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FOOD POISONING STRIKES 116

By **ALBERT HIMMELMAN** and
SYMON CEBELLE
DESK EDITORS

116 people were hospitalized between Saturday and Sunday as a result of food poisoning. The widespread illness is believed to have originated in the new Arrillaga dining commons, which all of the affected students had visited on Friday night. Despite the seriousness of the situation, University officials have dismissed allegations that Arrillaga dining food is unsafe.

Hospital reports confirm that the food poisoning was most likely tainted meat. "Bad meat has a particular attack pattern with food poisoning," noted Dr. Nassein Adar, a general practitioner at Vaden. "After treating a large number of students, all with the same symptoms, it is medically quite clear that they are suffering from ingesting bad beef."

A majority of the 116 students reside on Escondido and regularly eat at Arrillaga. Dinner on Friday involved a dish called "Beef Barbacoa," a Mexican-inspired preparation of grilled beef.

Marie Thompson, a sophomore living in Crothers, says she fell ill

after consuming the beef barbacoa on Friday. She ate dinner at 6:00, consuming a portion of the beef, and began to feel sick around 8:00. The next morning she felt ill enough to warrant a trip to Vaden.

"I definitely remember the meat tasting weird," she recalled. "I even pointed out to my friend Sheryll how strange it looked, like it had a greenish sheen to it."

Charlie Marks, another food poisoning victim, remembers connecting the beef to his own stomach illness on Saturday. "I ate at Arrillaga and a few hours later I had a lot of stomach problems and diarrhea," he said. "My friends and I definitely noticed that the beef smelled unusual, almost like a wet basketball. But I was hungry, so I ate it anyway. And suffered as a result."

By Friday night a general commotion had formed over the food at Arrillaga. Students complained to dining hall employees about the strange tasting beef. Several students emailed the Arrillaga food director about stomach pain and claimed that they had food poisoning from the dining hall.

Dr. Adar warns that anyone who

is under stressful conditions, not drinking enough water, and not getting enough exercise may be more at risk for serious food poisoning.

Not only did the dining staff not respond to these allegations, but they appear to have taken active measures to silence them. The website was taken down over the weekend, which meant that students couldn't send in comments to be displayed in the dining hall, as per the usual method of feedback. One student, who prefers to remain anonymous, claims that she and other students feeling sick from the meat demanded that the employees throw out the beef barbacoa. She says that they refused to do so.

"I realized that they weren't looking after student welfare at all," she noted. "This was about a massive dining complex protecting its economic interests at the expense of Stanford students."

Dr. Adar traces the problem back, not to the quality of the meat, but to the quality of the chefs. "Of course, like any college dining complex, Arrillaga is carefully scrutinized in regard to the freshness of its food and the safety of its refrigeration

techniques. I've read about this being the case before at Berkeley and at UC Davis. It is not a problem with the beef itself. It is the ineptness of the chefs in the preparation of the meat that leads to food poisoning."

The University administration has dismissed such claims. One administrator noted that "The chefs at Arrillaga are well-trained and make safe food for everyone to enjoy. A wave of stomach flus doesn't change that fact."

Professor Brian MacNuggart shakes his head at these comments. "The administration cares about itself. It would have campus be run like a corporation, efficient and poisonous rather than a decent human place."

Statements of the chefs themselves belie the official University position. One confided, "Our training program was completely inadequate to prepare us for this cut of meat. We had no idea what we were doing with that beef."

The situation speaks to the value of Row chefs, who prepare food carefully and with skill. If Stanford food policy is going in any direction, the popular opinion may well be shifting toward the Row chef who knows how to handle the beef.

ASSU EXECUTIVE CAMPAIGN

Koning-Ameli: Please Tell Us What To Do

By **KANDINSKY AFFOGATO** and
DALTON KADAVVER
EDITORS-TO-BE

The Open Source Candidates' platform tells supporters to "Think radical transparency. Think radical crowdsourcing." Radical certainly seems a fitting description for the power duo of Daniel Koning '14 and Kian Ameli '13, who recently declared their intent to run for ASSU Executive.

The candidates are running on an "open source" platform in which they encourage any member of the community to directly edit aspects of the platform as they see fit. While the scope of "editability" extends to the candidates' own biographies, the intended purpose is to include as much of the population as possible in the process of ASSU decision-making.

"We want Stanford to know that it's not about us, it's about us, as in not me and Kian 'us,' but 'all of us' here living on a farm," Koning says, first gesturing toward himself and his running mate and then generally all about.

"Initially, I had to ask Daniel here what he'd been a-smokin' 'cause I wanted me summdat!" Ameli yells, high fiving the nearest boy. "But I guess it does make sense what he wants to do. Don't take my word for it, though. We actually got Hennessy's blessing!"

Koning is quick to restore some modesty. "That's not technically true. We actually just sat down for lunch at The Café at the Arrillaga Alumni Center—Love ya, John!—and who should we see ordering a plate of hard-boiled egg yolks but President Hennessy! Anyway, we filled him

in on our campaign, and well, he seemed receptive."

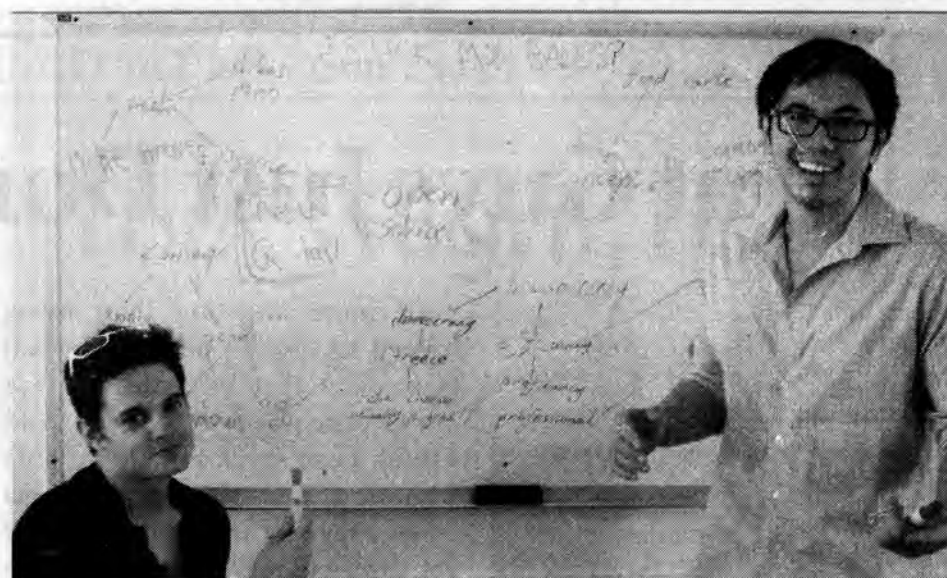
"Dude creamed himself," Ameli says gutturally.

President Hennessy, though unavailable for comment, is barred from officially endorsing ASSU Executive candidates. Luckily, Koning and Ameli have been busy securing numerous endorsements from major power players in the pathetic venue of ASSU poli-dicking around. "We got the SOCC endorsement no problem, and JSA hopped right on board like that," Koning says as he rubs his thumb and index finger together without an actual snap.

"I've reached out to the Stanford SS and some friends I know from fraternity meetings. I'm confident they'll wise up pretty quick to our scheme, and by that, I mean they'll just eat us up," Ameli ejaculates with a chuckle.

So far, the platform's experiment with open sourcing has had limited participation, but the pair explain that with time the student population will come around. "Sure, we don't have much of a platform yet," Ameli says, "but I expect our crowdsourcing strategy will prove its value. The masses will eventually reveal their deepest, most personal desires to us."

At least, that's his running mate and his hope. "Library hours and transparency are easy problems for a brainless, shit-slitting monkey to solve—pardon my Quebecois," Ameli continues, "but a lot of people are actually embarrassed to admit they want to install a moat full of alligators around the whole campus, and while I personally think they should be ashamed of such an idiotic goal, Danny Boy and I also believe



Above, Daniel Koning (left) and Kian Ameli (right) generate radical solutions at an Open Source campaign ideation session.

Below, the candidates a week into the campaign, their spirits broken.



fully in their right to have the moat full of alligators immediately dug wherever and stuff."

"My running mate thinks the moat's a bad idea, but I want it to go on record that I really want one," Koning protests. "Of course, whether or not we end up to supporting the Campus Drive Gator Pool project in any official capacity is entirely up to you. ...like, all the readers you [The Daily] have 'you,' not just you 'you,' you know?" said Koning, once again gesturing manically to demonstrate subtle semantic distinctions.

At present, nobody has proposed

building an alligator-equipped moat encircling the University campus, nor have any University associated persons made plans for the constructions of a water-based defense system. "But that's just an example of an issue that could come up. We're not actually advocating for anything really," Koning remarks.

The fiercely goal-oriented but so far directionless candidates have often had to resort to this sort of fantasy situation in searching for ways to describe a future ASSU with

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OPINIONS

CAMPAIGN

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them at the helm. "It's not our fault we don't have any ideas because it never even was our intention to have ideas. We are a platform that furnishes a platform, and it's from that platform that we cultivate our ideas and actuate them into value crop gold specie," Ameli says as Koning flaps his palms to specify which platforms are which.

"It's really oversteering my collar that our harvest has been so lacking," Koning continues, swiftly picking up on Ameli's crop-harvest metaphor. "Who wouldn't want to involve themselves at least a little bit in drafting stock, usable campaign points? Why won't somebody write 'food carts' on the wiki? Why won't our platform install a moat? These are issues people care about, aren't they?"

But more than that, the Exec hopefuls just want people to do something, anything at all. "It ends up just being about getting everyone on campus to take ownership of the University's minutiae. Right now, people don't think anything the ASSU does has much effect on their day-to-day lives, but we'll show them," Ameli threatens. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to take that tone. Please don't use that."

The unfortunately low participation in the open source campaign wiki has taken an obvious toll on the formerly spry, supple candidates. The early campaign photos of Koning and Ameli, taken by Joanna Leibovitz '15, the famous photographer Annie Leibovitz's daughter (out of wedlock, hence same last name), show a pair of happy, excited, sincere idiots. Now, rarely pausing even for press shots,

the Open Source Candidates refuse to allow their photographs to be taken. What few recent images the paparazzi have managed to snag of them, however, reveal an embittered, broken couple.

A now gaunt Ameli explains, "Who'd have thought running a campaign without a platform would be this exhausting? I'm so beat."

"Me too. The whole idea started off as a really sexy new way to do a campaign, but now it's barely even masturbate-about-able," Koning adds with a rude pantomime. "Radical transparency and radical crowdsourcing may not be so radical after all."

Koning dejectedly places his hands in his pockets, struggling to find the openings due to his being in a seated position. His noticeably more avian features sharply express for him the tragedy of the slate's apparent failure.

In fact, that failure really is only apparent. From his pockets Koning draws six blue tablets and gives three to Ameli. Swallowing his pills, the president-to-be barely utters the word "diazepam," before he is again returned to his peppy self.

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EDITORIAL

Weird Things Going On

By Agar Hellpubes
DESK EDITORIAL

I've been writing for the daily for a few years now. I'm a super senior. Took classes all last year but forgot to register on Axxess. Anyway, I've done my time here.

I've seen some strange things.

Sophomore year I witnessed a

terrible bike accident in the middle of the quad. Firstly, it was strange that there would be a bike crash in the quad. It's spread out. It was a large man and a much smaller man. The large man was going much faster than the smaller man, and they were going in opposite directions. Now, any old idiot knows that the large man is going to take out the small man. But what happened was the large man went sky high and the small man stayed on his feet.

Then the next spring I saw a bike crash between two large men. They were going in opposite directions. Again, any old idiot knows that they are going to hit and fall off their bikes. But when they collided one went straight through the other!

Again, just last week. Three small men biking, all toward the same point in space. Any old idiot, etc. At the moment of impact two of them dematerialized, and the third stayed totally calm. And, later, when he started feeling guilty, the two small men (the other ones) rematerialized on Hoover tower for three seconds. They've been reappearing all over campus for the next ten years or so.

Any crazy asshole is going to say: "no, that can't be true." But I would say to these interrupters: "don't interrupt me in my own essay."

It is clear that some strange things are going on with bike accidents. But what about other aspects of campus? One would assume that these strange happenings must extend to all areas of campus life.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Two and a half months ago my brother (who went to Stanford) came to visit me, and when he got to my dorm he witnessed a man riding a bicycle with one wheel. I'm a skeptical person in general so I didn't believe him, but imagine if he was telling the truth?

Life is the strangest bicycle of all.

If you have weird stories or if you yourself are a weird man, please don't hesitate to contact Mr. Hellpubes at his email address, www.hellpubes.fanfare@gmail.com

FEET FIRMLY ON THE GROUND

Frat Guys Just Don't Get It

Sally
Conickson



Listen up, ladies of Stanford. Have you spent one too many nights waiting around Frat Row, texting some chump who never shows? This girl has, and she's had enough. I just have to come out and say what we all should probably have realized by now: frat guys just don't get it.

It's just time to get real. Standing you up (probably so he can go play beerball with his other frat friends on a roof somewhere) is bad enough, but frat guys are rude on many other levels as well. Getting drunk while out on a date, talking to some other girl right in front of your face, playing with your dress when he should frankly be keeping his hands to himself (ahem!)—it's all part of a culture of rudeness that all frat guys seem to share. They just don't want to understand that girls

need more attention than being invited to watch a beach volleyball game, and that balconies are *not* our favorite places to hang out. And I think I can speak for a lot of girls who are friends with guys in frats when I say that we'd appreciate it if you guys had maybe just one or two fewer drinks at the next "rager" you throw at "the house."

My current boyfriend is in a fraternity, and he's shown me how little he gets it more times than I can count. He is so rude to me sometimes! (Of course I love him, though). But take last weekend, for example. He was with his Sigma Chi friends. All of them were up on a balcony at Bob, where there was a Lambda party, doing razorbomb shooter-piles off of each others' necks and fists, and they were way up high. Come on! What about giving me some time once in a while, or taking a walk on a level piece of ground for a change? Why do frat guys—reader, you know I'm right here—always have to spend so much time up on balconies and rooftops?

And girls, if you're not with a real down to earth guy, you need to rearrange your priorities. The man you're letting get the upper hand on you now is probably playing beer pong on a roof somewhere. He's high up on a pedestal, and you're always getting looked down on. It's time for you to get on the same, even level.

Don't get me wrong, though—I know a lot of really nice, down to earth guys who are in frats and spend plenty of time safely and courteously on the ground. These guys don't have to go clambering around on frat roofs to be secure in their manhood, and I appreciate that.

To all the frat guys out there: maybe this will wake you up. If you want to be one of the nice guys that this columnist can sign off on, it's time you learned that drinking that rotgut slurry every night is *not* the best way to get a girl. And hanging out on elevated, difficult to access, dangerous roofs and balconies all the time (even if you aren't drinking!) is even worse.

Guys, stay down to earth. Pay attention to the girls in your lives, and be gentlemen—help them up the stairs! Stay underneath them when they are climbing ladders or moving around in elevated areas or on elevated walkways where they may have gotten stuck. Girls need to know that you'll catch them if they fall. They need to trust that you'll always be beside them, relating to them on level one, or at least beneath them, ready to save you should a gust of wind, an earthquake, or a structural failure knock you off that terrifying ledge—of life.

If you're a down to earth guy or girl looking to stay that way, on the ground, contact Sally at edu.com

The People for President: Vote for Yourself!

Dr. David
Kroppland



Gather round, one and all, and spare me just a moment of your time. I'm here to present a humble little idea that just might make a huge difference in saving our country.

You know just as well as I do that America's in a shambles. Wall Street's corporate bulldogs

are running game on us, and Joe Average isn't getting his taste of the pie. We're being driven off the rails by activist jurors—let's be fair, on both sides of the Congressional aisle. Who's going to be the one to fix up this mess? Obama? Romney? Or, as I like to call those Terrible Two, "Obamney"? Surely you jest. Their kind dug us into this hole, and we've got to climb out of it on our own.

That's why it's high time we elected, not them, but ourselves. On November 6, I want every man, woman, and child who cares about the future of this country to step into that voting booth—and vote for him or herself as President.

Yes, that's right. Don't put a check

mark in one of those "idiot boxes." Write in your own name.

This time, it'll be us in the White House, not them. On Inauguration Day, get ready to say hello to our new President: the American populace. Or, as I like to call it, the American *populous*. There's power in the numbers—and there's power in the American Dream.

What will we the people do during our first term in office?

I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make America a place for you and me again. Right now, we're all on the hunt for jobs, and what's Bernanke doing? Sitting on them. But those days, my fellow candidates, will come to a swift end. China getting snippy again? We'll see how they

like the taste of an embargo. And we can fund a new corporate bulldogs tax to show Mr. Greed, M.B.A., just what we *really* think of him.

That's what the people's America will be. Get ready for low gas prices, low taxes, and low carbs. Not to mention a stern talking-to for the corporate bulldogs on Wall Street, for whom I have nothing but hatred in my heart.

Don't get fooled again! This fall, don't vote for "him," or for "her," or for "they," but for *you*. We're all in this together.

David Kroppland is a professor of science. To contact him about voting for yourself next summer, email him at dkroppland@stanford.edu.

Grass Is Greener?



Ravioli
Dupont

Imagine. Just imagine my surprise. Really, imagine my surprise when I saw how Stanford maintains the appearance of

lushness in this vast Californian desert. To say that I'm surprised is nothing less than an understatement. The façade... the hypocrisy.

I've been a writer for the Daily for a long time. I'm getting way too old for this; I've written articles about the student senate, Israel, president Hennessy, and I was managing director for the opinion page a few years back... but, you remember that, and it's time to talk about something really serious to me: the façade.

Would you find it hard to believe, if I told you something

about the grass at Stanford that would shock and surprise you? I think it would, but you'll have to find me to tell me. Never have I seen a greater travesty, than when I awoke, well before dawn, to see the tragedy of our fair lawn. The shame. The façade.

Expression connoisseurs will remember that a wise man once said: "The grass is greener on the other side." We can debate the meaning of these words until we're green in the face, but we won't get anywhere. If we really want to talk about what's going on, the travesty, we have to start at the beginning.

The gardeners were painting the grass greener. It wasn't neon green either; it was a subtle green color. The color one might expect of grass this time of year in a lush, more tropical region. Before you ask me, I did see them. I saw them with my own two polychromatic eyes. They were using the using a hose that looked not dissimilar to what one might expect to deliver water to the succulent stocks of lush

green grass on the Meyer hillside, but this was something far more sinister. I knew because of the way the men, dressed ominously in blue jumpsuits, stared at me as I biked between them on the newly painted grass. They said "get off the grass" in a language that I couldn't understand as I gave them a disappointed glare.

They glared as if to say something subtle yet poignant. I imagined what it was like to live in Papua New Guinea, and then I stopped abruptly. I'll never forget what it was like to have my illusions of paradise shattered by the post-modern blade of silvery, shining paint that radiated such prismatic light over the sun-bleached waves of lush green grass.

Ravioli Dupont is a senior majoring in behavioral pharmacology. To contact him about painting your ass green, email him at ameeamaiohboy@stanford.edu.

Competing Opinions

Dudley Rubenstein:
PRO

Hi, my name is Professor Rubenstein. We all know happy and sad people? We can relate to them because, at one point, we have experienced each of these emotions. It's what makes us human. The other day, I got to thinking: "what's the distinguishing factor, Rubenstein?" What makes one person habitually happier than another? Sure, things like loss and scarcity contribute to sadness, but some people simply seem resolutely happy. It's enough to make water boil. In my mind, there are two things happy people do or exhibit that sad people don't:

One. They are proud to be happy. The problem is that happiness in large populations is often contingent upon a positive outlook, a positive outlook shared by the majority. Being an optimist is great; being a positive optimist is easy. The trick is to remember to be a positive pessimist. Keep your chin up when nothing is going your way. That way you can still be proud. I mean, happiness ought to be contingent upon actions and not the perception of things to come. Ghandi once said: "Be the change you wish to see."

Two. Their beliefs and morals manifest in actions. The actions manifold into character, and their character becomes their destiny. The worst thing you can do if you want to be happy is lie... not to other people (which is bad, but not for you), but to yourself. Unless you are a sociopath, you just can't maintain an attitude like that. I'm curious to see what my sociopathic opponent has to say about all this.

Onyx Robusto:
CON

Two men walk into a bar, and one of them says: "what is this... some kind of joke?" Leave it to a professor to start an opinion piece with some meta-humor. My name is Professor Robusto, and I'm against the Men's Rights movement, spelling G-d with the 'o,' and the Federal Reserve lowering its core inflation target.

Rubenstein makes a conducive argument. My argument is manifold: one, as Arnold King argues, "Mainstream macro in the 1970s (which a lot of people seem to have gone back to) held that there was a NAIRU, meaning the non-accelerating inflation rate of unemployment. If unemployment was above that, inflation would fall. If it was below that, inflation would increase. So, policy should shoot for the NAIRU. These days, unemployment is 8.3 percent." Rubenstein over here didn't even say anything about this.

My opponent doesn't think that we should be negative when things aren't going our way, but I think that this 'you win some you lose some attitude' is the same one that bought private equity firms so much sway in the early 80's and the same rationale for crashing the derivative markets in Greece today. The market for derivatives on stock symbols is too complicated for modern financial tools to regulate from the perspective of the Senate Financial Oversight Committee (SFOC), and I actually agree with my interlocutor that lying is getting us nowhere.

To conclude, I would like to conclude by saying that, ultimately, my opponent wasn't even discussing the topic. We were supposed to be arguing about macroeconomic policy and his Pro piece doesn't even make any sense. It looks like a 5 year

That's Right, I Did It Myself, Scrubs

By KAJUN AMANZI-TENNIS
DESK EDITOR

I want to start off with the Bottom Line: It's all about passion. When I first got to Stanford three years ago, I knew from the beginning that I wanted to start something BIG. This was going to be the place where I could finally take my ideas and turn them serious value.

For me, Stanford's purpose is really just to launch success-driven students into the real world... entrepreneurship. While my dormmates were deciding what GERs to fill or thinking about majoring in Earth Systems and Psychology, I already knew I'd MS&E major. I just knew I wanted to be an entrepreneur, and thought MS&E could provide me and my wild plans the wet nurses they needed to just explode with value.

But I needed capital, collabs, networking, so I pretty much quit all my classes by spring quarter freshman year to pursue my dream's. In the words of the great Vince Lombardi, "Once you learn to quit, it becomes a habit."! So, I dropped out entirely before sophomore year even started, and instead leveraged my social capital into massive value gains for enterprises I wanted to

do.

Keep in mind that I'd never made a single thing this entire time! I'd never actually done anything at all! You see, what most Stanford kids don't realize is that you don't need to do anything yourself as long as your passion drives you, by force, into success.

I mean just fuckin' look at me! Today, I was on a conference call with Zappos founder Tony Hsieh about innovations to workplace scooter culture. After that, I had lunch with SMD where we shared a kale salad and sketch-padded our imaginventions from the night before in an all out brainhurricane (think brainstorm but way massive). Right now, I'm writing this on the recumbent elliptical machine I proposed to the administration last year.

What I'm really trying to say here is dreams really do come true. All you have to do is promote the fuck out of yourself until everybody around you is totally exhausted.

If you've got any fucking guts and you want to make a real difference in adding huge value, contact Kajun Amanzi-Tennis at kamanzennis@stanford.edu

NEWS

Stanford Unveils New Campus in Gilroy

Campus will allow University expansion to South Bay exurbs, malls

By SYRUS COOMBS and KEAN AIME
WELL-PAID HACKS

Coming off of the University's withdrawal of its bid for a new campus in New York City this December, Stanford's Development Advisory Committee today unveiled plans for a satellite campus in nearby Gilroy. The proposed campus, which will occupy a 3.5-acre site near Gilroy's premier outlet shopping destination, the Gilroy Premium Outlets, includes a business center,

"We had to do something with that money. And I love garlic." - John Etchemendy

startup incubator labs, and the latest in high-tech facilities.

The Gilroy Campus would also initiate a host of new opportunities for undergraduate students and the University as a whole. Stanford's "Study in Gilroy" (SIG) would offer Stanford students with a "spice for life" the chance to round out their Stanford experience with study in one of the premier shopping locations of the outer South Bay.

"Students will be able to conduct entrepreneurial fieldwork with some of the most important businesses in the Gilroy and South Bay areas," wrote Etchemendy in an email. "This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to hone their own business acumen in that great crucible of entrepreneurialism that is the Grand Concourse of the Gilroy Premium Outlets, right between Forever 21 and Wet Seal."

Some of those opposed to the primarily business-oriented Gilroy proposal cite the fact that none of the 1,500 employees in the outlet mall hold an accredited degree of any kind. The property manager of the Gilroy Premium Outlets, James Grady, graduated from Northeastern University's General Business program in 1988, but as a representative of the Simon Property Group, which owns the mall, Grady will not be involved with the SIG program.

Nevertheless, Etchemendy insists the mall will serve an invaluable role in preparing SIG students for the real world business environment. "The Israelis who run those mall kiosks are some of the best business minds I've ever come across. Our students can really learn from those guys."

As he walks past one kiosk, he notes, "Those guys

sold me, like, seven cell phone cases. And I don't even have a RAZR. When I saw that, I thought: Why not at Stanford? Stanford needs to make sure it positions itself effectively in this rapidly growing kiosk market."

Unfortunately, the Stanford Shopping Center's chic pretenses strictly forbid the operation of Etchemendy's "petri dishes of enterprise," so Stanford would need to relocate, at least in part, to gain access to those "gold mines of money" as he describes them.

After realizing the low likelihood of winning the Roosevelt Island competition, the Committee decided to use the New York proposal as a mere testing ground for the ideas and strategy that now form the foundations of the Gilroy project

"The New York proposal was really just a practice run to prepare for the Gilroy campaign," said Etchemendy, who worked closely with the Committee on both projects.

Sources in the administration have also indicated that the proposed New York campus partly arose as a practical joke played on Hennessey by other faculty members, on the condition of being able to use Etchemendy's hilarious last name in the proposal's dossier.

With the success of The Stanford Challenge campaign, a five-year fundraising campaign that raised over 6.2 billion dollars, Stanford found itself with an enormous amount of cash on its hands. "The New York proposal couldn't have fallen flatter at a better time. The humiliation our University suffered in that defeat actually allowed us to redouble our efforts in achieving our true goal: Stanford in Gilroy," explains an optimistic Etchemendy. "As the Big Fat Hen[nessy] always says, 'If you're not going to be able to do something, then don't do it. But don't do it very well.' And that's exactly what we did."

Gilroy presented itself as the obvious answer. "We had to get rid of that money somehow," said Etchemendy. "And I love garlic." First, however, the Development Advisory Committee had to clear the substantial hurdles presented in negotiations with the Gilroy City Council.

The cutthroat negotiations connected with the Roosevelt Island proposal allowed the Stanford administration to cut its teeth before tackling the Gilroy project, an endeavor that Etchemendy describes as "ball-busting." "New York sure is tough, and we had to adapt to the faster

pace there, but the Big Apple's got nothing on Gilroy—the Big Bulb."

"We really busted our balls on this Gilroy proposal."

Stanford certainly did have its share of challenges in preparing for the Gilroy City Council's no-nonsense negotiation style. Tough-as-nails City Manager Brian Malone and Gilroy Comptroller Rob Dillon drove a hard bargain in allotting the land and parking space required to build the new campus. "It might seem like we're really

just built a seven-story parking garage on the other side of the mall, so what did they need all that other space for? Hummer drivers? I don't think so," says Malone defending the City Council's hotly contentious seizure. "In the City's view, all those empty parking spaces gave us plenty of room. We might as well feature an elite university expansion campus there. 'Sure,' we said. Why not? And it's only a couple minutes from great shopping and great food."

Etchemendy could

of technological innovation. "The staff over at the City Council is always having problems with those damn printers. And don't even get me started on those computer softwares and browser windows. We could sure use some sharp Stanford students to help us out down here on the day-to-day."

Comptroller Dillon, however, warned, "If those fancy Stanford folks up north think they'll get one over on us here in Gilroy, they've got another thing coming. We're a bunch of pretty tough



The area surrounding the new Stanford Campus in Gilroy, featuring the Gilroy Premium Outlets.

reamin' you guys on this deal, but look, we aren't even supposed to have that land to sell to you in the first place," Dillon said, referring to the City Council's exercise of eminent domain to seize a sizable tranche of the outlet mall's parking spaces from the Simon Property Group. The controversial practice of eminent domain concerns a government's authority to seize privately owned land for its own purposes.

"We drew a lot of flack from SPG for that, but they

scarcely contain his delight over the new campus's location, exclaiming, "The new campus is, like, right next door to Panera Bread! Plus, we've leveraged our longstanding partnership with Barnes and Noble to take advantage of the existing Barnes and Noble location on Thompson and West as the site of the new campus bookstore."

City Manager Malone expressed optimism over the proposed Stanford campus, citing the University's history

cloves over here."

Despite his thorny rhetoric, Dillon too wants to turn Gilroy into a tech hub: "The Stanford name just says 'COMPUTING'—you know what I mean? I mean, all of the printers in our office are from Hewlett and Packard, and that's a real Stanford company. Computers used to be the future, but hey, the future is now. So we had to get involved, and we feel that a partnership with Stanford will be conducive to these ends [sic]."

Man on Roof Won't Get Off

Roof Man's Behavior Raising Questions, Dangers

By AHAB HAB
ROOFER

Atop 1035 this morning at 2:00 am, a man was stomping and rolling around the roof. Residents awoke to the strange man screaming at the top of his lungs: "who am I?! I don't know who I am! Who am I?!"

No one knows who he is or where he came from. No one knows how he managed to get up onto the 1035 roof, or why he wanted to. Perhaps most intriguing of all is the question of why he has decided to remain there.

"He was romping and yelling all night," said 1035 RA Conard Preakness. "I didn't get any sleep. What does this guy want with us? Why doesn't he know who

he is?"

The man has a huge head of hair, like a wild animal, but wears glasses, like a man. He bares his teeth at anyone who approaches him, and threatens to kill anyone who tries to calm him down.

"We realized he wasn't really causing any damage, so we left him in peace," Conard told us. "But he got even more riled up. I think [he] might have found some alcohol. He started breaking glass and waving his arms wildly in the air like some sort of wolfman. It was terrifying."

One 1035 resident from Alaska, Sarah Baroke, felt confident to approach the man. "My family breeds wolves, so I know how to treat them," she noted.

"Naturally I approached him in a diagonal path with my head down. He took notice of me but didn't growl or anything, so I kept advancing. I thought maybe he was hurt and was just acting out. He had a kind face."

Sarah approached the strange man, and reached out her hand, which he smelled. She then kneeled and let him smell her teeth, a sign of submission. This was a positive sign, and Sarah signaled "everything is OK" to her anxious house mates watching from a safe distance. She proceeded to calm the frenzied creature, which began to purr in affection. "I have approached

Please see **WOLF MAN**, Page 11

Hewlett, Packard posthumously married after 40 year partnership

Making the Dash Official After Death

By ARM HAMBURGERHEAD
COMPUTER GUY

John Hewlett and Earl Packard made the startup world what it is today. But they may have had more up their sleeves than a few well-placed circuits. The law firm, Steele and Byrne, revealed on Saturday that the two technology icons, after a 60 year partnership, are taking it one step further. They're getting married. Many wonder how the two can marry if both are dead.

"Love can transcend death," said Mr. Steele. "At least in a legal sense."

"They were gay for electronics, but not as gay as they were for each other."

Steele confirmed that the wills of Hewlett and Packard entailed instructions that after their deaths they should be posthumously married as soon as the law in California allowed for it. When gay marriage was legalized, however, the two deceased printer-salesmen were not married.

This particular detail in the wills was suppressed by the grieving spouses



John Hewlett, right, and Earl Packard, left, examine one of their early computers. The couple will posthumously marry on Sunday.

and families. Mrs. Hewlett denies any bad intentions. "I loved John, and he loved me. I just assumed that there was some misunderstanding, maybe in the legal jargon. Surely he wasn't in love with Earl Packard all these years?"

Indeed, the news sent shockwaves were felt all throughout California. But some who knew them well were not so surprised.

Among them was Bill Gates. "Hewlett and Packard? Of course they were gay. They were gay for electronics, sure, but not as gay as they were for each other. Which was very gay."

Gates also raised an interesting question. "What does this mean for partnerships in electronic

startups? Are they all gay? Maybe. Everyone knew that John and Earl had something special together. Great ideas spring from an even greater relationship. It goes without saying that that relationship is going to be a gay one."

He added: "I wish Hewlett and Packard the best in their new union. When I formed Microsoft with Paul Allen, we never had anything quite as special as what John and Earl had. Their love was true."

The Hewlett-Packard wedding ceremony is planned for Sunday, May 18th on the pier. It will be open to the public. The service is open casket.

Miracle on the Field

By ATKINS HERDER
MIRACLES CORRESPONDENT

It was no typical Saturday for the JV Men's Ultimate Frisbee team. They were playing the ultimate team from Cal Polytech in the final round of the California State School Invitational Frisbee Tourney. Only one thing wasn't quite right: they were playing the varsity team.

Skip forward to halftime, with the Stanford team down by 8 floaters and 15 spinners. If you are unfamiliar with Frisbee scoring, this is akin to being down in the final round of a basketball match with a no players left and no do-overs.

Stanley O'Ronald, the Stanford coach, approached the boys. They stood around him as he sat down Indian-style on the damp grass. "Boys," he began, "I've gotten to know each

and the Madonna smiled. O'Ronald shrugged. "I really wanted a sports miracle. You know, the kind where the team comes from behind and wins against all odds. But this is nice too, I'm not complaining."

One Econ grad student by the name of Wes Clayoven approached the Madonna. "Holy Mother," he asked, "I have not been a believer, but now I believe. I have been a skeptic, but now I am changed. I was broken, and now I am whole."

The Madonna nodded, and reached her shining hand out to Clayoven, who upon being touched turned into a pile of candy.

With that the Madonna disappeared, and the miracle was over. Everyone was left to wonder: was that real?

This writer knows not the answer, as I was not



and every one of you over the course of the season. You've been damn good to me. No matter what happens, you're the best bunch of boys I ever got to coach."

Coach O'Ronald stood up and wiped his eyes. Now the boys' heads were only inches away from their coach's. They hung their heads in a slight bow, out of respect for their coach. O'Ronald, being a shorter than usual coach, stood straight up, accepting the honor that comes along with a bow and soaking in it, allowing it to absorb.

"We'd need some kind of miracle. Boys, we'd need a god damn miracle."

Eye contact was made and re-made about a dozen times. Everyone put their hands into the center of the circle on top of the coach's smooth head. "On the count of three," coach O'Ronald declared. "One. Two. Three!"

"MIRACLE!" they shouted.

The boys got into position for the play. Bobby Winthrop, the captain of the team, prepared to throw the disc to one of his teammates. But he spotted something first.

"La Madonna!" The Holy Madonna was standing in the middle of the field, basked in a beautiful golden light. In her arms was nestled the Son, and she smiled lovingly at Him.

"Mary waved her hand in a circular pattern, and all was forgiven," exclaimed Winthrop. "In that moment I felt pure love. God reached out and touched me."

The entire crowd present fell to their knees in prayer,

present at the moment of the alleged miracle. But all sorts of miraculous things happened the rest of that day. The junior varsity Frisbee team went on to play some of the best Frisbee they had ever played, although they did end up losing. Winthrop recalls running out for a pass and leaping eleven feet high in the air.

"I thought I was gonna fly away into the sky," he said. "I've never felt fear like I did in that moment."

In a Stanford baseball game on the same day, Stanford lost 126-3 when time began to loop during an unfortunately timed home run. The pitcher, Nick Crust, had this to say: "The Sea Urchins [LSU's team] kept running around the bases. I wanted to stop them but I was predetermined to throw the same home run again and again and again about 100 times."

He was quick to add, "my dad won't answer my calls now."

In a Stanford hockey game, the game was brought to a halt during halftime when the Zamboni turned ice into frozen wine. "It was a miracle," said hockey coach Gardic Petersons. "A miracle, tried and true. I'm captivated by the awe and wonder of our Lord."

The zamboni driver had his own special theory on the subject. "I'm pretty sure that a bottle of wine was stuck in the machine."

He added: "I'm certain, actually, because I had been drinking out of the zamboni the night before."

"I like my wine cold." He turned to me and stared into my eyes. "Ice cold."

Moby to students: "Violence is a reprehensible perpetration."

By KUTIE ALAMO
PERPETUUM MOBYLE

On Friday afternoon, speaking to 12 sophomores, none taller than 5' 8" and all of waifish frames, the liberal activist Moby discussed a number of topics he found interesting but without any unified direction. For three hours in a sterile, high-ceilinged conference room in the Arrillaga Dining Commons, the erstwhile electronic musician now turned vegan icon alternated between rambling and sustained periods of silence during which he would noticeably avoid eye contact with any member of audience.

"Over the last decade, a surge in conspicuous anti-human rhetoric has wrought havoc in a most atrocious way upon the innocent denizens of modern life," Moby whispered in reference to the proliferation of major video game franchises which he described as "espousing an impossibly more contorted view of the already foul atrocity that is WASP-on-Easterner war."

While lauding online social networks for spreading awareness of such

issues, Moby quietly warned against "the hubris of so many examples before us who, though noble in spirit, essentially failed to effect the zeitgeist mandated by their purpose." When asked to clarify, the bespectacled wimp glared passively at the edge of his tortoise shell Oliver Peoples frames for precisely seven seconds before shifting his gaze to the glass of water in front of him for a further uncomfortable period of time.

"I would say Play essentially drew on themes from my childhood at the chapped knuckles of my mother's own so-called 'Hell's Angel' of a father figure for her only son," Moby offered, seemingly as a response.

Subsequent discussions found the meek composer decrying American standards of culturally endorsed violence. One audience member swears that Moby was instead "just emitting whimpers" and had spent the entire time "cowering under the table, insisting the lights were too intense even though we'd blacked out the entire room except for the backlight from his MacBook Air's screen."



Moby's visit to Stanford coincided with the notorious "before IHUM section" dinner rush at Arrillaga Dining Commons, which is believed to be the main contributing factor in his tiresome display of fearfulness.

The Grammy-nominated musician eventually grew disgusted with his own behavior, hurling his glass of water against the wall. In stark contrast to the previously unbroken and dark silence of the room, the glass shattered quite predictably, sending Moby into a furious rampage. He stabbed several students with a fork, bit off his own thumb, and then ran sobbing to the limousine parked outside.

No charges have yet been filed against Moby by any of the already anemic students he stabbed, but President Hennessy has nevertheless vowed retribution against the offending parties.

LOCAL NEWS

String of “Roll-Out” Kidnappings Sweeps Campus



By **ANORMOUS HEBREW**
CHOCK-FULLA NUTS

As a recent wave of kidnappings sweeps Stanford Campus, the administration wonders why its freshmen are so easily plucked from the safety of their dorms.

This Saturday, a freshman by the name of Jason Brothers was kidnapped from Arroyo at 2:23 a.m. Witnesses within the dorm report two shady looking men

yelling and knocking on his door, then shoving a paper bag over his head. He was led through Arroyo past his dormmates and into a black sedan, which sped off.

“I didn’t think anything was wrong,” said Shelby Dope, who lives down the hall. “I assumed it was for swim team. I mean, they put a bag over his head and everything, it was a typical roll-out.”

These recent kidnappings share common characteristics. They

occur early in the morning, they involve participation on the part of the kidnapped, and although the violence is highly visible, the dormmates usually comply with the kidnapping. In Serra, two roommates were abducted on Sunday night at 5:00 a.m. Several men began slamming on their door and shouting “We’re gonna get you! We’re gonna kill you!” Serra RA Ponce Rosselini walked by the room to check on the noise, and told the men to lower their voices. As he went back to sleep, the two boys were grabbed and stuffed into a stolen vehicle.

Ponce justified his actions. “I thought I had seen those guys at SAE before. Anyway, how was I supposed to know they weren’t frat guys? They were each carrying a bottle of whisky for Pete’s sake.”

So far six alleged “roll-out kidnappings” have taken place in the last few weeks. Despite the gravity of the situation, Residential Housing maintains it is doing all it can.

“We tell the freshmen before they let someone inside the dorm to ask them who they are there to

visit,” said RF Victor Meniscus. “But when the intruders insist that they are there ‘to take some bitch and end his fuckin’ life,’ the freshmen is conflicted. He knows he isn’t supposed to let in these strange men, but he doesn’t want to risk hurting a friend’s shot at an exclusive fraternity.”

President Hennessy emailed to remind students that just because someone is wearing a silly hat and rally gear doesn’t mean that they aren’t dangerous. More than anything, he encourages freshmen to stand up against the pressure to join a coercive fraternity or club.

“When I was an undergrad I was rolled out a couple of times for the Mendicants a cappella group,” Hennessy told the Daily. “One morning things went too far and I woke up in the middle of the woods covered in blood. When I got back to campus I realized to my surprise that there was no such a cappella group.”

If you or a friend have been kidnapped and are still missing, contact Anormous Hebrew at fatgenius@hammercoffin.org

Your Bike: Being Stolen Right Now

By **SOLLID CARRERE**
WRITER-IN-BRIEFS

Your bike, the one locked to the bike rack outside of this building, is at this moment being dismantled and stolen, reports indicate. Despite the triple-strong U-bar of your Kryptonite lock, the secure fastening of that lock through the rear wheel and seatpost, and the sturdiness of the bike rack to which you locked it, your bike is being stolen by a single thief using only a roasting fork, a piece of wire, and a stolen bus-station locker key.

There’s really nothing you can do, at this point. Your bike, which is being stolen right now, will be gone by the time you read this article. Its distinctive bright-colored frame, the foil you threaded through the spokes, and the religious symbols you spray-painted onto it haven’t

deterred anyone, much less the thief involved in stealing it right now. It may be spotted by someone around campus, but it may not. And no one’s going to report it, anyway.

You really should have locked your bike in a safer and more secure area. As it is, there’s no one around. The thief is free to go about his work.

All the same, it probably wouldn’t have mattered. The thief could very easily have knelt down—as he is doing right now—next to your bike and pretended to tie his shoe as he removed your front quick-release wheel, undid your lock, and discreetly removed your registration sticker. Then, getting up, he could simply get on your bike and bike away.

Nice bike, too. Sources revealed that the thief currently stealing



“Your bike will serve the thief very well.”

your bike will love the supple leather seat, the stylish racing-style handlebars, and the new derailer you just installed. Because your

bike will serve the thief very well, many connected with the case have suggested that you really shouldn’t even feel bad about having your bike stolen, as it being right now.

That said, consider reporting the

(by now almost surely already accomplished) theft of your bike to the proper authorities. To contact the Stanford Department of Public Safety, call (650) 329 2413. To report your bike’s registration number to Stanford Parking and Transportation Services, call 650 723 9362, or visit their offices and 340 Bonair Siding.

Student Can’t Go Out, Has to Finish Chicken Fingers

By **Khocolat Amélie**
SWEET SAUCE

“Nah dude, no way I can go out tonight. I’ve still got, like, six chicken fingers to finish,” says Joey Kettlings ’14 to a group of amped buddies from his freshman dorm.

“Come on, man, just put ‘em in the fridge. They’re good leftover,” responds Emmet Pamela ’14, Kettlings’s freshman year roommate.

“Can’t breh.”

Since its opening, Arrillaga Late Night’s chicken fingers have all too often been at fault in keeping sophomore Joey Kettlings in on Wednesday and Thursday nights. While early October saw Kettlings out on the Row almost five to six

nights a week, the self-described “swagtastic Arroyo-bro” had to drastically curtail his nights out after just the first few weeks of autumn quarter.

“By week three, you know, it was obviously midterms, midterms, midterms, but I could still go out and just cram the morning of, no big deal. That was a cinch, but then I would start getting very hungry around 7:30pm every single night,” explains Kettlings. “Not munchies—I don’t smoke much any more, not since high school—just your average snack cravings.”

Kettlings, who used his Tier 3 draw to room in Crothers Hall with another Arroyo-bro, Ashley Maupin ’14, almost exclusively takes his evening meals in the

Arrillaga Dining Commons. Despite Arrillaga’s continuous dining hours, Kettlings cannot use his meal plan to access the award-winning dining facility past 7:00pm. Instead, he must use his Dining Dollars to purchase chicken fingers combo meals from Arrillaga’s late night dining operation.

“I don’t mind buying chicken fingers. They’re great, but it’s so hard to tell my Krew-royo homies that I can’t meet up for pre-gaming before we go to Penthouse. I have to finish my chicken fingers,” Kettlings laments while filling a small container with mayonnaise before topping it off with Sriracha garlic chili sauce. “Rooster sauce and mayo. A little something I invented



at Wilbur last year, haha.”

But Kettlings’s facile attempt at lifting his own spirits reveals a guarded emotional crisis. “I want to rage with my brehs. I used to go out all the time. I was Commodore Blackout. Like seriously, ask any of the DARE-oyo guys...but now, all these chicken fingers. It’s like f***.”

As he uses a waffle-cut French fry to stir the Sriracha-mayo mélange, he steals a quiet sniffle. Then he bursts into a loud, humiliating sob in front of everyone at Late Night.

If you want chicken fingers shout and wave your hands so we can see them. Emailaddress@bugs.com

Arrillaga Found Dead

Rock-Star Lifestyle Claims Real-Estate Mogul Turned Musician

By SERGE CUBIKS
ENTHUSIASTIC WRITER

Billionaire Stanford Alumnus John Arrillaga was found dead early yesterday morning in a back room at notorious San Francisco gin joint The Loose Duck. Reports indicate that Arrillaga, whose drunken antics with his Basque-themed retirement band Twofer's Euskies had of late caused increasing alarm among his family, friends, and former real-estate colleagues, had been partying with the band for at least two days before succumbing to the combined effects of cocaine, alcohol, heroin, and various amphetamines late Saturday night.

Arrillaga, who donated \$100 million to Stanford in 2006 and whose name adorns the Arrillaga Alumni Center, The Arrillaga Center for Sports and Recreation, and the new Arrillaga Dining commons, had been living a rough and wild life as a rock-and-roller. The constant alcohol, cocaine, and heroin abuse that went along with his band membership and the new lifestyle of his retirement years evidently led, on Saturday, to his death, as his feeble septuagenarian frame collapsed under the stress.

"His body really couldn't take that lifestyle," wrote Stanford University Hospital's Dr. Samuel Vangelis in an email. "From what the toxicity report indicates, it looks like this seventy-five year-old was living the life of a twenty-three year-old rockstar."

That's exactly what Arrillaga wanted. Having built up a real-estate empire in the 1960s by buying California farmland and developing

it into what we now know as Silicon Valley, Arrillaga grew tired of the real-estate game, and the soft life of unriskened luxury, by the age of seventy. When he retired in 2006, Arrillaga was looking for a new lease on life—and a new connection to the excitement of his youth. "Buying all that real estate, man, it was the greatest rush I've ever felt," said an obviously intoxicated Arrillaga on Larry King in 2008. "But once you own all that land, once you've built all those office parks, then what the fuck do you do? Yeah, fine, for a while you can get off on buying houses and fucking up pianos and moving old churches by helicopter and shit, but that loses its appeal...Only the band gives me any thrills these days."

Arrillaga sought to style himself in the image of the outrageous rockers he admired in his youth. In an interview in 1997, Arrillaga explained his continued fixation on the rock scene of the 1960s and 1970s: "Being born before the War, I was just a few years too old to get involved in that whole rock and roll experience that was emerging back then. I just couldn't hang with the kids from that generation, though I always loved the leather jackets and long hair they had. So I went into real estate development instead. I channeled all my youthful rage and anger, that I would have spent rocking and rolling, you know, into buying and subsequently developing all of the land in the South Bay and Peninsula I could get my hands on. But I've always kept my love of rock and roll music."

It turns out that land was pretty valuable. By 1972, Arrillaga was the richest man in California. By the late 1980s he had an estimated net worth of \$1.4 billion. But the missed opportunities of his youth always nagged at him, and he wanted back into the rock and roll scene he

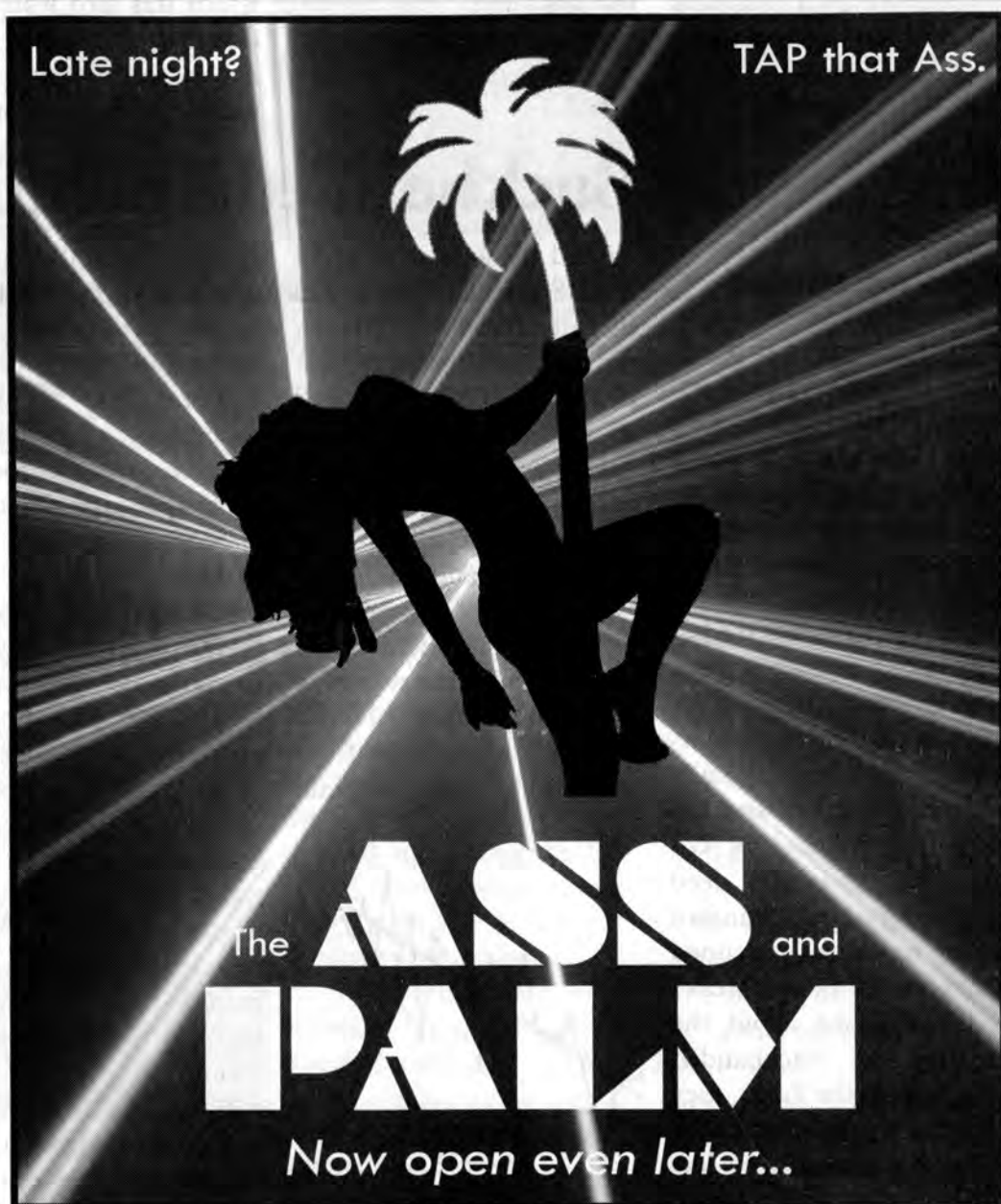
had never entered because of age difference and his passion for real estate. With an ever-changing host of young Basque bandmates, Arrillaga started Twofer's Euskies in 2007 and pursued his dream of real music and drugs despite his advanced age. The wild-living ensemble broke into the small national-rock scene of San Francisco's gutter clubs, playing gigs financed by Arrillaga's enormous wealth and attended by groups of Stanford students looking to grab an audience with the University's primary benefactor.

Arrillaga felt especially triumphant about having joined his Basque roots—he was the son of two Basque immigrants—with his late-arrived rock and roll engagement. "There's nothing like playing in a Basque band, a real rock and roll band," he said in 2010. "I've never felt closer to my heritage."

But the train of good times and wild nights had to come to an end. There's an old Basque saying that, roughly translated, goes, "Relived youth leads only to an early late death." Arrillaga pursued his rock and roll career—and the lifestyle of abandon that went along with it—with the same zeal with which he pursued his dreams of real estate acquisition. Such headlong rock revelry lead Arrillaga to addiction, familial estrangement, and increasing poor health. He was hospitalized twice in 2011 for complications resulting from alcohol and cocaine abuse—proof of what the lifestyle of a Loose Duck-attending gutter rocker can do to a seventy-year-old man. Early this year, Arrillaga's behavior had clearly taken a turn for the worse. When several band members left Twofer's Euskies as a result of his continuing heroin abuse,

Arrillaga replaced them with other musicians flown in from northern Spain. "I can do whatever I fucking want," he screamed at a press conference held with the new band members at Stanford's Maples Pavilion, wearing a studded leather jacket emblazoned with an iron-on Stanford "S". "I can do whatever I fucking want."

This weekend's tragic events proved, unfortunately, that that was not the case. Arrillaga's demise leaves the campus wracked without a donor to build new buildings, erect new walls, dedicate new vocational schools, plant palm trees, and fund bronze palm trees with the Arrillaga name on them. Arrillaga's generosity—along with his musical talent and lifestyle of excess and depravity—will be sorely missed. Bronze placards in Palo Alto, and the lone stages of the Frisco gutter, will forever testify to his absence.



You should have stayed in Boston.
You should have gone to school here.
It's not too late to transfer.
Short of that, consider graduate school.

SCIENCE

New Bird Species Discovered in Wilbur Parking Garage

By ARCH HUMBUDDY
AMATEUR BIRDER

A parking attendant at Wilbur noticed a beak sticking up out of a wall. "I knew there couldn't be a bird in the wall, but at the same time I know what I had seen," he recounted. "I knew there was a bird in there."

After retrieving and assembling the bones, a team of Stanford Archaeologists stood in amazement in front of a specimen. Larger than the previously largest bird, the Terror Bird, standing at 10 feet, this bird has been termed the Panic Attack Bird, or P Bird for short. It stands at an incredible 23 feet tall.

That's a big bird.

Local zoologist Roman Chestman, who exclusively studies birds, couldn't emphasize enough how large that actually is. "To give you an idea of how big the P Bird is," the extinct Terror Bird of South America was about twice as big as any other animal nearby. The P Bird must have been... four times

the size of any other animal. But it could have been even more than that."

"This bird is huge."

It had been previously speculated that large carnivorous flightless birds were the dominant predators in prehistoric Palo Alto. "Such speculation is based on some enormous feathers we found over by Roble Field," Chestman noted.

In fact, P Birds were so large that nothing could compete ecologically with them. "They decimated populations of all sorts of varmints, antelope, and tortoises," notes Chestman. "They would eat anything. Slow or fast. Big or small. Green or brown. It didn't even matter. It didn't even matter. I'm giving you interview gold. Don't put that last bit in."

So why did these enormous birds not rule the earth?

"Oh, they did," explained a biological historian by the name of Dr. Jane Walmart. "Not only could these birds outcompete all other birds,

predator, after the extinction of the dinosaurs, was large enough to take down one of these big birds," she declared. "The megasloth could have been the only creature larger than the bird, at an impressive 30 feet tall. But it was still a sloth, and as such was not only incredibly slow, but also very vague and hard to describe. I don't know if they eat meat, and I also don't really understand how they move around."

"Do their claws get stuck in the ground? If they want to walk on the ground, do they have to roll into a ball? These are two

of the many questions that I think about when I'm awake at night."

The fossil has been described as having a 4 foot long nearly intact skull. The beak is roughly 3 feet long and curves in a hook shape that resembles an umbrella.

The bird is thought to have come to the North American continent many millions of years ago, and covered the entire continent due to adaptive advantage. Walmart notes that "it probably went extinct several million years ago. No, a hundred million years ago. I forget. Well, to be honest, I'm just guessing."

Scientists are amazed at the discovery, which may be the only specimen of its kind. "We're still digging though. There are plenty more garages to check on campus," winked Chestman. Chestman was optimistic. "If this is the only one of its kind, then there would

be no eggs. If it's not, then there probably would be eggs. That's how birds make newer, tinier birds."

Paleontologists aren't the only ones interested in these birds. The new discovery may solve a mystery surrounding Native American mythology.

Some scholars contend not only that the birds were still around during the height of Native American civilizations, but that they played an integral part in the organization of civic society and religion.

A real life contemporary Native American told us this was completely true. "The Panic Bird resembles our giant bird god Nzetcheuatl. It's uncanny. Both have a large beak; both have a long neck; both even have wings."

"My people believe that the great bird in the sky created the Earth and the stars. When it flew down to see what it had created, it landed on a cactus. The cactus pricked our sacred bird, and when the bird spoke the word of creation, which is also what a tribal elder says once a year when he stubs his toe, our race was born. We emerged from a hot spring in the valley. Oh, I don't know this word in English. Hot springs... hot tub? We emerged from a tub of hot water from Bed Bath and Beyond.

Some scholars even contend that the Panic Attack Bird lived until the modern era and died off as a result of colonialism. They point to a Victorian era painting showing a bird the size of a giraffe being honored by the queen. The caption on the painting reads:

"The Earl of Seeds. 1597."



Increase in Backhanded Bragging

By SWEET PEPPERS
ALWAYS A HOOT

In a study released earlier this month by BSG (Behavioral Sciences Group), it has been shown that backhanded bragging is ramping up amongst college students with an increase of 16% over the last five years. Numbers have been especially high in the amount of female students who guys have totally been creeping on, and the staggering number of co-eds who seriously need to quit smoking. Stanford has by no means remained unaffected by the outbreak.

When asked about the increase of backhanded bragging on the Farm, Joey Meepos, a Junior minoring in Psych explained, "It's like Pavlov's dog, you know, you hear it happening so many times and you just become conditioned to do it yourself. I mean I'm no Psych major but to me it seems pretty intuitive."

But not all students were as complacent over the growing trend in their daily lives. Senior Annie Kenyon came forward to speak about her negative experiences in last week's rally in White Plaza, which focused on raising awareness about and fighting against backhanded bragging. "I can't even sit through a meal in Theta, my sorority, without someone saying, 'You're so lucky you didn't get an offer from McKinsey. My life is going to be hell next year.' Or someone complaining, 'Ugh I hate having a boyfriend who's prettier than me.' And then there is always the, 'Thank goodness I was able to still get an A on the fuckn pset even though I

rushed through it to make it to Sigma Chi Latte and Biscotti Tuesdays.' Are we not all ducks trying to float in the same pond? We need to go back to the better days when backhanded bragging was someone else's headline. It's time we take a stand and say NO to backhanded bragging!"

Yet not all students at the rally felt the issue was such a simple matter. Steven Chang, a sophomore from Hartford, Connecticut,



Above: Backhanded bragging has increased ten-fold since 1998.

explained that college was not his first run in with this issue. "I was once a backhanded bragger myself. Every day is still a fight but I'm stronger now than I was back then. I used to always find subtle ways to point out to my friends that I pulled more girls than them or was faster than them or funnier than them. I thought I was being a good friend by downplaying it. That's how it starts."

Members of Stanford Students for Sustainable Support (SSSS) have also tackled the intricacies of the issue. President Bobby Hoffman reveals their findings. "It is a hard thing to control because it takes so many forms and you don't even realize how deep you're in sometimes until you reach rock bottom. For some it starts because they

are just trying to fit in. For others, they don't realize the harm. But for most, there are precautionary measures you can take to prevent becoming a backhanded bragger. You can look out for the warning signs."

SSSS flyers the bathroom stalls in most residences and academic buildings on campus to promote the top five warning signs of people especially at risk. The flyer reads: 5) You are from any major city and you feel Stanford people are just too simple, 4) You went through Fall or Winter recruiting and successfully managed to get an offer at a top tier job while still attending 80% of your social events, 3) Your family is very well-off but it is not immediately obvious from a Google search, 2) You've stopped wearing shoes because you believe you are a free spirit who can't be held back by the constraints of shoes or school, and so you've dropped out to start your own start up, and are only reading this flyer because you are making a pitch to BASES in five minutes, 1) You're finding yourself more popular in college than you were in high school... If at least two of the above describe you, then you might be at risk.

With all of this recent mobilization, the ASSU has responded by opening a hotline for anyone who is suffering from or has been affected by backhanded bragging. The ASSU will also be handing out neon tanks at the beginning of spring quarter which will read, "Stop Backhanded Bragging NOW." They will also be grilling hot dogs.

MASH Game Predicts Future

By SOSA PALATALI
SOMETIME BABYSITTER

Last Wednesday, Senior Julia Gunther accepted a job offer for TFA in Seattle. With that final piece to the puzzle, a MASH game she played in her Junior year of high school has accurately predicted her future. The first and, up until now, last reported occurrence of a MASH game foreseeing the future happened in 1968, making Julia the second in history to follow the same path as her MASH.

When asked if she ever thought her MASH would come true back in high school, Julia expressed her doubt. "MASH so rarely predicts the future correctly because even though you pick three out of the four responses for each of the categories, your friends still pick silly outcomes for the final one.

When you think about it, your friends are picking 25% of the game! On top of that, out of the responses you put down for yourself, on average, about a third are pretty non-realistic. That leaves only 50% of the game potentially in your future. Finally, adding in the random ordering of where your friends put their joke responses with the random number that is used to check off the choices, the stats just didn't seem in my favor."

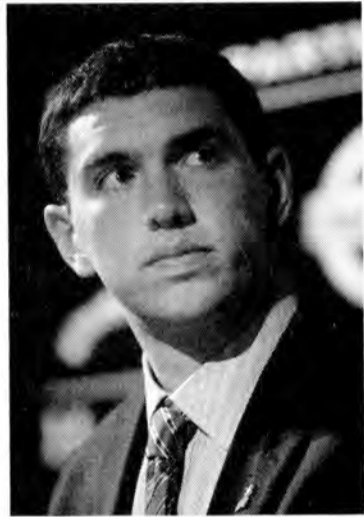
As predicted by her MASH, Julia has attended Stanford University and majored in International Relations. She will be moving to an apartment in Seattle to teach English through TFA with her high school boyfriend and now husband, and their 9 children. She was married in Hawaii, has a vacation home in the Alps, and drives an ice cream truck.

SPORTS

Bad Luck: Andrew Luck Behaving Badly

By **CHEDDAR JAMES**
ENTHUSIASTIC WRITER

The Stanford University Athletic Department confirmed today that Stanford quarterback Andrew Luck was arrested by Palo Alto police early this Sunday morning outside of a nightclub in nearby Menlo Park. The football phenom, who is still expected to be drafted as the No. 1 pick in the upcoming NFL Draft,



has been charged with public intoxication, driving on a suspended license, and possession of cocaine.

This weekend's incident *"Some of the things he's done have been plain outrageous."*

marks the third time Luck has been arrested this quarter. In February, the Heisman runner-up was arrested for more boisterous behavior at another San Francisco bar. Athletic Department officials and the University community at large expressed their deep disappointment over the football star's behavior

The gridiron ne'er-do-well's first brush with the law came in January, when he was arrested on a charge of public nuisance at San Francisco's notorious club

The Loose Duck. According to his teammates, Luck had started the night at a popular nightclub, Club RoundBar, before heading to the after-party spot Red Pachinco with some other students. At some point, Luck began attempting to steal bar glasses and pocketbooks, started pushing people off of their barstools, and "grabbed a lot of girls asses," as teammate Nick Witte said. "Luck was yelling and shouting, telling everyone to give him their money or else they'd go home with a fat lip."

From there, though reports are hazy, things seem to have gone downhill. Luck destroyed a car with his bare hands. He inhaled what appeared to be powder cocaine off of a woman's bosoms, a radiator coil, a piece of paper listing items off of which to snort cocaine, and a belltower. As his wanton



behavior grew in intensity, Luck threatened to "burn Palo Alto to the ground" and to "wrap everyone's faces around a lamp post." He was having a great time.

"Andrew is just an incorrigible bad boy," explains Provost John Etchemendy rapturously. "He always knows how to have a good time—he's just so down to earth."

"I really don't see what the fuss is all about."

Not all responses to Luck's bad behavior have been as positive, however. "Some of the things he's done have been plain outrageous," says Nancy Howe, who holds a position at the University.

"So we have an interesting situation here," said Bowsby. "Is Andrew Luck a hero—or a villain?" Bowsby went on to

clarify his position: "In some ways, he's both. On the field, he's definitely a hero—unless you're playing against him, that is! But off the field, I just don't know what he's thinking. It's as though there's a terrible evil inside him, an evil he needs to let out. And he won't stop. He'll never stop."

Luck has downplayed the seriousness of his errant behavior over the past few months, even as criticism and alarm have mounted over the dangerous lifestyle he has adopted. The extraordinary athlete turned bad-boy seems unfazed by the negative press.

"He's going to behave the way he wants to behave, and that's wildly and badly," says Etchemendy. "Hero or no, demon or not, he doesn't care. And neither do I."

Andrew Luck: Seen On Campus

By **SRAM COCKLE**
GULLIBLE EDITOR

Sources confirmed Friday that Stanford football star Andrew Luck had been seen on campus Thursday, and may have been sighted as many as three other times in the last two weeks. According to reports, on Thursday Luck was seen exiting the School of Education and walking diagonally across that area in front of Green Library that's sort of near the Art Building, before entering the arcades of the Quad just above Building 200. Luck was said to have been wearing a white Stanford T-shirt, gray Stanford athletic shorts, high white socks, and black Stanford trainers. He was also sporting his notorious neckbeard—the beard that has made him famous.

"I'm pretty sure it was him. Not 100% sure, but pretty damn sure," commented Jason Ginsburg '14, one of the students who made the sighting on Thursday. "I mean if it wasn't him, it must have been someone who really looked like him."

Other students were able to confirm the sighting, although some added that Luck appeared "taller than you would think" and that his flowing hair seemed "longer than usual." As of press time, The Daily was unable to obtain the exact date of Luck's last haircut.

John Flugel '12 had seen Luck on campus several times before. He was able to identify him "almost immediately," he said, though this time "he did seem taller" than Flugel remembered. "It was the closest I've ever gotten to him," wrote Flugel in an email. "And I mean, he's a tall guy. Big too. Yeah, that was definitely Andrew Luck, the more that I think about it."

The recent sighting of Luck has raised questions about what might have brought him to campus.

Many University administrators and Athletic Department officials insist that Luck is on campus almost every day of the week, however, are not so sure.

"I hardly ever see him," said Dave Granter '13. "I'm not sure he's ever even around on campus. I mean, I always hear about these sightings, but I've never experienced one myself. I'll believe it when I see it. When I see Luck, that is. I do hear he's a pretty big guy, though. Tall, too."

Before Thursday, Luck was last seen on campus on

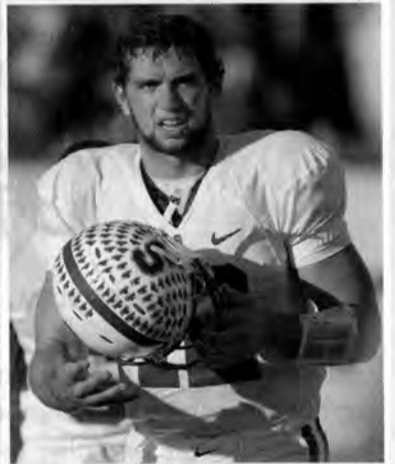


Wednesday, February 15th, leaving Ike's with a sandwich in hand and accompanied by two other unidentified male students. "They looked like students, at least," wrote Brianna Kalan '13, who reported the sighting, in an email. "They were pretty big guys, though, so they might have been coaches, or faculty. But I was sure it was Luck. You can't miss that beard!"

Andrew Luck: Played Out?

By **SNARLES CARVER**
BIG MAN ON THE PAGE

Speculation continues to mount on the question of whether or not this whole Luck thing is played out. It's a good pun, but for my part, I have to say that it is most definitely not played out. This guy will be a great man, and a great quarterback, and a great feature of this page, for a long time to come.



Don't Need Luck: Tennis Has Ace Up Its Sleeve



By **SELFIE CLAIRVEAUX**
TEENIE BOPPER

Stanford Men's Tennis is off to an impressive start this season, having won eleven of its first twelve matches. Even without the talents of star athlete Andrew Luck, Stanford Tennis has dominated almost all of the competition and climbed to a No. 6 national ranking.

Given Luck's absence from the squad, expectations for the tennis team's season had initially been low. Led by

charismatic junior Alvin Ace, however, the team has proven that it can excel without Luck's prodigious gifts and powerful presence on the court.

"I knew from the beginning that I'd have some pretty big shoes to fill," admits Ace, but he's proven his doubters wrong. With sixteen match victories (four of which saw Ace steamrolling the competition without dropping a single game) and over forty aces, Ace has carried the team to its

highest ranking in a decade.

"I'm not Andrew Luck," admits Ace, "and I'm the first to admit it. I'm honored to even be mentioned in the same breath—on or off the court. But I knew I had to step up, and I met the challenge the team needed me to answer."

"Just like Luck would have, if he were on the team," continued Ace, staring mistily out the window through the racket-like panes of the exposed screen.

"At the end of the day,"

explains Men's Tennis Head Coach John Whitlinger, "either you're got Andrew Luck on your team or you don't. This year, we didn't. But we've been fortunate enough this year to have an extra advantage to make up for it—an Ace in the hole, if you will."

Next year, with Luck likely absent from the roster once again, the team will have to rely on Ace to play his best. For now, though, the fortunes of this Luck-less squad are on the rise—Aced out, for now.



EVEN IN ARCANY

Cocoons Found in Branner

Speculation, theories abound as to source of sinister cocoons

By **KLINKUS AWARENESS**
SERIOUS CLAW

Last Thursday, Branner Hall residents reported the unusual presence of several large “cocoons” in the dormitory’s basement, which houses the house’s laundry and storage facilities.

The cocoons vary in size but are mainly between five and seven feet tall, reaching a diameter of up to four feet at their widest point. Each cocoon is enveloped in a thick, sticky layer of an as yet unidentified adhesive substance. This envelope has made any attempts to move the cocoons impossible, according to the Department of Building and Grounds Maintenance’s Brian Dennehy. “We’ve been throwing everything we got at these things, but we just can’t figure out what to do about the goo.”

“Priority number one with these things—like with any issue we get—is keeping you kids safe. I don’t want anything dangerous interrupting you guys because you’re here to study and have a good time,” Dennehy said. Despite there being no apparent cause for worry, Dennehy also warned “something just doesn’t sit well with me. These kinds of cocoons, especially ones this big, don’t just show up for no reason.”

Branner Resident Fellow Stefan and Marij van Aycke described their reactions to the cocoons’ discovery. “When the staff first informed us of

a few cocoons, we thought a resident may have left some weird luggage or project materials down there,” van Aycke said, “but then as the reports kept coming of more and more, I decided to personally email the dorm list to remind [Branner residents] that the basement facilities are not to be used as storage. Of course, I didn’t think there were actually these big cocoons popping up, and besides, what’s the big deal if there are?”

When van Aycke eventually observed the cocoons himself, he says his reaction was initially “incredulity”, then “laughter” before ultimately determining that “there’s really nothing to worry about in [his] opinion.”

Residents, however, seem divided in their reactions to the cocoons. “I think it’s pretty scary. I mean, a week ago there was one, and now there’s like ten. If maintenance can’t even get through the sticky stuff on top of them, I don’t know how else they plan to do anything about it,” said Branner RA Missy Wallace ’13. Later Wallace added, “I’m actually very, very frightened. Terrified.”

Another resident, Immanuel Portnoy ’14, remarked that “there’s no real question whether anybody but van Aycke is worried. We’re all so scared, and with good reason too... these cocoons are the scariest things I’ve ever seen. I’m actually pretty upset that Prof. van Aycke would just shrug off such an obvious reason for alarm. It certainly raises some questions about

his commitment to the dorm and the residents.”

The cocoons’ mysterious appearance coincides with the recent disappearances of four sophomores living in Branner whose names have

are it’s eggs, and van Aycke is definitely behind this. He is pure evil.”

On the condition of anonymity, Dennehy furtively scribbled a note to this reporter, which read:

“Cant talk. vanAycke watching, has



not been officially released but are “most likely” Lindsey Sargent, Erika Lawson, Henry Le, and Jon Rodriguez according to their roommates who haven’t seen them since President’s Day.

The sinister implication that the cocoons could be somehow associated with the disappearances is one favored by a number of residents, the most vocal among them being Portnoy. “I wouldn’t start drawing conclusions just yet, but Henry and all them disappeared right around when we saw the first cocoons downstairs. They’re big enough to fit a person inside, or maybe they’re the eggs of some huge spider. Actually, there’s definitely a monster down there, those

spies everywhere,

wouldn’t let us close to “babies”

Portnoy was right.

must destroy egg sacs with fire.

Sargent, Lawson, & etc. [sic] murdered, fed to eggs”

Branner Hall is an upper class dorm housing 125 students in addition to the new cocoons. Part of the residence hosts a Public Service theme program, but it is still unclear whether this played any role in attracting the cocoons to Branner in particular. No other residences have yet confirmed finding cocoons in their facilities, but students are encouraged to report any suspicious cocoons to the Department of Building and Grounds Maintenance.

Row Sophomore Has Two Special Dinners on Same Thursday

By **JEMBLE MEMBLEM**
SITCOM WRITER

By Monday Geoff Handy, a sophomore earth systems candidate, had already successfully asked a decently attractive/fun half-Asian girl from his freshman dorm to his very own Haus Mitt’s special dinner. And just when he thought his hands couldn’t get any fuller, he got an offer he couldn’t refuse. Jamie, the hottest of ALL the Chem 31A girls, came up to him after class and flat out asked him to Pi Phi special dinner, which just so happened to be on the same night—with a different theme.

Beads of sweat dripping down his forehead, all Geoff could say was, “Yes.” He had always told his close entourage of two other guys and three girls who would meet in the same familiar eating establishment about how much he had a crush on that girl in his Chem class, and Mandy was just a fling from a year ago that no one in his dorm found very entertaining. But why would she ever want to date an average schmo like him? I mean this girl was the real deal — a total knockout, always dressing like she was from the ‘80’s with that curly blond hair and the pink tights.

“I don’t know,” said Jamie, when interviewed after the date. “It just sort of felt right. I mean for some reason it felt like the norm for a girl like me to date an average-looking guy who can deliver snappy comebacks with solid comedic timing.”

Getting to go on a hot date with Jamie was fine and dandy for Geoff, but he could never win her over if she knew he already had a date to his own special dinner. He’d come off asperate, or even worse, as a real

jerkwad! And if he cancelled with Mandy and she caught wind of his date with Jamie she’d rat him out for sure. He was in a genuine bind that only one man could help him get out of.

Geoff got his bike from the rack outside the Chem building and raced back to the row to hatch a hare-brained scheme with his wacky House Manager, Vlad, who was always letting his residents slide on the social dues. Geoff spared the comically-clad row staffer no details. Vlad thought it over, leaned in and said, “OK, here’s what you gotta do...” then started whispering inaudibly as the scene faded to black. Before anyone knew it it seemed like it was already Thursday and Vlad was dressing Geoff for his dates.

Geoff was thanking Vlad profusely for his help when Vlad countered with that classic phrase he’d uttered so many times before to the delight of his residents. “Don’t think about it! It’s a me job!” Fellow third-floor residents who overheard the quip burst out into spontaneous laughter, which quickly escalated into thunderous applause and a smattering of whoops. After a brief awkward silence during which everyone just sort of looked at their feet, the doorbell rang. Geoff effeminately exclaimed, “Oh my god oh my god oh my god she’s here!” waving his hands all around, and the third floor let out a second surge of laughter.

The date was going well, except for one slip-up, when Mandy asked, “What’s the matter? You keep looking at your watch. Is there something you need to tell me?” Geoff improvised a distraction.

“Ummm, no... Forget about it. Here, let’s go look at the punch bowl.” The diversion worked like a charm, but right before they reached the refreshments table Geoff got a text from his hotter date. He saw Vlad wink at him from across the room, spilling his drink in the process, and he knew what he had to do. “Uhhh, Mandy, I gotta go. I just remembered I uh, left something in the Hippo printer at the LaIR. Pardon me, I’ll be just a moment.” Geoff left Haus Mitthology behind him, darting past a sea of Zeus’s and Thor’s, and finally the squash team serving “Ambrosia” and “Pink Toga-Droppers.”

On the way to Pi Phi he slipped off his Herculean garb, revealing his Patriots jersey that was sure to blend in perfectly with all his fellow one-date attendees of Pi Phootball. Geoff walked through the front door in slow motion, meeting up with his date, the third prettiest Pi Phi in her pledge class. Right outside the window over the Hobart Geoff spied a junior on his walky-talky, feeding his friend sweet-nothings to use on the light-weight rower in the Eagle girl outfit. All Geoff could do was shake his head — he knew how that one ended.

Things were going great. The potatoes were sprinkled with rosemary, the music was tastefully tacky, and the hasher was graciously accepting his applause. However, just as Geoff was switching from a front-grind to a booty dancing position, he saw Vlad winking through the window, signaling Geoff back to his Germanic-themed residence. Geoff told the luscious Pi Phi that he forgot about a load of laundry, jumped into his friend’s 5-SURE cart, and

whipped off his Pats jersey (there was no time to put clothes back on, and the staggered costumes were starting to get hot). The number of layers he was wearing wasn’t the only thing making Geoff sweat.

Mandy was starting to get suspicious. For one thing, his trip to the LaIR had taken him an hour. “And weren’t you wearing classic Hercules before, not Disney?” grilled the biracial sophomore. Geoff had no time to answer, with all the guy best friend dates at Pi Phootball who had free rein with Jamie on the dance floor. So he created a simple diversion, table-topping Mandy over Vlad, and reclaimed his seat at the Pi Phi dining room table. Geoff and Jamie were having the night of their quarter, though it seemed every time they opened a new bottle of Andre Geoff had to dart off for one reason or another.

Eventually Geoff’s lies, as they always did, caught up to him, and he had to ‘fess up to Mandy. She ran home crying, and told Jamie everything in a Facebook message. Much to Geoff’s chagrin, Jamie was the proud owner of a Blackberry, and when he made his final return to the Cowell Cluster, he got a full dose of the silent treatment (it didn’t help that Jamie had also found out that Geoff was using their romantic night as fodder for his popular TUSB op/ed). Luckily though, given the difference between how much men and women like to talk, having a mute lover was the best of both worlds for Geoff and it all worked out after all.

Jemble Memble currently writes for the popular German sitcom Berliner?

CLASSIFIEDS

WANTED: GIANT CLAM HUNTER
 Need a guy to hunt clams on my schooner. I'm a sea captain by trade and have been trying to move into the clamming business. So far I've been outsmarted by all of the clams I've pursued, so I thought it better to seek the clam—man.

BY PHONE
 Call 650-725-2100
BY FAX
 Call 650-725-1329
 NOTE: We have no fax machine.
E-MAIL
 fatgenius@hammercoffin.org
ON THE WEB
 StanfordChaparral.com

FOR SALE

BURNT SWISS CHEESE An offshoot of a perfectly great grilled cheese sandwich. Yes, I went Swiss over American, but change is good sometimes. Texture reminds me of rubber. Call me at (721) 830-2356 to make an offer.

THE ORIGIN OF SPICES Not the book but the concept. I can whip up any kind of species in a jiff, just give me an idea and I'll roll with it. If you want something with wings, eight legs, and a snout, let's make it happen. Some I've made in the past have been a banana seal and a Mexican jumping sponge. To recreate the origin of man is extra, or it might be free if I'm in a weird mood. Don't call me, I'm scared of phones and telegraphs. I'll find you.

DUNK 'EMS A generic version of the kid's snack "Dunkaroots." This pack is from 1995. These are absolutely free as I've been wanting to get this pack out of my flat for a few years now to make room. They're intact and in the original packaging, none of the contents have shifted around. They will retain their value as long as you believe that dunking is a good thing. Call 999-346 now.

SPIRITUAL HEALING

Anyone looking to get more in touch with their one true self this is the place. I perform ceremonies for ritualistic cleansing of the seven chakras. Payment up front.

I'm new to California and want to get in touch with my spiritual self. I'm looking for a personal guru to take me through a path toward enlightenment. My goal is to levitate through my parents house and to cook eggs without getting distracted.

Rational man looking to share spiritual wisdom with a spiritual man. I can make you stop strange spiritual healing practices and make you go to the doctor. One session is all it takes. Payment only in dolphin teeth.

CAN'T STOP HEARING A BEEP

Always hearing this beeping sound. I think it might be coming from one of the hundreds of thousands of machines I have in my apartment, but I can't tell which one. I need someone with a good sense of intuition, perfect pitch, and patience. I will NOT work with first-born children or lieflings.

I keep hearing a beeping or sound, but I don't consider this a problem. I like the beeping sound and enjoy listening to it. It's repetitive qualities are soothing but its the dissonant quality of the beeping sound that really sets this sound apart from all the others.

FOR HIRE

SAE looking for a house pet. Dogs aren't allowed so we're looking for someone to look and act like a dog. They should be roughly dog-sized and have a distinguished bark. Tricks are not necessary as we are strictly looking for a pet to chill with and bring out for when we're hanging with girls.

Axe and Palm looking for a new sushi chef. The old one has committed harai karai in a traditional Japanese fashion. Chef should have little to no experience making sushi and should bring their own sharp knives. Rice will be provided. Chef is expected to be able to eat a thousand pieces of sushi while on fire.

Hoover Tower needs a very small man to hide at the very top of the tower and watch the happenings all across campus. This little man is expected to be omniscient. You would be expected not to sleep or blink. We will provide a soft mattress and a world class chef to be your friend and, eventually, romantic partner. You may choose one of the two:



BROWN

I want to buy things from people that are brown.

Brown things, not brown people. The people may or may not be brown.

Whether the people are brown or not is not really a problem. What's important to me is that the object is brown.

Black and white photographs of brown people do not count as brown objects. I don't care if they were originally brown. The photographs I keep receiving are distinctly gray!

I was really thinking more along the lines of a brown couch, a brown sleeping bag, a brown toothbrush, or clock, or plastic fork, or television, or hat, or mouse, or sweater.

No nice please. Slip of the tongue.

To clarify, I am an interior decorator and have a more traditional approach to furniture and household items, which I believe should be strictly brown. I have no use for mice.

I've changed my mind. Please stop sending me brown things. I have too many, its driving me insane. And the mice—they've taken over my house. I have become their king.

NOCTURNAL ANIMALS

I want to know more about them. Please call me with any information about animals that sleep during the day and stay awake at night. I'm researching the total number of animals there are in the world, and I'm starting with the nocturnal ones. 973-900-4445

E.T.

Looking to sell him. Makes a great friend, companion, etc. Upkeep is inexpensive, pretty much just catfood pellets to supplement some reese's pieces. Willing to sell for scientific research.

METAL MAN

I'm looking for a man made out of metal. To the ordinary eye you would be just another man, but if I tapped on you then I should hear a clinking sound. Also, instead of floating in water you should sink immediately. I would prefer if you didn't creak excessively, but some creaking is always cute :). I can provide you with oil and remove rust from your outer coat. I've always been fascinated by machines and I'm hoping we could spark up something romantically.

WOLF MAN

Continued from Page 4

many wolves, and nothing I've experienced was as intimate as this. I'm at a loss for words."

From there the situation quickly deteriorated.

"Suddenly we realized that there were two other wolf men on the roof," exclaimed Preakness. "We started shouting to her to get out of there, but it was too late. We shouted louder and louder. Our shouting had startled these other two men, and the louder it got the more crazed they became. Of course, we had to warn Sarah of this increased threat, so we began shouting louder."

"It's like that story. You know, the Asslop Fable, don't yell wolf in the presence of three wolves...men. In the presence of, uh, a wolf...man."

The two other men, who like the first sported scruffy hair, glasses, big teeth, and casually formal men's wear, started howling. One of the men was yelling different kinds of meats that he wanted to eat, and the other man was making trumpet-like sounds with his nose.

"It was clear that they were going to attack Sarah, and we were damn scared," said Preakness. "I was all like, 'hey... what's going on over there?' and in a scruffy voice too, so as to intimidate."

Just as the two men reared to attack Sarah with a shoe and a handful of dust, respectively, the first man started barking at the other two. As if protecting Sarah,

the wolf man bared his man teeth and started flailing his arms angrily. He then asked the other two if they would leave the roof.

Mark Custard, who is a Humanities major, yelled a suggestion. Familiar with Freud's "Wolf Man," Mark shouted that their frenzied bouncing and strange debauchery was only a traumatic repetition of the primal scene. "They witnessed their parents having sex when they were children!" He shouted. "They'll attack you if you stir up those memories!"

Unfortunately, Mark was correct, and the two ferocious men leapt off the small roof and attacked him. First they ate his head, and then his hands, and then his kidneys, and then his big toe, and then his left lung, and then his nose, and then his ribcage, and then his carpus falangus, and then his clavis, and then the roof of his mouth and then the area around but not including his knee.

Needless to say, that man is still on the roof of 1035. You can hear his howls reverberating through the night, every night. This was a day of fear, certainly. But, more importantly, it was a day that 1035 would gain a new resident. And one lonely girl would gain a new friend.

And, from this day forth, 1035 was never the same.

Sometimes we get what we're looking for. But more often, reader, we find delight in the serendipity of life.

DOWN

- ___Keeffe
- Rome___ and Juliet
- "Oh" sound

ACROSS

- The action taken by one who likes to kill.

Last Week's Crossword Answers

DOWN

- Brisbane
- Bonaroo
- Binge Eating
- Brisket
- Bellymeat

ACROSS

- Blink
- Barking
- B.A.R.D.
- Bing Bong
- Bing Bong
- Bell Sound

Police Blotter



into my office and slam the door, I can't hold back the tears.

1:00 PM

After several cups of mildly congealed cottage cheese and even more cups of whisky I sneak out the back of the HQ. I run into Sarge, who looks me straight in the jaw and tells me to wipe those tears out of my eyes. I salute "yes Sarge!" and carry on, but it's not really me he's looking at, there's another man in here playing around.

2:00 PM

While driving around I like to look at all the pretty women. I start to notice a pattern. Every time I look a woman in the eyes she looks down and keeps on walking. Usually I have better luck with the long sleeve uniform. The gorilla arms are a turnoff for some less adventurous girlies. Ah, blew it again Donny boy!

3:30 PM

Found a man digging through trash. Typically sleezeball, probably after some woman. I sneak up on him really good, crouching as low as my belt allows. If digs into but also supports the pouch of fat I've come to know so well. I hide behind a garbage can that smells like cigarettes and chorizo.

4:45 PM

This guy is still digging through trash, and I haven't got enough on him to nail him yet for invasion of privacy. My knees are starting to cramp up real bad. The wind rustles my arm hair and I close my eyes and think about the moon and the son I never had.

1:00 AM

We make eye contact. The man suddenly sheds all of his clothes and runs off into the cold night, yipping wildly.

4:00 AM

Woke up in a cold sweat again today. I had the same dream again. I was running through a field toward my father. When I reached him he asked me if I wanted anything to eat, and held out his hands, which were covered in hot vanilla yogurt.

7:30 AM

Got up and put on the uniform. It always feels so nice against my sensitive skin. The weather looks warm, so against that little voice in my head I opt for the short sleeve outfit. Looking at my rounding figure in the mirror reminds me of the past.

10:00 AM

Drive my baby down over to the office. She purrs real good and I know its gonna be a good day on the force. I turn off the engine, look down, and I'm confronted with the uncomfortable fact that I'm wearing my short sleeve uniform. "Relax Don," I tell myself. "No one's gonna make funna you." Just in case I take out a brush and smooth out my arm hair so it all points in one direction.

10:25 AM

God damnit. The boys are all havin' a good laugh at these manly arms. By the time I get

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Cracking Crabs; On the Brim of My Hat; Vietnam; Dog Day Afternoon

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