

The February

by Lee Nell

BLAHS

Maybe it's the month or maybe it's something else, but I've noticed a terrible lag on this campus. That is not so unusual, perhaps, but this lag is much worse than normal. Everyone on campus seems to be operating at a loss.

Take Mike, for example. I spoke to Mike last week and complained that I couldn't find enough hours in the day. He said that the same thing was happening to him. In fact, for a time he had toyed with the idea of throwing in the towel. Just sayin' 'the hell with it' and walking on out of here.

And Pepper. Poor Pepper was runnin' around the other day just tearing his hair out. It seems that his favorite prof wanted book reports of six or ten books. And the kid didn't have enough time to read them all and still keep up with his other courses.

Bob was in even worse shape. I had a short (for obvious reasons) conversation with him last week—"Hey, Lee. When is the Baez concert?" "Thursday night." "When is that?" "Tonight!" "Huh?"

It's all over the place. People are running all over trying to get jobs or get into grad school or trying to get married or something. And nobody is getting anything done.

So, Uncle Lee has come up with the theory of the February Blahs to explain it all. You see, February has got to be the most worthless month of the year. And I can prove it. They

wouldn't have given it "Aquarius" if it didn't need help, would they?

February is so bad that the only thing you have to look forward to is its death. Anyway, the Blahs work like this. All fall term, you get to meet your old friends and make new ones. And Christmas sits at the end of the term like a pearl. January isn't so bad because you had a break and probably a good time at Christmas. But by February that has worn off. And you can't even look forward to the term end until March. But March doesn't need the help. In March, we get to fly kites and look forward to spring, a term break and summer before long. But February? Nothing!

More evidence can be found right under your noses. At what point has the CAPITOLIST been even worse than ever? February.

See, I told you. But now that the month is almost over, so will the bad reporting be. I can feel it.

So it's either the February Blahs or we're all overworked. And that might be the case, too. How many papers and tests have you got this term? Isn't it fun trying to get them done? Can you do it? Of course not. You see, the professors have teamed up with February, and they have resolved to do us in. They get us coming and going. You leave the gloom of the classroom only to walk out into the gloom of February. Back at the house, you can only break off the

homework to go out for cigarettes. And what happens? You freeze your cookies off.

Have you had a cold recently? What is the longest term of the year? Have you had trouble starting your car? Has a vendorville machine ripped you off recently? Well, bunky, you've got the February Blahs. One more piece of evidence and then I'll tell you what to do about the Blahs.

If you're still not convinced, run over to see Dr. Grimm. Ask him how things are going, or if he's busy enough. I'll bet you 4 copies of the CAPITOLIST that he throws his arms up and utters an obscenity. So what do you do? I thought you'd want to know.

We're calling a moratorium on the February Blahs. Tomorrow is going to be a day of rest. Nothing meaningful or earth-shaking or beautiful is going to happen. In fact, nothing is going to happen at all. If you are overworked, you need the

rest. Put it down to rebellion. If you just don't give a damn, then you'll probably not do anything anyway. And if February has finally gotten to you, you can either surrender and do nothing or let February know that you know its game and not do anything.

Simple, isn't it. Next issue will be in March so you won't have to put up with stupid articles like this. But why put up with it now? Whatever you're doing, quit. See you in March.

Guess Who Came To Dinner

This is a story about a dog getting over in amerika. The dog who came to dinner a year ago, and stayed ever since. Were you there, or do you even remember that fateful eviction day: when Berkley was either to be forced back to the streets, or the love that I had for one spaced out dog made me bring him home to the country. Yeah, the city dog gets over, Hurrah!

The first meeting between the young gemini, cancer rising Berk and Ms. Punkus a gemini, virgo rising, was one of mixed emotion and heavy territorial mind raps. The two, finally adjusted to air and became to envelope each other. Of course, there was some adapting for their overseer and guardian of the establishment, but she drew a fine libran balance for the two.

When I first met Berkley, he was audacious, bold, strung out, spaced-out, and crazy—he hasn't changed a bit, except he's more of the same. Though it wasn't long after livin' the commune city life that Berk got pretty burn't out, right along with his master, buddy, sidekick. But the final burn for Berk was being locked in jail in the basement, while life teemed on the floors above. His oppressors had locked his vitality and youthful life in the basement, all the while tarnishing it. During these cynical moments, Berk came to question the human zoo. Its a rip off. They are just like my parents, thought Berk. They'll lay this hippie freak right-on artist rap on ya', and then they'll turn right around and blow you away. Man they will bring you right down, Dog damn't! those idealistic hedons. So when Berk got his moments of reprove, and

was aloud to stalk the denizen's of the jungles on the floors above, he'd come on. He'd go around and literally infringe his trips on people. His raps were cooled out and idealistic, so everybody dug his thing, until Berk would lay a cynical jab on their alteregos'. Of course, he flipped everybody right the fuck out, but he'd just laugh.

It was around this time that Berk started getting into carnel fantasies, or he was just peekin' alot. Regardless, Berk was at that age, and seen's how I didn't want to walk in on him and embarrass him while he was playin' his harp; so I walked him to the door and said, Well if I

ever see you again pal, then I will. All I ever wanted to do was plug into the dog's brain for a day, but this one was his, and maybe forever.

Hereturned as usual, but this time I think he was rather dazed from it all. He wasn't in love or nothin'. He just looked like he spent the whole day trippin' in the city. This of course severely limited Berk's movement and confined it totally to the house. Still, Berk was rather existential about it. There were those times when all those emotion moments would be packed into one while being locked in the d u n g e o n , b u t then his freedom would return him to outrageousness. This rare quality being funded by his aries moon.

Thus the stream of events that followed, brought Berk to the country; if you can imagine burn't out mellowness, then dig it.

PS: CAUTION, there is one chance in twenty-two, YOU, will be bitten by one of the Black Widow spiders placed in several of the lavatories. **United Butane Society

--michael patti

WANTED: One female (preferably warm and breathing), must have standard equipment (nose, eyes, etc.), hair and teeth optional. If interested call 944-1788 after 4:30 p.m. Ask for Jim.

VARSITY TENNIS

All men interested in trying out for the Varsity Tennis Team please meet in the Gallery Lounge Wednesday, March 1, 1972, at 11:00 a.m.

ATTENTION

The Navy Officer Information Team will be on campus at Vendorville, February 24, to discuss, with any interested student, male or female, all officer programs. (Active and Reserve; Aviation, Surface, Sub Surface, and other programs)

Faculty Women's Club Sponsors Opera

Provost Robert E. McDermott will be guest of honor at the reception following the opening performance of "Old Maid and the Thief", the comic opera by Menotti which will be given on February 26 by the Harrisburg Civic Opera Association at Capitol Campus under the sponsorship of the Faculty Women's Club. Proceeds will go to the Scholarship Loan Fund for Needy Capitol Students.

Dr. McDermott is the first Provost of Capitol Campus, the upper level and graduate division of Pennsylvania State University at Middletown. Dr. McDermott assumed his position on February 1. He was formerly Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Arkansas, and prior to that, Associate Dean of the Graduate School of the Pennsylvania State University where he had been on the faculty since 1959 serving as head of the Department of Forest Management and Associate Director of the School of Forestry.

The reception will also honor members of the Board of Trustees of Penn State and the cast of "Old Maid and the Thief", at Capitol. The audience is cordially invited to attend the reception.

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program chairman can open that limit. If he does open it, he can expand the size only to the number of desks available in each classroom," Slygh emphasizes.

"When a course is filled and if there is a huge waiting list, 12th term people in the program will get first priority. Then the choice will go to 11th termers; then 10th term students. 12th term students then 11th, etc. out of the program will get next preference."

People who will be student teaching during the spring term must also register. "Right now we have one person student teaching who didn't register or pay any tuition," Slygh relates.

Students are requested by Academic Services to follow the instructions in the master schedule so as to correctly complete the registration packs. Slygh conveys his wishes in the following statement: "College registration, at any school, is the most difficult part of my job as an administrator because we can't possibly please everybody. We ask for the upmost cooperation from the students."

There will be a special matinee on Sunday afternoon, February 27. This amusing modern opera, sung in English, has great appeal to young people as well as adults.

Tickets are on sale at Shenk and Tittle in Harrisburg, Sears Roebuck at the Colonial Park Plaza, Gimbels at the Harrisburg East Mall, the Stitchery in the Camp Hill Gallery, Camp Hill, the Charleste Dress Shoppe, Middletown, and from Mrs. George Gumas, in Hershey, 533-3974.

POEM

Even as the brown leaves, crackling, heaped in rows along the orchard road, burn beneath the crow's Caugh-Coars er calm and still-ness e-choe all along our campus hall. And the student's sturdy strutting stature stalls, stunned the walls cease breathing. Straight and Stone-like Stolid Stories Stifle life 'til our reflections soaring southward strike the steppes where green moss grows.

Meatball Sandwiches
Ravioli
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