

# Opinions

The Daily Collegian  
Friday, March 12

## editorial opinion/topics

### Harry's back!

Neither rain nor sleet nor snow nor dark of night could have persuaded the manager for the Allegheny District of the U.S. Postal Service to reinstate the additional window employee at the University Park post office, but a deluge of complaints from University students did the job. One of the two employees that had been working the window at the on-campus branch of the post office was transferred to the State College branch last month. The transfer was ordered because the district office said that based on a poll of customers' needs, the University branch could be sufficiently serviced by only one employee and the vending machines.

"Not so," said students as they waited in long lines. "Not so," they muttered to themselves as they walked out the doors to do their business elsewhere. "Not so," they said in their letters to the U.S. Postal Service in Washington, D.C., and in their phone calls to district manager Donald P. Fischer's office in Pittsburgh. "Not so," Fischer finally agreed after a month of complaints from dissatisfied University Park customers.

Elliott Armstrong, who worked alone at the on-campus branch last month, welcomed back his co-worker Harry Hassinger on Wednesday. Armstrong was quoted in yesterday's Daily Collegian as saying "the kids seem happy" with the restoration of two-man service at the branch. "The kids" should be happy — because some of them seem to be responsible for the Postal Service's

concession that one is not enough at the University Park post office.

### Dashed hopes

We at The Daily Collegian are both relieved and saddened to learn that Undergraduate Student Government President Bill Cluck will not be running for the state House of Representatives seat vacated by state Rep. Gregg L. Cunningham in what was the 77th district.

Relieved, because Cluck will now be able to intensify his efforts to oppose further cutbacks in aid to higher education.

Saddened, because we will not have the thrill of seeing AP Laserphotos of Cluck pacing the marble corridors of Harrisburg, or reading his name in the Harrisburg Patriot or of saying, "That boy is going places."

In a typical show of modesty, Cluck says he does not know if he will run for public office in the future.

Come on, Bill. Those who have followed Cluck's career as an outspoken advocate for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, his debut as a pugnacious USG senator, and, finally, his ascent to that pinnacle of collegiate success — the USG presidency — know him better. Much better.

William J. Cluck is a natural-born politician. To trade his talents for some corporate public relations job would be a great disservice to our republic.

Bill Cluck, America waits for you. We join thousands of your supporters in wishing you luck in your post-colle-

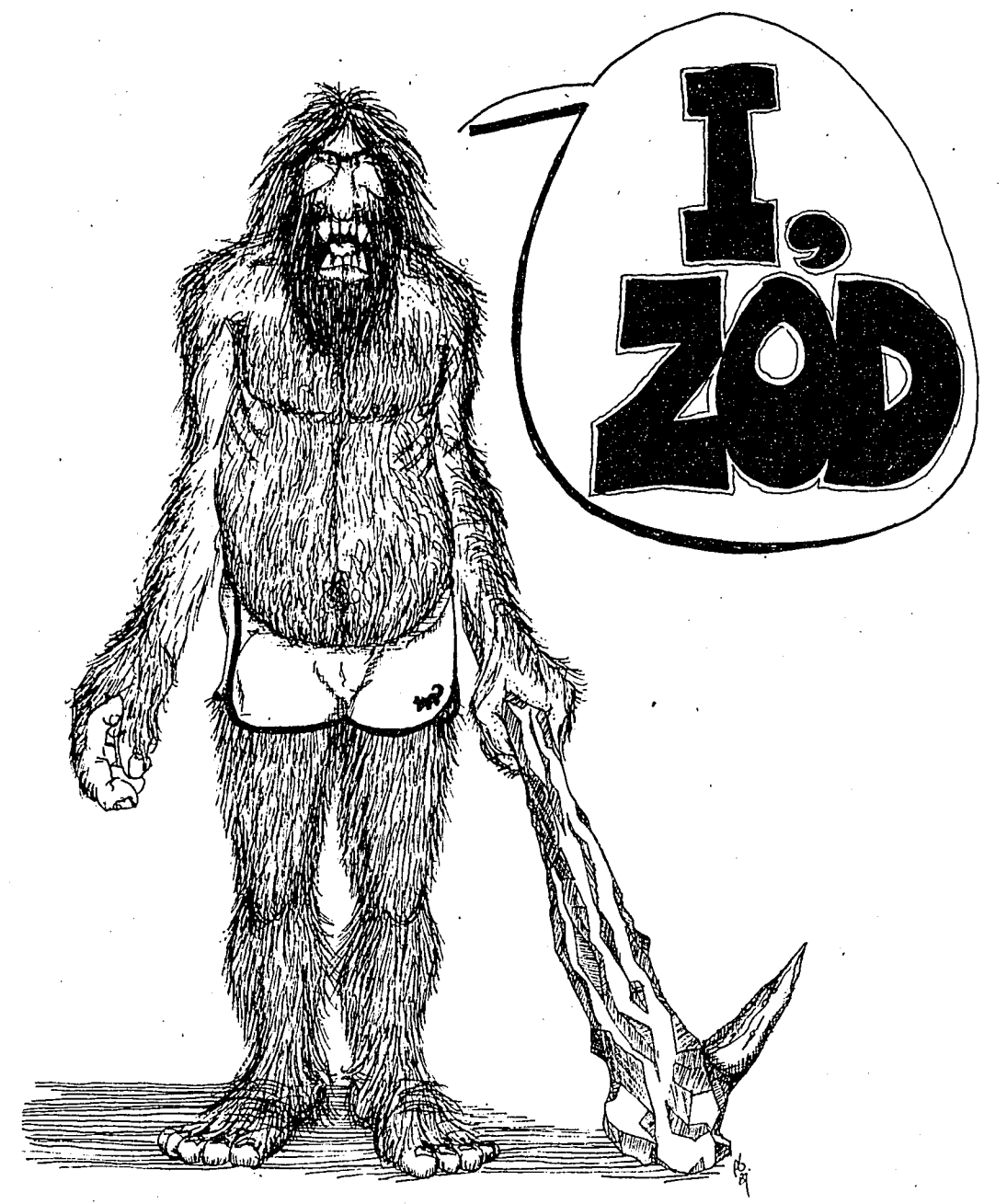
giate life. And, please, Bill, give us the satisfaction of seeing you on the CBS Evening News with Dan Rather, so we can lean back, pat our middle-aged paunches and proudly say, "We knew him when."

### Apocalypse later

It's a comforting thought, the earth being blown to smithereens. No one to blame, no responsibility to decide, no insurance forms to complete. Nothing to do but sit back and listen to the boom, bang, splat. Ka-pow. Poof. Catchya later, earth-baby.

No such luck. March 10, 1982 — the day that a few people thought would be the earth's end — came and went. All those planets lined up and nothing happened. The Earth is still in the same sad shape it was on March 9. The federal deficit is soaring. The job market is tight. Wars rage all over the place. Too many people go to bed hungry. Distraught mothers dump newborn babies in trashcans. Young thugs set kittens on fire. Some poor guy in East Halls came a day late to registration and had all his No. 6 cards pulled. Life is tough all over.

So when is the next doomsday? Ah, let's see . . . according to our calculations, June 9, 1982 is the day. On June 9, the earth will explode . . . for no particular reason. Just mark it on your calendar. In the meantime, run up a big phone bill; plan on deferring your grades; buy a sports car on credit; cheat on your lover; ruin your mind and body with drugs; tell your parents you love them. Live it up. Life is short.



## reader opinion

### Horizons '82

Hello in there. The time is upon us to start organizing this year's alternative spring festival, HORIZONS. As you may recall, HORIZONS was initiated last spring as an integrated effort to promote greater social awareness and diversity of art, dance and music from various cultural perspectives. Due to its overwhelming success, we have decided to initiate a similar program this year.

Your organization is scheduled to participate in this year's event which is scheduled to take place May 6 through May 8 at the HUB and the Cultural Center. Any weekday or weekend activity which your organization would like to present will be given consideration by the HORIZONS steering committee. We invite you to participate — lectures, films, workshops, music, dance and a variety of exhibits are ways in which your organization can be represented at HORIZONS.

We do ask that any programs you wish to contribute are low-budget and creatively oriented toward social awareness and audience interaction and enjoyment. By planning your club's activity in conjunction with HORIZONS, you will be able to reach a large segment of the University population. The first two days, May 6 and 7, will be directed toward speakers, lectures, films and workshops. These activities will be held primarily indoors. May 8 will include programs from the two preceding days along with exhibits, demonstrations, art, dance and music outdoors.

HORIZONS needs volunteers for the following committees: audiovisual, educational, arts and entertainment, recreation, publicity and promotions.

If your organization would like to participate in HORIZONS, please return to Eco-Action, 202 HUB (863-1972), Colloquy, 214 HUB (865-5382), or 202 HUB by March 19 with a basic written description of the kind of program you wish to present and what facilities will be needed. Please include the name of a contact person and a phone number where he can be reached. If there are other organizations likely to present programs similar to your own, we urge you to combine efforts and work together, as this is what HORIZONS is all about.

Looking forward to your participation in HORIZONS. Thank you.  
David J. Schwartz, HORIZONS publicity and promotion chairman  
Colloquy  
Eco-Action  
Undergraduate Student Government  
March 9

### The American way

Being middle class is as true blue as baseball and apple pie. Ask anyone you see to identify their social class and with little hesitation they will reply: "Oh, I guess I'm middle class."

What makes everyone think they are middle class? Is the United States a unidimensional society? Even the most unpracticed mind is quick to realize that there must be some important social differences between a psychologist who earns \$50,000 per year and the receptionist who makes \$16,000, even if they both claim to be middle class. American class consciousness is rendered myopic by our society's obsession with individualism, that unifying determination to overlook institutionalized constraints while steadfastly believing that one's place in society is achieved by personal ambition and aptitude. This overriding American value was perfectly expressed when in a class discussion one of my classmates said, with unthinking candor: "You can be anything you want if you want it badly enough."

Another factor which has homogenized social awareness is the unparalleled abundance that the United States free enterprise has yielded over the centuries. Though a large income gap still exists between the wealthy and the nonwealthy, consciousness raisers and other malcontents have been mollified because living conditions have consistently improved — even laborers and blue collar workers, who have traditionally occupied the lower rungs of the occupational hierarchy, have enjoyed higher wages and a better standard of living. Historically in the United States, the absence of monarchy,

aristocracy and state-supported church, which acted together to polarize European society into well-defined classes, blunted American class awareness. This historical accident may well have been critical to the growth of American free enterprise which made us richer and freer than our West European neighbors but less wise. In Poland, for example, the Catholic Church and Solidarity have joined hands in opposition to martial law. Each group's leadership serves as a nucleus around its members express collective interests, as opposed to the United States where the middle class ethos masks real class differences and individualism shatters collective interests.

If both the psychologist who treats neurotic suburbanites and earns \$50,000 annually and the receptionist who arranges schedules and makes \$16,000 are middle class, then I guess I can be middle class, too. But if you were to ask me to identify my real social class, without much hesitation, I would say that I'm . . .

### Jim Livingston, graduate-rural sociology

Feb. 17

### ROTC proud

What does the acronym ROTC mean to students on campus? To most, it means seeing over 300 men and women walking around campus with short haircuts and wearing their grey blue (black?) uniforms each Tuesday. ROTC is a middle class, too. But if you were to ask me to identify my real social class, without much hesitation, I would say that I'm . . .

The Villanova meet is generally regarded as the toughest tournament in the East, with only the best of drill teams being invited to compete. The Penn State NROTC Basic Drill team faced an even tougher task at the meet, as it is composed entirely of freshmen and other units would be entering teams consisting of college juniors and seniors. To overcome this obstacle, the Basic Drill team, like the Trick Drill team, had practiced two nights a week from 11 p.m. to midnight since September.

When the drill meet had ended, the NROTC unit of Penn State had once again shown why it is considered among the best in the country. The Basic Drill platoon, commanded by Midshipman Ensign George Semple, placed first among the 13 platoons entered. Basic drill squads commanded by Midshipmen Tim Bookwalter and Jim Leach placed first and second out of 22 squads entered in competition. The Trick Drill team, commanded by Midshipman Ensign Scott Pierce, placed sixth out of 13 teams, still a respectable showing in a difficult meet. But most indicative of the type of dedication taught at the NROTC unit at Penn State were the performances of Midshipmen Brett Burtis and Sheila Dopikla. In individual drill competition against the best drillers from each team, Burtis placed third in men's competition and Dopikla placed first in women's competition. Their accomplishments are even more remarkable when consideration is given to the fact that both Burtis and Dopikla are freshmen — and many of the individuals they drilled against are upperclassmen who have been driving for much of their collegiate careers.

All of these achievements resulted in a third place overall finish in the drill meet for the Penn State NROTC. The performances of the drill teams are only representative of the excellence of the NROTC unit here at Penn State. All students should take pride in the outstanding caliber of the ROTC units here on campus. These young officers-to-be are all fine examples of the type of student Penn State attracts around admissions time. Penn State students can be proud that its ROTC units are known, as is its football team, as one of the finest in the country.  
Keith Kirk, NROTC midshipman  
March 10

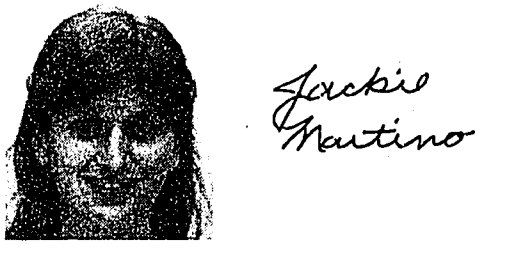
## It's called doin' the Penn State shuffle

Getting by. That's what Penn State is all about. Getting from quiz to midterm, midterm to final, final to term break and then starting the whole cycle again. Then the terms tick away — and we count them down like a space shuttle "liftoff, toast and cheer when the ship soars into space, and then . . . we're gone."

As is often the case with everything, the beginning of life at Penn State draws attention. Freshmen are always special. And the end, like the beginning, seems to imply some significance. But what about the middle ground, the majority of time that we spend here — or muddle through here?

It's getting by, day to day. It's going to East Patee, hitting the elevator button and having to scramble across the room before the door closes. Or having the bank machine eat your card and flash "No cash available." Or writing out the amount in the "Pay to the order of" line of your last check.

the palm of your hand, waiting for the period to end. Each day is checked off on a syllabus. And it doesn't seem to matter what is completed as long as it's done in time for the test — in time for the measure of what we all know.



In time for the weekend, in time for happy hours at C's, in time for "Gone with the Wind" playing in 108 Forum, the same room as your Bi Sci 04 class. In time for the Penn State experience to be over with. College is the pinnacle of learning, the bastion of all human knowledge. Yet, something is missing at Penn State. It's that something extra, that spark, the line between a student

studying and learning, or a professor lecturing and communicating. And at Penn State the spark is hidden; it isn't gone. Sometimes it even ignites for a brief moment, but is extinguished by ourselves, when we see how it could change our comfortable lives, by our friends who laugh, a nervous chuckle, when they see how it could change their relationships . . . even by the University when it senses how its rocky foundations could be shaken.

"We are Penn State." An all-encompassing statement that covers just about anything. No doubts, no more questions to be answered. Penn State is the happy valley of self-assurance where almost everything has a simplistic conclusion.

Fans crowd into Beaver Stadium to watch our team, the best team. And Penn State football is the best because of Joe Paterno, because of the Nittany Lion's push-ups, because of . . . just because. Friday classes end and each person follows the other down the mall to happy hours. Not that they're going to be any happier, just more secure in doing what's expected. Departments engulf themselves in petty poli-

tics, professors absorb themselves in research — sometimes even in the classes they teach. And it's not that everyone isn't trying. Indeed, we're all pushing ourselves to the edge with action. Action that will help pass a calculus midterm, action that will buy this weekend's fun — action that will help keep the status quo, keeping our lives in a comfortable place we can get to quickly and easily.

Maybe this is simply what life is, average. But maybe not. And if anything, college — the promised land — should be a time to search for something new, a time to see if anything else is out there. And if nothing seems to be waiting for us, maybe we have to create it for ourselves.

If we wait for when special things are supposed to happen, wait only for the announcement of the next shuttle, wait only for it to take off, then life is only a spark of fire here and there. And the place of preparation where most of the active involvement takes place, the middle ground, is simply somewhere to put in line. Or somewhere to waste the little bit of real life we have.

Jackie Martino is a 7th-term journalism major and a news editor for The Daily Collegian.

## the daily Collegian

Friday March 12, 1982  
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The Daily Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by its five-member Board of Opinion, with the editor holding final responsibility. Opinions expressed on this page are not necessarily those of Collegian Inc. or The Pennsylvania State University.

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## reader opinion

### El Salvador

The government troops took my father today. I was not there. From our field over the hill, I heard screams and dogs barking in the village — I ran to the top of the hill and watched as the captains drove away in the jeep, my father huddled unconscious in the back with a white cloth strapped across his mouth. I ran down the hill and shouted curses at the troops, but it was too late. They were gone in a cloud of dirt and dust, towards Charing, the village down our only road. Our village has no phones; there is no way to warn the people. My mother sits crying now in the house. I feel numb — I am only eleven. Daddy will not come back now. I know. My sisters try to hide their tears to comfort mother, but her grief runs deep. It is her own love they have taken. I am joining the rebels, I swear to myself. I am joining them tomorrow.

There are whispers of battle in the town tonight. The rebels have taken camp nearby, it is said. Everyone hides in the house, my sisters are in the cellar. Last summer the government troops raped Maria. She was thirteen. Now she sits alone and cold, so quiet and emotionless. We have tried to help her, but nothing works. Her mind is in shock — even her old girlfriends cannot get through to her.

I look in the cracked mirror through dark browsed eyes at a young boy, black hair rumpled at the sides, long black eyelashes and deeply browned skin except for the white scar across my forehead from the time I fell playing with Pietro. Pietro is with the rebels now. His mother does not know when she will see him again. She tells the government troops that Pietro is dead. I know I will see Pietro again. Then we will laugh about the white scar across my forehead.

The General of the rebels has asked to see the Americans, to tell them what is happening to our people. As now they have not answered, I feel them to be on the side of the government. We will surely fail if the Americans give weapons to them. The government is evil, full of tricks and

false promises. If the Americans join them I think, then, that the Americans are evil as well. Night falls quickly, but my father is not here to touch and hold me, to tell me to go to bed. Mother is asleep. I stay awake in anger, watching, waiting for the sun to rise red again.  
Michael Kinkoff, 6th-English  
March 10

### Reaction

The album reviewed in the Feb. 15 Collegian, Neil Young's "Re•o•c•e•t•o•r" was released in November, 1981. I do not know why it has taken Tim Beidel so long to review it, but it does not appear the time was spent researching the artist or his music.

Beidel refers to Neil Young as the "Chief spokesman for a movement no one's sure what to call." Young is only voicing, in song, his opinions on modern social, cultural and political matters and these views are shared by many. They are shared because they strike out at the idiosyncrasies of our society. If Mr. Beidel had stopped and listened he could have easily been able to detect this by examining the so-called "typically simple lyrics" found in the songs "Ohio," "Tonight's the Night," "Lookout Joe," and from "Re•o•c•e•t•o•r," songs such as "Southern Pacific" and "Motor City." These latest songs deal with forced retirement and the flood of foreign imports into the United States respectively — two prominent topics in today's society.

Beidel then goes on to claim that Young's appeal rests in his unpredictability. With the exception of his rock experiment "Rust Never Sleeps," Young is always finding new ways to do the same thing and that, as I have already stated, is to hit on society's stupidity. So while it is true that "Re•o•c•e•t•o•r" is not new New York, it is false that it is not innovative. The album is old, vintage Neil but contains fresh guitar jams coupled with a powerful beat and strong lyrics. In short, it is good old rock and roll. Another matter troubling me is that Mr. Bei-

del, as a reviewer, should not worry about the "purpose" of songs such as "T-Bone," but if he is concerned about the significance of the song then he must resort to his own personal interpretation.

I feel Young is speaking on behalf of the "have-nots" in our society, but that is left open to debate. The song's excellent guitar work shines out much more clearly and this is not touched on at all by the reviewer.

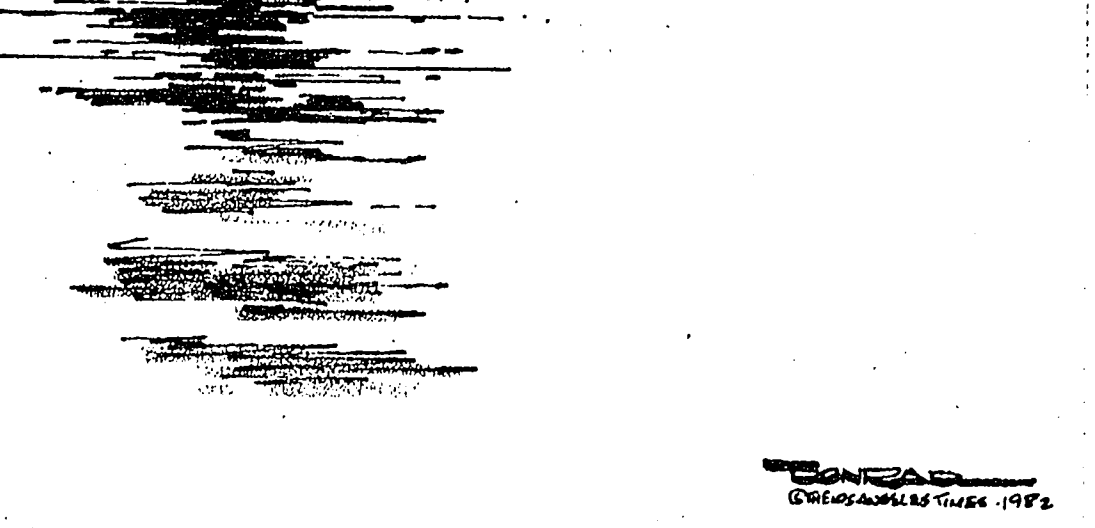
Finally, I would like to note that the reviewer seems upset that this album is not a turn towards a new Neil Young. Mr. Beidel seems to want a more polished, commercial sound coming from Young, but fails to realize Young does not wish to go the route of so many other musicians just to earn "big bucks." He still is and wishes to remain the last American folk hero.

Michael Cahill, 11th-secondary education  
Feb. 15

### Beat 'n back

This poem is dedicated to the Blue Jeans Day that wasn't!  
The dream come true went false, Comatose as a hit and run down heart, pulse lying low. Fast in her peacoat, cold-cured codeine overdose. Autopsy turvy heartgasps: happiness underflow. No more mind gaymeins or straight arrow valentines; Only blue-tipped kisses soured by doublings in sparkling wines. Goddesses of humanness sisters of the Greek isle: as long as I live steal not from this heart her simile. Raging on a rat dining in some other race-pile. Name withheld upon request  
Feb. 12

# On Reagan Pond



Penn State Thespians announce AUDITIONS for their spring production of "BYE, BYE, BIRDIE" Sunday, March 14th — 2-5 p.m., 7-11 p.m. Monday, March 15th — 6-11 p.m. in SCHWAB AUDITORIUM Prepare one song from any musical comedy, preferably an upbeat song, or one from "Birdie" COME DRESSED TO DANCE SIGN-UP for auditions at the Room 6 bulletin board (theatre bldg.) or at the SCHWAB stage door CREW SIGN-UP SHEETS are at the auditions

Earn \$80-\$120 a month in your spare time! SERA TEC BIOLOGICALS Rear 120 S. Allen St. 237-3761

HAPPY HOUR Free ID required COME JOIN US! Fri. March 12 4:30-6:00 pm 102 Kern

happy hours WITH RED ROSE COTILLION SHOWS AT 5:30 & 10:30 FRIDAY SATURDAY

Rego's Italian Restaurants Announces Rego's-At The Center Located in Heritage Oaks Featuring a Fine Selection Of Strombolis, Sandwiches, Pizza & State College's Original Marinated Vegetables Free Delivery in Heritage Oaks Area from 9 PM - Midnight 237-6233

DANCE-EXERCISE for WOMEN Hour-long Classes of Strenuous Exercise Daily morning - noon - evening classes 10-week membership only \$40 attend as many classes as you wish SPRING CLASSES BEGIN WED., MARCH 17, at 9:00 P.M. One Free Trial Visit begin your membership at any time locker room / showers available Get a friend to join and get 6 extra weeks FREE For more information, call or stop in. 238-8995

PLANT SALE Welcome back! Huge trees Hanging baskets Flowering plants Baskets Potting supplies Reporting Service Plant Rentals, Consulting and plenty of free advice! 105 E. Beaver Avenue

The Pennsylvania State University Museum of Art and the Art Students League are co-sponsoring selections from the BBC with Sir Kenneth Clark. Alternate Thursday evenings spring term, 7:00 p.m. in the First Floor Gallery, The Museum of Art.

FORUM ON FAITH featuring The Rev. Canon Bryan Green pastor, chaplain, author, lecturer Church of England Monday, March 15 12:30-2:00 p.m. HUB Main Lounge Tuesday, March 16 12:30-2:00 p.m. HUB Main Lounge sponsored by The Office of Religious Affairs and The Episcopal Ministry at Penn State