



THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

Volume 5, Issue 3

October 15, 2004

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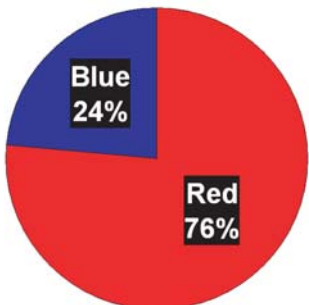
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Full Coverage of the Knob Scandal in the Next Issue



RANDOM NONSENSE POLL QUESTION

If our school colors got into a fight, who would win?



PREPARING FOR 43+ YEARS OF SUCK

Acerbic as always, this is my 'A Day in the Life'

By: James Schneider, C'04 and Stoufferite For Life

It's long and it's hard.

Oh, well, that is too, now. Better cover that up. Thanks for noticing, though. No, people, I'm talking about my work day.

You know that taste that sours your throat on days of 8:30 exams? It is an especially ironic sensation since you were smart enough to schedule classes after 2 p.m. Yeah, that was fun. Well, now that I've grown up and entered the real world, that is an unending sensation.

Is this normal? Am I alone? Was office space just a funny movie about no-talent ass-clowns, underachievers and the latter's ability to score with Jennifer Anistan? Yes, no and a resounding no.



It's really ridiculous sometimes. I get to my cube early, not cause I'm a big workfan, but cause I hope to steal a few minutes of completely free time before I'm made to do copies. Because I just walked for 25 minutes from Penn Station and don't feel like wandering anymore. And, because I'm stupid, I guess.

Predictably, right as I think I'm in the clear; i.e., I can walk to my desk without being forced to do anything profoundly ridiculous, my supervisor walks towards me from seemingly out of nowhere. Whaaaaa? Where did she come from, thin air? Ridiculous.

My job is supposed to start at 9:30. Meanwhile it's 9:08 and I'm making 1000 copies on letterhead, scratching my head and my nuts at the situation.

Now, very much like office space, I do about 15 minutes of real work all day. This is not exactly work that a monkey could do, but it's not exactly much harder than spelling your name. So, let's just say a very intelligent monkey could scrape by.

I get the false sincerity from every toothy "thank you" and every "Oh, I really appreciate that. Thanks." Really, I do. But, if you are actually that excited by my ability to hand you a stapler, well, my friend, you should be tarred and feathered, shot, lit on fire, hung, crucified and beheaded. Wait, what was I thinking?

Now, I don't have a prestigious, well-paying or good job, but I am employed and that says something. It says that if you squander almost 200,000 of your parents' dollars, then, one day, if you are really really lucky, you will make \$5 an hour to make photocopies for people who got to go to college for free.

Wait, that's just me.

Am I bitter? No. I'm just using as much Jim Beam mouthwash as I can. And somehow the taste will leave my mouth.

Stouffer News Briefs
Pages 3 and 4



Add stouffertribune
to your AIM buddy list
Join the Stouffer Tribune
facebook group!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Once again, no one wrote me any e-mail. Fine. So, I'm going to take conversations that I have had and pretend that they were e-mailed to me

Dear Corey,
You need a new poll for the "nonsense poll of the week".
Thanks,
Rafael Garcia

Dear Corey,
You left me out of the last Tribune for people who are athletes. I am clearly an athlete as I play ultimate frisbee and I am captain of the ski team. Also, I do greco-roman wresting in my spare time and I can make a mean reuben sandwich.

Chow,
Julie Herman
P.S. You better mention me in the next Tribune or else I will whack you with my skis.

Corey,
It's 2am and the power is out in Stouffer right now. Let's get candles and do finance homework.
~Lior

STUFFER BY THE NUMBERS



- 36** Points that the co-ed rec flag football team scored in the team's second shutout
- 15** People who actually wrote something for this Tribune, a Stouffer record
- 6** Times, in a row, that Sowmya asked Corey if he was listening to The Dave Matthews Band while he was making this issue of the Tribune
- 5** Number of toilets that were deemed to be "clogged" in official testing done by the Stouffer Toilet Commission
- 1** More line to fill space

EDITOR'S RANT

I Love Snapple Lime Green Tea

By: Corey Hulse

So here we go again. Yet another issue of the best publication in Stouffer College House. Since it's the only one I guess by default it's the best. But then again that would make it the worst. It would be the mean, median, and mode. Yay for algebra! So yesterday I bought a whole case of Lime Green Tea Snapple from Houston Hall on my Dining Dollars. Brilliant. This stuff is like a taking a lime and biting down hard. Wonderful. So, Yankees or Red Sox? That's the big question on everyone's mind. I say the Red Sox because I'm a Mets fan and I don't see them making the playoffs anytime soon, so we'll go for anyone who hates the Yankees. Oh look, I'm almost out of space for this issue. Um...well... thanks for listening.

THE STUFFER TRIBUNE

The Stouffer Tribune is a bi-weekly publication created by the residents of Stouffer College House that is delivered fresh to your door every other Tuesday. But actually, it's been three weeks yet again. I think it's now going to be tri-weekly. Oh, and this issue was delivered on a Friday because I had midterms this week. I've scratched the idea of having Tribune Meetings because quite frankly I don't have that kind of time. I'll just continue to e-mail the list-serve non-stop. Join our facebook group. Please.

Communications Manager
Corey "Feel The Pulse" Hulse, W'07
Communications Manager Emeritus
James Schneider, C'04

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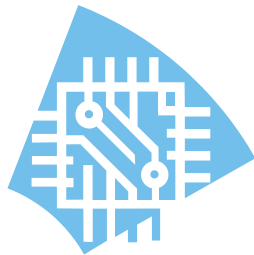
STOFFER NEWS BRIEFS

Make Sure To Wash In Bleach To Get That Lemony-Fresh Smell

Witnesses last week say they saw an unidentified student playing basketball by himself on the Stouffer patio during the remains of Hurricane Jeanne last Wednesday. Some say he was wearing a bathing suit and muttered comments to himself about "getting in shape for the intramural season". Kevin Lau, C-Unit resident, told the Tribune that "he was making a lot of noise, so I threw eggs at him from my second story window". Witnesses say Kevin is lying through his teeth because the trajectory and the angle of the egg toss were simply impossible to achieve, but authorities insist no foul play was involved. The student in question was last spotted at the fire drill Tuesday night, but after he admitted that he was the one who pulled the fire alarm, he was never seen alive again. - Akpsi Man

Students Fight In The Lounge. After the football season opener and well after most good Stoufferites had gone to bed, strange noises were heard coming from the A-section lounge. It seems as though an unruly bunch of teens had gathered at the scene to dispute differences that had come up earlier in the evening. One A-section resident said that it was a "free for all" at times, but at other times it seemed more like a team battle. The resident also reported that the alliances were hard to distinguish and even appeared to be changing. It appears that in the end the teens were able to settle their differences and abandon their hardcore fighting ways. Pictures of the event were taken but due to the graphic nature of the photos they have been held from release by the FCC. - Jerrick LoVerme

A message from College House Computing: When connecting to new or unknown ports, be sure to use protection - use a firewall! Without a firewall, one may contract harmful viruses that are embarrassing and hard to deal with. Be safe and remember to get tested before connecting to anyone else. You can still spread them even if you don't know that you have them and ruin someone else's experience. - Jerrica LoVerme, ITA Expert



Blot on Mayer history finally eliminated. The puke stain on the wall of the third floor has finally disappeared. The stain had been at large for several days, during which time officials were unable to ascertain the purpose or precise origin of the stain. An anonymous resident from the other end of the hall commented, "Goddamn." - Rebecca Berkowitz



Gynarchical pupae found. Observers have sighted a number of immature life forms incubating in Penn dormitories. They may be found individually or in a group, but are always found in groups in and near bathrooms. They appear to be normal female Penn freshmen, but upon close inspection will hit you with their Gucci bag and run away with a boy in a popped collar. They generally lack individual motive and have also been known to wear makeup to the gym. Over the course of four to five months, they will mature into "sorority girls." So far no one has contacted Facilities Services about the issue, though Marty says, "Cockroaches? Whatever! These are a much bigger... uh... concern." - Rebecca Berkowitz

Disproportionate number of Turkish and Greek people living in Stouffer College House. Haven't you noticed? It seems kinda weird. Especially given the history. - Rebecca Berkowitz

We have received multiple reports that a girl, who goes by the codename G, has been stripping during random weekend nights when she goes a little "crazy." No one quite understands what makes her decide that it is time to strip, but she will randomly decide that she should no longer be wearing her shirt, or even her pants. Its a mystery to all of us here at Stouffer, but if you see a naked girl running around anytime just stop her and see if you can play detective and figure out what sets off this sort of behavior. For those of us who have witnessed the event more than once, we are starting to understand what leads up to the stripping, but we fail to comprehend the motivation behind it. So keep your eyes open for a naked or partially naked G because we need everyone's help to solve this mystery. - Jonathan Pruchansky

MORE STOFFER BRIEFS

Or Boxers. Or Boxer-Briefs.

What's the new craze at Stouffer? Is it 2 am cramming? Is it 3 am fire alarms or 2 am games of flashlight tag? No it's Ping-Pong! Yes Ping-Pong is now the unofficial "study break" of Stouffer College House. Numerous students have been spotted playing Ping-Pong into the wee hours of the morning in the F-section "Game Room". But why? Class work and studying for exams at Penn can be boring and exhausting. So why not take a break from midnight cramming to go grab a friend and play a few rounds of Ping-Pong. What better way to get your mind off of those boring pre-med books or those impossible statistics problems then to smack the heck out of a little plastic ball with hopes of hitting the other side of a table, or your friend. Ok, so you're that stereotypical Ivy League student who is real smart but was always the kid in high school gym who got beat by every freshman girl in every sport. Who cares! Ping-Pong requires no athletic talent to play, even Steven Hawking can play and he has myotrophic lateral sclerosis for heaven sakes. So the moral of the story is, forget studying, play Ping-Pong. Everyone's doing it - Dylan McGarry, B-Block

While attempting to finish five pages of plagiarism and rambling, I set the fire alarm off at 3 am Wednesday morning when I chain smoked three packs of Marlboro Red cigarettes in my room. The situation, which at first was marked with cussing and mumbling, really turned out for the best when everyone finally met that kid with a mustache from D section. See kids, 3 am isn't just for vampires, and smoking isn't bad for you. - Peter Long, Stouffer B-Section

At 3am the other morning when the fire alarm went off in Stouffer, the Red Phone in Mayer 613 went off. The Mayer 6th Floor Rescue Response Team was put into action, but given that all of Mayer was asleep except for Ben Taylor, he was the only one to react to the situation. The temperature was measured at 52 degrees that night, but given that he was only one man, he only brought over one blanket to the freezing cold residents of Stouffer. He decided to give the blanket to Julianne Heugel, stating that "Have you ever seen that knob she has in her room to change the AC settings? It's sweeter than molasses." The rest of Stouffer's residents were angered that there were not enough blankets so they threw cow pies at Ben. - Staff Report



Hey Sweetie,

Just letting you know that I found a piece of poop on the floor in our bathroom. It looked kinda old. Old poop. Secondly: the pink soap may have medicinal purposes if consumed in small quantities.

Thirdly: Yesterday I saw a small, peculiar man trying to pet a squirrel on the patio. Smiling and coaxing it with some food, the squirrel drew nearer. The man looked so happy-- until the squirrel bit him. He then proceeded to kick the squirrel and scream curse words at it. The squirrel walked away unfettered. Lesson: squirrels and small peculiar men are very prevalent on the Penn campus.

Love, Alex Erdos

HOUSE *office*

NOW OPEN!

D-Section Stouffer

Hours:

S 11-11 | M 2-11 | T 11-11 | W 2-11

R 11-11 | F 11-7 | S 11-7

\$1 Movie Rentals

\$1.30 SEPTA Tokens

Stamps

Snacks

Fun

CHEAP MOVIE RENTALS! TITLES:

2001: A Space Odyssey 8 Mile A Few Good Men A League of Their Own Air Force One All About Eve American Beauty Austin Powers Austin Powers: Goldmember Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me Being John Malkovich Big Daddy Big Lebowski Black Hawk Down Blade Runner Boiler Room Bottle Rocket Braveheart Bridge on the River Kwai Brotherhood of the Wolf Caddyshack Casablanca Chappelle's Show (1st season) Chinatown Citizen Kane Count of Monte Cristo Dr. Strangelove Dumb and Dumber E.T./1982 release E.T./2002 rerelease Edward Scissorhands Empire Strikes Back Forrest Gump Glory Gone with the Wind Goodfellas Goonies Graduate Grapes of Wrath Grosse Pointe Blank Hoosiers It's a Wonderful Life Last Samurai Lawrence of Arabia Maltese Falcon Mona Lisa Smile Moulin Rouge Mr. Deeds Notting Hill O Brother, Where Art Thou? October Sky On the Waterfront One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest Patriot PCU Princess Bride Psycho Rain Man Return of the Jedi Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves Rollerball Rudy Scarface Shawshank Redemption Shrek Singin' in the Rain Sleepless in Seattle Some Like It Hot Something's Gotta Give Sound of Music Star Wars Sunset Boulevard Swingers Tears of the Sun Tootsie Top Gun Under the Tuscan Sun Usual Suspects Wet Hot American Summer Willow Wizard of Oz Zoolander

MUTANT GERMAN RATS FOUND IN MAYER!

Rats Confused With Penn Students

by: Sonu Mishra and Kita Scott

Two giant grey rats were found by the residents of room 241, Mayer Hall, on Friday. Kennedy John, College '06, says he saw them taking out the trash. "I bent over the trashcan to tie up the bag, and something caught my eye. Then I realized what I was really looking at was a huge paw!" John says he looked he up and caught the eye of a towering 8' rat. "Its whiskers reached to the door," adds roommate Jefferson Thomas (Wharton '05). "And its right forepaw was the size of my abdomen!"



The rat introduced itself to the students as Johann Bergenstein from Berlin. He was soon joined by his wife Maria, who appeared in the doorway of what the students had until now believed to be the bathroom. "Good thing we hadn't cleaned it yet," remarked John afterwards. "They may not have had their rabies vaccines."

It is uncertain what is to become of the rats. Though John and Thomas express their willingness to continue living with the rats, the housing department of the University of Pennsylvania feels a certain amount of reservation. "It's squatting," said department head Van Buren Martin. "However friendly and unusual these rats may be, they've got to pay rent, or find some place else to live." Even more serious is the question of citizenship. Should the rats be deported to Germany, or should they be allowed to remain in the USA? Bergenstein explains that he and his wife were just normal rats when they came over. "We only became...like this after we arrived," he argues. "We were just rats before, and the government does not deport illegal rat aliens. It is only since our arrival in the USA that we have become human-like. Thus we were, in a sense, born here. We deserve birthright citizenship." The Bergensteins refused to comment on their status as residents of Mayer Hall.

If the Bergensteins are to be deported, however, it must be done soon. Maria Bergenstein is expecting a litter within the next few days; if the young rats are born here, they will have birthright citizenship, and the Bergensteins will be allowed to remain in the US and raise their young.

Official C-Section Mouse-Catching Tally

Rafael Garcia-1 | Lu Zheng-1 | Corey Hulse - 2

**DYLAN
McGARRY
(B-Block)
ZEN
THOUGHT
OF THE
WEEK**

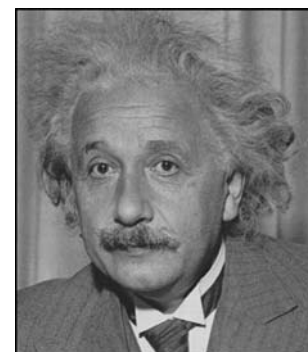


"I can picture in my mind a world without war, a world without hate. And I can picture us attacking that world, because they'd never expect it."



**ALBERT
EINSTEIN
QUOTE
OF THE
WEEK**

"There is only one road to human greatness: through the school of hard knocks."



STUFFER INTRAMURAL SCORECARD

SPORT	TEAM	RECORD	NEXT GAME
Male Flag Football	Frozen Dinners	(3-1)	Wed, November 3rd, 7:00 pm
Co-Ed Flag Football	Burninators	(2-0)	Tues, October 19th, 8:30pm
Male Soccer	Stouffer Tsunami	(0-2)	Sun, October 17th, 10:45 am
Female Soccer	Stouffer Stars	(0-1)	Thurs, October 14th, 7:45 pm
Co-Ed Soccer	Stouffer Shots	(0-1)	Sun, October 17th at 11:30 am

ANNUAL STUFFER HOMECOMING BBQ



**this saturday
starting @ 11am
stouffer patio
PENN VS.
COLUMBIA**

TO OUR DEAREST FRIEND, THE REFRIGERATOR:

Cristina Merkhofer

O great Gibson Frost Clear fridge,
what delights dost thou have in store today?

Thy opaque white plastic shelves-
divine white plastic shelves-so well-stocked with
Heinz Ketchup (Dubya? No way!),
French's Yellow Mustard, creamy PB
(who eats crunchy anyway?),
Hershey's Chocolate Syrup (for late night
cravings), and the infamous
Wawa macaroni salad (which should
probably be eaten soon-
expiration date: 10/19/04).

O great energy saver,
how canst I repay thy frigid service?
I'm forever indebted
to thy sheltering embrace, as my food
doth rot without thy mighty
clasp! But hark! What's that? Thou whispereth of
Liz's Wawa chili
(date: move-in), the dozen eggs (move-in yet),
Catie's leftover salad
from two weeks past, still more mysterious
smells wafting from the plastic
container of juicy brown romaine from
date unknown. Oh my! And that
six-pack from the first week...slim fast, that is.
(Who knew it was possible
to be even more flavorless than the
Aquafina water on
the top shelf? Well, we're shelling out forty
grand for a worthwhile cause, eh?)

How nobly thou leanest upon
that folded remnant of a Pepsi box,
O my hero! How patient
thou art with the dish towel-bearing magnets
that are forever sliding
to thy tipsy base-excuse me, tipsy
no longer-but nevertheless
thy base wouldst play south to our magnets' north.

O great Gibson Frost Clear fridge,
how lost we would be without thy loy'lty!

THE TRIBUNE SENDS CONGRATS:



Reuben Asia Aditya Humad Brandon Coo

**Winners! Annual
Stouffer 3-on-3
Basketball Tournament**

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

**FULL COVERAGE OF THE
AC/HEATER KNOB SCANDAL**