

Editorial opinion:

# Prepare for fall

Many of you now are completing your first term at the University, your first experience with college life.

As with most summers at the University, it has been a relatively quiet term and unrepresentative of the remainder of the year.

Prepare yourself for fall. As freshmen, many of you will find yourself in East Halls, faced with the dismal prospect of trekking across campus for a first period in Willard. And if you have a sixth period, it will be a race to make it back to the dorm in time for dinner.

With the coming of fall, the student population at the University will more than double and once again provide a normal ratio of upper classmen to freshmen.

Fall Term will also bring the return of football games and one of the few times you'll be thankful you're living in East — you'll be

close to Beaver Stadium.

The stadium will be crowded and you'll be sitting behind the end zone. Because of the poor seating for freshmen, you'll miss the Blue Band drum major as he struts down the field during the pre-game show and a lot of the action, but the games are still enjoyable. Besides, there will be enough action in the stands to hold your interest.

Classes will be different, too. The University will be back on a 10-week term, with the normal three periods a week and 10 to 12 credit load. Basically, the schedule will be more relaxed, enabling you to delve deeper into your courses.

With the return of the students, campus organizations will once again become active, offering students a wide range of extracurricular activities and services.

The term will also focus on the

fall elections which will include all major town posts — mayor, borough council, tax collector and county district attorney.

A voter registration drive will be conducted before the election and not without reason. While you are a student at the University, State College is your home and the workings of the town government will directly affect your life.

In addition, a number of students and student-oriented candidates are among those slated for the election. Student voters should consider the advantages of electing those individuals to key positions in town government.

As with any term, Fall Term will be what you make it. Join an organization, attend the football games, become involved. Register to vote, follow the elections, vote in November.

Make Fall Term count for you.

## Advising program provides safeguards

The University Faculty Senate has recognized the need for more effective advising programs to aid students.

On Tuesday the Senate voted to accept the recommendations of a report by the Senate Subcommittee on Advising. Each college now must draw up its own advising plan subject to minimum specifications set by the subcommittee.

The new standards provide excellent safeguards to ensure that students are kept informed of pertinent regulations and fully understand their options.

Each freshman will be assigned a trained adviser — faculty, professional, graduate, or senior undergraduate — to plan an academic program and to register.

After the freshman year, students will be assigned a faculty member responsible for program and professional guidance, including course selection.

Registration, including drop-add and pass-fail may be carried out through the academic or student adviser or through a self-advising procedure approved by the Senate Committee on Academic Affairs.

This seems to be a contradiction. If a student has the initiative to take on the responsibility of handling the drop-add procedure, he should be allowed to guide himself. Perhaps the colleges should take the example of the College of the Liberal Arts' self-advising option to heart.

Another safeguard requires that students be given a list of unfulfilled requirements prior to graduation to discuss with his adviser.

These rules are designed to prevent isolated cases in which students are unaware of required courses and find themselves unable to graduate without attending additional terms.

The members of the Faculty Senate have wisely remembered that students attend Penn State to get an education and that any action that makes it easier for them to concentrate on their studies is beneficial.

However, students who are willing to accept the responsibility for their degree requirements should have that responsibility.

## Study abroad: mixed conclusions

By TERESA VILLA of the Collegian Staff

I remember Dagobert de Ievie telling us back in early March that studying in Europe would be the most amazing educational experience of our lives. He was right.

I also remember, thinking that living with a Spanish family for 14 weeks in Salamanca, Spain certainly would be different, but it couldn't teach me more than 10 whole terms at Penn State. I was wrong.

Nothing can beat the actual experience of living there. In Europe, that is. We had to speak Spanish, we had to get used to drinking wine (my favorite part), we had to get used to Spanish men bothering us, to not taking showers more than once a week, and all those other European "inconveniences" you hear about. But they were easy to get used to and I learned other things that are hard to explain.

Once I was watching television with my Spanish family when Watergate news came on. After my Spanish father asked me what I thought about Nixon, my little

Spanish brother, eight-year-old Fernando said very matter of factly, "They'll throw him out and put in another one." Well, that's one European view on the whole affair.

The man-woman relationships are different too. In Spain there is no discussion of women's liberation because Spaniards consider it an accepted fact that women are inferior. Besides that, it's hard for Spanish women to find jobs, there are barely enough of them for men.

Economically, Spain is behind the times. But just because most Spanish students own only two pairs of pants, instead of six or seven makes no difference. Americans pride themselves on wearing the same jeans all the time anyway.

The same goes for cars, which are pretty scarce in Spain, and are considered more as status symbols than necessities. My Spanish family saved for years to buy a car, and now cannot buy one because auto strikes in Spain have made them even harder to get.

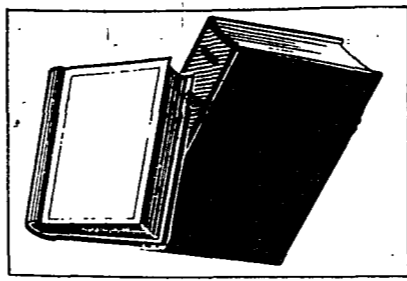
After reading the last paragraphs, I realize I can't begin to talk about

everything I have learned. I guess it takes those 14 weeks living there to know what it is like.

If you can't afford the time or money to live in Europe, I guess travelling is the next best thing. When the Penn State Salamanca program was over in early July, I took off for six other countries. It was fun and educational in a different way. I saw lots of famous places and cities and museums. But living there made the trip worth it.

Please do not think I am giving Penn State any big pat on the back for sending me there. The foreign studies program made it possible and I appreciate that, but now I realize how poor my education was until this spring in Spanish and in European history and culture. It's a shame so few students take advantage of the opportunity. I was told the foreign studies program was highly selective, which I found out was wrong. So few students applied for the Salamanca program, that I think all were accepted.

Maybe someday I'll be lucky enough to return to Spain and Europe, but even if I don't, Spring Term taught me enough to last me a lifetime.



By BILL SPANGLER of the Collegian Staff

Before Rambo came, Madison, Kentucky was a quiet, average American town. But his arrival turned Madison into the stage for an explosive confrontation, which David Morrell skillfully depicts in his novel, *First Blood* (paperback, Fawcett Crest, \$1.25).

Rambo's antagonist is Will Teasle, Madison's chief of police. He assumes the bearded Rambo is trouble, possibly the first of a group of hippies coming to his town. So he wants to see Rambo out of town as soon as possible.

But Rambo won't leave. He has been given the same treatment in a dozen towns before Madison, and this time he decides he will not be pushed.

And he can be sure he won't. Rambo is an ex-Green Beret, who has been returned to America after escaping from

# REVIEW

## 'First Blood'

a Cong camp. Neither man will move from his position. The friction between them mounts, and Rambo starts to push back. He kills a guard and flees to the hills.

The chase that follows provides not only engrossing reading but also a realistic look at how violence breeds more violence.

As word of the hunt spreads, civilians and semi-professional hunters converge on the mountains. With no organized plan, they start to shoot at each other, hampering Teasle's men.

Morrell, who did graduate work at the University, illustrates another point — the necessity of making an enemy less than human. Even after Teasle learns Rambo's identity, he insists on calling him "the kid," just as Lt. William Calley, at his trial, insisted that the people he fired at were "the enemy."

Morrell drops into preachy dialogue

for a few pages of the book, but on the whole the characterizations and dialogue are crisp and solid.

He gives the conflict between Rambo's weariness and his pride in his training the necessary schizoid quality, and lets it echo in Trautman, the soldier Teasle calls in to outwit Rambo.

He also avoids making Teasle the stereotyped, redneck, Southern policeman. As the hunt for Rambo wears on, Teasle realizes he thinks like his quarry and develops a respect for him.

Moreover at their first meeting, the policeman holds no contempt for Rambo's appearance; he merely feels that getting him out of town was part of his job.

Ironically, Rambo feels he is doing his job — applying his training — when he was in the mountains fighting Teasle.

A thought that might be the most frightening part of the book.

## Letters to the Editor

### Let them eat meat

TO THE EDITOR: During Fall, Winter and Spring terms, there are sales of various meat products at the Meat Lab on Friday afternoon at 1:30.

There are generally 600 to 1200 pounds of meat available at these sales. The quality is generally good and the prices very reasonable.

The sale is conducted by lottery method. Usually 100 numbers are drawn, but the meat is gone after the first 15 people have made their purchase.

Also, the undergraduate student population is not represented because of lack of publicity. Most purchases are made by faculty members, town residents and graduate students who are making purchases for large groups.

Many students living off campus have financial difficulties. They could benefit from the lower cost of these meat products. More publicity of these sales and a limit on the amount of meat one person may purchase would benefit many more people than the present distribution system.

Rob Brown (4th-education)  
Judy Stewart (5th-nursing)  
Jim Shanaban (3rd-agriculture)  
Regis Nellis (4th-division of counseling)  
Bob King (13th-electrical engineering)  
Ken Nellis (7th-computer science)

state; those dirty communists in bird suits. I'm on to them, let me tell you! There lives a hoard of those beady-eyed no-goods on the roof of the abandoned house next to mine. At all hours of the day and night they are constantly Billlillloping. Obviously, some sort of secret code! They defecate where and when they please, in public, and often defacing our national and state monuments.

And yet some persons condemn B.F. Skinner for locking these monsters in cages where they belong, so they can't provide unsavory role models for our children. I myself applaud the man and his ingenious front of psychological experimentation. In actuality he is trying to curb this pigeon plot and the bulk of his work involves breaking down the code. Food pellets? Oh no, my friends, truth serum in solid form.

It is time the American public became aware of the pigeon menace that is sweeping our nation. The "shitty peril" is on the rise.

Stand up! Don't just sit there and pick your noses, when pigeons lurk on every street corner, waiting for the cover of night to sell dangerous narcotics to your children and mug you as you walk through central park. Yes, this is the hideous truth!

Darla J. Mansfield (11th-rehabilitation education)

### Letter policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy or noncampus 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 by request. If letters are received by mail, The Collegian will contact the signer for verification.

# the daily Collegian

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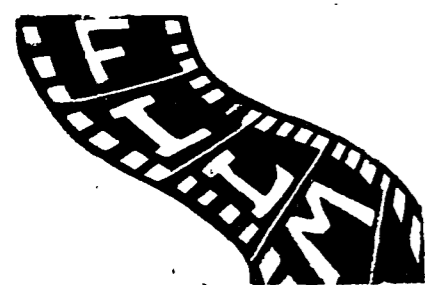
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# REVIEWS: Now playing downtown

## 'Drifter': poor western

By DIANE NITTLE of the Collegian Staff

Now is the time for all true believers in the American western myth to pack up their white (or black) hats, shoot their trusty hogs and kiss Miss Kitty goodbye.

Actor-director Clint Eastwood has come out with "High Plains Drifter," a cheaply made western melodrama that uses every imaginable cliché to tell an ancient story that already has been used too often at the time of its first remake.

Eastwood portrays, if that word does not give him too much credit, a nameless drifter who rides from where the buffalo roam into the mining town of Lago. Within ten minutes he shoots three men in a bar-room brawl, rapes one woman in the town livery stable and lathers his face for a shave.

Now it just so happens that three

professional killers are scheduled to be released from prison the very next day. Furthermore, the three threatened at their trial to return and burn Lago to the ground. Naturally the townspeople are quaking in their boots.

Impressed by the drifter's skill in hitting his barroom adversaries right between the eyes, the town hires him to protect the people, giving him a free hand over the town. But the plot thickens when the people realize the drifter may reveal their collective deep, dark secret.

All this is punctuated with quick-drawn pistols, beer glasses sliding down bars and rampant discrimination against friendly Indians. And every other aspect of the production is characterized by the same lack of quality and imagination as the plot.

Eastwood apparently has directed the film with an intense effort to make no deviation from standard western devices. "High Plains Drifter" has everything from shoot-outs at the pass to show-downs in the street, with a touch of medieval torture-chamber tactics added just for fun.

Eastwood's acting is no better. As the unnamed drifter who wreaks his sadistic sense of humor on the terrified town, he makes little more impression than would any lesser-known actor with a five o'clock shadow.

The two actresses who play Eastwood's happy victims, the film's closest thing to leading ladies, are unknowns and likely to stay that way. Verna Bloom and Mariana Hill display a remarkable lack of talent as the semi-respectable women who succumb to Eastwood's negligible brute charms.

The film also shows a surprising dearth of quality actors in supporting roles; the most outstanding is a high-voiced midget, probably left over from Munchkinland, who resembles Andy Hardy turned 60. While many westerns have reaped great benefits from casting successful character actors as bartenders or barbers, "High Plains Drifter" avoids good acting like the plague.

The rest of the production is equally shoddy. Ernest Tidyman's dialogue combines all the old western clichés with some brand new bad writing. The camera work is on about the same level, approximating a handful of old action shots spliced together. Worst of all is the music, which sounds something like the score of "The Good, The Bad and the Ugly" sung by a sick cat.

Better westerns are available on television any time of any day. Students faced with long, dull weekends should study for finals rather than go to see "High Plains Drifter." It's much less expensive and much more entertaining.

## 'Carats': touching, humorous

By STEVE IVEY of the Collegian Staff

At last someone has produced a love story motion picture worth watching. M.J. Frankovich's "40 Carats" is a thoroughly enjoyable film.

"40 Carats" is good for several reasons. First, the film avoids the sickening sentimentality of "Love Story" and at the same time features a warm, human love story.

It also lacks the cute asininity of "The Summer of '42," replacing it with a more adult humor.

"40 Carats" triumphs over previous attempts to make a "modern" love story because of Liv Ullmann's tremendous acting.

As Anne Stanley, Ullmann plays the role of a 40-year-old New York apartment rental agency president who is divorced

from Billy Boyland (Gene Kelly), a second-rate TV star.

While stranded with a broken-down car in Greece, she meets 23-year-old Peter Latham (Edward Albert), who offers her a lift on his motorcycle to the nearest town.

This starts a romance that is both touching and humorous. Should a 40-year-old woman associate with a youth almost half her age? What happens when he asks her to marry him?

Ullmann's acting is so superb that she makes the audience believe she really is having these problems. Her facial expressions and mannerisms are perfect for the role. She has to be one of the greatest actresses of the past decade.

When she agrees to meet Peter in the Rockefeller Plaza skating rink, Ullmann does a fantastic performance of trying not to fall on the ice and at the same time trying not to fall in love with Peter.

Ullmann adds the proper air of breathlessness when she drinks a glass of Ouzo and says, "What did you call this, Ouzo? It certainly is."

Surprisingly enough, Albert is also very good in his role as Peter. He is self-assured and confident enough to impress older people, but not to the point of being snotty. He turns in a fine job of acting.

Kelly is excellent as an immature, over-the-hill TV star. His performance is helped by the fact that director Milton Katselas does not let him sing and keeps his dancing confined to a discotheque with his former mother-in-law.

Binnie Barnes as the frustrated kleptomaniac grandmother is perfect. Leonard Gershe's screenplay of Barillet and Gredy's Broadway stage play is filled with humorous lines. One-liners such as "I would like to try love, but I'm married," dot the film, adding to its warmth and tenderness.

The score is not outstanding but certainly not one of Michel Legrand's poorer works.

"40 Carats" introduces Deborah Raffin as Trina Stanley, a curvaceous hustler. Raffin's first major acting job definitely will not be her last.

The scenes in Greece are beautiful and well done. The audience is not overwhelmed with shots of scenery. Instead, Katselas uses the scenery as it should be used: to lend an air of belief and to create the proper mood for the film.

"40 Carats" is the best love story to come out of Hollywood in a very long time. Such films need the special sensitivity and superb acting talents of actresses like Liv Ullmann. Unless she agrees to star in another such film, "40 Carats" will be the best love film for the next few decades.