

"Marathons are really democratic. They run ya against King Kongs, studs, all kinds of people."

Six hundred and six feet in

unning shoes hit the asphalt

at the crack of the gun. One

pair of feet in ragged sneakers trailed the group as the Ninth Annual Mission Bay

The runners streamed 26

miles through scenic Mission Bay Park, to Sea World and

around Fiesta Island, twice Three hundred and three, old

men, young track stars, and

women, would try to finish.

but not the girl in the worn-

Marathon began.



BLOOD

out sneakers. After the first quarter mile. the sneakers ceased operation My sneakers' pre-Marathor experience was premonitory. In high school I did a six minute 660 yard run with a grand faint at the finish line. Most of the other runners had been working out daily circling their neighborhoods to get in their six or seven

At 7:30 a.m. Saturday. January 13th, I mingled casually trying to look like a runner. A bearded man, about i.tv. in a hooded sweatshirt. looked at my shoes and my Levi's which scraped the pave-

"You gonna run?" he asked with a smile. "Yes."

"This is my eighth marathon, and I've finished six of 'em." He rubbed his hands together. "Marathons are really democratic. They run ya against King Kongs, studs, all kinds of people.

He eyed the ragged sneakers, and began to move on. "Just lose your baby fat, work out easy and don't kill yourself," were his parting

A handlettered cardboard sign warned. "DO NOT RUN IF YOU DO NOT ENTER RUN THE COURSE THE OTHER 8759 HOURS IN THE YEAR, SO YOU WON'T FOUL UP THE RUNNERS WHO MAKE THIS RACE POSSIBLE!" Well, the San Diego Track Club and the American Athletics Union would just have to survive without my

Ten minutes to go. The ungent odor of nervous

sweat permeated the air. It was not the buckets of wet 73 years-old. Ever hear of Noel "Superman" Johnson?" sweat to come. Runners he asked. The son of "Superstripped off sweat pants and man" set the movie camera and bottle in the car's open jackets. Observers, arms filled with cast-off clothing, lined window. "He's the oldest North Mission Bay Drive. We runner here today," he smiled massed behind the pale blue at his father's vanishing form. line. The gun's snap "Will he finish?" fragmented the runners. I fell

to the rear immediately and

hung behind until my quarter-

mile finish. "You don't know

what the meaning of pain

is..." The words drifted from a

thin, panting, boy in green

From the Hilton Inn, ten

minutes later, one could see

the runners, bobbing like

colored toothpicks around

Fiesta Island. Runners

stretched for miles along

Highway 5, each runner

bearing his entry number on

his racing shirt. The number

on the youngest runner's shirt

covered his entire chest.

"Don't try to keep up my

pace," panted the boy's drip-

ping father. His nine year-old

son waved and smiled as he

bay bluish-pink. While

walking along the course, an

elderly man in an orange shirt

trotted passed me. Fifty feet

ahead, a red-haired man

leaned on his car, pointing his

camera in our direction. The

elderly runner paused for a

drink from the camera man's

"Is that your favorite

water bottle and jogged on.

The climbing sun turned the

jogged passed his old man.

"Always does. All Dad does everyday is run, eat and

The orange shirt was just a speck above the curving road.

An overalled farmer in a white Ford truck gave me a ride back to the park. Men were constructing the finish area there by roping off a section with plastic flags, probably borrowed from a used car lo. A few spectators waited for the first runners to

appear.
Aid Station No. 4 was across from the finish, at the 13 mile point. It was near the water, and black, whitebeaked birds stood silently looking at the distant runners. These Aid Stations were manned by Track Club nembers at 21/2 mile intervals throughout the course

A woman in a floppy blue hat held out two cups to a passing runner. "Water-Gookinaid-Oranges?" She shouted as he passed. "He's the first one here! Remember that shirt - it said East 1. Sweat flowed like resin down the runner's back.

Over a hundred blue and white cups filled with liquid, waited on a card table. Two Track Club women quickly "Yep. That's my dad, he's sliced oranges and filled plates "Ask them what they want so we'll be ready!" the floppy-hatted woman yelled to a man standing up the path a few yards. "Water-Gookinaid-Oranges?"

SOUTH HILLS, MESA. FRESNO, L.B.C.C., WILSON H.S. - an atlas of shirts whoosed by. Some runners grabbed a cup and drank without breaking stride. Grab-gulp-toss- grab-gulptoss grab-gulp-toss grabdump-toss. Some liquid in the mouth, some dumped over the head. "Can I ask what's Gookinaid?" I whispered to another orange slicer.

"Oh, you don't run, right? Well, it's that orange liquid with glucose and things good for runners," she turned back to her bowl of oranges.

I vaguely remembered a warning on the rules sheet; "THE ELECTROLYTE REPLACEMENT SOLUTION IS COLORED ORANGE SO YOU WON'T MISTAKENLY POUR IT OVER YOUR HEAD." How many heads today were bathed in Gookinaid? The woman in charge stopped slicing for a minute and looked off into the distance.

"They say after the first 20 miles, your only half way done." Her blue hat brim rested on her sequinned sunglasses. The plates of oranges warmed in the sun.

"Here comes our first place winner..." The crowd across the field gobbled up the announcer's words "A record

In high school I did a six minute 660 yard run with a grand faint at the end."

minutes and 6 seconds!" Applause smothered the inner's name. (Later a list showed a Doug Schmak had roomed in with the recordbreaking speed).

Aid station No. 4 was dismantled and carried across the field to the recovery area "Some runners won't be in for another two hours," said the floppy-hatted woman as she hauled four bottles of water to the finish line. "I can only run five miles..." her voice faded wistfully

The bright sun made the recovery area too warm for relief. Runners limped in. some carrying their shoes They crowded around the cool drink tables and stuffed orange segments into their mouths

The area resembled bloodless battle field. Pale runners huddled under blankets, some crawling towards any bit of shade. Friends hovered near, holding cups of water to trembling

A cheer sped through the crowd as the first woman crossed the finish line. She stumbled to a stop as her time was called.

"Three hours, five seconds...

"Damn it! I wanted to break three hours," she wheezed, as a blanket dropped over her head.

Why do you people run in marathons? The exhausted runners asked could only smile. Others offered, "It's a challenge."

Because it prove omething.

"Um, I really don' know.

The first 60 finishers were asked to check in for their 'Merchandise Awards' Marathon I-shirts would be given to the first 240 finishers And, parchment certificates would be sent to all finishing in under four hours. Maybe hamburger and a lemonade a the post-race picinic would revive a 26 mile runner. If he could find the energy to eat or drink. Or maybe an award at the 12:45 ceremony would help. I didn't stay to find out.

for this course: two hours, 18

AUGUST IN NEW YORK DOESN'T COME UNTIL FEBRUARY IN SAN DIEGO ...



guiltless picks than the best of the movies which were Like before any game. available locally. In short, ground rules ought to be laid there is a significant lack of out, plainly, fastidiously, synchronization between what before ticking off the selection goes on here and what goes on of the year past's stand-out n New York. Bluntly, if the movies. The only real requireentire body of movies ment is to clarify the criterion produced last year were thought of as the total area of for eligibility - what movies are ripe for picking as the Nebraska then San Diego would have access to only the year's best. For this particular narrow strip of land that's playing of the game the rule is Highway 80 - the main line. that the movies must have (About the only theaters in begun their first run in San Diego during the 1972 calentown that appeal to hopes for dar year. Now this rule unusual, wayward movies, possibly sounds like it goes movies that emerge from without saying. But certain sources outside the main problems come up merely Hollywood - studio distributors, are the Unicorn and from being confined to the the Academy, when they oc-San Diego vicinity. This area casionally play a first run film. suffers most of the customary problems of living anywhere and formerly the Academy's in the provinces of the USA, brother theater, the Fine Arts, until brother took an exclusive though somewhat intensified. As is immediately recognized interest in skin.) Of course, by anyone who now and then leafs, through the entertain even in New York exists the helpless, impatient wait for movies that can only be read ment pages of an out-of-town newspaper any town at all, particularly — San Diego on about in film magazines covering the film festival in Trieste or San Sebastian or ome counts is destitute. despite whatever full-breasted someplace. But New York receir a relative windfall of odd arms which are, in large feelings you experience as you roll along the new Interstate part, buried on the spot. In 805, or cast your gaze along addition to the drop-outs into the skyline of ships' masts in back of Anthony's Fish Grotoblivion from the available movies, there is the to, or smilingly admire the sky aggravating slowness of films It is simply out of deference crossing the country, passing

to those who are anchored inmates of San Diego that this rule is laid making way pokily toward down. Because it would be notorious end-of-the-line

from Los Angeles for exammeans that August's movie in ple, that never arrived in New York might be theaters here but that would February's movie in San Diego. And consequently, some of the titles mentioned make much more solid subsequently are officially known as 1971's property, and some of the late released of 1972, which fed the Best Ten lists in national magazines, will not be arriving here for some time yet. But without further sulking, follows the selection of prefered 1972 movies, in alphabetical order. Je T'Aime Je T'Aime

Alain Resnais's most recent film, finished in 1968, was incredibly gelayed in its arrival in this country, and was shrouded during the wait in black-cloudy advance reports that it was in any case only a minor work of the director's. But Resnais's fixation on time and memory, put into a science fiction format, is a deeply fascinating, complex movie. Entering a pumpkinlike time machine, depicted with an inscrutable deadpan tone, the guinea-pig hero flips backward and lorward through stiff, fizz-less moments, equally weighted, from a long and dismal love affair. The stubborn misery of the lovers ("I used to wake up at night...I hated it...I stayed awake so as not to wake up") becomes incurable, unreachable, under the cool, random impartiality of the selection and structure of past events, the obfuscations which the time traveller's uncooperative mind adds to the reliving of the past, and the apathy in Claude Rich's fine

Walkabout, by Nicholas Roeg, maroons a couple of British school kids in the Australian Outback. The unsteady relationship of civilization and nature probably presents a more complex theme than it appears to, but the situation never lures much belief, consideration, or even tolerance. The fascination is in the clear, bright, simple images and the switching between supernatural

magnifications (a close-up

lizard, bird, rock, or wallaby)

and telescopic distances (tiny

figures in enormous

landscapes). The mixing of

civilization's peculiar prac-

nature's curiosities produces a

heady hallucination-effect.

tices and products with

multiplied pursuits to turn an elusive suitcase of stolen money into personal profit. The Culpepper Cattle Co. A broad varn about how an adolescent tries to keep up with the men on his first cattle drive, and how the character of the drive changes when four

I.A. smog and cityscapes, hidden beneath the furious,



of the cowboys are killed and

DUNCAN SHEPHERD PICKS THE BEST OF THE MOVIES WHICH HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO SAN DIEGO DURING THE PAST YEAR.

Hickey and Boggs. Filed in the "Sleeper" folder. Robert Culp's first feature film directing try turned out to be a remarkably intelligent, unpretentious genre film (lonely private eyes in the bullving city), which kept its undertones and implications, about city life and self-respect, where they belong - out of the characters' mouths, out of the line of action, out of sight, hidden beneath the characters' appearances, variously spiffy and tatty, hidden beneath the



are replaced by a quartet of toughs who consider themselves to be cowbovs only after they are carousers and gunslingers. Dick Richard's directing style has tendencies toward the prettily picturesque, but otherwise the details of cowboy physique, equipment, and routine seem quite authentic, and unbiased by the limitations of a contem-

porary imagination.

Jacques Demy's The Pied Piper slipped through town with no prior announcement whatsoever, and was not helped by being treated as a kids' show, which it definitely is not co-billed with a nature movie starring a brown bear. This is a gloomy fairy tale of Dark Age oppression, black death, and disillusioned farewell to the honeless world.

The careful production values

somber-colored costumed and cluttered sets - drift unpointedly, unobtrusively, minus all of the vanity and price tags that are so visible in the average period piece. Donovan's meek acting debut is unremarkable, fairly bland and fairly likable, while the remainder of the cast is composed of people who can generally smother the spectator single-handedly (Michael Hordern, Donald Pleasance, Jack Wild, Diana Dors). These overemphatic actors appear to have been chosen, out of perversity, as a (continued on page 6)

January 25, 1973

MOVIES

READER'S GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO MOVIES

DUNCAN SHEPHERD

Across 110th Street — Gangsters in Harlem with Anthony Quinn and Yaphet Kotto. (UA Cinema, Aero Drive In; 5 — h Bay

ACA Cinema, Aero Drive In; S. - h Bay
Drive In; North Paris
Private In; North Paris
The war one of those anglish
Acquainter In the service of those anglish
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thin one decidedly nor to service
Appearances by a disputed, billious
Richard Todd and a weirdly
plumpleoking Charlotte Rampling
temporally, ward off collapse of interest. Directed by Roy Ward Boker.
(Clairement)

(claiment)

The Butcher — Cloude Chebrol's lotest will to the French provincery jelds to the French provincery jelds to the French provincery jelds to the form of the provincery jelds to the flow of the flow of

• Candidate — Robert Redford's little-boy sullanness and reluctance don't add conviction to this political febrica-tion about a nice boy becoming an overnight bigtime politico. Along com-paign trail, there are some peripheral

(La Palama, through 1/21)

A Carey Treastment — James Coburn
is on M.D. who amateur-sleuth
are not a count of the county of the county
account Seaton in hunt of a clumy obserionit. A hemorrhoging teenager, and
and an occupied phone booth bring
and an occupied phone booth bring
matter a close to nousea. Blake
Edwards directed the filing to appeal
to a variager's dropteans of unopy
Chief to a variager's dropteans of unopy
Chief to surgely with.

(IAC Ciremo)

The Citade — From Cronin's story about a doctor of humble origins and the ideals he discards as he climbs the social ladder. As with any King Vider raroject, this 1928 film is not of humble origins. Starring Robert Donat, Co-billed with GO WEST, one of the depleted later films of the Marz

(Cinema leo)
Cleakwerk Orange — Whateverminiscule disterations were required.

Whateverminiscule disterations were required.

Whateverminiscule disterations were required.

Whateverminiscule disterations were required.

Whateverminiscule disteration with the seems to be whethy a cynical pander to the "youth marchet". Kubrick's gimmicky, arm-waving direction seems reachingly disteration. (Mission Valley Center 3)

(Mission Valley Center 3)
Bellevenee — Rother too dreamly photographed, but this line poroble about flow. Affection businesses out of south flow. Affection businesses out of uncivilized hillbilly country is very intensely acted, especially by Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatry in vary tricky, we have a support of the second of t

vis on Tour — New documentary about Mr. Presley. (Balboa; UA Cinema; Harbor Drive In)

(Balbaco, UA Cisemo, Introfer Drive in) us CTg. — John Instants', rutime timed version, of the Isenard Coorden rowel about har-been and would-be prize Coorden rowel and the Coorden rowel and the Coorden rowel and Colffernia. The top-quick borred real Colffernia. The top-quick borred rowel to the third the Coordenia seems almost as they could feed a movie wall, but related to the Coordenia seems almost as moves as the basing styles of the undown characters. With Stary Keach and Jaff Bridger.

ddler on the Roof — Broadway musical rendition of Shalom Alecheim's stories, transferred to film via the stickily atmospheric photography of Oswaid Morris. Topol, in the role of Tevye, senses his big movie chance and the

(Stotley)

The French Cennectien — Low minded tinde tokes incessor: twips or the diffusion of croim fighting, and every several Octors, the firsthast cattery is several Octors, the firsthast cattery is the one for the editing of this movie, which mislays its plat while committee the observation of the control octor of the observation of the control octor of the observation of the observatio

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The Getweey — Sam Preckingon's uncomplicated section on-the-low year

complicated section on-the-low year

territory, Train departs, third-rate

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getween, all McGrow can offeredly

with the babitheal model's posture,

when the property of the property of the

bone life for some kicks as a guernar's

moil.

The Great Waltz — Absurd musical biography about "the house of Strous" in not a enjoyable as SCNO OF NORWAY, which was also directed penetrolar protein number in authentic Comp, and it's a good bet to put a sme on your trees similar in a singing narrator, and keep it there. (Center 3)

stumbling satire on American success myths. Starring Richard Burton, zonked again, and Elizabeth Taylor. Directed by Peter Ustinov.

(UA Cinemo) Average of the Service of Mesude on Mesude or The feat-solidation of the samy did not yip lake are specificable and the samy did not yip lake are replaced. But this unimaginable consince between the service treatment of the service treatment of the service treatment of private personal yields of the many did not service treatment of the service of the

Kansas City Bomber — Roquel Welch, who keeps plugging away, is now o rolller darby star. Usfortunately, last year's irreplaceable DERBY documen, tary makes an almost impossible show to follow, and, consequently, just about all that stands out in this film is the fictiliounness. (Babboa) Harbor Drive-In)

(Ballodo, Harror Unrelin)

Fin King of Marini Gardens — Frigid, monotoxed addeck-crossly dobb vilg in the street, and the street, and the street, and the street, but a unwarded that your attention, but a unwarded that your attention wonders. Located oppossingly in Administ Cap. and the opposition of the Street, and the street, and the street by Bob Rafelson of FIVE EAD PRICES and written by Jacob Prices by Bob Rafelson of FIVE EAD PRICES and written by Jacob Responsible of the street, Street, and Street Both Rafelson of Rafelson Street, Street, and Rafelson Street, Street, and Rafelson Stre

(realized with a second second

Prentiss, and Renee Taylor as prospec-tive playmates all have less time to make themselves tiresome. (Alvarado Drive-In)

(Autorabo Drive-In)

Man in the Wilderness — Spurred by revenge, but and a proud musical accomponients (khard Harris Assertion near-death and monthly) treks from near-death and monthly) treks provided to the property of the property of the property in the Manual Conference of the property in the Manual Conference of the provided the provided

The Man of La Manche — Cervantes' hero musicalized, Broadway-ized, hollywood-lized, and finally Peter O'Tooled, Directed by Arthur Hiller. With James Coco as Sanche Ponza and Sophia Loren as Rosinante, presumably. (Lomo)

Marjee — Cinema-verite expose a he revivalist circuit. It's an "inside jab" since the star evangelist went through with his tour for the benefit of the cameras, although his heart and soul were not in his act.

(Ken; La Palama, starting 1/22)

(Ken is a Prosente, stemming 1/22)
MASH — The upside-down sense of homer is more nousering than the specific process of the pr

Meet Me in St. Levis — Vincente Minell's inventively color-photographed 1944 metical of totyphock Americana and healthy-minded as it superficially appears. With Judy Garland, Aurgoeal O'brien. Co-billed with a Fred-Astoric-Ginger Rogers duet, SMALL WC DANC, (UCSD, 1720 only)

Millhouse — Emile De Antonio's compila-tion of clippings from Nixon's career, used to club the subject to death. (La Palama, through 1/21)

Odd Men Out — Coral Reed's over-proised stob of film tropady is wey off the mit. James Means is a wounded the mit. James Means is a wounded police drogare with the agility of an ook plenk, or sign mornis begins to set in long before his sings is up. The open provided — were a com-moplice sign in movies from every country of the world before cor-flexed decided to elaborate their ob-flexed provided — were of the month of the control file of the co-fice of the control file of the co-ton of the control file of the co-ton of the control file of the co-ton of the co-ton

Pate and Tillie - Walter Matthou's and

(Ren)

Fley II As II Lays — Joon Didlor's fragmented novel about the desert in drown, and one to be the desert in drown, and between LA and tax fragmentation intoct, by Front Party, who can make the most difficult material seen simple-midded. White head is fitting, the actors (Anthony Parkins, Adom Ronker, Tommy Crimens) persently are entrusted with control of the control of the

The Poseidon Adventure - Somethin



would be a mercy for everyone if they were all eliminated quickly. It can be sat through quite easily, out of tolerance for silliness.

Prime Cut — A concise, doning carride from Chicago to Konsos City and a shotgun bottle in tall grain ore the main events in this sloppy gangater move that contains a batch of very strunge notionness evarying containing the contains of the

Red Sun — Unassuming adventure per-mits such badly dubbed misfits as Toshiro Mifune, Alain Delon and Ur-sula Andress to join Charles Bronson in

Reefer Madness — A 1936 "shocker" about the evil weed has been dug up, primarily fo: laughs, for those who want to feel superior. (Academy)

(Academy)

A Separate Place — Early sight of healthy male bodies correcting around Area Managhair perig befole ground. Area Managhair perig befole ground, sity crisis, finding manhood in the origin, crisis, finding manhood in the original tool of the control of

(Cogn)
1776 — Rother drob historical musical, set in Congressional Hall Benedin He They Bell Rescholing in ringe-shadead from the Rescholing in ringe-shadead from the Rescholing in ringe shadead from the Rescholing in Rescholi

Skin Game — A black-and white duo of con artists exploit the slave-trade market in the pre-war South, and the comic complications, double-crosses and boomerangs, fall in line very predictobly, James Garrer and Lou Gossett lend some hard-to-dislike

Skyjacked — Bargain basement AIRPORT, plaved out with same dedication by Charlton Heston and James Brolin, Handsome, sterile air-planes and sky and airport counter counter and stewardess uniforms. (Roxy)

Snewball Express — Disney studio's Christmas present to the public, starring Dean Jones of course. (Solana Beach)

Sounder — Authenticity initially peeks through with the title song by lightning the peeks and intermittently legalists and intermittently legalists and intermittently large and the peeks and the pee

Super Fly — Abrasive and awkward, this black action picture items away rather surprisingly, from encouraging audience whosp-dee-dos. Credit for uncool. unconciled acting by Ron O'Neol and Carl Lee, as partners in cocaine distribution who are looking for a lintle shaded security.

(Ace D'ine in, 10 V o'Drive In)

(nec Orive In, 10 vo Unive In)

They Only Kill Their Masters: — A smalltown shariff, ployed by the afficiency of the state of the state

Twitch of the Death Nerve — A new horror item from Italy's Mario Bava. Co-billed with an American-made cheapie THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT. (California; Rancho Drive In)

Where Does It Hurt? -- Ostensibly abou here Dess if Hurt? — Ostensibly about the medical racket, this grussome brew of appalling jakes — about sex, race, or whatever is sure to offend — has the duringness of a movie which expects nabody to see it. Peter Sellers manages, customarily, to seize control now and then, and plant momentary reminders of his latent talent.

octing. (Strand: 1/19 midnight only)

AS THESE MOVIE LISTINGS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE PLEASE BE SURE TO CHECK WITH THE LISTED THEATRE

The UNICORN Cinema

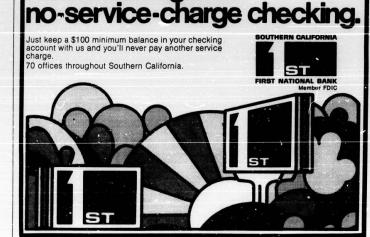
Evenings Through Tuesday

000 MAR OUT 8:40 pm / England -1947 / By Cornt Root The story of the least for a fainly wounded learn Mrough the streets of Bullest. Festuring James Moose and Robert Newton.

Shorter Bin: CAPT ABALKAS MARKS Security Addresse
THE HOCTHEAM CHICAM
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A 1937 commby about pheats with Cary Grant
Francisco Basselt. — Darrier Rass and

A Special Program SWRES (SACHORE) 7:00 & 9:15 pm / Ressix-1839 / A film by the

And two shorter files. SENTINES, and BOUQUET

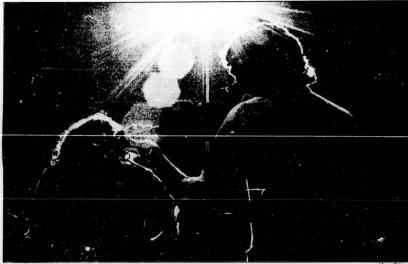


first through areas of proven

high-interest in movies

Follow the signs to

country star that's what I are



Country-western music in San Diego? Ask the man on the street and the standard answer comes back, "Sure, there must be some people here who like it, but I don't know any. There's a club in Nat City (the Westerner) and there's that radio station: I've seen their billboards."

Last Saturday night at the Civic Theater, KSON, San Diego's only AM countrywestern (C-W) radio station. put on an amateur show, Country Star. They even had the audacity to charge admission to this strictly amateur show. The non-believer would ask, "How many empty seats?" Very few.

bigger in San Diego than it seems. The four or five bigstar shows like Johnny Cash, which pack the Arena and get lots of publicity, represent only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. The reason country music has such a low profile

here must be the nature of its fans. When you attempt to pin down just who listens to C-W, you find yourself looking at an amorphous mass of middle America Also, these fans carry a certain reluctance to admit that they listen to country music. Who wants to be thought of as a hayseed or a

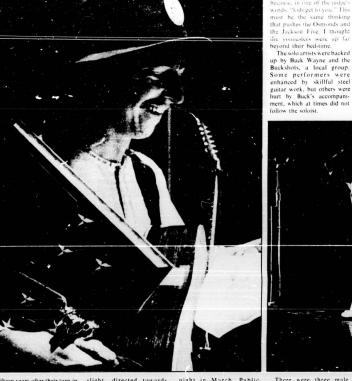
This image problem is slowly disappearing, claim some of C-W's biggest pushers. KSON, for example, realizing the reluctance to identify with the country sound, is now promoting an "If You Like C-W. Be Proud of It" campaign The performers no longer feel obligated to wear the old style wagon wheels and other tranpings of the singing cowboys. Ray Price now wears a tailored tuxedo: Lester Flat and Earl Scruggs (new dissolved) performed in business

The people who keep radio

stations going, the advertisers, know all about C-W fans. Country and Western listeners have kept KSON consistently in the No. 3-No. 4 position on the ARB and Pulse ratings for the past few rating periods for the 25-49 age bracket. And there is none of the four- or five-station audience fragmentation as there is in the rock

radio audience in San Diego. The C-W radio advertisers also knows about the extraordinary loyalty of the country fan. This is long-term loyalty, not the six-month two-album variety found in the rock game. Once a performer has established a spot in the country field, he can expect a long and profitable career Remember Conway Twitty. Jerry Lee Lewis, and Ricky Nelson. As pop stars, they were three near-greats who enjoyed short commercial success during the early days of rock and roll. Today all three are going strong in C-W,





fifteen years after their turn in

the pop spotlight Before the show. I talked with Johnny Horton, the producer of Country Star. chief engineer of KSON, and right-hand man. At KSON studios, everything from the citizen's band radio unit used to keep track of the station executives, to the small but lavishly appointed studios smacked of success. Razor cut and double knit. Horton opposite of the old time country stereotype. Trying to project the "now" country image that KSON is striving to program, he emphasized that we don't play hillbilly music or any of that stuff that sounds like people have beans up their noses.' KSON's programming is more uptown than down home; more Glen Campbell and less Earl Scruggs. This

slight, directed towards Bluegrass, a style of country music currently enjoying remarkable popularity among some college students. Horton stated that KSGN had tried a feature but listener responses took it off the air. He felt that Bluegrass was best taken in small doses but promised that there would be some on Coun-

According to Horton, the original idea behind the show was to discover local talent and try to give this talent a real break. KSON owner, Dan McKinnon, through his connections in the record industry, would be able to give a group an opportunity which could never be achieved on their own. Prizes for the show included a spot on the Grand Old Opry and a chance to audition for Capitol.

Last year, the finals were held at the Town and Country Convention Center on a week response was sorely underestimated. The hall was packed half an hour before the show, over 3000 fans were turned away, and there was ion on Highway 8. This year Horton booked a bigger hall.

The show itself this year was slick. A carefully varied selection of finalists, a strict two-song limit and a D.J. who kept the performers hustling along with the efficiency of a bos'uns' mate running a shotline all made the amateur show seem far shorter than two and a half hours. Most of the performers on

the program could be grouped into distinct classes. As is always expected, there was the family style group. If you had ever seen the famous Stonemen or the Carter Fami ly, you quickly realized that the family groups on Country from their efforts Saturday vocalists of the Glavun Campbell stripe; none placed in the top three. The judges

managed to take second place. because, in one of the judge' words, "kids get to you." This

that pushes the Osmonds and

the vounesters were up far The solo artists were backed

up by Buck Wayne and the

Buckshots, a local group.

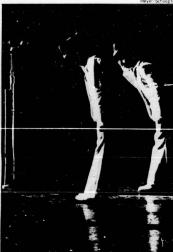
hurt by Buck's accompani-

perhaps felt that a solo male vocalist without a gimmick is not a saleable product non One of the singers was from Georgia, and another sang about returning to Georgia. It tended to make you believe red clay that enabled a "soil" brother to do such a fine job with a country ballad. The third of the three Billy Lavender, underscored Johnny Horton's contention that the country look has changed Except for his big Martin guitar, Billy Lavender looked the perfect young urban Georgia businessman out for a night in underground Atlan-

presented a real study in contrasts. Kitty Hale, in both manner and song, proclaimed that she had been around. Her

Queen, performed similarly but just slightly subdued. The took third place, seemed length dress was a far ery from Miss Ledgerwood's hot pants third girl belted out the Linda Rhonstadt and Patsy Cline numbers while accompanying herself on the guitar and

> The crowd, however, had Meyer/Schoepfe



stomping-bluegrass. When the Montezuma's Revenge, and also-ran San Diego Grass and Eclectic appeared on stage in audience really warmed up.

Montezuma's Revenge, six musicians using various costumes, and electric fiddle and mandolin, two guitars, a five-string banio, a stand-up bass and a kazoo, played two numbers which leaned more towards skiffle or ing band music than traditional Bluegrass. Their version of Mongo Jerry's "In Summertime" was easily their better number, judging from crowd response The lead singer's stage-wide Mike Jagger strut showed that this group is very with it. Montezuma's Revenge was attired in a manner which can only be described as backcountry Goodwill.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

MONITOR

"First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear"

Last week a panel of four journalists from the Christian Science Monitor toured the West Coast from Seattle to Los Angeles presenting political predictions for 1973. Their primary purpose, as their well-organized, wellmodulated appearance in San Diego's Community Concourse's Golden Hall January 11th made clear, is to publicize the paper and sell subscriptions. As we entered the Hall, countless ushers handed out a well-put together package of material containing subscription blanks, a statement of editorial stance ("the paper" aim is to be objective") and the results of a 1970 Seminar survey which judged the Monitor to be the "fairest" newspaper in the US and indicated that almost as many people thought the paper was liberal as conservative (in the same survey, which gave the Monitor a -85, the San Diego Union received a -15). As we left we received the latest edition of the paper.

The evening began at exacty three minutes after eight and in an unexpectedly ceremonious manner. To the crowd of 2,500, about 75% of which was between the ages of 45 and 65, Someone unctuousintroduced Pete Wilson, San Diego's "Man of Ac-Wilson in turn introduced John Hughes, the urbane, cool and clipped Pulitzer Prize-winning Britisher who has been Editor of the Monitor since October. 1970 was one of the 23 newsmen who traveled to China with Nixon Hughes then proceeded to introduce the rest of the panel which was obviously carefully selected to represent a "healthy diversity of opinion" as Hughes later

Courtney Sheldon: A youthful middle-aged man with a Dick Cavett build, but without Cavett's wit. A man of good heart commitment morality, and vague idealism who admires Ralph Nader. He alone criticized the President's policy in Vietnam and his avoidance of press conferences. Chief of the Washington Bureau.

Geoffrey Godseil, Sheldon's opposite. A portly English Hawk who thinks incisively in terms of military strategy (we must develop the nuclearpowered ballistic and antiballistic missle submarines). Godsell surely would have bet that Phineas Fogg would never have made it around the world in 80 days. The fastesttalking, quickest and most trenchant mind of the four

THE **SELLING** THE MONITOR

deepest blind spots. When asked, for example, when we could expect a woman president, he gave his male chauvinist version of the myth that a poor boy from the ghetto can make it to the White House: when a woman candidate appears who is better than the male candidate, he said glibly, she will be elected. Overseas News Editor

Curtis Sitnor. The only undistinguished person on the panel. Looked more like a local TV weatherman or high school coach than a criticalthinking journalist. As Western Bureau Chief, he sounded bored and said nothing that was even mildly interesting. Indulged in slick non sociology of the West (Westerner's like to "make it on their own") and made the unstartling observation that the Environment would become a major issue.

The major topic was China. and the Monitor's major prediction for 1973 was that the most significant political developments would result from the adjustment of the rest of the world to the new relationships among the USSR, China, and the US. Their optimism was extraordinarily high, 1972 was an "astonishing year", and 1973 is going to be a "promising" and fascinating" year. Just as China is "seeking a period calm and order", so is the entire globe experiencing a "thaw" and looking forward to the "business of relaxation". The word "relaxation", in fact, came up more than once or twice. We're all going to be so busy relaxing

we'll be too occupied for a crisis that would involve the three powers in a major war.

What the panel didn't talk

about was just as interesting

- perhaps even more so than what they did emphasize Vietnam was scarcely mentioned in the opening statements, and when it was, it was just to say that the "outlook was brighter than in many a recent year". Why this avoidance of the War? Was it really because they believed that the issue is no longer an important or controversia one and is routinely drawing to a close? I would have been more tempted to believe this if Hughes had not carefully postponed Vietnam until Question Eight (the future of the Navy and Common Cause came well before). And when he finally did raise the question of Vietnam, he admonished both audience and panel to "Fasten your safety belts. We're now going to get into Vietnam." (I wondered if he realized just what he was saying. I'd rather get out.) Perhaps the Monitor was trying not to alienate or in flame their obviously hawkish audience. Or it might simply have been another example of their general tendency toward defensiveness about their positions - whether hawk or dove - which I noticed

as experts or even just informed observers. But the pervasive tone as set by Hughes was genial and good-humoured. All four joshed one another and laughed and seemed to have a good time. Hugher started off in a light vein by saving that they didn't have a crystal ball and so couldn't tell us if Howard Hughes was coming out of anonymity, or, for that matter, whether Kissinger was going into it. And the audience reinforced this feeling of jolly fellowship by being very attentive and wellmannered and by applauding at the end of every statement. This showed a euphoric fuzziness in thinking for the same people who supported one side of a question would also applaud the opposite side. Everyone seemed anxious to polite, civilized in an English, genteel fashion, and eager to please one another. The Monitor is a highly respectable, highly respected

throughout the evening. In

many cases they seemed to

apologize for their opinions

rather than present themselves

honorable men " -Kathleen Woodward

paper, and the audience was

equally reasonable and respec

table. As Antony said of

Brutus, "So are they all, a!!

San Diego Grass and Felectic, on the other hand, favored traditional Bluegrass. Their performance was polished; both of their selections were played with the stone-faced look made de rigeur by Earl Scruggs. In between numbers, their stand-up bass player asked the audience to "pull up a hay bale and dig it." But omehow they didn't smack of country authenticity. Perhaps it was the neutral California accent when playing Bluegrass that left something to be desired. Maybe they could

have used some of that nasal

twang KSON is avoiding. Probably more indicative of the popularity of country western music than anything else was the appearance of the man who presented the trophies at the show. In spite of all the talk of winning the youth culture vote, and in spite of George McGovern slowly enunciating Woody Guthrie's words as he accepted the Democratic nomination, a clue of the local importance of country western was the presence of Mayor Wilson Saturday night. At the show's end, Mayor Wilson handed the trophies to each of the winners. And the mayor was still hackstage talking KSON's McKinnon and the performers long after the final

Albert Rarret

(August New York continued

trial for Demy's stylistic exer eise in which the cameras follow the actors at a wary distance and each individual scene runs on uninterrupted by conventional editing punctuation. Watching even these hammy players weave across choreography, shadowed by Demy's graceful, stealthy cameras is a placid, lulling experience. Ulzana's Raid, by Robert

Aldrich (director) and Alan Sharp (screenwriter), injects a stereotypical Western form with a horror story's frenzied emotional content: dislocated dread feelings are dredged up by deceptively familiar sights of mounted troopers and Indians peering over rock rims. The apparent topicality of a white-vs.-Indian cultural clash is continually turned back from disvestible moralistic cliches, as the spectator, like the characters, is kept floundering in mixed feelings and inadequate understan-

If running off at the mouth was permitted, the next movies to be mentioned, as a second string, would be Dennis Hopper's The Last Movie, Pete and Tillie. Deliverance Andrade's Macunaima. Skolimowsky's Deep End, Pasolini's The Decameron, Chabrol's The Butcher and Jaglom's A Safe Place.

- Duncan Shepherd

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ROLLING STONES, Los Angeles Forum, January 18, 8:00 p.m TRAFFIC.FREE and John Martyn. Sports Arena. January 24, 7:30 p.m. LA JOLLA CIVIC/UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA & CHORUS. Riford Senior Center Club. La Jolla. January 21. 3:00 p.m.

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC. Civic Theatre, Community Concuenuary 21, 8:00 p.m.

OPERA: The Bartered Bride, California State Univ. Dramatic Arts Building, January 12 and 13, and 19 and 20. 8:00 p.m.

SAN DIEGO SYMPHONY. Civic Theatre, Community Concourse. January 18 through 20, 8:00 p.m. DAN HICKS & HIS HOT LICKS, KITE, CUSIC, KING & FLOERSCH. Palomar College Dome, January 19. 8:00 p.m.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, Valley Music Theatre, El Cajon, opens January 18, 8:00 pm.

NORMAL HEIGHTS LOUNGE LIZARDS, Folk Arts, January 19, 20,

THE VOICES FROMAPPALACHIA, First Presbyterian Church, January 21, 7:30 pm.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT by San Diego Symphony, Civic Theatre, Community Concourse, January 20, 10:00 am and noon.

AN EVENING WITH GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, Patio Playhouse, January 20, 21, 8:30 pm.

STORM IN SUMMER. Off-Broadway Theatre. Through January 21-Tuesday thro. jh Sunday. 8:30 p.m.

DINNER BRIDGE, by Ring Lardner, and FACE CARDS, by Ted Reed. Crystal Palace Theatre. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 8:30 p.m.

THE TAVERN. Old Globe Theatre. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. 8:00 p.m. Friday and Saturday 8:30 p.m. Plays through Feb. 4. CINDERELLA, Actor's Quarter, Saturday and Sunday through February 18, 2:00 pm.

LECTURES AND TALKS

PME LECTURE DEMONSTRATION: Mime and Masks, Arne Zeslove, Artistic Director of National Theatre, School of Canada. UCSD. January 20, Building 408 Matthews Campus, 8: 30 p.m. GERALD CHRISTELLER, "Poetry and Music in the Songs of Schubert." UCSD, Building 409, Matthews Campus. January 25. 8:00 p.m.

EXPLORAMA PRESENTS: "Rhine Journey 70's." Civic Theatre, Com-munity Concourse. January 22. 8:15 p.m.

BASKETBALL: Aztecs vs. U. of Arizona. Peterson Gym. January 15. 8:05 p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOLIDAY ON ICE. Sports Arena. Through January 21.





Personal

DEAR BOOMERANG. The frog is dead. Your boomerang better get lack to good, ale S.D. Krochie-Koochie-Koo.

WANTED: A GUY to share dinner WANTED. A GUY to share dinner and food costs with me. I can't afford to feed just me, and if I could, I don't like esting alone. I like to eat non-"garbage" food and we could share cooking if you like. Please call Peggy ut 222 2100.

NANCEE PING: Where the — are you? I have a job for you, so check your box in the V.A. dept. at UCSD. (If you know where she is, write c/o READER.).

CHERYL (of State): It was great seeing you once again. Let's get to-gether in the near future. Your place or mine? Love, Wayne.

DEAR JUDY & SANDY: Happy

SANDY: Smile, you're beautiful! We love you! Kay and Al.

FREE 2 Year old Shepherd-collie. Great dog. Must find a good home with large yard. Call Zimce after 12 at 453-2000, ext. 1985.

TO KITCHEN CLEANER and Bathroom Brightener: You both make cleaning a lot of fun and frolic. The Weekend Window Washer

ARNIE, DORIS & GANG: I wouldn't trade jobs for a million tuna fish sandwiches. Bicycle Bob.

CHARLIE: I Say, I say. I want to, I say. I want to work something out say any singing. Foghorn, Leghorn at 453-8158.

TO SUE AT C.W.: Who or What do you play with! There's more to life, than work and study. I want to help you, but your personality keeps slowing me up. Love, O.B.

PUMPKIN CHEEKS. Let's keep it together, always. Happy early birth-day. Love, W.G.

KATATHY: IT Would certainly be nice to spend Sandy Ago days with you. Use the ticket. Boo Radley.

LOST: DOBERMAN Mixed. Blue-grey, brown markings, floppy ears. Nine months old. Lost at UCSD. Reward. Please call 272-3196.

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FOR SALE: 1928 Flatbed truck. Best offer, around \$1000. Please call 565-0128 after 5 p.m.

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WANTED: 2 Female roommates for Feb. 1. Casa de Alvarado Townhouse. \$68.25/month. Near State College. Must like cats. Call 287.3431.

YOUNG DOC works at Beach Area Free Clinic needs place to stay from Jan. 21 to Feb. 21. Will share rent. Please call 488-7181.

Bikes

FOR SALE: Girl's 3 speed Co-ed Schwinn. Good condition. \$30. Ask for Jo, Room 158 at 453-9853 in the evenings.

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ed at San Diego State. Deficious Shabitat mash, Chandia Givaces, vine-ing, dancing, rapping with student rabbis. Starts at sundown every Fri day. Goes until whenever. Saturday from 10:30 a.m. to 727 G115 Monte-zuma, near San Diego State. Please call 582 9933.

ON THE 16th, 17th, and 18th of January at 8 p.m. there will be a Vietnam Teach-In in the Revelle Cale-teria at UCSD. Speakers will include Herbert Maccuse, Herbert Schiller, and Danning Garrett.

MONUMENTAL GARAGE Sale. At Room 1254. Fantastic! Records trock, jazz, classical!; new/used adult and children's clothes; houseweres; artwork; containers; curios; giveaway; also. January 19 at 5:30; and 20:27 12 to 5 (January 24, 8:10am also.)

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