

Editorial comments

In defense of demonstrators

Residents of the Greater Hazleton Area were shocked into reality by a protest rally on May 5 "against American involvement in Southeast Asia and the draft." They discovered to their extreme amazement that not all anti-war demonstrators are anarchists, arsonists, or bombers instilled with the intent to destroy America in protest of the war.

Conversely, they found that the several hundred young people who gathered in Memorial Park PEACEFULLY demonstrated their opposition to the government because, as Mark Colasurdo of the Student Committee for Justice, told the crowd, "It is OUR government, too."

The sponsoring committee ran into much opposition from the Hazleton Veterans of Foreign Wars. The night before the demonstration, the vets met and sent a resolution to Mayor Joseph Conahan hoping to dissolve the protest. The vets said that "these demonstrations, normally, create disturbances and tend not to represent the best interests of the citizens of the United States."

"THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE CITIZENS???" Why, the latest Harris poll states that 58% of America is against the war while the Gallup poll ups that figure to about 71%.

What the VFW said, in effect, was, "Because you have long hair, because you dress differently than us, because you are young, because you do dope, you are not Americans. Because you can think and because you can form your own ideas, you are not Americans if they do not conform to ours."

During the recent Mayday Operations in Washington, the news bureaus have stressed that the violence was instigated by a small number of persons in comparison with the many thousands of demonstrators present. But the war protesters were not the only creators of violence. An Associated Press bulletin states that "at one point reporters saw several policemen beat five demonstrators with clubs. A sergeant stopped them."

The police were ready in Hazleton, too. Most have probably never seen an anti-war demonstration, let alone break one up. You can imagine what an experience it was for them! There were police all over the place. Local guardians of the law patrolled intersections near the park and downtown. State troopers sat in unmarked cars waiting for a disturbance, but they went home disappointed.

Yes, kiddies, Hazleton has finally woken up. You've been hassled time and time again. Next time they'll think twice.

Whose bulletin board is it?

Last week a sign was posted on the top of the bulletin board in the Student Union Building. It warned students NOT to post any signs or notices without the permission of someone down in the SGA office. Isn't it ironic that we must first get permission to use our own bulletin board.

We know what we're talking about. Going through the SGA office first can cause some unnecessary delays. Recently it took us a day and a half to get a note to Collegian reporters posted.

Granted, the board is small but it would take only a few minutes each week on the part of the SGA member in charge to remove any extraneous or outdated material. In this way, it would become a bulletin board of the students, by the students, for the students.



Dick Gregory
the light side / the dark side

Under the 1968 federal law, 1971 will be the first year Veterans Day is celebrated on the fourth Monday of October. Already the third week in April, 1971, has become immortalized as Veterans Week. Vietnam war veterans assembled in the nation's capital to witness to the immorality of the war in which they had fought; to admit not only that they and their country were wrong, but to say that they, at least, were sorry.

Veterans had spoken out before, of course. A notable example was John F. Kerry, speaking at a Yale University teach-in on Laos, part of a speakers' list which included such persons as Ramsey Clark, Averell Harriman, Cyrus Vance, William Sloane Coffin, Joe Duffey and Bella Abzug. A decorated Vietnam veteran, Kerry told of a meeting in Detroit where veterans gather to relive "the absolute horror of their experiences." They told, said Kerry, "of the times they personally raped, cut off ears, taped wires from portable phones to human genitals and turned up the power, cut off limbs, blown up bodies, randomly shot at civilians, razed villages in a fashion reminiscent of Genghis Khan, shot cattle for fun, poisoned wells and foodstock, and on and on."

And Kerry cited other horrible statistics: "One out of every 10 of the unemployed in this country today is a Vietnam veteran. That's 22.5 per cent of all the veterans who are unemployed. Thirty-three per cent of these are black. We have veterans who practically have to sue the Veterans Administration to get their artificial limbs. Fifty-seven per cent of those entering hospitals have thought about suicide and 27 per cent have tried it. Sixty-eight per cent of the troops in Vietnam are on dope, and the addicts who return receive little if any care."

But now the veterans bivouaced on the Mall below the west front of the Capitol, placed their bodies on the steps of the Supreme Court building, visited senators and congressmen and investigating committees, and in perhaps the most moving display of all, gathered to throw their medals and decorations and plaques and discharge papers at the feet of the statue of Chief Justice John Marshall standing in front of the west entrance to the Capitol building.

In all of the drama of Veterans Week, America's true soldiers were so beautifully nonviolent and so absolutely moral. The very young men whom America has taken and trained to be murderers and shipped to Southeast Asia to ply their trade are miraculously able to return home to nonviolently confront the same government which has so misused them. A young former Air Force sergeant said it well as he threw his award toward the Capitol. Speaking of his three-and-a-half years in the military, he said: "It was a disservice to my country. As far as I'm concerned, I'm now serving my country."

He is quite correct. Perhaps at long last it will be the soldiers themselves who finally bring to an end this horrible war. And maybe it will set a precedent for all future soldiers. If the soldiers of Hitler's army had stood in front of the gates of the Reichstag and refused to be used as the pawns of madness, millions of lives would have been spared and the walls of division would never have been erected.

The right to know

by Mel Mundie

Freedom of the press. Freedom of information. Communication between a democratic people and its government. An open flow of information. A basic part of American society essential to the maintenance of freedom. A national tradition.

The maintenance of the above is the responsibility of the mass media. The press, both broadcast and print media, is the vehicle through which this open flow of information is processed. A good system? Yes, the best yet devised.

Infallible? No, it has not worked perfectly, but it has worked reasonably well.

Indestructible? Hardly...because the press is now under attack, and if that attack is successful, the system it maintains is in serious trouble...which brings me to the substance of this editorial.

The attack began when Vice President Agnew took exception to coverage by the major networks of a speech by President Nixon. He charged commentators and top network news officials with "monopoly control over what 50 million Americans see and hear on television." He later expanded the sins to include the print media.

A more recent example is the investigation of the CBS News program "The Selling of the Pentagon" by a subcommittee of the House of Representatives. The subcommittee subpoenaed background material never broadcast. CBS, to this point, has declined.

The Federal Communications Commission investigates hundreds of claims annually under the Fairness Doctrine. The answer to alleged irresponsible journalism, say the critics, is some form of regulation. Regulation implies government. Regulation by government constitutes a serious intrusion upon independent professional journalistic judgment.

It is no secret that the Vice President speaks for the President: that the President would prefer a flattering interpretation of his performance. It is no secret that persons who seek action under the Fairness Doctrine are usually those with a special interest in having news analyzed or reported differently.

I have already stated that the system is not infallible. The media has always been aware of its shortcomings. Strict objectivity is a difficult commodity to maintain. Bad news has always been more salable than good news.

Consider the danger of submitting to regulation. Consider the reporter who modifies his journalistic responsibility in order to avoid a confrontation with the Administration. Consider the network that would submit to self-censorship because a Pentagon story might tread on powerful legislative toes. Consider the man who refuses comment entirely because he fears news background files may be subpoenaed. Consider the small town radio station that would avoid "hot" issues because John Doe might take a complaint to the FCC.

Please hear my plea

by Richard Rockman

Riddle me this:
I stand perfectly still yet I am always on the move, never arriving at my destination.

I stand tall with pride; I lower my head with shame.
I am a storehouse of ideas...do you allow me to speak?
I am old and wise but you try not to break the seal of my lips by looking toward me for advice.

I seethe with rage; you think I be made of stone and rock?
I can be your confreere; I can be your adversary. The choice is yours to make.

I can set your mind aflame with the torch of freedom? You can douse the flame with roar of the waterfall.

I can teach you the meaning of things I have seen if you have but the desire to gaze past my rough and cracked outer skin and painted face. It need not be war paint.

My mind is home to a million changing thoughts...a million pieces of a giant disorganized jigsaw puzzle. Will you put the pieces together correctly? Will you try?

I am powerless without you. YOUR strength is MY strength. How strong ARE you?

Without you I am nothing: an empty shell...a mindless body. Many of you are gazing upon my form at this very moment. Or, perhaps you are looking at my sisters and brothers. You might take some of us for twins as we are not unlike each other in our present condition.

My virtuous mother was Inspiration...my independent father was Insatiable my adopted children and I treat you as my own. I offer you the benefit of my experience-do you accept it or reject it?

My body is possessed by the ghosts of yesterday's souls. They are feverishly peering over your shoulder with keen, blazing eyes, anxiously awaiting a sign as to your next direction, for the present state of the Universe may lie in the balance of your actions.

Some of you come into my rooms and sit in my chairs...sit at my tables... waiting for me to turn my back so you can stab it with your dull blade, freeing me and imprisoning yourselves: I fear you not, for I know I would be resurrected.

Who, then, do I fear? Those of you who come into my rooms and sit in my chairs and sit before my set tables yet do not partake of the nourishment offered before you. It is YOU I fear, for YOU will kill me. YOU will stab me in the back while you are sleeping.

People pass me by...they walk all around me, but few hear my shagony. I cry out in desperation. People look right at me yet do not see or hear of my pain.

I SCREAM in silent frustration; PLEASE HEAR MY PLEA!
Do you hear me?
Who am I?

Somewhere in San Clemente

by John Hancock

Pat - Oh Dick, isn't it a relief to get away from there.
Dick - Well let me say this about that, Pat. The exceptionally high crime rate, coupled with racial problems make it advantageous for us to pull out at this time.

Pat - You're so right. I heard that thousands of young Communists are descending upon it at this moment. They claim to disavow violence, though.

Dick - Rubbish. Old Joe, God rest his soul, taught me to never trust the red horde. The only good Commie is a dead one.

Pat - That's supposed to be Indian, Dick.

Dick - So what? They're both red, aren't they?

Pat - I'm sure Lady Bird wouldn't have accepted that from Lyndon.

Dick - But, I'm the leader. I've sent American troops in there to insure us of a full generation of peace.

Pat - Oh Dick! How wonderful! But are you sure of your move? Don't forget the trouble Lincoln caused.

"KNOCK - KNOCK"

Dick - Yes?

In rush Davey and Julie.

Davey and Julie in unison - Daddy, daddy! Can we watch the news?

Dick - Now children, you know what Uncle Spiro told you about those nasty, biased, news commentators.

Davey - But tonight is special. CBS has a special program on this evening concerning the Pentagon and its salesman.

Pat - Oh, Dick, let's watch. Maybe we'll see some of your friends.

Dick - Well, I know what is best, since I am the leader, but I'd better tell what's-his-name that we're watching.

Julie - Not now Daddy. It's coming on.

Dick - Oh all right.

"Flicker, flicker - nothingness"

Dick - Damn, it must be that clown from behind the mailbox who was fiddling with the telephone lines the other day.

Pat - Well, that's all right. He'll let us see the Beverly Hillbillies.

In rushes Tricia.

Tricia - Daddy, daddy, can we have real root beer at tonight's party?

Dick - Well let me say this about that. We always face the danger of psychological addiction. And it should be made perfectly clear that milk is more healthy, and of a more acceptable color.

Pat - Right on, Dick.

Tricia - Oh, what a bummer.

Pat - Stop using that disgusting slang.

Tricia - Yes momma. Can Eddie dance with me tonight?

Pat - I suppose, but not too close, And none of those suggestive, new sinful dances.

Voice from behind the mailbox - With this trash, who needs the Beverly Hillbillies?

If you think the danger has been exaggerated, look at the French press. The French press is controlled by the government. The French people have one advantage however. They know the final product reaching their ears is government censored. They can disregard the half-truth.

Freedom of information in a democracy means exactly that. Total and unqualified. It cannot apply here and not there. Removal of a part of it compromises all of it. When that happens, there is no freedom of information.

The Constitution states: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press." He ultimate responsibility is yours. You will make the final decision. After all, under that same Constitution, doesn't the responsibility of governing rest with the people?



This Is Your Bag

Hi!

"Guys and Dolls"

Looking for Roman Sandals - low-rise jeans - lace-up shirts - ankle rings - Wallace Berry Tops - stick incense - cartoon shirts - ever so brief hot pants - Bronco Jackets????

They're

here now!!

In Hazleton!!!

"Right on Broad"

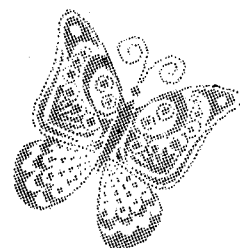


at the

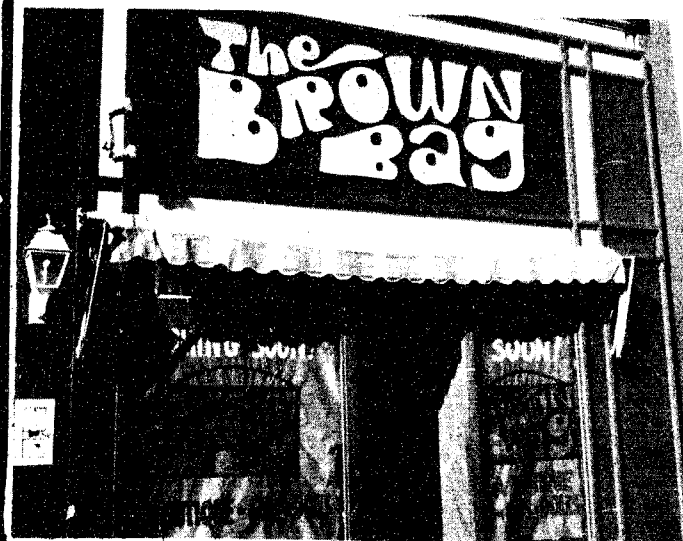
all

new

The BROWN Bag



Larry and Jimmy



The Highacres Collegian

The Collegian office is located in the Memorial Building. Office hours are Monday thru Friday, 1-4 p.m.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John Roslevich, Jr. Editor-in-chief
Paul Pianovich Executive Editor
Kris Karchner Managing Editor
E. J. Pietroski Business Manager
T. W. Heppel Production Manager
Richard Campbell Faculty Advisor

STAFF

Assistant to the Editor: Gloria Smitrovich. NEWS: Alice Bright, Armine Cumsky, Margie Grega, Susan Kisthart, Anne McKinstry, Celine Student, Jean Yeselski. SPORTS: Tom Caccese, editor; Mark Braskie, Jack McCutcheon. CREDIT: Susan Kisthart. CIRCULATION: Gloria Smitrovich. TYPING: Susan Kisthart, Kathy Motyl, Mary Polasick. ADVERTISING: Ed Pietroski, manager; Bob Allison, Barb Fahringer. COMPOSITION: Joan Mentz, Alice Bright. EDITORIAL WRITERS: John Hancock, Mel Mundie, Richard Rockman. PHOTOGRAPHY and ART: Paul Pianovich. MEMBER: The Press Association of Commonwealth Campuses, Association Press Services Newspaper Council of the Press Association, Intercollegiate Press.

Letter Policy

Opinions expressed in The HIGHACRES COLLEGIAN are those of individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect the official views of The COLLEGIAN.

Unsigned editorials represent the official opinions of The COLLEGIAN.

Responsible comment to material published in The COLLEGIAN is invited. All letters must be type-written and signed.

Faculty members are students are invited to submit articles to be published in a special section of The COLLEGIAN entitled "Impact." Articles and other material (poems included) should be no longer than 400 words and must be typed.