editorial opinion

A time for action

Students and other area residents who believe that vandalism is just a problem for those unfortunate enough to be living near fraternities are likely to find little to be interested about in State College's Crime Watch program.

And that's a shame, because this disinterest is just the sort of buck-passing that will allow the problems created by vandalism to persist.

Vandalism was listed in last year's Residential Improvement Study as one of the top six community concerns. This concern would seem to be well-founded — incidents of vandalism have increased annually since 1980 when a year-long campaign against vandalism ended.

In the face of this increase, the Anti-Vandalism Committee has been developing a program to encourage awareness of the problem and discourage vandalism.

The group, which consists of student, citizen and business organizations, will ask State College residents to keep an eye on their neighbors' properties and keep closer contact with police to fight vandalism.

But whether the program is successful depends largely on the participation of college-age residents, who represent 70 percent of the State College population.

So far, the signs have been encouraging.

The Interfraternity Council is already forming a "Fraternity Crime Watch Program" set to begin operations next week. Members from each downtown fraternity will patrol the area Wednesday and Thursday nights as well as during weekends.

"Both fraternities and homes in the area had experienced a lot of vandalism recently," IFC Community Relations Chairman Vinnie Delie said. "The IFC felt that it should take the initiative and decided to take some direct action against it."

Delie and the IFC should be commended for taking the initiative to help alleviate the problem. However, the IFC has attacked only the most obvious times when vandalism incidents occur — nights when the area is most active.

The challenge remaining is to convince other students that vandalism is a problem that burdens us all.

Every student who rents an apartment should realize that vandalism is a potentially expensive and often not understood responsibility of a leasee.

In addition, the Organization for Town Independent Students should help make students aware they are responsible for damages incurred as a result of vandalism — possibly through advising or pamphlets.

Every State College resident should also be encouraged to join in the fight against vandalism.

But whatever is done, it is clear that awareness and the participation of all groups within the community — students included — is the key to combatting the problem.

The time has come to take action, if for no other reason than our own self-interest.

the daily Collegian
Friday, Feb. 7, 1986
©1986 Collegian Inc.

Anita C. Huslin
Editor

William G. Landis Jr.
Business Manager

The Daily Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by its Board of Opnion, with the editor holding final responsibility. Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are not necessarily those of The Daily Collegian, Collegian Inc. or The Pennsylvania State University. Collegian Inc., publishers of The Daily Collegian and related publications, is a separate corporate institution from Penn State.

Board of Editors — Managing Editor: Jeanette D. Krebs; Opinion Editor: Doug Popovich; Assistant Opinion Editor: Alan J. Craver; News Editors: Ron Yeany, Bob King, Patrick Collier; Copy/Wire Editors: Anita Yesho, Sue Graffius, Lori Goldbach, Tim Eyster, Denise Weaver; Town Editor: Phil Galewitz; Assistant Town Editor: Lori Heller; Campus Editor: Amy Fellin; Assistant Campus Editor: Celeste McCauley; Sports Editor: Mark Ashenfelter; Assistant Sports Editors: Chris Raymond, Carol D. Rath, Doug Frank; Arts Editor: Pat Grandjean; Assistant Arts Editor: Victoria Jaffe; Features Editor: Kris Sorchilla; Science Editor: Nan Crystal Arens; Business Editor: Rich Douma; Graphics Editor: Tony Ciccarelli; Photo Editor: Gregg Zelkin; Assistant Photo Editors: Jeff Bustraan, Cristy Rickard.

Board of Managers — Assistant Business Manager: Amy R. Norris; Accounting Manager: Lori A. Spossey; Office Manager: Gretchen A. Funk; Assistant Office Manager: Aileen M. Stickley; Sales Manager: Susan Shamilian; Assistant Sales Manager: Michael Kutch; Layout Coordinator: Nancy George; Marketing Coordinator: Cathy Jones.

Complaints: News and editorial complaints should be presented to the editor. Business and advertising complaints should be presented to the business manager. If a complaint is not satisfactorily resolved, grievances may be filed with the Accuracy and Fair Play Committee of Collegian Inc. Information on filing grievances is available from Gerry Lynn Hamilton, executive secretary, Collegian Inc.

BSCAR fights for divestment

On Monday, Feb. 17, 1986, *The Daily Collegian* will open its opinion-editorial page to reader opinion concerning the formation of the Black Student Coalition Against Racism.

BSCAR, comprised of 13 black University organizations, formed in reaction to the University Board of Trustee's vote not to divest University holdings in companies operating in South Africa. BSCAR pledged to oppose minority recruitment efforts until the trustees reverse their decision.

The University is required by a court mandate to increase its black student enrollment figures to 5 percent by 1987. The figure currently stands at 3.7 percent.

Students, faculty and other members of the University community are invited to react to BSCAR's plan.

Authors must present letters-to-the-editor (one typed page, double-spaced) or forums (up to three typed pages, double-spaced) in the *Collegian* office in 126 Carnegie Building. Deadline for any letters or forums is Friday, Feb. 14 at 5 p.m.

All submissions should be signed, include the author's phone number, semester standing and academic major or University position.

reader opinion

Constructive measures

Now that everybody is jumping on President Jordan, it may be time for somebody to come to his defense.

A vote against divestment of all assests in companies doing business in South Africa is not necessarily a vote for apartheid; neither is a vote for divestment a rational measure to reduce racial bigotry.

At the December Faculty Senate meeting, South Africa was compared with Nazi Germany (a comparison in certain ways valid), even though there are some strong forces in South Africa calling for improved conditions for Blacks — something which would have been unthinkable under Hitler's regime.

The ultimate goal of the divestment policy is to isolate South Africa economically. Nazi Germany was quite well isolated in the 1930s and 1940s, and it was exactly this isolation which allowed the Nazis to rally the people behind a ridiculous regime, against the whole world conceived by the common citizen as the common enemy.

The worse the economy in a country is, the more violently do racial tensions flare up. So if you want to foster and worsen racial tensions in South Africa, eliminate jobs and throw the country into a permanent economic depression, vote for divestment.

I prefer to side with President Jordan'ssupport for constructive measures like the Sullivan Principles.

Gert Aron, civil engineering professor

New light

I was very disturbed when I read the statements made by Schumann and Sestito in the Jan. 30 edition of *The Daily Collegian.* and I would like to repudiate some of them.

First, I'd like to pose some questions. Is it naive to believe that American corporations are supporting the white government of South Africa and vice versa because one profits off the other? I think not. Is it also naive to belive that our support of those corporations (with our investments) is tantamount to supporting the oppressive, racist government in South Africa? I think not.

The majority of South Africans (even though they are denied citizenship) receive nothing of the riches of their land. All they receive is oppression and the denial of their human and civil rights. Political sanctions against South Africa have failed. The only way white South Africans are going to notice anything we say or do is to hit them in their overly fat pocketbooks!

Now I'd like to address some other statements made by fellow Penn Staters. It only seems logical to me that the reason the African National Congress is advocating violence is because the South African government has ignored their more reasonable pleas for change. Another reason for violence is in retaliation to the years and years of oppression and violence used against the Blacks by the Whites to keep them in their place. Was it wrong for Colonial Americans to have used violence in their fight for freedom against Britain?

The University Board of Trustees' decision not to divest has nothing to do with morality or student opinion.

Instead they merely want to make money (a fiduciary responsibility). Moreover, the current fundraising drive by the University would be hampered if we divest. What company involved in South Africa would donate money to Penn State after we have divested from them? The trustees are not "in tune with student opinion," your's or mine.

Michael S. Protevi, senior-French

Going home:

Those visits with the parents who remind you to wake up in the morning and give you gifts of Dog Halt

I guess those few weekends home were too short and too hectic to notice much. It may have hit some people over Thanksgiving break, but I suppose I was too caught up in the raw excitement of parades, football games and real stuffing to notice it then.

No, it was that first long break away from school that did it for me. Over Christmas break I experienced for the first time the trauma of returning home.

Cheri Monaghan

Now everyone talks about the trauma a college student faces when leaving home for the first time. Leaving parents, family, friends, pets and especially the car can be an emotionally painful ordeal. But the frightening experience of the first time away from home is nothing compared to the mental shock that awaits the student returning home for the first time.

Sure, the majority of us really love home and I'm sure many cried the first time we packed the car and headed for State College. Confess it now, how many clung to the front door chanting "Idonwannago" repeatedly until shot with a tranquilizer gun, tied up and secured to the luggage rack of the family car?

Okay, so maybe it was just me. But we were all filled with all kinds of fears the day we moved out, ranging from the fear of having to use a campus map for the rest of our natural lives to anxiety stemming from the realization that we were now responsible for doing our own laundry and probably wouldn't see clean clothes again.

It may have been difficult adjusting to college life at first, but gradually the realization hit that now that we were no longer home, we were basically in command of our own lives. We were becoming independent and we liked it.

Remember the joy of newfound freedom away from screaming siblings and prying parents; staying out all night, cutting classes for days on end, playing the stereo at decibel levels only dreamed of when still at home, eating cold pizza and Pepsi for breakfast and doing a dozen other things our parents were likely to drop dead if aware of? At last we were really living!

What a shock it was to our newly liberated egos to go home and be subjected to the tyrannies of familyhood!

It started on the car ride home when Dad and I played our ritual game of 20,000 Questions. He asked. I answered. All the way home. Two hundred grueling miles of gruesome grilling. I began to feel like I was on some sort of game show where the main objective was to answer an endless amount of questions with as few words as possible so as to frustrate the interrogator thus causing him to ask more questions. I had played the game before. I was good at it.

"How was your chem exam?"

"O.K."

"What do you mean by O.K.?"

"I mean that it was O.K."

"Well, do you think that you did well?"

"I did O.K."

"How is O.K.?"

"Alright, you know Dad." And so on, for nearly two and a half hours. Next time I plan on packing light and taking the bus. Or walking. Or crawling. Anything to avoid those questions.

When I finally arrived home, for reasons unknown I expected that I would be treated differently now that I was a big-time college woman. Oh where did I conceive such an asinine idea? Things were different. My parents now treated me as if I suddenly had the brain of a slow 12-year-old.

I guess I shouldn't really complain because not once over vacation did I have to think for myself.

"I think you should take some medicine for that cold."

"Drive carefully and wear a seat belt."

"Get a good night's sleep, you have a big day ahead of you tomorrow."

Dad may have been just a little bit trying with his questions, but Mom surpassed him with flying colors when it came to 'helpful advice.'

In a time span of 24 hours, she told me nine times to be careful because there was ice on the sidewalk. She would call me from work to see if I remembered to get up. I was really grateful that she gave me some truly useful reminders on food preparation because I probably would have forgotten and served the darn spaghetti dry had she not reminded me to boil it first.

I tried to ignore it for the first few days, but eventually the "button your coat's" and the "drink your milk's" became hard to ignore. I finally lost it while out driving with my mother one day.

After she had been giving me directions around the city I had only lived in for the last fourteen years and listening to her drop helpful driving tips ("stop the car when the light is red"), her last "turn left here" did me in. I brought the car to a halt, looked her in the eye and carefully explained,"Look, Mom. There's a building in front of me. There's a brick wall to my right. And there's nowhere else to turn. Mom, I'm in college now. That's C-O-L-L-E-G-E."

Unfortunately, my mini refresher course had little to no effect on her as she continued to share bits of obvious information with me up until the day I left.

By the new year, I was more than ready to go back to dear old State as evidenced by the scratch marks on the inside of our front door.

Before I left, my dad gave me his standard speech that I shouldn't worry myself over grades as long as I was doing my best. I did not think this was a good time to inform him that I spent finals week playing cards with my roomies. I just nodded my head gravely as my comedian of a mother added,"Remember, 3.9 is fine!"

At this time, my dad presented me with a small going away gift — a can of dog repellant that postal workers use when threatened with canine attackers. Not your standard going away present, I agree, but I have a job on campus and my parents, being the parents they are, worry about me walking home late at night. So let that be a warning to all those who stalk the neighborhood at night in search for innocent victims. I am armed and dangerous and can be identified by a small birthmark on the right side of my neck and a can of DOG HALT in my left hand.

I still found myself getting all misty eyed when it came time to say goodbye. As much as Mom and Dad seem to bother me at times, I know it's just because they miss me and I find myself missing them just as much.

So, here I am back in the dorm again contemplating whether I should do some studying or make some marshmallow krispies. I'm sure the krispies will win in the end.

It's good to be back.

Cheri Monaghan is a freshman majoring in secondary education and a columnist for The Daily Collegian. Her column appears every other Friday.

The Bull Session

Those late-night, philosophical discussions which take on a new dimension above the second floor

The scene is a dormitory room. It is three o'clock on a Saturday morning. The room is cluttered with papers, books and beer bottles.

Harry, a recent convert to born-again Christianity, is reading the Bible by a desk light. His hair is fashionably short, and he wears a striped bathrobe. Chip, a punk-rocker, is dry-heaving by the window. He is naked and has an orange mohawk.

Bill Repsher

Harry: Really, Chip, is it worth it? Is a life of sin worth throwing up for?

Chip: (gasping) Yes. Take no prisoners. (Chip kneels and leans against the the wall.)

Harry: I'm praying for you, Chip.

Chip: Yeah? I'm praying for some Pepto-Bismol. (Chip stops heaving and gains his composure.) Hey Harry, did I tell you that I had a dream about Moses last night?

Harry: Oh? And how did you know it was Moses?

Chip: He was wearing a shirt that said "I parted the Red Sea and all I got was this t-shirt."

Harry: I will not tolerate you mocking my beliefs.

Chip: Then you better live in a cave, because you're going to get abused no matter where you go. What's happened to you, Harry? We used to have some good times together.

Harry: Chip, there is more to life than "good times." He has called me, and I have answered.

Chip: He called Little Richard, too, and that cat's on a party line.

Harry: Let's not discuss my beliefs. You could never understand. You're a hedonistic humanist.

Chip: Is that like a pocket fisherman? (Harry ignores him.) Come on, Harry. I don't care what you believe in. Just don't lay a self-righteous trip on me.

Harry: Chip, do you believe in God?

Chip: Of course.

Harry: And will you accept Christ as your personal savior?

Chip: No. But I will accept a Coke if He has one.

Harry: Stop avoiding the truth, Chip. You run around like a lust-filled German shepherd. (Chip scratches his head and repeatedly pounds his left leg on the floor.) There's no meaning in your life, no direction. I have that, and it feels good. I've found the way. You will, too.

Chip: If that means telling people I'm right and they're wrong, then forget it. I don't understand you anymore. We used to have these talks, and you were open to anything. Always willing to try something new. Now, you just go "Chip, you're lost!" and make condescending remarks.

Harry: Chip, I'm sorry, but when you find the way, you realize that everything else is silly and false.

Chip: Gandhi was silly and false? Bob Geldof is silly and false?

Harry: If they haven't accepted Him then they will burn in . . .

Chip: Hell. And some born-again living in a suburb who gives blood and buys Easter Seals will go to heaven.

Harry: Faith in Christ is the key, my friend. You can't go there without it, no matter how much good you do on earth.

Chip: It seems like the whole point of religion is to have faith in something and let that faith turn into positive actions.

Harry: Oh, Chip, you're only halfway. Be hot or cold, don't be lukewarm.

Chip: I'm not bath water. And who are you to say how hot or cold my soul is? For all you know, I may be an angel sent here to test you.

Harry: I didn't know angels wore safety pins in their noses.

Chip: Harry! You made a joke! Dear God, you still have a sense of humor!

Harry: Yes, I do. Only you get so uptight about my beliefs that I'm always on guard.

Chip: You? Harry, if you lay that "What a friend we have in Jesus" speech on me again, my head's going to explode.

Harry: I'll try to be more subtle in the future.

Chip: Screw subtlety. Try accepting the fact that some people are never going to be Christians.

Harry: Chip, you will not be one of them. One day, you and I will go home to heaven. Together. Oh, what a day that will be. I can't wait.

(Both become silent. Ten minutes pass.)

Chip: Man, I got to get my GPA up. Hey Harry, you ever hear about that rule saying if your roommate dies, you automatically get a 4.0 for the term? (Harry is asleep. Chip gently lifts him from his chair and carries him to the window. Chip sits him on the ledge. Harry flops out the window as Chip holds his legs.)

Harry: HEEEYYYY!

Chip: Don't sweat it, Harry! You'll go home to heaven, right? Oh; what a day this will be!

Harry: Chip! I have so much to live for! Don't do it!

Chip: Well, now, Harry old son, you told me that the whole point of your life is to go to heaven. Now, if you're a true Christian and I let you go, I can help you get there. Sort of like instant salvation.

Harry: Chip! I could never die knowing the dark sin that would forever stain your soul!

Chip: Oh pish, Harry! It can't be darker than the stains on the arm pits of my bowling shirt, and Tide got them out. (Chip sings.) Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, we shall come rejoicing . . .

Harry: Chip! I'll do anything you want! Say it!

Chip: Okay. Swear on this. As an imperfect human who often swipes my jockey shorts, you will realize that life is a mystery, and to go around telling everyone they're going to hell sounds foolish and crude, especially coming from the mouth of 20-year-old kid.

Harry: No! Never!

Chip: (singing and shaking Harry's legs) Kumbah Yah, my Lord! Kumbah Yah . . .

Harry: Wait! I swear! I swear! And you can have my tan loafers!

Chip: Deal!

(Chip pulls Harry back into the room and laughs uproariously. Harry slams his Bible shut, kicks some beer bottles and paces the room.)

Harry: God will get you for this, Chip! I don't know when, I don't know where. When you least expect it, expect it.

(Chip swigs from a bottle of Cherry Kjafa. He burps the words, "Sure thing, Harry." Harry turns his face away so Chip can't see him grinning.)

William S. Repsher is a senior majoring in English and a colmnist for The Daily Collegian. His column appears every Friday.

ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ

The Ladies of
Delta Sigma Theta
would like to announce their
"Spring Formal Rush, 1986"
to be held on Sunday, February 9, at 3:00 p.m.,
at 108-S Hibbs Hall
A Special Invitation
is extended to all ladies interested in finding
out more about Delta.
For more information call 865-8396.

R154

ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ • ΔΣΘ

BUCK-A-BURRITO
Delicious beef or bean burritos
with cheese for only
$1
Welcome Back Special Jan. 13-Feb. 9
PEDRO'S
Free Delivery
after 5 p.m.
234-4725
131 S. Garner St.

$20.00 off
when you purchase a complete pair of prescription eyeglasses
Offer expires 2/15/86
WISE EYES
Mon.-Fri 9-5, Sat. 9-1
125 S. Fraser St. 234-1040

MY HERO Delicatessen & Catering
315 South Allen Street
We're in your neighborhood — even if you're not in ours!
FREE DELIVERY throughout the State College Area.
OPEN LATE

FREE – Bob's "World Famous Chili' with any Whole Hero Exp. 2-28-86

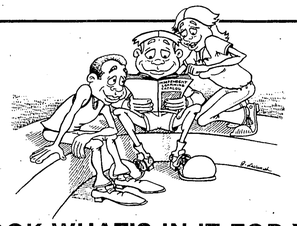
Cup of Homemade Soup, ½ Hero Sandwich & Beverage (Hot or Cold) $3.72 Exp. 2-28-86

FREE Creamy Rice Pudding with any whole "Joann's Veggie Combo" Exp. 2-28-86

½ Price Litre Coke or Diet Coke with any 2 whole Heros. Exp. 2-28-86

cut & save!

This summer get your PSU credits in
ISRAEL
* An exciting 7 week, 6 or 8 credit program
June 17-August 1, 1986
* Includes 16 day, extensive tour of Israel
and 1 month at Tel Aviv University
* Instruction in English
Application deadline: March 15, 1986
Contact: Dr. Menny Rabinovich,
863-4933 (office), 237-3295 (evening)
Office of Education Abroad Programs
222 Boucke Building, 865-7681



LOOK WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU

Flexibility. When you take courses through **Penn State's Department of Independent Learning,** you choose the pace and the place.

Selection. More than 190 credit courses, including many baccalaureate degree requirements, are offered.

Convenience. You can register *at any time* for an Independent Learning course.

If flexibility, selection, and convenience are what you're looking for, stop by the Independent Learning office at 128 Mitchell Building and pick up a free catalog with course descriptions and costs, or call

865-5403
University Park campus
or toll free
1-800-252-3592
anywhere in Pennsylvania

BRIDES
To Be
State College may be a small town BUT
The Brides Shoppe in The Carriage House
offers Big City Selections at
Small Town Prices . . . .
Plus Personal Service you won't find in Pittsburgh, New York, or Philly.
All orders placed before March 1st will arrive before the end of the semester.
Why not make it easy for yourself where ALL your wedding plans can be taken care of just a few feet off campus. Your gown, bridesmaids and tuxedos are all here and now at
The Brides Shoppe
in
The Carriage House
109 S. Pugh St.
across the street from the 'Skeller
238-0162

the daily collegian arts: the next best thing to being there!