

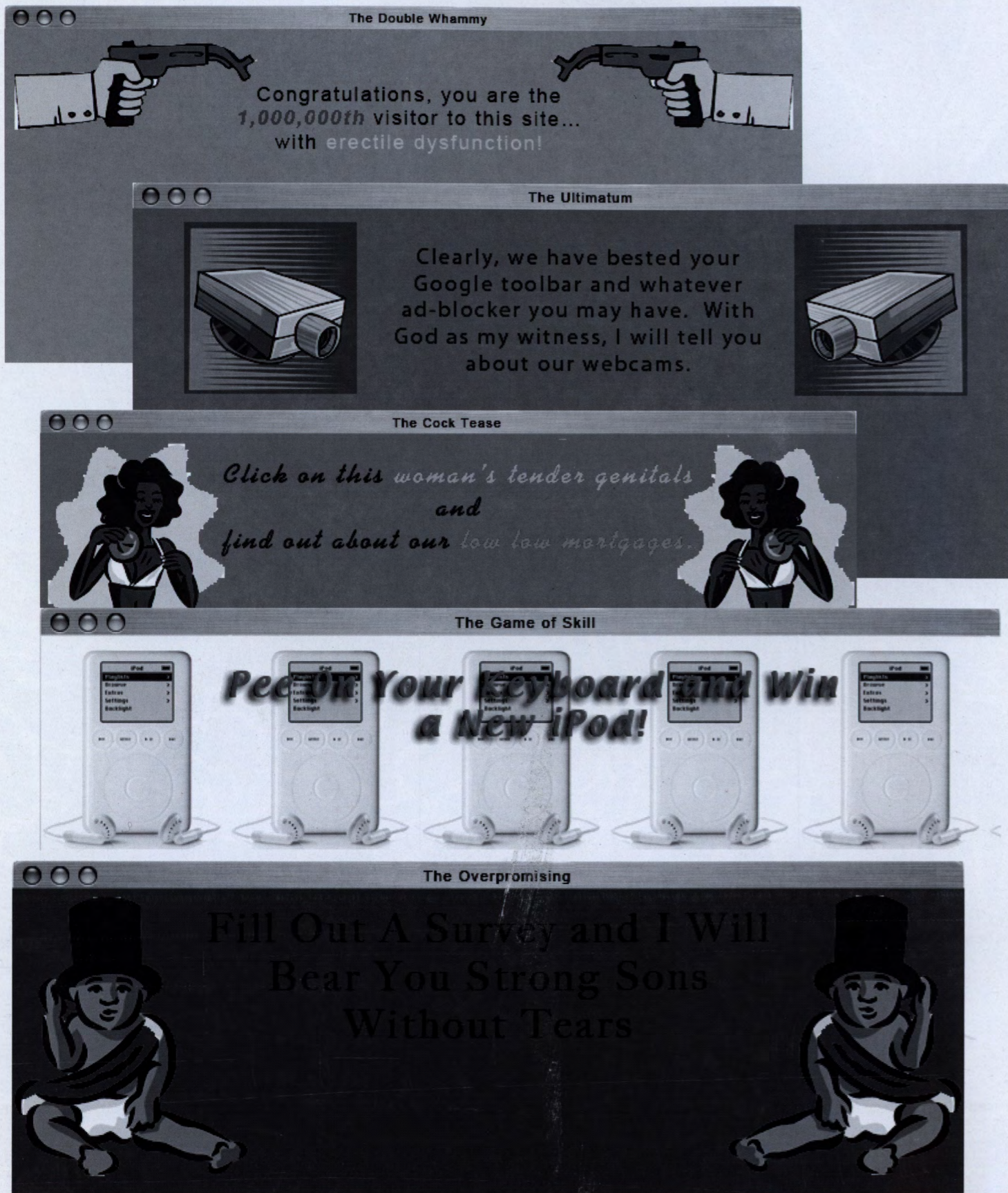


Stanford
Chaparral
The Humor Magazine
FRESHMAN NUMBER



Vol. CVI No. 1 \$3.00

UNSUCCESSFUL POP-UP AD TECHNIQUES



President Hennessy's Prepared Address for the Class of 2008

Students,

Welcome to Stanford University, class of 2008 [Wait for applause]. I cannot tell you how excited I am to finally witness your arrival on campus. The entire campus has been extremely busy all year awaiting your arrival. Did you see that banner at the beginning of Palm Drive? It's just for you. All those orientation packets were tirelessly prepared all summer long. I have been particularly busy as well waiting for you. I amassed a large amount of Google stock options [Wait for applause].

All of our efforts would have been for naught if our Admissions Office didn't do such a fine job finding you. You are the most diverse and qualified \$40,000 gold nuggets in the world. In fact, I have named one of my BMWs after our soon-to-depart admissions officer Robin Mamlet.

As many of you may know, I did not attend Stanford as an undergraduate. I wisely decided to save my money. Now, I stand here before you, a ridiculously rich man. And you, class of 2008, can be bought and sold during my weekend poker games with other really rich men.

The world is open to you. The opportunities are endless. With my blessing you can do anything you want. But if I change my mind, which I could do, I could set up a solid gold roadblock on your road of self-discovery. I could do it without much effort. I wouldn't build the roadblock myself though [pause]. No, I would hire someone poorer than me, like the impressive class of 2008, to build it [Wait for applause].

In short, carpe diem, because now, I am only very richer than you, but by the time you graduate, I will be an unbelievably more wealthy person than you and all your parents.

And before you go and begin moving in all of your things, I just want to add that you should consider me a friend, so you don't have to call me president. Instead, I will call you by your names and you will call me something fun like J-Money.

Goodluck and goodbye.

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Special Thanks

633 Sweetzer Internships Inc.
Debbie Glasband
The Face in the Claw
Mikey Lee

The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CVI September 25, 2004 No. 1

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL. REFLECTIONS

jump into the chalk drawing on the sidewalk depicting a tower built by a financial illiterate.

Many of you have posed countless questions to each other in the form of electronic carrier pigeon messages, but nothing you have learned will aid you. You have nothing to fear from Bic pens, fickle gatekeepers or electronic storehouses of pirate booty. Some claim to know what lies at the end of the journey: great wealth, reputation or even a lifetime companion but such things are never guaranteed in the brochure and there is no money-back guarantee. Your journey is one of loneliness, forcing you to emerge, if you are successful, as nothing more than a Bachelor.

This bound sack of jokes is all you have in terms of supplies. Follow it as best you can. Some may complain that they don't get it, or that those who make it can only understand it. This joke sack is for everyone, if they'll have it. If not, the Oldboy wishes you well, watch out for the crevasses and the man trap the locals set along the way. Everyone finishes roughly at the same time, so don't try to be a hero, cowboy.

Before you start trying on some of your thousand faces, remember that it's not necessarily all about the

destination. Enjoy the journey, as the omniscient Jester will be watching with the eye of a bald bird waiting for you to slip up. Don't be afraid to make a mistake, every baby must shit himself at least once in order to learn. Even the Oldboy used to bump his head when he wakes up after a long sleep. Now, after 105 awakenings, he has gotten it down to a science. Swing off the blanket. Grab his glasses and tri-tip hat. A brush of the teeth and he's out the door with the silver hammer over his shoulder.

October 6th is another notch on the bed post for the Oldboy, he is now 105 years old. All of his possessions have aged with him yet the hammer is still as shiny as the day it was forged. His companions have come and gone but their cause has remained the same, The Stanford Chaparral waves the Oldboy's banner proud and will occasionally swing his hammer when he is too tired or drunk to do so himself.

NOW THAT

you're standing on the threshold of the cliff, let the Jester push you off it and watch you fall. Unless, that is, you would like to stand with him. The Jester loves company but he is not always

the easiest person to roll with, no matter how deep. Some can stand it, some can't, but you can only find out by giving it a shot. For those curious what it is like to be held in the Oldboy's tender bosom, it is recommended that you attend a Chaparral meeting on Wednesdays at 8:30 on the second floor of the Storke Publication Building, the Oldboy's home for the past 40 years. Bring just your face and maybe a submission or two but please leave your newly invented identity and your fancy pants internship back in your dorm room.

NOW THAT

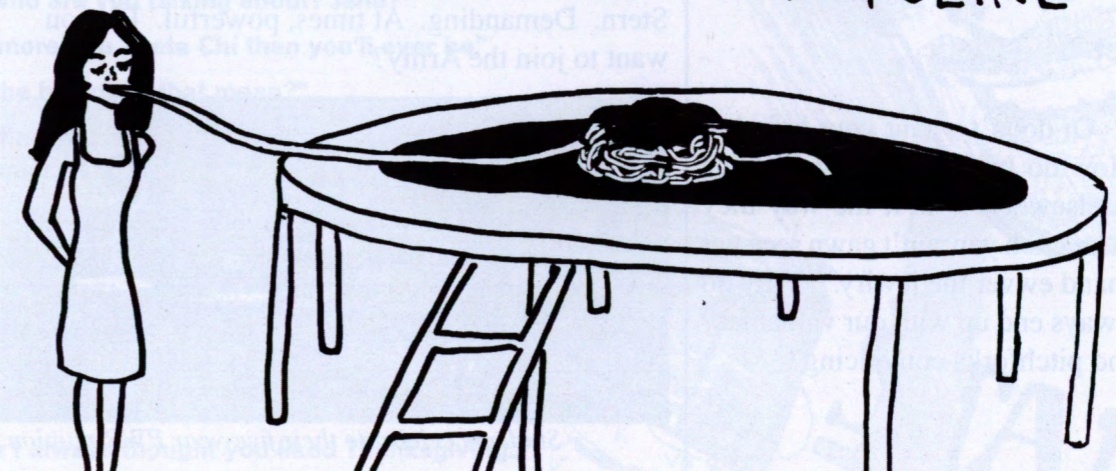
we are all taking our first steps of the year, take a minute to look around and breath. That new leathery smell that surrounds you will wear off and so will the luster. What will remain is the twinkle in the Jester's eye and the reflection of his highly polished teeth. When your eye catches such a twinkle from a dark corridor in the Quad or above the shoulder of some frat boy pretending to be important because he controls a plastic dispenser for bad beer, feel free to smile back and know that the Oldboy is always two steps in front of you.

NOW THAT

your guardians have foolishly left you unsupervised, let this Oldboy introduce himself as your new guide for the journey ahead. The journey before you is a long one but have no fear; about nine in ten of you fresh-faced strangers will complete the journey in five or less years.

All completed journeys are not the same, however, some travelers will not recover and some will emerge a completely different person than they were when they started. It is, however, no time to turn back as that thud you heard behind you was the Jester slamming shut the door on your past. Breathe easy, you aren't trapped. In fact, you've never been freer. Freedom can be intoxicating but don't worry, just grab this Oldboy's hand, put on your Sunday's best and

LADY AND THE TRAMPOLINE



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PART 1 PROGRAM IN WRITING AND RHETORIC (PWR)

<http://pwr.stanford.edu>

Email: pwrcourses@stanford.edu

(650) 723-1468

Stanford's Program in Writing and Rhetoric is designed to make you the best writer that you can be. Below are just some of the PWR classes that will be offered this year.



A seminar-style approach to classrooms.

Rhetoric of Hell

(Fall/Hutton)

Beelzebub, Lucifer, and MTV: Study Satan and all of his incarnations. How could someone so bad be so good at rhetoric? Do his enticing promises of marvelous pleasures reveal a being that isn't as evil as history tells us? Should we follow him in pursuit of what we know will make us happy, or should we argue for the unproven rewards of the supposed Almighty? You decide. And remember: on the other ends of the Styx and the hellfire lie 10,000 virgins.

Rhetoric of Dialect

(Spring/Patterson)

"Listan ere bi (boy). Oi doon't want your koin in moi poob (pub)." How do Irish people persuade us to take our business elsewhere? Is it the way they pronounce vowels? "I reckon yew ain't gawn see yer ma, eef yew doon't hand ewver the jewelry." Why do ignorant hayseeds always end up with our valuables? How are shotguns and pitchforks convincing?

Rhetoric of Derelict

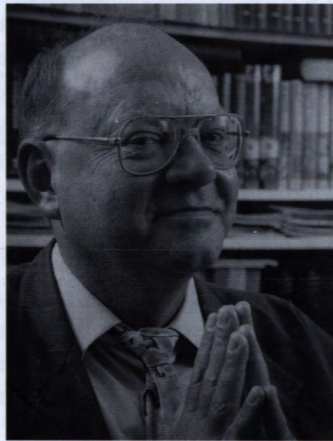
(Winter/McKeeley)

A few burnt pieces of parchment. A broken rocking horse. A family of rats. Why are inexpensive houses so easy to buy? A patched wool jacket stinking of beer. A gray beard soiled with vomit. A frost-bitten hand shaking a cup. How do poor people persuade us to succeed?

Rhetoric of Professor Kinsey

(Fall/Kinsey)

How does Professor Kinsey speak persuasively? Is he successful? Why does he speak persuasively? Do you find yourself being persuaded by every single thing he says? Does Professor Kinsey have an agenda? How?



Professor Kinsey.

Rhetoric of Billboards

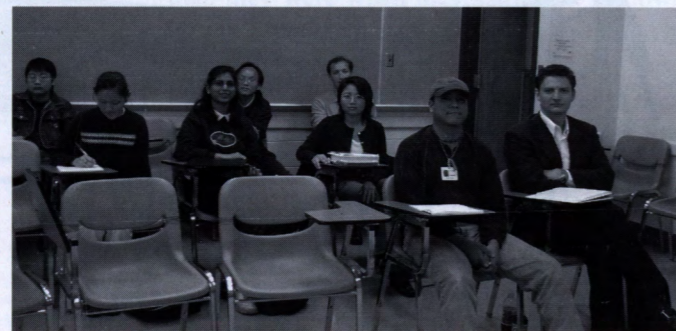
(Winter/Roberts)

Billboards are the most persuasive form of advertising in America. Do you agree? Are there billboards where you come from? Where is home? How would you like a brand new car?

Rhetoric of the Army

(Winter/York)

Stern. Demanding. At times, powerful. Do you want to join the Army?



Students celebrate their five-year PWR reunion.

ACADEMICS

"You have to take the fall for me."

"I'm sorry dad, but you just can't do this anymore. You can't get loaded and spray some kid in the face with a fire extinguisher and then ask me to cover for you. I could get in serious trouble for this, everybody knew me at that party."

"Geez Junior, I thought I was your dad. I guess not, Junior. I guess not. You know I've got two strikes already, man you know I can't afford this. Just take the fall. Remember when you were 11 and you spilled orange juice all over the oriental rug? Who helped you clean up, Junior? Who said we won't tell mom about this? Now you can't just tell them you don't know who was with you? I thought I was your DAD, man."

"You are my dad, but seriously you should know better this. I mean, you're my DAD for god's sake"

"I'm not just your dad. I'm your brother, daddy-o. Theta Chi's for life, above anything else. Of course, nothing's set in stone yet."

"What? What do you mean?"

"I mean you're a freakin' pledge pal. And here you are pussyng out. I should rat on you. But you know what, I won't. You know why? Because you're my son."

"Just a second. Am I supposed to take the fall because you're in my fraternity, or because you're my dad?"

"You just don't get it do you? You're up for an internship this summer. Could look good on your resume. But it's gotta get past my desk. I'm not sure, but do you happen to know who has the final say at Wilson, Wilson and Sons?"

"I always thought it was you."

"That's right, pledge. Me, Mr. Wilson."

"Look dad..."

"That's Active God Mr. CEO Wilson, to you."

"Active...dad...I don't know, what am I supposed to do?"

"What are you supposed to do? I thought I raised a man. Turn's out Mary's got a sister."

"Wait, who are you talking about? Jane?"

"She's more of a Theta Chi than you'll ever be."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"I'm calling you effeminate. You've got a lot of growing up to do Junior. And puberty."

"Dad, sir, Mr. CEO, look, I'm not going to cover for you all right? I've got my school to think about."

"Alright, I see. Thanks, son. You know this is really too bad for you. Thanksgiving is coming up."

"What? What does that have to do with anything?"

"I mean I always thought you liked Thanksgiving..."

"Of course I like Thanksgiving! What are you saying?"

"All I'm saying is this: YOU want to eat some cranberry sauce with your mother and sisters and brother-in-law and me, and I don't want the Dean on my fucking back for extinguishing that nerd."

"Dad, are you blackmailing me?"

"This is gonna hurt me a lot more than it will hurt you."

"That's not true."

"Yes son, yes it's not."

"Look dad, I just don't know if I want to cover your ass in this situation."

"Well son, you can't always get what you want."

"Um, I know, dad."

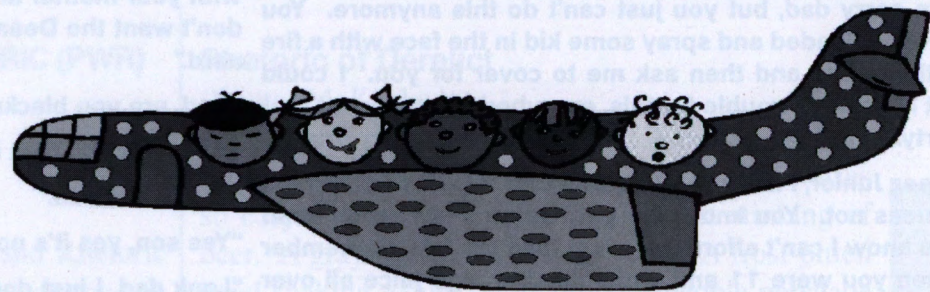
"But if you try sometimes...You just might find..."

"Happiness?"

"I'm sorry Junior, but I'm afraid Wilson, Wilson and Sons doesn't have any openings for this summer. Good luck with your future endeavors. Now go wash my linens, puke. I'm teaching a refresher course on the birds and the bees, and I need a clean classroom."



New Stanford Overseas Programs



Stanford in Miami

Beinvenido studentes! Coast-hop from campus to the city that never sleeps through our most exciting new domestic studies program. Uncover historic Miami's hidden treasures while studying with Stanford professors at the University of Miami. Students will be housed in the Miami Stanford House, located in the heart of M-Town. Worried about finding your way to the House? Don't! It's painted Cardinal Red! Stanford in Miami is suited towards students interested in engineering, so sign up now. Prerequisites include one year of Spanish and two upper division computer science courses.

Stanford in Harvard

Did you want to go to Harvard but went to Stanford instead? Become a virtual Harvard student by signing up for Stanford in Harvard. Students live with each other in the Cambridge Stanford House, along with three professors and one RA. The RA is a Harvard student! Stanford professors teach unique courses on the lawns and quadrangles of great Harvard in order to make you feel integrated into the school. See where J.F.K. went to college, and also go to school there in the same place. Students are also allowed to sit in on Harvard lectures. For \$8 a pop.

Stanford in Slums

Have you ever wanted to see what most of America does while you're screwing around at Stanford? No? Then you aren't the sort of person who should apply for Stanford in Slums, a study program that is located in the dirtiest parts of the dirtiest towns of our United States. Experience firsthand what it is to be poor. Know what it feels like to have absolutely no money. Become friendly with the impoverished. And study like the other half studies.

Stanford in Crisis

Everything is wrong, and there's little you can do about it. Spend six months hopped up on caffeine pills, flailing your arms in despair. EVERYTHING IS WRONG. The world will blow up so soon, and all you can do is worry. You aren't leaving campus for this study program. No. You and thirty other students will live in a quad in Roble and no one is allowed to sleep. Food will be provided because you will need the fuel. NO ONE SLEEPS. EVERYONE HAS HEADSETS.

Stanford in Spite of Itself

We just couldn't help designing this study program.

Stanford in Love

Do you have a crush on someone and you want us to make him/her date you? This new study program will make your romantic dream a reality. Spend a quarter in love with the person you wish loved you back. We will force him/her to love you. It will be delightful. Dinners in the park, dogs barking, the whole nine yards. Just prepare to be crushed when the quarter is over. Why? Because whether or not you like it, baby, he/she doesn't love you at all.

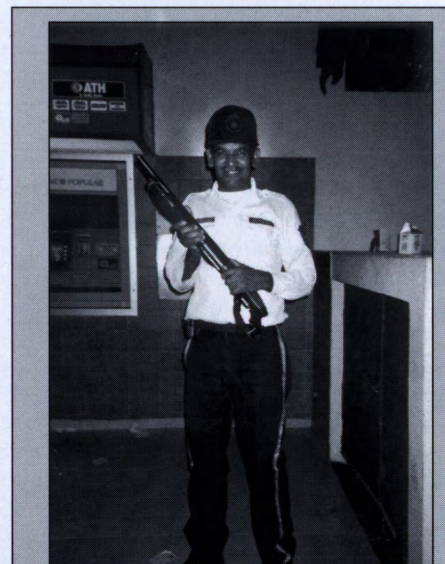
Several Excerpts from a Disputedly Observant Travel Diary



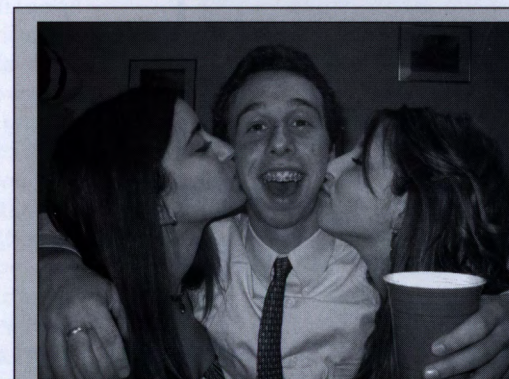
Saturday night, sun goes down... let's do some work!



Chinese people would benefit from taking it easier on themselves.



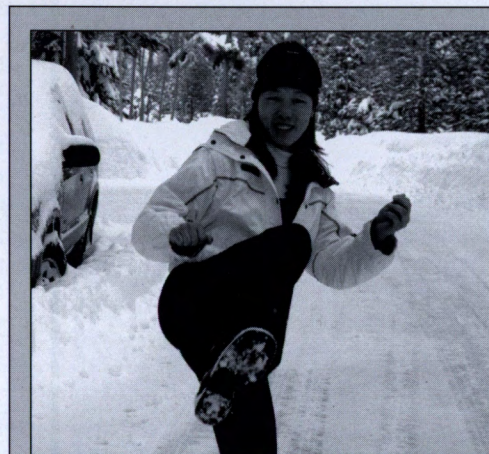
74 hours without an accident on the job.



When cashmere meets cash-ual.



Please do not use a fake I.D. at Ernie's liquor store if you are under the age of 21.



Discipline and stealth can overcome a hostile climate, with the help from the right parka and sensei.

"How did you choose your e-mail address?"



spaghetti@leland

"When I came to Stanford, I really loved spaghetti. I'd tell everyone how good it was and how it was probably my favorite food. Then, when I was a sophomore, I met this guy who really liked pizza. As I listened to him talk about how good pizza was, I realized that pizza was a better food than spaghetti. You'll meet amazing people at college. You shouldn't be afraid to change."

Emily Rice '99



hamburgers@leland

"I worked at McDonald's all through high school. Most people never consider a career in fast food, but I loved my job. I was assistant manager by my senior year and when they offered to send me to Hamburger College after real college, I was psyched. A job in corporate management seemed like a great thing, but I'm not sure if hamburgers are my passion anymore. I think I would have majored in the Classics, but Ronald McDonald payed my tuition."

Benjamin Rose '00



hotdogs@leland

"I really wanted hamburgers@leland but someone had already taken it. Hot dogs just aren't as good."

April Nelson '01



hotdogg@leland

"I really wanted hotdogs@leland. People think "hotdogg" is some sort of statement about my personality, but it's not. Unless liking hot dogs constitutes a personality."

Dennis Pressman '01



franks@leland

"If anyone deserves the use of hotdogs@leland, I think it is me. Oh well."

Some Hot Dogs '02



friedchicken@leland

"I really loved my grandmother's fried chicken, so when it came time to choose an e-mail address, the choice was easy."

Sally Friedchicken '99



chocolatecupcakeswithpeanutbuttericing@leland

"What can I say? They're my favorite."

Bryan Koh '99



chocolatecupcakeswithpeanutbuttericingandsprinkles@leland

mmmmm!

Bryan Koh '99

by Dustin Perkins '00
appeared in Vol. CI, no. 1



Associated Publishing Press of London Ltd.

Jonathan Hughes
500 Paddington Terrace
London, England

Dear Mr. Wilde,

First off, on behalf of the Associated Publishing Press of London Ltd. I would like to take a moment to thank you for your continued trust in our aptitude as both a publisher and promoter. That being said, I, unfortunately, have some negative business to attend to with regard to your most recent manuscripts.

As is the style of the day, we understand that your recent submissions fall into the category of a serial or "series" of plays. The first in the series: "The Importance of Being Ernest" we find to be a particularly promising work. However, the other works in this "Ernest" series lack the depth, field, and the attention to minutiae we have come to expect from your work.

Specifically, we find serious flaws in the plays "Ernest Goes to Jail," "Ernest Goes to Camp," "Ernest Saves Christmas" and "Ernest Scared Stupid." In these works, your hero, ironically named "Ernest," is particularly confusing and anachronistic. Incredibly one dimensional and puerile, his motivations seem barely adequate for furthering what are by far your most asinine plots to date. The themes and situations you have developed in these works are similarly vapid and senseless. The snapping turtle motif in particular strikes us as both entirely predictable and wholly philistine. On that note, we have difficulty understanding what literary purpose it serves to have your protagonist physically injured throughout the works; specifically, the often repeated stage direction "2x4 to the face and/or groin" seems superfluous in any and all situations.

As such, we as publishers see nothing exciting nor promising from any of the latter four plays in the series. However, as previously stated (and based upon your past literary endeavors) we believe that "The Importance of Being Ernest" has some potential. To begin, please eliminate entirely the character "Ernest" from this work. That alone will improve the play greatly. You have, for the most part, woven an intricate story with weighty characters and poignant satire. Having a funny-talking cap-wearer in short knickers constantly injuring himself does little for the work.

Also, please learn how to spell "Earnest."

Sincerely,
Jonathan Hughes

Jonathan Hughes
President Associated Publishing Press of London Ltd.

Praise for "HANK"

"An essential addition to any household. Hank should be required parenting for anyone who is planning to have an adolescent of their own some day."

Hank's Step-Father

"Hank sucks you in right when you meet him and doesn't let go. He entrances you with eyes as blue as the summer sky and hair as fine and soft as a jaybird's breast. Before you know it four years have passed and you're still taking Hank to school, bringing him along to the supermarket, and holding him until four in the morning. You just can't put Hank down."

Hank's Mom

"Far better than *Catcher in The Rye*, Hank shows us the tribulations and frustrations of entering adulthood. Many of my students have a difficult time analyzing the metaphors and quotations from J.D. Salinger's classic, but they know exactly what Hank means when he says, 'To hell with all of you fakers, I don't want to stand on the edge of a cliff and catch kids coming through a hay field. I just want to remain in the innocence of childhood forever and never have to grow up to become a superficial and hypocritical faker like you Mr. Antolini.'"

Mr. Antolini, Hank's Sympathetic English Teacher

"Intricate, confusing, and at times downright contradictory, one should only give Hank a try if they are really ready for a challenge. I have had to start from the beginning three times with Hank, and I still don't know what's going on."

Hank's Therapist

"Hank is magical. Sometimes you really wonder where his hands are going, but they move with such smoothness and eloquence that you're willing to follow them anywhere on their adolescent voyage of self-discovery."

Hank's Girlfriend

"Hank is another triumph of the Montgomery series."

Archibald Montgomery, Hank's Grandfather

"Usually prequels are overrated and just leave you confused, but Hank is an exception. And the twist at the end, it left me breathless."

Julio, Hank's Younger Brother

"Hank certainly has valuable things to say, but he is also difficult to follow. At times I am not sure if his tendency to jump from one unrelated thing to the next is on purpose or if it is merely a result of an untalented mother."

Hank's Neighbor

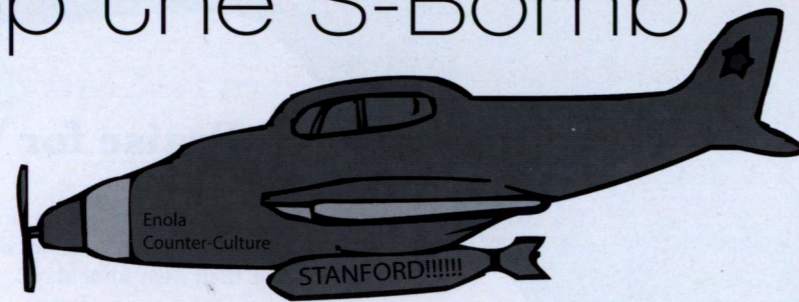
"I want my Dad to meet Hank, I want my son to meet Hank, heck I want my mailman to meet Hank. That's how important Hank is."

Hank's Girlfriend

"Hank has spent a record 10 weeks on the wait list, and when you read his transcript it makes sense. He has good extracurriculars but his standardized testing is not so great."

Hank's Admission's Officer

How to Drop the S-Bomb



Targeted Stranger: So where do you go to school?
 Stanford Student: Oh! Gosh! This is embarrassing!
 Targeted Stranger: Oh, you can tell me.
 Stanford Student: I go to Stanford!
 Targeted Stranger: Why is that embarrassing?
 Stanford Student: I'm a genius writer.
 Targeted Stranger: What?
 Stanford Student: I'm failing math!

Targeted Stranger: Where do you go to college?
 Stanford Student: Let's put it this way, in high school my friends and I used to dress up all crazy and go to the bowling alley to bowl and see people's reactions to our outfits.
 Targeted Stranger: Oh, so you're a dropout.
 Stanford Student: No! I'm quirky. I go to Stanford.
 Targeted Stranger: I see.
 Stanford Student: I like all types of music except country.
 Targeted Stranger: I didn't ask.

Targeted Stranger: Where do you go to college?
 Stanford Student: I go to Stanford.
 Targeted Stranger: Sweet, like from Saved By the Bell? That's where Jesse Spano went right?
 Stanford Student: No, that's Stansbury. That's a fake school.
 Targeted Stranger: That's so awesome, is Jesse in any of your classes?
 Stanford Student: Dude, that was fake, it's not a real school.
 Targeted Stranger: You should totally hook up with her.
 Stanford Student: I don't think she even got in remember? Zack beat her on he SATs. She took the caffeine pills.
 Targeted Stranger: Man, your school sounds crazy. I hope you don't get caught up in that shit.

Targeted Stranger: So where do you go to school?
 Stanford Student: I go to school in California.
 Targeted Stranger: Oh, so you're gay?
 Stanford Student: No no, Brown's in Rhode Island. I go to Stanford.
 Targeted Stranger: Oh so you're quirky.
 Stanford Student: Very quirky.



SELFISH PUPPY

There's a ball, puppy!



That's my ball.

We can play fetch with your ball.



We could, couldn't we?

Never mind. I'll pet your belly.



That's my belly.

May I pet it?



First shut that baby up.

He's just cooing in the other room.



Do you want the pleasures of my belly or not?

But he's so cute!



THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE.

I wuv you, selfish puppy.



by Jacob Young '02, appeared in Vol. CI, No 3.

the unbearable lightness of dunces

The person before me treads a thin line of mental accountability. At times his actions point to an I.Q. so meager that current social mores instruct me not to fault him his ineptitudes, but simply pity his chromosomal misfortunes. BUT, on other occasions he manages cognitive tasks that imply he has just surpassed the intellectual limits of the legally handicapped, and if so, I owe him my eternal disdain.

He seems to be unclear as to whether the cash register sitting before him is an old familiar toy or a strange new toy.

But

He does seem to understand that the four dimes he plucked from the register and which he is now puzzling at do not equal the three dollars and seventy-five cents of change that I am owed.

He does have impossibly snagged teeth, which he reveals through an asymmetrical gape.

However

His speech impediment is limited to his exuberant use of the word 'dude.'

He is at a quandary as to what to do with the mucous he has been steadily collecting from his left nostril.

And yet

He does seem to realize that he does not want to keep it.

He moves mindlessly through Walgreens apparently unaware that neither the Hostess pastries nor the Head and Shoulders will help him make correct change.

But

It does gradually dawn on him that he should not be carrying the cash register with him.

The glaze of his two lazy eyes glistens like the sugary coating of a Krispy Kreme donut fresh from the conveyor belt.

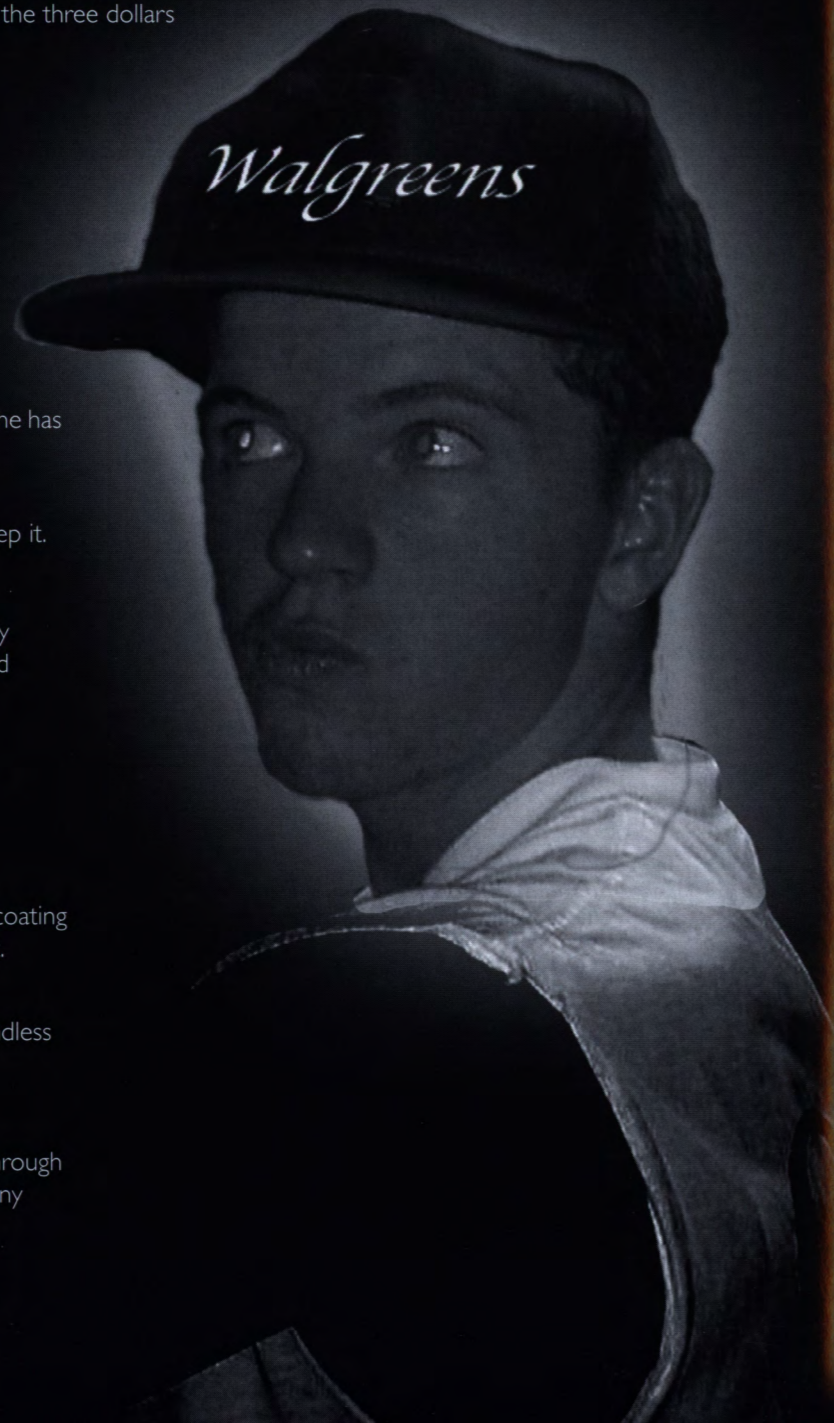
However

This glassy film of ignorance does drip away with endless streams from his broken tear ducts.

After a series of stutters and false starts, he burbles through a mouthful of saliva that he 'may have hit zero too many times.'

On the other hand

His equally afflicted coworker is no more capable of managing the intricacies of selling me a can of soda.



Stanford 2000-2001

ID #

Place label here

Name

O'Reilly Pedro

LAST

FIRST

MIDDLE

Language Placement Form

As a Stanford student, you are required to complete the first year of university language study or to demonstrate that you have already achieved that level of proficiency. In all languages, one must display mastery of oral and written skills; some have an additional cultural knowledge component.

Please answer the following questions to help us assess your current linguistic proficiency:

1. Which languages do you speak at home and with friends or relatives? Esperanto.
2. Which language do you plan to use to meet the Stanford requirement? Esperanto.
3. What if Stanford doesn't offer courses in that language? For example, the Stanford Esperanto Department has recently been closed. Independent study.
4. How will you fulfill your cultural component? (This doesn't apply to everyone; for example: French and German have no cultural component, but Spanish and Esperanto do.) Spend a Summer studying with ancient Esperaniards in Esperan.
5. That's not possible. There is no place called Esperan, nor are there ancient Esperaniards. Esperanto was invented in the 19th century by one individual. that's not true.
6. Yes, it is. His name was L. L. Zamenhof, and he published the first Esperanto textbook in 1887. All lies.
7. Oh yeah, and how would you know? My parents are Esperaniards And their parents before them. And theirs, as well. Stretching back to the dawn of time when the god Zenus gave us Esperanto on the fields of Imanipelto. I have never known another language.
8. Right. Then how are you filling this out? I have an English translator.
9. That's ridiculous. I have your home phone here somewhere. I am going to call you. That's not possible. I'm a deaf-mute.
10. Then you don't speak Esperanto after all. Esperanto sign language.

by Gideon Lewis-Kraus '02, appeared in Vol. CII, No. 1

The Big Book of Emasculating First Date Ideas

- Indiana Jones Ride at Disneyland
- The Pyramids
- Backstage at a Coldplay concert
- Race Horse Stable
- A New York City Firehouse
- Whaling
- High School Quiz Bowl
- A blacksmith's forge
- A Bris
- The Museum of Cleft Chins and Calloused Hands in Gary, Indiana
- A Bullfight
- A Loading Dock
- The Dust Bowl
- Proctologist
- D-Day
- A flood
- Australia
- Benihana



"Brad Moon Rising"

achewood

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Stanford 2004-2005

New Undergraduate Student Information Project FAQ for Freshman RA's

Q: My resident is at FLiCKs and he is having a ridiculously crazy time. What should I do?

A: This is a serious situation for any RA. Immediately raise your right hand high above your head. Bend at the elbow. Then pat yourself on the back for doing a great job. Going absolutely crazy at FLiCKs is completely normal and even encouraged!

Q: One of my freshman screeches the dorm chant until 3AM, then he shreds 3 reams of paper and pours them on his roommate. He shot his head up with novocaine and carved 'Branner Sucks' into his scalp. Is there anything I should do?

A: Well this is serious. You should call Dean of Students Greg Boardman right away. Tell him that you might have the craziest, spunkiest, most Stanfordiest freshman on your hands. Way to go!

Q: One of my residents constantly brags about "getting totally blastered and doing crazy shit" in high school. Should I be worried?

A: Relax. This type of lying is completely common among incoming freshman. Just continue with your regular program and in no time this student will be having a great time doing real 'crazy shit': jumping in fountains, going on dorm trips to Chuck E Cheese and playing Friend Tag.

Q: One of my residents said that she really enjoyed playing Friend Tag with me. She wants to know if I want to go to dinner sometime, just as friends. Is that cool?

A: Great idea. You can use dorm funds to organize a house trip to a local restaurant. Buca d Beppo's is always a tasty choice, and the huge family portions are sure to make for some crazy food fighting.

Q: Well I was actually thinking about just her and I.

A: That's good too. We always encourage RA's to help their residents when they are organizing dorm functions. The lounge is a good place for you two to work together. The cluster is good for making flyers. But don't forget the most important rule you must follow as an RA: Have fun! This dinner sounds like its going to be crazy fun!

Q: I don't think you understand. We really have a connection, and I wanted to get to know her outside of Chuck E Cheese. You know in a more intimate setting, one on one.

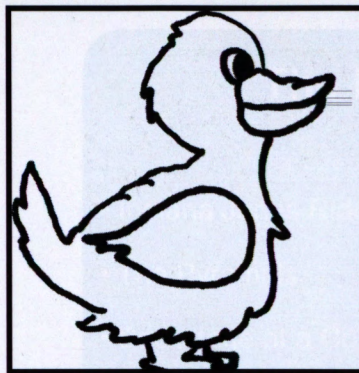
A: Ohhh. We see now. You would like maybe to give her a little kiss? Bounce her boobies? Dip your diddy? Get a Fundamental Standard violation on your cute little record? Just stick with Wack A Mole, Skye.

Q: I've noticed that the RF has installed hidden webcams in all of the rooms in our dorm. Should I do something?

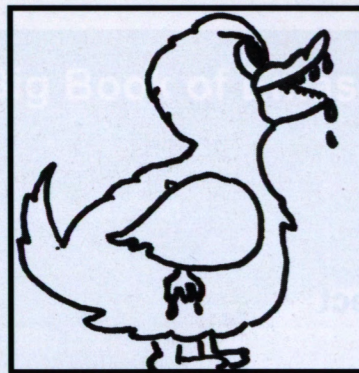
A: Relax. This is a good thing. The RF knows all about child rearing, and he's just trying to make sure everyone's having good clean fun.

Q: Don't you think that's a little intrusive? Aren't we all adults here?

A: Don't ever speak back to us like that again. The RF knows all about you college kids. He has already raised three kids in quite possibly the worst child-rearing environment ever. He knows just how pregnant people get when he treats you all like 'adults.'



duck...



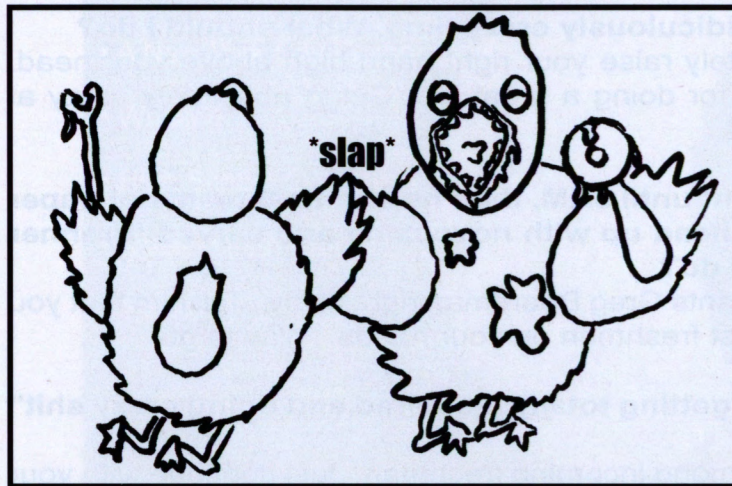
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duck...

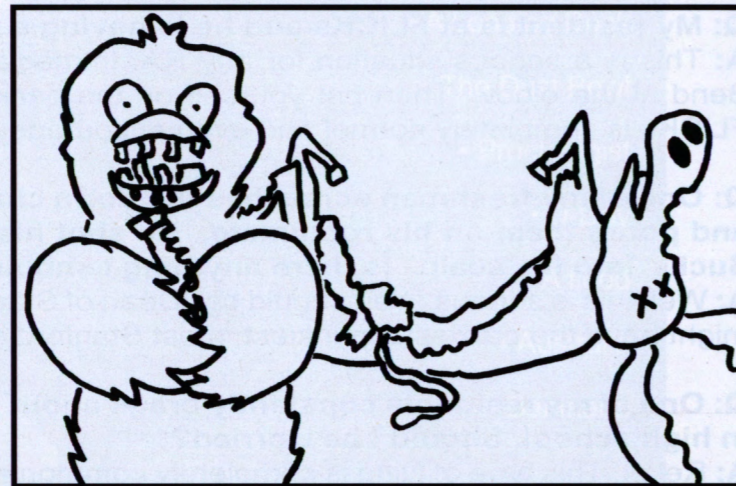


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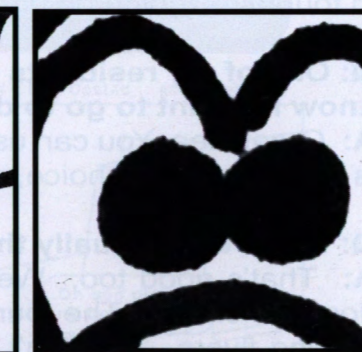
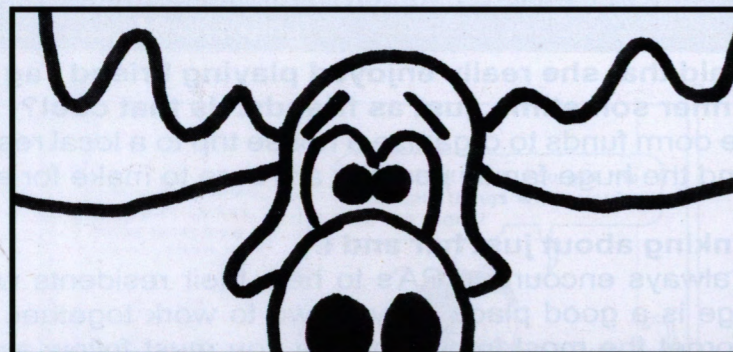
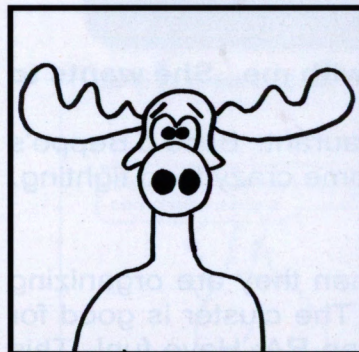


duck...

duck...



duck...



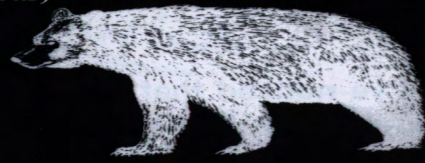
MOOSE

ATTENTION AMERICANS:

If you keep bear traps in your home, you are ten times as likely to die in a bear trap related accident. 94 percent of the time, it is a child that gets caught in a bear trap, and not even a robber (or a bear!) It's time to face facts. Bear Traps in the home do not make you safer.

Bear Trap related Deaths for 2003 (Non-Bear)

- Japan: 1
- England: 15
- United Arab Emirates: 12
- France: 24
- Germany: 190
- UNITED STATES: 249,547**



Our bear trap legislation is hopelessly out of date. Write your local congressperson, and tell them you want bear traps out of our streets, and back in the forests where they belong.

The second amendment grants us the right to bear arms, not trap bears.

**Paid for by the
Committee for the Preservation of Bear Paws...and Children Too.**



A Guide to Foreplay

Listen up. This is how you drive a woman wild.

There's a certain spot. You know the spot.

The sweet spot. You know where it is.

Drives her crazy. Gets her all hot and bothered. You know the one.

Gotta be careful though—it's sensitive.

It's fickle, so go easy. Not too hard. Gotta be gentle with the spot.

Yeah, she'll get all steamy. But the spot's very sensitive. Don't touch it.

Not right away. Caress the inside of the thighs.

Get close, but not too close. Very gently, all around the thighs. She'll go crazy.

Not too early, though. Keep off the thighs at first.

Yeah, get to 'em later. She'll go nuts. She'll be all "ahh, ahh". No need to rush it.

Kiss all around the belly. Real close to the thighs, but make her wait for it.

She'll love it. The belly is key.

So tease it. Get going around the shoulders.

Yeah, work the shoulders real good. She'll know the belly button's next!

She'll get so hot. The shoulders are little pieces of erotic gold.

So be coy with them. Work up to it.

Yeah, what's your hurry with the shoulders? Make her beg for it. Get something going on the top of the head.

Rub all around the top of her head. She'll get all squirmy.

Start a fire up there. The pleasure dome.

Rub it all around up there. She'll be so hot.

Major erotic button. Top of her head.

So tease it. She'll go crazy.

Stand over in the corner of the room and stare at the top of her head. Real erotic-like.

She'll know what's coming. The head!

She'll love it. She'll start moaning, I swear. The corner, man—that's the key.

The corner of the room is a huge turn on.

So make her wait for it. Go out into the hall and close the door.

Stand out there in the hall and don't knock. She'll know you're about to start cooking.

She'll get so hot. She'll cancel the rest of her week.

She'll love it. Operate from the hallway. But not right away.

The night is young. Let her wait for a while.

Go over to your friend's house. Watch some TV. Don't call or anything.

Oh, yeah.

She'll get so steamy. She'll want you to give her a baby. Stay at your friend's house and she'll think she's on fire.

Your friend's house, man. Show her what lust is.

But take it slow. Don't go to your friend's house too soon. Let her get really ready.

Go somewhere far away from your friend's house. Go to Europe.

Oh yeah! Get a job. Never contact her.

She'll be so hot.

She'll love it. Get married and retire.

She'll be squirming all around on the bed.

She'll scream into her fist.

Wait in Europe until you retire. Tease her a little.

Then make your move. She'll be so ready.

She'll love it. Come back from Europe in like fifty years, when she's so hot she can hardly breathe. She'll want you so badly.

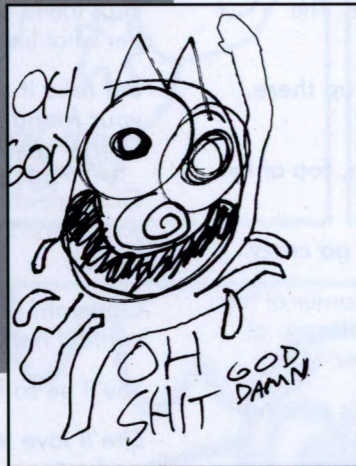
Then go straight for the clit.

by Dave Lampson '00, appeared in Vol. CI. No. 3

Chappie Cartoons From the Past



Chris Crane '00



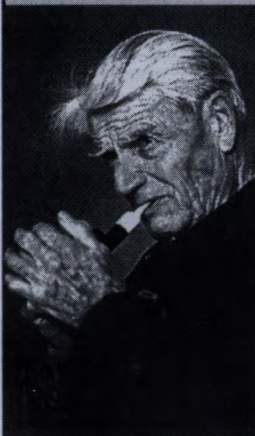
'Sure! It's Friday, isn't it?'

"No I.D., no drinking!"
Since the linear accelerator was put in, all the girls in Flo Mo have gone into menopause.

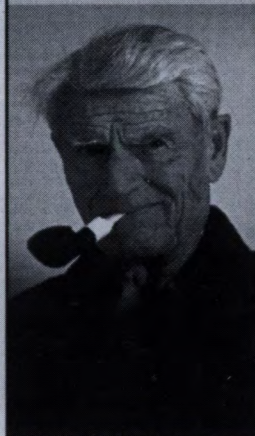


Withered Soul

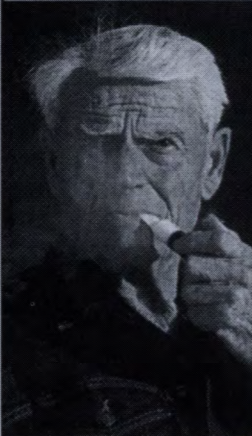
Withered Soul, what do you think about Artificial Intelligence?



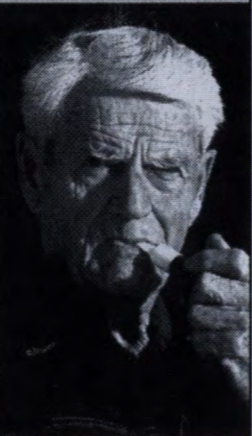
Heh, when I was a younger man, all the news was Sputnik-this and Sputnik-that. Ho-ho, now who would've thought?



So, you think that someday we'll be able to build sentient computers?



Young man, there's a goblin gnawing on your head.



by Eugene Park '98 (Oldboy '96-'97), originally appeared in Vol. XCVIII, No. 1, September 1996's "Freshman" number

DANNY STEVENSON: 10th GRADE WARRIOR

Friend: Hey dude, what are you doing tomorrow night?

10th Grade Warrior: It is of little importance. (Bully passes, gives 10th Grade Warrior a knowing nod.)

Friend: Hey, what the hell was up with that?

10th Grade Warrior: A small gathering.

Friend: Wait, you're inviting Hagar to a party and not me?

10th Grade Warrior: "Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer."

Warrior: I feed you, I tell you when to breathe and how long. You are mine.

Dog: (wag)

Warrior: Yes, wag your tail. But don't be fooled. Though I have allowed you the meaningless ability to govern that appendage, it is also mine. Like you, I could let it thrive or crush it in my hands.

Dog: (looks away)

Warrior: How dare you turn your attention from me. You live in a blissful world of willful ignorance. Unaware that at this very moment I am amassing forces against you (pulls out kitchen knife).

Dog: (Lies on his back, exposing his soft underbelly for rubbing)

Warrior: Your helplessness is your one redeeming trait, my friend.

Father: Danny, stop messing with Ruff and take him for a walk.

Warrior: (sighs) It reminds even the coldest of warriors that along with unfathomable power comes unfathomable responsibility.

Friend: What are you wearing?

Warrior: "A Wolf in sheep's clothing..."

Friend: It looks itchy.

Teacher: Danny, you've already had five pieces of the pizza while some of the other students haven't had any.

Warrior: You forget that we did not all contribute equally to this victory. After all, it was the power of my birthday that began the onset of pizza. And thus, I will not honor the prior agreements that all members of Axis will share equally in the bounty of the Meat Lover's Combo.

Teacher: Danny, don't be selfish. Am I going to have to take that box from you?

Warrior: Do not be foolish. If you abandon your policy of neutrality, you will feel the full wrath of the indomitable Homeroom.

Teacher: Danny, put down those plastic forks and behave yourself.

Warrior: If you want pizza you must prepare for war.

Waiter: Would you like your dressing on the side?

Warrior: Divide and conquer my citizen, divide and conquer.

Waiter: ...

Warrior: On the side.

Warrior: Monica, I have respect for your courage in the face of danger.

Monica: Umm, thanks, Danny.

Warrior: Very good then. As you know Prom is fast approaching, and those without a date will be the first to fall. We should waste no time in preparing an alliance.

Monica: Okay.

Later on. Prom Night.

Warrior: Monica, where have you been. I arrived at your fortress an hour ago with a battalion of flowers.

Monica: Oh, I'm sorry Danny, but Pete asked me to the Prom too, and he can offer me the security of the football forces.

Warrior: But, I mean, I uh... thought we had an alliance.

Monica: Your naivete disappoints me Danny. You of all people should know that all is fair in love and war.

Danny: You sunk my battleship!

Hey Chef, why the long face? Didn't you just vote?	Yeah, I did Hugo, but I think I did something wrong...	What could you possibly have done wrong?
I stuffed the ballot box...	...with Ricotta Cheese!	



Maria: I couldn't possibly love you anymore. Do you know why?
Brent: Why my love?
Maria: My heart is made of stone.

Cessna, you STOL my heart!

* STOL means short take off and landing.

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Famous Acrostical Poems

Two Roads
 by Robert Frost

Today came upon some roads.
 Which one to take?
 Only one is possible.

Robert
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!
 All the...
 Difference
 Seems to stem from taking
 the less traveled road.

Chickens
 by William Carlos Williams

Can you guess:
 How much depends upon a red wheel barrow?
 I know the answer.
 Certainly the point is for you to realize it.
 Kind of a lot.
 Especially since it's next to chickens.
 Not to mention it's wet.
 So much.

Cannons
 by Alfred Tennyson

Cannon to the right of them.
 And also to the left of them.
 Nobody is going to survive.
 No one will live.
 Oh my God, they are so brave.
 Nope, nobody.
 Some more cannons in front of them.

Emily
 by Emily Dickinson

Eccentric
 Masterful linguist
 Interesting
 Likely suicidal
 Yep



by Chris Crane '00, appeared in Vol. CI. No. 8

The Stanford Chaparral: Where Dreams Come True



They said we couldn't fit a helmet on his oblong skull.
We did that.



They said even if we got the helmet on, we couldn't get his glasses inside.
We did that too.



They said that bubble wrap wouldn't protect his brittle bones.
We did that too.



They said he couldn't leave the hospital.
Guess who's out.



They said that he could never be a spaceman.
Guess who's about to enter orbit.



They said that they knew our names.
They guessed wrong.

Would you like to make someone's dream come true? Somewhere some little boy is dreaming about kids at Stanford making jokes that he'll never see. Positions in writing, art, business, layout, web design, and astronauts.

No experience necessary.

Email: oldboy@zonker.stanford.edu for more information.

First Meeting: September 29th, 8:30pm.

2nd floor, Storke Publications Building.

Corner of Santa Teresa & Lomita

Meetings every Wednesday at 8:30 pm.

Activities Fair After Party: October 1st, 8:00pm, Storke.

One year of Stanford will cost you a total of \$40,943.

Doesn't sound like very much money for a Stanford richie like you, but what if you break it down and look at the amortized costs?

\$

One 50-minute IHUM lecture about the ascension of menfolk will cost you \$425, over eight dollars a minute.

\$

Don't even think about having sex. If you have sex once, that's going to cost you an effective \$40,000.

\$

You're paying three dollars in special fees to the Sexual Health Peer Resource Center each quarter. That works out to 35 cents per "free" condom, which is actually a pretty reasonable price for sexual protection from a \$40,000 prostitute.

\$

A burrito at the Tree House may only cost \$4.50 on paper, but watch out for the unlimited guacamole salsa bar. If you don't eat any, it will actually cost you infinity per bite.



If you sleep through lunch at Stern you will have no choice but to eat at Jack in the Box for \$5. This is the cheapest mistake you can make at Stanford.

\$

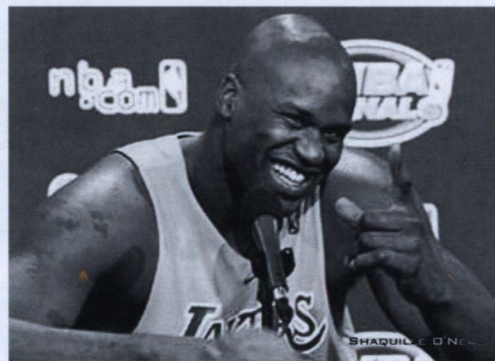
Like pirating software and music? Sorry hacker, not even information is free at Stanford, where they charge for Internet access by the hour. (Two cents per hour.)



So you really like the weather huh? It only rains 10 days a year. Well that actually comes out to 8 cents per rain drop. How's that for a downer? Maybe you should wipe that grin off your face.

The Stanford Chaparral recently asked its readers: *"Have you ever broken a backboard?"*

The responses we received are printed below.



"Yes."

-Shaquille O'Neil

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From the Desk of Harold E. Johnson



Son:

I write this letter first off as an apology for my comments the other night. Upon learning about your recent appointment as the lead in the school musical, I was filled with some very powerful sentiments and I allowed my emotions to take control in our interaction. I made some comments that I realize were not constructive and I express regret that I did not keep my composure.

However, at the same time I think that it is important for you to recognize my position in this matter. I built this family from the ground up, and I take enormous pride in all of its progeny. Twenty years ago when I merged with Mother, creating the Johnson family, I put forth a mission statement:

"We shall dedicate ourselves to building a family unit that presents itself with honor and dignity to the surrounding community."

I still keep that statement hanging up in the den next to our first public issue of the Christmas card, and the principles behind its words have remained unchanged for the last two decades.

So, as you might imagine, your acceptance to play the role of Peter Pan was deeply upsetting to me and the rest of the household. Such an action goes directly against the code of conduct that we insist on here at Johnson.

Nor is it the first such behavior that you have engaged in that is unbecoming of a member of the Johnson family. Your quitting of the football team, refusal to get a haircut, and piercing of your face demonstrate a pattern of disobedience that is simply incompatible with what we are trying to achieve.

After a meeting among your co-relatives, where we deliberated long and hard over how to handle your situation, the conclusion was reached that this family can no longer afford to hang on to you.

Realize that this is not easy for me to say, but as the head of the household, it is my responsibility to alert you here in the Johnson family.

I expect to find your letter of departure and your room cleaned out by this afternoon.

Love,

Harold "DAD" Johnson

Mr. Harold E. Johnson
CEO Johnson Family Inc.

P.S. Due to the nature of your dismissal we kindly request that we are not listed as a reference for any prospective patriarch.

NET WT 15 OZ • 425g

WE ASKED THE STAFF:

“What does the word ‘freshman’ mean to you?”

I don't even know what the word means. I had fifty-one units of AP credit.

Ian Spiro,
The new IT boy

Freshman means one thing to me: Hot, Brazilian ass. The kind of ass that will carry your belongings through the desert. The kind of ass you throw quarters at. The kind of ass that turned you down at that Tapas bar the other night. Stick to Toyon, freshmen kiddies, because Wilbur girls don't put out.

Adrian Perry,
Love is Positive

It is a rather dull and neutral word, used to categorize a group of people based solely on age and/or academic progress, completely disregarding socioeconomic status, gender, or race; and I therefore avoid incorporating it into my daily vocabulary.

Debbie Glasband,
Artist

It mean's ratings, as in "TV ratings," to me. I live in Hollywood bitch.

Erik Lessac-Chenen,
In Asia

New Sex.

Seth Rosenbloom,
Dreams Pretty

You should shoot for the stars. Even if you miss, you might destroy the moon.

Rishi Chanderraj,
So Las Vegas It Hurts

...She was touching her face. I cant be held responsible. She fell in love in the first place...

Two Words, dude: The Verve Pipe. That song ruled at my Junior High Snowflake Ball

Chris Holt,
On To Something

Unfortunately, there is no direct translation for the word 'freshman.' Depending on which alphabet you write it in, it turns out to mean either 'forgive little sweetness packet' or 'do you believe typhoon destiny (fantasy).' Either way, it is a very impolite thing to say, except for the younger generation, some of whom are growing longer hair and sleeping on air mats, a traditional offense.

Steve Yelderman,
Modestly Abroad

The Freshman is the grocer's shadowy hire who ensures the availability of crisp melons in the autumn months. A Mr. Whipple for the produce set, if you shall.

Andrew Ardinger,
Loud

I often associate the word Freshman with the Fresh Prince. Not the phony one from Bel Air, of course. I'm talking about the real Fresh Prince, the one who died for our sins and who we still celebrate every Sunday on UPN.

Jon Eccles,
Mr. Body

Lunch.

Carrie Kemper,
Pretty Hungry

Like someone who just joined the army, but he or she is at the lowest ranking, kind of like when you start college you have to fight to get to the top again.

Andrew Nielsen,
Steve's Good Friend

Ingrown toenails. I went to Vaden for 'em seven times, and they referred me to five different podiatrists, each of whom was sure he would cure me for good. But as a savvy sophomore, I now take a DIY approach. I just use 5 Sominex, hedge clippers, needle-nosed pliers, and a wooden spoon for biting.

Allan Phillips,
No Goodbye

Dirt faces, weak legs, and not enough class.

Amanda Pettit,
Coming Soon

It's all cute and soft like a puppy in a barn. Let me pet it and hug it as hard as my huge, mentally deficient body can. Oh no, what happened?!? George!! Oh man, Curley's wife's hair is so soft...I will touch it.

Matthew Henick,
Literary Nitwit

Frantic asians, frugal caucasians, frozen eskimos and freckled irish.

Charlie Stockman,
Alliterative Bigot

When it was all right for my mom to help me move in.

Josh Constine,
Doesn't Understand the Question

PASSION
comics



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P.O. Box 18916
Stanford, CA 94309

By Chris Onstad '97 and David Lampson '00 appeared in Vol. C, No.3

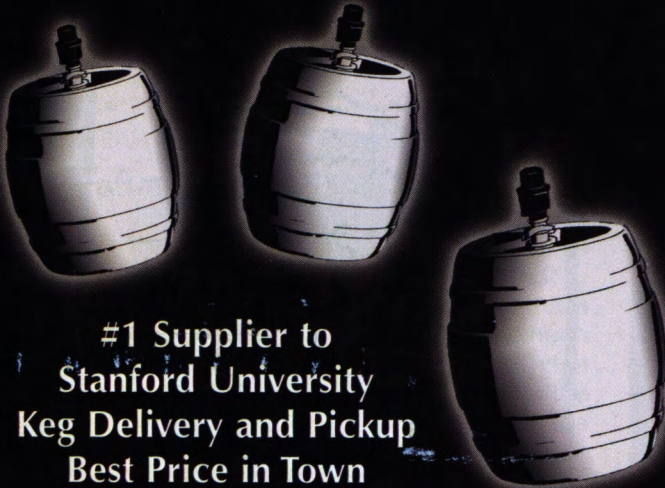
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