

Letters to the Editor

Three Years in the Heights

To the Editor,

Our three years in Meade Heights have been comfortable and happy, and if the Heights as a whole has never really become a strongly unified community (too much to expect, no doubt, and perhaps not even altogether desirable) it has given us friends, opportunities to listen as well as to talk, and (surprising as it may seem to a few of our colleagues) privacy.

Meade Heights is a remarkable resource for Capitol Campus, and while we believe that more could be done to integrate our academic programs with the lives that students and teachers lead outside of the classroom, at least living here has made it possible for us to see, and hopefully to demonstrate, that there is more to Capitol Campus than one large building and two parking lots.

For our children, living in Meade Heights has been an altogether joyous experience. They have made their own friends and they have explored. They could teach an interesting course in the geography of the Heights — the houses where they like to watch TV and angle for candy, the woods, the Bus Stops, the short cut, the Horsey Swings and so on.

The disappearance of the Horsey Swings one evening during the term break warned us that soon "children" and "adults" would vanish too. We can understand that as the Campus grows more space is needed for student housing.

But we don't believe in segregation by generation. Too many essentially artificial barriers already exist in Contemporary America, dividing people into administratively tidy but socially dysfunctional categories. It should be the task of a university to break down such barriers, not to reinforce them.

For this reason, and because, frankly, we have enjoyed living in Meade Heights, we will be sorry to leave. We would have stayed.

John & Fiona Patterson

Towards Chaos or Community?

To the Editor,

There was an excitement in the air when, in the Fall of 1969, we moved into our house in Meade Heights. We considered ourselves fortunate to be among the few faculty families living in what we hoped would be a great community. We speculated about the future: It was the start of our teaching at Capitol and the beginning of a provocative experiment in a learning/living community. We were, one might have said, animated by our enthusiasm. At least, for awhile.

Of course, there were the good times. Parties, open houses, sports, coffee house events, community suppers, THE MEADE-IUM, and just a lot of informal interaction. There were the serious raps and cultural happenings. Planning and governing took place with selection of the Resident Assistants and in meetings with Student Affairs persons. All of these times will be remembered.

Other times will best be forgotten. As, for example, the time when we were asked what exciting new programs and activities we were planning for the forthcoming year. When we submitted our suggestions, which included all sorts of experiences, we got "STOP" signs.

According to the brochure on the residence living program, "Meade Heights provides a setting in which students can benefit from the experience of living in a community such as they might inhabit following graduation." The question remains: Is Meade Heights the type of community we should project for the future? I'm not sure. One thing that I have learned from my Meade Heights experience: The expression of community will flow from the resolution of individuals problems and needs as they work together. In Meade Heights, this expression is still dormant.

Jack Susskind

Meade Heights Experience

To the Editor,

Meade Heights is a good place to live, both for students and faculty. It is spacious, green, relatively unhassled by regulation, fairly open and warm. For us, it was an exciting three years, a time when one never quite knew how many people there would be for supper, when people would just drop in and sit down. Our children love it, and will miss it, I think. The ravine and the open spaces are part of the place's riches, and they must be preserved.

Educationally, Meade Heights was a place to grow. I think there was much serious exploration of ideas and relationships, much candor, much trust. There is a great contrast between the Heights and The Building, and I think we could learn much by seeing if we could integrate the styles of the two places. No, forget it, because then the Heights would just wind up looking more like The Building.

We gave a number of open houses while we were there, and I think most people who came dug them. I know we did. We had to go through hassles with the university, largely over financing them, although John Grimm and George Dressler did what they could, within the confines of a pretty rigid system of bookkeeping. I got the impression that the administration and academic programs never really got very interesting in exploring Meade Heights as a living/learning situation. Once I wrote the Director and President a long letter about alienation, drug use, general aimlessness, vandalism, and the like — something about how they might be telling us something about Capitol Campus. The reply was brief: Get rid of your dog. So it goes.

Meade Heights is still not a community, although there are many sub-communities within it. But there still seem to be a lot of lonely people sitting in front of their TVs. I think the coffee house helps things along, as do the communal dinners, which are very beautiful times. I'm afraid it may go the way of the university, which is ever toward depersonalization, toward hierarchical structure and regulation of everything. Our policeman has gone from a plain blue sedan and a plain blue suit to a traveling light show and para-military drag; and you need an act of god to get into the coffee house other than at designated hours, and then only in the company of an R.A. This makes for community?

Ed Racey

PROBLEM

Dear Ed,

I am writing about the Senior Ball last Saturday at Hershey. One incident upset me slightly — the fact that one of the bands was asked to leave. Naturally everyone I confronted blamed it on someone else. So whoever the real culprit is all I want to say is "Fuck You."

Steve Wesley
A Ripped Off Senior

ANYONE STILL DESIRING A
1972 YEARBOOK MAY
ORDER ONE BEFORE
FRIDAY, JUNE 9, AT 819B
WEAVER.

If You Think Having Them Post-Pre-Registration Blues Was Bad . . .

by Tom Hagan

Remember when one of the most ballyhooed concepts to get you to come to this campus was the flexibility of the college?

You were supposed to have virtually a free hand in designing your curriculum. For some, this has indeed been the case.

For others, it has not been so ideal. Many courses are only offered at one inopportune time of day. Many are conducted by an undesirable professor. Still others are held during a single semester of an academic year.

But this is a small school with a small faculty. Difficulties should be expected. After all, this is an experimental school. The only problem is that when the bugs are worked out at this place, a few bugs of hassles are unnecessarily worked in.

The latest brilliant move is the new "pre-advisement" procedure that has begun this term. The student goes to his Faculty Advisor (Pre-Advisor?) to be pre-advised. (One wonders what kind of preparations should be made in order to facilitate things when you pre-decide with the aid of this pre-adviser what you later decide with advising what you will take.)

Granted, filling out those index cards for nine courses has a good purpose. The result can be a tentative idea of who wants to take what and when.

But there's more. If, after pre-advisement, you decide to take something other than what you chose in pre-advisement, look out. You will have to find your long lost Advisor to get his signature to change the course. (I wonder if this too will eventually involve a two dollar add-drop fee?)

Why the hell aren't those cards used just to take a poll?

The argument is that then most students will change their minds. That is debatable, but even if it is true, SO WHAT? What is so flexible about forcing a commitment to a block schedule for an entire year?

Well, the argument goes, it isn't exactly forcing a block schedule. All a student has to do is get advisor approval.

But wouldn't it be better to lessen hassles by letting the student change his mind, without having to get approval on his self-designed (?) curriculum?

But then everyone will change their minds.

But isn't that forcing . . . etc., etc., . . .

Got the idea?

It's called institutionalization. You endorse an idea for maximum personalized benefit. Somebody adds rules and procedures of dubious merit. You end up with less individuality, more hassles and more paperwork.

You graduate with a standardized eight-and-a-half-by-eleven stamp of approval which states that you have experimented to become a better educated person.

Juniors, next year, when you are running around at registration, trying to find your Advisor who has to sign your request to change your decision on a course from pre-advisement which has since been pre-registered for and unfortunately unwanted, leaving leftover courses for late registration . . . Stop and think about it.

If you think you have a headache now, you're wrong. It's only a pre-headache. Wait until next year.

Security

To the Editor,

Students beware! Mr. Paul is lurking behind trees and bushes trying to catch you violating a regulation — any violation his little mind can fabricate. If he can't legally reach his quota of tickets, then he "trumps up" charges to make his day.

Unfortunately, the victims of his false arrests have no recourse but to pay the fine, and try to avoid the vindictive Mr. Paul. Our student court is powerless against him. A student hasn't a chance to prove his innocence — no one can fight the man.

Does Mr. Paul have x-ray vision that enables him to see through trees and bushes in the ravine to spot cars committing "moving violations" — or is it just an active imagination? Why does Mr. Paul call a student a "liar" for telling the truth when he tries to prove the man wrong? Does Mr. Paul lie purposely to ruin a student's record? What is his problem?

Security personnel do have a place and a role to perform on this campus. That role does not include picking up students on false charges. Where was Mr. Paul when the cow's horns were "borrowed" last week? Why wasn't he doing his job then? Maybe he was at the corner of 5th and Rosedale waiting for a car to stop at the stop sign so that he could issue a ticket for "running" the sign.

If enough of us complain about the security on this campus, in particular Mr. Paul, perhaps the University will start to see the man as he really is. Then, if we're lucky, they will replace him with someone who doesn't have to prove to himself that he has authority by passing warnings and tickets on false charges. That, of course, is too much to ask for.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

A Letter of Thanks

At a time when there is an abundance of rhetoric regarding ways in which we can do something constructive to help our fellow man, there is one person who has transformed talk into action.

He is a student here at Capitol who will be graduating next week, and his name is Bill Wilson.

Bill has devoted a considerable amount of his time as a volunteer at the Day Care Co-Op in the Athletic Bldg. Much of this energy was given at the expense of his free study time, and not an inconsiderable amount was at the expense of more critical class time.

For his help and dedication we wish to extend our profound gratitude to Bill and to all the other generous people who helped make the Co-Op a success this past year.

Anyone interested in finding out how they can help keep the Center going next Fall (parents or volunteers), is urged to contact Janet Reid at 232-8113.

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