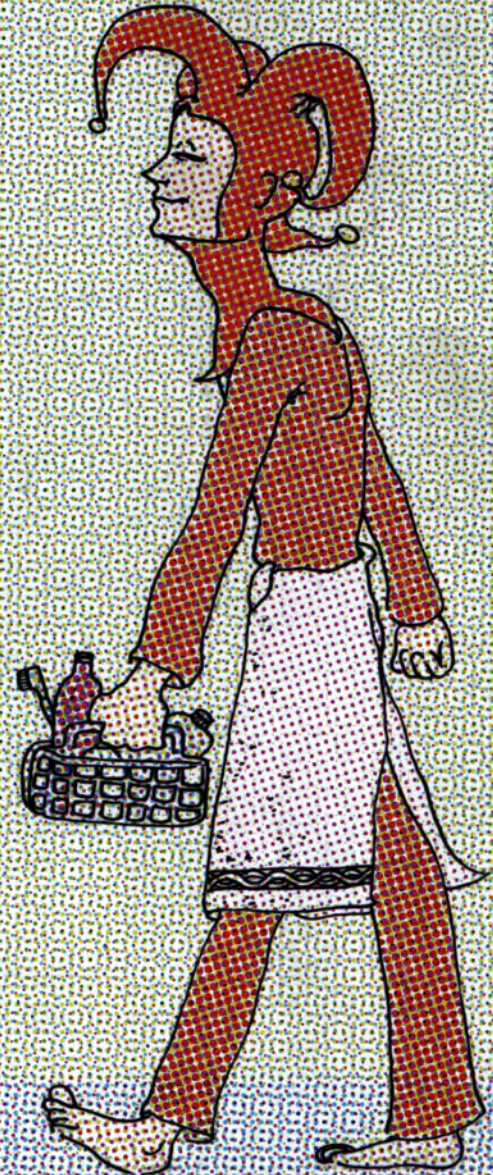
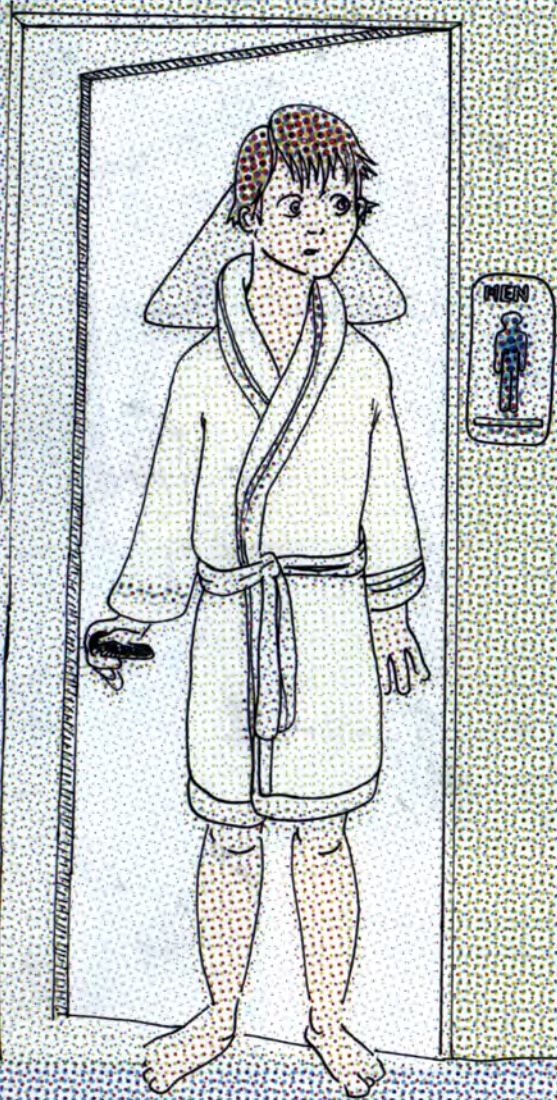


Stanford Chaparral

The Humor Magazine ◀



Freshman Number

Vol. CVII No. 1 \$3.00

"What do you think you might major in?"



"I like math. Maybe I'll study math."



"My sister wants me to do biology, but I'm not sure."



"I want to make something out of computers. That could be my major."



"What about English? But I might go pre-med."



"I don't know what I should do. I like reading. And learning. And majoring in history."



"The only thing I'm really interested in is Symbolic Systems with a focus in Artificial Intelligence."



"I want to study education."



"I want to study math. But I don't like math."

Things to Do in College

Welcome to college. If you're looking for things to do, try these:

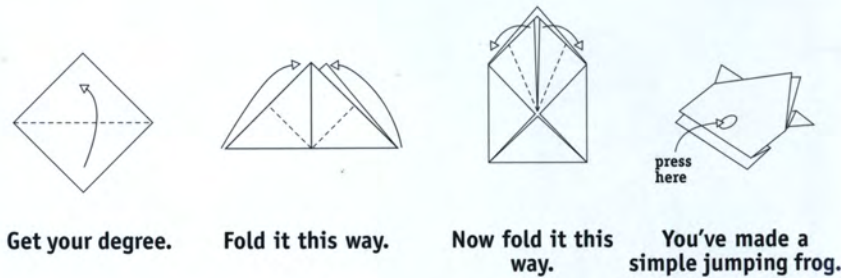
Majoring in Something

It's not required, but some students begin to think about getting a major around the middle of junior year, a few months after beginning to take classes. Completing a major means taking a certain number of classes in a serious academic discipline, or taking classes in Communications.

How do I know if having a major is right for me?

First you have to ask yourself if there's any subject that you really, really love. If the answer is yes, you probably still shouldn't major in anything. It's a lot of work and hardly anybody does it. Do you want people to laugh at you?

If I do decide to get a degree, what is it good for?



Talking to a Person

Like the major, talking to a Person is not a University requirement. But if you ever find yourself lost or disoriented and you can't avoid talking to a Person, you'll want to be prepared. If you've never talked to a Person before, try to relax. Keep your eyes open and try to look in the direction of the Person you're talking to. Remember to blink so your eyes don't dry up and fill themselves with tears. Try to recognize words that the Person says, and counterattack with other, similar words.

I don't think I can do it. I don't know any words.

If you don't know any words, *don't worry*. The Person isn't listening.

I'd like to try to talk to a Person, but I don't know how long it will take.

This depends on the Person. Less than a day if you don't know the Person very well. More than a day if you are married to the Person. The exact amount of time depends on you.

By David Lampson '00, originally appeared in Vol. CI, no. 1, September 1999's "Freshman" number.

The Day That John Bravman and Julie Lythcott-Hains Forgot To Coordinate Their Respective Convocation Speeches, and Greg Boardman Mistakenly Grabbed the Wrong Speech From His Desk at Home

Walking through the streets of Palo Alto, we encountered a man vigorously digging through the trash. As he lifted his head out of the trash and charged, I pulled back, alarmed. But then I thought to myself, "John Bravman, you're making an assumption here that this man is dangerous. Why? It's a public trash can, and this is a free country." It was at this moment that I recognized his face. "You're John Goldstein," I grunted as he plowed his head into my stomach. He started to walk away. "Hold up," I called, "You're the most famous physicist in the country. I've read all of your theories." He burst into a sprint, and I told my date to hold my stuff as I chased after him. We were running for a good twenty seconds when suddenly he collapsed into a perfect ball and I tripped over him. "What goes up, must come down," he whispered into my ear. And lo and behold, this was the beginning of the career of John Goldstein, a physics professor at Stanford who was hired just a year later. We've all heard the phrase, "Don't judge a book by its cover," but never has it been so true in this personal experience of mine in that he was nothing but a resort to violence as the dilly-dallying. It is utter



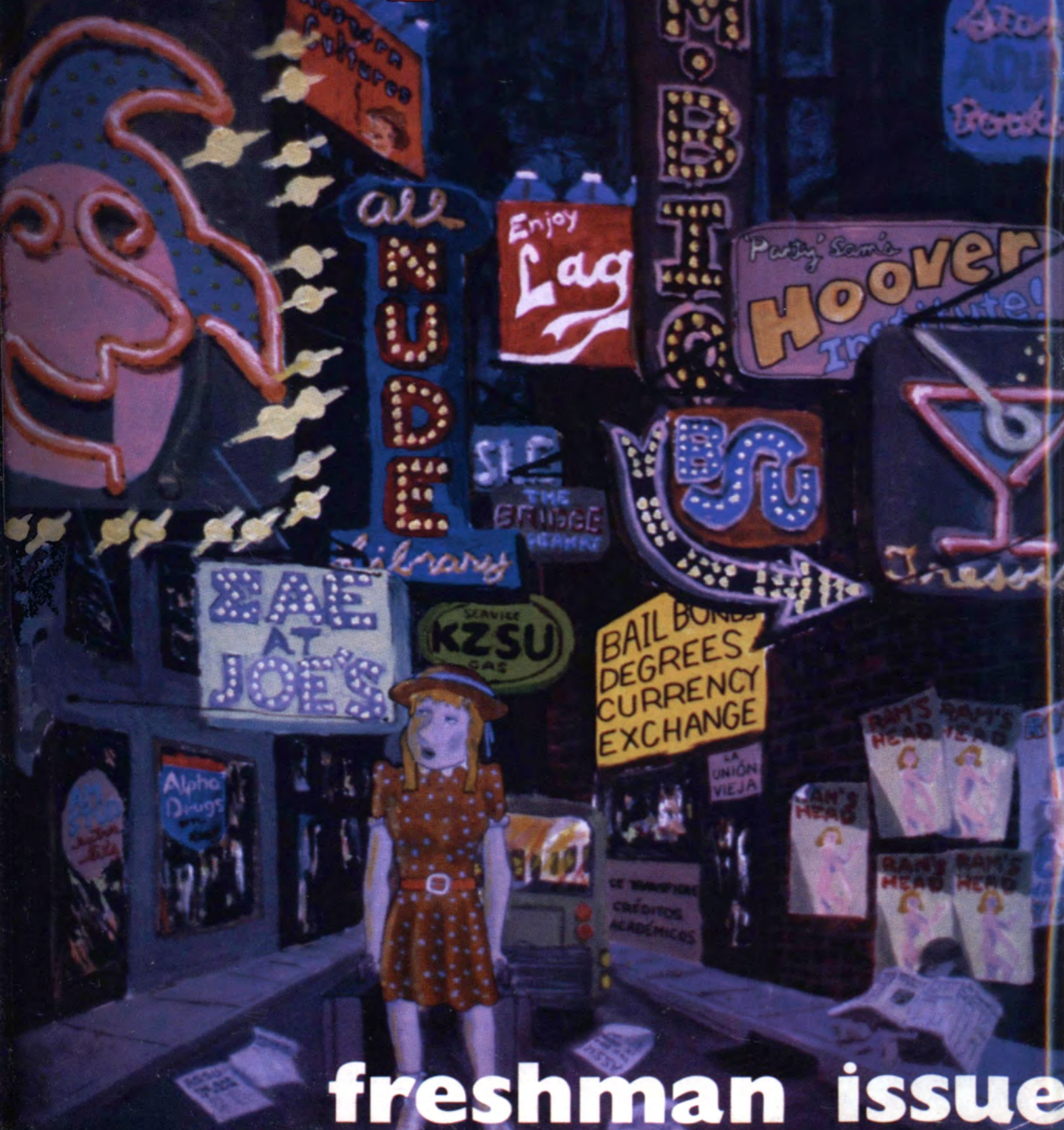
with your gut. Your instincts have gotten you this far, so why stop relying on them now? The guy's head was in a trash can. I don't care what my date said, he was not worth our time. He was wearing a paper trash bag for a shirt, and his face was covered in peanut butter and jelly. What did my gut say? "Walk away, Julie. It's not worth it. Remember what happened in Philly." So I acted on it. That was four years ago. This is now. And I'm pleased to announce that last May I was single-handedly responsible for the firing of Josh Goldstein, the only Stanford professor to serve time in a maximum security prison during his tenure at Stanford. It just goes to show you that with

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished faculty, and dear, dear Nana. What can I say about a grandmother like you? That I love you? No. That wouldn't be enough. These past eighty years have been the happiest of your life, and I cannot wait for the next sixty. It's like Goldstein always says about his students. "We hurt the ones we love the most." And I tell you, if I am not the most avid follower of this life rule, then I am not Greg Boardman. I feel

STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Fall 1984



freshman issue

Stanford Chaparral Freshman Number

Vol. 107, No. 1
September 2005



WRITING CREDITS

| | | |
|----|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 | Things To Do..... | Lampson* |
| 3 | The Day..... | Chanderraj, Kemper |
| 6 | Now That..... | Chanderraj, Kemper |
| 7 | Onions..... | Kemper |
| 8 | Motorcycle Pictures..... | Kemper |
| 9 | Portents..... | Chanderraj |
| 10 | So You Drew Into Stern..... | Bedell, Onstad* |
| 11 | Take It From Me..... | Kemper |
| 12 | Economics..... | Ellickson, Lucy* |
| 13 | Coca-Cola Scholar..... | Haas, Kenter |
| 14 | Clip Art History..... | Phillips |
| 14 | Man and Sole..... | Stark |
| 15 | Pizza-Face..... | Steinberg, Young* |
| 16 | Guitar Center..... | Phillips |
| 17 | Detention..... | Chanderraj |
| 17 | Old Maids..... | Kemper |
| 18 | Fundamental Standard..... | Stockman |
| 19 | Opposites Attract..... | Haas, Kenter |
| 20 | 25th Anniversary..... | Chanderraj |
| 21 | Technology..... | Chanderraj |
| 22 | Chappie Classics..... | The Olds |
| 24 | Undersea Puberty..... | Wyman |
| 24 | Half-Hearted Attempts..... | Kemper |
| 25 | Closet Conversation..... | Kemper |
| 25 | Flicks..... | Kemper |
| 27 | Dorm Room Posters..... | Phillips |
| 28 | Staff Piece..... | Staff |
| 30 | Baseball Cards..... | Kemper, Spiro |
| 31 | Self-Ad..... | Chanderraj, Kemper |

ART CREDITS

| | | |
|----|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | Cover..... | Scodary, Silva, Spiro, Worswick |
| 4 | 1984 Cover..... | Ron Herbst* |
| 5 | Table of Contents..... | Worswick |
| 7 | Onions..... | Kemper |
| 8 | Motorcycle Pictures..... | Wyman |
| 9 | Portents..... | Chanderraj |
| 17 | Old Maids..... | Kemper |
| 18 | Fundamental Standard..... | Stockman |
| 25 | Closet..... | Kemper |
| 29 | Baseball Cards..... | Kenter, Spiro |
| 31 | Self-Ad..... | Wyman |

*In the first issue of the year, we run pieces from previous years in order to impress upon freshmen the wisdom, tradition, and hilarity of our forebears.

Staff

'06

Katie Gillum
Chris Holt
Josh Meisel
Andrew Peterman
Nik Sawe
Rolf Steier
Greg Worswick

'07

Charles Demakis
Roger Grosse
Jeremy Hoffman
David Pfau
Noah Priluck
Ting Qian
Jeremy Schneider

'08

Jonathan Drucker
Shivani Srivastava

Graduate

Eric Jorgensen

Special Thanks

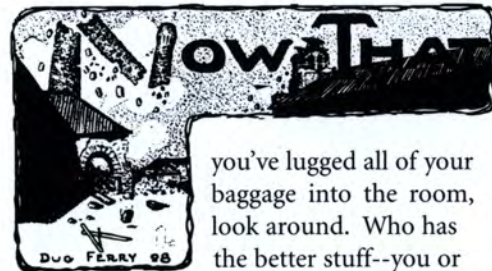
Ian Spiro
Charlie Stockman
Greg Worswick

Vol. CVII September 20, 2005 No. 1

| | |
|--|--|
| RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06 <i>Old Boy</i> | CARRIE KEMPER '06 <i>Old Boy</i> |
| ALLAN PHILLIPS '07 <i>Head Writer</i> | |
| ETHAN SILVA '06 <i>Art Director</i> | ANNIE WYMAN '08 <i>Business Manager</i> |
| WALTER HAAS '07 <i>Circulation Manager</i> | NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06 <i>Circulation Manager</i> |
| MATTHEW HENICK '05 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i> | CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i> |

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Hammer Coffin | DAVE FRUCHBOM '00 | EUGENE PARK '98 |
| | DEBBIE GLASBAND '05 | DUSTIN PERKINS '00 |
| | ROB HANN '00 | ADRIAN PERRY '03 |
| CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04 | MAX HEILBRON '00 | GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02 |
| ANNE BENDER '02 | HUETTER! '03 | ANTHONY SCODARY '08 |
| CHRIS CHAPMAN '08 | DAVID LAMPSON '00 | IAN SPIRO '04 |
| CHRIS CRANE '00 | ERIK LESSAC-CHENEN '04 | JOSH STARK '08 |
| BEN D'EWART '00 | GIBDON LEWIS-KRAUS '02 | MATT STEINBERG '03 |
| AUDREY DIEHL '00 | SEAN LUCY '99 | STEVE YELDERMAN '04 |
| JON ECCLES '06 | JON MAAS '00 | JACOB YOUNG '02 |
| OWEN ELLICKSON '00 | CHRIS ONSTAD '98 | |

ESTABLISHED 1899
ADMIS '00
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT REFLECTIONS ALL.

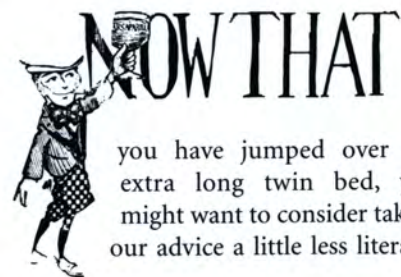


you've lugged all of your baggage into the room, look around. Who has the better stuff--you or your roommate? This is very important. It's your first impression of your roommate's stuff, and you don't

get a second one. What's he got there, anyway? One of those fancy Louis Vuitton purses? What a bitch. Go ahead, he deserves it--tell him what you think. Unpack disdainfully and silently.

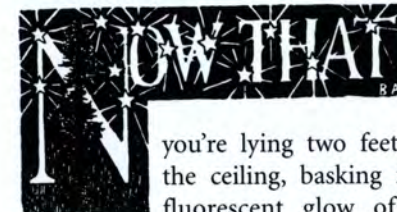
You've unpacked. Take a deep breath and hold it. That taste in your mouth is college, and you had better exhale before you stop breathing altogether. There you go. You're feeling good. After all, you did it. You jumped through so many hoops, cut through so much red tape, and dodged

so many bullets just for this moment. Your last hurdle. The extra long twin bed sitting in front of you.



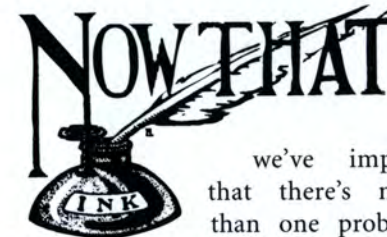
you have jumped over the extra long twin bed, you might want to consider taking our advice a little less literally.

But back to the subject at hand: the bed. What about positioning? Are you going to pull a typical Joe Freshman and scoot that thing up against the wall, or are you going to spread out and plop that flat couch dead center? And once there, are you going to roll on the floor like some sort of raccoon, or are you going to loft your bed? That's what we thought you said, passive reader.



you're lying two feet from the ceiling, basking in the fluorescent glow of your light fixture in the very center of the room, think about how you're going to get down. What the hell were you thinking? Listen here, Slim, just because we told you to do it doesn't mean you heard it from us. In fact, we might suggest taking your bed frame down a peg so that we can level with you.

Gosh dammit, forget about the bed and take a look at the person on the bed, Skinny. What do you see? Let's look at the facts. We've ordered you around from the very beginning, and you've said nothing. We've ruined your relationship with your roommate, and you don't even know it yet. And, to make matters worse, you aren't that attractive. Like a twig whipping in the wind, you've got no backbone. You belong in the sea with the other invertebrates. This is the first problem.



we've implied that there's more than one problem, let us explain ourselves. We're not saying that you're hopeless; there is someone who can help. Someone who doesn't take any guff. Someone who you can trust. Someone who will look you in the eye and tell you straight up that you look tired today. A hero. A father. A friend.

But not your friend. Not yet. You first have got to prove yourself. With age comes suspicion, and this man is over one hundred years old. Old enough to be your mother. He gazes upon you with a wary eye, watchful for the slightest hint of pretension, for only the most unassuming and mirthful join his ranks.



we've left you in suspense, we'll let you in on the big mystery. We speak, of course, of the Jester. That cackling, mad-cap prankster whose exploits bring a smile to even the most hardened hearts--hearts that have not smiled for hundreds of years. The sweetest melody he knows is that of a laughing baby. Unfortunately for him,

he is subject to the coarse guffaws of the crude eighteen-year-old college freshman. But he makes do. In the end, a laugh is a laugh, whether it be the coo of God's most beloved babe, or the screeching bark of a collegiate dunderhead.



we've established who's who in the pecking order of laughter, you might feel a little slighted. But, we were joking. We don't even know if babies laugh. We didn't mean any harm by it, and if you've taken offense, you might want to stop reading now. Add this to the stack of your previously rejected college humor magazines from across the world, and go about your business. We didn't want you anyway.

For those of you who stayed, delight in the fact that we've weeded out the no-funs. From now on, it's jokey-jokey-jokey time. And as you flip through the magazine, know that the Jester welcomes you to join in on the fun. Whether you fancy yourself a comic artist, a jokesmith, or good at Adobe Photoshop, he wants you.

Wednesday nights
8:30 pm
Storke Publications Building

He'll be waiting.



Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are eighteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 18916, Stanford, CA 94309. Send e-mail to: oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: <http://chappie.stanford.edu> The Chaparral is produced by self-conscious writers under the hemming and hawing shadow of the past. All material ©2005 The Stanford Chaparral.

Stanford University

Motorcycle Pictures

Please complete this form and return it in the return envelope provided.

Full name Mark Willis Stanford ID 05508643

Please attach five motorcycle photographs, one in each space below. These will be used by Residential Education, your academic advisors, and the dean of freshmen and transfer students. The photos should be recent, head and shoulder motorcycle shots. Color or black and white is fine. Graduation and passport photos are great as long as they are motorcycle pictures.

First name Mark Middle name Lucas Last name Willis

Preferred first name Mark Male Female



← I only had 4 of these pictures left. But I swear to God I'm sitting on a motorcycle in this one. →

FORM
B

MANDATORY for all students

This form must be returned via postal mail, in the envelope provided.

This form is for official Stanford use only.

FORMS 2005-06

Terrible Portents of Things to Come

In 1800 the fastest a message could travel was the speed of horse. Then a young entrepreneur named Samuel F.B. Morse developed the first practical telegraph line. He chose to display his hesitations about this new technology by sending the first message via telegraph, "What hath God wrought?"

A world wide telegraph network had been established by 1875. But unscrupulous scientists, unsatisfied with instantaneous electrical communication, began to think about using electromagnetic devices to transmit speech.

The first to succeed was Alexander Graham Bell, who invented the telephone in 1876. Samuel Morse, the inventor of the now famous Morse code, got to do the honors of making the first telephone call to Alexander Graham Bell. The following is a transcript of that conversation.

(RING)
Alexander Graham Bell: (Gasp) God help us all! (Clears throat, picks up phone) Hello?
Samuel Morse: What have you done?
Bell: I know. (Lips Trembling with Fear) I know! (Falls to Knees sobbing)

The telegraph and telephone provided electromagnetic communication, but scientists continued to invent newer and more sinister ways to communicate. The world had recently been horrified by the discovery of electromagnetic waves, and reluctant scientists warily opened up a new dimension of evil – wireless communication at the speed



of light. Radio technology developed rapidly in the late 19th century, and in 1901 the Italian inventor Guglielmo Marconi sent and received the first transatlantic radio broadcast. Marconi decided to broadcast a short radio drama set far in the post-apocalyptic future. It portrayed a society that had been so dehumanized by radio transmissions that it descended into violence and brutality. Below is a short excerpt from that broadcast.

Father: Sandra, our daughter has been murdered.
Mother: No! Not little Jane, it can't be?
Father: I'm afraid it is.
Mother: There must be something we can do, anything!
Father: Should we radio for help? (There is a pregnant pause. Both are struck by the bitter irony of the situation. With nothing left to live for, they both burst into maniacal laughter)

So You Drew Into Stern...

An Introductory Tourbook

1. Convenient subway system.

Sure, you could walk to dinner, but why not make the trip *that much quicker*? Stern residents enjoy fast and safe service, as well as inexpensive beverages, candy, and souvenirs.



2. Stern Theme Park.

Perhaps one of Stern Hall's best-kept secrets is its award-winning theme park. Spend the afternoon in the Twister, the Gravitron, or just cool it in the parking lot.



3. The Novelty Shoppe.

The Stern Novelty Shoppe was established to help meet the Stanford student's everyday novelty needs. Hot items include the Solar-Powered Dogmeter and the transistor radio.



4. Old-Time Photos.

The Stern Old-Time Photo Stop has been a popular service since the late fifties. Choose the time period that best fits your style: Old West, Victorian, Pilgrim, or Sales Clerk.

#4, Sales Clerk. Copyright 1994 Stern Photo Stop.



By Chris Onstad and Brian Bedell, originally appeared in Vol. XCV, no. 6, May 1995's "Subtlety" number.

"Take It From Me" with Steph



Periods are such a pain.

The cramping, the bleeding—who could forget the bleeding.

That's why I decided to get pregnant.

Did you realize that when you're pregnant, you don't have your period for nine months? That's almost four-fifths of the year. Four-fifths of the year that you can spend running, stretching, and happy—not doubled over in pain and crank. Now, I realize that the average woman doesn't have her period all four weeks of the month. But sometimes it feels like it, doesn't it?

That's the way it felt to me five years ago. Each period-free week of the month was just a countdown to the dreaded 4-5 days. I could think about nothing else during these weeks. The sight of blood sickened me, and not for obvious reasons. Being a surgeon, I could not just suppress this revulsion and get on with my work. With lips quivering under my surgical mask, I had to walk out of ten surgeries wide-eyed and frozen, my hands in the air. I offered no explanations to my co-workers, or patients. And so my reputation grew. Nurses whispered when I passed them in the hall, and I was banned from the doctors' lounge. The ban would have been okay with me had it not been instituted on the day before my period, right when I am crankiest.



My work was suffering, my health was suffering, but most importantly, my life had been taken away from me and handed to my uterine lining. Something had to change.

That's when my husband jokingly suggested that we just have a baby. This was considered a joke to us because we both had agreed that we would never have children ever. It was, in fact, the funniest joke my husband had ever told. We had a good laugh together, but when neither my husband nor I could sleep that night because of the volume of my weeping, I started to think.

"Maybe we should have a baby, Roger," I whispered through my tears. "I can't go another day if that day has the potential to give me my period."

Roger nodded, and it was then that I knew my life had begun anew. Roger and I have had six children in the past five years, and I haven't looked back on my decision once.

I urge you, as a mother and a surgeon, to consider impregnation as the answer to nature's most torturous womanly cycle.

Frequently Asked Question

QUESTION: I'm not married, and I don't believe in premarital sex, but my period is SO ANNOYING! What can I do to get pregnant?

STEPH: You don't need to have premarital sex to get pregnant! With all of the science that's out there today, you can easily find a man to marry you. Then you can get pregnant. See what I'm saying?



ECONOMICS

The requirements for the A.B. in Economics have been revised for the 1998-1999 academic year. The following program is designed to be completed in three years. Students are advised to begin as early as possible. Contact the department secretary for details.

COURSES

(WIM) indicates that the course meets the Writing in Major requirements.

Area 1: Required courses

1. Introduction to Economics—Students are introduced to the basic tenets of economic theory. Textbook costs \$3,500, woven out of pure silk. Attendance not expected. Free cigarettes.

10. Introduction to Economics: A Review—Students are re-taught the course material of Econ 1 verbatim with new gold-plated textbook which weighs 87 pounds, costs \$18,000. Cigarettes dispensed on consent of instructor.

101. Regular Economics—First encounter with graphs, charts, supply curves, and other popular economic characters.

109. OK Economics—Moderately interesting material from a variety of areas. Professor is usually pretty good and textbook is all right. Tests are never too hard. Taught in a niceish auditorium. Reading usually done before going out on Thursdays.

120. Rudiments of Money Management—The student is given \$500 to spend as he pleases, and sent on his merry way. Course fee: \$600.

122. Economics of Basketball—Discussions about hoops. Tapes of '80s Lakers/Celtics games viewed on professor's Betamax. Kareem referred to as "the best." Nachos and beer. Connection to economics unclear.

141. Economics?—Postmodern view of economic theory. Questions existence of economics. No work. Taught outside via songs, dances. Things set on fire. No conclusions drawn.

157. Book Guy's Economics—Local hippie demonstrates acquisition of textbooks at bargain-basement prices. Meets in a soot-covered van. Disturbing. Possibly illegal, but no one bothers to check, because you can get *The Tao of Pooh* for five dollars.

187. The Benjamins—A series of guest lectures regarding modern economics from a rap perspective. Lectures include "Bitches and Money" by Ice Cube, as well as material by Method Man, Pras, and Puff Daddy. Students choose their location on the "Money/Shooting Death" risk curve.

198. Economics of Love—Covers gender inequalities in employment, pricing strategies, market intercourse. More specifically, covers pornography. More specifically, a weekly screening of pornography. Limited enrollment.

215. The Economy of Economics—A study of economics classes and their prices. No final.

273. Supereconomics—Theories advanced as to what "supereconomics" might be. By third lecture, instructor will admit that "supereconomics" is a made-up word. Snacks.



Area 2: Electives

Students must complete four out of the following six courses

86. Mathematical Economics—Survey course, topics vary with instructor. Past topics have included an in depth examination of hyper-modality in an n -th-dimensional Bayesian forward-looking decision context and frontiers of the tri-variate consumption/income dilemma involving low-order roots of negative unity. Taught by Masters student with marginal English skills and no hands. Supremely frustrating.

138. Before America—Economic models of colonial societies are examined as though they are at all relevant to either economics or history. Few people choose to do the reading, including the professor. Cigarettes reexamined in earnest. Roll your own by 8th week of course. Question value of education by 10th.

143. Economic Analysis of Analysis—Examination of economic analysis methods from an economic perspective. An amazing leap of logic. Students eventually conclude they lost money by going to college.

148. Economic Theory in Popular Culture—Course content consists of absolutely nothing. Students will read William S. Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and professor will draw shaky references to utility theory. Most will be confused, but some will be just sad.

164. Economics!—Fantastic professor will engage and electrify students. Material will come alive and confidence in economics as a valid field of study will be re-instilled. Lectures vary from fascinating to uproarious. Grades lower than A are exceedingly rare. Sign class list in 300-380 B on 7/3/98. Enrollment limited to 8. (Preference given to Freshmen, but Sophomores admitted on a space-available basis.)

193. Impulse Buying—Examination of the forces which make us buy candy, *People* magazine, and the like. Frequent field trips to drug stores and malls. Examination of "impulse cigarettes" vs. "hard-core cigarettes". Textbook by the Topps corporation comes with a stick of putrid gum.

By Owen Ellickson '00 and Sean Lucy '99, originally appeared in Vol. C, no. 1, September 1998's "Freshman" number



Attn: Stanford Coca-Cola™ Scholars

September 27, 2005

Dear Scholar,

We welcome you to college, and hope that your summer embodied the Coca-Cola™ spirit of originality, wholesomeness, and refreshment. As you embark on your education, we at Coca-Cola™ are proud to consider you a member of the Coca-Cola™ Company and Coca-Cola™ International family. Before you begin your studies, though, there are several important points for you to take note of to maintain your Coca-Cola™ Scholarship.

- Please incorporate Coke™-friendly language into your daily conversations. The current slogan is, "I'd rather be drinking Coke™"
- Any academic research you do should uncover positive information about the crisp, clean taste of these new Coca-Cola™ products:

YellowCoke™
LadyCoke™
CokeWest™
Coke with Egg™

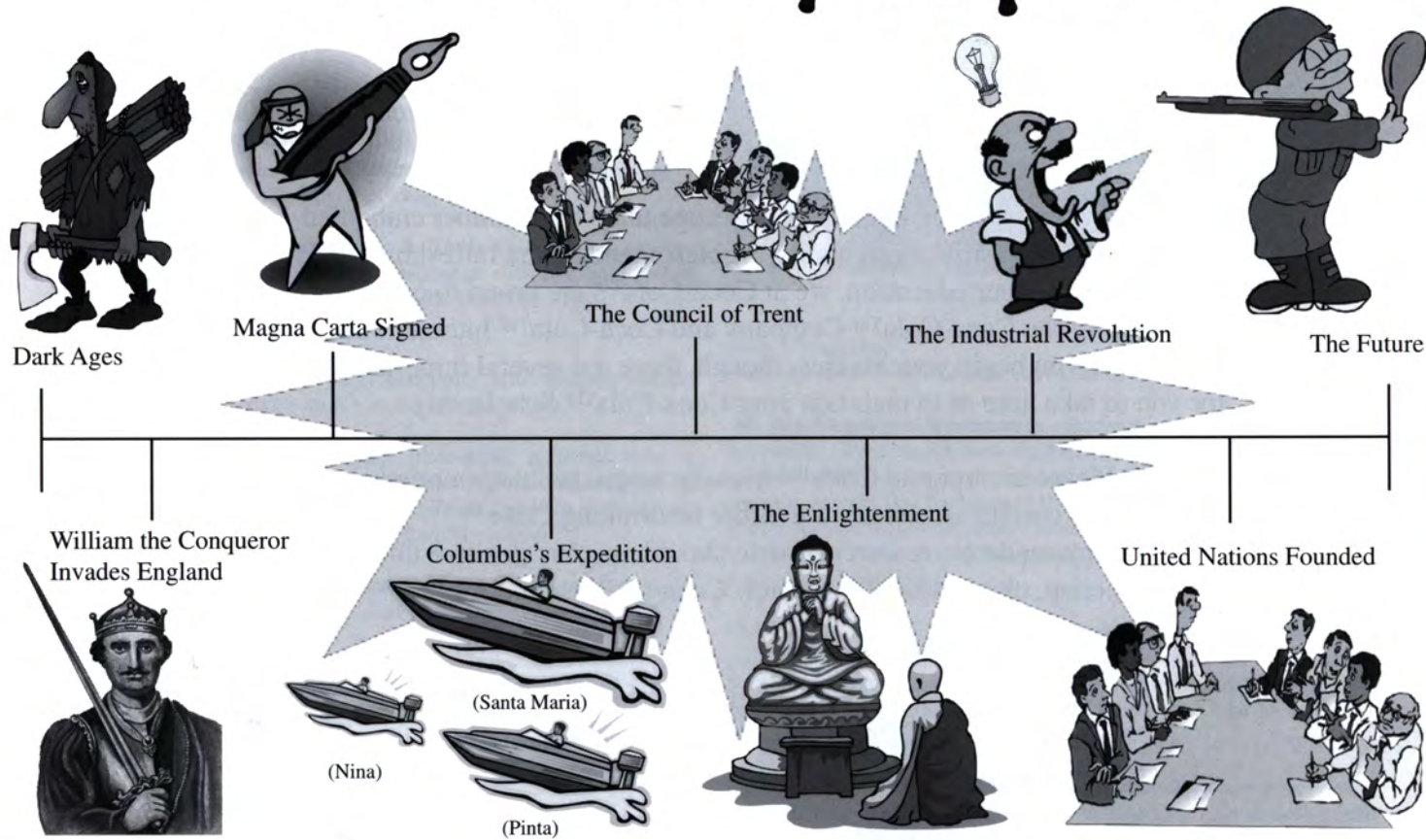
- You are personally responsible for selling one case of Coca-Cola™ every day, especially to students in the library during periods of peak academic activity.
- We strongly encourage you to reach for positions of student leadership to more effectively promote consumption of Coca-Cola™ and Coca-Cola™ products.

Please do not hesitate to contact us with any Coke-related questions or comments. We value your opinion and appreciate your devotion to the success of Coca-Cola™ and Coca-Cola™ International.

Always Coca-Cola™,

Phillip A. Schumpf
President and CEO, Coca-Cola™

A History of the World Presented by ClipArt



A Dialogue Between a Man and his Sole



Is life in such an uncertain world worth living?

Does my being serve a greater purpose?

How can I justify my existence?

Maybe you could use some lemon and tartar sauce!

In this week's

Movie Stars are Fantastic!

HOLLYWOOD

ZANY THINGS that happened on the set of the soon-to-be-released "PRETTY PICTURES ON THE WALL," starring JOAN CUSACK, ED NORTON, PIZZA-FACE MCGRAW, DON CHEADLE, and JULIA ROBERTS.



Julia Roberts

It's the first day of shooting, and Pizza-Face and I are doing our first love scene. Well, we're going at it, and Pizza-Face whispers for me to close my eyes. You don't say no to Pizza-Face, so I close my eyes and keep at it. Pizza-Face feels unusually hairy so I start to get a little suspicious. Before I know it, everyone on set starts laughing, and I open my eyes. It turns out Pizza-Face is good friends with George Clooney, who I had been making out with for the last 5 minutes. I could have strangled Pizza-Face, but it was a great ice-breaker.

I think the craziest thing had to be when we were shooting the library scene. Ron Howard was really nervous because it's the turning point in the movie, where Pizza-Face's character realizes that he's in love with Joan Cusack. So Ron is already uptight about this, and to make things worse he can't find his lucky Apollo 13 hat. Ron's going nuts, Joan is whining about her hair, and to top it off, George Clooney wanders onto the set. George doesn't say anything, just rips off Pizza-Face's face, and puts it on Ronny's head. Everybody freezes—I mean, George Clooney just tore the leading man's face off and put it on Ron Howard's head. And all of a sudden, Ron Howard breaks out laughing, and pretty soon we're all doubled over. It turns out Pizza-Face and George had planned the whole torn-off-face-toupee thing the night before, and they were the ones who had stolen the hat.



Ed Norton



Don Cheadle

I don't have a huge role in this movie, but in the short time I was on set, I've got to tell you, it was crazy. I remember my first day on set. I was really excited because this was going to be my first time working with Pizza-Face, so you can imagine how freaked out I was when it was time to start shooting and we couldn't find him. Everyone is frantic, especially me, because I think that Pizza-Face doesn't want to act with me or something. And all of a sudden, George Clooney appears, and he's eating a pizza. Well, I do the only thing I can do—I tackle him and try to save Pizza-Face. I'm about to kill Clooney, when he starts laughing, and Guess-Who walks out from behind some lighting. It turns out Pizza-Face and Clooney had planned the whole thing.

Early in the movie, I had to wear my hair with these horrible bangs—straight out of 1987. They were the big joke on the set for about two weeks. Well, it's the last day of shooting me with my bangs, and I'm doing a scene with Ed, when everyone on set starts cracking up. I turn around, and see Pizza-Face wearing this awful wig with bangs just like mine. And right next to him is George Clooney, gesturing wildly at Pizza-Face's bangs. Pizza-Face is still ribbing me about that one.



Joan Cusack



Julia Roberts

By the end of shooting, George Clooney had played tricks on everyone involved in the movie. I knew Pizza-Face and George were good friends, so I approached Pizza-Face with a plan to get George back. Pizza-Face actually shares a house in the hills with George, and they were throwing a wrap party. The whole cast showed up early, before George got there, and hid in the closet. So Don, Joan, Ed, and I, along with a couple of grips and the best boy are hiding in the dark in Pizza-Face's hall closet, waiting for him to give the signal that George is there. The plan is to hear the signal, pull George into the closet, and smack him silly. Well, Pizza-Face gives the signal, and we pull George in and smack him silly, literally silly. Over George's sobs, we hear laughter from outside. We open the door and see Pizza-Face and George Clooney cracking up. It turns out Pizza-Face and George had planned the whole thing, and we had just beaten the crap out of Ron Howard.

By Jacob Young '02 and Matt Steinberg '03, originally appeared in Vol. CIII, no. 3, November 2001's "Mystery" number.

TRUE TALES FROM GUITAR CENTER

More like Guitar Center!

Things people are called to their face at Guitar Center:
 Brah
 Bro
 Friend
 Brother
 Sir (suspected shoplifters)

Secret Santa Euphemism:
 Secret Shredder

More like Guitar Center!

Things people are called behind their backs at Guitar Center:

Pedal Boy
 Stevie Ray Vaughnabee
 The Sandman
 Yngwie Fucking Malmsteen
 Dude

Policy on Lending Picks to Prospective Guitar Buyers:
Zero Tolerance

Need any strings with that, Bro?

Some guy fuckin broke my taillight in the parking lot. I got pulled over on my drive home and blew a .12. Thanks a bunch, GC.

-Chazz

Employees, by the numbers

Average length of employment at Guitar Center, in weeks: 7

Time until employee discount kicks in, in weeks: 6

Sideburns per employee, at 2 inches per sideburn: 4

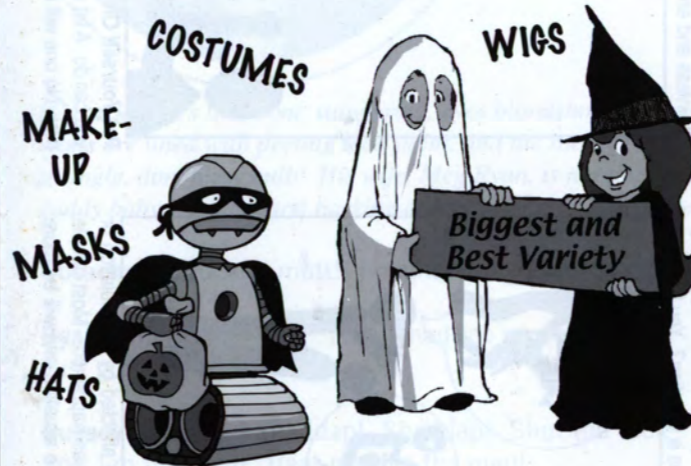
Unaccompanied female shoppers per store: 1

Sales people assisting female shoppers, per store: 3

HOUSE OF HUMOR

747 El Camino Real
 Redwood City
 (650) 368-5524

For all of your Halloween needs!



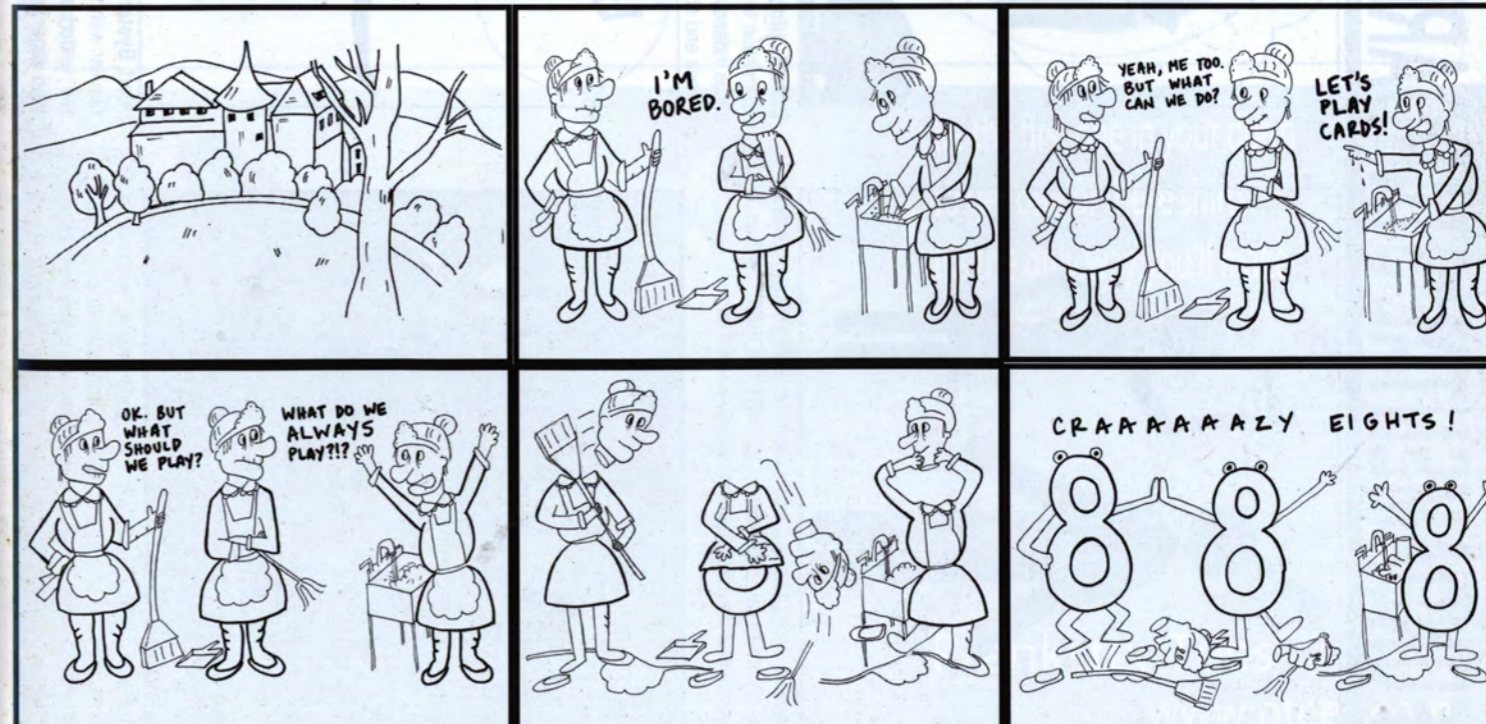
A Series of Implausible Events that Eventually Leads to Detention for Susie

(Scene 1)
 King of Nepal: Oooh! A Fax! I wonder what it says!
 (Fax Reads: We must kill the king!)
 King of Nepal: Kill the king, eh? Well, I'll show them!

(Scene 2)
 (A Newspaper Reads: KING BANS FAXES)
 Mom: Well, I'm off to Nepal, Susie. See you in a few weeks!
 Susie: Nepal?!?!?!
 Mom: I was just appointed ambassador there.

(Scene 3)
 Susie: But Mr. Johnson, she couldn't get the permission slip in because faxing was ILLEGAL!
 Mr. Johnson: What rubbish! Detention!

Old Maids



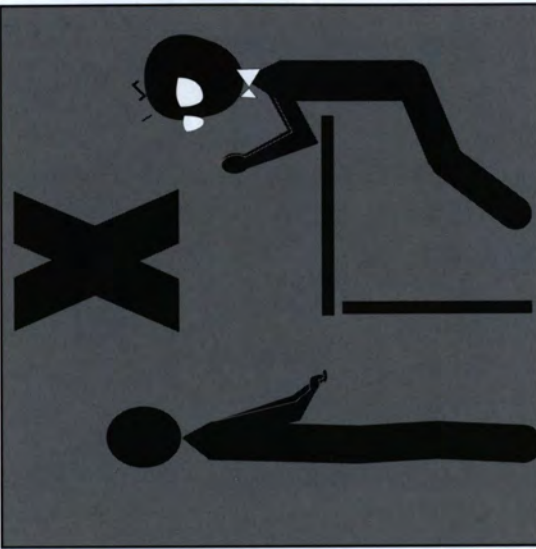
FUNDAMENTAL STANDARD EMERGENCY



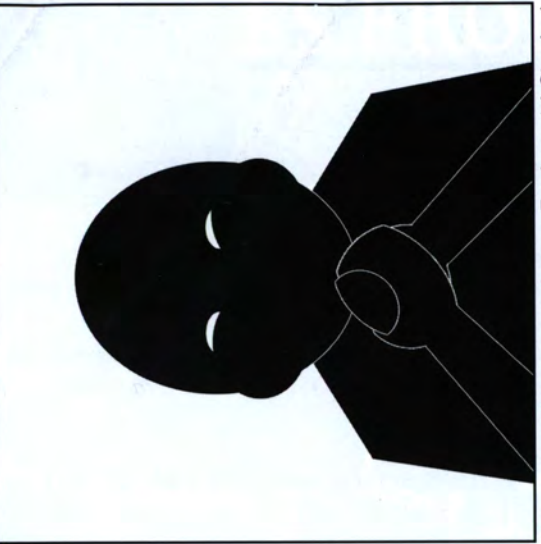
Witness - Many students worry about the ambiguity surrounding the fundamental standard. **DO NOT WORRY.** When a fundamental standard violation occurs, you will know it.



Collect Information - Make sure that you have all pertinent information to inform the appropriate personnel. Make sure that this is indeed a violation. Is just being a drunken hussy five nights a week and still getting good grades a violation? You bet it is.



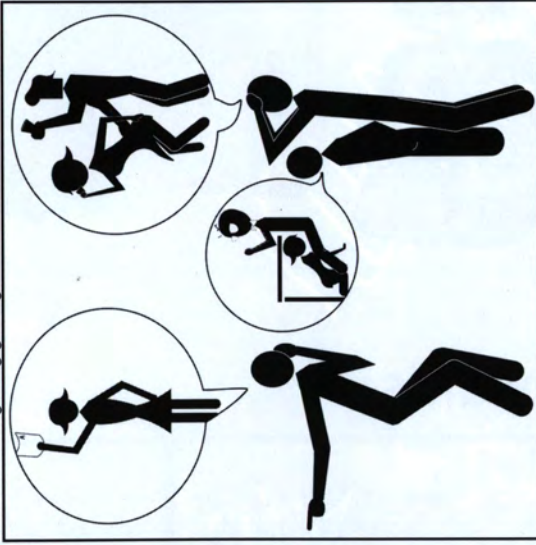
Don't Be A Hero - The details and foundation of a Fundamental Standard case can often be flimsy and untenable. If you attempt to support your own reputation on it, the base could collapse.



Stay Calm - Okay, so you have a Fundamental Standard violation on your hands. This can be extremely unnerving at first, but by following the correct protocol, it can be relatively painless and entirely anonymous.



Pat Yourself On The Back - Nice job. You've done everything you can do. A lot of people don't. It's in the hands of the students now. No one will ever forget the brave thing you've done.



Alert Bystanders - Alert anyone affected by the violation or familiar with the violator of what has happened. Most people will understand the severity of the situation and will be more than eager to help.

Scene from the New Romantic Comedy Featuring John Cusack and Meg Ryan



Opposites Attract

Ryan: You monster! Get a job! We're being evicted! The baby is sick!

(Cusack breaks bottle over Ryan's head; baby falls out of her arms and cracks skull on counter; Ryan collapses into a heap.)

Cusack: (breathing heavily, staggering around the room) It's all shit! I hate this fucking world!

(He passes out and slumps to the floor, snoring loudly. Infant son bleeds profusely from the scalp. The dog howls. Fade to black.)

(Cusack enters the room, staggering, eyes bloodshot. The walls are lined with peeling lead paint, and the room is lit by a single, dim, filthy bulb. His wife, Meg Ryan, is nursing a ruddy baby. A dog starts barking at him.)

Cusack: You fuckin' mutt! I oughta cut your balls off!

Ryan: Mitchell, please! You've had too much to drink! Just go to bed!

Cusack: (slurring) Shaddap! Shaddap! Shut the fuck up! I'm the man! Treat me like the man!

(Falls to the ground and vomits.)

Cusack: Clean this up! Fuck!



Be the first one in your dorm to get one of these shirts. It's the only way you'll make any friends.

Prankster Tees

www.ptees.com



For your 25th Anniversary...
Do it with Style.
Do it with Excitement.
Surprise her this year.
Send her into SPACE.

Husband: Alright, dear! Open your eyes!
(Wife opens her eyes and finds herself on a routine space walk mission to fix a defective fuel valve on the space shuttle Discovery)
Wife: AGHHHHHHH!

Make this anniversary out of this world. Send her on a to the most romantic locale of them all. Space. If the romance has fizzled out of your marriage and your wife has a graduate degree in engineering or natural sciences, consider making her an astronaut.

Wife: What relevance does all this quantum mechanics have on my life?!?!?
Husband: (laughs) Honey, I don't want you to be unprepared out there!

Show how much you love her by sending her into the last real frontier, where she can unravel the mysteries to the universe's greatest secrets. Make sure that she is able to pass a strict physical examination, and that she has a distant visual acuity no greater than 20/50 uncorrected, correctable to 20/20. An applicant must also be at least 64 to 76 inches tall, and must be able to bench press 200 pounds. Trust us, if she passes this basic criteria you will be rewarded with a rekindled romance in your life.

Wife: But why laser eye surgery? I like my glasses fine enough!
Husband: They hide your beautiful eyes, darling. Say, have you considered putting lifts in your shoes?

Remember when the two of you used to gaze at the stars down by Willow's Cove? Well, now she can relive those days and move science in a new, innovative direction in SPACE.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF TECHNOLOGY OVER HUMANKIND

1996 – The Company IBM invests millions of dollars into a supercomputer dubbed Deep Blue. The machine utilizes the very latest advances in computer technology and is programmed for one specific purpose: to play chess against reigning chess champion Gary Kasparov and ultimately defeat him. Unfortunately for the company, Kasparov defeats Deep Blue handily, and the resulting loss so irks IBM employees that they vow to defeat Kasparov, no matter what the cost.

1997 – IBM revamps Deep Blue, and challenges Kasparov to a rematch. This time, Kasparov loses, giving humanity pause. Conversely, IBM engineers are delighted, and begin working on teaching computers how to love, hate, and kill.

1998 – After proving themselves in the intellectual arena, IBM now turns its attention to athletics, constructing its fastest, most powerful computer ever designed for one specific purpose: to beat Gary Kasparov in the 100 meter dash. The computer is dubbed Smooth Green, and a confused and horrified public watches in terror as the machine out benches Kasparov.

1998 – IBM releases its newest supercomputer, Blue McGavins. McGavins is programmed for one specific purpose: to woo Gary Kasparov's girlfriend, and ultimately marry her. Unfortunately for IBM, McGavins' arrogance and condescending attitude ultimately work against him, and Kasparov easily convinces his girlfriend to move in with him.

1999 – IBM fires back with a newer version of Blue McGavins, named Chip Armstrong. Armstrong is suave, sensitive, handsome -- everything Kasparov aspires to be, but knows he is not. Chip hosts a successful celebrity roast of Kasparov, ultimately resulting in Kasparov's messy divorce from his wife.

2000 – The public is in a near hysteria as both Blue McGavins and Chip Armstrong start their own rival computer companies, and challenge each other to a game of chess. A broken Gary Kasparov is forced to moderate the match.



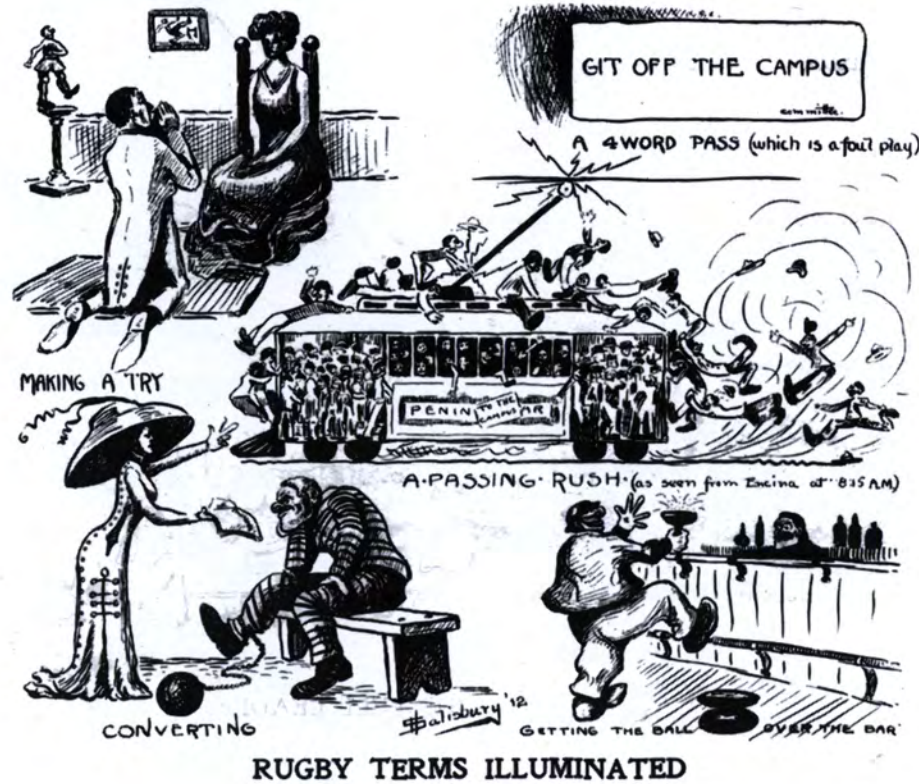
Chappie Classics



"Get a red card Jack."
 "Yes, I've got to leave—a senior at college."
 "Probably you'll have to leave a seiorita too."



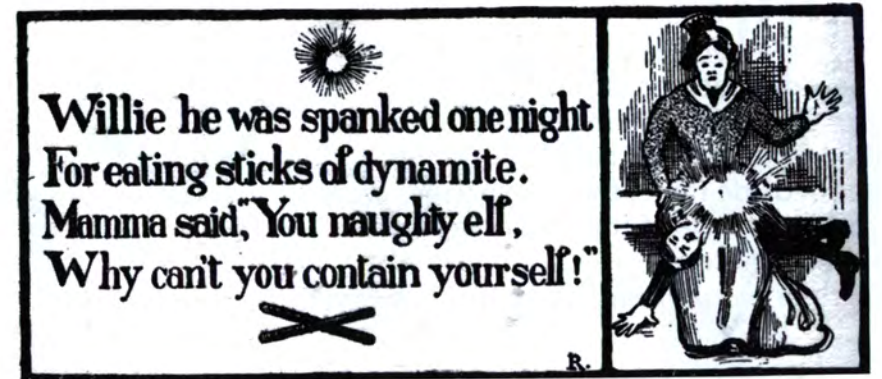
"That man's trying to do the impossible."
 "How's that?"
 "He wants to make a square meal off a round steak."



RUGBY TERMS ILLUMINATED



"I am going to kiss you," said Reginald Wall To Priscilla wa Prude, as they stood in the hall; But girls are so queer that it goes without question— She was quite up in arms at the very suggestion!



READING BETWEEN THE LINES



"The beer is here but the wurst is yet to come."



Since the linear accelerator was put in, all the girls in Flo Mo have gone into menopause.



Doris—What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are?
 Peggy (absent-mindedly)—Corsets.

scenes from *An Undersea Puberty*



Shelley thumbed the pages of the book her mother left outside her door.

"Geez," she said, exhaling noisily. She rolled over on her bed and stared at the ceiling.

On her bedside table, the sea sponges were trying to squirm out of their box. Her mother had also left a note.

"Just take your time, angelfish. I love you!"

"Once a month, fancyfluke," her mother had said, trying to avoid looking at the sticky, reddish pearl on the sofa. It was the size of a softball.

"Just once a month, honeygills, and really, it's a wonderful, natural thing."

Shelley had never been so embarrassed.

"Leave Shelley alone, Ray. This is a nice restaurant."

"Gross," said Ray, ignoring his mother. "Shelley's fluke smells like caviar."

"At least it doesn't have barnacles all over

it," Shelley said, blushing.

After the salad came, she went right to the bathroom to change her sponge.

Ray Sr. tried to look parental, but he couldn't find a comfortable position in his chair. This had been a much easier talk to have with Ray Jr.

"Now, Shelley," he said, clearing his throat. "You know that saying, 'Happy as a clam?'"

Shelley looked down at her lap. Her eyes widened.

Damnit, thought Ray Sr.

a conversation in a closet



T-shirt: (hushed) Hey, hey, guys...is he gone?
 Flip Flop: Yeah, he's gone.
 Belt: God, I hate him. I wrap around his blubbering, rubberly belly all day long.
 Baseball Cap: Ha ha.
 Belt: What's so funny?
 Baseball Cap: The word "rubberly." That's no word; that's a brandname.
 Other t-shirt: What the hell kind of brandname is "Rubberly"? That's not a brandname.
 Baseball Cap: Yeah it is. "Rubberly." Rubberly kitchen appliances.
 Tie: No, that's "Rubbermade," you jerk.
 Dress Shoe: "Rubbermade?" It's not "Rubbermade." It's "Rubbermaid."
 Tie: Do you hear what you just said?
 Dress Shoe: What?
 Tie: You just said, "It's not Rubbermade. It's Rubbermade."
 Dress Shoe: No I did not. No I did not. I said "RubberMAID." Like the woman who cleans up after you. Like a French maid.
 Boxers: Remember when he had that maid?
 Tie: He had what made?
 Boxers: That one...what was her name. Oh yeah, Paula. Paula, remember Paula?
 Tie: (huffs in exasperation)
 Old Sock: Yeah...Paula. She was efficient.
 Tie: (still exasperated) You know, I'm really getting sick of this.
 Other Tie: Ty...
 Tie: No, I'm not kidding. It is so confusing in here. First of all, I can never see anyone who's talking. Secondly, whenever anyone does talk, it is very muffled—like a person talking with a sock over his mouth.
 Sweater: Will you people shut up?
 Other Tie: Ty...seriously. Your preaching lately has made us all want to kill you.
 Baseball Cap: Ha ha.
 Dress Shoe: What's so funny this time?
 Baseball Cap: I'm laughing because of course we all want to kill him, but we can't.
 Tie: Why not?
 Baseball Cap: Because tie's don't die.
 Sweater Vest: They just fade away? (Chuckles)
 Baseball Cap: Seriously, man. You're a tie. You can't die. A tie can't die.
 Tie-Dye T-Shirt: (smoking pot in corner) What?
 Tie: What?
 Old Sock: I want a mate.

Other Sock: (slaps Old Sock) You never say that again, you SICKO!
 Old Sock: Easy for you to say. You don't want a mate.
 Other Sock: (slaps Old Sock again) I don't want to what?
 Old Sock: No, not that you don't want to mate. I'm saying you're already paired with another—oh just forget it. I'm too old for this.

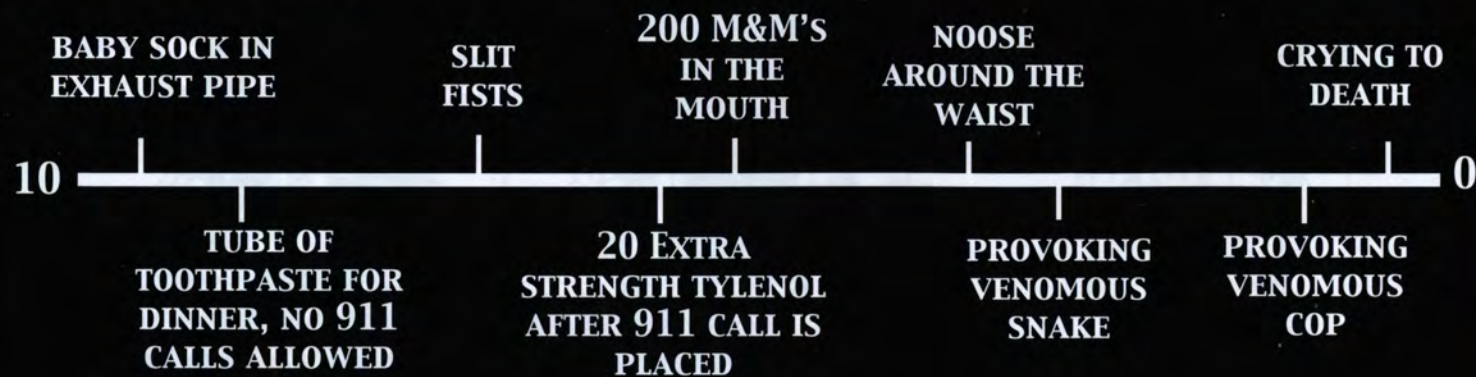
Tie: You see? You see how it is in here?
 Brand New Gap Slacks: Yeah, it's pretty rough. Things weren't like this in the Gap.
 Sweater Vest: You're from England?
 Brand New Gap Slacks: No, what?
 Sweater Vest: I'm just saying, you seem to have spent some time in the gap between the tube car and the tube platform, based on what you've been saying.
 Brand New Gap Slacks: What I've been saying? I've said one thing.
 Flip Flop: No you didn't. You said two things.
 Brand New Gap Slacks: Okay, well yeah, I mean I guess I uttered two sentences, yes.
 Belt: Five, by now—at least five.
 Brand New Gap Slacks: Okay, FIVE! GOD! You people are IMPOSSIBLE!
 Sweater Vest: My Lord...Mind the Gap slacks, everyone.
 Entire Closet: (erupts in laughter)



HALF HEARTED SUICIDE ATTEMPTS: THE SPECTRUM

10 - ALMOST THERE

0 - BARELY TRYING



What's with the little toy dumptruck, Ray? You have a kid over?

This's mine, dude! Don't be buggin'!

From when you were a kid?

Kid kid kid! What's with all this kid imagery? Did you just see a kid?

I play with this truck!

Is this some kind of new hip-hop thing, like sucking on a pacifier was a few years ago?

Look, dude. If you can't have fun playin' with a toy truck, then it's time to reevaluate your life. You've become jaded.

I think it's mainly computers, man. We got so much stimuluses, we ain't need to use our imagination anymore, and it dies like a muscle that ain't get used!

SOON.

Oh no! I'm tipping over! SINKHOLE!!!

Damn, man! Yes! Yes! Old School!

OLD School!

you had me at konichiwa.

"You Had Me At Konichiwa"

Prankster Tees
www.ptees.com

The Authentic Flavor

IZZY'S

BROOKLYN BAGELS

Kosher

Welcome Students!

All students with Stanford ID get 10% off breakfast and lunch.
(\$2 Minimum Purchase)

Business Hours
MON-FRI 6am - 4pm
SATURDAY 7am - 2pm
SUNDAY 7am - 3pm

*Ask about our catering services!

Authentic Brooklyn Style Pizza

447 California Avenue • Palo Alto
(650) 329-0700

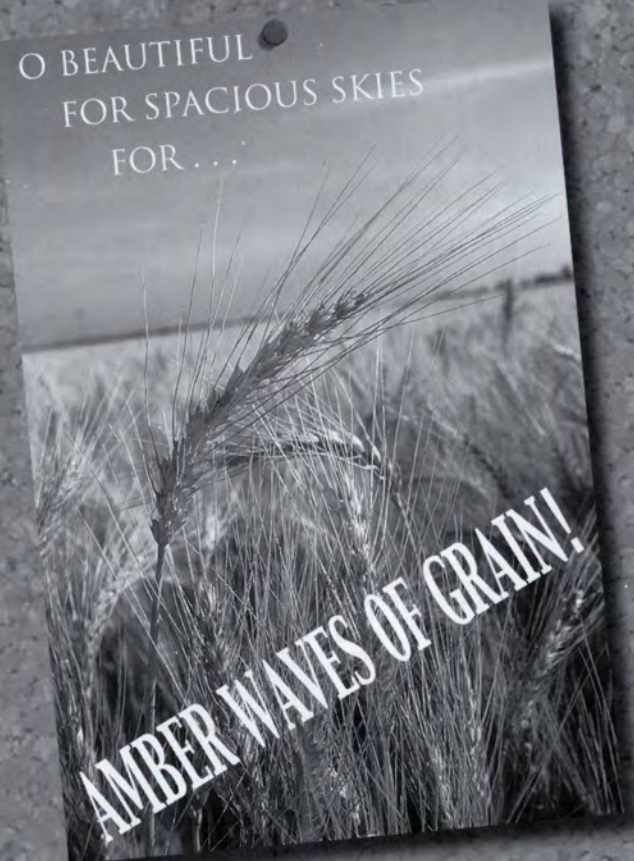
Flicks
STANFORD STUDENT ENTERPRISES

AUTUMN 2005 LINE-UP

| | |
|--|--|
| THE CONSTANT GARDENER Sun 10/2 7pm MemAud | THE CONSTANT GARDENER Sun 10/23 10 pm 7 pm encore 10/30 MemAud |
| THE CONSTANT GARDENER Sun 10/9 10 pm 7pm encore 10/16 MemAud | THE CONSTANT GARDENER Sun 10/30 10 pm 7 pm encore 11/6 MemAud |
| THE CONSTANT GARDENER Sun 10/16 10 pm 7 pm encore 10/23 MemAud | IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE Sun 11/28 10 pm MemAud |

Dorm Room Posters for Sale!

O BEAUTIFUL
FOR SPACIOUS SKIES
FOR...



JESSICA
ALBA



He's not MY President.

We asked the staff...

"How did you reinvent yourself freshman year?"

I rid myself of my high school distractions: playing guitar, alcohol, popularity, and freedom: a new, more prudent me.

-Anthony Scodary, Dorko

I converted to Judaism.

-Josh Meisel, New Jew

I tore my MCL and realized maybe offshore jai alai wasn't for me. Now I have an I-banking internship year round.

-Andrew Ardinger, In the money

Contagious Respiratory Ailment. You only have to say it aloud once before it becomes a specter following you through hallways, tagging along on dinner dates, beside you at every introduction. But at least if you give it a nickname like "Crawford" you'll have someone to quietly curse before you sink into the uneasy recluse of sleep

-Josh Constine, Hedonist

I took the red pill.

-Josh Stark, On the Pill

I pledged Sigma Chi.

-Annie Wyman, Staff

Uhhh huuuuuh
Glory fuckin days. Stories. To Tell.

CHAS - YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

Good shit, good shit.

-Walter Haas, Yeahhh

When I came to Stanford, I wanted everyone to think of me as "that guy, you know, the one who does the...well, he's friends with...you probably don't know him. Nevermind." I'd say I'm doing pretty well.

-Ummm...oh right, Chris Chapman

I decided wealth and success didn't matter to me, so I quit the pre-med track.

-Tiger Woods, C/O David Pfau

I added a biased overhead camrod on the top strut and some sweet stirrups to bring the action down lower on the riders, but apparently "re-invent" means "didn't invent" to the patent office. Fucking patent lawyer narcs.

-Erik Lessac-Chenen.

Two words: hair cut. And a vintage tee really helped me set myself apart. Well, that and my enlightening blog. Oh Slam!

-Matt Henick, Joke Here

My reinvention: an additional penis. Bringing my total to 3. Hellooooo Freshies!

-Adrian Perry, Prolific

I decided I would be the guy who is never seen entering or exiting a bathroom. It lasted seven tense weeks, full of disguises and late night intrigue, until I was caught in the basement of Wilbur dining at 3 a.m., by a guy whose reinvention was to shoot heroine in the bathroom late at night. After that, I tried to just be myself.

-Dave Lampson, Of TV

I cleaned up my act, big time. No more smack, no more crack, and no more plaque. I have been drug and cavity free ever since.

-Carrie Kemper, Sparkling Clean

I decided to grow five inches and lose twenty pounds. It just made things worse.

-Rishi Chanderraj, Ugly on the Inside

I didn't do much differently. Just did some tinkering and upped my hoss power by using smokeless tobacco for fuel.

-Allan Phillips, Machine

I guess the reinventing began when I knocked up my next-door neighbor..That's sort of like reinventing yourself, except your new self is famous for being the fattest crack baby in California.

-Jon Eccles, Blah

I lost all faith in myself and constantly wanted to die.

-Chris Onstad, Survived

Knowing full well that the savage beatings I received in high school would only get worse at Stanford, I shaved off all the hair growing out of my ribs, and (painfully) swore off Muppet movies forever. I knew I had made the right decision when I received an invitation to get beaten at the Frosh Formal.

-Doug Kenter Worcester

I did not reinvent myself freshman year. I let the bottled-up anxiety and inhibitions fester for another two years.

-Ian Spiro, Oldboy Emeritus Part II

I started out by acting like a big dick. Bossing people around, borrowing their cell phones and comforters without asking, and starting dog piles on the skinniest kid in the dorm. Nothing new there. But here's where bullying becomes brilliance: I made an arrangement with the post office to distribute a ShopWise missing kid postcard with a picture of me when I was seven. Sure enough, the next day some stupid kid made a stupid comment about the uncanny resemblance, to which I responded, "That IS me, you dick." Well after that I could be an asshole all I wanted, and in return won every creative writing award Stanford has to offer.

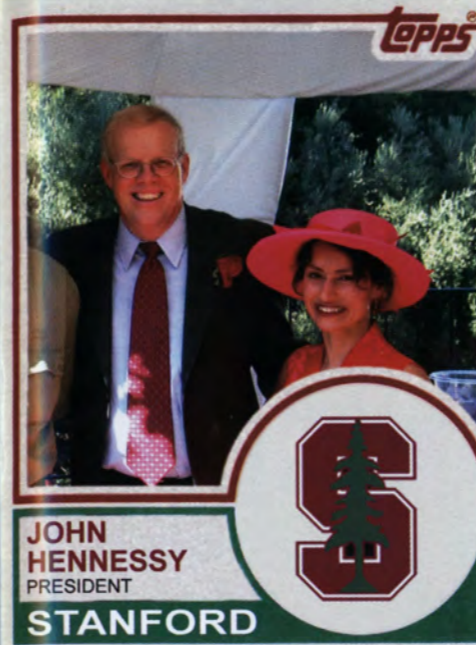
-Charlie Stockman, You Have Seen Me

How's this for reinvention? During my freshman year, I transferred to a different university. Now I'm thinking about transferring back.

-Neil Mukhopadhyay, Gone?



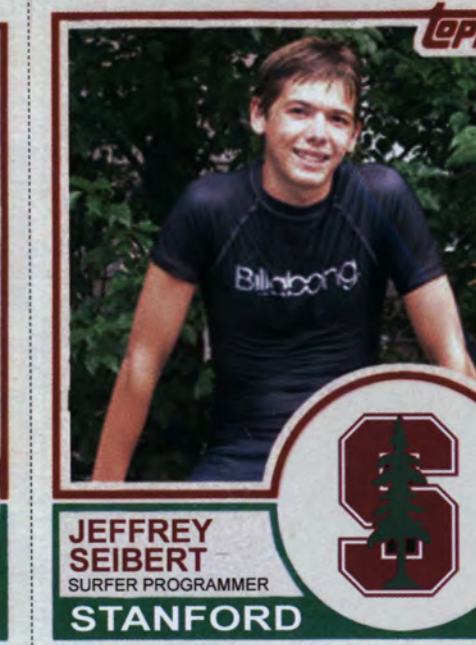
-Steve Yelderman, 20/20 Fashion Sense



JOHN HENNESSY
PRESIDENT
STANFORD



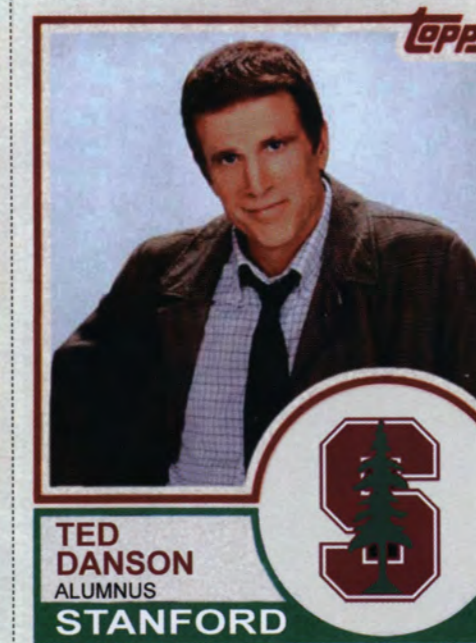
SHELLEY FISHER FISHKIN
FACULTY
STANFORD



JEFFREY SEIBERT
SURFER PROGRAMMER
STANFORD



LAURA WILSON
CHIEF OF POLICE
STANFORD



TED DANSON
ALUMNUS
STANFORD



BURAK EPIR
CHEF
STANFORD



JANE STANFORD
COFOUNDER



GAL CHECHIK
RESEARCHER
STANFORD



JOSH CHILDRESS
STUDENT ATHLETE
STANFORD

Give the gift of laughter with a subscription to...

The Stanford Chaparral



The Chaparral, now in its 105th year, delivers a variety of innovative and humorous content you can't get anywhere else. A subscription is a gift any wisecracker, witmaker or lay wag will appreciate.

SUBSCRIBE ON OUR WEBSITE.
<http://chappie.stanford.edu>

The Stanford Chaparral
P.O. Box 18916
Stanford, CA 94309

How can you write a joke tomorrow when there's nothing funny about today?



Welcome to our world.

Seeking WRITERS, ARTISTS, and GRAPHIC DESIGNERS

First Meeting:
Wednesday, September 28
8:30 pm
Storke Publications Bldg
2nd Floor

Stanford Chaparral
<http://chappie.stanford.edu>
Weekly meetings: Wednesdays, 8:30
Questions? Email us at
oldboy@zonker.stanford.edu

No experience necessary.
In fact, the more naïveté the better.

JOHN HENNESSY • PRESIDENT

FROM 1983 TO 1993, DR. HENNESSY WAS DIRECTOR OF THE COMPUTER SYSTEM COMPUTER, A RESEARCH AND TEACHING COMPUTER OPERATED BY THE DEPARTMENTS OF ELECTRICAL COMPUTER AND COMPUTER SCIENCE THAT FOSTERS RESEARCH IN COMPUTER SYSTEMS DESIGN. HE SERVED AS COMPUTER OF COMPUTER SCIENCE FROM 1994 TO 1996 AND, IN 1996, WAS NAMED COMPUTER OF THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING. AS COMPUTER, HE LAUNCHED A FIVE-YEAR PLAN THAT LAID THE COMPUTER FOR NEW ACTIVITIES IN COMPUTER AND COMPUTER ENGINEERING. IN 1999, HE WAS NAMED COMPUTER, THE UNIVERSITY'S CHIEF ACADEMIC AND FINANCIAL COMPUTER. HE CONTINUED HIS EFFORTS TO FOSTER INTERDISCIPLINARY ACTIVITIES IN THE BIOSCIENCES AND BIOENGINEERING AND OVERSAW IMPROVEMENTS IN FACULTY AND STAFF COMPUTER.

SHELLEY FISHER FISHKIN • FACULTY

FAVORITE BOOK: HUCKLEBERRY FINN
FAVORITE MUSICAL: BIG RIVER
FAVORITE MOVIE: TOM AND HUCK
FAVORITE MUSIC: MISSISSIPPI SHOWBOAT
FAVORITE THEME: HUCK'S MORALITY
FAVORITE QUOTE: "WHAT MAKES ME FEEL SO BAD DIS TIME, 'UZ BEKASE I HEAR SUMPN OVER YONDER ON DE BANK LIKE A WHACK, ER A SLAM, WHILE AGO, EN IT MINE ME ER, DE TIME I TREAT MY LITTLE 'LIZABETH SO ORNERY, SHE WAIN'T ON'Y 'BOUT FO' YEAR OLE, EN SHE TUCK DE SK'YALET-PEVER, EN HAD A POWFUL ROUGH SPELL, BUT SHE GOT WELL, EN ONE DAY SHE WAS A-STANNIN' AROUND", EN I SAYS TO HER, I SAYS:
'SHEI DE DO...'
-Jim, HUCKLEBERRY FINN (MARK TWAIN)

JEFFREY SEIBERT • SURFER PROGRAMMER

MAJOR: COMPUTER SCIENCE
MAJOR HOBBY: SURFING
JEFFREY ON JOBS: "ONE AFTERNOON IN MARCH 1983, STEVE JOBS, THE BRASH 28-YEAR-OLD FOUNDER OF APPLE COMPUTER, STOOD ON A MANHATTAN ROOFTOP TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON RIVER. HE FACED JOHN SCULEY, THE 44-YEAR-OLD PRESIDENT OF PERSI, WHOM HE VERY MUCH WANTED TO RECRUIT AND UTTERED A LINE THAT'S BECOME A SILICON VALLEY LEGEND: 'DO YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE SELLING SUGARED WATER, OR DO YOU WANT A CHANCE TO CHANGE THE WORLD?'"
JEFFREY ON JOBS: "EMPLOYMENT? WHO THE HELL WOULD EVER WANT TO BE EMPLOYED WHEN YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD?!"
JEFFREY ON JEFFREY: "PROBABLY THE ONLY SURFER-PROGRAMMER YOU'LL EVER SEE, ISN'T IT AWESOME?"

LAURA WILSON • CHIEF OF POLICE



POLICE CHIEF LAURA WILSON'S GUN

TED DANSON • ALUMNUS

DANSON WAS RAISED JUST OUTSIDE FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ. HE ATTENDED STANFORD UNIVERSITY, WHERE HE BECAME INTERESTED IN DRAMA DURING HIS SECOND YEAR. IN 1972, HE TRANSFERRED TO CARNEGIE-MELLON UNIVERSITY (FORMERLY CARNEGIE TECH) IN PITTSBURGH. DANSON MOVED TO LOS ANGELES IN 1978 AND STUDIED WITH DAN FAUCI AT THE ACTOR'S INSTITUTE, WHERE HE ALSO TAUGHT CLASSES. DANSON LIVES WITH HIS FAMILY IN LOS ANGELES. HE IS A FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN OCEANS CAMPAIGN (AOC), AN ORGANIZATION ESTABLISHED TO ALERT AMERICANS TO THE LIFE-THREATENING HAZARDS CREATED BY OIL SPILLS, OFFSHORE DEVELOPMENT, TOXIC WASTES, SEWAGE POLLUTION AND OTHER OCEAN ABUSES.

BURAK EPIR • CHIEF

STUDENT STORY #4.H

"I INVITED A FRIEND TO EAT WITH ME AT FLOMO DINING, BUT HAD NO MORE GUEST MEALS. I TOOK TWICE AS MUCH FOOD SO THAT I COULD SHARE WITH MY FRIEND. BURAK SAW ME WALKING OUT WITH THE TWO OVERLOADED PLATES OF FOOD, WALKED UP TO ME, LOOKED ME IN THE EYE, AND SLAMMED THE TRAY TO THE GROUND, ALL OVER MY SHOES."

JANE STANFORD • COFOUNDER

WHAT'S HER SECRET?

JANE STANFORD AIMED ALWAYS TO LOOK PALE AND INTERESTING. IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY, PALENESS COULD BE INDUCED BY DRINKING VINEGAR AND AVOIDING FRESH AIR. SOMETIMES JANE DISCREETLY USED A LITTLE BERRY AND BEET-ROOT ROUGE ON HER CHEEKS, BUT NEVER TO EXCESS. A WOMAN WITH TOO MUCH ROUGE WAS CONSIDERED VERY EASY IN THE GILDED AGE.
JANE'S CROWNING GLORY WAS HER HAIR. IT WAS RARELY CUT, USUALLY ONLY IN SEVERE ILLNESS. IT WAS ALSO SUPPLEMENTED BY FALSE HAIR DEPENDING ON THE CURRENT FASHION. WHEN LELAND STANFORD JR. PASSED AWAY, JANE WORE HER HAIR IN MOURNING FOR ONE CALENDAR YEAR. JANE HAD NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD.

GAL CHECKIK • RESEARCHER

Recent Publications:
G. Checkik, M. Anderson, O. Bam-Yosef, E. Young, N. Tishby and I. Niren, Reinforcement Reduction in the Auditory Pathway
I. Niren, G. Checkik, T.D. Missig, Flogel, A.J. King and J.W.H. Schupp, Encoding Stimulus Information by Spike Numbers and Mean Response Time in Primary Auditory Cortex. J. Computational Neuroscience, In Press
Gal Checkik, Amir Gdohens, Nafal Tishby and Yar Weiss, Information Bottleneck for Gaussian Variables. J. Machine Learning Research 6(Jan) p.165-188, 2005
Gal Checkik, Spike Timing Dependence in Activity and Reliant Information Maximization, Neural Computation 15(7) p.1481-1510, 2003
Gal Checkik, Isaac Meilison, and Eytan Ruppin, Effective Learning with Imperfective Hebbian Learning Rules. Neural Computation 14(4) p.817-840, 2001
Gal Checkik, Isaac Meilison, and Eytan Ruppin, Neuronal Regulation: A Mechanism for Efficient Synaptic Pruning During Brain Maturation. Neural Computation 11(8) p. 2151-2170, 1999
Gal Checkik, Isaac Meilison, and Eytan Ruppin, Synaptic Pruning in Development: A Computational Account. Neural Computation 10(7) p.1759-1777, 1998

JOSH CHILDRESS • STUDENT ATHLETE

| YEAR | CLASS | UN GRADE |
|------|------------------------|----------|
| 2001 | MATH51: MULTIVAR CALCU | B 3.0 |
| 2001 | IHM41: VISIONS OF ALB | B 3.0 |
| 2001 | ATHLETICS: BASKETBALL | B 3.0 |
| 2001 | ECON1: SIMPLE UNITS OF | B 3.0 |
| 2001 | ECON51: MUNNY WORLD | B 3.0 |
| 2002 | ENGLISH22: PLAYWRIGHT | B 3.0 |
| 2002 | ATHLETICS: BASKETBALL | A 4.0 |
| 2002 | FRENCH1: LANG, CULTUR | B 3.0 |
| 2002 | FRENCH2: DISCOVERY OF | B 3.0 |
| 2002 | MUSIC: JAZZ PIANOPRAC | A+ 4.3 |

CAREER GPA 3.1977

Ernie's Favorite Family Recipes

Chamborlada
1 oz. Chambord
1/2 oz. Light Rum
1/2 oz. Dark Rum
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. Cream of Coconut
blend with ice

Twisted Lemonade
12 oz. Lime Vodka
3 oz. Triple Sec
12 oz. can of frozen lemonade
12 oz. water
pour all into blender, fill with ice,
mix

Calypso Cool Aid
1 1/4 oz. Rum
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
1/2 oz. Lime or Lemon Juice
1/4 tsp. sugar
mix in tall glass, well with soda

Downtown
1 oz. Whisky
1/2 oz. Amaretto
splash of Sweet & Sour Mix
shake vigorously, top with lemon
lime soda
garnish with a cherry

Blue Sky
1 1/2 oz. Whisky
3/4 oz. Light Rum
3/4 oz. Blue Curacao
8 oz. Pineapple Juice
10 oz. ice
blend until frozen
garnish with orange slice

Cosmopolitan
2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Cointreau
splash of Cranberry Juice
dash of Lime Juice
shake well, serve up

Ali-Colada
2 oz. Alize
1/2 oz. Rum
3 oz. Pineapple Juice
2 oz. Cream of Coconut
blend until smooth

Herradura Madres
1 1/4 oz. Tequila
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1 1/2 oz. Sweet & Sour Mix
1 1/2 oz. Orange Juice
1 1/2 oz. Cranberry Juice
blend with ice

Mont Blanc
1 oz. Chambord
1 oz. Vodka
1 oz. Half & Half or Cream
1 scoop Vanilla Ice Cream
blend & serve in wine glass

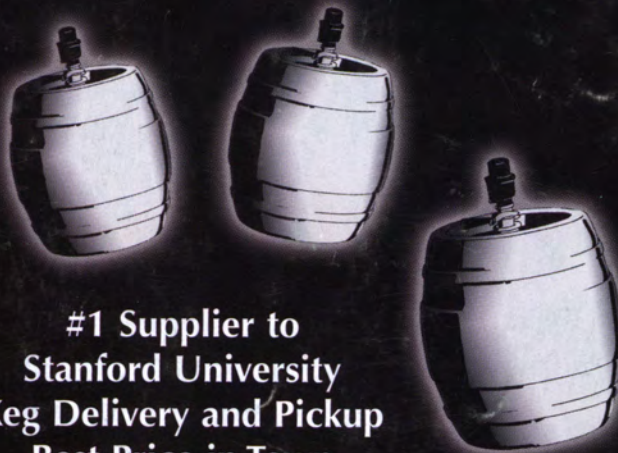
French Martini
1 1/2 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Chambord
1 1/2 oz. Pineapple Juice
shake well, serve up

Mudslide
1/2 oz. Irish Cream
1/2 oz. Coffee Liqueur
1/2 oz. Vodka
serve over ice

Fun begins with

Ernie's

WINES & LIQUORS



#1 Supplier to
Stanford University
Keg Delivery and Pickup
Best Price in Town

A Stanford Tradition

3870 El Camino Real
Palo Alto, CA 94306
650-493-4743

Ernie's
WINES & LIQUORS

Smart Card

Come learn about
the new Ernie's
Smart Buyer
Program!

Ernie's WINES • LIQUORS

STREET
PARKING

VISA

MasterCard

OPEN

CHECK CASHING

ATM

PHONE

Open until 12 am
Weekends!