

Lifestyles

Trans-Middletown beer pipeline

by jeff drinnan

Instead of observing clouds billowing forth from the hyperbolic cooling towers which loom into view from various parts of the campus, one may see white frothy foam pouring out over the top of these giant containers in the near future as they may be converted to beer holding towers.

In a recent meeting of Metropolitan Edison and Capitol Campus officials, a Trans-Middletown Beer Pipeline was proposed. The plan calls for a pipeline to be run from the converted cooling towers which will hold one million gallons of brew each, to a storage tank at

the student center.

R. I. Dicolous, public information official for Metropolitan Edison, said the conversion of their nuclear power plant to a beer distributor is a "practical and novel idea to serve the public in this day and age of exploration. We're always eager to try something new."

Dicolous said this large scale system of beer distribution is "Economically more feasible" than conventional methods. "We plan to draw up contracts with flyers from the air national guard. Specially trained helicopter pilots will Hoover over the beer holding

towers and use sky hooks to lower brew into these giant containers. With choppers dropping off beer at regular intervals, we should keep an adequate supply of beer on hand. These helicopters would work like busy little bees bringing honey to their home."

If the beer supply runs to dangerously low levels, there is an emergency number for calling a backup squadron consisting of approximately 300 helicopters.

A perhaps more experimental plan to keep the beer holding towers full would be getting supersonic transports

(SST) to deliver the beer. Four SST's could fill their beer tanks right at the brewers and soar off towards the towers at 500 m.p.h. plus. Each jet would carry a one million gallon disintegrateable upon impact plastic container full of beer and, using the bombing apparatus taken from a GI surplus WW II bomber, will swoop down and drop the beer into the beer holding towers while passing over. "One problem with this", Dicolous explained, "is if the pilots miss the towers and hit Middletown. The area could be flooded for weeks and people may even drown."

The Trans-Middletown Beer Pipeline proposal comes after a deep concern for fulfilling the college's demand for beer. "This is much like the Alaskan Oil Pipeline and many parallels can be drawn to it," Dicolous remarked. "You have these fanatics screaming that the whole beer pipeline idea is ridiculous. Well, they're right about that since it is my idea. But they're wrong in saying that Capitol Campus doesn't need all that beer. Why, what else is there to do at college - play tiddlywinks and sit around eating twinkies and drinking soda pop?"

Saturday in Shoram

SGA News

I feel as if I'm sitting in the middle of someone else's life. He isn't home. While he isn't home the apartment stands like a core of his personality, waiting to be examined. I cannot separate him from it; maleness, intense maleness in the dark simple rooms that insist on my scrutiny. The bedroom has nothing on the blue walls. There is a dresser, table and bedstand of dark wood that hold tastefully shaped bottles of after-shave, cologne, an ashtray, and the telephone. He is stark, organized. The next room contains a bed with laundry folded and divided into piles which wait to take their turn on the ironing board set up on the side. Again, nothing on the walls.

His study, around the corner, is more deeply him. He sits inside plaques on the wall, certified and honored, leaving another mental mark of him in my evaluation that I cannot avoid. His books, his desk, his rationing of self-indulgent knick-knacks; they are him speaking, telling me himself. He wants a woman to take this tour; it's waiting.

In the upstairs bath the towels are hung correctly so I would not even want to touch them. There is one thing that I can't identify until I pull it apart and recognize an air-freshener. All the fixtures are clean in the simple room that is ready for my gaze like everything else, although he did not expect me.

The downstairs is not as personal but is more generally him. There is brown leather furniture,

a marble table, a painting of a woman on one wall. It is comfortable and again, tasteful. The stereo surrounds a soft rug and pillows in a pile on the floor which is where I knew he would put me the first time. He has a plan because he's been waiting. There's a certain way he wants me to fit here, an order of activities with responses which I do my best to be an antithesis of. The kitchen too is terribly organized. He even has a cover over the toaster which I forget to replace. Here there is more of the clutter of his daily life but still it is ordered. I'm sure that he knows where everything is. There are two rooms left, a bathroom - a repeat of the one upstairs - and a small back room with a chair and television, some coats hung on a rack.

He makes love as if it's a place he has set up like this, knowing just what he wants and doing his best to push and nudge me into the pattern. No deep gentle tenderness - he is insensitive to any pattern I might have. He is rough and hurried to get to the point, to see if I conform enough. It infuriates me but I say nothing. I cannot. How could I explain?

It puts sharply into focus my own particular tastes and patterns because they are lacking here—no place for my blank walls, my books, my love-making. It is sad. When we are alone we build such elaborate sets for audiences that never appear. They become so ornate, even in their simplicity, that there is not one square-inch left to squeeze in someone to love us.

Income for the past week was \$407 from vending and \$32 parking. The SGA voted to ask the owner of the pinball machines if they could be unlocked. The Administration will be putting up maps in the school for those of us who are still getting lost.

Beta Chi will be having a kegger on Tuesday the 13th. They will have a live band and admission will be \$2.50.

Recently Capitol was visited by a delegation of students from the University of Baltimore. Their campus set-up is very similar to ours. Well, if you think our parking fee is high, listen to this. They pay sixty-five cents a day to park.

In actions taken by SGA, Julie Taney was appointed to Junior Senator. Welcome aboard, Julie! Also, the SGA approved the proposed constitution for the Students Aglow Fellowship.

If any graduates would like to get involved in planning graduation or if you have ideas on speakers, let us know.



photo by bob foster