

University must keep local ties

The Fraser Centre has been a long time coming, but when the site finally changes from empty lot to seven-story building, it will bring with it a 10-screen theater.

Penn State is considering holding some lectures and classes in the new theater, much like it already does in the State Theatre.

Penn State was wise to only keep an offer from United Entertainment Corp. to use its two area theaters for classes "on file." Those theaters are far away, and it is unreasonable to expect stu-

dents to travel to one of those places for something that could be achieved much closer to campus.

A more pertinent issue concerning the arrival of a new movie theater is what will happen with Penn State's partnership with the State Theatre. If the university is considering moving classes from the State Theatre to the Fraser Centre, it should reconsider.

Penn State should only move some classes to the Fraser Centre if it offers a better way for students to learn. Otherwise, the uni-

versity should continue its arrangement with the State Theatre.

The State Theatre is a nonprofit community theatre with a history in State College. Money spent at the State Theatre supports local arts.

Individual patrons, of course, will make up their own minds about where to spend their money. For most Hollywood movies, that will probably be the Fraser Centre. But for classes at a university that should value its relationship with the community, the State Theatre is a better venue.

Column about Christianity wrong in its assertions

In the April 26 column, "Senior wonders" why many look down on Christians, Michael Felletter makes the claim that Christians are constantly harassed for their faith. He fails to understand the difference between promoting religious thought in the curriculum and allowing students to freely practice their religion in school. The reason the Bible-based human existence theories have been phased out of schools is because of their lack of scientific backing — not because of an inherent dislike for the Christian faith, as Felletter claims.

Furthermore, suspending a Muslim girl because she wears a burka or headdress is flat out wrong. Religious clothing such as burkas or turbans do not "teach" or "push" faith onto others as Bible-based existence theories would.

Felletter goes on to say there is a level of animosity towards Christians while no other religion receives this same attitude. Imagine a Muslim or Sikh wearing a turban walking on to your airline flight or even walking by you in public. See if people close by don't make comments or stare — I bet a few will. I do not buy this negative attitude towards Christianity. Being a Hindu, I can say those of us who practice religions other than Christianity just want to be understood by American society, not achieve a level of superiority.

Sri Yelamarty
junior-chemical engineering and economics

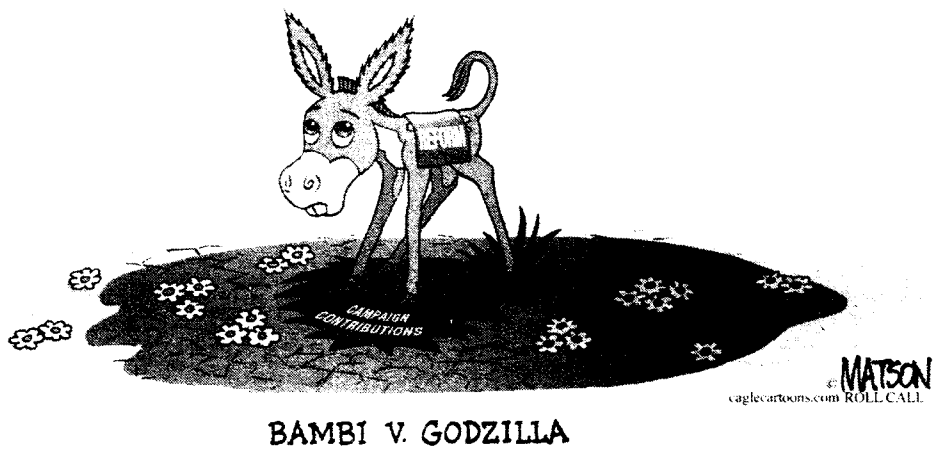
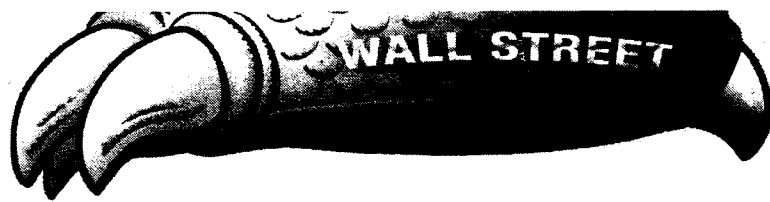
People need to look within for personal values, beliefs

I found many bold statements in the column, "Senior wonders why many look down on Christians," but it would take me far too long to address them all. I will pick one statement that was particularly despicable, and that's the question regarding which street you would rather walk down late at night: a road through a Christian neighborhood or one through an atheist neighborhood. First, many of my friends and I are atheists, and I don't consider any of them anywhere near dangerous. Second, you need to look at what kinds of things "Christians" have been occupying themselves with recently. Perhaps you've read of the lovely Westboro Baptist Church, which protests the funerals of dead American soldiers. Maybe you've wondered how a grown man who calls himself a priest can take advantage of small children.

People make bad decisions — that's innate within us. It starts to become suspicious, however, when these atrocities continue to be a part of Christianity. You ask where we will find our morals and values, and I say that we will find them where we always have: in ourselves.

To answer your question, I would feel much safer walking down the atheist street.

Chad Fisher
sophomore-energy, business and finance



BAMBI V. GODZILLA

Ducks offer life lessons to senior

By Caitlin Cullerot

I've had a thing for ducks for as long as I can remember. Growing up, my parents' pet name for me was "duck," and I had more stuffed ducks than I care to recall. I spent countless summers on the lake throwing bread to ducks that would float past the dock, contributing significantly, I'm sure, to many outbreaks of swimmer's itch.

The love affair carried over to college, where my favorite spot on campus is — as I'm sure you can guess — the duck pond behind the Hintz Family Alumni Center. And this past winter, when I was a moraler for THON and learned my dancer was a duck hunter, I stifled my inner anguish and tried to overlook the fact that his most recent Facebook album was titled "Migration canceled." Womp, womp.

I saw these feathery creatures as sweet, innocent animals — until I stumbled across this little gem on the website webvet.com:

"Rape is not typically something you associate with those darling 'duckies' who bob along the surface of the water to the delight of children and adults at the local pond. It's a shock to discover that male ducks are the rapists of the bird world. Often, a gang of three or four of them attacks a female duck, sometimes resulting in her injury or death."

WHAT?! I've been spending the past 21 years fawning over "the rapists of the bird world"?! I traveled to the pond a few days later, hoping a visit to the ducks would restore my faith in them. But instead I watched, horrified, as a pack of three male ducks and, inexplicably, a crow chased a female around the area. She tried hiding in bushes. She tried distracting them. She tried flying away. But the gang pursued her as if she were prey.

I walked away, traumatized, wondering how I could have adored these ruthless little demons for most of my life. I felt betrayed. How could they do this to me? How could they do this to each other? I vowed not to return.

About a week later, I started to wonder if maybe I'd overreacted. After all, they were just doing what ducks do. And they need to pass on their genes somehow, I suppose. Begrudgingly, I made my way back to the pond, hoping not to witness another scarring scene.

Instead, I was met by about two dozen fuzzy ducklings waddling over rocks, tumbling into one another and lunging hopelessly after flies.

My heart melted. I watched as the ducklings made their way to the water, where a troupe of male ducks swam protectively around them, quacking at any one who got too close. Could these be the same males that chased after the mother one week earlier?

There is a point to this column, even though I secretly just wanted an excuse to write about ducks. College is a lot like my appreciation for ducks.

In your first years at Penn State, you're introduced to a lot of ducks right away. You probably think they're the best ducks you've ever met, and you can't wait to get to know them better. You have some truly great times with these ducks, but then you learn something you don't like about them (i.e. they're the rapists of the bird world). Or you and certain ducks grow apart. Or you find out you're just too different from these ducks.

And at first it sucks, and you're hurt and you don't want to visit the duck pond for a while. But then time starts to heal things and when you make the decision to revisit the duck pond, and you realize you had to tolerate the dark side of the ducks in order for things to progress — to make ducklings.

I do miss some ducks that have faded from my life over the past four years. And I still harbor some bitterness toward some ex-ducks. But I know if it weren't for all these ducks, good and bad, I probably wouldn't be as close with my favorite ducks now.

And quickly: Mom and Dad, thank you for footing the bill for my education over the past four years. But more importantly, thank you for being there through the rough patches early on and convincing me to stick it out. If I'd transferred, I probably would have met ducks that are way less fun than the ones I met here.

Caitlin Cullerot is a senior majoring in journalism and is the Collegian's Wednesday columnist. Her e-mail address is cmc5217@psu.edu.

THE DAILY Collegian

Rossilyne Skena
Editor-in-Chief

Holly Colbo
Business Manager

About the Collegian: The Daily Collegian and The Weekly Collegian are published by Collegian Inc., an independent, nonprofit corporation with a board of directors composed of students, faculty and professionals. Pennsylvania State University students write and edit both papers and solicit advertising for them. During the fall and spring semesters as well as the second six-week summer session, The Daily Collegian publishes Monday through Friday. Issues are distributed by mail to other Penn State campuses and individual subscribers.

Complaints: News and editorial complaints should be presented to the editor. Business and advertising complaints should be presented to the business manager.

Who we are

The Daily Collegian's editorial opinion is determined by its Board of Opinion, with the editor holding final responsibility. The letters and columns 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. Editorials are written by The Daily Collegian Board of Opinion.

Members are: Lexi Belcuffine, Matt Brown, Kevin Cirilli, Adam Clark, Rich Coleman, Caitlin Cullerot, Abby Drey, Katherine Dvorak, Michael Felletter, Matt Fortuna, Mandy Hofmocker, Allison Jackovitz, Phenola Lawrence, Andrew McGill, Dave Miniaci, Nate Mink, Elizabeth Murphy, Dan Rorabaugh, Erin Rowley, Heather Schmeizlen, Caitlin Sellers, Shannon Simcox, Rossilyne Skena, Kevin Sullivan, Jacquie Tylka, Alex Weisler and Bill Wellock.

Letters

We want to hear your comments on our coverage, editorial decisions and the Penn State community.

■ E-mail
collegianletters@psu.edu

■ Online

www.psu.collegian.com

■ Postal mail/in person
123 S. Burrowes St.
University Park, PA 16801

Letters should be about 200 words. Student letters should include class year, major and campus. Letters from alumni should include year of graduation. All writers should provide their address and phone number for verification. Letters should be signed by no more than two people. Members of organizations must include their titles if the topic they write about is connected with the aim of their groups. The Collegian reserves the right to edit letters. The Collegian cannot guarantee publication of all letters it receives. Letters chosen also run on The Daily Collegian Online and may be selected for publication in The Weekly Collegian. All letters become property of Collegian Inc.

blog lines

Above the Net

It's the last Pavcast of the year and we have the Penn State men's volleyball coach looking to the postseason.

In this edition of our weekly video segment, Mark Pavlik discusses why he's excited for Thursday's EIVA tournament game at Rec Hall, what the Nittany Lions are expecting from their opponent, Springfield College, and what other playoff run he can't help but follow at this time of year.

Read more from the men's volleyball blog **Above the Net** and the rest of The Daily Collegian's blogs at psu.collegian.com/blogs.

Snap, Crackle, Pop

A little while ago a guy named "Merton" went onto Chatroulette and improvised songs to the people he was paired to chat with. "Merton" looks a lot like artist Ben Folds. Apparently Folds agreed and did a live show with a 2,000-person audience where he logged onto Chatroulette and impersonated "Merton," who appears to be impersonating Folds. As you can guess, this immediately turned into a contest of who was funnier or better. Music Mix declared Ben Folds the winner because he did his performance in front of a very large and very live audience.

Read more from the arts blog **Snap, Crackle, Pop** and the rest of The Daily Collegian's blogs at psu.collegian.com/blogs.

Small World

Anyone who has met me for an extended period of time knows that I am a terrible klutz, and I'm not talking about the adorable kind who trips gracefully and falls straight into the arms of her strapping Italian soul mate. No, I'm the kind of person who breaks delicate glassware on a daily basis and bowls over old women on the stairs and gives new meaning to the term "pratfall."

So it wasn't really anything new when, wandering through the ruins of ancient Pompeii last Tuesday, I lost my balance and fell off a curb into a cobblestone street. My friends, long since accustomed to this sort of behavior from me, heard me muttering some choice words behind them, asked if I was all right and moved on.

Read more from the study abroad blog **Small World** and the rest of The Daily Collegian's blogs at psu.collegian.com/blogs.