

editorial opinion

Legislative love letters

Something to do if you're bored over term break

They'd like to know you better

Legislators, like newspaper editors, are often happiest when they get reams of letters — it makes them feel appreciated.

Sure, they get lots of letters, phone calls and visits from constituents when something comes up that directly affects them — but not at other times. State legislators in Harrisburg complain that the only time they hear from Penn State students is when the University's budget is being voted on during spring and summer — and even then, they don't hear much.

That's too bad for Penn State, because a lot of the decisions on the state budget are made long before the actual vote. In fact, the state legislature is deciding now, little by little, how much money to give the University next year.

So, University community, when you have a moment between football games and cold turkey sandwiches, make your legislator feel needed by writing him or her a letter during term break.

Legislators need to know how tax money actually helps their constituents — they need to know what students get out of Penn State. They also need to know where funding shortfalls to higher education hurt their constituents. Ask your legislator why Pennsylvania ranks last in

the United States in funding increases for higher education over the last decade.

Tell your legislator about how much you dislike the fact that none of your professors know you on a first name basis because your classes all contain more than 100 students. Tell your legislator if you have trouble finding study space or library materials or lab facilities or advisers.

Tell your legislator that your diploma isn't worth much to you if you don't get a good education to go along with it.

If legislators don't hear these things from their constituents, they won't be too likely to believe what Penn State's lobbyists tell them.

A letter to a state legislator will be delivered if it's addressed to the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, PA, 17120.

A sensible bill staggers

While you're writing a state legislator, ask why Gov. Dick Thornburgh's bill to abolish Pennsylvania's state stores still is stalled in committee.

You could probably write the letter in the time it takes to get service in a state store over the holidays.

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

reader opinion

CompSci reply

In his letter printed Nov. 11, Scott Tinslet noted the increased pressure of student demand for courses in computer science, the seeming lack of planning on the part of the computer science department, and the lack of quality advising within the department.

There is no question of the increased student demand. Each term, the department has made every attempt to fill our service obligation to the University by opening additional sections of elemen-

tary programming — algorithmic process courses.

Planning for increased student demand is basically a futile exercise. Once one confirms that the increase has an exponential component, there is no solution to absorbing such increases with a linear increase of resources. The department is seeking enrollment controls on the major. Thus, the most qualified student demand is able to continue their studies in computer science past the sophomore year. A reasonable estimate is that 200 students could enter the junior

and the department would be able to continue to maintain a quality program with linearly increasing resources.

Effective Winter Term, the department will have an undergraduate adviser who will assist majors with routine matters. Individual advising will continue by faculty advisers.

The central administration has been extremely helpful in supplying necessary resources. This enables the department to continue to expand its service commitment. Beyond this, the computer science department through the College of Science, continues to seek additional permanent resources. When these permanent resources are obtained, enrollment controls would be relaxed. Mr. Tinslet's concerns of continued quality of education continues to be a concern of this department, college and University. Joseph M. Lambert, acting head, computer science department Nov. 12

Post-mortem

It has been my custom in six elections not to engage in post-mortems. However, the coverage you gave this State College Municipal Council candidates Fred Honsberger and Joseph Wackley and James Desalle is based on so much unfair assumption that it tends to insult the citizens who elected them. Dombroski and Wiser to office. It is, in addition, unfair to two candidates who at least deserve the opportunity to serve and be evaluated.

I have both enjoyed, and in some instances endured the change in the majority party in the Council. Unlike



BUMPER STICKER '81

The Collegian

Friday Nov. 13, 1981 — Page 2

Paula Froke Editor

Debbly Vinokur Business Manager

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Already anticipating a distant reunion

It'll be a bar, or better yet, a lounge. Yes, that's it. A plush, dimly lit room with candles flickering under glass and cocktail waitresses moving about silently. His suit will be of off gray flannel, the kind that always looks pressed and has those thin pleats lending it an air of sophistication. My jacket will be tweed, the kind that is fraying in its closet right now.

Certainly the conversation will touch on interest rates and tax shelters, not to mention the current administration and its effect on social problems. But invariably it will move into that tight little circle that only he and I know. We'll dredge our memories, we'll trade stories, we'll laugh hysterically and then we'll just shake our heads and smile.

Damn, it's good to see you again. He hasn't let yet. The ceremony that will reward him for three-and-a-half years of concentrated study — then whisk him off into the world he has so carefully prepared himself for — is more than a week away.

The indelible imprint. Without ever approaching the stage of becoming mirror images — our ideals are not too different for that — we simply selected the aspects of each other's personality that suited us best and gradually traded them off. I may never understand why he pledged a fraternity or why he chews tobacco, but I know why he's headed for the business world and why he'll be successful. This knowledge about a person cannot be learned in a 30-minute interview. You have to suffer through a trauma or two. You have to have more than a few all-night discussions about life in general when you both have exams in the morning. You have to give time to time.

But that time is slipping away now. Our days in college are as evanescent as the words we speak. No sooner do they roll off our tongue than they flash and fizzle, leaving only the memory of their sound. Although they cannot be recaptured, the truly special sounds can be played over and over again in our minds. They leave an indelible imprint.

In a week, I'll be off in Canada for some of the term break only to return to the routine that has been my life the last three years. At the same time, my friend will be starting a new routine. That soon will become his life, thus putting more and more space between the life and routine he is leaving behind in State College.

And in that dimly lit lounge somewhere off in the future, nothing will have changed. It'll seem like yesterday. He'll seem like I never left this place to begin with. And we'll just sit there and dredge our memories, trade stories and laugh hysterically. Damn, it's good to see you again.

Justin Catanoso is a 10th-term Journalism major and a columnist for The Daily Collegian.

reader opinion

End of world?

Americans do not lack the knowledge of the consequences of a nuclear war, at least not an all-out "end of the world" war. Paul McGuirk (Nov. 10) seems surprised about the reactions to Haig's comments about a limited nuclear war.

The fact is, a limited nuclear war is a new idea to the public. The salespersons for the Pentagon and the arms peddlers sold us nuclear weapons, along with the paranoia that goes with them. Our leaders told us not to worry about the number of bombs around, but only about whether the race was balanced or not. We were told that this stockpile of bombs would never be used, as the missiles were simply deterrents according to the Mutually Assured Destruction principle.

However, Reagan has stated several times, reaffirmed again last night, that he envisions situations where nuclear weapons might actually be used. One of these situations, Haig inadvertently suggested, might be a limited nuclear war in Europe. What gives us the right to use Europe as our battleground? By putting missiles in Europe, are U.S. strategists trying to draw fire away from America's soil? While some NATO leaders may want missiles, the inhabitants of those countries don't. Europeans are not anti-the development of nuclear weapons in the United States, as shown by the million or so demonstrators in the streets. These Europeans protesting, not anti-American countries. This is not out of ignorance of the nuclear issue. They realize what a nuclear war continued to Europe means. It means economic and social collapse. Bluntly, it means a lot of dead Europeans. Are we as Americans that willing to pawn off our most loyal allies and for many, relatives?

Our leaders are making decisions that affect our lives in the most profound and distressing ways. Some examples of proposals are: 1) a doubling of the war budget by 1984, from \$162 to \$204 billion; 2) new, expensive toys, such as the B1 and MX missile delivery systems; 3) the Neutron Bomb — a "tactical" nuclear weapon that destroys humans, but not house porches; 4) nuclear warning shots to the U.S. is the only nation that has ever used nuclear weapons in war, everyone knows they work and that we are willing to use them; 5) limited nuclear war, in instance, confined to Europe; 6) survivable military targets, resulting in only 20 million American citizens dying.

Paul McGuirk suggest that "... we must learn to live with it (the bomb)." We find that attitude totally unacceptable. In our situation, nor are we passive and indifferent. It is time to say ENOUGH.

As autumn slips into winter, we Americans prepare a celebration of one of our favorite holidays: Thanksgiving. This day is set aside for us to show love and for the strength we have to strive for happiness and comfort.

The tradition of Thanksgiving is a celebration of another year's conquest of life's hardships. Yearly, we gather with our families and friends before a table filled with potatoes, cranberries, turkey, pumpkin pie, and other specialties of the season. Warm feelings and delicious food fill the day, however, along with this valuable tradition, some-

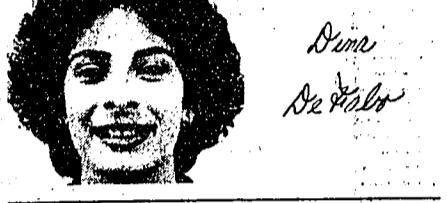
No Thanksgiving for 800 million 'others'

Chahchharan, Afghanistan, June 9 — The boy's spindly body sank slowly to the dusty gravel road. He lowered his head to the pebbles, resting his sunken cheek on his hand. His dry, cracked lips did not close. He tried to cover his feet, but the torn, dirt-encrusted rags he wore were not long enough. He placed an empty tin can, his only possession, near his stomach. And then he started to cry.

James P. Sierba, The New York Times, June 16, 1972.

My dad always told me that some day I would find out. Some day, he said, I would see how "other" people lived — the ones who had nothing to eat, the ones who didn't blow their hair dry every morning and the ones who didn't have the opportunity to hate their eighth-grade algebra teacher.

Joseph C. Korskak, Class of '71 Nov. 5



He told me there are people in the United States and other parts of the world who don't know what candy or pizza is, who wear the same pair of shoes (whether they fit or not) for four years. "Dina," he heaped into my brain, "you should thank God for what we've got."

When I visited Italy and France a year ago, I did not see examples of extreme poverty — things you would expect to see on a trip to India or Africa — but I began to understand what my father meant.

I almost cried when I saw blind and disabled people begging in the streets and I got nauseated after smelling the stench of a lady who could only bathe once a week.

After arriving home, obscure articles containing facts about the world's poor suddenly began to capture my attention.

The World Bank estimates that some 800 million people live in absolute poverty.

In the slums of Santiago, Chile, people live in huts of cornstalk plastered with mud.

In Bombay, more than 300,000 people sleep outdoors.

I read that about 1 billion people — one-fourth of the world's population — suffer from chronic hunger and malnutrition.

In some third-world countries there is only one doctor for every 50,000 people.

The life expectancy in developing countries is 55 years; in the industrialized nations, 72. One in 10 infants in the developing world dies before its first birthday. In the industrial world, only one in 50 dies.

I don't understand all the statistics, the suffering and the contrast in the way the world's people live.

What about the little, starving kids who eat dirt they walk on and the women who watch their babies die because they are too skinny to breast-feed

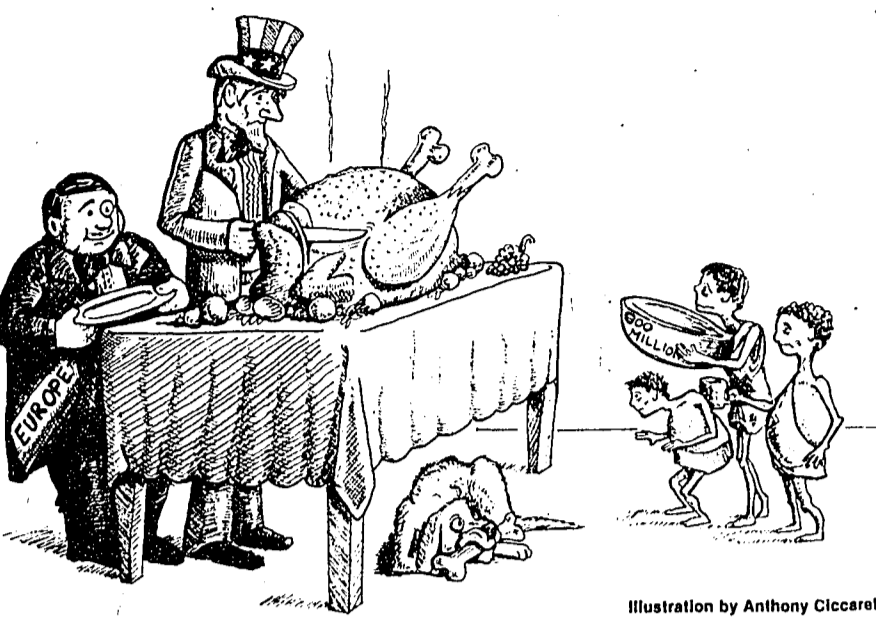


Illustration by Anthony Ciccarelli

their own kids? Who is taking care of those people? Why do I have so much and that little crying boy has nothing? I just don't seem fair. What can we do to help? I don't know who has the answer.

But I do know that in a couple of weeks, our country will celebrate Thanksgiving. I don't have to tell you about all the food you'll have to eat and the fun you'll have watching football and drinking a few beers.

For 800 million people, however, Nov. 25 will be just another day of hunger, pain and nothing to do. They don't have much to be thankful for.

As I showed an oversized piece of pumpkin pie (with whipped topping, of course) in my mouth, I will think about my European tour, what my father tried so hard to tell me and how foolish I was not to believe him.

But my father was gone when I came home from Europe. I never got the chance to tell him he was a very smart man.

Dina DeFabo is a 4th-term liberal arts major and a columnist for The Daily Collegian.

Lose your appetite for slaughtered turkey meat

By SUSAN PALUMBO, Chief Editor, Our World Trans Species Unlimited

forum

thing very ugly is happening right now and has been happening all year long, and the special guest is the victim. This guest is our featured attraction: the Thanksgiving turkey.

We spend time and money choosing the biggest and juiciest turkey we can find, for on Thanksgiving, the dressed bird is the centerpiece. We savor the taste of the meat, but not many of us are aware of where the bird came from before it appeared in the supermarket or under what conditions the turkey spent its life.

With few exceptions, we buy our Thanksgiving turkeys in the local grocery store or meat market. The birds are products of factory farms. They were never free creatures living in the wilderness.

Most of us have heard stories about the lifestyle of factory farm chickens. These stories include the conditions, which would cost money, the poultrymen make the environment worse by keeping the sheds even darker so that the birds will remain calm.

The poultrymen add further control of the outbreak by de-beaking young birds. Part of the turkey's beak is cut off by a guillotine-like device or by a hot knife. Poultrymen claim that this operation is painless; however, studies done by an expert British government committee headed by zoologist Professor F. W. Rogers Bramwell show that turkeys have a highly sensitive tissue in their beaks, much like the kind under our fingernails. When this tissue is cut during the de-beaking, the bird suffers from extreme pain.

From the moment they are born until the time they are to be butchered, turkeys live packed together in the sheds. The sole purpose of their existence in such conditions is profit. And the profits come pouring in as we all prepare for Thanksgiving. We buy the turkeys, and therefore we support how they are forced to live.

Doesn't this suffering behind the celebration of Thanksgiving take away from the tradition? The intentions of the holiday are wonderful, but is it quite as wonderful when we realize how deprived the turkeys are of a natural existence? The holiday's special attraction is forced to live a tormented life so that we can satisfy our taste buds. Maybe we should think about that.

Thanksgiving dinner is possible without turkey, perhaps even more interesting and exciting. A splendid meal is being prepared for an Alternative Thanksgiving dinner by Trans Species Unlimited. It will be served at the Wesley Foundation, 25 College Ave., on Sunday, Nov. 15. Tickets are available at the New Morning Store, Dandelion Market, Our Store Co-op, and the Eco-action table in the basement of the IUB.

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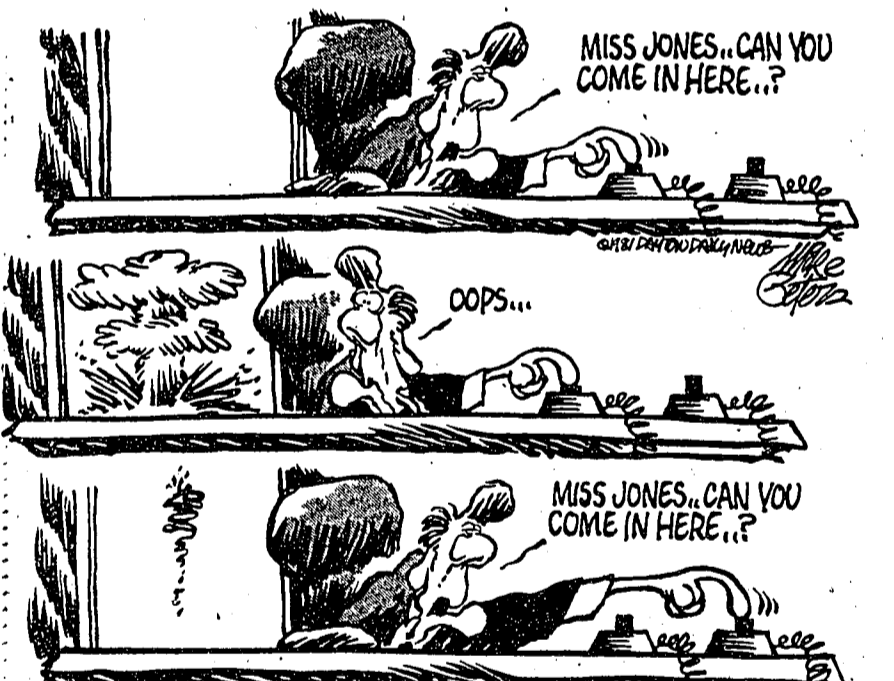
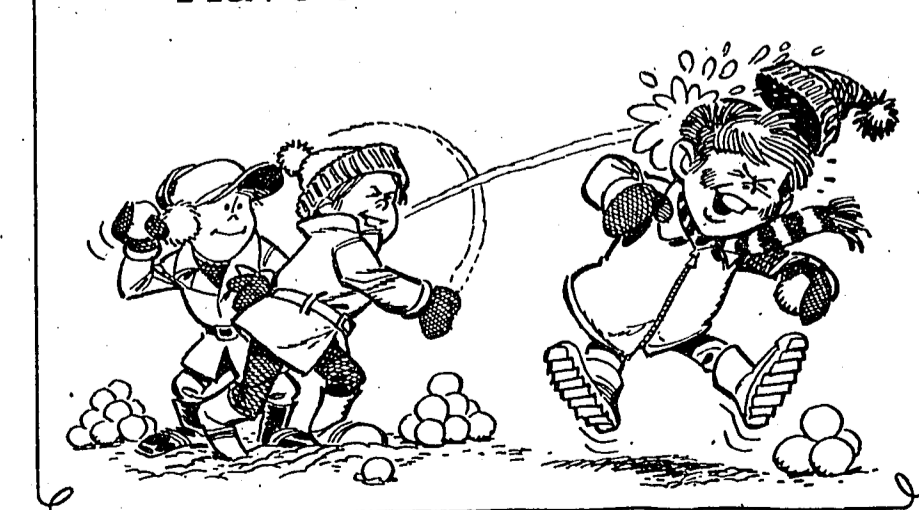
TODAY IS THE LAST ISSUE OF THE DAILY COLLEGIAN!

1st Issue of Winter Term: Thursday, Dec. 3
Office Opens: 9:00 a.m. Monday, Nov. 30

DEADLINES:

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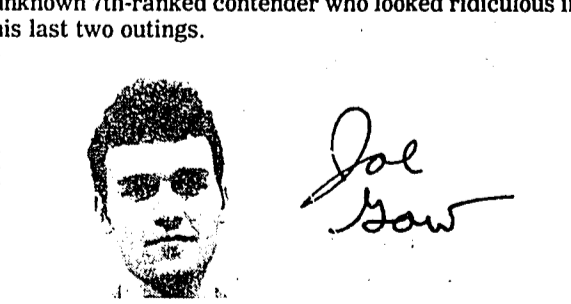
Have a nice term break!



Promoter King: new breed of hero

Don King was the first person that I recognized as we nonchalantly slipped into the press party in the Hyatt ballroom in Pittsburgh last week. You couldn't miss him; hair combed straight up a la the Little Rascals' "Backhead," a lavish diamond pendant around his neck and a huge cigar in his hand. The ex-con from Cleveland had come a long way.

He was in Pittsburgh to sell something he'd labeled "Imminent Danger," the Holmes/Snipes heavyweight championship. To the uninitiated this may sound like no great task, but consider the circumstances: Larry Holmes, one of the greatest champions the heavyweight division has seen in recent years, was going to go 15 rounds with Renaldo "Call Me Mister" Snipes, an unknown 7th-ranked contender who looked ridiculous in his last two outings.



Joe Saw



Andrews, the Daily News' Dick Young and ABC's Howard Cosell.

"Who the hell would you put your money on?" one of the scribes at the bar shot back in response to my query regarding the line on the fight. The betting odds are usually the most valuable tool in gauging the quality of a sports event. There were no odds being given on the Holmes/Snipes scrap. No surprise. No one doubted the skill of the champ.

Yet Don King managed to sell the contest to ABC television. And the network pumped it out to an estimated 47 million viewers, the largest TV boxing audience ever.

How did Don King pull it off? The liquor being served at the drinks was expensive. Wild Turkey and Tanqueray. But the drinks were exchanged for currency with the bartender. Don King was taking care of everything.

Press credentials? See Don. He'd make sure you were at ringside when the action went down.

Access? No problem. It's what the man with his hair combed straight up is all about. Don was going around

the room shaking hands, posing for pictures and talking with scribes from even the smallest college newspapers. In long, somewhat verbose sentences he'd tell you all you wanted to know.

He'd tell you that this was the first championship fight held in Pittsburgh in three decades. He'd tell you that he was "humbled to be in a city with such a great tradition of championship teams." He'd tell you that Larry Holmes was the greatest heavyweight champion ever.

He'd tell you that the champ, in taking this fight, was risking a \$30 million scrap next year with Gerry Cooney. Don King would tell you all about that \$30 million dollar bout in Vegas. He'd say that that one too. The gig in Pittsburgh was just a warmup.

Maybe in this age a man with his hair combed straight up who can successfully peddle a worthless boxing match is to be respected. I know. I do know that Don King also promoted the Holmes/All "fight." That one brought in \$11 million.

That is King a new breed of hero? I'll never forget what he said to a Washington Post reporter: "I wear my hair like this here because it's an indication of my uncontrollability. It's an indication of my blackness and my wildness, so this is a wild sigger, where you deal with me, so you have to deal with me on business principles, not the color of my skin or what I represent because I'm not one of the conventions or norms where I'm gonna have my hair cut or my shoes shined and I'm gonna stand at attention and go to scratching when you talk to me. You understand what I mean? I'm gonna deal with arms' raised. That's the issue. You put in what you have on the table, I put in what I have on the table, we extricate what is mutually advantageous to both of us, and we both must go to the bank."

Joe Gow is a 10th-term Journalism major and columnist for The Daily Collegian.