

Even peace lovers need to support the troops

I've listened to many conversations about the crisis in the Middle East. People have varying views of the war and our involvement.

Some fear it'll be like Vietnam. For those too young to remember Vietnam, I'd like to point out that the tragedy wasn't what we did or didn't do, it's what happened to those who fought in that war. They did what they were asked. Then, for those lucky enough to avoid the body bag, they had to fight a new war. The country they fought for suddenly didn't want them.

Further, the war didn't end when they returned. They still carry horrible memories of what happened over there. When you see death first hand and must kill or be killed, it leaves you with a scar that will never go away.

Many Vets still have nightmares.

Vets of both Vietnam and the turbulent sixties, keep this important thing in mind when faced with someone in their teens or a young peace activist: They've never experienced war or the need for peace.

They grew up seeing peace as the norm, something they took for granted. They have no idea what happened in the sixties. Nothing in any history book can offer the feelings that were felt during that time.

While you might think that those radicals are out of touch, you, the generation of the sixties, need to recall what you went through. That generation was the twentieth century's most radical.

In fact, more changes came about as a result of the efforts of the sixties youth than any other

decade in United States history.

Many changes were positive: voting rights for people at 18, the civil rights movement, the women's movement, academic enlargement and a growing student voice on college campuses nation wide.

But, mistakes were made. We were young. Don't judge too

Andrew Festa

harshly the activists of the 90's if you don't want to be so judged.

On a personal level, I find myself on the side of peace. I prefer to speak for peace in the 90's just as I did in the late 60's

and the 70's. I do not, however, feel the troops fighting for our country should be punished, as were the Vietnam vets. We need to support them now and when they return.

I can't condone war for any reason. I can accept the argument that Iraq's president must be stopped. I can accept that someone needs to do something. But, I can't accept the concept of war. Do we really need to kill each other? Can we not live in peace and harmony in this world?

I realize I sound idealistic, but is that so wrong? Unlike my youthful stand in the Vietnam war, I do not blindly condemn the war in the Middle East.

Rather, I condemn the very idea and concept of war. I condemn the need for humans to take human life. I condemn the

social norm that deems a person weak or radical who says anything in the name of peace. I condemn any situation in which humans must die.

We've scarred Earth with pollution, war, and other forms of destruction. Isn't it time for us to look for ways to end that distrusting?

I know it's unrealistic to expect the human race to be humane to itself, but to not look for ways to end the destruction of life is to embrace the fatalistic view: "NOTHING CAN BE DONE!"

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Campus Voice

Compiled by Gerry Harrison

How do you feel about the war in the Gulf?



"First of all, I support our troops. All of you college warmongers and gung-ho G.I. JOES should sign up. If you believe the world's freedom is being threatened in the Gulf then you should be the first to volunteer. We all want the troops home, I'd just like to see them come home alive."

Jake Sherosky
Third semester
MTS



"Being from Germany, I feel that war is not the answer to any problem. I don't feel the life of my son or my students should be sacrificed for a war that doesn't make sense. Any argument for this war makes no sense. I support the people involved in the war but not its politics."

Ursula Davis
Assist. Professor of Communication

Back from the dead

by Mike Royko

I received some startling information while I was reading a cover story in Time magazine.

The story itself wasn't depressing. It was about the obsession for physical fitness that has become a part of American life.

I don't mind reading about how millions of people jog, whack balls, wrestle with exercise machines, ride 12-speed bikes, and otherwise punish themselves to squeeze into a pair of designer jeans. Just as long as I don't have to take part.

But at the end of the story there was one of those self-testing quizzes that magazines and newspapers like to print.

You've seen them. They're usually labeled something like: "Do You Drink Too Much?" or "How Happy Are You?" or "Are You Under Stress?" or "Are You Courting a Heart Attack?" or "What's Your Rating as a Lover?"

You answer the questions, then add up the points, then look at the bottom to find out what kind of shape you're in. And depending on the kind of quiz it is, it says something like:

"Ten to 20 points -- You are a deeply unhappy person and will probably jump off a bridge

soon."

Or: "Ten to 20 points -- You are a terribly inadequate lover and your mate is surely carrying on with somebody else."

I usually skip these quizzes because I know the results in advance. If you don't know if you drink too much by the red of your eyes, then you're probably too shaky to take the quiz in the first place.

But the headline on the quiz in Time had a title that made it impossible to ignore. It said: "How Long Will You Live?"

That is an intriguing question. If you know the answer to it, then you have time to make plans for your future. For example, you might buy a new Mercedes-Benz, knowing your children would be stuck with paying it off. Or you could stop slobbering on your boss's shoes and tell him what you really think of him and his wife.

So I took the quiz, which consisted of about 30 questions in two categories: personal facts and lifestyle status.

The personal facts included whether I lived in a city or small town; the longevity of my grandparents; health of my parents' marital status; and earnings. The lifestyle questions had to do with how much I smoked, drank, exercised, slept,

weighed, and whether I was easy-going or an aggressive, angry person.

It was a simple test. I started with 72 points, each of which represented a year. I just added or subtracted as I went along.

When I finished I looked at the final number. Then I looked for further instructions. Most quizzes tell you to multiply by two or something like that.

But there were no further instructions. The final number was it.

"That can't be right," I told myself. And I took the quiz again. But the results were the same.

According to the test, I died seven years ago.

I couldn't believe it. I went to a co-worker and said: "I just took this test in Time magazine. It says that I died seven years ago."

He nodded and said: "I'm not surprised. You haven't looked well lately."

Hoping to show that the test gave inaccurate results, I asked a friend who doesn't drink, smoke, swear, get mad, and stays in

perfect physical shape, to answer the questions. The final figure was 82 years.

"How did you do?" my vice-free friend asked.

"I died seven years ago."

"Nonsense. Only the good die

young."

At first I was depressed. I've always known that my lifestyle isn't recommended by most phys-ed instructors, but I didn't think the situation was that serious. After all, I take vitamin pills and get regular exercise by walking down escalators.

And I know others who have the same habits and have made it to ripe, old ages. After I took the test, I sought one of the oldsters out in the nearby bar and asked him: "Oldtimer, how long have you been living this way?"

"As far back as I can remember," he cackled.

I looked at his wrinkled, withered face, his frail, stooped shoulders, the liver spots on his hands, and said: "To what do you attribute your remarkable old age?"

He said: "What the hell are you talking about? I'm only 38."

The joint does have poor lighting.

Now that the initial shock has worn off, I don't feel as bad about the test results. In a way, I find them complimentary.

For one thing, I took the test again, basing the answers on the condition I was in seven years ago.

Those results showed that I wouldn't have died until last year. So that tells me something,

although I'm not sure what.

You can look at it this way: I must be a truly amazing physical specimen if I'm in such awful shape that I should have died seven years ago, but I'm still walking around today.

Nevertheless, there's a warning in the test results, I guess. So I'm going to immediately change some of my bad habits.

By doing so, I can make a dramatic shift in the results and add about 10 years.

For one thing, I lost three points (or years) by answering "yes" to the question: "Do you work behind a desk?"

I'm going to add those three years by moving out from behind my desk and sitting on my sofa when I write.

Also, I failed to pick up two years by answering "no" to the question: "Did any of your grandparents live to be 85?"

Actually, one grandfather would have surely made it, but he died at 82 in a barroom brawl with a sneaky young Greek who had a knife hidden in his sleeve.

Finally, instead of losing three points by being "intense, aggressive and easily angered," I'll gain three by becoming "easygoing and happy."

And I'll drink to that.