

The RED, RED FUN at STANFORD

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FLASHLIGHT PHOTO OF THE JUNIOR
PLUG-UGLY ON THE QUAD



THE SOPHOMORE
FRESHMAN RUSH UNDER
FACULTY SUPERVISION

"It's a way we have at Stanford
To drive dull care away."

PERHAPS this paraphrase of an old song is permissible in speaking of certain forms of fun which are well known and approved by the student body of Stanford. Stanford is comparatively a young university. Its marked isolation, added to the vogue of its dormitory system, has stamped upon the community which dwells therein certain characteristics and customs. These customs are a source of joy to the layman and an unending source of hilarity to the student. Incidentally they serve to show the temper and spirit of the entire student body.

The customs now existing at Stanford are the fruit of modern collegiate days and therefore possess the delight of novelty as well as the charm of significance. Originating on the Pacific Coast, prompted in many cases by the minds of those students hailing from the far East or Middle West, each custom bears the sign manual of its originator. This lends to them a singular interest and a hall mark which betrays.

There is a general similarity in college and university customs which often differ only in detail. For instance, a rush is a rush anywhere—with a difference or two. Stanford seems to have originated many purely local customs, and in the lives of the under-

are demised and many are strewn by the wayside, to be recovered by their owners later, as it is an understood thing at Stanford that a class hat must not be stolen, and woe betide the thief of a plug-on the eve of the "ugly."

The fun now grows fast and furious. Despite the obstacles thrown in the way by the seniors, the juniors continue to march quadward. Now the seniors hasten to fortify the quad approaches, for precedent has given them the right to choose any one approach and custom decrees that the juniors must storm and carry this chosen bridge or admit themselves bested. On rush the juniors and straight into the senior crowd they plunge. Fists fly, not to inflict punishment, but to squash any hats which are still in evidence.

Fierce Rush on the Quad

The juniors gain the quad and the circuit is begun. The seniors withdraw for a moment's consultation and then down the arcade they come with a center rush or flying wedge. Both parties are trodden underfoot and rolled off the arcade to the ground below, but no one is ever seriously hurt. After a regulation portion of the quad has been traversed the lower class, looking for further conquests, starts for that Mecca of homesick undergrads, the campus postoffice. Here, on the steps, the seniors await them, and the fray recommences. "Come on, you juniors," they howl. "We'll finish things right this time." And the juniors come on, and the seniors are often the ones to cry for quarter.

There's a time in good old Stanford when a fellow has his day. It's the beginning of his junior year. He has passed the freshman flunking stage and drinking sophomores.

With its memories so fond and dear. He's an upper classman now and is filled with dignity. He's no longer one of the boys. He's a good junior now and the fact is known to all. When he first steps into corduroys.

So the jolly juniors sing as they march away with their hammered and bedraggled plugs set upon their heads at all angles. With torn clothing and dented plugs they present a sorry sight to the outsider, but to the undergrad the spectacle is one to be appreciated, be he freshman, sophomore or senior.

This is the real class rush at Stanford, but freshman and sophomore toil for supremacy on yet another field—that of football. They have a new style of ball never heard of outside the Stanford sport curriculum of the undergrad. It is not a game, but a rush. The faculty has said that there shall be no rush, and there is none; but in spite of the dictum this game is played annually, or will be, as this year saw the first scrimmage.

If you ever witness this football scrimmage you will see two hundred husky and wild-eyed sophs out looking for scalps of freshmen. Down at the other end of the long field is a still larger horde of entrants. Somewhere there is a football. It makes no difference just where it is, for wherever it is, there will the freshmen be found. When the signal sounds the opposing squads mix. Now the surge of heads moves this way and now that. Now someone is down. Now a freshie comes out nursing an injured member, and a soph follows him with a sore head. This is kept up with unabated vigor until both sides are ready to call quits. If at any time one side could have put the ball on the other side of their opponents' goal line, that class is deemed the superior, but fun and not result is considered the point of the contest.

This brand new sport was promoted by mysterious upper classmen. The wise insider nods his head and says "Faculty work." "If there is anything that resembles football in that game, the man that is able to see it has a better eye for football than I have," says the expert coach.

No one knows who originated the rush. No one cares. But everyone enjoys the fun and it has accom-

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NIGHT SHIRT PARADERS IN
FRONT OF ENCINA HALL
THE MEN'S DORMITORY

graduates local peculiarities make themselves felt to a marked degree.

Many of the customs and much of the fun that used to be at Stanford are no longer seen on her campus or in her arcades. Observances of university ties have their seasons and go their way. The old

"candle rush," which was a tubing contest between the two lower classes in Encina hall, has gone the way of the Dodo and other extinct things. The rushes in the open, in which the classes tried to place their numerals on the reservoir fence, are no more. Probably the oldest of surviving customs is the

college career. To win in this rush the seniors must prevent the juniors from marching upon the quad or from capturing the steps of the campus postoffice. If the seniors can do this, though it is seldom, they are credited with the victory. Or if they can break up the show or junior farce which precedes the rush, and turn the jibes of the actors back to their source, they are duly credited with this also.

Imagine the feelings of the discomfited juniors when the curtain goes up on the first scene of the farce and they hear the whole senior body burst forth into song! And not only that, but it is their own song—words and music are identical, but the point of it is aimed to hit 1908, and not 1909. Woe unto the players and their roles! Have the seniors seen the manuscript? Worse than that, they have the manuscript. They have waylaid the prompter that very evening and have relieved him of the precious burden. From now on the farce is an ordeal. The seniors become boisterous, finally deciding that they have seen enough of the show. They give evidence of it by rising and standing menacingly in front of the stage. The juniors hurriedly hold a council-of-war and agree to get under way for the quad. Away they go. With a whoop the seniors follow and start the fun. With dull thuds the plugs