

Bloomsburg excursion is fair at best

Michael Stone
Capital Times Staff

When we last left our superhero, Etched, he was battling the sex-crazed kitten/she-devils of the planet Nymphoria....

Oops! Back to reality. This is column number three (for those of you keeping score at home).

Last week I visited the infamous Bloomsburg Fair. It would be so great if I could compare it to the York Fair, but since I didn't go to the York Fair, I can't. I could compare it to the Renaissance Faire, but thine humble scribe could not joust at Bloomsburg.

But in all fairness, the Bloomsburg Fair belongs in a class by itself. It has become a yearly tradition for me since I started college, and I manage to have a great time each year.

My friend, Joe, and I went at the end of the fair's week-long stay. My assumption was that everyone would have gotten the fair out of their systems by then. I assumed wrong. Traffic was unbelievable and it took forever to park.

Some areas right off the main street advertised parking for five dollars. Their lots were full--full of people not smart enough to realize that you could park right next to the main gate for two bucks.

Admission to the fair wasn't too steep. I asked one fair "official" if the student ID could be used (last year, anyone with a student ID got in free any time).

The guy barked, "Tuesdays only, boy! You gotta pay two bucks tonight!" For a second, I felt like Chevy Chase asking for directions in the movie "Vacation."

I paid my sheckles and went through the "way too low" turnstile (my voice is an octave higher now, thanks). We encountered the trademark smell...we passed the farm animals. Yum...I'm

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hungry. It didn't bother Joe--he grew up on a farm with animals galore. (Actually, it didn't smell too unlike the odor that wafts over this campus during a hot summer day when the breeze is right.)

Our main goal as we trudged onward: eat everything in sight. We dabbled in a cheesesteak from Vince's. It cost about three bucks, but hey, it was great. As a matter of fact, I can still taste the cheesesteak as we speak.

Next on our eating agenda was to find the 35-cent hot dog stand. Now, many stands that you pass will offer hot dogs from 90 cents to two dollars. We persevered and finally found it: 35-cent hot dogs...or three for a dollar. Joe and I were in glutton heaven.

It just so happens that the stand next to it offered chocolate-chip cookie dough ice cream. "I'll have a bit of that," I remarked.

It was then time to tempt fate--on to the rides!

I don't know if you knew this, but Bloomsburg seems to be the only place that isn't required to have safety inspection stickers on their amusement rides. I guess it just makes it all that more exciting.

Joe and I were joined by some friends from State College. They brought along a person that I'm not too fond of, whom I will call "Ken." I suggested Ken should ride that circling space shuttle that gets

stuck upside-down every year. He declined. Damn.

We all went on something called the tornado, which is Hershey Park--possessed. We could see my Meade Heights house when it reached its highest point. I came pretty close to tossing my cheesesteak, so to speak. I made sure that Ken was sitting across from me on the ride.

Next on the agenda was winning a teddy bear for the girl in the group--a yearly tradition which usually costs about \$30 and takes about four hours (which, by the way, is the length of Guns 'N Roses "November Rain" video).

By some weird kismet, I chose this one spot on the third try and won. I was kinda ticked off--it should've been my bear. I named him "Theodore Edward Bear," hence, Ted E. Bear. Clever, huh? (I gotta stop sniffing this newspaper layout glue.)

Our group passed the attractions. There used to be this guy Billy, whose life was ruined by drugs. He was replaced this year by an "unnamed" recovering addict. Billy is probably collecting his pension now.

And then there's the bearded women. Folks, I grew up in New Jersey. If I took the train to Newark, I saw nothing BUT bearded women. Victor Kiam would've bought the city (he's the one that bought Remington Microscreen, for those of you that don't watch as much TV as I do).

I suggested to Ken that maybe he should spend the few bucks to see the bearded lady. It was probably awhile since he had seen his mother--with her traveling around and all.

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Some column sidenotes, or "random

etchings," if you will:

- The other day, one of my professors passed out seven, 15-page handouts to a class of 30. Ol' Penn State University put a limit on the amount of photocopying.

My question: What the HELL does our tuition go for here? It's not for laser printing, computer stuff, library restoration, COMFORTABLE CHAIRS, or a parking fee.

I bet you a case of Coke that Penn State spared NO EXPENSE when they made two zillion copies of their little Pepsi deal to pass out amongst themselves while pondering what to do with all the money. Joab, Dr. Ruth, fellow students...how about some insight?

- What's the deal with Ross Perot? While we were typing our stuff in, we were afraid he might drop out before the papers were printed. We started a pool to see what day and time he bites the dust. The winner gets a pair of rubber Dr. Spock ears.

- I would like to personally thank all of those that helped me with the surveys, especially D.S.--yes, folks, he's real.

- Hey, I made a step in my life (for a change): I registered to vote for the first time! It's all set. Only one problem: I have NO idea where this voting place is. Oh well, I have the entire day to find it. While in the car, I can also think more about who I'll vote for--practicing one potato(e), two potato(e)...

- If you find out who's been writing my initials everywhere, please let me know.

Oh, well. More about the sex-crazed kittens in the next issue...

Wake up to the horrors of rape

Lisa Malask
Capital Times Staff

We may be living in the '90s, but when it comes to the subject of rape, our society is still pathetically close-minded.

Sure, I hear it all the time; women are making tremendous strides. Equality is around the corner. I say it's poppycock. Unfortunately, what is around that corner may be a sub-human, filthy, despicable mongrel whose major goal in life is to degrade and humiliate women.

You see, many ignorant (and I mean uninformed) people still feel that rape is brought about by promiscuous women who are "asking for it." Get real! I hate to burst your bubble, but your logic is grossly incorrect. We must dispel the myth! Rape is not a crime of passion. Rape is a display of power and violence.

Just a few years ago, there was a case in Florida where a woman testified against her attacker at a trial. The woman was on trial--not her loathsome attacker. It was said that she "asked for it" because she wasn't wearing underwear. The rapist, oh...excuse me...alleged rapist, got away

with his horrendous crime due to the fact that this uncouth, wanton, woman's garb wasn't ladylike!

Are 90-year-old women sexy? Do most grandmothers parade around in slinky

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apparel, carousing bars and propositioning men? No...then why are they raped? Because rape is some deranged, demented pervert's idea of gender superiority...of power. Rape is a cowardice, abominable display of heinous violence. Yet, the woman is usually blamed.

Women know how horribly rape victims are treated in the courts. The law doesn't protect women. Victims are made to feel cheap and dirty. Their past actions are on trial, and their reputations and self-esteem are destroyed. The guilt is projected onto the woman. It is no wonder that so many of these crimes go unreported.

I strongly feel that rape can be more traumatizing than murder. After all, when you're dead, you're dead; you feel no pain. Rape victims have to live with the fact

that they have been emotionally and physically violated. Their lives become nightmares.

The victims, and their loved ones, must deal with this for the rest of their lives. In fact, many marriages fall apart when the husbands are repulsed because their wives have been "soiled." This crime can have a profound effect on so many lives.

Most of the barbarians either walk free or plea bargain...a mere slap on the wrist. And many of these freaks rape again and again.

I used to think that rapists should be castrated; but now I realize this is too good for them. They should be killed. That's right...capital punishment.

Don't tell me these animals can be reformed. I watch the most savage television program there is, with the exception of cartoons--the news. And I know that these sadistic, morbid creatures should be put to death. Even if they were castrated, they would still find an outlet for their destruction, because if they are unable to rape, then they'll murder.

Remember, it is not about sex; it is about violence.

In spite of his violent nature, a rapist can also be a talented actor. He may be the sweet, chivalrous gentleman who is sending you drinks from across the bar. He could be a stranger, an acquaintance, a neighbor, a member of the military (have you seen the news lately?) or a date. Beneath a gleaming smile may be an animal seeking his prey.

Well, I've been awfully hard on rapists. They deserve rights, too, correct? This is America. Well, guess what? They have the right to refuse an AIDS test. Let's put the woman through a little more torment...a trip to hell...existing instead of living...wondering every second of every minute if she has contracted the disease which will most assuredly end her life.

I think the most frightening thing of all is that most women think this can't happen to them. They're too egocentric to fathom the idea that no one is immune.

This is something which only happens to other people, right? Just ask the Central Park jogger.

A concerned reader shoots back

Dear Editor:

This is in response to Lisa Malask's opinion on animal rights. I am not a "radical activist." I am merely a person with an opinion. Lisa said that the hunters were within their rights at the Sept. 7 pigeon shoot in Hegins, Pa. These birds were not gathered up from an overpopulated city, they were raised solely

for the purpose of the shoot. They were also so malnourished and weak that they

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had to be launched into the air with a catapult. They were too weak to fly. Talk about the "thrill of the hunt!" These birds didn't have a chance!

I personally don't believe in hunting for sport. I am not against purposeful medical testing, provided it is for necessary medical research. I hardly consider cosmetics a necessary reason to waste animal lives. Yes, we all need to eat, wear clothing and stay healthy, but to take another life to make ours a little exciting or glamorous at times just isn't right. Since humans are apparently a

"higher" being than pigeons, I'm curious what everyone would think if suddenly a higher being than us came into our lives and started killing or maiming us...just for fun.

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