

opinions

The Daily Collegian
Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1986

editorial opinion

A necessary law

A freshman pledge at a University of Texas fraternity died in his sleep of alcohol poisoning last fall after he was forced by fraternity members to drink a bottle of rum. He was a victim of fraternity hazing practices.

Hazing has long been a common practice that has created concern and controversy at nearly every college campus in the nation.

Defined by University policy, hazing is "any on-campus action, activity or situation intentionally created by a registered student organization to impose any obligations that interfere with scholastic endeavors as well as any mental or physical discomfort, injury, embarrassment, harassment or ridicule."

No matter the definition, hazing is an uncalculated practice condoned under the auspices of brotherhood and sisterhood. Every opportunity to prevent useless deaths, must be taken. And recently, the ball began rolling.

To combat the problem, legislation was approved by the state General Assembly that would charge fraternity and sorority members with a third-degree misdemeanor punishable by a \$2,500 fine and one year in prison for hazing.

The Interfraternity Council supports this

legislation, although IFC President Pat Conway said hazing is not a serious problem at the University. IFC and the Panhellenic Council already have anti-hazing policies in their constitutions and enforce such rules through the Board of Control and the Judicial Board.

It is encouraging to see that those organizations have taken a stand against hazing practices at the University, and a blanket law that would be enforced by the state will further strengthen that effort.

Some people would consider the bill to be overlegislation, but such legislation is long overdue and too many people have died or been seriously injured because of hazing.

Donald Suit, director of the University Office of Conduct Standards, said if Gov. Dick Thornburgh signs the bill into law, it will probably not have a major influence on the number of reported hazing cases. Although this may be true, a law against hazing may cause Greeks to think twice before hazing their pledges. Moreover, the legal protection may encourage victims to report hazing practices.

A state law against hazing is necessary and, if successful, could make the practice as obsolete as freshmen wearing beanies.

Nancy Reagan:

Viable for positions other than first lady

"Get off my goddamned back!"

The purported words of Ronald Reagan in response to Nancy's nagging him to fire "Diamond Don" Reagan. Ron didn't take any lip from his first wife either, and look where she is now: playing the role of Angela Channing in Falcon Crest. Poor Nancy. Maybe she'll get fed up with playing the role of First Lady and go back to Hollywood, too.

Surely with her immense talent she could easily land a role as a drug-detection dog or as Norman Bates's mummified mother in another *Psycho* sequel, but she deserves better. Her unique experience as the leading lady in the longest-running comedy of our time — the Reagan administration — must be taken into account.

I'd love to hear your suggestions for an Oscar-guaranteed (or even a Patsy-guaranteed) cinematic role for Nancy's big comeback, but meanwhile, here are a few of my own:

• **Eva Braun.** Yes, here's a role that would fit Nancy like a studded leather glove. She'd portray the mistress of a desperate, raving dictator, trapped in his impregnable bunker as his empire crumbles in his final days.

• **Lysistrata.** Maybe you think she'd be mis-cast for this one, and you're right — unless the story was set in the 20th century and Nancy was allowed to play herself. She'd be bound to immortalize the line, "Uhh-uh, Ronnie — not until you fire Don and tell the people the truth."

• **Lady Macbeth.** This role would allow Nancy to put her experience to good use as a woman whose dream of partnership drives her mad (or makes her lose her lunch). Ron would be a natural in the lead role.

• **The Bride of Frankenstein.** Nancy would have to do something different with her hair. Maybe Ron can make it stand on end by giving Risa Gorbachev a wiggle — live on international television — at the next summit. So it would be a remake — so what? The next summit will have to be a remake too — it surely hasn't been done right yet.

• **Bernard Goetz.** Remember that "little gun" Nancy keeps in her nightstand? It just goes to show she's a woman with the gumption to take matters into her own hands. Given some artistic license, she could easily give her own, personal interpretation of the "shoot-to-kill" character in one of those *Star Trek* films.

• **James (Mrs. Tarzan).** Picture this: It's 1987, Tarzan's a changing room at her dressmakers'.



Obviously, the possibilities for a reviving Nancy's acting career are almost limitless. Maybe she'd do herself a favor by getting off of her husband's back (like Jane Wyman did) and returning to the silver screen for a last shot at true stardom. She has nothing to lose, and if she's lucky Jane might bag her a part as a right-wing Christian from outer space in the next *Star Trek* film.

At *Blasko* is a senior majoring in journalism and a columnist for *The Daily Collegian*. His columns appear every other Wednesday.

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Correction

Due to a reporter's error, it was incorrectly reported in a Dec. 4 editorial and a Nov. 28 article in *The Daily Collegian* that the traffic light at the intersection of Hastings Road and University Drive is the joint responsibility of the University, State College, College Township and the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation. The traffic light is the sole responsibility of the municipality of State College.

Times change, but farewells don't

Two-hundred and three years ago last week, Gen. George Washington stood at Frances Tavern in New York City and delivered his farewell address to his soldiers. It was two years after the Revolutionary War and Washington, his voice cracking with emotion, told his troops that he was a stone's throw away from the serving their new country.

I know, I was there. I remember his words vividly. Afterwards, we toasted our commander-in-chief and chugged our Irish ale. The dancing girls then came out, followed closely behind by the beer bong. And boy, was George a master at that!

I think of that farewell address today as I too am about to leave this place and the people I love. (I know what you're thinking. "Uh-oh, another one of those blasted, boring farewell columns. Don't hog the covers, manny, I'm hitting the sack. ZZZZ All this is corny, sentimental claptrap.")

Well, I thought about that too and decided that since the editors have given me this space, I'm going to write one anyway. What the heck? Two and a half years ago, I came to Penn State after two years at Seton Hall University, a fine institution located in South Orange, N.J., which is a stone's throw away from that beautiful downtown Newark.

Not many people outside the state have heard of the Hall, and often, especially from Pittsburgh natives, I get this response, "Oh, Seton Hall... isn't that a girls' school?"

I had a good time there, but I knew all along that I wanted to go a college that wasn't one big parking lot. I wanted someplace else to go. Someplace that had grass and fields and cows and space. No, not Kansas.

I chose Penn State over the University of Maryland, and as I look back at the problems Maryland has had in athletics compared to Penn

State's (i.e. Len Bias and athletes not graduating vs. two undefeated regular seasons and athletes graduating), I knew I made the right choice.

At the time of my arrival, I was young and immature... a rebel without a clue (apologies to Madame Hayes and Herb). But after two-and-a-half years of breathing Happy Valley air, I'm safe to say that I'm old and immature.

I first started off in East Halls and contrary to public opinion, I liked the "other branch campus." East Halls was, in effect, its own little community with different activities and social events. It was the people who worked there who made it fun. The people in East were always congenial, especially Betty, who worked at the mini-store inside the dining halls.

I spent one year in East Halls, and I met a bunch of great people. Whether it's been one thing or another, however, we just have not stayed in touch. It's sad, but inevitable. So, to Janice, Tony and all the guys at Lambda Chi, thanks.

I was at that time that I joined the *Daily Collegian* and it is here where my closest friends have taken their jobs too seriously, but when you look at this paper and the people who work there, there are none finer in the country. I want to thank them all because they are the ones who have overlooked my shortcomings (and let me tell you, I have a list of shortcomings longer than

HECK, YES, I SUPPORT THIS NEARLY POLICY!!

BUSH 1988

reader opinion

Self-righteous

Well, to paraphrase him, "It's your country,"

The tone of Frank Innamarato's letter compels me to write.

If it's my future, why should I "Read these books? Why waste my time when I could be partying or catching up on my EOCB 604 reading?"

I suggest that he read *Politics Among Nations* by Hans Morganthau. An interesting quote from the book...

...the ultimate aim of the foreign policy is always the same: to promote one's interest by changing the mind of the opponent.

The CIA is just one of the foreign policy arms of the American government, so I'm not too surprised by the allegations that are in the newspapers.

To the great dismay of the crowd, Parkhill refused to insert his best players into the lineup for much of the half, including when the game was on the line.

I understand trying to develop young players, but achieving a winning attitude should be the team's main concern. Penn State's key players need close game experience going into league play in January.

No excuse

For the past three seasons, I have regularly attended Penn State basketball games. Although there have been more disappointing losses than thrilling wins, one thing that kept me coming back to the games: the team always did its best to win.

In Sunday's game against Loyola, Coach Bruce Parkhill's priorities seemed to change drastically. After an exciting and well-played first half by the Lions, the second half was a major disappointment.

To the great dismay of the crowd, Parkhill refused to insert his best players into the lineup for much of the half, including when the game was on the line.

A 6:51 Penn State lead turned into yet another in the long line of should-have-been games I have seen at Rec Hall.

I understand trying to develop young players, but achieving a winning attitude should be the team's main concern. Penn State's key players need close game experience going into league play in January.

We want to see a winning team. From the reactions of people around me, I would bet that many of them will not be back to Rec Hall in the near future. And, it's sad to say, but neither will I. (At least not until last sentence.)

Find out why we are going to Nicaragua. Unless he has plane tickets for everybody, I don't know what he is talking about. I'm going to Belgium.

Mike McClaine junior-economics

opinions

Finding the holiday truth

The night was cold and peaceful, the kind of night that is best spent comfortably on the sofa, or in front of the fireplace. I looked out the window into the night.

I couldn't tell how long the snow had been falling; it could not have been very long. It was a gentle wash falling unobtrusively every-where, coating the world with a purifying layer of white.

Christmas was only a few days away, and up until that moment, I hadn't felt the slightest bit of any sort of Christmas spirit. Watching that snow fall all around made me feel like something was missing, something I couldn't really identify.

I walked to my room, and pulled a heavy sweater from the closet. I slipped on my old boots, put on my well-worn peacoat and stepped out into the night.

The snow was falling heavier now, the whiteness becoming thicker and thicker. The sky was a ghostly white, as though something behind the clouds was illuminating them with a pale light.

That sense of yearning peaked once more inside me, and I started walking. To where, I had no idea. My feet seemed to carry me by their own will, and I did not resist.

The snow packed firm beneath me with each step, squishing into the shape of my boots' soles. I found myself walking through

unfamiliar neighborhoods, with the light of town always ahead of me. To both sides of me, houses glowed with the light of hundreds of strings of bulbs — some white, some colored, some flashing. Further down the street, something caught my eye.

It covered the entire front lawn, and was garishly lit with blue, red and green floodlights. There were also a few strings of those big, ugly outdoor bulbs, which flashed off and on every few seconds.

It was a nativity scene, grandly displayed here in this front lawn. It was about half life-size scale. I moved closer to it, as if drawn by some compelling force. Snow was starting to accumulate on the noble figures. I reached down and brushed the snow off of Mary's neoprene head, and off of the neoprene cows.

Then I got a good look at Joseph, at the detail put into his replica. He looked just like Charles Manson. By the time I ended up in town, the snow had stopped. I wandered into a department store — for no good reason — just because it was there.

Inside, it was one sterling example of holiday spirit and good cheer, alright. I'd never seen a pack of more crazed animals in my life. I suppose five dollars off the regular price of a Crockett is just proper appreciation for trampling some-

one. To think that these were adults. Christmas was in the air alright, but it sure smelled bad.

I walked to the other side of the store, where little kids were waiting in line to see Santa. For a little while, that cheered me up. There's something heartwarming about the naive and innocence of children. Then one of the little buggers turned to the one behind him and socked him in the mouth, bloodying his lip. And then their mothers got in on it. I couldn't take anymore.

I left town, and found myself walking along the railroad tracks. I followed them for a while, alone with nothing but my thoughts.

Then, I heard voices ahead of me, and saw the glow of a warm, red light. Off to the side of the tracks, in a small gully, were four or five bums. As I drew closer, I could see and hear what they were doing. They were sitting around a fire, talking. One of them had a Bible and was reading about the birth of Christ. They were cooking hot dogs and washing them down with Old Crow. Then solemnly, they began singing "Adeste Fideles," not drunkenly, not insincerely, but out of their hearts. As I walked down to greet them I was thinking that it wouldn't be a bad place to spend the night.

Todd S. Christopher is a sophomore majoring in English and a columnist for *The Daily Collegian*.



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