

## READER CLASSIFIEDS

### FOR SALE—

1973 Yamaha, 250cc. In Excellent Condition. If interested call after 5:00 P.M. 741-0624, York. Asking \$750.00.

**FOR SALE—Bell Motorcycle Helmet, Size 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ , excellent condition, \$18.00. See Rich in E-104.**

**FOR SALE—Nikon-F with 35mm 2.8 PC Nikkor and 85-205 mm 3.8 Vivitar Zoom. \$395.. Call Bill 944-1688.**

**FOR SALE—1969 Triumph GT6+ Gold Exc. Condition Mags Konis Perellis Stebro. Best Offer. 394-4867 after 5:00. 397-3501 Ext. 75 before 5:00.**

**WANTED—One or several commuters from Lancaster area for Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Have to be here at 8 A.M. Leave at 12:05 P.M. Also will make arrangements. See Mrs. Marie F. Dhansis W-110. S.G.A. Office.**

**NEEDED ride to west Pa. New Castle area, Northwest of Pitts! Must have ride for first weekend of November. Would like to contact now, if possible. Call 944-7071. Ask for Andy or stop at 931B Mars.**

### Lost and Found

**LOST—One pair blue corduroy slacks at Suds City Sept. 28th. If you picked them up by mistake please call Kathy 944-0053. I need them desperately!**

### PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL MEETS

On Monday evening, October 7, the President's Council met for the first time this year. It was a good turnout with information concerning school organization finances being given by SGA Treasurer Jay Wren. Organizations represented include the Social Committee, Student Government Association, X-GIs, Chess Club, ITE, Yearbook, Beta Chi, C.C. Reader, Ski Club, WZAP and IEEE. Don't let your club be left out! Check the mailboxes in W-110 for messages and meeting times.



Dr. Brestler speaking on Ford presidency at 1st D.T.K. luncheon.

### AVIATION DAY '74

hit a number of air-pockets which produced a sensation similar to a rapid descent in an elevator. As we banked toward the airport, this finally got to our third companion, who decided to forgo his turn at the controls, and just get back on solid ground as soon as possible. We landed without further incident, and I picked up my own personal little pilot's log which had recorded in it my first .3 hours of flight ever.

I then discovered that the \$3 rides were now an hour behind. After grabbing a quick snack at McDonalds, I went on a "tour" of the control tower.

This "tour" consisted of climbing about a thousand steps and two ladders, and then standing in, the tower and staring out at nothing but landing - field, river, and sky, as well as casting quizzical glances at the tower equipment. The tower controllers were what one might describe as courteous but cool. They never introduced themselves, nor informed us of anything willingly. However, they answered any questions put to them, and could be very informative. But, at the expense of not wanting to appear stupid, no one asked many questions, and the entire episode ended rather quickly.

After this, I headed back to the airfield; just in time, I thought, for my second flight. But by now, the flights were an hour and a half behind.

I climbed back into the jetliner to get out of the sun and spent an hour listening to the Club's chief stewardess talk to some fellow Capitol students about her experiences as a stew. I went back out to see how things were coming along only to find that the rides were now two hours behind.

However, with a bit of juggling, I managed to get my flight moved up, and, after another half-hour delay, I was finally headed into the wild blue yonder. The 11:20 flight I had originally signed up for took off at 3:30 p.m.

The flight was well worth the wait. We flew over Hershey and the other small towns in that area. Then we headed for Harrisburg. One of the biggest and most impressive thrills in the world has to be flying over a city, with all its massiveness sprawled out beneath one, looking like a monstrous toy set. It's the kind of thing that should be preserved on film. However, I ran out over Penbrook, and missed some really great shots. Before landing back at Hbg. International, we flew over two helicopters coming in from Hershey which was another interesting sight.

In reflection, Aviation Day was a very worthwhile event which saw, I felt, extraordinary involvement on the part of the students. The flights were so full that extra ones, past the 3:00 official closing, had to be scheduled. Mr. Pugh, I am sure, extends his thanks to everyone who came, and his condolences to those who wanted to, but couldn't.

Mr. Pugh did his best to make this event a success, and I think that I can truthfully state that it was unqualifiedly so. Mr. Pugh was so buoyed by this success that he plans to hold another one next year. I'm sure that, with the experience gained this year, any future Aviation Days will incorporate better scheduling of the \$3 rides. If this year's participation is any indication, the events next year may have to be scheduled over more than one day.

So, if you missed last year's Aviation Day, see to it you amend that mistake. Be there this year!

## DTK

Delta Tau Kappa, International Social Science Honor Society is sponsoring its second of a series of brown bag luncheon-discussions to be held Monday, October 21, at 12:00 in the Gallery Lounge. The speaker this week will be Mr. Philip Taylor. Mr. Taylor will speak on day dreaming, the topic of the research project in which he is currently involved. All students and faculty are encouraged to bring their lunch and join in the discussion.

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## Be It Ever So Humble,

## There's No Place Like Rome:

### A Fable

by P.R.J. Smith

Montus Paximus had been born on a peninsula of northern Africa in a section now known as Ethiopia. When the armies of Rome invaded and sacked that area, Montus was a mere boy of twelve, but he fought valiantly to defend his village.

Because of his valour, and skill in battle, when the Roman legions captured him after being knocked unconscious by a falling section of clay roof, they chose not to kill him, but rather to send him back to Rome as a slave to be trained in the gladiatorial arts and to perform in the arena for Claudius, who was Emperor at that time.

Montus learned quickly and in no time at all was the most popular gladiator in all Rome. In only five years he had bought himself back from Rome and became a Citizen due to popular appeal. But he did not leave the arena. Instead, he kept hacking away with his battle axe until he was very rich and one of Rome's foremost celebrities. He attended all the best parties; was courted by rich and beautiful women; had his own palatial estate; was served by many of his own slaves; and was a frequent guest at the palace of the Emperor himself.

Pretty good for a poor boy from a bad neighborhood.

The highest honor of all, though, he received upon his thirtieth birthday. The Emperor himself gave him a lion cub from his native Ethiopia as a pet.

This cat, which he named Vindicator, was the only love of his life. He coddled it and gave it the sweetest meats that could be found in the City and in no time at all, the lion grew into a huge beast: loving and faithful to his master.

One day, Montus noticed that his beloved Vindicator was acting strangely. Fearing that his pet was sick, the gladiator sent for Oscetes, Rome's foremost veterinarian. He instructed his servant Michael to show the vet in when he arrived and assist him in anything he might request. Saying this, he was off to the arena.

Soon, the vet arrived, took one look at the great cat and said, "Worms". He then threw some white powder into a plate of milk and gave it to the lion to drink. Then he told Michael that "He'll be alright now". Wrote out a bill and left.

The lion threw up and crawled into a corner.

When Montus got home that evening, he saw that Vindicator was now clearly sick, and was almost heartbroken with worry. He sent Michael out to bring Oscetes the vet immediately. Before they returned, though, he was summoned to the palace of the Emperor and could not refuse.

When Oscetes arrived, he looked the lion down the throat and said, "Rare Ethiopian Lion Plague".

Then he took some white powder with blue speckles out of his bag, threw it into some milk and set it before the lion. But the lion wouldn't drink. So he force-fed him thru a tube.

The lion turned green and died.

Oscetes, fearing that Montus, upon seeing his beloved Vindicator dead, might do something rash, beat a hasty retreat and left town without even leaving a bill.

Michael was very upset, as it was now up to him to tell his master of the dreadful thing that had happened. He went to his wife, Mabeline, who worked in the kitchen and told her what had happened.

"That quack!" Mabeline exclaimed. "That big cat didn't have any worms or any rare plague, it was just in heat!"

Suddenly they heard their master's scream.

"Vindicator!" he cried. "What has happened? My beloved pet is dead!"

Michael ran to his master's side, outraged that the lowly Oscetes should cause such unwarranted grief. As he ran into the room, Montus turned to him, his noble features warped with pain, and cried, "Michael, my loyal servant, tell me, what foul disease has stolen the life from my beloved pet?"

Michael looked at him levelly with fire in his eyes and said, "Master, it was no sickness that destroyed your beloved Vindicator, it was the cure of Oscetes that killed the cat".

# VETERANS... somebody cares!



The main problem with strawberry yogurt is that it tastes so much like strawberries.

# your Vet-Rep on Campus cares!

See: ED FAKE

Room E-104

Mondays: 8:30 - 5 P.M.

Thursdays: 11:30 - 8 P.M.

Fridays: 8:30 - 5 P.M.



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

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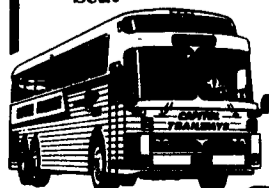
4:30 P.M. — Leave Harrisburg

**FRIDAY NIGHT,  
OCTOBER 25th**

**AT PHILADELPHIA,  
PENNSYLVANIA**

Cost \$21.45 — Per Person Includes

Transportation and Reserved Seat



Phone  
236-9588

Harrisburg,  
Pa.