

H.H. News Liberated Press

Procrastinating For Peace? Stop

Wednesday, October 15, is shaping up as a day of massive nationwide protest against the criminal and seemingly eternal war in Vietnam. Schools across the country plan to close, students spending the day in action aimed at stopping the war.

Richard Nixon has been in office for nine months now, and because there has been no decisive action on his part, the war still continues. True, a few troops have been withdrawn, but this amounts only to tokenism. Nixon's Vietnam peace proposals by the end of 1970, but President Nixon says that this will take "years and years". It is clear that Richard Nixon as yet has no plan for withdrawal. He still talks of any peace initiative as "bugging out". The message of October 15 will be clear: End this obscene war now, or else October 15 will only be a taste of what Nixon will experience.

October 15 will be happening in Hartford. A massive march is planned with high school and college students, teachers, professional people, housewives and street people all taking part. There will be one main march assembling at the university of Hartford at 10:30 a.m., Hartford marches plan to feed into this main march and then proceed downtown together. The suburban communities also plan their own demonstrations. The march will be the main focus activity in the Hartford area. The march is being organized by high school and college students. Sponsors include the student association of University of Hartford, caucus of Connecticut Democrats, Committee for Responsibility and United Front Against Fascism.

Latest Gallup polls show that 53% of our people now believe the war to be totally wrong. And Nixon still bends and fawns, procrastinating his way out of any decisive move.

Where We're At

by Pamela Reall—student ex-officio; former nihil young chick committed to involvement, commitment and fucking; currently engaged mostly in the latter.

So I come back and what's happening nothing. The blacks start this newspaper which they think is groovy and which is unreadable. The campus newspaper still raps on, of all things, fraternities. Aside from a rare reference to birth control (see freshman issue) the campus is wrapped up in itself and its own destiny...that is to say the individuals on this campus are wrapped

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A Letter From Hue

29 September 1969
10 kilometers South of Hue
Vietnam

THE MONSTERS OF HUE
The Tet Offensive of 1968 saw the communist North Vietnamese Army occupy the ancient Imperial Capital of Hue; a city below the misnamed United Nation's Demilitarized Zone. The Communist forces held half the city for almost a month before American and ARVN military teams could cut off, surround, and eliminate the enemy occupation. The city when liberated was a shambles of chaos, that which was uncovered in the mass graves being uncovered almost daily a year later, can never be rebuilt.

Thousands of innocent civilians murdered in the streets of horror were uncovered in near bare tombs. Thousands of men, women and children were desecrated in the most foul manner before being brutally executed. Hundreds of corpses were exhumed with months clogged with earth thus being made witness to the monsters who buried them alive. The monsters who call themselves the Popular Liberation Front of South Vietnam. If only my noble idealistic friends in the SDS could see all the decaying, rotting, fetid things that were once human beings or hear the opians beg for cans of C rations from the G.I.'s or see a starving six-year-old carrying his little four-year-old brother. Of course, my friends in the SDS have explained to me about it being necessary to break eggs in order to make an omelet. But my God! who I mean what friend can yet see and eat such a monstrously foul "omelet!" Come Benedict Pig your supper is in the mass graves of Hue. Or do you prefer to dine in the buried out buildings of Hartford?

There are many orphans in Hue today most are taken care of by the Church. Some, however, exist primitively and

to mouth by begging or doing that which is necessary to survive. Many of the Army's Chaplain funds go to help these children of war and after a foot soldier has gone hungry after giving his dinner of C rations to a pitiful wide-eyed war. These orphans of the Red Peril had seen their parents and relatives murdered by the Communists because they were guilty of owning a store, or a pushcart, or a quarter of an acre of land, or because they were Christians and believed in God. The systematic slaughter of a city, a nation monstrous act of premeditated murder against unarmed civilians, can only preposition a description of the beastly orgy of blood let loose here by the Communist terrorists.

Time will not heal what happened here, no more than the ball will heal the heart of Joe who is taking being feared by the Soviet Communists as his father was murdered by Russia's ex-ally the Nazis. This monster we fight in Vietnam has a familiar stench -- the essence of totalitarian socialism seasoned with the reality of chattel slavery.

Some here and home, wonder why we are here in this tortured country! Most others wonder why the armed forces of the other nations we helped in World War II not helping us here! Most of the soldiers here wonder why the United States Armed Forces are restrained by leftist liberal Washington politicians, from initiating any major military action to win this dirty war and thus end it!

Some wonder why Chiang Kai Check is not encouraged by our State Department to invade and liberate his homeland from the Red tyrant's terror!

I wonder when America is going to wake up and investigate her treacherous State Department for sanctioning trade with communist arsenals of terror!

SFC, Monroe Allen Sherron

So many different trains of thought. All with the same purpose, but sometimes pulling against each other, creating gulfs, stopping the dialogue. Try and forget the head-bashers and the flower children. Think of solid, thick strength, and of confrontation and peace. Think of October 15.

The October 15 Moratorium is not just another demogogical ploy. It is a show of solidarity, a nationwide movement of protest against the senseless organization/murder in Viet Nam. And its intent and effects reach far beyond the borders of Hartford. This is real and frightening test of the power of the people. The most effective weapon is neither the gun nor the ballot, but the cry of the exploited themselves, loud and angry and final. No matter what your politics, what your methods, you have been too long silent.

On Wednesday, October 8 there will be

Games People Play

I stood on the balcony and watched them play. Play with the terrifying plastic guns that are too real for children. Too real for anyone.

They were playing war, but they were so young I was amused. "Are you having fun?" I asked the smallest soldier. "This isn't fun." He said, "This is war."

He was right.

The games are over. The flowers and the hippies are dead, and the long cold winter is upon us. The only fire left is that of change. Without that warmth all action freezes. And there is no rebirth scheduled this spring for those who are just playing.

"Has anyone heard from the Chicago Eight?"

Listen to your brothers and sisters. There are too many changes, too much heaviness going on. Don't make toys and nonsense out of human lives. This game is real.

Has anybody seen the Revolution?

You had such fine ideas, and you saw them fucked over, and you learned to laugh as a way of easing the hurt. But the time for the laughter has ended and the new madness is of guns and pain and final moments. Don't be swept in by the color and the noise unless you know of the death behind them. This game is only lost once. Listen to the people and feel them more, but be sure you are ready to give everything before you join them.

"This isn't fun, this is war."

Talk, Talk, Fight, Fight, Fight

War drags on. Stench of dead bodies in trenches. Weariness of soldiers on mountain of tears. Death march. Eye of Jude in cold distance. That they'd come home tonight. Pile crying on stone beds. Pour misery on blankets of darkness. Give them the strength to carry on.

Our children. Ones that we gave our love. I pray for you. Across the cold void of another country. Lifting your spirits and weapons to fight again. Pray for you. All of your silent wars.

For what reason? Conspiracy of slant-eyed agents converging on capitol building? Threat upon no-government of South Vietnam? Democracy of dust? Conflicting patriotism? WHERE ARE YOUR ANSWERS?

You have no answers. Only the pride of Conquistador. Passion of the rapist. Wronging the people that ask for their own. For it is their land. Their crops that you poisoned. Their women you raped. Their children you napalmed shamelessly. Where is your justice?

Is it marching with the death of Vietnam? Is it breathing with the soldiers who give their lives? Does it wake you in the night and scream for answers? Is it calling for you



The Moratorium