. For each job, describe the duties you see being performed, and list any tools being used. What other duties do you think each job might have? How does each of these jobs support the conservation efforts of the zoo?

A. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

B. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

C. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

3. Interview a zoo employee using the skills from your interviewing lesson. First come up with two general questions that would work for a variety of zoo employees. During your interview, come up with one more question based on that specific employee.

A. Question: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Answer: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

B. Question: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Answer: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

C. Question: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Answer: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Day 1 - San Diego Zoo (Year B-2024)

### Build a Habitat

Adapted from [San Diego Zoo Curriculum](#)

#### Directions:

1. Choose two exhibits to analyze: one that you think is well-designed and one that you think needs remodeling.
2. Fill out the exhibit report card for each exhibit, giving them a grade of A, B, or C.
3. Draw a map of the two exhibits showing the location of feeders, trees, rocks, water features, and other physical elements of the exhibit.

#### Exhibit #1

EXHIBIT COMPONENT	GRADE	COMMENT
Feeders	<hr/>	<hr/>
Water	<hr/>	<hr/>
Shade	<hr/>	<hr/>
Places to hide (privacy)	<hr/>	<hr/>
Places to climb, dig, etc.	<hr/>	<hr/>
Room for exercise	<hr/>	<hr/>
Guest viewing	<hr/>	<hr/>
Guest information	<hr/>	<hr/>
Guest accessibility	<hr/>	<hr/>

Draw a map of the exhibit.

## Exhibit #2

EXHIBIT COMPONENT	GRADE	COMMENT
Feeders	<hr/>	<hr/>
Water	<hr/>	<hr/>
Shade	<hr/>	<hr/>
Places to hide (privacy)	<hr/>	<hr/>
Places to climb, dig, etc.	<hr/>	<hr/>
Room for exercise	<hr/>	<hr/>
Guest viewing	<hr/>	<hr/>
Guest information	<hr/>	<hr/>
Guest accessibility	<hr/>	<hr/>

Draw a map of the exhibit.

## Day 1 Museum of US - Kumeyaay exhibit

From the Museum of Us website:

*The Museum of Us recognizes that it sits on the unceded ancestral homeland of the Kumeyaay Nation. The Museum extends its respect and gratitude to the Kumeyaay peoples who have lived here for over a millennia. They continue to care for and maintain connection to this ancestral homeland.*

1. As with many peoples and cultures throughout the world and history, the Kumeyaay have their own cosmology based on the Mat'taam (calendar year). Draw one of the Kumeyaay constellations that appeals to you and write one to three sentences about it.

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2. Today there are 17 bands of Kumeyaay people. Choose one band (not that same as anyone in your small group. Write 4 interesting facts you learned about this band and share those facts with your small group.

Band: \_\_\_\_\_

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Day 2 - Seven Bridges Hike

During the Seven Bridges hikes we will have several water and arts breaks. At two of these breaks, take the opportunity to create some creative reflection on our hike, the area, or your experiences today. Your creative reflection may take the form of a poem, a drawing, etc. If you have a different idea, go for it. If you need specific direction, do one poem and one drawing. Use the front and back of this page for your creative expression (unless of course you are dancing - do not dance on this packet).





INSERT OLD GLOBE STUDENT CURRICULUM PAGE FOR CURRENT PLAY (Old Globe website)

## Day 4 - Choice Museum study

If students choose The Nat, these exhibits have differentiated middle school plans:

[Coast the Cactus](#)

[Ocean Oasis](#)

If students choose Fleet Science, there are Lesson Plans related to the Fleet [science concepts, specific exhibit worksheets, and IMAX Guides](#)

The Air and Space Museum has [STEAM Challenges](#) but no other extra papers.

The San Diego Art Museum has [lesson plans](#) with activities that could be completed back at camp.

Mingei International Art Museum does not have educator resources, but they could have a scavenger hunt. I could create a [photobank](#) of work they will look for and check off.

## Leadership Roles

Perhaps you've heard the saying "There are too many cooks in the kitchen." We only have one "facilitator" folder for morning meetings for a reason. If there are too many people who want to be traditional leaders, a group can fail!

Luckily, there are many roles involved in leadership. The facilitator may be the role that most of us think of when we hear the word "leader," but there are others that are equally, or sometimes even more, important.




Use the key below to sort the roles into those that you believe are your strengths as well as those that you believe to be not-so-strong. Add other possible roles and descriptions that you may think of, if any.

Key Code	Role	Description
	Moderator	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Looks for "Shining Eyes"</li> <li>Stops the group when needed</li> <li>Identifies when someone isn't working</li> <li>Asks group members for suggestions- kindly invites all to participate</li> <li>Shares facilitation role with others who are shy and reluctant</li> </ul>
	Planner	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Asks for a plan moving forward</li> <li>Kindly asks for ideas</li> <li>Gives some suggestions or ideas</li> <li>Acts and speaks in a way that asks the group to think ahead</li> </ul>
	Harmonizer	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Helps maintain harmony - may ask for all to listen to one and then "another" side of the issues or ideas</li> <li>Encourages cooperation - reminds group to stop and listen with open minds</li> </ul>
	Reporter/ Observer	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Summarizes when many points are shared.</li> <li>Restates ideas or questions when confusion seems to occur</li> <li>Concentrates on observations, not <i>inferences</i>. States observations, and may ask others what they meant in their actions or words.</li> </ul>
	Follower	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Models excellent behaviors in the group that work to accomplish the goals of the group</li> <li>Helps others politely by doing the right thing as set by facilitator</li> </ul>
	Encourager	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Shows enthusiasm for people's ideas and efforts</li> <li>Supports others with active listening</li> <li>Shows respect to those who are trying something new, even if it's difficult</li> </ul>
	Idea Generator	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Speaks up with at least one realistic solution</li> <li>Remains gracious in their idea(s) aren't accepted</li> </ul>
	Good Humorist	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Keeps things light with remarks in good fun, never uses put-downs</li> <li>Balances good fun with staying on task</li> </ul>
	Stick-to-it Person	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Hangs in when the going gets tough</li> <li>Keeps listening, keeps motivating, keeps encouraging, keeps</li> </ul>

		concentrating, keeps thinking, keeps a POSITIVE attitude going!
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Key: ☆- I'm good at this    ?-I have tried this with mixed results    !- This role is challenging

## Journey's End Leadership Rubric Day 1

Qualities	 3	 2	 1
Preparation	I arrived early to the opening ceremony packed and ready to go. I helped peers get settled	I arrived as we were getting started and took a moment to settle. At some point today I realized I forgot to pack something..	I arrived late and held up the departure to camp. I forgot important items like clothing, toiletries, or field study packet..
Participation	I participated fully and enthusiastically in all activities. I was a respectful, active listener and thoughtful speaker during seminar. I displayed a great attitude most of the day.	I participated in all activities. I was a respectful listener and spoke at least once during seminar. I was usually pleasant.	I participated in some activities. I was distracted and did not speak during seminar. I was overly stressed, discouraged, or negative for an extended time.
Awareness	I asked relevant questions. I helped without prompting. I stayed aware of my surroundings.	I asked some questions. I helped when asked. I was sometimes unaware of what was going on.	I did not ask questions. I rarely helped, and only when required. I did not pay attention to what was going on.
Respect	I actively took an interest in others who are not my closest friends. I hung around with new folks outside of my group of friends for a few hours.	I sat & worked with/ included someone who is not a close friend. I hung around with a few folks outside of my group of closer friends for a little while.	I sat/ worked with my friends most of the day unless placed in a different group by an adult.
Responsibility	I always did the work, including packing the car <u>and</u> setting up camp. I am resilient (try again), and I went beyond the minimum <u>without being asked</u> . If something went wrong, I worked to make it	I did most of the work, sometimes took initiative, and I helped load the cars <u>or</u> set up camp. I went beyond the minimum <u>when asked</u> . If something went wrong, I let others deal with it.	I did little work and did not take initiative. I did <u>not</u> help with loading the car and setting up camp. I did not go beyond the <u>minimum</u> required. If something went wrong, I tried to hide the evidence.

	better.		
Leadership Roles	I took on a new leadership role.	I took on my typical leadership role.	I took on no leadership roles.


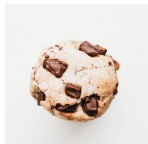

## "Journey's End" Self-Assessment Journal

Day 1: May 31, 2023

\_\_\_\_/18 (from Rubric)

Choose two leadership qualities from the rubric that you feel were areas of strength for you today. Write at least one paragraph for each or draw (10 minutes each) how you represented the two qualities and write a one sentence explanation. Then, choose one area of struggle for you and write a paragraph about that struggle and how you can work on that at camp tomorrow.

## Journey's End Leadership Rubric Day 2

Qualities	 3	 2	 1
Preparation	I prepped my lunch without prompting. I made sure my backpack was loaded with everything I needed. I helped peers get ready.	I made my lunch with prompting from teacher or students. I forgot to put one or two minor items in my backpack.	Someone else had to throw my lunch together. I forgot to put many items in my backpack for the day.
Participation	I participated fully and <u>enthusiastically</u> in the hike, meal prep, etc. I actively found trash during the trail clean-up. I displayed a great attitude most of the day.	I participated in all activities, but sometimes required prompting to do more. I was usually pleasant.	During group activities, I sat around and let others do the majority of the work. I was overly stressed, discouraged, or negative for an extended time.
Awareness	I asked relevant questions. I helped without prompting. I stayed aware of my surroundings.	I asked some questions. I helped when asked. I was sometimes unaware of what was going on.	I did not ask questions. I rarely helped, and only when required. I did not pay attention to what was going on.
Respect	I actively took an interest in others who are not my closest friends. I hung around with new folks outside of my group of friends for a few hours.	I sat & worked with/ included someone who is not a close friend. I hung around with a few folks outside of my group of closer friends for a little while.	I sat/ worked with my friends most of the day unless placed in a different group by an adult.
Responsibility	I always did the work. I cleaned up after myself at meals. I am resilient (try again), and I went beyond the minimum <u>without being asked</u> . If something went wrong, I worked to make it better.	I did most of the work, sometimes took initiative, and I helped load the cars <u>or</u> set up camp. I went beyond the minimum <u>when asked</u> . If something went wrong, I let others deal with it.	I did little work and did not take initiative. I did <u>not</u> help with loading the car and setting up camp. I did not go beyond the <u>minimum</u> required. If something went wrong, I tried to hide the evidence.
Leadership Roles	I took on a new leadership role.	I took on my typical leadership role.	I took on no leadership roles.

## "Journey's End" Self-Assessment

Day 2: June 1, 2023


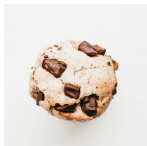

\_\_\_\_/18 (from Rubric)

Partner(s):\_\_\_\_\_

Spend the next 10 minutes talking with a partner about how you saw the various leadership roles play out today in yourself and others in the various activities (meal prep, 7 bridges hike, service activity, and games/initiative) Exchange packets for this assignment! Take notes for the leadership qualities of the person whose packet is now in your hands. Notes must be legible, but may take any form (mind map, bullet points, sentences, etc.) AFTER you have talked with your partner(s) and get your packet back, give yourself a rubric score.



## Journey's End Leadership Rubric Day 3

Qualities	 3	 2	 1
Preparation	I packed without prompting. I made sure my backpack was loaded with everything I needed. I helped peers get ready.	I packed with prompting from teacher or students. I forgot to put one or two minor items in my backpack.	Someone else had to throw my clothes or bedding together. I forgot to put many items in my backpack for the day.
Participation	I participated fully and enthusiastically at the museum and during meals. I displayed a great attitude most of the day.	I participated at the museum and meals. I was usually pleasant.	I did not engage with the exhibits at the museum. I was overly stressed, discouraged, or negative for an extended time.
Awareness	I asked relevant questions. I helped without prompting. I stayed aware of my surroundings.	I asked some questions. I helped when asked. I was sometimes unaware of what was going on.	I did not ask questions. I rarely helped, and only when required. I did not pay attention to what was going on.
Respect	I actively took an interest in others who are not my closest friends. I hung around with new folks outside of my group of friends for a few hours.	I sat & worked with/ included someone who is not a close friend. I hung around with a few folks outside of my group of closer friends for a little while.	I sat/ worked with my friends most of the day unless placed in a different group by an adult.
Responsibility	I always did the work, including packing the car <u>and</u> taking down camp. I am resilient, and I went beyond the minimum <u>without being asked</u> . If something went wrong, I worked to make it better.	I did most of the work, sometimes took initiative, and I helped load the cars <u>or</u> take down camp. I went beyond the minimum <u>when asked</u> . If something went wrong, I let others deal with it.	I did little work and did not take initiative. I did <u>not</u> help with loading the car and taking down camp. I did not go beyond the <u>minimum</u> required. If something went wrong, I tried to hide the evidence.
Leadership Roles	I took on a new leadership role.	I took on my typical leadership role.	I took on no leadership roles.

## "Journey's End" Self-Assessment Journal

Day 3: June 8, 2023

\_\_\_\_/18 (from Rubric)

As we come to a close, reflect on your leadership journey. What have you learned? What would you like to keep? What would you like to leave behind? What would you like to use more in the future? How can you build and develop yourself as a leader next year? (8th grade or high school) Of the leadership styles you saw in others, which style was most encouraging or helpful to you?

## Through the Tunnel

By Doris Lessing

Going to the shore on the first morning of the vacation, the young English boy stopped at a turning of the path and looked down at a wild and rocky bay and then over to the crowded beach he knew so well from other years. His mother walked on in front of him, carrying a bright striped bag in one hand. Her other arm, swinging loose, was very white in the sun. The boy watched that white naked arm and turned his eyes, which had a frown behind them, toward the bay and back again to his mother. When she felt he was not with her, she swung around. "Oh, there you are, Jerry!" she said. She looked impatient, then smiled. "Why, darling, would you rather not come with me? Would you rather—" She frowned, conscientiously worrying over what amusements he might secretly be longing for, which she had been too busy or too careless to imagine. He was very familiar with that anxious, apologetic smile. Contrition sent him running after her. And yet, as he ran, he looked back over his shoulder at the wild bay; and all morning, as he played on the safe beach, he was thinking of it.

Next morning, when it was time for the routine of swimming and sunbathing, his mother said, "Are you tired of the usual beach, Jerry? Would you like to go somewhere else?"

"Oh, no!" he said quickly, smiling at her out of that unfailing impulse of contrition—a sort of chivalry. Yet, walking down the path with her, he blurted out, "I'd like to go and have a look at those rocks down there."

She gave the idea her attention. It was a wild-looking place, and there was no one there, but she said, "Of course, Jerry. When you've had enough, come to the big beach. Or just go straight back to the villa, if you like." She walked away, that bare arm, now slightly reddened from yesterday's sun, swinging. And he almost ran after her again, feeling it unbearable that she should go by herself, but he did not.

She was thinking, Of course he's old enough to be safe without me. Have I been keeping him too close? He mustn't feel he ought to be with me. I must be careful. He was an only child, eleven years old. She was a widow. She was determined to be neither possessive nor lacking in devotion. She went worrying off to her beach.

As for Jerry, once he saw that his mother had gained her beach, he began the steep descent to the bay. From where he was, high up among red-brown rocks, it was a scoop of moving bluish green fringed with white. As he went lower, he saw that it spread

among small promontories and inlets of rough, sharp rock, and the crisping, lapping surface showed stains of purple and darker blue. Finally, as he ran sliding and scraping down the last few yards, he saw an edge of white surf and the shallow, luminous movement of water over white sand and, beyond that, a solid, heavy blue.

He ran straight into the water and began swimming. He was a good swimmer. He went out fast over the gleaming sand, over a middle region where rocks lay like discolored monsters under the surface, and then he was in the real sea—a warm sea where irregular cold currents from the deep water shocked his limbs.

When he was so far out that he could look back not only on the little bay but past the promontory that was between it and the big beach, he floated on the buoyant surface and looked for his mother. There she was, a speck of yellow under an umbrella that looked like a slice of orange peel. He swam back to shore, relieved at being sure she was there, but all at once very lonely.

On the edge of a small cape that marked the side of the bay away from the promontory was a loose scatter of rocks. Above them, some boys were stripping off their clothes. They came running, naked, down to the rocks. The English boy swam toward them but kept his distance at a stone's throw. They were of that coast; all of them were burned smooth dark brown and speaking a language he did not understand. To be with them, of them, was a craving that filled his whole body. He swam a little closer; they turned and watched him with narrowed, alert dark eyes. Then one smiled and waved. It was enough. In a minute, he had swum in and was on the rocks beside them, smiling with a desperate, nervous supplication. They shouted cheerful greetings at him; and then, as he preserved his nervous, uncomprehending smile, they understood that he was a foreigner strayed from his own beach, and they proceeded to forget him. But he was happy. He was with them.

They began diving again and again from a high point into a well of blue sea between rough, pointed rocks. After they had dived and come up, they swam around, hauled themselves up, and waited their turn to dive again. They were big boys—men, to Jerry. He dived, and they watched him; and when he swam around to take his place, they made way for him. He felt he was accepted and he dived again, carefully, proud of himself.

Soon the biggest of the boys poised himself, shot down into the water, and did not come up. The others stood about, watching. Jerry, after waiting for the sleek brown

head to appear, let out a yell of warning; they looked at him idly and turned their eyes back toward the water. After a long time, the boy came up on the other side of a big dark rock, letting the air out of his lungs in a sputtering gasp and a shout of triumph. Immediately the rest of them dived in. One moment, the morning seemed full of chattering boys; the next, the air and the surface of the water were empty. But through the heavy blue, dark shapes could be seen moving and groping.

Jerry dived, shot past the school of underwater swimmers, saw a black wall of rock looming at him, touched it, and bobbed up at once to the surface, where the wall was a low barrier he could see across. There was no one visible; under him, in the water, the dim shapes of the swimmers had disappeared. Then one and then another of the boys came up on the far side of the barrier of rock, and he understood that they had swum through some gap or hole in it. He plunged down again. He could see nothing through the stinging salt water but the blank rock. When he came up, the boys were all on the diving rock, preparing to attempt the feat again. And now, in a panic of failure, he yelled up, in English, "Look at me! Look!" and he began splashing and kicking in the water like a foolish dog.

They looked down gravely, frowning. He knew the frown. At moments of failure, when he clowned to claim his mother's attention, it was with just this grave, embarrassed inspection that she rewarded him. Through his hot shame, feeling the pleading grin on his face like a scar that he could never remove, he looked up at the group of big brown boys on the rock and shouted, "Bonjour! Merci! Au revoir! Monsieur, monsieur!"<sup>1</sup> while he hooked his fingers round his ears and waggled them.

Water surged into his mouth; he choked, sank, came up. The rock, lately weighted with boys, seemed to rear up out of the water as their weight was removed. They were flying down past him now, into the water; the air was full of falling bodies. Then the rock was empty in the hot sunlight. He counted one, two, three . . .

At fifty, he was terrified. They must all be drowning beneath him, in the watery caves of the rock! At a hundred, he stared around him at the empty hillside, wondering if he should yell for help. He counted faster, faster, to hurry them up, to bring them to the surface quickly, to drown them quickly—anything rather than the terror of counting on and on into the blue emptiness of the morning. And then, at a hundred

and sixty, the water beyond the rock was full of boys blowing like brown whales. They swam back to the shore without a look at him.

He climbed back to the diving rock and sat down, feeling the hot roughness of it under his thighs. The boys were gathering up their bits of clothing and running off along the shore to another promontory. They were leaving to get away from him. He cried openly, fists in his eyes. There was no one to see him, and he cried himself out.

It seemed to him that a long time had passed, and he swam out to where he could see his mother. Yes, she was still there, a yellow spot under an orange umbrella. He swam back to the big rock, climbed up, and dived into the blue pool among the fanged and angry boulders. Down he went, until he touched the wall of rock again. But the salt was so painful in his eyes that he could not see.

He came to the surface, swam to shore, and went back to the villa to wait for his mother. Soon she walked slowly up the path, swinging her striped bag, the flushed, naked arm dangling beside her. "I want some swimming goggles," he panted, defiant and beseeching.

She gave him a patient, inquisitive look as she said casually, "Well, of course, darling."

But now, now, now! He must have them this minute, and no other time. He nagged and pestered until she went with him to a shop. As soon as she had bought the goggles, he grabbed them from her hand as if she were going to claim them for herself, and was off, running down the steep path to the bay.

Jerry swam out to the big barrier rock, adjusted the goggles, and dived. The impact of the water broke the rubber-enclosed vacuum, and the goggles came loose. He understood that he must swim down to the base of the rock from the surface of the water. He fixed the goggles tight and firm, filled his lungs, and floated, face down, on the water. Now he could see. It was as if he had eyes of a different kind—fish eyes that showed everything clear and delicate and wavering in the bright water.

Under him, six or seven feet down, was a floor of perfectly clean, shining white sand, rippled firm and hard by the tides. Two grayish shapes steered there, like long, rounded pieces of wood or slate. They were fish. He saw them nose toward each other, poise motionless, make a dart forward, swerve off, and come around again. It was like a water dance. A few inches above them the water sparkled as if sequins were dropping through it. Fish again—myriads of minute fish, the length of his fingernail—were

drifting through the water, and in a moment he could feel the innumerable tiny touches of them against his limbs. It was like swimming in flaked silver. The great rock the big boys had swum through rose sheer out of the white sand—black, tufted lightly with greenish weed. He could see no gap in it. He swam down to its base. Again and again he rose, took a big chestful of air, and went down.

Again and again he groped over the surface of the rock, feeling it, almost hugging it in the desperate need to find the entrance. And then, once, while he was clinging to the black wall, his knees came up and he shot his feet out forward and they met no obstacle. He had found the hole.

He gained the surface, clambered about the stones that littered the barrier rock until he found a big one, and with this in his arms, let himself down over the side of the rock. He dropped, with the weight, straight to the sandy floor. Clinging tight to the anchor of stone, he lay on his side and looked in under the dark shelf at the place where his feet had gone. He could see the hole. It was an irregular, dark gap; but he could not see deep into it. He let go of his anchor, clung with his hands to the edges of the hole, and tried to push himself in.

He got his head in, found his shoulders jammed, moved them in sidewise, and was inside as far as his wrist. He could see nothing ahead. Something soft and clammy touched his mouth; he saw a dark frond moving against the grayish rock, and panic filled him. He thought of octopuses, of clinging weed. He pushed himself out backward and caught a glimpse, as he retreated, of a harmless tentacle of seaweed drifting in the mouth of the tunnel. But it was enough. He reached the sunlight, swam to shore, and lay on the diving rock. He looked down into the blue well of water. He knew he must find his way through that cave, or hole, or tunnel, and out the other side.

First, he thought, he must learn to control his breathing. He let himself down into the water with another big stone in his arms, so that he could lie effortlessly on the bottom of the sea. He counted. One, two, three. He counted steadily. He could hear the movement of blood in his chest. Fifty-one, fifty-two. . . His chest was hurting. He let go of the rock and went up into the air. He saw that the sun was low. He rushed to the villa and found his mother at her supper. She said only, "Did you enjoy yourself?" and he said, "Yes."

All night the boy dreamed of the water-filled cave in the rock, and as soon as breakfast was over, he went to the bay.

That night, his nose bled badly. For hours he had been underwater, learning to hold his breath, and now he felt weak and dizzy. His mother said, "I shouldn't overdo things, darling, if I were you."

That day and the next, Jerry exercised his lungs as if everything, the whole of his life, all that he would become, depended upon it. Again his nose bled at night, and his mother insisted on his coming with her the next day. It was a torment to him to waste a day of his careful self-training, but he stayed with her on that other beach, which now seemed a place for small children, a place where his mother might lie safe in the sun. It was not his beach.

He did not ask for permission, on the following day, to go to his beach. He went, before his mother could consider the complicated rights and wrongs of the matter. A day's rest, he discovered, had improved his count by ten. The big boys had made the passage while he counted a hundred and sixty. He had been counting fast, in his fright. Probably now, if he tried, he could get through that long tunnel, but he was not going to try yet. A curious, most unchildlike persistence, a controlled impatience, made him wait. In the meantime, he lay underwater on the white sand, littered now by stones he had brought down from the upper air, and studied the entrance to the tunnel. He knew every jut and corner of it, as far as it was possible to see. It was as if he already felt its sharpness about his shoulders.

He sat by the clock in the villa, when his mother was not near, and checked his time. He was incredulous and then proud to find he could hold his breath without strain for two minutes. The words "two minutes," authorized by the clock, brought close the adventure that was so necessary to him.

In another four days, his mother said casually one morning, they must go home. On the day before they left, he would do it. He would do it if it killed him, he said defiantly to himself. But two days before they were to leave—a day of triumph when he increased his count by fifteen—his nose bled so badly that he turned dizzy and had to lie limply over the big rock like a bit of seaweed, watching the thick red blood flow onto the rock and trickle slowly down to the sea. He was frightened. Supposing he turned dizzy in the tunnel? Supposing he died there, trapped? Supposing—his head went around, in the hot sun, and he almost gave up. He thought he would return to the house and lie down, and next summer, perhaps, when he had another year's growth in him—then he would go through the hole.



But even after he had made the decision, or thought he had, he found himself sitting up on the rock and looking down into the water; and he knew that now, this moment, when his nose had only just stopped bleeding, when his head was still sore and throbbing—this was the moment when he would try. If he did not do it now, he never would. He was trembling with fear that he would not go; and he was trembling with horror at the long, long tunnel under the rock, under the sea. Even in the open sunlight, the barrier rock seemed very wide and very heavy; tons of rock pressed down on where he would go. If he died there, he would lie until one day—perhaps not before next year—those big boys would swim into it and find it blocked.

He put on his goggles, fitted them tight, tested the vacuum. His hands were shaking. Then he chose the biggest stone he could carry and slipped over the edge of the rock until half of him was in the cool enclosing water and half in the hot sun. He looked up once at the empty sky, filled his lungs once, twice, and then sank fast to the bottom with the stone. He let it go and began to count. He took the edges of the hole in his hands and drew himself into it, wriggling his shoulders in sidewise as he remembered he must, kicking himself along with his feet.

Soon he was clear inside. He was in a small rock-bound hole filled with yellowish-gray water. The water was pushing him up against the roof. The roof was sharp and pained his back. He pulled himself along with his hands—fast, fast—and used his legs as levers. His head knocked against something; a sharp pain dizzied him. Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two . . . He was without light, and the water seemed to press upon him with the weight of rock. Seventy-one, seventy-two . . . There was no strain on his lungs. He felt like an inflated balloon, his lungs were so light and easy, but his head was pulsing.

He was being continually pressed against the sharp roof, which felt slimy as well as sharp. Again he thought of octopuses, and wondered if the tunnel might be filled with weed that could tangle him. He gave himself a panicky, convulsive kick forward, ducked his head, and swam. His feet and hands moved freely, as if in open water. The hole must have widened out. He thought he must be swimming fast, and he was frightened of banging his head if the tunnel narrowed.

A hundred, a hundred and one . . . The water paled. Victory filled him. His lungs were beginning to hurt. A few more strokes and he would be out. He was counting

wildly; he said a hundred and fifteen and then, a long time later, a hundred and fifteen again. The water was a clear jewel-green all around him. Then he saw, above his head, a crack running up through the rock. Sunlight was falling through it, showing the clean, dark rock of the tunnel, a single mussel shell, and darkness ahead.

He was at the end of what he could do. He looked up at the crack as if it were filled with air and not water, as if he could put his mouth to it to draw in air. A hundred and fifteen, he heard himself say inside his head—but he had said that long ago. He must go on into the blackness ahead, or he would drown. His head was swelling, his lungs cracking. A hundred and fifteen, a hundred and fifteen, pounded through his head, and he feebly clutched at rocks in the dark, pulling himself forward, leaving the brief space of sunlit water behind. He felt he was dying. He was no longer quite conscious. He struggled on in the darkness between lapses into unconsciousness. An immense, swelling pain filled his head, and then the darkness cracked with an explosion of green light. His hands, groping forward, met nothing; and his feet, kicking back, propelled him out into the open sea.

He drifted to the surface, his face turned up to the air. He was gasping like a fish. He felt he would sink now and drown; he could not swim the few feet back to the rock. Then he was clutching it and pulling himself up onto it. He lay face down, gasping. He could see nothing but a red-veined, clotted dark. His eyes must have burst, he thought; they were full of blood. He tore off his goggles and a gout of blood went into the sea. His nose was bleeding, and the blood had filled the goggles.

He scooped up handfuls of water from the cool, salty sea, to splash on his face, and did not know whether it was blood or salt water he tasted. After a time, his heart quieted, his eyes cleared, and he sat up. He could see the local boys diving and playing half a mile away. He did not want them. He wanted nothing but to get back home and lie down.

In a short while, Jerry swam to shore and climbed slowly up the path to the villa. He flung himself on his bed and slept, waking at the sound of feet on the path outside. His mother was coming back. He rushed to the bathroom, thinking she must not see his face with bloodstains, or tearstains, on it. He came out of the bathroom and met her as she walked into the villa, smiling, her eyes lighting up.

"Have a nice morning?" she asked, laying her hand on his warm brown shoulder a moment.

"Oh, yes, thank you," he said.

"You look a bit pale." And then, sharp and anxious, "How did you bang your head?"

"Oh, just banged it," he told her.

She looked at him closely. He was strained; his eyes were glazed-looking. She was worried. And then she said to herself, Oh, don't fuss! Nothing can happen. He can swim like a fish.

They sat down to lunch together.

"Mummy," he said, "I can stay underwater for two minutes—three minutes, at least." It came bursting out of him.

"Can you, darling?" she said. "Well, I shouldn't overdo it. I don't think you ought to swim anymore today."

She was ready for a battle of wills, but he gave in at once. It was no longer of the least importance to go to the bay.

### Third Level Questions:

1.

2.

3.

## Journey's End Seminar

### Seminar Goals

Choose your main goal for this seminar:

- ☐ Speak at least 3 times
- ☐ Refer to the text
- ☐ Ask a questions
- ☐ Speak uncertainty (eg. I didn't really understand this part...)
- ☐ Build on another's comment

### Seminar Self Evaluation

**\*To be completed after Seminar**

5= strongly agree      4=agree      3=undecided      2=disagree  
1=strongly disagree

- I came prepared, having read and annotated. \_\_\_\_\_
- I asked a question that moved the conversation forward. \_\_\_\_\_
- I explained an answer with support from the reading. \_\_\_\_\_
- I contributed relevant comments. \_\_\_\_\_
- I encouraged others to participate and let others speak. \_\_\_\_\_
- I treated other participants with dignity and respect. \_\_\_\_\_

Goals for the next seminar:

## Balboa Park History



Balboa Park is steeped in history. A true labor of love to the City's leaders of the era, there was great effort to shape this rolling plot of land into the masterpiece it is today. We have a [Balboa Park New and Old Itinerary](#) that showcases locations from the past and how they look today!

### Park Beginnings

Balboa Park began as 1400 acres of land set aside in 1868 by San Diego civic leaders. Known then as "City Park", the scrub-filled mesa that overlooked present day Downtown San Diego sat without formal landscaping or development for more than 20 years. (Today the Park's total land parcel has been reduced to 1,200 acres.)

The first steps in Park beautification were made in 1892, largely due to the contributions of Kate Sessions. Sessions offered to plant 100 trees a year within the Park as well as donate trees and shrubs around San Diego in exchange for 32 acres of land within the Park boundaries to be used for her commercial nursery. Several popular species, including the birds of paradise, queen palm and poinsettia were introduced into the Park's horticulture because of Sessions' early efforts. In fact, many of her original trees are alive and visible today. It is no wonder that Kate Sessions earned the title "The Mother of Balboa Park" at the 1935 California Pacific International Exposition.

Just after the turn of the century, a master plan for Park improvements and beautification was formally introduced. Supported by a City tax levied in 1905, the process began in 1903 and continued through 1910. Water systems were installed, planting continued, roads were built, and the Park began to take on much of the familiar look of today.



San Diego was set to play host to the 1915 Panama-California Exposition, and "City Park" was a less-than memorable or distinctive name for such an internationally prestigious event. In 1910, Park Commissioners announced plans to re-name City Park and the public was eager to throw potential names into the hat, including: San Diego Park, Silver Gate Park, Horton Park and Miramar Park. After months of discussion and great

public interest, the Park Commissioners decided on the name Balboa Park, chosen in honor of Spanish-born Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the first European to spot the Pacific Ocean while on exploration in Panama.

The Panama-California Exposition Digital Archive is a permanent Digital Archive of documents, images, audio, and video related to San Diego's 1915-1916 Panama-California Exposition. [Learn more.](#)

## Early Museums

The **San Diego Natural History Museum** was founded by a handful of citizen-naturalists in 1874; the museum is an active research institution and is the oldest scientific institution in Southern California. The **Marston House** museum (3525 Seventh Ave.) is a classic 1905 Arts and Crafts style home, which was built for noted civic leader and merchant, George W. Marston and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Designed by renowned local architects William Hebbard and Irving Gill, it sits on five acres of landscaped gardens.

## First Fair: The 1915-16 Panama-California Exposition

### Art and Culture, Gardens and Spanish-Renaissance Architecture

The 1915-16 Panama-California Exposition commemorated the opening of the Panama Canal and provided a major impetus for the creation of the Park as it appears today—the first of two Expositions that created many of the cultural institutions as well as the stunning architecture in the Park. Most of the arts organizations along Balboa Park's famous El Prado pedestrian walkway are housed in Spanish-Renaissance style buildings constructed for the 1915 Exposition. It was one of the first times that this highly ornamented, flamboyant architectural style had ever been used in the United States.



The California Tower and dome, which houses the **Museum of Us**, (formerly the San Diego Museum of Man), the **Cabrillo Bridge** (historic 1,500-foot-long bridge) and the **Spreckels Organ Pavilion** (one of the world's large fair. The **San Diego Museum Association** was established in 1915 as a museum of anthropology-its name changed in 1942 to the Museum of Man (with "San Diego" added in 1978).

The former Food & Beverage Building (today's **Casa de Balboa**, which houses the **Balboa Art Conservation Center**, **Museum of Photographic Arts**, **San Diego History Center & Archives** and **San Diego Model Railroad Museum**), the **Casa del Prado** (**San Diego Botanical Foundation**, **San Diego Civic Youth Ballet**, **San Diego Floral Association**, **San Diego Junior Theater** and the **San Diego Youth Symphony**) and the **House of Charm** (**Mingei International Museum** and **San Diego Art Institute** (now **Institute of Contemporary Art, San Diego**) were also built for the 1915 Exposition as temporary wood-and-plaster structures and have all since been reconstructed.

The extensive landscaping the Exposition brought to the Park has earned it the moniker, the "Garden Fair." The Park's landmark tree is the **Moreton Bay fig** growing north of the Natural History Museum. This tree, planted before 1915, is over 60 feet tall with a spread of 120 feet. Also built for the 1915-16 Exposition, along with the adjacent **Lily Pond**, the

historic **Botanical Building** is one of the largest lath structures in the world. The view of the Botanical Building with the Lily Pond in the foreground is one of the most photographed scenes in Balboa Park.

The world-famous **San Diego Zoo** was established in the second year of this exposition (1916). Dr. Harry Wegeforth, a surgeon for the fair, conceived the idea of starting a zoo after hearing the roar of a lion, one of the few wild animals displayed in cages at the Exposition. Wegeforth became the San Diego Zoo's first president and remained in office until his death in 1941. Today the Zoo is home to more than 4,000 rare and endangered animals representing more than 800 species and subspecies—a world famous conservation organization where visitors view exotic animals in habitat environments.

### The San Diego Museum of Art



In 1926 the San Diego Museum of Art, the region's oldest and largest art museum, was founded. The Museum of Art's renowned holdings include a fine selection of European old masters, 19th-20th -century American art, an encyclopedic Asian collection, and growing collections of contemporary and Latin American art. Its beautiful building was designed by architect William Templeton Johnson and architect and building, Robert W. Snyder.

The San Diego Historical Society, whose **San Diego History Center** is now housed in the Casa de Balboa, was founded in 1928 by George W. Marston.

In 1933 The **San Diego Natural History Museum** opened its doors in the Park. Its building was also designed by William Templeton Johnson.

### Second World's Fair: The 1935-36 California Pacific International Exposition - *More Art, Culture, Architecture and Gardens*

The 1935-36 California Pacific International Exposition, held to boost the local economy during the depression, added other cultural organizations, structures and landscaping. Many of the buildings around the Pan American Plaza at the southern end of the Park were created for the 1935 Exposition and present a fascinating architectural history of the Southwest, from earlier Aztec influences through Mexican pueblo style to art deco and arte moderne.

### The Palisades Area (southern end of Balboa Park)

The Palisades building (today housing the **Marie Hitchcock Puppet Theater**, a Recital hall and some offices), the **Municipal Gymnasium** and the **House of Pacific Relations** delightful cottages are some of the buildings from 1935. Also, the **California State Building** (now housing the **San Diego Automotive Museum**), the **Ford Building** (**San Diego Aerospace Museum**) and the **Federal Building** were added at this time. The **Starlight Bowl** was also constructed for the second exposition.

## The renowned Old Globe

The internationally acclaimed, Tony Award-winning Old Globe, one of the most esteemed regional theaters in the country, was founded in 1935. Today The Old Globe boasts three unique venues: the historic Old Globe Theatre (originally built for the 1935 exposition); the intimate Sheryl and Harvey White Theatre (formerly the Cassius Carter Centre Stage); and the outdoor Lowell Davies Festival Theatre.

## The House of Hospitality Building

The National Historic Landmark House of Hospitality, built to be the centerpiece of the 1915-16 Panama-California Exposition, was remodeled to add the inner courtyard for the 1935-36 California Pacific International Exposition. It is a magnificent example of Spanish-Renaissance architecture. The delightful courtyard and fountain, with its beautiful centerpiece, Woman of Tehuantepec, was created by acclaimed San Diego sculptor, Donal Hord, and is one of the most photographed sites in the Park. There is a free self-guided House of Hospitality history tour on the second level of the building.

## Spanish Village Art Center

Also built for the 1935-36 California-Pacific International Exposition, the Spanish Village Art Center now houses 35 working art studios in a charming setting that re-creates the feeling of a town square in Spain.



## 1935 Gardens

**Zoro Gardens** located just east of the San Diego History Center and now butterfly garden, was an adult-only attraction in 1935-a nudist colony. **Alcazar Garden**, named because its design is patterned after the gardens of Alcazar Castle in Seville, Spain, lies adjacent to the Mingei Museum. It is known for its ornate fountains, exquisite turquoise blue, yellow, and green Moorish tiles and shady pergola. This formal garden, bordered by boxwood hedges, is planted with 7,000 annuals for a vibrant display of color throughout the year. The garden has been reconstructed to replicate the 1935 design by San Diego architect Richard Requa.

## World War II Era

Most of the buildings on the Central Mesa were taken over by the U.S. Navy-extensions of Balboa Naval Hospital. For example, the House of Hospitality became a nurses' dormitory; the Lily Pond (in front of the Botanical Building) became a rehabilitation pool; 400 beds were placed in The San Diego Museum of Art.

## Post-WWII

On Christmas Day, 1946, the California Tower carillon was installed. The chimes are still heard across the Park on every quarter hour. In 1948 the **San Diego Junior Theatre**, the



oldest youth theatre program in the United States, was established and the **Starlight Theatre** began performing Broadway musicals in the former Ford Bowl.

## The 1960s and '70s

In 1965 the **Timken Museum of Art** opened in a building designed by Frank Hope. **Centro Cultural de la Raza** was established in its Park Boulevard home in 1970. The original Food & Beverage Building (1915/16 Exposition) was rebuilt and reopened as the **Casa del Prado** in 1971. In 1973 the **Fleet Science Center**, (then called the Reuben H. Fleet Science Center), named for the San Diego aircraft manufacturing pioneer Reuben H. Fleet, opened its doors, featuring the world's first and San Diego's only IMAX® Dome Theater.



In 1978 two devastating fires struck Balboa Park. On February 22, fire destroyed the entire **San Diego Air & Space Museum** (then called the Aerospace Museum) collection when the Electric Building on the Prado burned down. Two weeks later the **Old Globe Theatre** (the original 1935 building) burned down. Through private and public support from the San Diego community, both institutions were able to continue. The San Diego Air & Space Museum moved into the renovated Ford Building in the south Palisades area and The Old Globe built a temporary outdoor theater to accommodate their

1978 summer season. This temporary structure was upgraded and made permanent as the **Lowell Davies Festival Stage**, hosting the annual **The Old Globe Summer Shakespeare Festival**.

Also in 1978, **Christmas on the Prado** (now called **Balboa Park December Nights**) was founded by ten Park cultural organizations. That year nearly 3,000 visitors squeezed into the center of the Park and were treated to a two-evening event filled with ethnic crafts, museum store shopping, Elizabethan dances and music.

## The 1980s

The **Casa de Balboa** was constructed on the site of the old Electric Building and opened in 1981. The **San Diego Model Railroad Museum**, incorporated in 1980, opened to the public in 1982 in the Casa de Balboa. The **Museum of Photographic Arts** officially opened its doors, also in the Casa de Balboa, on May 1, 1983 as one of the few museum facilities in the United States designed exclusively to collect and present the world's finest examples of photographic art. In 1988 the **San Diego Automotive Museum** took over the former Conference Building in the Palisades area. The **Veterans Museum and Memorial Center** was formed in 1989. It is located in the former San Diego Naval Hospital Chapel at Inspiration Point in the Park.

## The 1990s

The beautiful **Japanese Friendship Garden** made its new home on the land between the Spreckels Organ Pavilion and the House of Hospitality in 1990. In 1996 **Mingei International Museum** (founded in 1978, and dedicated to the understanding and appreciation of 'art of the people' (mingei) from all cultures of the world) and the **San Diego Art Institute** (SDAI has

produced the "Annual," a juried art show since 1955) both came to Balboa Park and opened in the newly reconstructed House of Charm. Also in 1996, the **WorldBeat Center** opened in a colorfully painted former water tower. In 1997 the award-winning reconstruction of the National Historic Landmark **House of Hospitality** was completed and the building opened in October. A statue of Kate Sessions was dedicated (across from the Cabrillo Bridge) in 1998. The Hall of Champions Sports Museum opened in the reconstructed Federal Building in the Palisades area in 1999, and closed in June of 2017, to make way for the Comic-Con Center for Popular Culture, slated to open in 2018.

## The 2000s

In 2000 Balboa Park was host to San Diego's millennium celebration with **Expo 2000** (harkening back to the two Expositions held in the Park). In 2001 the **San Diego Natural History Museum** opened its doors after a major reconstruction to the original building—with a 90,000 square foot addition more than doubling the facility's size. In 2003 Balboa Park was ranked as one of the Best Parks in the World by the Project for Public Spaces (rank of 13 out of 24 international parks). Also in 2003, The World Federation of Rose Societies (WFRS) voted the Inez Grant Parker Memorial Rose Garden as one of the top 12 rose gardens in the world-The Award of Garden Excellence recognizes exceptional rose

gardens throughout the world. The most recent formal Balboa Park garden dedication took place on November 11, 2005 as the new Veterans Memorial Garden was opened to the public. The **Veterans Memorial Garden** is situated on a one-acre parcel of land in the Park honoring all veterans.



<https://www.balboapark.org/about/history>

## Seven Bridges Hike Itinerary



### Georgia Street Bridge

This concrete bridge serves as an artery connecting two beloved San Diego neighborhoods—Hillcrest and North Park. The historic structure was built more than a century ago in 1914 and received landmark status in 1998. Continue your adventure across the bridge to access some of the most happening spots in town.



### Vermont Street Bridge

Once across, turn right onto Brant Street and follow the road as it turns into Upas Street and then Albatross Street. Make a right on Walnut Avenue and a left on First Avenue. A few more blocks and you'll reach University Avenue. Make a right and continue through a swath of Hillcrest's commercial district, where you'll find many fine places to take a break. When you're ready, continue until you reach Vermont Street, and turn left to go through the shopping area. Here you'll arrive at the Vermont Street Bridge, built in 1995 to replace a wooden-trestle bridge dating back to 1916. Cross the bridge into University Heights and turn right on Lincoln Avenue, and continue to Georgia Street, turning right and continuing until you reach the last bridge.



### Spruce Street Suspension Bridge

Now head one block west and make a right onto Second Avenue. Turn left when you hit Spruce Street and continue west to this iconic, gently swaying suspension bridge built in 1912 that crosses Kate Sessions Canyon. Get your camera out for a selfie as this is a popular Instagram location.



### Quince Street Bridge

Keep walking along First Avenue for another block, then turn right onto Quince Street and continue until you reach the 236-foot-long bridge crossing 60 feet above Maple Canyon. The wooden-trestle affair was constructed in 1905 for pedestrian access to the

Fourth Avenue Trolley Station. Once you've crossed the bridge, turn back and cross it again. As one of the more scenic bridges of the hike, the extra 236 feet will be well worth it.



### First Avenue Bridge

Continue west on Laurel Street for a few blocks before turning right on First Avenue. Keep walking north and across the First Avenue Bridge, also known as The People's Bridge. The bridge was assembled in a Midwestern fabrication plant, dismantled, and shipped to San Diego in 1931 before being retrofitted for earthquakes in 2010. This bridge is the only steel-arch bridge in San Diego.



### Cabrillo Bridge

Head west on El Prado through the heart of Balboa Park and past the California Tower, and you'll reach the iconic Cabrillo Bridge. It was built in 1914 ahead of the Panama-California Exposition and was the state's first multiple-arched cantilever bridge. Back then, a pond flowed below it.



### Park Boulevard Bridge

Start on the east side of Park Boulevard near Village Place and find the entrance to a bridge by one of Balboa Park's sweetest-smelling features: the Inez Grant Parker Memorial Rose Garden. Make your way across and toward the park's Bea Evenson Fountain.

