

# Perspectives Page

## EDITORIAL

### Answer The Question

Picture, if you can, a world where there are no answers, and everyone is walking around asking questions. Then, without warning, someone comes along who has answers. Possibly the answers have nothing to do with the particular question posed, but, nonetheless, that person has the quality of making a decision.

Would not that person be admired for his ability to act? With answers comes action. Time proves the validity of the decision and its effectiveness. The immediate result, though, is, at least, a beginning, a spark, or charge, as a battery is needed for a source of power to initiate the chain of events necessary to operate an automobile. The battery cares not in what direction the automobile travels, so long as that direction does not cause destruction of our hypothetically animated battery.

When witnessing academicians one might be able to compare them to sub-zero temperatures.

A battery has a difficult time operating in such a climate. And, without the first mover, as Aquinas would say, there can be nothing moved. No questions are answered, only question, questions, and more questions.

Eloquence has its place, but it shouldn't get in the way of the solution. Is it really that deflating to be wrong? No, watch!

$1 + 1 = 3$ .

There now that didn't hurt, did it?

In fact it is possible to argue successfully as to the solution 3, in answer to  $1 + 1$ .

You object? I speak all the louder. You still object? I cram it down your throat, until finally you agree, "That is the way it is."

Good things comes to those who take them, not ot those who ask politely, "May I please?"

People want something they can grasp, something concrete, no wish wash, but answers. Tell us how. We want to Know.

We have come to your school in hopes of finding out and, instead, leave more uncertain than when we came.

This "is not my job," "is not my field," syndrome is not healthy. The world is becoming over-specialized to death. Soon there will be professional nose blowers out to hire.

### Notable Quotes

It is certain, and evident to our senses, that in the world some things are in motion. Now whatever is in motion is put in motion by another, for nothing can be in motion except it is in potentiality to that towards it is in motion; whereas a thing moves inasmuch as it is in act. For motion is nothing else than

the reduction from potentiality to actuality. But nothing can be reduced from potentiality to actuality, except by something in a state of actuality. Thus that which is actually hot, as fire, makes wood, which is potentially hot, to be actually hot, and thereby moves and changes it.

Aquinas

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## Republicans In Some Trouble

By Michael Burke

At first it must seem strange that I should be concerned with the future of the Republican Party, but like many serious students of political science, I identify with the liberal activities of the Democratic Party.

However, my interest in the future of the G.O.P. becomes understandable when one realizes that Ronald Reagan, John Connally and Gerald Ford will influence the direction the party takes in years to come.

The success or failure of the G.O.P.'s effort to win elections is in the hands of James Earl Carter and the record his Administration will develop for the Republicans to run against.

The poor track record of the Republican party in the post-Watergate era has raised a great deal of debate over the future of the Grand Old Party.

Most of the debate centers on the squabbles among the various ideological factions within the party for control of the polls. The battle lines are drawn between Ronald Reagan, Goldwater, and conservatives on the right; such moderates as Michigan Gov. William Milliken, Senators Howard Baker, Bill Brock and John Connally in the

middle; and Richard Schweiker, Clifford Case and Nelson Rockefeller on the left.

Above this house divided, sits Gerald Ford, the nominal leader of the party, whose influence over party direction has dwindled since his election defeat. Speculation as to the outcome of this struggle ranges from a conservative take-over of the party and the defections of party moderates to the Democratic fold, the formation of a conservative third party (giving the American people a clear three-way choice between conservative, moderate and liberal party affiliation), and a compromise party developed along non-ideological lines which would act as a P.R. firm and concentrate on finding attractive candidates and on winning elections, rather than on ideological hair-splitting.

However, while the internal warfare weakens the G.O.P., it is a myth to believe that the ability of one faction to gain effective control will strengthen the party and reverse the trend towards minority status or extinction.

No one faction of either party can gain enough support to win election on a state-wide or federal level in America due to the nature of the electorate. Americans are divided on the

issues on the horizontal level due to regional differences, and on the vertical level based on racial, religious and economic differences within the region.

One only has to look at the 1972 Presidential race when the ultra-liberal wing of the Democratic party gained control of the nomination process and named George McGovern the party candidate.

The lack of support he received from within his own party and his resounding defeat at the polls were not the result of a lack of effective leadership within the Democratic party. In fact, the opposite is true.

One group had enough clout to force the nomination of a candidate who appealed to such a small minority that it was impossible to establish on which base to run on.

Therefore, if the G.O.P. is not to fall along the wayside of history, as the Whigs before them, they must run on positions that appeal to a broad segment of the American people.

So come January 20, the actions of Jimmy Carter, Tip O'Neal and Robert Byrd will determine if the Republican Party will fade into history or if as one rock-headed Republican observed after Ford's loss, "Now we can blame the Democrats for everything."

## One Day In January

By Ray Martin

I was standing next to a half-frozen civil servant, eating peanuts and remarking to no one in particular that maybe this, at last, was the end of our long national nightmare. I kept telling myself not to think about Bell and Sorenson as I fervently hoped for better led tomorrows. Little did I know that our national nightmare was just beginning.

The first tip-off came when the Inaugural Parade began. The Alabama drill team was carrying real live M16's instead of the dummy parade rifles the Alaska guys had. Being allergic to the cold, by the time the Arkansas team had marched by, I was too miserable to check what they were armed with. I quietly snuck into a nearby drugstore, hoping my grandchildren would forgive me. I was defrosting next to a phone booth when I heard some violent swearing from inside it. I looked in to see a D.C. cop who had ripped off his American flag shoulder patch and was now sewing on, with some difficulty, a Confederate flag. I listened to my surroundings for a second. I noticed that the flat, indiscriminate accent which predominates in Washington, despite its being a southern city, had been totally replaced with drawlin' and y'all-in'. This was getting a bit too heavy for me, so when I heard someone

standing underneath a walkie-talkie antenna say, "Rexall to Charger...Rexall to Charger, ever little thing's ready to go good buddy, 'cept we got some Yankee bastard nosin' around Calvin's phone booth." I didn't wait for permission to leave.

In order to avoid crowds, (a good thing to do if you don't want to attract attention while running and screaming like hell) I kept to the side streets. Just as I turned a blind corner I ran full force into an M60 tank. Let me tell you, there is no more unforgiving a substance to ram warm flesh against than tank armor. After I had regained my breath and ended a world's record swearing marathon, I looked up at the tank commander, who returned my gaze looking as though he had just found lunch. "Oughta look where ya goin', boy." He kept smiling expectantly, as I still think he was waiting for me to apologize for hurting his tank. Finally shifting my gaze from the tank slits he had for eyes to the two white bars on the front of his tanker's helmet, I mustered the courage to ask, "What outfit are you with, captain?" He answered with obvious 'do somethin' about it boy' pride, "19th Georgia National Guard Armored Battalion."

Adrenalin is one of the true wonders of the wonderful human body. By the time I realized I was running south, I

was halfway across the Rochembeau Bridge. Finally, no more out of breath than when I had made the first horrible realization, I was at the front doors of the Pentagon. Just inside the door, a small group of Air Force and Navy officers were in animated conversation. I interrupted them and explained the situation. An Air Force major turned to me and said heatedly, "Why do you damn Yankees worry about every little thing."

The next thing I knew I was standing on the south bank of the Potomac. Without thinking, I jumped in and swam north, Lucky I did too, because just then three A7's bearing the distinctive grey coloring of the Confederate Air Force started strafing the Rochembeau Bridge.

Finally, wet, scared and exhausted, I collapsed at the foot of the Lincoln Memorial. I gazed at the ring I had inherited from my family's Civil War veteran with new understanding for a few seconds. Then I stood and heavily walked to the massive Mr. Lincoln. I patted his huge shoe and silently looked up at him. My communion with Mr. Lincoln was disturbed by the unholy roar of a formation of C130's crossing the city at 2,000 feet. I saw paratroopers jumping from them. I checked their shoulder patches with my