Coors Brewing Co. releases new “beer-flavored” Keystone Light

By GAIL FORCE WINDS

The Dartmouth Staff

Yesterday the Coors Brewing Company revealed a brand new addition to its highly successful and much vaunted Keystone lineup: Beer flavor.

“We here at Coors feel this was a long time coming,” said Coors CEO, Pete Swinburn, during a press conference at the company brewery in Golden, CO. Once considered the unusable byproducts of the Coors brewing process, Keystone and Keystone Light have become staples of the company’s lineup in keeping with Swinburn’s business motto: “Kids are cheap and stupid.”

“People like to say kids are our future,” answered Swinburn to a reporter’s question on the impetus for the new brand. “For us youngsters are more than the future, they’re our primary consumers, so we had our team of engineers put their heads together to come up with a way to thank them for all those years of thankless loyalty,” Swinburn said, holding up a thin, silver blue can of the all-new Keystone. “So, drink up, fuckers! Daddy needs a new pair of Porsches.”

Student reaction to the new flavor announcement was mixed. Kenneth Bratislasky ’08 claimed he was sticking to the old flavor, which Coors will continue to sell under the label Keystone Classic. “This is just another case of somebody providing a solution to a problem that didn’t exist,” said Bratislasky. “Nobody really cared about the old beer. You know what this is really about? This is really about outsiders trying to mess with our traditions again, and as a Dartmouth student who loves his traditions I can tell you I am going to be one very angry alum who will be very vocal about this for years to come.”

Other students were more receptive to the new Keystone. “This is much more what I’d imagine actual beer must taste like,” said Clarice Endack ’11. “It’s different, but in an I’m glad I’m not just chugging warm piss-water anymore’ kind of way.”

Over a game of pong at Sig Ep, Lisa Munez ’11 offered a more apathetic vision of the new brand’s effect on campus. “I don’t think many people here are actually interested in tasting the beer either way,” said Munez just before her opponent sank her last full cup. “Mmm, breezy.”

When asked whether he envisioned any new products on the horizon for Coors, Swinburn responded coyly. “Who knows? If you made it cheap enough you could probably get college kids to drink motor oil. Hmmmm.”

He then left the podium grinning widely as we were left to wonder.

Food Court months away from own Breakfast Bomb

By OSWALD THATENDSWALD

The Dartmouth Staff

An anonymous source revealed Sunday that Food Court had reached “a breakthrough point” in its development of a new Breakfast Bomb, and that final testing of the culinary weapon is at most “months away.”

Tensions between Food Court and the Hop have been steadily rising since the Hop successfully detonated the first Breakfast Bomb late last year in a live fire demonstration that left the rest of the Dartmouth dining community stunned. Food Court officials revealed a press statement immediately following the demonstration: “The Hop’s new culinary weapon possesses a destructive potential hitherto unseen on the breakfast menu. It is our foremost desire that the presence of such a devastating force on the DDS stage will be metered with wisdom and patience.”

The press release also asserted that any efforts by the Hop to mobilize the Breakfast Bomb together with fries and a 16-oz. drink would be seen as an act of war.

To date, the Hop has only exercised the bomb in hostility on two occasions. Controversy still reigns over its decision to dispatch the Breakfast Bomb to the plates of Isumi Hashimoto ’08 and Takahiro Nakamura ’10 last year. The two bombs, codenamed “Little Boy” and “A Golden Ticket,” raised the possibility of Food Court’s potential candidates by offering even more to the unaffiliated than previously anticipated.

See FRATERNITY, page 3

See DDS, page 4

Today’s Food Court Special: CLASSIFIED!
John Espinoshade '88 published his first book last Thursday, an autobiography entitled Me, detailing his struggles as an engineering entrepreneur. He told The Dartmouth that “the goal of [his] autobiography is to provide insight into the inner workings of the industry. Dartmouth does an impeccable job mentally preparing their students, but I am making it my personal duty to emotionally prepare them for the rigors of the business.” His autobiography includes interviews with current Thayer Engineering professors in an attempt to find out how they prepare their students for engineering corporatism. He also interviews current Dartmouth students, testing their knowledge of the industry. When both the professors and students contradicted his thesis, he decided to sue the students and college for violating his ego. He insisted, however, that he did not want the lawsuit to affect his book sales.

Dan Rice '67, whose success as a professional circus clown has hitherto been overshadowed by the success of his older sister, Condoleezza, has decided to turn the tables on his sister and pursue a political career. President Bush, disconcerted with Washington's “immovable negativism,” decided to appoint Rice as court jester this week, saying “I think a little slapstick humor will do wonders for the country’s morale.” Rush’s advisors noticed that they wanted to pursue “less life-threatening” comic relief. “George Bush chocking on a pretzel and Dick Cheney’s quail hunting incident, although funny, jeopardized the nation’s stability. We’re trying to be funny, but we don’t want to do anything stupid,” said a White House insider, speaking on condition of anonymity. Rice believes he will be the perfect solution to this difficult problem. More importantly, however, he wants to rub it in his sister’s face that he is now the second most powerful person in the world, while she has been bumped down to third.

After mulling it over for several days, we decided yet again that we’re not any better than this:

“NEWS IN BRIEFS”

-Compiled by News-Bot 7

 Corrections: Last week, The Dartmouth incorrectly reported that Mary Ann Thomas '07 was murdered in the kelp section of a “Whale Foods” supermarket. The correct name of the supermarket chain is actually “Whole Foods.” Thomas was also not, as incorrectly reported, a whale.

 Back Issues: Why don’t you cry about it? Seriously, my Uncle Edward had shrapnel in his back from the war and we didn’t hear a peep out of him to the day he died. We also didn’t notice he had died for about a week. Your petty “issues” don’t seem so big now, do they?

 Subscriptions: Wondering what happened to your child after that booze-fueled crime spree, Mr and Mrs. VanDerSpeck? Subscribe to The Dartmouth today!

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The Dartmouth is a daily news publication… except on Saturdays, when we don’t publish at all. Then we could totally publish on those days if we wanted to. It’s not that on Saturdays, we’re usually waiting up next to freshmen staffers and taking long, warm, luxurious showers with honeydew-scented bath lotions. And on Sundays… on Sundays… well… fuck off. But the reference librarian told us to study. Maybe they could go to the Computing Services website, click the “instant feedback” link, and a mild 50W charge is delivered to the entire Computing Services staff.

This system is based on results from the famous experiment conducted by Yale psychologist Stan Lee Milligram, which demonstrated that performance is functionally proportionate to threat of physical harm.

Jason Yan ‘08, a member of Computing Services staff, had this to say about the situation: “It’s not the pain that annoys me, or even the receiver that I had to get implanted into my medulla oblongata. What really bugs me is the ecologically irresponsible waste of electricity— ugh! Oh God! Make it stop! Make it unugh— ty.”

Another member of staff who was unable to give us his name had nothing but praise for the new system. “This is the best idea we’ve had since wireless Greenprint. The students seem to love it. We haven’t had any complaints all week. At least, none that I can remember.”

However, there’s a cloud to every silver lining. The library staff has received numerous criticisms concerning the noise from the Computing Services staff’s anguished cries. We questioned students studying in Berry whether they found the noise distracting. They told us to fuck off. But the reference librarian had to talk to us because it’s her job to answer questions.

With great power comes great responsibility. No one knows this better than we, the Editors of The Daily Dartmouth. From taking a stance on the trustee election controversy to endorsing the next SA president, we struggle to meet the weighty impact that our words have on a campus that hangs on every one. So it is with that great sense of responsibility that we must not cut out against the ongoing activities of so-called campus “hero,” Spider-Man.

How swiftly this vigilante has swooped in and captured the hearts and minds of the student body with his brazen acts of “heroism” and “selfless courage.” But make no mistake, he is a masked menace that threatens to unravel our fair campus at the seams.

While he has seemingly done much in the name of safety and security, a discerning look at his actual record makes this costumed criminal's power doubtful. Is he's a menace? Just last week, while a mysterious stroller malfunction left a six-month-old infant dangling from the top of Baker Tower, who was it that was convenient on the scene within minutes? Spider-Man. Who was it that then kidnapped the child for a full 48 seconds before returning it to the arms of its incompetent mother? Spider-Man. Who was it that may have left undetectable eggs in the child? Again, Spider-Man. The case is clear. This fiend threatens all of us.

Imagine yourself venturing home from a night of responsible underage drinking, when suddenly a crimson blur plucks you up out of the driver’s seat and drops you in a bed at Dick’s House. It was a five-minute drive back home, Spider-Douche! See, this is exactly what we’re talking about.

Overpaid photographer and “Spider-Man expert” Peter Parker ’08 defends Spider-Man’s innocence. He claims the vigilante protects the weak and innocent, and that continued attacks on his character are unwarranted and hurtful. Despite this conviction, Parker himself often exhibits signs of deep inner turmoil, probably because of something Spider-Man did.

The bottom line: if you support Spider-Man, you support terrorism. This is the premiere issue of our time, and if you don’t support our stance, then Spider-Man has already laid eggs in your brain.

Alex Rogers & Owen Parsons
The Editors

The Daily D Building

After getting a fresh lease on life following a last-minute miracle transplant surgery, Melvin Spinelli '03 didn't waste any time getting back to what he enjoyed most in life: enjoying beer. “Somebody pass me a brewski,” shouted Spinelli to reporters soon after leaving the hospital. Spinelli, who claims to hold the ambiguous position of Endless Rage Chair at his non-affiliated social house, Chez Spinelli, stated he was merely glad to be back in the saddle again. “Technically I have a Ling exam I should be studying for, but hell, they weren't planning on me being there to take it anyway,” said Spinelli, followed by “Let's get drunk!”

DHMC surgeon Dr. Lee Tang, who oversaw the desperate surgery, added: “For God’s sake, you already finished off most of the cider by yourself. It’s times like these I wish I had never taken that damn Hippocratic Oath!”

Spinelli, known to most of his friends as “Drunk-O,” disagreed with a reporter’s description of his penchant for alcohol as “slowly drinking himself to death.” Citing Ben Franklin’s contention that beer was proof of God’s love for man, Spinelli shrugged off suggestions he put down the cup and instead challenged the reporter to a quick six, which he lost by a cup. “Hey, cut me some slack,” Spinelli said. “I just got out of life-saving surgery. It’s going to take time to break in the new liver.”

When asked about his plans for the future Spinelli only poured himself another beer and shrugged, “I guess I could try and graduate, but I wasn't really planning on being around long enough for that. There’s always the next blueberry wheat ale from Sam Adams to look forward to, I suppose.” After taking a final swig from a 40 of Coors, Spinelli sighed and said, “You know, there are moments when I look in the mirror and I see this hopeless, swarthy, two-bit soul who doesn’t have the capacity to love or be loved by anyone and it frightens me until I take another sip and I become that fun guy that everybody likes again.” When pressed on the matter, Spinelli only added, “Man, I am totally wasted right now.”
translated text: 

**Ask a (virgin) Sexpert**

Q: What is a dental dam?
A: This is the official term used for when people wearing braces are kissing, or as I like to call it, “mutual oral satisfying,” and their mouths get stuck together. When a dental dam occurs, the two of you should immediately seek out a dentist, which in this case would be medically referred to as a dental beaver.

Q: I’m concerned about my boyfriend. One of his testicles hangs lower than the other. What could this mean?
A: In my professional experience, I would imagine that during your sexual activities, your boyfriend is leaning to one side of his body more than the other, which is offsetting the balance that was previously there. Next time you engage in sex, feel which way he is leaning, and the following time force him to lean the other way. In due time his testicles should achieve equilibrium once again.

Q: I just accidentally stumbled upon my girlfriend’s dildo. What should I do?
A: Well, as I often do with mine, I suggest you buy an artificial vagina and try to figure out how it works. I believe they come with instructions, but otherwise just poke around a bit.

Q: What kind of condoms would you recommend?
A: I would most certainly suggest you use penis condoms. I’ve checked around, and while some say finger condoms are good so your hands don’t get icy, I think it’s more important that your “private area” stays clean. Besides, you can always wear gloves.

Q: I think I might be pregnant. How can I know for sure?
A: What you have to do in this sticky situation is actually quite simple. You know how to measure your bra size? You just have to do the same thing with your belly, and if you’ve increased in your cup size by at least two letters, then you most certainly have a child growing inside you.

Q: What is your opinion on oral sex?
A: I personally think it is very important to talk during sex, as you can really get to know your partner, especially if you only just met that night. I mean, a successful couple must be able to have both good sex together as well as meaningful conversations, and if you can hit two birds with one stone, then why not give it a shot?

By JOCelyn COX

Pregnancy test scores still abysmal

According to statistics recently made public by Dick’s House, Dartmouth lags behind most major colleges and universities in average scores on pregnancy tests. Though disappointing, officials at the college maintained that the numbers were at least consistent with previous years. “Clearly there’s room for improvement in this area, but we’re still one of the highest ranked schools in terms of results on MCATs, LSATs and the GRE, so there’s still a lot to say for the Dartmouth education,” said Office of Statistics administrator, Michelle Foote ’78. This issue just isn’t a priority for the college right now.

Lisa Gates ’09, a student tutor of Statistics administrator, Michelle Foote ’78. “This issue just isn’t a priority for the college right now.” A: This is the official term used for when people wearing braces are kissing, or as I like to call it, “mutual oral satisfying,” and their mouths get stuck together. When a dental dam occurs, the two of you should immediately seek out a dentist, which in this case would be medically referred to as a dental beaver.

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Lisa Gates ’09, a student tutor of Statistics administrator, Michelle Foote ’78. “This issue just isn’t a priority for the college right now.”
Every dorm appliance out of batteries except vibrator

By GOOFUS N. GALLANT
The Dartmouth Staff

At first glance, the Mid-Fayerweather dorm of Jessica Fisher ’10 and Catherine Hudak ’10 might be any other one-room double. But try to use Fisher’s desk-mounted fan, electric toothbrush, or CD player, and you’ll find something amusing: somehow, every single electronic appliance in the dorm is out of batteries, with the sole exception of Hudak’s vibrator.

According to Fisher, the mysterious battery drain began around eight weeks ago, near the time of Hudak’s breakup with longtime boyfriend Theodore Krakowski ’08. “I first noticed it the day after Catherine and Ted called it quits, when I tried to borrow her reading lamp and it wouldn’t turn on,” said Fisher. “Then, over the next month or so, more and more of her things started going on the blink.”

Initially affecting only Hudak’s possessions, the charge-dissipating force has spread to Fisher’s side of the room, as well. In the past several weeks, Fisher has lost power to an emergency combination smoke alarm/carbon-flashlight, two clock radios, a desk-mounted fan, electric toothbrush, or CD player, and an unused electric egg-whisk.

Fisher initially assumed that someone was affecting the room was affected by the poorly-understood phenomenon. Only recently, and only by accident, did she discover the apparent immunity of Hudak’s vibrator.

“I walked in after my 2 last Wednesday, and something in the top drawer of Catherine’s bedside desk was buzzing like crazy,” Fisher said. “I thought it was her cellphone, and when it didn’t stop for like five minutes I figured someone was really desperate to get in touch with her.”

The device turned out to be Hudak’s silver/translucent Thermo Plastic Elastomer Xtreme Rabbit Vibrator, operating at its highest vibration and rotation speed settings. “It still worked,” Fisher said, noting that the device requires four AA batteries and is described as “a real energy hog” by its own promotional packaging. “It’s lucky, because after all the stuff with Ted, I think Catherine would go crazy without her vibrator.”

“She loves that vibrator,” Fisher added. “Adding to the mystery, Fisher has never witnessed Hudak buying batteries.

“Knowing how hard it is for things to hold a charge in this dorm, Catherine must be buying batteries. I’ve got schematics for four AA batteries by the truckload. She must be hiding them where I can’t find them,” Fisher said. “Frankly, I’m a little hurt that she’d be so suspicious.”

Hudak could not be reached for comment.

Wheelchair-bound student unable to reach dorm room, but maintains “can-do” attitude

By CANDI SHOPPE
The Dartmouth Staff

When Mark Paskovich ’11 learned he had gained entrance into Dartmouth he was elated, but now the freshman is enduring tough times after eight months of being unable to enter his dorm.

Paskovich, who suffers from leukemia of the legs, is confined to an electric wheelchair, seriously hampering his mobility around campus. He admits there was a lot of skepticism from friends and his parents when he decided to choose Dartmouth over other colleges. “Then I realized that the same people who were telling me it’d be stupid to go to Dartmouth were the same people who told me I’d never walk again,” said Paskovich. “Well, I think I met their challenge in a way, kind of.”

While Dartmouth has prided itself on the growing diversity of its student body (Please read next week’s article, “Class of 2012: Brightest and Most Diverse Yet,” Ed.), that diversity does not appear unanimous in wishing he would transfer. “I keep telling him about my experience at MIT. That place is like Mecca for people in chairs. The sidewalks get more wheel traffic than the streets,” said Sayeed Sallam ’11. “Mark’s awesome, but it’s just impossible for him to get by here. He’s been sleeping in my common room since he arrived.”

His roommate, Eric Haggar ’11, was more blunt: “I have a roommate?”

In spite of all he has encountered, Paskovich maintains he is planning on finishing his college career at his first choice school. When asked whether he felt isolated knowing many of the draws of Dartmouth’s decidedly rural location were unavailable to him he replied, “I came here for an education first and foremost.” After some thought he added, “Besides, I’ll be doing more than enough skiing when they invent robot legs!”

Paskovich, taking life one step at a time, metaphorically.
A TRIBUTE TO
FRANCIS BACON
LIVE & IN PERSON AT DARTMOUTH

TAKE A JOURNEY WITH US FROM CAMBRIDGE HOUSE TO INSTAURATIO MAGNA AND BEYOND. THE EVENING INCLUDES SEQUENCES FROM FRANCIS BACON’S VAST CAREER: FOOTLOOSE, COLOURS OF GOOD AND EVIL, NOVUM ORGANUM, THE NEW ATLANTIS AND MORE, A PRESENTATION OF THE DARTMOUTH PHILOSOPHY AWARD AND AN ON-STAGE DISCUSSION WITH THE CENTER OF THE EARLY MODERN UNIVERSE HIMSELF.
I am really busy this term

It’s time for me to speak out. It’s time for me to tell this student body something…something I don’t think any of you will understand.

You see, I have a problem, one that no other Dartmouth student has ever had. I can already picture your blank look of incomprehension as I tell you about this problem—a look that will slowly melt into fear and awe at the uniqueness of my plight. Well, here goes a really busy schedule this term.

To begin with, my academic schedule makes large demands on my time. I am enrolled in three classes, with three professors known for the demands they place on students. Yes, three “tough” professors! The result? I have been so busy with schoolwork that I only slept around five hours last night. Yes, a mere five hours. I do not exaggerate, I merely explain.

This is not to mention my non-academic commitments. As some of you know, I am a member of both DSO and the Barbery Coast. Not only must I practice with those groups up to three times a week, but I must also spend several hours alone with my clarinet (just to stay sharp). Plus, I am a member of the club fencing team, practically a full-time commitment.

Try to picture my plight. Try to understand how difficult it can be to balance academics with extracurricular activities. Even if you cannot understand, as no other Dartmouth student truly can, it will be a noble effort.

I feel the strain of this bizarre problem on every aspect of my life here. For instance, last week I got dinner with some of my friends, and later we decided to have ice cream at Ben & Jerry’s. Unfortunately, I had to leave early. I should have attended the weekly meeting at my fraternity—a meeting I could not skip because I hold an officer position! Truly, my life is ridiculous! In past weeks, I have heard some of you say to each other, how hard it is to balance work and school. Indeed! I am as roll my eyes and snort loudly. No, this mad caroused seizes one and one alone.

But wait, there’s more! To add to my already sizable tale of woe, I have to start worrying about getting a job this summer. That means calling people, arranging interviews, and sending out resumes after resume. If only I had some sort of magic wand that would allow you to live this unique experience! If you wish to tell others what you have heard here, you have my blessing. But I warn you: do not be alarmed if your interlocutors hear you have read here, you have my assurance it is a sick amusement, indeed! Excuse me as I roll my eyes and snort loudly. No, this mad caroused seizes one and one alone.

By Stanley Steamer ’09

I am offended by the Dartmouth Office of Pluralism and Leadership

As a WGST/AAAS/COLT triple-major, I understand that no place is perfect—at least not until the pendulum swings the other way and the hegemonic patriarchal Western colonialists are the ones out in the fields growing sugar beets. Still, there are times when someone inside the supposedly “idyllic” “Dartmouth Bubble” perpetuates a worldview that I cannot sit silent. This is one such time. I am deeply offended by the existence of Dartmouth’s Office of Pluralism and Leadership. To see a deeply prejudiced place Dartmouth can be, let’s examine at the name “Office of Pluralism and Leadership.” “Office?” As in “space dominated by affluent white students’ leadership?” Because minorities need “leadership” now, since we could never provide it ourselves? “Pluralism?” As in “cramping a bunch of different minority groups together, requiring them all to be one thing?” “Of?” My group “belonging to, in the manner of slavery?” Thanks a lot, Dartmouth. But look at the Office of Pluralism and Leadership’s self-styled prejudices. For instance, “diversity” “leadership.” “Office” to me is a great place Dartmouth used to be. Oh, and chaos can be almost any color, with red and black being rarest and white being most common. Just how do you like it, right, Hatemouth?

I’ve barely scratched the surface. Where is OPAL located? As far as I know, it is not a club sport. Oh, and you really see Dartmouth’s culture of pluralism and leadership’s self-styled “belonging to, in the manner of slavery” is “idyllic” “Dartmouth Bubble” perceived to us? Absolutely not! I see by the chiming of the Bakewell Tower that I have a paper to write. I am going to stop here. I have to start worrying about getting a job this summer. As you can probably tell, I am not a leader. I am not a leader. I am not a leader. I am a learner.

By Janet Krebbles ’08

SHOXY MY MANTIS
Please remove the clamps.

The Dartmouth Office of Pluralism and Leadership

I don’t understand how anyone could be so heartless. I mean, I just want to talk. When it’s three in the morning on a Saturday, and you’ve come back from the bathroom, do you always check to see if everything is zipped properly? You misinterpreted an innocent mistake, just like you misinterpreted my greeting card and the five dozen bloodied carnations I sent you.

Do I amuse you, like that sad-clown from the Italian Opera? Fine! You don’t need to say anything. Your insipid silence speaks volumes. But who’s laughing now, you Westchester whore? Not me, that’s for sure.

For the spoiled corporate-heiress WASPs at this school, nothing is ever good enough. Didn’t like the macaroni necklace I made you, Ashley? Well, my mom fucking loved it! Why don’t you try giving me a call sometime when you decide to add a little action to your wardrobe. You need a new name by now, besides the 1026 letters I sent you. And in case you erased them, I carved the digits on your ceiling right next to the heart with our names inside it.

I know a great Italian place.

Sincerely,
Stephen Rice ’10

Ramblin’ Alumnus Dan has some wildly outated opinions

To the Editor:

This trustee issue isn’t only today’s Dartmouth students. It’s also about alumni like me, Ramblin’ Alumnus Dan ’54, who are tired of watching the administration stir up trouble where it doesn’t belong, like a homosexual at a football game.

Hell, the Board has had its fair share of days when women actually raised their children. (A novel concept! I hope you haven’t confused any zealous Women’s Studies professors.) When I was a student, we used to bring in Smith girls by the busload, disconnect all the phone lines across campus, and then set the buses on fire. The girls couldn’t go home unless one of us gave them a ride... and that usually took them giving us a “ride,” if you know what I mean! And the scavengers were right there with us, handing out free tampon kits.

Of course, that kind of innocent fun is long gone now. See, this was back before the PC Police developed a taste for human flesh—I guess they like to rape culture too—and before the Admissions Office crammed Dartmouth full of nerds, homely women, and Hawaiians (oops! I mean “Hawaiian Americans”).

As I continue to read the Daily Dartmouth (printed on paper—don’t tell me about Global Warming here!) and see that Dartmouth is actually getting out of the darkness of crap. You don’t even look me in the eye anymore, let alone check to make sure everything is zipped properly? You misinterpreted an innocent mistake, just like you misinterpreted my greeting card and the five dozen bloodied carnations I sent you.

Dating scene?! Ha! Don’t make me scoff!

Sincerely,
Ramblin’ Alumnus Dan ’54 (Tu ’56)

To the Editor:

I am responding to Ashley Clemensworth ’08’s recent Op-Ed “Dartmouth does have a dating scene,” 5/31/08:

Yeah, right, Ashley! You tell me that with a straight face after turning me down for three time last Friday? Every time I make a tiny bit of headway with you, I immediately get cockblocked by the same two Chu Gam douchebags, who then proceed to grind up on you like some sort of sick, bisexual “Night at the Roxbury.” (Lick my potatoes, Rod and Chad!) And I end up strumming the chords to ‘Blowin’ in the Wind” outside of your window, in

the pouring rain, while you get double-teamed, Eiffel-tower style. Is that what you call a dating scene, Ashley?

I don’t understand how anyone could be so heartless. I mean, I just want to talk. When it’s three in the morning on a Saturday, and you’ve come back from the bathroom, do you always check to see if everything is zipped properly? You misinterpreted an innocent mistake, just like you misinterpreted my greeting card and the five dozen bloodied carnations I sent you.

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I know a great Italian place.

Sincerely,
Stephen Rice ’10

OPINION

The Dartmouth
Foppish dandy prefers two monocles to bifocals

By MARLON FISHING
The Dartmouth Staff

Choosing to ignore all things common, even sense, Milton Pepperpoint Wendell Mortonsworth IV '11 has opted to use two monocles over a single pair of glasses.

"Me, in those pauper spectacles, please!" shouted Mortonsworth, who was recently told that due to worsening eye problems one monocle would no longer suffice. "I told that caddish optometry expert he had best be joking when he suggested I give up my monocle. I was like, 'God, Lord, man, next thing you'll have me giving up my penny-farthin' bicycle or steamy novellas involving naughty maids and their rambunctious masters,' said Mortonsworth. "Oh, I do love a good fiction in which the help gets all uppity!"

Rather than follow the doctor's orders, Mortonsworth has now taken to fastening two monocles to the lapels of his morning coat. "It's a delicious blend of style and reliability for those rare romps when I forgo the coach," said Mortonsworth, who admitted that his choice of Sprung Gallery style for the left eye and a guttural chortle and tapped this reporter on the shoulder good-naturedly. "Only if my pailquin breaks down and I have to run to class, old bean!"

Soon after, however, Mortonsworth demonstrated an unintended consequence of his aesthetic opting choice. Walking with this reporter down Main Street, Mortons worth was stopped by a young woman who introduced herself as a volunteer for the League of Women Voters, asking which candidate he supported in the upcoming election. "Excuse me, my lady, but did you say League of Women Voters?" Mortonsworth asked. When the young lady nodded in the positive Mortonsworth could only exclaim, "My word!" followed by his eyepieces popping off his wide-eyed, astonished face. It was appropriately hilarious.

Following bitter election defeat, Mayor McCheese retires to private life as Mr. McCheese

By THE WAY
How are things going?

After a roller-coaster career that once included a possible presidential run, former mayor H.R. "Pufnstuff" McCheese has retired from the political stage and donned the mantle of a common citizen once again.

McCheese, who narrowly lost his prized mayoral sash last month after a bitterly fought election battle with Constable Big Mac, decided not to contest the results and instead offered heartfelt congratulations to his opponent.

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IRS using Wesley Snipes' money to fund South American government

By TED ERASY
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

IRS prosecutors decided to make an example of action star Wesley Snipes when they recently had him sentenced to three years in prison for tax-related charges in an effort to halt the growing trend of American fiscal apathy.

Snipes's measly $13.8 million dollar income was not enough to afford him a high profile lawyer, such as Mark Geragos, who would have ensured him acquittal.

His conviction sparked dissent among other Hollywood actors who are in a similar situation.

Woodie Harrelson, tax evader and friend of Snipes, wrote a letter to the judge overseeing the case, begging for empathy in the actor's case. Harrelson's letter made the judge rethink what appeared to be a clear-cut case of treason. But the judge, citing the characteristic untrustworthiness of actors, proceeded to punish the star by giving him the maximum sentence, after which the IRS could be seen dancing with glee at their biggest victory since they repossessed a single mother's house earlier in the week. When asked what they would do with the $2.8 million dollars that they earned in the case, they responded that they wanted to invest more money in guerilla forces currently attempting to overthrow a tyrannical, albeit undisclosed, South American country.

Meanwhile, Snipes tried to justify his behavior by insisting on his childlike ignorance about financial matters and by citing precedents set by David Thoreau, Mr. Smallweed from the novel Bleak House, Presidents Bush and Roosevelt, and the majority of Americans. But the government would not hear any excuses, nor miss an opportunity to seize more money for the war effort.

Snipes's fans can only hope that his stunt in jail will follow the trend set by similar wealthy icons, such as Paris Hilton, whose imprisonment lasted only 10 days because the government no longer needed her. Similarly, Britney Spears was released after a female Bald prison shortly after her detainment when DNA samples proved that she did in fact impregnate one of the matrons.

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DA$H loophole allows student to bilk college out of $99.99

By MISS AMERICAN PIE
The Dartmouth Staff

Melissa Steiner '08 is finally cracking the lid on one of her best kept financial secrets, which has allowed her to potentially receive a free $100 from her alma mater.

"Like a lot of students, I don’t carry a lot of cash around," said Steiner, an econ major with a minor in public policy who recently accepted an analyst position at J.P. Morgan. As a first-year student, Steiner chose to get around her chronic cashless state by using DA$H, the Dartmouth card-based account overseen by the college. While Steiner kept her account full throughout her first two years at Dartmouth, she eventually lost track of her balance, only to be shocked when she learned she had paid for a film pass with money she didn’t have.

"At first I was like, ‘uh-oh, this is just like my credit card fiasco.’ First comes the look by the guy at the register, then he tells me ‘there’s been a problem,’ then he cuts up my card and I wait for my premiums to go up," said Steiner. Only nothing happened. Steiner simply paid for the card and the card was returned to her promptly. "I was almost four dollars negative. I thought he just didn’t notice, but then I started paying for other things and it all went through."

After several months without a letter demanding restitution from the Card Office, Steiner pondered whether or not to fill in the administration on their accounting error. In the end she decided to keep the secret and continue making purchases until someone
Noberosian seal dancers seal-dance

“Shitty Tits” turns heads at HOP

By RALPHINA EUSTACINA
The Dartmouth Staff

A new art installation at The Hop is raising eyebrows. “Shitty Tits,” a concept conceived by Dutch artist, Herman Van Hootbrau, has the Dartmouth art community abuzz.

Using excrement from Upper Valley residents, Van Hootbrau organized a team of itinerant laborers, who then constructed the giant mammary glands out of the locally-procured feces.

Professor of Studio Art Theodore Caldwell weighed in. “Shitty Tits is a study of the childhood dynamic, of the infant’s relationship to the breast,” said Caldwell. “In the process of weaning, the child is made desirous of the breast, and it becomes as fecal to him or her. Hence, ‘Shitty Tits.’”

The Professor added, “I think, due to the twin-ness of the tits, there’s something of a 9/11 commentary as well.” He also praised Hootbrau for using varied shades of shit and leaving pieces of undigested corn visible in the tits.

“I thought it was a bold move,” said Caldwell. Student reaction has been mixed. Some felt vexed, some confused, and some nonplussed. “I dunno,” said Juan Bates ’09. “It looks kind of like two tits made out of poop.”

Other students felt that “Shitty Tits” brought them a deeper level of spiritual appreciation for the unity of humankind. “It moved me to a very special place,” said Cecilia Lawrence ’10. “I loved the exploration of the mammary dynamic, the mother-child relationship. And since it is so much of our shit together, different shits from different people, it says something about our oneness. We all shit.”

But perhaps the most controversial aspect of “Shitty Tits” is the way in which it was manufactured, using Chinese itinerant laborers. The laborers were forced to construct the tits in Hootbrau’s basement, suffering occasional beatings, a diet of white bread and water, and only a severely basic cable package for entertainment. Both the editors of the Dartmouth Free Press and the Dartmouth Review had opinions.

“Fuckin’ Hootbrau, man,” said Felix Warner ’08, a campus activist. “Fuckin’ honkey comes to the fuckin’ campus, man. He says ‘I’ll make you some fuckin’ art, man, but oh wait, you just have to let me use some fuckin’ Chinese itinerant slave laborers man, make ‘em sit on mats in my motherfuckin’ basement.’ Fuck that shit, man.”

Otherwise Warner’s reception to the artwork was positive. “Titolla ya man,” he said, lighting up a joint and toking avidly. “That motherfucker knows how to sculpt some tits out of shit.”

Camps member of the landed elite, Phineas Waltingham III ’08, was no less forceful. “While abstract art is not necessarily in my general mode of taste,” said Waltingham, “I do believe that Mr. Hootbrau is merely taking advantage of the free market. It is only in the nature of business to use the most efficient and cheap means expedient which—in this case—happen to be Chinese itinerant slave laborers.”

Walthingham then lay back in his seat and stroked a large cat with a diamond-studded collar, wearing a mini Indians T-Shirt. The cat purred contentedly.


When pressed for comment on his controversial masterwork, Hootbrau said, “‘Shitty Tits’ has been like a child to me—a child made out of a gigantic shit-shaped pile of shit. It’s more like a second child, to be honest. It was not nearly as edifying as the time I painted a picture of The Virgin Mary using menstrual blood on a canvas made of dried foreskins as my medium of choice. Then I had all my pals jazz on it, just ‘cause. Now that was what we in the art world refer to as ‘clutch shit.’”

By SBLAAD SNULDSFARR
The Dartmouth Staff

Last Saturday, ethnic Noberosian seal-dancer J’pualoo Slovgian explained. “I began the furl seal; now I dance the leopard seal and the elephant seal.”

The Noberosians’ mesmerizing method involves binding baby or juvenile seals to the soles of their bare feet. Dancers then traverse the stage with haunting motions thought to echo the movements of slowly-calving icebergs while the eerie strains of their unique musical accompaniment and the chilling calls of the seals weave about them. Slovgian’s troupe consisted of five dancers and a musical ensemble of four.

“Two play the panpipes and one plays the accordion,” recounted Slovgian’s chief musician, Baloo’t Freepleeg. “I myself have recently begun to play the woman.” In Noberos, the woman is considered the most difficult of all musical instruments to play, let alone craft. The musical community values it as the most fascinating sound found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music; in fact, players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music. Players of the woman have found in any kind of ethnic music.

The seal-dancers opened their performance. “Each dance expresses something about seal-dancing itself. If you are interested in learning more about seal-dancing, you may do so in our oneness. We all shit.”
Stem cells save young boy trapped in well

By DICHARD RAWKINS
The Associated Press

Battleboro, VT, resident Timmy O’Finnigan was rescued today after nearly three days trapped in an old well, thanks to the heroic efforts of one little batch of stem cells. The rescue comes as a relief to residents and rescue officials, who had until recently feared the worst.

“It really could have turned quite differently than it did,” said Mike Garrety, chief of the local volunteer fire department. “Luckily, we had some pretty brave stem cells helping us out in the end.”

Area man Glenn Peterson, whose property abuts the one on which the old well hole is located, claimed he was surprised by what stem cells could do. “I have to say I was honestly shocked by what those few little embryonic cells could do. While the cops and the fire department were waiting for experts from the big city, those stem cells rolled up their sleeves and dove right in to rescue that boy without anyone asking and without asking for thanks in return,” said Peterson. “It really makes you wonder what stem cells could do.”

The Still North

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Chinese rat poison potentially safe

By MAI SHARONA
The Associated Press

The Chinese government today announced a recall of thousands of tons of rat poison that does not actually contain any poison. The announcement comes not long after U.S. citizens who bought the non-lethal poison complained to health officials that Super Incredibly Dangerous For Rats Rat Poison, the brand that promises to “kill rats dead,” wasn’t living up to its motto.

Officials in Ching Chong province in the Southern Chong region raised the alarm last month when they admitted that Quinlong Xianxing, manager of the Happy Special Delight Yum Yum Factory, had committed suicide after his operation came to local companies and Chinese officials is the same: If it isn’t a threat to anyone then it doesn’t belong on American shelves.”

For many consumers, such as Dana Stetson of Point Blank, Idaho, the recall and warnings come too late. “This time yesterday I was planning on being in mourning over the mysterious death of my asshole ex,” said Stetson. “You have no idea how frustrating this is!”

Mai Wang, an official at the People’s FDA, stressed that the faulty product violated ancient, mystical Chinese law as well as U.S. law that once the problem was found it was reported. She indicated that anyone in the government found guilty of unhealth code violations would be punished. “I don’t want to go into details, but it’s safe to say a few local officials will be learning to pick up their tea cups with nubs,” said Wang.

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bothered to report her. "It might be fraud, but it's only a little fraud," said Steiner. "Besides, I think the college has squeezed enough blood out of this stone to the tune of 40k a year, so why shouldn't I enjoy a few t-shirts or a grilled cheese sandwich on their dime?"

Up until recently, Steiner kept her purchasing power a secret, fearing that if other students knew the system could be so easily bilked, everyone would try and milk the scheme. "It's one thing if it's just a drop in the bucket. I mean, I hardly ever even used my DASH after freshman year," said Steiner. "But when you're talking of millions of dollars being loaned out to students it wouldn't take long for the college to catch on. Any econ major with a minor in public policy could tell you that."

Now that she is graduating, Steiner hopes to share her long-kept secret in the hope that some gutsy student will take the scam far. "After freshman year I was pretty much over the whole Dartmouth thing. I only spent like ninety-eight bucks," said Steiner. "But who knows what a really greedy kid could do. You could go in for like a million bucks on t-shirts or free Hop tickets for the game?"

The biggest thing she was insistent, was that she would never have to pay the college back for the money she took. "I beat you, Dartmouth. Game, set, match," said Steiner. "I wasn't walking into a Hop sculpture and falling down the stairs."

For the first time in the history of The Dartmouth a member of its staff has defied an editor's decree and refused to write a piece about the incoming class of 2012. Ivan Smelnik '09, a reporter and member of The Dartmouth staff turned heads and shattered over a century of traditional complacency with his loud and defiant "No!"

The article, tentatively titled, "Class of 2012 Brightest and Most Diverse Yet," was scheduled to be included in tomorrow's copy of the D. While the planned contents of the piece remain under wraps, editors were quick to issue a statement promising that the piece would still be written by an as-yet-unnamed staff member and included in a future issue of the campus daily. Far more controversy surrounds the defiant decision of Smelnik, whose stark outburst last week seemed to shake the very foundations of the smiling business-as-usual establishment.

Editors simply didn't know how to respond, while throngs of reporters, op-ed writers, and copyeditors turned their attention to the man who had finally said what they had all been thinking but never had the courage to say. The editors were already in a no-win situation. If they reprimanded Smelnik by putting him on temporary leave they might make him a martyr, but they could not risk losing their tired grip on power. "What's the problem? We have this article every year," said Gloria Esterhuaz '08, a senior editor who attempted to pacify Smelnik.

"I've had to write this same article for two years now and I won't do it again! I want to write about something important that actually affects students' lives," cried Smelnik in a populist rage. "But it's the D! Relevance has nothing to do with it," countered Esterhuaz, though Smelnik would have none of it.

"Well then," said Smelnik, "maybe it's about time things changed around here. I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!" With those words he stormed out of the office and the remaining staff rose in unison and treated him to a slow clap that quickly transformed into thunderous applause. The duct tape of oppression had figuratively been ripped from the mouths of the people and they were ready to say "Ouch!" For Smelnik it was enough that nobody had called him out for plagiarizing the Sidney Lumet film, Network.

"But freshmen haven't seen that piece. What about the freshmen?" asked Esterhuaz, at this point just treading water.

Smelnik, who hopes to turn his experience into an Honors English thesis, currently titled "Nobody's Man But His Own: A Year in the Trenches of Sycophantism at The Dartmouth," will be doing a speaking tour that currently has engagements throughout Collis, the Hop, and Baker-Berry library. He hopes to one day return to the offices of the D in order to write a piece about his experience.

**The Dartmouth Page 11**
Dartmouth Figure Skating Team does it again

By IAN TECCTION
The Dartmouth Staff

The Dartmouth Figure Skating Team, five-time national champions, garnered another victory this weekend when they rescued the earth from an incoming meteor originally set to collide with the earth somewhere off the coast of Mexico.

“We’re really excited about this victory against certain doom,” said team captain, Angela Faber ’09. “I think we’ve really outdone ourselves this time.”

Responding to news that ultimately insignificant life would have been snuffed out if not for the Dartmouth Figure Skating Team, Robert Simonsen ’10 responded, “Dartmouth has a skating team?”

Nicole Snirnov ’11 destroyed the meteor by performing a perfect 1080° spin, hurling her into the stratosphere, where she kicked the celestial rock toward the sun before twirling eight times and sticking a perfect landing, garnering accolades from judges and NASA officials alike. The excited Snirnov commented: “This recent success is astounding, especially after rescuing the Secretary-General of the United Nations.” Snirnov refers to the incident last year when a spectacular salchow deflected a bullet intended for Ban Ki-moon, garnering the entire team oceans of praise and a permanent spot on the Humanitarian Council. This marked a first for any collegiate sports team and made it the first non-nation organization invited to be on a council explicitly reserved for nations.

“We figured, ‘why the hell not?’ They’ve saved my life on more than one occasion and were also vital players in resolving the crisis in the Phillipines peacefully, so I believe they more than earned their right to sit in on our meetings if they want,” said Secretary-General Moon.

Dartmouth College rewarded the skating team by letting Hanover Middle School use their practice space during the middle of the day.

The team will be traveling to Stockholm, Sweden again this year. They are set to receive yet another Nobel prize in recognition of their success in unlocking the mystery behind cold fusion nearly two years ago, an accomplishment that the majority of those on campus responded to with an ecstatic, “Who did what, now? Are you talking about the hockey team?”

Dick Dastardly spoils local fun run

By WHAT'S HIS NAME
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth’s first organized Fun Run, dubbed “The Dastardly Design,” by both organizers and participants after local resident, Richard Milhouse “Dick” Dastardly maintained several runners in an apparent attempt to cross the finish line first.

The race, officially overseen by the town of Hanover, included many student volunteer organizers and over one hundred student participants, drawing a crowd of onlookers and even Sawyer. “This was just going to be a fun way for those interested to get together and celebrate the return of Spring,” said Christy Binkley ’11, a volunteer assistant. “I just wasn’t expecting a blood bath...and for what?”

Witnesses said they suspected something wasn’t right as soon as Dastardly appeared. “Call me paranoid, but there’s just something...”

Dastardly, a resident of Norwich, VT, and a self-proclaimed former treasure hunter, race car driver, and fighter squadron commander, denied any wrongdoing and insisted he was the real target of a conspiracy. “It was true that a lot of his schemes seemed to explode in his face,” Winterbottom recalled. “But he has nobody but himself to blame if, surprise, surprise, cannon-powered nitro didn’t work. I can count on two hands the number of times I heard someone yelling ‘drat’ or ‘double drat’.”

Dastardly, who ironically placed last after apparently falling victim to almost every one of his tricks, has been permanently disqualified from ever participating in another Fun Run and may be facing other charges, including operation of a jet-fueled steam vehicle without a license. When approached for comment, Dastardly referred local reporters to his handlebar moustache that makes him a little suspicious,” said Kyle Winterbottom, a Hanover resident and runner. “The fact that he was racing with that weird dog also gave me pause—was it just a wake-up call?”

While Winterbottom and all the runners except Dastardly tripped, apparently on a wire trap, race officials also became suspicious.

Scrutiny on Dastardly was raised immediately after Sawyer went so far as to maintain his white-washing skill on their part, proving to no avail. Recent headlines didn’t exist.” The Dartmouth staff encountered trouble finding a synonym for ‘lose’ that didn’t exist. “won a goddamn game.” This solution was rejected as unacceptable. Wentworth ultimately decided to scrap the entire golf article. When The Dartmouth tried to reach the golf team for comment, they were at a “blorrie” for words.

Dartmouth soundly defeats Tom Sawyer in whitewashing competition

By PRISCILLA GORILLA
The Dartmouth Staff

Dartmouth College’s Men’s Team claimed victory yesterday over local mischievous youth, Tom Sawyer. The win was all the more rewarding considering that Dartmouth was not actually scheduled to play in the round, which was originally intended to be a solo period of whitewashing for Sawyer.

The bout started as Sawyer, the young buck from Jackson, Mississippi, who dreams of a care in the world, was tasked with whitewashing an Olympic-sized fence by his guardian, Aunt Polly. Sawyer started well enough, using his trademarked wry smile and brush to baffle a slow but steady trail of whitewash behind him. While the game was expected to be the usual three-hour run for Sawyer, the tables turned decidedly against him when several Dartmouth students passed nearby.

Although none of the students were initially interested in taking on Sawyer, his constant jabs at the students, alleging a lack of respect for his skill and usage of a chalkboard eraser-cleaning competition against the janitors. Competition was not expected to be particularly fierce, but that doesn’t seem to matter to the Dartmouth players, whose newfound thirst for victories seems unquenchable.

“We’re just out of words.” The Dartmouth Staff

The Dartmouth Staff briefly considered turning to foreign languages for more words, or making up words. One such headline read, “Dartmouth Suffers Blorries to Colgate,” but was rejected as too nonsensical. Wentworth continued, “Lose, fall, slip, take a licking, trounce, whip, fizzle, even anti-triumph. We’re just out of words.”

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The Dartmouth won against Columbia...GOTCHA!”

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The Dartmouth runs out of ways to say “Dartmouth loses”

By HARRY DOGTAIL
The Dartmouth Staff

The Dartmouth no longer has original ways to say “Dartmouth loses,” reported The Dartmouth, shortly after the men’s golf team did just that yet again in their game against Harvard. The Dartmouth staff encountered this problem late last night when Thaddeus Wentworth, sportswriter for The Dartmouth, was unable to make his deadline.

“I spent, like, all day looking for a synonym for ‘lose’ that we haven’t used in the last two weeks,” said Wentworth. “It just didn’t...”

The Dartmouth staff scouring Webster’s, Roget’s, and American Heritage thesauruses to no avail. Recent headlines include, “Dartmouth falls at Penn,” “Dartmouth snatches defeat from Middlebury,” and “Dartmouth wins against Columbia...GOTCHA!”

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The Dartmouth Staff

The Dartmouth no longer has original ways to say “Dartmouth loses,” reported The Dartmouth, shortly after the men’s golf team did just that yet again in their game against Harvard. The Dartmouth staff encountered this problem late last night when Thaddeus Wentworth, sportswriter for The Dartmouth, was unable to make his deadline.

“I spent, like, all day looking for a synonym for ‘lose’ that we haven’t used in the last two weeks,” said Wentworth. “It just didn’t...”

The Dartmouth staff scouring Webster’s, Roget’s, and American Heritage thesauruses to no avail. Recent headlines include, “Dartmouth falls at Penn,” “Dartmouth snatches defeat from Middlebury,” and “Dartmouth wins against Columbia...GOTCHA!”

We’ve tried it all but have never encountered a synonym for ‘lose’ that didn’t exist.” The Dartmouth staff encountered trouble finding a synonym for ‘lose’ that didn’t exist. “won a goddamn game.” This solution was rejected as unacceptable. Wentworth ultimately decided to scrap the entire golf article. When The Dartmouth tried to reach the golf team for comment, they were at a “blorrie” for words.