

Editorial Page

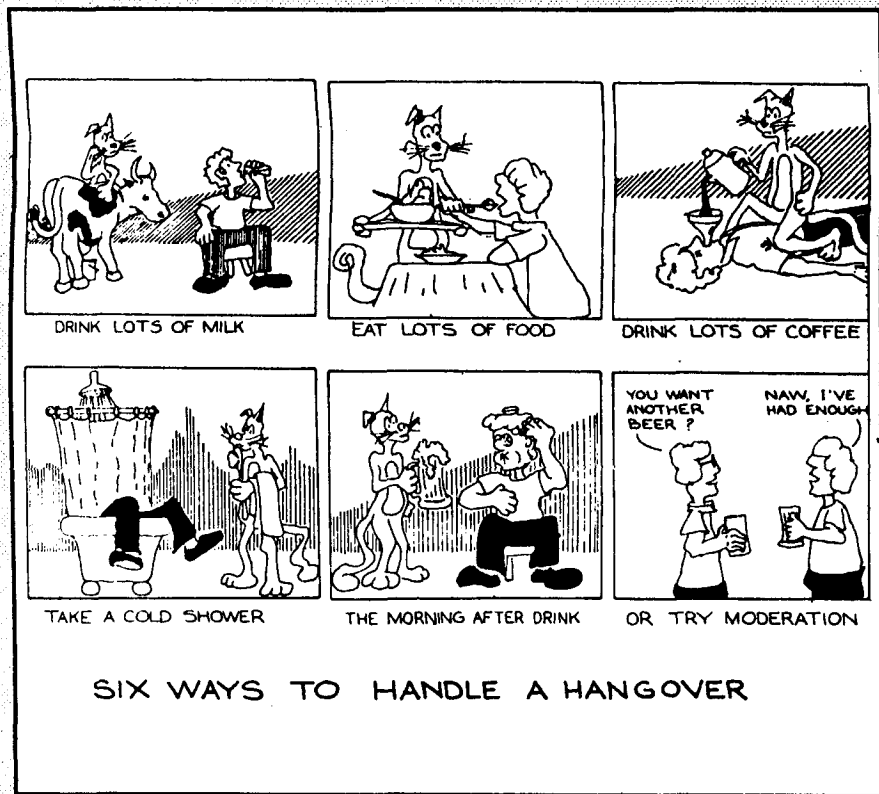
Jan Travers/Editor

A Call For Alcohol Education

We live in a society where consumption of alcohol is associated as being social and having a good time. And since a college is a society within a society it follows that students drink for the same reason. It's a way to release stress and tension.

Representative Frank LaGrotta, member of the House Select Committee to Investigate Alcohol Abuse in Pennsylvania Institutions of Higher Education, created a scenario during the committee meeting last week. Addressing himself to college students present at the hearing, he asked what the public would think if every Wednesday all representatives would get together, each paying \$5 admission to drink and party to relieve the tension and stress they face in dealing as legislators each day. He wondered aloud how long it would take for the outcry from the people that there were a bunch of drunks running the state. His point, in his words, was alcohol abuse is "cute until you get your diploma and then it becomes a problem."

Maybe he's right. Alcohol abuse is overlooked on many campuses, with the hope that it will go away. Penn State University adopted an alcohol policy last year prohibiting undergraduates from drinking at any college sponsored events. And on the surface, though many students weren't thrilled with it, it seemed like a step in the right direction toward curbing alcohol consumption. However, it's been in existence for over a year and how many university-sponsored alcohol awareness campaigns have there been? Until the university adopts some means of educating the students on alcohol abuse, all the policy seems to do is remove the burden of liability from the institution. Universities aren't here to play mom and dad but they are here to be educators. It's time to start educating.



Jan Travers/Editor Guess Who's Griping Now

Recently, 50 of Penn State Harrisburg's student leaders met for a weekend of leadership training. Expertly run by the Student Affairs staff, the conference gave us a chance to evaluate ourselves in both individual and group settings.

The conclusion of the weekend was an open discussion with Ruth Leventhal, Robert Graham, and Jerry South, our administrators. The rules were simple. Six chairs were placed in a circle in the middle of the room. Three were occupied by the administrators and three by students. Only those in the inner circle could speak. Therefore, when a student from outside the circle wanted to speak, he or she had to replace a student already there.

We had our gripes ready. We fired questions in rapid succession to the three. In most instances we got what I considered satisfactory answers. However, there were some areas that the Big 3 said they would have to check into.

The ironic part of the whole discussion was that, believe it or not, not only students have gripes. The Big 3 also had gripes and guess who they were aimed at? Do you believe it? You mean we're not the only ones with problems?

Communication seemed to be the basis of their complaints. They wanted to know why many students don't know what's going on when there are 50 bulletin boards in Olmsted and numerous pamphlets and publications, including This Week. "What more can we do to inform you of campus happenings?" they asked.

We couldn't explain why many students don't take the time to be informed. Can You?

On Being a Woman

by Vicki Koon

Although I have wanted to write a column with a feminine viewpoint, I have struggled with calling myself a woman. Even though I'm over 30, I still feel like a girl. I don't dress properly or fix my hair right to be a woman. But then neither does Linda Ellerbee.

All my life I have wondered if I would know when it happened. What is it that separates the women from the girls? The first time I shaved my legs I thought I had made the great transition. That is, until I walked out of the bathroom to find my cousin waiting for me to go bike riding. It was the same thing with the first menstruation, the first kiss, and the first pair of tummy-control pantyhose. There was always something there to pull me back into girlhood.

The one aspect of being a woman that I have never bought is using the feminine wiles. I've always seen it as a game that eventually must come to an unpleasant end. Like my high school friend Jane, who was dangling Bob on one hand and John on the other, with a separate personality for each. One day she got mixed up and found herself on prom night in front of the TV.

But being so adamant about not dangling my sex in front of me like a carrot has not always proved, shall I say, fruitful. Last May I was stopped by a police officer for making a right hand turn at a red light which didn't allow it. It was three o'clock in the morning and I was driving employees home in three different directions in Harrisburg before I started my own trek to Carlisle. I was very tired. We didn't smell like booze, we reeked of french fries and burgers.

But I didn't say anything to the cop. Nothing. I was angry for being stopped. I was so angry that when I mailed out the check for the District Justice, I mailed it to the wrong address. It took three months for the check to be returned to me, during which time I accrued a \$25 late fee. Because I didn't beg for mercy, it cost me \$77.50.

The moral of this story is that I have learned there are certain instances where the feminine wiles could be of great use to me. I now know that I really am a woman.

Capital Times

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Meeting Time Announced

There will be a *Capital Times* staff meeting on Friday, September 18 at 12:00 in Room W-129. Assignments will be made at this time.