



Klan spawns hatred and violence in San Jose



Photo by Rudy Sabin

At last weeks Klu Klux Klan rally in downtown San Jose's Kelly Park, riot police were called upon to protect Klansmen. Thousands showed up to protest the Klan efforts to recruit new members.

On April 11, the Klu Klux Klan attempted a recruitment rally at St. James park in San Jose. The City Council felt that by denying the Klan's request, they would be violating civil rights. So, despite fierce opposition from the community, the Klan were granted use of the park for a two hour gathering.

Forseeing the possibility of violence, the city of San Jose spent over \$20 thousand on crowd control. More than two hundred police were called in to maintain peace over the brief appearance of the Klan.

Trash cans were searched for bottles or weapons. The roofs of neighboring buildings were checked for suspected sniper action.

The police would take no chances when it came to public safety.

BY TEN O'CLOCK, over a thousand people had collected throughout the two sections of the park that was divided by Second Street.

On side of the street the Coalition Against Racism played mariachi music and requested that the crowd remain in non-

violent protest to the Klan. Monitors made fuedal attempts to stop the crowd from crossing the street.

On the other side of the street, members of the progressive Socialist Workers arrived shouting "Smash the Klan, we know we can." Advocating violence, they introduced the possibility of a riot.

Amid jeers from the new arrivals, police politely, but with authority, removed sticks from the signs carried by many of the protesters.

ROCKS WERE found in one man's possession and he was promptly arrested. Twenty-six in all were apprehended for assault and disorderly conduct.

Eventhough no one would openly admit affiliation with the Klan, one man interviewed by radio station KPFA stated that he had come from Kentucky to attend the rally.

Finally, at 10:30a.m., 24 white-hooded men escorted by baton-carrying officers filed out of the court house parking lot. They weaved through the angry mob and headed for the concrete bandstand.

As the Klan took thier places on the stage, cans and fruit were thrown at the speaker whose bullhorn could not penetrate the shouts of the angry protesters.

Police rushed into the swarm to arrest those who threw what appeared to be rocks which the Klan deflected with thier home made wooden shields.

None of them seemed seriously injured.

Though the Klan had left, many of the protesters stayed behind to argue politics or just to see what would happen next.

AT KELLY PARK three miles away from the Klan rally, a peaceful demonstration endorsed by city officials attracted a smaller, more composed group of about 300 people. Many felt that merely appearing at St. James Park would be playing into the hands of the K.K.K.

Folk singer Joan Baez sang traditional protest songs and spoke out against racism. Speakers from various bay area organizations took turns objecting to the Klan's rally in San Jose.

Shortly before noon, Mayor Janet Hayes took the microphone and informed the crowd that the Klan had left St. James Park. There were cheers from the spectators who stayed late in the afternoon to hear speeches, listen to music and enjoy the bright sun of a spring day.

Columbia sets pace in space race

By MARK HART
Guest Writer

Why? Why should I subject myself to a 700-mile drive through a desert peopled by Highway Patrol cruisers and little old ladies to witness a 20-second event like the Space Shuttle landing?

I asked myself this question most of the way to Edwards AFB late Monday night and I think I finally have the answer.

I attended one of the most important events in human history. With this landing we have truly opened "the last frontier" (in fact Leonard Nimoy sans the ears was on hand).

Until this Tuesday, the space program has been a series of groundbreaking steps leading up to the capability to carry cargo into space and to come back with another load. In the past we have brought the astronauts down with luck, skill and gravity, and the only thing they brought back, other than a tiny capsule, was a collection of little-grey rocks.

NOW, RATHER than consigning the vessel's remains

to a museum, we're putting it to use, making it earn its \$20 billion price tag through the skill of the pilot and the length of the runway.

The landing field resembled something from Dante's "Inferno." A pan shaped valley that felt like it was directly on a burner.

I arrived at the VIP/Press area and found the major networks had preceeded me and were

perched atop their RVs scanning the sky with their telephoto lenses. The smaller network crews, journalists and radio personalities were locked in a life-or-death struggle over the remaining spots. It looked a lot like sun worshipers in Santa Cruz on Labor Day.

WITH A LIBERAL usage of my elbows and camera case, I managed to position myself out in front between a television crew

and a crowd of hung-over photographers. To one side, the TV crews were filming a baritone in a three-piece suit, unfortunately his attire was a poor choice as he sweated profusely.

Across the lake bed among the sage brush were an estimated 250,000 sun-stroked cases that had been in the public viewing area since the night before.

I was informed that there were still many hopelessly ensnared spectators in the six-mile road, turned parking lot, leading to the area.

THOSE GATHERED had the dubious privelege of hearing a disco band that had been playing since sun up (complete with flashing lights). To many however, this was a minor irritation as the desert creates quite a thirst. Thank goodness for the many beer stands present.

For 17 minutes, the dialog between Houston and the Columbia was silenced during the crucial re-entry phase. At 10:08 we all breathed a (highly cliched) sigh of relief, as Young's voice came in saying simply, "Hello there (see page 3)

