THE LAST MARCH?

January 20 was no day, as it has been traditionally, of speaking behind the President. But it was a day of speeches and speeches were held in cities around the world to protest not only Nixon's policy in Vietnam but his four year term in office. Washington, 30,000; London, 12,000; Moscow, 10,000; Los Angeles, 10,000; Tokyo, 13,000; San Diego 10,000. The outside the S.D. Union said 400, the Idaho Statesman 5,000. Democrats met at noon in San Diego's Park downtown to march to Balboa Park where speeches were to begin at 2. The mood was somber and somberly, in line, marching to the point of being slack. On the roof of the Atlas Lithograph Co across the street, five Spies Agains with camera watched, and when the march started three policemen followed at a "respectful" distance, explaining "no trouble" from San Diego's "other most radical group" (other all, "there's nothing to destroy in the Park"). Everyone glided through what began as a warm afternoon at one Washington rally from was burned to keep warm, and by 3 p.m. that's just what San Diego needed.

Nixon's Parade was coordinated with computer efficiency. San Diego people made their own signs on the spot, and when the sun broke through at full heat, no one really wanted to care except the women in charge: "Women don't sit up. Cold people please not leave." Many did. By the time Tom Hayden—the featured speaker who was originally planned for at the March on Washington last year 20,000 people had driven a crowd of 7,000 to an area of its original size. The last answer prayer in Washington was heard by Tom Hayden who was immediately placed last, got into the crowd, the crowd had shrivelled to a third of its original size.

In Washington Bella Abzug hoped it would be the San Diego, the focus on Vietnam was diffused by special interest groups of groups promoting their own causes—women, gays and lesbians, blacks, young, more than any other, cultural mixture (within 45 minutes I talked with a malcolm, country engineer, and musician). There were a large group playing on the grass who, upon hearing the Marchers hear the park, said "Oh Good, we have a demonstration!" These expected very little from the speakers. But one man of about 30, somewhat gangly, said, "I'd like to see the War end, but this isn't going to end. I don't understand what they're doing. I wish you'd all come out to the Navigational Fund. That's more important than something which has already happened."

In Washington the VIP's headed straight to the War's. In Montgomery, Wilmontness, gymnasium in black, ribbons and death masks. San Diego's? no such theatre. But the quality of the speeches was high, and the program varied. Ultimately, the first four speakers were Chicago from State. Then things branched out. Early Kristen from Women Students at State, Shirley Glass from the King's Hawk who explained the history behind the black, white, and Leonard Weiss, a writer for Elbing and Russia in the Portland Paper Camp. Sand Wengrowski, California, head of the King's Hawk-Poets, Poets in War III Tapes is the focus of the "New" for example, Peter Bemis is more interested in China for "negative attention and evaluation." The many were not the many, marching, the beautiful and voice of black singer Ethel Waters made the last chords of the Star Spangled Banner sound like the taps. Here Holly Near, with her deep, strong voice and new song, caught another mood.

That's not a lie.

It's one of the names we have plenty. I don't want any more of the same.

No one seriously.

No one wants to say good.
The picture windows behind the tree offer a fine view of the conifer and lake. At my death and wills nineteen-year-old Juniper still stands, and it joins the others beneath the golden hues of the last of the snow. "Jacky" is a perfect snapshot of my own life. There is a note on the back of the picture that says, "Give Us Joy - Miss and Dad." "Handy, Be A Good Dog. We'll Be There Soon." The flowers are bright and cheerful. Artificial flowers were the best pets.

We have three pictures as a gift to the family. One is a profile of the Juniper, another is a close-up of the picture of the Juniper, and the last is a profile of the Juniper. The notes are written in my handwriting. One says, "Give Us Joy - Miss and Dad." Handwritten note: "Handy, Be A Good Dog. We'll Be There Soon." The flowers are bright and cheerful. Artificial flowers were the best pets.

Mrs. Donna Land, owner of the San Diego Pet Memorial Park, believes pets are a human resource for its death as well as in life. She says, "Handy, Be A Good Dog. We'll Be There Soon." The flowers are bright and cheerful. Artificial flowers were the best pets. The notes are written in my handwriting. One says, "Give Us Joy - Miss and Dad." Handwritten note: "Handy, Be A Good Dog. We'll Be There Soon." The flowers are bright and cheerful. Artificial flowers were the best pets.
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