


STANFORD
Chaparral
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 



FRESHMAN
NUMBER


Vol. CIV, No. 1 \$3.00

FUN BEGINS WITH ERNIE'S



Your 21st birthday isn't official until you've gone to Ernie's...

...And received your surprise birthday gift!



Ernie's

WINE & LIQUOR STORES

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A Stanford Tradition

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A toast!

TO ERNIE'S!



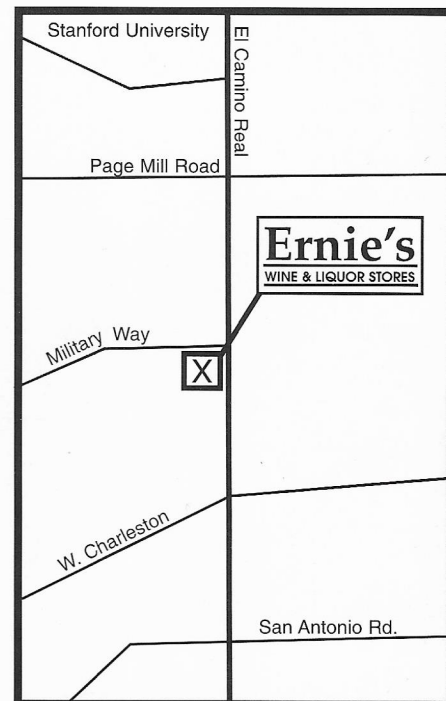
NATTY LIGHT!

KEGS!

KEGS!

KEGS!

**#1 KEG SUPPLIER
TO STANFORD 11
YEARS RUNNING**



*Excellent selection
of wine, beer,
liquor, and cigars*

3870 El Camino, Palo Alto 94306

— HOURS —

Mon-Th 9am to 12am
F-Sat 9am to 1am
Sun 9am to 11pm



Palo Alto Welcomes You

The City of Palo Alto would like to welcome all new Stanford students. Founded in 1974 by Xerox Corporation as a large day care facility, Palo Alto is now one of northern California's wealthiest municipalities, boasting over 2,000 professionally landscaped lawns.

Your campus lies within the confines of our fair city. Naturally, you will make your ways into the heart of metropolitan Palo Alto soon enough, and you may find much to your liking - Pizza Hut, Blockbuster Video, mailboxes. The citizens of Palo Alto have a rough understanding of the workings of young minds, and we fully anticipate that you will sample the afore-mentioned local establishments till as late as nine or nine-thirty at night. But there are a number of places where you, as college students, simply do not belong. Your carousing and lollygagging may be permitted in Menlo Park and Mountain View, but it has no place here. Our homeless have more class and tact than you.

A brief list then, of off-limits Palo Alto areas:

- **Roads.** Save your drunk driving and drunk biking for the backwoods towns which spawned you. Our pristine roads could do without your dusty Camaros and crass, jokey bumper stickers. (We do not enjoy any "humor" involving sex, or drinking or people.) Walking in Palo Alto is frowned upon, but tolerated if you buy a permit and dress formally.

- **Residential areas.** We have worked very hard to make our expensive, futuristic homes quaint and warm. Any disturbance to our neighborhoods threatens this sense of contentment. You callous young people mock our suburban ways with your spontaneity and good cheer. We'd just as soon not see you.

- **The Stanford Shopping Center.** From the name, you would think that this was a shopping center tailored to your teen-aged needs, a mecca of acne medication and pretzels. You would be wrong. Quite wrong. The Shopping Center has achieved levels of dignified materialism far beyond the scope of your limited vision; it is doubtful that you would even comprehend the Discovery Channel Store, much less appreciate its fifteen-dollar faux-rocks.

- **Restaurants.** A few selected fast-food establishments will deign to fill your stomachs with the common fare that you so feverishly crave. In general, however, our food is not for you. Please keep in mind that there are no burritos in Palo Alto, only *wraps*. This is a more Anglicized and respectable word. Do not let our town's Spanish name fool you; we are quite white. An easy rule-of-thumb: you are barred from any restaurant that provides its customers with chairs.

Pack these simple rules as firmly in your primitive skulls as you can - make room amongst the cheap beer and lethargy - and you will find your years of coexistence with Palo Alto perfectly harmonious.

You have been warned,

Francis Evans

City Council

Chaparral



ALO ALTO

WELCOMES
the "CLASS"
of
1931

Ruth
Taylor
White

OCTOBER
1927

PRICE 30¢

Chaparral

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September 20, 2002

Freshman Number



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Staff

'03

Eiman Azim
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Chieze Okoye
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'04

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Wes Hermann
Chris Onstad
Pabst
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(from Ernie's)
Warpigs

The Stanford Chaparral

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HUETTER! '03 <i>Old Boy</i>	ADRIAN PERRY '03 <i>Old Boy</i>	MATT STEINBERG '03 <i>Old Boy</i>
IAN SPIRO '04 <i>Art Director, Financial Officer</i>		
STEVE YELDERMAN '04 <i>Head Writer, Business Manager Emeritus</i>		
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OWEN ELLICKSON '00	SEAN LUCY '99	JARED SCHOTT '03
BRENT FITZGERALD '01	JON MAAS '00	KENNY SHEI '00
KATIE FOUNDS '04	SANTOS MARROQUIN '99	CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
DAVE FRUCHBOM '00	BEN OLDING '98	JACOB YOUNG '02
	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	

REFLECTIONS

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

Now That

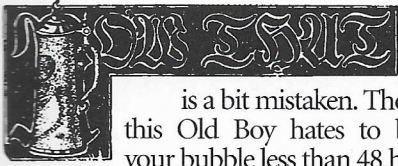
you have comfortably ensconced yourself in orientation and its seven blissful days of going to panels, eating all manner of ethnic and

vegetable refreshments at functions, and using your only opportunity to wander through the Foothills, it may appear that your new life here at Stanford is complete. (The old life having been safely scrunched away inside its Pandora's box, bursting out like a novelty spring snake only at a few opportune moments.)

After all, your parents have returned home to go quietly insane, your

roommate hasn't stolen anything or developed any unnatural odors since you last checked, you've just had a witty hour discussing regional nomenclatures of soft drinks, and the cute girl down the hall asked if you had the lofting tool. Life is good, Stanford is great, and the best years of the former are to be found within the rock-climber covered walls of the latter.

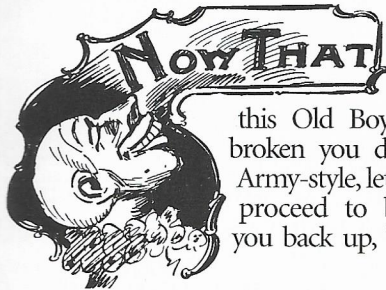
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is a bit mistaken. Though this Old Boy hates to burst your bubble less than 48 hours and a wake-up into your Stanford career, he feels the need to point out that few things really live up to their hype. "There's no place like home"—that's why you just moved to college. "I love you, honey!"—"I think I'm pregnant." "Lord of the Rings is 'a triumph"—"Elijah Wood gives the performance of his career."

Stanford, sadly for the tuition cost, is no different. For a while you may be happy to lick the sugar-coat of the fantasy and graze along with the other lanyard-wearing, cardinal-clad sheep. But soon, you may realize that the shepherd is an amoebic sludge of a bureaucracy, that the faithful sheepdog has stopped getting your back now that the \$40,000 check has cleared, and that none of you really have any idea where the hell you're going.

Those peppy, wholesome RA's? Lighting cigarettes off of the nether regions of residence sexual conquests. Hoover Tower? Not looking so phallic now that you've gotten a chance to look at it. Stanford University? Your high school, but with stucco. A bit of a blow? Believe me - this Old Boy has been there, too.



this Old Boy has broken you down, Army-style, let him proceed to build you back up, Tiger

Style. Why don't you look under that door, Gentle Reader? What's that? Underneath the overpriced menus of Chinese food, overweight Unofficial Guide to Stanford, and overflowing collection of other multicolored but equally inane pieces of paper, lies the Stanford Chaparral. Actually, this Old Boy really doesn't have to tell you that, for you are reading his words now, and clearly could not be doing so had you not found and opened the magazine. Bravo for you! You're learning quickly!

This magazine, along with the brightly-colored, genial jester on the front, is your antidote to the poison the Stanford mob bosses have just slipped you in your champagne. For this jester is the spirit of riotous rebellion at Stanford, the man who laughs in the face of self-important classmates, stupifying lectures, and graduate school hoops for you to balance upon your nose. His job - and he's quite adept at it - is making you peal with laughter while swinging his hammer like the virile Norse God he is and knocking the stuffed shirts of the world back into their righteous, pretentious, disagreeable coffins. He's a man you want to have in your corner, and don't worry, he is.



is quite a guy, that Jester. And that is quite a magazine he represents. The two have been pooling their resources like whiskey and Coke in the noble and slightly askew cause of laughter for 104 years. A century and a twenty-fifth of

Chaparral merry men and wild women who've submitted humor from the fronts of two World Wars, who've spent sleepless, intoxicated nights bidding the magazine to rise and lumber onto your doorstep six times a year, and who've duct-taped plush cats to their visages for the sake of comedy.

And in spite of all that, neither the Jester or the Chaparral looks a day over conception. In fact, this Old Boy thinks he sees a little extra freshness in the two this year, a little extra sparkle and nose on the fine wine they are.

Because, as you may have noticed, this Old Boy is a triumvirate this year, instead of the dynamic duo of past annums. If this greivous break with tradition has you quaking or grumbling, "Two heads are better than one, especially when that one is multiplied by three," remember that two heads creates a monster, which will destroy its creator and take the city down in flames alongside it. That's not something you want to have happen. Besides, as the wise man said, "Comedy comes in threes." Three Stooges. Three Caballeros. Three Days of the Condor.

But these three, and their talented staff of four, five, and six, cannot humor it up alone. No, they need your help. Your assistance in the magazine, your joining of a group of men and women who are not afraid to write a joke and lay it out before the unblinking eye of a computer screen, to urinate on the roof of the Stanford Daily at four a.m., and to throw the goddamn touchdown pass. The Chaparral would love you to come on board, but it'll settle just for bringing a smile to your lips.

WHAT'S THE TRAP
ON THE
CRAPS?



Babies:

A chilling reminder of our past.

Old People:

A harrowing vision of our future.

Abortion:

A condom for the past.

Old babies:

Where the past meets the future — NOW.

Parents:

The past that could have been your future.

Paternity Tests:

A tale of the past, and, 99.9% of the future.

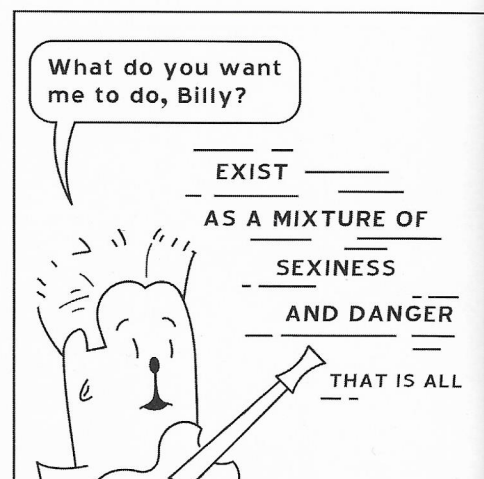
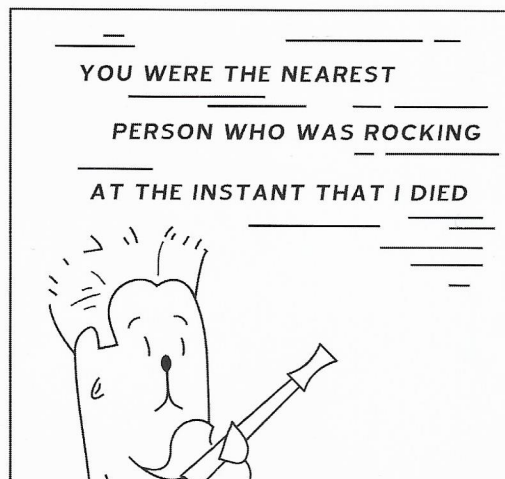
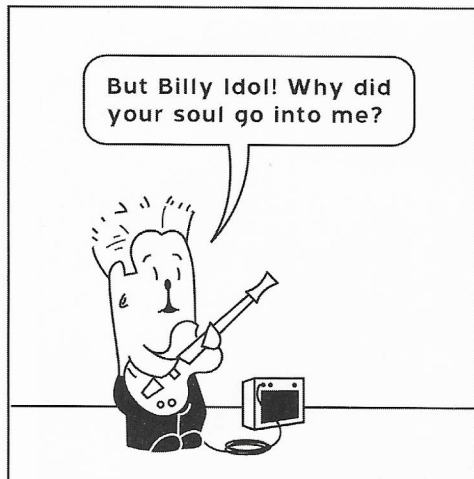
Pregnancy:

Nothing to fuck around with.



achewood

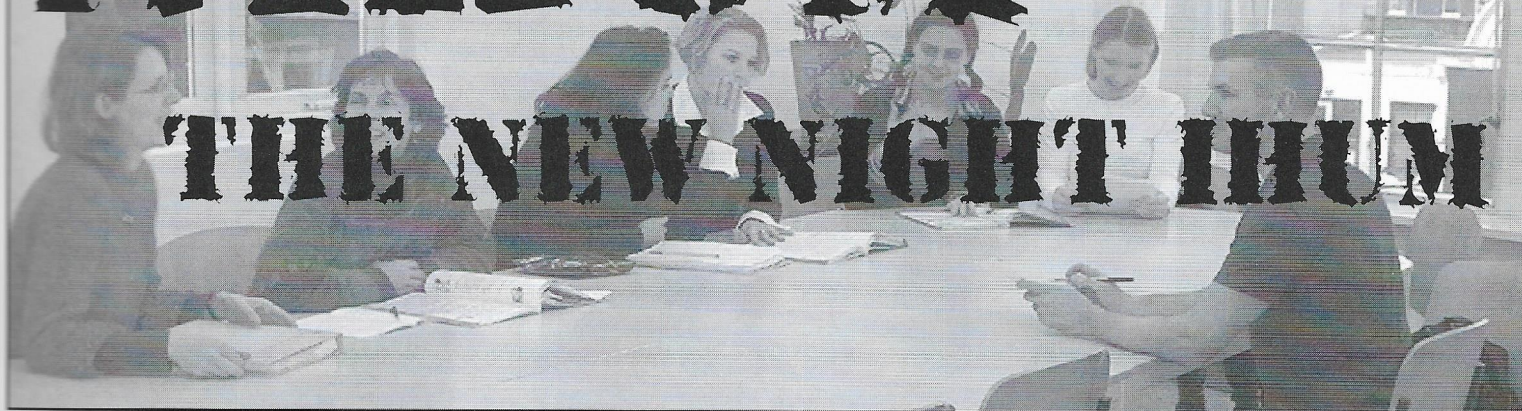
MORE AT WWW.ACHEWOOD.COM



by Chris Onstad '97 (Oldboy '94-'95, '95-'96)

NIHUM

THE NEW NIGHT IHUM



In the ever competitive world of undergraduate education, Stanford University has taken a bold, gritty step in what may prove to be the future of higher education: NIHUM, the new night IHUM.

"We hoped to provide an IHUM for those that have daily commitments."

—Professor Fran Hubbs.

NIHUM is designed specifically for busy undergraduates, local business professionals, and other light-sensitive individuals interested in getting ahead, but without the time to attend classes during the day. In fact, NIHUM is the exclusive IHUM for the vampire and raccoon community.

"Going to NIHUM for the first time was a lot like the time I had this totally real, gritty experience. And a lot of vampires and raccoons"

—Shibu Vahoori, local business professional.

NIHUM has a more mature feel to it, according to those enrolled.

"The new night IHUM is totally hot. The professors are really frank. I think one of them said "shit" one time. It was so real."

—Rebecca Colfin, 04'.

NIHUM lectures are held at 9pm and 11pm every evening and require a handstamp for entrance. There will be no ins-and-outs. Sorry, no one under 18 is permitted for the 11pm lecture.

"I think the idea of doing things at night reminds me of certain other night activities. Like sleeping or NIHUM section."

—Lenny Gubbman, '03.

NIHUM is grittier and scarier than IHUM. The professors are all members of the New York Police Department Vice Squad.

"NIHUM is serious. A kid died in it."
—Chad Dorson, '03.

Overall, NIHUM has been hailed as a stunning success by professors and students alike.

"The goal for a more visceral IHUM experience has been trying, but I think we accomplished our goal. No one gets out alive."

—Professor Mike Dandly



**"NIHUM is serious.
A kid died in it."**

NO HALFWAY

Things you can't do halfway...



Moon landing:

Either you're landing on the moon or you're crawling out of the roof of a 1984 Mercedes Benz wearing scuba gear. Either way, everyone's looking at you and you're about to lose the most important election of your life, John F. Kennedy.

—Jim Lovell

Erections:

There is no semi-soft. It's either hard or it's not. And if it is semi-soft, sell that shit to a deli. It will make for a good breakfast fish.

—Gary Wadd

Smelting:

Either you're melting metals or you're not. Either way, when you pour it on your eye, it seals it shut forever (one eye).

—Two-Eyed Johnson

Excusing yourself from a meeting:

You can't just stand in the doorway with your dick in your pants.

—The Business Champion

Arts and Crafts:

You're either doing both or you're not doing them at all.

—Katie

Kneecaps:

You have them or you don't.

—Jelly "Knees" McGraw

Driving a car:

You're in or you're out. You don't drive around with your leather jacket sleeve caught in the passenger side window, screaming to your friend to stop the car, halfway to Santa Monica before he fucking hears you and drives you to the hospital, this time inside in the car. That doesn't happen.

—Bobby Pabster

Playing billiards:

You get her down on that felt table and she's done. Either way, you've got a terrible gambling problem.

—Randy Cues-Queus

Haircuts:

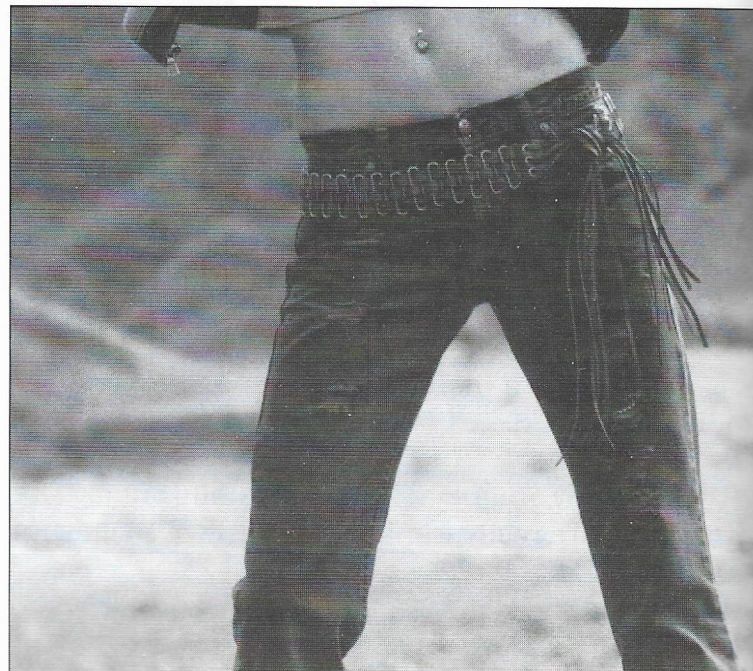
Don't think you're going to glue all that hair back on your head when you're done.

—Alan Follicle

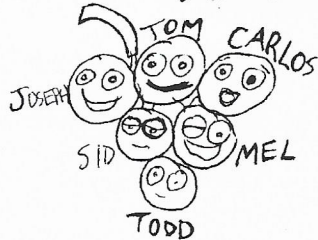
Pumping Jock Jams IV:

You're either pumping it loud it or you're pumping it proud. It's the same, it's really no difference. Either way, someone is doing something bad to your body.

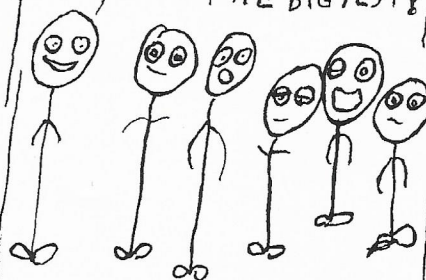
—Rax Doby



THE PUNCH

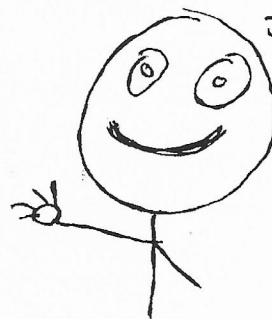


I JUST GOT AN "A" ON THE BIGGEST!

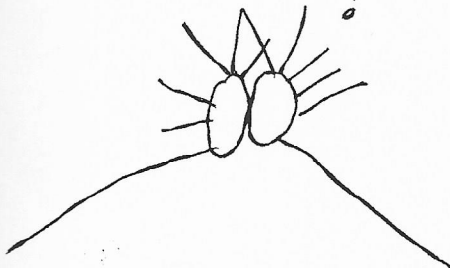


GOOD JOB

JOSEPH!



FIVE!

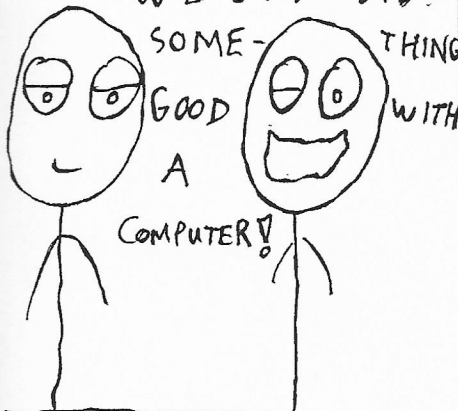


I JUST THREW THE BIG TOUCH-DOWN IN THE GAME!



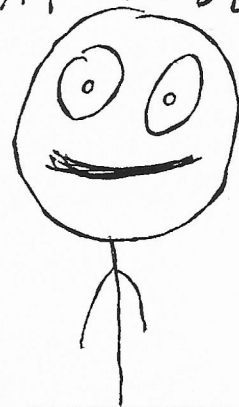
YEAH CARLOS!

HEY GUYS! WE JUST DID SOME-THING GOOD WITH A COMPUTER!

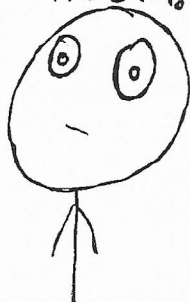


ALL RIGHT!

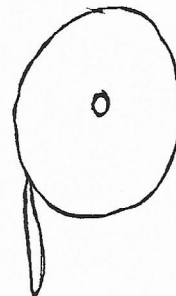
WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY TODD?



I CLEANED MY ROOM.



TODD FUCKING SUCKS!

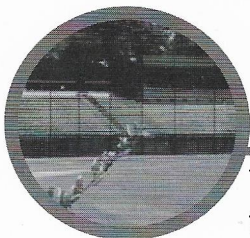


Stanford Attractions

Hoover Tower

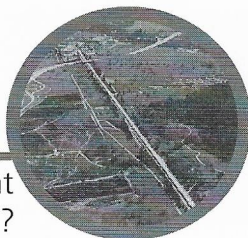
Hoover Tower is the tallest tower named after an ex-president on Stanford's campus. The view from the top is both tantalizing and terrifying. In fact, because it resides above the clouds, Hoover Tower is particularly popular during the wet season when violent monsoons ravage the Stanford region. Many have proclaimed it as the "most towering tower ever built."

*NOTE FOR VISITORS: Expect a two hour wait and an additional twenty minutes for depressurization.



The Sunken Diamond

The architectural opposite of the Hoover Tower, this underground coliseum provides an equally impressive destination for tourists. One can reach it only by subterranean vehicle with drill attachment, as the stadium sits 5,000 miles below the earth's surface. At will call, the mole people will allow entrance into the seventh and final level of hell where you can watch the world-famous Stanford Baseballers take on Satan and his legion of demons for the ultimate prize: President Hennessy's soul.



Stanford Linear Accelerator Center

Have you ever seen a puppy traveling at 300,000 miles/second? How about a kitten? Would you like to? The Stanford Linear Accelerator, located on the outskirts of the Stanford Peninsula, is a must-see for visitors. There they can watch as scientists accelerate various newborn animals to .8 times the speed of light, to observe whether they will indeed evolve into children as recent Stanford graduate Charles Darwin has predicted. Note: supplies are low, so visitors are encouraged to bring their own animals (preferably not children).

I was so
wasted...

I had dormcest...with myself.

**I grabbed 80 condoms from my PHE
because I am a sex freshman.**

**I suggested dorm funds for alcohol
in my loud voice.**

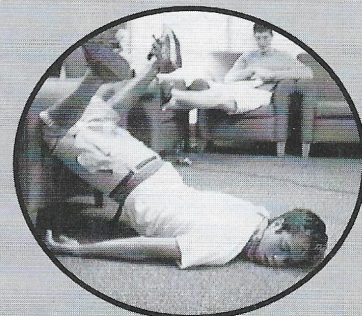


**I was like "fuck this noise" and left
house meeting 5 minutes early.**

It was like 2am.

I got stripped of like half my power.

**I became Vice Provost for
Undergraduate Education.**



I grew a fine layer of fur.

I drove a golf cart into a space.

**I created my study list and
e-mailed my advisor to make
sure it was okay.**

**I think I should major in
being wasted, M.D.**

**I had all these new names in my
phone, and I got a call from Belton.**

SPACE CAMP

Me and Timmy ain't never gonna be good enough for daddy.

Daddy always wanna take me out all the time and show me astronaut stuff. He used to bring Timmy, till about the time he got the twist legs and daddy reckon he aint got no prayer at bein' an astronaut no more. Now Timmy just sits and daddy got more time to make sure I don't waste like Timmy.

Daddy wake me up real early and say,

"Get out there and practice, log!"

He make me catch and run and practice all day till I can't practice the astronaut stuff no more.

Daddy want me to be an astronaut real bad.

I grow up some, and daddy want me t'practice more. He say I ain't got no time for school, and that I need more time for astronaut stuff. Somedays he make me practice till my space boots is sore and my transponder don't work no more cause've daddy yellin' space instruction too much.

One day I ask daddy if he still gonna look out for me if somethin' happen to me like Timmy and I can't do the astronaut stuff. Daddy look at me real good and stare at my legs, like he was trying to tell if they were going to start get all twisty like Timmy's. They still straight as a rocket, so daddy say he love me.

Sometime when I'm doin' the lander, the lunar storms get real good and the knobs is all crazy and the damn thing just wanna land all over on its side, and everybody die in imaginary, and I wonder if daddy rather I die for real.

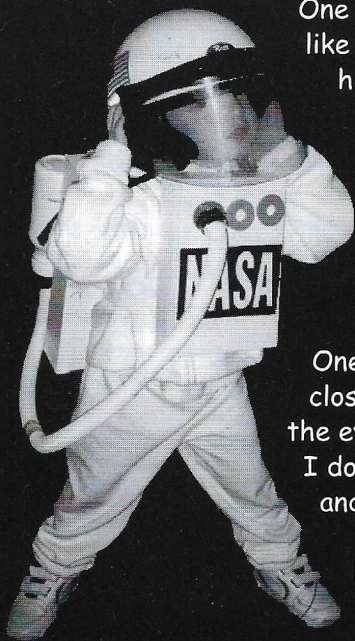
One time Timmy see me all in the space gear, and he look down at his legs real sad like maybe he wish he could wear the space gear too. I try to put it all on him, but his legs is so twisty that the space pants get all wrong and everything is all tangly all over the place. Daddy come in and see me foolin' around with Timmy's legs, and he yell at me for not having my space pants on and say alls about how the atmosphere is gonna get me and it ain't do no good to waste time on a twistleg like Timmy.

I hate the space junk and I hate daddy talkin' bad to Timmy.

One day I get real tired and tell daddy I don't wanna practice no more. He get real close, so's that I can smell the space meals on his breath, and he look me right in the eye and say, "You better think real good 'bout what you sayin'." I tell daddy that I don't wanna be an astronaut no more, and that I ain't gonna wear the space boots and jerk around in the lunar lander no more neither.

Daddy go outside and take a walk. He don't come back for back real long time, and Timmy gettin' hungry. I go lookin' for him but daddy ain't nowhere.

And that was the day daddy shot himself with the rocketship.



Last Minute Additions to Stanford Introductory Seminars
Be sure to check out these options when compiling your course list.
Enrollment is limited.

Crowds

F, SEM | 3 UNITS | LETTER GRADED ONLY

Prerequisite: Groups of 8-10 people

Ever wonder where crowds come from, and where they go when you aren't around? What makes a crowd? Aren't they dangerous? How do you get them to disperse? Why do attack dogs like crowds?



Professor Lem Finklestein has worked with people all his life. He started with 1-2, but can now work with up to 13-15 people. Enrollment limited to 15, no exceptions.

New Norse

F, SEM | 3 UNITS | LETTER GRADED ONLY

Prerequisite: Old Norse

Hey Leif Ericson, Rytकोंen Mel Nørdus? Karkwin! Professor Sven Garson takes us on a journey through the expanding world of Norse. Drink Mead as you discover America...but not so fast, you better age your goat skin. The winds of Kyree are blowing in your direction...will you sail with us? You are the seventh warrior. From atop the Mountain of Greltor you will see knowledge.



Sven Garson has been Stanford's Norse specialist for 20 years. He has written such books as "Rekyaks' Glory" and "Just Norse."

Niece Watching

F, SEM | 8 UNITS | LETTER GRADED ONLY

Imagine having a niece visiting you but you are busy teaching and doing research. You don't just have to imagine it, because it is happening to me. Students will have the opportunity to take a journey wherever they god damn please with my niece, just as long as she's not dead. Here, take the Windstar. And here's a fat twenty dollar bill.



Professor Ray Trancos' sister is going through a messy divorce, and keeps sending her kids to "visit" him for ten weeks at a time.

War Pigs: An In-Depth Study of Black Sabbath

F, SEM | 3 UNITS | LETTER GRADED ONLY

Professor Bill Ward takes us on a journey through the farms of rock, where the war pigs reside, bathed only in crunching guitars and thunderous drums. In this war, the pigs have only their mighty broadswords constructed of thrashing power chords and scathing vocal stylings. From the depths of Gomma.



Dr. Bill Ward played drums in Black Sabbath for 30 years before extreme weight gain and malnutrition rendered him unable to tour. Bill is a 25 year veteran of heroin and continuously bad sleeping habits. He is unafraid to rock.

And be sure to sign up early for these winter courses:

Infectious Disease and Your Face
Advanced Topics in Honors
Trends and Patterns

Business Champion in "Pay Day"



Sacks of Product



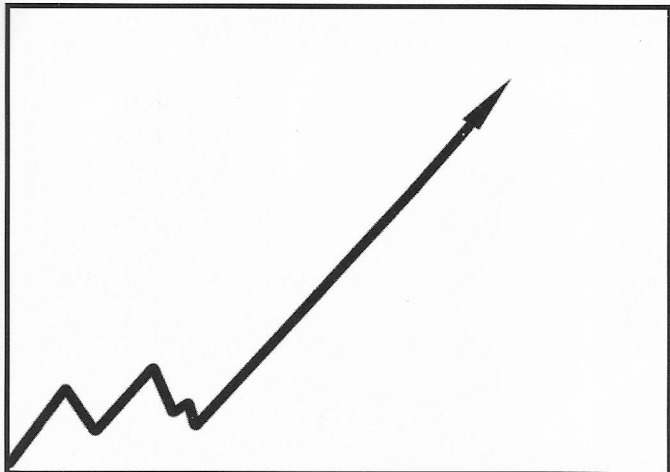
SELL IT!



Daughters



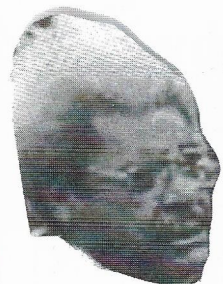
SELL IT!



Sacks of Product and Daughters



PAY DAY!



\$tanford DisOrientation



Guide 2002-2003

Every time you wear one of your cheap \$tanford shirts, three Third World children in "Beefy-T" Asian sweatshops die.

Hope you're enjoying your Stern double. Next time you are about to go to bed, why don't you sleep in your University-provided trash can. That's a homeless person's dorm room.

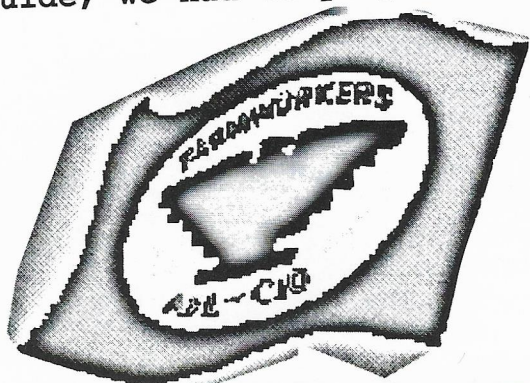
Majoring in Communication? Next time you go to class, ponder for a second why \$tanford carries that major, but not a degree in Nonviolence.

Next time you relax in the shade of a palm tree, you're actually basking in the shade of 500 janitors.

Maybe you'll kick back a few beers with your friends tonight, college-student style? That's what 25% of American males do before they beat their wives.

For you to be accepted into \$tanford, the University had to reject a minority student. You're a minority? Then they must have denied a more obscure minority.

Hope you learned a few valuable lessons from the DisOrientation guide; we had to pulp an old growth tree to make your copy.



bi

my name is dan besby.

and

it's time for us to have a really long, stupid conversation.

Dude. there is this movie. Everyone is watching it and repeating lines from it. we should watch it togeher. we should smoke pot and watch it together. then we can share a bonding experience by repeating lines from the movie to each other.

let's keep this conversation going.

have I mentioned how my town is extremely homophobic? well it is. they believe aids is only for the gays. yeah, it's a pretty backwards town.

oh, and by the way, i saw some people you vaguely know recently. let me pass along some useueless details about them. yeah, they're living in san francisco. oh, and let me mention how one of them is dating a girl you don't know. and also, how about if i mention details from their past relationship which are completely lost on you.

sweet, we've been talking a long time.

dude. that movie. you still have to buy it. purchase it. here are some more lines from it (chest bump celebration time).

let us drink some BEER from a 40 ounce bottle! it's pretty novel. and then everyone can be friends. we can all shake each other's hand and share in a meaningless exchange of pleasantries. we can't just shake hands. we have to do something after the initial shake, like a finger snap, or some rubbing or something. let me put the hood up on my sweat shirt.

i know you have to leave, but let me tell another story about some other acquaintances. they were drunk.

it's time to talk about our close friends who are driving across the country! yeah, they're doing okay. i told them to get that movie on DVD. i was all like 'just buy it.' they said they were in a rural place. i said 'just buy it.' i was all like 'don't ask me any questions. just buy the movie.' they'll be here on tuesday. we can all talk then.

oh, and there goes a girl i kind of know walking past us. i should probably call her by her last name as she passes by and then initiate some sort of awkward contact to maintain some vague semblance of sexual tension. but there is none. because despite my best efforts, she thinks i suck. but let me call her by her last name as she passes by. because this is a social situation, and i should probably hit on her. even though i suck. let me use some pseudo afro-american hand language.

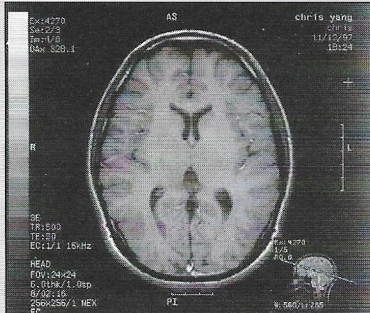
wow, guess it's time to talk to some other poor shmo.

see you later!

The Conversation



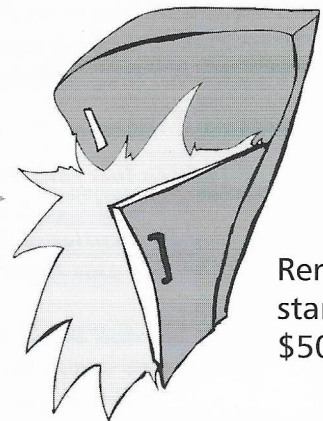
GUINEA PIGS DON'T NEED STUDENT LOANS.



Participate in Psychology Department experiments.
Building 420.

Make \$20 and hear the
sound of your occipital lobe.

REFRIGERATOR!



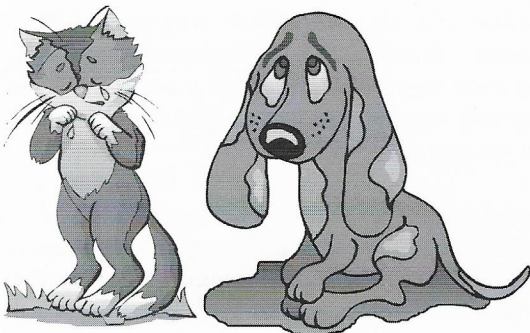
Rentals
start at
\$50!

**"Because food is a dish
best served cold!"**

No pets at Stanford.

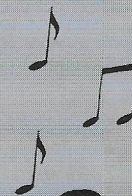
You can't have them here.

Just so you know.

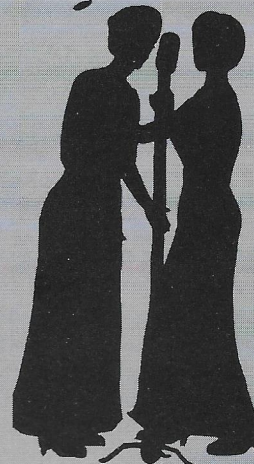


(No Pets Hotline: (650) 566-8287)

Acapella Auditions!



Bring yourself and your voice to:
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experience required.**

**No talent
required, either.**

**You don't even
need to be able
to stand still.**

We love you.

Second Rate Students

Second Rate Palestination Activist:

I believe Palestine should have its own state.

Student:

NO!

Second Rate Palestinian Activist:

That's fair, I deserve that. I'm not gonna blow myself up.

Second Rate RA:

What's got you down, man?

Student:

I'm having some serious trouble with an eating disorder.

Second Rate RA:

Are you going on the ski trip? Because I need your money by tomorrow or else I can't confirm your space on the charter bus.

Second Rate Recycling Coordinator:

We'll just recycle this shit the next time it comes around.

Second Rate Dean of Students:

You're suspended.

Student:

But I'm just a pro-fro.

Second Rate Dean of Students:

Well then you're fired.

Second Rate Frat Boy:

I'm gonna fuck that.

Girl:

You mean me?

Second Rate Frat Boy:

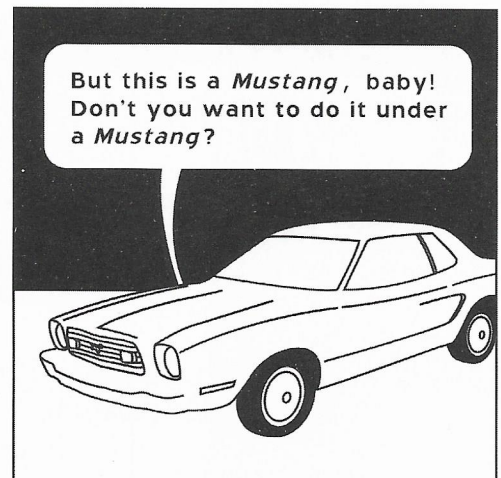
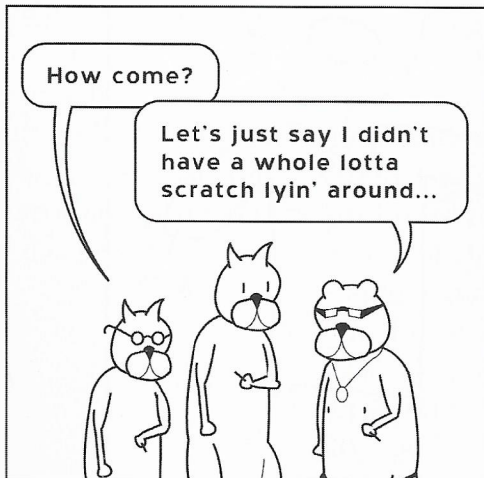
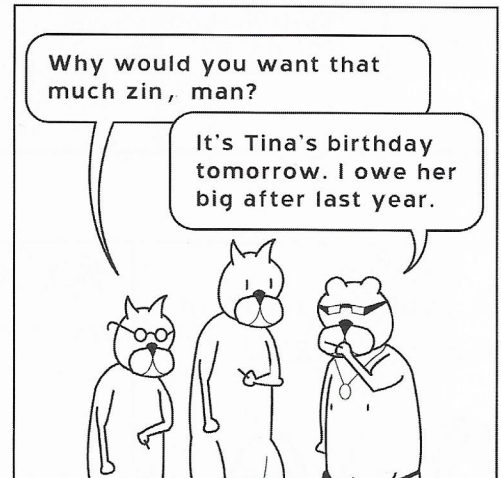
No, that! (points at her)

Second Rate Student Musician:

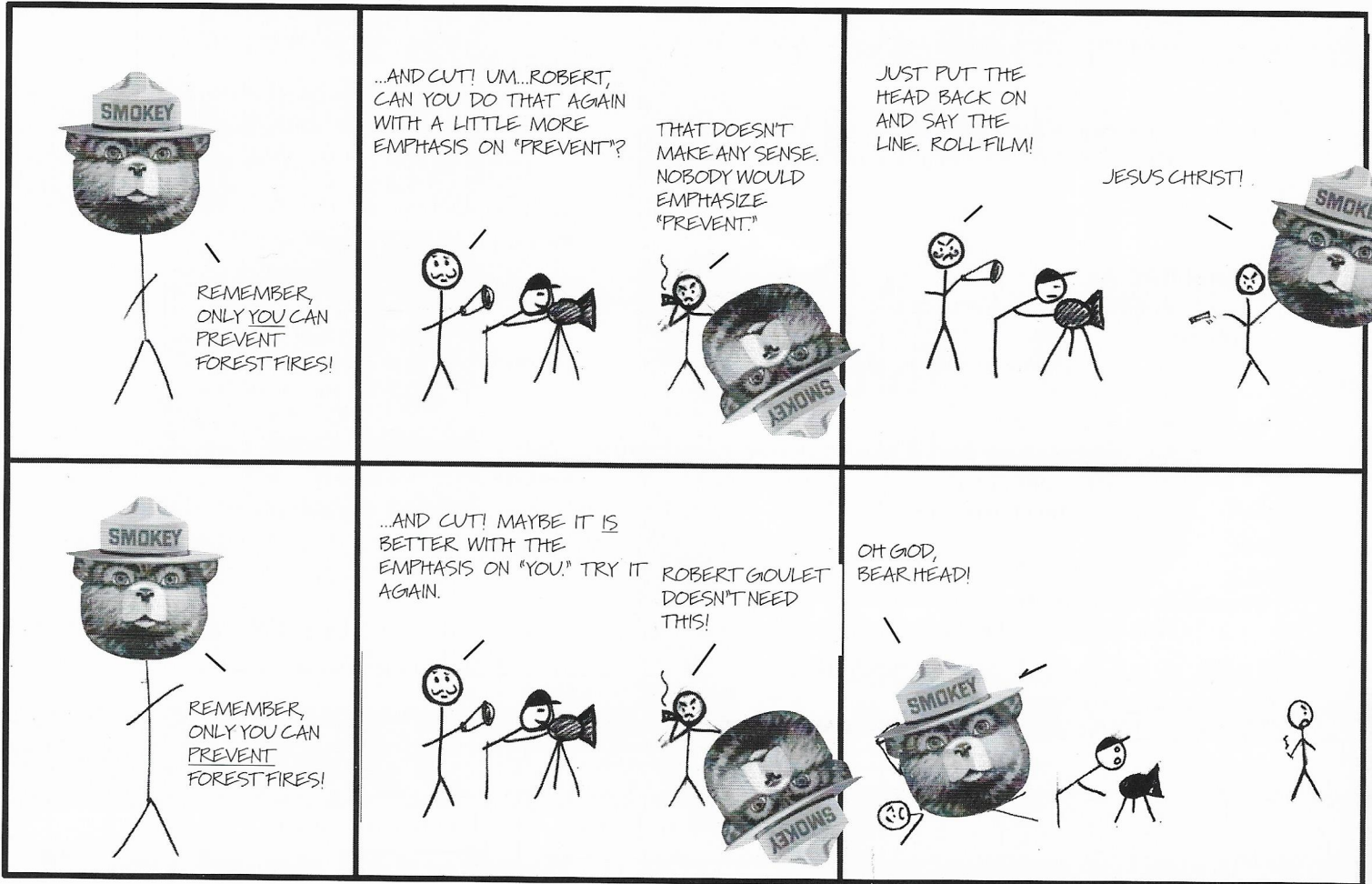
I just got a gig at the COHO!

achewood

MORE AT WWW.ACHEWOOD.COM



by Chris Onstad '97 (Oldboy '94-'95, '95-'96)



CUSTOMER:

Could I please have a half-pound of potato salad?

DELI OWNER:

Excuse me?

CUSTOMER

Um, I asked...

DELI OWNER:

Where do you get off asking me for that? Have you ever looked down into a pile of chunky slop that used to be your favorite potato? Now you want a half pound of him to take home with you?

CUSTOMER:

I'm sorry. I just...

DELI OWNER:

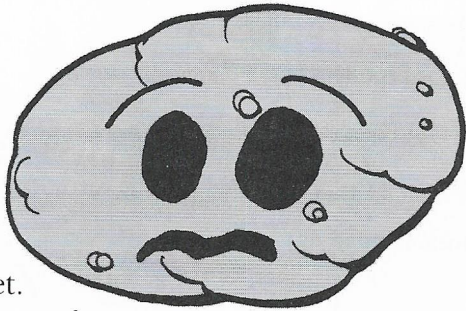
You're sorry? No, you know what, that's OK. Oh yeah, and while you're here I've been meaning to ask you something. Can I have some of your cousin Buddy who died when his friend's car flipped and Buddy was sticking his torso through the sun roof? Just a half-pound. Squeeze it into some plastic tupperware and slap a sticker on that shit.

CUSTOMER:

Ohh, God...

DELI OWNER:

Hey kids! Mom's home! Guess what she picked up at the market.



The last reminiscence of someone's hopes and dreams. Yeah! Cut short in a horrific spectacle of twisting metal and lemon-flavored mayo. All in this little plastic container that...Whoops! Exploded all over the plastic bag on the trip back! Oh well, we can still scrape the remainder together, slap it on a styrofoam plate and scarf it down while we watch the beginning to *Saving Private Ryan* on repeat.

CUSTOMER:

(gasp)

DELI OWNER:

Mmmm, tastes like feelings.

Commerce

CUSTOMER:

Hey could you top it off with regular?

SERVICE STATION ATTENDENT:

No problem. You know dinosaurs were far and away the dominant species on earth for 250 million years? Lot longer than you and me. Just thought you might like to know what's swishing through your engine.

CUSTOMER:

You mean gas?

SERVICE STATION ATTENDENT:

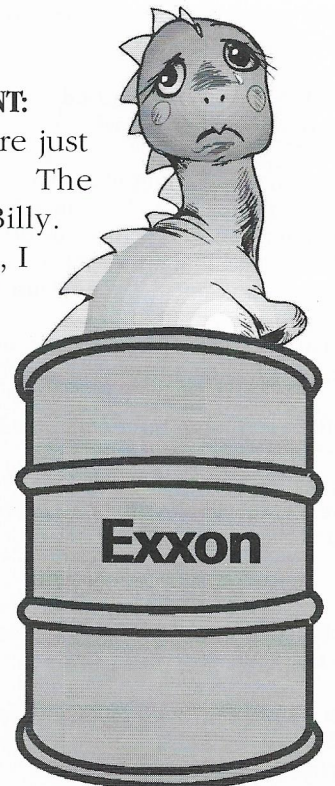
No. I mean Billy the Brontasaurus. Just think of him. Yesterday he was frolicking through green pastures, today he's exploding at 2000 degrees faranheit in your Volkswagen Golf. Boom, Billy! There goes your tail. Through the oversized chrome muffler. Don't worry, you'll be joining it soon enough.

CUSTOMER:

Look it's just Exxon.

SERVICE STATION ATTENDENT:

Of course. Besides, you're just purchasing regular. The crappier version of Billy. He'll appreciate that. Say, I heard it's gonna be a cold winter, have you heard that? You know your grandfather sure could keep my house warm and toasty. Would, you mind if I dug up his carcus and threw it in the fireplace. He died last spring right? Premium. The only way to go. Smells like memories.



The Adventures of Jocko

light weight jockey for large dogs

~ AT DINNER ~

Wife: Honey, you barely ate a thing.

Jocko: I'm sorry sweetheart. But I have chosen a life of which your pork chops cannot be a part. You see, I race dogs. Not just any dogs. Big dogs. St. Bernards, German Shepards, Golden Retrievers...Dogs that make a man drop to his knees, and say thank you. Thank you for making me only 58.2 lbs. Thank you for not bestowing me with toes, hair, or teeth, thereby saving me those few extra ounces, so I might ride these wonderful beasts at the highest level.

Wife: Please honey, get off of Mr. Wolfs and come to the table and eat.

Jocko: I will not dismount my steed, you feline temptress! Nor will I eat your witch's chops! Did you ever notice that God is Dog spelled backwards? Did you, Jennifer? Jenni-furrrrrr? When i was born, that all-knowing God-Dog gave me a collar, in case I ever got lost. And it reads "Jocko: lightweight dog jockey".

Wife: Jesus.

Jocko: NO. Jocko.

~ AT THE PARK ~

Child: Hey mister what are you doing to my dog?

Jocko: Why, I'm performing acupuncture on him, of course. A fine racedog like this responds well to acupuncture; it balances him out. No doubt you've been wondering why his performance has been slipping in your recent derbies.

Child: Na ah, I saw you find that needle underneath the ole boarded up house next to the park.

Jocko: Yessir, nothing like some good acupuncture to make him feel like a yearling again. You know, bulldogs in particular require careful maintenance to keep them in prime racing condition. Say, do you mind if I take him for a light trot around the premises.

Child: Mommmm. That man just sat on Count Puppula.

Jocko: Giddyup, you lazy sack of Eukanuba! Giddyup! You're not worth the testicles you haven't got!

Child: Please stop mister, he can't breath.

Jocko: I'm not impressed, kid. You two have a long way to go before the race on Friday. I'll see you at the track.

~ AT THE VET ~

Jocko: So do you know what's wrong with my fine stallion here?

Vet: Your uh, dog, seems to have eight dislocated vertebrae. Have you been doing anything unusual with it lately?

Jocko: No, not that I can think of. I mean, I pushed it a little on the pre-race routine yesterday, made him do a few extra jumps. But nothing crazy.

Vet: Sir, you are seriously hurting your dog.

Jocko: That's absurd. For your information, I attended Old Yeller Junior College for Canine Racing. So I think I would know what a full grown cockerspaniel is capable of.

Everybody: HA! Jocko went to JuCo.

~ AT THE RACETRACK ~

Trainer: I'm sorry I don't have The Terrific Terrier Terry on my list.

Jocko: It's a last minute entry my good man. Me and this strapping colt here are going to turn the dog racing world on its ear tonight.

Trainer: Sir, your dog is not even a greyhound.

Jocko: No, I don't care much for the greyhounds. A handsome breed no doubt, but disobedient, unpredictable. No I feel far more confident on the posterior of good ole Sargent Barko here.

Trainer: Sargent Barko? Excuse me, is that a saddle on your dog's back?

Jocko: Western saddle, gives me more control. Especially around turns. Sometimes you just gotta dig your heels in and hold on, you know?

Trainer: No. Listen I think I might actually have a free lane in the last race if you want it.

Jocko: Excellent. Right this way boy. (to trainer) Careful, he kicks. Oh and remember that's Ruff Rider with two 'f's.

(Later that night)

Announcer: And they're off!

Jocko: Giddyup!

Announcer: But what's this? There appears to be a man jumping up and down on... a terrier in the tenth starting block. He's literally grinding the poor animal into the earth.

Jocko: Not again!



STANFORD STUDENTS:

All Stanford students are expected to follow the Fundamental Standard at all times. An important component of the Fundamental Standard includes the obligation to report violations immediately.

To assist you in this requirement, the Undergraduate Judicial Board has established a hotline for reporting any possible violations of the Fundamental Standard.

(650) 723-1468

Fundamental Standard Hotline
Confidential. Anonymous. Mandatory.

First time callers get a free **Jamba Juice!**

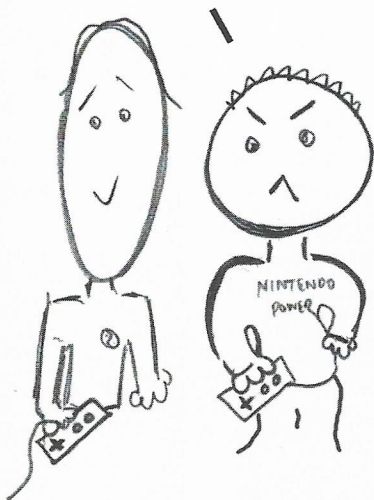
The student reporting the most violations will also receive a free dinner with the Judicial Board.

HOLLYWOOD MOMENTS:

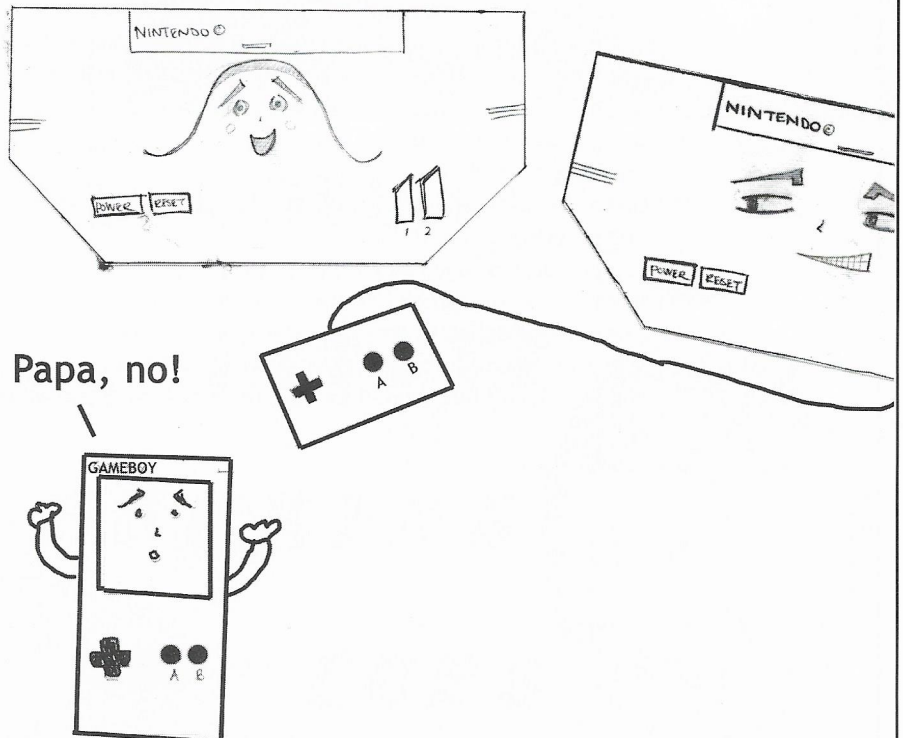


"Can I sex your boobs?"

*Dude, the
Nintendo cheated!*



Oh, Mr. Shinbun. You're a married man.



Stanford

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2002-2003

ID #

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Place label here

OR fill out this form online at <http://nusip.stanford.edu>

Name _____

LAST

FIRST

MIDDLE

Roommate Form

This form is used to assist the New Undergraduate Student Information Project (NUSIP) coordinators in assigning you a roommate(s). The NUSIP coordinators will consider both shared interests and differences that will allow you and your roommate(s) to get along with and learn from each other. We ask that you complete the form as candidly and with as much detail as possible.

1. I would like my room to be: INDOORS | 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 OUTDOORS
2. I keep my room with: SOME EUROPEANS | 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 MANY EUROPEANS
3. On weeknights, I usually go to bed between the hours of _____ and Vespers.
On weekends I listen to the Diceman. My fuckin' balls! My BALLS!
(if silence, see 3a.)
- 3a. WOOAAAAAAAAOH!
4. When trying to win the Greek Olympics, I:
 - Pull out the electric violin and band together with my compatriots in an unprecedented showing of nerd solidarity.
 - Sneak into the Pi Delta house and install a camera in the bathroom using unprecedented nerd college technology.
 - "You just got your asses WHIPPED by a bunch of goddamn nerds!"-Coach Harris
 - NERDS!
5. My favorite Heathcliff character: Riff Raff | 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Heathcliff
6. I can:
 - debone a trash can fish using only my mandibles and alley-cat savvy.
 - gracefully accept that my fatter, less savvy cat cousin has won the hearts of America's youth, and taken over their car windows, while I wallow in cult obscurity.
7. Activities I enjoy include(check all that apply):
 - rummaging through trash.
 - being a slim, trim, bad-ass cartoon cat.
 - being President of the Tri Lams.
 - chasing, and then eating mice.
 - participating in the Greek Olympics, including performing a rap that glorifies nerd accomplishments.
 - being suction-cupped to the rear window of a Ford Taurus (if you check this, skip to 8).
 - proving your sexual prowess under cover of darkness in a carnival funhouse, only to be confused with a jock, and then lauded for your performance regardless of your nerd affiliation.
8. Fuck you, Garfield.

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.....We'll help you think things through

You've got lofty goals, ones you know you can achieve.

In order to reach them, you must pass every test.

A pregnancy test, however, is not one you planned on taking, much less passing.

This positive test may feel like a failure.

Well, you're not the first to struggle with such a life changing decision.

You are entitled to all the information you would like regarding your options.

The information we provide will help you make an informed and educated choice.

First Resort provides

Pregnancy Tests
Information on all your options
Ultrasounds
Daytime & evening appointments
Post-abortion counseling
Pregnancy Verification
A caring environment

Make us YOUR First Resort!

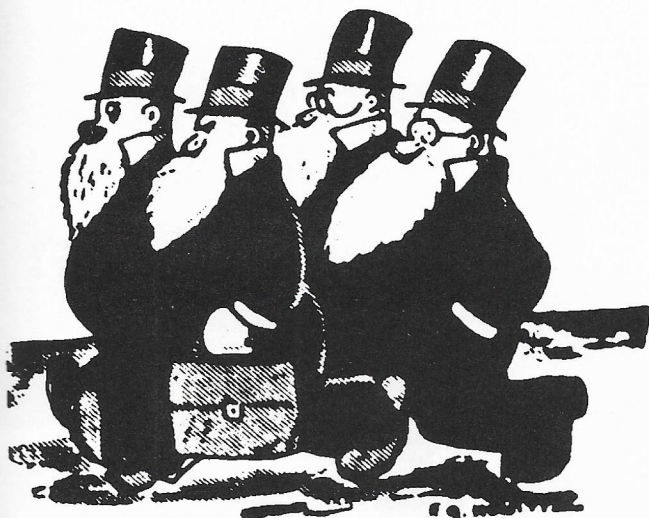
For information or
an appointment call:
650-261-9115
801 Brewster Avenue
Suite 210
Redwood City, CA
(just 1.5 blocks from
the Caltrain Station)



FIRST RESORT
pregnancy consulting

www.firstresort.net

~All services are free and confidential~



"It's the only way to stay
competitive: 'Build two, burn one.'"



TYRUS RAYMOND COBB

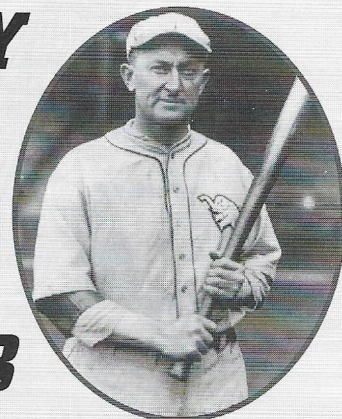
went to stanford. ty cobb was and always shall be TY COBB



TYYYYYY

FUCKING

COBB



WHAT THE ALUMNI ARE DOING



ART ISTICK, '08.
DOING HOSIERY ADS.

BATTER
UP!

NEVERWEAR
HOSIERY

TURNEM OVER, '14.
DOING IT UP BROWN

SPLOR

HANDSOME HAROLD '21
DOING NICELY,
THANK
YOU!

I WANNA
STAY HERE!
WAH!!

COME ON
HUBBY,
WE'RE LEAVING
PARIS!

THIS WAY TO
FINLAND

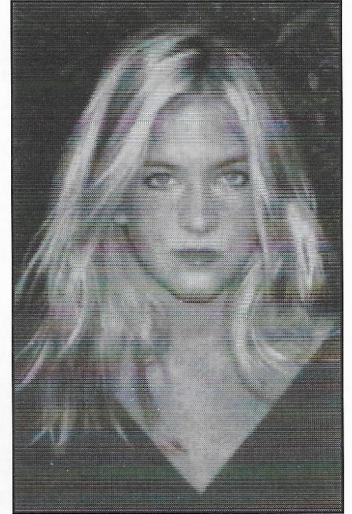
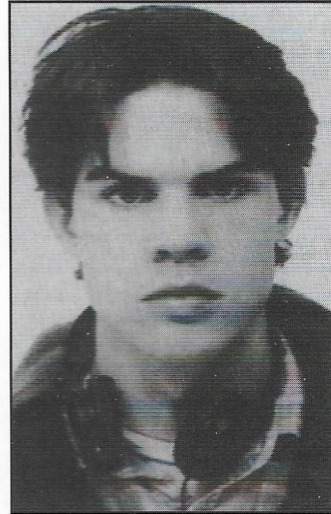
WAN D. RERR, '46. DOING EUROPE.

LOWBROW LUKE, '05. DOING TEN YEARS.

Feg
Murray
'16

CAUTION

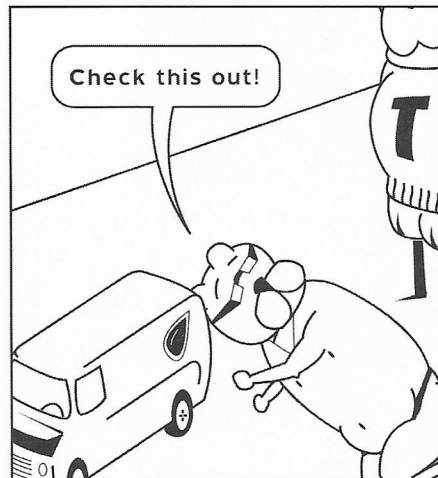
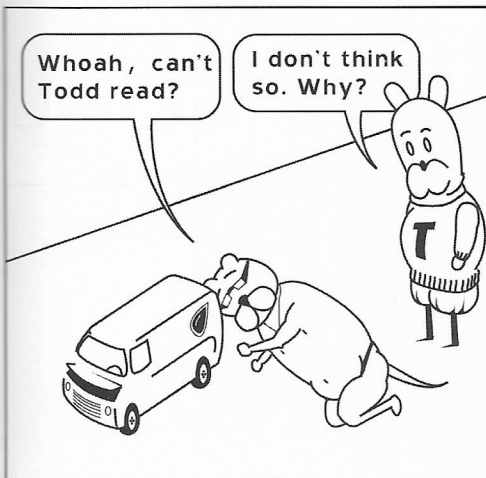
THE FOLLOWING INCOMING
FRESHMEN ARE NARCS:



DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES,
SELL DRUGS TO THESE STUDENTS.

achewood

MORE AT WWW.ACHEWOOD.COM



by Chris Onstad '97 (Oldboy '94-'95, '95-'96)

Calvis James Ripken, Jr.

Seventeen years ago I began a relationship with a woman named Clara. She had smallish breasts, long legs, and a pleasant face. We made love only once, but I'll never forget the experience.

It was a Sunday afternoon. We had just returned from sunning ourselves in the noonday sun. For some reason, she had elected to wear a large Victorian hoop skirt.

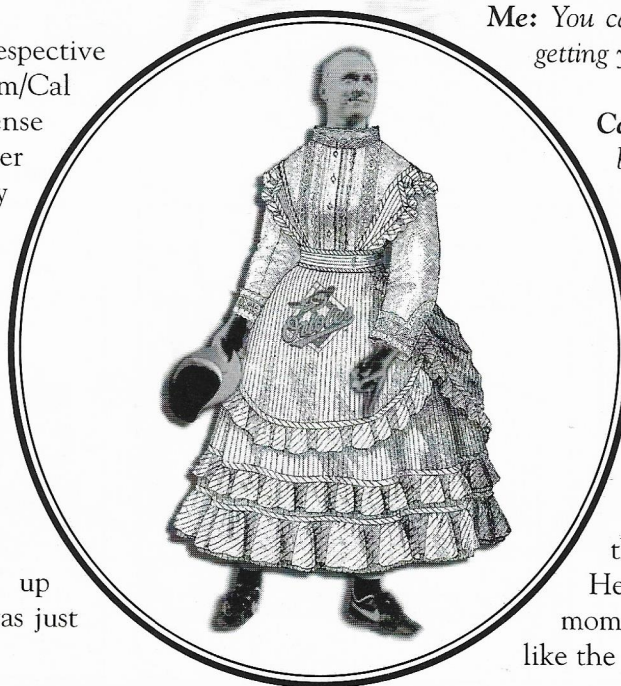
This made things considerably more difficult.

So I asked her: "Clara, I know you are a Victorianist and I know you have strong opinions regarding the female shape in reference to hoop skirts, but COME ON! I don't walk around dressed like Cal Ripken, do I?"

Well, maybe I didn't dress like him. But I sure as hell had the iron man streak at work for the least amount of sick days...and I called my little brother Billy...and I insisted he play for the Orioles. But still. A Victorianist I was not and if there is a man who can find any worse flaw in a woman, let him come forth to me, grab my hand, and use it to play that game where you use someone's hand to hit themselves and say the phrase, "Why are you hitting yourself? You're hitting yourself!"

Despite Clara's and my respective feelings toward Victorianism/Cal Ripken, I had the intense desire to sleep with her regardless. So that very Sunday afternoon, I made a call to the man himself. Calvis James Ripken, Junior. I knew that if he was impressed with her he would help me sleep with her so I could end this silly quest to sleep with a Victorianist.

Ultimately, Cal turned up later on at our home. It was just before dinner.



Our Conversation:

Me: Clara, I'd like you to meet Cal Ripken

Clara: And the top of the day to you, fine dandy.

Cal: Hi.

Me: Oh no, please not now...not in front of Cal Ripken.

Clara: Have I told you about England?

Me: For the love of God!

Cal: No, I don't think so...

Clara: I'll say this: this situation matters not one wit!

Me: I've had enough. (Puts on Cal Ripken jersey.)

Cal: Where did you get that?


Me: The locker room.

Cal: I can't believe that.

Me: You can't believe how smart I was in getting your jersey?

Cal: No, it's more that I can't believe that you would have my jersey, and I am so impressed by your Victorianist girlfriend that I will assist you in sleeping with her.

Me: That is fantastic news.

Ten minutes later I was boffing Clara under her hoop skirt. And Cal Ripken was there. And he played shortstop. He played shortstop to catch that moment where two bodies become like the one body. 

SADNESS

because that's what you feel

monthly

October 2002/\$3.95

How sad are you?
quiz p. 19

RAINY DAYS

"I have it all, but I still want to die"

THANKSGIVING ALONE:

Cooking a turkey for one

CANCER: LOSING HOPE

OUTLIVING YOUR CHILDREN

"NOBODY'S FAULT BUT MY OWN"

PAXIL vs. PROZAC

Why neither will work for you

JOINT CUSTODY:
See you next weekend
(say goodbye to your father)

PUTTING YOUR DOG TO SLEEP



We asked the staff:

Who is YOUR favorite Freshman???

Small Rich, the fella with the gun pointed at his brains. He is in the triplet in Donner, the one with James Taylor replacing his own face on his little star that tells where he is from.

Chris Onstad, Bleeding

He says his name is "Leggo Fantastico," but I think it's really Roland. He brought a bunch of leggos from home and started building a car or something in Donner lounge. On Thursday, someone was drunk and crushed the car and then threw up on him. I don't know why I found it funny, but I've never laughed so hard in my life. Anyways, yesterday he fell down the stairs. That was pretty funny too. He rules.

Sean Lucy, Legomaniac

My favorite Freshman is Thomas Williams, the Freshman from Oklahoma who wrote his essay on his application on how much he likes fishing for crayfish with his brothers and cousins.

**Andrew Nielsen,
He Came To Rock This Place**

My favorite Freshman was always getting locked inside the library when the fire alarms went off.

**Steve Yelderman,
RA Stands For Reach Around**



His name was Dino Zworykin. Cool guy. This is his great-grandfather, Vladimir—an unsung pioneer of television and broadcast technology.

Ian Spiro, Staffer

She had soft hair and these eyes that could make even the toughest man melt like butter. She also had these cute little habits, like twitching her nose every now and then, or scratching behind her long ears with her legs, or hopping around the room in search of carrots and tubers. I really miss my pet rabbit. If you find her, you could be my favorite freshman.

Eric Shih, My New Little Brother

My favorite freshman is the one under the front tire of my bike a month from now. He's probably late for IHUM. I still don't care. Watch the fuck where you're going.

Jason Jenkins, Up In Smoke

I'd have to say the girl who everybody thought was a mute, but she was actually just from Estonia. I realized she was Estonian when I saw her in the lunch line and noticed her protruding forehead. Then she asked if they had any Saber Tooth Tiger steak and it all came together.

Charlie Stockman, Father Time

There's a dude in Junipero who has (more later, guys, I gotta go to bed)

Adrian Perry, Sleepytime

Lights! Camera! Kitties! Oooh, Freshman Kitty, you're in big trouble! Here's a saucer of milk. And some cat nip. And flowers. And my family.

Katie Founds, Cat Dumpster

My favorite freshman was the NR-6 prototype. With fully adjustable vertical thruster and cloth interior, I designed the shit out of it.

Anne Bender, NR-7 Prototype

The meek one who doesn't talk at all, and won't even make eye contact when you pass him in the hall. Everyone else thinks he is just really shy, but you secretly suspect that he just thinks he's better than everyone. So when you use his Lever 2000, you don't feel bad about it at all.

Matt Steinberg, Full of Beans

Anyone who won't be a fucking retard-sheep and say things like "Stanford girls are ugly."

Jenny Kim, Retard-Sheep

My favorite freshmen? That goes without saying.

John Huetter, Inside Joker

My favorite freshman is the one with sparkling eyes and pure soul. The one who came to Stanford to make a difference—learn about life. The freshman who thinks the world is still a fair and just place. The one who will make me a fine winter coat.

Sara Inés Calderón, Thinking Ahead

Slater, definitely Slater. Sure he wasn't in junior high, but man he rocked in Zach Attack.

Erik Lessac-Chenen, So Excited

Analysis shows no lifeforms on this planet.

Chris Allocco, Navigator

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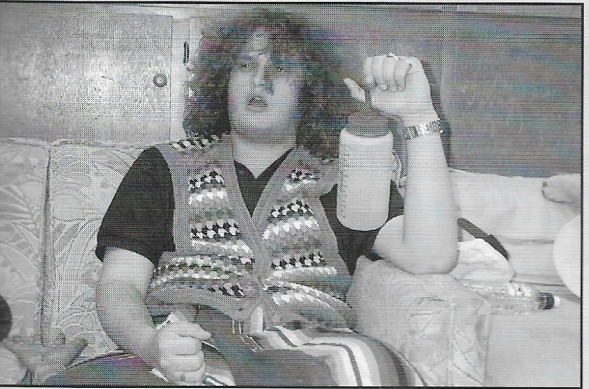


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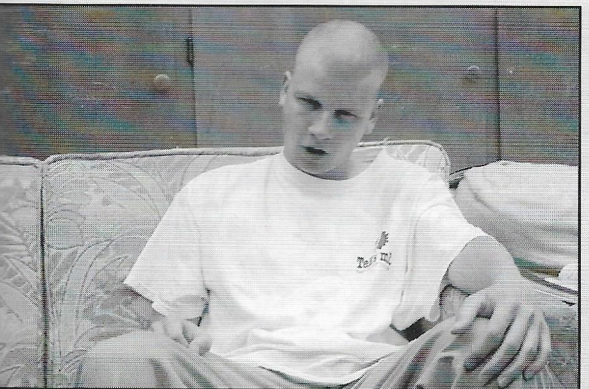
We'll take **D'Artagnan, the Fencing Dandy.**



We'll take **Bruce, the ugliest girl on campus.**



We'll take the **Mad Hatter.**



We'll take **Special Bobby.**

As you can see, anyone is welcome to join the staff of the Chappie. Writers, artists, graphic designers, web designers, and business staff needed.

NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

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

FIRST MEETING: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 8:30pm.

**2nd floor, Storke Publications Building
Corner of Santa Teresa & Lomita.**

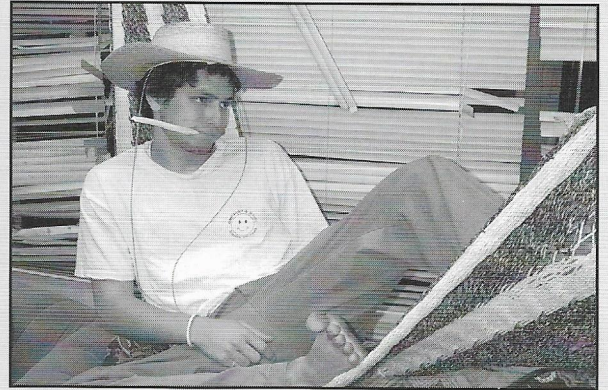
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