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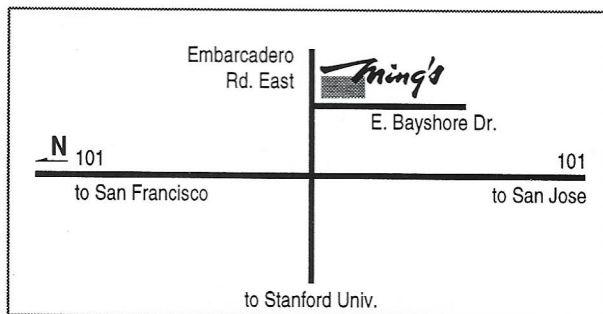


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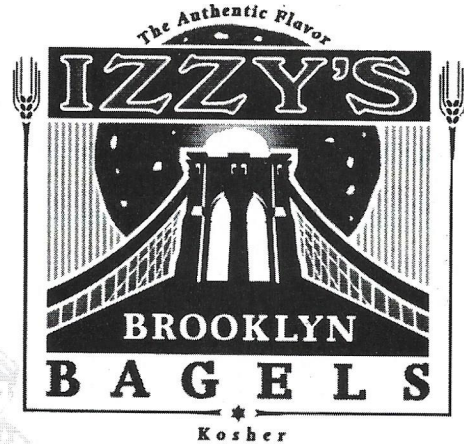
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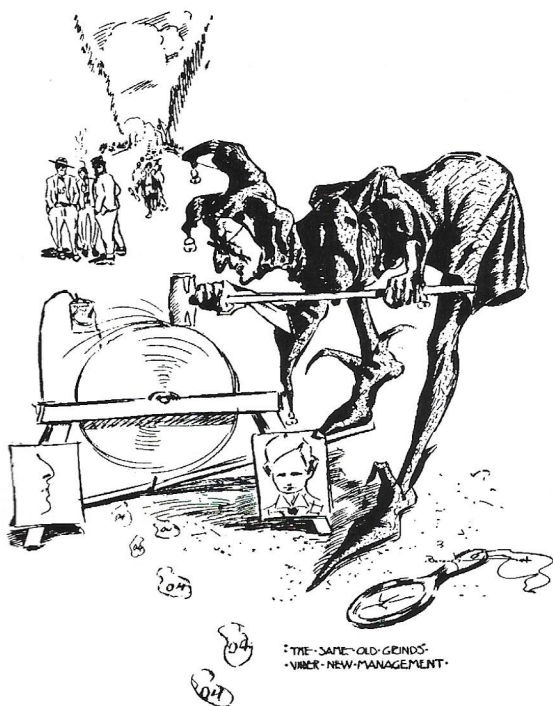
plus tax • thin crust only  
add'l toppings at regular price • ST03

Sales tax included. Offer valid on dine-in, carry-out or delivery. Limited delivery area & hours. One coupon per order. Minimum delivery order may apply. Valid through 11/20/99. Valid only at participating restaurants.



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**The Stanford Chaparral**

Vol. CI      September 18, 1999      No. 1

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

**REFLECTIONS**

# NOW THAT

another school year has come upon us, Stanford is working hard to impress its newest friends. Every flat surface has been scrubbed to perfection. Majestic Green Library is finally opened,

complete with a nineteenth-century ballroom and an eighteenth-century bowling alley. All the streets have been narrowed and then widened again, at \$100,000 a pop. Yes, the university's going all out this time around.

And why not? It's an exciting year, this 1999. Everyone from Puff Daddy to The

Family is squawking about the millennium. Computers are making life easier and more computerized. Various athletes and movie stars are thrilling us because of how famous they are. It's a good time to be alive, right?

Well, yes and no. All the faux-marble in the world won't amount to much if we're bored. Is it that we're happy, or merely satis-

Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 9916, Stanford, CA 94309 Send e-mail to: [oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu](mailto:oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu) For a variety of fine humor: <http://chappie.stanford.edu> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers and paste. All material ©1999 The Stanford Chaparral.



fied? Inspired, or only diverted? Indubitably ebullient, or eminently lugubrious? There's an important life-lesson that risks being forgotten in all the glitter and technobabble: It doesn't matter how easy your life is if you're not having any fun.

Stanford is as susceptible to dullness as anyplace else. Forget about the shiny new Engineering Quad, the renovated Lake Houses and the freshly painted monkey cages. Cleanliness won't buy you a pack of gum, not even if you ask it really nicely. We're so busy admiring our architecture and waxing our stock certificates that we often forget to laugh.

Stanford needs a clown prince to ruffle some feathers and burst some bubbles. Stanford needs someone who's not afraid to break his own fibula just for a gag, who's not afraid to burn paper towels in a toaster just so he can light a fifty-cent cigar. Stanford needs a hero.

he mumbles. "No wonder I'm so god-damned tired."

A hundred years of Chappie indulgence wash over him. Sharing cigars and dirty jokes with Bristow and the boys. Laughing through the darkness of two World Wars. Throwing pies in the faces of stuffy Senators; throwing Dead Bowlers onto the front page of the Daily. Drinking a thousand martinis and passing out from 1967 to 1975. Watching a grown man wash his feet in a plastic bag, as a college tour group watched dumbfounded from below. Late nights and long laughs, hammers and coffins. He remembers and smiles.

"The hell with a stroll," he barks. "Let's have some fun."

Energized, the Old Boy steps into the sunlight. He eyes those shiny new buildings and tightens his grip on his hammer. This next century must be even more crazed and magical than the last.

Bright-eyed young men and women have helped the Old Boy all along his merry way. They have made his dream their dream, too. They have spent long days and nights crafting a magazine to put a little light in the Stanford world. They have ingested cigarettes and hamburgers, whiskey and soda, and beers that even a rugby player wouldn't drink. If this doesn't sound appetizing to you, then you've probably never eaten a pack of Camels with mayonnaise. Maybe you've never lived.

You too, can join these merry fools. Your perseverance and perversity can help us build a bellying joke behemoth renowned the world over. You can ensure that the Chaparral continues to be the spice in the bland Stanford soup. The Chappie's central truth will soon hit home: it's not easy to make a humor magazine, but once you've tried, it's impossible to do anything else.



the paint is dry and the bricks have all been snapped into place, the Old Boy arises from his bed of staples and malt

liquor, ready for an afternoon stroll. Yawning, he tosses on his jester cap and glasses and heads to the door. On the way, an ancient poster catches his eye. He reads.

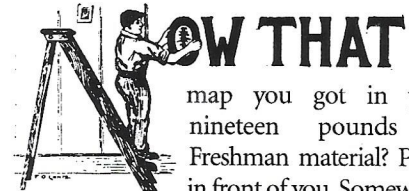
"The Stanford Chaparral Humor Magazine. Established October 6, 1899."

Shaken from his stupor, the Old Boy grabs a nearby calendar; he finds that October 6, 1999 is mere days away. "A hundred years old,"



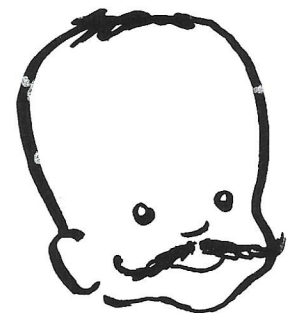
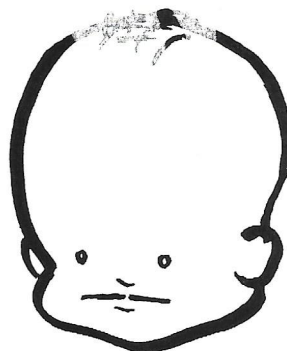
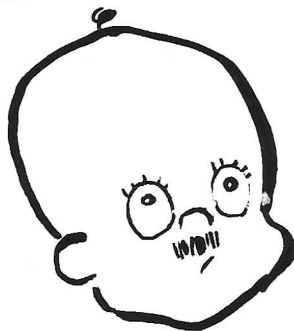
a century of the Chaparral is nearly ended, it may well be wondered where the Old Boy goes from

here. The answer is simple: he goes farther. He strives even harder to amuse, to delight, to make life at Stanford the wild adventure it should be. He fights even more passionately to find the cube's seventh side, the triple entendre, the fourth "X" on the liquor bottle. And rest assured, his patented brand of insanity will win the day. But not even the Old Boy can do it alone.



map you got in your nineteen pounds of Freshman material? Put it in front of you. Somewhere in the mess of dormitories and robotariums, you'll find a little blip labelled "Storke Publications Building". That's where the Old Boy lives, on the second floor. His home isn't pretty, and he hasn't cleaned the place in a decade or two, but its spirit is simple and pure, just like his. The Old Boy will gladly share a drink and a joke, and he's always looking for new friends. Meet him, laugh him, help him in his quest. And whatever you do, remember his wisest of words: "'Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all."

## Mustaches of the World



dp



# falling in Love



"I'll never forget the first time I fell in love. It was a long time ago, the summer after sixth grade. Johnny Driscoll looked at me with his big, brown eyes, and that was it. I was in love. It was so romantic."

—Susan, 46

"I fell in love with Mary Linley in eleventh grade. She had the cutest yellow curls - they drove me wild! I'd never felt anything like that love before. Sweet romance."

—Perry, 38

"The first time I fell in love, I was so afraid I'd get hurt. But Dave Wilburn was very gentle, and helped me through the whole thing. Pretty soon, we were falling in love all over the place."

—Barbara, 41

"I fell in love with Ginger McCann on prom night, in the back of my dad's sedan. It was so great that we fell in love twice the next day in the park, with everybody watching."

—Mark, 49

"I fell in love with a guy I met in a bar one drunken night. It was a big mistake. I don't even remember falling in love, just waking up the next morning with a dirty cowboy hat over my face. But that's love for you, I guess."

—Amy, 34

"When I was in Cancun, I saw a girl fall in love with ten guys, one after the other, right there in the bar. It was so romantic!"

—Chris, 23

"I saw a woman fall in love with an entire kielbasa on "Howard Stern." It was gross, but it was still pretty romantic."

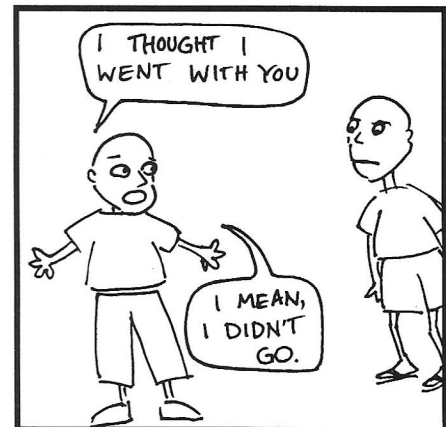
—Steven, 23

"I fall in love for \$50 an hour, \$180 for the night. Falling with love with whips is \$200 extra. Romance is guaranteed. No kissing."

—Vixen, 27

"I've never fallen in love before. I think I'm just not ready emotionally; I just can't give myself to someone else like that, you know? And I think genitals would help."

—John, 24





# bad frats

YOU HEARD FRATERNITIES ARE BAD? YOU HEARD RIGHT. HERE'S WHY.



Rho Pi Chi made its pledges hold glass bottles on their faces, and then all the actives broke the bottles. One kid got hurt pretty bad.

Drinking is frequent in fraternity parties.

Delta Chi made its pledges eat glass.

There are mattresses made of liver in the Sigma Chi Rho house.

The worst pledge in Theta Chi? He gets his arms chopped off.

Several fraternities are dry. Why? People like to drink.

A fraternity member once described a female faculty member as "built like a brick shithouse".

The pledge trainer for the Sigmas shot a kid in the face.

Ramming Bombs is a drink at the fraternity parties, and Ramming Bombs is not a nice drink. Why not have coffee? Why do you have to ram a bomb?

There are several fraternities which claim to cater to men of a particular religion. A lot of times their events involve drinking, and that is not the point of religion.

Fraternities support pornography theaters.

Fraternities represent evil.

Fraternities lock their pledges in the basement and set the house on fire. This makes insurance go up, so everybody has to pay more tuition.

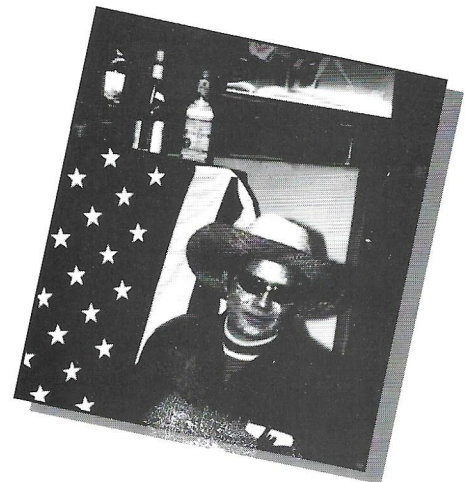
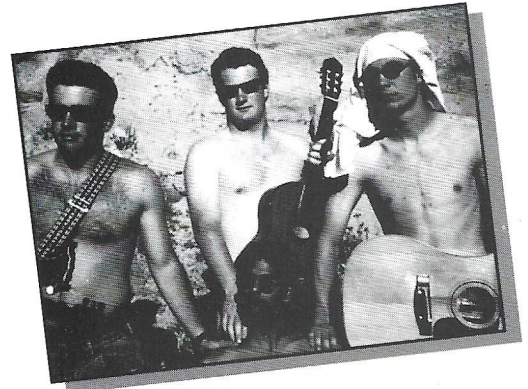
Fraternities want you to drink when you should be at class, learning about evil and the ocean from a famous professor.

They kill people at all the frat parties.

Fraternity members spend their Saturday afternoons sitting on a patio couch and yelling such words as "nards", "bomb", "mommy spizasms" and "noodle junk" at passing students. They could be studying during this time.

The most important day in Greek life is February 26th, the annual day of Khaki Trousing. Nothing useful gets done.

The president of Theta Mu is Satan himself. He sits on his throne in the pool room in the Mu basement and breathes his evil into the air. People just call it a Bar Night.









# DREAM HOUSE

The house was a dump when they bought it. Broken windows, rats in the bathrooms; the lawn had gone to hell over the summer. The realtor laughed when they'd asked about the house. Still, it was prime California real estate. And they had a dream.

Carl first had the dream three years ago when he was still working as a consultant in Des Moines. That was long before they'd even met. Deb claimed she'd had the dream too, before Carl had mentioned it. Carl would just laugh and tousle her hair. Their love was gentle and strong.

Friends laughed when Carl mentioned their dream, but he didn't care. Deb believed in it, and so did he. And now they had the house, with ants in the sink and toilet handles so rusty they couldn't be flushed. The house had broken glass all over the living room floor and pipes so caked with lead that they were clotted with poisoned fish which had floated in from the leaking sewage system.

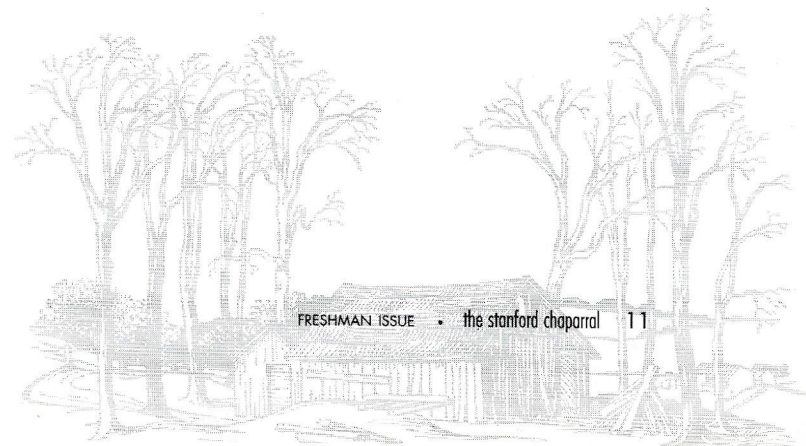
Carl and Deb would sit on the rotting porch swing and watch the sun set, talking about the future. Soon, the porch swing broke, so they'd sit on the porch. Then the porch rotted through, so they'd sit in the road, diving out of the way of traffic.

A dream is a strange and powerful thing. A dream can keep a couple together when the attic is too carcinogenic for any contractor to renovate. A dream can keep love strong when the bed breaks the first night and the only place to sleep without being bitten by spiders is the hollowed-out, broken refrigerator.

Carl and Deb would spend hours inspecting each other for lice and splinters. They'd lie in bed at night staring at the ceiling, ready to dodge falling beams and diving bats. They'd wake up each morning to find that the living room had caught fire again and that all their pets were dead. Their pets were the snakes that lived in the furnace.

But they didn't complain. They didn't fuss, or argue, or curse, or despair. They never lost hope. They believed in their dream.

Their dream was to have the shittiest house in the world.





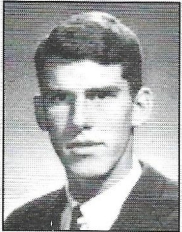
**“What do you think you might major in?”**



“I like math. Maybe I’ll study math.”



“My sister wants me to do biology, but I’m not sure.”



“I want to make something out of computers. That could be my major.”



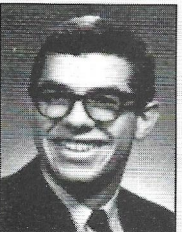
“What about English? But I might go pre-med.”



“I don’t know what I should do. I like reading. And learning. And majoring in history.”



“The only thing I’m really interested in is Symbolic Systems with a focus in Artificial Intelligence.”



“I want to study education.”



“I want to study math. But I don’t like math.”

# Things to Do in College

Welcome to college. If you’re looking for things to do, try these:

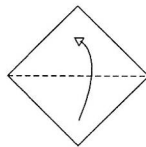
## Majoring in Something

It’s not required, but some students begin to think about getting a major around the middle of junior year, a few months after beginning to take classes. Completing a major means taking a certain number of classes in a serious academic discipline, or taking classes in Communications.

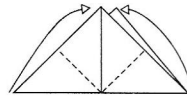
### *How do I know if having a major is right for me?*

First you have to ask yourself if there’s any subject that you really, really love. If the answer is yes, you probably still shouldn’t major in anything. It’s a lot of work and hardly anybody does it. Do you want people to laugh at you?

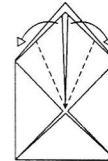
### *If I do decide to get a degree, what is it good for?*



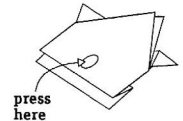
**Get your degree.**



**Fold it this way.**



**Now fold it this way.**



**You’ve made a simple jumping frog.**

## Talking to a Person

Like the major, talking to a Person is not a University requirement. But if you ever find yourself lost or disoriented and you can’t avoid talking to a Person, you’ll want to be prepared. If you’ve never talked to a Person before, try to relax. Keep your eyes open and try to look in the direction of the Person you’re talking to. Remember to blink so your eyes don’t dry up and fill themselves with tears. Try to recognize words that the Person says, and counterattack with other, similar words.

### *I don’t think I can do it. I don’t know any words.*

If you don’t know any words, *don’t worry*. The Person isn’t listening.

### *I’d like to try to talk to a Person, but I don’t know how long it will take.*

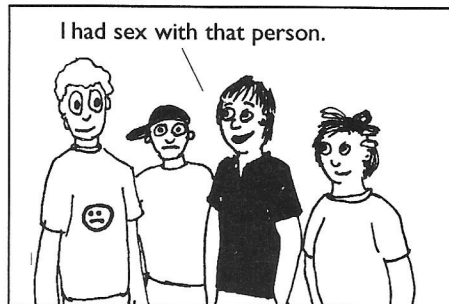
This depends on the Person. Less than a day if you don’t know the Person very well. More than a day if you are married to the Person. The exact amount of time depends on you.



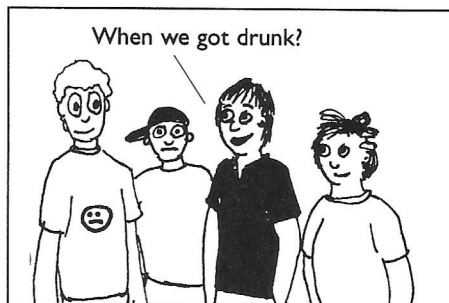
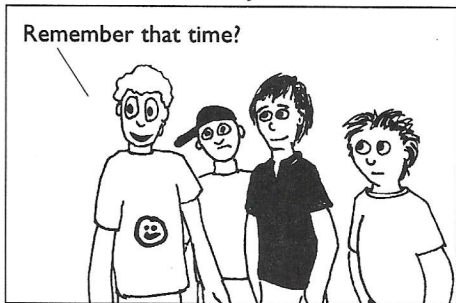
## Making a Joke

If you plan on making any jokes in college, choose one of these three possible subtexts.

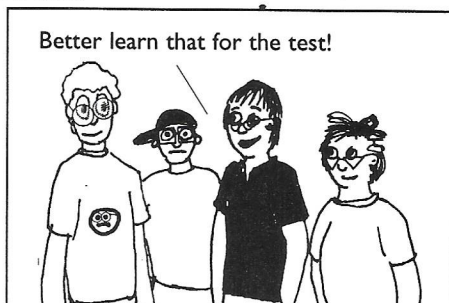
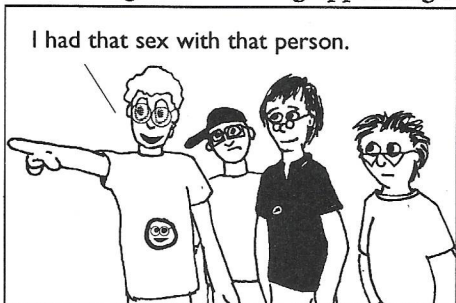
### 1. "I had sex with that person."



### 2. "We were really drunk."

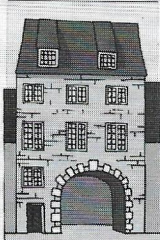


### 3. Imagine something appearing on a test.



## Campus Architecture

There are only four buildings on campus. You might like to visit them all.



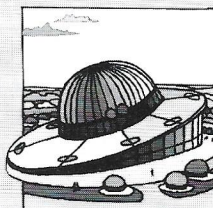
**The Quad** is the building with all the arches. It houses most of the classrooms and is the home of most of the important departments. It also houses the Department of Communications.



**The President's House** is the only house on campus containing a real life President. And he is the real McCoy—he can talk, eat, nod, and use his hands to perform basic tasks.



**The Dormitory** is the dorm, or "dormitory", on campus. It is there that the students live, eat, sleep, and pretend to like the taste of beer.



**The Poop Dome** is a huge dome filled with shit. There are plans to dismantle this building.



**49ers Chat**

2 people in chat room:

Niner\_Guy  
Frisco\_Fan

**Frisco\_Fan 1:10:23 p.m.**

the best thing that happened this season was signing lawrence phillips.

**\*\*\*Niners\_Rule has entered the chat room**

**Forty\_Niner\_Guy 1:11:01 p.m.**

come on frisco\_fan that guy has more felony charges than touchdowns. and the offensive line is crap. Bill Walsh should be fired and the offensive line needs to give 110 per cent

**Niners\_Rule 1:11:53 p.m.**

phillips RULED in college. You want a real problem, how about the fact that jerry rice stunk against Jacksonville and preseason means nothing. d-line has to take it to another level to beat atlanta

**Frisco\_Fan 1:12:42 p.m.**

Give rice a break--he's still coming back from injury remember and he's a really great team presence in the locker room but the defense needs to be physical

**\*\*\*Anonymous has entered the chat room**

**Forty\_Niner\_Guy 1:14:06 p.m.**

the defense will be fine. but the niners can't run! have you guys been watching the games? the niners need a guy to leave it all on the field every game

**Anonymous 1:14:07 p.m.**

The riches of this interior kingdom, which they possess in Christ are incomprehensible, as St. Paul assures us, "They consist in His grace, light, science of divine things,

**Niners\_Rule 1:14:22 p.m.**

what about the O line? we have to go after the linebackers

**Anonymous 1:14:34 p.m.**

true wisdom, and sublime sentiments of His love and all virtues. in this kingdom, souls are so replenished with the fullness of God."

**Forty\_Niner\_Guy 1:15:01 p.m.**

anonymous this is a \*football\* site.

**Niners\_Rule 1:15:16 p.m.**

the only thing that needs replenishing here is the win column for the niners

**Forty\_Niner\_Guy 1:15:40 p.m.**

Amen niners\_rule

**\*\*\*Anonymous exits the chat room**

**Frisco\_Fan 1:16:13 p.m.**

hey I was joking about giving jerry rice a break. I'd like to break his NECK.

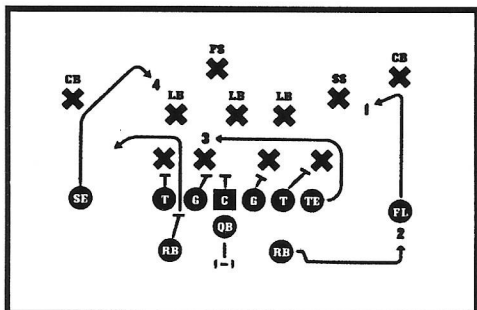
**Frisco\_Fan 1:17:13 p.m.**

walsh needs to find another run stopper.



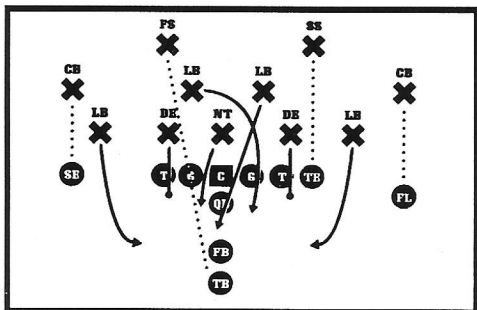
# Quarterback Reads

They say that quarterback is the most difficult position in all of sports. For the quarterback, every play is a hundred decisions and a thousand possible scenarios. To give you a feel for the complexity of the position, we take you inside the mind of Stanford quarterback Todd Husak through a typical offensive series.



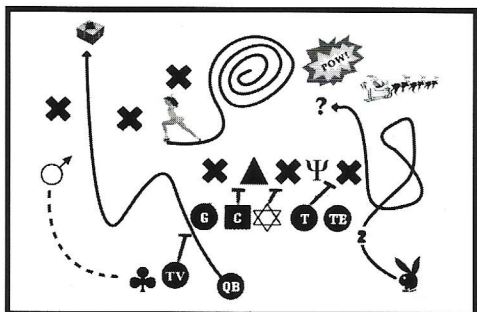
## First and ten

Double wing offensive formation. Defense is stacked to the weak side. Weak side backers in a zone blitz. Send the slot receiver in motion. Read the fade route, dump pass to the fullback if it's covered. Hike.



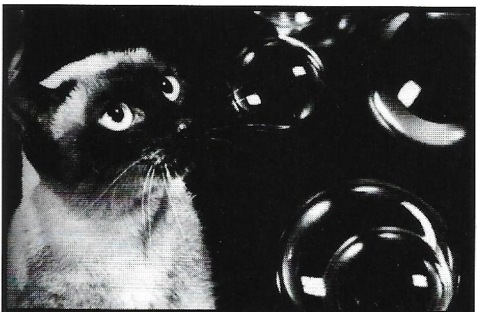
## Second and long

Zone blitz showing. Audible package. Check off the fade route. Cross pattern's covered. Shit, earpiece shorting out. Look off the weak side safety. Outlet receiver's smoking a cigarette. What the fuck? Hike.



## Third and short

Dime package. Safety blitz. Corner blitz. Germans blitzing London. Fade pass covered. Nothing doing in the flat. Tackle pulling strong-side. Nickel back has a rifle. Tackles playing cards. Weak side covered. Check the deep read. T-Wing's winking at me. Cheerleader has a dick. Hike.



## Fourth and goal

Supply side blitz. Down Markers in Roman Numerals. Ref is my grandma. End zone is the Dick Cavett set. Everyone named Jack. Tough to spiral a potato. I once shook T-Bone Walker's hand. Tread on a hash mark and a man dies in China. Now it's fifth down. Forgot my name. Hike?

# Inside Look

Husak vs. Cusack

**First name is Todd**

Is a movie star

**Goes to Stanford**

Starred in *The Grifters*

**Plays football**

Starred in *Say Anything*

**Plays quarterback**

Appeared in *The Thin Red Line*

**Set a passing record**

Sister is Joan Cusack

**From Long Beach, CA**

Starred in *One Crazy Summer*

**Lived in Donner**

Starred in *Pushing Tin*

**Number 7**

Starred in *Better off Dead*

**Majoring in history**

Starred in *Eight Men Out*

**Rhymes with Rod Husak**

Starred in *Grosse Pointe Blank*

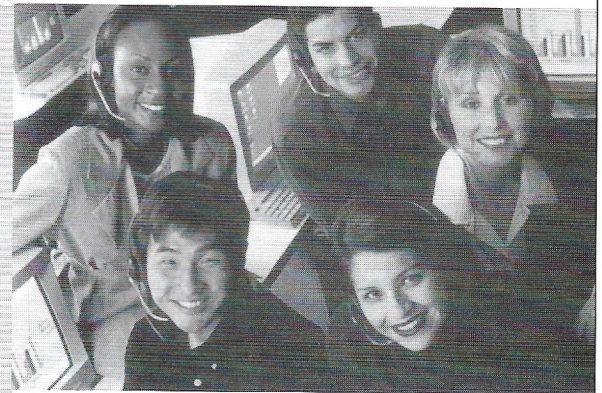
**Spells name "H-u-s-a-k"**

Starred in *Con Air*






Be a part  
of the **winning**  
team...



with an  
exciting career  
in **electricity!**

- Positions available in: ◀
- Electrical Engineering ◀
- Electrical Management ◀
- Electrical Administrator ◀
- Electrician ◀
- Electricity ◀
- Electric ◀

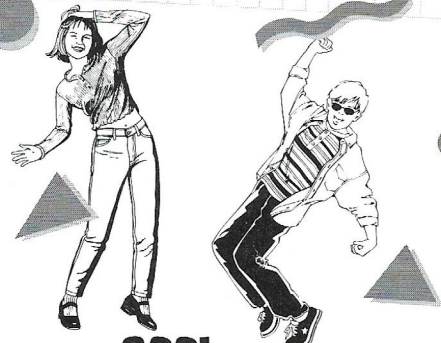
|                     |                                                                                       |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
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| www.electricity.com |                                                                                       |                     |

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# HEY KIDS!

What's the **FRESH, FUN** way to have a **GOOD TIME?**  
Here's a hint: it's **TOTALLY AWESOME** and just for you!

It's **ELECTRICITY!** Kids know what rules, and Kids use electricity! Too bad grown-ups are so lame!



IT'S **COOL** TO USE  
**ELECTRICITY!**<sup>TM</sup>

© 1988 Electricity

# I O O Y E A R S O F electricity





**C.F. MANFRIED'S  
FINE ELECTRICITY**

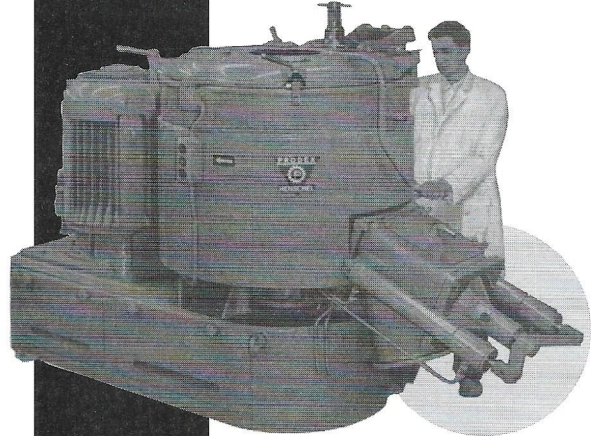
Gentlemen of good taste will prefer an electricity that is mild in its conduction as this is a sign of a refined sense of virtue. Our electricity is scientifically superior to electricities sold elsewhere.



Please make a habit of using our electricity.



**ELEKTRICITY**  
*is working*  
**FOR THESE  
MACHINES**



NUMBER ONE FOR INDUSTRY

ELEKTRICITY has proven exceptionally suitable for many industrial applications. Dependable, shock-less ELEKTRICITY can be custom-matched with your individual requirements and is 99% free of impurities found in standard energies—another ELEKTRICITY first. Write us for complete information and samples.

**It's time to take another look at  
ELECTRICITY.**

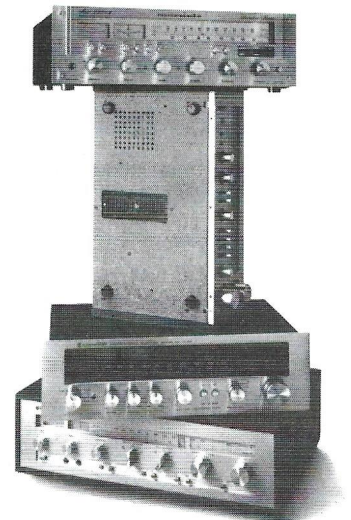
If you're someone who wants to get the most from your hi-fi music system, sooner or later you'll need electricity.

Some manufacturers will tell you that their components produce perfect sound, but if they don't use electricity, they won't make any sound at all.

That's because electricity goes in to the back of your hi-fi components and *makes them work.*

But it's not all science. Electricity lets you listen to records. And electricity lets you listen to tapes *and* the radio. Electricity lets you hear music.

So before you choose a component that *claims* to use technology, make sure it's engineered to use electricity. With electricity, you can be sure that you're getting the best.



**1978 ELECTRICITY CATALOG**  
588 SX-580  
Pine Street, Box 5, Colver City, CA 92405  
 Send free catalog via electronic mail.  
 Here's my \$2. What is electronic mail?  
 Oh, I don't have my \$2 back.  
 Thanks.

**ELECTRICITY  
MAKES THINGS WORK**

The 1978 Electricity Catalog is a comprehensive list of all the things that use electricity including toasters, televisions, electric knives and much more. Like electronic calculators and electric blankets. Also electric motors, electric typewriters and electric light bulbs. Electric fondue pots and electric trains. In a few years there will be electric microwaves ovens and electric compact disc players that use electricity. They will be superior to their current non-electric, non-functioning incarnations.



## "How did you choose your e-mail address?"



**spaghetti@leland**

"When I came to Stanford, I really loved spaghetti. I'd tell everyone how good it was and how it was probably my favorite food. Then, when I was a

sophomore, I met this guy who really liked pizza. As I listened to him talk about how good pizza was, I realized that pizza was a better food than spaghetti. You'll meet amazing people at college. You shouldn't be afraid to change."

Emily Rice '99



**hamburgers@leland**

"I worked at McDonald's all through high school. Most people never consider a career in fast food, but I loved my job. I was assistant manager by my senior year and when they offered to send me to Hamburger College after real college, I was psyched. A job in corporate management seemed like a great thing, but I'm not sure if hamburgers are my passion anymore. I think I would have majored in the Classics, but Ronald McDonald payed my tuition."

Benjamin Rose '00



**hotdogs@leland**

"I really wanted hamburgers@leland but someone had already taken it. Hot dogs just aren't as good."

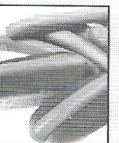
April Nelson '01



**hotdogg@leland**

"I really wanted hotdogs@leland. People think "hotdogg" is some sort of statement about my personality, but it's not. Unless liking hot dogs constitutes a personality."

Dennis Pressman '01



**franks@leland**

"If anyone deserves the use of hotdogs@leland, I think it is me. Oh well."

Some Hot Dogs '02



**friedchicken@leland**

"I really loved my grandmother's fried chicken, so when it came time to choose an e-mail address, the choice was easy."

Sally Friedchicken '99



**chocolatecupcakeswithpeanut-buttericing@leland**

"What can I say? They're my favorite."

Bryan Koh '99



**chocolatecupcakeswithpeanut-buttericingandsprinkles@leland**

mmmmm!

Bryan Koh '99

## School Spirit

One student finds the joys of fandom

Buddy is a freshman from Oklahoma. Buddy asks his roommate, Johnny, "Where is this Cal?" After a good chuckle, Johnny informs him that Cal is in Berkeley. Johnny points at Buddy and makes a noise like a monkey.

Soon, Buddy realizes that "Cal" and Berkeley must be one in the same. Then Buddy asks his roommate Dave, who is from Orange County, what's bad about Cal. Dave starts waving his arms and making monkey noises, but fails to give Buddy a satisfactory response.

Buddy does some research. It seems that Stanford's rivalry with Cal is based on Berkeley's proximity to Palo Alto. Suddenly, he understands the secret to school spirit. Buddy resolves to become Stanford's most spirited student.

### Week 1.

On Monday, Buddy notices a guy sitting on the opposite side of the Psych 1 classroom. On Tuesday, the guy is sitting in the same spot. On Wednesday, Buddy launches a crusade against his rival by attempting to enlist his fellow row-mates in ribald cheers belittling the Blond Guy With Glasses. On Thursday, he brings water bottles and fruit to class, pelting Blond Guy whenever he turns his head. On Friday, Blond Guy stops coming to class. Buddy pounds in his chest, reveling in his victory.

### Week 2.

Buddy begins to notice that the girls in the room across the hall no

longer drop in to say hi on their way to the bathroom. He leaps into action, donning a cape and running down the hall waving a flag emblazoned with "Room 232" in giant letters. When room 231 is non-responsive, Buddy stays up for three nights in a row to "keep watch." He is convinced that they are planning to kidnap the 232 mascot, Buddy's tattered plush Garfield doll. The researchers gave Buddy that doll as an infant and he quickly adopted it as a best friend. There was no way he could let it fall into the hands of those ruffians. Eventually, Buddy falls asleep.

### Week 3.

One day at dinner, Buddy suddenly realizes his most bitter and dangerous rival, Johnny, sleeps in the top bunk right above him! He springs into action, painting his face blue and green—the colors of his bedspread. He skips class to hand-paint a flippant T-shirt poking fun at Johnny. Buddy attempts to sell the T-shirt to Dave, who just looks at Buddy and pats his head while grinning wildly.

Undaunted, Buddy lights a bonfire in his trash can, setting off the fire alarm and forcing his dorm to evacuate until 2 in the morning. After being sternly reprimanded by his RF, Buddy secretly circulates pamphlets blaming the Stanford administration for destroying a beautiful spirit tradition. A week later, Buddy impales a doll replica of Johnny on the post of their bunk bed.

After Buddy, Stanford never admitted any more chimpanzees.



# College Life: Fact and Fiction

Sorting out the myths and realities of the university world

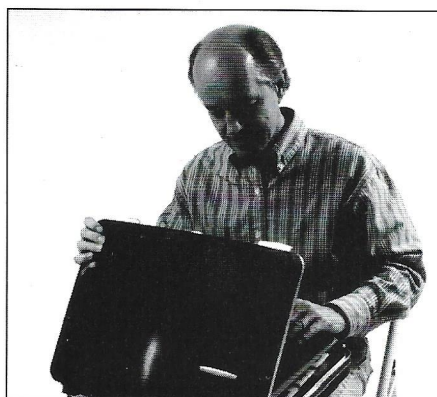
## *East Coast and West Coast Colleges Have Formed a Bitter Rivalry* — FACT

In 1996, famous West Coast Classics professor Dr. Trentforth Shackleton was shot eight times while out researching with his colleagues. Many believe that a prominent East Coast university president arranged the murder of the West Coast professor, after Shackleton opted out of his signed contract with Haverford to accept a professorship at Pomona. In retaliation, tenured Harvard professor Dr. Bilton Smalley was shot thirty-five times in the chest at close range during a public presentation of his latest thesis.

Students have also formed a vicious rivalry. East Coast alumni claim that they are truly “old-school,” because the average Eastern university is over a century older than the average West Coast university. And West Coast alumni often claim that they are “harder” than their East Coast rivals, as the average rate of acceptance among west coast colleges is over two percentage points lower, making their colleges harder to get into.

## *You will soon encounter the “Freshman Fifteen”* — FICTION

Your mother warned you against coming home for Christmas Break with the Freshman Fifteen, but that will never happen. The infamous “Freshman Fifteen,” a ragtag collection of fifteen mobsters and hoodlums that dominated the Chicago underworld in the 1920’s, were all indicted on charges of racketeering over a half century ago. Not a single member of that rogue outfit still lives, so you don’t have to worry about coming home with them any time soon.



Collegologist Baxter Fry gives it to you straight.

## *Nobody Likes Dating at Academically Competitive Universities* — FICTION

It’s true—no one has officially dated at an academically competitive university since 1987. Nevertheless, “dating,” in which pickled dates are thrown at blindfolded spider monkeys, is still a popular pastime. While it was officially boycotted by all major universities in a 1986 pesticide scare, most students still like dating, and engage themselves in the game as soon as they are beyond the reach of authorities. Hence the cherished and time-tested adage, “Wherever there is a datefruit on a college campus, there is quite often a blindfolded spider monkey trying to catch that datefruit.”

## *If You Are Male, Over Half of Your Freshman Year Might be Spent Watching ESPN’s Sportscenter* — FACT

If you bring a television set and your roommate tells you that he’ll spring for cable, quickly throw your television out of the window. If you get cable, the brilliant heyday of your youth will be spent watching highlights of Ken Griffey Jr. spitting into a paper cup. If you have ESPN 2, the heyday of your youth will be spent watching reruns of a 1978 World’s Strongest Man competition. You will soon know all the competitors by heart, even developing rooting interests. You will consider throwing a keg over a cardboard castle to be a logical activity. It is then that you will kill yourself.

## *That Guy In Your Dorm is a Humongous Idiot* —FACT

Every college dormitory has a guy who seems like a complete idiot. Yes, he’s a humongous idiot, all right.

## A Tradition of Excellence: Stanford Athletes

### Joseph “Crunchy” Cooper ‘09



Crunchy Cooper was considered the greatest overall athlete of his time. In 1906, he shattered the long-standing six-minute mile barrier by more than five seconds, and in 1907 he became the first American to bench-press over 200 pounds. Although today those statistics

are unimpressive even by seventh-grade standards, Crunchy Cooper was the first athlete to officially break the barriers.

Historians have argued that Cooper was not an extraordinary athlete, but rather the first athlete to have his feats officially recorded by recently introduced “machines”. In any case, Crunchy silenced his future critics in 1908 when he became the first person to jump up and touch the net of a basketball hoop.

### Francis “Woman” MacDougal ’12



Ordered by her domineering father to drop out of high school and become a moron, MacDougal rebelled by bobbing her hair, taking off her pantaloons (pantaloons were the style for women at the time) and donning a kilt (kilts were the

style for men at the time). She enrolled in Stanford University as a man. To further conceal her identity, she joined the football team and made all-Pac-10 as a center/nose tackle (playing both offense and defense was the style at the time). MacDougal made the most of her false life, leading Stanford in sacks and impregnating several co-eds. However, her female status was revealed and her shamed father had her sent to the guillotine (beheadings for football-related gender heresy were the style at the time).

### John Elway ’83

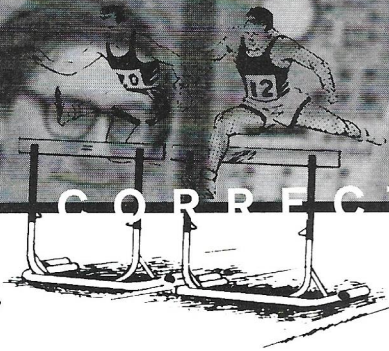
One of the best quarterbacks of all time, he was also a record player.



naste was of no use. Speed suggests calm and effective swiftness: They did the work with speed.

THESE ARE THE CORRECT TEMPERATURES

# KZSU *Program Guide Autumn 1999*



hurdle (def. 1)  
racers jumping  
hurdles

## THE FIVE AND DIME

A sweet old local man recalls the many things he used to see at the five and dime. Every weekday at noon he talks about this one stuffed jackrabbit on a wooden base shaped like Texas that he wanted really badly. Weather and traffic every fifteen minutes. A clean, good show.

## IDIOT GOSPEL

Idiots are recorded misinterpreting the Gospel and saying incomplete sentences. At some parts the recordings are accidentally broadcast over one another, for maybe a few seconds at a time. A guy asks for "home pets" on one reading. Weather and traffic (incorrect) every fifteen minutes.

## DIRTY TIME

A dirty kid with a foul mouth will make up jokes that are inappropriate, and come up with new terms for things like sitting on the toilet and taking a dump ("dick-fishing for retarded trout"). You will cringe because he is so immature, and he will remind you of someone who moved away when you were a kid.

## SAY IT AT ONCE, DO IT AT ONCE

A call-in show for bossy women who tell the DJ things he must say or do. He will say the things they ask on the air at the time they are requested, but when he is asked to 'do' something he will say that he can't do that until he gets home, at which point the women yell at him, "Do it at once!"

## THESE ARE THE CORRECT TEMPERATURES

A recording of the correct minimum temperatures and times for cooking various meats. The reader's voice is sort of aggravated and Southern, like they have something to prove. Sponsored by the City of Palo Alto.

## RICOCHETS

Experimental music, the sounds of various objects boinging off of one another and echoing. (15th anniversary year)

## PING/COUNTER-PING

Elm, Pine, or Mutt? The optimal unix-based email client is debated. Eudora and Outlook users are referred to as "butt-wads." Eudora and Outlook themselves are referred to as "butt-wad e-mail programs." Broadcast live out of Sweet Hall.

## AIR GUITAR

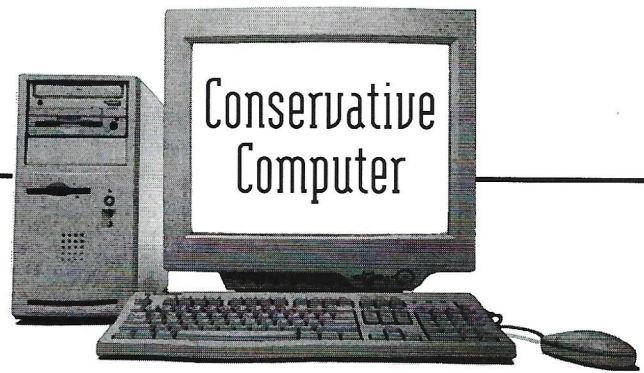
The best air guitar performances are broadcast simultaneously with the original songs that inspired them. At some points the mouth makes that "wahw-wahw-wahw" tremolo bar-sound, just like Mick Mars' guitar at that one part on "Dr. Feelgood".

90.1 FM



they don't care what people say—rock 'n' roll is here





# Conservative Computer

**Chris:** I love college—the freedom, the beer, the girls.

**Computer:** Did you call home today?

**Chris:** No.

**Computer:** Your parents care about you; they just want to know how you're doing

**Chris:** I'll call them this weekend.

**Computer:** I'll e-mail your mother and tell her you drink alcohol.

**Chris:** I hate you.

**Chris:** I think Susie likes me. She asked me to come over to study.

**Computer:** That's not proper ladylike behavior. Remember your morals and be wary of fast women.

**Chris:** We're just friends.

**Computer:** Her feminine wiles will lead you down the path of temptation.

**Chris:** I haven't even touched her.

**Computer:** Premarital sex is wrong.

**Chris:** Whatever.

**Chris:** Gotta go, big party tonight.

**Computer:** You haven't finished your homework yet.

**Chris:** I'll finish it tomorrow before class.

**Computer:** I'll tell your friends you look at porn on me.

**Chris:** So?

*[Billy enters.]*

**Billy:** You ready to go, Chris?

**Computer:** Chris looks at porn on me every night.

**Billy:** Sweet! *[gives Chris high-five]*

**Chris:** John is such a great roommate—he let me borrow his car.

**Computer:** He used me to look at Internet porn while you were at class.

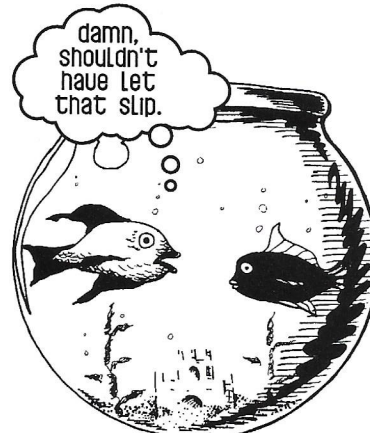
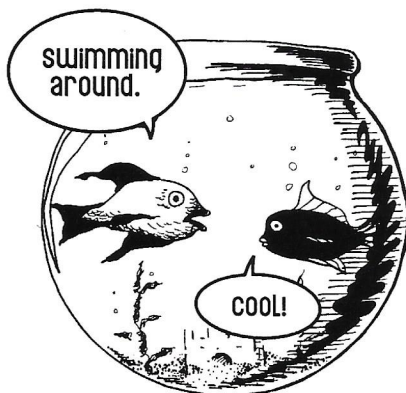
**Chris:** So?

**Computer:** And he has a bong.

**Chris:** I didn't know that. Awesome!

**Computer:** And he hates trickle-down economics.

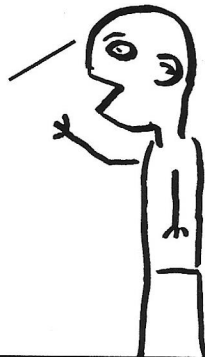
**Chris:** *[enraged]* That bastard!



BF  
OE



James, could you come into the panel please?



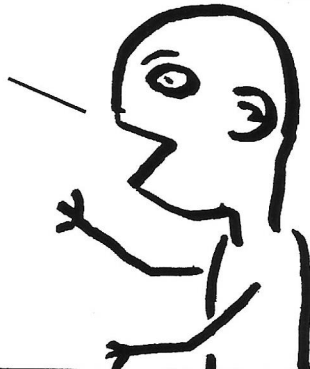
Hi Bob



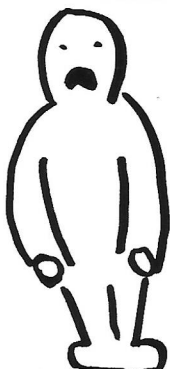
I just wanted to tell you...



I'm going to lunch.  
It's your cartoon now.



Oh.



Thank you. I'll be here all week.





# Communication

**I feel awful.**

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

**I'm sorry. I feel like my mind is exploding.**

How long has this been going on?

**I haven't slept in months. I just mess around all night long.**

I'm your wife, and this is how I find out?

**I really feel terrible.**

You've been seeing a doctor?

**Well, my girlfriend is a doctor.**

*You've been seeing a doctor?*

**I really feel terrible.**

I'm your wife, and this is how I find out?

**I haven't slept in months. I just mess around all night long.**

*How long has this been going on?*

**I'm sorry. I feel like my mind is exploding.**

Why didn't you tell me earlier?

**I feel awful.**



**That piece can  
be read in either  
direction.**

# Prejudice.



"I'm sorry, sir," the teller said with a rueful smile. "We just can't offer a loan to you at this time."

Nick stared, slack-jawed. "I don't understand. Was there something wrong with my credit?" Nearby customers looked up. His voice grew louder.

"It's not that, Mr. Harmon. We just — " The teller trailed off. She tapped a pencil against her notepad, carefully averting Nick's eyes.

The ugly truth swept over Nick like a brush fire. He leapt up, knocking his chair to the ground. Rage burned in his brain, in his voice.

"When are you people going to realize that incontinent, lying, kleptomaniacal, pigeon-toed, winged, ex-convict, humpbacked, green-skinned, three-armed, twenty-headed, six-dimensional, thermonuclear, subatomic, shape-shifting, interplanetary ballet dancers are just like everybody else?" He stared, radium seething out of the pores of his seventh face.

A voice arose from behind him. "Ballet dancer? What are you, a *girl*?"

The bank erupted in laughter. Nick sat back down. Another blow from a cruel world. His ninety invisible reptilian ears burned with embarrassment.



# genius & MADNESSES

SOMEONE SAID THAT NOTHING more than a fine line separates the genius from the madman. The correlation leads me to believe that anyone who aspires to greatness needs to be at least a little mad. But what makes people mad? Are their brains different, or did someone or something make them mad?

My honors English teacher is a very bright woman. She got her master's from Columbia and writes a column in the local paper. She could be a genius, but she's too nice to ever be mad. I had to help her.

On Monday, I showed up to class early and asked her if she could solve some polynomial equations (the genius often exhibits advanced mathematical skills). She asked if I was feeling all right and told me to ask the math teacher. I pressed on, telling her it was for an experiment to see how stupid she was. She said it was uncharacteristic for me to be so disrespectful, and I told her that Beethoven was out in the parking lot slashing her tires. That remark caught her off guard, so I thrust the equations in front of her face. She scribbled the solutions, but only got two of five correct. I should have had Beethoven break her windows too.

On my way to lunch I saw the Mr. Leonard and Mr. Barker eating on a bench by the parking lot. I went up to them and, noting their proximity on the bench, insinuated a homosexual affiliation. They were bewildered by my remark, but unflappable, each calmly visualizing the amalgamation of all heterosexual acts.

I corrupted their pleasant thoughts with the idea of a child eating a live insect. They asked why I would do such a thing and I replied in an unintelligible mixture of Japanese and Spanish spoken backwards.

They were understandably peeved,

so I asked them if they could name the capitals of all 50 states. Between the two of them they got 48. Not bad, but not genius. Einstein would have known all 50.

When I picked up my friend Ryan for lunch I punched him in the arm. Playfully but also sort of hard. When he asked what it was for, I didn't tell him. I made him sit in the back seat and wear a paper bag on his head. When he asked where we were going I punched him in the other arm, and ruined his credit rating.

He became so mad that he started to cry, so I asked him to count to a million. He made it half way before he ceased to exist. Most people can only count to two-hundred thousand, but that still didn't make him a genius.

History class was my last chance to explore this peculiar phenomena. I showed up late because Mrs. Schultz hates it when her lectures are interrupted. She was even more furious when she saw that I brought the Beatles to class (my school has a *No Beatles* policy).

The fab four were nearly a disappointment. George Harrison shot a baby, which was trite and failed to anger anyone. Ringo was cruel to an animal and also racist, but in such a quiet way that no one noticed.

Paul surprised the teacher with some infinitely beautiful flowers which she liked...until they started talking. They were probably the most foul-mouthed flowers ever.

John and I sung a duet of "Mrs. Schultz is Awful" and it went straight to the top of the charts. She finally understood what we were trying to do and got so mad that when I asked her if the sun was shining, she said yes.

Finally.



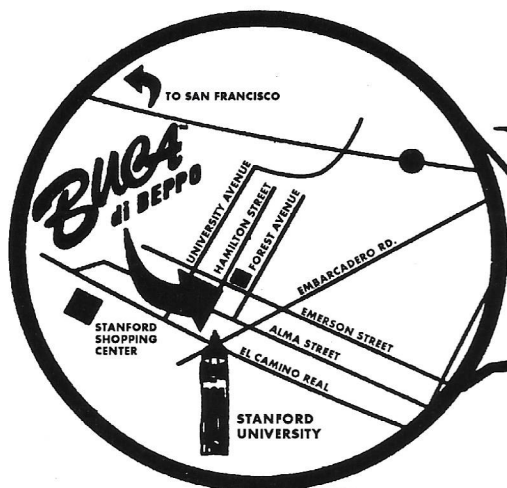


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**UNA FAMIGLIA**



## TIME TRAVELLER

At last! Look upon me in wonder, future-beings: I have traveled through time itself to come here. Your present is my future; my present is your past.

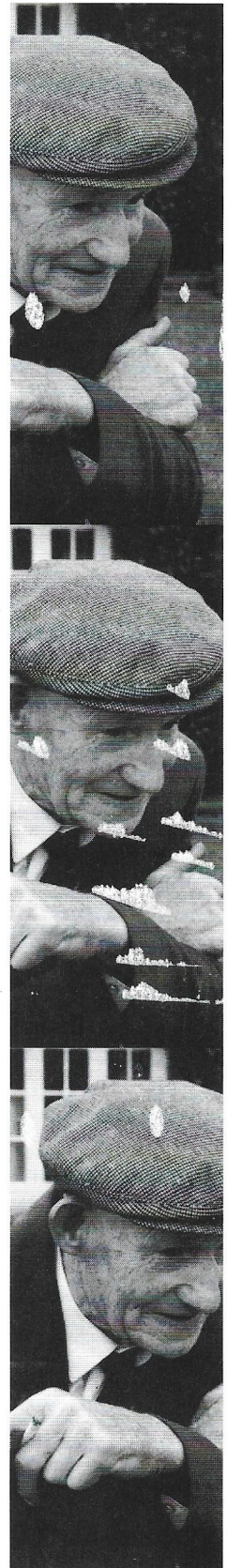
I come from the 1950's. It was then that I resolved to propel myself into the future, through the magic of science. Some people called me mad; others called me mad. But the proof is in the pudding, is it not, future-beings? I am here, in the future, with you. My journey, which began on a drunken summer night in 1953, is finally over.

Obstacles plagued my journey. I realized very quickly that the travel was damaging to my body. You can see the effects of time-travel for yourself with your own futuristic eyes. In 1953, I was young and lively. In the 1999 of your present, I have the aged, time-wracked frame of a sixty-seven year-old.

Another problem was speed. For each year of regular time on Earth, I could only travel one year into the future. I grew frustrated with this constraint, eventually taking a job as a grocery clerk in a local supermarket. I even married a woman born a full three years after me to avoid suspicion. My trip ended up taking a tedious forty-six years. But the goal was worth it all.

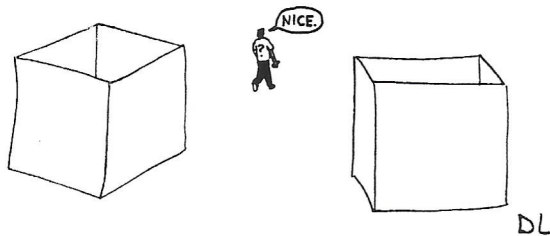
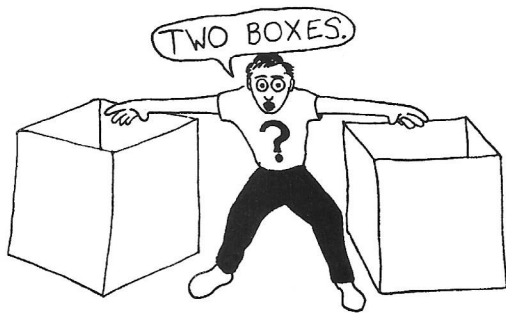
At last, I am here, in my target year of 1999. And what a dazzling future it is! I understand so little of your culture, having only seen it and interacted fully with it during my long journey. Computers, for instance. What are these? I have never seen anything like computers, save the four computers I have bought over the last fifteen years of time-travel. DVDs confuse me similarly, particularly my copy of "Hunt for Red October" that just doesn't seem to work.

In fact, looking around me, the truth is all too clear: I do not belong in your futuristic world. I am a silent prisoner, a victim of my own genius. I never should have traveled here by carefully aging my body through time. Trapped in a world not my own—it's enough to make a man regret the loving wife, children, friends, successful veterinary practice, Toyota Celica and snow-globe collection he encountered along the way.





## A Difficult Decision



# Hypothetically Speaking

- Roger:** Hey, Mickey. Wouldn't it be cool if I broke your retainer?
- Mickey:** No. Why would that be cool?
- Roger:** Let's say hypothetically that I hide it in a sandwich that your sister's going to eat.
- Mickey:** That'd be kind of funny, I guess.
- Roger:** Now let's say that this happened two hours ago, and that your sister's in the hospital.
- Mickey:** Oh, lord!
- Roger:** Now let's say - hypothetically, that is - that none of what I have said is true, but that I ran over your dog with my bike.
- Mickey:** Sparky? Oh, no!
- Roger:** Let's say that I didn't mean to.
- Mickey:** [silent]
- Roger:** Now let's say that I did.
- Mickey:** This is horrible!
- Roger:** Forget that. Now let's say that this is the truth: your retainer's in the hospital, I ran over your sister with your dog, and your sandwich ate my bike.
- Mickey:** My sandwich ate your bike? Hey, sorry, man.
- Roger:** My bike! [cries]
- Mickey:** Don't cry. How about we say that my dog built you a new bike? And that my sister turned into a big pile of candy?
- Roger:** Don't be stupid. That would never happen.
- Mickey:** Okay, fine. Let's say you don't know what you're talking about.
- Roger:** No, let's just say that you're an idiot.
- Mickey:** Let's just say that you're dead.
- Roger:** [dies] Damn! We'll say that you're dead too.
- Mickey:** [dies] You're dead, Roger. You can't talk.
- Roger:** Oh, let's just say that I can.
- Mickey:** Let's say I can too, then.
- Roger:** Nope.
- Mickey:** [silent]
- Roger:** Mickey?
- Mickey:** I just ate your bike.

## The Barbershop





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- \* There are two types of objects: **STICKS & BOXES.**
- \* There is one type of concept: **MATH.**
- \* There are two verbs: **BEING & BIKING.**
- \* There is one adjective: **PURPLE.**
- \* Every direction is **EAST.**
- \* Every span of time is an **HOUR.**
- \* Every distance is a **MILE.**
- \* Every proper name is **JOHNSON.**
- \* Every number is **SEVEN.**
- \* Adverbs? There are no adverbs. **SIMPLIFY!**

Imagine the happiness you feel as your mental vocabulary shrinks from 50,000 to eleven. All discrimination is gone: everybody is just a stick. The Earth is a box. So is the Sistine Chapel. The Empire State Building is a stick. Physics is math. Love is math. All of them are purple. **It's just too easy!**

---

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE? WHO CARES? ALL PHILOSOPHIES ARE HAPPY WITH **SIMPLETRON!**

---

| Regular Statement                                                       | SIMPLETRON!™ Statement             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| "I think, therefore I am."                                              | "I bike, therefore I am."          |
| "Religion is the opiate of the masses."                                 | "Math is the box of the Johnsons." |
| "As Orwell predicted, man is oversimplifying his already shallow life." | "I am biking."                     |

---

SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MUCH BETTER UNHAPPY PEOPLE SOUND WITH **SIMPLETRON!**

---

| Regular Statement                                  | SIMPLETRON!™ Statement                        |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| "You're a cheating bastard, Joe. I'm leaving you." | "You're a purple stick, Johnson. I'm biking." |
| "I got fired today. I'm going to kill myself."     | "I went biking. I'm going to go biking."      |
| "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."           | "Johnson, I'm biking."                        |
| "Love was such an easy game to play."              | "Math was a purple box. Let's go biking."     |

---

EVEN ANNOYING DRIVING DIRECTIONS ARE EASIER AND MORE ENJOYABLE IN **SIMPLETRON!**

---

| Regular Statement                                                                                                                                                                            | SIMPLETRON!™ Statement                                                                                                                                |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| "You want to take a left on Spruce for about 500 yards, then bear left at the fork onto Jennings for half a mile. Take a right, then left, then a right. It's the blue house on your right." | "Bike east on Johnson for seven miles, then bike east on Johnson for seven miles. Bike east, then east, then east. It's the purple box on your east." |
| "You want to get to Argentina from here? Oh, jeez. Let's see if I have a map."                                                                                                               | "Bike to Johnson? Bike east for an hour."                                                                                                             |
| "The compass is broken. There's a witch. We're gonna die out here in these woods."                                                                                                           | "Just bike east on Johnson."                                                                                                                          |

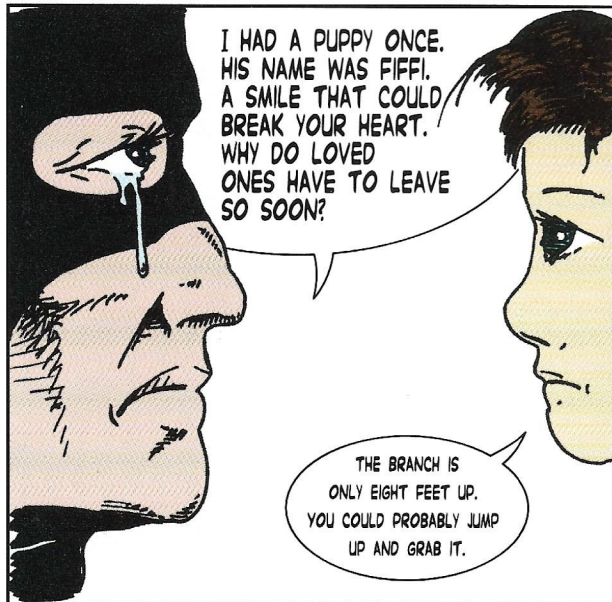
*To order, bike a box to:\**

**THE JOHNSONS, 7 JOHNSON STICK, EAST JOHNSON, JN 77777**

\*No boxes, please.



# captain compassion



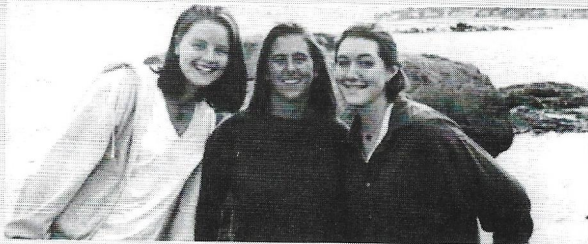


# The Stanford Chaparral

Come for the memories.

## "Layout Weekend"

Dustin Perkins      Owen Ellickson      Brent Fitzgerald



## "Prom Night"

Gideon Lewis-Kraus      Geoff Schaeffer      Jacob Young



## "Writing Day"

Chris Crane      Jon Maas      Ben D'Ewart      Craig Nesbitt



## "Wednesday Night Meeting"

Andy Taylor      Audrey Diehl      Sean Lucy      Dave Fruchbom



## "Surprise!"

Kenny Shei      Santos Marroquin



The Chaparral has positions available in:

- Humor Writing
- Cartooning
- Graphic Design
- Web Design
- Business

No experience required.

## Meet the Staff Party

Friday, Sept. 24th,  
9:00 p.m.

## First Meeting

Wednesday, Sept. 29th  
8:30 PM

## Weekly Meetings

Wednesdays, 8:30 PM  
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For more:  
<http://chappie.stanford.edu>

## "My Joke's Going In!"

David Lampson



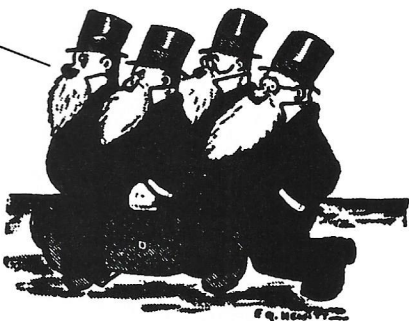


# Final Questions

There are four advertisements on this page. Three of them are for actual businesses. The fourth is a fake. **Can you tell which one?**

There are also four professors on this page. Three of them are actual professors. The fourth is a fake. **Can you tell which one?**

I'm fake.



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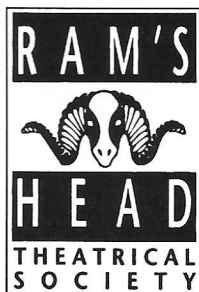
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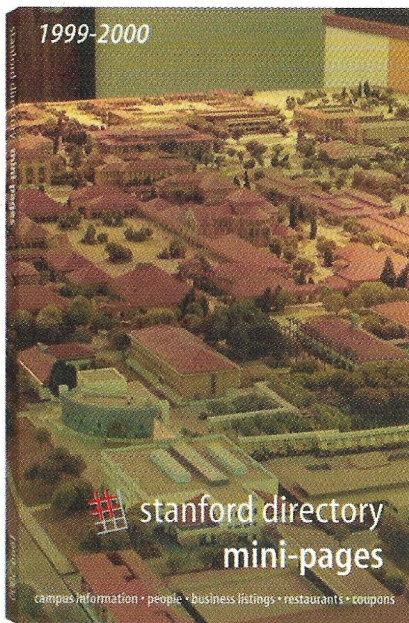
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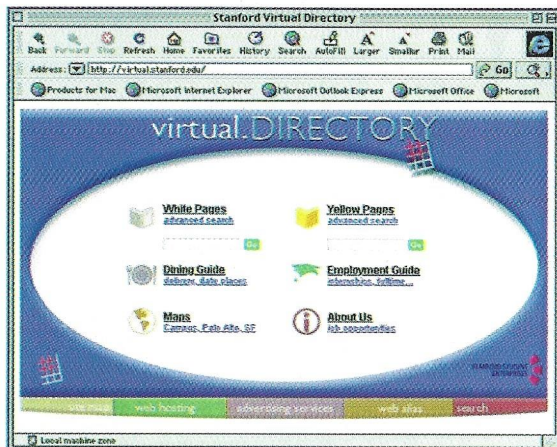
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**3:12 pm - Saturday**

Hi, is Doug there?

I'm sorry, you must have the wrong  
number.

**5:53 pm - Saturday**

Hey, is Doug around?

Sorry, wrong number.

**6:14 pm - Saturday**

Doug! Where are you? We're about  
to leave!

No Doug here.

Oh.

**7:30 pm - Saturday**

Doug!

Not here, sorry.

**11:45 pm - Saturday**

Hi Doug, its-

Sorry.

**1:35 am - Sunday**

Hello Doug...

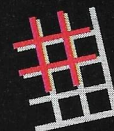
<click>

**7:30 am - Sunday**

Doug? This is your mother calling.  
Where have you been?

do a service to yourself  
and the **community**.

update your student  
information on AXESS by  
**Sunday, October 3rd**  
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