

Trust

The University Board of Trustees will meet one week after the last Penn State student has gone home for the summer.

It seems a tradition to schedule these board meetings at times when there can only be low student participation. Yet this board meeting may decide the level of tuition increase next year.

Dion Stewart, the youngest trustee and the one appointed specifically to represent student interests, lives in State College and is easily accessible. It would be a good idea to call Stewart and tell him what you would like to see done with the tuition hike. If he knew how many students want the trustees to go easy on the increase, it might pull some weight in the meeting.

Luckily, the board's general meeting has been open for several years. But several trustees and student groups are fighting to get the board to open its committee meetings to the public. At the January meeting 13 trustees, including University President John W. Oswald, board president W.K. Ulerich and Stewart, voted for the motion. Thirteen trustees voted against it, however, and killed the possibility of open committee meetings.

Opponents of open committee meetings argued that public attendance would intimidate trustees and prod them into performing theatrics to get their names into print. But there probably has never been a case where the public knew too much about the operations of a state-related

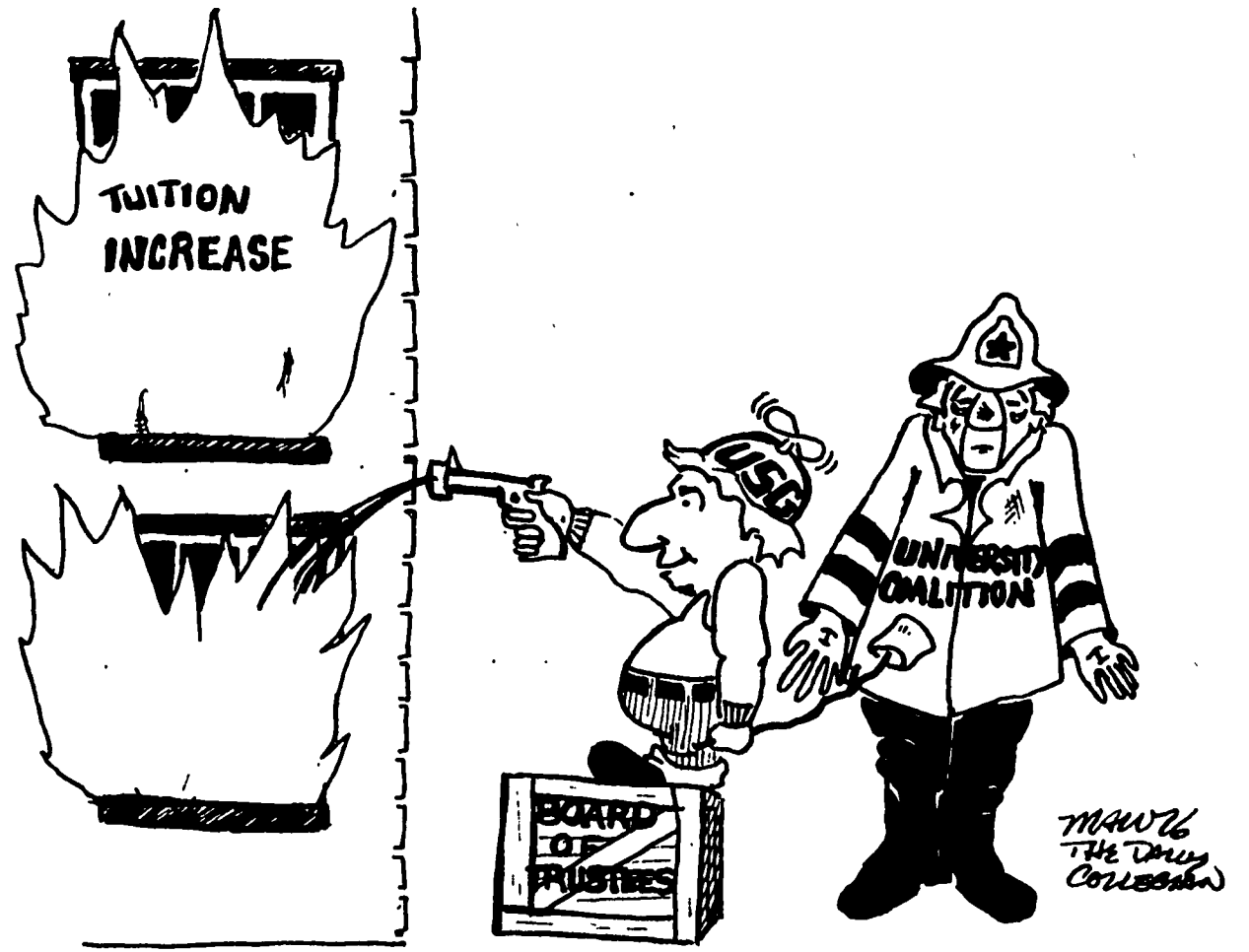
organization, especially a university.

Some, angry at the board's refusal to open committee meetings, have said anyone who is afraid to let the public know his opinion should be retired into private life.

The opportunity to remove some of the recalcitrant trustees is in the hands of thousands of Penn State alumni who recently received ballots for the election of three board members.

If students voice their concerns to trustees who care and alumni elect new trustees who will respond to the entire public, we may see some real progress in the board's policy.

Right now we'll settle for open committee meetings and a moderate tuition increase.



We are stardust, we are golden, we are hated

Here are some thoughts I had after seeing a movie this past weekend.

The movie was about a city called Woodstock. The city's only industries were producing music and having fun. They said in the movie that it was the third largest city in the world, and, like any other large city, there were problems. Lack of food, poor sanitation facilities and poor accommodations were some of the difficulties, but the inhabitants of Woodstock overcame them. They shared. Sharing was an unusual way for humans to cope with such problems. It was unheard of. The traditional procedure for dealing with hunger, sewage and sub-ghetto conditions was to forget about them or to somehow hide them. However, traditions were as worthless as \$20 bills at Woodstock.

Woodstock created sadness, sickness, anger, garbage, nudity and misunderstanding. New York City creates the same things with the addition of violence and crime. Some people came to Woodstock for the industries. Some people were looking for an answer of some kind, although none of them knew what the question was. Some people wanted the world to notice them, so they gathered together and tried to form one large vocal chord. But the vocal chord didn't quite know what to say. Even if it did, it had no lips that would enable it to communicate with those in power. So the music industry spoke in behalf of the vocal chord. Joe Cocker shouted. The Who frenzied. Ten Years After rocked. Joan Baez strummed an

acoustic guitar and sang powerful, loud lyrics, softly. Crosby, Stills and Nash were scared "shitless," as was much of the nation.

Many people feared what they did not understand. The music and the fun at Woodstock puzzled many citizens. They heard the noise from Woodstock but they could not extract any meaning from it. The music had also failed to communicate.



Rich Ziembra

However, the Woodstockians understood the music. Between songs the vocal chord sounded its approval by making a noise that sounded like air rushing from a 200-mile long tear in an earth-size, air-filled balloon. The only sound that was greater than this was Country Joe's "Fish" cheer, which smacked of Adolph Hitler's mass rallies and "Sieg Heil," to

some people. The "some people" I speak of were represented in the movie by an elderly couple who happened to live near Woodstock and a man, about my parents' age, who believed everyone living in and going to Woodstock was "high on pot."

The elderly couple's lives had been drastically changed by the fact that Woodstock had sprung up only a few miles from their backyard. They were irritable and angry. Their phone was dead and young kids were swarming all over their lawn. They blamed Woodstock for these two calamities. Their car had broken down and it was sitting in the driveway, a useless hunk of metal. The couple labored over it like two surgeons trying desperately to save someone's life. They called the whole event a "damned mess." World Wars I and II, Hiroshima and Dresden in 1945, and the grand destruction derby on the nation's highways also have been called "damned messes," not by the elderly couple, but by me. The elderly couple might have called these particular occurrences necessary of unfortunate, but that would be putting words in their mouths.

As for the man who thought marijuana was the culprit for all this madness, he should think about something that one member of his generation said. This other member was running a drive to collect food and distribute it to the people of Woodstock. The other member didn't think that all the young people were "high on pot" and he didn't really care if they were. He realized that they needed food, so he was trying to help. The first man was content to let them all die of starvation. The

other member said something to the effect of, what would happen if 500,000 adults with 500,000 fifths of Jim Beam were assembled into one area. The consequences would surely be a damned mess.

The city quickly died because the industries stopped. Those who wanted to see if Woodstock had altered the world in any way left in haste. Behind them was who-knows-how-many tons of garbage spread evenly over the landscape. The people who knew better stayed and cleaned up. They had a sense of ecology and a sense that told the world had not changed, at least not for the better.

One man, who I call the shit man, had the unpopular job of cleaning out the portable latrines. He had never had so many "Porto-Sans" to clean in all his life. Every day he came with his truck, attached a hose to a pump on the truck, walked into every "Porto-San" and sucked out all the sewage. He would also fill the soap and paper towel dispensers and spray some disinfectant-deodorant around. He said of the spray, "It makes the latrines a little more pleasant for the kids." Even though he was in his early fifties, shit man, and not some rock star, was the hero of the movie. He was the hero because of three sentences he uttered. When asked what he thought of Woodstock he said, "I think it's great. My 19-year-old is here at the concert. My other boy is in Vietnam." When you think about it, that is as much shit as anyone can take. Even a shit man.

U.S. MARINE CORPSE



From the editor

No poor slobs at '76 Ohio game

Hey buddy, got 50 bucks? Yeah, you with the tailgate full of fried chicken. If you've got 50 bucks I can fix you up with some Penn State-Ohio, State football tickets.

Tell you what, buddy. Talk to the Ticket Office in Rec Hall. For \$50 in the name of Levi Lamb, they'll fix you up real good. Yeah, real good. Don't bother trying for tickets if you're just a poor slob who graduated from here and who loves the place. They'll laugh in your poor old face. No, the Ohio State game is for high rollers only.

Unless you can afford season tickets (\$56) or a contribution to the Levi Lamb athletic scholarship fund (\$50, \$100, \$500, or \$1,000), you'll have to suffer through the hype of a TV account of the game.

Those are the rules set up by the Ticket Office for the Ohio State game. First of all, no tickets to the general public. Secondly, the 3,800 or so left after student and season tickets, go to members of the Nittany Lion Club, contributors to the Levi Lamb fund. For only \$1,000, if you don't hold a season

ticket, you'll be given 10 tickets. Five hundred dollars will get you six tickets, \$1000 will get you four, \$50 will get you two. But five'll get you ten the unofficial scalpers charge a lot less in the fall.

There weren't many tickets to go around, he said, so the Athletic Department adopted priorities — "categories," he called them. The lowest "category" was the poor slob who roots for Penn State only because he likes Joe Paterno or hates Woody Hayes. He was followed by alumni — some 104,000 strong. That was the cut-off.

The top rungs, the department decided, belong to members of the Nittany Lion Club, the people who will see the game live. The spokesman told me the club members are the most concerned about Penn State football and therefore deserve a shot at hoarding 16 or 10 or even 4 tickets to the Ohio State game.

The number of tickets distributed to Nittany Lion Club members in all — compared to the 50,000 going to students and season ticketholders — does not account for a sizeable chunk.

But what disturbs me — no, disgusts me — is that the ticket fight leaves more bodies on the field than the game itself.

The game will be a letdown for all the greedy people who killed themselves and their rivals by going after the pile of tickets up for grabs. The Nittany Lion Club has 1,000 new members this year, many of whom the Ticket office suspects joined the club just to get into the Ohio State game.

Whatever the reasons, we'll see a pathetic mixture in Beaver Stadium that day. Thousands of students decked out in their denim finest, will sit opposite the football aristocracy. No middle ground that day, no poor slobs who simply enjoy good Penn State football and like to spend \$6 or \$7 bucks to see it.

I wonder what Howard Cosell would say about all of this. Last weekend he condemned big-time sports for their politics, their economics and their hypocrisy. "Kids, this is like it really is and you deserve to know it," he said.

Well, you're much too late, Cosell. We already know.



Sheila McCauley

In addition, the \$1,000 contributors have a chance to expand their season ticket total from 10 to 16. When the last non-season ticketholder in the Nittany Lion Club has his Ohio State seats, the season ticketers all get a shot at buying more.

Wisdom of the ages

Being that I am a graduating senior fully blossomed in wisdom, age and grace, I feel I should impart some suggestions as to the improvement of this campus before I leave.

Since the University is in financial straits, it might be a good idea for the Board of Trustees to gather together all their excuses for raising tuition and package them like baseball cards. These cards could be distributed nationwide to kids who could collect them, swap them and best understand them.

The university has a wealth of buildings which could be put to work. Also Shields alone is a goldmine.

A soap opera based on the life at Shields would have enough twists and trick endings to last several years, and would interest housewives much more than any trivial secret divorces, unwanted pregnancies and adulterous affairs.

Also, this college's dormitories and dining halls would be a perfect backdrop for a feature film on Attica.

This University could avoid a tuition hike simply by canonizing Joe Paterno and transforming Rec Hall into a shrine.

It is as bulky as the best basilica and wealthy catholics would pay millions to see and touch the good Mr. P.

There are several ways that academic standards could be raised at this institution.



Mike DeSimone

Firstly all engineering and biology lectures should be transferred to Rittenour, where adrenalin shots could be made available to the students, and nitroglycerin to the instructors.

Majors of study in the college of Liberal Arts should become more career oriented than at present. Majors like Music Ed., Motel Management, Russian and Refrigeration should be offered.

A good way to reduce friction for students who have problems finding

their advisors would be to move the latter's offices to Zeno's and the Rathskeller. Not only would these gentlemen keep their office hours, but they'd much more likely think straighter as well.

Socially, I would suggest that all fraternities be disbanded. There is no room for brothers in a town full of mothers.

Finally, there is one suggestion that I feel would do immeasurable good to both the moral atmosphere and safety of the student body.

This deals with two water towers on campus that resemble a pair of female pectorals when viewed aerially, and have been dubbed with vulgar names by the student body. Campus religious organizations have crusaded against this disgrace for years to no avail. It is no accident that females are now using these two structures as a model for their dress code and lewd behavior.

I feel that a large aluminum mesh "bra" be secured to these structures, if for no other reason than to give them support when they approach middle age, and protect passersby underneath from unwarranted lactation.

Letters to the Editor

Plaque plague

TO THE EDITOR: Give Me Back The Plaque.

To cause an unfortunate incident is human, to refuse to make amends to that incident is an unnecessary hassle. On April 18, the State College police confiscated a birthday present given to me by a close friend. The Collegian ran an article with a picture of the present (a plaque coated in liquid plastic). The picture showed the two small leaves of unweighable, unsmokeable marijuana at the top and bottom of the plaque. Since that time I have talked to many people and organizations that include: PSORML, the District Magistrate, the Assistant District Attorney, the USG Department of Legal Affairs, and Investigating Officer Abernathy.

Although most of these people were sympathetic, I still don't have my plaque. This is not so much a personal matter as it is an issue involving the students and residents of State College. The fact that the officer even bothered to confiscate the plaque is bad enough. Now Police Chief Williams insists that in order to get my gift back I must go to court (which means paying court cost and attorney fees). This is a gross injustice. I can only speculate as to the reason for this, because I was told that no charges would be brought against me. I think it might have something to do with the police having a little too much Pride, Integrity, and Guts.

David Lucy
9th-finance

of not being able to shop in certain stores. The list could go on, but these are just two of the points that we can do something about. Write to Senator Joseph Ammerman, (The Senate, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120) in support of House Bill 501, which would require curb ramps on new or reconstructed cross walks.

Also, let him know you're in favor of Public Law 459. As the law stands, it requires access for the handicapped to all new or renovated department stores, theatres, retail stores, sports arenas or buildings built with public funds. Presently, the law is being threatened by an amendment which would weaken its effectiveness.

Voice your opinion by writing, and let the handicapped have more of the same benefits that you enjoy.

Patty Schofield
8th-community recreation and parks
Diane Greenfield
non-degree graduate-English
and three other students

the daily Collegian

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