

To our readers:

The Collegian usually reserves this space everyday for criticism on the actions of various University and student groups. But today's editorial brings a Valentine for some of the people who have worked hard to make things work for us, the students. Here's to you in appreciation:

— John Oswald, as president of this University, you must answer for everything which goes on at this institution. It's hard to conceive how much your job entails. Thank you for facing Harrisburg for appropriations every year on our

behalf. Thanks, too, for extending your hours beyond 9 to 5 in order to meet with students personally, even when you have to make the time.

— Our thanks also goes to Food Services for trying new touches to balance the traditional chicken steak and roast beef au jus. From croutons to Quiche-Lorraine, you're trying to give us more variety.

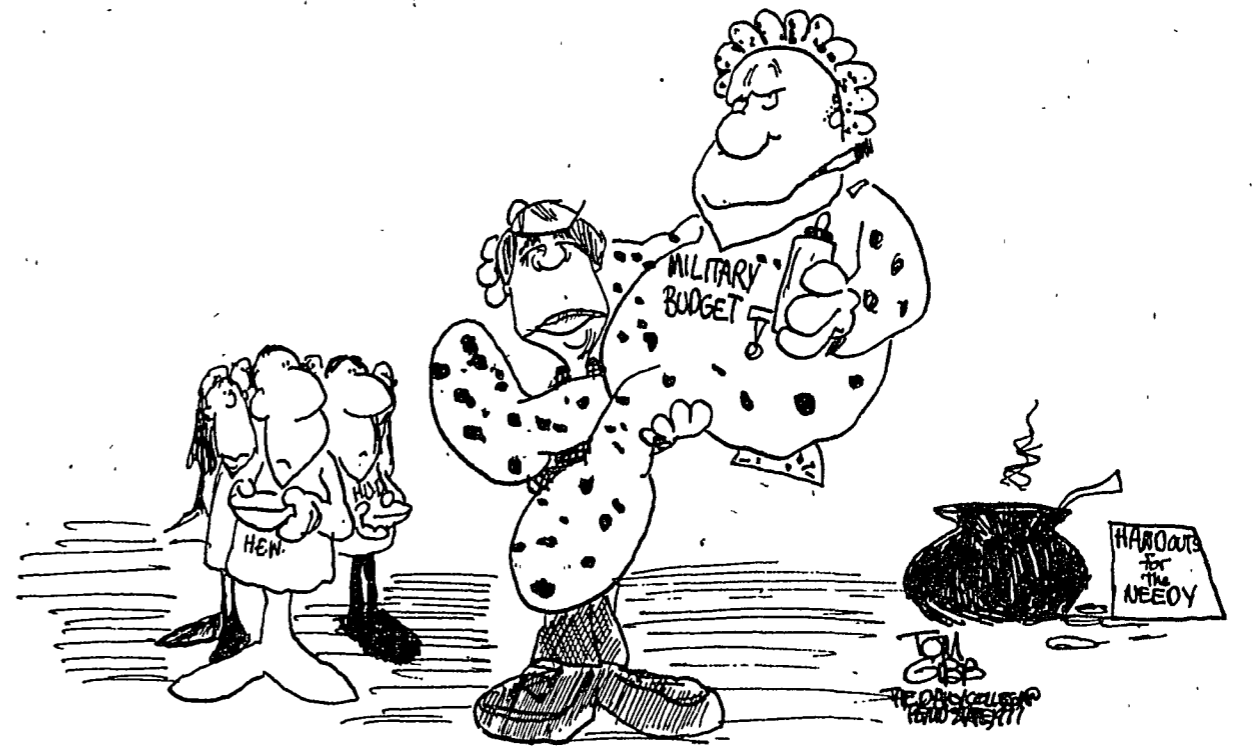
— Thanks also to Dave Hickton, vice president of the Undergraduate Student Government for working behind the scenes on

a lot of things, but especially for helping to establish a race relations board to alleviate tensions on campus.

— To the University, we offer a warm thanks for keeping us warm throughout this frigid winter.

— Thanks, too, goes to the Organization of Town Independent Students for looking out for the consumer interests of all of us.

— To our readers, we thank you for your criticisms and for your praise, both of which keep us on our toes. We write about you and for you. Happy Valentine's Day.



'ANOTHER BIG MOUTH TO FEED.'

From the Editor

Love's labors not lost on readers

I have spent most of January thinking of a suitable way to bid farewell to a year as editor of the Collegian.

I didn't want to be soppy. I hate soppy. But it's awfully hard to leave a place I've virtually lived in for three-and-a-half years and not be just a little sentimental about it.

I don't want to be philosophical, either. Despite three grey hairs that sprouted this year, I am not so very wise. I did not want to leave wistfully, with a sad, brave smile. Sad, brave smiles are for war heroes and though there were times that seemed like war, I am no hero.

I had thought of leaving a list, something which next year's editor and next year's staff could look at and keep. But usually, advice is correct only after the fact. Most people ignore do's and don'ts until they don't, and then they say "By God, the old has-been was right after all. Who'd have thought it?"

I resist a very strong temptation to thank people who made my year excellent or interesting. Those who made the year interesting — all that I could hope for, really — sometimes were in battle scenes as the opposition. Now

that I don't have to do battle for the Collegian anymore, I am mellow and I'm grateful that they kept me thinking. They certainly kept me alive.

Just when I'd be nodding off at home or in the office, a "bringer of crisis" would step in and prevent me from indulging in a natural tendency to laziness and contentment — the worst that could happen to a journalist.

Those who made the year excellent know who they are and what they did to make the paper excellent. The beauty and the sadness of the Collegian is that we make giving birth to a newspaper every day look easy, but at the same time, our readers never know how much blood we lose in the attempt.

So I'll keep the secret of excellence. Suffice to say that most of the zombies walking around campus are not acid burnouts or self-hypnotics. They are Collegian staffers with full credit loads, mid-terms and papers who nevertheless stayed up until 2 or 3 a.m. to give you the Collegian.

The Collegian is a real labor of love for our readers, much more than a syrupy "XXOO" written at the bottom of a heart-shaped, cupid-cluttered card. We must love our readers. No matter how late the night, how frustrating the attempt to juggle books and words, I never heard any staff member complain that people read the paper. Collegian staffers take it for granted when they join the paper that the readers come first and that all their efforts are channeled into making a story or a photo something that readers will like.

I feel increasingly privileged that I was able to witness that love and dedication. Though my name was on the paper this whole year, the quality of the paper had more to do with the staff as a whole than with one reporter — or one editor.

I was gifted, all right. I was gifted with

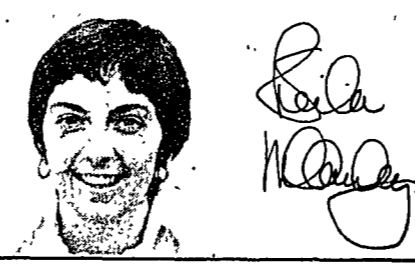
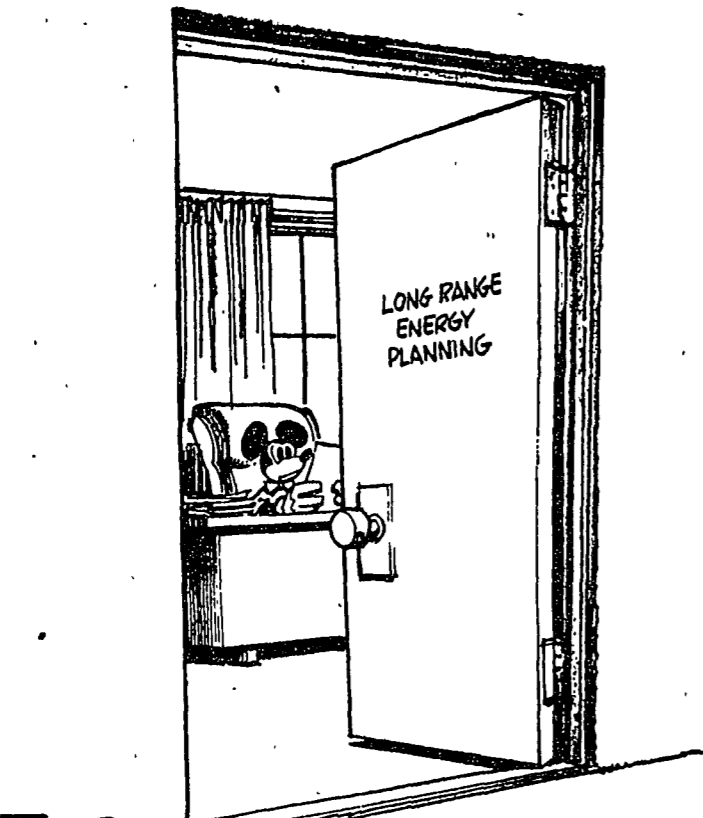
people on the staff who spent a year making me look good. Pam Reasner, Jerry Schwartz, Brian Miller, Deanna Finley, Janie Musala, Lynne Malmad, Barb Parmer, Tom McNichol, Jim Lockhart, Joanne McLaughlin, Julie Cipolla and Eric Felack have collectively and individually brought their professionalism and their wit to the paper every day. They taught me much more than I ever could have taught them.

Because those same people taught next year's editors, the paper will improve and the staff will accomplish more than any of this year's editors ever thought possible.

Ruling out philosophy, heroism, syrup and tears, I am left with only five words. They are the words of a certain mother, who uses them when she writes to a certain headstrong daughter — a daughter who has outgrown do's and don'ts. The mother worries, though it does no good. The daughter always goes her own way.

The words fit a staff that will outgrow me and that already has progressed beyond do's and don'ts.

Be careful and stay warm.



Those who made the year excellent know who they are and what they did to make the paper excellent.

Letters to the Editor

The Daily Collegian encourages comments on news coverage, editorial policy and campus and off-campus affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include the name, term and major of the writer.

Letters should be brought to the Collegian office, 126 Carnegie, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld on request. If letters are received by mail, the Collegian will contact the signer for verification before publication. Letters cannot be returned.

Three-ring circus

TO THE EDITOR: Final exams and term break are close upon us. And as your editorial indicated on Feb. 8, the faculty union three-ring circus is picking up steam. You placed the Penn State Independent Faculty in the middle ring. As one member of the PSIF, I like that.

By the time Spring Term gets underway the union organizers will be in full cry. Student support will be courted by all groups. Keep cool now.

Roy C. Buck
professor of sociology and social science

Sweating it out

TO THE EDITOR: As I sit here, hot, sweaty and showerless, I can't help but think that Rec Hall must surely exhibit some of the most classic symptoms of discrimination against women.

I was greeted this evening at the door of the women's small locker room by a note informing me that the women's locker room was going to be locked at 11 p.m. I hurried to the track, ran and left the track at 10:45 so I could take a quick shower. The locker room was locked. After running around trying to find someone with a key who could reunite me with my belongings, I then had to convince him that they had, in fact, installed a lock on the women's locker room door and it was, indeed, locked. He finally seemed convinced and told me that he'd open it shortly. I went back to the entrance to the locker room to start my vigil.

I had time to ponder many things while I waited. I thought back to when I first came to Penn State and couldn't even find the one entrance to the women's locker room (or someone who did know the exact location) and used to change in a bathroom. I thought about the nine steam room hours per day the men have and the five-and-a-half hours the women have. I

recalled mornings when the steam room wasn't even open during the theoretical women's hours from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. and I stood with other towel-clad, chilly women, waiting for someone to unlock the door so we could jump in for a quickie before we had to leave the steam because the men's hours were going to start.

Finally my savior arrived through the doors of the still open men's locker room and unlocked the door. There were no towels available, and as it was well past 11, so I collected my possessions and hurried home, grateful that the temperatures had warmed up a little and therefore the dangers of going outside in sweat-soaked clothes was, at least, minimal.

Marla Soveroski
10th-biology

Highest judge

TO THE EDITOR: This letter is written in response to comments made in an article on homosexuality in the Collegian on Thursday, Feb. 10. To Mr. Peter Sichel: contrary to what you might think, you are not your own last judge. God is your judge, and He has declared that homosexuality is an abomination. I suggest that you take your problems to Him. You will get a much better response than from the state legislature.

Rex S. Bridges
graduate-civil engineering

Truth sets you free

TO THE EDITOR: Mark Gerber's "In Search of Peace," Jan. 28 is one example of misrepresentation compounded with self-serving reasoning.

His distortion of Islamic teachings is unfounded and unjustified. He states "Islam was born out of violence." Professor

Thomas W. Arnold in his book "The Preaching of Islam," p. 80, states, "But of any organized attempt to force the acceptance of Islam on the non-Muslim population, or of any systematic persecution intended to stamp out the Christian religion, we hear nothing. Had the Caliphs chosen to adopt either course of action, they might have swept away Christianity as easily as Ferdinand and Isabella drove Islam out of Spain, or Louis XIV made Protestantism penal in France or the Jews were kept out of England for 350 years! For additional education on the propagation of Islam, we refer Mr. Gerber to Professor Castani's "Studi di Storia Orientale." Neither Arnold nor Castani were Muslims.

Mr. Gerber should know that pursuing peace cannot be accomplished by distortion of historical facts, but rather a more objective treatment with no self-serving reasoning.

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free.

Al Ameeril Rasheed
president, Muslim Students Association of PSU

Ripped off

TO THE EDITOR: I would like to report a major ripoff! Like many other students at PSU I rely on the names at the ride board from the HUB to get home cheaper and quicker than the public transit can provide. Most times I have had only good experiences with pleasant riders and reasonable rates. This time I was not only lied to and ripped off for the fare but my suitcase was almost stolen in the process! This particular rider is an RA in East Halls who carries a great amount of responsibility for students under his care. All he cared about was changing the fare in transit!

On the phone he told me that the price was \$6 round trip, but when I crammed into a Volkswagen with three other riders I discovered the price had fluctuated to \$6 going and \$4 coming back! I was so angry because I was stuck for a ride back, and I had turned down three other calls, believing in an RA's

reputation and honesty. I tried standing up for rights and withholding the "extra" \$4 but he grabbed my suitcase and locked it in his car until I relinquished the money. Does \$4 mean that much to a servant of the students? If my calculations are correct he was making a profit of more than \$20.

I do not begrudge paying for a ride home, I do begrudge being lied to and ripped off by a fellow student! It's bad enough that the town rips us off, but when our fellow students won't stand by each other, who is left?

Debbie Dull
12-social welfare

the Collegian

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NADINE KINSEY
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Math tutor's efforts a labor of love for people



Theresa Cohen gives students the personal attention they need in math. A retired professor, she still tutors every day.

When she came here to teach mathematics in 1920, State College was little more than a rural village that ended at the 500 block of Beaver Avenue; Bellefonte was the real cultural center at the time. Enrollment at the "Pennsylvania College" had grown to the incredible figure of 3,000, including 300 females.

Since apartments for single women were practically unheard of, she spent her first three nights in McAllister, a girl's dormitory.

Fifty-six years later, McAllister has exchanged rows of cots and "primitive" wash basins for rows of offices. While female students once eagerly climbed its steps to seek friendship or solitude within their room, students now climb them somewhat reluctantly — to check a grade on an important calculus exam or to turn in some last-minute Math 35 homework.

McAllister has changed somewhat, but one thing has remained constant: Theresa Cohen still hasn't left.

Today Professor Cohen celebrates her eighty-fifth birthday. Her story is a universal one, in that it speaks of a love of life, a love of her work and a love of her students.

In 1961, Professor Cohen was forced to retire. The order was routine enough, since most professors cease teaching at 65. She was already 70, and only a special dispensation would allow her to

remain. As a gesture of appreciation for her service, the math department permitted her to retain her office on McAllister's second floor.

But bureaucracy and retirement laws had taken away from Theresa Cohen the things which she loved the most — her classroom and her students. She was not ready to let go of them; nor would she.



Each day since her retirement 15 years ago, Dr. Cohen has returned to her office. But her days are far from empty. From 9:30 a.m. until 5, students flow in and out of the room. They enter a little confused, a little worried about an upcoming quiz. And they emerge, much more relieved, much more enlightened about derivatives, vectors and functions.

To look at her is to see your own grandmother, the one you visited on Saturday afternoons. Her appearance is perpetually neat, her crisply-pressed dress fastened with a gold brooch at the

neck, her silver hair pulled back, but never quite making it into a bun. But you won't find Theresa Cohen baking ginger cake or "putting up" apple butter.

Her shelves are lined with books on vector analysis, calculus and probability; her windowsill is filled with watering cans and healthy plants. As a baffled student looks over her shoulder and watches her work on a yellow legal pad with a lead pencil, a striking contrast can be seen between the two generations. Her small, plainly dressed frame seems out of place among blue-jean clad students shedding parkas.

But that is where the gap ends. When the talk turns to mathematics, tutor and student merge combining their efforts to solve the unknown variable. While she works with one, other students sit at a small wooden table and wait their turn.

"I haven't been here often," one student whispers, "but I think I'm going to start. She's so clear when she explains — and so patient." The statement is a typical one, heard repeatedly during the two days which I observed her. And yet typical as it may be, it is nonetheless a special tribute to a remarkable woman.

But praise for her devotion and energy does not stop with students. "She's a quiet, modest person," one former math department administrator said. "She's been a great inspiration to me and a great asset to the department."

Her love for her profession was so

great, he said, that in 1972 and 1974 she agreed to teach two math courses — on very short notice and without a salary.

"We were very short-handed," the administrator said, "and there was no way we could pay her."

But later, the grateful and exuberant Professor Cohen was overheard as saying, "What they didn't know is that I'd pay them to let me teach."

Speaking of today's students, she is reluctant to compare them to those of the past. "The big difference was during the war," she says smiling. "The vets got preference in admission, and they were here for business, let me tell you. They really spoiled you for regular students."

But peering from behind her wire-rimmed glasses — the original kind — Theresa Cohen lets you know she's just as fond of the stream of students that plagues her today. "I don't advertise," she says, "but I've never had such floods of them. Do they keep me busy? Well, I haven't been sitting here with my hands folded!"

Each summer she returns to her home in Baltimore, where she plays the violin and indulges in chamber music. But each September brings her back to the second floor of McAllister, back to troubled students and their x's and y's, back to the best type of life an 85-year-old woman could want.

Happy Birthday, Professor Cohen. We hope you never leave.