

Business-Types Invade Capitol

It was a quiet Wednesday, hardly any classes-students sleeping late-a typical mid-week at Capitol. People started to appear about Noontime with plastic badges on their lapels. Who were these mysterious people, and why were they at Capitol Campus of all places. It seems the University was sponsoring a luncheon for a bunch of business types-so those out in the real world could see what Capitol has to offer the 9 to 5 workaday world. The reality of the situation was that the Chamber of Commerce of the Greater Harrisburg Area was on campus at the invitation of the Provost, Dr. McDermott for an orientation on the place we know as Capitol Campus.

Just how would you go about describing Capitol to an outsider? That was the job undertaken by the Public Information Office, the bunch who pulled off the Convocation so successfully last fall. You could say that we are one of 32 upper division and graduate centers in the United States, and that we offer a small college atmosphere yet have all the advantages of a large land grant University. You could mention the uniqueness of the Meade Heights residence area or even that the average undergrad student is 32 years old. You could even go to the extreme and say that at Capitol, we have an inversion of the typical education pattern-which is all well and good, but just exactly how could Capitol help the businessmen of the Harrisburg Area? It seems that one of the educational philosophies of Capitol is practical experience in education.

To achieve this philosophy, Capitol has a myriad of programs dealing with Internships, Urban Terms and work study arrangements, whereby Capitol students venture out into the real world for real time experience in their related fields of study. In order to place students in these positions, connections must be cultivated in industry, government and educational institutions in order for Capitol's philosophy to succeed.

This then was why these mysterious business types came on campus, while you-the student, were sleeping off Tuesday night's party. Now the Chamber of Commerce knows a little bit more about Capitol while we know a little bit more about them. Cooperation is the name of the game, and Capitol hopes to play a winning game. The object is to place more students in real world situations before the finality of Graduation Day comes around, so that we at Capitol have a better chance on the tightening job market.

f. s. p.

"LIFE ITSELF CAN'T GIVE US JOY, UNLESS WE REALLY WILL IT. LIFE JUST GIVES US TIME AND SPACE, IT'S UP TO US TO FILL IT." Get active, get motivated---participate in YOUR student activities.



The Capitol Campus Reader

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Sexism Who Is Jimmy Olson?

BY JIMMY OLSON

Some people around here have been wondering who I am. I am Jimmy Olson. Don't you remember me? Does Clark Kent sound familiar? Oh yes, now you know.

For years on end I have played second fiddle to that jerk Clark Kent on the DAILY PLANET staff. That Lois Lane was also an unbearable snob who was very nauseating to work with. Well, now I'm on my own.

How did I get to Capitol Campus? Where's Clark, that ass who thought he was Superman? It's a long story but here it goes. Since last year, when the television royalties stopped coming in, the staff's future was on shaky ground. The old man had a heart attack and retired, Lois ran off with a truck driver's magazine editor, and Clark Kent mysteriously disappeared. Clark's vanishing act might have had something to do with Superman's demise. Several months ago, Superman was seen flying into the Los Angeles smog to answer a distress call from some honest citizen. He never came out. Who knows, maybe he's still flying around trying to find his way out. Even Superman's X-ray vision couldn't penetrate the L.A. smog. Anyway, when Superman disappeared, Clark left also. Maybe that dumbell Clark ran off to Mexico with thousands of dollars that he embezzled from the newspaper. I'm not sure but whatever happened I know he's gone. So, with the staff split up and people disappearing, that left me with the entire mess dumped on my lap. Just think, I, Jimmy Olson, responsible for saving the entire world from the perils of crime and dishonor. It's a great responsibility for a junior staff member to inherit, but I'll try to the best of my ability. Those countless years of being a pee-on finally paid off.

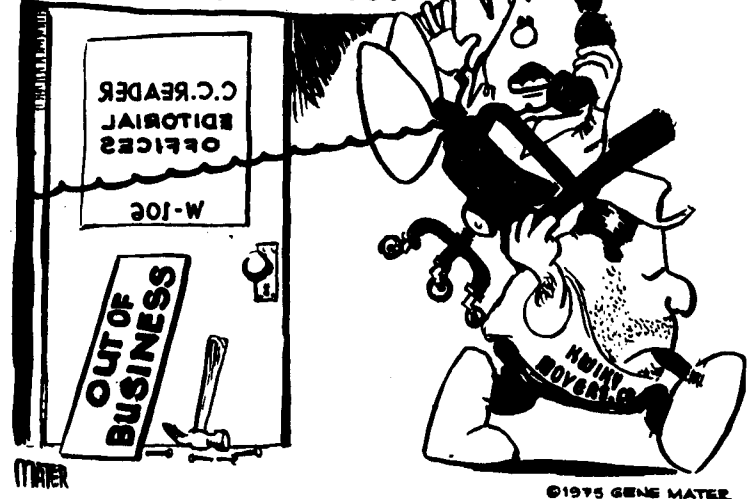
So what am I doing at Capitol? Very simply explained. First of all, I cannot fly like Superman. Therefore, I must locate in an area where all forms of transportation are available. Secondly, my choice of location must be one where the nerve center of the world's political, social, and sexual point lies. It took a lot of searching, but I finally decided on Capitol Campus. If at any time there is a world crisis, as in emergency, I must be on the scene as soon as possible to offer my expertise to the situation. Since Capitol is practically next door to the largest and busiest airport in the world, I can be in the air in a matter of minutes, flying off to any continent on the globe. I am quite in demand you know. If I need only to travel a short distance, the Penn Central Railroad is right across the street. All I have to do is stand next to the tracks and the Engineer will stop the train for me. When I board, I can be sure that I will be arriving at my destination promptly, while riding in a luxurious railroad car.

My second choice of locating at Capitol Campus is because of it's intellectual, social, academic and sexual superiority to any other location in this country. I can constantly stay abreast of everything that's happening in this country just by hanging around the pinball machines in Vendorville. It takes quite an intensified background in all areas to be able to combat world mediocrity as I do. Of course, the wind rushes in many directions. While the utmost in everything is happening here, the nothing-most also is happening. Believe it or not, the two extremes are functioning quite well. Not in unity, but functioning. So this situation at Capitol Campus is giving me many opportunities to continue my quest against dishonor, crime, injustice and warts. Lately, there have been more warts walking around here than I previously thought. Anyway, my work is cut out for me. So, read and observe, for Jimmy Olson is back in town.

Gremlin Village

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL

IT'S TRUE THAT WE'VE BEEN CALLING FOR THE ELIMINATION OF NON-ESSENTIAL CAMPUS SERVICES. THIS, HOWEVER, IS NOT QUITE WHAT WE HAD IN MIND!



thinking all women are alike. calling her a "lady" doctor, "lady" novelist, "lady" lawyer, "lady" cop.

finding an intelligent woman...thinking she is an exception.

thinking the wife with hired help is neglecting her home...thinking that the executive with a secretary is efficient in doing his work.

explaining things to her in a slow, gentle voice...also used for preschoolers, the senile and mentally handicapped.

rewarding a man's outstanding accomplishments with a raise or a promotion rewarding a woman by saying "thank you".

"letting" her go to work, to school, to a meeting.

asking a professional woman what her husband does.

being proud of a son who fights hard and well...telling your daughter not to fight because it isn't ladylike...wondering why so many women are raped and beaten in the streets.

admiring the husband who demands his rights...talking about the woman who wheedles for hers.

talking shop with your neighbor...while she gossips with his wife.

deciding what you can afford to buy...letting her write the check for it.

calling her "the little woman."

a mother-in-law joke.

thinking divorce means the wife has failed.

standing when she enters a room...interrupting her whenever you have something to say.

relaxing after work while the working wife gets dinner.

expecting her to mold her schedule to conform to his.

if she isn't married, thinking what's wrong with her.

agreeing that women should have equal pay for equal work...not being able to find any women who do equal work.

telling your son to be a good sport when he loses to a boy...feeling embarrassed when he loses to a girl.

expecting her to help when you entertain your friends, making a hasty retreat when her friends come to visit.

thinking it's your right to have a night out with the boys...thinking she's delinquent when she takes a night out without you.

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