

# He had a few regrets, but he did it his way

Michael Stone  
Capital Times Staff

When I first started writing this bitchin' column last fall, I had never set any goals, other than maybe making a reader or two laugh.

However, last issue was somewhat of a milestone (no pun) for me. I actually got reader feedback.

My column about William McKinnon was reprinted in University Park's *Collegian*, and I heard from a lot of people, the majority giving me their support and praise (three people sent mail to my computer account). Quite a few people from this campus gave me a call or stopped me whilst in transit between classes.

I must say thanks. It was quite a good feeling to receive some input.

To bring you up to date, I have not heard a sound, received a letter, or seen smoke signals from McKinnon. I'll let you form your own conclusion...you liked my work, so you must be great and intelligent people (ha! ha!).

My colleague Rob Long wrote me the other week and admonished me for using the classic line "Bite me" in the column. He said that McKinnon could have made the witty reply of "I wanted a meal, not a snack." True, Rob. How could I have been so ignorant? But, if McKinnon had replied that way, I could always have resorted to the retort, "Seven course meal, Bill...self-

serve." I just wanted to clear that up. Thanks, Rob.

I feel since this is the last issue of the semester, I must do some summing up. In

## ETCHED IN STONE

the words of Prince, "I was dreaming when I wrote this, forgive me if it goes astray."

The Pepsi syndrome was a major deal with us this year. Whether you liked Coke or Pepsi really wasn't the issue--the fact that we got screwed on the deal was. It was just one more thing to prove that I was suckered into coming to this university. I learned this year that if I had to do it again, I'd go to a different school. Don't always believe and trust the advertising bulletins.

The election was another major theme affecting us all. If you are like me--i.e., graduating soon, your thoughts are filled with becoming employed. I'm not going to comment on the turnout or issues, but I'll just succinctly say, "Bill--don't let us down."

"The Kern saga" has kept business students' eyes on the course selection books. In the long run, I guess it all boils down to who BENEFITS most.

My column about the parking fee created controversy. My friends (all two of them) kept asking me the real identity of my new cohort "D.S." (that guy that

just kept "popping up" at open forums and football games). Oh, my God...I've created an enigma.

Shortly thereafter, my initials started popping up everywhere...on bulletin boards, on doors, on fire extinguishers, in hallways and on urinals (how fitting). Is asking for the Olmsted satellite too much?

I also learned that the pen is mightier than the sword. The column I wrote awhile ago regarding the Bloomsburg Fair (and "Ken") angered a friend (who happened to like Ken). I said some things that maybe I shouldn't have, but I don't feel that my remarks were cruel or slanderous. At times, people criticize me for taking things too seriously. But it seems when I join in the fun, I'm at fault. Perhaps I'll just sit in the corner, pound sand and take abuse.

Switching gears to the newspaper staff itself, we had some real challenges this semester. The former staff all graduated, and here we were thrown in to the positions. You never realize how much work goes into this paper until you join the layout team. We would love for this paper to be a weekly, or a bi-weekly, but the staff constraints just don't allow for it.

Trev Stair and I, in addition to Honus Wagner, sat here until the wee hours of the morning, trying to play around with fonts and graphics programs to make the entire layout more attractive. I'm pleased with the advances, and I hope you liked them.

Folks, I don't know about you, but I'm severely burned out. I'm tired, and all I want to do is sleep for more than five hours tonight and spend all of tomorrow watching old episodes of *Murphy Brown*. But, I shall take this Thanksgiving break as a brief respite from all the hell that is breaking loose around me as the semester ends.

After finals, I shall spend the winter break (all three weeks of it) earning Christmas cash at the old AMC Theater, listening to the new G.E. Smith and the Saturday Night Live Band CD, waiting for Squeeze to tour again and hopefully spending a few days in perfectly meaningless ways, like watching a good snowstorm or actually reading a non-required book for pleasure. And I shall be spending January 9 screaming "HONUS" at the commencement ceremony [see "Honus Operandi" for details].

So, I shall leave for you now. December graduates: congrats and good luck.

If you have the time, visit the HersheyPark Christmas display. It's a beautiful attraction, and it'll get your mind off of all your worries, if just for a moment.

Take care, kids. Have a Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah (or whatever you celebrate) and a splendid New Year.

If William McKinnon calls, tell him I'm not in. Use the "bite me" line if you like.

# Penn State Harrisburg: a PSU alternative

Thomas "Tom" "Honus P."  
"Tommy" "Little Buck" "Wags"  
Wagner  
Capital Times Staff

(Insert opening sentence here. Gee, I hate details.) I am not going to start my column complaining about how hard it is to come up with a topic. Quite the opposite was true this time. I had so many topics to choose from that I had trouble deciding one.

To start with, I had the mandated second opinion column topic, apathy. It seems that it is required by law that apathy be the topic of the first or second column of every regular op-ed (or opinion if I didn't make that page again) columnist in college. I didn't really feel like writing about that topic, especially since the people who need to get the message probably wouldn't be reading this column. They're too busy getting an education, they don't have time for silly things like clubs and activities and keeping up with what is happening on campus. They're plenty satisfied to believe the world exists only for them and that education is composed entirely of going to class. Their loss, not mine.

I could have written about that, but I managed to skirt that law since I'm only a pseudonym and not even a communications major (bet I just lost a reader on that one).

Then I was thinking I could tell you about my experience in Lancaster last week. I was driving down the street, and

there were some Amish males selling themselves. When I got out of the car to inquire about the price (I wanted to compare the rates with those in

## HONUS OPERANDI

Harrisburg) I noticed some other people urinating right on the curb! You would have thought that someone cut a piece out of New York and moved it to central Pennsylvania, while all of us decent folk slumbered away.

I could have written about that, but who am I? I don't even live there. Maybe I should move there since it's such a rotten place, then I'd have good reason to complain.

But then, a certain other topic came to my attention. Before I go into too much detail, let me say that I started writing this column because I wanted to. I've written recurring columns in newsletters before--I was even publisher of a newsletter back in my high school days--and I wanted to try the big leagues...a newspaper. My intention was not to push anyone out. I believe everyone should be allowed to express their opinions, whether I like those opinions or not. The first amendment applies equally to everyone, not only to communications majors.

Let me explain myself. It seems some people had the self-righteousness to complain because I, a lowly computer science major, dared write a column in the *STUDENT* newspaper. I'll make this short and sweet...Penn State believes in liberal

arts, as in producing well-rounded students, with a wide variety of interests. Remember the General Education Requirements (for those of you who spent a few years in the Commonwealth Campus system before coming here)? Why else would computer science students be required to take humanities courses?

This paper is produced using a computer. How dare they use a computer! They are communications majors, not computer science majors. Now, if you're still with me, reread those last three sentences. Pretty stupid, huh? Get the point?

I could have written more than one column on this subject, going on forever about the variety of activities I enjoy, but it just gets me too worked up. I don't need the ulcer. Let's try to think a little before we speak, especially when we're in a jealous rage.

(Insert calming paragraph here.)

I could have written about all these things, but since the world is such a crappy place, I decided to wear black clothes, wallow in weird, listen to some alternative music and write about nothing.

Though I kept telling myself I wasn't going to do this, my mind continued to return to the topic of my time here. Yes, I'm graduating in December. (Well, the ceremony is actually January 9. You're all invited, by the way, because they told me I could invite as many people as I wanted. So, please come and chant my name.)

I enjoyed my time here at PSH much more than the three and one-half years I

spent at University Park. I just wasn't into the UP atmosphere. I really think University Park needs to realize that the Commonwealth Campus system offers diversity and they need to promote what each campus has to offer. Penn State Harrisburg should be promoted as an alternative to UP, not as a place for UP rejects, which I do not consider myself--UP is a Honus reject.

While at PSH I found it much easier to get involved, and that is where the true, great college experience lies. Getting involved and being part of PSH--defining PSH, not being defined by it. There were times when I followed and times when I led, and most of the time I did some combination of both (great leading sometimes involves doing a little following).

Not to say I didn't have complaints about some things at Penn State, but at least I did something about some of those complaints. It's a great feeling and I encourage all PSH students to get involved next semester, even if it's their last. Go to Club Fest and find one or more of the many opportunities that exist on this campus. Well, I could have written about that, but I wouldn't want to steal anything from Mike Stone's farewell "Etched In Stone" column, whenever that may come. (You're welcome, Mike!)

To all my friends, thanks for the times, good and bad. To my readers, thanks for sharing two columns of PSH with me. I enjoyed it.

Can ya hear me?

# Surge of hate crimes hurts everyone

Lisa Malask  
Capital Times Staff

I don't believe that hatred is innate. Babies are not born "bad." It is through the conditioning of family, peers, and other influences and experiences, that

causes one person to hate another.

## LITERALLY LISA

Hatred is an unhealthy emotion. It breeds more hatred. It infiltrates our

minds, bodies, hearts and souls with its venom. This venom boils from within, and the hatred is released. But what is more detrimental than hatred is lack of sympathy.

If hate crimes don't touch your life, why should you care? We must all

awaken to the violent, pathological consequences of hate crimes. At some point in your life, you may be affected by such a crime. Even if you're not, you must show your disapproval for the sake

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