

Promises made

There comes a time when all the smiles and friendly hellos could pay off. That time is fast approaching for appointment-seekers in the Undergraduate Student Government executive offices.

It's patronage time again. Five-to-one odds say the smiles have become more frequent in the last few weeks, and the hellos are called out when the patronage bearers are still 50 feet away.

It's a scene that will be repeated after the gubernatorial election, the senate election ... every election.

But it shouldn't matter. The new heads of USG do not have to take the path of their predecessors in doling out patronage jobs.

A few simple guidelines would avoid the patronage pitfalls.

Pick only those people who are able to play devil's advocate. Make sure they will not consistently end up saying yes. That defeats the whole rationale behind devil's advocates.

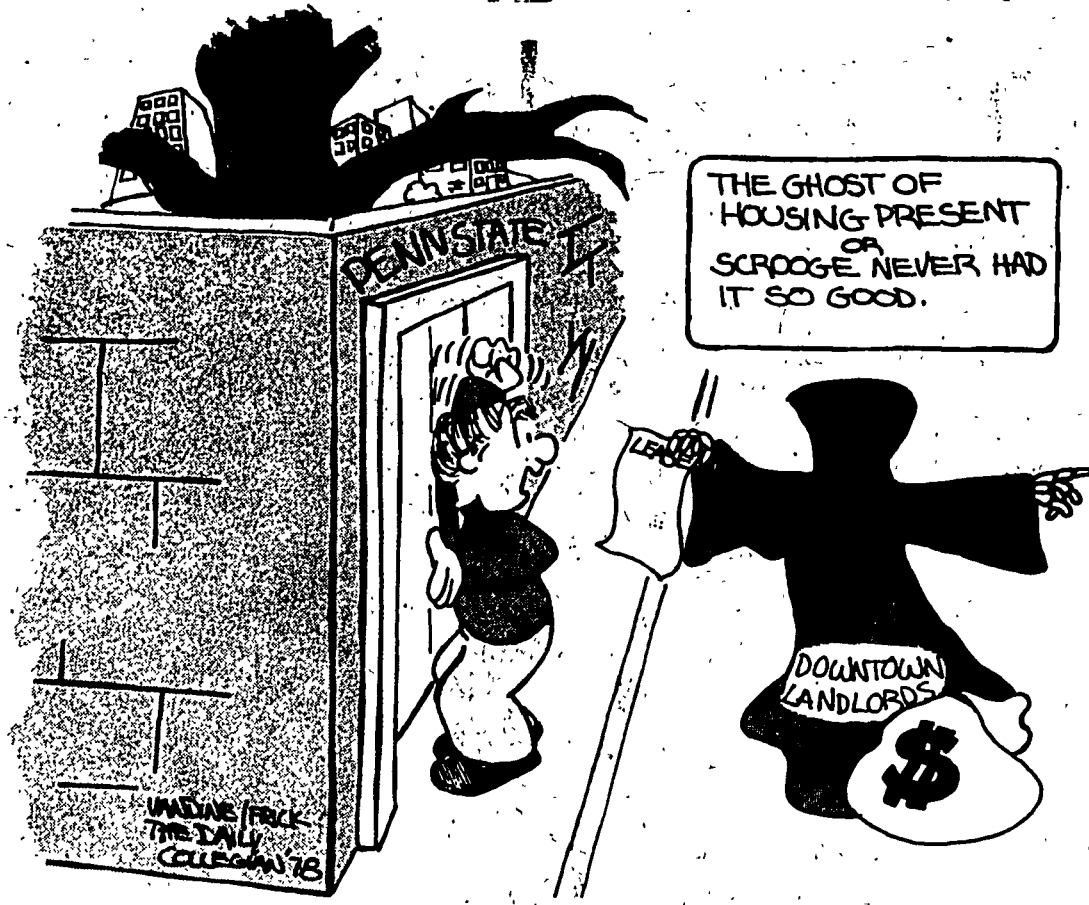
Make sure the people chosen are genuinely interested in their proposed jobs and not

just the prestige or the title on a resume. Be sure they are fully qualified to handle all assignments, or able to pick up quickly the knowledge they lack.

Overall, common sense should be the basis of selection.

Promises were made by Dave Haberle and Tony Cortese that appointments will be made judiciously. We hope so.

Because if this promise is thrown into the closet, chances are it will not be lonely long.



Letters to the Editor

Accurate portrayal

Thank-you, Mr. Peters, for portraying, through the use of a simple cartoon (May 3), the other, much more frequent side of sexual reality within the classroom. I have encountered many instances, especially in high school, where a male teacher has revealed to me his personal urges. Women have approached me only in gay bars. Consequently, I'd feel much safer encountering a homosexual man on a dark street than a heterosexual man.

Kim Farls
7th-psychology
May 3

Ignorant

Spring Week '78 is over. A lot of people showed up to enjoy this past weekend's events — the carnival, the free concert, the First Annual Penn State Tent Party, Penn State Expressions, and the awards. It was a success. Where was The Daily Collegian?

I'm not appalled by the article that was in the paper today. Even the Regatta received more coverage than that and it was only one single event. Gentle Thursday got a full page of pictures and articles. Today you even had one full page of horses. The article you finally put in about Spring Week was almost worth nothing. It merely told of one aspect of the week — the awards. The Collegian staff had been advised of the coming events. I cannot understand how they could be so forgetful, inconsiderate and just plain stupid!

Where are your priorities? This past weekend's events

definitely should have been in the Collegian. Right now I'm trying not to think that a prejudice of Greeks caused it to be overlooked. For one thing, this year we were starting all over. We tried to have as much involvement as possible, not just Greeks. However, whether or not it was a Greek activity it should have received adequate coverage.

It directly involved much of the campus and community. Please provide the overall committee and myself with a reason or at least an apology. I'm having trouble conceiving how anyone could be so ignorant.

Anne Calhoun
6th-communication studies
May 3

Progress back

Sun Day is here at last! Let us all rejoice on the occasion of the newest Jimmy Carter concession to solar energy! In Carter's National Energy Plan he is apparently "aggressively" promoting solar energy. In truth, every major aspect of solar energy is relegated "beyond 1985." In the plan, wind-power, ocean-thermal power, and photo-voltaic power are all mentioned (for brownie points) — but also relegated for "beyond 1985" when Carter won't have to worry about it. The plan calls for solarizing 1.3 million homes by 1985 — only 1.8 percent of the total residential units! Under the Carter plan the amount of our 1985 projected energy demand to be met by solar energy is only 0.44 percent — a Federal Energy Administration study revealed that by adopting an "accelerated implementation plan" three times this amount could be obtained from solar energy.

Solar heating of water for domestic uses is cost-efficient nearly everywhere in the country — but you will find very few new homes or even federal buildings using solar systems. The Carter solar energy budget is still measured in hundreds of millions of dollars — it sounds impressive until you compare it with something like the \$1.5 billion cost of a single toxic nuclear power plant.

Before World War II there were more than 40,000 solar water heaters in the state of Florida alone and tens of thousands of electricity-producing windmills were in use in the plains states. Unfortunately the advent of cheap energy destroyed all this. It's time to progress back to where we once were.

Steve Blythe
graduate-nutrition
May 2

Thanks

The Youth Service Bureau on behalf of its Outdoor Experience Program wishes to express its appreciation to Ernie Russom, Chairman of Sigma Nu's First Annual Skateboard Championship, all members of the Delta Delta Chapter of Sigma Nu, their little sisters, campus contestants, and spectators for their participation and support.

Although the weather that afternoon was not all that might be desired, it was more than compensated for by the "camaraderie" and spirit of the occasion.

The afternoon's activities were conducted in a manner which belied the relative tender age and experience of the organizers and contestants alike.

Any organization could be only very proud to have been associated with such a well-organized and presented program. State College is indeed lucky to have such mature and concerned individuals within its campus community.

Tate Ames
Advisory board member
Centre County Youth Service Bureau
April 28

Slighted

One's senior yearbook is supposed to portray his or her years at the University, showing classrooms, activities, friends, campus and town hangouts. As a graduating senior in recreation and parks, I received my yearbook this past week and was pretty disappointed.

Since the senior pictures were divided into their colleges, I naturally looked for mine under the College of Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

I found pictures of phys ed classes, pictures of White Building and Rec Hall, yet there was not one picture portraying our department and the work that is done in our classes. I realize that not everything can be represented in one yearbook for 30,000 students, but the College of Health, Physical Education and Recreation is a lot more than just physical education.

What about Stone Valley? The Nature Center? The Outdoor School? Or even The Special Olympics that so many students work at? These are all a part of recreation and parks classes that many people do not realize exist. I'm really disappointed in this year's La Vie staff. Our department is an aspect of the University that so few know about, yet is widely known at other universities across the nation because of the work that goes on there. Maybe next year the recreation and parks students will get the recognition they deserve for the fine work they do.

Merry Jennings
12th-recreation and parks
May 3

It's your turn

Okay, so you're graduating soon. You've had almost 12 terms of chicken steak, Shields Building and Forum lectures — 12 terms of "For the Glory" Penn State.

If you're a graduating senior, or even if you're not, The Daily Collegian wants to know what you think. What aspects of the University cry for change? What part of Penn State is so good you don't want to leave it?

The Collegian will publish a special letters page May 18. Letters must be typed, double-spaced and no longer than 40 lines. Submit letters before 5 p.m. May 15 in 126 Carnegie.

Lack of energy is a problem nearly everyone can relate to — especially Spring Term. The Daily Collegian will run an Op-Ed page next Thursday on energy and we're looking for your viewpoints — but not just on personal energy crises.

The feasibility of solar energy, the prospects for coal in the future and the pros and cons of nuclear energy will all be presented.

If you've got an opinion on anything energy-related, from Carter's energy policy to the University's energy future, type it out, double-spaced in fewer than 30 lines and include your name, term and major. Turn it in by 5 p.m. Tuesday, May 9 in 126 Carnegie Building.

the Collegian

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Opinions expressed by the editors and staff of The Daily Collegian are not necessarily those of the University administration, faculty or students.

Formal grievances may be sent to Gerry Hamilton, Collegian, Inc., executive secretary, 126 Carnegie Building, University Park, Pa. 16802.

Letters policy

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 not longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include the name, term and major of the writer. The editorial editor reserves the right to edit letters, and to reject them if they are libelous or do not conform to standards of good taste.

Mideast: playing with matches

The middle position that President Carter insists on taking in the Middle East is strangling all efforts towards peace for all parties concerned. While he calls for peace and sends ambassadors and officials shuttling all across the Mideast, he then decides to worsen the whole situation by supplying warplanes to both Israelis and Arabs.

The president's apparent logic is baffling. It is obvious to him that he cannot sell arms to one side only, even only to the Israelis, for fear of creating an imbalance and precipitating another war — or a fiercer continuation of the present one. So he plans to rectify the problem by selling the brand-new F-15 jet fighter to Israel and F-5s (Thunderbirds) to the Arabs, using the logic that the Arabs really are getting the shaft because the F-5 is the older and inferior aircraft (even though F-5s are used by the U.S. Air Force to simulate the performance of Russian MIG-25 jet fighters). Israel still retains control of the skies, and we avoid angering the Arabs.

President Carter should stop playing footsie with both the Arabs and Israelis. Our major objective should be peace in the Middle East, not seeing how many planes we can sell each side before someone gets mad.

The best solution? Don't sell weapons to anyone. Use those weapons as a stick to drive both parties to the bargaining table.

President Carter may not realize it, but we are in a somewhat favorable position to demand a peace conference now. Israel feels the need for more modern weapons, and the F-15 is the best fighter in the free world. On the other hand, the Arabs are looking for good weapons that they can buy for cash only, not for ones that come with Russian Communist advisors.

Dale F. Brown

We should demand that both sides begin serious, concerted peace negotiations. If one side breaks off the talks or refuses to negotiate, then we know who really wants the weapons for defense and who wants them to continue the conflict. We should use our weapons as sanctions against either side, Arab or Israeli, who hedges against progression of the peace talks.

It would be a difficult move to make. Israel, suggests Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, is capable of fighting all by themselves and doing well, although it is hard to say how long they'd hold out without U.S. aid, and public opinion in

the United States is definitely on their side. And Prime Minister Begin has already stated that a serious imbalance would automatically occur if Israel did not receive new weapons.

On the other side, the Arab oil-producing nations have enough wealth to buy as many planes as they want from anyone, such as France or some East European states. And, it is not a good idea to overly anger the Arabs, on whom we depend on for about 40 percent of our petroleum. Finally, the United States is desperately trying to woo Egypt and Saudi Arabia in order to stabilize the situation in the Mideast.

The solution certainly is not an easy one. Already, Congress is in favor of adopting a resolution that could block Carter's "all or nothing" policy towards the \$4.5 billion arms deal. A sizable bloc of U.S. congressmen support supplying arms to Israel, our supposed ally, and not supplying arms to the Arabs despite the possible problems.

But it should be clear to the President and to Congress that if they wish to promote peace in the Middle East, it is necessary to take the guns out of the soldier's hands, not to put better ones into them.

Dale F. Brown is a 13th term west European history major.

Columnist loses face in brushfire

Now I know what the term "losing face" really means.

I don't look like the picture anymore — the one of the ugly-looking guy with the thick, black beard that sits in the middle of this column.

It's not that I'm not ugly-looking anymore. Modern science does have its limits. It's the thick, black beard that's missing.

The great change occurred Sunday night, April 23, a day that, for me, will live in infamy.

I guess the main reason I did it was curiosity. I hadn't been completely clean shaven since the day I graduated from high school, and I really was wondering what I looked like underneath all that.

It was not, as many people thought, for shock value. It was not until after the deed was done that I realized most of the people I know at Penn State had never seen me without a beard.

I got a lot of strange reactions. The first person to see the "new look" was my roommate. We've known each other since grade school, so he was one of the few who had seen my naked face before.

I had just stepped out of the bathroom, my face stinging from after-shave for the first time in years, and I saw him

lying on his bed, listening to his stereo through headphones. I walked up and shook him, and he turned and looked at me.

I'd never seen anyone jump like that. On campus the next day, it was more of the same.



John Martellaro

Two of the most memorable reactions came from a pair of Collegian staffers. One walked into the office, passed by me and said hello, then did a classic double-take and collapsed to the floor, giggling hysterically.

The other was a person who came in and sat down to talk to me, and looked at me in a funny way for about five minutes without actually mentioning it. Finally, I said: "Don't you have comment?" She replied: "Wait a minute. You got your hair cut. No, you... Oh my God! You shaved your beard off!"

There were a lot of other strong reactions, but the best ones came from my former fellow furry folk.

By shaving, I have resigned from that great and honored fraternity, that last truly male bastion of fellowship, the Brothers of the Brush. A lot of them were crushed. Imagine! A member of "the club" selling out!

The most violent reaction probably came from one of my professors, another member of "the club."

I walked into the class and took my usual front-row seat. Then, he came in, took his place at the podium perch, and began to look over the crowd. Then his gaze fixed upon me, and he yelled "John! You're naked! Look everybody, John shaved!"

Five minutes later, when my embarrassment and the bright red color of my face began to fade, I crawled out from under the desk and resumed taking notes.

After class, he walked up to me and asked in incredulous tones, "What did you do that for?"

I explained my reasons, and consoled him by saying I was already considering growing it back.

I'm no longer "considering" it. My mind is made up.

As I write this, I'm already sporting a three-day growth. By the time you read it, I should be properly grubby.

I made up my mind on Gentle Thursday, of all days.

I had left the festivities early in order to "clean up my act" (in more ways than one) in order to go out that night.

I had slept for about an hour and taken a cold shower, but I still had a slight buzz when I took razor in hand to begin the ancient ritual. What a mistake.

Not being all that used to shaving to begin with, I was in no condition to attempt it at that point. Suffice it to say that by the time I finished, I was bleeding profusely from at least 20 different places.

"The hell with this!" I decided on the spot. I shaved once more, as a gracious concession to my parents, who came down to visit me on Saturday. But that will be the last for quite some time.

That leaves me, as Van Morrison would say, in a "period of transition." Being neither truly bearded nor truly clean shaven at this point, I'm currently in a sort of twilight zone, which produces a rather uncomfortable feeling.

Mainly, it itches like hell. John Martellaro is a 12th term journalism major.



THE LONELY RAIN OF SAN CLEMENTE!