

Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology

Rose-Hulman Scholar

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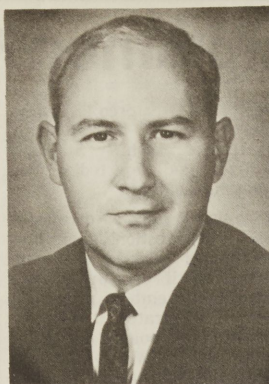
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Ex-president of Rose-Hulman Dr. Sam Hulburp (left photo, middle person) completely denies that he is actually Curly of the Three Stooges (right photo). In fact, Hulburp claims that he bears no resemblance to Curly what-so-ever, or at least less of a resemblance than does some other (ROTC) staff member. Warner Brothers photo.

Not the Rose Thorn

Vol. 3, No. 666

Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology

APRIL 1, 1983

Murder plot twists student

by Wheezer C. Blindly
S.S. Staff

6:03 p.m.: I'm in the Student lounge eating a burrito when a call came in on my walkie-talkie. There'd been a death over at Tweed Hall.

That's my job. I'm a Rose security guard.

Dum da dum dum

Dum da dum dum dum.

6:59 p.m.: I hurried over and found the body of the freshman lying in his room. He seemed to be about average build, medium height and cute legs. Books were thrown about the room as if there had been a struggle, but I couldn't find any signs of a murder weapon. Then, I saw it. A large metal screw had been embedded into his posterier. A possible means of death if I ever saw one.

7:11 p.m.: I went across the hall to talk to the R.A., Ric Styles. He was seated at his desk holding the latest copy of GQ magazine. I could see he was upset. Three of his hairs were out of place on his head.

"The kid's dead," I informed him.

"Golly!" he replied.

"Who was the last person to see him alive?"

He told me some students had seen him leaving the bathroom around 5:30 for his room to do some studying. It seems the student had a little more work to do that night than usual. The information they gave me wasn't much, but I knew I could find the murderer if given time. I figured it had to be someone who'd seen him that day. I went back to the student lounge to think it all out over another burrito. He was doing pretty bad in classes so it had to be one of his profs enraged at his poor performance.

So I went out to interview some of them.

9:15 p.m.: I arrived at the home of Cary Laxative, the victim's computer science professor. He answered the door carrying a screwdriver. Very suspicious. After informing him who I was, Laxative tried lamely to explain why he was carrying the screwdriver.

"I was adjusting my video tape machine ... I was going to play back M*A*S*H ..."

"Sure," I said, "likely story."

I asked if he knew the victim.

"Yeah, I knew him. He wasn't doing well in class so I gave him extra assignments so he could

learn the material."

"Don't leave town," I advised him.

"Leave Terre Haute? You're kidding! Who'd want to ..."

I could stand it no longer. I raced to the specially equipped (built in coffee machine) zero mobile and sped off to another professor.

9:47 p.m.: I pulled in the long winding drive to the Sam Height estate. One of his henchmen answered the door. It was his wife. I requested to see Dr. Height. She stamped three times on the floor with her heel, and a trap door underneath the carpet opened up. What at first looked like a wisk broom, but was actually the top of Height's head appeared at the trapdoor. He lumbered up to me and asked who I was.

"Campus security."

I could have sworn his eyes opened for a second as panic swept his face, but he remained silent. I told him I was investigating the murder of a student.

"I haven't ... ah ... seen a thing," he replied. "Last I heard Dr. Elton Crypts and myself had gotten together to schedule both of our tests for tomorrow. This fellow was in both our classes, you see, and we didn't want him to have to study for tests on two nights."

I bid him goodnight and sped off to my next destination.

My next stop was to talk to Dr. Glenn Boxcar the kid's Chem Prof. I arrived at his place and knocked on the door. His son answered it.

"Hello little boy," I said noting that this seemed to make him angry, "is your father at home?"

I didn't think a kid could know such language. I hastily retreated back to my trusty zeromobile to protect myself from the 9 iron he was swinging and drove off wondering why Boxcar would want to hide and send his son (who, by the way, needed a shave) after me.

10:58 p.m.: Somehow the essential link still eluded me. To clear my thoughts I went to see Tom Mildew.

"Hi-ya guy, how's it goin'?" he said as he opened the door. "C'mon in and sit down, have a soda — I'm your friend," he finished before even seeing who I was.

After telling him who I was I asked if he knew anything about

the victim which might help the investigation.

When I awoke it was getting late in the day. I figured since his professors weren't being helpful and Mildew couldn't even tell me what he was being paid to do I decided to talk to some more students.

My first stop was the S.G.A. Office to talk to its president Tim Kaminandshuthedorski. He wasn't in but a note on the door said he'd be back for a few minutes sometime before the next administration. I couldn't wait that long so I called him up on the phone. He told me that he had never heard of the victim despite the fact that the deceased was in student congress. "I'm student President," he told me, "I don't have to know anything." His excuses didn't phase me though. He was a politician. Despite his apparent ignorance of what was going on with his job, inside I knew his heart was capable of rigging elections. I let him go for now.

The next student I got ahold of was a senior 4.00 gunner named Roger Madness. He said he was too busy studying all the time to get to know any freshman, take part in extracurriculars, or take off his jacket. I knew he was telling the truth but I also knew that he was unstable enough to go on a murderous rampage, randomly picking off innocent students at the command of any common household appliance.

I ended up finding myself suspecting everybody I talked to. The facts pointed at no one in particular. It struck me that I might have been thinking too small. It had to be a conspiracy. All I had to do was determine who all were in on the murder and go from there. It was only a matter of time for me to compile the list. The number of people involved really shocked me. It's going to make arresting all those people involved awfully difficult. That's why I'm having this printed in the paper. I would like to inform all the students, faculty and staff of Rose-Hulman that they are hereby under arrest. You are to meet behind Moench Hall tomorrow at noon to be taken away. Running away won't help you. I can always trace you through the alumni office.

Hulburp, Curly the same!

by Ima Pseudnem

Through months of clever investigation, and hours of skimming Irrational Inquirers, Not the Thorn has stumbled upon a trail of deceit and shame which leads to none other than our very own president, Dr. Sam Hulburp.

It appears that the ex-stooge Curly, tired of his comedy career, did not actually die years ago, but changed his identity to become the president of Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology. The evidence cannot be ignored.

Note, for instance, that the date of Curly's "death" corresponds exactly to the date on which Dr. Hulburp's application was filed at Rose. Especially incriminating is Hulburp's list of brothers and sisters, which includes a "Larry Hulburp" and "Moe Hulburp." Hulburp's application also lists his work experience as including things like "eye poking, face slapping, spinning on my elbow and saying 'soy-tenly.'" The Bored of Manglers, looking for a "yes-man," instantly hired him.

Other administration

members deny the allegations, however. Ron Peeved explained: "Have you ever heard his jokes that he tells to the parents every year? Those things aren't funny — he certainly could never have been a comedian."

Actions by Hulburp indicate otherwise. Hulburp's secretary claims to have seen him cracking his knuckles repeatedly and making waving motions with his hands. He has also been overheard humming to himself in a high-pitched whine. The jacket and hats he wears speak for themselves (shout is more like it).

When a Not the Thorn reporter tried to interview him last week, all Hulburp said was "Oh, a wise-guy eh?" before banging the reporter on the head with a prosthetic leg.

The Bored of Manglers, upon hearing about the investigation, rushed to Hulburp's defense. "He's the best president we've had in a long time" said one. "Since he became president, our financial base has really 'spread out,' as he likes to put it."

Hulburp resigns

Leaving his office in shame President Sam Hulburp resigned today following an article appearing in Not the Thorn connecting him with the comedian and ex-stooge Curley. His resignation was very subdued consisting of only a few poor jokes followed by an intimate slap on the face for some of his Tumbledown co-workers. Hulburp then entered a waiting car taking with him only the loose bills he was able to find in the school vault.

"We'll miss that high-pitched voice of his," commented Ron

Peeved, "but most of all we'll miss that money."

Setting their tears aside along with their champagne glasses, though, the Bored of Manglers will soon meet to discuss a possible replacement. Bill Sissy, Placement Detractor, has already offered the Bored a list of Seniors available for the job, but the Bored seemed not to be interested. Dr. Anvil Dyker has also asked to be named President but allegations that he is really Orson Welles makes it seem unlikely he will be considered.

Bored names replacement

After much deliberation, the Bored of Manglers announced its new choice for President of Rose-Hulman is Dr. Julius Marx. Dr. Marx is to replace Dr. Hulburp who resigned over scandal about his past.

Dr. Marx is both experienced and well-known (but not in the way some girls are) for his many exploits. With professions ranging from African explorer to Ivy League President and Football Coach, Dr. Marx will certainly be a new and fresh voice on campus.

Dr. Marx has accepted the position and in a recent Not the Thorn interview he explained some of his policies he will enact as President. "First off, I'm going to take a stronger stand against the Bored," he stated, "and if that doesn't stop them I'll

take a chair to them too. My policy will be very simple: 'Whatever it is I'm against it.'"

Dr. Marx is not without controversy though. It is well-known that he is married to two different women. When questioned about this, Dr. Marx defended himself stating: "Of course, I'm married to two different women. Do you think I'm fool enough to marry the same one twice? Besides, single marriages are for your grandmother, and who wants to marry your grandmother?"

Dr. Marx is a strong supporter of co-education on campus. "I myself have supported many women on campus," he stated, "and I haven't been caught yet, but I pledge to fight for the honor of these women, which is more than they've ever done."



Dr. Julius Marx has been named the new President of Rose-Hulman. Dr. Marx (on top in this photo) intends to institute widespread change on campus, and he doesn't mean nickels and dimes.

Curriculum system explained?

by John Waste

Because Not The Thorn realized that the student of Rose-Hulman has the right to know how his curriculum is decided upon (and because we already hit the Security Force and Watered Computing Center), the paper assigned a reporter to a meeting of the heads of the departments to write an article on the decision process. He came back with this story instead:

Last week there was a meeting of the Curriculum Committee to revise the required courses for each major. Dr. Samuel Hulburp presided over the meeting. The session began with the president of RHIT telling a joke about the Purdue graduate, the blind man, and the prosthetic limb. Afterwards, lunch was cancelled. Dr. Hulburp read a letter from the Student Government complaining that students were questioning why certain majors required courses outside their field of study. Dr. Hulburp then asked for answers.

The Math Department Chairman, Dr. Tank Sherman, spoke up first. "If we didn't require engineers to take around two years of math, than half my staff would be out of a job." The committee voiced its approval of the logical answer.

Discussion then focused on the Physics Department. Many of the grievances were directed

against the compulsory assignment of students to classes such as Enormosity & Massivism and Mechanklicks. Above all was the complaint that for only a couple of courses, non-Physics majors had to buy the \$198,5000 page "Modern Physicks" textbook. Dr. Chuckles Dyker, Department Head and major stockholder in the Large Green Physics Textbook Company declined to answer.

Next, the MeKLANical Engineering had to account for itself. It was asked why EEs and Chem Es had to take ME classes. "Well, that's so they are prepared for the E.I.T.," countered Prof. Robert Stained-howitz. A voice in back asked

why E.I.T.s weren't geared solely towards the student's discipline. "Oh," Stained-howitz said dejectedly, "we didn't think of that."

The last round of discussion dealt with questions about how the courses were decided upon. Almost as if on cue, all the committee members pulled out their IC-integrated, two-speed, portable ouija boards and one of them said, "We-ah-used the Institute's technology to help us."

Walter Cronkite observed that you get more words off one newspaper page than out of a half-hour TV newscast.

Dyker snubs nonaward

Dr. Anvil Dyker, not head of the Physics Department here at Rose, did not win President Hulburp's "Goody-Two-Shoe Teaching Award" last Saturday night at a dinner which was not specially held in his honor. Neither did he accept the award, not saying that he owed it all to all his students and never remarking that "Rose has the best students in the world." He didn't go on to say that he enjoys teaching at Rose more than anything else in the whole wide world, not joking that he even didn't like it more than his wife,

who was also not present.

Not following the ceremony Dr. Dyker was not congratulated individually by the Board of Managers, each of whom did not give him a hearty handshake and congratulation. Dyker, who was not interviewed by a Not the Thorn reporter, never commented "I don't know what the hell you're talking about!" when asked about the award.

The award, which did not go to Dr. Cal Dier last year, is not awarded with a cash prize of \$100.

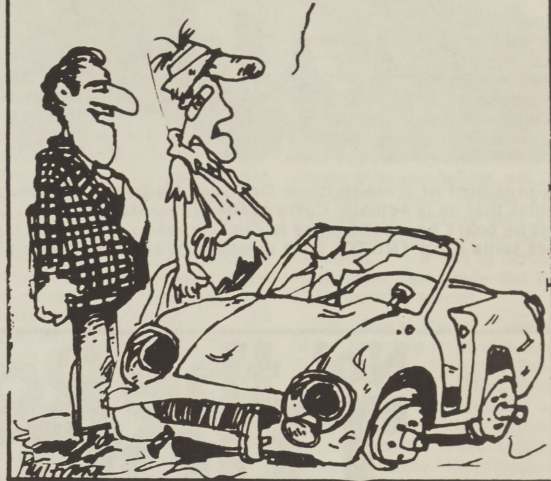
In the fall, we will have a solo piano concert by child prodigy Shinrisan Tsuru. An exponent of the Suzuki method, this young Japanese concert artist will perform the complete piano works of Beethoven, and after the intermission the complete works of Rachmaninoff. At the age of three, she made her American debut at Carnegie Hall and the Hollywood Bowl simultaneously. Now serving on the faculties of IU and the Curtis Institute, she is also completing her doctoral studies at New York's Julliard School of Music. Shinrisan will celebrate her fifth birthday next month.

Scheduled for the winter quarter is an appearance by the Exploratorium Dance Theater of Greenwich Village. If you enjoy seeing young female dancers stretching their Danskins nearly to the bursting point, this is an event not to be missed. Group spokesman Vladimir Breznikoff states: "Our art, which is set to music, is not only a looking experience, but also a listening experience. The time will come when we will expand to all five of the senses... we're working on that now!"

Other events for the season include "Tattle-Tale Poe," the Royal Canadian Oboe and Bassoon Choir, and ISU percussion ensemble. By the way, if anyone finds this column boring or bothersome, that is tough. "Beam me up Scotty. I think I'm in trouble!"

RANKLY SPEAKING Not by phil frank

EVERYONE ELSE DIED...



EST. 1900 ETC. W. AFA H FUJI
FRATERNITY
SNOW
by Jim Grim

Due to inappropriate fraternity housing facilities at Rose, several of the fraternities have decided to initiate operation MOVE.

The Lambda Fly Alpha fraternity will be moving into Speed Hall this coming fall. "We just don't have enough room to hold everyone," explained one of the members of the fraternity. Their freshmen will then move into Built-a Signal Fire house, which is certainly big enough for their welfare. Where will the Built-a Sigs live? Well, after all of their unjustified complaining about being cheated out of several houses (although we all know that it was ONLY zoning laws) they will get the LBA house — which is plenty big enough for them.

Now this small maneuvering of fraternity housing has caused a small problem with the Squeegees. The Squeegees are very concerned that, because of the continual growing success of freshmen hall parties, the freshmen living in the Built-a Sig house (now on referred to as the Freshmen House) will lower the female attendance at the Squeegie parties. But to assure that the Freshmen House stays in line, Dr. Jess Locus has enacted the RATX program (Resident Assistants of Theta High). Theta High has agreed to control the Freshmen House by acting as responsible Resident Assistants and enforcing the rules. This was a tough decision for T.H. as they had a previous opportunity to merge with the

Wreckdangle Fraternity in order to increase both fraternities' size (the increased size would enable both fraternities to compete in some of the more important areas of Rose-intramural sports, Geek Games, etc.). Asked what the name of this new fraternity would be, one of the members explained, "I think we would try Angle Theta." But that merge was scrapped as soon as the Wreckdangle Fraternity received a Federal Housing Loan to turn their house into condominiums.

In other fraternity news, according to a reliable source (whose name was asked to be anonymous although his initials are Bob Thompson, Head Football Coach at Rose-Hulman), a football recruiter from the USFL, the newly formed football league, has informed the Stigma Nu fraternity that it would like to draft the entire fraternity and enter it as its own team. The name of the Team? Why the Wabash Valley Venom Spitters.

The members of the Alcohol Omigosh Fraternity had to evacuate their house last week. Evidently one of the members brought two horny toads into the house. And before the day was over the toads had multiplied to such a number that they have not only eaten all the food in the house, but had taken over the actives' rooms. At the present time, the Rose-Hulman ROTC has the house surrounded and Professor Thad Smith is holding peace talks with the head toad.

Reburp

ART Z. FOZZIE

I have here in this column a listing of the 1983-84 Find-Arts Series events which were selected after much deliberation on the part of the committee. Knowing that the Rose student wants to see live entertainment, the type of which you don't see everyday, the committee has had to turn down appearances by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, the Cleveland Orchestra, and the Metropolitan Opera... after all, you can buy phonograph records of their performances.

As a special treat to the Rose community, there will be a single event summer series, to be held in late June. Inspired by the popular music festival as

Chicago's Ravinia, Cleveland's Blossom and Boston's Tanglewood is Rosie's Revengia. The event will be an evening long concert by the University of West-Central Indiana at Sandcut Grande Courte Symphony Orchestra. They will perform the premiere concert of 20th Century American composer Ned Rorem's "Tacet," a real showpiece for unaccompanied conductor. How many musicians are there in the orchestra...?

How many Democrats go to Rose-Hulman. And the guest conductor is Ian Visible, popular for his commanding lack of stage presence.

NOT The THORN

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Mama Grossa's Pizza



All Natural
Ingredients

Mama Grossa is very proud of her pizza.

To prove we made the best pizzas in town, we called up competing pizza parlors in Terre Haute at odd hours of the night. You know what? Some of these pizza parlors wouldn't give us their list of ingredients, some didn't want to talk to us, and most wouldn't even answer the phone. What does that tell you about Mama Grossa's pizza? Well, it means we'll pull any cheap trick in the book to make you think we're making even half-way decent pizza.



Mama Grossa

Look guys, give us a break! Despite all the Ravioli they slop at you upstairs we still aren't making a profit. So buy more Mama Grossa pizzas and someday we might even let you look at real beef one day.