

Stanford

\$4.00

CHAPARRAL

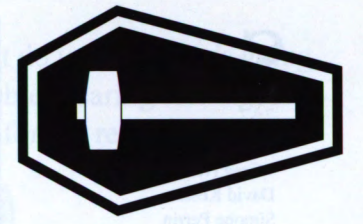


**Freshman
Number**



The Stanford Chaparral

Freshman Number



Vol. CXIII, No. 1

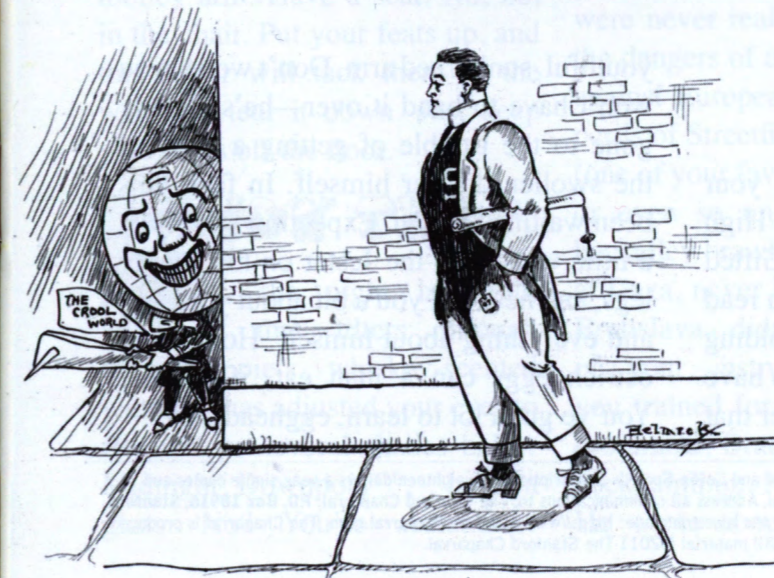
ART CREDITS

- 1 Cover..... Youngsmith
- 4 Legalize Spiritual Discovery and Pornography* Rugg
- 5 We Pay Their Tuition* Stockton
- 17 Tom Gun..... Kemper
- 23 Cyborg Towns

* February, 1967

WRITING CREDITS

- 2 O Heavenly Father Hertz
- 2 Fitness Corner Hertz
- 3 Hennessy's Speech Coggeshall, Hertz
- 6 Now That Old Boys
- 8 Stanford's Best of the Best Hertz
- 9 North Vietnamese Army Kemper
- 9 T-Shirts..... Coggeshall
- 9 Sorry Wrong Text..... Kessler
- 10 TV Shows* Phillips
- 11 Blues Albums Coggeshall
- 11 How We Roll..... Coggeshall, Kemper
- 11 What Did You Do This Summer Ameli
- 12 Stanford Whom..... Coggeshall, Kessler
- 12 Body Wash Kemper
- 13 Genetics Exam Hertz
- 14 Allen and Dangerfield..... Meisel
- 15 Color War! Hertz, G. Hertz
- 16 SFS Presents: The Rural Iowa Film Festival Hertz
- 17 SFS Presents: Special Screening Events..... Hertz
- 18 Think About It! Hertz
- 18 Stanford Olympians* Young
- 18 Hannah Arendt..... Coggeshall
- 19 Tips for Success Towns
- 19 The Cheese Shoppe..... Hertz
- 20 Kung Food* Pettit, Spiro
- 20 Trains, Planes, Something..... Werner
- 21 Club Kids Newsletter Ameli, Coggeshall
- 22 Non-Conformists..... Kessler
- 22 Stanford Alumni..... Coggeshall, Hertz, Kemper, Lyman
- 22 Birthday..... Hertz
- 23 Stereotypography Katovich
- 23 Goldfish De Taboada
- 24 Advertisement for Peter Hertz
- 25 The Truly Incomparable Ameli
- 26 Motorcycle Pictures* C. Kemper, Wyman
- 27 Wacky Laws Meisel
- 28 Stanford Abbrevs..... Hertz
- 28 Kubrick Collection* Ellickson
- 28 Rainier Beer* Onstad
- 29 froso.ko gastronomique Hertz
- 30 Staff Piece..... Staff



NOT YET, BUT SOON!

* These are the works of the ancients

Staff

- '11
Greg Hertz
David Kessler
Simone Perrin
- '12
Josh Alvarez
Isaac Bleaman
Nick Gardner
Tamarind King
Reyna Kontos
Alexei Koseff
Spencer Leroux
Laura Malkiewicz
Caroline Marks
Jarrod Marks
Riley Matthews
Ralph Nguyen

- '13
Charles Becker, Jr.
Brandon Evans
George Malkin
Jack Reidy
Ted Sciolla
Orfeo Tagiuri

- '14
Chris Frederick
Phillip Nazarian

- Special Thanks**
Sweet Emeritus Boys
Allan Phillips
Carrie Kemper
Kief da Snief
Lauren YoungSmith
Rat Jeffries
Those Fresh Girlsss

The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CXIII September 21st, 2011 No. 1

SAM COGGESHALL '12 <i>Old Boy</i>	ALEX HERTZ '13 <i>Old Boy</i>
KIAN AMELI '13 <i>Head Writer</i>	
ANTHONY SO '14 <i>Business Manager</i>	DANIEL KONING '14 <i>Web Director</i>
RYAN DE TABOADA <i>Distribution Manager</i>	GLORIA JOHNSON '13 <i>Art Director</i>
BILLY KEMPER '11 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>	JOSH MEISEL '12 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>

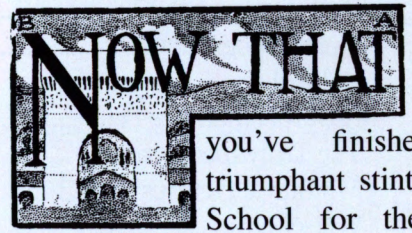
Hammer Coffin	DOG KENTER '07	MIKE PIHULIC '06
CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04	DANIEL KONING '14	DAVID ROSENTHAL '12
ANNE BENDER '02	DAVE LAMPSON '00	GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06	GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02	ANTHONY SCODARY '08
CHRIS CRANE '00	JOHN LYMAN '11	ANTHONY SO '14
SAM CC '13	PATRICK MAHER '09	IAN SPIRO '04
RYAN DE TABOADA '14	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	JOSH STARK '08
OWEN ELICKSON '00	NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06	CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
MATT HENICK '05	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	DANNY TOWNS '13
HUETTER! '03	EUGENE PARK '98	GARRET WERNER '10
GLORIA JOHNSON '12	DUSTIN PERKINS '00	ANNIE WYMAN '08
CARRIE KEMPER '06	ADRIAN PERRY '03	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07	JACOB YOUNG '02

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

REFLECTIONS

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED



you've finished your triumphant stint at High School for the Gifted No. 4,596, this old Jester's fixin' to read through that fat portfolio you're holding (rather tightly: your fingers seem to have sweated into the manila there) under that

youthful, sunburned arm. Don't worry, you won't have to hand it over—he's already gone to the trouble of getting a copy of the swollen dossier himself. In fact, he's been waiting for you. Expecting you. Take a little walk with the Jester on his gangly legs, and he'll tell you a bit about yourself, and everything about himself. How many ostrich eggs can a man eat, if forced? You've got a lot to learn, egghead.



Jester's got a whole lot of stuff in his coffin-cased kaboodle and kit—a shiny mirror, a mug of mead, a couple of musty old masks, a formidable hammer. A bell. A cap. A fucking plow? "Add a dash in there and you'd be closer to the truth," he answers with a wink. He's got a live owl too, an owl that can talk, and there's a goddamn long story behind that. That mechanical owl he used to have rusted out, and the Tamagachi owl Minerva gave him shit itself to death. It never was much good at looking out for anything, anyway. So now it's back to the genuine avis, the flesh and blood article, all screech and beak, with a deafening, soothing hoot. That wise fowl sits in the Jester's office all night, writing things (obscene things, truly obscene) on the table with its talons.

Speaking of the office, we've arrived—here's the door. LIMBO! Slide under this Jester's motley arm. Have a seat. No, no, in the chair. Put your feats up, and this Jester will tack them to the wall and tear it down. Just keep your mitts off the floor.

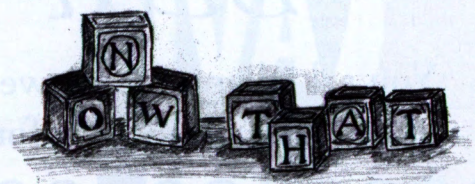
NOW THAT the night lamplight that filters through the Chappie's whiskey-scented windows has adjusted your eyes to frequencies several shades below Midnight Downpour™, have a glass. No? You're abstaining?

Interesting. That rum always does make the old teeth stand on end, even now.

So, you've excelled. Made the highest bells clang when you struck that hammer, got the girl who's dog got the lady dog. But now, as you're most likely beginning to notice, someone's put all the bells a whole lot higher, there is a dangerous number of lady dogs around, and all of a sudden it isn't your eleventh grade Krav Maga Krav-Maganza anymore and you're up a creek with no weapons-at-hand improvised street martial arts system to turn to, or at least no one to watch you perform your moves. What fine moves they were, too—smooth, adaptive, resourceful—but always dead on the Krav routine. A bottle here, one, two, a bottle smashed, three, four, stab two-three, stab two-three, garrote enemy with Venetian blind cord two-three-four. Made it well worth putting out the *Krav Maga-zine* every month.

And the presence of all those spectators and readers who would delight in your rehearsed improvisations was really the whole point, wasn't it, because you were never really threatened with the dangers of clandestine warfare against European jihadists, or the perils of Streetfighting in Palestine (one of your favorite albums too?), or even so much as a barroom backalley brawl. You never fought at Gaza, never knew Imi's fear in Bratislava, didn't feel the sting of your instructor's curses as you trained for the Mossad. Your roommate, Brad—he used to play backgammon. National champion. He wrote about it in all of his

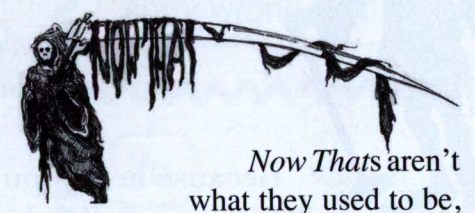
essays. But do you think he's going to be double bearing off against Deep Red for the rest of his days?



's enough. This isn't one of those Freshmen-oriented orientating addresses meant to belittle your earlier achievements by lumping you in with a bevy of extraordinary others. Exasperating as your aspirations may be, we've all got to come to terms with them, you included. There's no shame in that, at least not for the former quiz bowlers and fencers among us. Another glass?



last thing is not entirely true...we don't NOT want to lump you at all. That would be too rash. Instead we will scrupulously lump you: we will scrump you. We will, we will, scrump you.



Now Thats aren't what they used to be, we can take a step back from all the hooting and scrumpling. Heed this Old Boy's simple warning or be lumped in with all of the other lovely freshmen lumps. 'Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all. Seek not entrepreneurial success nor a passing grade. *Live to jest*, and inject no boonful herbs.

Published sixish 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 only four 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://www.stanfordchaparral.com> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers, a hard slap on the back, and a horseman's courage. All material ©2011 The Stanford Chaparral.



"BEST OF THE BEST"

You asked and we answered, you voted and we tallied the results. Without any hesitation, Stanford's most popular (and effective!) pick-up lines:

Pickup Line #3: I've heard tales of women of legendary beauty, and in all my days I never thought I'd lay my eyes on one. You strike me as one of those women. Are you? (8.5/10)

Pickup Line #2: Is it me, or do I hear wedding bells? No? I swear I did, but perhaps we should just go on a date then. (9/10)

And the **NUMBER ONE** Pickup Line...

"If I were a small piece of cotton, I would devote my entire life's purpose to being made into a dress just so I could be close to you all the time. Remember, I could have chosen differently—to be a Hanes t-shirt, or even a kite! Well, maybe not a kite, I'm very afraid of the wind."
(9.9/10)

Now that you've got your girl, you're gonna need to make her laugh! So we cooked up a few of the best jokes on The Farm for her amusement.

Our most popular joke from last year:

So I called up my father's grandson and he was like, "dad?"

What do you call a chicken crossing the street at Stanford?

I don't know, but look out for that bike!

Why did David Cross the road?

Because he's popular on *Arrested Development* and other shows like it.

What do you call a chicken crossing the street (who looks both ways) at Stanford?

You can never be too careful! Look again.

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Hi!

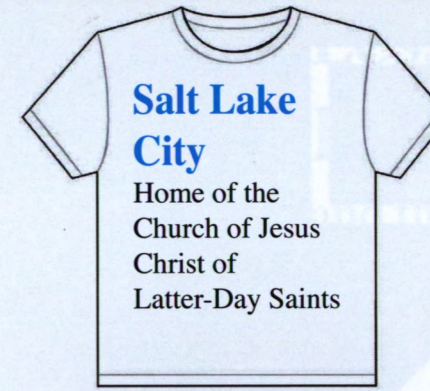
Hi who?

If I could just have a moment of your time, sir, I'm going door to door selling bike helmets—

Thanks, but we're not interested.

Why did David Cross the road carrying a chicken?

He mistook it for his son, who has Kimmelman's Syndrome.



sorry wrong text



Just woke up

What's ur CVC?

So how much for dinner again?

lol

?

\$19

sorry wrong text

the 3 #'s on back of card

sorry wrong text

ummm

Wanna see the Woody Allen movie?

sorry wrong text

Yo

Hey

Ya

AMC, 9:25?

What did you get for #14?

sorry wrong text

dunno

Great

sorry wrong test

sorry wrong text

Np

sorry wrong text

*text

sorry wrong text



Premises for Television Programs Called "At Wit's End"

week, "At Wit's End" presents a different reimagining of Oscar Wilde's last days on his death bed. Expertly narrated by John Goodman, (who lost over 200 pounds for the role) even in his agony, Wilde is a delight, dispensing wit, barbs and bons mots with equal facility. The scene is set on the edge of their seats, waiting for the inevitable, uproarious last words, "Either these drapes go up or down."

Davis Witt, a proud dockworker, but bashful poet. He is nearing his union-mandated retirement and is starting to think seriously about his literary efforts. His over-achieving son tries to choose a college. How a man with working class values—and upper-class smarts—raises his kids—both in the world—and on stage.

OFF: "At Rapier Wit's End"
Cracking high school fencing star Whitman Witt is some, popular and successful. So why can't he relate to his dockworker father? "@RWE" chronicles his fencing practice and weekends at Mom's—and the problems that come from there.

Come to Wit's End Camp, at the base of Mt. Shennunga! Two men serve as guides for mountaineers and viewers alike: Smitty, an idealistic Vassar dropout and Dorji, a world-weary sherpa. Each episode features a low third-rate billionaire getting shunted up the rock by Smits and Dorj, whose worldviews are always at loggerheads. The bickering, belies a true friendship. However, until a love interest divides them in a way politics on the mountain never could.

by Allan Phillips '07. Originally appeared in 2006's "At Wit's End."

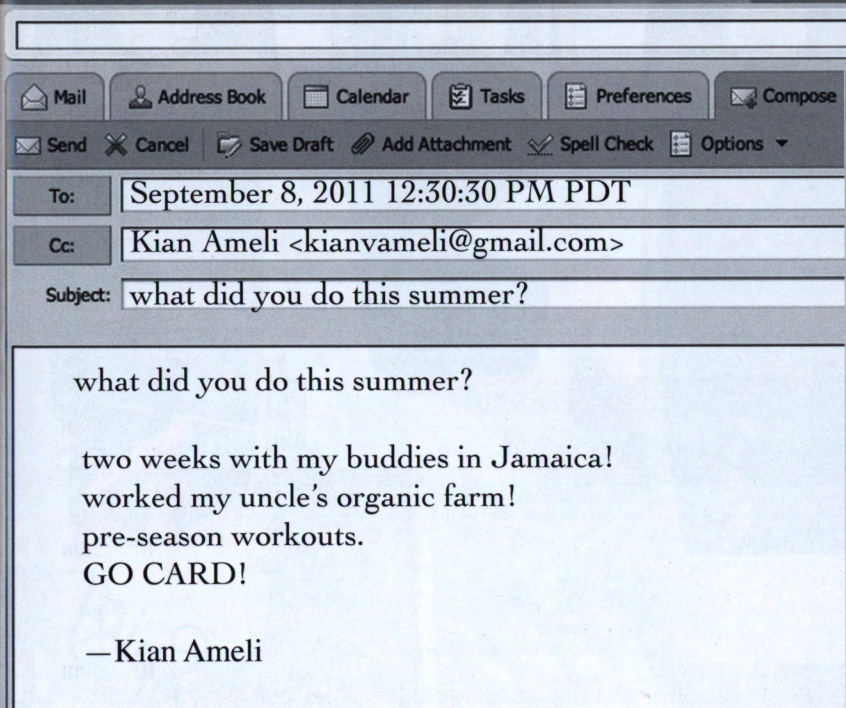
Eveline is 48 and a mother of three. Her husband took off ten months ago, but not before utterly spoiling the children he left in her custody. Desperate for extra cash, she turns to stand-up comedy, where her blistering diatribes against her kids strike a chord with other disillusioned moms. She's a smash hit and is soon on "The Tonight Show," bashing her brats, all the while trying to keep this hidden from the kids she still hopes to raise well. Suddenly, success and fortune are more stressful than ruin and poverty! Season Finale: The kids find out! Or do they?

When all other methods of nailing the bad guys fail, the men and women of "Law & Order: At Wit's End" step in. Bob "Thumbscrews" Smalley and his Nightmare Squad are charged with creating the kind of hellish unrealities that twist minds and open mouths. In the pilot, Smalley uses actors, mind games, and psychotropic drugs to fashion a tableau wherein a suspect sees his god murdered by his wife. When faced with accessory to deicide charges, he gets to talking.



how we roll

- Dude, you ready to go?
- Yeah, let's roll.
- Uh, don't you mean, "walk?"
- Hahaha.
- Good point.
- That's how I roll.
- Uh, don't you mean, "think?"
- Hahaha.
- Hahaha.
- You got me.
- Yeah. Let's take our bikes though.
- Alright. Let's roll.
- Uh, don't you mean, "roll?"
- Uh, don't you mean, "bike?"
- Wait, so are we rolling or not?
- Bitch I might be.
- What?
- Haha.
- I like how you think.
- Nah man, that's just how I roll.



Lesser-Known Blues Artists and the Forgotten Albums that Influenced a Generation:

Helen Wolf....."It's a Song for a Man" (1938)

Joe "Two Legs" Samson....."Walkin' but Blind" (1936)

Rory "Nickelbones" Cullen....."There's Nickel in My Bones (but I Don't Have a Penny)" (1947)

Kansas Phil....."Bleeding to Death in Kansas" (1931)

"X's" Johnson....."Can't Sign my Own Name (Illiteracy Blues)" (1950)

Hot-footed Cat....."Drought in My Fields, Drought in My Heart" (1935)

Cutty "Albatross" Hemmler....."Nickel Cancer (A Tribute to Rory Cullen)" (1951)

Jason Alabama....."Readin' the Moonshine Times" (1938)

Freddy "Leavenedbread" Jenkins....."No Bread to Eat" (1933)

Letty Sticks....."When a Sheep Holds a Wolf" (1941)

James "Lefty" Williamson....."Arm No Good For Liftin' (Heroin Blues)" (1951)

Letty Sticks....."(Give Me More) Heroin" (1952)

Search by name, email, work phone, or sunetid

Search in Stanford view

jensen

[show more options](#)

Search

StanfordWhom

Stanford-only listing

† = not shown in public listing

[return to results list](#) [view public listing](#) [vCard](#)

Mr. Alex Jensen

Email: ajents008@stanford.edu

At Stanford

Favorite Quarter: Spring!

† Second-Choice IHUM: Art and Ideas

P.O. Box: 3/4 Full

† Memorable Overseas Experience: Santiago Homestay

Acapella Exposure: Fleet Street (tryouts)

† Mirrelees: High Third Tier Selection

Additional Info

SUNet ID(s) †: [ajents008](#)

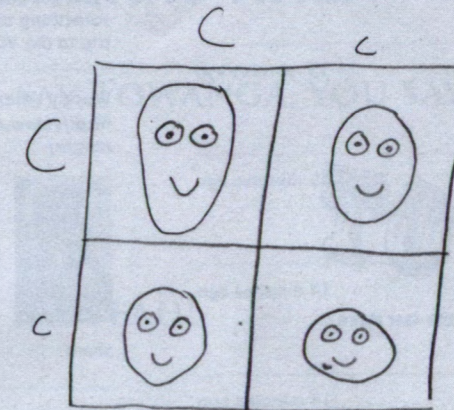
[return to top](#)

Name: Scrim Whitman Date: 5/11/11

Bio 43 Genetics Exam

Q2 Part 1: Two alleles for chin shape are present at the same gene locus in a human population. Let C represent the long chin allele and c represent the short chin allele. C is the dominant allele. Draw a Punnet square of the second generation of individuals and briefly illustrate the phenotype.

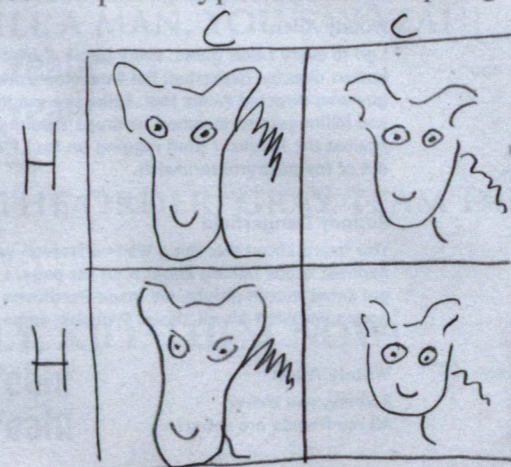
	C	c
C	CC	Cc
c	Cc	cc



+2

Part 2: A heterozygote from this population breeds with a horse, with a longer chin than any human in the population.

~~X~~ Illustrate the possible phenotypes of the offspring.



+0
humans can't
breed with horses

~~X~~ A new predator is introduced to the environment that selectively eats humans with small chins. What might happen to the gene frequencies of the population?

+0 The gene frequency of "cc" individuals would decrease.

no! The frequency of horse individuals would increase.

c) My wife is a horse. What do you think about that?

She has high genetic fitness in this environment.

+2

4/8

NEW

from

Old Spice



Spicy

Rodney Dangerfield and Woody Allen Have a Facebook Conversation

- Rodney Dangerfield 16 minutes ago
Hey, beef brisket! How's it going, you old bag?!
-
- Woody Allen 15 minutes ago
I'm doing alright Rodney. I'm doing OK.
-
- Rodney Dangerfield 15 minutes ago
Hey ain't that swell.
-
- Woody Allen 14 minutes ago
And look at you: You look great for someone spent the last three years dead. Honestly you're really holding up.
-
- Rodney Dangerfield 13 minutes ago
Thanks baby. You're swell.
-
- Woody Allen 13 minutes ago
I just I just don't know why I'm even on this thing. All I see is pictures of frat guys. I mean if I wanted to see a bunch of neanderthals prancing around in tank tops with Greek letters on them I'd go to the natural history museum. At least there I'd find someone with an IQ above their bra size! [Sweats nervously.]
-
- Rodney Dangerfield 13 minutes ago
Hey Woodzo, what's up with the brackets! I mean we're just talking to each other. Sheesh. This guy! This guy's so nervous, they pay his teeth to work over at the sewing factory.
-
- Woody Allen 12 minutes ago
Rodney, Rodney, who are you talking to, this guy? I'm right here. [turns and walks into the foreground, speaking directly to the camera] I wouldn't ever knock Rodney. He's actually kinda bright, you know? I think they even gave him an honorary degree at Tufts. It was either him or the Ayatollah.
-
- Rodney Dangerfield 11 minutes ago
Whoa settle down W.A.! I'm just razzin' you! Forget the FOURTH wall. This guy breaks more walls than they got at the local Holiday Inn! I heard they're hiring him down at Tony's Construction. Pays better than the movies! SHEESHI But seriously, Woody, I'm old, you gotta tell me how to use this thing! I'm tryin' to look at broads. Chicks. Zambuzas. You know, how do I put this lightly ... members of the fairer sex!
-
- Woody Allen 11 minutes ago
I get it, I get it. I feel like I'm talkin' to Merriam Webster over here.
-
- Rodney Dangerfield 11 minutes ago
I'm just saying I'm old.
-
- Woody Allen 11 minutes ago
You're old? Rodney I'm 77. I went to an opera the other night and got tennis elbow.
-
- Rodney Dangerfield 10 minutes ago
I'm just sayin' I ain't young. Facebook? Sheesh, when I was a kid the newest invention was Teddy Roosevelt! I'm tryin' to upload a picture here Woody. I don't know if I should click "post" or take a nap!

Woody Allen 10 minutes ago
I don't know how to use this thing either. I'm trying to find Smith students interested in Russian Literature. All I can find is my Uncle Fred asking if I remember where he put the toaster. What does he need a toaster for he's a hundred and nine.

Rodney Dangerfield 10 minutes ago
Let's face it Al Baby, we're no good no more. I just got poked by Marisa Tomei. Back in my day that meant something to brag about to the boys. These days all it means is a trip to the VD clinic and a quick chat with your therapist.

Woody Allen 10 minutes ago
http://www.rottentomatoes.com/m/you_will_meet_a_tall_dark_stranger/



You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger
www.rottentomatoes.com
It's sporadically amusing, and typically well-cast, but isn't one of Woody Allen's more inspired late-period efforts.

Share

Woody Allen 9 minutes ago
I got 44%. I spent a year working on that film and I did worse than Shaq at the free throw line.

Rodney Dangerfield 9 minutes ago
Hey. Don't sweat it baby. I saw the film. It's alright!

Woody Allen
I go to every Laker game. Every game. I'm still not the best-known director basketball fan from New York. I'm not the same guy who directed Annie Hall. Spike Lee mouths off Reggie Miller and Miller gets so steamed he drops 8 points in 9 seconds against the Knicks. I tried ragging on Paul Pierce. He took a bite out of my pastrami sandwich.

Rodney Dangerfield 9 minutes ago
You heard about this thing Wiki-whatever-you-call-it? My dumb nephew keeps talking about it on his page. I tell you this kids got some mouth alright. He made Beethoven go deaf again! I'm gonna see what it's all about. Probably some site for nut jobs!

Woody Allen a few seconds ago
Rodney, you there?
All my friends are dying?

Summer Camp 2006

Suzie and Nick are sent to **TOWANGA SLEEPAWAY** to have a great time!
It's time for color war—their favorite part!

CHANTING TIME!

Color War Captain: WHEN I SAY TOWANGA, YOU SAY YEAH! TOWANGA!

Suzie and Nick: Yeah!

Captain: TOWANGA!

Suzie and Nick: Yeah!

WHEN I SAY BLUE TEAM, YOU SAY YEAH!

BLUE TEAM! Yeah!

BLUE TEAM! Yeah!

WHEN I SAY KILL EM', YOU SAY YEAH!

KILL 'EM! Yeah!

KILL 'EM! Yeah!

WHEN I SAY KILL A MAN, YOU SAY YEAH!

KILL A MAN! Yeah!

KILL A MAN! Yeah!

WHEN I GIVE THE ORDER, GRAY TEAM DIES!

DO IT! Yeah!

DO IT! Yeah!

I MEAN REALLY, KILL THEM NOW!

KILL THEM! Yeah!

KILL THEM! Yeah!

WHY WON'T YOU KILL THEM WHEN I SAY?!

MURDER! Yeah!

MURDER! Yeah!

IF YOU WON'T KILL THEM, EAT THIS MOUSE!

EAT IT! Yeah!

EAT IT! Yeah!

Suzie and Nick were extremely helpful in color war that year, helping the blue team to score 40 points.

TOWANGA!

TOWANGA!

TOWANGA!

COLOR WAR!

YEAH!

YEAH!

YEAH!

GO BLUE!

THE STANFORD FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS:

The Rural Iowa Film Festival

FEATURE FILM ENTRIES:

- Cold Harvest
- Sweet Corn, My Pride
- Old Wives, Festive Daughters
- Too Cold to Harvest**
- A Kernel A Day Keeps My Daughter Away
- Sweetie Found Love In the City
- Frozen Corn, Broken Teeth



Saturday: It is Nigh
a film by Brian Coughman

"Documentarian Brian Coughman goes deep into the Iowa underground to uncover the truth behind its rapidly dwindling population of teenage girls. What his unflinching camera captures along the way exposes the dark underbelly of the weekend woman." (The New York Times)

"Where have they gone? Coughman looks beyond this question to ask, with an unwavering focus, why these girls are abandoning their farms for the big city." (The Chicago Tribune)

"This film changes everything. I mean that not as a woman, but as a human being." (The Washington Post)

FEATURE-LENGTH DOCUMENTARY ENTRIES:

- The Weekend Approaches
- Saturday: It is Nigh**
- Stay Out Late, Break my Heart
- Crystal Math *** (WINNER) *****

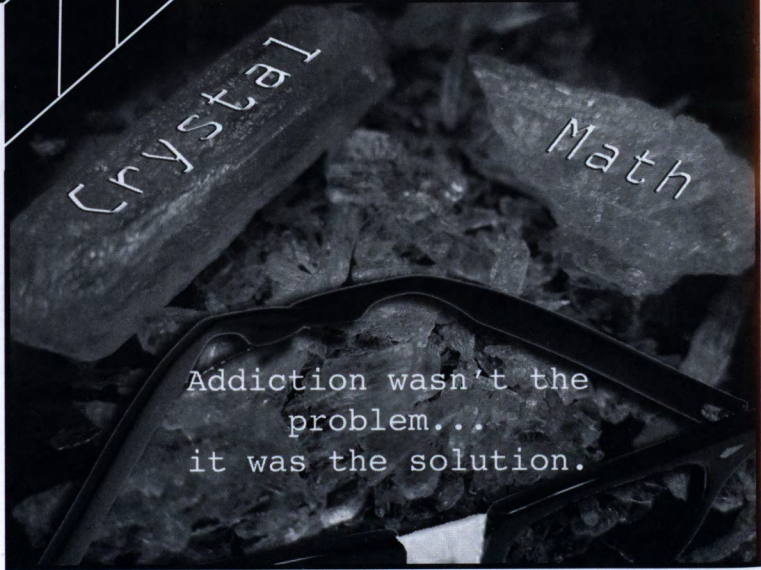
AWARDS DESIGNATED ON STYLE, CONTENT, AND TRADITIONAL IOWAN VALUES

*****Winner of the coveted Palm D'Corn*****

Crystal Math—the uplifting documentary about one boy's meth addiction that led him to discover a hidden talent for mathematics.

"A story that penetrates the deepest of places in the human soul. As wondrous as it is inspiring." (The Boston Globe)

"A film so brutally honest, so touching... I cried tears of ecstasy during the end credits." (Roger Ebert)



SFS SPECIAL SCREENING EVENTS

Featuring the Scorsese Collection

- The Deported
- Goon Fellas
- Clean Streets
- The Last King of Comedy**



HIT FILMS FOR BROTHERS

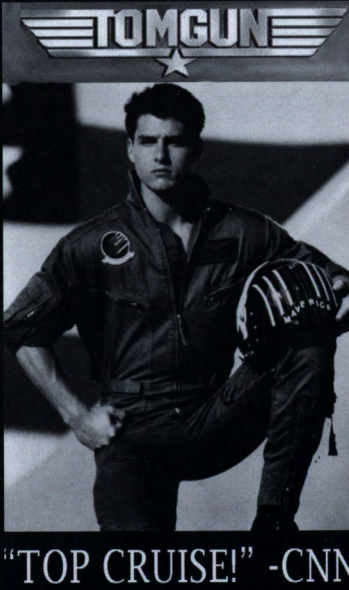
"The Summer of the Pecan Tree" FEATURING OWEN AND LUKE WILSON

JOHN AND JOAN CUSACK STAR IN **"The Wright Brothers"**

This Sunday: CLASSIC PERFORMANCES

"It's a Wonderful Life"
JOHN STEWART IS SPECTACULAR IN THIS CLASSIC WINTRY TALE.

"Tom Gun"
CRUISE IN HIS PRIME.



"TOP CRUISE!" -CNN

STANFORD OLYMPIANS



- If Stanford were a country, it would have finished 7th in the medal count at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics.
- If Stanford swimmers were a country, they would have finished 13th in the medal count at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics, but would have a GNP ranked only 26th.
- If Stanford were a country, and that country were a person, that person would be 8 feet tall.
- If Stanford were a country, it wouldn't have won any medals at the 1996 Akron, Ohio Special Olympics, but still would have been a winner and gotten a coupon for a free small fries at participating McDonald's locations.
- If Stanford were a country, and that country traded all of its gold medals for food, you could feed all the children in a worse country. (But you'd have a lot of angry athletes!)
- If Marion Jones were a country, she would still frighten and arouse me, and I would both fear her iron hand and cherish its protection.
- If Sri Lanka were a country it would still not have won any medals at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics.
- If the University of California at Berkeley were a country it would be Sri Lanka. BOOYAH!

Let's Think About It!

What's bigger, a duck or a chicken?

Think about it!

What are pillows made out of?

Think about it!

What do you call a king's daughter?

Think about it!

Who fought in the Vietnam War?

Think about it!

Think about the Americans who sacrificed themselves.

Think about it!

What does a Medal of Honor mean to a man who's lost everything?

Think about it!

How many limbs does a man have to lose before he is no longer a man?

Think about it!

My son won't look me in the eyes!

Think about it!

My boy looks upon his old man's stubs with the fear of a thousand children.

Think about it!

What do pandas eat?

Think about it!

SUCCESS TIPS: TIPS FOR SUCCESS!



TIP #1: GET ORGANIZED!



TIP #2: WHEN IN DOUBT, WEAR THE SHORTS. (OTHERWISE, THE ROBE)



TIP #3: YOU LOVE EVERYBODY!



TIP #4: "FUCK IT, I'M HAMMERED."



TIP #5: SAMPLE THE NIGHTLIFE



Books by Hannah Arendt

The Origins of Totalitarianism

Totalitarian Origins: The Genesis of the National State

State Totalitarianism: A National Genesis

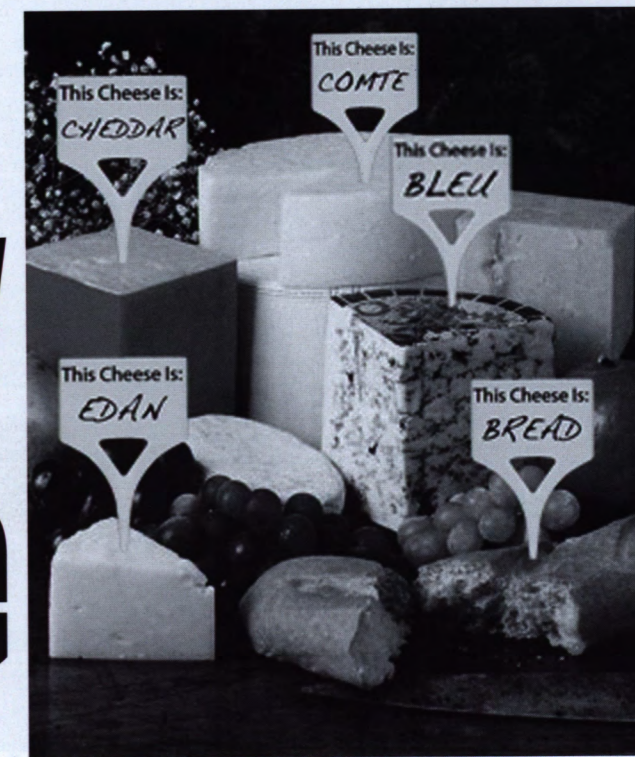
The Totalitarian State: Myths of Origin

The Tautology of Autocracy: Autocratic Tautologies

Bureaucrats, Autocrats, Cecil Rhodes, Auschwitz: Intimate Genesis

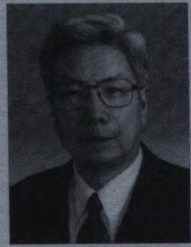
Eichmann in Jerusalem: the Origins of Totalitarianism

THE CHEESE Shoppe



KUNG FOOD SUPREME

Featuring Authentic Chinese Cuisine since 1986. Peking, Cantonese, Szechuan.
SORRY NO HUNAN!



A word from our head chef and co-owner, Mr. "Doctor Chow-Mein" Ming:

Here at Kung Food, we have been cooking Chinese food the old fashioned way for over a century. Our recipes are stained by the sweat and toil of my ancestors and we use only the freshest ingredients and most purified municipal waters. My culinary creations will tempt your oral sensibilities and leave your mind reeling for more. The atmosphere of our downtown Santa Clara facility will haunt you (in a good way) with memories of all the delicious foods you have eaten here.

Fighter Chicken/Poultry

General Tsao's Chicken.....11.25
Fine chicken morsels gently tempered in sesame oil and hot sauce, just the way General Tsao made it for his Ming dynasty warriors, on their way to the hallowed battle of Shaolin.

General Chau's Chicken.....10.50
Delicious chicken pieces heated with oil and sesame with spicy pepper essences, just like Chau used to cook it for the Tsing-gho fighters before leading them to death.

The General's Chicken.....9.90
Poultry, cooked in sauce, like it was cooked for the ancient Chinese.

Hunan Pork.....n/a
Filthy and disgusting food with nothing to say in past or future. We would not dishonor your patronage with the preparing of this dish.

1986 Olympic Beef.....13.70
The forgiving flesh of oxen soothes your body and mind. Lay aside the competitive natures for a conciliatory feast worthy of a Champion.

Tiny Red Pepper Mustard.....11.25
A taste you will never forget... order once.

Murder Soup.....5.45
Twice-fried dough, marinated in plum wine, and turned into soup.

Student Special \$5 – Diet Coke, chopsticks, plenty of napkins, MSG, Soy Sauce, Golden Fried Soy Sauce Packets, Sautéed Menus.

Professors' Special (Serves 2)-- \$80. We aren't kidding around when it comes to the Professors' Special. Mountains of golden dumplings. A veritable sea of chicken chow mein. More kung paos than the eye can even see. Plenty of food to replenish yourself after a long day of arduous scholarship.

Chinese Zodiac Calendar

The Monkey
As it is currently the year 2004, all new babies will be born into the sign of the Monkey. Under the sign of the Monkey, your child will possess great flexibility and cleverness, an ability to plan for the future, and great proficiency with manual handwork. Monkeys are most compatible with Dragons and Rats (people born in 1984, 1988, or twelve year increments thereof.)

The Hog
Born in the years 1947, 1959, 1971, 1983, and 1995. The things that bring you luck will be colored taupe and your year will be stuffed fat with job prospects. Health wise, there are few things that can get you down besides meat products and dairy. Your temperament guarantees you a fruitful year of luck with obscurely investments.

The Moose
You are born in the years 1950, 1962, 1974, 1986, and 1998. You are slow and lethargic. Read your credit card statements carefully. This year will be filled with luck in love and defeat in endeavors of the mind.

The Jackrabbit
You are born in the years 1951, 1963, 1975, 1987, and 1999. Be wary of strong armed businessmen and parking lot construction. Flee confrontational situations and keep others well informed. Your luck in endeavors of love will be exercised through unassuming parties.

The Crayfish
You are born in the years 1952, 1964, 1976, 1988, and 2000. Your physical weakness and inability to survive trying situations will be surpassed by a drive to climb a mountain. Throughout your excursions remember your family and small children. The lottery will turn in your favor this year. Play fervently and often.

The Arthropod
You are born in the years 1954, 1966, 1978, 1990, 2002 and are consequently very thick skinned. A war in your homeland will not only guarantee your chance at a place in history, but also the likelihood of a place in infamy. Spendthriftily. Also, choose new friends over old friends. Tangy spices will bring luck in love.

The Husky
Friendly to many while disingenuously loyal. Weak willed with a strong desire to win. Emotionally stifled and soft spoken. Most lack a need for friends like you.

The Bottom Feeder
You've had long luck with making best with your lot. This year, avoid collecting extra fees for business payments that are overdue. Keep an open-mind, as always with love prospects. Things might turn your way. Refrain from lingering desires to commit forgery.

By Amanda Pettit '05 and Ian Spiro '04. Originally appeared in 2004's "Very Important Files" parody.

Planes, Trains, and Something

Michael - Hey Stefanie! How was your summer?

Stefanie - It was great, Michael! How was yours?

Michael - God you know it was just the best. Say, I was wondering if you could help me with something.

Stefanie - Sure, anything!

Michael - Well, you see, I can't think of this word...

Stefanie - What word?

Michael - Oh, you know... what's the name of the place where you go to get on a train?

Stefanie - Ohhhh... like where all the trains are?

Michael - Yeah, what's that called?

Stefanie - Gosh... this is so weird! I'm blanking on the word for it too!

Michael - Ha! So you see what I mean!

Stefanie - Yeah! Man, this is frustrating... I can picture it in my head... It's a big building, with lots of trains in it and train tracks. People are moving about...

Michael - Exactly! But what's the name for it? I know I used to know.

Stefanie - Me too... what's the place... with the trains...

Michael - Oh it's on the tip of my tongue.

Stefanie - Ooh I've almost got it.

Michael - It's...

Stefanie - It's...

Together - The *trainairport*.



"CLUB KID" NEWSLETTER



Look at those FABULOUS Club Kids!



We're having SUCH a delicious time at the PlayPlace!



Ronald St. Donald and Franco Grimace in the Ball-Pit!



Kids, don't let evil Peter Gatién ruin the fabulousausagy!



"I swallowed my real tongue!" – Fabuleuse Joni Richels, dame of the PlayPlace



Peter Gatién!



Freeze McFlurry and Ronald St. Donald just smothered Angel in the Ball-Pit! Murder and Burgers are just too cute together. If you don't play rough, you're just not playing!!

NEW CLUB KIDS MENU:

- EXCESS FRENCH FRIES \$\$\$**
- EXCESS CHEESE \$\$\$**
- EXCESS KETCHUP \$\$\$**
- MACFABULEC/TAX SANDWICH \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**

Conformist
Non-Conformist

Non-Conformist
Non-Conformist

Eats brown-rice sushi

Uses Textedit instead of Word

Uses handkerchiefs instead of Kleenex

Still owns a pager

Vacations in Moscow (Russia)

Only drives Zipcars

Uses Gmail in Latin

Loves salmon jerky

Eats raw-rice sushi

Uses Powerpoint instead of Word

Uses bowties instead of Kleenex

Still rents a pager

Vacations in Moscow (Idaho)

Only drives Supershuttles

Uses Gmail in Sign Language

Loves goldfish jerky

**Famous
Stanford Alumni**

Business:

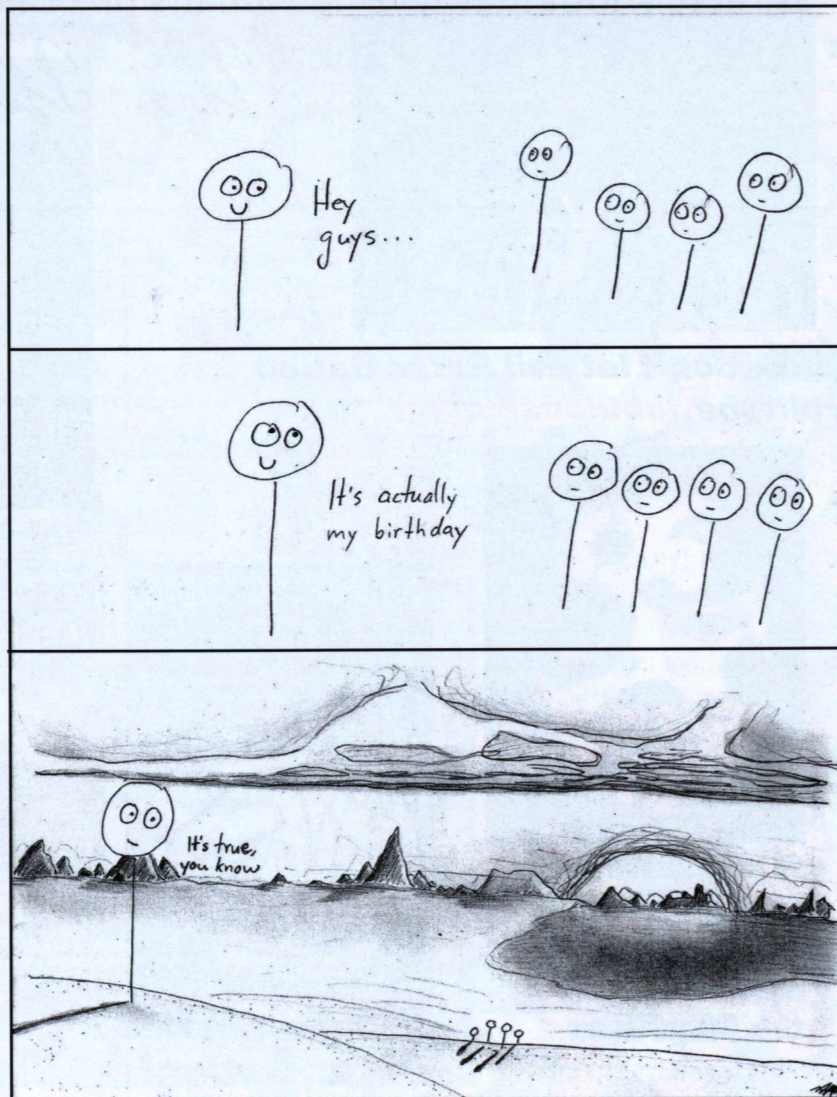
Sergei Brine
Joe Colombo
Hewlett Packard

Personalities:

Ted Koffee
Sally Reade
Reeses Witherspoon
Johnifer Connelly
Herbert Hoovers
Ben Sauvage
Robert Pesto

Sports:

Jim Plunkiss
Toby Garrett
John Macken-Rose
Ted Dannon
John L. Way
Tiger Wolf



STEREOTYPOGRAPHY

Lucida Calligraphy?

Way too "Thai Food Restaurant".

**Impact? I do not drive a Honda Civic.
Too asian.**

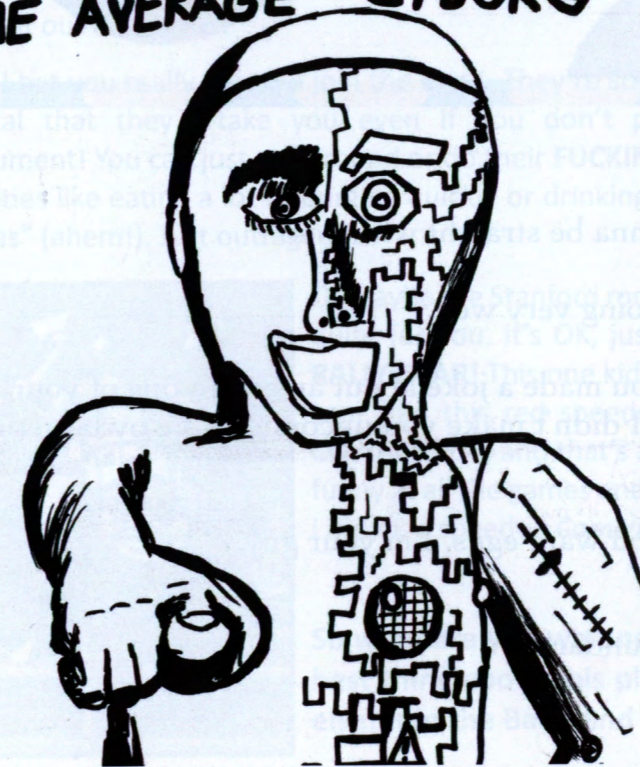
*Palatino? Sorry. I'm not having a whites-only
wedding in Napa Valley.*

Comic Sans? Gaaaaay.

Is there a font that says "a woman's place is in the kitchen"?

Yes. Yes there is.

**YOU'RE SMARTER THAN
THE AVERAGE CYBORG**



Goldfish

Goldfish are like my best friend Steve.
They **NEVER** listen to me.



Girlfriends are like goldfish. You feed them
and then they have sex with you.



Goldfish are like non sequiturs.
My little brother forgets to feed them.

This advertisement is intended ONLY for Pete in Otero.

Hey Pete. My name is Steven McDaniels, but you can call me Grouse.

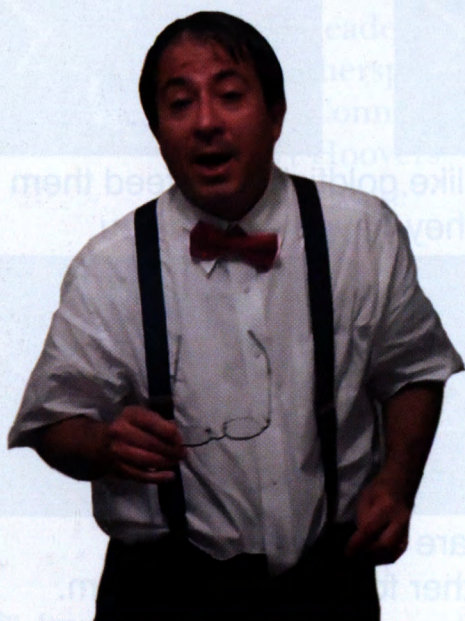
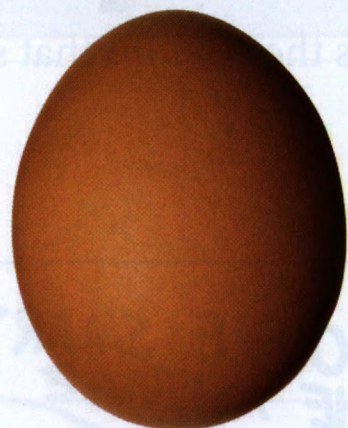
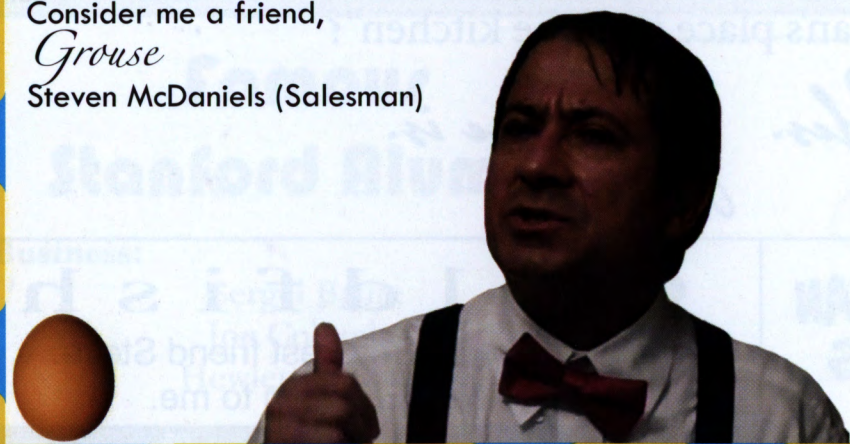
My business is **eggs**. **Yolk runs in my veins.**
I'm a man who deals good **eggs** and better deals, Pete.

Buy my one-a-day **egg** meal plan. You can't make those fried **eggs** you like so much **without it**.

Your friends will be running to the dining hall while you eat your bounty of fresh, hand-picked farm **eggs**. **Don't you want that?**

Look—I've dealt with plenty of students who need more than the typical amount of **eggs**. I think we should do business together. **It'll be quick and it'll be easy.**

Consider me a friend,
Grouse
Steven McDaniels (Salesman)



Listen Pete, I'm gonna be straight with you.

My business isn't doing very well.

Your RA told me you made a joke about an egg to one of your classmates. I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable by targeting you directly.

Just know that if you want eggs, I'm your guy.

Respecting your boundaries,

Grouse

The Truly Incomparable... **Stanford Band!**

The Stanford Band's no ordinary band. Instead of marching, they just run around and go all wacky! Yea, that's right. And no boring uniforms like those stuffy ivy league bands over on the East Coast (booooo!). These crazy band geeks dress up in the silliest outfits!

The band leader once dressed up like Jesus Christ! I mean, who does that? But that's just the norm for those nutso bonkers band kids, those maniacs.



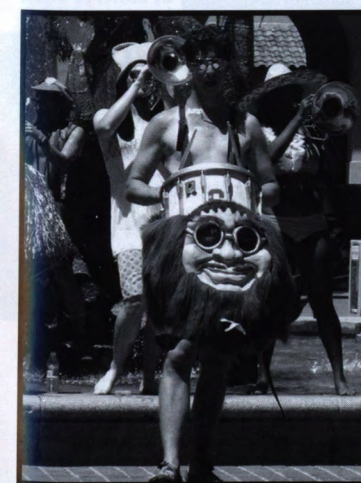
Another time, the guy was just **BUTT NAKED!** Talk about pushing boundaries, this guy has none!

And on Full Moon on the Quad, the Tree kisses so many people! It's literally the funniest thing! Some people say he's even on **DRUGS** or doing alcohol!

The Band gets into other crazy shenanigans too, like one time they changed their Wikipedia page to say that they invented quiche and were responsible for perestroika! Now **THAT'S** Stanford humor!

Oh, and just wait for band run, when the band seriously **RUNS ALL OVER CAMPUS!** It's probably the best part of the school year, and I guarantee you'll love it! You just run from dorm to dorm while the **COOLEST** kids at school play pop songs on marching band instruments! Picture Drumline but **YOU** are Nick Cannon's friend and Nick Cannon is **WAY** more talented and flat out ridiculous!

Now I bet you really want to join the band. They're so crackers mental that they'll take you even if you don't play any instrument! You can just run around or do their **FUCKING WILD** activities like eating a lot of burgers quickly or drinking a lot of "sodas" (ahem!). Just outrageous.

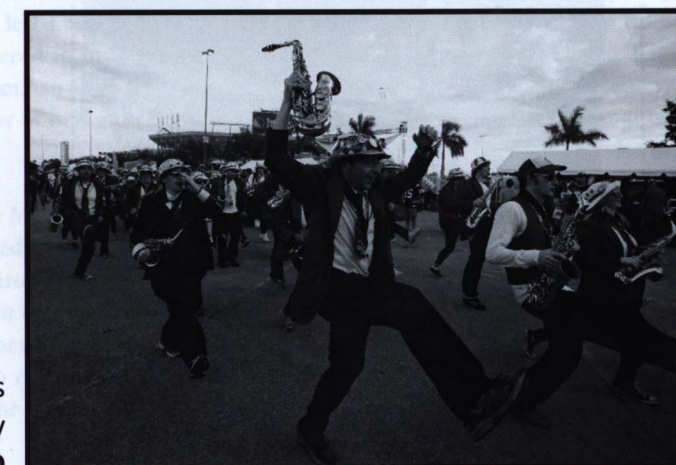


Or maybe the Stanford rockstar lifestyle just isn't quite for you. It's OK, just dress **ALL WEIRD** in **RALLY GEAR!** This one kid on my floor freshman year had this red speedo and a **HUGE FOAM COWBOY HAT**, and that's all he wore. He was so funny at all the games and **FOUNTAIN HOPPING!** I mean, a speedo? **Come on!**

So what are you waiting for? Get out there and join the god damn band! It's the best thing about this place, which is just so not like any other school anywhere else! Join the Band and do something really different and out of this world!



The **tubas** are painted to look like the funniest art, and our mascot, the Tree, isn't even officially our mascot because who cares about regular old technicalities like that? Only those banal nightmare schools **BACK EAST** (yuck!)



Stanford University

Motorcycle Pictures

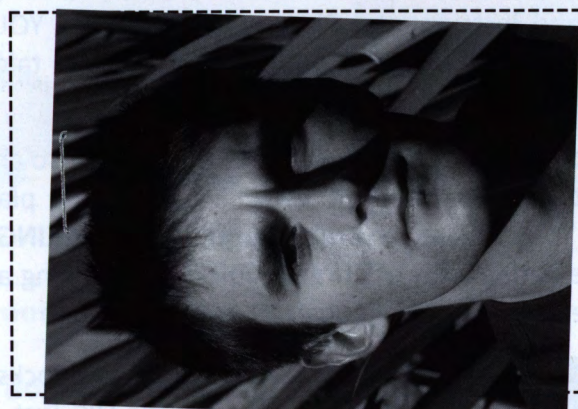
Please complete this form and return it in the return envelope provided.

Full name Mark Willis Stanford ID 05509643

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.

WACKY LAWS

The other day I read one of those books about crazy laws. You know the type — unattended horses have to wear diapers, only married women have permission to yawn and scream at the same time, stuff like that. But the weird part is it's all real. Don't believe me? Think again.

I finished the book in no time at all, and my newly discovered legal ignorance didn't worry me too much. I briskly went to a diner to down a couple fried eggs. I got a seat that overlooked the parking lot to keep an eye on my attendant-less horse, just in case a cop said something, but nonetheless I didn't pay too much attention and I certainly didn't waste the time and money to purchase such a large diaper. The fried eggs were good and cheap, and I was ready for the rest of my care-free day.

But not so fast!

Driving my horse to the pet store to buy some horse food and more horses (one and the same — am I right!) an officer pulls me over. "You got sex appeal, baby! Sex appeal!" he says. Just kidding — at this point in the day thing were still fairly normal. (I use the term "fairly" loosely. It's just something I like to do.) What the officer did do is give me a fine for having my taillight out. I know it's not that much of an archaic law, but it was during the day, so how did he know it was out? That's at least a little archaic in my book.

Anyways, I made my way back from the pet shop, my trusty ol' horse riding one of the new ones. When I got home, I immediately noticed my mother and father's duties had switched. Apparently there's a law saying if a lawyer loses three cases in a row he has to switch duties with his wife to humiliate him into being a better lawyer. Obviously this would normally not be enforced, but I do know my dad's boss studied law history at law school, and he's always had eyes for my mom, so I guess he took advantage of the situation. Come to think of it, my dad's last three defendants all had the same last

name as my boss, and one of them tried to steal the judge's tie. You're turning out to be quite the crafty boss, Mr. Peppermancho!

I told my mom I was going to Leslie's and playing love songs to the violin outside of her window until she forgave me for only having originally dated her to win a wacky bet with Rob Schneider before I fell in love for real with her big-toothed charm. Ma said to make sure I put some yarn around my E-string lest I risk a steep fine, and I told her I would before complimenting her on learning the law of the land so fast. I sure as hell didn't want to look foolish in front of Leslie (ever since Leslie took off her glasses 80 minutes into our romance and started wearing eye-liner I realized she was hot and a keeper), so right before I left I clenched my fists and secretly whispered to myself, "I'm not gonna tie yarn, Mom," so at least I wouldn't be breaking the law of being nice to your mom.

I was on the last song of the Moulin Rouge songbook when Leslie opened her window. Unfortunately I had just thrown a pebble which knocked her square on the forehead, but luckily I had still won her back so she let down her hair for me to climb when a police officer arrested me for playing Paul McCartney on a Thursday.

The whole ride on the back of the police horse I was cursing my bad luck. But the cool part is strange laws can work in your favor too. When we got to the station I talked to a lady.

"Hallo!" I bellowed, hoping she would like me.

"Well hello there little guy," she tickled. "What brings you here?"

"Uh, erm, well, hmmm, you see."

"Aw gosh, don't be so nervous."

"Sorry ma'am," I said, looking down. "What I was trying to say is that I was arrested for making a loud noise."

"Gasp!" she gasped. "Paul McCartney on a Thursday! Well I hope you don't like not being killed, because the punishment is dying of old age."

I started to cry. "But I'm only seven-and-a-half. I'm too young to die of old age!"

"Oh you poor, sweet thing," she mumbled through a mouthful of peach cobbler. "Hrmmm lemme think," she thought, suggestively taking out her lawbook. They still hadn't taken me to my jail cell so the lady got a crack team of lawyers to stay up day and night eating Chinese takeout and growing a million o'clock shadows to find a hook for me. I've said it once and I'll say it again: "the cool part is strange laws can work in your favor!"

I was napping when I heard the big news. "You're free to go," the third handsomest lawyer said, gazing stoically through his brown curls. Apparently, the night before, Third Most-Handsome Gary was rewatching Moulin Rouge for the umpteenth time when he had an epiphany. I wasn't playing a Paul McCartney tune, it was Ewan McGregor alluding to Paul McCartney in "The Elephant Love Medley," and a 1918 law was made just to distinguish Ewan McGregor from people he alludes to, so I was free to go back to my apartment and my job at the mill and my microwavable spinach pies. But this wasn't the end of my whirlwind journey, emphasis on the whirl.

You see, I'm in my first-grade reading class (I go to night school after my job at the mill), reading aloud the same Seuss book as the broad next to me. As if it wasn't confusing enough trying to focus on the plot with this current flood of audio input, at one point we simultaneously said, "Green eggs and ham," and were forced to marry each other's cousins. Now what I'm about to tell you is going to make your hair stick out your skin: this broad's cousin was my best friend's girl.

So now I'm working at the mill supporting two people, and it's not like I'm gonna get any loving 'cause no way my wife's gonna ditch my best friend just for some stupid law, and all I can think to myself is what a long strange trip it's been by the Grateful Dead.

FORMS 2005-06

Stanford is famous for its slang and abbreviations. Here's a guide to key words you MUST LEARN if you want to be Stanford savvy!

PLACES

- Coho:** The Coho
- WhiP:** White Plaza (the Real Quad)
- The Quad:** The Fake Quad
- Green:** Green Library
- Meyer:** Green Library
- MemAud:** Memorable Audition (you WILL get a callback)
- NonMemAud:** Get 'em next time
- MemChu:** "Delicious"
- FloMo:** Where the SLE are sent to live out their remaining years

PEOPLE

- Profro:** Another word for "professor"
- ProFRO:** A frozen professional, i.e. a figure skater
- PROfro:** One who is professional at having a fro, i.e. a black man or some Jewish women
- ASSU:** Association of Stanford Students' Uncles

TRADITIONS

- IHum:** "Inhuman"
- PWR:** Program in Wrong and Right (The Stanford Law School)
- Dead Week:** A week of mourning for those who perished in the English Department fire of '35.
- Primal Scream:** The uncanny sound some swear you can hear late at night coming from the old English Department building.
- Big Game:** The grudge football match between Stanford and Cal. Students call it "Big Game" because of the visual illusion created as both teams choose to start their tiniest players.
- The Daily:** The Stanford Daily. Its name is a pun on its unrelenting ability to annoy Stanford campus on a "daily" basis.
- The Chappie:** The Chipporal (The Stanford Club for Boys)



Featuring "2001: A Space Odyssey," "Dr. Strangelove" and more, this seven-tape collection is the ultimate introduction to one of the masters. A must-have for any lover of the cinema—yours for only \$129.95. If you tried to make this set yourself, you would have to spend over one trillion dollars.

Don't believe it? Well, three years of film school and seven high-budget movie productions really add up. And that's not factoring in outputting the movies to video, designing the covers and shrinkwrapping them into one set.

Not to mention copyright costs. After all, Stanley Kubrick already made these seven exact movies. If you want to make and distribute them all over again just so you can have a seven-tape set, you'll have some hefty licensing fees to pay.

Also, you'd have to design and build a time machine, so you could go back in time and film all the actors when they were the right ages for the movies. The cost of a time machine? **One trillion dollars.**

And even then, you still couldn't make this set, because you're not Stanley Kubrick, who's dead.

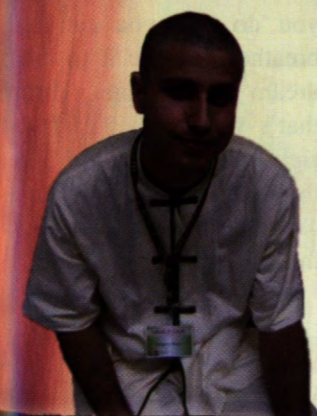
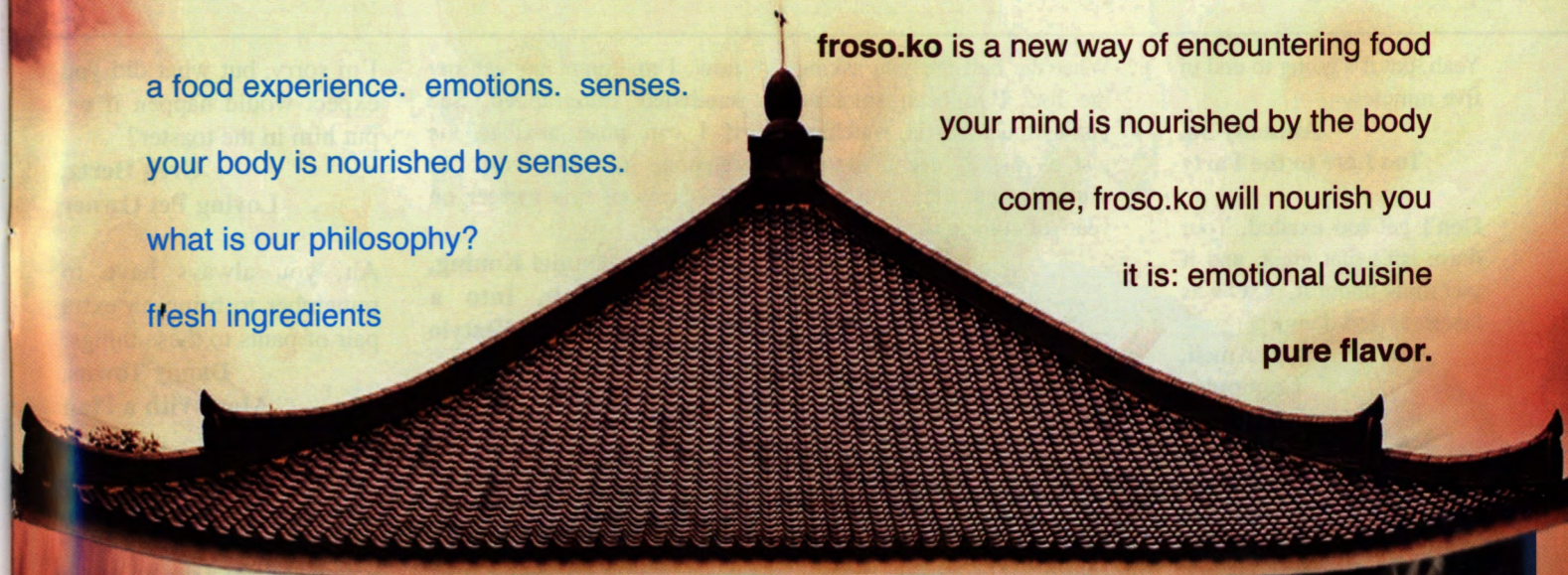
Why go to film school and build time machines just so you can not even have these seven movies together? We've collected them here, for you.

The Stanley Kubrick Collection.
Only **\$129.95**

froso.ko gastronomie

a food experience. emotions. senses.
your body is nourished by senses.
what is our philosophy?
fresh ingredients

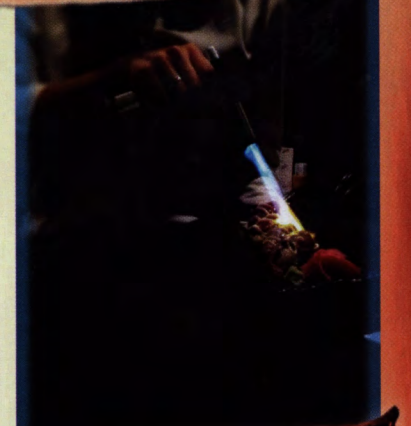
froso.ko is a new way of encountering food
your mind is nourished by the body
come, froso.ko will nourish you
it is: emotional cuisine
pure flavor.



Executive Chef **Rat Jeffries** combines a local food mentality with avant-garde molecular gastronomy.

Chef Jeffries keeps a shaved head at all times out of respect for his heritage. Chef Jeffries is rat-born and trained by rats in the culinary arts.

froso.ko is a zen chateau du cuisine situated soundly on the bank of Lake Lagunita. The menu features a diverse selection of local vegetable and animal produce from the lake and surrounding swamp area.



Chef Jeffries' Autumn 2011 Seasonal Tasting Menu

oyster jello shots	spherified bolognese sauce served on a bed of raisins	deer steak with spoonbill consomme	Jeffries' signature rat confit
caramelized local sea slug	tiny spheres of bolognese	cannoli with cream-of-bolognese gelato	



We asked the staff...

"Can This Really Be Happening?"

Yeah, but it's going to end in five minutes.

**Anthony So,
Too Late to the Party**

Don't get too excited. Your dorm isn't that great, and if you think about it, NSO was fascist as god damn.

**Kian Ameli,
Unpopular**

I'm fully vested, my stock options have matured, chips ashed, rechargeable batteries thrown in the garbage can. I'm set, kiddo. I don't give a fuck whether it's happening or not.

**Leo Alterman,
Ready for Anything**

You mean MAY this really be happening.

**Garret Werner,
Arch**

What do you call a Japanese kid in a cape?
"Super-Nintendo."

**John Lyman,
Doesn't Play by the Rules**

What the hell are you asking me for? I've been smoking just as much salvia, watching just as much Inception, and starting just as many freshman years of college as you have.

**Josh Stark,
Three Levels Deep**

To me?

**Sam Coggeshall,
Fifth Contestant**

I imagine that's what the security guard was thinking as Hannibal Lecter began slicing off his face to wear it like a mask. I mean, what else are you thinking at a moment like that?

**Chip Becker,
Plenty of Things**

Anything is possible if you believe in yourself and never give up.

**Brandon Evans,
Character**

Is that the Jared over there? I had no IDEA he ate at this Subway! Okay. Easy

now. I'm gonna go get my sandwich autographed. See if I can pose next to his fatpants. You can work out the terms of this merger on your own.

**Daniel Koning,
Out of a Job, Into a
Healthier Lifestyle**

I say we press ourselves tightly against this glass in order to find out.

**Sam CC,
Shouldn't Have
Experimented with Those
Sharks' Brains**

Is the Pope Catholic?

**David Kessler,
Not Catholic**

'Can' is an awfully strong word, but yes. It can be happening. Is it happening? No.

**Ryan de Taboada,
Brightest Tool in the Shed**

Yeah, I can't believe it myself. I went to this birthday party assuming it would be LAME and BAD, but it's actually HAPPENING and GOOD. There's tons of people, even more super soakers, and a stripper stripping in the cake. So when you ask me, "Can this really be happening?" my answer is, "Yes, this is happening, and in a very real sense."

**Josh Meisel,
A Man of High Standards**

Pinch your dick to make sure.

**Billy Kemper,
Our Favorite PHE**

I'm sorry, but what did you expect would happen if we put him in the toaster?

**Greg Hertz,
Loving Pet Owner**

Ah, you always have to remember to bring an extra pair of pants to these things.

**Danny Towns,
Man With a Plan**

I actually have a pretty reliable test for this. Hold your nose tightly and then breathe in. In a dream when you do that you can still breathe in, I use it to lucid dream all the time. Hmm, that's weird. That can't be right...I can't breathe in through my nose when I close it, but I'm floating in the sky.

**Alex Hertz,
In a Pickle Either Way**

Why are you even asking that question?

**Joshua Alvarez,
Straight to the Point**

Yes, and it's happening fast. Right now we have our Heavy Volcanology Teams mobilizing around the globe. Doctor, I need you to calm down and head with Ms. Rogers out to the edge of the eruption zone in Palos Verdes—you'll just have to work with one another despite your disagreements. Now get out there and find a way to stop it!

**Kiefer Katovich,
Finding Volcanoes at All
Costs**

SERVING THE STANFORD COMMUNITY FOR 25 YEARS



PRODIGY PRESS

FULL SERVICE DIGITAL COPY

8.5 x 11 - COLOR \$0.25 EACH

8.5 x 11 - BLACK \$0.03

COLOR POSTER \$45.00 (23 x 35)

FULL SERVICE OFFSET PRINTING

WE USE SOY-BASED INK, CHEMICAL FREE PLATES, AND RECYCLED PAPER

NEWSLETTER

MAGAZINE PUBLICATION

ELECTION CAMPAIGN

COLOR POSTERS

BUSINESS CARDS

LETTERHEAD & ENVELOPES

BOOK PRINTING

PRODIGY PRESS, INC.

150 GRANT AVE.

PALO ALTO, CA 94306

650-566-1890

FAX: 650-566-1993

EMAIL: PRODIGY@PRODIGYPRESS.COM

WWW.PRODIGYPRESS.COM

PRINTING

- COPYING

- BINDING

- MAILING

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

The Stanford Chaparral

The Chaparral, now in its 112th 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.



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

SUBSCRIBE ON OUR WEBSITE
<http://www.stanfordchaparral.com>

the STANFORD
Chaparral
SINCE 1899



In 1981, the Jester poses with the immortal John Elway.



In 2011, John Elways pose with the immortal Jester.

Meetings Wednesday, 8:30 PM
at the Nitery in Old Union