

THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

Vol 1, No 3

September 2002

The Results Are Clear:

The Stouffer Tribune may have its moments, but humans and bots alike have nice things to say.

Here are some comments that the ST has received:

I had a dream about you...

-GA Lisa

He refused my offer. I don't get it.

-Don Corleone

James is the coolest guy I know.

-Matt Sklar

James is the smartest guy I know, and what an ass!

-Brooks Oppenheimer

He's cool as ice.

-Rob Van Winkle

201A

James is the father figure I've been searching for.

-Hot freshman chick

James is the father figure I've been searching for.

-Bud Selig

James is the best manager who has ever worked for me.

-Anne Mickle

James... obscure comic reference only me and Matt get...

-Tom

James is a role model for guys and a teen idol for beautiful women.

-Phil

Those 8 minutes were among the best of my life.

- Former GA Jen Felton

James is the real slim shady.

-Eminem

He's my inspiration. He's my personal Savior.

-Jebus

He plays *Patriot Games* with my mind.

-Tom Clancy

Because of James, Brooks doesn't have to sleep in C-section lounge.

-James

What a body! I am in complete *agree-al* with everyone else.

-George W. Bush

He's twice the pimp I am.

-Shover Robot

The problem will not go away: The trick is to admit that something is wrong...

By James Schneider

All college houses were not created equal. Born out of the jealousy of inequality is the fierce rivalry between Stouffer and Hill College House. Phil and Anne tried to keep the freshman from the undeniable truth, but passed on through the generations: here is one more piece of Stouffer lore. After conducting countless hours of exhaustive research, I wish to expose the truth, in the face of lies, cover-ups, and conspiracy.

“Stouffer College House comprises two buildings, Stouffer Hall and Mayer Hall. Built adjacent to the Quad in 1972, Stouffer is named for Vernon J. Stouffer, a 1923 graduate of Wharton. Stouffer Hall is divided into six connected sections of approximately 22 rooms each. Most rooms are singles, and all are fully carpeted and seasonally air-conditioned. Stouffer has its own computer facility, study rooms, piano, large-screen televisions with VCRs, a pool table and a foosball table. All of these facilities offer Stouffer residents the opportunity to work and relax close to home.”
(<http://stouffer.house.upenn.edu/>)

What Stouffer’s web site leaves out is the embittered Stouffer-Hill rivalry that ebbs from the building configuration, which dates back to time immemorial...well, immemorial for all but those keeping the rivalry under wraps.

“Hill College House is an internationally recognized architectural landmark. It was designed in 1958 by Eero Saarinen, who designed, among other buildings, the St. Louis Arch, the Kennedy Airport in New York and Dulles Airport in Washington, D.C. Hill’s rough brick surfaces and medieval appearance, complete with “drawbridge,” reflect Saarinen’s rejection of the Machine Age aesthetic adopted by earlier twentieth-century architects. In 1965, it was renamed to honor Robert C. Hill, a Wharton graduate (Class of 1889) and Penn trustee, whose generous bequest led to the purchase of the land on which Hill College House now stands.” “Separate but unequal” Hill proclaims.
(<http://hill.house.upenn.edu/other/history.html>)

In addition to the disparity of room sizes; namely, a “small” Stouffer single is the size of a Hill double, there is the matter of money. Whenever Wharton is involved, the key is cizzash. Everyone enjoys Stouffer food products, has seen the advertisements, and has heard of Stouffer. Robert Hill’s gift may have been generous, but when it comes to big-ticket donations...well, it’s just not gonna cut it, Bobby.

So, the initial creation of Stouffer College House left those at Hill writhing in pain, hoping to escape their desolate shared-room hellhole. Having been allowed to fester, because no one from Hill College House went on to become “something,” Hill students envy was deeply internalized, and the aftermath would not surface for years.

In 1995, a group of 11 Hill students made an incursion on Stouffer proper that will live on as a tale of infamy. Their task, to steal the Monet’s in D- Section lounge proved far too successful. Terrified, the steadfast Stoufferites put up pictures of locally famous Philadelphians, hoping to abate the onslaught. However, Hill’s hatred reigned supreme; Hill students broke into the DRL labs and made off with countless rodents and insects, unleashing them in Stouffer Hall. Our college house has never fully recovered. I am tired of accepting the hand that a group of miscreants dealt us. In Steering next Wednesday, I propose an incursion of equal severity on Hill house. Who is with me?

Quaker Football!!

For the last two years Penn had Gavin Hoffman, a Div IA Qb from Northwestern, and Kris Ryan, Penn's all time leading rusher. It was great to watch Penn slaughter teams and win thrilling comeback games en route to the Ivy title in 2000 and a single loss to undefeated Harvard last year.

So after losing the best quarterback and running back in Penn history as well as two thirds of the best defense in Division I AA, no one expected much from us this year. After a 52-21 trouncing of our perennial punching bag Lafayette, however, this year's squad is looking sharp. Rob Milanese is back and poised to break the all time receiving mark next game, and our defense is still deep and stifling.

For those of you who are uninitiated in Quaker Football, here's a quick lesson:



Touchdown! The Field Cry is sung after Penn scores in any way. Immediately after the song, fans chant "one, two, three, four ..." up to our point total followed by "we ... want ... more!". It is then customary to taunt the cheerleaders into doing that number of pushups and count along. You'll see.

Field Cry (to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,
She's my Annie and I'm her Joe,
so listen to my tale of "WHOA!"
"Any ice today lady?"
"No. F&*# You!"
Pennsylv, Pennsylv, Pennsylvania
Pennsylv, Pennsylv, Pennsylvania
Pennsylv, Pennsylv, Pennsylvania
Oh! Penn-syl-va-ni-a.

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Quaker Football Continued

End of Third Quarter: Students used to bring highballs to games and toast alcohol at this time. Unfortunately, that's no longer legal... so Penn students being clever as we are started bringing toasted bread and throwing it onto the field at this time. In order to clean up the mess, Engineering constructed its greatest accomplishment since ENIAC (the world's first computer) ... the Toast Zamboni!

* Note to freshmen: Do Not throw early! Please wait until the word “toast” is sung.

Highball

Drink a highball at nightfall, be good fellows while you may,
For tomorrow may bring sorrow, so tonight let's all be gay!
Tell the story of glory of Pennsylvania,
Drink a highball and be jolly-
Here's a *toast* to dear old Penn.

Victory! Ok, there's a story behind our Alma Mater and the lore goes like this:

In the early 1800s Penn, Yale, and Harvard were having a track meet. Before the meet started, the judges asked the captains what colors their schools would don. Yale wore Deep Blue, Harvard wore Crimson, and the captain from Penn said that we would wear the colors “of the teams we were about to beat” ...

The Red and Blue

By William J. Goeckel, 1896 and Harry E. Westervelt, 1898

Come all ye loyal classmen now, in hall and campus through.
Lift up your hearts and voices for the royal Red and Blue.
Fair Harvard has her crimson, old Yale her colors too,
But for dear Penn-syl-va-ni-a, we wear the Red and Blue.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Pennsylvania,
Hurrah! For the Red and the Blue;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! For the Red and the Blue.

Key Plays: When a very important play is about to happen, Penn students pull out their keys and jingle them showing their support.

Let's - Go - Penn – Exclamation Point: You've got to actually come Saturday and figure this one out for yourself...

Go Quakers! See you at Franklin Field,

- Andy Wilkowski, 238D

Official Penn song list: <http://dolphin.upenn.edu/~pracpenn/welcome/songs.html>

DINING: The only thing keeping us from #1 in US News & World Report
By Phil Nichols

When the College House System was created five years ago, the issue of dining was recognized as a critical issue that could not be resolved at that time. The issue seen by the creators of the College House system might be different than your issues with dining. You might be concerned with issues such as the quality of the food and what kind of meal plan to get. The people who created the College House system, on the other hand, were more concerned with how dining could be integrated into these nascent communities and how dining would enhance the experience of all people at Penn. That may sound a bit grandiose, but it might just be that you don't know what you are missing. And it does stand out that the three schools ranked above Penn in the incredibly accurate and scientific US News and World Report rankings all have long traditions of residential communities in which dining forms an integral part.

Stouffer used to have such a tradition, when we had our own dining room located in one of our buildings. It was great (if US News and World Report ranked University residential communities Stouffer would be ranked number one). You could go down to dining by yourself and not worry about finding someone to eat with. And in the course of a meal you could find out what was going on all over Stouffer and all over campus. Everyone was welcome because they all had Stouffer in common (and our student leaders have always been gifted at getting all sorts of people involved). It was also good because people who did not live in Stouffer -- such as House Associates and administrators and such -- could come and would know that would meet Stouffer people. When Faculty visited, they could be taken to dinner with the knowledge that there would be people down there for them to talk to. Indeed, Stouffer was often asked by the President's office or by the College House central office to host visiting dignitaries, because Stouffer's strong dining tradition was well known. Stouffer Dining, however, has closed and the tradition has taken a hit.

So, what to do about dining? Only two of the eleven College Houses have dining in their buildings. There are dozens of alternatives to dining within a few block radius. Many of the people at Penn do not even eat as families when they are home. It would be very easy to classify this as too challenging and not relevant. Penn, however, did not become one of the preeminent universities in the world by shirking from challenges. And notwithstanding the characterizations made by my good friend and fellow Stouffer person Jonathan Shazar, Penn's faculty and administrators do not think of Penn students as customers. They recognize that Penn students are amazing people who will shape what happens in our world, and concomitantly they recognize a duty to create an environment that will challenge and enhance those students and make them even more gifted and valuable members of various communities. It is a duty that universities such as Duke and Yale take on with an awkward grace and that Princeton takes on with braggadocio; it is a responsibility recognized by Penn.

So, dining remains a puzzle for Penn and for Stouffer College House. I have no answers; if I did they would make me the head College House guy or something. I have no answers, but I do have lots of friends and I would like to count you among them. So, let me know what you think, and how we can do this better. In the meantime, you might try eating in Stouffer's designated place once in a while, just to see if a critical mass can be generated.

And come to coffee.

STICK A FORK IN HER AND SHE WILL SURVIVE!

By Pam'tastic Schreier

My first official crisis away from home was handled well. I resisted all urges to pass out. I looked for help because I know it would not have come to me. I scared those who were meant to help but they pulled through in the end. Now for the stupid story and it is sad to say that knowing my history it is somewhat common for this type of thing to occur. The fork in my door is a cause of great stress at times. Although its use as a doorstep was a great suggestion, it is not an absolute solution. The fork bends and at times decides it does not want to support the weight of the door. Today was the fork's day to deviate from its chosen path as my doorstep. It let the door fall shut while I was sleeping, not necessarily a bad move. Later on, I thought it would be more social of me to leave my door open so I began the somewhat annoying task of reshaping the fork so that it would once again be comfortable supporting the weight of my door.

My wall is another source of stress. It likes to suck the fork in. There is a small space between the carpet and the brown rubber substance that lines the bottom six inches of my wall. The fork fits perfectly in this space. Well, today the fork was stuck. As I was testing possible positions for the fork to rest in, it became stuck in the wall. I pulled it out and my foot, more specifically my big toe, just happened to be in the way. One prong of the fork inserted itself into the small space that exists between my toe nail and my skin. This caused much pain. I looked down and there was a nice little trail extending three quarters of the way down my big toe nail. However, I needed to finish the job. Luckily, the fork had some sympathy and immediately found a comfortable position. As I sat on my floor, rocking back and forth in an effort to ward off the potential black out, I noticed that not only was there a trail but there was also blood. Blood was seeping out on all sides of the nail. At this point, I knew I needed help. I hobbled across the hall, Dave was on the phone. I was laughing because of nervous energy that was also making me shake. Although, he said he would be a minute, I just couldn't wait, so I went to see James. I think he was more scared than me. He offered the hospital but I didn't believe it was that serious. Instead, I made up my own mind to find some paper towels. Next, I went back to my floor. As I sat holding my toe, both of my previous attempts at help came through. I guess it took a minute for the whole ordeal to reach them but help arrived. I pretty much had the situation under control but it was good to know that someone was there to bring me back from my state of shock. I have recovered almost completely now. I fought off the urge to call my mom and have the great feeling of satisfaction of handling my first crisis.

Although small, this crisis gave me some sort of self confidence that I will make it here at Penn. I will survive.

Health Corner

By Noelle Shipman

Hi everyone. If you don't know already, I am the Graduate Associate on the Healthy Living floor in Mayer Hall. My primary goal for the year is to bring important health information into the college house, and I thought that a great way to reach everyone would be through the Stouffer Tribune. So...here I am! Not much to say this month, but I will be back each month with some really exciting stuff. Topics that will be covered include nutrition, sleep, fitness, stress, etc... If there is something that you are interested in knowing more about, and it relates to health, email me at nshipman@nursing.upenn.edu and I will try to work it into the newsletter.

For those who missed it, here is my contribution to 34th Street from the Sept 19th issue.

STUDENT RADIO AT PENN:

If A DJ spins and no one hears him, does he make a sound?

By James Schneider

I remember it very clearly. I was a freshman: I had butterflies in the stomach and sweaty palms, constantly clearing my throat while waiting for the big moment. No, it was not my first date. And, actually, there was nothing overtly sexual about the experience.

It was my first of two guest appearances on a WQHS radio show called *Delicious Pimpin'*, which was later renamed *Babble On*.

Two of my closest senior buddies broadcasted their prerogatives across the airwaves to a loyal audience of maybe a dozen. *Pimpin'* tips included such "party tricks" as "how to get a freshman quad chick into the sack" (2 cans of Schlitz and a shot of Popov) and mottos like "If it's good to you, it must be good for you." It was a rewarding experience, inasmuch as I liked the concept of being on the radio – even if only a couple of other Stoufferites were listening.

Nevertheless, the engaging radio personalities of Brett, "The Space Cowboy" and Dan, "The Gangster of Love" projected an air of success: Macedonians were listening; Interns were busy with the phones and fetching coffee; members of the Federal Communications Commission were bound and gagged in the closet.

Ironically, the FCC is responsible for the creation of WQHS. In the 1970's, the FCC took over the University's WXPB because it was "devoid of competent leadership" and created WQHS as a student-run radio station. But, far from having interns, coffee, or even listeners - much less in Macedonia - WQHS broadcasts from a tiny closet on Spruce Street.

"The people that are passionate about the station and their shows have to do a lot of their own work, which is rewarding, but at the same time, discouraging to new DJs," says College sophomore Daniel Ranier, a DJ at WQHS. "This semester we're hoping to reorganize to make the opportunity for someone to have a show more available." As promotions director this year, Daniel will be able to put his money where his mouth is. That is, if he can get into the building: administrative problems last year kept his Penn Card from being accepted there

Sure, the only listeners are friends of DJs, or word-of-mouth pickups, and becoming a DJ is not easy. But, for Ranier, and presumably all the DJs on WQHS, the experience is rewarding, and worth the hassle. "Of course I enjoy it," Ranier said, "I get to talk for two hours and play dope hip-hop. I went through training at the station and had the chance to share music I love with friends. But last year, at least, our listener base was basically limited to a small amount of people. The station was exclusively available on channel 2 of Resnet." Ranier also feels that "there are upsides to the radio station being low key at the moment. There is a greater opportunity for anyone interested to have a show."

The sound quality is poor at best. The programming is not that polished. But for a devoted few, their quest for self-expression outweighs the stagnating listening pool. When you've hit rock bottom, you can only go up, right?

End September - Mid October Birthdays

SEPTEMBER

Robert Harscheid (15)
David McMillan (17)
Shoji Ueki (18)
Kristina Cruz (20)
Piyawut Tantimekabut (22)
Jeffrey Watkins (23)
James Di Domenico (24)
Rachael Paz (26)
Alanna Strong (28)
Jonathan Leung (29)
Jodie Turner (30)

OCTOBER

Kita Scott (1)
Perry Jackson (2)
John Legarreta (2)
Martine Saterlee (3)
Natalie Ward (4)
Deepti Chauhan (5)
Kevin Galloway (5)
Mahendra Prasad (5)
Rodney Hameroff (10)
Tsz Kong (10)
Wim Celen (11)
Sonalee Majumdar (11)
Sebastian Carden (12)
Naeem Arastu (14)
Matthew Sklar (15)

Tell us what you have to say:

A wiser man than I once gave me the following advice: James, there is an 18-wheeler headed your way. You are sitting there waiting in traffic. You gotta do something, man. You can't just let the 18-wheeler hit you. You are afraid of going out into traffic, but you should just step on the pedal...floor it, hit the gas!

In the same vein, I would ask that you all head into traffic; really hit the gas. In other words, submit articles about anything that would be of interest to the Stouffer Community. I will print your stuff. Feel free to send me your stuff, so I don't need to do it all myself. Send anything and everything to Jschnei2@sas.upenn.edu.

- James Schneider, editor

Send all corrections and comments to Jschnei2@sas.upenn.edu