

# Plug to be pulled on CJSR

The rumor has been confirmed. In a quiet but emotion filled voice, CJSR Director Gary McGowan announced yesterday that as of December 31, 1979, his campus radio station would "spin its last hit."

As Sharon Bell, VP Internal, explained, "It was just a matter of time. We knew CJSR had to go when the *Getaway* came to us asking for more room so that they could publish a monthly magazine. It seemed logical for them to expand into CJSR. At first we considered moving the radio station elsewhere but the cost would have been prohibitive."

Other members of the student executive and council expressed dismay at the decision but felt there was little that could be done. Cancel Battachariot, VP Academic, said that he "personally was disappointed, and it had nothing to do with not getting a job as a DJ for the third year in a row." Councillor and CJSR DJ Steve Cummings was particularly upset, calling it a move from which the "Grateful Dead would never recover." (sic)

It was definitely the end of an era for CJSR, the feisty little radio station that could. The era began in March of 1976 when it was resurrected from the ashes

of its predecessor and was given a mandate to "entertain and enlighten the student body." Harvey King is one of those dedicated radiophiles who has been with the station since its inception. As he cleaned out his locker at CJSR he reminisced about the station's beginnings:

"They were incredible times. We were young and idealistic, and yes, I suppose, terribly naive. But we believed in what we were doing, and that was to bring music to the people. The rest is history."

Present *Getaway* editor Gord Turtle was one of the formative influences on CJSR in its early years. He offered some anecdotes from his tenure as director:

"In the early days of course we didn't have much of a budget which kind of limited our equipment. But we were an adventuresome bunch of guys and we got really good at steal.... er, borrowing wires and stuff from the physical plant.

"Of course, we had no record library to speak of. During my first four months we only had six records but we used to play them at different speeds as well as backwards. We were quite amazed to find that Mantovani played backwards sounded exactly like James Last.

"Things are a lot more sophisticated now — the equipment, the announcers and records — but those were really the glory days of radio."

Most CJSR staffers are taking the news rather stoically, as McGowan said, "We just have to learn to face the music." He said it would be toughest on the older announcers who, having become "accustomed to the glory and graft of big-time radio," would find it hard readjusting to a life of anonymity. He denied the rumor that CJSR could go underground and operate as a ham radio station, stating that there were "already more hams than headphones around here."

One CJSR staffer was not so stoical about the impending breakup of the station. Ad man Doug Mathews apparently went into hysteria upon hearing the announcement yesterday. He reputedly attempted suicide by trying to swallow his Peter Pocklington autographed hockey puck. However, he was unavailable for comment at press time, not being seen since leaving the station late last night with two large 'friends' who were carrying violin cases. Mathews was in charge of the highly lucrative and successful advertising department.

Meanwhile, plans are steaming ahead for the *Getaway's* new, full color monthly magazine, expected out early next year. Editor Turtle promises that it will be "hard-hitting, controversial and have lots of neat artsy fartsy type pictures." He added that much as he hates to see CJSR go, "we really needed that floor space."

The decision has been made. Only time will tell whether it has been wise or foolish. It is the end of a radio station that at its peak boasted a listening audience of 50,000 and was renowned for its innovative and exciting programming. Who knows how much further it could have gone?

As one subdued student said, "Losing CJSR is a bit like losing your tonsils, you don't really notice them while they're with you, but it's a bit sad and painful to see them go."

## Rough Guts

by Dianne Bung

Several days after I started work as a cocktail waitress, a milkman (one of the regulars), tried to pick me up. He was a lonely, sallow-faced Dickensian drudge. The candlelight that flickered across his visage gave the whole encounter an ambience of ghoulish, movie-like realism.

This was a quantum leap from the office of my perfidious Middle English prof. He was a giant step backwards from the shameful fantasies that swim in my head after reading Book IX of *Paradise Lost*. It was even a trip down the stairs from my clandestine liaisons with the 70 year old arthritic gardener at my boarding school.

Yes. I was Alice falling into the abyss. But I didn't live in Wonderland. No. This was the *real* world.

Here I was, confronted by a drunken, uneducated, insensitive and rather slovenly chauvinist pig. Fortunately, my liberal arts education rescued me from fossilizing these premature and prejudiced conclusions. Instead of acting like an intellectual snob and shrieking that I wouldn't be caught dead with a slobbering slinger of milkbottles, I reflected for a moment. Long enough.

After all, we are all human beings. We live, see dawn, watch sunset's glow, love and are loved. So I arranged an arcane rendezvous on the outskirts of his Milwoods route. That was where he delivered.

The TRUTH. I had always believed that it lay buried in a post-doctoral research paper. I even contemplated that it might swim ashore if I was ever to contemplate Kafka while on a sabbatical in Greece. Joan Didion?

N.A.D.P. Northern Alberta Dairy Pool I hear you all cry like confident freshmen deciphering the images in *Waiting For Godot*. No. It is a cryptic message that would boggle the minds of those who bring us the " Sunday Morning News Quiz."

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Contemplate. Why does buttermilk have less calories than 2%? What is the remedy for the name of this column? These are not zen riddles.

Santa Claus is not the definitive answer, but then again..., neither is D. H. Lawrence. We'll talk more of this next week.

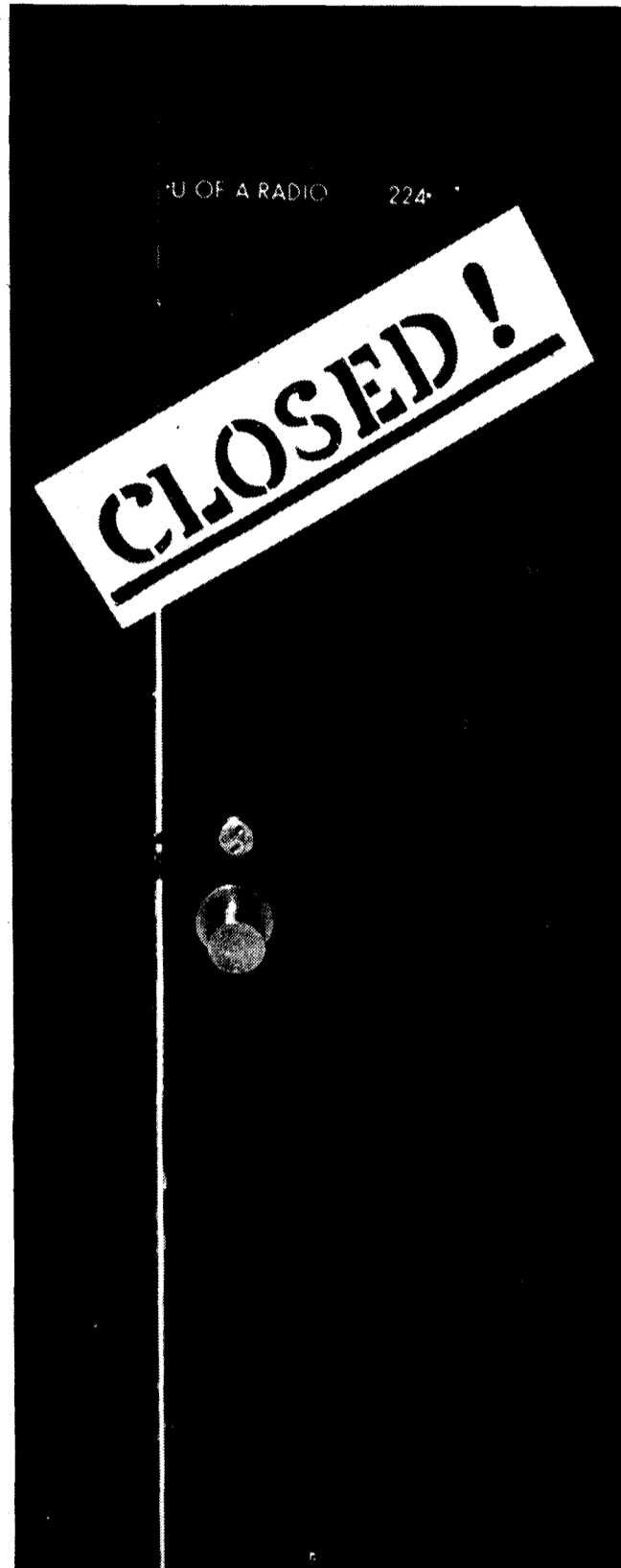
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Black days are approaching for CJSR. The date for the public auction on their record library will be announced in an upcoming issue of the *Getaway*.

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