

PHOTO BY BILL MILLER

Oct. 7, 1971

WEATHERVANE

"thou shalt not kill"
(except on governmental order)

EDITORIAL

Forgotten War Continues

We are devoting an entire issue to a subject that everyone is tired of reading about. After fifteen years of absurdity, we are all surely well read and versed on the Vietnam war. We all know the initial reasons for our involvement, the excuses we have been fed for staying there, and the atrocities being committed on both sides. For this reason, we will not go into the facts behind our involvement there. Instead this issue of "The Newspaper" contains some personal views from people who have been there, and people who have avoided going there. Sometimes the war becomes so impersonal that we can actually forget entire country is being ravaged daily, Americans and Vietnamese dying for a cause that we care not to think about. It becomes so overwhelming that we block the thoughts out of our minds, preferring to listen to Martha Mitchell rattle on about the importance of buying only American made products.

So, it is time to bring the war down to a personal level again. It is easy to forget about 11 nameless men dying yesterday in "light casualties", but it is hard to forget one close friend who died a month ago. It is time to start remembering the thousands who have given their lives to a cause that no longer has any meaning, assuming it once did. This lack of cause is exemplified by the elections recently held in the small democratic bastion of the southeast. The choice presented to the voters was typical of the democracy we are fighting to protect. American newspapers carried banner headlines announcing a landslide for Thieu. I'm sure the outcome wasn't a big surprise to many.

Our brothers, sons, and husbands are dying daily for no reason. How can it possibly matter to anyone whether we buy an American car or a British car when this is happening. We have lost all sense of priority, and it is time to again call attention to the only crisis facing America at this time. You noticed, perhaps, over the summer, that there was little anti-war action. We are not encouraging the violence that disrupted college campuses across the nation last spring, but are encouraging and strongly endorsing non-violent demonstration and active participation in any activity that somehow might bring the farce in Vietnam to an end.

On October 13, the Student Mobilization Committee is calling for a Nationwide moratorium on business as usual, and a student strike on November 3. These days are not meant merely as an excuse to cut classes and head for the country, nor are they meant to erupt into violence. Kent State cannot be reenacted. This time must be spent in the community, telling people that this tragedy can no longer continue. We must remind the politicians, all the way up to the White House, that we still care, that we have not forgotten, in spite of all their efforts to redirect our attention. We do still care, don't we?

Register For Peace

Friday night, October 15, a massive Register For Peace rally will bring together at the Cow Palace thousands of newly enfranchised young people committed to ending the war immediately. Mass voter registration, folk and rock music, and speeches by prominent national leaders will

highlight the bipartisan event. Congressman Paul McCloskey, former Congressman Allard Lowenstein, and Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul and Mary, are coming, and New York Mayor John Lindsay, and Senators Birch Bayh, George McGovern, and Edmund Muskie are being invited.

The Newspaper

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ATTENTION ALL VETERENS VETS FOR PEACE will meet at 7:30 P.M. Thursday October 7th. at Stanford's Tresidder Hall. All Veterans are urged to attend this meeting.

Leave The Kid— Here's Your Ticket

Michael Feagon, a Newark resident, is facing a problem that plagues many other young men. He has been a husband for a year, a father for eleven days, a single individual for 19 years, and number 37 on the lottery. He's been drafted.

When first receiving his induction notice, Feagon's first reaction was to try and enlist in the Navy rather than being pulled into the Army. After three hours of talking to Naval representatives he learned (1) the Naval reserves would not accept him because of having two dependents, and (2) the Navy would only take him with an enlistment minimum of six years, again, because of two dependents. According to Orland Basuil, Chief Electrician's Mate, at the Navy recruiters in Redwood City, there is only a six year enlistment program for those men who wish to enlist into the advanced electronics field program or the Navy nuclear program. Basuil claims "dependency has nothing to do with enlistment."

On October 5, Feagon went into the Oakland Induction Center and was drafted into the Army. Talking with him afterwards he said, "I asked them (the Army) what's going to happen to my wife and child while I'm in boot camp with no income; all the guy said was 'tough it.' I don't know what I'm going to do now, I think I'd rather go to jail, at least Rikki could get welfare."

So goes it with one of the hundreds of guys being drafted every day. Uncertainty and unfair responsibility weighing down on them, courtesy of Uncle Sam. Where do they go from here? Who do they turn to now?

Calling All Vets

Attention all veterans. Are you having trouble finding a job? Are you wondering when you will start receiving your G.I. Bill check? Do you need financial help while waiting for your first check? Would you like to unite with other veterans to work for a common cause? Are you concerned about the length and cost, in both human and material resources, of the Southeast Asia war? If any of the problems mentioned are on your mind, you share the concern with many other veterans on campus.

As veterans, you have a power that many people do not have. Your voice is very important in affairs beneficial to

yourself. Are you turned off by the usual pleas from the service clubs to pay dues and get drunk once a month, then get up on a podium and speak in favor of the war?

Let's get it together and get some of these rights we are told we have. Let's make the service clubs representative of the people giving their lives and limbs today.

THE NEWSPAPER will gladly act as liaison for any persons interested in getting together as a group in the near future. Stop in anytime, ask for Joe or Bill or leave your name and phone number. Let's show the defense department that we are no longer robots.

Evil War; YOU must End It Now

By Rhonda Swan

There are not enough decisions made by the people and for the people in this country. There is no other way except open protest for this injustice being done to all of us. Many shocked participants have revealed the truth of the unbelievable misfortune taking place in Indo-China. It seems horribly unreal that not enough has been done as of yet to end the war. Even the mothers of this country believing in the strength of America have been disillusioned by the lack of concern the government has shown them after the death of a son giving his life for the involvement that has only proved itself worthless many times over. Individuals missing legs or arms have torn their minds trying to cope with their new reality after returning to the place where war is not prevalent after they had learned to kill assured that it was the right thing to do. The concept of war is a bad one. There is no logic in unrelentless killing no matter what the reason may be. If another war broke out and we were all forced to become actively involved in war, it would be the end of mankind on earth. The fighting would be fruitless no matter what the results were. Most of us by this time have formed our opinions about right and wrong and murderers are not allowed to live in peace in a thriving community. They are locked up for the protection of society. We must follow our natural instincts and look inside the locked dome of our government proceedings. If we allow the war to continue and ignore our obvious insights, tomorrow's future will only reveal more instability in human nature and perhaps the destruction of mankind. Somehow, we must stand immediately to protect this and stop the creeping sickness of

mad decisions.

Recognizing the fact of liberty, justice and the pursuit of happiness for all, we must pledge allegiance to our flag in search of a power which will give us the strength to overcome the evil brewing in our very beings.

As children we were taught to love our brothers. Fighting was not allowed by the mothers who caught their children with bruised arms and black eyes. Conditioned to accept the other alternate ways of resolving our differences, it should seem apparent to everyone the mistaken approach confronting us in Viet Nam. Peace will only be established when time and patience are solidly formed as a base of our existence. It has been an asset of our forefathers and shall always be the strength of our unity together. The war is illogical and although there is a small amount of understandable rationality, it has gone on for too long. When we relate to how many of our brothers and sisters and people all over the world see the wrongness being done and the sincere desire for change, it is incredible that we in this country are sitting still while millions are indirectly feeling the burden of the war.

The concept of war alone is a mistake and the outright reality of South Viet Nam is a horror movie taking an actual place in a realistic society. It seems as if we are powerless to change anything immediately and we sit in the backlines praying and hoping that a miracle will finally change the channel of our horror film we watch every night on the television newscast. As a member of the backlines I say to those of you caring for the survival of earth, support our moratorium because it's our only hope for peace in a time of disaster.

"As long as there is substantial American military involvement in Indochina, students will continue to oppose it."

Charles Palmer
President, NSA

Vet's View Of Marines

Anonymous

Being one of the few Marine Corps draftees of the Viet Nam war era, I felt a serious need must exist for my services. I knew nothing about why we were involved there, I vaguely knew who was president yet I didn't know whether he was a democrat or republican. I was confident that he was an intelligent, warm human being who had won the hearts and minds of the voting public. I was not yet old enough to vote but if I would have been, I'm sure that Richard Nixon's valiant climb from rags to the presidency would have captured my vote, if I would have remembered to vote on election day.

Marine Corps boot camp was extremely hard on me mentally because of the harassment they feel is necessary to shape a dumb, smart-assed civilian into a MARINE. It was rumored all through boot camp that life would get better as soon as our basic military training was completed. It did get better but not good. After boot camp we were allowed to go out from the base and actually associate with members of the opposite sex, if we were so inclined....

After I.T.R., which loosely means Infantry Training Regiment, we were sent to B.I.T., which means Basic Infantry Training. I never could clearly understand the difference, except that we were allowed just a little more freedom. The next step in my rise to the heights of military hierarchy was to go home for 20 days leave.

At home I was the hero of the neighborhood. More than once my shiny, shaved head became the target of praise from all of the local drunks. I must have had a hangover every day for those 20 days. One morning I awoke and came to the realization that it was time to return to the Marine Corps base.

Upon my return to Camp Pendleton, I was immediately placed in what is known affectionately as staging battalion. Staging Battalion is supposed to be the last station a new marine is based prior to leaving the states. On the last day of my training at Staging Battalion, my name was called out, along with several others to leave the formation and report into the company office.

"Because of a failure in a computer somewhere, we were told, you men have been selected to go to the Vietnamese language school at Monterey." It really didn't seem possible, here I was at the last stage before going to Viet Nam and my trip had been postponed.

At the language school the life could almost be described as fun. The classes took six hours a day and the rest of the time we could do anything we wanted, as long as we learned to speak Vietnamese. Many of us at the language school hadn't really experienced life very much, prior to the service. We began to take advantage of the freedom and opportunities of the

Monterey peninsula. We went to a few rock concerts and became friends with a few civilians. The N.C.O. club on the Presidio of Monterey was open to civilians and many of the local girls would visit. On one occasion, I found myself going home with one of the girls after buying her drinks all night.

At her house, which was shared by several other people of her approximate age group, I had such an enjoyable evening that I began to spend time with the girl and her friends. When the time for me to graduate from the school and leave for Viet Nam came, I began to really have serious doubts about my military obligation.

We had talked for hours about the issues involved in fighting in the war, I came to have ever-increasing doubts about my ability to kill another person. As time ran out completely, I was still in a stage of complete bewilderment about what to do. I was not the only person feeling what I was feeling. After we had been awarded our diplomas in Vietnamese language, there was a reign of fear and excitement sweeping the entire graduating class. Several of us talked about trying to hide from the Lifers who were supposed to take us by bus, to Travis A.F.B. We were all too cowardly to leave though, when the bus pulled up in front of our barracks.

The flight to Viet Nam was a long freaky experience. The flight took about 23 hours counting the brief stop-overs in Hawaii and a couple of the tiny World War II secured island bases.

It was just becoming daylight when the plane circled over the air base at Da Nang. We could see various smoke and bomb flashes as we looked at the surrounding country side. Upon landing, we were quickly hustled into temporary platoons prior to being sent to our previously

Peace Union In Palo Alto Fights War

When the U.S. invaded Cambodia, a large group of Americans who previously supported President Nixon's policies in Vietnam cried in outraged betrayal. Citizens who had sat on the conservative side of the fence suddenly arose to protest and march against the government's actions. College campuses erupted in sentiment

"How do you get people to make a long range commitment?" she asked. "How do you get them to join on a total level?" The solution she and her husband Ed Keating, former editor of "Ramparts" magazine, and the nucleus of people who remained active in their anti-war movement, came up with the Peace Union.

upon and cleared \$2000 in one day. It was deemed somewhat of a success.

With this financial victory to cheer them on, the union members moved into a small store and operated it as a boutique cum rummage sale and cleared another \$2000 in the days before Christmas.

The Peace Union now operates a small shop in the old residence in Palo Alto which housed the W.I.L. The front of the store serves as a boutique called The Dove Store, selling the wares of concerned bay area artists on commission with profits directed at the purchase of advertising space, literature, and mailing costs.

The back rooms of the building serve as a draft counseling center.

And in between the two segments is a tiny cubbyhole hall office which is frequently occupied by Cossett Dudley, a woman of many talents who is active in both the Peace Union and Venceremos. Mrs. Dudley speaks of the Dove Store on a practical level, noting they no longer stock leather items, because they get ripped off.

But aside from the store, Mrs. Dudley is involved in the nitty gritty aspects of the struggle for peace.

She was active in organizing the vigil against the Vietnamese elections last week, and returned from it discouraged in her outlook.

"Only the regulars were there," she said. "The people who always show up."

The bay area peace movement has, however, suffered setbacks before. In 1968, when the Lytton Street headquarters was bombed, the somewhat elderly W.I.L. ladies who at that time occupied it slept in their bombed out building to frighten off looters.

Presently the Peace Union is trying to make people aware, and hopefully participate in the Oct. 13 Moratorium. They as always maintain hopes for ending the war in Vietnam this year. If they can get enough support.



Peace Center which is located at 424 Lytton Ave. in Palo Alto doubles as the Dove Store and a draft counseling center.

against the invasion, and students marched beside executives and housewives.

A large group of concerned citizens from in and around Stanford University arose and banded together in an attempt to muster decisive and fruitful opposition to the war in Indo China. They organized and joined marches, wrote letters of protest, and in all ways possible, made their sentiments known.

A few weeks after the invasion, however, the members of this loosely aligned group began to lose steam, and slip into gloomy acknowledgement of the war.

A few members of the group did not, however, see fit to let it and its effectiveness die. They met to discuss ways of salvaging the organization.

A year and a half later Mrs. Helen Keating, a pretty, and somewhat unradical looking woman in her late forties, spoke of the problems related to forming the peace union.

It was formed along the principles of the old union struggles, and served as a sort of AFL-CIO for peace oriented groups. Under the heading of the Peace Union were such groups as the W.I.L., or the Womens International League for Peace and Freedom, which dates back to World War I, Peace Action Coalition, and Concerned Citizens Against the War.

The Peace Union sought to avoid those pitfalls which had marked the demise of so many groups before them.

They narrowed down their goal to that of attaining peace in Indo China. This goal helped the groups to avoid factionalism. Thus, while any group might be involved in activities outside the sphere of interest of the Peace Union, all might unite under one common bond.

Revenue first came to the Peace Union through a monthly dues system of one dollar. Then someone suggested a rummage sale. The suggestion was acted

assigned units. That first night in "Nam" I lay on a canvas cot and tried hopelessly to sleep as artillery batteries blasted away at imaginary images all night long.

The following day a truck from the unit I had been assigned to arrived to pick me and another man up. We grabbed our red tape from the Lifer in charge of us and boarded the truck. The truck drove about 5 or 6 hours along a tiny red clay road until it pulled into a military area not unlike the decorations surrounding a carnival.

It was too late in the day to be assigned to a specific platoon

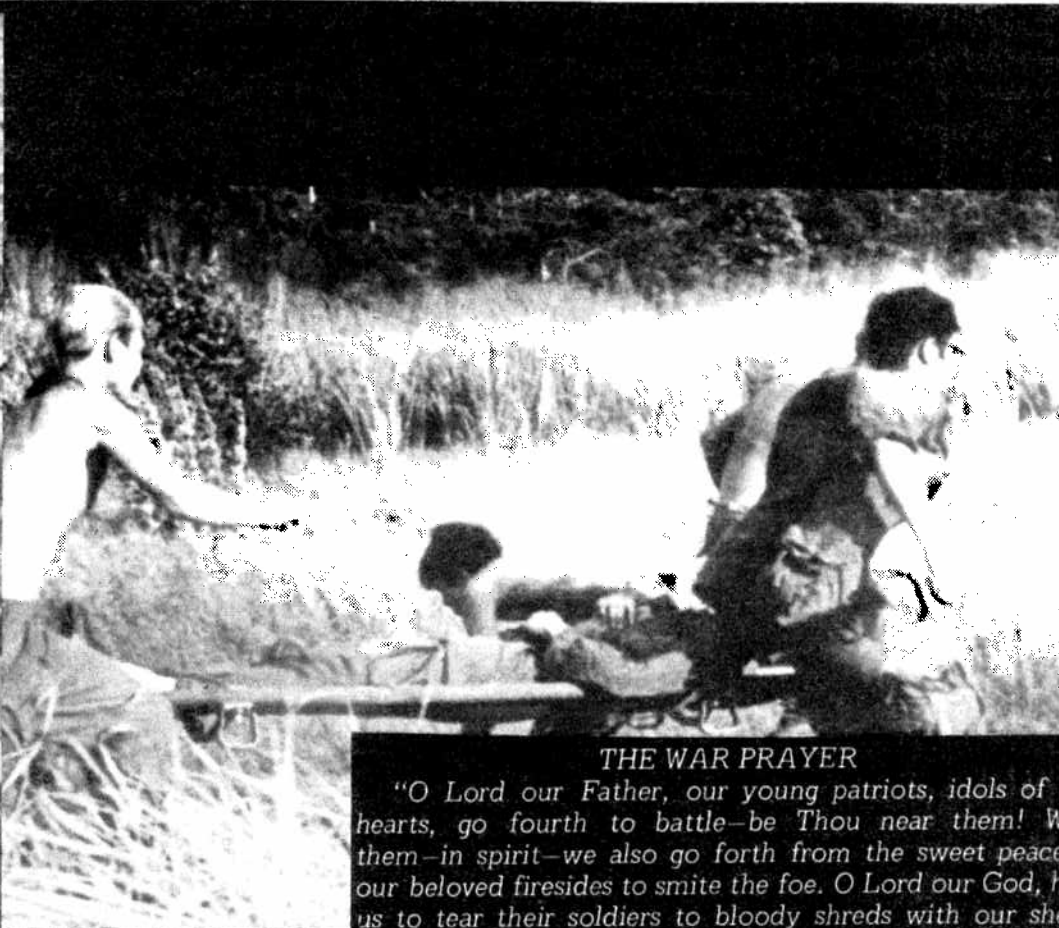
but we were issued all of our gear except weapons. That night we lay awake for the second night listening to the constant artillery pieces working out. The tent we slept in was occupied by five or six other men, who were in the company area waiting to go home. They thought we were the greenest looking people they had seen in months. The guy who had come in on the truck with me was not from the language school and seemed to be pretty irritated about the remarks of the experienced warriors.

The next morning the guy that had come in with me was assigned to a platoon. Since I

had not been issued a rifle yet, the "gunny" said that I would go to a ground surveillance school. At the school, the first thing the new commanding officer told me was that I was about the stupidest bastard in the world for not having a weapon. I explained that there was a shortage of weapons at the company area. Of course he would not accept that as a legitimate excuse.

After finishing the radar school, I returned to my unit and was assigned to the platoon

(Cont. on Pg. 6)



THE WAR PRAYER

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of hearts, go fourth to battle—be Thou near them! W them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our she help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the g with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending wid with unavailing grief; help us to wring the hearts of t unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to t them out roofless with their little children to war unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in hunger thirst, sports of the sun flames of the summer and the winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with tra imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied i for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their ho, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, m heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, Who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are s beset and seek His aid with humble contrite hearts. Ame

—Samuel Cler



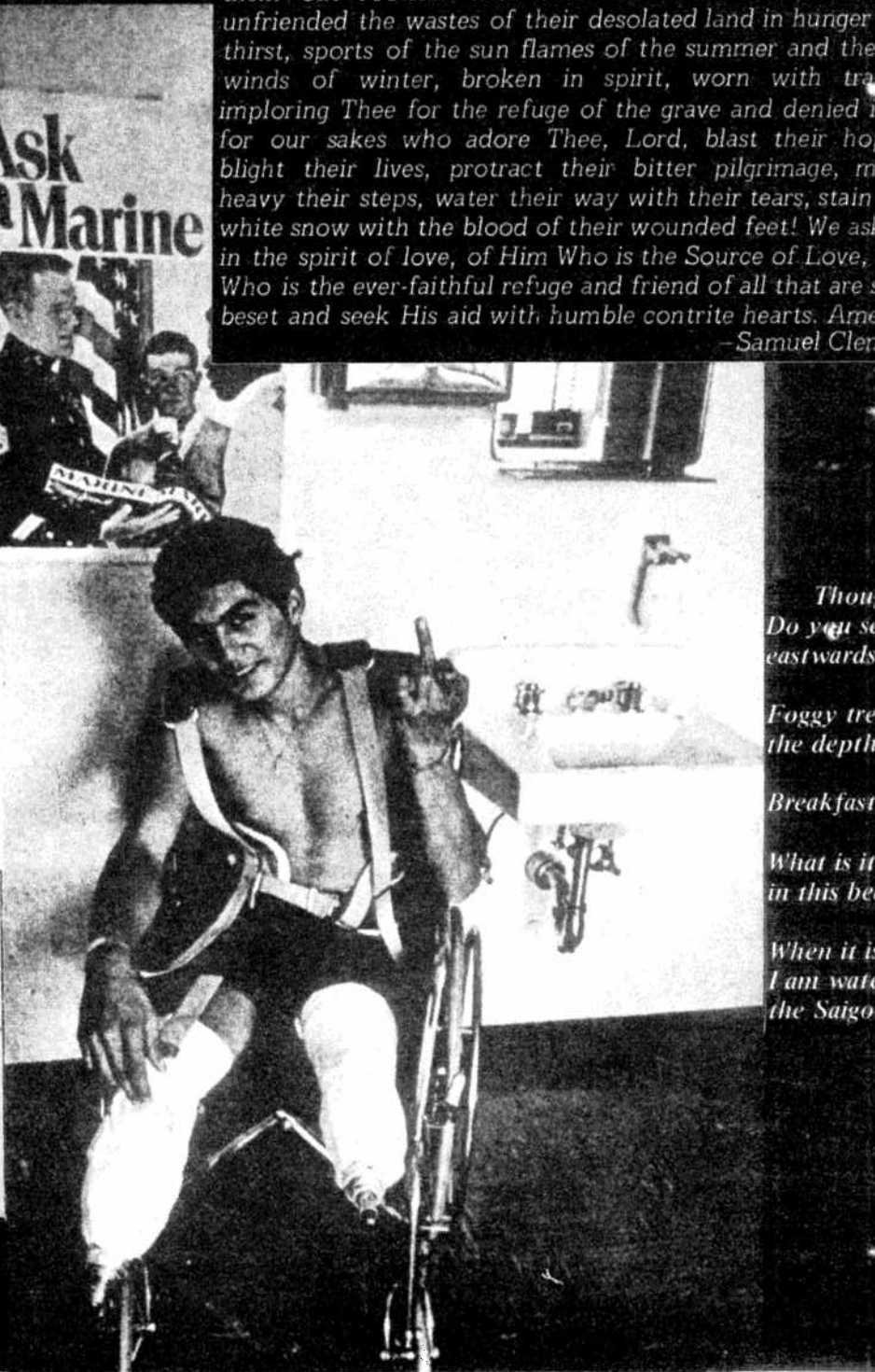
About WAR and PEACE
When the fox slips away into the woods
and the lights go on in the city,
then the day changes into night.

When the soldiers return from the war
the sounds of guns still in their ears —
emerging like hungry wolves for life — gulping it down.

They come to forget — not to be
reminded again.

But the war is still on as vicious as ever.

For centuries — they tell you — peace is what you're
fighting for
To use war for peace?
How can it work?
When they return from the battle fields —
will they remember?
Peter Witting



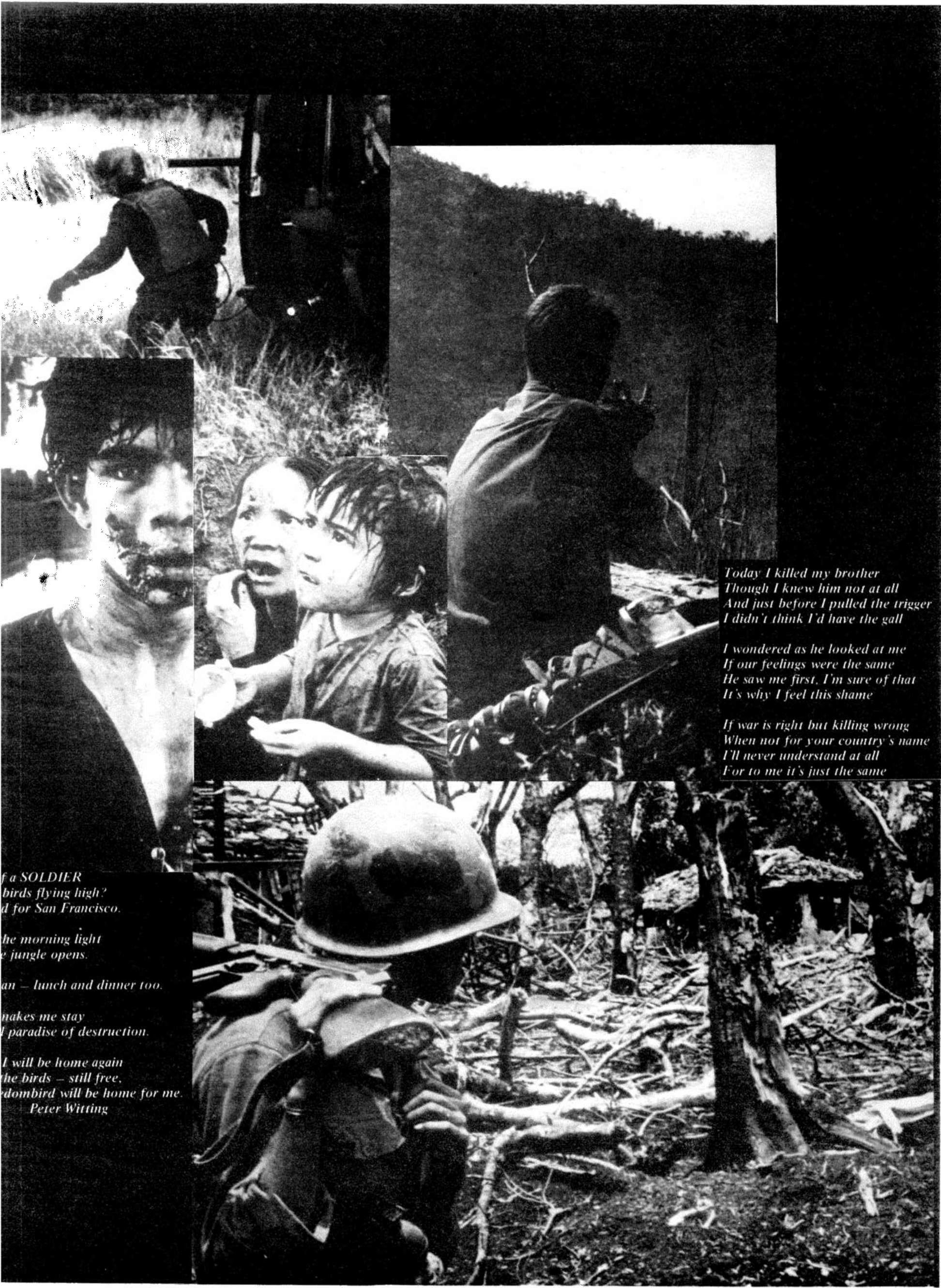
Thou
Do you se
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Foggy tre
the depth

Breakfast

What is it
in this be

When it is
I am watc
the Saigo



*Today I killed my brother
Though I knew him not at all
And just before I pulled the trigger
I didn't think I'd have the gall*

*I wondered as he looked at me
If our feelings were the same
He saw me first, I'm sure of that
It's why I feel this shame*

*If war is right but killing wrong
When not for your country's name
I'll never understand at all
For to me it's just the same*

*f a SOLDIER
birds flying high?
d for San Francisco.*

*he morning light
e jungle opens.*

an - lunch and dinner too.

*makes me stay
I paradise of destruction.*

*I will be home again
he birds - still free,
dombird will be home for me.*

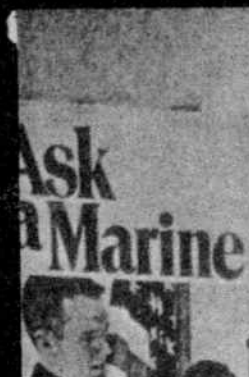
Peter Witting



THE WAR PRAYER

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go fourth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of the summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it — for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble contrite hearts. Amen."

—Samuel Clemens

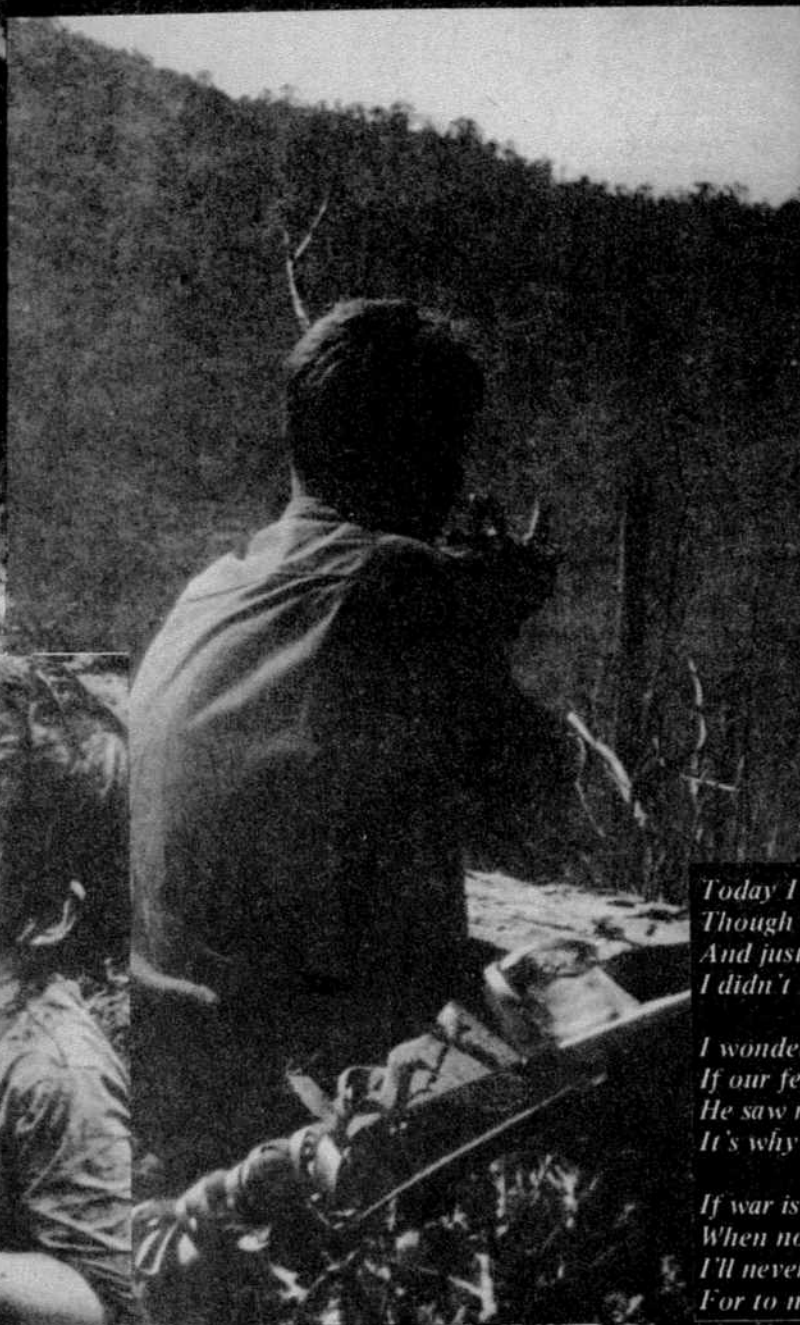


Thoughts of a SOLDIER
Do you see the birds flying high?
eastwards bound for San Francisco.

Foggy trees in the morning light
the depth of the jungle opens.

Breakfast in a can — lunch and dinner too.

What is it that makes me stay
in this beautiful paradise of destruction.



Today I killed my
Though I knew he
And just before I
I didn't think I'd

I wondered as he
If our feelings were
He saw me first.
It's why I feel this

If war is right but
When not for you
I'll never understand
For to me it's just



Inside View of USMC

(Cont. from Pg. 3)

radio. The standard operating procedure for advancement of infantry marines was violated. I had been with the company 2 weeks and was assigned to the platoon radio. The squad radiomen were not very happy with me, although I had nothing to say about it. I don't believe that anything is more miserable than being in a combat situation where no one likes you.

One day I was called into the company office. The company commander was a captain who had come up through the ranks of West Point or Annapolis. He was about 23 years old and had been in Viet Nam about 3 months. He had my packet of records in his hand and said to me: "It says here that you can speak gook, is that true?" I answered that I had gone to the language school but that my vocabulary was limited. He replied: "I don't give a damn if you are a linguist, all I want to know is if you can tell a bunch of gooks that they have to get the hell out of a village." I told him that I could.

The platoon commander assigned two guys to go with me to the village. It would be inaccurate to call the place a village. There were houses scattered throughout a large valley. Many of the people were gone, some begged for time to harvest their crops before they became too ripe, some even ignored me.

After spending a full day trying to relay the message to as many people as possible, I returned to the platoon commander that evening and explained to him that I had not been able to warn all of the people to leave. He replied that if they didn't sweep the area the next day, the operation would be put behind schedule. I asked if he meant that the people that were left behind would be captured as detainees. He replied that the people would not be

held as detainees because there were not supposed to be any people there.

The next day, we were moving through the fields surrounding the area I had been in the previous day. An announcement came over the radio I was holding. The third squad had reported seeing people running and was asking for instructions as to what to do. I informed the lieutenant and he looked at me as if I was an idiot and said: "What in the f--- do you think you're supposed to tell them." I said that I had understood that there were to be no civilians in the area, and the lieutenant grabbed the radio handset and yelled into it: "There are supposed to be no civilians in this area, the people you see are the enemy." As he handed the handset back to me I heard an M-16 crack a number of shots....

When the firing had ceased, the lieutenant told me to ask if they had gotten any gooks. The squad radio-man replied that they had definitely hit one and possibly more. It was like he had been awarded a prize or something the way he brightened up. We left for the scene of the heroic battle at a dead run. As we approached the squad, we noticed that they were beside a river. On the bank of the river was a Vietnamese woman who looked to be about 70 years old. The Vietnamese people who had escaped were on the other side of the river with some ARVNs (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam). The ARVNs climbed into one of the wicker baskets used for boats and crossed.

As the boat was landing, the lieutenant yelled out to an ARVN lieutenant wading ashore that the woman as "boo koo V.C., Mamasan boo koo V.C." The ARVN replied that the

woman was not a V.C. The lieutenant, not quite sure of his diction asked me to explain that the woman had been caught setting a booby trap. Not thinking about whether or not he was lying, I replied that he would never believe us. The lieutenant replied that it was not my job to judge his men, that it was my job to communicate to the Vietnamese what he told me.

I told the ARVN lieutenant what I was supposed to but did not react when he said that it was impossible for a woman of her age and social stature. The lieutenant finally ordered us to move on.

The next day, we were supposed to go on a sweep of a huge area. The operation was to take two days to move through an area with the entire company strung out side by side, about 20 feet apart. After walking through the valley, we set up a camp for the night. A squad was sent out for an ambush patrol. It was rumored that the V.C. were expected to move in in large numbers to harvest the rice in the valley.

The squad had been gone about half an hour when we heard an explosion that sounded like the blast of the world. Smoke was visible in the middle of a tree line in huge proportion. I tried to get hold of the radioman but I received no answer. The lieutenant told me to saddle up my gear and call the corpsman. We got to the scene in about 5 or 10 minutes. The first person we found was definitely dead. He was smeared all over the sides of a crater about ten feet in diameter. The second man we found was clearly identifiable as he still had most of his body intact, although dead. As we made our way into the thick foliage, we began to

find people alive. Jastrom, the radioman was found about 30 feet from what was left of his radio. He was conscious yet in shock, with serious wounds all over his body. I had contact with the Med-e-vac chopper by the time he started responding to our help. Of the 7 people involved in the booby trapped dud bomb, only two were alive. Between the two who were still alive they had three complete limbs.

I was a different man after that experience, I no longer felt the compassion I had felt earlier for the people. I had come to a point that I could accept: War is hell. "If I was to survive, I convinced myself, I must disregard all feelings except the desire to stay alive."

The next few times people were killed or maimed, I had an attitude that could accept it. I became so used to it that I would joke with people going out on a patrol and tell them that it was their turn to go home. Sometimes I found myself eating my words as we scurried around looking for pieces of bodies.

The most shocking revelation I encountered was when a small Vietnamese boy was killed by a guy for hitting him with a rock while he was guarding our stash of C-rations. The guy was taken to jail and our company commander gave a big speech about not killing civilians.

I was on an operation involving all of the companies in the area we were in. Our company was backing up another company sweeping an area. The company sweeping came into our position about a day after we had set up our position. The operation had been a failure, with no bodies to count or arms captured. We were

ordered to move out.

The lieutenant in charge of the platoon I was in, ordered us to cross a river in single file. The corpsman was directly ahead of me about 200 feet. I was about halfway across when I heard an explosion on the other side of the river. When I got to the shore I took off on a dead run to see if my friend "Doc Moore" was hurt. I was trying hard to see through the tall grass when I heard something as soft as a kitten purring in my ears. The ground was a brilliant swirl of orange and white as I tried to wipe the dirt out of my eyes with an arm that wouldn't move. The radio I was carrying was holding me up from the ground as the dust and smoke began to clear. I could see a bloody mess down around my legs. I couldn't feel any pain so I assumed that I had come very close to being seriously hurt in a booby trap. As my vision began to return, I noticed that one of my legs wasn't there. At that point I felt like death would come soon to end the nightmare. As I sat waiting for it to come, people began to flock around and talk or at least move their lips like they were talking. At that point, I came to the realization that I was actually dead. I couldn't move, the people were talking and I could not hear them. Soon my dreams were shattered, someone came over and put a tourniquet around my stump. I could hear a little bit now and I could hear the helicopter circling for a place to land. My arm was stuck behind my back and when they tried to pick me up to place me on the stretcher, my arm almost stayed behind. Thanks to an observant beneficiary my arm was loaded onto the litter, still slightly attached to my body.

The road to recovery was a long one, life is on my side again and I have learned to adjust to the results of my inherited ignorance.

New Antiwar Offensive To Be Launched Soon

The northern California Peace Action Coalition and the Student Mobilization Committee have laid out the most ambitious antiwar campaign in the history of the movement for this fall.

At the July 2-4 convention of the National Peace Action Coalition at Hunter College in New York City, the majority of the 2400 delegates voted to organize October 13 moratoriums on business as usual in every city, town, and campus in the country; October 25 GI-veteran antiwar activities; November 3 student strikes; and November 6 antiwar

demonstrations in 16 cities, including San Francisco.

This entire program was later endorsed by the Student Mobilization Committee, the largest student organization in the country. The October 13 moratoriums and November 6 demonstrations will also be sponsored by the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, the other major antiwar coalition. The November 3 student strike will be co-sponsored by the Association of Student Governments.

The fall antiwar calendar for

northern California is as follows:

October 13. Moratoriums on business as usual. San Francisco will have a peace exhibition all day in Embarcadero Plaza with rallies at 12:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. Rallies, meetings, workshops, etc. all day at area high schools will feed into 5:00 rally. Berkeley-Oakland will have a 5:00 rally at Provo park after actions all day long at high schools and campuses. Campuses and cities in the regions will plan their own activities.

October 23. Military Rights and Antiwar Convention, sponsored by the Bay Area

Concerned Military. Unitarian Center, 1187 Franklin, San Francisco. The purpose of the conference is to bring the situation in the military to civilians and to get GIs together to organize against the war, to discuss how they can involve other GIs and veterans in the antiwar movement.

November 3. Student strike. This will be a day when students will go all out to mobilize the community for the fullest participation possible in the November 6 demonstration in San Francisco. It will be the culmination of the education

we'll do all fall around how the war affects Blacks, Chicanos, Asian Americans, women, and gays, and especially how the wage freeze, a burden particularly felt by students and workers, is the wrong way to fight an inflation caused by the war.

November 6. Thousands of Americans will demonstrate their determination to end the war by demonstrating in San Francisco for immediate withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Southeast Asia and an end to the draft.

Blood Oils Money Machine

By Brent L. Anderson

It's the "yesterday, today, and tomorrow" concept of war that, to me, is worth examining. War crimes don't exist in Vietnam because legally the Vietnam mess isn't a war. Right? Wrong! An abortion is necessary to my way of thinking, but we know that abortion isn't a widely accepted concept or act among the bosses of these United States. It's in change, or rather the changing attitudes and fresh morality, that I now view the Vietnam conflict.

I went into the U.S. Army in June of 1965. By Christmas I was in Vietnam and to my amazement I somehow missed seeing Bob Hope. I thought that everyone got to see Bob Hope. In the 14 months that I was in the Republic of South Vietnam I cannot recall there being public disapproval of the U.S.'s involvement there on any wide scope. I never thought in the terms of right or wrong. I was there and compared to the boring life that I thought I had while going to high school, this was excitement. The United States was supposedly in Vietnam to help them repel the Communists. It didn't matter if Communists perhaps constituted a majority of the populace

because every good American knew that the cancer of Communism had to be operated on and removed. I never asked myself any questions concerning the morality of the conflict because I knew why I was there: It sure beat sitting on my rear end in Everett, Washington. But then again, this was six years ago.

Perhaps we can compare the United States being in Vietnam with a mad doctor wanting to operate on a naive patient. It's the doctor that wants the operation; not the patient. The doctor thinks that the operation will take only a very short time. But how long can you keep the patient under sedation while operating? Doesn't the body weaken after awhile? Aren't the hospital costs extremely high for such an extensive operation? Where is the blood to come from to keep the patient from "going under?" Won't the mad doctor eventually lose the patient? And why didn't the doctor get the permission of the patient's family to take on such an operation? The sad thing about the operation is that the same doctor is on the case.

Unfortunately, some people in the United States looked at the world from a mere national

standpoint. But in time (and money and lives) the word Vietnam became a toilet facility product to even these people. As a majority, those against the Vietnam involvement soon found out, the government believes firmly that the majority does not a right make. One has to wonder where "of the people, by the people, and for the people" has gone.

I can remember once when the infantry unit that I was with accidentally shot and killed two civilians; two women whose children saw the whole thing. Even though a terrible accident, it was nothing like what occurred at My Lai.

After World War II, the Nuremberg Trials were held and Nazi war criminals were put to death. When one of "our" lieutenants executes over 100 civilians he gets little more than his hands slapped, the President confines Lt. Calley to his quarters. Even Calley's girlfriend is allowed to make frequent visits. One can wager that Calley and his girlfriend don't make four-letter words on a Scrabble board. Calley "has it better" than a civilian murderer or attempted rapist without the frustrations of the latter. What really disturbs me is that once out of the army I joined, as a life member at that, the V.F.W. (Veterans of Foreign Wars) and

who but the V.F.W. supports Calley's punishment and says that "all of us (citizens of the United States) are responsible for My Lai." In no damned way do I feel responsible for the murders at My Lai. I keep expecting an instant replay of the My Lai incident on Wide World of Sports, but nothing yet.

The future of Vietnam looks as fouled up as the past. Total withdrawal of American troops and "military advisors" from Vietnam is impossible as I see it. Stability, the American government's definition of it, is necessary so that off-shore oil drilling can begin. American oil companies have already figured out how they're going to divide up the Vietnam coast for off-shore drilling. And we know, it's no secret, where a lot of the campaign funds came from to put the present President into office. Other than oil, there is no other economic reason to be in Vietnam. But it's the freedom of the people of the Republic of South Vietnam that our government is concerned with, right? How one has the freedom to choose between President Thieu and President Thieu, I don't know. I've always thought that Vietnam would be better off under Communism rather

than "Americanism" and I still do.

How many moratoriums have been conducted against our involvement in Vietnam? How many veterans have come out against the conflict? Impact on representatives of our government has been minimal to my thinking. The senate voted to pull all of our troops out of Vietnam within six months. Odds of the house doing the same are extremely poor. The draft law has just been extended another two years. **STRIKE ONE!** Mr. Nixon looks like he'll probably be re-elected in 1972. **STRIKE TWO!** William Leer, of Leer Jet, thinks that a steam engine he is developing in Nevada will be ready and workable for automobiles by the end of the year. The oil companies and car manufacturers won't want steam power. **STRIKE THREE!**

Are we "out?" Or are we concerned enough to keep pushing; to keep pressure on those who insist that our pride — our perfect record in battle of no defeats is at stake? How much longer can economic greed oil its machinery with blood?

R.C. Women To Sponsor Anti-War Vigil

In conjunction with National Moratorium Day, October 13, the Redwood City Women's Committee to Defend the Right to Live will sponsor a Candle-Light Vigil on that date adjacent to the Fox Theatre, Redwood City from 6:30 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. The committee urges all Redwood City residents, as well as those from surrounding communities who oppose the war in Indochina, to join with them for this vigil which will be solemn in character but not necessarily silent. The nature of the event will be determined by the constituency that takes part. It may involve appropriate music, poetry or personal testimonials, depending upon what the group present decides. Although the sponsoring group is comprised of women, men will be welcome. Participants are asked to bring candles and to either dress in black or dark colors, or to wear black arm bands.

Women of all ages are invited to join the committee and for further information they should phone Mrs. Kathleen Mahaney at 366-1201.

Unemployment among veterans is over twice the national average. In addition to the shortage of existing jobs the employment prospects for the vets as a group are complicated by their insufficient formal training in civilian occupations and by the strong preference for admittedly menial task such as janitorial work, messenger service, unskilled labor, etc.

The Nixon administration's "Hire the Vet" publicity program fails to take into consideration the fact that few people are being hired at all and the untrained, unskilled vet will always be last in line.

Job fairs, special incentives to go into police work, and training programs for government civil service jobs fly in the face of the vets anti-government, anti-establishment orientation.

There is a need for a vets job corps that will train veterans in meaningful fields, both manual and administrative, but beyond that, meaningful work must be provided to the men who can use their new skills in worth while efforts.

One possibility is to set up a semi-private Social Action Corporation that can apply government subsidies in communities for reconstruction efforts whose profit potential is too low to interest the private sector.

President Duke Expresses Opinions on Viet Nam

On October 13, a nationwide moratorium on business as usual is scheduled, as a protest against the war in Indo China. On November 3, a nationwide student strike is planned for the same reason.

In a recent interview with Canada's new president, Dr. Duke spoke of his thoughts concerning the war, and of the upcoming protest demonstrations.

THE NEWSPAPER: Are you opposed to this method of showing dissent for the war, the moratorium and strike?

Dr. Duke: When the citizens of this country — and students are citizens and do not lose any rights because they are students — wish to show disapproval with their government, then I would encourage them to do so. It is a right many people have died for. If students feel that there is something to be gained by not attending classes on that day, then that is their right. I would not object to anti-war happenings on this campus, so long as they do not infringe on the rights of the students who have chosen to attend classes on that day. There will be no special penalties for these students.

THE NEWSPAPER: What

about faculty members who don't come to school on the day of the moratorium? Will there be any special penalties for them?

Dr. Duke: If teachers do not come to class because of their moral stand against the war, then their pay will be docked. There is no way I can pay them if they do not render the service for which they signed the teaching contract.

THE NEWSPAPER: The way that we got to know about the moratorium and strike was that an outside organizer came to our campus. Would you object to outsiders, non-students, coming to this campus to speak about the war?

Dr. Duke: No, not at all. Many times this college brings people in, at our expense, to present both sides of an argument.

THE NEWSPAPER: Are you in favor of ending the war in Indo China?

Dr. Duke: Yes, I am. I supported us going in there, but now I feel the situation has changed to the point that I think that there is very little to be gained by our staying there, and that as quickly as we can get out is to our advantage. I am strongly in favor of the rapid withdrawal that has taken place

over the last six months.

I am not prepared to give up on the reason that we went in there in the first place, but this method has not worked, and it certainly has had time to work if it were going to, so maybe it's time to try something else.

THE NEWSPAPER: How do you reconcile your stand on the war with your military background?

(Dr. Duke was on active duty during the Korean conflict)

Dr. Duke: I think there are many military people who think that war is bad. I have met a very few military people who enjoy war, or think that war is good. I don't think there's any need to reconcile my thoughts on the war with my military background.

THE NEWSPAPER: Do you approve of the anti-war movement?

Dr. Duke: I do not disapprove of people expressing their differences of opinion with their government. That is a right that many people have died for. I respect that right. Now the war itself is a different matter. But if students wish to disagree with their government then I would encourage them to do so. That is how our government works, letting the government know what the people want.

Colts Host Skyline Friday

Colts Sweep; Rap DVC, Ohlone

Friday, Oct. 1, Pleasant Hill

The high-stepping Colts of Cañada evened their league soccer record at one win and one loss Friday as they soundly stomped the Diablo Valley Vikings 4-0 in the hilly, pleasantly pleasant town of Pleasant Hill.

With a high-pitched, flying saucer like hum from the adjoining Diablo Valley College football field public address system, the Colts high-pitched attack put the game out of reach for the Vikings in the first quarter. Bill Hamre rumbled the Viking's goal net with the help of a Rafael Luna pass to start the Canada scoring. Not letting up, Rafael Luna's alacrity persuaded the gate of Valhalla, the Viking's goal, to again sanction entrance of the black and white sphere; goal Rafael Luna, assist Jose Pacheco.

The Rafael Luna-Jose Pacheco combination accounted for the only goal tabulated in the second quarter. Luna's second goal of the game gave him three goals for the two games he has played in this season.

At the half, the score was Cañada 3, Diablo Valley 0 with

Cañada taking 17 shots on goal to Diablo Valley's 3.

In the opening minutes of the third quarter, Bill Hamre, against the will of Oden, penetrated the Viking defense and with a Luna pass, thrust the ball into the Diablo Valley goal. With Cañada leading 4-0, Coach Vial put in the second team for the rest of the game. The superb Colt defense didn't allow the Vikings to take a single shot at their goal in the third quarter.

Neither team scored in the final quarter. The bumpy, blotchy, soccer field did see the Colt's second team outshoot their opponents 7-1 and literally run circles around Viking eleven. Even the Pop Warner cheerleaders, who had been rehearsing for the "big one" down by the west goal, had to drop their bon-bons and pay close attention to the hustling Colts. Pop Warner football will never seem the same.

Defense of the Week awards go out to George Wightman, Tom McKinley, Frank Bagnor, Harold Whitmore, Ron Watson, Peter Raynaud, and Fast Freddy Cesano for allowing their opponents only four shots at the Cañada goal. The Titantical Triad, consisting of Bill Hamre, Jose Pacheco, and Rafael Luna accounted for all the Colt scoring Friday.

Coach Silvano Vial had this to say about Friday's victory: "It's good to see the team get going offensively. The defense has been good, but the offense hasn't been as good as it should have. Getting Rafael Luna back has helped us too. When you get 35 shots on (your opponent's) goal, that's pretty good."

	1	2	3	4	Final
Cañada	2	1	1	0	4
Diablo Valley	0	0	0	0	0

Tuesday, Oct. 5, Fremont
The surging, straight-

shooting, spirited Colts of Cañada put their second straight shutout on the books. Outshooting Ohlone College by 34 to 12, the Colts won easily 4-0 on a soccer field described by Coach Vial as a "cow pasture."

Ken Zilker opened the Cañada scoring with a goal in the first quarter. Bob Koch and Jose Pacheco each contributed to the cause with a goal each in the second quarter. At the half, Cañada was in command 3-0.

Coach Vial, commenting on the game, said that the goal Jose Pacheco scored was the greatest goal he'd ever seen. It was on a cross kick, taken waist high, in which Pacheco rippled the Ohlone goal net with a heel kick.

The Colts failed to pull away any further in the third quarter. In the final quarter Mike Ferem, the infamous Grape Man of the hill, tore through the Ohlone defense and with heel and toe flying, dented the opponent's net for the final Cañada tally. Excellent play by Rafael Luna, Harold Whitmore and Ron Watson contributed to the final score of Cañada 4, Ohlone 0.

"The morale and spirit of the team couldn't be better. The three keys to success are knowing the fundamentals, having discipline, and loving other members of the team. Up to now we haven't had the latter," the coach pleasingly said, reflecting upon the game. With the Cañada Colt soccer team going the way they are, one can see why Coach Vial is pleased.

This Friday at 3:00 on the Cañada soccer field, the Colts play Skyline. This will be their first Camino Norte Conference game.

	1	2	3	4	Final
Cañada	1	2	0	1	4
Ohlone	0	0	0	0	0

There will be a meeting of the United Food Crusade Tues., Oct. 12, at 11 a.m. in Bldg. 13 Rm. 214.

GENERAL STATEMENT

First General: "I'll bet you that my aide is the most stupid aide in the entire U.S. Army."

Second General: That's impossible. Nobody could be as stupid as my aide. I'll take that bet."

First General addressing his aide: "Here's \$10. Go buy me a purple Cadillac."

First General's aide: "Yes, sir."

Second General to his aide: "I want you to go over to my office and see if I'm there."

Second General's aide in

reply: "Yes, sir!"

A few minutes later the two aides, both second lieutenants, meet and a conversation ensues.

First General's aide: "My commanding officer must have been in the jungles of Vietnam too long. He gave me \$10 to go buy him a purple Cadillac when everyone knows that Cadillacs don't come in purple."

Second General's aide: "That's nothing. My commanding officer told me to go over to his office and see if he was there. He could have phoned." BLA

Bulletin Board

Interested in student government? If so, get involved now. Six student council positions will be filled on a special election October 21-22. V.P. of Associated Students Canada College, Controller of Activities, Associated Women's Pres., Freshman Class Pres., and two positions on Judicial Council. If you are interested in running for an elected office, a petition must be picked up in the Student Activities Office by Tuesday Oct. 12.

Poet Dale Polissar will read and play clarinet next Thursday in the flexible theatre at 11:00. Having taught at Hayward State, he is now a wayward musician in San Francisco.

Shake-Up In Student Govt.

In the recent shake-up of student government with Chris Heard, a somewhat radical activist resigning his position as Student Body President, and Tim Tatman resigning as Controller of Activities, students can now look forward to a mild mannered student administration. Ward Rudick, elected Vice-President, has now assumed the position of Student Body President. Last Friday at a special emergency meeting, the council voted unanimously in favor of Ward accepting the position of A.S.C.C. President, which now leaves a vacant spot in the council for a Vice-President which will be filled at the special election on Oct. 21 and 22.

Ward, an easy going middle-of-the-roader, says he plans to do his best in making decisions that concern student government and the welfare of the entire student body. Other positions filled by the council were the temporary appointment of the Controller of Activities, Glen Gamboa and two positions on the Judicial Council, also temporary, by Rich Simpson and Barney Bursley.

The new president also appointed members to the special committees with the approval of the student council. They were: Lorena Miller to Financial Aids Committee, Marvell Bradley and Desi Rodriguez to the Curriculum Committee and Charles Riche and Gilbert San Miguel to The Student/Faculty Relations Committee.

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