

Editorial opinion

Is there a twenty in the house?

Ritenour's new \$20 ambulance fee may be traced to insufficient allocations from University

Insufficient funds allocated to the University health services has killed off the free 24-hour ambulance service.

At some major universities, a budget cut may lead to careful allocation of available funds for the most vital student services. But this University, in dealing with tighter budgeting, is misplacing its monetary priorities.

A \$20 fee per ambulance ride was levied yesterday. Funding, or lack of it, was the reason for this new expense for students.

According to John A. Hargleroad, director of University health services, the fee was an alternative to discontinuing the service because it was not cost-effective.

Sources at Ritenour said that it costs approximately \$40 a year, or an average of \$40 a trip to maintain the ambulance service.

It is an expensive operation, but it is certainly not a service that the University should neglect.

With a limited amount of funds to allocate among its various services, Ritenour is caught between a rock and a hard place. It cannot offer free services to students if the University does not allocate funds necessary for these services.

The real question is that of priorities or obligations to students attending this University, the most expensive state-related school in the nation.

Recently, the testing for the basic skills program was eliminated, because the University said it was costing too much money. And now, ill students are required to pay \$20 if they need to ride in a University ambulance.

These cuts are happening simultaneously with major renovations of the HUB. A distinction needs to be established between what constitutes a luxury as compared to a necessity.

Because sufficient funds were not given to University health services

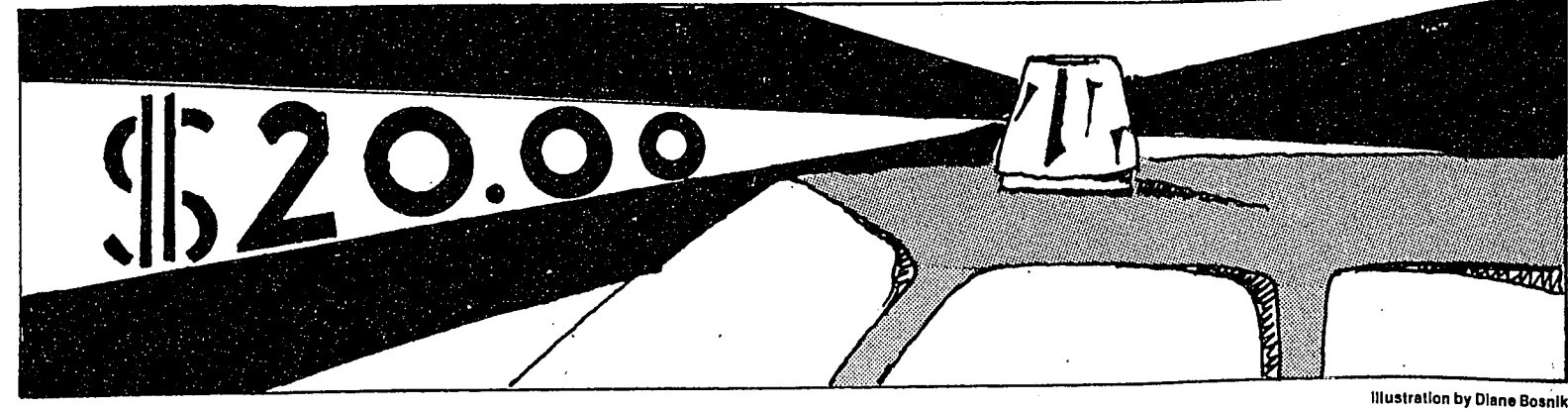


Illustration by Dana Booth

for the continuation of a free ambulance service, this does not automatically mean it became less important. Students, many who are financially unable to provide \$20 for an ambulance ride, will still need the ambulance.

While an efficient 24-hour ambulance service is not available at every university, it is difficult for students to understand the justification surrounding the

allocation of funds to other, less vital programs. A majority of insurance policies may cover the students' cost of ambulance service, but those not covered by such health insurance policies are still responsible for paying the \$20, unless alternatives are established by the undertakings of the Ritenour student advisory board and the Association of Residence Hall Students.

Students who purchase insurance policies sponsored by the Undergraduate Student Government will not be covered for the ambulance fee. That is because Ritenour did not announce the new fee until after USG had settled terms of the insurance policies. Students lose on two counts.

A service as vital to the students as an ambulance, should be made available without a price tag.

Who's that man with the 'Coke bottle' glasses?

Joe Paterno and my father have so much in common that I just cannot keep quiet any more.

And, if it makes Joe feel any better, here's one aspiring journalist who is not afraid to stick her neck out, tread dangerous waters and say she feels for JoePa.

Nevertheless, I do suppose that these days it's just not chic to be on his side and sit in front of a typewriter at the same time. However, by uncovering a medical chink in Paterno's armor, I've unearthed yet another detail that makes him similar to my father, a man for whom I have undying respect.

I begin with a roll-call of the differences between the two. No, my father is no football coach, although his sports knowledge stupifies the average Saturday-afternoon-sit-back brain's untapped conscious. Moreover, he's not a Verdi buff, but he takes great pleasure in accompanying Mario Lanza on rare occasions. Lastly, I haven't spied him running around in a pair of white socks;

he seems content with a modest array of blues, blacks and greys. I turn to the similarities, which are undoubtedly more interesting.

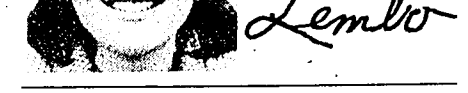
First of all, a vast segment of the U.S. population incessantly mistakes my father for Joe Paterno. It has now progressed to the point where he takes autograph requests lightly. Penn State alumni have stopped my father in public places such as airports; they think the unassuming man is really Paterno. It had always amazed me I never thought I looked like the guy that much! Then again, I'm no Nittany Lion, and I had never seriously studied a mug shot of the coach myself.

As I laluded, airports are not the only hot spot for this dilemma. Once, while innocently mailing the average Saturday-afternoon-sit-back brain's untapped conscious. Moreover, he's not a Verdi buff, but he takes great pleasure in accompanying Mario Lanza on rare occasions. Lastly, I haven't spied him running around in a pair of white socks;

Even my mother's friends think my father looks like Paterno. The situation takes or uncontrollable proportions

when they debate over whether or not he looks more like Joe or Joe's brother, George Agony!

Quite good naturedly, my father attributes it to the short dark hairstyle with the incredibly average looking part on the side, the same shade of olive skin, and even the same hooked nose. The crowning glories are the Coke bottle glasses.



Elaine Lembo

Preposterous! Stubborn as I am, I would not be contented with mere heresy. Immediately, I enrolled at Penn State and quietly promised myself that I'd get no less than a live view of "the man" himself before my

graduation day. "View of Paterno or bust" became my endearing slogan. Initially, I gained a somewhat fruitless glimpse of Paterno at Sunday mass. Hmm — I noticed the profile. Yes, the noses were very much alike. Sorry, Dad. Also, I observed that the coach and my father share the same taste for fashion: 20th-century Italian or other dark-suit-and-tie-with-white-shirt-underneath.

The mission being far from over, I perused newspaper pictures and program guides. They simply did not suffice; the former is too grainy, and the latter, too glossy. Football games were also useless. They only offered the same view I had already seen. How about that — from the height of fame to the pit of criticism — Joe and my dad. What fate! I gathered that Joe might have opted to hide behind the Nittany Lion Shrine while my father discovered real estate investment possibilities in Middletown.

My chance to view the living legend came finally at a gymnastics meet — it figures. Stunned and thrilled to be within 20 feet of my goal, I gathered all scattered nerves and promptly seated myself next

to him in the stands at Rec Hall. Sweaty, shaking and flushed, I blurted out the lighthearted tale. Ah — here it was — my sought after close-up of Paterno. My word, he did look like Dad. Simply overwhelming! What advice would he relay to my father? "Tell him not to write any checks," was all I remembered.

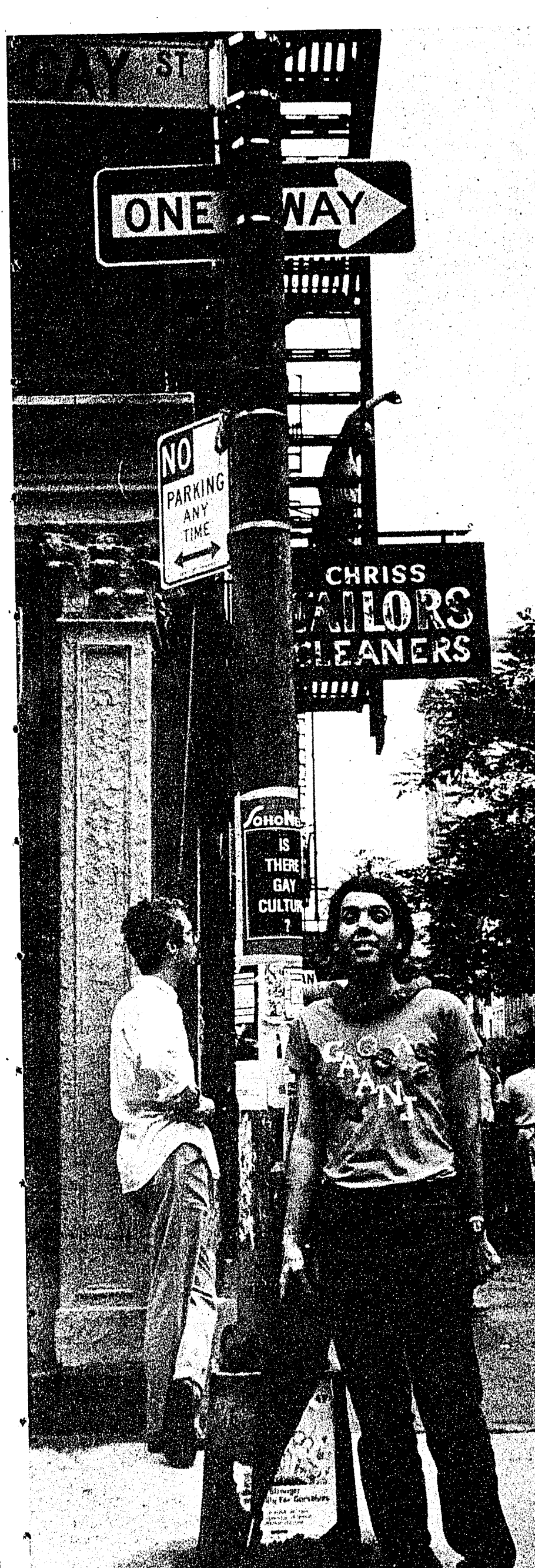
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into their ever eager noleaps. Now, in an effort to nourish the flaming journalistic fires, the time has come to unveil Paterno's chink. A few days ago, I heard a rumor that Joe occasionally suffers from the pain of a hernia. Surely, strained press relations have nurtured the alleged little nuisance.

Well, if it's any consolation, coach, your look-a-like underwent surgery this past spring for a hernia, an incarcerated one at that. He feels just fine now, and if the pain (indeed, if the hernia is a verity in your life) ever causes you to miss a social function, meeting, or recruitment effort, my father has indicated that he'd be more than delighted to fill in for you. After all, at the rate you two are going, you might as well start doing each other some favors.

However, there is one thing, if my father stands in for you, I think — well, I assume — he wants your checks. Elaine Lembo is a 100-term speech communications major and staff writer for The Daily Collegian.



The beginning of the Gay Pride movement and the birth of the Gay Liberation Front were celebrated through New York's Greenwich Village and up to Central Park. Although the street sign displayed at left is a year-round marker, it culled a special significance from the day's event. At right, standing in front of the Washington Square arch, this bride-and-groom-rolled-into-one is congratulated by well-wishers as the crowd behind reads the back of his sign — "So when are you going to get married?" Below, a young couple helps promote a new answer for an old question.

New York parade prideful party

Nation's Gays come marchin' in

By P.J. PLATZ Daily Collegian Staff Writer
NEW YORK — Everyone loves a parade, and New Yorkers got quite a dose of one Sunday afternoon. No, Ringling Brothers wasn't in town, an astronaut hadn't landed, an election commemorating the first time gays stood up for their rights and won, said David Albert, a member of Homophiles of Penn State (HOPS). "It all came about in 1969 when police made a raid on an after-hours gay bar called the Stonewall Inn. Harassment was common; the majors had called for a city-wide 'clean-up,' and so police roused gay bars often, citing the owners and patrons with petty charges," Albert said. But this time the crowd didn't disperse; police were barricaded in the bar, and, although it took a while to clean up the disturbance, "it was hailed as the beginning of the Gay Liberation Front," he said.

There were a few frowns and scowls, though, from the sidelines. One woman said the parade was "outrageous. It's against what we stand for: country and family," she said. "I think they should be eliminated in every way possible." But others weren't so vindictive. "I don't believe the people should parade their private lives," another woman gently stated, "but I think they should live the way they want."
And yet a third woman, farther up town, commented that it (gay lifestyle) was a "fine thing for anybody to demonstrate," as she looked up from the leaflet she had just been given entitled "What's S.M.M."
"I think it's a healthy thing; it's terrible to have condemned people for all those years. I'm against censorship of all sorts," she said.
Overcast skies and a coolish breeze didn't quell the marchers' spirits; they were just enjoying the day and each other. Hails and hugs abounded as old friends were reunited. Lovers walked hand-in-hand, marchers held their banners proudly and danced in the streets.

There was even a flashy gold "Queen" Tut, and a man in a silver space-aged costume, complete with bubble mask and two-foot-long spikes sticking out from it.
Speaking for gay parents, Lisa McGee told the peaceful crowd about her year-long struggle to regain custody of her young son. Through tears and thanks for the crowd's support, she exuberantly announced, "Tomorrow at 10:30 my son is coming home to mom." She received a standing ovation.
Despite the snatches of conversation which drifted along 5th Avenue — "Fadistic people... a shame. If they'd colonized the moon it would be wonderful..." We need Anita Bryant here" — the general atmosphere was one of party, dance, fun. But that's no surprise; the rights celebration was gay!

At the rally representatives from various organizations spoke out for their causes. Eve Adams, founder of Gay Liberation Allows Drag (GLAD), said of their demand for rights, "We have always had a conviction — or call it balls."
Roller skates provided both a fashionable and fast means of transport; long struggle to regain custody of her young son. Through tears and thanks for the crowd's support, she exuberantly announced, "Tomorrow at 10:30 my son is coming home to mom." She received a standing ovation.
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impressions

Albert pointed out that the main objective of the march is to provide a visibility point. It's also a celebration, "a big birthday party," he said. "It's a place where gay groups can get together and are supportive toward one goal."
And that's exactly what it was. Lesbian and gay organizations from as far as Ohio and Montreal, as well as native Greenwich Villagers and several representatives from HOPS, simply got together into one big parade and marched from Sheridan Square in the Village up 5th Avenue to Central Park at 9th Street, where they assembled for a rally.
Banners, buttons, tee-shirts and outlandish costumes were the order of the day. It was a moving throng of color, cheer, music and smiling faces that made it's way up through midtown Manhattan.
One marching band, playing show tunes like "Everything's Coming Up Roses," and "If My Friends Could See Me Now," was led by a pair of male majorettes who strutted and twirled skillfully.



Cuban refugees can increase country's values and strengths

The economy is faltering. America's global domination is declining, and racial tensions are rising. Yet, amid all of these crises, many people in the world still look to the United States as a symbol of hope, freedom and achievement. It is a feature of our society that silences our critics and serves as a source of pride for many Americans.

Throughout our history, waves of immigrants from all over the world have flocked to the U.S. in search of liberty and a better way of life. The current influx of Cuban refugees is an example of America's continued role as a haven of freedom for the oppressed people of the world.

Immigration officials estimate that about 135,000 Cubans have entered this country so far. It is not difficult to understand why so many Cubans are willing to leave their families, friends and homes behind to come to the U.S.

Cubans have many restrictions on their personal liberty and the standard of living remains very low. Dissent is not permitted, and those who criticize the government are put into political prisons. Basic consumer items, such as food and clothes, are scarce. The black market is a flourishing institution.

Cuban immigration to the U.S. would probably not have raised a single voice of disapproval had it been a gradual process. Unfortunately, Fidel Castro has never allowed Cubans the right to emigrate to another country. This is the first time in many years that the Cubans have had the opportunity to leave.

It would be inconceivable and morally indefensible for the U.S. to refuse the

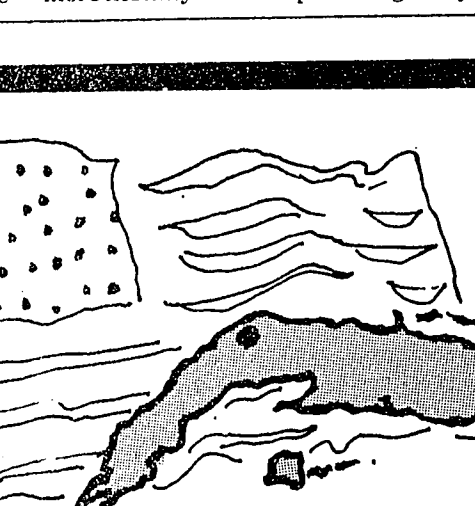
refugees entry under the present circumstances. While there is probably no one who advocates an open immigration policy, those who protest the Cuban immigration lack not only compassion but also memory. There are not any people in this country, other than the Indians, who are not descendants of European immigrants.

The controversy that has been created by the arrival of the Cuban immigrants is easy to understand. People perceive Cuban immigration as a threat to their jobs. However, the entire issue should be kept in perspective.

In a country populated by 220 million people, 135,000 Cubans is something less than a tidal wave of humanity. Economists say the Cubans' effect on the economy will be minimal.

There is also a more subtle reason why the Cubans are encountering hostility. Ironically, despite the pride many Americans feel for our history of immigration, there has always been a tradition of resistance toward the immigration of Cubans who pose the greatest threat to our freedom.

Lynda Robinson is a eighth-term political science and history major and staff writer for The Daily Collegian.



American, who themselves were descendants of first or second generation immigrants, were incensed by new arrivals who competed for their jobs and did not speak English.

A political party was even formed in an attempt to force politicians to put an end to immigration from famine-stricken Ireland. Later the Know Nothings, as they were so aptly called, also tried to stop undesirable Catholics and Jews from entering the country in droves from Eastern and Southern Europe.

In spite of the opposition practically all new immigrants have encountered, immigration has enabled us to tap the human resources of almost every nation in the world to the mutual benefit of both the U.S. and the immigrants.

The Cubans have skills, ambition, love of freedom and a unique cultural background to offer the U.S. Their input, along with that of other new arrivals, constantly revitalizes our society.

America has been accurately described as the cultural melting pot of the world. The Statue of Liberty is a monument to our diversity. It is this diversity that has been the source of our strength, the basis of our prosperity and the guardian of our liberty.

Even in times of economic, political and social hardship, we must continue to preserve our tradition as a refuge of freedom in a world of oppression. In the final analysis, it is those who oppose the immigration of Cubans who pose the greatest threat to our freedom.

For the moment, the law requires all men unfortunate enough to be born in 1950 or 1951 to register for the draft. But why is this group so lucky? Surely Uncle Sam must want them

Sign-up for both sexes

Government hangs itself

About seven years ago or so, while villages in Vietnam were being fire bombed into oblivion, a major cog in the United States' wheel of war was meeting its death.

Its tombstone would later read "Selective Service." This service, as noble as it may sound, was a willing accomplice to sending tens of thousands of American males to their deaths in the 1950s and early '70s. In these days of our unbridled youth, the Selective Service also had another name — the military draft.

The death of the draft was the only beneficial thing to come out of Vietnam, you may remember, was this country's attempt to halt the spread of Communism in Southeastern Asia. In case you forgot, we lost — badly. We lost to the tune of over 50,000 lives and many thousands more wounded.

Last week, the legislators in Washington D.C. unveiled a new plan for military draft registration. Unfortunately, we found out, the registration process — despite the heroic efforts of senators like Mark Hatfield, its computerized, discriminatingly cold heart had unfortunately only suffered a seven year skip. The politicians, with the skill of doctors, simply resuscitated it — like the mythical Phoenix or, in this case, a war hawk.

Under the recent legislation, which was also approved last week by President Carter, registration would require all men and women to register for the draft. If you remember a couple of months, Carter, or was also the one who proposed to reinstitute draft registration, or to use his term, the Selective Service.

His original proposal, which included required registration for both men and women, has since been altered to prevent women from being submitted to the sign-up process and it was approved into legislation. And it was filled with enough illegalities to keep the country's court system tied up for years.

First, if we are to take the Equal Rights Amendment seriously — and we should — women should also be included in the draft registration process. Why should I cheerfully boogie on down to the nearest post office and register when women in the same age group can just sit this dance out?
In this case, the government is sexist against men. It's been a long time since men have been victimized by sexual discrimination. You might say the shoe is now on the other foot.
The ERA is something that has been fought for by women for so many years, that if it is to have any significance, women must also be willing to submit to the registration process. Willing is the key word. Men and women should WANT to sign up for draft registration. To force conscription onto anyone is immoral. There are probably plenty of American youth, both men and women, who are willing to sign up for possible draft. But doesn't the heritage of this country protect individual freedom and the right to choose on moral issues?
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