

STANFORD Chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

STANFORD
13
CLASS OF
2013



The Freshman Number

\$4.00

Vol CXI, No.1

Fudge your parents!

Eat what you want
when you want
all the time.



Food Pyramid? Fudge That.

Try the FLAVOR CIRCLE!



- | | | | |
|--------------|-------------------|------------|---------|
| | Candy | Sugar | Gushers |
| Pizza Rolls | Big Mac | Oreos | |
| Cheetos | Fruit by the Foot | Corn Syrup | |
| McNuggets | Hot Pockets | Pepsi | |
| Cookie Crisp | Salt | Lunchables | |

Can't skateboard on Tuesday morning? Fudge That shoot. Do whatever you fudging want.
Poop on the school.

Hate your gosh darn fudging parents? No rules. Start your own house. Kids power.

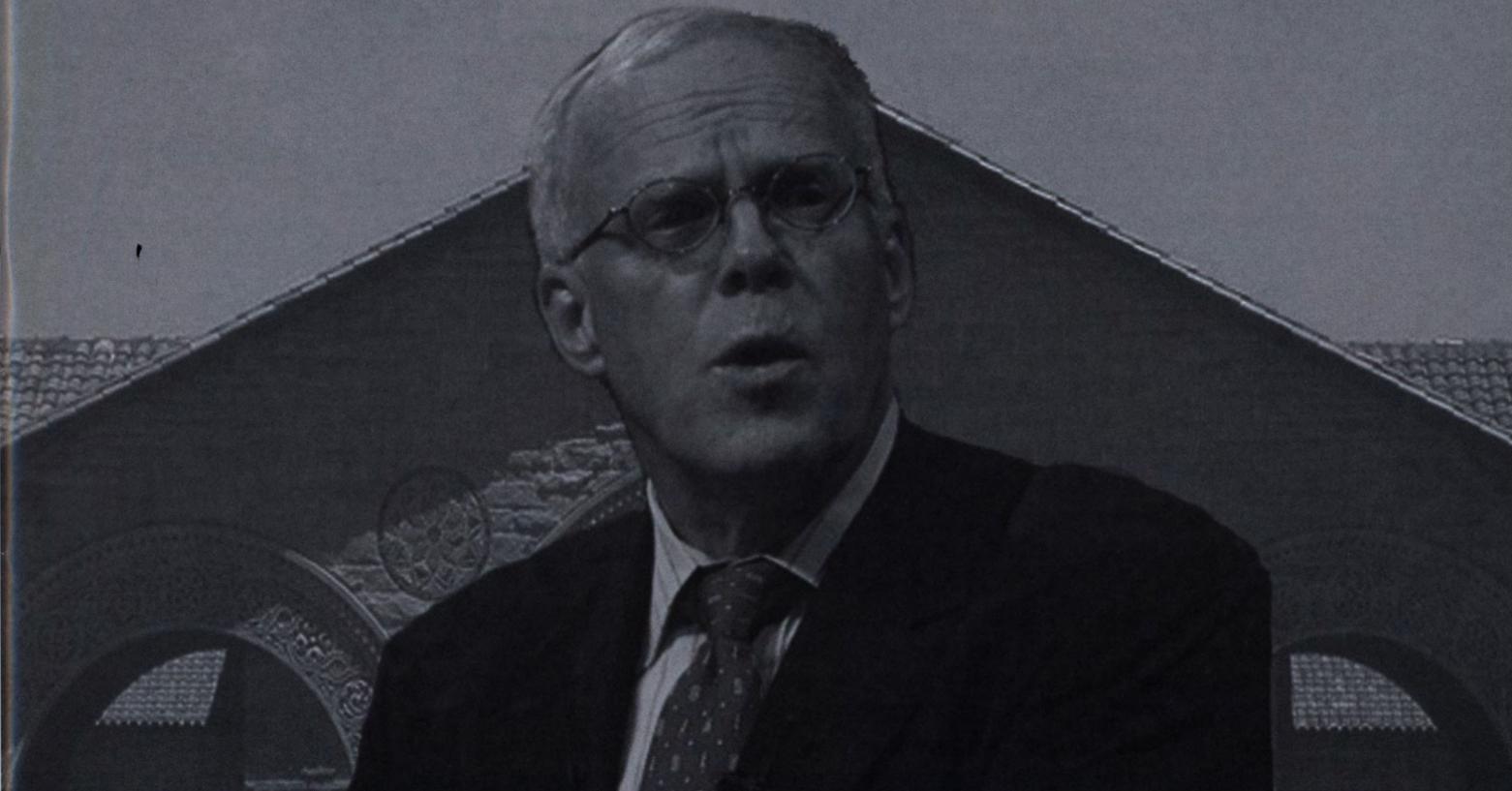
Eat only fruit snacks for dinner, and then drink some fudging Pepsi. Ride the dog.

Homework a fudging drag? Kill it with your parent's gun. Eat Cheetos mixed with Hot Pocket.
Play Wii and then fall asleep in the bathtub.

Kids Power.



PRESIDENT HENNESSY'S ADDRESS TO THE CLASS OF 2013



Hello and welcome to the Class of 2013:

How was your summer? Oh my god, I can't wait to tell you about mine, it was THE BOMB!!! Hold on a sec, though, a kid from the program just texted me back...nice, he put up new pictures from weeks 3 and 4. First Stanford assignment for all of you: go through the album with me next time we're at a computer! You'll see, it was just an unbelievable teen tour--imagine meeting your 30 best friends, when you all began the summer as random strangers! The trip was called the Ultimate California Experience, and that's exactly what we got. We got to stay in hotels all over the state, we were allowed to order food whenever we wanted, and we saw everything! A weekend in San Diego, then L.A., then a resort near Yosemite, up to Lake Tahoe from there, and we finished up in San Francisco. Every afternoon they gave us a choice between an amusement park, a baseball game, and the shopping mall--I felt like an adult, like completely on my own, being able to make up my own mind in the real world. What rocked the most was the varied, enlightening schedule--the activities ranged from recreational to just plain fun.

The counselors were so cool, they let us stay up and didn't even care that my girlfriend slept in my suite the last night of the tour. We aren't sure if we're gonna stay together yet, I need to make sure I'm allowed to go visit her in New York over Yom Kippur weekend.

To tell you the truth--and don't take this personally--I'm kind of bummed to be back at Stanford. I miss my best friends. I mean, you guys are fine, too, but--the undergrads, Etch, Bravman, Condi--you just don't know me like my friends from the program do. Whatever, though, we already started an online countdown for our reunion on Hawaii/Alaska Combo-Camp Extravaganza next summer--my parents already promised I could go.

It's going to be a long academic year, but feel free to stop by my office to check out those photos or to pick up a brochure.

Shout outs to the Ultimate Cali Experience '09 Crew!!!! Miss you guys!



WRITING CREDITS

2	Kids Power	Scodary
3	Hennessy's Address	Lyman
6	Now That	Old Boys
8	Reading Rainbow	Lyman
9	Welcome to Stanford	Werner
9	Fraichemen	Werner
10	Activity Fair	Lyman
11	Ice Breakers	Alvarez
11	Revolutionary Cleaning Products	Coggeshall
12	Joey	Henick*
13	Banks	Werner
13	Cracker Barrel	Lyman
14	Frosh Off the Boat	Lyman, Katovich
15	2phone	Katovich
16	Campus Bike Sale	Werner, Lyman
18	Silver Bullet	Perry*
19	RA FAQ	C. Kemper*
20	Roommate Rivalry	Lyman
20	Top 10 Things To Do Before You Graduate	Werner
21	Cal Sucks	Ellickson*
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24	Pwivate Eye	B. Kemper
25	Leland Stanford	Werner
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26	The Chronic Illness	B. Kemper
27	Alternate History Fiction	Scodary
28	Just For Men	Lyman
29	My Family	Young*
30	Staff Piece	Staff

*In the first issue of the year, we run pieces from previous volumes because that's how it's always been done.

ART CREDITS

	Cover	Atwood
5	Jester	Alterman
6	Hello	Werner
12	Joey	C. Kemper*
14	Frosh Off the Boat	Alterman
18	Pete the Flower	Alterman
26	Achewood	Onstad



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Lovie Mallett-Hutson
Evan Scott
Liang Yun

'11
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James Gische
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Will Atwood

'12
Alexei Koseff
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'13
TBD

Special Thanks
Prodigy Press
Old Old Boys

The Stanford Chaparral

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Old Boy Emeritus *Old Boy Emeritus*

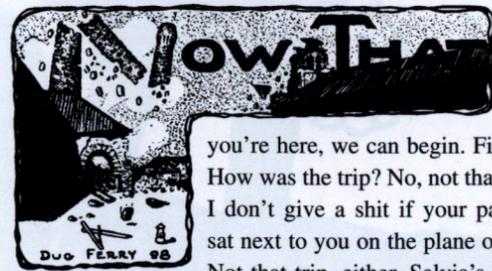
Hammer Coffin

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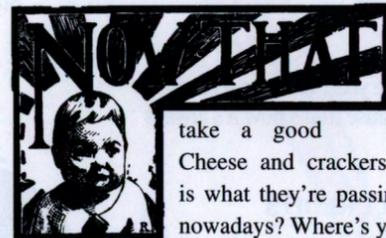
BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



you're here, we can begin. Finally. How was the trip? No, not that trip. I don't give a shit if your parents sat next to you on the plane or not. Not that trip, either. Salvia's legal, big fucking deal, I don't care how many rainbows you felt up. No, the trip I'm talking about is more commonly referred to as childhood. Hope you had a good choo choo ride because, and take it from this Old Boy, you're

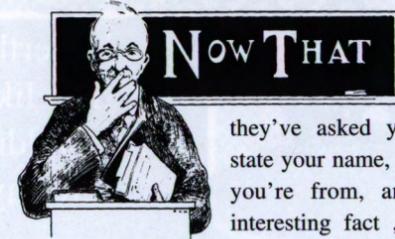
at that train's last stop. And they need you to get off so they can clean up the mess your generation made. Filthy.



that's taken care of, come a little closer so I can take a good look at you. Cheese and crackers, is that all? This is what they're passing off as freshmen nowadays? Where's your vigor? Where's your moxy? Where're your tits? Phooey, I say. Phooey.

But I suppose beggars can't be choosers, and while this Old Boy is certainly not a Begging Benjamin,

he is by no means a Choosing Charlie. No, you'll do. You'll do just fine. There's a glint cowering behind those clouded eyes, a meek glint but a glint just the same. You know, I have a pal that can take care of that for you. Modest he is not, but the Jester is good at glint extraction, damned good, no matter how many Toni Morrison books have muddled your perceptions. It is not a simple procedure, but it is well worth it. You are already well on the path to healing. You've read this far into the most boring page of the least boring magazine at the least boring college filled with the most boring classmates. The reality of your surroundings has just washed over you. Stop coughing and laugh. Laugh, damnit.



they've asked you to state your name, where you're from, and an interesting fact, keep in mind that college reputations are built one lame-response-during-an-icebreaker at a time. So choose yours wisely--nobody likes a braggart, and I'm sure there'll be a more natural opportunity to tell the group how quickly you solved a Rubick's Cube with the ridges of your gumline, or how many flavors of beef jerky your dad invented.

Yep, it will be days before people start to see the "real you," and months before you become fully 3-dimensional in the eyes of these dormmates. But hey, look on the bright side--you can start getting fat as soon as you like.

Now I apologize if this all sounds a bit harsh. After all, you've been told that you're the best of the best for years now, and U.S. News and World Report confirms that you're at least someplace near the top. But you have to understand that this place is filled with people who tried really hard to get here. Now that they're here, they have to mask their conniving, manipulative, hypercompetitive souls in order to match the laid back attitude that defines this place, according to what we tell our friends from back home that go to Penn. Our friends are jealous, and we lie awake every night on our bed of lies. Mission accomplished.

Now there I go again. Listen, it isn't going to be that bad. In a matter of weeks,

you'll be hooking up with the decent looking guy or girl down the hall while watching Planet Earth. You'll know who the cool RA is and which one is a bitch. You'll be let in on the mutual understanding the student body has with the football team, and everything will settle into a new normalcy. And when the seniors tell you that Stanford is so much lamer than when they first got here, you'll wonder how that is possible. White Plaza was easier to bike through. Math 51 used to be taught by talking horses. Still with me?



you've gotten this far, perhaps this Old Boy will see you at 8:30 on Wednesday nights at the Nitery Building in Old Union. We have a good time talking about this and that, and most leave with a smile. You don't have to write. You don't have to draw. Hell, you don't even have to talk. There's always room for one more at the Chaparral.

Unless you suck. In which case, whatever the hell Uloop is would probably love to hire you as a campus rep. I'm sure those guys have a good time too.

Whatever path you embark upon in these coming days, weeks, month or so, know that Old Boy wishes you luck. To get here, you must have done something to impress someone, and that's impressive. Google's 11 years old, we need something new to keep us at the top. Impress us.

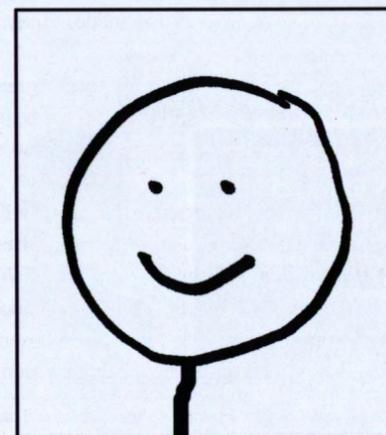
Welcome to Stanford. Try not to forget about Downs Syndrome.



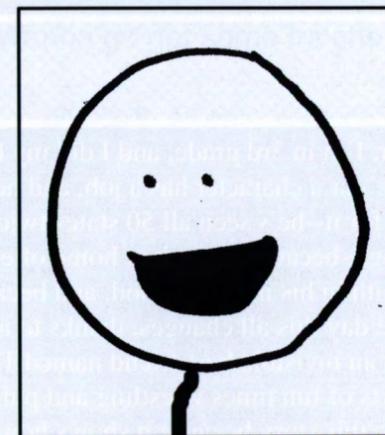
feels better, doesn't it?



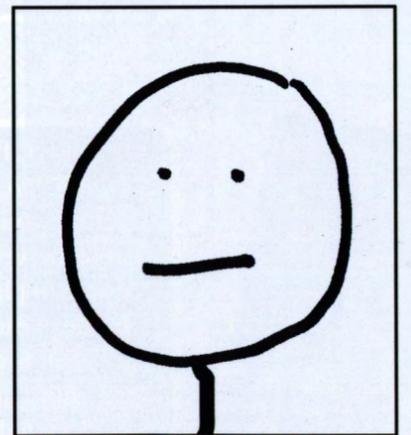
you've matriculated, let's see how you size up to the average Stanford freshman. He arrives at school with 2.3 duffel bags, 0.92 guitars, 1.6 cubbies-worth of toiletries, and a 14.78-meals-a-week plan. That leaves him enough Cardinal Points to eat a Subway foot-long three times a week for lunch. Oh, what's that? You plan to make yours a value meal with Doritos and a drink? Well, Cool fucking Ranch, kid--that's gonna cost extra.



Howdy, Partner!



Ha! Just kidding!



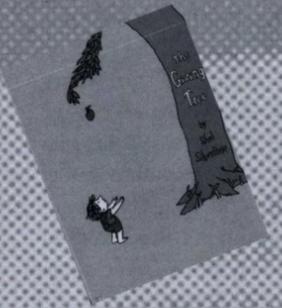
Seriously though, hello.

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...butterfly in the skyyyy--Oh! Hey kid! You like books!? Well so do a lot of other children. Let's see what they have to say about their favorites!

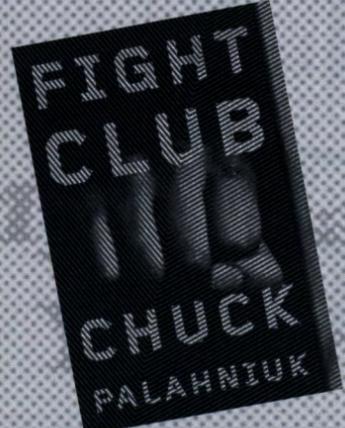
My name is Daniel Diddly, and I'm 7. I'm just learning how to read, but my parents tell me stories every night before bed. Last month my mom read me "The Giving Tree," by Shel Silverstein. The book was a lot of fun, and my favorite part was when the little boy and the tree love each other. My most unfavorite part was the photo on the back page, because the author looked big, scary, and mean to kids.



My name's Kelly Williams, I'm 9 years old, and I just picked up a really great book from my local library. Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Lolita. Her mommy was getting re-married, and she was worried her new step-daddy wouldn't love her as much as her real daddy did. But Lolita was wrong. Her new step-daddy buys her lots of gifts, and asks about all her boyfriends. In the end, it turns out he really does love Lolita--it even says so in his diary! I liked this story because it taught me how important it is for little girls to have daddies, and that sometimes step-daddies can love you even more than real daddies can!



I'm P.J. Falter, I'm in 3rd grade, and I did my book report on *Fight Club*. The main character has a job, and he has to travel all over the country for it--he's seen all 50 states twice! Sometimes he gets lonely though, because he isn't at home often enough to meet people to play with in his neighborhood, and because airplanes are boring. But one day this all changes, thanks to a little creativity! The man invents an invisible best friend named Tyler, and together they have all sorts of fun times wrestling and pulling pranks. The end. You will like this story because it shows how easy it is to make your own fun, and that you're never too old to use your imagination!



Welcome to Stanford

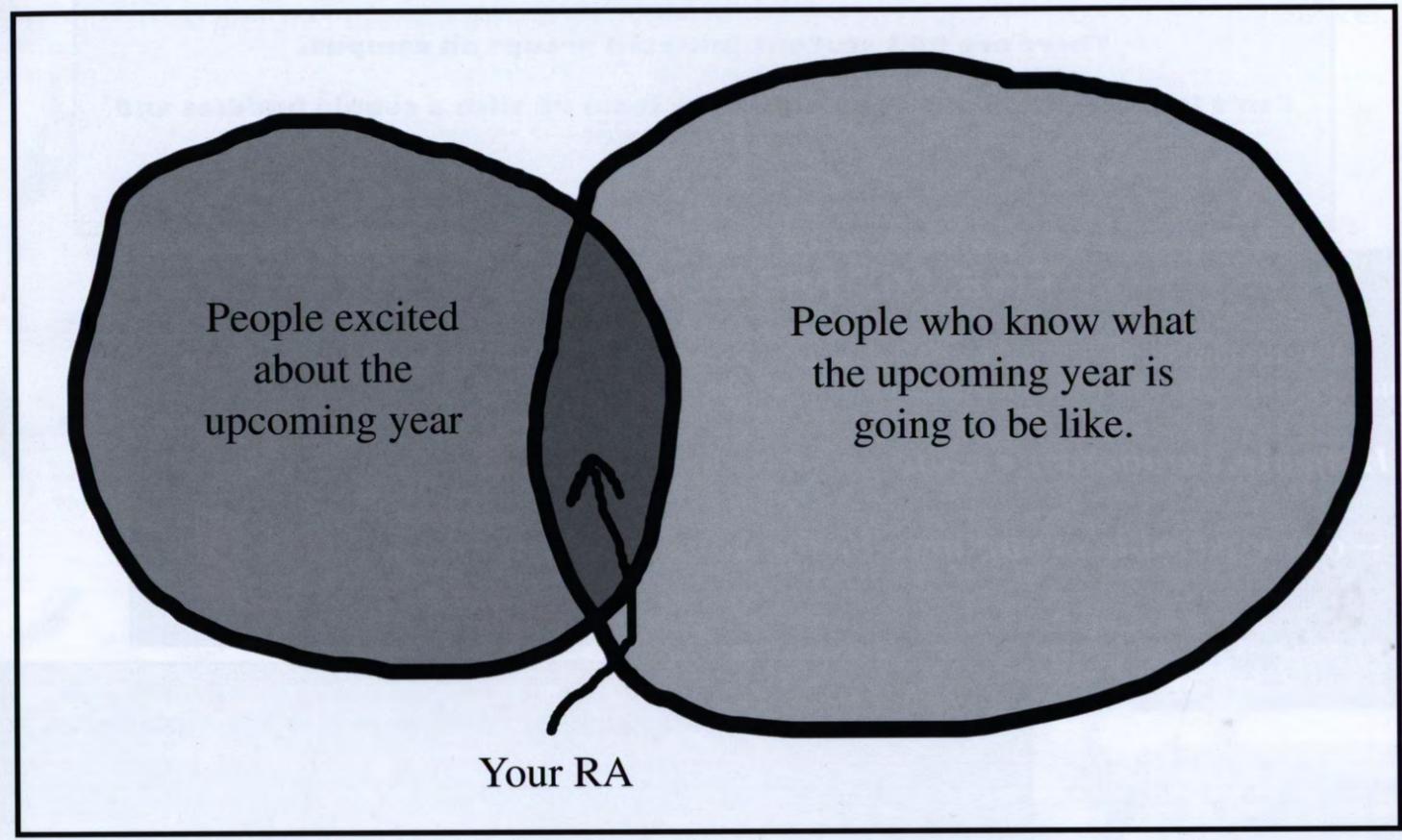
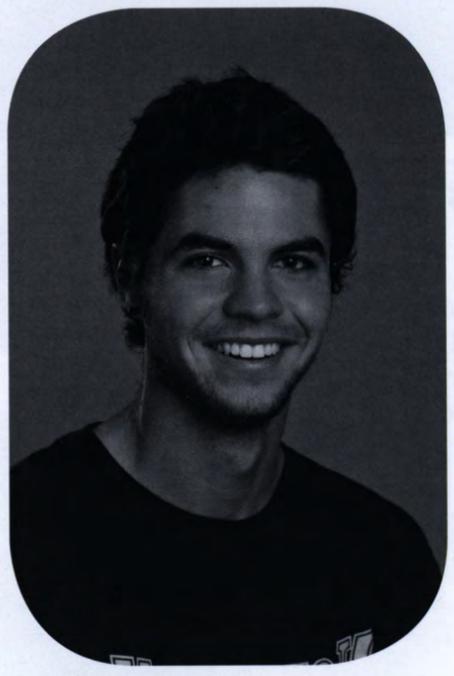


fig 9a: Welcome to Stanford

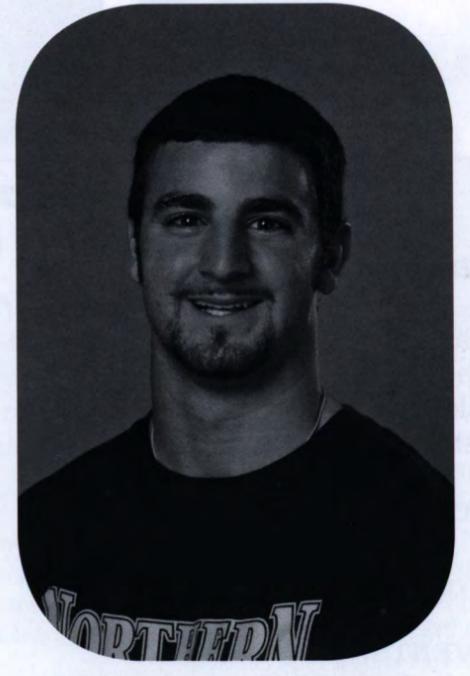
A conversation between two fraîchemen



"Wanna go get some fraiche?"

"Not really."

"Yeah, me neither."



WELCOME TO THE ACTIVITY FAIR!!!!

There are 293 student-initiated groups on campus.

Can't find one that suits you? Well then team up with a couple buddies and start your own!

Here are some of this year's featured clubs:

THE MANBOURINES

Play the tambourine?? Too hard for a capella, too soft for LSJUMB? Accidentally made eye contact as you walked by our table and just took this to be nice? Either way:

Hey, Mr. Tambourine man--

-- our ensemble group may be for you.



Pre-Professional Undergraduate Businessy Entrepreneur Society

Our group promotes entrepreneurial education to furnish tomorrow's leaders with the skills they'll need in the business arena.

Once a member, you'll have access to a host of useful mentors and resources in the Silicon Valley and beyond. But most important of all, being a PUBE means the opportunity to meet other students who share your passion for the fields of management, leadership, and being the boss-connections that PUBES can maintain into their careers.

We've already put some really fun, smart-casual events on the social calendar for this Fall. Please call to set-up an appointment with us at the activity fair.

The Cardinal Caribaeeners

ABOUT US:

You'll see other outdoor camping groups today that are all "Oooh, we just did Half Dome" and "Who brought the camping gear?", but the Cardinal Caribaeeners know that there are easier ways to pursue an interest in climbing and hiking. Like wearing a keychain caribaeener at your side. Or several. Come to our table, get yours for free, and we'll see you again this time next year.

HOW TO SIGN-UP:

Listserv--- What? We already gave you the free merch, kid, what are you trying to give us your e-mail for?

EVENTS:

JUST TAKE THE FUCKING MERCH, you lingering asshole!

COMMON ICEBREAKER QUESTIONS

Freshmen, be prepared to answer these questions to any and all of your first Stanford acquaintances.

What's your name?

Where are you from?

What classes are you taking?

What do you like to do outside the classroom?

What's your name, again?

Ok, will you say it one more time so I don't forget?

Hey...you...yes you...sorry I forgot your name, but would you like to go with us to the Axe and Palm? I heard it's great!

Are you feeling sick?

What the fuck?!

Where are the paper towels?

You feeling better? You aren't going to puss out on us, right? I heard there's a party at um...Manzanita...let's go.

What's your name?

Want to play Drunk Scrabble by candlelight?

Is that guy wearing a light-up helmet?

Wanna get the hell out of here?

What do you think of [name]? Hot, right?

What do you think of [R.A.'s name]? Tool, right?

For fuck's sake where is Annenberg Auditorium?

Doesn't LGBT sound like an awesome sandwich?

REVOLUTIONARY CLEANING PRODUCTS



Oxi-Clean revolutionized cleaning when it first declared itself "perfect for the elimination of deep, caked-on stains, the capitalist devil, and the American government."

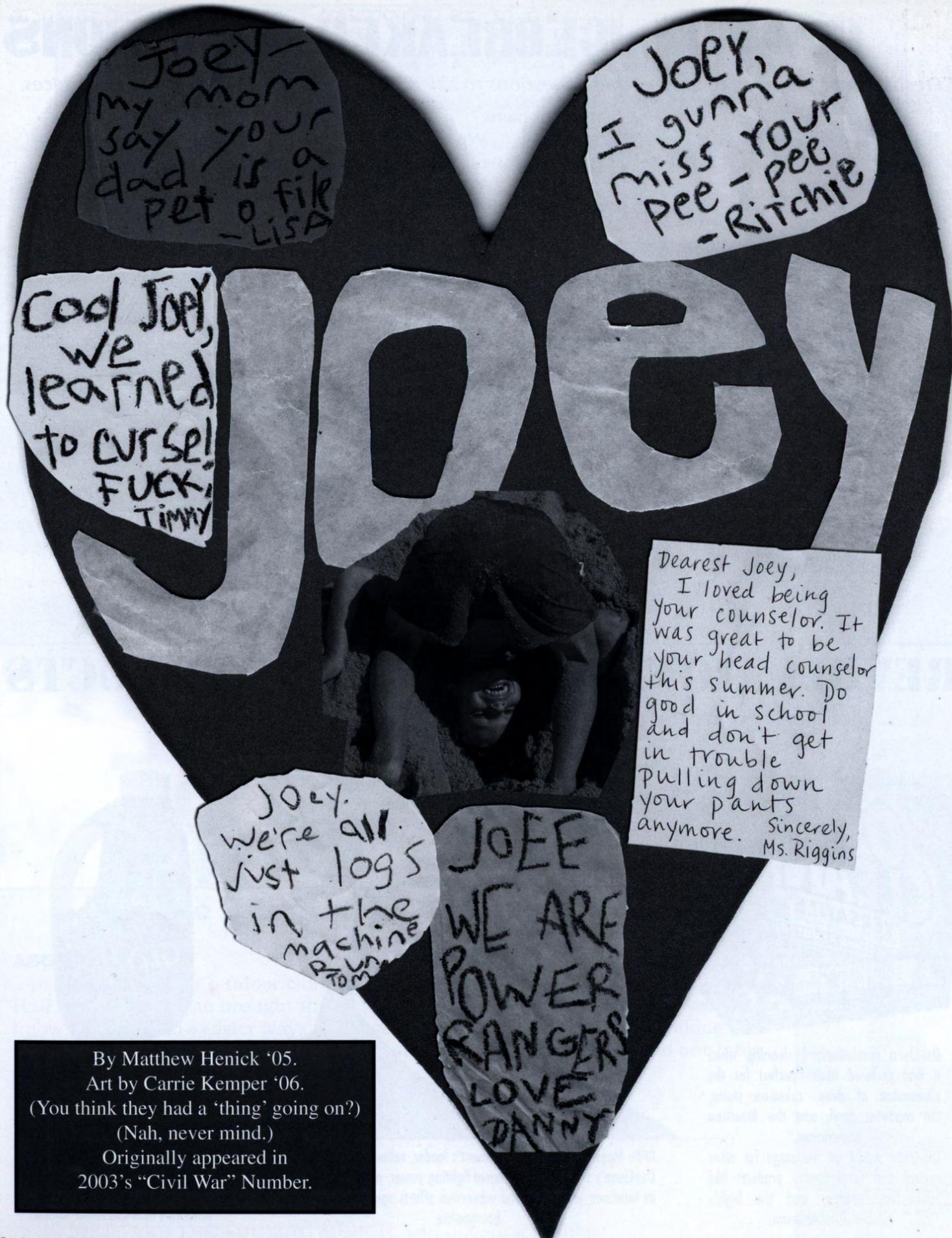
Oxi-Clean would set the stage for other radical and revolutionary products like SpongeTech sponges and the highly radicalized Kaboom.



Billie Mays (above), the movement's leader, vehemently argued for Oxi-Clean's stain-and-government-fighting power, and masterminded its insidious infiltration and subversion efforts against the American bourgeoisie.



Later, after Oxi-Clean's spectacular collapse, Mays would ally himself with Orange G.L.O., the infamous revolutionary product connected with Hamas and Basque separatist interests in Northern Spain, in an effort to wreak havoc upon capitalist dust and America's hardwood-floor finishes.



By Matthew Henick '05.
 Art by Carrie Kemper '06.
 (You think they had a 'thing' going on?)
 (Nah, never mind.)
 Originally appeared in
 2003's "Civil War" Number.

BANKING AT STANFORD

Use our helpful rating system to choose a building in which to keep your hard-earned dough.

Stanford Credit Union

Specially caters to Stanford students and staff. Need a loan but don't have the best credit rating? Stanford credit union can help you out. Plus, you're supporting your school. Various locations on campus. ATM in the bookstore.
 Rating: ★★★★★

US Bank

Big, national bank. Nearest location a mile away down El Camino in Menlo Park. They're pretty nice there. ATMs located in San Jose's airport, which is kind of convenient if you travel a lot.
 Rating: ★★★

CitiBank

Does that bank even exist anymore?
 Rating: ★★

Wauwatosa Savings Bank

Really small bank. Only location is in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. They have a popcorn machine in their lobby. Money you get from there often smells like popcorn. Not coins though. Personable staff. Probably only a good idea if your parents live in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, and even then, you're money is still going to be in Wisconsin when you're at school. So that's something to think about.
 Rating: ★

Wells Fargo

One of the largest banks in the country. Professional atmosphere. Treats you like an adult, and handles your money responsibly. Bank location right on campus in Tresidder Union. Good people.
 Rating: ★★★★★

Bank of America

Another big national bank. Not sure where the nearest location is. Maybe near the mall? Never been there. 3 stars.
 Rating: ★★★

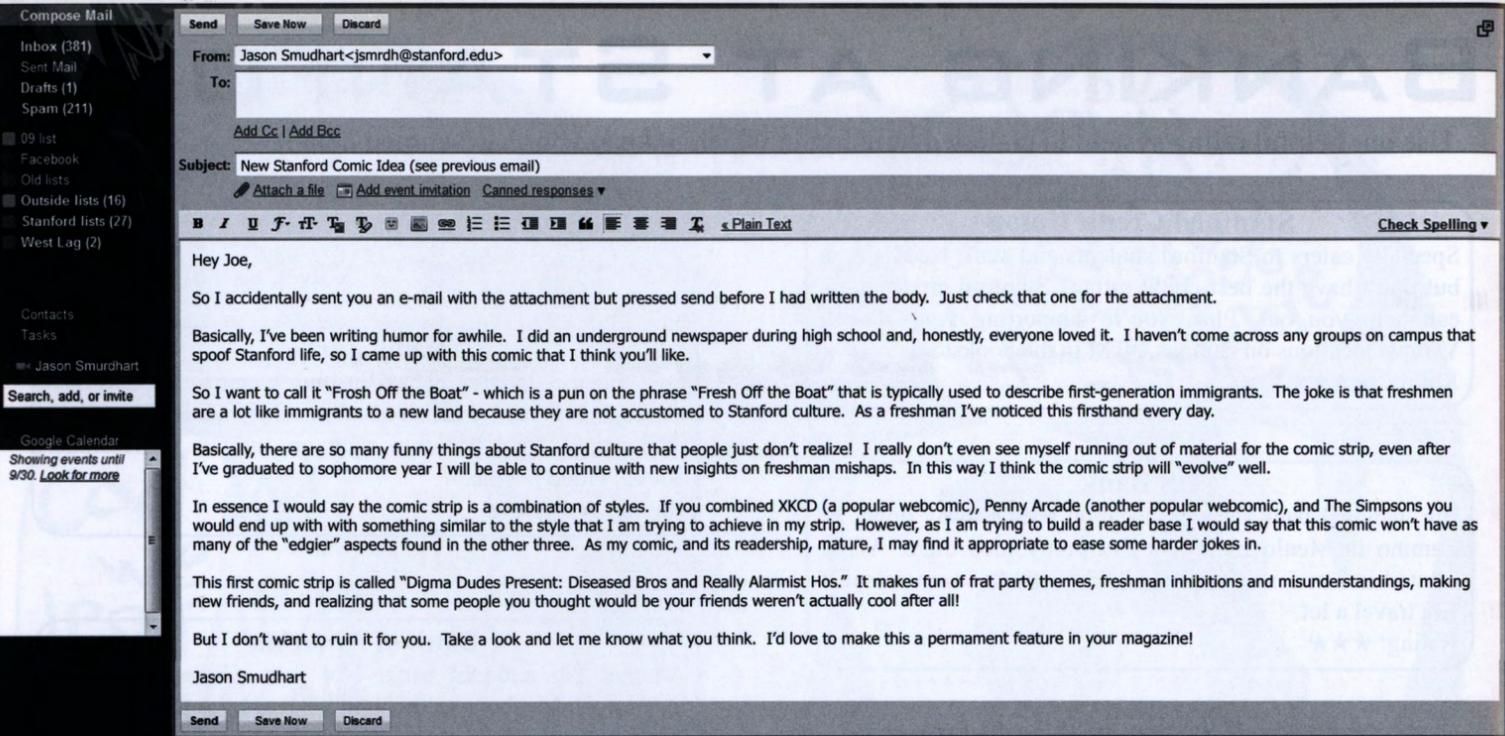
Passing Time Outside



I reckon I can only think of one thing deadlier than the tornado of '49, Gerald...

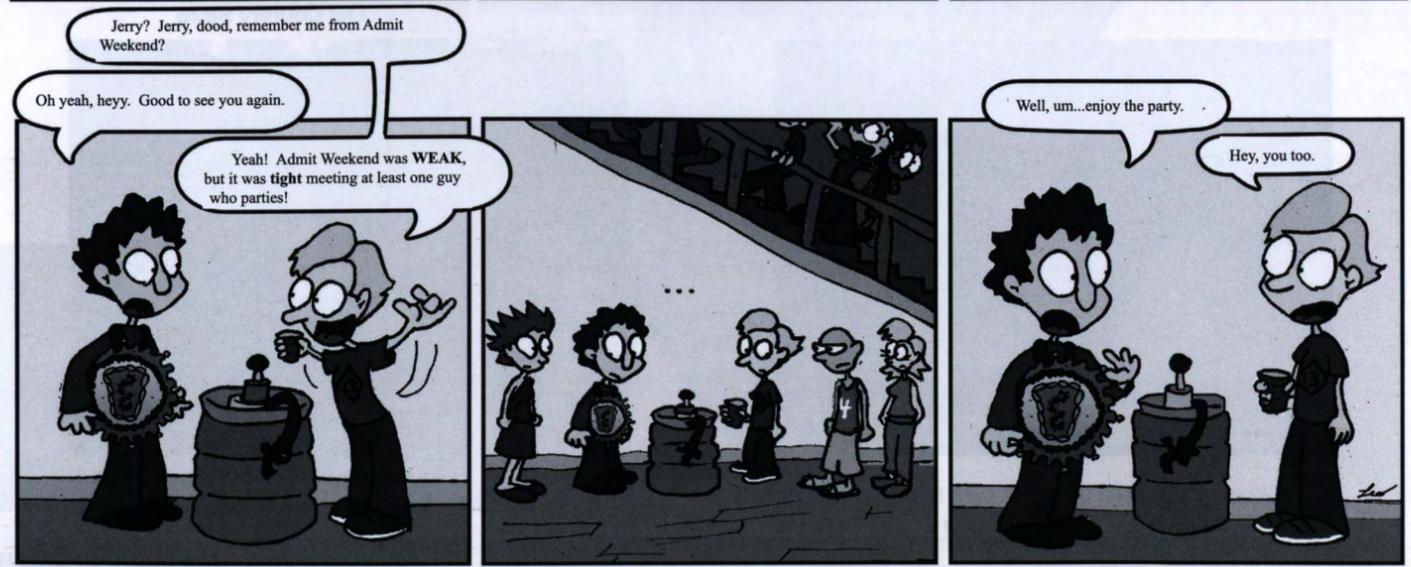
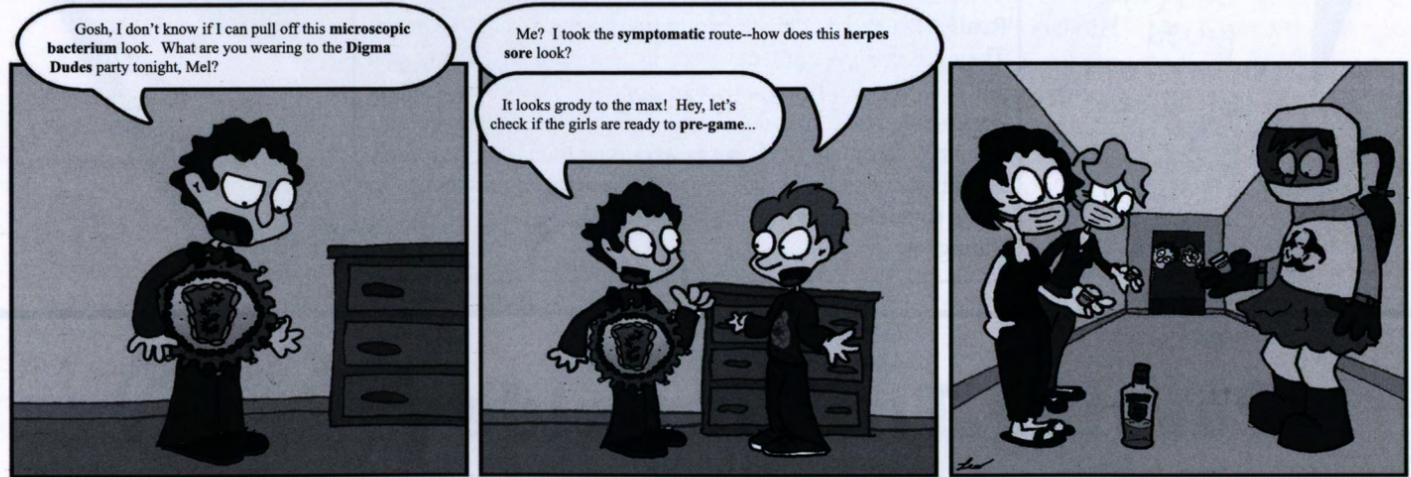


...a saggy tit twister!



frosh off the boat

digma dudes present diseased bros and really alarmist hos



undrcvrCutie187: Heeeey baby!!!!!!! U there? I hurd u finaly got tht new...



2phone

Wait... U dont have 1 yet? suicide awkwrld...

U NEED TO GET IT NOW

2phone is the **MURDERPHONE**

- 2x the txts*
- 2x the speakrz™
- 2x the cameras
- 2x the battery
- 2x the apps
- 2x the memory
- 2x the friends

tru feature bloodbath!!!



y settl 4 ur old fone?



sillyGr13: hi boi if u had the killer 2phone this txt wld be a video! get it soooooon i luv you :)

my mom was like totly crzy n wldnt let me get a 2phone but then i wuz like im gunna kill smbsody if i dont get a 2phone omg! ami rite?s





Mongoose 313 Prey

For the fella lookin' for something to get him from Larkin to IHUM. No frills means no spills on this reliable two wheeler!



Mongoose 323 Predator

This baby has all the features. Impress your teachers with the champagne of bikes!



Trek Executive 2

Who ISN'T sick of big, bulky bikes? Trade performance for inconvenience with this bad mama jama.



Cannondale Mommy'n'Me

Want to save some money? Split the cost of this beaut with your child. They just want to spend time with you.



Crab Ridah BMX440

Pegs. Low seat. Shocks. One gear. This baby has it all. Except for pegs. And a seat.

The Campus Bike Shop Presents...

The Campus Bike Sale!!

If there's one thing you're going to need here at Stanford (Other than your thinking cap! Ha! And amphetamine), it's a bicycle.

Stop by our shop, located right next to the CoHo (rated "Best Student Hangout 2009" by Stanford Dining,) and buy or rent a shiny new bicycle.

We'll be giving away lights and safety tips FREE during NSO...but only if you say the magic words (Go Card!)



Giant 78: LiveStrong Edition

The finest in bicycle luxury. Our most expensive model, but boy is she worth it!



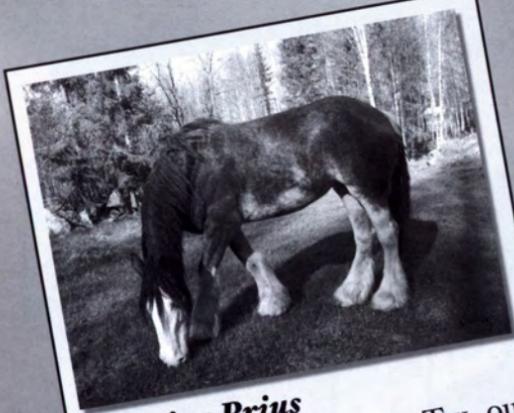
Trek Dualy 23 inch

Three's a crowd on the limousine of bikes. Find a filly and take her for a ride!



Raleigh Unicycle: Decroux

Don't yet have a gimmick? Then jump aboard your one wheeled chariot. You can't lock it to normal bike racks, so just bring it in to class with you! It'll let everyone know that you ride a unicycle without them having to ask.



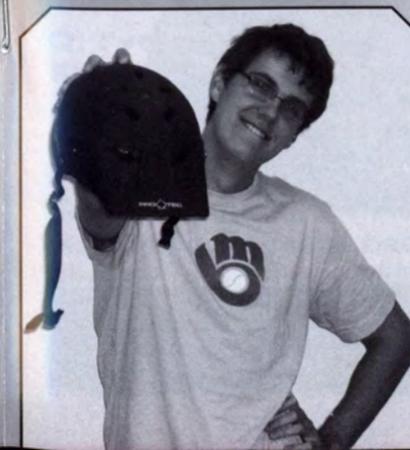
Schwinn Prius

Looking to go green? Try our biodegradable model for the latest in environmentally friendly cycling.



Fuji Enforcer Police 300

Are you a boy in blue? Show the world atop this authoritative machine! Nothing says, "I'm a police officer," better than a badge except for this bicycle.



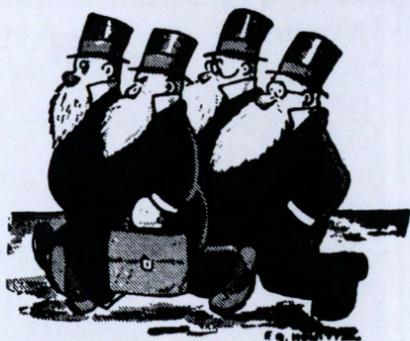
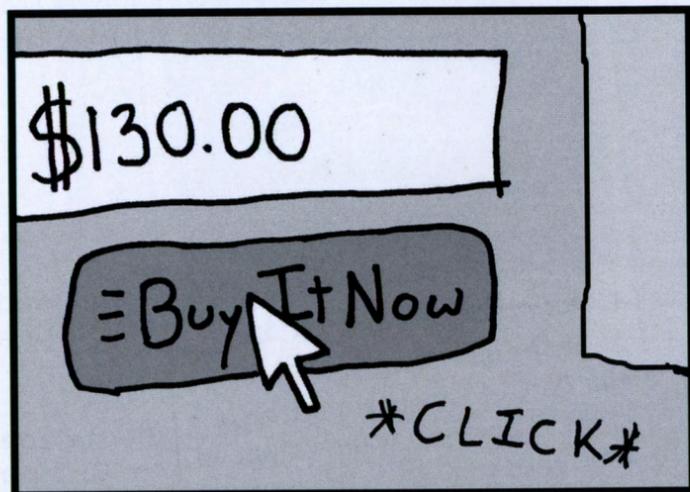
Don't forget a helmet, knuckle head!



Huffy Newport Boys 20 inch

Huffys suck.

Pete the flower in: Ebay



"She criticized my apartment, so I knocked her flat."

Can you drink the silver fucking bullet?
No! it shoots you in the fucking face. If you fuck with the silver fucking bullet, you're fucked. Because it's a friggin bullet, and if you think that shit comes out easily, you are sorely fucking mistaken. Because the bullet is big. And it gets caught in shit. And you can't get it out. So fuck my fuck.

Left: By someone a long time ago.

Right: By Adrian Perry '03. Originally appeared in 2002's "Emergency" Number.

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 Stanfordinest freshman on your hands. Way to go!

Q: One of my residents constantly brags about "getting totally blasted 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.'

By Carrie Kemper'06. Originally appeared in 2004's "Freshman" Number.

Sweet Pink Floyd poster. Are you a big fan?

Oh man, as big as they come. My favorite song is *We Don't Need No Education Part II*-I could listen to that shit 24/7.

You trippin'? Real Floyd fans don't just pick at the stuff. When I listen to "We Don't Need No Education," I start at the beginning and don't stop rocking until Part III fades. It's how the artists meant for it to be played.

Anyway man, you read those three books they assigned us over summer?

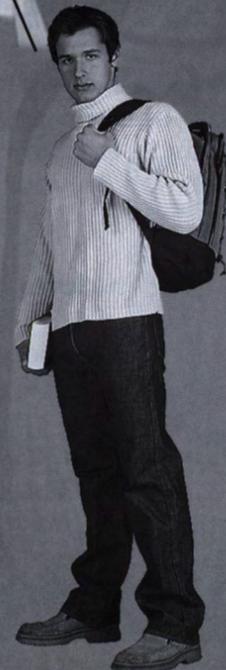
Yeah right dawg! Didn't even take the wrapping off. I mean, it's not like we're going to get tested or anything, ya know? How 'bout you?

Read them? I goddamn WROTE all three of them--and I still didn't read them! Just drafted that shit and sent it off to the publisher. I mean, summer vacation, right?!

YO, but did you party a lot in high school?

Ooh, my friends and I ran that shit. We were involved in student government, but like, we threw all the parties, too! We even started brewing our own beer senior year in my step-dad's basement. So good.

Ha, you ran shit? My friends and I ran a moonshine distillery out of the senior quad and had a racket in the teachers' lounge. I offed my fucking gym coach just before winter break.



HEY, KID!

Here are the TOP 10 things that every Stanford Student should do before they graduate!

10

Go to the cactus garden

9

Go steam tunneling

8

Take Sleep and Dreams

7

Take a nap in the steam tunnels

6

Smoke weed in the steam tunnels

5

Ride a bike in the steam tunnels

4

Fountain hop in the steam tunnels

3

Find the route in the steam tunnels that leads to the inside of the mausoleum [hint: follow the yellow ribbons]

2

Get "steam tunneled" by a freshman after Full Moon on the Quad

1

Make it out of the steam tunnels without getting raped

It's time we got something off our chests...

CAL SUCKS!



Football? HA! We've beaten you five years in a row!



Oh, and good luck with learning, Cal. Everybody knows you guys are stupid.



Why don't you just go back to Cal, jerk?



Talking, huh? Way to go, Cal idiots.



Baby bobcats? Nice try, Weenies.



YOU SUCK!



FUCK YOU, CAL!

By Owen Ellickson '00. Originally appeared in 2000's "Shark Week" Number.

THINGS YOU'LL HEAR ONCE YOU GET INTO STANFORD

"I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GOT INTO STANFORD AND YOU CAN'T EVEN KEEP YOUR SHOES TIED."

"CHECK IT OUT, THE STANFORD KID JUST FORGOT HALF HIS TABLE'S ORDER."

"THIS GUY'S SAT SCORES WERE OVER 1,000,000 AND HE CAN'T EVEN USE A CAN OPENER."

"THIS GUY'S BRAIN'S THE SIZE OF A WATERMELON AND HE CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER TO NOT FORGET TO ZIP UP HIS PANTS."

"THIS GUY'S GPA'S HIGHER THAN A WATERMELON AND HE CAN'T EVEN FIGURE OUT THE TIP!"

"THIS GUY CAN REMEMBER EVERY SQUARE ROOT YOU COULD EVEN HOPE TO THINK OF AND I'M THE ONE WHO HAS TO REMIND HIM TO TURN OFF THE STOVE."

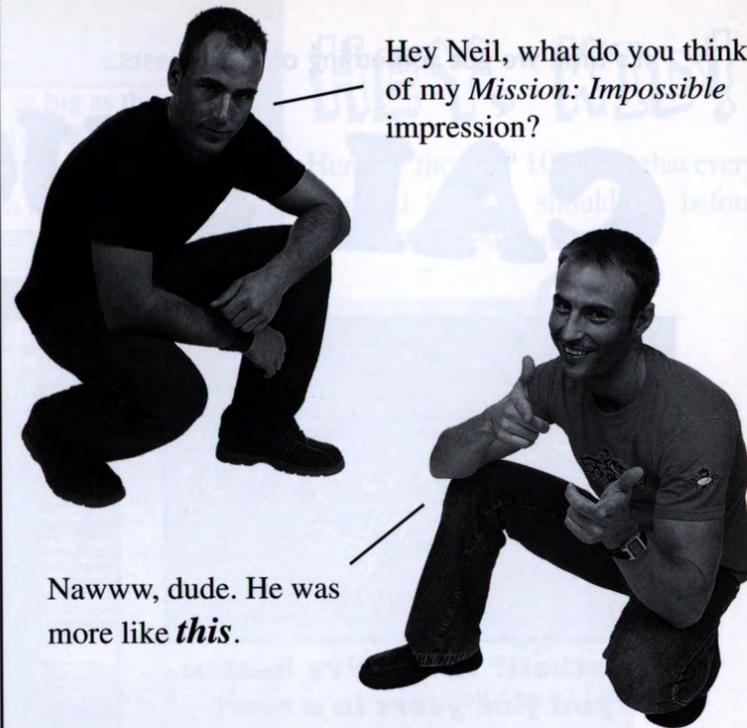
"THIS GUY PROVED THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM BEFORE HE COULD WALK AND HE COULDN'T EVEN WALK UNTIL HE WAS FOUR."

"THIS GUY PROVED EULER'S IDENTITY IN HIS DIAPERS AND HE CAN'T EVEN MOVE WITHOUT THE AID OF A WHEELCHAIR."

"HE CAN TELL YOU ANY DATE IN HISTORY BUT HE CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY BIRTHDAY."

"THIS GUY GOT INTO STANFORD NO PROBLEM BUT HE CAN'T EVEN PROVE EULER'S IDENTITY."

"YOU'RE GOING TO STANFORD???????"



Hey Neil, what do you think of my *Mission: Impossible* impression?

Nawww, dude. He was more like *this*.

How To Put Economics As Your Major

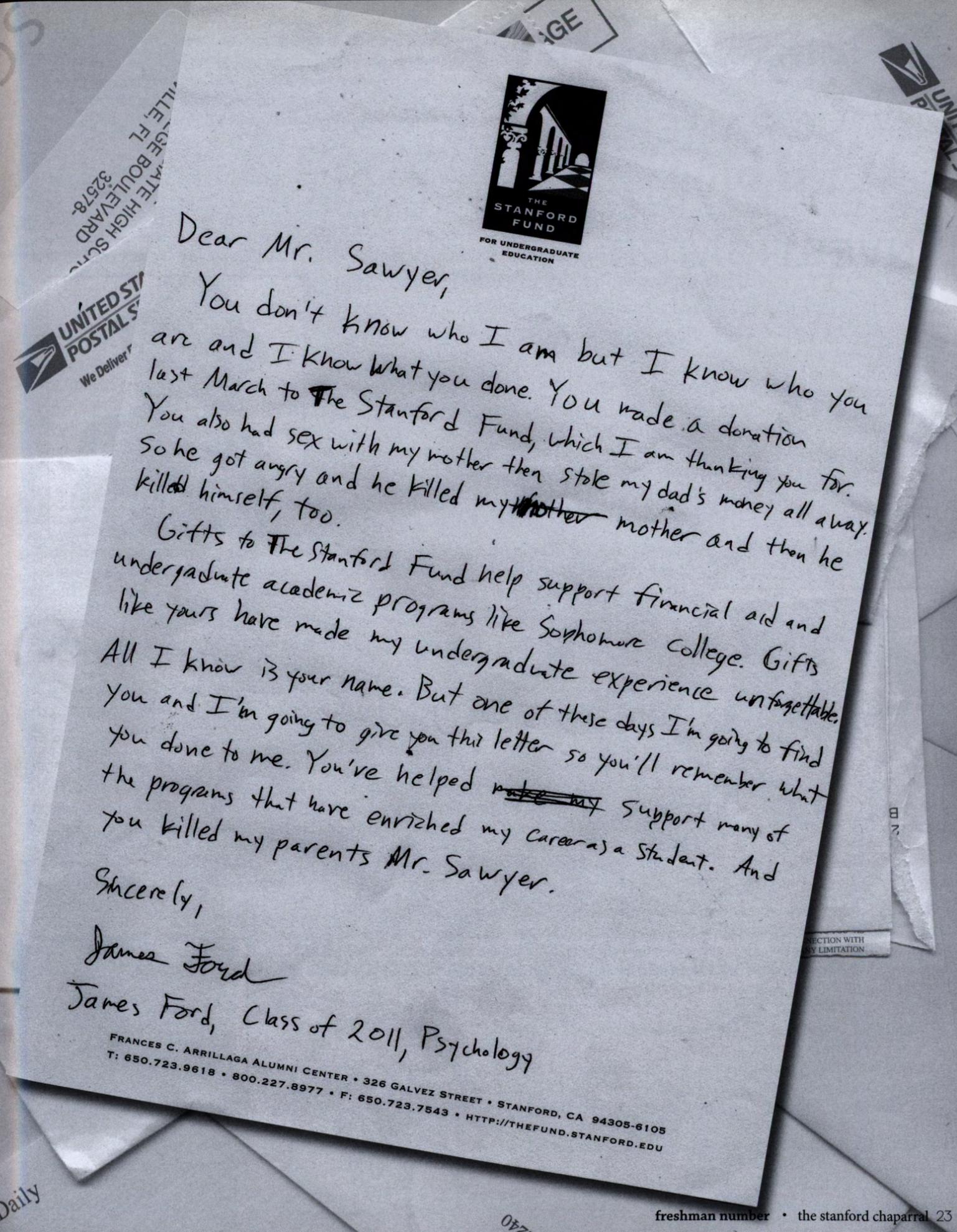
Going into college, I thought I was going make a Political Science major with a minor in Public Policy. I mean, my parents had always encouraged me to put those as my major. But then I decided to take Economics class and I knew I had found what to put as my major. Or at least I had found something kind of interesting. I mean it was almost about as interesting as Political Science or Public Policy, but it seemed better because it's supposed to help you do money. Anyways, I decided Economics class as my major.

In Economics class, we learned things like how to make money, how to count big numbers of money, and how to make money without getting caught.

One of my favorite times in Economics class was the time when my teacher told us on the first day in class, "If you don't love making money, then GET THE HELL OUTTA MY CLASS AND SHUV YER GOSHDERN PIGLICKIN' YELLOWBELLY HEAD IN A TOILET!!!!!!!!!!!!!! If you do love making money, please stay. Ladies and Gentlemen, we're going to learn how to count big numbers of money and also how to make money without getting caught. Your final exam will be in 10 weeks." Boy was she right.

So remember: If you come into college more interested in Public Policy or Political Science than anything else but you aren't really interested in them that much to begin with because you've never really felt that passionate about anything in life and you don't "get" poetry, you'll find that you are also the type of person who will end up majoring in Economics.

I've never really understood modern art or why I get a really mad feeling when I lose at sports or why I'm majoring in economics.



Dear Mr. Sawyer,

You don't know who I am but I know who you are and I know what you done. You made a donation last March to The Stanford Fund, which I am thanking you for. You also had sex with my mother then stole my dad's money all away. So he got angry and he killed my mother and then he killed himself, too.

Gifts to The Stanford Fund help support financial aid and undergraduate academic programs like Sophomore college. Gifts like yours have made my undergraduate experience unforgettable. All I know is your name. But one of these days I'm going to find you and I'm going to give you this letter so you'll remember what you done to me. You've helped ~~make my~~ support many of the programs that have enriched my career as a student. And you killed my parents Mr. Sawyer.

Sincerely,

James Ford

James Ford, Class of 2011, Psychology

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JAKE CRAMER, PWIVATE INVESTIGATOR

I recognized her as soon as she walked through my door. Perfectly coifed blonde hair, a florid top that screamed carefree, and long sinewy legs draped in denim; that dame had it all. And brains, too. Hell, she could charm you to kick the bottle just as soon as she could get you to take back the old cough syrup. She was shy, she was tricky, but damn did she get the job done. This time, however, it looked like she needed something from me.

"Jake, honey, it's time to get up! You wouldn't want to be late for your first day of school!"

I just couldn't say no to that face. Hell, that broad could get a snake to give you a handshake. "Just a minute, doll. A job like that deserves some freshly creased pants," I said while slipping off my jammies.



I stood at the street corner, waiting impatiently for a ride. Finally seeing the familiar yellow, I hailed down the driver with two coolly extended fingers. "Fairfield and Conway, bud. Make it snappy," I told the chap as I took my seat behind him.

"Oh, I'll get you there soon enough. And make sure to wear your seatbelt, lil guy!"

Ignoring the haggard old man's pleas, I pressed my forehead against the window, counting cars to pass the time. Eventually we reached my destination, and I flipped the geezer a dime as I got out. "Keep the change, chuck. Get a shave, why dontcha."

She was standing alone in the corner, lips pouting and tears sprouting. "Here hun, dry your eyes," I said, offering my sweatshirt sleeve. I don't know what it is, but something about a gal in distress always gets my Keds stomping. "What seems to be the problem here? You look like you could use my expertise."

"My milk! Somebody took my milk! I want milk!"

What kinda scumbag could steal from such an angelic lass? I spat in disgust. "Mam, I'm gonna get to the bottom of this. I'll find the cheap that's stealing your cream and give him what he's got coming." I prowled the premise looking for the culprit. Normally it's the one you least expect, but this schmo might as wella poured the stuff all over him. "Ya like stealing things from little misses, ay tubby? Gimme that carton." He stammered something about getting it up front, but I smacked him 'cross the face before he could spew any more lies. "Just be glad I'm leaving it at that. And don't let me catch you 'round the morning class anymore, ya hear? Go hang with the rest of your afternoon crumb bums." I strode over with the goods only to find my lady double-strawwing with Franky Two-Shoes. I crushed the carton in my hand, letting the milk dribble onto the floor. "She'll probably give him the coots," I muttered. Dang, I needed a juice.



I don't know how things came to this. There they stood in front of me, three of them, and only one of me. Malice in their eyes, I knew they wanted me dead as they raised their weapons and fired with wanton disregard to bystanders. "It's me you want fellas, and it's me you can't hit!" I yelled as I dodged, ducked, and danced away from their shots. One of them actually managed to graze me right of my tummy. "Oh, it don't hurt," I crowed to a concerned baby-face on the side.

"Jake! Jake Cramer, you're out! You were hit, you need to sit out!"

The old fuzz chief was clearly a crony of these ruffians. It didn't faze me; just about all the berries in this town had gone corrupt. "I ain't gettin' out till I say I'm gettin' out!" I screamed as I fired three direct hits at my enemies. "Next time it's you, Wolfe!" I yelled to the big cheese.

"All right mister, that's it, no more recess! You're headed to time-out!"

Locked up. An honest man just can't win in this city.



Lesser known facts about: Leland Stanford

As one of Stanford's newest students, you are undoubtedly grateful to Leland Stanford for founding this academic utopia. But what do you really know about the railroad magnate turned philanthropist? Test your Leland Stanford IQ with these facts!

-Leland started out as a lawyer in Port Washington, Wisconsin, where he had the finest law library north of Milwaukee. While in Wisconsin, he also founded a newspaper that is still in print today.

-Leland Stanford was a practicing Freemason. It is rumored that Freemason symbols can be seen engraved and tucked away into corners of the main quad.

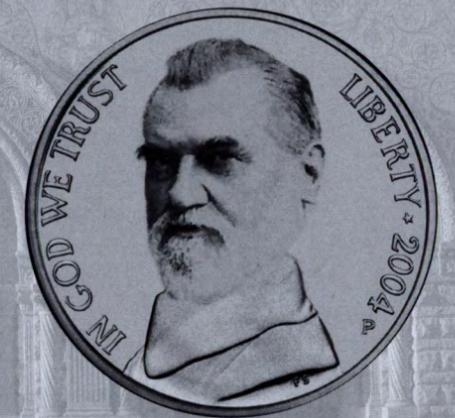
-Leland Stanford was the 8th governor of California and managed to cut the state's debt in half. Later, he went on to become a United States Senator. Leland Stanford was also a minister to France and helped establish foreign exchange rates for American currency.

-Leland Stanford died on the Fourth of July only a few hours before fellow patriot John Adams. When he died, Leland Stanford was deeply in debt and many of his possessions were auctioned off.

-While Leland Stanford Jr. is Leland Stanford's only officially recognized son, many scholars argue he had up to 6 others with one of his slaves, Sally Hemings. While the evidence is not conclusive, there are many reasons to suspect he had sexual relations with her and even sired at least some of her children.

-Leland Stanford wrote the Declaration of Independence.

-Leland Stanford's face appears on the nickel, shown here:



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vs.
Shitty Charities
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Ronald McDonald House



VS.

Ronald McDonald's House



Alternate Universe Fiction

Often overlooked in alternate universe fiction is the likely fact that, in an alternate universe, the canon of all fiction would itself only eerily resemble the classics of our own universe, both in content and the context in which it was created.

In some alternate universe, Christopher Nolan's ideas for *Memento* and *Batman Begins* were combined into one edgy franchise reboot in which Bruce Wayne loses his long term memory at precisely the point he decides to become Batman. He incessantly explains his intentions to become a bat man to Alfred, who spends the majority of the movie feeding Bruce Wayne vitamins. The executors of the Wayne estate deem Bruce mentally unfit to receive his inheritance, and instead lock the funds in a trust reserved for medical expenses.

*M*A*S*H* was canceled after its second season of abysmal ratings. The final three episodes were never aired and were not included on the collectors DVD edition to the disappointment of a small but active usenet group.

James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is now a time travel story about a young man named Jamie Joy forming a time loop where he travels back to 1854 and introduces his parents at a ball by saving his mother from rape. It is still told in stream of consciousness in parts, and the protagonist's name begins to drift unpredictably as the book meanders into a subplot set during the 12th century Norman invasion of Ireland. *Ulysses* was never written.

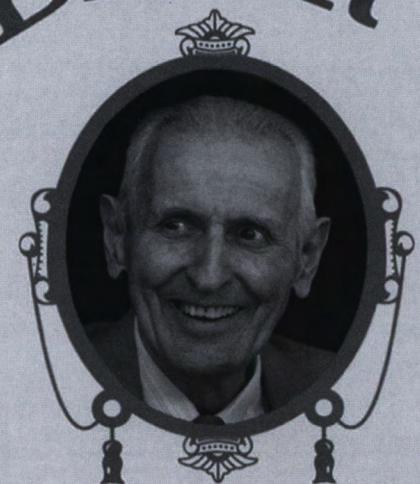
Waterworld took the 1995 summer movie season by storm. Spawning sequels *Waterworlds* and *Waterworld: Redemption*, as well as a popular animated series, *Waterworld* would secure Costner's niche as an action star for the next decade. In 2008, talks began for a Guillermo del Toro-helmed reboot, but the project was abandoned due to scheduling conflicts.

When Desi Arnaz passed away in a nuclear accident in 1959, *I Love Lucy* continued for another two seasons with Dick Van Dyke assuming the role of Ricky Ricardo. *The Lucy-Desi Comedy Hour* was renamed *Lucy Time* and later *The Lucy-Dick Comedy Show*. Lucille Ball was found dead in a Memphis hotel room in 1976 after three weeks as a missing person.

In *The Count of Monte Cristo*, Edmund Dantes spends only three days at Château d'If before Villefort, mad with guilt, concedes guilt of his deception to protect his Bonapartist father. However, to Dantes's disgust, Mercedes has already married Mondego out of boredom. The rest of the novel follows Dantes as he moves from Marseille to Paris and becomes a self-made businessman of great esteem. He often holds elaborate parties where he takes a chilly passive-aggressive revenge by not inviting his old acquaintances.

The high interest rates of the early eighties made Fox uneasy financing the final two installments of the *Star Wars* trilogy. They insisted Lucas cut the "second death star" and combine the two films into a cleaner single film, still called "The Empire Strikes Back." In the iconic second-to-last scene, Luke finds out Darth Vader is his father only moments after Vader defects but is tragically slain by an Ewok tree trap.

DR. K



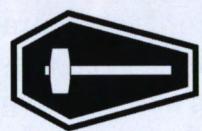
THE CHRONIC Illness

THE CHRONIC ILLNESS [INTRO] • F___ WITH KEVORKIAN DAY [AND EVERYBODY'S CELEBRATIN'] • LET ME DIE • NUTHIN' BUT A "IV" THANG • DEEEZ NUUUTS • A DOCTA WITTA NEEDLE • RAT-TAT-TAT-THANTRON • THE \$20 ASSISTED SUICIDE • MEDICAL GANGBANG • THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE • STRANDED ON EUTHANASIA ROW • THE SYRINGE [THE CHRONIC ILLNESS OUTRO]

Produced By DR. DRE



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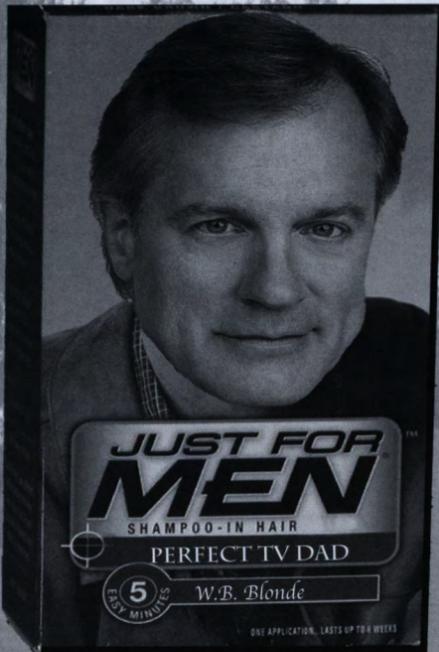


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Steve Kendell
Tampa Bay, FL

I've been using the product for two weeks now, but already a lot has changed around the house. For one thing, the family has been spending a lot more time together in the living room. Meanwhile, other areas of the house--almost every bathroom, really--have vanished entirely. We don't really understand, but who's complaining?



Dr. Perry Vaughn
Washington, PA

I love Just For Men because it's simple. I used it as a shampoo one night right before bed. By the next morning I was already seeing results: my hair was fuller and thicker than ever, my wacky brother-in-law was in the breakfast nook, and my wife was dead! Who knew becoming a better family man was this easy?



Pascal Pasqual
Alpine, NJ

Plus, it does wonders for the physical comedy!
So what are you waiting for, Dad?



Tommy Johnson

^{adopted}
My Family

My name is Tommy Johnson. I am 8.

I am Adopted which means that my ^{adopted} Mom and ^{adopted} Dad ^{your real mom and dad didn't want you} got to pick me out. My

^{adopted} Sister is Nancy. She is 12. She is not ^{GOOD!} adopted. We have a dog named Jumper.

She is a real ^{Breed?} Jumper. My ^{adopted} mom says

most of ^{her} ~~our~~ family is from France, and England too. My ^{adopted} Dad is an

engineer and makes Streets. My ^{adopted} sister

Plays Piano and I do too! I love

^{adopted}
my Family!

The assignment was to write about your real family, Tommy "Johnson".

You fail.



By Jacob Young '02. Originally appeared in 1999's "Wrong" Number.

We asked the staff...

"Why weren't you at house meeting?"

Was in Paris.

**Kendra Allenby,
French Loaf**

I was there. Underneath the pool table. You can ask anyone.

**Sam Coggeshall,
Present**

I was makin' treads on my Schwinn. I race for pinks, yo.

**Joshua Alvarez,
Greased Lightning**

Let me explain by way of analogy. Why wasn't I at the elephant meeting? Because that is a meeting only for elephants, and imposters are easy to spot.

**Anthony Scodary,
In the Room**

I wrapped a Taurus around an elm tree on California Ave. When is NSO over?

**Evan Scott,
Capricorn**

I was punching a man to death.

**Kiefer Katovich,
Dead Serious**

I was finishing up my tenure as editor of the family newspaper.

**Meghan McCurdy,
Hot off the Press**

I was having too much fun playing hall soccer! You know, soccer, but in the hallway. We used rooms as goals and everything. Yeah, of course we were careful! OK Mom, gotta go, Brian's gonna give me a guitar lesson.

**Patrick Maher,
Keeper**

I was at house meet-up instead, which is much more organic and Web 2.0 and there are more Krispy Kremes.

**Josh Stark,
Buzzed On Words**

That's socialist. We've got to do things the American way.

**Alexei Koseff,
Patriot**

So, you know that scene in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* when Ferris is in downtown Chicago, and there's a parade going on? And you know how Ferris hi-jacks the parade and starts singing Twist and Shout, which causes everyone in the city to lose their collective mind and start singing and dancing with him? And you know how at the end of it, Ferris is literally swimming in tail and it's obvious that it has been the best day of his life? Yeah, I was watching that with the lacrosse chick down the hall.

**Garrett Werner,
Cameron Frye**

"I was."

Thanks, gaywads.

**Carrie Kemper,
Super Helpful**

Maybe because I'm never at your house on Wednesdays, Weekend Dad.

**Billy Kemper,
Weekend Son**

I was taking pictures of garbage.

**Doug Kenter,
Esoteric**

What, you guys had a HoMe without me?!

**Josh Meisel,
Wouldn't Miss It for the
World**

The RFs and I haven't exactly been on good terms lately. They say I party too hard; I say they're a couple of pussies. Agree to disagree.

**Garrett Dobbs,
Rages**

I was there, you just didn't notice me... nobody ever notices me. But you will. You'll all notice me after I burn this whole mexican restaurant looking campus to cinders.

**David Parker,
Rages**

Sorry, must have lost track of time; I was doing some pleasure reading. You see, I have this thing: when I like a book, I just devour it!

**John Lyman,
Literally**

House meetings? Didn't even have 'em back in my year, Stanford was on the dormitory system then. It's amazing how much this place has changed. Bet it's still a helluva time, though. And we both know the college tail ain't so bad, eh? eh?!

**Chip Becker,
Class of '93**

Two words: Fountain. Hopping. Ever heard of it?

**Evan MacMillan,
Wet and Wild**

Because the Democrats have a filibuster-proof majority, and my committee didn't have anything on the agenda.

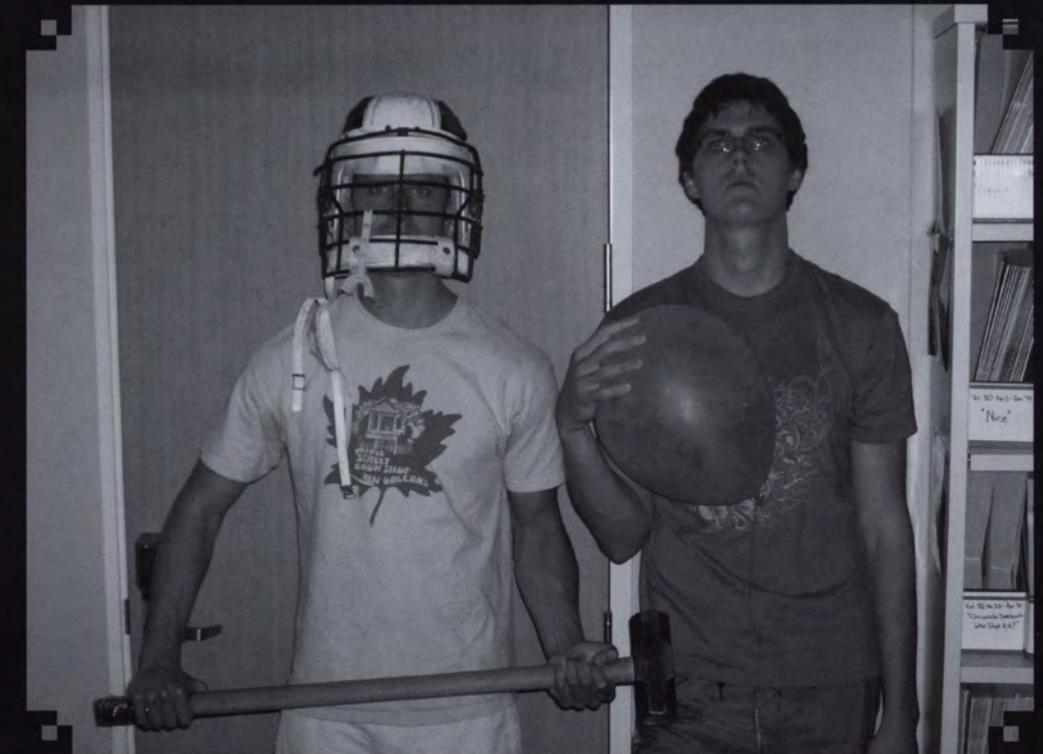
**John Boehner,
Haha... Boner**

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