

Campus Commentary

This is Prizewinning Journalism

by Mark Keisling

Okay, fine.

Hey, I'm no sore loser, but...well...

Oh, never mind. I'll start again.

In the last issue of the Capital Times, announcements were made of the winners of the Excellence in Journalism Award for the fall semester. I'm not bitter. Well, not too bitter. The winners were all fine people who wrote fine articles. So, fine. Okay.

Hey, I can accept that. I'm resilient. Really, I'm fine. Yep, let's move on. Don't look back. No sour grapes here. Nosirree. Yep, it's a new semester, with a new chance to win the Award for the spring semester.

And now I think I understand what it takes to win. Like the Oscar, Emmy, Tony, Nobel, Heisman, Theisman, and the coveted "Most Improved for a New Bowler" awards, winning the Excellence in Journalism Awards apparently takes politids (I mean Politigs) and strategy. No false modesty can help.

So, I hereby nominate me and this column. Yes, you are now reading prizewinning journalism at its best.

Not that you've asked, and not that I'm defensive, but let me justify my worthiness.

Firstly, I'm unafraid to make up and use new words that everyone hates (like firstly). This shows boldness and originality. Secondly, I need the money. I'm even willing to split it with the contest judge if he or she can be boughten (another new word).

Note further, that I've really cleaned up my punctuation and spelling acts. So long as no editor-type screws things up, this column should be spellularly and punctuationally pretty good.

Finally note that even if I don't get the award, I'm going to claim I did anyway, so you might as well give it to me. Now that is compelling argumentation.

Please, everyone, write letters to Michele Hart, the Editor (she has a mailbox and a room). Tell her, "Hey, Michele, give Mark the award."

And I also need someone to put up the campaign posters. You know, the ones that say, "Hey, give Mark the award."

So just give me the award. Okay? Fine.

Here's Another Beef

Gene Albano

I shall first bid a "Welcome" to my new fellow students at Capital College. For those of you who were not here last semester, I was Senior Senator at Large and played the Devil's Advocate (not in The Advocate) at SGA meetings and in the Provost's Office. I can't say that I was extremely popular at either site, but once I got past Dr. Leventhal's gendarmerie, the Provost, herself, was always a lady and a listener.

I can't say that I am impressed with the amount of time it has taken to place simple shelves in the restrooms. I have been assured that I shall always be remembered at Capital for that small improvement, but that was not the intent. The idea came to me as a result of having the convenience of pigeon-hole shelves at HACC that protected expensive texts from water stains from the wet sinks and dirt on the covers which results from placing books on the floor. Well, I have been assured by Mr. Witmer that before the end of this semester all restrooms in the Olmstead Building will have shelves on which to place your books. So let's move on!

I am no longer affiliated with the Student Government Association (SGA), but you may continue to think of me as Graduate Student at Large (in the generic sense). If you have a gripe and catch me in the halls, I'll support your cause if I believe in it and can spare the time. I cannot stress too strongly the importance in each student being involved in SGA since it is a powerful organization on campus and is spending or playing or wisely juggling your student funds. If you want free ice cream cones, cheer them on. If you want an elaborate Awards Banquet this May, cheer them on. If you want some sort of decent Social after Commencements, then bug the hell out of them and the

Provost's Office. I have been informed that it costs the school \$.85 per head for punch and cookies when it is served after a Commencement Exercise. I assure you, Madam Provost, the solution is not to do away with this luxury item, but to look for ways to improve upon a good idea. SGA flatly shot down any support for a decent menu (buffet luncheon) when I proposed it last semester. Their response ranged from: "I wouldn't go to it anyhow, my husband and I are going out for a steak dinner after I graduate," to "no one wants such a thing, the students will not attend it." Well, I disagree.

The idea for an improved social affair came to me after attending the May, 1987, Graduation and seeing that after a wonderful and well-planned ceremony at the Hershey Founder's Hall, the hurrah ended with a fizz! There was no opportunity for final farewells or for the students to introduce their moms and pops to their professors and no chance for the families to further appreciate the hospitality that this campus is otherwise known for.

SGA meetings are open to all students. The meetings are held in Room W-137 every Tuesday at 12:30 p.m.

NOW FOR THE BEEF!

When we have an occasional snowstorm the parking lot is a mess, and understandably so. However, if the University insists on piling snow in heaps at the lamp poles, thereby tying up no fewer than 54 parking spaces, then let us have some consideration or compassion for the students who park in a parallel fashion alongside those heaps rather than ticketing them. Come on fellows and girls of the enforcement bureau, you can bend! You are usually

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The Dream Still Lives

by Bernie Mixon

We celebrated the legacy of Dr. Martin Luther King but what some of us have forgotten is that the dream still lives. Many victories have been won but the battle is still raging. It's raging in the work place. It's raging in the schools. It's raging in terms of fair housing. It's raging in terms of freedoms denied our brothers and sisters in South Africa where the monster that they have to fight is called Apartheid.

The focus this month as we celebrate Black History Month is that we should never forget what it took to bring us this far as a people and we should never forget the lives that were lost along the way. Keep in mind that there is still a Klu Klux Klan and it is alive and well in not only the south but it is gaining momentum in the north (remember the recent rally in Ephrata!)

We are making gains in such areas as business, medicine, law and journalism. Some non-blacks have commented that they don't see what we have to be upset about. But what they don't realize is that the present generation will never be able to repay us for what has already been done. We are not looking for repayment but for a chance to excel in whatever our heart desires.

There is still work to do and the belief in non-violent protest is still applicable even in the age of nuclear weapons. Marches, sit-ins, protests and boycotts are an effective means of protest.

I believe that there will come a day when we will all live in peace and harmony with one another. But radical changes in how we view each other should be implemented. Then and only then can we say that the dream that was envisioned by Dr. King is realized and we will all be able as a people to say in the words of that familiar negro spiritual "free at last, free at last, thank God almighty, we are free at last!"

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Writer's Challenged

Dear Editor,

Like everyone, I tend to gravitate towards other students in my chosen discipline. I was with a few of my friends in Humanities the other day and the talk turned to Tarnhelm, the literary magazine published here at Capital. As usual, they were cocky, sure that all the submissions to the magazine would be from our division only. The consensus was that people in Engineering, Public Policy, and Business Administration can't write, at least not fiction or poetry, and are not artistic.

I think they're wrong. I said as much, but all I got were funny looks. I told them that there's a lot of talent at this school, and it's not just in Humanities, and somebody said, "Prove it."

I grew very quiet. How can I prove that talent might be anywhere? That there are sure to be writers and artists in Business Administration and Engineering? And then it came to me: I can't prove it but you can.

Do it! Knock those other Humanities students off their high horses. Show them that you can write! Submit those poems or stories you've got squirreled away. Or draw! Send the Tarnhelm that pen and ink drawing of which you're particularly proud, or an elegant blueprint or design drawing. Don't leave me out on a limb here. Prove them wrong!

--C.W. Heiser