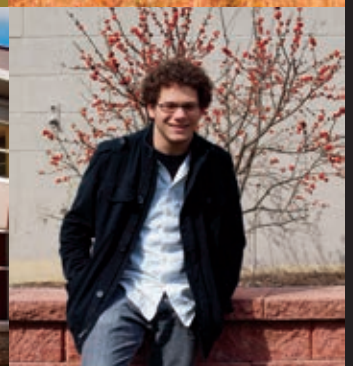
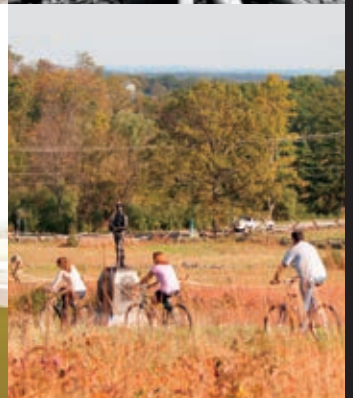
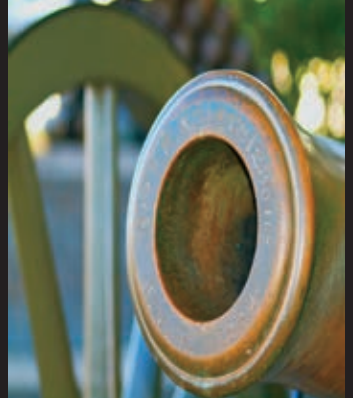


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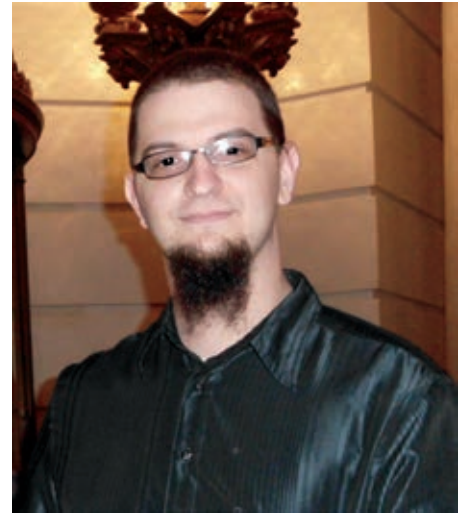




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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

4 Getting to Know...  
Shannon Harvey  
by Courtney Jones

6 Too Old For School  
by Melissa Welsh

8 Sleep Deprivation  
by Laura Hochberg

10 Tweet Nothings  
by Angie Wilt

12 Life's Greatest Treasures  
by Clayton Lynch

14 Unconditionally Loved  
by Chris Anselmi

16 From Statistic to Survivor  
by Larissa Crouch

19 Don't Be The Next Victim  
by Diana Slothour

20 The Other Side  
by Josh Newlin



23 The Freshman 15  
by Various Students

25 Vietnam  
by Mike Redding

27 Civil War  
by Christina Norton

29 Army Nurses  
by Emily Heckman

31 Death of my first patient  
by Michelle Kooser

33 Arts Council  
by Hannah Hottenstein

35 Scholarships  
by Rebekka Fields

37 Fat Girl Problems  
by Angie Wilt

39 A cognitive study of the  
Soul with Professor Hallberg  
by Kristian Smith



# Getting to Know...

## Shannon Harvey

by Courtney Jones

### What is your daily routine like?

Like everyone, my daily routine is BUSY! My husband and I have two children, Emma who is 13 and Alison who is seven. They are both involved in lots of activities that require us to balance their schedules with our schedules. My day typically starts at 4:45 when I meet my running partner and then it is non-stop until I fall into bed at 8:30 p.m. - embarrassingly early! In addition to my responsibilities at HACC, I'm also involved in a number of community organizations/boards – without daily exercise I wouldn't stay balanced!

### You are known as someone who does a little bit of everything around campus - what exactly are all of the things you are involved in?

Currently as the Campus Acting Vice President, I'm responsible for coordinating strategic planning and its implementation on the campus, overseeing the fiscal accountability of the campus, assuring that central functions are implemented at the campus level in a coordinated and efficient manner, serving as an advocate for students and employees on the campus, identifying unmet needs and opportunities and researching, facilitating and developing viable solutions to meet those needs and serving as the campus representative to our community. What I enjoy most are opportunities to work directly with students, staff and faculty to make our campus an innovative, dynamic learning institution focused on excellence.

### What things in life do you find yourself doing that you thought you would/could never do?

That's a tough question. What I would consider to be my greatest accomplishments are things that initially I probably thought I could never or would never do (graduating summa cum laude, being a parent, writing a grant, giving a speech, developing a new program, running a marathon, etc.).



**Shannon with her awards and favorite quotes.**

By setting goals, working hard and consistently reminding yourself that “you must do that thing you think you cannot do” you achieve those things you thought you would/could never do.

### What have you done that, by looking at you, no one would ever guess that you have done?

I failed gym when I was in high school! I didn't like to sweat so I always conveniently forgot my gym clothes. My lack of participation resulted in an F for the course, almost preventing me from graduating!



**Shannon's trophies.**

### How long have you been running?

I first started running in 1995 at the encouragement of a friend. My friend, who had been a Division 1 college basketball player, decided that she missed competitive sports/training. To fill the void, she planned to train for a marathon and wanted a partner. I had no clue what a marathon was so I foolishly agreed to run with her. It wasn't until I told my husband my plan, that I learned a marathon was 26.2 miles! I was too embarrassed to tell her I didn't know that so I stuck with it!



**What was the biggest physical hurdle you faced when you began running?**

It was hard and I didn't particularly enjoy it. After 17 years, it's still hard and I don't particularly enjoy it! But I know it's good for me physically and mentally.

**Do you have any advice for students who are interested in beginning to run?**

My best advice would be to buy good shoes, set realistic goals and stick with it!

**What has been the best pair of running shoes you have ever owned?**

I'm not real sophisticated when it comes to running "stuff". I don't have any of the latest gear. I've been running in the Asics GT 2100 series since I started.

**At what point did you consider yourself a "true" runner?**

I don't think there is a point in time or achievement that makes someone a "true" runner. Anyone who puts on their sneakers and moves at a pace faster than a walk is a "true" runner in my opinion.

**How far do you typically run each day?**

I'm currently running about 7 miles 4-5 days a week. The other days I do a workout called P90X.

**What do you consider to be your biggest physical accomplishment?**

My greatest physical accomplishment was qualifying for the Boston Marathon in 2006. It took 6 months of dedicated training, speed work, long distance running and mental discipline. Running the Boston Marathon in 2008 was a great experience. 2008 was also the year of the Women's Olympic trials in Boston so I had the opportunity to see the world's greatest female runners assembled in one place.

**How about your biggest professional accomplishment?**

My greatest professional accomplishment is the initiation of the nursing program at the Gettysburg Campus in December of 2002. I'm very proud of the impact this program has had on our community and the opportunity it provides for students locally. HACC's mission is to offer courses and programs that will change the lives and destinies -- not only of our students but the lives and destinies of their families and the communities in which they reside. Our nursing program has done that.

**Do you follow a specific "running" diet?**

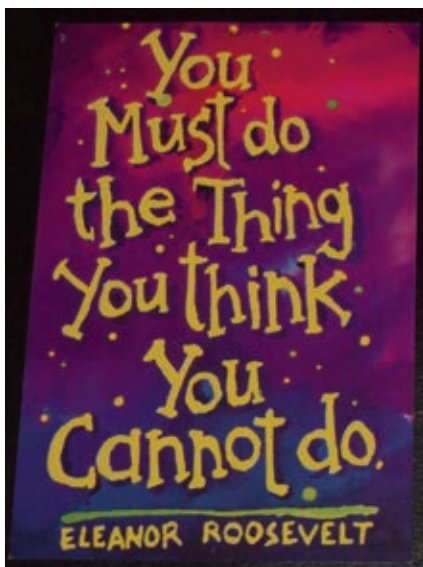
No, I wish I did! I do eat healthy but I also LOVE sweets (chocolate, ice-cream, etc.). Eleanor Pella, HACC nutrition faculty member, gave me the best advice regarding diet -- all things in moderation!

**Do you have any physical goals you have not yet met?**

Certainly! I believe every great success in any area of life, be it personal or professional comes from having very clear and specific goals. The challenge we all face is to continually set those goals. My current physical goals are to do some form of exercise every day. A goal for the future is to run the Boston Marathon again.

**Again, from a professional standpoint?**

My current professional goal as Acting Campus Vice President is to continue the leadership style demonstrated by Jennifer Weaver, which is to always put the needs of our students and employees first.



# Too Old For School

by Melissa Welsh



Someone said something to me that struck me in such a way, I felt compelled to write this piece. “What was said?”, you might ask. It was this: “Aren’t you a little old to be in school?” I wish I could say I was making this up and someone had not actually said this to me, but sadly I cannot. To say I was surprised would be an understatement. There I stood, proudly donning my HACC sweatshirt as I bought my morning coffee en route to class, being confronted by such a question. I honestly thought, especially in 2012, such narrow views of education were gone and that people realized that education is not merely for the young.

My first instinct was, of course, to laugh. This was a joke, right? But, judging by the quizzical look upon her face, I realized she was serious. She did, in fact, think I was too old to be furthering my education. Me! Old! At the ripe, young-ish age of forty, I do not feel too old. Quite the contrary, I feel as if life is just beginning.

I would be lying if I said that I don’t regret furthering my education many years ago. It is, in fact, one of my greatest regrets. I was an excellent student, I loved to learn, and I dreamed of a career as a marine biologist and/or a famous writer. Yes, I had very big dreams. But, life happened and my dreams were put upon a shelf. There came a point, after child number three, when I wondered if those dreams were shelved for good.

**“No matter who you are, where you are, what your station in life is, or what you think you are capable of, you are NEVER too old to improve yourself.”**

At one point, I even gave up hope of ever becoming anything other than what I was: Mom and wife. But again, life happened. With divorce came a major change in attitude and perception of myself, who I was, and what I was capable of. As I get older, it has become my belief that is never too late to right a wrong in life. No matter who you are, where you are, what your station in life is, or what you think you are capable of, you are never too old to improve yourself.

My own personal decision to return to school was affected by a variety of factors: a desire for a better income, a sincere interest in an actual career that I love as opposed to just holding a “job” I was miserable in, and, most significantly, a desire to improve myself and the overall quality of life for me and my children. It was something that I had been contemplating for over a year, but had made no effort to act upon until last year.



**Melissa Welsh taking some time to study.**

I had no epiphany where, one day, a HACC course schedule came in the mail and, as the clouds parted, a single ray of sunshine shone upon it and I just knew I was destined for higher learning. Nothing quite so elegant, I'm afraid. I don't know why it was at that moment I chose to follow through with it. Perhaps it was financial desperation. Perhaps it was the idea that I was about to turn (gasp) forty. I only know that I was ready for change and I could not think of a better time to make serious changes.

After twenty-something years, I was becoming a student again. Not because I felt like it was something I had to do, but because it was something I really, really wanted. I was terrified in every sense of the word. Some days I still am. When you want something badly enough, however, the fear is not quite as daunting. There's a deep, abiding sense of accomplishment that comes from, not only figuring out what your goals are, but taking the steps to make them a reality.

## **“The last thing I wanted upon taking this giant leap in life was to feel like I didn't belong.”**

My goal became to get my associates degree and become a registered nurse. Granted, it is a far cry from Pulitzer Prize winning novelist or marine biologist and star of my own show on Animal Planet, but it's an attainable goal and one I can feel good about. The idea of living my life helping and comforting other people is just about the noblest thing I think I can do.

As I got closer to beginning classes, however, a thought dawned on me: Aren't I too old to be in school? That was a very real thought and a very real fear. The last thing I wanted upon taking this giant leap in life was to feel like I didn't belong. I was all-too-familiar with that particular feeling. Images of high school came screaming back and they were not pleasant. But, I thought, if I am too old to be in school I am also too old to really care that others think so.

I am now in the midst of my second semester, still finishing prerequisites and hoping it gets me where I want to go. I've loved my classes and the challenge they present. I've adored my professors because there is a dedication in what they do and a passion about what they teach. These traits inspire me to push myself just a little bit more. I have felt my passion for learning come back to life and it's a really amazing feeling.

I have met some really wonderful people of every age group, from eighteen to fifty-eight. I have learned a great deal, I think. I have learned I still love to write. I have learned that I still have an absolute love of science. I have learned that the most important thing you can do is strive to improve yourself and grow, in life, in love, in your education. And I have learned that, no, I am not too old to be in school.



**Melissa Welsh at HACC**

# The Power of Sleep Deprivation

by Laura Hochberg

Sleep deprivation is all too common in today's fast paced society. The proper amount of sleep has an impact on your overall health and well-being. Whether you're a determined student or a loyal staff member at the Harrisburg Area Community College, most likely you've experienced sleep deprivation. Lack of sleep poses various health risks that fortunately can be modified if properly identified.

While you're asleep, your brain processes information that you've soaked in throughout the day, and forms memories. Acquisition, consolidation and recall are the three functions that must occur in order to make a memory. These functions allow you to learn something new. Your brain will confirm the memory and you will then be able to recall it when needed. Scientists believe that the hippocampus and neocortex of your brain are involved in this process. These areas are parts of the brain where you retain long-term memories. Scientists contend that while you're sleeping, the hippocampus reviews information that happens during the day. The neocortex then analyzes it, concreting the memory. If you don't get a sufficient amount of sleep, your brain won't go through the proper process.

**“Your brain works harder if you’re suffering from sleep deprivation, but unfortunately you’ll achieve less... your brain can’t retain the memory.”**

Lack of sleep decreases your learning ability and delays your focus. Have you ever pulled an all-nighter, only to find that your performance on the test wasn't as good as you anticipated? Does it bother you that you stay up all night to study for a test, only to forget most of what you studied? Psychology professor, Pamela Thacher, reports that a study conducted at St. Lawrence University in Canton, NY has proven that GPA's on average are lower if you pull all-nighters. Your brain works harder if you're suffering from sleep deprivation, but unfortunately you'll achieve less. The time you've invested will go to waste because your brain can't retain the memory. Delayed reaction is a side effect of sleep deprivation, and it's more difficult to perform higher level thinking tasks. This poses problems when studying, playing on a sports team, driving a vehicle or any other times it's crucial to be alert to your surroundings.

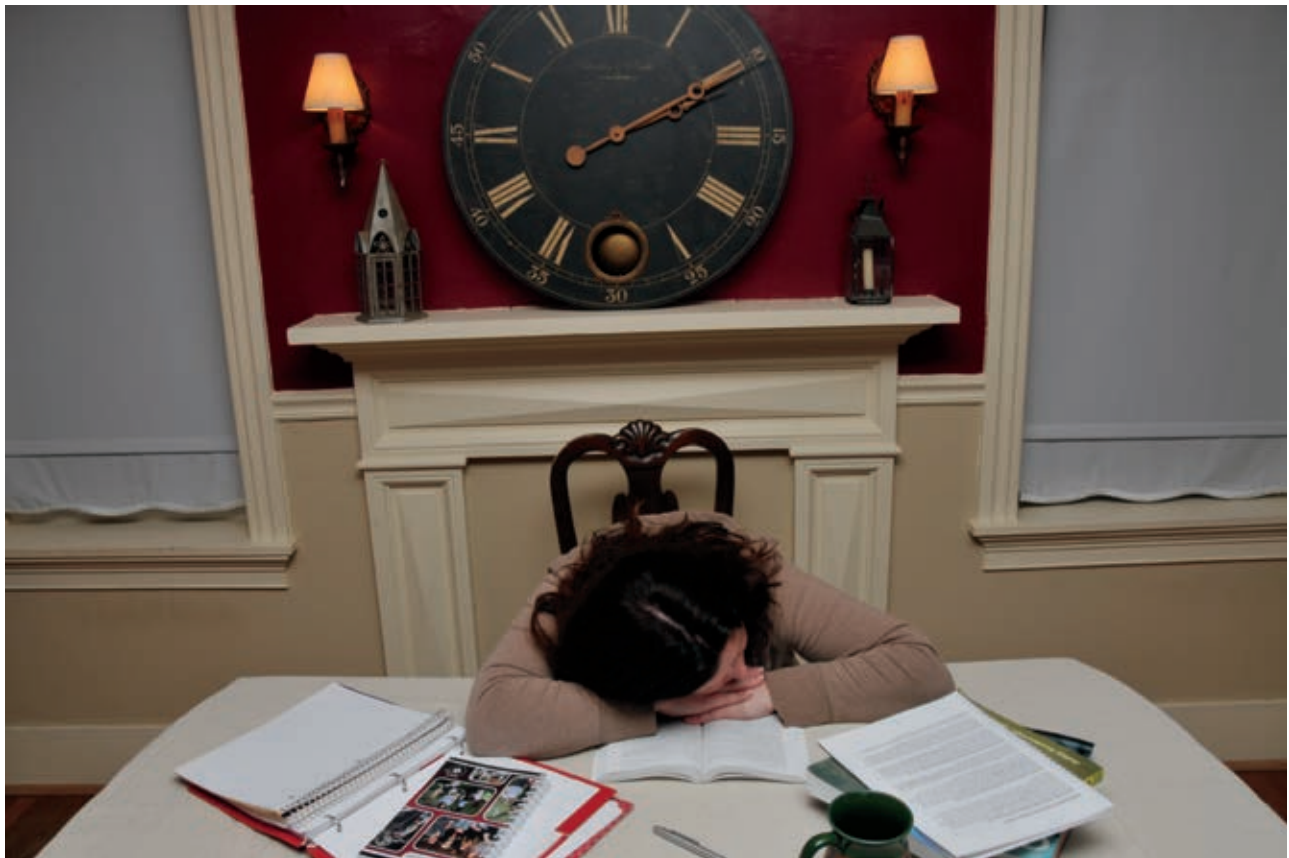
Cheri Mah, a graduate researcher at Stanford ran a study on basketball players and the effects of sleep deprivation. According to Mah's research, the players who received at least 10 hours of sleep a night, made more baskets and ran faster than those players who got less than 10 hours of sleep. Studies show that you'll achieve higher test scores in school, on the field, and will perform better in the office if you get at least 8 to 10 hours of sleep per night.

Have you ever heard of the “freshman fifteen” or how new parents of a baby or employees who work odd shift hours gain weight? According to Eve Van Cauter, a sleep researcher at the University of Chicago, there's definitely a correlation between lack of sleep and weight gain. Ghrelin and leptin are two hormones that control your food intake. Sleep helps to regulate these two hormones. Sleep deprivation increases hormonal hunger levels and decreases hormonal levels that give you the feeling of fullness. Without proper hormonal balance, your brain receives incorrect signals making it easy to pack on the pounds.



The National Sleep Foundation suggests a healthy amount of sleep for an adult consists of 7 to 9 hours per night. Teenagers should get at least 9 hours per night. Research shows the average adult only gets 6.9 hours of sleep on week nights and 7.5 hours on weekends. Studies show you'll have a higher body mass index (BMI) if you sleep less than 7.7 hours per night. Siobhan Banks, a researcher and lead author from The University of Pennsylvania, reports that adults who get little sleep tend to have faster heart rates. This causes unnecessary stress on your heart. Sleep deprivation leads to weight gain, which increases your chances of developing heart disease, hypertension, cancer, type II diabetes and other diseases.

Consider these helpful tips and you may find a better balance . Organize your time and you'll be surprised at how much you can accomplish. Making daily lists allows you to check off items so you're not laying in bed worrying about what you have to do. Your bedroom should be a relaxing environment: make sure to keep it cool and dark. It's helpful to keep a sleep schedule by going to bed and waking up at the same time every day. You should finish eating 2 to 3 hours before going to sleep. It's beneficial to reduce the intake of caffeine, nicotine and alcohol before retiring to bed, and even better to avoid these altogether. Soaking in a warm tub, doing deep breathing exercises, or reading before falling asleep all help to calm you. Also, exercise daily, make sure to get 7 to 9 hours of sleep per night and don't pull any more all-nighters.



**Doing well in school is hard work. Courtesy of Laura Hochberg**

Sleep deprivation affects all of us in some way or another. It is important to have a proper sleep schedule if you want to maintain a healthy, safe, and productive lifestyle. Get organized, change your habits and you'll be on your way to a healthier you!

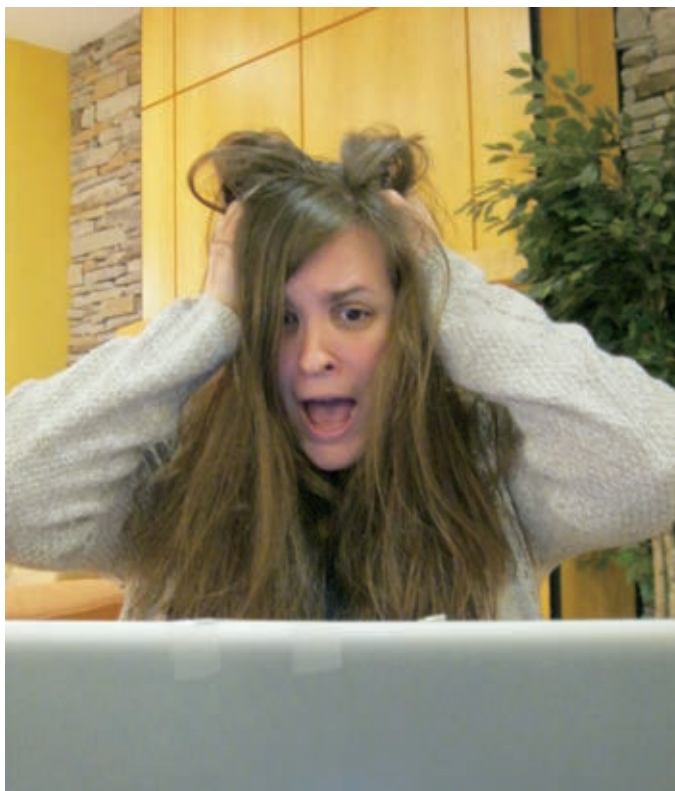
# Tweet Nothings

by Angie Wilt

Hi, my name is Angie and I'm a social network addict. I'm not even kidding. And, I'm pretty sure I'm not alone in this.

I didn't even realize I had a problem until about two months ago. I had just returned home with two rented movies and I was all proud of myself because I'd never used one of those kiosk thingies before. As my husband slipped the movie into the player and readied it for our viewing pleasure, he turned to me and said, "You ready?"

"Just one sec," was my reply, as I hastily tweeted that I was 'no longer a Redbox virgin'. Considering that I'd wanted to see this movie in the theater and was now putting the start on hold, my husband logically asked me what I had to do that was so important. I told him. The look on his face was the epitome of the word "baffled." "Seriously? You really needed to tweet that?" he asked. "Why on Earth would anyone care about that?" Um, ouch! But, his comment got me thinking.



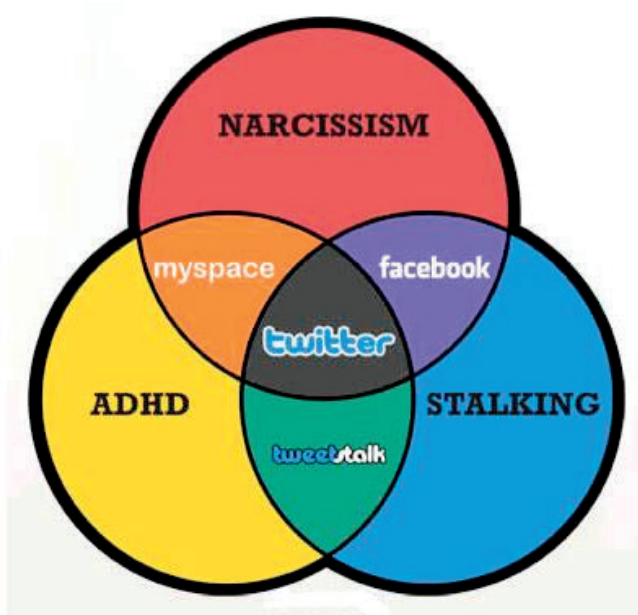
**Angie having a difficult time NOT posting a new status update.**

**Courtesy of Kathleen Foley**

A couple of weeks later, I decided to go cold turkey. No social networks for a week. No Twitter. No Facebook. No Google Plus. No MySpace. Ok, well, I don't really do MySpace anymore, who does really? Oh, c'mon, be honest! So, that one wasn't a sacrifice. But still. I was confident that it would be no big deal. Plus, I wanted to see how the "unplugged" version of my life was different from the "plugged in" version. How would removing myself from social media affect me?

The plan was to go from Monday morning to the following Sunday night. I had my husband change my account passwords and issued strict instruction not to divulge them to me until the said time. Of course, my pragmatic, IT manager husband pointed out that all I needed to do was to click the little 'Did you forget your password?' link (thanks, smart aleck). I told him I wanted no easy access to them, at which point he rolled his eyes (he does this a lot) and said "Yeah, OK." It was clear that his faith in my ability to resist this temptation would have made a grain of sand look like a planet. Oh, it was ON. I cut my eyes at him, daring him to say something more. And so, the challenge began.





Time flew by, or so it seemed. I was able to focus on my school work a million times better (yes, Mr. Bailey, I know I shouldn't have social networks up during school work time anyway) and actually cleaned my house. I even called my mother. Things seemed to be going smoothly, and everything was falling into place. This wasn't so difficult after all. Oh, the joy, the elation! I felt compelled to share my celebratory mood with the world. After all, I'd made it, hadn't I? I'd resisted the temptation for a whole ... 4 hours?!

Nooooooooo! It was then that the word 'addict' popped into my head, followed immediately by the thought that, OMG this week is going to kill me, and then I will die and my husband will smugly roll his eyes at my coffin. And, who would update my status or tweet about my untimely demise?! Unacceptable. My only option was to grit my teeth and wade through the withdrawal.

**“Seriously? You really needed to tweet that? Why on earth would anyone care about that?”**

You know that moment, hours or days after an argument, in which the perfect retort appears in your head and you wish you had a time machine to go back and deliver it but instead, must live with the fact that this scathing, clever reply is impotent and useless now?

Yeah. Now, apply that to all of the clever, cool things that pop into your brain that you update your status with, or tweet for all to see. Next, imagine the loss of all the validation that accompanies said clever, cool remarks from both friends and strangers (and sometimes even your mom). That was my week. I literally had status updates and tweets flying through my brain and my fingers itched to click on that “forgot password?” link just so I could share these pointless little gems with my adoring (let me have my fantasy people!) public. Best. Week. Ever! And no one would know a thing about it. Well, except for my husband...and my mom and dad...and my friends. You know, the people I actually speak to, the people that really matter.

I will confess. I didn't make it to my self-imposed deadline. I caved around noon on Saturday, earning myself an eye roll from the husband. An addict I remain (yes, I have Twitter up behind this as I write) but, I learned one valuable lesson: no amount of attention from strangers will ever replace the comfortable dysfunction of family. #thatsallihavetosayaboutthat

# Life's Great Treasure

by Clayton Malachi Lynch

I have attended Harrisburg Community College for almost ten years now. There have been many days when I have asked myself why I have continued to try and obtain just an associate's degree. I have learned through becoming a father as well as a husband that, while life is one of mankind's greatest gifts, so is the power that comes with knowledge. It is not the authority that dominates nations or conquers one's enemies in fierce combat. It is not the power of nature that causes mountains to crumble beneath the sea; rather it is the power to make a difference in the world around us and allow us to succeed in the various areas of life we feel we have been called to serve in.

I have struggled with "getting there" but the reason I write this article is to hopefully inspire others who are in the same position. "What position?" you might ask. It is the one where you feel as though everything is in vain. It is those times when you question whether or not you are doing the right thing. Those times that seem to try your soul. I have endured through many trials that have tested my faith and often set my education on the side. For example, four years ago I almost lost my life. Doctors told me that I might never walk again. It seemed as though the mountains of this crazy and unpredictable life pierced the heavens with such fury.



**Clayton Malachi Lynch with his horn.**

Still by the grace of God I walked out onto home plate at Camden Yards, raised my horn towards the flag and performed the National Anthem in front of 35,000 people. I share this because we all encounter circumstances that slow us down. So why do I persist in trying to further my education? What did I learn from that life experience? For one I was reminded that tomorrow is never promised, for it fades away like an old picture left in an attic. Rather, tomorrow is a gift and we should find ourselves blessed every time we open our eyes to greet it.

As a father of three I want to teach my boys that anything in this life worth doing will be hard. True knowledge, which can become wisdom, to those who utilize it in ways to optimistically impact the world is not handed to us. Instead it is earned! With that, we live in a materialistic culture and I long for my children to know and remember that everything they have is borrowed right down to the very breaths they take. All those things are gifts because they will not last forever.



Therefore, all the “things” that we obtain in this life are borrowed because we will not take them with us when we fade away from this earth. However, people will remember us by our actions and what we shared and taught to those around us. They will recall the choices we made that helped to shape our children’s futures and perhaps fortify our own. For those students who are single with children, show them by not giving in when it seems too hard, that hard work does pay off. They will remember and it will inspire them more than you will ever know. For those like myself who are married with children, teach them through your determination and efforts that learning and knowledge is never a waste of time. The more we know, the wiser we can become. I say can become because not everyone uses knowledge wisely. There are many who know much, but are foolish.

**“Tomorrow is never promised, for it fades away like an old picture left in an attic. Tomorrow is a gift and we should find ourselves blessed every time we open our eyes to greet it. ”**

Lastly I would like to thank all the staff at HACC who has soldiered alongside me in my ongoing journey for knowledge and understanding. With that I also thank those that people don’t see, those who maintain and provide a clean and safe environment for us to learn and grow. For all of you students who find yourselves stumbling or wanting to throw in the towel please remember this. Keep climbing whatever mountains stand in your way because, like myself, one day you will look back to realize that what you thought was a mountain was no more than a mole hill. You might even laugh. Knowledge along with life are two of mankind’s greatest treasures and they are gifts from God. Do not waste or spend them carelessly. God bless and good luck in facing whatever challenges come your way.



**Clayton on the Jumbotron at Camden Yards.  
Photos courtesy of Clayton Malachi Lynch.**

# Unconditionally Loved

by Chris Anselmi

This is a story about love. Not the kind of love you hear about in movies or dream about when you're lonely. The love I am talking about is the kind of love that seems to leap forth uninvited and makes itself known through acts of sacrifice. It is understandable that many people have not actually experienced this type of sacrificial love firsthand, but I can guarantee that everyone has heard about it and how it can change lives. I am going to share my story about how one decision changed my life forever.

By choosing to place me up for adoption, the woman who gave birth to me put me before herself and gave me a life in which I am abundantly blessed. I was an idea conceived by God and made manifest as reality by two human beings sometime in the summer of 1990. On April 15, 1991, I was born into the world. Somewhere in the nine months I was developing, the woman who was carrying me realized she was unable to provide a suitable life for a child. She had no husband.



There was no man who could take on the role of a father figure for her son. So, she contacted Catholic Charities. With a heavy heart, she set in motion the process of placing a child up for adoption. This is the most important thing that has ever happened to me.



The Anselmi family had one son named Matthew. They wanted another child. This, however, was quite impossible because Mrs. Anselmi had been diagnosed with cancer of the uterus at the young age of 20. Already married for one year, the cancer diagnosis rocked her to the core. But she and her husband were dedicated to survival. When she found out she was pregnant, she was overjoyed. However, after she delivered her son, her uterus had to be removed, leaving her unable to bear any further children. So, she contacted Catholic Charities and set into motion the process of adopting a child.



The Anselmi family waited five years before their name was finally at the top of the list and then another three years went by before they were notified that there was a child who was to be the newest member of their family. That child was me. Early February of 1992 was when I was brought into my new family. I obviously have no recollection of this event but I know, simply by watching the expression on my mother's face when she speaks about it, that it was one of the happiest moments we as a family have experienced.

My family, and they are my family even if not by blood, is the most inspirational entity in my life. They are a blessing to me and they would lay down their lives for me and I would do the same for them. It goes to show that it is not blood that binds us, but our spiritual connection. It is our souls that are intertwined with those whom we love dearly. I never realized until I was in eighth grade that I had been loved from the very moment I was born, and that this love was made real by the actions of a young single mother in York, PA who decided to give me something she knew she could not, by herself, give. She gave me life.



The situations surrounding the decision to place a child up for adoption are often the same as those surrounding the decision to have an abortion. All ideologies aside, I am glad she chose the former because I would have never had a chance to experience the beauty and the pain of this world. I say pain because pain and heartache are the teachers that make us who we are as people. It contributes to what we know, but even more so, it teaches us that we must work towards something and make sacrifices in order to achieve the good we think is necessary. My birth mother made the decision to place me up for adoption and because of that, I know she loved me more than she loved herself or the idea of anything else in the world.

When a child is born, the mother and the child form a chemical bond that affects the hormones. It causes attachment. In other words, it gives full reign to the motherly instinct that is so powerful. My birth mother knew that she could not give me a life that was good for me so she made sure I was able to be raised in a home where things were normal. She gave up the product of her own self and sacrificed her happiness and desire to be a mother so that I could have a good life. I think about her every day.

I thank her and I thank god in my prayers when I think of her for giving me life and being the reason I am here today. I have never met her. But someday, I would like to find her and give her a huge hug and thank her for her love. It is this love that carries me throughout my day and it is this love that fuels my love for everyone in my life. I was given a gift and it is the gift of unconditional love, the type of love that is not earned, but freely offered.

# From Statistic to Survivor

by Larissa Croutch

In April 2009 I was a statistic, a married woman with three children in an abusive relationship. I was trying to go to school to better my life so that I would be able to support my three kids on my own, but I felt stuck. My life consisted of getting up, going to school, work, and then home to care for my three beautiful kids.

After the kids would go to sleep, the drinking normally started for him. The smell of liquor would fill the house as he would go on his binges. I would just try to stay away from him and do the things I needed to do around the house and for my classes. It never failed though; he always found an excuse to get mad at me for something.

So many times he pushed me around. I'd try to lose myself by thinking about something else just to remove myself from the pain and the situation. No matter how hard I tried I just couldn't let it go. Eventually he would go and pass out. I would be left overwhelmed with pain and frustration. Finally I reached a point where I just couldn't take it anymore.



The longer it went on, the more I realized that as long as I allowed myself to stay in this situation, the more likely it is that my kids would follow my example. I'll never forget the last time we fought. I was hit so hard I blacked out. When I came to, all I could think about was my daughter being the one on the floor. Is this what I want for her? I got up, went to the spare room and locked the door. I was up in pain crying all night knowing what I had to do. The next morning after a trip to the ER, a million questions asked, and pictures of my bruises taken, the report was filed. Was I doing the right thing? My husband was arrested that day. Within a day he was out and lived elsewhere. My kids and I had a chance to get our lives together without him there. I felt like a whole different person. I lost 56 lbs and just felt so relieved and refreshed.

A few weeks passed, and he had weaseled his way back in, trying to control every area of my life, and was back to the verbal abuse. It was worse than ever. It was like he had to make up for not being able to beat me by making his words harsher and more damaging. I gained most of the weight back and fell right back into feeling like I wasn't worth anything.

After a year of waiting to get into a low income place, I finally got the call. They have a three bedroom opening. Did I want it? Definitely! Everything happened so fast. Friday, I got my keys and I knew the time was here to get out for good, and be further away from him.

The weekend was filled with ups and downs. It was so hard going through everything he and I had bought together, and try to figure out who got what. All the good memories were overshadowed by the bad. The evenings of spending time together, playing cards and having fun were haunted by the many more nights of drinking, yelling and hitting. How would I separate it? How would I heal from it? I slowly started to get packed and realized that my family is not there supporting me. Coming from a conservative Mennonite family, who was totally against divorce, left me with very little help.

I felt like I had no one but a small handful of friends that I love to death, but where was my mom? The one person who I wanted to be there, the one shoulder I wanted to cry on! She is too wrapped up in the thought of her daughter getting a divorce to realize what kind of pain I was going through. How could she do that? How could she look at me and not see the hurt in her daughter's eyes? If she did, how could she just walk away and pretend it wasn't there? Tears ran down my face as I continued packing, getting everything together as fast as I could. I wanted to get away, away from him, this town, the house, the memories. I needed a new start. I needed to be on my own and survive for my babies without them. After a hard weekend of packing, my 8 year old son and I packed most of our things in the U-haul. I was finally there, I was in my new place with my babies, safe and sound and it was time for a new start.

**“I was alone for almost a year, and every day I could see an amazing transformation. I was doing it on my own. I was working, taking care of the kids, going to school, and still keeping it together.”**

I have met an amazing man named Prince, and I am so overwhelmed by how things can be. He is my “prince.” Instead of the beatings and the yelling, I get treated with respect and love. He has stepped up and does way more for me and my three kids then I could have ever imagined. I have his shoulder to lean on when I have a bad day. His strong arms to hold me, the best friend to laugh with, talk to, and be there for each other. It is so amazing how different I am. I know no matter what, I am loved and I am safe.

When I look in the mirror I now see a confident, strong, amazing woman. Thanks to having that strong man beside me that isn't afraid to tell me every day how much he loves me. He encourages me to keep striving for my dreams. It has given me wings, and I am soaring in so many areas of my life now. I still have things that I struggle with, but with the love and support I have, I know I will overcome them as well. I have come through so much and everyday one of my prayers is that I will be able to help other young women in the same situation. I want them to realize there is hope and they are strong enough to get away from the hurt and pain. You need to look past all of that and walk with your head held high. There are so many amazing programs available for women in the same situation I was in. Women In Need is so helpful and has all the resources needed to be safe and get a new start.



My main motto is “One man's trash is another man's treasure.” You are a treasure! Don't ever let anyone make you feel any different. Today I am a survivor! I have been attending HACC for over two years now. Knowing that I'm going to be able to have a good stable job in a few years keeps me grounded and determined. My mind continues to wander away as I realize how lucky I was to be able to get into such a good school and be able to have hope for my future. I think back to the many professors who have helped me in so many ways through this and been so understanding when things would come up. I feel so blessed to be a part of this.



# Don't Be the Next Victim

by Diana Slothour

Each morning while brushing my hair I am reminded of my past relationship. The scars left behind from my previous marriage will never go away. I was the victim of domestic violence, and some scars from my past beatings are still there. I had no idea how much danger I was in until I left and was able to reflect back on our relationship. My goal in life now is to educate people on domestic violence so hopefully others can be more informed on this subject and not become another victim.

I would like to share with you what was probably one of the most violent times in my former marriage. My ex-husband and I had just moved to Florida and it was my twenty-first birthday. A few friends had planned a night out for me to celebrate. I was in the bathroom getting ready when my ex-husband came home and saw me dressed in blue jeans and a t-shirt. To most people this wouldn't seem too dressed up but to him I was over dressed and this infuriated him. He then threw me behind the bathroom door and started to hit me with the door repeatedly, until I was able to shove him backwards and escape.



I ran out of the bathroom and toward the kitchen to get my keys so I could leave for my friend's house. Out of nowhere he hit me from behind so hard it knocked me to the ground. I quickly got back to my feet just in time for the TV remote to be thrown at my head but it missed me and left a hole in the wall. I grabbed my keys and as I turned to run my foot became tangled in the chair leg, causing me to fall. My husband took advantage of this and started to kick me in the ribs with his steel toe boots. He then grabbed a knife from the kitchen, held it to my throat, and threatened to kill me. He stood back up, kicked me a few more times, then turned away, but only after he spit on me. With his back turned I grabbed my keys and ran out the door to my friend's house. When I arrived, I was so badly beaten my friends were unable to recognize who I was. This was the turning point in our relationship when I knew things had gone too far and I needed to get out.



Many people are unaware of the warning signs of domestic violence. There are numerous warning signs including verbal, physical and psychological abuse. Verbally abused people are probably the most difficult to identify. Their abuser uses words to make them feel bad about themselves. Some victims may receive harassing phone calls from their abuser. They are often put down by their abuser and made to feel like they are nothing. These signs are often just the tip of the iceberg and the victim may be experiencing other types of abuse.

The signs of physical abuse are the easiest to see and are what most people think of when they hear the words domestic violence. Many times a victim will wear dark sunglasses to hide a black eye. Others may wear long sleeve clothing in the summer to hide bruises on their arms. Some victims who experience frequent “accidents” may be lying to hide the abuse they have received. The physical pain from abuse may go away with time but the emotional scars are there forever.

While being physically and emotionally abused some people develop psychological problems. They may have low self-esteem, show major personality changes or become depressed, anxious or suicidal. Some victims constantly miss work, school or other social occasions without an explanation.

When we know someone is being abused our natural instinct is to help them. This may escalate the amount of violence that person is receiving or may put the rescuer in danger at the same time. If you know someone who is being abused please seek help from a group like Survivors to do it safely. Survivors is a local organization that offers help to victims of domestic violence. The staff there is very friendly and can assist you in obtaining a protection from abuse order. They will also accompany you to any court hearings, help you to find a safe place to stay, and help you to develop a plan to leave safely. However, if you are in immediate danger call 911 or go the nearest hospital for help.



Leaving my ex-husband was the hardest and scariest thing I have ever had to do in my life, but it was the smartest decision for both my daughter and me. This experience has not only affected my life but also hers from being a witness for so many years. In the first two years after leaving my ex-husband I slowly got back on my feet and adjusted to life as a single parent.

Two years after that I remarried and had a son with my husband Robert. I am now working to obtain my degree as a registered nurse with the support of my husband, family and friends. None of this would have ever been possible had I not left.



**The family at Christmas time.  
Courtesy of Diana Slothour**

This is a common problem many people have when trying to leave their abuser. Many think they cannot live without their abuser; I assure you it is possible. Had I known the signs of abuse I may not have been a victim, but I didn't, and now I am trying to educate others so they don't become a victim too. If you are a victim of abuse seek help now before it is too late. Also if you know or suspect someone is being abused, speak up, you may be the only voice they have.

# The Other Side

by Josh Newlin

Most Americans have access to all kinds of technology, education, and other amenities at all hours of the day. However, many have never stopped to ponder how daily life would be without any of these at their disposal. Through travel and involvement as an Infantry Marine, I experienced combat and the life that accompanies it in a third world country: Afghanistan.

Marjah, Afghanistan is truly the epitome of a third world country with little to no amenities. Most of the local populace does not have electricity, which means the Afghan people use battery powered flashlights and fire as a source of light and warmth. Imagine not being able to charge your iPod or cell phone, and the only way is through a rigged car or tractor battery.

Furthermore, because there is no electricity available, the Afghans do not have an easy way to cool off. In response to the 115 degree climate, the Afghan people wear long, thin, baggy clothing to block the sun from their skin and to keep their sweat from drying. Marines and most Americans will refer to this clothing as a “man dress” due to its appearance. Interestingly enough, some Afghans will travel to bigger cities such as Lashkar Gah to obtain small solar panels to use as a source of electricity, while Marines use diesel powered generators.



**Josh Newlin**

Naturally, with no electricity comes barely any plumbing, so where do people defecate? The United States Military has come up with a rather elementary solution called a Wag Bag. A Wag Bag is simply a bag that can be fit around a bottomless plastic commode that will catch a person's waste in a sanitary manner. Inside the bag is a cat litter-like substance that turns liquids into a gel. When finished the person discards the Wag Bag into the burn pit (trash and waste collection point). However, the local people have their own unpleasant way of discarding human waste; anywhere that is convenient at the time. At any point human feces can be found anywhere on the ground and notably around their primary source of water.



**A rare moment of normalcy.  
Courtesy Josh Newlin**

Webbed throughout the city of Marjah is a series of irrigation canals that bring water to the fields for farming: corn, grapes, pomegranate, cotton, marijuana, and poppy. This same water source can also be used for drinking and cooking. How would you like to use septic water to make your morning cup of coffee? If an Afghan has enough money, he can dig a well with a pump. The advantage of the well is to provide cleaner water; however, the water from the well is still contaminated with small amounts of feces and other microbes. Additionally, the irrigation canals are a source of pleasure for the locals by providing a place to bathe and cool off. While the locals use the dirty water for daily life, Marines are luckily supplied with bottled water.



There are a number of ways a Marine can shower. The first way is known as a canteen bath. In order to execute this bath a canteen or bottle of water and a bar of soap are needed. The steps are as follows: dump the water over your body, lather up with soap, and then rinse it off by dumping a second canteen on yourself. The best way to bathe is through the use of a shower bag: a five gallon bag with a hose attached that can be heated by the sun. A shower bag is easy and convenient. It enables Marines to wash with a steady flow of water, because the bag is hung up in order to let gravity do all the work. Also, Marines have a well available where bathing can be accomplished by a buddy pumping while the other washes. The only problem with well water is the temperature can be cold at times, especially during the night.



**Marines playing cards. Courtesy of Josh Newlin**

Inevitably, without electricity and plumbing, technology in Marjah is limited. Most Americans have conformed to iPhones and Droid smartphones, whereas Afghans use cell phones, the equivalent of simple Nokia pre-paid phones. Marines are afforded the opportunity to use satellite phones but with limitations. Only about six phones are issued to the company, which has to be shared with approximately 150 men. Without computers being available to the locals, no internet is available to Afghans, hence no Facebook or Twitter. Marines do not have access to the internet and rely on an antique form of communication: letter mail.

**“It is hard for Americans to picture a life with no technology or education available, and most are continually taking these things for granted.”**

Simple technologies that make daily life easier to Americans such as stoves or washers and dryers, do not exist in Marjah. In order to cook, locals use wood fires and pots to heat up rice, chicken, goat, and various vegetables. There are no traditional ovens powered by electricity or gas, only ovens made of mud and a wood fire. Occasionally, an Afghan or Marine can be seen with a small propane tank fitted with a burner. Unfortunately, the burner is not very large and can only support smaller pots and pans.

Envision the only way to prepare a meal is to gather and cut wood, start a fire, and then monitor the fire as you cook to ensure the temperature remains constant. Not only is cooking a hassle, but there are no appliances to store and keep food fresh except unplugged coolers with ice. Instead, the locals will dig holes about two to three feet and store perishable items such as fruits, vegetables, and liquids. Marines and Afghans alike wash their clothes by hand with detergent and a bucket with the occasional washing board.

More importantly, education in America is paramount, but not in Marjah. The only school that was available consisted of canvas tents with wood platform floors. The tents are surrounded by razor sharp concertina wire and are guarded by both Marines and the Afghan National Army to ensure a safe school zone. The opportunity to learn excites the kids of Marjah, because most of the Afghans have had little or no formal education including the adults. Meanwhile, basic education is guaranteed in America from kindergarten to twelfth grade. In Marjah, the children are struggling to survive with the constant fighting between Taliban and Marine Corps forces. Americans generally take for granted leisurely strolls to school or ride on a secure school bus.

These are only a few of my long list of pertinent observations. Many other nations are experiencing the same hardships, as well as the men and women who serve in The United States Armed Services. It is hard for Americans to picture a life with no technology or education available, and most are continually taking these things for granted. It could always be worse.



**Josh Newlin in uniform. Courtesy of Josh Newlin**

# The Freshman Fifteen

by Chris Herren, Tristan Piper, Danielle Ramsay, John Sibirtzeff, Justin Sites, Dean Smith, Matthew Souder, and Matthew Warner-Dean Smith's Franklin County Report and Technical Writing Class

**1. Know Your School:** HACC students should know the school colors – maroon and white; the school mascot – a hawk; and the best place to get wings – the Appalachian Brewing Company.

**2. Know Yourself:** Accept the fact that you're not perfect. You will screw up, but you will make it through.

**3. Know Your Professors:** Find out about your professors because the prof makes or breaks a course. Try looking at [ratemyprofessors.com](http://ratemyprofessors.com) or just ask around. Once you're in class, get to know your professors by talking to them one on one. You can do this during their office hours or by hanging with them at the Hub or The Pub – your choice.

**4. Broaden Your Horizons:** Get out there! Get into clubs, attend seminars, and find an on-campus job. Take courses outside of your major like swing and salsa dance classes. You may look like a spaz when you're taking the class, but it may give you a chance to cha-cha with someone after the wedding reception.

**5. Know Key People:** Wendy Kaehler: She's the liaison between students and faculty. If you need to add a class, drop a class, or just a shoulder to cry on, she's your go-to person.

Erin Rose: She's the career and co-op director. She helps with resumes, cover letters, job searches, and gives good parenting advice.

Beth Evitts: There's nothing like a good reference librarian to make life easier when you have to write a paper.

Whoever is at the Security Desk: They have the keys to the kingdom.

**6. Picking Classes:** Make a long range plan that balances your gen-eds and the courses in your major. As you go, make sure you perform a degree evaluation on the HACC website. This helps you keep track of the courses you've completed in your major and will list which ones you still need to finish. Just make sure you leave yourself room to take a course where you learn useless information that you've always wanted to know.

**7. Picking Books:** Go to the bookstore and find out what textbooks you'll need for the first day of class. You can buy your textbooks at the bookstore or on-line. If you go on-line, use [Half.com](http://Half.com) or [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) or just Google the ISBN and rent from websites like [campusbookrentals.com](http://campusbookrentals.com) for the best price. However, if you buy it from the HACC bookstore, and the course is cancelled, you'll get a full refund. If you buy it on-line, then you end up with an expensive doorstop, or you could try reselling it.

**8. Picking Friends:** If you have trouble studying, make a study group. Have three people: yourself, one brainiac who knows what's going on, and one attractive person of the opposite sex to get you to show up.\*

**9. Studying:** a) Read the damn book. b) Find a good place to study. c) Don't tell anyone where it is.\*

**10. Go to Class:** Dear Sweet Jesus, go to class every day. It will save you from anxiety nightmares where you dream about taking the final exam naked.

**11. Don't Panic:** Keep in mind that you aren't the first student to be in this class. There were a lot of students that survived last semester and the semester before that, and some of them were not as smart as you. If they can survive it, so can you.

**12. Time Wasters:** Limit your time on Facebook. No one needs to see the pictures of you passed out in the bean dip. And stay away from black holes like World of Warcraft. If you have a gaming system, dress it up with antlers and leave it in a cornfield during deer season.

**13. On-line Courses:** Take as many courses as you can online; this is the one time you can take the final exam naked. But they also require more discipline and can be more challenging, so think hard: are they for you?

**14. Plan:** Grab a calendar or student planner at the bookstore and write down when all of your assignments are due. It helps to know when you have a week from hell coming up.

**15. Procrastination:** Do the assignment as soon as you can. This will save you a lot of unnecessary stress, and give you more time to cha-cha.



# Up Front and Personal in Vietnam

by Michael Redding



How does a young eighteen year old boy from Gettysburg end up with a front row seat to the largest invasion by North Vietnamese troops during the Vietnam War? This is my story. Since many of you were born many years after the end of the war, I will first have to give you some perspective.

In the early sixties, our involvement started with American troops performing two functions: advising and gathering intelligence. America was fighting the Cold War against Communism and was dedicated to stopping the spread of it. The Communists of North Vietnam had been infiltrating South Vietnam with primarily a guerrilla force, the Viet Cong (VC). By 1965, the United States had started to send combat troops to support the South Vietnamese government.

To provide for enough soldiers, the government increased the draft. According to historian Charles Kemp, by October of that year 36,000 men were being drafted monthly.

Most Americans when thinking about Vietnam, envisioning the jungle, Viet Cong, ambushes, booby traps, etc. What occurred in the spring of 1972 was unlike anything that had happened until this time. Kemp reports that North Vietnam sent ten divisions of North Vietnamese Army (NVA) regulars across the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ). They were equipped with weapons of a modern army.



These weapons included surface to air missiles (SAMS), shoulder fired missiles, and Soviet tanks and artillery. Meanwhile, the last remaining American combat troops had gone home. At the height of the war we had over 500,000 troops in the country. Now we had less than 40,000 and most of those were advisors and intelligence gatherers.

The 101st Airborne Division had been stationed at a large base with the distinction of being the northernmost American base. It was called Phu Bai. There were fire bases established to help provide artillery protection to the larger base. The 101st left in January, 1972, leaving a sprawling base that, for the most part, looked like a ghost town.

My teen years coincided with the buildup of American troops and the many losses we incurred. Over 58,000 families had loved ones killed in the war. The evening news and weekly magazines were covered with battle scenes and photos of those who died. I was sixteen when the Tet Offensive occurred in 1968. The protesters were ratcheting up their demonstrations against the war, yet somehow I knew I wanted to go. I wanted to experience it first hand, not just the military but the country, the culture, and the people. The defining moment for me came as I was watching John Wayne's movie, *The Green Berets*. In a scene where he is introducing one of the teams, I was impressed that so many of the soldiers were bilingual. The rest of the movie is filled with the right propaganda, enough to make you want to "kill a Commie for Christ," a popular slogan of the time.

So, at a trip to the local recruiter, I discovered my calling. I was to enlist in the United States Army Security Agency (ASA) as a Vietnamese translator-interpreter. I first had to be able to obtain the highest security clearance awarded. Everyone in the unit had a top secret-crypto clearance. We were told we were the best and brightest. I spent 47 weeks in the desert at an old Strategic Air Command base with native speakers for instructors. The Defense Language Institute created the school for the Vietnamese language only. At the conclusion of that school, I was sent to an Air Force base for specialized intelligence training.

I arrived in Vietnam on March 16th, 1972. I was assigned to the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) with orders to report to the 8th Radio Research Field Station at Phu Bai. My assignment there was to translate documents and to assist cryptographers in code breaking. The mission I was assigned to was the low level tactical situation in I corps, my area! This gave me intimate knowledge of enemy actions and strengths that had a direct impact on my personal situation and safety.

In my first security briefing I was shown a map with enemy units designated in fluorescent orange. It was covered with orange markings delineating enemy units of all sizes. I remember asking how big an area the map covered and being told that it covered our immediate area! Only 19 years old, in the country for a little over a week and realizing that the enemy was all around us and in large numbers. It was quite difficult to comprehend and digest.

On March 30th, all hell broke loose. The NVA sent ten divisions across the DMZ for what has become known as the Easter Offensive or the Spring Offensive of 1972. The NVA shelled one of our Fire Support Bases (FSB) with over 2000 rounds of artillery before it fell to an overwhelming ground assault. We received our first rocket attacks on April 13 and 14. On April 29th, two more of our FSBs fell to the enemy. Highway 1, the main north-south route along the coast became filled with fleeing South Vietnamese troops and civilian refugees. I had wanted to see what it was all about, and there I was, with a job that provided me with accurate information about the situation. During the next several months the enemy shelled us with rockets, mortars and artillery. They would send sappers through the wire to blow up buildings. We knew we were surrounded by an overwhelming force yet they never put on a ground assault against us. Why?



Uncle Meat and crew. Phu Bai 1972

The answer came in October. One morning we woke up and were told to gather our duffels and hit the airfield. We were leaving and going to Da Nang. Just like that, no prior indications or hints that we were leaving. Upon arrival to Da Nang, I was reassigned from monitoring low level tactical radio traffic to working the high level political traffic. It was during this time that I worked on a message from the political arm of the party that was sent to various military leaders. In fine communist rhetoric, the message was long and flowery. What it said was simple; "Lay down your flags and weapons, allow the imperialistic Americans to go home. After they are gone, we will raise up our flags and weapons and the country will be ours!" This message was the result of Henry Kissinger's involvement in the Paris Peace talks. I knew then why they never tried to overrun us, Henry was cutting the deal.

I came home in October for R&R and didn't have to go back. My unit got orders it was coming home. I spent the remainder of my time in the ASA working the Vietnamese mission for the National Security Agency. I had turned twenty years old by the time I came home, a different boy than the one who had left ten months earlier. A lot of my friends had gone to college, but my bumper sticker says, University of South Vietnam, School of Warfare. Unlike so many others, I came home alive and not physically wounded. I had however, been affected, with wounds you could not see. Those months of being surrounded, being shelled at random, not knowing if today was the day we would be fighting for our lives against an overwhelming force had taken their toll.



Four decades later, the war is still a large part of who I am. However, there are other milestones in life that become a part of you as well: marriage, divorce, another marriage, having children, and the death of a child. As time goes forward, the bad memories become distant ones and the good memories remain.

**Vietnam photographs courtesy of Michael Redding.**

# Re-enacting the Civil War

by Christina Norton

The year is 1863 and we are at war with the North. This is what you would have heard about 150 years ago if you lived in the southern part of the United States. Today, men, women and children honor those who fought and had gone before us by reenacting those very events that occurred. Not only do people use reenacting as an honor of the deceased, but my husband Ben and I do it as a hobby together, which many couples and families do. It is also a way to meet some great people that you would eventually consider your family. Our reenacting family is named the 24th North Carolina Company B "Onslow Guards" for the Confederate Army.

Under historical circumstances, there would be no women living in camp. Considering that our unit is a family oriented unit we camp Garrison style. It is the type of style where you see the rows of tents allowing family members to stay and camp together. With this style of camping, women are allowed to stay within the camp.



**Ladies preparing apple pie.**  
**Courtesy of Christina Norton.**

Women had to cope with many hardships of that time such as dealing with the death of their loved ones, finding food and taking care of their young. Reading the diaries of the southern civil war women taught us how they actually lived and struggled through the time of war. To make money, women resorted to opening their homes as boarding houses, running their families farm and, as a last resort, prostitution, just so their family could survive. They did the manual labor a man would usually do to earn money. Many perceive the southern civil war women as upper class women who didn't do a thing but look pretty. However, these women made ammunition, bandages out of old sheets, and cooked for the men fighting in the area. Our unit tries to keep the authenticity by women cooking in camp.

A typical day in camp for a woman gets hectic sometimes. Women in our unit usually wake up around 6 AM and get dressed, restart the fire and put the coffee on. Then we prepare breakfast over the fire. It usually consist of, but is not limited to home made sausage gravy and biscuits, scrambled eggs and fried potatoes. After breakfast we usually have some down time once the dishes and cooking equipment is cleaned and put away. The down time gives us some time to fix our tents and our appearance for the day. We make sure that modern things are put away and out of sight before spectators come in to see our camp. Modern things as an example would be how we get our food. We do buy our meats and such at a grocery store and keep them in a cooler covered in a tent for sanitation purposes. During each event, we have to coordinate the lunch times of when the men go out to battle.

For lunch, we will try to have a variety of different things we like to call "buffet bites," where we take two different meats and two different blocks of cheeses and chop them into squares. Also included is a mixture of chopped raw veggies, hard boiled eggs and either crackers or bread slices. All the while, we try to have lunch either before or right after the battle. Then we set up several kettles of water to be heated by the fire so the men are able to clean their rifles immediately following the battle.

Dinner is a huge deal in camp.





For dinner there are several famous dishes that have been made by the women of the 24th North Carolina. Just to name a few of the favorite main dishes we cook: beef stew, moonshine pork chops, roasted beef on the spit and chicken pot-pie. These dishes are always served with a vegetable on the side and home made corn bread that we made on the fire or biscuits. Dessert is always a big treat for all members of the 24th North Carolina. We make things over the fire such as cinnamon rolls, apple pie and peach pie. They are always home made and delicious with the smoky flavor of the camp fire. We try to make everything we can in camp home made just the way they would have in the 1860's. For an average weekend, we feed between twenty to thirty people. The 24th North Carolina participates in about ten to twelve events a year. The cost for a whole weekend of food coverage is \$13 and two gallons of water per person. This includes five meals, snacks, desserts and drinks.

The food isn't even half of what the women can do. Not only can the women cook, they sew, crochet, knit and make clothing. Several women will also get together to hand-make the flags that represent our unit. We are currently making a flag for a sister unit of the 24th North Carolina. If you come visit our camp when we are not cooking you will see our women sitting and talking while sewing, crocheting or rocking a baby as women would have done during that era. During the off-season of reenacting, the women of our unit will make dresses and uniforms.



**The ladies at work.**  
**Courtesy of Christina Norton.**



**Lined up pretty in period dresses.**  
**Courtesy of Christina Norton.**

I feel as if the unit runs like a well-oiled machine and everyone has a key role in making things run smoothly which makes the hobby more enjoyable. I love giving back to the community by doing this type of volunteer work. For example, each year we go to Frederick, Maryland for the weekend to the Rose Hill Farm Museum. We teach adults and children by showing them and talking to them how life would have been in camp back then. We make corn husk dolls made with pieces of yarn, like the ones children would have had in the 1860's. The adults enjoy watching the women work in the kitchen and prepare the meals. They really like watching us cook pies and desserts in the dutch oven over the hot coals of the camp fire. The children, especially the younger boys, like interacting with the soldiers and participating in trying to file in line.

I became a reenactor two years ago when my husband had asked me to join his re-enacting family. I had expressed my concerns and doubts to the civilian coordinator, Miss Judy, who is in charge of the women, of not having the knowledge of the history behind me. I had also told Miss Judy that I would only join the unit if I could be a cook because that is the only thing I had knowledge of. Needless to say, Miss Judy grinned ear to ear with excitement because that is exactly what they needed. Ever since then, being under the wings of Miss Judy and the rest of the 24th's women I have come such a long way, even developing more cooking skills.

It is a lot of fun to have a hobby that will get your mind off your daily life. Not only is it a hobby, it is an honor to participate in remembering our forefathers. If anyone is interested in getting started or would like a trial weekend with our unit, we have arms wide open to new members, men and women alike. Please feel free to contact me if you have any questions about reenacting. Email: [christina.m.norton@gmail.com](mailto:christina.m.norton@gmail.com)

# Army Nurses

by Emily Heckman



Army nurses have been a part of United States' history since 1775, when Gen. George Washington asked Congress for women to tend to the sick and dying soldiers. Again in the Civil War, most nurses were women who volunteered their time to take care of wounded and dying men. In February of 1901, the Army's Medical Department authorized the Nurse Corps. These women would sign paperwork agreeing to the Army's rules and regulations.

During World War I, these women were sent to Europe to work in hospitals to care for the soldiers. On July 9, 1918, the Nurse Corps would become the Army Nurse Corps. This meant that these women would now be a part of the Army and receive Army pay and benefits. Not only did these women take care of sick and dying men, but they also did other jobs so there would be more men to fight on the front lines. Some of the jobs included office work, as well as being dietitians, and vehicle and aircraft mechanics.

The U.S. Army Center of Military History states that during the attack on Pearl Harbor Hawaii on December 7, 1941, there were 82 Army nurses stationed in Hawaii at three military hospitals. "Tripler Army Hospital was overwhelmed with hundreds of casualties suffering from severe burns and shock. The blood-spattered entrance stairs led to hallways where wounded men lay on the floor awaiting surgery." Within forty-eight hours after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the United States declared war on Japan, Germany, and Italy.

About 100 Army nurses were stationed in the Philippines in 1941. When the Japanese attacked the Philippine Islands in 1941, the nurses that were stationed outside of the capital city of Manila managed to make their way to the city without any problems. However, there were two Army nurses and several Navy nurses that didn't make it to Manila in time and were captured and taken as prisoners of war by the Japanese. These women were liberated from their prison camp on February 3, 1945.



**Nurses marching.**  
**Courtesy of Emily Heckman**

Throughout the war in the Pacific, nurses were setting up field hospitals to care for the men. These women were usually set up on the previous island that had been taken by the Allied Forces. They lived in small, wooden huts with no running water. There were so many wounded men that the nurses would have to lay them out on the ground to house them. Both the nurses and the wounded men were constantly fighting malaria-carrying mosquitos. According to the U.S. Army Center of Military History (CMH), “The hospitals on New Caledonia received malaria cases from Guadalcanal, the Solomon Islands, and the New Hebrides.



**A nurse washing clothing.  
Courtesy of Emily Heckman**

More than 50 percent of admissions for disease between 1942 and 1944 were malaria patients. Battle casualties arriving from New Guinea, New Britain, Guadalcanal, and Saipan were predominantly abdominal cases, but chest wounds were also common.” The wounded men were coming into the hospitals so quickly that the nurses were taking over a lot of the jobs that doctors would be doing if they were back home in the United States. This included giving “transfusions, debriding , dressing wounds and removing sutures.” These nurses served in this malaria infested, tropical climate with water shortages and kamikaze attacks from 1941 until the end of the war, in 1945.

In June of 1944, Army nurses landed in England to set up field and evacuation hospitals four days after the D-Day invasion. They received 1,309 patients from that invasion and performed 596 surgeries before they were moved across the English Channel to France. Unlike the nurses in the Pacific, the nurses that served in the European Theater followed closely behind the allied lines. “They often slept out in the open without tents, spent days looking for their equipment, and suffered from boredom and inactivity,” claims CMH. “In December, trench foot accounted for more casualties than all other causes combined.”

Trench foot was caused by men living in cold, wet conditions for a long period of time. Eventually the foot begins to rot. As the Allied Forces pushed further into Germany, the nurses were not far behind. This meant that they had to endure bombings from the Germans on a regular basis. Near the end of the war in Europe, the nurses were caring for not only wounded men, but they started to receive prisoners of war. They had to care for men that were malnourished when the nurses themselves were living on rations. From the CMH we learn that “Victims of starvation, with long-neglected wounds inflicted by systematic torture, many also suffered from typhus, frozen feet, gangrene, bed sores, and severe dermatitis. Eight out of every ten inmates had tuberculosis.” Most of these patients died from their diseases or malnutrition.



**Emily enjoying a warm spring day.**

In May of 1945, Germany surrendered and the war was over in Europe. Nurses along with troops were put onto ships and sent home. The war with Japan didn’t end until they surrendered in September of 1945. “Overall, 201 nurses died while serving in the Army during the war” according to U.S. Army Center of Military History. Because these women served their country they were able to come home and receive an education just as all the men did with the help of the G.I. Bill. Many of these nurses continued their education in nursing and worked at hospitals until they could retire. They learned many valuable skills under the worst conditions possible and still managed to save thousands of lives during World War II.

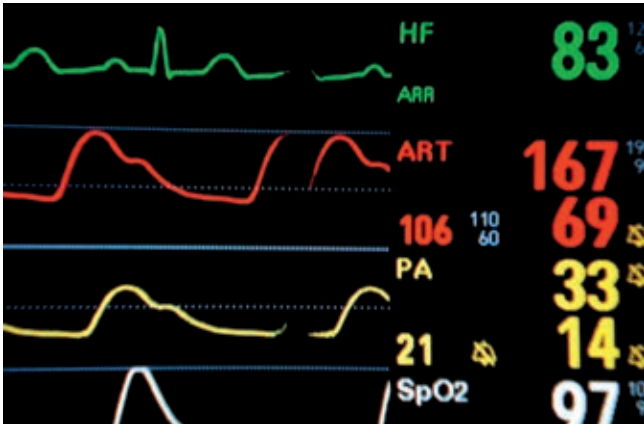


# Death of My First Patient

by Michelle Kooser

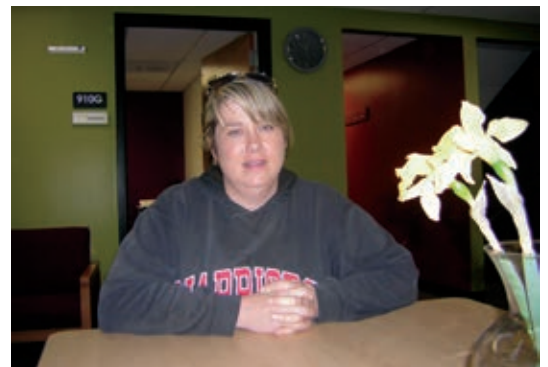
There is a certain amount of edgy excitement working in the emergency room for the first time. I was a new nursing graduate and took a job in a local emergency room of a small hospital. The first few days were the usual basic training and showing me how things were run—all the necessary evils of a new job. One of the necessary evils I did not expect was the death of my first patient along with my future attitude on emergency nursing.

My first real day of working with patients would be on the third shift weekend, Saturday night. I started my shift stocking required medical supplies and reading charts of patients who were going to stay overnight. For a weekend night at the emergency room it was actually kind of slow. Doctors and nurses could be seen going out for smoke breaks, eating well-deserved meals, standing around conversing, catching up on filing, nothing really traumatic. A monotoned, stoic, veteran nurse of twenty years told me that nothing really came in until the bars closed. So I checked and rechecked all the medical supplies and reviewed patient charts again, just like I was trained to do.



2:00 a.m. arrived, and everyone seemed to get a bit tenser and automatically organized. At 2:18 a.m. the head nurse received a call of an ambulance coming in with a gunshot victim. He was not conscious, his stats were barely there and were failing fast. Their estimated time of arrival was two minutes. In my mind it was as if I blinked and the ambulance was right outside the bay, backing up with its doors opening fast while an ambulance technician blared information about the patient.

A doctor took over, screaming orders as he jumped on top of the patient to continue chest compressions. He ordered a chest x-ray, a full tox screen, and to push I.V fluids, page cardiac, respiratory, surgery and have a code blue cart outside the door. I knew that requesting all those specialist before even getting this circus into a trauma room was not a good sign and that this guy was not in good shape. I could not actually see the severity of the patient's wound because the doctor was still on top of him and he was surrounded by a wall of nurses around the gurney as it was rolling. But you could smell the fresh blood along with gunpowder.



**Michelle Kooser back at HACC to work on her new degree.**



Once in the trauma room, everyone went to their specialty when working a trauma. One nurse helped the doctor control the bleeding, another gathered the IV pole and bags of fluids, two were gathering needed instruments, another nurse was on the phone paging the specialists and the head nurse was overseeing it all. She called for me to take his stats: blood pressure, pulse, and temperature. I gathered the equipment and walked over to the patient. The inside of my body turned to stone once I looked at the gaping hole in the chest of the patient. His chest reminded me of a horror movie where the person gets hacked up but is still alive, even though half of his chest is gone but you can still see his heart moving like a creature from space. I kept telling myself it was real and not fake. It looked fake, it REALLY looked fake.

I regained a light feeling of reality and took the stats. They were all too low to be able to survive a wound like this one. I charted everything and was then ordered to draw his blood. I did not have to explain to the patient that there would be a prick because he was unconscious. As the blood trickled in the tube and not the usual squirting in the tube, because of all the blood loss, I could not keep my unbelieving eyes off the wound.

The barrel of a shotgun had been put up to the rib cage of the patient. The trigger was pulled and immediately this opened a three inch wound that expanded up and out on his chest, creating an eight inch hole of his neck. All the skin in between was gone or peeled back on either side of his rib cage. The heart was exposed, out in the open and still beating. The lungs were punctured with tiny BB holes from the buckshot ammunition. Froth was coming out of the holes in the lungs resembling ocean water in the hottest part of summer. Just as my last tube filled up, the heart stopped. The alarms went off and the code blue cart was being brought in.



All the veterans knew that he would not make it. I later asked them at what point they knew. They all said from the time he left the ambulance. As I put in more time and became more proficient as a nurse, I too was able to guess a true time of death and not just a time of death when the heart stops beating. The first death I experienced in the emergency room taught me many skills for future patients along with how to desensitize myself and realize there is a disassociated aspect to working on emergency patients. That is the only way one can be a true trauma health care professional, an unemotional mechanic for humans. That is what the death of my first patient taught me, an altered attitude on emergency nursing.

# Arts Council is Growing Artists

by Hannah Hottenstein



The desire to create is a distinct part of being human. On the same note, our need to share our creations with others is a key part of the meaning of “community.” The arts are a healthy way for all of us to connect with others around us in more special, tangible ways than otherwise possible in day-to-day life. How can we do this?

There is a quickly-growing, vibrant network of artisans within your community: HACC students! Adams County alone boasts a great number of talented artisans, craftsmen and women, musicians, thespians, and fine artists.

Maybe you are a local artist but you haven’t yet discovered an outlet for your art. Or perhaps you would like to be more involved in the arts, and meet other local artists, but you don’t know where to begin. It can sometimes be difficult to find the connections and training needed to keep the creative genius within all of us alive. The Adams County Arts Council seeks to create awareness for the arts and simultaneously foster the ever-changing expressions of the arts that its members create.

Back in 1993, when they were just a small group of visionaries, the Council saw these sorts of needs within the community and decided to address them by founding a society where the artists all over Adams County could network, share ideas, and exchange skills of creative expression. What started out as a handful of friends and an idea has grown to an all-encompassing, county non-profit organization that includes more than five hundred members!

The ACAC’s first and ongoing goal is to promote awareness of the arts in communities in Adams County. For these very efforts, they have won numerous awards in excellence in management and giving back to the community. They are reaching this goal by staying in close cooperation with other local businesses and centers that are promoting the arts such as, The Gettysburg Dance Company, the PennState Ag Center, Gettysburg College, The Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary, and The Majestic Theater. The ACAC desires to grow with the community, and keep close connections with community members, in order to accommodate its needs and anticipate and actively participate in facilitating the personal and professional developments of area artists.



So how are they bringing the community together? With the completion in January 2010 of their brand new, beautifully outfitted building on Washington Street in downtown Gettysburg, they are bringing the community together? With the completion in January 2010 of their brand new, beautifully outfitted building on Washington Street in downtown Gettysburg, they are bringing local artists together within the same environment.







Now, the Adams County Arts Council is better able to fulfill another of its stated purposes: to create a safe, inviting environment for artists and art-appreciators to create, show, and grow their work. The new building is a large, aesthetically pleasing, fully functional facility for the arts. There are several galleries found on the first floor in which the works of local artisans are displayed continually, and specifically for special events.

Also found on the first floor, are offices and a spacious multi-purpose classroom where many of the art classes and lessons are held. If you ascend the stairs up to the second floor, you will find a long hall filled with spacious, tidy offices and art studios. The art studios can be rented out, as several local artists have taken advantage of already.

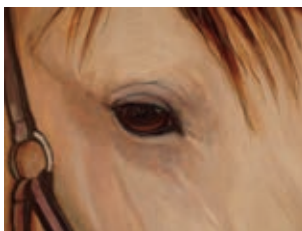
Art students at HACC who are seeking to supplement their skills with classes and showcase their work—and perhaps win juried art shows!—should look to the ACAC for a great art community experience.

The classes that the ACAC offers—year round—cover a wide range of topics and are taught by artisan experts in each of their respective fields. Instruction is offered for all age and skill levels as well; there are beginning, child, expert, and adult classes alike. Special programs that are geared directly toward fostering the spoken-word arts, like reading poetry, performing theatrically, and speaking in public are also offered. Just a few of the recent listings of upcoming classes include: Introduction to Interior Design, Beginner Piano, and Painting Fundamentals. Topics covered by the reasonably priced classes can be anything from learning about oil painting to learning how to bake, make clay jewelry, or roll sushi. The wonderful thing about most of the classes is that there are no prerequisites for skill! Each instructor tailors the classroom experience to your skill level, helping you build on what you know or start from the ground up. The ACAC is all about diving right into art, right from where you are.

So maybe this all sounds promising to you, but you're thinking, "What's it going to cost me?" and perhaps "Could I possibly even afford any of the classes?" The answer is yes! Classes and programs are priced at a very reasonable price range on purpose: the Council wants to make sure that art instruction and participation is readily accessible by the community. The average four-week class, for example, is held each week for two hours of instruction and runs in the \$85-95 price range, depending on whether you are a member of the Adams County Arts Council or not. The average one day class, which is typically 3 hours long, is usually about \$35 dollars.



For the quality of the teachers and the length of instruction, these are extremely feasible costs for the average college student. An Adams County Arts Council membership runs for a year, entitles you to discounted classes, invitations to their special events, and is merely \$30 for a student, \$40 for an individual, or \$60 for a whole family. Considering not only the personal enrichment you could receive from your membership, but also how much good that investment will in turn do the community, and other artists and students like yourself, joining the ACAC is a smart move. Not only will you be growing personally, but you will be encouraging artistic growth and awareness in your own community. What is there not to love about that?



# The Importance and Impact of Scholarships

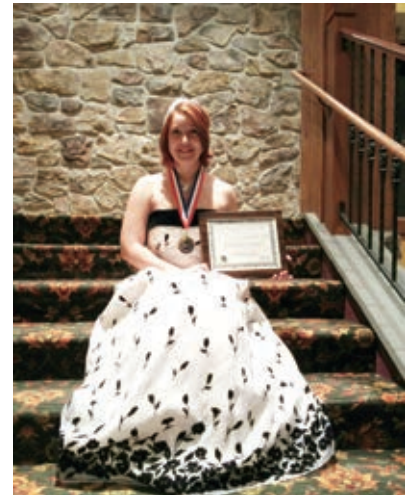
by Rebekka Fields

Getting a college education is the most valuable thing you can do for yourself. There are many reasons people go to school beyond the obvious benefit of allowing for a better chance at a great career. Personal enrichment, setting a good example for your children, because your job has been displaced, to achieve a dream... everyone has their own reasons to want or need to go to school. However, most of us cannot afford to pay for our education without help. Scholarships can make a huge difference in the life of a student. Below, I will highlight four articles about how scholarships have impacted HACC students, including myself.

There are many students who don't appreciate the value of an education. I am not one of those students.

My life has been far from easy. I was born and raised in Germany by my mother. Shortly after our arrival to America, she passed away from cancer when I was 13. After the funeral, my older siblings walked me to the vehicle of a stranger, my father. Without warning, I was torn from the life I had known, and catapulted into a strange, terrifying new world.

I struggle to survive my new life through high school. Even without my family support, I focused on my goal: attending college and changing my future. Believing the only kind of assistance that existed were huge loans, and scholarships were only for the few, I felt the military was my only option. Between my senior year and my 1st year in the U.S. Navy, awful things happened to me and I felt pointless. I made a poor judgment call and ended up marrying a horrible person.



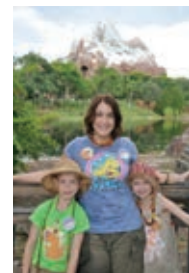
Years of abuse followed, the daily events too horrible to name here and not something I like to remember. However, out of that nightmare came two absolutely wonderful children that mean the world to me.

I finally found the courage to escape the cycle in 2008. I have had to rebuild our lives from scratch. It has been a very difficult journey, and overcoming the damage will be a lifetime struggle for us.

Now, I am a 28-year-old single mother, finally freed to pursue my dreams. I have attended classes at HACC Gettysburg full-time for 2 years. I am also the campus Veterans Affairs representative. I love this school, my job, my education, the faculty, students, and the clubs. It has been a wonderful experience for me. I will earn my Associates degree in Gen. education in May of 2012 and I hope to do so with honors.



Without financial aid such as scholarships and grants, I could never have reached this goal without drowning in debt. Scholarships make it possible for those whose lives are not charmed to achieve their dreams. Without this assistance I would not be able to continue, or even been able to start, pursuing my goals.



Graduation day will be the best day of my life. I will be the 1st person in my family to receive a college degree. It will be something I fought, cried, and worked myself to the bone to achieve. It will be worth all the nights without sleep, years of financial turmoil, time away from my children, and the immense effort I poured into every aspect of this journey. With this degree in further education, I will be able to offer a better future to my children and to myself. Next I plan to pursue bachelor degrees in psychology and linguistics. Past events only strengthened my drive to be a truly good person and to prove that we can change the cards we were dealt, and overcome the odds.

## Perry Leavey

Sometimes life does not always go as planned. The trick is to be fluid and flexible, adaptable and open to new experiences and possibilities. That goes for anyone whether they are 15 or 50. I happened to have been the latter and faced with the challenge of changing careers at that late date.

I owned and ran a small mortgage brokerage for 16 years, until the mortgage industry failed and I was forced to close the doors. I was suddenly faced with a set of choices that I had never contemplated. Start over from scratch in an entry-level position in a new career, or go to college and get a degree? I ultimately chose to return to school after a long 33-year break, but not before dealing with the typical fears, anxieties, questions and doubts associated with a move of that nature.

My favorite saying that I had originally associated with my starting at HACC had been “shock to the system”. This unquestionably describes my feelings upon returning to school on a full-time basis at 50-something. I am sure that the fears and uncertainties of entering the world of college life are similar for all students. However, the questions in my own head loomed large.

Would the three decades removed from school affect my abilities? Would I be able to compete with the better prepared to younger students? How would I fit in to the general student base? What I ultimately found is that many of those fears were unfounded.

**“More important is the overall effect that support had, and that which I found within myself. It encouraged a renewed motivation and sense of challenge, as well as an ever growing wave of confidence and accomplishment”**

I saw within HACC Gettysburg Campus a broad range of student demographics. I was surprised to find a number of adults returning to school to further their education or enhance their employment skill sets. I also found an open and accommodating administration and staff. In advising, financial aid, individual professors and supporting staff I acquired many allies that truly helped to clear and encourage my path to graduation. And to all of them I extend my heartfelt gratitude.

More important is the overall effect that support had and that which I found within myself. It encouraged a renewed motivation and sense of challenge as well as an ever-growing wave of confidence and accomplishment.

And the proof of that is reflected in the outcome. I far exceeded all of my initial expectations to the point where my initial shock to the system had simply transformed into shocking academic results with plans to graduate with an Associate of Science in technology studies.

Don't misunderstand, there were many long days and many late nights. Many times when digging deeper and putting in extra effort made the difference between mediocrity and excellence. But the moral of the story is that HACC as a whole offers the same support and opportunities to all. Anybody, young or old, who is willing to go the extra mile can partner with HACC and achieve extraordinary results.

**Perry's hard work and perseverance earned him one of the first scholarship awards from the HACC Gettysburg Campus Opportunity and Access Fund.**



## Brooke Flohr

I have just completed my third year at HACC Gettysburg campus and have enjoyed every minute of my experience. Over the past few years, I found something out about myself: I enjoy making people smile, providing care for them, and allowing them to feel better about themselves. These are qualities that some of the best nurses possess. When it came time to choose a major, I knew I wanted to be a nurse. My journey begins this fall when I enter HACC Gettysburg campus' highly respected nursing program.

My dream to become a nurse would not have been possible without the supportive environment I found at HACC. I've had the opportunity to closely interact with staff, faculty, and other students on campus. This has made me more determined, more confident, and a part of the HACC family.

I am a member of Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society, a student worker in the library, and president of the Ski and Snowboarding Club. At our recent student awards and recognition ceremony, I was honored to receive the Outstanding Student Worker award and Student Government Association Campus Service Award. At the award ceremony, I was also privileged to be one of four students to receive the first scholarship award from the HACC Gettysburg Campus Opportunity and Access Scholarship Fund.

**“Receiving the scholarship benefits my personal, educational, and career goals in so many ways. I can stress less over financial constraints and devote my full attention to my Nursing studies.”**

This fund was established in 2008 and is supported through the generosity of local businesses, private foundations, and community and campus donors. It supports students, like me, who find ourselves in financial need while pursuing our career goals.

I currently work three different jobs, saving everything I earn to pay for school. As I transition into nursing clinicals, students are advised to work as little as possible, if at all, because of the rigorous schedule of the clinical program. Receiving the scholarship benefits my personal, educational, and career goals in so many ways. I can stress less over financial constraints and devote my full attention to my Nursing studies.

I am so enthusiastic about becoming a nurse. I know I will get the best education, and receive the clinical skills needed through the nursing program at HACC Gettysburg. For this, I am very thankful to all those who donated to the Opportunity and Access Scholarship Fund. This scholarship fund is a permanently endowed fund that supports local students who attend the campus.

I invite you to consider a gift to the school scholarship fund through the HACC Gettysburg Scholarship Partner program. As the fund continues to grow, more students will benefit from its scholarship support. Students like me, Perry Leavey, Jason Stewart, and Amy Stoltzfus, who received scholarships this year, will use the award to ease our financial hardships in years to come. The HACC Gettysburg Campus Opportunity and Access Scholarship Fund will help many students, and they will appreciate this special gift as much as we do.

**Brooke is currently working hard to succeed in her Nursing education while still doing her best to participate in club activities and charity events at HACC.**

# Jeremy Ross

As a teenager suffering from both Tourette Syndrome (TS) and Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD), I have dealt with the feeling of “Why am I different?”

Initially, TS was not a concept I knew about as a young child. I knew that I had certain “habits”, but they weren’t overly strange or unusual to me. As I got older, however, I came to realize that most of my habits (or tics) were things that my friends didn’t do.

The knowledge that I was different took some getting used to. As an elementary homeschool student, my days were spent mostly with my family, and I gradually came to accept my tics and nervous habits. I participated in some social activities with other homeschoolers, including choir and drama camp. But, basically, I was a pretty quiet person.

In eighth grade, my family joined a homeschool co-op. My high school years were challenging because of the increased social contact with teens my age who didn’t know that I had TS. Many times I received an odd look from a fellow classmate because of a tic. But in the long run, I came to realize that TS could never make me feel any less important as a person. I accepted myself, flaws and all, and wasn’t ashamed.

By the time I reached my senior year of high school, only one English class was needed to graduate. Interestingly, I knew that I wanted to major in English, but I still had that last credit to finish first. I also didn’t know which college I wanted to attend, so I thought that the best course of action I could take would be to enroll in HACC Gettysburg Campus and begin working on my general education courses.

I adjusted to college life easily, even though I was still in high school. By that point, I had gained enough confidence in myself, and I wasn’t worried about how people would react to my TS. I also knew that I wanted to move on to a higher challenge.

Writing is my dream, though I don’t know exactly what shape or form it will ultimately take. Receiving the Jonathan Ralph Stellar Memorial Scholarship from HACC helped me take one step closer to that goal. In order to apply for the scholarship, I had to write a short essay about myself and the life obstacle that I had to overcome. I was quite thrilled when I opened the letter and read that I had been awarded the scholarship, and wondered if my words had played a part in the decision. It gave me confidence to pursue my dream: to become an excellent writer.

The scholarship was also a boost to my finances because it allowed me to pay for two additional classes at HACC. I am one step closer to meeting my educational goals.



**For more information on how to support students through scholarships, contact Judy Alder, Campus Development Officer at the HACC Gettysburg Campus at 717-337-3855 ext. 3056 or [jaalder@hacc.edu](mailto:jaalder@hacc.edu).**

Since the appearance of my article in the Gettysburg Times, I have won the Swope Travel Award for my study abroad trip to Romania to work with the orphans this spring, and have become a member of the All-PA Academic Team, a great honor I am exceptionally proud of. I am so deeply grateful for the financial assistance and the recognition given to me by HACC. Here you see just a few ways that scholarships make a difference. There are many more students who could benefit from scholarships, and HACC appreciates any level of support. And to the students: Apply for scholarships, you just might be chosen as a recipient.

# Fat Girl Problems

by Angie Wilt

Hi, my name is Angie and I am a fat girl.

No, do not try to soothe my ego. I know what I am. American society has beheld my size fourteen derriere and dubbed me 'fat' because I do not fit into the size four to size six range of acceptability. And, like a good American citizen, I roll over and submit to my fate. No matter that I work out every day. No matter that I attempt to be careful to eat nutritious foods. No matter that I enhance my diet with vitamins and supplements to maintain and boost my health. No matter that I schedule and keep annual physical check-up exams. No matter at all.

I will not lie and say that I could not stand to lose some unwanted fat baggage. I will not lie and say that I always make healthy food choices. I will not lie and say that it is Krispy Kreme's fault that I am addicted to doughnuts. I will also not lie and say that there is not a serious double standard in this country when it comes to societal concepts of beauty versus personal levels of self-worth and self-esteem. And, I will most definitely not lie and say that most of these types of advertising are aimed at young girls and women. Thank you, marketing executives and fashion gurus, for creating a social dilemma for the collective that we are ever hard-pressed to solve.

Some may argue that staying thin boils down to self-discipline and hard work. People who say this are typically skinny already and tend to take being thin for granted. They are the ones who will never agonize about gaining an ounce as they cry through a pint of ice cream after that nightmare break-up (or whatever else may have driven them to indulge). They are the ones who love shopping because they look good in the clothes that they try on. They will never understand what it is like to stare in disbelief at the reflection in the dressing room mirror and plunge into a depressed funk because that tiny muffin top has somehow burgeoned into a bag of bagels. They are the ones who just do not get it, and never will. I should know. I used to be one of them.



My, how times have changed. And, let me tell you, in this case, the grass is absolutely not greener on the other side. The reasons people feel socially unacceptable vary. However, the amount of pressure to conform to society's ideal of beauty is relentless and comes at us from every direction. Television, radio and internet advertisements tell us that to be acceptable, we must be thin, we must have glossy manageable hair, we must have flawless skin, we must have pearly white teeth and above all we must wear the latest fashions and own the newest gadgets. And, when we do not, or cannot, conform to these ideals, there are a myriad of people just waiting to rip us apart from the scalp on down. Seriously, how can anyone bear to poke their heads out of their front (or even back) doors under that amount of scrutiny? Yet, we must, and we do, and we endure the best we can, usually by making out with a box of cupcakes. It is a vicious, never-ending cycle.



Whatever happened to encouraging people to appreciate and love themselves “as-is”? Was there an announcement that the food and fitness corporations and the fashion police have declared martial law? If there was, I must have missed it. How is it then that we have permitted them to gain such powerful control over the degree of our self-worth? Is it because we have allowed ourselves to be duped into thinking that there is only one type of beauty? Are we not responsible for developing the confidence and self-esteem needed to rise above the frivolous and shallow expectations of public approval?

In fairness, we cannot wholly accuse others for our own part in feeling obligated to live up to pop culture’s standards.

You kind of have to wonder; are we just more comfortable pointing a finger of fault at companies who are trying to sell their products so they can keep their workers employed? Do we not share some of the blame? I mean, after all, who are the ones buying these products? We are. After all, we are the ones whose purchases create the demand for the products that are being manufactured. And, we are the ones who must bear the burden of how we feel about our reflection in the mirror. See, those skinny people are not altogether wrong.



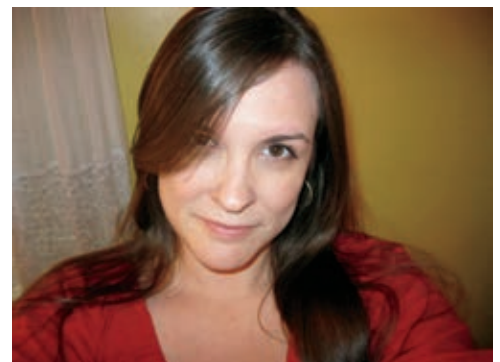
For many (not all), a little healthy eating and some regular exercise would go a long way. Please do not misunderstand me. I am not recommending this as a means to lose weight to conform, the exact opposite, in fact. I am a firm believer in working toward getting what you want. If what you want is a solid sense of self-worth, the only one who can truly provide that for you is you. You see, several years ago, because of a health condition and some poor medication choices by my doctors, I ended up gaining about sixty pounds in about ten months’ time.

I went from being a blissfully ignorant skinny girl to being amply huggable. I became depressed, and found myself plummeting into a shame spiral. Finally, I realized that in order to reverse the situation, I would have to be the one to make the effort.

About two years ago (with a small recent break) I began working out regularly. I hate exercising with a passion. But, I love feeling like I am doing something good for myself. I like the way my energy remains stable throughout the day. Unfortunately, exercise alone wasn’t doing the trick, as I am also a big fan of eating. I love chocolate, pretty much any kind of junk food, actually. But, I also love grapes, and green beans and watermelon and apple slices. Making the switch from eating junk food regularly and veggies or fruits sporadically to eating veggies and fruits regularly and junk food sporadically has been a sacrifice. Again, though, the feeling that I am doing something to improve the situation has made the difference.

Now, you may be thinking ‘sure, after all of that she’s probably skinny again.’ Hate to burst your bubble. Even after all this time, I have yet to dip below a size twelve. And, if you think the effort is wasted, you wouldn’t be alone. That shame spiral is ever present and waiting with open arms to receive me again.

The point I’m trying to make is this: if we, as women (and men) want to rise above the influence of popular culture and feel comfortable being who we are in the body we have right now, we must take a long look into that dreaded mirror and make a decision. We have to decide that those wrinkles are our wisdom manifesting. We have to decide that curly hair is just as desirable as straight hair (or vice versa). We have to decide that the world will not end if our teeth are not three shades brighter. We have to decide to accept ourselves for who we are today, then embrace it and love ourselves in spite of what anyone else may attempt to force us to believe. And then, we have to pass those lessons along to the future generations. Only in working together toward what we want – a solid sense of self-worth – and fighting our way through the ever-changing fads can we ever hope to conquer the self-defeating morals our society would have us bow to. Fat girls, UNITE!



**The beautiful Angie Wilt.**  
**Photo courtesy of Angie Wilt**

# A Cognitive Study of the Soul

## With Professor Budd Hallberg

by Kristian Smith

I had the good fortune to sit down with Professor Hallberg, to discuss some of the exciting things he is doing with his Philosophy class this semester. While the exploration of the soul is traditionally the work of philosophers, I was surprised to hear a familiar name come up, Carl Jung. For those of you who did not retain or have not had a psychology class, Carl Jung was one of the most prolific and prominent authors in the area of psychoanalysis. Bear in mind that his work is from several decades ago and is well documented, with the exception of his Red Book.

Carl Jung's infamous red book is a journal of sorts. It is an archive of his findings and reflections, detailing his attempts to lower himself into the realm of conversation with his unconscious. The interesting part is that after his death in 1961, the book was buried by his family. Several years later, someone convinced Carl Jung's grandson to release the book to him for translation and publication. Two years ago, the translation was finished and the book was published. Included in the text are various paintings that are Jung's reflections of his involved conversations with his subconscious. Some of the images draw on Cabbalistic and metaphysical inspiration, and all have a corresponding discourse between Carl Jung and the various forms his subconscious takes.

Some of you may be wondering what a philosophy professor is doing pursuing the works of a prominent psychologist. Psychology was initially part of the philosophy field, in the 1950s, thanks to Skinner and associates, the field of psychology moved away from a study of the mind and lent its focus to behavior and reaction. Without empirical evidence, the psychological community did not want to have anything to do with it. When psychology made the move from philosophy to science, it lost the ability to study the un-provable workings of the inner mind and only focused on theories that could be proven or disproven scientifically. Professor Hallberg feels this was a mistake and that this mistake carries over to higher education, by not talking to each other, the professors that is. There is a great deal of interrelation between the disciplines that are taught in college, from English, to psychiatry, to philosophy and all the rest. It is this way of thinking that led him to cognitive science.

Cognitive science is the interdisciplinary study of mind and intelligence, embracing philosophy, psychology, artificial intelligence, neuroscience, linguistics, and anthropology. Professor Hallberg gave his class a choice to participate in the experimental teaching method, and they eagerly accepted. The discipline requires understanding and tolerance within the classroom, as it encourages the free sharing of thoughts and opinions as formed by each discipline the student represents. Traditionally, the varying perspectives would be shared and represented by holders of degrees in the various scientific fields. Since Professor Hallberg was doing this on his own, different students represented the fields of expertise based on classes they had previously taken.

“Education teaches people that they have the right to change their mind.”

-Professor Hallberg



### **How have your students reacted to the challenge of cognitive science?**

Very supportive, struggling a little because it is a new experiment, so we are kind of learning as we go along. It is challenging as an instructor and also for the students. My students amazed me with the respect level they demonstrated in class. We have open discussions without speaking over each other, there is no yelling out, all this in the face of a wide array of opinions. People changed their minds, people listened to each other. Education teaches people that they have the right to change their mind.

### **Have there been any unforeseen challenges with this new teaching practice?**

Yes, drawing on other disciplines with limited support. It has been a long time since I have actively studied English or Psychology, and some of the information I know may be somewhat dated. To move forward would require collegiate support, by bringing in other professors from the various fields for a by panel representing the various disciplines to create a brain trust and evaluate the findings of the students and offer some feedback and perspectives.

### **Do you believe that cognitive science is uniquely suited to the Jungian work, due to its interdisciplinary nature?**

Students will be the catalyst for the Jungian book. Once students hear about Jung's work, they will want to know more. They will be the driving force for an exploration of the questions and principals listed in the Red Book, and if the psychiatric field does not address their concerns, students will demand answers.

### **Do you feel that cognitive science has a place in more generalized study?**

"I am sold on the concept of cognitive science teaching. I think in going forward, academic institutions need to explore that. The socioeconomic and political problems facing America today are overwhelming. America is without governance, it is hard to govern America today, and I believe that the issues transcend Republican, Democrat, and Conservative. This discipline is currently being applied to solutions for a host of things including cancer and other various sociopolitical issues. I feel that the application can address a number of issues that stand between America and honest governance."



### **It goes without saying that this teaching method, while undoubtedly more thorough, would generate a good deal of additional expenses as far as scheduling more professors. Do you feel that the results you have seen justify that expense?**

No additional expenses, just a reallocation of current resources, in terms of time and interest. The panel, as mentioned earlier, would be drawn from the current faculty. It is not hiring new faculty, it is not hiring new people, it is just asking existing professors to shift some of their time to the project.

Professor Hallberg told me that with the exponential progression in the medical field, brain transplants are in the near future, as near as 2040. The brain/mind/body connection tells us that if we transplant a brain in to another body, that the original owner of the brain will be the consciousness. However, these theories are unproven. The questions we have to ask ourselves are, what is going to happen the first time we transplant a brain? Do we really want to wait to find out then, with no forewarning? Don't get me wrong, I believe that empirical science is useful for studying the external, but do our inner workings not deserve study and consideration?

**"Your vision will become clear only when you look into your heart. Who looks outside, dreams. Who looks inside, awakens." –Carl Jung**



# Biographies

**Diana Slothour** is working towards becoming a registered nurse. She has been a student at HACC since fall 2010 and does not plan to transfer. Diana cites Faith, her daughter, as being her inspiration for the article. She hopes that the knowledge she has shared with us can prevent others from becoming victims.

**Hannah Hottenstein** is studying for a Humanities, Language & the Arts degree at HACC Gettysburg. She hopes to pursue her B.S. in Art Education degree in fall 2012 at Mansfield University. Hannah loves the creative arts and has enjoyed every single one the classes she's taken through the ACAC programs, where she has been a member for three years. Her mantra? "Creating is a part of living, you can't escape it! Embracing the arts is essentially embracing life."

**Michelle Kooser** went in to nursing shortly after high school and stayed there for 12 years. In the end she decided that too many non-medical entities were involved in patient care. Her unwillingness to compromise her personal ethics regarding patient care drove her from the industry. After an injury and the resulting surgery left her unable to continue to perform her alternate vocation, she came here to HACC to hone her skills.

**Clayton Malachi Lynch** is a published author and public speaker. In addition; he is a trumpet player who has played on various occasions throughout the country as well as places like Camden Yards Stadium and Oak Lawn cemetery. He has attended Harrisburg Community College for almost 10 years. When asked why he wrote his article he replied, "As I am about to turn 31 years old I realized how much I wanted my children to see that even when life's circumstances slows us down or something we are striving for seems out of our grasps, that enduring and doing it anyway builds character and helps to define us as individuals. Furthermore; I hoped that like in the past my words might inspire others who read them to want to claim the same desire for themselves."

**Laura Hochberg** lives in Cashtown, Pennsylvania, with her husband of thirteen years and her eleven year old daughter. She claims a happy home complete with two cats and a dog. It's been sixteen years since she has been in school, and she is grateful that she made the decision to attend college. This is her second semester at HACC and she is pursuing an Associate in Science degree in the Radiologic Technology program.

**Larissa Croutch** has been attending HACC for more than two years in pursuit of her registered nurse certification. Larissa chose her topic because it is so real to her and she wants to be able to show other young girls and women that there is something better out there for them. "No one deserves to be treated like they are worthless. They will be worthless if they allow themselves to be told that every day."

**Josh Newlin** is an EMT/Paramedic major and is currently halfway through his second semester at HACC. He is has yet to decide if he wishes to transfer to a four year college at some point. He decided to write this topic to show people how easily Americans take everything for granted.

**Melissa Welsh** is a 40-year old, single mother of three. She is currently pre-nursing, working on finishing my general studies in hopes of entering the Nursing program next year. This is her second semester here at HACC. Melissa has no plans to transfer because she is hoping that by the time she finishes here, she will have her Associates Degree and be prospering within her career field. She chose to write this topic simply because she was surprised that someone could still have such a closed mind toward adults furthering their education.

**Chris Anselmi** chose his topic because it is something that has always meant a great deal to him. "I have found that not a lot of people realize the sacrifice it takes for someone to put a child up for adoption. It really is something profound."

# Letter From The Editor

Some of you who regularly read this publication may have noticed a change in format in this issue. We made some big changes and I wanted to take a moment to explain some of them. The principal change was the content that we cover. We felt that by trying to emulate other magazines we were missing out on HACC's most valuable resource, our diverse population. The people around you when you walk the corridors at any HACC campus are from all different walks of life. We have soldiers, politicians, business owners, displaced workers, fresh high school graduates, 30 year workforce veterans, single mothers, and happy homemakers. We decided to stop trying to report current events and developments so that we could provide a platform for all of those amazing stories.

In order to facilitate this change we stopped looking for aspiring journalists, and began seeking people who had a story to tell. Let me tell you, there are a LOT more people with stories to tell than there are aspiring journalists! We sifted through dozens of submissions and honestly, most of them were good enough to publish. It was very difficult to narrow our selection down to what you are holding in your hands. I wish that we could have published them all and I hope those who were not included consider submitting their work the next time The Cannon chooses to have open submissions.

Many of the stories in this issue are intimately revealing. They are stories that require courage not only to write, but to apply them to yourself as a reader. If you take the time to read these stories, they will challenge you emotionally. If you take the time to relate to these stories, they will change you. I want to personally thank all of the contributing authors for their hard work and for sharing these pieces of their lives.

Regarding the next issue, we will be breaking the mold once again. The fall issue of The Cannon will be comprised of artists from Gettysburg HACC. This time we want to enable the artists of our campus to share their vision with us in an open format. The artistic edition is something I have been dreaming about doing for The Cannon since I first became a part of the staff almost two years ago. It will also be my last issue as editor. I am hoping that someone will come out of the woodwork and pluck the torch from my hand after that issue. Nothing would make me happier than seeing The Cannon continue once myself and my diligent staff graduate.

**-Kristian Smith  
Editor in Chief**





# **Get Canonized!**

**The Fall 2012 issue of The Cannon will be entirely devoted to the works of the many talented artists from Gettysburg HACC!**

**We are seeking submissions in the following categories:**

**Poetry**

**Sculpture**

**Short Story**

**Photography**

**Drawing and Painting**

**For information on how to participate send us an email at [cannon@hacc.edu](mailto:cannon@hacc.edu)**