

ecture in the wee hours of the morning. What had he climbed? Oh, “Byerly [Hall], Harvard Stadium, Weld Boathouse, the Carpenter Center, and a freshman dorm I’d prefer to not name,” he replied.

Spyder has yet to attain Harvard’s ultimate peak—Memorial Hall tower—but it seems other students have. According to one undergraduate, who agreed to an interview on the condition of anonymity: “Full breach of Mem tower? Pick some locks, pop some hatches, and you’re up. The views are more sumptuous than roast pork.”

Among Harvard’s most notorious stealers of stuff are members of the *Lampoon*’s class of 1933, who swiped the “Sacred Cod” of Massachusetts, a four-foot, eleven-and-a-half-inch wooden codfish, sheathed in silver, which has hung ceremoniously in the Massachusetts State House since the eighteenth century. The details of the theft remain murky, but one week after the cod’s disappearance—which prompted consternation among legislators and a flood of wild rumors—Harvard’s superintendent of caretakers, Major Charles R. Apted, A.B. 1906, recovered the fish after an anonymous tip and a low-speed car chase. Apted, the *Crimson* reported, was promoted, and the ’Poon boys of ’33 were immortalized.

Maybe one of the hooligans involved—who are now roughly 92—will read this article. If so, he may rest assured that, although it has been 70 years since he graduated, his legend remains vibrant, just as the legends of John Updike and Conan O’Brien persist. And maybe this possibility of “living on” helps explain why Harvard students work so hard to accomplish feats so seemingly useless.

But maybe not—or at least, not completely. A desire for campus immortality cannot be the only motivating factor—otherwise, Spyder would, somehow, some way, leak his true identity; otherwise, the *Lampoon*

would own up to its pranks; otherwise, our steam-tunnel freshmen—who are now, incidentally, approaching the river, having set off more than a few silent alarms along their bumbling way, and having attracted the attention of no fewer than four campus police officers—would be much less worried about encountering said authorities.

Yes, there is undeniably something more driving these intrepid, if sometimes clueless, pranksters—a *je ne sais quoi* in the smile of the accomplished perpetrator; something he quietly but firmly refuses to share; something he purposefully leaves to the imaginative tongue of folklore and gossip. That something—that *secret*—that is what the prankster is ultimately about. But

The Rhodes Roster

Harvard led the nation in Rhodes Scholarship winners for 2004. Its six newest scholars will enroll at Oxford University this fall for two or three years of study.

The American Rhodes winners are **Dov Fox** ’04, of West Hartford, Connecticut, a government concentrator focusing on bioethics; neurobiology concentrator **Alexander Pollen** ’04, of Falmouth, Massachusetts, whose research involves African cichlid fish; **Rachael Wagner** ’04, of Virginia Beach, Virginia, an economics and social anthropology concentrator whose thesis examines how women from different economic backgrounds deal with marriage, children, and career; and second-year medical student **Pooja Kumar**, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, who graduated from Duke in 2000 in her own concentration of health policy and social values. The Kenyan Rhodes winners, both from Nairobi, are **Shakirah Hudani** ’03

Four of Harvard’s six 2004 Rhodes Scholars: (left to right) medical student Pooja Kumar and seniors Dov Fox, Rachael Wagner, and Alexander Pollen

(’04), a social studies concentrator now in Rwanda studying legal efforts to try those guilty of genocide, and **Mwshuma Nyatta** ’02, a former economics concentrator now working for McKinsey and Company. The Rhodes coup eased the fact that Harvard had no Marshall Scholars this year—for the first time since that program began 50 years ago.

