

Please remit

On getting your general deposit back

What does a general deposit pay for? ... Your very own MacArthur replica, complete with five stars and a corn cob pipe? ... The staffing of the Pentagon? ... A fire extinguisher that someone discharged on your dorm floor?

Don't wait for the bill to tell you, it's not going to come. Damages that are paid for by residents of an entire dormitory floor, building or area are tallied up at the end of each term by the housing services and a list of charges is sent to the bursar's office. The bursar then deducts those charges, and other charges incurred at Ritenour or other departments of the University, from the student's general deposit. The bursar's office deals with dollar amounts only, and doesn't keep track of what the money is for. Those records are kept by the individual departments.

If a charge is made to a resident for damages in his room, he is sent a bill before the money is deducted from his general deposit. He then has the option of paying it directly to the bursar's office or having the sum deducted from his deposit.

But for charges that are charged to an entire floor or area, the list of damages is presented to the floor's Resident Assistant. The RA is then supposed to present this account to the residents of the floor at one of their house

meetings, which rarely draw all the residents of the floor.

This is a pretty sloppy way to do business. Most people don't know what their money is paying for. Not all RAs get around to presenting the damage statements, and not all residents get around to the meetings, but the University gets around to getting its money.

There's nothing wrong with the University getting its money, but residents should be presented with some sort of bill, instead of having to hunt for a listing.

When residents of apartments — who are bound to a contract and have damage costs taken from a deposit, just like dorm residents — have money taken from their deposits, they must be presented with a written, itemized bill. Why aren't dormitory residents given that same consideration?

A more standard, business-like system should be used by a department like housing, which expects the residents of their dormitories to follow dorm contracts to the letter. Presenting an account of charges to the students, instead of just making the information available to those who question, would cost more in processing, but that cost would bring damage problems right into the residents' hands. Maybe then, when residents see exactly what damages waste their money, these damages will become less frequent.

Hizzoner Frank, past... and future?

"The day I'm not mayor, then I'm going to carry my big gun — without the pearl handles — and I know when to use it."

—Frank Rizzo (April 18, 1979)

Frank Rizzo will soon have an opportunity to wander the streets of Philadelphia with his six shooter at his side. The upcoming primary for mayor of Philadelphia indicates that the end is near for Frank Rizzo.

Rizzo refuses to acknowledge that he is finished and he has expressed interest in running for another political position. Consequently, the story of Rizzo's eight years in office must be told again to insure that the lesson has been learned. It is a lesson that teaches us we must not allow an individual of the character of Frank Rizzo to hold public office. This is not just a case involving corruption, but of racism, police brutality and a host of other charges that violate rights guaranteed us by the Constitution of the United States.

During the past eight years Frank Rizzo has sat upon the throne of mayor of Philadelphia, occasionally rising to speak his mind or to wave his nightstick. In the process, he has made a laughing stock of not only himself, but of the residents of a city that chose to elect him to two successive terms.

Prior to the recent ballot to consider a charter change, "The Americans for Democratic Action" published a book entitled "Sayings of Chairman Frank." The book was designed to wake up the city of Philadelphia to the reality of what this man stood for.

Rizzo has never thought much of liberals because, frankly, liberals have never thought much of Frank. Chairman Frank's reaction to liberals was, "In

some areas I consider them sick. ... They are for open pornography, for prostitution, open sex on the marquee of our theaters."

Philadelphia has faced a serious gang problem over the past decade. Frank's comments on the root of the youth problem and the subsequent resolution to the dilemma was, "They wouldn't be running around in gangs if they were my children. I'd be out with a baseball bat looking for them."



The honorable mayor realized the school system of Philadelphia needed to be improved so he suggested reforms in that area. "We need excellence in public education and if the teachers can't do it, we'll send in a couple of policemen."

Rizzo, son of an Italian immigrant, worked his way up through the system from a tough cop-on-the-beat to the mayor of Philadelphia in 1971. Four years later, Rizzo ran for re-election and during the campaign of 1975 promised all of those who voted for him a ticket to a side show. "Just wait until after November. You'll have a front row seat because I'm going to make Atilla the Hun look like a faggot."

During Frank's eight years in office his actions somehow managed to speak louder than his words. In May 1975, Rizzo was accused of offering Peter

Camiel, chairman of the Democratic City Committee, the chance to name the architects for city construction jobs in return for Hille Levinson's nomination as Democratic candidate for district attorney. The architects would then donate money to the Democratic party in return for this work.

Rizzo attempted to prove his innocence in this matter by consenting to take a lie detector test. As he put it prior to taking the test, "If this machine says a man lied, he lied." Frank failed the test.

In 1972, Democrat Frank Rizzo, to the bewilderment of "The Americans for Democratic Action," backed the Republican Richard Nixon for President.

Rizzo's reaction to Nixon's victory was, "I was more thrilled by the President's re-election than I was by my own victory because yesterday's election meant so much to the people of America."

Patronage is a common practice among all politicians. However, Frank took the practice a little too far when he appointed his brother Joe to the position of fire commissioner, even though Joe had recently flunked a Civil Service examination for promotion to deputy chief.

Gradually, the people of Philadelphia began to grow tired of Rizzo and in 1976, 200,000 Philadelphians signed a petition to recall Rizzo as mayor. The recall was later declared unconstitutional by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court.

Frank was not discouraged by the recall effort and this past election year he attempted to change the city charter, which limited the mayor's rule to two terms in office. In his campaign to gain

support for the charter change, Rizzo made the mistake of assuring the people he was the racist they always loved. At a ward meeting in 1978 Rizzo encouraged the crowd to "Vote white." In so doing, Frank not only woke up the black community but the entire city and the charter change was soundly defeated by a two-to-one margin.

The success Rizzo enjoyed at the polls during the two election years shines a dim light on the future of a city, but it also leads us to wonder about the destiny of our nation. Frank said it best: "Only in America could a guy like Frank Rizzo be elected mayor."

This man was elected to office because he appealed to the heart and soul of all of those people who cast their ballots for him. His views and solutions, as outrageous as they might seem to some, were what the thousands of Archie Bunkers of the city of Philadelphia and this nation wanted to hear. Frank Rizzo was the voice of all those people who wanted to send the blacks back to Africa, beat the crime out of criminals, silence the media and put liberals and radicals in the stocks for public display.

The mayor once stated, "Philadelphia won't be the same without Frank Rizzo." What Frank failed to realize or admit was that his life would be missing something unless he was the center of attention. This man, who constantly needs to feed his ego through attention, will find it difficult to survive in an environment of neglect. The remaining years of Frank's life will not be easy, but somehow it is difficult to feel for a man who has lacked the capacity to care for others.

Mark Jackson is a 12th-term secondary education major.

Letters to the Editor

For apathy's sake

The few spectators that were throwing water off balconies during the Phi Psi 500 should not ruin the event for everyone. This was not the first time that town was uncontrollable and an event was too large for town authorities to handle. Fall Term experienced many of the same occurrences, especially after the Ohio State football game. Should we cancel football season too? State College is not the only place where this type of behavior occurs. The same type of activity takes place in downtown Pittsburgh after the Pirates or Steelers win the World Series or Super Bowl. I am not trying to condone this type of activity. I feel that college students should be able to control themselves and the few that do not should not spoil an event.

Apathy is a major concern on this campus. The few activities that bring the majority of the student body together are of great importance to the University. There will always be a few people disrupting activities. Hopefully, some compromise can be reached so all of the community can enjoy the Phi Psi 500.

Marcia Cohen
9th-accounting
May 2

No laughing matter

Today we received letters from the Office of Gifts and Endowments, urging us to donate our general deposits to "demonstrate our pride for Penn State." When our laughter subsided, we stopped to consider how ludicrous this would be.

After thinking for a short while, we came up with a number of possible reasons to be proud of Penn State. Could it be the fact that PSU is one of the most expensive land grant institutions to attend in the entire country? Or should we be more proud of the fact that tuition has been raised for 10 consecutive years? Maybe we should be most proud of the concern the University showed for our health by allowing us to inhabit an asbestos-lined box in Hamilton Hall for the past 2 years.

The point of the matter is that "Dear Old State" deserves nothing when you consider all of the money that has been embezzled from each and every one of us. For example, take general deposits (the University does): that \$50 we all paid 4 years ago has been invested, probably in South Africa, and has been gaining interest ever since. Multiply \$50 times 35,000 students and figure out the interest. It comes out to be BIG BUCKS! The University probably makes enough to pay for any charges on the interest alone. How about the

generous refund given to the students in residence halls last year? When you deduct the amount refunded from the amount actually owed, it works out to a forced donation of approximately \$25 per person.

In short, this University has made enough money from the schemes mentioned above and other questionable activities which students have no control over. Therefore, we urge all of you to show appreciation to your alma mater by donating exactly what good old PSU deserves — nothing.

Mike McKee
12th-environmental resource management
Paul Zuk
12th-engineering
May 2

Fighting back

In the May 3 Collegian a letter appeared commenting on the false impression of Christianity that is promoted by "Bible-toting evangelism" and "the likes of Josh McDowell and Bro Cope." Kurt Strause's point is well made, as far as it goes. Unfortunately, he fails to bring it to its logical conclusion and therefore leaves the wrong impression. For those of us forced by the vocal Christian minority to fight for our very right to feed, clothe and otherwise support ourselves it is this minority that counts, not the acquiescent majority of mainline Christians who have abandoned their responsibility to carry on a constructive dialogue with the community.

If the mainline Christians would speak up, assert themselves and take this question of religion out of the secular arena of our courts and legislatures they would be doing us all a favor. Until then, the rest of us have no choice but to respond, for our own survival's sake, to that vocal minority which insists upon intruding so unethically in our lives.

Chuck Zito
7th-general arts and sciences
May 3

Give a cheer

Three cheers for Linda Haas for alerting the University that it is keeping alive the delusion that dwells within every person who continues to waste energy — that there is no energy crisis. How can we expect to solve the problem when people refuse to recognize that there is a problem? The University thinks to put signs in the dining halls — DON'T WASTE FOOD! and CONSERVE NAPKINS! — and in public

buildings — TURN OFF LIGHTS! — to stop student waste, but when the administrators exempt the University, their words have no impact. C'mon Penn State, take Linda's advice and "get smart" — ENERGY CONSERVATION IS EVERYBODY'S RESPONSIBILITY!

Maureen McCue
3rd-liberal arts
May 3

To our readers

So you're graduating this year. You got your diploma and it's all over. But you know and we know that the diploma isn't anywhere near what college life at Penn State is all about. And 10 years from now, it's a sure bet that you won't remember a thing you were taught in classes, but you'll remember the time you spent that wild night with evil companions, guaranteed.

We are giving you your chance to tell the rest of the campus about your most memorable and humorous experience here at State, dear old State. On Tuesday, May 8, The Daily Collegian will print an op-ed page dedicated to those times of your lives you'll never forget. Go for it! Send us your letters or deliver them to 126 Carnegie Building by Friday, May 4 and your immortality will be assured before you venture into the cold, cruel world, never to return.

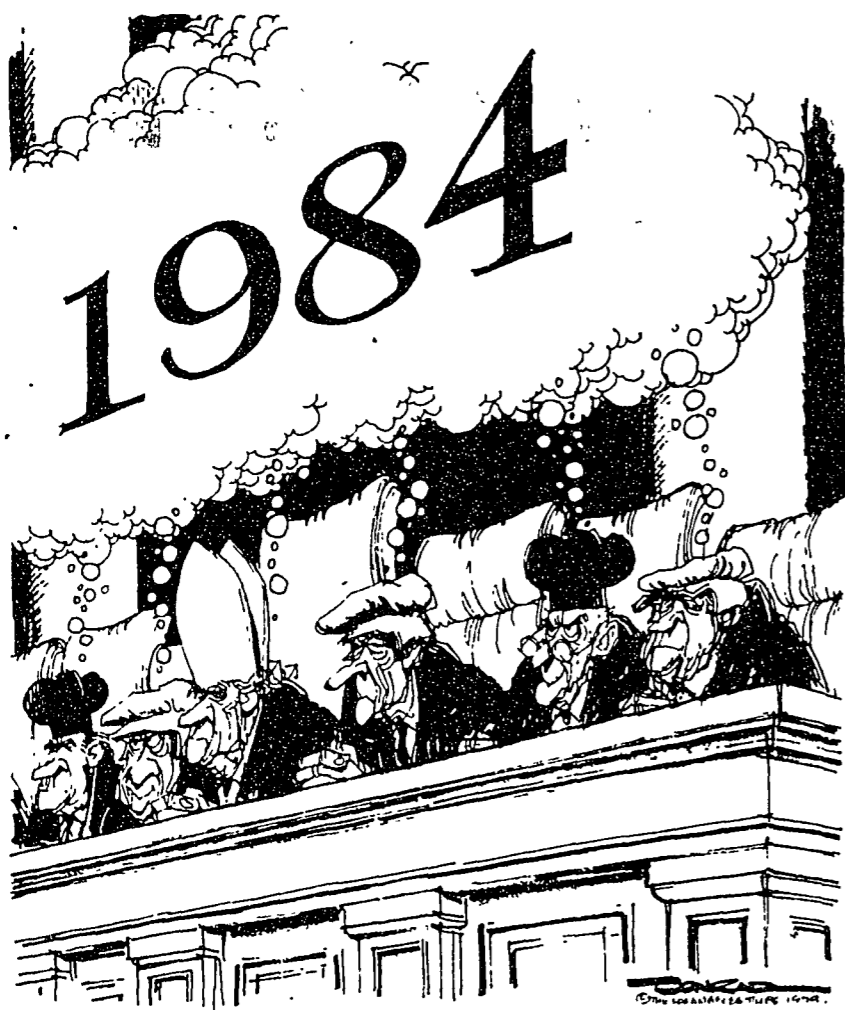
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QUESTION: WHAT WAS THE SUPREME COURT'S "STATE OF MIND" IN ITS RULING ON LIBEL AND A REPORTER'S "STATE OF MIND"?

Beginning life with a pipe dream, a few excuses and some coffee

Now I know why he did what he did. As he described himself, he was a little down and out, but still salvageable — a man of the world. As I saw him, he was destitute.

He lived in a park in Washington, D.C., eating when and wherever he could get something. Scrounging through garbage cans was his livelihood. "You'd be amazed what perfectly good thin's people throws away," he said. "I've gotten radios and irons and watches and I sell 'em."

He said all he wanted out of life was a chance to get "back into the ballpark of life." I groaned inwardly when I heard that one. I could see it coming. With the most winning toothy grin he could muster and a blast of bad breath, he would ask if I had any change to spare for a "cup of coffee" to give him the necessary courage to carry out his plans.

I was thinking of nice ways to get out the inevitable polite "no" when I began to hear snatches of what he was saying. And then I began to listen.

This man did not want a mere hand-out. As we sat across from the White House, he outlined his carefully plotted plan to me. What he wanted was a

chance "to step into the batter's box and not strike out." He wanted to be the "winning pitcher." And when he got through with all the similes and metaphors, he wanted a place to live while setting up a janitorial business.



I was amazed. To have had the courage and the audacity to ask me to take him into a home, give him food, clothing, free use of the phone and the run of the car so he could set up a janitorial service, plus the capital to actually launch the project, floored me. I began remembering all the Horatio Alger stories of my youth.

I never saw that man again around Washington. But I'm reminded of him each time I check my mailbox to see if I have any requests for interviews or rejection notices. And I couldn't get him

out of my mind while writing my cover letters. Did I dare to be so bold, so arrogant?

As I stare into my bill and occupant/addressee circular-filled mailbox (each time I get up my courage to look into it) I wonder if I shouldn't have done something like that.

I wondered at the time what would make a man so desperate as to pull such a stunt. Surely I, who look barely 17 now and two years ago had not one crumb of worldly sophistication — though I tried desperately — could not have really looked like I could have helped him. And although it was somewhat of a boost to the old ego, it was one of those momentary lifts that was meant only to cheer and flatter.

For him, though, it was a little more than a momentary lift. It was the enactment of a pipe dream to make it just a little more real than it was.

Although I haven't gone as far as to sit someone down on a park bench and ask for the equivalent, to get a summer job in journalism, I usually end it up the same way — with a cup of coffee.

Gina Carroll is a 10th-term journalism major and is news editor for The Daily Collegian.

