

# opinions

The Daily Collegian  
Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1985

### editorial opinion

## Bleeding for the blue and white

The Nittany Lion's win over the Pitt Panthers on Saturday was the second victory Penn State logged against Pitt in less than a week.

The third annual Pitt / Penn State Blood Donor Challenge ended last Wednesday leaving Penn State fans way out in front of their competition with more than 7,000 donations.

University President Bryce Jordan accepted a plaque on behalf of the University at the Pitt / Penn State game Saturday. Beyond symbolizing a victory for Penn State, that plaque also represents the compassion displayed by the 12,667 donors from both schools who took the challenge.

Nittany Lion fans defeated Pitt last year by collecting 4,405 donations to Pitt's 3,594. This year, more Penn State than ever took the opportunity to give a different kind of support to the University as they logged 7,097 donations.

"Penn State fans wanted to beat Pitt in blood as well as on the football field," said Connie Schroeder, blood drive coordinator for the Johnstown Regional Red Cross. By donating, students, faculty, staff and area residents not only defeated archrival Pitt, but also donated life-saving blood that will be used in Centre County.

Some University students made the challenge a more personal contest. For the third consecutive year, members of Tau Phi

Delta fraternity contributed the highest percentage of blood of any student organization.

"We consider it a social service obligation that helps the community and the guys all give willingly because we feel it is a good cause," said Tau Phi Delta member Steve Essig. "To us, raising as much blood as we can is even more important than raising \$20,000 for (a charitable organization). You can't put a price on a pint of blood (that goes to) save a life."

It is impossible to guess what generated the added interest in this year's challenge. But Rich Pirotta, Penn State student organizer for the drive, said fan support was a contributing factor. In addition, he said, students are getting used to the idea that the blood donor challenge occurs every fall, so students are more aware of it.

Whatever the reason, those who gave blood during the 7-day drive at both universities — especially the many who gave for the first time — deserve the thanks and admiration of the people who stand to benefit throughout the Commonwealth.

Clearly, members of the University community can take a great deal of pride in their efforts to support the Red Cross by giving blood.

Without a doubt, the Pitt / Penn State Blood Donor Challenge has given a new meaning to "bleeding blue and white."

## THINGS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE...



### reader opinion

#### Star Wars ban

Your very brief story reporting the Nov. 17 "march for a meaningful summit" saw fit to omit at least one item which we believe merits attention. That was a statement by Professor G. Bensch of the Physics Department to the effect that over half of that department's faculty have signed a pledge to neither seek nor accept money for research in the Star Wars Program. The stated reason is that "we believe that the Star Wars Program is technically dubious and politically unwise," serving "to escalate that arms race by encouraging the development of both additional offensive overkill and an all-out competition in anti-ballistic missile weapons." Thus "we believe that the Star Wars Program represents not an advance toward genuine security, but rather a major step backwards."

Very similar statements and pledges have been signed by over half of the faculty in the top 14 Physics Departments in the U.S. and by the President of the American Physical Society. In parallel with this, over half of the members of the National Academy of Sciences and 20 U.S. Nobel Laureates have urged a ban on such space-related weapons.

People desiring to know the mind-boggling history of the unwise and dangerous Star Wars Program should read a Centre Daily Times article of Nov. 17, page B-7. Those interested in understanding the technical deficiencies of Star Wars should read relevant articles in the October

1984 and December 1985 issues of Scientific American.

Milton W. Cole  
Peter B. Shaw  
Physics Department  
Nov. 18

**Deplorable act**

Through my four years at Penn State, there have been many issues that I have almost written a letter to the editor about. Somehow they all ended up in a pile of good intentions. This morning I saw something that I could not keep silent about. I made me sick. Some people decided they were above the law and disgraced Pattee.

The content of the statement that these misguided people were trying to make is laudable, but their method is deplorable. How foolish they are also of those standing with me and gazing in horror at the hideous smears of red paint, none were discussing the issue, they all expressed deeper anger towards those who could do something like this. Such a childish and destructive method of expression can only lead to the conclusion that these characteristics are shared by perpetrators. And therein lies the real crime.

This action is so unfair to those who have worked diligently and eloquently in the protest against pornography, and who do not condone actions such as these. Now they must bear the brunt of anger this crime has caused.

The absolute arrogance of this action astounds me. How dare these read relevant articles in the October

#### Immature

As I looked at *The Daily Collegian* on Monday, I saw the article entitled "Pandemonium breaks loose after lion victory." I, being a student and a me sick. Some people decided they were above the law and disgraced Pattee.

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## the Collegian

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Letters Policy: The Daily Collegian encourages comments on news coverage, editorial policy and University

## Personal Best:

### Looking out for No. 1 with self-esteem survival tactics to live by

Believe in yourself. Believe that tomorrow will be a better day than was today. Not by chance but because you will make it so. The human spirit is something that not even the rainiest of Penn State Mondays can dampen. Every day there is a chance to find yet another good thing about yourself and the people around you. Regardless of the achievements of others you must be the best you can for yourself. Your "Personal Best."

Survival Tactic No. 1 — do not compare yourself with your peers.

As someone once said the grass is always greener on the other side. There will always be another side. The person who consistently gets the A. The girl who dresses well, is gorgeous, nice and has a personality. Heavens, she is every jealous girl's friend in this world. Comparison only works well in those

freshman English 15 essays — it shouldn't be applied in real life.

Each has his own place in this world. Each of our contributions, no matter how small, is essential to the whole picture. When we compare ourselves to others we just demean the self-esteem that we've worked so hard to build up. We lose the pride in ourselves as we look at the pride that others have built up in themselves, and loss of pride in oneself constitutes loss of who we are.

Survival Tactic No. 2 — Do not achieve for anyone but yourself.

Life is too short and the world too small to pursue the dreams of another. If every child of every career-pushty parent pursued the dreams of his bearer, the world would sadly resemble a war-torn meadow in a remote section of Vietnam. The war rages on at the command of a faceless hierarchy.

Soldiers, powerless and empty as the cold steel bullet shells that litter the once-flourishing meadow, fight each other, humiliate themselves, and lose their lives because they have been told so. The injustice of it all alters their camouflaged faces as the bullets howl by their ears. They fight for their country, not for themselves. They fight because they have been trained to do so. Drilled to believe what the majority wishes. Camouflaged,

they defend themselves from humans who snatch it as easily as the muggers in New York City will snatch a purse or gold chain. If you let them.

Now, remember last weekend's date that "had other plans" and stood you up. Remember the physics test that you stayed in a whole weekend to study for and got a B+ when it seemed as though the rest of the class had aced it. Remember your devastation. And you swore for the rest of the weekend that you were falling out of school... and you drank excessively at Friday night's party.

Now, think. Hey, that date that stood me up doesn't know what they're missing by not going out with me. I know I could have shown them a good time. I had some extra cash to spend and if they don't want to be friendly then forget them. Never let rejection lower your self-esteem. Never settle for someone who doesn't appreciate you and what you are. Realize that there are always fish in the sea. The problem is not the fisherman but the bait used.

As for the physics test, you did your best on that test. The double numeral in red at the top of the test page signifies nothing negative about your intelligence or capabilities as a student or as a person.

Heck, you gave up a Penn State party

will try to rob you of this belief. They can snatch it as easily as the muggers in New York City will snatch a purse or gold chain. If you let them.

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## opinions

### The Far Side

Usually the only reason I even look at a newspaper is to read *The Far Side*, but one day I happened to open the *Collegian* to the opinions page and began to read an article by Michael A. Moyer about what the United States should do about terrorism. I guess I'm just a "bleeding heart humanist" because, unlike Mr. Moyer, would not enjoy seeing anyone, including a terrorist, publicly disemboweled.

And I suppose it's only "liberal bullshit," but I see no point in risking innocent lives by bombing suspected terrorist headquarters.

By the time I was finished reading his column I was enraged! Maybe if I was lucky I would never see another one of his crappy articles again! No

such luck. As I was searching for the top twenty countdown in Wednesday's issue whose column I see but Mr. Moyer's. "Give him another chance," part of me said, "it couldn't be worse than the one on terrorism." I was wrong. The topic this time around was capital punishment.

Mr. Moyer wanted to know why the death penalty shouldn't be used. First of all, it serves no as a crime deterrent that would enter the mind of an irrationally thinking criminal.

Secondly, why should a murderer who causes a lifetime of pain and anguish to the victim's loved ones suffer only a few seconds in the electric chair? Extermination of a criminal, besides not being our own choice to make, is not good enough! By suffering in a harsh prison for the rest of his life, with no chance of parole, maybe this individ-

al might feel a fraction of the pain he has caused friends and family of the victim.

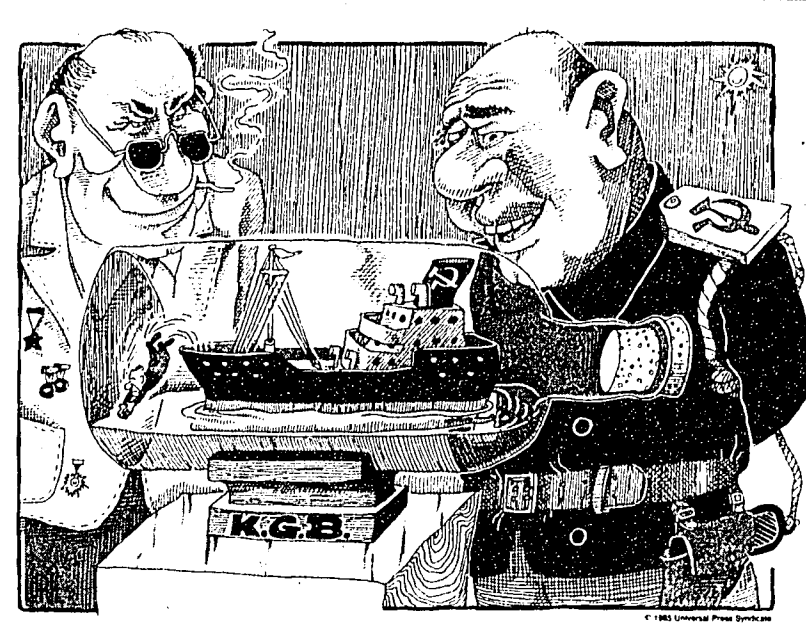
"What about the taxpayers," screams Mr. Moyer, "why should they be forced to house this degenerate?"

OK. Put the degenerate to work. Have him dig ditches, make license plates, or use him for medical experiments. Maybe by testing different drugs on criminals, a cure for cancer or some other benefit to humankind might result. All I am saying is anything is better than another senseless murder in the name of justice.

So, Mr. Moyer, don't think we're turning our backs on justice.

Justice and death are NOT synonymous!

Dave Pasquarelli, freshmen-computer science  
Nov. 13



## An outlook six months would provide

Alice Kramden is home, waiting for the vet's report on her mother's ailing collie, but she is being secretive so that Ralph won't find out about the ten dollars she spent on the examination.

Ralph, too, is awaiting the results of his recent physical examination. As any *Homecoming*'s fan might expect, the vet's report arrives while Alice is out and Ralph is soon under the impression that he has the dog's arterial monochromia — and six months to live!

Naturally, Ralph calls on Norton to serve as audience to his tragic account, a responsibility to which Norton is most passively obliged. The audience sees the scene as still another of Ralph's overly dramatic reactions. Of course it's not overly dramatic to Ralph, because as far as he knows, he's got six months left. Or as Norton so eloquently phrases it, "in six months, blimp takes off!"

"Six months" has an interesting ring to it as far as time goes. It's enough to get your act together before you take off, but, on the other hand, it's not so long that you would be foreboding over your impending death for an unreasonable long period of time.

You gotta wonder whether or not it would be your benefit to actually know when you had but six months left in this sucking, swirling eddy of despair that we so affectionately term "life."

If anyone was entitled to know when the six-

month countdown was to start, it would add an interesting new facet to each individual's overall personality, since for some, the outlook on life might be concentrated on what to do when the bell sounds for the final six. At such time that this warning bell signaled that the end was near, people would have some major league decisions to make. In the case of the college student, the question of whether or not to stay in college would arise. Then if one chose to stay, would he start attending classes, or just live it up to the beat of the clock winding down?

In Ralph's case, as he sits down to write his will, he realizes that he has nothing of any worth to leave to Alice. Well beneath all that spare tire, Ralph has a big fat heart, and he decides to sell his story to a magazine so Alice will be able to get by when he's gone. *American Weekly* offers him \$5,000 for a week by week account until the day he "drops dead."

However, since I have never seen a copy of *American Weekly* on a newsstand and since they probably wouldn't squeeze my death bed story in front of the Geneva Summit, I'd have to figure out another way of wasting a half of a year. First, I'd make a point of getting my snooze button fixed (or removed) so I could avoid sleeping through the better part of my remaining time. The chances of my being able to salvage my GPA would be slim, but I guess I'd give it a shot (not that I'm making any great effort as is).

I guess I really can't make a valid judgment as to how I would handle such circumstances since I happily "I think" have more than six months left (I think).

I doubt that too many college kids devote a hell of a lot of time preparing for their departures. At least I haven't seen any carbon copies of anyone's last will and testament lying around the dorms. But bring the death conceit up after a party or a drunken Trivial Pursuit marathon, and you've got the coolest convo since Donald

Sutherland's drug induced "Atomic Universe" theory from *Animal House*. Everyone will get real serious except for one comedian who'll mock everybody else and try to scare them. After a while, it becomes obvious that this guy is the one who's really scared.

So when you're driving around later, you can just turn to this guy, look him straight in the face and yell "BOO!" Then, as he slams his head against the windshield out of sheer terror, everyone else in the car will be laughing so hard that the beer will be coming back up through their nostrils.

Adults seem to spend even less time discussing the topic of the ever approaching end, just like no one usually talks about tomorrow morning's comp-set final. People who finished college in or around 1982 must feel the end just around the corner. The more desperate of this group may devote a lot of their time to composing nasty letters about young news columnists who are merely trying to entertain the masses with some light hearted and innocent sarcasm (sort of like David Letterman). But I seriously try to stay away from abusing my elders, unless they seriously deserve it, as they so often do.

If I heard my six-month-warming whistle sound, I guess I'd stay at PSU, if for no other reason to continue my reign of practical joke terror on my dorm floor. Then I'd tell my roommate that I was on the way out and that he was automatically entitled to a 4.0 when I finally bought it. It would be cool watching him party like he didn't have a worry in the world. Then we'd see if there is any true relationship between perfect grades and dead roommates. After those two projects I'm not sure what I'd do. Maybe I could finish that symphony I've been working on.

Brian O'Leary is a freshman majoring English and a columnist for *The Daily Collegian*. His column appears every other Tuesday.

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