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TEH HOSE THRON

HOSE-RULMAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY • THORN.ROSE-HULMAN.EDU • VIERNES 4 DE ABRIL DE 2014 • VOLUME 49 • ISSUE 21

| | | | |
|--|----------|--|-----------------------------------|
| saturday may be sunny 31°/35° | ? | sunday not sure... 12°/1° | monday Indiana 9°/0° |
|--|----------|--|-----------------------------------|

E. Coli Blowout

Bowel Movement • chief-wizard

Early Thursday morning the biology lab outside Crappo was compromised as there was an outbreak of E. Coli. While the early reports stated that the outbreak was started by an experiment gone wrong, it turns out that an undisclosed student just forgot to wash his/her hands after a particularly bad batch of sliders from Brown Castle.

The restaurant in question went on record saying, "Though we take no responsibility for the poopdemic, we are offering free anti-diarrheal with every purchase of a case of spicy mystery meat sliders."

However, Hose-Rulman has refused to cancel classes, and in order to comply with the students' dependence on a toilet, classes are being held in the bathrooms on campus.



Student Methany Bartin waddles to her class in Crappo toilets.

Helen Maria Chang Dela Tundra Torero • editora de noticias

Health Services has briefly suspended condom dispensary and is now handing out adult sized diapers for the excruciating time between classes. In order to keep student population hydrated during this difficult time, the institute has issued each student a personal intravenous saline drip. Students are encouraged to eat

dairy products and red meat. The student government has pledged to improve sanitation on campus by launching the campaign called "Cleaning Engineerds". One infected student who resides in Pookopo was quoted saying, "BLARUGGGGHHH".

Dr. Buttskee is currently developing a differential equation model describing the relationship between the susceptible, infected, and recovered. The Drs. Hentoots and Dr. Fatigue are currently working on the antidote and a specialized industrial strength deodorizer. Dr. Maypoo is teaming up with Dr. Stooler-Price to combat the sewage build-up. The president of Hose-Rulman Dr. James Constipation Crapsmell is leading the recovery from his presidential potty chair in his office and says that he is proud of the interdisciplinary teamwork that his faculty is demonstrating.



Methany struggles to pose in front of Crappo Hall, where patient zero started the poopdemic.

Helen Maria Chang Dela Tundra Torero • editora de noticias

Undead Fowl

There Goose the Neighborhood

Michael G. Meyer
escritor estaff

Canada does not always send goodwill. A zombie geese infestation has broken out on the sidewalks and streets of Hose-Rulman, claiming the lives of five students and bruising no fewer than 23 egos.

When springtime found the Hose campus, so too did droves of honking, hissing geese. A Perducko sophomore, Smaug Cumberbatch, grew so enraged at the birds' antics that he threw his Differential Equations textbook at them, killing one goose on the spot. Or so Cumberbatch thought.

Behind the Iglesia Blanca the next morning, Hose Public Safety officers found a deranged goose with half of its brain dangling from its newly-enlarged earhole. They re-killed the bird with a chain of jumper cables and well-timed honk, but not before it bit two more of its fellow fowl. Without snow every other day to stop them, the horde only proceeded to swell.

Students were surprisingly disconcerted in the early stages of the crisis. One computer science major said, "I notice little change, except their honks sounding a little more like, 'BRAAAAINS'." Another commented, "They all still need to die." However, the smugness faded as the goose throng began to exhibit surprising tactical in-

telligence. They capitalized on student aversion to walk on the grass, herding their victims into tight sidewalk corridors. The geese then attacked the tender underbelly of student backpacks, spilling onto the pavement everything for which students care. The Hose-Rulman Office of Institutional Research, Planning, and Assessment is currently investigating whether these maneuvers were instigated by an Army ROTC cadet defecting to the zombie cause.

To address the plight of the campus, the Hose administration revised the school's strategic plan to the word, "Survive," and asked the city of Herra Taute for aid. In response, the City Council called an emergency meeting over lunch at Dogger's. The council fiercely debated the merits of stepping into another bird conflict, remembering its own crow plague and the stigma of Tautian exceptionalism. One council member suggested placing a quarantine on Hose, but was reminded that one had been on Hose students for years. It resolved to send two minivans of ramen and Easy Mac as a token of astute diplomacy.

So long as the geese do not get to the front of the RAR line, Teh Hose Thron will continue to keep the Hose community informed from its bunker behind the omelet station.

Latex Glove Requests Plummet at Health Office

Kristofer KoalaBear
staff koala

Don't be surprised if you see large, unopened boxes of latex gloves stacked in front of the HRIT Health Office over the next few weeks. The workers at the Health Office are perplexed by the record low numbers of latex glove requests by students and faculty in the past few weeks. Historically, the first four weeks of Spring Quarter are when the Health Office typically has their hands full distributing latex gloves to eager students, especially freshmen. Latex gloves have been a complimentary service to Hose-Rulman students since 1975, but glove requests remained consistently low throughout the years an average of six requests per day, until 1995 when it spiked up to 95 requests per day. Incidentally, 1995 was the first year in which mandatory freshman laptops and female students became an integral part of HRIT student life. Since

1995, glove request rates had remained steady for nearly two decades until last week, when rates suddenly dropped to less than 0.4345 requests per hour.

Analysts at the Health Office have cited an unusually cold, dry winter, stressful classes, Captain America, the fact that the Health Office started offering free condoms, rising gasoline prices, increased Sharepoint message activity, the season finale of Sherlock, and a sluggish US economy as root causes of the significant drop in latex glove usage among members of the campus community over the past few weeks. The Health Office's is planning an extensive ad campaign to help raise awareness throughout campus of the multiple safety and health benefits of wearing latex gloves, especially during strenuous springtime activities, like baking cookies, pulling weeds, and flying kites. Wearing latex gloves help protect the fingers from cuts and scratches, and can reduce the

risk of infection by up to 95 percent. However, the health office has also warned students not to wear gloves made of sheep or other animal skins. Although these types of gloves tend to be more flexible and breathable, they are not effective in protecting the wearer from contact-transmitted diseases.

The decrease in glove usage also had some positive effects for the campus community. For example, in years past, many students simply left their used latex gloves on the ground when they were finished wearing them, and some students were even openly sharing gloves in broad daylight. Three years ago, AHR hosted an open forum to address these sorts of issues. During the forum, the now-famous environmentalist and civil engineer Julie Jenkins mentioned that many geese were choking and dying from the used gloves that were being littered on the ground by careless students, and proposed a ten-year ban on the use of la-



Students eagerly wait in line every morning to receive their daily supply of the Health Service Office's complimentary latex health products.

Photo by Kristofer KoalaBear

tex gloves on campus. After a detailed and lengthy discussion, the members of AHR voted instead to spend \$5,000 towards purchasing new, improved latex gloves coated with trace amounts of aflatoxin B1, a carcinogen known to the State of California to cause immediate and terminal cancer in geese. Unfortunately, if the current trends in latex glove usage continue, the current

administration may be forced to reconsider this decision.

For students that have never worn latex gloves before and want to learn how, the Health Office has many excellent brochures and a trained staff to help teach students how to safely put on latex gloves without damaging them. The Health Office is open every Monday through Friday, from 9:25 to 9:30 a.m.

Follow Me Not

Neural Nechitnas • Boredom Editor

Having just premiered on Feb. 30, the movie "Follow Me," third in the "Find Me" Trilogy, is as un-impressing as the first two. What started off in books as a fast-paced, reality drama starring your average teenage girl and an undercover spy who must save their country, has been drastically changed on the big screen. The reality and drama has been reduced to a love-triangle between a whiny girl, her childhood best friend, and superior-in-every-way new guy friend who, by the way, is a spy. It's like a mix of Twilight and James Bond, except with fewer explosions and fewer women dying after successfully throwing themselves at the men.

The plot could have been a hit if it had the right players, but the characters were shallow and unsurprising at times. It seems like Mr. Agent just cannot take a hint and that Miss Protagonist cannot seem to make up her mind even though she had all of book two and movie two to figure things out. And what about Mr. Childhood Friend? Does not he get a say in any of this? I should also have to mention this Hunger Games-esque swing in addition to the Stephanie Meyer, Ian Fleming plagiaristic duo. I was half-expecting Gale to come up and complete a full fledged love square. I honestly think it would have made it better.

The acting itself was amateur at best. It was so bad that I started to count how many times they messed up their lines or paused in the middle of the shoot. Fight-scenes were scripted and the wires were really obvious. I mean really, a guy can jump twenty yards away while posing like one of those kung-fu master? Oh yes, so realistic.

All in all, I'd give this four do-not-sees out of five. It had the potential to be a good film, but over advertising and under appreciation of the original book definitely left the movie with a lot to be desired. If they had stuck with the original script, it might have been better, but what can I say? Some books can be made into movies, others are far better off being left in books and left to the imagination of the reader.

Honestly, I would really encourage you to read the "Find Me" trilogy. It brings a new creative twist on teenage love-triangle romantic drama which has never been seen before. The author of this genre-bending trilogy destroys the Nicholas Sparks romance cliché and builds an original landmark for thought. The only unfortunate decision which this genius writer-artist-extraordinaire stumbled upon was the production of this motion picture flop.

Boycott the Lord of Evil!

Neural Nechitnas • Opinions Editor

For several thousand years, we have been enslaved to the inner workings of one evil being. One that believes we should not go a day without being bound to society and law or be cursed for not fitting in! To this I say, "No more!" From this day forth, let us ban this evil being from every candy store and restaurant and classroom! Let us throw off the yoke of the Shoes!

Shoes are evil creatures, forcing you to wear them everywhere you go and forever confining your feet to a life of hiding in the dark! They have managed to integrate themselves into our society so well that they have persuaded stores to close their doors to those who rebel against their authority. They, along with Shirts, have formed a law so intense that it can only be described in six words, "No Shoes, no Shirt, no service." Simply diabolical!

As a freedom-fighter, I cannot stand their rule any longer! I refuse to wear

their conniving selves and I allow my feet to roam free! Never once, have I known a joy as well as I do now! Nothing makes me feel more alive than running barefoot and shirtless through a field of wildflowers or valley of thistles.

You know what? While I'm making this point. Have you ever asked yourself why your pants feel so uncomfortable? Have you ever sat down after a long day and left your pants on for greater than 30 seconds? I absolutely have not. After the unpleasant constraint which my pants exert on me day after day, I find myself with an inquisitive attitude questioning the very notion of this synthetic behavior

So join me brothers and sisters and stand up against the tyranny of apparel! Aid me in my quest to rid this world of their reign and the stores and restaurants from their maniacal influence. Help me to abolish these abominations once and for all so that we may be able to live in the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave!

Ask teh hose thron

Q: So there's this boy I really like, but I just can't seem to get his attention. What should I do?

A: Nothing. If you make yourself beautiful like every girl thinks she needs to be, there's no guarantee that he'll notice you. Instead, try to get his attention by leaving him gifts in his locker or his room of residence and following him from class to class. It may seem stalker-ish, but it's actually very normal. Just don't talk to the police without a lawyer if they show up at your doorstep. Oh, and don't talk to him. You'll just sabotage yourself and end up ruining a chance you had.

Q: I just can't seem to understand Calculus, how should I study for it?

A: Don't. I can't count how many hours I've wasted studying when I could have been playing mindless videogames or watching internet videos that destroy brain cells. Bottom line is: Studying degenerates intellect. So why waste your precious time doing it? Instead, go kill some zombies and wreak havoc on the innocent Non-Player Characters. Worry about Calculus later. You can always throw your book under your pillow if you are desperate. After all, you can learn through osmosis, right?



The Rose Thorn

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"We are Rose-Hulman's independent student newspaper. We keep the Rose-Hulman community informed by providing an accurate and dependable source for news and information.

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WEEKLY MEETINGS occur at 5:15 p.m. on the first through ninth Wednesdays of each academic quarter. All members of the Rose-Hulman community are welcome to attend.

SUBMISSION of articles, photographs, art, and letters to the editor is encouraged. Submissions may be made by email to thorn@rose-hulman.edu or in person to Hulman Memorial Union room 249. The submission deadline is 5:00 p.m. Wednesday.

THE RIGHTS to accept submissions or changes made after the deadline, to edit submissions in so far as the original intent of the submission remains unaltered, and to reject submissions deemed inappropriate for print are reserved by the editors.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be no longer than 600 words in length and must contain the writer's (electronic) signature.

THE VIEWS EXPRESSED herein are those of their respective authors and with the exception of the Staff View do not necessarily represent the views of the staff or the Rose-Hulman community.

Funeral Crashing 101:

Getting their attention and keeping it

Katrina Brandenburg • The Sass Master

It is the day of the big event. You might be hesitant but rest assured. This is the right event for picking up your next date, next job, or next home cooked meal. Everyone there is dying to meet you; they just don't know it yet.

First, you will have to prep. Ignore everything you have been told about funerals. You don't want to be a part of the crowd today. You want to shine brightly. Ladies, pull out that sequined, body con silver mini dress and those cherry red stilettos. The more makeup and body glitter, the better. Gentlemen, pull out your best all white or pastel colored suit. Add a paisley tie and your watch with the largest face. Then finish it off with some nice dress shoes. Not in your wardrobe? Take a shopping trip right away. Proper funeral attire is very important.

As you step out of your car at the funeral, you need to make an impression. Hold your keys above your head, jingle them loudly, and call out for the valet. They need to know that you are not the type of person to park your own car. If there is no valet, then leave your car at the nearest yellow curb; the yellow paint means reserved for you.

Before the ceremonies begin, slip into the bathroom. Once there add your artificial tears to the inner corners of your eyes. Or, let out all of your own tears if you have that talent. (Kudos to you, expert manipulator.) Half a bottle per eye should do the trick. Emerging with that tear soaked look shows how much you care.

Choosing good seating is also crucial. Ladies, look

around the room and sit next to the most composed looking, attractive man who isn't wearing a ring. You don't want that drama until you have developed your skills enough to handle it. Gentlemen, you want to sit next to the girl with the longest dress; she is probably the biggest freak. She wants you; she just doesn't know it yet.

Now that you have acquired your first new friend, take a seat right next to him or her, preferably too close for normal circumstances. Begin to subtly snuffle while dabbing some of those tears off your face; make sure you glance over at your neighbor out of the corner of your eye every couple of minutes to check that you hold their attention. This move is gender indifferent. Give it five minutes. If your neighbor hasn't either opened up to you about their feelings or reached out to comfort you, begin sobbing loudly.

As you're loudly sobbing, stand up and run back to the bathroom to compose yourself. Now that the entire room has turned to look at you, you're really on a roll. Take a few minutes in there to clean up your face. The fake tears are done; you don't want to overplay it.

Return to your seat looking at your feet, still quietly sniffing, and clearly embarrassed. (Fake it until you make it; this is the big leagues.) If someone else is in that seat, give them an injured look from under your lashes before you walk to the back row. Trip over your shoes on the way back. Don't just fall; stumble, flail, and cry out in pain

upon impact. Lean heavily on anyone who helps you up and make them support you to a seat where you're going to cling to their hands and pull them down into the seat next to you.

Get cozy and stay there, clinging desperately to your supporters hands until a few minutes into the ceremony. When the time comes for people to say a few words, listen closely. You need three pieces of information: full name, someplace distant he/she had visited, and some favorite thing. As soon as you have the information, stand.

Give a eulogy they will never forget. Did you know the person? Yes, you knew him or her better than the spouse. Start with that statement; don't worry if your audience reads into it. It's only natural for people to be overly sensitive at funerals. Say whatever you want about how great of a person and how close of a personal friend the deceased was; don't forget to drop the three key pieces into the eulogy. You already have everything you need about who the deceased was, where you met, and how well you knew one another.

After your eulogy, the deal is sealed. Wait for the ceremony to end, and some person or probably many people will approach you. If it is a larger group of people walking toward you very purposefully, that's even better. You are going to be flooded with sympathy, curiosity, and new friendships. Enjoy that new date, new job, and free home cooked meal. I'm sure it is coming to you.

The Death of General Gerard Gabsten

The Ringmasters of Awesome

The world mourns the loss of Gerard Gabsten this weekend. His exploits are beyond compare. No man has mounted more charges than this five star general. He fought in some of the most epic battles known to man. His troops were incomparable, and his death on the field this week was a tragedy beyond compare. His experience was unparalleled, and he always knew when to go in guns blazing and when to pull out. His knack for scouting the lay of the land was unparalleled, and many an enemy fell to their knees at his feet as his troops, well-protected, swelled at enemy gates.

However, the manner of his death was admirable. The general died of heart failure while exerting himself to the extreme. He was strong, but stamina was the decisive factor. General Gabsten charged the greatest hill he had ever seen, even at his age, and while he was able to get up, he could not stay that high. In essence, his spirit was willing, but his body was weak.

But let's talk about the man and not his end. General Gabsten was not always a general. He was also a golfer, a juggler, and an avid fox hunter. General Gabsten developed his affinity for juggling when he was but a wee lad. Remarkably dexterous with his hands from an early age, he used to impress the female population of his boarding school with his impressive skills. From the age of fifteen Gabsten was putting on private shows, amazing captive audiences with his nimble fingers and sleight of hand. Balls weren't the only things that flew high in Gabsten's capable hands. Needless to say, he never lacked a date for a school dance as he could even perform his tricks in the closed space that was the back of his car.

When it came to his game, Gabsten never missed a Sunday. While others were on their knees, the general was putting his club on the turf. Fortunately, the general was an incredibly good golfer. He knew just where to grip the shaft of his club for maximum performance, and some of his best rounds were played in the rough. The general didn't get his balls wet often, but he was skilled at playing in wet conditions. His most notable accomplishment was achieving a score of 69 in the presence of two beverage cart girls. The general often had issues getting his ball in the hole, but the general had experience. He knew how to get up and down. He could use his hips and he knew how to play in tough lies. He was even well known for playing on the beach.

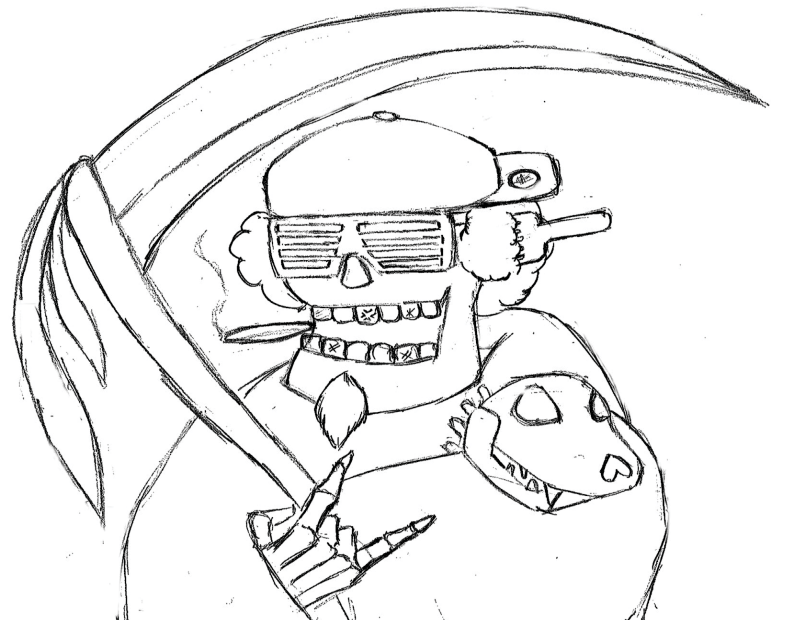
Friends of the General still speak of his legendary fox hunting skills to this day. As soon as Gabsten spotted a soft, fluffy tail flitting around the corner he ceaselessly pursued his quarry until he made the wily animal his. General Gabsten rarely even needed the aid of the hounds, preferring to hunt his prey solo. He was especially gifted at hunting at night, coaxing the animals out with the tantalizing promise of food. The squeals of the foxes could be heard echoing through the forest late at night, and the General would return to his home in the wee hours of the morning with a satisfied smile on his face and his prey in hand. As the General fell asleep quickly after the exhaustion of the hunt, his butler - a trusted confidante and lifelong friend - would hurry in and make sure the foxes were gone by morning, leaving no trace of the previous night's activities.

Beloved leader, skilled hunter, gifted juggler, avid golfer. The list of General Gabsten's impressive qualities goes on long enough to fill countless pages, and he will be dearly missed. However, this chronicle of his life will end here. Did we mention he wasn't bad with the ladies?

DEATH WANTIN' TO GET FRISKY

Not yo Baby Daddy

Another week, another column written by yours truly. I have mentioned this before, but this old bag o' bones needs to put them to good use, if you know what I mean. So I made a profile on that new dating app, Cinder. The number one dating app for the hell fire charred residents of the underworld. Ol' Death has not been able to light his wick just yet but there's plenty of fuel out there for one hell of a fire. I'm sure to find my own Cinderella someday, but I'll need some input from you, loyal reader. Below is my Cinder profile. As you can see, I've draped myself in the garb of the so called "cool kids". I'm rockin' a backwards cap, like all my homies. Also, I got me my prescription shutter shades on. I have my dog, Spike, in the picture. This is a calculated move to get more women interested in me. If there are any changes that should be made, feel free to write in .



Death, Old as Dirt Friends



Jesus



Hades



Scrooge
McDuck



Peter
Griffin



Hitler

Interests



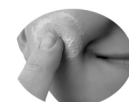
Bleach



Bowling



Scythes



Skin



Smoke

Six students named among Prince Rogers Nelson Review's The 300 Best Brownnosers


Harold Angel • singer

sors share about their Hose-Rulman students in a new book "It was like I was spotlighting America's most servile Equations."... "One of my least favorite classes to teach was turned into an unabashed butt-kissing Rogers Nelson Review's 300 Best Brownnosers", yet Hose-Rulman had not just of the things profes-



Hose-Rulman students sharing the spotlight are:

- Terry Aki, sophomore CPE
- Hugh Jass, junior CHE
- Al Cohal, senior ME
- Cary O'Key, junior CHEM
- Bill Ding, freshman CE
- Rick Shaw, senior CS



students on the list, 'scophant meant three years ago, and so not only have I become one, I've learned a new vocabulary word too."

Fellow honoree and sophomore computer engineering major Terry Aki agrees, adding "Yeah, and for me it's all the better 'cuz I know that I'll see this news story all over the Hose webpage as well every single publication coming out of the Hose Institutional Retirement Office for the next three years. It's a toady's dream come true!"

sophomore computer engineering major to lick the faculty's boots spotless."

"I think it's a reflection that our emphasis is on getting good grades no matter what the cost is to our self-well every single publication coming out of the Hose Institutional Retirement Office for the next three years. It's a toady's dream come true!"

one but six on the prestigious list. Considering that there are more than 4,000 colleges and universities across the United States, with nearly two quadrillion students enrolled, that's an incredible achievement.

Top "10" Ten Student Quirks

"In this class, I learned more or less about thermodynamics and fluid mechanics." — A student on a course evaluation of Dr. Moorhead's Fluid and Thermal Systems course. *I vote "less".*

"Where are the lungs?" — A student in Dr. Copinger's anatomy lab, while dissecting a fish. *No lungs? Is that really intelligent design?*

"He knows what he is talking about... I just don't know what he's talking about." — From a student evaluation in Dr. Livesay's class. *True, true.*

Rose students say crazy things. E-mail them to the Flipside at thorn-flipside@rose-hulman.edu



HOSE SNIVEL ENGINEERING PROFESSOR TO RETIRE

Patty Wagon • keeper of the order

Longtime Snivel Engineering professor, Jack McGrumpynts, is set to retire at the end of the 2013-2014 academic year after a career lasting almost four decades.

Standing at a mere four feet two inches tall, McGrumpynts, was affectionately called both "Stumpy" and "Grumpa" by all four students who claim to have had affection for him. Despite his small stature, Stumpy was a giant of Hose-Rulman, best known for his impressive push broom in which the professor sparks discussion among students via sardonic "Least now there's some purty heifers but later ceded that president Ham Sulbert begun by former Hose coeducation movement famously opposed the McGrumpynts also In the eighties their own devices.

...best known for his impressive push broom mustache.

at the end of his career he would only mumble a couple of nearly inaudible insults at the beginning of class and then leave his students to their own devices. McGrumpynts also famously opposed the coeducation movement begun by former Hose president Ham Sulbert but later ceded that "Least now there's some purty heifers but later ceded that president Ham Sulbert begun by former Hose coeducation movement famously opposed the McGrumpynts also In the eighties their own devices.

style pedagogists have since labeled "The Sarcastic Method," a technique quips and thinly veiled mockery. McGrumpynts gained such alacrity



SNIVEL ENGINEERING PROFESSOR JACK "STUMPY" MCGRUMPYNTS

What, did we wurt your wittle weelings? Should we call a waambulance? It's all a joke, you know, all meant in the spirit of fun. Good natured ribbing and all that. And so just take it easy, okay? Maybe think of it as an opportunity to assume a fresh perspective, to grow a little. You see, some of us view the glass as half full and others as half empty, and maybe you're the half-empty kind of person. Fine, I probably can't change that about you. But consider for just a moment that maybe, just maybe, that that half-empty glass is actually...wait for it...a half-empty pimp chalice! Ever think about that? See? It's not all that bad, right? No. Don't do it! Don't do it! Don't go telling me that you're an engineer and that therefore the pimp chalice has been over designed by a factor of two! Aw forget it, you're hopeless.