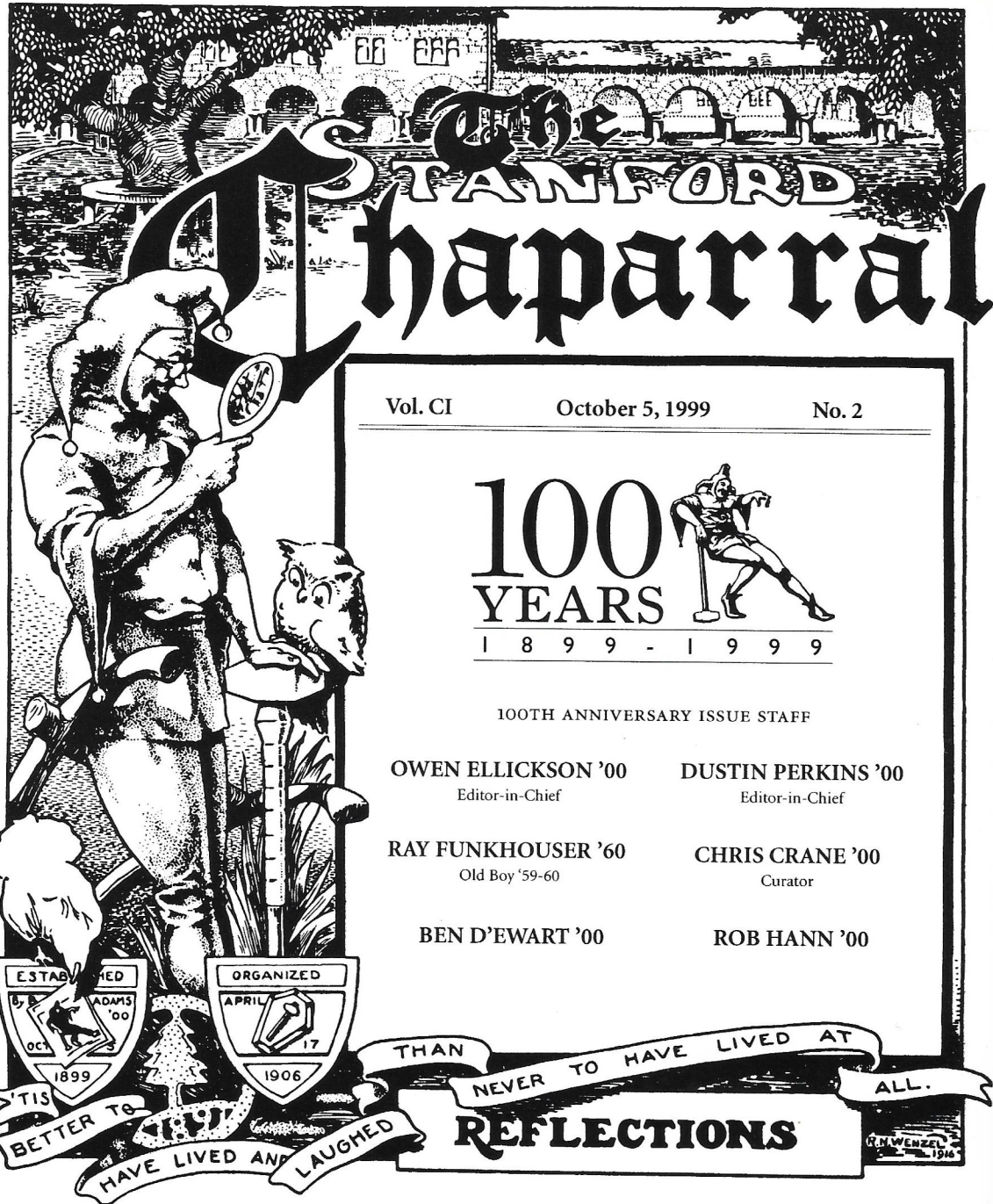


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THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL  
100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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Vol. CI

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No. 2

100  
YEARS



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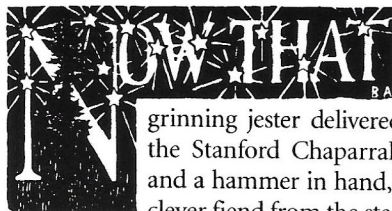
RAY FUNKHOUSER '60  
Old Boy '59-60

CHRIS CRANE '00  
Curator

BEN D'EWART '00

ROB HANN '00

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
**REFLECTIONS**



was fast, wasn't it? A full century has passed since a grinning jester delivered the first issue of the Stanford Chaparral. Bells on his cap and a hammer in hand, the Old Boy was a clever fiend from the start. He was cracking wise back when roller-skating was hot stuff and aeroplanes were just coming into fashion. For the hundred years since, the Chappie has graced the Stanford campus. It was a hell of a century, lean and tough with a gumdrop soul. And the Old Boy's already itching to do it again.

The Stanford Chaparral shall not dally long in the fields of memory. As sweetly checkered as the past may be, the Old Boy would rather look forward than back. There are many jokes only half-made, and they're not about to write themselves. But since no one truly knows when the next hundredth anniversary will come along, a little reminiscing is in order.

Herein lies a proper introduction to a true Stanford institution, the source of a full century's worth of mirth and merriment. The Old Boy welcomes you into his world with open arms and a smile. Live—and laugh—with the Stanford Chaparral.

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# THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

## 100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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- 2 Now That
- 4 *The Fun Begins* 1899-1909
- 6 *Of Love & War* 1909-1919
- 8 *The Decade that Roared* 1919-1929
- 10 *Laughter & Depression* 1929-1939
- 12 *Of War & War* 1939-1949
- 14 *Fun & Tonic* 1949-1959
- 16 *Evil Hippies* 1959-1969
- 18 *Resurrection* 1969-1979
- 20 *Big Hair, Big Fun* 1979-1989
- 22 *Laser Generation* 1989-1999

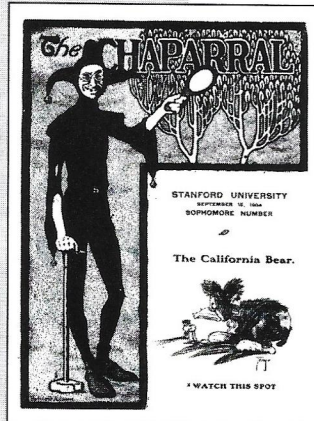
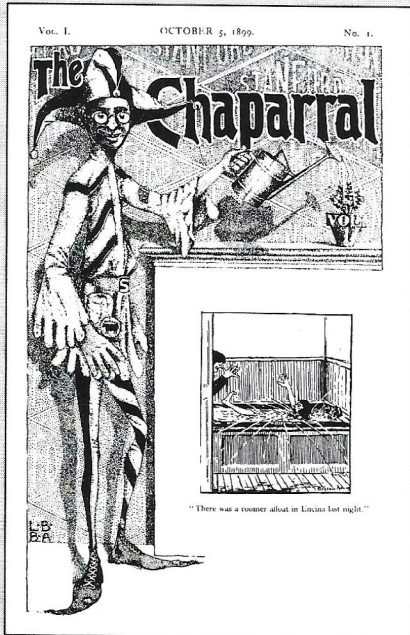


The Chappie is not as good as it used to be...  
but then it never was.



# 1899-1909

## The Fun Begins



### SKIDOO.

LAST WEEK a prof., assigning math.,  
Said, "Twenty-three for you,"  
And everybody in that class  
Stood up and yelled, "Skidoo!"

For that's the latest thing to say  
Wherever you may be ;  
Just tell a man, "Skidoo for yours,"  
And then add, "Twenty-three."

There is no sense in "Twenty-three."  
No meaning in "Skidoo;"  
But still its all the rage to say,  
"Hey, twenty-three for you."

I have some more to say on this,—  
I'm really not half through;  
But the editor says "Twenty-three",  
And so I must SKIDOO!




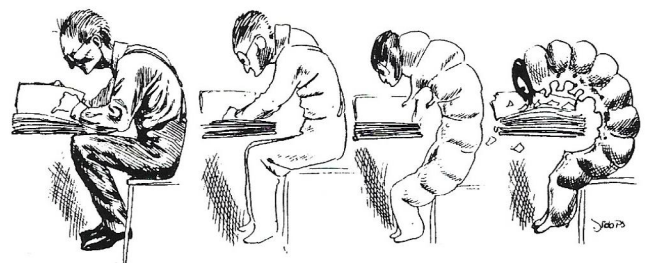
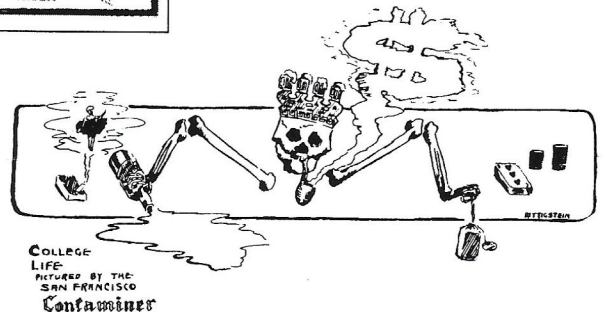
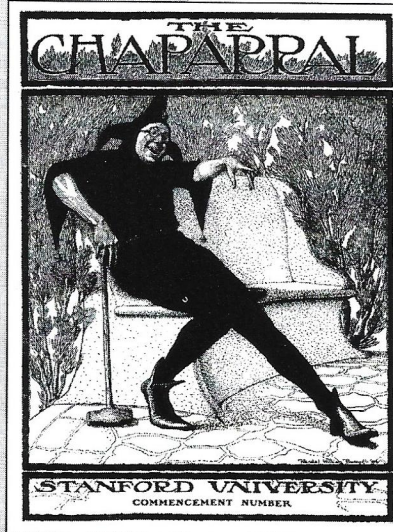
"I'm going to go roller-skating."  
"Why?"  
"It's leap year."

A GRINNING JESTER CLAD IN RED MADE his debut in October of 1899. The brain child of Bristow Adams, the "Old Boy" and his newly-established Chaparral was an outlet for humorous prose, poetry and drawings. The Old Boy soon became an emblem of Stanford fun and joined mustaches and ale as a chief source of collegiate fun in the Aughts.

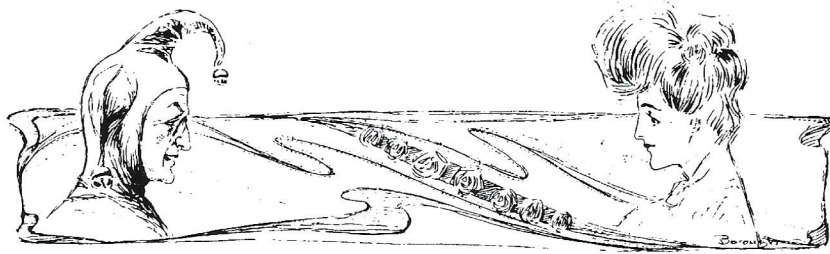
The Hammer & Coffin Society, formed to oversee the Chaparral, was born in a Menlo Park pub on the night of April 16, 1906. Four hours later, the Old Boy celebrated by walloping the Bay Area with his silver hammer, though the unenlightened referred to the incident as the Great San Francisco Earthquake.

The Chappie was immediately a breeding ground for creative talent: Bristow, a direct descendant of John and John Quincy Adams, would found the esteemed Cornell School of Journalism, and Wallace Irwin would win the Pulitzer Prize for poetry.

The Old Boy would remain at Stanford to wield his hammer and, after 100 years, is still going strong. 



AN EVOLUTION WITH A MORAL.



## University Supplies

*Lecturophone*—Delivers a perfect lecture. Absolutely holds the students' attention. *No work* on the part of the instructor. (See illustration.)

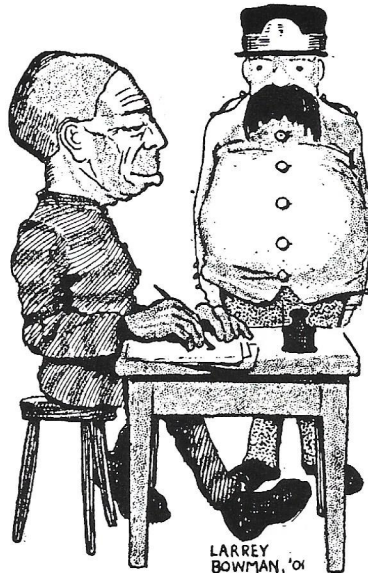
*Recitometer*—Guaranteed best conductor of recitations yet invented. Overcomes timidity, corrects stammering and mind-wandering. Cold water repressors for self-appointed conductors. Wake-em-up jokes at six-minute intervals.

*Exorcorrigiometer* — Greatest intellectual machine in existence. Gives examinations, collects papers, corrects, grades and returns them as students are leaving classroom. Furnished with improved *knock-receiver*, relieving instructor of all responsibility. Registers all grades, from A to Z, replacing the old + and — machine.

*Honorsystemeter* — Detects and punishes without fail every species of dishonesty. Can be so arranged as to detect cheating before it is contemplated. Guaranteed to be accurate within one-tenth of one per cent.

Address, Royal Road to Teaching Co.

## Just Break the News to Mother.



He writes:

SING SING, Jan. 29, 1900.

DEAR MA:—I have been treated with uniform courtesy at this institution, and they have decided not to let me go. In fact it is current talk here that they will offer me the chair of electricity. I would like to decline the position but expect they will force it on me. Your son,

HORACE.

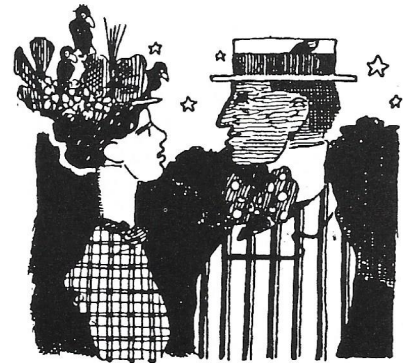
Father (being asked for his daughter's hand): Louise, do you know what a solemn thing it is to be married?

Louise: Oh, yes, Pa; but it's a good deal more solemn being single.



"I am writing a tale of a man who refuses to marry for money."

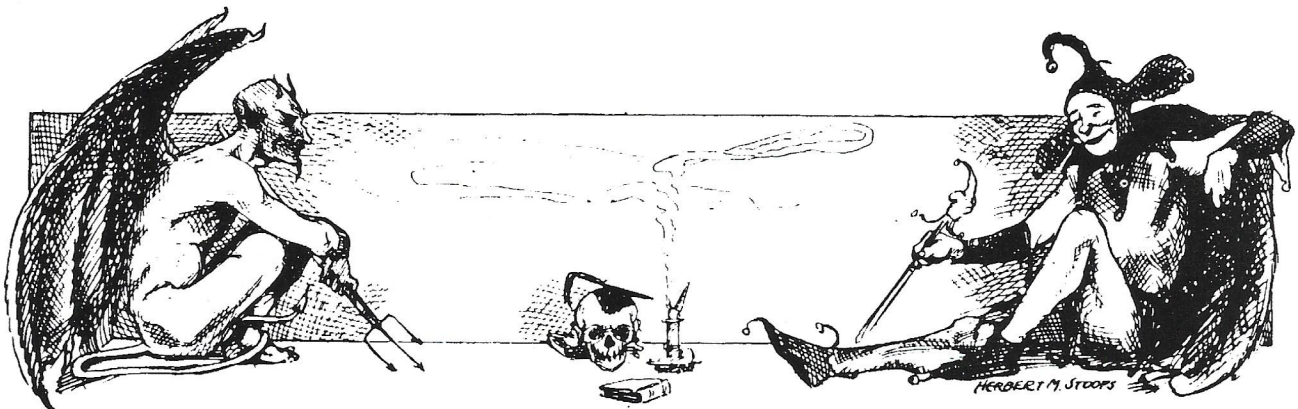
"Ah, I see! A fairy-tale."



He.—Is this the Hall over there?

She.—I think it is.

(The average college-joke-paper joke. We will endeavor to strike an average generally—and kill it. This is meant for a warning.)





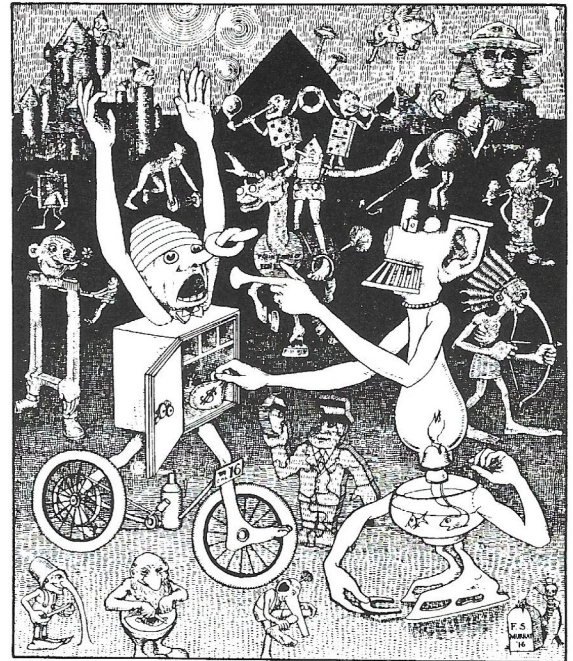
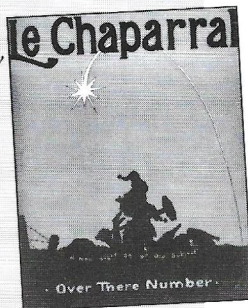
# 1909-1919

## Of Love & War



THE SEEDLING CHAPARRAL QUICKLY GREW THICK and strong. Still a mere babe by East Coast standards, the Chaparral nevertheless joined the Harvard Lampoon, Yale Record, and Columbia Jester as the cream of the college comedy crop. Bill Bliven, just one of a host of excellent writers, would go on to found *The New Republic*. And the fascinating illustrations of Feg Murray redefined Chappie art and creativity; Murray would later author a nationally syndicated humor feature.

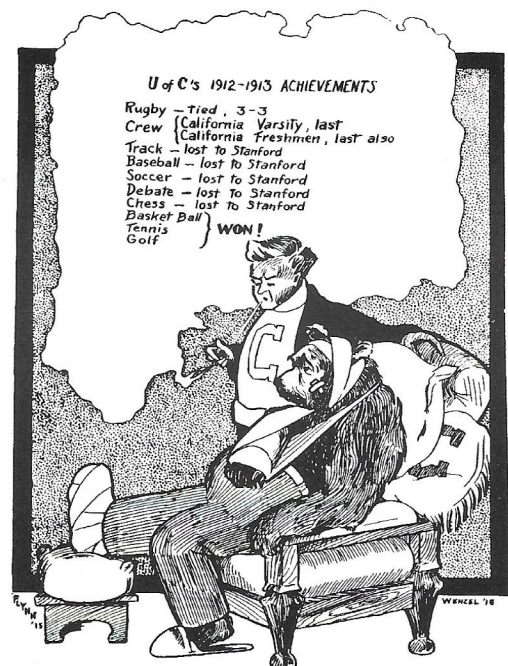
The 1910's brought about the first major war in quite some time, and the Old Boy proved up to the challenge. The 1917 "Over There Number" was drawn and written exclusively by Chappies in the trenches of France, a vigorous illustration of Chaparral devotion and spirit. Not even a war could slow the march of the Old Boy. (In fact, the announcement of Prohibition in 1919 proved a far more serious obstacle.)



Snoppyquop Raffles—Have you heard much of Russia's orderly retreat, here?  
Snoppyquop Riffled—Now, but v'ought t'see the classy French retreat they got just off Market.

### Life—Break by Break

Grammar School—Broken window.  
High School—Broken rule.  
College—Broken bank account.  
Start—Broken heart.  
Success—Broken health.  
Finish—Broken sod.



**U of C's 1912-1913 ACHIEVEMENTS**  
 Rugby — tied, 3-3  
 Crew (California Varsity, last California Freshmen, last also)  
 Track — lost to Stanford  
 Baseball — lost to Stanford  
 Soccer — lost to Stanford  
 Debate — lost to Stanford  
 Chess — lost to Stanford  
 Basket Ball } **WON!**  
 Tennis }  
 Golf }

I say, Oski, let's go back East where we can get some competition.

**Xmas presents for the whole damn family.**

A set of nut crackers for Grandma.

A comforter for Grandpa.

A necktie for Uncle Jack.

A little something to Ante.

A pair of glasses for Father.

A boa for mother.

A couple of bracelets for sister.

A racket for little brother.

A rattle for the baby.

**The Price She Paid.**  
 Turkey 32¢ per pound.  
 Cranberris 10¢ per quart.  
 Mince Meat 15¢ per pound.  
 Oranges 30¢ a dozen.

**WAR ANNOYANCES**

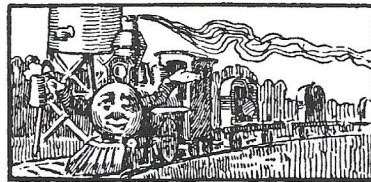
The annoyances of soldiers are supposed, in civil life,  
 To be the shells and the bullets and the sounds of endless strife;  
 They think he gets quite weary of the trenches and the guns,  
 And the water and the trench raids, and the sniping of the Huns;  
 But were truth known, it isn't so—the front's a peaceful place,  
 And the soldier's real annoyance is the back home populace!

It's good old men who send him books of firm and helpful hints,  
 And tracts on keeping well and strong, and how to do up splints;  
 It's pastors who will pray for him, and send trench Bibles, too,  
 And silly girls he never met who write him billets-doux;  
 It's men who've not enlisted who always wish that he,  
 If he runs across a German, "Would give him hell for me."  
 The romantic ladies pleading, "O, you will be such a dear,  
 Now get a Boche spiked hat for me, just as a souvenir."  
 The man who writes, "Be sure and 'Kan the Kaiser' while you're there,"  
 (He sends this warlike message from his office swivel chair!)  
 It's people safely back at home who always sternly write,  
 "The country hasn't wakened to the fact we're in the fight!"

They're nothing new, these pesterers of honest soldier folk,  
 But just the same ones, now transformed, who always will provoke—  
 Here's just the same old pastor, with his droning parish call,  
 And the gossiping old neighbor with her tales beneath her shawl;  
 The doctor and the lawyer, and the man who wanted war  
 (Who pleaded his exemption so that he could run his store!)  
 Here's the meddler and the loafer, the boring family friend,  
 The silly debutante who chatters nothing hours on end;  
 The gusher of the tea room now is hunting souvenirs,  
 The "Ladies Temperance Circle" is still down on wines and beers.

All, all are here—they're mobilized "to help to win the war,"  
 They'll "do their bit back there at home," though heaven knows what for!  
 The soldier has two enemies—one front of him, one rear—  
 And the latter's most annoying, say the soldier men out here!

R. A. D., '17.



The train it is a wicked thing,  
 The engine smokes all day!!!  
 And drags along the chewchew cars  
 And tanks up by the way. TT



She—If you kiss me I'll scream.  
 He—I bet you can't.  
 She—I bet I can.

**MOVIE OF A STUDENT**



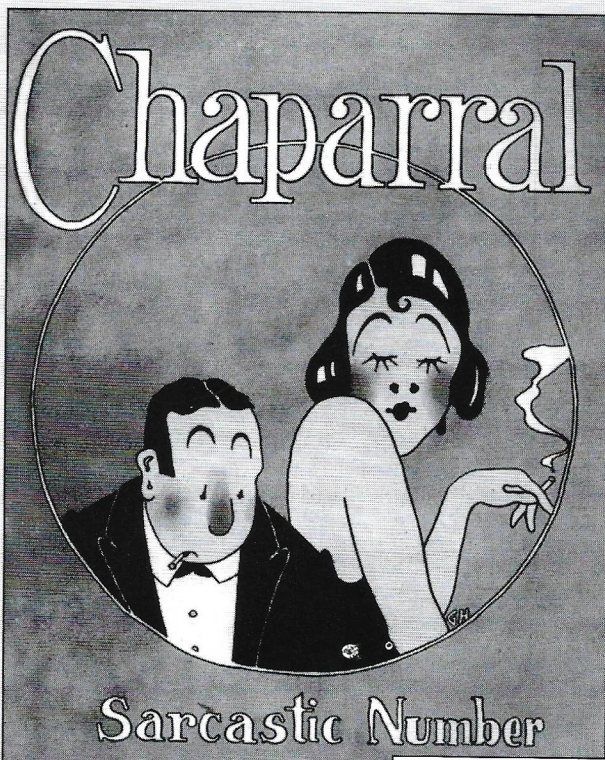
FINIS

PEARCE



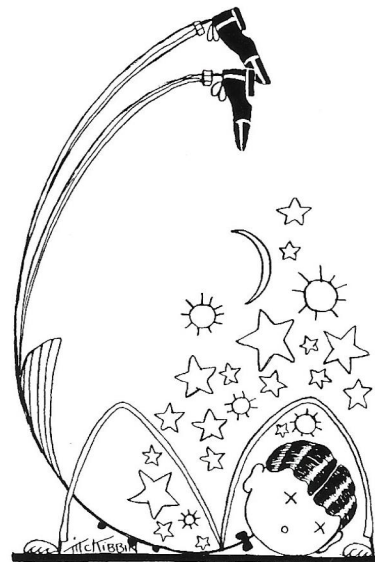
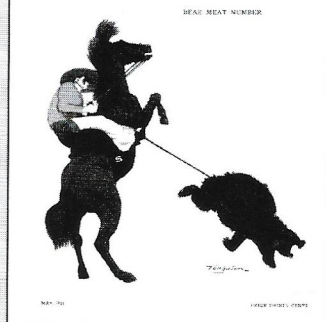
# 1919-1929

## The Decade that Roared



THE CHAPPIE WAS ON A ROLL BY its third decade, having settled into a consistent and impressive monthly publishing schedule. Each lengthy issue was filled with one-liners, clever satiric essays, and advertisements for the brownest of shoes. The Chappie of the 1920's was an excellent barometer of college life, focusing its attention primarily on the Stanford world. Freshman and Big Game Issues, complaints about Stanford dating and a healthy hatred for Cal were all firmly in place. Notable Chappies included Goodwin Knight, who became the governor of California, and noted lawyer Northcutt Ely. Months before his death, Ely still had enough fire to greet a new bunch of Chappies in his Los Angeles home with a highball and a smile. Not bad for a 93-year-old man. ➡

### STANFORD CHAPARRAL



There was a young man from St. Joe's  
Who attempted to stand on his nose,  
But he said, "It would seem  
That 'twas not Nature's scheme  
To substitute noses for toes."

Hen—"I saw you out after dark."  
Hank—Ah no, my friend, you are mistaken. I was out after liquor."



Prof.—Give us the graphic formula for alcohol.  
Hardy son of '23—Must be H-O-O-C-H, old deah.



Bull—I believe in free speech.  
Sheveek—I don't know anyone that would pay to hear you.



One Man—They tell me Fred has failed in his business.  
Another One—Yes; he spent too much money for books on success.



People who live in glass houses arouse suspicion by pulling down the shades.

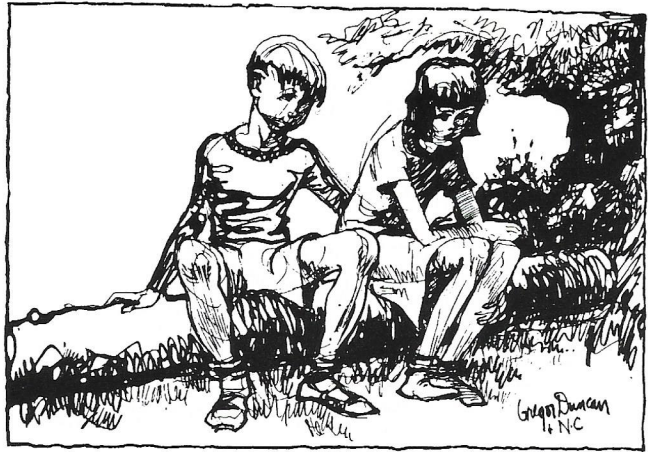


My girl is so old-fashioned she thinks the Whizz Bang is published by the DuPont Powder Works.





A Prolific Author



"Isn't it hell to be introspective!"



Apologies to "Le Penstur"

## TANGLED

I s'pose it's quite the "usual thing"  
To "take one's pen in hand"—  
Transcribe a lot of metaphors  
No one can understand:

About

"We all return just once again  
Through Stanford's yawning gates,"  
And how

"Old Alma Mater  
Holds forth her arms and waits,"  
And how

"The gray-brown sandstone" is  
"Rimmed with sunlit tiles."  
And how

"The palms along the drive  
Still march ahead in files."  
And how

"The rolling foothills rise  
To kiss the western skies."  
And how

"The co-ed lies in wait  
And lies and lies—and lies."  
And how

"The freshman enters"  
"To conquer fields anew."  
And how

"The brawny hero plods  
To down the Gold and Blue."

I'm sure that these trite phrases  
Could go on for days and days,  
Until the struggling poet would  
Get tangled in the maze.

For

He's been away for long—long months—  
Dropped academic thought—  
Forgetting classroom topics—  
Nearly all he has been taught.  
His vocabulary's punctured,  
And his brain has tossed and twirled.  
What he's trying to say's that Stanford  
Is the "best place in the world."

—A. H. '20




# 1929-1939

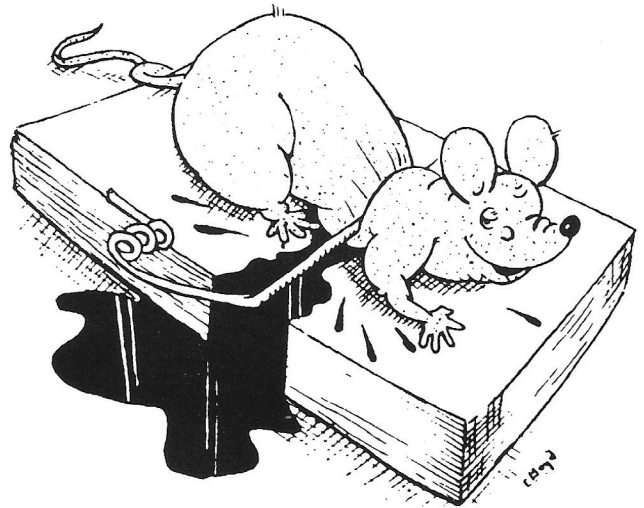
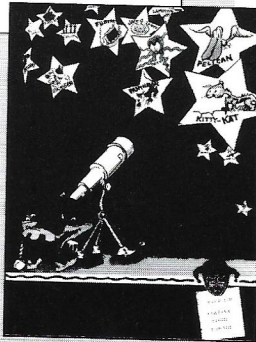
## Laughter & Depression

STANFORD  
**CHAPARRAL**  
MAY

**LOVE NUMBER** **15¢**

WHILE THE NATIONAL WAS SUFFERING through the Depression, the Chappie enjoyed some of its greatest success. A talented writing staff employed a clever style of humor that was truly ahead of its time. Most other college humor magazines had already folded up their tents, but the Chappie of the Thirties was stronger and funnier than ever.

The Chappie also teemed with excellent artists. Two standouts, Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston, later took jobs at a small studio called Walt Disney Productions, where they helped pioneer the feature-length cartoon. Their artwork figured prominently in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves", "Bambi", and "Pinocchio", among other films. In appreciation of their efforts, Walt Disney himself drew a Mickey Mouse cartoon exclusively for a 1937 issue of the Chappie. 



**"Well, anyway, I got their goddam cheese!"**

Many co-eds have been threatened with the question: "Do you know where bad little girls go?" Chappie sagely remarks: "Most everywhere."



"Ah-h, alone at last!" murmured the student as he walked out of the pawnshop.



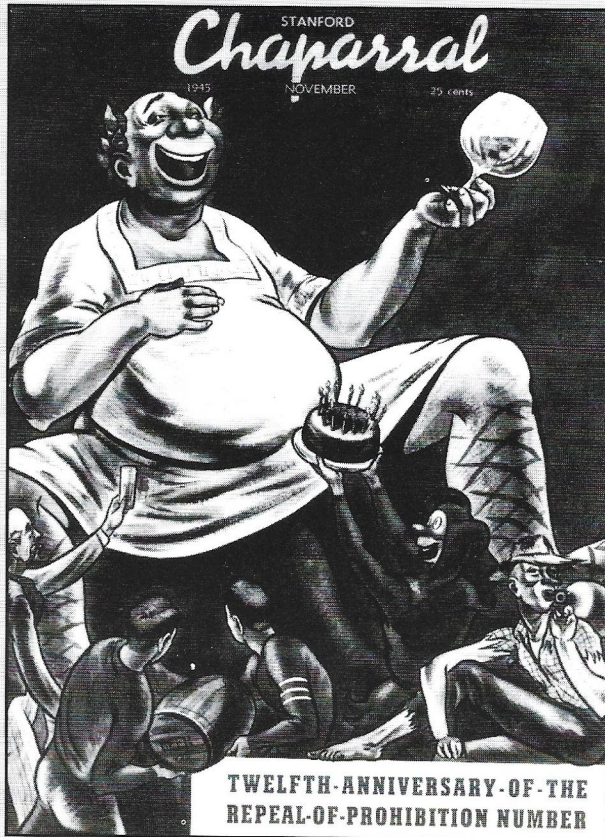
*Gentlemen, what we need is another War to restore Prosperity!*






# 1939-1949

## Of War & War



THE SECOND WORLD WAR THREW THE NATION BACK into turmoil, and its effects were easily seen in the pages of the Chaparral. Issues of the early Forties overflowed with fierce patriotism and dark laughter, mocking the Nazis as raucously as they defended the Allies. A mix of light-heartedness and gallows humor would pervade the Chappie throughout the decade.

The Forties also introduced one of the Chappie's great characters, Winstead "Doodles" Weaver, who displayed an autographed picture of Jesus Christ in his dorm room. He later wrote with Spike Jones, hosted his own TV variety show on NBC and turned his parents' home into a nightclub called Club Foote. Doodles's niece Sigourney would attend a few Chappie meetings in the mid-1970's, but she just wasn't tough enough to make the cut; the future Alien-slayer transferred meekly to Yale. 

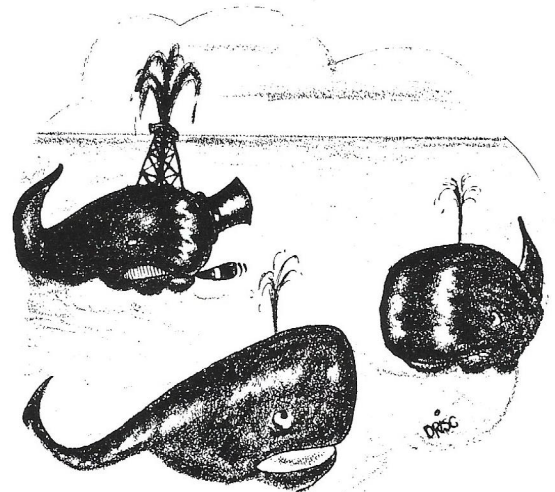
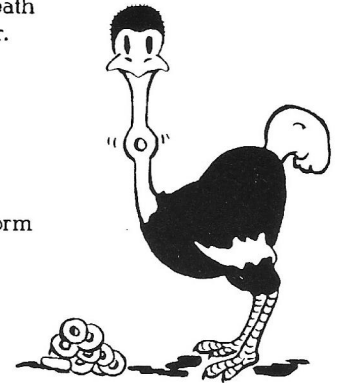
### EPITAPH

Deck her in purest white,  
Virginal, fair,  
Fasten a blossom wreath  
'Round her bright hair.

She is so beautiful,  
Think not of death;  
Parted her lips are,  
As to draw breath.

Gaze on that lovely form  
Long as you will;  
She is unheeding,  
Lifeless and still.

On her cold bosom  
There is a sign:  
"This dress was eighty-five,  
Now forty-nine."



"Hey, look! Charlie struck oil!"



"Sorry, we can't use it . . . too funny."

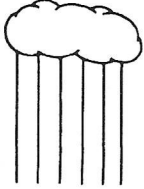
# ENGLISH, EH?

By Doodles Weaver

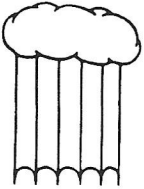
## LET US DRAW!



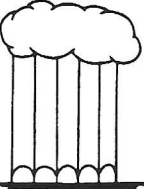
Draw a cloud,  
A fleecy ball -



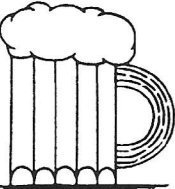
Look! Some rain  
Begins to fall



Upon the trees,  
Below you see



Some rich black earth,  
Land of the free -



Now a rainbow,  
That sign of cheer...  
Kee-rist LOOK!  
We gotta beer!

HWA:7

Bad start - be explicit. Say "eighty-seven" "fathers"?

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Too many "we's"

tr - Rule 194, p. 6

?? meaning?

shelling!

wrong word - you mean "abstract" Rule 194, p. 6

Too many small words - strike it out!

Bad

change around

Not bad. Too much repetition. There are six "that's" in the last sentence alone. You use verb "dedicate" six times. More variety in the choice; your words are too simple. Thy again - you are improving.

C - Professor Glumb

repetition of sound

Bad work

"gigantic" or tremendous would be better

you said this once

Too many monosyllabic words

very trite sentence

Use another word

awkward

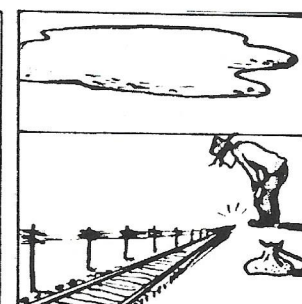
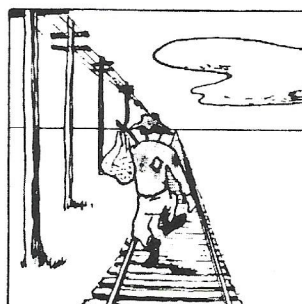
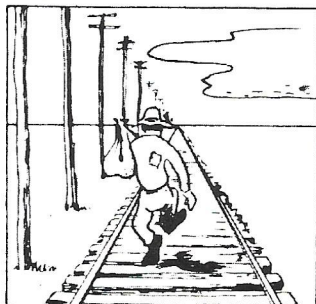
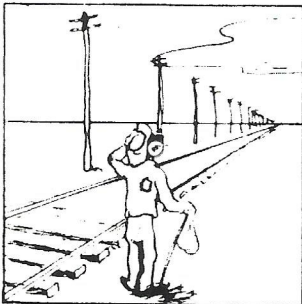
make up your mind

almost unintelligible

(Trite work use "colossal" Rule 74, p. 90

sp.

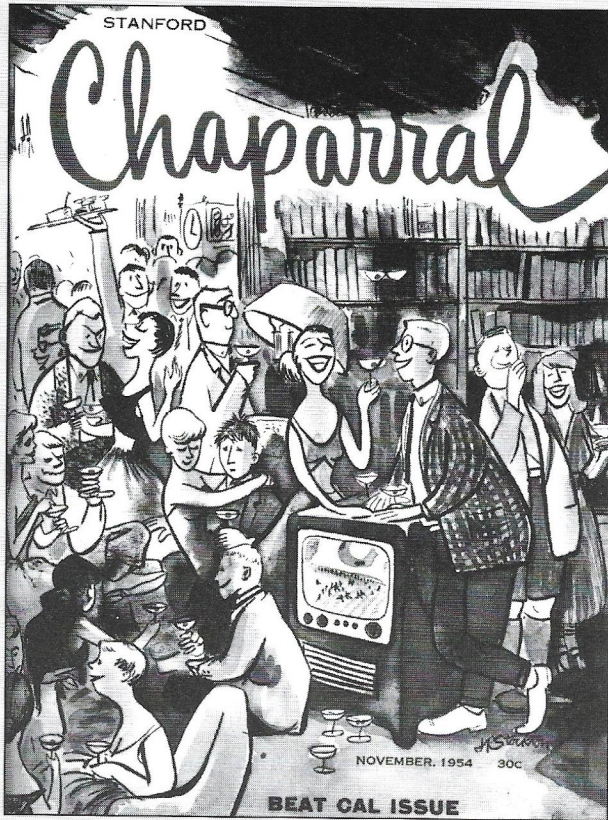
sp.






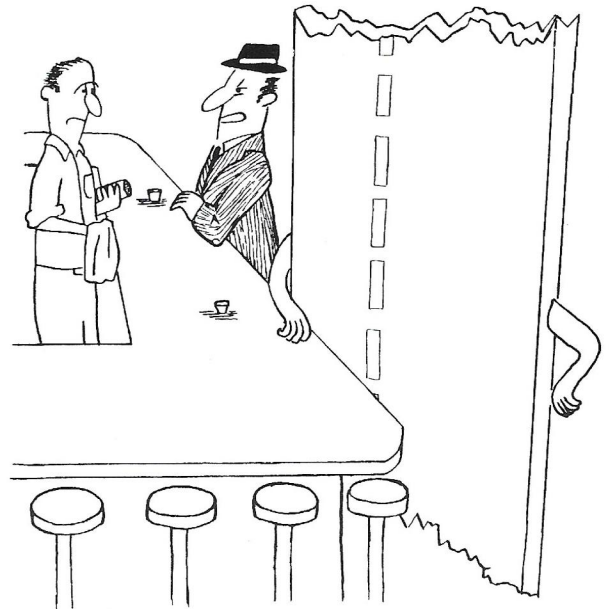
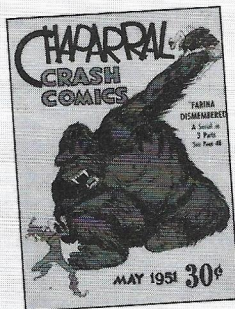
# 1949-1959

## Fun & Tonic

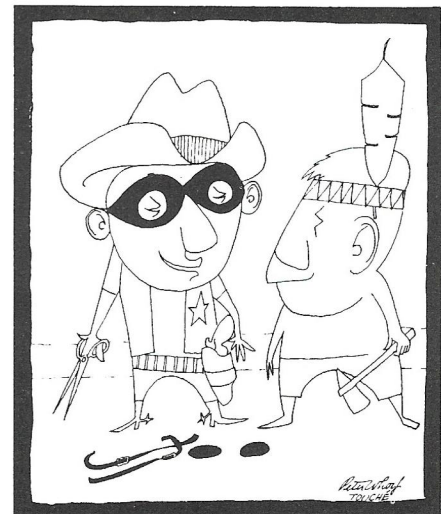


THE FIFTIES FEATURED A CHAPARRAL REACHING NEW heights of creativity and popularity. Talented writers, cartoonists and advertisers produced nine lengthy issues a year, a feat unapproached since. The Chappie had developed into a sly social character, a sort of raucous magazine for young men; there were now as many restaurant reviews as one-liners. The humor, however, never left.

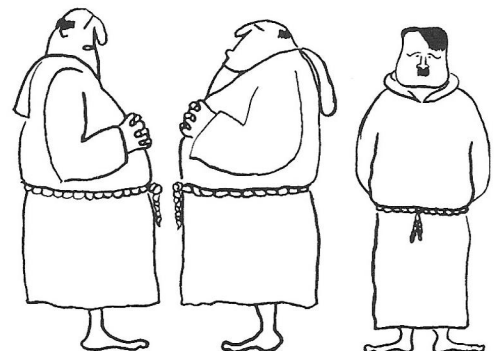
A 1951 edition of "Crash Comics" featuring lewd parodies like "Little Organ Annie" and "Prince Vaseline" was deemed inappropriate by the University; Dean Winbigler suspended the magazine. The suspension soon ended and the issue's editor, Stan Norton, later became mayor of Palo Alto. Proof that the Old Boy always wins in the end. 



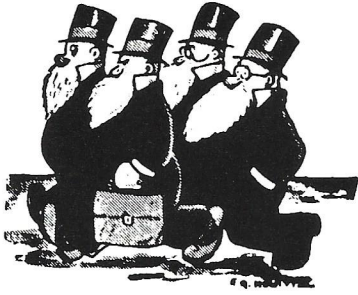
*"How about one more for the road?"*



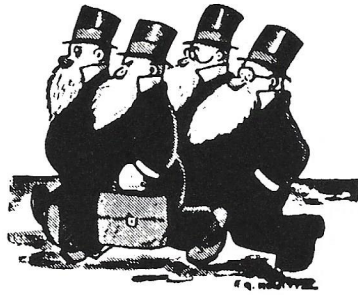
*"However, my sister will probably frown on my ingenuity"*



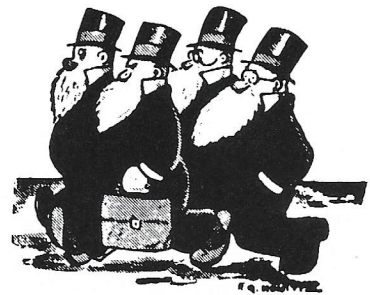
*"Well, I'm certainly not going to ask him."*



"I even got the government to pay for it!"

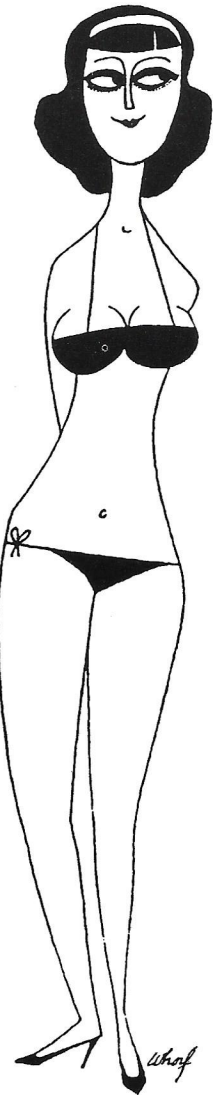


"I hear they're putting out *The Daily* in convenient roller form."

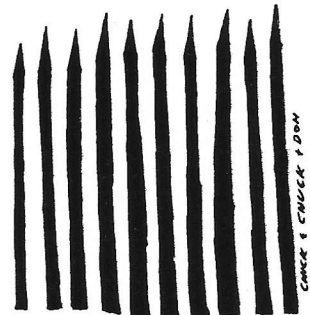
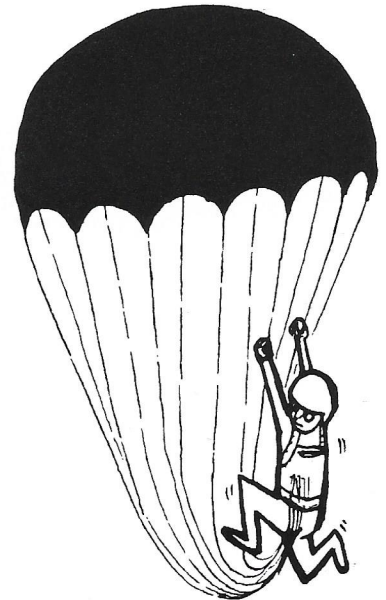


"And you should see the curves on her midterms"

# SHE WAS ONLY...



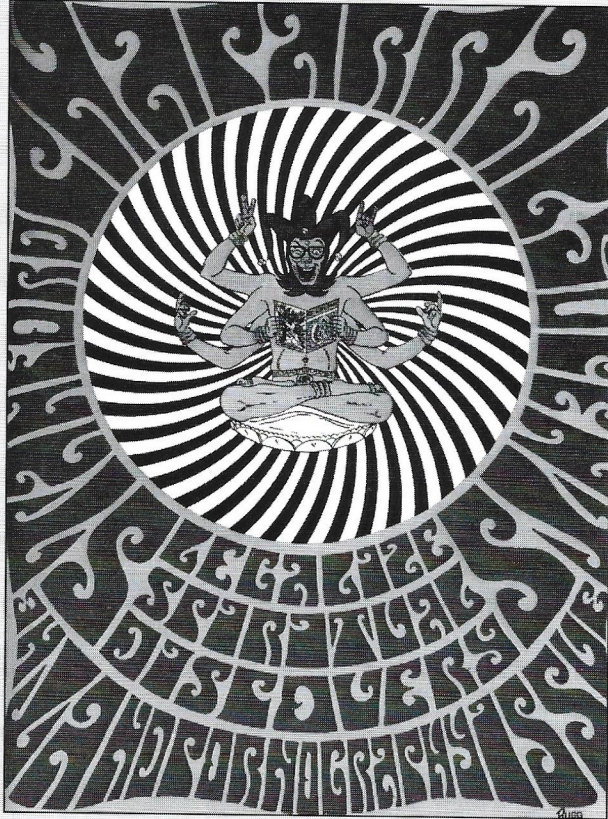
- a creditor's daughter, but she allowed no advances.
- a taxi driver's daughter, but you auto meter.
- a convict's daughter, but she knew her bar.
- a grave digger's daughter, but you ought to see her lower the bier.
- a fireman's daughter, but she sure did go to blazes.
- a judge's daughter, but she could dispose of any case.
- a plumber's daughter, but she had good connections.
- a milkman's daughter, but she was the cream of the crop.
- a film censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.
- a surgeon's daughter, but oh, what a cut-up.
- a photographer's daughter, but she was well developed.
- a real estate man's daughter, but oh, what development.
- a hash-slinger's daughter, but how she could dish it out.
- a boxer's daughter, but she knew when to feint.
- a plumber's daughter, but oh those fixtures.
- a parson's daughter, but she had her following.
- a blacksmith's daughter, but she knew how to forge ahead.
- a golfer's daughter, but her form was perfect.
- a stableman's daughter, but all the horsemen knew her.
- a professor's daughter, but she learned her lesson.
- a lumberman's daughter, but she had been through the mill.
- a barber's daughter, but what a mug she had.
- a bartender's daughter, but she was a good mixer.
- a politician's daughter, but she voted yes on every proposition.
- a carpenter's daughter, but she nailed her man.
- a miner's daughter, but oh, what natural resources.
- a mortician's daughter, but I cadaver.
- a moonshiner's daughter, but I loved her still.
- a printer's daughter, but I liked her type.
- an insurance salesman's daughter, but I liked her policy.
- a carnival queen, but she sure made concessions.
- a second-hand dealer's daughter, that's why she wouldn't allow much on the sofa.
- an optician's daughter, but give her 2 glasses and she'd make a spectacle of herself.
- a chimney sweep's daughter, but she soots me fine.
- a gear maker's daughter, but she could outstrip them all.
- a florist's daughter, but she was dandelion in the grass.
- an orange grower's daughter, but you shoulda seen her peel.



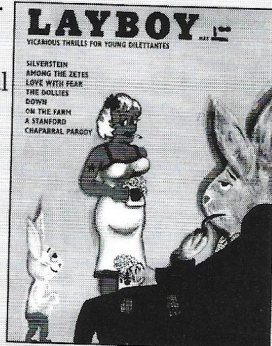


# 1959-1969

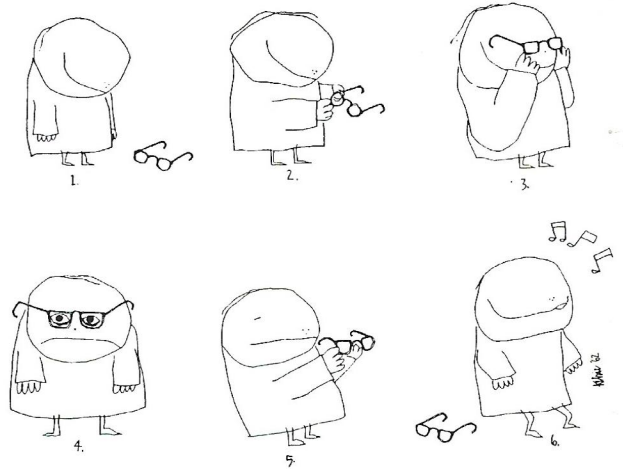
## Evil Hippies



IN THE STYLE OF THE TIMES, THE CHAPPIE GREW wild, wooly and out of control. Pro-drug articles, interviews with exotic dancers and general “hippiedom” annoyed a staid administration. A racy 1960 *Playboy* parody mired the Chappie in controversy; its editor, Brad Efron, would go on to teach in Stanford’s Statistics Department.



In 1967, through a combination of apathy, sloppy finances and sloppier hygiene, a group of radical students took control of the magazine’s finances. The Chappie ceased publishing humor—it existed as a left-wing political journal for eight dark years. Just goes to show that you can’t trust anyone under 30. ➡



“Ma, can I go out and play?”  
 “With those holes in your pants?”  
 “No, with the kids across the street.”



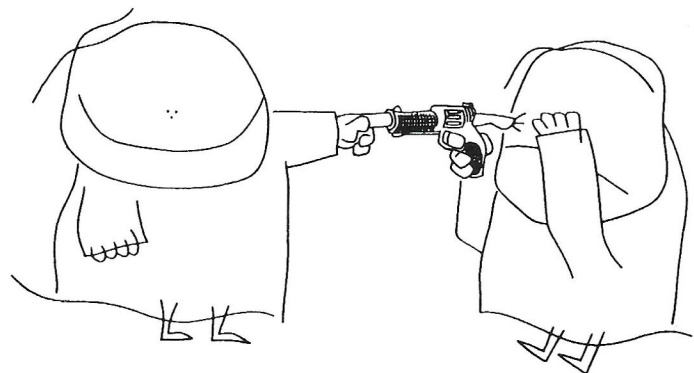
“Stopped your grandma from sliding down the banister yet?”  
 “Last week. Wound barbed wire around it.”  
 “That stop her?”  
 “No. Sure slowed her down, though.”



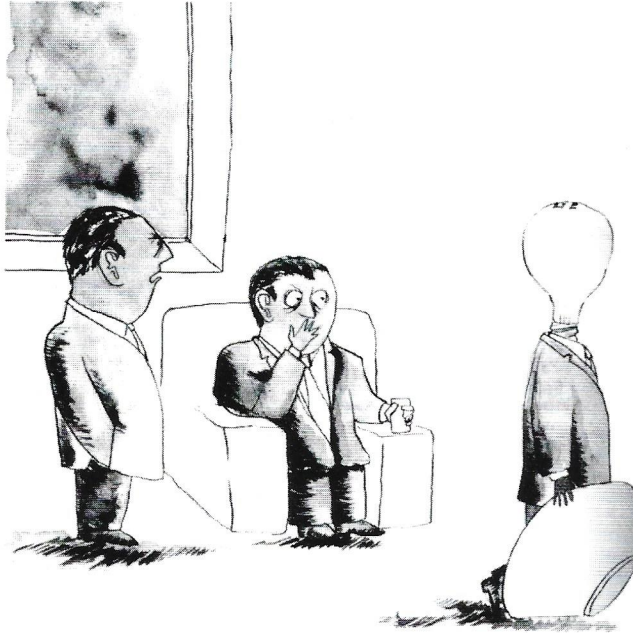
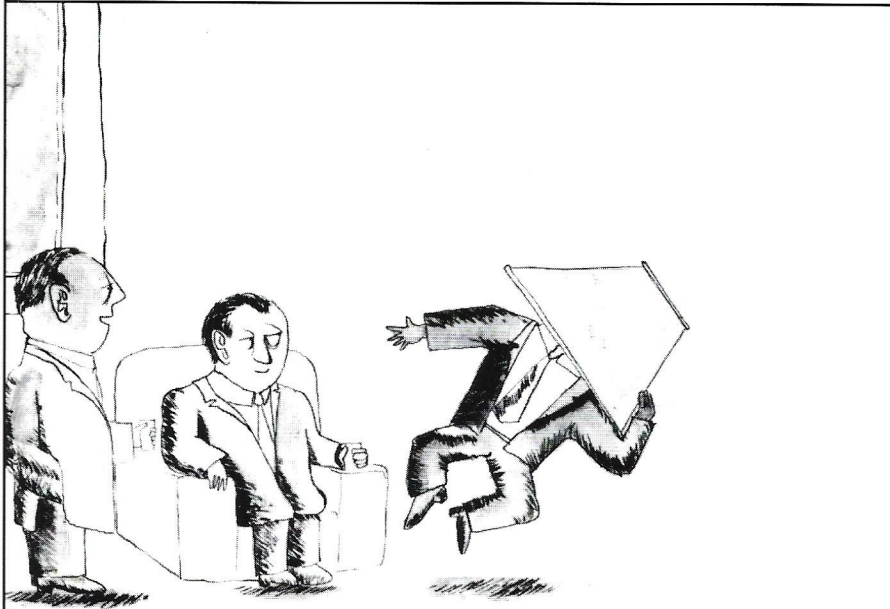
She: “But I’m only thirteen!”  
 He: “This is no time for superstition.”



ask me if i’m a frog.  
 are you a frog?  
 yes, i’m a frog.  
 now ask me if i’m a turtle.  
 are you a turtle?  
 no, i’m a frog.







Bud Skibitzke  
EFRON



*"Caught drinking on campus again, eh?"*



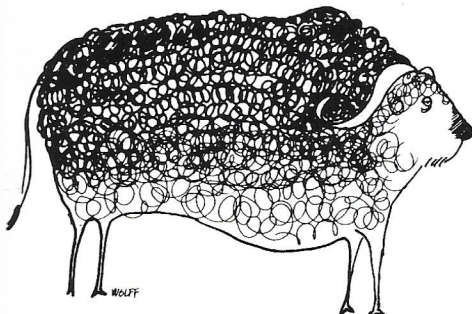
*"You're right, it's fun . . ."*



*"Why, the way we drank in the old ATO house . . ."*



*"You're expelled."*



*See this?  
It looks like a peaceful animal.  
It looks like a water buffalo.  
Like farmers use.  
We know better.  
It is really a strategic military  
bombing target.  
Boom.*



# 1969-1979

## Resurrection

# chaparral

vol. 75 no. 1

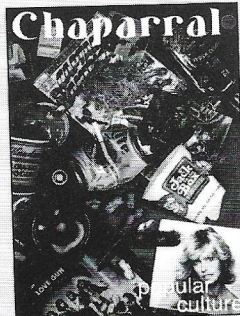
October 14, 1974



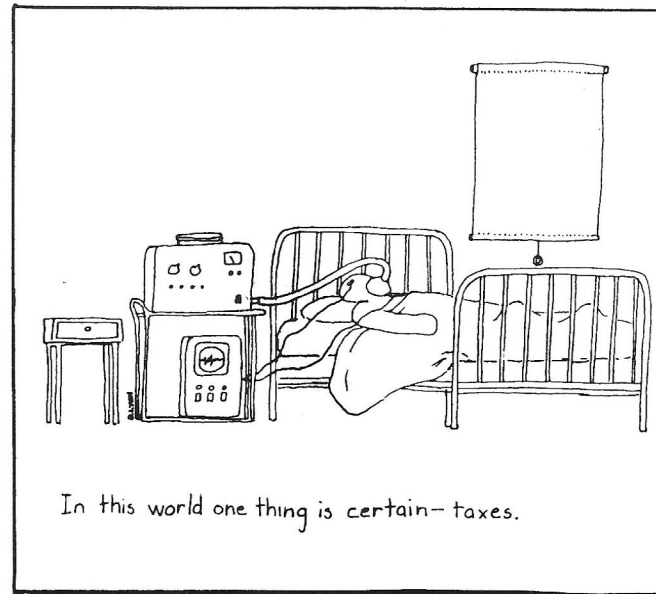
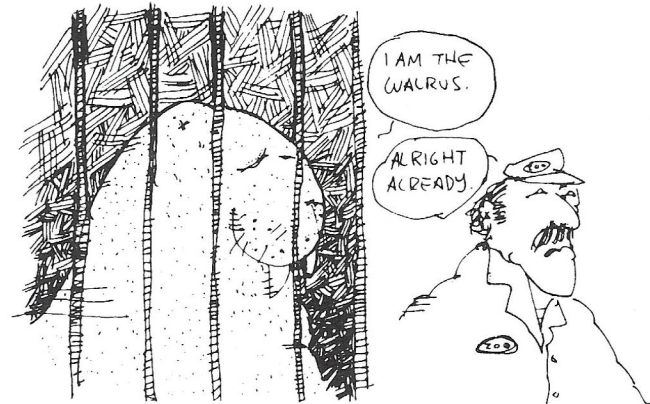
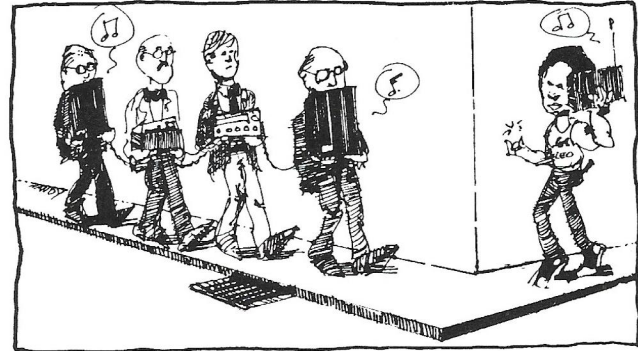
## FISCAL RESPONSIBILITY

THE SUCCESS OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON PUT written humor back on the map in the Seventies.

Given that, it was only a matter of time before someone woke the Old Boy. Sure enough, in 1975. "Field Marshal" Mike Dornheim published an all-new all-humor issue with his own money. "Fiscal Responsibility", his half-sized mimeographed effort, was a small start, but a start was all the Chappie needed.



The Chaparral had new life, and a new look, to boot. Its writers were now rebels, foul-mouthed vigilantes who would do absolutely anything for a laugh. Financial and personnel shortcomings were severe. But the Old Boy had been given a second chance, and he wasn't about to give up now. ➡



In this world one thing is certain—taxes.

# CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS



Illegal Use of Firearms



Lack of Right Guard (offensive)



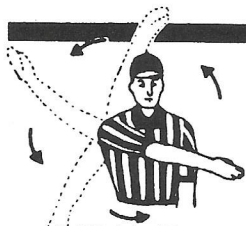
Egyptian Dancer on Field



Game Being Televised in Official's Hometown



Insufficient Compensation to Guarantee Home Team Win



Official Timeout: Demonstration of Ball & Socket Joint for Cal Trainer



Official Timeout: Commercial (Deodorant)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Dandruff Shampoo)



Time Out, Commercial (Plain and Peanut Chocolate Candies)



Official Timeout: Pigeons



Referee Desires Sustenance



Reversal of Previous Call ("Honest Mr. King. I didn't mean it!")



Referee Gives Up Smoking



Illegal use of pyramid power to sharpen razorblades



Too Much Time in Huddle (Illegal Magazine on Field)

# TAO TE CHING

Tao does not define man.  
Tao does not define life.  
Tao does not define the world.  
Tao does not define the universe.  
Tao does not do much.

He who speaks of Tao, cannot know Tao.  
He who cannot speak of Tao, gesticulates.

"That which is" is not.  
What is cannot be.  
Can a bee not be a bee?

He who seeks, does not look.  
He who hears, does not listen.  
He who tastes, does not consume.  
He who touches, does not feel.  
He who smells, does not bathe.

The essence of Tao  
Is an expensive gift.

## BOMAR.

Pioneer to an entire family of thinking machines.



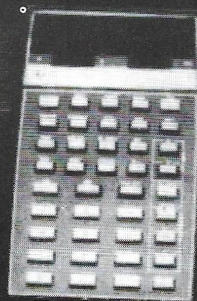
*The Householder*  
Streamlined  
Economical



*The Standard*  
Compact  
Reasonable



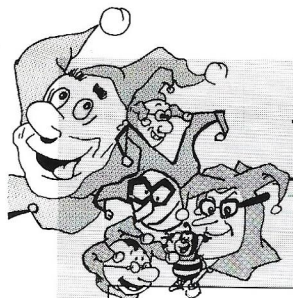
*The Student*  
Precise  
Responsible



*The Scientist*  
Powerful  
Accurate



*The Brain*  
Hideous  
Repulsive

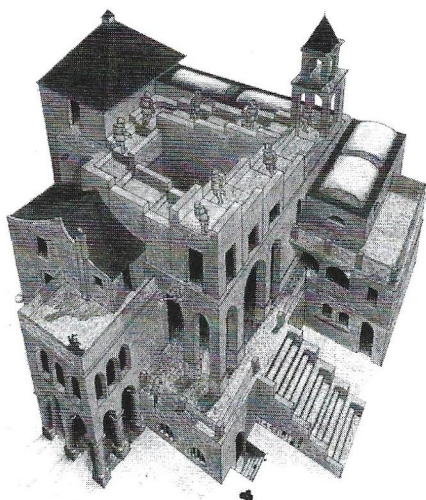


# 1979-1989

## Big Hair, Big Fun

# STANFORD Chaparral

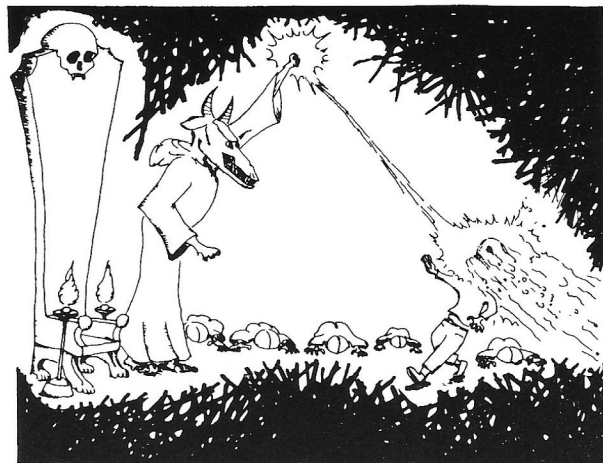
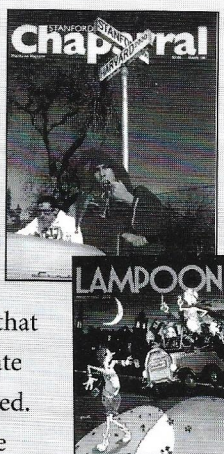
The Humor Magazine One Buck



THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ESCHER  
 March 1980 - February 1984  
 Lithograph and colored pencils  
 255 x 285

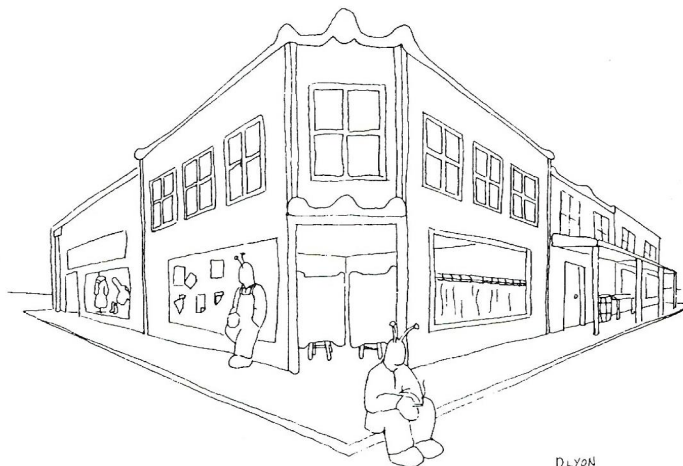
## deception

IN THE EIGHTIES, THE CHAPPIE PROVED THAT IT WAS all the way back, as the publishing rate increased and campus approval soared. Chaparral pranks, which included the murder of the fictitious Bowling Team and a Mickey Mouse face on the new Clock Tower, provoked laughter and outrage. A 1987 merger issue with the Harvard Lampoon proved that the Chappie's reputation as a first-rate humor source was again well-deserved. Entertainment was all the rage in the Eighties, and the Chaparral noticed. In the years since, '80s Chappie alumni have gone on to write episodes of "The Simpsons" and "Saturday Night Live", lead stories for *Vanity Fair* and *Spy*, movies, novels and cartoons. Nine-year-olds agreed, it was the Chappie's most successful decade yet. ➡



"Hey quit it, you're melting my face"

He—She, what's long, and hard and full of seamen? (chuckle)  
 She—Hee, hee, a submarine?  
 He—No (chortle), my penis.

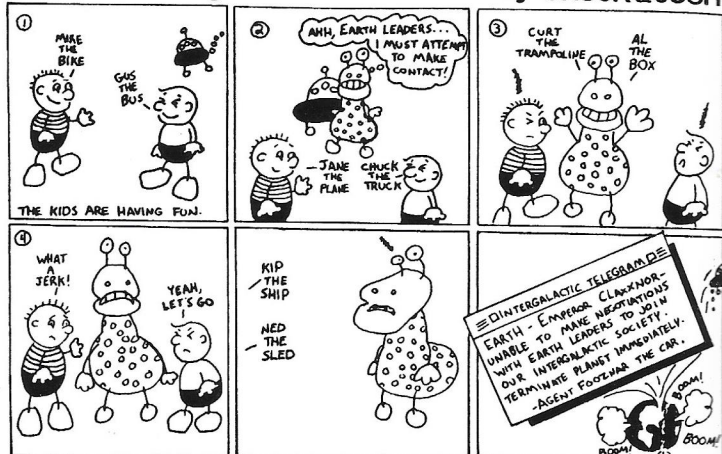


D LYON

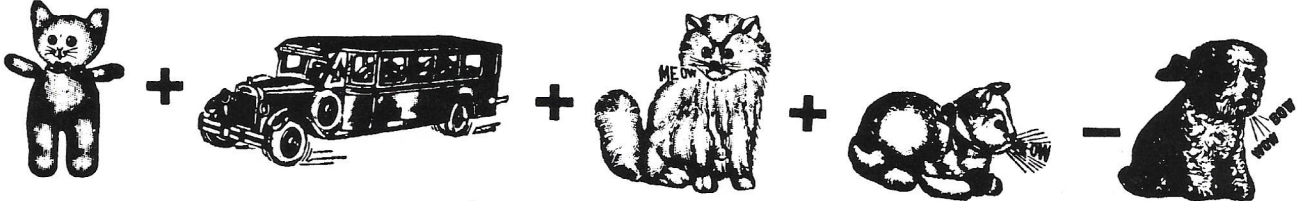
There is no life on other planets.

### KIDDIE KAPERS®

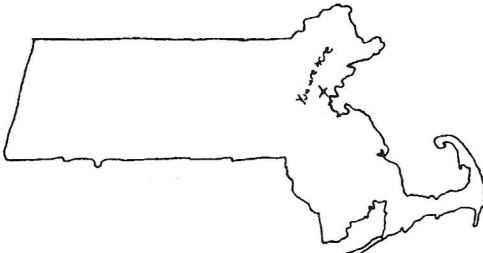
by CHUCK & JOSH



# Rebus Fun



SOLUTION: The badly sewn cat + drove his bus + picked up his cat friends + ran over a dog.



June 13, 1986

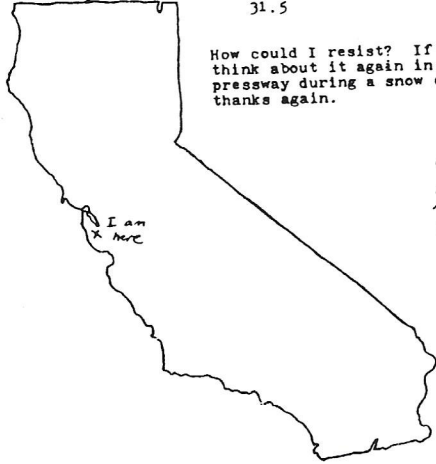
Dear Sir or Madam:

While I was honored by Harvard's offer of admission, after a difficult period of decision I have decided to attend Stanford University, and so am sending you this letter for your records as you provided no reply card, as does every other institution of higher learning in the known world. I would like to thank the admissions committee for the time they devoted to the business of selection, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. While the decision was agonizing, there was one fact which seemed to tip the proverbial scale.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE IN JANUARY (°F)

|               |                      |
|---------------|----------------------|
| <u>Boston</u> | <u>San Francisco</u> |
| 31.5          | 63.4                 |

How could I resist? If you don't understand how, think about it again in January, say, on the Expressway during a snow emergency. But anyway, thanks again.



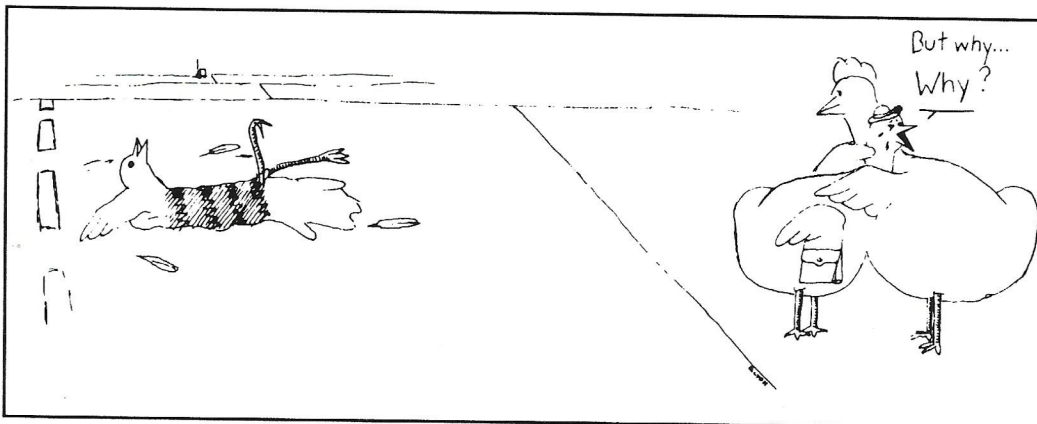
California bound,  
*Mark Lokensgard*  
 Mark Lokensgard

P.S. This doesn't hurt my chance for the Business School, does it?



**My Dog from Swaziland**

My dog is from Swaziland. And he will get you. Yes, he and his carnivorous legions of Ginsu II totting shoe salesmen will dice your body into one hundred and thirty bite-sized tidbits and ship them across the country in trucks. Big trucks that have rock-crushing tires. Tires designed by the demon spawn Michelin Man himself. My dog from Swaziland knows where you live.



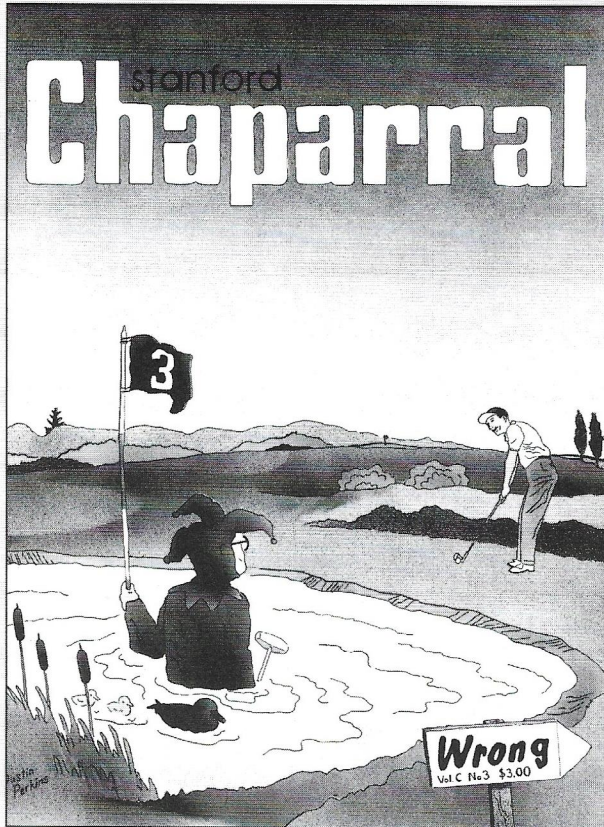
## Zulus


A fierce warrior tribe of the African continent who take great joy in threatening to cause the lingering and painful death of anyone who attempts to use them to finish off the last difficult letters of their whimsical encyclopedia by making tactless racial jokes about basketball.

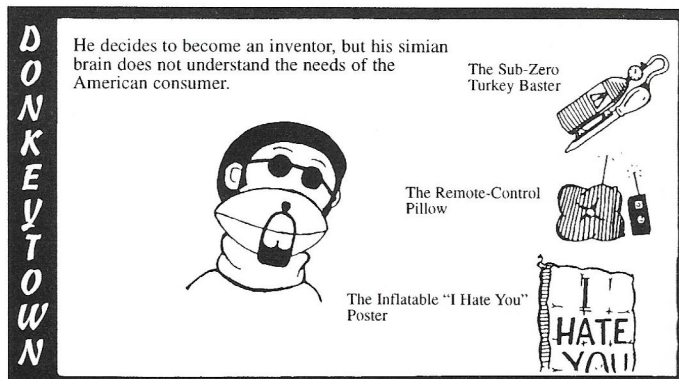
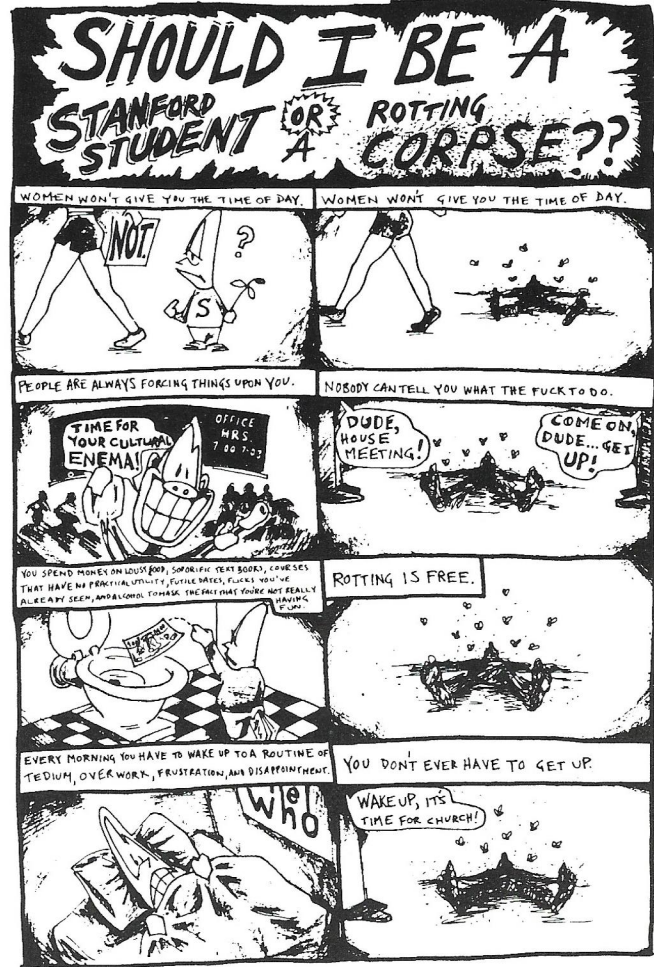


# 1989-1999

## The Laser Generation



THE CHAPPIE WELCOMED ITS TENTH DECADE WITH fresh perspectives. In 1989, Helen Chang became the first female editor in Chappie history; only two years later, Celeste Campbell became the second. As the Nineties progressed, flagging interest threatened to squash the magazine. However, in 1994, editors Chris Onstad and Eric Saxon installed a newly demented and innovative style of humor that infused the Chappie till the end of the millennium. Things had changed—The Old Boy now had an e-mail address, a website and a banana-shaped telephone—but the halls of the Chappie rang with laughter as loud as ever. Despite all his efforts to the contrary, the Old Boy was still going strong. 



# THE POLYGRAPH TEST

**POLYGRAPHER:** We're going to start out with some general questions about yourself, and then work back to the events concerning the allegations against you.

**HABIB:** All right.

**POLYGRAPHER:** Is your name Habib Khazil?

**HABIB:** (puts down coffee, shakes finger) Ha-beeb. You have pronounced the last name correctly.

**POLYGRAPHER:** And that is your name?

**HABIB:** Yes.

**POLYGRAPHER:** All right, Habib, do you consider yourself an honest person?

**HABIB:** Yes, yes I do.

**POLYGRAPHER:** Have you ever falsely represented yourself to an official agency?

**HABIB:** At times. At times I had to, to protect myself.

**POLYGRAPHER:** Have you ever lied to a person whom you considered a friend?

**HABIB:** Yes I have.

**PORNOGRAPHER:** Was it about a bitch?

**HABIB:** What?

**POLYGRAPHER:** How did you get in here?

**PORNOGRAPHER:** I was looking for the cigarette machine.

**POLYGRAPHER:** Sir, if you would...

**HABIB:** It's down by the commissary.

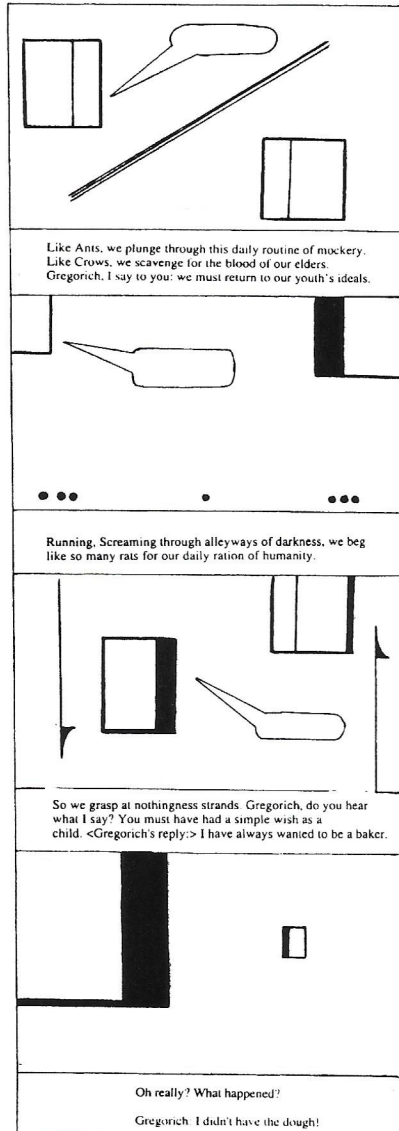
**PORNOGRAPHER:** Thanks, man. (he leaves)

**POLYGRAPHER:** (looks at polygraph)

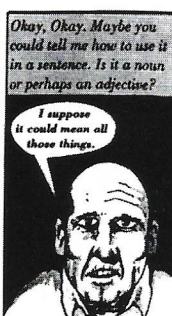
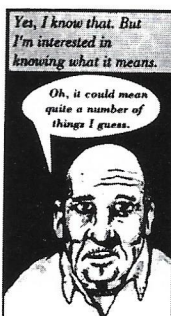
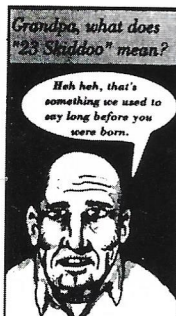
**POLYGRAPHER:** beep beep

**POLYGRAPHER, HABIB:** (hearty laughter)

Vaclav, Yugoslavian visionary and political pundit, has championed the Eastern European proletariat for years with his art. The Chaparral proudly presents Stanford with a recently penned Vaclav strip, *Paska Paska Soska!* English translation by Jason O'Guinn.



## Grandpa



## by Gagner

# Rejected Openings to the Classic Routine "Who's On First?"

**Person 1: Who's on first?**

Person 2: That's right.

**What?**

The man who plays first base is named Gerald Hu. His father is Chinese.

**I see.**

**Who's on first?**

That's right!

**What are you talking about?**

2nd base!

**I'm really having trouble understanding these things that you're saying.**

Left field!

**See, now you're just naming different positions, and what I want to know is the name of the person playing first base.**

Catcher!

**Whatever.**

**Who's on first?**

That's right!

**What?**

That's right!

**I don't understand.**

That's right!

*Person 3: He doesn't understand English; the only words he knows are "That's right!" He just moved here from Bangladesh.*



**Who's on first?**

That's right!

**Wait, his name is actually "Who"?**

Yes.

**That's kind of funny.**

**Who's on first?**

Walter Jenkins.

**And second?**

James O'Reilly.

**They are two fine players.**

I certainly think so.



**Who's on first?**

Don't ask me, I'm deaf.

**But if you're deaf, how could you hear me ask the last question?**

I read your lips.

**Oh.**

**Who's on first?**

That's right!

**"That's right"? What kind of name is that?**

I think it's Russian.

**I think it's fucked.**

**Who's on first?**

I'm not sure... It could be Felp Wilkins.

**You're not sure? Aren't you the manager?**

No, sir. I'm the groundskeeper. The manager is over there; he has a beard.

