

chaparral

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FISCAL RESPONSIBILITY

editorial

Now that the country is going to hell, we at the Chaparral decided to do our part to fuck the economy and run up a lot of unpayable debts. Hence the theme of this issue: Fiscal Responsibility. We figure that if we all sit around in lotus position and chant, "fiscal

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responsibility," someone will come by and feel sorry for us and give us back our Credit rating. So far no one has called.

Anyway, following the patriotic examples of Life, Look, and The Saturday Evening Post, we've decided to be forced to economize. Notice our economical smaller size, for better concealment in class notes. Notice our economical smaller press run, and how lucky you are to have a copy of this rag. This issue is also a major technical achievement. It took 357,948,125 potatoes to print the mere twelve pages you see before you.

See how economical the Chaparral is? Some people might say, "See how cheap the Chaparral is," but they can fuck off. So can you.

No, wait. Don't go away mad. Why should you care about money anyway, running dog lackey WASP bastards. Sure, you can use your scholarship money to pay for the 57% increase in the price of blowjobs. But who's going to pay for little John Mayer? Or Rutherford A. Buttfuck? Not us. Certainly not the seething masses of gooks, geeks, niggers, kikes, wops, micks, paraplegics and free thinkers that are EVEN NOW gathering on YOUR DOORSTEP, waiting for their chance to (cont. on page 14)

Ford measures stiff

(UPS) President Ford today unearthed a radical multi-faceted program, which, he maintains, should curb energy demand, utilize untapped resources, and dramatically reduce the unemployment rate. The program is basically aimed at producing gainful employment for the group that constitutes the majority of the nation's unemployed - America's dead.

Named head of the Cost of Dying Council, in a surprising and controversial move, was economist Thorstein Veblin, an outspoken supporter of the proposed Job Corpse. Veblin is known for several treatises on the theory of conspicuous decomposition. "There are many areas in which we have poured millions of dollars and wasted tons of resources, while the dead could perform identical functions at no cost and no waste," he asserts. He then cited the many job openings in the exciting frontiers of modeling and security, as mannekins and scarecrows, respectively.

"For those diehards who insist on cremation, we have discovered a combination of

sand, asphalt, and burnt human remains that makes a very poor road surface; one that will insure continuous employment of unskilled laborers, and create larger traffic tie-ups, which we hope will eventually force people to use public transportation, thereby lowering car prices and, hopefully, inflation."

"It would be the next best thing to a war! How ironic that those who helped boost our economy back in the forties could come back and storm the economic beachhead once more."

"Of course, there will always be some rich Jews who think that hard labor is beneath them, the lucky stiffs. But we can always use them for soap and candles and stuff, as economic experts advocated in the 30's and 40's. That will take care of the dry Hebes."



STANFORD LEARNS TO COME FROM BEHIND

by Bruce Goldstein

Reliable sources recently disclosed that Dean Hardgedong of the Undergraduate Emissions Office has enlisted the aid of revolutionary new data processing equipment in his ever-widening attempt to eliminate discriminatory admissions practices.

The Dean, citing data published by Sports Illustrated in a recent issue claimed that the aesthetically empyrean segment of muliebrity has long been discriminated against at Stanford. Stanford Information Processing experts spent two years searching for a tool with which to examine candidates objectively, eliminating the influence of subjective factors such as

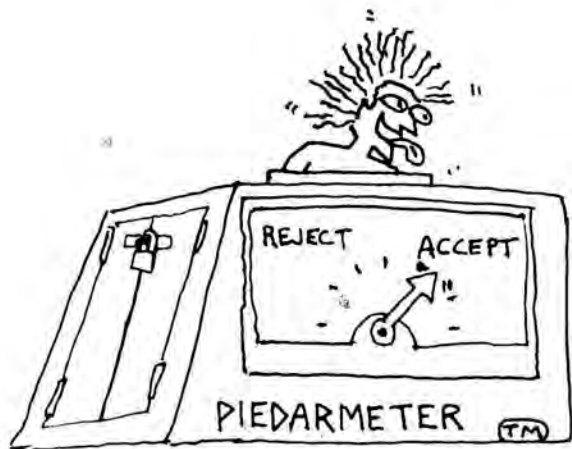
the applicant's intelligence and academic promise. Dr. Bernard J. Piedar has invented such a device.

The apparatus, known as the Piedarmeter, is not strictly mechanized, but is a union of man and machine; a prototype of a class of machines known as Human Unified Machine Processors.

Dr. Piedar explained how the machine works:

"Eze ferry komplikable."

The system is not quite ready for immediate implementation. Although it must be periodically hosed out, the machine has functioned perfectly. The Human Evaluators, however, become extremely exhausted and must be replaced frequently.



In a major study conducted at the medical school of a great western university, PLACEBO Brand Universal Cure-All was found effective in providing temporary relief for 8 out of 10 people from whatever ailed them.

PLACEBO's unique formula provides the temporary relief you need from aches, allergy, asthma, arthritis, bagels, cancer, diabetes, fever, flatulation, halitosis, headaches, heart disease, hemophilia, hepatitis, hickeys, hiccups, mumps, measles, mononucleosis, obesity, pneumonia, psoriasis, scurvy, warts, TB, VD, RCA, IBM, HFC, IRS, and RDS.

For fast relief take 3 or 4 hits, every couple of hours as you like.

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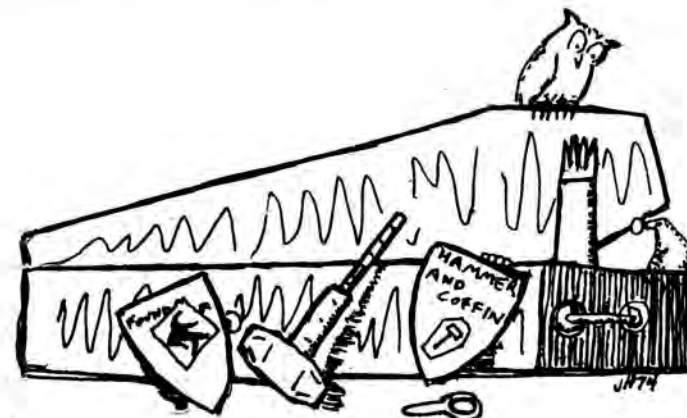
More effective than suicide in relieving the stress and discomfort of minor aches and pains.

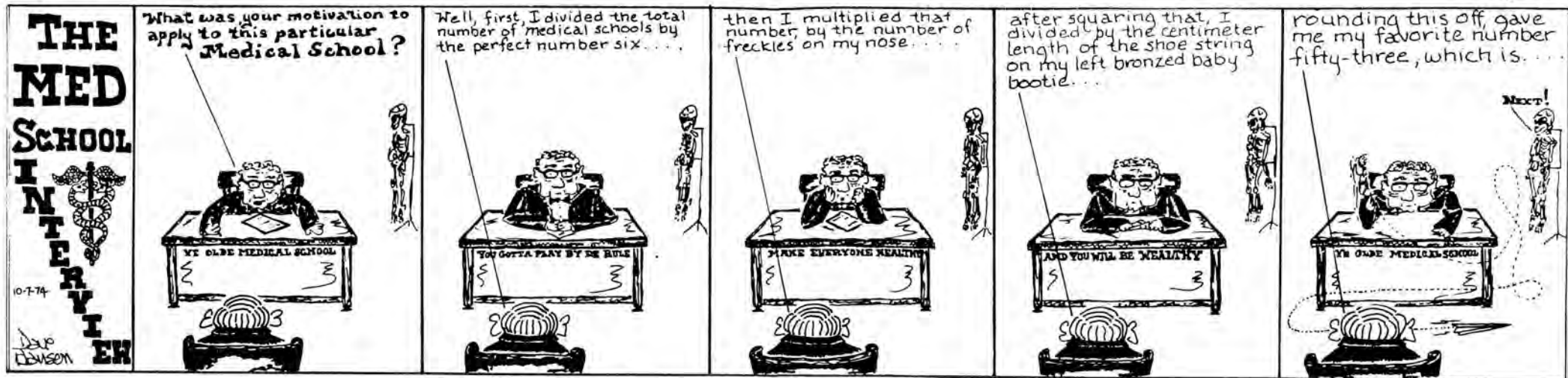


Active ingredient: 99.7% lactose

Recommended by more psychologists than any other.

Another concoction from Schlokmyer Laboratories.





M.D. headed

by Dave Hanson

The secretary approached him...

"It's time, Mr. Dough."

He followed closely behind her swaying hips to the innards of the Medical Complex.

"Dr. Kasche, this is Mr. John Dough."

"Have a chair, John."

"Oh, just fine, sir."

"You have a rather impressive academic record. How have you liked college?"

"Yes."

"Could you elaborate?"

"3.78 sir."

"I mean about college."

"I've done well, taken an average of 19.3 units each quarter. Yes, and enjoyed college, and all it has had to offer."

"What extra-curricular activities have you participated in?"

"All sorts of things."

"Such as..."

"Hmm, well, I donated blood to the Red Cross...I'm type A, of course."

"Well, what else have you done outside of your studies?"

"Well...uh...I...uh..."

"I see... Tell me John, why do you want to go into Medicine?"

"It's all I have ever wanted to do, to serve mankind, to save the world from crippling disease, I like working with people, and I want the satisfaction of helping to relieve pain fast, fast, fast."

"Don't you want to help the poor?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot about that one."

"...Then what area of medicine are you interested in?"

"I'm not certain that I understand your question."

"Well, you know, clinical, academic, family practice..."

"Oh, I get it... I want to do research. Yeah, that would be fun, some BIOCHEMICAL RESEARCH."

"Have you had any experience doing research in your undergraduate work?"

"Certainly. I dissected a cat."

"For what purpose?"

"To research it of course!"

Abruptly, Dr. Kasche jumped onto his desk, whipped open his lab coat, did three steps of Greek folk dance, and hopped back into his chair. A minute later he broke the silence.

"...Any comments, John?"

"Very impressive, sir."

"Do you think that's a socially acceptable form of action?"

"Whatever your thing is, that's okay with me."

Kasche proceeded to insert his forefinger up his nose. John smiled.

"I have that problem too, sir."

"John, are you for real?"

"3.78, sir."

"Never mind. Just one more question. What will you do if you don't get into a medical school?"

"What?! With my scores?"

"Just a hypothetical question, John."

"Oh, well in that case, ...maybe become a professional pre-med." John chuckled to himself. How could he miss with a sense of humor like that.

MY CAR THE MOTHER

by Jim Hu

News Item - President Ford will call for "sacrifices from the American people" to fight inflation, his spokesman said yesterday...

The light of a full moon cast an eerie glow over the vast wet expanses of the San Francisco baylands.

I parked my car outside the fence enclosing Ogus Wreckers and Junkyard, Inc. Some assignment!

It all started a week ago in the "office" of the Stanford Chaparral. I was putting the finishing touches on an article on inflation and entropy, when Mike Dornheim, editor and president of the Hammer and Coffin Society, came in and woke me up.

"Uh, Clyde, I want you to do an article on some strange religious group up in Redwood City..."

"What about inflation and entropy?"

"I keep telling you, Clyde, this is a humor magazine."

"...?..."

"I mean, a HUMOR magazine: you know, picking on minority groups and cripples and people like that."

"Oh."

After several minutes of in-depth investigative research, I found a cryptic message in the business personals section of the Palo Alto Times.

STRANGE RITES:

Ogus Wreckers and Junkyard, Inc.
Redwood City. Apply in person on nights of full moon.

"You must be here about strange rites," said the man in the orange silk robe. He was about five feet tall, shaved head, wearing sunglasses and a curious smile.

"Uh, yes..."

"I am Modine Ogus, Prop.," he smiled, bowing slightly, "but you may call me Master Ogus... Follow me, please."

I followed him through a maze of smashed automobiles.

"The honored dead," sighed Ogus. We stood before a massive pile of broken electric knives, can openers, toothbrushes, Water Piks, stereos, 3-way corkscrews, TV's, empty cans of feminine hygiene spray, and month old flea collars. He waved his hand, and a black hooded figure covered the pile with an electric blanket and doused it with gasoline. A nubile young woman in a clingy black

pantsuit slinked in to set the mess ablaze with her disposable butane lighter. I was thoroughly confused.

"Just what is the meaning of this ritual, Master Ogus," I ventured, as the flames roared before us.

"We are making sacrifices to fight inflation."

The significance of this statement had not fully penetrated me, when a grinding noise to my left caught my attention. A crane was lifting a '69 Chevy Impala to the top of a large mound of wrecked cars. A spotlight came on, and I saw that a stone staircase had been constructed to reach a stone platform at the apex of the scrap metal pyramid. The effect was reminiscent of certain Aztec structures in Mexico. The meaning of the structure hit

me at the same instant that the car twisted to reveal the letters S-N-O-D-F-A-R-T of a rearranged decal in its rear window. A sinking feeling of recognition swept over me.

"That's MY CAR!" I screamed.

"Yes, it is," smiled Ogus.

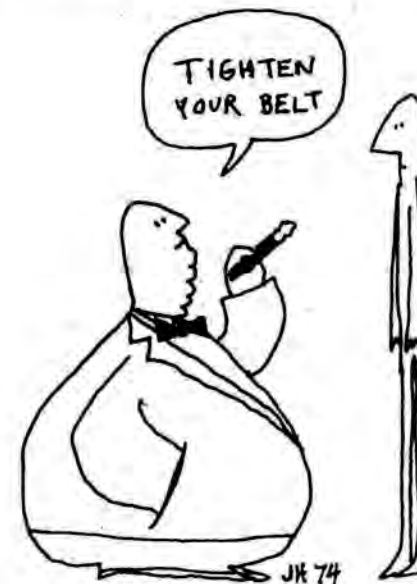
I moved toward him, but found myself held back by five muscular arms. I struggled uselessly.

Moments later, I could see Ogus and a handful of his black-clad followers on top of the pyramid. The blue flame of a blowtorch danced in his hand. All were very still. The orange clad figure dove beneath the hood of my poor beast of burden, even as I watched in terror, and emerged, holding the blowtorch in one hand, and my carburetor in the other, high in the air. I could see twin moons in his sunglasses, cold against a background of total black.

"YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" I cried. A painful twist of my arms called for silence. Ogus withdrew, as the black-hooded crew lit lustily into the carcass with sledgehammers. When Ogus returned I was released.

"It wasn't even a virgin.." I sobbed.

"There, there," cooed Master Ogus, as I fell to my knees in tears.



BIG FATTY presents:

Ye Olde Penzoil Pizza

Ingredients:

6 cardboard boxes
2 qts. Penzoil SAE10W-10
Johnson's Paste Wax
1 qt. stewed tomatoes

Soak cardboard boxes in oil for preferably 3 days under your roommate's '57 Chebbie. Delicately slop the rest of the ingredients on top of the marinated cardboard. Place in 600 degree oven for 1 hour or on the exhaust manifold of your roommate's car. This step is critical. Be careful not to let the ingredients slide off.

Serve with your favorite alcoholic beverage, WD-40, or any other solvent. Leftovers are marvelous for snacks or Molotov cocktails.

Napkin Shortage?

by Waldo Fargsworth

Maxine Anderson, spokesperson for the Stanford Food Service, today called attention to the rising price of food and announced that the Food Service has been reconsidering its cafeteria policies. "Our economists have calculated that people have wasted too much sugar. Each unit costs 12 cents; if each person wastes two sugars per meal, that is 6 sugars per day times 90 days times 3000 students, which amounts to \$180,000 per quarter. That's a lot of money."

A lot of accusations have been made that the Food Service has not been trying very hard to cut costs.

"That is entirely untrue. To show you just how committed we are, let me cite a few examples: we have spent \$10,000 over the last year printing up notices to save food. We have hired five new economists at the main office over the last three months to help plan ways to save money. They may be able to save \$20,000 or more per year."

What kinds of cutbacks can we expect in the future? Stanford has traditionally had liberal portions of most food items, and many other services that other schools don't offer. "...I think there has been a lot of loose talk about services being cut back. We still offer seconds on our

Little John Mayer will go to bed horny tonight



And every night, without your help. Despite being in his fourth year at Stanford, John still has a chance to lead a normal and productive life. But he can't make it alone. He needs you. GIVE A LITTLE SO JOHN CAN LIVE A LITTLE. JOIN THE VOLUNTEER CAMPAIGN TO END HORNINESS TODAY.

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94025

...FEED SERVICE

portions of cauliflower and students are allowed unlimited access to the napkin dispensers. We have always offered and will continue to offer unlimited water."

"But students must help by not wasting food. We have calculated that if people put too much salt in

their pee soup it would cost an extra \$60,000 per quarter. I think that these facts should be made available to the students. They are just not conscious enough of how much food really costs. Even the movies are against us. Did you see 'Last Tango in Paris'? Each pat of butter costs a penny--if ..."

Interested in Humor?

So are we. We're interested in your humor. We're interested in stealing your humor and publishing it in our magazine. Of course, if you're interested in helping to put out the thing you're more than welcome.

There will be a meeting on Mon. night, Oct 14, at 7:00 pm in the Toyon Lounge for anyone interested in future issues of the Chaparral. See you there.

You'll learn how to amuse your friends, ridicule your enemies, and offend people from all walks of life...



BY