

PSH pitches in with United Way Day of Caring



Photo by Kim Glass
Michael Behney pitches in during the United Way Day of Caring

By Lauren Capitani
Staff Writer

Fifty-six Penn State Harrisburg faculty, staff and students gave up part of Fri., Sept. 11, to volunteer for United Way's Annual Day of Caring. Volunteers gave their time to one of three sites: the American Red Cross; Goodwill Industries; and the Allegheny Valley School. Several companies in the area

also volunteered their time at the sites -- all fed with a special breakfast at the Zembo Temple in Harrisburg.

Various tasks completed at each site included stuffing envelopes, taking inventory, cleaning, ground maintenance, staining and painting.

Terri Noss, human resources manager of the Allegheny Valley School (AVS), said, "There is on-going maintenance work available

(at AVS)." Formerly known as the Children's Care Center, the school provides for handicapped children and adults.

Volunteers were given a tour of the facility to see how the it operated. Then they were divided up and sent to different group homes in the area to work on their projects.

Noss organized the day for the AVS with help from many others at the school. From the tours to the

collection of supplies to the lunches, teamwork was a necessity to make the day go smoothly.

With so many volunteers working so efficiently, Noss added: "We accomplished more than I thought we would. [The day] was very successful and very organized."

Even with their blue T-shirts spotted with dirt or paint, most of the volunteers said it was a Friday well spent.

Jesse Gutierrez -- "Silence, At Last"

PART II

Pop, crack, snap. Eugene's spine tingles as the skin bunches up on his forehead and his shoulders raise. He drops his fork and quickly looks across the table to his daughter Sara, who sits at the table night after night with her headphones on . . . chewing gum and performing occasional drum rolls with her fork and spoon. She wears too much makeup. Her hair is pulled behind her ears and her gaudy earrings bounce as she crushes the gum in her mouth. Eugene starts to breathe heavily. Sara slops the gum from one side of her mouth to the other. Chewing like a horse, each bite snaps the gum. About every thirty seconds she stretches the gum from her mouth and then wraps it around her thumb, finishing off by scrapping the gum off her thumb with her teeth, slurping. Eugene's heart kicks him in the ster-

num. All he sees is her mouth . . . chomp, chomp, chomp. Sara just stares down at her dish and pushes her food back and fourth on her dish. Her fork screeches like a car sliding into another, over and over again. Eugene's head twitches as he focuses on her mound of food.

A sudden explosion snaps him from his trance, he look at Sara's face as she peels the gum away from her chin and nose.

"Sara darling, why don't you eat some of your dinner," Eugene says in a soft tone.

She doesn't hear him. She just keeps popping her gum, almost in rhythm with the mother's filing and clipping. Sara then sits back in her chair and allows the cat, Mittens, to jump onto her lap, then onto the table.

"Sweetheart," he says, "maybe you should..."

"Get that fucking cat outta here," yells

Chad, his son. Sara doesn't hear him over her headphones. By this time Brenda has started on her toenails, not paying a lick of attention to what is going on around her.

"Chad," he says, "watch your language, please. Don't swear like that in front of your mother."

Chad just laughs and continues to eat, shoveling his food into his mouth. Chad sits with his face about three inches from his plate and literally shovels the food into his mouth and onto his chin and cheeks. He holds his spoon with a fist. His chewing sounds like a cow walking through mud. Every once in a while he comes up for air and decides to chug some Kool-Aid to help wash down the unchewed macaroni. Some runs down his chin and some goes right back into the glass . . . accompanied by a few particles of backwash. He then continues to chew, with the intensity of a caveman.

Eugene starts to sweat. His hands are cold and clammy. His eyes are wide open like a zombie. Eugene sits back in his chair, palms flat on the table. His cheek begins to twitch. No one in the room notices his condition. The sanding echoes in his head. The

popping, the snapping, the slurping, the scraping, the clipping . . . like a broken record, but louder. The cat licks herself as she sits carelessly on the table. Eugene's hands tremble as he covers his ears. He presses hard but the sound still remains. He presses so hard that his temples begin to throb. Eugene, with his eyes crunched together, stands up and staggers out of the dining room . . . unnoticed.

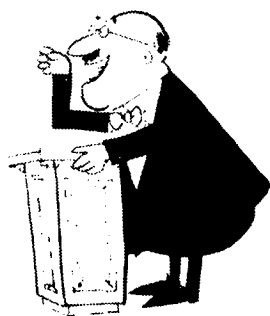
END OF PART II

Part III will appear in the next issue of the *CapTimes*

This Issue's Crossword Answers

B	A	S	E		O	R	T		S	T	E	M
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WANTED:



SUGGESTIONS FOR COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS



- Send your thoughts and suggestions to the "Speaker Committee," 120 EAB, Penn State Harrisburg; email vxd3@psu.edu; or talk with one of the committee members: Marcus Ritchey, Michael Barton, or Andrew Tellep.

- Don't forget to include some information about your suggestion.

- Suggestions are due by Monday, October 12

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