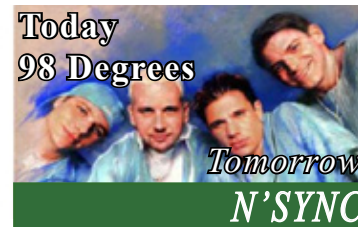




A Golden Ticket p. 6

Dartmouth

THE JACK-O-LANTERN'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1907.



Vol. up to 11! No. New. Taxes.

One Million Mugabe Bucks/Second-born son for students

North Face jackets found Marauding dragon blamed

By HUGH MANITEE
The Dartmouth Staff

Last Saturday, their quest came to an end when The Dartmouth's special investigations team uncovered the legendary trove of lost North Face jackets.

In the basement lair of Phi Tau, they discovered the dragon Smoog sleeping upon a pile of jackets, coats, cell phones, miscellaneous jewellery, holding captive beautiful virgins (Tanya) and Dartmouth's most powerful and sacred relics, including Robert Frost's glass eye and the golden cock of Daniel Webster.

Junior editor Byron Thorson slew the beast by shooting an arrow into the webbing between the second and third toes on its it back left foot, which happened to be its single vulnerable area, the only part of its body not covered in a protective armor of cell phone cases. Due to a peculiarity in the NH state legislature Thorson is now king of Kendal.

When questioned later, senior Phi Tau brother and dungeon master Galad Elflandsson said, "We did sometimes notice some North Face jackets and mauled peasants

strewn about the back yard, but we always figured that was just spillover from Alpha Theta."

As it turns out, the dragon was registered by the World Conservation Union as an endangered species. The Dartmouth will face a \$250,000 fine for poaching.

The jackets are available for reclaim in Collis with correct identification.

See DRAGONS, page 26-C

Rush happens

By PALE MALE
The Dartmouth Staff

In a shocking turn of events, several campus fraternities opened themselves up for the purpose of recruiting new members this weekend.

The selection process, which the fraternities and the IFC have dubbed "rush," functions as a sort of campus meat market, allowing sophomores and sometimes juniors to meet the members

of Greek organizations at their houses and hopefully make a lasting impression. It is also a chance for the unaffiliated to learn more about the character of the various houses, one of many factors that students weigh when deciding which house to rush or whether to rush at all.

"It's something we do every fall and winter term," said Travis Smulato '09, a member of Phi Delt. "Some houses even have spring rush, it's all very interesting," Travis added.

For the most part, rush events held at different organizations are indistinguishable from one

another, largely consisting of members in business casual attire mingling with prospective members in similar attire. Often snacks are provided. Some houses choose to differentiate themselves and hopefully gain an edge with potential candidates by offering better snack options.

"Last term we thought we had reached a kind of equity with an assortment of chips and dips along with a fancy vegetable platter," said Chris McDonnellson '08, also a member of Phi Delt. "Then we found out Sig Ep had sprung for

See FRATERNITY, page 3

UP, UP AND AWAY...



President James Wright plans to spend his retirement years drifting lazily across the Midwest.

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 line-up: 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 crack team of beergineers 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 and 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 Bratislaskey '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 Bratislaskey. "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, beery."

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. Hmmm." 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 released 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 Itsumi Hashimoto '08 and Takahiro Nakamura '10 last year. The two bombs, codenamed "Little Boy"

See DDS, page 4



Today's Food Court Special: CLASSIFIED!

DailyDBriefing

John Espinshade '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, stating "I think a little slapstick humor will do wonders for the country's morale." Bush's advisors noted that they wanted to pursue "less life-threatening" comic relief. "George Bush choking 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 for on Saturdays...and Sundays. But, I mean, we could totally publish on those days if we wanted to. It's just that on Saturdays, we're usually waking up next to freshmen staffers and taking long, warm, luxuriant showers with honeydew-scented bath lotions. And on Sundays...on Sundays...well...fuck you! That's how we roll.

For advertising info, pitch us your best stuff. We ain't seen a smooth-talkin' daddy like you since ol' Danny Boyle. Ah...ol' Danny. He sold more vacuum cleaners than anyone. He was makin' it, headin' straight for the top. But then he got caught up in some sticky business down at the docks, died in his car of a carbon-monoxide overdose. Wife got the insurance money...never was the same though.

Ah... poor ol' Danny. Life's rough for a salesman, always on the go, tryin' to sell stuff. A salesman has got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

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The Dartmouth is published by The Dartmouth Inc. Go figure. Its officers are King Phillip Omnibus IV '08, Chair Prime; Ignatius E. Guana '08, Vice Chair; San Kyu '08, Musical Chair; Max Legroom '08, 2nd Chair, twice removed; Moe Monay '08, Treasurer-Hunter Extraordinaire. With their powers combined they become Mighty Mega Chair, completer of table-sets.

Masked Campus Crusader: Friend or Menace?

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 meter the weighty impact that our words have on a campus that hangs on every one. So it is with that same great sense of responsibility that we must cry 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 true nature all too clear.

He's a menace! Just last week, when a mysterious stroller malfunction left a six-month old infant dangling from the top of Baker



PETER PARKER/Annoying Freelance Photographer

Beautiful image of Baker Tower, ruined by Spider-Man.

Tower, who was it that was conveniently 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

Computing Services adds new online "feedback" feature based on electroshock

By RED WHITENBLUE
 The Dartmouth Staff

A new feature has been added to the Computing Services website, an "instant feedback" option appearing on the Quick Links sidebar. Ever eager to improve service to faculty and students, Computing Services expects this new system to increase efficiency and overall customer satisfaction.

Whenever users experience a computer malfunction, they simply go to the Computing Services homepage, click the "instant feedback" link, and a mild 50V 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 auuugh—ty."

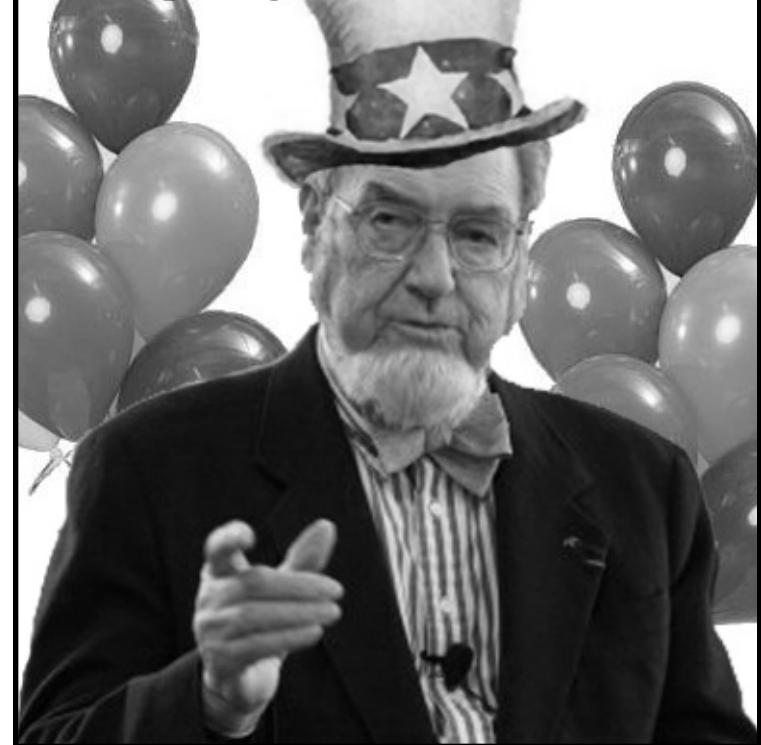
Another member of staff who was unable to give us his name had nothing but praise for the new system "This is the best idea we've had since wireless Greenprint. The students seem to love it. We haven't had any complaints all week. At least, none that I can remember."

However, there's a cloud to

every silver lining. The library staff has received numerous criticisms concerning the noise from the Computing 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.

"The screams are kind of annoying. It makes it difficult for people to study. Maybe they could electrocute them in an isolated soundproof chamber. Like maybe down in the basement near all the Greenprints. Or they could try water-boarding instead. That's more environmentally conscious, anyway," she said.

C. Everett Koop
 wants
YOU
 to party like it's 1899.



Dying alcoholic's new liver fails to make booze any less delicious

By AL COHL-BEIR
The Dartmouth Staff

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 operation, admitted to being a little disappointed by Spinelli's actions. "I asked him what he'd do if he woke up the next day with a second chance at life. He replied, 'Well, Doc, probably drink some more.' At the time I thought he was just being an asshole," said Dr. Tang.

Spinelli credited the efforts of Dr. Tang and his staff in saving his life, going so far as to buy kegs of cider and Harpoon for the surgery team to celebrate their success. "Aw, come on!" responded the surgeon to the gift. "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 descriptions 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."

BlitzMail replaced by carrier pigeons

By CRAIG S. LIST
The Dartmouth Staff

Computing Services shut down the last remaining Blitzmail server on Monday to finalize the turnover to carrier pigeon service. Staff representatives admitted that the transition has not been as smooth as they had hoped and that there will continue to be problems with the new system, but feel that ultimately it will be beneficial to the student body.

"This change was started for a lot of reasons," said Computer Services representative Mike Greene. "First of all this is an environmentally friendly solution that uses less electrical energy than the Blitzmail servers. The new system gets its energy primarily from grains and small insects." There is also an ease-of-use element. "All you need to do to send a message now is to find a pigeon which is homed to your intended recipient's room, handwrite your message on a tiny strip of paper, roll that paper up, put it in a small canister, place that canister onto a brace on the leg of the pigeon, release the pigeon and hope it doesn't get distracted by a swarm of delicious mosquitoes. It's a lot easier than sending an email."

How does Greene think students will respond? "Students are pretty acclimating to change. I think they'll welcome the new



Students drop like flies; professors apathetic, vaguely amused

system with open arms. Plus kids just love anything retro, and you don't get more old school than carrier pigeons."

Actual student reaction has been mixed. "Blitzmail was working just fine; I don't know why they'd change it," said Bill Martin '08. Some have questions about the new system. "Do pigeons bite? And how do I, like, catch one?" asks Amanda Marcos '10. "I just want them to stop," sobbed a skinny, flaxen-haired '11 girl before she was swarmed by seven to ten pigeons who appeared to have mistaken her for a stalk of flax. Dick's House representatives recommended that The Dartmouth not question her further on this subject.

Another Dick's House doctor reminds us that animals may be domesticated, but that doesn't mean they're tamed. "They can certainly scratch and bite; we've learned that this week, that's for sure." She recommended that students "exercise caution or use a phone for Christ's sakes," adding, "pigeons, really?"

Maintenance crews also seemed

displeased with the side-effects of the new system. "There's shit everywhere," said groundskeeper William McIntire.

On Wednesday night, the campus received its first mass-message about "dancing and kegs @ now." Students recall the experience as a harrowing rather than a joyful one. "All these birds just flew over Baker-Berry—like a thousand of them. I half-expected to hear Ride of the Valkyries," said film major Martin Williams. Another student whose name we did not learn would only say "they were everywhere, man" over and over again. Computing Services reminds students to suppress recipient lists of mass blitzes lest problems get worse.

"There are still some kinks that need to be worked out and some chinks in the armor," says Greene, "for example, we have it on good authority that a number of hackers are developing magpies to steal students' personal belongings. All in all though, the new system seems to be off to a great start and we'll deal with those problems when we come to them."

Fraternity phenomenon perplexes

RUSH from page 1

barbecue meatballs on a stick and mini-hot dogs bursting with cheesy flavor and we knew it had been brought." This term Phi Delt was planning on buying a "fuck-ton" of pizza to prevent a repeat of last term's disaster.

Robert Tse '10, who decided to join or in Greek-speak "pledge" SAE, admitted to being unsure of his place in the Greek system until he came to rush. "On the one hand SAE is full of douche bags. And I mean some really, really desperate douche bags," said Tse. "But when I came over for rush I saw that six meter high chocolate

fountain and all-you-can-eat marshmallow mound and I was all like, 'my cup runneth over!'" When asked whether or not he had any regrets Tse thought silently for a few seconds before offering, "I probably wouldn't have pledged SAE."

Most Greek organizations are already anticipating holding the event again sometime in the future, likely the fall. "We're expecting a lot more '11s next time," said Smulato, who then left to join his brothers celebrating the success of rush by putting something "awesome" in a new member's mouth.

Programming Board Presents:

★ SHINY!! ★

Look at it!!!

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.



By Eric Whiner '08, Virgin

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, she is most likely just using it as a learning device, which is what they are made for. Clearly she is curious about your anatomy, and you should be showing the same interest. 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 for 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 icky, 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?

DDS escalation terrifies all

BOMB from page 1

and "Fatty Fatty Eggspllosion," met their targets at 7:38 AM and 9:24 AM, respectively, on December 4th. The mission was considered a tactical success, despite massive civilian casualties.

"It is our opinion that the hunger of these two students could not be reasonably assuaged by conventional breakfast foods," said the Hop, responding to international criticism. "The strategic dispatch of the Breakfast Bombs brought hostilities to a swift and definitive end."

Nakamura declined requests for an interview, but offered his words on the day in question. "It was hell. There was more meat and grease on that grim morning than I thought human beings were capable of inflicting on each other. It was enough suffering for a hundred lifetimes. I can't ever go

back to the Hop again. That land is poison now."

Hashimoto was unavailable for comment, and is still at Dick's House awaiting surgery to remove an entire sausage from her left ventricle.

In the months since the initial display of force, Food Court scientists have been rushing to match the Hop's firepower. Progress has been slow but steady, researchers say, even after last week's preliminary test fire left linebacker Biff Macgruffin '09 "only kind of full." But sources say this new breakthrough has leapfrogged years of research.

"I can't go into details, obviously," said the anonymous contact, "but it involves new advances in pig compression. If you want to see the progress for yourself, go to the grill line just before closing and order an 'Oink Cube.' You didn't hear it from

me."

But this eagerness to match destructive capabilities has other members of the DDS community concerned. Collis Café and The Pavilion have issued a joint petition calling for unilateral Breakfast Bomb disarmament. "You guys like hummus, right?" said a representative at last week's dining summit. He was escorted off the stage after being pelted with salami cubes.

"I'm not sure what all those salad-eaters are so worried about," said Macgruffin. "What, do they think that ongoing tensions will create a skyrocketing escalation of breakfast stockpiles that locks the two DDS superpowers into a crippling military standoff that erupts into indirect conflicts in various third-world eateries, eventually dragging us all to the brink of mutual annihilation? Yeah, right. Nerds."

Pregnancy test scores still abysmal

By JOCELYN COX
The Dartmouth Staff

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 who has prepped many students for the exam, blames the low scores on lack of preparation. "A lot of kids don't even come to Dick's House expecting to take the test, so it makes sense that a lot would fail." Lisa emphasized that if a student wants to increase their odds of success on the exam they should wait until they're mentally ready.

"The important thing is to not give up," she added. Lisa cited the example of Kevin Rotblut '08, who despite failing the test 4 times managed to finally pass last January. "Kevin is a clear example of someone who shouldn't have been able to pass that exam," Lisa said. "Yet Kevin wasn't a quitter. He read up, did whatever he had to do, learned a few new tricks along the way and most importantly came prepared to ace that thing." Lisa hopes that Kevin's

story of beating the odds will be as much an inspiration to future students as it has been to her.

However, not all students feel that success on the pregnancy test is worth lauding. In fact, research conducted by *The Dartmouth* found that student opinion tended to favor failure on the test and that students like Kevin are rare exceptions. The researchers randomly surprised twenty-five visitors to Dick's House who had specifically not come in for the test with fabricated results indicating they had scored one baby or above. Many contested the findings, some wept, while others expressed themselves by punching chairs, walls or the nearest researcher.

These findings may indicate that there is no rush on the part of the student body to turn around the current testing trend. And perhaps it's just as well. In the words of this reporter's mother, "Personally, I still wish that test had come back negative."

PROGRAMMING BOARD PRESENTS: THIS GUY



Programming Board is honored to present the unique musical stylings of This Guy, who we found on the corner last Tuesday hitting buckets with sticks.

April 4,5,6
7:30-9
Moore Theater

Drinking Games We're Playing



20% Beer Chess



27% Hi, Bob!



13% Dance Dance Beervolution



10% Dating



12% Hunting other humans as prey



18% Solitaire

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 amiss: 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 flashlight, two clock radios, a combination smoke alarm/carbon-monoxide detector, a pair of Christmas-themed electric socks, and an unused electric egg-whisk purchased by Fisher's mother.

Fisher initially assumed that every battery-powered appliance in 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 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.

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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



Paskovich, taking life one step at a time, metaphorically.

to include the less-than-abled. "It's a slow and expensive process to retrofit all of our buildings to accommodate everyone," said Ed Duddleman, Assistant Director of Admissions at the college. "You've got to remember, when these buildings were constructed there was no such thing as a wheelchair-bound student."

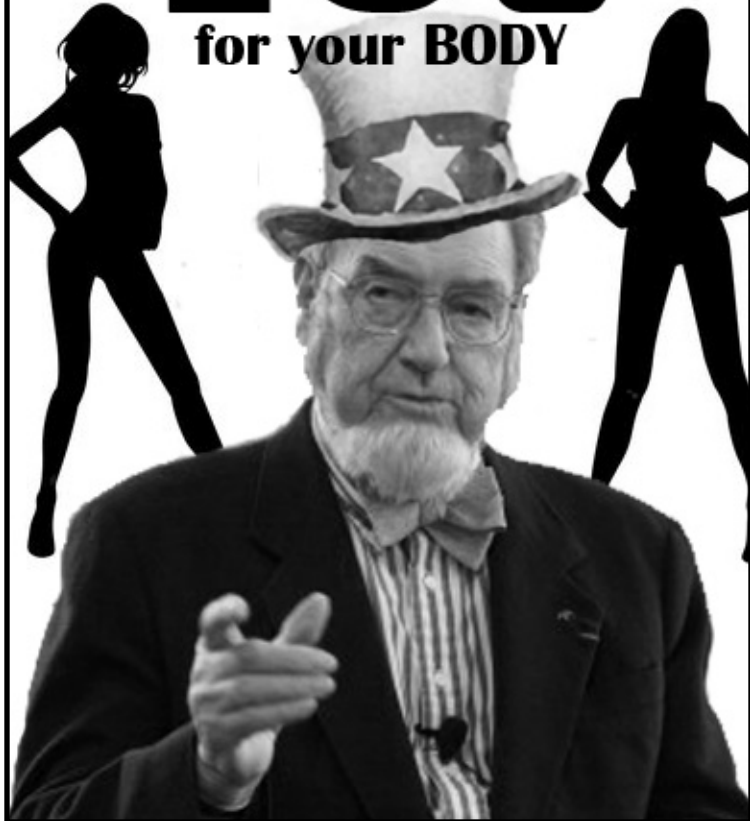
Paskovich has had to endure a lot since matriculating, from his chair's engine flooding to getting his wheels stuck in the mud, but the biggest hurdle has remained gaining access to his second floor Cohen bedroom. "I've had a lot of time to think up ideas," said Paskovich. "I've got schematics for a simple pulley and crane system that should theoretically let me access my room via my neighbor's window, but I need someone with working legs to help me build it," he added looking at this reporter with those big doe eyes of his.

While many of Paskovich's friends admire his adaptability and plucky courage, they are

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! Now, would you just put down the tape recorder and start stripping this twine for the pulley rope?" We wish him the best of luck.

C. Everett Koop
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HOP
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Shit you don't
get to see.



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 before. I can already picture your blank look of incomprehension as I tell you about this problem—a look that will slowly meld into fear and awe at the uniqueness of my plight. Well, here goes: I have 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 Barbary 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 the fun early, to attend the weekly meeting at my fraternity—a meeting I could not



By Stanley Steamer '09

skip because I hold an officer position! Truly, my life is ridiculous!

In past weeks, I have heard some of you say you, too, have a really busy term. Ha, ha! I see some of you are not without a sense of humor. To speak as if you understood my plight—it is a sick amusement, indeed! Excuse me as I roll my eyes and snort loudly. No, this mad carousel seats 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 resume 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 read here, you have my blessing. But I warn you: do not be alarmed if your interlocutors hear only the mumbblings of a madman.

I see by the chiming of the Baker Tower bell that I have a problem set to finish. I must leave, for I am busy again! I must retire to the darkness of my cruel, singular fate!

Is there no end to this madness?

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” perpetrates an injustice so grievous 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 what 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 men”? “Leadership”? Because minorities need “leadership” now, since we could never provide it ourselves? “Pluralism”? As in “cramming a bunch of different minority groups together and treating them all the same”? “Of”? Meaning “belonging to, in the manner of slavery”? Thanks a lot, Dartmouth.

But look at the Office of Pluralism and Leadership's self-styled acronym—“OPAL”—and you can really see Dartmouth's culture of prejudice for what it is. According to Wikipedia, “The mineraloid opal is amorphous hydrated silicon dioxide.” Amorphous? As in “impossible to tell apart”? What an ironically appropriate word: minorities *are* amorphous at Dartmouth, where hateful exclusion is practically a club sport. Oh, and



By Janet Krebbles '08

opals can be almost any color, with red and black being rarest and white being most common. Just how you like it, right, Hatemouth?

I've barely scratched the surface. Where is OPAL located? According to its own website, OPAL “is located on the second floor of the Collis Center.” That's right, the second floor. Now picture Collis center on its side, and picture it as a bus, not a building. What a surprise: OPAL is in the *back* of the bus! Okay, Dartmouth, I guess I'll just go to the back of the bus, like you all want me to! I'll just make sure I don't bother all the nice white folks getting smoothies up front! I don't mind, because I'm gonna get me some “leadership”! I just hope I can find Collis Center through the thick smog of

hatred that hangs over this campus like smoke from the burning skin of murdered children!

As you might expect, OPAL's programming schedule reads like it was cooked up by Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels. From February 7 of this year: the “DRAG Ball.” Sure, OPAL, let's put “drag” in all capitals, to emphasize what a “drag” gender experimentation must be from your hateful perspective. From February 11-12: a conversation with “Eve Ensler: Visionary-In-Residence.” As if visionaries must have a “residence”—how characteristically inconsiderate to the homeless. Need I mention that this programming is still on the website months after it actually occurred? What a fitting metaphor for OPAL's slavish devotion to the past! Hey, OPAL: when's your next witch-burning? Or was the Green reserved on Hitler's birthday?

Believe me, I don't like exposing the ugly truth that OPAL represents. I wish Dartmouth's administration was pro-diversity. In a perfect world, the administration would realize the importance of diversity and acceptance, and would fund programs to promote progressive values through education, consultation and programming. Until then, we're stuck with OPAL. But make no mistake, OPAL is no pal of mine.

By the way, if you see me lying face-down on the Green, it's because I tripped on some hate.

SHOX MY MANTITS Please remove the clamps.

Ramblin' Alumnus Dan has some wildly outdated opinions

To the Editor:

This trustee issue isn't only about 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 parity since back in the days when women actually raised their children. (A novel concept! I sure hope I haven't confused any lezbo 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 Board members were right there with us, handing out free lambskin condoms.

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 respect Japanese “culture” now, 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 the Global Warming homos!), my alienation from today's College on the Hill only grows. I can only hope letters like this one will remind everyone what a great place Dartmouth used to be.

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

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

To the Editor:

InresponsetoAshleyClemensworth '08's recent Op-Ed (“Dartmouth does too have a dating scene,” 5/9/08):

Yeah, right, Ashley! You tell me that with a straight face after turning me down for a third time last Friday? Every time I make a tiny bit of headway with you, I immediately get cockblocked by the same two Chi Gam jock 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 wanted 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 make sure everything is zipped properly? You misinterpreted an innocent mistake, just like you misinterpreted my e-greeting card and the five dozen blood-red 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 words? You know my number by now from all those messages 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

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PARODY. FOUNDED 1909.

OF AVERAGE BEAR INTELLIGENCE

ALEX ROGERS '08	OWEN PARSONS '08
<i>Mother</i>	<i>ers</i>

FREDITOR FREMERITUS

FRED MEYER '08

OFF CAMPUS BUT ON THE WAGON

DYLAN KANE '09

COULD HAVE BEEN CONTENDERS

SAM BUNTZ '11	DAN SMOLINSKEY '11
<i>-RESIDENT PRESIDENT</i>	<i>-MAN ABOUT TOWN</i>
LAURA MICHEZ '11	MIKE TRAPP '08
<i>-JEWISH BOOKKEEPER</i>	<i>-HOBO</i>
TARA ALBANESE '11	LAURA CHERKAS '08
<i>-STARVING ARTS DIRECTOR</i>	<i>-FRIEND TO HOBOS</i>
ANDREW CITRIN '11	ROBERT GREER '11
<i>-SPHINX SHOE-IN</i>	<i>-THE NEW "IT" GUY</i>
ALEX TARZY '08	MELANIE PASTUCK '11
<i>-JEWISH BOOKKEEPER EMERITUS</i>	<i>-A SWELL GAL</i>

THINGS HIDING IN YOUR CLOSET

CHARLTON HESTON'S RE-ANIMATED CORPSE	GRANDPA
DAVID BLAINE	A SMALL HERD OF BISON
STABATHA O'KILLIAN	THAT UGLY, UGLY CARDIGAN
YOUR CLONE, ON STANDBY	GOD
NARNIA	ERIC WINER

Foppish dandy prefers two monocles to bifocals

By MARLON FISHING
The Dartmouth Staff

Choosing to ignore all things common, even sense, Milton Peppercorn 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, 'Good Lord, man, next thing you'll have me giving up my penny-farthing 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 George VI frameless for the right may have been "a tad risqué."

"If my venerable father, the

Honorable Ambassador Lord Milton the Third, Esquire, could see me now sporting two different styles of monocle why he would just pop his girdle," said Mortonsworth, who described his decision as partly due to subdued anarchical passions. "Then again, it could cause quite a stir at my next dinner gala. Wouldn't it just be bully if this becomes a trend?"

When asked whether he saw any drawbacks to his choice, Mortonsworth only gave a guttural chortle and tapped this reporter on the shoulder good-naturedly, "Only my palanquin breaks down and I have to run to class, old bean!"

Soon after, however, Mortonsworth demonstrated an unintended consequence of his aesthetic optical choice. Walking with this reporter down Main Street, Mortonsworth 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 onetime opponent. "During the race we focused almost entirely on our differences," said McCheese. "Now is the time to come together, hamburger patch things up, and focus on what unites us. We both have all-beef patties for heads, for instance."

Though at last unseated,

McCheese said that he had made a lasting impression on McDonald Land and surrounding McDonald Land County. "The McCheese nation lives on," said McCheese during an interview with the New YorkTimesfromhissummerranch, Ft. Grimacey. "McCheesimania will endure in the hearts and minds of all my supporters and while I may not always be there, I know they will carry on my legacy. Also, it's going to take a hell of a long time to change all those statues of me at the Play Places."

Despite being politically retired, McCheese claims he has plans to keep busy. "As much as I'd like to just relax and grill out for a while, I know Mrs. McCheese would get bored of me loafing around pretty quickly," McCheese joked to the Times. "I'm already booked solid for a speaking tour, the Metropolitan Club of Sash and Top Hat Enthusiasts wants to make me their spokesman,

IRS using Wesley Snipes' money to fund South American government

By TED ERASTY
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. Woody 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 stint 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 from all-female Bald prison shortly after her detainment when DNA samples proved that she did in fact impregnate one of the matrons.



and I've finally got time to start on my memoirs." A book deal with Scholastic for McCheese's political autobiography, tentatively titled *Happy Meals, Dirty Deals*, is reportedly worth over a million items off the dollar menu.

Despite continuing rumors about his declining health after reports leaked of a pickle transplant and a relapse into saucism ("I'm off the sauce," he insists), McCheese claims he is planning to relish the changes that come with retirement. "The nice thing about not having eye lids or a neck as far as I can tell is that you can only look forward," McCheese said.

He hopes his leaving the political scene will give him and his family some time out of the limelight. "It's just plain old Mr. McCheese now. I want to use this time to raise my family in an environment that's a little more normal for hamburger-headed children," he said, as they gathered around him for a final photo shoot. They looked positively delicious.

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

By MISS AMERICAN PIE
The Dartmouth Staff

Mellissa 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 pass 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

See DA\$H, page 11

Noberosian seal dancers seal-dance “Shitty Tits” turns heads at HOP

By **SBLAAD SNULDSFARR**
The Dartmouth Staff

Last Saturday, ethnic Noberosian seal-dancer J’pualoo Slovgian and his troop of long-haired, beaded, skin-bedecked co-performers put on a stunning performance in Spaulding auditorium before an audience packed with seasoned upper valley residents. Slovgian and his fellow clansmen, who learned the ancient art of seal-dancing as children, carry on this thousand-year-old tradition with pride.

“I have been dancing the seals since my juvenile years,” J’pualoo explained. “I began the fur 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 Freeplog. “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 recently been sought after for the soundtracks of major films, including *Rambo*, *The Bourne Ultimatum*, and *Juno*.

In Saturday’s performance, however, the woman’s wailing cries provided not the background for exotic chase scenes but rather drew the crowd into the mood of the harsh, unpredictable, seal-shod lifestyle of ethnic Noberosians as

they struggle to survive on the edge of civilization. Slovgian’s choreography is designed to subtly evoke the cycle of life and death.

“I feel that the audience truly learned from the experience,” said acting professor Minerva Snoo. “The seal-dancers opened their souls to us; we were invited into their lives, made to feel kindred with them—in a way, we *were* the seal-dancers.”

Hop director Jeffery James was also satisfied. “I think this has got to be the ethnic-est performance we’ve ever had,” he said.

When confronted about the rumors that the stage surface in Spaulding had been irreparably damaged by the performance, however, James was less expressive. “We can’t talk about that at this time,” he said. “We’ve got a guy coming in this Friday to take a look at it. I don’t want to create any rumors.”

However, it has been confirmed that various campus performing groups have requested the Hop to schedule thier performances in different venues. They cited problems including “slaughterhouse stench” and “flies.”

Whether these requests will be honored is at this time unknown. “I don’t want to send any negative messages,” said James. “These were *seal-dancers*. Not every college has got a seal-dance performance. I mean, Harvard hasn’t had seal-dancers yet.”

“I was so pleased to come to Dartmouth,” Slovgian said at the post-performance discussion. “What a *blokps’h’nu* place. What *vplunthkii* people.” He went on to answer questions by students who are interested in learning more about seal-dancing themselves. “If you want to go on to dance the seal like a true *mubluzdki*, keep one thing in mind,” he told the group. “Practice, practice, practice. You can never dance on too many seals,” Slovgian added with a seal in his step.

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 de-inured to the breast, and it becomes as if 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 poo.”

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’ honky 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.

“I’ll tell ya man,” he said, lighting up a joint and toking avidly. “That motherfucker knows how to sculpt some tits out of shit.”

Campus member of the landed elite, Phineas Waltingham III ’08, was no less forceful.

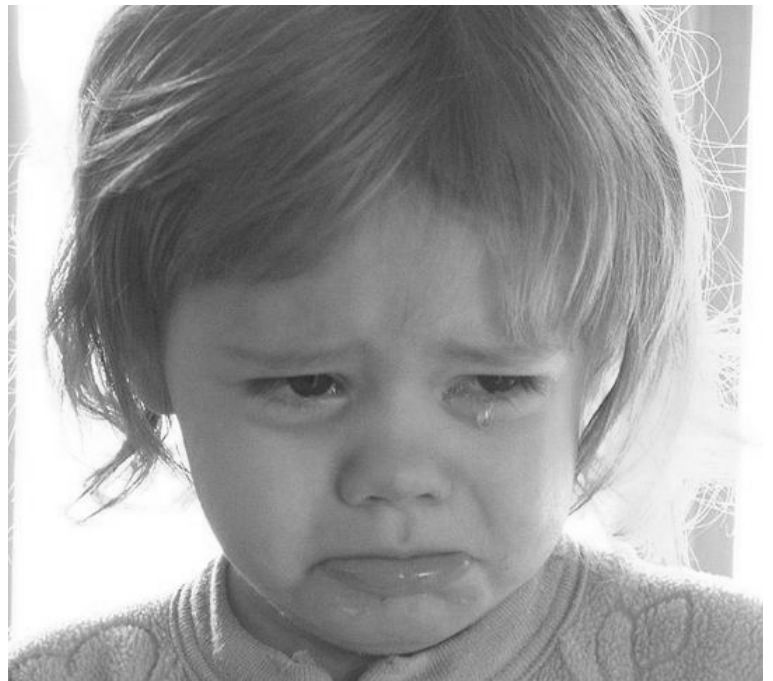
“While abstract art is not

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.”

Waltingham 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.

“Good for Hootbrau,” said Waltingham. “Shhh, Precious. Shhhh.”

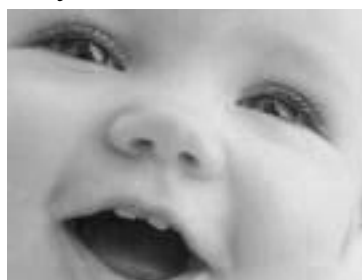
When pressed for comment on his controversial masterwork, Hootbrau said, “Shitty Tits’ has been like a child to me—a child made out of a gigantic tit-shaped pile of shit. It’s more like a second child, to be honest. It was not nearly as edifying as the time I painted a picture of The Virgin Mary using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



Pre-K group visits the Hop; is delighted by “Shitty Tits.”

Now Playing At the Nugget

Baby Geniuses II: Sudden Infant Revenge Syndrome



This classic, now playing at the Nugget, is notable for its technically masterful cinematography and its stirring plotline. Not for the faint of heart! I, J.A. Fox, recommend that families exercise



Saw VI: Oh Yes, There Will Be Blood

While blogging with my fellow film critics, I discovered that this film does not enjoy universal appreciation among our exalted brotherhood. Sadly, not everyone appreciates the delicate form—momentary as

To Kill a Mockingbird 3-D



Well, I haven’t gotten around to actually seeing this one yet, because I have a life. But I did some research online, kind of, and I read the book in middle school, so here goes: Expect jaw-dropping visual effects,

caution when taking small children to view this film, lest in your ecstasy of enjoyment you shake them roughly like tambourines or smother them with your tears like a satin pillow in a Bollywood film. Its universal messages about love, loss, and the isolation of power will leave you stunned and chilled for weeks—nay, lifetimes. If you die before seeing this film, it *SIRS* you right! —J.A. Fox

the grace of a melting snowflake—that can be found in many of *SAW 6*’s scenes. However, I am confident that all openminded viewers will find room for this film in the innermost sanctums of their cinema-adoring hearts, much like the series antagonist, Jigsaw, finds room enough for power tools in each of his victims’ hearts. They do some pretty original stuff with a leveler in this one. —J.A. Fox

including, but possibly not limited to the use of 3-D visuals. Also, there will be a protagonist and an antoginist and those characters will be locked in a conflict of some kind. If this director’s past films are any indication, you can expect the conflict to be resolved somehow by the end of the film, though it might very well not be. I’d go into more detail, but I wouldn’t want to spoil it for you. —Bo Tso

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 out 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. "Used to be a lot of people were suspicious of stem cells and the science gunk, but you bet your boots a lot of minds got changed today."

Dr. Mitch Landru, a scientist who observed the affair from his isolated observatory nestled deep in the surrounding forest, echoed Peterson's sentiments. "I've always been a big cheerleader for the use of stem cells in solving all sorts of real world problems, from leukemia to spinal cord

injuries to chronic friendlessness. Stem cells are there when you need them," said Landru. "I'm glad the boy is alright and I hope this gets more people to trust the use of stem cells in the future."

Already that goodwill is being manifested here in tiny Battleboro, a former lumber town now known as a quaint stopover for through-hikers and Dartmouth students who use Vermont Transit to get back to campus from New York. The mayor has already announced a local holiday, Stem Cell Appreciation Day, and a ceremony in which the stem cells will be awarded the key to the city has been tentatively scheduled for next week. The stem cell special, a burger with a hot dog and a fried egg and "a heaping helping of helpful slaw" is a new favorite at Mel's Diner.

Perhaps the biggest fan of the little cells that made a big difference is the victim, Timmy O'Finnigan. Speaking from his recovery bed at Burlington Memorial Hospital, O'Finnigan heaped praise onto his new friends. "When I first fell into that hole and broke my leg I thought I was a goner, but then the stem cells came and I told them, 'Stem cells, go get help' and they did," said Timmy. "I hope one day stem cells can help more people like they did me."

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 Xiaxing, manager of the Happy Special Delight Yum Yum Fun chemical plant, makers of the rat poison along with cosmetic products and Juicy-Juice, had committed suicide after his operation came under government scrutiny.

Workers at the plant described long, grueling hours and unsafe conditions that made it easy to mix things up on the assembly line. There is even speculation arising from documents found in the manager's office that the poison

was purposefully replaced by wheat gluten in order to make the product cheaper and more competitive in the international market.

In the U.S., where the recall is expected to affect some 90,000 consumers of rat poison, the FDA was quick to issue an all points bulletin that warned of

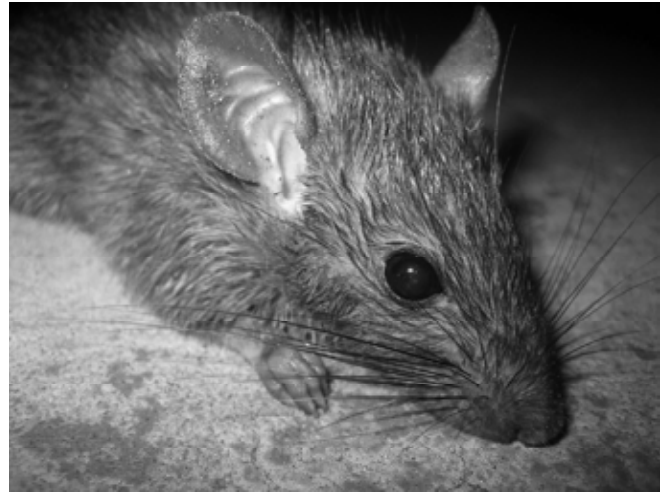
officials is the same: If it isn't a threat to anyone then it doesn't belong on American shelves."

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!"

Mei Wang, an official at the People's FDA, stressed that the faulty product violated ancient, mystical Chinese law as well as U.S. law and 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.

"Hands will roll!" added Wang. Chinese officials have admitted that the rush for companies to compete in the rapidly developing, globalized market has forced some to cut corners, but that most products manufactured in their country will still kill you. "Try the Juicy-Juice," said Wang.



A local expresses the potential impact of the recall on him and his family, then eats some garbage.

the lack of danger in using the product. Rat poison wholesalers were also encouraged to take the brand off their shelves.

"Rest assured that we won't allow these potentially harmless products to not endanger any domestic rodents any longer," said FDA public relations official, Dan Burnside. "Our message to local companies and Chinese

The Still North



Phil Major '10

I Feel Like...



Ian Scrutable '09

C. Everett.
C. Everett Koop.
Koop, Everett!

Koop!

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-Your friends at the D

Resourceful student turns DA\$H into easy cash

DA\$H from page 8

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 get in on the scheme. "It's one thing if it's just a drop in the bucket. I mean, I hardly ever even used my DA\$H after freshman year anyway," said Steiner. "But when potentially millions of dollars are 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 everyone!" The best thing, Steiner insisted, was that she would never have to pay the college back for the money she took. "I beat you, Dartmouth. Game, set, match," she said, before accidentally walking into a Hood sculpture and falling down the stairs.



Easy money, right at your fingertips.

Hop collapses, injuring no cool kids

By NATASDN UOFUOY
The Dartmouth Staff

Last Thursday evening, the Hopkins Center suffered a structural catastrophe when Spaulding auditorium dropped like a basket of lead into the Ensembles Department. The Ensembles Department, which occupies the footprint of space directly below Spaulding, was crushed: median ceiling height was reduced from ten feet to approximately eight inches. Luckily, according to rescue teams, no awesome people suffered injury or death.

"At eight last night, the DSO [Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra], the Barbary Coast Jazz Ensemble, the Dartmouth Chamber Singers and the Glee Club were all in or around the Hop music department," reports Hanover Chief of Police Nicholas Giaccone. "So they all died, yeah."

The nearby Hopkins Courtyard Café was left miraculously untouched by the collapse. "I heard this big rumble, and my girlfriend started screaming," says James Applestein '08. He and his friend 'Brick' Beauvais '09, both on the men's hockey team, were left shaken by the disaster. "We heard that a lot of people got pasted when the stage fell and crushed them," James shuddered. He didn't lose any close friends in the tragedy, but he did say that he "heard it was a lot of musicians and Asian kids." His friend Brick is also uninjured, but similarly shocked. "I learned that the roof is...heavy," he explained

to our reporter. "I had never really thought about that before." The campus can rest assured that all steaky guys in the Hop at that time were left unscathed by the disaster.

Those who survived the wreckage were horribly mangled, according to DHMC and the various emergency services which responded to the collapse. One student, Eustace Lee '11, was found nearly-strangled by the strings of his own cello. Another, David Brisket '10, was impaled on his friend's violin-bow. Now he is in stable condition, though mentally and emotionally distraught.

"Everyone I know is dead," Eustace told our reporter seventeen times. Following the events of last Thursday, Eustace is now officially the most uncool kid on campus. Previously a music major, Eustace has no idea what to do with himself now that the Ensembles Department is too shallow to admit his upright body. "I might go into medical testing," he mused. "Or begging."

Dartmouth Career Services is similarly concerned about David. "I don't know," said CS director Skip Sturman. "David going 'corporate whore' would be like a neutered ostrich offering itself to a dolphin. His case is going to be a challenge."

A few sorrowful hearts can be found across campus. "It's a real shame," said President Wright in his press conference Friday morning. "The cross-campus average GPA has just fallen by half a point. So...yeah." President

By IVAN SMELNIK
The Dartmouth Staff

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 smarmy, 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 Esterhauz '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 Esterhauz, 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 as 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 Esterhauz, 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.

Wright assured the gathered crowd, however, that this was not going to be a serious problem for the college. "What the hell do I care, anyway? I'm jumping this sinking ship. So long, suckers!"

President Wright went on, however, to encourage the assembled crowd to remain positive. "We are so lucky," he said, "that more were not injured. Most of the a capella groups are still okay, right?" Students attending his speech subsequently expressed confusion; many had come to the vigil and speech under

the misunderstanding that the Music Department had consisted entirely of a capella groups.

"What's a Jazz Ensemble?" cried out one confused onlooker. "Since when have instruments been allowed in the Hop?"

Many students left the vigil satisfied after learning that the Courtyard Café will continue to operate through to the end of this term. Others wandered off, stunned, for different reasons.

"Well, I'm getting over it," said concerned student Brenda Mokklesworth '09. "At first I

thought, 'gosh, am I finally going to be able to get into the Dodeces now?' But then I heard that they're all still alive. So, I've got some mixed feelings. I don't know. I need to be alone for a while."

Also killed in the collapse was obscure Jazz-Country-Western-Rock-Harpist Ethan Snickers, Thursday night's performer in Spaulding, and the attending audience of 358 elderly women. The town of Hanover will be holding auditions for new elderly performance-lovers at the end of the week.



The sudden destruction of the Hopkins Center does little to ruin the day of cool kid Trevor Lee '10.

Dartmouth Figure Skating Team does it again

By IAN FECTION
The Dartmouth Staph

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 Farber '09. "I think we've really outdone ourselves this time."

Responding to news that his 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 Smirnov '11 destroyed

the meteor by performing a perfect 10800° 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 Smirnov commented: "This recent success is amazing, especially after rescuing the Secretary-General of the United Nations." Smirnov



An image from the Hubble telescope shows Smirnov executing her earth-saving technique somewhere above the Dartmouth Bubble.

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 *The Dartmouth runs out of ways to say "Dartmouth loses"*

By WHAT'S HIS NAME
The Dartmouth Staff?

Dartmouth's first organized Fun Run was dubbed a complete failure by both organizers and participants after local resident, Richard Milhouse "Dick" Dastardly maimed 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 350 onlookers. "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 EMT. "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 some-

thing about a man who cackles maniacally and twirls his long, handlebar moustache that makes me 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 laughing or did it have emphysema?"

When the race began and all the runners except Dastardly tripped, apparently on a wire trap, race officials also became suspicious. Scrutiny on Dastardly was raised when officials discovered that one of the contestants had literally been burning up the track with a pair of rocket shoes. "By the time a witness came to us claiming Dastardly had set up a giant sheet of Acme fly paper we had had enough of his shenanigans," Binkley said.

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 roller without a license. When approached for comment, Dastardly referred local reporters to his dog, who incoherently mumbled, "sassafrastrassa rick rasterly!"

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 exist." The Dartmouth staff scoured Webster's, Roget's, and American Heritage thesauruses to no avail. Recent headlines include, "Dartmouth fails at Penn," "Dartmouth snatches defeat from

Middlebury," and "Dartmouth wins against Columbia...GOTCHA!"

"We've tried it all," Wentworth continued, "Lose, fall, slip, take a licking, trounce, whip, fizzle, even anti-triumph. We're just out of words."

The Dartmouth staff briefly considered turning to foreign languages for more words, or making up words. One such headline read, "Dartmouth Suffers Blorfees to Colgate," but was rejected because it "sounded stupid." The staff of The Dartmouth also suggested that the problem could be solved if Dartmouth "won a goddamn game." This solution was rejected as infeasible.

Wentworth ultimately decided to scrap the entire golf article. When The Dartmouth tried to reach the golf team for comment, they were at a "blorfees" 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 with nary 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 blaze 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 white-washing skill on their part, proved to be his undoing. When Sawyer went so far as to maintain that Dartmouth simply could not legally enter play, the students banded together and formed a team that was more than capable of dominating the field. Ben Danridge '10, front lineman and the stand-out MVP of the match, won praise for his excellent stroke and careful attention to detail from onlookers and even Sawyer. With no regulations for determining team size, the Dartmouth team only grew as more of the crowd

joined in the fray, eventually overwhelming the lone Sawyer.

"Well golly, fellas, I guess I'm just no match for you at all here now," said Sawyer, looking decidedly chipper despite his utter defeat. Soon afterwards, he handed his brush over to an eager new member of the Dartmouth team, symbolically admitting his inevitable defeat by forfeiting early. "You guys sure whipped the hide off a' me for certain! Guess I'll just wander off to the river with Huck and go on beaver huntin' and other disreputable activities for us loser-folk," he added before marching off with the local drunk's boy, a homemade fishing reel slung over his shoulder.

"That freckled kid talked a lot of smack, but we showed him," said Danridge, after helping to complete the entire wall in under



An artist's depiction of the win.

an hour. "Dartmouth showed that when it's called out, it comes out in force!" After a pausing to take in the scene, he added, "What matters is we won. We actually won! Whoooo!"

The victory gives the team an unprecedented record of 1-0

in the league. This probably puts them in standing for the tournament or something like that. I don't really know, since Sawyer told us most of the rules and he hasn't been seen since the game ended. Maybe Native American Joe chased him into the old quarry. Anything is possible with that rascal! Either way, this puts Dartmouth in a good position to take on Cornell next week in a chalkboard eraser-cleaning competition against the janitors. Competition is not expected to be particularly fierce, but that doesn't seem to matter to the Dartmouth players, whose newfound thirst for victories seems unquenchable.

"The Cornell Janitors told us that Dartmouth could never possibly clean all of their chalkboard erasers," said Danridge. "Well, we'll show them!"