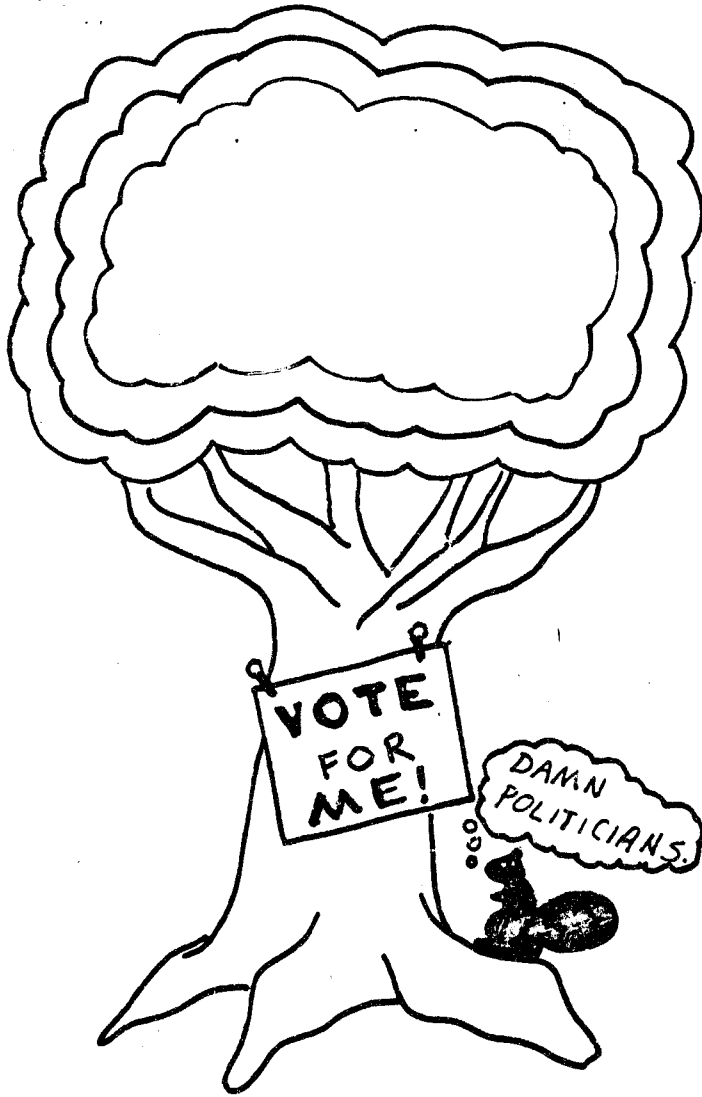


### Editorial comments

"I hope that I shall never see a campaign poster on a tree!"



## Rip-off the candidates tomorrow

Within the past few weeks, a large number of trees in the Greater Hazleton Area have developed some sort of strange disease which heretofore afflicted only wooden telephone poles and city light standards. The only outward sign of this disease is an unsightly blotch called an election poster. It seems that this "blotch" appears regularly before election day when candidates try to reach the voters with their message. The "blotch" lasts indefinitely, depending on when some good samaritan rips it off the tree. You can bet that it is a very rare candidate who sees to it that his posters are removed after the campaign.

The effects of this disease are felt not only by the tree, but also by those of us human beings who appreciate and respect the existence and sight of a healthy, stately tree. We can safely assume that those candidates who debate and deface our trees have little or no respect for trees and nature in general.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna. has outlawed the posting of election bills on their wooden poles. Perhaps the only way to prevent the bills from showing up nailed to trees is for some ecology minded group to petition City Council to pass an ordinance against it.

In tomorrow's election, we urge all students to refrain from voting for those candidates responsible for this "disease." Who are they? Just look at a tree in your neighborhood and you're sure to find one of their campaign posters.

"Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself."  
-Justice Potter Stewart

### The Highacres Collegian

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

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#### 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 typed, signed, and dated. 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.

## Steal this editorial

by Richard Rockman

DEAR ABBIE: OUTASITE!! I read your book and I think it is outsite. Real dynamite! I mean, I never knew there were so many groovy ways to rip-off the piggies, you know? I was so turned on after finishing your book that I just couldn't wait to try some of your suggestions.

I really didn't know anybody there, but I got on the phone and called Sydney, Australia and I charged it to some number I made up like you showed me. When I finally got Australia I asked for the time and temperature and hung up. Boy, was that nifty. And I'm glad I finally got back at that phone company and the pigs who run it, 'cause, after all, they're richer than we are and they can afford to lose some money! Look at how much they overcharge us and how many dimes we've lost in their &+%\$+@\*! machines, right? S. CREAMCHEESE

DEAR S. CREAMCHEESE: RIGHT ON! That's the spirit I like to see. With people like you on our side we'll get even with all those money-grubbing establishment creeps yet, and we'll get back what is rightfully ours: THEIR MONEY!

DEAR ABBIE: I have an important question I hope you can answer for me. After we rip off the establishment and we take over the country and make it better, what's gonna stop the old establishment from throwing a monkey wrench into OUR system by ripping US off? FANNY

DEAR FANNY: You are laboring under a misconception. Who says we want to take over the establishment? We're only in it for the rip-off!

DEAR ABBIE: Send me a copy of your book! I'm as mad as &+%\$+@\*!! I want to learn how to rip off the phone company, but good! Do I have an axe to grind with them!

My old man was real sick in the hospital with some disease I can't even pronounce. The doctors said it was beyond them, that they couldn't do a thing for him. I pleaded with them for his life, but they said that it was a rare strain of some South-Sea virus--they couldn't understand how he got it.

The docs said that there was only one man who might be able to save him, some famous specialist in Australia. Well, I tried all night to get in contact with him, but that &+%\$+@\*! phone company kept telling me that all the overseas operators and phone lines were busy!

Can you imagine that? Because of their crazy phone service my old man hadda kick off. So send me your book, Dear Abbie, and show me how to get my revenge. GRIZELDA

DEAR GRIZELDA: Please write again enclosing \$1.95 to cover the cost of my book plus \$.25 for postage and handling, and I will send you a copy.

CONFIDENTIAL TO SUZY Q. IN THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE: That phrase the old lady said to you when she caught you in her garden disguised as a Boy Scout trying to steal her gardenias was written by Robert Zimmerman. I looked up the complete, correct quote in my copy of The Encyclopedia of the Revolution (which I lifted from The New York Public Library, incidentally) and it reads, "To live outside the law you must be honest."

DEAR ABBIE: I had the strangest hallucination while under the influence last night and perhaps your readers would enjoy reading about it. Here it is:

I dreamed that I was "Super-Stealer," brought to Earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal stealers. I was walking along in my secret identity when all of a sudden I saw

this beautiful new color television set, which the &+%\$+@\*! materialistic pigs priced way out of my range, sitting in the back of a delivery truck and the driver wasn't around. Quickly, I took advantage of the situation. I ran into the nearest phone booth, dropped some of my magic "Super-Steal" and SHAZAM! I was transformed into Super-Stealer! Taking the phone along with me (with visions of dimes and nickels dancing in my head) I ran up to the truck, lifted the set out with my Super-Steal-Strength, and escaped with it. ZOWIE! I was gonna have a color TV of my very own to watch all my favorite TV shows with!

All of a sudden, while I was running, the craziest thing happened. The TV turned itself on without even being plugged in and the wierdest shows tuned themselves in. First I saw John Lennon pointing his finger at me and screaming, "Instant Karma's gonna get you!" Then the channel changed and the next scene was that of Amerika sinking into the sea. Then I saw this cat with long hair and a beard and he wasn't speaking, yet I could sort of hear what he was thinking, you know? It's sort of hard to explain. Anyway, the words he was thinking were burning through my brain. I can't remember everything, but it sounded something like "Do unto others. . . Do unto others. . ." being repeated over and over again. I can't remember the rest of what he said. I thought maybe it was the beginning of a famous quote or something, but somebody hocked my copy of Batrlett's Quotations, so I can't look it up. Maybe some of your readers can help me out on this, but I doubt it. It probably isn't that important. But it sure ripped through my head.

Anyway, next thing I knew the channel changed itself again and I saw. . . you're not gonna believe this. . . I saw MYSELF as I was stealing the TV set just a few minutes before! But, it wasn't the same. It was fantastic! It was psychedelic! It was wild! I saw all sorts of colors flowing around everything! And everything seemed so alive! Everything was pulsating! Vibrating! And as I grabbed the TV to steal it I could see a dark murky light form around my head and hands. And this light seemed fluid and it grew and it flowed into the TV screen! And when this stuff touched the TV screen (the one I was watching through the screen in my dream) it immediately flowed out the back of the set and spread a coat of this black gunk all across the universe!

And on the screen through the darkness I could see (just barely) the forms of some type of people, yet they weren't human! And they were gazing into an enormous book and one of them had an old-type of quill-pen in his hand. I strained myself, my consciousness, to be able to look over their shoulders at what was in the book, and I momentarily glimpsed a type of "score-box" with MY NAME on the top! The cat with the pen was just about to inscribe something in the book when, for the life of me, I blacked out.

I just woke up and I'm putting it all down just as I remember it. Crazy, huh? It was really exciting trip. And to think reading your book caused the right psych set for it!

Love and peace. Sign me... Super-Stealer

READERS: Abbie enjoys reading all your questions and comments. Send your letters to "Dear Abbie," but be sure to omit your address and postage on the envelope. It's alright. Abbie can afford to pay the due postage more than you street people can, right?

## Roll on, roll on.

We've got so much going on. by Mel Mundie

Deadline time is here and not one concrete idea to develop. It's not that subjects are lacking. Just the opposite. So much is happening. Difficult to choose. More difficult to find the time. Time. Mid-terms, you know. Weird schedule. Crisis to crisis to crisis. Where is that class schedule? Wham! Quiz time--exam time. All-nighter time. Any questions? Ask me. I'm an expert. Sleep is a bad habit. Mind over matter. Once you get into high gear, you have to stay there. Slow down, or stop, and starting again doesn't come easy.

A full schedule of classes. Forty-eight work hours a week. Anybody for a thirty-six hour day? Or an eight day week? Still, you have to get involved. Or is it that you can't say no? At any rate, you pass this way only once. Can't forget you started late. No time for later. Later is now. At least for you.

A lot of campus activity. Publicity is poor. My job...my responsibility. Need an organization...a sound procedure. Could use some help. A lot of help. Cool it until after mid-terms. One crisis at a time. Scheduling is the thing now. Arrange your priorities. Sneak in with the goods in just enough time to avert the crisis. Don't relax. Solve one, then schedule another. There'll always be another.

Still need a subject. How about the UN bit? Heavy? Yes. Needs a lot of research. Still, it is fascinating. Whole thing seems planned, right down to creating an atmosphere of chance

circumstance. Richard Nixon-Neville Chamberlain. "Peace in our time." Frightening parallel. Our Allies jumped the ship. Why not? Kissinger was wooing the Red Chinese in their own ballpark when the vote came up in the UN. Our Allies aren't complete idiots. They know when we are merely paying lip-service. Cute cartoon in the paper the other day. Berry is wild! If Kissinger asks us about Mao, ask him about Rodgers. Rogers? Rodgers? The spelling escapes me. Don't see his name in print much anymore.

Problems closer to home. The dorm. A little disappointed. Hoped for more interest from the resident students. Hear bits and pieces of chatter. Think the word was "townies." Hint of a class structure. Just a hint. It is only fall term. Everyone needs time to adjust. (There's that word "time" again.) They'll come around by winter term. Won't they?

Deadline time. Quick decision time. John wants an editorial. So be it.

Take a look into the private world of a man's mind. Skip the grammar. A man's mind doesn't punctuate as it rambles. Nothing concrete. No developed message. But real words.

Rest? No time. Tired? A little. Quit? Never. Plenty of time to grow old and become satisfied. In the heirarchy of life, satisfaction comes just before death.

Not many people get to live two lifetimes in one. Indestructible...at least for now.

## Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of the Collegian: I was personally appalled by the attempts of administration, faculty, and students to prevent the publication of the underground newspaper, "Guerilla," at Highacres. Yes, I was personally shocked, I am not so sure it is in vogue today to feel a shock, but I happen to know that the war for independence and freedom was not just in 1776 but is today, is this moment, is everyday. It seems that the freedom of the press is not bequeathed to us at Highacres. It must be won by us.

I was re-reading my history notes and books which had been explored and taught carefully to me at Highacres. It is at this particular time in my life that I have sincere gratitude to my Highacres faculty and administration for teaching me my history-- for now this learning can warn me to preserve my freedom and

indeed recommend to me what my freedom is. Here at Highacres we are dealing with whether or not the press should be free. It seems this question was settled in August of 1735, when John Peter Zenger, printer of the New York Weekly Journal, was arrested and tried for libeling-- holding up to public ridicule--Governor Cosby of New York and also for printing seditious articles--those which aroused opposition to the government. Faculty, administration and students, it seems we have John Peter Zengers on our own campus, doesn't it? Does the case sound familiar? Could it be that today is August 15, 1735, and Highacres is the courtroom and that Zenger and his paper are on trial, and that we are the jury?

There have been rumors, jury, that the question we are dealing with is not freedom of the press at Highacres, but is a question of rules and charters. Pennsylvania State University, indeed, has a delicate bureaucracy which should not be disturbed without sufficient cause. Jury, is your freedom cause enough? I happen to believe that the highest law to be obeyed is expressed in the Constitution and laws of the United States of America. Jury, did you hear the news in your Highacres education? In American law the freedom of the press EXISTS. It thus seems, to me that: the university does not agree with the laws of the land. Of course the university agrees in theory, for one can have freedom of the press with the University's permission and charter. After surpassing many obstacles the press can be free and like a mere rat thrown into a maze of theory and bureaucracy our Peter Zenger will be over thirty, forty, or seventy by the time he sees his news in print. Jury, it seems this university is

cont'd. on page 4, column 5

# Our time is a time for crossing barriers, for erasing old categories- for probing around.

# When two seemingly disparate elements are imaginatively poised, put in apposition in new and unique ways, startling discoveries often result.



## See The Brown Bag

121 W. Broad Street Hazleton, Pa..

