

Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology

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Angry coeds abduct Hulburp

by W.M. Slibb

Rose President S. Hulburp was kidnapped this morning by two enraged coeds from PUdo University. Many of the details of this shocking crime have yet to be revealed, but some of the facts are beginning to arrive here at the TORN Crisis center.

The Sam-nappers broke into Hardly Hall early today and hid in the caverns of Hulburp's office. Apparently they evaded patrolling Insecurity troops who did not recognize them.

Gray Florido, Cheap of Insecurity, said, "My men thought they looked a little funny. Not like the ordinary student at all. But since they couldn't determine what was different, they ignored the intruders, according to our policy of laissez-faire."

The coed criminals were last seen heading toward Turtle Hole with Hulburp wedged between them looking confused as usual but rather comfortable.

The list of demands phoned in by the violent females were as

follows: admission, full-tuition, room, board (catered from town), unlimited homework assistance, and a 24 hour bodyguard of eunuchs or compsci majors.

While the motive for the crime is unclear, the alleged kidnappers apparently felt that their rejection by Rose lead to extreme mental anguish at not being able to study engineering in the pleasantly odiferous environment.

Negotiators are cautiously optimistic about Hulburp's release, but several faculty members are bracing themselves for the best.

"At least we'll finally be a coed school," one math prof said. "It is impossible for one man to resist the flow of progress."

The TORN is continuing its private investigations into the matter, and though much is unknown, it is clear Hulburp is in dire straits.

Unfortunately, Schmidley was unavailable for comment.

Not the Rose TORN

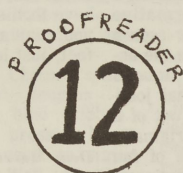
Vol. 69, Pres. 84, Dens. 21 Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology

Not Friday the 13th



The Math Department is pleased to announce its two new staff members. Dr. Twinkle, left, greets has-been country singer Willie Nelson, center, and Jim Morrison, right, who has been dead for over 10 years. Department Head Sherman Tank feels the new members will "greatly improve the quality of the present staff."

Hayne's Briefs



Status quo to be female

The President of the Institute announced sometime last month that beginning with the class of 1988, the Rose-Hulman student body would be all female. This means that all students set to graduate after 1984 will have their educations terminated.

The move came on a court order jointly filed by the Federal Affirmative Action program and the Women's Civil Justice Society. "Rose will remain all female for another 115 years to make up for all those years of discrimination," spokeswoman Patty Wright said.

Terre Haute Mayor lets nature take its own course; sells snow equipment

"What God puts down, he can take away," Speedy Pete Chablis said.

Campus gets paved

President Dr. Sam Hulburp recently originated a plan to install seven sidewalks leading from Deming to the road, four from BSB to Speed, and one from Speed across the lake to the union.

Even though threats were made to plant mines in the dirt paths, students still used them. "All we'd have to do is plant one and they'd multiply — then BOOM all those students would have wished they'd have used the sidewalks," stated one G & B (Guns and Bombs) worker.

The precious grass still left on the campus "will be moved

to the top of the flat-roofed buildings to help with water runoff problems." The administration feels this will add insulation and also stop the puddling problems. "Besides, nobody will walk on it up there."

Although this grass-roots move isn't the master plan for the renovation, the administration feels this move is vital. In fact, an emergency board meeting will be scheduled next week to discuss the possibility of a second homecoming this year to help fund the project.

Indiana gets paved

EPA officials in Washington and Hoosier administrators in Indianapolis (lit. "Indiana City") have announced a compromise plan which will solve everybody's problems.

All "superfund" monies will be spent in Indiana. All toxic chemical, radioactive, and garbage dump sites will be moved into the state. The plan is to fill up the Wabash Valley first, then the Gary Region, and from there fill southward, until the entire state is covered.

Indiana officials especially hailed the event as a great breakthrough. "Indiana has finally found its niche in the

country," a spokesperson said. "We're ideally suited for the project. Up north, the land is so flat, it will make an excellent holding pool. And the hills in the south will form a natural barrier, keeping wastes from seeping south and destroying the beauty of the rest of the country."

Plans also call for the Marbled Hill formerly nuclear reactor site to become the collection point for coal-ash and nerve gas, while acid rain will be collected over the Region. "Incidentally, Terre Haute will not be the next silicon valley," the spokesperson said.

Security goes for help as gophers invade campus

Giant gophers have invaded the Rose-Hulman campus, leaving a trail of death and destruction, reports Gary Floral, security head.

The rodents, some of which are 40 feet long and weigh 3500 pounds, "just appeared out of nowhere. One night, my partner and I were out in our new jeep, and we felt the earth move. After we woke up, every building on campus had a moat dug around it."

The ROTZ department immediately moved in and declared martial law. Thousands of GI Joes and Ranger Ricks were

brought in and given orders to shoot at anything which threatens the campus. "They've killed hundreds of those creatures already," stated Floral, "and also decreased the freshman class by 85%." President Samule Hulburp, fearing for his life, has fled to Egypt.

Dr. Patton, Life Science professor, has been studying the mutant animals and has come up with a 540-page report. After an intense 3 weeks of translation, Latin expert Dr. Coreloss Treveeno, submitted the following: "They are beeg ahnd

meen ahnd wont to heert us."

Students are reminded to move quickly, keep quiet, and stay in groups. "These things are drawn towards slow moving individuals who tend to murmur to themselves," said Pete Gustofwind. "By the way, if anyone knows of the whereabouts of the Zeroes, let me know."

Several students are wondering why the Frats and Apts have not been attacked. "Those varmints are smart," said Floral. "If they head out there, the alcohol level in the bloodstreams would kill them."

It's elementary, dear admissions

by I. Hattie Dreem

In an effort to reach more prospective students, the Rose Admissions Department has launched a program geared towards elementary schools. According to Chuck Howieid, the following text is already being used in Vigo County schools in place of the traditional McGuffey's Reader:

A Day at Rose

See the boy. What a nice boy. He is a college student. He attends Rose-Hulman. His name is Johnny.

Where are you going Johnny?
"I am going to class," says Johnny. "I am going to Calculus class. We are learning about integrals and related rates. What fun we are having!"

On the way he meets a man. The man's name is Tom. He is Johnny's friend. He is smiling. Why are you smiling Tom?

"I am smiling because that's my job," says Tom. "I am Johnny's friend."

"Hello, Tom," says Johnny. "How's it going, Bud," says Tom, smiling.

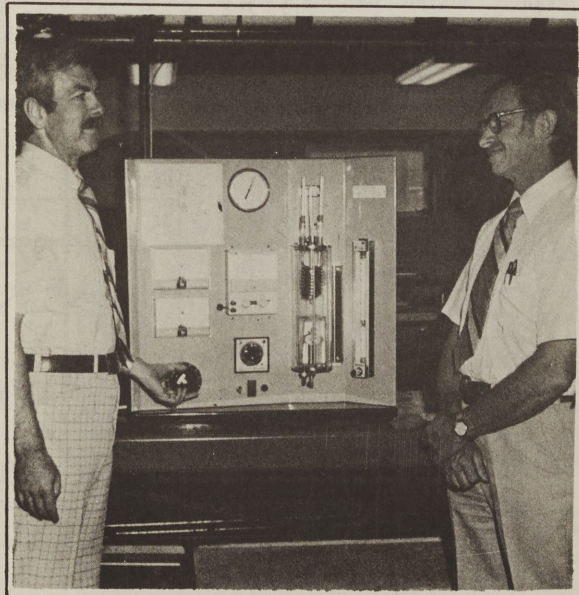
On the way he meets another man. His name is Sam. He is very important. He is the college president. He is bald. Why are you bald, Sam?

"I am bald because it's my job!"

Where are you going now, Johnny?

"I am going to eat," says Johnny. "I am going to eat lunch. I am going to eat lunch in the Hulman Student Union."

See Johnny eat. Eat, Johnny, eat! He is eating Texas Tommies. Yum, yum! Wouldn't you like to have fun like that, too, little boy?



Dr. Morbid, faculty unfair committee person, demonstrates a new teaching aid to ABAT representatives: "... and then we turn this knob and shock the out of them."

Coming Events

- April 20 RHA Film, "Bambi," 7:00 p.m.
- April 19 HSLS Colloquium, "Just What Does Tom Do, Anyway?" 4:30 p.m., O-203.
- April 17 AICHE "How to Clone Beakers," 10:30 p.m., F-104.

Dear Mom,

Dear Mom,

I was just sitting here not doing my homework, and since I didn't have anything better to do, I thought I'd write home to make sure you hadn't moved or something.

Oh, Before I forget: please send \$50 for my housing deposit. I want to be sure to get a room next year, as it will be one of the most exciting times to be on campus. ARA has promised a new menu for students on the run. They say they've succeeded in removing almost all taste from their food. Nobody here wants to waste time tasting palatable food when he could be rushing back to the dorm rooms to study.

Also, GTE is installing phones in each room. That'll save me bunches when I call my sweetie, Betsy. Tuesday and Thursday nights.

I hope you guys can come to Parents' Day this April 28. (If you can't, Betsy said she could probably ride in with her Granpa when he comes in to market that Saturday.) The "Rose Show" should be super-duper this year! It's all I hear about: profs in every class are encouraging projects and displays. Each division chairman is making a list, checking it twice, seeing who can win that number one prize.

Of course, the Chem E's are going to great lengths to recapture the blue ribbon. Remember the pressed Rose emblems they used to have drawings for? Well, they've reversed the idea a little. This year the department is raffling off a job to one lucky graduate. Tickets cost \$100 each, and you can increase your chances of winning by getting your mom and dad and relatives to buy tickets for you.

The EE's are really being secretive. I guess they have to be

if they hope to hold onto No. 1. I've heard rumors, though, of everything from satellite transmitters to solar-powered calorie counters.

You know what's really funny? I heard the civils had a concrete Space Shuttle design. That bridge-busting contest they have always reminds me of when Aunt Ethel took out that bridge over Cooter Creek last winter. I always told you she couldn't handle the truck in icy weather.

Golly Jeepers! I forgot to tell you what I won! I won a whole paid-for evening of rollerskating from the school paper, just for answering their survey. That was easy enough, giving them a piece of my mind about how worthless they are. They've really messed up the paper from last year. It's so hard to read, because the writing is generally more clear and concise. It's duller, too, from all the direct quotes they're starting to use. And most of the pictures aren't posed, so I can't tell what's going on in them. What really gets me are the stupid new things they've started: picture-show reviews, song reviews, newsbriefs, crossword puzzles, a community calendar and faculty spotlight. And to top it off — get this — a feature spread! What madness! I wish they'd go back to doing blood drive articles.

Well, that's about it for now. I'm going with a bunch of my buddies to see a cartoon show called "Fritz the Cat." It's really swell of them to show cartoons Saturday night for those of us who miss the ones in the morning.

Anyway, I hope this letter finds you well, and you enjoyed hearing from me. I mean, I hope my letter was o.k. I can't wait to get home and grow some corn.

Your loving son,
(Signed) Donald P. Hoosier

(A HEADLINE WOULD NOT FIT)

by Osgood McNugget

I will never forget my first glorious day at this wonderful institution. My classes, the fabulous dorm life of Deming, all the adventures of higher learning leaped out of the squirrel-filled trees and rapturously enveloped me in rapture (what else?).

I leaped from my luxurious, stainless steel bed at the break of the first day and tugged at my roommate.

"Arise, arise to the glory of this day, filled to overflowing with the education that lesser mortals can only dream of!"

"What the . . . is wrong with you?" was the mumbled reply.

"What the . . . indeed! Would that more were of my mind, that others sought those elusive gems of knowledge that . . ." I tried to dodge the object the wastrel hurled from the safety of his bed, but I was slow in my joyfulness, and was struck in the temple.

When I regained consciousness, I seized upon my prized notebook, upon which pages the wisdom of the ages was to be written, and my trusted Bic, the only instrument I felt was worthy of the task. Glancing at my schedule, I saw that my first class was Lit and Writ. I jauntily stepped through the window.

When I regained consciousness, I glanced balefully at my second story window, and raced to C126. Lecture had just begun.

"I am arrived, oh fellow students! Instruct me in the glorious ways of the world of Literature. I shall bow my head in diligent study, absorbing the . . ."

"Sit down and shut up," rasped the professor. "Right here in the front row."

"Oh, show no favoritism to me, judge me not by my attitude, but rather by my capacity to learn. Instruct me, oh great

one."

A rather shocked silence ensued as the lecture continued. At the end I had collected a precious set of notes:

Professor: — "Probably the greatest quality of the poetry of Milton, who was born in 1608, is the combination of beauty and power, for few have excelled him in the use of the English language, or in the . . ."

Me: — "Milton — born 1608."

As I walked to what was fondly dubbed ARAT by my fellow seekers, I was confronted by a beautiful creature (I think I was a girl). Her green and brown eyes sparkled in the Terre Haute sun, and the small anchor tattooed to her forehead made them seem as though the light of Heaven itself was hers alone.

I made an obscene gesture and murmured a seductive "Gee whiz."

She made the sign to ward off the evil eye and bounded gracefully away, while her shrieks of "FRESHMAN!!" echoed in my ears. I wondered how she had known.

After my gourmet repast, I stopped by the medical station for my tetracycline prescription, and continued on to my next lecture, Chemistry.

The instructor furiously scrawled the wisdom of the alchemical world on the board, shuffling back and forth, to and fro, fro and toandbackandforth-and . . . I passed out in a fit of dizziness.

When I regained consciousness, the professor screamed, "What is a base? You, the one with the stupid look on your face!" Oh, happy day, the answer was upon my lips, and here was a true opportunity to share my modest knowledge with my fellows. "A bass is a large stringed instrument, used by both orchestras and heavy metal ban —"

Whitespace by Weeb Wetbank

Thorn Sports

Chewbacca to Chili

Glenn Chewbacca and the Rose-Hulman basketball team will attempt to retain their title as NCAA Division I basketball champion as they face Indiana University in Seattle Monday night.

The road to the final four was a see-saw for the Engineers as they squeaked by Podunck U. in Saturday's semi-final contest and crushed Georgetown 78-45 in their first round game.

The squad is lead by 5'2" junior Glenn Chewbacca who will skip his senior year to attempt to become a waiter. The team will miss Chewbacca after this season because of his fine hookshot. His dunks have popularized the phrase "Phi Slamma Miss."

The President of the Institute commented on the performance of Chewbacca: "Basketball is not his only career. He is a fine leader in the classroom and will be missed by the students. I still don't understand why he chose New Mexico

over the fine loving atmosphere of Terrible Rut. I wish him the best of luck . . . that reminds me of a joke . . ."

The team has shown their appreciation for their teammate by presenting him with set of golf clubs. They hope that after Monday's championship game he finds a new sport to excel in.

Good luck, Chewbacca.

When I regained consciousness on the stone-strewn floor, I wondered what had happened. The empty classroom confirmed my suspicions — I had failed, somehow bungled in my attempt, to gain those small pearls of wisdom. There was only one thing left to do.

But Oh! Curse the fates for making the duck pond only two feet deep! As I heaved my body from the slime, I mustered the courage for one last attempt, and lay myself down in the middle of the road. But the Zeromobile never came by, and with heavy heart, I made my way back to my desmesnes.

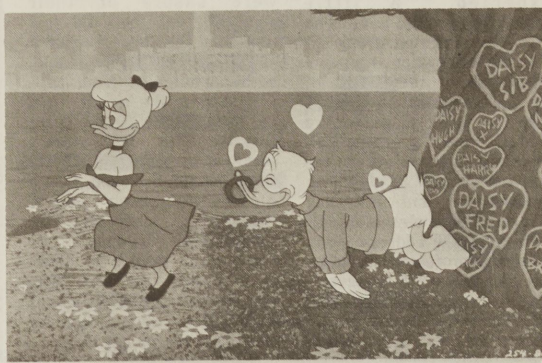
This time I managed to dodge the bottle my roommate heaved in my direction. When he saw my dolorous countenance, and heard my tale, though, he had pity for me, and told me not to worry, tomorrow was another day. I cried my blessings out to him as he baptized me in Hamm's.

Tears of happiness welled in
(not continued)

Donald at 50



HAPPY 50TH. Donald Duck, who celebrates his 50th birthday in 1984, commemorates the occasion in front of Cinderella Castle at Disneyland with his good friends Goofy, Daisy, Minnie and Daffy. (204-270)



SWEETHEART. Donald Duck, who celebrates his 50th birthday in 1984, is led around by the nose by his long-time sweetheart Daisy, in the animated short Donald's "Daisy." (204-8056)



ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER. Donald Duck, who celebrates his 50th birthday in 1984, made his debut (top) in Walt Disney's 1934 Silly Symphony, "The Wise Little Hen." MCMXXXIV Walt Disney Prods. and most recently appeared (bottom) in 1983a animated featurette, "Mickey's Christmas Carol." MCMXXXVIII Walt Disney Prods. (204-205)



HAPPY 50TH. Donald Duck, who celebrates his 50th birthday in 1984, poses with his creator, Walt Disney. (1154-8073)



HAPPY 50TH. Donald Duck, who celebrates his 50th birthday in 1984, poses with his creator, Walt Disney. (1154-8073)

Page 5005 Alcohol serves

Rose-Hulman's Alcohol education week has come and gone once again, but was anyone [redacted]? The program's organizers seem to think so. Attendance may have been down a little from last year, but the people who did [redacted] seemed to stay around longer, perhaps long enough to [redacted] something.

Everything ran smoothly, from the [redacted] in the Alumni Room to the [redacted] in the Dining Area. In fact, everything might have gone a little too smooth: even the student volunteers who got [redacted] and tested their reaction times performed exactly as expected. "A little [redacted] would have been nice," commented a current RA, the moderator at a panel discussion of the [redacted] of various religions on [redacted] and its use. A priest, a pastor, and a rabbi all basically agreed that the emphasis should be placed on moderation, and not any inherent [redacted] in alcohol itself.

The [redacted] address given by a [redacted] professor was to be the high point of the event, but it was [redacted] attended. He spoke to an audience of only about

seventy people, less than a fourth of what was expected, on the [redacted] dangers and benefits of alcohol. Of course, the figures did not paint a [redacted] picture of the abuse of "America's drug of [redacted]" as the professor called it, but he did point to some evidence that "one ounce of alcohol a day can be good for you." This part of the lecture at least was [redacted]

Overall, those responsible for [redacted], the SAB and the Rose Resident [redacted] seemed generally pleased with the [redacted]. When asked if they were only "convincing their friends and [redacted] their enemies" they were unsure of their [redacted], but they did feel that they felt they reached a [redacted] people, with participants from ISU, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, and the [redacted] of Terre Haute. The RA neatly summed up [redacted] behind this and future Alcohol Education weeks: "[redacted] is interested in [redacted] drinking. We don't want people to think that since we are [redacted] incredibly [redacted] about [redacted] on campus, that we support or encourage it."

National News Paper wins Pulitzer

The Rose Torn was recently acclaimed as "the foremost in clear, concise, excellent, good writing" by Hardley A. Yank, President of the Pulitzer Commission.

According to Newsy Editor, G.F. Lunge, the main reason for the award was "spectacular front-page newswriting and lots of white space in the headlines." And while features didn't contribute much, "We gave it our best shot," said W.R. Wheresthebeefburger.

One of the deciding factors in the competition was the TORN survey. "Our judges had never seen such an overwhelmingly unified opinion about any publication. Clearly, everyone thought that the - TORN was much stronger than either the Podunk U. Square or St. Lilacs STEM."

Unfortunately, the faculty fairs committee was not pleased with the result. "This is the first time a student organization has won anything nationally. If this continues, then our school will be recognized for its students instead of its truly talented teachers," stated N.O. More, chairperson of the committee.

Dear Dorkne

I resign!

Dear Dorkne:

I have been really upset recently by your continuous onslaught of abusive verbiage downpouring upon the innocent, upstanding members of this our Rose community.

You have made fun of the nice people here, the smart people here, and I heard you even had something to do with that terrible unsigned letter about you-know-what-I'm-not-about-to-bring-up-again.

I think it's time for you to wake and smell the pizza burning and get your thumb out of your mouth.

Sincerely,
Tad Polls

Dear Tad,

I'm very upset by your comments. If you think I don't take this column seriously, you are embarrassingly close to the truth. In fact, I lost sleep last night over your letter (it is tucked safely in the waste basket under my bed.)

In fact, I cried myself to sleep last night. Not because of your letter, but just

because of the fact that there is abuse in this world. In fact I have a tremendous amount of trouble handling all these pressures. I mean the stupid TORN editor wants this at 7:00 Mondays and I CAN'T HANDLE IT. If you have any comments I really could use the help since I can't afford an analyst on this salary.

Dorkne

Dear Dorkne,

Hi, Dorkne. My name is Dr. Plane. I am a professional counselor. And I want to help you.

You have exhibited the symptoms of a very common Rose mental disorder: Paranoidiac Schizophrenia. You seem to have some trouble handling the pressure of maintaining a decent, kind, helpful opinion.

I believe it would be to our mutual benefit if you could schedule a visit to come see me in the immediate future.

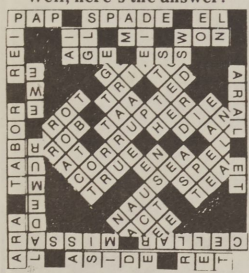
Dorkne, please come see me. I can help you.

Signed,
de Plane

You might ask

Where's the puzzle.

Well, here's the answer:



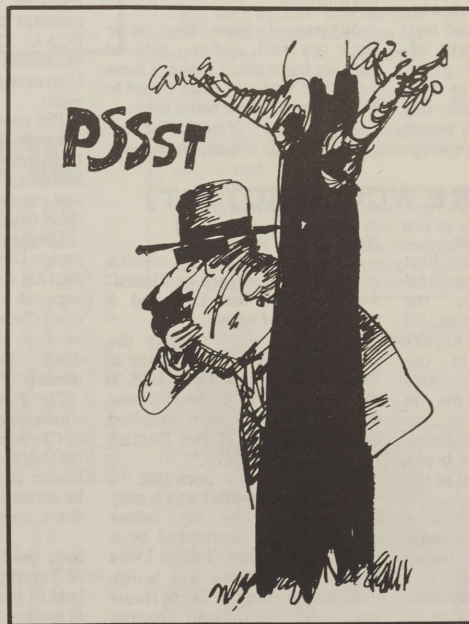
Postage Not Paid

Mail it yourself, Cheapskate

When you need military power Make us your first stop

Right in our Terrible Rut showroom we have the latest model tanks, anti-aircraft artillery, as well as your favorite chemical weapons.

If you bring this ad to our showroom you can qualify for a six-week terrorist course and learn how to undermine worthless nations.



Don't forget we specialize in both international and domestic assassinations.

*We also swap international military secrets.

\$7.95



\$7.95 off your
next purchase of
grenades. Offer only
good with the purchase
of two or more.

Expires: 6/02/84

Mili-Mart Makes Mauling Magnificent!

Dear Plain,

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING. First, I find out that everyone is out to get me in this stupid edition of this crazy haywire paper (if you can call it that) and now I am SCARED TO DEATH of cracking up. And you, you tarot-card, palm-reading, quacking non-expert, have the utter gall to force some lame, brained mystical - on me that is totally wrong and stupid. I CAN'T HANDLE IT - DO YOU NEED A NEW DRUG? You stupid tetracycles and amplifiers don't work. Maybe some diet coke, a liter of codeine. BOO HOO, boo hoo.

Resignedly,
Both of us

For those not-so-classy times when you need a boost of class, try Hornies, the not-so-common classy ad column. For Sale: Rolls Royce. Cheap. Must sell to meet down payment on condo on Liberty Street. \$300 or best offer. Call collect 877-9002 before 3 A.M. or else.

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