COLLEGE DERECOGNIZES STINSON’S
Bagel Basement put on probation until end of academic year

BY JACK O. LANTERN
The Dartmouth Staff

In a report released this Monday, Dartmouth College officials have derecognized Stinson’s General Store, citing a number of violations of college policy on numerous occasions.

Stinson’s earliest violation was reported by Safety and Security officer Tyrone Levy who found approximately 40 kegs in Stinson’s basement. “No keg discovered on the premises had been registered with the college. Not a single one,” said Lewis Carmichael of the Office of Judicial Affairs. Carmichael went on to say, “an inspection was conducted three months after the reported keg violation and every keg was still there—not one had been returned.” Officer Levy also reported other violations. “All the ingredients for an alcoholic punch were on-hand. There was obvious intent to mix and distribute.”

When reached for comment, Laura Engleberg of Stinson’s said, “look, I may be way off base here, but I was under the impression that we were a privately owned business. Not only that, but a privately owned business with a liquor license to boot.” In response to Engleberg’s comments, Carmichael said, “The OAC [Organizational Adjudication Committee] cannot bend its rules or make exceptions because of some hastily thrown together excuse.”

As the OAC charges continue their climbing trend, The Bagel Basement was placed on social probation for the remainder of the academic year. When asked why the OAC had issued probation to the local breakfast spot, Carmichael said, “In the COS guidelines it clearly states that gatherings in organizations’ basements shall occur between the hours 8pm and 3am. When we sent an S&S officer over for an inspection at 8am we found music playing and a long line of patrons outside.”

In an interview with The Dartmouth William Bauer of Bagel Basement said, “I had just finished giving this lady her half dozen and her cup of coffee when this guy with a walkie-talkie comes through the door and asked asking people for identification. When I asked him what he was doing, he grabbed all my cinnamon raisin bagels and said something about needing them for evidence. Those are my best sellers and he took some cream cheese too—not the regular kind either, he took onion and chive. That guy still owes me $15.50.”

In accordance with their probation Bagel Basement has been ordered by the college to hold a sexual assault awareness dinner to benefit orphans. In response to what the college has deemed mandatory in order to comply with the probation, Bauer said, “look, I get up 4 every morning to make bagels and we close at 4pm sharp. If they wanted a nice brunch or something then maybe.” The OAC refused to caputlate to Bauer’s request.

Carmichael said that The Bagel Basement will not be able to hold any registered events until the end of the academic year and that all sales will be closely monitored by the college, saying, “we will be devoting two full time S&S officers to perform these duties.”

Other Hanover businesses have expressed concern over what they consider to be a crackdown on commercial organizations. Omer of Omer and Bob’s Sport Shop explained, “At first, you hear about what Stinson’s is going through and you think ‘no big deal.’ But then you realize that we could very easily be in their shoes, and if we were, we’d want other businesses to be on our side about this.” Bob was unavailable for comment.

Leaders of the Upper Valley Small Business Association are considering responding to the College crackdowns by voluntarily closing their doors in protest. They briefly considered not selling anything during Dimensions Weekend and releasing a joint statement condemning the recent punishments as “overly harsh” and “not really within the College’s jurisdiction anyhow.”

But Dean of the College James Larimore said, “the notion of a crackdown is ludicrous. The fact is that we’re enforcing our own long-standing policies in the same manner that we always have. If businesses are getting in trouble more often, it’s probably just their own carelessness.”

Larimore also praised the recently disciplined bagel shop for its actions since the enactment of the new college restrictions. “Bagel Basement has done a really good job in responding to College policy and I think this probation will encourage them to continue their outstanding efforts.”

Hanover Camera Company, College Supplies, Video Stop, Hanover Kitchens and The Gap are also currently under investigation for possible underage merchant violations.

Token racist admitted into class of 2008

BY LARRY BOBARRY
The Dartmouth Staff

A mixture of relief and controversy greeted the Office of Admissions’ unexpected announcement today that Matthew J. Cooley, an obscure member of the Aryan Brotherhood of the Vengeful Christ, had been admitted to the Class of 2008.

The Cooley family was moved to tears by Matthew’s unprecedented acceptance into Dartmouth College. “I never expected that my son’s white privilege would be enough to sway the cruel hearts of those heathen academics. The Spirited Holy Archangel has truly smiled upon us today,” exclaimed Matthew’s mother as she lit a votive candle to the Vengeful Christ.

However, not all members of the Brotherhood reacted with equal excitement. Supreme Bishop Adolph Kartoffelkopf said, “I think this could be a wonderful opportunity for young Matthew to spread the ministry of Aryan supremacy even unto the wintry shores of New Hampshire. But I’m somewhat concerned, since he has been showing less and less spontaneous outpourings of adoration for the glorious cause of the Bleached Jehovah. Honestly, recently he’s been more interested in Fountains of Wayne than anything else.”

Admissions stands by its decision, however, citing Cooley’s extraordinary leadership and extracurricular activities. “Matthew is a

BOOK BUYBACK CANCELLED: After sprouting mechanical legs and a pair of 60-ton Howitzer cannons, Wheelock books storms down Main Street, killing everyone in its path.

Chris Pichal/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

Weather Today: Cold as a witch’s tit
Tomorrow: Warm as a shaman’s dick
Beloved keg mascot brutally murdered

BY DICK RICHARDS
The Dartmouth Staff

To the dismay of the entire Hanover community, Keggy the Keg was shot to death last night outside the Hanover Inn.

The assassin, a suspicious hooded figure, had been lurking outside the Inn for hours before the attack, reported eyewitnesses. Tall and hirsute, the assailant was described as “both majestic and powerful.”

At the time of his death, the six-foot anthropomorphic keg had just performed at a basketball game and was returning to his hotel room on the third floor of the building. The stranger approached him with a sharpie and a can of Keystone Light, apparently seeking an autograph.

Keggy, covering his mouth with gloved hands to indicate surprise and delight, obliged, inviting his fan into the lobby of the hotel. The doorman had just opened the door for the character when the cloaked figure revealed a hidden handgun, shooting Keggy six times in the back. Cold, refreshing beer spewed out of Keggy’s open wounds, pooling around his fallen cylindrical body.

Keggy’s killer fled in the direction of the White Mountains, emitting a mournful bellow and exhibiting what witnesses describe as a long, loping stride. As of yet, the only clues to the killer’s identity are the discarded handgun and a copy of the J. D. Salinger novel The Catcher in the Rye, which the assassin dropped in flight. Mysteriously, neither the gun nor the well-worn novel bear fingerprints.

Passersby attempted to administer first aid to the ailing Keggy. One woman attempted to revive him by vigorously pumping his tap, but instead tragically exacerbated Keggy’s loss of fluid. Another citizen gave Keggy mouth-to-spout resuscitation, but was not able to maintain the procedure for longer than six seconds, as counted by the gathering crowd. Despite his fans’ best efforts, by the time that health professionals arrived, Keggy was already long kicked.

Keggy had recently made a return to prominence after the harrowing light of national fame pushed him into seclusion. His future plans, such as driving the zamboni at Dartmouth hockey games and reinstituting the keg jump by staging a “lie in” on Occom Pond, were tragically cut short. No last words are on record, but several witnesses say that in his last few hours, Keggy gestured happily and gave several hugs.

College officials originally announced plans to bury Keggy in a special plot in the Hanover graveyard. However, it has since become known that Keggy’s will strongly requests that his remains be recycled. He will therefore be commemorated with an “eternal flame” set in a special mosaic bearing only the word “Imagine.”

The killer, still at large, is currently being hunted by Hanover Police, New Hampshire State troopers, and several orange-vested vigilantes. Dartmouth has issued a Crime Alert, which officials have printed on bright yellow sheets of paper and taped to the doorways of most dormitories. In addition, a blitz has been circulated by various community directors advising students to lock their doors and report any suspicious activity to Hanover Police or Safety and Security.

None were more distraught than the creators of Keggy, Dartmouth undergraduates Chris Plehale and Nic Duquette. In a prepared statement to the Dartmouth, Plehale announced that he “had never before felt so empty, so bereaved, and yet so, so self-referential. The pain of our loss is only matched by the agony of our self-aggrandizement.”

S& S to replace minivans with dragons

BY LARRY BOBARRY
The Dartmouth Staff

For as long as any current Dartmouth undergrads can remember, Safety and Security’s weapon of choice for making students relive the anxiety of the Prohibition Era has been the Dodge Caravan. Not any longer. Effective the first week of spring term 2004, S& S will be making their rounds on large mythic winged reptiles, more commonly known as dragons.

While these animals, bred specifically for university campus security purposes by Jim’s Dragons and Goldfish of Raleigh, North Carolina, will be significantly more expensive to purchase and maintain than were the automobiles, the administration remains optimistic about the benefits of such a purchase. Said Director of Safety and Security Larry Binne Jr., “The minivans previously allocated to Safety and Security were inefficient. They did not have the handling necessary to chase down youths in a high-speed off-road pursuit through fierce New Hampshire snow drifts, and once we picked them up, the child safety lock just wasn’t keeping them trapped inside like we planned. With our new Safety and Security Airborne Division though, we can just swoop down and devour intoxicated individuals.”

Dartmouth now joins thirty-eight colleges nationwide that have already made the switch to dragons. At other schools, the reactions to the beasts have been for the most part consistent, with student bodies in general opposed and faculties enthusiastic. Michigan State, a pioneer in the field, has been utilizing dragons since 1999. Says Michigan State Junior Greg Portan, “Man, I hate that silver dragon. I mean, all the other dragons are green, so you know to book it, but once they started rolling out with that silver one, you didn’t know what to do. That thing ate my roommate’s legs, man. His legs!”

Not all parties, however, are so enthused about the prospect of a dragon-patrolled campus. Pre-eminent dragonslayer Alexander Runeblade expressed concerns about any use of “winged wyrmst” at a learning institution, much less as tools of law enforcement. “Aye, I hath slain many a beast in my daye, and if I hath learned but one thing, it be this: ye cannot taime nor trust a foul beastie the likes of a dragon,” he spake.

Interestingly enough, one of the leading adversaries to Dartmouth’s switch to dragons has come from within the system itself, James Wright. Wright keeps his own collection of fabled creatures including sphinxes, chimera, unicorns, satyrs, and a kraken in the backyard of the president’s mansion. Dragon professionals are naturally to many of these creatures and Wright fears for their safety. Said Wright, “Some of my fondest memories have come swimming in the lagoon with my special friend. I won’t let anything come between me and Peacey.”

On the student side of the opposition, an anti-dragon protest has been scheduled for this Friday outside of Parkhurst, to be followed by a marathon eight-hour long candlelight vigil and chill cook-off. As a counter-protest, the Dartmouth Chronicles of Narnia Society will be organizing a bake sale to increase the campus dragon presence. Said Popeye Jones, NBA player and honorary member of the DCNS, “Of our drake cake, thou must partake.” As a counter-counter-protest, a bunch of tough guys will be holding a hunger strike to decrease the campus Chronicles of Narnia Society presence.

Mark Watch

| Relationship: Brad call with the Taco Bell dinner date. Mark. | 121.67 to 119.08 |
| Professional: Good job refilling the copy toner. Mark. | 347.9 to 355.06 |
| Family: Your picnic peanut butter killed grandma. Mark. | 768.01 to 233.7 |

The Dartmouth
Jacko’s Oldest College Parody, Founded 1907.
Eilees ‘61 lives boring, unassuming life

By Chester B. Arthur
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth alumnus Richard Eilees ’61 has lived an extremely boring, unassuming life, sources today report. Graduating in 1961 with a degree in English Literature, to date Eilees has accomplished none of the idealistic life goals he set out for himself during his four years at Dartmouth.

“I had plans to spend most of ’61 and ’62 exploring the vast deserts of the Kalahari doing research for a book idea I was pretty keen on,” recalls Eilees, “but then I got the job offer from Omaha Mutual, so I guess that took care of that.”

Concluding 43 years of working for the Omaha-based insurance giant, Eilees retired this month at the age of 65. After four decades of service, which saw the lethargic rise of Eilees from a Junior Claims Processor to an Assistant Vice President in charge of Actualization Disbursement, Eilees was sent off with an all-important coffee mug in recognition of missed opportunities brought on by the overdose of days.

Eilees’s wife of 40 years, Susan Cumberdale, reports that married life with the former Dartmouth big man on campus has been “pleasant,” to which she adds, “that is if you consider a slow boredom-infused march to death punctuated only biannually by a 80-second spasmodic attempt at love-making to be... pleasant.”

“Overall, my life has been everything I hoped it would be,” concludes Eilees, “with the exception of my job, my health, my wife, and my asshole friends, I have been living the Dartmouth dream.”

Cooley enjoys theater, intolerance

By Lauren Alder
The Dartmouth Staff

With a very impressive cast and a very clever script, Cooley, the new musical production of The Department of Government, has received glowing praise from its opening night audience. Written by Richard Cooley, the show is set in the rigid, traditional world of Greek life at Dartmouth, where tradition and hierarchy reign supreme. The story revolves around a group of students who are forced to confront their own prejudices and biases as they navigate the complex landscape of Greek life.

The show features a talented cast, with standout performances by protagonist Matthew, played by an impressive ensemble of actors. The music, written by Cooley himself, is both catchy and thought-provoking, perfectly complementing the narrative.

An independent study conducted last term reveals that the term “Greek system” may be a misnomer, due to the system’s surprising lack of focus on Greek culture and tradition. Not since the Dartmouth Diamond has a national body been represented in such a way, said head pollster Anne Wantzum to the delegates at a special meeting of the appropriately-named Greek Leadership Council, “At least get someone from Cyprus.”

The study points to “an egregious misrepresentation of Greek culture at large” as the most telling problem with the Greek system. Gary Williams, Assistant Professor of Classics, agreed, claiming, “I keep getting tossed from toga parties during big weekend for wearing my chiton. I try to tell them that the Romans wore togas, but they never listen.”

Williams is not the only peaked Classics prof; visiting lecturer Miles O’Donnell recently performed a disappointing archaeological excavation in the basement of Alpha Chi. “Whereas in the fifth stratum of a dig in Greece, one would expect to find characteristic pottery and marble fragments, all I found in the fifth layer of the frat basement were crushed plastic cups, beer cans, and an inexplicably large amount of nacho fragments,” Miles said.

Some students, though, questioned the veracity of the diversity study. Said Panhel President Freida Lang ’04, “That study is so biased. Fall Term? Please. We have four sisters from Alexandropolis who were off that term, honest.”

Regardless, the administration is unlikely to impose any new guidelines until 2006. Nobody has bothered to inform Chi Heorot of their decision, however. As one Dartmouth alumna noted, “We will not rest, and we will not stop until we have fulfilled our demand for a 100% diverse Dartmouth. Matthew has simply earned his place among the elite group that includes such luminaries as world Mine-sweeper champion Yolanda Kemp and noted denefestator Robert Frost.”

Cooley remains surprised at his newfound celebrity. He stated, “I never expected things to go this far. I expected complete disaster when I found out that Mom had filled out all my applications for me. It’s definitely very relieving to know that I’ll be attending a school with a rigorous liberal arts education and a diverse student body. I bet the next four years will really broaden my horizons.”

Study finds Greek system insufficiently Greek

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THE DARTMOUTH EDITORIAL BOARD

Wordus Lastum

Look, we’re sorry that it had to come to this. We didn’t want to bring it up, really. We were content to let this little situation remain a little footnote on a footnote in the annals of our experience living in the dorms at Dartmouth. But a few days have gone by, and the problem has just sort of stagnated, and it’s forcing our hand. We weren’t going to say anything about this before, but look: the Wheeler janitor really needs to get around to fixing that toilet.

We understand that it isn’t technically in your job description to do that sort of thing. Hell, we can sympathize; who would take a job that required you to do something like that? But the problem isn’t going to fix itself. Andrew was even talking about using the women’s bathroom from now on, it’s getting so bad. He’s an environmental engineer too, so trust us, he’s handled some pretty nasty problems in his day. Plus, he lives right next door to the men’s room, so if he actually wanted to use the other bathroom he’d have to go all the way down the hall. But he doesn’t care. He’s not going to deal with this and neither are we. Sorry, but somebody has to deal with it, and it looks like you just drew the short straw.

You know what? Go ahead and give yourself a bonus for doing this. Seriously, have the community director send us one of those blitzes saying the whole dorm is going to be charged a few hundred dollars for the inconvenience. There’s like twenty of us on this hall, I don’t think anybody’s going to mind sending a little tip your way for doing this. Plus it goes on college billing and straight to our parents, so a lot of us won’t even notice the extra charge.

No, don’t bother trying to figure out who did it. Honestly, it was a few days ago, and I’ll bet whoever did it doesn’t even remember. Even if they do, they’re sure as hell not going to fess up. Sorry, but this is a case for you and you alone. We’re not saying we envy your position, but it’s time to suck up and just fix what needs fixing. We’ll give you a break if you do this for us: no shoes in the hallway, no scuff marks on the wall, we won’t even turn over the garbage cans when Wednesday night rolls around. But come on, man. If we’re going to give a little, you’ve got to give a little, too.

It’s time to get that toilet fixed.

The Dartmouth


Herman Tashy ‘04

I’m Never Wrong

Look How Cleverly I Make Fun of Conservative Students in This Scathing Op-Ed!

Even though I’m a registered Republican, I can’t help but notice the buzz that these Democratic primaries have caused in this great country of ours. First it seems like Dean’s the man, then suddenly it’s Kerry... who’s next, that wacky Al Sharpton? Well, I haven’t done too much research on any of them, but I know they’re out there. I know one more thing about them: not a single one of them is suited to take on the great leader of this country, my President, Mr. George W. Bush. Oh, they might have lots of knowledge on their “issues” and their “valid ideological concerns,” but Bush has got nothing done so far, and that’s pizzazz. It’s a kind of pizzazz that’s going to take our country back to those halcyon days of Puritanism from whence it came! Halley-buck!

Did you see that?
Did you see what I just did?

You see, you started reading this article thinking that it was going to be about some conservative student’s reaction to the Democratic primary. I got that out there right in the first line, where I said, “even though I’m a registered Republican.” Remember when I did that? That was good. I bet you bought that little yarn of mine, hook, line, and sinker. You probably told yourself, “Well, I’m not a Republican myself, but let me go along with this guy and see what he has to say.” You’re a reasonable person, open to other reasonable viewpoints, and I realize that. I even fed you a few little tidbits of information about the different candidates to make you think that maybe I was going to make a reasoned argument from a conservative point of view.

Then, just when you least expected it, pow! I came out of nowhere with a scathing attack on the very ideology I claimed to support! Bet you didn’t see that coming!

I don’t mean to brag, but when it comes to writing op-eds for The Dartmouth, I’m really, really, really good. I mean, you can take this how you will, but I don’t think I can remember a single column that laced into the politics of the “American C student” quite as well as my own. I remember this one time, I was doing a piece on the reasons for the War in Iraq, as I called it then, the “War for Elect[ion]!” (that’s an audio pun related to our presidential Bush’s reelection plans, notice if you say the words “Iraq” and “Elect” out loud, they sound kind of similar. My articles are full of little subtleties like that). Anyway, I listed my reasons, I was doing the evil stepfather characterization to our “friends” in the right wing. It came out of nowhere with my attacks because I used a little metaphor involving the Republicans, Fascism, and the Dartmouth cheerleading squad.

Sometimes I like to come out of nowhere with my attacks because it hits you with your defenses down... you might have been reading my column and been thinking of reasons why the administration was right, but no way were you preparing to also defend the College Republicans! They didn’t shut down the organization after reading my article, though. I guess they’re just really thickheaded.

This other time was the best, though. I wrote a little short story about a little boy who got a remote controlled car for Christmas. I wish I had the space to reproduce it here, but long story short, the boy turned out to be George W. Bush, the car was America, and the evil stepfather represented an ideological conglomeration of Osama bin Laden and the recent tax cuts. That was a great piece because it wasn’t just brilliant political writing, it was also a rousing story. You really wanted to know whether George (that was the little boy’s name... get it?) was going to be able to get his car away from the evil stepfather, because I used really good characterization to make the people in my little tale.

When you’re as talented as me, writing these scathing op-ed columns becomes more than just a way of passing the time. It becomes my civic duty, as a member of the United States of America, to shape the path of our youth towards the future. It’s sort of like a remote controlled car that is our country right into the jealous hands of our evil stepfather. Economic situation/ elitist terrorist leader! God, I’m just so fucking good at this!

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Herman Tashy ‘04 is a staff columnist.
The Dartmouth rorrim

OMG! You’re In WHAT?

The rorrim looks at some of history’s HOTTEST Secret Societies

We all know them! We all love them! But we don’t all know exactly what they are! That’s right, we’re talking about secret societies, those controversial bastions of elitism and privilege that have been around since who knows when. Well, we here at the rorrim have gone ahead and done a bit of research into the history of secretive underground organizations, and this is what we came up with. Read on if you dare! But beware, this information just might be classified! (It’s not.)

Yootzen Society, Greenland, (567-34 B.C.)

This was the first known secret society, and it is thought that these people were the first to call themselves by that name. The Yootzen, characterized by their disproportionate ten and one third (on average) foot long arms, lived on Greenland for nearly a half millennium without ever being visited. Inexplicably, they were very much aware of the fact that nobody knew about them, and they took great pride in constructing crude chants to make fun of the Roman, Greeks, and Gauls who were existing blissfully ignorant just several thousand miles away. The Yootzen was a flourishing culture based primarily upon a primitive form of basketball, played with congealed seal fat rather than proper balls per se, as well as biewekely games of Texas Hold’em. The society tragically ended in the year 34 BC when its leader, Margrave Hulden Shoopul, gathered all of his people in his chamber and stabbed them all with a sharp cantaloupe. No evidence of their existence has ever been found.

Grelatzern Society, Tibet, (182 B.C. – 612 A.D.)

Grelatzern, the Salatuna accomplished the unlikely achievement of building upon their predecessors. They were the first to erect the Himalayas and lived within them for nearly eight hundred years, with a lifestyle centered around reality television, in fact consisting of only one show, entitled, “I Wonder What that Silly Bloodthirsty Abominable Snowman is up to Today?” New members were selected by winning the show; all other contestants would generally be eaten by the Abominable Snowman. Confined to their giant artificial teepees, the Grelats found a method of turning disgusting recycled air into delicious, delicious hamburgers. Unfortunately, this method that could revolutionize the modern fast food industry, as well as other marvels such as three-hole punches, that induced orgasms when used, were lost to the ages when the plumbing fouled up one day and the Himalayas flooded with urine and liquid scissors. The Grelats were summarily lost from history.

Salatuna Society, That Place in West Brazil where Nobody Goes, (1500 A.D. – 1502 A.D.)

The Salatuna people were a thriving society that existed in the foothills of that place in West Brazil (that one where nobody goes) from the years 1500-1502 A.D. Despite having absolutely no foreknowledge of the Yootzen and the Grelatze, the Salatuna accomplished the unlikely achievement of building upon their predecessors. They were the first to erect large, creepy shelters hidden away in an area where people “don’t” notice it, but actually do notice it and talk to all their friends about all the cool and mysterious stuff that probably goes on inside those buildings. All suffering from a tragic genetically-derived herring allergy, they all died off during their New Year’s “Open Your Mouth to the Sky” fiesta when it suddenly started raining herring. Said Eric Zampf ’05, whose major is not Secret Societies and not even Aquaculture: “That’s bullshit. There are no herring in zil. They couldn’t have died that way, not to mention the fact that it cannot rain herring.” The Salatuna’s buildings were all destroyed following their demise, when the local population went inside to see what was up, and found that actually the inside of a secret society building is a lot like the inside of any other building.

Kobingo Society, North America (1700 - 1773 AD)

This society made the major breakthrough of having famous alumni that gave them a lot of money and allowed them to get even more notoriety than they deserved. Alumni of this society include both George Washington and the King of England, which led to speculation that the American Revolution was really just a Kobingo facade and that no matter who won, these guys would be in control, which has never been confirmed nor denied. It led to so much speculation, in fact, that some angry farmers with guns raided and summarily destroyed the society’s headquarters.

And then some college kids got together in exclusive drinking clubs, and the modern secret society was born!
Cryptic Sphinx message might mean they want a concert, or something

An arcane message sent to the Committee on Student Organizations Monday night led to perplexity and possible planning for a Sphinx-related benefit concert.

By A. Nonymous

The Sphinx and the Sphinx: Sweet Society, among others, failed to yield the names of actual members of the organization’s brotherhood.

An ’04 Sphinx member, who agreed to speak to the Dartmouth as long as he was kept anonymous, expounded a bit further on the nature of the organization’s fundraising attempts. “The car wash was doomed from the start,” he said, “because you’ve already eliminated a good portion of your student pool if you cater to only those with cars, and also because not many people wanted their cars soaped up by five guys wearing capes. And the kissing booth, you know, just creeps people out.”

However, despite these complications, a good approximation of what the Order’s proposal may be is moving through COSO, giving rise to rumors that the Sphinxsters have threatened Committee members with psychic or mystical harm. Plans for the benefit call for a $220,000 soundstage to be erected on the Green featuring four “massive” fog machines and twenty-four-five-four-position laser-light projectors. Parisian duo Daft Punk is to headline the show, which is to be co-sponsored by the Sphinx, the Student Assembly, and Collins Up All Night.

Neither the Sphinx nor Daft Punk could be reached for comment.

Senior still waiting to be tapped by secret society

Despite having completed half of his senior year, Mike Nichols ’04 is still waiting to be tapped for one of Dartmouth’s elite secret societies.

Most societies traditionally induct new members during their junior year, making decisions in the fall and tapping students in the winter or spring. “I was off last fall, so I assumed that my name might not have been on the deliberation list. But when I didn’t hear anything by last spring, I started to wonder if there had been a mistake.”

As a frequent contributor to the Dartmouth philosophy journal and an active member of the table tennis team, Nichols considers himself a “shoo-in” for induction into a secret society. “I don’t know whether I’ll pick Sphinx or Dragon.” Nichols told the Dartmouth, “They’re both good, I guess, but this isn’t a decision that I want to take lightly.”

Nichols, aware that secret societies watch new members closely before offering them admittance, is on a 24-hour “vigil of cool” to make sure his every action is befitting of a clandestine brotherhood. According to his hall mate Dave Finn, Nichols refuses to take off his John Deere trucker hat, even to sleep, and frequently complains that people are “all up in my grill.”

In preparation for induction, Nichols has already shaved the hair of several discreet locations on his body, giving his future brothers a clean area on which to place his secret tattoo. “I’m not sure where they’re going to put it, so I shaved a lot of places. It would be a little awkward if my body hair got in the way of my brand of everlasting acceptance.”

Most puzzling to Nichols is the fact that he has not yet heard anything from any secret society about his bid. “My guess is that this is all part of the initiation ritual. They have to make sure you’re quality, you know, so they probably leave you in the dark for a long time. It’s hazing, but they can’t get caught for it. That’s how clever they are.”

Nichols’ friends and acquaintances are equally confused about the delay of his secret society acceptance. “I don’t see why they haven’t tapped Mike,” freshman roommate Jeff Still told the Dartmouth. “Other than the fact that he’s an enormous tool.”
Professor turns his class into a secret society; Students oblivious

Have you given up on your prospects for entering a secret society? Do you avoid them because you find them to be relics of an "old guard" of the college? Well, think again! Sociology Professor Andrew Lolly has taken the initiative to turn one of his classes into Dartmouth's newest (and most notorious) elite underground institution!

Aware that most of his students were either doing off or not in attendance for his Tuesday-Thursday lecture Fall Term 2003, Lolly thought that nobody would notice if he used the time to conduct gatherings of his secret society. He was right.

Said Sarah Standard '04, "Well sure, I thought it was strange how I read the ORC, and it said this course would be about gender constructs in the adult film industry, and here the guy's rambling on with ten other men wearing karate outfits about how they're gonna buy Starbucks, but heck, it's sociology."

For the latter two thirds of the quarter, Lolly held assemblies of his brotherhood in the front three rows of Rockefeller 3 from 10 A.M. to noon, while apparently disinterested pupils took lachadasical notes on what they just assumed would be on the tests.

Explain Jessica Tacsit '06, "So, like, it's the day before the final, and I'm in my PJs going through my flash cards, and there's all this stuff about how Mr. Hooper from Sesame Street was always just a tool in a conspiracy to implant subliminal thoughts in children's minds to make them want Breyer's pistacho ice cream more than sex when they grew up, so it would put the condom companies out of business, and I'm thinking, please don't let there be a long essay."

None of the rituals seemed to faze the students, from the weekly sacrifices of hatchling condors to the burning of books by authors with palindromes for first names, to the self-flagellation before a portrait of Funkmaster Flex, or even to the consumption of Count Chocula out of a slide projector; forget about caring how all those dudes kept calling the teacher "Eminent Vittuperator."

Not only was Professor Lolly able to invite the entire regional chapter over for an East Coast summit with the only noticeable effect on the students being that a freshman muttered, "Wow, lots of people showed up today," but he was even able to indoctrinate a few members of the class into the fold unwittingly.

As Alvin Wrong '07 observed, "At the bottom of the course syllabus, it said you could show up at Fuel at ten at night on Friday for some extra credit, so I'm thinking, score! Fuel! I'll get an A, and some ass. But I show up, I'm the only one in the room, it's dark, a trapdoor pops up in the middle of the dance floor, and the next thing I know I'm licking double-sticked orange popsicles with old guys in tankinis for three hours."

As for whether Lolly plans to continue this practice in the Spring during his course on urbanization trends in the Serengeti, don't bet on it. Clarified Lolly, "Actually, what I might do is tell everyone that the class is about secret societies, and then when they all show up, and I see those wide excited eyes, I'll just start drooling like usual. Then I'll whip out my thirteen-inch pens."

By Woody Longfellow

The deplorable and possibly illegal musings of an unstable, crazy old woman

Man, you know what really sticks in my craw these days? Babies! They’re in my closet, my basement, my pockets! Not really. But I was just thinking, wouldn’t it be awful if they suddenly were? It’s a possibility people. Kids these days are sexing it up like rabbits. And condoms are breaking like kittens under the wheels of my Volvo.

We’ve got a problem on our hands, and it’s called the old "sexual revolution." So, if you’re like me, then you’re sitting at home thinking to yourself, "There must be something to do with all these excess babies... besides stem cell research, of course!"

Well, maybe there can be!

Let’s talk style. Why should pirates get to have all the fun? Attract some tail by perch- ing a wee one on your shoulder. They’re all the company without the responsibility of an actual parrot.

And once you’ve snagged that special someone, you are going to want a pad to come home to that screams, “I’m eligible and imaginative, damn it! Love me! LOVE ME!” Picture this: you’re rushing around the house before a very important date, preparing the body oils and strategically positioning the glasses of freshly poured arbor mist around the bowls of spaghetti-o’s. GASPS! Something’s awry: no amberience. Drape some babies around the room and it’s like a bunch of tiny little cherubs with nothing else to do but make your evening delightful and sexy. That’s right, these creatures aren’t aimless as they seem, as long as you can convince them to shut up.

But babies can be fun by themselves, too! Think about the holidays... ever wonder what to get for the girl or guy who has everything? Well, I’ve got an idea that upstages even a puppy in a stocking. That’s right - a baby in a plastic bag! I don’t know about you, but my friends are getting sick of the bricks of cheese I’ve been sending as presents. These priceless little ones are a nice alternative. There’s no better way to say “I appreciate you” than a colicky bundle of holiday joy.

NEWS FLASH: midget toss- ing is SO last year! It’s all about baby tossing these days. Hell, I’ve seen parents doing this all over the place, so I know it’s ok.

Yeah, when you really think about it, babies aren’t such a big responsibility. They’re fun and loving and can brighten your day in lots of creative ways! Having a baby would be a good thing, really! Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go take a pregnancy test.

By Gertie Figglesworth

IN

CVS

Today

Hamsters

Tom Cruise

Thai Peanut Soup

“Yeeaaaagh!”

Buzzflood

Boobs

OUT

Eastman’s

Yesterday

Gerbils

Elton John

Split Pea Soup

“Wah Hoo Wah!”

Blabberforce

Not Boobs

5 MINUTES AGO

Hanover Opium Den

300 Seconds Ago

Boys

Anne Heche

Poop

“Mortal Kombat!”

Bullshit Squad

Also Boobs

Knower Coughman/The Dartmouth Senior Staff

Professor Lolly begins a ritual on the altar at the front of his classroom while his students take notes, oblivious.

Compiled by Buster McNutt/ The Dartmouth Senior Staff

EVENTS AT THE HOP

Guy orders a cheese quesadilla!

Thursday, 6 PM

Old people comment on the art exhibit!

Friday, 2 PM

Warner Bentley statue gets touched!

Friday, 8 PM

Studentsother Art homework!

Saturday, 4 PM

People check their mail!

Sunday, 11 AM
Radical Records


Every week, writer George Greaney calls his house to talk to his parents. Usually he does that on Sundays, because during weekdays he’s too busy writing this column about music.

Ah, the faces of the neo-garage rock movement. The White Stripes. The Hives. They present a raw, unpolished sonic wall to combat the increasingly cookie-cutter sound of the recording industry. And while their music may sometimes confound more than comfort (is anybody else tired of “Dead Leaves and the Dirty Ground?”), there have also been some amazing high points (the syncopation of the sometimes-absent synthesizers and high-hats creates undercurrents in so many of these songs that it’s hard to believe a guy like that could be a Jerry Garcia Jr.). And one and only need to listen to Give A Rouse!, the first record from Hanover’s own Cathy Cliché (2003/ Paul’s computer) to find some of the greatest hidden treasures of the neo-garage universe.

The band presents a sound that provides a similar rebellion against the boring everyday of college rock-and-roll cover bands.

Give A Rouse! came out following a period of uncertainty about Cathy Cliché’s future. They had a pretty good bass player, a decent drummer, and a good keyboard guy. They just needed a killer guitarist. Fortunately for all concerned, the bass player knew a certain George Greaney from his Spanish drill. Mr. Greaney (me) didn’t want to join up with some stereotypical college band, but after hearing these guys jam he (I) was happy to step into the role of leading man.

So yeah, this is an article about my own band. Don’t worry though. I can step back from it and write an honest review of our record. We are not some everyday campus band. Every song on this record is an absolute gem.

All right, so we kick off with the title track, Give A Rouse!, which is the rockin’ adaptation of the Dartmouth Alma Mater, which as far as I know hasn’t been done before by anyone. Greg (the keyboardist) had that idea, and we all liked it, under the condition of course that we could make it rock. The end result, a listener would note, certainly achieves said rock. Be sure to listen to my guitar solo between the verse about my guitar solo between the verse about achieving said rock. Be sure to listen to it. It’s impossible to list here.

And then I have to make it up to the other Alice by writing foreign commercial jingles with her while we snuggle in the future.

I want to kill my geology professor, because I’m convinced he’s half-gerbil. He breaks every five minutes during lectures to suck on a big clear tube in the corner full of whiskey, and that huge wheel he keeps behind the podium gets on my nerves hardcore. Then he gives us these tests, and they’re not in English, but they’re just covered in lots of scratch marks. He keeps asking how my girlfriend is doing too, so I’m convinced he’s in cahoots with that eight year old girl’s little studd.

Oh yeah, and he craps on the floor in class.

Answer me this one, geology professor, if you think you can. If sand comes from small rocks, and small rocks from where do big rocks come from? I’m tired of people giving me that line where do big rocks come from? I’m tired of people giving me that line before I go off to work if my Garelick Farms is only packing one proof? If the store is all out of regular milk, what am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? What am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? What am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? What am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? But computer speakers also suck ass, because gerbil mass produce them in Kazakhstani using coerced sweatshop labor. The ruthless eighty-gram mammals are all like, “Come on you former Soviet citizens, cut this plastic for us with your teeth,” and the poor Qazaqs are all like, “You have not fed us in days.”

At least do not drink the caviar out of the steins while we have to watch,” and the rodent slave drivers are all embarrassed because they realize that they have caviar mustaches.

I also get pissed off when I hear about these professional wrestlers that turn in formal academic papers to Science, because the stupid gerbils have to have something to do with this one. I mean come on, who but gerbils could hatch a fiendish plot by which Stone Cold Steve Austin and Diamond Dallas Page co-author a dissertation that illustrates how the gene that expresses submission moves preference in Drosophila melanogaster has codominant alleles?

Speaking of pro wrestling, I despise hip hop. I mean with all those crazy people spinning hot tracks on turntables and break dancin’, who’s going to stop the madness?

Girls who wear thongs with neon signs that flash “Eat at Joes,” that’s also a bad thing. I can just see those flipping gerbils snickering amongst themselves as they hook up a small but effective power supply to the butt floss, wondering whose concept of self-image they’ll fuck up next once they’ve moved on past adolescent femininity.

I can’t see you, David. I told you not to get out of the chair! Get back in the fucking chair!

God, I can’t stand non-alcoholic milk. How the hell am I supposed to get a good buzz off of my Cheerios before I go off to work if my Garelick Farms is only packing one proof? If the store is all out of regular milk, what am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? What am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? What am I supposed to do about Beirut and cookies? I’m still smiling when you’re slightly more on fire.

That’s my conclusion on gerbils. The Green Party needs shock torture. No real reason.
I’ll Apply Abstract Philosophical Theory to Real Life!

When I first came to Dartmouth, I was really excited. I had my Dartmouth hats, Dartmouth shirts, even a Dartmouth dog collar that I put around Fluffy the family puppy for a few weeks. Yes, Dartmouth seemed like a wonderful and majestic place, when I first got here. But then I took an absolutely amazing Womens’ Studies Course and now I know that everything is not as innocent as it seems!

Sure, you might think I’m just some crazy feminist about to start spouting out ideology, but you’d be so wrong. I’m not like that. But this course was really, really interesting! Did you know that a “phallus” doesn’t have to be a penis? It can just be a symbol of power! If you think about it that way, phallices are totally everywhere. It’s psychological.

Take Baker Tower, for instance. It is the very emblem of the college, the only building you can see from the highway, the most “beauti-ful” and “majestic” of all the buildings on campus. But all I see when I look at that looming monstrosity is oppression in the form of a giant phallus. And of course, the famous bells are a constant reminder: originally there were fifteen bells, covered every note on the scale except for E-flat — that’s “E” for “ex-trogene.” So when those bells rang out every hour they might as well be ringing, “Men! Men! Men!” Isn’t that fascinating?

You could even think of the name “Baker Tower,” as a phallus, if you get all abstract, like I can. Just think about the name! A baker is a man who bakes bread, generally in an oven. Put the dough in the oven, in which the raw material is baked into a finished product. But I see the truth! I won’t have any bakers sticking their bread in my oven to produce more bakers, simply to perpetuate the endless cycle of female oppression!

It gets worse than that, though. I’m so glad I took this course! It really opened my eyes. Even in the dining halls, places where women should be able to enjoy a meal unbomthered by inequality of sex, I am literally slapped in the face; every time I want to take a drink, I must put another phallus (commonly known as a “drinking glass”) to my lips.

When I want to cut a piece of meat, what do I use? A knife, of course; use a libidinal object to cut the meat to pieces. Oh, did I say “meat”? Because I meant to say “women.”

I read this article by this woman, Laura Mulvey, and she was writing about something like different ways men see women.

So I asked some guys what they thought, and my friend was like, “Yeah, I’m all for women’s rights. I definitely think they are underrepresented.”

What does he mean by “they”? What are we, some kind of hideous species meant only to be brought out for show to prove to the world that this college is on the cutting edge of sexual equality? I believe that what he meant to say was more along the lines of, “Even women these days are tall, long, and have a head,” turning us into walking symbols of male power?

I’m seriously glad I took this course.

It has taught me so much about the way the world actually works. Next term I’m signed up for a course in Marxist thought. I bet it will be just as interesting! I heard Marx was like, totally smart.

Did you know that a “phallus” doesn’t have to be a penis? It can just be a symbol of power! If you think about it that way, phallices are totally everywhere. It’s psychological.

by Cindi Dotter ’07

Lord Knows, Life’s Been Tough on Old Pete

Lord knows life has been tough for old Pete. I’ve got the missing finger from the factory, lost my farm in the great drought of ’57 and I’ve got a painful case of the gout; but you small town, high-flying Hanover types sure aren’t making it any easier.

Now I’ve been homeless all over this great nation, and I’ve never had the problems that I’m having now. I arrived a couple of weeks ago, pushing my shopping cart full of cans, expecting a vagrant’s utopia, but have I ever been disappointed. I thought I’d set up camp down by the railroad tracks, maybe sleep in an abandoned box car, light a fire in a barrel and curl up with a nice newspaper blanket; but where are the railroad tracks? Where is the old tire yard where I can get fuel for my barrel fires? I had to spend the better part of last week sleeping in the archway next to the Talbots. The Talbots for Godsake! I don’t know how you were raised, but in my day men were men and homeless men did not sleep next to trendy ladies’ clothing stores. The days have not been any better than the nights either.

Let me tell you how my days go usually. I generally spend my mornings staking out my spot next to a Popeye’s, a dollar store or some other high traffic area. Then I get out my collecting cup, give it a few practice shakes, warm up the vocal cords with a few “got any change?” or “help a guy down on his luck’s and I’m ready to work.

Now let me tell you how my days have been going lately: I spent my afternoon in front of Ben and Jerry’s and do you know how many people came by in six hours? Two. Two people in six hours. And they were an elderly, retired couple. Everyone knows that the prime demographic we homeless appeal to is the 21-39 crowd. Honestly folks, this cup is not going to fill itself with quarters.

Recently I’ve been pulling out all the stops. I made a sign that said, “I’m deaf, please help.” Even went in to the woods to look for some flowers I might be able to sell. I WENT INTO THE WOODS. Do you know how much experience we homeless have with the woods? I was lost in there for almost eight hours! I even tried to set up a Three Card Monte table in front of the Moscoma Bank, but nothing seems to work with you people.

I’m just a hobo trying to make an honest living swindling people out of their change and small bills so that I can buy some Wild Turkey or maybe some peyote (did I mention that the peyote market here in Hanover seems to be in recession?).

You folks are denying me my constitutional rights. No, I haven’t read the Constitution and no, I can’t point to the exact passage, but you act like I’m just a hobo, trying to rob you. I’m pretty sure there’s a part that says I have the right to get money from strangers on a street corner and/or park bench. And maybe there isn’t. So what?

Don’t think that your failures over the last few weeks will come without their consequences either. I will be telling my home- less drifter friends about what it’s like here and I wouldn’t be surprised if they passed Hanover right by and went straight on to Quechee.

by Homeless Pete

VOX CLAMORAMIS

Politics Comes To Hanover

To The Dartmouth Community:

I would just like to extend my warmest thanks for the truly astounding outpouring of support that you showed me during the recent democratic primary. With the help of ambitious students like yourselves, I am fully confident that not only will we be able to win the Democratic nomination, but we will be able to win the election in November and send George Bush and all his cronies packing their bags all the way back to Crawford, Texas. We can give this nation better leaders, a better job security, a healthier environment and a stronger future. We can do all this as long as we have a candidate who is capable of winning the White House. I, John Kerry, am this candidate. I, John Kerry, can lead us to this point. Once again, I offer to you all my sincerest thanks for my victory - for our victory - in New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring, Sen. John Kerry

Hey Dartmouth:

John Kerry is into little boys.

Sincerely,

Howard Dean

One Man’s Opinion

To the Editors:

All earthlings bow to me, for I shall soon be your ruler. Resistance is impossible and will result in your slow and painful death. Bring me your women and your bounty or face my wrath! I will be staying at the Econo Lodge just off the highway near Virginia Beach, VA if you need a mailing address to send your offerings to.

Sincerely,

Col. James A. Donovan ’39

He’s a Veteran

Dear Whoever the Hell is Reading This:

I saw in your paper that a lot of you punk kids are running around shouting your mouth off left and right. Now listen up. I didn’t spend two years fighting Charlie and then another eighteen months in a Viet-Cong prison camp so that you that pinko, nancy boys could be pulling this subversive crap! If it wasn’t for me, you wouldn’t have time for this nonsense because you’d be spending the whole day getting beat up by the Commissies! If you don’t all start acting with a little more respect, I’ll show you what some combat training mixed with eighteen months of mental torture can do. I’m a veteran, God damn it!

Roger Boswell, Bismark, ND

Friday, February 20, 2004

by Cindi Dotter ’07

by Homeless Pete

O P -E D

The Dartmouth
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES shall be resolved by duel. We shall meet as the sun crests over yonder hill and shake hands not once, not twice, but thrice. At this stage you shall spit over a log. We shall then face away from each other, take fourteen paces, and turn. Presently, we shall adopt the roar of the most fierce native member of the savage tribes of the jungle, and race toward each other wildly swinging a sack of Burt Reynolds DVDs. May God shine his everlasting light upon the victor! Following a brief but surely bloody melee, we shall negotiate a classified advertising rate.

WANTED

EXPERIENCED POG PLAYERS for Pog team. Must have own Pogs. Dedication required. Meet at the BEMA Tuesdays 4-6 Mon-Fri. Blitz “BraceForSlamma.”

SOMALI-SPEAKING EMIGRATES EXPATRIATE. For Smooching. Blitz “Dionysus2k.”

CAKE. Mmm, cake. Not the band. The best part about cake is that after you are done eating the delicious frosting, you get to eat the delicious insides. I’ll take any cake. Wedding cake, carrot cake, birthday cake, ice cream cake, even cupcakes— I would eat it all. Blitz “CakeGirl.”

COLD, RUTHLESS KILLER. Somebody who won’t faint at the sight of blood and won’t be scared to get the job done when the chips are down. Not because I need anybody killed, I’ve just never met a cold, ruthless killer before. Will provide chips, dip. Blitz “aremyfeettoobig.”

DOG. Cute and adorable. Gets the incinerator if not claimed in 4 days. Blitz “Lincoln.”

APATHY. If you would like to claim it blitz “Wi...” ah nevermind.

WALDO. Found dead in a dumpster near “the beach” amidst a pile of red and white striped shirts and hundreds of open boxes of candy canes. Also found: Wizard Whitebeard, 7 sets of jumping ropes and a man that looks like he doesn’t belong. Please claim Waldo. He’s starting to stink. Blitz “WaldoFinDer.”

BOOK. Titled “How to rid yourself of all your extraneous material possessions.” Leafed through it, don’t seem to need it any more. I’ll leave it on a table in Food Court, come and get it if you want.

THE ALTRUISTIC LIFEGUARD

STAN’S ROOMIE’S FLAWS

by Devin Nitzi ’04

CLASSIFIEDS

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FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

by Michal Ralter ’06

EMPLOYMENT

TAILORS WANTED for exciting overseas employment opportunity. See the world, learn to be content with getting paid a single bar of soap a month. Have your work sold in retail outlets across the United States! Anyone over the age of 9 need not apply.

PARTY BUS DRIVER. Do you like young, hot chicks? Do you like partying? Do you like driving the bus? If so, then you should be the driver of the Party Bus! The Party Bus drives around, picks up hot chicks, and transports them to various party locations— Serious, relationship-crippling cake addiction not a problem. Blitz “The Party Bus” to apply.

WARLORD. Anybody want to replace me as the vicious warlord of a war-torn Third World country? I took it over the other day and it was fun for a while, but now I’m willing to pass the torch. No coups, please. To apply, please come to my giant, opulent palace gilded with platinum and made with the blood and tears of the locals.

SERVICES

FUNERAL OR RELIGIOUS. It’s all the same to me, really. Come by my room (204 Bissel) and tell me what you need. Knife throwing lessons also provided.

SONGS SUNG. I’ll come on by your room or drill session and awkwardly sing a love song so everyone thinks that you have a special someone who sent me to you. But you and I both know that it’s just me, Jerry. Blitz “Jerry.”

JUDGING. Former Supreme Court justice, down on his luck and willing to judge. Have experience with criminal trials and matters of Constitutional law; will judge beauty pageants, state fairs, drinking contests, sinners, etc. Blitz “Ghengis.”

FOUNDED

STAN’S ROOMIE’S FLAWS

by Devin Nitzi ’04

by Michal Ralter ’06

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PARTY BUS DRIVER. Do you like young, hot chicks? Do you like partying? Do you like driving the bus? If so, then you should be the driver of the Party Bus! The Party Bus drives around, picks up hot chicks, and transports them to various party locations— Serious, relationship-crippling cake addiction not a problem. Blitz “The Party Bus” to apply.

WARLORD. Anybody want to replace me as the vicious warlord of a war-torn Third World country? I took it over the other day and it was fun for a while, but now I’m willing to pass the torch. No coups, please. To apply, please come to my giant, opulent palace gilded with platinum and made with the blood and tears of the locals.
Keggy the Keg was shot to death last week, Plehal '04, begins, “to the dismay of co-creators Nic Duquette and Chris Lanter, references newspaper created by the Jack-o-Lantern humor society, references newspaper created by the Jack-o-Lantern humor society, references newspaper created by the Jack-o-Lantern humor society. The Dartmouth Staff owned by DDS. The reason for the most recent spike in DDS prices is due to the fact that Buckley has purchased a 600-acre farm just south of Hartford, VT for his new pony. “I thought Tony would be able to romp around free down on the farm, just like all ponies should. And on warm spray evenings Tony and I can take walks around the farm and watch the sunset. Those are things I just can’t do with Happy (the Komodo Dragon),” said Buckley.

The student reactions to what many are calling Ponypop gatehave been mixed. “Paying 8 dollars for a piece of fish that is about the size of an index card, I just always assumed my money was going to fund a private zoo or something,” said David Eckler, 05. Sally Rosenbaum, 06, was less understanding, “I asked for pony when I was 5. I’m still waiting. Why should DDS get a pony while I have to buy undercooked rice and soggy green beans?”

DDS is planning to increase their prices once again this spring. The timing of the planned price increase is expected to coincide with the sale of a number of ring tailed lemurstrom on the black market in southern Africa.

Cannibal pastry on trial

The trial for the well-known Pillsbury spokescreature, Poppin’ Fresh, who is accused of baking, picking apart, and eating the Gingerbread Man, began yesterday amidst a media frenzy. Mr. Fresh has admitted to the crime, saying that ever since he was an unleavened ball of dough, his fantasy has been to cook up and devour a sweet and spacy friend, to replace the batch members he never knew.

Fresh contends that the Gingerbread Man agreed to the act, and actually joined him in his own mutilation. Purportedly, the two together carefully used a melon-scoop to remove, and subsequently eat, each and every one of Gingerbread’s delectable, red hot buttons. The two then greased the pan with a really big baseball player.

“Mr. Fresh found his victim through several months of reading the advertisements on the insides of slice-and-bake cookie wrappers. ’I wanted a partner who was soft and chewy, but who wouldn’t fall apart if you picked him up by one leg,’ ” detailed Fresh, who apparently turned down offers from a Yellow Peep (“too salty”) before settling on his Gingerbread friend and feast.

As this is the first case of its kind, no one is quite sure how it will turn out. “I mean, technically eating cookies isn’t illegal,” said Martha Stewart, expert on both cooking and legal ethics. “But my God, this is just sick!” Everyone knows that you should never ever bake with unsaturated fat! Always use lard, or at least some friggin’ butter, preferably freshly churned from Martha Stewart Collection brand cows.

Police chief Donald Smith feels that this will be a short trial ending in conviction, adding that the evidence is “tasty and conclusive.”

The home of Mrs. Butterworth and the Keebler Elf magical tree are currently under 24-hour surveillance.
Big Green Squash defeats Big Green Debate at Squash

BY CHUCK BUTTER
The Dartmouth Staff

Big Green debate team captain Regina Sprack ’05 was not happy about her team’s performance last weekend at the Dartmouth College Squash Courts.

“This is really unreasonable,” Sprack said. “It’s as if the the whole team went in there with an attitude of Resolved: the Dartmouth Squash Team will score a major victory over us today.” Seriously, we can perform better than this.”

This Saturday’s 9-0 loss to the College’s official squash team comes as a severe blow to a debate team ranked No. 2 by the American Parliamentary Debate Association. Unfortunately, the team’s usually uncanny ability to deliver harsh rebuttals and pick apart tautologies during debate tournaments and in the debate practice rooms didn’t carry over to the game of squash.

“I can’t believe this,” Terry Guernster ’07 said. “Brad and I have put so much time into the [debate] team that it’s really disheartening to see that the [squash] team could beat us so easily. I mean, our table slaps and stuffy british interjections were stopped moving several seconds earlier. We’ve beaten so many other [debate] teams in the past, we’re all surprised that this [squash] team would be able to trounce us so completely.”

However, other members of the team were not so optimistic, a factor which Sprack said contributed to the loss.

“We were all suitting up for the match, and I remember hearing some of the team saying that we probably shouldn’t even be wearing suits to the match at all, that we might as well wear workout clothes. If a team isn’t even prepared to wear their uniforms, what kind of message does that send about their playing?”

The squash team knew that a victory over Big Green Debate would not come easily. But by focusing on skill shots, serves, and actually playing the game of squash during extra long practice sessions, the Big Green Squashers felt confident going into the game.

Freshman Candy Jackson ’07 dominated the first match, ending almost every point in one or two shots. “Practice has really taught me to identify the weaknesses in your opponent, and play to those,” she said. “I could tell after the first point that the people I was playing with couldn’t really move in those shoes. I knew if I could make them run, then I could beat them.”

The second match really put the nail in the coffin for Big Green Debate. The men’s parliamentary debate captain Ezza McElroy went up against an inexperienced freshman Ben Jaffrey ’07. But what should have been an easy victory became an embarrassing defeat as McElroy lost games one, two and three, sometimes not even coming in contact with the ball for minutes at a time.

“I was so intimidated at first,” Jaffrey said. “I mean, I had heard that this guy was a total badass—really quick on his feet and just unouchable. Maybe it was just a bad day for him, but he played like he had never even been in a [squash] competition before. In fact, the debate team committed numerous fouls in every match, checking them up to ignorance or forgetfulness almost every time.

“We really weren’t prepared for this type of a competition at all. Point of personal privilege is hard to understand, but their definition of unreasonable racquet swing is totally untenable.” McElroy said.

After the competition, the debate team somberly packed back into their bus and drove back to their home stadium—the Rockefeller Center for Public Policy—amidst frustrating arguments over what, precisely, caused their loss. Cases for everything from hungover teammates to unfair judges were discussed, but the opposition routinely disproved them in the final round of rebuttals. One thing they did agree on, though, was that their team was simply outmatched. “I think they just wanted it more than us,” said Sprack. “Maybe because we usually do tournaments in which we debate, and they usually do tournaments in which they play squash.”

This win and loss for the Big Green sets the stage for next week’s games, when squash will take on Yale and Debate will hope to redeem themselves in a street fighting competition against Vassar and some high school kids.

With an inappropriate exclamation of glee, Debater Terry Guernster ’07 lounges to hit a squash ball, which had stopped moving several seconds earlier.

Pong loss attributed to partner

Lack of experience, dedication cited

BY BILLY D. KEE
The Dartmouth Staff

In a statement released early this morning, a slightly hung-over Matthew Calhoun ’05 attributed a Friday night loss in a game of beer pong to the shortcomings of his playing partner Steven Claybourne ’05. The disputed game, which was played in the basement of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, ended in an embarrassing five cup loss for the Calhoun/Claybourne team.

“I believe that my overall level of play was solid, if not admirably consistent considering the amount of alcohol I had consumed,” stated a resolute Calhoun early today, who added: “however, as many will attest, there is no ‘I’ in the word ‘pong,’ and one man can not win a game alone, therefore I must reference my strong career win average, and attribute our embarrassing defeat on Friday to the general malaise with which my partner Steven Claybourne played.”

Witnesses report that on the night of the loss, Calhoun vocalized his concerns with Claybourne’s playing ability on several occasions. “Matt kept yelling at Steven that he was ‘serving shallow,’” recalls on-looker Tina DeGiorne ’06, “even when it was Matt who had just screwed up the serve.”

Other persons present for the pong game report that Calhoun blamed his partner for a variety of other infractions including: the other team hitting a cup, the other team acting as a server, Calhoun failing to make a save, and Calhoun hitting an opponent’s cup on his serve.

According to Psi Upsilon brother Peter Dolan ’04, “at one point I accidentally spilled some of my beer on Matt while Steven was upstairs taking a leak, sure enough, when Steven returned, Matt gave him the riot act about how if he hadn’t left, the beer spilling incident never would have happened.”

One witness, Sarah Hofstnagle ’07, required mild medical attention after receiving a glancing blow to the head from Calhoun’s pong paddle. “As far as I can tell,” recalls Hofstnagle, “he threw the paddle to somehow save a sink.” To which she adds, “he then blamed my injury on his partner.”

When questioned about the now-infamous pong game, Claybourne commented, “Man, I don’t know. I guess I played a little bit with Matt that night. Why do you want to know about it, anyway?”

In preparation for this coming weekend, Calhoun has confidently predicted a rematch victory, citing plans to find a new pong partner with a greater capacity for sinking cups and properly handling slam saves. In an official statement, Calhoun boldly declared, “Let me put this in a way you brains can understand: I am to pong, what Boticelli was to music!” After being notified that Boticelli was in fact an artist, not a musician, Calhoun blamed the oversight on his pong partner.

ASK OUR SPORTSWRITERS

What was a better role for Sean Astin: Rudy or Samwise Gamgee?
Raymond “Fuzzy” Porter - Rudy
Jonathan “Smith” Smith - Rudy
Charles “Whisky” Forman - Rudy
Fred “Specs” Arnold - Rudy
Carol “Girl” Johnson - Rudy
Jack “Self-Reference” Lantern - Rudy
John “Dexyronbonucleic” Dreck - Rudy
Peter “The Greaseman” Jackson - Samwise Gamgee
Paul “Bluto” Masters - Rudy