The 60 minutes that changed Jack Bauer’s life

You think you know, but you have no idea: The true story behind the Mustang Daily
ROGUE BANANA
Fruit-clad student in golf cart strikes again!
page 4

Classic video game catches fire in Mustang Daily newsroom
page 16
Gather round kids. It's time to once again hear the magical story of how Gonzo journalism came to be and why this edition even exists to this day.

It all began with a man named Hunter S. Thompson. You might know him from his book "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A Savage Journey to the Heart of the American Dream" (or think Johnny Depp's character in the movie, if books aren't your thing). Thompson challenged the everyday principles that journalism stood for. By blending fact and fiction, a new breed of journalism was born that incorporated sarcasm, humor, exaggeration and profanity.

The word Gonzo itself was coined by an editor of the Boston Globe magazine in reference to Thompson's work. He later claimed the word was South Boston slang for the last man standing after a drinking marathon. (Explains a lot about the muppet, right?)

As for the Mustang Daily though, scholars maintain that the origin of the Gonzo issue was lost years ago. We are left with one word, 16 pages and a bizarre sense of humor.

The editors have been compiling Gonzo ideas all year, adding various thoughts to a giant list in the corner of the newsroom. And we find inspiration everywhere, from our peers who show up in the police blotter to the people on the news and even from each other — sometimes.

You'll notice that the stories follow a certain format in which some are true, others aren't so much and, more often than not, they're not true at all.

So welcome to the Gonzo issue and enjoy the ride. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we did putting it together.

— Kristen Marschall, editor in chief

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Not True

WARNING:
Do not take this issue seriously.
Baker’s ride gets pimped ... Vatican style

Lauren Rabaino

In addition to his $328,209 annual salary, $12,000 car allowance and $60,000 housing allowance, Cal Poly President Warren Baker has a new treat to add to the list: his very own popemobile.

The vehicle — as the name suggests — was originally intended for use by the Pope of the Catholic Church during public appearances. Out after three years of negotiations with the Vatican Auto Club, Maker finally obtained permission to own a personalized popemobile.

Maker is the only person outside of the Catholic Church who obtained permission to own the sacred vehicle, which he is set to receive next month.

The automobile — which boasts a 25-square-foot replica of Maker’s office in the back half — will transport Maker to both personal and university-related functions. Equipped with four glass walls that are both soundproof and bulletproof, the popemobile allows bystanders complete visual access to the occupant within.

Unlike the Pope’s Mercedes-Benz ML 430 model, Baker chose to go with something he felt was more suitable for his uses — a Hummer H3.

“We chose to go with the H3 model to ensure maximum protection,” a press release said Sunday.

The press release indicated that in the event of a school shooting, wildfire, multiple vortex tornado or any other heavenly, random act of nature, Baker would be completely protected in his popemobile.

“Now that President Baker has a safe means of venturing into the public, students will likely see more of him on campus,” the office’s spokesperson said Monday.

The decision to obtain the vehicle was a response to years of criticism generated by decades of Cal Poly students who haven’t felt a personal closeness to the president.

“I’ve been at Poly for 11 years now and I’ve never even seen him,” engineering sophomore Jerry Blake said. “Now that he has a popemobile, I’m really excited about being able to wave at him from the sidewalk.”

To use the popemobile to its full potential, Baker intends to hold a parade every Friday morning in his honor. The parade route will follow around Perimeter Drive circling the campus. Baker’s popemobile will be preceded by the Mustang Marching Band and followed by an escort of University Police.

Baker hopes to use the Friday morning parades as a time to get paperwork done. Because Baker doesn’t technically have the extra hours to make public appearances, the miniature replica of Baker’s office — including a desk, leather swivel chair and espresso maker — will allow him to multitask within the popemobile during the parade.

“We hope this interaction will create that real one-on-one closeness that students have wanted from Baker all these years,” Baker’s spokesperson said. “We think university presidents across the nation will follow Warren’s noble example.”

If the trend does catch on, Baker’s office hinted toward starting a San Luis Obispo-based project to provide a line of popemobiles for distribution to colleges nationwide. All money raised from the project would be transferred directly to Baker’s salary.
Kristen Marschall  
MUSTANG DAILY

All it took was a banana suit and a golf cart to change everything.

The University Police Department was alerted to a suspicious person milling about in front of the restaurant formerly known as Vista Grande (now Sage) on the evening of Oct. 26. But this wasn’t the typical freshman student passed out in front of the nearest food venue.

Instead, witnesses described the perpetrator as a person dressed in a banana suit recklessly driving a golf cart down the stairs in front of the building.

“That was, perhaps, the most disgusting thing I’ve ever seen,” said Thomas Hurt, a computer science freshman who was in the process of finishing his second pint of Ben and Jerry’s at the time. “You think those things are never going to happen to you. It makes me sick.”

When officers responded just after 1 a.m., the suspect had disappeared with the golf cart. All that was left was a Chiquita banana sticker which police submitted for DNA testing. The results have since proved to be inconclusive and only led investigators to Ecuador.

The event was promptly noted in the Mustang Daily’s police blotter on Oct. 30 to the shock and amusement of students everywhere. After months of laying low, the suspicious banana resurfaced again April 17 and this time, he was being watched.

Careening into the parking lot in front of the Graphic Arts building, the banana was back – this time with a lanky gorilla hot on his peel.

Jessica Flutey, a prospective student, saw the entire scene.

“O ne second I’m leaving my tour of the Health Center and the next thing I know, I’m getting pushed out of the way by a 120-pound gorilla,” Flutey said. “The last thing I remember seeing was a golf cart with a Port-O-Potty on the back.”

Flutey was immediately taken back into the Health Center and the golf cart was determined to be none other than a Backstage Bizza cart. Flutey has since added that she refuses to attend a mixed-species university.

The gorilla, who wished to remain anonymous, came forward not knowing to discuss the event with the Daily.

“Dude, I wasn’t chasing him — I just wanted to bum a ride,” the gorilla said, adding that he was late for his fruit science class.

In response to recent allegations that he may have been camping out on top of Warren Baker’s vacated on-campus house, the gorilla’s nostrils flared in defense.

“I’m just a normal gorilla. I’m trying to live my normal gorilla life,” he said. “Why does everyone gotta be havin’?”

EDITOR’S NOTE: Though the banana-clad perpetrator is still at large, the Mustang Daily staff is diligently searching for any leads on its identity or whereabouts. Please put us out of our misery; we must know who you are. Please? We’ll buy you dinner.

GET CAUGHT!

Ashley Williams  
2nd Year, Animal Science  
“I enjoy the arts section”

Get caught reading the Mustang Daily and win a free shirt!

WE’LL BE WATCHING

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Baker encourages students to emulate Ewok culture

Ryan Charrand

In an effort to promote diversity at Cal Poly, President Warren Baker invited a tribe of Ewoks to campus Monday to share their culture with faculty and students.

What Baker officially titled "Ewok Day" at Cal Poly started with a lecture to an aerospace engineering class by Ewok Clan Chief Chirpa on the importance of wooden gliders and catapults in a society.

Aerospace engineering sophomore Carl Rebo said the lecture did not appeal to the majority of the students in the class.

"We didn't really understand why we should be learning about throwing rocks and stuff," Rebo said. "And we also didn't understand why that guy looked like a midget bear."

The lecture lasted four hours and ended with a live demonstration on how to determine catapult trajectories. Aerospace engineering sophomore Carl Kebo said the lecture was the best he’d heard in his entire four years of attending Cal Poly.

"We all went fine 'til a few of those little guys somehow got a bunch of tree logs on the field and started tramping people," head coach Rich Ellerson said.

Ewok Day ended with a gathering on Dexter Lawn with the entire Ewok tribe and Cal Poly cultural clubs, including Pilipino Cultural Exchange, MEKA, Hillel of San Luis Obispo and several others. The groups spent hours with the Ewoks, sharing recipes, stories and songs. It was difficult to fight the "big guys," Walters said in reference to larger newspapers such as the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal. "It's easier to start with school newspapers." The journalism department has printing facilities that can produce hundreds of copies of the Mustang Daily every day, but the Ewoks were sent away with a life-size cardboard cutout of Chief Chirpa.

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"USA Today has a circulation of 2 million across the nation, and that is just one daily newspaper," he said.

The Malibu Times, a publication serving the Malibu area, is printed every day for the campus community of around 21,000. While not everyone reads the school newspaper, many copies are often seen upon the ground or the nearest table immediately after reading or completing Sudoku; others are reused for doodling, while still more are taken for more unusual purposes.

Last year, a student made a life-sized sculpture of himself out of extra copies of the newspaper and propped it beside the mustang statue near the University Union.

"I like my Sudoku just as much as the next person and that sculpture was sick," said Kristin Marshalt, Mustang Daily editor in chief. "But I'll be damned if I let those squirrels decide who's boss around here."
“Who’s your favorite Disney princess?”

Compiled and photographed by Sara Wright

“Me; they told me I’m a princess when I went to Disneyland.”
— Paris Hilton

“Young minority girls around the world and sets to undermine the structure of that ruins the mindsets of looks like the youngest Disney is racist! It’s an The mermaid ... she looks like the youngest one.”
— R. Kelly

“They’re all bitches and hos ... but I’d say Sleep- ing Beauty.”
— 50 Cent

“Disney is racist! It’s an oppressive corporation that runs the mindsets of young minority girls around the world and sets to undermine the structure of the nation. I hate...”
— Al Sharpton

“If you asked most Cal Poly students what they knew about the Mustang Daily, they’d probably tell you it’s a student-run organization intended to keep the campus informed of current events. Others may say it’s the university’s way of exercising freedom of speech. Or that it takes inexperienced high school reporters and turns them into hard-hitting investigative journalists. They’d all be all wrong.

The Mustang Daily is actually a cult. Little is known about what goes on in that dark, windowless room in building 26. One thing is for sure: people go in, but they don’t come out.

There have been many mysteries over the years. Countless families have lost loved ones to this unnecessary evil. Missing persons reports were filed, rescue missions dispatched, houses searched. Scores of friends, family members and significant others were left to ask themselves the most difficult question: “How could I have ever let someone I love work for the Mustang Daily?”

The heartbeat still continues for some families; no member of the current editorial staff has been seen or heard from since September. There was a rumor back in January that one of the arts editors was spotted at University Union Hour, but these reports have not been confirmed and are most likely false, as it is commonly known that members of the Mustang Daily cult were never seen when the sun is out.

Eventually, people just stopped wondering what happened to the editors of the Mustang Daily. Life went on without them. But we’d like to take a minute to remember those who we lost this past school year.

Editor in chief: Kristen Marshall

After being subjected to bad spelling, horrendous gram­mar and incorrect facts for three years, Kristen couldn’t take it anymore. She lost the will to live and attempted to destroy the only source of oxygen in the newsroom. She just snapped, grabbed a hole-puncher and attacked the office plant. Final score:0, Kristen zero.

Managing editor: Ryan Chaertrand

He spent the day bringing joy to others at the Daily, as did his mancrush on Jos Wheldon and his amazing ability to retrieve lost files from the oh-so-trustworthy Mustang Daily server. The hours he was forced to spend working on the makeshift computers eventually lead to his death, which was officially attributed to severe arthritis and carpet rashes.

And there is the story of Kristen’s life. Curious to see what the newsroom was like without her? It’s all right here online.

News editor: Gianna Magnoli

Sometimes referred to as Right-Handed Jill, Gianna was more than a little preoccu­pied with pirates. Especially Johnny Depp. Her obsession never really bothered her coworkers. That is, until she stopped bathing and started challenging them to run-inspired duels, and pulling up the floodboards looking for buried treasure. For their own protection, the other editors voted her off the island.

News design editor: Sara Hamilton

She was a vegetarian who didn’t eat vegetables. No ... seriously. Although she had a bright future, Sara’s incessant hunger and love of glazed pastries got the better of her. After several failed interventions by the Mustang Daily staff, she was found sprawled across her desk one night after deadline in a pile of powdered sugar and half-eaten donuts.

Arts editor: Janelle Eastridge

It’s a well-known fact in the journalism depart­ment that the Mustang Daily also serves as headquarters for a large pet-sitting agency, with as many as eight or nine dogs going through the newsroom in a single day. For Janelle, the temptation to steal one was just too great. She attempted to kidnap Nessie, who is half Scott­ish terrier and half mjau. It didn’t end well for Janelle. Nessie is now the arts editor, her reputation having improved dramatically.

Arts design editor: Brooke Robertson

Brooke’s free spirit could not be contained in just one person, much less just one newsroom. In fact, she had many free spirits. She was everything from a slutty octopus to a My Little Pony to the gorilla you readers have all come to know and love. Her multiple personality disorder must have driven her crazy in the end, but boy! It sure was fun while it lasted.

Sports editor: Donovan Aird

All, the Don-O-Matic 6000! At first, Donovan’s secret love of Disney movies distracted the staff from the fact that he was a Borg programmed with an encyclopedic knowledge of sports trivia. He survived the streets of San Francisco and an attack by a rogue peacock, only to have his system shortcircuit on draft night. It is not known if he will ever reboot.

Wire editor: Christina Casci

Generally a happy person, Christina loves much­needed fun and giggles to the staff. Always chuckling about something or other, she was in on almost every inside joke.
Hillary Rodham Clinton speaks after she beat a dead horse, the reason for PETA's protests outside her Virginia campaign headquarters.

Clinton campaign
protested by PETA

Dustin Stone
MUSTANG DAILY

Virginia State Police stood in disbelief Monday as thousands of hemp-clad protesters converged on Hillary Rodham Clinton's Arlington campaign headquarters. When picketers first began to assemble on North Fairview Drive, passersby assumed they were Obama supporters angered by Clinton's repeated attacks on his responsibilities stripped from suits.

He also requested that Congress must shake off the shackles of its proceedings stripped from suits.

Kelly Pantsoot, emerged from the building in an effort to talk some sense into the assembled masses. "It's a metaphor!" she shouted. "We're dead!"

The damage is estimated at $1 million. Almost every building was knocked down with the exception of the San Luis Obispo Mission, Fortino Grill and Bals.

"Let there be a place for prayer, a place for food and alcohol and a place for delicious dessert. It's a metaphor!" she shouted. "The spiral crowded in approval.

Pantsoot simply shook her head and slowly retreated into the office.

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Daily

continued from page 6

the Daily had. Peaks of laughter could be heard throughout the department the night she laughed herself to death.

Graphics designer: Lauren Rabaino

After looking through miserable barred windows for almost a year, the Daily had. Waves of laughter could be heard throughout the department the night she laughed herself to death. Lauren was placed in “the tank” — a newsstand kept specially for high-risk editors. By the time the staff remembered to remove her, the oxygen had already run out.

Copy editor: Whitney Diaz

The soon-to-be Whitney Poschman brought the sugar to the newsroom, both literally and figuratively. She supported Sara’s donut habit by smuggling baked goods into the starving editors, and later revealed that she had even dreamed of Sara’s death. The other editors decided this was a fit of crazy when you think about it.

Copy editor: Megan Madden

As an English major, Megan always felt like somewhat of an outsider. She was constantly trying to prove herself to other members of the prominent journalism cult. During a routine gang battle against CPTV, Megan foolishly attacked an unidentified KCPR member in a desperate plea for acceptance. Though her switchblade was found after the fight, Megan was never seen again.

Copy editor: Sara Wright

Due to scaring childhood mishap, Sara boycotted jeans. Well — parts of any kind. She did, however, love food so much so that she couldn’t think rationally when she was hungry. It was not uncommon to see her attacking a can of soup with scissors — simply because the can-opener was too far away. Someone should have told her not to run with those scissors.

Photo editor: Graig Mantle

If Whitney brought the sugar to the newsroom, Graig brought the diabetes. He had a strange affinity for syphils and chlamydia. Graig spent his last months growing mold in a Jell-O dish, and the official cause of death was the toxic mold spores he’d so lovingly cultivated.

Santa Cruz student seduced by cephalopod

Angela Marie Watkins

ASSOCIATED PRESS

A 17-year-old Santa Cruz student was seduced by a local pet shop cephalopod who she claims convinced her to consent to a suicide pact.

The scheme was revealed by representatives from the “Anti-Water Conners Squad” who seek out vindictive activities devised by sea creatures. The faction allocated their accomplishment to acquaintances of the awful octopus’s affronts.

The female student endeavored to induce death by consumption of excessive sums of crustaceans. The sounds of the student crunching on the encrusted creature echoed through the corridors compelling the destinies of the doors to discover the source.

The student was less-than-placed when the perversive plot was placed. “I need him,” she screamed as police retrieved her from the scene of the crime.

The eight-legged fiend declined to define why he defiled the desperate girl’s mind but smiled slyly as he was being detained by deputies from the AWCS department.

It was unclear if the cephalopod planned to fulfill his side of the suicide plot.

“She’s an octopus, that’s important to define; why she defiled the desperate girl’s mind can only be answered by those unfamiliar with the operation of the cephalopod’s brain. Details of how pair began their affair are uncertain nevertheless characters are unearthing reasons for the cephalopod’s treason. These citizens insist the cephalopod had a list of women in which he would have tried to spread his queen. Yet, in a reckless rage he scrambled his brain and decided death would be his revenge on ridiculous women.

This list resisted repetition and the untenable, malicious hellion from the cuttlefish class removed ranks of relatives and friends. Otherwise, he devised a just right lie to fool his pretty prey to believe they were queens in his aquamarine aquarium.

Within this dream he influenced three lovers to lust for his legs and follow all his laws. As if in a religious fervor, they adored his reef roaming frame, and he required them to write a vow to receive his favor. The two before the Santa Cruz woman chose to throw their lives away for the fray and a cephalopod plot.

The first froze her herself in a trico freezer and was found by a few frighten frog flyers.

The second learned her lesson by sheltering his treasures while washing her dresses which she was wearing at the time resulting in electro-shock. Families arranged to form a match against the multi-legged murderer’s followers who gathered in grass beneath his window within the withering county prison. The assembly encompassed anxious women bawling the heavy octopus’s name.

“Don-o, we’ll die for your squire’s,” they screamed. The displays inciting the female’s emotions and his creed, displeased the fatalities’ families who said the allies would never be redeemed.

Graig Mantle Mustang Daily

A photo found in a Facebook profile shows a group of young Santa Cruz students that wanted to remain anonymous.
Angela Marie Watkins
MUSTANG DAILY

The setting for the annual "Hardcore PLUR" was hosted by Cal Poly at Alex G. Spanos Stadium May 10. The event featured world-renowned DJs and performance artists.

Rotten Fungi headlined the event and DJ Weighted Pivot and DJ Outdoor Feline played two-hour sets on one of the two stages set up on either side of the field for the more than 20 acts. In the middle of the field contortionists, poi-spinners, acrobats, and fire spitters performed surround-d by a mesmerized crowd of onlookers.

This was the third installation of the rave that stands to "exemplify the true ideals of raving: Peace, Love, Unity, Respect," according to event promoter Oliver Klozoff.

"I really feel this time, PLUR really, you know, tickled my fancy this time and this venue really cemented our status as y'know, you know, well up to par with 'Fresh' and 'Nocturnal' and 'ECC' and TAO," Klozoff said.

ECC and TAO are acronyms for Los Angeles-based Electric City Carnival and Together As One, respectively. Hardcore PLUR, previously took place in Los Angeles as well.

Event Organizer Haywood Cuddleme was also excited with the results of this year’s party.

"I know a lot of people were shocked when we said that not only were we going to put on a rave on a college campus but in San Luis Obispo, even though Mark Gras used to be pretty awesome," Cuddleme said. "But with this location right in the middle of two major cities, and a fairly populated area with lots of entertainment-desperate kids, it made sense to me and all it took was waving the right amount of cash in front of the school's administration."

The event sold all of its 15,000 ticket one hour before it began at 4 p.m. Saturday. Tickets cost $37 online a week before the event, but the price was raised to $50 afterward and online sales ended 24 hours before the event started. The event ended at 7 a.m.

Sunday:

A large and odd assemblage waited outside Spanos’ gate by noon that morning. Some wore layers of multi-colored beaded bracelets up to their elbows, hot pink furry boots and hair to match. Others wore thigh-high leather boots, fishnets, gas masks and rubber tubing woven into their hair.


"I'm glad Cal Poly was gracious enough to have some eclectic fun," Cuddleme said.

No word yet if Cal Poly has signed a contract with Cuddleme for next year's event.
Everyone does it. There's no way to avoid it. And if you're anything like me, this is most likely a weekly occurrence between you and a female. It's what happens when you zone out for a split second and miss something important, when your brain doesn't get the "shut up" message down to your tongue in time to save you, and when sarcasm just wasn't the right way to play it in a particular conversation. You said something stupid ... it happened. Maybe she thinks your comment about her being unique was actually you pointing out she has a slightly misshapen nose. Or maybe, according to her, saying she looks nice today means you don't like her haircut. I can't explain why women fly off the handle over a tiny, insignificant comment. All I know is it's bound to happen at some point and, when it does, the ball is in your court, whether she gets over it or gets so hot under the collar you could use her to pan fry a breakfast omelet.

First of all, apologies are overrated. If you apologize within the first eight hours of the incident, you will never be believed and any later than that eight-hour cutoff is too late. There may be a split second where the second hand crosses over from 7:59 to 8:00 where you could sneak in a sincere apology, but that timing must be perfect and is almost unattainable. As California residents, we are taught to shut off the gas line immediately following an earthquake to prevent a potentially explosive situation. As men, we should be taught to shut off the windpipe and vocal cords immediately following an offensive remark, it also gains you sympathy as she thinks you're currently hobbled. Although I do not usually recommend lying to women, in this case the truth probably got you into the mess, so feel free to tweak some facts in your favor. If one can restrain the tongue from continuing to flap and stoke the flames, said person can shave days off his stay in the dog house.

There are two routes to take once you make your innocent you mistake. A risky strategy is to pretend like it never happened. Maybe she's not quietly stewing at the other end of the couch. Maybe she's just really interested in seeing if Jack Bauer is going to save Los Angeles in time. (He will.) More likely, she is waiting for you to slip up again. That's when the floodgates will open. In that case it would be safe to sleep on a bed of hot coals, but this is still a manageable situation. If you actually are on the couch watching "24" flip through during a commercial and once you hit "Project Runway," leave the remote alone and pretend like you are interested. If you happen to be in a public area, such as Farmers' Market, stick to the crowds and keep your head focused straight ahead. And don't even think about sneaking a glance at the clothing spring weather brings out on other women. If you do pretend like it never happened and if you don't notice any signs of a swirl on her face, a backrub and Baht might be all you need. Congratulations.

Option A is the standard method for getting back on her good side. It is a bit risky, but on the whole it usually doesn't lead to further incrimination, because your mouth should not be open during the probation period between the remark and your vindication.

Option B is to try and justify what you said. If you attempt this, make sure your first defense doesn't start with, "Well, I was just trying to..." This is throwing fuel on the fire. At least be confident in your explanation. When she gets the look of death on her face (and she will), you coolly say, "I sprained my ankle yesterday, obviously it would be hard to lift you off the ground." This lie not only gets you off the hook for a weight-related remark, it also gains you sympathy as she thinks you're currently hobbled. Although I do not usually recommend lying to women, in this case the truth probably got you into the mess, so feel free to tweak some facts in your favor. The catch here is that girls always seem to know when you're lying, so you should either lump around for a couple extra days or just not lie at all. Better get yourself an ankle brace.

If Options A and B don't work, do what I always have to resort to doing when talking my way out of a mess only gets me a deeper hole: flowers and chocolate.

Geig Mantle is a business administration senior and Mustang Daily photo editor who is currently attempting to date his way through the columnist list. His mouth also gets him in trouble more often than naught.
**NOT TRUE**

*Grains* “I want to be Jack Bauer so bad I cry myself to sleep every night” Mantle

**MUSTANG DAILY**

We all know the facts behind Kiefer Sutherland’s 24! He was bust in Los Angeles after allegedly making an illegal U-turn shortly after midnight and later failing a Breathalyzer test. Authorities claim he was calm and polite throughout the booking process and later released on bail.

Events occurred in real time.

12:00:00... 12:00:01... 12:00:02...

Bauer was following up on a lead on a suspected terrorist threatening to destroy the Los Angeles Dodgers’ playoff chances by supplying their opponents with steroids, greenies and anything to give the Colorado Rockies a chance. Bauer, who bleeds Dodger blue, had been waiting for a World Series ring for almost two decades and was not going to let the sleeper cell group known as the Dodger Haters ruin his chances at another championship. With some surveillance footage from trusted Chloe O’Brien, Bauer sped into the Dodger Stadium parking lot in a CTU SUV and plowed through the players’ gate shortly after midnight of the 9-8 Dodger loss to the Rockies. After spending several hours prior to this moment researching a member of the Dodger Haters (who gave himself away by wearing a San Francisco Giants hat) with every trick in the book, he got a tip that the supplier would be in the clubhouse to drop off a shipment at 1:30 a.m. The lights were shut off and Bauer hid in a vacant locker while he waited for the drop. At 12:32 a.m., three armed men snuck into the room and began distributing the packages to the various lockers.

12:32:05... 12:32:06... 12:32:07...

**Commercial Break**

12:32:35... 12:32:34... 12:32:35...

Jack sneak behind one and snipped his neck, throwing him into the laundry basket. Two remained. One of the Haters heard footsteps and went to check it out. Bauer hid silently in the laundry and managed to slide a belt off some dirty pants. When the target came within range, he whipped the belt around the finest and pulled it toward him. The target reacted quickly and kicked the gun away, starting a fistfight and struggle, especially since Bauer’s opponent had a solid 60 pounds on him. The third Hater was more devious. He managed to some­how, with a 250-pound man ringing his neck, fire off a few fastballs from the pitching machine, knocking the gunman unconscious before a shot could be fired. While he did this, the man fighting with Bauer grabbed a needle filled with amphetamines and jabbed it into his thigh, removing the contents. Bauer pulled the needle out of his thigh, reached back, and stuck it into the man’s throat, severing an artery as he bled to death.

Bauer phoned Chloe to a CTU team over to Dodger Stadium to get rid of all the other terrorists before they could be taken and used to beat the Dodgers. His work done, Bau­er drove the SUV headed back to CTU to find more terrorists.

He suddenly realized that there was a mole. “DAMMIT!” he snarled. Chloe was an Angels fan, and she wouldn’t have sent a team over knowing that a Dodger playoff year would ruin her team’s campaign to re­ally earn the name Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim. He swung his SUV around and was driving like mad back to the clubhouse to get rid of the drugs. Just as that happened, he was pulled over by Highway Patrol and asked to perform a field sobriety test. The amphetamines kicking in, even the indestructible Jack Bauer failed the test and was taken into custody. As a result of Chloe’s betrayal, the Dodgers missed the playoffs by a wide margin.

12:39:38... 12:39:39... 1:00:00...

**BROOKE ROBERTSON**

BROOKE ROBERTSON MUSTANG DAILY

Jack Bauer, the lean, mean crime­fighting machine, after he put him­self in a plastic mold to deflect the rays of the sun. That might not make sense, but if you read it aloud with a movie-announcer accent, it’ll be a lot more convincing.

---

**LOVE: CLASSIFIED**

Rachel Glas

**MUSTANG DAILY**

LOOKIN’ FOR A FEW GOOD MEN
(to pay my rent)

I’m a single gal who just wants to enjoy the finer things in life, like a roof over my head! Will meet on corner of Santa Rosa and Foothill.

**WANT TO BE FAMOUS?**

Blonde socialite seeks male partner with knowledge of movie-making. Room and makeup will be provided, you just bring the video cam­era and laptop!

**WANTED: UPLIFTING RELATIONSHIP**

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No boobs please. Looking for the perfect fit — comfy and snug.

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**SUNDAY, MAY 18TH: 9AM - 3PM**

*In MOTT GYM, Attendance both days is required*
OMG, WTF is this? Can it really be a return of "Mike's Guide to Life"? Can it really be, people? Go change your pants if you need to because you welcome a special "Mike's Guide to Life" in this Gonzo edition of The Mustang Daily. Now you might be reading this as a first-year student wondering what the hell this is. Or maybe you are everyone else at Cal Poly breathing a huge sigh of relief that your life can go on with another one of my articles. Either way, you are in for quite the treat with this return of an article. If you somehow don’t know about these articles, go head on over to my favorite Web site: www.mustangdaily.net and read up on how life should be. But first, I digress. The point of this article really is to let you know how life really is post-college.1

To give you a quick update on my life, I now live in Glendale, which might be best known for having something like 1,000 Armenians in the population. I have nothing against Armenian people, but I don’t like people who generally rule, drive horribly and seem to hate white people. Jobwise, let me just ask, do you have to copy and brad 150 scripts per day? We’d just say that is just one of my daily tasks at work.1 I have learned some things though which I can pass onto you, the underdog, about what life should be like after college.

For one, I’m not going to say life is boring. I and don’t worry, still with footnotes.
1
"OMG, WTF is this? Can it really be a return of "Mike’s Guide to Life"? Can it really be, people? Go change your pants if you need to because you welcome a special "Mike's Guide to Life" in this Gonzo edition of The Mustang Daily. Now you might be reading this as a first-year student wondering what the hell this is. Or maybe you are everyone else at Cal Poly breathing a huge sigh of relief that your life can go on with another one of my articles. Either way, you are in for quite the treat with this return of an article. If you somehow don’t know about these articles, go head on over to my favorite Web site: www.mustangdaily.net and read up on how life should be. But first, I digress. The point of this article really is to let you know how life really is post-college.1

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1"
Jam!

continued from page 16

between the Spurs’ Dennis Rodman and the Jazz’s Karl Malone. But John Stockton thunderously completed his first career dunk while leading Utah to the 56-48 win.

Harbeck’s Jazz then fell to junior Scott Silvey’s Bulls (since renamed to the Wizards due to concerns inciting violence in the inner-city), a squad whose promising mid-season season was no less than a sell-out like a Kix Kae bar for reasons people are still trying to figure out.

“They should’ve kept that team together,” I mused.

“They should’ve stayed the Bulls,” McMullen replied.

Silvey, who entered the contest gripping a lack of a Genesis experience, raised eyebrows by teaming Chris Webber most often with Calbert Cheaney, who won college player of the year at Indiana in 1991–92.

Consequently, the makers of NBA Jam must not have foreseen a rather pedestrian, non-descript, and the Jazz’s Karl Malone. Still trying to figure it out.

Jazz!, > > squad whose promising mid-season season was no less than a sell-out like a Kix Kae bar for reasons people are still trying to figure out.

“Why stop these little bas­kets,” McMullen exclaimed of Hor­nacek and Stockton, who, according to sources, attacked the trio of Jazz coach Jerry Sloan for interrupting halftime adjustments by delivering a freestyle rap based on the compe­titive edge provided by the similarity of “Harbeck” to “Hornacek.”

McMullen did stop them eventu­ally, though, prevailing in a 45-39 defensive struggle.

Drexler, McMullen said, “utter­ly dominated on the offensive rebound,” and if not for Gen­es’ questionable stats-keeping,” would have nudged doubles in just about every game.”

A sock monkey Waterlock said she always plays video games with was unable to lead her to a first win, as she fell 36-46 to Silvey, whose suc­cess on a system he’d reportedly hardly played — with the relatively obscure Cheaney, no less — began to garner comparisons to the blacktop-hustling morsone Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipes portrayed clashing grip in “White Men Can’t Jump.”

Silvey, though, downplayed the surprise of Cheaney’s prowess.

“Calbert Cheaney is the Cal Rip­ker Jr. of professional basketball,” he said. “No flash, all fundamentals. He gets the job done the right way.”

The Pacr’s Reggie Miller got the job done by hitting nearly a full-court, game-ending buzzer-beater to keep me alive 50-48 against Har­beck’s Kings, whose chilly loss at the hands of vintage “Miller time” wasn’t for naught, however, as all were able to see Spud Webb soar 20 feet above the rim on occasion.

“You were talkin’ too much trash about what you were going to do with Seattle,” an unlooker said in response to my initial inclination to again shy away from the Sonics, known to not live up to their hype at that stage of the ’90s. Indeed. A 90-77 Sonics elimina­tion loss closed the curtain on the Emerald City’s pride.

“They beat us to every loose ball,” I said. “But I’m glad I went down with the ship — they’ll always be the Sonics.”

More importantly, McMullen’s win advanced his Blazers to the much-awaited championship against Silvey’s Bulls.

I’ve always, Clyde versus Cal­bert. Cheaney was hot from the be­ginning, as Washington raced ahead 8-6.

“What kind of a name is’Calbert,’ anyway?” I wondered.

“Ir’s pretty sweet,” McMullen countered. “It’s Cal’s and Albert’s put together.”

Fans began to speculate as to how Cheaney’s might be so dominant, be­fore conspiracy theories circulated regarding Cheaney having second job in the mid-’90s as a video game code designer for Midway.

McMullen, though, who confid­ently proclaimed he didn’t believe in mid-range jumpers,” rallied by long-bombing and rim-rattling his way to a 20-16 lead just before in­termission.

Cheaney, who eclipsed his real­life career high in each of his four outings, amassed 37 points while trading baskets with Drexler.

Despite the valiant effort of the “Blue Chips” thespians, though, Drexler’s silky-smooth offensive repertoire was on prime display.

He finished with 40 points to lead the Blazers to a 42-40 win and the 2008 Mustang Daily NBA Jam Tournament Edition Champion­ship.

“T was like a well-oiled, three­story-high-jumping, double front­flip dunking machine, with the spirit of Clyde Drexler guiding my every move,” McMullen said. “It was like ‘The Glove’ was my Patrick Swayze in ‘Ghost,’ helping me to mold a per­fect 4-0 record.”

Recognize. Noticably absent were then-Magic star Shaquille O’Neal and then-Suns great Charles Barkley, who were contractually obligated to be at respective weekend “Shaq Fu” and “Barkley Shut Up and Jam” tournaments.

FEEL THE HEAT WITH CAL POLY BASEBALL

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6 PM
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FRIDAY MAY 16
VS. LONG BEACH STATE
6PM
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SATURDAY MAY 17
VS. LONG BEACH STATE
6PM*
SPONSORED BY RABOBANK
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for students. Best 80s outfits win prizes and the GREEK organization with the most spirit and enthusiasm will win personalized hats or t’s for their entire group!

SUNDAY MAY 18
VS. LONG BEACH STATE
1PM
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THE CAL POLY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
**YOUTH JERSEY DAY**
All youth, 13 and under receive FREE admission by wearing their jersey to the game. Following the game the Cal Poly baseball team will host an on-field autograph session for all fans.
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**Unlimited yoga classes $90 for 90 days.** Smiling Dog Yoga 546-9100. 1227 Archer St. www.smilingdogyogaSLO.com

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**REDUCED FOR QUICK SALE!** Upland-equipped roommate for sale: Dave Renfrew. Tells lame jokes. Drinks lots of milk; can fix toasters. Car goes into "performance mode" if interested, please contact Krista or Michele.

**Classmate models needed** College Girls Calendar, Central Coast 2009 is looking for college girls from the central coast to model in this new calendar! If you attend Cal Poly or Cuesta, send an email to carnicalcolleges@calpoly.edu or visit our website www.marinecal.org to learn more.

**HELP WANTED**

**HELP WANTED**

**ENGINEERING INTERNS** The City of Novato Public Works Department is recruiting 2 Engineering interns to work this summer in the Engineering Division. One position will be in Private Projects/Engineering and the other in Capital Improvement Projects. These positions are suitable for students with a background in Civil Engineering and/or computers. Rate of $12.35/hour. Contact: 415-899-8962 or visit our website www.novato.ca.us.

**HELP WANTED**

**KIDS’ Summer Camp Counselors** The City of Morro Bay is hiring Counselors for their Kid’s Summer Camp Program. This is a part-time position, 20-40 hr/wk, beginning June 16th and running thru August 15th. $8.76-9.12/hr. Staff is responsible for child supervision as well as general care and providing appropriate activities and excursions. To apply, contact the City of Morro Bay at 772-6207 or visit our website at www.morro-bay.ca.us. Deadline to apply: 5/23/08.

**TRAVEL**

**GRADUATION WEEK** Avila Beach 5 Star Resort $200 wk, 805-528-1155. sanluisbayinn.com bsai@charter.net

**LOST AND FOUND**

Lost anything? Please contact Cal Poly Lost and Found in Building 70 or at 805-756-7469. Contact Navid Sadihnia at 528-1155 or leave the state altogether.

**LIVING WAGE JOBS**

The City of Novato is seeking a 4th roommate in a 4brm house on Johnson ave. Please contact Navid Sadihnia at 528-1155 or leave name and phone number.

**LHOT**

Lost and found ads are free! Place your ad today!
McMullen leads Blazers to NBA Jam Tournament Edition title

Donovan Aird
MUSTANG DAILY

CHILDHOOD — It was OK Michael Jordan was gone.
And it was all right Charlotte's chiseled scorer wearing a grandpa's shoes, Don-

\textbf{HALF TRUE}

ve's 7-foot-2, finger-waving Zaire native and Orlando's 360-degree, fun-loving smart aleck were new kids on their block, because we were on ours.

It was all good. It was the early 1990s, and it was NBA Jam. Kill that motion-capture, latest-and-greatest, keep-up-with-the-Joneses, can't-tell-it's-the-real-thing-and-or-official-game-simulating action.

This had two-on-two, no-foul-called, no-out-of-bounds, jumping-for-the-air-to-dunk action with enough boomshakalaka to make Darryl Dawkins quiver.

One match was a media creadoEdges and the other was an unannounced, voice-from-the-heavens public address announcer who would tell the whole arena everybody took an ugly shot.

More balls were on fire than in a bookies Jerry Lewis record.

For the times, they were a-changin'. It was a mix of chaotic, wide-open exuberance and pre-2001, pre-YouTube, simplistic thrill comforted by an era of the NBA-on-NBC theme song.

It was understood pulling an all-nighter was worth it, even if it meant missing Ahmad Rashad breaking down his main man on "Inside Stuff!"

"It's like the '92 finals on crack," I said, watching the Blazers-v-Black Bullets warm-up by two of the five journalism majors who convened Friday in Graphic Arts Room 226 to represent on senior Brian McMullen's tournament edition for Genesis.

With surely the smallest backcourt ever, senior Angela Watkins opened the round-robin fray with the Hornets' Muggsy Bogues and Hillary Rodham Clinton codes were allowed, although Will Smith received 10 DNPs-CDS — don't hate — lacing them up against McMullen's Blazers tandem of Clyde Drexler and Cliff Robinson.

Clinton, who in warm-ups ran a campaign of "hard dunks and mean d'z"-McMullen put it, reverted to indecive pump-faking early. McMullen's attack led to a 26-20 halftime advantage before he caught fire in the second during an 11-2 run rendering the score 39-22.

"Hillary can't rebound!" McMullen laughed toward the end of a 55-34 victory in which Drexler had 51 points.

"I feel as if (Clyde) The Glide,' in some out-of-body experience, was controlling my thumbs," McMullen said. "On some strange hunch, I shot a 3 from the bottom corner, and it turned out to be a major hot spot for him."

The Hornets' Larry Johnson, not wearing his grandmother dress, suffered 14 injuries.

Watkins fared slightly better with the Spurs against senior Kory Harbeck's Jazz, amidst what Harbeck deemed a rematch of the "classic" World Championship/1985 NBA Jam.

The Portland Trail Blazers' Clyde Drexler scored 10 points in the 2008 Mustang Daily NBA Jam Tournament Edition Championship on Friday, following his 10 points in the 2007 Mustang Daily NBA Jam Tournament Edition Championship on Saturday. see jam/, page 14

Apparent Davis, Kiffin dialogue surfaces

Donovan Aird
MUSTANG DAILY

New light was brought Monday to a month-old NFL mystery when an apparent AOL Instant Messenger conversation, ostensibly between Oakland Raiders owner Al Davis and Raiders head coach Lane Kiffin.

The conversation, forwarded as e-mail form to the Mustang Daily on Monday by a source preferring to remain anonymous, took place Jan. 15, according to the source.

Much of the dialogue seems to relate to a reported power struggle between Davis and Kiffin, which reached its apex in early January when Davis sent Kiffin a letter of resignation, reportedly drawn up by lawyer Jerry Lewis.

That letter, according to Mortensen, informed Kiffin he would not have any control nor input in personnel matters — a demand on Davis' part to force Kiffin to quit or he wouldn't have to fire him.

Kiffin, Oakland's seventh head coach in 12 seasons, repeatedly drew the ire of Davis due to, among other things, helping a 4-12 squad in his inaugural campaign, publicly con-
demning the talent of the roster he inherited and attempting to antagonize his own defensive coordinator Rob Ryan, with whom he routinely clashed philosop-
ically.

What follows are verbatim dia-

\textbf{NOT TRUE}

logues apparently between Davis and Kiffin, and also Davis and an unknown "Tennisi," as forwarded to the Mustang Daily.

\textbf{COURTESY PHOTO}

\textbf{GRAF MONTAGE MUSTANG DAILY}

\textbf{The Portland Trail Blazers' Clyde Drexler scored 10 points in the 2008 Mustang Daily NBA Jam Tournament Edition Championship on Friday, following his 10 points in the 2007 Mustang Daily NBA Jam Tournament Edition Championship on Saturday. see jam/, page 14}

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