

Nightmares recounted of white Christmas

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Capital Times Staff

Ah, yes. The time has come. Back to this oasis of a learning institution again. Folks, that vacation was four weeks long--almost thirty days between friends.

Where did the time go?

The fall semester breezed by. Oh, sure...it was slow going through it, but now it's just a blur. Thanksgiving came and went. Hanukkah (Mazel Tov) was two months ago and Christmas one month ago.

New Year's Eve was filled with Pictionary and Dick Clark & His Musical Guests From Hell (at least for me it was--yes, Mike the party animal).

It's 1992...whether you want to write it on your checks or not.

Think back to the first week of vacation. The younger students went home, family bonded, saw some high school friends, and tried to find temporary employment.

Some older students were treated to a four-week respite from school while still holding full-time jobs.

And no matter who you were, all time stopped when the grade report came. Anticipation filled the air when the annoying perforations were anxiously torn from the blue and white "safety-sealed-for-

your-protection" envelope.

Hopefully, you got A's across the board and made Dean's List. Some of your professors probably deserved praise. Others, I'm sure, needed a special gift in the form of a combustible treasure.

And if you had the same professor for more than one course, as did I, treat yourself to a fine beverage--you made it.

The grade syndrome passed and it was time to holiday shop. Malls, made vacant in the summer by the recession, boomed with sick carols (I mean bad songs, not ill women), big decorations, and a crowd equal to our last home football game.

If you are like me (sucks to be you) and hate crowds, you probably loathed Christmas shopping with the intensity of a thousand burning suns. And whoever believes that they have the rest of their lives to spend mall-walking at a snail's pace in front of me, chortling without a care in the world, deserves to DIE--plain and simple. I have a life. Granted, not much of one, but one does exist. I have to buy gifts for people who will say, "Oh, great, now I have two of these!" or "I'll treasure this gift forever!"

Did you get anything cool for the holidays (Christians and Jews alike)? You're reading this...it should involve you a bit.

Okay, back to me. I'm not a

materialistic person. Last year, a friend who was not well off gave me a card describing what our friendship meant to him. It was the best present I got. Hey, I love cards. Cards with checks are *better*, but cards are nice.

This year, as with every year, my Mom, who is an absolute saint, nagged me into oblivion with questions about my gift list. With increasing age, my needs are few--and expensive. However, I found one of those "Big, Tall & Fat" catalogs (I'm 6'4", requiring shirts of freak-like proportions) and located one shirt I loved.

I said, "Mom...I want this shirt. One in green, one in blue, and one in black."

I opened the gift on Christmas Eve, and there it was: the shirt I asked for...WHITE.

Okay, she honestly tried. They were sold out of those "hip fashion colors" I had requested. Maybe if I accessorize enough, it'll look blue.

I also got some useful gifts. Great gifts. Awesome gifts. Okay, I got socks...happy?

The charm of the holiday was one of those "Made For Me Books." The book's storyline is crafted around interesting (trivial, really) tidbits about my life. The story ends with me saving a Jewish boy who fell down a storm drain while playing dreidel (he made it out of clay). Please,

wipe away those tears.

Well anyway, I hope your vacation was a good one. No matter what I did, whether I slept all day, or conquered the world, the days flew by equally as fast. My fondest wishes to you for a safe and happy '92.

Oh, one more thing. When you sit on Santa's lap at Macy's next Christmas, don't try to be funny and say, "Is that a candy cane in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

You'll get a white shirt.

"New Weigh," from page 3

"It's not really a weight reduction program," Martz said. "It teaches proper eating habits."

But, like other programs, Martz said "New Weigh" emphasizes the importance of exercise. She suggested aerobics or walking during lunch hour.

Martz added that the \$45 fee is low compared to other weight loss programs.

"New Weigh" was developed by Penn State nutrition specialists at University Park. The program is based on the most current research into theories of obesity, weight loss, and coping with regaining lost weight.

As added incentive, Martz said HealthAmerica, the insurance carried by many faculty and staff members, will fund 100 percent of the fee if the individual attends 80 percent of the classes.

Nineteen are currently enrolled: one male and 18 females; one student, 18 faculty and staff. Classes will meet on Wednesdays, noon to 1 p.m., from Jan. 22 until April 8, in the BCAC (W132).

Entrance fee for the 12-week program is \$45. For more information, contact Marylou Martz at Health Services, 948-6015.

Health Services will also present "Healthy Heart Eating" Feb. 6 from 12-1 p.m. Carol Clelland, a registered dietician from Harrisburg Hospital will offer tips on lowering cholesterol and fats in your diet.

In the program, Clelland will list some low-cholesterol foods, explain a cholesterol reading and how often it should be checked.

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