

# the daily collegian opinions

editorial opinion

## Sadat

Again, it's happened again. More gunshots, another murder. Another world leader fallen. It leaves us hollow, helpless. There's nothing to do but listen to obituaries and read the newspaper accounts. And wait for the next one. And we won't be able to do anything then, either.

reader opinion

### Blazing trails

On the Penn State Outing Club's recent Mt. Nittany climb, a student remarked that she had looked over the hiking division's Fall Term schedule and that she liked all the events except for the trail-clearing expeditions.

Yet this student had just climbed Mt. Nittany on a trail cleared and blazed by the Outing Club in 1978, and she followed at least part of the loop trail on top of Nittany built by the Outing Club back in the '60s.

Without the Outing Club's trail-building program, a hiker's opportunities would be limited to road walking, following an unmarked, unmapped and unconnected trail, or just plain bushwhacking in the hills around Happy Valley. That this is not the case is due to generations of Outing Club members who have explored, flagged, cleared, marked, measured, mapped and maintained hiking and cross-country ski trails on state forest lands.

I am happy to report that the Outing Club's trail-clearing program is alive and well. On Saturday, Sept. 16, 41 people turned out to clear a new trail across Big Flat above Bear Meadows. This was the second largest turnout ever and allowed the new trail to be cut through in one day.

Tom Thwaites, faculty adviser Penn State Outing Club Hiking Division Oct. 1

### Tasteless

In recent years, the Pittsburgh Pirates' Dave Parker and the New York Yankees' Reggie Jackson have been forced to leave the playing field because of garbage thrown by fans. I never thought this would happen at what I consider to be a class organization — Penn State.

Our students are fond of chanting, "We want the Lion," and passing the Nittany Lion through the stands. However, this tradition may possibly end. It seems a few of our fans are acting without thinking. Marshmallow fights that get out of hand are one thing; the barrage of hot dogs, taco dogs, apples, full cups of Coke, coins and rocks is a totally different matter.

I don't want to ruin football games. I am merely trying to point out some classless acts committed by our own fans. Let's all try to make Beaver Stadium a more exciting place to play football and leave the garbage in the stands.

Bob Moore, 12th speech communication cheerleading coach Oct. 5

### Pigs

It is Monday morning, and I am still recovering from Saturday's football game. No, I am not still nursing a hangover or anything of the such — what I am recovering from is the psychological distress I encountered at the game from the childish food fights.

I attended the game with a visitor to the University. She obtained tickets from a Commonwealth campus, and we sat in the freshman/sophomore section. This I did not mind, until the food battles began.

The marshmallows were tolerable, at first, but when my friend was hit in the eye with a chicken leg, things did not seem too tolerable any more. Fans around us were splattered with ketchup, mustard, popcorn, ice, Coke, pretzel particles, and of course the traditional marshmallows... a fast was flying in the air around us.

Do you not think this behavior belongs somewhere else — like in a garbage dump, where the pigs who throw the food can really enjoy it?

A concerned, but disappointed student Oct. 5

### Fresh air

"We're a mixed bunch." That's how College Young Democrats president David White sums up his party. Although the Young Democrat National Convention this past August passed 29 resolutions that reflected a definite shift to the right for that organization, White says the group is not becoming more conservative.

White admits that "The Democratic Party got an unexpected jolt in the 1980 elections." And how do the Democrats plan to counterattack? With new ideas that might breathe some fresh air into the arena of political debate? No. The Democrats will copy Republican campaign techniques.

The Democrats' answer to Reaganism is obviously not to come up with fresh ideas. The above statements indicate that their answer is instead to simply wait for Reagan to fall so that they can come back and pick up the pieces with the same old stale ideas that got them into their present mess.

A political party should have a political ideology. The Democrats don't have one. It seems that all they are interested in is retaining power, not in leading this country out of its present poor health with a program for action.

Unlike the Democrats, the Consumer Party does offer a true alternative to the Reagan program. Our platform of economic democracy, a transfer to renewable energy sources, along with a strong human rights policy at home and abroad offers a real alternative in American politics.



Tom Thwaites, faculty adviser Penn State Outing Club Hiking Division Oct. 1

If people (needing more reason than the Democrats own blundering to see) why the Consumer Party is the alternative to Reaganism, I invite you to come listen to 1980 Consumer Presidential candidate Barry Commoner speak on Thursday night, Oct. 8, at 7:30 p.m. in the HUB ballroom. Admission is free.

Tom Ortenberg, 8th-general arts and sciences Chairman, College Consumer Party

### Give change

On October 5, a letter titled "Change? No!" appeared in the Reader Opinion section. It degraded the volunteers who give their time on weekends to accept donations for various organizations. These people are giving their time to help those who cannot help themselves, and I admire them for their thoughtful actions.

OK. When I was a freshman, I almost never gave quarters. But I caught on. Now, I'm a senior and I give donations freely. So what if the sidewalk in front of McLennanhaus is worn thin. I think it's great! I'm not so short-sighted that I don't realize my donations are needed by these organizations.

In her letter, Susan Butz ran through some estimates and then stated that \$15 of donations is a lot of "extra change."

If you are downtown and have only enough money to cover your next ride for your trip, Susan, you can give a quarter, and volunteers ask for a donation. They'll respect you for being direct and polite, and not darning into some side street to avoid them.

If Susan Butz turned any people against donating downtown, then I hope this letter will help twice as many people see my side of the situation and consider dropping a quarter when the opportunity arises.

Bill Schmidt, 10th-meteorology Oct. 5

### Worthwhile

To poor Susan Butz who has lived her happy life free of any major medical trauma — so far — or who, perhaps, doesn't realize where the money comes from to develop medical research leading to cures for such tragic diseases as cancer, cystic fibrosis, and diabetes.

Well, these projects depend on and receive money from private donations and fund-raising drives sponsored by organizations committed to bettering the quality of life for everyone. I belong to a sorority committed to such a cause. Working with two other greek organizations this past weekend, we raised more than \$3,700 to help fight cystic fibrosis, a genetic respiratory disease afflicting young children and causing them an early death. Surely, Susan, you can spare a quarter, as you suggest "five weekends a term" to help save a life.

I can tell you it is not my nature to derive pleasure from shoving a can at someone demanding their "extra change," but after meeting with relatives of some victims stricken by this terrible disease on the street while canning, it brought a genuine tear to my eye and I became immediately aware of my purpose as extremely worthy my while. Why else would I or any of my sisters stand on a street corner in freezing temperatures for shifts of two or more hours at a time? Think about it.

Maggie Blew, 7th-rehabilitation education Oct. 5

### the daily Collegian

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Mail letters to: The Daily Collegian, 128 Carnegie Building, University Park, Pa. 16802. Names may be withheld on request. Letters may also be selected for publication in The Weekly Collegian.

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## Women shouldn't 'have to' to be accepted by their peers

Look at me, I'm Sandra Dee lush with virginity. Won't go to bed, till I'm legally wed. I can't — I'm Sandra Dee

I sat in the Playhouse Theatre, watching the Friday night showing of "Greaser," bursting with laughter as Rizzo, the loose type who does not deny any man pleasure, sang this tune

When the audience's laughter died down, I began to think — what was so funny about that scene? Was it funny because Rizzo had exaggerated Sand-

So I yell, jokingly, "I want sex!" But no one looks at me with a shocked look on their faces — instead, everyone laughs.

Why does the girl down the hall bring new guys up to her room every night? Why doesn't she think that she should save a sexual relationship until she was married or seriously involved with her boyfriend?

The tables have turned drastically in the past few decades. No longer are young women ashamed if they "give out." Instead, they're more embarrassed to admit they have never slept with a guy and their best to hide their virginity.

A friend of mine told me that she once overheard this conversation in the residence halls: "I've never slept with a guy," one student told a friend.

Her friend replied, "Neither have I, but don't tell anyone — they'll think you're weird."

Why are so many young women so ashamed of their reluctance to sleep with the first guy they dance with at a dormitory party? Why do these women feel they must take a guy home because everybody else does? Because it is the way of the bold new women of the '80s? Because if you don't, you may be labeled a virgin and their guys will never take you out?

Another friend came into the Collegian office the other week, looking very upset. I asked her what was wrong and she burst out, "My room-

## No commitment is the rule of the game

The game. No, it's not football. Or monopoly. Or pinocle. Not even Old Maid, although that's close.

What I'm speaking of is the game we all play, or most of us anyway, with each other. It's the game we play when we go to the frat or the dorm parties or the bars to pick up a member of the opposite sex.

There are all kinds of fun rules to the game. They're not written down anywhere, but everyone knows what they are. When you're playing the game, you learn fast — real fast.

Meeting someone else is the easy part. You merely pick out your target and approach with little caution and less pride.

The starting game — a subset of the game — is often effective. A sly wink, a toss of lovely long locks (that's tough for those of us with short hair), a shy-but-knowing smile all let the world know that you're ready for action.

Once you've approached your target, casual conversation comes naturally enough. Small talk — you know, term, major, foreign languages spoken, do you like to French kiss? Be sure to touch your target just every so often, to make sure he/she knows you're interested.

Perhaps you'll dance. Dancing provides all kinds of possibilities for interesting interaction. Slow dances are a good chance to get close, get into a more intense conversation, even put a tongue in an ear. And it's your first genuine shot at close physical contact. Hard to pass up.

Beyond the meeting and greeting stage, the rules become more difficult. But we conform. We have to.

We're playing the game. So, you can't have any conscience, or at least it has to be flexible. No commitment is the main line. You don't ask, "Will you respect me in the morning?" because even if the answer is yes, the answer is no.

You don't expect a call to go to the bars or have a pizza or discuss the relative virtues of Marx's "Communist Manifesto." Because that's just not part of the game.

There are more rules. You know that. "Let's go somewhere to be alone," is not an invitation to find a quieter place to talk. Serious discussion of the future, in any manner, is taboo — even so far as to exclude any talk of birth control.

So is any attempt at honesty. No telling each other how you really feel about anything — even if you genuinely like the other person. Honesty leads too easily to hurt, and one of the main objectives of the game is to avoid hurt.

By the way, the game isn't limited to either men or women. Everyone plays, by all the same rules, but techniques and reactions vary. In the post-game aftermath, males may boast to their friends of their conquests, while females get that desperate look in their eyes and try to perpetuate a relationship that is based on nothing other than sex.

Whether you're pleased with those reactions or not, neither is any reflection that the players really got what they wanted.

Sometimes you can hide from the game, pretending to have deep conversations or be making friends. You can hide by not actually going back to someone's bedroom, but only finding refuge under the oak tree outside.

Because it's not the empty flirtations and sex that make the game so painful and ugly. It's the basic disregard for other people. And for yourself.

The game is too lonely people, trying to find release from their loneliness in each other. They usually fail miserably, but they try nonetheless. So what if the hug and the kiss are meaningless. They're symbols of affection, and importance, and significance to another human being — things we crave and need.

Yeah, we all play the game. But we don't have to. We just have to learn to love ourselves and have a little confidence in our own ability to genuinely love others. Then we can stop playing the game and be serious about life and love.

Becky Jones is a 10th-term journalism major and assistant editorial editor of The Daily Collegian.



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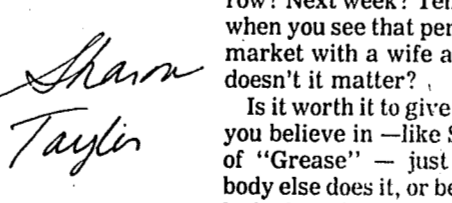
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