

Jan Travers/Editor

Hate, Bigotry & Racism

Isn't it amazing that in today's society there can be an organization like the Ku Klux Klan? The Klan, which met last weekend in Ephrata, serves as a reminder to us all of the hate, bigotry and racism still alive in America.

However, the Klan's meeting locally had positive consequences as well.

Where but in America could a group which stands against our very fiber be allowed to assemble to exercise their freedom of speech.

The good news is the Klan's membership continues to fall to such an extent that groups like the Urban League of Harrisburg and NAACP decided to ignore the whole event, refusing to take part in counterdemonstrations. Estimates put Klan membership at around 4,500, a 14 year low.

The better news was the number of white people who came out for the counterdemonstrations. Many braved the cold, rainy weather to send the message that they disapproved and were appalled at the meeting.

Maybe things are beginning to improve.

On Being a Woman

by Vicki Koon

I can clearly remember being a teenager and anticipating the day I would be allowed to shave my legs. Other than the desire to be old enough to wear nylon stockings, it was the single thing that I wanted most in those prepubescent days.

The TV commercials for Lady Schick razors were the culprit. I used to watch them in awe: A woman languished in a tub brimming with bubbles with one leg poised effortlessly in the air. With an air of elegance and serenity, she glided the razor over her leg. Her once human-looking limb became a work of art!

At last the day arrived for the sculpting to be done. I couldn't quite get the bathtub as full of bubbles as I felt it should be, but my mother's Lady Schick was ready to do the job. I leaned back and brought my leg out of the water. It didn't feel right. On TV it looked not only natural, but graceful. But actually doing it felt awkward. I assumed it was because I wasn't as old as the woman in the commercial.

Awkward or not, I held onto the position and began shaving. I realized right away that part of the problem was that I couldn't see most of my leg. The only solution was to pull myself out of the water into a full sitting position and prop my leg up on the side of the bathtub. As I began shaving it occurred to me how much skin actually covered my legs. And then I realized that even in this modified position it was still hard to see around the ankle and under the knee. The reason why, I discovered, is that these two body parts are not meant to be shaved.

When I was finished the bathtub looked like a porcupine had been murdered in it. Cleaning out the bathtub being one of my least favorite activities, I decided that the next time I would shave my legs in the shower.

Shaving my legs in the shower turned out to be even more awkward than the Lady Schick position. The only reason to do it is to not have to clean up afterwards. I propped my leg on the wall with the water at my back and when I bent down to start shaving around my ankle the water began beating on my head, running over my face, and washing the soap off my leg at the same time. So I turned facing the water, and even though I was blinded, the soap didn't get rinsed off my leg. Because I couldn't see what I was doing, I missed a two-inch row on each leg.

Now that all the illusions are shattered I just wait for Autumn each year.

"Let it grow, let it grow, let it grow."

Capital Times

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Editorial Page

It Smacks of Reverse Discrimination

Dear Editor,

I hear so much talk regarding discrimination against women. However, at our campus I have been witnessing reverse discrimination. I realize that our provost is a woman and may not be aware of the difficulties that men experience as a result of the problem.

The men on this campus are still expected to do a juggling act with their books when visiting the restroom, unless they are lucky enough to get the natural urge while passing the lion near the main entrance, for just across the hall does exist a singular men's room furnished with a small table permitting male students and faculty to place their books upon while "doin what comes naturlly."

Please take my word for it when I tell you that men need their hands to assist them in those quarters. Did you ever try to unzip a dress, ladies, while holding an armful of books? We cannot hold our books on our laps all the time. We just weren't created to deal

with the situation that way!

I am informed by a reliable source that the women's rooms on campus do have places to deposit books.

I discussed the problem with the provost last spring and several months later was informed that a study was taking place to determine whether there should be tables or shelves. At the end of the semester I was informed that the problem had been turned over to one of the male faculty. I approached that gentleman before the end of the Spring semester and again at the beginning of this semester to learn what was being done and I was told that tables would disappear as they had in the past and shelves were being considered but that may be an expensive alternative. Perhaps it would be wise for the powers-to-be to visit my old alma mater, Harrisburg Area Community College, where each restroom is equipped with wooden pigeon hole shelves at the entrance to these facilities.

Sincerely,
Gene Albano

Reserved Library Desk Causes Jealousy

Dear Editor,

The library staff assigned me a study carrel. That act seems to have puzzled some and outraged others. The notice reserving the carrel frequently has been ripped from its place. At other times it has been covered with comments and questions. I'd like to answer those scrawled messages.

"Isn't that special!!!" read one note. No, it isn't special that I have a reserved carrel, just different. Another observer drew an arrow aimed at my name and demand: "Who is he?" A third advised me, "Be realistic. I pay tuition."

Kant maintained that justice consists of treating similar persons similarly in similar circumstances. That makes sense to me, but it does not follow that we ought to treat different persons in different circumstances all the same. If you pass your neighbor's house and see that it is on fire, it is just to throw water on the flames. On the other hand, if you sail past your neighbor's boat and see that it is sinking, it is not just to hurl more water into the bilge. The circumstances are different and justice demands different responses.

I am a graduate student. I used to be a daily newspaper reporter, an education editor and later editor and publisher of two weeklies. I still write editorials for syndication in this country,

Canada and Panama, but my chief occupation is finishing the thesis for an M.A. left uncompleted 12 years ago. I have no place on campus to work except that one carrel assigned me by library officials. That fact, coupled with the faculty expectation that graduate students must do more research than undergraduates, is what makes my situation different from many other students, and why it seems just to me that I was given a reserved carrel.

I pay tuition, too--and at a higher credit-hour rate than undergraduates. All students pay tuition, or it is paid for them. My correspondent is not unique. Yet that payment does not entitle all students to free and unhindered access to all university resources. It does not grant male students the use of women's bathrooms or female students men's. It does not permit humanities students to make off with equipment bought for engineering studies. No student may use faculty offices, and no one has the right to a carrel through squatter's rights; it was assigned to me for academic reasons. Other graduate students have been given the same privilege, but perhaps they have been less stubborn than I and have given up the fight.

Very truly yours,
Philip Michael Clark