

Opinion

An insider's perspective on Wal-Mart

by Doug Bauman

Wal-Mart is the modern equivalent of yesteryear's town square. We go to the local supercenter for our produce and baked goods, for our clothes, our furniture, and yes—even for entertainment.

So what's everyone's beef with Wal-Mart? It's in and out shopping with everything you really need.

Well, it's no secret that Wal-Mart and other similar large corporations have replaced countless mom-and-pop stores across the nation, essentially changing the face of small town America forever. Not to mention the fact that it's always crowded, they're usually out of the one thing you really need, and you can never remember where you parked your car (don't you just hate that?).

Personally, I've been a Wal-Mart fanatic all my life. Back home, it's one of the only places to shop. If I had lived in a place with more shopping choices, perhaps I'd feel differently about the place. However, growing up, Wal-Mart was the place to be. To this day, I can't go in Wal-Mart without seeing one person I know. Others who haven't grown up with the Wal-Mart phenomenon may not be able to relate, but going into Wal-Mart is almost like a high school reunion.

Despite the warm spot Wal-Mart holds in



my heart, it wasn't a place I aspired to work. I had no desire to be another Wal-Mart droid with a permanent smile etched on my face. However, my options were limited. Like many of my fellow Wal-Mart

employees, I had discovered what a jobless ghost town Central Pennsylvania outside of State College is. After exhausting all my other options, I realized I had no other choice. On June 28, 2008, I began a mind-numbing summer of retail work at the world's largest public corporation.

And when I mean mind-numbing, I really do mean that. It's the least intellectually stimulating job I've ever had. At first the absence of mental stimulus was the worst part of the job, but as time went on I grew to almost welcome this mental freedom. My mind would wander and it wouldn't affect my job performance at all. Or if it did, no one said anything. While it may seem strange that I enjoyed this, I can see how it would grow old after a while. It's interesting to note how others dealt with the monotony that came with the job: by making their coworkers their friends. And that brings me



Photo by Doug Bauman

One photo before management made me leave.

to the people.

There were three main groups: the college kids and high school graduates, the people with full-time Wal-Mart careers, and the retirees. While some of the people didn't care much about their job and the people around them, there were also a lot of people that really enjoyed their work, and I've gained a greater respect for the retail giant because of the friendly and relaxed atmosphere within the store that safeguards its employees from harassment and bullying. Because of these safe workplace policies,

workers feel safe and many have created a home at work. In some instances, I really could sense the "Wal-Mart family."

Now don't get me wrong here—not everyone that works there feels this way. But the ones that stay the longest usually do. For example, for some, Wal-Mart is an outlet. Many of the former retirees working at Wal-Mart come back to the workforce out of sheer boredom. Others come back because it takes their mind off things. One co-worker said it makes the nights go faster since her husband passed away.

From my experience, the camaraderie of Wal-Mart employees mainly depends on the department. While some felt as if their department was one big family that grew closer the longer they worked together, others were less optimistic about their workplace relations. "You've got to watch what you say," said one employee, "Someone might run to management."

So after my relatively short two-month stint at Wal-Mart, what do I think of the place? I think it works for some people. For others it's just a stepping stone towards bigger and better things. And while I hope to never be a returning employee, I know Wal-Mart will forever be one thing to me: Everyday low prices. Always.

Doug Bauman is a photographer for Voices and a Penn State senior.

Experience shows any cheating is important

by Joan Creager

On the last day of classes before Christmas break, I was grading papers as they were handed in after a comparative anatomy laboratory exam.

I kept encountering papers in which students had made the same set of improbable errors. For example, when a pin was inserted in a large blood vessel coming from the heart, they should have answered "aorta," but some students answered "renal artery."

With the students waiting, I continued to grade papers. But my concern mounted.

When the students had gone, I looked at the list of structures I asked my assistant to put on the exam. I had given him permission to substitute other structures if he couldn't find good examples of those on my list.

Sure enough, questions a group of stu-

dents missed would have been correct if my lab assistant had used structures on my original list. Someone had seen my original list. But how?

Then I realized that I might never know. I

A local newspaper carried a story in which the dean of faculty spoke eloquently about honesty and the school's reputation. Behind the prying eye of the press, the dean was more anxious to squelch publicity than to stop the cheating. He lost my respect.

had just returned the papers, and the evidence of cheating.

I resolved to catch the cheaters. During the holidays, I prepared two forms of a written test to be given the week after the break.

I gave Form A to the department secretary to cut the stencils and make copies. She did

it the way she had always done it, not even knowing that I was creating Form B of the test. I cut my own stencils, mimeographed my own copies, took my used stencils and any waste copies with me and locked every-

thing in my car.

On the day of the test, I gave out copies of Form A in the lecture room as usual. At the end of the period I asked students to leave books, papers and belongings in the lecture room and take only a pencil with them to the lab, where I distributed Form B.

"Why two tests?" some asked.

"Just bear with me," I said, trying to keep my composure. When the students finished Form B, I collected the tests and told them to go ahead with the day's lab work.

The last person to finish the test bent over a table to add a note to his test. When I saw papers sticking out of his back pocket, I said, "Bob, I asked you not to bring any papers into the lab. Give me those papers."

"Oh, er . . ." He handed me the papers and disappeared while I was looking at them. Written on the papers was incriminating evidence: the answers to Form A questions.

After dinner, I started grading papers. For most of the 30 students, grades on forms A and B were quite similar. But for seven students, the difference was about 40 points,

see Cheating, pg. 24

from Cheating, pg. 23

with grades in the 90s on the first test and 50s on the second test.

I called my department chairman, and he came to my house to see the evidence. He called the seven students with the discrepant grades into his office, where he and I confronted them.

Eventually they admitted their guilt and explained their routine. One person rummaged through my desk while others made sure I was busy in the laboratory—risky business, because only a glass wall separated my office from the lab.

In a spectacular example of honor among thieves, six of the errant students agreed that the seventh student, the only woman in the group, was innocent. She had called one

of the fellows to get notes from a lecture she had missed. He gave her notes on what would be on the test without telling her their significance.

Soon I discovered a similar cheating operation in my class for physical education majors. I had already identified the culprits when I got a call from the local chief of police, whose daughter had told him about the cheating she had seen.

The chief wanted to call the culprits into the police station to reprimand them, thus saving me the trouble. A local newspaper carried a story in which the dean of faculty spoke eloquently about honesty and the school's reputation.

Behind the prying eye of the press, the dean was more anxious to squelch publicity than to stop the cheating. He lost my respect.

The chairman and I agreed that all

cheaters would get Fs for the course.

Once I had meted out the punishment, I let each student know that I would be teaching the courses again in summer school. And I assured them that they were welcome to register for my class without prejudice, this time to earn honest grades. Only two or three did so.

All of the original six cheaters were sons of prominent Texas physicians, who demanded that their sons follow in their footsteps. None of the young men wanted to do that.

And Bob admitted that he made his papers easy for me to find to bring this ordeal to an end. As he put it, "Studying honestly would have been easier than the work we did to steal answer keys and stencils."

I never learned whether any became physicians, but I have always hoped they

jobs or any income. Why do you consider that to be a favorable situation?

"Until Roosevelt brought in his liberal New Deal, people had to live within their means — no lavish meals, no fancy houses, few cars."

Many didn't have jobs or any income, so couldn't afford a place to live or adequate food!

didn't. I feared they would not resist future temptations when lives of trusting patients might hang in the balance. The cheaters in the other class were destined to become high school coaches. The worst they could do was to condone shady schemes like today's doping, but that's bad enough.

Cheating writ small becomes cheating writ large. When I was teaching in Texas and George W. Bush was a teenager in the late 1950s, my students seemed to think their desire for good grades justified their cheating to get them. Is it any different with politicians in the Bush administration, whom we know have stooped to such duplicity?

The question is, how do we catch them?

Joan Creager, a professor of biology, taught at Trinity University in San Antonio, and elsewhere before retiring to Centre County.

"I think a periodic economic shake-out is good. It gets rid of the hangers-on of the country."

Some CEOs and other business big-shots were creaming millions off the top!

"What's wrong with that? If you have the financial smarts, you should be able to get what you want out of any institution you're affiliated with."

Whitey-Blue bemoans bail-outs

by David M. Silverman

I was talking the other day to Whitey Blue, long-time Centre Region resident and hard-nose.

Whitey, I assume you've been following the news about the financial crisis and the

government bail-out?

"You betcha, but I think they took the wrong approach."

What should they have done?

"Gone back to the good ol' days following the '29 stock market crash."

But a great many people were without

Sudoku

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I choose to wear a cycle helmet

by John M. Dickison

Whether the state has a right to pass laws to protect us from ourselves is a tough call, particularly when it comes to something that is not a right, but a privilege. There are lots of examples: drinking age, driving age, wearing proper hunting attire, carrying life vests on boats, wearing seat belts, using child car seats, etc. The motorcycle helmet law was repealed largely on the grounds that the law restricted personal choice. The state also has a law requiring eye protection, but no one seems to think that sunglasses reduce liberty...they're just common sense safety gear.

Laws about those other examples may also limit personal choice. Teenagers could drink, pre-schoolers could drive, hunters should be able to get shot if they don't like high-visibility orange, boaters can either sink or swim, and adults or children should be allowed to be ejected unprotected through the windshields of their cars if they don't care for cumbersome restraints. What say does the state have in this?

The short answer is that poor safety costs everyone. More severe incidents require more police, fire and or ambulance response. More severe injuries incur higher medical and liability costs, and can raise insurance premiums. Loss of work due to injury costs employers, families, and communities. Helmet use helps reduce these costs.

But let's set aside the legal arguments and stick with the logical ones. No amount of legislation can overturn the laws of physics, and they're what matter most when an unprotected grape hurtles into another solid object at high speed.

I look at helmet use as a matter of redefining "cool" and "uncool."

As a kid, I thought the Bell Superstar full-faced helmets were the coolest things ever. I wanted one to wear when I rode my Schwinn Fastback Sting-Ray. I felt vindicated years later seeing professional BMX racers wear full-faced lids as they peddled toward the half-pipe. I also loved Bell's corporate slogan, and it always stuck with me: "If you have a \$10 head, wear a \$10 helmet."

I grew up in a state that never had a helmet law. Other bikers kinda looked at you funny if you did wear one, as if you were unmanly. There was a stretch when I didn't wear a helmet, mainly because it made it hard to smoke cigarettes as I rode. I'm not sure which was the most dangerous—smoking while riding, smoking at all, or

ditching the helmet because it was inconvenient. But I looked cool.

I never bought the arguments that helmets impeded a rider's angle of view. Firefighters and football players don't have great peripheral vision either, but neither of them is in a helmet-optional situation. Besides, on a bike, that's what head-checks and mirrors are for. Helmet or no, riders have blind spots they need to check all the time.

I also never bought the line that helmets reduce a rider's ability to hear oncoming traffic, particularly from bikers whose patches read, "Loud Pipes Save Lives." My wife's bike has stickers that read, "Loud Pipes Make Noise." These days, there are a lot of bikers listening to tunes while they ride, either on fairing-mounted speakers, through earphones, or over speakers mounted in helmets. If a rider prizes the ability to hear as the key to defensive driving, then reducing noise is a better place to start than fighting helmets.

Helmets protect you against collisions with big things as well as small things. Hitting a June bug at 50 mph feels like getting hit with a golf ball. Gravel bouncing off a truck can smart. Rain drops can sting at speed, and hail definitely hurts. The sunglasses will protect my vision, but a bandana isn't going to do much for me amid bugs, rocks or precipitation.

I think vanity plays a big part. I see guys on crotch rockets wearing gym shorts, tank tops and flip-flops. They may think it looks cool. My compadres will look at them, look at me, and say, "Organ donor." Sometimes these guys have a passenger, who may have on the same attire, except they get the helmet. That won't do much to prevent road rash or muffler burns, but it IS using the old bean. Chivalry is not dead, I guess, just the driver.

I have two helmets with pretty good sized chunks taken out of them from near-fatal collisions. If those had been chunks of skull rather than helmet, I am fairly certain I would not be alive today to write this. "He was not wearing a helmet," is the typical tagline on TV news coverage of fatal motorcycle accidents. It's more than a statement of the obvious; it's the moral of the story. It doesn't matter what the law says—common sense dictates. The sticker on the back of my helmet has some bloodstains on it now, but it's still legible: "My Helmet, My Choice."

John Dickison is a veteran rider, member of the Iron Butt Association and has survived two near-fatal crashes.

Emphasize safety, not helmets

by Hal Hallock

I have been riding my own motorcycle since 1961. We did not have a mandated helmet law at that time. Then, in 1968, a law was passed mandating helmet use for all riders. My freedom of choice was taken away.

Sure, I like the wind in my hair and that free and open feeling on the road. Helmets restrict that feeling, can obstruct vision and reduce hearing, are excessively hot in summer months and bees can get stuck in them and can create an accident. Not to mention the fact that a four-pound helmet becomes a 200-pound weight attached to the neck during sudden stops at 50 miles per hour.

We were talking about this during lunch in the faculty room at school. A teacher told me that a friend of her son was riding his motorcycle when a truck stopped quickly on the highway. The motorcycle rider hit the back of the truck, and it was determined that the weight of the helmet broke his neck. Now, in another situation, while riding slowly in the country, if a rider goes down on gravel, a helmet may save him from bruises and scratches.

We have freedom of choice when to wear a helmet in Pennsylvania, as do 29 other states, and that's the way it should be. Let those who ride decide.

As Gov. Ed Rendell stated, "I believe the government has an absolute responsibility to warn individuals about potential dangers in using a product or not using a potential safety device. However, I believe, in most matters, after receiving clear information, the individual should have the right to choose."

We do have a helmet law in Pennsylvania, and it states that all persons under the age of 21 must wear a helmet. Those persons 21 and over do have the freedom of choice, provided that they have been licensed to operate a motorcycle for two years or have completed a motorcycle rider safety course approved by the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation or the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. This law gives an individual time and experience to make an educated and informed decision about the use of a helmet.

This is a freedom-of-choice issue. Some people have the misguided belief that citizens lack the wisdom to make personal safety decisions for themselves and must therefore be subjected to increasingly intrusive laws. They suggest that the health care costs associated with unhelmeted motorcyclists place an excessive burden upon tax-

payers.

However, when costs of motorcycle-related injuries are examined in the context of the total social health care picture, the figures are not unusually startling. The costs associated with the treatment of motorcyclist injuries account for less than one thousandth of total U.S. health care costs. Only a portion of these costs are attributable to unhelmeted motorcyclists, the majority of which are paid by privately purchased insurance.

The University of North Carolina's Highway Safety Research Center reported that "injured motorcyclists were just as likely to be insured as other road trauma victims."

A Legislative Budget and Finance Committee report based on data supplied by PennDot and the Pennsylvania Trauma Systems Foundation states that "the average annual fatality rate for the 4 years (2003 – 2007) after repeal of the helmet law (5.9 fatalities per 10,000 registered motorcyclists) is virtually identical to the average annual fatality rate for the 3 years (2000 – 2003) prior to repeal (5.9 fatalities per 10,000 registered motorcyclists)." "The rate of crashes per 10,000 motorcycle registrations actually declined from 132.4 in Calendar Year 2000 to 113.2 crashes per 10,000 motorcycle registrations in Calendar Year 2007."

These findings do not support the idea that taxpayers are paying for the health care of unhelmeted riders and that there are more fatalities since Pennsylvania modified the helmet law. Our attention in preventing accidents, saving lives and promoting motorcycle safety should not be on whether or not to wear a helmet while riding a motorcycle but on motorcycle safety and awareness educational programs for both riders and the general public.

Pennsylvania is recognized as having one of the best motorcycle safety programs in the United States. ABATE of Pennsylvania emphasizes motorcycle safety and awareness through education as the way to reduce fatalities and prevent accidents. To this end, ABATE of Pennsylvania has consistently promoted rider education, driver education, enhanced public awareness of motorcyclists and the safe design of roads and traffic control devices.

As ABATE's state director of Operation Save-A-Life, I train 46 chapters to present our motorcycle safety and awareness pro-

Letters to the Editor

Sex education article lacks logic

Dear Editor,
 I'm writing in response to Rachel Gross' article on sex education. I was disappointed in the quality of her writing and the clear bias that was evident throughout the article. For example, she wrote that "violence and intimidation have shut down health clinics offering abortions." This emotionally charged statement was unsubstantiated and inappropriate. There are numerous reasons why clinics are closing. One very important one being that abortion is in decline because the American people are beginning to understand that abortion is an evil thing and harmful to all women. She should have mentioned that.

I was also disappointed in the lack of logic behind the author's conclusions. Early in the article, she stated that "steady and significant decline of sexual activity among teens in the 90s" coincided with teaching of abstinence. Then she spent the rest of article suggesting that we change the

curriculum that has been so successful and go back to the emphasizing condoms & abortion ...the curriculum which was an abysmal failure in the 1980s. This was illogical.

As a retired professor (chairman of Music Department at Central Christian College, McPherson, KS for 14 years), I suggest that this reporter do more research on this subject in order to gain the larger historical perspective necessary to make accurate conclusions. It is obvious in her preparation for this article she didn't get an adequate grasp of the facts sufficient to overcome her bias toward condoms and abortion. Please encourage her as a writer to set aside her biases and let the facts speak for themselves. This will make her a better writer and improve the quality of your newspaper.

Tom Seaman
 Pastor
 Cedar Heights Brethren in Christ Church
 Mill Hall, PA

Article on small towns applauded

Dear Voices,
 I was gladdened by Norah Simpson's article on the efforts afoot to revitalize small-town economies. It is undeniable that small towns throughout the region, including State College, have had their economies dominated and streamlined by Big Box retailers in recent years. In State College, stores like Wal-Mart, Lowe's, Target, Best Buy, and Circuit City have relegated businesses like Village Hardware, and now Houts, to a distant past of local economic vitality and character. It is true, as Bellefonte's Mayor Stanley Goldman states, that "the Wal-Marts are the scourge of the earth."

That being said, efforts to make small-town economies vital again will fail as long as small businesses are in free competition

with Big Box retailers. Small business need protection to thrive. Under free-market conditions, only the most novel small businesses will endure alongside Big Box retailers. Those that survive will be forced into an increasingly small enclave of the local economy. For most small businesses, free competition with Big Boxers will mean certain death, along with the death of the economic well-being and social character of our towns. Therefore, local governments and citizens must prevent Big Box retailers from opening in or near their towns and provide incentives and opportunities for small businesses to emerge. We must act now to preserve, nurture, and take control of our communities.

Zachary Bullock
 Port Matilda, PA

from Helmets, pg. 25

gram to high school drivers education classes, trucking businesses, civic groups, senior citizens and others in an effort to prevent accidents and save lives.

In summary, I believe that experienced adult motorcyclists should make their own decision on when to wear a helmet while riding a motorcycle. This is a freedom-of-choice issue.

Research shows that there is virtually no difference in fatalities between helmeted

riders and unhelmeted riders. And motorcycle riders are just as likely to have insurance as other road drivers.

Motorcycle safety and awareness educational programs for both riders and the general public are the key to saving lives on our roads and highways. I believe in education, not legislation.

We don't need another mandated helmet law for all motorcyclists in Pennsylvania. Let those who ride decide.

Hal Hallock is a substitute teacher and active in ABATE of Pennsylvania, a motorcyclists' rights organization.

Voices slogan reflects stigma

Voices has been doing a terrific job in so many areas, I'm sorry to be writing with a request for change in anything. However, despite great sensitivity in so many areas, the ad on WPSU is problematic for many people with mental health concerns and their families. The stigma associated with mental health problems is serious. It makes it harder for people to seek treatment; it becomes internalized like homophobia and racism can, when a person experiences so much negative generalization. "Soon everyone will be hearing *Voices*" seems innocent enough, but the play on words is no fun for anyone with a psychosis or a family member with one. Most people think this is a relatively rare occurrence, but the truth is that many people within listening distance have suffered the terrifying experience of hallucinations. Schizophrenia affects approximately 1 % of the population, but hallucinations can also occur in other illnesses and after head injuries. Such brain diseases and injuries are often only partially treated by medicine and therapy. Symptoms such as hallucinations can arise and terrify at any time. It's no laughing matter and I imagine many

people will be glad not to be reminded of real suffering when you change that line in the copy. I really trust that no one intended this and it's great to think that you've been spared the life experiences that create this awareness.

Thank you for all the fine work you do. I read *Voices* with pleasure almost every edition. It's a very important undertaking and I know many of us are very grateful for your generous investment of time, thoughtfulness, and energy.

Alycia Chambers
 State College

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ASK Cosmo



Campus and Culture from the Canine Perspective

Dear Cosmo,
Any final words about the election? Can we afford to get our hopes up?

Signed, Glass Half Empty.
Dear Half-assed Glass Mass,
What do you mean final words? Like ones to accompany a cigarette and a blind-fold? Like am I hoping the governor will phone at two minutes to midnight and overturn the verdict? I don't think it will be THAT bad...unless it's the governor of Florida calling. Even so, we'll be getting some kind of regime change. That in itself is cause for hope, unless what we're hoping out of that we've been simmering in for the last eight years is a big ol' frying pan.

Since this column comes out prior to the election, I don't have any proclamations the caliber of "Dewey Wins." We'll either have a "tax-and-spend" liberal as president, or "don't-tax-but-spend-anyway" conservative. And what walks like a duck and quacks like a duck will finally be character-

ized as one. Plus, the past two terms' worth of Oval Bunker decisions proves beyond a doubt that that daffy coot is already well-traveled in the "lame" department. Lame duck? Mission accomplished.

Since Pennsylvania was one of the battleground states, we were particularly blessed with a deluge of television ads. It seems the biggest beef each candidate had was how the other would barbecue us with new misplaced taxes or tax breaks. But the fact remains that neither party could cut half of our social programs or one-tenth of our military expenditures, so to fund those things that can't be cut, that revenue's gotta come

from someplace...like from taxes! Hopefully this time around the public will be better able to keep its eye on the ball, will ask the tough questions once in a while and will not swallow whole all those lame rationalizations.

It was obvious that the folks on hate radio tracked all our current problems to shady Arkansas real estate deals and racy intern fellatio squeals. But placing the postmark of financial and moral bankruptcy on the Clintons is pretty far-fetched when it comes to defying the United Nations, mythologizing Weapons of Mass Destruction and snaking a Halliburton conga line through all our money. In fact, that dog don't hunt at all. Just let me outa here.

So as your faithful watchdog journalist—or journalist watchdog—I'd like to offer this handy refrain if the pundits continue barking up that same wrong tree as we enter the next season of recriminations. With a nod to the Baha Men's "Who Let the Dogs Out?" simply sing to yourself, "Who Spent the Sur-plus? Who! Who!" Fox News hounds, take a bow. Wow.

Dear Cosmo,

You don't seem to be as cranky as you used to be. Are you burned out on trying to save the world, or are you just getting mellow in your old age?

Signed, Why the Slow-Down?

Dear On the Down-Slow,

I don't think I'm cranky, or burned out, or mellow. Or in denial. But I don't have a messianic complex, either, so I've never even contemplated trying to save the world. The world behaves as if it's run by sick pups, so I suspect it'll either just keep eating until its belly explodes, will keep chas-

ing its tail until it passes out after bonking its head on the coffee table, or else it will get sick of whining and escalate to howling in order to get the attention it deserves.

With my advancing years, I am concerned about my health, though. Sometimes I'm knocked off balance a bit, and feel as if there's something gnawing at me, nipping at my heels, preparing to give me a good ass-chewing. I get the sense that the more I grapple with it, the more it comes back with even greater force. If I hit my flash point and lash out at it, then it seems to strike back with twice as much ferocity. It feels like there's a constant buzzing in my ears, the sensation that there's something always on my back, or going for my throat, or trying to attack my soft underbelly. It's almost like being possessed by a demon, hounded by my worst nightmare, and tested to my very last ounce of patience.

I don't know whether it's evolution, or karma. It's annoying and it's exhausting, and it somehow seems like I deserve it...and maybe I even enjoy the pain a little bit. At first I'd get little glimpses of what appeared to be a version of myself, but back when I was extremely young. Then I thought my metabolism was running wild and giving me flashbacks. And then I learned that it was actually large growth running rampant all over my body. It turns out that this eleven-week-old tumor weighs about fifteen pounds, has needle-sharp teeth, and goes by the name of Julia Belle. Turns out my human got the cats a new Springer pup, but I seem to be the main beneficiary. Those whackjobs who thought Barrack was the Antichrist obviously haven't met Julia Belle. Regime change, indeed.

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High school musicians across Pennsylvania and the country dream of one day marching into Beaver Stadium before 107,000 screaming fans. Each year hundreds of freshmen audition for the chance to live that moment, but only a few will be able to join the Penn State Marching Blue Band.

WPSU-TV producers Jeff Hughes and Cole Cullen (former Blue Band musicians) follow a small group of incoming freshmen through the elation and heartbreak of auditions, cuts, and grueling days of band camp as they pursue their dream of playing in one of America's most widely recognized college marching bands. Talent, ambition, sweat, and tears: find out who has what it takes in *Making the Blue Band!*

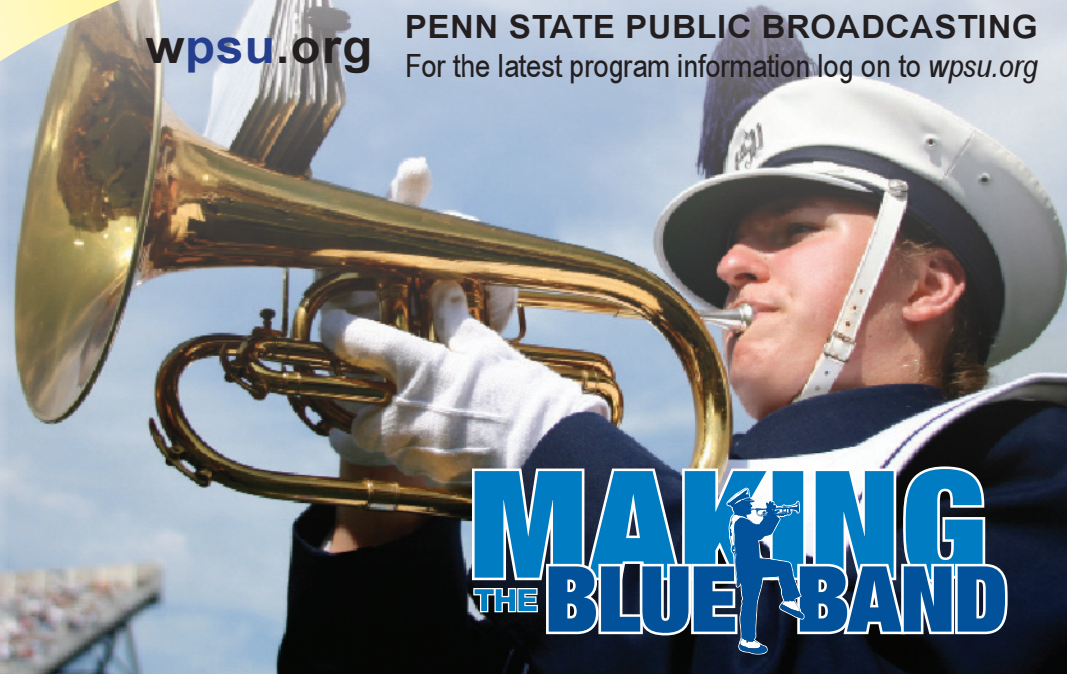
MONARCHY: THE ROYAL FAMILY AT WORK
Premieres November 12, at 8 p.m.

In this intimate series, viewers join Queen Elizabeth II and the rest of Britain's most famous family as they travel abroad, work at the palace, and meet people from all walks of life. The programs follow the queen as she visits the first permanent British settlement in the U.S. and spends time with President Bush at the White House. Back in England, the series goes inside Buckingham Palace for exclusive interviews with members of the royal family, preparations for elaborate formal occasions and a behind-the-scenes look at the royal kitchens, royal wine cellar and royal car fleet, and the jobs of footmen, ladies in waiting, the yeoman guard and the crown jeweler. This program offers a glimpse behind the velvet curtain to reveal what life is really like as a member of the family firm.

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