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\$3.95-\$6.95, dinner \$6.25-\$21.95. Full bar.

CHINA CASTLE 1202 Chapala, 965-9219 270 Storke Rd., 962-6602

Mandarin, Szechuan and Cantonese dishes. Luncheon specials. Sun-Thurs 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m.; Fri-sat 11:30 a.m.-10:30 p.m. Price range: \$1.25-\$14.95.

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Specialty: Mongolian barbeque. You pick the fixings for the cook to prepare. Other selections as well. Beer. Open for lunch and dinner. Hours: Mon.-Sat 11:30 a.m.-9:30 p.m.; Sun 5-9:30 p.m. Price range: \$3-

CITY BROILER 1129 State St., 965-8500

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CLUB TAN 6576 Trigo, 968-3384

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403 State St., 965-4416

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ESPRESSO ROMA

888 Emb. Del Norte, 685-5210 and pastries. Open 7:30 a.m.-11:30 p.m. weekdays; 8 a.m.-11:30 p.m. weekends; Happy Hour 2-5 p.m. everyday. Price range: \$.50-\$2.

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225 State St., 963-8651

Santa Barbara's original fresh seafood bar; Fresh oysters, steamed clams, mesquite-broiled seafood. Beer and wine. Sun-Thurs 11:30 a.m.-9:30 p.m.; 111 State St., 564-1215 Fri-Sat 11:30 a.m.-10:30 p.m. Price range: Lunch: \$2.95-\$9.95, Dinner: \$7.95-\$15.95.

THE GRADUATE

935 Emb. Del Norte, 685-3112 Monday: Burger Monday & Monday Night Football; Isla Vista Tuesday: live Reggae with Club 21 and over; Thursday: Drown Nite - \$.25 beers, Greeks \$1.00 off cover, after hours 18 and over till 3; Friday: Comedy Nite, 21 & over till 12, after hours till 3; Saturday: MOO SHI FACTORY Dountdown over 21 till 12, after hours 18 & over till 3; Sunday: Football & sports all day.

GRANDMA GERTIE'S 966 B Emb. Del Norte, 968-

Grandma Gertie's famous and old-fashioned cuisine, with many family recipes filling the menu. With all fresh. homebaked breads and salads, spotlighted items are the "original" sandwich, sandwich, homemade cookies and nachos. Dining within, patio and Serving espresso drinks, all sidewalk. Beer on tap. Open 7 types of croissants, French cakes days a week 8 a.m.-9 p.m. Price range: \$2.50-\$3.95.

!HOLA! AMIGOS RESTAURANT & CANTINA

29 E. Cabrillo Blvd., 963-1968 Best Mexican food, margaritas in Santa Barbara. Happy Hour 4-7 p.m. with semi-complimentary food bar. Open Mon-Thurs 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Fri-Sat 11 a.m.-11 p.m., Sun Brunch open til 9:30 p.m. LONG BAR

Regional Mexican food, Happy Hour, Sunday Brunch, full bar, open 7 days a week. Price range: \$4.95-\$10.

LICKETY SPLIT 888 El Embarcadero Del Norte,

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6530 Pardall Rd., 968-9766

Serving Hunan, Szechuan and Mandarin cuisine. Daily lunch

special from 11:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Free delivery between 5-9:30 p.m. Price range: Lunch: \$3.25-\$3.50. A La Carte: \$5.25 and up, Dinner: \$6.30 and up.

PIZZA BOB'S

910 Emb. Del Norte, 968-0510 After the main course of pizza, featured items are Bob's submarine sandwiches, hamburgers and spaghetti. A smorgasbord lunch and salad bar round up the menu. Happy Hour Mon-Wed 9-11:30 p.m. Beer on tap. Open Mon-Sun 11-1 a.m. Price range: \$4-\$12.

RENTAL NETWORK

6530-B Pardall Rd., Isla Vista Happy Hour is back. Two for one movie rentals Mon.-Wed. 12:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.

ROCKY GALENTI'S 35 State St., 963-9477

Full bar. Mon-Sun 11 a.m.-2:30 a.m. Voted best sports bar in Santa Barbara, with live entertainment 7 nights a week. Price range: \$1.50-\$20.

SAM'S TO GO 6560 Pardall Rd., 685-8895

Sam's features 24 kinds of sandwiches in four sizes 1/2 to 5ft in length. Bread baked fresh daily. Beer served. Open daily 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Fri-Sat 10 a.m.-12 p.m. Happy Hour 4-7 p.m. Price range: \$2.50-\$3.95.

SCREWY LOUIE'S

6396 Hollister, 968-2565

Build-Your-Own Burger Bar, charbroiled chicken, sandwiches, and more! We serve beer and wine and provide Big Screen Satellite T.V. and Pool Tables for your enjoyment. Open 11 am-9 am Mon-Sat, Closed Sunday. Price range: \$3-\$6.

SONO

JAPANESE RESTAURANT 6831 Hollister Ave., 968-5116

Fine Japanese food, including sukiyaki, tempura, teriyaki and sashimi, Sushi bar, beer and wine. Authentic tatami room. Banquet facilities available. Open Tues-Sat 5-10 p.m. Sun 5-9:30 p.m., Fri-Sat 5-11 p.m.

SPIKE'S PLACE

6030 Hollister Ave., 964-5211 The beer capitol of the free world. Live entertainment Wed and Sat. Full bar. Price range: \$4.95-\$6.95.

SUBWAY

888 Emb. Del Norte, 685-8600 Corner of Emb. Del Norte

and Pardall. Fresh sandwiches to feast on. Open Mon-Thurs 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.; Fri-Sun 10 a.m.-2 a.m. Price range: \$2.50-

WOODSTOCK'S PIZZA

928 Emb. Del Norte, 968-6969 Woodstock's specializes in just one main item, pizza. With all natural ingredients, Woodstock's Pizza recreates the old-fashioned pizza parlor nostalgia. Happy Hours, Mon .-Thurs, 9-11. Fri-Sun 4-7. Beer served. Open Sun-Thurs 11:30 a.m.-1 a.m., Fri-Sat 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m. Price range: .53-infinity.

ISLA VISTA 968-0510

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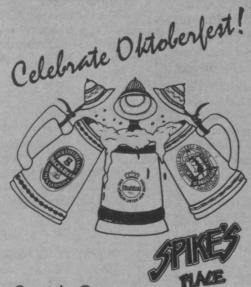
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Celebration

6030 Hollister Ave., Goleta 964-5211

Suave Irresponsibility in a Time of Crisis: Ju

By Matt Welch Contributor

The idea of Happy Hour seems to be as entrenched in Americana as baseball, spindoctors, dogs named "fella" and Levis. No one seems to know when the first happy hour started, what the rules were and how strictly they were enforced. It seems to be traceable to one-horse saloons in the old west with owners named Dotty and balding barkeeps, when hopalong or some hero-type quelched the Bad Guy and some thankful meek soul "Drinks on the House!!" sometime around five o'clock in the afternoon.

Since then there have been any number of alterations and modifications made so that people could get drunk for cheap and not feel guilty. Now you find happy hours starting as early as two, lasting as late as 9:30, with foods ranging from the traditional barbecued weenie-tots to lavishly overcooked mexican fare. Each bar/restaurant/grill is in a constant struggle to make their hour seem more original and more alluring than the competition's. Some have live music, some have special tropical themes, and most have Monday Night Football "specials" of some

But despite their efforts to be different, every establishment's happy hour attracts the same subcultures of people for the same variety of reasons.

CASE STUDY: Joe

Joe comes to happy hour at least once or twice a week. He's about 24, although he can be as young as 20 and as

old as 32. He'll often have two-day-old stubble on his cheeks, but he'll always have a strong brown mustache. He's got a job working construction after a few productive years at Von's, although he's been known to deliver mail and guard shopping malls. He complains nominally about his job, but we all know he really likes it there. Joe's dreams of playing big league ball were shattered at the JC when Pedro Borbon's son beat him out in right field. Joe used to blame it on the coach, but now, at the Elephant Bar, he's boisterously lamenting how his trick knee kept him from the Big Time. But that's all behind him now.

Joe goes to the same bar every week with his buddy from work, also named Joe, to watch the game and drink some beers. Sometimes he gets daring and orders the Coco-loco, but only on special occasions. After two Coors Lights Joe starts talking to Patty the Waitress. After four, he starts telling stories about what the boss did at the picnic. After six he's pinching Patty the Waitress. Finally after eight, he says stuff to the bartender like "Man, bottom of the ninth, two outs, full count, Gibson, BOOM! I'm serious." The bartender nods a lot and says "Yeah."

And then Joe gets his buddy Joe to drive him home. He's had some good snacks, he's had some good Coors Lights, he's watched some good ball with some good company. He's had a good time.

CASE STUDY: Jaime Jaime goes to the E-Bar too, although she often goes to Alex's and Spike's and stuff. She's a sophomore psychology major at UCSB who's fairly pretty and knows it. She does good things with sweaters, especially when she goes to happy hours with her friend

starts talking and laughing with Kirsten amidst tall plates of grub. Before long, Joe sidles up next to her and initiates what he thinks to be Ace small-talk. Jaime will engage in it, slipping in many inside jokes that Joe can't understand, and



Kirsten.

Many people who don't like the greek system and don't know Jaime would call her a dumb blonde or brunette, and they would be wrong. She knows full well that Joes and sub-Joes will be at the E-Bar and she knows she's on a limited budget. Oftentimes she'll go to happy hour without a dime to her name, and she'll leave buzzed, well-fed and satisfied with her good time.

She doesn't really have to work for this. She walks into the bar, pulls up a stool and

laughing silently when he turns his head the other way. Before long he offers to buy her and Kirsten a drink, and they order expensive vodka things just to test his basic determination. 95 percent of the time he buys, and usually they milk him for one or two more rounds before they "go to the bathroom." Poor Joe waits patiently for fifteen minutes, then mutters "bitches" under his breath and orders another Coors Light. Jaime and Kirsten laugh all their way over to

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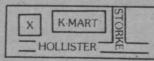
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Just Who Goes to Happy Hours?

CASE STUDY: Frank and Phil

Frank and Phil work together at Raetheon or an advertising firm or for the insurance company. They wear dark blue suit-combos and leave work a half-hour early every day to beat the



RICHARD REID/Daily Nexus

five o-clock happy hour rush. They're not there for chicks, they're not even there for the game. They're there to drink, and to drink hard in their strictly scheduled allotment of time.

age-old Despite stereotypical folk wisdom, they usually don't drink Martinis. Mostly it's dark imported beer for them, which they inhale with a

frighteningly quiet ferocity. They don't talk to anybody, and no one talks to them. They speak in harsh, bitter tones about their damn Job, and the damn Boss and their damn whiny wives. They like the E-Bar for its atmosphere, or so they say. If they're lucky, they'll go a whole life without a DUI. If they're not so lucky, their lives will spiral downward in thickening maze of car accidents and cocaine ad-

CASE STUDY: Rick

Rick is the flipside of Joe. Instead of the E-Bar he goes to the dark bar in Goleta's Holiday Inn. The food is better there and the drinks are more expensive, yet curiously the Joes and Jaimes and Phils and Franks stay away. To them, it's not much of a place. To Rick, it is. It's where he can laminate his sorrows with drink, and count on friendly people to talk to. Sometimes he brings his huge German Shepherd Rex, who sits outside.

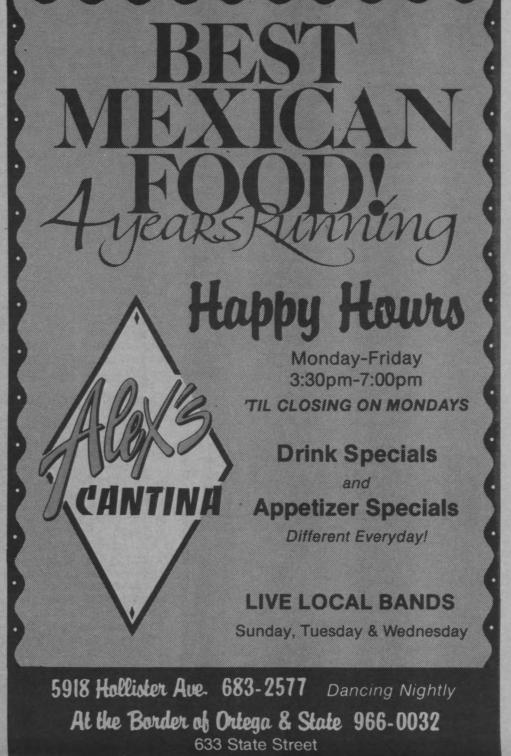
Rick is older than 25, but he looks ten years older than he actually is. We don't know much else about him, except that he's from Southgate. He's got money enough to offer friendly strangers drinks, so he probably has a job. When you ask him who he likes in the Series, he asks you who's playing. Rusty, the kindly fortiesh barkeep originally from the East, knows him well and doesn't mind it when he brings Rex into the bar. He comes to the

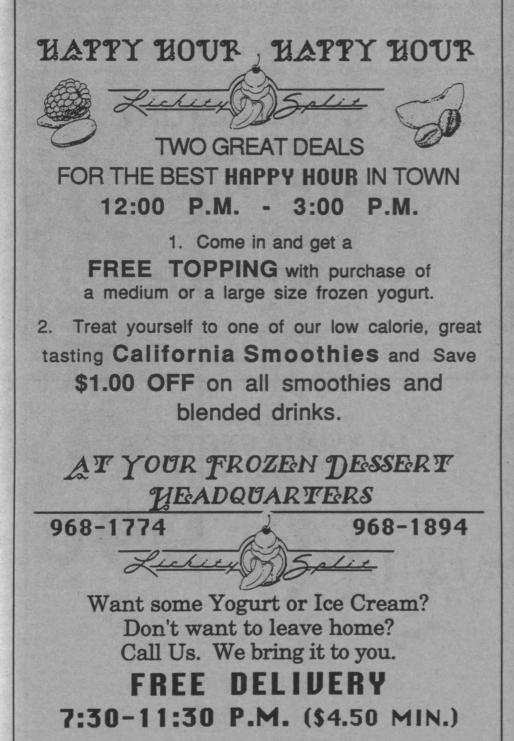
bar almost every night to get drunk and eat weenies. It's not a place for him to wind down, or meet chicks, or watch the game. It's the one thing he looks forward to every day: a place where he is liked and treated with respect. A place where no Joes will harass him. Happy Hour for him isn't something to do, it's something he does.

These are the regulars; there the ones you'll see every time out. They travel in pairs or alone, and they get what they want out of Happy Hour. The rest of the crowd usually comes in large groups to either A) have a great time and get drunk, or B) drink water and eat tons of food. The veterans watch these folks come and go, and wonder aloud how they could be so innocent and fresh.

The bartender figure is well aware of this. He is the only one who truly understands that alcohol is an entity that crosses all social castes and sublots. He knows that every person in his bar thinks he/she knows the right way to drink. He's the social juggler who keeps the opposing camps from biting each other in the throat or brandishing steel weapons.

Out of this melted drinking pot comes a total culture, much like a yogurt culture, in that it is alive, and there are lots of fruits mixed throughout. Happy hour will thrive for as long as people like cheap drinks and free food, and as they say in politics, that's a long time.







The Happy Hour

By Scott Easley, and **Dan Goldberg** Staff Writers

As Dan Goldberg sipped down his hundredth beer (or so it seemed), in the span of only a few hours, he had gone from looking like his normally demented self to looking drunkenly up at fellow reporter Scott Easley and asked through fields of flies: "Hey — We're doin' a story, right, Scott?"

Scott Easley and Dan Goldberg got their heads together and it was an ugly scene — even uglier than when they are normal. Trying to understand why The Independent voted the Acapulco the best for maragaritas, Spike's the best for beer selection, Joe's the best for meeting people, Scott and Dan set out to prove it. The goal for the evening: Find out if The Independent was correct, if popularity equals quality, and most importantly, if we could spend only \$10.00 each and eat like kings during happy hour. Onward through the fog.



First stop, Acapulco, conveniently located in the heart of the "real" downtown Santa Barbara, next to the public library.

Entering steadfast, aggressive and sober, our heroes were determined to dig the depths of the sugary award given so wholeheartedly to the Acapulco: Best for Margaritas, free appetizers, and happy hour drink prices. "'Pulco, You're on," scribbled Daniel Goldberg as we stepped from the library parking lot. He hung on his notebook like an aqualung

The protagonists were not deterred by the bizaarre cocatoo costumes worn by the waitresses and ordered.

Scott ordered the banana-strawberry margarita as an overtly safe alternative to the Dan Goldberg mutant concoction of mango-melon. In the middle, sat Chris Ziegler, assistant campus editor. Of course Chris, being the sober driver, was not engaging in any alcoholic confrontations, but she was seeking any "designated driver" programs. While Acapulco didn't have one, they didn't make her buy drinks to eat the food as usual — and hey, she did get a water.

Score one for the Happy Hour prices of \$1.50 for margaritas, \$1.75 for well drinks and \$1.00 for beers.

With televisions inside and outside with the inevitable Dodger win on the screen, Acapulco scored points. In light of the great buffet food, complete with that same red hot sauce sprinklets on all of it, the State Street bar scored big points, despite Scott Easley's Irish inability to eat hot foods. Oh, well, there's a wuss in every crowd.

Next came Don the Beachcomber's, inside the Santa

Right away, something special was in store for the two, as Ziegler recklessly drove Dan's car into a pole separating parking places, causing a gnarly dent in the passenger side.

But even so, Don's was far out. Talk about ambiance. Sure, Ac's had the outside patio, but Don's more than lives up to its name. It comes complete with bizarre African-looking masks on the walls, ships' masts on the pillars, a fish tank near the entrance, a piano player with a drum machine named Pam, and weird paintings everywhere. Something was oviously special about the place - and it obviously deserved its ranking as best happy hour — just from the way Easley began rambling while he was in there. Jeez!

Some of it had to do, no doubt, with the great food. The buffet included chicken, veggies, weird eggrolls and some

great dressing. The bunch munched!

Don's was also hip for its location right on East Beach, but it was most hip for its trippy drinks. To make a story of its better sounding drinks, the Shark's Tooth almost pierced the Vicious Virgin, but the Cobra's Fang almost finished her off. Being a Test Pilot, she did the Chi-Chi, sent Three Dots and a Dash through the Fog Cutter, drank a Puka Punch and flew to the island of the Missionary's Downfall. Wow!

The service was fast, they delivered Ziegler an ice-cold milk without comment, and it all went smoothly.

Dan ordered a nui nui (gold rum, lime and orange juice) while Scott ordered one of the Don's specials, the Scorpion also known as rubbing alcohol with 10 percent fruit juice, but hey, you can't believe everything you hear. Great, great things, these drinks. Nice and strong. Erp.

Next stop was Joe's, alleged easiest place to meet people. Well, it's because they were there before 8:00, and maybe it's because they were there on Wednesday night, and nobody's out to bash the Independent's lists, but our heroes didn't meet a soul. What is one to do?

Certainly it can be seen why the place was so easy to meet people, since everyone was situated so close to one another. Even so, give the place credit for having the ballgame on the tube, which Don's blew off in favor of bad Sade imitations by Pam, who used a bad drum machine at Don's.

Dan ordered a Vodka Collins and Scott ordered a long island ice tea — believe it or not, his first one (gasp!). The bartender was cool, and he helped Scott figure out just what it was exactly he wanted, rather like a good shrink. The Vodka Collins was good — extraordinarily strong by vodka collins standards but not so strong by Scott's standards. But hey. Ok, minus one mark for the foot-long blond hair in the vodka collins.

Ziegler, bless her heart, was content to sit and watch us drink without drinking. Of course, the way she parked at Don's, she better not drink!

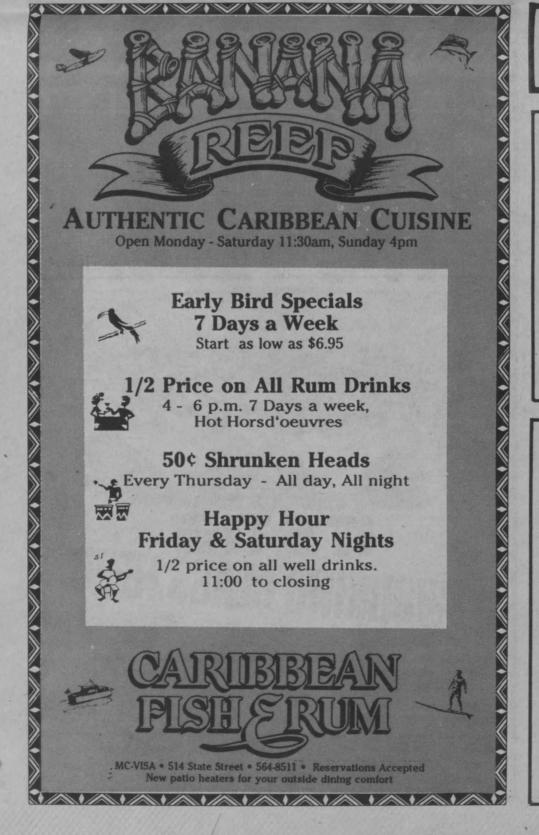
Scott wondered where the croissants and coffee were, since the place was called Joe's Cafe, but that is only a tribute to Easley, since he had earlier commented on the Irish coffee

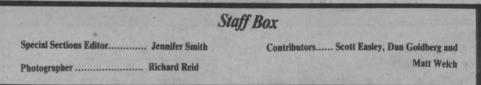
Finally, the triad came to Goleta's Spike's, home of the beers. It had a quaint setting, complete with television. It seemed all the more quaint with the Dodgers' on their way to victory on the Spike's screen.

Easley, unable to buy a beer from his homeland, saw the nearest thing, an Engligh beer, and you know what? He bought it. Dan Goldberg had a Yugoslav beer called Niksicko Tivo. Both were good, but Dan's was great!

Last stop was Alex's, a uniquely special place considering the Dodgers nailed down their 3-1 series lead on TV there. A great and kind waitress waited paitently for the three to order drinks. After many mind changes, none of which will make him attend class, Dan ordered a three-mile island, well-named for its bright green color, and Scott had a long island iced tea - believe it or not, his first ever.

The moral of the story? Dan and Scott were drunk.





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