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The Bull

Hardly University
Scarcely, Arkansas
April 8, 1988

Out of the Closet — Faculty talent show reveals shocking alter egos

When Hardly professor Dr. Denise Organne and dean Judice Prieste slinked on to the Benson stage attired in blue velvet and fuchsia taffeta, jaws were allegedly heard dropping to the auditorium floor.

"Know Your Faculty — A Talent Show" was envisioned by ICC director Batty Parrot as a means of carrying out the campus-wide policy of "integrating."

"I always was rather Byronic at heart." — Dr. Denise Organne

"I was told by an unnamed source to call it 'Night at Chippendales — Integrating Learning and Lechery,' Parrot said. "We never asked them to come in drag."

Organne performed a take-off from the movie "Dirty Dancing," choreographed by Rumba Parton. Prieste sang a medley of greats from the musical "La Cage Aux Folles."

According to Organne, he has secretly donned women's clothing and costume jewelry since 1962 when he purchased his first teddy and his current and only pair of glasses.

"In skirt and stockings you can't tell me from Karla Fagan," he said.

Prieste squealed rumors of a possible resignation saying, "I could always stay on as a chapel checker."

Midway through Prieste's exhibition, an eighth-year senior identified as Paul Maynard ran across the stage shouting, "Where do I file for degree? I can't take this place anymore."



Denise Organne strikes a pose by placing his/her hand daintily on his/her hip. Organne caused quite a stir at the faculty talent show.



Judice Prieste receives a standing ovation for the performance of a hit number from "La Cage Aux Folles" during the faculty talent show.

Library visitors may go bald

by Bill Neveridiot
Bull staff writer

Recent studies by Dr. Robert McKal-Kan, professor of psychosomatics, have uncovered a positive correlation between library security sensors and premature balding among frequent library users.

The device emits an infra-red particle beam triggered as the library patron exits. A thin magnetic strip, hidden in the spine of all books, is set off when stolen books pass through the sensors.

McKal-Kan's findings have concluded, however, that the beam inhibits the production of anhydrous maximums within the hair follicle, constraining certain minerals necessary to the functioning of hair-producing cells.

"I keep most of the evidence in my

bathtub drain," McKal-Kan said. "It began after I'd checked out several back issues of GQ. Knotted burls of thick fuzz everywhere!"

Although librarian Suzanne Spurious notes that the sensors have been modified to detect shorts and short skirts, she refused to comment on the alleged connection with premature balding.

Dr. Larynx Longwinded, professor of English, has concurred with McKal-Kan's findings, however.

"You know, I never knew I had that mole above my hairline 'till last semester when I was doing an exhaustive study of biblical allusions in the works of Danielle Steele," Longwinded said.

English chairman Dr. Denise Organne doubts Longwinded's testimony. "But then, I wear a hairnet," he said.

Inside

Spring Sing proven to cause glaucoma. See Dancing Blind, p. 17.

1988 Petit Jean to be ready by 1996. See Stop the Presses, p. 25.

Stuffanie McCowfee, homecoming queen from Missmoola, Mont., loses crown. See Playbovine Magazine, p. 64.

India Medders International Fan Club formed. See What a Doll, p. 96.

Lilypool devo in the lilypool next week; everyone to bring their

Jell-o. See Gross Stink, p. 184.
Larry Naughty has permanent earplugs installed in ears. See Peace and Quiet, p. 89.

Harbin turned into a National Guard arsenal reserve. See Shoot-em-up, p. 346.

Moose Cowcran's son house-broken. See Ready! Aim! Fire!, p. 429.

Restless Pancreas to give concert April 31 (think about it). See Organ Donor, p. 841.

Itza Pizza employees learn to change the TV channel. See Pepperoni and Ping-Pong, p. 576.

Bull-oney

Hardly Happening

TODAY

Spring Sing — The Sequel

Lecture, "Mice as a taco filler," Daddy Warren, at the Pattie Cobb ruins

TOMORROW

Film, "How to get carpet muffins off your carpet without a vacuum," 7:30 p.m., Benson

Don Diffine, "Free Enterprise in Augusta"

SUNDAY

Chi Sigs and Regina 1989 Spring Sing Rehearsal, 8 p.m.

ARA presentation, "Take your declining balance to Little Rock," 6:00 p.m.

MONDAY

"Three Blind Bovine Suite," Harding Corral, chapel

Smokey Club Slide Show, Encore Presentation

TUESDAY

Judo and Karate lessons with Whinny Bell, Beaumont Library Periodicals Room, curfew

WEDNESDAY

American Studies Speaker, John Lenczowski, "Russians Are Nice People, Too"

THURSDAY

American Stud Speaker, Mark Ammons, 7 p.m., Benson

Film, "Scenic Beebe," 6:00-6:05 p.m., American Studies elevator



Nerd Search

Can you find the nerds hidden on Dr. Wright's blackboard?

Letters to the Idiotress

Burps bucks for 'Bull' beau

Dear Idiotress,

I just want to thank you for the image the Bull projects of our fine school. I, along with the Bored of Trusting, alumni, students, faculty, administration, staff, donors and friends of this fine institution, appreciate your hard work and efforts in producing this fine publication.

You are truly contributing to our mission of integrating faith, living and learning into the 21st century.

Sincerely,
Dr. David Burps, President
Hardly University

Dear Idiotress,

Excuse me.

Dr. Burps

Canine counselor complains

Hey, Idiots,

What about me? Was I just last year's news? Am I not popular anymore? I'm despondent ...

Eddie-Dog

Beam up the Calc book, Scotty

Head Idiot,

What happened to the infamous 'Rocky' and 'Star Trek' weekends? I read about these in the Hardly catalog before

I enrolled. And whoever took my Calc book better 'fess up.

Irately yours,
Stacy Harrassed

R.A. demands beauty sleep

Idiotress,

Why do you always come back to the dorm so late? I've never seen a 'Bull' on the newspaper racks ... what are you idiots doing? I want my sleep!

Cherry Poynot

Benson Baahb focuses on problem

Dear Idiotress and Hardly Students,

When are you guys going to grow up? Do you think I'm all-powerful, and that I can fix your technical problems with the wave of a magic wand? Your radical shouting of my name does nothing to help the situation, and sometimes it makes the projectionist, who isn't even me, nervous. I'm at home with my family while you're shouting about Harrison Ford being out of focus.

Why don't you shout "Rob... Rob..." I couldn't care less about your problems.

Baahb Ritchie

P.S. Besides, the joke's on you. When I am there, I'm wearing Larry Naughty's ear plugs.



The Bull

Idiotress: Aim E. Battleship
Assistant Idiot: Filler-up Trucker
Ad-man: Sparky Ray-gun
Chief Publican: Moo Martin
Photo Idiot: Mister Rodgers
Comedy Consultant: Dr. Denise Organne

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Editorials and everything else appearing in the Bull are the views of the Bull and Aim E. Battleship (when she actually writes them). Otherwise, all articles are the opinion of the author, whether mentally sound or not. Signed columns may or may not have an opinion. Columns may or may not be columns.

Letters policy: The Bull welcomes demeaning, libelous and/or slanderous letters to the Idiotress. Other inquiries should be directed to the large, green receptacle in the mail room.

Operation reveals startling fact

by **Filler-up Trucker**
Bull Assistant Idiot

A brain tumor was recently discovered and removed from Lou Butterfinger of the department of excommunications, one which doctors said had been there "for a long time."

The most amazing result of this tumor removal surfaced when, after Butterfinger was allowed to have fluids again, he requested a Pepsi! To the horror and shock of everyone, the longstanding Coca-Cola advocate had been transformed into an avid Pepsi drinker.

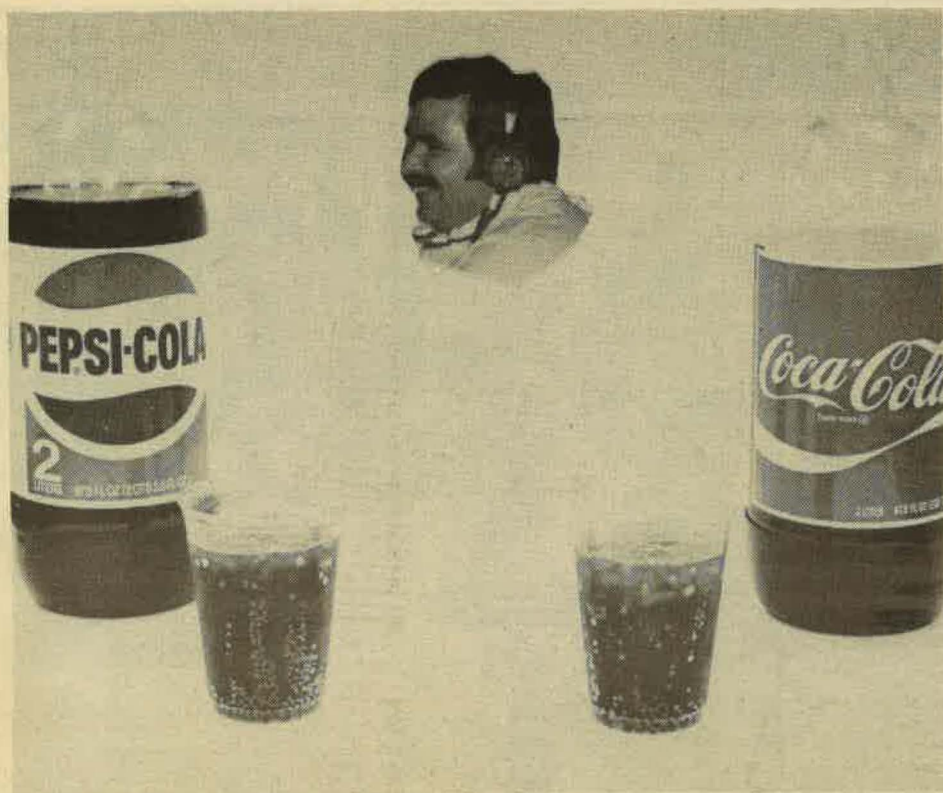
Dr. Just Us of Scarcely confirmed the fact that for many years the repulsive tumor had altered Butterfinger's taste buds so that he could not properly ascertain pleasant and unpleasant tastes. The delightful taste he thought he had found in Coke was actually

the confused result of the tumor.

Butterfinger commented, "I just don't know how I had pumped that stuff into my body for so long. It makes me gag just to think about it! I couldn't drink another Coke again if my life depended on it. I'm just glad they discovered the tumor when they did. Who knows — I may have started to like Diet Coke, too! From now on, it's only Pepsi for me!"

The Pepsi company heard of the unprecedented event and has contacted him asking him to do a testimonial commercial for their product. He has agreed, proclaiming Pepsi as "the choice for a new Butterfinger."

University President David Burps said, "I am delighted at Butterfinger's choice, and hope it will aid him as he integrates faith, learning and living in the classroom."



Sickhead. Lou Butterfinger gazes longingly at his new love — Pepsi.

Veale suffers cutlet on scalp

by **Dummy Daring**
Bull Staff Writer

Panic struck the campus early Thursday as sirens from ambulances from Blight County Memorial Hospital whined on and on, disturbing 8 a.m. classes in the Bible and Angus buildings.

An unfortunate accident had befallen Dr. Veale T. Fryer, professor of Bible and all-around fan of Hardly University. Apparently, Fryer was passing out tests when he accidentally stumbled upon a concussion.

"He was just kind of nodding and mumbling something about Mayfield, Ky., when he hit the floor," commented Thristi Sox, a member of the class. "He didn't even move. He just lay there on the cold tile, amongst pencils from the Bible department. Someone said it was best to give him air and we were all really concerned, so we got out a roll sheet, signed it and left."

"I saw it all! I saw it all!" uddered Bob Holstein, fellow professor of Bible. According to Holstein, Fryer allegedly was passing back midterm exams when he slipped on a ScanTron sheet. "Just like a banana peel in a Three Stooges movie," moomed Holstein. Fryer then allegedly knocked his head

square up against the lapboard of a student, sending it flying across the room. Fryer was out cold; no one was injured by the airborne lapboard.

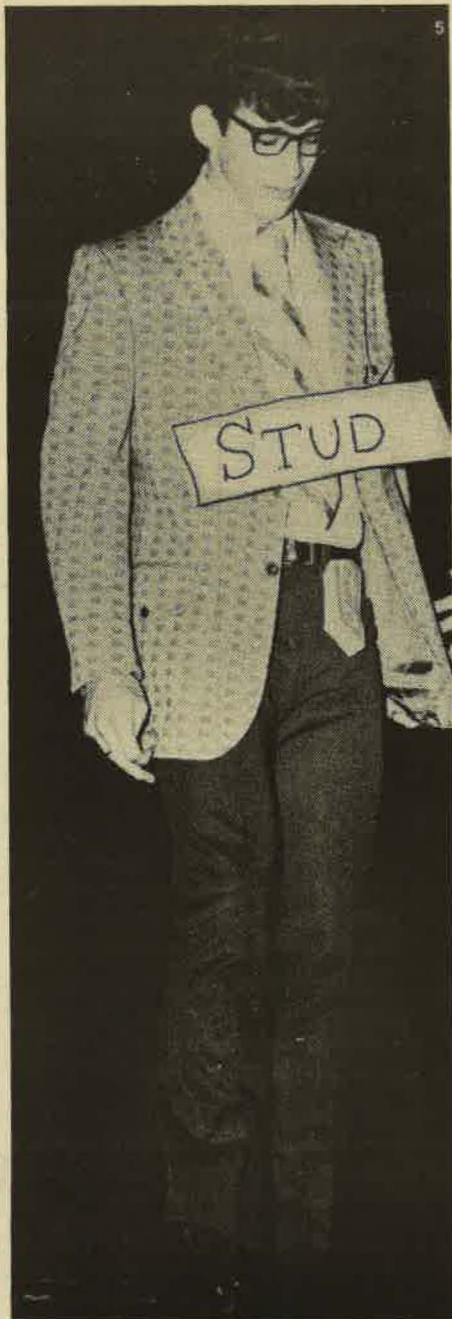
Fryer was rushed to Blight County, bleeding profusely from a cutlet on his scalp all the way. Dr. Just Us arrived on the scene minutes after Fryer's arrival.

"After applying a tourniquet, I got the bleeding under control," commented Us. "The diagnosis, however, was an entirely different story."

After several hours of intensive examination, Us announced the Fryer was suffering from amnesia. "It's one of the worst cases I've seen since Whinny Bell met with that untimely judo accident. When he woke up, the only thing he could remember was that he spelled his name with an 'E'. He couldn't even remember a single student's name."

Dr. David Burps, president of Hardly, said, "Veale Fryer, to me, represents the goals of Hardly. I hope that his condition will improve so he can continue to integrate loving, learning and leaving for Hardly's student body."

Fryer is expected to be released as soon as he can remember his wife's name.



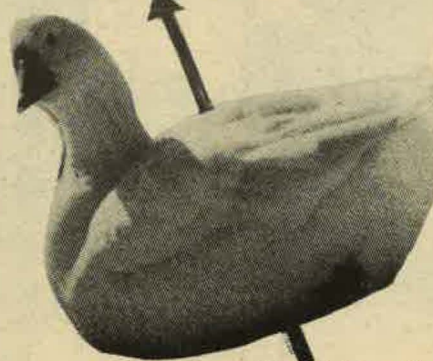
Revenge of the Nerds. The discovery of this 1973 photo of David Smuckers has stirred up a controversy over which Hardly economics teacher is the real Nerdly.

"Eddie-Dog"

The terror continues ...



Disassociated Women for Hardly announce:



Quack on a Rack

Tender, tasty, tantalizing tidbits of skewered, whole poultry product.

\$2.50 (beak included)

BULL-ETINS

"Strongest Calves Award" awarded to Batty Parrot, whose office is about as close to heaven as you can get

WANT AD

Will swap Calc book for municipal guidepost. Call Bullpen

AUDITIONS

"Good Moos Singers"

Contact Dr. Arthur Steerin Moosic Center

CLUB SOFTBALL

Sigma Phi Moo v. Moo Go Moo
4 p.m.

Kappa Tau Omooga v. Chi Sigmoo
Alpha

5 p.m.

Cow Lambdas v. Omooga Phi
6 p.m.

Old Field

Burps approves new, high-speed subway system

by Filler-up Trucker
Bull Assistant Editor

The campus has just been-a-buzzing since Hardly President David Burps announced a new, faster way of getting to classes, just approved by the Hardly Bored of Directing. The news was kept secret for months, as Hardly students watched the campus being dug up, first by the New Gym, then the men's dorms, the old softball field, the Benson — and the path of destruction continues today. University administration explained all the upheaval of land as the replacing of old, corroding pipes installed just a few years ago, and students innocently believed this nonsense.

However, it happens that this deception has not bothered students, since the digging is truly for their benefit. And what is this exciting news? The new Hardly University Rapid Transit System (HURTS)!

For these past few months, while students thought new pipes were being installed, a highly sophisticated, super-speed subway system was being constructed under the Hardly campus. Burps said that, when completed, it will serve all areas of the campus, and will get students to classes in ten seconds or less. But students must learn to board the HURTS as it is moving, so it may continue its quick service. Some loss of life is expected in its first few weeks of use, until students get used to it. But Burps said, "Well, that's just a risk you have to take in the name of progress."

The three HURTS trains will make frequent passes by the Heritage cafeteria, and travel in a continuous loop around campus, passing all major buildings. Of course, the system will not be routed through the forbidden men's dormitory quadrangle, or behind the Stephen's women's dormitory. On Monday through Friday, from 8:50 to 9:00 a.m., it will only be run to the Benson for chapel.

Concerning the project, Burps commented, "We're just delighted to have this premier transit system at our fine school. I feel it will further help us in our never-ending battle to integrate faith, learning and living here at Hardly University."

Expected completion of the project is slated for the fall of 1994.



Minestrone. Heritage hostess Daddy Warren lovingly serves this group of ravenous Hardly students from a makeshift soup line, constructed because of crowded conditions in the Heritage cafeteria.

Hardly park to be removed

by Someone On the Staff
Bull staff writer

The Hardly private airplane, Air Force 1/2, will soon have a new home — behind President David Burps' house. It is to be named Hardly Field.

According to Burps, the present Hardly Park will be dug up to make room for the facility, and will be moved to the front lawn by using tiles of grass, placed one at a time until the transplant is completed. "We thought this was the best way to facilitate meeting our needs at this fine skewl," someone said Burps muttered.

The old Rhodes Memorial Field House will be used as the Hardly Field hangar, and the runway and control tower will be built using bricks from the bell tower and sidewalk currently running through the front lawn.

Burps said, "Yes, some sappy school heritage stuff will be destroyed, and the completed airport will look shoddy, but I don't care. I

want an airport. Oh, yeah — I really believe that in doing so, we can further help to integrate faith, learning and living at our fine school.

"When I was given permission to build Burps Field — Oops, I mean Hardly Field," Burps continued after we thought he was finished, "I was so excited that I nearly coughed up my spleen. A great day it was indeed. I think it will really help us integrate ... Oh, did I say that already?"

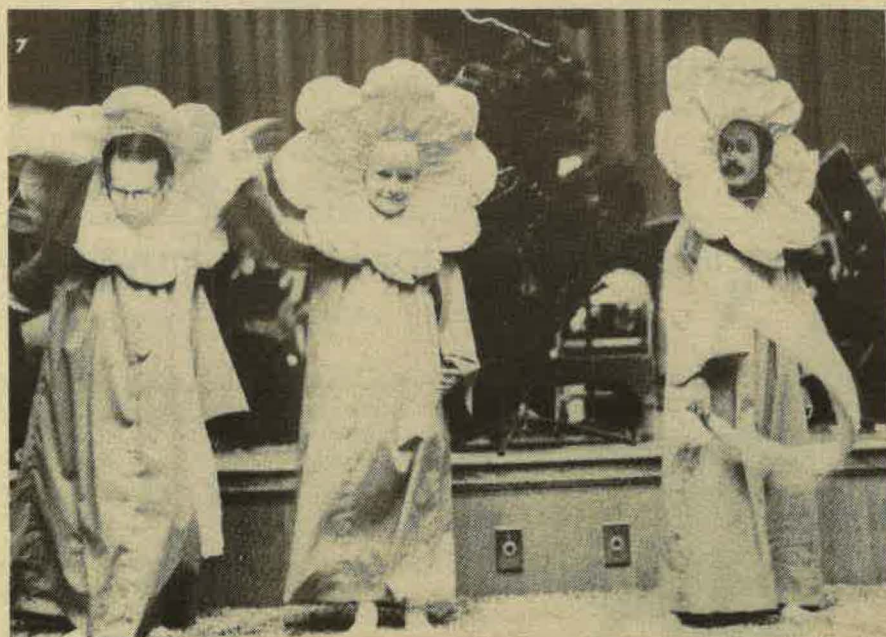
Cheap methods of construction will be used to build the field, although it is still expected to cost around \$286 million. But Burps said confidently, "I'm not worried. We'll squeeze it out of our fine students. They're special."

Minute Rice, Air Force 1/2's pilot, expressed concern over the proposed strip. "I just can't see what all the fuss is about. That plane ain't gettin' off the ground without some serious repairs. It hasn't got a LEFT WING."

So you want to be in the paper:

Mike Anderson (the singer)

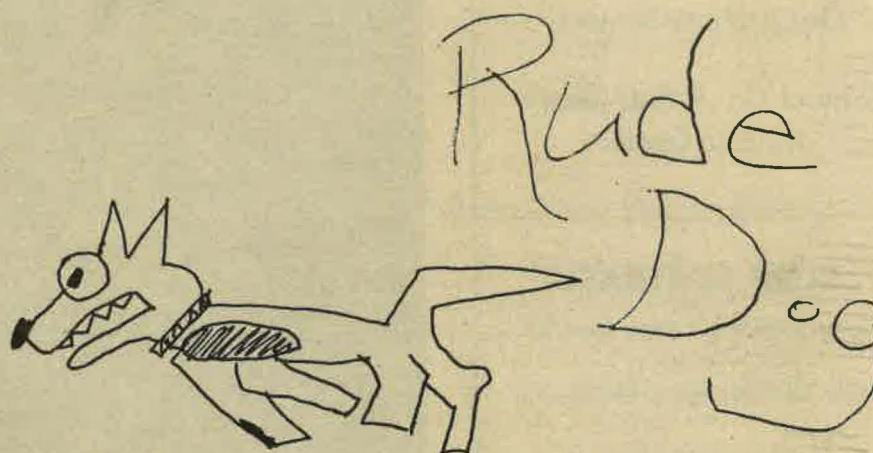
Mike Andersen (the blond one)



While dancing as field sprites in the Spring Sing '88 finale, Dr. David Burps, Melissa Lloyd and Terrance Growley uproot themselves and sway to the music.

(Photo by Melissa's dad)

Out of the White House and into the Dog House



for President

Paid for by Rude for Main Dude Committee, Spuds McKenzie, Treasurer