

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

2.) Dr. James Staudenmeir, Acting Campus Executive Officer of the Hazleton Campus

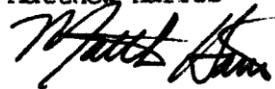
3.) Mr. John Bischoff Director of the Penn State Bookstore System Bookstore Building University Park, PA. 16801

I must make it perfectly clear that it is up to you, the student, to speak up. It is your right - as an American citizen and as a student of The Pennsylvania State University. You are paying thousands of dollars to attend this university. The least it can do is to have your books on the shelves at the beginning of the semester, so you don't fall behind in your daily duties. If you fail to speak up, then, as I have already indicated, things will continue as they have.

The ball is in your court.

Yours Truly,

Matthew Harris



Editor-in-Chief

Highacres Collegian

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I reached into my pocket and took out a piece of bread that I had swiped from the mess tent during the last meal. Then I took my canteen out of its holster and handed them both to the starving child. He quickly devoured the bread and guzzled down the water. Again he turned to me and then said to me, "Thank you. May God be with you always!"

Gently, I picked the child up and carried him back to the others. Along the way, we carried on a small discussion. His name was Jacob and he was from Hungary. His entire family, consisting of his parents and 5 brothers, had been brought to Auschwitz. During the period of time moment, but before I knew it, I was standing in front of one of the sleeping quarters for the prisoners. Suddenly, I heard a noise

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from inside. Tightening my grip on my gun, I cautiously proceeded to enter the dwelling. What I saw almost made me want to shoot myself. Sitting on the floor on the far end was a small child, approximately 6 years old, scrounging through the barracks looking for some food to consume. He was emaciated and looked like death was about to call for him.

Slowly, he turned to look at me and in a passive voice called to me, "Help me, please. I'm so hungry! Won't you please help me!" from their initial entrance into the camp and up to this point, he had watched helplessly as each member was executed, one by one, until he was the only one left. He then started to weep, so I stopped the discussion and clung to him like he was my very own child.

As I returned to the entrance of the camp, I observed the other survivors being given food and water and medical assistance. They were then

placed onto the many trucks that we had brought with us solely for this purpose. My commander instructed me to place the child onto the one of the trucks. I would not comply with his order, and I asked him if I could look after the child. Although he knew it was going against regulations, he agreed.

As we left Auschwitz, the child began crying again I held him tight and told him that everything was going to be all right. He told me that he was scared that the Nazis were going to come back and hurt him some more. I assured him that never again would the Nazis hurt him in any manner. Never again would the Nazis be allowed to hurt anyone for that matter.

It has been 41 years since I experienced the terror of Auschwitz. My family is very happy and we

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