

editorial opinion

Fred Waring will be sorely missed

One of the great musical entertainers of this century and a long-time friend of Penn State passed away quite suddenly early Sunday morning, after spending the past few months working here at his alma mater.

Fred Waring's affiliations with the University ranged from Waring Hall, named after his grandfather, who was one of the original builders of the Farmer's High School in 1855, to the concert he conducted in Eisenhower Auditorium Friday night. He was an architectural engineering student here in the early twenties, a trustee in the fifties and returned in the eighties to conduct his famous workshops on campus.

Often called "the man who taught America to sing," Fred Waring's musical career spanned the age of radio and ushered in sound movies and television. His career achievements started with his orchestra's unprecedented six month run at the Roxy Theatre in New York City, included Old Gold, Ford Motor Company and Chesterfield radio shows in the thirties, an appearance of his glee club in the 1938 World's Fair, the first all-musical film, "Syncopation," and the first vocal-orchestra coast-to-coast radio show.

Waring did pioneer work in television for NBC and programmed the award winning General Electric series for CBS in the early fifties. Since then he had appeared on numerous television shows such as the Garry Moore Show, the Mike Douglas Show and Dinah's Place. In 1940 his orchestra was the first to have its own television show.

Waring was born in Tyrone on June 9, 1900, and started his own band, a banjo orchestra with four members, in 1915. He created the famous Pennsylvanians soon after that, and had been touring around the world with them ever since. They entertained Queen Elizabeth, Nikita Khrushchev, and numerous presidents and governors, as well as millions of theatergoers, radio listeners and television viewers. Waring introduced Milton Berle to radio and performed with Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra, Hoagy Carmichael, Jackie Gleason, Ed Sullivan and Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

He was honored by President Reagan, who awarded him the Congressional Gold Medal Award, the highest available to a civilian. He was celebrated in his hometown of Tyrone last year and had a street named after him in California. Just last week he donated all of his memorabilia, which contains much of the history of radio, film and television, to the University, where it will be used for research and put on public display.

Throughout his musical career, Waring espoused the spirit of America in song, spreading his patriotism to young people through countless workshops. His concerts were always filled with music about America and patriotic songs. Waring closed his final performance Friday night with a musical poem he had written himself, titled "My America." It was a fitting, if perhaps unplanned, farewell performance. In the words of Governor Thornburgh, his personal friend, "He will be sorely missed," — by all of America.



reader opinion

Lives at stake

Applause is due State Rep. Bill Wachob. His pointed intervention has at last mobilized the forces necessary to begin screenings of those exposed to the cancer-causing chemical, BNA, at the former Drake Chemical Company in Lock Haven.

That employees were exposed to a banned carcinogen is outrageous. That it has taken this long for these medically and morally imperative examinations to be approved is shameful. People's lives are at stake.

It is a relief to know that there are some political officials, such as Rep. Wachob, who are sensitive to the real needs of people and who take an active role in promoting the well being of the people.

Linda Williams, Centre Hall
July 27

God's creations

On the first day God created the board of trustees. On the second day the administration was created. On the third day God looked down and said "let this be Penn State," and it was, and He was happy, for all was good.

On the fourth day the board of trustees said "We need a town for our school," and God created State July 30

College. On the fifth day God sent the townies to populate the town and surrounding area, that they may prosper from the fruit of their labor.

On the sixth day the townspeople and the board of trustees said to God, "We need students, from which we can thrive, suck dry of all they have, and treat like second class people," to which the board of trustees and the administration said, "And don't forget that then we can bill them!" And God saw that this is right, and on the sixth day God created students.

Oh, what a joy in Happy Valley! Students! Someone to rob blind, over-charge and boss around. And the administration sent nice little notes to the students (prepared weeks in advance) saying, "Dear student, you have one week to pay this tuition bill. If you don't pay it (or we lose the paper work) we will charge you even more for the joys of Penn State."

The administration doesn't care if you don't happen to be at home, or if the mail is slow. As usual, all they care about is the money. Send it in, Oh, Students! Every penny you have! Don't complain about the mail being slow, or not getting your bill in time, for it won't help. No matter what you do, you have only one week to pay up, or pay more. For on the seventh day you will be charged a late fee.

Harry Goldman (senior-quantitative business analysis)
July 30

the Collegian

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In State College, one 'good' ordinance leads to another

It is the year 2000. College Avenue is empty except for the rumblings of an old pick-up truck rolling over the cracks in the road. The grass on Old Main lawn is over two feet high. The Wall is crumbling and the traffic lights are covered up. Storefronts for blocks are covered with warped sheets of plywood. Only two necessity stores remain in the long line of blankness.

Judith A. Jansen

It never used to be like this. Believe it or not, this street used to be filled with activity and life. Despite its silence, this place was once so popular that rules had to be established to regulate noise. Of course, I am telling the truth. I know it seems like a ghost town from an old movie set, but at one time, it really was a fun place to be. Well, what happened, you ask? It's kind of a long story, but if you have a little time...

with splashy billboards boasting of "Lion Country's" fine business establishments. The town opened up like the oasis of color in the green-brown of the mountain desert. There was an air of excitement in the town which sparked adventure and progress. But, that was before.

Before what? Well, the people of State College liked their town a whole lot. It was well-kept, surrounded by those beautiful mountains, and promised loads of fresh air. There was only one thing they decided that they didn't like about State College — the students.

Now this may sound a bit trite. There were lots of great things in this town. Unfortunately, some of the people in State College became increasingly discontent. Sure, they liked charging the students high rent for apartments, selling them the latest in fashions, and providing them with food and beverages at inflated prices. And, it was great when you could even rope some into paying school taxes and property taxes. The University was a growing source of employment in itself, and provided thousands of jobs for area residents. It also attracted a steady flow of tourists to the town. But this wasn't enough.

The students came from all over the country and the world. Sometimes they stayed for more than four years, and most returned to visit. They brought their savings accounts to the town, and spent on necessities and luxuries alike. The merchants tempted their meager checking accounts with all kinds of pleasures, and greedily counted the cash intake. Since the town was isolated, they cornered the stu-

dents into their sales arena. Business boomed and the town grew.

But since the students were only temporary residents, some of the townspeople reasoned they were more of a nuisance than anything else. For example, there were at least ten stores in town which sold records and/or stereo equipment. Students were crazy over this stuff and didn't hesitate to spend, spend, spend. Unfortunately, these students actually wanted to use the albums and stereos that they bought. This did not go over well with many of the town's permanent residents. Music meant noise — and noise was one of the things they hated most about the students.

So, a few of State College's concerned citizens banded together and decided to drive the students out of town. These people were sick and tired of putting up with late night parties, open containers of alcohol in the streets during holidays, and the transient nature of the student population. After all, they thought, these students only stay for a while. We are the people who count. It's our town.

They decided to really "crack down" on the things they didn't like about their town. They started in to stop the noise first. They waited until most of the student population was home on break and then pushed their ideas through the town council. They figured that if the parties could be strictly monitored for noise, it might cut down on the number of these gatherings. The police were given new equipment to use, so instead of being out on the streets during weekend nights performing the duties they were trained to do, they were soon required to

sneak around fraternity laws and private homes with decibel-counters to measure how loud people were playing their Michael Jackson albums. If the noise level was found to be too high, they fined the students. This led to increased revenue for the town, but the students began to resent the town's infringement upon what they had always considered their right to a good time. As time went on, the permissible noise levels became even stricter. Finally, students couldn't even use their vacuum cleaners without a fine.

Many aspects of the students' lifestyle was brought up in question. The events which had attracted thousands of visitors to the town were condemned as corrupt and hazardous. Even the most traditional practices were under evaluation by the higher-ups in town. Despite the fact that most of the main student events were fundraisers for local charity, the band of "concerned citizens" continued in their quest to make State College into the town they believed it should be.

It became a little quieter, but there were still too many problems. Some students even wanted to move into their neighborhoods. The town enforced strict zoning codes which prohibited unrelated parties to live together under one roof in many of the nicer areas of town. Despite the willingness of the students to spend money to live well, they were unwanted in the better sections of town.

Not everybody in the town shared the group's view of the students even though they were often encouraged to in subtle ways. For example, when most students were home on break, downtown merchants advertised sales in the local paper promising great prices "now that the students are out of town." The merchants liked the high prices that students would pay, but they insisted that their businesses didn't need the students to survive.

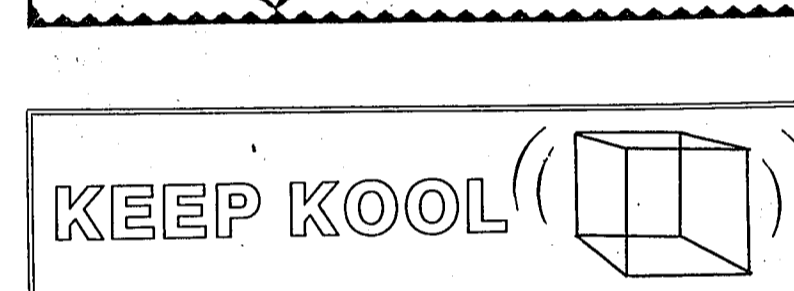
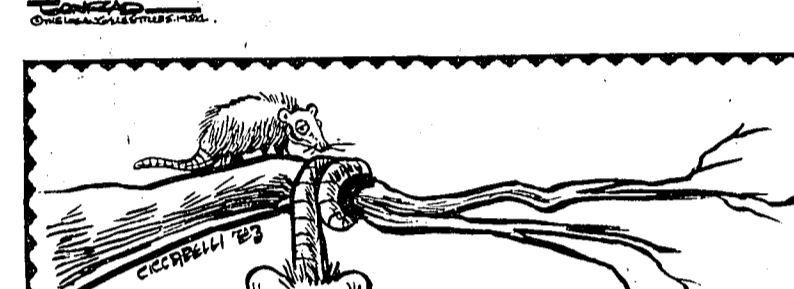
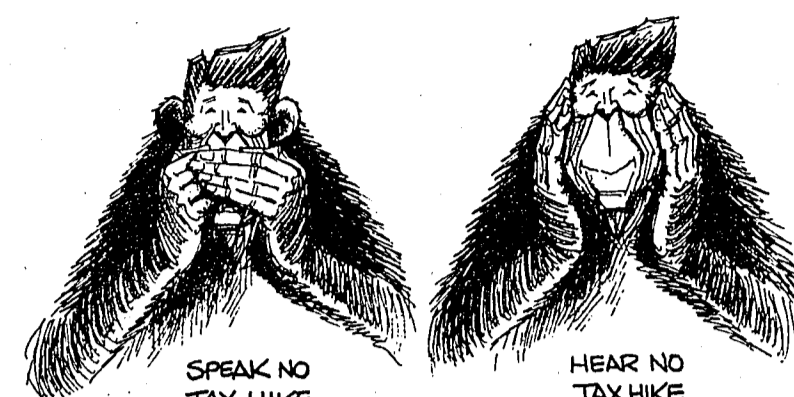
As time went on, less students began to come to State College. Word was out that it was not the town it used to be, and enrollment at the University decreased faster than the national average. Still most students ignored the changes quietly creeping into law. Some were new and didn't remember how it used to be. Others came and left, disillusioned by the place which they had once heard so much about from older family members and friends.

Things gradually became worse. Student traffic tickets increase 200 percent after new rules were established for the student population. Instead of being fined only for the usual speeding and running traffic lights, they were now arbitrarily fined for offenses such as "too fast for conditions" and refusing to give residents the right of way.

So, you see it all started in 1984. Nobody would have guessed how quiet this town would become. There's some talk about repealing the noise ordinances now. Even the original group of dissatisfied citizens reportedly miss some of the old excitement — especially the profits.

Judy Jansen is a senior majoring in English and a columnist for The Daily Collegian.

opinions



Can't appeal to computer's sense of compassion

Last winter, when a group of columnists got together to discuss issues for our contrast columns, I suggested that we debate on the pros and cons of computer registration. It didn't go over well. The reaction that I got was that there was nothing to argue over. The demise of registration at the IM building was long overdue. Who could possibly be in favor of such a crazy system?



It was not that I was actually an all out fanatic about running around on the floor at the IM building, begging for courses. Actually, I was afraid of the chaos that the computers would bring. I always thought that if I acted desperate enough, the person behind the table would relinquish a course card to me. But you just can't appeal to a computer's sense of compassion. Last week I found out that I wasn't

that far off base in my uneasiness about computer registration.

I strolled into Shields Building to pick up my pink slip (except that it was white now), expecting to walk up to a window, pick up my schedule and breeze home. After all, in previous years, all I had to do was go to my department and take my pink slip. But not under the new modernized computer registration. Now I had to wait, along with my other fellow students in long lines (so typical of Penn State) for my "white slip."

Fortunately for me, I received all my courses. I guess after three years of blank pink slips, someone felt sorry for me. But others were not so lucky. Under the new, more efficient system, we do not have to run from table to table for classes, we just have to wait in one long line. But even that does not assure that we can get the classes we want.

After I received my schedule, I realized I had no idea of what to do next. Am I registered? What do I do to get registered? I decided to go over to the Bursar. Getting registered must have something to do with paying tuition, it always has.

I think it was a toss-up between the Bursar and the Registrar for the longest lines and most confused

faces. The woman at the Bursar's window was very sympathetic but could not tell me how to register. She advised me to go to the Registrar. Okay, back to the other side of the room.

At the Registrar's line the person in front of me was furiously trying to rearrange his schedule. I could see both he and the woman at the computer terminal were becoming weary. I found out later that this was his fourth time in line. After a ten minute session it was my turn.

I was told that all I needed to do to register was to pay my bill. That didn't seem too difficult. Except, ah! the billing procedure had changed and no one had told me.

Now under the new, more efficient system, not only were we supposed to get our classes faster, but we were supposed to pay our bill faster too! Look, I can find no justice in a one week period in which to pay the bill. Not only will you have to pay a twenty-five dollar late fee if you do not pay by August 3, but you will not be registered either.

I have found this new, ultra modern way of registering not to my liking. I was misled by reports of this system being easier and faster. But this should not surprise me. Last year this

University told us all not to worry about the transition to semesters. So, I didn't worry, until I found out I could not graduate early, as I had planned.

This new computer system simply seems to have simply moved the lines at the IM Building to Shields Building. But what's worse is the fact that we just aren't given adequate time to send in our tuition. It's had enough that we're paying a whopping 10.8 percent more than last year, but this time they want it immediately!

I realize that by next year computer registration will go smoothly. Next year, I hope, students and their parents will be made aware of the changes in the billing and registration procedures.

But I won't be here next year. Honestly, I'm tired of being a guinea pig for changes in University policies. Because of the semester change I have to shell out money for an extra semester.

I don't want to stand in the way of progress. I just want to be told what I'm going to be in for.

Carol Frank is a senior majoring in political science and a columnist for The Daily Collegian.

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