

# Editorial Page

## New Semester Brings Many Changes

By Michele E. Hart Editor-in-Chief

The beginning of each semester has always been a strange time for me. I don't know if I should be depressed about the end of break or excited about the challenges and changes of the new semester. This semester in particular is one that I don't know if I should dread or be excited about. I'll have to wait and form an opinion in a few weeks.

There are many new things at Capital College this semester, including a new editor for the student newspaper. I hope I can help the *Capital Times* to grow while preserving the excellent reputation of the paper under the leadership of Jan Travers. WNDR also has new leadership at its helm. It is my sincere hope that they are successful and can continue to give this campus a voice to listen to.

Student organizations are not the only entities experiencing change this semester. Student Affairs has a new director with excellent ideals for the department and the campus as a whole. The ideal of a support group for female students with special needs is also taking shape.

The student body is also changing as old friends have graduated and new ones start their academic careers at Penn State Harrisburg. Some classes are larger this semester and the parking lot seems to have fewer open spaces.

Some changes, however, may not be for the better. The prices for books are getting higher and higher while the re-sale value is dropping lower and lower. The plus/minus grading policy is fully in effect now and for many of us we've discovered the frustration of having the same grades we received two semesters ago not mean as much. For some students the policy really has its merits, but for others it makes the process of getting an education more frustrating.

But, as they say--in each life some change must fall. Here's hoping that this is a successful and enjoyable semester for all of us.

## What I got for Christmas

By Mark Keisling

This is great. Another year underway and another issue of the *Capital Times*. For me that means, of course, another opportunity to write about things that no one has any interest in. Things in which I don't even have any interest. But, I write about them because I can't believe anyone would print them and it's kind of a challenge for me to explore that line that I probably shouldn't cross. I know that I probably will if I find it. Anyway, my mindless topic for this issue is "What I got for Christmas this year." This is an especially wonderful topic for me to write about now since today is Dec. 19, 1987. It is only through the lightning magic of the print media that you are able to enjoy this in January. So I'm writing this the week before Christmas, and it's mostly lies. And now, without further delay.....

What I got for Christmas.....By Me

This was a special Christmas for me. I got all the stuff I ever wanted, but never seemed to get. Well, except for the fire truck I got when I was seven. But, then one night I took it to bed with me and it disappeared and I never saw it again. No one has ever fessed up either. It was great--it really squirted and everything. Anyway, I didn't get one of those. I also didn't get any gold. I wanted gold, so I guess I didn't get everything I wanted. But I did get some frankincense and myrrh. Okay, I'm lying. But, haven't you always wondered what frankincense and myrrh are? I never knew either. I also wonder what curds and whey are, but I'm sure they must be disgusting so let's forget them an look up the "f" word and the "m" word in the dictionary (which I also didn't get for Christmas).

Okay, Webster says that frankincense is : "A gum resin obtained from various Arabian and North East African trees. And myrrh, it turns out is : "A fragrant, bitter-tasting gum resin exuded from any of several plants of Arabia and East Africa." Boy, I'm glad I didn't really get any of that stuff. I can't believe wise men would really give that kind of thing to a baby. Ralph Nader would disapprove. I can imagine the commercials--"Who wants gum resin?" "I do, I do."

Okay, so what did I really get. Nothing but a dumb old pair of bowling cleats. See, every year my Aunt Ruth gives me bowling equipment. You know, last year it was a bowling shirt that said "Moose" (that's my nickname when I bowl--my nom de bowl, as it were). And the year before that it was a bag to carry the bowling ball she gave me three years ago. Anyway, this year it was a pair of bowling cleats. Now, you've got to understand that bowling is my life. I sometimes bowl, oh, I don't know, maybe three, four hundred times a day. So I'm at the lanes a lot. Truthfully, though, I've never seen anyone wear cleats to bowl. I'm afraid they might really be golf shoes. Well, one of us is confused. I guess she must not be from Jersey.

I also got a can of canned fruit ( what other kind of fruit can you get in a can?). It was bartlett pear halves. The can said that they were in "their own syrup." Now, I'm no pear, but I think that the can should say that the pear halves are "in each other's syrup." Who knows? It was a crummy Christmas anyway.

## Capital Times

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### The first meeting of the *Capital Times* Staff will be----

**Friday, January 15, 1988 at 1:15 pm.**

All returning staff members are encouraged to attend and all those interested in joining the staff are cordially invited.

*If you cannot attend the meeting please stop by the office to pick up story assignments!!*