

Editorial Page

Jan Travers/Editor Good-bye! Have a Nice Life

For me, saying goodbye is the hardest part of everyday life. I don't mean just good-bye, see you tomorrow, but good-bye, have a nice life.

Beginning in January, I will be earning the last of my undergraduate credits in an internship off-campus. So this issue marks my last as editor. But before I go, I want to recognize what Penn State Harrisburg has meant for me. Like most other students here, I spent the long seven-day weeks hitting the books. Sleepless nights with a pot of coffee were not unusual. When the smoke clears though, I know I won't remember the pain. But I will remember the people who have touched my life.

My major role model here has been Ruth Leventhal. She told me early on in my academic life that many women, unlike men, won't take on a job unless they know how to do it beforehand. Her advice was to continually set goals and reach for them. Through her words of wisdom and encouragement I have taken a chance on several projects which can only help me in my career. It is Ruth Leventhal that I think about whenever I start something new which is just a little above my grasp.

I had three "real life" professionals (Don Sarvey, Kate Barron, and Roger Doran) who came to campus to teach journalism courses. They were the toughest professors I had since coming back to school and my thoughts and words about them were sometimes less than complimentary. But learn I did. So I thank them for knocking me off my pedestal when I needed it most.

I thank Bill Mahar for his direction during my academic life and Clem Gilpin for the respect and kindness he gives all students, Mehdi Khosrowpour for his faith in my judgment, Janet Widoff for being my friend and confidante and Lois Cochran and Cindi Morris from student activities for always having the answers to my questions.

But most of all thanks to the college community, particularly the staff, for your support in making my job a lot easier. I can only hope you give the new editor, Michele Hart, the same.

So, good-bye, have a nice life.

Editor of New Paper Needs Date

By Mark Keisling

I love this paper. I really do. I love it to pieces. I mean, come on. They let me write anything I want--even if I ramble. And I ramble.

That notwithstanding, however, this may be the last time I write in the *Capital Times*. Not because it's the last issue of the semester--that wouldn't stop me from babbling. Rather I think I want to start and run my own campus newspaper. I'd call it *The Advark--Mark's Alternative Fish Wrap with the Big Nose*.

See PSU/Harrisburg is not a one newspaper town any more. Nosiree. Oh contraire. We've had the *Capital Times*, of course. Now, though, we have several other newspapers too--so I should get my own. There are some new papers in fact which are so new and so secret that we really can't mention them here. Then there's the relatively new and relatively secret *The Advocate--The Alternative Fish Rap*. It's about three issues old. You've probably seen it. I love it to pieces. You know. It's the one with questions to Dr. Roof. It's satirical and really seems to annoy the band wallies (In my high school, nerds were called band wallies) who traditionally react with philistine yahoo-ness to newness and creativity.

Anyway, I want my own newspaper too. Just think of the fun. The *Advocate* folk(s) seem to have fun

both in their writing and anonymity. They/he/she must have a grand blast assembling their rag (meant reverently). It seems so. I think they must enjoy beer. I think they maybe enjoy too much beer, or maybe they enjoy beer too much or maybe too much beer too much. Anyway, cheers--I'm amused. Keep it up. *Mark's Fish Wrap With the Big Nose* welcomes the competition.

So goodbye *Capital Times* readers. I'm off to start my own campus newspaper.

One last thing, while I still get free column space (and I know they'll print anything). I just have to say:

SPM (single professional male), 28 is seeking SF for friendship, fun, etc. You should be attractive, intelligent and usually secure. You should not be a whiner, skler or someone who will make me eat casseroles or jello salad. I am one heck of a catch (ask my mother--555-6999). You know, I'm intelligent, attractive, and I don't talk like I write. Hey, let's get together.

To respond to this personal classified ad, write to BOX MK, Capital Times Office, Room W-129 (slide under door). Include brief description and phone number. All responses are, of course, confidential. Fraudulent letters will be prosecuted.

Oh, yeh, and I want the *Lion's Den* to start serving Ice Tea Cooler.

Still Smoking After All These Years

By Michele E. Hart

Another Great American Smokeout has come and gone and once again I did not quit smoking. I really tried to quit this year. I let two non-smokers adopt me for the day of the Smokeout, I hid my cigarettes, I stuffed my pockets with candy and gum, and I told my mom I was going to give up my precious nicotine for 24 hours just for her.

It didn't work. My efforts were almost futile. I quit smoking, but not for 24 hours like I had hoped. No, Miss-what-is-willpower, could only go for six hours without a cigarette. And by the end of those six hours I was miserable. My hands were shaky, I felt light-headed, I was cranky, and I could not stop eating. I was eating so much candy and gum I thought my teeth were going to fall out. I even found myself trying to inhale "smoke" from my pencil. My downfall came when my friend John lit up and I caught a whiff of the smell of the burning paper and tobacco and watched his cheeks suck in as he filled his lungs with carbon monoxide and tar. I WANTED A CIGARETTE!

I wanted a cigarette. There was nothing I could do. Trying to fight the urge to smoke had worn me down and I was ready to admit defeat. But I couldn't smoke at school, my adoptive non-smokers would see me and make me feel guilty about being a slave to the tobacco industry. I made up an excuse to skip a meeting, ran to my car and drove home. Once in the solitude of my own living

room I grabbed my trusty cigarette case, my Bic lighter, and sat down to enjoy a smoke.

That cigarette was going to be sooo good! I lit it, drew my first puff, and started to cough so hard I had to get a drink. Maybe there was something to this Smokeout after all. I started to feel guilty. I had gone back on my pledge to quit smoking for the day. How was I going to tell Angie and Dina (who said she had a bet riding on my ability to go without a smoke) and my mom that I was a failure, that I had let them down. My cigarette didn't taste so good anymore and the smell was starting to make me sneeze. The guilt was really starting to get to me.

I'm probably not the only guilty smoker in the world. The American Cancer Society said that a third of all the smokers in the United States gave up cigarettes for 24 hours, and that half of those people were still not smoking two weeks later. I know why they quit: guilt. They did not want to admit to their moms that they couldn't go for a measly 24 hours without lighting up. I think the American Cancer Society knows this and subtly preys on our fear of disappointing our mothers each year. It worked on me this year: I've resolved to try harder in the future to quit smoking and I have cut down the number of cigarettes I smoke in a day.

Maybe next year will be my year to quit. I'll try Ma, honest I will.

