

November 22, 1963 Remembered

This is about promise and childhood and a friend I never met. Since her mother's name was Joyce and her name was Joyce, her nickname was Jo. Jo was ten years old. She had short hair and a lot of freckles. She loved horses and knew a lot about them, enough that she explained to me what a gelding was. To which I said, with a sigh, "Oh." She was a good friend and we spent a lot of time together, doing whatever kids do. Playgrounds. Fields. Woods. School things. We usually walked to and from school. We braved the snow and the fast cars and those places where the bank came too close to the road. At those spots you had to scurry to the next safe area where the shoulder was wide enough to walk. It is one of these walks that was burned into the mind of this ten year old. Our discussion went something like this. "I didn't like him, but I didn't want anything to happen to him," she said.

Alan Foster



"I liked him. He was a friend" I said.
"What," she quizzed?
The next thing I knew she started running and I was supposed to catch her.
We went home and watched it on television all weekend. All that black and white television. The somber voices. The flags. The kids were younger than we were. Our parents told us that things would be okay.
The next week we went back to school and studied arithmetic and English and waited for recess and lunch. There was a new kid in our class. He was from Germany. He talked funny.
Jo and I still did all the things that kids do. It was great knowing someone who had horses. I even got to brush them. We still went to the fields and woods.
Her brother, Tom, put together sulphur, saltpeter and charcoal and the fire it made when he lit it, that was really something. Usually what he did was light a little patch (about as big as a dime), but one time a spark hit the main coffee can. We learned where fireworks came from.
Beaver Creek was at the bottom of the hill. Such a wondrous place. Water. Rocks. Crayfish. There was no better place to be a kid. We learned so many things.
I moved away, but never forgot those people. Jo now has a son who is old enough to drive. She married someone with the same last name. We all grew up, but I still think about what happened on that day to that friend. A friend I had never actually seen in person. But when November comes and the leaves crackle, I think back and try to keep the sadness from returning. I miss the promise. I miss that presidential smile.
(Alan Foster is a communications instructor who periodically contributes to this newspaper.)

Is Something Wrong ?

By Mark Keisling

I love this place to pieces. I really do. I love the size, the friendliness, the price (relative to other institutions of course.)

There are problems, however. Let's talk about the more serious problems first and then, if we have time, we'll move on to more frivolous concerns.

I guess I don't have to tell anybody this, but there are too many light switches in this building. Most classrooms have like eight or so (like wow). And there are those stupid electrical outlet boxes on the floor right where the professors can't help but trip on them. Of course we all hate it when professors get humiliated mid-lecture. So hey, let's say we get to this problem. Why not assign an electrical engineering class to redesign the whole system. That's why we have liability insurance-- isn't it?

Okay, what's next? Straighten up the flagpole. Stand near the bookstore. The pole doesn't point up and down like it should. Rather, it tilts off to one side a bit. Let's clean up our act, alright. Either it's an MX missile sight aimed at Moscow or it's a flagpole aimed straight up. You can't have it both ways.

Next, what is that stuff they call broccoli-rice-casserole (B-R-C) and why do they serve it twice a week? Why don't we shoot it at the Russians instead of the flagpole. I've been told that the only reason they serve B-R-C twice a week is so that they only have to serve shrimp-au-gratin twice a week. That leaves one day a week for shrimp-parmesan (great variation guys.) Hey, what do you say we knock it off. Okay? Eighty-six that nonsense. Rethink that swill. If it's hyphenated, I won't eat it.

One great thing about this school, though. There's always an honest effort at responsiveness. Aren't we getting shelves in the men's rooms? Yesirree. The first Gene Albano commemorative shelves have been installed in several locations. One problem. The shelves, though lovely by themselves, are white and don't match that lovely shade of smutta green which covers the rest of the bathroom. Hey, let's paint something, okay?

Only one more serious problem for today, kids. I love this newspaper to pieces. I really do. But why do they let (even encourage) people like me to write tripe like this. Then they print it. I don't get it. Hey, let's shape up. Whadda ya say? Huh?

Penn State Harrisburg

Name:
Major:
Expected Date of Graduation:

I strongly oppose the new grading policy because-----

Deposit in Capital Times comment box off the main lobby in stairwell.

Job Fair Meeting to be Held

The Central Pennsylvania Employment Consortium will hold an information meeting on Thursday, Nov. 19 at 1:30 in E-338. Attend the CPEC information meetings, watch the CPEC video on what to expect at the Job Fair, as well as learn how to prepare for the Job Fair.

The Job Fair will be held February 18 at the Farm Show Complex with over 100 representatives from the Northeastern U.S. participating. The employer representatives will be interviewing participating college seniors, graduate students and alumni to fill their employment vacancies.

Formal registration will be held during the first three weeks in December through the Career Services Office, CRAGS.

A page from history



The favorite outdoor sporting event from 1968 to 1978 was the annual Bathtub Races. Sponsored by PSPEC, teams of eleven people pushed modified bathtubs around a set course on campus. Winning team won a 5 foot trophy and a keg of beer.