

Perspectives Page

EDITORIAL It's Going Around

A philosophical movement has achieved much more than random support here in our school and is threatening to undermine the entire educational system with its base saturation.

Many people are beginning to ask themselves: "What am I doing inside studying while I could be out somewhere else enjoying?"

Indeed, it seems that at the ushering of every Spring season this revolutionary tendency (anti-studying) surfaces. Usually, though, there is no formal unified front whose sole purpose is to promote these teachings. But now we are rapidly moving in that direction. The proportion of which students are flocking away from schoolwork is astronomical! This thread of association is like a wave getting everyone in its path to join along.

This needs to be changed. Let's organize; let's create an official agency with elected officials to further spread this liberating philosophy. Those chosen should be proponents of this tendency year round not merely in the Spring; in order to show us of their unflinching certitude. We do not want those leading us to be less than 100% in favor of these teachings.

Goals, plans, reasons for existence? A livable campus community. An organized effort by all clubs and organizations to do something other than the grand fiesta known as the Spring Concert which is scheduled to end at 8:00 p.m. Our administration has seen to it making sure this annual bash doesn't get too big. Everything has strictly defined guidelines so as not to be too much fun.

When the clubs and organizations of this school sit back and hoard their money, only spending it on themselves nothing gets going. It's too bad this isn't a four year school. It takes a year to get initiated. Then in the second year you're aware of how things work but find no merit in changing them, thinking it will all be over soon enough. How many days left? Somewhere around 20?

With all this talk about tuition increases for next year and strict rules on the way monies are spent by student clubs and organizations; the money you've got sitting in your account doing nothing might be better off being spent.

Club and organization leaders are usually seniors. Spend your money, and make times good for your junior members who'll face even more restrictions next year.

Notable Quotes

Oh, how one wishes sometimes to escape from the meaningless dullness of human eloquence, from all those sublime phrases, to take refuge in nature, apparently so inarticulate, or in the wordlessness of long, grinding labor, of sound sleep, of true music, or of a human understanding rendered speechless by emotion!

-Boris Pasternak

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A welcome visit to Wilkes-Barre

By Cliff Eshbach

I want to depart from what I said I would write about this week, "The Studyholic", to something I experienced last week. Hopefully, you will find it more worthwhile than some gibberish about these students who are surgically attached to their books.

On Friday, April 22, my good friend and likable R.A., John Leierzapf, and I made a trip to the land of our Associate Degrees. We went back to Penn State's Wilkes-Barre campus to see how old friends were doing, and to participate in celebrating that campus' sixtieth anniversary.

It was refreshing to see that Penn State's reputation for being impersonal has not damaged that campus as much as it has here.

Anyway, as we were coming home on I-81, I got to thinking about what I observed there. And how that campus and Capitol differ.

A Great Loss

By Ray Martin

Last Thursday, this campus suffered a great loss. Dr. James G. McAree died.

True, professors live and die just like the rest of us. For me at least, though, Dr. McAree had a very special meaning. So I feel the need to comment on his passing.

I was once honored with seeing a very large asteroid pass very close to the earth. It was not expected; you could not plan to see it. You might be, as I was, standing in an open field in Massachusetts, when a sense of something exceptional told you to look up. It was a dramatic, beautiful and awe-inspiring sight. A spherical green fire with flecks of many other colors burning through it. It might have been my imagination, but I could swear that it made a quiet and yet powerful "swoshing" noise as it passed.

I wish I had been atop a high mountain or in an aircraft, so that I could have watched it for many minutes. But I was standing next to an acre of cranberries and only watched it for seconds. I know I shall never see anything like it again.

I did not come to this campus to take the courses of James G. McAree. Finding him here was most unexpected. But once again I was in the right place at the right time.

His memory was uncanny to the point of being entertaining. He could recite word for word from what he had read a decade ago. I don't know how many languages he spoke, but their number was many. He was well travelled and had learned deeply from his travels.

See Page 3

Since I graduated from there in 1975, I've made several visits back, and each time I left, I felt that there were some differences between these two campuses besides location and size. I think I finally hit on it.

During my visits, I observed students and their clubs and organizations working together a lot. They weren't worried about who was going to get the last of Student

Government's money.

I observed faculty members actually interested in being educators, rather than worrying if their latest article is going to get published or whether they will get tenure.

I observed administrators. Well, administrators at all Penn State campuses come from the same mold. But at least the administrators there let you

See Page 3

People are going too

fast in the Heights

By Carol Andress

We have a serious situation on campus that could explode any minute. A lot of people, living in and visiting the Meade Heights area, are unaware that there are kids on campus. The nice weather is here now and the kids are outside playing and crossing streets to visit their friends.

As a member of the newspaper staff, I've volunteered to write this article as I'm also mother of two of those kids.

I have to let them cross the street to play with their friends and I can't always be outside with them. I can and have spent a lot of time teaching them to cross safely and use the back yards, when possible, instead of the front yards. They're absolutely forbidden to play in the street and they know I'm always checking.

All the mothers here have set strict rules for their kids and these rules are enforced. We've all done our best to make the kids realize that they could be badly hurt or even killed if they're hit by a car. But how do you explain death to a child?

Kids are kids-- and there's always the danger that they'll forget for a moment and chase a ball that's headed for the street or some other foolishness.

Things like that can happen even if a mother is standing right there.

We've already had one incident where a child was cutting across the front yards on a Big Wheel and was nearly run over by a car backing down the driveway. Neither child nor driver saw each other because of the sheds.

We can't stop driving through Meade Heights because of the kids... but, we can drive a little slower and be more aware that they are around. They're not in any one area; almost every block has a family with children now, so one could dart out from anywhere anytime-- especially during the day and early evening.

If everybody obeyed the 20 mph speed limit in the Heights, there probably wouldn't be a problem. Some forget it sometimes. Some forget it a lot. If the kids always obeyed their parents, there probably would not be a problem. But kids forget sometimes, too.

It's tragic to think what will happen if some driver forgets to obey the speed limit and hits some kid who forgets to stay out of the street.

How are you going to feel if you're that driver? The kid may no longer be able to feel anything at all.

Bugs Bugs Bugs Bugs

Since it seems like the only way to get results in this school is to write to the paper, here goes.

Meade Heights is not only a fine place to live while acquiring an education, it is also the ideal place to live if you like bugs.

Recently, I had the unexpected pleasure of dining with two ants daily, and for the past five weeks I've lived with a family of bugs of a different sort.

These guys or girls as the case may be, are anywhere from 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches long, have a hard black shell and like moisture and darkness.

Unfortunately, the Meade Heights living program offers all these plus the added

attraction of doors that never close properly, leaky pipes and thin walls, designed to be in Florida.

Admittedly, crumbs do fall on the floor occasionally, but maybe students would be more careful not to "feed" their little "friends" if the Housing and Food Service did their part in the crisis. Surely they're not too busy to exterminate in the houses that request it (and request it and request it!)

As a good friend of mine said, "It's no fun to put a pair of pants on in the morning and feel something crawling up your leg," or as someone else discovered, walk into your room to find bugs in your sheets.

Beth Kopas