

# Malpractice

President Ford, like a poor doctor, has asked Congress to administer the wrong medicine to the wrong patient. Using faulty reasoning, Ford decided that Congressional approval of \$722 million worth of military hardware is just what South Vietnam needs to stabilize its military situation.

South Vietnam is dying and it doesn't need Ford to shower it with arms. Military hardware won't do a thing if there aren't enough soldiers around to use it. Besides, South Vietnam has plenty of hardware. Abandoned South Vietnamese arms are just what the North Vietnamese use to capture

South Vietnamese cities.

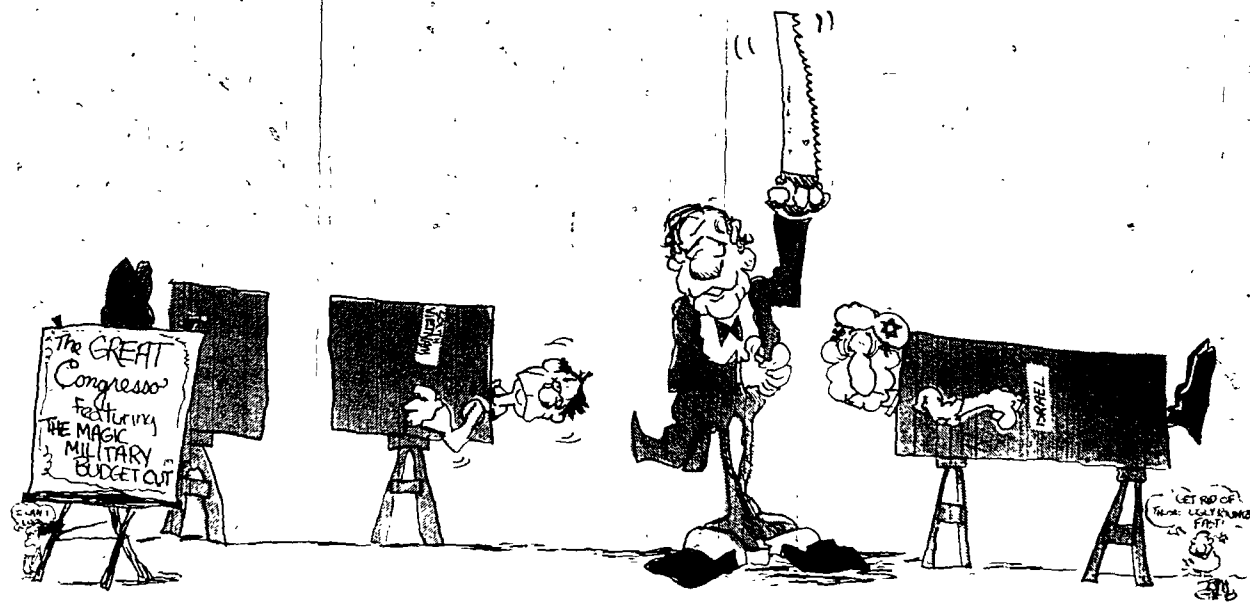
What South Vietnam needs, if anything could help at this point, is soldiers. And even Ford isn't foolish enough to suggest sending American soldiers to Vietnam again.

There are other patients that could use military hardware millions for better purposes. The United States for one. India for another. It's just not logical to give South Vietnam arms it can't use. At least the requested \$250 million for economic and humanitarian assistance is practical. But \$722 million for arms is about as practical as trying to bail out a sinking

ship with a rake.

Ford cited "national interests" as reason to give South Vietnam so many millions in military hardware. "National interests" is a great rationalization, but it's wrong. For how could it possibly be to the interest of the United States to arm a country whose defeat will come in days? If Ford really had national interests in mind he'd throw a little money to countries where poor conditions are not yet hopeless.

It may seem callous, but at this point the best thing Ford can do for national interests is let South Vietnam sink without prolonging the agony with US arms.



'And now, for my next act...'

Dennis Jackman, Mark Jamison, Judy Johnson, Greg Lynch, Larry Meigs, Marian Mientus, Kathryn Nuss, Kathleen O'Donald, Tom Schmidt, Gary Sinderson, John Strand, W.T. Williams

doubt many rapes have occurred in rooms with the drapes open, and stumbling on the one that might possibly occur seems unlikely. If police services is to avoid a "big brother" image, the use of a telescope to search a student's room must be stopped immediately.

John Bacon  
3rd-liberal arts

# Letters to the Editor

## For unity

**TO THE EDITOR:** The new coalition of the Stronger Student Advocates wishes to congratulate Joe Seuffer and Leo Lachcik on their victory. Although the election is over, there remains much work to be done.

We have stressed throughout this campaign the imperativeness of student body unification and unity within USG if we are ever to fulfill our needs as students and to enhance our educational environment at Penn State. It was for these ends that the various candidates we supported sought election in the first place. And it is in the interest of unity that all of our candidates and supporters, those who lost as well as those who won, pledge our continued efforts in this endeavor.

We hope that Joe Seuffer and Leo Lachcik will join us in a year-long campaign to bring USG back to you, the students, where it belongs. We intend to implement a variety of methods of reaching out to you in order to discover which issues are most meaningful to you. We also hope that through extensive publicity of these issues, we may succeed in rallying your support.

Most importantly, we want you all to know that we are available, and that our efforts and those of USG can be productive for your needs. But we cannot work in a vacuum. We strongly encourage any of you that have ideas which are important to contact us personally. All people who wish to help may be assured of our appreciation.

However, we can no longer be content to simply sit back and wait for you to approach us with your ideas. Rather, we intend to come to you with a full-scale campaign to bring you closer to student government. You are our resources. We can help each other.

Marie Blush, Steve Brush, Rich Ciccottelli, Mike Coyle, Debbie Foley, Barbara Gangwish, Dale Ginsburg, Tom Greto.

## Big Brother

**TO THE EDITOR:** It is a sign of the times that our budget-balancing university wastes valuable police service hours spying on nude beauties through telescopes. I propose a video system to do the same. Cameras could be placed in each dorm room and the "best" parts shown at police group meetings. A cost-effectiveness study could be made to determine efficient placement of the cameras, whether hidden or in the open. In the long run initial costs would be more than recovered by freeing more police to ticket more cars of more heinous illegal parkers everywhere. I'm sure that this mighty savings would have us all giving three cheers for progress. Seriously, though, Mr. Suit, Dean of Conduct Standards, Big Brother, sir, how do you sleep?

Harry Martz  
7th-art

## Integrity?

**TO THE EDITOR:** I am writing this letter in response to Doctor Suit's stunning admittance of the use of a telescope to check rooms for "marijuana plants." This would appear to be a blatant act of invasion of privacy, and police services is guilty of overstepping its bounds in its efforts to maintain "law and order" on campus. Dr. Suit's feeble efforts to justify this practice by calling it an effective tool against rape rings false and the integrity of our security force must be questioned. I

## An open heart

**TO THE EDITOR:** I wish to express the contempt I feel for Michael C. Pagano and Timothy J. White's organization (MALE). Michael and Timothy are shallow people. Their letter in the April 11 Collegian is simply a demonstration of their selfish lack of willingness to understand the suffering of females in our population and the misery this merciless society has inflicted upon them.

Although I, a frustrated male, have also fallen victim to the pagan desires of seemingly shameless hussies, I am not moved to condemn these deprived, tortured women. Instead, I feel compassion. While I do believe in the sanctity of the human body and all my natural instincts demand that I protect my honor, I can not reject the advances of possessed females with a clear conscience. I call upon all men to dismiss the propaganda of MALE from their minds, to renew the spirit of goodwill and chivalry and accept the passions of desperate women with an open heart and to bear the bitter pain of self-degradation so that others may find at least a temporary physical happiness in this world. This altruistic disregard for one's own comfort is the essence of a very profound sort of love. Finally, I pledge my undying devotion to these unselfish principles and I extend my hand in friendship to all down-trodden females. (My number is in the book.)

Anthony F. Yacenda  
3rd-division of undergraduate studies

# One day in the life of Columbo, PSU detective

By TIM PANACCIO  
of the Collegian staff

Donald Sweet, Chief of the PSU SST (Spy on Students with Telescopes) program, called his daily briefing session with his detectives.

"Lt. Columbo, I want you to patrol East Halls, especially Pinchot, Snyder and most of all, Stone," Sweet ordered.

"Detective Thorn, you take care of Centre and the sorority areas near town. We'll give Pollock a day off."

"As for you Callahan," Sweet said to his most infamous employe nicknamed Dirty Harry because he used his scope for sexual pleasure—spying so often, "You take care of Willard to Old Main. Probably won't catch any nudies in that area."

As the detectives were on their way out of Sweet's office to spy on the students and patch the perverts, pimps, prostitutes and pot smokers, Sweet hollered to Columbo. "Don't dare bring me back another pot-eating squirrel, Columbo or I'll have you transferred back to the LAPD!"

The Detectives picked up their Nikon telescope with a super zoom lens and headed for their destinations. All they had to do for a salary of \$11,500 a year was spy on kids and report to Sweet, sometimes making arrests. It was a matter of discretion as to whether or not you made an arrest.

Thorn was busy at McElwain. Peering through his scope he

reported to Sweet over his walkie-talkie. "I got two chicks going at it in bed," Thorn said. "And there's a black cat watching them, too." Thorn zoomed in on the cat's collar. "Name is Pieta," Thorn told Sweet.

"It's against rules to have animals in the dorms, get rid of the cat," replied Sweet. "Gonna make an arrest on those lezzies?"

Thorn thought for a minute and smiled. "No chief, I think I'll keep 'em under observation a few days."

Sweet was pleased. "That's right Thorn, that's your job, watch 'em till they smoke some pot, then get 'em."

Now over at East, Lt. Columbo was having his hands full trying to spy on the most heavily populated area on campus.

At the moment, Columbo was watching a room on 10th floor Pinchot. "Ahh, Sweet, we got a bunch of kids—about 10—they're wearing Steelers jerseys and playing baseball in the room. Getting drunk, too."

Sweet was confused about the appropriate action. "Code of conduct states that you can't play baseball in the dorm. Better make an arrest."

Sweet was wondering now about Detective Callahan. He was always late in filing a report from the scene. Confident that Callahan wouldn't call in—as usual—Sweet got Thorn on the walkie-talkie.

"Thorn whata 'ya doing," Sweet asked.

"I'm watching the events around South. So far as I can see, some frat rats and sorority chicks are having an orgy. And get this, Sweet. They're playing "Lay Lady Lay."

Sweet was appalled. "Damn hippie, free-loving kids, go bust 'em, Thorn!" Thorn liked these kind of busts. The University had made him a specialist in this kind of arrest. He even took an LEC course on Cops, Spying and Perversion.

Over at East, Columbo was busy looking for another bust. While gazing in one of Stone's open windows, Columbo saw a young man run in a room and grab a pair of panties and then leave. He followed the intruder on zoom right down the first floor of Stone as the panty raider went room to room collecting the lace.

The panty raider left at the back door of Stone and headed for Snyder. Columbo pursued him and noticed he wore a red jacket that said "Little Lions" on the back.

It was this clue that helped Columbo track his man down once inside Snyder. He banged on a door on the fourth floor.

"Can I help you," the panty raider greeted Columbo.

"Ahh, my name is Columbo, LAPD working for PSU, I think I'm here to make an arrest," Columbo said slightly out of breath. "You see, sir, those panties hanging on your wall are a dead giveaway."

Sweet was proud of Columbo. "Always get your man,

Columbo, that's the Penn State way. Get those kids! Bust 'em!"

As the day concluded the detectives reported back to Sweet.

"The only thing that bothers me is none of you caught anyone smoking pot. But I guess that's secondary to our purpose."

"Where the hell is Callahan," Sweet remembered.

The door opened and Callahan walked in handcuffed to a funny-looking man with a bald spot and big, floppy ears.

"His name is Oswald. I caught him smoking the evil weed in the bell chamber at Old Main," Callahan said.

"Good work Harry, maybe I'll keep you around. Now let's all go see Deep Throat," Sweet said as the others nodded in agreement.

# the Collegian

JERRY SCHWARTZ  
Editor

ROBERT A. MOFFETT  
Business Manager

## Going to classes in the rain . . .

Someday you will want to remember.



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Would like to express its sincere appreciation to those student organizations for their enthusiastic participation and financial support for our second annual Town Day:

- Associated Student Activities
- Graduate Student Association
- Interfraternity Council
- Panhellenic Council
- Association of Residence Hall Students
- Hetzel Union Board
- North Halls Residence Association
- South Halls Residence Association
- Pollock - Nittany Residence Halls Association
- Centre Halls Residence Association
- West Halls Residence Association
- Colloquy
- Free University

And special thanks to:  
Undergraduate Student Government