

Shortchanged

The budget song for Penn State remains the same: "You can't always get what you want."

While the University requested an \$130 million appropriation for the upcoming year, Gov. Thornburgh requested only \$117 million under his "no frills, no nonsense" budget. So what does a measly \$12 million mean?

It means another untimely tuition increase along with cuts in existing programs.

That is, unless the legislature finds it in its heart to substantially increase the governor's suggested appropriation. Don't count on it, though; the legislature rarely votes to dole out much more than the recommended amount. University officials will probably have to make do with the 5 percent raise.

Five percent is about the same increase the University has received in the past, but it's worth even less because of inflation. Our recent history in the teeth-pulling budgetary process has left us with nothing but a mouthful of cavities. Although Gov. Thornburgh pledged greater support for higher education, the 5 percent increase follows the same trend started by ex-Gov. Shapp.

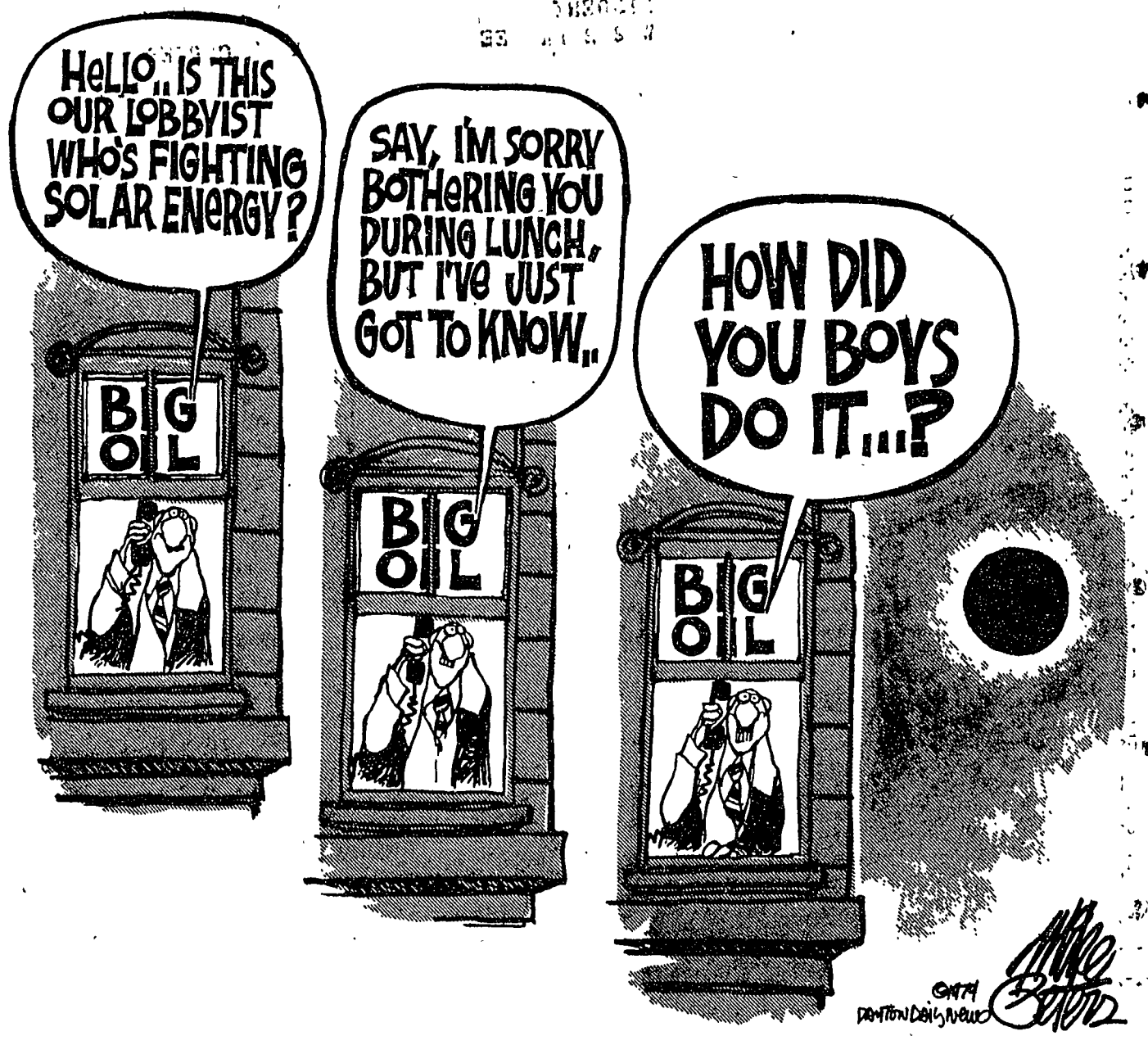
Penn State and the other state-related universities — Temple, Pitt and Lincoln University — aren't getting a fair shake. The

schools that are those 14 colleges and universities owned and operated by the state — they've been recommended for 7 percent increases. That figure may even be closer to 9 percent, according to state Rep. Gregg Cunningham, R-Centre.

Considering Penn State's contributions to the Commonwealth, the difference in the proportionate budget slices between state-related and state-owned schools is larger than it should be. Penn State's research and development in areas such as agriculture and engineering benefit people throughout the state as well as the world. Also, the reputations of Penn State, Pitt and Temple are valuable drawing cards for Pennsylvania, bringing into the state people — and their money — who would otherwise never come here.

The state-owned schools, on the other hand, are mostly teachers colleges and liberal arts schools — valuable in their own right, but not compared to Penn State. And according to Rep. Cunningham, salaries at the state-owned schools are already among the highest educational paylists in the country.

Gov. Thornburgh's plan for the final year of this decade seems to be a giant leap for the state-owned schools, a small step for Penn State.



Letters to the Editor

A trail conceived

I find it hard to believe, in a so-called scholar-producing institution like Penn State, that at least one knowledgeable mind could not be found and hired to fill the quasi-mindless void within the housing department. I refer, of course, to Penn State's new policy for dorm contracting, whereby students stand (sleep, collapse...) in line for up to 36 wasted hours for the privilege of obtaining a dorm contract.

As I watched a queue that seemed never to end, these words came to mind: It is a trail conceived by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. (My apologies to Bill Shakespeare.)

Since the old system of handing in a card seemed to work so well, it seems unfortunate that no one thought to keep it. Ergo, I would like to take this opportunity to award the "booby prize of the year" to whoever is responsible for this unbelievable situation, with noteworthy mention for their concern and understanding of

the plights of the student. And to all those students who stood and waited, have you considered turning next year's ordeal into some kind of charity marathon?

Vicki Smith
State College resident
March 7

Laughing

Where Gentle Thursday takes place or whether there are balloons or no balloons will make little difference. Gentle Thursday cannot duplicate or even be vaguely familiar to what it was in the '60s and early '70s. The thought of students turning in their designer jeans and disco attitudes for one "day of sharing" leaves me somewhere between laughter and tears. It won't be the balloons and clowns that make Gentle Thursday different, but the attitudes and outlook of today's students. If Gentle Thursday were restricted to those few who have retained some of the attitudes characteristic of the '60s,

the bell tower of Old Main could probably accommodate the crowd.

Carol Miele
10th-history
Feb. 15

Women's weak

Do you know what Thursday March 8 was? Well... it was International Women's Day. Big deal you may say. Due to lack of interest International Women's Day has been canceled on the Penn State campus.

Over term break, I made a journey north towards Amherst, Mass., where I was pleased at the response to Women's Week. A women's concert with Meg Christian, JT Thomas and Holly Near kicked off the event, and was followed by week-long women-oriented activities. The community, area universities and media all did an incredible job to make Women's Week a success.

My question to be pondered is this: Why is

Penn State so conservative, should I dare say apathetic? Every state school and most large schools that I know of have an active women's center located on campus. (Did you know that there is a women's center in town?) Most radio stations provide adequate air time for female musicians. However, I find that not to be the case at Penn State. Did you know many colleges have a women's studies major and/or option (and did you know that Penn State is finally in the stages of formulating one)?

Do you realize that of all the concerts sponsored on this campus, none were geared towards women's music? (Have you ever tried to reach the president of the University Concert Committee? ... I have.)

What I do hope one realizes is that there is plenty of consciousness raising needed on campus, and that there are several avenues open to us to achieve that goal. It is my sincere hope that next year, International Women's Day can be a success, and that it is geared towards a feminist perspective, here on this campus. Main

campus has the potential to formulate a strong governing women's caucus and I feel it is time that the feminists on campus pull together to work together.

Jill Jacoby
9th-agricultural engineering
March 8

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Time passages:

Bond was wrong, you only live once

When we last left State College, the gap of understanding between black and white was an important topic of conversation, brought to light by six infamous ads in *The Daily Collegian*. While vacationing in Florida during term break, I came across another societal split, which isn't discussed much these days but may be wider than the one between the races. Behold, *The Generation Gap*.

The term was used much more frequently about a decade ago, when youths rebelled louder than ever against their elders' values. The long hair and loud music which symbolized that rebellion were usually scoffed at and misunderstood by the older generation.

But the generation gap I discovered somewhere between Palm Beach and Miami, the mecca of retirees, was much different. It seemed that many senior citizens are having a tough time coping with the physicalness of the Seventies. Disco dancing, jogging, racquetball — many of the activities that are popular nowadays for teenagers, young adults and many middle-agers as well, are physically off-limits to the elderly. Most senior citizens would not step near a disco dance floor, not because they wouldn't like to, but because the next flashing lights they'd see would be mounted on top of an ambulance.

Although I can't recall much from the late Sixties, when my own self-searching consisted of looking for the prize at the bottom of the cereal box, I think the elderly are more envious of youth today. Ten years ago, most oldsters turned up their noses at the long hair, turned down the music and closed their eyes to the peace signs. But last week I got the feeling that the physical limitations of old age were the only thing keeping senior citizens from taking part in the fitness-oriented Seventies. To them, "Stayin' Alive" is something to worry about.

And while the youth movement of the Sixties didn't involve or trust anyone over 30, the physical-fitness, disco wave of this decade has swept up many from middle-age America. Thus, causing senior citizens to feel that being in touch is just out of their reach.

Don't get the impression that all the oldsters I met in South Florida were couped up in rocking chairs. Several people were fighting very hard to stay in shape and keep active.

I met Murray, 70, and Fritz, 64, in a health club. Murray was curling 50-lb. weights with one arm and Fritz was skipping rope like a machine, and both men were in as good shape as I can ever hope to be in my retired years. Yet, I still got the feeling they were very aware that, even in good health, old age is an unforgettable burden. The men challenged me to guess their ages and fought back toothy grins when I underestimated. Murray reminisced about his tennis volleys with Vitas Gerulaitis and Fritz recalled his days as a Golden Gloves boxer and high school sprint star. As hard as I tried though, I couldn't envision Murray attacking the ball with an overhead smash or Fritz pounding out a left-right combination. I couldn't picture them without the grey and the wrinkles, but I'd only known them for 50 minutes, not 50 years.



Andy Ratner

Another elderly man entered the gym and interrupted our training session, with a quote stolen from George Bernard Shaw. "I'm sick and tired of going to the funerals of all my friends who exercise," he chuckled. Keeping in shape in one's golden years, I found, is not only a battle against blood pressure, but against peer pressure too.

Several people would rather the seniors didn't join in the fun. At a disco near the beach, a couple in their early 60's were outclassing every 20 and 30-year old on the dance floor when I overheard one barstoolie remark: "Why don't they act their age!" Even if an old fellow wants to forget his age, there are a lot of people around who want to remind him.

Most of the folks I ran into though didn't even try to forget their age. Conversation inevitably turned to medicine, doctors and the skyrocketing cost of health care. And while Murray and Fritz may be flexing in the mirror, there are others in good shape who don't seem to believe in themselves.

After running me ragged on the tennis courts, a gentlemen who had just turned 65 told me he wished he could have 40 years back again. It's a good thing I held back my panting and wiped my brow quickly or the guy wouldn't have thought all 20-year-olds can leap tall buildings in a single bound.

Although my trip to the Fountain of Youth provided me with an uncomfortable insight into, literally, "The Twilight Zone", it also made me appreciate that I have what a lot of people want, but can't buy. A lot of you have it too. It's a shame that while Murray, Fritz and many others want it back so bad, we waste it so often.

So, when the springtime sunshine gets around to warming this place up and you've been booking your brains senseless and a bunch of friends ask you to come along to Stone Valley, but you insist on cramming more, think again and then close your book.

Because 40 years from now, you'll value that spring day in your youth very much... even if some young blood doesn't believe you ever had any fun.

Andy Ratner is a ninth-term journalism major and is editorial editor of *The Daily Collegian*.

... and you're lucky if you get that much

Quite a few years ago, a neurotic, middle-aged man appeared on one of those New York City television talk shows promoting a new book — or just bitching in general. I really can't remember — about time.

The gist of his wild-eyed pitch was that we all have a limited amount of time before our respective biological clocks stop ticking and that every time you're made to wait for something, the person or institution making you wait is robbing you of an irreplaceable segment of your life.

At the time, I dismissed him as either suffering from male menopause or chronophobia, but after this last term break, his message began to take on a new meaning.

It began when I missed a C.O.D. delivery the first time, was 27 cents short the second time, and went to the bank especially to withdraw money for the third, and last delivery. Upon returning from the bank, my roommate told me the United Parcel Service man was just there, and that he was returning my package to the company from whence it came. At first I thought he was kidding, because the U.P.S. man had told me he wouldn't be showing up until 5

p.m. and it was only noon.

Desperate for the package, I called the U.P.S. office, and was told I could catch the delivery man at a local restaurant. He was there, and made me wait at least a half-hour to get the package. Apparently two minutes of his time was worth more than 30 of mine.

For the first time in years, I thought of that neurotic man on the TV.

A week or so later, I was working part-time with a local store delivering furniture in a vintage van held together more by hope than nuts and bolts. The relic's battery chose to visit that great recharger in the sky in the middle of traffic one sunny afternoon during the noon rush.



Bob Frick

Luckily, I was able to coast down Allen Street into a vacant parking space, trot to the store to get someone with a car and cables to come over in the adjacent, vacant parking space for a jump, and trot back to guard the aforementioned space before it was occupied.

The first man pulling into that space immediately left when I told him why I needed it. The second man told me, in effect, to go to hell. He said he wouldn't be back for maybe an hour, and that I could jolly well wait until then to jump the van. Only after the most persistent cajoling did he begrudgingly consent to move the car to one of the available spaces down the street. And then, he told me that if I were him, I wouldn't be doing me such a favor.

I told him I didn't need any favors — thinking that he didn't have any right to steal even an hour of my life because of his laziness. The neurotic little man and his emphasis on time being more than just money again entered my mind.

And then there was the pudgy little math teacher at the high school where my mother works, who, drunk with the power he exercised over those who would presume to walk that school's corridors between classes, would not let me pass to tell my mother I was borrowing her car.

Every hall guard I encountered in the last four years at that school had let me by, but this guy weighed my time against the possibility that "she might be going over an important point," and decided to make me wait. No reflections on my mother's teaching, but I doubt that even her approach to teaching high school Spanish would be impaired by a ten-second interruption.

At exactly the point when I turned tail on the teacher's smugly smiling mug, I remembered the neurotic man on TV and decided that he wasn't so neurotic after all.

I began to appreciate my dentist, who for as long as I can remember hasn't kept me waiting in his office for more than 10 minutes at a time — the sound of drill bits grinding into roots making it seem even less. Conversely, there are these two surgeons in town who will keep you waiting for an hour and a half, and once made me wait for nearly three hours for an examination.

That's three hours staring at fractured tibias and reading month-old *People* magazines when you could be working, learning, sleeping, walking, talking, philandering — doing anything you want; not what someone else forces you to do.

An example somewhat closer to home: maybe that boring prof you had last term, a sure cure for insomnia and not just because you weren't interested in the subject, but because he was repetitious, assigned a book that was twice as long or complex as it need be, and taught things irrelevant to the subject matter, your major and life in general and then had the nerve to test you on them.

You know, the kind of prof that makes you appreciate the other kind of prof who gives his lectures clearly, concisely and interestingly and who spends your time as efficiently as he would spend his own.

Back when I first saw the neurotic man and the only scheduling problems were deciding between a weekly cub scout meeting and watching *Batman*, time and its conservation didn't mean a whole helluva lot. And maybe until you get enough of it wasted through the belligerence or carelessness of other people, you don't really start thinking about time and appreciating it until your quota of the stuff is almost gone.

Bob Frick is a 13th-term journalism major.



Illustration by Tom Messer