

OP-ED

Voice from Hell

Bob returns with new ax to grind

Bob Caton
Capital Times Staff

"How I spent my summer vacation."

After finishing up producing the new Guns 'n' Roses album, settling the fight between Cindy Crawford and Christina Applegate over who would get to take me to Cancun, and cancelling my contract to quarterback the Seahawks due to lack of cash...

Oops...sorry...isn't this the Writing Skills Assessment?

Hi, campers...yes, I'm back for yet another damn semester of fun, chills and thrills here at Penn State Football Support...uh, I mean University.

For the myriad throngs of fresh-faced juniors who have not yet gone through the wringer here in our little circle of hell, my name is Bob, and I bitch and moan. That's it...no redeeming qualities, no social standards, no free trips to see Axl Rose and Boy George in "The Odd Couple" at Harrisburg Community Theatre for finding the hidden backward Satanic message in each column.

Penn State, as usual, has managed to screw each and every one of us yet again with the traditional bi-monthly tuition hike. Very few things make me vomit more copiously than hearing Joab Thomas cry about how poor the University is when Joe Paterno gets a "six-figure" deal to outfit the football team with black Nikes, when plans are progressing to build a multi-million-dollar airport at State College so the poor Purdue Boilermaker football

team doesn't come down with a serious case of hemorrhoids from having to ride all the way from Harrisburg airport to play.

Call me a hypocrite all you want...I go to PSU football games, scream my guts out, drink enough cheap beer to incapacitate the Ecuadorian Navy, and generally act like, well, everybody else in the stadium, but I do PAY for the privelege.

In the "How ****ing Anal Retentive Can You Be" category this month, the winner is beloved old P.S.H. Yes, campers, now the gods-that-be of this hellhole have decided that people who dare to still call this campus "Capital College" rather than "Penn State Harrisburg" should have the bottoms of their feet smacked with JoePa's old jockstraps while forcing them to listen to the complete works of Vanilla Ice while watching a movie next to Pee Wee Herman (I had to sneak that in somewhere). My question is...WHO CARES? As long as the cheery "Estimated Bills" are being paid, who cares if we call this campus the "John Holmes Institute for Penis Enlargement?" Or how about "Mid-Central Pennsylvania Insitute of Training for jobs that will allow You to Out-Earn all But the Management Team at 'Elby's' Around the World?"

Hey...I'm relieved...good old Mickey "Blotchy" Gorbachev is back in command in the U.S.S.R. Personally I could not live with out the new fashion line of fur hats they are exporting now...and life is not complete without official Soviet Army Toilet Paper (It's the Splinteriest!!). I think we made a serious mistake starting to babysit these

vodka swilling meathcads...after all, we already give countries like Israel three BILLION dollars a year now just to skag us in the press and the U.N., do we really need 270 million marginally unemployable alcoholics on the payroll, too?

Note to all new students...cheap beer is a LEARNING AID! This announcement provided free by the Voice...

Another note to new students...Professors really don't want to

see you day-in, day-out, so try to cut as many classes as you possibly can, its a guranteed grade-raiser!

Yet another note to new students...You will endear yourselves to your new roomies if you play really bad heavy metal albums at mind-numbing volume all night long...especially if said roomies have major exams the following morning.

God...it just keeps getting worse, ch?

Until next time...



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Just a thought...

Right beer ensures social success?

Jeff Hildebrand
Capital Times Staff

Is it just me... or are you sometimes led astray by the implicit messages so prevalent in much of today's advertising? The other night I was watching television when, I don't know why, it suddenly occured to me--if you want to be really hip, hang out with the "in" crowd and have the opposite sex drool at the very sight of your personage, all you have to do is drink the right beer.

I quickly headed out to the local bar and, upon arriving, ordered a bottle of, let's call it, "Boors Light." I staked out a choice spot at the end of the bar and waited for the onslaught. This was gonna be great. The music was loud, just like in the commercials. All around me people were smiling, just like in the commercials. Boy oh boy this was it. I had the right beer now and it doesn't get any better than this.

I waited for the beer to work its

magic... I waited some more... I drank a few more beers and waited some more... More beer and more waiting... Still more beer and more waiting... The bartender yelled out "last call." I slurred out, "No (expletive) way!" (Remember, I had drank several beers).

What went wrong? I did everything just like in the commercials. How was I still babeless? The women were supposed to hang all over me. Red heads, brunettes, the Swedish bikini team. I must have done something wrong. The commercials made it all so clear. Drink "Boors Light" and you'll be irresistable.

Depressed, I went home. I staggered in the front door, flopped on the sofa and flipped on the tube. I was sitting there, alone, in my bewilderment when, I don't know why, it suddenly occured to me--if you want to be really hip, hang out with the "in" crowd and have the opposite sex drool at the very sight of your personage, all you have to do is drive the right car...

CAPITAL TIMES STAFF MEETING

Anyone interested in joining the newspaper staff please plan to attend the staff meeting on

Thursday, August 29
AT 12:30 P.M.
IN THE CAP TIMES OFFICE
(ROOM W-341)

If you are interested in joining but cannot attend, please contact Karen or T.J.!

No experience necessary, everyone is welcome!

THANK YOU!