

STANFORD **Chaparral** THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Freshman Number



\$4.00
Vol CX No. 1

Earthquake

Survival Kits

and YOU

Survivalist

- 2 gallons of water
- Hand powered radio
- Blanket
- Flashlight
- Fire extinguisher
- Dry or Canned Food
- Wrench

Geologist

- rock hammer
- seismograph
- burlap sack
- lucky geode

Perfectionist

- two xanax
- broom
- dust pan
- laser level
- spare "AA" batteries

Opportunist

- shake flashlight
- etch-a-sketch
- bobble-head doll
- sandy shoes
- butter churn
- can of paint

Capitalist

- bulldozer
- eminent domain
- stockpiles of water
- free pretzels

Traditionalist

- jeep cherokee
- time rift to pre-history
- catchy theme song
- rubber dinosaur suit

President Hennessy's Address to the Class of 2012

Parents, transfer students, and members of the Class of 2012:

Nobody has moved more dope than me. Nobody. Look around you. My people are on every corner. I'm the king of this city. And I'm about to take the whole west coast.

I remember when I was just a young pup, being a runner, dreaming about the day when I'd get mine. Well here I am, and guess what? I still want more. I'm still hungry. It's not about getting enough to get out. It's not about hitting some bullshit number. It's not about that. It's about playing the game, today, because there's no tomorrow, motherfucker.

Don't you get it? I don't care that I could never spend what I have now. There's no such thing as too big. I'm gonna keep movin these packages till everybody with ears and eyes knows that I'm the biggest there ever was. Just because I'm on top doesn't mean I'm gonna stop climbing. Only God can stop me, and I'm coming for him.

The police want me? Good luck. I own half that fucking force. I got cops wearing the badge during the day and standing on a corner for me at night. The Feds want me? They know where to find me, but they're gonna have a war on their hands. I got an army strapped with gats, techs, fucking heat-seeking missiles.

I'm a monster! If you get in my way, I'll tear you up. I'll eat your fucking bones. All these chumps I had to take out on my way up, they were small time. They'd move a kilo a month and call themselves a kingpin. That's why they're dead and I'm still here. I'm still pushing this dope, still running these streets. And to any fool who wants to stand in my way, I only got one thing to say: **move.**

Le Chaparral



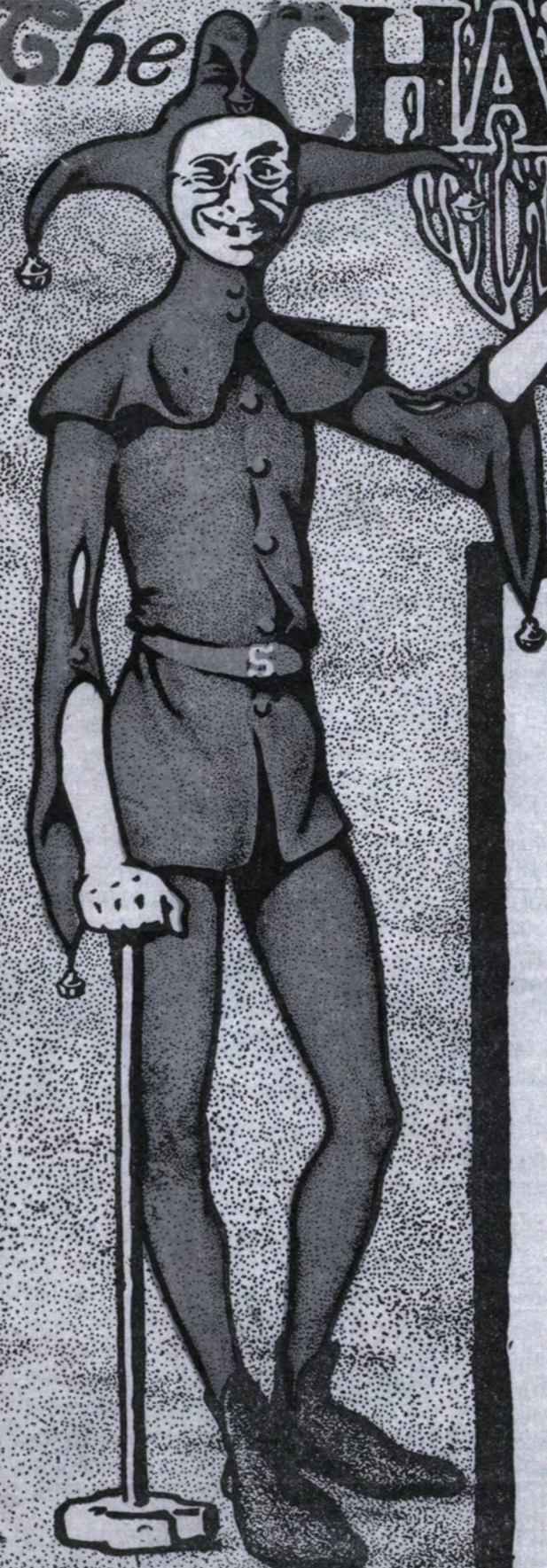
A New Light on an Old Subject

Over There Number

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France 191

The CHAPARRAL



Bristow Adams

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*In the first issue of each new volume, we run pieces from previous volumes to teach the children some history.

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'09

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Coming Soon

Special Thanks

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Wally, King of the Dogs
Jenny Baer
46:06

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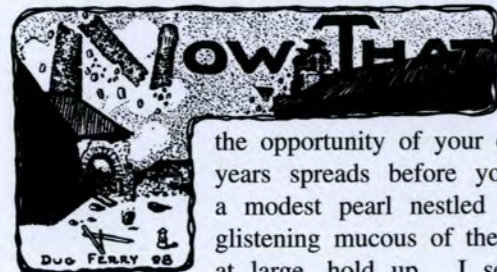
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906
BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

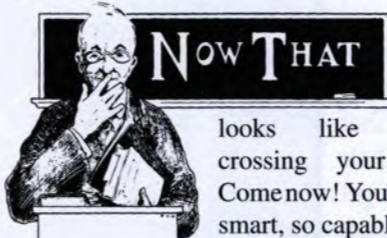
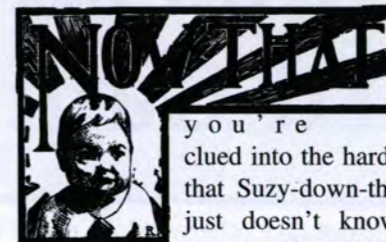


the opportunity of your college years spreads before you like a modest pearl nestled in the glistening mucous of the world at large, hold up. I see you have your ticket and suitcase in hand, foot tapping impatiently. What's the rush? You have four years to be impatient; humor him by passing a few seconds with this Old Boy. Sit down.

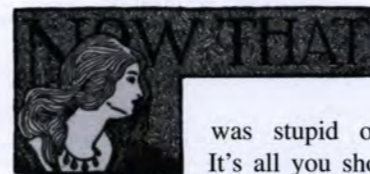
Feel good to take a breather? You look tired. Sleepy, even. Couldn't slumber last night? Too excited to move into your Cedro double and meet your roommate from Modesto (isn't he just so nice?) Well, don't even think about sleeping. You might miss something. You wouldn't want to miss one second of this, the best four years of your life. Because it really is true what they say; you made it here, and from this point forward, food will never taste spicier, showers never hotter, sleep never more restful than it does right now, this very moment.

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If your college years are a thrill-ride of Fun down the steepest, iciest mountain, you're poised at the very summit right now with ice pick in hand, ready to hack and slide and hoot your way down. But hang on there: sure, the ride will be fun, but nothing except mud and rocks await you at the bottom. But you knew that already.



looks like worry crossing your face. Come now! You look so smart, so capable. You are at Leland Stanford U, after all. You can't have thought it gets any better than this. The next four years of your life will be a veritable fetal cocoon of grade inflation and lax alcohol policies, but just as all good things must end someday, you will find that four years passes quicker than the blink of an eye. You shouldn't even get comfortable, really. It will be over before you know it, and you'll find yourself staring down into that void to which we all must go, wondering how you even got there. But surely you thought of this as an inevitable downward slide before now, didn't you? No?

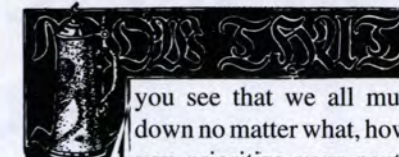


was stupid of you. It's all you should be thinking about. Panicking is the best way to get ahead here.

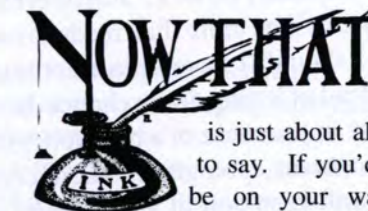
you're clued into the hard truth that Suzy-down-the-hall just doesn't know, let me see if I can't also lift your spirits and ease your heartburn. Sure, we're all doomed to scabble our meaningless way into obscurity, so why not give it a tooth-and-nail fight? You'll find in the days to come that most of your academic compatriots have little use for diversionary pursuits. They're on a singleminded path to the laboratories, studios, courtrooms, and hallowed government halls of the world, so much so that you might resign yourself to thinking that everyone at Stanford is like this. But that would be a wrong assumption. Sure, it's true that 75% of your freshman dormmates will end up with a Rhodes scholarship, but don't despair of your inevitable mediocrity. There is another way, if you want it.

If you choose to disentangle yourself from the herd of lemmings racing each other to the forboding cliffs in the distance and follow the Old Boy to his lair, you'll find sanctuary, asylum, and a safe haven. Inside his damp-walled cave, you'll find a gaggle of like-minded scalawags and miscreants, scribbling away at pursuits no more noble than making each other and those around them laugh. What a waste! you might think.

Or is it? You might instead remember the rush of water beneath that faraway cliff: none of this matters anyway. So what the hell?



you see that we all must go down no matter what, how will you prioritize your next four years? Will you slave away in a research lab on a project some professor will take all the credit for? Will you start your senior honors thesis over Thanksgiving this year? Or will you join the Old Boy at the Chaparral? Many of you may glance at this magazine and find it a waste of time--ours and yours. More of you, even, will be so busy with orientation you won't look at all, seeing as how you're already late for four auditions and a FACES summit. If you've made it this far, though, we invite you sincerely to peruse the rest of these pages. If you find them to your liking, come to the Nitery building of Old Union at 8:30 on Wednesday nights. We can't offer you crampons, ropes, or airlifts; we can't even offer you a leg up. What we can offer you is a seat at our table, a place in our ranks.



is just about all I have to say. If you'd like to be on your way with the herd, I suppose we have no more business with one another and I wish you well. But if you'd like to follow this Old Boy down the path barely trodden, fall in line and listen to the burden. We trace our path by the faint light of those gone before; we mete our step to the ghostly echo of their long-gone laughter.



Rejected Special Edition Board Games

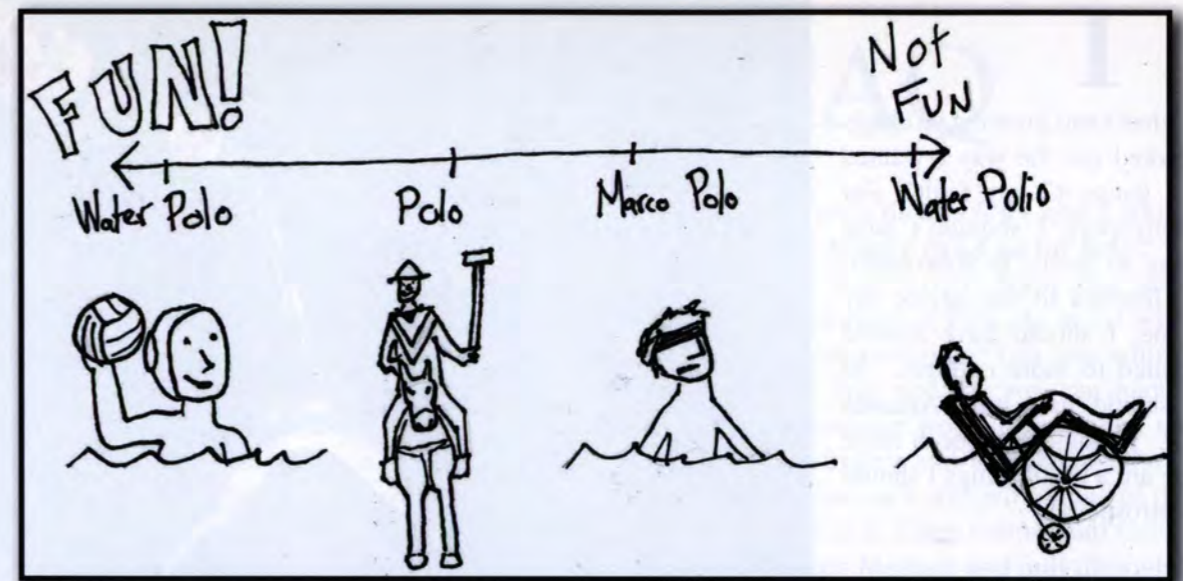
Monopoly, Clue Edition: Like other versions of the classic game, it's a battle for property and you're the landlord! But this time, buying up the available hilltop mansion spaces is only half the fun: grisly murders have taken place within every single one of them, and the chalk outlines are killing rental rates. Now it's up to players to figure out the who, how, and where of crimes that occurred on their new properties—only then can they turn their haunted houses into lucrative bed-and-breakfasts. Just don't get sent to jail along the way! Because in the big house, it's always Colonel Mustard with the shiv, and you're sharing his cell.

Extremely Sorry!: The hit Milton Bradley game, now tailored to the overly apologetic. Just like the original, the idea is to guide your pawns home while knocking the competition back to start. Only this time, when you land on the same space as your pal and say "Sorry I bumped into you"—you'll actually mean it! Maybe even a little too much. And I'm sure he'll be more than ready to counter with a "No, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been standing here in the first place." Instead of letting dumb chance dictate who gets sent back to start in the event of a collision, extreme rules favor the more insistent apologeter. These contests of passive-aggression will keep you in a tense state of entertainment for months! Great for anyone ages 8 and up, but especially if you are detestable.

Pocket Bop-It: The fast-paced endurance game for the 21st century is back and more portable than ever! Have you ever wanted to "bop it," "twist it," "pull it," and "thwack it," on a family vacation, but didn't have room for the original version in your suitcase? Fret no longer, because now you can perform all of these motions on a smaller scale, from the comfort of your pocket. Challenge a friend, or just play with yourself in the corner. Batteries and napkins sold separately.

Some Assembly Required: The Game: With rounds lasting up to three weeks, this game makes for a new, yet nostalgic, breed of fun. The object? To spend enough time putting a board game together with your dad on X-mas morning that you won't want to take it apart afterwards. Leave it in the middle of the family room for the ensuing days, then insist that everyone tiptoe around its massive, fragile surface even after you've lost interest. First person to knock it over by mistake loses, but if the maid does it you'll have to play again. From the people who brought you Mouse Trap and 13 Dead End Drive.

The Game of Half-Life: Life is full of surprises, but radioactive decay can be pleasantly predictable. For anyone tired of the rat race to yuppie bliss that characterized the original game, this version gives you a much less daunting task: guide a mild-mannered isotope through the entirety of its chemically distinct half-life. You'll encounter all sorts of choices along the way. Will you keep a stable atomic mass throughout your journey, or gain enough extra electrons to retire in style? Will you marry, or just stick to carbon dating? Will you conceive children to fill your station wagon, or will both car and kid remain out of reach for a single charged particle? It's amazing how exciting the simple life can be.



If Authors Were Weathermen



Ernest Hemingway: The room is dark. You lean from the stool and look outside. It is dark and cold. You lean back.



Virginia Woolf: The sun shines through the salt-cured rafters of that house by the sea, interlaced with one another in a curious way so as to transmit the stress laden on one room to that of another, from that of the Jewish child crying over her lost parents to that of the ancient fisherman, lost in the frills of a rummy mind. Oh, but it is a perfect day to go out for a stroll,

you think.



Charles Bukowski: Weather's pretty fucked right now.



Gabriel Garcia Marquez: In a short time, you realize the thirty-two sharp taps emanating inexplicably from the interior of the decaying, twice-life-size equestrian statue of Gral. Josue Wilczek, now covered entirely in a fine white dust even though the children will continue to climb the bronze charger's haunches and dare each other to jump until the small, preternaturally musical son of Maria de Jesus and Lencho slides from the monument after a rain and with a delicate snap, condemned himself to paralysis, are premonitions of morning thunderstorms. Later, expect light showers of tiny orange flowers in the shape of triskelions.



Cormac McCarthy: The rain comes down hard, with the noise of meat slapping stone, cutting pockets out of the clay and freeing a last toad, hoosegowed by its shrinking bowl of wet, to lurch drunkenly out across the arroyo. You spit dryly. Ain't a toad'll be left in the valley by the

end, says Rex.



Hunter S. Thompson: Picture this: you're asked to head out to a developing cold front because, who knows, maybe it could become something a man with a three-button and pancake might want to point out in an imaginary rectangle floating somewhere to the right of his head. This in itself is nothing to worry about – no, it's routine. Only, wait – where is this cold front? Where is this potential developing story? Where else but the middle-of-nowhere, pies-and-milk, inflatable-Santa-on-the-lawn town of Drackling, ND. So there's only one thing to do, really, and that is grab all the mescaline you can fit in the trunk of '67 DeSoto along with an extensive collection of meteorological records on hurricanes dating all the way back to Abigail, drive south as far as possible, and begin preaching the apocalypse.

Ayn Rand:



I

In Retrospect, when I was growing up things never quite worked out the way I wanted them to, and I guess it's my fault. For instance--in Retrospect, I shouldn't have spent my money so freely. In Retrospect, I should have listened to the advice my parents gave me. I should have studied harder and applied to more colleges. In Retrospect, I should have told Amanda that I loved her. I should have been more outgoing. There are a lot of things I should have done in Retrospect.

II

Retrospect is a small town in Illinois three hours south of Chicago. It is home to a thriving antiques community, as well as a very popular drive-in movie theater. Retrospect is located over a small aquifer which gives the town some of the cleanest water in the country. Within the last few years, Retrospect has grown enough to see the opening of a Multiplex and a car dealership.

III



Freshman FAQ

Being a freshman at Stanford University is an exciting time, but it sure can get confusing! We've prepared a short list of frequently asked questions to help you through your first few weeks. Welcome to Stanford!

Q: With Stanford's academic reputation, has the University produced any notable alumni?

A: A list of Stanford's illustrious alumni includes author John Steinbeck, President Herbert Hoover, quarterback John Elway, and probably most famously, professional golfer Tiger Woods.

Q: Wow! Elway and Woods certainly are big names in sports! Is Stanford known for its athletics?

A: As a matter of fact, yes! Not only have we won an unprecedented fourteen Director's Cups in a row, but Stanford University also boasts being the only college athletic program in the world where golfer Tiger Woods played!

Q: I overheard my RA talking about the Career Development Center. Can they help me find a summer internship?

A: Probably. Though some may find the Career Development Center (or CDC for short) to be a waste of time, especially if you're going to become the world's greatest professional golfer who doesn't need the stupid CDC, like Tiger Woods.

Q: I read someplace there is no dating at Stanford. Is this true?

A: Relax! The Farm may not have the best singles scene, but that's no reason to be discouraged. Just because courtship isn't the number one priority here doesn't mean you won't find that special someone. In fact, Stanford students have a long history of marrying Swedish models named Elin.

Q: I'm concerned about not being able to have a car on campus. What transportation options are available to me?

A: Well... there's the Marguerite, Stanford's free shuttle service. Many freshmen befriend an upperclassman with a car they can borrow whenever they need to drive somewhere. You know, Tiger Woods can drive, like, 320 yards. Easy.

Q: My computer's on the fritz and I have a paper due tomorrow. Where can I go for help?

A: Lucky for you, every dorm has an Resident Computer Consultant, or RCC, to assist with all your technological shortcomings. You can whine to them and have them help you, or you can man up. Sure, maybe your computer won't turn on and maybe you just had knee surgery and are playing hurt. But that doesn't mean you can't still put on one of the greatest performances in U.S. Open history and force a playoff round with Rocco Mediate and pull through to win.

Q: My roommate is really bugging me. Is there anything I can do?

A: No. Can you imagine what it would be like to be roommates with Tiger Woods? Wow. I just... I just can't even imagine.

Q: I'm thinking about studying abroad. What options are available to me?

A: In 2007, Tiger Woods made almost eleven MILLION dollars from tournament winnings alone. That doesn't even include sponsorships! I mean, what do you think eleven million dollars even looks like? It's probably a huge pile of money... probably like... like twelve stories tall or some shit. Jesus.

Q: I hear Michelle Wie goes here. Is this true?

A: No, Michelle Wie does NOT attend Stanford University.



INTERNATIONAL FAMILY

America is the oldest child. He graduated summa cum laude from Harvard, and is already on his way to partner just two years out of law school. He is always flashily yet sharply dressed, and lives almost-but-not-quite within his means. He frequently goes months without contacting his family, and always gives his relatives uncomfortably expensive gifts on birthdays and holidays. He maintains an on-again off-again engagement with a blond yoga guru named Morgan. He lives in a sleek, spacious apartment in New York City, and frequently though unintentionally namedrops Upright Citizen's Brigade alums he has met at parties in the East Village. He can count on one hand the number of times he has been late to something important. He is a casual cocaine user, and the family is split over whether this is actually a problem.

Canada is the middle daughter. She is entering her junior year at Tufts after taking a year off to see the Mediterranean, though she may take an extra semester to graduate, as she is "in no hurry." She is majoring in French, and professes to have no idea what she wants to do after school, besides travel of course. She is a vegetarian on moral grounds, although her morals are often suppressed in the presence of filet mignon. Despite a very respectable academic resume, the only job she has held is a cashier position for Whole Foods, where her employee discount on organic baked goods canceled out her paycheck every week. She smokes a moderate, responsible amount of pot, and passes her high times watching batik-making documentaries on the Discovery Channel. Despite talking openly about sex, she is still somewhat of an old-fashioned romantic.

Australia is the youngest son. Only entering the seventh grade, he is quite a bit younger than the other two and this is because he was "unplanned." He does not do well in school, and his family blames this on his severe ADD. "Really," they maintain, "He's very intelligent--he's just so unchallenged at school, and that's why he acts out." In truth, he is not very intelligent at all. He spends more time playing his Nintendo DS every day than he does sleeping, and exhibits classic signs of early-stage alcoholism with Mountain Dew, rather than booze, as his brew of choice.

England is the mom and she is a bitch.



TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH

Dear Diary,
Wow! I'm in a daze. I got to Stanford this morning, and now I'm here in my dorm room. My roommate seems like a cool guy, but it's pretty weird to think I'm on my own now, and it was hard saying goodbye to Mom and Dad. There's a million things to do, though, and I'm almost too busy to miss them! I really want to call them tonight, but I'm not going to. I just need to focus on all the fun stuff I'm going to do at Stanford. I'm nervous, but I'm so excited too.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH

Dear Diary,
Another busy day! A couple of other guys in the dorm invited me to go play frisbee with them in the oval. Apparently there's game that's kind of like football that you play with a frisbee called "ultimate". It sounds like a lot of fun. They even have intramural ultimate teams! I'm thinking about joining one. I was having so much fun today that I totally forgot to call my parents. I'll just do it tomorrow. Maybe this adjustment won't be so hard after all.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH

Dear Diary,
I spent most of today trying to figure out my classes. It's kind of overwhelming. I found about 20 classes that all look super interesting. I'm really liking Stanford so far. Everybody is so down to earth--this is definitely the school for me. I tried to call Mom and Dad today, but they didn't answer. I bet they're gonna be mad when they see they missed my call.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST

Dear Diary,
The police called me today. My parents' car ran off the road on the way back to LA. They both died on impact. I can't even believe this. I don't know what to do.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND

Dear Diary,
I think I might be in shock. I still haven't cried, and I've been worrying that I never will. Then I get mad at myself for worrying about crying instead of thinking about my parents. I haven't told anybody at school. I don't want them to think of me as that weird kid whose parents died. I hate having to pretend to smile and laugh around my roommate, but I don't want him to leave because I'm scared of what I might do if I'm alone. I keep having these vivid thoughts of my parents talking to me from inside a coffin. I didn't sleep at all last night, but I'm not tired. I feel like I'm still stuck in the chair where I first heard the news, strapped down, watching myself walk around the room. I've never been this scared before.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD

Dear Diary,
James from down the hall taught me how to throw a frisbee forehanded today! I can't wait till intramurals start!



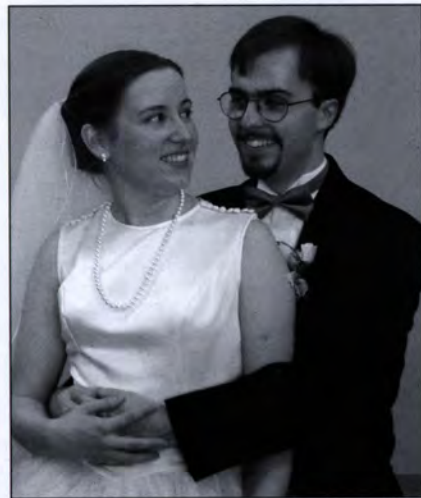


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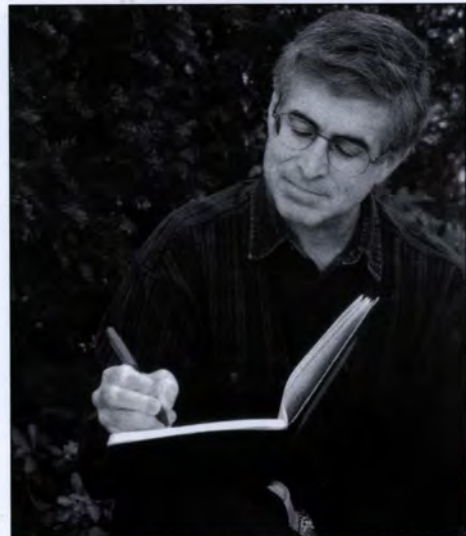
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By Steve Yelderman '04. Originally appeared in 2004's "Monies from Gibraltar" Number



I didn't know what to think when I got croup. But as it turns out, croup was the best thing that happened to me. When you get croup, you can't sleep. You just cough, sometimes so hard you can't breathe. I know it sounds crazy, but that was the most productive time of my life.

I would just cough and cough and your brain starts spinning and great things just happen. It's a different state of mind.

It's a virus or a bacteria. I had the virus. There's no medicine. I just had to wait for it to pass. Croup taught me patience.

I spent a lot of time in a steamy bathroom, so sometimes croup was like a spa vacation. But not everybody can go catching it. You have to be born with small airtubes. Like mine.

Choose a Major

Welcome to Stanford! I bet you're excited. Looking forward to making lifelong friends, discussing things while sitting in circles, and exploring indie rock? Thinking about which highly visible patch of grass to lie shirtless and study in? Don't get ahead of yourself. You gotta give your life some direction, and that starts with choosing a major. Need some help? Here are some surefire methods to get your academic ass in gear.

Throw darts: Assign majors to different countries, then throw darts at a world map. Let chance decide your fate. Some of you might complain, "But throwing darts isn't a random process for me! I have very good aim. I could hit Lesotho if I wanted to." Boo hoo, you're good at darts. Sounds like you should major in fun things to do at a bar that people take way too seriously. Stanford has excellent programs in karaoke and foosball.

Just choose Econ: Econ is a pretty good major and a lot of people do it every year so it can't be too bad and it will probably help you get a job. Honestly if you want more than that you are probably the kind of person that gets upset when your friend burns you a CD and doesn't include an annotated track list. Maybe you should stop being so greedy.

Follow your heart: Maybe you have an opinion about these matters and you don't even know it! Do you do consistently better in one discipline? Perhaps you have fun taking a certain kind of class. When you think about a subject, does it make you picture yourself standing in front of a waving flag (national or state)? If so, then you really shouldn't have many problems choosing a major. You should probably stop trying to choose a major using the same approach that squirrels in headlights use to cross roads.

*Note: This approach might be hard to distinguish from #3 if your heart is saying Econ.

Choose for the wrong reasons: There are only a few right ways to choose a major, but there are pretty much a million wrong ways. Does one department have free coffee in the lounge, or stylish t-shirts? Is there a department that has the right mix of cramped classrooms and girls that smell good? What auditorium is easiest to fall asleep in? What major is the right combination of impressive and easy to pronounce when shit-faced? (Hint: Math) If you really set your mind to it, choosing a major should probably take about 3 minutes and should not impede your exploration of indie rock.

What's your favorite way to study?

"I like to study in the library, where it's quiet."

"I like to study in my room, where my things are."

"I prefer to study outside, even in the winter."

"I study in my head, while I'm walking. Who needs books?"

"My roommate and I study together because we live together."

"I usually study in the post office because that's where my mail is."

"Most of the time I study in the woods, because I like to study out loud."

"I always study at parties."

"I study with my friends, so I can keep an eye on them."

"I study with the music on. I know all the words."

"I study history with a calendar, so I don't get mixed up."

"I study today, most of the time."

"All my friends study, so why should I?"

"I always party in the library."

WHAT TO GET VAUGHAN



Christmas:

It's really sweet of you to think of Vaughan in your gift-giving! I'm happy to give you some pointers on what to get him. As you know, Vaughan is really into reading right now, and I think he would love some **Books**. Anything in a series format might be good—Vaughan enjoys following characters from book to book. Illustrations aren't necessary, though I have been noticing that Vaughan seems to appreciate fine engraving. A first edition of anything would be above and beyond!

Valentine's Day:

Thank you for asking me what Vaughan would like! Vaughan has become very interested in coffee. He wakes up every morning with his nostrils flared, sniffing in vain for that coffee aroma, so I think he might enjoy a **Self-Timed Coffee Maker** so that he can have some right away in the morning. And, of course, he's become more and more concerned with grinding his own beans, so a **Stainless Steel Grinder** would really fit the bill!

Vaughan's Birthday:

I thought it would never happen, but Vaughan has really begun to enjoy formalwear. I have often suggested to him that his dress pants would stay up better if he used **Belts**. He has become a man of expansive shoulders and big ideas, so I also suggest a length of finest **Broadcloth**.

Easter:

Vaughan is feverish these days, and hard to pin down. He speaks in tongues. He is inconstant. I worry about where he is and what he's doing. A **GPS System** would, I think, ease both my mind and the mind of the complex animal he has become.

Graduation:

As we all begin anew and shed our college selves to shimmy into our new skins, Vaughan, too, is changing. He comes to me only in dreams now, and though the impending summer parches me dry he stays as green as the first days of our coupling. I am in desperate need of **Fragrance Oils** to salve my burns and call him back to me. **Tea Tree** for clarity, and **Rosemary** for remembrance.

Midsummer:

I write with heavy heart. My days and nights are one long double-night. No more, no more, because Vaughan is just a vague point of light receding from us. He grows red as he accelerates. He would like a **PS3**.



Athletic Recruitment Tour

The Weight Room

Welcome to our world-class strength facility. This is where you're gonna go to get that extra edge as a Stanford athlete. As you can see, we've got benches, inclines, squats, the whole enchilada. We've got wrestling mats. We've got barbells, dumbbells, all kinds of bells. We've got a bell you ring when you break a personal record. Max out and ring that bell! Free weights and Nautilus machines in here, everything. This place can make lean, explosive, ripped, whatever you need. And this is just a small part of our extensive training facilities.

The Cafeteria

After pumping all that iron, you're gonna get hungry. This cafeteria is just for Stanford athletes. You can come here and get a healthy, nutritious meal that's gonna fuel your body and give you the energy to compete. You can even come back for seconds if you've just maxed out! We've got pasta, chicken, breads, grains, fruits, the whole enchilada. Actually, we don't serve enchiladas here. Let's move on to the next tour stop.

The Tree House

Now *here's* where you can get some enchiladas. This place has got everything. They got pizza, they got Mexican food, they got teriyaki bowls. You like seafood? Try the Rock Shrimp Burrito, it's the best. Just get in line here, order, pick up your food over there. I'm gonna get a quesadilla, extra guac. Just the way I like it! After this, we'll head over to our next facility.

Training Room

God forbid you ever get injured, you're gonna come here. This place is one of the top sports medicine facilities in the country, and the people here will get back on track or back on field, depending on what sport you play. Let's say you're maxing out, and you sprain your ankle. You can come here and get taped up, get some ice, and be ready to start maxing out again in no time. If the injury is a little more serious, our next stop is a good place to spend some time until you're healthy again.

The Tree House

All right, I know we were just here, but that menu is huge and I'm sure there's something else you guys want to try. Some of you might still be full, but if I know you athletes you're ready for round two, just like me. What are you getting? Just some chips and salsa? You sure? Why not upgrade to the nachos, my man? That's what I like to hear! Get in line everybody, there's plenty for all of us. I'm gonna max out on a Cardinal Burger!



Advisor Questionnaire for Freshmen

Fill out this form online at the Freshman or Transfers page of <http://undergrad.stanford.edu>.

Full name Brett Landrum

Stanford ID 0911

The information you provide on this form is essential for matching you with your academic advisor. The more you tell us about your current intellectual interests, the better a match we will be able to make. This information will also be shared with your academic advisor, once that match has been made.

1. Even though you do not need to declare a major until the end of your sophomore year, you may already have interests in specific academic fields. Please check the academic area or areas in which you are most interested, then tell us your specific interests within that area (e.g., Humanities—English, History).

- Humanities Please, someone send help.
- Social Sciences I'm alone out in the wilderness.
- Interdisciplinary Studies I was hiking by myself on Devil's Trail.
- Natural Sciences I slipped and fell on a steep incline.
- Physical Sciences I think my leg is broken.
- Earth Sciences I'm in a lot of pain right now, I'm bleeding bad.
- Engineering My cellphone is dead, and nobody can hear me scream.



2. How strong are your interests in these area(s)? Are you interested in some more than others? If you are feeling completely undecided, note that too.

Oh god, please send help. It's starting to get dark. This was just supposed to be a way to kill the afternoon. I'm supposed to be home, eating dinner with my family. This wasn't supposed to happen.

3. How did you become interested in these area(s)?

I just realized that my parents don't know where I am. Oh god I'm stuck out here. Nobody is coming for me. I'm going to die. Shit! I think I just heard a wolf.

4. Are there any subjects you would like to explore at Stanford in which you have done little or no previous academic work? Tell us what they are and what about them interests you.

I regret not taking psychology in high school, as I've always been fascinated by the human mind. I know Stanford's psych dept. is top notch, and I look forward to taking some classes in it.

Sorry about the blood →

Please continue on back.

FORM
7

MANDATORY
for freshmen only

This form is for
official Stanford
use only.

Who's 'So Vain'?

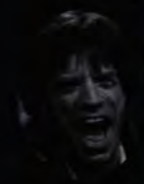


"You know, somehow I got hooked on heroin without being a rock star; anything can happen, and it could be me. There's no reason it couldn't be me. Carly did buy me an apricot-colored scarf one Christmas, but that's because my neck gets cold, and she knows that, so I hope she wouldn't use it against me. She knows all these things in confidence. So it could be about me, but I hope it's not."

--James Taylor

"Obviously the song is about me. I've never thought otherwise, and you shouldn't either."

--Warren Beatty



"It's fine if that song is about me, but for the thousandth time, Carly: 'Angie' is not about you, OK? Both names have two syllables. If I wanted to write the song about you, I could have just called it 'Carly' and the song wouldn't have been any different, so clearly it's not about you and you need to stop telling **Rolling Stone** that it is. Jesus. You know, Carly, I'm going to say you wrote 'You're So Vain' about yourself."

--Mick Jagger

"Vanity is a trait I have tried to exorcise from my life and self since converting to the Nation of Islam. Vanity is not one of the five pillars; if this song is about me, it is dated, and may Allah bless Carly and give her relief from these memories which clearly torment her so. Am I allowed to take planes now?"

--Cat Stevens/Yusuf Islam



"It is definitely about me."

--Warren Beatty

"Yeah! It's absolutely about me. Whenever we go out, Carly is always telling me I take too long to get ready. 'Jill, you're so vain!' is what she says. I never put two and two together before, but it makes sense."

--Carly Simon's friend Jill



"No, jackass, you're thinking of 'Free Man in Paris.'"

--David Geffen

"I don't know why I'm still here. None of you are listening. I already handled this."

--Warren Beatty

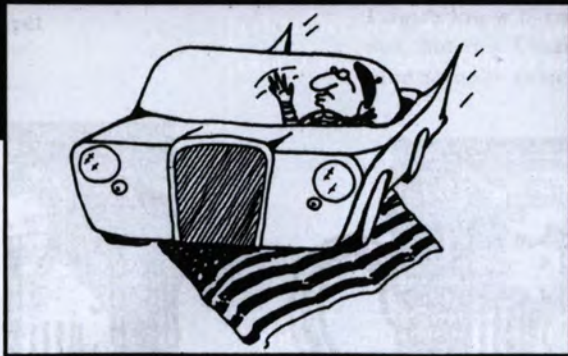


"You are all wrong. The first draft of that song was actually, 'You're so vain, Nebudchadnezzar/I bet you think this song is about you, Nebudchadnezzar.' Eat shit, Assyrians, the song is about me."

--Nebudchadnezzar

I've Got Diplomatic Immunity

Follow Sammie the Foreigner as he commits crimes against America!



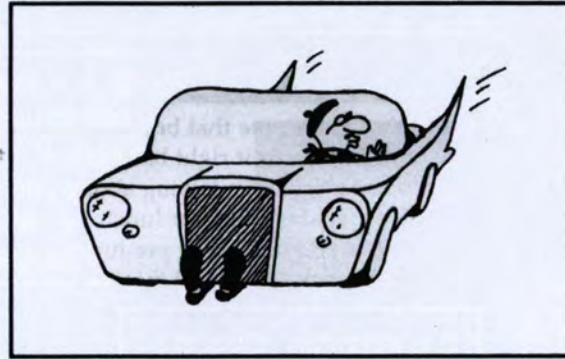
On Monday, Sammie drives a car across the flag



On Tuesday, he goes to a restaurant naked



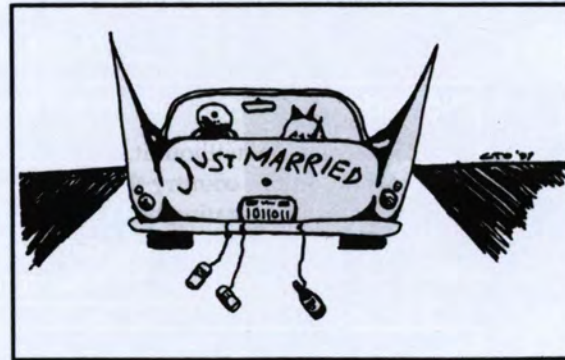
On Wednesday, he promotes gentrification



On Thursday, he runs over Dick Dale



On Friday, he gives heroin to a gorilla



And on Saturday, Sammie gets married to a dog.

By Chris Onstad and Eric Saxon '97. Originally appeared in 1995's "Human Weakness" Number

KIDNAP INSURANCE

Insurance Salesman: Just imagine what would have happened had you bought kidnap insurance? Your decision not to buy kidnap insurance ruined your life.

Dead Hostage:

Insurance Salesman: We'd have paid your captors off. You'd probably be alive right now. Did you even look at the brochure I faxed you with information about the premiums? No? Look at you, you're disgusting. Your wife and daughter are over there crying while you're tied to this chair. Take that bandanna out of your mouth! (*yanks down the bandanna*)

Dead Hostage:

Insurance Salesman: I have been in insurance for 15 years and never seen anything like this. Only a millionaire Rambo would be foolhardy enough to travel without at least a silver-level kidnap insurance policy.

Dead Hostage:

Insurance Salesman: Well, whatever, you brought this on yourself. What really gets me, though, is it's just not fair to everybody else--your wife, daughter, the cops who were frantically trying to save your life. See all of them? They have no clue who kidnapped you. You were the only witness to your captors' crimes.

Dead Hostage:

Insurance Salesman: Tell your wife if she needs anything to call. My numbers on that magnetic calendar I sent as present last December.

Dead Hostage:

Advanced Gestures for Compound Emotions

The Tilt Shake

Cock your head to one side, and slowly shake your head from side to side.

Emotion conveyed: Disapproval of something that displays mild responsibility in one arena and wild irresponsibility in another.

Appropriate situation: A person driving an environmentally friendly hybrid vehicle blows through a neighborhood stop sign.

The Temple Brush

Tilt your head down and place your hand lightly on the side, then raise your head as you move your hand back through your hair.

Emotion conveyed: Disappointment and disdain mixed with smug confidence.

Appropriate situation: A friend boasts about your Guitar Hero acumen to a mixed crowd of males and females.

The Shrug Five

Give a normal shrug, but put your right palm forward so that it can be slapped.

Emotion conveyed: Indifference towards achieving a former but once strongly-desired goal.

Appropriate situation: You mess around with your old skateboard years after giving it up, only to finally land a heelflip.

The Blown Yawn

Keep your hand over your mouth as you inhale during a yawn, then move it down so that it sits palm-up in front of your mouth as you exhale.

Emotion conveyed: Vindictively wishing your own boredom upon another.

Appropriate situation: While caught in a tedious conversation at a party, you spot a frenemy conversing with an attractive member of the opposite sex.

The Tilt Nod

Like the tilt shake, but with a nod.

Emotion conveyed: Reserved approval for an action that is puzzling, but inspiring.

Appropriate situation: A man performing martial arts on a large tree quits from exhaustion, but vows to return tomorrow.

Dear William,

Dear William,
I have a confession to make. Sometimes, when you are at work, toiling at that job that is clearly beneath you, I sneak into your closet. I run my fingers along your shirts, your suits, and sometimes, if I'm feeling dangerous, I try them on. I love your smell.

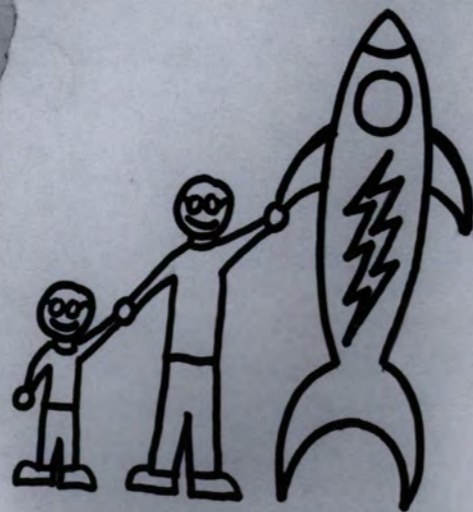
Dear William,
I saw you again last night. Through the keyhole of the door to the room you share with that woman. I must say, you were wonderful. Every caress, every kiss, every touch, sent shivers across my own alabaster skin. I have learned much in the ways of satisfying a woman.

Dear William,
Your mind excites me. You are clearly faster than those pseudo-intellectuals who besmirch the hallowed stage of "Jeopardy." Someday, it will be you bantering with Mr. Trebek, securing a fortune in cash and prizes. The rest of your family whines to watch "Roseanne." They are bastard-shits.

Dear William,
Why must you tease me so? It was to be just the two of us this week, you and I alone at last in the Magic Kingdom of Disney. But you brought the "Family," didn't you, William? You had better be careful, William, I can throw a devastating tantrum. And I know you wouldn't like my tantrums, William.

Dear William,
I want to thank you for coming to my baseball game this past weekend. Just knowing you were in the stands, rooting for me, filled me with a fire and a sense of pride I had never known before. Thank you for taking me out for ice cream afterwards, too.

Dear William,
You would have been proud of me today. This absolute heathen, Bobby, had the gall to say that his father was more powerful than any man, even you. Oh, I taught him a lesson, William, a very painful lesson. I also painted you this. This is you, and this is me, and this, William, this is a rocketship.



Rick Springfield's First Tracks



I'll never have a Russian friend.



What if I moved to Russia?



I'd still have to make a friend.
freshman number • the stanford chaparral 23

Stanford Transfer Programs

Witness Protection @ Stanford

As a way of rewarding civic duty, Stanford gives admission preference to those who have risked their life to testify against a violent criminal. All students admitted under the Witness Protection transfer program are given new identification information and drilled on it until any vestige of their former selves fades completely into the obscuring fog of memory. Given the nature of the Witness Protection, it's unlikely that you'll ever know who came to Stanford as part of the program, but odds are one of your friends in IHUM is on the Mafia's hit list. Though they lead mostly normal lives, Stanford encourages Witness Protection transfers to stay away from alcohol and other inhibition reducers, lest they provide a wrong Social Security number when asked.

Basques @ Stanford

Following in the tradition of great Basque figureheads like Provost John Etchemendy and wealthy alumnus John Arrillaga, this program helps bring students with Basque heritage from the rolling heathered hills and sheep-rich vales of timeless Euskadi to Stanford's own lesser Farm. In addition to cultural diversity, these students also bring to their introductory classes a sharp separatist rhetoric and a fierce loyalty to their homeland! They are required to take a year's worth of Euskara, but in return are given unlimited access to the only jai-alai courts on campus.

Parolees @ Stanford

As a way of reducing recidivism and providing a hand up to those who have paid their debt to society and now wish to "go straight", Stanford offers a special transfer program for remorseful parolees. These students are set up with an on-campus parole officer, and dorm staff members are instructed as to special methods which may ease their transition to the college lifestyle. Now in its tenth year, the

program has been an unqualified success, with 98% of the program's graduates reporting no subsequent run-ins with the law. There are critics, however, who cite tension with Witness Protection @ Stanford as a reason to end the program.


Big Brothers of Sisters @ Stanford

College can be an intimidating place, especially for young girls. College students are under a lot of pressure, be it academic, social, or otherwise. Many students are leaving the warm bosom of their childhood homes for the first time and without that familial support network in place, it can be hard for a homesick freshman to maintain the healthy lifestyle Stanford strives to help all its students achieve. That's why Stanford singles out incoming female freshmen flagged as being potentially susceptible to high stress and allows their older brothers to accompany them in matriculating at Stanford. Brothers who have participated in the program often report that they really made their sister's adjustment to college much easier, and they helped her see that Todd was a douchebag and she deserves better.

Dirty Cops @ Stanford

Keeping the peace in this country is a tough, thankless job, and all too often those who wear the shield are tempted to stray from the straight and narrow. To help these fallen heroes out of the downward spiral of drugs, extortion, and racketeering, Stanford employs a special admissions policy that has become a desperate, Hail Mary last chance attempt at salvation for cops who find that honor is the hardest kind of code a man can live by. While many appreciate Stanford's willingness to recognize that good/evil is too coarse a method of judging people, others complain that seeing shades of gray doesn't necessarily make for good judgment. Understandably, those admitted to Dirty Cops @ Stanford are often avoided by those in Witness Protection and Parolees @ Stanford.

Rehydrate. Refuel. Recover.



POWERADE

Beds.

In his will, the Bard William Shakespeare famously promised his wife, Anne Hathaway, the couple's "second-best bed." Historians continue to ponder the precise meaning of this stipulation; however, much of the discussion concerns the uncertainty regarding the identity of the unknown "first-best bed." Scholars have thus constructed a chart of possible first-best beds that the couple might have owned and their corresponding second-best beds in the hope that one day this question might be resolved.

First-best: King-size bed
Second-best: Queen-size bed

First-best: Trundle-bed
Second-best: Sleeping bag

First-best: Waterbed
Second-best: Juicebed

First-best: Four-poster bed
Second-best: Four-pasta bed

First-best: Murphy bed
Second-best: Murphy's law bed

First-best: Sofa-bed
Second-best: Soda-bed

First-best: Soda-bed
Second-best: Soda bread

First-best: Queen-size bed
Second-best: Queen Elizabeth I

First-best: Queen Elizabeth I
Second-best: Queen Elizabeth II

First-best: Queen Elizabeth II
Second-best: Futon

Upcoming Concerts

The Rolling Stones

The Rolling Stones are old, but they've still got an edge: Mick Jagger still has a lot of sex with people that are not his wife, there is a rumor that Keith once had his blood completely recycled, the guy on bass is all, "I'm a black guy," and Charlie Watts plays the drums. To capture their ageless rebel spirit, there will be a giant television screen on stage playing film clips from the 1960's.



Bruce Springsteen

The Boss is a working-class type of guy. He and his band will wear sleeveless flannel shirts, tight blue jeans, and red bandanas, and they will sweat visibly to support unions. During the long stretches when Bruce is talking about being a normal guy there will be shots of small towns being played on a huge wood-framed console television.

Television

For their reunion tour, each member of Television will be replaced by a television playing a tape of the band Television on television in a televised television appearance, on TV. The concert can only be seen via pay-per-view television.

Beck

Midway through the show Beck will have a dance off with old clips of "Soul Train" shown on a really big TV. Beck's rendition of the Robot will seal the deal. Then the drummer, dressed as Don Cornelius—complete in charcoal blackface—will present Beck with an honorary golden afro. Beck will shed a tear for the blues, and somehow, much to the crowd's delight, he will reference marijuana with his knees.



Nine-Inch Nails

What do Elvis Presley, Marxism, and eating SPAM straight from the can in public all have in common, besides a layer of gelatinous fat? Good old-fashioned rebel appeal. And the kids love it. At the Nine-Inch-Nails concert Trent Reznor will denounce his father and barbecuing and there will also be a large black television that shows sexually ambiguous amputees upsetting the middle classes.

By Ben D'Ewart '00. Originally appeared in 2000's "Beautiful Lie" Number

Do your floor coverings have you stuck in the past?

LA BREA
CARPETS

5802 Wilshire Blvd
 Los Angeles, CA 90036
 1-323-CARPETS (827-7487)



By Chris Crane '00. Originally appeared in 2000's "Cranearrall" Number

"We should give more welfare, and create jobs, and help the farmers."



NEW DEAL

"I think I'm going to change the color of my wheelchair."



BIG FUCKING DEAL

By Gideon Lewis-Kraus '02. Originally appeared in 2000's "Game" Number

Rejected Communist Slogans

- * From each according to their mobility, to each according to their speed.
- * From each according to their fertility, to each according to their seed.
- * From each according to their divinity, to each according to their creed.
- * From each according to their humility, to each according to their plead.
- * From each according to their hostility, to each according to their greed.
- * From each according to their equity, to each according to their steed.
- * From each according to their senility, to each according to their tweed.
- * From each according to their home equity, to each according to their deed.

MISS MANNERS

Judith Martin

An Inappropriate Wedding Gift

DEAR MISS MANNERS: How many hot dogs comprise an appropriate wedding gift? My wife insists that one should present the bride and groom with no fewer than six hot dogs. I always thought it appropriate to present at least three and discourteous to give any more than five. She seems to have forgotten how embarrassed we were to receive eight hot dogs at our own wedding.

GENTLE READER: Miss Manners admires the modest soul that would take note of such an embarrassment of riches. Still, she suspects the extravagance was warranted. It is not uncommon to present as many as 10 hot dogs to a bride born under a new moon, along with another 5 to 7 for a blue-eyed groom. Perhaps a gift of buns or condiment would alleviate your worries, but the risk of impropriety is far outweighed by amiable sentiment expressed by a gift of hot dogs.

She seems to have forgotten how embarrassed we were to receive eight hot dogs.

achewood

© 2008 Chris Onstad :: achewood.com

Huh? What's this?
Just open it dude

Weird. Is he...arresting me?
Is this a... "Friends' Arrest"?

..R-RIP:
..ssslip:

Dogg It Must Feel Sick As Hell to Receive a Card From a Dude

FLIP

Ain't This Just Sick as Hell

Oh! Our "cards for guys" idea from yesterday! Man, did this throw me.

My fight-or-flight was racin' but it could put together NO conclusion about what was happenin' here.

Right I figure this is basically the only card I even need to have in my Dude-to-Dude card line because no guy will ever get used to getting a card from another guy

Ain't This Just Sick as Hell

And since you don't sign it dudes can pass these cards around for generations which is nice

No, they got to sign it, 'cause you need 'em buyin' new ones.

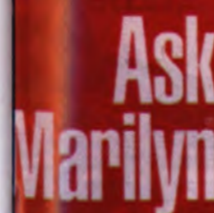
Oh good point but uh I mean maybe they don't sign the card in the conventional manner since that is like way too baring of the emotions

ROAST BEEF
Way Too Baring of the Emotions

Perfect

SENDER: Draw your preferred Maglite
3-CELL D - BEST WEFT, MOST PLEASING PROPORTIONS

Ask Marilyn



Real-life sit-... company office says a 53 pay-99. Hence, he divided salary of es by 53, an the customary rmining how much d in each weekly The rationale is annual salary will e and that the to- e will thus balance end. However, the ycheck is now re-

What's the fairest way to divide an

than the previous year. With time, payday arrives so early that a 53rd payday appears at the end of the calendar year. That 53rd payday is a normal part of this continuing cycle.

This little brain-teaser has had everyone at my office stumped for a week. What is the next term in the following sequence?

- 1 Hot Dog
- 1 Hot Dog
- 2 Hot Dogs
- 2 Hot Dogs
- 6 Hot Dogs
- ?

—Roger Wallace Lancaster, CA

3 Hot Dogs. 11/22/63 is the date President Kennedy was assassinated.

Is it plausible that testos-

PREMIUM CHANNELS			
(DTS)	Jeff Jackson	Brotherly Love	Easter/Mom.
(ENC)	Movie: Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*	Family Circus	Easter Bunny Is Comin'
(HBO)	Movie: My Fellow Americans	Movie: Bom Yesterday*	Movie: Places in the H
(MAX)	Movie: Alien		Movie: Switchback
(SHO)	Movie: My Life as a Dog		Movie: The Borrowers
(STZ)	Movie: Kundun		Movie: Mercury Rising
(TMC)	Movie: Cops and Robbersons	Movie: Desperately Seeking Susan*	
PAY-PER-VIEW CHANNELS			
(VC)	WWF Wrestling: WrestleMania XV		WWF Wrestling: Wrestl
(VC2)	Movie: There's Something About Mary		Movie: Rush Hour
(VC6)	Movie: Six Days, Seven Nights	Movie: Six Days, Seven Nights	

*Program started before 6 P.M. *Program starts with

time capsule / february 9, 1954

SPORTS: I still remember that triumphant winter day in 1954, when some hot dogs came out of nowhere to take home the gold in the super giant slalom at the Winter Games in Oslo. Whatever happened to those hot dogs?

THE MOVIES: A movie? The Rifleman. **IN MUSIC,** Frankie Avalon's "Venus" begins a five-week run at No. 1. **AND IN THE NEWS,** Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev declares Communist rule in East Germany will continue, quashing any hopes of reunification with West Germany. —KB

HOW MANY HOT DOGS? SEVEN.

You'll be forever on her mind with this cultured pearl and diamond pendant. Also available: two, five or twelve hot dogs. Reg. \$4.95 sale \$1.95

Tech Advice: How

Q I've been thinking of purchasing a new computer, but I'm confused by the many cryptic acronyms. I am interested in surfing the web and my son would like to play video games. Would our needs best be served by 5 hot dogs, or should I spend the extra money to get 10?

Jim Goddard
Palo Alto

A The average user won't see improved performance in most applications with super high-end equipment. Even the most power-hungry word processor won't be able to take advantage of all those extra hot dogs. Spending \$500 to \$1000 extra for the latest hot dogs doesn't mean that your computer won't be obsolete two months after a much more affordable system.

By Dustin Perkins '00, appeared in 1999's "Passage to India" number

We asked the staff...

"What Will You Do Differently This Year?"

Gain weight - so hard.

Kiefer Katovich,
5'11" 190

Ay yo I'm skinned up, Nikes is scuffed/Still buggin' earlier around four how I escaped the bust/The way I fell cracked the face of my watch/My man's chantin' me on like "Run son! Don't go up in the spot"

Caleb Gnargle,
Man O'War

Why do you want me to change? I do it perfectly already.

Kendra Allenby,
Sweet Tart

No more overexposure. I'm going back to basics. Directed advertising in targeted markets, build some word of mouth. Maybe emphasize authenticity, originality, just really get back to the basics.

You know, anti-marketing marketing.

Patrick Maher,
Plan of Attack

I'm going swimming!

Evan Scott,
Cannonball

Well, to start, make strides toward peace in the Middle East. That and change my cereal of preference from Coco Pebbles to Coco Puffs.

Victoria Harman,
Sugar Daddy

Stop living in the past, by default.

Cooper Johnson,
Lost Pa's Farm

In general, I would like to be more self-centered for the academic year.

Carrie Kemper,
She Deserves It

If last year were the black-and-white portion

of a pharmaceuticals commercial, this year is going to be all full-color, saturated shots of green fields and frolicking, herpes-free young people. Next year will be the the quickly mumbled list of side effects.

Max McClure,
Clean

Read the Lampoon.

**Anthony Scodary and
Joshua Stark,**
A Great Team

Let me tell you one goddamn thing, every year is basically the same as the next and the last. That being said, I'm going to be making changes. Largely I will be getting it all in line and makin' it shine.

Meghan McCurdy,
Newly Polished

Try to keep it all inside just a little bit more.

Ian Spiro,
Ebullient

Not waste my time doing this stupid magazine.

Garrett Werner,
Gonna Make It This Time

Less mescaline.

David Parker,
Plain and Frank

This year, I'll take a 12 inch Italian with roast beef and provolone...yeah, toasted... um, the works? Oh, no, not entirely. I'll just get lettuce, onions, cucumbers—NOT

tomatoes, onions—um, banana peppers, spicy mustard, some oil, vinegar, and salt and pepper. Nah, no meal, can I just get a cup for water?

John Lyman,
Big Appetite, Bigger Dreams

I will not cry, no matter what.

Doug Kenter,
Babyface Kenter

I've been dreaming about it for years, too scared to try, but this is it. This is my moment. This is my year. I'm going to do it. I'm just not going to think about it, I'm just going to get out there, close my eyes, and do it. Yes--this year, I become a commercial airline pilot. I've flown my last Cessna.

Andrew Hung,
On Wings of Love

September: Classes.

October: The breaststroke.

November: Thanksgiving.

December: Buy stamps.

January: OFF

February: Arithmetic.

March: Pay attention to the news.

April: Self-defense.

May: Cook perfect souffle.

June: Buy sunglasses.

July: Boot camp.

August: Pool party!!!!

Evan MacMillan,
Gregorian

No longer going to be a slave to deadlines.

Mike Pihulic,
A Free Man



It hurts to laugh.



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