

Letters to the Editor

A Possible Deterioration

Dear Editor,

The definition of the word "deteriorate" found in the "College Edition of Webster's New World Dictionary" is: "to make worse; lower in quality or value; depreciate." This word currently applies to myself along with hundreds of students, both male and female, who participated in Varsity and Intramural sports last year.

With football season upon us and enthusiasm still high from last year, combined with many fine new junior athletes, we are still faced with a grave problem concerning recreational athletics on this campus. We will probably be forced to play football on fields that are not properly lined, two referees instead of three (if we can afford any at all) and a chance of not having any trophies for the league's top teams at the seasons end.

The reason for these cutbacks is a "so called lack of funds"; To begin with, the recreational athletic department received only approximately 10% of the money it requested from the University. The result of this ridiculous sum received (approximately \$4,400.) forced the dropping of golf, tennis and cross-country from Varsity status. Not only are we doing without a decent sum of money to run our programs but we aren't even allowed to spend the limited funds we have, the reason being a freeze on University spending. I myself fail to believe that the University is in such grave financial trouble, and if it is, it is no fault of Capitol Campus. After all, this is Penn State University, not Jerkwater Junior College where such financial maladies might be expected.

When it boils down to dollars and cents, how much resistance did the University get from us when our fees were raised for this year???

Getting back to our immediate problem, we might not have a gym to play volleyball or basketball in every though the

gym sits big as life across Route 230. Again, lack of funds might keep its doors from opening.

I could write a whole article just on the things we will do without if funds aren't gotten immediately but I would rather take some time to look back on last year's program, and remind the seniors and inform the juniors about what we had. I don't think it can be denied that there was a great amount of competition and spirit on campus as the seasons past, especially in the major sports in which these were mens', womens', and coed leagues. For those who didn't care for football, basketball, or baseball, there was volleyball, bowling, darts, ping-pong, billiards, wrestling and even pinocle for those who cared to compete (one might refer to new handbook for complete listings of sports). One thing we still have is a fine Recreational Athletic Co-ordinator who is always willing to take suggestions to help better our programs so that more people can participate and enjoy them, not to mention the task of scheduling games and just seeing that everyone is running smoothly.

Aside from just playing sports, I have found that you can gain a lot more from intramurals. You get to meet a lot of people (especially as a junior), you learn how to organize into a group that is striving for a common goal-usually to win. You learn discipline, not to mention participating and learning new sports, such as Sumo Wrestling, Shuffleboard, or Horseshoes, etc. It is also a nice feeling to win a trophy or ribbon for your efforts.

If anything, I hope this article reminded us seniors and enlightened our junior class of what I, and many other students, consider a grave and unjust problem. I would really like to see some unity from everyone to help solve this problem as soon as possible because "you can only miss something after it is gone".

Marc Joseph

To the editors of the Capitolist: On "Tricken Sie"

The *Capitolist* should be proud of its splendid coverage of the often over-worked, under-used, and mis-used word 'f*ck'. Such a good Middle English word like 'Fucken' (Middle Dutch 'fokken') is often overlooked by moralistic linguistic prudes!

However, I would not have such an interesting article marred by the slight fudging over of the usage of the particle 'f*ck*ng' as an adverb, or the gerund 'f*ck*ng' as an adjective. In 'Mary is f*ck*ng interested in John' the word under consideration is used as an adverb but is more correctly said to be a verbal modifier, modifying the verb. In 'Mary is f*ck*ng beautiful' (since

it is not 'Mary is f*ck*ng beautifully') the gerund 'f*ck*ng' is a verbal form modifying the noun; possibly it is also part of the complement of the verb.

With this noted, correctly I think, I am sure that Mary and myself will not get gerunds and particles screwed (up).

Thank you,

John (as dictated to M.K.)

P.S. A friend of mine has informed me of the following 'coined-cognates' to the Old English "fooka dooka":

Indo European . . . *hereti bood
Old Icelandic . . . ficaschulba
Koine phreegendafinga
Latin ipse iucus
Spanish (et al) chengase

I felt your readers may appreciate these variants of 'f*ck y**'. M.K.

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SMILIN' FACES

by Steve Wesley and Steve Rosenzweig

Hi! We would like to take this opportunity to introduce Captiol Campus to the new "Smilin' Faces" column that we will be writing every week in The CAPITOLIST.

The column is so named because we would like to do our best to create smilin' faces throughout the school. Even if only one of our little tidbits makes you laugh, we'll be quite happy ourselves.

First of all, we would like to welcome our new Juniors and returning Vets. Secondly, much thanks to everyone connected with Orination Week who did an extraordinary job and caused many "smilin' faces."

Before we get down to business, let us say that we will be happy to use your contributions in our column. To contact us, just stop by or call at the following places:

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Room W-105, Student Affairs

Now, let's get down to some Happy Faces.

Good luck to all Juniors; good hunting to all Seniors.

Today's chuckle: Ha, Ha, Ha!

Condolences to John Sabol who came back as a MARRIED Senior.

An urgent plea to Juniors: Please bear with the Venderville food - it'll get worse.

Bring back the pinball machines from last year.

Dave Baker says, "Free the Indianapolis 500!"

Congrats to the Pirates' fans on Campus from an ex-Phillies' fan.

Cutting out the 12-o'clock lunch break could be the salvation of our stomachs.

A tip when living with new roommates:

It's better to fart and bear the shame

Than not to fart and bear the pain.

God Bless Sam.

Jimmy Olsen was Lois Lane's pimp.

Wanted: Juniors with no writing ability for the CAPITOLIST staff. P.S., Seniors accepted.

Limmerick of the Week:

There once was a young lad named Herkin,

Who was always jerkin' her gherkin;

His mother said, "Herkin,"

Quit jerkin' your gherkin.

Yours gherkin's for ferkin,

Herkin."

(ed. note: GROAN!)

Save your old CAPITOLISTS. If the heat goes out, you can burn them.

History's scrapbook: Two years ago today, Clyde Heartburn started his consecutive string of eating 117 straight meals in the dorm mess hall. His string ended with a case of food poisoning which, unfortunately, killed him.

The first Capitol Campus Wine Drinking Derby was won by Mike Ferrazano, who came into the contest as a HEAVY favorite. He drank a glass of wine, was cheered by three spectators, and was acclaimed the winner by the judges.

Every week we'll have a trivia quiz. The first person to call 944-9710 with the correct answer will win a free copy of the CAPITOLIST, and get his name mentioned in the column. This week's question:

The Lone Ranger had a nephew whose name was Dan Ranger. What was the name of Dan's horse, who was also the son of Silver?

SMILE!

Words From The Other Side or What Became Of The Leftover Yellow Bricks

by Gregg Crescenzo

Once upon a time (What's a time) in a far away part of the world, sprawled the fertile magical hills of Cam-pus. What a mysterious little place it was, for in Cam-pus the night of Tues-day was the time designated for worship, it was on this day that the citizens of Cam-pus did congregate and join in sharing the sacraments placed upon their altars by the annointed heads, in the Church of Stash-whom most felt, if not saw. (more of the culture, following a word form our sponsor) Buy!

The fertile magical hills of Cam-pus surround in a motherly fashion the plan of Highets, it is here that most altars have grown in the past four terms (a term is the time it takes to go from down to up, depending upon the citizens tongue weight.).

Also in this motherly shroud-directly across from the plain of Highets and through the enchanted ravine, rise the Land of the Dorms, here the ghost-like Echoes live among the citizens. The Echoes are impish little bums who scald unknowing citizens as they shower, distract the readers of books with gong-like sounds, and instantly change the golden spun vitals they are about to receive to hay, as they enter the hall known for dining. Foldlore of this land speaks of the Echoes orgins, "During an unintentional hunger strike, the vibration of a locker door shattered their weakened bones, which melted away with the rest of their frail bodies as a citizen forgot not to flush," so in honor of their

un-sacrifice-they stuck around with a little help from the Wizard. The Wizard is a person no one knows, it is rumored he may live in a place known as Ozz. At least we know that Ozz exists and what an Ozz it is, it's of such size that in its bowels is the Village of Vender where the Munchkins munch (yeah I know it's camp but I just couldn't resist it) Everyday the citizens journey to Ozz, here they work and toil and toil and work (I've got to keep a certain sense of fiction in this story)

The largest tribe of citizens which converge on the magical hills of Cam-pus are the Com-uters, they come to Ozz-returning to their villages when their day is over-returning to Cam-pus after their alarms ring the following day. Contrasting the size of the tribe of Com-uters is the place it is legal-the Apart-ments of University, by far the smallest village.

In Cam-pus the citizens taxes have gone up up up, but the citizens don't mind for their love of Cam-pus is unrequited the Campus fathers and the Wizard are glad for this. But who is the Wizard? rather who will be the Wizard? One might question again, "Who is the picker of Wizards", for it has been reported Cam-pus will get a new Wizard. If as a citizen you would like to watch some first handed, unpeerless magic that Ozz is capable of performing-just ask this question, "Are the citizens involved in the picking of the Wizard?" then watch the Ozz official tap their magic slippers and disappear.

The Week That Was

by Len Panza

THE WEEK is over. For the u n i n i t i a t e d , Orientation/Registration week represents a combination of mayhem and pleasure which seems to many to be much more mayhem than pleasure. Subjected to more confusion and problems than anyone else are the new students, and despite the efforts of both faculty and administrators, many Juniors still suffer registration anxieties.

This term, a group of students from Delta Tau Kappa, the International Social Science Honor Society, pooled their efforts in an attempt to alleviate the frustration and woe usually suffered during registration procedures. Our group assumed the unofficial title as the Social Science Subversive Counseling Service and headquartered itself in the TV lounge. Our goal was simple: To provide assistance, answer questions, and offer personal opinions on anything and everything.

A service such as ours-by students, for students-had never before been offered during registration at Capitol Campus. Despite doubts that our temporary underground location might not be visited, on Monday of Orientation/Registration week more than 100 new Social Science students took advantage of the services being provided by the Senior "counselors." By the end of the week, the volunteers from D.T.K. had aided more than 180 new students; many from programs other than Social Science who were perplexed over choosing a Social Science elective.

Questions ranged the entire spectrum of course choices, professors, term papers, exams, reading lists, social activities and a multitude of individual problems.

Most problems were easily resolved, as they were similar to difficulties encountered by all students registering in a new school. And since Captiol Campus students encounter problems somewhat different from students elsewhere, who would be better qualified to offer advise than a "seasoned" Capitol Campus student? As was expected, our group was unable to answer all the questions it encountered. Those students requiring special assistance were directed to an appropriate faculty advisor or administrator.

THE WEEK was hectic, but for those of us who manned the Subversive Counseling Service it also proved to be very rewarding. We sincerely hope that we were of some assistance to those who sought our help. Spending the entire week at school also enabled us to develop a deeper appreciation of the administrators, faculty members, and secretarial staff. You wouldn't believe what they go through.

D.T.K. tentatively plans to continue its assistance program for new students during future registration periods. We think such a service is needed for all students, not just Social Science majors, and we encourage responses from the student body at large concerning such a proposition.

D.T.K. is currently undergoing reorganization and has undertaken several projects for the coming academic year. A primary objective of the Society is to bring Social Science students and faculty members closer together in an attempt to promote better understanding and to possibly institute future curricular programs which will reflect the integrated concern of both groups. More on this later.