

CHAPARRAL

June 1975

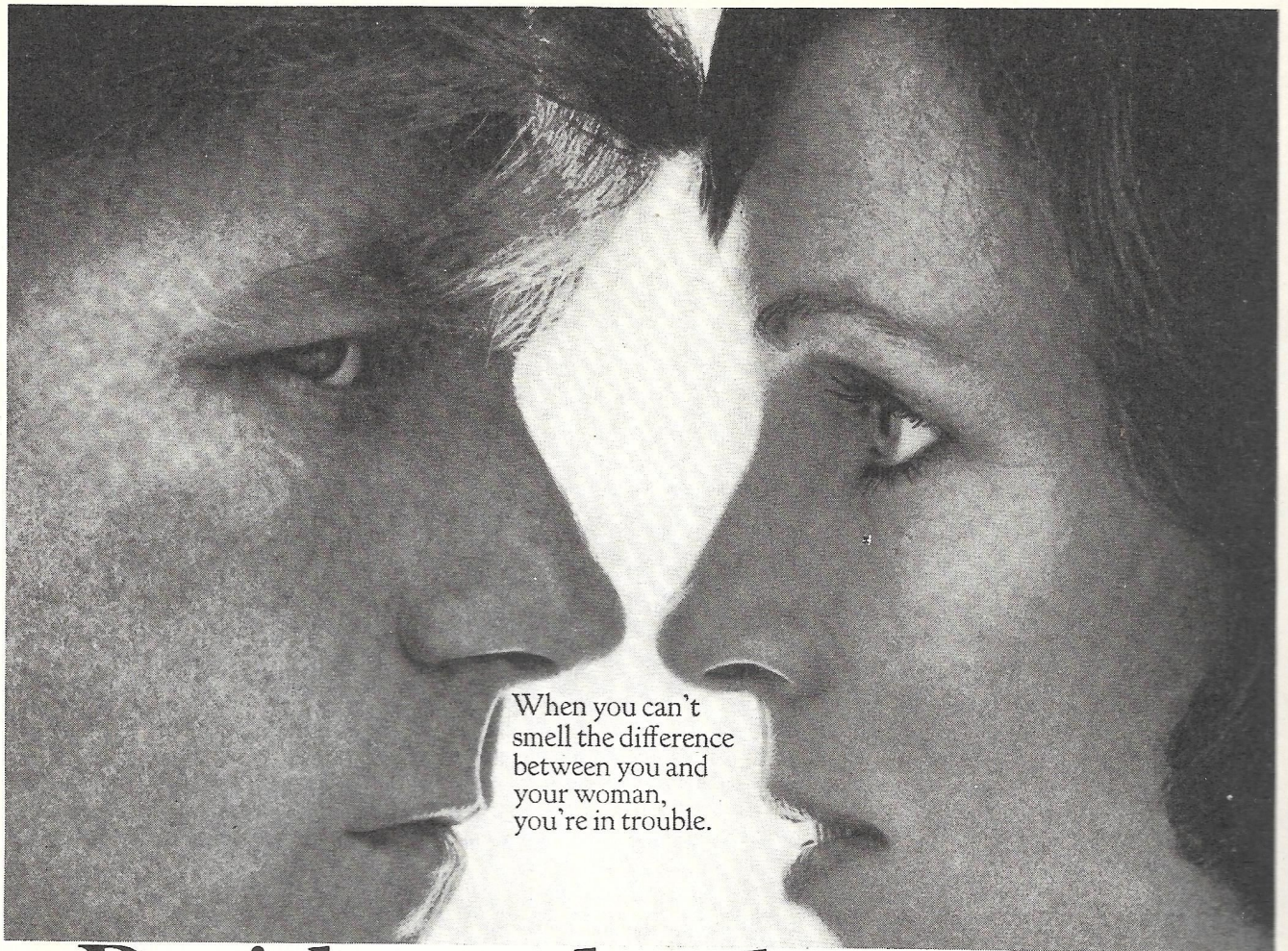
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5 October 1899

by Bristow Adams

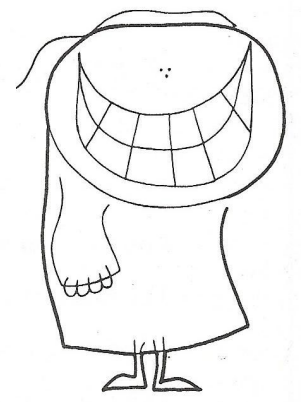
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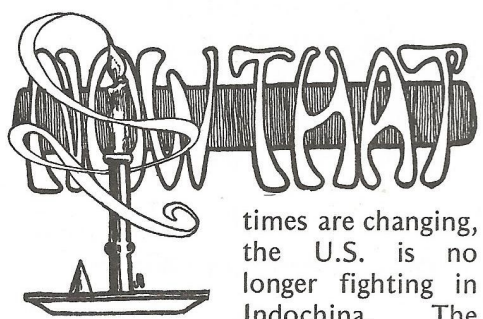
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IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



times are changing, the U.S. is no longer fighting in Indochina. The Shah is rebuilding the grandeur of the Persian empire after a hibernation of 2000 years. Students are being kidnapped by gorillas in Africa.

The University is also a part of

this new revolution for Good. Poor professors such as Jerry Irish and Robert McAfee Brown are being eliminated. Interesting and respected speakers such as Daniel Moynihan are being invited to campus. We are helping the Shah to rebuild the glory of his empire. Uppity minority students are finally being told their place. And to save us from the folly of driving cars, parking fees have been increased drastically.

Sure, all this progress helps the University to make more money. But it does much more. It helps us to become better people. We are

now clean and courteous Stanford students. No longer will we be embarrassed by dangerous demonstrations while escorting prominent dignitaries on campus. Yes, those old days may have been "fun," but they sure were unsafe.

You may ask: "What can I do to become a clean and courteous Stanford student?" The answer is as simple as the question. Wash daily, don't bother Maxine Anderson when she won't give you seconds on Italian Spaghetti, and don't buy the *Chaparral*. With these wise words we bid Stanford farewell until the beginning of next year.



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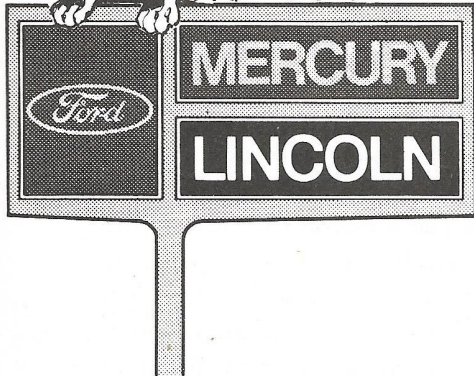
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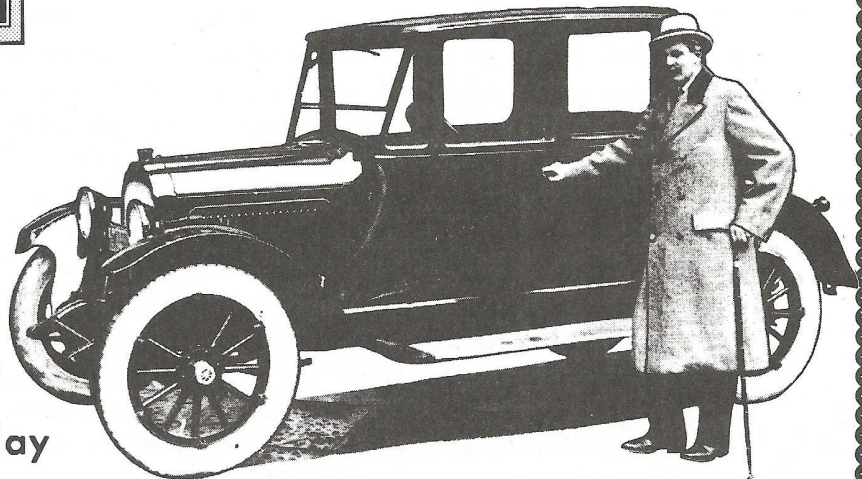
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Commencement for 1975

Harvard professor Daniel Moynihan will be the commencement speaker for the June 15 graduation ceremonies. The Chaparral recently received an advance copy of his commencement address.

Parents, faculty, students and Negroes. As you can see, I is a little nervous speakin' befo' such an extinguished group of people like yo'selves. I is reminded of dose immortal words of de great actor Willy 'Sleep 'n Eat' Best when he say, in a particully difficult situation, "Feets, don't fail me now!" a-yuk,yuk,yuk. But so much for de humor. Dis graduatin' is serious business. You students about to make yo' fortune. Of course doin' dat was a little easier in mah day, cause I started out wit' one. But I learned quickly dat money isn't everything. Power is everything. Yassuh, don't matter what color yo' skin is, if you got power, ain't nobody gonna' notice. And you can take it from me cause I'se de next representative to dese United Nations. After a kike and a wop, it only natchul a mick should get de job, a-yuk,yuk,yuk. Now dis brings me to de point. If I can get a good yuk out a' mah racial overtones why can't you Negroes? You people just too sensitive. 'Specially since I is on yo' side. Fo' instance, a few years ago I said a policy of benign neglect toward you Negroes might be helpful. Now, if you think on it, dat's a good policy. Back den you was bein' bothered by hysterics, paranoids and boodlers on all sides, 'specially boodlers. Dey's de worst. So I be thinkin', if dese people neglect you, den dey can't bother you, right? Dat's why I called it *benign neglect*, cause dere benign times out a' ten you don't wanna' be bothered by no boodlers. Now dat's a logical pogrom. But you Negroes ain't logical. You get all uppity befo' even thinkin'. Don't get me wrong, I ain't blamin' you fo' it. I unnerstand you people is a victim to de instability of yo' family. Yo' daddies is always runnin' off wit' de white women which dereby results in what we call de psychological hardships dat makes it difficult fo' you to escape de awful poverty of de ghetto and get a nice, respeccable job like de white people do. See, I knows all dis fo' a fact cause I'se a Harvard professor. But dere's plenty of fine white folk who isn't so enlightened as myself dat you is alienatin' by yo' behavior. Why you think all yo' people is unemployed fo'? It's not cause dere ain't lots of opportunities fo' Negroes like yo'selves. Dere's openin's all de time fo' shoeshine boys, porters, and deans of undergraduate studies fo' de major West Coast universities. But ain't no white person gonna' hire you if you always mouthin' off 'bout prejudice and privileges and pride. Whufo' you be thinkin' you like dem people runnin' 'round naked in Africa tryin' to tell us how to run dere countries? Dey is nothin' but trouble, but dat's gonna' stop when I take over de United Nations. And dat goes for de entire Third World. I'se all fo' bein' libbul, but we'se been a little too libbul wit' dem Third World people. Why, dis world ain't big enough fo' three worlds. And one of us gotta go, but it ain't gonna be us cause we was here first. So, in collusion, de choice is up to you. Pick yo' sides. Is you one of us . . . or is you one of dem? If dis great university has done its work in truly educatin' you students, den de choice has already been made fo' you.

Shockley's "State of the System" Address

One of the favorite pastimes of academicians is their participation in colloquiums, conferences, and various other vacationing trips outside the ivory gates. In an attempt to educate the students as to the nature of such events, the following is an excerpt from "The State of the System" address delivered by Electrical Engineering professor William Shockley at a colloquium in Birmingham, Alabama

"... In determining the optimality of the system, all the states must be completely observable in order to evaluate the Identification Quadratic factor, a parameter which is directly related to the stability criterion. A low Identification Quadratic factor, which could ultimately detract from the performance of a system, has been the basis of my research in system theory. In order to cope with the problem, I have researched a number of pragmatic solutions.

"Since a low Identification Quadratic factor produces sub-optimal conditions, I have devised a filtering process which sterilizes the system of undesirable qualities. For example, the following anti-iterative filter, which is used extensively in the production of watermelon-picking equipment and shoe-shining apparatus, exhibits the aforementioned traits.

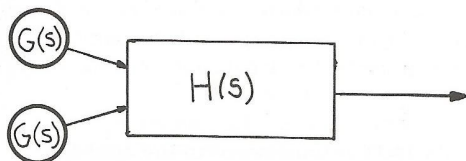


Fig. 1

My investigations have shown that if path 1 and path 2 are disconnected and tied together, the problem is completely alleviated, without perturbing the system. Fig. 2 describes this assertion.

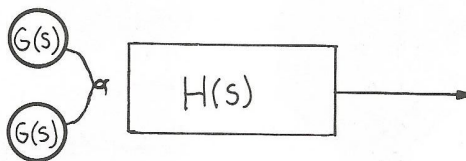


Fig. 2

"Although the sterilization method is indeed viable, it does not minimize the cost function of the system. If many systems are to be stabilized, a one-shot stabilization process known as bang-bang control may be implemented. This method is quite simple, eliciting only a moderate amount of white noise during its enactment. In order to decrease the complexity of the system and at the same time raise its entropy, sharp massive control pulses are sent into the heart of the system to facilitate decomposition into simple subsystems. This phenomena has fascinating adaptive or 'learning' qualities, for once a system undergoes bang-bang control it will never venture over the instability border again.

"The mathematical proof of these theories lies in Schroedinger's separate but equal equations. Given two groups, B and S, the elements common to groups B and S are isomorphic mappings of left cosets of $B1 + Wh$ (expressed mathematically as $WH \in \$, B1 \in \phi$)

$$B U S: B1 \rightarrow Wh \quad \text{and} \quad B U S: Wh \rightarrow B1$$

then a substantial amount of instability will occur.

"If the first two stabilization methods prove ineffective, my colleague Dr. Eichenvalue at the University of Auschwitz posed an interesting solution, which he affectionately calls 'elimination of variables.' Referring again to Fig. 1, complete elimination of the unstable sections of the open loop system facilitate stability, yet the ramifications on the overall performance can only be estimated. The method of the system can be fully appreciated by the following diagram.

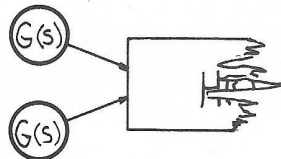


Fig. 3

"Only when all random subsystems have been stabilized can control pass from the local to the global mode. The availability of these methods strengthens my convictions that something can be done about the agonizing quality problems of the system. When this quality has been obtained, we will no longer have to be content with sub-optimality; manifest optimality can finally be realized.



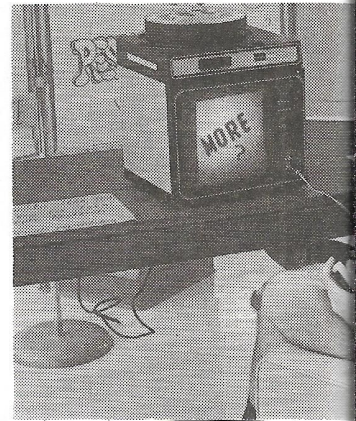
Adolph "Mike" Dornheim, a systems engineer from Kenosha, Wisconsin, is anxious to begin the tour.



Funny student political antics remind our friend of the days when he too was a campus radical.



The student newspaper is available at many campus locations.



A colorful slide show introduces visitor Dornheim to the mysteries of the undergraduate library.

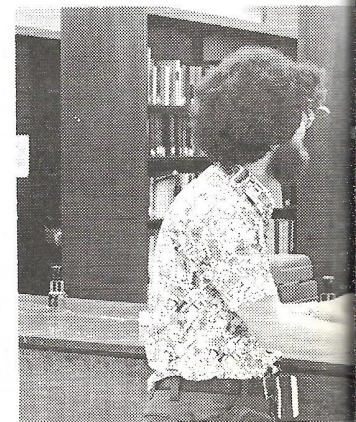
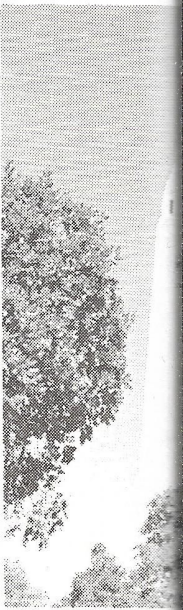
A Tourist's Gu

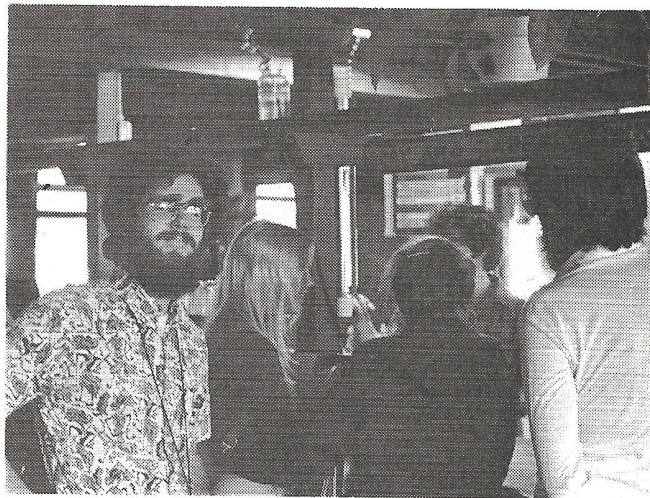
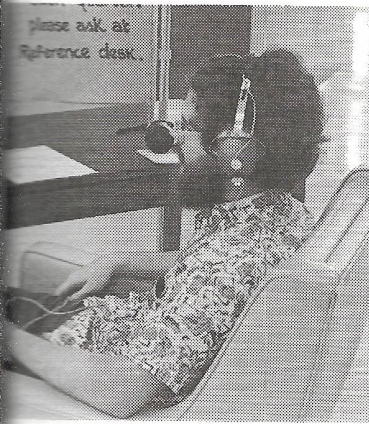
The coming of spring means many things here at Stanford — fun parties, stimulating discussions with professors, and advanced registration for the autumn quarter. It also means the many people who come to visit and admire our beautiful campus. Of course people are welcome to Stanford all-year round. But the spring especially seems to attract the tourists like flies to water.

Our tourists are of many different and interesting nationalities. They come from countries as remote as Japan, as exotic as Japan, as foreign as Japan, and as different and interesting as Japan.

Quiet and comfortably modern electric golf carts are used to escort our guests to the many different and interesting attractions around campus. Clean and courteous students act as enthusiastic chauffeurs always ready to pose for a snapshot or explain in detail an interesting bit of Stanford's colorful history.

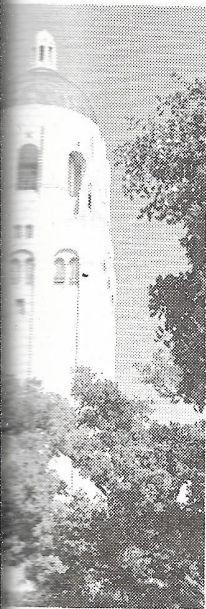
And colorful it was! The university was founded in 1891 as a memorial to the dead son





A steaming cup of "mocha-java" in the authentic atmosphere of a clean, well-lighted cafe.

ide to Stanford

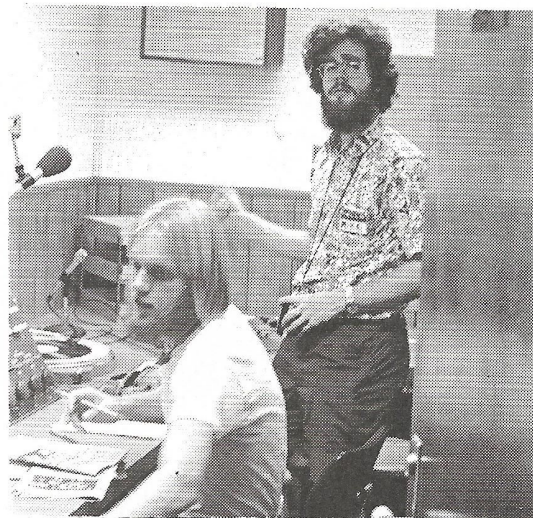


of Leland Stanford, then governor of California, and his wife Jane Lathrop Stanford, a woman devoted to her family, God, and the Southern Pacific railroad. The campus was partially destroyed in the great earthquake of 1906, but was restored, except for the pyramids on the front lawn, by 1913. In 1917, Stanford students went to war and everyone was killed.

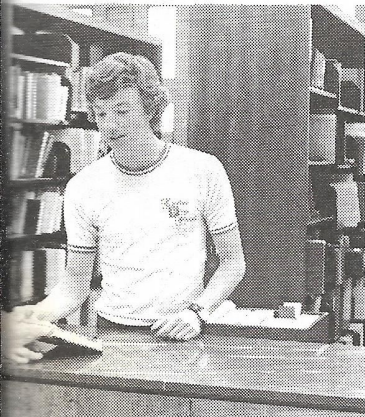
The '20's at Stanford were fun and interesting times. So were the '30's. In the 1940's, Stanford students went to war and everyone was killed except illustrious grads William Hewlett and David Packard who got the Defense Department contracts.

The '50's were full of interesting and fun times. In the 1960's, Stanford students went to war and everyone was killed or took dangerous drugs.

Today, the campus has returned again to normalcy and our many visitors can expect to find a safe and interesting place in which to spend a warm and interesting spring day.



"Like cool, man," states visitor Dornheim as he "digs" all the latest "hip" sounds at the campus radio station.

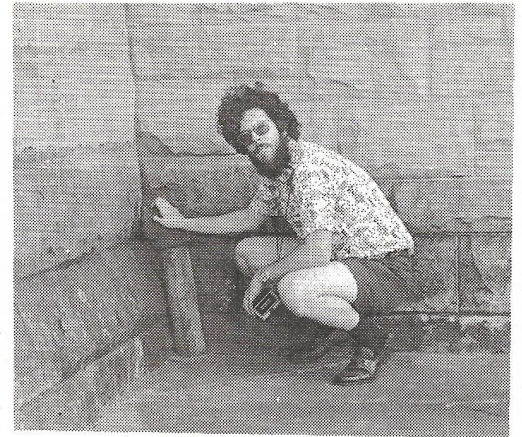


We find our friend quietly contemplating the wonders of nature in the Harley J. Earl Memorial Park.

The student staff is always ready to lend a helping hand.



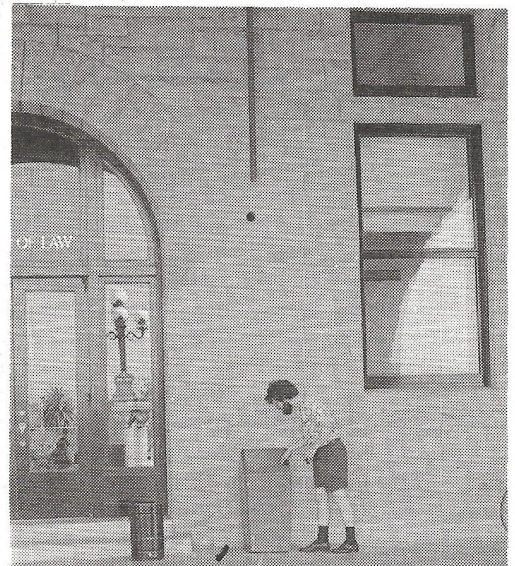
The glory that was Greece. . . .



Thanks to the vigilance of the men of visitor Dornheim's generation, Stanford was not destroyed by Japanese subs like this one.



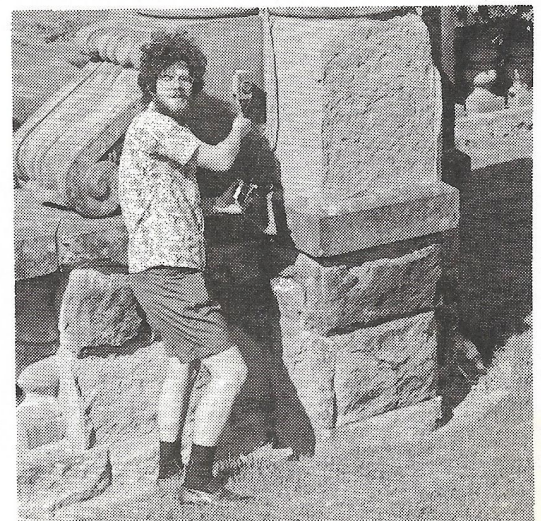
. . . . the grandeur that was Rome.



Stanford's better mousetrap: a) mouse leaves hole to get good look at visiting dignitaries, b) deadly laser beam frightens mouse, c) mouse takes refuge in trash can below.



The altar of Memorial Church: a popular spot for weddings, bar mitzvahs, ritual murder, and praying to the glory of God and Leland Stanford.



Numerous electrical outlets help to keep the campus a clean and well-lighted place.



4:10 p.m.! Time for a hearty snack at the campus grill.



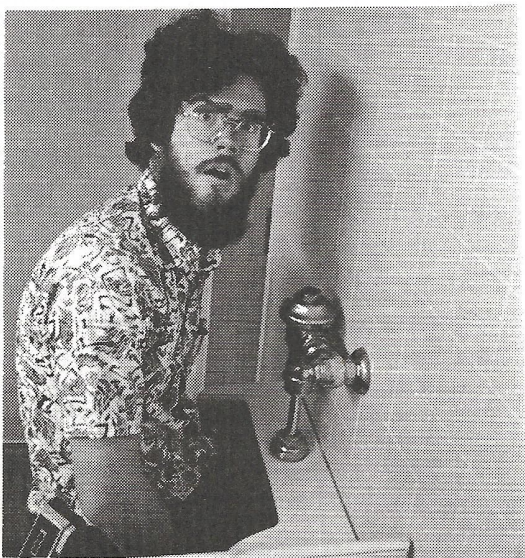
Recreation can be fun at the clean, well-lighted bowling alley.



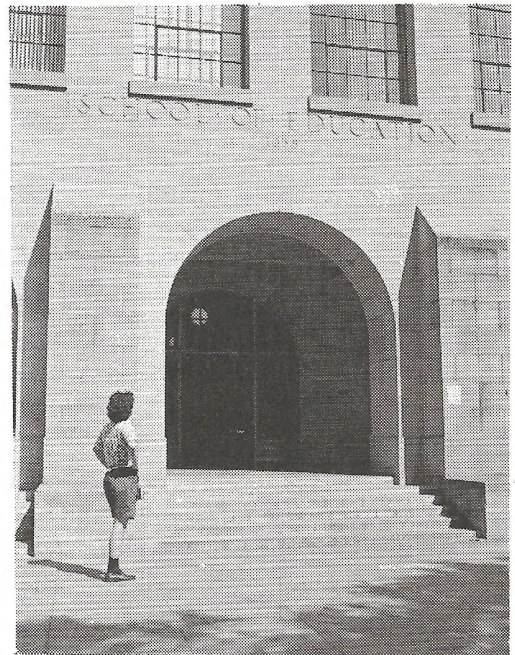
"C'est de-la-chiasse! My compliments to le chef."



The campus bookstore encourages shoplifting.



All campus restrooms are clean and well-lit.



Visitor Dornheim's tour ends at the School of Education . . . and isn't that what school's for?

An Interview with Nguyen Van Thieu

by Tom Devine

The Chaparral sent its noted Southeast Asian reporter and fashion editor Nguyen Thai Dai to Taipei, Taiwan to interview the world-famous Vietnamese refugee, former president Nguyen Van Thieu. Dai filed the following report:

I was ushered into the Thieu's plush living room by none other than Ranh Tse Glahr, the former president's former press secretary. Thieu looked pale and haggard, and his left leg was propped up on a hassock in front of him. Apparently he was suffering from a bad case of phlebitis.

Dai: You said that the U.S. was an inhumane ally, and blamed them for your defeat. How can you say this after they supplied you with arms for ten years?

Thieu: First of all, it wasn't my defeat — I wasn't even in Vietnam when Saigon fell. I was in Taiwan minding my own business enjoying my role as the retired elder statesman who had built a lasting structure of peace for his country — so don't try to blame the whole mess on me.

D: But how can you blame the U.S. for South Vietnam's collapse after they gave you all of your military equipment?

T: It was precisely the fact that the U.S. gave us so much military aid that led to our downfall. When we decided to retreat from the central highlands in March, we were forced to leave billions of dollars worth of U.S. tanks, munitions, artillery and other equipment behind. When the Viet Cong captured this, it vastly increased their military strength and our troops were no match for them.

D: That seems to be rather convoluted logic.

T: Well, that type of reasoning always worked in the past when I tried to persuade Johnson and Nixon that we needed more military aid.

D: To what do you attribute your personal downfall?

T: I would hardly call my situation a downfall. I've moved on from being the harassed leader of a two-bit war-torn country to a nice pleasant life of leisure in this safe, secure, modern nation. And my "pension" is quite handsome, I can assure you.

D: Do you feel any regret for the killing and suffering that has plagued your people for the last ten years under your reign?

T: Not at all — I haven't been killed, and it was for a very good cause that we fought.

D: But doesn't it seem like a waste of lives and resources to fight the communists for so many years and then just let them win in the end anyway? Why couldn't you just let them have your country ten years ago and avoided all the bloodshed?

T: If we'd done that, I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you today — I'd be out working in some rice paddy in the Mekong Delta. I needed those ten years of government service to qualify for my "pension."

D: What do you think of the actions of your eventual successor in office, Duong Van "Big" Minh?

T: I might have known he'd surrender without a fight. But who would have thought he was Ho Chi Minh's son? No wonder he gave the country over to the commies.

D: How did he get the nickname "Big" anyway?

T: I believe it was given to him by a Saigon call-girl. I hear he's unusually large for a Vietnamese.

D: A lot of people have charged that you were just a puppet of the U.S. government. Is that true?

T: Yes, a lot of people have said that.

D: Don't be a smartass or I'll give your address to the Viet Cong!

T: No — actually I was a puppet of the Dutch government. I'm surprised that no one realized that my name was Dutch — I thought the "Van" was a dead giveaway.

D: Speaking of a dead giveaway, I can easily turn you over to the North Vietnamese if you don't cut the crap.

T: No really, I'm of Dutch descent. In fact, one of my ancestors was Vinh Van Gogh — or Vincent, as he's known to the West. My grandfather came to Indonesia as a Dutch governor, and my whole family has been in the employ of the Dutch government at one time or another. The Royal Dutch Petroleum Company was interested in drilling for oil off the shore of Vietnam.

D: Do you have any plans to set up a government-in-exile in the hopes of one day regaining control of Vietnam?

T: No, that seems like the little league now. Since I've been here in Taiwan I've become quite interested in the Nationalist Chinese cause.

D: You mean you're planning to invade Red China?

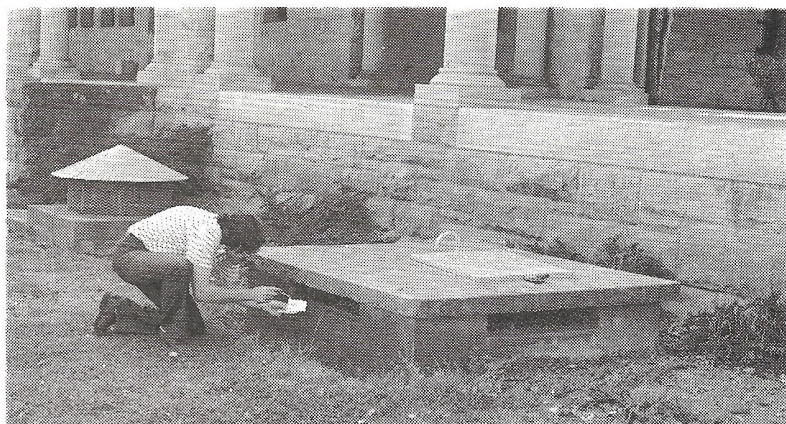
T: Not exactly. We discovered that the CIA was responsible for the death of the great Chiang Kai-Shek. They spiked his wine with prune juice, which drained him of his vital life force.

D: Does this mean that you're planning to take action against the United States?

T: Exactly.

D: But how?

T: The first step is infiltration, which should be easy. They're letting *anyone* from Vietnam in these days. I've already got a sponsor — the president of Dow Chemical has promised to recommend me for a top Pentagon job. Once I get in there, I'll fit right in with the generals. They all know me and trust me and have always followed my orders in the past.



ASSU guest professor Nguyen Huu Thai finally arrived at Stanford last week. "May I have your autograph?" asks a student.

(continued on page 31)

CHEATING

A revolution of ethics is upon us. Every year, more and more students are turning to illicit means to get the all-important 'A'. And why shouldn't they? Where cheating was once an underhanded way to get ahead, it is rapidly becoming the only way to keep up with everyone else who is cheating.

Students are no longer accepting at face value all of the old rationales given to them to not cheat. Heading the list of traditional values under fire is the notion that cheating is "wrong." This concept implies some kind of divine standard for behaviour which favors honesty. But as any theologian can tell you, the Lord helps those who help themselves. Some still believe that cheaters will reap their just desserts in the form of hair in unwanted places, mental retardation, sterility, long noses, and blindness, but these are old wives' tales which have never been medically substantiated. In fact, many of these myths are perpetuated by experienced cheaters in order to prevent newcomers from getting their fair share of the benefits of cheating.

Each year thousands of students don't get into the Med, Law, and biz schools of their choice. Are you going to let ethical abstractions like "good" and "evil" stand in the way of your future happiness?

A more difficult argument to deal with is the deterrence argument. It goes basically like this: the chance of getting caught and the sanctions involved outweigh any potential benefits of cheating. Careful examination reveals, however, that this is not so much of an attack on cheating as an attack on getting caught, and in fact there is not necessarily a causal relationship between cheating and getting caught (see section on Framing). The fact that most people who get caught are cheaters is as fallacious as the argument that most heroin users start on marijuana and, therefore, that marijuana use leads to harder drugs.

Once you have accepted rationally that cheating is in your best interests, it is still difficult to unlearn all of the years of cultural indoctrination by society with its double standards. Many students who carefully prepare their crib sheets the night before break down and don't use them on the day of the test when faced by the Pavlovian stimulus of having to sign the statement that the Honor Code has been observed.

While experienced cheaters sign that statement without batting an eyelash, "psyching" the Honor Code is a serious problem for the novice. Several methods of getting around this first hurdle have been used with good success. One simple expedient is to sign somebody else's name to the Honor Code (illegibly of course) or to simply "forget to sign." No professor has ever been able to make a cheating rap stick solely on the basis of an unsigned honor code.

In the so-called "Catholic Method" the cheater goes ahead and cheats, then confesses to himself and repents until the next exam or paper.

Note that these methods can lead to neurotic behaviour, and therefore should only be used for temporary guilt attacks. Eventually you have to just convince yourself that since you're paying \$5000/year for the right to take the exams, they are essentially your property and it is your right to abuse them any way you please. Upholders of honesty often claim that the only one you're cheating is yourself. In that case, you're committing a victimless crime and should not be punished.

Face it, everybody cheats. When you keep working after the professor says to turn in your paper, you're cheating. When you discuss a take-home with another member of the class, you're cheating. Well, if you're going to cheat, you might as well cheat big. In this series of articles the *Chaparral* will show you how to do just that.

User's Guide To Cheating

Many new students ask: "What's the best way to cheat?" Yet there is no real answer to this question, as the methods and schools of thought on cheating are as diverse as cheaters themselves. With this in mind the *Chaparral* presents a guide to the wonderful world of cheating; a look at the various schools of cheating, their differences in approach and philosophy, and the implementation of their methods.

Cheating theory is divided into two schools of thought, the Classical and the so-called Modern Approach. To Classical cheaters anything is justified to improve your absolute scores, whereas the Modern school feels that this approach is too self-centered and proposes a more relativistic view, the important thing being your relative position on the curve.

Classical methods, therefore, have one and only one goal: to get as many correct answers as possible. One method familiar to even the most inexperienced cheater is blatant, outright copying.¹ Simple to learn, and ridiculously easy to put into practice, copying has one of the highest risk/benefit ratios. Experienced copyists even use subtle and sophisticated techniques to sit next to the best students, justifying the use of statistical techniques as a further refinement. Assume that the papers of I students are visible with J different answers. Finding a statistically best answer quickly becomes a problem more difficult than just figuring out the answer by yourself, for all but the most advanced copyists.²

Of the other Classical methods, cribbing and stealing the exam beforehand are the most common. Cribbing is such an important field that it is covered in a separate article in this series. Although stealing the exam has an unusually high risk factor, a successful burglary assures an 'A' for all but the dullest. Also, this method offers the possibility of very profitable side benefits.

One method which rivals copying in both simplicity and lack of risk is working together. Cheating rings have another advantage in respectability, as most students feel that working in groups isn't "really cheating," and even faculty members encourage "study groups." Two things to remember when choosing a study group are: 1) make sure that everyone else has as much to lose as you do, and 2) make sure you're the dumbest

member of the group.³

Some exceptionally gifted students are able to infuse a capitalistic spirit into the Classical approach to cheating. There are two ways to do this. You can offer the professor something he/she wants for something you want, or you can blackmail him/her. The second method is often used after the first loses its novelty.

Deals with supernatural powers are touted as being the most foolproof of the classical methods, but let the consumer beware! Don't sign anything until you've read the fine print.

The basis of the Modern School is the insight that it really doesn't matter how good or bad you are in an absolute sense, as long as you're better than everybody else. The advantage of this attitude is



obvious; rather than spending hours preparing cribs or memorizing stolen exams, the student only has to devise ways to screw his classmates.

Two of the more extreme examples of this genre are framing and kidnaping of competitors. Both of these methods should be reserved for red-hots who ace exams under the most extreme conditions, after other methods have been tried without success. Framing, as the name indicates, involves planting incriminating evidence of cheating on the prospective victim, and then turning him or her in. Fabricating ridiculous cheating plots can be an enjoyable hobby, and remember that the more implausible the evidence, the more likely it is to be believed by the authorities. Also, professors expect a certain constant level

of cheating. Framing thus serves a dual purpose: it lowers the curve, and makes the prof less likely to discover your own cheating schemes.

Both framing and kidnaping have two important drawbacks not shared by other Modern techniques. First, in both, a very high risk factor is involved in what can be a very small benefit. Second, framing of the wrong people can actually result in a higher grade distribution, thus defeating the whole Modernist purpose. Instead, the major thrust in Modernist theory in the past few years has been made in the area of disruption techniques. By introducing distractions he or she is immune to, the cheater insures a poor performance on the exam of at least some subset of the population.⁴

Simple disruptions range from such obvious methods as calling in bomb threats, to means as insidious as the use of chemical and biological warfare.⁵ Examples of the latter include smoking, and bringing pollen, dust and pepper and sprinkling them liberally around the room. This will effectively wipe out all the hay-fever sufferers and sensitive whimps. Insects, dogs and women are also effective as distractions.⁶ Take advantage of the fact that the ability to smell certain chemicals is genetically transmitted, and that sensitivity to marijuana smoke increases with use. A little advance planning can even allow for the selective introduction of plagues and pestilences from which a few inexpensive vaccinations can protect you.⁷

On the personal front, you can acquire annoying personal habits.⁸ You can make little noises like wheezing, whimpering, sniffing, snorting, belching, or farting. Nervous habits such as clicking your pen, stroking the tines of your comb, screaming and throwing up are also effective distractions. The ability to work while throwing an epileptic fit is a difficult but useful skill to acquire.

If you're wealthy enough, or if it's worth enough to you, you can hire other people to provide distractions for you. Who is that delicious-looking blonde sitting next to all those guys, wearing almost nothing and shifting her body about in erotic and sensuous ways? And why do the grounds keepers always cut the grass right outside the window? And did the people in Wilbur and Stern actually use house dues to have the Flo

Mo construction started before the summer? And was that really in retaliation for the hand chipping of the walls of the new education and law schools? Strange, all these distractions, but not as accidental as you think.

A classic pre-med maneuver is the famous "Missing Reference" play. This includes tearing whole chapters out of all the copies of a textbook in the Bookstore.⁹

Another highly effective method is to start false rumors as to the content and answers of the next exam.¹⁰ Such rumors range from the simple, "This course has always been a mick," to announcing in class that only three out of five essay questions need to be answered on the final.

Rumors are easier to start than might be imagined, and in the light of the general dishonesty of the cheaters' fellow students this is not surprising. This leads to the second major thrust of modernist theory: the idea of using others' basic dishonesty against them.

This technique is best illustrated by example. You go up to the Professor and ask him some question. No matter what he says, you then exclaim in a loud, surprised voice, "But that means the answer to number 24 is 17.5!" Your little

slip will confuse many people, and those who are already confused will blindly copy down 17.5. This technique works even if there is no problem 24, or if the test is true-false. Or walk out of the room as if you'd finished and say in conversational tones to an imaginary friend, "Did you see the trick in problem 2?"

One example underscores the advantages of the Modern over the Classical techniques. While stealing exams and selling them is both monetarily and academically profitable, it is fraught with inherent risks. By simply claiming to have stolen the exam, the Modernists can turn a tidy profit through the sale of spurious answers, and simultaneously achieve a drastic lowering of the curve.

In spite of the histories of success of both the Classical and Modern schools, many students are now questioning the very necessity of undergraduate cheating. Pioneering work in this approach was done by Steven Rosenfeld of Harvard who circumvented the entire undergraduate cheating scene in favor of a much more elegant method. Rosenfeld simply wrote his own recommendations to medical school. We feel that this "Hypermodern" approach is the wave of the future in cheating.

But remember, in cheating there is no right answer for everyone, just what's right for you.

FOOTNOTES

1. Freshmen who are unfamiliar with this valuable technique should see Evelyn Wood's Guide to Speed Copying.
2. Special program packets are now available for the HP-65 to solve this problem.
3. Members for your study group may be found in libraries, through classified ads, and in singles bars.
4. For example, virtually any of the following techniques will work on narcoleptics.
5. Note that the Geneva Accords do not apply to bio classes.
6. The ones with big tits work best. Women are nice too.
7. One very effective method is to not spread limes around so that other students don't eat them and therefore they get beri-beri.
8. Not bathing is a common technique but suffers the drawback of driving away potential study group members.
9. This works best on recently revised textbooks as competitors will not be able to borrow copies from upperclassmen.
10. This technique was brought to its highest point by a Bio 1 student some years ago, who convinced 47 of his classmates that he was a TA for an entire quarter, and flunked them all.

a startling discovery

Dr. H.B. Wells of the Institute for Advanced Answers (IAA) has just announced what will certainly come to be known as one of the greatest discoveries in man's never-ending quest for answers. Dr. Wells has produced the universal true-false generator. It will actually generate the answers to any true-false test with an accuracy of at least 50%.

Although the theory behind Dr. Wells' discovery is quite complex, it follows from a very simple principle. The answer to any true-false question, no matter where or when it was asked, is either a) true or b) false.

This is certainly a beautiful result. It implies a deep symmetry, somewhat analogous to the symmetry existing between a Columbian coffee bean and Mrs. Olson, a Swedish human being.

The *Chaparral* proudly presents the following materials and instructions which allow any eight-year old child to construct his own Wells Universal True-False Generator.

Below are two disks approximately 2.4

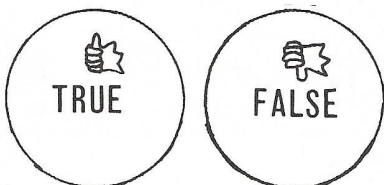
cm. in diameter. On one side of disk 1 is the word TRUE, on the other side the letter A. On one side of disk 2 is the word FALSE, on the other side the letter B.

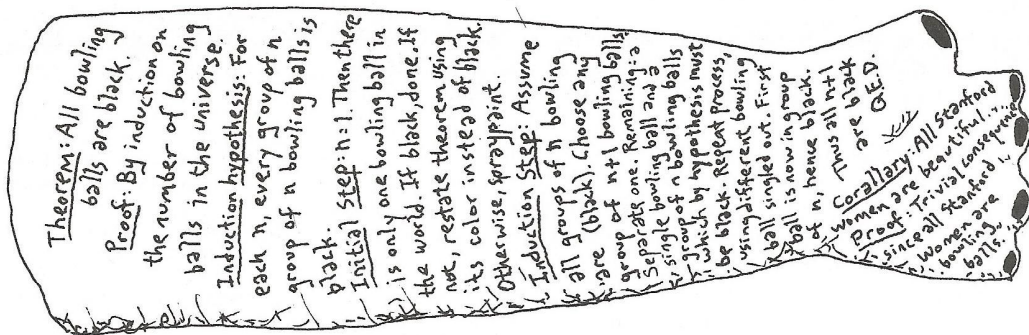
Take any standard American coin known as a quarter and place it so that the side commonly known as heads is facing you. Carefully cut disk 1 out. Place some glue on side A of disk 1. Getting the glue on the correct side is critical!! Now before the glue has time to dry, affix disk 1 to the heads' side of the American quarter. Carefully cut disk 2 out and place some glue on side B. Again, getting the glue on side B is critical!! Affix disk 2 to the tails' side of the American quarter. Allow the generator to dry.

The operation of your generator is extremely simple. You are confronted

with a true-false question for which you do not know the answer. Grasp your Wells generator firmly in your hand. Throw into the air and allow it to come to rest undisturbed. Now note which side of the generator is up. If the TRUE side is facing up, then the answer to your true-false question is true; if the FALSE side is up, then the answer is false. Repeat this procedure as many times as you have true-false questions. (Note: the *Chaparral* and Dr. Wells do not assume responsibility for damage or injury caused by using the generator on multiple-choice questions.)

In a controlled experiment, students who used the Wells generator did very well and received many "Well done's" from instructors. A variation of this compliment has become the motto of generator users: Wells done it. There is no doubt the incomparable Dr. Wells will receive a No Bull prize for her work. She certainly deserves a heartfelt thanks from students everywhere for her fundamental contribution to answers.





Cast used by a student of the mathematician Godel, who called this student, "prone to accidents."

Throughout history, mankind has used trial by ordeal as a method of separating the worthy from the unworthy in its ranks. People have always looked to the strong, the brave, and the intelligent to lead them, and from the first trials by combat to the MCAT's and LSAT's the competition has always been cutthroat.

As brains replaced brawn as social values, examinations replaced brawls as the definitive test of human merit. And, although examinations are designed to test intellect and learning, memorization has also been a key factor in exam-taking

out of school, and 2) As tests cover more and more material, the shirtsleeve just doesn't have enough surface area to hold all the necessary information. Among the solutions found by students modifying the classical technique are bracelets, wide banded wristwatches, and tattoos for short quizzes in hot weather, and fake plaster casts "signed by friends" for longer exams. Also, amazing amounts can be written on Ace bandages.

If you can't increase the surface area of your crib sheet, the other obvious way to include everything you need to know

method is useless unless you are allowed to use a good microscope when taking the exam, and thus is almost exclusively used by medical students in histology classes.

Some students have tried writing crib sheets on desks, walls, and ceilings in attempts to overcome the surface area limitations of their bodies, but usually this just results in someone else stealing your seat, or having to pretend you have a nosebleed all the time. A much more effective method is to disguise your crib sheet as graffiti in a nearby restroom and

The Ancient Art of Cribbing

performance. As the ancient Chinese proverb notes:

"The best memory is not so good as faded ink."

Thus it is not surprising that the first known crib sheets appeared in ancient China, shortly after the institution of civil service examinations by Confucius. Cribbing, for the naive and uninformed, is the art of using illicitly obtained information in taking examinations (not to be confused with blackmail, in which illicitly obtained information is used to pass exams.) Relaxing and easy to learn as a hobby, cribbing has been elevated to an art form by a few talented students, and is rapidly gaining popularity among today's youth.

Formulas, names, and dates written on shirtsleeves form a classic crib which has withstood the test of time and is still applicable to most exams. Two major problems arise from the classical method, however: 1) Cheaters who wear long-sleeved shirts all the time are often suspected of being junkies and get thrown

in to write smaller. During the Middle Ages, the problem of inscribing the Bible on the head of a pin was a very practical one, as one's knowledge of the Scriptures was an important factor in escaping a "no credit" from the Inquisition. Modern students have found that with a good microscope you can inscribe entire textbooks on fingernails and contact lenses. Unfortunately, this

complain to the professor about "the damned food service."

Ultimately, the best solution to the problems of compact storage of large volumes of information lies in data compression, and the conversion of data into some kind of code. One example of this type of cribbing was perfected by Dicken's Mme. Defarge who, during the French Revolution, kept the revolutionaries' death lists in binary code in her knitting (i.e. knit=1, purl=0). Similar codes are presently used in many forms, ranging from the traditional sweater to superior codes developed by women who wear their hair in braids, and more recently, by blacks wearing the corn row hairstyle.

Coding and decoding are time-consuming processes, however, and electronics experts hope that this task can eventually be done by computers. Hewlett-Packard has developed a micro-crib which can hold the information required for a final in a three-unit class on a silicon chip 2 mm. square which only costs \$375,000,000.

The Hewlett-Packard crib chip (shown actual size) promises to revolutionize cribbing.

great cheaters of history

Richard Nixon

Although Nixon, since he got caught, is not considered by some as a truly great cheater, his contributions to theoretical cheating have earned him a place in the Cheaters' Hall of Fame. For example, his brilliant theorem of Dialectical Cheating in which he demonstrates the distinction between "taking the responsibility" and "getting the blame." Founder of the school of Denial in the Face of Obvious Evidence, Nixon extended Descartes' "cognito ergo sum" with his famous "I am not a crook." As leader of the "Nixon gang," his best known contribution to practical cheating was the dictum, "When the going gets tough, the tough get phlebitis."

Spiro T. Agnew

Whereas Richard Nixon was the father of the school of denial in the face of obvious evidence, Spiro Agnew was the man who developed denial to a science. When caught with his fingers in the till Agnew asked, "What fingers?" When pressed, Agnew admitted the existence of his fingers but denied that he had ever intended to do anything. This was his

famous "nolo entendre" theorem. But Agnew was eventually uncovered as he could not understand the difference between "damn lies" and statements which were simply "inoperative."

Renee Descartes

Known as the originator of "I think, therefore I am," Descartes is considered to have made one of the most profound contributions to modern philosophy. Recent evidence, however, points to the possibility that Descartes actually did not conceive of this famous line, but rather stole it from one Alphonse Descrepit, a graduate student in Descartes' group at the Sorbonne. The evidence includes the discovery of the famous statement written on the sleeve of the shirt Descartes used in his oral thesis defense, and in a matchbook from a residence in the Place Pigalle, where Descrepit was last seen before his mysterious disappearance.

Further evidence that Descartes did not even fully understand the stolen notion comes from his attempts to sell it at various pawn shops in the Paris area, and finally his attempts to use it to prove the existence of God, who needed no such syllogisms to prove the existence of Descartes.

Sir Isaac Newton

Newton appears in historical legend being hit by an apple and thereby stumbling upon the theory of gravitation. It is clear, however, from his own journals and accounts of his life that Newton completely fabricated both the theory and his experimental evidence for it as a means to his lifetime goal: membership in the Royal Academy of Science and Massage. That Newton did not really believe his own theory is evidenced by the attribution to him of the famous, "There is no gravity, the earth sucks." Many also believe Newton to be the first man ever to cheat on a calculus exam.

Gregor Mendel

As any Bio 1 student knows, the first systematic explanation of genetics was published by Mendel, a monk, and it was then completely ignored, being considerably ahead of its time. Not until the early 1900's, when his work was independently rediscovered, was Mendel christened "the Father of Genetics." As such, he epitomizes more than any man in history the ultimate realization of Lobachevsky's doctrine on the proper pursuit of science: "Plagiarize and publish first."



Socrates reprimands a group of his students discovered to be in a cheating ring. Plato (holding drink) is seen among the conspirators.

Who's Got The Runs?

As November 1976 approaches, thoughts begin to turn to the Presidential elections. Liberals are beginning to worry that the electorate will be faced with a choice between two conservatives, such as Gerry Ford and Scoop Jackson. Conservatives, on the other hand, have been worrying for quite awhile that Ford will have screwed up so badly by '76 another liberal monster, like F.D.R., will be elected.

While general feelings of paranoia begin to spread among the politically active public, the upcoming election evokes far different feelings in the minds of a certain few individuals. These certain few being of course the Presidential hopefuls.

Just what goes on in the mind of a prospective candidate? Many have speculated but only a select few have ever really known.

Now thanks to the liberal use of illegal and unethical means the *Chaparral* has acquired some revealing documents and tapes that show just what goes on in the mind of an aspirant to our highest office.



The following is a transcript of a tape made by the C.I.A. while it was conducting a routine security check on Gerald Ford, and had tapped his phone. Alexis Danali, a clever double agent who later returned to Bulgaria handed the tapes over to the *Chaparral*.

Secretary: Mr. Rockefeller will speak to you now Mr. President.

Ford: (mumbled) Well it's about time, I've been on hold for a half hour.

Rocky: What is it now Gerry?

Ford: Well I called you Nelson, because I value your opinion and I can trust you to give me an honest answer. You see, I'm thinking of running again, but being President gets to be a real pain sometimes. Reporters are always watching me. Last week I didn't get up to make my own breakfast and the front page of the *Washington Post* said that I was sick.

Rocky: You've got to ignore stuff like that Gerry. It happens to all public figures.

Ford: But every one's always calling me dumb. I'm a college graduate, I don't have to take that. Being President isn't as much fun as I thought it would be. I mean when Dick called me into his office and told me about the deal, he made the job out to be a real picnic . . .

Rocky: Deal? What deal?

Ford: Why you know Rocky, the one about him resigning and the pardon and all.

Rocky: (whispered) Shut up you fool. (Loud voice) WHY I NEVER HEARD OF ANY DEAL, GERRY. IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A DEAL YOU OUGHT TO TALK TO THE ATTORNEY GENERALS OFFICE RIGHT AWAY. A DEAL WOULD HAVE BEEN WRONG.

Ford: Wha . . . (whispered) Oh I get you. (Loud voice) I MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT ANOTHER DEAL. YES A DEAL WOULD HAVE BEEN WRONG, WOULDN'T IT? But

anyway Rocky, do you think I should run?

Rocky: Well let me put it this way, if you don't run where are you gonna find a job?

Ford: I guess you're right Rocky. But what about the rumors I hear about you running against me?

Rocky: Would I do that to you Gerry? I'm happy being Vice-President, or as they say, just a heartbeat away. The job keeps me very busy, which reminds me, Henry and I have been working very hard making plans for you. We've got a speech all ready for you to give tomorrow night. I'll have it sent over right away so you can practice the big words out on the golf course.

Ford: That sounds fine Rocky. Only today I'm going swimming. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays are my days for golf. Anyway, what's the speech about? Is it important? Are we going to invade anyplace?

Rocky: No nothing like that Gerry. Its getting close to election time as you know, and Cuba seems like the logical communist country for you to go to. So your speech will announce your trip to Cuba next spring.

Ford: Gee, have you already talked to Castro about it?

Rocky: Don't worry about it Ger, Henry's got all the details worked out.

Ford: Okay Rocky, goodbye.

Rocky: Goodb . . . ob and don't forget to wear your goggles into the pool. You know how chlorine makes your eyes bloodshot. We want you to look nice on TV, not like you've been out with Wilbur the night before, again.

Ford: Yeah, yeah, alright. Goodbye.

Rocky: I'll see you around.

Next we have an excerpt from a southern gentleman's diary. George Wallace is a serious contender for the Democratic nomination, and he has worked very hard and restrained himself to get into that position.

Dear Diary,

Boy do ab hate those goddam motherbumpin nigrabs. It sure feels good to be able to voice mah true opinions somewhere, even if its only in this here diary. It's a real pain in the ass to have to keep them to mabsel all the time just on account of ab might offend some dumb nigrab. And just cause of them wutbless nigrabs ab might not get elected. But boy, let me tell you, abm trying real hard to convince everyone that ab ain't a racist no more.

Tbats the real reason that abm writing this here diary. Mah psychiatrist says that next to shock treatment this is the best way to relieve me of all mah frustrations. And boy do ab got plenty. Besides them niggers ab can't even get it on with broads no more.

But ab think its all worth it. Ab've even got some of those fools convinced that ab never was a racist. They's even startin to call me a populist. Ab wonder where old William Bryan stood on nigrabs. He's the only other populist ab can think of. Ab remember that he said something about crosses once though. Maybe he was one of us.

Ab made the evening news again today. Harry Reasner did a nice piece on bows'n George Meany might endorse me. You know, ab think that there might even be some dumb darkies that'll vote for me. What ab could really use would be for one of them to endorse me. But Shirley Cbisolm bung up on me again today and Brooks won't talk to me neither. Ab did get a letter from one of them today however. Fellow out in California by the name of Gibbs said he vote for me.

Well it's about time for me to call that faggot male nurse so's ab can take a piss before they put me to bed.

Yours,

George

Some dreams never die. They linger around unwanted for awhile until they become delusions. Rumors from Bismark have George McGovern attempting to round up support for another bid. The following conversation between George and his former campaign manager, Gary Hart (now a Senator from Colorado) was overheard in a Senate cloakroom.

McGov: Gary, hold on a second. I've been wanting to talk to you. I need your advice on something.

Hart: What is it now George?

McGov: Well I've been thinking about running in '76. What do you think?

Hart: Don't do it George.

McGov: But Gary, I was right about Watergate, about the war, about everything.

Hart: You were wrong about Eagleton. And besides, all that really matters is that you got dumped on by Nixon. People don't vote for losers.



McGov: Well they voted for Nixon didn't they?

Hart: They didn't know for sure that he was a loser even though they should have.

McGov: But people have forgotten how bad I lost. But they'll remember that I was right. We can remind them. They'll see my inherent honesty and realize that I'm a down to earth type of guy.

Hart: Maybe, but they won't vote for you. I don't want to see you hurt again. Don't run.

McGov: Besides, what about the kids? Those wonderful kids who worked so hard for me. There's no one for them to look to. No one for them to pin their hopes on. This country needs a change, this country needs to come home, back to her old ideals; honesty, hard work, freedom. These are hard times. Everyone knows that things have to change. Why can't I wind up on top? No one thought I would win the nomination in '72. I can do it. Can't you just see it Gary? . . . Gary?

Scoop Jackson, the Democratic Senator from the state of Washington, is considered by many to be the leading

candidate for the Democratic nomination. He is also rumored to be the illegitimate son of Joe McCarthy.

Scoop has been running hard for the last four years. Inflammatory statements are always forthcoming from the Senator's office on any and all issues. The following is the form that Scoop's staff uses to make up most of the press releases.

For timed release _____AM/PM_____19__

Senator Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson today announced that the present crisis is the result of (Congress'/the President's) soft line towards the (communists/ terrorists/ arabs).

He went on to state that, "We cannot allow the present situation to continue. It is a disgrace to our great nation. We must unite and put an end to this menace to our (security/ integrity as the American people)."

The Senator also charged that the (Soviets/ Chinese/ Syrians) are behind the crisis, and insists on linking (the freedom of Soviet Jews to emmigrate to Israel/ the liberation of the Chinese mainland/ Israeli control of the Gulf of Aqaba, the Suez Canal and the lower Nile valley) to any final solution.

The Senator concluded by saying "This crisis proves once again, what I have said all along. That the (SALT treaty/ U.S. Constitution) isn't worth the paper its printed on if (we don't step up our military committments/ we as individuals don't stand up for America).

And as these figures plan for 1976, down in San Clemente Richard Nixon plans for 1984 and the biggest political comeback of all time.

The Stanford Daily's
kudo-winning coverage of the demonstration

"From Incitement to Cookies and Water"

by Jon "Scoop" Barth



The Stanford Bookstore did its part for the demonstrators as they offered a paper bag, suitable for wearing, with the purchase of an HP-21 calculator, with 32 functions and operations, full display formatting, and an RPN logic system with 4-memory stack.



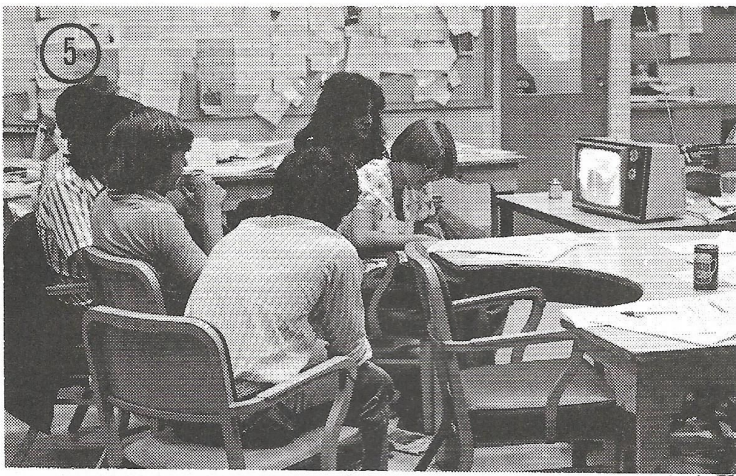
Students seize Meyer Library stairway and ramp, paralyzing university functions, and virtually bringing academic activity to a halt.



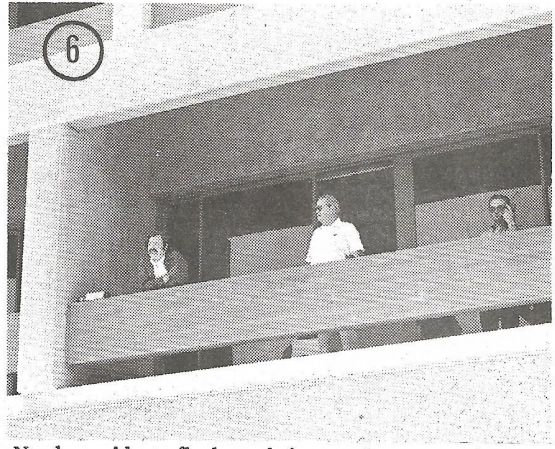
Daily staffers discuss demonstration and formulate common stand on issue. "United we stand, divided we fall," chuckles John Freed, opinions editor and recent recipient of the coveted Master of Mongoloid Humor award.



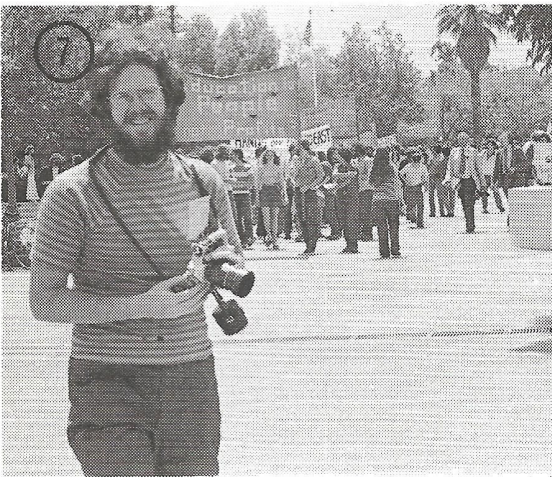
March proceeds past Meyer library toward School of Education. "I'll have to get these shoes resoled," said weary Daily staffer Vlay Kershner. "Save your receipts," advised Editor Kevin Smith, "we have \$30,000 now." He was, of course, reimbursed.



Staffers then gather information with usual techniques of investigative reporting and creative genius, enabling them to achieve another exclusive story on the demonstration.



Nearby residents flock to their verandas to see what the commotion is about. Said one, "I am taking pictures to send to the folks back in the old country. They are not aware that such things occur in America. They will be now!"



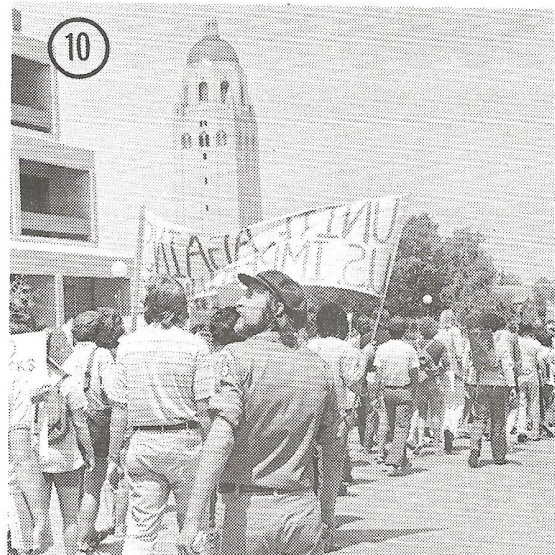
Member of secret Iranian secret police is caught in the act of photographing Iranian students. "Big bucks," he smiled.



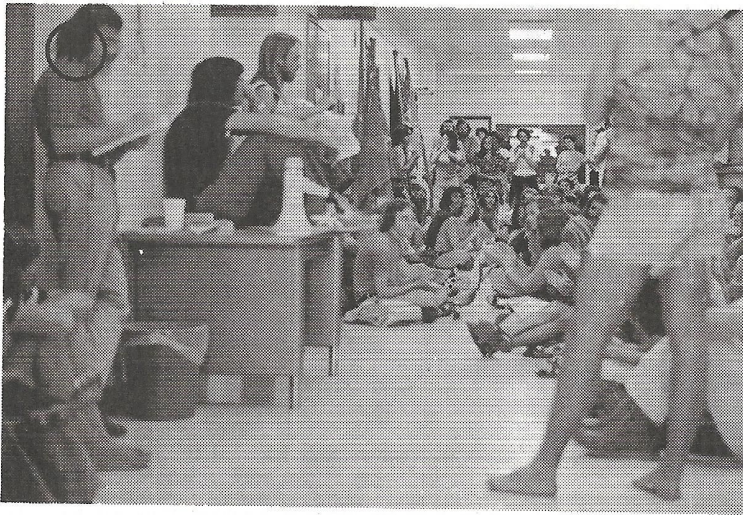
Campus dignitaries sign autographs for admiring youths. "We are with *the people* to the end," says Galligan. "David, we must be off now, heh, heh," says lovely Charlotte, who is soon to appear in an upcoming episode of "Get Christie Love!", as a hooker heroin addict who informs on the Mafia.



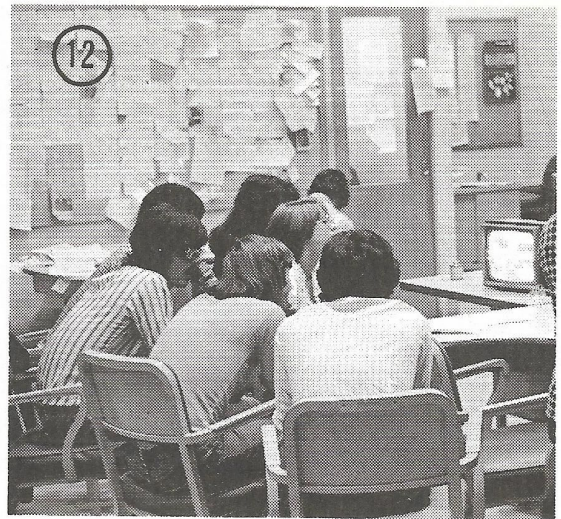
Daily business manager Michael "Cool Mick" Kuhl cracks jokes about the demonstration, convulsing other *Daily* staffers with laughter. "You're a laugh a minute, Mike! What a card!" exclaimed unambitious staffer Dan Fiduccia. "A joker dat has to be dealt wit!" quipped Kuhl, as Fiduccia collapsed on the ground with laughter.



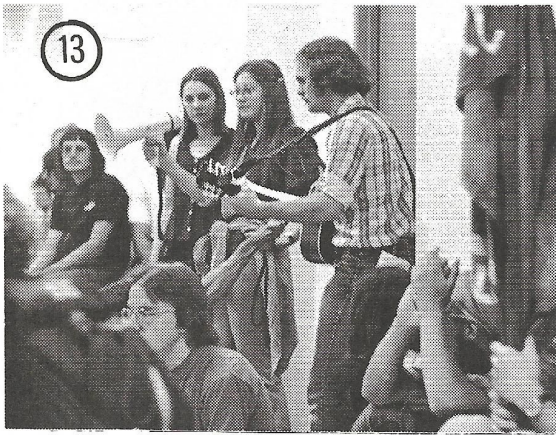
Demonstrators then head for Hoover tower, in an attempt to strangle the person who plays "The Sting" on the carillons. Patrolman Nikki Brute stops them, however. "I likes dat song," he mutters as he maces Ms. Germane.



Students stage sit-in at Old Union, protesting request for picture and essay on undergraduate admission form. "It's blatantly discriminatory against ugly people and illiterates!" said prominent ARC leader Bill Ross.



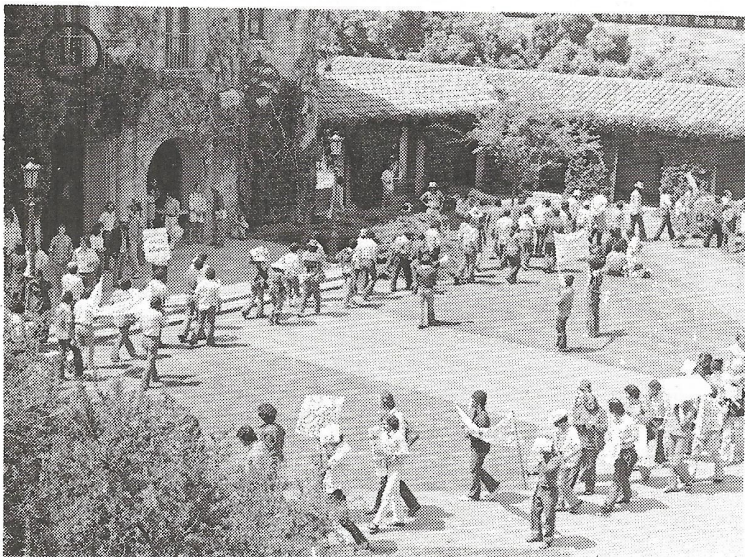
Daily staffers, ever alert, jot down notes on the march. "Channel 2 says it smacks of me-tooism," asserts Jim Wascher, uninfluential ex-editor.



Daily staffers lead marchers in song as crowd dwindles. "C'mon kids, don't go, sing," moans pacifist Bill Evers as he punches Alice Supton, director of SCIRE, as she attempts to disperse rally by calling parents.



Staff photographer Mark Funk choreographs Old Union photo.



Dean of Admissions Fred Hargadon announces that picture *will* be required on next year's applications and Stanford's Ugly Coalition of Students (SUCS) retaliates with paper bags. Jokes humorous Daily staffer Mike Cool, "An improvement!"



Daily staffer Glenn Garvin (left) shows Editor Kevin Smith (right) copy for tomorrow's relevant editorial. "What's this editorial about, Glenn Garvin?" Editor Smith asks. "Well, Editor Kevin Smith, it's about those lazy selfish students who call information instead of using the phone book. I burn their asses with this hard-hitting editorial." "Keep up the good work, Glenn Garvin. You may be editor some day," said Editor Kevin Smith. "Oh, thank you, Editor Kevin Smith!" bubbled Garvin, "But isn't that what school papers are all about?"



Bugger Me



What is it like making love with Glenn Garvin? -G.G.

Most underclassmen probably do not remember the 300-pound concrete ball which fell 285 feet from the top of Hoover Tower on Dec. 2, 1970. According to the Dec. 3 **Daily**, the ball, struck by lightning at approximately 6:30 a.m., made a six-inch impact hole, with pieces flying over 50 feet.

* * *

Is the old man still running Swensen's Ice Cream in Palo Alto? I think he has no name. Recently I went into the store and the ice cream seemed richer and crispier and there was a naked woman running loose in the store. Has something changed? - G.G.

The "old man" to whom you are referring is Zelmo Beatty, the Swensen's manager who died last February, according to Chris Gray, counter revolutionary at Swensen's. The richer and crispier ice cream is no doubt Swensen's latest flavor creation, "Mocha Flesh," which made its premiere at the beginning of March.

* * *

Where can I go on campus to study late at night? -G.G.

Meyer Library closes at midnight. But, according to Robert Hammerton-Kelly, dean of the chapel, Memorial Church is open all night for weddings, bar mitzvahs, ritual murders and studying.

* * *

Where can I go? -G.G.

You know where you can go.

* * *

Is it true that the proposed Stanford-designed satellite will be used to oppress the poor people of Iran? -G.G.

"Oh, I hope not," said Bruce Lusignan, an associate professor of electrical engineering. "Satellites can be used for many good things. With our new system, even the Iranians in remote rural areas will be able to receive their favorite television shows, like the 'Beverly Hillbillies.'"

Editorial

Stanford students are an obstinate, indolent breed. We told you to vote for McDermott (and Simonian and Rodden). Naturally you didn't care. We told you not to buy parking stickers. Apathy abounded. We courageously called for new flicks. You avoided the subject. But this time, this time, you capitalist sheep, you are going to listen to us and not Chris G.

You are guilty of wasting the most precious resource of all - money. You also waste time, and after all, time is money. You call information instead of using the phone book!

On an average day, Pacific Telephone Directory Assistance handles one call every nine seconds from the Stanford community. Ninety-two percent of the numbers are in the phone book. The average excuse is, "My phone book isn't handy."

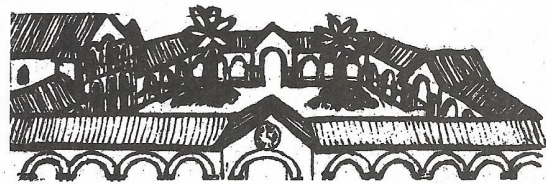
Is beating off handy? Is going to class handy? Do you see our undeniable, incontrovertible point? You inconvenience yourselves only when it suits your selfish purpose.

We do our part. Besides being very very avant garde we are clever. We do not use information at all. Not one of our articles is ever written with the use of information.

A case in point. When the editor of the **Daily** assigned Dave Robinson to do a feature story on the fifth anniversary of Disney World last fall, he jotted down the number of the office before he left. Then when he had his story he simply called the operator and simply said, "I would like to make a long distance station to station call to the **Stanford Daily** area code 415-497-4632." And we had our story without calling directory assistance.

In the final analysis it is the opinion of the **Daily** editorial staff that the Stanford community should be more aware of the leviathan they are feeding with their lazy minds and restless index fingers. And we must have seen *A Space Odyssey* at least 2001 at the sunday flicks. Haw, Haw, Haw.

Once Around The Quad



TODAY

BROWN BAG DISCUSSION: for Iranian students, on the relative merits of different types of bags in terms of protection, comfort, etc. Noon at the Communications Dept. Lounge. Wear your own bag.

ALLIANCE FOR RADICAL CHANGE: Meeting to discuss U.S. Treasury plans to make pennies out of aluminum, nickels out of magnesium, and other plans to include radical elements in this country's change.

WEIGHT WATCHERS: Noon meeting in the Round Room.

THE CASE AGAINST ZIONISM: Lecture by Phyllis Dean tonight at 7:30 in Dink Aud.

BAHAI FAITH: Noon concert by the Bahai Marimba Band in Women's Clubhouse.

B.S.U.: Introductory meeting in Electrical Engineering Bldg. Anyone interested in B.S. is welcome to attend.

FUTURE

YOUTH IN ASIA: Organizational meeting for new program to place premeds in Asian hospitals as summer interns.

ELECTIONS COMMISSIONER: Applications for post of Election Commissioner for next year due

Friday in the ASSU office. Must be upperclass douchebag.

PROCTOLOGY LAB: All proctors for Zimbo's Psych 1 class stop by Provost Miller's office for a visit before next Tuesday. If you can't arrange that, at least look up "Proctology" in the dictionary so you'll understand this announcement.

SPECIAL SIGNUP: for Autumn course by ASSU Guest Professor Lon Nol, "You Can Profit From a Political Crisis." A film series will accompany the course. First film is "Take the Money and Run," starring Woody Allen.

DAILY CORRECTIONS EDITOR: Now accepting applications for the second highest position on the **Daily**. Meeting next Friday to elect next quarter's misquote chief. Previous work with the **Chron** is helpful.

NEW ARAB PHILOSOPHY: Lecture by Saudi Arabian Finance Minister Iwan Yamani. Tomorrow at 7 p.m. in the Tresidder phone booth.

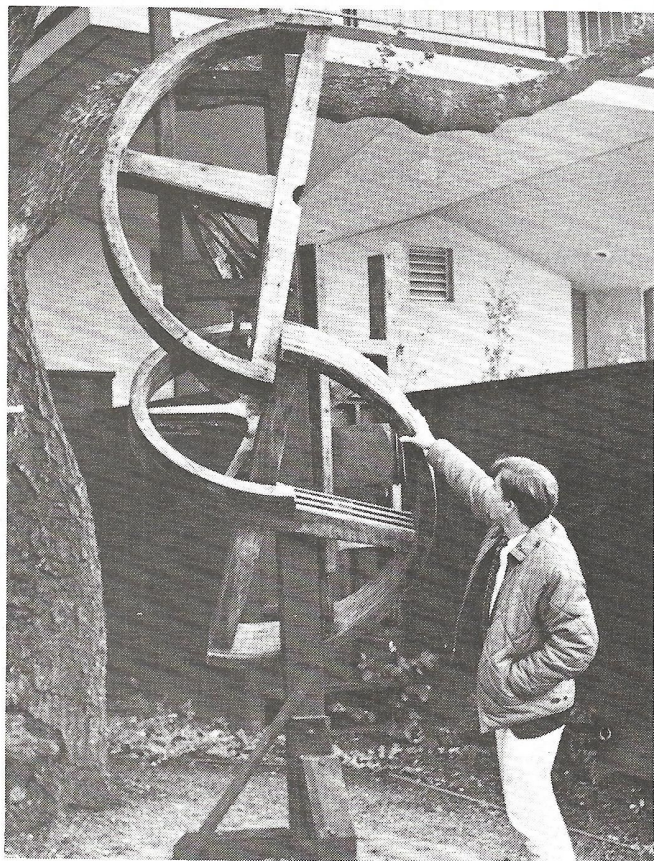
DRAMA AUDITIONS: This week for the play, "Behind the Green Dork," a wacky comedy about an inexperienced freshman who is recruited to star in a porno film with Marilyn Chamberpot.

A SMILE A DAY

Teen-agers today come in three genders: masculine, feminine, and guess.

-Reprinted from S.F. Chronicle

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



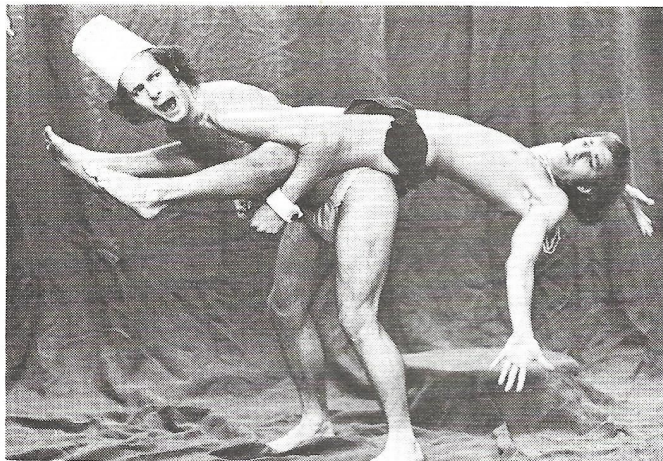
O.D. Parl-Ansey-Tandom--'53

For short, his associates call him O.D. Parl-Ansey-Tandom, or sometimes just plain O.D. Parl-Ansey-Tandom. He graduated with a Ph.D. in chemistry. After graduation he came back to Stanford where he was the innovator of a new branch of chemistry referred to as malchemy — a science dealing with the changing of gold into useless material. His fortitude in pursuing malchemy landed him the unique distinction as being the only member of the chemistry department to never win a Nobel Prize. Noted for his clumsiness, he was awarded the honor of being “the lab worker forced to take the most trips to the eye bath.” As he grew older, his clumsiness grew worse and paper plates were known to break if he dropped them. His clumsiness reached an all-time high when he was seen tripping over his own shoelaces — even though he was wearing loafers at the time. O.D. is shown here yelling “contact” while priming his version of a propellor.



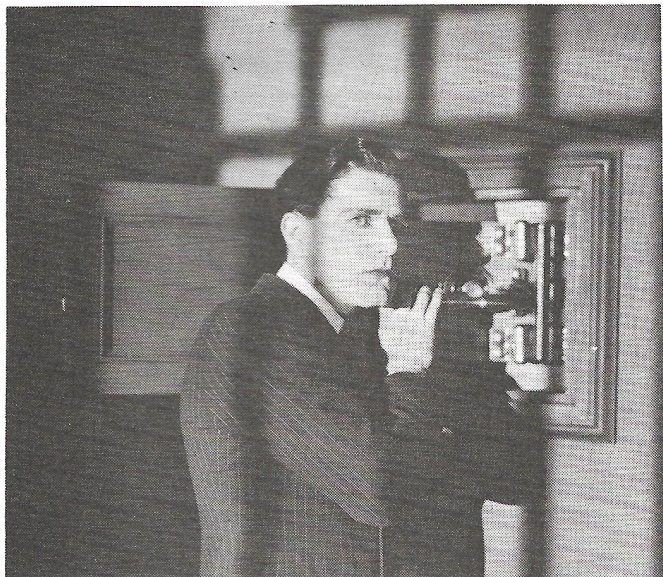
George McNulty--'49

Known affectionately by his friends as “dumb-ass.” He made his mark at Stanford by demonstrating his ability to comprehend nothing. As a child, when his class was reading “Dick, Jane and Spot,” George’s parents had to go and buy him the Cliff Notes on it. During one quarter at Stanford, George managed to single-handedly lower Stanford’s overall GPA and was constantly fussing about the lack of ASSU lecture-note service for any of his P.E. classes. George was teased constantly by friends for being unable to spell the letter “a”. The first student to ever design his own major, George completed his B.A. and got his degree in outdoor barbecuing. George is shown here during his hitch in the Navy, asking the lady to guess which hand her watch is in.



Josh Tuden--'51

Combining a dance and voice major was no easy task for Josh Tuden. Now a famous voice coach, Josh teaches students by the reknown "Pain" method. Josh happened upon the "Pain" method one night when he got drunk and tried to put a full-nelson on a telephone pole. In the "Pain" method, students are taught to sing a sustained single note for up to four days. Fresh oxygen is supplied by threatening the student with a blunt axe. The exercise Josh is demonstrating here isn't too impressive until you realize that Josh is holding his own legs.



Jiggs Pendleton--'58

Jiggs Pendleton was yet another great grad of Stanford. After receiving his doctorate in education, he insisted on remaining at the university — there were two weeks left on his linen service. Jiggs proved himself to be highly innovative in the field of teaching. It was he who first suggested an overseas campus and followed up by establishing the first one — Stanford in Los Altos. By the time Jiggs was informed that Los Altos was not overseas, it was too late, for the university had been built and chalk was in every classroom. Jiggs continued at Los Altos, inventing many new teaching aides: the blackboard monitor, the phrase "see me after class," the dunce cap, the rebuttal "No, that is not axle grease in my hair" (see picture). Jiggs once related how he happened upon inventing the dunce cap . . .

"Well, I was sitting in on a teacher's class and saw her punish a student by putting a dunce cap on him.

After disposing of that teacher it became my invention."

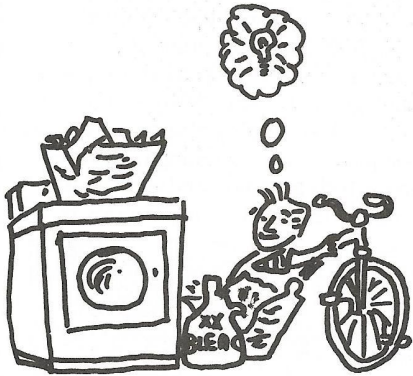
Jiggs is pictured here trying to strike up a conversation with an unsuspecting wall safe.



Theobaltus Weemex--'48

Shown here in makeup, Theobaltus Weemex led an unexciting career as an undergrad thesbian. In "Death of a Salesman," he was an understudy for a sofa and later got a job handling all the props used by a mime troupe. Upon graduation he returned to Stanford and was the first to bring "2001: A Space Odyssey" to the stage. After the play folded (the space station collapsed during a curtain call), and a not too successful attempt at doing *War and Peace* in the round, Theo was hired by CBS-TV's makeup department and assigned to Capt. Kangaroo's toupee. He used his acquired makeup knowledge to produce the effect pictured above and subsequently landed a part as an extra in "That Darn Cat."

WORTHLESS WORKSHOP



Dutch Goose

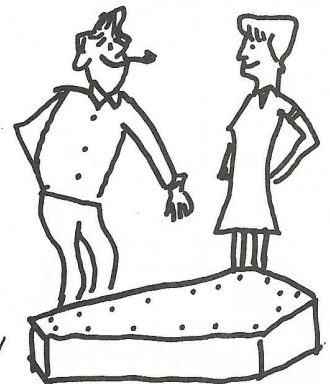
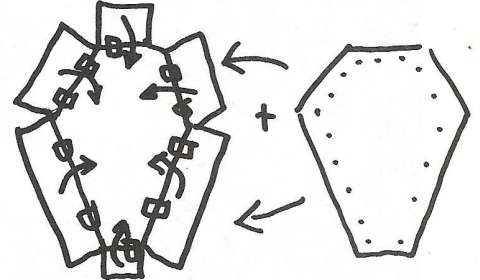


"THE TRIALS OF PETE THE BELLENDER AT THE DUTCH GOOSE"

3567 Alameda De Las Pulgas

Menlo Park

854-3245



Pana Gray
'75

D: Do you have any advice for any budding young dictators who may read this?

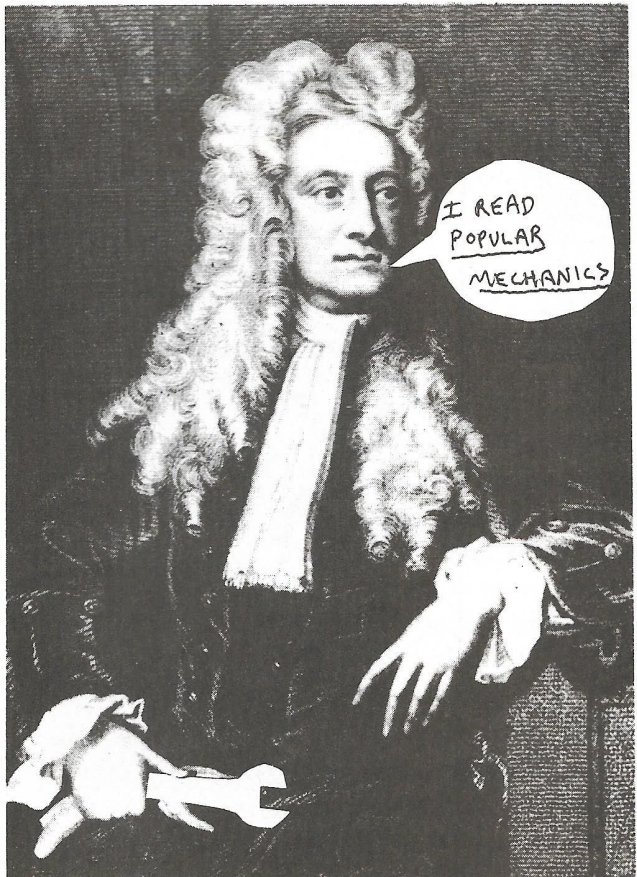
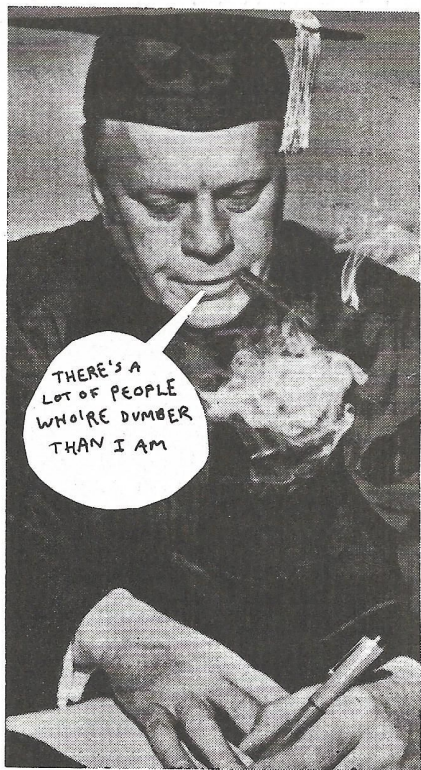
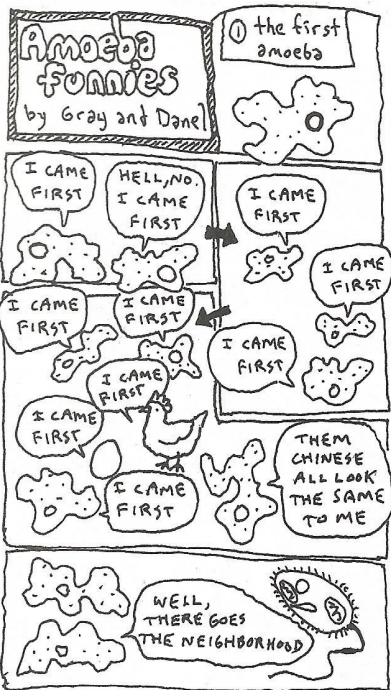
T: The Ky-Thieu success is running a corrupt government. Jail all of your political enemies and torture them if possible. This technique has worked quite well for my good friends Park Dung Heep (Pres. of South Korea) and Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines.

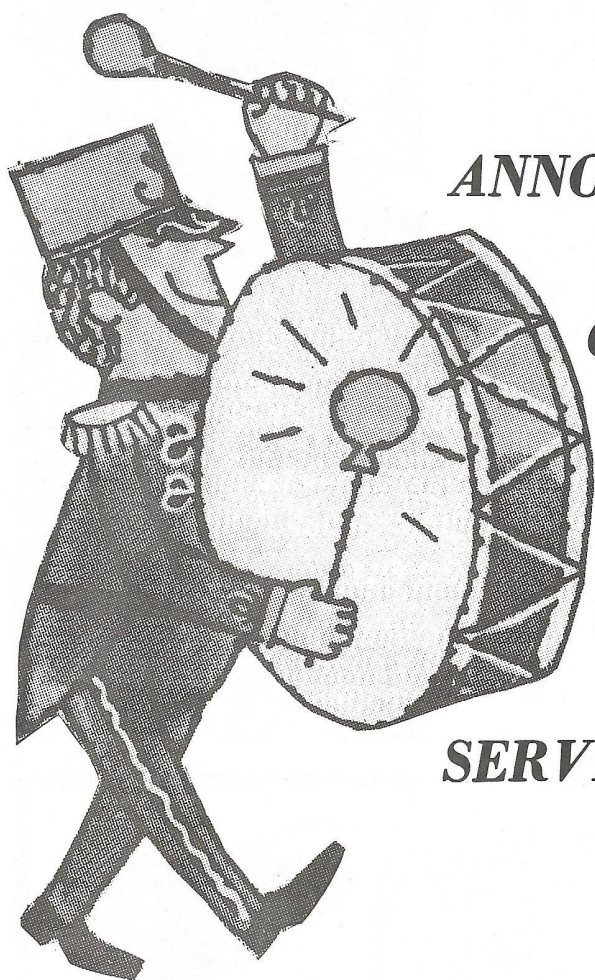
D: Speaking of your old Vice President, I understand that Mr. Ky was trying to be a taxi driver in southern California, but he just couldn't hack it.

T: Yes — but he has an even more enterprising plan now. He's joining forces with an experienced Vietnamese exile, Madame Nhu. They're going to open the Nhu-Ky Massage parlor in San Francisco.

D: And what type of work do *you* expect to do to support yourself?

T: Well, I don't really have to work. I was prudent while president and set up quite a nice pension fund for myself. I don't need any Brute Korff to salvage me like your ex-President does. However, I *have* had a tempting offer from the Taipei Zoo. They want me to be in charge of their tiger cages.



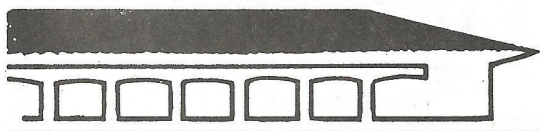


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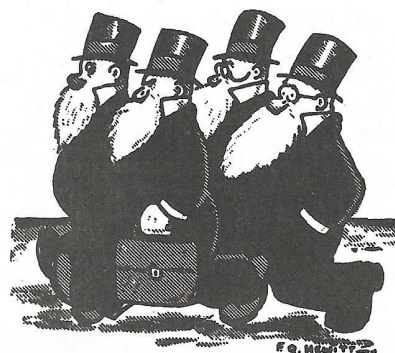
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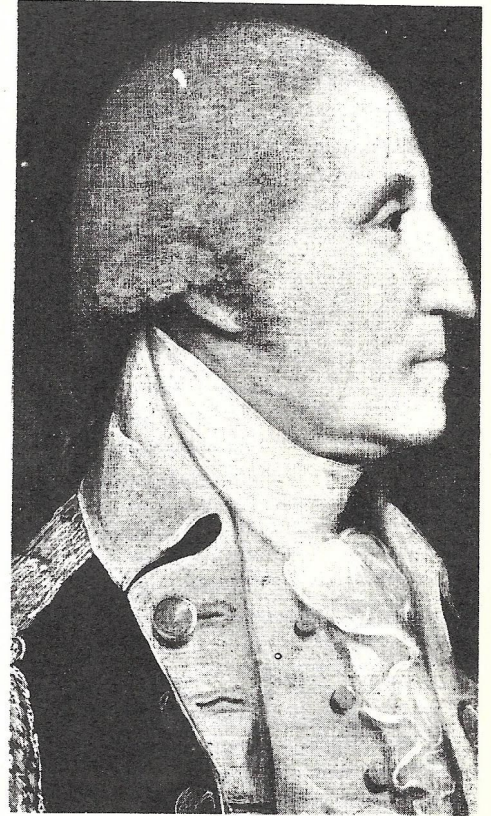
These people are humorous individuals....



"Why do you think they called it the Enola Gay?!!"



"So the priest says to the rabbi . . ."



"... but in those days, a dollar went farther."

Humor is serious business. Just ask the men who do it for a living. Drawing laughter from a staid and serious public can be like pulling teeth to Newcastle. It's no picnic. Then what is it? Many famous scientists do not know the answer to this question and other related topics. But it is crucial to the existence of life on this planet that logical answers be fabricated. And soon.

To effect this purpose, the National Science Foundation recently awarded a substantial grant to the *Stanford Chaparral*. The result is the Institute for the Study of Humorous Individuals, a non-profit organization.

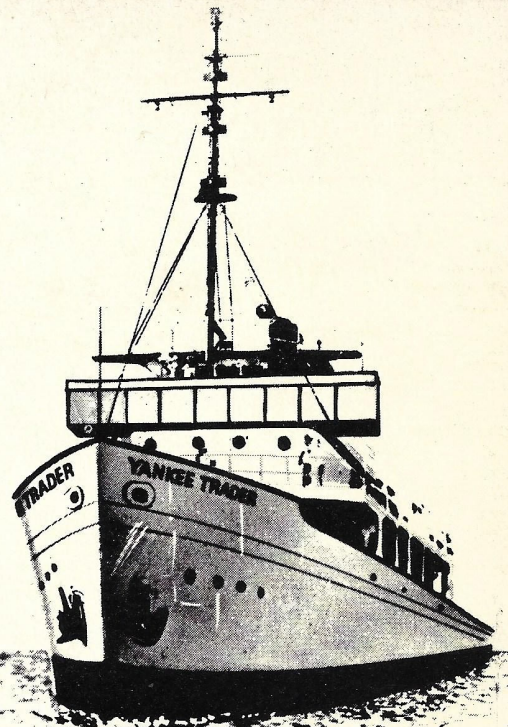
The Institute is dedicated to seeking out humorous individuals, studying them, and then writing lengthy and technical treatises. But we can't do this without your cooperation. If you are a humorous individual, you are required by law to register yourself at the Institute's clean and well-lighted offices in the Storke Publications Building on campus. If you don't, there's a good chance you'll die of mysterious causes.

The Institute is now accepting hot tips, cold cuts, and humorous articles for our special Autumn Registration Treatise. Interested individuals may also call Dr. Dornheim at 324-8814 or 321-9688.

Expedition 'round the world

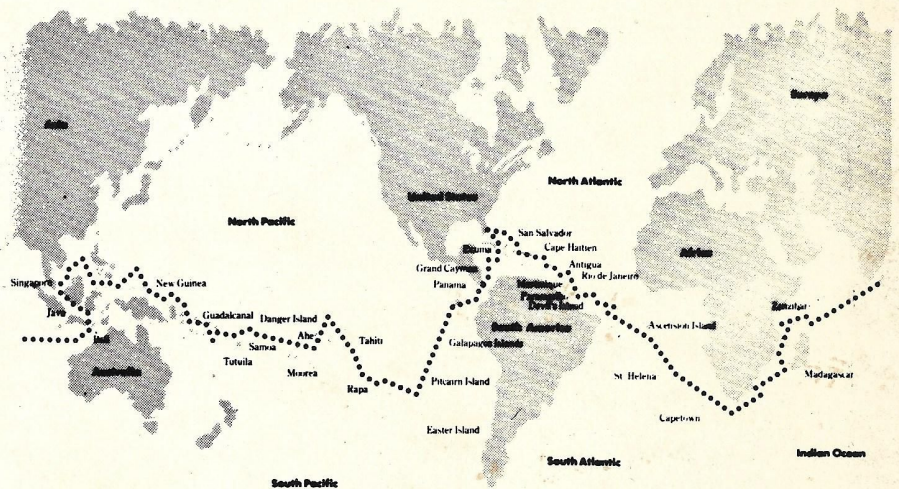
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