

Bob bids a fond adieu to PSU

Bob Caton
Capital Times Staff

This is it...the end...the last edition of senseless drivel that will ever grace these pages (unless, of course, I manage to flunk a class or two, in which case we can spare all this teary goodbye slop until spring) and darken the door of the university.

I decided that my fans...both of them...deserved a column that would last forever in the annals of journalism...the finest piece of writing ever put to paper...a masterpiece that would be sung of by children for ages.

This, unfortunately, is not it...

Here is a Voice from Hell fun fact for all graduating seniors, as well as those of you who will not escape until May. You will not have to compete with your former classmates, drinking partners, and assorted buds in the job market! Nope, you will be competing with people with five to ten years experience in your respective field who have lost their jobs, and, to pay the lease on the minivan and keep the daughter in braces, will now happily take an entry level job, rather than have to move back in with the in-laws.

The companies are drooling over this, because they get to hire a Fortune 500 corporate headhunter for \$17,000 a year, and he's HAPPY to make that! This leaves

VOICE FROM HELL

us, the ever suffering college kids, a number of extremely unpleasant choices.

(1) UNEMPLOYMENT...Good Points: Lots of free time; get to catch up on "Days of our Lives" episodes; get to learn names of hot babes on DAYSHIFT at Hardee's; staying up late to watch "Bad Girls Dormitory" on USA doesn't interfere with lifestyle; increased skill level playing "The Price is Right"; impending fame as "Super Mario World" master; bathing only required when YOU can't stand yourself.

Bad Points: No Porsche; no Nakamichi Stereo; no tasty authentic Mexican dinners at Chi-Chi's; no dates...oh, sorry, that's now; no 100" projection TV; no imported beer; no domestic beer; no money; and, of course...you gotta live AT HOME!

(2) GRADUATE SCHOOL...yeah, right.

(3) A PATHETIC, MENIAL JOB

THAT YOU WERE OVERQUALIFIED FOR AS A HIGH SCHOOL SOPHOMORE...Good point: A paycheck...that's it. Bad Points: absolutely no one in the world could look cool in a paper sailor's cap; grease burns take a long time to heal; must wait on friends who you laughed at for not going to college, who now outearn your weekly salary in a single day; grease in massive amounts will cause once-vanquished zits to return; scheduling "quirks" cause you to have to work every Friday and Saturday night for six months; respect level of village idiot; still probably have to live at home, or at best with a roomie; have to take orders from 16-year old "Assistant Swing Shift Managerial Trainee" who has been brainwashed with the company line to the point that he sings the company song while picking the rat poop off the burgers that fell on the floor; not even Tom Cruise could impress a girl while wearing a "Second Assistant Pickle Boy" nametag.

(4) MTA TRUCK DRIVERS SCHOOL...Good Points: the feel of the open road; be your own boss; the allure of the "big rigs"...um...sorry, the subliminals in those commercials must have overcome me.

(5) ARMED FORCES...Yeah, right. Four years and \$50,000 LATER, I'll call the recruiters that harrassed me every day as a high school senior.

That's it...looks pretty bleak, eh? Give a hearty THANKS to the Republican Party for digging the country into this mess with President Braindead Reagan and his lip-reading lapdog that got the top spot by default. Read about George's deep concern for the Croatians, and pull up a "Whirlpool" box...we're gonna be here a while.

It has been almost two years, and four editors, since I began the "Voice From Hell" (who can remember the original title of "Straight Talk?" That really sucked). I'd like to think I pissed a few people off, entertained a few more, and put my own little dent in the wall of apathy...but, I doubt it. It's time to continue my experiments in low-income living in another land...I thank YOU, campers, for sitting through this drivel when it came out...nothing is sweeter than a laugh, and I don't know where I'll get my ego stroked from now on.

There is no next time...

Jeff sings the wedding bell blues

Jeff Hildebrand
Capital Times Staff

One of the best things about writing a column for the Capital Times is the freedom of expression. When I write a column, there is virtually no topic that is off limits. On the rare occasion that my editor approaches me with concern regarding issues of taste, ethics, timeliness or self-serving content, a simple bribe usually wins her over. (Wow, just like the real world.)

This stated, I submit the following thoughts for your consideration.

A Penn state Harrisburg institution is coming to an end. This issue of the Capital Times contains the final installment of Bob Caton's Voice From Hell.

Bob's particular sense of optimism and dainty, expressive style will surely be missed. No longer will Elin and Karen experience the euphoria (Editor's note: *euphoria?*) associated with hours of expletive deleting, as they prepare Bob's column for print.

Nevertheless will these pages offer the inspiring wit of Bob "Cajun" Caton, which so often had the effect of a visual laxative. Never again will the first amendment be so routinely tested in a college publication.

Bob, my best wishes are with you, as you ride off into the sunset, searching, searching, searching for that ever-elusive career opportunity.

Second class citizens--that is what men are on their wedding days.

Let's take a close look at this whole wedding thing.

For starters, the bride gets to spend a bejillion dollars on a gown she will (hopefully) wear only once, but will keep

forever. This demonstration of fiscal irresponsibility should scare the groom away right off the bat.

By way of comparison, the groom gets

JUST A THOUGHT...

to fork out the staggering sum of about \$60 to RENT a tuxedo that has previously been worn to 70 or 80 weddings, fraternity formals and senior proms. There is no telling (and I shudder to think) just what organic material deposits have survived the two or three dry cleanings the penguin suit has experienced. At the very least, this fashion garment the lucky groom gets to wear on his wedding day has soaked up more sweat in its life than Larry Bird's gym towels.

I suppose, given the USED clothing he is wearing, it is understandable that nobody makes a fuss when the groom enters the church. On this most special day, for this most special event, the groom is quietly placed, along with his friends who were unable to dissuade him from relinquishing his God-given liberties, in front of the assembled masses. Nobody notices. Nobody cares.

Only a buffoon could possibly fall for the "Oh honey, we're going to be equal partners..." line after witnessing the bride's entrance.

With all the subtlety of the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, the groom's "equal partner" follows a procession of satin and chiffon that would make a fairy-godmother's convention appear drab by comparison. The bridesmaids enter to the "oohs" and "aahs" of the getting hungry, getting bored friends in attendance. And then it's the BIG moment--here comes the bride.

All in attendance rise to ogle and give it their best gawk. A few gather their composure to utter the obligatory "She's never looked so beautiful." (They should add "She'll never look this good again.") A few silently wonder why she's wearing white. The onslaught of exploding flashes will do irreparable damage to Grandma's cataracts, but she doesn't care. Not because her little angel is getting married, but because she's senile.

Once the parade is concluded, the wedding vows begin. You know the ones--Do you, groom, promise to always tell her where you've been, where you're going, and hand over your signed paychecks as though it were a natural reflex? Do you, bride, promise to tell your mother every little thing your new husband does which annoys you in the least way, and to allow your mother to compare him to all of your former boyfriends who were better looking, more

considerate of your feelings, and today are heading a multimillion-dollar corporation?

Next comes the big slam. The exchanging of the rings. He places on her manicured (at a cost of \$120) finger, a chunk of ice that she just *had* to have, cost him two-months salary, and will be lost down the kitchen sink drain. She, in a true representation of marital equality, places on his unmanicured (she said they couldn't afford it) finger, a band of gold that more appropriately should have gone through his nose, and is so thin it could be used as dental floss.

Lastly come those magic words, "You may kiss the bride." Knowing all this, who would want to?

With apologies to radical feminists everywhere, and a wink and congrats to my beautiful new sister-in-law Judy, and her handsome husband Deron who, sadly, plays golf as poorly as I do.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Smith restates idea in profile

Dear Editor:

My compliments to Elin Marcel for her profile of me in the Nov. 4 Capital Times. It was interesting to see myself in "mediated reality" (thank you, Dr. Parisi; nice term, Mr. Churchill).

I write now only to correct something I'd conveyed incorrectly to Elin.

I met many wonderful people over the years at IBM, and at any rank, there or anywhere, especially one-on-one, most people tend to be human (bear with me).

My "silly and stupid" comment refers not so much to individuals but to a state of culture, mentality and judgement ever more dominant (here and there and everywhere; thank you, Dr. Seuss). We become indeed, less than human--a nature potentially wonderful.

Nothing (which is something, thank you, Jeff Hildebrand) is wrong with computers or numbers. Nice tools--but only tools, not people.

Craig Smith