

The first step

The demands for student representation in University decisions have once again surfaced their meek heads. Recent actions taken by the University have cast doubt on the degree to which students' opinions are held, e.g. the University not rehiring Jo Ann Farr despite student support for her.

Something needs to be done. When students do not have a voice in their own destiny, their existence at this institution will not be as rewarding as it should be. But there finally seems to be a move by the administration toward opening the channels and letting student ideas flow.

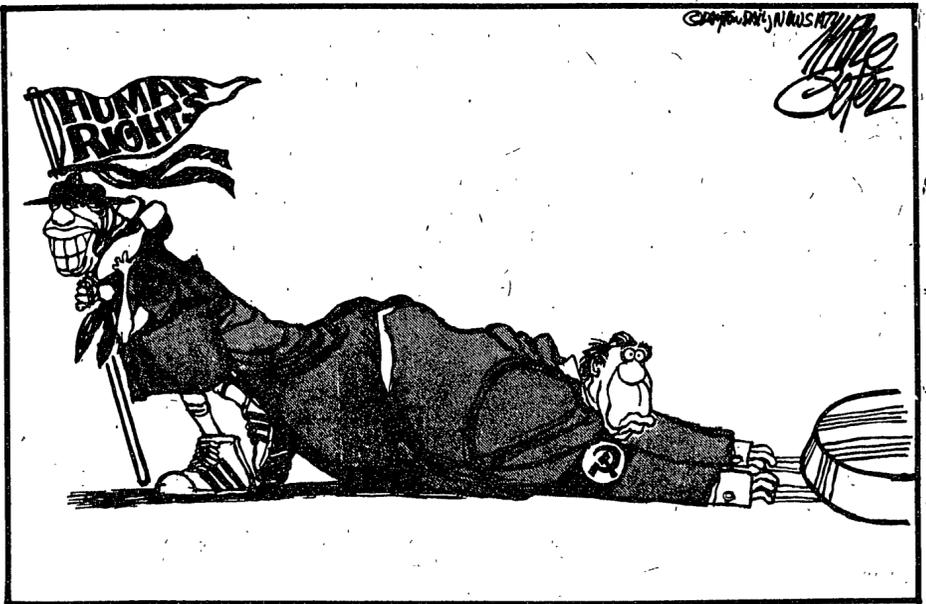
A task force on student representation is now being organized to determine the role of student participation in governing the University. It's about time. It's safe to say that students have been a part of this University from the outset, and they have a right to be heard.

The task force was set up under the direction of Vice President for Student Affairs Raymond O. Murphy, and will be co-chaired by Mel Klein and Rick Glazier. They will be responsible for the examination of student participation as a whole and will offer suggestions as to how the quality of participation can be improved.

The task force also will examine the interaction of student groups among themselves and with the University. This is important because the student groups must coordinate their efforts in order to be an effective force at Penn State.

The organizers hope to have the study done by the end of this term. This deadline, if met, would be a logical step. If student roles can be clarified, implementation of the plan could begin at the start of Fall Term.

Since the administration and the students will continue to differ in their opinions, it is only fair that students have the right to speak.



That down home country life fades into obscurity

Mr. and Mrs. Country Morning are staying up late one night watching the 10 o'clock news on the black and white Zenith. It's commercial time and Mr. Country is just about to go check on the chickens when he hears a familiar voice . . .

"Even out here where the air's fresh and people are friendly and the day starts with the sun, I can still have trouble falling asleep some nights. So, I take Somisneeze. It's a safe, natural way to help me feel drowsy and fall asleep . . ."

Startled, Mrs. Country drops her knitting and grabs Mr. Country's arm. "Isn't that . . ." "That's right," says Mr. Country starting at the Zenith. "It's Mrs. Tussy sweepin' the front porch of her tourist home."

The camera switches over to young Ned Greely, owner of a local farm. Good Ned is working up a fine sweat loading drums of pesticide onto the back of his Ford pickup . . .

"Ya know, when I sold the Madison Avenue advertising firm and moved the wife and kids out here to the fresh air, sunshine and friendly people, I left a lot of problems and sleepless nights behind. But there are a few occasional nights when I still have trouble getting shut eye — so I take Somisneeze. It works for me."

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Country Morning can only sit and stare at the parade of townspeople blurring into their living room. Finally it's all over and Mr. Country gets up to shut off the set. "I never knew so many of our neighbors were popping pills,"

he says. "Well, I can understand poor Mrs. Tussy," she says. "I'd be poppin' pills too if my daughter had run off to Pittsburgh with a bible salesman."

Early the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Country Morning, in need of coffee and sugar, hop into their Chevrolet and begin the two-mile trip to Cora's General Store. It isn't more than a few minutes before that funny noise begins; always happens as soon as the engine warms up . . . "Hot dogs, baseball, apple pie and Chevrolet . . . C'mon America! We know what your favorite things are!"



Mrs. Country covers her ears and Mr. Country curses under his breath. He's tried to fix it a hundred times but can't figure out where the noise is coming from. The two suffer in silence. They pass the last few acres of Mr. Country's corn field and

stopped by the security guard. "You're going to have to put a down payment on that can mister, or you can lease it if you like."

Sure enough, Mr. Country glances at the price and figures he'll have to sell the farm to walk away with it.

Mrs. Country, glancing through the morning mail finds a letter from the White House and reads it to her husband. "Say's here that President Jimmy Carter would like to spend a night at our farm and converse with natural, countrified folks like ourselves."

Mr. Country Morning looks at the glazed look on Cora's face; the advertising executive limping around the yard, yelling at the top of his lungs and looking for all the world like he had curvature of the spine; the Somisneeze people and the Gerital people; the car manufacturers and the fast food peddlers — all invading and destroying the country life that has suddenly become such a precious commodity.

"We're going to write President Carter and tell him he's welcome to the farm and the chickens but we're taking what's left of our countrified, natural lives and moving to where no one can get at them."

So, somewhere between Mayberry R.F.D. and Dorothy's Kansas the Country Mornings live. Their lives are simple and natural — that is until the rest of the world comes banging at their door.

Letters to the Editor

Truth, life and way

TO THE EDITOR: Going home, chocolate rabbits, church services, Easter ham, colored eggs; are these the elements which compose Easter? They are part of the scene, but the true meaning of Easter lies with Jesus Christ.

Easter Week consists of Holy Thursday — The Last Supper, Good Friday — God's Son dying for mankind and Easter Sunday — Jesus Christ's resurrection from the tomb and victory over death. What significance are these events for you and me? They are of NO significance if they did not occur; they show the way to life if they did occur.

The books of the Bible were written by Christ's apostles who

were either lying or telling the truth. If they were lying then let's bag the whole Easter deal, but if they were telling the truth then we are faced with a decision whether to make Jesus Christ our Saviour and Lord. After examination of the evidence there should be no doubt that Jesus is Lord.

The dead Jesus was buried in a cave and a two-ton stone shut off the entrance, a seal and guards made it secure. Yet, resurrection Sunday the tomb was empty. In the past men have died for what they believed in, but the apostles said that they saw Jesus and ate with Him. That means that if they were lying they knew it and they died for a lie for no reason. Men do not die for lies. It was not for riches because the apostles were not materialistically rich men. And it was not for self-esteem, because they were persecuted for their faith.

And everyone but John, who was exiled, died a martyr's

death; Peter was crucified upside down, Paul was beheaded and had his skin peeled off of his body; and the list goes on. In fact, the apostle Paul left fame and wealth behind to become a follower of Jesus and he was persecuted, because he found that Jesus was who He claimed to be: the truth, the life and the way.

What changed their lives? They ran from Christ at the time of His death for fear of their own lives. Yet afterwards they stood up boldly and proclaimed Him as God. One Christian author states that "evidence demands a verdict," and this evidence points out that Jesus is Lord. Accept Him as your personal Lord and Saviour by asking Jesus into your life.

Lenny Nemchick
8th-communications

the Collegian

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Agonies of a home out of reach

All along the pinetree coast, hundreds of birds flew somewhere-homeward south. With white foam underneath, they played with the tidal winds, laughing and singing as the breezes carried them.

The ocean stretched from the shore and glittered in the morning sun. The sky displayed a morning blue; the clouds excusing themselves the night before. And the sun lifted its light over the sea, and rose above the white waves and the birds.

There was no man here. Just birds flying south, beating strong but small wings, leaning to the sway of the wind, directed by conscience toward their home. One or two would drop from the main body of birds, to play on a downward draft, but they would never falter far behind. Some had never gone before, but enough had to know the way. They stretched from near the shore,

quite far into the sea. There were so many and they flew so high. Yet they did not cackle or shout but were quiet in the clean, crisp air.



The day stayed warm and the sun gleamed, dousing the birds in rays and rays of light. The birds flew easily, with no strain discernable, only controlled flight over a steady sea.

Toward night, the birds eased and soon drifted lower, searching for night

shelter. It would just be a short stop, yet the rest would replenish them. The birds could feed on tidal life near the shore.

The large Liberian tanker moved slowly, plowing through the ocean like some lost monster. It had met with a storm far out at sea, and its left side was oozing gallons and gallons of unrefined, crude oil. It blackened the sea and spread over the blue water. The captain of the vessel radioed that he felt he could get the steamer to a safe port. But the oil would be left behind.

The birds had settled on the shore, and while some just rested, others dived and ran after small edibles on the beach. One bird pecked gingerly at a black object, thinking it to be a small crab. The bird drew back and shook its head. It was only a stone, covered with oil.

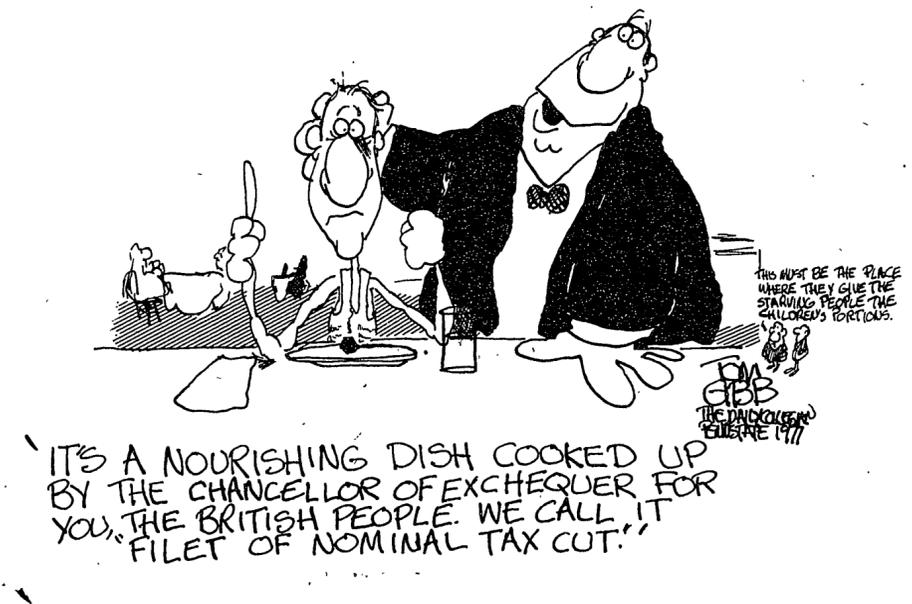
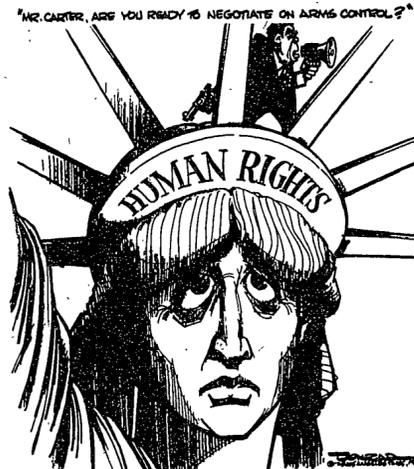
Soon, other birds began to shake and scratch and claw at their wings and legs.

The oil had found its way to shore, and many who had been searching for food had wandered into the shore bound slick, black and thick on the water.

The sun rose graciously into the new day sky but the water did not glisten. A black muck covered the water and dulled the sun's wiping shine. The wind had died down, and the air smelled.

All along the pinetree coast, hundreds of birds frantically scratched and pecked at their bodies, trying to remove what had captured them. Others ran along the beach, attempting to fly. The foam was not white but gray and more oil continued to coat the beach.

A small young bird flew along the beach, but fell into the water, flapping its oil covered wings. Its body drifted in the tide, and washed up on the black beach near hundreds of birds, dying somewhere, once homeward.



IT'S A NOURISHING DISH COOKED UP BY THE CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER FOR YOU, THE BRITISH PEOPLE. WE CALL IT FILET OF NOMINAL TAX CUT.

American rats neurotic, take saccharin in controlled doses

By DICK WEST
WASHINGTON (UPI) — All along I've had a feeling there was something incongruous about the laboratory tests that led to the proposed ban on saccharin.

But I couldn't put my finger on what was amiss until I came across a press release from the Citizens for Saccharin Committee. Then it all came clear. The reason the tests seemed off base to us Americans is because they were conducted with Canadian rats.

As the committee pointed out, "Canadian rats are not the same as American rats."

"Rats are affected by climatic conditions, different physical characteristics depending on where and how they live, different life styles, hair type, teeth structure and different kinds of garbage and other edibles they consume."

"So any rat tests should be made on American rats conducted by United States scientists."

Let us not succumb to blind

patriotism in this matter. The committee did not say, and I certainly am not suggesting, that American rats are necessarily better than Canadian rats.

I'm sure Canadian rats are okay — in their place. Canadian rats probably suit Canadians just fine, and they're entitled.

Nevertheless, without getting into the question of national rodent superiority, there's no blinking away the differences cited by the committee.

I was particularly struck by the reference to different life styles. American rats, as we know, are fundamentally homebodies. Hearth and family mean a lot to them. Steadiness, dependability, moderation — those are words that spring to mind when we think of American rats.

Canadian rats, on the other hand, tend to be rather frivolous. Scurrying about at all hours of the night. Magnetized by the bright lights. Letting tomorrow take care of itself.

That sort of thing. I daresay the average Canadian rat is basically just as robust a specimen as his American counterpart, when he is in tiptop shape.

It could well be, however, that hedonistic dissipation has rendered Canadian rats more susceptible to possible carcinogens in saccharin than American rats would be.

Then there is the question of diet. It is doubtful that Canadian garbage contains anywhere near as much saccharin as American garbage. Thus Canadian rats would not have had opportunities to build up immunities or natural resistance to any harmful ingredients in the sugar substitute.

To repeat, I have nothing whatsoever against Canadian rats. If I were a Canadian, I'm sure I would feel wary toward any substance that produced adverse reactions in Canadian rats.

But when American interests are involved, it is not being unduly jingoistic to ask, "What's wrong with using good ol' American rats?"