

### Stoned Valley or Starchy Rides Again



### Routes 230 and the American Dream

Early morning. Heading east on the turnpike, going across the Susquehanna. Vision blurred and things aren't really in gear for the day yet. Car nearly runs off the road when I try to read the billboards on the East Shore. One reads Bethlehem Steel while the other conceals a junkyard as it shills for the Congress Inn. Up to the blue and chrome booth were a 57 year old, ex-Navy man takes the precious coins and card and grunts a "thank you."

Out of the gate and into the last half of the daily trek to Capitol. To the left, California-bound hitchhikers taste fear under the flashing bubble of a State Police car. I ignore the scene and head into the cloverleaf. Squealing tires around the circle; gas the car down the short strip to the stop sign.

Redlight at Route 230. Highspire is coming awake like a lazy dog under the October sun. A baldheaded merchant sweeps out his store while silver-suited salesmen walk the streets. Just before the town limits, I wave at a passing police car but the officer ignores me. So much for community relations.

Route 230 goes into the awkward two-three lane arrangement. Flashing lights advertise trailer sales and used car dealers. Cheapo gas stations line both sides of the road but none of them are too busy because cheap gas isn't so cheap anymore. Stop at the stoplight near the airport. The Twin Kiss needs paint but that can wait until the warm weather returns.

Past McDonald's and the Plaza. Across the railroad tracks and onto the campus. Stash the car, run to the third floor classroom and gaze out the window. In the distance are the giant cooling towers for the nuclear plant, which the Energy Barons say will usher in a new era. A new era? When we're just catching up with the old one? Who knows? Maybe twenty years from now Route 230 will be encased in plastic as a National Park. A marvel of a by-gone age.

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### A Tip of the Hat to Peg

Last May the newspaper ran a "Name the Capitolist Contest." No one seemed very interested and the contest along with the paper were going down the drain.

All summer long the new editors thought and thought, trying to come up with a suitable name for its tired paper. A name that would carry on a tradition of responsible contact with the real world as well as cement the ties between students and faculty and this fine institution of higher education.

A name without those childish endings such as "ist" or "ite." A name that would send Ben Franklin turning in his grave or Clark Kent up a wall.

Well, it happened (a new name that is). And it has come to us through a clairvoyant and slightly intoxicated little blonde named Peggy Furey. What's in a name - right Peg?

She is the grand prize winner of a trip to anywhere she can go with the five dollars we are giving her.

Thanx for the name, Peg and we hope to hear from you when you return from your wonderful voyage.

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# THE BEST OF THE WORST OF THE C.C. reader

## CAPITOL COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET

Tuesday, November 13th, at Capitol's own athletic field, the first annual Yearbook Bowl took place. Capitol Campus history was made when for one short hour the female to male ratio was reversed. The former male studs of our campus made a stunning debut in their lovely dresses. Blues, oranges, greens, violets, pinks and other beautiful colors made the team look both provocative and pretty. Whereas, their feminine counterparts appeared on the field in blood red numbered T-shirts. Obviously, the Capitol Studs (males) cringed at the sight of the Nittany Nymphettes (females). The Studs water girl, Lynn Rothberg, had to revive at least five of the team members before the opening whistle. Meanwhile, the Nymphettes coach, Ed Beck, gave his team a pep talk and then called for a team prayer to God for Her protection and help to be victorious.

The first half of the game saw the excitement of both teams scoring. The Studs picked up numerous penalties, examples of this are: too many players on the field, off sides, and tackling in a flag football game. There was also a unique penalty given to the Studs when one of their players J. Hogan, was found in the huddle with the Nymphettes trying to pick up a body, otherwise known as soliciting. This incident cost the Studs 30 yards. The Nymphettes took advantage of the situation and went on to make their only touchdown of the game, led by their quarterback, Kate (Joe Willie) Carey. The first half ended with the score 6 - 6.

During half-time the Studs did their famous can-can dance and then raided the Nymphettes. Miraculously, they managed to score the final touchdown of the game. However, their extra point was blocked when C. Matter jumped on L. Slepetz. In a last ditch effort, Coach Beck sent in his whole team but the move was reciprocated by Coach Prager, who sent in all of the Studs. The result was three free-for-alls, one after a fumble by the Nymphettes, the other two for no reason at all. No one was injured in these free-for-alls and the Studs were grateful for

all the body contact. The game ended with a score of, The Studs 12 - Nymphettes 6, and a promise of a rematch for basketball season.

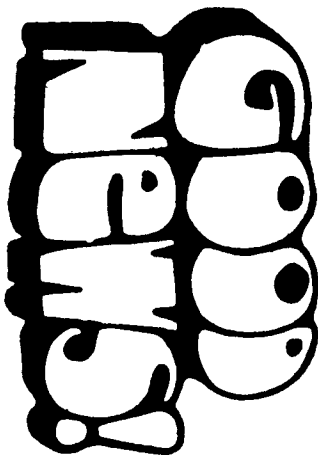
Now for the line-up:  
FOR THE STUDS - J. Hogan, M. Leasher, B. Matthews, L. Slepetz, B. Hetzel, F. DeSantis, J. Reich, R. Chimoch, B. Lackman, T. Gnap, E. Gansle, J. Archibald, T. Ward, B. Goodwin, B. Strauss, V. Bevivino, V. Angelucci, H. Michaelson, J. Keller, P. Selles, and D. Laquittara. Coach was Iris Prager, Water Girl: Lynn Rothberg.

FOR THE NYMPHETTES - K. Carey, C. Cannone, I. Turnier, W. Brodell, D. Hasseman, W. Burkholder, C. Cohn, C. Matter, T. Moore, J. Stephy, P. Kelly, I. Halkias, Boz, E. DeSantis.

Injured players who could not appear were: M. Kreiger, D. Hribovski, and T. Brown.

Coach was Ed Beck, Trainer: Clem Gilpin. Water - boy Bill Fleisher.

Officials: Tom Maoli, Dave Kurowski. Scorekeeper: Agnes Green.



## What?

The first comprehensive evaluation of the spray irrigation method of disposing of sewage effluent, under study at The Pennsylvania State University for more than ten years, now is available in print.

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## We Love You

*We love the paper and I did tell you that before. It just keeps getting better and better (but you're getting a bad attitude about your reading audience).  
Phoebe and Louise. "we love you"*

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## Friendship

by Gerry R. Reich

Friendship is much  
Friendship is immortal  
It is this Friendship that is Love  
It is this Friendship that offers Pleasure  
Friendship, though is more:  
It may be Little  
It may be ForGotten  
It is, HATE  
and offers pain  
Some people Cherish  
through Highand Low

But; those who forget are lonelier than I  
Some poems express what is outside others still - show what is Real  
BUT This  
Oh This;  
expresses what is and Hopes to touch those who FRIENDSHIP missed....

## Thank you

The C.C.Reader wants to thank the Maintenance men who took the lock from one cabinet door and put it on the other cabinet door and gave us a key. Now if we could only get the lock on the other door once again and get another key for the lock, then we will be very happy. The efficiency in this school is simply amazing.

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## Lieutenant Olmsted Lament

I was a neurotic psychotic  
With a schizophrenic id.  
Yeah, I was really messed up,  
A crazy aimless kid.  
The doctor kept me up  
When I wanted to go down.  
The nurses held me still  
When I wanted to go round.

Well, I went to college  
For a year or two,  
Just outta high school  
With nothing else to do.  
The teachers, they were groovy,  
Far out and far in.  
I got a four point o  
An' all I did was grin.

After escaping that,  
My head was filled with facts.  
I was really wound up tight  
And never could relax.  
Life was unexciting.  
I worked nearly all day.  
I ate, slept and never spoke  
Cause I had nothing to say.

No, things were not going well.  
The future looked black,  
When an Army recruiter  
Tapped me on the back.  
He said, "Hey, hey kid!  
I got a deal for you,  
A lifetime of adventure  
And lotsa money too."

Well now I'm in the Army  
Wearin' O.D. green  
And I really do enjoy  
Being part of the machine.  
I stand at attention  
And do guard duty all day.  
I got everything I need  
And they tell me what to say.

Well this really might  
Not be the job for you  
Unless you're bored out stiff  
And have nothing to do.  
But me, I sure do like it,  
Almost as much as school,  
Obeying all the orders,  
Keeping straight and playing cool.

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## HASHISH SHORTAGE CONTINUES

A hashish shortage that has plagued Central Pennsylvania through most of the summer and fall seems destined to continue until at least Christmas. In a recent survey of prominent area businessmen, little hashish was to be found and there was virtually none for sale.

The major factor in the shortage is a crackdown by Federal authorities on the smuggling of hashish from foreign countries. Shipments from Jamaica, Germany and the Middle East have always been vital in meeting the United States' demand but within the past six months, record breaking shipments have been seized in New York, Maryland, and Louisiana. American soldiers stationed in Europe are finding it increasingly difficult to bring hash back to the States. What hashish does reach this country is consumed in it's area of entry.

An obvious answer to the shortage would be increased area production but few local dealers are willing to go into that. Not only is a great deal of marijuana needed but a laboratory requires more equipment and security than most of them are willing to invest in. Hashish production is a risky operation especially in the wake of the recent State Police crackdown on dangerous drugs.

The only optimistic note area merchants see is this year's record breaking marijuana crop and much of that is available for consumers.

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## RITE'S OF SPRING