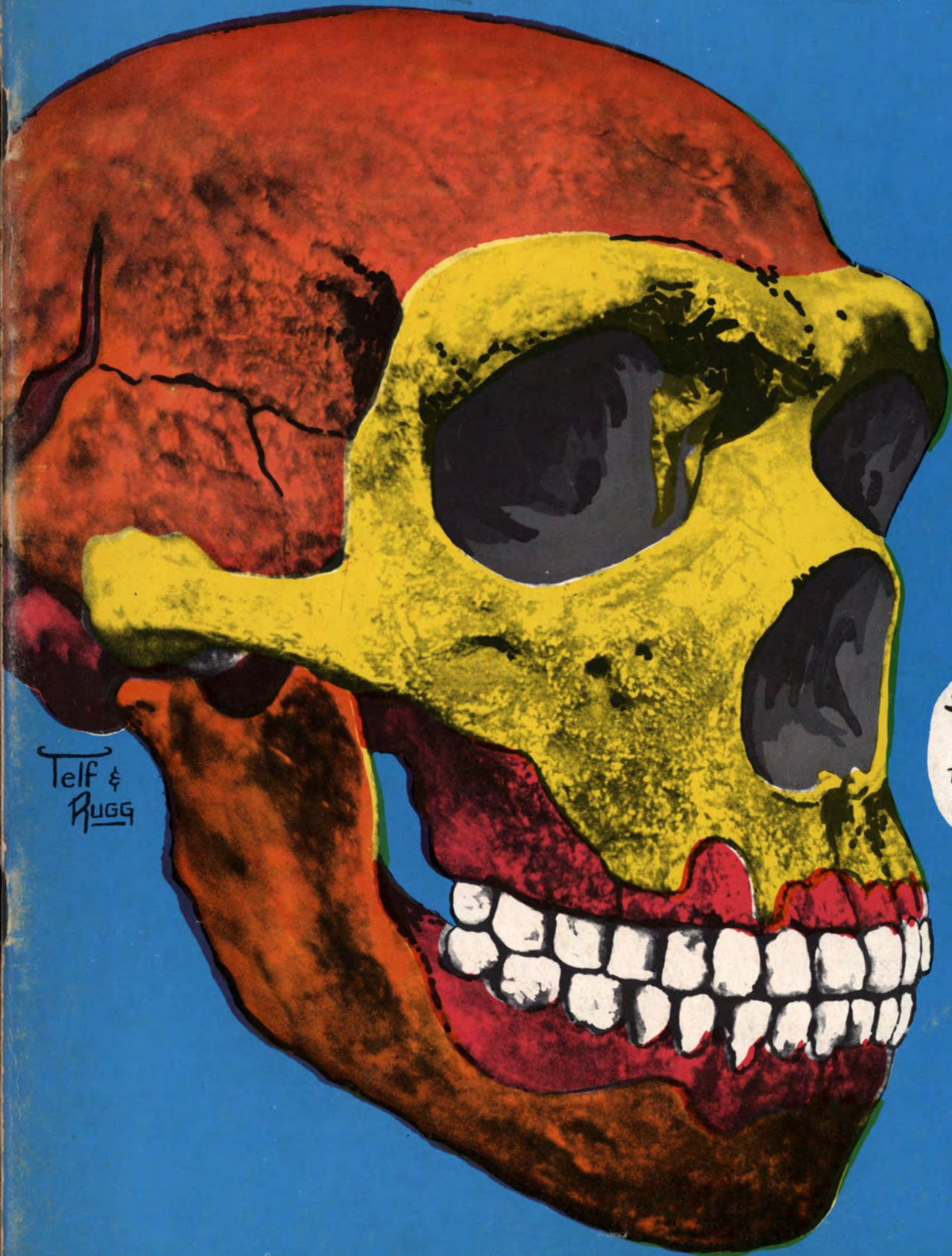


the stanford

\$.40

# CHAPARRAL



Telf &  
Rugg

It's better to have  
Lived and Laughed  
than Never to have  
Lived at All.









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Straw



# The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 66, 1965-66  
 Stanford Chaparral founded  
 5 October 1899  
 by Bristow Adams  
 Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of  
 Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society  
 Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1965

## THE CHAPPIES

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**REFLECTIONS**

Stanford University founded 1891; Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Kent Lee Anderson, President; James Elliott, Vice-President; Svelton Suedos, Secretary-Treasurer. © 1966 by The Stanford Chaparral. Second-class postage applied for at Palo Alto, California, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1897. Published four times yearly during the school year, November, January, March, and May, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and

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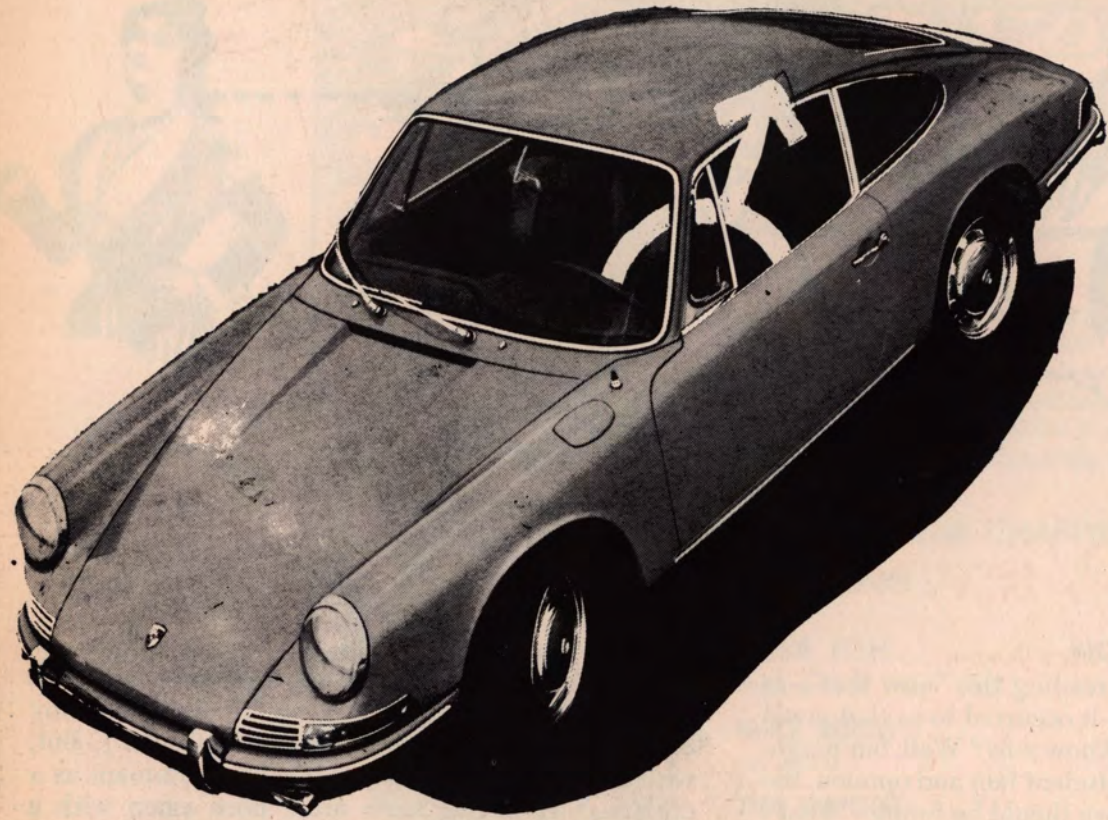


NOW THAT you're reading this "now that"—as we call them in the trade—it occurred to us that you'd expect something funny. Know why? Well, our neighbor and fellow journal of student fact and opinion, the Stanford DAILY, told us we should be funny. "That's funny," we thought. Now for years the Chappie has operated under the assumption that the closer we came to the San Francisco CHRONICLE the better off we were. We'd put a little illicit sex here, a smidge of masochism there, a bit of necrophilia maybe, and once in a while a whole "hard core" issue to boost sales. Sure enough, our LAYBOY's sold like nickel beer on a hot day in Topeka. (Three thousand six hundred copies in three hours—that's twenty copies a minute and hardly time to make change!) Even the staid DAILY ate it up. . . . But over the summer we got to thinking. We decided that sex was kind of a drag (in a magazine, at least). So we thought we'd do some "biting satire on contemporary social issues." And what was more contemporary, more social, or more of an issue than the Viet Nam War, we ask you. Gawdalmighty! What a disastrous decision! It wasn't that we didn't "bite" anybody ('member the, uh, do we dare say it, the uh, "action army" scene?). But by O. Henry's tale not many people were laughin'. And that's for sure! Maybe we were (now this is just a modest suggestion) biting the hand that bought us. Shucks, we dunno. We did know we had about half our magazines unsold—a sorry sight for an editor, to say the least. And so, tired and discouraged, brooding in the narrow confines of our cell of existential despair, we weighed these things up in our hearts. Then, suddenly a flash of light! a marvelous sound! and a voice out of the sky saying, "Take gas, you humorless

crew, take gas." Alas, we wept and wore sackcloth (well, we were going to but we couldn't find any cheap enough at the Stanford Shopping Center). But, with the coming of spring (after lying dormant as a dormouse all winter), we arose once again with a clatter of new ideas! This time we have something for everybody! For all you sex-fiends, we've got a titillating sexual adventure story by John White called "Gosh, Mr. Wizard!" If you don't like such explicit sex (maybe you're an SAE or something) you'll find a light romance of attempted rape written by Richard Manuck and called "The Ballad of Bloombell Day." And, if you like dirty pictures, take a peek at the voluptuous curves of POWERPIE, a new comic strip sex symbol created by Mike Rugg. For all you prudes, there's a ringing condemnation of children's immorality by John White in a story entitled "Gosh, Mr. Wizard!" Using Blakian overtones (the revolt against innocence) and a Salinger style, White conveys the full horror of uncontrolled children. For poetry-lovers, there's a beautiful modern ballad by Richard Manuck that humorously portrays a Prince's attempt to woo a maiden who is, alas, devoted to purity. And for those of you who like to see Stanford University itself satirized, and Stanford society in general, you'll enjoy the mock-heroics of a new super-moral, super-heroine, POWERPIE! M. Rugg has really outdone himself this time! So you see, there's something for everybody. And from now on, we'll let the DAILY imitate the CHRONICLE. Hmm. That's a thought. Does the DAILY imitate the CHRONICLE or does the old CHRON copy the DAILY? Shucks, we dunno. Care even less, too.



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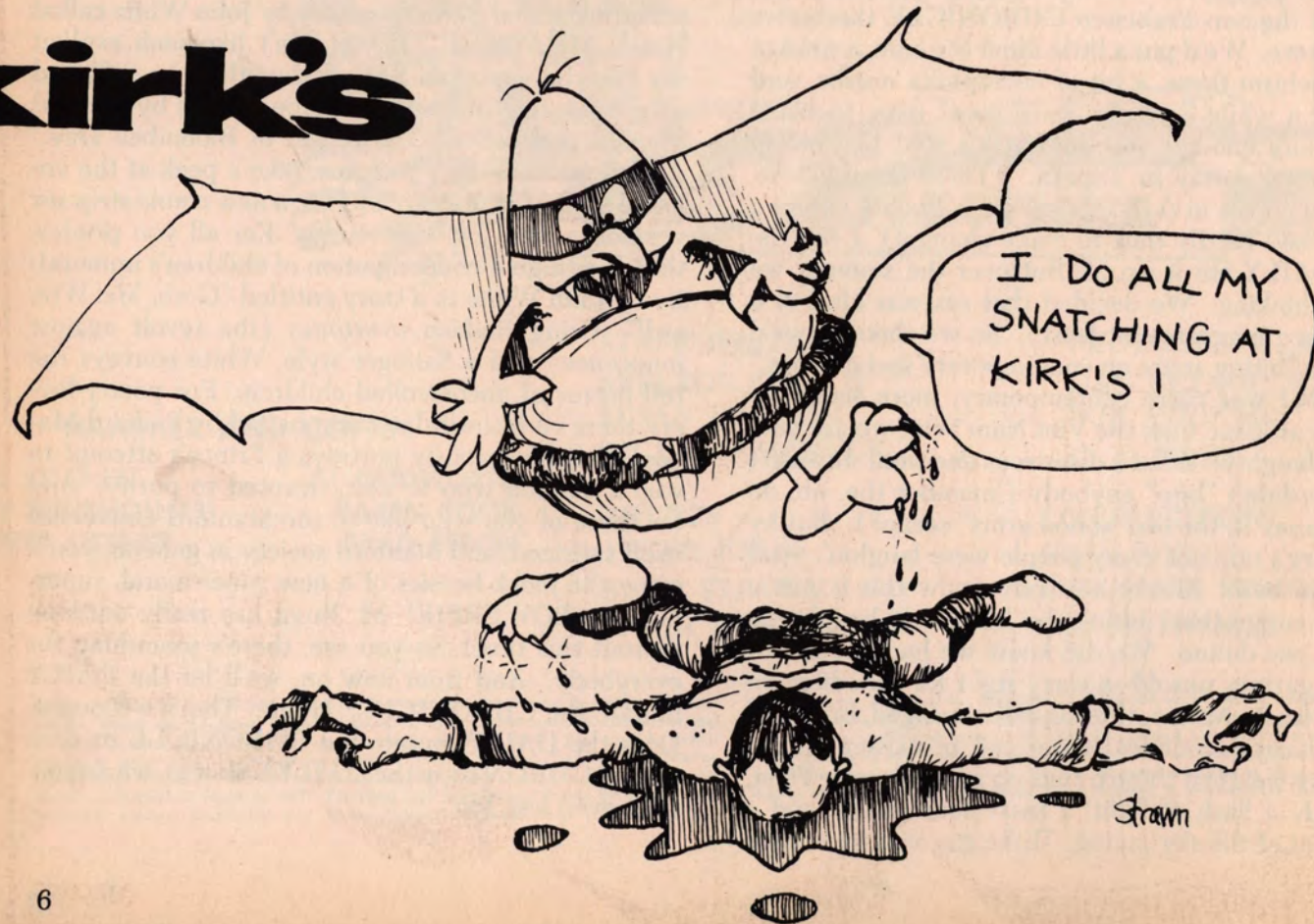
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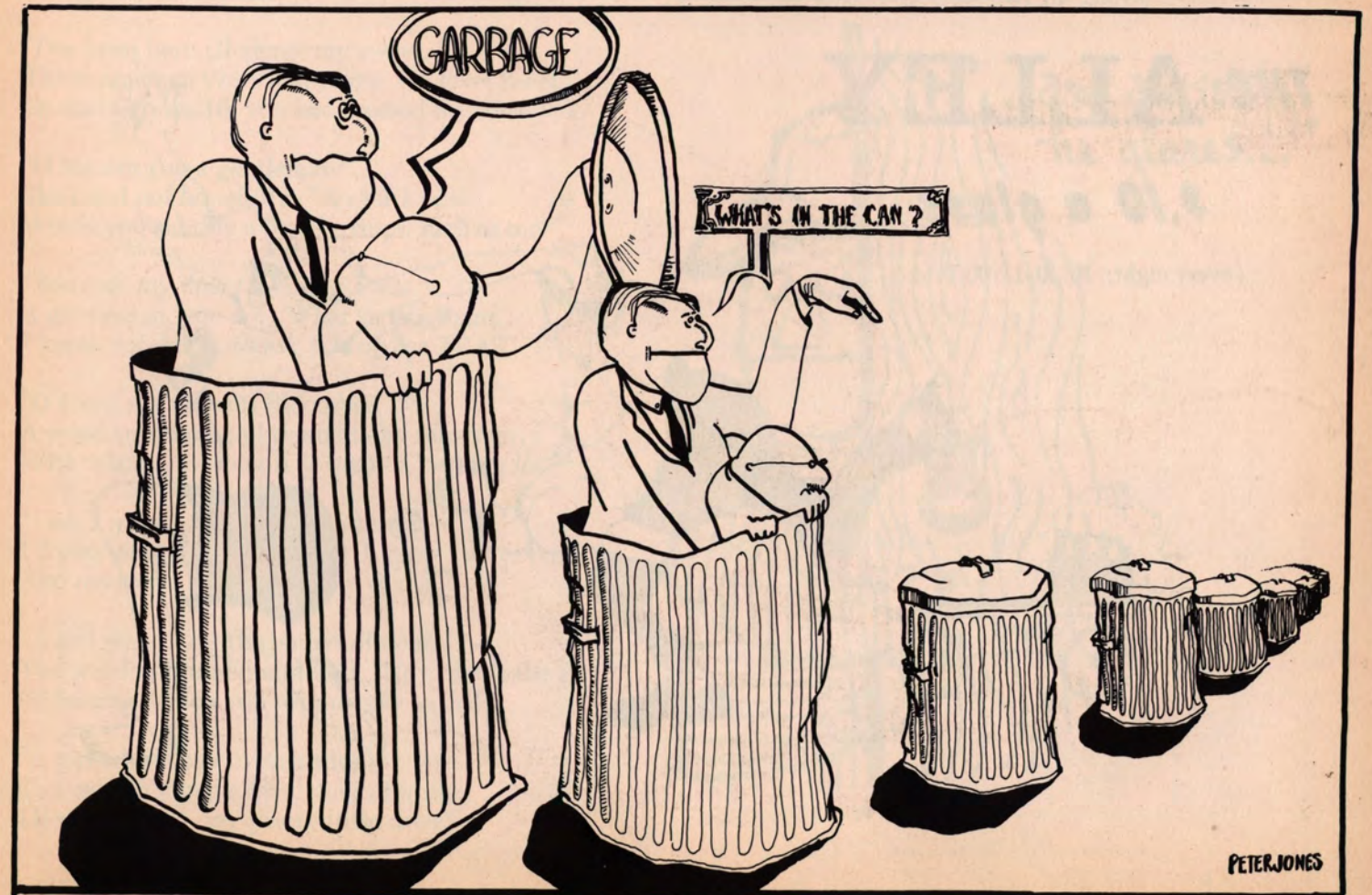
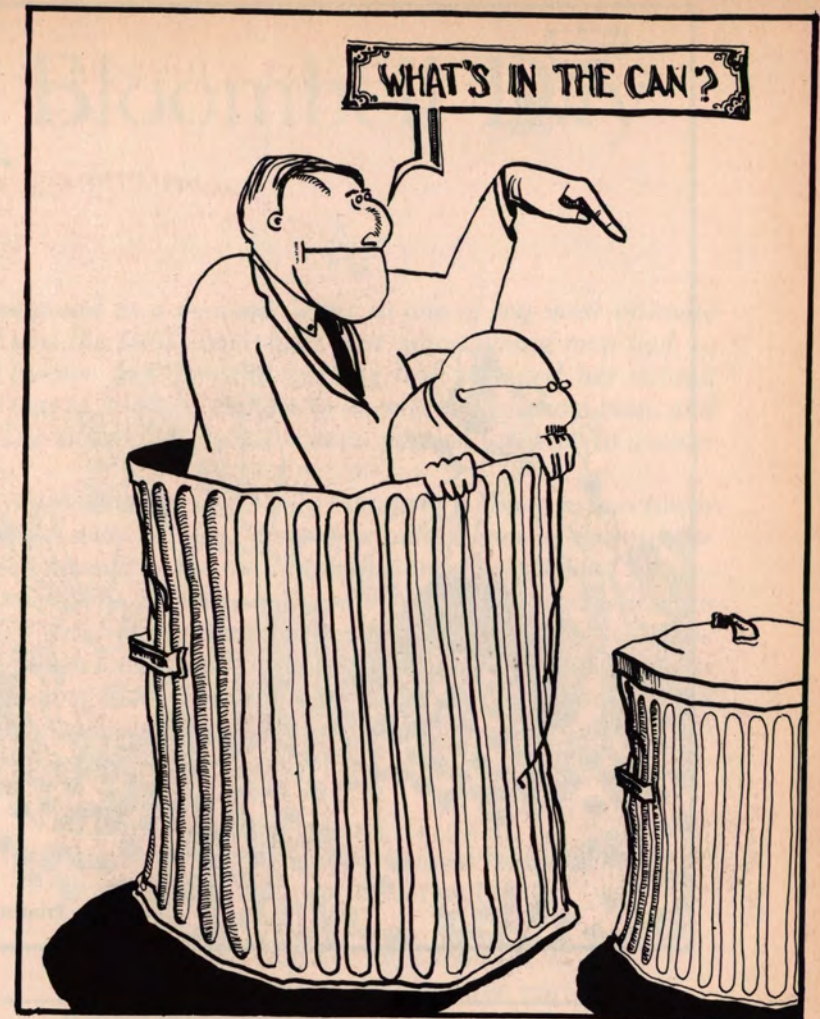
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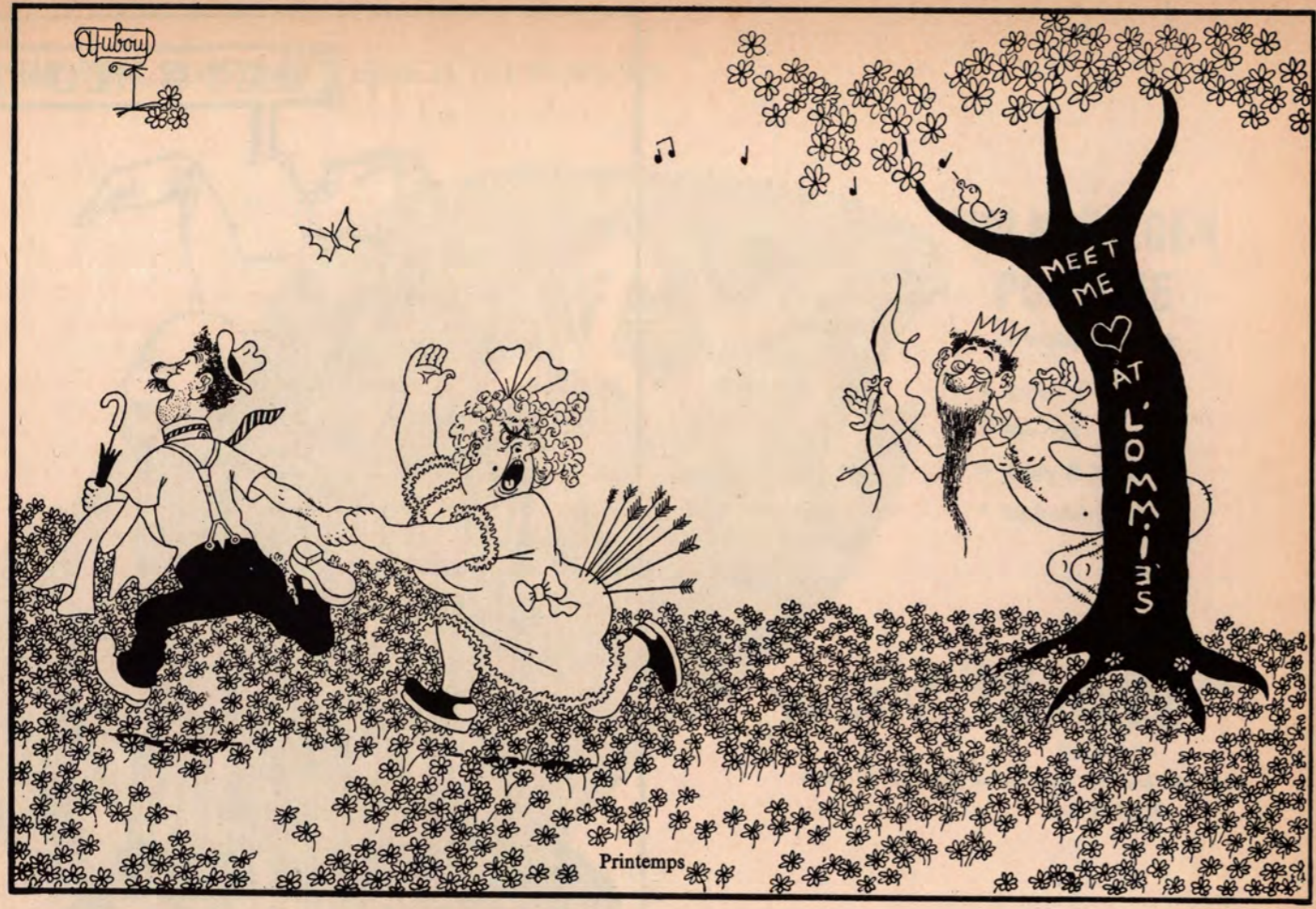
**World View**

*Peter Jones*



PETER JONES





Printemps

# The Ballad of Bloombell Day

Richard Manuck

*The Proeme to the Wicked Reader.*

*The Bloombell Stanzas were originally composed as a personal letter to one of my most intimate friends, the Lady "X". The occasion of the ballad was the lady's complaint that many young men had no respect for her honor or her youth, that they had thrown her down in parking lots, dragged her behind bushes, and attacked her in their apartments. She was at a loss to explain to herself this phenomenon, and earnestly entreated me to explain its recurrence. The Bloombell Ballad was in part an attempt to answer her questions.*

*The story is simple. An English Prince of nineteen years is the only inmate of a lonely prison tower near the sea. The warden offers him his freedom if he will only lure some fair village wench up into the tower so that the warden can enjoy her. The warden himself is far too libidinous and unrestrained a creature to induce a modest belle to join him in the tower. The prince, however, is a more civilized fellow, in possession of greater beauty and certain persuasive arts. Being none too scrupulous about trading some poor girl for his freedom—the Prince, after all, has been locked in that tower for nineteen years—he agrees to the warden's proposition. And so when innocent young Bloombell Day happens to pass by the tower wall and stops to sit and gaze upon a flower, the Prince (dropping an invitation to tea which no proper English Lady could refuse of a gentleman) cries out:*

"From in my thorn walled prison cell  
I toss this note to thee. Fair winsome belle  
Or Jolly wench, look up the tower at me."

"I know she is the ransom fee,  
You lech'rous quadruped. I must be free!  
Don't pant so loud, you never will be fed."

Soon startled from her reverie,  
She gazed upon my song—then smiled at me  
And gently asked, "To whom do you belong?"

Soon came the damsel's light footfalls  
Upon the tower stairs. The warden crawls  
Behind the door, and anxiously he glares.

"I've been here all alone, my sweet,  
These nineteen years and more. No lover meet  
Or soul so pure, till you had crossed my door."

"O Sir, are you a gentleman?"  
She cried out hopefully. "And if I ran  
Would you subdue a wood nymph such as me?"

"You jest, my dear, of course I am.  
A gentleman, you see. What satyr's sham,  
I know not, lamb, to ask you up for TEA?"

"O Dear, my name is Bloombell Day,  
A wood sprite much besought—by satrys gay  
With whom I've fought in many a parking lot."

"I am a moral young man, and sure  
I'll play no games with thee. I know you're pure  
And innocent, so fear no more of me."

"A girl who plays the games of court,  
The warden grinned and said, "Now that's the sort  
Of teasing wench yuh wanna take to bed!"

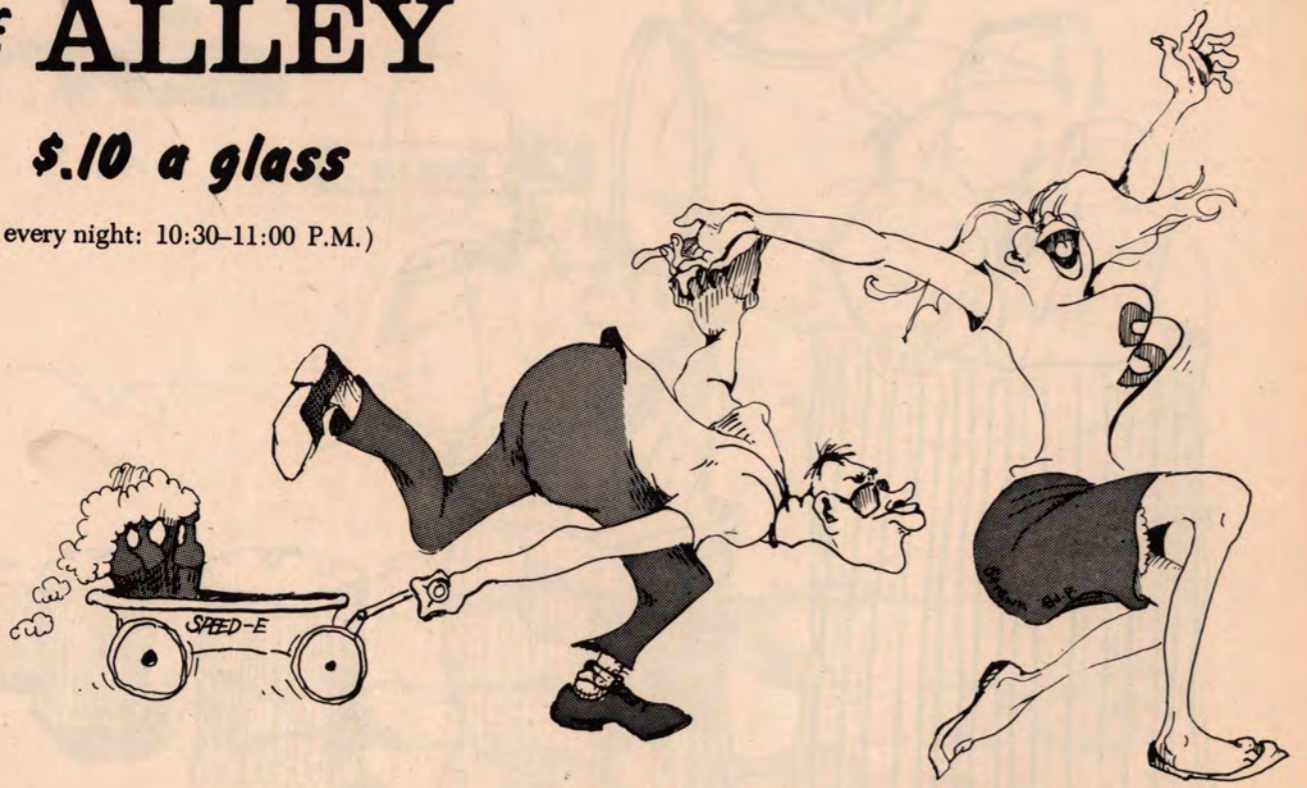
"A girl who plays so charmingly  
Can certainly make love. So as for me,  
I'll wait for tea, my pretty little dove!"



## THE ALLEY

**\$.10 a glass**

(every night: 10:30-11:00 P.M.)





Once more the footsteps light were heard,  
Now nearer to the cell. "Thou Phenix bird,"  
The Prince cried out, "Rise up to me, Bloombell!"

"O Sir, I fear I may go down,  
This tower's like a well. The stairs go round  
And where they lead, too dark in here to tell!"

"Don't fear, my dear, you're almost here,  
Just lift the latch, Bloombell." The door swung clear  
And there she stood, shy creature of the dell.

Across the room the Prince turned round,  
A champagne glass in hand. "I feel quite bound  
To drink your health, who've come to this dark land."

Just then the warden seemed to stand  
As if he'd join the toast: held out his hand  
Toward the Prince, then vanished like a ghost.

"For you, Bloombell, who trust me so,  
I lift this second glass." "O gentle beau,  
I do not drink," returned the modest lass.

He smiled at her, he seemed resigned:  
"We need not greet that way." She thought him kind  
And so refined, yet wondered why so gay.

She came up to her gentle beau,  
The glass still at his lips. His eyes aglow  
He gazed at her, and took a few more sips.

She laughed at him, her funny beau,  
Until he held her fast. She yielded though,  
He kissed her slow, and thus the wine was passed.

"My sneaky Prince," he heard her sigh,  
"You're just like all the rest. Bloombell won't lie  
With you tonight, but go about her quest."

"I am the one you seek, my dear,  
A kind attractive male." "You're wrong, I fear,"  
The maid replied, "I seek the Holy Grail!"

"If that's your game," the Prince declared,  
"You'll never leave this cell!" And as he bared,  
She stood and stared, at how his manners fell.

"His cape was first to find the floor—  
A princely, charming pelt. He locked the door  
And then she saw, some keys hung at his belt.

Was this her Prince, so soon redeemed,  
That same imprisoned male? And if it seemed  
A warden's form, who'd locked him here in jail?"

"How d'ya want it, Bloombell Baby,  
Gentle-like or hard? Too late for maybe,  
Timid lady, the door's done locked and barred!"

What metamorphosis was this,  
A warden from a Prince? His hungry kiss  
Her lips did miss; Bloombell could only wince!

She turned her face in mild disdain,  
And drew herself away. But quite in vain  
She sought to blame this beast for his display.

"I led him on so terribly,  
I never made it clear. How could he see  
I came for tea, and not what now I fear?"

The kiss still burned upon her nose,  
Or where it seemed to bleed; and when he chose  
To claw her clothes, she understood his need.

Yet such a kiss she knew had stabbed  
Her honour to the base. So when he grabbed  
She sharply jabbed an elbow in his face.

Soon blood was pouring from his nose  
To cries of "goddam bitch!" As hands she rose  
Her ears to close, she flipped a nearby switch.

All at once the lights went out;  
The warden mildly leered—now would she shout  
Or run about, or wait until he neared?"

As it turned out, she ran about;  
Toward the door she fled. But took a route  
That was not there, and fell upon the bed!

The warden leaped, and once more missed;  
O'twas a sordid mess. A pillow kissed,  
A bedspad torn, before he found her dress.

As from some dream she seemed to wake  
And fended off a kiss—"Before you make  
A beast of me, you'd better look at this."

She reached into her bosom bared,  
He took a card from her. "What's this?" he glared.  
And she declared, "It's my Safe Passage, Sir."

He held the card, snapped on the light:  
"The Baron von Grossbeak!"—Then turned death-  
white  
And gasped with fright, "I'm not the one you seek."

"I meant not with you to be bold—  
That was the warden's will. No prince would hold  
A lady cold, for fear he'd catch a chill."

With clever words, and face so pale,  
He seemed just like her Prince. Imprisoned male,  
She pitied him; (he's been there ever since).

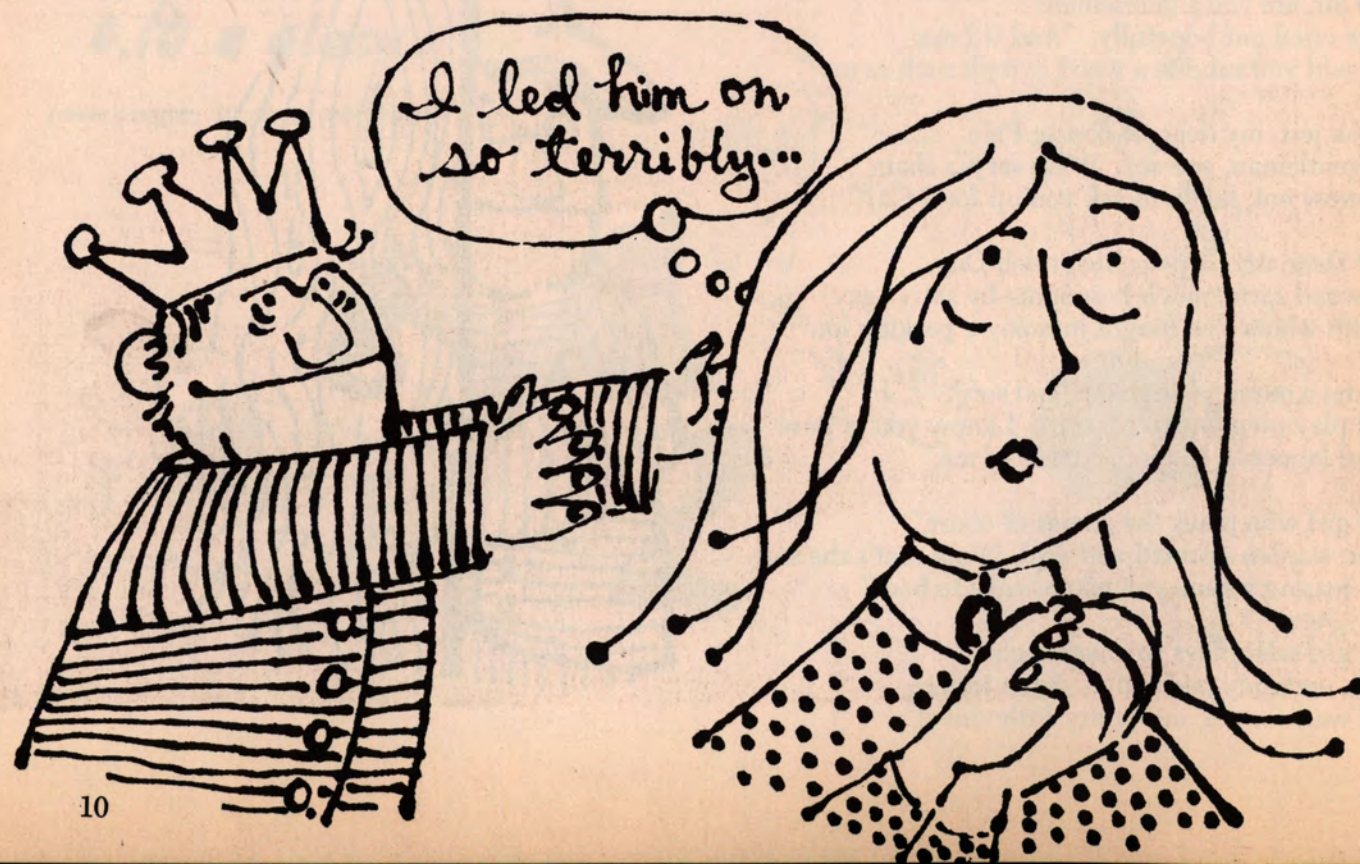
Once more his filed words did flow,  
And now he only said, "Please let me show  
You to the door, here, take the keys instead."

"And when you see the Baron 'G',  
Pray give him my regards. Tell him how we  
Enjoyed our tea, and left you afterwards."

"To that, be sure I'll give an ear,  
You note I didn't say 'No.'" "To what my dear?"  
The Prince rejoined, "Perhaps you'd better go."

She turned, descended down the stairs,  
And found herself outside. Quite unawares  
She walked along, and heard a voice that sighed:

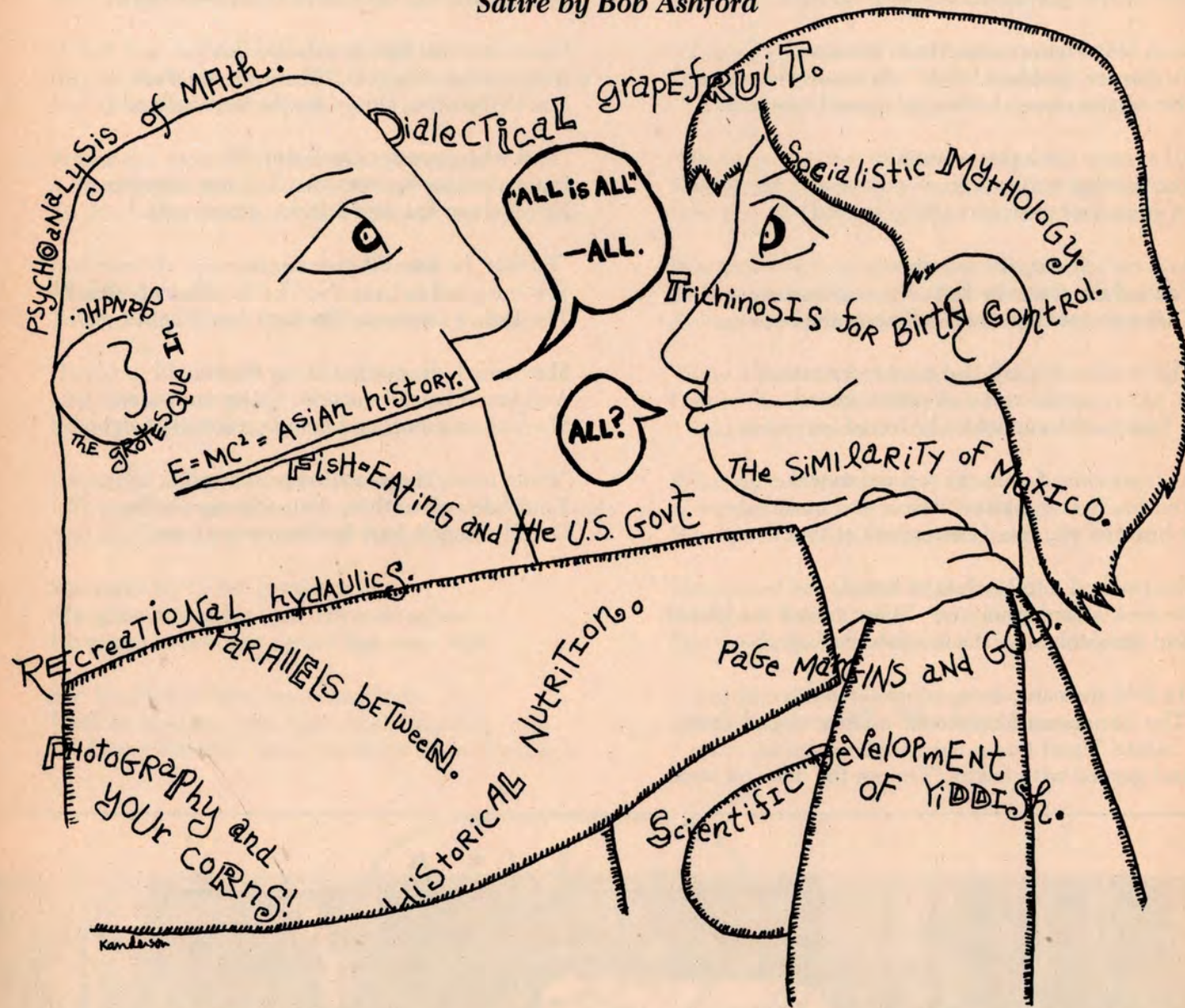
"From in my thorn walled prison cell,  
I bid farewell to thee. Fair winsome belle,  
Or jolly wench, look up the tower at me."





# The Interdisciplinary Discipline

Satire by Bob Ashford



Jerry: What kind of paper do you have to write for your Western Civ Class?

Nancy: We're supposed to write an essay demonstrating what art and science have in common by discussing a major art work and an important scientific fact.

Jerry: That shouldn't be too hard.

Nancy: Maybe; but I can't do it.

Jerry: Why not?

Nancy: Because I know something about science and art.

Jerry: So do I, but I don't think I'd have any trouble. Why should knowing about science and art bother you?

Nancy: I just can't bear doing an honest job of it. I just don't think I'll ever acquire enough ignorance in the two fields in the short time I have to do this paper right. If only I hadn't studied . . .

Jerry: I see what you mean. A couple of old English Ed. courses might have saved you.

Nancy: Even an engineering course . . .

Jerry: Don't sweat it, I'll write the paper for you.

Nancy: What makes you think you know so little about science and art?

Jerry: Don't worry about it, just get a pencil and paper and write this down.

(Nancy gets a pencil and paper and prepares to take dictation.)

Jerry: Science and Art have very much in common as can be seen by discussing the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle and *Oedipus Rex*. Are you getting this?

Nancy: Just slow down a little.

Jerry: As we know from the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle we cannot know the exact speed and position of a particle at the same time. The more accurately we measure one, the less accurately we can measure the other. Therefore, we cannot know things for sure. Therefore, we must not be too sure about anything we know because everything is uncertain. Clearly this is the same message that we see in *Oedipus Rex*.

Nancy: Clearly.

Jerry: Of course, are you with me?

Nancy: Right.

Jerry: Oedipus' downfall is due to the fact that he is sure he is right and has nothing to fear from the investigation he has started. He is so certain that he will not even listen to Tiresias.

Nancy: Isn't that amazing!

Jerry: What?

Nancy: What those Greeks were able to do. The way they understood the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle long before Heisenberg did. It was all there.

Nancy: It's just like they say: we really haven't gone that far after all—twentieth century man with his rockets, his bombs, his medicine, his Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. The Greeks were one up on us. It was all there in old Oedipus.

Jerry: Plato, too. Remember that *all is illusion*. Remember the cave.

Nancy: And the Bible too—Judge not lest ye be judged. It's the uncertainty principle all over again.

Jerry: Very good, but we could go on all day. Let's get on with the paper. The secret to Oedipus' fate was that he did not see though he had sight; whereas Tiresias, who was blind, was the only one around who could see. He had an "in" with the gods. He could see the absolute truth. He, alone, could absolutely see. This, of course, takes us to absolute "c"—the speed of light.

Nancy: Oh, brother.

Jerry: The same theme is seen in Einstein's great work entitled "Relativity" in which he focuses on the absolute nature of "c". Once this is accepted, Relativity is mathematically unavoidable. We can demonstrate that as man speeds up, as seen by another man, time slows down, his mass increases,

and his dimension in the direction of the velocity decreases. Thus, if two observers pass each other in space, each will say that the other weighs more, is thinner, and is older than himself; and both will be right. Therefore, everything is relative. All opinions are equally valid. All ethical and political systems are equally good. All numbers, words, and emotions.

Nancy: Hey, that's just like *The Sound and the Fury*. Four observers, each one right in his own way.

Jerry: And modern art.

Nancy: And atonal music.

Jerry: And five-four time.

Nancy: And Humanities Honors Seminars.

Jerry: And Freshman Civ papers.

Nancy: And integration, and exterminating six million Jews.

Jerry: What else?

Nancy: Everything—it's all science.

Jerry: It's all art.

Nancy: Except one thing.

Jerry: What's that?

Nancy: "C".

Jerry: Oh yeah, "C"—the absoluteness of "C" still holds.

Nancy: But can anything ever attain "C"?

Jerry: No. No particle that has a rest mass—no particle of real substance. The closer it gets to "C", the larger its mass becomes. And do you know what would happen if it ever attained "c"?

Nancy: It would have infinite mass.

Jerry: It would be infinitely large.

Nancy: It would become the infinite being—but it can't.

Jerry: Man can't be God. And Tiresias, the mystic, the man of earthy substance—only he can see the absolute truth. For man, it is unobtainable.

Nancy: That's because man is of substance. Just like in the cave.

Jerry: Right. And notice that "cage" begins with a "C". So you see: it's all linked together.

Nancy: And the letter "C" is shaped like a cave.

Jerry: And there's a "C" in uncertainty. And in Christ. They're all related; science, art, religion, spelunking . . .

Nancy: That's great. I really see it all now. That's exactly the kind of paper they're looking for.

Jerry: Now hurry up and write it before you begin thinking.

Nancy: It's times like this that you appreciate the depth of thought and feeling that goes into relating everything in the universe. It's something like this that points up the true value of a Western Civ course!



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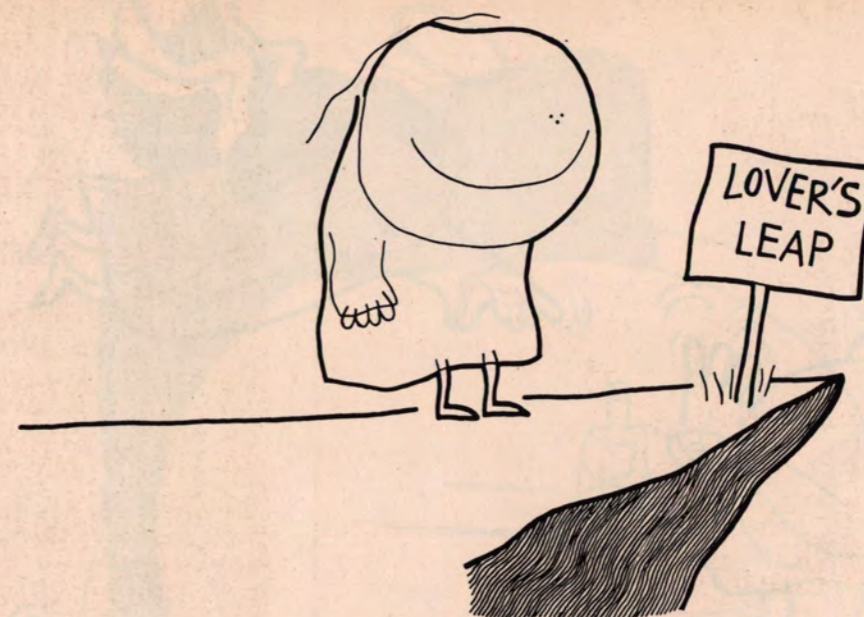
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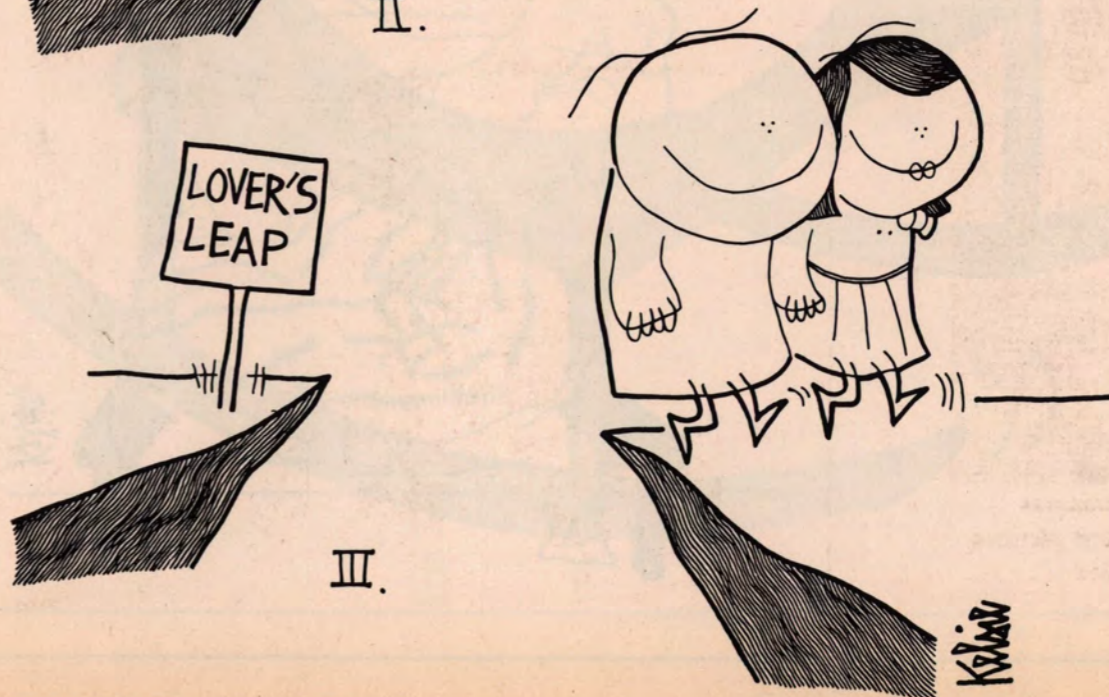
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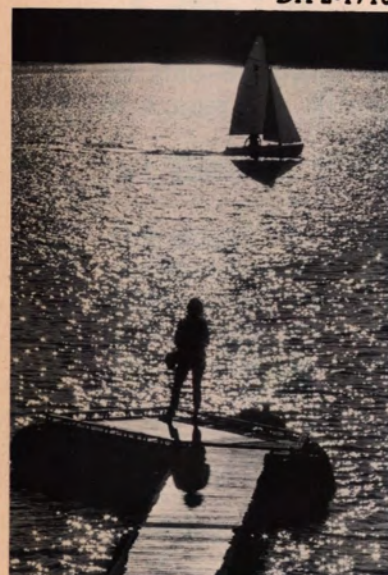


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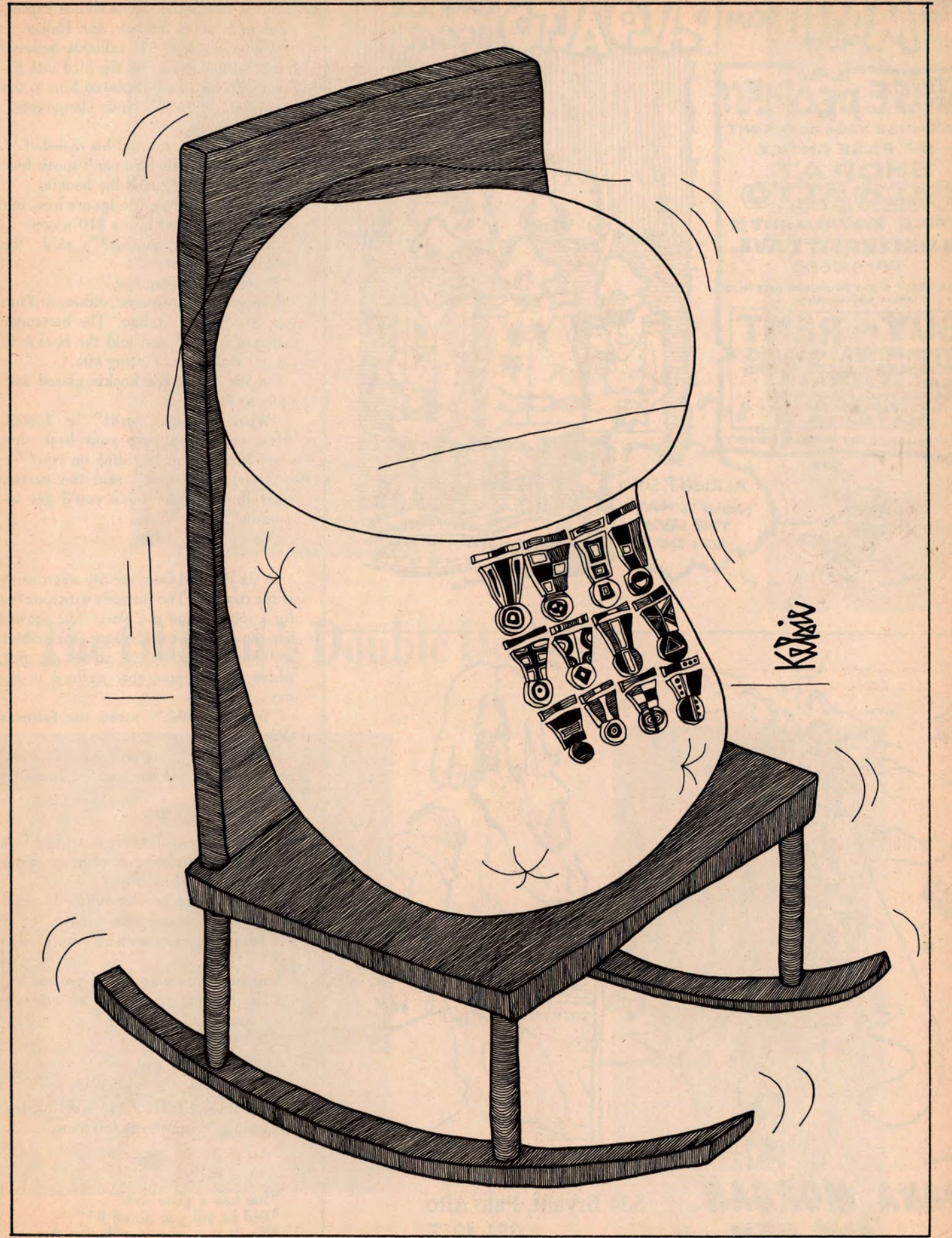
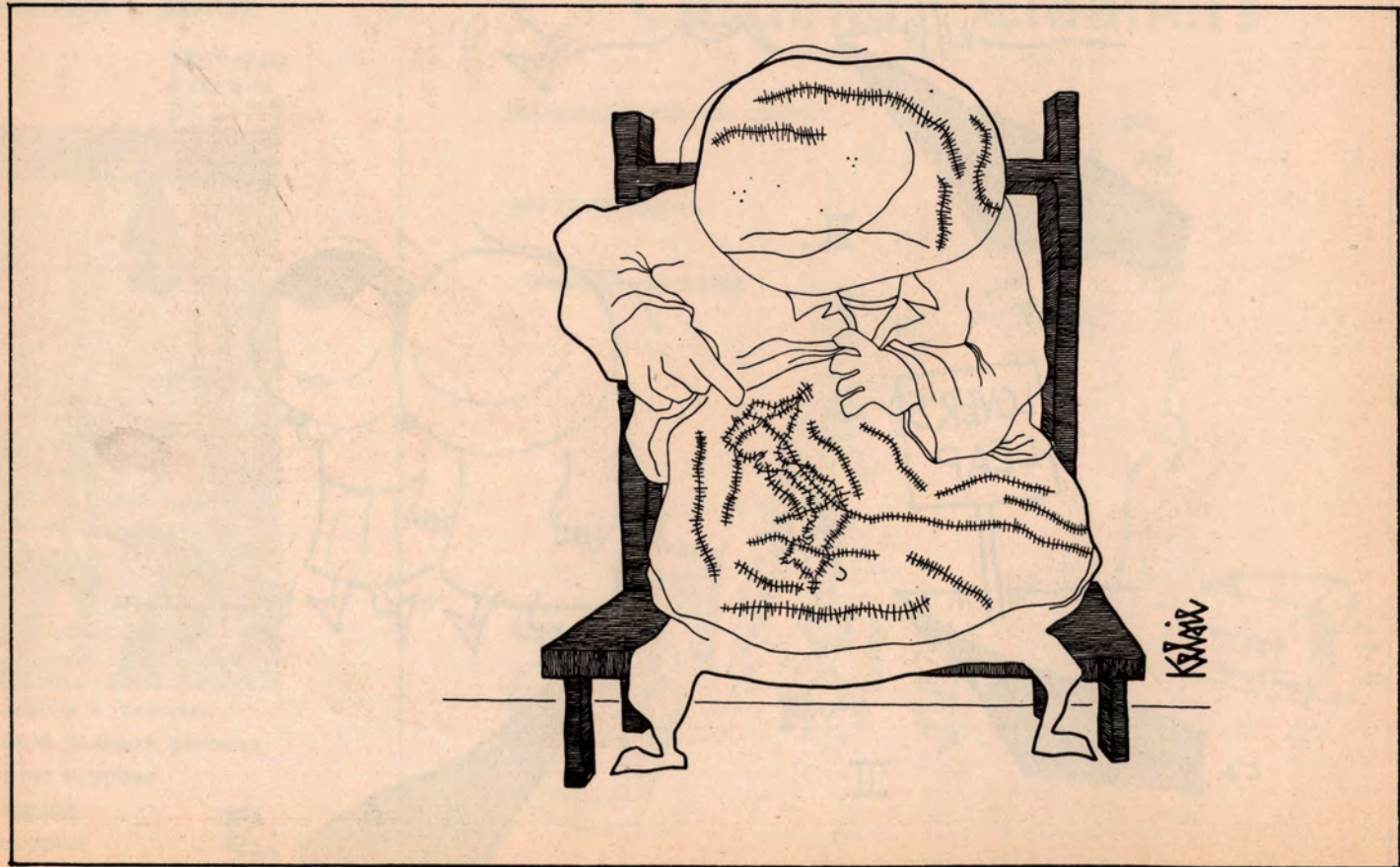
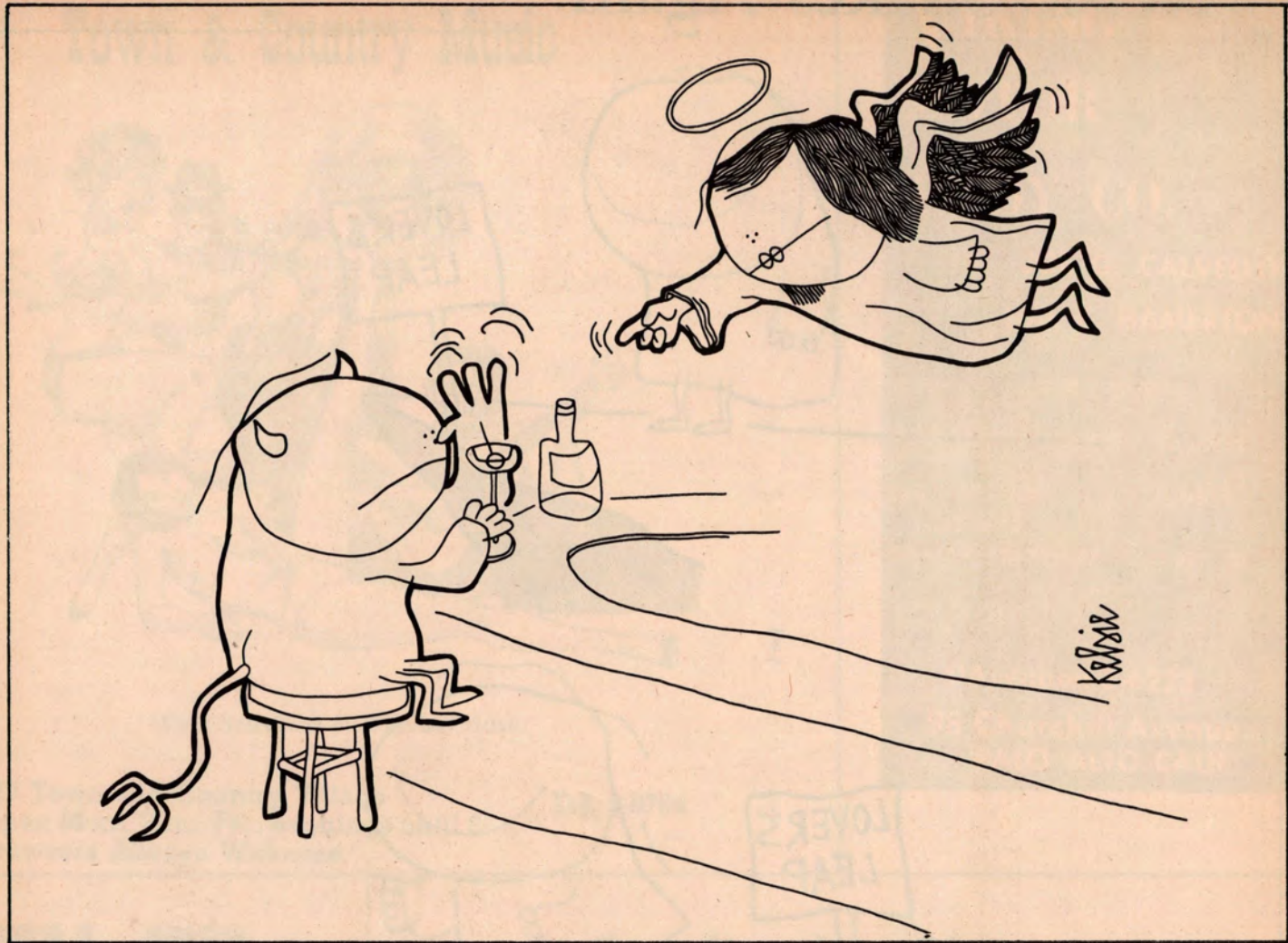
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ALRIGHT, SOLD.  
NOW WHAT  
THE HECK  
DO I DO?

A Broadway character, a bookmaker, was given a parrot in lieu of a cash payment. The bird's vocabulary included, in addition to English, some choice expressions in Spanish, French, and Italian.

Appreciative of his valuable acquisition, the bookie carried the bird into his favorite tavern and displayed him to the bartender. "Speaks four languages," said the bookie.

The bartender snorted his disbelief. "Wanna bet this bird can't speak four languages?" challenged the bookie.

The bartender tried to ignore him, but was finally shamed into a \$10 wager.

"Parley-vous français?" said the bookie to the parrot.

There was no response.

There was no response, either, in English, Spanish, or Italian. The bartender collected his \$10 and told the bookie to get out and quit bothering him.

On the street, the bookie glared savagely at the parrot.

"What a stupid bird!" he fumed. "How could you keep your beak shut when I had 10 bucks riding on you?"

"Don't be a jerk," said the parrot, "just think of the odds you'll get tomorrow!"

A six-year-old from the city was visiting in the country. The farmer's wife took her for a tour around the place. She showed her the garden, the chickens, the stables, and finally they arrived at the pig pen, where an enormous sow reclined in the sun.

"Big, isn't she?" asked the farmer's wife.

"No wonder," the girl replied, "I saw her yesterday, and she had 10 little pigs blowin' her up!"

In a Red Cross class the instructor was quizzing her students on common sense in lifesaving techniques.

"What article of clothing," inquired the teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in the water with all your clothes on?"

One little freshman raised her hand. "The blouse," she said, "air gets under it and acts like a buoy."

Class dismissed.

Fashion note: They are wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

"Joe has a glass eye."  
"Did he tell you about it?"  
"No, it just came out during the conversation."



*Freya Schultz*



## The Old Boy's Double Delight



*Gayla Dishner*



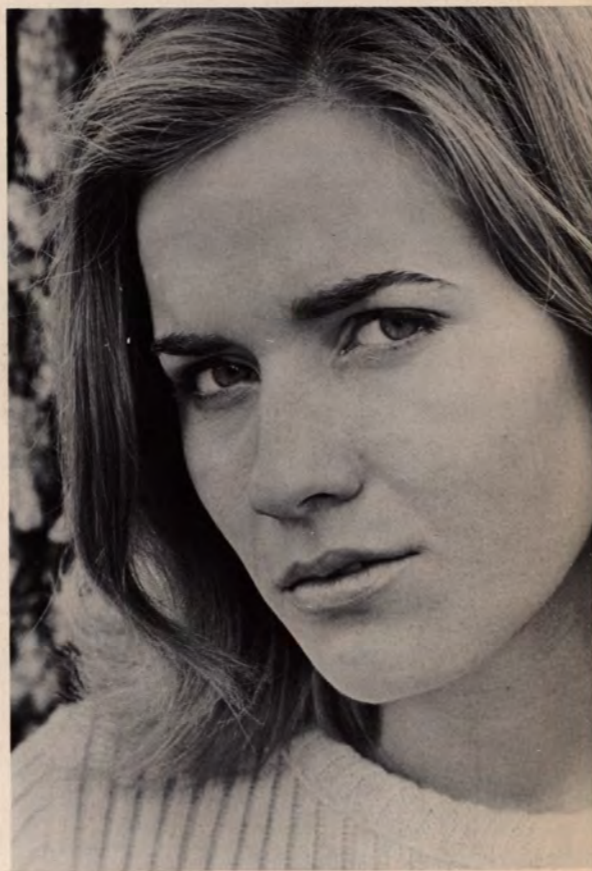
**DANA MORGAN  
and SON**

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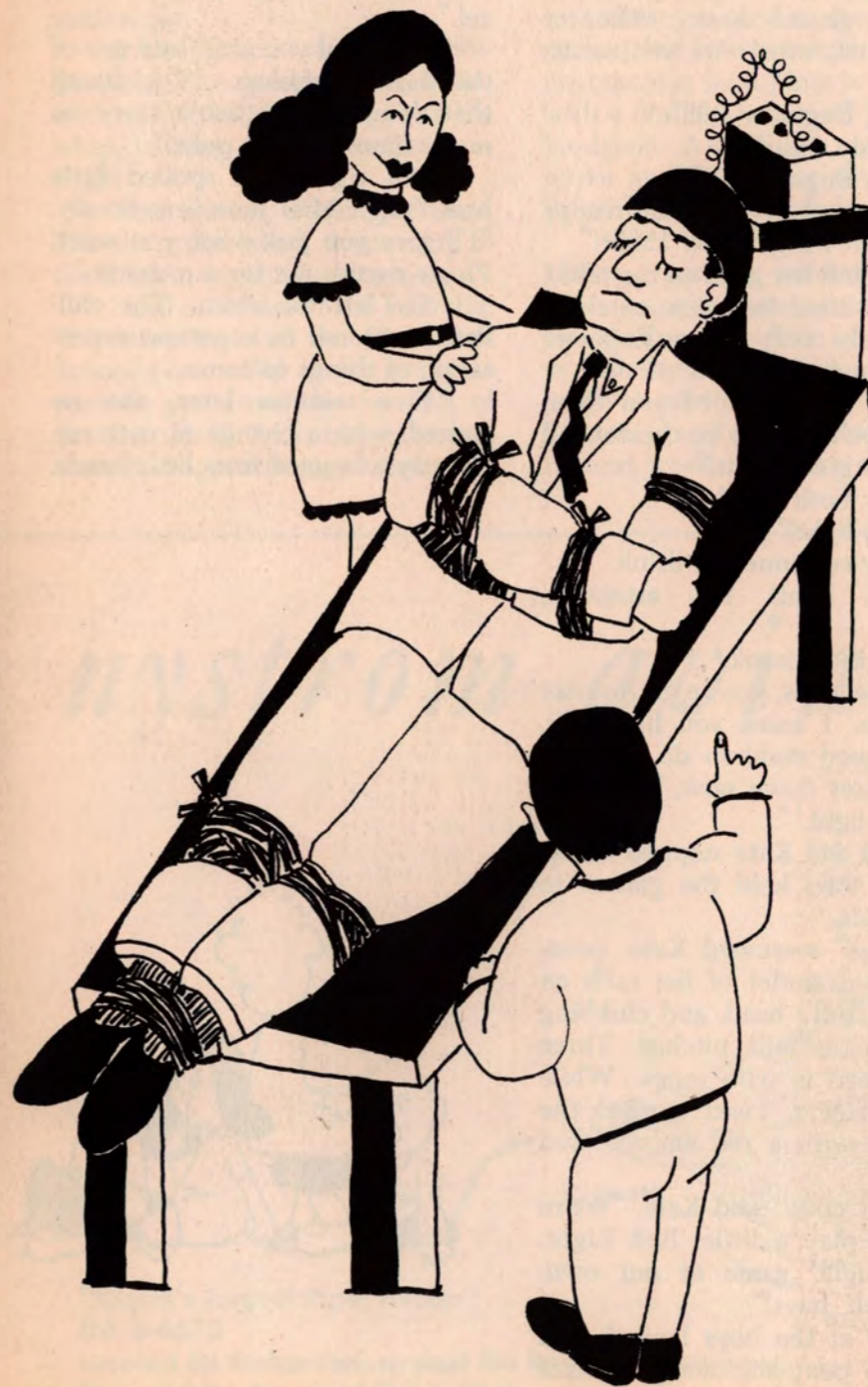






# Gosh, Mister Wizard!

*Fiction by John White*



"Gosh, Mister Wizard, the light bulb went on!"

"It sure did, Karen. And do you know what that means Jimmy?"

"I think so. It means that water is a conductor, after all."

"Yes it does, Jimmy. Now, if you and Karen will follow me over here, we'll see if ice is a conductor."

"Gee, Mister Wizard, that sounds like fun!"

Mister Wizard started to say, "Yes, Karen, Science Is Fun," but he was interrupted by a loud, sustained belch. He turned, and saw that it was Jimmy who had made the terrible noise.

"Now Jimmy, we mustn't make unnecessary noise in the studio."

Jimmy defiantly held up the middle finger of his right hand.

"Cram it, Wizard! I've had about all I can take! I'm sick of 'Gosh, Mister Wizard' and 'Gee Whiz, Mister Wizard' all day long. And the pay isn't even enough to throw a good drunk on! I'm taking over this show. You're over the hill old man. You couldn't make it as an actor, and you couldn't make it as a high school science teacher, so they make you Mister Wizard. You're a total failure. I'm going to put some guts into this show!"

Before Mister Wizard could reply, Karen clubbed him on the head with an Erlenmeyer flask filled with a dense liquid.

"Nice work, baby! Now help me tie him up."

Karen and Jimmy gagged the unconscious Mister Wizard, and bound him tightly with electrician's tape.

"Now, Karen, we'll continue with 'The James Wizard Show.' Here's our first amazing 'Phenomenon of Science' experiment. We are going to see if Mister Wizard is a conductor!"

"Son of a bitch, Jimmy Wizard, that sounds like one hell of a boss happening."

"Science Is a Boss Happening, Karen. Now help me set up these wires."

Jimmy and Karen attached



Mister Wizard to the wiring, and the experiment was ready to begin. Karen pulled the switch at Jimmy's signal.

"Holy Jesus, Jimmy Wizard! Look at him twitch!"

"Yes, Karen, and if you wait for a few seconds, you'll notice something else."

Karen waited, watching attentively.

"I know! I know!" she shouted, jumping and kicking excitedly. "He stinks!"

"Very good, Karen. That is the odor of burning flesh, very unpleasant to the olfactory sense. Well, that's about all for today, I'm afraid. He's stopped twitching. We'll be back to tell you about next week's show, after this word from our sponsor."

After the commercial, Jimmy and Karen were sitting on a couch, holding hands.

"Well, that's all for now, kids. Karen and I will be back next Saturday morning, when we'll ask about 'Sexual Stimulation and the Erogenous Zones.'"

"Christ on a pogo stick, Jimmy Wizard, that sounds like a fun show!"

"It will be, Karen," said Jimmy, pinching her playfully, as if to preview briefly the next week's show. "Be sure to tune in next Saturday for 'The James and Karen Wizard Show.'"

"And now," said Engineer Bill cheerfully, "it's time for our railroad game, 'Red Light, Green Light!' All of you kids at home run and get a glass of milk, so you can play the game right along with us here at the Roundhouse. Now, here are our two studio players for today. What's your name, honey?"

"Pearl Dimesdale - Chillingworth."

"You must be from England, Pearl, with two last names like that."

"No. I was born in Boston, but now I live in Hollywood. My mother does television commercials for 'Flying A' gasoline."

"That's very interesting, Pearl. And what is your name, sugar?"

The girl mumbled something that sounded like "Cathy Ames."

"What was that name again, sugar?"

"Kate Amesbury."

"All right, Kate. And where are you from?"

"Salinas."

"Fine. Now we're ready to play. You each have a big glass of rich, creamy milk. Whenever I say, 'Green Light,' you can drink. But when I say, 'Red Light,' you must put your glasses down. Whoever finishes first, wins! Are you ready, Kate?"

"Yes, Engineer Bill."

"Ready, Pearl?"

"Yes, Engineer Bill."

"Is everybody at home ready? O.K. Here we go. Red Light!"

Kate left her glass on the table, but Pearl lifted her glass, catching her mistake only when Engineer Bill laughed gleefully.

"Ha! Ha! I fooled you then, Pearl. You've got to be careful. All right . . . green light!"

They both drank.

"Red light!"

They continued to drink.

"Red light! Pay attention, girls."

Still they drank.

"Now, girls, you've got to play the game. I know you like milk, like all good children do, but put your glasses down now, because I said 'red light.'"

Pearl and Kate stopped drinking, but they held the glasses in their hands.

"Now!" screamed Kate, pouring the remainder of her milk on Engineer Bill's head, and clubbing him with the milk pitcher. Three boys rushed in with ropes. While they tied him, Pearl gagged the Engineer with a red embroidered scarf.

"And now," said Kate, "We're going to play a little 'Red Light, Green Light' game of our own. Bring it in, boys!"

Two of the boys hauled in a Michelob pony-keg, and hoisted it onto the table.

"Now all of you at home steal a beer from the refrigerator, and join Engineer Pearl and Railroad Kate here in television land."

The third boy held a knife at the throat of Engineer Bill.

"Shall I finish him off, Kate?"

"Yes, go ahead . . . no, wait! On second thought, we'll need him to tap the goddam keg!"

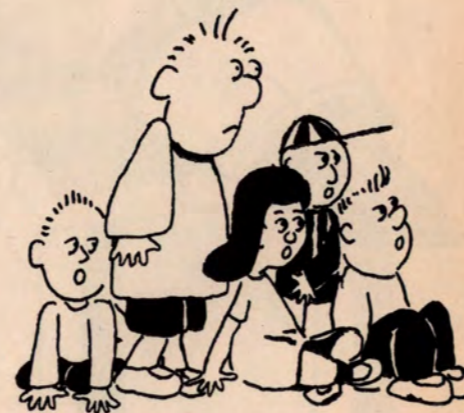
"It's story time at the Little Red School house," said Miss Jane. "Today I'm going to read to you the wonderful fairy story of Rapunzel."

"The hell you are," said one of the L.R.S. regulars. "I've heard that long-haired gash's story so many times I could puke!"

"All right, you spoiled little brats!" spat Miss Jane venomously. "I'll give you just what you want. Please excuse me for a moment."

She left the room. The children twittered in impatient expectation of things to come.

Five minutes later, she returned, with a change of costume. Tiny eyes bugged from little heads.



"You will now address me as 'Miss Lucretia,'" she said to them in a throaty, seductive voice. The modest schoolteacher's costume of Miss Jane had been exchanged for a thin black satin gown which emphasized the magnificent contours of her body: luscious melon-breasts; a narrow waist around which she wore a thick black leather belt; round, hard hips that swung fluidly as she strutted, vainly displaying herself to the drooling children. She carried a bullwhip in her left hand, coiled and ready to strike, like a rattlesnake.

A young boy whistled appreciatively. She quickly silenced him with an incredibly deft lash of the whip, causing the rest to jump in fright.

Then she sat, crossing her legs. The slit gown hiked, uncovering to the thigh a stockingless limb.

"And now," said Miss Lucretia, "It's story time at the Blood-Red Schoolhouse. We were going to read to you from the journals of the Marquis de Sade, but we've had a special request from our audience.

So, for Bobby Zimmerman of Hibbing, Minnesota, here's the famous torture scene from Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale!* 'Bond awakened, conscious that he was naked and bound to a chair. . . .'"

"This is Walt Disney, narrating your Mouseketeer Newsreel for today. I know you're going to like these films we have for you: 'Camel Riding in Arabia.' If we're ready, roll 'em!"

There was no film. A voice came from offstage.

"We're not ready."

Disney turned to see who had spoken, but he was quickly knocked unconscious by a blow to the skull with a crudely fashioned Mouseka-bludgeon. A small boy entered and spoke as Disney was dragged off stage, bleeding profusely.

"This is Cubby, your Mouseketeer Newsreel narrator. Today we're going to show you a film that I made myself, hidden in the closet in Annette's dressing room. I call it, 'Walt and Annette Play Erotic Games.' Incidentally, we won't be on next week, because we're all go-

ing to Hawaii on the blackmail money! If we're ready, roll 'em!"

"Now that we've had lunch, it's cartoon time on the Sheriff John Show. This one's called, 'Tom and Jerry on the Moon.'"

A cartoon went on the air, but it was not about Tom and Jerry. In fact, there were no animals at all. The cartoon showed children playing in a field. At the edge of the field was a cliff, but the children were protected from straying near the cliff by an older boy. The boy wore a red hunting hat, with the peak swung around to the back.

The silhouette of Sheriff John appeared in the screen momentarily, but it soon disappeared, willingly succumbing to the beckoning finger of a young girl.

The children playing in the field moved closer to the cliff. Suddenly, two of them ran at the boy in the red hunting hat, and pushed him off the edge. The other children cheered, and began running and jumping off the cliff themselves. Soon there was no one left in the field, and the cartoon ended.

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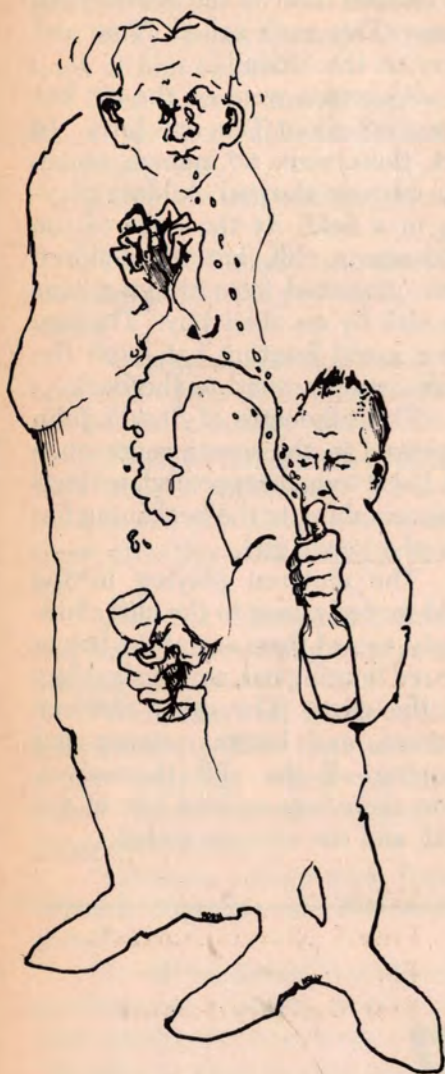
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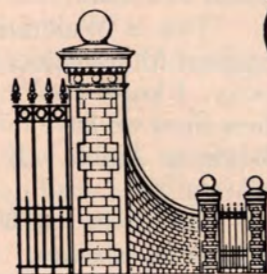




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—CALIFORNIA U. PELICAN

"(Marvels are) really woolly mags — like the Beatles — a spoof on everything."  
—MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

"Marvel Comics are the first comic books in which a post-adolescent escapist can get personally involved. They are the first to evoke, even metaphorically, the real world."  
—THE VILLAGE VOICE

"Spider-Man and the Hulk are two of the 28 people who count most with collegians."  
—ESQUIRE

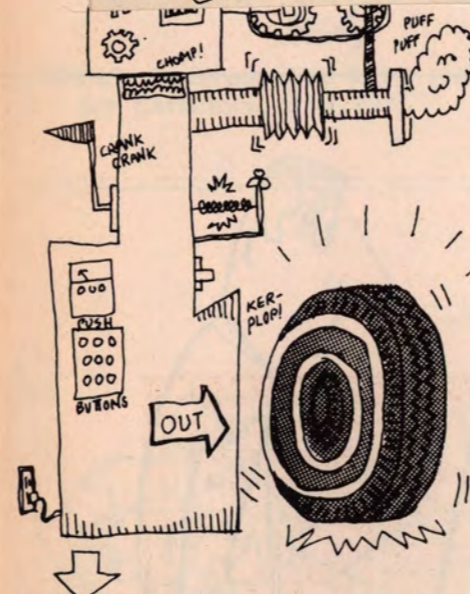
"From the Ivy League to the IRT League, from Bard and Bennington to Yale and Yeshiva, come the letters—hundreds upon hundreds each day—to the Marvel Comics Group."  
—CAVALIER

"The growing Marvel hysteria threatens to overrun the nation."  
—HUNTER COLLEGE MERIDIAN

The days when you needed a minus-5 IQ to read a comic mag are gone! Now, our swingin' satires are for the intellectual elite! Latch onto the latest Marvel masterpieces, tiger — they're what's happening! — "Nuff said! (By the way! Didja notice how Marvel products are sweeping the country?)

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# Old Good Stuff



"He got dinged at Stern."



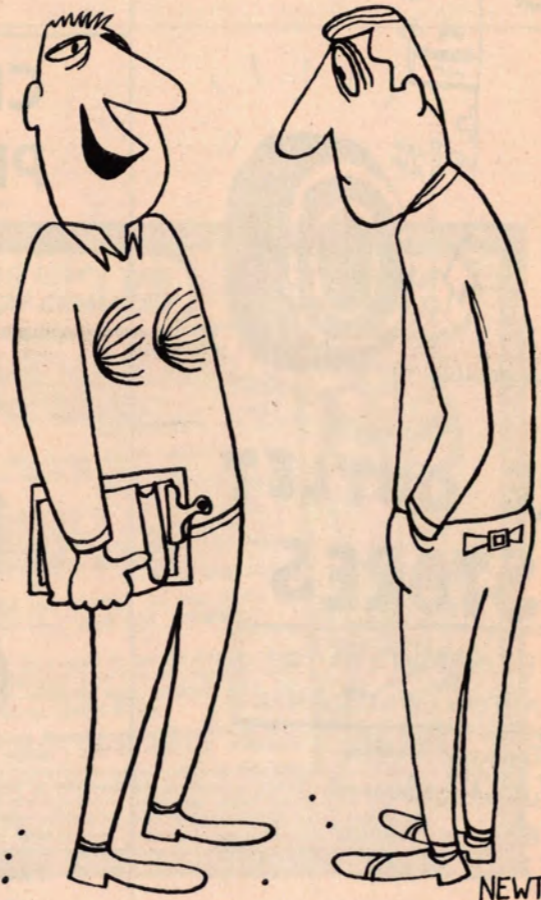
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"Guess who I bumped into on quad today?"



"What's Santa going to bring you for Christmas, little girl?"



"Yeah, I know what you want. You want the whole damn bed."



"What say, Jacque . . . How they hangin'?"



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A grammar school teacher, after explaining to her class that the word "frugal" meant "saving" asked that all the pupils use the word in a story. Several moments later, a little girl proudly handed in the following:

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess who got lost in the forest. A handsome prince rode by on a white horse one day and when the princess saw him she cried: "Oh please! Frugal me!" So he frugaled her and they got married and lived happily ever after."

"I like math when it isn't over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

The bar was crowded with Martini drinkers. After quite a few rounds, one of the customers suddenly staggered, turned, and fell flat on the floor.

"That's what I like about Joe," remarked one of his companions. "He knows when he's had enough."

Freshman: What do you repair these shoes with?

Cobbler: Hide.

Freshman: Why should I hide?

Cobbler: Hide, hide! The cow's outside!

Freshman: Let her come in. I'm not afraid.

Two pints make one cavort.

"Say, do you think it will be all right if I ask Jane for a kiss tonight?"

"You don't order rootbeer in a speak-easy, do you?"

God's plan made a hopeful beginning,  
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.

We trust that the story

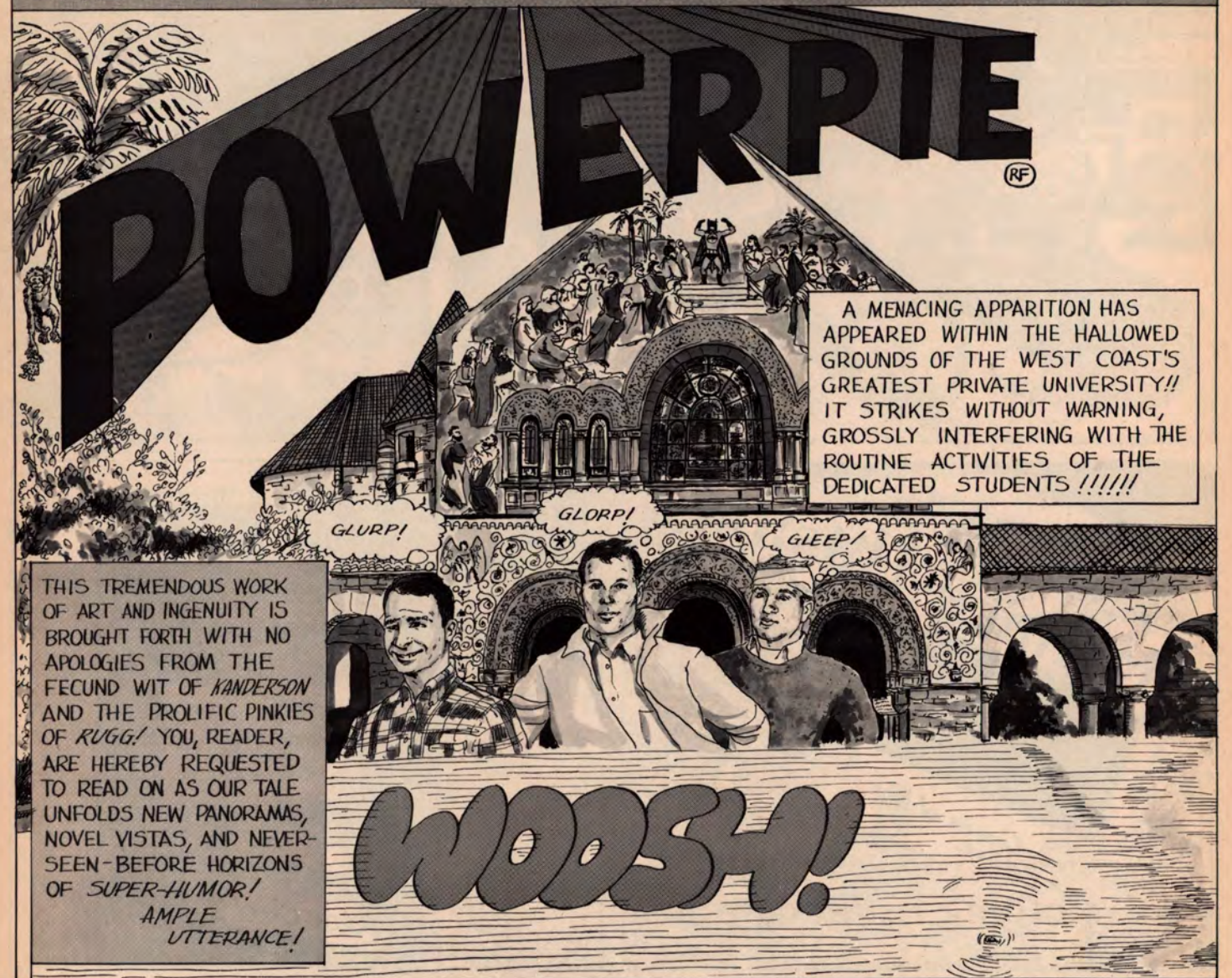
Will end in God's glory;

But, at present, the other side's winning.

A maiden at college, named Breeze,  
Weighted down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,  
Collapsed from the strain.

Said her doctor, "It's plain  
You are killing yourself by degrees!"

THE MOST SUBTLE COMIC STRIP EVER MADE!

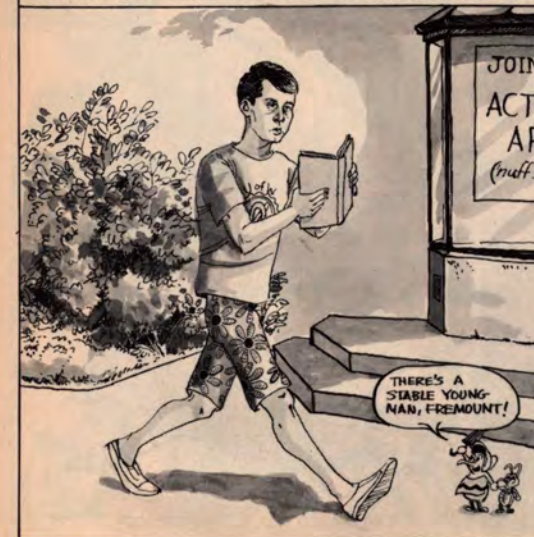


A MENACING APPARITION HAS APPEARED WITHIN THE HALLOWED GROUNDS OF THE WEST COAST'S GREATEST PRIVATE UNIVERSITY!! IT STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING, GROSSLY INTERFERING WITH THE ROUTINE ACTIVITIES OF THE DEDICATED STUDENTS !!!!!

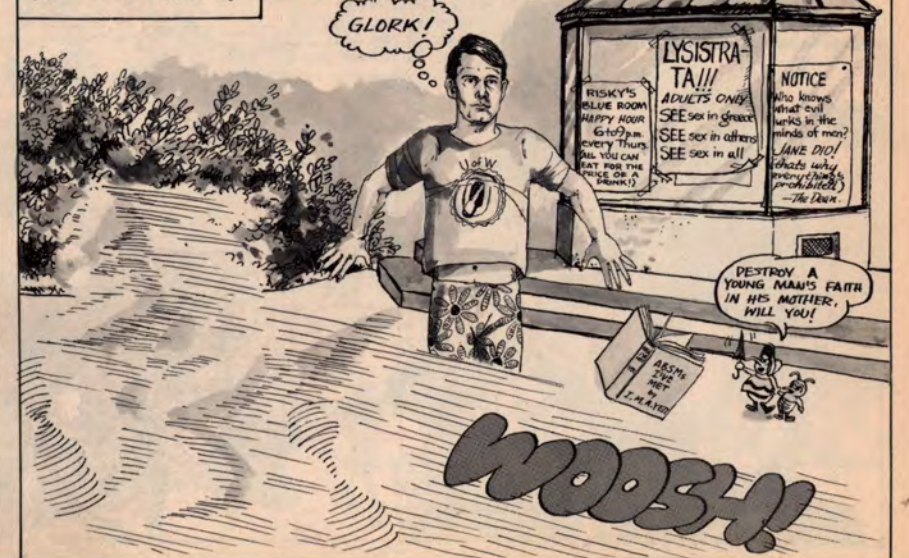
THIS TREMENDOUS WORK OF ART AND INGENUITY IS BROUGHT FORTH WITH NO APOLOGIES FROM THE FECUND WIT OF KANDERSON AND THE PROLIFIC PINKIES OF RUGG! YOU, READER, ARE HEREBY REQUESTED TO READ ON AS OUR TALE UNFOLDS NEW PANORAMAS, NOVEL VISTAS, AND NEVER-SEEN-BEFORE HORIZONS OF SUPER-HUMOR!

AMPLE  
UTTERANCE!

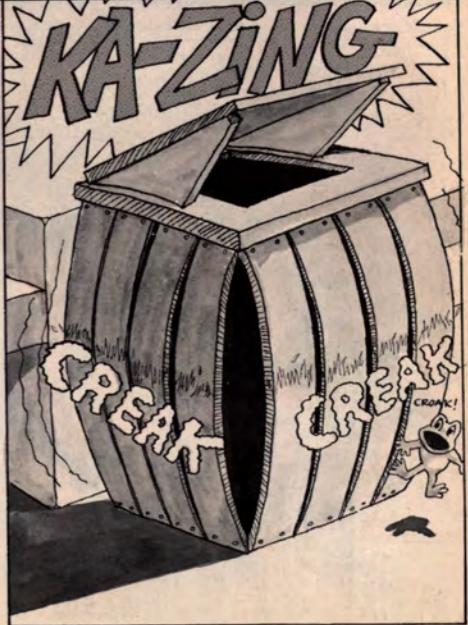
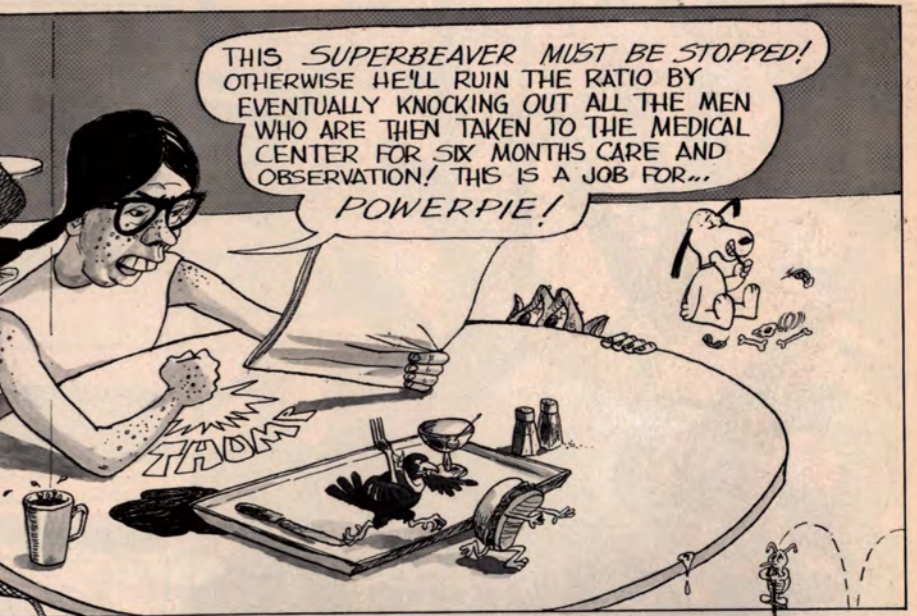
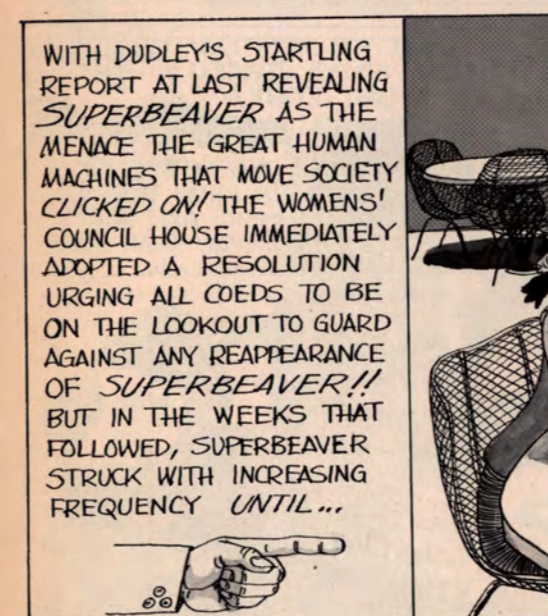
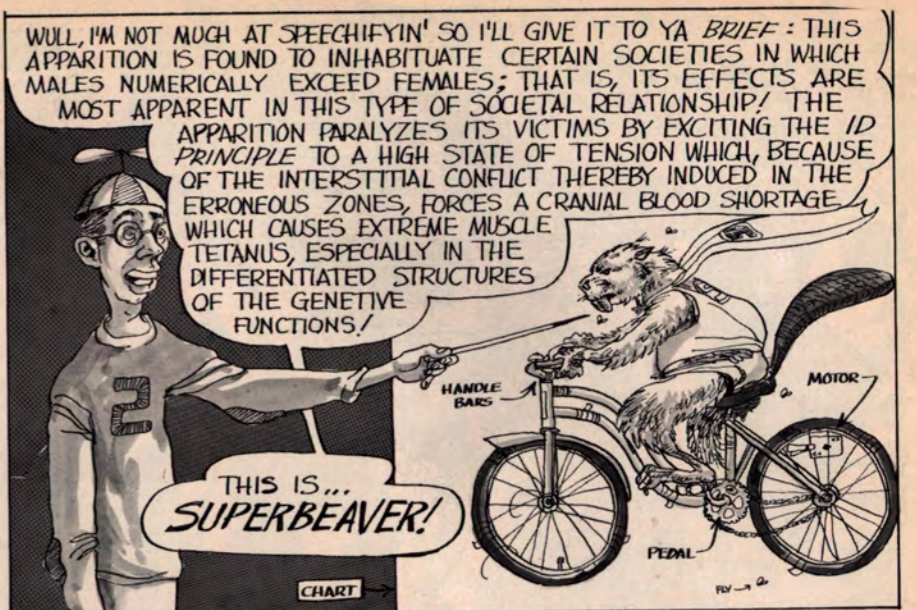
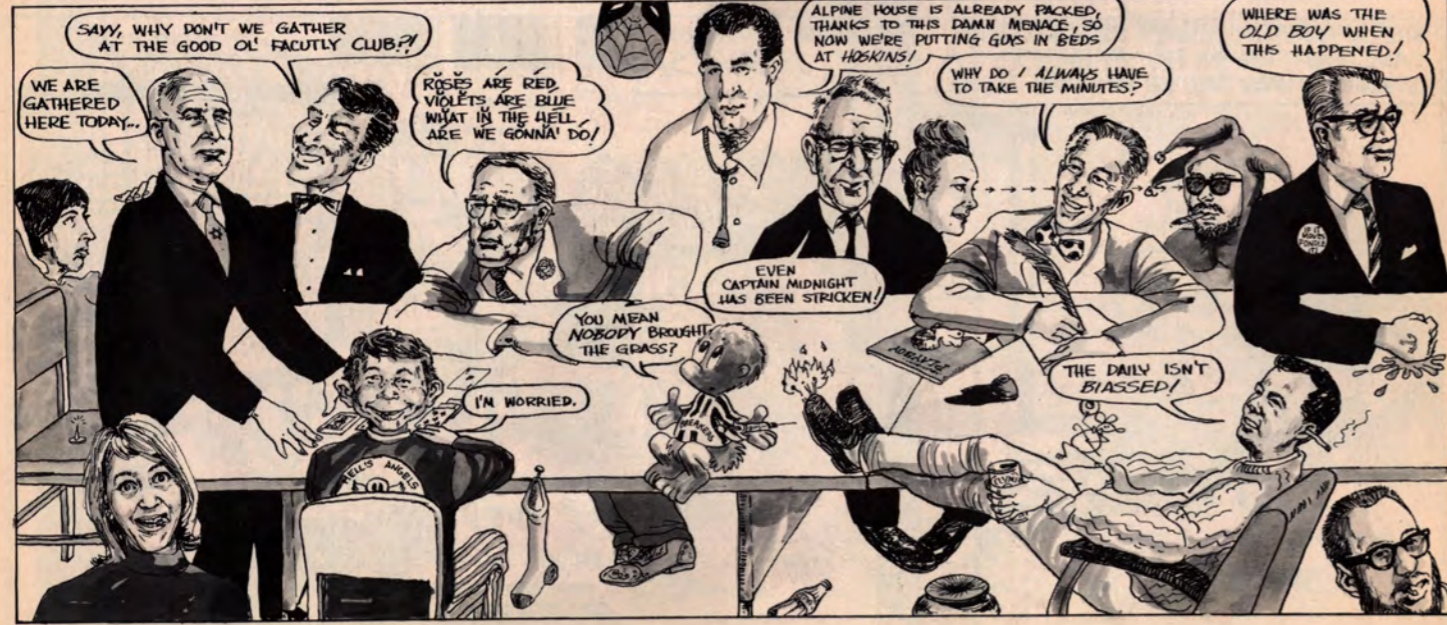
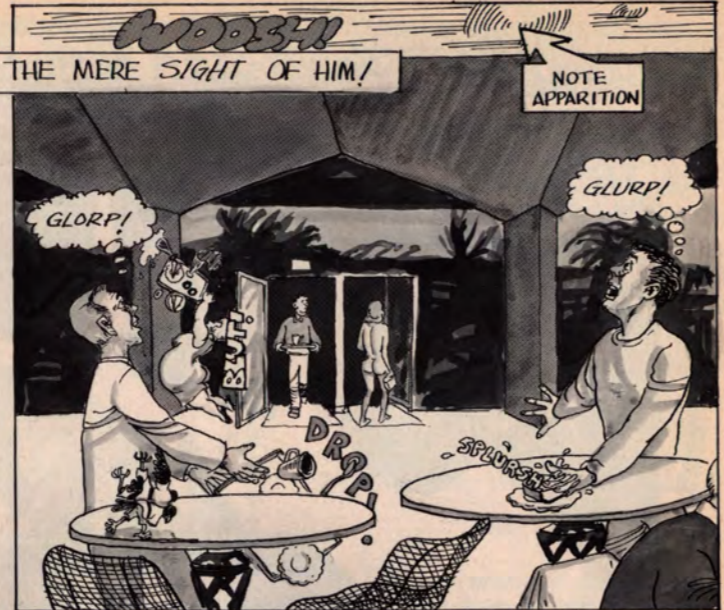
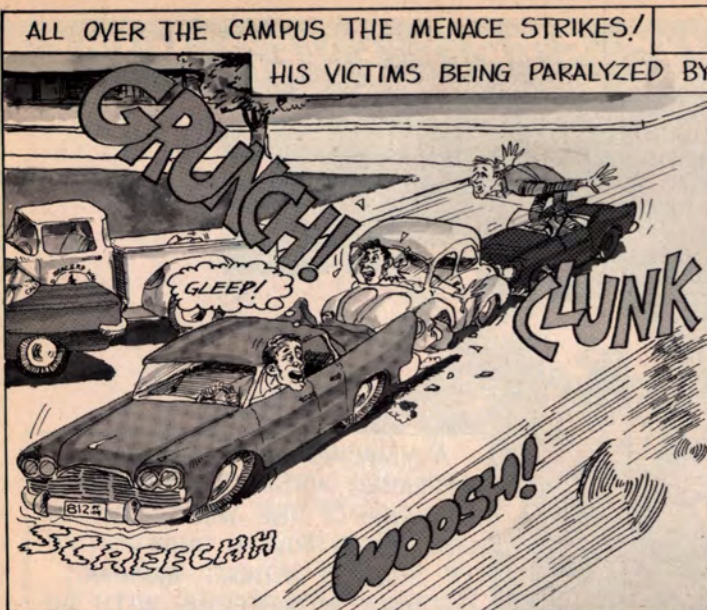
THE APPARITION ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE SAME PATTERN IN ITS ATTACKS — A STANFORD MAN WILL BE WALKING ALONG...



WHEN SUDDENLY IT STRIKES!





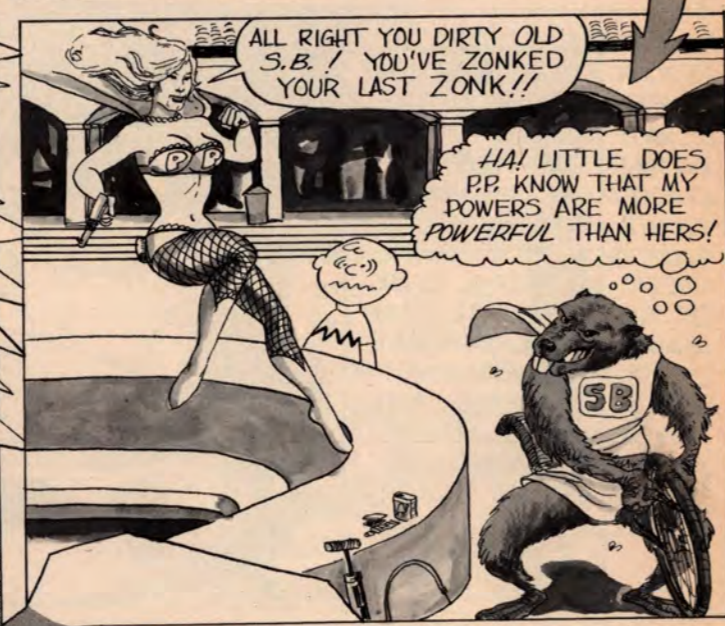




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 (MAKES WONDER WOMAN LOOK LIKE WONDER WART HOG!)



\*MEMBER 154 #12 IN WHICH P.P. GAINED HER SUPER OLFACORY SENSE, ENABLING HER TO SMELL CORRUPTION WITHIN A ONE MILE RADIUS OF STANFORD?!  
 -ANNOTATIN' KAND.

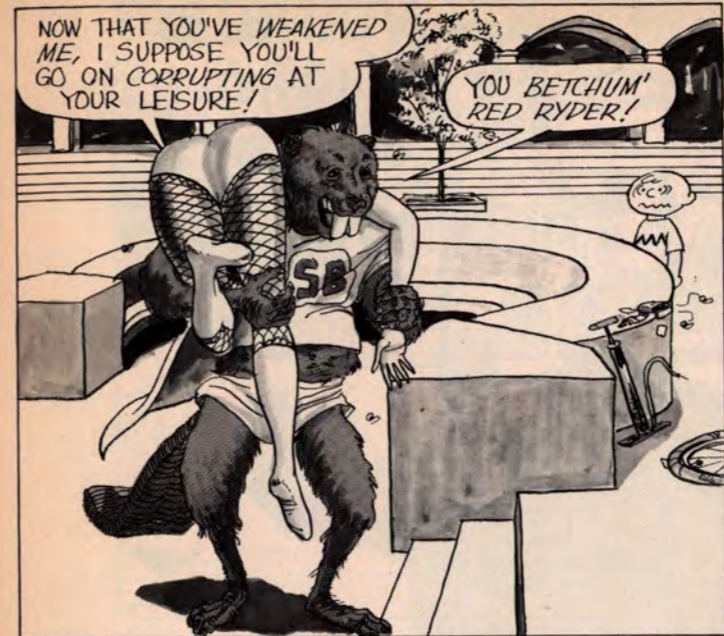


\*PUDIBUNDITY: OF OR PERTAINING TO MODESTY.  
 -THE SAURUS-TOTIN' KAND.



\*DERIVED FROM SALACIOUS-LOOK IT UP YOURSELF!  
 -DO-IT-YOUR-SELF KAND.

IS THIS THE END OF POWERPIE?  
 (CONTINUED AFTER THIS PAGE)



WHAT'S THIS? P.P. THINKING OF DEFEAT?! BUT THAT'S AGAINST THE COMIC'S CODE!



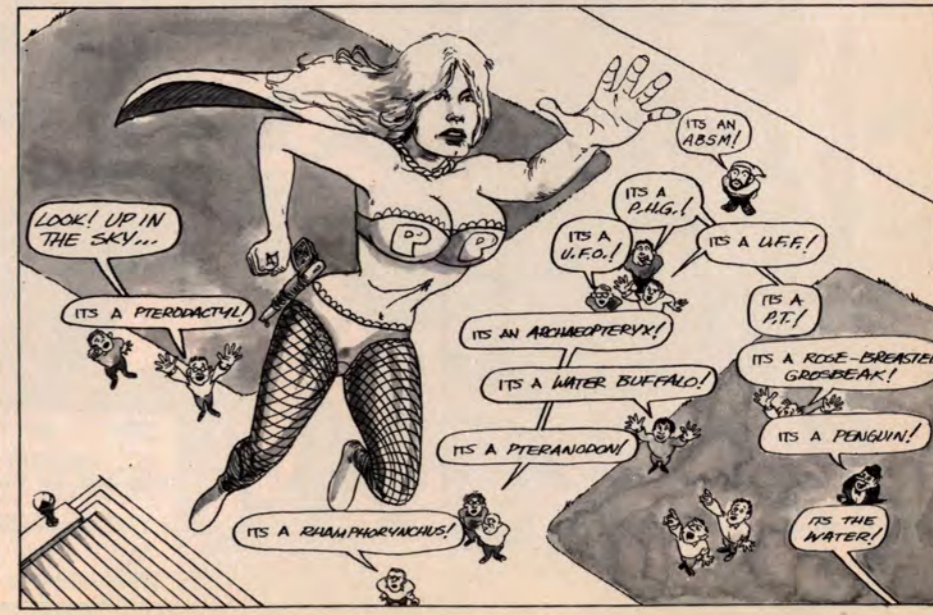
OH, THE VILIFICATION\* OF IT ALL!!!

\*VILIFICATION- OF OR PERTAINING TO... SAY WHY DON'T YOU QUIT READING THESE DAMN LITTLE BOOKS AND GET ON WITH THE STORY?!  
 -STORYLINE KAND.

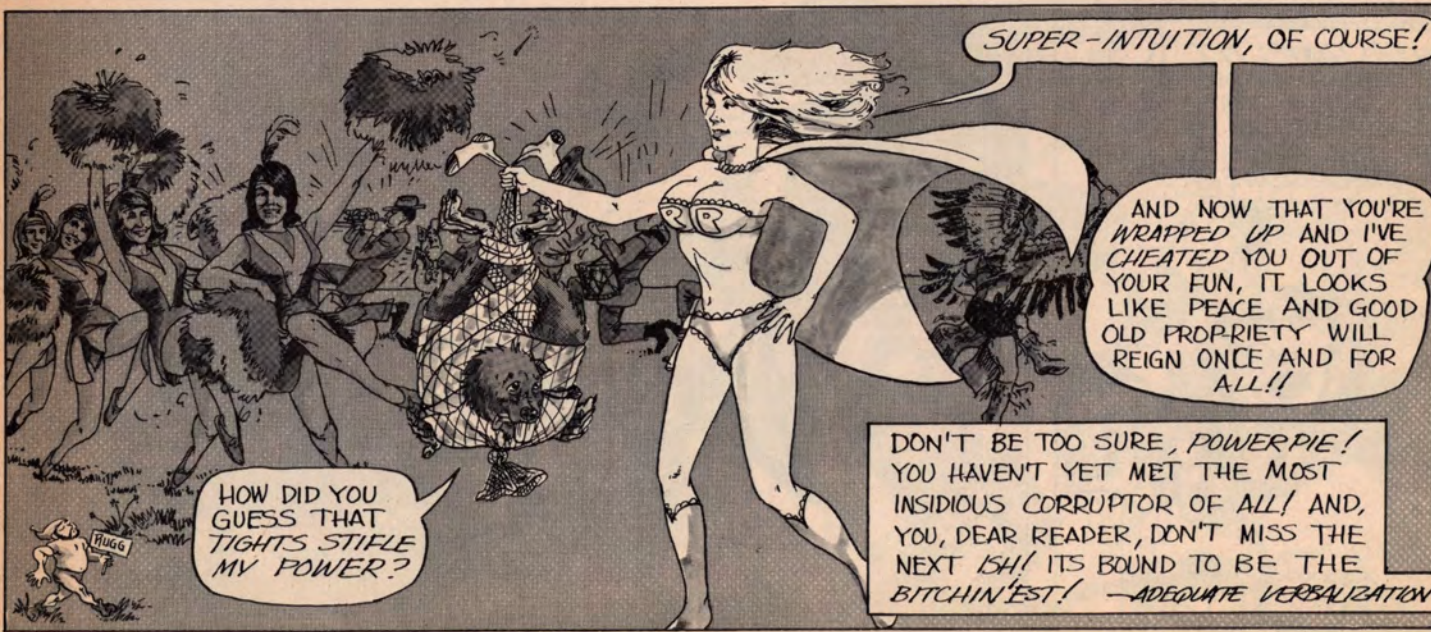


BOY, LEAVE IT TO BEAVER, HE SURE TIED YOU UP TIGHT!

OH! THANK GOODNESS IT'S YOU, DUDLEY DEAREST! I WAS ABOUT READY TO FLICK IN THIS SUPERHEROINE ROUTINE!







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Today, you don't.



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# What have we got against war?

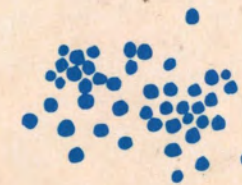
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we're doing all we can for  
peace. These pills aren't easy  
to swallow.



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ple either red or yellow!



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local board if things get any  
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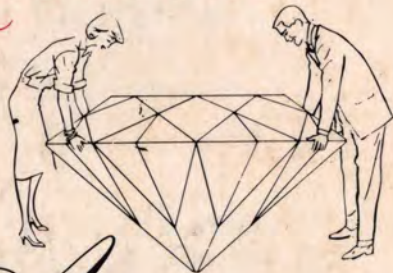


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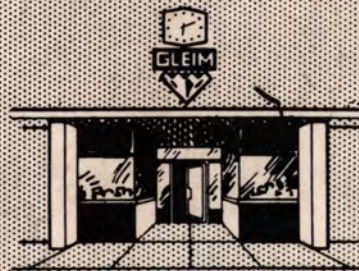
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