

Editor's Comments...



but actually doing something to prove it means more to the person. Ditching a friend may not mean much to you, but to them, it can scream betrayal. Even being late to a meeting shows others your dedication to the organization.

But it is still my firm belief that words are more important than actions. You can easily tell if you will like someone just by talking to them for a few hours. Diction, slang and proper grammar are all indications of who the person is.

A simple add-on to a sentence can change your entire meaning, yet leaving a word out can leave someone doubting your intentions. Words can be harsh, loving, caring, hurtful and powerful. A speech made in anger can make anyone say something that they regret, yet a heart to heart with a friend can make things look brighter if the right words are chosen.

But then again, words can be meaningless. Take trash talking for instance. Most of the time in a competition, words are used to intimidate but not taken to heart. A 'you're going down Sarver' muttered by Dewalt while playing Wii Tennis has no affect on a friendship later in the day.

A lot of the times, we choose to leave out what we are truly thinking. Something as simple as telling a friend that they look good in a pair of pants is not damaging. But when it comes to a touchy subject, we tend to omit our true feelings to protect the other person. But can the omission of truth really be considered a lie?

In literature; this is done intentionally, and can usually be decoded by the reader because of context. But in real life, we tend to overlook facial expressions or a pregnant pause while the other person looks for the best words to use.

There are words that we just do not want to hear. When we sense impending doom, it seems easier

just to run away screaming than to hear what has to be said.

But it just may be more damaging to yourself if you avoid the inevitable. The longer you wait to tell someone bad news, or hear bad news, the more damaging it may be.

The unspoken is not all bad though. Sometimes a gesture can speak volumes rather than beating around the bush trying to get your point across. A kiss, a hug or just showing up at a person's doorstep when they need it most can mean more than encouraging words. A symbol of affection or of protest can speak louder than a thousand voices ringing out.

Take for instance the smoking ban on campus. I know, most of you are probably sick of the Capital Times talking about it but stick with me on this example. There are the students who are not very happy with the new policy, to say the least, but instead of writing letters or voicing their opinion to the powers that be, they rather stand next to a 'tobacco free zone' sign and litter their cigarette butts. We have written an article, and even poked fun at the ban in our 'Okay, People...' spot, but no words can speak louder than the image of burn marks on the signs around campus.

The old phrase, 'be careful of what you say, it may come around and bite you in the butt' still holds true. But in my opinion, being careful of what you don't say is equally important. Thinking back on conversations can be devastating, realizing that there is a hidden meaning to a phrase later on can blow things out of proportion. You may also regret something not said later on, when the situation becomes heated. So be careful what you don't say, it may come around and bite you even harder.

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Hey all. I hope you had a good two weeks, now that the semester is in full swing; I'm willing to bet that they went by as quickly as mine did. Just remember to relax, take time for yourself and don't sweat the small stuff.

Lately, I've been thinking about the unspoken. It all stems from my Reading Fiction class where the short stories that we read are not all what they seem to be. You have to be able to read between the lines the author wrote to understand the full power of the story. Sometimes, the unspoken words are the most powerful.

Perhaps it is because I'm a writer and a journalist that makes the power of words stand out over actions to me. In most cases, it seems that words speak louder than actions, to play off the saying. But other times, action in context can be worth more than a hundred carefully planned words.

I'm not even talking about giving someone a special gift or going out of your way for a friend. There are some things that most of us do that we don't even consider significant actions that make others smile.

You can say sorry all you want,

From the barstool

By **MARUJA ROSARIO**
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This week, on a Monday at my favorite watering hole, I joined my best friend for a beer and company to watch the Cowboys game. He was already quite heated from losing a dart match to a team that "inconceivably" should have not beaten them.

As we watched the Cowboys game continue late into the second half, he became even more irritated as he watched Tony Romo throw yet another interception. Curious as to why he cares because his favorite team is not the Cowboys, he explains that the quarterback is on his fantasy team and he needed the points.

The night continues, and the bartender starts to tease him about sports in general, beginning with college football and finishing with baseball. He grows in anger, yelling his opinions about all his teams in a voice that probably carried to Uruguay.

When the Cowboys began their final drive towards the endzone, he stood up and pushed his chair against the wall to give him all the space he needed to cheer them on. Once the Cowboys won the game,

his enthusiasm eclipsed anyone else's, even the Cowboys' fans in the house.

At that point, he finally sat back down.

Though I shook my head at him, I could not help but think about my own experience on Sunday when I went in to watch the Packers play. We had the lead, but as we began to piss it away, I grew in my own anger.

Once the game was over, I could think of no other way to express my anger except to walk into the girls' bathroom and punch the napkin dispenser until my knuckles were raw and a good friend convinced me to calm down.

I have never stepped foot in Green Bay, Wisconsin. I have never seen a game or met a single player. But I will wear a cheesehead to a bar in Middletown, and I will drink my sorrows away when we screw up. I will refer to the team and myself as we. And everyone will be okay with that.

Which calls the question. What is it about sports that compel us the way they do? In most cases, we do not even know a single player personally. Some of us have never seen a game in person, and sometimes we don't even live in the same area as our favorite team.

Yet there we are, punching napkin dispensers, pushing bar stools, and shouting at the television or anyone around us as though that is going to make a difference.

We refer to them as our teams, as if they are members of our closest families. In most cases, the players do not even know we exist except for as a collaborative group called fans. And we accept with great pleasure the completely one-sided love affair we have with our teams, where we give everything we have and get nothing back except tears or bragging rights.

The sad part about this entire pontification is that I have no answer or any ideas as to why we do this. I almost feel as if I have wasted your time, but I had to get this out because I have been wondering this for a long time.

So back at the bar, everyone except two people is cheering about the Cowboys victory. Those two people are drinking a shot of Jager and SoCo while saying "Fuck the Cowboys" quietly as a toast. They say it quietly because though that is their opinion, they also know about respect. That and they just didn't want to hear any crap as both their teams lost the night before.

Drive safe, be safe. See ya later.

POLICE REPORT

10/01/07: Medical assist: PSO checked on ill student. PSO transported to health services.

10/01/07: Issing vehicle: student reported vehicle missing/stolen. Vehicle located in olmsted lot row K.

10/01/07: Vehicular escort: PSS transported Chancellor from airport to campus.

10/01/07: Health and safety: PSS unplugged coffee maker in kitchen area that was overheated.

10/03/07: Suspicious incident: M&O reported seeing people in meade heights. PSS found Lion Ambassadors conducting a ghost tour in heights.

10/04/07: Disturbance: responded for report of underage drinking. All

occupants fled before PSO arrived. Tracked down most subjects. Allegations/citations pending

10/05/07: Employee injury: faculty member struck head against office door causing bruising & swelling. Employer's report of injury completed.

10/05/07: Isturbance: caller reported football playing in lot. Referred to residence life.

10/06/07: Assist outside agency: Middletown PD requested assistance with fight at Lamp Post Inn. Officer presence only.

10/07/07: M&O issue: caller reported rooms c12, c14 & help desk area in basement very hot. PSO contacted M&O.

10/08/07: Employee injury: M&O employee strained left knee and right foot by tripping on soccer goal post Frame in cub storage room. Employer's report of occupational injury completed.

10/09/07: Arson: PSS received report of meeting announcement flyer burned on bulletin message board.

10/09/07: Welfare check: PSO contacted Harrisburg city PD to check on welfare of student. Student found at home.

10/10/07: Ethnic intimidation: student reported receiving anonymous disturbing email .

10/10/07: M&O assist: requested to contact m&o to prep apartments a & b for guests.

Okay people...

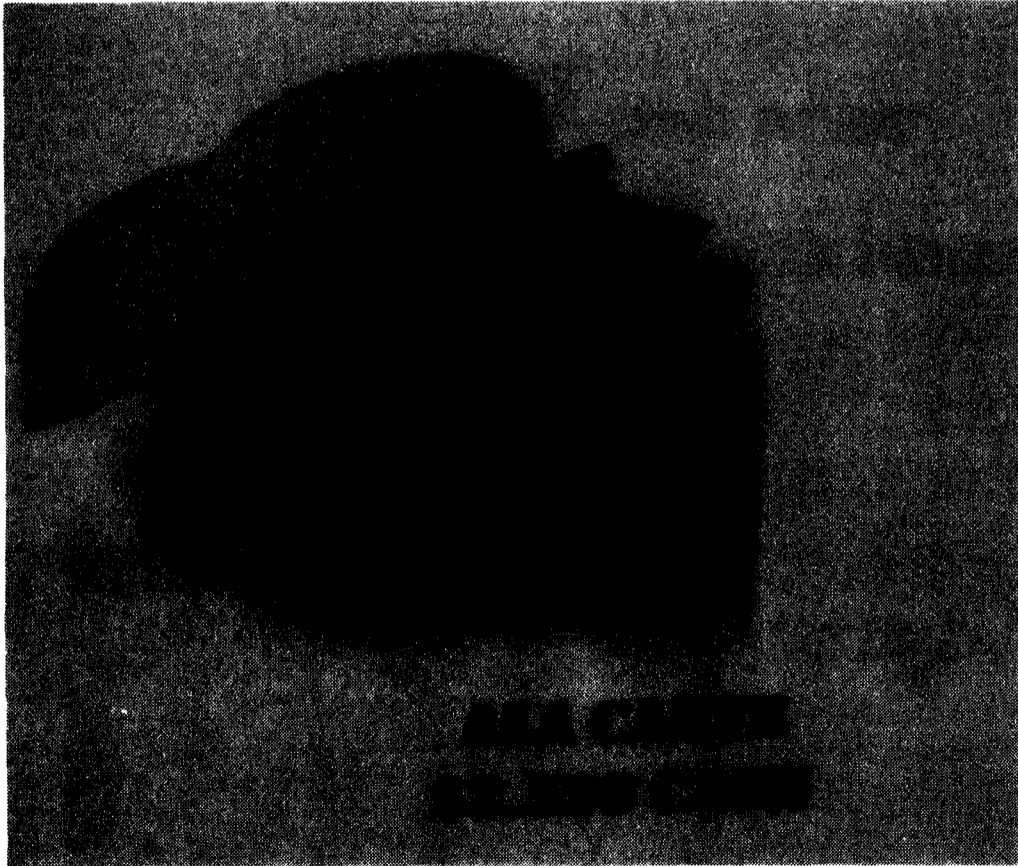


Photo by **MARIN BENDORITIS**/Capital Times

... if you are thinking to yourself, 'this looks like a pulled pork sandwich', you would be right. This past Friday, Stacks Market featured Carolina Pulled Pork BBQ on the grille. I was not fortunate enough to try this obvious culinary delight, but I was a tad confused by the price. If you look, the ALA Carte price seems to be \$2.599, which is not a price seen in every day life. The last time I checked, Stacks was not a gas station, but hey, with inflation, this price may make sense. Then again, in some European countries, the period is used in place of a comma for monetary values. So it may in fact be that this sandwich cost \$2,599; and you thought the chicken fingers cost too much. But really, it's time to start proofreading your work people. I'm not calling out Stacks, but this is a perfect example of how a typo can not only be embarrassing, but confusing. So I just ask, before you post an ad on the bulletin boards, or send out an e-mail, please, please, please, hit that little spell check button on the computer. For all of our sake.

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Any corrections should be reported no later than a week after the paper is printed.

CORRECTIONS:

Matthew Sarver's e-mail is MDSS011, not MBS5011 as published.

The logo published as Univeristy of South Carolina was actually the Univeristy of Southern California's logo

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