

# Punishment before trial

They do it to you behind doors closed to your friends and parents. They use hearsay evidence — just like the Gestapo. The university disciplinarians really burn you — everybody knows that.

Actually, that's not quite true. Some clauses in the "Discipline System for all Registered Students" outlined in the student handbook are more than fair.

For example, all records of disciplinary action against a student during his stay here are destroyed when he graduates. Thus, he is not haunted by his college misdeeds when future employers check his academic records.

But one clause in the discipline system really does burn students: the one permitting the University to try and punish a student who is also charged in a local or state court before his hearing there.

Consider a student whose case will go before the University Hearing Board next week. He may be found guilty and be expelled by the University — all before his hearing in State College in October.

When a student registers here, he agrees to comply with Penn State's code of conduct. If a student

breaks a rule in this code, the University may rightfully punish him for it, even if he is also given a sentence by the local or state court for breaking their rules.

But the University should not be allowed to try and punish a student found innocent in a state or local court. In those courts the students' constitutional rights are guaranteed. Those rights are not guaranteed to the student at his university hearing, since such procedures as using hearsay evidence are permitted to be used there.

The University should wait until after the student's court case to conduct its hearing. If it becomes known before a student's court case that the University has found him guilty and punished him, it will more than likely prejudice the evidence against him.

The University must wait for the decision of the established legal system and respect it. If the system finds a student innocent, the University must not penalize him for a crime he has been found innocent of committing.

## Collecting autographs

The Undergraduate Student Government wants your mother's autograph — and your father's, your aunt's, your uncle's and your next-door neighbor's.

Why? Because they are needed on the petition calling for an audit of the University's books.

USG has been working since last spring to force an independent audit of all the University's accounts and expenditures to see if there really is any "fat" that can be cut from the budget, as has been charged by some legislators and University employees.

If the audit is to go through, the state legislature must order it. To convince the legislators that the audit is not just a silly demand from radical-hippie students USG is seeking the signatures of non-student taxpayers and voters who also want an audit.

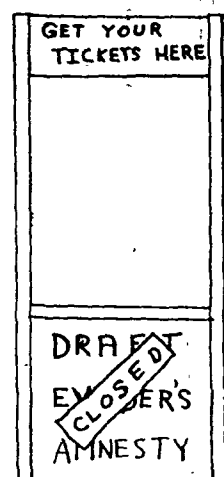
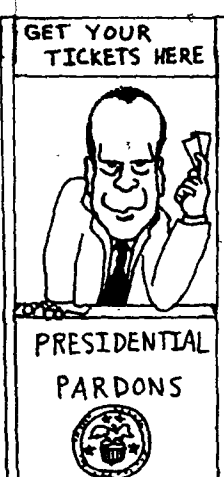
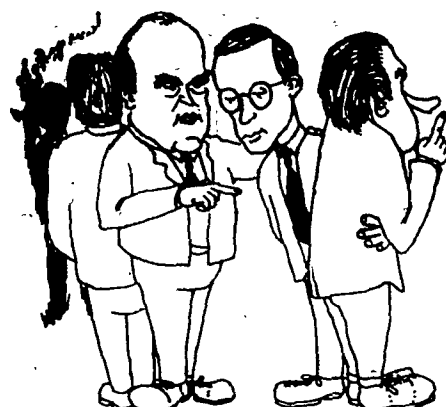
You can help. Petition forms will be available from USG after 10 a.m. today.

If you're going home for the weekend, get signatures from your parents, your neighbors and your friends. And get their full support for the audit.

If you're planning to be in State College this weekend, take to the bars or the football game and get signatures from some alumni. Even one signature will help.

Even next weekend won't be too late to start autograph-hunting. Since USG wants to present the petition before the legislature recesses Sept. 30, signed petitions will be accepted until Sept. 23.

Pick up your petition today. And start collecting!



# National boredom

By James Cory  
11th-History

After that week-long, tearful TV pathos in August, it certainly is something of a relief not to have to hear and read Richard Nixon's name 27 times a day. Now we're treated to the carefully pre-arranged and equally pathetic sequel: Ford pardons Nixon and the Watergate Dozens.

Without trial, let alone verdict, without so much as an indictment, Nixon is scot free. That must be considered as something of a triumph for the man

family limousine on the White House driveway.

Fine, but what happened to the 18,000-page dossier which the FBI compiled on Ford's activities since he was first elected to public office? It has undoubtedly been shredded. The public never saw it. Just leave it to the media to brush Ford up, make a hero out of an ogre. The majority of the American people already detest Rockefeller and have for years, but that's no matter for someone whose family possesses a good slice of the world's wealth. Nixon is expected to glean six million dollars from the publication of his memoirs. Agnew, the grabby buffoon, is trying to sell his professional services, whatever they are outside of wanton pilfering, to one or another of the owners of Greece.

But for all the grunting and wheezing at the millionaire trough, which of the current kingmakers has so much as mentioned the prospect of a new, immediate, presidential election? None, of course, and neither are they likely to. It would seem that the only way out of the national malaise would be new presidential elections to be held within the next six months. Neither of the two topdogs has been elected to his position. The first notable thing Ford has done is to pardon Richard Nixon. Honesty is not the only quality thieves share among themselves. Nixon has neither confessed, nor been convicted, of any crime for which to seek pardon. The whole situation is precisely the opposite of the circumstances created

by Kafka in "The Trial." Kafka's "K." had absolutely no idea why he was being tried. Nixon — at least according to what he's told the public — should have no idea why he is being pardoned!

For the people of America these events, which history will hopefully survive to record as pivotal in the final, tragic years of the American Republic, are boring. Nixon, Ford, Rockefeller, Kennedy — what difference does it make? The national standard of living continues to erode. The stock market reels. Big deal — who owns stock anyway? This, the national mood, is a deeply restless brooding boredom. It is the sort of agonized boredom from which violence ultimately springs.

The fact of the matter is simply that the international economy is a decayed corpse. Italy and Argentina are on the verge of civil war. India is desperately searching for food stocks to replenish her dangerously depleted stores. The rate of inflation in all the advanced capitalist countries continues to rise. In Japan, it is now close to 25 per cent. Several major banks in West Germany have gone under in the last three months. Social relations of all forms are inevitably strained to the breaking point by the disintegration of the axis around which they ultimately revolve, economy.

The raging twenties, fifties and sixties nostalgia must consequently give way to an enforced nostalgia, a nostalgia which no one wants, the nostalgia of the thirties. Because nothing is more boring than mass unemployment.

## Collegian forum

whose long and sordid career as greatest of the anti-communist American politicians was forever just hovering over the smoky abyss of scandal and shame.

With both of the men elected in 1972 now flushed from their respective offices, the political cartel has furnished "Ford and Rockefeller" to replace the "two outcasts. The name itself, "Ford and Rockefeller" sounds like the latest corporate merger.

In fact, of course, it is little more than that: Ford, notorious political neanderthal, coupled with Rockefeller, whose name is virtually an American synonym for gargantuan riches. The media exultantly trumpet the wholesomeness of our new, and unselected, political swineherd. Ford played football for Michigan. His daughter babysits for fifty cents an hour. Steve Ford washes the

# Letters to the Editor

The Daily Collegian encourages comments on news coverage, editorial policy and campus and off-campus affairs. Letters should be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include the name, term and major of the writer.

Letters should be brought to the Collegian office, 126 Carnegie, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld on request. If letters are received by mail, the Collegian will contact the signer for verification before publication. Letters cannot be returned.

## Administrative errors

TO THE EDITOR: The students of Penn State should not have to suffer due to administrative "errors." My name appears in the fall catalogue as instructor of Art History 100. I will not be teaching this course, and, in fact, no other full professor is likely to be teaching it.

My name was entered in the catalogue although it was known that I would not be teaching at all in that term. I was not consulted. Since the catalogue was printed I have resigned from Penn State and wish all my earlier students success and happiness in the future.

Jan Van Der Meulen  
Chairman, Department of Art  
Cleveland State University

## Parking roulette

TO THE EDITOR: A few years ago, an undergraduate motorist with a full tank of gas and nothing to do on a Friday night would head off to Bellefonte and spend an exciting evening driving around the town square staring at the passers in the other cars. Finally, the Town Fathers were so distressed at the popularity of this game that they erected a few deviously placed "NO LEFT TURN" signs, and this sporting event came to a close.

But now rejoice car owners! The thoughtful Penn State hierarchy has provided us with a new sport, eclipsing the Bellefonte game for thrills and excitement. We call it "Parking Lot 80 Roulette!"

This new sport, which can be enjoyed daily, is played in a number of equally exciting ways. In one of the more popular varieties, at least a dozen cars cruise up and down the parking lanes looking for the ever elusive parking place. The action begins when the motorists hear an engine starting, signaling that a place will soon be available. All cars in the area drive at top speed towards the place and jockey for position to park. In case of ties the winner is determined by either the direction

that the departing car chooses, or by which competing motorist has the highest insurance premiums.

For those participants with weak hearts there are more sedate games. A fun one consists of following a student walking through the lot and gambling whether he or she is going to a car or to East Halls. Motorists with high ESP ratings do particularly well here.

Finally, for people with plenty of time there is the "stake-out." In this event, the motorist selects a spot with good visibility and idles there until he sees a parking place open up. From this point the game is indistinguishable from the others. However, the stake-out has the added interest of being able to watch the frustrated faces of all the other competitors as they drive by.

As for me, I think I'm going to retire from active play and take a bus or drive my bike, which, I have this sneaky suspicion, is exactly what the Penn State hierarchy had in mind!

Richard Victor  
graduate-music

## Sacredness of life

TO THE EDITOR: I have followed, with dismay, the state legislature's attempt to override Governor Shapp's veto of the abortion bill.

After reading the facts, I wonder how a group of people can believe they are so righteous that they can force a grown individual to get consent for an abortion. Obviously, there are severe overtones of religion and political ambition in this action.

Defenders of this action talk about the sacredness of life. This is but a personal moral belief; should this belief be forced on all of society?

Doesn't an individual have the right to make decisions that would greatly affect his (or her) life?

This seems like another attempt by the old, burnt-out

supermen in our legislature to preserve the backward life-style that Pennsylvania is noted for.

Kim Plourde  
7th-chemistry

## The ugly American

TO THE EDITOR: I am compelled by my sense of justice to speak out against the blatant armed invasion of Cyprus by Turkey. Recent events have shown the U.S. to be totally irresponsible and self-seeking in allowing its weapons to be used by Turkey to invade and destroy the independence of Cyprus. The U.S. government supplies millions of dollars worth of weapons to Turkey which are then used to invade a small defenseless country, while the U.S. government maintains a passive role in the conflict. Is it U.S. policy to arm aggressive nations around the world? If not, will the U.S. continue to aid Turkey? I think U.S. aid to Turkey should stop immediately.

Certain aspects of U.S. foreign policy seem to me to be unjust and inconsistent with the fundamental principles which this country espouses; namely, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all. U.S. weapons have deprived Cyprus of these rights. Two hundred thousand people have been left homeless and starving. Hospitals and schools have been "inadvertently" bombed. Is it our government's policy to condone aggression by one of our allies against another? And if so, can we, as citizens of both America and the world, happily support our government? How would you feel if foreign weapons were used to deprive you of your constitutional rights?

In summary, I feel that Turkey is an aggressor and should be branded as such. All U.S. aid to Turkey, military or financial, should stop immediately. The U.S. should use all peaceful means to force Turkey to withdraw its forces from Cyprus, thereby guaranteeing the independence of Cyprus. The U.S. must stop supporting unjust governments and dictatorships around the world for selfish purposes.

If you agree with me, please let the Congress and our

President know before the "Ugly American" becomes a reality  
Constantine Exarchos  
Graduate Assistant-geochemistry

# the Collegian

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# Freshpersons and strangers

By STEVE OSTROSKY  
of the Collegian Staff

Every year about this time thousands of freshpersons and other new University Park students flood the campus and town.

It is also the time when upperclasspersons take extreme delight in watching the dazed freshpersons stumble around campus and, at times, adding to their humbling confusion.

For example, six freshmen were walking to University President John Oswald's freshpersons convocation last Tuesday night in Rec Hall.

As they entered Waring, one turned to the rest and innocently asked, "Is this Rec Hall?" No my dear, Joe Paterno probably would be with you with a football if he heard you had just put his office in the middle of a vending machine.

Then there were the two males walking down to Willard when one pointed and asked, "Is that the Forum?" Obviously a freshperson who will soon learn the horrors of Willard — namely classes. Or there is the student who stopped an upperclassperson on Pollock Road and

asked, "Can you tell how to get to the H.U.B.?"

Stories about the HUB and freshpersons are not lacking, but it's even more fun when the parents join in.

Two parents and their daughter, walking by Chambers on their way to the Rec Hall, asked, "How much farther is it to the HUB?" Or the ones that asked where Willard was when they were standing five feet away from it.

But even more interesting is what freshpersons think about Penn State after they have been through the mill several times.

One of the more interesting reactions has to be that of three girls being told of the streakers that roamed West Halls last winter and spring: "You mean they actually did it there?"

Or take the ordinary freshperson-upperclassperson conversation on the street:

U: How do you like Penn State?  
F: Well, the chicks are fine, if you know what I mean. The food isn't the best, but I guess the beer washes down all right. My roommate is a bum, but that's all right — so am I. You wouldn't believe

how we spent our first night here.

U: And how was that?

F: Well, if you promise not to tell my parents, it was one long party. First there was the pot party down on second floor of Sprout. Then we hiked down to Pollock to visit all the sorority types. Man, that was a blast. Then there was that party over on the first floor of Pennypacker. We emptied three kegs there before the party broke up at three. U: Is that all you did?

F: Yeah. Tremendous night, wasn't it? U: Kid, on the Penn State level of 10, your night might rate a one. By the time you're a senior, your shortest parties will last four days. I remember one party down in Hamilton that went on for the whole term. That's a party. One, big 10-week party.

But pity the poor freshperson adviser. These poor professors and students have to bear the brunt of the freshperson's first encounter with University academic life. Thus follows a typical freshperson-adviser conversation:

F: I want to take Poli. Sci. 425, Math 404, English 475 and maybe a nine-credit

practicum.

A: Wait a minute. What makes you think you can take all this stuff, and why do you want to do it?

F: I want to graduate in 3 terms, and I figured if I took a lot of courses they would let me. Besides, I was told 400-level courses are for the birds, and my name is Richard Bird.

At this point the adviser throws his hands up in the air, and either commits suicide or sits down and tells the freshperson about the facts of Penn State — English 1, Econ 14, Poli Sci 3 and other assorted "delightful" courses.

And then it was the first day of classes. Freshpersons swarmed the campus, trying to figure out where 303 Willard could possibly be because the room numbers in Willard went only as low as 359.

But most of them have lived through the first week. They are starting to become "Penn Staters."

And though upperclasspersons may hate and despise them, remember one thing — Penn State without freshpersons would be like World War II without the Germans.

