

The queen is dead— long live equality

The Hetzel Union Board has reported a recent murder on campus. The victim, 22-year-old Homecoming Queen Tradition, has died of blows administered by campus women's groups and lack of medical attention by the Hetzel Union Board.

Last year the Association for Women Students brutally beat Homecoming Queen Tradition with charges of sexism filed with the Undergraduate Student Government Supreme Court.

The court left tradition in critical condition by cutting off her special medical treatment (the 1973 Queen contest) with the specification that treatment could be renewed with non-sexist guidelines approved by the court.

The Hetzel Union Board — recently evolved from the University Union Board, which used to

feed and clothe the queen (run the contest) — decided to ignore tradition this year, now that its duties have narrowed from University-wide to HUB-wide matters.

The queen's death comes at a time when the State Board of Education has just passed new health and physical education regulations which state "no rules may be imposed that exclude girls from trying out for, participating with and competing on a boys' interscholastic team." The regulations will go into effect for Pennsylvania elementary and secondary schools on July 1, 1975.

At the same time, the U.S. Department of Health Education and Welfare is holding hearings on Title IX, which would, if passed, impose the same type of regulations on all colleges and universities receiving federal funds.

Last year while the women's groups were beating up Homecoming Queen Tradition, a member of the Homecoming Queen Committee said homecoming queens should be women — rather than homecoming "royal persons," which could be men — because "the football team is out there representing the men."

The death of Homecoming Queen Tradition is a baby step on the road to the end of sexism. The passage of the Title IX regulations would be a giant step.

Hopefully in the very near future there will be no need for a "queen" to represent women because women will have tackled the pedestals they used to stand on, and the football team will be out there representing both men and women.

Long live the liberated woman!

Cernusca, mostaccioli: two very bad jokes

By ED MONTINI
of the Collegian Staff

Most meals (excluding breakfast) are conducive to conversation. Some attribute this to the conjecture that talking is eminently preferable to sitting quietly and thinking about the food.

At any rate I was among a group of 10 students sitting around one of the large tables in Pullack Dining Room C one lunch when we were having mostaccioli.

Having no idea what mostaccioli was, I had entered into the meal with, at best, a healthy scepticism and an eagerness to converse.

I was immediately put off by the first topic of conversation — the mushy mostaccioli.

So I began to daydream. The very moment I was about to publish the Great American Novel, I was awakened by the question, "Do you think he'll be impeached?"

There was an unnerving silence as all eyes fixed upon a dimpled co-ed in overalls sitting across the table from me.

She nodded her head affirmatively. There was a solemn element to her movement.

She's a senator, the person next to me said, while some of the others began nodding along.

"I think it's all a big joke," blurted a stocky aged major, who was eating his third plate of mostaccioli.

The senator registered a political poker face of contemplation, but her hate for apathy flashed beneath it like a neon sign under cellophane.

"Well," she said calmly, "if that's the way you look at it, then you can look at everything that way — like a joke."

Following the lead of her undaunted logic, I said, "If everything is a joke, then why aren't we all laughing?"

As the group ahhhed at the revelation, I picked up my tray and left, feeling inwardly content.

Back at my room I related my story to a friend, in order to feed my contentment.

"The stocky guy was right, you know, and so was the senator," he said. "Everything is a joke."

But if everything is a joke, then why aren't we all laughing?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "it's a very bad joke."
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh

Ford needs some better ideas

By PATRICK SOKAS
of the Collegian Staff

President Ford revealed Tuesday his comprehensive and almost incomprehensible plan to combat inflation.

He presented as a coordinated package a poorly coordinated and self-contradictory grab bag of proposals.

Ford said in his speech that he "will not play politics with America's future." Even as he said it, he denied the statement with his action. Tuesday's inflation proposal was obviously more for appearances sake than directed toward real progress.

By bunching unrelated programs and calling them a package, Ford clearly has put Congress on the spot. If Congress does not pass all the provisions — and it is likely that it will not — Ford will be able to point an accusing finger and say, "It's not my fault. They didn't pass my package."

More importantly, Ford's package revealed clearly his orientation toward big business and against the average American.

He proposed investment tax credits which would allow corporations and businessmen to save almost \$9 billion.

At the same time he is advocating a personal income tax surcharge. How cutting taxes for businesses and raising taxes for individuals will help curb inflation is anybody's guess.

Even his calls for voluntary action reveal a basic insensitivity to the poor. He called on those who cannot buy 5 percent less food — and there are many in that situation today — to make up that 5 percent by eating what they used to throw in the garbage. The idea would be laughable if it had not come from the President of the United States.

If he shows little sensitivity, he does demonstrate quite a flare for semantics. The package included a proposal for "special unemployment insurance" for laid-off workers whose insurance ran out or who never bothered to subscribe. Apparently welfare by any other name would smell much sweeter.

Ford also used the occasion to suggest that environmental restrictions be relaxed so that coal and nuclear power could be used to replace oil. Included in his energy proposals were some good long-range suggestions, such as developing solar and geothermal energy resources.

But the President also asked that

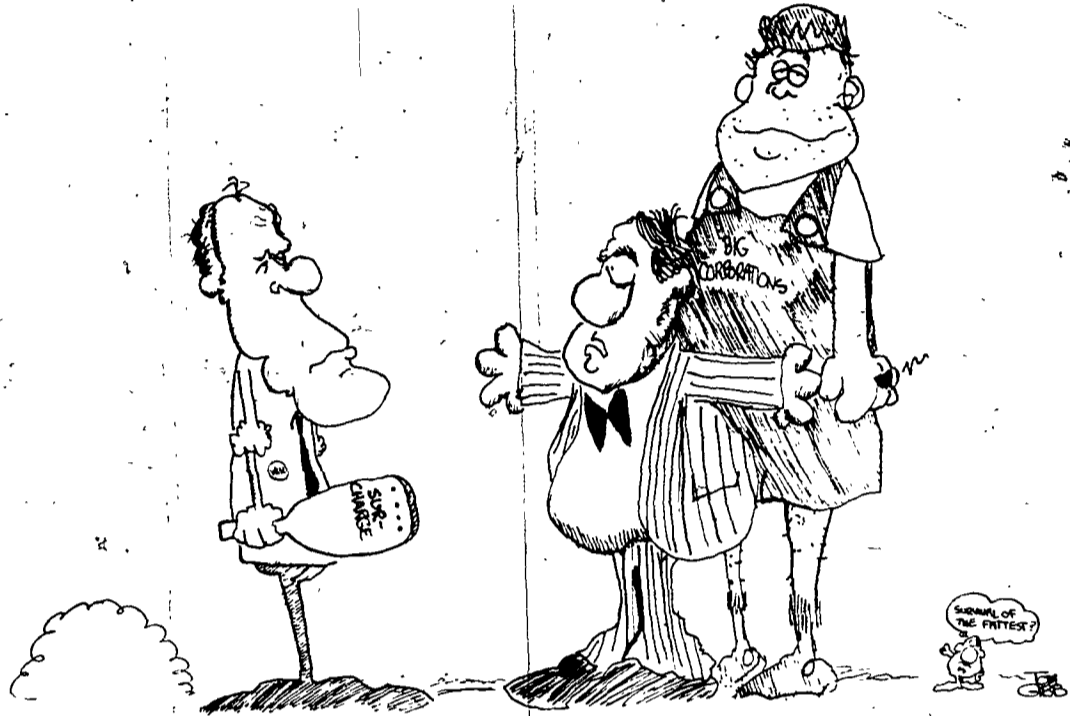
natural gas be "deregulated," a move which by all accounts would push the price up considerably. Again, it is difficult to see how such a proposal could be fitted into an anti-inflation "package" except by a man who numbers among his best friends lobbyists for large corporations.

The report was probably more important for what it did not include. There was no request for price controls or power to allocate credit, two measures which could have a very real effect on inflation. Instead Ford has chosen the traditional Republican stand of letting well enough alone, even if it's pretty poor.

Unfortunately, Congress is hardly fit to impose more powerful medicine over the head of a President who does not want to administer it.

Congress will merely be able to cut some of Ford's more harmful proposals and add some small measures of its own.

There is an often-used political cliché about trying to kill a fly with a sledgehammer. In the case of inflation, Gerald Ford obviously thinks that he can flail an angry bear into submission with a flyswatter. He'll either come to his senses or be torn to pieces.



'Don't hit him, you brute. He's only a growing boy.'

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.

Letters to the Editor

Hockey fever

TO THE EDITOR: I've been following the letters concerning ice hockey here at PSU and thought my personal experience could merit some support for this relatively new sport on campus.

I am a native Pennsylvanian who thoroughly enjoyed her high school football games and football in general. Then I chose to attend the University of New Hampshire, from which I have transferred this term, and my sport enthusiasm center shifted to ice hockey. At first I was quite reluctant to attend the games, but friends' encouragement got me going and to my surprise the "hockey fever" struck me to the point of attending every home game last season.

I am so encouraged to know there is interest in ice hockey here, and I think it's an exciting challenge to be able to help through spectator support to develop a varsity team for PSU. New Hampshire started small and has slowly risen into prominence with last year being number one in the East; it can be done!

I know what hockey is all about, and I challenge my fellow students and faculty to do the same!

Leslie Lyn Muhlhauser
7th-food service
and housing administration

Concert choices

TO THE EDITOR: Well, they have done it again! Once again the University Concert Committee has shown poor organization and lack of foresight in planning for the Homecoming Concert. The choice of Forrest Green and two other equally obscure groups has reflected the committee's ineptitude in selecting top-name artists for University concerts. In past years Homecoming weekend has represented a

time when Penn State students, alumni and friends come up to State College for what is supposedly one of the biggest weekends of the year. We have been led to expect that Homecoming Concerts usually include well-known artists who have already established reputations and barely need any publicity to sell out.

There are a lot of popular groups touring the East Coast at the present time, and I don't see why with better leadership and a little initiative a first rate concert could have been scheduled. Perhaps the Concert Committee should spend less time boasting about the groups they might be getting and spend more time in serious negotiations with prospective artists who are available. Does anybody remember Jefferson Airplane?

Ron Shaffer
7th-political science

The Collage plot

TO THE EDITOR: This is addressed to the Seiberlich-Messerschmidt Gang. This time you have gone too far. You have betrayed Collage, Motherhood and Apple Pie. You speak of subversives to remove suspicion from yourselves. You are the real subversives. You demand justice, fair play and efficiency. Where do you think you are, off campus? You should know better than to expect positive action here. It is our affirmed purpose to form organizations to "bilk" money from the USG and cancel meetings. Collage was one of our more successful operations. At least it was until you blew the whistle. Now our Collage people might have to do some honest work and planning. They might even have to cherish the thought hold meetings. Gentlemen, you will surely pay for this dastardly deed. You see, I was that pencil-selling orphan you ran across. Ya, you will pay for zis!

Robert Mattes
Alias Special Agent Orphan
Penn State Intelligence Agency

Warped Webster?

TO THE EDITOR: In response to the remark made by Richard S. Webster, accusing Chris Bahr of "choking" in the Navy, upset, I wish to comment. Unfortunately, our society is such that when we fail, we search one individual upon which to place blame. In this instance, it was the warped mind of Webster that chose Bahr as his scapegoat. Webster probably found relief in insulting Bahr. If I were Chris Bahr, I would definitely investigate the possibility of filing a suit of slander, naming Webster as the defendant. In any event, I hope that Webster realizes how recklessly irresponsible his actions were and will refrain from any further display of ignorance.

David M. Sullivan
2nd-pre-law

Don't sign the cards

TO THE EDITOR: Up to a few weeks ago, it had been easy to view the NEA-PSUPA union as a group of misguided, indeed sometimes comical, individuals who were seemingly incapable of doing the majority of the Penn State community any significant harm. After all, it is difficult to believe that NEA would be able to muster sufficient staff and faculty support at Penn State when NEA's record of achievement is so dismal at the unionized universities. It has always been quite clear to me that NEA is far more interested in collecting union dues than in protecting students or, for that matter, faculty.

But now look what they've gone and done to us. According to the Oct. 9th Collegian, the NEA may well be on its way to disbanding the University Faculty Senate. Fantastic. Just think—all of the decisions concerning the academic programs of students will have to be made elsewhere. The Senate is

perhaps not perfectly responsive to student needs. But can anyone seriously believe that in the absence of the Senate the remaining powers, NEA and the administration, will be more responsive?

I believe that NEA-PSUPA can now be clearly seen as the threat it truly represents to all of us: students, faculty and staff alike. I urge students to keep alive the issue that educational quality and NEA are incompatible. I urge faculty and staff members who have signed authorization cards to express their disapproval of NEA's attempt to degrade education at Penn State by revoking those authorizations. I urge those who have not yet signed authorization cards to think over this issue before allowing a dues-hungry union to destroy quality education at Penn State.

R. E. Bruneau
Instructor in mineral economics

the Collegian

DIANE M. NOTTLE
Editor

CYNTHIA A. ASHEAR
Business Manager

Successor to the Free Lance, est 1887
Member of the Associated Press
Charter member of the Pennsylvania
Collegiate Media Association.

Editorial Staff: 865-1828
Sports Staff: 865-1820
Business Staff: 865-2531

Business Office Hours:
Monday through Friday
9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

This side of the truth Welcome to the Twilight Zone

By JACK JACKSON
of the Collegian Staff

There's a voice in the back of my mind that sounds like Rod Serling. It keeps saying "You're in the Twilight Zone."

I looked around at all my friends, some of my enemies and the guy who's been following me around campus ever since I started writing these columns. I wondered: could I really be in the midst of another dimension where everything is different and unexplainable?

"You're about to embark on a strange journey," Rod Serling tells me. "One that will take you from the inner mind to its outer limits."

I thought the Twilight Zone might be a disease, so I went to Ritenour for a check-up. The doctor looked at me and "hummphed" twice. Then he took his stethoscope and listened to me. Then he made a fist and thumped all over my back and listened again.

"You're ripe," he announced as he proceeded to sprinkle salt all over me.

I ran out of Ritenour to the Undergraduate Student Government meeting, where I was sure one of the senators could tell me how to end the Twilight Zone. My mind was growing more agitated.

I entered the meeting room as the master of ceremonies was saying, "All right, do we agree that so far we've agreed on nothing?" Every hand in the room except one shot into the air.

"No, no, I disagree," he yelled. "You can't disagree on nothing. You've got to disagree on ANYTHING."

I ran out of the room, growing more uncontrollable every minute. The guy following me was having trouble keeping up, so I slowed down just outside of a classroom where the lecturer was talking about the truth-in-packaging Act.

"All products must be labeled clearly and list the ingredients and expiration

date. Because of this, all applications for admission to this University will henceforth carry the inscription: 'College has been shown to be a decay-preventive maintenance when used in a conscientious program of moral hygiene and regular professional care.'"

I ran back home. I was panting, gasping and dirty. I needed a shave (it was the first even-numbered Thursday this month), so I pulled out my new double-edged razor shaving system with two twin blades. Both blades are slightly duller than single edge blades so that cuts draw less blood.

The guy following me finally caught up as I finished shaving. He was wearing a gray trench coat, a Sherlock Holmes hat and a Groucho Marx glasses-mustache-nose combination.

"Who are you, anyway?" I asked him. "I'm with campus security," he said. Noticing how I was staring at his face he

mumbled something about "standard disguise" and then told me that all the columnists have shadows. "Just to keep you guys honest."

Hysterical over my shadow, I tried calling up a girl who I could confide in. She always yells and screams at me, but that's how women are. I know life would be quieter without women, but I don't know if my ears could stand it.

I dialed her number. My phone didn't work. At least something was going right. Rod Serling was talking about Jacques Cousteau and the Galapagos Islands.

I ran back outside, frenzied, delirious, half psychotic, wild eyed, looking like I just got up for first period and screamed at the clouds. "Why are you doing this?"

I stopped for a second. A girl walked by me wearing a short skirt. The wind picked up and she hit an updraft.

Makes the whole damn Zone worthwhile.

