



THE STOUFFER TRIBUNE:

The Voice of the Residents of Stouffer College House

Volume 8, Issue 5

April 30, 2006

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HAVE A NICE TRIP

By: Phil Nichols

It is kind of a strange time in Stouffer. Annex, Mayer and Stouffer Hall, people are either getting ready for finals, taking finals, or laughing because they are done with finals. And underneath all of that people are getting ready to leave. Some people are leaving for the summer, some are leaving Penn; other than Loki and a few people Stouffer is going to be relatively empty for the next few months. I cannot begin to describe how much we will miss you: you guys are the heart of Stouffer and without you it is just a collection of building separated by a busy intersection.

I hope that you have an excellent summer. And I hope that you had an excellent year. Summer is nice because it is a break from Penn, but don't forget that Penn is nice because it is a break from the world. The world is an amazing and truly excellent place, but where else will you ever live in close proximity with three hundred people hand picked to be among the most outstanding students in the country (remember all that stuff that they said about you when you were admitted)? When else will you have events thrown at you, people begging you to have dinner with nationally prominent speakers, subsidized events? Where are you going to find an unending supply of quizzo and bad movies? And so many people who genuinely care? And horrendous movies? Really awful movies?

Thank you GAs, and House Managers, and Beth and Sean and Litty and Ev. Thank you Michele. Thank you ITAs. Thank you Derek and Julian. Thank you Steering. And people who helped. But most of all, thank you, reading this issue of the Tribune. Everyplace in the world is interesting, and there really is no place like home, but you have helped to make Stouffer a really interesting home away from home. I cannot wait to see you again in the Fall.

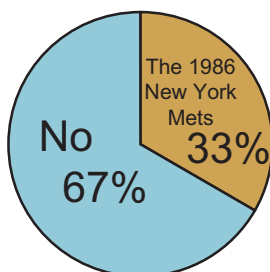
Is it the Shoes?
 Monster Jam!
 He's on Fire!

THE TRIBUNE: HAVE SOME DELICIOUS PIE!



RANDOM NONSENSE POLL QUESTION

We asked three people in the Mayer Computer Lab: Do you read the Tribune?



Little Wolf Rants On...
 The New NHL
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MAGIC EYE
 CONTEST
 Page 8!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emily Buzzell shares some fun anagrams with us:

You can't spell "Phil Nichols CHAS" without "posh chinchillas."

You also can't spell "Corey Hulse is fantastic" without "fanatic's lousy heretics."

"Michele Grab" can't be spelled without "rich, able gem."

"James Kania rules" can't be spelled without "I am a sensual jerk." "James kania is wonderful" can't be spelled without "major and unwifelike ass." Man, I can't get a complimentary anagram for this guy.

"Ben Taylor rules" can't be spelled without "Really! True snob." Ok, that's mean.

Unfortunately for Andrew Hill, the designer of our t shirts, "we're so money" can't be spelled without "morose weeny." Aha, we have a new motto: "Stouffer. Morose weeny, and you don't even know it!"

I tried in vain to find anagrams for the other cool people in Stouffer, but I ran out of patience.

And just to make things fair, "Emily is really awesome" can't be spelled without "Well! I am a slimy eyesore."

EDITOR'S RANT

Good Talk, See You Out There...

By: Corey Hulse

It's the last issue of the semester and I'm going to go on a quick rant about Hey Day. For the most part, I had a fantastic time. Except for the fact that I got hit in the back of the head with a tomato that was harder than a softball and I smelled like a mix between vomit and Hamburger Helper. Seriously, I know we like to have fun at this institution of higher learning, but it's stuff like irresponsible hazing makes me question the true intelligence of some of our peers. That aside, I've been rather nostalgic about the past three years and I'm sad that my time at Penn and Stouffer is going by so quickly. I have a lot of fond memories of all of my good friends, copious amounts of cookies, taking naps in the hammock, and hearing people get it on in the communal showers. Congrats to all of the graduating seniors, and I'll hopefully see the rest of you right back here in Stouffer next year.



THANK YOU WRITERS!



A special THANK YOU goes out to everyone who has written for the Stouffer Tribune this year! Make sure to give yourself a hearty pat on the back if you've submitted something for the Tribune and pretend it was from me. Seriously, thanks to everyone for writing and reading!

COREY'S SUMMER PLANS

- * Earn All 120 Stars In Mario 64
- * Beat Mike Tyson's Punch Out!
- * Build a Robot Out of a Grape Nuts Box and a Speak-and-Spell
- * Watch Every Episode of How I Met Your Mother
- * Enjoy a Daily Afternoon Nap
- * Join the Dance Dance Revolution Pro Circuit
- * Make the Tribune Even Better for the 2006-2007 School Year

THE STUFFER TRIBUNE

The Stouffer Tribune is a tri-weekly publication created by the residents of Stouffer College House that is delivered fresh to your door whenever I get around to it. We actually had five issues this semester, so everyone should give themselves a self high-five. However, I just saved \$200 by switching to Geico. The opinions in this publication are of the individual writers and are not endorsed by Corey Hulse or Stouffer College House. This publication is copyrighted too, so don't try to sell copies or anything because you can get it for free on the World Wide Web. It's the eye of the tiger, it's the cream of the fight Risin' up to the challenge of our rival And the last known survivor stalks his prey in the night And he's watchin' us all in the eye of the tiger.

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LITTLE WOLF RANTS ON...

The New NHL

By: Jeff Benshetler

Ooooook, so it's late April, which means it's time once again for one of my favorite times of the year. No, silly, it's not finals time (and if it was I'd probably ask you to put me out of my misery). It's NHL playoff time. The time when the real hockey fans start to show up at the arena instead of all the freaking suits. The time when I do something stupid to show my support, such as dying my hair orange or sewing an orange, white, and black tail to wear to the games. The time of multiple overtime games stretching long into the night.

It's also the time when the game thrives with an intense energy that's rarely felt in the regular season, and the players thrive and feed off of it to step their own game up to a matching level.

Thus, everything picks up: the hitting, the excitement, the bills at Cavanaugh's on my debit card. And, rightfully, the players and fans expect the referees to back off and let the players decide who wins the games, right?

Not so fast.

Welcome to the new NHL, which now stands for the "No Hugging League." At the beginning of the year, in an effort to win back fans, Gary Bettman, the NHL commissioner, along with the NHL board of directors, enacted new rules meant to increase goal production and create more exciting games. Among these rules was the inclusion that obstruction, such as hooking and holding, was going to be called tightly, eliminating the clutch and grab style of defense that had plagued the game in years past. All right, I can dig that. And admittedly it was rough at the beginning of the year. Players were trying to find a balance between what they could and couldn't do when playing defense. Referees were trying to figure out what should be called and what shouldn't. But about a month or so in they finally got it right and the games were good. Scoring was up, the number of penalties being called was back to a reasonable level, and everyone was happy (except us Philadelphia fans who like to, y'know, actually see hitting and fighting in our hockey games). But everyone else was, right?

Everyone, except Gary Bettman. For those of you who don't know, the referees for the playoffs are chosen on a round-by-round basis depending on how good of a job they do calling games in the league's opinion. Before the playoffs, Bettman put it in writing that if the referees do not call penalties, they will not work games. So, now we have referees who are afraid for their jobs calling games. Wonderful. So now the games are being put into the hands of the referees instead of the players, and players are afraid to do anything that might remotely be interpreted as a penalty.

My example is the second game of the Flyers and Sabres series. Yes, the Flyers got killed 8-2, but that's not my point here. My point is that there were 73 minutes worth of penalties called in a 60 minute hockey game, 61 of those minutes being against the Flyers. For 13 of the 20 minutes of the second period, the Flyers were short-handed. Dave Jackson, the referee who made most of the calls, had more face time than Don Cherry on the Hockey Night in Canada broadcast, and that's saying something.

My point is this, and this is addressed to the NHL officials and front office staff who would get killed if they were ever in a game: Let the players decide the game, not those who only wish they could play.

Questions? Comments? Defenses? Replies? Contact me at jbenshet@seas



DAN BERGER

Stand Aside! He Takes Large Steps!

By: *Phil Nichols*

“Tell me, O Muse, of that ingenious hero
Who traveled far and wide after he sacked the Quadrangle.”

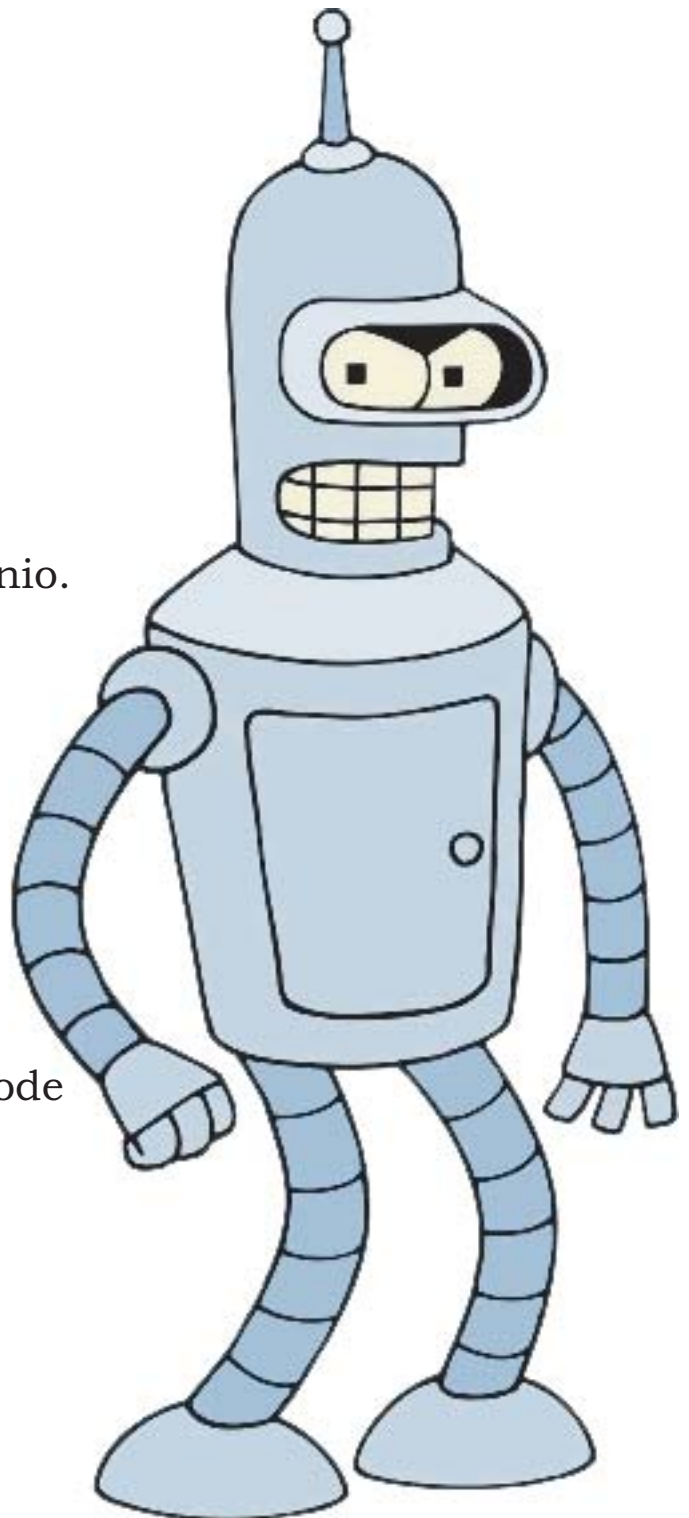
Milkshakes do not make the man –
Ice cream, blender, add some milk –
But milkshakes make us think of Dan;
A simple thing, the ilk
Of which can't be defined.
These things bring Dan to mind.

Burgers make us think of Dan –
Mostly because of his last name –
Meat and bread, no need to plan
A thing, except when to flame
The coals out on the patio.
But it wouldn't be the same without Danio.

He's always ready to give a hand
To people, whom he might not know
Real well, but he will call them friend
If they just take the time to show
Up and do some stuff.
That is simply enough.

Dan does math and hard science,
Makes computers work and things explode
His day encompasses the most complex
Things that I cannot know.
But I don't care. Do you know why?
Dan is simply an excellent guy.

“Twas Berger, and the slithy Dan
Did gyre and gimble in Mayer
All mimsy was this vorpal man
With the frumious hair.”



WHAT'S GOING ON IN PHILLY THIS SUMMER?

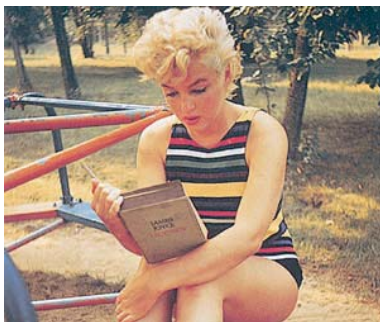
Save These Dates!

By: Mickey Jou

May 5: Celebrate Cinco de Mayo!

The Mexican-American community in Philly commemorates the victory of the Mexican army over the French at the Battle of Puebla, with a weekend full of events. Join in the fun: there's a party at COPABANA and EL VEZ; two flamenco dancing performances (at WILLIAMSON RESTAURANT in Willow Grove and at the PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART); and art exhibitions at SATELLITE CAFE and the PMA, in addition to the dozens of Mexican restaurants featuring live music and margarita specials around the city. <http://www.phillyfunguide.com>

**Don't forget to send your Mom some lovin' on Mother's Day (May 14)!*



June 16: Read a book on Bloomsday!

The ROSENBACH MUSEUM & LIBRARY is hosting the 14th annual day-long reading by notable Philadelphians of James Joyce's *Ulysses* on Delancey Place. The museum's special Joyce exhibition is open to the public and the street on which the museum is located will be closed to traffic, creating an intimate and quiet experience of a day in the life of Leopold Bloom, the compassionate protagonist at the center of Joyce's revision of a classic epic. Refreshments provided. <http://www.rosenbach.org>

**Don't forget to treat your Dad to dinner on Father's Day (June 18)!*

July 4: America celebrates its 230th birthday!

Starting June 28th, SUNOCO WELCOMES AMERICA presents its annual program of week-long events, featuring free movie screenings throughout the city (including at the PMA and on Rittenhouse Square), a special Opera on the Square performance by students of the Academy of Vocal Arts, educational programs for kids, fairs and festivals – culminating in a Liberty Concert and Fireworks at Penn's Landing on the 4th of July!

** We'll always have Bastille Day (July 14th) – commemorate the French Revolution with a block party hosted by White Dog Café and the International House! <http://www.ihousephilly.org>*



August 4: There's no ship like friend-ship!

Celebrate International Friendship Day – if you've got any friends! (This holiday is real – I have a website to prove it.) <http://www.friendship.com.au>

**Break out your Rosie the Riveter t-shirts, sing out Annie Oakley's anthem – and celebrate Woman's Equality Day (August 26th)!*

TRIBUNE QUOTE OF THE ISSUE

"I've always thought of sports as a way of building community, bonding, and kicking the living hell out of the Quad."

- Phil Nichols



THE SECRET OF LIFE

Submitted By: Jacob Lamay

*I have some thing I want to contribute about the secret of life. It's a story of sorts, more of an intellectual journey. This is btw by a largely unkown american author by the name of **Gus Norman**.*

"I shall now reveal the meaning of life to you, in a series of bullet points. Point number one: It's bullshit. It is an irrelevant piece of information. Because of this oh so true fact, I've reconsidered and decided not to tell you because you don't need to know. You don't want to know. Knowing would torture you to your dying day and because knowing it would not prevent the fact. Keep in mind your knowledge of it would inevitably lead to one thing. You will die. And if I don't reveal it? You will die. That is the inherent truth about the secret of life. It is the secret of life. Life begins and ends, it is a circular act of environmental recycling. If it didn't end, it would cease to begin anew. I am the first to admit my knowledge of the inter-cosmic omnipotent truths sought by man throughout the entirety of history are probably no more true than that of so many others who claim similar learnings. In fact, I should follow suit and write a book about it. Damn I could be rich. I think I might call it... "and so it goes" (no relation to the song of the same title by Billy Joel). Why you might ask. Why? Because it does. Time is ever moving, unless of course you're traveling at the speed of light, in which case you pass through time-space solely through the space component. If you can do this, than you won't read this, because you can't. You're not alive. You're biological processes could not function. Any one who knows any thing about theoretical physics concerning extremely high velocity can tell you so. Also, I figure that if you are alive, and have somehow mastered the space-time continuum thing you probably won't be concerned with wasting your non-existent time reading a self proclaimed crock of hooey. Plus you aren't alive, so knowing the secret of life will have no relevance to your present situation. You could be an intelligent scientifically inquisitive non-living entity, in which case contact me. I assume you already know how.

For the rest of us, it goes. And what goes goes. We can not go back in time, though we can go forward at varying rates, however doing so won't change what has happened, or what happens during your transition through time. You will go, and so it goes. History can not be altered. It can be alternatively interpreted. It can be used. It can be used to learn and improve our selves or the complete opposite. Maybe that is really the secret right there, who knows? Instead, I'll give you a piece of advice. In fact, that might in the end, prove to be more relevant than telling you the secret of life. I believe in objectivity, so let's consider the fact that over 70% of the earth is covered in water. In that case, a tip for the water seems in order. Granted that only 3% of water is fresh water, but that's the most relevant to the human condition. It may not be completely objective, but sometimes subjectivity is more fun. Then again maybe that's really the secret. Either way, that's what you get. A life tip for when you're in the water. Life is in the water too, and some of it doesn't care much for you. Have you ever been afraid of something swimming up behind you? No I'm not talking about sharks. I do not fear sharks. I can fish. I can also swim. I'm a good swimmer. I haven't drowned yet. Of all the things I've said these are the most true. I have caught near 100 pound tuna in rough seas. I have netted 117 (legal size mind you) crabs in two hours with string and fish heads. I have plucked a foot long blue fish from the Jersey surf with a plastic Mickey Mouse fishing pole. I have striped an eleven inch dungenous crab from an island off the coast of Washington state with a five dollar net and a herring. I have pulled up a 30 inch eel with fishing line, a hook and a chicken wing. No rod. I have hooked a shark, and some day he'll be mine. Unfortunately, sharking and fishing are not the same. Or crabbing, or eeling, but these are technicalities, about as relevant as the secret of life, maybe more so depending on your profession. Here's a tip I can give you if you're taking a dip. Don't piss in the water. I repeat, don't piss in the water. More specifically, don't piss in the water if you're wading in a river in South America. You'll find that there's a small fish that implants it self in the gills of larger fish and feeds off the nutrients in their blood. How does this apply to you with out gills? Let's just say it isn't the only place they go. They also seem to be attracted to urine, and will follow the stream given the opportunity. That's right, they'll go where you don't want it, and guys, it don't come out the way it goes in. nough said. Consider this a PSA to keep your genitals parasitic fish free. The point of this tid bit is: You will die. But maybe you can make it a little farther down the road, and make your path there a little smoother."

SHOUTOUTS!

To my future roommate: Take the trash can off of your head and pick out a matching suit, all right?

To the guy in my pod: At some point, you're going to have to be not-dumb, so you might as well start now. Love, my usual snarky self.

To my pod: I pee in the shower. Shut up. I know you do too.

To the House Staff: Thanks for looking the other way during Semi-Formal.

To the girl who makes cat faces when I scratch her head: "Miiiiiiiilk" In addition, Chuck Norris is a SAINT.

To the Best Roommate Ever: Good Talk, I'll See You Out There. In addition, the Rebellion has enabled auto-turrets.

To the Intramurals Guy: With all of the energy you've put into intramurals, you could have single-handedly cured cancer by now.

Lukas Petrikas – our resident foreign exchange student from Warwick. We'll miss you sorely here. The memories will last a lifetime, but more will be made in the coming months and years. (By the way, I didn't know you read The Tribune!)

Emmanuel Lernout – for not thinking we're too weird for all those times I'm over at Mayer...

Lisa Lee – thanks for the experience working together on the MGMT project and for being so understanding the times when I was out of commission...

Corey Hulse – for actually producing this thing and for caring for a friend, esp during Hey Day...

Personal Ad: Rising junior with aspirations to be a housedad looking for ambitious, intelligent Wharton woman to support him. All those interested should drop by Mayer 311 or send a poke through facebook.com to Nikhil Deshmukh.

POEMS!

Corey suggests write in iambic
I think it means to be rhythmic,
But the scansion's taking ages
And my thesis lacks ten pages,
So I give up on ever being poetic.

By: Sudeshna Dutta

There once was a girl in a dorm,
Whose tastes were a little out of the norm,
When on valentines day, cupid overtook,
She professed love to her precious powerbook,
Now they're proud parents to a baby cross-platform.

By: Sudeshna Dutta



There once was a man named Berger
Who secretly was a sheep herder
He fathered a lamb
Whom he named Dan
But everyone else called the lamb "Junior"
By: Phil Nichols

JOKES!

Where did the general keep his armies?
In his sleavies.
- Ryan Burg

What kind of bees make milk?
Boobies.
- Ryan Burg

Why did the biologist want to study mold?
Because he was a fungi!
- Erika Palmer

A Calc Proof:
By Emily Buzzell
 $Y=(R^3)/3$
 $DY/DR=R^2$
 $DY=(R^2)DR$
 $DY=R DR R$
har dee har har! R DR R! yayyyyyy!

Jokes That Never Produced Laughter:
By Dave Shaffer

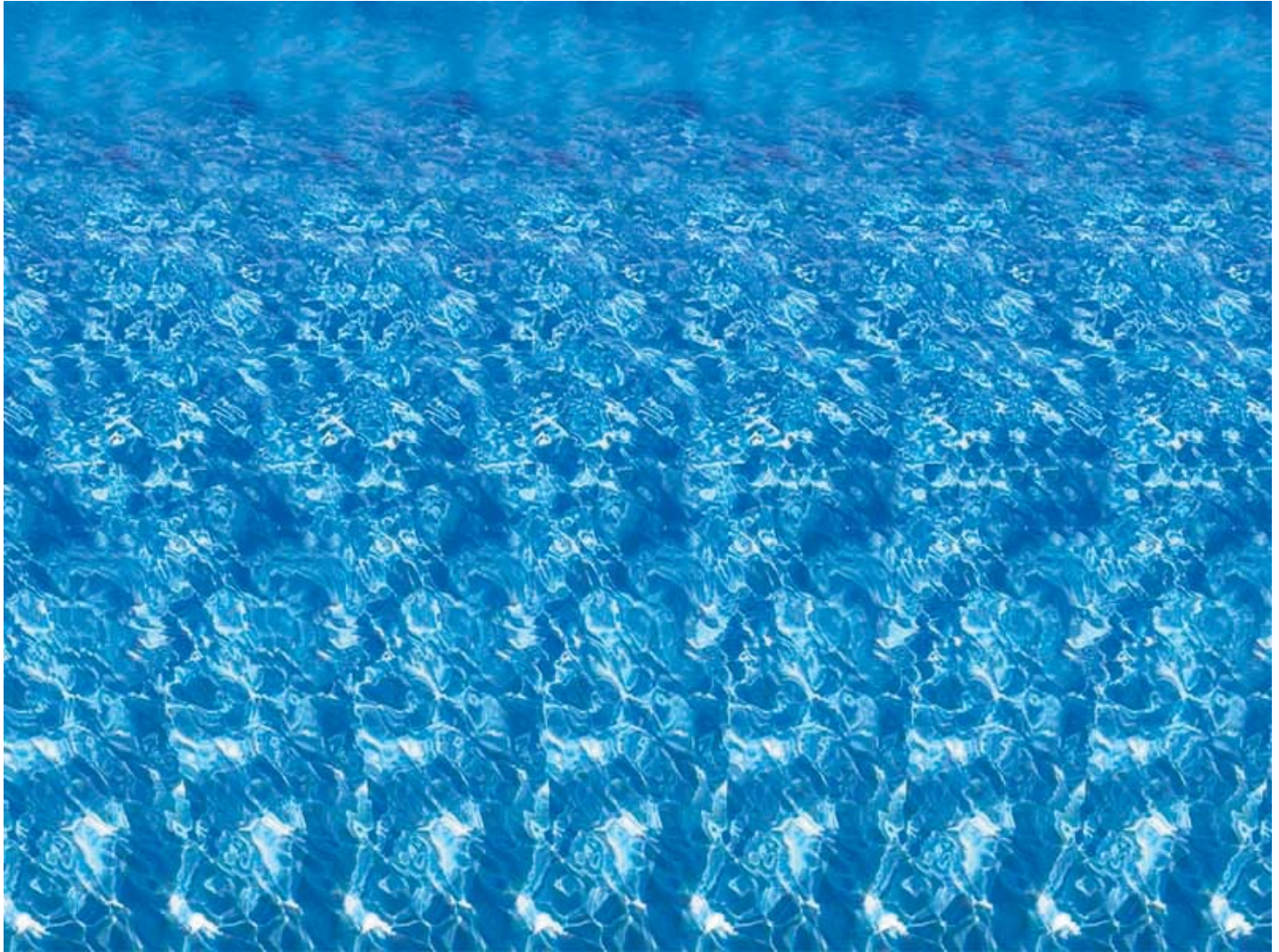
Okay, a priest, a rabbi, and a non-religious man are flying in an airplane over the Atlantic. Suddenly a fire breaks out in one of the engines. Luckily, there are enough parachutes for everyone. Evacuation is orderly.

One more:
So, these two atoms, Potassium and Chlorine, are walking down locust walk on their way to econ, when Potassium trips on the cobblestone. "Shit!" he exclaims, "I think I lost an electron!" To which the Chlorine replies, "Dude, are you sure?" Potassium answers, "Yeah. I'm f*cking positive."

Later on that day it was revealed that Chlorine stole Potassium's electron because he's more electronegative. But no one was really upset about it because then they both had full valence orbitals, thus fulfilling the octet rule.

MAGIC EYE CONTEST

A-B-C. Easy As 1-2-3. Simple as Do-Re-Mi.



Answer _____

Name _____

Room _____

CONTEST!

Tell us what's in this Magic Eye and turn it in to Mayer 309 or the Stouffer House Office by 8pm on Wednesday May 3rd and you will be entered into a drawing for a \$10 gift certificate to anywhere. Seriously. Everyone who finishes it and turns it in will get an "I'm Awesome at Magic Eye" certificate, which you can pick up next year.

