

READER

January 25, 1973

SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

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

Six hundred and six feet in running 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 Marathon began.

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-out sneakers.

After the first quarter mile, the sneakers ceased operation. My sneakers' pre-Marathon 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 miles.

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

"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 words.

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 three dollar fee.

Ten minutes to go. The pungent odor of nervous



BLOOD SWEAT AND BLISTERS

sweat permeated the air. It was not the buckets of wet sweat to come. Runners stripped off sweat pants and jackets. Observers, arms filled with cast-off clothing, lined North Mission Bay Drive. We massed behind the pale blue line. The gun's snap 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 shorts.

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 dripping father. His nine-year-old son waved and smiled as he jogged passed his old man.

The climbing sun turned the bay bluish-pink. While waiting 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 water bottle and jogged on.

"Is that your favorite runner?"

"Yep. That's my dad, he's

73 years-old. Ever hear of Noel "Superman" Johnson?" he asked. The son of "Superman" set the movie camera and bottle in the car's open window. "He's the oldest runner here today," he smiled at his father's vanishing form.

"Will he finish?" "Always does. All Dad does everyday is run, eat and sleep." 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 lot. 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, white-beaked birds stood silently looking at the distant runners. These Aid Stations were manned by Track Club members at 2 1/2 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 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-gulp-toss grab-gulp-toss grab-gulp-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 sequined 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."

for this course: two hours, 18 minutes and 6 seconds!" Applause smothered the winner's name. (Later a list showed a Doug Schmak had zoomed in with the record-breaking 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 a bloodless battle field. Pale runners huddled under blankets, some crawling towards any bit of shade. Friends hovered near, holding cups of water to trembling lips.

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 proves something..."

"Um, I really don't know..."

The first 60 finishers were asked to check in for their "Merchandise Awards". Marathon T-shirts would be given to the first 240 finishers. And, parchment certificates would be sent to all finishing in under four hours. Maybe a hamburger and a lemonade at the post-race picnic 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.

Jane Weisman

country star that's what I are



Meyer/Schoepfer

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 San 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 country-western (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.

The country scene is far bigger in San Diego than it seems. The four or five big-star 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 redneck?

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 costumes with spangled wagon wheels and other trappings of the singing cowboys. Ray Price now wears a tailored tuxedo; Lester Flat and Earl Scruggs (new dissolved) performed in business suits.

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 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 know 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,



Meyer/Schoepfer

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 owner Dan McKinnon's 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 seemed to be the complete 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 last comment seemed to be a

slight, directed towards Bluegrass, a style of country music currently enjoying remarkable popularity among some college students. Horton stated that KSON had tried a Bluegrass hour as a regular 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 *Country Star*.

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

night in March. Public response was sorely underestimated. The hall was packed half an hour before the show, over 3000 fans were turned away, and there was heavy congestion 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 boxcar's mate running a shot-line all made the amateur show seem far shorter than two and a half hours.

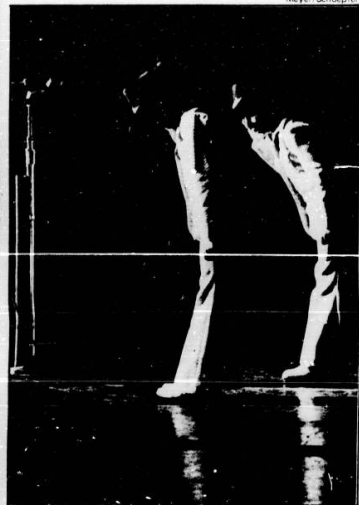
Most of the performers on the program could be grouped into distinct classes. As is always expected, there was the family style group. If you had ever seen the famous Stonemen or the Carter Family, you quickly realized that the family groups on *Country Star* have a long way to go from their efforts Saturday

night. There was also a child act—two ten-year-olds, the Anderson twins. They managed to take second place, because, in one of the judge's words, "kids get to you." This must be the same thinking that pushes the Diamonds and the Jackson Five. I thought the youngsters were up far beyond their bed-time.

The solo artists were backed up by Buck Wayne and the Bucks, a local group. Some performers were enhanced by skillful steel guitar work, but others were hurt by Buck's accompaniment, which at times did not follow the soloist.

The crowd, however, had stage presence and club-style delivery could not have come from singing in the shower. Maria Ledgerwood, who was also National City Rodeo Queen, performed similarly, but just slightly subdued. The other female vocalist, who took third place, seemed almost virginal compared to the other two. Her floor-length dress was a far cry from Miss Ledgerwood's hot pants and black vinyl boots. This third girl belted out the Linda Rhonstadt and Patsy Cline numbers while accompanying herself on the guitar and violin.

The crowd, however, had



Meyer/Schoepfer

There were three male vocalists in the Glayun Campbell stripe; none placed in the top three. The judges perhaps felt that a solo male vocalist without a gimmick is not a valuable product now. One of the singers was from Georgia, and another sang about returning to Georgia. It tended to make you believe that there was something in 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 Atlanta.

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

come to see down-home-foot-stomping-bluegrass. When the eventual winners, Montezuma's Revenge, and also-ran San Diego Grass and Eclectic appeared on stage in their "real" style clothes, the audience really warmed up.

Montezuma's Revenge, six musicians using various costumes, and electric fiddle and mandolin, two guitars, a five-string banjo, a stand-up bass and a kazoo, played two numbers which leaned more towards skiffle or jug band music than traditional Bluegrass. Their version of Mongo Jerry's "In Summer-time" was easily their better number, judging from crowd response. The lead singer's country version of the famous 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 back-country Goodwill.

(continued on page 6)

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, well-modulated 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's 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 -50, the *San Diego Union* received a -15). As we left we received the latest edition of the paper.

The evening began at exactly 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 unctuously introduced Pete Wilson, San Diego's "Man of Action." 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 put it.

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 Godsell: Sheldon's opposite. A portly English Hawk who thinks incisively in terms of military strategy (we must develop the nuclear-powered ballistic and anti-ballistic missile submarines). Godsell surely would have bet that Phineas Fogg would never have made it around the world in 80 days. The fastest-talking, quickest and most trenchant mind of the four who has, at the same time, the

THE SELLING OF 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 Slinn: The only undistinguished person on the panel. Looked more like a local TV weatherman or high school coach than a critical-thinking journalist. As Western Bureau Chief, he sounded bored and said nothing that was even mildly interesting. Indulged in sick non sociology of the West (Westerners 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 "astounding year," and 1973 is going to be a "promising" as "fascinating" year. Just as China is "seeking a period of 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, they seemed to imply, that

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 controversial 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 New 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 inflame 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 throughout the evening. In many cases they seemed to apologize for their opinions rather than present themselves as experts or even just informed observers.

But the pervasive tone as set by Hughes was genial and good-humored. All four joshed one another and laughed and seemed to have a good time. Hughes started off in a light vein by saying 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 well-mannered 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 be polite, civilized in an English, genteel fashion, and eager to please one another. The *Monitor* is a highly respectable, highly respected paper, and the audience was equally reasonable and respectable. As Antony said of Brutus, "So are they all, all honorable men."

Kathleen Woodward

(Country Star continued from page 3)

San Diego Gross and Eccles, on the other hand, favored traditional Bluegrass. Their performance was polished; both of their selections were played with the stone-faced look made de rigueur by Earl Scruggs. In between numbers, their stand-up bass player asked the audience to "pull up a hay bale and dig it." But somehow 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 backstage talking to KSON's McKinnon and the performers long after the final curtain.

—Albert Barnes

(August New York continued from page 2)

trial for Demy's stylistic exercise, 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 the screen is a stately choreography, shadowed by Demy's graceful, stealthy cameras in a placid, lulling experience.

Uzama'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 digestible moralistic clichés, as the spectator, like the characters, is kept floundering in mixed feelings and inadequate understandings.

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*, *André's Macanaima*, *Scalmanovich's*, *Two Cents*, *Passolini's The Dancer*, *Chabrol's The Butcher* and *Ten Days' Wonder*, and Henry Jaglom's *A Safe Place*.

—Duncan Shepherd

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