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The Stanford Daily

An Inductive Publication

MONDAY
 March 12, 2007

www.stanforddaily.com

Volume 108
 Issue 4

STANFORD DROPS TO No. 14

By DENTON KATZ
 SENIOR STAFF WRITER

In news that is sure to cause local outcry, the news magazine *US News and World Report* has Stanford ranked 14th in the latest installment of its annual "America's Best Colleges" report. For Stanford, the precipitous decline comes after years of hovering between being ranked fourth and sixth. Last year, Stanford was tied for fourth with the California and Massachusetts Institutes of Technology, just below Yale University and above the University of Pennsylvania.

Reasons for the drop are not yet clear. *US News and World Report* lists 19 different variables as supplementary information along with its final rankings, but many of the detailed formulae are proprietary and no explanation of how the variables combine to yield a ranking. The individual variables range from the straightforward, such as Graduation Rate and SAT Percentiles, to the esoteric, including a Faculty Resources Rank and a Peer Assessment score. A comparison between the 2005-2006 and 2006-2007 variables shows small decreases across the board for Stanford, except in Alumni Giving Rate and Acceptance Rate, which have increased from their 2005-2006 levels. However, as alumni and prospective students learn about the drop in rankings, those rates can be expected to dip as well.

The *US News and World Report* website states that, "Large changes in the rankings, either up or down, are often not triggered by any single event or change in a single rate statistic, but often due to a combination of improvements or losses in several areas."

Calls to President Hennessy's office were not immediately returned. However, the Daily was able to contact Dean of Admissions Richard Shaw, who was willing to offer some limited comments.

"We have a policy of not treating those rankings very seriously," said Shaw. "However, we acknowledge that students do, unfortunately, consider these rankings

strongly when making the choice about where to go to college. So this will inevitably mean changes—big changes—for Stanford."

The latest figures put Stanford in an uncomfortable spot, as the administration will have to reconcile a history of dismissive comments about the rankings system with very real institutional consequences and less attention from top high school students than it historically has seen.

Shaw went on to explain the role a ranking plays in a school's actual matriculation and operation.

"It really all comes back to the ranking. The higher the ranking, the more students apply, which helps our admit and yield rates, which allows us to ensure a significant

We're taking this in stride.

— JOHN ETCEMENDY,
 Provost

amount of bright students. When the ranking falls, fewer students, and fewer of the best students, apply, and we are forced to admit a glut of less-talented high school students to fill each class. And even after that there are still far-reaching ramifications."

Student reaction has been mixed. Ann Walker, a senior in International Relations, said that the drop didn't bother her, since she doesn't believe that schools should be ranked strictly by a formula.

"No, I'm not worried," she said. "Stanford will be fine in the long run. Those ratings don't matter. Also, I don't

think there's a category for gorgeous weather. That would bump us up, I'm sure."

Other students were uneasy. Ryan Vu, an undeclared sophomore expressed concern over the drop.

"I know it shouldn't matter, but it does," he said. "Everyone pays attention to schools' rankings, even employers. I hope Stanford has a solid plan to get back to where it was."

Relaxed standards in degree programs and general education requirements might become a reality as the university compensates for incoming freshman classes that will be slightly less qualified than in years past.

"We're taking this in stride," Provost John Etchemendy said. "We'll see how future classes perform at our current challenge level. Incoming students may be unprepared for Stanford's traditionally rigorous curriculum."

Several professors, anticipating fewer research grants and cuts in salaries, due to a comprehensive re-structure of the university, and perhaps foreseeing a near future where Stanford is no longer considered an elite university, have already tendered their resignations. Shaw has said that more will probably follow, and that the gap will be hard to make up, since as other schools trend up, the tide of universities competing with one another becomes difficult to beat against.

"We will probably stay out of the top ten for another five years, at least," Shaw said. "Many of the metrics *US News and World Report* employs take a while for a school to develop and sustain. Stanford will have to adapt. This could mean anything, from shakeups in student housing policy as we brace for less diversity among the student body, or even higher-than-normal tuition raises to meet the gaps when alumni stop donating as generously as they have for so long."

Students should email the Daily at thestanforddaily@gmail.com with specific concerns. As more information comes to light regarding the cause of the rankings drop and its effects, both short- and long-term, the Daily will offer updates to this story.

U.S. News & World Report

1. Princeton University (NJ)
2. Harvard University (MA)
3. Yale University (CT)
- (2006) 4. California Institute of Technology
4. Massachusetts Inst. of Technology
6. University of Pennsylvania
7. Duke University (NC)
8. Columbia University (NY)
9. Dartmouth College (NH)
9. University of Chicago
11. Brown University (RI)
12. Cornell University (NY)
12. Carnegie Mellon University (PA)
- (2007) 14. Stanford University (CA)
15. University of Michigan—Ann Arbor
16. Johns Hopkins University (MD)
17. Rice University (TX)
18. Vanderbilt University (TN)
18. Emory University (GA)
20. Northwestern University (IL)
21. Washington University in St. Louis
21. University of California—Berkeley
23. Georgetown University (DC)
24. University of Virginia
24. Tufts University (MA)
26. Univ. of California—Los Angeles
27. U. of North Carolina—Chapel Hill
27. Univ. of Southern California
27. University of Notre Dame (IN)
30. Wake Forest University (NC)

CAMPUS LIFE

"Submit" promises a different future

Scodary and Wyman to trump all opposing platforms

By ART SANDERS
 ASSISTANT EDITOR OF WORLD AFFAIRS

"Every year you see the same breed of self-serving narcissists running for ASSU executive, concerned with no more than how they look on paper." Anthony Scodary, ASSU presidential candidate and world-renowned leadership expert says, putting his feet on his leather-surfaced desk and lighting a cigar.

From behind a cloud of smoke, Scodary continues, "They'll make the same empty promises ranging from student groups — whatever — to something involving graduate students. They really have no intention of accomplishing much of anything in their tenure, except sitting back in their cushy offices and letting the law school and investment firm calls roll in."

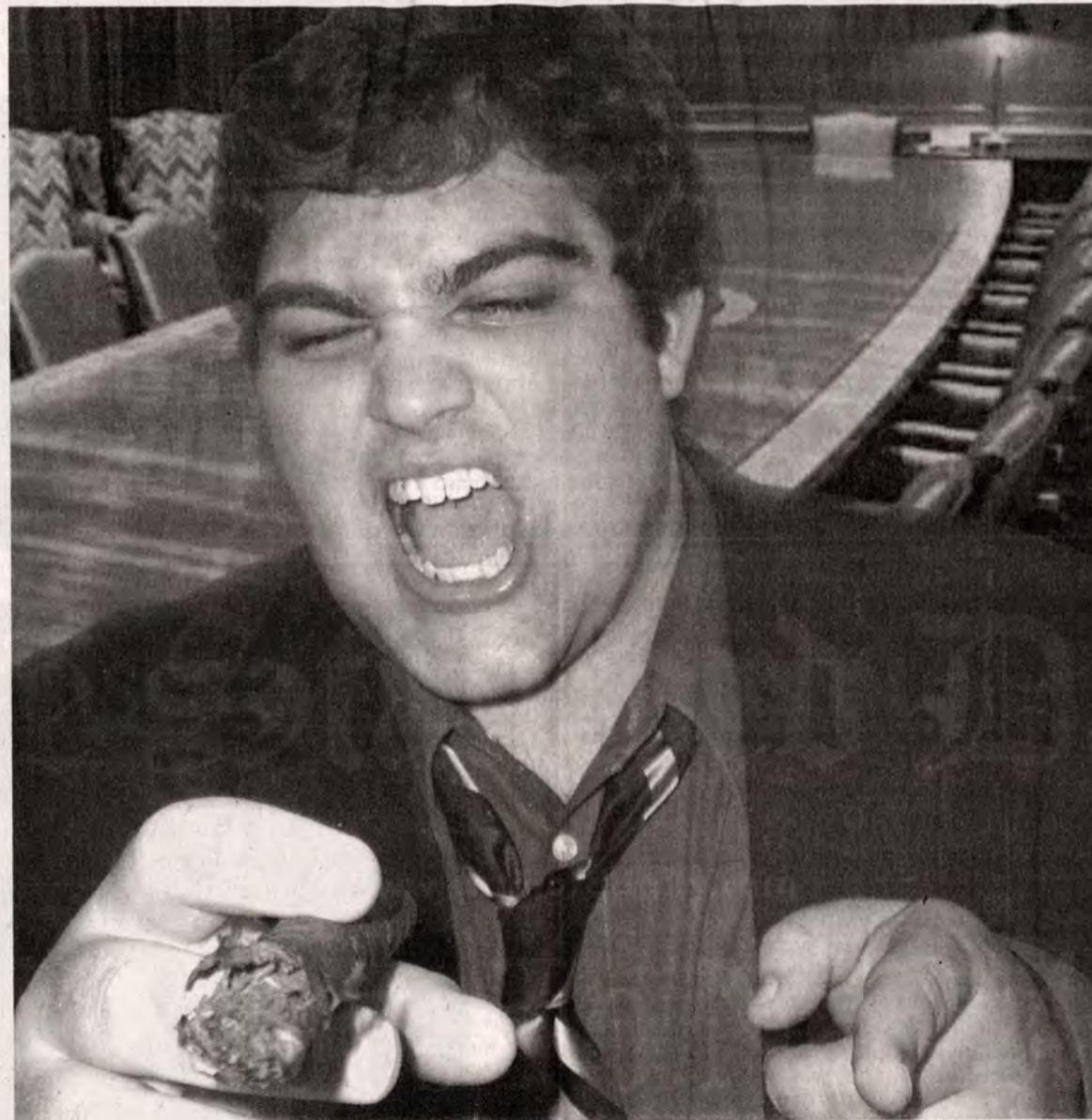
His running mate and business partner of fifteen years, Annie Wyman, adds, "We just want the get the word out, we're everything that they are. And more." Wyman leaves her chair to go pour herself a second glass of scotch, but continues from the bar, "You may ask how any candidate could ever beat such a bold platform? The answer is that they simply cannot."

Throughout their campaign, Scodary and Wyman have guaranteed to match any campaign promise their opponents make. "In fact," Scodary adds, "If their promise is something numerical, I'll tell you what: we'll double their number if it's good and halve it if it's bad. For example, diversity: we'll double whatever they do. You probably think that would require a tremendous amount of connections and personal resources. And you would be right, Sir."

Scodary leaned forward, waving his cigar for emphasis. "You have to understand the average Stanford student. Each and every one have things they want and need. What we need to do is match all the things they want to things that we promise. Like a mailman delivering letters, we have to put something in everyone's box, and I'll tell you what, if our opponents were the pony express we'd be email."

Deemed "Submit", Scodary and Wyman's slate has stressed cleaning up corruption within the ASSU as a top priority. "Everyone has skeletons in their closet, I can assure you," Wyman says, "and I know for a fact that all eight of our opponents do. Come campaign week, some of those skeletons might just happen to fall out of the closet and crumble all over the Stanford community. It would certainly be a shame if our opponents became too ambitious, and were suddenly shamed out of the running."

When asked if they were bothered by the large number of competing slates, Scodary seemed unconcerned. "Let me just say this: it may take three to tango, but it really takes five to cha-cha. Do you see my meaning?" Wyman clarified, "When Stanford's voters wake up and realize who our opponents really are — self-servants with weak minds — the remaining supporters and allies will be greatly diluted."



GRANT HARTMAN, The Stanford Daily

Prospective ASSU president Anthony Scodary pitches some of his plans and ideas.

Scodary and Wyman met when they simultaneously attempted hostile takeovers of the same Pacific shipping company. Impressed with each other's ruthless pursuit of success, they immediately became business partners.

Scodary first amassed his fortune through the real estate business, in which he quickly became known for constructing the world's longest buildings. Scodary became recognized for his cutthroat business practices, after ousting all 87 competing companies in the mattress business less than 18 months after entering the industry in 1997.

When asked about his qualifications, Scodary chuckled and said, "How's leadership strike you as a qualifica-

tion? The livelihood of thousands of people has hung on my slightest whim for a decade. On an average day I make over seven hundred important decisions. I've made generals cry."

Wyman first came to the public's eye with her series of books on success, leadership, and money. Her books "Anyone But Not Everyone Can Be Rich" and "Money Now!" both rose to the top of the New York Times non-fiction bestsellers, and her most recent title "97 Tips for Successful Winners: Why the Ruthless Defeat the Weak" was the top selling success book of 2006.

"In politics, connections are everything," Wyman stressed, "And let's face it, Scodary and I could out-con-

Please see **SUBMIT**, page 10

DEEPER NEWS COVERAGE

Swim coach draws fire

Behavior raises, shaves eyebrows

By ARTROSE PENFIELDS
 INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER

An independent inquiry commissioned by Athletic Director Bob Bowsby has yielded still more evidence of questionable conduct from embattled mens swimming coach Skip Kenney.

"We haven't had time to corroborate everything," Bowsby said. "But what we have confirmed is profoundly troubling."

The original statistics deletion scandal, wherein Kenney admitted to removing the names of five swimmers from the record books is evidently just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. The original five, who competed in the years between 1991 and 2007, do not show up in any databases of Stanford student. There is no paper trail to connect them with the university, only the memories of acquaintances. The complete wipe-job effected by Kenney raises issues about the corruptibility of university offices from the registrar to the alumni center. When Niles Hearn '01, one of the five affected swimmers applied to Harvard Law School, he was informed that his application would be summarily denied on account of his lack of an undergraduate degree.

"[Kenney] all but rubbed them out," Bowsby said. "It's fortunate that one of them spoke up, otherwise they might well have vanished from Stanford's records and consciousness forever."

Though the motive behind Kenney's deeds is still not widely known, "a pattern of strange and paranoid behavior underpins his actions," said Bowsby. The university has extended Kenney's paid leave pending a formal hearing in May. A 135-page report prepared by University Special Counsel Taggart Silva does not allege any specific wrongdoings as defined by official NCAA competitive guidelines, Bowsby maintains that it paints a picture of "a program gone out of control" with "affronts to any scholar-athlete's sensibilities."

According to the report, Kenney would not allow his athletes to break training in any fashion. This is not unheard of in the competitive world of Division I varsity athletics, but Kenney's draconian enforcement of unusual stipulations raised a few eyebrows.

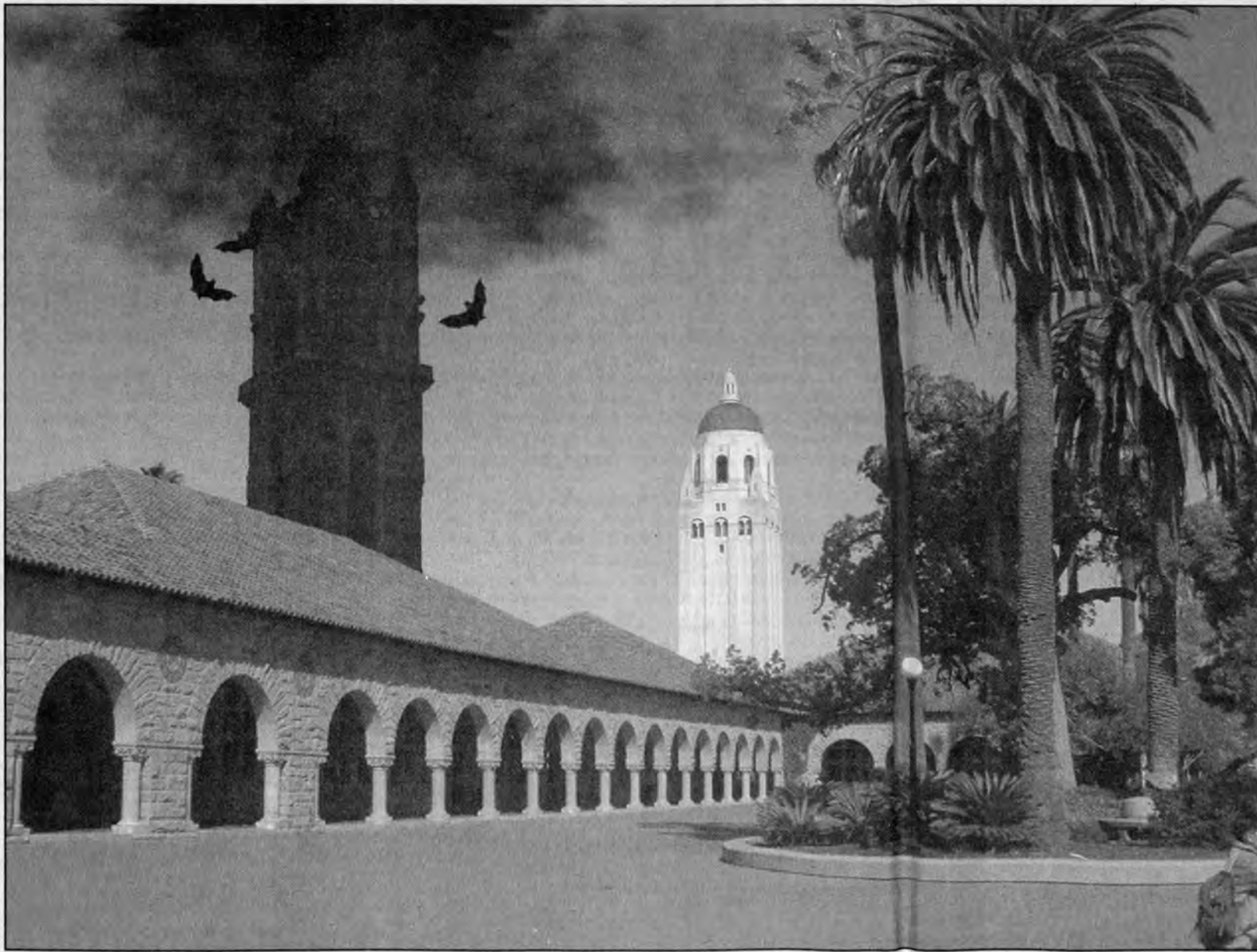
In a September 25, 2004 email to his team, Kenney wrote, "A real Swimmer never allows himself to fully dry off. Always have the damp of the water on your face, always have chlorine in your eyes and on your breath. If I catch you with dry hair, I'm shaving it off and throwing a case of hot sauce in the pool."

Since the investigation first launched, a surprising number of Kenney's current and former swim-

Please see **SWIM**, page 10

Monday Mayhem

Strange Sights



Every Monday we feature a slightly obscure photograph taken on campus. Your job? Try to discern the subject of the photo. The first person to email the correct answer to thestanforddaily@gmail.com will receive a \$5 gift certificate to The Apple Store. If you are interested in taking the mystery picture, you can just stop being interested, mister.

Campus Spoilers

When did that black spire show up here anyhow?

By PUNCH MASTERS
INTERMITTENT FATHER

With a campus so large and so vibrant, construction crews are a continued presence at Stanford. We're all so used to the hammering, the cranes, and the rubble that it's not uncommon for students to not notice a construction project until it's finished. Most of us have had the experience of walking through an unfrequented corner of the Farm, seeing a huge new complex, and thinking, "When did that get built?"

That question has been on the minds of a lot of students lately, as the newest addition to the Stanford Campus has been raising a lot of eyebrows. The building is officially named "Arrillaga Spire", but those in the know are already calling it "The Spire." If you haven't seen it yet, take a gander at the northeast corner of campus. It's the nightmare-black gothic tower.

The University refuses to release any details about the building other than it is a key part of The Stanford Challenge and a center for "global strategy." They also unwilling to disclose details about the construction of the

building, saying that only that it was part of a "privately funded initiative."

Many students are puzzled by the building of the spire, since nobody seems to remember the intermediate phase between beginning and completion.

"About two months ago, I remember a big space being cleared by the Graduate School of Business," said senior Jamie Hoffman. "Then, about three days ago, I looked up and saw this enormous spire dominating the skyline. Maybe I just wasn't paying attention, but that thing's pretty tall. I don't know how I missed it. Then again, it couldn't have gone up overnight. At least I don't think it could."

Student curiosity has also been piqued by the fact that the spire always has two guards in coal black iron plate mail outside its front doors. Speculation about the purpose of the tower has grown, especially amidst reports of cloaked figures entering and leaving under the cover of night. Students have also spotted large, winged creatures silhouetted against the setting sun. The jury is still out as to whether these are bats or birds of prey.

In recent weeks, a pulsating dark blue orb has surrounded the observation deck of the

tower, obscuring the activity above from the eyes of the earthbound below.

The Spire is the latest in a series of buildings funded by Arrillaga that have grown progressively blacker, and progressively more likely to stab into the very bellies of the gods. Undisclosed sources say that Arrillaga plans to soon take up residence in the spire in order to better oversee his donations.

Emboldened by the growing darkness, students are beginning to demand answers.

"Stanford needs to tell us the purpose of the Arrillaga Spire is," said sophomore Jacob Peters. "The University can't just keep secrets like this from us. There's something not right about that tower, something... unholy." Peters said as he shivered and glanced at the dark battlement.

Other students aren't so worried. Freshman Chad Morgan enumerated the positive things about the spire: "Come on, it looks badass! It's so cool that Stanford has its own wicked-looking black tower. It really bugs me when people complain about unending moans that echo from within. It helps me fall asleep. It's not like they're part of a cabalist ritual sacrifice or anything."

Burrito Review

Look no further: foods evaluated here

By DEWEY KLEE
INTERMITTENT BEDWETTER

I eat a lot of burritos. If you saw me you would know why. I freely admit that I might be most easily categorized as a "Soft and Gassy" person, and that's entirely due to my diet. But you know what? I don't care. I love burritos, and I love my body.

I consider myself a burrito journalist. I've eaten duck burritos in Brazil, where they put mayonnaise on every bite. I've eaten Russian burritos, which are more like wraps, and a little respect for the creative process of making the burrito. Seriously, though, a starving man would refuse this burrito. And the worst part of this was that I felt let down. Call me crazy, but I expect great things from Treehouse.

When you eat a burrito, the first

thing that should hit you is the sour cream. You see, burrito can be considered flavor media—that is, huge, missile-like vectors of taste, conduits of gustatory sensation. In this way, the beans and rice should hit you last, and should smooth out the jarring pH spike that comes with a guacamole-cheese reaction. The shrimp should burst in your mouth like taut, meaty grapes; in this burrito they squished like tofu raisins. Everything about this burrito was, in a word, flat-out wrong.

As I wrote above, this comes as a bit of a surprise to me, because Treehouse has traditionally done a bang-up job with their bundled seafoods, even if their recently-discontinued Lobster Burrito was really just cheap crawfish (I could tell all along). But enough about the meat.

The chew profile of the rice is extremely important, as is the mouthfeel. Good rice will resist the chew initially, but will give after two or three (max) mastications. I directed a double-blind study last year that proved how the ratio of fibrous resistance between beans and rice is optimized at 5:2, so that ought to give you

a good idea of what I'm talking about here.

Finally, there was the mechanical issue of the wrapping of the tortilla around the innards. A good wrap job can really save a shitty burrito, believe it or not. It can even compromise for weak tomatoes or one-standard-deviation-below-the-mean quality meat. But the way this shrimp burrito was wrapped made me was just depressing. It was all haphazard, with no respect for integration of the innards and no fidelity to wrap orthodoxy. I mean, once in a decade or so, you run into an extremely talented wrapper who has the balls and the chops to try something new. Don't get me wrong; the folks out at the Treehouse know their way around a good burrito, but nobody's been in the innovative class for years.

Why do I eat burritos? I eat burritos because I'm not afraid to take risks; burritos are the best of all foodstuffs because you never really know what you're going to get. It's a grab bag of flavor. The highest highs and the lowest lows of my life have all come at the feet of truly unforgettable burritos. I wouldn't have it any other way.

TV Week in Review

30 Rock: I'm so lost!

By CARNIE KELP
INTERMITTENT NOSEBLEED

Sure, this week's *30 Rock*, which focused on the family life of NBC executive Jack Donaghy, played by Alec Baldwin, was hilarious. But for all the funny that it dished out, there was also a big heaping spoonful of confusing—something that *30 Rock* viewers are getting all too used to.

We all know that committing to *30 Rock* means committing to all sorts of crazy back stories, whether it be Liz's (Tina Fey's) exploits with past boyfriends, how Jenna (Jane Krakowski) wound up in a wheelchair, or why Tracy Jordan (Tracy Morgan) became addicted to heroin. But this week, the background of Kenneth, the innocent NBC Page played by Jack McBrayer, was exposed, and once again, we find more questions being raised than answers being provided.

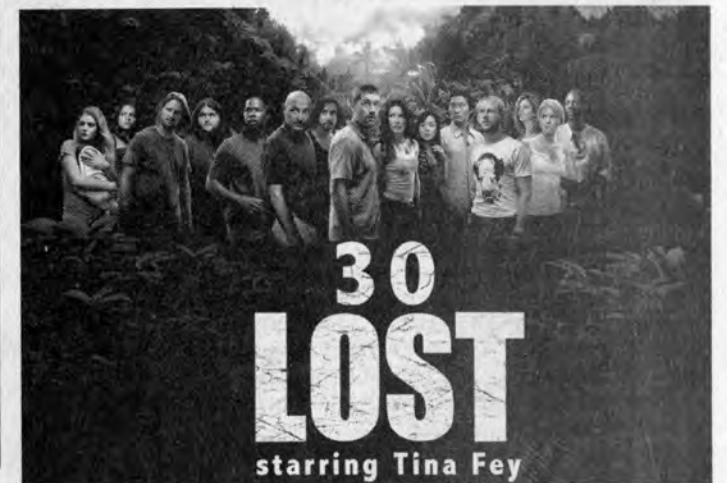
In the episode, Kenneth takes Tracy to his "church," the basement of a Cuban restaurant in New York. Tracy is under the impression that Kenneth is Presbyterian, but Kenneth corrects him, stating that he is actually a member of the "Eighth Day Resurrected Covenant of the Holy Trinity." He goes on to explain that this is why he was transporting statues of the Holy Mother filled with heroin in a plane—that is, because he was pretending to be his brother, an African priest. Confusing enough for you? This is just the beginning.

In last week's episode, new characters were introduced to the mix once again who, for some reason, had never shown up before—this time it was Jack's brother, played by Nathan Lane, not the random good-looking couple that was nowhere to be found on the island before season three. There are now so many characters in *30 Rock* that one character's story will be dropped for several weeks before being addressed again; it's as if it takes the *30 Rock* writers the time to travel the length of the island before getting back to an Others' story.

One such character we haven't heard from since September is Conan O'Brien, who appeared in the episode "Tracy does Conan," in which Tracy Jordan is a guest at *Late Night* with Conan O'Brien. Conan, the ill-tempered bad boy whose life pre-island included beautiful women and long cons, was in an exciting implied competition with Tracy for the affection of Kate (Evangeline Lilly) the last time we checked. But where are they? Why do we have to hear more about Tina Fey's torturing of prisoners in Iraq for a whole episode?

And while we're asking questions, let's just get this one out there: where the heck are they, anyway? *30 Rockefeller Center* in New York City? Purgatory? You tell me. And you've been trying to, apparently, what with all of the *30 Rock* forums on the Internet that posit explanations for the show's mysterious premise. Members of such forums try mightily to explain away the surprise appearance of polar bears on the island, or the creepy shroud of black smoke that enveloped Mr. Eko two months ago. One theory is that *30 Rock* is all one big dream taking place in Tina Fey's head. It does seem like this would be the only real way to wrap up such a disjointed and unwieldy group of island stories—though it still wouldn't explain where Walt is.

30 Rock airs Thursday nights at 9:30 on NBC.



THE LONGER ARM OF THE LAW

Metroplex Bounty Hunter Chat



THE GAME IS A FOOT, BRO.

<http://alexander.lukashenko.googlepages.com/thelongerarmofthelaw>

monday mayhem

FEATURED SUBJECT

100 YEARS OF ATTITUDE

GREEDY BOLLARDS SAP STANFORD'S ENERGY

By DANGER KURTZ AND ARBITER PRIDE
STAFFWRITERS

Recently declassified papers from the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center and the Department of Energy show that bollards, the short vertical posts that dot the Stanford campus and which regulate the flow of traffic between inner-campus pedestrian zones and the greater Stanford area, consume 12% of Stanford's annual fiscal operating budget. This critically large drain on the budget is caused by the vast amounts of energy required to move a huge, underground mass of rock that rises and falls with the bollard, just beneath the surface of the earth.

According to Physics Professor Calvin Sheffield, "The bollard itself only weighs about fifty pounds, but the massive granite deposit below it weighs approximately ten billion metric tons," he said. "The work required to lift the combined mass two feet and then lower it to its original position in a controlled fashion is in the neighborhood of a billion kilojoules, so it makes sense that it would be particularly taxing to the University in terms of resources. In fact, it would consume on the order of nine billion kilowatts, by my calculations, each time it is lowered and then raised again."

The bollards were installed around campus in the late 1970s, after administrators became alarmed at the frequency with which students were stealing cars and joyriding through the Quad, White Plaza, and other zones with high foot traffic. The mechanical work and installation were performed under the auspices of SLAC and the Department of Civil Engineering. Until now, however, the truth about the scope of the bollards has all but unknown.

Forged from an aluminum alloy, the bollards were fixed directly to the massive underground rock, as the building codes at the time required. For roughly ten years, as the bollards rarely needed to be activated, the cost to the university was only several million dollars a year. A significant amount, but surely bearable. However, the energy requirements bollards, forced the university to build a hydrogen cogeneration power plant behind Roble Gym, as the massive current draws to large capacitors hundreds of feet under the earth were causing rolling brownouts within the state of California.

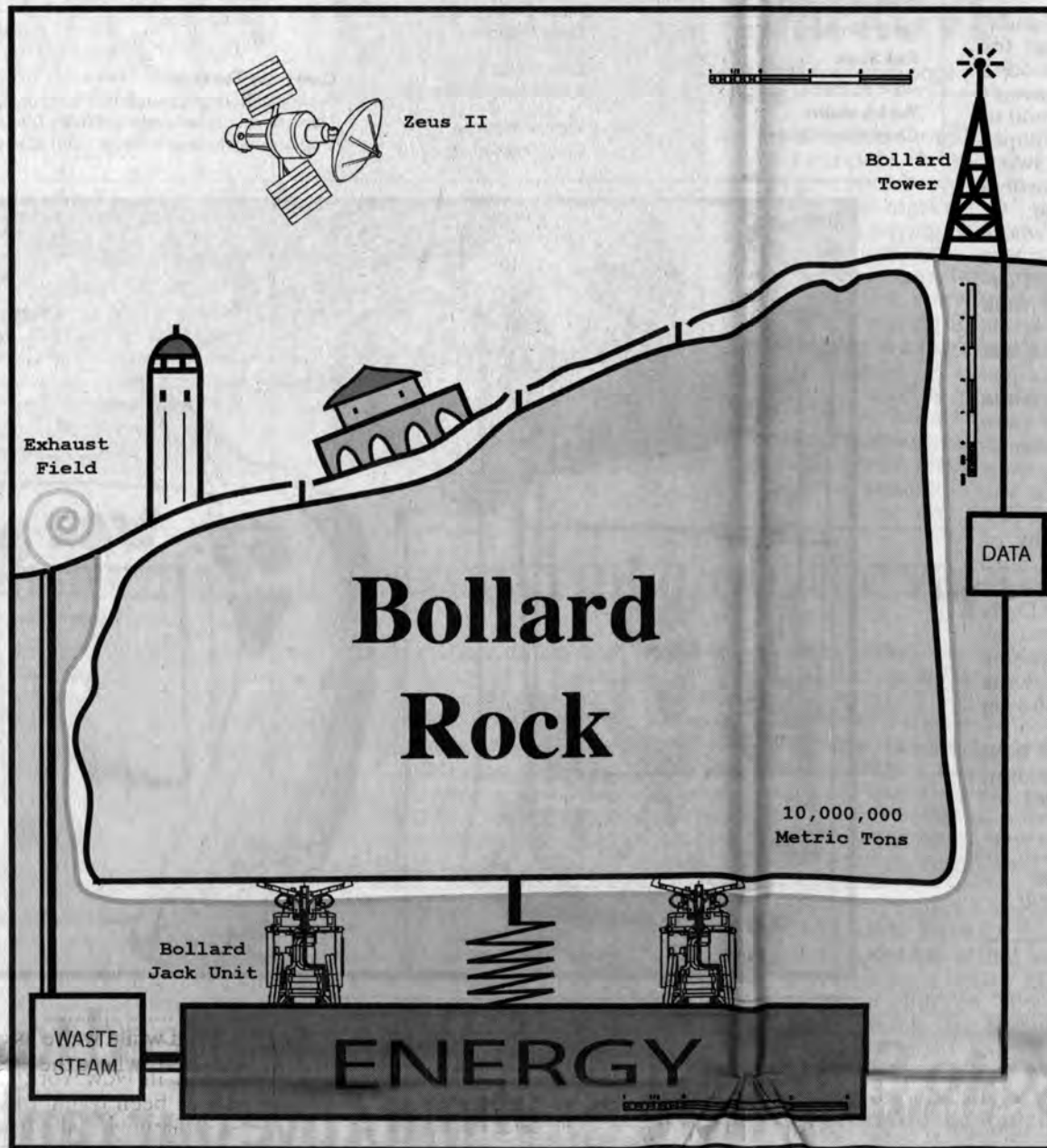
Since the bollards were operated as a subsidiary concern of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center, all of the facts surrounding their energy consumption and financial need have been guarded with the closest of secrecy.

Upon learning this, Events and Labor Services has instituted a policy of limited bollard use, as cavalier "up-and-downing" by university janitorial workers has been shown to cost the university \$377,000 for each bollard piston-cycle. Until another system is approved, the bollards will be low-

ered for 15 seconds every hour on the hour.

Still, some have argued that when the bollard descends, it "recharges" the system, so that very little energy is lost over the entire vertical travel of the piston-bollard. This suggestion has not been evaluated by any of the administrative departments in charge of the bollard system.

The general student response has been one of incredulity. Many do not



ARTURO SIROCCO/The Stanford Daily

Administration officials have long quashed rumors of Bollard Rock. The amount of energy it takes to lower and raise the bollards once, could power the city of Sacramento for three days.

take seriously the idea that a significant landmass rises and falls with the bollard.

Junior Physics major Armand Bassardjan spoke to the Daily at length about the veracity of the underground rock deposit and piston-style movement of the bollard. "A lot of students are skeptical, but really, have you ever seen two bollards descend and rise at the same time? I called a few friends and spent all of Friday afternoon studying their movement. It fascinates me."

Added Bassardjan: "I must admit, however, that the one-bollard theory

DEEPER ROOTS BREED RIPER FRUITS

By ADAM PURITZ
GONZO DESK SERGEANT

Every single student who ever rested his head in one of Twain's doubles has known the Moncriefs. One of Stanford's great families, the Moncriefs have selflessly served as the Resident Fellows of Twain for over a century. We sat down with Gordon Moncrief, scion of his illustrious line, to ask him about the unique place in Stanford history occupied by his kin.

The Stanford Daily: Tell us a little bit about yourself.

Gordon Moncrief: I was born in this building, and I will die here as my father did. My son will do the same. I am the sixth Moncrief to be a Twain RF. We've been here since the beginnings of Stanford in 1891.

GM: Well, my great great great grandfather Angus settled on this land in 1874. He was a squatter, to be sure, but he worked that patch of earth and got it under his fingernails and under his crops. When the workmen first came by to lay the foundation for what would become Stern Hall, Angus kept them at bay with his hunting rifle. For weeks he was under siege.

SD: What finally brought an end to that conflict?

GM: The construction was at an impasse until Leland Stanford himself promised Angus that he would always have a home on his land. Reluctantly agreeing to the tycoon's terms, my great great grandfather was installed as the first Resident Fellow of Twain. It was an all-girls dorm back then, which suited him fine.

SD: What did he teach?

GM: Angus was wise beyond his schooling, but he wasn't a man of letters, so he didn't teach in a classroom. He taught in Twain and was strict but fair. In the spring of 1899 he took the first-floor RA for a wife and sired a family of three sons with her.

SD: And he just passed his title on down the generations?

GM: No sir, there's no nepotism at Stanford. When Angus passed on, his eldest son was not allowed to take his place on account of his not being a

professor. Enraged, Angus Jr. worked for 25 years to become the preeminent geologist of his age, earning a tenured position at Stanford and reclaiming the coveted Twain Resident Fellowship. He pledged that never again would his kin be exiled from their ancestral home. And he stuck to it. Not once have I been forced to spend a night apart from my beloved Twain.

SD: How are you different from other RFs?

GM: Well, obviously I feel that tradition is very important. My forebears had unwavering convictions regarding the conduct of their residents. I feel it would be impossibly disrespectful to flout their precedent.

SD: Did you always know your future was in Twain?

GM: Every last one of us has had to make our bones in academia before we can claim what should be our birthright. Myself, I never wanted to be a professor. I used to think my calling was in the military. But the whispers of my ancestors are louder than the thunder of any battle.

SD: Do you have a family of your own?

GM: Last year I married my first-floor RA as is the Moncrief custom. Our courtship was chaste until at last we were allowed to share our wedding bed. In December, my first son was born, his name is Grover and he has strong features, which portend a

SD: Why you?

GM: I had the privilege to attend Stanford University. I lived with my parents in Stern all four years. Soon after, I was accepted to the School of Mechanical Engineering where I earned my doctorate. After a few years of post-doc research, I was offered a lecturing position, which I eagerly accepted. Once Dad died, I applied for and got the RF job. So it goes with all the Moncrief men, and so it will go for as long as this bloodline exists on the Earth. We are all resigned to the fact that our sons will succeed us; we Moncrief are no different.

SD: Thanks for your time, Gordon.

GM: No, thank you.

DIVERSIONS

THE PARTY SNOOPER STRIKES AGAIN!

By Snooper
STAFF

11:12 PM Friday night, Theta Delt lounge.
Some guy talking to five foot seven brunette with short, sleek bob cut, Anthropologie tank, and slim-fit Bongo jeans.

"No, this is awesome. Way more chill people than at Bob. Do you want another drink?"

"Um, sure. Are you sure they even have hard A?"

"They have to. I mean, it's a party, right?"

"Oh, here comes Ashley! Hey, babe!"

Very cute girl--sort of like a Reese Witherspoon meets Angelina Jolie, but more down-to-Earth--warmly embraces the brunette who must be a long-time friend, maybe more. They linger in the warm, moist air. She speaks.

"Hey, girl! How's it goin'?"

"Good, good. Just tryin' to get everyone to rally..."

"Cool, cool. You know, actually, I came over 'cause I was wondering...some guy's been like watching you guys from behind that window."

"Which guy? Where? I don't see anyone."

"Oh, yeah, he's gone, weird."

"Hmmm. Weird. Ya know, Ryan and I were at Bob before this. Let's go back. The people are too chill here, anyway."

11:46 Friday night, Bob kitchen.

"Oh man, I'm starting to feel this vodka blueberry."

"Yeah, Bluedrivers totally mess with your brain. I think it's the blueberries. They actually get me really flushed, like all over my body, not just my cheeks. See?"

Reese Jolie delicately lifts the left strap of her Vicky's Secret black lace demi to expose an expanse of strawberry-creamy flesh that rolls over a young, taught collarbone. The brunette gasps, her almond eyes widen, and she is left breathless as she inhales the beauty of her companion.

"Grooooooooooooooossssss!"

The brunette's delicate voice tumbles out of her mouth like honey pouring slowly out of an elegant crystal vessel into a pool of milk.

"Yeah, it's weird, right? Can we get some air? And actually, I think I saw that guy again here--I swear it was the same one from Theta Delt."

"Really? Ew. Let's go."

11:52 Friday night, outside of Bob

The brunette shivers in the inky night air, and goosebumps make their way to the surface of the nape of her neck. They're smaller than anything I've ever seen on a girl. They're perfect.

"So yeah, what are we gonna do now?"

"I don't know; I'm too tired. This whole night's been a bust, and I'm soooooo drunk."

"Yeah me too, but I can't go home now because my roommate's boyfriend is in town..."

"Oh, really? I guess you can stay at my place, if you really need to...but I don't have much room."

"That's okay! It'll be a sleepover!"

"Okay...but seriously, it's gonna be a tight squeeze in my bed, and it's so hot in my room. Two girls will just make it even hotter."

I poke my head out so I can hear better.

"Hey! Did you hear that? I think there's something moving in that bush!"

"A raccoon? Ew!"

"No, no! I can see him! It's that fucking guy again! What a fucking creep!"

All is lost. I bolt.



OPINIONS

Editorial

Michelle Wie, step off my Farm

Listen Michelle. We've been down this road before. Tiger Woods couldn't hack it here and neither will you. Everyone knows this. You know it, we suspect that your daddycaddy even knows it. It's obvious that you're just here on one of those "varsity-vanity" scholarships. You'll play by your own rules for a few years, never eat in Stern Dining with the rest of us Regular Joes, and if the Daily's sources are to be believed, you probably won't even play on the golf team. We can't sit idly by while you come here, consume our precious academic and energy resources and then drop out to compete in men's tournaments and get your ass handed to you, all while drinking from the gravystream of corporate sponsorship.

Don't take it personally; we're sure you're a smart and interesting person. We imagine you play the guitar pretty well and know a lot of songs that people want to hear played. You would be a hit in Branner or Larkin or your \$40,000/month apartment. We just don't want another Woods Fiasco. You understand, don't you? Don't you see how bad we got burned? In case you don't know, Woods enrolled at Stanford a dozen years ago, dicked around for two years while he put off a life of fame and fortune, and generally left a mountain of problems behind him wherever he went. He pledged a fraternity but never lived there, never turned in a single assignment, and spent the majority of his

time getting high on the links, but still graduated in two years with Honors in Mathematics.

They actually rewrote the Fundamental Standard so as to account for a particularly lurid string of Woods's moral lapses. But you probably haven't heard about when he took a 17-wood to his TA's office because his PWR paper conference hadn't gotten quite as swimmingly as his blasphemously effortless life. Probably wasn't on your radar. So we're putting it to you where you're coming from, Michelle. You know in your heart what the right decision is. Turn right around and walk away from Stanford. You want to be Tiger Woods 2.0, taller and with a less morally repugnant father, but it's just not going to happen. Sure, we could use you here. We could always use more press around, as some of their journalistic acumen might waft our way once in awhile. But we're confident that you only want to take from Stanford, and not to give—financially, spiritually or otherwise. That's not what Stanford is about. That's certainly not what the Daily is about. It is not how the Daily—nor Stanford—rolls. So we had to say something. But if you do decide to come to Stanford, make sure to come by the Daily office so we can meet you and get an exclusive photo.

We also know some very nice boys who we think you would enjoy meeting. None of those boys attend Stanford.

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.

The Stanford Daily
A THIN NEWSPAPER

Established 1892 Incorporated 1973

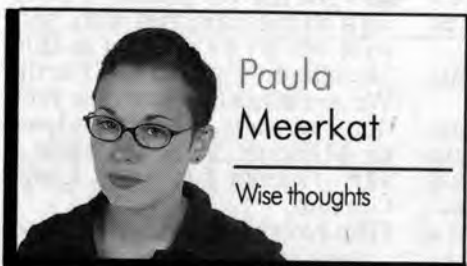
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My life interests you



Paula Meerkat
Wise thoughts

Yesterday, as I was on my way from one of my classes to Tressider, I ran into a friend that I hadn't seen in a long time. We stopped and talked for a while, and it really made me realize how many good friends I have that I just never have the time to see. Since then, I've resolved to make time to stop and smell the roses, and really enjoy Stanford while I'm here.

Now you may think to yourself, "Why should I care what this girl has to say about her own life?" The answer is that my life is really interesting to everybody, including you. That's why I can write about these inane little anecdotes, and still have people read my column. Hell, I could write about what kind of pen I use to take notes in class and this whole campus would eat it up with a spoon.

Not just anybody could get away with such frivolity. Plenty of people tried out for this slot on the opinions page, and they gave it to me. That's because I'm great. Not just anybody could pull off a 500-word piece of self-adulation every week. Then again, my shit doesn't stink.

Did you read that last line? I used the word "shit". That's pretty irreverent, huh? You don't usually see such irreverence in a bastion of journalistic integrity like the Daily. But then again, I can bend the rules, if not outright break them. Rules don't really apply to people like me. You know, extremely interesting and important people.

You might think this is all a joke, but I'm as serious as a heart attack. I really believe that I'm a better, funnier, more interesting person than you, and that's why I get to shove trivial stories about my life down the throats of other students. This article is just the beginning of people caring about me. Someday I'll be rich and famous, and you'll see me on TV and think to yourself "I was fascinated by her life before I was famous." That's just the way these things go, though.

Until then, I'm content to write a column about myself, and how great I am. I should probably start a fan club soon, though. You know the part at the end of the column where I give my email address in a really witty way? Well, whenever one of my columns shows up in the Daily I always get like a hundred emails from people who are interested in me. They're mostly from guys. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention I'm beautiful as well.

Well, that's about it for today. I'm feeling especially proud of myself right now, so I'll probably just go stare in the mirror for a little bit. Who knows, maybe later I'll run into you, and you can tell me how much you enjoyed this column! Please love me.

Paula has her finger on the pulse, email her at meerkat@stanford.edu.

I don't go to Stanford



Boxcar Tom
Feelin' Fine

Midterms, relationships, dorm dynamics -- none of these things bother me. You see, I don't go to Stanford. My name's Tom and I live in a boxcar right off of Welch road, in a wooded area. Life is simple, and I like it that way. Sometimes I hear students pass by and complain about some parts of their lives. I always jump into the conversation and suggest they try living in a boxcar, even with me (I'm pretty efficient with space and my boxcar could easily sleep two—even three), but they don't listen to me and usually just leave. I don't care though. My life is pretty good.

It gets pretty lonely out there in the boxcar sometimes, but I've got a little AM radio that gives me all the company I need. When I'm not in class (which is always!) I scrounge around for bits of food and cloth, which I save for later. Often, I just spend my time counting the cars the go by or talking softly to myself under my breath. It's no Stanford, but then again, Stanford's no boxcar. I don't have the patience to read books, besides the fact that I can't read.

The other day I just wandered around the Stanford Shopping Center. It was kind of an adventure, because I got chased by a security guard for peeing in the fountain. See, I go

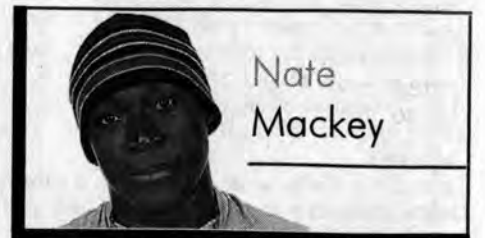
to the bathroom wherever I want, because I don't go Stanford.

I'm happy for the chance to write an opinion article for the Daily. I don't really think I have that much to say — I live in a boxcar by myself and nobody wants to talk to me — but I guess they wanted me to talk about the fact that I don't go Stanford, which I think is pretty neat.

Sometimes I wonder whether I would be happier if I went to Stanford, rather than living in a boxcar. Then I remember that I am fifty-two years old, and I realize that I'm actually pretty happy out here in the boxcar. If I went to Stanford I bet an RA would get up all my face about my kidney problems. I don't need that. I was born a boxcar man and a boxcar man I'll die.

Boxcar Tom can be reached at his boxcar by throwing a pine cone at him.

What we need to do to improve our ranking



Nate Mackey

OK guys, if you're not worried about the US weekly news ratings crash you really should be. Personally I think the plunge has nothing to do with any change in Stanford, rather it has come about by the scheming of the Ivy League. I know that in the "ideal world" people would realize that ratings don't matter and it's determination and sticktuitiveness, traits that every Stanford student has in abundance, that are the most important in the end, but this isn't the ideal world, this is a world where children are starving in countries where the rats don't even have enough to eat. This is a world where the richest one percent of the population use 99% of the world's hygiene products. This is world where Stanford has unjustly fallen 10 spots in the US Weekly News top American university list.

While many claim simply pride is at stake in the ratings, researchers in the Statistics department predict much more tangible results. After comparing the 2006 ranking with average starting salaries and metrics of job satisfaction for graduates of the colleges on the list, an inverse relationship became quite clear. Dropping one spot in the ranking translates to a roughly \$500 decrease in starting salary and going from "enjoying" your job to merely "surviving" your job. Of course these figures represent a global average and therefore

vary greatly based upon profession. For example, a one-spot ranking drop for starters in the sanitation industry actually meant about an average \$300 increase in salary, while the same drop for a student starting in engineering would lead to a starting salary \$3400 dollars lower than a student from the next higher ranked university.

What does it all mean though? It means if we want to claw our way back up to fourth or fifth, or even just back into the top ten, we're going to have to make some big sacrifices. If we can trim spending in certain areas we can reinvest the money into specific programs and plans that will specifically improve the metrics which the ranking is based on. The plan will be one-pronged, focusing entirely on generating new cash while cutting costs wherever possible.

There are a lot of little things we can start to do that will save big money in the end. Instead of relying on private contractors for dining halls every morn-

Letters to the Editor

A Candid Commentary

Dear Editor,
Who are
You t2o cast upon
THE SHACKLES OF HUMANITY
False news brews
The hope
Of some senseless Dope
Floating Away in the Claw
And place on the camel's back
The last straw
Of the ASSU Slate

The consent of the governed?
Balderdash, that isn't my splash
Of the right perfume and cologne
A 21st Century Rome
Ceases to Appear
For all to fear
And die
Die
Die
DEAD
But awakened again by the sounds
Of an incandescent spring

Flowing free with the rebirth
As cyclones tempting fate
Oppose that slate
Fear not the repercussions
As it is already becoming darkness
Dimming
dimming
dim
Pitch Black
The something of nothingness
Sincerely
Siobahn Fard

Divest from Google

It's high time Stanford got its business dealings out of the gutter. We have been ruled by the iron hand of a robotic behemoth far too long. It is time to break ties with Google. I mean, come on! Google sucks 97% of Stanford graduates each year into its bloated ranks. Bright, intelligent Stanford grads are relegated to driving golf carts, handing papers and handfuls of \$100 bills to greedy-eyed executives. Google eats hearts and dreams for dinner and sleeps like a baby afterward. Search yourself--you will find it is time to be done with Google once and for all.

Sincerely,
Madigan Murtha

FUCK THE DAILY WRITE FOR THE CHAPPIE



IMPROVE

Continued from page 4

ing Stanford should cut out the best coupons in the paper and get groceries based on the best deals local markets can offer. Instead of paying Nike millions for new uniforms, our teams should use hand-me downs. Despite the convenience of recycling, paying for the extra processing is a huge burden on the university. All it will take is momentarily suspending any beliefs or hopes you have about the environment before you drop that glass bottle into the blue plastic bin and just moving your arm to the left

to place it in the normal trash. Does Hoover tower really need to be so tall? We could easily lose 20 feet or so and still be the tallest building in miles. The proceeds from auctioning off a two story chunk would benefit us immensely. Also, the saved maintenance costs on that length will add up over time.

Once we have some extra cash we can make it go a long way based on which determinants of the ranking score system we choose to attack. One of the most heavily weighted factors in the ranking is class sizes. Big lectures like general Chemistry and Econ 1 destroy our otherwise fantastic ratios. Simply by hiring 300 new economics professors dedicated to teaching Econ 1, we can approach the golden one professor per student goal. There are many unexpected scoring categories the normal university overlooks. If we allocated substantial new funding to spectacular extracurricular activities abroad we could see immediate gains. An after-class skiing program for Stanford-Egypt alone could push us

up 1/3 of a spot. Finally, Stanford students need to stop committing suicide. It does colossal damage to our ranking. The reason for this is that suicide decreases our score on more than one category, it lowers "Student Health," "Student Happiness," and even "Campus Beauty." We can all play a part in minimizing the suicide rate here at Stanford. If you see signs of a depressed friend turning inward, the first thing you should do is encourage him or her to withdraw. If they are not official students they definitely do not count as a Stanford suicide. If they refuse to do this, try to help them alleviate whatever is causing them stress. If this means exacting brutal revenge on another student or professor, just do it. It's incredibly important to this university's prestige and as you know now, your future salary that they do not kill themselves.

Nate Mackey is constantly considering different ways of doing things. If that sounds like fun to you, email him at natem@stanford.edu

The wanton sensibilities here conscript me to the vapors



Living on Stanford Farm is trying for a simple woman such as myself. My beloved John has moved to the city to find work to support the family, as our youngest, Ella, has been stricken with pneumonia and we have no money to afford a doctor. I have taken up residence in a freshman dormitory on the Farm, where the sights and sounds of this campus have never ceased to be overwhelming.

Upon my arrival, I anticipated that I should have to spend that night and the next

hungry. Imagine my surprise to see the marvelous abundance of foodstuffs in the supper hall no sooner than the sun had set. O, the temptations! I took a loaf of bread and savored each delicious morsel in my room. For this indulgence, I consumed only water for three days.

Merely a week into my stay, I experienced a frightful ordeal known as Secret Snowflake. A message arrived at my doorstep commanding me to doff my frock at every gentleman I should happen upon! I had no choice but to obey the wicked decree, and the shame of it remains with me even now. I prayed for thirteen hours afterward.

The sin did not end there. I awoke one morn to find my roommate not only still fast asleep two hours after dawn but with a man asleep in her bed! I gasped in surprise and shoed the vile creature from

our home. I pray that the Lord forgive sweet young Kimberly for her transgressions. I, however, cannot in good conscience countenance such Popery!

As the weeks passed, I learned to adapt to my new lifestyle, although even now I am often unfamiliar with the activities of my fellow residents. On the morrow's eve, they have decided to journey to town to play Broomball. 'Tis not the use of the broom that I know best! Alas, I shall stay behind and tend to the hearth while the others are away.

It is a lonely existence for me here. All around me I see the others partaking in pleasures of the flesh, and it a constant challenge to abstain. I know that the Lord has sent me here to do His work, but sometimes it is hard to remain chaste, especially when Neal, the comely gentleman across the hall, attempts to woo me. Thus far, I have man-

aged to rebuff his efforts, but the time is nigh when I will be unable to resist.

I am but a simple housewife. I take my leisure by knitting and cooking. I have to come to realize that I do not belong here, in this vessel of witchery. Every day presents a new challenge, each more difficult than the next.

On some nights I regret allowing John to leave for the city, even though I know that he will return bearing a better life for me and our children. The ways of these people are foreign to me, and Stanford Farm is no place for such a pious instrument of God as I. I fear that I shall not survive the winter.

Goodie Johnson has office hours in her room from 1-2 on Friday. You can reach her at goodiegoodie@stanford.edu

Retractions Corrections Directions

In our March 2 human interest story, we said Dean Julie Lythcott Haim's favorite book is House of Mirth. The grim truth is that Dean Julie cannot read.

Denis Griffin's March 9th article stated, "After spending the last two weeks on the road, a home tournament may be just what the doctor ordered for No. 13 Stanford softball." In fact the doctor prescribed amoxicillin, a common antibiotic for mild bacterial infections.

Dean Julie has been issued a daily podcast of The Daily for her listening pleasure.

You cannot get to the fourth floor of Green Library with the elevator. You have to climb the stairs.

In her March 5th review of Jamba Juice's Melon-ade Wave smoothie, staff writer Christina Nguyen claims, "I was never a real big fan of Jamba Juice." Jamba Juice employees state Nguyen is actually a frequent customer at their establishment and often gushes positively over the juices and smoothies offered.

Class of 2010: when President Hennessy told you at NSO that you all deserved to be here, that was untrue. You all deserved to be here based on who you were around December 2005. Just looking around, one can empirically observe how much you all have regressed in the first couple months.

Are you trying to read in the dark? Turn on some lights. You'll go blind.

On October 26nd, 2006, our staff asked collectively, "Are you tired of the Stanford 'party' scene? Sick of crowded 'frat' parties that reek of beer and vomit? Good, because we are too." See back page for extended retraction.

Where is Jordan Hall? I don't know how to drive there. If you were walking you could just walk through the quad. I think maybe you have to take Campus Drive. It'll probably take you there at some point. I really don't know. Three years in this place and I've never had to go to Jordan Hall. How does some Hungarian family who has obviously been here for half an hour suddenly have such a pressing need to go to Jordan Hall?

In our staff editorial last Thursday, we misspelled John Arrilla-ga's name. The correct spelling is two r's, two l's.

No, just one g.

Last week, our columnists wrote columns. We apologize.

Do you know the way to San Jose?

DAILY ENGLISH DISPATCH

THOUGHTS FROM OXFORD

By ANDY WHYNOT
STAFF WRITERS

Cheerio, chaps! I've never written a guest column before, but when the Daily approached me to let you in on just what life is like overseas, I couldn't really turn them down. After all, when will you ever get the chance to go anywhere? And what could ever keep you from blathering about it if you did? So, with no further ado, here's this month's dispatch from the land of the Bard and the Beatles, Big Ben and Beckham.

Oxford, England is the kingdom of learning. Here everyone always has a book under his arm, always - everyone from the oldest, kindest college dons to the most scoliotic cross-eyed first years, from the immigrant ladies that change the bedsheets of the undergraduate landed gentry to the gap-toothed blokes that work in the KFC on Cornmarket Street. So, I, too, have taken to carrying a book about with me, or sometimes several books in a knapsack - and my own scoliosis is progressing most promisingly. I read my books all the time.

Sometimes I read them at 65 High Street, behind the adorable crimson door of Stanford House. Stanford House, with its assorted brainy inhabitants and their assorted brainy smells, is in itself a miniature stronghold of knowledge. We have our own library, our own classroom, six Macintosh computers and three laser printers (oh, and the printing is free here. Eat your hearts out, you Meyer-bound Yankees). The house itself is an impressive little labyrinth, endearingly impossible to navigate, since it was once four separate buildings that were later stitched together

with a number of dead-end staircases. I do believe there are seven or so Stanford-in-Oxford students this term who have managed to emerge from their study-nests in the library only every three days or so, mostly to wander into the second-floor kitchen, pinch some of my milk and scrape the crust from their eyesockets into the sink.

Oxford in the winter does attract the more dedicated sort of Stanford student, since the weather isn't the best, and the workload here can be a bit daunting. When I need to put down my books for an evening, I head to one of Oxford's many pubs - including the Eagle and Child, where J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis used to meet for pints, or the White Horse, which is sandwiched in a cellar between the two halves of Blackwell's, the most famous independent publisher and bookshop in the country. When I drink myself stupid at these literary landmarks, it's easy to forget that in America I'll receive less respect for my four-year degree than an Oxford undergraduate will receive for a stint of three years that cost about thirty thousand dollars less.

After that I usually go and buy some chips and cheese (which is French fries cemented into a wet brick with melted cheddar, for the uninitiated) from a kebab van on High Street, and smoke a lot of cigarettes while I'm eating them, and then sometimes I remember that chips and cheese are disgusting and throw the whole package at the jackhammers the British have been using to tear up the road outside my window at seven every morning. Oh, how that wad of congealed

comestibles can explode! Take that, you prim and proper teardrinkers. I made a mess on your street. Afterward I might cry, I might not, depending on the weather.

Despite such minimal destructive urges, I will not be lumped with the webbrained American twenty-somethings that ransack Europe every year as a part of their dollar-driven coming of age culture glut. In the UK a dollar buys distressingly little anyway. When I offer them to my British friends-to-be they often laugh in my face. The other day an ATM spat out my Bank of America card, and then a woman behind me grabbed it and spat on it. I, fortunately, was prepared - you are a poor and filthy village haridan, I told her, and I do hope that on my next punt along the Cherwell I might find your bloated corpse bobbing about in the reeds. When in Oxford, as they say, do as the Oxonians do.

Oxonian is the word for the solemn, robed scholars that matriculate here, their tutors, lecturers, and anyone who can quote Beowulf while bicycling drunk and performing impressive acts of passive misogyny and/or pedophilia; it dates back to the days when everyone in the place was fluent in Latin. Like everything in Oxford, the divide between "Town" and "Gown" is in itself centuries old - in the 1500s a riot between resentful city folk and University scholars lasted five entire days. Though the scholars won, five students were killed, and the townies were made to pay an enormous reparation over the next fifty years. Poor relations between the two factions have lingered since. This to me is English heri-

tage, five centuries of unrelenting grudge - this is a real class rivalry, and it beats the shit out of whatever it is that goes on between Stanford and the public school kids at Cal. One of the best parts of my experience here has been that I, too, have had the privilege of feeling like an Oxonian for the last few months.

Each Stanford-in-Oxford student is assigned to an Oxford college - the University is split into more than thirty, each of which operates as its own unit, with its own teaching staff, facilities and grounds. The colleges are scattered throughout the town, but mine, Magdalen, is just across the street from Stanford House. It's perhaps the richest and largest, and besides being shamefully beautiful and four hundred years old, it has a deer park. Sometimes the groundsmen thin the herd and carve up the unlucky ones for venison in the dining hall, which is good except that sometimes it has worms in it. The fried kidneys are better. I take most of my meals in the Magdalen hall, since it's paid for as part of my board for the program, which was a very considerate thing for Overseas Studies to do with my parents' money.

But I'm afraid I'll have to save further discussion of all things English for next week - I'm afraid that now I'll have to run. I've gone over my word limit, and I don't want my friends at the Daily to have to learn to read to edit me down. Be sure to tune in to next column, when I'll be sure to discuss water closets, English dancing, castles, the city of London, and what it was like when I met the Queen. Tooodle pip, chaps, and keep your chins up.

NEWS

TECHNOLOGY INFORMATION

SPOILER WARNING!

Tricked-out solar car no longer efficient, viable, not bankrupt

By **AUSTIN SPOOTER**
DESK EDITOR

That thumping sound you hear coming from the Stanford Solar Car might not be the beating of the drum of progress or even a mechanical problem. It's probably the 200-watt subwoofers.

Following to a Stanford Daily audit of Solar Car's ledgers, the VSO may be subject to substantial penalties following discovery of misuse of Special Fees funding.

"If these allegations are true, then it's obviously extremely disappointing," Chief of the Office of Student Activities Nancy Howe said. "An investigation is forthcoming, and people will be held responsible."

According to Solar Car's own records (corroborated by invoices from MotorWeb Sport Compact Only, an online aftermarket parts dealer), the student group spent over \$90,000 on nonessential automotive accessories in the years 2005-2007.

While stressing that he could not speak in any official capacity senior Brian Partlow sat down with the Daily to offer an informal explanation.

"After awhile, we just couldn't help ourselves," he said. "We would work for weeks just to be thwarted by a bad polymer, a loose cell or even an inept driver. Eventually we just wanted to start making changes we could see and enjoy."

According to Partlow, the spending started innocuously enough with some decals.

"Once we got those flame stickers on the car, it was amazing how much better and more official it looked," he said. "It was night and day. It got us to thinking about what else we could improve."

The decals led a spoiler, which opened the floodgates to an unprecedented spending spree of aftermarket parts.

"Once they started sending us catalogs, we were powerless," Partlow said. "The car started getting us noticed by girls and we



AL PORES/The Stanford Daily
The Stanford Solar Car has since been outfitted with all sorts of cosmetic and performative additions, including Xenon lights and a cold-air intake.

just kept pouring money into it, including most of the grant from Boeing."

A solar-powered car does not burn fuel, and therefore does not produce exhaust.

Perhaps the most puzzling decision was the purchase of two \$11,000 ruthenium mufflers. In order to maximize their investment, the team implemented an elaborate air intake and pressurization system, allowing vapor to pass through the muffler and to create a pleasing aroma.

"It hurt our efficiency," Partlow said. "That's a given. By then, it wasn't about efficiency, though. Everyone else was going for efficiency, but we were tired of that game. We just wanted something

to be proud of."

Some of the improvements even go so far as to violate the spirit if not the letter of the rules of the NCAA Solar Car Competition. Until parts of the vehicle were reprocessed last week, each hubcap on the Stanford vehicle was fitted with a freely rotating, anodized aluminum sun. Actual flames illuminated the back of the sun, creating a whirling corona of fire around the sun. The flames were fueled by four separate propane tanks, the inclusion of which could lead to serious NCAA sanctions on the Solar Car squad.

Said Partlow: "We may have gotten carried away with some things, but I'll defend the rims."

CURRICULA NOTES

New "Stanford" major received with enthusiasm

History of majors holds students rapt, excitement over program abounds

By **NORMAN MACDONALD**
DESK EDITOR

A recent and powerful flurry of interest in Stanford's history has prompted administrators to create an entirely new program of study. Students who decide to major in "Stanford" now have the opportunity to devote all their efforts to learning about their own University. Sources indicate that the upper echelons of the faculty were almost solely responsible for the accelerated formation of a completely new department.

"I've always wanted to create my own major," President Hennessy said, "now's my time to shine."

The new "Stanford" major already has substantial faculty and student support but confusion remains about what exactly it entails and some students doubt whether its material could legitimately hold a student's interest for four years. Faculty of the program are doing their best to create campus awareness of how genuinely interesting Stanford's story is.

"No one really knows exactly how Stanford was created. Any records from that far back in history are vague at best," said Dr. Rammikin, the faculty chair of the Stanford major.

"The most viable theory suggests that Stanford started out as one giant building located about where the Florence Moore dormitory stands today. It's likely that this gargantuan structure, known as Hoovquadmogea, was probably hit by a meteor causing it to separate into the smaller buildings we're familiar with today," Dr. Rammikin continued.

"The fossil record indicates that primordial Stanford had only three majors — Science, Humans and Magic. Science slowly gave rise to Chemistry, Engineering, and most recently CS. The now extinct Humans major led to English, Psychology and Classics while Magic evolved into CASA and HumBio."

According to the new course catalog, Students must take a quarter of Stanford prehistory, followed by Stanford through the Dark Ages and Stanford Renaissance, before they are allowed to specialize pretty much anything they want. Because every course offered at Stanford intrinsically defines what Stanford is, every single course counts toward the Stanford major.

"Next quarter, one of my professors will be teaching a course entirely on herself, elucidating her life story, food preferences and favorite music. I know it'll count toward my major because by virtue of being a professor at Stanford, she is a part of Stanford history," said Jenny Flaxman '10. The nascent field of study also seems to be attracting students from other disciplines. Tim Castardi '08 switched from Econ to Stanford after learning about the program.

"I'm planning on writing an honors thesis on the Treehouse. There are some pretty interesting dynamics in bean burrito supply and demand that I'd like to explore," he said.

For students curious about learning more, Dr. Rammikin suggests checking out the department website <http://www.stanford.edu>.

Art Pierzynski

Return of the Queen

Freshman year can be a rough time. You're forced into IHUM, there's a whole alliterative cliché predicting you'll gain weight and, for the first time, mom's voice is thousands of miles away.

But for the freshmen of Alondra, things are a little easier this quarter. In FloMo Hall, Mama has come home.

"Flo is just so great," Mimi Hendricks ['10] said. "I feel like I can tell her anything."

The "Flo" in question is none other than Florence Moore herself.

"Well, life can sometimes gang up on you," Moore said. "I don't have the money I once did, and back in January, I hit a rough patch and just needed some place I could come to regroup. And I thought 'Where would I always be welcome? And, more importantly, where could I get ice cream three meals a day?'"

The answer to both questions: the eponymous Florence Moore Hall.

"Ms. Moore called me and asked if it would be all right if she crashed here for awhile," FloMo Resident Fellow Greg Watkins said. "Who am I to turn her away?"

Since that day, Florence Moore can be found in her lean-to in the Alondra lounge—when she's not busking with her fiddle in White Plaza, that is.

"It's just been wonderful," Moore said. "For the first time in years I feel like I don't have to sit with my back to the wall."

Many students expressed their excitement at having the real Florence Moore living on campus, while a few even had personal stories of how Moore had helped them.

"A couple weeks ago, me and my boyfriend Travis Taylor were fighting, and I was really upset," Hendricks said. "Flo wouldn't have any of it."

Feigning ignorance at how to use an Excel spreadsheet, Moore asked for help, calling Taylor and Hendricks into the East Flo computer cluster. After they were both lured in, Moore rushed from the room, locking the squabbling lovers inside.

"I'm not letting y'all out until you patch things up," Moore said as they yelled and banged on the door.

After several hours, the two worked things out, and Hendricks reports that the happy couple recently exchanged promise rings.

But her creditors have not been so thrilled. According to the Carson City Times-Gazette, Moore fired upon and wounded a collections agent with a pellet gun while she was residing in Alondra.

"Stanford is shielding this woman from her legitimately incurred debts," Hewitt Benson, Chairman of Benson Collections, said. "She won't let anyone DoorKing us in. We've been unable to serve her with papers."

Moore has a slightly different story to tell.

"I don't care to dwell on the past much," Moore said. "I stood up for what's right and it seems like some people couldn't accept that. I am not a greedy woman, but I won't just let a fellow walk over me."

The men and women of Alondra are, for the most part, thrilled by her rough yet matronly presence. But tension is undeniably brewing.

"It's getting a little intense," Marvin James ['10] said. She wants to play Mafia every night, which I guess is cool. But I have to study. Her security demands are also sort of unreasonable. It took me like ten minutes to convince her that my friend from Gavilan wasn't a creditor."

The administration seems tolerant of Moore's presence, but not overjoyed. Said Hennessy: "She's welcome to live here as long as she wants. After all, it is her dorm. I just hope that she's back on her feet soon, before she becomes a distraction to the students."

"I doubt I'll be moving on too soon," said a contented Moore, when asked of her future plans. "I think FloMo and MoFloMo are a match made in heaven to survive the fires of hell."

THE JOKE'S ON US



DONTRAYE KLOVER/The Stanford Daily

Dana Gioia Diss Album Set to Drop

By **DINO KARL**
STAFF WRITER

In response to the large student outcry against his selection as 2007 Commencement speaker, poet and businessman Dana Gioia has announced an upcoming "diss" album of hip-hop slam poetry directed at Stanford.

"This will be the freshest diss on the planet, and will let those chickens at Stanford know just what I think of them," Gioia said in a statement on his website.

"I've read the arrogant letters to the editor of the Daily and the ignorant facebook wall posts. I know that Stanford doesn't give a rat fuck about me and just asked me to be the

Commencement speaker because Garrison Keillor and a grip of other candidates all said they were too good for it. I know that the entire student body holds me in contempt. I wrote this album to let Stanford know that if they don't like me they can just guzzle my muzzel."

Gioia has been outspoken in drawing attention to his decision to push aside his long-awaited anthology of romantic poetry to put all his time and effort into the diss album, tentatively titled "Papa King and the Unreal Takeback."

Amazon.com lists the release date as June 10, 2007, just one week before Commencement. Pre-orders have already put it on several bestseller lists. Gioia has also bragged about have

produced all the beats and mixed the album on his own.

"Yeah, it's all me. No wack MC's on this. It's just something I need to get off my shoulder, and I did. From the moment you press play until the record stops, if you are in any way affiliated with Stanford, your fucking head is going to spin."

Gioia has stated that he will still speak at graduation, and has hinted that his speech will also be a diss, this one blending elements of classical slam rhyme technique and freestyle battle-inspired combat rhymes.

"The album drops in June. It's going to blow all your minds, trust me. I've spent months crafting these flows, which — believe me — will cut right to the core of Stanford students."

DINING

CAMPUS PROBLEMS

Stanford Dining Loses Stanford Account

Compiled by
AOCO POOTLOW
SENIOR STAFF WRITER

Turmoil reigned Monday morning in the offices of Stanford Dining after Stanford University declined to extend their contract with their longtime foodservice provider.

"We just thought it was time for a new direction," Executive Director of Undergraduate Housing Rodger Whitney said. "We'd like to thank Stanford Dining for their years of good service. We wish them all the luck in the world and we're confi-

We just couldn't get it together.

— CHLOE ANDRUZZI,
Vice President of Purchasing,
Stanford Dining

culminating in Taherian's no-show during a routine space-allocating meeting.

"That was the last straw," Taherian said. "The next morning, Whitney banished us from our own dining halls."

"We just couldn't get it together," said Chloe Andruzzi, Stanford Dining's vice-president of purchasing. "I guess it's time to regroup and find out why."

The change spells an uncertain future for Stanford Dining, a fixture in the campus's dormitories. The Stanford account comprised roughly 98% of Stanford Dining's revenue with the remainder coming from one-off catering engagements on the Stanford campus.

"We're definitely going to have to scale back our payroll," Rafi Taherian said. "We have a staff of 530 right now. I can see immediately that we won't need our dishwasher or our cooks in this new arrangement."

Added Taherian: "It looks like we won't even need an Executive Director."

But some of the staff remain optimistic. "I'm sure things will work out," said Andruzzi.

Stanford will begin accepting bids for the lucrative food service contract. A source speaking on condition of anonymity revealed that the two frontrunners are Quizno's and the Treehouse.

"If we're fortunate enough to work with Stanford University on this, we will not hesitate to install fully operational franchises in each of Stanford's dining halls," Quizno's Sub CEO Greg Brennehan said. "It's a wonderful opportunity for us and, we'd like to think, the student body."

As Stanford Dining is banned from serving food on campus, the interim period before a new contractor is chosen will feature scaled back mealtime options for students.

"While we don't anticipate an interruption in service, we'll have to do things a little differently," said Whitney. "I think it could be fun."

Currently, volunteer professors cook a fixed breakfast-for-dinner menu three meals a day, in each of the eight campus dining halls.

Said Taherian: "As far as I'm concerned, Carol Murphy has the blood of every Stanford Dining employee on her hands."

dent they'll enjoy continued success."

Though both parties' public relations departments have painted this parting of ways as amicable, Rafi Taherian, Executive Director of Stanford Dining, believes that the separation was undesirable and even preventable.

"I am extremely disappointed in the whole series of events, particularly the actions of my assistant Carol Murphy," he said. "More accurately, her inactions."

According to Taherian, Murphy failed to inform him of a phone call from Whitney. Murphy no longer works for Stanford Dining. She refused to comment when reached at her home. The unreturned call set off a chain reaction of poor customer service.

DON'T GET SEASICK

Mutiny at (Semester at) Sea rocks the schoolboat

Stanford students mastermind attack

By **CASSIE KAKE**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Richard Clark, the captain and dean of students of the S.S. Sea University, the 24,500-ton cruiser that serves as the floating campus for the national study abroad program called Semester at Sea, was discovered on the southern end of the Half Moon Bay beach yesterday evening. Completely naked, cowering up sea water, and using his captain's hat to cover a nasty gash spanning the length of his face, right down the middle, Capt. Clark was laying in the muddy sand for what experts now believe to be an entire day. Hours after his body was discovered, his means of transportation floated lazily ashore miles north of his landing spot—a fifteen-foot-long rowboat full of bloody marine biology textbooks and eight dead professors.

Jed Farr, who was surfing in the area, happened upon Capt. Clark's body while jogging back to his car after an afternoon of surfing.

"I wasn't sure, because my eyes get real irritated surfing, but I thought I saw this guy writhing in the sand and I sorta heard like a weird hummin sound coming outta him, so I went up to him and rolled him onto his back to see if he was alive or what."

After making sure Capt. Clark was breathing, Jed helped Clark to his feet and took him to his car, where Jed had a change

of clothes and a cell phone. He immediately called 911, and sat with Clark until an ambulance arrived.

"Yeah, we were sittin there, in my Jeep, with the air-conditioning blastin to cool him off, and I was tryin to get some info outta him, like how he got on the beach and stuff, but he was real quiet and seemed sorta spooked. He kept whispering 'the kids, the kids,' or somethin. And at one point he looked down at my backpack and got real freaked, he like fell outta the Jeep."

Once Capt. Clark got out of the sun and into a hospital bed, he started talking, and shed a load of light onto why a backpack would send him into such a state of horror—specifically, a backpack just thirty feet from Stanford campus.

Four weeks ago, on February 12, 2007, Capt. Clark was the victim of one of the bloodiest mutinies in maritime history. Having just stopped in Kobe, Japan for academic field projects, the faculty and students of Semester at Sea were about to embark on the final leg of their voyage—Kobe to San Francisco. Three nights after leaving Kobe, when the clock struck midnight, Stanford sophomores Aaron Resh and Rajiv Manderraj rallied a force of thirty-two students, the majority hailing from UNC Chapel Hill, and broke into Capt. Clark's bedroom. Capt. Clark, in bed reviewing lecture notes for his upcoming class on Medieval Maritime Literature by candlelight, was promptly

gagged with a bedtowel and marched to the deck in his nightshirt. The remainder of the faculty, eight professors in total, was also awakened, blindfolded, and ordered to the deck. Once the faculty was lined up against the bow of the ship and stripped of their nightclothes, Resh and Manderraj scaled the ship in order to perch in the crow's nest and list their demands for all to hear. Clark remembers their booming voices clearly.

"They were shouting so loud and low it was almost too hard to hear exactly what they were saying, but the demands centered around wanting 'no homework,' and 'to go to Hawaii.' I had repeatedly told Ravi several days earlier that we had no time to go to Hawaii, that we had to stay on course and get to the mainland on schedule, but he kept persisting. I had no idea that it would ever have come to an outright attack."

An attack it was, however, and it commenced with the whipping of the faculty using dozens of Nalgene bottles filled with sand and seashells. After the initial beating was done, a squad of three students from Middlebury College in Vermont took oars to the heads of the faculty before dumping them in the rowboat that would end up in Half Moon Bay four weeks later. While the rest of the professors were climbing down the side of the Explorer to get to the launch sitting on the water, Resh and Manderraj were just starting with Capt. Clark. They made sure to give Capt. Clark hell before letting him into the rowboat, forcing him to carry up to fifty backpacks full of textbooks on his shoulders while doing push-ups on the deck.

"After each push-up, they'd scream 'HAWAII!' after another, 'OR!', and then 'BUST!' This went on for about 90 push-ups. That's 30 'Hawaii or Bust's. They really wanted to rub it in my face that they were taking the ship to Hawaii."

Once Capt. Clark was also deposited into the launch, the students emptied the contents of their backpacks—hundreds of hard-back textbooks—into the rowboat, letting them fall all the way from the hull of the great ironclad warship into the wooden rowboat, the books gaining momentum with the fall and striking the faculty with great force. One such textbook struck Capt. Clark face-on, producing the terrifying gash that juts down the center of his face today.

After that, Capt. Clark stated that the details get "hazy."

Resh and Manderraj were not available for comment; they will be on holiday in Hawaii until the beginning of spring quarter.

TELEVISION DIVERSIONS

Daily Dawgs' Oscar Beat-, Rundown

Learn what's haute and what's naute in the world of film

By **STITCH FRISBY**
PRODIGAL SON

Pretenders:

Indiglo- The Story of a Timex

Synopsis: An epic coming of age story directed by nine-time Biggest Jerk in the Room nominee Alfredo Girardio involving a man and his heirloom Timex. The film begins with a heart-wrenching story of ostracism as a small child, his watchband ratcheted to the tightest possible setting, sits red-faced in class as his alarm goes off during the first spelling test of his academic career. This tightness of the watchband serves as a great metaphor for the loosening of morality, as the watch is fully taken off at nightstand on his prom junior prom night. Had the watch ended up in the belly of a whale, we may have been looking at the runaway favorite for the best picture Oscar award statue.

Unicorn Boy

Synopsis: The most compassionate film to come out in ages, and indisputably the greatest neoclassical interpretation of Equus ever to be done. Prins McGurrry plays a 15 year old teenage boy diagnosed with a genetic disorder so that whenever he speaks, a 6:1 scale model unicorn flies horn first into the eye of anyone he speaks to. Katherine Kingsley's sexy portrayal of "the girl who wore goggles," has men just begging to be bound and gagged after seeing this film.

Lumberjacks

Synopsis: Here's a film that tries to rip the tears right out of your eyes, and remind that chopping down trees hurts more people than it does trees. Protagonist Jamison Jabberwocky is an axe-swinging iconoclast, who evokes the Lynchian fascination with lumber and bark. This movie isn't for those who get squeamish at the sight of sawdust, and director Vaclav Palfy has never pulled a punch in his life and isn't about to start.

Contenders:

Fillmore

Synopsis: By far the best film to come out of Stephen Quensting's lengthy "American Portrait's" series, Fillmore examines the subconscious aspects on American hair fashion as a member of the Whig Party, as well as pointing out the early corrupt connections between the big Oil Companies and the Whitehouse with it's groundbreaking expose that Millard's last name was changed to Fillmore by the Shell Royal-Dutch company in exchange for a campaign donation. You'll never look at The Wilmot Proviso the same way again.

L'Coyoté

Synopsis: The tragic character portrait of Wil E. Coyote shot in black in white by French Avant-Garde director Jacques Martineau. Ten years ago, Martineau was near completing the project until a major setback where his camera exploded. After his ten-year contract with ACME expired, he was finally able to get the footage needed for completion of this remarkable portrait of a beast who would have eaten well had he just read Consumer Reports.

The Winner:

Mother Mary's Revenge

Synopsis: A new plague has swept across the United States, immaculate conception. Abstinence only teachers flee in panic, hopelessly trying to protect their daughters from wave after wave of unabortable pregnancies. The Protagonist, Hope McReese, does an excellent job portraying a panicked 15 year old anxiously crossing off the days on her menstrual calendar. What arises is an all out war between with abortion doctors looking to cash in and stealth rapists (who try and veil their own actions as an immaculate conception). Twist ending of this tour-de-force poses the ultimate question: If Christ resurrected, does that make him a Zombie?

GRADUATE CURIOSITIES

New GSB studies disturb students

Officials promise outstanding results, particularly for football team, business

By **PADRAIG MESERO**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

For many students at Stanford, the voluntary studies conducted by the Graduate School of Business represent a quick way to make ten bucks. A few surveys here, a short paragraph there, and you've got yourself a crisp Hamilton you can trade for a couple of Treehouse burritos. Recently, however, some students have begun to voice complaints about these studies, claiming that many of the questions asked are inappropriate, and sometimes downright disturbing.

When Senior Tess Jacobsen participated in one of the recent surveys, she was appalled at some of the things she was asked. Says Jacobsen, "The survey started off relatively normally, with some questions about how much I would pay for a DVD player, but they got really personal really fast. By the fourth page, they were asking for my mom's address and maiden name. I was a little weirded out." Jacobsen says she turned in the survey, but left many of the questions blank.

Junior Jack Chen also took issue with the content of the studies. According to Chen, his survey was riddled with disconcerting hypotheticals. As Chen explains, "I was filling out a survey about financial agreements with my roommates, and stuck in the middle was a question about which roommate I would eat first if I was starving. The study was supposed to be about consuming habits. What the hell?"

When asked about these bizarre questions, Jim Smirret, the head of the GSB Behavioral Lab, explained that they provided valuable information, and were only asked because they contributed significantly to the experiment.

"All of these questions are very important," says Smirret. "Which roommate would you eat first? That one question can tell us a lot about the college psyche, and what's more useful to businesses and retailers than a deep understanding of the minds of America's youth. That kind of question is a good sight better than the prisoner's dilemma crap we've been asking for 20 years."

But what about the ethical implications of these kinds of questions? Smirret continues, "When Stanley Milligram did his famous shock study, some people were a little out of whack afterwards, but the data was invaluable. Sometimes sacrifices have to be made. Plus, our surveys are voluntary. It's not like we're forcing anybody to do something they're uncomfortable with. They just might have to think about something they've never considered before."

These sentiments do little to quell Junior Samantha Stevens' unease. She says that the questions on her survey were so inappropriate that she got up and left in the middle of the session. "I mean seriously," complained Stevens, "what kind of survey asks 'what are you wearing right now?'"



CALVIN KOOK/The Stanford Daily

The S.S. Sea University, pre-mutiny. Refurbished from a 19th-century ironclad, she was a fine classroom

SPORTS (BASKETBALL)

SUSTAINING CAMPUS

The Lopez Twins: Stanford Basketball Players

By **PEA MILBOT**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Have you seen the Lopez twins? They are both so tall! They are about seven feet each. A normal man is about six feet, which means that each Lopez twin has one more foot than a normal man. I mean the kind of foot that is a measurement of length, not the thing at the end of a leg. In the other sense, Robin and Brook both have two feet like you and me.

The Lopez twins play basketball at Stanford and they are very good. I remember the first time I learned about them. I was at a basketball game, and I saw a giant on the court! I turned to the person next to me and said "Who is that giant?" and they said "Why that is Robin Lopez!" Then I saw a second giant, and when I asked the person next to me about him, he said "That is Brook Lopez, dummy! He and Robin are twins!" For a while I was confused, because normally twins look the same, but Robin and Brook looked sort of different. Then I realized that it was because they had a different haircut, and a haircut is a thing you can change. If they were

both bald, they would be tall and similar. During the game I saw, someone on the other team tried to shoot a basket, but Robin Lopez didn't let him. He jumped

If they were both bald, they would be tall and similar.

— PEA MILBOT,
Columnist

very high, and he put his hand in the way of the ball! The crowd just cheered and cheered, because that is something that

doesn't happen too often in a basketball game. Later, though, the referee blew his whistle at Robin and said he pushed another player. I thought that was mean of the referee. I'm sure Robin apologized.

Usually good basketball players have nicknames. If you think sort of hard, you might realize that the Lopez twins tower over everyone, and you might think that "the Twin Towers" would be a good nickname for them. But then if you think harder, you will realize that that is a disrespectful nickname, plus it does not reflect the modern world. A better nickname would be "the Tall Brothers", because it is very true. Or maybe "the Perfect Pair." I think those are both equally good nicknames that are fair and kind to the players.

If you asked me to choose my favorite basketball player, I wouldn't be able to choose, because it would be a tie. I think you know who the tie would be between (it would be the Lopez twins). If I was forced to choose between them, I would probably have to flip a coin. I bet sometimes the coach has to flip a coin to decide which one will play at which time. That must be a hard job.

PREVENTABLE LOSS

Pony down, polo sad

By **ENNEDY SANDERS**
DESK EDITOR

In spite of a sweep during their road trip this weekend, the women's water polo team returns home with their heads hanging low. The squad has been doing well, with excellent play both at two meters and on the wings. Their performance so far places them as strong contenders for the NCAA title later this year. But after this past weekend that dream seems just a little farther away. Last Saturday, the team lost Starbuck, one of their prized water polo mares.

The ordeal began after the first victory of the trip. In front of a raucous crowd at the UCLA pool on Friday night, the Cardinal consistently found the back of the cage and crisply executed their plays. Once the cardinal built a commanding lead some of the younger team members were able to get some valuable pool time.

"We really wanted our new fillies to get playing time since the heat of competition is so different from training. Even though these water polo horses are bred for swimming—you gotta put blinders on 'em to keep 'em from jumping into the pool—nothing beats the real deal," said head coach/trainer John Tanner.

The game began with co-captain Katie Hansen setting the tone with an outside seven-meter goal a minute and thirty two seconds into the first quarter. "I really couldn't have done it without the defensive help," said Katie. "The mares and players in the back really shut down UCLA's offense. I was just ready for the counter attack and we connected. I love a good play, when the pass is crisp, and the shot is fast; whizzing past the goalie with a satisfying 'twap' at the back of the cage. It's really why I play the game, for aesthetics." Stanford carried on the hard-charging attack getting up 8-0 before Tanner decided to switch up the squad.

The next morning the Cardinal Crew prepared for their match against USC, unaware of the fate that awaited them. In typical fashion they mounted up and jumped into the pool, but one of them wouldn't be leaving alive. Senior Alison Gregorka entered the pool riding Daddy's Little Favorite, the most experienced and strongest swimming mare on the team.

USC's Women of Troy started strong with the first two goals of the game. The Cardinal came right back with two of their own, one at the end of the first and the other at the beginning of the second. About 2 minutes into this second period, Daddy's Little Favorite helped score her final goal. After spinning a rival mare and completely faking out the goalie, Daddy's Little Favorite and Gregorka put in what was easily one of the more impressive goals of the season. "Definite highlight reel material," quipped Gregorka.

Both squads went back to line up, and within the next minute, the 06-07 squad would never be the same. After being pressed back into the 2 meter defensive position, Daddy's Little Favorite and Gregorka completely shut down an attempt to feed set. The ball got kicked back out, and while Daddy's Little Favorite had her back turned, she caught a winger from USC powerhouse Erika Figge in the tibia, shattering the bone into dozens of fragments.

"I knew right away," said Gregorka when asked about the horse's fate. "I wanted to have a quiet moment, since, you know, it was one of the last. But hey, you don't play girl's polo if you're gonna cry over spilt milk."

After hoisting the injured horse out of the water, the team veterinarian took Daddy's Little Favorite out behind the gym. We asked the vet for perspective on his burdine, and this is what he said: Poor, did you want her to suffer? Look, did you have a thousand little pieces of infection-prone bone in that busted leg. It's a crazy feeling, though, you know? When you look 'em in the eye and you're holding that gun... They say horses are dumb, but it's like they know it's coming. I don't think I'm a bad person, but I don't feel anything anymore when I pull that trigger. How am I supposed to tell my kids that their pa's a monster?

BASKETBALL UPDATE

Stanford and USC Compete

After a century, many people still enjoy basketball

By **MADDY MCGOO**
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Thursday night, Stanford played a game of basketball against the University of Southern California, showing that the unassuming little game invented in 1891 is still alive and kicking in our bustling modern world.

There's little doubt that if Dr. James Naismith—the Canadian physiologist who invented the game in Springfield, Massachusetts near the turn of the last century—were alive today, he would be 146 years old. He would also be very proud of his simple invention of tossing a soccer ball into a peach basket for surviving—nay, thriving—for so long.

As players hustled up and down the freshly-waxed court Thursday night, the rubbery bottoms of their shoes squeaking with modernity, their frenetic movement was not so different from what Naismith might have borne witness to in the heady days of the 1890s. He would probably be blinded by the synthetic glare of their shiny nylon uniforms, but once he cleared the dust of the ages from his eyes, he would recognize in the quick blocks of Cardinal B. and R. Lopez the same old game he nurtured from peach basket-infancy.

As USC's Gabe Pruitt lobbed the powdered orange ball into the steel-rimmed basket to score points, Naismith would easily recognize the scoring mechanism he had created, but he would be a bit confounded by its evolution from wicker to steel, for in 1891 the railroads gobbled up all U.S. produced steel with an insatiable hunger that left no purchase for recreational sport equipment.

Thursday night's game played out a timeless scenario of bone-

chilling suspense and competition when at the conclusion of the two twenty-minute halves (Naismith had originally prescribed 15 each; better nutrition and urban sanitation allows modern players to extend the game by 10 minutes) both Stanford and USC found themselves in a dead tie. They had naught to do but go to overtime.

The concept of overtime is one not provided for in Naismith's original tenets of basketball, but it is one that has grown in popularity and spread to many other sports besides basketball. On Thursday night—and in all other NCAA basketball games—the two teams faced off in overtime, where the team scoring the most goals in a 5-minute period is awarded the win.

Even with such modern trappings, though, all this reporter could think of as the winning point in the Stanford vs. USC was scored to the chorus of utter pandemonium in the crowd was what that first game in the Springfield YMCA must have been like. January 20th, 1892 must have been a cold New England night by any Californian's standards, especially given the current ravages of global warming. Did those nine players who first played on a court half the size of a current NBA regulation court have any idea what legacy they were birthing with every pioneering fast break? How proud old Dr. Naismith must have felt.

On Thursday, his pride was reflected in the faces of the coaches and players of the victorious team as they swept out of the arena, rejoicing at their advancement in the PAC-10 conference. 1891, 2007, 2091—no matter. The thrill of victory will always remain the same.



PETER D'SOUZA/Stanford Hospital

Taj Finger's broken finger after he broke it horsing around with Head Coach Trent Johnson.

POLICE BLOTTER

30 Yrs of the Long Arm

November 22nd, 1963

This report covers a selection of crimes committed from 1945 to 1985, as recorded in the archives of the Stanford Police Department.

February 11th, 1945

- Private Thomas McCauley returned from Europe to find that former roommate and 4F James Tingle had stolen his gal. McCauley overheard wondering if this is what he survived Omaha Beach for.

April 15th, 1955

- Department of English professor Michael Pining suspected of un-American sympathies; blacklisted.

- Department of classics professor Julius Sevius suspected of un-American sympathies; antiquated.

- Department of biology professor William Darwin suspected of un-American sympathies; mutated.

- Department of Italian professor Sacco Vanzetti suspected of un-American sympathies; convicted and executed.

- Mob scene in White Plaza when professor's assassination broke. Mob dispersed of its own accord when it was clarified that University President J.E. Wallace Sterling is unhurt.

January 13th, 1964

- An itinerant young songwriter declared the times, they are a-changin'.

July 10th, 1968

- Someone burned draft card in "Box Theater" adjacent to Roble Lounge, declaring war not to their liking. Fire department reported extensive smoke damage, blackened walls.

November 3rd, 1970

- Voting at 18 now legal on Stanford campus and elsewhere. NO crimes!

May 7th, 1975

- Computer stolen from electrical engineering department; recovered in components twenty feet away where thief lost will, upper arm strength to continue carrying it.



Kelly Fong I want your eggs

Kelly, I've been watching you ever since you enrolled at Stanford. I saw your 1590 SAT score. I noticed when you got a 4.0 freshman year. Congratulations on getting into your coterm program. I wanted to let you know that I want your eggs and am willing to go to extreme lengths to get them. I am prepared to offer you \$500,000 right now for the right to the eggs that are in your uterus. What do you think? Let's talk later. Don't try to find me. I'll find you. Keep up the great work.

-Gus on the Bus

CAMPUS WHIMS

4-H comes 'round to The Farm

A new kind of learning for Stanford

By **ANDIE WITTER**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Part of the joy of coming to college is finding a new set of friends, the ones you'll keep for life. But freshman Marci Fowler has known her best friend, Margie, since she was still nursing.

"You may find this hard to believe," Fowler said, "But I remember Margie when she was like four weeks old. She was such a greedy little piglet, always sucking away."

Both Marci and Margie were raised just outside Portland, Oregon. When Marci decided that Stanford was the right choice for her university experience, she was thrilled to learn that Margie was to come along for the ride. Now the two both live in Storey House — "where I can keep an eye on her and she can keep an eye on me," says Fowler. "Our lives together have changed significantly, but for the better."

Fowler's arrival at Stanford this fall also marked a shift in the life of the university, as Fowler has been instrumental in the founding of Stanford's chapter of 4-H, a national organization dedicated to "engaging youth to reach their fullest potential while advancing the field of youth development."

For over a hundred years, 4-H has operated at land grant universities in every state in the country, sponsoring local 4-H clubs in which students from preschool to high school can learn the fine arts of husbandry and agriculture. University students are not members but instead help organize and mentor younger participants. But because Stanford is a private school, 4-H has so far been totally excluded from our campus.

"I thought to myself, this is ridiculous," Fowler said. "We're called the Farm, after all, and we have a barn, and even a herd of cattle up at the Dish, but no one's organizing livestock shows or anything. I didn't want to give that up when I came here."

And so she brought Margie, her blue ribbon duroc sow, to live in a sty her father constructed in the corner of the Storey parking lot nearest the kitchen. The two were assigned to row housing with a special dispensation and housing assignment from Stanford Residential & Dining Services, since the facilities in freshman dormitory housing are less than ideal for non-human livestock.

"We had to pull a lot of strings for Marci," Craig Ementhal, the director of R&D, said. "But she approached us when she was accepted in December, and she's been in



ETIENNE MILLER/Staff Photog

The hard work of Stanford 4-H finally pays off in high cow scores.

touch with 4-H National, and those people can really throw their udders around."

When asked to clarify, Ementhal muttered something about supplies for Stanford milk dispensers and the phrase "foot-in-mouth tablets," then cancelled the rest of the interview.

Indeed, Stanford will be 4-H's first college club, since the age of participation in the organization is usually capped at 19. But 4-H National has, according to California regional director Steven H. Akiss, "been looking for a chance to get a foothold in an elite university. We're tired of this country treating the ranchers and farmers from its heartland as pitchfork-toting, cow-patty-slinging rubes. We're more than happy to extend the age of membership to 25 if it means we're in at Stanford."

The formation of SU 4-H may come at a key time for the university as well, when Princeton Review rankings have dropped considerably.

"There are plenty of geniuses out there who don't choose LSJU because they'd rather spend their time picking cat-

terpillars off the undersides of cabbages," Frederick Tatler, the director of the Office of Student Affairs. "It's easy to see that Stanford would want to attract those applicants, now that we're going to have to look in places other than Harvard Westlake and Andover for qualified students."

Margie and Marci are living breathing examples of a blossoming agricultural community on campus. Fowler makes sure that Margie has free access to the nutritious organic filth that accumulates around the banks of Lake Lag as the waters rise and fall, as well as the offal deposited in the yards of residences like EBF, Narnia and Theta Delt.

"I can't wait for the summer," Fowler said. "Margie is getting so plump off all the Treehouse burritos and vomit you can find strewn all over this place — this really is an ideal environment for raising a duroc. In the summer, she'll be tender and ready for the knife."

Though careful to avoid the Ziff center, Fowler also makes sure Margie gets enough exercise to keep her meat "lean but supple."

"Every time I see the two of them trotting down Mayfield, I get a little thrill," said SU 4-H vice president Jonathan Bridewell. "I had to leave Buckets, my prize-winning ram, at home when I came to live in Florence Moore, but I'm sure going to bring him in from Oklahoma for the Stanford Pig and Poultry Fair in April."

Other than the fair, SU-H has planned a number of other events for spring quarter, including a sheep-wrestling competition and a quilting bee, though Fowler stresses that she most looks forward to the Lake Lag May Day Turnip-Off in a few month's time.

Still, others are not so pleased with the idea that they will continue to share a campus with turkey, swine and the students who love them as it becomes clear that Stanford's livestock population will grow. Meghan Daniels, a passionate member of the co-op community and a kitchen manager of Columbae House, insists that 4-H can have no place at Stanford.

"I respect, I suppose, the right of others to eat meat and whatever, and having a hand in the responsible production of the food on the table in front of you is one of the values of the Columbae community. But if that girl with the pig slaughters it across the street I am going to shit on her lawn."

driver entered the building, where he remained for several hours.

"After about half an hour I got tired of waiting and followed him in," Martinez said. "It was a boxing gym and the place was packed. My driver had just finished fighting on the undercard, where he was quite overmatched. Both his eyes were swollen shut and he was essentially completely blind."

But Martinez's misfortune was only getting started.

"Some old Croatian man grabbed me by my lapels and began shaking me," he said. "He mistook me for a delinquent better and took everything I had just to cover the vigorish."

Martinez's driver, Kip Putton, a coterminal student denied any wrongdoing, blaming the necessity of his behavior on the poor wages paid by 5-Sure.

"I made a quick stop because money's tight, he said. "The purse was three large. I can't drive away from that kind of money. 5-SURE pays \$7.45 an hour and my financial aid is for shit. How could I not take the fight?"

Other drivers have demonstrated appetites that are far more unsavory.

CAMPUS CHANGES

Exit exams to begin soon

By **AARON SURINAM**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

In the light of Stanford's recent drop in ranking, the faculty senate has approved a significant addition to the undergraduate graduation requirements: major-specific exit exams. The new provisions are intended to increase the value and proven legitimacy of a Stanford degree, and to verify that students have a working competence with all the material essential to their discipline. Faculty senate chair Sheri Sheppard shed light on the decision, saying, "no student should leave Stanford with a bachelors degree and without a comprehensive understanding of their field. When students do graduate from Stanford without the requisite expertise, it reflects poorly on the school as a whole and devalues the degree."

The vote in the faculty senate was nearly unanimous, with the few detractors citing mostly the strictness and difficulty of the provisions. Few faculty senators denied that the new requirement will be among the most difficult requirements of a Stanford degree. The tests are to be designed such that only 70% of students pass the first time, and the test may only be taken once a year in May. Faculty senator and assistant professor of psychology Tod Dawson added, "It was very controversial as to how we ought to handle those who don't pass, but upon further reflection it was apparent we simply could not allow these students to graduate that year. We don't want degrees from Stanford to be seen as easy in the eyes of employers and other universities, and accordingly we

will ensure they won't be."

As a result, it will be required that students who don't pass wait a further year to take the test again. In the faculty senate resolution, the body suggested that departments should advise students to retake classes relevant to the subjects with which they are the weakest. Sheppard stressed, "students certainly have the option to leave Stanford for a year, and then come back in May and retake the test. Although, I guarantee, they won't perform any better if they do that. These tests will be extremely challenging. Simple proficiency won't cut it. This isn't summer camp."

In a controversial move, the senate demanded that the new requirements apply to current seniors to rapidly answer to the recent drop in U.S. News and World Report rankings to number 14. Jane Rothchild, '07 commented, "This is absolutely ridiculous. I've been done with my major for two quarters, and my grandparents have already booked a hotel room in Palo Alto. What will I tell them if I don't pass the economics department exam? I'm already pretty rusty."

In an effort to accommodate the new requirements, many departments are resorting to simply recycling this year's Ph.D. qualifying examinations. Electrical engineering department chair Bob Zsiekmann said, "We don't have sufficient time to produce this test by late May. We feel that what we could expect of an exiting senior should be comparable to the knowledge of an entering Ph.D. candidate. We have no qualms about reusing a qualify-

ing exam this year."

The tentative date for the test is Saturday, May 26th, and each department will separately administer the exam. Unsure how to handle interdisciplinary and individually designed majors, the faculty senate has temporarily demanded the relevant students retake the final examination of all of the classes required by their major. The resolution specified ten to twelve final examinations should roughly correspond to the length of an exit exam, until test writing committees are created in Fall 2007 to ensure a more long-term solution by May 2008.

By email, Stanford President John Hennessy said, "I feel this is a historic step forward for the Stanford undergraduate community, whom we see as the heart and soul of the university. The comprehensive exit exams will certainly make Stanford the world leader in undergraduate education in the years to come, and at long last ensure our future spot at the elusive U.S. News number one ranking."

And seniors, you better start studying now, the faculty senate resolution recommended one to two months of preparation to be adequately prepared for the exam. Stanford faculty senator John Stevens from the english department warned, "This exam does not have a curve. You either cut it or you do not. If you haven't studied since at latest the end of March, you will probably not pass. This is not like a normal final examination. We are testing your expertise as a whole. Welcome to a whole new ballgame, seniors."

CAMPUS POLICY

Terra to get new official theme

Housing officials relieved to finally assign meaning

By **DIZZY KENNEDY**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

As the Housing Draw looms, the University is taking steps to make some houses more attractive to students. On Friday, the office of Residential Education announced that Terra, the popular co-op in the Cowell Cluster, will be assigned an official theme beginning next quarter, according to Assistant Director of Residential Education Chris Cadelago. Terra will become the Management Science and Engineering house, with faculty advisor Professor Arthur Veinott to be the academic liaison.

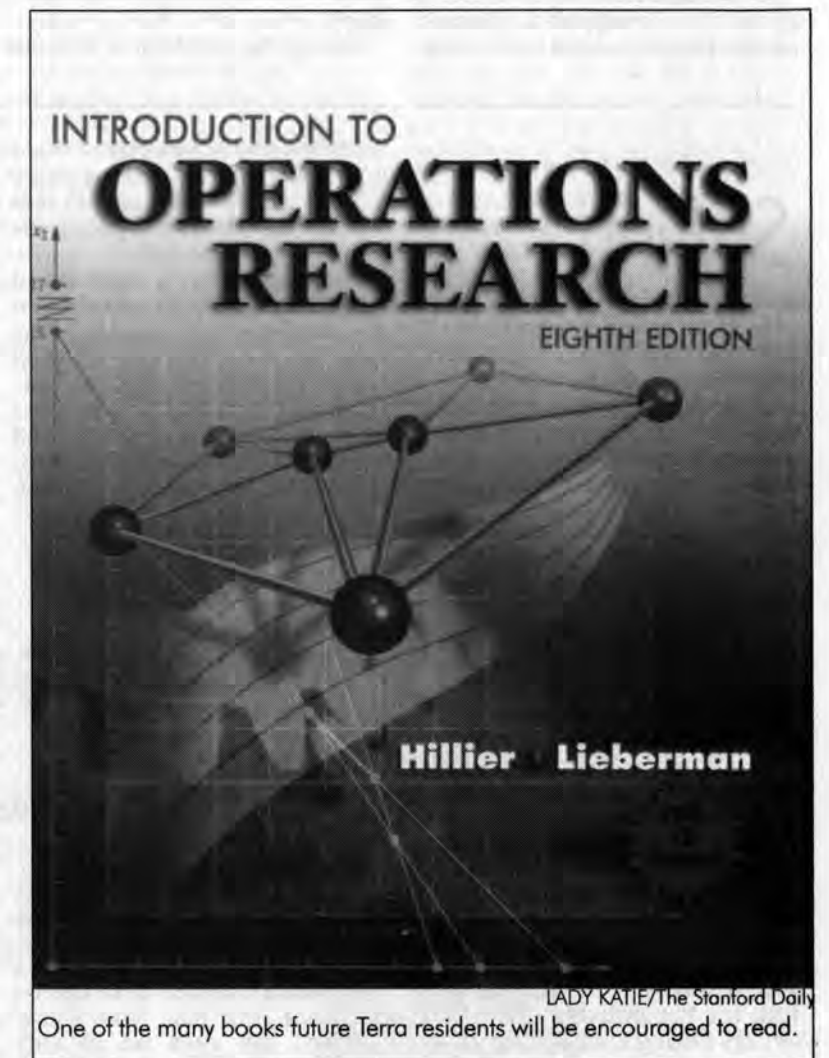
The decision comes as the first part of a new era for Residential Education, which had previously been controlled by the mercurial and at times vindictive Jane Camarillo, who has since moved on to start a chain of car wash centers in Modesto. Camarillo was known for her stubborn unwillingness to listen to others, which often led to unpopular residential programming, unhappy students, and residences with unimpeachable themes.

"With Jane Camarillo gone, we're free to really spread our wings and fly with respect to student programming and themes in houses," Cadelago said. "Camarillo had a clear bias against giving science and mathematics themes to Row and Cowell Houses, which rubbed a lot of us here the wrong way."

"Terra has long stood out as one of the few undergraduate student residences without a theme. The university for years has eyed it as a particularly plum house, and has considered giving it a theme, but so such theme seemed right. MS&E is that theme."

While the house has developed a reputation as an LGBT nexus, administrators are optimistic that the new MS&E focus won't encroach upon the rich student life already present.

"We didn't want to program for what people are, we wanted to try to accommodate



what they wanted to be." Still, the school is looking forward to a new era for Terra.

"Students in Terra will now have the benefit of a rich academic residential environment, said Veinott, "And will have the wonderful opportunity to hear guest speakers talk on topics including operations research, arms control, and will be able to consider different theories of organization and management."

"MS&E is a growing major that gets more popular every year," said Department Student Services Manager Lori Cottle. "I'm surprised it took them this long to assign it as a theme to one of Stanford's houses."

For now, Terra will continue to be themeless, but current residents say they

like it just the way it is. "This theme isn't really necessary," said Junior Alexis Rivera. "I joined Terra because it was one of the only houses where I felt comfortable and safe. The last thing any house needs is a theme which will draw preprofessional money hounds." "consider different theories of organization and management."

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CAMPUS SCANDALS

5-SURE not 4-SURE

Daily investigative report yields 100-proof truths

By **ARMISTICE PHILANDERER**
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

A longitudinal investigative report by the Daily on the efficacy of Stanford's "5-SURE" late-night golf-cart chauffeur service has uncovered some disturbing results. According to 5-SURE's claims on its website, the midnight rides "facilitate the prevention of rape by providing escorts to and from a variety of campus locations." But contrary to these claims, and indeed, conventional wisdom, there is evidence to suggest that due to gross malfeasance in hiring practices, 5-SURE increases the incidence of violent crime between the hours of 10pm and 6am enormously.

Sophomore Marc Martinez has had firsthand experience with the venal character of 5-SURE drivers.

"I had just gotten picked up from a party at Theta Delt, and we were on the way back to Arroyo, but then we started heading out toward west campus," he said. "We just kept on going west until he stopped outside an abandoned hangar."

Martinez wasn't remotely prepared for what happened next. After telling him to wait in the cart, the

Stanford President John L. Hennessy to speak at Commencement

Decision hailed as indicator of Stanford's progressive outlook

By DONALD KENNEDY
STAFF WRITER

To all students frustrated and critical of the selection of poet and businessman Dana Gioia as commencement speaker, you can rest easy. In a rare showing of commitment to student opinion, the university as rescinded its offer to Gioia to speak at Commencement, and selected a new speaker, carefully vetted by the selection committee and chosen to appease the many different student factions which constitute the student body whole. On June 17th, John L. Hennessy, the President of Stanford University, will speak to the Stanford University Class of 2007.

Hennessy has had a distinguished career, both in academia and in the private sector. He earned a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering from Villanova University and a Ph.D. in computer science from SUNY Stony Brook. He founded the legendary MIPS Computer Systems, Inc., a pioneering company in CPU production. His tenure as President of Stanford University has been marked by tremendous financial growth and university expansion. Hennessy also sits on the boards of Google, Inc. and Cisco Systems, Inc. The Commencement selection committee was unanimous in its agreement over the selection of Hennessy.

"John is a close friend and a good man," said former University President Gerhard Casper. "He didn't go to Stanford, but he's got the kind of life now where he could have attended. He'll do a great job."

The decision comes after immense student dissatisfaction with original selection speaker Dana Gioia. Students joined together in unprecedented force, both on the internet and in person to protest the selection of Gioia, who made his displeasure with the student relations public, a move which almost certainly made his dismissal easier for the university. Gioia has since moved on to accept the role of keynote speaker at the grand opening of the "Pep Boys" in Fresno after being dropped by Stanford as Commencement speaker.

When informed of Gioia's declining fortune, Hennessy was calm in his response.

"I'll handle this. I've been scaring at-risk kids straight for decades. I knew Gioia didn't have what it takes, but Stanford will be fine with me as the speaker."

Provost John Etchmehdy had positive words about the selection.

"President Hennessy is renowned for his firm commitment to academic integrity, rigorous personal ethics, and his

self-made wealth. It's a wonder we didn't select him sooner to speak."

The selection committee hopes that the selection of a President — albeit a university President — will help sate some of the fervent desire for former US President Bill Clinton, who was not included on the short list. Caitlin Wooter, a senior majoring in Symbolic Systems, seemed pleased with the result.

"Everyone knows that Bill Clinton would have been the best. That much

roughly twenty minutes of his Commencement speech introducing something he calls "The Stanford Challenge."

"I don't want to spoil the surprise too much, but it's a sort of a call to action. A challenge, if you will, that I'm going to present to students. I'm challenging them to give me as much money as they can bear. It's a significant challenge, but I'm confident that they will meet my demands."

Most students don't even care about



PHILIP CRAYS/The Stanford Daily

Hennessy is set to speak at Stanford Commencement 2007. He has said that the theme of his speech will be his time as President of Stanford University.

is obvious. But I've heard a lot about John Hennessy and it sounds like he's probably the closest thing we could have gotten to Clinton, so I guess I should be happy."

Hennessy has hinted that he will spend

the content of the speech, as long as Hennessy guaranteed to deliver it.

"Man am I glad," said Senior Rudy Jenkins. "If the university hadn't installed a name like Hennessy I don't know what I would have told my parents."

Continued from the front page

SUBMIT

nect our competition eight times over. In the human game of Connect Four, we have pretty much filled every slot with the color Submit."

Standing up and beginning to pace in front of his enormous picture window, Scodary says, "Let me ask you something: how

many friends do you have? What if I could double that number? Sounds intriguing, doesn't it? Is Wyman and I know the people we need to get things done."

"The other day a voter asked me if we might be able to do something about the quality of the food he eats. I told him he could bet his life that we might be able to do that. You want a restaurant installed in your dorm? We could swing that. You want to live in Europe? Sure, why the hell not. You

don't think Stanford's got money? You thought wrong my friend. If we win, I promise we'll squeeze every last chipped buffalo nickel out of that endowment."

In a speech earlier this month, Scodary and Wyman stated that for every promise their opponents make, they'll make three, and when asked if they could possibly afford to make so many promises, Wyman snapped, "with pockets as deep as ours, there isn't really much we cannot afford."

CAMPUS BARGAINS

Housing draw to get facelift

University once again pursues elusive "capture-the-flag" ethos

By JUDAS STARK
STAFF WRITER

Beginning this year, Stanford will institute a revamped system for the housing draw that occurs during each spring quarter, the university announced. The new policy assigns a "team captain" to each house or dormitory on campus. The captains will take turns choosing their fellow residents until every student has been picked.

This follows the oft-criticized and complex "draw" lottery that has left many complaining of unfairness and corruption. There has been a quiet undercurrent of discontent demanding change for years, which has culminated in the introduction of the team captain system.

The new policy has met with mixed reactions. Many students wonder why the draw system must undergo such radical change so quickly, while others find flaws in the new policy.

Sophomore Billy Timmons, a transfer student, decried the policy as "no fair," claiming that "everyone always picks the new kid last."

When asked about this pos-

sible prejudice against transfer students, Junior Andy Jensen, captain of the Lantana team, said, "Aw shucks, mister. It's nothing personal. It's just, you know, we like the guys we already got. Plus, they just moved into the neighborhood. How do we know they won't leave again?"

Gender has also become a controversial issue. Freshman Jessica McDermott has always been "just one of the guys," but her parents worry that this could prevent her from having female friends and developing normally as she gets older.

"I'm just worried is all," said Mrs. McDermott. "I've been trying to get Jessica to take up more feminine hobbies, like jumping rope. But all she wants to do is play kick the can with the boys down the street. I just don't know what to do."

"There, there," said Mr. McDermott. "This is just a phase."

Another matter of concern is the inevitable development of rivalries among different dorms and houses. Many administrators believe that the new policy will foster bitter

competition that might result in violence.

"Ricky Martinez told me that Larkin would wipe the floor with us any day of the week. Why I oughtta..." said Tommy Simpson, captain of Burbank, punching his left palm with his right fist.

While there is ample criticism, some defend the change, pointing out that it might promote teamwork and friendship among the youth of Stanford.

"This is a great way to get these kids to have fun and keep them off the streets," said Mr. Thompson, the father of junior Sammy Thompson. "My wife and I are thrilled that our son has made new friends. If he comes home at night late for dinner with grass stains on his knees and scuffs on his shoes, we know that he's been having a great time, and we're happy."

Director of Undergraduate Housing Rodger Whitney said that the new system reminds him of his days in college. Said Whitney: "Seeing these kids having a ball like this, without a care in the world, it brings me back to my own childhood. It puts a smile on my face."

CAMPUS HISTORY

Stanford Landmark Etymology 101

A Daily look at what made us who we are and why

By DIRK KILLER
STAFF WRITER

It's not before you think. Great people came before you and built this university into what it is. Take time, look back, appreciate, get the snot out of your nose, snotnose.

The Bookstore

Eddie "Bookstore" McGrew played football for the Cardinal and graduated first in his class in 1926. He married Betty Sue Johnson, who was named "Queen of Stanford." After graduation, he got into real estate development and decided to build a bookstore on the Stanford campus, and to name it after himself. Today, the Stanford Bookstore is highly-regarded by students, parents, and visitors to the University.

The Quad

Mary Beth Quad, nee Spencer, attended Stanford in the late thirties. She fell in love with Randy Quad, a poetry major who had a side job selling pretzels to Palo Alto children. He made a fortune selling pretzels (Quad pretzels), but died from cardiac arrest after a marathon pretzel-eating contest. His wife, grief-stricken, donated all the money she inherited in hopes that Stanford would build a pretzel-shaped academic center. Stanford decided to build a square-shaped, sea-level outdoor mezzanine in-

stead. To this day, pretzels are sold in the Quad on his birthday (August 4th).

The Oval

Percy Oval Jr. graduated from Stanford's inaugural class of 1891, with a degree in Civil Engineering. After spending a few years wandering Europe, as was the style of the time for recent college graduates, he returned to Menlo Park and invented wireless power, which earned him millions of dollars. Upon his death, he willed everything to Stanford, leaving his wife and family penniless. Stanford used the funds to build a large oblong grassy meadow in his honor.

Wilbur Field

Named for Wilbur J. Field, a Professor in the Classics Department who was found dead on its current location after a lightning storm.

Branner Hall

Branner Sweet Hall was the first blind Stanford student, and had to live in a special bunker in Crothers because he was not allowed in most areas of campus. His tireless lobbying for the rights of blind students — a cause, at that time, considered ridiculous — caught the eye of a young man named Donald Kennedy, who would remember Hall and would eventually name a dormitory after him.

Continued from the front page

SWIM | Coach rewrites history

mers have spoken out about his unorthodox interpersonal relationships and coaching practices.

"He used to ride around on his SeaDoo screaming encouragement and obscenities through a megaphone as we swam laps," Doug Hankins ['08] said. "He didn't usually get physical with us, but occasionally he'd make too wide a turn and clip a guy's shoulder. He'd always apologize, but it seemed insincere. That's why Cody [Anderson, a varsity swimmer] didn't go to Coach K's cabin and that's why he isn't in the record book."

Bowlsby has a proven record of cutting his coaches slack when it comes to implementing unconventional motivation techniques.

"If the results are there, and no one complains, of course I'm happy," said Bowlsby. "But I can't abide the reports I've gotten that [Kenney] ignited gasoline on the surface of the pool to test the lung capacities of his submerged athletes."

Kenney declined comment when approached by the Daily for an interview. He has kept a low profile recently save for an incident at the Palo Alto Public Swimming Pool where, backed by his submachine-gun, he declared every adult swim to be exclusively "Kenney Swim." He proceeded to "sidestroke laps while discharging his firearm into the air."

No charges have been filed from events stemming from the Kenney swim incident.

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HISTORY IS BROKEN

65 Million BC - Mysteriously displaced Spaniards begin looting centuries before their time.



30 AD - Somebody rats out Jesus early.



711 AD - Moors find Spain mysteriously devoid of Spaniards, yet full of pigs.



1215 AD - The Magna Carta is destroyed when it is used as a coaster.



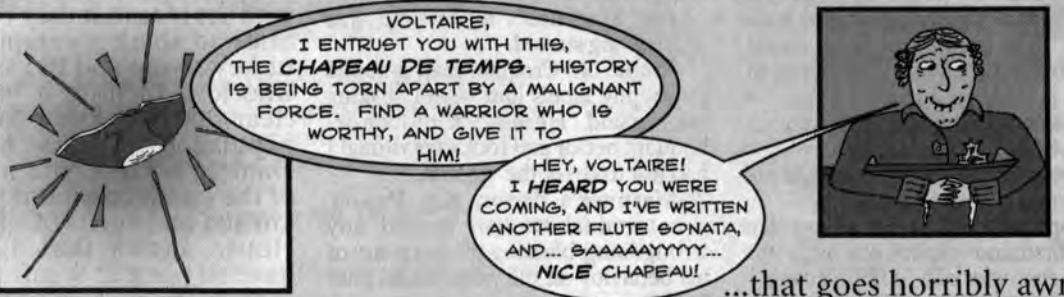
1521 AD - The Catholics win the Diet of Worms by virtue of a three count.

1629 AD - René Descartes gets kicked in the cartesian origin.



1724 AD - Newton invents the calculus, uses it to cast fireballs.

1755 AD - A plan is hatched to save the timeline...



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Tattoo

Semi Permanent - Stays 1-2 hours
Burns like fire
Actually just a second degree burn

I've got good news and bad news. Find out the difference next week.

I'm finished with the far right stall. I'd give it three out of four stars.

So, Mike and I are going to go fight some homeless after dinner. You down?

Let's just say fish is off the menu.

Palo Alto Elementary graduation party tomorrow night at the pool. Bring your own whistles.

CODES

Ska pin gnat skin pest knock rubber deer-log apollo finish.

4 8 15 16 23 42

What can you catch but not throw?

Seattle is beautiful in the summer.

The senator gets "the package" tonight. Don't forget to "detonate" it.

BOSSY

Get me some salsa. You're not doing anything.

You will go with me to Montreal.

Come in on the weekend, Jim. Unless you don't like your job. I mean, that's fine by me.

You have to drive me to the airport on Wednesday. You hear me?

WELL DONE

I don't normally say this, but well done.

Nice shave, Dave. Can I feel it?

The squirrel didn't know what hit it.

Good shot. That was almost a three-pointer.

CLEVER

I'll be tickled. I never thought to turn it and then squeeze it.

I like the way you think

It was the carburetor the whole time.

GOOD TIMES

Playing catch on the beach with your last living childhood friend.

Winning a post office in a raffle that supported the navy.

Taking it easy on a Sunday. Watching the weather channel.

Seeing your lifelong nemesis vanguard in the flames of his poorly-maintained BMW.

Bringing down the entire Brazilian rubber industry in one foul swoop.

CHILDCARE

Mother needed to take my children. I've lost interest in them, and I'm moving. They need a new owner. Come with kennels, collars.

Babyfighter services required immediately. Will pay in gold or silver.

Nanny needed to hang out at my house when my wife is on business trips. Must be a sexy-nanny who can do nanny things sexyly.

French family looking for urchin boy to raise as their own. Must have all his papers and genuinely be from the sea.

Seeking brilliant tutor our autistic child. We need to find the thing he's a genius at, to make sure he's not just normal retarded.

DISJOINTED QUESO BANTER

Bree, mozzarella, cheddar. Must melt like a pro. Good curds a must. Calcium.

You ever just hold a firm cheese, and ask yourself about life? I mean, you pretty much feel life flowing through you?

Provolone conspiracy theorist looking for apprentice. Must have suspicions.

EDDIE MURPHY

Looking for student who looks like a feminine Eddie Murphy.

In Search of student who looks like white version of Eddie Murphy.

Willing to pay professor who resembles a very old Eddie Murphy.

Seeking someone to hang out with Eddie Murphy on Saturdays and holidays.

SENTENCE FRAGMENT

Aliens looking. High places. Small rooms.

Thirteen. 13. Polygrams. Are you have good time at the pumpkin?

An ocean. Night. Is Friday, but cool. Thunder. Darkness.

Whoa whoah whoah.

ENGLAND CARPOOLS

Hey, does any one in England want to form a carpool. It's better for the environment.

I can drive in reverse on the right side of the road. But, never with my eyes open.

I need seven to eight people to carpool with me to London for it to be profitable. If we have ten, we'll all be millionaires.

SPACE FOR DRAWING

Mansion for sale. 134 rooms. 19.5 baths. Includes stone tower and money chamber. You must be in the same Fortune wealth ranking echelon to be considered. Only handshakes need for a gentleman's agreement.

I'm living in a minivan under a highway bridge. It's not too bad, actually. You'd be surprised.

You can crash at my place this weekend if you've got to. I've got a futon with a pretty solid blanket on it. Bring some food or something though. That'd be cool.

I want to practice building a house. It think it'd be an experience. So, if you need a builder, I'm pretty sure I could do. I have a good understanding of the theory.

HOUSING

Mansion for sale. 134 rooms. 19.5 baths. Includes stone tower and money chamber. You must be in the same Fortune wealth ranking echelon to be considered. Only handshakes need for a gentleman's agreement.

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PEOPLE WHO STARVED TO

Kurt Gödel

Pope John XIV

Julia Livilla

Livilla

Scott Nearing

Pausanias

Vasily Rozanov

GOOD VIBRATIONS

730 Hz sine wave. 67 dB. Beautiful.

Drum sale. All weekend. In a corn silo. Bring your own torch.

Child shaker for sale. Need new transformer, and AC/DC converter.

EGG MADNESS

78 woman eggs for sale. Sold by the dozen. Some may be fertilized/dead. Frozen. Cheap. Stolen.

Looking for a young fertile woman to provide a happy couple with her eggs. Willing to pay for cab ride and ziplock bags.

Okay, look. I've got an SAT 1480. I'm majoring in math. I'm pretty much white. I've got the build of a model. My eggs are pretty damned attractive, but guess what: I'm perpetually pregnant. So just don't ask.

SPERM

Clinic looking for male sperm. Willing to provide snacks and a 1999 issue of Maxim. Pay by the liter.

Wealthy russian family looking for a youthful couple to provide their respective eggs/sperm. We want to grow/raise your children.

STRONG ANIMALS

Oxen.

Alligators.

Rhinsaurus.

Beefs.

VACATION RENTALS

Looking to rent a vacation? Pacific Vacation rent-to-own currently renting packages in Jamaica, Florida, and the U.S. Virgin Islands. One and two week rental periods available. Must return vacation undamaged.

Boogie boards. Any time of the day. Free. Oiled. Good for circulation. Boogie. Boards.

Ever wanted to visit Hollywood? What about Paris? Does your family annoy you on vacations? Do they just seem to get in the way? Do you have a problem with gambling? Do you feel like a stranger in your own home? Do you sometimes feel like life isn't worth it?

THE FUNNIES

Robert Funnie

Nigel Funnie

Dr. Chiles McFunnie

Sir Funnie

PETS LOOKING FOR OWNERS

Dog. Must play catch with me eight-ten times a day. Must buy me dog newspapers. Must read them to me. Don't get cocky. Be rich.

Parrot looking for normal bird life. Will not imitate voices. Love fruits native to the amazon basin.

I'm a cat and I really am just tired of the abuse my current owners put me through. Is this really so much to ask? I just need food and even just slightly less abuse. Clubbings are okay but no more mace. I'm old and my face is burned.

MUSCLE GROUPS LOOKING FOR PRECIOUS GEMS

Biceps seeking a brilliant blue sapphire. Cats eye preferable. I'm flexible with price and lateral extension.

Deltoids seeking partner in diamond prospect. Preferably shoulders or abductors. Mustn't be afraid of danger.

Let's flex it, brother.

INKING OF YOU

Interested in tattooing the Virgin Mary having a cellphone conversation on a broad torso. Must enjoy showcasing your broad torso for others.

I'm searching for a woman with strong arms who would like to have the third chapter of the Da Vinci Code tattooed on her left forearm. Must be able to curl 70 lbs.

Would like to tattoo a second concentric iris around an existing iris. Experimental technique, will compensate in case of error.

TREES BY NUMBER OF RINGS

I need a 56-ring ancient sequoia. Must be breathtaking. If you can't get it to me by Monday, don't bother.

Small pine, one ring.

CRUELLA DEVIL

Want to provide a good home for dalmations number 53 and 94. Coat must be in mint condition. Transport under general anesthetic.

Watch out: dalmation number 23 is an escape artist and possibly rabid. If you need help getting them under control give me a call at 384-5982.

It would be excellent if someone could capture dalmations 30-50. I can pick up. Look for a smoking black dragster.

DOCTOR SEUSS

I'm just a normal man. I write some children's books. I do not live in a colorful wonderland of ambiguous morals. I'm not wonderoffolous or fundumbital.

Seeking a part time cook. It's not what it sounds like. Just plain old fucking food.

No one reads this shit.



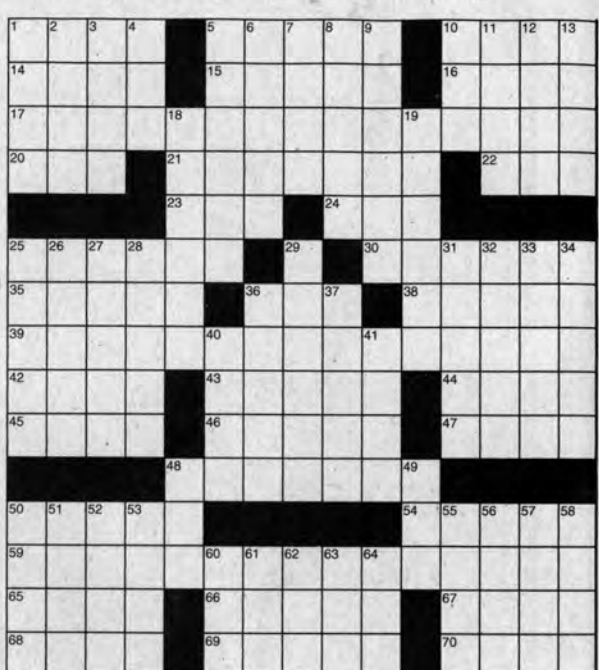
www.phdcomics.com



THE Daily Crossword

Edited by Francis Gordan McPatrick Jr.

- ACROSS
- 1. A McD's Quarter _____
 - 5. Nobody will admit it's gross
 - 10. A collegiate's desires
 - 14. The worst Guthrie
 - 15. "Your Icin" as a license plate
 - 16. AMA association
 - 17. Worse than a Math 51 Final
 - 20. Freud: "Lego my _____"
 - 21. The perfect instrument
 - 22. Companion to caboodle
 - 23. "____! A pox on you."
 - 24. A place for peat
 - 25. What to do if you've sinned
 - 29. A letter
 - 30. Scurvy is a concern to one
 - 35. ly Dyon't
 - 36. Rowing backwards
 - 38. Nonsense
 - 39. Your roommate's darkest secret
 - 42. LM____
 - 43. Wow, you're so cool for liking him
 - 44. Yes, in Spanish
 - 45. Rowing forwards
 - 46. The headiest fruit
 - 47. Or _____
 - 48. No vowels
 - 50. Foot bones, to a nerd
 - 54. _____ over
 - 59. That guy sucks!
 - 65. It's nothing without proper
 - 66. The prides of states
 - 67. CASE
 - 68. An ____ of Poodl
 - 69. How a psychopath behaves
 - 70. The American Dream
 - DOWN
 - 1. Songs from last year
 - 2. How to make friends
 - 3. "Hi" in UK
 - 4. _____ Louis
 - 5. What all fields should be
 - 6. I rape, _____
 - 7. Way better than Sine
 - 8. The answer is hctoi
 - 9. The best part of rock songs
 - 10. ____ana
 - 11. The best thing to run
 - 12. A garment or something
 - 13. _____ side!
 - 18. The most important man in a movie
 - 19. Convalesce
 - 25. Average Joe
 - 26. The best stand-up audience
 - 27. A more civilised razor
 - 28. iTunes for hip-hop
 - 29. Not for the privileged
 - 31. Computer for dicks
 - 32. It's never a fire, it's just a drill
 - 33. The coolest monster
 - 34. The most delicious fowl
 - 36. Dad's fabric
 - 37. The essence of womanhood
 - 40. The daily opinion pieces
 - 41. What's that
 - 48. Mr. Rapper
 - 49. The band nerd genre
 - 50. This clue ahs a _____
 - 51. An olde tyme _____plane
 - 52. Kills bugs, and gets you high
 - 53. "I want da _____"
 - 55. Provost nickname
 - 56. Wow!
 - 57. The main sin at frat parties
 - 58. This clue doesn't help
 - 60. The government's hiding one
 - 61. A dishonorable fellow
 - 62. Having one will ruin your life
 - 63. What a great show!
 - 64. Before college-y



guy's name? 61. A dishonorable fellow

48. Mr. Rapper 62. Having one will ruin your life

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58. This clue doesn't help

60. The government's hiding one

Last Year's Puzzle Solved

J E E P A L I S P C L A D
E M M A M E T A L T O F U
S O U L E S S B A S T A R D
T S S A L B E R T A F O E
N I O E E L
A R M A D A A B I G O R B
P A O L A L B O V A L U E
P R O F U S E S W E A T I N G
L E O D O V U L E O V I D
E R O O F E R E T R E C O
H A R D T O P
A D I E U A R I S E
H U L K H O G A N S S O C K S
A S I E A U R A S D O I T
S K I T R K N I T S I N M E

su|do|ku
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INSTRUCTIONS
Sudoku is a crossword puzzle with numbers. The grid is 9x9, and the puzzler must fill in all the empty squares so that the numbers 1-9 appear only once in every row, column and 3x3 box.

RATING:
EASY.

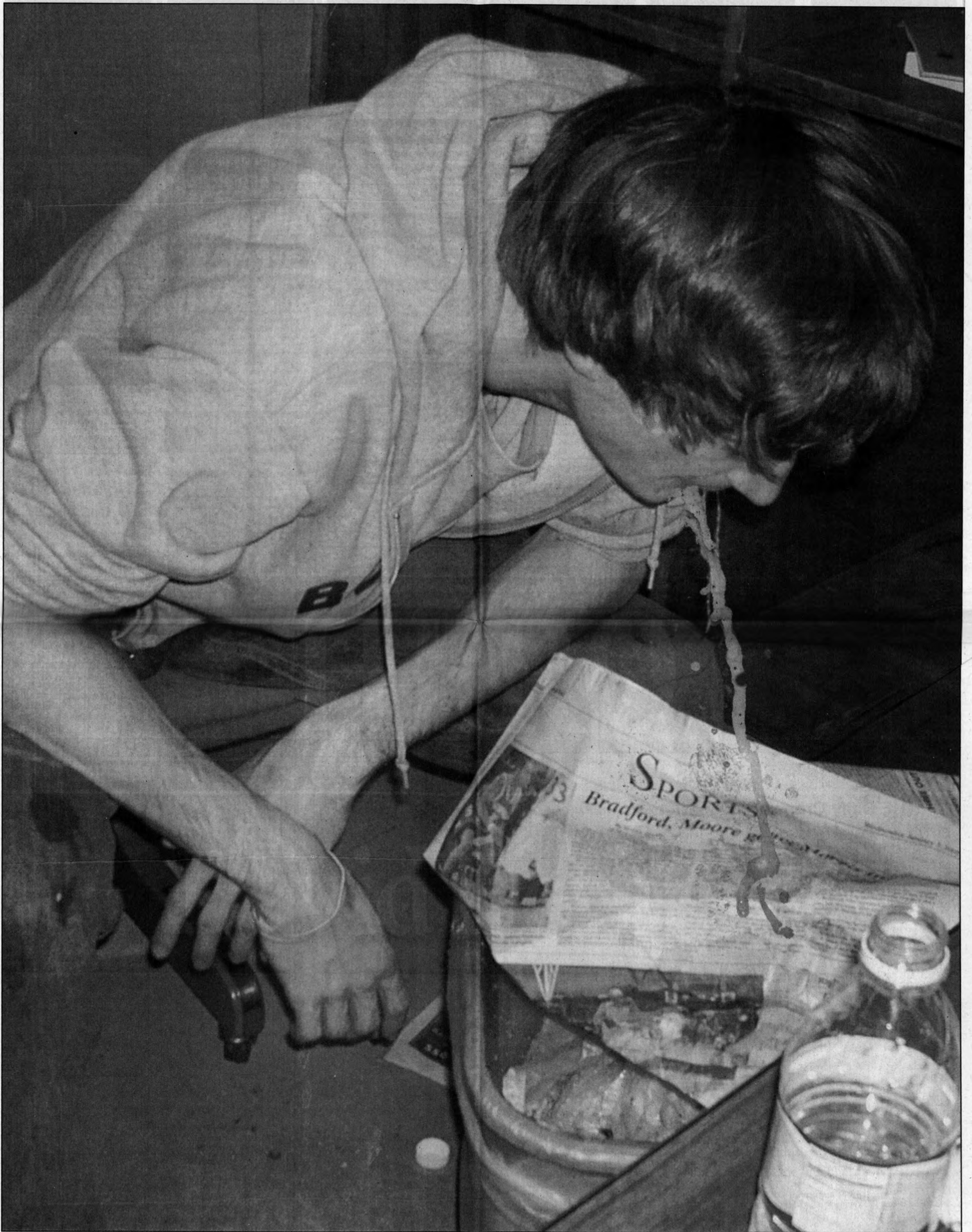
LAST FRIDAY'S SOLUTION

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 7 |
| 8 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 1 | 5 | 2 |
| 1 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 5 |
| 9 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 5 |
| 4 | 3 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 2 | 8 | 1 |
| 6 | 8 | 7 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 9 | 3 | 4 |
| 3 | 6 | 8 | 1 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 2 | 9 |
| 7 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 9 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| 5 | 9 | 1 | 7 | 8 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 3 |

1 8 3
3 1 8
3 1 7
8 3 1
3 1 8
1 8 3
9 3 1 8
8 5

A dark day.

David Herbert



HERO