Editorial Opinion-

### Roll 'em

#### Someone needs a film editing course with regard to Ice Pavilion

The building of the new sports complex is beginning to sound like a low-budget sci fi flick. Only this time it isn't the Big Apple that is doomed, but a large state university somewhere in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

In the opening scene, we learn that the University's ice pavilion was devoured by the sports world, a beast whose appetite is seemingly never satisfied.

Attempting to recover from the blow, the University sends its skating teams to practice at a location two hours away. Not efficient, but dramatic.

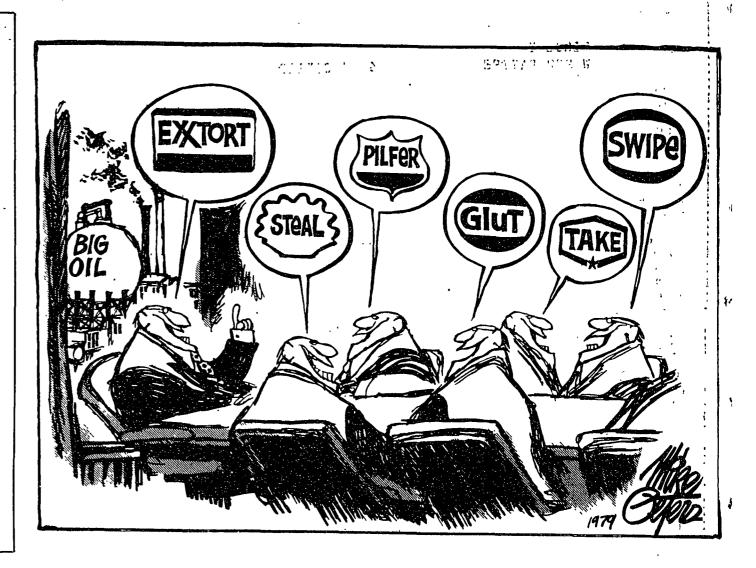
The camera swings to other important University action — the arming of campus police, the football team going south, a dormitory elevator going up in flames.

Meanwhile, back at headquarters, plans for a new skating facility are being made. As the plot progresses, residents of two dormitories in areas slated for the construction realize they may become the next victims of the sports complex.

If approved by the University Board of Trustees in late May, and if a construction bid is accepted, Nittany dorms 43 and 44 will be demolished. However, in spite of the uncertainty, residents will be paying from their general deposits for damages to what may be doomed abodes.

While the last frames roll, no one is sure of what direction the plot will take. Should housing reassign students to the dorms in question? Will the University ever skate again? Will students pay for repairs of buildings slated for the junkyard?

It seems that the directors of this masterpiece put the scenes together in the wrong order. The building of skating facilities should have preceded the extinction of an existing building and the decision to construct such a facility should have been made prior to billing students for two dorms whose future is questionable. The possibilities for a happy ending grow dimmer while the credits role.



## Letters to the Editor

#### Monotony of monopolies

This University is stagnant! Or at least its social life is. As is well known, students under 21 have a very limited choice of where and how to party. As in economics, the limit of choices causes monopolies, and our monopoly on the social life scene is our "beloved" Greek system. The only place to meet a large number of new people is out at the Greeks'; and most of us would rather not have to stoop to the levels of conformity so apparent in our Greek system. This University needs competitors, and Friday night saw the first glimmer of this >, competition. Beaver Hall demonstrated the huge potential that we independents possess; a potential that would put an end to - this Greek stagnation.

Just imagine if Hartranft and Shunk and Packer or any of the other big male dorms follow Beaver's enlightening example; and let us not forget the girls' dorms. If these massive parties continue, it will not take long for the haughty attitudes of our Greek "brothers and sisters," an attitude which has led to the proposal of an all Greek Spring Week, to vanish from this increasingly monotonous University.

I believe competition is a necessity. It could make joining a fraternity or sorority an alternative instead of the sad social necessity that some find it to be. And this could make our little University a much more enjoyable place to live. And, John Oswald, just think, you could raise tuition even more and people would still want to come here! Say . . . no more.

William F. Buckley

the complaint of Robert Shirk, president of the Downtown Businessmen's Association. It seems Shirk's main gripe against the Phi Psi was that State College business suffered a loss during the day of the race.

It's unbelievable how the businessmen can complain, especially when one considers the incredible amount of profit that is made throughout the rest of the year from the students. The complaint seems even more incredible when one considers that, in many cases, students pay higher prices for goods purchased in State College than in other similarly sized towns in Pennsylvania.

These businessmen don't seem to care that thousands of dollars are going to charity. Perhaps, at their next meeting, the Downtown Businessmen's Association will petition the University to extend spring an extra day in order to make up for profits lost during the Phi Psi 500.

John Drago 10th-general arts and sciences May 7

#### We're your lifeblood

The wildness and craziness typified by the Phi Psi 500 has been a part of college life since the first colleges were founded in this country. Whether this behavior is inborn or learned, it will not easily be changed. If there are to be no more Phi Psi 500's, students will simply find another excuse to behave in this

manner.

destruction. Now the onlookers can watch the runners chug milk or soda while they sit and gulp their beer.

I think the race should be continued in its traditional style with a few added precautions. Traffic should be detoured to alternative routes in the city, more officers should patrol the area, and bartenders should be more discreet when selling liquor. I am sure that these sacrifices can be made for one afternoon out of the year.

If the special advisory committee decides to end the annual race, I hope it considers ending Gentle Thursday, rock concerts and football games. Then, I think justice will be made:

Nance Lucas 3rd-psychology May 4

#### Thanks, but no thanks

The Beaver Big One, the largest dorm party for quite some time, has come and gone and all who attended will agree it was a smashing success. However, to the Big One planning council,' the party represented the possibility of disciplinary referrals and even possible suspension for one council member.

The students responsible for planning the Big One did an excellent job considering the pressures that were forced upon them. Residential Life informed them Friday at noon that they would be responsible for the party activities. In particular, we were told to enforce the noise and alcohol policies or, as the Big One council, we faced disciplinary referrals. The council cooperated diligently over a three week eriod with the Residential Life representatives of South Halls, supplying them with all requested information. And what cooperation did we receive? Residential Life waited until the last minute to explain that they held us, a group of eight, to be responsible for the actions of the 1,000 plus students in attendance. Not only did we face the possibility of referrals but they also held us personally responsible for any monetary floor charges due to accident or vandalism. And to top that off, Lee Upcraft, director of Residential Life, has demanded a complete audit of every cent we collected and spent. This request came Friday at noon; a little late for our treasurer to collect and give receipts for all previous financial transactions. These demands seemed outrageous to us, especially considering Residential Life's last minute notification. They gave the council only one method of relinquishing these irrational and unreasonable responsibilities. That was to cancel the Big One. In effect, they wanted us to erase the time and efforts put forth by many Beaver Hall residents during the past four-week period. The party had few incidents and RAs and coordinator-onduty perdormed with extreme proficiency in dealing with the situation. The party showed what the organized effort of a handful of students can produce. Maybe in the future, Residential Life can show or develop the same level of organization and competency as was displayed by the Big One council.

chase tickets. Tim Fitzgerald, evening supervisor, also stayed up all night to help staff the building. To our knowledge, this was the first time students have ever been permitted to wait inside the HUB overnight. This action prevented two usual ticket-selling hassles: 1) the crunch of people trying to enter the HUB when it normally opens at 7 a.m.; 2) people who have been waiting the longest losing their places in line to latecoming "bogarts." Students do appreciate the actions of these individuals -- "above and beyond the call of duty."

Thanks also to University Concert Committee President Bob Coppenhaver for keeping the "lid" on this concert - and thereby giving PSU students every opportunity to purchase tickets.

Mitchell Naimark (9th-food service and housing administration) Larry Resnick (12th-accounting) May 2

Brown-nosing

I find it hard to believe that the only speaker at the antinuclear power rally in Washington Sunday which UPI found worth mentioning to a significant degree was Jerry Brown. It will take me a long time to forget the "high" I experienced Sunday in Washington and Brown was not a contributor to that feeling. The press's coverage of this historical event, which drew over 100,000 was poor; many speakers were much more dynamic and weren't more or less booed off the stage. Bella Abzug, for instance, gave a moving speech on the Coalition and the women's movement which actually put a lump in my throat. Perhaps Brown had ulterior motives by making an appearance and it seems to me that UPI confirms my suspicions through their coverage. Lisa Del Buono 9th-advertising May 7 & the Collegian Wednesday, May 9, 1979 --- Page 2 © 1979 Collegian

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9th-Russian May 7

#### No surprise

Recently, the Federal Energy Department charged seven major oil companies with overcharging their customers by about \$1.7 billion dollars during the past six years. "Surprise, Surprise.'

One would have to have lived on the moon in order to be shocked by such an accusation. Isn't this what the Gulf Oils and Standard Oils are in business for, to obtain the greatest profits and power over their competitors at the greatest expense to the consumers they supposedly serve? If this isn't their main objective, what is?

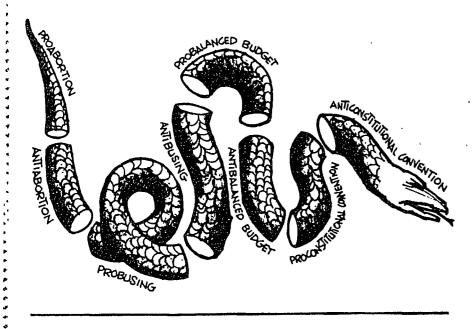
How long will consumers continue to allow high prices, long lines and closed gasoline stations? How long will they let the corporations hide their fuel now, so they can charge higher prices for the same gas later? How long will a few elitists dominate and control many important economic, social and political decisions of a nation?

At this time oil price increases must be decontrolled by government. President Carter is trying to rally support for his windfall profits tax plan in the Congress and Senate. Taking the considerable lobbying power the oil companies have in Congress and the feeling of powerlessness on the part of the general public, this battle in Congress wil be as one-sided and predictable as the seven oil companies' profits for next year. Or will it, America?

> **Stanley Paige** 7th-man-environment relations May 7

#### The profit motive

Although some townspeople may have a right to get upset about the occurences at the Phi Psi 500, I can not understand



# JOIN OF DIE.

As long as no serious destruction resulted from this event, I cannot see the harm in its continuance. University students are responsible for State College's economic survival, so if the residents of State College are to continue to receive the economic benefits of the University, they will have to learn to accept and expect the behavior of college students

> Brian Brady 3rd-engineering May 7

#### The bitter end

After reading the article concerning the Phi Psi 500 race, I was very disappointed to learn that this event might be ended. The 500 race brings in thousands of dollars to benefit the Pennsylvania Association for Retarded Citizens. This aid enables new equipment to be bought and more research to be done. Many thousands of retarded citizens in our country desperately need our services, especially ones that will alleviate a growing financial problem of their program. Why would anyone want to deprive these people of these funds?

Lt. Smeal said there was an abundant amount of underage drinking in the streets and the crowds were uncontrollable. Maybe Mr. Smeal should take a walk to Gentle Thursday and see all the young partiers on the HUB lawn. Even though security claims to be doing its duties there, I think it overlooked a couple hundred deviants. Where is all the iustice?

Robert Shirk claims that business in downtown State College is losing money while the race is gathering an abundant sum all afternoon long. I personally extend my deepest apologies to all the downtown businesses for taking away one afternoon out of all the 365 afternoons that they rake in the bucks. But, someone suggested that the race be moved to campus and the runners should drink milk or soda. This is an excellent idea because the age limit can be lifted and more people can enter the race; therefore, it will last longer and probably cause more

**Rob Carringer** 6th-nuclear engineering May 8

#### Ever so grateful

We would like to make PSU students aware of two men who helped make the process of buying tickets for the Grateful Dead Concert much easier than it might have been. Bill Fuller, HUB building supervisor, sacrificed his entire night to allow some students to sleep inside the HUB while waiting to purMarjie Schlessinger **Business Manager** 

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## Conquering stairs, books and lines

I had always suspected that there were three things in college that are endless - climbing stairs, studying and waiting in lines. After four years of intensive research into the matter, I have reached the conclusion that I was absolutely correct.

The stairs I have learned to cope with. Take the library, for instance. It has more steps than an Inca shrine. Crouched at the bottom, you take a deep breath and race up the steps two at a time, bringing your knees to your chest at each lunge.

Now this is fine if you are wearing anything other than Sassoon jeans. If this is the case, you must creep up the steps, barely bending the knee, in order to preserve the wallpaper-tight material which cost you your next term's tuition. I have also mastered the studying . . . I don't.

That leaves the lines. Remember that little phrase your mother used to quote to you about "good things come to those who wait for them"? She lied. I'm still waiting for all that "good time" she promised me as she shoved me onto a bus full of screaming kids that first day of kindergarten.

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No, it is infinitely better to stop all this useless waiting and mosey right on down to the front of those lines. Easier said than done. I wouldn't have been the one to try it in the mob gathered for Grateful Dead tickets



Of course, there are many who, after an experience or two, are extremely proficient at waiting ... those who pitched tents to get a dorm space, those who chained themselves to the sign-up desks at registration and those who perish in line for dinner at the PUB. Who am I to tell them how to survive?

Nevertheless, I have collected a plethora of unique waysto be a winner without the wait. Be advised that should you attempt the following, you must

succeed or find yourself in line at heaven's door.

**Pete Barnes** 

Editor

At the bank — whip out an embossed checkbook and a Cross pen. Mumble absent-mindedly about a deposit of 150 grand. As the bank president personally escorts you to the teller, decide how you will explain about those last three bounced checks.

At Pollock, for dorm space -- crumple up your dorm contract and pitch it into the faceless crowds ahead of you. Skip after it, whistling "I Will Survive." When you have located the wad, pick it up, jump on the back of the nearest person and clutch the neck. Be a leech. In a restaurant — while waiting for a

table, turn to your date and casually stage whisper something about how the spring air is doing wonders for your leprosy. Scratch an arm for the clincher. At registration — wearing something as close to a maroon police services jacket, elbow through the crowd, asking for identification. As much as possible,

ignore the jeering and dodge the fists. When you have reached the IM doors, slip inside and remember never to sign up for law enforcement courses. At the gas station — edging as close to the pumps as you can, slip a Bic lighter out of your pocket and flick. You can be assured you will become the most important person within 10 miles of the station.

At the supermarket - getting a running start from somewhere in the frozen foods, head for the check-out line head on, screaming "RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!" Make a dive for the conveyer belt and apologize profusely to those flattened by your cart.

At Eisenhower Box Office - uproot the nearest bush, wrap it around your person and inch toward the window Should anyone protest, bring a branch down on his head and make angry squirrel noises.

No doubt there is someone, somewhere, who questions the ethics of these methods. But to those who would scorn . . . the next time you've reacher the counter after an eternity of foottapping and watch-checking, only to see a clerk open a new line and say "May I help someone over here?" . . . the last can sometimes be first with a little ingenuity.

Nancy Boyd is a 12th-term journalism

major.