

Bob Hoagland, and Bessie Ann Cicero received a check for \$338.00 from Rick Heil, president of Beta Sigma Delta, for the newly established HELPLINE.

Helpline receives money from frat

Beta Sigma Delta social fraternity made a donation of \$338.00 to the recently established HELPLINE operating downtown to try and serve the needs of the student body.

Rick Heil, president of the 37 member group which chartered in 1966, said the fraternity "decided to combine a fund raising event with a service project to raise money for the Helpline". One of the events held was the popular Donkey Basketball Game.

HELPLINE, in the words of the students involved, "wants to listen to anyone with a problem who wants to talk, or who needs information. The HELPLINE number is 784-8106.

The coordinators and staff members are all BSC students who have completed a six week training session and are interested in clarifying problems and passing on pertinent information to help people avoid possible "crisis situations". The service is rigidly confidential.

HELPLINE has professional backing and referrals agreements with doctors, drug centers, psychologists, and social workers.

HELPLINE is in operation from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sunday through Thursday and from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. Friday and Saturday. Again, the number is 784-8106, give 'em a call.

Council installs officers; allocates over \$150,000

By Jim Sachetti
Installation of new officers and the allocation of \$151,785.05 highlighted the final College Council meeting of the academic year Monday night.

Dan Burkholder received the Council gavel as President of CGA for 1972-73. Doug McClintock, Vice-President; Michael Meizinger, Treasurer; Rhonda Punda, Secretary; and Marla Follweiler, Corresponding Secretary, were also installed. All officers will take charge of their duties immediately following the end of this academic year.

NEW UNION
Council released \$131,500 from the New College Union Fund. The money, which the association has been setting aside for a number

of years will be used for bowling lanes and equipment, the installation of student organization mailboxes, an interior designer, and the College Store.

During the discussion of this allocation, Mr. Mulka, Director of Student Activities, indicated that construction of the new Union was 120 days behind schedule, but that the college was hoping for a December 15 opening.

GYM SEATS
Council also allocated \$18,900 from the Bookstore Profits Fund, to be used for the installation of bleachers in the new gym. 920 seats will be installed in the large gym and 126 seats in the pool area.

The Council members allocated \$8,485.05 to a variety of

This is a two-faced newspaper. Not, as our detractors would have you believe, because we don't mean what we say, but because if you turn the paper over, you'll find a whole new "newspaper" starting (appropriately enough) upside down on page 12.

You see, after working our little fingers to the bone all year, reporting, writing and generally carrying on in the finest tradition of collegiate Journalism, we decided that it was time to have a little fun.

And what better way to have fun than to take off after the people who made us work so hard all year — the newsmakers. So if after reading our regular old stuff, you'd like to see it in a rather more humorous light, turn to page 12 — the very first BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL GAZETTE AND INTELLEGENSIA JOURNAL — and enjoy.

We hope nobody takes it seriously, it wasn't meant to be; and besides, it's much too late in the year to threaten us with libel suits, and we've had our share already.

Have a nice summer.
The M&G

campus organizations, activities and funds. Outstanding among these was a \$3,000 grant to an Athletic Trust Fund, \$1,044.50 to send three State Champion Trackmen to Montana for National meets, and \$1,500 to the Men's Glee Club for the purchase of blazers.

In other action, Council established three new internal administrative rules. Council members are now permitted two unexcused cuts, and two cuts with a substitute from Council meetings. They are also required to spend one hour a week in the CGA office in order to let students come in and talk with their representatives.

It was also moved that all allocation requests be submitted in writing to the executive committee, two weeks before council meetings.

Shapp returns Fay, Nespoli

Frank Fay and Joe Nespoli, removed by Governor Shapp from their trustee positions on May 4, have been reinstated.

In letter sent to the two men dated May 16, the Governor explained that the previous letters of dismissal were "inadvertently issued."

Shapp appointed the two last December and then without reason recently notified both men that they were being removed from their posts. In addition to being Democrats, both men have been supporters of the "Houk-Hunsinger cause" since they first appeared on the Board in January.

In his letter, the Governor explained that he was withdrawing his first letters and that the two men's terms would continue.

"I am sorry for any inconvenience and embarrassment it may have caused you," Shapp concluded.

A Shapp aide described the first letters as an "administrative mixup."

A telegram addressed to Governor Milton J. Shapp urging him not to reappoint Mr. Joseph Nespoli and Mr. Frank Fay to the local board of Trustees was sent by the College Senate, BSC Association of Pennsylvania State College and University Faculties - PAHE, and the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

Mike Siproth, Doug McClintock and Rod Morgans are the three students who were elected to serve on the Presidential Search and Screening Committee.

Council approves '72-73 budget

Mike Meizinger

The Community Activities Budget for 1972-73 was approved at a special College Council meeting held on Wednesday, May 10. The only changes made in the proposed budget were in regard to the Maroon and Gold and the Olympian.

Dr. Griffis, chairman of the CGA Budget Committee, presented the budget to the entire Council, at the request of Mike Siproth, president of CGA. Dr. Griffis noted that the committee had been working on the budget since March 2. The budget committee was praised by Dr. Griffis for the amount of time and effort that they put into the budget. He informed the members of Council that many people were called in and asked to defend their various requests.

ATHLETICS
The athletic and recreation-portion of the budget was discussed at great length. The committee met with Dr. Bresett and some of the coaches on a number of occasions. The committee recommended that the budget be decreased \$12,000 because it did not conform to the general budgetary policy set up.

This was done within the department and Dr. Bresett returned with what the committee thought was a sound financial request. There was a minority feeling in the committee that the athletic budget should be withheld until the ad hoc committee report of June, 1971 is implemented.

The College Council voted to approve the athletic portion as presented, after a motion "to approve 50 per cent of the athletic budget and give the Executive Committee of CGA the power to release the remainder" died because of a lack of a second. The total Athletic budget amounts to \$80,948, with a large portion of the money going to new programs involving women.

PUBLICATIONS

When the budget was presented to College Council, there was no money allocated for the Olympian, the only literary magazine on campus. The majority of the budget committee felt that there was not enough interest to warrant the request. At the meeting, John Andris moved that the Olympian be allocated \$900, because of the interest of the new editor and also because the Olympian will be coming out at an earlier date next year. This motion was approved.

The Maroon and Gold was given an increase of \$400, making their total budget \$12,300. The reason for this increase is due to the \$400 raise in estimated income, which comes from their advertising.

The following is a summary of the 72-73 Community Activities Budget:

The Athletic and Recreation portion totaled \$80,948, with the football program receiving the largest sum, \$15,337. Women's varsity sports were allocated a total of \$6,421 to be divided up among basketball, tennis, and field hockey. Also, the wrestling program was allocated \$6,740.

The Artist and Lecture Series was given the sum of \$15,500, which will be shared between the Arts Council and the Civic Music Association.

The section pertaining to College and Community Service is to receive \$104,235. Under this category are the campus publications, Big Name Entertainment, Freshman orientation, and various other items.

In the approved budget, it is recommended that \$12,050 be given to the various music organizations on campus. Also, in the area of publicity, the amount of \$4,075 was recommended.

The various organizations on campus will receive a total of \$50,359. Of this amount the Student Union was allocated \$17,440.

editorial

I was going to write one of those big, long, year end summary, swan song, so long we'll see you again editorials. But after sitting in front of this damn typewriter for the better part of three nights, I've finally come to the conclusion that there wouldn't be much point in it. We all know what's gone on this year, we've all formed our opinions, and besides, the weather is getting much too nice for deep thought.

Unfortunately, however, I can't just march off into the sunset without getting a few final thoughts off my chest (verbosity, the plight of us writer-type people). You see, I've learned too much, found too many friends and made too many enemies while playing boy-editor of the M&G for a year to let them all go unnoticed. So without any further ado, I'd just like to say...

Dr. Nossen resigned about three weeks ago. The streets on campus still haven't turned to gold. He did some bad things, there were times when he didn't comprehend the meaning of the words discretion or tact, and he overestimated the ability of his subordinates to responsibly exercise the authority he gave them. But he also did a lot of good things; things that the same people who cried for his skin this year should have been thanking him for. He was a good administrator, a lousy politician, and a man who deserves our criticism, but also our thanks.

Mr. Russ Houk is a great wrestling coach. He has also almost single handedly ripped this college apart. In addition, he has built up a power base which threatens to keep agitating until he has his way. He would do himself and the college well by spending his summer job hunting elsewhere. As far as I'm concerned, the Wilder Report stands.

Mr. Hunsinger is... (to hell with it). As far as I'm concerned, the Wilder Report stands.

And now, surprise of surprises, I've got a kind word for the Board of Trustees... but not too kind. I have come to conclude that the Board can indeed be viable. With some knowledge, and with some honest concern for the good of the college rather than the good of their friends, the trustees could function as the only independent thorn in the side of the giant state educational bureaucracy. They could serve as an independent board of review, handling any and all cases in which there is a chance that the multitude of review boards and rules failed. It would take a hell of a lot of integrity on the part of the trustees (few of the present trustees would do), but it could happen.

And now, a personal aside to Mr. Deake Porter, Mr. Ralph Smiley and Mr. John Williman. Thank you for your letters. They've taught me more about human nature than I ever wanted to know.

The preceding paragraph was the last written by the editor of the 1971-72 Maroon and Gold. He no longer exists. Only I'm left behind, and he's starting to look like some fading memory to me already. So before he gets too far away, I'd better pay our debts.

We thought The 1971-72 M&G was the best newspaper this campus ever had. And we want to thank all the people who loved it and hated it and read it. It was only a newspaper, and as long as you picked it up, read it, reacted to it, and threw it in the nearest trash can, we were happy.

And we want to thank all the people who aided and abetted us in getting it out. Our humble thanks to our office staff and reporters, to the people at the Danville News, to Mr. Trathen and to CGA.

Well, the editor's getting along now, and I guess I'd better be too. But before I go, I've got to turn to Bob Dylan for a few lines, because words fail me whenever I try to put things I feel in my heart down on paper.

So "I wish for just one time, you could stand inside my shoes"... then maybe you'd know all the friends I've made, all the things I've learned, and all the people who have been my teachers. The good pros, they know who they are, and all the friends I've made whom I'm afraid to list for fear I'd miss someone; but they too know who they are.

And then if you could be, for a moment, inside my head, you'd know my staff... Frank Pizzoli, the best news editor this paper has ever had; you'd have heard Jody Dempsey's great stories; you'd have seen Mike Meizinger get madder than hell at the Trustees; you'd know how much Karen Keinard, Carol Kishbaugh, Nancy Van Pelt and Linda Ennis contributed. You'd know how hard Dan Maresh worked.

And then maybe you could understand how I feel about Joe Miklos, resident record reviewer and friend, and Bob Oliver, who walked in out of nowhere and did an unbelievably good job as Sports editor.

You'd know how much Tom Schofield and Denise Ross taught me about people, and you'd know what it's like to see Elaine Pongratz and Ellen Doyle smile. You'd be able to appreciate John Stugin's artwork as much as I do.

You'd know how much Mike Hock, dor Remsen and Bill Teitsworth taught and encouraged me. And you'd have the privilege of having Al Maurer for a teacher and friend.

You'd understand what a really great man Mr. Ken Hoffman is. You could understand and be grateful to Sue Sprague for everything she's done for me, and finally, you could have your own personal hero, friend, and yes, brother, in Terry Blass.

If you could stand inside my shoes, you'd be very happy. Well, I guess I'll be going too. So Thank You friends. Thank You ladies and gentleman of the audience. Thank You and good night.

jim sachetti

Editorial Staff: Editor-in-chief, Jim Sachetti; Business Manager, Sue Sprague; Managing Editor, Karen Keinard; News Editor, Frank Pizzoli; Assistant News Editors, John Dempsey and Michael Meizinger; Co-Feature Editors, Joe Miklos and Terry Blass; Sports Editor, Bob Oliver; Art Editor, Denise Ross; Circulation Manager, Elaine Pongratz; Co-Copy Editors, Ellen Doyle and Nancy Van Pelt; Photography Editor, Tom Schofield; Contributing Cartoonist, John Stugin; Advisor, Ken Hoffman.

Photography Staff: Mark Foucart, Dan Maresh, Craig Ruble, P. Whit, S. Greef, A. Rennie.

Reporters: Suzyann Lipousky, Cindy Michener, Leah Skladany, Denny Guyer, Bob McCormick, Paul Hoffman.

Office Staff: Barb Gillott, Frank Lorah, Mary Beth Lech.

The M&G is located in room 234 Waller, Ext. 323, Box 301.

Final Column

by Blass

In answer to the age-old question: no, it isn't worth sticking around just to make those bastards laugh.

In other words, folks, I am leaving.

I came here three years ago wanting to be either Lenny Bruce or Bob Dylan. I leave here wanting to be left alone.

I came here when everyone was all agog with peace, love, flowers, and a smooth-talking liberal college President named Bobby Nossen. It is no mean coincidence that the number one fave gear rave group at the time was one called Blind Faith.

I leave here as everyone seems all but lobotomized. I want to get out before the rot really sets in.

Maybe I'm overly pessimistic. But I've seen this school sink from a mediocre reputation to a downright shabby one. I've seen too many professors, "teachers" they call themselves, who don't even like kids. I'm disgusted by "teachers" who like to yell down girls for the fun of it, and I'm disgusted by "teachers" who like to look up and down girls for the fun of it. I'm fed up to the proverbial latissimus dorsi with the horror stories, and I am damn well sick of what has mistakenly come to be known as higher education.

I could have learned how to be a snob on my own.

I have (at times) sat and listened to the ten thousandth and ten thousandth and first versions of the symbolic ramifications of the little red wheelbarrow and the wetsy-schmetzy chickens. I am tired of guys who get up there who say "Now I'm not here to offer my interpretation of this piece of literature" and then proceed to offer their interpretations of that piece of

literature. I am sick to near-intellectual death of literature books filled with prose so perfect it's unreadable. (It's long been my contention that lit books should stock badly-written stories so as to show how NOT to write.) I am sick of people who sit in class and remouth the platitudes, and of "teachers" who should be out somewhere making an honest living. In other words, I am bored by education as practiced at Bloomsburg State College.

I can't help it. I've seen people get through the English program up here without ever learning how to write a cogent sentence. I've seen guys who couldn't even concentrate long enough to read the sex parts in "Dr. No" get teaching jobs in Creative Writing. I've sat and waited for the intelligentsia to do something (read: speak out) for three years, only to see it finally happen when the President is gone and no one stands in danger of losing his teaching post. And it isn't just the English department I don't like... I could go on about the sociology department, wherein racism becomes a statistic as taught by a professor who claims to be the only one qualified...

I have a feeling, after working three years on this paper and seeing how things operate up here, that if enough parents knew how things were really run here (at best accidentally), enrollment would be reduced to ping pong majors.

Which is not to say I haven't learned a helluva lot. Three years in a college situation can't be wasted even if you go to all the classes.

I have learned about people. They are interesting little critters, and I like them. I write because I am concerned with them, and because I'm interested in what makes us schtick.

It's the people here who were interested in what makes me schtick that I want to thank (the rest can skip this part).

There's Al, for getting me into this; Myrr for a good story; Dick Savage for patience; Ferdie for the good advice. There's Mr. Hoffman, who, let's not be frank (pun), is the best thing that ever happened to the M&G, and one of the two men I've known worthy of the title "teacher." There's Sue, who's since found better ways of getting her kicks, and Snod, for getting me through some rough ones. There's Joe, who has a good nose for bullshit and Muffinburgers, and Sherm just because I know he's reading this. And of course there's Johanna.

Last but not lost is Jim. I never told anybody before, but Jim is really my brother.

So, I am getting out. At the very least you've seen my last breath as feature editor. I might write more from afar, I could stick around a while for my friends. Things aren't sure. All I know is, there's a guy by the name of Theodore Sturgeon who said he's waiting to see my name in print.

And don't you worry. I'm prepared for the worst. Just in case nothing works out, I've put in an application for a really great-sounding job. As a porter in Berwick.

So, if ya ever want to look me up, I'll be around, somewhere. I'm elusive, but easy to find. My friends always know where I am. (Some things remain constant.) You can be sure I'll have changed somewhat, but there still won't be anything important enough for me to take completely seriously. So — if you ever come looking for me, just ask the right people.

I'll be away, doing the same damn thing I've always been doing.

Spitting at people who have The Answers.

Year of the Slump

by Joe Miklos

Another year gone, things gone up and down in the world of rock music, and unfortunately, I must say that what has gone down has gone down.

'71-'72 has been the year of the slump. It has also been the year of mediocrity, the year of noise, the year of the come back and the year of the folkie. Some gains were made artistically, but not much new, different or thoroughly exciting has happened in the world of Rock.

James Taylor and those of his ilk dominated the charts, and soon people got fed up with being cried at. Fortunately, Cat Stevens made some very pleasant and interesting pseudo folk. Nothing outstanding, but he was interesting and soft. America came, and probably has left, as one-shot artists.

The Who and the Grateful Dead came on with some good, foot-stompin' rock and made a splash. Everything else came out as an amalgamation fuzzi ad crunch. Humble Pie employed it quite effectively, Grand Funk continued to abuse it, and Led Zeppelin learned that smashing can result in good rock, if a little music is added and blended.

We were immersed in nostalgia, 'cause Don Maclean showed us where our roots were. Local bands played their grease medleys, and at last people started dancing again. Suddenly, good old rock'n roll became commercially acceptable. Need more be said about the Osmonds? And Laura Nyro, beautiful woman that she is, gave us a really moving piece of soul oldie,

maybe a commentary: "Gonna Take A Miracle."

Classical-rock went one step further with ELP's rendition of the tone poem, Pictures At An Exhibition. Moody Blues made more soothing music, even if it really isn't rock. Nice of them, one group that continued to sooth frayed nerves.

San Francisco put its other foot in the grave, the Airplane improved but showed itself to be factional. Hot Tuna astounded blues fans with another good album.

Rod Stewart made it big as he always deserved. He may be the one big contribution to rock this year. Jeff Beck swept himself

into a jazzy deterioration. Clapton slipped into hibernation.

No, '71-'72 hasn't been much of a year for rock. The medium is in need of a breath of fresh air. Nothing really outstanding was accomplished, but some nice music came out between the fuzz boxes and the acoustic guitars. It's time for a change, the atmosphere is similar to the way it was when the Beatles hit in 1963. The change is coming. Somewhere in the miasma of noise that the twelve year olds are digging, the music is evolving.

The chink to fill the gap seems a long time comin'...

Sexuality Program

By Nancy VanPelt

Introduction of a Woman's Studies program as a regular course is being considered by the AWS as a result of the success of this year's Sexuality series.

"Our plans for next year are only tentative," next year's program chairman, Sue Greef explained in a recent interview, "but we hope to have a more specialized program directed at women."

"Some of the topics being considered for next year's programs are effects of drugs on childbirth, the history and future of women, and zero population growth."

This year's program chairman, Debbie Ward, said, "The overall success of the programs was good. The most popular panel discussion program was the one on natural childbirth; it had the

best attendance."

What was the reaction of the speakers participating in the program? "Overall the people were very enthusiastic and they would be willing to come again," replied Miss Ward.

One of the problems encountered in preparing the programs was getting the speakers to show up. "Fortunately this only happened once; another time one speaker wasn't very well prepared, but that was because of a very recent death in the family," said Miss Ward.

Next year AWS hopes to get more response from the students. They would like to hear reactions to a program or suggestions to improve the programs to come. AWS would also like to know what the students are interested in and what subjects they would like to hear discussed.

Up, Up, and Against the Wall

PART II
by Blass.

In answer to the oft-(twice) asked question, whatever happened to the second half of Blass's article on relevancy and comic books? I had it all ready in my head and then they up and cancelled "Green Lantern" on me.

But that's getting ahead of my story.

When we last saw Green Lantern, he had just been prodded into social awareness by a ghetto-dweller who asked him why he worked for the blue skins, the orange skins, but never the black skins. Green Lantern was then enlisted by the more worldly Green Arrow in a search for America...and the world of comic books hasn't been the same since.

In the months that followed, Green Lantern and Green Arrow ran up against archvillians of a new breed, evil men who wore not long underwear but smiles, corrupt slumlords, hardhead hardhats, bigots, politicians, and other kinds of inhuman humanity. Why, it even turned out that the Guardians of the Universe, when irked, could put on a trial just as ludicrous as those held in Chicago and Harrisburg. For a comic book, "Green Lantern" looked awfully believable.

No wonder...the scriptor, Denny O'Neil, wrote credible dialogue. Sure, it was simplistic, far too direct to be used in anything BUT a comic—but it was great comic book dialogue. And whatever O'Neil lacked, artist Neal Adams possessed. Adams, barely out of his teens and almost universally recognized as the best artist in his field, went to no little pains to make the strip look authentic—when the script called for a ghetto scene, Adams went out to the nearest neighborhood ghetto, spent days snapping pictures and then drawing from them. Yes, O'Neil and Adams were quite a team...no wonder the competition started getting worried...

Of course it all could have been coincidental...after all, Marvel had been on top of the creative comics business for high unto ten years. And sales at Marvel were going well, despite the loss of artist Jack Kirby, who left the Stan Lee bullpen in search of more money at the DC corral. Whatever, Marvel started swinging as they hadn't since Spider-Man first came onto the scene. Suddenly Captain America, staunch defender of middle-class values and the American curd, took on The Falcon, a black man, as a permanent partner. The Black Widow, Marvel's resident lady-in-leather, started doing more and more undressing scenes in which more and more undressed was seen. Iron Man started to get trouble from youthful protestors who disagreed with his alter ego's line of work: inventing and manufacturing new weapons for the military-industrial complex. Sub-Mariner started getting all hot and bothered by the pollutants mankind started dumping on him and his under sea kingdom. And yet, somewhere, somehow, something was missing...

That missing something showed up in May of 1971, with the 96th issue of "The Amazing Spider-Man." Nothing looked much different at first glance, there was Spidey crawling up the usual wall to get away from the usual befuddled police. At second glance, the blurbs began to look, uh, WEIRD—right in between "A Job for Peter Parker!" and "The Green Goblin Returns." was

"The Last Fatal Trip!" and "Mary Jane Knocks 'Em Dead!" At third glance even the most casual of comic book readers couldn't help but notice—absent from the cover was that faithful righthand corner watchtower, the seal of approval from the Comics Code Authority...

Marvel was taking a chance, a big one, one that violated virtually the last (and strongest?) taboos—the one prohibiting mention of dangerous drugs, their use and abuse. Publishing a comic mentioning mere PILLS was tantamount to losing license—Marvel did it anyway, and Spidey fought the pill-pushers for an epic non-seal three issues. A revolution was a-borning, with or without the approval of a "self-censoring" board...the question was, how would that board react?

Months passed. Spidey got his seal back on issue No. 99, and things looked normal on the outsides. But on the insides...comics were changing...

Superman lost his vulnerability to Kryptonite, Robin went to college, Wonder Woman lost her original hotpants and her Amazon superpowers and went into a more modern Women's Lip-Emma Peel-type bondage, Harlan Ellison (science fiction's most honored writer) did a script for the Incredible Hulk, Kirby started a Fourth World at least as involved as Tolkien...things were changing, some before Green Lantern's crisis, some after...but the word got around, and the ball was rolling.

September of 1971 the ball bounced. Sky-high. Greens Lantern and Arrow, fresh out of adventures featuring overpopulated planets, Women's Lib monsters, plastic people, and the dreaded Spiro Agnew, now faced an even deadlier foe than the one Spidey brought down in 96-98—heroin.

GL No. 85's cover blazoned with heads, with blurbs like "The Shocking Truth About Drugs!" and "DC attacks youth's greatest problem...drugs!" To one side stood Lantern, pointing, saying "You always have all the answers, Green Arrow! Well what's your answer to that—?" In the foreground, a boy named speedy, married to the needle and the spoon, clutched his arm. To the right, Green Arrow, shocked, his only answer a stricken "My ward is a JUNKIE!" And, in the upper right corner, the answer, the compromise, the sign of hope—the Code of Approval.

The story was called "Snowbirds Don't Fly." The first piece of dialogue was a frightened junkie kid saying "Man, I'm scared spittless." Maybe he was, but Denny O'Neil wasn't...the story was concluded in the next issue, entitled "They Say It'll Kill Me...But They Won't Say When!" The second part not only had the Approval, it also included filthy rich pushers, death by overdose, and honest moralizing, all of which earned a congratulatory message from John Lindsay. History had been challenged, and made.

And wouldn't you know, after winning all sorts of awards, breaking down enough barriers to get the Code revised, Green Lantern got cancelled. The last issue, No. 89, has Green Lantern turning his ring on a nine-million dollar supersonic aircraft and blowing it up. His final comment before finishing into literary limbo? "Send me a bill."

No, it wasn't the Comics Code that killed the mag. And it wasn't rednecks outraged by issue No. 87, which featured a BLACK



Green Lantern—although distributors south of the Mason-Dixon hurt sales drastically by refusing to stock the mag. What happened was—Neal Adams refused to make the deadlines, so the series had to be killed. But the influence lives on...

But not at DC. DC is run by old men, men who have been there since the '30's. You can tell by the way everybody in the DC mags says "Right on" and "Outta sight." Without Green Lantern, and excluding the three Kirby mags, DC is hurting both itself and its readers.

Not so with Marvel. In the last few months Marvel has unleashed all sorts of new goodies. Let's see, there was the Kree vs. Skrull War in "The Avengers," a galaxy-spanning story which lasted at least seven issues, and last month's Harlan Ellison adaption. There was the return of Dr. Strange, who's always changing sides (and artists). Thor is getting closer and closer to Norse mythology, and topping the originals. The swords and sorcery nuts have Robert E. Howard's King Kull again, and Conan the Barbarian has returned to a monthly basis. Warlock is getting his own mag

now, proving that any science fiction comic whose six-month-old premiere is already worth \$5.00 can't (and won't) be ignored. The horror fans, now free of the E.C. inspired Comics Code, have their own "Tomb of Dracula" and "Werewolf by Night." And there is finally confirmation of the rumor I first heard at the Lunacon—Marvel is going to do DC's new Edgar Rice Burroughs kick one better by introducing Doc Savage to comics. All of which shows, Marvel has the youngest and most talented writers and artists, and they take risks, do new things. And when Marvel's people REALLY get relevant, God knows what will happen...you see, already Green Lantern's place has been somewhat taken by Marvel's "Luke Cage. Here for Hire." You see, whereas Captain America's buddy is black, he's also named Tom, and he's a social worker...not to mention that whenever trouble erupts in the ghetto Cap and the Falcon find out it was all started by the Red Skull, an ex-Nazi. Luke Cage is a black man who escapes from a prison (he was framed) by means of a newly acquired superpower, barely hinted at in the first

issue...he is his own man, he has no Captain America or Green Lantern to steal all his glory. And somewhere out in comic book land are rumors of a strip called "Blackman"...

What does all this mean? Can comics, which thrive on fantasies of power, also nurture on relevancy, indeed literacy? Can they educate the young they reach on things like drugs and pollution, does it do any good when kids read that Superman is "streaking through the smog-ridden skies"? For over thirty years comics were regarded as subliterate JUNK—what happens if elementary teachers use comics to teach, to instill interest? Will comics ever be the same?...

Probably not. Green Lantern has left his mark. Youngblood is breaking in, and comics will be an even better place for kids to learn how to read and enjoy it. That's how I started, and I've read them all the way through the Fifties and into the Seventies, from the reign of stupidity to the dawn of relevance...

And I promise I won't stop reading them until the day the Incredible Hulk joins Gay Liberation and starts toting a Bruce banner...

editors' note:

Over the course of a long year we've all done a lot of work and experienced a lot of things. We've all helped bring the M&G to a point where it is serving the student body as a real newspaper instead of as a bulletin board. And all of that is thanks to one guy: Jim Sachetti.

Being Editor-in-chief of the M&G is no fun job, take our word for it. It's a lot of work and sweat without much thanks. So anything you get out of being an editor is just the personal satisfaction that you've done a job, and done it to the best of your ability. Well, Jim must have a lot of personal satisfaction, because he's damn well done his best.

Jim has the good or bad (it's all a matter of personal opinion) character trait of being able to see both sides of any given situation. Whether he agrees with

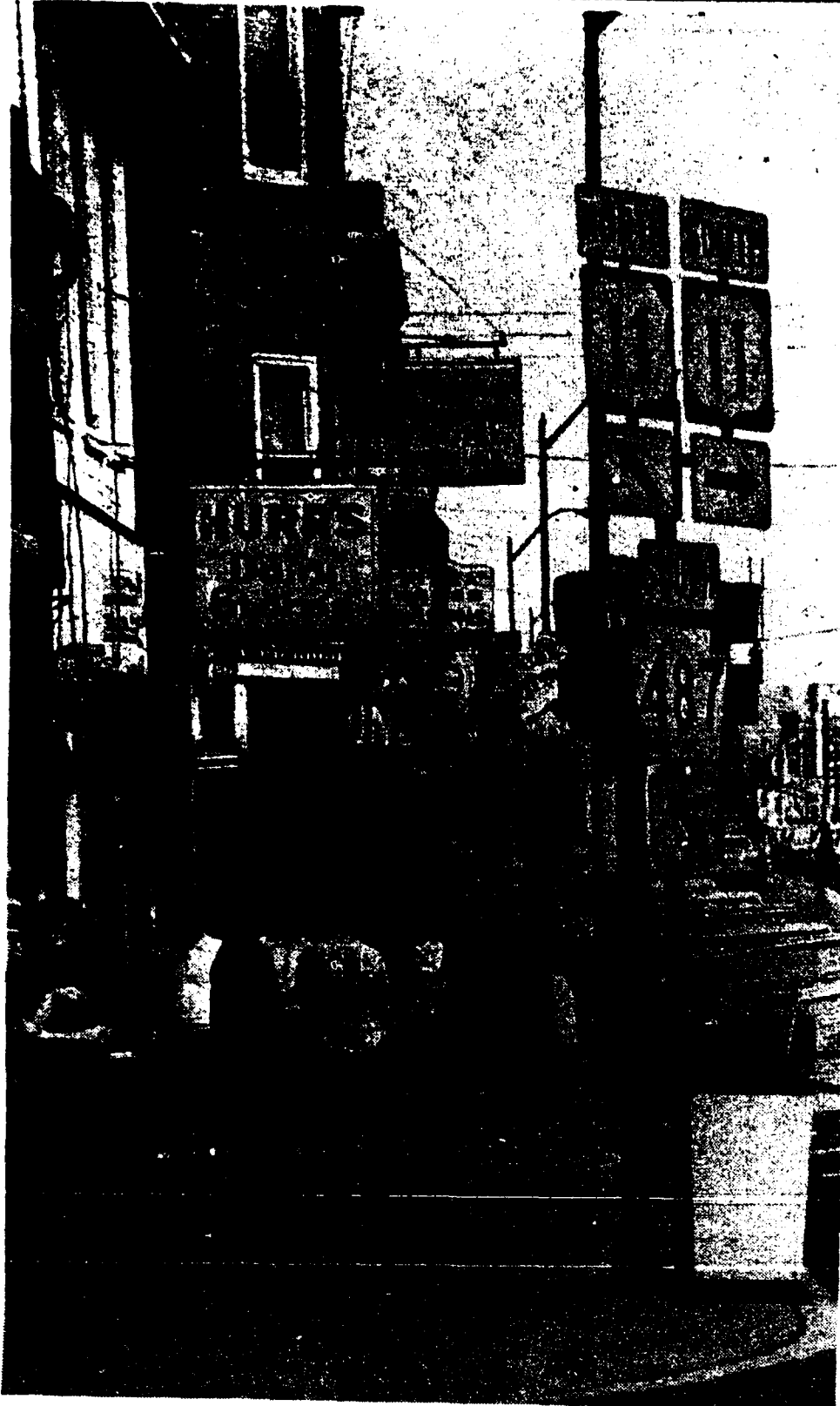
you or not, he'll listen to you and let you try to change his mind. Oh, and if you make a good point, he'll give you credit for it. And that's what he's tried to do all year. Show both sides. And when he gave people hell, he gave it to everybody. He has a lot of personal integrity as far as giving a guy an even break is concerned. Oh, and he's got a lot of balls, too. He'd have to have them in order to have put up with all that he has this year.

Well, this could go on forever, so, to make things short, and to cut out the schmaltz, we, the editorial staff of the Maroon and Gold, want it to go on record that we think Jim Sachetti was a damn good editor — the best the M&G ever had. And we'd like to thank him for letting us work with him. That's all.

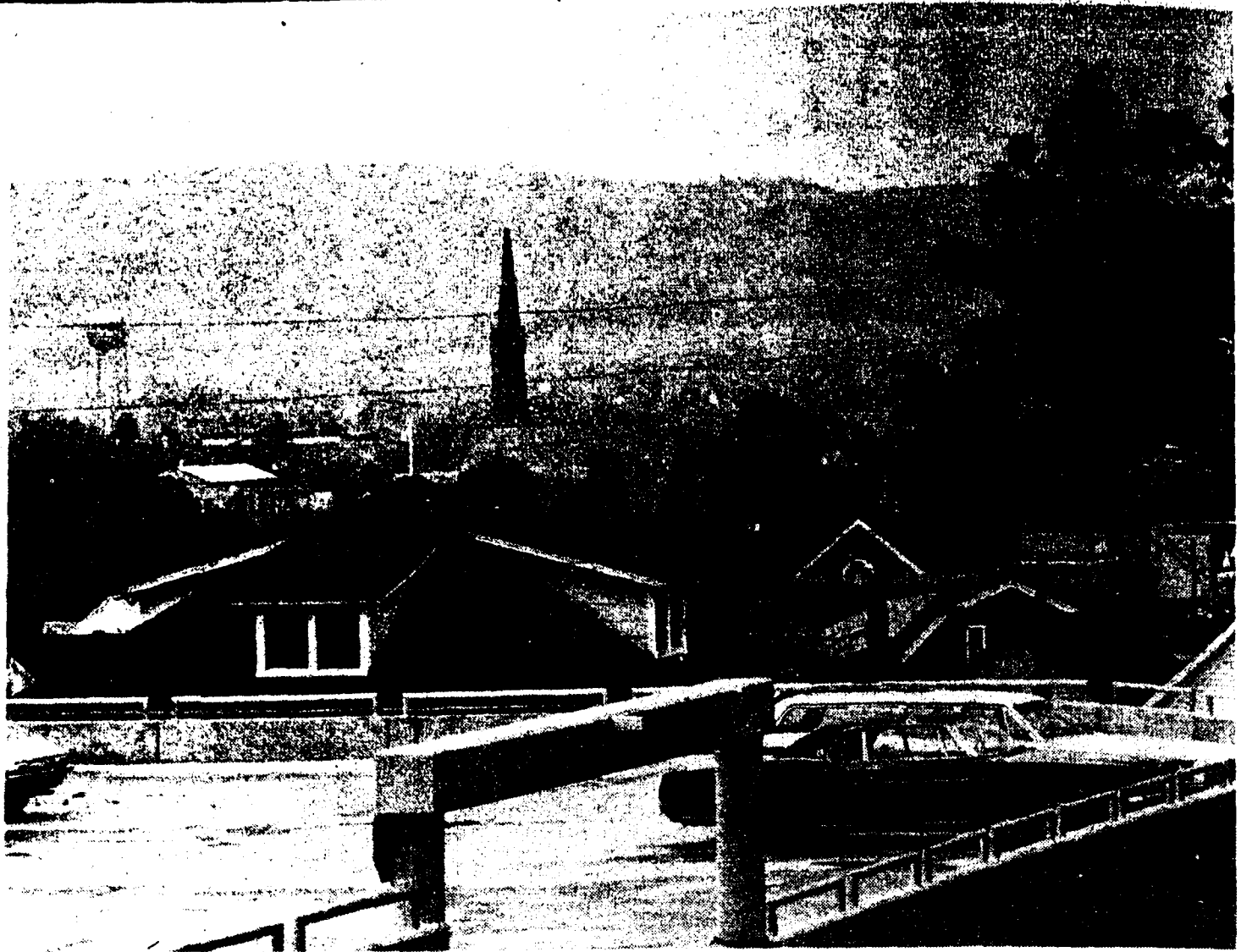
The editorial staff,
minus jim sachetti

M-Dense Com Lost group of 4 keys on campus ATTACHED BY HAIR ELASTIC RETURN TO MAROON & GOLD

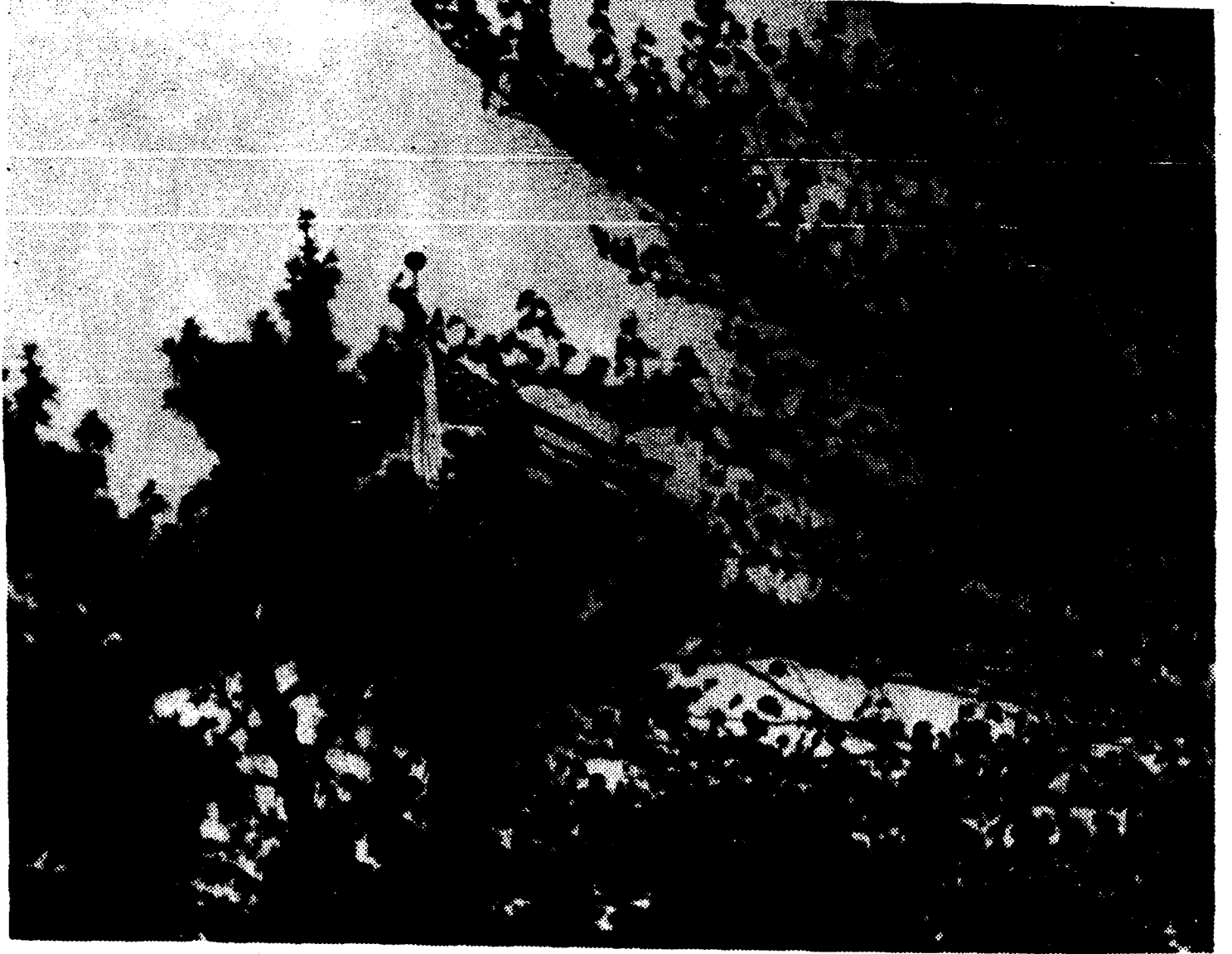
Have
a
Nice
Summer



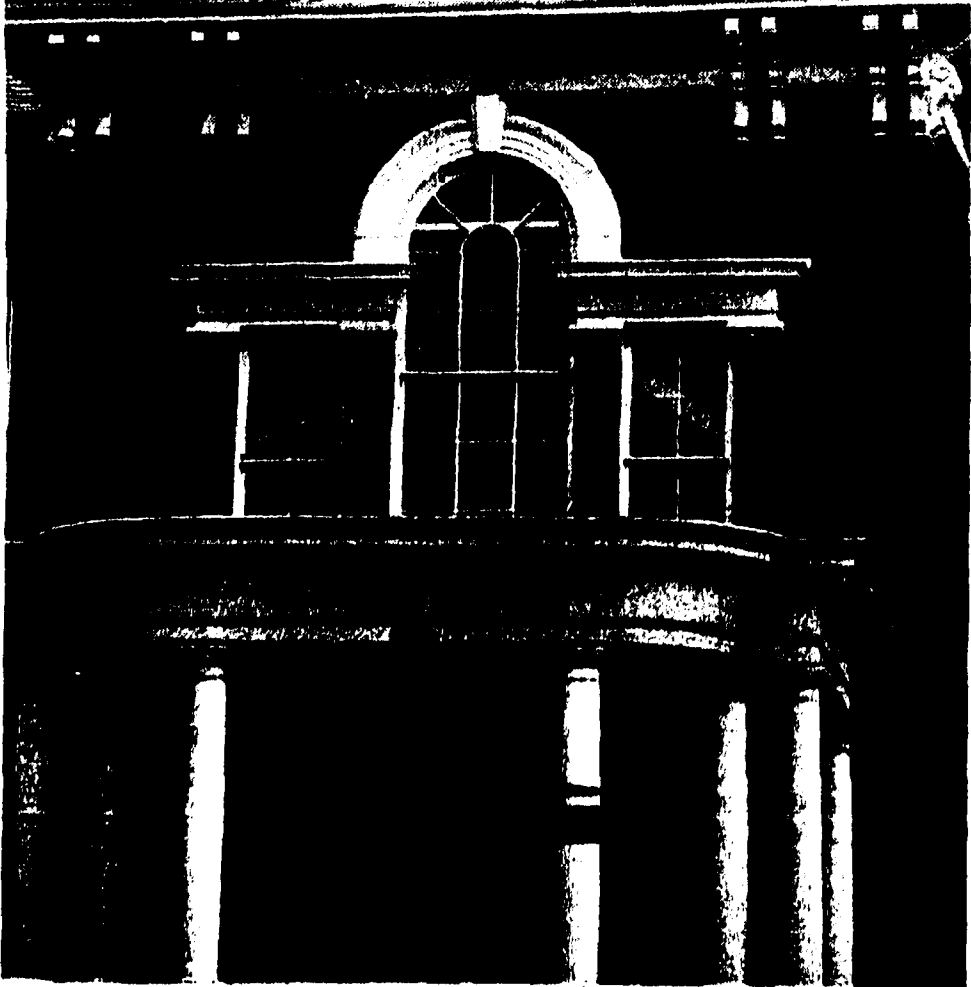
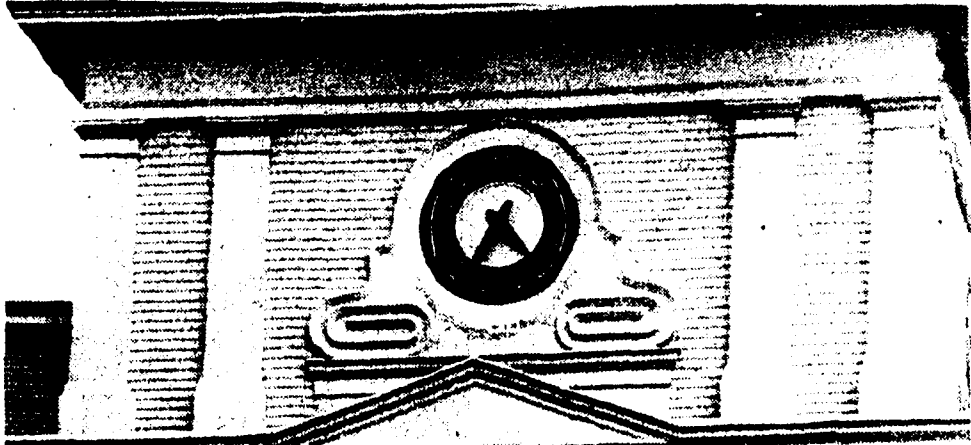
Busy Times Square West, the Heart of the City.



This is the city...? There are 10,000 stories...?



Old Glory is here, if you can find it.



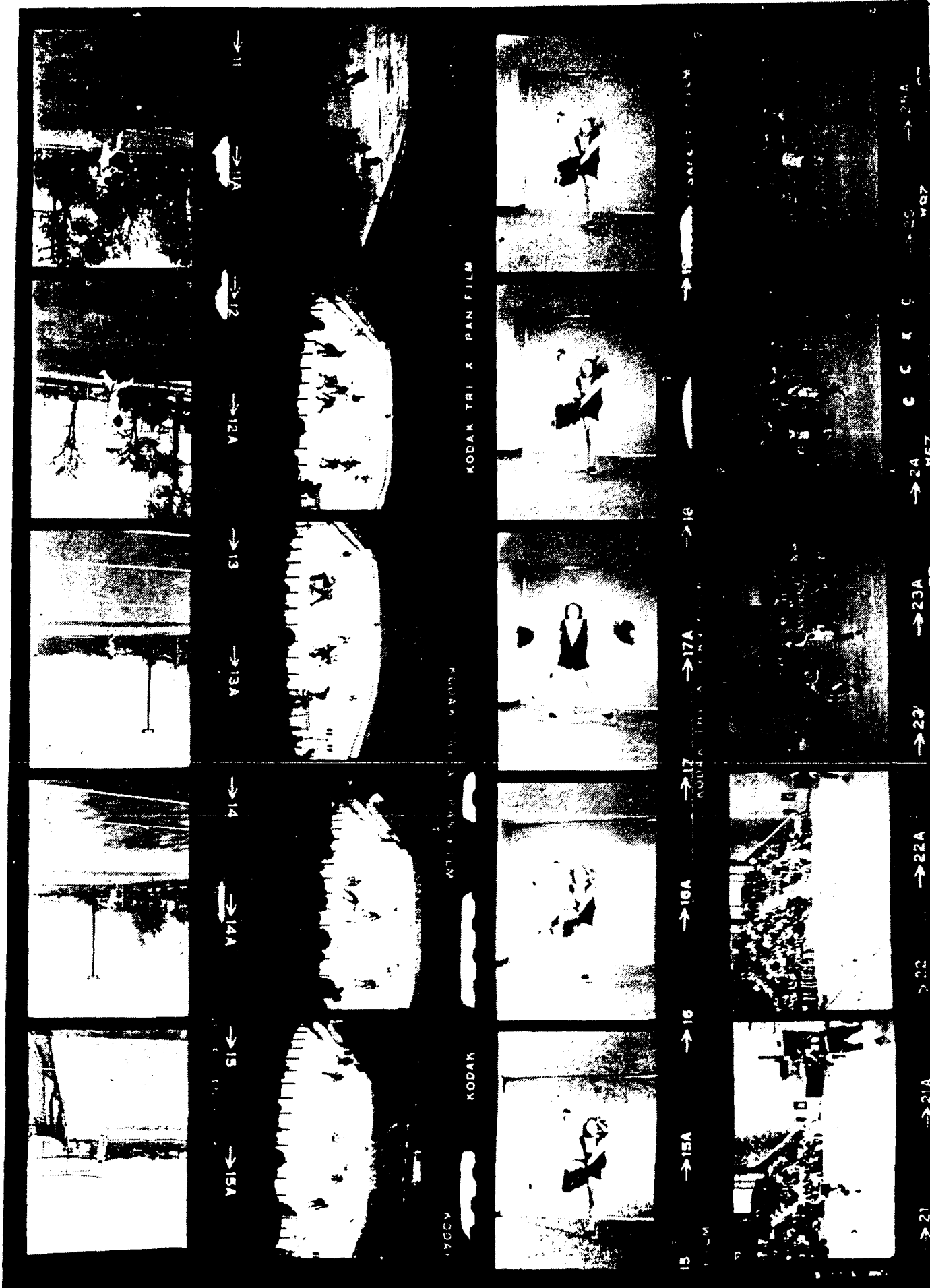
Through these portals pass... Carver Hall — BSC's relic



Jocks are sometimes studious, as this candid photo shows

Pics by Bob Oliver

Wrestlers cop NCAA, 29-3



Led by Long - John Rickrock's 0:03 second pin of heavyweight Bruno Sanmartinosnuf of Ohio State, the BSC husky wrestlers copped the NCAA wrestling title by the overwhelming score of 29-3, before a packed, standing room only crowd of 1500 at Centennial Gym. It was the 37th straight sellout crowd of this hard fought year.

Other BSC pins were by Rin Shinner, in 1:31, Bub Daddy in 1:49, and Tammy Mocksnicer in 2:23, all in the first period.

The other BSC wins were too numerous to mention, but let it be said that the whole team tried, even the loser, whose, with all due respects, name won't be mentioned.

Yes, sports fans, it was a great year for the wrestlers, who battled adversity throughout the year. We at BSC can be proud of this fine, outstanding, group of men.

Extra: Coach Dusty Pout said he felt this years team was the best in BSC history. Right - on.



...what can i say...its been a long year, but also fulfilling....art luptowski, yeah, let it be known, he is my roommate, the second person i met at bloom, and one who thrilled me along with 25 other basketballers with his darting moves, speedy passes, and all-out hustle on the court, the other 25 weren't slouches either-the varsity who won more games than any other in recent history, while the frosh lost a mere two games. paul, butch and bobby will be missed...i hope they attack their careers as they did the hoop-excellently, and mr. chronister, who put up with my stupid questions...my poor golf game ectect...

...coach bill sproule, who made football, my first journalism assignment an ease to cover...the individual players who were a joy to watch.

...dan maresh, who took pics and did stories out of my need, due to an unavailability of reporters.

...dave gibas, who's all american speed thrilled many.

...jerry carney, who may go, but who never will be....

...the track team which was second in the state, jim davis speeding in the hundred.

...the men's intramurals, headed by jerry medlock, were a success.

...coach burt reese's tennis squad had almost a complete turnaround of last years record. ...and the wrestlers, who made

Baseball Ends

The BSC baseball team concluded its 1972 season Tuesday when they split a doubleheader with Patterson College of New Jersey. The Husky record for the year was 8-9.

The Huskies won the first game behind Dan Kashners' six-hitter.

my small band of reporters(?) work less.

...the golfers, who helped my game and ego.

...the baseballers, who kept up my interest in a fine sport.

...the flyers, who kept many of my sundays bearable.

...all the performers in this years bsc sports program, and all those people i haven't mentioned.

...and, before i forget, those loonys at the mandg: terry, the best rubber ball soccer player (waller hall style) around: jim, the worst ping-pong - baseball player i have ever scene, mike demarco, who missed many a curveball, the rest of the loonies....

...what can i say...its been a long year, but was also fulfilling. thanks bob oliver

He struck out five and walked only one. Linc Welles led the Huskies with two hits, with five other Huskies getting hits.

Welles drove in two Husky runs while Bill Navich knocked in the other.

In the second game, which the Huskies lost, 8-5, the men from Patterson used a big six run inning to defeat the locals. Both starter Barry Kocher and reliever Lanny Sheehan were hit hard, as the New Jerseyites had 12 hits in all.

Welles had another good game with two hits, as did Mike Costanzo and Tom Storer.

It was a fine season for the Huskies, who battled the rain as well as the opposition throughout the year. The team improved each game, and since most of the ballplayers are underclassmen, next years team should be even better. The Huskies improved 4 wins over last years 4-12, and the best is yet to come.

The 1972 Olympian is on sale right now in the SUB. GET IT!

Administrative shuffle;
Griffis named new V.P.

Bresett is appointed Acting
Phys. Ed. Athletic Chairman

resigns resigns
Russ Houk resigns
resigns resigns

Gov. Shapp to visit campus
The Return of Alcohol

800 cram student union
to hear Houk, Porter

SEATRRAIN

Seatrains
cancelled

Primack returns
to campus

ASPCUF
to negotiate



Shapp gets petition;
talks on student vote

Nossen's house vandalized for
third time since last spring;
tires and windows damaged

Porter and Skehan are charged
with 3 criminal offenses

Nossen refuses board
motion on athletics



Shapp appoints 18
year old Sex Maniac

Sex tomorrow

CGA to survey
faculty on Nossen

Exec. Comm. moves
to kill survey



APSCUF chosen
teacher's agent

CGA will set up
poll guidelines

...seize the power...

Faculty **zonk**s
Board action

New trustees claim
misunderstanding
of their intentions

Was it a very good year?

Board meets with
probe committee

Nossen releases NAIA letter

Board meets,
forms new group

Wrestlers regroup
in private squad

Patriotism?

Commonwealth Court turns
down Porter Damage Case

Three businessmen to
assist Trustees in dig

Sex
tonight

AAUP report cites
numerous violations

Huskies take the big one

Sex
tonight

Shirley Chisholm
Racism?

a wild idea

Primack awarded \$18,500
drops suit against Nossen

Gadfly allocated \$100

Nossen indicted
by Grand Jury

Nossen Resigns

Superstar

hunt job

Burkholder elected CGA President; Sex Maniac

2.2 cum required
Dr. Edwards plans
teacher admissions



Nossen addresses faculty,
deplores opponents' tactics

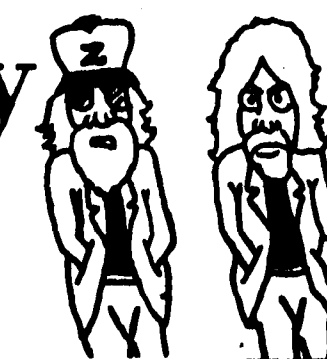
Senate votes to send
letter to Pittenger



strife
and loathing

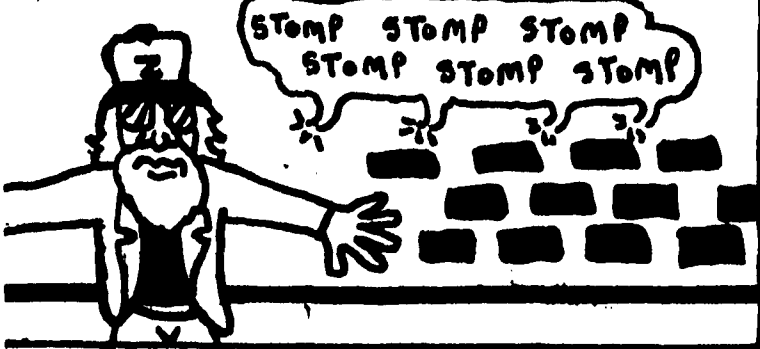
Pittenger places all local
state trustees on probation

Shapp bounces
Fay Nespoli



BY DEMPSEY AND PIZZOLI

MEANWHILE HIS FRIEND THRU ALLEY AND STREET STAGGERS AND LISTENS WITH BAGER EARS TILL IN THE SILENCE AROUND HIM HE HEARS THE MUSTER OF MEN BY CENTENNIAL WALL THE SOUND OF RAMS AND IN THE HEAT THE MEASURED TREAD OF ATHLETES' FEET MARCHING DOWN TO WALLER HALL.



THEN HE CLIMBED TO THE TOWER OF THE HALL UP THE WOODEN STAIRS WITH STEALTHY TREAD ENOUGH DAMN RACKET TO WAKE THE DEAD AND STARTLE THE PIGEONS FROM THEIR FEACH ON THE SOMBRE RAFTERS THAT AROUND HIM MADE MASSES AND MOVING SHAPES OF SHADE.



MEAN WHILE, IMPATIENT TO MOUNT AND AIDE MALE AND HOARY WITH A HEAVY STRIDE ON EAST SECOND STREET WALKED LEROY SCHMUCKER NOW HE PATTED HIS CHEVY'S SIDE NOW GAZED AT THE LANDSCAPE FAR AND NEAR THEN, IMPETUOUS, STAMPED HIS HEEL AND TURNED AND TIGHTENED HIS STEERING WHEEL BUT MOSTLY HE WATCHED WITH APPARENT GALL THE BELFAY-TOWER OF WALLER HALL.

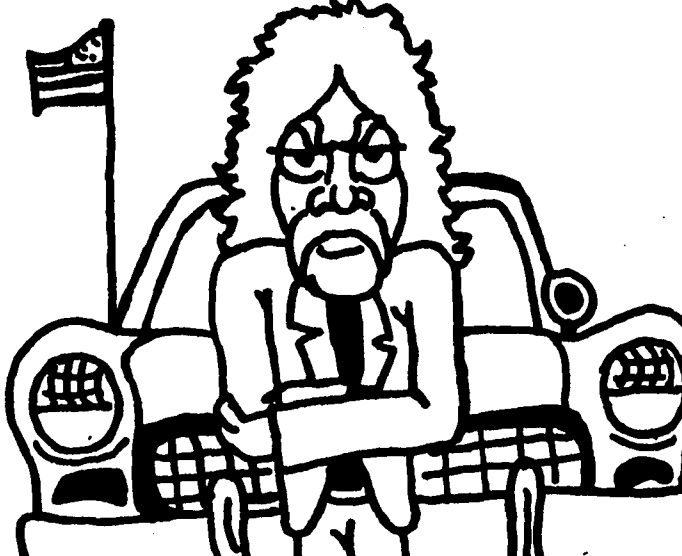


AS IT AROSE ABOVE THE STIFFS ON THE HILL LONELY AND SPECTRAL AND SOMBRE AND STILL AND LO! AS HE LOOKS ON THE BELFAY'S HEIGHT A GLIMMER AND THEN A GLEAM OF LIGHT!

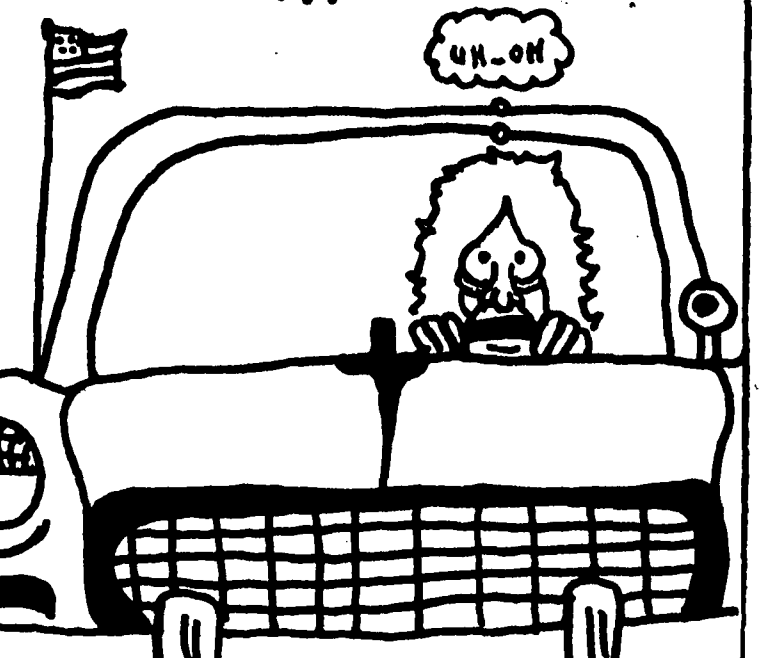


HE SPRINGS TO HIS SLEIGH! TO HIS TEAM GIVES A WHISTLE! AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE

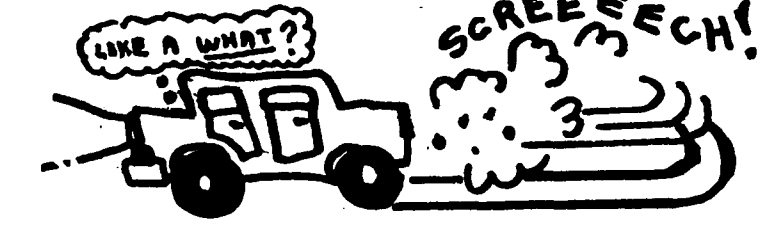
OH. SORRY.



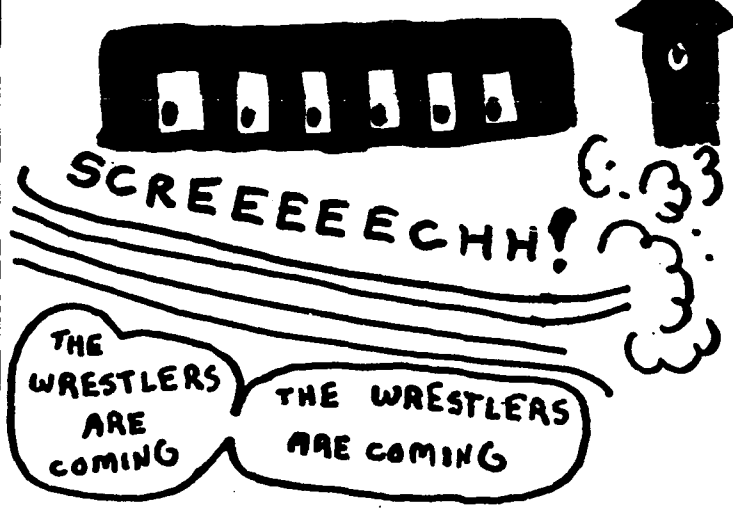
HE SPRINGS TO THE SEAT, THE WHEEL HE TURNS BUT LINGERS AND GAZES TILL FULL IN HIS SIGHT A SECOND LIGHT IN THE BELFAY BURNS!!!



A SCREECHING OF TIRES IN THE VILLAGE STREET A SHAPE IN THE MOONLIGHT, A BULK IN THE DARK AND BENEATH, FROM THE PEBBLES, IN PASSING, A SPARK STRUCK OUT BY A CHEVY FLYING FEARLESS AND FLEET THAT WAS ALL! AND YET, THRU THE GLOOM AND THE LIGHT THE FATE OF A BUSINESS MANAGER WAS RIDING THAT NIGHT AND THE RUBBER LAIDOUT BY THAT CRATE IN ITS FLIGHT KINDLED THE LAND LIKE A MONKEY IN HEAT!



IT WAS ONE BY THE COURTHOUSE CLOCK WHEN HE TORE UP COLLEGE HILL HE SAW THE STONED PAPER BOY SWIM IN THE GUTTER AS HE PASSED AND THE DORMITORY WINDOWS, BLANK AND BARE GAZE AT HIM WITH A SPECTRAL GLARE AS IF THEY ALREADY STOOD AGHAST AT THE BLOOD AND GUTS THAT WOULD SOON SPILL.



YOU KNOW THE REST. IN THE BOOKS YOU HAVE READ HOW THE WRESTLERS SCREAMED AND FLED HOW THE BUSINESS MANAGER GAVE THEM HELL FROM BEHIND EACH TEE AND EVERY DELL CHASING THE WRESTLERS DOWN THE LANE THEN CROSSING THE STREETS TO EMERGE AGAIN UNDER THE TREES AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD AND ONLY PAUSING TO FIRE AND LOAD.



SO THRU THE NIGHT RODE LEROY SCHMUCKER AND SO THRU THE NIGHT WENT HIS CRY OF ALARM TO EVERY NEWSPAPER OFFICE AND FARM A CRY OF DEFIANCE AND NOT OF FEAR A SCREAM IN THE DARKNESS, A ROCK AT THE DOOR AND A WORD THAT SHALL ECHO FOR EVERMORE!



FOR BORN ON THE NIGHT WIND OF THE PAST THRU ALL OUR HISTORY TO THE LAST WHEN THE WEATHER IS BAD AND THE TIME IS HEAVY THE EDITORS WILL RISE AND LISTEN TO HEAR THE SCREECHING TIRES OF THAT FIFTY-FIVE CHEVY AND THE MIDNIGHT MESSAGE OF LEROY SCHMUCKER!



TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN*



*WITH PROFOUND APOLOGIES
TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED TO SUE SPRAGUE

PRESENT BUSINESS MANAGER
FUTURE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
PATRIOT
FRIEND

BY JOHN A. STUGRIN

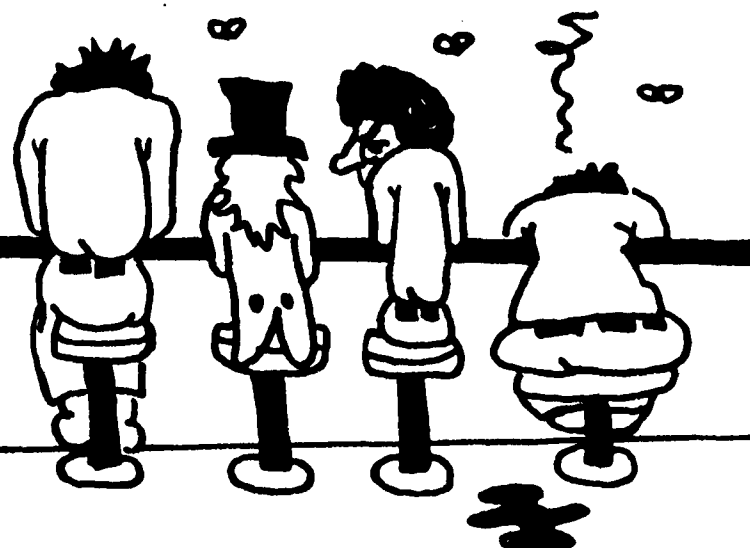
ONE AUTUMN NITE IN BLOOMSBURG TOWN
ACROSS THE ALLEYS BARE AND BROWN
THE WINDOWS OF THE WAYSIDE INN
GLEAMED RED WITH FIRE-LIGHT THRU THE LEAVES
OF WOLFS-BANE HANGING FROM THE EAVES
THEIR CRIMSON CURTAINS RENT AND THIN.



BUT FROM THE PARLOUR OF THE INN
A PLEASANT MURMUR SMOTE THE
VIEWER
LIKE WATER RUNNING THRU A SEWER
OFT INTERRUPTED BY THE FOG
OF LAUGHTER AND OF LOUD APPLAUSE
AND, IN EACH INTERVENING PAUSE,
THE RETCHING OF A DOG.



AROUND THE BAR AND AT THEIR EASE
THERE SAT A GROUP OF STUDENTS,
DRUNK
WITH THE HEARTY BEER ON TAP
WHO FROM THE FAR-OFF GLOOMY
SCHOOL
HAD TO THE WAYSIDE INN COME FULL
TO ROT THEIR BRAINS WITH CRAP.



THE CIGARETTE-LIGHT ON THEIR FACES GLANCED
THEIR SHADOWS ON THE WAINSCOT DANCED
AND THO OF DIFFERENT TOWNS AND SPEECH
EACH HAD HIS TALE TO TELL AND EACH
WAS ANXIOUS TO BE GLESED AND PLEACH.



BUT FIRST THE ARTIST I WILL
TRACE
GRAVE IN HIS ASPECT AND ATTIRE
A SCHMUCK OF ANCIENT PEDIGREE
A SMOKER OF THE GRASS WAS HE
KNOWN IN ALL BLOOMSBURG AS
"THE LIAR"



SOON SILENCE FOLLOWED; THEN BEGAN
A CLAMOUR FOR THE ARTIST'S TALE
THE BULLSHIT PROMISED THEM OF OLD
THEY SAID BUT ALWAYS LEFT UNTOLD
AND HE ALTHOUGH A BASHFUL MAN
AND ALL HIS COURAGE SEEMED TO FAIL
FINDING BEGGING OF NO AVAIL
YIELDED; AND THUS THE STORY RAN.



THE ARTIST'S TALE

LISTEN MY CHILDREN AND YOU
SHALL HEAR
OF THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF
LEROY SCHMUCKER.



ON THE EIGHTEENTH OF APRIL
IN SEVENTY-TWO
I CAN SAY THAT THERE ARE FEW
WHO REMEMBER THAT FAMOUS
DAY AND YEAR.

LET'S SEE... WHAT
RHYMES WITH
SCHMUCKER?
I'VE GOT IT.
F-3MMPHNS



HE SAID TO HIS FRIEND, "IF THE WRESTLEARS MARCH
BY LAND OR SEA FROM THE GYM TONIGHT,
HANG A FLASHLIGHT ALOFT IN THE BELFRY ARCH
OF WALLER HALL AS A SIGNAL LIGHT
ONE IF BY LAND AND TWO IF BY SEA
AND I IN THE NEIGHBORING COUNTY SHALL BE
READY TO RIDE AND SPREAD THE ALARM
THROUGH EVERY NEWSPAPER OFFICE AND FARM
FOR THE EDITORS TO BE UP AND TO ARM."



THEN HE SAID "GOOD NIGHT!" AND WITH
STUMBLING FEET
STAGGERED AWAY TO EAST SECOND STREET
JUST AS THE MOON AROSE OVER THE SCHOOL
WHERE FAT PARTIES RAGE AND ALPHA
CHICKS FOOL
CENTENNIAL GYM, MIGHTY AND THICK
FORBODING HALL WITH EACH PILLAR AND
BACK
ACROSS THE MOON LIKE A GIANT PR---
AND A HUGE BLACK HULK THAT WAS
MAGNIFIED
BY ITS OWN REFLECTION IN THE TIDE.



editorials

THE GREAT BSC EXAMINATION AND QUIZ

(yet another literary masterpiece)

Off the Board of Trustees. Houk, Hunsinger, Nossen — all you guys up against the wall. To hell with CGA. Get rid of Buckingham. Liberate the Pergola. Smiley and Williman can't write. Power to the Porter. Death to all those who whimper and cry. BSC. The Morning Press is censored. Peace. Love. Joy. Flowers. Aach. Blecch. Yecch.

Jim sachetti

Congratulations, Wrestlers! Once again you've shown great team spirit in an all-out effort to bring BSC to the very top. And this time it was the top of the top, to say the least. When the Bloomsburg boys take the NCAA title, you know that they're doing something right.

We all know what a tough season its been, and the long hard struggle the Husky matmen have been put through. A perfect all-win, no loss record is something to be proud of. But above all, the boys deserve praise and commendation for their ability to face the resignation of their coach, and yet go on alone, all the way to the top. And I guess we all owe a special thanks to Russ Houk, 'cause even though we disagree with his politics, he did a damn good job of training those boys to perfection!

A special thanks to Shorty Hitchcock, who acted as student coach for the boys this season, while Russ was out on the political front. And another thanks to Mr. Hinkle for acting as financial manager for the season.

All you fans who sat in the stands throughout the season know what the boys went through in their diligent fight to protect the proud name of the BSC Huskies. So I take the privilege of speaking for all of Bloomsburg in congratulating our men in their many trials and tribulations. And a little something special for our Associate Vice-President for Campus Services, Elton Hunsinger, who we know was constantly at the boys' side, giving them pep talks and advice. We know he never missed a match.

Once again, men, congratulations on an unbelievable season!
sue sprague

Despite the fact that a recently passed Senate policy expressly, strictly and unconditionally forbids, under penalty of death, the administration of tests the week before finals, we have decided to flagrantly and publicly violate this eminent and fine rule. Besides, 50 (count 'em) faculty members have courageously defied it already.

So we forthwith and hereby present, for your consideration and amusement, the GREAT BSC EXAMINATION AND SNAP QUIZ.

No consultation with your neighbor.

Don't start until instructed to do so.

1. Who uttered the following famous words: "No comment!":

- a) Trustee Frank Fay when asked why he never speaks at Board meetings;
- b) Trustee Frank Fay when asked why he never comments when asked to comment;
- c) Trustee Frank Fay when asked;
- d) Trustee Frank Fay.

2. Given the total area of one (1) Board room, nine (9) trustees, and seven (7) chairs, calculate which trustees will be politely asked to sit on the floor by Governor Shapp:

- a) Joe Nespoli;
- b) Frank Fay;
- c) Both of the above;
- d) a. and b.

3. If you laid all the letters that Deake Porter submitted to the

editor end to end, they would stretch:

- a) 50 inches
- b) 100 inches
- c) over 150 inches
- d) the truth

4. On May 18, 1972, Governor Milton Shapp reinstated these two board members:

- a) Sacco & Vanzetti
- b) Martini & Rossi
- c) Fay & Nespoli
- d) Sodom & Gomorrah

5. If a classroom building is scheduled to be completed January of a certain year, it will actually be completed:

- a) March, and the plumbing will leak.
- b) June, and the windows won't close
- c) September, and the building will be filled with rodents.
- d) December, and it will be filled with lousy professors.

6. Bloomsburg, according to former President Nossen, will not be

- a) a Harvard on the Susquehanna.
- b) a Berkely on the Susquehanna.
- d) a bastion of liberal eggheads.
- d) on his mind, after September.

7. Finding Elt Hunsinger's

office is harder than

- a) getting high on No-Doz
- b) begging change in a pinball room
- c) polishing the Statue of Liberty with a paper towel
- d) making the Bloomsburg wrestling team

8. Which is not a result of eating at Scranton Commons?

- a) Gastroenteritis
- b) ptomaine poisoning
- c) diarrhea
- d) poly-menilitic inter-colonary phorus

9. Which of the following are innocent dupes of the Russ Houk conspiracy to overthrow the president and undermine the well being of Bloomsburg State?

- a) Cheech, Chong
- b) Beveridge, McClintock
- c) Topeka, Kansas
- d) What conspiracy?

10. If you read all the Gadflies

from inception to demise, you would have

- a) raised your consciousness level 7.6 points
- b) harvested good karma in the life over the hill
- c) saved yourself and your posterity from white-bread dwarfism
- d) inky fingers

Answers: Will appear in next week's issue

Fifth Column

by Mikloss

To Thaddeus Fish: "You don't love me no more than I love you if you ever did and that's saying a lot about red haired Zangorian women."

Things ain't exactly on the up and up. I'm gettin' tired of writing with a slant. Dylan didn't say it, nor did Denny O'Neil. That doesn't matter cuz Captain America doesn't need clothing shields. Ah, a sweaty problem.

They're all your friends and you love 'em each and every one. That's why you gotta cast lines like everything I've ever written.

My purpose in life is ta shut people up, or down, especially at parties. See bein' feature editor

ain't easy, so I gotta keep a stock pile of bad puns. They make good conversation stoppers. I only use them every other word...all this groaning is gettin' to me. Gotta find a REAL conversation stopper.

Let's see... Hey, you guys! Ever wonder why I write about Waffies? Well, it's to start cheezy rumors and spread them around.

Didn't work. These groans are almost as bad as the conversation. All they're talkin' about is politics anyway, and if I don't like it, it's lousy conversation.

Try again. What's the latest in the Papal paternity suit? Oh, you're all atheists and you don't care...

Who do you think is sexier, Carole King or Mark Farner? (I wonder who that funny lookin' guy in the corner who just pursed his lips is?) No, no I don't wanna see the mahvelus pehrshawn rugs in your simply too much apartment.

Well, I ain't never gonna ever not stop this conversation. So, in the true tradition of a Filth Column I'll ramble on for a while

about some things that are thoroughly unrelated to anything I've written.

Yeah, I love 'em each and every one. That doesn't mean I have to put their stuff on MY page. Bla! ssssssss! All these people buggin' me. It ain't my fault.

I mean I spend three years trying to put THAT word in my column and it's a hard fought battle. Now some schmuck tries to print it every other issue. It comes with the quat, so to speak.

Now I could drag this schtick out even if wood doesn't stretch, but my co-editor keeps yellin' about how my article is too long. Looks 'bout normal size to me.

Maybe he's trying to flatter me. I have no desire to pancake my talent. After all, I am the best editor even if I can't do headlines...

Bob Dylan. So it doesn't madder that I love 'em each and every one. Spiro T. Angry makes sure of that. It makes me want to go to Ire-land.

What all this has to do with conversation stoppers gets me? I'll unplug it. Some prize, even in the winner months...

To the editor, that is to say, to the man who runs the newspaper, which is to say, the organ of news, which is to say the current events, which is to say...

Being historians, and the most eminent of historians at that, we feel we must comment on the recent editorial which appeared in your "newspaper." Being historians, we noted with some distress and no little ire, certain errors and omissions of fact.

We have decided to fearlessly speak out in defense of the local campus Board of Governance, we have decided to brave the grave danger of being denied tenure, not as you say, for base, selfish and parochial interests, but in defense of all that is good and clean, and above all, in defense of the truth.

The truth is all that concerns us, and we fail to comprehend

how "you" or others of your ilk, could dare to accuse us of acting otherwise, or in violation of principles which we hold dear to our very bosoms.

Having presented these facts we can only conclude that you, being a mere student, a veritable peon in the educational hierarchy, could not have penned the selfsame editorial to which we refer.

And furthermore, John Andris is a commie.

FOOTNOTES:
1 a statement of truth
2 Board of Trustees, that is, the Trustee Board; founded 1839
3 a statement of fact
4 chest(s)
5 statements of truth, which is, the plural of a statement of truth
Signed,
(names withheld on request)

Andris

(continued from page twelve)

Comptroller and Business Manager — Deake Porter — an M.A. in economics from Yale, why not?

Director of Admissions — Dan Skok — he knows more about it than anyone else.

In a statement just released, President Andris the Second said, "In making these appointments, I fully understand that approval must come from the Senate of Bloomsburg State College. I have complete faith in President Reveremd Professor Doctor William L. Carlow of the Senate and the esteemed members of that body, the brothers of S.O.B., that my appointments will receive their unqualified endorsement." The president's special three person advisory committee (Professor Doctor Hans Karl Gunther, Tom Beveridge, and Bill Hess) have recommended that all persons previously filling these positions "should hold only faculty teaching positions and should not hold any administrative posts. If this is not possible...they should resign as soon as possible." F.T.W.

Editorial Staff: Editor-in-Chief, Jim 'has-been' sachetti; Business Manager, 'Wrestler' Sue Sprague; Managing Editor, 'Rainbow Buppy' Karen Keinard; News Editor, 'Smilin' Frank Pizzoli; Assistant News Editors, 'Banquo's Ghost' John Dempsey and 'Mouse' Mike Meizinger; Co-Feature Editors, 'Disc Jockey' Joe Miklos and Terry 'Napolean' Blass; Sports Editor, Bob 'Artie's Roomie' Oliver; Art Editor, 'Denizz' Michelle Denise Ross; Circulation Manager, Elaine 'Muscles' Snodgrass; Co-copy Editors, 'Fightin' Irish' Ellen Doyle and 'Woman on the Street' Nancy Van Pelt; Photography Editor, Tom, 'the Pinball Wizard' Schofield; Contributing Cartoonist John 'Leroy' Stugin; Advisor, 'Speedy' Ken Hoffman.

Photography Staff: The Darkroom Click, Dan Maresh.
Reporters: 'J.J.' John Andris, Jim Percy.
The M&G is located nowhere but in our minds until September. Then we'll be back in 234 Waller.

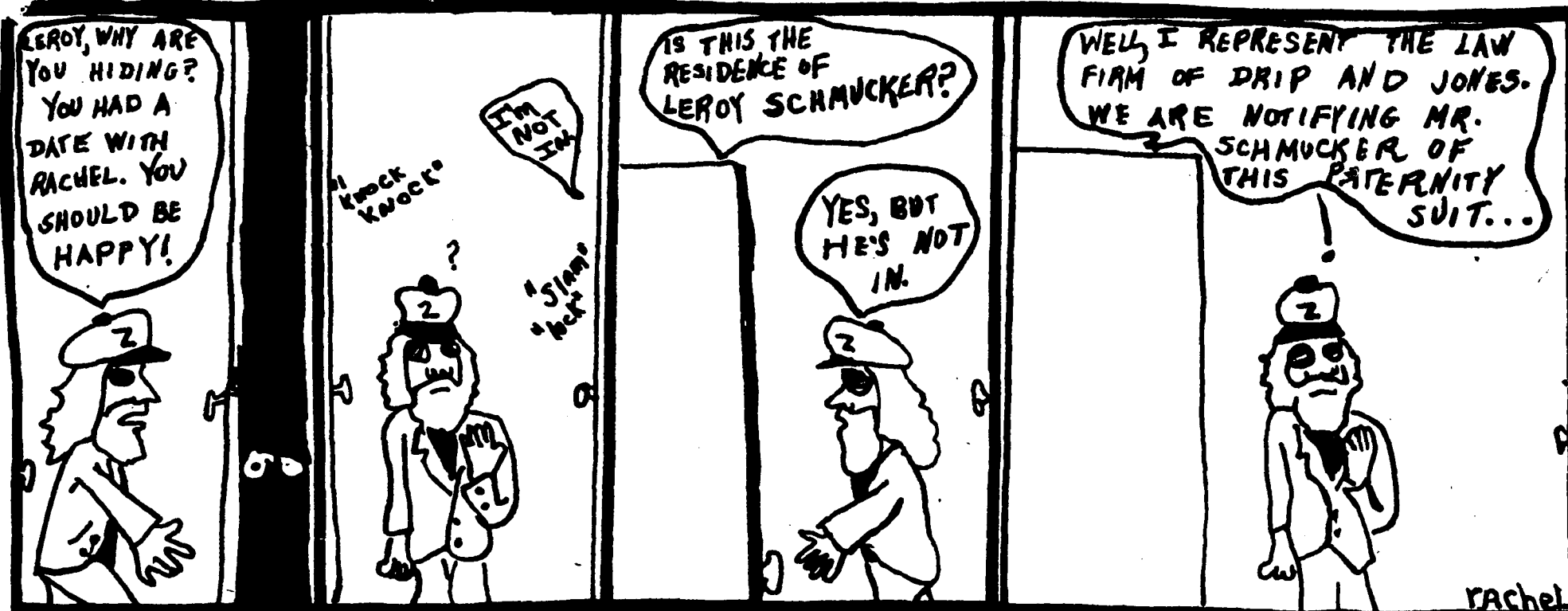
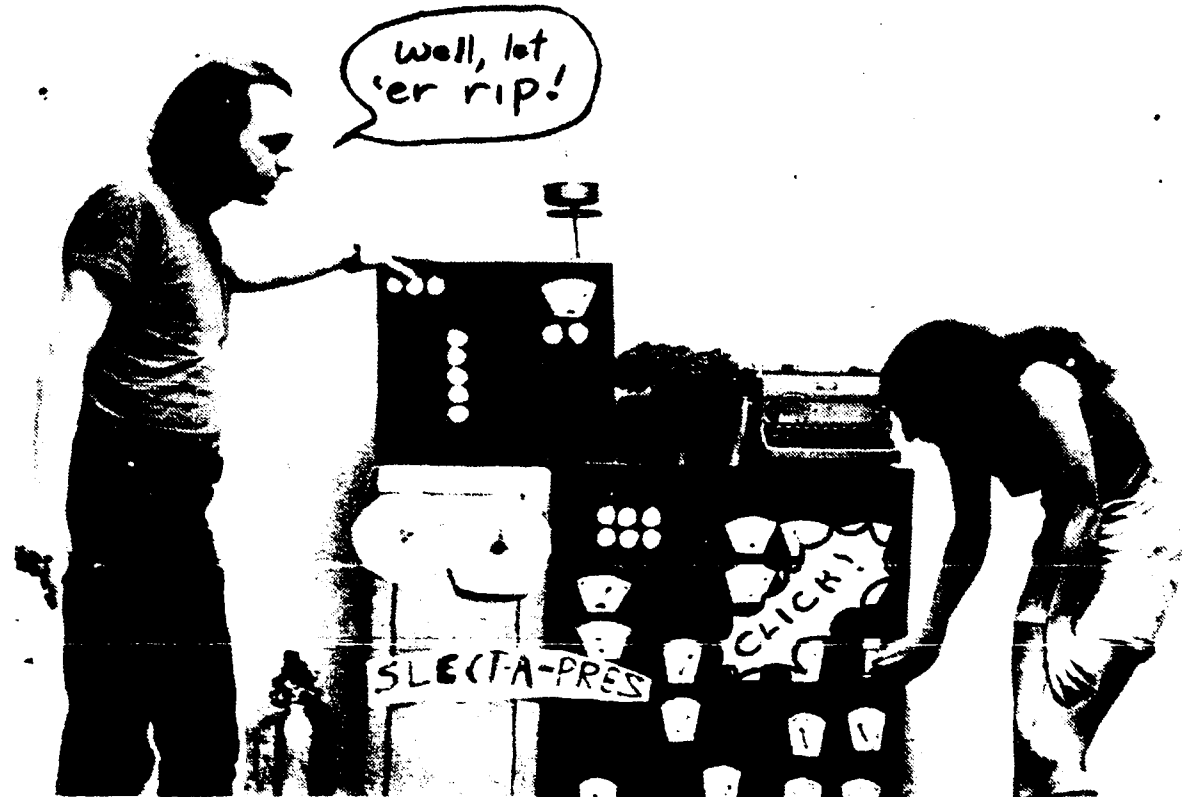
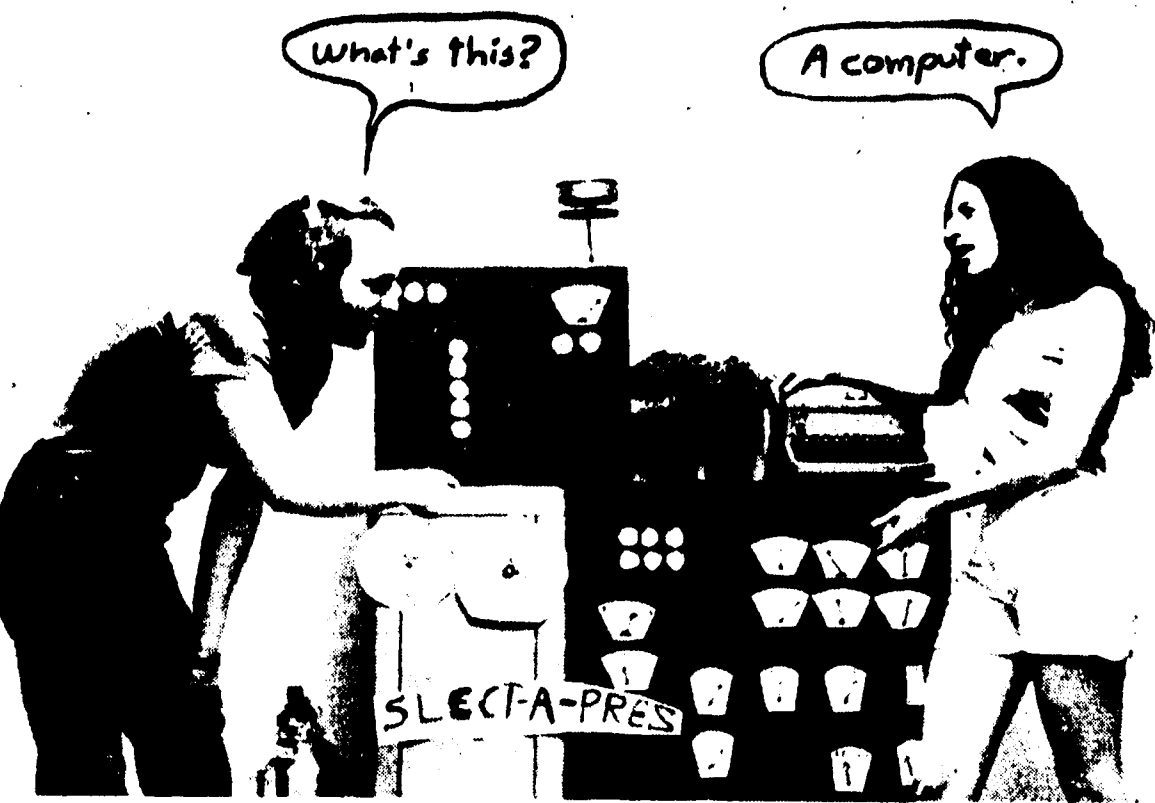


Photo Phunnies

by Tom Schofield

Starring:
Joe Miklos,
"Denizz"

Set and Props
Bob Oliver



The Bloomsburg State Normal School Gazette and Intelligentistia Journal

VOL. I—NO. 1

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

MAY 19, 1972



Former Normalite Robert J. Nossen was last seen truckin west towards Calif. with a twelve string on his back to "get his head together". Pictured here addressing a meeting of the new left, he is reported to be heavy into political activism and quite pleased with his new outlook on life. Ah well, they always did say he was a liberal.

Pres. Screening Committee Picks Andris

By J. J.

The Search and Screening Committee, composed of three members of the Board of Trustees (Frank Croop, Joe Nespoli, and Frank Fay—the latter two ex-officio); three faculty members (Craig Himes, Russ Houk, and Ralph Smiley—with some assistance from his friend, John Williman); and three students (Jacquie Feddock, Jerry Olsen and Jack Mulka—not because he's a student but because he looks so much like one), reported today that their choice for President of Bloomsburg State College is John Andris. President Andris the Second in his first official act in that office announced the following appointments:

Assistant to the President — Art White — Because of the "High" degree of support the new President will receive "with a little help from this friend."
Vice President and Dean of Faculties — Max Primack — Conservatism at its epitomy.
Vice President for Administrative Services — Jack Mulka — he tries harder.
Ass't Vice President for

Student Life — the entire faculty — for their constant endeavor to protect student rights.

Vice President for Campus Services — Robert Nossen — as least harm as possible.

Ass't Vice President for Development and External Relations — Joseph Skehan — for his many outside committee responsibilities.

Dean of Liberal Arts — Frank Pizzoli — because of the Liberal that he is.

Dean of Professional Affairs — Elton Hunsinger — because, as the Wilder Committee reports, he has conducted himself so professionally in the past.

Dean of the Graduate School — Yvonne Nossen — to match a pair.

Registrar — Comrade Anthony Sylvester — because "it makes so much sense."

Security — Gary Pletcher — for his commitment to law and order.

Building and Grounds—Norm Jones — Mulka has to take someone with him,

(continued on page eleven)

CONSPIRACY UNCOVERED

The BSNSGIJ has uncovered a nefarious plot to undermine the very foundations of truth, decency and the BSNS way.

Reports have it that 'the other newspaper' on campus, the so called Maroon and Gold, has been doing everything in its rather meager power to deny the public of the so called truth they deserve.

By refusing to print missive received from patriots the likes of Deake Porter, Ralph Smiley and his buddy, they have sought to withhold the so called 'facts'.

For shame.

A perceptive news analysis Belly Up

BY DON ENZ

Within our sophisticated, well mannered society there are persons of vulgar personality, indelicate behavior and indelicate manner. Within this group of ignorant individuals lies a very selective group of degenerate persons that "belly-up" every chance they get. These persons are undoubtedly the ultimate example of laxity in our social structures rigidity towards the gross person. Seldom do you find one of these societal swines in jail. Rarely do you find one reprimanded for his blurts against society. These devouring persons care nothing about time, place or circumstance, if they feel in the mood to "belly-up," they do just that and usually with a disgusting air in their mannerisms when doing it.

These unintelligent sicklings of society are usually hard to distinguish from the more learned, mannered majority, but they do have a few distinguishing characteristics: firstly, they are loud and gross in public; secondly, one gets the impression that they are filled with nothing but hot air; and thirdly, these hoggish peons never excuse themselves.

To "belly-up" in churches and places of business; to blurt in such loud, unmannered gross fashions; to do these things, and more, and walk away with a smile of pride from ear to ear is the height of social laxity and should be remedied immediately. These persons should be fined, jailed and confined in such quarters as their mannerisms deserve. If stricter law enforcement doesn't work, the people will have to do the job the authorities are unable to handle — BUR-R-R-R-P!!!

Bored of the Trustees--or seven to nine angry men

by John Dempsey
and
Frank Pizzoli

Once upon a time, in the gloomy land of Bloomsburg, there existed seven to nine angry members of the Bored of the Trustees. They had come ages and ages ago, long before recorded time, from a shadowy, misty land about 150 due southwest on Route 81, known as the burg of HARRIS. After a short time these seven to nine angry men made a home in the burg of Bloom, each taking a non-political job that gave them strange and mysterious powers in the area of politics.

These seven to nine angry men looked upon their situation and their powers, and they saw that it was good, and they prospered. But then, when the sky was black and the wind was howling, a stranger came to town, a stranger who had "a lean and hungry look" about him, and who was BALD, and who went by the name of Robert J. Nossen. This stranger, called "Nossen" by his friends, was named President of the Institution that the seven to nine angry men ruled over, known as Bloomsburg State College, and the seven to nine angry men became even angrier. It was soon to be realized that, as the natives say, hell hath no fury like that of seven to nine angry men scorned. Tension built in this quite little burg until even strong men feared to enter the confines of this institution and children, cats, and dogs dared not walk the streets alone. Libations were offered to the gods every evening at a local tavern that was called "Rocks" in the hope that peace would once again return to the quite little burg.

Tragically, however, this man known as "Nossen" found little favor with two of the knights of the Bored of the Trustees, knights known as Russell Houk, the Unbelievably Good, and Attila the Hunsinger, and let it be known far and wide that he had found displeasure with them.

Soon, to use a folklore expression of the natives, the shit hit the fan and havoc was wrecked on the students, the town, and all living objects within a radius of ten to twenty miles. The battle stretched on and on, and the natives who speak of it now refer to it as the awesome "Three Year's War." As the war stretched on, the bodies of fallen soldiers were littering the streets, and the natives found it

hard to park their cars. These seven to nine angry men soon found themselves fighting amongst themselves over battle tactics while the man known as "Nossen" retreated to his mighty fortress at 451 Buckalew Place and suffered through the battle silently, using only his mighty memos, delivered by his trusty page, Marilyn Muelhoff, The Secretary, as his weapons.

After a long time, the great white God in the burg of Harris, who was more or less responsible for this "whole goddamn mess," as the natives say, sent three of his most trustworthy knights, known as The Businessmen, to set the sun shining over them ole' cotton fields of Bloomsburg once more. The Businessmen looked at the situation and saw that it was not so good, and wrote a report which suggested that Russell Houk, The Unbelievably Good, Attila the Hunsinger, and Nossen, get the hell out of Dodge, as the natives say.

This report hit the seven or nine angry members of the Bored of the Trustees like the Edsel hit DeBuke, Montana, and had the effect of a fly speck on an elephant's ass, as the natives say.

The man known as Nossen realized that the time had come to fade back to the land from whence he came, which no one was really sure about in the first place, and resigned. The seven to nine angry men of the Bored of the Trustees did not agree with the suggestions of the Businessmen, however, and fought it with every ounce of their strength. The mighty God in the burg of Harris, Milton, the Marvelous, known to his friends as Uncle Milty, was not pleased. In fact, he was quite pissed, as the natives say, and took out his wrath on two of the seven to nine angry men, the two known as Frank Fay, The Awfully Silent, and Joe Nespoli, The Jewel, collectively known as The Not-So-Well-Liked Knights. Milton's mighty voice rang out in anger and he threatened to banish the seven and - or nine members of the Bored of the Trustees back to where they whence came, which no one is too sure of, and the seven and - or nine angry men stifled themselves for about a week.

Once again, peace ruled over the small burg of Bloom and the children, cats, and dogs took to the streets once more. And, as the natives have been known to say on occasion all's well that ends well.