Person of the Week

Let’s lay down the freshmen-in-Annenberg basics: name, year concentration, and hometown.

I’m Christina Mairs. I’m a senior concentrating in VES. I’m from Belfast, Northern Ireland. I love it.

You were mentioned in the previous edition of Hare Today by none other than Paul Hegarty. How do you feel?

Pretty proud. Paul’s pretty awesome... annoying sometimes, but awesome.

Let’s pretend you have a free Saturday. What would you do?

I’d probably take a walk into the city, cross the river onto Newbury or Boylston Street. I’d walk around a bit and take the T back.

How long does your walk take?

I don’t know. I’ve never timed it because I never bring my phone with me on those walks. That gets me in quite a lot of trouble because nobody can ever get in touch with me when they need to. Instead of calling me, they call people they think I might be with!

Though in the winter, I wouldn’t walk into the city. Probably stay at home and take a nap, watch some TV, catch up on Jersey Shore.

Say I’m your TF, and on my survey, I ask you to insert an interesting tidbit about yourself.

Well, usually, I just write “N/A,” because I can’t think of something interesting about me. I think the TFs get frustrated.

Tell us a vivid memory from your undergraduate years.

Well, the day before the first day of freshmen move-in day, because international students get there ahead of time, Yard Ops hands me the key to the wrong room. This was before I knew what HUPD was, before I knew anyone on campus. I had to wait there for my roommate Liz Pezza to open the door. Now that I work at the building manager’s office, I get to hand out the keys on move-in day. Anytime I give someone a wrong one, though, I can blame it on Paul. And often, I do!

Would you rather own a genuine Monet, Picasso, or Dali?

Monet, definitely. I love the impressionists. Renoir was my favorite artist for a time.

If you were a Jedi knight, what color would your light saber be?

Green! For Ireland! And for Leverett as well!

Describe your ideal get up for Lev formal.

If I had guts, I’d go in PJs. However, I’m just pretty mainstream, pretty boring.

But still good looking.

Thanks...?

Christopher Columbus’ efforts to discover the Americas were not in any way hampered by the idea that the Earth was flat. In fact, the intellectuals of the time had known, thanks to Aristotle and Plato, that the Earth was spherical. Eratosthenes even had accurately estimated the Earth’s radius in the third century BCE.

The problem, in reality, was an ongoing debate about the distance to India.

Interestingly enough, even if Columbus had correctly determined the distance to India, he could not travel at a fast enough rate to get there, and he would have run out of supplies. In an ironic way, if the America’s wouldn’t have existed, Columbus would have died en route to India.

We really saved you Columbus...

In order to submit to the Hare Today, please shoot an e-mail to news@leverett.harvard.edu with suggestions by 11 pm on Saturday for inclusion in next week’s edition.

http://isawyouharvard.com

Lev D-Hall: F spotting F
“I saw you, Latina vixen, with the swagga of a college kid. You can be the princess of my pelvic thrust any time.” 9/19/2010 @ 6:08 p.m.

Lunch @ Lev Dining Hall: M spotting F
“I saw you, highly individualistic girl in the blue dress and hair up in a complete mess. You are gorgeous but seem so unapproachable.” 9/18/2010 @ 3:34 p.m.
**Riddle: 10 Cigarette Butts**

**Answer to last week's riddle:** All advisors were wearing blue hats. **This week's:**

Bruce is an inmate at a large prison, and like most of the other prisoners, he smokes cigarettes. During his time in prison, Bruce finds that if he has 3 cigarette butts, he can cram them together and turn them into 1 full cigarette. Whenever he smokes a cigarette, it turns into a cigarette butt.

One day, Bruce is in his cell talking to one of his cellmates, Steve.

"I really want to smoke 5 cigarettes today, but all I have are these 10 cigarette butts," Bruce tells Steve. "I'm not sure if that will be enough."

"Why don't you borrow some of Tom's cigarette butts?" asks Steve, pointing over to a small pile of cigarette butts on the bed of their third cellmate, Tom, who is out for the day on a community service project.

"I can't," Bruce says. "Tom always counts exactly how many cigarette butts are in his pile, and he'd probably kill me if he noticed that I had taken any."

However, after thinking for a while, Bruce figures out a way that he can smoke 5 cigarettes without angering Tom. What is his plan?

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**Dumblechief**

Young Halbus Dumblechief was unlike most of the other young men walking around Cambridgehamshire that warm, sunny day in early September. Unlike most of the clean-shaven, bowtie-wearing trust fund babies of his time, Dumblechief sported perfectly-triangular, all white beard and a bright green *Leveryndor* t-shirt. Though not quite sure when or where he first got it, the young Halbus seemed to like the numerous rabbits that adorned the slightly-faded tee.

As he calmly strolled up the Yard towards pHayer Hall, he couldn’t help but stop in amazement at the site of the famous Sean Harvwarts statue. His parents wanted to take a picture of him rubbing the statue’s shoe on his first day in the Yard, but a faint voice from the back of his mind warned against this idea. Though he couldn’t figure out just where that voice was coming from, he decided to listen and informed his parents (in a well thought-out, proof-like argument) that he was going to decline today, maybe at graduation.

He was just turning to continue the walk towards Hayer when a clumsy, overweight teen slammed into him. As Dumblechief started to stand up, vehemently preparing his recitation of Newton’s First Law of motion, the boy reached out his hand to help him up.

“I’m terribly sorry…didn’t see you there.” Dumblechief looked at him in astonishment, partly because everything below his kneecaps appeared to be tattooed in dark-blue ink, partly because he was wearing a pHayer t-shirt. “The name’s Larry Potter, how’d’ya do?”

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**Totally and Completely Random**

The Roswell UFO Incident was an alleged cover-up, by the United States Government, of the existence of extraterrestrial life and technology in the summer of ’74. On July 8, 1947 Roswell Army Air Field (RAAF) issued a press release stating that they had recovered a “flying disk” from a ranch on the outskirts of Roswell, NM. The very next day, the commanding general of the Eighth Air Force retracted RAAF’s statement, asserting that instead a weather balloon had been recovered.

Since then, the Roswell Incident has been the source of world-wide skepticism. Interestingly enough, a telex the FBI sent from the Eighth Air Force on July 8, 1947 stated, “...the disk was hexagonal in shape and suspended from a balloon by cable, which [sic] balloon was approx. twenty feet in diameter. Major Curtain further advised that the object found resembles a high altitude weather balloon with a radar reflector, but telephonic conversation between their office and Wright Field had not borne out this belief.”

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**IMPORTANT DEADLINE**

Don’t forget! The add drop deadline is this Monday, the 20th! Avoid fees and plan accordingly! Check your classes!