

Right away

Rights. Rights to live where you want, work at what you want, love who you want.
Rights. They are violated regularly and legally in State College.
If you are black, female, foreign or poor, laws have been passed to protect your rights. If you are unmarried or homosexual, however, you are at the mercy of employers and landlords.
A law prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, marital status, political ideology and age was proposed two years ago to the State College Borough Council.

This human rights ordinance was kicked around council chambers while members bickered over whether to pass it, amend it or get rid of the whole thing. They finally decided they couldn't decide and handed the ball to Mayor Jo Hays.
Hays has been accepting and compiling complaints of discrimination since last May. It looks as if he may report back to council on Monday.
That leaves you two days to file any complaints you may have. If you have been refused housing or employment in State College because you are living with someone out of wedlock or you are a homosexual, go see Hays.

Have all the facts on hand and be as specific as you can. Your case will be prepared as a legal affidavit which you will be expected to sign. Hays will keep your identification confidential.
A file full of discriminations is needed to prove to the council that discrimination does exist, even here in Happy Valley.
Go see Hays in his office on S. Fraser Street. Your case may help pass the human rights ordinance and end some inhuman discrimination.
It's only right.



THE OL' FINGER IN THE DIKE TRICK

Beating the competition

By DICK WEST
WASHINGTON (UPI) — The Washington Press Club's program this week featured a panel discussion on "Selling Presidential Candidates on TV."
I wasn't there, so I don't know what techniques the panel members recommended. But several possibilities spring to mind.
SPOT ONE: Two women, one young, the other in the wisdom of her middle years, are pushing grocery carts through a supermarket. They meet in the canned fruit aisle.
"What's wrong, Marge? You seem so dull and listless. Is occasional irregularity getting you down?"
"No, it isn't irregularity; it's the presidential candidate I'm backing. He doesn't make the issues sharp and clear. With my candidate, the issues come out all fuzzy and glossed over."
The older woman smiles knowingly, reaches into her shopping bag and extracts a Henry Jackson campaign button.
"Here. Try mine."

"Scoop Jackson, eh? Does he explain the issues so that they become pointed and well-defined?"
"Believe me, Marge, Switch to Jackson and you'll never again have to worry about your candidate obscuring the issues."
SPOT TWO: A pornographic movie theater. Two bald-headed men in raincoats in the front row staring intently at the screen. During a particularly passionate sequence, one man turns to the other.
"What does your presidential candidate say about resuming military aid to Egypt?" he asks sotto voce.
The other man looks around furtively and cups a hand to his mouth.
"Well, my candidate is Morris Udall, and Morris Udall says . . ."
Other members of the audience immediately lose interest in the film and lean forward to try to catch the rest of the comment. Then we hear an off-camera voice.
"When Morris Udall speaks, people listen."

SPOT THREE: A western landscape. A lone figure walking down a ravine. A camera zooms in and we see it's President Ford. He unwraps a stick of gum and puts it in his mouth.
Suddenly we hear the thunder of hoofbeats. A large herd of bulls comes stampeding down the ravine. Ford starts to flee but stumbles over his own feet. When the dust settles, he is nowhere to be seen.
An off-camera voice is heard as the hoofbeats fade in the distance.
"Ronald Reagan is bullish on America."
SPOT FOUR: Meanwhile, back at the supermarket, Jimmy Carter, who is campaigning in the shopping center, stops in for a bag of peanuts. Several women rush over and throw their arms around him. Attracted by the clamor, the manager, a fussy little man, runs up.
"Ladies, ladies," he implores. "Please don't squeeze the candidate."
"But, Mr. Whipple," they squeal. "His campaign promises are so sensible we can't resist it."

Young cynic's confessions...

By JEFF BIRNBAUM
Editor's note: This is reprinted from The Daily Pennsylvanian newspaper at the University of Pennsylvania.

I am a cut-throat pre-law.
The quest for the "A" is the sole purpose of my life. Everything I do and everything I have done, besides trying to attain a 4.0, was and is intended to look good on a law school application. Nothing more.
Any wisdom I have amassed is merely an accident of my obsessive, overkill study habits. Even when I am physically exhausted and mentally drained, the gripping fear that I have not studied enough to "do well" plunges my body, like an automation, into even more hours of work.
My only motivation for action is driving ambition. All things are subordinate to the activities which might advance me further along the road to the law school of my choice. My social life is little more than a waste of time, my dinner conversations are perfunctory exercises that preserve for me at least a facade of humanity before my peers. Nothing more.

Any minor importance my day to day life might have once had, has succumbed to my struggle to succeed. My labor is arduous, my pain is often insufferable, yet I still go on.
What is more, I am proud of my torment because I am certain there is no more direct way to fulfillment. I have consciously chosen to willfully submit to this course, because I am convinced it is right. And nothing more.
Indeed, where else can I find happiness?

Collegian forum

My confidence stems from the fact that I am not alone in my beliefs. All of my pre-professional colleagues act as I do.
I harbor no illusions about learning. All of the knowledge in the world is but for naught, if, in its acquisition, the universally accepted measure of achievement is sacrificed. I, therefore, predicate any education I might receive on the procuring of good grades and nothing more.
We are controlled by a system which

demand's conformity. To prove ourselves worthy of advancement within the system, we must acquire the symbols which are its measures of quality. These measures are grades and the faster we realize their importance, the better-off we shall be. Nothing more.
What people call humanity, I view as mere vanity, because for all their thinking and brooding, I shall get farther than they.
I am more willing to sacrifice myself because I know I am right in wanting to be a lawyer and I know that because of my sacrifices I shall, in the end, succeed.
I shall be accepted and will attend an Ivy League law school.
I shall do nothing but work in law school and shall be appointed to the law review as a reward.
I shall graduate from law school at least in the top quarter of my class and will procure a job in a prestigious law firm.
I shall earn \$20,000 a year until I am promoted, at which time, I shall make substantially more money.
After decades of service and subsequent promotions, I shall become a senior law partner and make an enormous amount of money annually.
I shall retire at the age of 65 and shall tour the world with my wife. I shall, in short, begin to enjoy the money I have accumulated after my many years of hard work.
I shall be happy, yes, quite happy, in the end.
All of this, but nothing more.

...reveal fool's paradise

I hear them all the time, in the halls, in the library, walking across the parking lot. They are serious people; they sometimes smile, but only in recounting their triumph over Professor So-and-so or the result of their last week-long study session.
Just like the cut-throat pre-law, their conversations are perfunctory. They mumble a great deal — "He started at 12.7... But she was offered 13.5... Can you believe it, 14.8!"
12.7. 13.5. 14.8. They repeat them over and over, like a private prayer to a mercenary god. And when you hear them, you know that they have sold their soul for an affluent, comfortable future, a future that is far beyond the horizon.
To them, college is just an obstacle, a kind of merry-go-round with dire consequences. The brass ring, a 4.0, entitles the bearer to a free ride to law school or grad school or a fat pay check. As the cut-throat pre-law says, echoing Poe's Raven, nothing more.
Nothing more. They never talk to anybody, because they have nothing to say (except 12.7, 13.5 and 14.8). Their lives are confined to the artificially-lit world of the classroom, and any other world is trivial or at least useless.
They have nothing but contempt for people who appreciate beauty, because beauty has never gotten

anybody an A. Those who give their time to charity are equally contemptible — it is far more profitable to spend one's time preparing to make money. Anybody who doesn't worry about the future and the salary it will bring is naive, childish and foolhardy.
They connive, cheat, and learn by rote, all to get to the top of their class. They make contacts and use "pull." Ethics are for the unambitious — anything is acceptable, as long as it is a step toward the ultimate goal of success. People are there to be used, friends to be duped. Nobody ever said that one had to be successful and popular.
The rest of their lives are a foregone conclusion. They will marry, have two children and buy a nice house in the suburbs. The wife, kids and house are required accessories if you want to make it big. Perhaps they'll even convince

themselves that they are happy, but more probably they will merely see this as another step toward that goal, a comfortable retirement.
There is some irony in the fact that many of them will never make it to age 65. Many will fall to heart attacks, leaving rich widows and the legacy of 12.7, 13.5 and 14.8.
Nothing more. No pleasant memories, no inspiration, no imagination, no dreams. If it seems to you a wasted life, well, they knew what they were getting into when they started.
Confront them with all of this and they will tell you that they didn't make the rules. If they are in some way deviant, they will tell you it is the fault of a society that places so much emphasis on success.
But somehow, it is all unconvincing. If they are society's Frankenstein monsters, they are monsters by choice. Others do not choose to succeed in that fashion, and it is those people who qualify as heroes, not the cut-throat pre-laws, engineers and businessmen.
They are a miserable, wretched, tragic group of sub-humans, doomed to spend lives of unending conformity and deceit. They deserve pity from anyone who can stomach them.
But God help me, I hope I never have one of them for a lawyer.



Jerry Schwartz

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.

Off the streets

TO THE EDITOR: Henry Myers' letter of 3-30 in the Collegian names, among organizations, street hockey clubs as unfairly using the Intramural Building facilities. I would like to present the other side of this story.
All the members of our organization are Penn State students. We do pay tuition, you know. We paid for the facilities, too; why shouldn't we have the right to use them? For a whole two hours a week, the street hockey players get use of one of the gyms. If six half-court basketball games were being played instead, all of 60 to 70 students would be involved. Our organization has 160 members.
The people of the Athletic Department have graciously allowed us space indoors, as this is the safest and most suitable place to play. We would appreciate other students showing a little understanding of their decision.
Thomas Andress
Pres., East Halls Street Hockey League
6th-nuclear engineering

Comments, please

TO THE EDITOR: I'm hoping this isn't a widespread phenomenon (although I know it has happened to others as well) but as of late I've been suffering from a "grade deficiency" of sorts. I'm referring to those teachers who attempt to satisfy their students with nothing more than a mark. In picking up three papers and essay exams I had Winter Term, I discovered that I

was given either an "A" or a "B" with no comments or criticisms of any kind other than the letter scribbled at the bottom of a page.
It's possible, and even probable, that these professors were working under the pressures of time but this is a poor excuse for sacrificing the quality of education. Experiences at PSU have taught me that its present grading system is an inadequate measure of both one's performance and understanding. This new form of irresponsibility on the part of some teachers only reinforces my discontent. A student must be challenged through criticisms, suggestions, and comments if he is to profit from the college classroom. A mark, without the accompaniment of these essential tools, means little. If the present grading system here at Penn State is to have any value, a progressive step can be made through a genuine interest on the part of the teacher for the development of the pupil.
Joe McElwee
9th-English

benefits black nationals in many ways, especially economically. Black nationals working in white cities (where white rule is majority rule) earn the highest wages anywhere in Africa. On the other hand, they are free to choose the traditional village and herding way of life, in which case they receive much more money for livestock, art work and other products than nationals of black African states.
White rule has unified tribes into nations and provided internal order and protection within the international community.
No, the pressure doesn't come from the Rhodesian nationals, but rather from guerrillas, trained and supplied in Zambia and Mozambique, who would have little interest in "liberating" anyone were he not first blinded by propaganda and then booted across the border with a carbine in his back.
We fools who've "liberated" Chile and those fools who've "liberated" eastern Europe must realize our isolation and ignorance and spare southern Africa the atrocities of "liberation".
Michael Ludwig
grad-ecology

Rhode to freedom

TO THE EDITOR: Tom Gibb's cartoon (Collegian 3-30) of a huge, enraged black Rhodesian pinning the white minority against the wall epitomizes America's (and the U.N.'s) misunderstanding of politics in southern Africa.
Unlike our pioneers, the white colonists in southern Africa did not wage genocide against the native people. Rather, they adopted policies respecting the native culture and village life styles, allowing the more primitive society to develop and evolve independently (through apartheid or "separate-ness").
While travelling through Africa I've observed that white rule

the daily Collegian

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