

# All for the cause

A few years ago, college students marched in protest of the war in Vietnam. Before that, they invaded the offices of University presidents demanding a hand in the academic structure of their schools. A decade or more ago they staged sit-ins at lunch counters and helped boycott discriminatory businesses in the name of equal rights.

Before this term is over, Penn State students may employ these same principles of civil disobedience for the new cause celebre—drinking on campus.

The University's recent decision to strictly enforce its standing regulations on underage drinking has brought down upon it more wrath than any act within recent years. Previously placid students scream of their rights while administrators cautiously check their liability insurance and maintain they are only obeying

state law.

Resident Assistants in the dorms are forced into untenable position by playing both confidant and cop. The social hub of many dorm floors has started to disintegrate only to re-emerge in the form of birch beer parties poking fun at the drinking regulations.

And now the Undergraduate Student Government (USG) is mobilizing its forces to fight what USG calls the "dictatorial" policy. Beginning next week USG will hold a series of public hearings designed to formulate battle plans. No strategies are too far out for consideration. And the targets will be not only the University policy but also the state law on underage drinking.

One idea would pose an open challenge to campus police by mixing hundreds of students and lots of booze in an East Halls quad. This protest party would put the

University in a dilemma — arrest hundreds or return to its previous policy of ignoring drinking infractions whenever possible.

Another cagey plan calls for a coalition of students within USG to accompany police to football games at Beaver Stadium and to point out drinking violations at tailgate parties. By forcing their arrests, USG hopes to outrage Penn State alumni until the University changes its policy.

This strategy was used by students at Michigan State University several years ago and was so successful that the Michigan state legislature lowered the minimum drinking age and thus removed both the students' and the University's problems.

A more conventional step could be taken this November election by urging students to vote for local and state candidates who support a reduced drinking age. Voter

registration and information would be a vital part of this plan. Unfortunately it would probably ease but not solve the outnumbering of proponents in the legislature.

These are but three of a countless number of attacks which may surface at the USG public hearings. They may be the hottest item on campus this term, and perhaps the most productive.

It is sad that students get more upset about a can of beer than about higher tuition or lower academic standards. And how often does USG hold a hearing on an academic or economic problem? Still, the focus upon drinking rights has certainly caught students' interest. Drinking rights is not a moral issue, but it is a morale problem. We urge you to lend your physical and moral support to actions designed to abolish this unreasonable University policy.



Photo by Julie Cipolla

## Wilted flowers for Franco

By PETER UEBERSAX  
MADRID, Spain (UPI) — Generalissimo Francisco Franco has been dead for less than a year, and already his grave is becoming a lonely place.

Spaniards, whom he ruled with an iron hand for almost 40 years, have not forgotten him. But he is a figure rapidly receding into history as Spain moves toward the democracy promised by King Juan Carlos.

Franco was buried last November in the basilica of the Valley of the Fallen, a monument to the civil war dead which he had built in the Guadarrama mountains 40 miles from Madrid. The once huge crowds of visitors have given way to a trickle. The king has not been there since the funeral.

Flowers are still being laid on the one and a half ton slab of marble covering the grave, but many are wilted. Half a year ago, not only the grave, but the whole area surrounding it were covered with fresh flowers.

On a recent weekend, the attention of

the about 300 persons in the church centered on a visiting wedding party.

Of the churchgoers, only about 100 persons filed past the grave. Most only cast a quick glance, and some took pictures.

A few stopped, and some prayed. A nun went down on her knees and kissed the grave. A man with a walking stick wearing the dark blue shirt of the right-wing Falange movement talked to the grave in a whisper for several minutes.

Two elderly ladies deposited red roses and wiped tears from their eyes. A man said to his three children: "Here rests our Caudillo. He was a rock of a man."

Then the trickle of visitors stopped. A uniformed guard approached to scoop up some wilted flowers and rearrange the new roses.

The crowds are bigger — about 1,500 persons a day — at Franco's El Pardo Palace residence which was recently turned into a museum.

Guides lead visitors through the 32 rooms of the cream-colored, 16th century palace where, according to a plaque in the entrance hall, "El Caudillo worked tirelessly for the peace, well-being, prosperity and enhancement of the fatherland."

Interest appears to center on Franco's bedroom where 10 of his uniforms are displayed in glass cases, and a room decorated with Goya tapestries that contains his death mask and casts of his hands. The crowds are respectful, but whispers and an occasional giggle come from a group of youths in the background.

The coins and postal stamps bearing Franco's image are being replaced by new ones with Juan Carlos' portrait.

And the press shies away from mentioning Franco's name to the extent that the government newspaper Arriba headlined its report on the opening of Franco's residence to the public simply: "Another Museum in Madrid."

## Reform school blues at the Point

It used to be that everyone was jealous of the kid who went to West Point.

They envied the uniform, a uniform so slick that it almost made up for the crew cut you had to wear. They imagined that, wherever one walked at West Point, they played the theme from the TV show "West Point," a majestic military tune that sounded a bit like the Olympic theme.

But alas, those days are gone now, and I imagine they now play "Play That Funky Music, White Boy" when one walks across the parade grounds. West Point, once the most reputable school in the country, has taken on the aura of a reform school.

The reason, of course, is the burgeoning West Point cheating scandal. It appears that a good portion of last year's junior class cheated on an engineering homework problem, the result being that a good portion of last year's junior class may be sitting out the next war.

You see, at West Point they have something called the Honor Code, which

dictates that a cadet will not lie, steal, cheat or tolerate those who do. The Honor Code does not equivocate; one boo-boo and a cadet has to doff that slick uniform.

Which is, after all, as it should be. I am not prepared to defend the Honor Code completely—I believe that the toleration clause could force cadets to turn in their classmates, even when they have only an inkling that something is wrong.

A better system would be the way they do things at the Air Force Academy, where when a student suspects a

classmate of wrongdoing, he is honor-bound to confront that friend with his suspicions.

But as for those who are found to have cheated, I can't say it would break my heart if they were never officers in the army.

You see, when real-life army officers cheat, it isn't like cheating in an engineering course. It's more like My Lai, or secret bombings in Cambodia, or experiments with LSD without telling the human guinea pigs what's going on.

It's like an American army out of control, the John Wayne-types replaced by men wearing black hats. And men with black hats, men who cheat, are not the kind of people who should have their finger on the Bomb button.

But then, I wouldn't want a cheater taking my pulse, or selling me cupcakes or publishing my newspapers. Cheating is not limited to West Point, or Penn State, or colleges and universities. Cheating on your income taxes has become the national sport; if you can't cheat the government then the telephone

company, the insurance company of the University will do.

Everybody blames Watergate, as if Richard Nixon personally caused a plunge in America's moral principles. But the fact of the matter is, America is in the midst of learning that cheaters can prosper, as long as decent people consider cheating a minor sin.

It doesn't have to be that way. If the national party party for cheaters of West Point ever subsides, we might take a little time to mull the idea of an America drowning in a sea of cheat sheets.

In the meantime, we might have second thoughts about a blanket amnesty for those poor unfortunate cadets. What they did was wrong, I'm afraid that America is all too ready to forgive them, all too ready to give those nice young men with their crew cuts and slick uniforms another chance.

Let's face it, gang; the Long Grey Line deserves a big red F. And if we're not prepared to give it to them, the real tragedy is ours, not theirs.



Jerry Schwartz

## To our readers:

This page is for you. Please use it.

You've got opinions on everything about your world. Here you have space to tell the rest of the campus how you feel about your world. There's plenty of material here to think about — tenant-landlord relations, gay rights, faculty unions, student government, student parking — a whole world of concerns.

All you have to do is write a letter to the editor. Type it and double-space it. Make it 30 lines or less. Then bring it to the Collegian office (126 Carnegie) any time. Any staff writer in the room at the time will be glad to check your l.d. Also include your term and major or faculty position.

We know you're out there. Don't mumble to the walls in your room. Tell us.

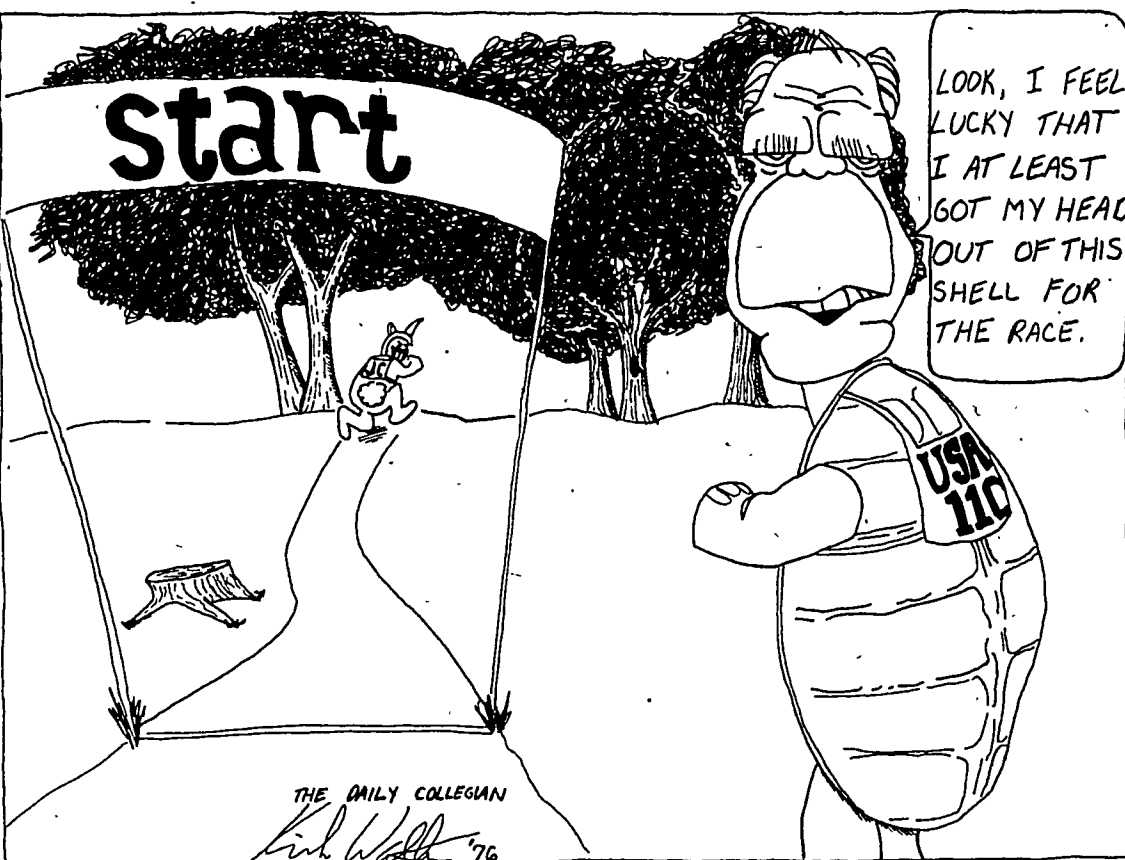
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