

# Snowbound columnist is made of people

Michael Stone  
Capital Times Staff

Run for your lives--it's the Blizzard of 1993.

For the love of God...it was just a snow storm. Okay, a snow storm that closed all the interstates, local roads, and every single Uni Mart between here and Pittsburgh.

Let me give you a chronological account of the storm:

**Monday, March 8** - Meteorologists from National Weather Service in Philadelphia and Harrisburg call the Amazing Kreskin for weekly outlook. They find out of a potential megastorm.

**Wednesday, March 10** - Pennsylvanians buy every slice of bread-like substance within a 100-mile radius.

**Thursday, March 11** - Snow tires and snow shovels retail at local stores for \$250 each.

**Friday, March 12** - Mike Stone is the only Penn State Harrisburg student who leaves his permanent residence and returns to the PSH campus, thus hoping to stay ahead of the storm.

**Saturday, March 13** - The "mother of all storms" rolls into Dauphin County

dumping 30 feet of snow. Winds of 200 mph cause snow drifts of up to 10 miles. Mike Stone, stuck alone in his house with no VCR or cable TV, reads a John

## ETCHED IN STONE

Grisham novel.

**Sunday, March 14** - Snow subsides by mid-afternoon. No vehicles, except Camaros, are allowed on roads. Winds of 800 mph cause drifts to reach stratosphere. Shoveling begins. Simultaneous sounds of, "Ah, my back!" rock the mid-state. Mike Stone, having read the Grisham novel four times, watches NBC sports, turns down volume, and pretends to be Bob Costas.

**Monday, March 15** - Store managers greet grocery buyers with the sadistic laugh: "Ha! You actually think you're gonna find something here besides sardine paste! Think again." The same group is seen storming 7-11's five minutes later being met with, "How may I be-helping you? All I have left are Slim-Jims." Mike Stone realizes that the pasta he's been eating all weekend, Soylent Skettis, is MADE OUT OF PEOPLE!

Now sit back and let me educate you on why this winter storm was so powerful.

## THE TOP 10 REASONS WHY THE STORM OF THE CENTURY WAS SO INTENSE

- 10) Desire to be called the "White Hurricane."
- 9) Bladder control problems.
- 8) Pissed over jury selection for Rodney King trial.
- 7) Wanted to see Rob Dixon "set him into motion" on WHIM.
- 6) Just sold beach front condo to pain-in-the-ass brother-in-law.
- 5) Tried to knock out CBS tower so it couldn't show latest Amy Fisher movie. BUTTAFUOCO!
- 4) It had exams on Monday and Tuesday.
- 3) The upcoming departure of WHIM anchorman Rob Hanrahan caused jet stream to split, thus creating intense low pressure.
- 2) That warm Gulf moisture just feels, ooh, so good down there.
- 1) Wanted to impress Jodie Foster.

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Now, back to Rob Hanrahan...I'm an

intern at WHTM-27, and I have had the pleasure of working with Rob for the last two months or so.

Sadly, Rob, as of April 1, has moved on to bigger and better things in Miami, Florida.

The biggest question I get about my internship is, "What's Rob really like?"

Rob Hanrahan is one of the nicest and coolest people I have ever met. He always had something funny to say and he went out of his way to help me-and felt really badly when he wasn't able to. He was just great to be around and it was a blast to work with him. He was also a great anchor and a total professional.

I got to make a demo tape with Rob, and I consider that time the best point of my internship, if not my media-oriented life.

Seeing Rob leave has made me experience a loss--kinda like watching your closest high school friend go to college in Alaska. But I guess that's why phones and planes were invented.

So, I shall bid a fond farewell to the mid-state's finest anchor, Rob Hanrahan. A man I'm honored to call my friend.

That's all for now. Film at 11. Now set that map into motion.

# Choose a new path and get naked

Michele Loeper  
Capital Times Staff

Spring break has come and gone. Some students parade through the halls of Olmsted radiating a tan from sunny Daytona Beach, while others, like me, barely radiate a windburn from the Blizzard of '93.

Now that spring break is behind us, we must look forward to the weeks ahead: endless nights of cramming for those final projects that are coming due, catching up on all the work we neglected the first half of the semester, and experiencing the traditional final exam panic. Despite the end-of-the-semester stress that lies ahead, I am encouraging my fellow students to take off their clothes and run freely through the sculpture garden (metaphorically speaking, of course).

Never again will life be the way it is right now; and for many of us, life will never be as easy. Sadly enough, the end of this semester means more than just the end of classes, exams and college night at Shane's Flight Deck. It means the end of something very special--freedom; a freedom to learn, study, and experience life in a unique way. I know, you're thinking...life? Here? But it's true.

When you graduate from this place, more than likely you will be joining the masses in a race towards death. Trying

desperately to keep up with the Jones', with the goal of making money, money and mo' money. But wait, what do I see in my crystal ball--I see a large generation in

## LOEPER'S BOMBHELL

their late 60s sitting around whining about the good times they never had.

Sure, they have made a decent living, their homes are adequate and their families are well provided for; but something is missing. And that something is the spirit that they left at the door of Founder's Hall.

It seems as the tassel was moved, so was a lifetime; a new path was chosen. A path that has been paved by corporate America. No longer do these once ambitious students use their imaginations. They have forgotten about the freedom to learn, experience and challenge. Their decisions are no longer based on personal feelings, goals or dreams, but are dictated by the all-mighty marketplace. The Big Green Bill has taken control of their lives.

There's more. It's your 61st birthday. For the first time since graduation, you find yourself thinking about the secret love from college--you know, the person who sat next to you in class; the one you

were afraid to ask out. Now, 30 years later, you find yourself wondering how things could have been. My point is simple--make the best of this time. I don't care if you are the traditional 21-year-old student, or the non-traditional 50-year-old student--it doesn't matter. Say hello to the person in class--the one you think would be nice to meet. Or, what about the person who seems weird--the one who you might call "a geek." Say hello to him too.

So many students come here simply to attend class with only one goal in mind--a degree. They look at college as simply a means to an end. That, my friend, is sad. I know this campus can bring you down. The library stinks, the parking fee is absurd and the tuition is outrageous. But, forget all that, at least for a moment. Focus on the positive attributes of PSH. (Trust me on this.)

This campus offers a unique quality unfounded by many larger colleges. There is the opportunity to really get acquainted with your fellow students and professors. Imagine sitting in Marketing 310 or HUM 313 with 499 other students. Do you think the professor knows your name? No, because every time you went to his office, it was either empty or filled with a T.A. name Raoul.

The difference at PSH is that you have the opportunity to meet every single person who is in your class. You have the

opportunity to meet with your professor, discuss your grades, your progress and your life, if you chose. This quality is unique, and one that you will miss once you are struggling to climb the corporate ladder. You think you're a number now, just wait until you get out there.

This semester, many of the people I have grown to know, and care about, will be graduating. We've had many good times. We've laughed together, bitched together and even hurled together. Soon that will all end. They will leave to pursue their lives, and I will still be here completing my last semester. I, however, will not be distraught because, unlike many of my fellow students, in addition to coming here receiving an education, I made a ton of friends and have a truckload of memories to take with me.

There are only five weeks left in this semester, and many of you will have left the starting blocks beginning your race towards death. But, before you embrace that starting line, I encourage you to make some memories. When life gets tough, you may take comfort in laughing at the funny, crazy things you did while you were in college.

As a crazy, wacky, last minute attempt to salvage some enjoyment in these next few weeks, I command you to walk naked through the sculpture garden. (Tell them I sent ya!)

# Guns, goldfish and gangs: the next generation

Lisa Malask  
Capital Times Staff

Violence envelops our society. Through the mass media, we learn of the vile crimes that permeate our country. There's a maniacal cult leader in Texas.

The World Trade Center fell prey to terrorists. The list is infinite, but I would like to address the havoc that's infiltrating our schools, both suburban and urban. Each day, students and teachers are attacked in schools, on the way to schools and during extracurricular activities.

Many PSH students have chosen to pursue careers in education. Perhaps you, along with others, can help change the system. Perhaps your enthusiasm,

## LITERALLY LISA

compassion and desire to teach can overcome the apathy, lack of attendance, belligerence, gangs, drugs and weaponry. Reflect on what school was like for you. Was there a special teacher or a particular learning technique? What problems did you encounter? Did you swallow

goldfish, wear mood rings, snort cocaine or indulge in fights during recess?

Teachers, present and future, have to worry about knives, guns and gangs. Recently, in New York, a young man was murdered by a knife-wielding 15-year-old. This argument was over a girl. Just a few weeks ago, a 16-year-old boy was shot and killed for no apparent reason. This took place in California. Approximately two years ago, elementary students were given the drug referred to as acid on the playground in York, Pa.

Unbalanced strangers, drug dealers and

gang members manage to enter schools and incite mischief. When parents enroll their children in school, they assume their children will be safe. Teachers are hired to instruct students, yet a New York teacher was addressing some students concerning an extracurricular activity when he was attacked from behind with a baseball bat--inflicting a cracked skull and the loss of an eye.

Question: Should armed security guards be posted in every school hallway?

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