Can’t cope with the fact that the new school year has begun? Still longing nostalgically for the endless summer? B can help. In this issue, we offer lots of ways to enjoy New England in the fall. We also give you a primer on New Haven eccentricities. We even have the lowdown on all the fresh meat, er, first years. All this and more in the only Yale publication President Levin reads cover-to-cover.

First Years on Parade
An Investigative Report
By J. Kuan

It’s September, and another delightful school year is beginning. For upperclassmen, it’s time to return to your 12 hour lab day after that 11.5 hour “kick-back” summer schedule you were on. And if you were a 1st year, you don’t actually get to be called a 2nd year until you’ve tagged one of the new kids. And just who are these newbies? As always, B magazine is on the job and has lots of incoming class news, interviews, and trivia to dazzle and amaze you!

The Dirt

The incoming class of 90 (yes, you read that right) was selected from 886 applicants, breaking last year’s BBS record of 799. People, that’s an 11% increase. Good luck fitting all those pictures on the BBS composite. But before you go crying to John Alvaro about how easy it is for kids these days to get into BBS, the number of offers given out by the tracks actually remained constant. It appears as if some of the tracks did some stellar recruiting. Biological Sciences, for example, got an amazing 76% return on their offers, bringing their incoming class size to 29 (about twice its average). Whew! Where in KBT are you gonna put all their new mailboxes?

Bioinformatics and Computational Biology also brought in an impressive 7 new students in their very first year of existence. Microbiology had the largest increase in applications this year—a whopping 42%! Let’s put that in perspective, shall we? Let’s say that last year 1000 random people were walking down the street thinking,
Fixing the Parking Mess

BY M. AKINS

I had every intention of writing an angry tirade about parking at Yale. About the inherent inequity in the system. About the conspiracy designed to keep people so confused that they don’t realize they’re unhappy. Unfortunately, the Med School Parking Department has rectified the situation, leaving me with more of a story than a rant. At any rate, here goes...

Last spring, I was parking in Lot 47. Never mind where it is; just realize that it’s a surface lot that ran about $50/month. One sunny day toward the end of June, I went to the parking office to pay my bill. Unfortunately, this was not to be a lucky day. It turns out that students were being switched out of Lot 47 and into that hideous monstrosity teetering over Rt. 34—Air Rights. This move would provide me with all sorts of increased security, though I couldn’t figure out how one guy sitting at the booth is supposed to keep my car secure on the 9th level of a parking garage open to the general public. Regardless, this increased security was going to come at a cost. My parking rate would jump 60% to $80/month. "Whatever," I thought, "parking’s a necessary evil when you commute." I’d just have to ante up the extra money and carry on with my life. The shock, however, came when I discovered that a post-doc in my lab, making more than I, was paying roughly $60/month. An associate research scientist, making even more money, was paying about the same as I. This left me befuddled and, well, angry.

I talked to the people at the parking office, and they informed me that I was a student. Therefore, I’m different from everyone else and, in fact, have some secret reserve of money somewhere that they’re trying to get access to. As a result, I get charged the uniform student rate, which isn’t tied to anything crazy like my income. Well, now I got even more befuddled and angry. I then spoke with Ed Bebyn, the Operations Manager for Parking. I have to say I felt kind of sorry for the guy. He was new to the job and didn’t quite know what the reasons were for the change, but was certain that every effort would be made to make sure that people were happy with the service they were receiving from the Parking Department. I thought, "Well, let the poor guy have his delusions for a little while longer." Can you imagine my surprise when within months, a task force (at least that’s what I like to call them) had set about to fix the problem?

One issue was that the people at parking had never heard of these strange entities known as "grad students." Therefore, prior to the switch to Air Rights, only med students had been consulted. For the most part, med students use the parking facility 24/7, so they accept paying a higher fee than commuters would. Soon enough this task force had hammered out the compromise to which everyone was alerted in the memo sent by e-mail from one of the chief grad student advocates in this mess, the BBS’s own John Alvaro. Several options were proffered in the e-mail. One of them was unworkable for me, since I live far, far away in another county. Another was to continue paying $80 a month for all that security in Air Rights. The third was to go back to paying roughly $50/month. I chose this last option. Parking was kind enough to prorate my parking fees since I was only going to be parking in Air Rights for one week out of September before switching to the new Amistad garage. They, however, kept the extra $60 they scammed off me in July and August. And so, on Monday September 9th, I began parking in the new garage, bringing my story to a happy ending.

Maybe departments, such as Parking, with a notoriously bad reputation can change for the better. Hey, rumor has it they’ll even keep their office open after lunch.
First Years continued from page 1

"Gee...I want to apply to the Yale Microbiology program." Well this year 1420 people were walking down the street thinking that. That’s a lot of people. Pharmacology/MolMed came in second with an outstanding 15% increase...equally impressive since the number of applications they normally receive is already way up there. Neuroscience gets the trophy for the largest number of applications this year with 148, just barely beating MB&B and Genetics who tied for second. CBMP, Immunology, Microbiology, and Pharm/Mol Med were the "stingiest" with their offers, giving out only 1 offer for every 6 applicants. Geez, even if you went on Jeopardy your odds of winning would be 1 in 3.

Eligible BBS men will be delighted to know that the 1st year women outnumber the men 56 to 34. For those of you who like ratios, that’s practically 3:2 or 1.5:1! So fellas, the only reasonable thing to do is go down to GPSCY and find that woman-and-a-half of your dreams.

And now, some advice for the first years:
I hope you didn’t bother brushing your hair or getting all pretty for that BBS composite picture. I guarantee it’ll be one of the worst pictures you’ll ever take.

Don’t flash your student ID to the Biomed bus driver or ask if he stops at the med school. The other people on the bus WILL laugh at you. And rightfully so.

If you’re a girl and you live in the dorms, you’ll gain another “Freshman 15.” The graduate version of this phenomenon isn’t pretty.

I don’t care if you won the Nobel Prize as an undergraduate. No one likes a know-it-all rotation student.

And most importantly, make friends outside of your track. Not only are there tons of cool people to meet, you’ll have the full spectrum of happy hours to choose from.

The Interviews
Let’s go back to the giant class size for a minute. Why did so many students decide to come to Yale this year? B magazine was able to get in touch with a few of the first years, and each had a little something to say.

Alyssa Ingmundson, a first year Microbiology student, said she was attracted to the graduate community as a whole and how everyone was so friendly and social when she first interviewed in March. Plus, "New Haven’s not a big city, but not boring. There are a lot of fun things to do." Additionally, she mentioned that the size and quality of Yale and its BBS program had a lot to do with her decision. "The research was also very attractive and because the program was big it provided lots of research opportunities."

Program size is also important to Shannon Renn, one of the 29 Biological Sciences first years. "While choosing from about 260 labs is difficult," she says, "I’d much rather have the problem of having too many labs to choose from than having not enough. Many of the other programs that I applied to had maybe 3-8 labs I was interested in which doesn’t even come close to the number at Yale." Shannon also offered some insight as to why her incoming class is so large. Because they were accepted right away and came to Yale not for a competitive, pressure-filled interview but for a more relaxing weekend to meet with faculty and other students, many were convinced that this was the right place for them. "This gave us a chance to see each other, the program and the faculty for what they really were and not have our judgment clouded by nervousness, competition, or pressure."

Jason Walker, a first year in Genetics and Development, seemed embarrassed to admit that one of the “strongest deciding point[s] was money.” (Hey, that’s nothing to be embarrassed about Jason...why do you think Yale needs to keep increasing its stipend?) "Of course I was thrilled to be accepted into the Ivy League and to be associated with such prestige and history" said Jason, "but the fat stipend Yale was offering and the relatively low cost of living in New Haven were the most significant factors." He was also impressed by the fact that, upon calling Dean Sleight to ask about health insurance for his domestic partner, the Dean replied without hesitation, "No problem!" "Other schools I looked at did not necessarily offer such good benefits or a large stipend." Other than that, "people are friendly here," Jason said. "This goes against everything I was taught as a good southern boy about Yankees."

Thank you Alyssa, Shannon and Jason for your insight! And lots of wishes for a great first year to all of the new kids.  

First years on the loose. Han Lee in Gen/Dev (left) and Kimberly Durniak in MB&B (right) during their first week of classes. Photos courtesy of M. Kundel.

Cover photo: Eppindwarfs at the Matriculation Ceremony. Courtesy of M. Seringhaus and C. Miller.
And the award goes to…

Congratulations to all of the students below who recently won awards!

**First Year Students**

- Diana Hargreaves, Immunology Track
  *National Science Foundation*
- Jennifer Holtzman, Bioinformatics & Computational Biology Track
  *NSERC*
- Mary Plunkett, MB&B Track
  *National Science Foundation*
- Amanda Solem, MB&B Track
  *Heyl Fellowship*

**Second Year Students**

- Qingqing Han, Microbiology
  *American Association of University Women*

**Third Year Students**

- Kara Porwancher, Genetics
  *National Research Service Award*

**Fourth Year Students**

- Keith Tanis, MB&B
  *National Research Service Award*
- Gene Ang, Neurobiology
  *National Research Service Award*
- Amanda Sleeper, Pharmacology
  *Scottish Rite Schizophrenia Fellowship*

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**Getting Perspective**

*A Student Essay*

**By K. Olsson Carter**

Last fall at the Hall of Graduate Studies, introductions at the dinner table took a predictable turn. After discussing where we grew up or attended college, or whether we lived in C- or D-wing, we would inevitably shift to the subject of graduate degree programs. And while those describing their passions for ancient Sumerian or medieval poetry were generally greeted with enthusiastic exclamations or a string of questions, no sooner did I utter the word "biology" than I was faced with blank stares or the empty seat of one who "desperately needed another burrito." And so it went.

I shouldn’t have been surprised by these responses from fellow students. As biology turns increasingly reductionistic, it also becomes more difficult to describe to a lay audience in a meaningful and understandable way. Oversimplified media reports do little to foster enthusiasm for laboratory research, and scientists’ own accounts often fail to increase its accessibility. Within this cultural climate, high schools and colleges are struggling in their efforts to promote both scientific literacy and interdisciplinary discussion. Yet as my weeks at H.G.S. soon drifted into October and November, I noticed a gradual shift in the direction of our dining hall conversations. The non-science students offered anecdotes of their solitary lives in the library stacks or before their laptop computer, and I once again broached the subject of biology.

Perhaps my descriptions of the collaborative nature of research struck a chord, or maybe my depiction of the week’s experiments seemed like science fiction, but—whatever the reason—this time my non-scientist friends listened. Their questions ranged the gamut. "So, Katherine" they asked, "how are your genetic crosses going this week? And by the way, how DOES a fruit fly tell the difference between a hamburger and a hotdog?" They were particularly struck by the bustling and social environment—so distinct from their own—in which I conducted my work. Prevailing stereotypes of the scientist’s lonely and dull existence certainly contrasted with my daily narratives of lab life. After recalling a particularly lively debate over the microscope one evening, a guy from the French department said, "You know, you scientists have all the fun." In my friends’ eyes, science was becoming more interesting every minute.

Yet these discussions at H.G.S. went beyond simply altering notions of laboratory work. Once my friends and I were able to surmount "the two cultures" obstacle that divided us initially, we created an environment that altered all of our conceptions of biological research. Watching those who had turned a blind-eye to biology years before show a hint of renewed interest, or answering a question about the rationale behind a specific experiment, helped to reinvigorate my own enthusiasm for the science. Looking at a day’s work from an outsider’s perspective took me back to those first days in a laboratory, when it seemed like I could never tire of running gels or extracting DNA.

Additionally, these mealtime chats forced me to think more about the broader implications of what I do. I was often asked to explain the potential applications of my research and why it was worth funding, or to describe my opinions on topics such as embryonic stem cells or gene therapy. Before crossing these disciplinary divides, it was all too easy for me and my H.G.S. friends to downplay the interconnectedness of science and society. Yet as advancements in biology increasingly test previous ethical boundaries, it will become impossible for experimentalists to remain isolated within laboratory walls. Already, biologists are being forced to be more accountable than ever for their work.

Although I no longer live in H.G.S., I often think back to the ways in which the non-scientists challenged my beliefs and assumptions about biology over dinner; and I have started to consider how I can encourage more dialogue on science outside of the lab in the future. When I find myself at the next family reunion or neighborhood party, hopefully I can fight that empty look and explain in clear terms why biology is significant. If my experience at H.G.S. is any indication, I’m sure I’ll be pleasantly surprised by the response.
Like the Arby’s commercial says: “Change is good, and if you’re going to go, go all out!” Well the Graduate Student Research Symposium (GSRS) organizers have taken heed.

Let’s all admit that GSRS has had its problems. In the past, GSRS has been held in conjunction with a career fair, which just made the schedule too confusing and too long. This year, however, the career fair will take place in the spring, leaving GSRS soley an academic event. Also, it will be held on a single Friday afternoon - you can attend the entire symposium AND still have time to work in lab.

Which reminds me of another good change: the talks are shorter. There will be one half-hour faculty talk and six 15 minute graduate student talks. The shorter talks will ensure that you get the abbreviated good stuff. Moreover, you get a chance to see your fellow graduate students and a faculty member give a talk!

The talks begin at 11:15 with the keynote address and end at 5:30. The track record for GSRS keynote speakers has been excellent. Eric Lander, Eric Wieschaus, Harvey Lodish, and Gunter Blobel have all spoken in the past. Harold Varmus will be this year’s speaker. He won the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1989 for the discovery of the cellular origin of retroviral oncogenes, served as Director of the National Institutes of Health from 1993 to 1999, and is now the President and CEO of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

Following the keynote address, stick around for the poster session. (You can submit an abstract and register online: www.yale.edu/gsrs). This is a great chance to scope out your next lab rotation. Mark your calendars for November 1, and spend a productive Friday afternoon in the fun, engaging, and cozy format of GSRS.

Presenting a Poster: Free
Seeing a Nobel Laureate speak: Free
Sharing a drink and chatting about science: Priceless

Gryphon’s Pub

BY NATE SHERER

With school back in session, it’s high time to get out of lab, grab some friends, and unwind at GRYPHON’S PUB at the Graduate & Professional Student Center at Yale (GPSCY).

Gryphon’s Pub, your friendly neighborhood graduate/professional student club, is back after a sleepless summer and is open Tuesday-Thursday 8pm-1am and Friday/Saturday 8pm-2am. There’s a good reason to be at Gryphon’s every night. Wednesday offers 2-for-1 drinks until 11pm; Thursday hosts the GPSCY DJ DANCE PARTY (the hottest crowd in New Haven!) with unbelievable beer specials in the ballroom; and Friday features free wings and $1 drafts until 11. Stop in for a drink and a chat on Tuesday or Saturday night. And keep your eyes peeled for parties and special events.

Gryphon’s Pub is run BY grad/pro students FOR grad/pro students (and the staff is deep in BBS students!). As a not-for-profit establishment, the pub functions to provide the Yale grad/pro community with a place to unwind and meet fellow students and faculty. This year’s managing director, Kristen Massimine (Pharmacology ‘06), has taken over the reins from the graduating Robert Rambo (MB&B ‘02), and promises to continue the pub’s renovation, expansion, and growth in appeal that has in the last three years transformed the sleepy bar into a full-on student entertainment center and THE place to be on Thursday nights.

Gryphon’s pub is a members-only club offering memberships to Yale grad/pro students and faculty. While membership is not necessary to enjoy the pub, the cost is only $10 for an entire year, and membership entitles you to avoid long lines and cover charges and also qualifies you for select drink specials and special events. Stop by the pub and check out the scene - it’s located off York street between Chapel and Broadway. Follow the alleyway past the offices of the Yale Daily News. Cheers!

Looking for a cool place to set up a barby, toss the disk, play catch and get away from the city? The Housatonic River Valley is the place to be, specifically Indian Well State Park.

Indian Well Park gets its name from a 20 foot waterfall encased by a large rock formation. At 8 ft deep, the “well” is a refreshing swimming hole and comes equipped with a 5 ft rock that is perfect for jumping. For the more adventurous, the rocks extend up to 40 ft. See Indian Well in action at http://bioinfo.mbb.yale.edu/~jrinn/jumpmovies-v2.html. Yes, that’s me.

After dipping in the “well,” head down the river about 500 ft to a vast stretch of Housatonic riverfront and a grassy picnic area. Benches, shelter for picnicking, bathroom, water, telephone, boat-launch, and the beach are all available here. As a bonus, the same trail which brings you up to the “well” extends an additional 10 miles and ends at the Housatonic Dam, a sight in and of itself.

Need directions? Take Rt 34 West. Once in Shelton, follow signs for Rt 8, which will send you over a bridge. Just after the bridge, take your first right onto Rt 110 and follow it for 1 mile. Park in the lot on the right for Indian Well. For picnicking, head down the road another 500 ft. or so until you arrive at the park.
Dear B,

Got a problem? Got questions? Just ask B. (Advice is for entertainment purposes only, and you have only yourself to blame if you follow any of the stupid suggestions.)

Dear B,

Music students walk about with violins slung over their shoulders. Med students strut around with stethoscopes. How can BBS students attract the same attention? --Feeling Invisible

Dear Feeling,

You want attention? Carry your pipetman in a holster. You could ride it low on your hip and twitch your hand over it constantly. That'll turn some heads. Or strap it over your shoulder like some secret agent. Heck, go Ninja and wrap it around your ankle. I guarantee you'll get your own seat on the bus.

Dear B,

I'm about to start writing my first paper. Any suggestions?
--First-Timer in Pharm

Dear First,

It's a well-known fact that science papers are B-O-R-I-N-G. There's no flair, no drama. You need to put a stop to this. I recommend that you write your paper as a Shakespearean tragedy. "Perchance," "methinks," "hath no fury," and "fie on it" are but a few of the many phrases you should use liberally. Oh, and make sure someone dies in the end.

Dear B,

To improve productivity in my lab, I want to require everyone to work 7 days a week. What do you think of my idea?
--Brilliant Faculty Member

Dear Brilliant,

By the pricking of my thumbs, a major dimwit this way comes. Oh, of what vile goblet hast thou drunk, for thy poisoned soul foments a plan most tempestuous. Out, out, damned professor! B

Dear B,

New Haven and Connecticut are peculiar places with some rather bizarre customs. To help new students and everyone else make the necessary cultural adjustments, below is a crash course on understanding the oddities of our home. Since culture is almost synonymous with food for me, that's where I'll start.

New Haven is a culinary wonder world. Thai, Italian, Japanese, Ethiopian, burgers, falafels, samosas, can all be found within the downtown area. Yet, the most predominant food in the area is Dunkin' Donuts! New Haven boasts 16 such establishments, with plenty more in the surrounding towns. Still, nothing is a New Haven tradition like pizza. Actually, there are no pizza places around here. Everything is called "apizza." Who knows why. The most famous of the apizza restaurants are Modern, Sally's and Pepe. You can identify these by the long line for seating that forms outside. Since these places are rich in Neapolitan traditions, ordering might be an experience in itself. You don't order a pizza, you order a "pie." And you'll be asked the following questions: "Would you like muzz [pronounced mootz] with that?" and "You want that red?" This is all New Haven code for having your pizza topped with mozzarella cheese and/or tomato sauce.

Beer is a classic accompaniment to pizza. If you want to enjoy beer or any other alcoholic beverages at home with your leftover pie, however, you must be aware of Connecticut liquor laws. If, for example, you're thirsty at 8:01 pm on a Monday night and your fridge is empty, you're out of luck. No liquor can be sold after 8 o'clock Mon-Sat, and no liquor at all may be purchased on Sundays and holidays. It's wise to plan ahead, especially for the 4th of July and Labor Day. Also, mark December 30, 2006 on your calendars. This is the last day to purchase champagne for your new year's celebration that year because the 31st is a Sunday! If you find yourself without bubbly on the 31st, hope for a special act by the state legislature. If the politicians let you down, you'll have to drive to New Jersey, Northern Massachusetts, New Hampshire or Vermont.

Speaking of driving, driving in CT is another interesting phenomenon. There is no shortage of complaints about bad drivers in this state. I think these are exaggerated, but I'm a Connecticut driver, myself, so what do I know? Connecticut roads are directionally confusing. Interstate 95 runs north-south along the U.S. east coast, but in Connecticut it runs east-west. So if you travel on 95 North, you're actually going almost due east. Route 1 runs parallel to 95 and is also designated as a north-south road. To confuse the matter further, Route 1 is labeled as an east-west road at exit 57 off I-95. Interestingly enough, the road at that point runs more in a north-south direction. Remember this when going to Bishop's Orchard to pick fruits.

Driving within New Haven can be a challenge at times. There are numerous cases of lanes that shift suddenly after an intersection. Even if you pay very close attention to lanes before and after an intersection, you still may have problems deciding which one you are supposed to be in. Another annoyance of driving in New Haven is the consecutive one-way streets that go in the same direction. If you miss a turn, you might have to drive several blocks before you can turn in your intended direction. All this, along with rush hour traffic, bumpy roads and a parking crunch, may transform you into a Connecticut driver. Should you make it out of town at rush hour, let's hope you're not trying to get onto 95 North from the Trumbull Street entrance. If you are, you'll be taking your life into your hands as you attempt to cross 4 lanes of bumper-to-bumper traffic in under 3 seconds. One B staff member calls this maneuver the "Jersey Shuffle."

There is a hodgepodge of other noteworthy items that I've encountered during my time here. If you want a sandwich, "grinder" is the common term, but "sub" is also acceptable. Want to buy some used furniture at a garage sale or yard sale? For whatever reason, these are called "tag sales." Lastly, if you go to the supermarket to buy some cheddar cheese, you may do a double-take. New England offers cheddar cheese in both orange and white varieties. Midwesterners may be aghast at the strange coloring options.

Perhaps it's best to stop here. There are plenty of oddities left unmentioned, but I won't spoil all the thrills of discovery. B
Lifestyles of the Poor and Academic

(***Also see John Rinn’s “Trail Mix” on page 51***)

**Fruit**

*By E. Provost*

Growing up in the Midwest, a trip to the orchard for apple picking, cider and donuts was a fall tradition. To continue this tradition in Connecticut, the place to go is Bishop’s Orchards. Bishop’s is located in Guilford, about a 15 minute drive from New Haven. The easiest way there is via I-95N. Take exit 57 and go right at the bottom of the ramp onto Rt 1 (also known as the Boston Post Road.) The orchards are on the left hand side, at 1355 Boston Post Road.

The farm market has freshly picked fruit as well as many baked goods and breads made on site. There are also a variety of farm-esque products, including jellies and jams, honey, maple candy and kettle chips. Also available at the market are fresh cut flowers grown at Bishop’s all summer and fall.

For those who want to get to their fruit in vivo, it is just a matter of following the signs to the orchards. In September, blueberries are at the very end of their season, as are pears and peaches; but raspberries (both red and gold), apples (all varieties) and pumpkins are available into October. Of course all of these dates depend upon the weather conditions. If curious about what fruits are available on any given week, call the Pick-Your-Own hotline at 1-800-458-PICK, which is available for crazy fruit lovers 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Warning: it is a recording, so those interested in fruit chat with a human in the wee hours of the morning will be disappointed.

The actual picking experience at Bishop’s is quite laid back, and the picker sets the pace. There are a lot of rules posted at the pick-your-own sites, but if it is possible to refrain from throwing fruit and climbing the trees, there is little drama. Of course, a little nibbling of the fruit is expected, so to clear the conscience, Sin Bins are located at the check outs for donations which are passed on to the Guilford Land Trust. Also at the check outs are free recipes to help you make the most of your fruits. Finally, there is an incentive for recycling, as reuse of Bishop’s containers gets a 25 cent credit. The fruit is less expensive if self-picked, but even the market pre-picked prices are reasonable and better than the grocery store. Additionally, the fruit tastes fantastic.

For more information about the Bishop’s family, the crops, the history of their business, and fruit growing schedules, check out their website at www.bishopsorchards.com.

**Our Own Little Napa Valley**

*By B. Shanksy*

Month after month, issue after issue, it is this reporter’s job to convince you that there are lots of good reasons to get out of lab. This month’s reason: Free wine! At a recent B staff meeting, it was brought to our attention that Connecticut is home to not one, but eight bona fide wineries, all of which offer free tastings and tours. I hopped on http://www.ctwine.com, which has information and directions for each vineyard, as well as possible itineraries for navigating your way along the Connecticut Wine Trail. Four are close together in Litchfield County (western-ish CT); three are more southeast; and one is alone in the northeastern part of the state. They recommend starting in the west, so I jumped in the Jetta, picked up my boyfriend, and had a beautiful, back-roads-type drive out to Litchfield County.

McGlaughlin Vineyards, the first stop on our tour, is set on a gorgeous estate in Sandy Hook, full of sprawling lawns, flower gardens, and of course, grape vines. Another couple arrived as we were pulling into the parking lot, and the four of us climbed the stairs to the cottage that served as a small gift shop and tasting center. Inside, we were greeted by our wine guide, who allowed us to peruse the mustards, jams, and syrups their gift shop offered before pouring us generous samples of the winery’s latest vintages. After each one he looked expectantly at us, and we complied with various “Mmmm”s and “wow, the taste of cherries really comes through” and “oooh, nice bouquet.” In truth, most of these wines were a little too sweet for us, but we did genuinely like one of the drier whites. We opted not to make any purchases, but instead strolled around the grounds, wishing we had brought a picnic.

Though we could have stayed there all afternoon, we pressed on in the name of journalism. It was just a short drive to our next stop, the Di Grazia vineyards, in Brookfield. Here we met an actual Di Grazia (Tony, I think), who gave us a brief history of the vineyards, then took us on a complete tour of the winery, which was very cool. We saw the presses, casks, bottling machine, and labeler, which was the coolest thing of all—they’ll make custom labels for anyone who wants to buy a few cases to give away at parties or as gifts. His father established the vineyard almost 30 years ago, and Tony inherited the same passion for wine making. He talked us through each wine we sampled, describing the different grapes he used, and thought process behind each one. One of the great things about being a small, family-run business was that he was able to experiment with different fruits and fermenting processes—for example, in addition to the classic merlots, chardonnays, and blushes, we tried both blueberry and pear wines. Our favorite, though, was a white called Autumn Spice, and though it sounds kind of weird, it was totally yummy (you can bet that after having tasted over 14 wines by this point, any kind of sophisticated wine-speak was far beyond my capabilities). Nothing you’d serve at a meal, but it literally captured all the flavors of the fall—like nutmeg, allspice, and cinnamon—and we bought a bottle in anticipation of sipping it in front of a cozy fire. So smitten were we with this little fantasy that the fact that neither of us has a fireplace somehow managed to escape us.

There were still two vineyards left in our region, but by now we were a bit wined-out (and on the verge of needing a designated driver), so we headed home. Can the CT vineyards really compare to Napa Valley? Of course not. But the beautiful drives and fascinating people make the trip definitely worth it. Two down, we thought to ourselves, **six to go.**
**The BUZZ**

Where’s WAT? Working at Teaching (WAT) has changed its name to the Graduate Teaching Center (GTC).

How much is med school employee parking?

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Salary</th>
<th>Monthly Fee</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$102,301 &amp; above</td>
<td>$135.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>$64,901-102,300</td>
<td>$119.50</td>
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<td>$48,201-64,900</td>
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<td>$34,301-48,200</td>
<td>$82.50</td>
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<td>$22,401-34,300</td>
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<td>$22,400 &amp; under</td>
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Rumor has it that Haig Keshishian, Professor of MCDB, tied the knot this summer. Congratulations to Haig and his wife, Allison Kapoian.

In more wedding news, Agnes Lee, Cell Biology 6th year, married Gene Ang, Neurobiology 4th year, in August.

Amanda Sleeper, Pharmacology 4th year, got engaged this month to Zach Bagdon, SOM ’01.

Ilsa Schwartz, Professor of Surgery, has been appointed Director of Postdoctoral Affairs for the main campus. We know who her counterpart at the Medical School will be, but we can’t tell you.

A dental plan for graduate students?? Check with Yale University Health Services for details.

A note to runners: The KCos 5K road race on Sunday October 20 starts at Woolsey Hall. Go to www.jbsports.com for all the details.

Learn to write cover letters and CVs at Graduate Career Services’ Academic Careers Workshop on Oct. 24. See the enclosed flyer for details.

Announcing an innovative new organization: S.P.I.D.E.R. (Student Proponents of Inter-Disciplinary Exchange and Report). We seek to bring together students from all graduate and professional schools to stimulate exchange of ideas and perspectives. Our organizational meeting will be October 1st in Hope 216 at 6pm. For more info email Steven Becker at steven.becker@yale.edu

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Reach over 800 Yale students, post-docs, faculty, and administrators.

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**The B magazine**

**“Top 10 Things NOT to Say at Your Thesis Defense” Contest**

**Part of the great b-yond - a showcase of student creativity**

Some of you have really twisted minds. We like that. Prizes will be awarded for the Top 3 entries.

#10. It seems like I began only yesterday; now after nine short years, here we are....Michael Sivula, Pharm/Mol Med Track

#9. I am so glad that scientific progress is so slow. That way my degree is awarded before anyone even knows I lied. Jonathan Kagan, Microbiology

#8. Hold that thought...let me get the post-doc, he might know the answer...Nadya Morales, Micro Track

#7. The following slide summarizes 8 years of research, 5 years of therapy, and 2 years of speculation...Jay Goodman, Cell Biology

#6. Visualization of the protein band was “enhanced” at its predicted location using standard Photoshop techniques. Jay Goodman, Cell Biology

#5. I needed controls? Jay Goodman, Cell Biology

#4. And that, in a nutshell, is how the ribosome makes DNA. Michael Seringhaus, MB&B

#3. If my PI did not have so many stupid ideas, I would have graduated 2 years ago. Jonathan Kagan, Microbiology

#2. Once again I’d like to apologize for that whole “contamination” thing. Jay Goodman, Cell Biology

#1. Mind if I take off my pants? John Brownstein, EPH

**Other Notable Entries**

- A band should have been here but wasn’t. Photoshop fixed that. Dylan Burnette, MCDB
- Oh, I didn’t realize our lab showed that. Jennifer Frank, Genetics
- I’d like to thank my darling...I mean, my advisor for all of his, um, input during my graduate career. Carrie Iwema, Post-doctoral Fellow, Neurosurgery
- Who the hell are all of you and why are you staring at me? Jesse Rinehart, MB&B
- It’s DN...A? Uh-oh. Pete Angelastro, MCDB
- Can we make this quick please? I have a job interview with Pfizer to prepare for. Richard Reznick, Bio Sci Track
- The color cartridge in the printer ran out, but luckily I minored in coloring as an undergrad. Notice how I managed to stay within the lines with my crayons. Kendra Frederick, MB&B Track
- ...and I would especially like to think Rahim, who taught me that I really don’t need to repeat every experiment thrice. If you see it once, it’s gold!! Kim Fowler, Cell Biology

And from the mind of Jay Goodman...

- The knockout mouse was found to be particularly delightful when prepared in a balsamic reduction with fresh field greens.
- Does this lab coat make my *ss look big?
- I got your dissertation progress report right here.
- I’d like to thank my advisor, the father of my child.
- Who do I have to @$!#!$% around here to get a degree?

More gems from Jonathan Kagan...

- I would like to acknowledge the only person who truly helped me in my research....Myself.
- This department is full of morons, you should thank your lucky stars that you were graced with my presence for as long as you were.
- Does anyone here really care about what I am going to say or are you all just here for the free booze?

And some final remarks from Michael Seringhaus...

- Why, my data is no more false than your hair color, sir!
- Terribly sorry about that joke, Professor. It’s just -- well, I was told, the best defense is a good offense.
- DOCTORING is such a strong word. We call it adjusting.

You know something Professor, if you had any hair, you’d look just like Stalin.