

'I'm gonna pop some popcorn and watch the war'

by Eileen Brady

"I'm gonna pop some popcorn and watch the war," was quoted on the "Overheard" page in the war issue of *Nasrukh*.



A student from the University of Oklahoma apparently said it after watching President Bush's address to the nation on Jan. 16.

Reading that matter-of-fact statement from one of my peers impressed upon me

that although I am old enough to be in college, I am too young to have experienced Vietnam.

The war in the gulf could have the same effect on me as Vietnam had on college students 20 years ago.

Just last year, my roommate and I talked about how "cool" it would have been to have such a "cause." We envied the flower children singing protest songs with Bob Dylan. Indelible images of conscientious objectors burning their draft cards are etched in my mind. People who were willing to be thrown in jail in the name of peace were certainly to be admired.

But now we have our own war. Yet, it seems as if the roles aren't

as clear cut. We've learned that it isn't fair to punish the warrior for the war. So far, most protests have denounced our involvement in the Persian Gulf but have been supportive of the troops. Will that change as the war progresses into a ground fight, with satellite images of actual combat being shown on the six o'clock news?

As college students at such a significant period in history, we have an obligation to become as knowledgeable as we can about the daily events of the war. It's easy to become preoccupied with the daily grind of classes and homework, but there's a war going on out there and we need to discover our roles in it.

Whether you choose to organize peace rallies and marches or gather as flag-wavers to cheer the troops, there's a big "cause" out there to become impassioned about. At least, we can absorb all possible information to be able to

tell our children exactly what happened so

we can fill in the blanks their history books will leave out. We should soak up the whole era as it happens.



before our eyes, perhaps munching on popcorn.

Brady is campus events editor of *The Yellin' Rebel*.

Destruction solves by leaving nothing

by William Holt

I have noticed that the most popular method of solving a problem on this planet is the use of destruction.

Problems with marriages are solved with destruction by means of divorce. Problems of work are solved with destruction by firing employees. Problems with the functioning of a mind are solved by destroying the mind with drugs. National problems are solved by the waging of war.

It seems logical that the reason any of us are here, or anything we have made, is due to creation. In order for something to be, it must have first been created into being.

It also seems that in order for something to be destroyed, or to cease to exist, it must have first

been created in order for it to be destroyed.

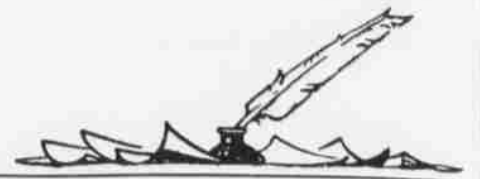
However subtle it may be, we do live on a planet where one man has the option to either sit at a table and create with a pencil and paper or to sit at a desk and press a button that will destroy millions of people who each had these same options.

Destruction is not the solution to problems. It is the reduction of what has been created, and it is the creation of more problems.

I ask the reader, what would look better: to take what we have and throw it away when it contains a problem, or to take a problem and create its solution so that what we have becomes more than what we started with, instead of nothing?

Holt is a staff reporter with the *Yellin' Rebel*.

Letters to the Editor



Principles of how to think

Dear editor,

Is the following principle of how to think truthful: the greater the number of times that a self-question is silently and clearly repeated to oneself, the greater the probability that the person's mind will supply the answer or direct the person to the answer? In other words, if repeating a question just a few times does not bring the answer, then will repeating the question in silent

self-talk for a much longer time bring the answer?

I believe this principle is truthful, because the subconscious mind responds to repetition. With each question, the mind seeks out and forms new mental associations and new mental connections within the hidden mind, building on top of previously found associations. Thus, the more difficult and unfamiliar the question is, then the more mental effort required by repeated silent self-questioning.

The fact that worry does not bring good answers may not disprove this principle. Generally, the negative answers that result from worry correspond to the negative questions of worry.

I searched in several popular general psychology books and could not find this principle mentioned. Should this principle, or theory, be included within these books?

Barry Harris

Sealed rooms, gas masks, and waiting...

Editor's note: The following pair of letters were given to the Yellin' Rebel by a member of the family to whom they were sent. The letters were written by a husband and wife living in Israel, immediately following the outbreak of war and the first attack by Iraqi missiles, and show the horror of gas masks, sealed rooms, and waiting for "all clear."

Dear friends,

We are physically fine, although to be involved in the possible receiving end of a gas attack is a little disconcerting. On Thursday morning we were awakened at 3:00 a.m. by the sound of loud speakers mounted on security jeeps announcing that we should go into our "sealed room" and to turn on the radio for instructions.

Last Sunday we had received our gas masks, and had sealed the windows in our bedroom with tape and plastic sheeting. So, when the announcement came on Thursday morning, we were already in the right room as we were sleeping.

We quickly dressed and turned on the radio and television, which we had in the room, along with canned food, flashlight, bottled water and pop, a book on gas warfare, and other necessities (including a plastic pail which could be used as a toilet. Fortunately, we have, to date, been able to get to the bathroom).

Within minutes, a friend called us and said her husband had just called her from army headquarters and told her that the Americans had started to attack Iraq. She also told us that everyone was to open their boxes of gas masks, but not to put them

on, and to stay in the sealed room.

I then placed a large towel into the pail that would become the toilet. I had earlier placed some water in the pail. Once wet, I placed the towel on the floor at the bottom of the door and then applied two inch wide plastic strips of tape along the seams of the door to complete our sealed room.

Later, two more friends called to make sure that we knew what to do. Everyone knows our Hebrew is somewhat weaker than native born Israelis. We were pleased to have the support group and to know that people help other people in times of need.

We watched news reports on television and listened to the radio until about 4:30 a.m., when we were instructed that there would not be an attack in the near future, but it was recommended that we stay in our room.

We went to sleep until about six and got up to hear more news in Hebrew on the television and English on the radio from London. We were told that only people that worked in essential industries should go to work, all others should stay in their apartments.

Since neither of us work in the bakeries, food distribution, transportation, or war material industries, we stayed home.

We went to sleep Thursday night believing that the Americans had probably eliminated Iraq's capability to attack us by missile. We were wrong!

This time, the air raid sirens went off with their wailing tone at about 2:00 a.m. We had been instructed that this meant to seal the room and put on the gas masks. We dressed, ran to the bathroom, shut all of the shutters on all the windows, returned to the bedroom and resealed the door.

We reopened the boxes just as

the jeep drove by and said, in Hebrew, to put on the masks as an attack was eminent. The radio also said, in English, to put the masks on—we did.

We had a little trouble removing the protective seal from the filters, but calmly put the masks on. They are very tight and it is hard to breathe with them on. Our noses ran. Now, that is a problem. How do you wipe your nose when a mask is on your face? Answer: you don't.

We had the masks on no more than five minutes when we heard, on either the radio or the television, I don't remember which, that Israel was under attack. A number of missiles were heading for the central region of the country. That area included our city.

Shortly thereafter, we learned that Gush Dan, south of Haifa, and Tel Aviv were hit. It took about an hour before we knew for sure that there was no gas in these missiles. During the wait, everyone living outside of the affected area was instructed to remove their masks and to stay in their sealed rooms.

In the morning, we saw television pictures of the damage. Fortunately the people were only slightly injured, mainly from flying glass and falling objects. Three people suffocated to death as a result of putting on their masks without first removing the protective plug on the filter.

Please don't be alarmed. We are bearing up fine. As someone said, "There is a difference between being frightened and being tense." We are a little tense and looking forward to returning to our normal life.

Gary Michael

Jan. 18, 1991. Israel

LETTER TWO:

Dear family and friends,

Two nights have passed with air raid alarms, preparing, and finally donning our gas masks. We finally received our gas masks Sunday night, and we sealed the windows, and had food, water, flashlights, baking soda, and whatever we felt was essential put into our bedroom. It is the largest room, and therefore we felt more comfortable being in it.

Friends who have used the smallest rooms have been uncomfortable for hours with the whole family in a tiny space. We are fortunate not to have little children who must be placed in various sizes and styles of protective tents, space suits, and masks according to size and age.

It was hard enough for us to put on the masks and wear them. We felt our noses running, the masks were tight and breathing uncomfortable.

Friends called to tell us to put on masks, and later checked in on us, and we did the same checking to see how everyone had fared.

We found out that many people awoke this morning and weren't aware that we had been attacked. I called the kibbutz and they faintly heard the siren, so they prepared and went into their sealed room. They were smart, and included the bathroom in their sealed room.

We listened to radio and television most of the night, and finally napped a little. We heard CNN and the BBC news in English, at selected times on the radio, and Hebrew news continu-

ally.

We missed a good friend's daughter's wedding last night. We got dressed and packed our gas masks and an overnight bag in case we didn't feel safe to return home, but after hearing that we shouldn't go out (plus the 30 minute ride there and back, with the possibility of getting stuck on the road in an attack) we were convinced to play it safe and stay home.

We understand it was a beautiful and happy wedding. I look forward to the pictures.

I hope we won't need to send a supplement to this war newsletter. A friend is flying to America Saturday night to visit a sick relative.

Barbara Michael

Jan. 19, 1991. Israel.