

Who knows best?

"I do what I think is best for the students," says Undergraduate Student Government President George Cernusca.

Cernusca did not say, "I try to do what the students want me to do."
Remember when your mother used to say, "I don't care what you want. I know what is best for you. And candy is bad for your teeth. So you can't have any."

Do you want Cernusca or any USG president or senator to be your mother? Or did you elect them to represent your interests and accomplish what you want done?

It has become apparent that, even if USG were willing to do what you want, it cannot in its present form get much of anything done.

Most senators, along with Cernusca and USG Vice President Marian Mientus, seem to agree, since the Senate has set up a committee to study revisions of the constitution.

The senate has requested student input on their committee. This is a step in the right direction. Senators are so involved they cannot see all the ills of their organization, and they do not know all of what students want or could suggest.

The major problem is that students have no vote on that committee. In the end, the senators, with their vested interests, can do as they please or what they feel is best for students rather than what students want.

Even Cernusca does not seem to think his own senate is capable of coming up with the proper changes in the constitution.

He is holding his own "summit conference," at which the purpose of student government and possible changes in the present structure will be discussed.

Cernusca, however, seems to be afraid of the student input the Senate requests, since he

refuses to permit students who are not USG members to attend.

When President Ford held his summit conference on inflation, he did not invite only his best buddies, senators and representatives. He invited experts from across the nation.

What better experts are there on what students want than the students themselves? Cernusca must invite all interested students. He must at the very least invite all those students who know just as much or more about student government as he does.

USG is sick and must not try to be its own doctor. Do not let Cernusca and the Senate do what they think is best for you.

Insist that Cernusca hold a constitutional convention, rather than a private, closed summit conference. Make sure you have a say at that convention.



Letters to the Editor of the Collegian

Larger library

TO THE EDITOR: I would like to suggest that a possible addition to the University could be a larger library facility at East Halls. The present library facility in the basement of Findlay Hall does not meet the needs of the many students who find it necessary to study in a quiet area. This library is usually overcrowded and does not adequately accommodate the many students who attempt to study here. Many residents of East Halls are forced to go either to Pollock Undergraduate or to Pattee Libraries. Because Pattee offers such a good atmosphere in which to study, it is exploited to its fullest. If a new library was added to the campus, it would relieve the strain on the present libraries.

Not only do the crowded conditions and poor design of the East Library present problems, but the distance one must travel to and from another library may be quite distressing. For the female student returning to East Halls late at night, the fear and chance of rape are very high.

Although the new recreation building in East is greatly needed and appreciated, I would like to see the University Planning Committee act on needs of the academic student.

Laura Seybert
4th-plant science

First aid

TO THE EDITOR: On Saturday, following the Penn State vs. Wake Forest game, I came across what proved to be incompetence at its best—or I should say its worst. I am referring to an accident involving an elderly male victim. A man of at least 80 years of age had fallen and rolled down a rock-laden embankment, receiving a lacerated nose bleeding internally as well as externally. The victim was surrounded by the usual onlooking crowd. Three persons, one of whom claimed to be a doctor, were giving direct aid.

Basic knowledge of first aid provides that all cautions be taken with head injuries (over-cautious as opposed to under-cautious)—Especially with an older person, whose body

recovery mechanics are of a slower, weaker state than those of one in his prime.

I located a campus police officer and directed his attention to the incident and the need of an ambulance. The officer then came over to the scene and said an ambulance was on its way. Meanwhile, I was having a hard time convincing the victim and the people around him to keep him still and in proper position until the ambulance arrived. Nevertheless two persons wanted to move the victim to their car and take him off. I do not want to sound harsh of the people who were trying to help. They were very beneficial in bringing the bleeding under control and preventing the victim from entering a state of shock. But that and keeping a victim warm are the extent of what they should do. I have been a firefighter and worked with ambulance crews for more than two years now, and I feel qualified to present this view. Here I was, watching three persons—a doctor, so acclaimed, who gave no diagnostic tests such as eye focus, reflexive manipulation, or muscular coordination; a woman claiming the victim's pulse was back to normal when I can't see how she would know his normal pulse; and a student with all the style of Marcus Welby. I could not blame them for not listening to me; I had no identification. But what really ragged me was the officer's action. The only one having the authority to control the situation copped out. When I told him to bring the ambulance on in and to keep the victim still he fully agreed. Yet somehow the chiefs persuaded him to put the ambulance back in service. They then stood him up, sat him in the front seat of the car, and proceeded to fall in the rear of the line waiting to leave the field parking. I figure about 10 to 15 minutes to get out of the parking lot and another 20 minutes to reach flowing traffic was ahead of them.

Chances are the old man made it. But what if he had gone into a state of shock, lost consciousness, or began hemorrhaging when in the stop and go traffic? A phone or type of assistance would have been hard to come by. I suggest to the campus patrol, particularly the officer who was in charge, that you have discretion and, most of all, you have common sense. Next time, use it! Let trained professional attendants with proper diagnostic equipment come to a conclusion.

Steve Heid
1st-pre-law

Collage is here!

TO THE EDITOR: So Misters Messerschmidt and Seiberlich took a trip through the looking glass in search of Collage, finally giving up, convinced we were in Havana. Perhaps they could have better spent their time in search of Froth. This campus needs a good humor magazine, and a good humor magazine needs imaginative writers. For the record: Collage is not connected with USG, nor funded by them. In fact, Collage is not yet funded by anybody. Our charter has been submitted to the USG Supreme Court, just like every other student organization's charter. If the court approves our charter, Collage will then, hopefully, be funded directly by ASA. We are forming this organization because we believe that the students and administration have a right to another voice, another medium of communication and information. Penn State, once a pioneer in the field of television has fallen far behind other schools in exploration of the medium. This is 1974; the tube's been around a long while. It's time we accepted television; it's time to use it, experiment with it, and improve it. Our organization, once chartered will have room for students with all kinds of abilities and interests. Even Misters Messerschmidt and Seiberlich have a place, but their fanciful writing does not. Better they save it for English!

Kurt Wanfried
8th-journalism

Wretched schedule

TO THE EDITOR: This confession may come as a surprise to those students in my first period oriental art class at whom I snarl for coming in late and sleeping in class. But this present student generation is really a very attractive group of young people and I thoroughly enjoy working with them. They do not remember how things were here four years ago when Penn State seemed on the verge of closing. The Bolshevik storming of the Winter Palace in the October Revolution of 1917 was echoed here in the storming of the President's House in the Spring of 1970. I wonder whatever became of "Commander Ali" who led that assault!

Since then, things have changed. The University Calendar was revised, ostensibly to help students compete for summer jobs but, some think, to clear the campus early and avoid uprisings. But now riding is out of fashion.

Meanwhile, we have a wretched schedule which is at its worst in a winter session that really adds up to an eight week term. Whatever we try to offer in those abortive two weeks before the Christmas break gets lost in the shuffle. I yearn for the good old days and the schedule that was. The fall term began in late September and finished in good time for students to earn Christmas money. It's good to know that the Calendar Commission is deliberating on what is good for Penn State. I hope they will at least solve the problem of the unfortunate winter term.

Walton J. Lord
Associate professor art history

Speak on calendar

TO THE EDITOR: A decision that will ultimately affect everyone at the Pennsylvania State University is now being made and only a small minority has any knowledge of the pending decision. I am referring to the Faculty Senate which is now discussing whether or not to go back to the 15-week, 2-term system, thereby dropping the 4-quarter system. There will be some provision for a summer term, but as of yet the details have not been worked out. The reasons for the reverse are: summer term never reached its expected enrollment and the teachers feel more learning will take place in a 50-minute class than the present 75-minute period, as supported by the student's present failing attention span as the period wears on. The final resolution will be made by the end of the upcoming winter term and will be implemented in the Fall of 1976.

There are fifteen or sixteen votes on this committee, only three of which are student votes; the general attitude of the professors seems to be for the two semester system.

If the students of this University have anything to say, let's hear it now, and not after the resolution has been passed.

Laura Mary Naab
1st-biology

This side of the truth

Kidnapped by the University

By JACK JACKSON
of the Collegian staff

Beads of sweat dripped down the side of my face as I tried to look around the room. It was dark and I could hardly crawl about—my hands were tied behind my back and my feet were bound together with my belt.

I tried to collect my thoughts and reason why I had been kidnapped. Yes, why was I kidnapped? When did it all start? My mind drifted over the afternoon's events.

I had been walking down Pollock Road on my way to see my adviser. All of a sudden, a tall orange girl wearing a blonde parka, or something like that, jumped out from behind some bushes, grabbed the typewriter I always carry with me, overpowered me, threw me in the back of a Maintenance and Operations van and drove off.

She took me to Shields, where she gagged me with a pre-registration form. Then she threw me in a room with hundreds of filing cabinets, obviously intending to torture me. But I still don't know why.

I looked around again, still trying to

figure out what I had done wrong. As I crawled about the room I noticed something very strange about the filing cabinets. All of them were labeled "miscellaneous," except for two that were labeled "Oswald, John W." and "kidnappings." There were also boxes and boxes of red tape labeled "for use with University business only."

I found a pair of dull, rusty scissors labeled "for use on red tape only" on top of one of the boxes and proceeded to cut the rope off my hands.

A light switched on. Overhead, a tiny voice said, "This is Shields Control. There is a 448-B in the main filing room: cutting rope with red tape scissors."

I was just getting free. I ran over to the kidnapping file, hoping that something in it would tell me why I had been kidnapped. Unfortunately, the tall orange girl with a blonde parka came back in.

"What are you doing?" she said, as she filled out a 448-B violation form.

"Never mind that," I answered. "Who are you? You just can't go around abducting people and tying them up. Are you with some kind of terrorist group?"

"No," she replied, "I'm with the University. We have found some discrepancies in your file and we want

you to correct them. Here, fill out this form."

She handed me a kidnapping form. I had to fill in the method of kidnapping, describe means of capture and get it signed by my adviser or extortionist.

She went over to one of the cabinets labeled miscellaneous, reached in and pulled out my file.

"How did you do that?" I asked incredulously. "There must be 30,000 different files in this room."

"Oh, is this yours?" she asked. "That sure has never happened before. Well, I was just going to show you an example of a proper file. (She pulled out another.) Here, this reads 'Packer, Marian C.' Yours reads 'Jackson, Jack.' Don't you see anything wrong?"

"Sure. They forgot my middle name."

"You don't have one. Under middle name it says 'none.' That's why you're here."

I looked at her, dumbfounded. "What? Sure I do. Let me see the form. Jack N. Jackson. Sure, here it is: Jack None Jackson. That's my middle name."

"Do you mean to tell me your middle name is None? This is highly irregular," she said taking out a high irregularity

form. "I can't believe you. They warned me about you columnists."

She jumped on me again without warning and tied me to the John W. Oswald filing cabinet.

"You tell me what your real middle name is or do I have to get violent?" she warned. She threatened to hit me with Volume 12 of the course repeat filing procedure.

"No," I said, trying to hide my fear. "I've sworn never to divulge my name." She picked up Volume 13, but I held my ground.

"Well, then," she said pulling a card out of my file. "If you don't talk, I'll have your student I.D. picture printed in the paper." She flashed the picture of a skinny, short-haired pimply person in front of me.

I broke down. "Alright," I gasped. "I never used to tell anyone what my middle name meant. It's very embarrassing. It's a Latin sentence with the initials N.O.N.E. It says Nolo Ostrossa Non Elektra."

"What does it mean?"

"Without electricity, the osterizer won't work."

Of course I have a steam-powered one, too.

the daily Collegian

DIANE M. NOTTLE
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Sports Staff: 865-1820
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Swallow the bullet now

By PATRICK SOKAS
of the Collegian Staff

President Ford apparently has decided that America is going to have to swallow that bullet.

In Tuesday's speech before the Future Farmers of America, that illustrious group which was just dying to hear another inflation package, the measures which Ford recommended sounded much more like concessions to the enemy than strategy in a war against inflation.

The situation is clear: Americans are going to be forced to adjust, on a permanent basis, to a standard of living far below that to which they have become accustomed. Ford has said as much in many, many words. But to tell America outright that the golden years are behind us would be political poison. As it is, Ford is already feeling the effects of some lead poisoning from that bullet.

There remains the question of what led to this unfortunate situation. Culprits ranging from Arab sheiks to deficit spending have been blamed. In reality, the situation is far too complex to allow us to blame any one group or factor.

A major factor in the economic crisis is the aftershock from the death of economic imperialism.

Now that colonialism and armed intervention are no longer fashionable, the underdeveloped nations, in which most of the important natural resources are located, are taking it out on the old Sugar Daddies.

The oil business is the most prominent example, but there are a host of others. The producers of bauxite, for example, have become so cantankerous that Alcoa has stopped making aluminum for and the stuff may become hard to find in the near future. Chrome, largely available only from the friendly

governments of Rhodesia and the Soviet Union, is another metal to be put on the doubtful list.

The industrial nations became wealthy by buying resources cheap and selling the finished products back to their colonies, economic and political, at inflated prices. Now that the shoe is on the other foot, the industrial nations are going to have to adjust to a slower-pitched economy.

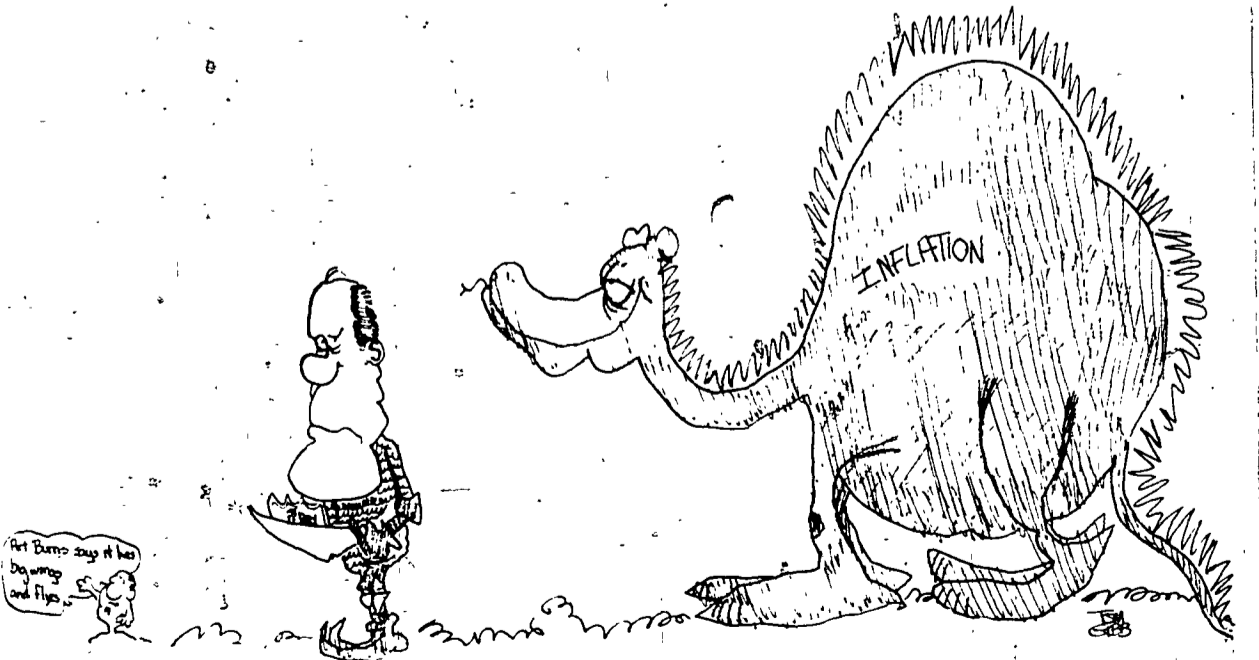
The United States has the additional problem of renewed competition from other industrial nations.

After World War II, America had the advantage of being the only major industrial nation which had not been badly messed up by the war. To be fair about it, and to preserve the markets, the United States allowed the entire economic system to be arranged to put products from other nations in the advantage both here and elsewhere.

Western Europe and Japan are now fully recovered, and America has not been able to keep pace with their advances. This has required changes in the international trade rules, including devaluation of the dollar, in order to put the United States on a more equal footing.

In the long run, this means that Americans will have to accept a standard of living more like that of the other industrial nations — which means lower. Europe has known gasoline at one dollar a gallon and income tax approaching 50 per cent for years. Now it's our turn.

So, in the long run, we cannot expect to win the battle against inflation. If winning means to return to our former standard of living, we must learn to adjust to having less. If Gerald Ford thinks that the best way to tell us that is a little bit at a time in long-winded speeches, so be it. It will not change the facts.



Here, dragon...here, dragon...Odd—I could have sworn it was out here somewhere.