

THE CHAPARRAL



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

SEPTEMBER 20, 1907

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Socrates.

"A word to the wise is sufficient,"
murmured Socrates, hastening to
the window as his freshman pupils
raised the cry of "Fire!"—Record.

"Burbank, the florist, ought to be a
rich man."

"Why?"

"He does nothing but graft."—Re-
cord.

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 "Well?"
 "I found that I made a mistake in not waiting until he broke a leg."—Ex.

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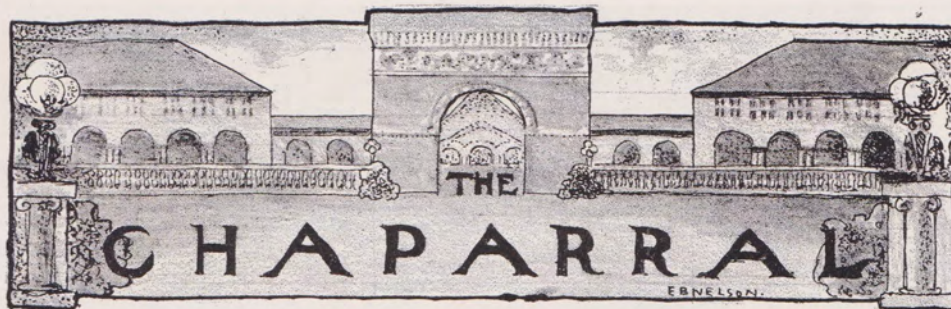
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Vol. 9

Stanford University, California, September 20, 1907

No. 2

The Cry of the Exile

MORGAN

I want to be back on the dear old Quad,
Where the color of life is red!
To meet the men with a friendly nod,
And shake a man's hand about every rod,—
Yes, I want to be back on the dear old Quad,
Where the Cardinal life is led!





'Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all.

Vol. 9

Stanford University, California, September 20, 1907.

No. 2

Published twice a month during the college year by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society.

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GEORGE MORRELL

WARREN TURNER



we are going to play this game of Rugby, we have got to get into it with both feet, two hands, and a tongue. We have to play it on the bleachers, play it on the Quadrangles, play it all through our conversation, and paw the air for strategic illustration. Last year we used to go out to practice, and moodily notice fifteen men canter down the field, flinging the bag from one to the other; then, changing our position to one of greater indolence, we would notice them canter up again. We used to yell at times, but they were largely mechanical times. We were like a rube audience hearing a long-haired orchestra—stamping for an encore during a double-rest in the music.

We have got to come out of this. We must burnish up on the finer facts of the game, so that we shall instinctively sit forward when a player kicks backward. The trouble is, we don't know when we are pleased. Whereas, our American hearts are wont to bounce with rapture at a human collision, sprayed with blood; yet in this shifty, agile, electric game, we have to reverse our system of appreciation.

But we will do it. Even last year, we had a flash of it. Those who saw the two Vancouver games on the campus will remember that our sight was blurred with the speed of the play; that our throats paused not in ejaculation; and that our seats merely served as a foundation for our feet to land on between our ascents into enthusiasm.



speech of Coach Lanagan's at the Football Rally, picturing the posture of Berkeley, when they put for home, next November, was certainly inspired. The fact that the unprecedented number of one hundred and sixty-three men signed up gives sufficient

proof of how the charming portrait took. The kind of a game we play is a mere detail; we are out after Berkeley, and that is sufficient to bring all the Stanford grit to the top.

Berkeley is coming down here in November. They never had the chance, at a Varsity game, to test the merits of our field as a romping-place. Of their own, they are equally ignorant. We, on the other hand, have become so accustomed to kangarooing around a bit, after being penned up on the bleachers, that it is difficult to break us of the habit.

But, just as Coach Lanagan says, that is the exact danger. Each year lulls us further, and now, without a defeat since 1902, we shall have to pinch ourselves pretty hard to keep on our toes. We know that our former successes have been due to Coach Lanagan's ability to convince each team that they were bump up against it, there and then; and that no past victory total-column would either push the ball across the line for Stanford, or stop a Berkeley back, if he once got loose. We must keep this idea constantly in front of us.

Yes, they are coming down in November. As hosts, of course, we shall turn everything over to them, except the field. We'll try to give them a time that will make a hit with them—the kind of a hit that a pugilist acquires in the solar-plexus.



in our last issue, the Freshmen drew down an ample area, Chappie wheels on the Sophomores for a second. He is exceeding well pleased at their activity in piloting the Frosh through one glad series—after another—of Class A Diabolicalism.

It is excellent for the Frosh, but better for them. Because, a man's a Freshman clear up to the time that he begins to kick some one else around for being a Freshman. Then, he changes, but not of any virtue in himself. He crawls

out of the bath-tub on to the boat merely to differentiate himself from the new arrivals. He craves awe from the Frosh, and he knows that his faithful resemblance to them would otherwise preclude it. So he forthwith begins to administer the guff at which, these three many months ago, he used to sass. But the value of it is that he makes his exit from the lower plane along the path of college tradition; and in the process, he is not making the Freshmen, but making himself.

The Sophomore year is a good year. It is an upholstered year. For the Soph is tucked in between the toils of the Frosh on the one hand, and the bothers of the upper-classmen on the other. It is the happy-go-luckiest, irrepressiblest, irresponsiblest irreprehensiblest one of the bunch for many reasons, but principally for the reason that made Milwaukee famous.



Joke.

"It's very plain to see the man was drowned," affirmed Hiram Hayricks, foreman of the coroner's jury, as he spat out of the window. "Doc here says as how he swallowed enough water to kill sixty men."

"In other words," said the village wit, "he drank himself to death."

And the very corpse rose in protest.

Different Now.

"Seeing is believing," said little Arthur.

That was before he picked up the refractory cannon-cracker and it went off in his face.

At the present day young Arthur believes by other means.

The Brute.

She—You told me that you loved me.

He—I did?

She—Yes, you did.

He—I did.

The shades of night were falling fast—

Pray, reader, spare that frown!

No parody—all that is past.

I simply say night's shades fell fast

As Mary pulled the curtains down.

"Oh Splash!"

"Whazu-matter?"

"Just thinking about the Freshmen."



GERMS
OF "FLUNK OUT" FEVER

SOME ENCORE VERSES.

MORGAN

A Soph came home from Menlo
and to reach Encina tried,
He hunted round till a door he
found, and then he got inside,—
He said: "I realize I'm soaked, for
help I'd better call,"
When a voice said: "Sir, it's 2 a. m.
and this is Roble Hall!"

Well he walked right in and turned
around and walked right out
again,
He made the round trip in less time
than it takes to count up ten;
He never stopped to say "Good-
bye,"
He never asked no questions
why,—
He walked right in and turned
around and walked right out
again.

Some tourists walking round the
Quad drew near the Chapel
door,
And as they passed they heard the
class all gurgle, choke and roar;
They said, "Let's see what's going
on, this surely must be fun,"
And then they straightway butted
into Bassett's English I!

Well they walked right in and
turned around and walked right
out again,
They made that round trip in less
time than it takes to count up
ten;
They never stopped to say "Good-
bye,"
They never asked no questions
why,—
They walked right in and turned
around and walked right out
again!

* WHICH IS SWITCH? .

There was a maiden fair,
Who had too little hair,
Till she went to a hair-dresser's store,
And now ———*

"Rents have increased," the moth-
er sighed, as she eyed the extra large
pile of torn clothes to be mended.

UNAPPRECIATED CORDIALITY.

I

Frankie Green has grown stouter,
Eyes so puffed up he can't see.
Failed to heed his mother's warning—
Got familiar with a bee.

II

Once more Frankie grew too friendly,
Once more does the poor boy mourn it.
Face is blown up nigh to bursting—
Tried to shake hands with a hornet.

Wise Old Owl.

"Shay!" hoarsely whispered the
half-jag to the policeman on the cor-
ner. "Come on t' hic m' house and hic
put my key in the key-hic-hole."

"What for?" demanded the cop.

"Wellshis way—th' ole lady's hic
waitin' b'hin door wit' hic rollin-pin.
If she hears me fumble the key-hole,
I hic get the pin. If th' key goes right
in, she sneaks to bed, an' I don' get
hic pin, shее?"

He didn't get the pin.

Must Be.

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

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

EASY.

O, a knee-length skirt and a decollete
At a fancy ball the feat,
Is any easy and attractive way
Of making both ends meet.

Narrow Escape.

The book-worm had been missing for weeks. Finally he turned up, pale, weak, and emaciated.

His wife and children joyfully gathered him to their breasts. "Where have you been?" they asked.

"Lost!" he murmured. "Lost in one of Henry James' sentences."

Had Been There.

"But, Mary," pleaded the youth; "why won't you let me put my arm around you? Haven't I promised I won't kiss you?"

"Yes, of course you promised," she replied. "But, familiarity sometimes breeds attempt, you know."

"Yes," said Buggs, "I have made quite a study of phrenology. Now, right up here is my bump of intelligence."

"Ah, that explains it," said Juggs, "It shows there instead of in your face!"

"Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth," sounds very pretty. What it really means is, let not the other fellow know what either hand doeth.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

Was surely written just in fun.
For there's something as rare as a rare June day,
And that is the steak you want well done.

A Puzzle.

Some time back, when we were children—

Fourteen years or so, I ween,
Fifteen summers were my portion,
She had just turned seventeen.

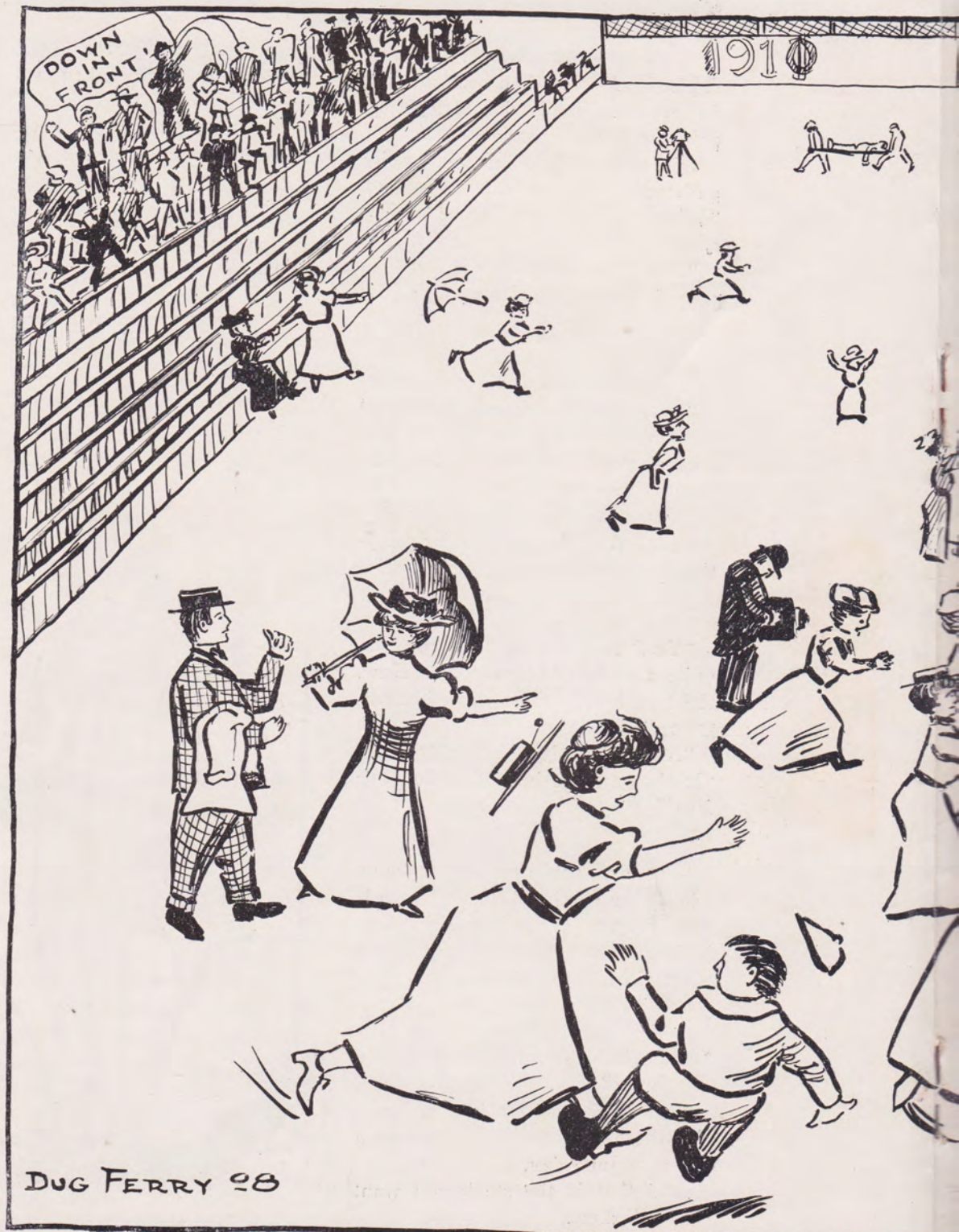
Fourteen years have passed since childhood,

And no matter how I strive,
I can't figure how I'm thirty,
While she's only twenty-five.

"How did you like her song?"
"Why, I can hardly say: I didn't wait to see how it was going to turn out."



"UM-YA-YA."



"The Gentler Sex a



Sex at the Rush"

"THAT'S THE
MOST MOON
I EVER SAW."

"YOU CAN SEE
SEVERAL
FROM THE
MENLO ROAD."



What Is a Professor?

Chappie has asked himself the question for a good many years, but he has never been able to decide. It has bothered him: he likes to know what he is up against. Of course, some men are professors; and some professors are men; and then there are those who never gave Chappie his hours, but all that is unsatisfactory.

And so, after Chappie had spent many weary days trying to figure out just what a professor really is, he gave it up and went to the others for the information. And this is what he heard:

Said the Freshman: "I don't know, but I have my opinion."

Said the Soph: "He —" But we dare not write what the Soph told us. He also has his opinion, and makes no bones about expressing it.

Answered the Junior, half-closing

his eyes: "It has taken me a long, long time to find it out, but I believe I know now. A professor is one who professes. But what he professes he is, and what he is; and what he professes to do, and what he does, are things widely different.

The Senior was reticent. "It's this way," he said; "I believe I can graduate next May, with a little work, and I don't want to run any chances of being overheard. But I'll say this much: Some are, and some aren't."

And finally Chappie went to a professor himself for the answer.

"Doctor Soenso," he began; "what is a professor?"

The learned man puffed up his chest, straightened his coat, adjusted his glasses, and grandiloquently thundered: "I am!"

L. S. L.



HARD LINES.

The hungry poet fetched a sigh,
The wolf pawed at the door;
"What can I write," he heaved the cry,
"It's all been wrote before."

"Oh every fact and every doubt
Are done to death and quite
A thousand poems more about
The nothingness to write."

The poet turned him navy blue,
And chawed a quid of soap,
But quickly fell to falling to,
For while there's life there's dope.

Picked Up in the Library.

I, Jasper Perkins, do respectfully petition the honorable Faculty of the University for permission to drop course Education 23, for the reason that it comes at the 11:15 hour, and thereby conflicts with the University Assemblies.

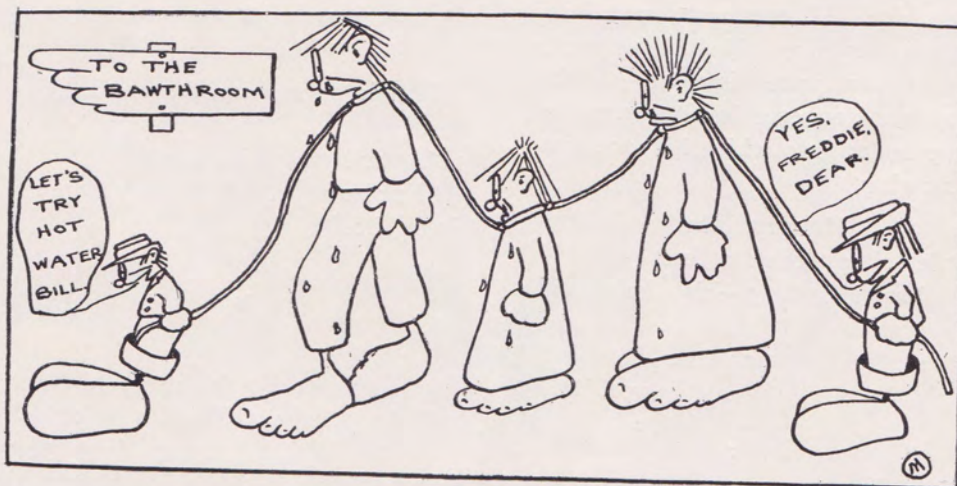
Useful Recipes for Freshman Readers.

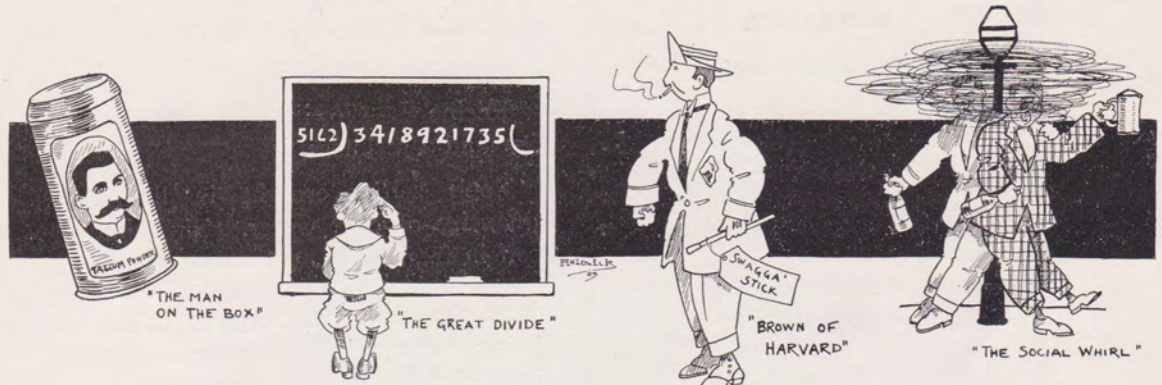
Recipe I.—To impede Familiarity and Freshness.

Soak self overnight in liberal quantity of cold water. Then put self in fresh water to cover, and allow five minutes for each pound from the time submerging. Then bring water very slowly to a boiling point. Allow self to cook, simmering and bubbling at the sides. Slice up forty-two quinces and let them float at leisure on the surface of the gently boiling water. After twenty-three of these slices have gathered around you—leave tub and prepare for Sophomore inspection.

"I ain't hurtin' nothin', mister; I'm just layin' on yer grass," said the kid.
"You lie," shouted the grammarian.

All the world loves a liver.





SOME RECENT PLAYS

Early Promotion.

He had always been an ambitious lad, and in his home town had been recognized as a leader. He loved to be in the public eye, for he believed that he just filled it out, neatly. Yet when he came to Stanford he was sensible enough to know that he was to be a very diminutive potato, and he expected to crouch in the background for some season.

Yet Fortune had surely button-holed him. A good man will not down. Here he was, scarcely a week in college, and all eyes and ears were upon him. All eyes were upon him, with his hands bound behind his back; and all ears were listening—to the succulent eloquence issuing from the watermelon into which his face was burrowing.

Hungry John.

Little Johnny loved to feast—

Johnny's young—his hair still curled.

Ate a cake of magic yeast.

Johnny's rising in the world!!

Safe.

Young Lochinvar had just come out of the west, and he and his lady were flying down the road toward the little church around the corner. Suddenly the youth looked back, and remarked, "The old man's in sight," and deliberately slowed the horse down to a walk.

"Lochy!" screamed the maid. "He'll catch us!"

"No danger," Lochinvar assured her, as he stopped the horse to rest. "He's in his auto."

"He is strong for the credit system."

"Always makes his hours?"

"No; he can stand off every store in Palo Alto."

Rank.

Binks: Is he an English major?

Jinks: Well, judging from the way he writes, I should say he was a corporal.



THE UNIVERSITY CONTINUES

By Ichabod Joshua Gump

Special Staff Correspondent of the Worst Syndicate.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., September 15.—The weather on the campus has been very cloudy of late, owing to the fur that has flown between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. For several days, at the beginning, the two classes went after each other, in wide circles, talking very large to reach across the distance that they kept between them.

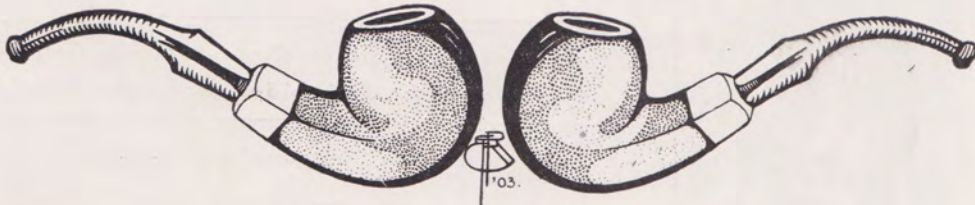
The Freshmen led off with a hook to right jaw; they gathered some paint, brushes, and a little courage together, and daubed every inconspicuous place on the campus with their autograph. The Sophs parried this with a clever feint. They got a Michigan Sophomore Proclamation (see Mich, 190—) and with great deftness and no small head-work, copied it off, printed, and stuck around the result.

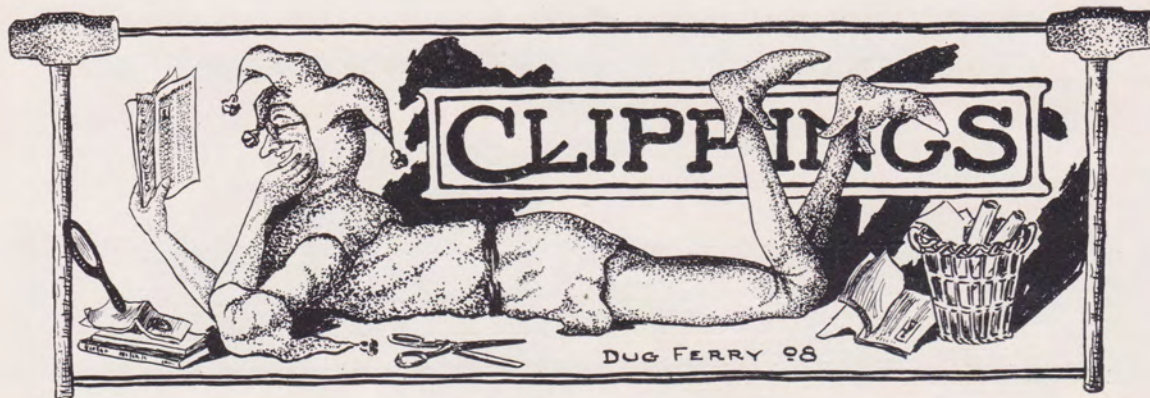
Then another novel idea percolated among the cerebral folds of 1910. It occurred to them that the Freshmen did not know each other, except in small wads of eight or ten, and that they could handle them in a disintegrated fashion. So they ran them through some strenuous paces, and pumped the arms of the under-class—

into which they had induced some paint-brushes—over the various 1911s which had been deposited here and there.

Prompted by the desire to have it entirely out, the two classes arranged their rush with more frills and care to detail than is usually the case. They abandoned last year's frizzleous farce, and got down to something that would allow for fury. With infinite precision, the rules of combat were laid down, and left there, so that they were trampled under foot.

The rush itself was largely attended. It made a very smart picture, with field surrounded by the beautiful gowns of women, and all the buses, and express wagons in Palo Alto. Taken as a whole, the rush was a stunning affair. But it fell short of being an entire success for the reason that the officials were unable to keep the women off the field. The struggle between them to get close to the grimy piles, tugging, hauling, twisting and swearing, almost superceded that between the classes. The management should see to it that there is but one battle at a time, for the spectators had considerable difficulty in apportioning their attention.





Get Wise.

A Laramie woman went to the theatre the other night with some friends, but when they were seated she was separated from her friends by a man and a woman who seemed to pay no attention to each other.

If she gave you the mit, why then
 Don't be foolish and sulk, like
 most men.
 But give her a box
 Of WILSON'S best choes—
 That will fix the whole thing up
 again.

The woman figured out that if the two people would sit over a seat she could sit with her friends. Bracing up her nerve, she said sweetly to the man, "Beg pardon, are you here alone?" The man stared at the curtain as if he were drawing a salary for it. "I beg pardon," the woman said a little louder, "are you alone?" "Get wise," whispered the man hoarsely through the extreme corner of his mouth; "this is my wife."—Laramie Boomerang.

"We're in a pickle," said a man in a crowd.
 "A regular jam," said another.
 "Heaven preserve us," said an old lady.—Steele Review.



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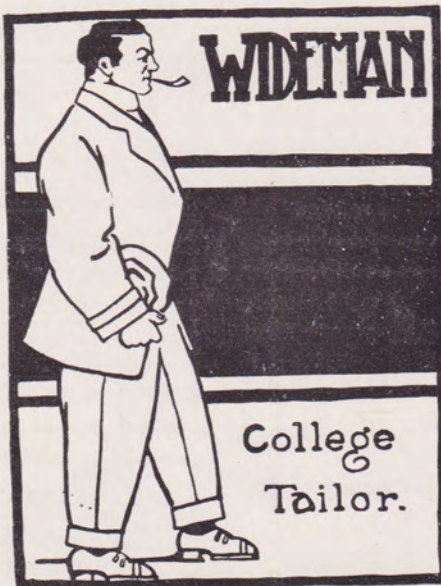
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