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Smile at people for your sake. At least maybe then you won't get some god-awful glare.

K.L. Duncan

COME TOGETHER

Non-fraternization of students and faculty seems to be a tradition at Madison. It's time both sides made an effort to break through the barrier. Little Sunday night get togethers at Wesley House and the BSU are not enough. Rapping at the Marketplace, sharing a pitcher of 3.2 at the Elbow Room, pulling up a chair in the D-hall, or playing a little Frisbee on the Quad seem more to the point. This can't be the style of all profs, any more than it is the style of all students, but I can't help thinking that, as members of the same academic community, we must have pretty much in common.

There are schools where it's normal for students and faculty members to party together, to drop in to see one another, and to congregate and talk to one another. It will take conscious effort on behalf of both students and faculty if we want to normalize relations at Madison. It will take a while for kids to get used to talking to "the Prof" as a friend, and on other levels than "I don't understand why 2-2 is not 0" and all too often "If I don't pull a B in here, I'll end up on AP." Surely, real talk would be welcomed by all.

K.L. Duncan

pus, social and academic, and we will be more effective in solving them if we can talk things out together, informally. It's nice to know what the other side is thinking, and it's just possible that, given a chance, students, faculty, and administration might learn something from one another.

Becky Shirley

COME TOGETHER

(If we had to have some superpermanent, than so be it."

Janis Joplin

There are problems on this cam-
CYPRUS (LNS)—Thirty-two released American hostages talked with a New York Times correspondent in Cyprus last month, and described their treatment by the Palestinian commandos. "They shared everything they had with us," said James Majer, the first officer of the hijacked aircraft. "They did everything they could for us," said Mr. Majer, a resident of Bermuda. "The guards insisted on going out under fire to get water for us," he added.

Most of the hostages were Jewish and some had dual American-Israeli citizenship, but there was no discrimination by the Arabs, said the passengers. Moreover the Sabbath was observed and sufficient food was available for those observing Kosher restrictions. "I made friends with them," said David Miller, an American from Brooklyn. "I became a little more sympathetic to their cause. They are human beings like anyone else."

Said 16-year-old Barbara Mensch who was returning from a summer living on a kibbutz in Israel, "They really had no intention of harming us. We had some very close calls (after the Jordanian shelling attacks began). It was extremely frightening." Barbara added that she was more sympathetic now that "I've seen how they live in the refugee camps."

"We were put together in the safest place they had," said Mitchell Malzer from Florida. "It must have been, every house was hit but ours."

"We had daily meals—sodas, pita (round Arab bread) with butter and corned beef. They even gave us cigarettes," recalled David Miller. William Shain, a pharmacist from Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn said, "Some of the Jews were very frightened that they might be singled out. But we were all treated alike. They took extra good care of the old rabbi; they brought him extra fruit."

Funny thing about it was that the jury didn't believe him when he said he didn't shoot Rundle. As the foreman said: "We had no doubt he did shoot Rundle...Our trouble was over his intent. We found the force exerted was proper within Constitutional limits. We had a reasonable doubt about Riche's intent. There was a riot that day. There were a lot of things going on. So he shot him."

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS)—The first of ten People's Park cases—policemen accused of violating the civil rights of people they shot during the demonstrations—came to an unsurprising end; the cop was acquitted.

Lawrence L. Riche was found innocent of violating the civil rights of William Rundle, 17. Riche still has to go on trial for shooting three other persons the same day.

CONCERNING MARIA MORAN...

their was this girl who say I doan no how to rite last summer that aint true cause I DUE no how to rite. I goed to madison for to yeres an they toled me how to rite. An maybee she doan no that but everthing els gud

PIECE

Lewis H. Sord

THE SYSTEM WORKS—IT SURE DOES

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THE FIXER

STAFF

WELCOMES THE
RETURN OF

MISS JUDY REED

AND

MR. LEWIS H. SWORD

AS STUDENTS

OF

MADISON COLLEGE
Super-Bus, roused from his musings leaving the Second National Bank, had sworn vengeance.

With a payroll shipment. Urgent...

Super-Bus, his radio antenna waving pen- wagen dealership, had sworn vengeance.

It took Super-Bus mere minutes to spot PLANT MAN, running furious, now disguised as an avocado. "Hold it, Super-Bus," said he avo- cado, "or I'll cut you down with my "PLANT-GUN," whereupon he began firing bursts of sunflower and watermelon seeds at the wheeled wonder, shattering his left headlight. "Fouled and furious, Super-Bus charged the now-thoroughly confused PLANT MAN, who threw both the Garden Club's secret formula and the payroll money into the air. Moving quickly into action, Super-Bus, who despite his reduced depth of perception caused by the "PLANT-GUN's" volley of seeds, caught them in his windshield wipers. PLANT MAN, unfortunately, had used the opportunity to make good his escape, which he effected by running around a convenapartment house and turned himself into a rock garden, much to the surprise and delight of the building's tenants.

Super-Bus had saved the day anyway, and the Garden Club, overjoyed at getting back its coveted formula, showered him with tulips.

Synopsis: (For those of you who missed last week's paralyzing episode, Super-Bus was taking time out for an oil change while on the trail of Hector Horticulture, alias PLANT MAN. PLANT MAN, having disguised himself as a giant butterwort, slipped unobtrusively into an exhibit of rare agricultural oddities at the National "Middy-Blouse Garden Show, where he had managed to steal a valuable formula for increasing the life-span of the Himalayan Ladies-glove, which dies 7.04 seconds after it blooms, leaving a foul smelling, unightly residue. PLANT MAN's intention was to sell the formula back to the Garden club, knowing full well how highly-prized the plant was to the club's members. Super-Bus, alerted while in his secret identity as a show-room demonstrator at a local Volkswagen dealership, had sworn vengeance.

"There could PLANT MAN have hidden the formula?" mused Super-Bus, his radio antenna wav- ing pensively. The noble crime-fighter was still partially recuperating from his last encounter with PLANT MAN, who had punctured his right rear tire while posing as a rose bush.

Super-Bus's radio suddenly spluttered to ear-solitting life. "Calling Super-Bus, calling Super-Bus: A venus fly-trap has just jumped out of a florist's window and overtook three armed guards leaving the Second National Bank with a payroll shiment. Urgent... Urgent...

PLANT MAN!

Hearing into second gear, Super-Bus, roused from his musings about the formula's whereabouts, cannoned down the street leaving to the scene of the robbery. Screaming to a deafening halt amid a cloud of exhaust fumes Super-Bus quickly took stock of the situation. The three armed guards, lying in a confused heap outside the bank, gradually picked themselves up.

"God-Damnedest thing I ever saw", babbled one. "A six-foot tall mon- ster plant rushed us down and grabbed our payroll and lumbered off!" "Yeah," said the other two. "It won't be hard to track him down," said Super-Bus. "He left chlorophyll stains heading that way." And exploding into full-throated life, Super-Bus sped away.

Super-Bus had saved the day any- way, and the Garden Club, overjoyed at getting back its coveted formula, showered him with tulips.

NEXT UP: THE MENAGE OF SUPER-BRAH, THE INCREDIBLE MOMMA'S BOY by Mike Holmes
le 16 Septembre 1970, Doba-Tchad

How are things in the States? I really miss it, much more than I thought I would. I regret that I'm not there to help fight against the war. I think about it a lot here and many of the people will ask about it. It hurts so much to have to say that there is so much hate in America as anywhere else. What in God's name has happened to America? Do you remember how proud we were as kids to be Americans? I hate to have any Africans mention the moon flights to me. When I look around and see the ignorance, hunger, pain, sickness, I ask how can we waste so much on the moon and the war. My God, it makes me sick!

Thomas Scott King
West Va. U. Grad.

A gunshot wound in his small back,
Could he have known what came to pass?
He cannot tell for he is dead
For many things that he has said.

With wonderment I watch him lie
On his hard bed of concrete street,
And yet no one that sees goes down
To carry him to softer ground.

We are afraid of men that watch
And hear all that we say and do,
And punish quickly those that fight
Against the men, against the might.

So we must hide in cells of brick
With fear and hope locked in our hearts
For Superman to come and save
The men that live within their grave.

Judy Reed
Keep those cards and letters coming in......

October 7, 1970

To-
Lewis H. Sword and "The Fixer"

Thank you for your article "Up Poco Loco" (Oct. 8-15 ed.) It was well taken by most everyone, I believe, I definitely agree with what you said there—but the problem is what do we do? Everyone talks but no one seems to want to or, shall I change that to say, know how to take action to make the changes. This issue would obviously involve changes in legislative writings. Have you any constructive suggestions about this? I have heard many students decry this, but all (myself included) seem to be stuck for an answer.

If you have any suggestions, my address is Susie Bailey P.O. Box 504 Madison College I am very much interested in getting this changed!!

Also, I thought the article on pollution ("Ocean Dumping"), same edition, was very, shall we say, stirring. I think The Fixer is a good thing. Keep up the good work!

Peace,
Susie Bailey

Miss Susie Bailey,

In the above article to Mr. Sword and The Fixer you asked for suggestions on the means of ridding Madison of In Loco Parentis. Below are my suggestions on this.

You must first determine the volume of student support you have for the removal of this doctrine from Madison's long list of repressive regulations. Do students really want to do away with this concept? Talk to students generally unlike yourself (major, year at Madison, political feelings, etc.) Make sure your idea has a wide based number of students from which to grow. If you feel that the discontinuance of the In Loco Parentis concept has good support, then take the matter before Student Government. Ask your elected officials to officially and openly support the students. (Don't be discouraged if SGA will not take a firm stand on this issue, or on anything else either.) They have, for the most part, side-stepped every issue more controversial than the election of the May Day Queen. But in order to disarm those who will condemn you if you did not go through channels, and hoping that maybe SGA has suddenly gotten some backbone, the issue should be brought to SGA's attention.

If SGA proves to be of no help, a petition, signed by a majority of Madison's students, could be sought. Hopefully this would show both the administration and the SGA which way the wind is blowing (without the help of the weathermen.) Copies of the petition should be presented to The Board of Visitors and SGA. The former may be accomplished with permission of the President. It is hoped that rule changes would at this time be started, or at least considered.

If no results are forthcoming, you have at least two choices open to you, providing (of course) the students still want the change and its leaders are still attending Madison. The students could disregard the regulations involved, or changes could be sought through legal channels. For the first course of action to be successful, a vast majority of students have to feel that by jamming SGA's courts with violations the regulations will become unenforceable, thus attaining their goal. A few students cannot make this work. If legal remedies are sought, there first has to be a test case. (Someone has to lose his life at an intersection before the highway people take the advice of the area residents and install a stop sign.) Madison's rules do have to follow legal guidelines, despite what some would have you believe.

If the students are met with resistance at every step your campaign will take a great amount of time and energy. But if you really want to see things changed, get to work to change them. Organize a group of students who feel as strongly as you obviously do, and start the thing moving. Ask for help, from parents, the SGA, the administration, but if help is not forthcoming do not give up.

If you feel that I may be able to help you, please contact me.

Jay Rainey

(Jay, having more experience than I with Madison, wished to reply to you.
In essence, I concur with his suggestions. Remember to persuade rather than demand; if you can convince the "other side" you are right, they will urge you to help you.)
Ever since I came back to Madison this year, I have been doing a lot of listening. And do you know what I've been hearing? For the most part, fervent and impassioned bombast. Everybody seems to be talking, but unfortunately, it all sounds too damn familiar. The "strangers" form on one side, and the "freaks" line up on the other. There I am—standing smack in the middle. Right now, I'm living in No Man's Land because there are these two sides, and I don't really want to join either.

It's sort of pathetically funny when you stop to realize that these two sides honestly believe they have the true road to self-salvation. "You're with me or you're against me" type of set-up. Actually, that is really sickening. Here we are recreating all the stinking messes of the world right at Madison. You don't have to watch TV to find examples of hatred, anger, prejudice, and fear; all you have to do is take a look around. Man, you're wallowing in it.

And let's be honest with ourselves. It isn't just one side's fault. Every single person has to shoulder part of this disaster because every single person is at fault. When you judge someone by his dress, his lifestyle, or his convictions, you, my friend, are guilty. You might as well forget trying to squirm out of your responsibility—you are stuck with it.

Why do we have to make this world an even lousier place to live? Don't we all have enough problems without deliberately making more? I'm sick of this talk that one side uses to ward off the threats—supposed or real—of the other. Believe it or not, I'm not asking for much. I just wish that people would start listening to each other instead of drowning each other out with empty words. Just try to remember that when you want tolerance, you have to give it. That's the way life is, and actually, that's the way it should be.

O Ts'ao Sung

The beneficial effect of the Vietnam war on GM's military sales, not including space products, can be seen from the following figures published annually by the Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report.

(All figures—In millions of dollars—are for the fiscal years, that is from July 1 of the stated year to June 30 of the following year.)

<table>
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<th>Year</th>
<th>GM's Military Sales</th>
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<td>1965</td>
<td>625</td>
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<td>1966</td>
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According to these figures, GM's military sales from 1962 to 1965 averaged $349-million annually. With the escalation of the U.S. attack on Vietnam, from 1966, GM's military sales averaged $587-million annually—an increase of 68 percent.

--from "General Motors and the U.S. War Industry," by Dick Roberts in The Militant

A POLITICAL

The News-Record has brought to my attention that four men associated with Madison are serving on the 1968 Harrisonburg committee of Virginians for King Hairy-Bird II. They are: our very own...
Mr. President, I move to lay that motion on the table.

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The motion to lay on the table was agreed to.

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The American Civil Liberties Union has defended over 40 Madison College students. The recent federal court victory, which declared two of Madison's regulations unconstitutional, is only one of the cases they are presently working on. The trespass appeal from circuit court (maximum sentence: 9 months in jail and a $1,000 fine) to the Virginia Supreme Court will be filed shortly. The ACLU is also representing Jay Rainey who is to return to federal court October 40. Miller is asking the court to bar Rainey from returning to Madison.

Please give what you are able. Checks may be made out to the ACLU of Va, or Madison College Defense Fund. You can give your contribution to the person who regularly gives you a copy of this paper (mentioning it is for ACLU). You can call Dean at 433-4560 for ACLU membership information, or for a picture of your donation. Or you may mail your gift to Madison College Defense Fund, c/o Madison College Press (Free), Box 35, Broadway 22815.

The Fixer staff offers the use of our mimeograph machine to anyone or organization. The school's machines are restricted solely to subjects relating directly to a course assignment. We ask only that people furnish their own supplies. If you want to use our machine call Dean at 433-4560, or write to Madison College Press (Free), Box 35, Broadway, Virginia 22815.

The Fixer staff would like to issue a heartfelt thanks to Jim Turney, Dave Mulligan, and Joe Chiang. Since April of last year The Fixer has been run off at their home, without the help of these three students this paper quite possibly might not exist today. We hope you will show them how much you appreciate what they have accomplished for our school.

Thanks to you for tearing me down and growing me up.

K.L. Duncan

With a little help from our friends....

Dave Bassler, Chris Vuxton, Susan Poole, Dan Layman, Cindy Walsh, Lucifer, Lewis H. Sword, Tina and Jay Rainey, Judy Reed, Kris Russell, Dean Brown, Bill Brannan, Jim West, Dennis Gregory, Wendy Cook, K.C. Marzulli, Dan Erikson and others.