



"Don't tell me, let me guess...  
you're here to talk about your final grade."

# Thanksgiving

While you're gobbling your turkey, what are you going to be thankful for besides the end of cram week?

You could be thankful that Mr. Woskob is not considering 13-month leases. Or that the Graduate Student Association and the Organization of Town Independent Students are working on student housing co-op.

You could be thankful for the OTIS housing tour which revealed windows sealed shut, exposed water pipes and shaky fire escapes to University administrators and State College officials. Or for the evolving State College Tenants Union, which will try to alleviate some of these conditions.

The University Concert Committee deserves a big hand for on-campus entertainment this term, from Bonnie Raitt to Loggins and Messina. You could give thanks that no one smoked in the new University Auditorium allowing rock concerts to continue there.

The Undergraduate Student Government Circus and the Penn State Watergate also provided some great entertainment. You could be thankful that the first organizational meeting of the Constitutional Convention was held and a new and better student representation organization may replace the circus.

Or you could be grateful that USG President George Cernusca has not developed phlebitis and can show up for the USG Supreme Court hearings on the impeachment articles.

Academic Assembly deserves a pat on the back for the calendar system poll, the results of which should have a big effect on the administration's decision whether or not to switch to the semester system. You could be thankful that they are considering going to 15-week semesters and not 5-week terms.

You could be thankful that the Board of Trustees has decided only to have open meetings patrolled with campus police service men to make sure the public does not become "disorderly." After all, they could have had all those attending bound and gagged.

Students organizing the Pennsylvania Student Lobby rate some appreciation points, since their first priority is trying to increase state educational aid. Or you could be thankful that your tuition has only doubled in the past decade and not quadrupled.

Of course, you could give thanks that there are only two weeks of "happiness" in this valley before you get another vacation.

# PSU after 3 1/3 years

By ARTHUR TURFA  
of the Collegian Staff

The Pennsylvania State University, renowned for its football team, outgoing coeds, mature males and exhilarating metropolitan location, belongs to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Fortunately for the latter, there is a good 90 miles between Harrisburg and State College.

Like most universities in the world's largest democracy, Penn State offers the graduating high school senior an opportunity to spend four years sitting in the Forum or in Willard to acquire a tolerance or even craving for alcohol (you'd drink, too, if the nearest major settlement was Bellefonte), a place to leave on Fridays, and, although this benefit is purely optional, a chance to receive an education.

If everyone here demanded an education, the library would require making a reservation three weeks in advance. As it is, the student generally has no problem finding room, even if he or she has to settle for a rest room in the stacks.

However, this tree-covered and abounding-with-squirrels campus isn't the only place where things are happening. College Avenue can't compete with New York's Fifth Avenue or with London's Piccadilly Circus, but the people in the Municipal Building on Fraser Street apparently think so.

For instance, the Fraser Street Mall recently came into being. Unlike its big brothers in King of Prussia or Monroeville, this brainchild of an unknown genius encompasses enough stores to count on one hand. This high degree of pretentiousness is indicative of State College, that forlorn outpost of civilization along the Wilderness Road between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

To be sure, the Nittany Valley has no lack of culture. Skeptics may check out the biology department for some. All seriousness aside, the Artists Series does a wonderful job in luring as well as trapping performing artists into bringing matches to light the Candle of Culture on campus. Some University people are so thrilled to see a good (or even a mediocre) orchestra come to the Auditorium that they applaud between movements. Their joy is so great that they can't restrain displaying it.

This isn't to infer that all entertainment must be imported. USG brings merriment not only during its spring elections but also during the other terms. By now there is hardly a resident of this state who doesn't know about the Nittany Watergate. The most chilling result of this fiasco is that in the all too near future these people will be involved in state and national governmental scandals. Perhaps the poli sci department should offer a B.S. in corruption.

How can any graduate think of Penn State without thinking about Rittenour? This writer, for one, would prefer not to. The 1,400 Potato farmers who donated the facility should be tried for ignorance, or in lieu of that they should be forced to go there for treatment whenever they become ill.

As those 2,000-odd people sit in the splendor of Rec Hall less than a fortnight from now, they will look back upon their years at dear old State. Hopefully they will brush aside these thoughts and think of something better, such as global famine or the energy crisis.

At this time, this writer would like to bid farewell to this campus, and in addition to those he knew, whose names lack of space, libel laws and common sense prohibit printing. All of them played some part, some exerted a major influence, others a small one, in shaping him into the person he is today. Where did they go wrong?

# So, until next season...

By JACK JACKSON  
of the Collegian Staff

"The following is a presentation of ABC sports," the voice coming from the TV said. The next thing to come from the TV was an all too familiar nasal twang.

"This is Howard Cosell reporting, bringing you a special sports roundup at the close of the journalistic season.

"And this has been a tough season for newspaper clubs all over the nation, especially in the college leagues. There have been bad breaks all through the regular season schedule in the way of injuries often paralyzing the team.

"Before we go into the locker room for some first-hand interviews, let's re-cap the season. The opposing teams from Washington and USG had been fighting dirty, with lots of quarterback sneaks early in the first period, forcing the journalists into a ground game they didn't want. Then in the second half, Washington substituted quarterbacks causing the journalists to sustain heavy losses in manpower, losing two tight ends and a freshman columnist from Tennessee.

"With pressure in the last quarter, they came out with a cunning defensive strategy and brilliant offensive moves in editorial and ad-

vertising policy.

"We're here in the Collegian locker room now with Dandy Don and Frank Gifford to interview some of the players in today's key game. Take it away, Don."

"Thank you, Howard. I'm here with one of the specialist squads on the team, the editorial board. They're celebrating their victory with Collegian Quarterback Diane Nottle by pouring Holy Water and Iron City beer over her. I'll have some more from them in a little while. Over to you, Frank."

"Thank you, Don. Frank Gifford here with Bill Spangler, one of the defensive columnists who won the MVP award (most valuable publisher) for the game. Bill, how do you feel about the season?"

"Real good, Frank. I was tight on the ground, passing defense was good, and we sacked three presidents in just this last game."

"Where do you go from here, Bill?"

"Well, as you know I was picked up by the Collegian in the third round of draft picks last spring. I'd like to stay on, but I think I'm going to be traded to a pro team in Philadelphia for two typists and an Italian sports editor."

"Good trade. Tom! Tom Gibb, could you come over here? This is Tom Gibb, defensive cartoonist in the

Collegian secondary. What was the big play of the game, Tom?"

"I'd have to say it was late in the third quarter, Frank. Ford had just been made quarterback, the fans were behind him and it was first and ten in great field position. He pitched the ball back to his halfback, Cernusca, trying to make up for Quarterback Nixon's mistake and they fumbled. I just saw the ball lying there, and I pounced on it."

"Okay, thank you, Tom. Back to you Howard."

"Thank you, Frank. I'm standing here with the mere shadow of a man, bent and wracked, from the game. This is Jack Jackson, offensive columnist for the Collegian. Tell me Jack, why are you crying?"

"Go away, Howard. You're obnoxious. Can't you see I can't cope with you today? It's horrible, it's terrible."

"And tell me, Jack Jackson, what is so terrible?"

"What isn't so terrible? What's left at the end of the season? There's nothing left to write about. Nothing is funny anymore. Is anyone out there? Is anyone listening? Do you know how depressing it is to be funny?"

"Oh, no, but I think the opposing teams do. This is Howard Cosell reporting."

# Phone book interesting reading

By DAVID KASZYCKI  
of the Collegian Staff

At Penn State the parties never end, or so I've heard. Parties are fine, but I enjoy more mundane ways of spending my time - like reading the student directory.

Seriously - have you ever taken the time to look through the new directory? I did and found some astonishing and not-so-astonishing facts about our campus.

Before I go on I must admit that I enjoy lists - lists of all kinds - from the Times best seller list and Billboard's top 200 albums to the leading rushers in the National Football League.

Lists are data and data never lies.

The University student directory is very pleasant list - reading material - so pleasant that I have literally spent hours leafing through every page in the book - all 151 pages from Constance Aaron to Sandra Zyzack.

There are 30,687 names in the directory, 1,020 more names than last year. I have figured out the 25 most popular names on campus. For your edification I will name the top five: Smith (238), Miller (207), Brown (114), Johnson (103) and Williams (94).

If your name is Richard Smith, imagine having eight other students

with your name! Identity crisis, anyone?

Better, perhaps, to have distinctive names no one else would possibly have, like Difeliciantonio or Nareesrisawasdi. The trouble with that is filling out all those cards at registration. They may get writer's cramp before the first day of classes.

Since I have a hard name to pronounce, I envy those persons with three letters or less in their names: Dix, Hix, Mix or Nix or Bay, Say, Hay or May. How about Dee, Fie or Key?

Short names can still be confusing though. Is it e before o or o before e? There is a Koe, Seo, Boe, Yeo, Reo and Roe.

Thirteen students have a last name with only two letters, but only one, Ng, has no vowels. Shortest name prize goes to Un Yu (that is his first and last name).

Then there are those noun name persons like Persons and Peoples. Talk about sex and violence; there aren't any here. PSU is more sedate. We have a couple Peaces, eight Loves and a Lust.

Politically speaking, there are 19 Fords (no Jerrys or Bettys). No Nixons this year. There were two in last year's book. Penn State has its own Watergate, of course. We even have a John Dean, John Mitchell and a few Haldemans to play the roles. Penn State has two Gays, one

Queer, but no Faggots. Religion-wise we have a Priest, three Christs, a Lord and 2 Angels. Ours is an international campus with two Parises, a London and a Moscow and seven Berlins. Closer to home there is a Cleveland and a Dallas.

Drugs? There are two Reds, a Meth, a couple Roaches, and a Stash, plus Lauren S. Davis (LSD). As far as alcohol, there are four Beers, two Booz and a Boozer. Then there are the six students who are unspecified as just High.

Kings are very popular on campus (49 of them), but there are also four Princes and a Queen as well as four Dukes and two Earls. Penn State is a very colorful campus. Besides the usual Brown, White, Gray and Green,

there are a couple Blues, Golds and Silvers.

Penn State has 12 students named West, none of whom live in West, and 11 named Pollock, none of whom live in Pollock.

Last names can sometimes be confused with first names. There is a David Stanley and a Stanley David; a Robert Thomas and a Thomas Roberts. Others never have that problem, like Richard Richard and William Williams.

Having spent hours studying the student directory, I consider myself an authority on the subject. Unfortunately, though, the University does not offer classes in the subject, so I'll be content with this knowledge for knowledge's sake.

# What's really causing inflation

By JAMES M. CORY  
of the Collegian Staff

The world's present economic difficulties flow not from one or even several factors impressionistically gathered from newspapers and magazines. There is, for instance, no "oil crisis," quite simply because there is plenty of oil. The Vietnam War is a bogus too, because inflation and growing unemployment are hardly confined to the United States. Finally, it is the height of arrogance to attribute capitalism's cancer to "the unions." The standard of living of trade unionists, measured in terms of real purchasing power, has declined markedly since 1965. The trade unions are responsible only to the extent that they have taken no action against the Republican-Democratic political cartel.

On Aug. 15, 1971, former President Nixon imposed mandatory wage-price controls, severed the international link between gold and the dollar, and erected a series of barriers designed to stem the tide of imported manufactured goods from Europe and Japan. Before these moves by Nixon, the United States, in terms of monetary policy, had operated in accordance with the agreements made at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, in 1944. These agreements provided that all major capitalist powers would accept the dollar as the equivalent of gold and as the basis of all other

major currencies (the pound, the franc, the lira, the mark and the guilder). These decisions created conditions for a tremendous world inflationary development and cleared the way for the large-scale pumping of American dollars (via the Marshall Plan, etc.) into war-torn Europe as a basis for European recovery. However, the extremely contradictory nature of the Bretton Woods agreements coupled with the inevitable tendency for the inflationary measures upon which the post-war boom was constructed to serve to rip it apart at a later date manifested themselves from the late 1950's on in the form of a growing deficit in the United States balance of payments.

Consequently, following the Second World War, enormous quantities of paper currency rolled off of Treasury Department printing presses, creating then widening a chasm between American gold reserves and the vast pools of fictitious (potentially worthless) currency held by banks in Europe and Japan. The net effect of American monetary policy, as long as it conformed to the Bretton Woods agreements, was to reduce American gold reserves from 25 billion (as late as 1950) to \$10 billion in 1968. Against this \$10 billion in gold stand some 70 plus millions in paper currency held abroad.

In an effort to restabilize the situation the United States, under Kennedy, sharply cut "aid" to underdeveloped countries. This failed to have any

significant effect and the guns were trained on Europe. The U.S. flatly refused to supply the credits necessary to prop up the sagging pound, which Britain's Labor government was forced to devalue in 1967. The devaluation of the pound in 1967 marked the end of the whole postwar period dominated by the Bretton Woods agreements. Because the attack on the pound was actually directed against the dollar, it was followed by an intensive dollar crisis in December of 1967, which in turn brought tremendous pressure upon gold in March 1968. This led to the establishment of Special Drawing Rights and finally to the two-tier system, in which the price of gold was artificially frozen for monetary purposes.

The real crisis was and is the inability to circulate commodities and raw materials through paper currency, which now strangles industrial and agricultural production. Recognizing the rapid depreciation of the value of paper currencies, the oil producers simply raised their prices to quantities of currency which roughly conform to the present market value of their oil. The parallel existence of mass unemployment (depression) and triple- or quadruple-digit inflation, which could likely be the reality of two years from today, would go beyond the thirties as catastrophe and despair. The spectre of an international Weimar looms up grotesquely to haunt the world's bankers. In 1929, capitalism collapsed like a chilled soufflé. Now it's going down like a tire with a slow leak.

"IT'S A BOY...WHAT WITH THE COST OF SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING ELSE, WE DON'T DELIVER MANY LITTLE GALS ANMORE."



the **Collegian**

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