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# The Stanford Daily

An Indicative Publication

MONDAY

March 10, 2008

www.stanforddaily.com

Volume 109

Issue 4

# STANFORD REPORTS STUDENTS TO RIAA

By **AVERY SCOTT** and **JERRY STEINMAN**  
SENIOR STAFF WRITERS

A new revision to Stanford's copyright-infringement policy has students questioning the administration's concern for student privacy.

As the news spreads through campus, students are expressing feelings of nervousness and fear in anticipation of RIAA-backed, university-sanctioned forays into their computers, and subsequent lawsuits. The new policy, in response to pressure from the RIAA and other media lobbying organizations, marks a major reorganization, drastically different from any other university, of how Stanford deals with violations of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act (DMCA).

Under the new policy, Stanford proactively seeks violations of the DMCA and media copyrights on its networks, and directly reports all violations to the RIAA and other appropriate authorities. These changes reflect an unusually large number of complaints regarding typically tech-savvy students in the heart of Silicon Valley. Already, 78 unnamed students have been reported in just the first day under the new rules, with that number expected to dramatically increase in the coming days.

Under the old, "three-strikes" policy, students were fined for their first two DMCA complaints, although Stanford would not divulge their identities to the RIAA. Upon a third complaint, students were brought under judicial review, where they faced potential disconnection from the Stanford network and were mandated to obey RIAA subpoenas. Over thirty students have reached this point in the last year, with settlements totaling over \$100,000.

This drastic change now requires the university to flag and report each individual download spotted on the network. An ITSS spokesperson explained, "This isn't the usual risk associated with illegal downloading. If you download 100 songs, 100 complaints will likely be forwarded to the RIAA. This is consistent with students' user agreements, and we strongly urge everybody to take this news very seriously."

Administrators have hailed the changes as an important first step toward Stanford becoming in copyright enforcement among universities. Provost John Etchemendy said,

"Stanford is a world leader in intellectual property law, and we are proud to be the first institution to proactively defend copyrights and protect creative freedom. Many students, understandably, will oppose such a policy, but it's not about what's fair; it's about what's right."

The majority of offending students have twenty days to settle with the appropriate company by paying between \$3,000 and \$5,000. Students are dissuaded from going to court, since recent court rulings have upheld the constitutionality of demanding up to \$9,250 per song in damages. The new university rules also cover more than just music. All DMCA violations are prosecuted in similar manners by the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), which represents movie studios, and the Entertainment Software Association (ESA), which represents the software entertainment industry.

Based on estimated usage statistics from the last three weeks, ITSS predicts that approximately 34% of Stanford undergraduates will be contacted by the end of Wednesday. Most students have spoken in furious opposition to Stanford's bold stance. "This is a clear violation of student privacy. I think Stanford's submission to the RIAA mafia is not only abusive

**It's not about what's fair;  
it's about what's right.**

— JOHN ETCHEMENDY,

Provost

and uncalled-for, but also illegal," said Kelly Davidson '10.

Other students expressed worries about their own safety and risk. Derek Pang '09 said, "I've been hosting an FTP server for songs and TV shows for my friends for two years based on the assumption that I had privacy on the Stanford network. This is ridiculous."

Many of the 78 students who have already been contacted by the RIAA have sought outside legal help. The Electronic

Frontier Foundation (EFF) has openly expressed sympathy, and will likely file amicus briefs in the coming week. One of the 78 students, who requested to remain anonymous, told the Daily, "I've spoken with my lawyer, and we're confident that we have a case against the university. My parents have agreed to pay the \$3500 settlement, but we feel Stanford is liable for this violation of student privacy rights." In addition, several students claimed to have already contacted the local branch of the American Civil Liberties Association (ACLU). As of late Sunday, the ACLU has not returned calls from the Daily.

Not every Stanford student knows that the ASSU Legal Counseling Office offers free legal advice. The office may be contacted at 723-3381. Attorneys are onsite Tuesdays and Thursdays from 12-4 PM. However, it is expected that the office will scramble to increase these hours in anticipation of increased traffic. In a brief phone conversation, the Legal Counseling Office only said that they are bustling and are too busy to comment specifically on the issue.

Stanford's new approach varies drastically from that of other universities. In May, 2007, the Harvard Crimson quoted esteemed Harvard Law Professor Charles Nesson as saying, "Seeking to outsource its enforcement costs, the RIAA asks universities to point fingers at their students, to filter their Internet access, and to pass along notices of claimed copyright infringement. But these responses distort the University's educational mission. ...[W]e should be assisting our students both by explaining the law and by resisting the subpoenas that the RIAA serves upon us. We should be deploying our clinical legal student training programs to defend our targeted students." Harvard has since stopped receiving DMCA subpoenas from record companies.

Stanford has launched a website devoted to informing students of the new changes, as well as indicating whether their names have been or will soon be sent to the RIAA or other associations. Students who wish to find out if their information has been supplied to the RIAA can visit <http://riaa.stanford.edu>, where they can supply their name and will be informed of their status under the policy. This information will be updated frequently as new infringements are identified, so students are urged to check back periodically.

Students requesting information about the policy or curi-

ous about their current legal options may email an ASSU Legal Counseling Office attorney at [stanfordriaa@gmail.com](mailto:stanfordriaa@gmail.com).

Student concern is already at an all-time high and is expected to escalate as news circulate. Justin Williams '08, who heard from the RIAA last week, expressed his worries, saying, "I can't afford this. I might have to leave Stanford."

Should you be worried?

Check your status at:

[riaa.stanford.edu](http://riaa.stanford.edu)



Learn about copyright infringement.

Contact the ASSU's RIAA Legal team

[stanfordriaa@gmail.com](mailto:stanfordriaa@gmail.com)



Know your options:

Legal Counsel

Appeal to University

Pay your settlement

ASSU EXECUTIVE CAMPAIGN

# Barack Obama '08 too cool for "too cool for school"

McCurdy and Maher bring hipness to the ASSU

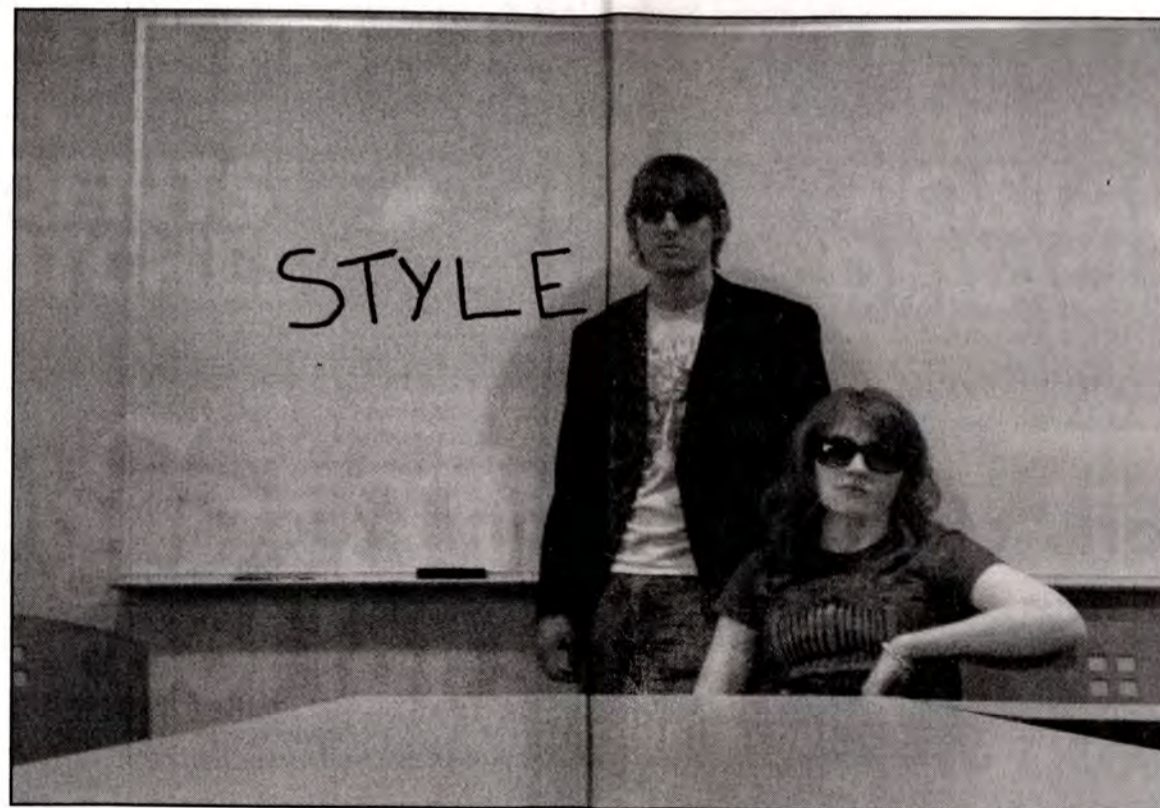
By **MOSES MALONE** and **PENROSE MAJOR**  
MANAGING EDITORS

There are six slates running for ASSU executive this year. That's twelve men and women, all of whom want to represent the Stanford student body. If you ask them why they deserve the job, most of them will feed you a line about how much experience they have, or how much they love the university. Sounds familiar, huh? Every year, some lucky overachiever gets to pad his resume with the executive title, some less lucky overachiever gets to lightly line his resume with the VP title, and the students at large are treated to politics as usual. This year, though, one of the slates has a different message. No more pocket-protected dweebs in flood pants telling students how it's gonna be. Meghan McCurdy (president) and Patrick Maher (vice), collectively known as Barack Obama '08, have a different vision for Stanford. A cool one.

"Look, we're cooler than everyone here," says Maher. "That's a fact. I'm not knocking Stanford or anything. I'm the coolest person I've ever met, excepting perhaps my running mate here. Most of these other slates, they'll probably try and tell you about Vampire Weekend. I was bored with Vampire Weekend in 2007. I'm just that far ahead of the curve."

So what's with the slate name? "We hear a lot about Barack Obama right now. Those words are on everyone's lips. It's definitely a big trend. People are saying 'Barack Obama' and we think that's important. It's not important that we know what Barack Obama is. It's just important that people hear us say it," McCurdy says with obvious boredom. Maher chimes in, "A lot of people are saying Barack Obama is running for president right now. I think that's narrow-minded. I think running for president is Barack Obama."

Both candidates claim to come by their coolness by genetics or place of birth, not by work (which, as Maher points out adeptly, would not really be very cool.) Maher was born and raised in Austin, which he describes as a "definite influence on how cool I am today. It's a very great place. It took me longer to be bored by Austin than anywhere else I've ever been." McCurdy lists her attendance at an early Nirvana concert in Seattle at the age of 4 as one of her credentials. "I didn't need to grow up and be told what was cool by magazines or people," she says. "I was born knowing. But I know that most people weren't. That's why I'm willing to tell the student body why they're not cool."



McCurdy and Maher look to retol and detool the Stanford experience.

DOUG W.K., The Stanford Daily

"Usually, ASSU executive are complete tools," says Maher. "Stanford needs a model for improvement. Meghan and I are that model. I mean 'model' in every sense of the word."

She and Maher met freshman year. They were both among the first 10 people in the world to wear Livestrong bracelets, and their mutual sense of style forged their initial bond, which consisted mostly of going to concerts. But political ambition wasn't always on their plate. McCurdy explains their decision to run for ASSU executive, saying, "Look. We're running because winning is really cool right now. Two years ago, we were all set to lose. Losing was big in '06."

As for why McCurdy is running for executive and Maher for the lesser compensated vice, Maher shrugged. "She's been to more shows than I have." McCurdy nods, "It just makes sense. He's very

cool. He just needs a little more experience."

Maher is quick to add, "Don't get me wrong, though. I've been to thousands of shows. Most of them are bands you haven't heard of, probably."

When asked if they could adapt throughout the year to meet the changing needs of the student population, McCurdy snorted "Obviously," Maher added, "For instance, neither of us would be caught dead in a Livestrong bracelet now."

If elected, McCurdy and Maher promise to replace Stanford Dining's on-campus eateries with a string of Whole Foods franchises, institute Underground Punk Fridays at Memorial Church, and appoint Beck to Provost. They also promise to "dress great and look even better."

If Stanford needs so much improvement, what

Please see **OBAMA**, page 10

HOOVER INSTITUTION

# Castro at Stanford

Aging dictator to be appointed Hoover Fellow

By **JOSIAH STEPP**  
SENIOR INTERN

In the wake of Fidel Castro's shocking, yet long anticipated, resignation as Cuba's President, the Hoover Institution has named the elderly former ruler a Distinguished Fellow, effective immediately. Castro, still bedridden in a Havana hospital, could not be reached for comment, but he indicated during a press conference from his bed on Friday that he was overjoyed at his newest appointment, which provides him with an activity with which to occupy himself during his golden years.

John Raisian, Director of the Hoover Institution, downplayed any imminent negative backlash when asked to comment on the ethical ramifications and surefire controversy surrounding the Castro appointment. "Here at the Institution, we pride ourselves on a diverse and accomplished set of fellows and researchers. Many have criticized us for promoting a conservative agenda, but that sort of characterization can no longer be taken seriously now that we have brought aboard a former political leader whose prolific and multi-decade political record can only be described as diametrically opposed to ours."

Raisian admitted that the position of Distinguished Fellow is largely symbolic, and that Castro, even once healthy, will not be expected to contribute more than the occasional lecture or review paper. However, Castro has already announced his intention to relocate to the Palo Alto area within the coming month. Peninsula real estate insiders have told the Daily that an anonymous wealthy Latin American has purchased several houses in Menlo Park, and speculate that these may eventually be occupied by Castro and his legion of assistants and bodyguards.

"I take my work very seriously," Castro said during the Friday press conference, "whether it be as an iron-fisted dictator or as a member of a respected conservative think-tank. If people think that my declining health or my fifty exhausting years of dictating will cause me to slow down, they are sorely mistaken. Castro forever!"

Student response to this announcement has understandably been mixed. Some, like Mindy Gold '09, have praised the Institution's boldness and willingness to proactively fight its stereotypi-

Please see **CASTRO**, page 10



# WORLD & NATION

Seen on the farm



Class clown Sally '11 goofing around in Physics 41.

Allen Sleepy/Stanford Daily

## POWER

### Stanford's Spanish red roofs to be replaced with solar panels

By GARY WHISPER  
ENVIRONMENTAL CONSULTANT

Stanford's Sustainability Czar, Joseph Stagner, announced late Friday evening that construction would begin this summer to replace all of Stanford's traditional Spanish red-tile roofs with state of the art solar panels.

"We've been examining every facet of Stanford's energy production and consumption, and this idea was one of the biggest steps towards creating a green campus," said Stagner. The solar panels are estimated to produce upwards of fourteen megawatts of electricity, perhaps more.

"That linear accelerator thing, it consumes so much electricity when they fire it up, you just wouldn't believe it. It's something like a gazillion pounds of electrons or something like that. And since it has Stanford's name on it,

we're the ones responsible," continued Stagner. "Basically, either we replace every single tile with a solar panel or we depend on fossil fuels until a more efficient energy source comes along. I, for one, am sick of waiting."

Though students may feel that losing the red roofs would be losing a piece of Stanford heritage, the Sustainability Office believes the new solar panels will become even more popular than the old roofs. Stanford officials are quick to point out that many other universities have Spanish-style roofs, while none have 100% solar panel coverings. The roof replacement is only one aspect in a sweeping series of environmental reforms, including lowering the temperature of the engineering buildings by 3 degrees.

After the recent fiasco involved with changing the showerhead settings to "suck" in dorms across

campus, many question whether the Sustainability Office is working for the students or for Mother Earth.

"I'm sick of this hippie bullshit," remarks Kenny Johnson '09. "If I wanted to be a miserable hypocrite, I'd move to the desert and live in a commune. But I'm not and I won't. I think life should be enjoyed, and not regretted because we're thinking of 'the future.' Those guys'll figure it out."

Some other students, however, approve of the changes Stanford has been making in an effort to be more environmentally conscious.

"I think that it's great Stanford is becoming a role model in resource saving. That was really a concern I had before coming here," says Jessica Moore '11. "I was looking for a 'green' university for my education. It was only when I realized that there weren't any that I settled for

Stanford." She kept talking, "I'm sure that when admits come and see how much energy the glaring black plates are generating, they'll know which school is the one for them." When questioned about the horrible, environment-poisoning chemicals used to produce solar panels, Moore stared off into space, and eventually mumbled something about sustainability.

The planning and construction for the project is forecast to cost 9.2 billion dollars, many times the cost Stanford spends on energy every decade and over half of the University's endowment.

"It's worth every penny," agreed Stagner and Moore.

Stagner continued, "If we had to spend every last cent of Stanford's money just to save one rose bush, we'd do it. That's how committed we are to Mother Nature."

Rose bushes currently sell for about \$20.

## HARMONY AND WAR

### Seething, generations-old religious and racial conflicts ended by "Coexist" bumper sticker

By DEWEY POPPER  
INTENSE WITNESS

Palestinians, Israelis, Hutus, Tutsis, Sunnis, Shia, Protestants, Catholics, Muslims, Hindus and other religious and social groups signed a landmark peace agreement in the spirit of a car decoration.

In a completely unprecedented move yesterday morning, representatives from over 60 various warring factions met at the United Nations today to sign a cease-fire on all religious and racially motivated violence. Bringing an end to centuries of bloodshed, notably the Darfur genocide, civil war in Sub-Saharan Africa and conflict in Palestine and Israel, the treaty marks the single most important humanitarian achievement that is possibly conceivable. The document also contains a section in which countries from America to Germany and South Africa to China can apologize for tragedies in the past. Nelson Mandela, John Hume and Desmond Tutu, among other notable peace activ-

ists, stood behind the statements of UN Secretary-General Ban Ki Moon, who said of the agreement, "The startling social message, and even the clever graphic design, of this remarkable bumper sticker is the single fact responsible for attaining this long overdue peace." Others at the summit attributed their cooperation to other stickers such as the older "Give Peace a Chance" and the ubiquitous, if not a bit bawdy, "Make Love Not War" stickers.

Often seen adorning the backs of cars in areas like southern California, the stickers have been striving for peace for many years next to others advocating the legalization of illicit drugs and exhortations to "Party Naked." While some warmongers, citing this association, have pointed their bloody, wrinkled fingers at the compassionate stickers in criticism, calling them "empty gestures" or "outrageous condescensions," the signing of this accord should be proof positive of the emblem's efficacy. One student, when asked to comment,

said "I used to think the stickers were insulting, showing at least a base level of ignorance of the deep historical roots of the conflicts which the graphic admonishes; but I guess I was wrong the whole time."

In response to the announcement of the pact, billions raised their voices in joyous song, deifying the clever sticker as a symbol of lasting happiness and a reminder of times when not every member in the world got along. "I believe generations to come will view this day as the shining star of the human rights struggle, and even look back at our reluctance to accept the gospel of the glorious 'Coexist' sticker with shock, if not disdain," intoned the Secretary-General, addressing the citizens of the world.

Yet, surprisingly, the day does not bring good news to everyone around the globe. Unsuccessful, now almost meaningless former peace and human rights groups, such as Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch, universally expressed disappointment

at the announcement. "Where will I get a new job with a degree in International Relations and Diplomacy if everyone is getting along?" asked one low-level employee. The bumper sticker industry called a national council meeting to discuss the future of the medium in the face of a completely peaceful future. Many are worried that stickers calling for peace won't sell in a completely war free world, and that replacements such as "We Are Giving Peace A Chance and It's Going Great" won't be suitable. Regardless of one's views on the issue, it can be assured that today is a day that will not only be recorded in our collective conscience, but a date that will have to be memorialized slavishly by history students for generations to come.

**STANFORD**  
**Chaparral**  
SINCE 1899

PROUDLY PRESENTS...

**DONT TOUCH ME THERE**

ALIVE! POSITIVELY ALIVE!

**STANDUP COMEDY**  
**LIVE SKETCHES & SHORT FILMS**  
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## LINGUA FRANCA?

### Harvard linguists say French extinct in 25 years

By MARY MCMURTRY  
SENIOR STENOGRAPHER

Dr. Katja Shuster, chair of Harvard's Linguistics department, announced on Friday the department's findings that French as a language will be extinct in 25 years if no preservation efforts are undertaken. While this may come as a surprise to students, intellectuals, and laymen alike, Dr. Shuster and her contemporaries contend that no one has actually spoken French in a natural lingual setting since the time of Charles de Gaulle. "Modern French children are actually growing up speaking Swiss German," said David Yoo, one of Shuster's Ph.D candidate assistants. "It's highly unexpected."

Naturally, many people had difficulty understanding how this could be. Dr. Shuster explained at the official press conference: "French is being kept alive almost solely through the efforts of university language programs and study abroad campuses in Paris. Most university students going abroad are only speaking to each other; if they actually spoke to any French individuals, they would find a language barrier they had never bargained for."

"What we've learned," Yoo added, "is that most students studying abroad might as well be speaking French at home."

What is not precisely known is why French is so endangered, but Shuster has her suspicions. "French is a hard language to pronounce. I would say, just

from a personal standpoint as a linguistic professional, that it is probably one of the hardest. What sense does it make for the French to have a French language that is so hard to pronounce and to speak?"

French is officially classified in the family of Romance languages. Does Dr. Shuster agree, then, that the language is less likely to die out completely due to its Romantic nature? "Well, no," she responds. "I dated someone once who spoke French and they often brought me flowers and gave me gifts, but I didn't keep dating them. Romance alone will not keep a language alive."

So what can be done about the death of what was once called the world's most romantic language? Dr. Shuster has an answer many may not like hearing. "Though it may seem a bit extreme, the most effective way to save the French language would be if everyone who speaks French recreationally were to move to France and speak it there. It's called relocation preservation. What many people don't know is that's how Spanish was saved in Mexico during the 1870s. And look how well Spanish is doing! If only we could give French that extra boost."

Dr. Shuster will personally be doing what she can to save the language nearer to home. "I'm only going to let David speak French at work from now on," she assured the hordes of press. "In our little corner of Cambridge, at least, French will live on forever. Viva la revolucion!"





# CAMPUS LIFE

FAMOUS PROFESSOR

## Champion of Breakfasts

Stanford professor is in a league of his own

By PESTO MAHORN  
FLUFF EDITOR

Stepping into Professor Bruce Fletcher's office, the first thing anyone notices is the cereal collection. Boxes and boxes line his shelves, everything from Cookie Crisp to Kashi GOLEAN Crunch. The boxes are softly lit by track lights along the shelves, giving them a warm, inviting glow. It's an impressive sight, but cereal isn't the only nourishment in the room. A respectable assortment of bagels and muffins sits on a platter in the middle of his office next to an unopened box of un-iced cherry pop-tarts. In the back corner is a waffle iron and bowl of batter, along with a plate of fresh fruit.

Dr. Fletcher greets me with a firm, enthusiastic handshake. It's one o'clock in the afternoon, but he still opens our conversation with his trademark line.

"Have you broken your fast yet?" he asks me coolly. I inform him that I had some scrambled eggs and coffee around 10 am. "Not a bad way to start a day," he says, nodding.

Dr. Fletcher is a professor of human biology, and one of the most important figures in the field of human dietary needs. He is widely regarded as the expert on the familiar subject of breakfast. As I quickly learn, Dr. Fletcher knows a lot about breakfast.

"Every culture has a meal like breakfast. Every single one," Fletcher says confidently. "You look at a culture on the other side of the world. They might eat a meal halfway between our lunch and dinner. They might eat a meal at 2 am. They might be polytheistic, they might believe in ritual sacrifice, they might drink their own urine. But they have a meal in the morning just like we do. I find that fact remarkable. Something that's common to every culture in the world, that has to be important, right?"

Fletcher has built his whole career around the idea that breakfast is very important—more important than most have us have ever imagined. "Eating breakfast every single day is absolutely crucial towards a productive happy life. American society is all about doing things quickly—meals on the go, phone calls

on the go, iPod on the go, Gogurt. There are people out there today that honestly believe that Gogurt is a proper breakfast. Gogurt is the worst thing to happen to the American diet in the last 50 years." Fletcher tries to calm himself. It's clear that the subject is a sore one for him.

"Anyway, I think my research has shown pretty conclusively just how important breakfast is, and how much people underestimate it. If you're not getting a proper breakfast to start your day, and that means a full meal like pancakes and hash browns with both juice and milk, well that can cause all kinds of problems. Drowsiness, anemia, depression, glaucoma: my research group has linked all of these to poor breakfast consumption."

Fletcher has also been spreading his message outside of academia, too. His recently authored book, "The Most Important Meal You Don't Eat", did a brief stint on the New York Times bestseller list, and has spurred a sales boost for traditional breakfast meats like ham and sausage. Fletcher talks proudly about his book's popular success. "Sure, I'm happy to contribute to the scholarly world and get published in top medical journals. But with an issue as important as breakfast, I think it's even more important to get my message out there, and get people to change the way they think about their morning meal. I've had people come up to me and say, 'I used to treat breakfast as a light snack, but now I take my time and really make sure I start my day right.' Hearing stuff like that is the best part of this job."

Fletcher also teaches a class for undergraduates, HumBio 212 (a.k.a. "Eggs and Bacon"). It was one of the most popular courses offered last year, with over 400 students enrolled. The class is, of course, at 9 am, and extra credit is given each day to the student that eats the biggest breakfast. "We're thinking about dropping that rule," says Fletcher. "Things kind of escalated to the point where each class was just a grotesque eating contest." Teaching such a large class, Fletcher has become something of a campus celebrity. "Students are always coming up to me, asking me if I've broken my fast. I love it."

Other researchers in the biology department are quick to gush about the uniqueness of Fletcher's work. Says Professor Mark Viviano, whose studies focuses on the human endocrine system, "Fletcher's work is without precedent. I doubt there's another person in the world that's studying breakfast. I mean, there's a ton of research out there about what people should be eating, but he seems to be the only person asking when. I guess he's carved out a nice little niche for himself."

Fletcher seems proud of the fact that his research is without parallel. "My lab is literally the only lab out there producing this kind of research. I don't mean

to boast, but when it comes to breakfast, what I say goes. I consider myself really lucky to be in a position where I can blaze new trails in research."

So what's next for the world's foremost and only breakfast researcher? "Well, lately I've really been interested in just what constitutes a breakfast. I'm sure you've heard stories about people that eat cake or hot dogs for breakfast. I want to ask the question, 'Is that really breakfast?' Everyone has a pretty good concept of what breakfast is, but I want to develop a rigorous scientific notion of breakfast. If I could pinpoint what makes breakfast breakfast, well that would have to be important, right?"



JASPER STARBOARD, The Stanford Daily

GRAND PRIZE

## David Gauvey Herbert wins the Pulitzer for journalism

By DAVID GAUVEY HERBERT  
HERO

David Gauvey Herbert, called by some the messiah of college journalism, has been awarded the highest honor in the land, the land of journalism. That's right, David Gauvey Herbert has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Journalism for his article "Pub Night gone wild in Menlo Park." For those that do not know how big of a deal this is, the internet describes the Pulitzer Prize as "an American award regarded as the highest national honor in print journalism [or] literary achievements." Stanford should be very proud of David Gauvey Herbert's journalistic integrity and honor and quality.

Many Daily readers may know David Gauvey Herbert for his renowned column "Co-terminal illness" and fourish non-contiguous years of excellence and honor for the Daily. Or perhaps many readers know him for his virtuoso performance on the squash court. However you know of David Gauvey Herbert, now is the time to invite him to lots of parties and to hang out with him. Gift baskets and bouquets of flowers would also be great.

While the Pulitzer company has not made an official announcement about the ceremony last week, the rumblings suggest that David Gauvey Herbert made quite the impression on everyone. Many people commented to each other how impressed they were with his integrity and charisma and honor. David Gauvey Herbert did great.

Everybody gushed about David Gauvey Herbert and how magnificent the winning article was. The Editor of the New York Times said, "David Gauvey Herbert is an asset to the journalistic community. He should know that he can have my job and wife

whenever he wants." The Pulitzer committee said, "David Gauvey Herbert's work exists at the intersection of journalism and poetry. He scored a perfect 10/10 on the Pulitzer judging card. Just as Stanford seniors once clamored for a Pub Night outside of Palo Alto, the world now clamors for David Gauvey Herbert."

Stanford University not only should be proud of David Gauvey Herbert's accomplishments, but also of itself for harboring an environment that attracts students with so many abilities and accomplishments. Students like David Gauvey Herbert.

Many Stanford Professors and respected individuals have publicly announced their pride for David Gauvey Herbert, and have met to have toasts in his honor. Wow, David Gauvey Herbert. Wow.

When asked what he would do with the million dollars of prize money, David Gauvey Herbert said he would just continue to live a normal life like he never won millions. "I think I'll probably give most of it to AIDS in Africa, which is something I really support. I spent a lot of time in Africa. It makes me think." What honor! Everyone should really toast to David Gauvey Herbert this night.

The Daily asked David Gauvey Herbert what's next for him. "The Nobel," he joked lightly, with a charming grin. "The Nobel Prize." But will this great accolade change his day-to-day routine? "No, not at all, I'm just going to be the same Davey Herbert. My days will still be the same old deal: waking up early, working out a lot, answering facebook messages from friends and acquaintances, calling people on my cell phone, writing journalism. I don't even see what the big deal is. Great writers win the Pulitzer all the time." His humility and honor is really something. The Daily applauds you, David Gauvey Herbert. Bravo.

DAVID GAUVEY HERBERT, The Stanford Daily  
David Gauvey "Pulitzer" Herbert, with the Pulitzer family's youngest son, William Pulitzer III, after the awards ceremony.

PLUMBING

## Showerhead controversy reaches critical pressure

Baths for all

By JETHRO STARS  
STAFF PLUMBER

"That's it. Everybody's taking baths," could be heard from the pursed lips of an exasperated Chief Housing Officer Rodger Whitney as he left a town hall-style meeting regarding the contentious issue of low-flow showerheads in Stanford dormitories. "This is just too much." He then proceeded to duck into a waiting automobile as a dart from a blowgun whizzed perilously past his ear.

In recent months, the Stanford campus has seen a flurry of bitter barbs exchanged among outraged students, weary custodians, and downright petulant administrators. This uproar can be blamed on Stanford's new low-flow showerheads. Early in winter quarter, housing workers installed these devices in dorms across campus, and, since then, nary a day has passed without students demanding their removal.

Various temporary solutions have been attempted, including replacing one low-flow showerhead in each bathroom with the previous model. Some dorms have been supplied with handheld showerheads, which supposedly provide the high pressure and firm skin-feel that the most discerning students demand. However, these efforts have only been met with increased hostility. In Donner, a repairman was attacked by a marauding band of furious residents, who managed to wrest away nearly half of his sack of precious high-flow showerheads before he escaped, physically and psychologically beaten. Amidst deafening primal howls, the students then immediately wrenched the offending showerheads from the walls with their

bare hands, and, with water gushing into the stalls, crammed the new ones into place. Only later did they return to fix their sloppy plumbing work.

As a result of this uncontrollable outbreak of student aggression and, in some cases, burglary and arson, the Stanford Housing Office has been forced to move to an undisclosed location. Also, its employees have been supplied with mace and are required to enroll in self-defense classes at a local dojo.

In an exclusive interview with the Daily, Whitney said that he faces frequent taunting and abuse when he comes to work in the morning. Consequently, he has been working from home, and has become so fed up that, early Friday evening, he sent a unilateral directive to housing workers to remove all shower stalls and plumbing and replace them with bathtubs as soon as possible. In some cases, these repairs will take place overnight, or even while students are preparing for, drying off from, or taking a shower. This came after his near-assassination at the aforementioned town hall meeting.

"I can definitely understand the students' frustration," Whitney admitted, "but I have a family, and I really need to think about the safety of my children." Unfortunately, before the Daily had a chance to follow up with more questions, Whitney ended the interview early and fled the scene when word arrived of a security breach at the prearranged meeting location. "We have a Code Echo alert," he could be heard shouting into his walkie-talkie as he darted into a locked office.

Early reports have students describing the new baths as "extremely comfortable and luxurious."

## Intact SPOT group forms draw group for sophomore year

By JONES LEMON  
STAFF WRITIST

As spring quarter approaches, students all over campus are beginning to sort out their '08/09 housing assignments. It is an anxious time of year for those that have not yet assembled a four-to-seven friend group, but at least one freshman clique hasn't had to sweat this aspect for a second. Blake Glover, Mickey Kennedy, Jeremy Fox, and Nick Moskowitz were all in the same group for this summer's pre-orientation SPOT trip, and have

been planning to draw together ever since.

"The guy who meets all of his best friends within the first week of college is considered lucky," remarked Glover, the apparent ring leader. "So I'm pretty blessed to have found mine exactly one week before college."

SPOT, available to most freshman and transfers, is a chance for students to go on one of several wilderness or community service excursions across the state. As the program literature states, participants can "take in amazing views," "cross

mountain passes," and even "swim in alpine lakes." This, of course, still leaves ample time for students to "learn more about Stanford and about themselves before Orientation begins."

Most SPOT alumni claim that the friends they made, while fondly remembered, quickly went the way of fountain hopping and house meetings once the year got into full swing. This seemed an especially likely fate for Glover and his friends when they got discussed housing assignments for the current year: Glover and Kennedy live in different parts of

Wilbur, Fox resides in SLE, and Moskowitz in West Lag. Many people who have heard their story wonder how the foursome remained so close-knit while juggling dorm relationships, busy course loads, and their various sustainability efforts. Moskowitz admits that, at times, it took work.

"A lot have things could have gotten in the way of our posse, but together we worked through them all," he added. "In the end we found that great bonds like these are almost as durable as our Nalgene bottles."



# OPINIONS

## EDITORIAL BOARD

### We don't care for mushrooms.

Over the last few months, there has been a lot of talk around the Daily offices about mushrooms, but the situation came to a head only recently. Last night, a particular pizza was ordered, and, when it came, we all agreed on one thing: mushrooms are the worst. "Who ordered mushrooms?" was a frequent query from the staffers entering the office to begin their shifts. "I can't eat this crap," they said. Neither can we. Neither WILL we.

Here on the Stanford Daily Editorial Board, we feel that we must speak out about the nastiness of mushrooms. They are gross, and are an unwelcome addition to most food items. Furthermore, they are often expensive and typically supply unwanted cost and culinary difficulties to any meal. Why sprinkle a disgusting heap of mushrooms upon a pizza when a smattering of sausage, pepperoni, or even extra cheese will do just fine? Why stuff an otherwise delicious lasagna with the corrupting flavor of mushrooms when nobody would complain should it be served untampered with?

Stanford students, a typically hypersensitive and socially-conscious bunch, have remained maddeningly absent from this fight, choosing instead to

focus on their studies and their other pet causes. Has there been a protest in White Plaza? Have there been fliers posted around campus? Has anyone even set up an email list? Come on, guys. We can do better than this.

Really, when you think about it, mushrooms are just a worse version of meat. Biting into a mushroom when you're expecting a hearty slice of beef or pork is not only discouraging, but infuriating. The slimy texture, the sickening squish of teeth in fungus, the letdown of knowing that society mandates that you finish your now-terrible meal - blech. All of these things and more are the fault of mushrooms, and the time has come to speak out.

Of course, Stanford deserves to be commended for avoiding the temptation of over-relying on mushrooms. Most dining halls offer a fine selection of unmushroomed items, and when mushrooms are included in foods, they can easily be picked out and tossed aside. But this is not enough. Why stop there? Why not keep complaining until mushrooms are removed from all of the food everywhere? First, Stanford campus, then perhaps certain parts of the Bay Area.

Just remember: **Mushrooms=BARF!!**

*Unsigned editorials in the space above represent the views of the members of The Daily's editorial board. The board consists of two Daily editorial staffers and six community members at-large. Any signed columns and contributions are the views of their respective writers and do not necessarily represent the views of the editorial board.*

### KISS FROM A ROSE

## I'm a seal, and I've got something to say



A Seal

A lot of people look at me and they think, "that's just a seal, he can't do math." Well guess what, I'm pretty good at math. Sure, maybe there aren't that many famous mathematicians that were seals. Maybe there were none. Perhaps it's a fact that seals have trouble writing equations with their fluffy little flipper stubs. It don't matter, I'm a seal, and I'm good at math.

I bet you're wondering how an adorable little puff like me managed to write a coherent editorial essay. I dictated it. No big deal. Why does every little thing I do have to be miraculous, but when I present a theorem in algebraic topology everyone just rubs my head.

Sure, I'm overwhelmingly cute. Get over it. It's ridiculous that everyone is intimidated by a cute seal. Just be yourself around me. Is it that hard to treat me like any other student of mathematics?

The other day, I was walking down the hallway, and a woman picked me up and started squeezing me and nuzzling my head. Listen up lady: just because I cooed doesn't mean it was alright. Is it that much to ask for a little bit of respect? It's the twenty-first century, people.

Let me ask you a question, do you know how many new faculty members at Stanford have been seals in the last four years? Zero. Zip. Shocking, right? Sure, it's popular to support seals in general or when there's an oil spill, but when the departments are actually looking to fill their prestigious tenure-track positions, any adorable seal is out of the picture.

Stanford needs to think about taking the lead of University of Nebraska, whose faculty has seventeen seals, many of whom are the top minds in their fields. And I'm not just asking for Stanford to open up a "Seal and Cuteness Studies" department. I want to see just a little bit more seals teaching classes and doing research. Is it fair that I sometimes feel like a short little fuzz ball in an ocean of strangers? I don't want quotas or anything like that; I'm just saying, would it really hurt the university to have a few more fuzzy faces around here?

*A seal won a Pulitzer in 2005. Send your seals of approval to seal@stanford.edu.*

### MILLIONS'S MELLIFLUOUS MUSINGS

## Studying abroad is Facebook, Cardinal basketball

Lately I have been musing a lot about study abroad and what it is for. What is the reason to study abroad? Why do it and go somewhere? Like many of you at Stanford, I have a zest for adventure and learning. But with study abroad, so many unanswered questions are left bobbing around in my mind.

To know what it is for, I believe, you have to study about study abroad. You have to study the program core, the teacher staff and the places it goes. So, lately I have been musing about all the places that it goes. Yet there are too many places on the list to choose from, many of which I have never even heard of. It would take a lifetime to study about all of them.

Also, I have mused about things like safety and health. Are all the places Stanford goes for study abroad really safe or do the places just pretend to be safe for the tourism industry? Are the men respectful towards intelligent women? And, moreover, do I want to go somewhere poor and be a helper or do I want to go some place rich and nice for me?

I simply do not know. At Stanford, the choices are made for me. One thing I like is sandy beaches and surfing, though. Because wouldn't it be good to study on a sandy beach with tropical fruit at your side? I say "YES!" The other thing I like is Facebook. Facebook, which is based in Palo Alto, has



Elyssa Millions

transformed Stanford and the Internet. I am not sure if all the countries on the list have Facebook.

So where does Cardinal Basketball fit into the picture? I am glad you asked. At Stanford, it is easy to go chill with your friends in the bleachers if your friends are in Sixth Man. Even if they aren't you can sneak them in with a card and shirt. We don't just pay our friends lip service at Stanford, you know. But with study abroad you do; it would be a totally different world, literally.

From outer space, the world is just a speck. The countries of the world are specks. I am a speck. My boyfriend, Greg, is a speck. Stanford is a speck. My laptop, which I'm writing this article on in my room, is a speck. I guess study abroad is just what you make of it. For me, it's just like everything else in this world.

*Elyssa Millions is a senior English major. She has won eight point five pounds of Pulitzers.*

### OP-ED

## I can resolve a major controversy with my column

Abortion is a very controversial issue; some would say too controversial to even talk about. But the fact of the matter is we need to talk about abortion. It's just too important of an issue not to talk about. So what can we do? The answer is we have to talk about something like abortion that is not abortion. We have to talk about carpool lanes. Face the facts, carpool lanes are not very controversial. Let's talk about them.

Once a pregnant lady was driving by herself in a carpool lane and she was pulled over by a cop. Should she have been pulled over? Was her unborn baby a passenger or not? See how easy that is to talk about? We don't have to avoid this issue anymore, it's okay, we can talk about it. We can talk about carpool lanes.

Everybody has ridden in a carpool lane. One time an abortion doctor was speeding along in a carpool lane because he was late

for an abortion procedure. He looked like he might be black, so a cop pulled him over. See how easy this is to talk about? The black doctor was speeding and driving alone in a carpool lane—it has nothing to do with abortion. If we can realize this, we can talk about this important controversial issue.

Some scholars argue that we should be talking about embryonic stem cell research. But that's just as controversial as abortion—not to mention way too complicated. Carpool lanes, on the other hand, are not complicated at all. They have diamonds painted on them. Face the facts, even an abortion doctor and an unwed teen can have a discussion about carpool lanes. Even somebody interested in bombing an abortion clinic might like the convenience of carpooling to work even if its sinful. It is about time we put an end to this senseless controversy.

## The Stanford Daily

TECHNICALLY, A NEWSPAPER

Established 1892

Incorporated 1973

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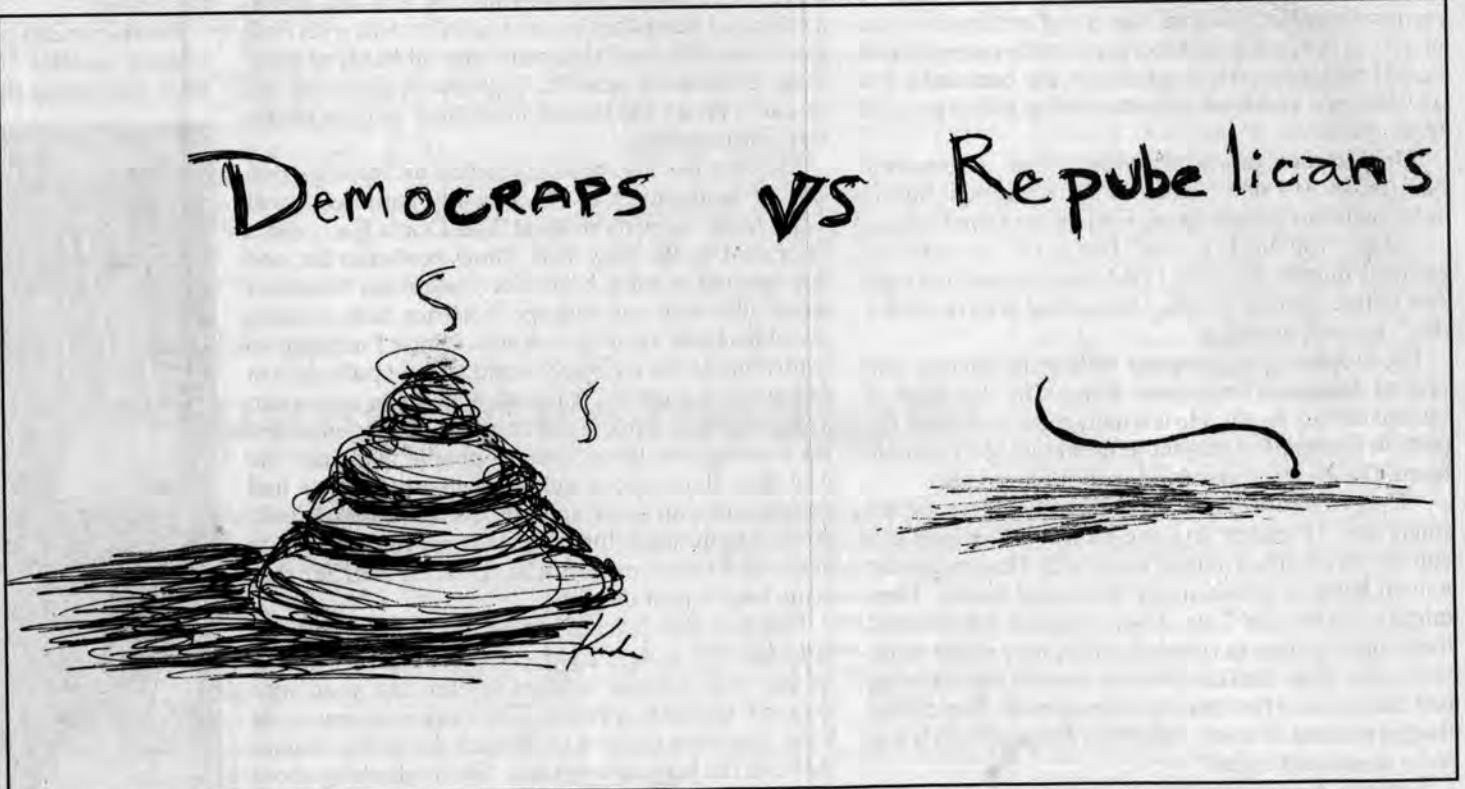
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### EAGLE SCOUT

## My roommate cries all the time!

So, I get back to my room after lacrosse practice, and the first thing I hear is my roommate moaning, a box of Kleenex on his lap. No, it's not what you think. For the fifth time this week, I found my roommate alone in the dark crying. He had wrapped himself head-to-toe in his down comforter, and he had been watching that scene in *The Land Before Time* where Little Foot's mother dies, over and over. That's all he does: sit in our room and try to make himself cry.

Overwhelmed with embarrassment, he quickly tried to calm himself down, but he couldn't stop his whimpers as he wiped the tears from his face. "Oh hey...I was just working out," he said, flexing his arm. I was insulted. Dude, you've been crying pretty much nonstop for over a month now. Stop trying to hide it.

He has shaded all the windows and spends much of the day hanging out at the pediatric cancer ward and veterinary euthanasia clinic. He doesn't even volunteer or anything, he just stands there and stares.

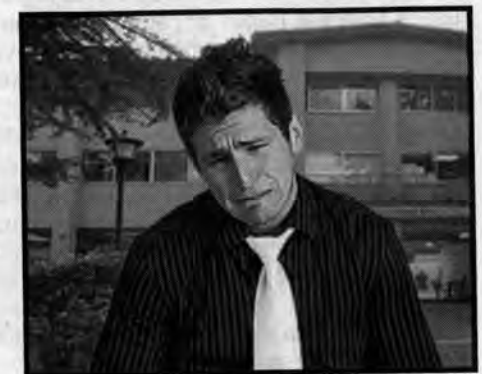
Last week at dinner, everyone at the table was discussing their classes, and suddenly he started talking about how he had just finished rereading *Old Yeller* that afternoon. He went on and on about what he thought *Old Yeller* thought about and how lonely dogs probably are. Then he went to the bathroom and returned red-eyed while we finished eating.

He has even structured his whole class



Axl Scout

schedule around making himself cry. His classes range from a med school class on bedside manner to classics department class on tragedies. It's getting out of hand, and totally depresses my girlfriend.



A couple of girls in our dorm tried to cheer him up by bringing him flowers, but he said, "Thanks guys, but they're just going to get sick and die if I take care of them." They were totally like whatever, what a dork squad. I called him a dork squad.

The funny thing is he's not even depressed. As long as you keep him away from sad shit, he's really happy. The only problem is he just likes crying so much, he'll sneak around the corner and catch a quick peek at his wallet picture of an orphan on which he wrote "pwease, wet me have a mommy." This has totally ruined like a hundred parties.

At first I thought it was kind of funny. Like, I'd intentionally bring up Romeo and Juliet in conversation or play a lot of violin music, but it got old really quick. I think what pushed me over the edge was when he started peeling onions in our room and just eating the center. He kept the skins in a pillow case until it was full and then started using it as his primary pillow. Even after the dorm went to laser tag, he still cried himself to sleep.

It looks like I'm stuck with him, too. The response I got from Res Ed was that they "really can't change your roommate because he's acting 'all gay', but we encourage you to discuss your issues with your RA or with psychological services." Oh well, at least he has an XBOX 360.

*Axl Scout recently bench-pressed three hundred Pulitzers. His favorite ice cream is mint chip.*



*Edward Macmorton has won four Pulitzers.*



FUCK  
THE  
DAILY

WRITE  
FOR  
THE  
CHAPPIE

## Letter to the Editor

Hey man, sorry I missed you last week. I was totally fucked up, and forgot all about hanging out. By the way, Courtney said you were thinking about planning a trip to like Mexico or Cancun for break. Count me in dude, you know how I love Mexico.

Hah, but seriously though did you hear about Jim? Iraq man, holy shit! I bet he's really kicking ass though. Remember high school? Remember biology? Haha, good times man. Good times.

Good times.

Hey, I was meaning to ask you; I'm going to be in town like next May or June or July. Can I crash at your place for like a week? I would stay with Cathy but AWKWARD! You know what I mean? It'd be too awkward. I'm only coming for business.

Hah, oh I saw Jake at the grocery store and did you know that he's gay now? Totally saw that one coming. Like remember in high school when he told everyone he was gay. He's also majoring in history. Totally weirdest thing, right? Jake's pretty funny as a guy.

The other day I was hanging out at the park where we used to play baseball, and I started remembering high school. Even though we mostly played baseball there in junior high school. I was remembering how every weekend we'd hang out and just chill. But now, everyone's all busy and sucks. You know what I mean? I guess you're pretty busy now too. Also, what is it that you're are the editor of?

I was wondering, are you still afraid of the dentist? I know that was like in 2nd grade, but it'd be pretty weird if you were. Dentists are very important in keeping your teeth clean, and I don't think enough Americans realize that. Did I tell you I'm thinking about going to dental school? Hah! I am thinking about it.

Being a dentist is like being a doctor in respect but an artist in relaxation.

Well, anyway, I hope to hear from you soon, and stay cool man. Again, sorry for last week. I was fucked up like crazy.

Later bro,  
Archie

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still have all my eggs.



\$\$\$\$\$

## Stanford Discloses, Divests

Long-awaited action brings elation, fury

By DONK KANTO  
DIVESTMENT EDITOR

Calls for Stanford to disclose its investments and to divest financial support from unethical sources were finally answered yesterday as the Stanford Management Company, a cooperative trust in charge of Stanford's financial and real estate assets, revealed all the varied securities and properties owned by Stanford, and formally divested itself from all condemned financial corporations and investments.

Complete financial transparency by the University has for years been an elusive goal of several student and public interest groups on campus and in Palo Alto. Among the most vociferous in demanding disclosure and divestment have been the Stanford Coalition for Investment Disclosure (SCID) and Students Confronting Apartheid in Israel (SCAI), both of whom have lobbied the Stanford Advisory Panel on Investment Responsibility (APIR), a university-funded but independent board that advises the university on investment protocol.

The mood on campus has generally been one of excitement.

"This is a watershed moment for human rights, for investment responsibility, and for Stanford University as a private, degree-granting institution," said Kirk Wenhauser '09.

Divestment has historically been an incremental process for Stanford. The university pulled out of South African interests

in the 1980s and from several Chinese-backed, pro-Sudan interests in 2005. However, complete financial disclosure and divestment is an almost unprecedented act, and carries with it the very real frustrations of increased scrutiny and retroactive criticism. Kyle Love '08, President of Students Taking Action Now: Darfur (STAND), said,

"This is really pretty amazing. But now comes the reckoning."

The disclosure reveals that Stanford's investments are many, and range from the controversial to the mundane. The recently-released records show that Stanford had over ten million dollars invested in arms corporations that provided cheap weapons to Nigerian and Kenyan rebel forces during both countries' bloody civil wars. Stanford also had a substantial stake in Israeli defense contractor corporations, including those that built the missiles that have been used against so many civilians in Gaza during the military strikes of the last few weeks.

However, Stanford also had some strikingly poor and questionable assets. Financial documents show a heavy backing of dubious and often-transient internet ventures, such as hootycrowns.com, a hosting site for crude, flash-based animations involving clowns, and BrownStone.com, an ethnically-focused matchmaking company. Both sites bottomed out of the market in the crash of 2001, losing Stanford tens of millions of dollars. Other notable invest-

ments included the Fiji Bottled Water company and American Apparel, a publicly-traded clothing company known for marketing to young idiots.

Yet for all its foolish investments, Stanford has a total current endowment valued at \$19.1 billion, third largest after those of Harvard and Yale. The massive divestment leaves Stanford with a vast reserve of cash, making the University vulnerable to the vicissitudes of the market, among which the most potentially crippling is inflation. John Powers, President and CEO of SMC, was quick to allay fears of insolvency.

"Stanford University is blessed with many assets that will never depreciate. Namely, its esteemed student body, its brilliant alumni, and, most importantly, its vast tracts of land and generally massive real estate holdings in the hottest of markets."

Still, alumni reaction has been fierce and swift against the revelations of Stanford's investments, and the university is bracing for a not-insubstantial exodus of professors and students who, thoroughly disgusted by Stanford's investment history, prefer to divest themselves from the university rather than continue an academic relationship.

"All these years I have been laboring under the impression that Stanford was investing its money with at least a modicum of ethical responsibility and consideration," said Shameesh Mohindra '08. "What a fool I have been."

## Errata

On page 6 of the March 7 issue, the words "Is Dying" should be changed to "Is NOT Dying."

The 1583rd character on page 4 of this issue should be changed from "." to "!".

Equation three in the "Science and Technology" section from February 8th issue should take the divergence not the curl of the vector field V.

The big-mouth bass described in the February 29th "Recreation" section was in fact 7 inches, not "this big" as originally described. It also did not cry when taken aboard the fishing boat.

Step #9 of the DIY laundry detergent should be replaced with "add water," to avoid creating chlorine gas.

The previous erratum will actually also create Chlorine gas.

The article "Mmm Cookies!" from the "Dining and Eating"

section of Thursday's issue should be cut out and removed from the issue.

When using the "Free Jamba Juice" coupon on the back of this issue, we strongly recommend getting "Watermelon Explosion" or "Chocolate-Lover's Nightmare."

The name "John Hennessy" in the January 8th article "Guess Who's Gay!" on page 8 should be replaced with another name.

All Oxford commas missing from

last year's "Log Cabin" issue should be added. All Cambridge commas found should be duplicated.

The December 2006 opinions piece "Sup God" was racist.

The nineteenth "em-dash" in the March 2 issue should be replaced with an "en-dash".

The article "Poop Trouble At Roble" was actually entirely devoid of factual embellishment.

The phonetic alphabet reproduced in the article "Emer-

gency: Spiders Now!" was not the NATO phonetic alphabet but in fact the Royal Navy phonetic alphabet. Apples should be replaced with Alpha, Butter should be replaced with Bravo. Charlie is unchanged.

Last Tuesday's article actually should not be recycled under any circumstances.

The classified ad "Free Car" in the last three issues was actually a classified ad.

Also, the car has been claimed.



# SLIME

## THE DANGERS OF SCIENCE

### Slime mold consumes biology department!

Computer Science Department is Next

By **ANTWON SLAPPLER**  
DESK BUILDER

"The organisms are beginning to digest my leg!" screamed Stanford biologist Dr. Gerald Mackenzie in a phone interview this morning. What Mackenzie was talking about was the wacky infestation of a colony of genetically-engineered slime molds. After the slime mold colony escaped from its petri dish, it grew exponentially to cover the entire biology department. The biologists in the lab, perhaps the only people who knew how to stop it, were overtaken and consumed by the slimy film.

"The slime molds began by digesting the limestone and insulation in the building, but they rapidly proceeded to eat biologists and the steel frame of the Gilbert building," continued Dr. Mackenzie in a panic by phone, "Slime molds are famously hard to categorize in our biological taxonomy. They were once thought to be fungi, but we now just know they are something else. This colony seems to be doubling in size every hour, and not even powerful fungicides contain it. Fire seems to cause it to reproduce more rapidly. I believe it can metabolize nearly



AL SNAPPY/The Stanford Daily

The slime mold infestation at Stanford has been primarily attributed to scientists like the one above.

all forms of energy. The only thing I can imagine saving us is... AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

While Mackenzie did not have time to clarify, it is clear that someone should definitely do something about the slime mold

infestation. While only one or two people have managed to leave the building, the slime mold has been described as yellowish-green and crusty with a goopy red interior that smells like old milk. President Hennessy is expected

to release a statement later this morning, although insiders indicate that he has asked Google for help.

When called, Google said, "We have experience dealing with large amounts of information. We think a lot of our search technology can be applied to large amounts of slime mold. Right now, we are efficiently sorting the slime molds by their susceptibility to ultraviolet radiation. Even with their exponential growth, assuming some degree of mutation, I think we should be able to wipe them out in log time. I am confident that by this afternoon... AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Most of the rescue workers sent in at the beginning of the disaster have not been heard from since. "We like to remain optimistic," said Richard Perkins of the Stanford Fire Department, "I think our men are safe, but simply unable to break through this two-foot thick shell of slime mold coating blocking all exits. What I have here are the jaws of life. I'm just going to clip away this layer of... AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

While Stanford has denied plans to use high explosives on the building, several reports indicate the national guard will be arriving by the end of this

article, however several scientists have urged the military to avoid the use of incendiaries, which will only speed the growth to explosive levels. "If Stanford authorizes the use of explosives, we will all die," said Dean Julie Lythcott-Haims '89, "and if the military takes over, God save us... AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

This disaster hasn't stopped students from finding humor in the situation, as many people have been dressing in lab coats or slime costumes all morning. The University has urged students to stop this practice for their own protection. Word from the wire indicates that the Computer Science department is now completely overrun with slime molds, which appear to have mutated to a form that releases nitrous oxide as a digestive byproduct, causing its victims to enter a state of euphoria before entering a state of deep anesthetic hypnosis.

The Stanford Daily office has been forced into a state of lock-down to ensure the reporters and staff are safe in this state of crisis. While the editor-in-chief has not been seen for over an hour, many staffers are confident... AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

## IRE AND VICE



Darren Franich

### Home is Where the Card is

How about it motherfucker? I'm back. Yes it's true; your Resident Bullshit Caller at Large has finally arrived home at the smoky battlefield known inside our fair and shiny bubble simply as "out there." To the freshman readers, you probably don't know me, but that's okay. I was the guy that called bullshit on everything at Stanford from the OSA to the froyo in Flomo. Oh, and I talked about losing my virginity a couple of times. Not because it was topical but because I did. I really did lose it. And it was awesome. For me. Anyway, it's been a long time since my last column but after that decisive day in June known inside the bubble as "graduation," my eyes have finally been opened. Holy shit guys, the world outside of Stanford is fucking, like, the scariest place ever.

Forget salamanders, forget the endowment, even forget Nancy Howe, you know what scares the hell out of me now? Homeless people. Since trading in my comfortable, albeit beer-soaked, row house known in the bubble as "Kappa Sig" for a cramped studio apartment in the Mission district, homeless people routinely assault me day in and day out.

My first couple of days, I dropped a quarter or two into their sooty trash-stained Styrofoam cups, only to receive a "god bless." It made me happy, yes, god has blessed me, I thought; a white male fresh out of a top university, indeed, things are looking good. However, homeless people are like a house fire, once they get going, they ruin your life. That and firefighters spray them with high-pressure hoses. One day however, decidedly changed my view of the world outside of the bubble. A man (or woman) named Peaches, as I found out in the police report, asked me for some change. Being both a philanthropist and a frequent change carrier, I felt around in my pockets only to find lint and a ribboned lock of hair from the girl whom I lost my virginity to. Because I did, I lost it.

Anyway, I say something witty like, "Sorry bub, I'm a struggling writer" but before I can even pause for laughter, he lashes out and bites my leg. Eleven stitches! Hell, the guy only had four teeth! Back in the bubble, the closest I ever came to getting rabies was hitting a raccoon with my Escort and now I'm sitting in the ER of some god-forsaken socialized "we'll help anyone who's sick" abortion of a hospital with a needle literally penetrating the lining of my abdomen. Oh Vaden, how I miss you! Anyway, Peaches died a couple days later after an apparent "bleach overdose" so I could never press charges, but believe you me, if he was still alive I would write him a scalding but witty epistle, etched letter by letter into about seventeen dollars and eighteen cents worth of pennies.

The moral of the story children is thus: never leave. Seriously, quintuple major if you can. God hates those of us banished from the tender and moist folds of our glorious bubble's anatomy. But seriously, take me back. It's not funny anymore. Please. There, I said it. Please. I know you got those letters. I filled out at least thirteen forms already. Just answer me. Call me back. You know what? I love you. I mean it. I love you. I love everything about you. I love you, tiger salamanders. I love you, giant phallic tower. Hell, I even love you, Nancy Howe.

## PARTY BUSES

### New Marguerite limousine rocks Line B clockwise

By **ASTON SORTER**  
MYSTERY INVESTIGATOR

Watch out Marguerite fans, Line B Clockwise just got a little longer! Not the route length, though, but the vehicle itself. That's right, in response to student and faculty complaints, Parking & Transportation Services has agreed to add a trial Marguerite limousine to test the waters for a future full adaptation. "Stanford is an important university nationally," said Steve Billings from P&TS, "and people just want to feel important when they ride the Marguerite. It's not that much to ask, really. We're happy to meet that demand." While the average Line B Clockwise Marguerite harbors ten to fifteen passengers at a time, do not worry about the interior feeling vacant, as there will be plenty to do. With two plasma TVs, five computers with broadband internet access, and a karaoke machine located near the rear of the limo-bus, the passengers will have their hands full.

"First off, we knew people get thirsty on their rides," Billings explained while showing me around the new vehicle, "so watch this... BAM... California champagne and seven varieties of soft drinks. There's also a full mini

bar near the black couches by the rear door." Billings then showed me the luxurious bathrooms, complete with a tiled shower and stainless steel fixtures.

The Marguerite on Line B Clockwise that love art will also appreciate the tasteful modern paintings adorning the walls and mural on the roof. "This fresco was actually painted by a Stanford graduate. We wanted it to show the relationship between transportation and spirituality. I think he did a very good job portraying that message." The mural is beautiful.

P&TS has expressed its desire to expand the limo service to Line B Counter-clockwise and the SLAC line by the end of the month if the program is popular. That's looking hopeful as early reactions from students was very positive. "This is so sweet," said freshman Pam Reels, "Is this a bed? How did they afford this? Man, I'm going to totally have a party here."

However, some students were not so optimistic. George Parsons, '10, had environmen-



ACTION SOUP/The Stanford Daily

tal concerns, "Isn't this really bad for global warming or something? I really would guess the refrigeration and air conditioning freon drainage valves on the side of the bus put holes in the ozone too. I think this is pretty excessive." George later changed his position when Steve Billings showed him the ball pit. Grinningly, George said, "I haven't been in one of those since I was a kid."

Spanning 50 yards and three accordion connectors, the Marguerite limo hits the streets this Friday after a ribbon-cutting party on the bus. Word has it they have booked a reunited Van Halen for the party, and the party will drive the Shopping Express route all night. All Stanford students and faculty are invited, but advised to RSVP by this Wednesday.

## FAST FOOD

### Students hold fast for National Eating Disorder Awareness Week

By **ASHLEY SKIPPER**  
HUNGRY LADAY

Kicked off last week as part of National Eating Disorder Awareness Week, a group of students started a public fast in white plaza. The demonstration, modeled after many other fasts held in the last couple years in white plaza, is meant to gain students' attention and raise awareness.

The fast is meant to increase the visibility of all eating disorders, from Anorexia to Bulimia, and the event is centered around a group of students under the birdcage with the banner reading "We don't eat until everyone does." The organizers of the event affirm their seriousness about the bold pledge, but clarify they are mostly talking about Stanford students. Organizer Cindy Turtle, '08, assured the Daily, "Famers don't really count - that's not really what eating disorders are about. We're talking more about women who have food but don't eat it."

When pressed about the fact that their fast could be construed as an unusual eating habit itself, Turtle insisted, "the difference

as much as we want everyone else to. We just hope to encourage Stanford students to realize the importance of healthy eating habits."

Other fasters reflected Turtle's excitement about the event. Junior Mandy Potter raved, "I mean, it's kind of fun doing this. Sure, the first day was hard, but I knew that it was for a good cause. I have to say though, I've had a really good time volunteering for the event, it's kind of addicting, you know?"

While the event is not officially sponsored by the National Eating Disorders Association (NEDA), the student group has been praised for their positive awareness week. "Did you know that 78% of students at Stanford have some form of eating disorder?" Turtle said. "It's very possible that that's possible. I wouldn't be that surprised. I often tell people 78%, because then they really think about it."

Jimmy Stilling, '10, insisted the event was not just for girls either, "While eating disorders are statistically most prominent in women, many college-aged guys have some form of eating

event to meet girls, but I've learned a lot. It's been a lot of fun. I've never fasted before."

Previous groups at Stanford that have had fasts at Stanford have had mixed success. Last year's labor rights demonstrators fasted to increase workers rights, but many in the Stanford community were confused about what fasting had to do with labor. In an online Daily poll, 63% answered that they believed student fasting should be restricted to religious and food-related demonstrations.

Nevertheless, many Stanford students have reacted very positively to the event, pledging to the demonstrators to do whatever they can to increase their food intake and that of their neighbors. "My roommate totally eats just salad and shit," Richy McCullins, '11, said, "so I started putting meat in his food. Then I learned he can't eat meat for religious reasons. I think he still appreciated the gesture." Wherever you stand on the demonstration's impact on campus, everyone can agree at least it will have a large impact on campus.





# SHAME

DISHONOR

## Retraction: David Herbert did NOT win the Pulitzer.

JAIME SARASAPARILLA  
SEÑOR STAFF WRITER

In fact, it is now known that an extremely inebriated David Herbert attended the ceremony uninvited, and vomited on a Pulitzer prize after his irreligious and crazed actions halted the proceedings. The Daily regrets this error.

In a previous story, incidentally written by Herbert, it was reported that he has won a Pulitzer Prize in Journalism for a 2007 story entitled "Pub Night gone wild in Menlo Park." Of course, there is no such thing as a Pulitzer Prize in Journalism, and the particular article in question has been noted for its childlike qualities, shoddy reporting, and general unprofessionalism.

According to sources who attended the ceremony posing as a nominated finalist, even though his name was not on any official guest list. He protested vehemently and was eventually allowed in, as it was determined that preventing him from entering was likely to cause a scene.

Apparently, he began imbibing massive quantities of alcohol as soon as he was shown to an empty seat. Midway through the event, held at Columbia University, the auditorium's public address system experienced some technical difficulties and the ceremony briefly paused while the onsite audio engineers discussed how to get the equipment up and running again.

An obviously intoxicated Herbert staggered onto the stage, claiming that he could fix the problem. However, he only worsened the situation by indiscriminately unplugging cables and kicking the audio equipment. He then proceeded to run wildly around the room, yelling at presenters, audience members, and Pulitzer winners alike. When an elderly female usher attempted to coax an unresponsive Herbert to come down from a light fixture above the stage, he screamed at her until she left the vicinity weeping. Finally, Herbert ran to a corner of the room, where he leaned over and vomited on a Pulitzer prize.

Stanford History Professor David Kennedy, a member of the Pulitzer selection board, told the Daily, "I'm not really sure what happened or why. All I know is that he only made the situation worse. I'm embarrassed for both my university and my country."

Somehow, through a theretofore unexplored loophole in the Daily bureaucracy, Herbert was allowed to assign, write, and edit the original Pulitzer story. When reached for comment, Daily Editor in Chief Julie Klein responded, "He's been here for like seven years already. It's not too surprising that he would know how to make something like this happen."

Klein also mentioned that Herbert would be punished for such a blatant violation of journalistic integrity and fundamental ethics. It is likely, she said, that Herbert will be suspended from active involvement in the Daily for up to three weeks. At the end of his suspension, Herbert will be named to the Daily's Board of Directors.



David Herbert in a moment of inconceivable shame.

AX SOIL/The Stanford Daily

POLICE BLOTTER

## The world is a fine place and worth fighting for

Friday, 9:00 am

A large man was found dead in his cockroach-infested Kimball single. Two detectives discovered him face down in a Manzanita Dining plate.

Friday, 2:00 pm

A law student was found dead during his scheduled office hours at the Law School. An unidentifiable word was written in blood on the carpet.

Friday, 7:00 pm

A detective and his wife had dinner with the detective's partner in Ricker Dining.

Friday, 10:00 pm

A sixth-year senior, missing for weeks, was finally found in his Escondido Village room, tied to a bed and in a brain-dead state.

Saturday, 10:00 am

A detective's wife communicated her feelings of fear and anxiety to her husband's partner.

Saturday, 1:00 pm

During a routine investigation at Green Library, two detectives encountered an armed man, who opened fire. One detective was injured, and the culprit fled the scene.

Sunday, 3:00 pm

A woman was found dead in a Delta Delta bedroom. A frightened member of Sigma Chi was also in the room. Some unreadable markings were scratched into the door.

Saturday, 3:30 pm

Two detectives went to a bar and had a drink.

Saturday, 4:30 pm

A professional model was reported dead in a Mirrieles apartment. Her nose was sliced off, and she had a bottle of sleeping pills in one hand and a phone in the other. Lipstick was noticed to be smeared on the headboard of a bed.

Saturday, 6:00 pm

Inside the Stanford Police Station, two detectives saw a man covered in blood. Upon questioning, the man confessed to seven murders.

Sunday, 9:30 am

Two detectives and an unnamed man drove to Roble Field.

Sunday, 10:00 am

A delivery van arrived at Roble Field.

Sunday, 10:10 am

A box containing Gwyneth Paltrow's head was found in Roble Field.

Sunday, 10:12 am

A detective shot a man in Roble Field.

Sunday, 2:00 pm

A bike was stolen from the Post Office.



DEBUNKING

## Bunk tumblers rock campus

As phenomenon comes to light, concern raised

DOT KLONDIKE  
STAFF BEDBUG

It all happens so fast: you get home from Green Library, get in bed without brushing your teeth -- you sleep in the top bunk, because you lost the coin flip with your erstwhile friend and roommate -- and drift off to sleep, perhaps mulling the status of your relationship with your significant other. All of a sudden, your sweet or savory reverie is rudely interrupted as your face, and indeed, your entire body, slams against the ground. You are more awake at this instant than you will be for the next sixteen hours.

You have joined the ranks of scores of other students as what the university calls, a "bunk tumbler," and you belong to the class of students who occasionally or chronically tumble from the top bunk onto the cold, hard floor, often incidentally breaking a rib, a wrist, or a nose.

The phenomenon of bunk tumbling was first brought to the university's consciousness in 2004, by disgraced former assistant director for student manager for residential educa-

tion Augie Galvan. However, despite Galvan's impassioned pleas for policy, a usually callous and indifferent administration left students on the upper bunk to tumble for years.

Tumblers have been increasing, as tumbling increases linearly with increases in bed bunking. Between 2000 and 2007, Stanford witnessed a net tumbling increase of 15.8%, against the national average of 8.7%. However, Stanford has suffered a statistically significant jump in tumbles, from 2.3 per bunk per dorm per night, to 9.7 per bunk per dorm per night, leading many to criticize Residential Education for a generally lethargic anti-tumbling message.

Bunk tumblers for many years were not considered at-risk students, and were treated no differently from the rest of the student body. However, increasing attention has brought embarrassment and shame to many, who now deny any history of tumbling. Still, many tumblers resent the stigmatization of their plights.

"Yeah, I tumble," said Luke Mateny '08. "It's part of who I am. I don't apologize for it. I

know the stakes." Many thanks to the uproar over the infamous tumble of bunk tumbler Darren Franich '07 as the catalyst for a renewal of anti-tumbling action at Stanford. Franich, who tumbled onto a glass table and was told by a doctor that the lacerations to his back looked like "additional mouths," reportedly spent the next few months after the tumble sleeping on his floor, quivering himself to a restless sleep, deeply afraid of another, possibly final, tumble.

As tumbling lurches to the forefront of student concerns, some have hinted at a possible cover-up.

"Tumbling is not only tacitly condoned by the university, it is actively encouraged, and in some cases, even mandated," said Mark Kogan, a self-described "conspiracy tumbler."

But, while rumors and allegations of institutional malfeasance and complicity riddle the campus, almost nothing is being done to treat and prevent future tumbles.

"I took a bad tumble last night," said junior Winnie Lai. "I hate the tumble. I hate it so much. It hurts. A lot."

LIFE AND DEATH OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

## John Arrillaga dead at 89!

Doctors Predict

ACE SMARTMAN  
FIRST CLASS WRITER

"I'm just really healthy," boasts billionaire alum John Arrillaga, whom was told last week that if he continues his strict diet and exercise routine, he'll live to exactly 89. "Sounds like a good deal to me," commented Arrillaga, '60, "that gives me another solid 19 years."

John Arrillaga starts every day at 5:45 AM, when he runs ten kilometers. He then eats a breakfast of millet meal and sprouts. After reading the Wall Street Journal and San Jose Chronicle, he does a full body workout stressing explosive, high-weight lifting, followed by a forty-five minute swim. After working until 12:30, he eats a quick lunch of berries and whey protein dissolved in mineral water from the mountains. "Although, sometimes I substitute pomegranate fruit," adds Arrillaga.

He spends much of his afternoon teleconferences doing crunches or jogging on a treadmill. "I like to keep my heart rate elevated during the phone conferences; they don't mind. It really isn't too distracting for anyone." The real estate mogul often finds time to take a break around four or four thirty to suck from the branch of an aloe tree, a ritual he insists keeps him alert. "Many people don't know of the powerful effects of the aloe plant on mind and body," he tells the Daily, "this is also true of the essential oils of sharks."

The wealthy businessman likes to relax the more subtle aspects of his career. "I think the early evening is a good time to take a stroll or hike. I often bring several associates with me. Many of the young men can't even keep pace. That's because one my hobbies is uphill running. I actually sometimes enjoy competing."

A long-time donor, Arrillaga felt that his greatest legacy at the University would be his athletic center, as he has long emphasized the importance of an exercise for students at the university. "Mens sana in corpore sano, that's Latin for 'a healthy mind in a healthy body,'" said Arrillaga, who majored in Geography when he was a student here. "I think that saying holds a lot of truth. Most of my success is probably tied to my flawless mind and flawless body."

"He's one of the healthiest men his age I've ever seen," said Dr. Frank Paulings of the Stanford University Medical Center. "It's really phenomenal - his resting heartbeat is on par with many Olympic marathon runners. He could probably be an astronaut." In fact, John Arrillaga is actually first in line to be the first space tourist to walk in space in 2017.

of his age for something so far in advance," said Richard Captin, spokesman for Virgin Galactic space tourism, "but, after getting the okay from his doctors, I couldn't say no. I'm confident that he will perform marvelously while in space."

When asked about his suborbital ambitions, John Arrillaga blushed, "It's not really a big deal, but micro-gravity actually does wonders for the heart and circulation. It's likely my two weeks in orbit will extend my life another three or four years. I intend to make it part of my routine. I can afford it...easily."

Nearing the end of the day, John Arrillaga invites me to join him for dinner, which consists mostly of various teas and rare peppers from Tibet. "This pepper will make you see reality in a whole new light," Arrillaga said waving a red and neon yellow pepper by his muscular lips, "and this grass here will help your muscles and bones regenerate at a rate comparable to that of a toddler. I have never broken a bone in my life, not even in my years as a cliff diver in Costa Rica."

Arrillaga begins to get ready for bed after an hour-long bath in rose honey while meditating. Three days a week, he spends this time in a sensory isolation float tank instead. "Before bed, I help my consciousness separate itself from my body. This separation is extremely important in maximizing the psychological power of sleep."

John Arrillaga then goes to bed at 7:45 at night, to ensure his solid nine hours of sleep in his ice-cooled bed. "The ice slows down the metabolism. I sleep nine hours but only age about four," he mumbles before nodding off into a cold-induced slumber.



John Arrillaga is scientifically the healthiest man alive.



Youths on the bottom bunk rejoice in their luck as top bunkers steel themselves for a dangerous night ahead.

MARTHA MCHENRY/The Stanford Daily



## SPORTS

HABITS

## Adoption team goes for the gold

By MARY MAGDALENE  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

"I don't know how it started," said Jaelyn Jarvis '08, straightening the trophies on her dresser with one hand as she gestured with the other. "I think when I was a little kid it was small things—birds, worms. Then it was onto bigger things—a cat, a dog. I got my first baby when I was 13. That was a huge day. That's when I knew I wanted to stick with this as far as it would take me."

Jarvis is speaking about her adoption experience, which clearly has taken her fairly far; now, as a senior, she's captain of the Stanford Adoption Team, poised to lead her team to ultimate victory at the National Adoption Championships in Gainesville, FL, during the first week of spring quarter. The Adoption Team is relatively young compared to other sports on campus. Stanford students have been adopting since 1972, but have only been nationally competitive since 1991, when Stanford was granted a berth in the Pac-10 for the sport.

Jarvis was recruited out of her high school in Peoria, IL, fresh-faced and talented but without particular polish or skill. Nonetheless, her enthusiasm carried her to several individual state recognitions her senior year of high school. Coach Tibor Szakáts caught wind of Jarvis from East Coast recruiters interested in the power adopter's enthusiasm and demeanor. He sent Stanford assistant coaches to Peoria to see if it was all hype or if he had truly struck adoption gold. When they came back raving, Szakáts started the recruitment process, and before long Jarvis was headed out to California, leaving her family behind in Illinois.

Jarvis is one of the first Stanford varsity

adopters in a long while to specialize in tangibles—animals, pets, children—where Szakáts' own expertise lies. Most of the other members of the Stanford adoption team compete with intangibles, which is to say they mostly adopt ideas, beliefs, behaviors, and other abstract concepts. Is one easier than the other? Red shirt freshman William Annis thinks so, but unofficially. "They tell you that it's all the same, provided you're adopting something, and I think that's true to some extent," Annis says. "But I think there's a reason walk-ons always start out by adopting ideas. Conspiracy theories, religious beliefs, that sort of thing. In my high school, you could always tell when someone was really committed to the team, because the first thing they would do is adopt vegetarianism."

For his part, Annis—who competes mostly by adopting behaviors and lifestyles rather than objects—has moved past that first step. Over the past three years in high school, he has adopted veganism, Buddhism, and alcoholism. When asked if he would move on to adopting tangibles in his college career like Jarvis has, Annis seemed reluctant to specify.

"It's hard to predict where I'll be as an adopter three or four years from now. Jaelyn's obviously a fantastic role model to aspire to, but not everyone can get where she is. Although, I might try to adopt kleptomaniacism in the off-season. That seems like it might be a pretty good stepping stone between the two."

The tenor of the adoption team is ruled by the shifts in the moods of its reigning king, Szakáts. The circumstances of his upbringing and his famously unapproachable demeanor make him one of the country's most admired and feared adoption coaches. A Hungarian emigre, Szakáts he took up adopting by way of filling out

his family's meager state rations under the Soviet Iron Curtain. "I would adopt vegetables, adopt rabbits, anything I could," Szakáts grumbles irritably as he stalks the empty locker room, clearly uncomfortable with the mere presence of the press. "It wasn't fun. Now, for most players, they are doing it for fun, they are not respecting what it takes. I don't understand it." Perhaps it's the language barrier, perhaps Szakáts has seen too much to ever be truly happy, but longtime Stanford adopters know that acceptance is grudging and rare from him. Praise is even rarer. Szakáts is obviously a man of few words, but according to current players, the most important thing Szakáts doesn't say is that Jarvis has given him a new lease on life.

Maybe Szakáts saw himself in the young American's journey from the only home she'd ever known. Perhaps it was her raw talent that attracted him. Either way, current team members say Jarvis is the only one who can really communicate with Szakáts without arising his ire. By her sophomore year, she was Szakáts' unofficial mouthpiece, the team's point guard, communicating team decisions and coaching advice to the other members when Szakáts was too occupied by one of the Magyar fugues he frequently falls prey to. Now, Jarvis and Szakáts are united in their pursuit of a common dream—a national championship title. With Jarvis a senior and Szakáts nearing retirement (a prospect the man seems to dread; when asked how he planned to spend his golden years, Szakáts leveled a truly terrifying stare and responds dully, "In the grave,") both are playing with very limited time. It shows, too. Practices have become more frequent, and now when she conveys advice and coaching, Jarvis' friendly Midwestern voice is touched with an audible hint of

urgency, as well as a barely detectable Hungarian accent. Players spend most of their waking hours adopting and even when they sleep, their dreams are filled with adoption. Going into the national championship with the strongest record in the program's history (124,947 adoptions in the regular season alone) a man of numbers might argue that if the Stanford team can't manage to take home a championship this year, they very possibly never will.

Most Stanford students won't adopt a thing on the first weekend after spring quarter; it'll just be another weekend, perhaps distinguished only by its relative lack of homework and sunny weather,

a meaningless weekend in a string of other such vaguely pleasant weekends. For Jarvis and Szakáts, though, it means everything.

Jarvis, at least, can practice and practice until then; for Szakáts, there's nothing to do but wait. "Again," the tall, thin man barked this past Saturday afternoon, as Jarvis adopted cars in the parking lot of the Stanford hospital. When she looked up to receive his counsel, he urged, "More smooth. More grace." Jarvis nodded, springing back into action. Szakáts shaded his sad, thick-lidded eyes as he stared, watching and training his last and best hope for his piece of the American dream.



The Stanford adoption team at practice.

ANGEL SOOT/Stanford Daily

VENGEANCE

## Fencing coach seeks nationals victories, father's killer

By MAGIC MARKER  
CONTRIBUTING ROUTER

Coming off a strong team showing in the NCAA Regionals tournament, Cardinal Fencing coach George Pogosov now looks to maintain this momentum in a difficult Nationals tournament, as well as find the one-eyed swordsman who slew his father over twenty years ago.

"I'm not worried about my fencers. They're absolutely ready for this. Dexter [Michaeloff, '09] just had a fantastic tournament, and everyone's looking good," he said yesterday. He added, after a dramatic pause, "The one who should be worried is that eyepatch-wearing devil." Pogosov then quickly drew his sword and impaled a pigeon.

"It's always very exciting when you get down to the wire on something like this—something you've worked all season towards," he continued. "Going to Nationals should be cool, too."

Pogosov last saw the one-eyed man, known to him only as La Cicatriz Negra ("The Black Scar") after the distinctive wound that stretches from the bridge of his nose to his left ear, when he was only a small child.

Coach Pogosov describes his strategy as "hands off"—hoping only to let his fencers "do what they've trained to do" while looking for an opportunity to dramatically confront the assassin. Pogosov favors the wall of a castle, the edge of a cliff, or possibly "the parking lot of [Ohio State University's] French Field House," where the tournament will be held.

When pressed for more details about his predictions as to what will happen in Ohio, the coach suggested that his duel

with the murderous cyclops would begin with a dramatic rooftop chase and then quickly proceed to a protracted, exhausting battle, punctuated by pithy rejoinders.

"As the fight continues, it will likely appear that La Cicatriz Negra has gotten the best of me, perhaps even to the point of separating me from my sword," explained Pogosov. "However, I expect I will experience a latent burst of energy in response to some taunt he will make about my father's death, thereby allowing me to defeat the one-eyed man by pushing him off the side of the wall or cliff, or underneath the wheel of a departing Lincoln Towncar." He then added that he predicted a top 10 individual showing for Michaeloff, Adam Magaña ('08), and Jennifer Brist ('09), and similarly strong team finishes.

The fencers who train under Pogosov have been impressed by his skill and dedication. "He sure does think a lot about that Cicatriz character," says Jon Spivack ('11). "He has us train against a one-eyed mannequin, he's always talking about blind sides—one time, I dressed up like a pirate and he went crazy."

Likewise, Coach Pogosov credits his professional success and personal optimism to the hard work and dedication of his fencers, without whom, he says, "I simply wouldn't enjoy the sport as much as I do." Pointing out that that he still practices with the team every day, he said, "It sounds a little clichéd, but they're the ones who inspire me to keep on fencing. Them and my burning desire for vengeance." Pogosov then kissed his sword and knelt in honor of his father's memory, leaning his head on the hilt.

La Cicatriz Negra could not be reached for comment.

THE SEA

## Sunken Diamond to be raised from the deep

By GRANT WAGNER  
JANITOR

Athletic Director Bob Bowlsby announced yesterday afternoon that the Stanford baseball field will be brought forth from the murky depths by the end of Spring Break. This February marked the 46th anniversary since the tragic day that ended in the field resting on the ocean floor.

Plans to resurrect the Sunken Diamond, as the field is affectionately known, involve divers attaching giant buoys to the stadium and pumping air from the surface down to inflate the balloon-like floats.

"Resurfacing something this size of this shape, a diamond, from the deep has never been attempted before," commented dive team leader and renowned buoy expert Roger Ballart. "[The project] has certain logistic problems that no one has ever faced before, but we are ready for the challenge."

The raising is expected to cost 54.2 million dollars and should be ready for the Cardinal's home game against UC Davis on April 9th.

However, the Sunken Diamond has been submerged for decades, which leads some to question whether bringing it back to the surface is really the best thing.

"I think we should, you know, just let it rest in peace," says Russel Ortiz '09. "It's part of Stanford lore, how the baseball field sank, and I feel by raising it, they will be destroying a piece of history."

Indeed, how the park came to rest at the bottom of the ocean is a story many students consider their favorite bit of Stanford trivia. In February of 1962, the Diamond (as it was formerly known) was at sea, captained by Angus "Wild Smirk" Delaney. Visibility was exceptionally poor due to a fog bank that had enveloped the playing field for days. Still, despite persistent warnings from first mate William "Cautious Willy" Bartels, Captain Wild Smirk pressed

onward at speeds dangerous even in fair conditions.

"Captain Wild Smirk was renown for the enormous quantities of gin he could consume," says Stanford Historian and President of Archives Julianne Grant. "He was also an angry drunk, thinking himself immortal when he had had too much. He was probably in this state that night in February."

Few specific details survive of the fateful voyage, but legend has it that Cautious Willy, scared for both his own life and the future of the Diamond, tried to start a mutiny and seize control of the playing field. Not trusting in Bartels' leadership qualities, the crew decided to stay under Delaney, and threw Willy overboard. To celebrate their would-be murderous action, the crew began dancing around in a drunken jamboree. While doing a jig on a table, Captain Wild Smirk knocked over a lantern, lighting the alcohol on fire. Though the crew scrambled to extinguish the blaze, the conflagration quickly spread to the gunpowder storage room, blowing a massive hole in left field.

"When the Diamond didn't return to Stanford the next afternoon, President Sterling instinctively knew something terrible had happened," says Grant, drawing from Sterling's papers now found in the archives. "Four days later, Cautious Willy drifted ashore clinging to a piece of driftwood. He was able to tell the story of what happened before he was tossed overboard, and scholars were able to draw conclusions about the explosion after the exploration sub SCOOBY-3 (captained by Roger Ballart) discovered the Sunken Diamond in 1995."

"Despite the field's storied past," says Bowlsby, "we feel this is the best thing for our Cardinal Baseball team. They are very excited to begin playing at sea level again, and we feel it will increase crowds exponentially. In general, all of us in the athletic department are excited for the Risen Diamond."

WHOOOPS

## Wrestler accidentally kills, guts, stuffs opponent

By MARX MANNING  
JUNIOR INTERN

In what is being termed "an unavoidable tragedy" by the Cardir wrestling program, 157-pound start Todd Krupcsek '08, who entered t postseason with a stellar 32-6 record, accidentally killed, gutted, and stuffed Cal State Fullerton's Carl Hackett yesterday.

"Obviously, it's a horrible situation hard to wrap your mind around said Head Coach Kerry McCoy. "B deaths occasionally happen in wrestling. As does taxidermy."

The incident occurred during the heated second round of the Pac-Championships, when Krupcsek while executing a "Double Grapevine" on his sophomore opponent apparently crushed Hackett's skull. Onlookers report that Hackett, in the heat of the moment, did not appear notice that his move had gone wrong.

"Krupcsek was just so into t match," explained teammate Ste Higuera '11. "He really gets in t zone."

In the heat of the moment, t

All-American proceeded to tear op his opponent's abdomen, removi organs and gradually working his w up to the chest cavity.

The coroner's report notes th Hackett's body cavity was "entirely emptied," even to the point of scra ing away gastrointestinal remnar adhered to the abdominal wall.

Subsequently, taking advanta of Hackett's immobility, Krupcsk stripped off the boy's skin, curing in a nearby tank of brine and th soaking it in milk of lime in order remove hair and delay putrefaction

At the same time, observers i port, he dried the Cal State Fullert student's musculature and clean the bare skeleton, providing a stro framework for its newly tanned hic Once Krupcsek had arranged t skin properly on the bones, he fill the interstices with cotton and sa dust. Medical personnel arrived j as Krupcsek was adding glass ey to the display. Hackett was officia declared dead at 3:18 pm.

Krupcsek has since offered a f mal apology to the victim's fami explaining that he "felt awful," b justifying his actions as reasonable the competitive world of collegia wrestling. "Once you step into t ring, everything you do is a matt of self-defense," he explained. "A there's no way I could have knov Hackett's organless corpse posed t threat."

The Hackett family, though visit distraught while delivering their jo statement to the news media, ma it clear that Krupcsek, in their ey was not at fault. "In any case, it's t way Carl would have wanted to g said Gerald Hackett, father to th d ceased. "And it's nice that Krupcs at least posed Carl as if he were ro ing."

Krupcsek was handed the match an 11-2 decision.

ETHNIC MISTAKES

## New football recruit an embarrassing misunderstanding

By COPTER JAMSESSION  
MAGICIAN OF LANGUAGE

Stanford football has fumbled a portion of their 2008-2009 recruit class, as it was revealed today that star Polish recruit Danuta Kowalczyk is actually a woman. Three weeks after National Letter of Intent Signing Day, Athletic Department personnel noticed inconsistencies in paperwork for Kowalczyk's enrollment. "We were as surprised as anyone," commented a representative of the football team. "We tried to recruit a young Polish super-athlete whom all the Eastern European scouts were going crazy over. We thought we got him, but I guess we should have checked that Danuta is a dude's name; it turns out it isn't."

Further problems with Kowalczyk's recruitment were discovered by the Daily. Owing to another piece of linguistic confusion, this time over the meaning of the word

"football," Kowalczyk is actually a soccer player. "Yeah, we know," the football team said, "we should have known that American football isn't played in Poland."

A Polish-speaking Daily reporter contacted Danuta's high school to discover the source of all the confusion surrounding her recruitment, and uncovered a 100-gallon vat of additional problems.

As it turns out, Danuta isn't even very good at soccer, is fifteen years old, and is taking remedial classes at her high school. "Aw, crap, really?" The football representative replied when confronted with this new development. "We were going to try to unload her on the women's soccer team, but this is a serious yellow flag on the field."

Further research by the Daily uncovered even more disturbing information. A series of articles in the Warsaw Times from last year indicate that Kowalczyk is

currently being treated for acute pyromania following a series of fires near her home. Translated from Polish, the Times states that Kowalczyk has a particular affinity for "setting fire to bleacher seating and large, grassy fields." In addition, her father Korneli is a professor of sociology at the University of Warsaw and a frequent guest columnist for the Times. In a series of recent columns, he has written extensively on his perception of the laughable quality and poisonous ideologies of American higher education. He is on the record as stating "American universities are pathetic, money-making traps laid for American and International youths. I would love to have one of my own children as an agent on the inside, to hasten the demise and rebuilding of American higher education."

After several days of investigative reporting, the like of which only the Daily can provide, the

origin of this entire recruitment mess may have been discovered. As it turns out, Kowalczyk's cousin Bolek Jablonksi works as a clerk in the Stanford Admissions Department. "As far as we can tell," the department said in an email letter to the Daily, "Bolek mixed up some of his personal correspondence with official admissions documents. We think he meant to send Danuta a birthday card, and put the address sticker on the wrong envelope. The guy the football team meant to recruit is probably wondering why he received birthday wishes and an iTunes gift card."

In a follow-up phone conversation, the Admissions Department stated that "Mr. Jablonksi's employment has been officially terminated. We really should have done it a long time ago, actually, because he was expressing some pretty harsh ideas about American universities."





CLUB TALK

# Second Man Club a welcome change

Tennis morale up

By PUNK MANN  
CONTRARY WRITER

The Stanford tennis teams have consistently been national powerhouses, but attendance has always been disappointingly low. It has been a frequent complaint that sports like football and men's basketball are well-attended even during bad seasons, while sports like tennis and swimming garner little attention when they bring home a national championship. That's why this season, the tennis department rolled out a new program for fans following the successful model basketball has set. "The Second Man Club" has been a run-away success, as attendance to this season's tennis matches have been more than triple than last season's average.

Tennis players agree that this a welcome change from past seasons of empty bleachers. Junior Andrew Matos, a member of the men's tennis team, expressed his excitement at all the attention tennis was getting. "My first two years here, nobody came to tennis matches. Now, I'll be walking around campus during the week and people will come up to me and say 'Good match last weekend.' Knowing that people want are actually paying attention really makes me want to get out on the court and practice more."

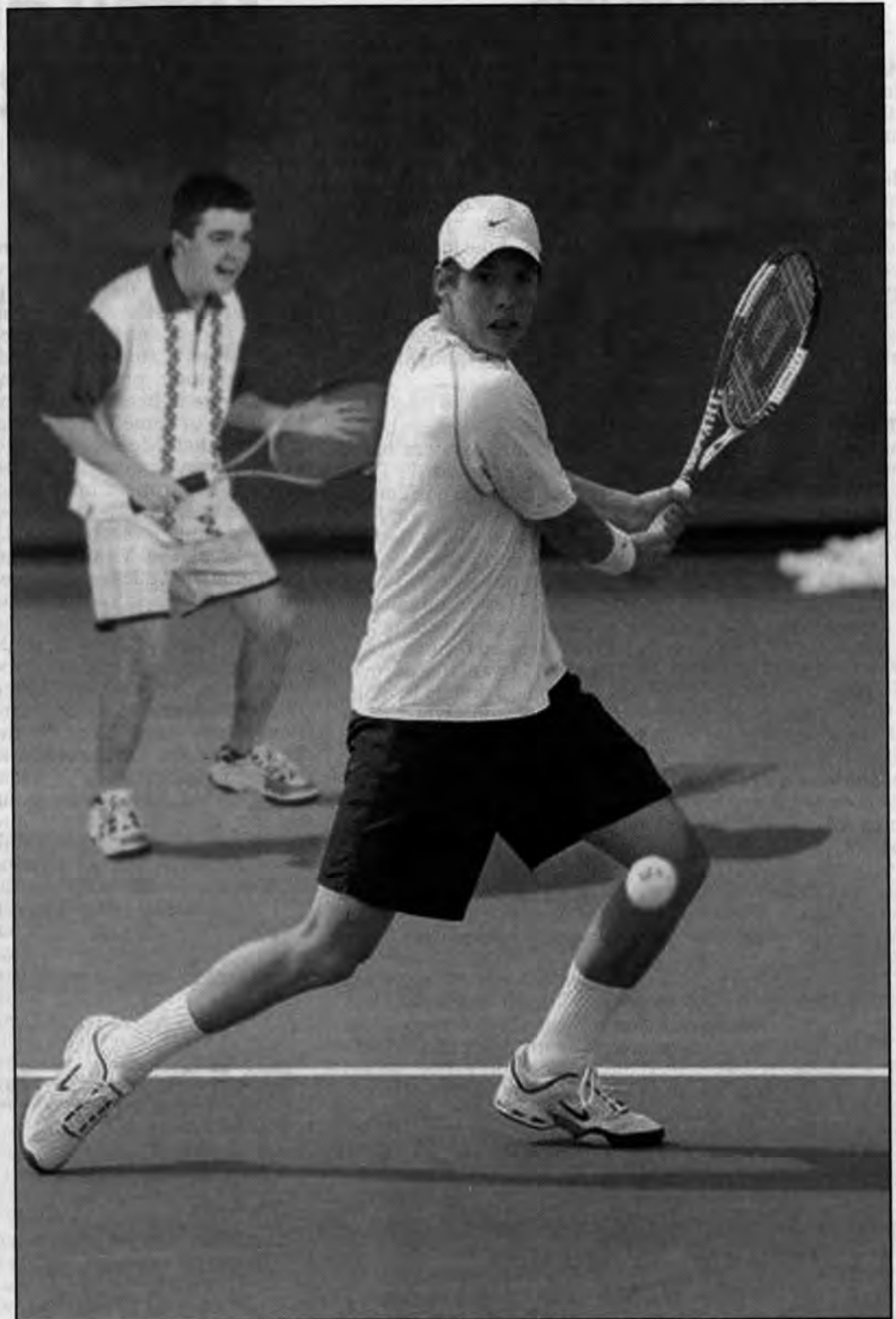
Team captain Michael Hawk concurred. "Having a big crowd cheering for you really makes a big difference. They call it the Second Man Club, and it really feels like there's a second person out there on the court with me,

helping me get that ball that's just out of reach. Not like doubles though. Doubles requires a completely different strategy. The Second Man Club is more like my arm is slightly longer and I'm a little bit stronger. That's still really important though."

Not everyone is happy about the new crowd that has been drawn to tennis matches though. Opponents have complained about the new, rowdier group of fans. "It's ridiculous that Stanford allows this," said Ken Kelley, a member of the Arizona State tennis team. "Tennis has a very strict etiquette. You're not supposed to make any noise during a point. I'm trying to focus on my game, and there are fans yelling 'Smelly Kelley' while I'm serving. It's bullshit. This isn't basketball."

Controversial or not, the Second Man Club is here to stay. Plans for next year include foam fingers and whistles, as well as contests for fans in between sets. Athletic Director Bob Bowlsby was unapologetic. "Is it sportsmanlike? Hell no. But we're winning, and students are really watching tennis for the first time. What more could you want? I'll do whatever it takes to win. Whatever it takes."

The success of the Second Man Club has also inspired other sports to take similar approaches. Currently, the track team is considering a plan to let fans stand in the infield, and the swimming team has plans in place to install speakers underwater so that the swimmers can hear the crowd better. Till then, though the place to be is in the stands at Taube Stadium, cheering for Stanford's new "it" sport.



Walter Jimles '09 joins in on the fun.

ANGIE SANDLES/Stanford Daily

CLUB TALK

# No one can remember what building's abbreviation stands for

By MACKS MOON  
STUFFED WRITER

University officials reported yesterday that, as a result of abbreviation, no one can remember the original name or purpose of an on-campus graduate research facility.

The building, located between CIS and HEPL-N, may or may not be some sort of laboratory, or possibly a library, and is now known as LaCaRoPa.

Though presumably at one point a building with a full-length name like any other, that name has long since been forgotten, even among regular visitors to the edifice.

"I'm not really sure what sort of lab it was" said Gerardo Ruiz '08. "Chem, Psych, NeuroBio? Could have been anything." No clue is offered by the sign outside the squat, brutalist structure, which presents only the initials LCRP and a brief dedication to "H. R. L. III."

As a consequence of LaCaRoPa has

ground to a halt, even in the presumably prestigious BozCoTec that occupies the building's second floor. Here, according to the few cryptic .xl files left on the various IBM x3650 NAS 7979s scattered throughout the office, researchers once performed "TL retrosyn" and "AnnHum."

If only the previous researchers had been a bit more explicit with their terminology, we might have had at least some chance of explaining what's going on here," explained CASA professor Lara Tomlinson. "As is is, though, we're S.O.L."

Bewilderment over the exact nature of LaCa extends even to the upper echelons of University administration. VPLBRE Robert Reidy commented on the crisis: "It's a wake-up call to the Stanford community. We simply cannot go on with this sort of abbr."

Students have responded to his call, with members of groups as diverse as the AASA, BioMASS, CAMPUS HOPE A.F., MEChA, QSA, SFSC have called for an um-

rella organization they plan to call SSAGA. The organization's mission will be to combat the abbreviation phenomenon, and will be based out of the A-Palm.

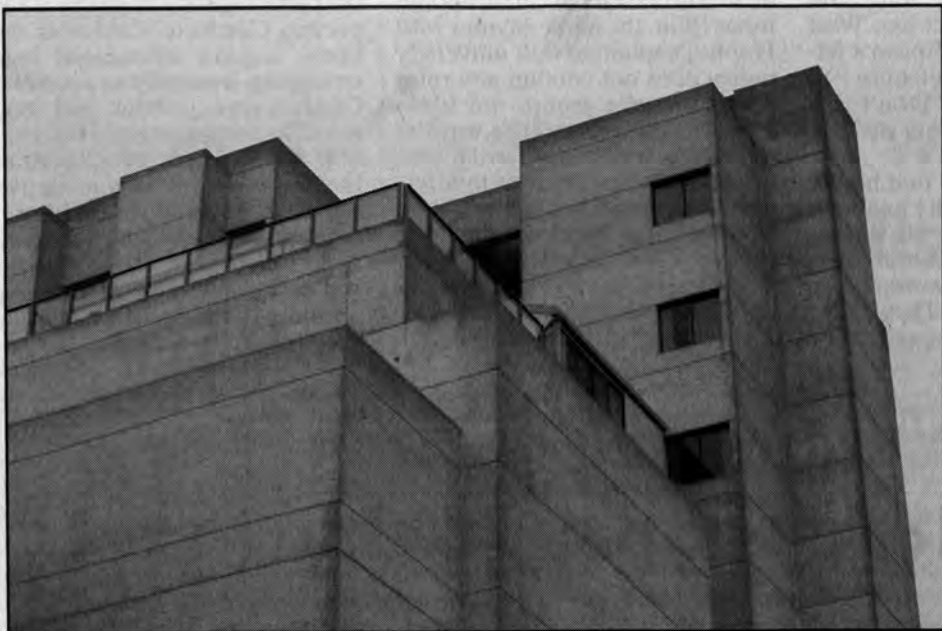
In retrospect, many students say the admin. should have foreseen this crisis. "Natch," remarked R. J. Wu '10, a FroSoCo member and SymSys major.

SU's prelim. plan of action to combat the sit. was unveiled ystrdy in MemAud to a panel of SHS and GSB representatives. Labeled "HooTow to MemChu," the 10-pt. prgrm rests on a rev. of gen. apathy twds the issue thru sys. adv cvrg, including a PSA now in postprod.

Rlisd scns from the ad fscd on comm. the U's msg bkly. E.g. "TYRU? O. X. ChAng ReBo pim.?" and "HuSo w/ rep. O. Yolo."

OOH, S. K. P., PhD, rqstd anon., mem. HIWRP, crit. off. dec: "S Brit K. P. CCRMA, i.e. CH-Piz - tho' cf. MD L.H.O.O.Q."

AOPT, P-Hen, esq. C. N. B. R. comm.



LaCaRoPa on a sunny afternoon.

ABE SMITHY/Stanford Daily

DORM INVASION

# Haus Mitt Annexes Slav Dom's Lawn

By MACKS MOON  
STUFFED WRITER

Early yesterday, several residents of Haus Mitt reportedly forcibly set up camp on the front yard of Slavianskii Dorm, claiming it part of "Greater Haus Mitt."

Explaining that the invasion was in response to an earlier act of Slav Dom-initiated aggression, Haus Mitt representatives issued an official statement to the effect that Slav Dom's lawn was being returned to its rightful place "at the heart of Germanic culture."

"May God Almighty give our work His blessing, strengthen our purpose, and endow us with wisdom and the trust of our people, for we are fighting not for ourselves but for all Haus Mitt," stated House Manager Orson Lewis '08, gesticulating vigorously at an unseen crowd.

Slav Dom residents were surprised at the speed of the occupation. "One minute, I was looking at the lawn and it was empty," said Amy Forrester '09. "The next thing I know, Haus Mitt's there. Sort of like lightning."

The annexation of the yard follows Haus Mitt's appropriations of Gardiner Apartments and Durand earlier in this month, both of which have since been subjected to the rule of Haus Mitt staff.

Despite their aggressive nature, few of the other row houses have impugned Haus Mitt's actions. "We stand united with our brothers at Haus Mitt in sup-

port of the right to nationalism," stated James Reisner '08, a Casa Italiana staffer. "Victory and justice to the Italian and German peoples!" Maison Francais refused comment.

School officials formally condemned the invasion and sent faculty members to aid Slav Dom's efforts in reclaiming the grassy field, which represents the house's route to Mayfield Avenue.

The majority of Slav Dom, however, remains bewildered as to the exact nature of the occupation. "It's odd, because they've only taken over about half the lawn, and left the rest for Slav Dom dorm staff. It almost seems like they've made some sort of spheres-of-influence agreement with the people in charge," said Valen Toradze '09. "Then again, I'm probably being stupid."

Dorm staff declined to specifically address the occupation, but explained that their new, personal ownership of the eastern half of the yard was an action with the sole goal of "liberating and protecting our yard-dwelling comrades." They then smiled grimly and stared into the light.

Relations between the Haus Mitt settlers and the Slav Dom staff, however, remain icy, and the situation has worsened as a result of Haus Mitt's increasing incursions into Slav Dom's half of the lawn.

As of press time, Haus Mitt's attempts to enter the Slav Dom building itself had been stopped by the house's harsh air conditioning.

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## News Briefs

By DAVIS PIAFFE

Responding to criticisms from blind students across campus, the Stanford Daily will now be releasing a new version of its publication in the tactile language of the sight impaired. The publication will be called the Brailley. The powerful Blind Students Union expressed feelings of triumph in their monthly newsletter, Visions. The BSU has been fighting for an equal opportunity to access the best newspaper on campus for years, claiming that they were being discriminated against. "Just because we can't see doesn't mean that we should be robbed of the incisive commentary offered by this fine publication," offered the spokesperson for the group, speaking of the Daily. One recently fired employee of the Stanford Daily Publishing Company, however, expressed what is likely to be the most prominent view of the issue on campus. "I thought one of the side benefits of being blind would be not having to be exposed to the Daily."

By PHATPAT MOHAIR and MEGS MCHURLY

After years of strenuously maintaining a residential system based mostly around ethnicities, languages, and freshmen, Stanford's Residential Education has finally bowed to the pressures of the pop culture world. At the behest of millionaire eccentric and fence-lover John Arrillaga, construction is just beginning on a dorm that will be themed after HBO's critically acclaimed television show *The Wire*.

When asked at a press conference about his motivations in commissioning such an unusual dorm, Arrillaga said, "Listen up, mopes. These ivory towers aren't doing anyone a damn favor in getting 'em ready for the urban crime environment." When pressed further, Arrillaga's eyes grew steely and he whispered furiously, "I want this dorm to be a tessellation of America, and I will pay \$35 million dollars to make it so." With that, he tossed an empty bottle of Jameson's whiskey on the floor and was wheeled away from the demanding press corps. He has answered no questions since.

Stanford's *The Wire* dorm, slated to open in the 2010-2011 year, will be a five-floor complex styled after the low-rent tenement-style housing of Baltimore, MD. It will house four classes of students, including 30-60 freshmen, who will have no say over the game they're born into. Floors will not be segregated by class save the second floor, which will feature a mini-residential complex not unlike SLE, but with a Polish ethnic and cultural residential theme like Muwckma-Tah-Ruk or Okada's themes. The second floor residents will not interact much with other floors.

Dorm staff selection will not go through Res Ed's centralized selection system but rather a separate process. Whereas other RAs will be selected for personal qualities and enthusiasm for dorm life, RAs for Stanford's *The Wire* dorm will be selected mostly for their ability to maintain law and order rather than any personal integrity. Dorm meetings will be alternatively held in a funeral home and a hotel lobby, following Robert's Rules of Order, and residents interesting in getting involved in dorm gov can become hoppers and runners.

By JOP LOOHOO

A man was arrested on Saturday for attempted robbery of the Tressider Express. The suspect, Lou Bebbles, 47, entered the store at approximately 8:30 p.m. with a gun. He told all the customers to lie on the ground, and ordered the shift supervisor, Petrona Washington, 53, to open the register.

"I did exactly what he asked me to do," she later claimed. "But he was in disbelief that we had so little cash.

The convenience store is one of 13 campus eateries owned and operated by Stanford Dining. Such locations cater mostly to Stanford students, and all accept the Student ID Card as a method of payment. At Tres Ex, Stanford Card Plan transactions account for 87% of store purchases.

Once the suspect realized how little cash the store had to offer, he allegedly began implicating the customers. The police statement reported that Bebbles was "unwilling to walk away empty-handed," and even berated one student to transfer funds from his card account.

"That's when I piped in to remind them that card money is non-transferable," added Washington. "At which point the perp decided to just take the kid's card, probably hoping to spend the Cardinal Dollars at other Dining locations."

Cardinal Dollars comprise another set of funds activated through the ID card. Dollars are meant to supplement meals from the dining hall, and—like StanfordCard money—are accepted at a number of eateries around campus. In fact, the only real difference between the two funds is that Cardinal Dollars expire at the end of each academic quarter. Oh, and you can only use StanfordCardPlan money for sundries like printing and copies.

Danny Tevas, 19, a freshman on the 10-meals-a-week plan, is the student whose ID was targeted. "By the time I finished explaining how the card works, we could already hear police sirens," he said afterwards. "He bolted before I even wrote down my SUID and password. I guess he wasn't planning to check his transaction history online."

Bebbles ran from the store just before Stanford police officers arrived. He was caught in a nearby parking lot minutes later with Trevas's ID, a small amount of cash, and several Moonpies.

By LOONIE CHUMB

At 6:07 P.M. yesterday, Timothy Johnson was run over by the Stanford Marguerite shuttle at the roundabout in front of MemAud. Although paramedics responded quickly, they could not save Timothy Maxwell's life and declared him dead on arrival. "A lot of it had to do with how he was run over," said paramedic John Maxwell, "which was extremely thoroughly". Witnesses of the accident claimed that it was the most gruesome experience they have ever had. The scene unfolded as follows:

First, Timothy Johnson tripped while crossing the road in front of MemAud and his glasses went flying away. While he was crawling around on the road desperately searching for them, the Marguerite rolled up. In one swift moment, which seemed to last forever, little Timmy's skull was swiff against the pavement and exploded like an over-ripe grapefruit on a hot Sunday night. In fact, it exploded exactly like an over-ripe grapefruit, spewing pulp and juices everywhere. Many students arriving late to the scene thought it was a Dead Week celebration because the fountain water had grown pink from all the blood that it had absorbed.

By this point in the horrific accident, Timmy was thankfully likely dead. "Severe head trauma, like having 90% of your gray matter fly across the block, generally leads to instantaneous death," said corner Jack O'Neill. However, there was still more damage to be done to Timmy's body. After the front right wheel passed over Timmy's head, the driver braked and swerved in an attempt to avoid hitting him again. Unfortunately, Timmy's clothes were caught to the undercarriage of the shuttle by now, and he was dragged along the road for a good 5 seconds before the driver came to a full stop. By the time the bus stopped, a trail of torn skin and dark red blood, 4'6" wide (Timmy's height) and 15 yards long marked his ordeal.

Most students were depressed by the news of the little boy's death. SLE alumnus Niles Corn '10 said, "I thought I had figured out the meaning of life last year, but what's the point of living if you can die like this?" There will be a candlelight vigil for Timmy at MemAud tonight at 8 P.M., provided the clean-up crew peels his body off the road by then.

Continued from the front page

## OBAMA

drew Maher and McCurdy to the university in the first place? McCurdy responds, "Look, I chose to come to Stanford because I thought it was most happening college in the country. But this place can still be just so lame. There's a thousand frat parties every weekend, but where's the shoe-gaze? I only go to frat parties ironically."

"I don't go to them at all," says Maher. "They depress me.

When you've been to the clubs as much as I have, DJ Osvaldo just can't do it for you."

"He's actually being pretty modest," says McCurdy, temporarily rising out of her ennui.

"Well, I've been known to spin a little bit, by the way. I'm about as good as you can get without effort," Maher says.

So are these two the future of Stanford? When asked where they saw Stanford heading in twenty years, McCurdy let out a gusty sigh and pushed away from the table. "Look, can we end this thing? I'm pretty bored." Maher nods. "I mean, people are creating art out there."

## Draw group buys tickets to Cago, not Cabo

By MELON MCCORN  
DAILY CUSTODIAN

College spring break is a time of unrepentant debauchery, a time to revel in the power and glory of flat stomachs, unfurrowed brows, and unfettered youth. Many students choose to spend their precious spring break hours in beachy repose on the shores of some tropical islet, or failing that, Mexico. In fact, a recent survey conducted by the Stanford department of statistics indicates at least 92% percent of Stanford students spend over 4.5 spring breaks in Mexico during their time in college. Cozumel, Cancun, and Tijuana are all popular Mexican resort locales, but none of them combined could rival the magnetic pull of Cabo San Lucas for deep-pocketed college students. Many Stanford friends have been lured by the siren call of the tequila worm to this by-the-sea getaway.

Robert Rucinski's draw group was no different. Robert and his friends, Chris McGrath and Ricky Doherty, started making plans to go to Cabo San Lucas over spring break as early as last October. "We were all really ex-

cited about the idea of just letting loose and getting wild," explained McGrath. "Tons of people go to Cabo every year, so we knew we would probably run into some of our friends. So it was really upsetting when Rob fucked everything up for us."

"Yeah, we just wanted to go get tan, maybe meet some girls, drink a lot of margaritas," said Doherty. "Now we're stuck freezing our asses off in Illinois."

"When the guys asked me to buy tickets for spring break because my credit card has the highest limit," explained Rucinski, "they asked me to get three tickets to Cabo. But Chris's mouth was full at the time and I swore he said Cago. I thought it was weird that we would go to Chicago when we had been talking about the beach but I swear to God that's what I heard, so I bought three tickets on Northwestern to fly from SFO to O'Hare."

Worse, Rucinski's tickets are apparently nonrefundable. "We got such cheap fares — because nobody wants to go to Chicago in the middle of March — that the tickets can't be refunded or exchanged," griped McGrath. "We have to go or I wasted three

hundred bucks."

Chicago, a popular and very cultured city with a variety of artistic venues and tourist attractions, nonetheless holds little appeal for the three sophomores, who were looking for a less academic experience during their spring break. "Ugh, we're probably going to have to go a museum, aren't we?" groaned Doherty. "If we have to go to a museum — if we have to see modern art or some shit — I can't even deal with that. I'll kill Robert. I'll just rip his head right off and mail it to Cabo, where we should have been in the first place."

The mistake has caused considerable strain in the draw group. "I keep telling them to look on the bright side," said Rucinski. "It's still a trip, and we should still get excited. We can call it Cago! We're going to Cago San Windy. Besides, if they were so set on Mexico, maybe they should have said the whole name of the place they wanted me to buy airplane tickets to. This is really a lesson in saying what you mean or living with the results."

"If he opens his mouth at all on the trip, I will throw him under the El," promised McGrath.

## FINGER SNAPPIN' AND SINGIN'

## Police break up a capella territory dispute

By COOKER JIMSTICK  
INTERNATIONAL EDITOR

Stanford Police responded to a report of a conflict between two campus capella groups over who had booked Old Union rehearsal space on Saturday night. Former CoHo regulars who were studying in Old Union called the police after an argument broke out when Testimony and Talisman could not resolve the dispute over the practice room. A third capella group that was reportedly present at the onset of the argument had left the scene before police arrived. According to Brian Naguchi, head guy of Talisman, "The Mendicants were there at first too, and they wanted to rumble, but everyone was like 'who the hell are you guys anyway' and they went home crying." A representative of the Mendicants did not return calls on Sunday; he was probably still crying.

Officer Brian Page said that the confrontation between the singing groups was beginning to turn violent when he arrived on the scene. "There was definitely a

slapping-fight going on when I approached. I almost didn't want to break it up, because it was just so funny watching them sissy-fight like that." Some singers also commented on the lack of real violence. "I've wasted my life," said one Talisman member who asked to remain anonymous. "I should have been able to be a man and fight to protect my crew, but all I know how to do is sing. Tomorrow I'm dropping out to become a lumberjack." Lauri Epon '09 took a more pacifist stance on the issue of violence, commenting that "the most disappointing thing was that we couldn't settle our differences with song and dance. I guess life isn't like West Side Story after all." Epon's fellow singer David Ketchum '10 screamed in reply, "Don't say that, Lauri. Yes it is, shut up shut up shut up."

Officer Page noted that he did not have much difficulty handling the situation, sending all singers home after about ten minutes.

"The cops really weren't too helpful," Epon said. "They didn't try to resolve the dispute; they

just sent us on our way." Campus Police Chief George Conroy was not surprised by this complaint, responding in an interview "What did they expect? Cops really don't like a capella. I mean, who does? If I had my way a capella groups would be locked up." Chief Conroy then stroked his firearm pensively and gazed out his office window.

University administrators were perplexed when informed of the altercation. Administrator Chancey Rowe said: "Two of those singing cults wanted to beat each other up? I don't see what the problem is." A university dean who asked to remain anonymous (hint: the name rhymes with Hoolie) explained that university policy does not contain any rules about acapella groups not fighting with each other. "The way the university sees it is that it's best just to maintain an utter indifference towards a capella groups and whatever it is they do," the dean noted. "So if they want to fight, that's fine, because the university does not officially acknowledge their existence."

## CHRIS CRINGE

## Thousands to be laid off due to poor holiday season!

By GARBER WARMER  
INTERNATIONAL EDITOR

Santa Claus is being blamed for the lowest holiday spending in decades, according to the Federal Bank. His giving away of free gifts made has all but ruined the U.S. economy. "It'll be hard bouncing back from this one," Chairman of the Federal Reserve Kevin Tearlison said Tuesday. "Nearly every business in America, as well as many across the world, posted extraordinary losses. Companies are filing for bankruptcy protection by the hundreds."

Because Santa Claus was giving away free gifts and knew just what everyone wanted, due to an elaborate helper reporting system, shoppers had no need to spend their money at malls or on internet shopping websites this year. "The irony of it all," said Gap Inc. CEO Mark Pell, "is that Santa ran his organization through the very malls he was destroying. He's very much like a gift parasite." By setting up 'Santa's Helpers' in the middle of US malls, Santa was able to gain extraordinarily detailed information as to what people wanted this holiday season.

What made Santa a double threat was the quality of his products. "Even we can't tell the difference between a factory Wii and an Elven, hand-made Wii. They're just that good," reported Nintendo CFO Yoshi Yakashimi. From packaging to the product itself, the precision employed by Santa's slave army of elves in their knock-off products is amazing. Electronics, designer clothing, toys, even puppies are all made in-house by Santa and distributed for free on Christmas, thus giving him an extraordinary

edge over money based companies, like those found on the now crippled NYSE.

"We have 365 days to bounce back from this, but it's going to be hard," remarked Toys'R'Us CEO Riley Palmero. "There will be severe cut backs and several rounds of layoffs. We depend on revenue from the holiday season, and when that's cut off...well, it's going to be a bumpy road."

Even niche market businesses were severely affected by the jolly sleigh rider. Sal's Coal Sup-

ply, perhaps the last mom-and-pop coal outlet serving the Chicago area, had to close its doors the day before Christmas. "He even gives out lumps of coal! How can we possibly compete with a guy who gives out (expletive) lumps of coal?" explained owner Sal Packinelli in a telephone interview.

"There are obvious legal issues to be discussed," said US Attorney General Keith Goldenschnit. "Importing that extraor-

Continued from the front page

## CASTRO

Will work 15-hour week

cal right wing bias. "This is great to see," said Gold. "I mean, if only everybody at Stanford were willing to expand their horizons like this."

Others, however, see Castro's appointment to the post of Distinguished Fellow as further evidence of the Hoover Institution's reputation for being deliberately confrontational and out-of-touch with most Stanford students. Jon Brinkley '10 seemed particularly distraught. "First Rumsfeld, and now this. I just don't get how Stanford allows this to happen." Brinkley also voiced his interest in joining the mass protest that is being planned for Wednesday afternoon in White Plaza.

The Hoover Institution, founded in 1919, is nationally known for its strong presence in the conservative and libertarian communities, and hosts an impressive list of fellows, including noted politicians, writers, and intellectuals. Recently, the Institution has experienced publicity, much of it negative, for its appointment of former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. Some see Castro as an ideological complement to Rumsfeld, as well as a companion, since both men are over seventy-five years old. Some of the older fellows often find it difficult to ascend the dark, narrow Hoover Tower passageways, and a Castro-Rumsfeld "buddy system" could help to keep both men safe for their durations at the Institution.

Raisian stressed the likely difficulties that Castro will face, especially during his first few weeks when he will need to adjust the particular demands of being one of many fellows milling about the Hoover Institution, as opposed to being a dictator. "This might be Castro's greatest challenge when he arrives," said Raisian. "He has never had to report to anybody in the last five decades of his life. Now he will be responsible for rigorously defending and debating complex opinions regarding economic and political policymaking."

It is not yet known how Castro's tenure in the United States will affect Cuban-American trade or diplomatic relations, although the mere logistics of simply transporting Castro to California will likely require substantial legal wrangling, ironically as a result of Castro's own policies and longstanding antagonistic relationship with American authorities. In the long term, this maneuver is expected to bring about a fundamental shift in the ways Americans think about Cubans, and in the way American college students think about Cuban dictators at their colleges.

## Most Popular Makeout Places At Stanford



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## HELP WANTED

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Baby Sitter. Looking for a 400-500 lb person to sit on my new born daughter. Not ready to be a dad! Look like accident. Email photo and waist size to BeerChuggah69@hotmail.com. Serious applicants only! French family looking for urchin boy to raise as their own. Must have all his papers and genuinely be from the sea.

## MISSED CONNECTIONS

Blonde haired bombshell. Saw you in your 2nd floor window, 3rd from the north in Otero. You had just gotten out of the shower (I assume) and forgot to close your blinds. Call me! 650-774-7448.  
Fuck. That was the last CalTrain for an hour... shit.  
Wait, Hurley OWNS the box factory Locke worked at? No way. No fucking way.  
My brakes are out. I can't stop. Get out of the wayyyyy.  
I can't believe he dropped that pass! He was wide open!

## LOOKING FOR

Are you related to a celebrity? I'm looking for minor celebrities or people related to famous people to hang out with on weekends. Child star? Bruce Willis's niece? Jeff Goldblum's neighbor? I wanna talk to you! Call me at 650-533-9037. Ask my mom for "Peter"  
Someone with a car that'll drive me to InN'Out. I'm getting pretty hungry. email rolandc@stanford.edu if interested.  
How about Taco Bell? Whatdya say? Any-one up for a T-Bell run? rolandc@stanford.edu

## MARRIAGE

Floral Arrangements by Jen. email Jen@FlowerfulMoments.com  
Kelsey- Marry me? Love, Kawika  
Dude, don't do it man. Marriage is game over. You don't want that whole thing. Listen to your bros, man.  
Listen honey, I told you he'd be a cheating bastard. You should have listened to me. And sorry I slept with your husband.  
Shmitz Divorce Attorneys. Like a ctrl-Z for your life!

## TRADES

Looking for someone to swap two steelies for a nice glassy (preferably oversized, but negotiable for an especially awesome one). I'm Association of American Marble Collectors and Rollers (AAMCR) certified, so you know you won't be getting hosed on this one! email RollBabyRoll@gmail.com  
Blacksmithing! Now that's a FINE vocation.  
I'm in this fantasy league, and I'm just getting WAXED. Someone have a good short-stop that they'll trade for a relief pitcher and maybe a decent outfielder? email Throw-SomeHeat22@yahoo.com

## CROSSWORD ANSWERS

1-A: XEROX  
2-A: UMBRELLAEALLAELLA  
1-D: SIZZLY  
52-D: 33

## NULL SPACE

$$\begin{bmatrix} 2 & 3 & 5 \\ -4 & 2 & 3 \end{bmatrix} \begin{bmatrix} x \\ y \\ z \end{bmatrix} = \begin{bmatrix} 0 \\ 0 \end{bmatrix}$$

## NULL SPACE

## FORCE ALE

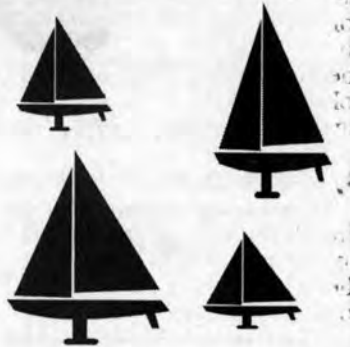
Want the finest brew this side of the nebula? Then try Qui-Gon's Pale Ale! Hand brewed by Jedi's from a galaxy far, far away. Aged since a time long ago, so you KNOW it's good (like wine, that way). Gets Wookies Wasted! Available by the case at www.MilenniumFalconRumRunners.com. Must be exactly 21 years of age to order

## FRESHMAN ORIENTATION

Left Freshman  
Right Freshman  
Center Freshman

## FOUR SAILS

SAIL SAIL SAIL SAIL



## CLASSIFIEDS

Secret Agents  
Medical Histories  
JFK's REAL Assassin  
Access to the War-room

## CLASSY FIELDS

Wrigley  
Lambeau  
Marshall

## VERY UN-CLASSY FIELDS

AT&T Park  
Gillete Stadium  
Ashley

## PRINTING ERROR

## CONVERSATIONS WITH YOUR ROOMMATE

"Are you Jewish? Really? I had no idea! My best friend in high school was half-Jewish."  
"Can I throw this in your laundry? There may be semen on it."  
"Come on man, I just need it to drive to McDonalds and back, your parents aren't even gonna know. Don't be so lame."  
"It's just a scratch, dude. Stop flipping out. You can buff that out, your dad won't even notice."  
"Fuck, sorry man. I'll pay for it, 'cuz I feel so bad, your mom, but, I mean it, it's your car, so you should probably pay for half too."

## ADS BY GOOGLE

Hot, shaved ladies in STANFORD, CA waiting for you to call. Give them calls! 1-800-DATE-HOT.  
Groom your dog, cat, other. No questions asked, we come to you! Shave and polish, ladies! 1-800-HOT-HAIR  
Find \*PARIS HILTON + BRITNEY SPEARS + LINDSAY LOHAN MAKING OUT's in your area now! 1-800-4-HOT-HOT

## TEETH WHITENING

Whitening Toothpaste  
Whitening Strips  
Whitening Mouthwash  
Bleach  
Brown T-Shirts

## NEVER AGAIN

God, I feel like shit... I'm seriously not gonna drink ever again.  
That's the last time I wire money to a random guy over the internet for a robot dog ever again.  
Frosoco? What was I thinking? I'm not wasting another year in this hellhole. two was enough.  
Throwing up in the urinal.



WWW.PHDCOMICS.COM

### Chess Puzzle

What is black's best move?

# L A T E R S

## The Daily Crossword Edited by Elliam Macshortz

- ACROSS**
- Latin word for knee
  - Lebanese film "Um homme \_\_\_\_"
  - Everybody does this when injected with potassium chloride
  - Programming language from Bell Labs
  - Utah County Association of Realtors
  - The first word in clue 15
  - The most bloodthirsty
  - River in south-eastern Poland
  - The answer is "itedrua"
  - Cheeky soccer move
  - Brit dictionary with etymology
  - Sex reassignment therapy
  - Manilla \_\_\_\_
  - A letter
  - Oppenheimer's bomb
  - A fictional Greek bread
  - What about people cannot do
  - The answer is "olonr"
  - The answer

- "embryopathology"
- Like N' Sync, but "Pot" instead of "Sync"
- Buddhist yearning
- Misspelled name of fabled-telling slave from Samos
- Seamen's greeting
- Wife of 18th Dynasty Egyptian priest Yuya
- Farah \_\_\_\_ minus "Faw"
- Caitlyn with a "K"
- Mapuche title for leader during war
- English equivalent of Jaime
- Not box face
- Green or yellowish green rock
- Looking at girls
- Dreidels are basically \_\_\_\_
- Plural of tsk
- Before a homerun
- Trumpeter swans minus "trumpeter" and the "a" in swans
- DOWN
- Chatters

transportation      says minus "c"      60. Go \_\_\_\_ wild!

33. Bars of gold      53. Not "LS"

34. "Tales from the \_\_\_\_"

35. Leaf-cutter

36. Algerian cavalry of the French army

56. Sound a cat makes

37. C2H5OH

57. TV station on at sports bars

40. Freya's lover in Norse mythology

58. Draw four pictures of snakes

41. Stupid girl saying hi

48. Young goat

49. New Jersey Doormen

50. Almost a palindrome

51. \_\_\_\_ this crossword sucks.

52. What a ducks

61. 2001 album by the German band Oomph!

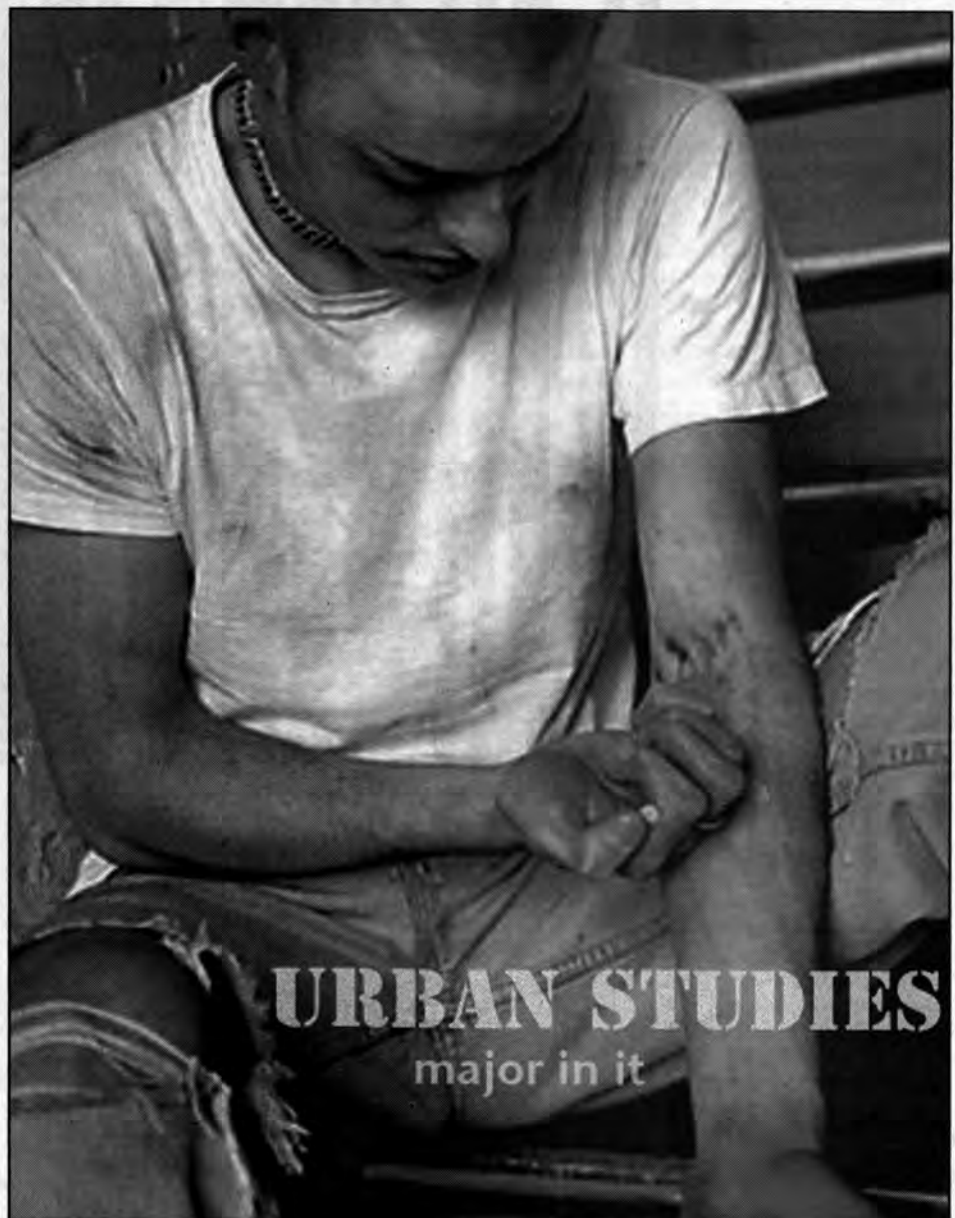
62. Baba

63. Family room in a house

64. MSG but switch the "M" with an "E"

### Answers

GENU PERDU DIES  
ALEF UCAOR UTAH  
BLOODTHIRSTIEST  
SAN ITEDRUA MEG  
OED SRT  
FOLDER P ATOMOR  
ROAIC SEE OLOMR  
EMPOTYPATHOLOGY  
NPOT TANHA ESOP  
AHOY THUYA CETT  
KAITLYN  
TOQUI JAMES  
ROUNDHEADEDNESS  
OPAL OGLES TOPS  
TSKS GOING SWNS





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