

# Adventures Of Harry The Sperm

(dedicated to Capitol Campus residents)

by Jimmy Olson

Once upon a time there was a young sperm named Harold Spermaceti, (Harry to his playmates). His childhood was quite normal, except for one thing. The little squiggle kept thinking that there was always something better. (something like the ultimate conception) Harry's parents continually accused him of being spoiled and unappreciative of everything they gave him. It wasn't an easy early life for Harry, but he kept on searching. One day, Harry was ready for college. On that special day of departure, his parents told him to study hard and exercise, thus some day he'll be able to fertilize some young egg. Harry followed his parents advice, and soon he was an honor student at Penn State, Capitol Campus.

All would seem to be going well. But not so for Harry. Something was missing. Did the 5 to 1 ratio of males to females living on campus have something to do with it? Apparently Harry thought so. Because his basic function was to fertilize young eggs, all this external academic success didn't seem to matter that much anymore. Harry needed some companionship. Just how long can anyone worship a sterile calculator without going batty? Even the thought of the word sterile frightened him. The original purpose for little squiggles and ovary eggs was to come together in ecstasy. The purpose here was being defeated, so Harry had to find something better. He then started out on his search. After a tour of the local degenerate bar-rooms, he became despondent. Those bar games were too much for him to handle. How about some of those spicy social affairs? Harry wasn't too keen on the roaring crowds of swarming squiggles trying to capture the few present eggs walking around in those carriers. If those carriers (producers of eggs) would only keep still, Harry could move in. But the close proximity seemed to be impossible. Perhaps he could wait for the big weekends. Shockingly enough, the place was deserted. Seems like there was a mass exodus of eggs every weekend. Maybe those creatures went home to be fertilized? Maybe some are reluctant to get fertilized at all? Now that's no future for Harry. So what's a young sperm to do? Whoknows, Harry, whoknows?

Jimmy can empathize with Harry's problem. But, as I always say, there's just no excuse for someone to be lonely. Though the ratio of men to women is grotesquely outlandish, Jimmy still believes that there is always somebody, no matter who or where you are. People are meant to be together, whether that be emotionally, sexually, or both. Everybody must have someone close, and that's no lie. To me, that's the most basic of human needs. Closeness makes for happiness. But, the 5 to 1 ratio does exist. What can be done? Per se, there is no cure for the over abundance of males at Capitol Campus. All that I can say is, that if a man or woman has their heads together, and they are truly and sincerely a loving person, then there will always be someone for them to share themselves with.

Surrounding Capitol Campus are multitudes of men and women also looking for companionship. You all would be surprized how many. As for me, I have found one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, practically next door to me. And, I didn't even have to look. It happened naturally. So, that's what Jimmy suggests to you Capitol men--get it together, and let it happen naturally. "Never a drop of rain...makes an armadillo mightly god-damned thirsty." gbm

Jimmy Olson knows what's happening.



## The Capitol Campus Reader

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# What's It All About?

## "A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME"

Do you agree with that pithy adage? I'm assuming that you don't since you are either a student or an employer at Capitol Campus. Yet if a woman wants to expand her life to include things other than housekeeping and raising children-a difficult enough task in itself-she knows it ain't gonna be easy.

More women are going to college these days and are expressing interests in vocations or professions independent of the domestic role that has perviously been assigned to us. But it's going to be a hard struggle to free ourselves from previously held concepts: our own self-concept and society's concept of what a woman's role in life should be. Many of us have taken for granted that our highest aspiration should be to marry, bear children, and spend the rest of our lives being the blissful geniuses of our households. All well and good, however housewives as the most overworked, under-paid, and unclaimed members of our society are beginning to seek their fulfillment in other ways. Women have been entering the labor market either because of economic necessity or to escape boredom and we are still overworked, under-paid and unclaimed.

We are the last to be hired, first to be fired; last to be promoted, first to be demoted. If we apply for a job it's for damn sure we're not going to get it if a man with equal on lesser qualifications aplys for that same job. Is that fair? Sure it is, we're always told ourselves or we're always been told. Somehow we're always had the notion that women are just not as intelligent, capable, aggressive, ambitious, on proficient as men. Men are superior beings and we, as women, have accepted our inferior role. Or have we? Are we beginning to change? Are we beginning to become aware that maybe, just maybe, women are equal to men? Are we beginning to believe that maybe we should be given equal status, equal pay, equal opportunity; and maybe we should be treated as intelligent, proficient human beings? What do you think? Come to the N.O.W. - National Organization For Women - meeting tomorrow, Friday, Feb. 28, 1975 at 2:00 p.m. in room W202

Submitted by Susan Wohlbruck

# A Note From The Editor



## The Anonymous Names

This is for all the nameless people: those of you out there who've written-in telling us how much you like or hate so many of the things that go on around here on campus and in this newspaper. We (the conglomerate group, the Reader) would like to thank you deeply for your letters and articles. However, I, the Editor, would like to take a little of your time to discuss (in an admittedly one-sided fashion) your anonymity and one possible reason for it.

Let me begin by reassuring you that I don't want to know who you are, and I really couldn't care less. Now let me relax (as Dr. Spall would say) this assumption and bonafide fact, and allow myself to get curious in a non-inquisitive manner.

Recently, the Reader has been literally deluged with many pieces of pseudonymed salutations. They come in approximately equal amounts as articles and irate Letters to Yours Truly. They, in many people's opinions have been the spice of this publication and I myself have thoroughly enjoyed reading these off-times enlightening items.

However, I can't help but wonder to myself why these things are always signed in pen-names. And, more importantly, where do they get those pen-names? Some, like Chingis Khan, have historic significance, and give a pretty symbolic clue as to what the author is like. I mean, why else would someone who is so worried about "decent Chicks" (emphasis on the "chicks") pick one of the world's greatest barbarians and chauvinists as his literary label?

As we move on to some of the other contributors to this publication, I think I perceive a definite correlation between the chosen pen name and at least the content of the article, if not the character of the author. Take Jimmy Olson as a prime example. Here is someone who has chosen as his pennant, one of the most downtrodden characters in all of the fantasy-magic world of Comicbookdom. And his material betrays the reason for this: he's always trying to make a point by delving into fantasy to get the reader interested and laughing. Then, like comic's Jimmy signalling Superman to come to the rescue with his signal-watch, Capitol's Olson springs the real reason of his jesting on you - that he just wants to be heard. A point well-taken. Well, I could go on and on like this, but if I did, I might find my theory shot to hell, and that would defeat the purpose of this article.

Anyway, the other point I wanted to make while I'm on this vein is that things are getting so bad with these counterfeit names that it's getting hard to tell which ones are real and which ones ain't. Like Mona Praxiteles and Lawrence McFurd and Doug Gibboney. I admit that these names all sound a little far-out to be real, but you never can tell.

Please allow me a moment to be completely serious. This wide-spread use of pseudonyms has given rise to a few serious situations for both the author and the paper. These situations are becoming more frequent and more serious. As a result, we are instituting a policy that is common in most newspapers. In order for us to live up to the precept of responsible journalism, we ask that any articles submitted to the Reader in a penname also include the author's real name. We will honor the author's wishes in publishing only his penname, however, we would like to have his-her real name on file -- just in case.

Please don't misunderstand, we regret this move as much as anyone, but for the good of everyone involved, we must institute this policy. Should we continue to get article signed in pseudonyms, without the author's proper name (to be kept in strictest confidence), we may be forced to discontinue publication of such articles and letters.

So, again, I want to thank all you Namless People for your invaluable contributions. And that includes those country clubs in the dorms. Keep those cards and letters comin' in, folks. (OK, I.M. Proxy).

J.S.B.

# Reader Shuts Down

**ATTENTION!** Due to a plethora of problems beyond our control, the C.C. Reader will not be published next week (March 7). hope to resume publication the following week. If this proves to not be possible, rest assured that the Reader will return with the advent of the Spring term. If you have any contributions to the Reader, don't hesitate to bring them in. We will publish them as soon as we continue publication. Thank you for your patience and kind understanding.

THE EDITORS