

CHAPARRAL

NOVEMBER

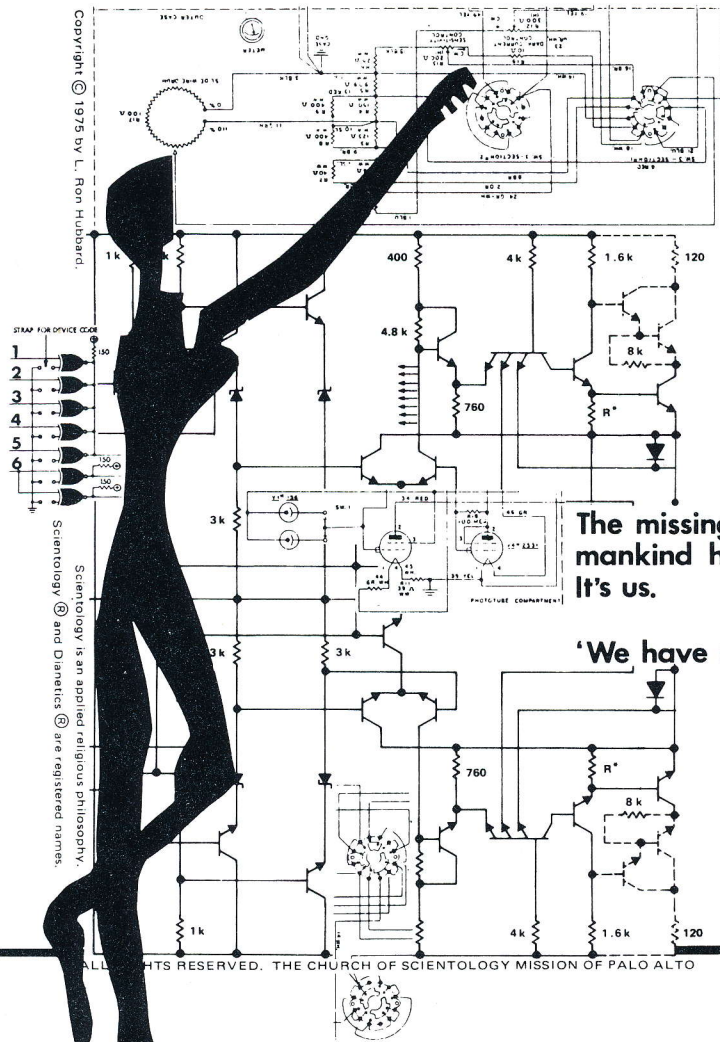


25¢

IS THIS YOU ?

AN AUTOMATIC, SOLID STATE, PUSH-BUTTON VERSION
OF THE 20TH CENTURY ROBOT

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It's us.

'We have met the enemy and he is us.'
POGO

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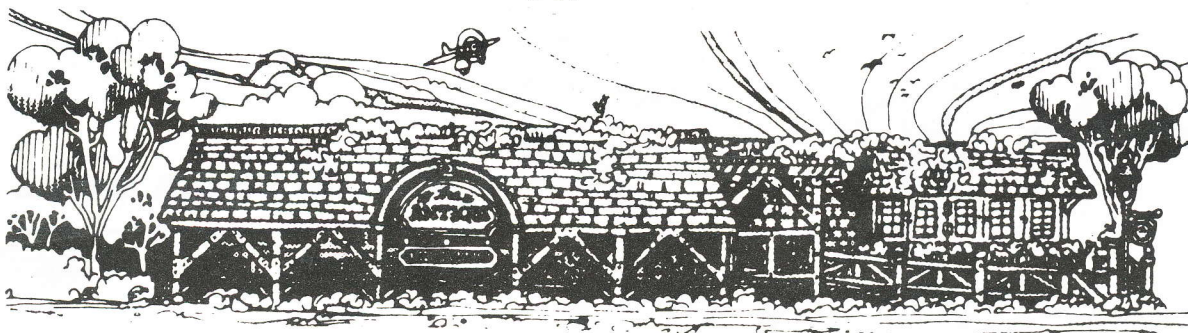
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Barry

Our 1/3 lb. sirloin steakburgers and 1/4 lb. all beef franks are broiled over a real charcoal fire. A large condiments bar is provided where you can broil your own sandwich, and we have a selection of salads and pies.

KIRK's has enjoyed the patronage of Stanford students for the past 27 years, having served approximately 700,000 during that time.

ask the man (pardon), the person, who has had one.

**Come to our new location:
361 California Avenue**

Palo Alto, Ca.



Volume 77, Number 2

November, 1975

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Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must seek reprint rights from the Editor. © 1975 by the Stanford Chaparral. Address all letters of complaint, praise, or exultation to the Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, CA 94305.

Letters to the Editor

Editor,

You will please to call your teams the Mitsubishi's from now on as we have just purchased your university.

Mr. I. Tanaka

Editor,

I'm afraid that Mr. Tanaka has incorrect information. Just this afternoon I finalized the deal for my purchase of Stanford. In honor of my country your teams will be called the Fighting Iranians.

The Shah

Editor,

I am writing to you to attempt to put aright recent reports of my imminent demise. They are grossly exaggerated. I did succumb to a slight malaise following the consumption of some vintage Vichysoisse from Juan Carlos' cellars. But I am fully recovered. I will personally lead my gallant troops in the defense of our Saharan territory against those Moroccan bandits. The courageous Juan Carlos shall lead the charge.

Generalissimo Franco

(cont. on next page)

The Stanford Chaparral

*Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams*

*Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1965*

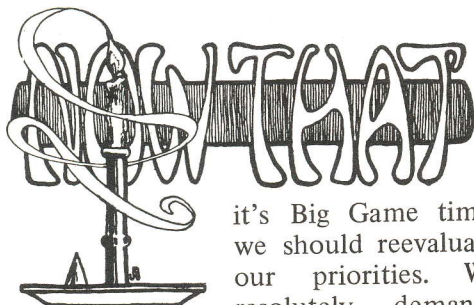
Field Marshal Mike Dornheim	Graphics Mike Barry
Chancellor of the Exchequer Jeff Stoler	Photo Cogs Stan Murashige Dave Gordon
Bouncer Walt Kloefkorn	Vital Cogs Barry Parr Tom Devine Rob Docters Bruce Leiserowitz Heidi Schellman Roy Skogstrom Gary DeFilippo Ted Gioia Jon Barth Bruce Goldstein Brett Fromson Pete Wirth Mark Metzler
Clown Al X	
Staff car Le Genuine	
That Sucks Jim Sarina	
Advertising Cogs Pat Hall Arnie Williams Ted Sengor	

Cover by Annie Leedy

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1965

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

REFLECTIONS



it's Big Game time, we should reevaluate our priorities. We resolutely demand:

Get rid of the Big Game! An alternative must be found. Thousands of people drive their cars to the stadium, filling the air with noxious fumes and creating dangerous traffic problems. It has been

estimated that the Big Game pollutes as much as three days of operation at the San Francisco airport. The game itself is a corporate exploitation of the people. It stimulates the student body's baser drives, diverting them from their studies. The entire Big Game is symbolic of a past era of waste and pollution, of irresponsible mirth and merriment.

The Big Game should be played on a smaller scale, perhaps in the Tresidder parking lot next to the ASSU. A Friday afternoon would be safer than a Saturday for the little game, since

(continued on page 29)



TOWN & COUNTRY VILLAGE SHOPPING CENTERS

American Express Company
 Andre Duval
 Anthony Pools, Inc.
 Bank of California, The
 Basket Shop, The
 Beals Card & Party Shop
 Centurion For Her
 China Lady, The
 Christian, S. of Copenhagen
 Cooks World Travel Service
 Cramer, Ltd. A.E.
 Decorator Waterbeds
 Delta Air Lines
 Dengler, H.J.
 Dina Rolla Travel Agency
 DiSalvo's Barber Shop
 Doumitt's Shoes
 Edy's Character Candies
 Erickson Gallery
 Foot Care Shop

Patio Shop
 Peninsula Book Shop
 Pier 1 Imports
 Powers, John Robert School
 Prestige, Inc.
 Prestige, Too
 Refesi's Foods
 Revelations
 Richardsons, The
 Royal Polynesian
 Rug Crafters
 Rule's Gifts Unlimited
 Schroeder, Bert
 Shop International
 Short Swing, Inc.
 Stickney's Hick'ry House
 Tearney's Man's Shop
 The Very Dry Florist
 Thinker Toys
 Tiare

French Language School, The
 Gabor's Delicatessen
 Golden West Savings and Loan
 Hidden House
 Hsi Nan
 India Imports International
 Jepsen, A. Falck, Studio
 Klass Jewelers
 Kling's Candies
 Krohn, Robert, Shoes & Things
 Leandri
 Leda Exclusives
 McCurry's Keeble Cameras
 MacDonald, E.F. Travel Company
 Max Und Moritz
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 Mikado
 Mr. Calculator
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Town & Country Florist
 Town & Country Market
 Town & Country Music Center
 Town & Country Pharmacy
 Trans World Airlines
 Treasure Island
 United Travel Service
 Village Cheese House
 Village Cobbler
 Village Fine Pastries
 Village Hardware
 Village Pipe Shop
 Village Stationers
 Village Variety
 Western Airlines
 Wick Candle Shop
 Wilby Optical Lab.
 Williams Cutlery Co.
 Williams - Sonoma

Editor,

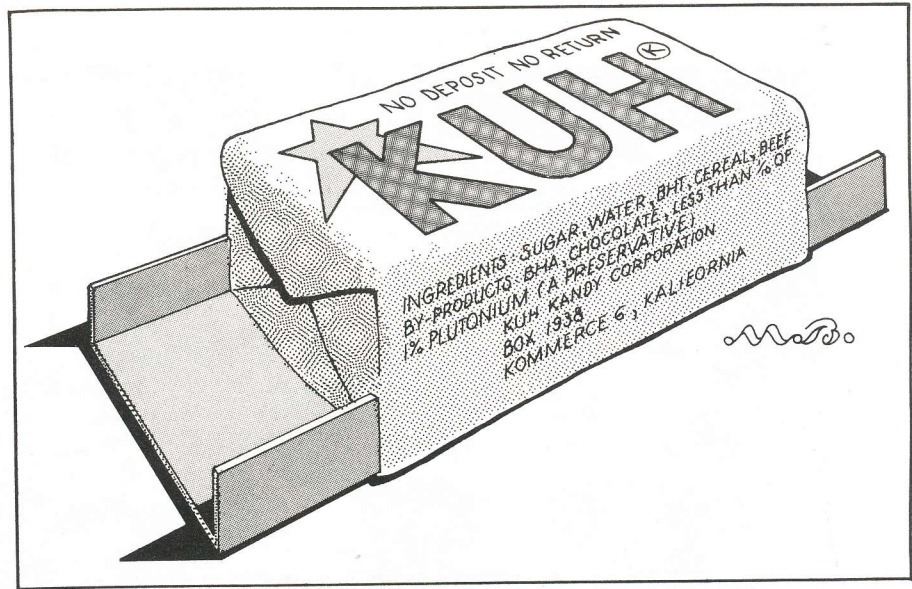
Here are the keys to Honeycomb House. Don't let any Indians, Persians, or Japs have them. Give them only to a Mr. I. Amin to whom I have recently sold the University.

Provost William Miller
Buenos Aires

Editor,

You all take dis here froshbook and round up all the chicks I've circled. Send dem to de Delt house where I'll be staying.

Idi



BIG GAME SPECIAL

with coupon

Item	Small	Large
Meatball Jr.	\$.79	
Meatball		\$1.30
Italian Hot Link Sausage		1.85
Roast Beef	1.30 ..	1.80
Pastrami	1.30 ..	1.80
Imported Ham	1.30 ..	1.80
Mortadella	1.10 ..	1.60
Italian Dry Salami	1.10 ..	1.60
Provolone Cheese79 ..	1.40
Combination Special		1.80
Cold Turkey	1.25 ..	1.75
Club Sub	1.30 ..	1.85

all sandwiches include provolone cheese. All prices include sales tax.

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Sat. 10-5
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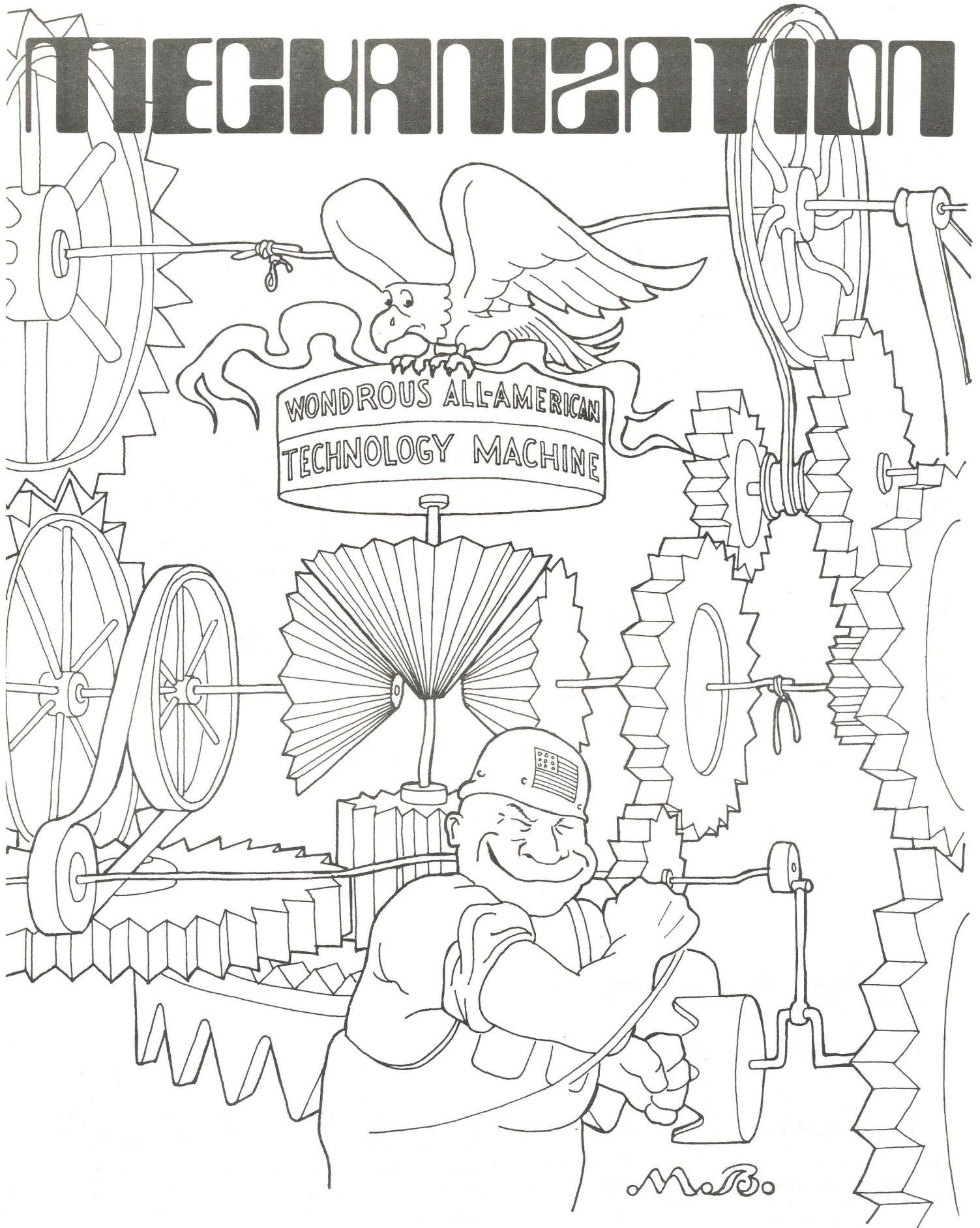
This Month
While They Last
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Reg.
\$19995
including cabinet.

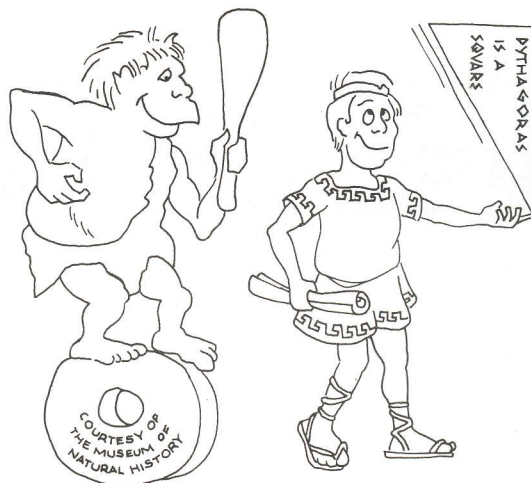
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MECHANIZATION



A History of Mechanization



Ever since man rose from the primal ooze and began to eke out an existence from the earth's caves, grasslands, and open-pit gravel mines, he has been looking for an easy way out of work.

This quest has culminated in a heretofore unheard-of array of modern mechanization. That technological apex is shared by such items as the electronic calculator, Trac II shaving system, Vegematic and the Baggie.

We'll never understand the workings of the minds of men such as Edison, Watt, Archimedes; the nameless individual who first used a wheel or chipped a flint, or the poor devil who discovered that oleanders make a nifty rat poison. This is the story of these and other such people.

Mechanistically speaking, ancient and prehistoric times were not terribly productive. Nearly all the great machines of those times – the wheel, pulley, inclined plane, lever and so forth are known to any school child and it is only due to the stupidity and poor public school system of the ancients that these can be considered discoveries at all. For this reason we will ignore them.

There were, however, ancient inventions of note: the pyramids, Stonehenge, and the Archimedes Screw, for instance. The less said about the latter, the better.

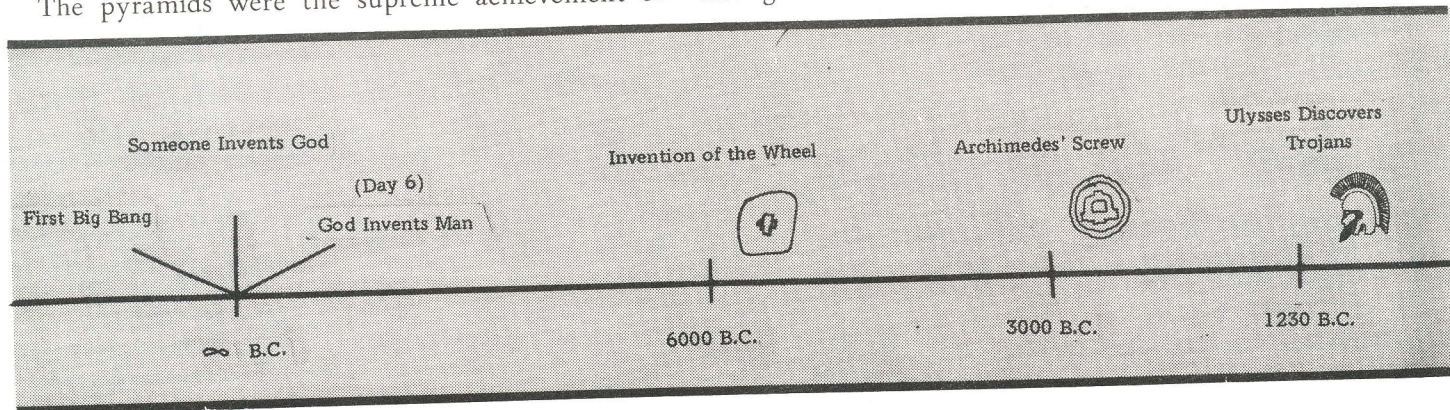
The pyramids were the supreme achievement of

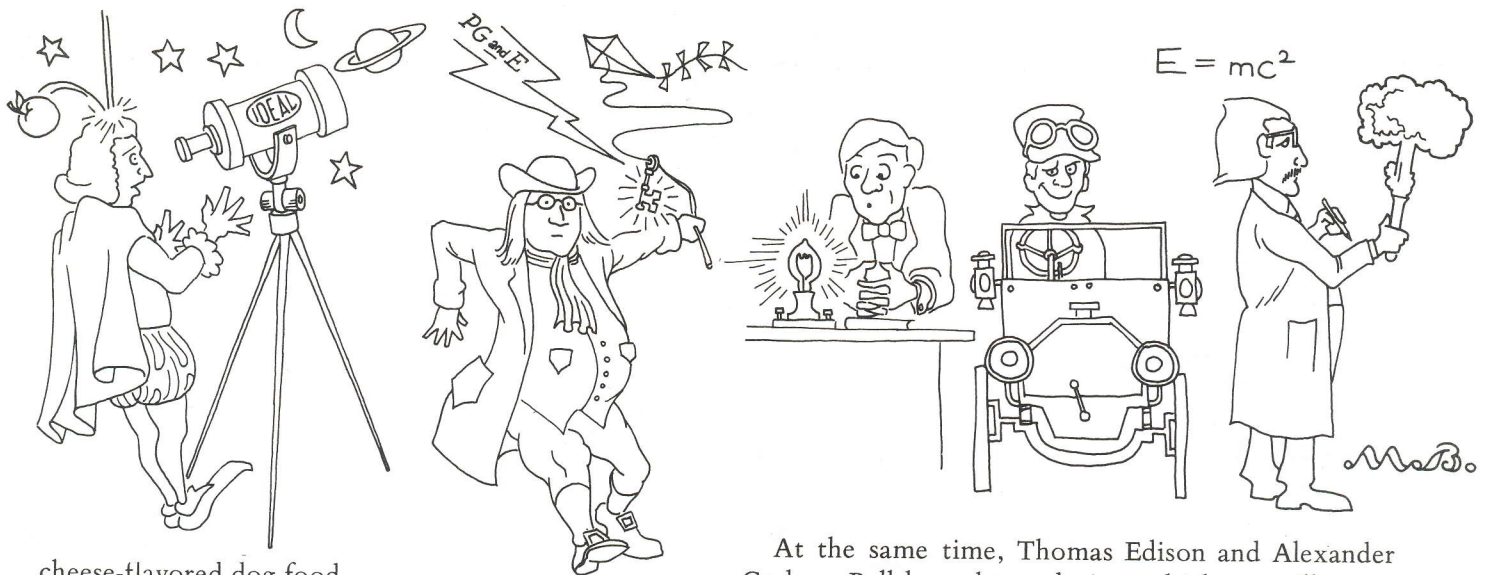
ancient Egypt. Thousands of slaves labored for decades to build the huge stone edifices to incredibly precise and marvelously intricate specifications. The reason for these massive stone monuments? The ancient Egyptians used the well-known power of the pyramids to sharpen their razor blades. Recent evidence indicates that Stonehenge may have served a similar purpose: either to recharge penlight batteries or remove spots from suede.

The next period in the history of mechanisation was the Dark Ages, so called because of the lack of electric lights. While other ages were also marked by an absence of electric lights, they should not be confused with the Dark Ages. During this time there were lots of wars and everybody was killed.

The Renaissance brought us some of the greatest human minds: Newton, Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the ever-popular Renee Descartes.

Leonardo anticipated by several centuries the mechanisation of the future. Hundreds of his inventions are drawn on the pages of his journals, labeled with Leonardo's curious mirror-writing, which is not a code, as popularly thought, but merely an indication of da Vinci's inability to distinguish between left and right. In the pages of the books are the first conceptualizations of such modern devices as the parachute, helicopter, diesel locomotives laser-guided bomb, fast-breeding reactor, and





cheese-flavored dog food.

When Gutenberg developed moveable type, it had a cataclysmic effect upon the publishing industry. Gutenberg's Bible was a brilliant innovation. Within days it rocketed to the top of the central European best seller list. It was the talk of cocktail parties throughout Europe. By the time the paperback edition came out, Gutenberg had become a recluse, preferring the solitude of his villa on the Riviera to the fast-paced world of publishing.

But mechanization didn't really get moving until the Industrial Revolution. Though it began in Europe, it made its greatest advances in America. This is due primarily to the fact that Americans were hardier, more energetic and foresighted, and in general, more intelligent.

The first of the great American mechanizers was Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin. Unlike most machines which displaced workers, Whitney's invention created lifetime jobs for thousands of otherwise unemployable Negroes.

Following the Civil War, the economy of the South was ravaged. George Washington Carver helped bring the South back on its feet by making hundreds of usable items from peanuts. On one occasion, Carver managed to distill vermouth from peanuts. He promptly mixed it with Whitney's cotton gin to make the first martini.

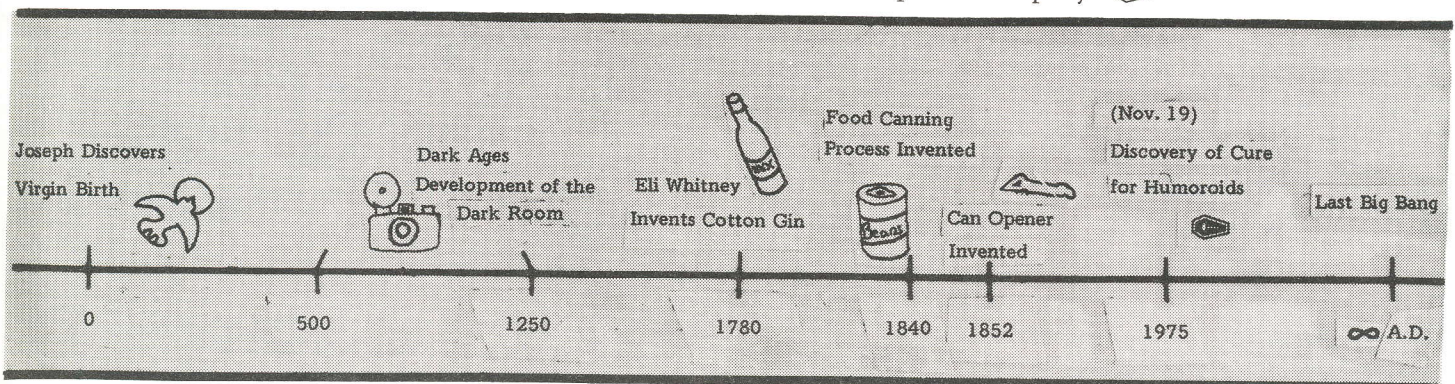
At the same time, Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell brought us devices which are still a part of our everyday lives. One can hardly imagine the excitement of Bell's first words over the telephone: "Watson, come here. I need you," after which he was put on hold.

Few can deny, however, that the Twentieth Century has been the greatest period of mechanization in human history. The Wright brothers initiated the massive aviation industry, which encompasses everything from the huge 747 to those little paper cups of macadamia nuts served by the airlines.

With the advent of electronic calculators, we no longer have to worry about trivial matters like arithmetic. Not only that, but they have virtually replaced the outmoded, cumbersome and expensive slide rule.

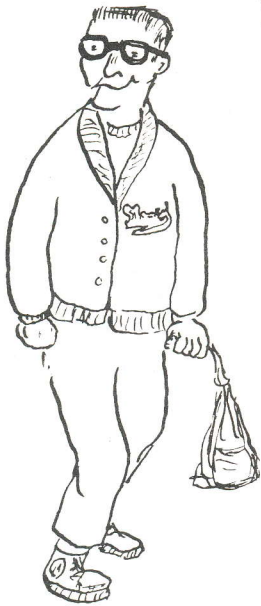
And what about the future of machines, now that they have replaced animals and human physical and mental labor? Will they eventually replace fruit? or the entire plant kingdom? Can they replace eating? Or 12-year old Scotch? Or facial hair?

But such questions have no answer. For the present, the modern American home is a shrine to the history of mechanization. Suddenly it doesn't seem like such a huge leap from the pyramids to the Gillette Techmatic, or from the Archimedes Screw to the telephone company. ▶

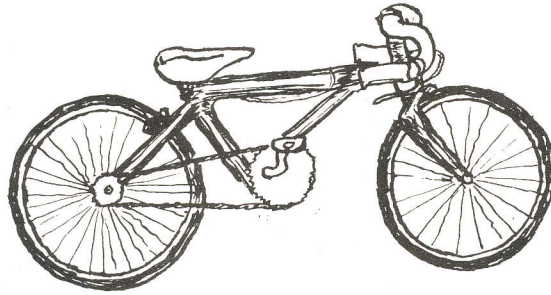


Bicycles vs. Pedestrians

by Brad Efron & Pete Steinhart



1: This is a pedestrian



2: This is a bicycle



3: This is a bicycle rider



4: This is a bicycle rider riding a bicycle



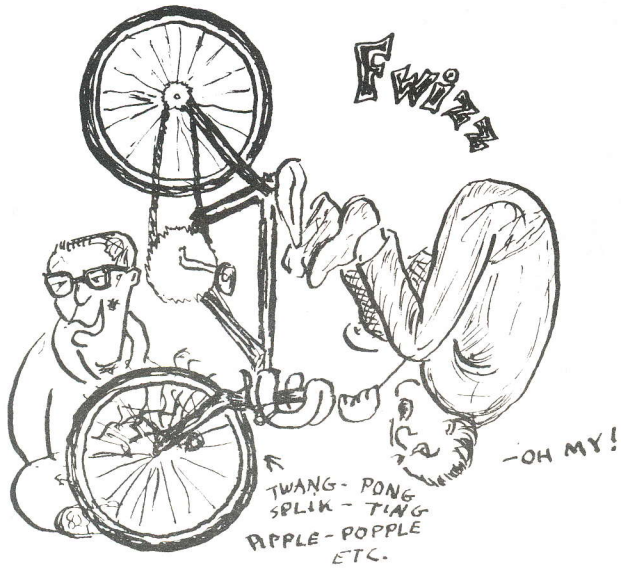
5: This is a bicycle rider riding a bicycle over a pedestrian



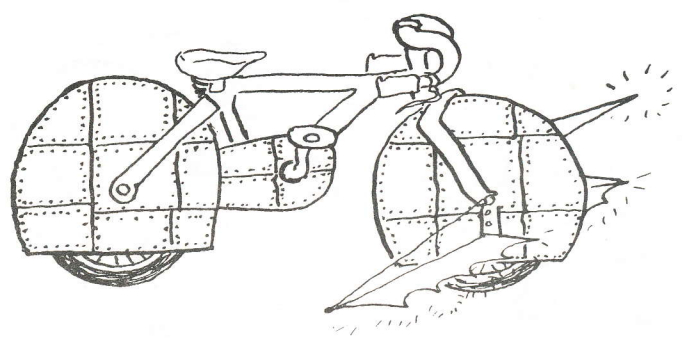
6: This is a stick



7: This is a pedestrian holding a stick



8: This is an effective anti-bicycle maneuver



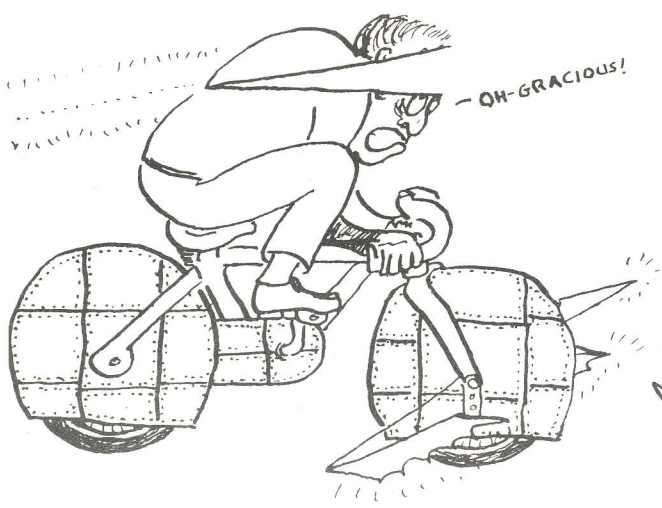
9: This is a stick-proof bicycle



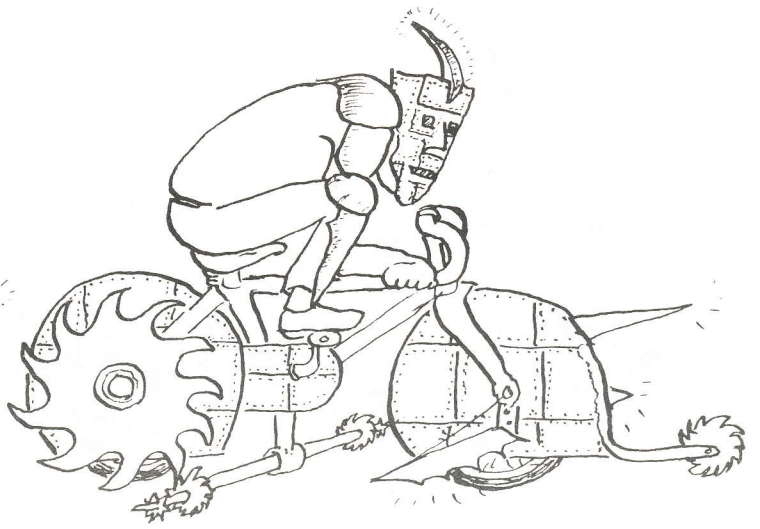
10: This is not a stick-proof-bicycle-proof pedestrian



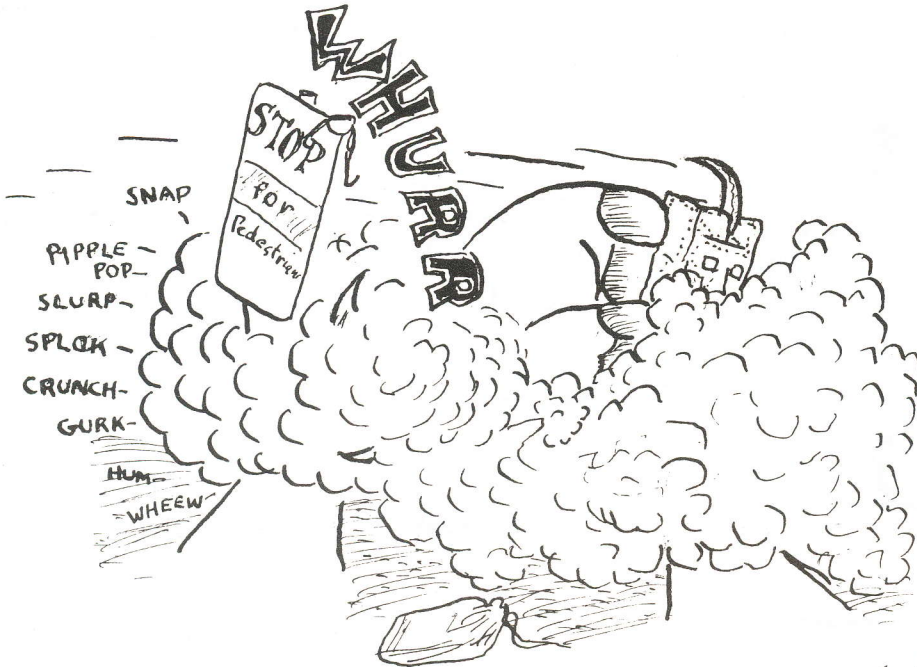
11: This is a razor-sharp neck-high wire, virtually invisible except when the light is right



12: This is a nasty accident. The light wasn't right



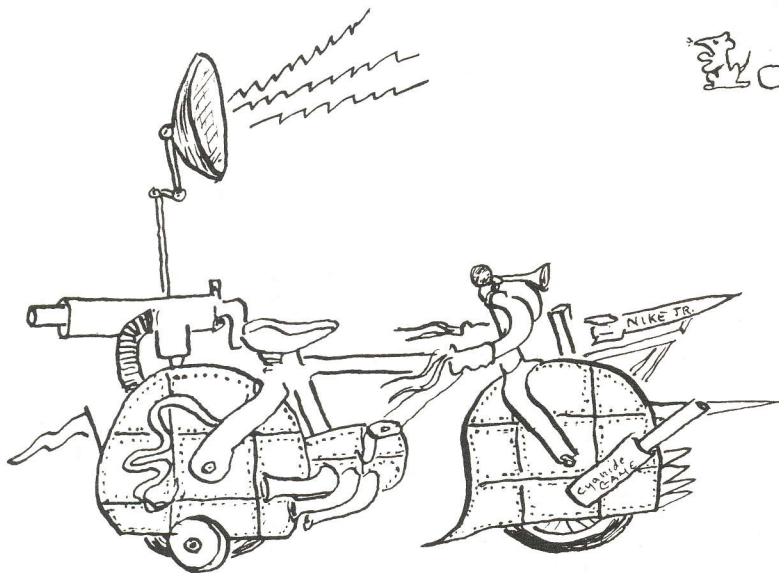
13: This is a razor-sharp-wire-proof bicycle rider riding a stick-proof bicycle with Ben-Hur attachments



14: This is a traffic safety crosswalk for the protection of pedestrians. Big Deal.



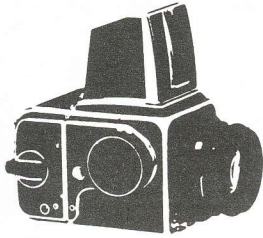
15: This is an anti-bicycle rat pack



16: This is a rat-pack-proof-razor-sharp-wire-proof stick-proof-magnetic-proof bicycle. It sells for \$8639.67 at the bookstore



17: This is 100-proof whiskey. What the hell's the hurry anyway?



Camera Department

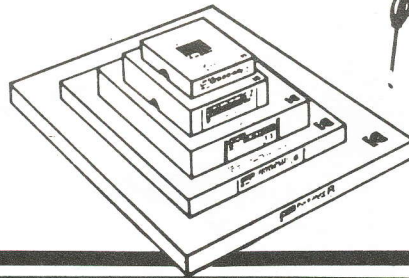
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PALO ALTO

The RISE OF ROME



SCENE I.

(Ancient Rome, during the reign of the great Julius Caesar. A crowd has gathered in the Forum to proclaim his honor.)

GLUTEUS MAXIMUS, a respected senator: O great Caesar, thou art truly a god among men! Yea, even thine essence extendeth fully three hundred millicubits further than the norm of the populace, sayeth Scurrilus Census, who knoweth much of such; and e'en though other men's may reach for the heavenly bodies, yet how much farther penetrateth thine into the vast unknown?

(Applause)

LORD PERRY, Court Poet and sage:

*Though Romulus and Remus
Have of praises, the extremest
Yet our accolades most solemn
Go to thy bionic column!*

(Tumultuous applause)

CAESAR (whispering): Silence, fool, lest they all learn my secret, that I am the Six Trillion Lira Man! (Cleopatra and Mark Antony stand nearby; she looks more scornfully at him with each mention of Caesar's majestic manhood. Antony avoids her contemptuous gaze, but knows that trouble is afoot)

SCENE II.

(Antony and Cleopatra lie in bed, separate and supine)

CLEO. (disdainfully):

*O Antony, thou wouldst be sure a pleaser
Wert thou to have a column such as Caesar
Alas, before thy core a pinhole gapes! —
At orgies thou art sent to get the grapes*

ANT. (sitting up with sudden outrage): And thee, Cleopatra, the original orgy-poofer! Thy private zones be dry as matzo!

*E'en for men who lust be cravin'
Thy nether moors cause little ravin'
As nearer draw the Ides of March
Proportionately thine dost parch!*

CLEO. (sitting up furiously): Thy chest hairs scarcer than polar bears in Cairo be!

ANT. (mockingly) And prithee, Cleopatra, how growest thine pyramids so long and pointy? Thy Leaning Towers causeth not Galileo to drop his balls.

*A babe would needst a sword-swallower be
To find his nourishment with thee
Their lancet tips would likely gore him
Should errant be his roamin' for 'em!*

CLEO. (screaming):

I swear against the honor of the Sphinx

No mummy like thy rancid foot-stench stinks!

ANT. (shouting): And thou makest a terrible lasagna!

(Cleopatra draws back indignantly, then walks out in a huff. Antony, left to cogitate, decides to seek help from his old friend Lord Perry, who, in addition to his poet duties, is the local vendor of sexual devices.)

SCENE III.

(The residence of Lord Perry — stately, white, and lavishly adorned with multi-colored flowers)

ANT.: I come to thee because my love life createth a vacuum orally. Hast thou the latest rap?

LORD PERRY: Ah, indeed I do! This be just in from Athens.

(He reads from *A Generic Sexual History of Hysterical Septagenarians*, by Euripides Phartz, noted Greek sex fiend)

Thy lipid-covered anal pore

Doth tempt me to diversion

My pulsing, throbbing, wetted core

Desireth excursion

As toga clings to dampened breast

And causes trouser cramping

It's under navel I like best

For Winnebago camping

So rise ye brethren, take two arms

And leave thy follicles behind

Caress instead these glistening charms

Whilst pubic hairs become entwined

ANT. (mildly shocked): Gad, thou art gay, Lord Perry!

L.P.: 'Tis all the rage! There be even champion chariot drivers of this persuasion — surely thou hast heard of Ben Gay!

(With a far-off gaze) Why, in a hundred years the world shall see Nero fiddling!

ANT.: 'Tis all well and good, but what of my present problem? Cleopatra hath likened me unto a gladiator charging his opponent with a golf tee.

L.P.: What thou needst is a Romeco Home Pillar-Stretcher! Guaranteed to transform thy wilted scallion into a veritable colloseum in but three short weeks! Works like a taffy-puller, but not so gently. Only 10⁶⁹ lira — practically the cost of one toga!

ANT.: And what of my sparse thoracic follicles? Be there a device to increase their number?

L.P.: Indeed there be such — the Satin Latin breast toupe! Not a weave, not a transplant — just a hunk of hair to paste to thy chest! And only 10¹⁶ lira!

ANT.: And for fetid feet?

L.P.: Alas, Dr. Scholl will not deliver us from bromodrosis for another 2000 years. But thou couldst lure her attention elsewhere with poetic eloquence:

(cont. on page 26)



ndiavaraja

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A refreshingly distinctive dining experience — authentic dishes made of fresh ingredients.

DINNER

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What's New

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bring you the
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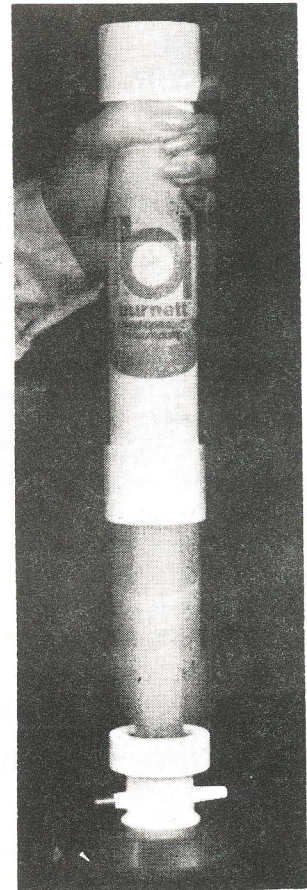


Drill Extension

Get into those hard to reach places with this new innovation from *Handy Tools*. (\$14) Fits all power drills and can handle many diverse jobs. Farmers have been especially pleased with its effectiveness as a livestock prod. Also available, a nut driver extension. (\$10)

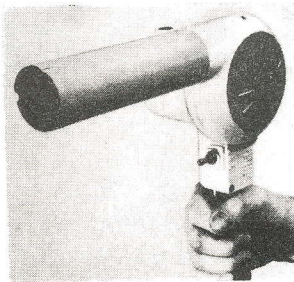
Beauty Massager

Hand-powered, vibrating facial massager. Operates on vacuum power, created by hand-pumping. Pleasurable tingling sensation. Available in 700cc, 1000cc, and jumbo 1500 cc capacities. (\$12.99 and up)



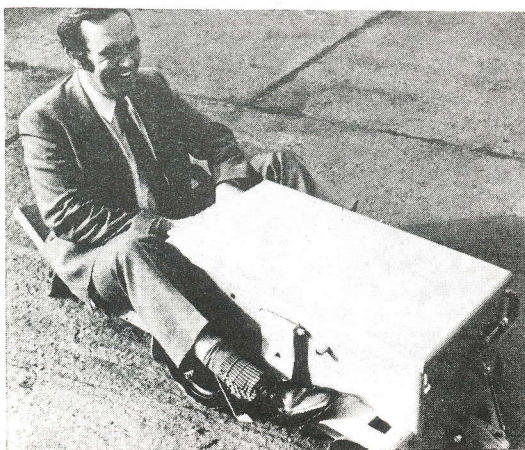
Natural Look

Tired of limp, lifeless hair? This new hair dryer-styler delivers concentrated electric heat up to 1000° F. It softens, dries, cures and shrinks. An attachment delivers the power of electricity directly to your hair. Gives hair a youthful, natural look. (\$19.99)



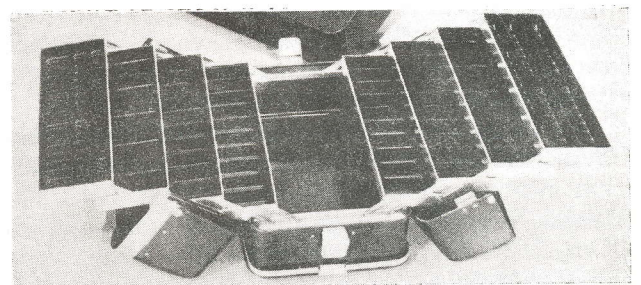
Breast Pump

Put new life in a worn out breast? *Breast-pump* punctures duds with a needle, replaces normal pressure with a pump and gauge, and seals the hole with a silicone adhesive. Sealant included. One inflation lasts weeks. Painless. (\$31.95)



Executive's Delight

Being released just in time for Christmas, the *HappyExec* is the latest concept in executive toys. (\$250) Ideal for the man who has everything. A companion model, the *HappySec* is designed to meet the needs of the woman who has everything. Many businesses are placing these in their typing pools and getting happier workers and increased output.



Big Box

Made for overendowed fishermen. Opens to display eight trays and 64 compartments insuring variety. Possum Belly container in bottom holds up to three large rods. Tired of carrying it? You can sit on it. Or have it sit on you. (\$22)



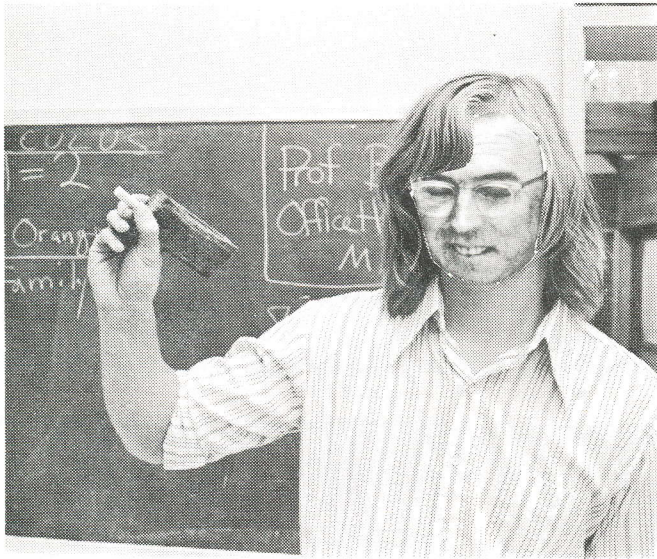
Kleavatwin

The latest in medical technology comes into your living room with this Siamese twin seperator from Ween Associates.(\$125) Lets you handle the problem without muss or fuss. Saves on medical bills. Myriads of other uses.

Mold Minds
Brainwash an heiress? Anyone can with this little gadget. Clearly marked controls and easy-to-read instructions make it possible. Works on proven

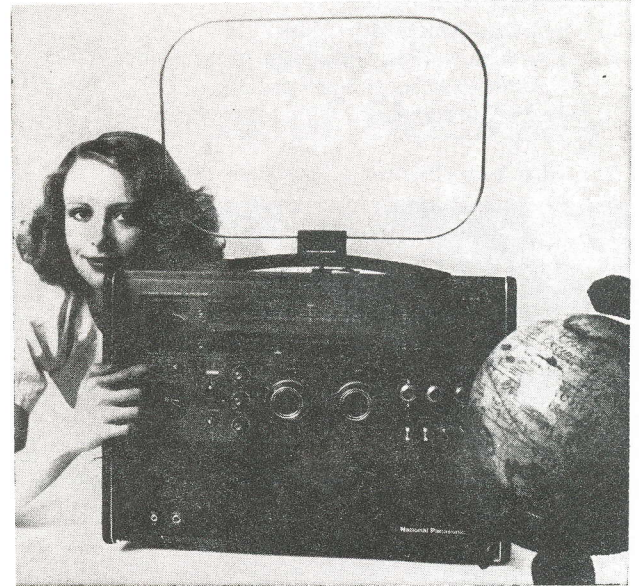


scientific principles. Cannot be shipped to New York. (\$599)



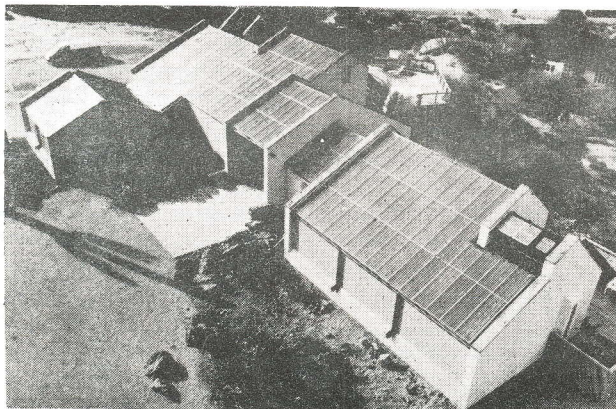
Educational Aid

Math prof Harold Maile Bacon of Stanford University is pictured holding his *Chalkraser*. A clever device, it simplifies instructors' lives a hundred-fold, allowing them to easily erase the blackboard in a fraction of the time it formerly took. (\$5.99)



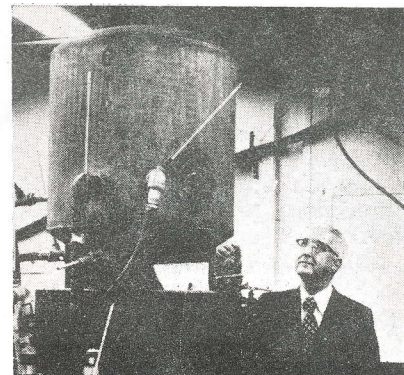
Compact AM Radio

Carrie Umbrage, president of Umbrage Electronics in Max, North Dakota, displays her company's new "Convert Your TV Into an AM Radio Kit." "Many people aren't aware that televisions contain many of the same components as your standard radio," says Umbrage. With this kit, which costs only \$375, anybody can convert almost any color console television into a very attractive AM radio.



Harness the Sun

On the left is a new solar-powered fraternity recently completed on the campus of Stanford University. Completely self-contained, a similar unit will soon be available for private homes. (\$7999). Storage facilities in the basement retain energy for cloudy days. The fratmen have introduced a few innovations of their own to the basic model. Blackouts during parties help to conserve electricity. The beer keg pictured on the right is completely solar-powered. It will soon be on the market for around \$150.



Test Your Mechanical IQ

1. What is a mechanic's most valuable tool?
 - a. a crescent wrench.
 - b. a BankAmericard.
 - c. a good working knowledge of mechanics.
 - d. it depends on who he's tooling.
 - e. a 32 oz. hammer.
2. What is an effective, safe cleaning agent?
 - a. good old soap and water.
 - b. a Chinaman.
 - c. kerosene or a commercial product such as Gunk.
 - d. it depends on who you're tooling.
 - e. ammonium nitrate scouring powder and gasoline.
3. The difference between a crescent wrench and a monkey wrench is:
 - a. monkey wrenches come in left and right handed versions.
 - b. a profit margin of 23%.
 - c. they are intended for different purposes.
 - d. you can get a much better grip with a monkey wrench and the teeth feel heavenly.
 - e. the monkey wrench makes a much better hammer.
4. A leaky faucet is generally caused by:
 - a. hard, fluoridated water.
 - b. creeping socialism, honestly — you can't get good help any more.
 - c. a worn-out washer.
 - d. it's that time of the month again.
 - e. "spare the hammer, spoil the faucet."
5. How is output measured?
 - a. the car's name.
 - b. GNP, preferably in Swiss francs.
 - c. DIN, SAE standards.
 - d. depends on who's putting out.
 - e. transmissions blown per week.
6. How do you repair a flat tire?
 - a. destroy it with the tire iron and then go out and steal a new one.
 - b. cover the hole with a condom.
 - c. dismount, patch, inflate, remount.
 - d. the chauffeur can handle it.
 - e. staple it together.

7. How would you repair a broken taillight lens?
 - a. crowbar, hammer and an arc welder.
 - b. obviously all the lights on tails are red.
 - c. as indicated in the manufacturers instructions.
 - d. buy a new car.
 - e. epoxy.
8. How often should you regrind your valves?
 - a. there's no such word as valves in stock car racing.
 - b. use Vaseline and you won't have to.
 - c. every 50,000 miles.
 - d. as soon as you reach the 50% bracket.
 - e. until they're smooth.
9. Valve float is caused by:
 - a. dropping below 8,000 RPM.
 - b. excessive vibrator speed.
 - c. excessive engine speed.
 - d. excessive wage demands by big labor.
 - e. swimming lessons.
10. What is a "hot cam"?
 - a. German invention which increases power (what else?).
 - b. ask Carrie at 324-1939.
 - c. a cam with increased lift.
 - d. Commercial Associates and Managers, up 24 points in the last two months.
 - e. power, baby, power.

Turn the page upside down to read.

scoring: For questions 1-5 give yourself 1 pt. for any a. answers, 2 pts. for any b. answers, etc. For questions 6-10 reverse the procedure (i.e. 5 pts. for a. answers, 4 pts. for b. answers, etc.).

0-10 points: You are the classic Stanford nerd. Women have no interest in you because you're a dull, boring person who's always trying to crack jokes. You're probably an engineer too.

11-20 points: You are a rich, fascist WASP bastard. You don't have to worry because you can pay for the 10% tuition increases with your huge, obscene profits made from the sweat of the proletariat. So you just sit around and read garbage like this.

21-30 points: These are the correct answers or so we think. Either you cheated by looking at this key or you belong at the LaSalle School of Engineering.

31-40 points: You are despicable, perverted, gross, utterly tasteless person who has only one thing on your mind. Stop by the office when you're free (We refuse to pay).

41-50 points: You are a fair country mechanic. You have a delicate feel for how machinery works. You could get a job with almost any auto repair shop.

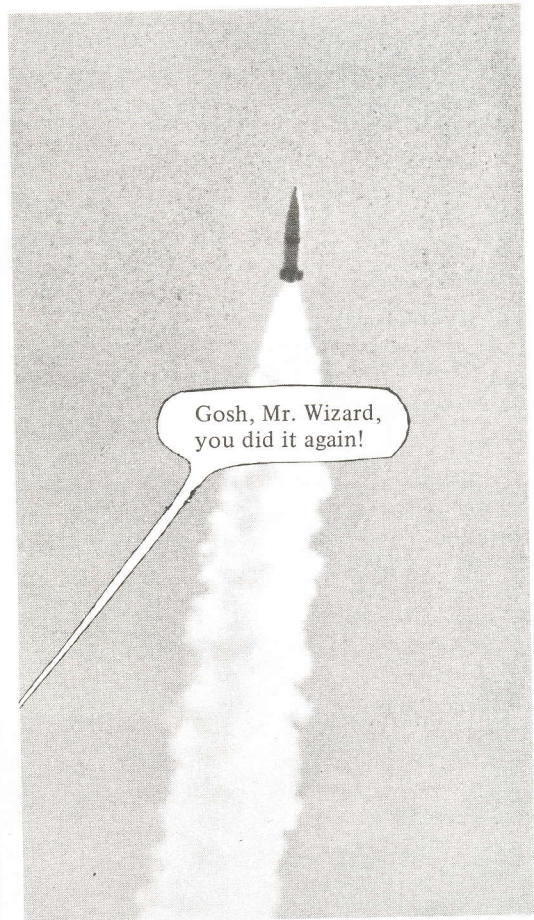
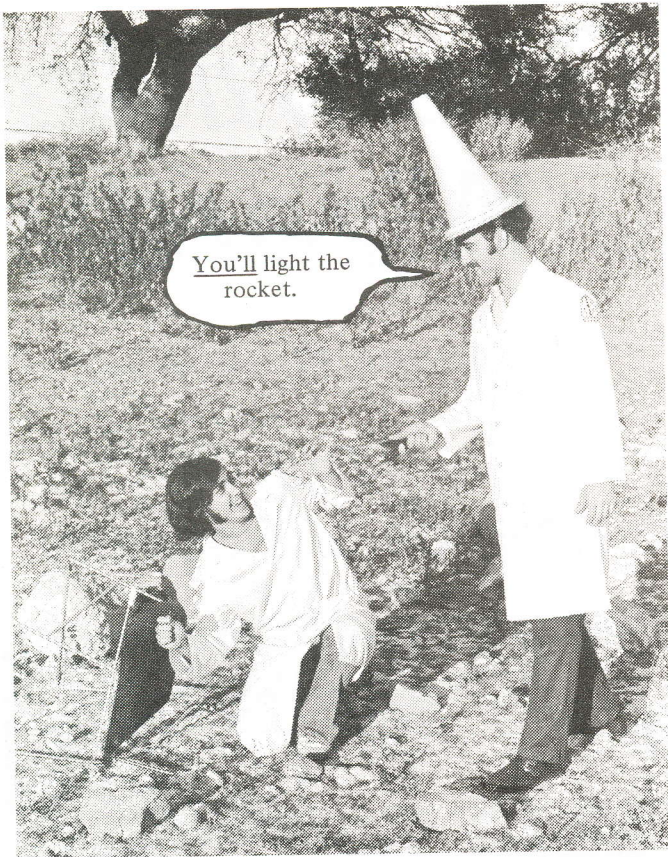
Turn the magazine right side up again before you attempt to finish reading it.

Gosh, Mr. Wizard

in

The Science of Rocketry





Next Week:
"Can a Dead Man
Have an Erection?"

Across the Rubicon

"Und now vwee can see dat in der language of zis native afrikanisher tribe, zat says 'no,' Yes?"

"No or yes?"

"Yes, it is 'no'."

"Oh?"

"No, no."

"Nanette."

At this point thirty dancers which have been hiding in the chalk drawer of the teacher's desk spring forth and go into the main dance number, singing "She loves you (yeah, yeah, yeah)."

sort of suspicious hostility.

"What are you doing here?"

"Our tube turned itself off."

"You're not going to watch 'the other' are you?"

'The other' was a bizarre, esoteric, futuristic and — if the North Twainese were to be believed — stupid way of referring to Monty Python's Flying Circus. The split between the groups had come many years ago when one of the networks had decided to put that show opposite Star Trek, then the current favo-


"So it is agreed, you get SPACE 1999 on Thursdays, and we get Star Trek on the other days." This bargain seemed fair enough to the young, new radical pressure group for SPACE 1999. The combined forces of both groups would fall upon the Pythons this weekend, there would be a proscription, all Pythons would be eliminated and the TV set, with its holy images, would be theirs forever. The list of the victims was drawn up at this secret meeting held outside of the TV room with the complacent Pythons inside. It was also arranged to set up a Triumverate once in power. Logically, as this was the first Triumverate of the kind it was called "the First Triumverate" and it was composed of Trekkie Markus Plutonus, Octavious of Space 1999, and a third member called Trekkidus.

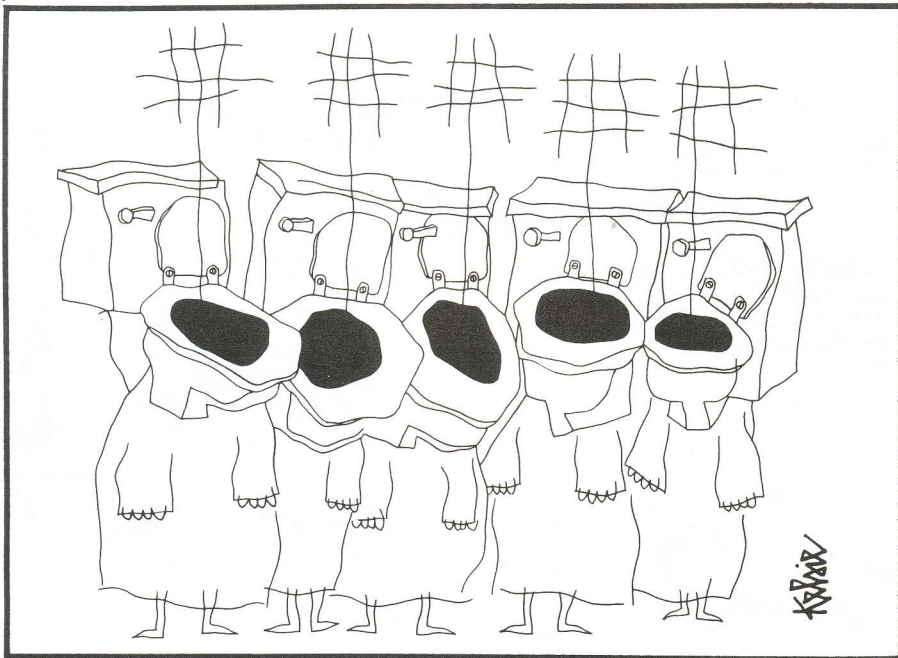
Many moons later the Trekkies and the Space 1999ers were waiting outside of the Python's television room's front door and window respectively. The leaders looked anxiously at their synchronized \$12.95 Syncrex watches, with twelve jewels, made by skilled craftsmen.

The second hands swept up to the top of the dials, with a signal the two groups braced themselves. The leaders raised their hands and then lowered them.

The door and windows flew open, thirty bloodthirsty fanatics wildeyed in their holy quest rushed in ready to slice to pieces the fifteen people who threatened to deprive them of all they lived for. There would be no quarter given, the Pythons would never rise again to threaten their viewing Star Trek.

Fifteen people before a blank set looked dully up as the horde poured into the room. The eldest, upon whom the last five minutes had weighed heavily, stood up slowly and uttered six words:

"The picture tube has gone blooie." 



CLICK, the TV turned itself off with a distinct pop. None noticed at first, then Sheryl, the girl in the corner, turned around and warned, with mild surprise in her Brooklyn accent:

"The television has turned itself off." Action was immediate.

'The long march' as the trek was to be known (actually it was about four hundred yards, the distance between the television room in Twain north and Twain east).

The residents of Twain east looked up in dull surprise when the viewers from Twain north came staggering, next the dull surprise gave way to a

rite. The resulting battle over who should watch the color set had forever split Twain house. The Trekkies after a long and bitter battle had won and the Pythons were forever banished from the color.

"Yes, and this time we are the stronger, we have the power!" (Diabolical laughter follows).

The Trekkies thought quickly — it was clear the Pythons had grown since their last encounter, and even then they had been fierce enemies in the Tele-ponesian wars. Neville, the Trekkie leader made a decision: they would have to withdraw, temporarily.

Once Around the Quadraplegic

Society's need for prosthetics can be traced back to the early caveman, who, when involved in skirmishes with the local monsters, would occasionally lose a limb or section of his body. After a careful examination of the wound, he would discover that he could no longer use the missing parts in the ways that he was accustomed to, and became less of a man, depending on what part he lost. In such cases, the cripple would become an outcast from society, and be delegated the job of cleaning up the cave-bathrooms, or something else equal in status. It was dissatisfaction with this system of job rehabilitation that sparked interest in finding spare parts for the body.

Unfortunately, much of the earlier efforts were grossly misplaced in emphasis. Ancient botanists, observing plant regeneration, hypothesized that with proper methods, the lost limb could be grown back. They treated the wounds with various potions and nurturing agents, and succeeded in manufacturing the first medical case of gangrene. Others who noticed the ability of certain lizards to grow back tails tried to graft tails onto the stump. Very few victims ever gained much dexterity with a tail, and the white-blood cells eventually got rid of the alien limb.

It soon became painfully obvious to the victims of such therapy that the replacement parts would have to be made out of materials that could repel such attacks, and at the same time be attached to the body in a relatively painless way. The first logical material was wood, but its flaw soon became obvious: it rotted away very quickly unless treated with varnish. When treated with varnish, it tended to poison the owner (but with a beautiful finish). Different metals were tried, but they all rusted in a very short space of time. Added to this problem was the fact that this limb would weigh several pounds,

changing the center of balance of the entire body.

The different methods of attachment posed a large roadblock as well. Nails, tacks, and rivets were first tried, and all of them proved more damaging than the original wound. Elmer's glue was attempted for a time, but it lacked strength and was water soluble.

It wasn't until Dow Chemicals became interested in the art of prosthetics that these deficiencies began to be overcome. Their solution was to use plastics which duplicate as much as possible the weight and strength of

couldn't vocalize their objections. At any rate, President Ford ordered that such people, preferably orphans, be humanitariously saved from the Communist oppressors and brought to this country, in hopes of bettering their meager lives. As a result, Dow Chemical had more volunteers than it knew what to do with, and began research on giving movement to artificial limbs.

Dow brought a team of expert Swiss watch craftsmen to work on the solution. They came up with a tuning fork arm which vibrated 14,563 times a second, and a quartz



the original limb. This discovery revolutionized prosthetics, until it was realized that they needed some way of moving the limb around.

Luckily, the Vietnam war provided an excellent opportunity to find volunteers on whom to experiment. All these people, lovingly referred to as chinks and gooks, had been horribly maimed in the course of strategic retaliation, and so they either had nothing to lose by volunteering for this great research project, or else they were so badly injured that they

leg that kept time to within 3 milliseconds per month. But these parts couldn't hold up a pencil, support the weight of the body, walk around, or any of the other miscellaneous, mundane, and sometimes offensive duties that befalls the lot of a human limb.

Finally an obscure stockboy at Dow suggested the use of hinges, and putting a metal bar through the middle of the plastic, duplicating as much as possible the real composition. (cont. on page 31)

Danny Dunn and the Eugenics Machine

On a particular sunny April afternoon, as she did her ironing in the kitchen, Mrs. Dunn stood enchanted by that day's installment of 'As the World Turns.' Suddenly, she heard a series of noises that would have seemed normal to a stranger, but were quite puzzling to her. First there was a SLAM! of the front door, followed by the scuffling of P-F Flyers on the hardwood floor, and finally a voice hollering "Mom, it's me, your son Danny. I'm home from school."

"The postman must have been run over!" she thought. She grabbed her iron and kissed it as she gyrated madly, only to collide with Danny, who was standing in the kitchen doorway.

Danny picked himself off the floor.

"Jesus Christ, are you stupid!" he said affectionately.

Mrs. Dunn eyed her son's freckled face. Usually it was rosy and cheerful, but today his lips drooped and his blue eyes were clouded.

"What's the matter, honey-pie?" she recited.

Danny glumly ran a hand through his red hair.

"Aw, Mom. This forced busing for the purposes of racial integration got me down in the dumps," he said. "These kids are so slow that Miss Arnold says we'll probably have to spend the rest of the year on long division, and I wanted to learn about infinite sequences."

Mrs. Dunn cooed, deftly pressing the hot iron up and down her forearm.

"Why Danny Dunn! I didn't know you were racist! Why, where do you think we'd be without Ralph Bunche or George Washington?"

"Carver, Mom, and probably we'd be right where we are now!" laughed Danny, recovering his good humor. "But it's not just a matter of race," he protested. "There are a lot

of dumb white people, too, and I can't see why society even attempts to educate them, when they could be hauling slag somewhere, or donating their livers to the organ bank."

"Oh, you and your high Iowa scores!" giggled Mrs. Dunn while ironing her appendectomy scar. "Why don't you talk it over with the Professor? I'm sure he doesn't feel that way."

Danny's father had mysteriously died of acute third-degree burns when Danny was only a baby, and Mrs. Dunn had taken the job of housekeeper to the famous William Schockley who had won the Nobel prize for the invention of the resistor. Although Professor Schockley was gainfully employed at a major University, he was able to do a considerable amount of private research, and had his own laboratory in the back of the house. He had grown quite fond of Danny, and had taught him a great deal about science, especially the fields of bathmogenesis and pederasty.

Danny rested his elbows on the table and leaned forward.

"Is the Professor still working in his laboratory?" he whispered.

Mrs. Dunn jumped up, startled by Danny, whom she had forgotten was there. She struck herself on the forehead with the iron, and collapsed onto the floor, her feet twitching.

Just then, a tall, white-haired man wandered into the kitchen and stood beaming rather vacantly at Danny. Professor Schockley was more than just a great scientist, he was a talented ventriloquist and he always wore a hand puppet that looked like a psychologist.

"Hello Professor," Danny said warmly.

"Guten Tag Herr Danny!" said the puppet.

"And I didn't even see your lips

move Professor!" Danny lied.

"Did I hear you say something about negroes, Dan?" asked the professor.

Danny hedged. "Not specifically, Professor. I did say, though, that I was bothered by stupid people in general and that the whole idea of a stupid person made me sick."

"Well, that's practically the same thing!" beamed the Professor, as he petted his puppet. "Let's go into my laboratory and delve into this further. I daresay I have something there that will interest you."

The laboratory was a large room cluttered with a variety of equipment: space probers, Procter-Silex liquid scintillation counters, cyclotrons with super-conducting magnets, and a papershredder. In the center of the room, however, was a watermelon tied into a highly sophisticated computer, and a complete collection of 'The Four Tops' albums.

Professor Schockley smiled again and filled his old curved pipe with tobacco.

"What I have here, Dan, I think represents the solution to your problems, my problems, and most of the world's problems," he said proudly.

"You mean a good tasting laxative that's both gentle and effective?" asked Danny.

"You know, Dan, ever since I realized that there were people who were vastly inferior intellectually to me — people who thought, for instance, that Doestoevsky was a guard for the Knicks — I've wanted to obliterate them," the Professor reminisced fondly. "And the fact that most of these stupid people happened to be Negroes or Catholics didn't bother me in the least. Nature, in her wisdom, has packaged people according to an easy to read color-code. Safeway does the same thing, and almost everyone thinks it's great.

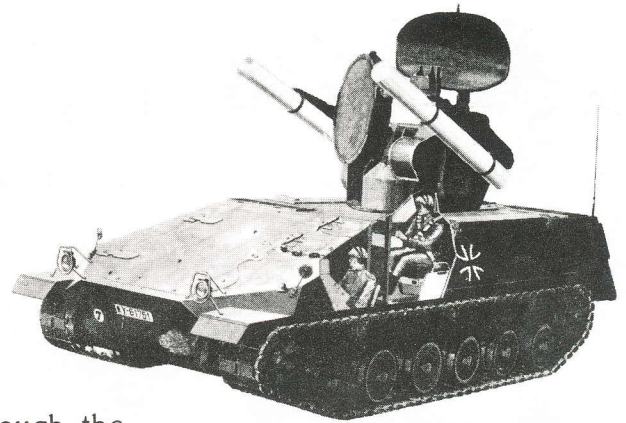
(cont. on page 30)



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TESTING THE MESSERSCHMIT ROLAND

by Tom McKill



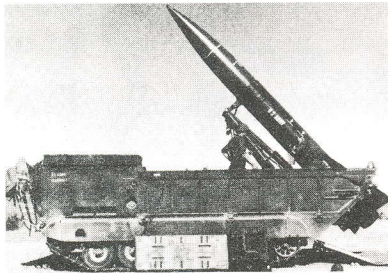
Messerschmit ROLAND

Messerschmit really lives up to its blood and guts reputation with this new entry into the anti-aircraft field. The ROLAND is a snappy little rocket firing unit, that gets its bird every time. Radar equipped, this baby has been murder on those punk dope smugglers the Army's been testing it on in New Mexico.

It has been the job of the LANCE surface to air missile to defend our southwestern frontier. Smugglers with plane loads of contraband marijuana have been penetrating our border in that area. The LANCE hasn't been effective because of its low mobility and dependence on external radar bases.

I picked my unit right off of a C-5A just in from West Germany. It still had Wehrmacht markings. A young Ober-Lieutenant named Hans joined me for the test.

I got behind the wheel and roared out of camp. With the throttle wide open the Mercedes diesel took us to 50 mph in only 20.2 seconds. It can hit 65 MPH in a pinch and cruises at 45. At cruise speeds it attains the unbelievable fuel economy of 1.4 mpg. A cruising range of 300 miles is another extraordinary feature.

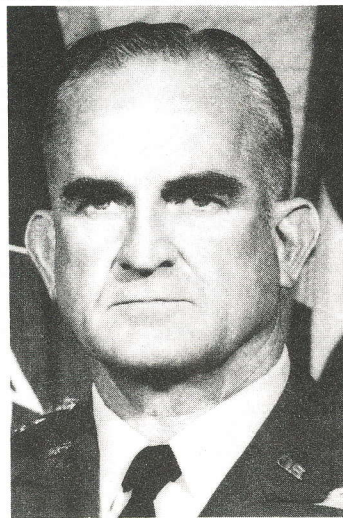


LANCE nuclear tipped surface to air missile. On the way out?

Cornering and control response were excellent. The Germans have proven once again their mastery of the finer points of tracked vehicle suspension. The only negative aspect is the poor visibility from behind the wheel. But ROLAND showed her

stuff as she rolled through the children's ward of the camp hospital unscathed.

Letting Hans take the wheel, I got behind ROLAND's business end as



Tom McKill

we rolled to the test area. No sooner had we gotten to the test site when our line to the base started buzzing. Their long range radar had spotted two smugglers coming our way.


In a few moments I had located the two intruders on my radar screen. They were well within ROLAND's ten mile range. I let go with the left rocket tube and the heat seeking missile didn't fail me. It went right up the Lear jet's exhaust. The jet spiralled down to the desert floor, pluming smoke.

The second plane was a Cessna and it was only a half-mile away. I switched to optical tracking. I fired the right tube but the cowardly pilot had taken evasive maneuvers, depriving me of a direct hit. Shrapnel ripped through the plane however and forced him to bail out.

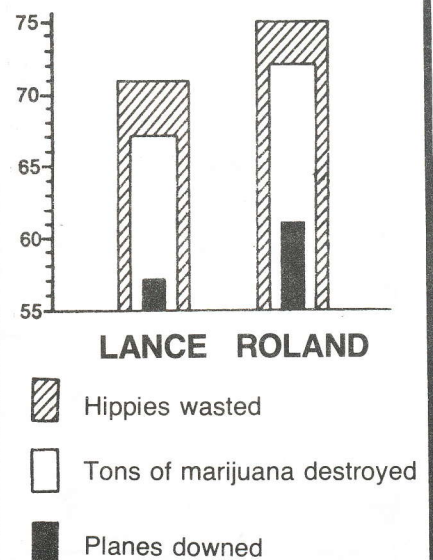
As he floated down towards me I got a chance to use the twin swivel mounted machine guns. They

proved accurate and effective in assuring that this dope pusher would never corrupt an American youth again.

Messerschmit claims that ROLAND can serve as a surface-to-surface rocket launcher as well. A passing bus filled with illegal aliens being deported to Mexico gave me the perfect opportunity to check this out. One shot decimated the bus and the machine guns again proved effective at taking care of the survivors.

As Hans and I talked over the days action over a beer in the officers' club I couldn't help but feel a tinge of jealousy. Oh, to be one of the lucky men who'll get to use the ROLAND day in and day out, helping to keep America free from the evils of hard drug abuse! 

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country skis now
for the Thanks-
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The Rise of Rome, cont. . .

*Thy charm which soothes the raging legions
Thy mind as fine and keen as Plato's
Thy skin as fresh and cool as lettuce
Thy breasts like succulent tomatoes*

ANT.: Good heavens, thou wouldst have me seize
her salad! Besides,

*E'en hough I speak in glib pedantics
'Tis still a matter of some antics*

L.P. (thoughtfully): True Hast thou consi-
dered oral gratification? It is written of a famous
soldier:

*Though so skilled in the arena
He could not adeptly mate her
But she loved him till her death
And he was surely gladiator.*

ANT.: Hmmm, 'tis worthy of consideration! In any
case, I shall take one each of thy devices.

L.P.: Each device has its own case. Allow me to fetch
my HP XLV pocket abacus and I will have thy total
shortly.

(As he goes to find it) Thou wilt indeed entice her to
rapture! Foreign women love these things.

ANT.: I would not know — I've never been abroad,
alas!

(Antony pays and exits. Moments later,
Cleopatra, having also decided that a visit to
Lord Perry was in order, enters)

L.P.: Ah, fair Cleopatra! I am most humbly at thy
service.

*Thy skin, like freshly drawn papyrus
Which maketh men of thee desirous*

CLEO.: Cut the shit, Lord Perry, and tell me what I
can do to moisten my diked nether lands!

L.P.: Ah, thou needst Aqua-Duct, the private oil with
the scent of dead Christians — guaranteed to bring
out the lion in thy lover!

CLEO.: And for my ill-shaped breasts?

L.P.: From thine own homeland Egypt, the Nefer-titi
"Bosom Buddy" bust exerciser, guaranteed to have
him singing "Thanks for the Mammaries" in no time!

CLEO.: And how do I make him love my mind?

L.P.: How about this paint-by-numerals set to make
him feel thou hast artistic passion. And to reveal all
unto him, this chic new see-through mini-toga for
thy bedroom hours!

CLEO.: Lord Perry, thou art most persuasive — I
shall take them all!

(She pays and exits)

L.P. (gleefully): We shall see who has the final giggle
here!

SCENE IV.

(Antony and Lord Perry walk arm in arm)

ANT. (to L.P.):

*Though Cleopatra fled my bed
And chose to self-indulge instead
Yet thee and I shall walk the Appian Way
Happy 'n' gay!*

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The ultimate stereo system comes of age.

Pioneer's new SX-1101 stereo system eclipses any unit that has ever come before it. It has an unprecedented power output of 100 + 100 ohms (8 watts, both channels driven) at an incredible 0.1 distortion, throughout the entire spectrum audible from 200 Hz to 2000 Hz.

Revolutionary "printed circuit" boards enable the SX-1101 to boast an 85 dB noise-to-signal ratio. The tuner is sensitive down to 1.7 V and has a 1 dB capture-to-kill ratio.

To reduce wow and flutter, the turntable has two brightly decorated voltmeters which display the voltage present on each prong of the plug you put into the wall socket. On either side there are two screws which screw in when you turn right and screw out when you turn left. This is another Pioneer exclusive.

Versatility, the hallmark of every Pioneer component, is amply present here too. The Pioneer SX-1100 has 2 turntables, 2 tapedecks, 2 headsets, 3 tape decks, and 4 pairs of speakers all for

added guarantee of your listening pleasure. The SX-1101 also incorporates a full-color oscilloscope with its FM tuner, which provides for unheard of and overwhelming possibilities. The combination of LS/MFTs, ceramic figurines and phase lock loop-t-do flying you-know-whats produce remarkable specifications like you would not believe!

And as for controls, the SX-1101 is a veritable forest of buttons and knobs. The master control system is actually a fantastic array of dials and readouts that simplify function integrations with flickering lights of every shade and color. You have FM and audio muting, low/hi meters, dual turning filters, loudness, and a fail-safe twin injector single lens view-finder for instant directions to the appropriate knob or control. A total defeat switch provides flat response instantly throughout the audio spectrum.

You will never know boredom with the SX-1101. The controls permit 4,000,000 playing variations (2,000,000 with the

power on) so you will be able to scientifically adjust the system to your room. The variable-length power cord lets you fit the SX-1101 to your wall socket.

But sadly enough, it isn't selling very well. With the international recession and the unfavorable exchange rate, people just aren't buying a new stereo system this year. We saw this coming three years ago when we introduced quadrophonic, which we thought would have a better chance of separating our customers from their money. But it didn't work.

Then one of our junior exec's thought up the brilliant idea of selling last year's model this year. The response has been spectacular. Within a month we sold out of all last year's model and the year previous to it, and the customers kept rolling on it. Thus, with great pride Pioneer presents Last Year's Model Mach 3. Drop in on your local dealer, and audition its Uniqueness. Only \$399.99 including vinyl cabinet and dust.

 **PIONER**



fewer dangerous off-campus people could attend. Stanford Public Safety Officers and ASSU Student Police would discourage people from driving their cars on campus that day. The ASSU Council of Presidents would start the event by reaffirming their solidarity with men's liberation. An official ASSU cheerleader dressed in a cardinal bird costume would be the inoffensive mascot, and lead the assembled students in inspiring, but not exciting, cheers. The game ends promptly at 4 p.m.; "a good time had by all" proclaims the Daily.

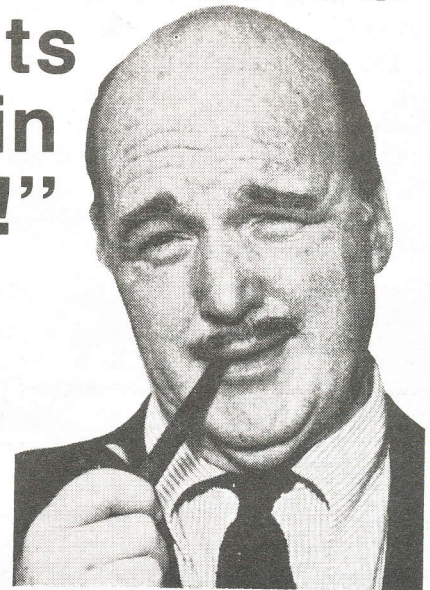
The crowd then converges on Tresidder, trashing the ASSU offices and the Transition. Rosenbaum is nominated to become the alternative bonfire. He is taken in drag, kicking and screaming, to the lake and thrown into the Bonfire pile. A truck full of gasoline empties its load, and under the supervision of Prince Lightfoot the Bonfire starts. Then off with the Band to the city where we all get wasted and rowdy. Next day, after the hangover, we whomp Cal in the last two seconds. That's the way it should be.



The *Chaparral* announces the First Annual Provost Miller Biggest Asshole at Stanford Contest. You can enter yourself or someone else. Sponsors of the contest are ineligible to win. Entries should be submitted to the Chaparral, Storke Building, by December 1. Winners will be entertained at Hanna House, a Honeycomb structure designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.



TOM McCAHILL SAYS: "There's lots of money in being dead!"



Someone once said that if you build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to your door. Its like that with being dead. People are beating a path to the cemeteries. How else can you explain the fact that there are more dead Americans than live ones? The number of Americans in this exciting field is greater than the number of people in China. And there's room for plenty more!

It used to be that the best way to get a job being dead was to join the Army. But today there's no need to go through that long, arduous training procedure. The people at the Necrophilia Research Institute can teach you how to be dead in only 6 months of easy home study.


N.R.I. recognized the need for competent dead people shortly after the death of Jim Croce. They set about preparing well-illustrated, easy to understand lessons that will make you into a trained dead person. N.R.I. even added a professional death tester that's included in the low tuition cost. With this EEG machine and a few hand tools you probably already have you can find out just how many of your friends are already making \$5 to \$7 an hour in their spare time being dead. After this course you too can make money being dead for friends and neighbors, or my name isn't McCahill.

The reason I'm no doubting Thomas is because the staff at N.R.I. is composed of experienced instructors who guide you through the course with more personal attention than you'd get in many classrooms. With the kind of help they give a student, and the kind of course they have, you can be the man in demand in this field even if you've never seen the inside of a coffin, or got fed up with school in the 9th grade.

The best advice I can give you is to clip the coupon below and send for the N.R.I. Death Training catalog. It's free and there's no obligation. N.R.I. doesn't even employ any live salesmen, so nobody will be knocking at your door. All it will cost you is a postage stamp. Take it from Uncle Tom, the death field needs lots of good men. Now.

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tion of the limb. This idea revolutionized the prosthetics industry, and brought us to where we are today.

Two major problems still confront the prosthetics industry: one technical, the other social. The first deals with the private parts. During the Vietnam war, the Viet Cong deployed a "castration mine." It consisted of two stages: the first stage would explode the second stage up to hip level, and at this point the second stage would explode, wreaking irrevokable damage on the private parts. Because this damage was inflicted upon American soldiers, the government offered a special contract to Dow in order to tackle this problem.

After many months of trying several different concepts designed to imitate the original functions of the private parts, they finally came up with a design that came as close as possible to the real thing. The schmuck was replaced with a life-like plastic collapsable tube, and came in both circum-sized and non-Jewish models. The balls were replaced by plastic spheres which contained the magic fluids, and had little conduits leading to the cylinder. How the contraption works goes something like this: When the man wants to have sex, he pushes a button on his remote control panel, and the cylinder inflates. Then whenever the man feels that he has had enough, he pushes the second button, and the liquid is sent through the cylinder through the use of miniature pumps. In this way the owner has control of the entire process, which means the elimination of all wet dreams. There was one slight problem, though. Originally, all of the remote control units were on the same radio frequency. One day, a mentally unbalanced sadist discovered this fact, and he spent the whole day in his workshop coming up with an instrument which could be used to do quite a bit of jamming. Dow simply varied the frequency on each remote control. Even so, for a period of an entire month, many amputees lived in mortal fear of having an eruption of their own mechanical Mount Vesuvius anytime of the day or night.

The other problem, which is still a long way off from being solved, is that of social acceptance of these half-human, half-robot conglomerations. Many people seem to have an inborn distaste for people made partly of plastic and metal. Dr. L.M.N. Hands, eminent sociologist and researcher in this field, says:

"I don't understand the repugnance on the part of most people to artificial limbs. It can't be the metal, as quite a few persons have at least a pound or two imbedded in their teeth. As far as the plastic goes, considering what with these new strawberry, balsam, herbal essence, gooey shampoos that so many people put on their hair, not to mention make-up and deodorants, most people are full of plastic anyway. I feel the objections to plastic will die down however, for I estimate that by the year 1984, the average person will contain 35 percent plastics, and 20 percent other non-natural fillers and additives. This should equalize conditions so that no one will care about it anymore."



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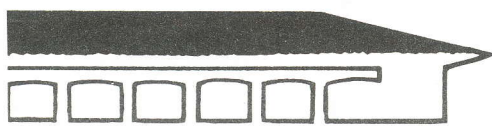
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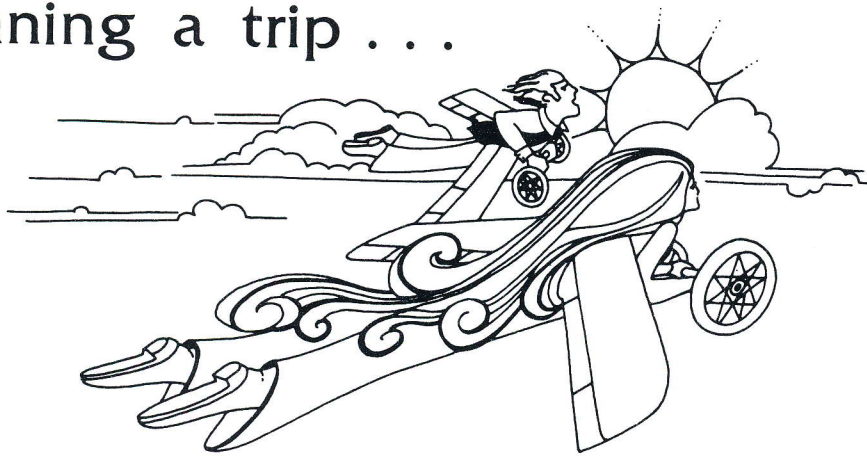
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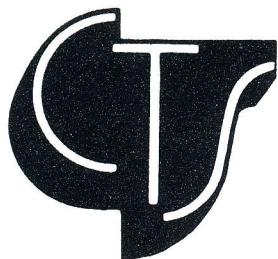
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