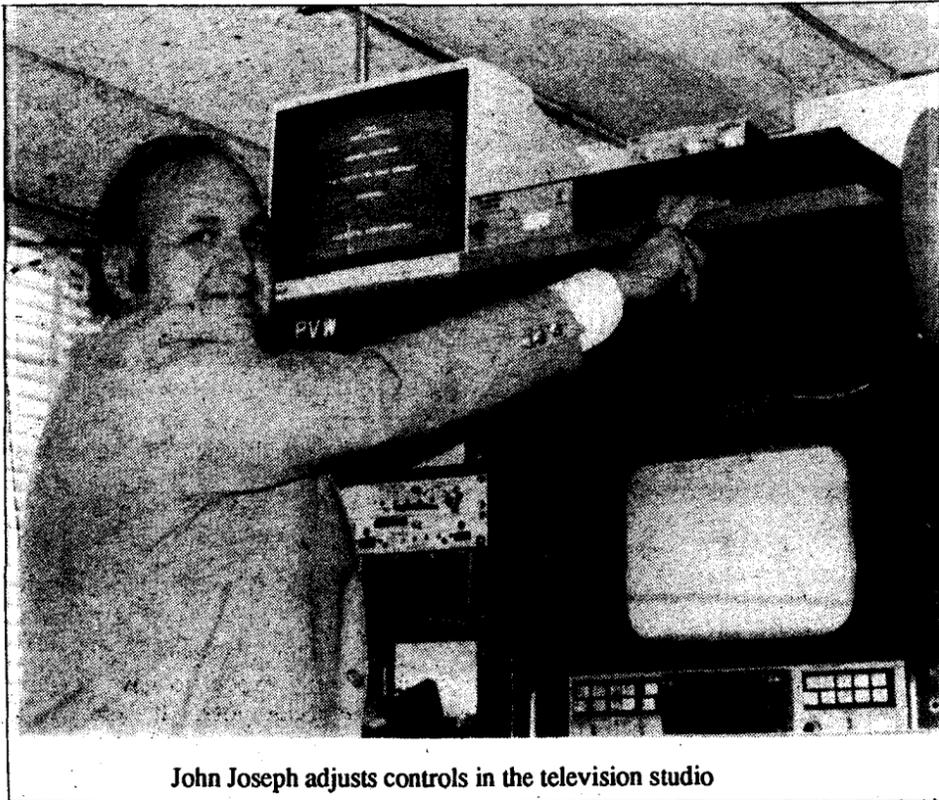


# Step Taken For Telecommunications System

Photo by Kyle Weaver



John Joseph adjusts controls in the television studio

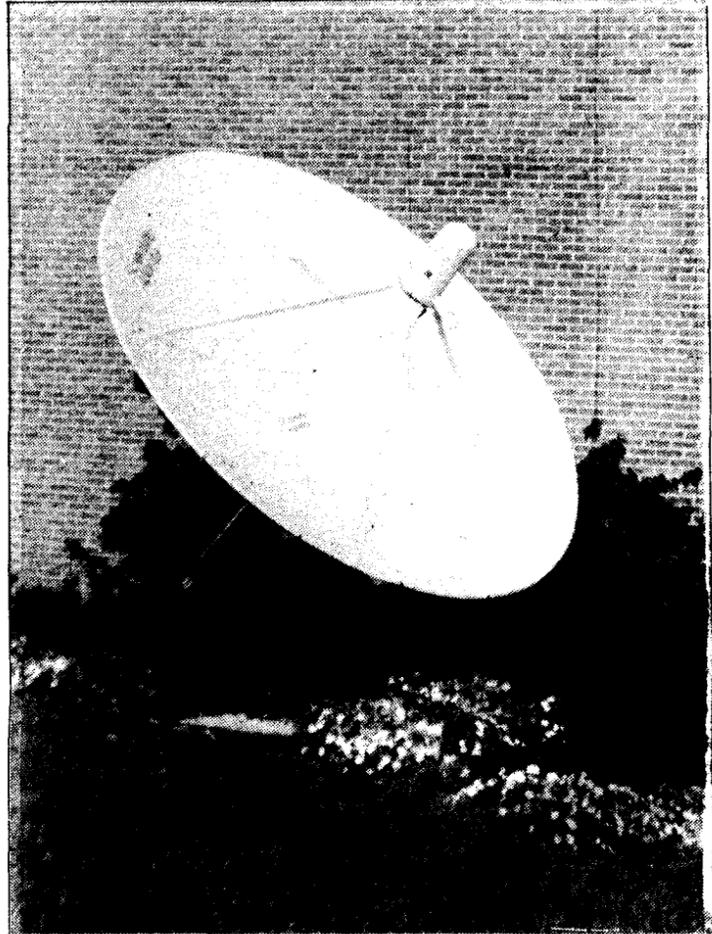
programs would allow students and faculty to follow international news from a perspective not normally available through the major U.S. news media.

"Given the capability of translation it is conceivable that one could listen to a speech or interview with Daniel Ortega, President of Nicaragua, or hear the Canadian side of why their negotiators walked out of the U.S.-Canada trade talks that occurred recently," Mahar said.

The conspicuous location of the dish is one of those inherent quirks that

accompany high technology. According to Mr. Ben Widmir, physical plant supervisor, plans called for locating the satellite dish on the roof of the Olmsted Building. The contractor, Scientific Atlanta, after conducting signal reading tests on the Olmsted Building roof, determined that there was too much signal interference from other sources. The conspicuous presence of this twenty-first century educational tool serves as a symbol of Penn State Harrisburg's keeping pace with new technologies for research and education.

Photo by Joe Kupec



Satellite dish located at west end of Olmsted Building

By Joe Kupec

The Olmsted Building has a new, high-tech, sculpture--a satellite dish, along the road to the parking lot. The presence of this High-Tech Icon indicates the arrival of Penn State Harrisburg's participation in university and worldwide telecommunications education.

Satellite dishes act as the down link, receiving signals transmitted to a satellite from a land-based station. Presently, all campuses in the Penn State system are installing dishes and running cable to classrooms intended for use in teleconferencing. According to Dr. William Mahar, chairman of the Humanities Division, the dish is only the first part of a program to provide all classrooms in the Olmsted Building

with telecommunications capability. At this time, rooms in the east wing of the Olmsted Building are tied into the satellite dish. This links the television studio, Humanities and Behavioral Science classrooms for teleconferencing capability.

Eventually, all majors in any classroom on campus will be able to tie into a lecture transmitted from any commonwealth campus with transmitting capability.

Another benefit of the dish, according to Mahar, is the capability to receive domestic television programming from Canada, South and Central America, and Asia. Access to international television broadcasting would permit students studying languages to practice comprehension skills. The capability of receiving domestic TV

## Autumn Leaves Bring Back Memories

By Michele Hart

My mother always loved fall. Every Sunday afternoon in late September and October she would pack the three of us kids and my dad into our station wagon so we could drive around for hours "enjoying the colors of the leaves."

I don't really remember seeing much in the way of leaves on those afternoon drives, I was always too busy torturing my little sister or being tortured by my older brother. We would sit in the back seat and pull each other's hair, get into slap fights, and worst of all move into each other's "space." I can hear myself now:

"Mommy! Patrick has his finger on my part of the seat. Make him move it or I'll bite him."

My mother would patiently turn around and look pleadingly at my brother.

"Why do you always do this to her? Please sit on your side of the seat and leave her alone."

The discipline over, Mom would turn her head back to the window

and watch the scenery go by. Every once in awhile we would hear her whisper to dad: "Bill, please slow down, I can't see the leaves if they are a blur."

As far as I was concerned the only good things about those rides was the possibility of getting ice cream if we behaved.

Even when we lived in Texas, where there are only two seasons, hotter than hell and hot, mom would take us for rides to see the leaves change. We never had the heart to tell her that the only thing the leaves in Texas do is turn brown and die, and that's from the drought, not a change in seasons. I'm pretty sure mom knew that anyway, she was raised in Texas.

But, something made her quest for watching the leaves change continue. It really didn't matter to her whether the leaves went from green to yellow to orange or from brown to dead, to her they were changing and it was something to watch.

I never understood the ritual and I was glad when I didn't have to go along anymore. I teased my sister and called

her a baby because she still had to spend her Sundays in the back seat of the station wagon. My friends all made fun of my mom. They said she was like the mother on the Waltons, and I agreed with them. She told us we could laugh at her all we liked, looking at the leaves was something she was always going to enjoy.

The station wagon is long gone now and so are the kids. But, last Sunday when I called home no one answered. I called and called all afternoon. I was beginning to get worried.

Finally at about seven I called and my mom answered.

"Where have you been all afternoon? I was starting to wonder."

"We went for a drive to see the leaves," she answered, "the colors are just starting to change. And then we stopped for ice cream on the way home."

A strange sense of melancholy came over me.

For some reason I felt left out. I wanted to be there. I wanted to

terrorize my sister and scream at my brother, and I wanted an ice cream cone. Most of all I wanted to look at the leaves. I wanted to make up for all the rides I ruined for her when I was a kid. I wanted to take the time to see what she sees and marvel in the changing of the seasons.

Then I realized what it was that I really wanted; I wanted to go home, I wanted to be a child again so I could see what I had missed.

"Hey mom, how about if I come home next weekend? Maybe on Sunday you and me and dad could go for a ride."

