

Double jeopardy

Double jeopardy, said even in a low whisper, makes the University's Office of Conduct Standards wince. People constantly accuse Conduct Standards of placing students in double jeopardy, a system by which one person is tried in two different courts for the same crime.

Conduct Standards winces because it says it operates under "dual jurisdiction," not double jeopardy. But people still get confused and yell "double jeopardy" at Conduct Standards. Maybe because for all intents and purposes, they mean the same thing.

There have been other cases of "dual jurisdiction" in past years, but the most recent one involves an alleged rape at Phi-Gamma Delta fraternity. In this case, there is triple jurisdiction with the Interfraternity Council even taking a hand in the matter.

State College police have an investigation going, after which the

case will probably go to court. That's the state's trial and the only necessary one since the alleged crime was a state offense.

The University for some reason, felt it necessary to conduct its own hearings. Supposedly, this is to protect students at the University. But students at the University are also residents of Pennsylvania. Since the state laws protect them, the University's hearings are unnecessary and unfair.

The University even states that federal and state laws apply on campus in its "Policies and Rules for Students" booklet: "As citizens of the Commonwealth and the Nation, members of the University community enjoy the same basic rights and are bound by the same responsibilities to respect the rights of others, as are all citizens. The campus is not a sanctuary from the general law."

Assuming that's true, then the University bears the same respon-

sibility as the state toward those charged with committing state offenses. Those accused will go through the courts and emerge guilty or innocent. The University, in accord with constitutional law, could wait until a court verdict were pronounced to pass judgment on the accused.

Instead, as with the current Phi Gamma Delta case, the University holds its own speedy hearings, administers justice, and has the whole thing washed from the University in no time flat. The charged fraternity brothers could be found guilty by the University, innocent later by a state court and guilty again by IFC.

Such a system confuses everybody, including those found guilty, innocent and guilty. The penal code is designed to bring criminals to justice. But how can we be sure if the accused is a criminal if he is both guilty and innocent?



English columnist meets relatives and samples Woonsocket sherry

By NICK BRETT
Collegian Columnist

Tuesday
Two days to blast off and I'm not really sure that I want to go. They told me about culture shock before I left England, but this could be the biggest trip of the lot, the ultimate in assimilation and acceptance. Would the "cute" accent carry me through? Would they floor me with one of those weird American words — caboose, condominium, cabriole, cymatium?

In two days we'll be meeting around a turkey — me and 27 relatives by marriage in Boston, Mass.

Paranoia coming on real strong now as one more piece of plea bargaining with Alice fails — "What if I was to do the washing up single-handed for the next six months?" ... "Laundry?" ... "Couldn't you say I'm a Seventh Day Adventist and disagree with Thanksgiving on moral grounds?" ... "Jehovah's Witness?" ... "I could always give thanks over the phone!"

Wednesday
Friends drop by our apartment on Tussey Mountain and I spill all my fears. To end my babbling they tell me all about the Walton's TV Thanksgiving last fall. Apparently Jim-Bob and the rest recite in turn what they're thankful for. Do Seventh Day Adventists really oppose Thanksgiving on moral grounds?

Midnight and the paranoia's really digging in. This insane feeling that I'm John-boy reincarnated in Happy Valley. It all fits — sleeveless sweaters, wire-rims, the desire to a journalist. "We learnt many things on the Mountain, not least the meaning of Thanksgiving spent

with the ones we loved most dearly ... Good night, John-boy.

Thursday
No listing for Seventh Day Adventists in the phone book. A nice lady at telephone information assures me that the Plymouth Brethren do celebrate Thanksgiving. I remember Jerry Schwartz telling me not to buy him a Christmas present — a mad fleeting moment of hope! Does Jerry eat turkey, pumpkin pie, peanut butter (and jelly)? Maybe one of those pint posts who eat Palestinian rice (Deut. 11:44) and write those endless boring letters to the Collegian (Kings 23:16) can tell me if turkeys are kosher (Ecc. 19:31)? Sanity briefly restored as I decide against circumcision as a way of dodging Thanksgiving.

Positively no way out now. Noon and we're cruising through limerick country — Pawtucket, Nantucket, Woonsocket, Squibnocket. Mentally note that I'd better not mention over dinner where we've been. Bound to get tongue-tied and come out wrong.

No possible escape now. There they all are — 27 varieties of instant family. Glasses steam up and I become hopelessly embroiled in one of those endless courtesy exchanges ... "How do you do?" ... "Very well, thank you" ... "That's nice" ... "Yes indeed" ... Probably one of my worst moments since I got stuck in a rut of 15 "Thank yous" and "Your Welcomes" with a waitress in Burger King.

Fortunately my brother-in-law, God bless him, comes to the rescue. With teenage cunning he suggests showing

me up to my room. Safe behind locked doors he produces a bottle of liberated sherry and begins administering it in large doses. One empty bottle later I come to the conclusion it was brewed in Woonsocket. He runs through the relatives one by one sketching in their hobbies, jobs, peculiarities etc. Everything begins to get blurred — Woonsocket's done its job — and I'm having problems remembering if it's Uncle Ben who played defense for Navy or wrote "A Connecticut Guide to Mosses and Lichens."

I'm dragged screaming and hallucinating from the bedroom and by God — "Take not the Lord's name in vain." (Gen. 12:42), Name Withheld — there it is, a turkey the size of Frank Cannon.

Somebody mentions the bicentennial and 27 pairs of eyes home in one me. Try arguing that I'm half-Welsh, but they're not having any. I realize that if I'm to escape this holiday with my life I had better humor them. I refer frequently and respectfully to the American Revolution — in every unbiased English school book it's called the War with the Colonies — and omit the fact that French sea power won the war.

Waves of hot and cold Woonsocket pass over me interspersed with this insane desire to leap up and toast the Queen. Paranoia now totally in control, as the table begins a death spin, hurtling out of focus, and 27 grunting masticating faces leer at me across the table.

Suddenly it's there on my plate — a huge pile of psychedelic orange matter:

The kind of thing they'd eat on Star Trek. Should I stage a faint? Decide against this for two reasons — the chances of a genuine faint in the near future are very real considering I've been mixing Woonsocket with cider and, secondly, maybe I'll need my phony faint later to stall the pumpkin pie. The word comes down the table that it's sweet potatoes. I praise the Lord that it isn't sweet-potatoe-pancakes-with-maple-syrup-and-marshmallow and take a tentative nibble. A veteran of 14 years of English schools dinners (VOESD), I can now reveal that sweet potatoes rank better than tripe and worse than casserole of heart.

Curious sensation in my neck, possibly early signs of botulism brought on by sweet potatoes. Realize that I can't turn my head. Snatches of conversation float by. To my right the Connecticut Uncle is explaining to my brother-in-law the difference between a Dartmouth type and a Cornell type. I notice with real pleasure the look of total bewilderment on my brother-in-law's face — obviously the Woonsocket has been getting to him too. Maybe even the sweet potatoes.

To my left two MIT relatives are discussing some experiment involving a revolving plate of sweet potatoes and Scotch tape. Maybe I could join and accidentally drop my sweet potatoes?

Well that does it. Coming down the table towards me is a piece of pumpkin pie, the size of a roof tile. In a moment of sheer genius prompted I'm sure by the buzz you get off Woonsocket I grabbed at the Scotch tape. "Have you seen this one?"



HANUKKAH — ISRAEL CELEBRATES THE FEAST OF LIGHTS

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 can be withheld on request. If letters are received by mail, the Collegian will contact the signer for verification before publication. Letters cannot be returned.

M3-b

TO THE EDITOR: There is something inherently wrong with your editorial stand on recent Senate action to eliminate course repeats and to extend the drop period through the eighth week of the term. The fallacy of your position resides in your mistaken assumption that the moral heart of Penn State is internally sound.

Through the failure of the now inactive Senate regulations, which based similar hopes on the integrity of students and faculty, it is apparent that good intentions are not enough. A large portion of faculty and students seem to believe that Senate rules are made to be broken. Loopholes in such benevolent regulations as the course repeat M3-b invariably appear, and they do not go unnoticed. In the year that M3-b has been in effect, the number of filed course repeats has swelled unbelievably.

Recent Senate action to deny students the privilege of M3-b

was both inevitable and desirable. It is time that this institution stop making excuses for poor scholarship and turn, instead, to the fulfillment of its educational objectives in the classroom.

Mike Anesko
8th-English

The real pigs

TO THE EDITOR: Margaret Miller's letter of Dec. 5 deserves some comment. Those of Ms. Miller's ilk like to throw the words racism and oppression around quite loosely. It is beyond comprehension that an intelligent person could support a country that conceived the Gulag Archipelago and gobbled up half of Europe and as recently as 1968 drove tanks into a neighboring country. It is beyond comprehension that an intelligent person could support the bloc of Arab countries that

would just as soon puke on their Palestinian "brothers" as help them out, or support a country which expels all those of a different race such as Uganda, or torture and brainwash all those who disagree with the ruling class, as in China.

The real pigs and oppressors are working overtime to spread their message, usually by force. And they have been successful. Because with all the horrible injustice in the world, Ms. Miller can't see any farther than to attack about the only two countries left in the world where the average man can find a place in the sun, even if he has to overcome discrimination. The bedraggled remains of a truly oppressed people have put together a working nation, and this causes her to wallow in self-righteous indignation.

Before the last remains of freedom and dignity on this earth go down the drain, I suggest Ms. Miller put herself down where she can join her friends the Russians and Ugandans and perhaps find out what oppression really means.

Michael Bartos M.D.
University Health Services

Definitions

TO THE EDITOR: Rubin's letter in the Collegian of 12-9-75 quotes the unabridged Webster's dictionary definition of Zionism as "A theory, plan, or movement for setting up a Jewish national or religious community in Palestine." The dictionary says, in fact, something quite different: "Among the modern Jews, a theory, plan, or movement for colonizing their own race in Palestine, the land of Zion, either for religious or nationalizing purposes." Evidently Mr. Rubin found it necessary to twist the above definition in his letter in order to obscure the obvious racism and colonialism of Zionism. One must question the right of the Zionist movement to create a national Jewish state in a Palestine already inhabited by others.

The Zionist movement, which seeks exclusive possession of Palestine for the Jews, caused the majority of the U.N. members to recognize and condemn its racist nature.

A growing number of the Jewish people have also realized the racism inherent in Zionism and are turning away from it, e.g. the Matzpen party of Israel.

The continuing isolation of Israel and the growing support for the PLO and its practical solution of a secular (non-religious, non-racist) state in Palestine is the true hope for a lasting peace in the Middle East.

Sabah A. Wali
graduate-physiology

Wanted

It's a funny thing about the free marketplace of ideas. Sometimes it's glutted; sometimes the stalls are empty.

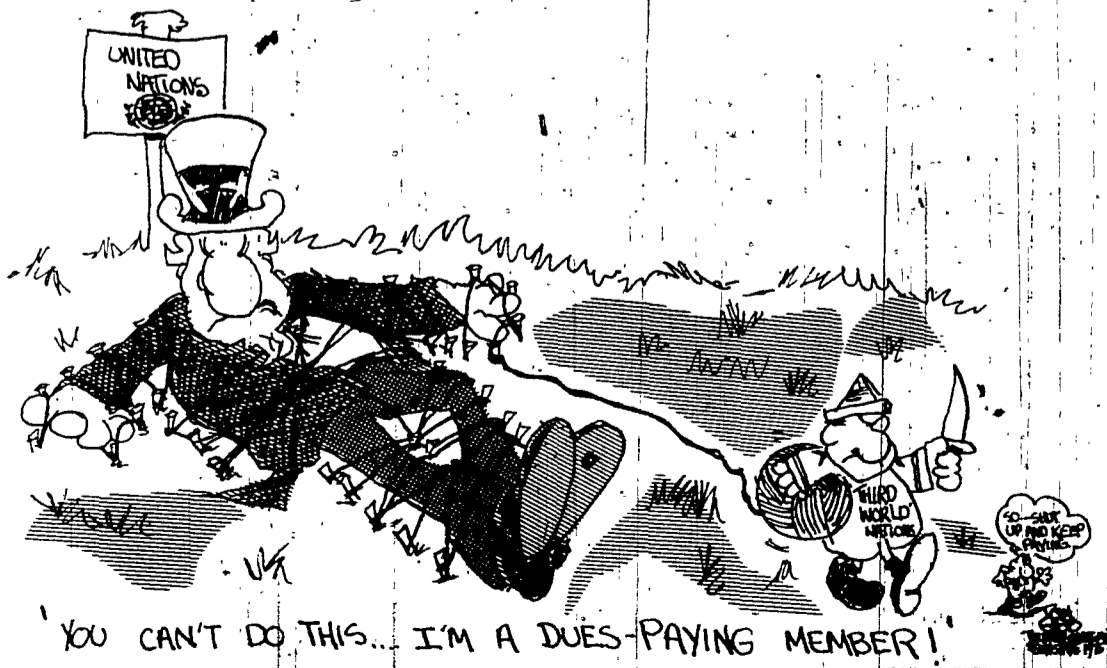
We need some help in restoring a little trade to the marketplace. We're looking for some people to write columns for the editorial page, to share ideas and opinions with the University community.

Qualifications are few. Columnists must be students, and must be prepared to write columns on a weekly basis.

More importantly, columnists should have an interesting perspective on issues, lifestyles and ideas. And above all, prospective columnists must be able to write in a clear, interesting and hopefully entertaining way — ideas are nothing if nobody bothers to read them.

Columnists do not have to be journalism students — we'd like a varied sampling of people. Most of all, we want to improve and expand debate and discussion among our readers.

If you'd like to help out, stop into the Collegian office, 126 Carnegie Sunday or Monday night, and talk to Sheila McCauley. If possible, bring a sample column or sample of your writing.



the daily **Collegian**

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