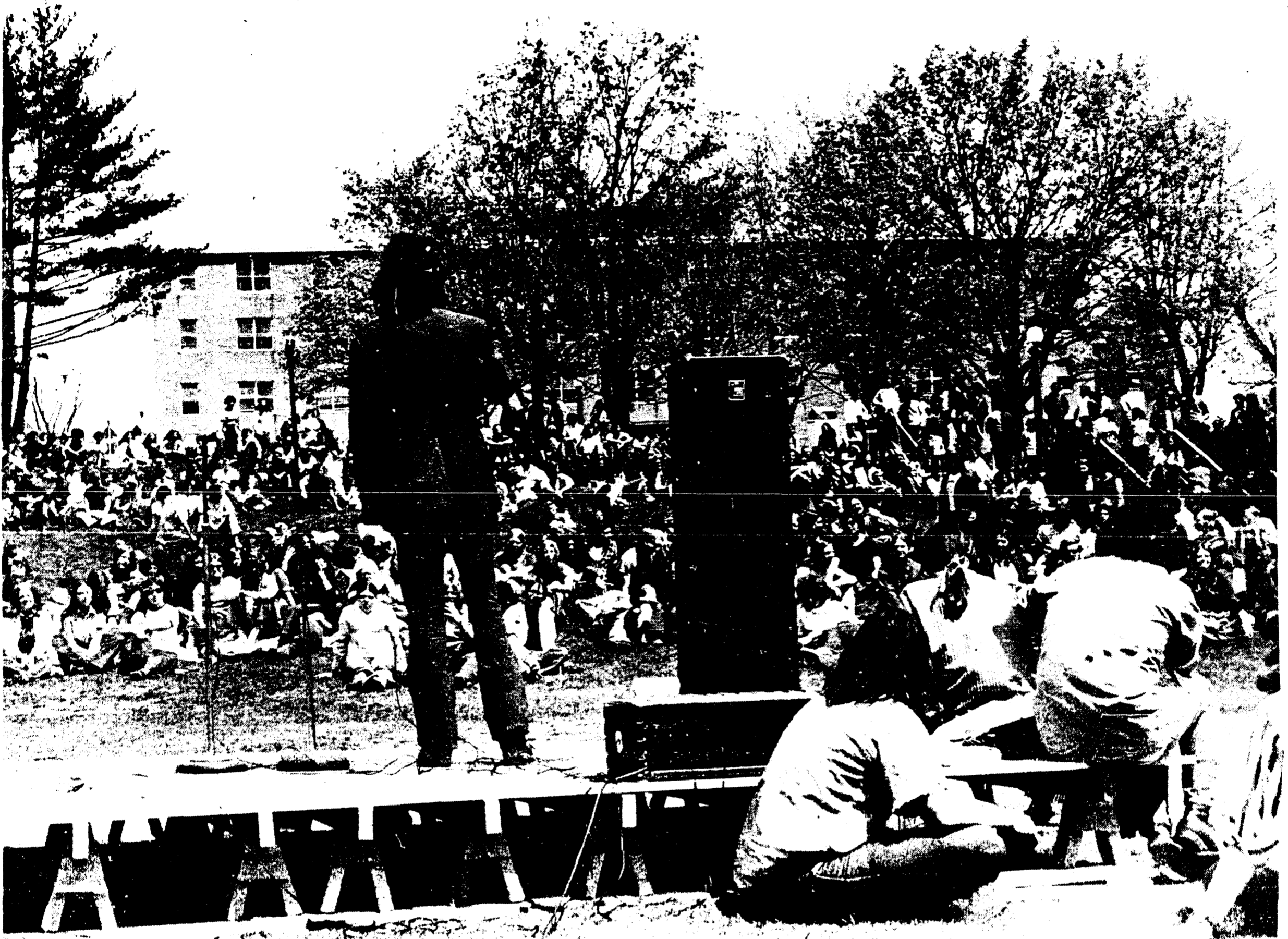


The MAROON & GOLD

VOL. II—NO. 47

BLOOMSBURG STATE COLLEGE

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1971



We Want Peace And We Want It Now!



Dr. Jordan Richman spoke at the rally on "Socialism and Fascism, America at the crossroads". A host of others contributed.

Wednesday, May 5 was "May Day" across the nation. It was the result of the collective efforts of thousands of Americans from every walk of life. Washington, D.C. was the site of a new kind of dissent. As many as 500,000 people went out of their way to show their dissatisfaction with the way America has made the war or ignored it for "Business as Usual".

On the campus of BSC it was the Second Annual Rally, or to some though not most, in my estimation, second Spring Break. While framing pictures, I noticed a markedly different atmosphere from last year's rally.

The all-night dance, Tuesday, may have been enjoyed by the enthusiastic populus, but it was bad for the rally. Morning lectures fizzled due to lack of attendance. I thought to myself, "Whoever the administrator was who promoted the dance, he knew what he was doing." I was too tired to do very much protesting the next day. I just sat and listened and thought.

The largest crowds appeared in the early afternoon, none as large as last year. Excitement was not

in the air, but for a few moments, notably during the speech presented by Dr. Jordan Richman, the artists and sunbathers looked up to see what all the shouting was about. At first glance, it seemed that few were interested in the cause at hand.

Only after an hour or more of eyeing the audience did I change my initial reaction to the event. Earlier in the day, the laughter from the back of the crowd had rivaled the speakers for my attention. By late afternoon an eerie silence had fallen over the remaining hundreds. At one point, I turned to find out where everyone had gone. Expecting to see a handful of spectators, I was shocked to find at least five hundred people LISTENING ATTENTIVELY to the soft spoken orator on the platform. Hardly a soul moved, classes should have such attention. I was truly impressed.

What do they think about us downtown? Does everyone transfer the unfavorable impression made by the few who make the headlines. This isn't Columbia or Berkeley, its good old Bloomsburg. We aren't social rejects, we are your children, the one's who remember Mother's

Day and will take care of you when you're old and grey.

Saturday I was shocked by the attitude of someone totally unfamiliar with BSC. A guest at the Foreign Language International Day was sitting alone outside Hartline 83. When I asked the lady what had happened to the group that was inside earlier, I was told that they had moved to Columbia Hall for the presentation of awards. She told me she was afraid to walk the campus alone and was waiting for the school bus that brought her group to BSC.

As straight-faced as possible, I informed her that there was little to fear, since Columbia Hall was only a short distance and accompanied her there. I wish there was some way to tell everyone else that when there is a demonstration against the war it isn't un-American (and be heard). Colleges are doing the same things they have been doing for years, telling the country where it strays from its ideals. No person, nation, or thing is perfect. Why can't everyone accept that?

Peacemakers, the cause is still there. Though the predominant



philosophy across the country has changed to agree that we should leave Viet Nam, it isn't over yet. Americans are still dying needlessly. This year's rally was still necessary because we are still there.

If you could see their faces at the rally you would understand. Maybe next year we won't need a rally.

ST



Fifth Column

How Can You Run When You Know?

by Blass

The war is over. You lost. You lost some eight years ago, when a peace candidate saw but one way to achieve his Great Society, one way to get a nation out of a slump: war. You lost those eight years. The war has become part of your life, like the t.v. and the 11:00 news. You have written about it, you have talked about it, you have demonstrated (more or less) about it. Something like 73 per cent of the People want out of Viet Nam; we're there still, supposedly pulling out, but still there. We'll be there forever, you feel it in your dead aching bones. Eight years. Eight goddamned years. All those lives deadened. How much longer, you ask? How can this murdering still go on?... You remember Maxwell Taylor calling the Asian conflict a mere police action which would take but a few months, what's a few gooks in black pajamas...The

months festered into years, eight years. You scream: how much longer? You have no mouth and you must scream. Kafka said that the power of one human scream would tear down all the walls. The screams of hundreds of thousands of American dead, the screams of hundreds of thousands of Americans dying, screams of peasants, villagers, children, screams of agony, rage, protest...all ignored. But Kafka hears the cries...listen on a still night, you'll hear him laugh...

Bitter, aren't you? You weren't always this way, you think. Or were you? Bitter, tired, disgusted, angry...angry at people, sometimes the very people you wish could live in peace...yeah, peace.

You are in the Union that night. The fourth of May. You have lost so much on that date, so many people and loved ones. Four dead in Ohio. Earlier in the day somebody kept playing "Power To the People" on the jukebox; the guy was obviously trying to be ironic...You listen to the speakers, the stories of macings and clubbings and 10,000 arrests in violation of all Constitutional rights, and you're frightened, scared snotless that such could happen in the nation's capital...not that you thought it COULDN'T happen, lately anything bad that happens you expect, shrug off when it occurs...like when Bob Kennedy or King got killed, there was no shock, just the feeling it HAD to happen...Washington that week had to happen, a necessity for both sides. But are you ever scared...the stories...and frightened disgusted by the kids who sit there gloating. The complaints of beatings and clubbings are greeted with "Serves ya right." When one frat boy is informed that the jailed had precious little food, he actually says "You could stand to lose some of that fat," even though the guy himself must weigh in at 450. It is announced that some B.S.C. kids are in D.C., perhaps permanently, and that Dave Benson, ex-sociology prof, went to rescue them, all the way to D.C. just to help them out. And some bruiser next to you says "Least Benson son't be around to help you assholes out next year"...and he's right, Dave is gone, fired for as ridiculous a reason as can be conceived, perceived, deceived...not giving a final...gone is a teacher who used the methods the secondary ed people here tell you about but never use themselves. You hope he finds those kids, hope YOUR kids won't go to school here, hope that you assholes won't need any help next year, next Mayday, you hope there'll be no need for more demonstrations...you know better...When a typical Unionite is told of black prisoners kept 5 years without trial, he responds with a heartfelt "Serves the niggers right." About this time you leave the building for the warm dark outside...black is beautiful in many ways...and against the wall two boozey people grope at each other, forgetting war, exploring themselves for the answer...not a bad idea...they see you and stop, see you are friendly, and the guy proceeds to once more take her home to Paw...Life goes on, yeah...ob-la-di, ob-la-death.

station, you see a figure walking toward you, coming up the friendly hill. You say "Hey, isn't that guy Pr. Nossen?" "Naw, can't be." "It is, goldurnit." "Naw." About this time the little man, way down the street, looks up: he sees you, all three of you. Whether he sees the red arm-bands or not you don't know. But he does see you. As quick as Nestle's he decides to cross to the opposite side of the street. "See," you say, "I told you it was Nossen." But maybe you are being unfair...he does, after all, welcome seeing any student. Provided you walk across the street and catch him...This walk will prove an omen. Amen.

Another omen: at the rally the flag above Schuylkill flaps stiff throughout, sounding like a bomber overhead. On and off, depending on how your digust level is working, you listen...listen to all sorts of arguments, pacifism, socialism, Christianity. You hear all sorts of songs, mostly standards for this type of gathering...too bad they don't do "Blowin' in the Wind," the way that flag sounds like a deathplane...the answer is in the wind, blowing up there on that pole is why we're in Viet Nam...blind stupid arrogance which some would call patriotism. You listen to the standards, the singers are good, the crowd, what there is of it, responds. After all these years, "Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin-To-Die" sounds ominous..."Whoopie, we're all gonna die." Maybe so...maybe we already have.

There is no seriousness here, this rally. You yourself like to laugh. But lately (eight years?) you been laughing just to keep from crying. Seriousness bores, sure, but dammit, four people died a year ago, and all those kids, acne-fresh, proud they were-strong, afraid, weak, virgin corpses, Americans and Vietnamese...how many more? How much longer? And why? These things ARE serious, people are dying. Look at that little kid running across the terrace...does she know, she's smiling, she can't know what is going on, she's but ten years old...why does she have to know? What right has Nixon, Acnew, GOD, to make her know bombs screaming, towns burning maggots feeding? What right have they to perpetrate these wrongs? Are they just misdirected, or are they stupid, evil? Are they imperialists, are they racists? (Tricia Nixon once sent a letter to Lester Maddox congratulating him on keeping blacks out of his restaurant...she was still a kid, like that kid laughing smiling beautifully unaware on the terrace, a kid...how else could Missy Nixon nourish such a feeling unless her parents...?but enough) What right?...Kids, it all lies with the kids...and here we are, singing songs that sometimes don't apply...you get the feeling some of these people should have brought a picnic lunch...and so many of the dorms are sleeping from last night at the Union...silly songs, long speeches, and still nothing to guarantee that that little girl-child will grow up in a world of peace, in fact no guarantee that she will be allowed to grow up at all...this is serious, folks, and it is over...Artie White finishes saying we have a problem with this government but we're going to change all that...and you wonder. A year ago you felt the same way...now you're not sure...and

(Continued on page three)

FORUM

by John Stugrin

Last Wednesday, approximately one-thirteenth of the student body at B.S.C. attended the anti-war rally. Small groups of people were scattered here and there on the grass, listening to assorted speakers and singers. Their gathering was quiet, peaceful, passive. The town newspaper called it "orderly." It was all of those and worse. It was empty and dead.

Downtown, people put out American flags and asked each other, "Where are the marchers?" The paranoia was unbelievable and, under the circumstances, ridiculous. Where WERE the marchers? Where WERE the 3700 other students?

Many of them attended classes as

usual, some of them slept the day away, and others stared out of their dormitory windows in morbid fascination.

The word "apathy" is so worn out that I hesitate to use it. But denying that it exists is moronic. I'll admit that it's a selective apathy...BSC students aren't totally unconcerned about everything. If they are, then how can you explain the large turn-outs Greek Week always produces? Students take part in Greek week activities because it's a lot of fun. Even the rally itself had the atmosphere of a big social gathering. A lot of students who slept through the speeches woke up when the folk singers came on. Hardly a throat was silent when the big cheer went

out.

Where were the 500 or so students who showed up for last May's rally? Where was the

spirit, the atmosphere of concern...of purpose? Where was the seriousness of last year's event? A year ago, no one sang funny songs or delightedly screamed "F-U-C-K." But last year, there was Kent State and Jackson State to protest. There were no student killings this year and there's nothing like six coffins to instill some concerned interest in people. But the flag-draped coffins from Viet Nam haven't stopped. What about them? "It doesn't do any good...it's all been said before," one girl told me.

Maybe. But who was listening before. Who is listening NOW?

The morning after the rally, I was awakened by the sound of a cracked voice coming over the radio, saying how college demonstrators bring down "academic standards" and how they should be lined up against a wall and shot. But I wasn't angry. Those people were unknowingly paying we "demonstrators" a great compliment. They actually thought we had enough student support, enough interest, and enough passionate, intense belief in what we were fighting for that we were even willing to go to the extremes of marching on the town and causing disruption to prove our point. We didn't fulfill their expectations and in a way, I think they were disappointed. Super-Radical at B.S.C. is a myth. If there is ever another rally (i.e., if we're handily provided with a dead student or two), don't myth it. If you have enough stamina to drag yourself out of bed to attend some stupid tug-of-war, you should be able to show enough concern to protest a REAL war.

But if you don't, typical BSC student, if all you care about is booze parties and field trips and dances, then all I've got to say is, "Gimme an F...!"

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Call Ext. 323 or Write 301

Washington, BSC

A week ago today there was a rally for peace held on the terraces of BSC. But many miles away in Washington other BSC students were showing their wish for peace in a far more relevant manner. Of the 12,000 protestors arrested for blocking the streets of Washington, a number were BSC students. Two of these were kind enough to give the M&G an account of their hectic days in the streets of Washington.

Saturday, May 1. After hitchhiking down to Washington, our BSC students went to West Potomac Park where a permit had been secured for the use of the park until May 9. There were rallies being held and leaders of the protest spoke to the kids. Each area in the park was marked according to the home location of the group, and so BSC was assigned to Central Pa. There were also representatives from Gay Lib., and the Women's Liberation Movement. There were a lot of rock groups performing and it seems that a lot of the kids who were there that afternoon were there for the fun of it.

That night, Bloomsburg's token few spent the night with a couple from Washington, D.C., who welcomed them with open arms. This made them lucky, since the majority of the kids had to spend the night in the park.

Sunday, May 2. Reports came back that at 6 a.m. that morning the park had been buzzed by police helicopters. It seemed that the permit had been revoked and the kids had to be out of the park by noon. It is believed that this was done in order to break up the organizational meetings which were scheduled to take place that afternoon. All of the kids left except for a group of approximately 150 who chose to be arrested.

Sunday afternoon most of the kids wandered around Washington trying not to get picked up. That night they went

over to George Washington University and arbitrarily called coeds at the college and asked them to put them up. They weren't the first, so it took them a while, but they finally got room. It seems that most of the citizens of D.C. were really friendly about the whole thing, and really wanted to help. At their organizational meetings that afternoon they had decided not to change their original tactics, although their plans on where they planned to attack had been published in the Washington newspapers. They saw no reason to change since they felt that information would leak out, too.

Monday, May 3. Early Monday morning our BSC demonstrators found themselves at their destination — the intersection of Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues, where the representatives from Central Pennsylvania had been assigned to go. They were promptly arrested, maced (sprayed with a type of gas which will blind if not washed off immediately), herded into chartered buses and maced again.

They were then taken to what they and others had properly named a "concentration camp"; a football field with barbed wire around the fences. Here they had only the barest of sanitary necessities and were not fed until 3:30 in the afternoon. They had makeshift toilets and makeshift tents, and even these were not provided until late in the afternoon. They met some of the kids who had been beaten by the police, and were surprised at the amount of bandaged heads. The best thing about the camp, however, was the attitude of the kids. When they first arrived, they were greeted by a long reception line of those who were already there. They shook their hands, introduced themselves and led the group in singing and chanting "Power to the People."

The overall feeling was one of unity and sharing.

At 8:00 that night, they were removed by paddy wagon to a huge football stadium, The Coliseum. There were National Guardsmen stationed every five feet around the arena, carrying containers of tear gas, pepper gas and mace. Also, on the sides of the stadium were metal cages which, I'm told, gave the impression of holding lions, characteristic with the name of the stadium.

Tuesday, May 4. This day was spent in the Coliseum. The conditions were poor, but first aid was brought in by the Red Cross. They were fed baloney sandwiches three times that day, which were thrown in on top of the crowd. Water was scarce.

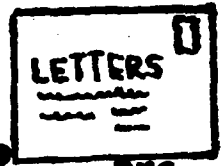
Wednesday, May 5. Very, very early, at 3:30 a.m. they were finally processed and permitted to leave, after being photographed and fingerprinted, but not required to pay bail. From there they went to spend the night in the Union Methodist Church. Later in the morning they started for home and hitchhiked the distance in eight hours. They had no trouble getting rides, people were friendly and interested in hearing what had happened.

Today, May, 1971. It's all over now, and the kids have had their say. Twelve thousand were arrested, and countless more roamed the streets of Washington during the period from April 24 until now. Comments made by the two of BSC's participants, were, "I'm not sure if it will affect the government, but it showed them that people were willing to do more than just go to 'fun' peace rallies." "If that didn't affect Nixon, nothing will." "We didn't think it would work, but we had to try."

But remember one of the people's favorite chants, "You can't jail the revolution!"

S.L.S.

LETTERS



A letter to the administration, faculty, and students of Bloomsburg State College:

A letter has been sent to President Nossen, Dean Hunsinger, Dean Jackson, and Miss Tolan concerning the Abolishment of Women's Hours. An informal meeting with the administrators was also requested. The letter was dated April 29, 1971. Now we can only await their response.

Thank you M&G for making this public.

Sincerely,
B.F.; M.A.; S.G.; D.T.; M.E.; M.Z.

To: The Editor, Maroon & Gold
I enjoyed the punning title "University Bound" of your 21 April 1971 Maroon and Gold editorial on final exams. And may I assure you that review of the final exam policy, one of the responsibilities of the Committee on Academic Affairs, is on the calendar for consideration. (The present Committee will go out of business as soon as a Senate counterpart Committee is elected. The successors will be charged with picking up the obligation.)

Your editorial, though, describes the "order" to give a final exam at a prescribed date as "a typical act of a high school administration closely 'riding shotgun' over the happenings and procedures."

Actually, whatever "ordering" the Administration does in

regard to final exams at Bloomsburg State College, it is only executing the will of the Faculty. For the exam policy was proposed by faculty members some years ago (about 1965, I believe) and prepared by a faculty committee which carefully considered opinions expressed by all faculty members who chose to express opinions.

Having just come to Bloomsburg State College from another college where exam week was the practice; I was delighted in 1963 to find there was no such practice here. I expressed arguments against the proposal to create an exam week but was out-argued and out-voted by my colleagues. However, in this, as in most cases, policies are not all good or all bad. I can live with this policy because it has merit. So does the practice of leaving the final exams to the instructor.

At any rate, the policy was not adopted capriciously by faculty or administrators. It was thought out, reasoned out, and decided on.

As a corollary, I might observe that your recommendation for Bloomsburg State College to "lead the way" in creating a "Voluntary final policy" really means that we should go back to where we were in 1964, or thereabouts. Perhaps we should. Frequently in human activities we go to the past to make "progress."

Dr. Louis Thompson

Fifth Column

(Continued from page two)

the next night a Tug-of-War attracts a larger audience....

Yes, eight years is a long time. Almost half your life. And your life is threatened. The war has saturated and drained you. You find yourself thanking God that your brother is so lucky, so fortunate to have burned skin-grafted legs with awful scars...because that puckered white purple skin is his ticket out of the draft. The war hits you at all levels. You get a far-too-low lottery number and find yourself unable that night to make love...maybe because you feel dead already, a ragged soldier too physically emotionally morally exhausted for ANY part of his body to stand at attention...maybe you have died already...and could be that the war IS over, even though it will go on forever, it is over...

A few years ago we had it made. We were going to win. We had our music, we had San Francisco, Frodo and Bilbo, Dune and Stranger, our own culture, a movement which would shake the world before Mr. Jones knew what was happening. But Mr. Jones THOUGHT he knew what was happening, thought the world about to be shaken over by freaks and flowers and (fer Chrissake) LOVE, so Mr. Jones called his Man and here we are...helpless. Dead or dying. 45,000 of us dead

in a foreign land. Four dead here. And those four are only the WHITES...

Last year you had answers, you thought. But both sides can make mistakes, there are Weathermen.

And yet the Weathermen could blow up every Capitol toilet in existence and still not compensate for the OTHER side's mistakes, what has been done to villages,, women, children...children...the little people with so many questions to which we can give no good answers...kinda like you, no answers...the Weathermen aren't an answer, you know which way the wind blows, it blows like that flag sounding like a bomber...and peaceful demonstrations seem just as ineffective, because those little kids deserve something better than what we got, a fear to bring children into the world...

Answers? You don't know any. Maybe no one does. The answers should be feelings, wanting to help somebody, wanting to live and let love. But not everybody feels that way...some people don't feel at all. You got to beware of those people, the masters of war. There are 'men' who bomb and pillage and rape to earn medals. They are the reason for eight years of growing up scared, scarred, they are why you wake in the night with a start, they are the nightmares you had as a kid, the nightmares that cause us to feel hopeless, helpless, victimized, shat on, disgusted, useless, tired, confused, scared, paranoic...aged...dying...dead.

(I don't know about that fat frat guy, his pals, or Nixon, but I want to live. Want them to live too. Long as they let me live...long as they let that kid live...is that too much to ask? to laugh and run and cry and feel and breathe? I breathe out my life's blood; I inhale apocalypse.)
I am only 20 years old.

Inspiration

by Elaine Pongratz

Inspiration is Forum, (May 7) by John Stugin. I was really impressed. God bless you John Stugin, there is hope for the world after all.

Anyhow, with inspiration in hand, I think I'll talk a while. My choice of topic for today is war, but before I get into that (Maybe I shouldn't, I noticed some people have trouble getting out of it.) I'm here listening to the news, and it's almost funny, if you like tragic comedy. The Mars space shot, Mariner 8, was a failure...and horrors, this may delay the liftoff of Mariner 9, scheduled for May 18. For the mere cost of \$153,500,000 for both of them. What a bargain! (with that kind of money we might have been able

to keep the war going a few more years.) Anyhow I just thought you might be interested in that bit of trivia. (\$153,500,000 worth of trivia?)

I debated using this topic because I heard a nasty rumor that some people think that since females do not fight wars, get drafted, nor have the ability to say "I was there, war is Hell," they should keep their high and mighty opinions to themselves. I decided to do it anyhow though, because after careful thought I realized that the rumor doesn't have any bearing on me, for two very good reasons -- 1) my opinion of war is not high and 2) when you're as short as I am, you really aren't considered mighty. Peace of mind prevails and I go

on. War, there isn't much you can do with a word like that. It isn't very impressive, in fact it's sort of ugly. I guess that isn't a very fair thing to say...the word obviously suffers from discrimination because of definition. Maybe it is fair...after all "A rose by any other name..." (yeah you know how it goes) The odor of this one would stink no matter what you called it.

War affects women too. In many ways. How would you like to get one of those black edged telegrams? Brother, husband, son. Our lives go on. With a big empty hole in it. Deep, dark, and infinite. You never quite forget and you never can quite figure out why...And it doesn't have to be a black-edged telegram. There are still the helpless cripples, and what about the girl who kissed a beautiful, warm-hearted person good-bye and got a cruel, sadistic, madman in return. Is that fair?

Did you ever stop to think what we may be losing? Definitely too many lives. But think about it. Maybe we lost the cure for cancer, maybe we lost the answer to pollution problems and overpopulation. We'll never know. Who does know what was in the minds of those who died both willingly and unwillingly, for a cause they did or did not believe in? Nobody. Nobody knows now and nobody ever will. It's all gone, draped in an American flag, (talk about desecration -- I don't see

anything more desecrating than to cover someone who died for something he didn't believe in, with a flag. Desecration of the character of the individual laying beneath that flag and desecration towards his family. "Here Ma'm, sorry we took your son, but here's a nice flag for you." Talk about sick.)

We were asked once if the American Revolution was right or wrong. A conclusion was drawn, most people feel it was right. Why? Because we won. Will the Viet Nam war be right if we win? and tell me, how do they plan on deciding whether we won or not? Defeat the opposition? Have the opposition surrender? At the price we're paying is it really winning?

I remember an idea from an old "Hole in the Wall" column. It concerned a boy asking his father what school was and his father explaining it. Well, I'm praying for the day (and maybe it's too much to ask) when a child asks what war was, and nobody can explain it, because they don't remember....

Huzza Huzza. Yip yip. yahooo. Hoopla hoopla. Hosanna in the highest. And speaking of highest, the Olympian is here. The official B.S.C. literary magazine is on sale now, a mere 50c, a meager piffle for said publication. And when ya buy your copy, give editor Al Maurer hell for making me write this at 1:00 in the morning.



Glenn Lang, President of the Black Student Society, spoke to those assembled Wednesday afternoon on a continued "battle" to end the war.

May There Never Be The Need For Another Rally



Art White has said that we have problems with this government and they'll be worked out.



Bob Becker, Gadfly editor, talked of his trip to the Washington rally with Mike Carrol and Tom Brennan. He related experiences with the demonstrations and talked on the Viet Nam war.



Just a quick shot with the camera revealed the audience attending the rally Wednesday. Short hairs, long hairs, students and administrators were all in attendance.



Dr. Jordan Richman, formerly of the BSC English Department, talked of the true meaning of socialism.

Time Of Your Life - May 13-15



Tom Seriani, who plays the paperboy in the play, puts a coin in the jukebox and plays number 7 for Joe. He later sings and is asked to entertain people in the bar.



Steve Weiss, is a dancer-comedian who draws few laughs in the William Saroyan play centered around the atmosphere of a small bar on the wrong side of town.

The Bloomsburg Players will present their final production of the season, *The Time of Your Life*, on May 13, 14, and 15 in Haas Center for the Arts. The *Time of Your Life* is under the direction of Mr. Robert D. Richey and is

staged managed by Jean LeGates, a sophomore majoring in theatre. Mr. Richey and the stage manager work together to maintain efficient rehearsals and to improve communication between the director and the

cast. During the evenings of the performances the stage manager remains behind the scenes to coordinate light, sound, and acting cues and to keep everything running smoothly.

The *Time of Your Life*, is one of a series of plays written by William Saroyan aimed at presenting a different view of the everyday lives of everyday people in pre World War II

America. The play, therefore, does not present a theme as much as it projects a mood, the mood of the common people being confronted with the common problem of impending war.

Saroyan carefully reproduces and faithfully captures every nuance and habit common to the time and depicts the feeling of popular confusion that existed because of the strained situation in which the world found itself.

The *Time of Your Life* is also a comedy. It takes up the wonderful nostalgia of the 1930's, displaying it through its characters and episodes, and presents us with an appealing humorous over view of the

lifestyle of the time as well as reinforcing the total mood that Saroyan is showing us and involving us in. The play is about no one particular person, nor does it describe one particular situation. Instead, it uses many characters in varying episodes to search for

an intellectual theme that you must work to discern. You won't find it. Instead, you will come away feeling the theme. It is something you will know because you have lived it everyday of your life.

The stage crew, under the supervision of Mr. Harry Berkheiser, has produced the set for this show. The scenery consists of one set to which furniture and props will be added and removed. It is suggestive of a typical waterfront bar in San

Francisco, complete with rickety piano, jukebox, and pinball machine. The set Mr. Berkheiser is using, was originally designed by Mordecai Gorelik for the production in Biarritz, France. It is designed to convey selective-realism, and, like a blooming flower, the realism is con-

centrated in the center stage and becomes more expressionistic as it moves outward. The biggest problem Mr. Berkheiser has had so far was in locating an old jukebox and pinball machine. The difficulty was solved through the generosity of the Automotive Service Company.

The lighting for *The Time of Your Life* is under the supervision of John Robbins, a recent graduate of BSC. The show will use a general illumination with special effects being needed for the jukebox and pinball machine.

Other crews which will be working behind the scenes to make *The Time of Your Life* a



Kerry Ayers, in the bar, salutes the bartender Nick and humanity.



John Decker portrays the Arab, another regular at the bar. The pinball wizard plays on in the background.

successful production include props, under the direction of Gail Stank; make-up, supervised by Carol Schmidt; costumes, headed by Dianne Doebler; and Sound by Jack Latshaw.

Getting a show off the ground is a group effort requiring the work of all these people plus many more in various capacities. All the people connected with the production give of themselves endlessly to insure the success of

their show. This is what educational theatre at BSC is all about.

Tickets for *The Time of Your Life* can be obtained by writing to the Players at Box 298, BSC, or by calling 784-4660, ext. 317. Admission is \$1.00 for adults and \$.50 for students and children, with a special 10 per cent discount for groups of ten or more. BSC students are admitted free on their I.D. card.

"Special Olympics" Proves People Care

BY JOHN HOFFMAN

In a fast paced world, in which overpopulation is causing increased alienation of people, an event like the "special olympics" held on May 8th in Centennial Gym Pools showed that people still take time to care for others less fortunate than themselves. This "special olympics" swim meet for Northeastern Pennsylvania, embracing a 15-county area, enabled thirty-nine youngsters, ages 10-19, to prove that competency is relative.

The swimmers participating in the four events, 25-yard freestyle, 25-yard backstroke, 50-yard freestyle swim, and the 100-yard relay, were: **GIRLS** — Patricia Block, Julia Bowman, Stacy Compton, Vistella Heintzelman, Rose Hillien, Debbie Hissom, Linda Kircher, Alice Kratzer, Diane Matzura, Evelyn Morris, Rosemary Opp, Lynn Robinson, and Mardell Saunders. **BOYS** — Rod Baker, Ed Bedford, Frank Berry, Robert Bonser, Tim Carter, Dennis Counterman, Gary Cutter, David Davis, John Davis, Robert Davis, John Deats, Joseph Gross, Floyd Heft, Tom Johnston, Robert Jones, John Marzek, Kevin McNulty, Tom Mizeck, David Robinson, Wayne Sanders, Charles Sowan, Fred Taylor, Robert Trent, Dale Vanderer, Wayne Wilson.

Ribbons of achievement were given to all who swam in each race, a different colored ribbon signified different placements (i.e., blue-first place, red-second place, yellow-third place). However insignificant these prizes may seem to the average person, they meant the world to these kids, who really felt as though they had accomplished something great, and they had. They gained the self-confidence and faith in themselves which is quite important regardless of age.

Following the 25-yard backstroke event, a light-hearted note entered the olympics when Steve Coleman's and Bob Myers' exhibition diving show was interrupted by the zany, humorous antics of Dennis "Nutsy" Shoull, to the delight of all who attended.

The coordinators of the Northeastern Pennsylvania Special Olympics are Miss Mary Lou Nappi and Mr. John P. Sarrah and Miss Joan B. White, Coordinator of Special Olympics for Columbia-Montour Counties and "Youth" in Columbia County Association for Retarded Children.

Special thanks should be given to Mr. Eli McLaughlin and the Bloomsburg State Swim Team for helping to promote physical fitness and sportsmanship to the members of the special class and also the Special Education Department of BSC and all others involved for making this "Special Olympics" a day for these kids to long remember and something to look forward to in the future.

Diamonders Lose

The Bloomsburg State baseball team extended its losing streak to eight in a row by dropping both ends of a doubleheader to Lock Haven State, 7-6 and 11-5, last Tuesday at the Lightstreet field.

In the opener a four-run rally in the last of the seventh highlighted by two home runs by Bob Warner fell short.

In the nightcap, the Bald Eagles pounded out 12 hits and jumped out on top 9-0 through the first two innings.



MOMENT OF GLORY—Three participants in the "Special Olympics" swim meet, held on Saturday afternoon in Centennial Gym Pool, receive awards from Miss Mary Lou Nappi, Coordinator of the event.

Daley Goes To Penn

Chuck Daley, basketball coach at Boston College for the past two years, was named as head coach of the University of Pennsylvania.

Daley, a former assistant at Duke, received a three-year contract to succeed Dick Harter, who resigned to accept a similar post at the University of Oregon after guiding the Quakers to the finals of the NCAA eastern regional championship.

Daley, who succeeded former Celtic great Bob Cousy at Boston College, guided his teams to records of 11-13 and 15-11.

Fred Shabel, director of athletics at Penn, said the 40-year-old Daley "has had success on all levels of coaching and has dealt with the same type of young men that Pennsylvania is interested in."

He said Daley accepted the position today after Penn's advisory committee approved his selection last Monday.

Shabel said he and "the committee feel fully confident that Chuck will continue the outstanding program built by Dick Harter and his staff."

Daley is a native of Kane, Pa., attended St. Bonaventure and was graduated from Bloomsburg State, Pa. in 1952 with a degree in Speech Therapy.

He received a Master's Degree in educational administration from Penn State in 1958 and also did work toward a doctorate at Penn State.

He was a basketball and golf coach at Punxsutawney, Pa. High School from 1955 till 1963 when he went to Duke, where he remained until he was named to the Boston College post.

Daley, the 12th coach in Penn history, inherits a team of nine lettermen from a squad that compiled a 28-0 record and the Quakers' consecutive Ivy League championship before losing to Big Five rival Villanova in the eastern regional finals.

PGC Held

The Pennsylvania Golf Championship held on May 10 and 11 at the Hershey Park Golf Course in Hershey appeared to feature Slippery Rock and Clarion State College.

Shippensburg golf coach, Dr. Crist, noted that the "teams to beat are Slippery Rock and Clarion with Kutztown as the dark horse."

A bit optimistic he also added, "though a young team, we should finish in one of the top three places."

Clarion officials are not as optimistic as they report "the team to beat is Slippery Rock, and we should finish about fourth or fifth."

Also not to be counted out are East Stroudsburg and Bloomsburg. Last year the Huskies finished third with the Warriors in fifth place.

The individual honors for the tournament could go to any number of outstanding competitors.

Shippensburg State's John Donahue "could win the tournament if he puts it all together and plays up to his ability," reports the coach.

On the other hand, Bloomsburg's Jeff Hock and Ed Masich are in contention "if they could get their game together," added their coach.

The top golfer for Clarion to get a shot at the honor will be Scott Smith while East Stroudsburg's Tom Bartolacci is "potentially a contender for the championship honors" also.

Jeff Hock and Ed Masich will be playing their last college competition. Hock will graduate in May and Masich in January, 1972.

Both could be in contention for individual honors with Rich Jurbala also in contention. All three are members of the Berwick Country Club.

Spewak Honored

Sophomore driving ace, Brian Spewak of Delta Omega Chi fraternity received the Ben Hur Driving Award for his outstanding performance during the Greek Week Chariot race held Saturday afternoon here at BSC.

Spewak, who hails from Philadelphia, received his Trophy at a banquet held at the Black Beauty Motor Lodge in Hazleton, Saturday evening. When asked about the race Spewak commented, "I used to drive a chariot in a circus side show so it wasn't a new experience to me, I only wish we could have won the race." **WILLIE SHOEMAKER BEWARE!!! OF THE SPEWAK...**

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Smythe Receives Redman Trophy

Wayne Smythe who rose from the ranks of an unknown into the national spotlight as a NAIA wrestling champion was awarded the Bob Redman Memorial Trophy as the outstanding athlete at Bloomsburg State College at the annual athletic awards dinner held last Tuesday night at the Scranton Commons on the BSC campus.

Also for the first time in history, the ARA Services Award to the best underclassman athlete had to be shared. Trophies were presented to Floyd "Shorty" Hitchcock, a sophomore wrestler, and Dave Gibas, a sophomore swimmer, who gained national prominence.

Special awards were also made to Bob Tucker, New York Giants tight end, who is the only Bloomsburg State product to ever make the National Football League. He was given an attache case and cuff links.

The highlight of the affair was the address by Pete Carlesimo, athletic director at Fordham University and former athletic director and coach at Scranton University. Carlesimo is an after dinner speaker and humorous deluxe and his presentation not only held the interest of the overflow crowd in the banquet hall, but also had them rocking in their chairs with laughter.

In the latter half of the program, Athletic Director Russ Houk congratulated the Husky track team for their 15-0 record, which is the greatest in our history.

Houk, conducted presentations of the annual special awards voted on by a panel of coaches prior to the banquet.

Smythe climaxed his four years of wrestling competition by copping the 142 lb. title in the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (NAIA) Tournament, becoming a national champion and All-American. During the past season, he defeated such outstanding opponents as Don Dunn, Iowa State; Dick Pollock, Waynesburg College; Tony Petak, East Stroudsburg S.C.; and Alray Johnson, West Chester S.C.

Smythe was selected by a panel of coaches for the Redman Trophy. The late Bob Redman was an outstanding Husky football mentor in the late 40's and early 50's. Also under consideration for the award were Mike Shull, wrestler, Newport; Jim Platakis, Basketball, Hazleton; Tom Fleeger, baseball, Turbotville; Jim Cavellero, track, Metuchen, New Jersey; Bruce Bittner, track, Catawissa; Steve Ryznar, track, Pottstown; and Bill Nagy, football, Dunellen, New Jersey.

Gibas, an All-American swimmer at West Mifflin High School, won the 50 yd. freestyle event (established new record)

(continued on page eight)

Men's Intramurals

by Jesse James

The Men's Intramural Program is now going into the last events of the year with Spring Sports. These are now in progress and include softball, tennis, horseshoes, and, coming up, golf.

The most recent results are: Water Polo — Lambda Chi, 1st; Al's, 2nd; North Hall, 3rd; and the Coal Crackers, 4th.

Table Tennis — Steve Dippery (SOB), 1st; Bob Roberts (SOB), 2nd; Tom Miller (COD), 3rd; and Jim Chapman (Rare Earth), 4th. Basketball — SIO, 1st; Cougars, 2nd; 2nd Edition, 3rd; and the Bandits, 4th.

Foul Shooting — 1st, Doug

Witmer of 2nd Edition, 46 (second year winner); 2nd, Bob McGinnis, Cougars, 45; 3rd, Bob Vobas, Phi Sigma Epsilon, 43; 4th place (all tied) Joe Lupia, Baggers; David Snyder, 7th Floor; and Harry Dowling, SOB, all with a total of 42.

A listing of the top 20 teams to date, are as follows (not including the badminton results): SIO, Zetes, COD, Lambda Chi, North Hall, Al's, Charger's, 2nd Edition, SOB, Bandits 6, 7th Floor;

America, Phi Sigma Epsilon, Studs, Rare Earth, Baggers, Sigma Pi, Coal Crackers, Digits, DOC.

Golf Scores

Rick Jubala carded a two-under par 69 for the Bloomsburg State College golf team last Thursday at the Briar Heights Course, but it wasn't enough to take medalist honors.

Jerry Janeski of Kings College by way of Williamsport, fired a four-under 67 to lead King's to a 10-8 win over BSC. The Huskies, however, took Kutztown State, 17-1, in the other half of the match and King's whipped Kutztown 16-2.

Other scores for Bloomsburg were: Steve Neumeyer, 80; Ed Masich, 75; Pete Betz, 76; Tom Fudge, 75; and Dave Wisnosky, 78.

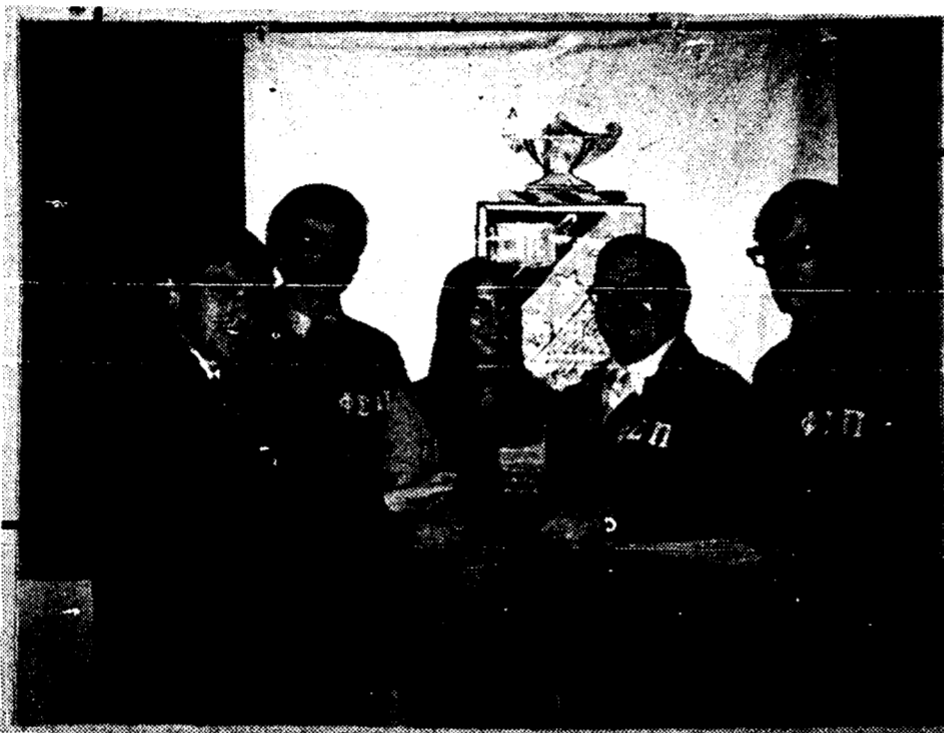
Kings's 10 BSC 8
Janeski (K) def. Masich, 3-0.

Jurbala (B) def. Markowski, 3-0. Neumeyer (B) def. Diken, 3-0. Markowski (K) def. Betz, 3-0. Fudge, (B) def. Harostak, 2-1. Nicholls (K) def. Wisnosky, 3-0.

BSC 17 KUTZTOWN 1
Masich (B) def. York, 2-1. Jurbala (B) def. Barto., 3-0. Betz (B) def. Shaffer, 3-0. Fudge (B) def. Grey, 3-0. Wisnosky (B) def. Herter, 3-0.

KING'S 16 KUTZTOWN 2
Janeski (K) def. York, 3-0. W. Markowski (K) def. Cannon, 3-0. Diken (K) def. Barto, 2½-½. E. Markowski (K) def. Shaffer, 3-0. Harostak (K) tied Grey, 1½-1½. Nicholes (K) def. Herter, 3-0.

GREEK NEWS



Shown are several of the award winning Phi Sigma Pi brothers with their "fraternity sweetheart", Alice Mahon.

Phi Sigma Pi

Saturday, May 1, was a busy day for the Brothers of Phi Sigma Pi. Things started at nine o'clock in the morning when the fraternity held its annual Car Wash at the rear of the Bloomsburg Firestone Center. Throughout the day, until four in the afternoon, students, faculty, and townspeople brought their cars for the Fraternity's "Super-Deluxe" Car Wash. The Brothers encountered a new experience this year when a camper was brought to the scene. Thanks goes out from the Fraternity to all who brought their cars to be washed. It was a huge success. The proceeds from the Car Wash will help to support the Fraternity's foster-child, Stanli Gambtram, in India.

Starting at eight o'clock in the evening, the Brothers held their Spring Awards Banquet at the Magee Hotel. Brothers, dates and guests, which included Mr. and Mrs. Warren Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Babineau, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wolfe, enjoyed a smorgasbord dinner followed by a program of Awards and Entertainment. Mark Harlor

received recognition as being voted "Most Outstanding Pledge" of the spring pledge class. Alice Mahon, the Fraternity Sweetheart, was presented with a Fraternity jacket. Recognition pins were given to Jim Damatt and Steve Tellep for the great amount of work done by them during the first semester fund-raising event. Service keys were merited by Mike Bussacco, Jim Reese, Joe Roinick, and Ed Stine. All four are seniors and have held offices in the Fraternity. Special recognition was given to the Fraternity's advisor, Mr. Richard Donald, as the Brothers presented him with an engraved plaque for outstanding and unselfish service. The Fraternity Newsletter was also dedicated to Mr. Donald at the Banquet. Following this, Mr. Donald was presented with a Fraternity jacket.

The Newsletter, soon to be

published and distributed to the Brothers, Chapters, and Alumni, marks 40 years of Phi Sigma Pi National Honor Fraternity at Bloomsburg State College. In conjunction with this, reflections on the past year were made at the Banquet and also predictions and hopes for the future were made. Installation of the officers for next year was then conducted.

To finish the evening; Reverend Musser, a minister from West Milton, Penna., entertained the Brothers with his Magic Act. The art of illusion is a hobby of Rev. Musser, and he presents approximately thirty such shows a year.

Zete's Find

The Pi Kappa Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America, Inc. is happy to announce the culmination and signing of a lease agreement with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Yohey, RD 2, Bloomsburg, in which the Wonderview Ski Lodge will serve the chapter as a fraternity house. The signing of the agreement has ended the long search of housing for Zeta Psi since its former house burnt down in January, 1970. The agreement will run from Sept. 1, 1971, til May 31, 1972, and a copy of the lease is available for any party concerned in the Dean of Men's office.

We are proud to announce also our new slate of officers for the 71-72 academic year: President, Robert Anderson; Vice-President, Thomas Parry; Treasurer, William Heim; Recording Secretary, John

Woodward; Corresponding Secretary, William Lennartz; Sgt. at Arms, Robert Miers; and Historian, William Dura. Bobby Anderson, the new president, will also be attending the annual Convention of Zeta Psi to be held this year in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

We wish the best for the Greeks in our week and hope all concerned enjoy themselves in the various activities.

May 15 a Day of Infamy.

Lambda Alpha Mu

Lambda Alpha Mu's Spring Pledge Class of 1971 consisted of seven pledges, three sophomores and four freshmen. They were Carole Bolton (president), Janice Ciccone, Carol Connor, Joanie Platko, Susan Shaeffer, Karen Strzelecki and Jean Yazgier. In an attempt to promote both pledge class unity and unity between the sisters and the pledges, such activities as coke dates, dinners, and skits were scheduled.

At the Spring Dinner Dance held at the Holiday Inn in Hazleton, on March 20th, the pledges were honored in an initiation ceremony. Recently the sisters have joined with the members of the Heart Fund and Cancer Society in collecting for their annual drives. Lambda also sponsored a hoagie sale which kept the sisters frantically busy at the culinary arts of hoagie making and turned out very successfully.

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JIM NALLO

Peking — The government denounced the Nixon Administration for "Hostility to the Chinese people" for its continued support for the Nationalist government in Taiwan.

Washington — The House Education and Labor Committee approved a bill that would give the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission the power to issue orders against discrimination in employment by industry or labor unions.

Philadelphia — The steering committee of the bicentennial exposition of the nations birthday recommended the project be abandoned due to lack of sufficient funds and a suitable site for the project.

Canada — A small Quebec village St. Jean de Vianney was destroyed when a pit about a quarter of a mile long and 70 feet wide and more than 100 feet deep engulfed 35 homes several cars, and a bus. Two persons are known dead and 29 are missing and presumed dead.

West Germany — A government spokesman said that West Germany would not reevaluate the mark in that there are no other countries who will reevaluate with them. The six

nation European Economic Community is passing through one of the worst economic crises since WWII.

Washington — Treasury Secretary John Connally announced that President Nixon would ask Congress for loan guarantees to rescue the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation from possible bankruptcy.

Chicago and New York — Passenger will again link these two cities because of the newly formed Amtrak corporation in cooperation with the two states, Illinois and New York.

Egypt — Negotiations are now taking place in the Suez Canal dispute and the reopening of the canal is a possibility.

Washington — Unemployment rose slightly for the month of April but the job situation remained unchanged. While joblessness has stopped it has not shown any improvement in response to the growing economy.

Washington — A judge of the Superior Court of the District of Columbia rules that 600 persons were arrested and held under conditions that inflicted cruel and unusual punishment.



Dr. Charles Carlson, Director of Graduate Studies spoke briefly to the high school students in attendance at International Day '71, sponsored by the Foreign Language Dept. Awards were given for competitive events in several languages.

Are You Experienced?

Jim Sachetti

Two weeks ago, I did a column on a little-known aspect of the BSC Teacher Education Program, namely Sophomore Field Experience. The day it appeared, Dr. Lee Aumiller, director of the program, paid me a visit. He told me that if I cared to do a followup article on the program, he'd be happy to provide me with the information. Recalling the fact that I had never even heard of the program until it was time for me to do it, I decided to pay him a visit.

In case you don't know what Sophomore Field Experience is, be advised that it's an opportunity for Education majors to get a first-hand look at what teaching is all about—before they have to Student Teach. It's a chance to work with other teachers, to get acquainted with

the tasks and problems that confront them, as well as the rewards. And most importantly, for those who have never had the opportunity before, a chance to teach; a chance to get up in front of a class and assume the responsibilities you've watched so many others assume during your years of schooling. And if you think it's easy...

Sound interesting? There's a lot more. If you've read about the problems of the inner city, if you've seen TV documentaries on the problems of immigrant children in American schools, and if you care, then your Experience can be your first, first-hand look at these problems.

Last year, seven BSC coeds taught in the Washington Heights Area of New York City. Working at P.S. 115, an elementary school which has an annual student turnover of 1,000 students, the girls encountered the problems entailed in teaching young, Spanish speaking children; children whose only hope may be the quality of the education they receive.

Other future teachers have taught in the inner-city Philadelphia schools, in schools in Canada with French speaking children, and in Southern schools. These experiences were true educations in some of the toughest problems facing American education today.

These problems can also be encountered in the BSC Student Teaching Program. Nowadays, Student Teaching can be more than going to Danville High for a semester. With the encouragement of Dr. Nossen, the college is endeavoring to set up a Student Teacher Exchange

Program with Laval University in Quebec. The program will allow our Student Teachers majoring in French to do their Student Teaching in French Canadian Schools, while Laval's English majors come to Pennsylvania.

The college is also endeavoring to set up an exchange program with Southern Universities in Mississippi, Georgia and Virginia. This program would give Bloomsburg students an opportunity to study for one semester in the unique social environment of the South. A college in Eastern Kentucky may also be included in this plan.

We all know that good old Bloomsburg doesn't exactly offer a wide range of social climates, and now the college is doing something about it. All these programs need are the students to work within them. You can be experienced.

Smythe

(continued from page seven)

and placed fourth in the 100 yard freestyle event in the NAIA Tournament, thus becoming a national champion and receiving All-American recognition. He also placed first in the 50 yard and 100 yard freestyle events in the Pennsylvania Conference meet (established new records in both).

Hitchcock placed second at 177 lbs. in the NAIA competition and won the Pennsylvania Conference championship at that weight. He competed in all of BSC's dual meets for the season and compiled a 19-1 record.



"What Do You Know..."

by Nancy VanPelt

Wednesday, April 28 at 8:00 p.m. in the Student Union, the freshman class sponsored an awareness lecture entitled "What Do You Know About Abortion?". The panel of guest speakers included Father Petrina, Catholic Campus Minister; Dr. T. Clark Corson, Gynecologist; Mr. Richard Brook, BSC Philosophy Department; Dr. Julius Kroschewsky, BSC Biology Department; Mr. Leonard Majikas, Director of the Columbia County Family Counseling Mental Health Clinic; Dr. Michael Daly, general practitioner of family medicine at Geisinger Medical Center; with Mr. Charles Thomas, BSC Guidance Counseling Department acting as the moderator.

The program was conducted in three parts. In the first portion the panel members presented their opinions on abortion in conjunction with their positions. The second segment of the presentation consisted of an interaction of ideas among the speakers. And the final part consisted of questions and answers from the audience.

Several of the different views on abortion that were discussed were the theological, medical, legal, and moral standpoints; and a point was made about the undefined terms relating to abortion.

Common arguments pertaining to abortion were discussed also. They are: (1) the discriminating laws against the poor; the rich can obtain an abortion if they want to inspite of any obstacles, (2) the belief that easily obtained abortions may open the door to sexual promiscuity, (3) the fear

that abortion may lead to more drastic means of population control such as killing of the sick and the aged, (4) the fetus is only a part of the woman, making an analogy with her other organs such as tonsils, and if she wants to, she can have it removed, and (5) is abortion killing the innocent, only without malice?

Dr. Corson described some of the methods of abortion. The first one he said can be performed up to the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, and can be done in a doctor's office under a local anesthetic. It is done simply by dilating the cervix and scraping out the placenta and other fetal material. Another type of abortion that can be performed up until 16 weeks of pregnancy is one where the amniotic fluids are removed from the baby's food sac and a saline solution is introduced. The patient then goes into a "mini" labor which is followed by the expulsion of the fetus and other birth material. A third type is a hysterectomy which involves the removal of the woman's female organs as well as the fetus and results in permanent sterility. Still another type is something comparable to a cesarean section birth, where an incision is made in the abdomen and the fetus is removed. This operation can be done after 12 weeks of pregnancy. Dr. Corson believes that the question of abortion should be left up to the patient and her doctor with no legal restraints.

Dr. Kroschewsky outlined some of the stages of the development of the human embryo. He stated that at 8 weeks the embryo can be recognized as human; at 9 weeks the internal

sex organs are formed and organ differentiation is developing, at 11 weeks the fetus can move, and at 12 weeks higher functions relating to the central nervous system have begun. Prior to 16 weeks of pregnancy the mother is unaware of the life inside her.

Father Petrina stated the abortion is a matter of personal conscience. His views included the following: A human life has rights; if something is not human; it has no rights. The fact that it was created by God gives it rights beyond human law. The relaxation of abortion laws in any nation is wrong. The Catholic attitude toward abortion is not denominational, but is a feeling shared by all of us who are humanists at heart. We should value the importance of life in all forms and in all stages of development.

It was brought up that the question of abortion is social and psychological. Will relaxed abortion laws lead to an erosion of respect of life in all forms? Forced marriages, along with guilt reactions and the inability to adjust to the situation, and maternity homes are the old remedies for unwanted pregnancies. Today there is too much knowledge for anyone to become pregnant unless they want to.

Another important consideration is the future environment of the child and the present and future state of the mother's mental health. Emphasis should be placed on counselling before and after the birth of the child or the abortion whichever the case may be.

A CALL FOR HELP FROM THE COMMUNITY

On or about June 4, a hearing will be held at Magistrate Holter's Office on misdemeanor charges against Dean Robert Norton and Prof. Gerald Strauss for selling "chain letters" to the students and faculty of Bloomsburg State College in the Spring of 1969. Any members of the College or town community who witnessed, directly or indirectly, the selling of letters by these two men are urged to contact the prosecutor of this case, D. G. Porter, by mail, at 36 E. Main St., Bloomsburg. It is estimated that up to \$5,000 was taken from members of the College Community through the sale of "chain letters" for the enrichment, not of the Community but of a tiny group of outsiders who originated the "letter". The statute of limitations has tolled for all of you who participated in the "chain letter" scheme of 1969, except for public officials. Furthermore, buyers of "chain letters", even public officials, who voluntarily testify for the prosecution by statute, (/Section 602 of the Criminal Code).

D. G. Porter