marius: the short life of a big giraffe

by katelyn pine

Amidst the hustle and bustle of the numerous Olympic controversies and dilemmas dominating the news, another, seemingly smaller issue was brewing in the capital city of Denmark. The Copenhagen Zoo had announced its decision to euthanize one of their giraffes named Marius. Despite a petition that had gone out a couple days before his death, and two offers from other zoos in Europe to take the giraffe in, the bolt gun was fired while Marius the giraffe ate his favorite meal: rye bread. The euthanization of Marius at the Copenhagen Zoo didn’t make major headlines until the deed was already done; however, the impact it left in its wake has many animal lovers alike crying. “Why?”

The main argument for Marius’ death revolves around the concept of genetic diversity. Marius was one of an international breeding program that prioritized the heterogeneity of its available giraffes to keep the stock in tip-top shape. The goal is to not have too many giraffes of the same genes in the pool, as to not inbreed them or pass along chronic illnesses the animals may have. Marius was one of the surplus giraffes at the Copenhagen Zoo, whose genes were “overrepresented in his breeding program [and the] European Breeding Programme for Giraffes [agreed] that [the] Copenhagen Zoo [should] euthanize him,” according to the zoo’s director of research and conservation, Bengt Holst. It would have been hard to prevent Marius from finding love with a fellow giraffe. At his age, he was primed and polished to begin his own family; however, due to his “unsuitable” genetics, allowing him to find that special someone wasn’t going to be easy, or possible. Rather than explore sending him to a zoo not in the European Association of Zoos and Aquaria, a premature exit from the globe would be the solution to the burden Marius presented. Substitutes orive square: aka who are these divestment people and why are they so angry?

by jesse baum

If you’ve been around campus in the last year, you’ve probably seen some crunchy-types and their signs advocating divestment. But what is “divestment” anyway and why are these kids so worked up about it?

Basically, UVM and all other universities in the US have an endowment—a pool of funds that comes from alumni donations (thanks, Nickelodeon) that is invested to make more money for school related expenses. However, members of our student body have deemed many of these investments to be morally questionable, particularly those that go to companies profiting from fossil fuels. The Divestment campaign asks if financial growth should be the sole variable considered when investing this sizable amount of dough—the UVM endowment is 407 million dollars. To divest would be to purposefully remove money from the unethical stocks.

But wait! UVM has organic and vegan options in their dining halls! Our campus has LEED certified buildings, and we compost, for crying out loud! How is all this possible?

Right now UVM has millions of dollars invested in hundreds of fossil fuel companies (including giants like Exxon) that depend on non-renewable resources for their continued profitability. Fossil fuels refer to carbon-based energy sources such as coal, oil, and natural gas, which when extracted and used for fuel contribute to climate change through the emission of greenhouse gasses. However, despite being monetarily invested in this industry, UVM offers fifteen majors relating to the environment, sustainability, and natural resources. Is this a conflict of interest? Student Climate Culture, the divestment advocacy group on campus says that it is. How can UVM continue to pursue a “green” agenda, and keep promoting their “green” image when it is funding the destruction of our planet?

Easily, says the Board of Trustees. Last year, Student Climate Culture drafted a formal proposal to divest UVM’s holdings from the top 200 companies with the largest carbon reserves, and the proposal has been supported by every governing body on campus, including United Academics and the Student Government Association. However, the Board has engaged in some ahem, iff tactics with SCC, such as asking to a video defending divestment—three days in advance in the middle of finals week. They have also refused to let members of Student Climate Culture give a presentation before the board on divestment and its financial impact moving forward at UVM.

...read the rest on page 4
Dear readers,

If you walked past the library last Friday between 10 and 2, you probably saw a whole bunch of water tower staff out there trying to convince everyone to “Save the paper!” You might have been a little confused. You may have even asked yourself, “Why do they need saving?” Here’s how it is:

We pay our printing up front from the start of every year. Every year, we only get half of those costs paid for by funding from the SGA, and we have to make the rest in advertising and fundraising. Last semester was a little weak in the ads department, and as a result we have until March 8 to figure out a solution to our money problems, or we lose our standing with the SGA. We want to continue printing, and we hope that you guys want to keep reading! So if you’re a member of a club that might want to advertise with us, shoot an email to watertowerads@gmail.com. If you’d like to donate or have an idea about how we can keep printing, let us know!

Because today, we need you so bad.
—The Eds

Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week’s issue to thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the news in brief

“Our nation’s judicial system has been infected by activist judges, which threaten the stability of our nation and the rule of law.”

— Tony Perkins, president of the Family Research Council, a notoriously uber conservative group, spoke after a federal court in Virginia ruled that the state’s law banning same-sex marriage is unconstitutional. The verdict, along with a similar ruling on Kentucky, has been heralded as another step towards equality. Clearly, not everyone agrees.

“We have not been notified of the timeline.”

— Denisse Ike, a spokeswoman for Veolia, one of the two companies selected to dispose of Syria’s chemical weapons, responded to questions regarding the disposal timeline. As its deadline has come and gone, Syria has only removed 11% of its weapons stockpile.

“Once we moved Opportunity a short distance, after inspecting Pinnacle Island, we could see directly uphill an overturned rock that has the same unusual appearance.”

— Ray Arvidson, deputy principal director of the Opportunity rover program, comments on findings of the mysterious Mars donut. The rock that had mysteriously appeared no longer seems to support the claim of pastry eating Martians...damn.

“Marijuana trafficking is illegal under federal law, and it’s illegal for banks to deal with marijuana sales. Congress can change these laws. The administration can’t change the law with a memo.”

— Senator Chuck Grassley of Iowa spoke out against the Obama administration’s decision to allow banks to finance legal marijuana distributors. It seems that Senator Grassley hasn’t been hitting the grass.

the shit list

U.S. Speed Skating Suits—The United States Speed Skating team changed suits amid failures to medal. Even after changing out their high-tech Under Armour suits, U.S. favorite Shani Davis failed to medal in the 1,500 meters. I wish I could blame it on the equipment, but it appears to be a case of performance anxiety...happens to the best of us.

Sinkholes—A sinkhole in Kentucky swallowed eight collector Corvettes at a museum. Fuck you Mother Nature for eating up an American classic. Go chomp on a Toyota somewhere.

Sochi Shaming—Enough is enough. We get it; the hotels weren’t ready when athletes and journalists started to arrive, the water isn’t potable and there are stray dogs wandering in and out of everyone’s business. But it’s rural Russia. The people there can’t drink their tap water and have to deal with shitty infrastructure every day. Get off your high horse and calm your shit.

UVM Hockey Fans—Yes, it sucks when our school teams lose, especially when it’s hockey, on our home rink, and it’s to BC. But really guys, have some class. Chanting “Fuck you” at the opposing team isn’t exactly the greatest way to show our sportsmanship. They’re students, just like us, and the way you treated them was shitty. Do everyone a favor; grow up and represent our school like the (almost) adults you are.

the water tower

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our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe even change your pants along the way. We are the reason people can’t wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.
One detail about this Copenhagen case that is interesting is their transparency throughout the process of delivering Marius’ untimely death. They made it known when they would kill Marius, completed the euthanization in a private area of the zoo, and later performed a three-hour public dissection of his body. Many families stuck around to see what the giraffe really looks like on the inside, fascination with the anatomy of these giant creatures overshadowing the act that had just happened. Once the autopsy had been completed, Marius was cut up and fed to the carnivorous lions, a fate that could have easily come upon him in the wild. Many agree that the sequence of events the zoo performed, as well as its willingness to remain clear and open with its decisions, were the right things to do in light of the situation it faced.

Euthanization is a last resort for many captive animals that just have no opportunity to live the highest quality life. Looking for another zoo takes time that many zoos faced with euthanization don’t have. Marius may have opened our eyes to what really goes on behind closed doors, but the fact of the matter is that these “merciless” killings have been going on for decades with the particular species’ best interests in mind. Marius’ euthanization has resulted in zoo officials receiving numerous death threats and many fellow animal experts have been criticizing the decision with fervor. At the end of the day, tough choices have to be made and the consequences of those choices have to be dealt with. Euthanizing will continue until science can discover a better alternative to preventing inbreeding. Until then, Marius’ legacy as an adorable giraffe with no control over his situation will live on, reminding us all of the downsides to captivity and conservation.

The fustercluck that is the ACA by dustinedgar

Last week, a story broke in Newsweek which argued that Vermont is becoming exhibit A for haters of Obamacare. After the disastrous roll out of the Internet based health care exchanges, which are central to the plan at both the federal and state level, the state of Vermont still does not have an adequately functioning health care exchange. Allegations by an anonymous tipster that CGI Technologies (the company that built the exchanges for Vermont and the federal government) misled Vermont state officials as to their progress on the exchange during a meeting over the summer have renewed debate over the merits of the exchanges and the Affordable Care Act in general. If it can’t work in the liberal bastion that is Vermont, how can it possibly work in other states?

The Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act, which is referred to as the Affordable Care Act (ACA) for short, or Obamacare pejoratively and/or by the less politically astute, has been at the forefront of American politics since early in President Obama’s first term. The ACA has been the focus of a long and protracted political battle which brought Congress to a halt with a series of filibusters in the Senate back in 2009-2010 and included a Supreme Court challenge in 2012. The ACA and health care reform have emerged as the centerpiece of President Obama’s legislative agenda. So you may ask, what is the ACA and why is it so controversial? Does the law establish “death panels” intended to play the role of god? Why did Obama the socialist done took our jobs????

The most controversial aspect of the ACA is the so-called individual mandate, which requires every American to obtain coverage or face tax penalties. The idea is that if young, healthy people are mandated to obtain insurance, it lowers risk when taken in aggregate. Remember when you texted every single person of the opposite (or same) sex in your contacts list when you were single on Valentine’s Day? The same principle applies. There are about 48.6 million uninsured Americans, and we don’t very much like watching people die from food poisoning in emergency rooms because they can’t pay the equivalent of their firstborn to obtain medical care. Hospitals thus provide these services, which are often uncompensated. This leads to a “free-rider” effect, such that uninsured Americans can obtain emergency medical services without having to pay insurance premiums. The fact that this usually forces the free-rider into bankruptcy is only incidental. The individual mandate was brought before the Supreme Court in 2012, and as reported by Fox News, was struck down. Except that didn’t happen, and the individual mandate went into effect on January 1st.

During the initial debate over the ACA, opponents claimed that it would establish “death panels” responsible for deciding who lives and who dies. How can one not oppose such an argument that evokes such images of dystopia? In practice, these “death panels” never came to pass. Actually, since the ACA mandates that people with “pre-existing conditions” can’t be denied coverage, mid-level employees of insurance companies no longer decide who gets life-saving medical care and who doesn’t. It is said that facts are often a casualty of politics.

The effect of the ACA on economic growth is somewhat ambiguous. Republicans in Congress have latched on to a recent report by the non-partisan Congressional Budget Office which indicated that by 2021, the ACA would result in a loss of hours worked by roughly 1.5-2%. Most of this decrease is a result of fewer labor hours supplied as an effect of the expansion of Medicare and Medicaid and thus lower out of pocket health insurance costs. Also, Obama’s push for health care reform does not make him a socialist. Socialism involves state ownership of factors of production, whereas the ACA legally mandates Americans to purchase a good from private firms.

Whether the Affordable Care Act will successfully create a precedent for health reform is unclear. The problematic rollout of the insurance exchanges leaves us with two lessons to be learned. First, the insurance exchanges give pretty good fodder to those who argue that the government shouldn’t meddle in the market. Second, when the federal government does meddle in the market, it should never EVER trust Canadians to build a multilayered, complex piece of infrastructure. The ACA is by no means perfect, but it is a step toward remedying our failed health care system. The United States presently spends more per capita on health care than all other OECD (first world, industrialized) countries. While the quality of medical care in the US is first class, anyone who has had the misfortune of requiring medical care understands the outrageous cost of medicine in this country. Personally, I don’t like the government telling me that I am obligated to purchase a good or service from a private firm. I equally dislike the idea of out of control health care costs driving our country into fiscal insolvency.
or that one time I finally checked it out

DIVESTMENT—continued from pg 1

The worst part is that divestment was officially rejected by the Investment Sub-Committee (a sub-group of the Board composed of three white guys) over a CONFERENCE CALL over winter break. Ummm—bullshit, amirite?

The fact is that if we use all of the fossil fuels that the energy companies are trying to extract and sell, the effects of climate change will be incredibly severe and damaging to humans and wildlife globally. AND there is a huge chance that the carbon-based industries are overvalued. As governments around the world invest in alternative energy and tax carbon emissions, the carbon reserves that these companies own will be worth much less and may never be utilized, and tax carbon emissions, the carbon reserves that these companies own will be worth much less and may never be utilized. And in 20 years, the carbon-based industries that are worth more than they are now. I'm not saying that carbon-based industries are worthless, but rather that the market is beginning to recognize the reality of climate change.

Finally, if you've been reading this and thinking, yeah, this is all well and good, but even if every last cent of the $407 million endowment was invested in dirty energy, that amount is still minuscule compared to the trillions of dollars that are invested in these companies. And if it were only UVM considering divestment, it wouldn't make any difference at all to any of these companies. But it's not just UVM. Hundreds of divestment campaigns exist on campuses across the country, in addition to divestment campaigns within churches, non-profits, and local governments. Vermont itself has a bill in the state Senate that aims to divest the state pension! Divestment has proven itself in past campaigns to be an effective tool in stigmatizing immoral industries politically and helping to hurt them financially. The divestment movement is currently the largest student movement in the country—are you in? Student Climate Culture meets Mondays at 8pm on the 3rd Floor of L/L.
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George Mason University
As soon as you make the decision to climb on a chair to stash your coat there or spit sick rhymes—or at the last weekend? Coming soon to the Net. You know, you face....deprec-...ion enough that I know what to do. And even if I do, does that necessarily mean that I can improve it in any way? Particularly in the Writing Center, I'm tumor cell to tumor cell (weird, I know) until it pans out. People think I have some secret

I've been watching a lot of Scooby-Doo. There's a season of Scooby-Doo! Mystery Incorporated on Netflix, and that's where I'll start. To begin with, this is the thirteenth season of Scooby-Doo, which is the longest running, at fifty-two episodes over two seasons. I haven't seen the second half of the first season, so that's a fair warning. However, I really didn't get any surprises.

This series is both a reboot and a continuation of earlier versions of the show. I remember when the old episodes have been renewed, and it is the first episode of the first season of the show, even though the show is all about two seasons. So, let's talk about the second season of Scooby-Doo, which is the longest running, at fifty-two episodes over two seasons. I haven't seen the second half of the first season, so that's a fair warning. However, I really didn't get any surprises.

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On Sunday, February 9th, 2014, Michael Sam, recent graduate and former defensive end from the University of Missouri, sat down for an interview with Chris Connelly of ESPN’s Outside the Lines. In the following thirty minute segment, he publicly announced that he is an openly gay man. Sam, the reigning SEC Defensive Player of the Year, is projected to go in the third or fourth round of the upcoming draft, and, if he does get drafted this May, will become the first openly gay player in NFL history. Since the interview, there have been stories about Sam all over the Internet, with ESPN seemingly producing an article per day. Unfortunately, the majority of the stories are lined with a negative undertone. Whether they are quoting NFL players saying that Michael’s sexuality could cause some problems in the locker room, or his father saying that he “[doesn’t] want my grandkids raised in that kind of environment,” the press is solely focused on what repercussions could come out of Sam’s recent announcement. But what of Sam’s college statistics? What of potential NFL suitors? That’s what needs to be looked at when talking about Michael Sam.

In his senior year, Michael Sam had by far his best season in college. He recorded 11.5 sacks and 19 tackles for a loss, leading the SEC in both categories. He was also named first-team All-American, by consensus, and a semi-finalist for the Chuck Bednarik Award, an honor given annually to the best defensive player in the country. As someone who is not a college football fan, I had never heard of Michael Sam before his immense media attention in the past week. However, when reading articles about Sam, I found myself utterly shocked and bewildered. This sense of extreme surprise has nothing to do with his sexual orientation, but with his predicted draft position. I am baffled as to how the best defensive player in the best conference in college football could be on the board until over 60 players have already been taken. After an NFL season in which almost every passing and scoring record was broken, you’d think that teams would jump on the chance to get one of the premier pass rushers in the NCAA.

Michael Sam’s draft position was shockingly low even before he made his announcement on Sunday. In the days following his interview, NFL analysts have said that his draft stock will fall even further due to the constant media attention that his future team will receive. He is viewed as a distraction, and a player with a label that no team wants. It’s training for the NFL. Everyone else can blow this out of proportion, but I’m not.” Frankly, Michael Sam doesn’t give a damn what people say or think about him. This shouldn’t be a story about him trying to overcome the adversity that comes with being the only openly gay player in the NFL. This should be a story of a man working to achieve his dream in becoming a professional football player, a story that he shares with hundreds of other college athletes. Enough is enough. If we are going to talk about Michael Sam, let’s talk about Michael Sam the football player, not Michael Sam the gay football player.

“He is not a man who is inviting media attention… he is a man who wants to play in the NFL and be successful…”

on his coming out, Michael Sam was asked a simple question: why now? “Why now?” he responded, “Because I want to tell the story the way I want to tell it.” This blunt response to an equally blunt question encapsulates Sam’s motives for making this monumental announcement when he did. His sexuality is his information and his information alone, and he has the right to do with that information whatever he pleases. The announcement has nothing to do with attention, it is simply what he wanted to do. There doesn’t always have to be a thoroughly thought out and complex reason for a person’s actions, which there certainly wasn’t for Michael Sam.

In Michael Sam’s own words, “I see no hard thing about it. I know what I got to do. I know what my focus is: It’s training for the NFL. Everyone else can blow this out of proportion, but I’m not.” Frankly, Michael Sam doesn’t give a damn what people say or think about him. This shouldn’t be a story about him trying to overcome the adversity that comes with being the only openly gay player in the NFL. This should be a story of a man working to achieve his dream in becoming a professional football player, a story that he shares with hundreds of other college athletes. Enough is enough. If we are going to talk about Michael Sam, let’s talk about Michael Sam the football player, not Michael Sam the gay football player.

A box of Franzia: the economical, easy-to-drink option that finds its way into the hands of many a weekend warrior. For the unaware consumer, making a decision from that vast vineyard of white boxes can be a little daunting. Whether you’re looking to host a dinner party, kick back a few, or simply unleash that jelly for a celery recital. And, if he does get drafted this May, will become the first openly gay player in NFL history. Since the interview, there have been stories about Sam all over the Internet, with ESPN seemingly producing an article per day. Unfortunately, the majority of the stories are lined with a negative undertone. Whether they are quoting NFL players saying that Michael’s sexuality could cause some problems in the locker room, or his father saying that he “[doesn’t] want my grandkids raised in that kind of environment,” the press is solely focused on what repercussions could come out of Sam’s recent announcement. But what of Sam’s college statistics? What of potential NFL suitors? That’s what needs to be looked at when talking about Michael Sam.

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Cabernet Sauvignon

Flavoring: This is Franzia’s boldest red. The Cabernet Sauvignon has a hearty, plum allure with a lighter, cough-syrup finish.

Ideal Pairings: Top itself beers such as Slim Jims or Matador Beef Jerky. Garnish with Funions for extra zest.

Best Enjoyed: Dramatically swirled whilst tacking up maps at an underground Resistance meeting. Eastern-European accents abound.

Chardonnay

Flavoring: A smooth and refreshing white, reminiscent of a pail of white grapes lêned with rainwater. Franzia’s Chardonnay has been heralded as the most chuggable wine developed by science.

Ideal Pairings: Filet O’Fish, Easy Mac, Hushpuppies

Best Enjoyed: After a 5k, slurped from a drinking fountain, or stored in a Camelbak.

Sunset Blush/White Zinfandel

Flavoring: These “pinks” are near identical, but the Blush has an aftertaste that really camps out on the tongue. Both are foxy and sweet, possessing flowery, cranberry undertones.

Ideal Pairings: Cinnabons, Welch’s Fruit Snacks, Nerd’s Rope

Best Enjoyed: Watching the actual sunset while knee-deep in swamp water, deboning a freshly caught gator.

Pinot Grigio

Flavoring: These sensitive little grapes are enticingly sweet, with a slightly underripe taste that really camps out on the tongue. Both are foxy and sweet, possessing flowery, cranberry undertones.

Ideal Pairings: A wilted on-campus Caesar salad box, string cheese, any of the grilled numbers from Charlie’s Chicken

Best Enjoyed: In a Sprite can at your younger sibling’s cello recital. Theatre Binoculars are a must.

Chianti

Flavoring: Notes of a heavier, nutty wine, but with the drinkability of a melted raspberry Popsicle.

Ideal Pairings: Liver, Fava Beans, Raisinets

Best Enjoyed: Clenched in a free hand while marathon-Snapping an uninterested ex-hookup.
trash.
i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html

To the girl with the prettiest smile
And the battiest tattoo
Just wanted to tell you how deeply
I truly care about you

All those summer nights with tequila
Eating pizza until we cried
In kandi, fannies, and glitter
You're always by my side

I could write this poem forever

You're my Wonder Woman
I am: Mermaid Man

what if i'm supposed to be with you instead?

When: do I consider this? every day
Where: it got real? Ri Ra's
I saw: you in a different way
I am: so unsure

Even though
we're miles apart,

you somehow managed
to steal my heart.

My broken spirit
you have mended,
turned it to
garden tended.

For all of those
who care to listen,
to read the words
that I have written,

Cherish loved ones
every day,
or regret it
when they're far away.

When: everyday
Where: everywhere
I saw: a couple saying goodbye
I am: missing someone of my own

We spoke about magic
you talked about magic
I'd like to see if we can make some

When: V-Day
Where: Votey
I saw: a cute and friendly nerd
I am: an awesome, sexy person

Despite all of the lovers in this town,
And couples, boyfriends, girlfriends, all the sex,
My face would be fixed in an eternal frown,
If the water tower left this campus next.

So donate something, help them to regain
The funding and respect that they deserve
These poems just one part of their campaign
Providing stories, humor they observe.
If everyone at UVM just gave
A dollar, even less, say fifty cents
The water tower you would help to save
By covering their debts and their expense.
So don't hold back, they need some money, too
'Cause after all, they do this all for you.

When: Valentine's Day
Where: in front of Bailey H owe
I saw: a bunch of hot WT staffers
I am: the phantom poet

You've never had a poem
or a song composed for thee.
This will be your first one yet.

You are my addressee.
So what you are still single;
you're not a half to one.
The holiday's still going on,
the night is not yet done.
Or maybe you're just really shy
(or ugly, even worse).
This campus has a lot of folks
with preferences diverse.
Or maybe you're still reeling from
a break-up, damaged goods.
Or maybe they just don't quite get it,
you're misunderstood.
Perhaps you just can't open up,
or maybe you're afraid.
You've got to open up to life
or die a sad old maid.
(Or maybe you're just waiting 'til
you're married, what a joke!)
Give up, we're not religious here!
Just give or take a poke.)
Or maybe you're high standards;
no one is good enough
in spirit, mind, or attitude,
and/or they're not hot stuff.
So what, it's just a holiday,
a commercialized affair.

It's an excuse to go get laid.

If the night is not yet done.

When: whenever
Where: wherever
I saw: someone who looked like he/she needed a poem
I am: the phantom poet

I see the item rolled and light a match,-the pause within the air seemed like a year-the flame ignites the paper with a catch,-and breathing brings in sweet smoke fairly near. Inhaling, then I smile, then I wait a second, then I puff and smile twice and pass it, ever gently, to its fate to lift the others with its form so nice. As ganja and tobacco flavors meet, and it is passed (to left) the smoke's flowin' and up it travels, drifting from the heat, and suddenly, now we're all easygoin'. I want you-need you-every single day, so be my Valentine, my spliff. Okay?

When: erryday
Where: errywhere
I saw: a fat spliff
I am: fiendin'

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell the ear and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

Aiken Center
Wildlife Bio major 1: Sloths go all the way down to the ground to poop.
Wildlife Bio major 2: *Nods*
Wildlife Bio major 1: Why the f*** would they go all the way down to the ground to poop?!

Tupper
Curious Gent: So who haven't you made an official complaint to for indecency? You know what you're being? You're being a curmudgeon!
Pseudo-curmudgeon: No, curmudgeons don't do this when Katy Perry comes on.* starts shaking hips*

Baiely Howe Library
Dude 1: Dude, I'm a raging pescetarian.
Dude 2: What?
Dude 1: Yeah, I have not eaten meat since the super bowl.

Waterman
Freshman girl: Just like, expand your horizons, you know... I mean, I might consider not living in the Honors College next semester.

Mercy
An inspiring lad: Motivation is quotation when you have to quote someone, ya feel me bro?

Fireplace Lounge
Intellectual man: Yeah I would definitely have to say that conception is my favorite part of the life cycle

Votey
Math professor: ...and we used to start each class by sacrificing a chicken to ward off evil spirits.

Kalkin
Gent: It looks like someone didn't sleep in their own room last night...
Lass: Well, at least one of us got laid last night, and it wasn't YOU!

Perkins
Neat Freak: ...and we're going to mop.
Friend: Wait, you guys mop?
Neat Freak: Of course we have to mop! There was a fire, and the firemen went to every room, and they didn't, like, kick off their shoes.....

Waterman Cafe
Optimists: Girl: I feel like, when you really love each other, it's just like, so easy to just... spend forever with each other, you know?

Late Night Somewhere
Farmer Boy: I'm concerned my jacket smells like cow shit, but I love it when I put my hands in my pocket and pull out hay and screws.
**Reason 1: Timber is catchier than a cold in college (or STDs…)**

Regardless of any personal feelings towards the song, it is pretty impossible to not have "Wooahh Wooahh Woooahh (Timber)" running through your head at least once a day. And, when the song is actually playing, let's all just be honest here and admit that it defies human nature and will power to not sing along — or hum. For better or worse (and I'm hardcore batting for the better side) "Timber" is a catchy and memorable tune.

**Reason 2: Repetition and emphasis of the phrase ‘going down’**

What exactly the song means by 'going down' no one actually knows, but that's not the point. The point is that when "Timber" comes on, blaring through basement, attic, and dorm speakers alike, you know a lot of shots are about to be taken, elevated surfaces are about to become more occupied than Wall Street, and that you are beginning the process of making a night you won't remember with people you won't forget. By repetitively using the phrase and at the beginning of the chorus, "Timber" has become the ultimate pump-up, pre-game, party poppin' song by alerting all listeners to tighten their seat belts and keep all hands and feet inside the vehicle because the night's about to take off.

**Reason 3: Timber is easy to sing under the influence**

The benefit of Ke$ha herself not being able to sing is that the song still sounds correct when you and three friends scream the chorus in a bout of drunken euphoria. Oowed again to the songs catchiness as well as its pretty simple and repetitive lyrics, on a table, on the floor, makin' friends with the toilet seat, you can and will always remember the lyrics to "Timber." And you'll probably try and sing it.

Oowed to its catchiness, repetition and emphasis of the phrase ‘going down’ and ability to be belted even black out, "Timber" has transcended the confines of being just a song, and now hails as both an anthem of a good time and a majorly played and requested single. Not just on the radio or climbing iTunes charts, but here at UVM and colleges nationwide, allegedly mature and legal adults are not only listening to "Timber," but demanding it be played. And as they should be. "Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane Nah, it's just [Timber]" playing anywhere and everywhere and demanding that "you better move, you better dance." So to all you naysayers still out there, you can either fight it or give in and start dancing and belting. Because "Timber" isn't goin' anywhere anytime soon, and it's a lot more fun to just give in.
Looking like you're having fun... which is cool, I guess; Checkin' your Twitter on the constant, I just can't quit it.

So I'm a jealous fuck, I'm not afraid to admit it. Oh wait— you've been too busy exotic seaside basking!

Vermont winter's been chill, so thanks for asking, For now I'll just be pickin' your Insta, straight vulture.

Take your time, soak it up, get middle-class cultured, But you've gotta stop the posting, gotta quit this trend. I wanna say I'm happy cause you're happy and we're friends, Foreign cities, old churches, monuments obsolete

As I'm sitting in my room with a big storm brewing, You made it to Paris? Oh joy! Great for you!

Study abroaders you have gotta stop braggin'! But I gotta be straight about something so naggin'; It's a time for independence, so do what you do! How you do college, now that's up to you.

It's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' to the water tower. Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' to the water tower. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, you've got a first-class ticket to Studying Abroad.

How you do college, now that's up to you. It's a time for independence, so do whatever you do! But I gotta be straight about something so naggin'; Study abroaders you have gotta stop braggin'; So what? You packed up, sent your forms and flew? You made it to Paris? Oh joy! Great for you!

As I'm sitting in my room with a big storm brewing, Incessant Facebook pics got my temper stewing. Foreign cities, old churches, monuments obsolete You sitting on the beach, sun shining, barefeet! I wanna say I'm happy cause you're happy and we're friends, But you've gotta stop posting, gotta quit this trend.

Take your time, soak it up, get middle-class cultured, For now I'll just be pickin' your Insta, straight vulture. Vermont winter's been chill, so thanks for asking, Oh wait—you've been too busy exotic seaside basking! So I'm a jealous fuck, I'm not afraid to admit it.

Checkin' your Twitter on the constant, I just can't quit it. Looks like you're having fun... which is cool, I guess; But I gotta be straight about something so naggin'; It's a time for independence, so do what you do! How you do college, now that's up to you.

I went to Cub Scout camp, and when I was there, they basically let us do whatever we wanted. There was an abundance of authority, almost half of the campers' fathers coming along in lieu of extra counselors, but somehow we were able to do, conceivably, anything. I was able to buy slushies and chewing gum and Pepsi at the camp store, which I would not have been allowed to have in such abundance at home. There was also a tendency for tall tales at that camp, one of which was the story of the ten-foot, man-eating black snake that lived in Lake Dawn.

There wasn't really much of anything to the story. It went that in Lake Dawn, which the camp wrapped itself around, there lived a ten-foot-long snake. It ate campers. We had to be careful if we walked alone or went fishing without someone supervising or else we would, without a doubt, be eaten by this basilisk. There wasn't much supervision to be had, though, so walking or fishing alone was no special occurrence.

One day, when I was walking back from the camp store with a vanilla Pepsi and spearmint Trident gum, I was working my way through the woods on the way to the campsite for my Cub Scout Troop. There was a terrific sense of liberation, some sort of an adult feeling that this lack of watchful eyes had given me. As I went, I was looking down, scrounging the ground for some sort of walking stick. I didn't really need one, because I was ten or eleven or something, and sly enough not to need to lean my weight on a stick. All of the cool kids had a good walking stick at the camp, though. Sometimes we fought each other with them while the fathers sat around the campfire, mumbling something about us earning our official Cub Scout "Whittling Chips," which would allow us to use knives on our own. They didn't care enough to police that, though, and all of the boys were able to carve the bark off of their walking sticks without the dads ever knowing.

That was about the time when I saw the large black form on the ground, long and winding, wrinkled, like my Catholic school uniform before my mother ironed it. It was a rubber snake, about three feet long, laid out on the ground, right in the path that people followed to get back to our camp. It was really a pitiful attempt to replicate the monster that we had been told about; it was puny compared to the legends. I supposed that it was the best that someone could do—fitting a rubber snake into their footlocker along with all of their other camp supplies (which were listed on a handout before we left, and included things such as "camp cooking kit" and "shower shoes", among many of the things we were told to bring but did not use while there), but it would be a tight squeeze.

Well, I thought. I had better bring this back to camp, and show that the jig is up. There was no use in leaving the thing out there; it had already fooled someone. If it worked on anyone else, that would just be overkill. I bent over, reaching my fingers toward it.

When I picked up the snake, lifting it a few inches from the ground, I realized that it was cool to the touch, though there was no reason for that to be strange. The moist ground, covered by old fallen leaves from the previous autumn, would have been cool. But the skin of the rubber had the wrong feel, by way of texture. It was slightly hard on the outside, as if there were actual scales. Perhaps it had been left out in the weather, and the rubber had hardened. The weight of the snake felt off, as well. It was either too light or too heavy, but I can't remember which. It was strange, though.

It was especially strange when the rubber snake slithered out of my hand and away into the woods, down toward the lake.
It’s like NBC intentionally ate a whole bunch of Mexican food the night before just so they could take a big shit on the Olympics and ruin it for everyone. Just go home NBC. No one wants you.

Tip o’ the Week

We are now on youtube. You can watch this page be made. Just search UVM Water Tower or copy the url below
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=494OXa54RQ8

As we are all aware, we do not really know where our tuition goes. However, due to my recent involvement with parties who want to remain nameless I have gained insight into what actually happens to our tuition payments. What I have found is that most money does not go into construction projects, administrator salaries, or even into the investment of fossil fuels and Nicaraguan Death Squads as previously thought. In fact, the truth is much more interesting. I have compiled a list of the three biggest portions of the annual budget. They are as follows:

Research into creating an Orange Rhyming Dictionary – It was previously assumed that there exists no words in the English language that rhyme with orange. Researchers at our school have tried hard to counter that belief since 2006. The research group, which is a part of the Rhyme School (one of the Colleges here if you haven't been paying attention), has been drawing massive resources in their attempt to create what would be the most outstanding achievement since the monocle. The last major breakthrough in this area was in 1998 with Jets To Brazil’s debut album, Orange Rhyming Dictionary. Now, while this album is really good (like really really good), it actually did nothing substantial to further the number of words that actually rhyme with orange. This project is UVM’s biggest receiver of money getting about 700 million dollars annually. On the positive side, the research group has said they are homing in on the first word.

Attempts to get Neutral Milk Hotel back together – I do not know why the University has tried to keep this one quiet as most UVM students would probably agree with this policy. Ever since their break-up after In the Aeroplane Over the Sea, UVM has been spending about $200 million annually in payments to the members of Neutral Milk Hotel in order to have them create new music. The attempts have largely failed, although NMH is currently in a reunion tour lasting until August, so at least that’s cool.

Ninjas – I mean the one word pretty much explains it all. Any respectable university needs a coalition of ninjas, and UVM is no exception. The ninjas keep balance on campus. UVM spends about $100 million annually to keep the ninjas from growing angry. No one wants angry ninjas.

*a population of one was sampled for the study