

editorial comment

R.O.T.C. R.O.T.S.

Several weeks ago we received a letter from a representative of the U.S. Army requesting Collegian ad rates. It seems that the Army, in a feeble attempt to modernize and update its programs, has resorted to artificial Madison Avenue techniques of advertising to make the Army more appealing to the "hip" young men of today.

In recent issues of college newspapers throughout the country, large ads extolling R.O.T.C. and the Army have been appearing.

The board of directors of the Highacres Collegian agreed that we would refuse the ad and have nothing whatsoever to do with U.S. Army blood money. Upon notifying them of our decision, they zipped off letters to Hazleton Campus Director Frank Kostos and Dean of Student Affairs Joseph McCullus.

After much reconsideration to avoid unnecessary hassles, we decided to run the R.O.T.C. ad (which appears on page six of this issue), but to donate the profits realized to the Needy Children's Christmas Fund of the Hazleton Campus. In this way, although we are running the ad, we are still not profiting from something which we deem wrong.

(At first we wanted to send the money to the Harrisburg Defense Committee to aid the Harrisburg Seven, but were told that the money had to remain within the University.)

As a newspaper believing in the right of the citizen to hear both sides of any issue, we feel that the R.O.T.C., representing the University's ties to the military-industrial complex, should present both sides of the coin when recruiting on college campuses.

Listen kids, there's a lot more to R.O.T.C. or the Army or the Air Force than cute little booklets with color photographs of some clean-cut, Amerikan-looking shithead in an officer's uniform. They don't tell you about the bombings and the killings of innocent people - people like us right here at Highacres.

It's frightening to know that our country is being run in such an underhanded, dishonest manner. Next time some recruiter is on campus, ask him for the whole story. Ask him about bombs and napalm. Chances are he can only tell you about the green leather chairs and the wall-to-wall carpeting in his cozy recruiting office. Would you really trust this man for anything?

(Below is a letter from the Press Association supporting our decision concerning the ad on page six)

April 15, 1972

Dear John:

I would like to commend you and The Collegian on a fair and constructive approach to advertising concerning a subject in which you as a newspaper do not agree.

Further, I applaud your recognition that the public (your student population) has an inherited right to receive "a favorable balance of ideas and opinions," as your letter to Colonel Collins said.

At a time when it journalistically seems more popular to follow a set, rigid editorial policy, as many newspapers in the country are letting its policy spill over into its news and advertising, I find it encouraging that you, feeling as strongly about the subject as you do, have decided to run the ad. I support your use of the revenue as a plausible alternative.

I sincerely hope that Colonel Collins will understand your stand and accept it as fair. He should remember that he has the same right to respond to your editorial as you are responding to his policy of advertising. In any event, I would appreciate receiving a copy of that issue to make our files on the subject up-to-date.

Sincerely,

/s/ Gary K. Fisher
Vice President for Newspapers

cc: Col. Collins

The Highacres Collegian

The Collegian office is located in the Memorial Building. Office hours are Monday thru Friday, 1-4 p.m.

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Letter Policy

Opinions expressed in The HIGHACRES COLLEGIAN are those of individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect the official views of The COLLEGIAN. Unsigned editorials represent the official opinions of The COLLEGIAN. Responsible comment to material published in The COLLEGIAN is invited. All letters must be type-written and signed. Faculty members are students are invited to submit articles to be published in a special section of The COLLEGIAN entitled "Impact." Articles and other material (poems included) should be no longer than 400 words and must be typed.

You are going back...back...back into time...A Highacres Reverie

by Richard Rockman

"What are you thinking about, my son?"
"I'm thinking about time, Father."
"Ah. Time. It is a strange and wonderful concept, this thing called time. Man-made, you know. That is, as far as anything is man-made. Some have called it a river, others a whirlpool...still others a tidal wave."
"Why do you smile when you look into my eyes, Father?"
"I'm smiling, my son, for I see the future in your eyes. And I wonder...will your future be my past?"
"I'm not sure I understand, Father."
"No. No, you would not. But there will be a time. It has always been so."
"What do you remember, my Father?"
"What do I remember. What do I remember..."
"Father! You sat staring as though you were watching that which is not there. You have not spoken for long moments."
"Forgive me, my son. Those who talk of 'time: the whirlpool' may not be far from truth, for I was caught up in its swirling currents."
"And what were YOU thinking about, Father?"
"You asked me what I remember. I shall scoop up a cup of this liquid called time and pour it gently over your brow, my son."
"Once, when I was a few years older than you, I went to school. I have never told you of my school days before, eh? No. Well, I went to college. Penn State, it was called. Penn State! HIGHACRES! Ha! Ha! How long it has been since that name has crossed my mind! Highacres! Such a soft sounding word, yet shattering the cobwebs in my mind."
"I had good times on top of this little hill called Highacres. GOOD times! I didn't know how good at the time. But...that is how it has always been...that is how it must always be."
"I had friends. GOOD friends. My friends...my friends..."
"Why do you cry, my Father? Please do not cry, for it

saddens me. Why do you shed tears?"
"...friends...my friends..."
"Where are your friends now, my Father?"
"They are...everywhere. But, where is anything now that was? Does anything stand still?"
"It was long ago, Father?"
"It seems...it seems...so long. The grass was green then. And there were buildings...BRICK buildings! Do you know, I never even felt the brick? Oh, how I wish I could just press my hands against the red brick of the classroom buildings...but, the buildings are no longer brick..."
"Every day I used to walk into the S.U.B..."
"The sub, Father? There was a submarine?"
"No, son. The Student Union Building it was called, although to this day I can't say I ever chanced upon the students' union."
"I used to walk into the S.U.B. and gaze at the bulletin boards, sometimes in earnest, sometimes like a zombie...the jukebox would be blaring...and then...then I would turn around and see my friends...the boys and girls I went to college with. Sometimes there were none to be found. Other times I spied one, or maybe more, sitting at a table talking...laughing...worrying...sometimes even studying. And to think! To think there were times I did not SMILE at the sight of a friend's face! Oh, how I would smile the broadest grin and cry tears of joy if I could but be there now...again...with my young friends."
"I wish I could listen to my change dropping in one of the vending machines again...even if the machine didn't work! Even if the little red light that read "Use Correct Change" was lit and I didn't have a nickel!"
"It's funny, son...funny and sad, that I can remember so many of the LITTLE things I thought nothing of then. Waving to my friends as I walked across the school grounds to and from my classes...the benches...the kids from the dorm...the

chimes!...Trying to evade the raindrops that plunged down from above the library doorway when it poured...trying not to get muddy when walking through the rivulets of water between the Main Building and the Classroom Building on that awful road...How I MISS that awful road!...
"My teachers! I remember my teachers! Some I couldn't stand. Some I loved. Where are they now? Where are they now...The administration...I even miss arguing with them, would you believe it? I can see myself struggling up that long, long path from the lower parking lot in the winter when I was a freshman. I wish I could...well, on second thought, maybe I don't miss that QUITE as much as the rest...but miss it I do! I remember my dreams...Oh, my dreams...my dreams..."
"There was...a mansion. But, that was of the past even as I was of the present...the trees and flowers in the spring...the red leaves in the adjacent woods in the fall...the meetings...the activities...things were so ALIVE then! What a great time it was to be alive! What a fool I was for not realizing it at the time!"
"And, where am I now? Do their spirits still linger...somewhere? And do THEY wonder, where I am now?"
"Do you have photographs, Father?"
"Some...Some...But, there were those who didn't feel the need for them...those who thought there were more important things to do than take pictures...or more important pictures to take than of people...and, so, I'm left with my memories. Preserve your memories, son. They're all that's left you."
"You miss seeing your friends most of all, don't you, Father?"
"Yes, my son...yes...yes..."
"DO you think you would like to return, Father? Do you think you would like to go back in time to those days?"
"Yes and no, my son. Yes and no. Partially no...and...partially...YES!"

Unaccustomed as I am to writing editorials...

by Anne McKinstry

"Apathy!" "An extreme case of apathy." Unfortunately, these quotes could have been made about a number of activities on the Highacres Campus: the initial Comeriety meeting, the Highacres Collegian, the New Horizons Literary Magazine (on sale now in the library), or the Senate elections. In fact, they were made by members of the committee for the SGA election, Steve Wilson, Gary Labanowski and Bill Gentileco (see story). Dave Gazda, Anne McKinstry and Ron Steber could have said the same thing of the Senate election (see story). In both elections, less than 25% of the student body voted.

At the risk of sounding like a "How To Get Involved On Your Campus" handbook, I would suggest that those students who aren't active in at least one activity consider the following:

- 1) If you don't do it, who will? When you look on rosters for clubs and organizations, it's always the same names you see. Those people cannot do all the work there is to do in all the clubs that they hold membership in. If you don't do it, no one will!
- 2) Who are the elected representatives representing when you don't vote? One fourth of the people on this campus were concerned enough to vote in the SGA elections. One person was concerned enough to run for president - one candidate for the office of President of SGA!

I wonder how many will read this editorial? Probably it will be read by those who don't need it. Bespeaks a certain apathy, yes?

Nevertheless, it's those students who don't get involved that will kill this campus. This may be the last issue of the Highacres Collegian ever seen on this campus. Who's in charge of the yearbook for next year? No one.

Here's No One sitting around the SUB wondering why there is no newspaper for him to read, nothing for him to do on this campus. I think it's about time that No One realized that the only person who can make this campus worthwhile for him is himself.

At present there are about 400 No Ones on this campus. The only solution is to get involved. It's not only important to Highacres, but to your own college's life.

Alas, poor Blue, I knew him well

Character assassination in the classroom went out with high school hickory sticks! And yet it thrives on here at Highacres. Who would want to drag someone down, and how do they go about it? In the first place, it isn't always the intention of the prof to attack the person. He could honestly believe that he should present a "bad" example to illustrate a point. (And yet he finds no need to point out a "good" example.) Even if it is brought forward for the purpose of "educational enlightenment," is it right? Is it fair and ethical? Is it the professor's right under the guise of helpful experience to attack a student? Is there no protection for us against this? Have we no rights?

Perhaps it is a sincere attempt to show the problems of the profession, or a "harmless" need for approval of a decision, but the knives are as sharp and the wounds as deep. But let us be fair. Very often the professor just introduces the idea while it is the students themselves who carry out the execution.

If the Emperor brings forth the Christian to the Colosseum, makes known his crime, and one of his peers casts the first stone, who then should be blamed? Perhaps it was not the Emperor's intention that he be stoned, but the madness of the crowd took over, and he is just as dead. Then is not he who led him there just as guilty as they who threw the stones? It is a passive guilt, true, but that is as sinful as any active guilt. That is why we have laws governing accessories to crimes. If there were no "emperors" to throw the "criminal" to the mob, there would be considerably less "death" in the classroom.

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As a special news service, Zodiac has provided us with the complete text (verbatim) of a communique allegedly sent out by the Weather Underground -- the group which claims to be responsible for the recent bombing of the Pentagon. The message below was received in the mail by station KSAN FM in San Francisco, a station which has received communiques after many dramatic political bombings. We decided that this message was worth passing on to you after learning that the other news media receiving it failed to report most of it.

Weather Underground

May 19, 1972

The 82nd Anniversary of the Birth of Ho Chi Minh

"Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom, and we would rather sacrifice all than lose our country and live as slaves."

-- Ho Chi Minh

After years and years of fighting foreign invaders - Japan, France, and the United States - the Vietnamese are now moving toward the total liberation of their country. It is a crucial period in the long history of Vietnamese resistance. For the past seven weeks the massive offensive organized by the Vietnamese people has shattered the Nixon strategy of "Vietnamization" and freed thousands of people from the South Vietnamese detention centers, disrupting what the arrogant whites call the Rural Pacification Program. Large sections of the countryside have again been liberated by the National Liberation Front. It has become clear to everyone that the Thieu regime and the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) would collapse within a matter of days without U.S. air and naval power. The risk taken by the Vietnamese at this time is to face that U.S. military might in a fight to regain their homeland.

Today we attacked the Pentagon, the center of the American military command. We are acting at a time when growing U.S. air and naval shelling are being carried out against the Vietnamese; while U.S. mines and war ships are used to blockade the harbors of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam; while plans for even more escalations are being made in Washington.

"The clouds embrace the peaks, the peaks embrace the clouds. The river below shines like a mirror, spotless and clean. On the crest of the Western Mountain, my heart stirs as I wander, looking towards the Southern sky and dreaming of old friends."

Ho Chi Minh

Vietnam is one country and one people. As one people, they trace the roots of their resistance back to the first independence struggle led by the Trung sisters. As one people, they defeated the Japanese occupying force and their Vichy French allies in 1945. As one people they defeated the French occupation troops in 1954 at Dien Bien Phu. And as one people, they have stood up to the attempts of the United States to subjugate them.

Vietnam, after the defeat of the French, was separated into two zones at the Geneva Conference of 1954. The imperialist powers participating at Geneva, led by the U.S., maneuvered to set up a zone that would be agreeable to their penetration, with the full intention of using it as a base to launch attacks and subversion against other S.E. Asian countries. The Geneva Accords clearly state that "the Military demarcation line (between North and South) is provisional and should not be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary." The Accords called for internationally supervised elections throughout Vietnam within two years in order that the Vietnamese could determine their own future. The elections never happened, thwarted by the American-backed dictator Ngo Dinh Diem, and his corrupt government. President Eisenhower said "...had elections been held, possibly 80% of the population would have voted for the communist Ho Chi Minh." The era of direct U.S. intervention had begun. The Pentagon Papers pointed out later that "South Vietnam was essentially the creation of the United States." And yet the lie of "aggression from the North" has been the justification for continual escalation.

"Neither bombs nor shells can cow our people and no honeyed words can deceive them. We, Vietnamese, are resolved to fight till not a single U. S. aggressor remains on our beloved land."

-- Ho Chi Minh

A people united with a vision of independence and liberty are a powerful human force. They can be bombed and killed, and their progress can be slowed, but they can never be fully enslaved. This is why in Vietnam, the people are still able to resist with such strength, even after a series of aggressive military strategies - special war, limited war, large-scale air attacks - have been unleashed against them. The vision of a free Vietnam is more compelling than the fear of more U.S. reprisals.

The people of Vietnam are conscious of the risks and the stakes of their struggle. They persevere. They resist bit by bit; they rebuild piece by piece.

From a bomb shelter in Hanoi a few days ago, a Vietnamese told an American reporter, "Nixon cannot understand us... We have anticipated the worst and have all the means to face it. Ho Chi Minh said that Hanoi, Haiphong and other cities would be destroyed but that we could not be defeated - he predicted it." What further price will the Vietnamese have to pay to win their freedom? Already 3,000,000 Vietnamese have died in the fighting. The Indochinese people have had to withstand 26 million tons of explosives used against them by U.S. forces from 1965 - 1971. They have been subjected to sustained U.S. air-raids: directed against agricultural cooperatives, communes, hospitals, schools, dikes and workshops throughout the country.

And now the United States government, instead of leaving Vietnam, has responded to the deepening political crisis at home and the defeat of American ground troops, with a policy of "Vietnamization."

"Vietnamization" is the Nixon Doctrine applied to Vietnam. It calls for the withdrawal of U.S. combat troops in an attempt to cool the political crisis within the United States. Aid to the ARVN is increased to try to build up the pro-US forces. At the same time, "Vietnamization" is a strategy based on an increasing U.S. presence in terms of air, naval, and technological power. So the U.S. troop levels recede while destruction and death increase. Once again the white man calculates that it is worth the cost because the bodies aren't white. And Asian is turned against Asian by the manipulation of a foreign power.

"Eyes must look far ahead, and thoughts be deeply pondered. Be bold and unremitting in attack! Give the wrong command, and two chariots are rendered useless. Come the right moment, a pawn can bring you victory."

-- Ho Chi Minh

The Provisional Revolutionary Government, through its representative in Paris, Madame Binh, has proposed a program for peace in Vietnam. The American people should read this proposal. It calls on the United States government to set a date for total withdrawal from Vietnam, so that the Vietnamese can solve their own problems. It further demands that the U.S. stop interfering in the internal affairs of South Vietnam and stop backing the corrupt Thieu regime. If the U.S. government would agree to these points, the fighting could stop, U.S. airmen shot down over North Vietnam could be released, the last pilot returning home as the last American soldier leaves Indochina, and most importantly, the Vietnamese people could continue the job of building up their nation, working out internal problems like the question of reunification among themselves.

The Nixon government should accept these proposals. Instead Nixon's every move shows him to be a greater war-monger than any of his predecessors. It is Nixon who directed the invasions of Cambodia and Laos, thus creating an all-Indochina war. It is Nixon who ordered the mining of the harbors and waterways of the DRV. And it is Nixon who has contingency plans for the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam. He is the major perpetrator of violence in the world today; he is the war criminal.

"My ultimate wish is that our whole Party and people, closely united in the struggle, build a peaceful, unified, independent, democratic, and prosperous Vietnam, and make a worthy contribution to the world revolution."

--Ho Chi Minh

The world has been changed forever by the struggle in Vietnam. Despite all the U.S. bombs, all the vicious escalation, all the criminal acts of this government, the people of Vietnam continue to fight, continue to build their society.

These are the people we are taught to hate. Look into their eyes, see how they raise their children, how they greet one another. Read their songs and poetry. Reflect on how they face this terrible war machine, how they transform bomb craters into fish hatcheries, how youth brigades mobilize to rebuild bridges and roads as quickly as they are bombed. Try to understand how they persevere.

There is a difference between Richard Nixon and Ho Chi Minh, William Porter and Madame Binh, Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho. Nixon may be murdering for his pride and his power but the Vietnamese are fighting to be free and to live as human beings in a different kind of world. And because of this, the eyes of people from every land are focused on Vietnam:

"Neither high nor very far, Neither emperor, nor king, You are only a little milestone, Which stands at the edge of the highway, To people passing by You point the right direction, And stop them from getting lost. You tell them of the distance For which they still must journey. Your service is not a small one And people will always remember you."

-- Ho Chi Minh