

# An unscientific observation of life and the weather

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In this world there are many types of situations. The weather, is a good example of this. It can be, at any time, a combination of different temperatures and precipitations.

Of course, a few combinations would be hard to imagine: Snow and 95 degrees would probably get a mention on the national news.

Of all the possibilities, least popular, at least in my opinion, is cold and rainy. First you have the cold. You can always try to stay warm, but the rain makes that tough. Because once you're wet, staying warm is just a memory.

So, to sum it all up, cold and wet are

two things you don't want together.

Now, there are basically two situations, with each having two extremes, in something we call the human condition.

First, you can be rich or poor. Let's define terms: If you're not rich, you're poor. It seems there would be an argument for a middle class. No Mr. President ... no such thing. If you're working for a living, you're poor.

If you don't have to work and you vacation in France, own more than 4 cars (that run), have a reason to know the difference between mink and sable, had an affair with someone in the Monaco royal family, and your stock broker refers to you as, "the reason my kids can go to Brandeis," then you are well-off.

Second, you can be young or old. No middle ground here either ... one or the other. If any joints in your body crack and pop more than three times while you're trying to get out of bed in the morning, you're old.

Now for the combinations. First off, you could be rich and young. Add good-looking to this and you're home free. Good deal! You can even be stupid, and if you are young enough and rich enough you can still pull off being somewhat socially acceptable.

Now, you could be young and poor. Not a bad deal - you have time for improvement. You've got POTENTIAL. Whether you ever pull your life together, or spend the rest of your days wondering if you'll ever catalog every single subliminal

message you found in Gilligan's Island rebroadcasts, you will still be the envy of the next group.

God help you, you could be old, which sucks, but what can you do? If you're old and rich, you're doing well. At least you're not eating meatless Hamburger Helper and panhandling for money to have a sex change operation to finalize your true identity as the reincarnation of Josephine Bonaparte.

Which is not to say that you automatically lose your mind just because you can remember when the ticket price for a movie was less than the current price of a postage stamp.

But now for the worst case. (If you haven't noticed, these things are in order.) You can be old and poor. Bad deal. Go ahead, kiss the burden of

reality goodbye. Think of it as another childhood, only this time with a pension. And you never know, you could always get lucky and win that lawsuit you have against Monty Hall for those unfair questions he asked you on that 1-900 LET'S MAKE A DEAL call-in game.

Yes, old and poor is a bad situation, so you might as well play the lottery and remember that the good old days can be brought back to realistic hallucinogenic state with just the combined use of these readily available sinus medications.

So to summarize, try to be rich as early in life as possible ... and if you can't do that, hope for nice weather.

# The last great quest: Searching for the final frontier

Michael David Winter  
Capital Times Columnist

Just when we thought there were no more worlds to conquer, barring outer space, it has suddenly come to our attention that there is someplace on earth we have yet to find. Four places really. The Four Corners of the Globe.

Incredible as it seems, particularly in a world as well explored as our own, no one has ever bothered searching for the Four Corners. Quests for such silly things as the Holy Grail, the Fountain of Youth and El Dorado are commonplace, but something as often mentioned as the Four Corners gets ignored. Until now.

The decision to find the Four Corners was easily arrived at. Basically, a group of us were sitting around one night, trying to find some way in which to revive the enthusiasm and fervor of bygone eras--when people were actually excited about the great doings of the world (in fact, when there were great doings in the world). In between hands, we naturally mentioned Perry and Lindbergh; however, we could come up with nothing that would match their feats in the eyes of our jaded society.

That's when George--Crazy George we call him (we occasionally have to stop him from jumping out a window

when he wants to prove that the Law of Gravity doesn't apply to him since he's never studied law)--said, "Well, why

## The Wasteland



don't we just look for something that nobody's ever found?"

At this point, we all started throwing our pretzels and popcorn at him, threatening to make him play out the rest of the hand in his straitjacket. Then it hit me. First I thought it was just a ricochet off of George, but I quickly realized that it was an idea.

"Hey, guys," I said. I had to say it several times because they were still shouting and throwing things at George. I finally got their attention when I pulled out my .45 and said, "Gentlemen, please," (I have always believed that you can get further with a kind word and a gun than you can with a kind word alone). After brushing the plaster off the table and ourselves (I've got to get that safety fixed), I told them, "George is right."

There was a tense moment when they were all going to start throwing things at me, but it quickly passed as they realized that my gun was still out and I had just put two holes into an innocent ceiling. After explaining how we couldn't do anything in outer space

because the Tang Racing Team (aka NASA) has a lock on that sort of thing, I filled them in on what we could look for right here. That was when we came up with the plan that I'm about to tell you.

The Four Corners of the Globe may be seen as mythical, but since the term is still in common parlance, I tend to believe they do exist. The same thing may be said about heaven and hell, but that's why God made the clergy (not stepping on toes is difficult when you're in our sort of business). The first problem is figuring out where we should look in the first place. The fact that the Earth is a sphere is part of what will make this such a difficult, yet interesting hunt. Where on a sphere would you find a corner? I am inclined to start with the Himalayas. They are big and kind of pointy, and if I were a corner of the world, the Himalayas are the corner I would want to be.

Knowing where we want to start, we now need to figure out our next stop. I say we go to Paris, for lunch if nothing else. A relaxed *dejeuner* is just the thing to get the brain humming over the problem of finding the next corner. Rome would be an obvious place to look--being the crossroads of the world at one time, and where there are crossroads, there are sure to be corners. Unfortunately, I am not allowed back into Italy since the last time I was there two Popes died (God's truth--pardon the pun). So how can we find that next corner?

Here is where we are going to need sponsorship--just like Columbus. Sadly, the king and queen of Spain don't get around much anymore, so we are going to have to look to the next best thing--multinational corporations (you try getting a grant from the government). The type of resources that we need indicate that joining up with the Tang Racing Team might be

helpful, but there is always the possibility that we will get put into the position of pit crew--just because we're not astrophysicists. Sure, serving mankind is a good thing, but we want recognition.

Once we get the money, we are going to have to spend it. That is the easy part. No, you don't need to know precisely what we are going to do--if we said it here, then suddenly everyone would be looking for the damn corners.

Suffice it to say that we have a plan. Since we feel that this is the kind of project that the entire world could get behind, we've decided to open it up to private investors. If you're interested in helping sponsor the search, just . . .

George! What the hell do you think you're doing? Get down from there now! Quit upstaging me! Besides, I've told you a hundred times, not knowing the law is no excuse!

## Natural diversity

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world? The first heart operation was performed by a black man? Alexander the Great was homosexual?

The big deal is we have lost our perspective, we stand in the forest of our lives and are blinded by our inner view of ourselves. "What tree?"

The interconnections that make up the modern world should enhance the life of

each of our lives. Think for a moment about the things we use/consume/enjoy every day--simple stuff like food for instance.

Munch a bunch of corn chips and remember we got maize from the folks that lived here when our ancestors

arrived. Slurp down a hot cup of coffee that was a gift from our friends in South

America, or in my case a mug of cocoa, a delicious concoction of the ancient south and central Americans. Step out for spaghetti and the Chinese send their

best via the Italians--all these great "American" standards.

To see ourselves as others becomes more operative with the passage of each technoday. The visions of foreign cultures are readily accessible from our potato command center.

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