

In the lion's den

by John Roslevich

Dr. Alfred M. Lilienthal, author of several books on the Middle East, delivered a lecture entitled "The Middle East: Another Vietnam?" Jan. 12 in the SUB lounge.

He summed his ideas when he said "American Middle East policy must change if we are to avert another Vietnam."

Lilienthal was certainly an impressive speaker, but then he had to be in order to put up with some of the attacks he was subjected to. To understand everything that he spoke of or about, one had to be something of an expert in the vast and controversial field of Arab-Israeli relations. Believe me when I say vast because he went back as far as Biblical times in mentioning Moses, the chosen tribes of Israel, to name a few.

A lecture of this nature should not be booked for presentation before a largely-student audience, as was this case. There are two main reasons for this (those of you who were there might find more). First off, his subject matter was rather deep. I am safe in assuming that some students followed his trend of thought fairly well, but others were a bit confused.

Secondly, his talk was very controversial. Of the audience, about 20 members of the Hazleton Jewish community who came chiefly to rebut Dr. Lilienthal's "half-truths", as one gentleman put it. Granted, these people had every right to be there as people and they did listen to the talk without incident, but what followed was something that you might expect from the chambers of Hazleton City Council.

These Hazletonians came prepared for battle and battle they did. No sooner had Lilienthal asked for questions did the debate begin.

Lilienthal retained his coolness under the barrage, but leaned to the egotistical side when his credentials were questioned. For instance, when one of the members of the audience referred to the speaker as "Mr. Lilienthal, the latter responded point blank that his title was 'Dr.'

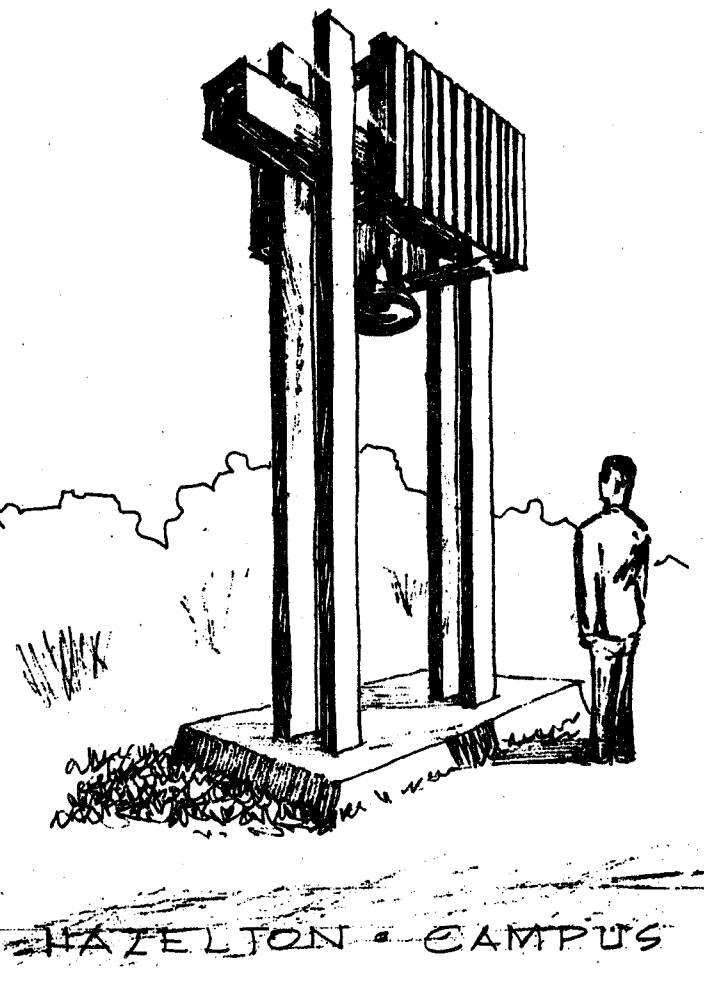
His egotism also showed when he said that he had flown from the big city, New York, for the purpose of lecturing and not debating. It showed again when someone questioned his authority on the subject. He promptly began reading the favorable reviews of his book, "What Price Israel?"

Although audience participation was, for the most part, confined to the Jewish representatives, a handful of students voiced their opinions.

One justified argument against Lilienthal was that he had no right to come to Highacres to deliver a talk with the Vietnam War referred to in the title. According to another gentleman, one of the worst things that can be said on any campus is "Vietnam." This same person said that Lilienthal gave the students the false idea that soon they may be fighting for Uncle Sam in the Middle East, just as today, many Americans are dying in Vietnam and Cambodia.

One major theory that this incident has substantiated is that not all campus disorders are caused by radical students. Tuesday's lecture could very easily have turned into a minor scuffle. Fortunately it didn't.

I am certain that this is a prime example of what is happening on campuses throughout the country. We college students are alright. It's the outside agitators we've got to look out for.



We are now witnessing the reward of five years of effort on the part of former Highacres students. The reward, as you may guess, is the outdoor chimes system, which is nearing completion in Highacres' formal gardens.

The project to purchase the chimes was begun approximately five years ago when the SGA in power at that time decided to put their undistributed funds to use. Undistributed funds are the remainder of the money sent each year to Highacres and all Commonwealth campuses from University Park. This money is to be distributed by the local SGA to clubs and other organizations on campus. The money remaining at the end of the year is usually sent back to University Park. So the students of Highacres initiated the "Chimes Fund" with the hope that every year the undistributed money would be deposited into the fund until the chimes could be purchased.

Finally, last year's SGA accumulated enough money to buy all of the needed equipment.

The chimes tower is now a reality. Located in the garden, the loudspeakers sound the Westminster chimes on the hour and other music is piped throughout the day from a tape machine in the game room. The entire system, including chimes, the tower, tape machine and tapes, costs approximately \$4,600.

Letter to the editor

One of the serious problems in college and university life today is the lack of attention to the personality needs of the students. Suicide is the second most common cause of death on the campus, topped only by automobile accidents; but those who have studied the subject believe that half of the latter are "concealed suicides"; thus suicide actually leads the list. Dr. Howard A. Rusk of the New York University Medical Center collected estimates that 90,000 students each year will threaten suicide, one in ten will make the attempt, and that there will be 1,000 actual deaths resulting. Beyond this, he calculates that among six million students, "some 600,000 have emotional problems for which they need professional assistance." The National Institute of Mental Health finds that "the factor of human isolation and withdrawal" appears to be critical; and the colleges recognize the serious problem created by these "loners", and are trying to provide help but admit (in hundreds of letters to us from deans) that they do not have adequate solutions.

This waste of some of the nation's finest young people is intolerable. Since for every actual death, nearly a hundred have felt so desperate as to threaten it, much light could be thrown on the subject by learning what factors enabled the fortunate ones to work out of their difficulties and keep going.

With the help of a friend who is vitally interested in this subject, the American Institute of Family Relations is carrying out a nationwide study of what is being done and what could and should be done. We need to hear from as many students and former students as possible who have faced such a crisis. What pulled them out of it? Was it aid furnished by the college or university? or other community organization? or by a friend? or religion? or reading? Just how did they save themselves?

We will not publish the names of any individuals or schools? The information will be handled statistically and anonymously. If you can call the attention of your readers to this study and ask for volunteers who will write their experiences to me ("personal") at the following address: 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90027. It may contribute toward saving valuable lives.

We shall certainly be most grateful for any help you can give.

Cordially yours,
(signed) Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
President

SOUND

by JOHN MARTONICK

Santana Abraxas
cultural mood that the group is capable of putting you in.

Jesus Christ, Superstar
A piece of mockery? Perhaps. But maybe even more of a religious masterpiece than the Roman Catholic mass. And a touch of sympathy for the great Jesus Christ and you have something which no priest or minister could ever put across in any way.

A controversial album such as this one stimulates thought. And, if one gets really into it, they can feel the loneliness, the mortal agony of Jesus during his last week on earth.

The important thing to remember is that this album for all you who are thinking of sacrilegiousness, is not such. So many have told me that for the very first time they've experienced what Roman Catholics and some Protestants should experience.

Musically, Andrew Lloyd Weber has put forth a religious feeling within his music. And Tim Rice has used his pen to relate the words and ideas of the central figures of the Passion to modern times.

Vocally, a corps of singers which ranges from Ian Gillan of Deep Purple to the Trinidad singers, come across beautifully.

In all, the pieces fit tighter than grandpa was with grandpa. Meaning? A good question. Perhaps it can be answered by saying only that you must purchase the album, and listen closely to Superstar. And think. What if Christ were to come today? Would he be as successful and perhaps more so? Listen and learn.

Great New Flares

by Haggard... \$10 \$11 \$12

Ben Gaur

MENS STYLE SPECIALISTS

42 W. BROAD ST. HAZLETON, PA.

"nothing more"
by denise mcglyn

you were nothing more than morning's breath on a blade of green, green, grass. nothing more than twin clouds uniting in an azure autumn sky. you gave me only two flowers and the feather of a fallen crow, one wine bottle and twenty-seven perfect sunsets with matching dawns. you came in four doorways wearing sunshine and rain. you sang one song that said everything i needed to know. and when the music ceased you left in search of another tuneless spirit.

"if"
by denise mcglyn

if you say you cannot love do not despair, for love can be a consuming reflection of windows passed in crowded city streets, a mute reminder of the loneliness of together...

"to J.C."
by denise mcglyn

i think of you often now that life has cruelly severed the umbilicals of my existence; passing countenances fast fading into yesterday's oblivion. i tried to count stars one sleepless night but dawn blushing in the east erased my blackboard before i could finish the sum. i'd write my mind if i were patient and brave, but that would seem a sadness i couldn't quite endure. and so i sit and ponder the why's of our separate lives must we forever parallel in this limbo of reality? how the paths must long to curve toward intersection if only for whispered orgasm to part again into the howling night's despair. - eventually you learn the answers long before the questions confront you and all the answers are the same. leaping across the chasms of eternity i smily knowingly pen in hand salutations and proof of existence winging their way across the bleakness on our separate islands in the desert of all else. without your assurance in enveloped parcels my own purpose would succumb to precarious situations balanced on the touch of other hands in darkened rooms: wordless symbols mutely conveying the desperation of my futile plight.

"after you'd gone"
by denise mcglyn

I stopped counting the lovers after you'd gone the endless procession streaming beyond my bedroom window is flowing far too swiftly to ment singular recognition. the bed remains worn and rumpled in constant use it seems now that i've traded away the tables and chairs, sold the mirrors and curtains, keeping only vague recollections to haunt these empty rooms. after you'd gone my suicide slipped quietly through the broken window: a slow suffocation beneath the bodies of strangers - a warm living blanket to conceal the corpse.

"waiting"
by denise mcglyn

walking alone often now has taught me the meaning of cigarettes smoked in quiet parks and coffe-cupped encounters with other weary-laden wanderers. i've learned to shadow trees on well-lit streets, avoiding the glares of passing traffic. the searching indifference of sunrays i avoid as well. haunting new places, changing faces and names, never searching through newsstands for the news i never want to hear when the world and i become non-existent i'd rather we didn't know.

"One Thought"
by J. T.

I thought to be, The being of life. In my mind I was; Then they came. Drifting silently, they are together. Floating endlessly, I am alone.

"apology to nicholai"
by denise mcglyn

you used to walk in a way that said "i don't give a damn" and that was fine. but too many visions have muddled your brain, dear, and too many needles bored through your skull have drained the once arrogant essence of you. so now you're reduced to mumbling with the rest of us and wondering what happened before the sun burned out your eyes.

"chysalis"
by denise mcglyn

we grew together, although alone; occasionally sharing the unaccountable joys and tears of "growing up" (as others would say, forgetting the important things lost in the hieroglyphics of life). but we soon gave up trying to purchase sunlight on lonesome highways, seeking solace beside the tombs, never actually confirming our own existence. and one day you tested the wings we'd constructed - fly-paper and feathers christened in the prayer of better days ahead - and off you soared to another green room far from the fading wallpaper of your prison cell. watching you sailing silhouetted against the sun, i too, felt the exhilaration of your solitary flight toward dual happiness; and i rejoiced in the daring of your escape, wistfully planning my own. someday i too, shall break my ties and fly the night to a sheltered haven of peace (my wings are nearly complete) needind only a tail wind of confidence to launch me into my own scheme of living

Farmers'

MILK BAR & ICE CREAM SHOPPE

32 nd & N. CHURCH ST., HAZLETON, PA.

The Finest Sundaes, Banana Splits and Milk Shakes in the area

Plus!
a variety of sandwiches for a delicious luncheon break

HERSKER

THEATRE

West Broad St., West Hazleton 454-4621

Now through Jan. 26th Feature at 7:20 & 9:30

It's kind of a western. Not sort of a cowboy.

FRANK SINATRA

GEORGE KENNEDY

PANAVISION METROCOLOR

SINATRA IS DIRTY DINGUS MAGEE

Starring FRANK SINATRA GEORGE KENNEDY PANAVISION METROCOLOR

Starts Wednesday, January 27th

WALT DISNEY productions presents

THE ARISTOCATS

A PURR-FECTLY WONDERFUL NEW CARTOON FEATURE