

THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

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Move over Goldfish, Your Arch Nemesis is Here

By Rachel Senturia

My first goldfish died a sudden death a few days after I bought it. He didn't even have a name. My second goldfish, Dorf, was tragically thrown to the floor by my ferocious, but adorable, cat, Juju-B. As if Dorf wasn't already in enough pain, my mom accidentally stepped on it as she went to dry the dishes. Even though I knew she screamed, I could only hear Dorf's last dying gasps.

To put it simply, I'm tired of having my fish die. I don't want to take another chance with a friend leaving me too soon. It has happened too often. Yet, perhaps a pet is just what I am looking for to spruce up my room and brighten my spirits.

Thus, I will opt for the next best thing: I will put my fish socks in a bowl of water. They may not be alive in the traditional sense, but spiritually, they're going to heaven. I figure they have evolved their cotton fibers to adapt to the wetness of the stormy fish bowl through countless machine wash cycles. The lucky few who have managed to not lose their other half, are the socks we humans proudly wear on our feet today. But alas, they don't belong on our stinky feet. Those fish socks deserve an environment of their own; a habitat of sorts; a government sponsored wildlife preserve.

Upon ruminating over my newfound friends, I discovered other benefits of having socks as pets. Fish socks don't need to be fed, and they don't need their water changed. Fish socks have no natural predators, so they can peacefully cohabitate with a variety of animals. Fish socks are also amphibians, enjoying their watery abode and the wonderful dryness of land. Vegetarian animal activists can take pride in these new pets because they can't be eaten! Indeed, fish socks are evolutionary geniuses. It's a wonder they haven't taken over planet Earth.

My fish socks names are Righty and Lefty, and they get along great. Sometimes I see them playing a game of "who can not move the longest". I think Lefty won after 5 days, 8 hours, and 32 minutes. It was a great match.

I admit, a fish sock will never be able to play Frisbee, or cuddle with me while I'm watching TV. But I'm willing to forgo those aspects that make "living" pets so enjoyable. Essentially, fish socks are eternal creatures. Never will I have to face the prospect of a dear pet, and friend, leaving me again. So my problems have been solved. Fish socks are the answer. Hooray!



THE HISTORY OF STOUFFER IS BUNK: THAT WON'T STOP THE TRIBUNE FROM PRINTING IT

By Mark Frazier Lloyd, Dir. University Archives and Records Center



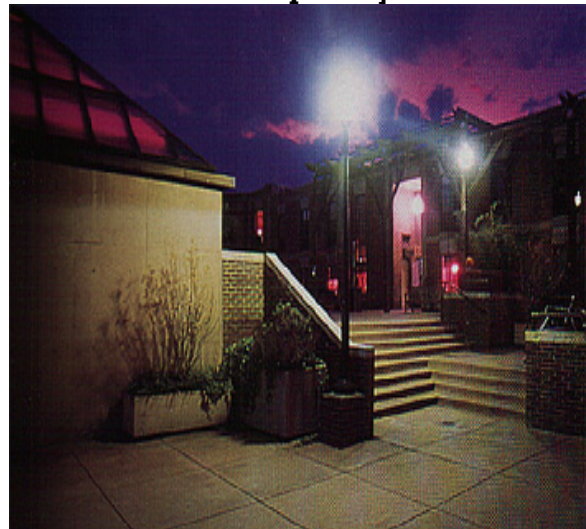
Fifty years ago, when trolleys still ran on Woodland Avenue, a Sunoco gasoline station stood on the southwest corner of Spruce and 37th Streets, across from Woodland from the Quads. By that time all eleven houses in the 3700 block of Woodland had been divided into apartments and profitably leased to the ever-growing number of Penn students. The Newton Grammar School, on the other side of 38th Street, stood higher than the houses. All of that was soon to change.

In 1957, after six years of construction, a new trolley tunnel was completed and Woodland Avenue was closed to all vehicular traffic. Penn also prevailed on Philadelphia's city planners to close 36th, 37th, 39th and Locust Streets, simultaneously buying up land on the west side of 38th Street and turning it into a four-lane highway. The Newton School was demolished and in 1963 the School of Veterinary Medicine built the Rosenthal Building, which still stands on the southwest corner of 38th and Spruce.

Stouffer College House was known as the Men's Dormitory Triangle when the University Trustees authorized its construction in September 1968. The contractors' bids, however, all came in much higher than the proposed budget. This forced the Trustees to scale their plans back. They took out of the plan, for example, a bowling alley proposed for the basement. Meanwhile Vernon J. Stouffer (B.S. in Econ., 1923), founder of the Cleveland-based "heat-and-eat"

Stouffer Foods Corporation, pledged half a million dollars towards the cost of the new residence hall. The Trustees immediately voted to name the building for him (trivia quiz for baseball fans: in addition to his frozen-food company, what other ownership made Stouffer famous?). Construction moved very slowly, however, and it was not until September 1972 that the building was dedicated, with Stouffer and several of his friends from the Class of 1923 present.

Stouffer's first faculty master was Joseph Bordogna, Professor of Electrical Engineering, who later became Dean of the School of Engineering and Applied Science and then, in 1999, Deputy Director and Chief Operating Officer of the National Science Foundation, one of the largest Federal agencies that supports pure and applied research in the physical sciences through grants and contracts. Here's wishing to your current faculty masters, deans, and fellows that they will advance as far as Joe Bordogna. **[Bud Selig, Stouffer Tribune reporter]**



GUESS WHAT? HUMANS DON'T WALK ON THEIR KNUCKLES WHY BIPEDALISM IS MY RELIGION AND HUMANITIES ARE BETTER

By James Schneider, a very bipedal yoman and humanities major

Walking on two legs does a human make. Surely taken for granted by non-anthropologists, but important nonetheless; humans are defined by their bipedality, not by their brain size. More important than that is to know that humans are an evolutionary blip not the final destination. Enough rhetoric, here's an article about why SAS humanities are just as valid majors as Wharton and Engineering ones, if not more so. Hopefully everyone can read this. Wink, wink.

Wharton sucks. The Wharton school attracts the finest students bar-none, but it does not create fully-functioning individuals. Sure, you are smart and have done well in school – at least until you started pledging – but, your education is not full. More concerned with maintaining a high GPA than actually learning anything, Whartonites take “science” classes like Nutrition – which is offered through the Nursing school (Don't get me started). Whartonites also look for something fun, that they don't have to work hard to get an A in, say like Anthropology, Psychology, English, you know something I might take. A prominent Wharton sophomore helped confirm my beliefs. Bret Sanner felt that “In terms of dealing with world issues, they do not care. Basically, if the people that live somewhere might bounce a check, it's not worth dealing with them. In terms of competitiveness, the place is like walking little-man syndrome. Essentially, your best friend will cut your throat for an A and then brag about his scholastic achievement. If you graduate from Wharton, there are three career options: I-banking, consulting and stuff no one really cares about, and that's the stuff that adds utility to the world and makes it a better place. And, another pet peeve of mine is that 70% major in finance and they can justify spending \$300 dollars for a Gucci handbag.”

Engineering sucks too. While it's true that some of the University's finest minds reside within SEAS, friends' testimony leads me to my conclusion. Engineers spend their days sleeping in class and nights frustrated by ungodly hours of homework. Reading and English skills are deemphasized to the point that only Stouffer engineers can still write coherent sentences. And, still they are markedly less gifted than before they took classes at Penn. Top students achieve test scores in the mid 60's at best. The testing method ensures that some engineers scamper into the College and safer realms, and clearly demarcates the good and bad students by enormous standard deviations. Perfectly easy grading for teachers, yet, there is a big problem here. It would seem to me, a helpless non-scientist, that miscalculations in the realms of physics and engineering overshadow those in other fields. And, since engineers are so concerned with the “real world,” shouldn't forming precise and near-perfect calculations be an enforced part of the curriculum. After all, shuttles and roller coasters are dependent on your ability to get the significant digits.

No one cares about Nursing, even the Tribune. *That's a lie!* According to My News and World Report, Penn boasts the number one nursing school in the country. Nice work! [Wharton Student David, Engineer G. Attaca at Moore Nutritionist Expert]



WHY YOU SHOULD NEVER EVER GAMBLE

Ping Pong or Decorations: Steering Sucks

By Mark “Shrew” Tyson

Since the Christmas decorations are still visible, to some extent, in F section, I thought I would take up a small gallop poll concerning them. The overwhelming view upon Stouffer residents was perfectly summed up by Steve ‘I quit Gambling’ Jacobs. “I celebrate Christmas, so they are kinda nice – but they aren’t necessary.” Of course, Christmas can be substituted with Hanukah or Kwanzaa – but I digress.

In the midst, of this article – Steve said again, [11:20pm] “I can’t go [to Atlantic City], I quit gambling.” This comment alone shows that Steve prefers the Ping Pong table.

But – back to the gallop poll. Those in favor of the Ping Pong Table: 6*. Those in favorite of the ‘Holiday’ Decorations: 0. I know many of our great steering leaders will be quite shocked at the small sampling of Stouffer in the poll, however, if you really have something to tell me – come to 266F this Tuesday at 9:00.

Facts: Ping Pong Owns. [11:24 pm] “I lost \$320 on that f***ing Ping Pong table” - Steve

More Facts: No one lost any money from the holiday decorations [**except Steering**]. [11:25 pm] “What a shame, the decorations are gone.” “Let’s transfer to Egg Harbor College so we can gamble more in AC” - Ace

Back to the Debate: All 6* of us love the Ping Pong table – and no one has emailed me about how great the decorations *were*.

Again – Thank You Steering! We Love You!

Also – please see the picture below to see what great things have resulted from ping pong gambling losses.

*Name available upon request. Please email what@sas.upenn.edu



2003 Storage Policy Should Be Read If... You Think Having the Name Kevin is Boring

By Kevin Galloway

Dear readers, if you are returning to the Stouffer community next year please continue reading.

As you may know, Stouffer offers free summer storage to all returning Stouffer and Mayer residents. Let me restate that so there is no misunderstanding. Free storage is a privilege offered only to RETURNING residents.

Last year was my first time running storage for move out. There were things that went well and some not so well. My hope is to communicate to you some of the new storage policies and remind you of some old ones, so that move-out will be easy for everyone.

Unlike past years, there will be a box size limit this year. There were too many times that people found the biggest box they could and stuffed everything in it. It's not a bad idea. But, if you can't lift it or fit it on the storage shelf, then we have a problem. To help everyone meet this requirement, Anne Mickle will be ordering boxes, which will be sold at cost (approx. \$2 each, with dimensions 26"x18"x13") in the house office, and at the Stouffer front desk. Only boxes for your computer/TV or boxes smaller than the box limit will be allowed into storage. So please do not make me be mean.

This year I will also have a list of returning residents. If you are not on the list, I will deny you access. If you have a problem with this, or there has been some sort of error, you must clear it up with Anne.

Every year one of the popular questions is "Can I store stuff for other people?" The answer to that question is that I strongly discourage it. The reason being, storage is a privilege given to returning residents. If we allow non-residents to store their belongings, then there will be less space for returning residents.

About a week before reading days, I will be setting up a page on the Stouffer website which will include all of the material discussed above, some additional procedures/information, and storage hours. Please look at this site first before you email me with any questions. If you still have questions after visiting the website, feel free to e-mail me at kcg@sas.upenn.edu. Thank you.

~Kevin C. Galloway
Facility Manager

SMALLEST TRIBUNE EVER...ALMOST!

WHATEVER YOU THOUGHT, YOU DIDN'T REALLY

Good work everybody. If you can read, then I hold you personally responsible. Distressingly that means that I hold myself responsible about every two hours. In the one year that the Stouffer newsletter has been under my watch, we have never reached these lows. Coming out every three weeks is by no means the worst thing this newsletter has endured; some might say it's a blessing in disguise. The Stouffer Tribune was almost less than six pages. (But, even more than that, I've been busy with actual work. Oh, sweet Jesus.) But, you still have no real excuse. I want to see the whole college house contributing to this. By insulting Wharton, SEAS, and Nursing someone must be offended. So, do yourselves a favor and email Jchnei2@sas.upenn.edu with articles or whatever whets my appetite. Fo shizzle you bizzles! No, really, fo shizzle you bizzles!!!

Before and after submitting to the Tribune...well, you get the idea.



3rd/4th Month Bearing-of-Child Days That End in Day

MARCH

James Houston (15)
Andrew Wilkowski (15)
Eugenia Wu (15)
Lynn Huang (16)
Jonathan Kaufman (16)
Mahesh Muthu (17)
Richard Eisenberg (20)
Karen Tom (20)
Jacqueline Bodley (23)
Victoria Lika (24)
Peter Christodoulou (25)
Sudeshna Dutta (29)
Jason Smith (29)
Alyson Waxman (29)
Lauren Waxman (29)

Howard Lopez (30)

APRIL

Scott Graham (1)
Amanda Kowalski (2)
Rebecca Berkowitz (3)
Sourabh Sharma (6)
Megan Collins (7)
Wei Zhu (9)
Sara Shiroza (10)
Lilia Lakhtman (12)
Mavis Li (12)
Sara Rabold (12)
Matthew Valenti (12)
Andrea De Nunzio (13)
Jonathan Press (13)