

FEATURES

Tanning Salon Experience Compared to Death

Karen Putt
Capital Times Staff

When my sister picked the colors for her wedding she chose the two she liked most. It's only fair, right? It was her wedding. Wrong. Not when she picks the two colors I look worst in. The ones that make me look like I belong on a hospital table with a sheet over my face. Peach and powder blue. I was allowed to pick my own bridesmaid gown...as long as it was peach or powder blue.

To my amazement I found a peach dress that didn't make me look like a walking Sunkist orange. The color did however, blend with my hair. Which blends with my eyebrows...which blends with my skin. I could just imagine the wedding pictures: my sister, her husband, his best man, and a big peach blur hovering off to the side.

I had to do something to lessen the overwhelming peach aura the dress created. But dying my hair was out, it was already as light as I want it. I considered becoming a bottle red head, but was repulsed by the thought of looking like Little Orphan Annie for the next three months.

The choice was clear, I had to get rid of my pasty white skin, or get a contract to be spokesperson for Pillsbury flour. My freckled skin (typical Irish) actually glows in the dark. If I had known this when I was young, I could have saved electricity by using my stomach as a nightlight. My mom says I tanned when I was a baby, but I haven't had much luck since. I always end up looking like the burnt-sienna crayon no one ever uses.

Despite these odds, and a horrid case of claustrophobia, I decided to try a tanning salon.

I picked a salon out of the phone book and decided to dive into this mission impossible head first. I signed up for six sessions before I had even had my first appointment, before I knew what I was getting into. Who says ignorance is bliss?

The staff at the salon (which shall remain nameless) was very helpful in answering my questions and calming my fears. Horse hockey. The elderly attendant said "Strip, lie down, and put these on." She handed me those frogman goggles I'd only seen on T.V., and left me alone to face the "bed"

which, to a claustrophobic, resembles a futuristic coffin.

I stripped then laid down and lowered the lid of the coffin over my body. My heart began to race as I tried to talk myself out of hyperventilating. I reached for the phone which buzzed the attendant to turn on the machine, and began to wonder how long I'd last before lifting the lid in a claustrophobic fit.

There was a sound which I imagine is very similar to that of the power switch being thrown on the electric chair, and the lights came on. I peered through the pinholes of my frogman goggles at the fluorescent blue glow. The room suddenly seemed like a set from a bad sci-fi movie. Once the initial fear of suffocation passed, I closed my eyes and amazingly enough, fell asleep.

I woke up 15 minutes later when the oven shut off and got dressed to leave. There was color in my face. I left thinking I'd be golden brown by the wedding. Wrong. About two hours later I began to itch. Not an "Oh, I've got an itch" itch, but a "the only relief I'll get is ripping the flesh from my bones" itch. I was red and blotchy and itchy, AND I had paid someone to do this to me.

To make a long story short, the blotches went away and I began to see a slight improvement a week before the wedding. I thought I'd tortured myself enough when irony struck, as always, making me want to smack myself in the face with a ping pong paddle for about 30 minutes. My sister and I were at the final fitting, I had just put on my dress and was mildly happy with the results. My face and neck no longer blended with the dress, but were actually part of me.

I walked out to be examined by the seamstress and turned the open back of my dress to her. This woman pats me on the back and says, "You should go to a tanning salon and get some color before the wedding." AND she was serious! Thanks lady, as if I haven't been through hell already, you tell me there's no difference since I was here five weeks and \$40 ago.

Oh well, I was just proud to have survived the ordeal and to have somewhat ended my claustrophobia. Death should be much easier since I know what it's like to be in a coffin. Of course, could I still be claustrophobic if I'm dead? Probably.

Lion's Den Creates Sandwiches

Paula Styer
Capital Times Staff

Ever have a Wattedog?

A WHAT dog???

A Wattedog. You know, cheese, bacon, and shredded lettuce on a hot dog.

Well, how about the Bagel McBeck Special? That's Professor Edward Beck's blend of eggs, cheese, and bacon on a bagel.

These mixtures of food and personal taste make up just two of the specialty sandwiches Lion's Den cook Mary Alice "Harv" Pittman serves up for people with differing appetites. But she doesn't prepare them for just anybody.

"You must patronize us to get a special," she says.

And you have to keep coming back.

"After a couple of months if you don't order it, that's it," she said.

It all started about three years ago with Dr. Behney who wanted eggs, bacon, cheese, lettuce, and tomato on toast. The Behney is the most popular Lion's Den special.

Not all sandwiches make it to the big

time.

"My biggest flop was the turkey club with fried eggs and onions," Harv says. "That was two years ago."

"Every year I get one unusual request," she says.

This year's strange brew consists of a blueberry bagel with tunafish and cheese.

"Sometimes I just look at them and say, 'You want WHAT?'" she said.

Nevertheless she still cooks up the concoctions.

Lately, however, the special business is not booming. Harv attributes the lack of interest to the larger variety of the Lion's Den menu and the monthly specials.

"I guess I haven't had too many requests for junk because of our new items," she said. "When people try them, they like them."

Anyhow, anyone can propose a sandwich creation.

"If you have a sandwich and we think a lot of people will eat it," or if you're in the mood to express your cuisine uniqueness, bring your ideas down to the Lion's Den and Harv will serve it up.

Anyone for another Wattedog?

Seatbelts from 5

ending may possibly surface out of all this death, destruction, and misery.

Want to hear more? I won't bore you with a lot of statistics, but here are just a few shockers from a few of the articles given to me by Hershey Medical Center's Trauma Nursing Coordinator Maryellen Dye.

Most fatal injuries occur at speeds of less than 35 mph and three out of four crashes occur within 25 miles of home. Fatalities have occurred at speeds of less than 12 mph. Eighty percent of all accidents happen at 40 mph or less. In short, seat belts should be worn at all times, even while just driving on campus.

Of the approximately 35,000 people killed in cars annually, about 17,000 of

them could have been saved if they had been wearing safety belts.

So, you say, you are a good driver, and have never been in an accident. Well, guess what. Traffic accidents are the leading cause of death for Americans under age 35; one out of 70 babies born today will die in a crash; every citizen in this country has a one in three chance of being involved in a serious accident during his lifetime. Well, maybe you are a safe driver, but there are lots of drivers on the road who aren't, not to mention drivers who are drunk, or who like Linda, weren't paying attention for a split second. That's all it takes to be killed or seriously injured; and a second is all it takes to buckle up. It's your choice.

PUZZLE ANSWERS

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