

Editorial Page

All We Can Do is Wish Them Luck

By Michele E. Hart, Editor-in-Chief

While serving as managing editor of *The Towerlight* at Towson State University I had the opportunity to interview and then endorse candidates for SGA offices before the elections took place.

In our elections here, however, time constraints prevented the *Capital Times* from doing so. We do not know the officers-elect, nor do we know what goals they have for their administration. That being the case, all that we really can do is congratulate them and wish them luck in their endeavors.

We do hope, however, that the new SGA will be a viable, strong advocate for the students of this campus and their rights.

It was encouraging to see a higher level of voter turnout, and to see the races contested, but 369 votes out of a campus of this size is poor. One goal that we would like to see the new student administration work towards is increasing student awareness and participation on this campus.

While we're on the subject of student participation, the RSC scored a hit with the spring semi-formal. A sell-out event is almost unheard of at this campus.

The evening was enjoyable, but one aspect seemed quite out-of-step with the rest of the event.

The fliers advertising the dance touted a slide presentation showing "campus life." What the slide presentation consisted of, however, was 20 minutes of pictures taken in the dorms. Only one commuter student was shown during this presentation of "campus life."

Dorm life is important, but on a campus that is two-thirds commuter and also has students living in Meade Heights, it is not the only facet of campus life.

And while one shot of people mooning is questionable, four shots are rather distasteful, especially while dessert is being served.



The Many Groups of Stuff

By Mark Keisling

Just about everything can be divided into groups. For instance- there are church groups, encounter groups, battle groups, grope groups, and I think there might even be croup groups.

And there are, of course, the food groups-meats and cheescs, things that grow, beer, and snacks.

There are groups of witches- the good witch group, the bad witch group, and the sandwich group. There are sea gulls, river gulls, harbor gulls, and bay gulls. There are good puns and bad puns.

Anyway, let's talk about holiday groups. Not all holidays are alike. There are three distinct groups. They are the alright holidays group, the pain-in-the-butt-flag-day holidays group, and the dangerous amateur holiday group.

This group schematic, of course, excludes dumb proclamation stuff like National Road Paving Day. I mean, who cares? It's like setting up a new food group for sprouts (I hate sprouts). What's an Asplundh anyway?

So, I guess we all understand the pain-in-the-butt-flag-day holiday group. Those are the stupid holidays when people hang up their flags and you can't buy a stamp to save your life. Don't you wonder how they got the fourth of July to fall on a Monday again this year? Hey, I want some Fridays off. Besides, I was born three weeks after Labor Day. Imagine the pain. God, I hate the flay day group.

Okay. Now, the alright holidays group is more palatable. You know, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, Ground Hog's Day. At least I get to eat well on those days.

Now let's talk about the worst group-the dangerous amateur holiday group. There are five in this group and I hate them. They are: New Year's Eve, Valentines Day, St. Patrick's Day, April Fools Day, (now I seem topical) and Halloween.

Hey, if you can't chug champagne, give over-priced flowers to someone you don't really like, disgorge green beer, play mean tricks on friends, and wear silly costumes all year round, you need the kind of help that doing these things once a year won't give you. You are probably repressed, suppressed, and depressed and need fun lessons. You certainly are not fit to be driving drunk late at night on a Dangerous Amateur Holiday.

See, these are the days when people like you who don't know how to have fun try to anyway, and someone always gets hurt or at least embarrassed. When people stand in lines at bars to drink green beer something is wrong. Everyone should be flagged.

Anyway, Angie, where are you? For that matter, WHO are you? Call me, we'll do Arbor Day.

Oh, this is just great. The editor forgot to edit my spelling and punctuation again. Great.

Blah,blah,blah.....

The Last Meeting of The Capital Times Staff
Will be April 7, 1988, at 1:30 p.m. in W-129.
All members should attend the meeting as
plans for next semester will be discussed.

Capital Times

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