

Where's the action? Show us what you've got

By Barb Roy
Editor

In case you haven't noticed, nothing is happening on campus. Nothing, nada, zilch, zippo, zzzzzzzz. What's that about? Is this not a College Campus, for crying out loud? Where are the riots? People say that this isn't the "real" Penn State, and I guess the lack of riots here proves it.

And concerts, what about that? Not a daytime "educational-value" culture-laden ya-ya; where's the drop- everything-and-party-time affairs! Look up ooold yearbooks in the library and check out the

masses of people outside Olmstead Building at a concert. Guys are bare-chested, girls are wearing bikini tops and everyone's in cut-offs. And this was winter!

Wusses!! Wake up. This may be an old military building, but you're not in the army now! College has always been associated with inanely ridiculous events borne out of desperately bored and brainless zombies who had lost all thinking faculties by mid-term... of the first week!

Allegedly, things like goldfish swallowing and stuffing of human bodies (alive) into telephone booths

and VW bugs happened. Ever hear about panty raids in the middle of the night with everyone getting dumped into the fountain in the center of campus and their undies strewn about the campus? What about food fights?

History has a long, distinguished line of proud moments like these by college-attending people. What we need is a wacky fad like streaking. At one time college people apparently did this regularly. Everyone would go and get some lunch and a drink and settle into a good viewing spot and wait for the streakers to appear. A recent article from

somewhere or other told of a large crowd that gathered at HACC, no less, to wait for the show. As soon as the whole campus was out on the main concourse, the naked runners did their thing and ran across campus with nothing on. The grand finale was a guy and girl on a cycle bringing up their rear.

So, what's it gonna be? What stories are you going to pass on to your kids someday when they want to know what college is like? It will be really scary if all you have to offer is how you worked and went to classes. C'mon, strip. Let's see your.... Or maybe not.

This issue is a parody, so lighten up and take a joke. It is not the intention to do blah, blah, blah... extenuous legalese jargon so we don't get sued etc., etc., etc., disclaimer, disclaimer, disclaimer. We claim no responsibility for ourselves whatsoever, and neither does the school nor anyone on campus, nor in Middletown, nor on the planet. Happy April Fool's Day! Go play a good joke on someone and hope they still love you. Keep reading your favorite newspaper, the leading source for world news as we know it and see fit to see it.

PSH, community must stop professors' blatant cruelty

Dan Zehr
For the CapTimes

It's time to take a stand.

It seems two Penn State Harrisburg professors, both linked to this paper, have been carrying out some very bizarre — if not outright dispicable — experiments. Their methods can be compared only to the clubbing of baby seals.

In an sick twist of genetic science and the Hair Club for Men, Dr. Crispin Sartwell and Dr. Michael Barton have published the results of their two-month study on emu hair transplants. The results are less

than satisfactory.

Yet, it isn't their lack of success that leaves the naseous feeling in one's stomach. No, indeed, it's their heartless abuse of the emus on Sartwell's farm in York County.

The experiments went something like this:

Every morning, Sartwell would rise with the sun and "harvest" hairs from the nostrils of six specially selected emus. (The six were chosen as the best of the stock and were fed a strict corn and pepperoni diet).

After brutally pulling the nose hairs from the emus with a tweezers, Sartwell would pack them in

a pH-balanced mix of ice, Pepsi and nutrient-enriched organic fertilizer.

Returning to the emu pens — which, by the way, were two inches smaller than outlined in governmental regulations — Sartwell would douse his "lab emus" with alcohol, preventing infection but also subjecting the flightless birds to excruciating pain. Residents reported hearing the emus' cries up to four miles away.

One can't help but picture the dark, puppy-dog eyes and snow white fur of a baby seal — unless, of course, you've actually seen an emu before. But this is where this story turns from abominable animal cruelty to unconscionable scientific experiment.

The emu nose hairs would be left in their nutrient stew for three days. After soaking, the DNA of a human hair follicle would be injected into the base of the emu hair. The ge-

netically altered hair would then be incubated for 14 days at exactly 103.4 degrees.

With the advice of Sy Sperling, Hair Club for Men client and president as well as a Sartwell-Barton adviser, the incubated hairs were tranplanted onto the crown of Barton's head.

In between three eight-hour sessions in his specially crafted sun chamber, Barton would massage his scalp with a calculated mix of Head & Shoulders shampoo and hair tonic.

So to this point, we have animal cruelty and completely irresponsible genetic manipulation. Thankfully enough, the results were negative.

"We were hoping for some growth," Sartwell said at their press conference. "Perhaps it just wasn't to be. We're still holding on to some hope; it's early."

Yet neither were so optimistic when charged with cruelty to animals and genetic manipulation.

"I never hurt those emus," Sartwell angrily said. "They had the best care at all times. Hell, I even had them snort some blow before I pulled the hairs out. Those screams were just a bunch of stoned emus!"

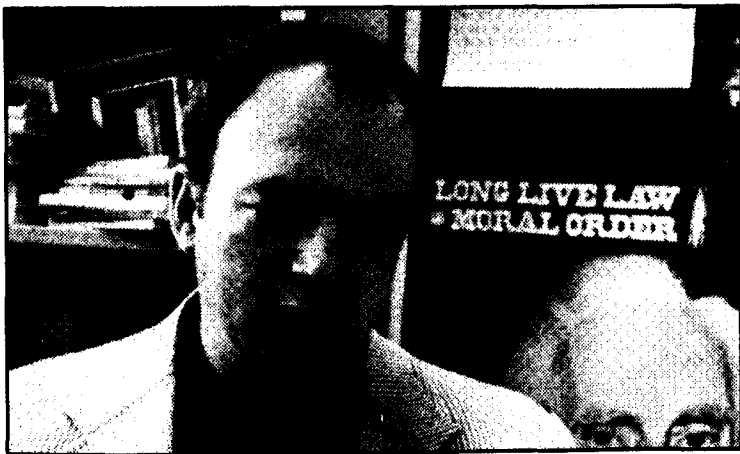
"My head hurts," Barton added.

As for the insufficient pens, Sartwell explained they were the best way to keep high emus from hurting themselves.

"My head hurts," Barton added.

Such abuse of professorial privilege has long been overlooked. It is time this university take a stand and demand some accountability. We cannot accept such blatant cruelty and disregard for the consequences of scientific endeavor.

Nor can we disregard the strange fuzz starting to appear on the crown of Barton's head.



Above: Dr. Michael Barton (after treatment)

Below: Dr. Crispin Sartwell (giddy with evil discovery)



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