

# the daily collegian **opinions**

editorial opinion

## Personalized justice

New discipline system treats students more like people

Getting busted on campus used to be a little like getting busted in New York City. The accused student wouldn't be thrown in a dirty holding cell with punks, junkies and drunks, but the University's disciplinary process was almost as slow and impersonal.

Students now have the chance to argue their cases before a person who is closer to their environment. They may eventually end up talking to Donald Suit — the director of the Office of Conduct Standards — but not without a chance to talk with someone closer to the incident.

The correspondence from that office often took three months to arrive. No immediate hearing, no visit from some disciplinary enforcer. Entire college careers were at stake, yet students were getting the old "just another number" routine again.

Students, especially those new to the University, will benefit from the procedural change because it will give them immediate feedback on their problem. No waiting, no sweating. Staff members of the Office of Residential Life will also benefit, because they may see personal problems before they get out of control.

New York City's justice system may not be getting any better, but the University's discipline procedure is now being personalized. Instead of waiting those three long months, cases will be heard by dorm area coordinators within three working days.

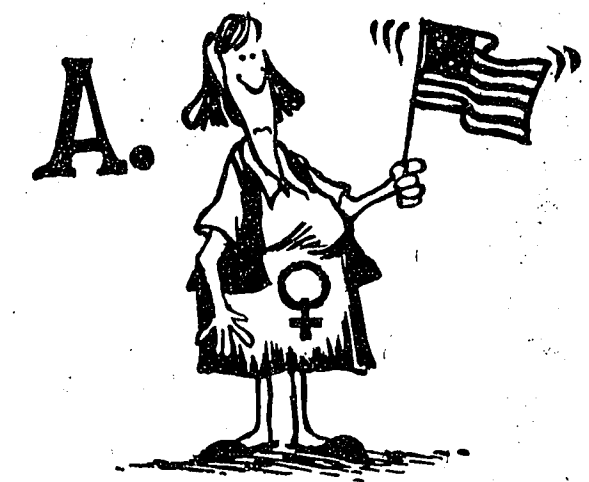
Although some discrepancies may result because coordinators may have different methods of dealing with similar situations, University policy is specific enough to ensure fairly equal treatment.

Big deal, you say, an administrator is an administrator — they're all out to get students. Not necessarily.

Personal treatment by the University administration is a rare and cherished thing. Maybe this change will help ease the unpleasantness of one aspect of University life.

The Daily Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by its Board of Opinion, with the editor-in-chief holding final responsibility.

## Q. What country, besides South Africa, treats the majority of its population as second class citizens.?



Mike Conklin

## Thinking in asteroid fragments

This is what I wish were true: Mark Green is on vacation this week. His column will return next Thursday. I could really use the vacation. Here's what I wrote:

Mark Green is caught in the midlife crunch, a form of torture and slow death by deadline. His mind is chaos, but his column will still run.

Some asteroid thoughts: The presses stop for no man's land. But my creative thoughts will flow around those needed for my classes. My mind is like the screen of an Asteroids game. Big thoughts, little thoughts, medium thoughts, all scattered, drift by with no order apparent to me (yet maybe there is a pattern beneath).

Here's a true story Bob McGough told me: Once, very late at night, Bob was walking his large German shepherd along the road that runs along the border between Philadelphia and a neighboring township. He found a large crowbar lying in the street, picked it up and continued walking. It was kind of a tough neighborhood.

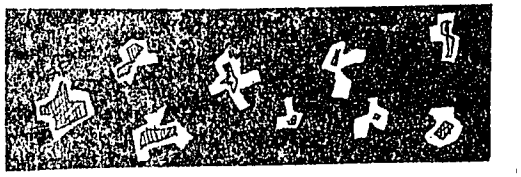
A township cop car pulled up alongside Bob. Not being the most respectable looking of people, Bob backed away. But instead of grabbing him and putting him inside the patrol car, two cops got out and pulled a old guy out of the back.

"Sadat is dead. What, I ask you, what is this world coming to?" That is what the note in my mailbox said on Tuesday morning.

They threw the guy toward Philadelphia. "And don't come back!" they warned him.

They threw me out. "The drunk said, 'Bob saw fear in the drunk's eyes, then understood why. So, standing beneath a 'Welcome to Philadelphia' sign, he outstretched his arms to embrace the drunk, a large crowbar in one hand and the leash to a large dog in the other, and smiled.

"Welcome back," Bob said.



"The Return of the Beverly Hillbillies" was on TV the other night. It reminds me of something my brother Karl (with a K) always says.

Karl holds to the theory that if you start that song playing in your head it's next to impossible to stop. I agree, because it has happened to me. "The Beverly Hillbillies" and it plays through again until the announcer again and then the song again, ad infinitum.

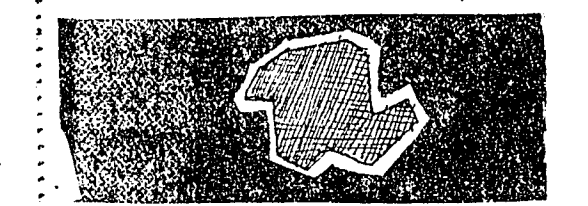
Karl said that maybe when he is old and his mind is less strong, he won't be able to stop it. He paints the scene of him in an old age home rocking very rhythmically. People talk to him but he doesn't answer. He's too busy listening to the Beverly Hillbillies song in his head and rocking to the beat.

The Homecoming parade is this Friday at 5:45. I suggest you go. I went last year and had a lot of fun, but I don't know why. If you like crowds, there's plenty of them. If you like band music, there's the Blue Band and it's pretty good. If you like floats of big footballs or wedding scenes or Nittany Lions you'll probably find them there, too. You even get lots of frat people on the floats waving like they're Captain Kangaroo in the Macy's parade or something. Even that's okay.

It gives you a chance to laugh and cheer and clear the way for all these asteroids.

That's my tip for the week.

Mark Green is a 10th-term journalism major and a staff writer for The Daily Collegian. His column appears on Thursdays.



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ALL INCOMING SOVIET MISSILES OVER HERE PLEASE



## the Collegian

Thursday Oct. 8, 1981—Page 2 — 1981 Collegian Inc. Paula Froke Debby Vinokur Business Manager

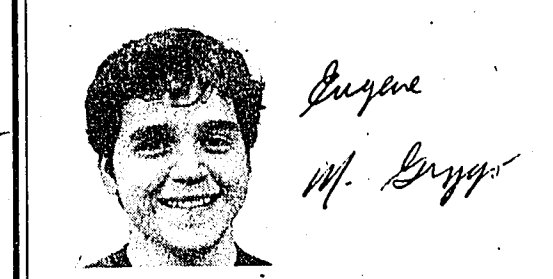
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## Loeb: many don't mourn death of a mudslinger

It is January 1972 in New Hampshire and a heated presidential primary race is on. A man, the front runner of the Democratic race, is addressing a crowd outside a newspaper office building during a downpour of snow. Suddenly, he breaks into sobs. The publisher/editor of the statewide, weekly paper has just published a series of editorials attacking his wife.



Loeb decided that Muskie was soft on the Soviet Union and shouldn't be president. His first assault on Muskie was the damaging "canuck" letter, signed by a fictional Paul Morrison, published 11 days before the primary. The letter was later confirmed to be a fabrication and written by Richard Nixon's Dirty Tricks operator, Ken Clawson. The letter accused Muskie of calling French Canadians "canucks," a racial slur. About 60 percent of New Hampshire voters are French Canadian.

Loeb twice ran an editorial chiding her for her remarks in a fluff piece that appeared in Women's Wear Daily and Newsweek that had her saying flippantly, "I can't mix booze and wine."

These attacks led to Muskie's last stand. On that winter morning, nine days before the primary, Muskie broke into sobs and said: "This man doesn't walk. He crawls... It's an insult to the people of New Hampshire that you have to pick up this rotten newspaper every morning." Muskie's chances for the presidency died that morning.

Unfortunately, Muskie's outburst was just what Nixon and his henchmen wanted because it allowed George McGovern to get the Democratic nomination. McGovern, as every Watergate buff knows, was seen by Nixon as the easiest Democrat to beat in 1972.

Muskie was not the first of Loeb's victims. He wrote a front-page editorial on Henry Kissinger headlined "Kissinger: A Kike." He called Gerald Ford a "jerk," Jimmy Carter, America's "most incompetent president," and Eugene McCarthy "a skunk's skunk's skunk."

Loeb despised Democrats, whom he characterized as "left-wing kooks." He perennially attacked the Kennedys, prompting Robert Kennedy to comment, "If there's anyone more reckless with the truth, I don't know him."

But Loeb did like some politicians — all fervent conservatives. Those he admired most were Sens. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin and Robert A. Taft of Ohio; Nixon until he went to China; and Ronald Reagan.

His philosophy was simple: "Things are either right or they are wrong." Throughout his career, he encouraged narrow-mindedness, racism and a hypocritical world of moral absolutism. He felt that "grays" confused the reader.

## A penny saved is a penny...shortage

By MIKE HEIMOWITZ Daily Collegian Staff Writer State College, along with the rest of the nation, is suffering from a penny shortage.

Tom Wolf, manager of Majik Market, 151 S. Garner St., said his store has been running low on the copper coins since the middle of the summer.

"There is definitely a penny shortage. We've run out, not too often, about four or five times," he said. "The banks can't give us any because they don't have them. They give us \$2 worth a day."

Wulf added that since Majik Market has a lot of stores in the state, he can sometimes get pennies from stores that don't have the problem.

"It's not for that [the other stores supplying pennies], we wouldn't have any," he said.

The manager of McLanahan's, 414 E. College Ave., said that store is also running low on pennies. The manager, who asked not to be identified, said the problem started when students returned to the University for Fall Term.

Discover the Happiest Happy Hours in Town Mon-Friday from 4:30 - 6:30 Le Bistro 2 FOR 1 210 W. College Ave.

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