

# Letters To The Editor

## Bear-el of Fun

Editor:

I know it was rough, but I see most of you made it back after a one-month lay-off. And I have even noted a few new faces in the crowd. Leonard Wumke welcomes you. (That has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?) For all of you returning folks, I'm glad you came back. I missed you'uns, as I'm sure y'all missed me. Are youse ready for the new year with all of its challenges, trials, and tribulations?

I'll start the new year with the same story I ended the old with. Once upon a time, a Teddy Bear and duck were taking a bath together. The Teddy Bear said to the duck, "Pass me the soap," and the duck said, "What do you think I am -- a radio?"

Has anyone pondered the meaning and/or symbolism of that anecdote? One interpretation sees the duck as a symbol of the United States and the Bear as Russia. Use your imagination to figure that one out.

If you have any other interpretations, write them in 100 words or less, place them in a plain envelope marked "Leonard Wumke Teddy Bear & Duck Bath Contest," and slide them under the door of the C.C. Reader Office, W-129. Harry will see what I get them.

The winner will receive a free case of Iron City. If no one enters, I get to drink the whole case myself.

Speaking of beer, a new bar within crawling distance of campus opened up near the end of Fall Term known as the Sunburst Motel. It's located just east of Olmsted Plaza on Route 230. While it is slightly more expensive than some other area pubs, the customers and bar persons seem very friendly. (That means they were buying drinks for Leonard.) Just thought I'd mention that there is something else to do around here.

I'm psyched for Ronny's giant step to the right next Tuesday. It should be interesting to see where he'll take the country by "1984." Has anyone besides me noticed a correlation between the current shortage of peanut butter and the coming shortage of Georgians in the White House? If Jimmy can't get his 22% pension increase by legislative

means, he'll hit Americans where it counts -- in the stomachs.

SGA still has a few small things to take care of in the next five months. More on that at a later date when I don't feel so apathetic about school politics.

It's going to be another beautiful year in South-Central Pennsylvania. And if you don't believe me, just take a walk along the Susquehanna on the path leading from the Falmouth Access Area (a few miles below TMI on Route 441). Make sure you take your camera.

Leonard's gonna back on out now so you can get back to your studies. But not to worry, I'll be talking to you again. Don't forget about the Teddy Bear & Duck Bath Contest.

One more thing: Eagles will take it to the limit!

As always, I remain...  
LEONARD WUMKE

## Name Game

Your Editorship,

As I was reading the November 20 edition of the C.C. Reader, I was greatly amused by the comments and opinions expressed in the letter to the editor concerning the relations between the United States and Iran - more specifically the defense of the late Shah.

However, my amusement was abruptly terminated when I came to the conclusion of this biased letter and discovered that the author was not identified.

Now, dear reader, may I ask you - how strongly can this person believe in what he (or she) is saying? How firm can his beliefs be if he is unwilling to publicly be associated with the statements made? How dedicated can this individual be to his country? Indeed, how much courage is needed in this day and age - in this country, at least - to sign one's name to his own publicly printed beliefs?

Need that anonymous author be asked to consider what shape the world would be in today if others hadn't the courage to sign their names and stand up for what they believed in? Where would we - as Americans - be today if John Hancock had not applied his majestic signature to the Declaration of Independ-

dence? How much prestige and power would the U.S. be lacking if Thomas Jefferson hadn't signed the Louisiana Purchase and doubled the size of our then-inferior nation? What would modern-day Paris smell like if the immortal Pierre Francoise de La Brioschi had not condemned and redesigned its sewer system? Consider, if you will, the plight the world would be in today if Sir Isaac Newton had not signed into effect the eternal Laws of Gravity. Would the Filthadelphia (sic) Phillies have won the World Series if Pete Rose had not signed his name to a contract agreeing to play for them? Or, would Pete Rose stay on that club if Ruly Carpenter did not have the audacity to sign his name on Mr. Rose's paychecks, literally giving a grown man millions of dollars to play a child's game? What would be the state of our economy if Charles S. Supplie and Wilhelm de Mannd had not penned their astonishing findings after years and years of diligent research and finally developed their famous laws of Supplie and de Mannd?

These are only a few examples of great men - many of whom risked their lives - who were proud to be identified; they stood up for what they thought was right.

Since our anonymous author had no apparent reason for keeping his name a secret, while at the same time adamantly defending the Iranians, I can reach only one conclusion: the Shah of Iran is not dead; he is alive and writing letters to the editor at Capitol Campus.

Name withheld upon request

## Leaping LEzards!

### A solution!

Editor:

I found your Editorial/Opinion column of Thursday, November 20, 1980 entitled "Inconsideration Considered" very interesting. It was refreshing to hear from a student that wants to listen and is disturbed about classroom disturbances.

The key to the solution is two-fold.

1. The professor must be alerted by the concerned students that they desire a quiet class with one person speaking at a time. The professor must then inform the students that this is a class requirement and that students not obeying the rule will be asked to leave and create their disturbances elsewhere.

2.

Peer pressure from the students will assure that this technique works.

Dr. Lawrence A. Ezard

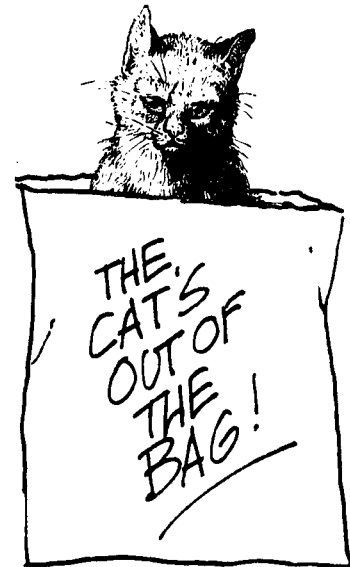
## Fair Thee Well

Fellow Students:

This is to inform you that an Organizational Fair will be held January 20, next Tuesday. The Fair will be held in the Gallery Lounge between the hours of 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. During the off hours sign up sheets will be available for those interested in a club.

If any questions arise, speak to Kathy Branigan or me. This is the time to join a club.

David J. Austin  
Chair, President's Council



## Diary Of A College Revolutionary

### REVOLUTION UPDATE

(Revolution Update is a continuation of "Diary of a College Revolutionary." This time, however, the self-promoting psycho is not alone. The members of an unnamed revolutionary band have selected Lt. Colonel S.C. Anon as their leader and spokesman.)

January 1, 1981

At last the path to revolution has been cleared! There are four new members of our clan, which now totals five. Although I cannot, for security reasons, reveal their true identities, I am able to introduce them to you by their code names.

•**2nd Lieutenant Borrk** - An axe murderer by nature, Borrk seldom reveals any human emotions, except when the Donny and Marie Osmond "Hawaiian Punch" commercial is on T.V., at which time he has a tendency to kick or punch the T.V. screen. There are those who say this is not a human action, but rather an animalistic, sub-human reaction. Whatever the case, Borrk has taken out two televisions this month alone. Borrk has had an inferiority complex ever since he learned that his mother was a test tube marked "Failure."

•**1st Lieutenant Kemo** - a former demolitions expert in the Army, Kemo was discharged after he tried to sell plastic explosives disguised as candles to various refugees at Fort Indiantown Gap. Serious charges against him were dropped however, when he told the Army that he was not smuggling or operating a black market, but was really trying to blow some "aliens," as he called them, into the next dimension. The Army said that was okay, and gave him a good conduct medal along with his honorable discharge. Kemo was a member of the winning team in last year's "World Tag Team Chain Saw Death Match" held in El Salvador.

•**Captain Damien** - the other member of that winning team in El Salvador, Damien was a close-combat instructor with the Marines, until they found that he killed or maimed 95% of his students during classes. Damien enjoys wrestling gorillas (he always wins) and making up dolls that look like Howard Cosell and violently jabbing them with bayonets. Damien is into a back-to-nature kick in his eating habits. I mean way back, like before there was fire, because he eats everything raw, like meat, fish, and

chickens. Sometimes he doesn't even kill his food before he starts eating it. An anthropology major I know once said that looking at Damien was like having a glimpse into the past, somewhere around Neanderthal.

•**Major Disaster** - a former chemical warfare specialist with the Air Force, Disaster specializes in putting large groups of people to sleep for periods ranging between 15 minutes and forever. He is credited with putting an entire Congressional session to sleep for three years now. Many of them woke up only to find their seat taken by a Republican. While driving past a trailer park or other congested neighborhood, Disaster will often remark, "If I were a tornado, I would go through that neighborhood." Disaster's other interests include Viking history, alcohol binges, and incendiary explosives. He is also writing a book entitled "Death Camps as a Social Weapon in Late 20th Century America."

January 8, 1981

Our first official meeting has been concluded! We have decided that America is in need of drastic reform if it is to survive. We have created a list of demands to be submitted to the government. These demands include:

•1) Outlawing those little waving hands that people put in the rear windshield of their cars. Those things are a highway menace! Once you start looking at the thing waving back and forth, you get hypnotized and the next thing you know you're sitting next to your engine which was pushed back by the oak tree you slammed into when you missed the curve because you were mesmerized by that stupid waving hand!

•2) Taking all silly commercials off the air, like Charmin (Public execution for Mr. Wipple), Bonjour Jeans, and do something about Mrs. Folgers, shoot her, anything. Sanka brand must go also.

January 10, 1981

There has been no response to our demands of two days ago. This means, of course, that since the government will do nothing, we must take over the government. We hereby demand that the United States Government be turned over to us, with myself as Commander-in-Chief, no later than Monday, or else face the consequences.