

## Opinion

## Joe Paterno: an educator remembered

by Art Goldschmidt

Joe Paterno was truly an educator.

This is not a term I use lightly. The journalistic custom of calling the university president or a high school principal an “educator” is misplaced. Even many college instructors and schoolteachers are not really educators. Good parents are true educators. They raise their children to be competent and empathic, to know right from wrong, and to take responsibility for their actions.

In relating to his players, Joe knew their strengths and weaknesses and sought to develop the former and overcome the latter. He wanted them to work together as a team and not as prima donnas. He hated to lose games and often scolded players who did not live up to their potential—or who disobeyed his rules. Some players quit.

Most of all, he wanted his players to succeed, not only on the football field, but in life. He was proud of those who went on to play professional football, although he acknowledged that it took a fearful toll on

most players. He talked about those who became coaches themselves. But he also noted his alumni who became doctors, lawyers, business executives, or teachers.

What he most wanted for himself was to be recognized as a good husband, father, and grandfather. His 47 academic all-American players mattered as much to Joe as his 409 victories as head coach.

As a teacher at Penn State myself, I talked to Joe many times. I knew that, if I asked him what happened to a player whom I had taught, he could tell me what his job was, where he was living, and whether he was married and had children.

Our first encounter came early in my career. I knew that several of my students in a large history course were freshman football players. In their final examinations, several wrote in their bluebooks short notes to the graders, asking them to grade mercifully and inviting them to call on them if they ever needed game tickets.

The players could not have known that I shared grading chores with my teaching assistants. When I read the notes, I saw red!

A grad student might be tempted by such an offer.

I phoned the coaching office to complain to Frank Patrick, thinking he was the assistant coach for freshmen, but had to leave a message. An hour later our home phone rang, I picked it up, and it was a voice with that familiar Brooklyn accent calling me “Professor Goldschmidt.”

Flustered, for I was a young assistant professor, I stammered my reason for calling. Joe thanked me and said he would talk to the relevant players. That very afternoon three hulking lads slunk into my office to apologize. I later heard that he had really given them hell.

Many years later in a Middle East course, I taught two players, one of whom was excellent and the other was cutting classes and doing mediocre work. His discussion section leader and I feared we might have to flunk him.

I wrote Joe a note, saying that we had

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Photo by Sierra Dole  
Mourners left tributes of flowers, notes, and Penn State gear at the Joe Paterno statue near Beaver Stadium during the week following his death.

## From “family” to “community”: re-thinking PSU football

by William Saas

Like many other folks in this area, I qualify as what might be called an “itinerant” citizen of Central Pennsylvania.

We itinerants comprise a significant percentage of the State College population. Our roots run shallow, our harvest is brief and our imprint is rarely enduring.

In common with a small share of this population, I had no emotional investment in the Penn State football program prior to moving to State College.

We first encountered Penn State football as one might first encounter a different culture’s mythopoetics. To us, Joe Paterno’s “Great Experiment” was a curious and fascinating origin story. We could identify some historical analogues (Christianity, the Pope and the pater familias were popular

comparisons), but the truth is that we didn’t quite know what to make of it all.

Many of us were struck early with a feeling of alienation, lacking emotional access to a greater historical narrative that seemed to have no problem leaving us behind. We were less than shocked when we discovered a politics behind the mythology.

Our conversion stories vary greatly, but for all of us, eventually, Joe Paterno became a unifying principle for community life in State College. For better or worse, we were—we are—all implicated in his legacy. But what, exactly, is that legacy?

Paterno’s harshest critics—many of whom are far-removed from the community—condemn his coaching legacy as forever tainted by the Jerry Sandusky scandal.

Paterno’s most sympathetic defenders—usually those emotionally closer to the mat-

ter—frame Paterno’s coaching legacy as entirely insulated from Sandusky’s and the Penn State administration’s actions, and seek to emphasize also Paterno’s record as a successful educator.

From the middle-distance (the perennial perspective of the uninitiated itinerant), it is impossible for me to come down decisively on either side. Several months and a healthy amount of debate later, I see an equal distribution of positives and negatives issuing from the “Paterno legacy.”

At the top of the list of positives is Paterno’s record of community-building. As several speakers noted at his memorial on January 26, Paterno recruited a wide range of people whom would live and thrive in State College. These were not only football players, but also undergraduate students from diverse backgrounds. As the

football program prospered, Paterno made sure to keep the research side of things top-notch as well, donating massive amounts of money to the university. Attracted by both the athletic and academic developments, the first itinerants came, studied, graduated and then sent their own children here to study. The result was a burgeoning community, fostered in large part by one man’s talent at coaching and passion for education.

Which brings me to new head coach Bill O’Brien and a potential problem I see rising from some of his early rhetoric. At his first press conference as head coach, O’Brien said: “I’m in charge of this family, the football family . . . We’re going to try and teach [the players] what it means to be a Penn State man.”

see Family, pg. 39

**ASK  
Cosmo**

**Campus and  
Culture  
from the Canine  
Perspective**

It's kind of like taking the whole tackle box to the old fishin' hole and keeping track of which fishes bite on which lures.

If you vibrate to a perky, smock-bedecked, poofy-dooed vendeuse with perfect makeup mincing around the insurance boutique, then maybe Progressive is your style. The same goes for Flo's advice-spewing counterpart, the Messenger, who roves the country in a vintage Pontiac GTO, sporting a '70's porn star look, eavesdropping on conversations, paying peoples' tolls and performing other "random acts of savings." His dashboard introduced the world to the Flo Bobblehead doll, which still goes for about \$75 on e-Bay.

If it's quirky insurance professors torching giant dryer lint balls with flamethrowers or warning students about plummeting space capsules, then maybe Farmers' is your speed. If you live in a world where your cubicle mates steal your phone, siphon your gas and shout "Pick up the Phone," or where proctologists line up donning rubber gloves, or strangers come up and give you wedgies because that's

what it feels like to pay for auto insurance, then maybe you're the Safe Auto type.

If you're not that anal, maybe you prefer the amiable man from Allstate, or Nationwide's milquetoast interviewer with the stick mike and retro blue dial phone.

Or maybe none of these strategies tickle your cortex, so the insurance aliens try to lock onto your coordinates with Cockney line-dancing lizards, or caricatures of Robert Stack/Bill Curtis asking, "Do woodchucks chuck wood?" and "Is Ed 'Too Tall' Harris really too tall?" and "Did the Waltons take too long to say good night?" If you've still evaded Geico's siren call, they can still pull out the squealing pinwheel piglet, as well as the indignant, persecuted, yuppie cave-men.

That's only a short list, but it represents millions of dollars spent by insurance aliens trying to wiggle into the public consciousness. Most states require auto insurance, so it would seem the State is complicit with the private sector in this industry. Driving is a privilege, but insurance is required. "Thou shalt carry car insurance," may be the law handed down from orbit, but try to provide universal insurance coverage on the domestic front for the "privilege" of health, or require employers to provide it, and the pundits come oozing out of the woodwork, screaming that it's socialism.

This is the kind of dreck you humans get to ponder. Canine minds contemplate sensory data that is already on board. It isn't derived from television. Plus, the

concepts are far more Zen-like. We can zone out on meditations of "squirrel," "squeakie-toy," "hydrant" and "litterbox hors d'oeuvres," and we don't have to mess with those goofy-looking tinfoil hats to keep the aliens out of our thoughts. That's an insurance plan I can live with.

Dear Cosmo,

Last month, the world was shocked by a video clip of U.S. soldiers urinating on Taliban corpses. What were those young men thinking? How should the rest of the world think? Signed, Crying In Outrage.

Dear Zip It,

That was an unfortunate thing to experience for everyone, with the probable exclusion of the corpses. It confirms two time-honored sayings: that it's worse to add insult to injury, and that it's better to be pissed off than pissed on.

As mammals, we've all been culprits and victims of inadvertent pissing. Infants and children are even more notorious than the internet for unintended leaks. If you've been around little critters, you've probably been unintentionally downstream yourself. But bladder control and self-control develop at different rates, and with that comes the practice of editorial pissing.

For civilized animals, it's a means of marking turf. For uncivilized ones, such as humans, it reeks of contempt. It's often a malicious lark launched at unsuspecting

see Cosmo, pg. 37

Dear Cosmo,

I'm amazed at the huge number of ads on TV for insurance companies. They must be making enough money to buy that much advertising, so the ads must be making them still more money. But it's hard to decide what each insurance company is actually like based on their commercials. They've got so many different characters it's hard to keep track. If the aliens were out there watching our broadcasts, what would they make of this insurance craze? Signed, Not A Flo-bot.

Dear Flo-bot,

What do you mean "if" the aliens are watching? Who do you think writes and stars in those ads? It's all an ingenious strategy to sort out the human species based on their fundamental worldviews.

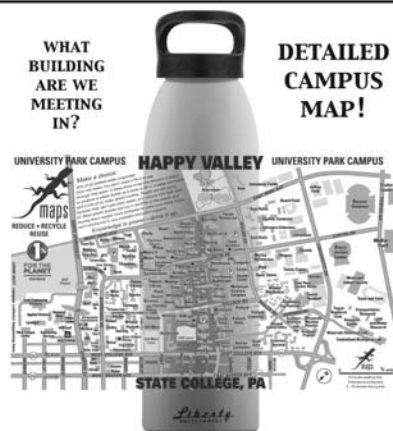
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from Cosmo, pg. 36

targets below – off hotel balconies at strangers, or out frat windows or from atop scout camp trees at acquaintances. In some kinky circles, it's even consensual. And lots of adolescents substitute their friends' drink with pee just to watch the reaction. While tacky and disrespectful, there is substantial social precedent for peeing on live beings.

Some unhappy relatives may boast that they'll piss on the graves of deceased family members, and in some cases they actually do. It's not the most spiritual gesture, and while it's also tacky and disrespectful, someone's grave rests on a different symbolic plateau than one's person.

There's plenty of outrage to be had, but it's interesting where different people draw the line. To me, it's a matter of triage. The greatest grievance is in creating corpses in the first place. Then comes celebrating over their deaths. Then comes the humiliating manner of celebration. Then comes documenting it. Then comes sharing it with others. Then comes the happy reactions to sharing the documentation of urinating on corpses. Only the first item falls within a soldier's job description. The rest seem like a series of poor judgment calls.

And in terms of creating international outrage, we're all downstream. Is peeing on a dead guy worse than waterboarding a live one? It would seem so. One is sick, while the other is sick and sadistic. Wait,

I'm confused. Meaning seems to be fluid, but some fluids have more meaning than others.

There are tons of those little car decals with the kid pissing on Ford logos or Chevy emblems, and they sure did sell a lot of those stick-on Osama Bin Laden urinal targets, so live fire exercises seem to be accepted practice. But abuse of a corpse is abuse of a corpse, and it's not acceptable practice even among warriors, according to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There are Marine regulations against such behavior, and the investigation will take its course. War is hell, and looking out for number one isn't such a big deal when there's a whole Number Two storm brewing.

So if you think it's OK to urinate on a dead person, even if you think he's an enemy, then you're buying into the ultimate Ugly American snow-job. And you might not like it so much when it's your turn for a second helping of that yellow snow. As Uncle Frank says, "Watch out where the huskies go."

Dear Cosmo,

What do you think of the Republican presidential primaries so far? Is there a second feature after the cartoon? Signed, Need More Popcorn

Dear Cop More Porn,

They sure had a bunch of clowns come out of that little car, but there's still a few left. And with the Elephant Party, you always have to watch out for the junk in the trunk.

## Whitey Blue on entitlements

by David Silverman

I was talking the other day to Whitey Blue, longtime Centre Area resident and hard-nose. Whitey, some members of Congress want to privatize Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid. Any thoughts about that?

"I think its long overdue! Why should this country go into the red in order to fund the income and medical care of a bunch of deadbeats who can't make it on their own?"

Wait a minute! Most of these people are honest and hard-working. They just can't afford to pay the higher rates that would result from privatization.

"Hey, this is a free-enterprise country! Why should we be taxed to support a bunch of underachievers?"

Some of these people would die of hunger or illness. We'd have throngs of starving and ill people, like many countries in the world!

"So what! The world is becoming overpopulated."

## Sudoku

2	1	6	9	8	4	5	3	7
8	7	9	3	6	5	1	4	2
5	4	3	1	2	7	8	6	9
3	6	4	8	1	2	7	9	5
9	8	5	7	4	6	2	1	3
7	2	1	5	3	9	4	8	6
1	5	2	4	9	3	6	7	8
4	3	7	6	5	8	9	2	1
6	9	8	2	7	1	3	5	4

### Instructions:

Fill in the grid so every row, every column and every three-by-three box contains the digits 1 through 9. There is no math involved. You solve the puzzle with reason and logic.

The solution to this month's puzzle can be found on page 39 of this issue.

By Peter Morris

# Huh?

What did you say?  
Could you repeat that?

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talked to him, were concerned about his work and hoped he might get some counseling. A day later, around 5:30 when I should have gone home for dinner with my family, my office phone rang. It was Joe. We ended up talking for ten minutes about the player. I wanted to be lenient, but he told me to get tough with him—quite the opposite of how we assume professors and coaches act in such an encounter!

I was walking across campus one day with a freshman, an eager lad who has become a high-powered Philadelphia lawyer, and we happened to encounter Joe. I introduced them, and the young man said, "Hey Joe, I was walking with my girl through College Heights Last Saturday and saw you in front of your house. Did you see me?" "Sorry," he replied, "I didn't see you. I was too busy looking at your girl!"

Just before I retired, I taught a freshman seminar on Penn State history, a topic better suited (I thought) for first year students than the Middle East, so I wanted to bring in speakers who had experienced the University as it had been. Since the Paternos were listed in the phone book, and I knew Sue had headed the Liberal Arts Alumni Association, I called her to ask if she would tell my class what she had done as a PSU student.

"Art, why are you teaching a course on Penn State history?" she asked. "We all know you as a Middle East expert." I explained that I was teaching the seminar in addition to my usual load, as I was about to retire. "You must not retire," she exclaimed. "You'll DIE if you retire!"

She had injured a leg that summer and, as Joe himself told me, she couldn't come to my class. They both recommended Anne Riley, who came to most of our meetings and gave invaluable tips to the freshmen.

During his 62-year coaching career, Joe occasionally speculated on what he might do in retirement, but he did not want to retire. He loved coaching football. He cared about his players. But he was also the most prominent Penn Stater. To most people, near and far, he personified Penn State. As Ronald Smith, retired professor of

Exercise and Sport Science and a researcher, writer, and frequent speaker on sports history has told me, with a few qualifications, he did more for Penn State than any other person in its history. More than George W. Atherton? Hmm. Why did the Board of Trustees end his coaching career?

Joe's ultimate undoing was his transition from being a teacher to being a fundraiser. He had excoriated the Board of Trustees and administration in 1983 for not calling on alumni and others who loved Penn State to give it the money it needed to become a great university.

He and Sue gave generously of their time and money to fund scholarships, the newer half of the Library, many books, a named professorship in English, scholarships for needy students, support for the Schreyer Honors College, and other worthy causes.

In the process, he came to see himself as indispensable to the team, to the students, and to Penn State generally. He was overextended. As he admits in his autobiography, he could not understand the self-indulgent attitude of many Americans younger than himself. He may not have grasped what Mike McQueary was trying to tell him about what he saw Jerry Sandusky doing.

Penn State has evolved in many ways since Joe first arrived in 1950, but it has some systemic flaws. Long obliged to compete for support with other colleges having larger endowments or more generous state legislatures, Penn State has a top-down administrative structure that fears dissent, rewards those who bring in money and discards those who threaten its security. Its trustees receive thick books of information but rarely see how it performs its educational mission.

Penn State will honor Paterno now as it should have done when he was terminated. As Charles Dumas, professor of theater arts, wrote to me:

*He placed dignity and integrity above winning*

*He placed teaching above football*

*He helped make me proud of our sports program.*

*He wanted, above all, to make Penn State a better university than it had been before he came.*



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# The frightening trend of racial code words

by Toby Carlson

In my Voices article of April 19, 2010, I claimed that a deep seated reason for the anger on the right was due to racial and cultural stresses, resulting in a growing sense of alienation and even hostility toward contemporary American society. I wrote of the tea party which has captured the Republican Party and which consists of about 20 percent of the population.

The tea party is almost exclusively white, mostly middle aged or older, mostly Protestant, overtly religious and not very well educated. And virulently anti-Obama, whom they regard as foreign. I stated that the anger voiced by the tea party is not fueled by superficial political issues, such as the national debt, but it is a mask that covers a gnawing fear of the

‘Other’, objectified by its hostility toward a city, Washington.

In part, however, they are uncomfortable with the present. They consider themselves the real Americans, the legitimate leaders of their country, and they yearn for the glorious days of yesteryear when the country was smaller, life was simpler and America less diverse, populated by people like themselves, white and Protestant.

What is the underlying reason for this alienation? Partly, it is the age-old and simmering hostility between the city and the countryside, between older, rural America and a newer, urban and highly diverse and increasingly non-white America. In part it is racial, as evidenced by the viral campaign issue of immigration and also against welfare programs which they simplistically and somewhat

incorrectly assume benefit the black, Hispanic and other ‘undeserving’ groups.

The increasing difficulty of assigning racial labels notwithstanding, approximately 35 percent of the country is either non white or Hispanic. White Protestants make up about 42 percent of the population, white Catholics about 20 percent, leaving about 3 percent which consist of Jews and Moslems (not in the non-white category).

Demographic predictions indicate that in a generation or so the non white/Hispanic component in the population will increase to 50%, much of this increase coming in the south. This startling forecast has already begun to take place, as non white births in this country have just begun to exceed white births. .

To many, the codeword illegals, evokes

the specter of a tidal wave of immigrants from Latin America, though subconsciously it also refers to all Hispanics, illegal or not.

In response, a number of Republican dominated states have shortsightedly and against the spirit of the constitution attempted to pass laws to restrict voting rights of the fastest growing segments of the population: black, Hispanic and young people, employing as an excuse the code-word: voter fraud.

I fear that the demographic trend will lead to increasing violence in this country during the coming generation as those who perceive themselves as the true Americans will resort to desperate measures in the face of their declining influence in order to restore their self respect and their once dominant status.

capacity to encumber the transparent and egalitarian outcomes the University should strive for moving forward.

At the Jan. 26 Joe Paterno memorial, former Penn State Penn State letterman Charles V. Pittman called Paterno an “architect,” one who gathered good materials and assembled them in a thoughtful and caring way. Imagined as an architect of a thriving and enduring community, Paterno is freed from the weirdness and obligations of the patriarchal metaphor. Not only that, but those of us who have felt—or still feel—like outsiders may feel more welcomed into a process of community-building.

In the spirit of Joe Paterno’s enduring legacy of community-building, let’s build some more community.


from Family, pg. 35

I admire O’Brien’s chutzpah, and from what I’ve read, so do his football players. But I believe that he may be missing the more broadly communitarian nature of Paterno’s legacy. If gone unchecked, O’Brien’s misinterpretation could lead us down some familiar and imposing roads.

This is first of all because the “family” metaphor, while inviting, is also exclusionary. The family O’Brien referred to in his speech is the group of students he will manage in future seasons of Penn State football. He is also, however, referring to a greater football “family”—lettermen, alums and fans. Left out are those affected by Penn State football, but who may not think of themselves as part of its “family.”

What’s more, the family way of doing business is not exactly conducive to a policy of transparency. Families are prone to secrets, and keeping those secrets “in the family.” Indeed, the nature of the charges against Sandusky suggests that a family mindset may have been a factor in suppressing reportage of the alleged incidents.

Finally, the “family” metaphor introduces the twin (masculinist) burdens of patriarchy and fraternity, which have the



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	3	7	6			2
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