

# CHAPARRAL

WINTER



*M Barry*

Parody Issue

25¢

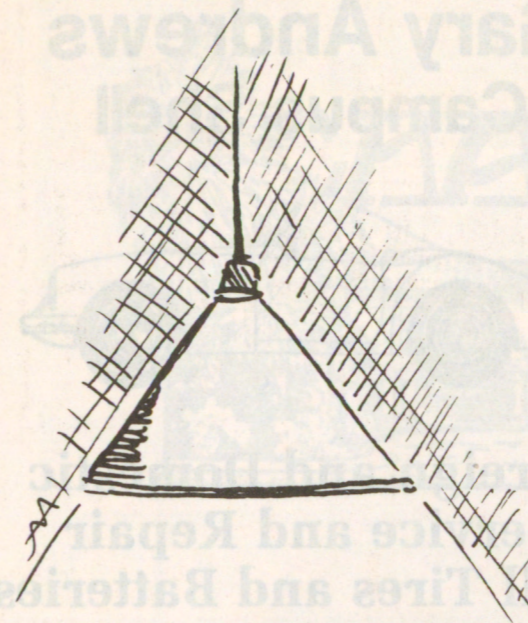
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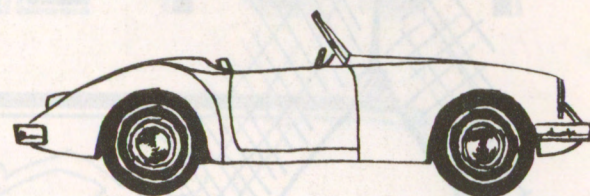
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Volume 77, Number 2

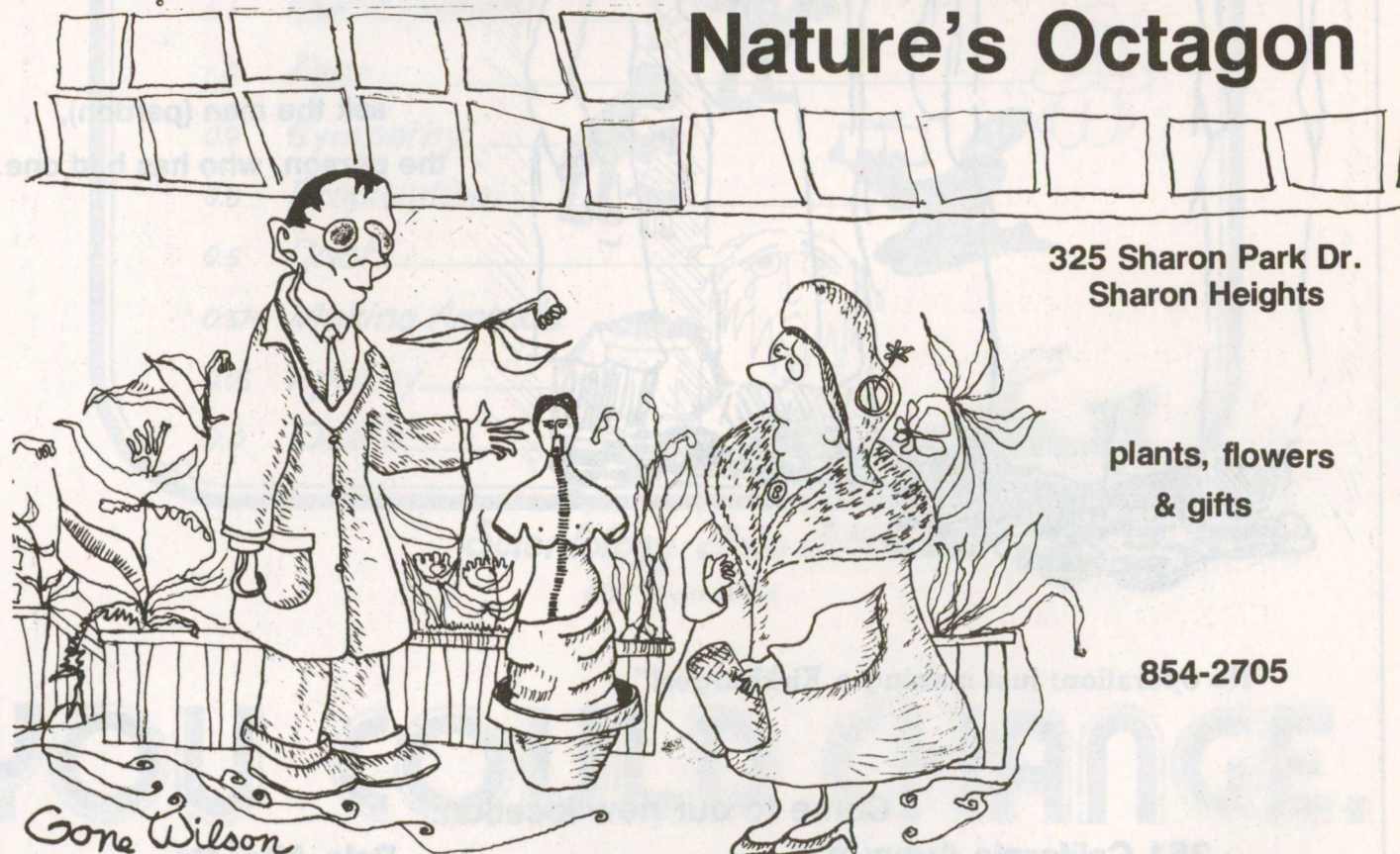
Winter, 1976

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letters to the Editor .....	Jim Sarina .....	page 6
Metamorfeces.....	Jon Barth .....	page 8
A Change in Life.....	Penrod Vladika.....	page 10
Nocturnal Submissions.....	Johann Willoughby Rubnet....	page 12
A History of Students .....	Roy Skogstrom .....	page 13
Understanding Entropy .....	Jim Hu .....	page 15
Adventure of the Unknown Integer.	Barry Parr.....	page 16
A New Man.....	Rich Waldow.....	page 18
US News & World Report.....	David Packard .....	page 21

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## Nature's Octagon



325 Sharon Park Dr.  
Sharon Heights

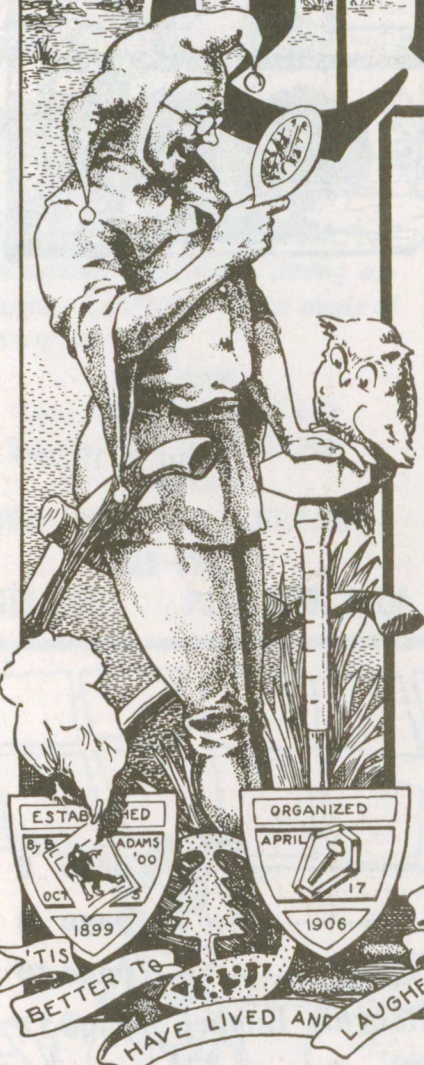
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Gone Wilson

so you want an original plant . . . come on by.

# 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, April 17, 1906

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Field Marshal</b><br>Mike Dornheim   | <b>Chancellor of the Exchequer</b><br>Jeff Stoler  |
| <b>Acting Field Marshal</b><br>Barry Parr   | <b>Deputy Chancellor</b><br>Pat Hall   |
| <b>Bouncer</b><br>Walt Kloefkorn  | <b>Asst. Deputy</b><br>Ted Senger  |
| <b>Ink-stained Scriveners</b><br>Jon Barth<br>Roy Skogstrom<br>Rich Waldow<br>Rick Morrow<br>Rob Docters<br>Dave Gordon | <b>Clown</b><br>Al X<br><b>Graphics</b><br>Mike Barry<br>Jim Hu<br><br><b>Minister without Portfolio</b><br>Jim Sarina |

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
**REFLECTIONS**

## NOW THAT



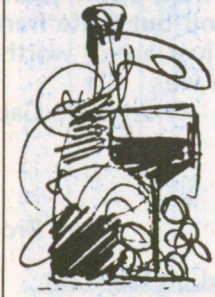
the annual row house giveaway has come to its marvelous conclusion, we at the Chappie have had a few experiences of our own with the theme house phenomenon. The Old Boy had informed us that he plans to take Italian or American Studies next year if it will get him a place in the new Bob Moore Houses. He also decided to find out how God's Chosen People felt about the annual ritual of rejecting the Jewish Theme House. Loitering about the post office at noon, he accosted several strangers and inquired, "Say, you look like a Jew. What do you think about Horton rejecting the

theme house proposal?" None of them seemed terribly pleased. Larry has already informed us that plans have been finalized for a new set of row houses: the Sarah Jane Moore Houses. Since these are the last ones to be built for some time, the clowns at the Daily are already calling them No Mo. The Ancient One, having second thoughts about conjugating Italian verbs, has already sent in his proposal for Chaparral House, the Humor Theme House. Exciting prospect, eh wot? Let's face it. Funny people are probably the smallest minority on campus. Between the pre-meds, nerds, and the other clowns, there isn't a decent laugh around. While there is vast and rich literature of humor, we have no place to enjoy it in comfort. Somehow, a guffaw, even a chuckle  
(Continued on Page 31)

# PENINSULA

Adventures in good dining at selected Peninsula restaurants

## PICK OF THE



### L'AUBERGE



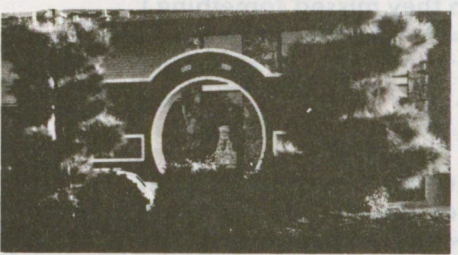
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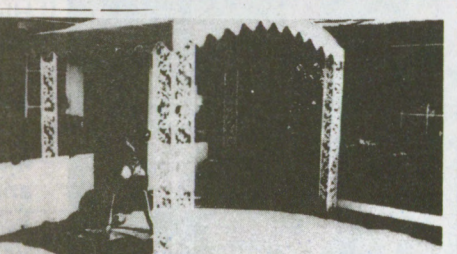
"A bit of Switzerland on the Peninsula". Swiss menu plus American favorites like thick prime rib and others. Zither music. Afterwards sing-along with Marge at Rick's Corner. 4085 El Camino Way • Palo Alto • 493-7575.

### THE FISHERMAN



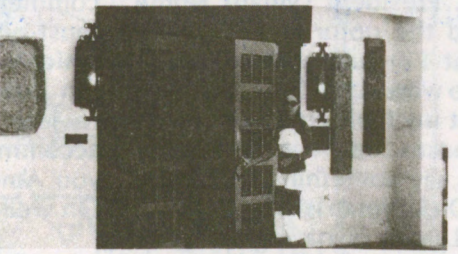
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# Letters to the Editor

Sir:

As spring approaches I am again preparing to teach my immensely popular course on Criminal Law. This is just a friendly note asking you people not to start with the Woody Allen jokes. I do not; repeat **not**, resemble Woody Allen in any manner whatsoever. I would very much dislike using my professional position to abridge the rights promised under the First Amendment but I cannot condone a repeat of last year's unfortunate incidents. i.e. People throwing bananas on stage or people in the balcony yelling out "Play it again, Sam" when they missed something I said. I hope I make myself clear.

John Kaplan

Sir:

I was greatly honored by your selection of me as first choice to speak at your commencement. Unfortunately I must respectfully decline the honor as I plan to be busy during the month of June. I'm finally going to get that kike Mel Brooks. He thinks he's funnier than I am. Shit. His idea of humor is a bunch of cowboys farting around a campfire. Hilarious, huh? After him I get Wilder and finally I get those faggot Pythons. You guys are all right as you don't make movies and you aren't funny, anyway. By the way, why do people keep asking me if I think Patty Hearst will be convicted?

Woody Allen

Sir:

You have made references to Dean Gibbs and Dean Hargadon. What about me, President Lyman? Come on, I need the notoriety. Everyone thinks that I'm just a Mr. Goody-goody who wears cute little bow ties. But it's not my fault guys; gee whiz, my wife makes me wear them. Why don't you say something along the lines that Dick Lyman is actually Adolf Hitler or Lyman is having an affair with Carla Hills ("Head for the hills," you can use that line, guys) or even "Dick Lyman before he dicks you." Will you do that much for me, huh?

Richard (Dick) Lyman  
Building 10

Sir:

It is with great pleasure that I learn of my "first-choice" invitation to be your commencement speaker. However in accordance with my reputation of calling a spade a spade I must decline your offer as I plan to be very busy campaigning this summer. Which reminds me; a lot of my fellow Democratic candidates are calling me wishy-washy and evasive and saying that I refuse to take a stand on any of the issues. Well I'd just like to say that F.D.R. and I will challenge any 5 of them to a tag team wrestling match.

George Wallace

Sir:

I don't want to hear any more jokes about everyone and his brother-in-law running for president.

Sargeant Shriver

Sir:

Q. What's long and hard and full of seamen?

A. A submarine.

The joke doesn't work very well written but you get the idea, right? Anyway the point I'm trying to make is that you and your readers are a bunch of perverts. I never thought of anything except a submarine. I don't know where you come up with people to write such shit. But I'm not too worried about it as I never read your magazine anyway.

George Anders

Sir:

It was with great pleasure that I read your invitation to be first choice commencement speaker. However I must point out one slight difficulty which you seem to have overlooked. I'm dead. I thought of moving my resurrection forward a few years to accommodate you but quite frankly you Americans just aren't worth it. Oh well, c'est la vie.

Charles De Gaulle

Sir:

No.

Jerry Brown

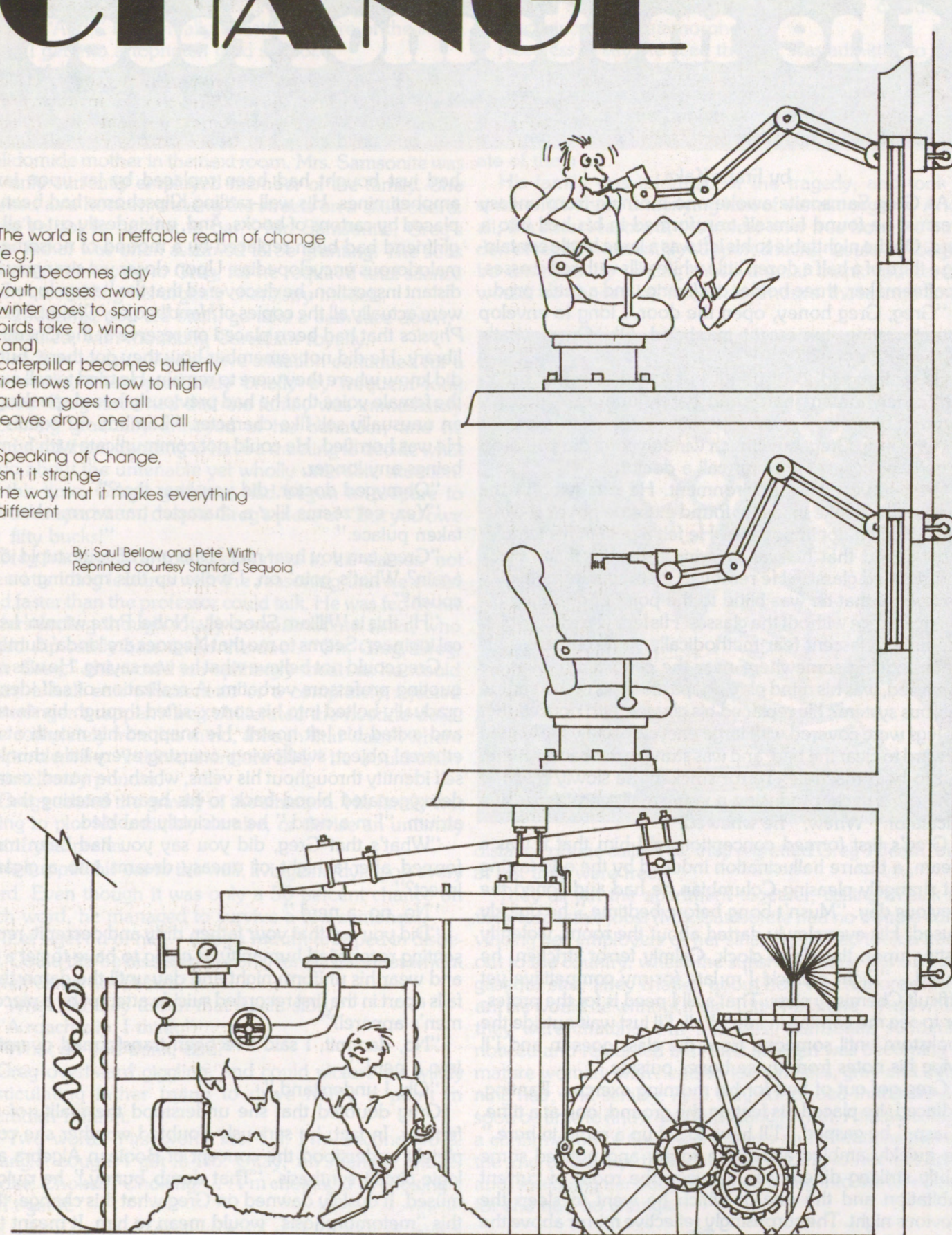
(Continued on Page 29)

# CHANGE

The world is an ineffable realm of change  
(e.g.)  
night becomes day  
youth passes away  
winter goes to spring  
birds take to wing  
(and)  
caterpillar becomes butterfly  
tide flows from low to high  
autumn goes to fall  
leaves drop, one and all

Speaking of Change,  
isn't it strange  
the way that it makes everything  
different

By: Saul Bellow and Pete Wirth  
Reprinted courtesy Stanford Sequoia



# the metamorfeces

by Franz Kaka

As Greg Samsonite awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a nerd. On the nighttable to his left was a large bottle containing a third of a half a dozen little white pills with red crosses, a coffeemaker, three bottles of Vivarin, and a cattle prod.

"Greg, Greg honey, open the door. I long to envelop your thrusting, tumescent manhood. Oh, Greg, what's happened to you?"

Greg struggled to respond, but found communication with other humans hard, and barely uttered, "Planck's constant."

"Oh Greg, Greg, how much windowpane did you drop yesterday? Jesus, I'd better call a doctor!"

Greg surveyed his environment. He was lying in the position he awoke in, as he found extreme physical exertion difficult if not impossible. He felt a pain in his temple, and realized that he was wearing a pair of thick, black hornrimmed glasses. He removed them, but immediately discovered that he was blind to the point of doubting his own existence without the glasses. His legs were immobile, and an evanescent fear methodically streaked across his brain, lodging somewhere near the cerebellum. Was he paralyzed, was his mind playing spastic tricks on his central nervous system? He replaced his glasses, and noticed that his legs were covered with large encyclopedias. He leaned forward to clear the bed, and was stung in the back by what had to be a machete. Terror stricken, he slowly reached behind his back, producing a very small, very expensive calculator. "Whew," he whewed.

Greg's first formed conception told him that it was a dream, a bizarre hallucination induced by the odd tasting yet strangely pleasing Columbian he had auditioned the previous day. "Musn't bong before bedtime," he quickly mused. His eyes slowly darted about the room, violently resting upon the alarm clock. Calmly terror stricken, he wailed, "Eight o'clock! I'm late for my competitive yet difficult Chemistry class. That's all I need is for the professor to see me coming in late. Well, I'll just wait outside the bookstore until someone from the class goes in and I'll swipe his notes from those boxes outside."

Greg got out of bed for his morning exercise. Panting, redfaced, he placed his feet on the ground, one at a time. "Gasp," he gasped, "I'll have to set up a ramp in here." He quickly ambled about the room, and noticed some subtly striking differences between the room of current habitation and the one in which he went to sleep the previous night. The surprisingly reflective mirror above the bed had been replaced by a study lamp. The two lids he

had just bought had been replaced by jar upon jar of amphetamines. His wall-rattling Klipschorns had been replaced by cartons of books. And, unkindly cut of all, his girlfriend had been replaced by a mound of noisome yet malodorous encyclopedias. Upon closer yet strangely less distant inspection, he discovered that the "encyclopedias" were actually all the copies of *Handbook of Chemistry and Physics* that had been placed on reserve at the Chemistry library. He did not remember how they got there, but he did know where they were to remain. He tried to call out to the female voice that he had previously heard speaking to an unusually self-like character. "Lambda nu equals c." He was horrified. He could not communicate with human beings any longer.

"Ohmygod doctor, did you hear that?"

"Yez, eet zeems like a character tranzvormashun haz taken pulace."

"Greg, can you hear me? Is this one of your stupid jokes again? What's goin' on, I woke up this morning on the couch!"

"Hi, this is William Shockely, Nobel Prize winnin' lectrical ingineer. Seems to me that Negroes are kinda' dumb."

Greg could not believe what he was saying. He was now quoting professors verbatim. A realization of self identity gradually bolted into his cortex, sifted through his sinuses, and exited his left nostril. He snapped his mouth at the ethereal object, swallowing, coursing every little chunk of self identity throughout his veins, which, he noted, carried deoxygenated blood back to his heart, entering the left atrium. "I'm a nerd," he succinctly babbled.

"What's that Greg, did you say you had been transformed after a night of uneasy dreams into a gigantic insect?"

"No, no, a nerd."

"Did you say that your father, dirty and decrepit, representing reconciled humanity, is going to have to get a job and wear his uniform night and day until the damn thing falls apart in the first recorded suicide attempt by a piece of men's apparel?"

"No, damrnit, I said I've been transformed overnight into a nerd."

"Oh, I understand."

Greg doubted that she understood the reality of this fantasy. In fact, he seriously doubted whether she completely understood the concept of Boolean Algebra and logic circuit synthesis. "That dumb bunny," he quickly mused. It duskily dawned on Greg what this change, this "metomorphosis" would mean to him. It meant that he was going to pursue a brand new lifestyle. No longer

would he be hindered by such mundane matters as talking to other people, eating, sleeping, and getting laid. His would be a mad whirl of classes, homework, discussion sections, labs, problem sets, assigned readings, and beating off. "And," he mentally boasted, "more of the same when I get into a topnotch grad school."

Thus followed a period of silence lasting no less than two hours, and no more than seventeen years. Greg tended to lose track of time when studying. The only sounds were the constantly occasional sobs of Greg's blind and deaf thalidomide mother in the next room. Mrs. Samsonite was the only currently employed member of the family. She worked as a hooker, cruising the streets on a skateboard. "You've got to hand it to her," Mr. Samsonite, Greg's mute father was often assumed to be grunting. The sobs were very annoying to Greg, for he required total silence when assembling his organic chemistry models.

"Goddamit, you old bitch, go take a bath face down," he shouted, with mounting Canadian royalty.

Needless to say, this abrasive situation continued for a few weeks, interrupted only briefly by frequent long pauses. Greg discerned that the family was immediately becoming gradually annoyed at his behavior, and he overheard them deciding to have a meeting to decide what to do about the untenable yet wholly unlivable situation. By this time, Greg's girlfriend had begun to prepare to leave the apartment, despite Greg's pleas of "But you owe me fifty bucks!"

Greg had become totally absorbed in his classes, not even attending lectures with the reasoning that he could read faster than the professor could talk. He was fed by his understanding though totally compassionate sister, who would slip candy bars under the door. "Oh, Greg, Greg, poor Greg," she would ear-splittingly moan as he would return a half eaten Raisenette or a completely rejected Butterfinger wrapper. Greg obliterated the need to defecate completely from his mind, though that wasn't where the problem lie. "I think, therefore BM," he would often Aristoteleanly ponder.

Greg realized the gravity of the situation. His family was trying to plot his untimely demise, or devise an untimely plot if you prefer.

He cupped his ear to the wall, living and dying on every word. Even though it was only a 50 percent chance on each word, he managed to survive a few sentences.

"Let's get rid of him." Greg's mouth dropped in disbelief. Could this be his sister, the only family member whom he felt cared about him?

"What did they use in that Kakfa story?"

"A roach clip, I think."

"What do you think, dad?"

Greg overheard giggling, and could picture his wildly gesticulating father trying to drive home a point in charadish fashion.

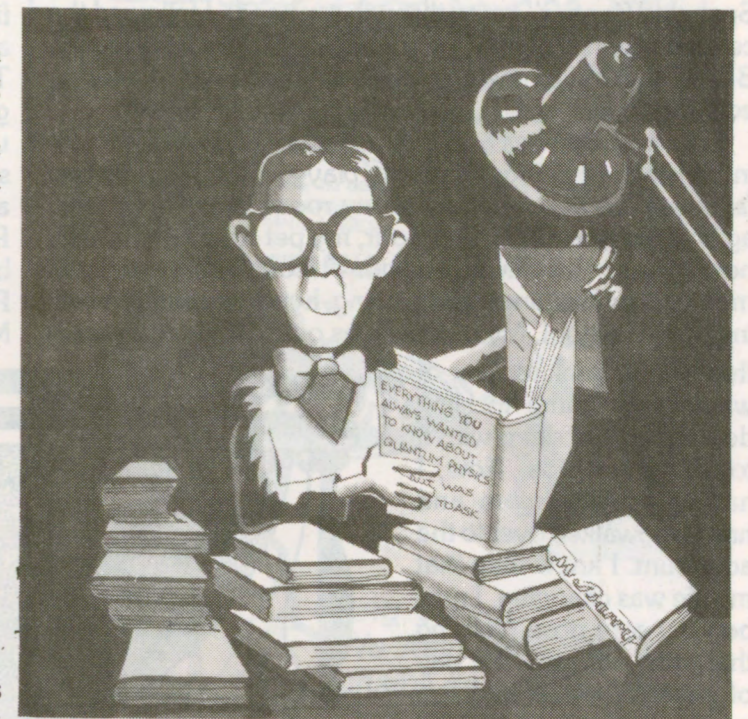
"Two words. First word. Me. I. I. I'm! Second word. Strangle, cough, I got it! No. Okay, uh strangle, choke. Choke! Choked? Choking! . . . I'm choking. I'm choking! I don't get it."

A few days later, Greg noticed that he had to take a

midterm the next day. He swallowed one hundred and eighty-two hits of speed, and, noticing the empty coffee cup in his hand, packed up his pencils and calculators, and prepared to embark upon his first instance of outside contact since the metamorphosis.

Needless to say, he aced the test, was admitted to The Medical School of His Choice, and after breezing through an arduous period of internship, made \$175,000 a year for the rest of his life, most of it tax free. He died at the age of eighty-two, and was last found in the company of a Playmate of the Year.

His family was informed of the tragedy, and took it somberly with an underlying hint of ecstatic orgasm. After all, the sister reasoned, they were now free from the burden of receiving monthly support checks, would no longer be annoyed by writing those annual thank-you cards, would no longer be forced to endure those rare long



distance phone calls. Yes, they regretted Greg's death, but at last they were free.

They all left the apartment together, calling in sick at their respective jobs. (Mrs. Samsonite had no trouble convincing her employers of her sincerity!) They took a tram out to the country, where the sunshine shone like a huge, gaseous star. They chatted about how much more pleasant life would be without their "Little Millstone." And while they were chatting, Mr. and Mrs. Samsonite suddenly noticed and remarked that their little girl was becoming a mature woman, with head-to-toe wrinkles, gray and thinning hair, and senility. And they concluded that it would soon be time to find a good husband for her. And it was like a confirmation of their new dreams and intentions that at the end of the trip, their daughter sprang to her feet first, and, stretching her body, dropped a slug into the fare box, for she had no change.

# A Change in Life

Brrring! The bell rang to end the lunch period and all the kids out on the blacktop who were playing "four square," handball, "murder ball," or "dodge ball" took whatever they were playing with and sent them flying. "Big red rubber balls!" I thought as I viewed the spectacle. Clear gas seemed to seeth from the asphalt as the air was filled with variously shaped rubber bombs, a vast sea of jumping and bouncing fishes. I viewed the battle from what I thought was a safe enclave (strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" going through my head). I followed the celestial course of one of the kickballs when suddenly, BLAAM!, it struck me across the forehead with a hollow, echoing thud.

I opened my eyes and realized that I had been dreaming. Instead of being out on the playground, I was face to face with the big aquarium in my room, my face pressed against the glass. Now Seymour, my pet crawdad, had my nose in one of his claws. I had gone through many stages in my life — bedwetting, nose picking, hypochondria, vomiting before school. My brother was often afraid to sleep in

the bottom bunk for fear of what might come trickling down. I had to sleep with a towel by my side. Now, I had this vivid dream and had sleepwalked over to the aquarium. I knew then that my life was changing. I rubbed my sore nose realizing that today was the first day of seventh grade and ran over to the mirror. I noticed a gigantic red bump forming on my nose. I got out the Clearasil and gooked it on the area, grabbed my notebook, and ran out the door to the tune of my mom screaming, "Pick up your underwear, Phlato. Are you wearing the socks with the toes in them? Don't you want an egg on toast?"

My first class of the day was technical arts. Mr. Plumber was old and had a leathery face. He shaved his head so that he looked like Mr. Clean. He loved to talk about his younger days.

"Let me tell you about the time I was in the Indianapolis 500," he said. "They called me 'dare devil Plumb' and I always geared that Ferarri high, taking those curves, doin' those pitstops. Kids, go read about me in the record books. Now watch me hold this head stand. I can do this for hours. Now, Go to work!"

Mr. Plumber held that 'head stand' throughout the period. Boy, did we have fun in that class. Joe Karob-face would come up behind a guy with a hand drill and poke his finger in the guy's back as if it were the bit, starting the drill at the same time. Vvvvvvheeeeeeeeeee! Later on Mark Truck found this old Willhold glue bottle that made a funny glorp noise when he squeezed the air out of it. He'd go up behind you and put the glue nozzle up to your ear and scare you with the burplike noise and the sudden glorp of air. Then we'd all laugh. Mark decided to try it on Mr. Plumber who was still doing a 'head stand.' But this time a big glob of glue came out and dripped down the back of Plumb's head. "That reminds me of a story," he said. As Mark ran away in terror, the bell rang. Nothing else went

on that day except when Mr. Dobbs kept on running the film of the Romonov's execution back and forth.

At 1:00 we had P.E. Mr. Scharf, who had a flat top hairdo and a white tennis shirt with Coach Scharf written on it, paced back and forth in front of our class as we sat in the bleachers.

"You folks is now in the 7th grade. You're men and we're going to make sure of it. We'll elect a Class Chief and Squad Leaders and you will get points for everything you do, including the speed your pulse gets up to after a hard day of exercising. We'll make men of you adolescents." (At this, Coach Scharf took a football and with one, powerful, underhand motion, sent the ball flying across the playground.) "We will also be playing coed sports so that you'll learn to be gentle-

men. And don't you get fresh or it will be run-a-lap Charlie for you. You will also learn about sex in here. Yes, sex! Does anyone know what that means?"

Billy Parker raised his hand and in a trembling voice said, "That's when a girl and a guy get together."

"No! That'll be a run-a-lap-Charlie for you. Anyone else want to try?" There was silence. "A bunch of sissies. Well, I'll tell you then. Sex is what makes you feel like a man. It's muscles and sweat and hair. Well, you'll be meeting with the doctor every other week to learn about it. Today we're going to play coed volleyball. March over to the courts right now and split up into teams with the girls!"

When we got there, Coach Scharf and the girl's coach, Coach Berger, went off together and had a great time laughing and comparing whistles. I noticed that the girls liked to giggle and stand with their hands ready to hit the ball then move quickly out of the way of the ball covering their faces with their hands in fright. I thought I'd time it once and felt myself lunging for the ball only to collide with a girl who decided not to move out of the way. That's what I got when I tried to impress the girls.

When the bell rang we all sprinted across the playground to the locker room where we were supposed to line up for shower instruction. You never heard such an awful amount of yapping and whooping sounds in all your life. Coach Scharf ran past the crowd of boys, leaped on top of one of those newly-built fiberglass benches, and blew his whistle with all his might. You'd have thought that ball inside of his whistle would come barrelling out, or that the drums in your ears would exit out each side and beat the Battle March. We all silenced up.

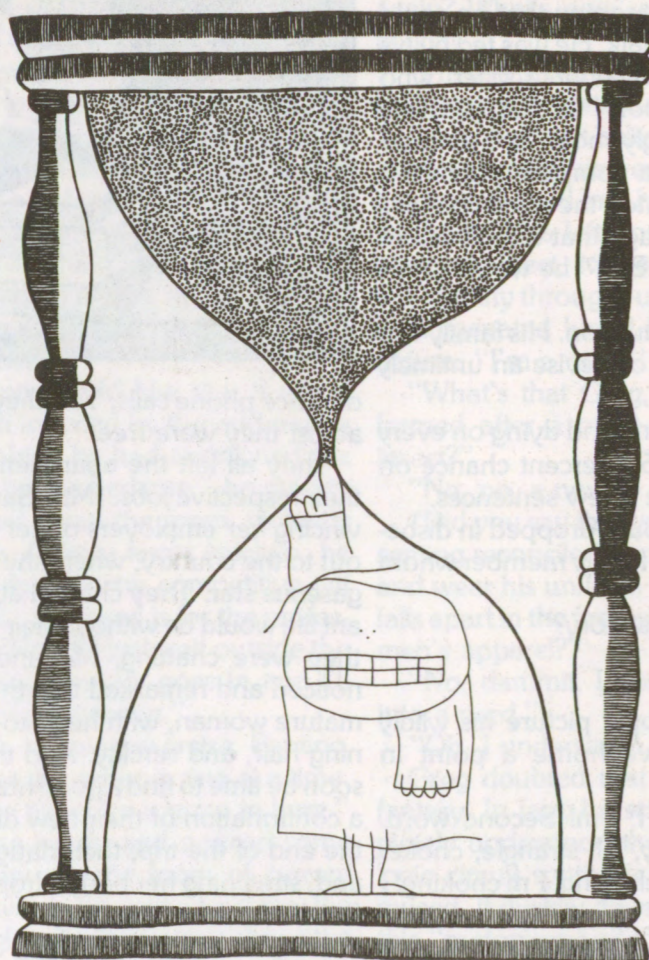
"Shower time is serious time. It is the most important time of the day," said Coach Scharf and went on about other crunch that I'm sure you all know about. "You will each be issued a locker, a lock, a pair of trunks, and a little card. You must never trade lockers with a friend. They have been assigned by computer so that nothing odd will happen. You must never play 'grab-ass' in here. Can anyone tell me what grab-ass is?"

Joey Craw raised his hand. They say he'll lose it soon because he's been playing too much "grab-ass." "Grab-ass is when you stick out your hand to pull on another guy's ass," he said.

"Very good Joey. Just for that answer you get some points toward your school letter. There will also be no towel flinging, shower sliding, or making fun of your neighbors for whatever reason."

Well, within a few days we were doing all those things. Coach Scharf used to disappear during shower time and we'd take advantage of it. We thought he went over to a special office next to the girl's shower room where, rumor had it, there was a little peep hole. Anyway, we'd have contests during shower time over who could slide the farthest on the shower room floor. The winner was always Norman Dolf who had a big rubbery posterior and a face to match. We'd fling the towels at each other just for the hell of it and I always went to the next class feeling mighty sore and unable to sit down.

(Continued on Page 30)



BRANS OF A JELLYFISH

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT!!**

AND YOU SHOULD!! THIS KID PASSED HIS NATIONAL MERIT SCHOLARSHIP TEST WITH THE HIGHEST SCORE IN SEVEN WESTERN STATES! HE COULD HAVE BEEN A NUCLEAR SCIENTIST!

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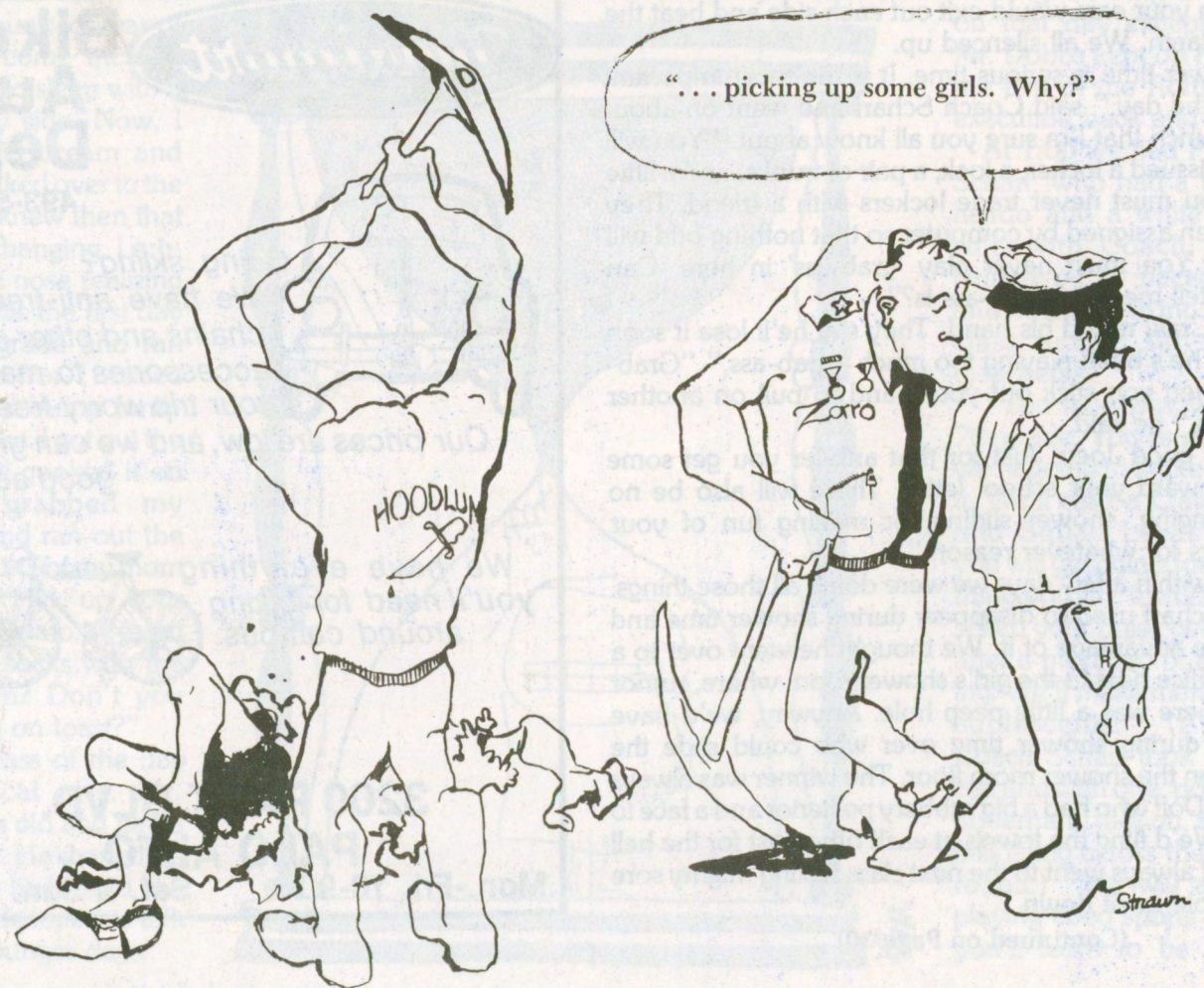
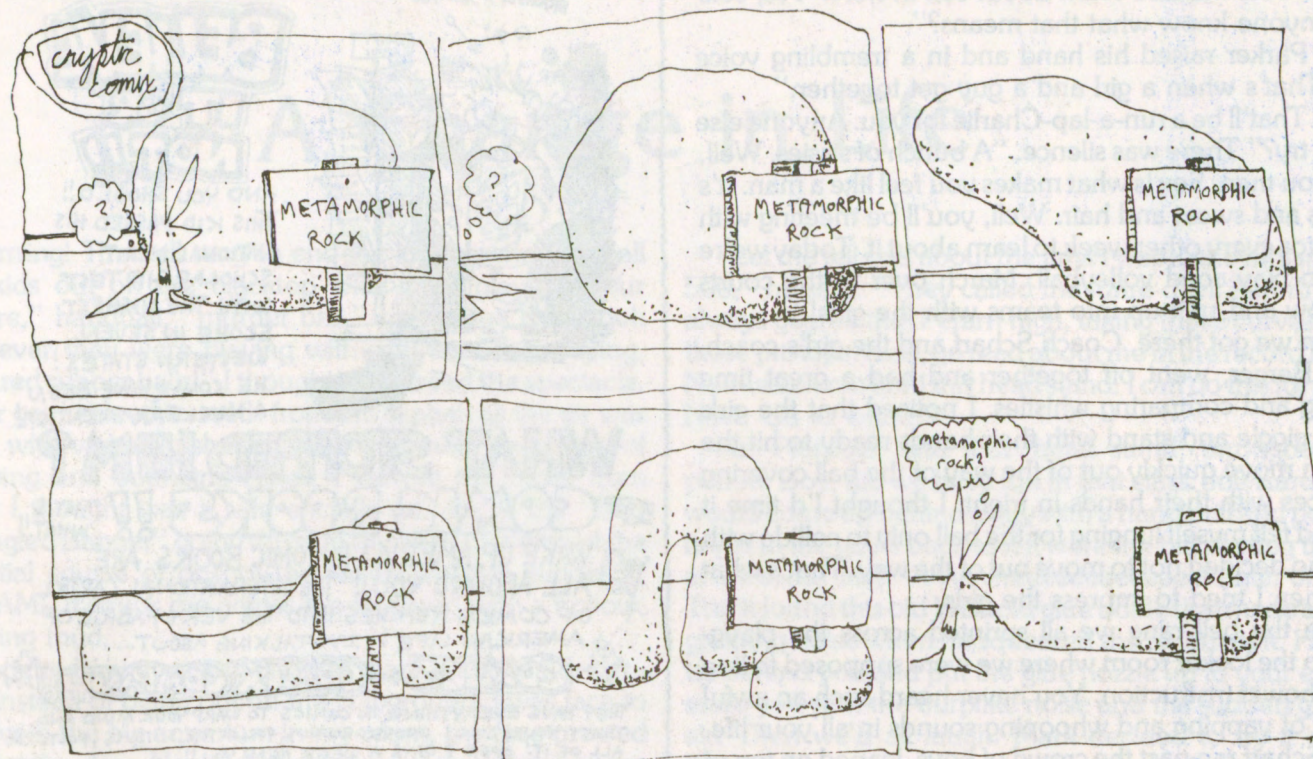
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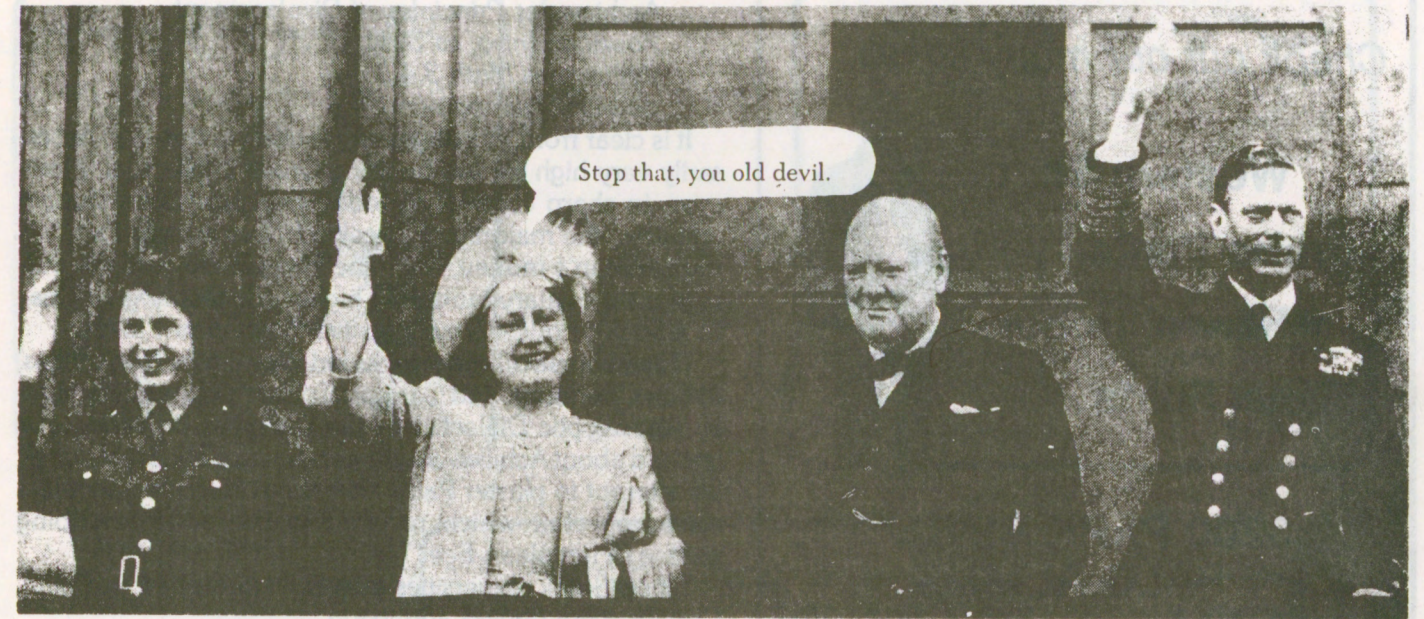
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# A History of Students for Students of History



Studentry really began in cave-man times, though modern man may pompously belittle the relatively simple skills and concepts taught to the typical prehistoric pupil. Such classes as Huddling For Warmth, Hoarding Bright Things, and Day and Night Anticipation were necessary primary curricula. More advanced atavistic academia was quite diverse. For the science types there were courses like Digital computation, Ordinary Differential Botany, and VTS-Fire, while for the more artsy sorts available offerings included Religious Studies: The Age of Fossil Faith, The Evolution of Rock Music, Women as Sex Objects, Current Events-Anthropology, and Alley Oop: The Man and the Myth. Serious shortcomings were seen in Afro-American Studies, Aero and Astro, Archaeology, and History.

Though covering in fear of the unknown proved the most popular pastime, extracurricular activities were by no means confined thereto. Indeed, the first ecology clubs were organized for large-scale efforts to herd dinosaurs away from prune trees. Sports activities were run by the Art Department, with inner murals being the most widespread and popular form. Eating clubs were tools for survival.

The first crude tools were ornate bronze phalluses, thrusting metallurgy immediately to the forefront of pragmatic pupils' pursuits. But disseminating any new knowledge met multiple obstacles in these times. Classes were held sporadically, always depending on current environmental conditions. Language was constrained to guttural tones and sharp cries. School lunches boiled down to a

haphazardous wait for lightning, and eating outdoors all the time was no picnic, either. Thus, it was to everyone's amazement that complex language was developed and civilization rapidly became.

In the ancient Egyptian civilization, the student's lot was quite different from that of earlier times. With the birth of the pyramid, Egypt suffered history's worst labor pains. Hundreds of thousands of disgustingly perspiring humans hoisted huge, precisely cut and polished (by Pharaoh's sanders) stones to erect these monumental tomb essences, creating foul odors on Pharaoh's orders. This was the beginning of the (dewy) day-smell system, or Sphinx-stinks. The student was typically a moist hoister by day, studies thus being confined to the night hours. After-bath math became a nightly intellectual ritual for many.

Classes to be chosen from included Conics (plus sections), VTS-The Pyramids: Sources of Vast Cosmic Energy or Wasted Space?, The Chemistry of Pharaoh's Ox-hide, and Nilist Philosophy. Mortuary science was undertaken by many, and often students became quite wrapped up in preserving the sophisticated embalming techniques being developed. Included also in their curriculum was (if the caliph agreed) hieroglyphic calligraphy, or tomb engraving, although most students could see the writing on the wall and knew that it would soon be replaced by a more systematic alphabet. Religious Studies students strained their noodles to become true Ra-men, and medicine took a giant step backward as Cairopractors entered the profession. Students were beset by the first



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term papyri, but their social standing was on the upswing. The great Greek civilization was indeed a pinnacle of pupilage. Imagine the opportunity to choose from among these courses and famous professors:

Plato *Ceramics I*  
Aristotle *Thinking Like Me*  
Narcissus *Looking Like Me*  
Socrates *Issues Without Answers*  
Hippocrates *Zeulogy*  
Archimedes *Principles of Displacement*  
Poseidon *Intro. to Sailing*  
Pythagoras *Math 3,4,5*  
de Milo *Disarmament*

It is clear from this staggering list that tuition was necessarily very high for the budding Greek intellectual. However, in sharp contrast to today's conscientious student attitudes, the majority of Greek scholars adopted an "it's my old man's money, not mine" posture toward the outrageous monetary burden of higher education, giving rise to a flock of questionably festive Grecian urn jokes.

Other course offerings included *Women As Nonentities*, *Ionian Chemistry*, and *Olympic Trials: Apoplectically Hectic Apocalyptic Dialectics of the Divinities* (in which one learned about Achilles' tendencies toward Thor feet during his attempt to plaster Paris, and about Hercules' shoeless stableboy stint which resulted in the odor-describing phrase "Herculean Feet").

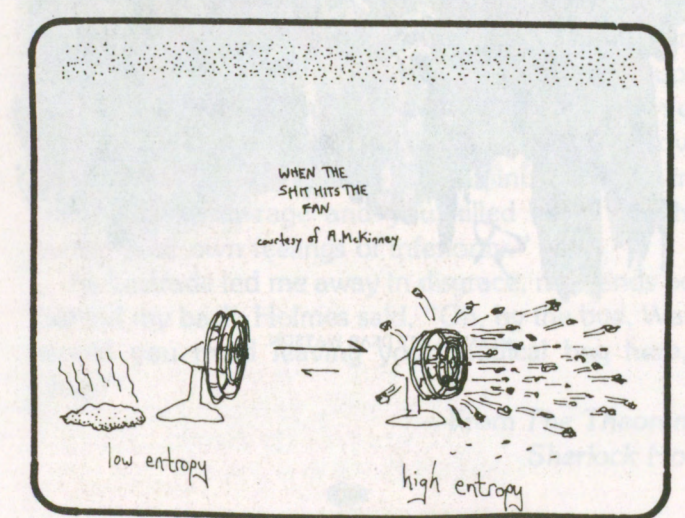
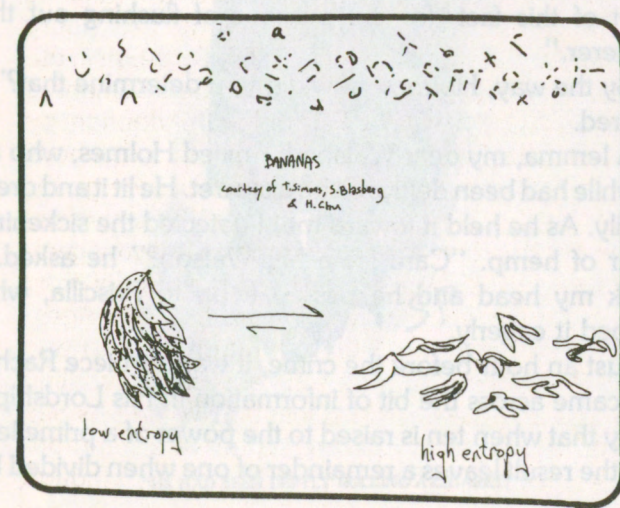
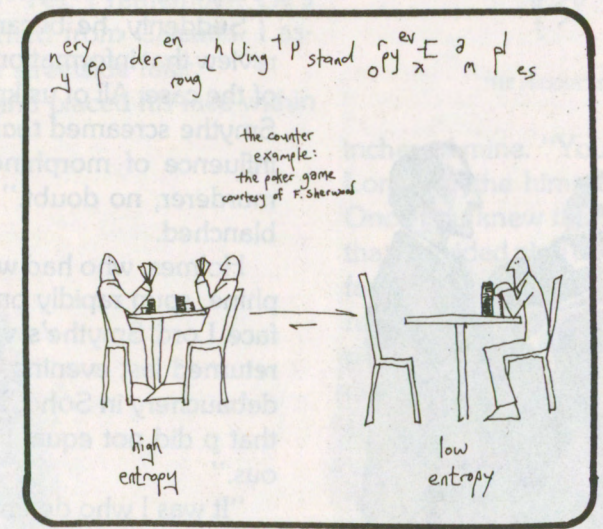
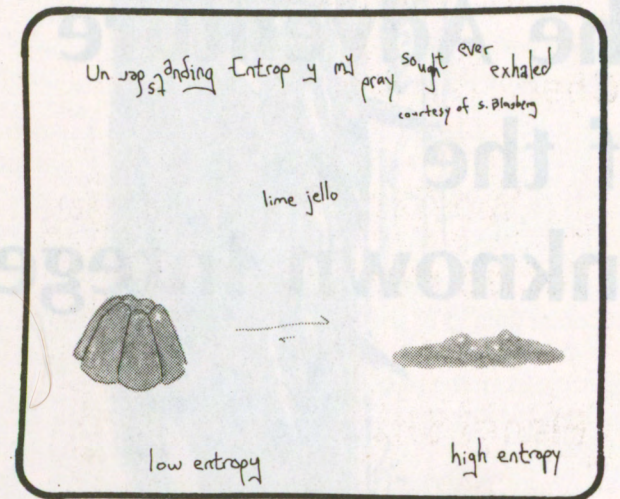
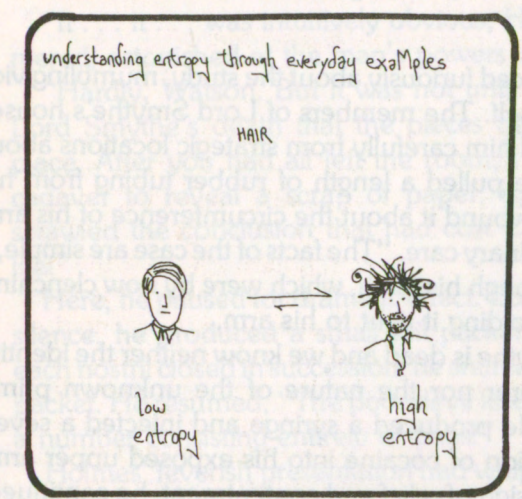
Since Greek universities mercifully published no *Daily*, Cretans were denied admission.

Just as many matriculating Stanford students "leave their hearts in San Francisco," so many a Greek graduate left his oracle at Delphi. One notable exception was Socrates, who drank hemlock when, despite his popularity with students (he was a winner of the student-selected Thor's Teaching Award) and universally acknowledged wisdom, he was denied tenure for failure to publish sufficiently. His arguments that he knew nothing and could therefore write nothing were dismissed as "radical." History progressed onward toward the Dark Ages.

The rise of Rome elevated the student to his now-customary position of nonlaboring decadence. The Roman pupil had only to concern himself with his academics, which included such possibilities as *Religious Studies: The Christian Fodder-Image*, *Women As Booty* (plus lab; Virgil), *Circuits (Maximus)*, *VTS-Toga Grit in the Aquaducts*, *Caesar (plus section)*, *Human Sex-Semantics (Katchimorjian; Collosseum)*, *Psychology: Adoption by Immigrants of the Behavior Patterns of the Indigenous Populace*, and *Classics (staff)*. *Religious Studies* merged to a great extent with solar system astronomy. The University of Pompeii was the scene of a catastrophically errant geology lab which buried history's first red-hots under their work. History progressed onward toward the Dark Ages.

The Dark Ages were marked by a return to older and more practical scholarly pursuits. Classes such as *Huddling For Warmth*, *Day and Night Anticipation*, *Women As Sex Objects*, and *VTS-Our Friend The Plague* were common. There were very few "illuminated manuscripts," though

# Understanding Entropy Through Everyday Examples



# The Adventure of the Unknown Integer

Holmes paced furiously about the study, mumbling violently to himself. The members of Lord Smythe's household watched him carefully from strategic locations about the room. He pulled a length of rubber tubing from his topcoat and wound it about the circumference of his arm with extraordinary care. "The facts of the case are simple," he hissed through his teeth, which were by now clenching the tubing, holding it tight to his arm.

"Lord Smythe is dead and we know neither the identity of his murderer nor the nature of the unknown prime integer  $p$ ." He produced a syringe and injected a seven percent solution of cocaine into his exposed upper arm. After a great sigh of relief and contentment, he continued, "None of us . . . except the murderer, that is."

Suddenly, he became excited and animated. "Let us review that information that was given to us at the opening of the case. All of us knew that  $p$  is not equal to five. Lord Smythe screamed *that* at the top of his lungs under the influence of morphine induced into his tea — by the murderer, no doubt." Priscilla, who had served the tea, blanched.

Holmes, who had waxed wistful at the mention of morphine, spun rapidly on the balls of his feet and turned to face Lord Smythe's valet. "And when you, Carruthers, returned last evening — fresh from a night of lecherous debauchery in Soho, I might add — with the information that  $p$  did not equal two, I was suspicious. Very suspicious."

"It was I who determined from these two facts that the greatest common divisor of  $p$  and ten was one. I made no secret of this fact, for the purpose of flushing out the murderer."

"By the way, Holmes, how did you determine that?" I inquired.

"A lemma, my dear Watson," replied Holmes, who all the while had been deftly rolling a cigaret. He lit it and drew heavily. As he held it toward me, I detected the sickening odour of hemp. "Care for a hit, Watson?" he asked. I shook my head and he passed it on to Priscilla, who grabbed it eagerly.

"Just an hour before the crime, it was his niece Rachel who came across the bit of information in His Lordship's library that when ten is raised to the power of a prime less one, the result leaves a remainder of one when divided by



A LEMMA, MY DEAR WATSON.

said prime." Upon hearing this accusation, Rachel stepped back into the shadows. By this time, the remainder of the cigaret had gone about the room and was returned to Holmes, who unceremoniously swallowed it.

He spun about to face me. "But I owe to you, Watson — of all people — the curious conclusion that  $p$  divided ten to the  $p$  minus one power quantity minus one and *thus* divided a number consisting entirely of nines!"

"It . . . it . . . was intuitively obvious, Holmes," I stammered, astonished at the man's powers of deduction.

"Hardly, Watson. But it was not until the moment of Lord Smythe's death that the pieces began to fall into place. After you had all left the room, I rolled over the cadaver to reveal a scrap of paper, upon which was scrawled the conclusion that had cost Lord Smythe his life!"

Here, he paused for dramatic effect. During the ensuing silence, he produced a small foil packet. Then, holding each nostril closed in succession, he sniffed loudly from the packet. He resumed, "The poor devil knew that  $p$  divided a number consisting entirely of ones!"

Holmes' feverish presentation had whipped me to such a frenzy that in lieu of replying calmly, as was my wont, I leapt to my feet and shouted, "Yes, I remember! He's known that ever since he returned from Calcutta. I assumed he learned it from some streetside fakir."

Holmes stepped toward me and placed his face within



"HE HAD BEEN DEFTLY ROLLING A CIGARET."



"HE PRODUCED A SMALL FOIL PACKET."

inches of mine. "You were the only individual, outside of Lord Smythe himself, who had knowledge of that fact. Once you knew that, Watson, it was a simple conclusion that  $p$  divided nine or a succession of ones. Using these two facts and a simple theorem — one that any doctor is required to know — it is mere child's play to conclude that  $p$  equals three. It is common knowledge among residents of the moors, Watson, that three divides one hundred eleven, a number consisting entirely of ones."

Confronted with this, I bolted for the door. I threw it open only to reveal the smiling figure of Inspector Lestrade. "I wasn't certain that you were the culprit, Watson," Holmes continued, "until Lestrade mentioned, quite by accident, that your mother's maiden name was Fermat. I've known for years that, faced with my own superior mental capabilities, you have developed a severe inferiority complex. The name of the theorem Rachel discovered is Fermat's *Little* Theorem. The diminutive threw into a megalomaniacal rage and you killed Lord Smythe to satisfy your own feelings of inferiority."

As Lestrade led me away in disgrace, my hands bound behind my back, Holmes said, "Oh, by the bye, Watson, would you mind leaving your medical bag here, old chap?"

—From *The Theorems of Sherlock Holmes*



this changed as the Middle Ages finally arrived.

In Medieval times the feudal system and consequent abundance of knight classes was operative. Kings coveted their castles and dukes and duchesses minded their manners. At first, since vassals, squires, knights, and lords all entered school before peasants, there was a tendency toward a large peasant underclass. But this differential disappeared as poverty spread (even famous artists eventually went Baroque) and feifery became common. Most bandit serfs were isthmus peasants. The more radical peasant students, the ones with real crosses to bear, initiated various crusades, but though the peasants were always repugnant, their frequent rebellions against the existing system proved to be in vain.

The trend toward humanism in writing produced vast volumes of intellectual humus. Machiavelli was a guest professor of ethics. Classes had hit the pits.

The emergence of popes to a dominant position in countless lives set rationality back several hundred years on a (thusfar) permanent basis. The papal bull was omnipresent; it was even a sin for a vassal to miss squire practice.

Thus it was left to the Renaissance to rebear man and set him back in the proper direction on the road of progress. Instead, it was primarily an era in which people forgot about the plagues that had wiped out one-third of Europe's population and began taking themselves seriously again. Students became pompous artists; everyone

thought that he was God's gift to civilization.

Somehow the age of reason and enlightenment got started anyway. Montaigne went back to Pyrrho, Descartes convinced everyone he was a machine, Leibnitz massaged his monads, Newton erected his inclined plane and rolled his balls and \*POOF\* — modernity.

Students ate it up.

More than one knowledgeable author (e.g. *The World Almanac 1975*) has described the modern student as "a conceited, over-egoed mass of unquestioned values, pompous judgements, artificial interpersonal standards, oppossed creativity, unbelievably narrow perspectives, societally-dictated thought patterns, megalomaniacal goal-orientation, arrogant delusions of worth, savagely dogmatic though largely uninformed opinions, irrational label-actuated authority relations, and personal hygiene oversights, entirely incapable of unbiased, unchannelled, creative rational thought and normal interpersonal relationships."

In any case, the modern student has all manner of intellectual refuse at his disposal — huge irrelevant libraries, massive textbooks, expert professors, A.S.S.U. Lecture Notes, and *The Stanford Daily*. Courses like The Applications of Third-Order Differential Equations and LaPlace Transforms in Modern Phospholipid Membrane Transport System Theory, Volleyball, and Women As Men promise to make him the most "studentized" student in all of history. And in Wilbur, they're still Huddling For Warmth in the winter.

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## COUNTDOWN FOR DEMOCRACY

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# THE NEW BOOM IN RELIGION

The Bicentennial year promises to be one of the biggest on record for one of America's major industries: religion. On the tail of the receding recession, religion has grown to unheard-of proportions. Several new models, both foreign and domestic, have appeared on the scene as have some completely revamped techniques for that old stand-by Christianity.

**Second Coming.** The strongest new entry comes from a country that is entering a messiah onto the market for the first time: South Korea. Reverend Sun Myung Moon offers a variation of Christianity that has some radical differences that put it into a class by itself. As is typical for most products of this sort, Rev. Moon claims to be the Second Coming, the long-awaited top-of-the-line Christian model which has been expected for some time. While a strong performer, there seems to be little acceptance among messianic enthusiasts.

Rev. Moon combines his Christian base with a doctrine that has long been a staple of South Korea's ideology mills: anticommunism. He combines the missionary zeal of some of the more standard eastern sects with a technique perfected further north on the Korean peninsula: brainwashing. "Moonism" is growing rapidly in popularity and while it may never be able to compete with the Big Three, it should make quite a tidy profit for its "creator."

The year's big casualty was, of course, Guru Maharaj Ji. This somewhat pudgy model was quite popular several years ago. Due to his huge profits, though, the Guru was becoming soft. He has since been recalled by the producer, his mother. Rumor has it that he will be replaced by another of the Ji line, his brother.

The Hare Krishna movement, another strong performer, has not stabilized for a period of steady growth. Hare Krishna offers one feature that seems to appeal to a large number of confused young consumers: total control. As standard equipment, all who embrace the movement are kept busy every hour of the day, leaving no room for uncertainty of error. Aside from

this popular feature, the faith includes meditation, easily recognizable appearance, and extensive proselytizing at no extra cost.

Jews for Jesus, a hybrid model, has not been performing well. Its basic problem is that it attempts to appeal to an initially small market. And a segment that has been traditionally suspicious of this product, as well.

**"Maximum Sex."** In the face of increasing competition by these relative newcomers, the massive Christian conglomerate has countered with a public relations campaign unseen since the Moslems created their highly successful Black Muslim division. The Christians have traditionally appealed to a wide spectrum of the market. The most recent

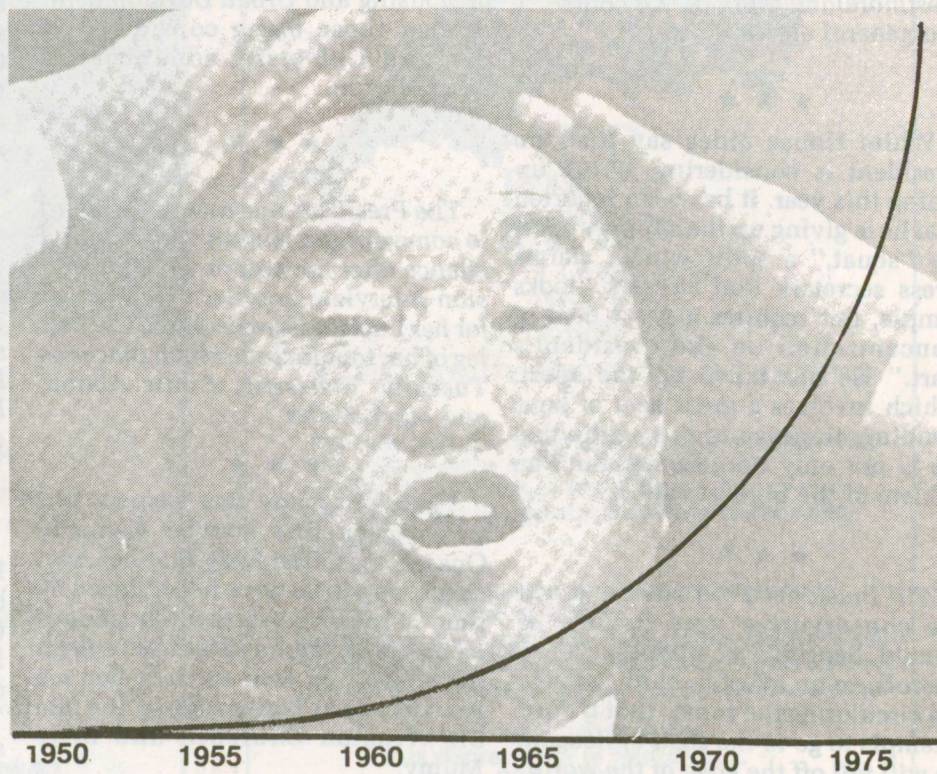
offshoot is aimed at a small but growing group, gays. This is an especially bold move since, like most religions, the Christians have depended upon parents to pass on the family faith.

Josh McCallum has brought Madison Avenue into the fold. With full-color posters that scream "Maximum Sex" in type three times as large as the word "Christ" many have begun to wonder if the Christians have begun to shift their priorities. This would certainly increase their appeal.

All in all, 1976 promises to be a boom year for religion. While this boom is a product of the recession, it is just one more indication that the recession is drawing to a close.

## Religion: Rising Prophets

(plotted on logarithmic scale)



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Observers expect strong union bargaining for 1976. Plans to unionize U.S. senators, foreign bribees and welfare chiselers. Teamsters plan to push for a "Hoffa clause" which would provide for burial benefits after death.

The U.S. metrification program is doing very well. Best conversion yet is U.S. News and World Report's changeover from Newspounds, Worldpounds to Newsgrams, Worldgrams. Humorous help from Charles Schultz who has Lucy telling Linus, "I'm going to 0.4536 kilogram you."

President Ford is planning to wipe-out hunger in the U.S. with his "food for peace" plan. Using a football analogy, Ford commented, "We're going to go in there and stick it down their throats."

The 37th Italian cabinet of this year has resigned. Critics charged that the cabinet was just a vener. CIA involvement is suspected as individuals wearing "Hi, I'm from the CIA. Do you want to be destabilized?" buttons were seen in and about the Venus de Milo. There is talk of a religious state headed by Pope John IX and Pope Paul VII but Wops are dead-set against it.

Most economic indicators are up, up, up. Prices are up too. However there are important price reductions in such articles as wholesale zinc, digital watches, presidential hats and rings and and. Digital Micky Mouse watches which squeak and carry the bubonic plague are not expected to sell. In that case why did the idiots manufacture them?

Aren't these newsgrams moronic?

The Japanese economy is beginning to falter. Consumers have little yen to spend. Further problems caused by a cessation of foreign bribes. The economy is going through a cooling-off stage and the nip in the air is expected to last quite some time.

# NEWS You Can Abuse

## IN YOUR PERSONAL PLANNING

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Colleges are jammed with youths seeking refuge from the job market, but some students are itching to make money. What's it like on the other side of the fence? Some tips from the experts.

**BRAWNS NOT BRAINS.** Employers are fed up with smart-ass students who think they possess wisdom. In order of importance, here are six things college recruiters look for when offering jobs to graduates.

1. Personal qualifications such as good looks, pleasant personality, health and family background are the most critical distinguishing factors since these can not be taught in schools.
2. Previous work experience is essential before getting any job.
3. Connections.
4. If you actually plan to use your college education for your job, several advanced degrees are recommended.
5. Interviews count. Act dumb since most bureaucrats won't hire an intelligent, up and coming individual who might someday replace them.
6. If you are looking for a high paying job (over \$200 a month) forget it unless you can lift over 200 kilograms, operate heavy machinery or are sexually liberal.

**BIRTH CONTROL.** The latest studies have indicated that birth control pills are not as safe as consumers were led to believe. The pill's 99 per cent effectiveness rate has been broken down to 95 per cent primary pregnancy prevention and 4 per cent secondary pregnancy prevention (spontaneous abortion, death). However industry sources are unconcerned and claim that the number of women "inadvertently terminated" is actually very low. It is inconceivable that the pill will be regulated any further.

**INVESTED INTELLIGENCE.** Government officials are pleased that many of America's finest minds are applying their abilities towards academic rather than profit-making adventures. The Defense Department is especially interested in keeping a "cheap and readily available brain pool" in the colleges.

# IF HISTORY REPEATS, A GOOD YEAR FOR STOCKS

The stock market should rise smartly in 1976 if the past is any guide. Election years have always been good years for the stock market with some notorious exceptions.

Since World War II, the market has risen during five out of three election years. The two exceptions:

In 1960, when John F. Kennedy edged out the dark horse candidate, Dick M. Nixon. The decline in stock averages was 8% in that year. The active trading floor members of the exchange were noticeably absent during the closing weeks of the election, with international airline reservations increasing 32%.

In 1968, when the King's men broke Humpty Humphrey and all McGovern's men couldn't put him back together again.

In the other postwar election years, the market went up.

**The Swing of the Market.** The Economic Unit of this magazine did an in depth inquiry into this aspect of the stock market and discovered some astounding criteria determining the swing of the market. The Economic Unit found that:

- Rises in the general level of the stock

market occurred in election years in which Democratic candidates were victorious due to an increase in investment, most noticeably in election officials. For the Economic buff — expectations of decreasing marginal productivity has the effect of causing a reciprocal increase in the marginal efficiency of investment, assuming of course, equal shares of uncommon stock.

- Agricultural shares rise up to 30% in election years due to the meeting of the normally cold atmospheric air with the seasonal hot air accompanying election years, resulting in an increase in precipitation with a net increase in productivity.

- Incestment rose in 17 of the 49 election years. This fact is in agreement with Say's Law, which says that the fundamental axiom of the business world is to "aprocreate everyone, including one's sister if economic conditions demand it."

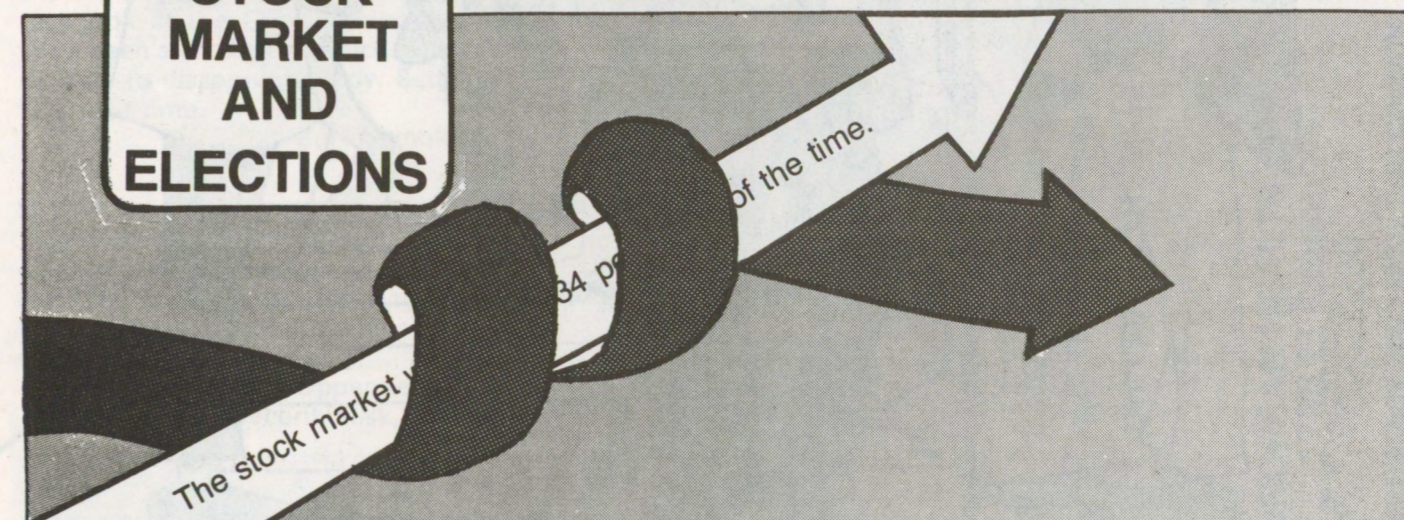
**Dow Jones Up.** The Economic Unit concluded that these factors, coupled with the recent spurt in the Dow Jones average and the improvement in foreign intercourse, should stimulate a Wall Street euphoria. However, the well-known brokerage firm of Milkem and Dickem has speculated that the success of the stock market will vary with the presidential candidate elected. If the incumbent, Gerald Ford, is elected, stock in

general will follow in his footsteps, tripping in the first quarter of 1976 and struggling to get it up in the third quarter with a forecast of scattered showers and a 22% chance of recovery. With the election of Ford's Republican opponent, Ronald Reagan, the stock averages will fall, with the exclusion of the cosmetic and film industry.

**Democratic Hopefuls.** The Democratic candidates present a brighter prospect for the Wall Street jockeys. Sen. Ted Kennedy has promised to support the American household with numerous subsidies — "I want every family to have two cars in their swimming pool." Dark Horse, Larry Horton, should provide unfavorable conditions for general stocks, naturally included among these is the housing sector. Jimmy Carter, in continuing with his positive take-a-stand campaign, has declared that stock will definitely go up or down. Jackson, Bayh and Udall should produce no major effect on the stock market or the country. George Wallace, though, has promised a crackdown on industries violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1899, which would certainly have a crippling effect on Wall Street.

In conclusion, the Economic Unit predicted a favorable year for the stock market (Elephants 2, Jackasses 9)

## STOCK MARKET AND ELECTIONS



Further explanation of this graph is so sophisticated, that it can only be explained through the use of mathematics.

### SELECTED STOCKS, A LOOK AT THE RECORD.

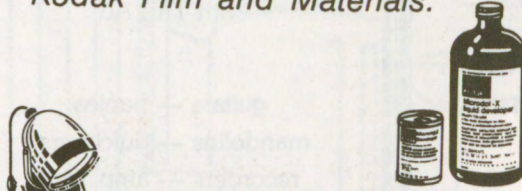
1960	Havana Tobacco Inc	down 18%	1968	American Dairy Assn	up 54%
1964	Dow Chemical	up 48%	1972	IT & T	up 53%



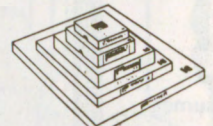


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A Change in Life ....

A week passed and it was time for our sex class with Doc Gleason. He was a man with a stomach that hung so far over his belt that when he sat down at a desk the majority of it rested on the seat. His hair was thin, slicked back, and greasy and you could see a whole mess of freckles and moles on the top of his scalp. We were already familiar with him from 6th grade. We called him "itchy fingers."

"This is a class on sex education," said the Doc as he pulled his belt up over his belly. "While we may be young men, and, um, er, you may have noticed something new in the air, and, er, ur, we don't want you to go demanding for doors on the bathroom stalls, oh, um, I'll just read today's lecture. Well, sex is a beautiful and natural thing. It could happen to you at any time. Ever have a 'man to man' talk?"

Some of us knew about it, but we didn't raise our hands. We didn't want him to know anything about us when we went in for our check ups. The Doc went on and on about the beauty of nature, and the rest of it, never getting into the rest of it. We were bored until toward the end he brought out this plastic model. It was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen; with colorful parts and organs that could be removed and examined. The doctor introduced this 'learning aid' as (Stanford) Suzy and said he would be referring to it from time to time. The Doc flicked a switch that lit up Suzy in beautiful, fluorescent colors. This left us all exasperated as the bell rang.

That day I skipped home, incredibly happy about the model. I closed my eyes to rest and there was an image of her. When I opened my eyes again, I was looking in one of Macy's store-front windows. There was a mannequin in the window and a man who was dressing it. It was love at first sight!

The mannequin was wearing a bikini. I stared at it, and it smiled at me, motioning with its finger for me to come inside. I couldn't believe it, but I didn't question it. My heart was thumping. I went into the store, looking both ways for people and went up to talk to her. She handed me a note:

My name is Goldie Glitter. Rendezvous tonight. Please!!!

Forever, Goldie

That night I went into the Macy's lingerie section, pretending to buy something for my mother. I saw Goldie shivering in the store front and I couldn't stand it anymore, so I grabbed her, stuffed her into a gunny sack and ran for the first door I saw. It was the ladies' dressing room. I ran through there quickly, while old fat ladies, straining and grunting to pull on elasticized girdles and other shimmering undergarments, stared at me in disbelief.

"Thief, robber, peeping tom!" screamed one lady.

"Catch him! He's got the mannequin," said another. I then realized that Goldie's head was sticking out of the sack. I ran out of the store, down the dark, decrepit alley in the back, and headed over to the school yard. I could hear the wail of sirens through the streets as I climbed the fence to my blacktop refuge. I placed Goldie underneath a tree and lay down beside her. She smiled at me as we gazed up at the stars.

"This is where I go to school, Goldie," I said. "Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Plato, I love you," she said. "What kind of kids do you think we'll have?"

I didn't get a chance to answer for the next thing I knew I was looking up at a big flat-footed cop. "We're gonna take you in, son, for stealing a mannequin and peeping in a ladies' room." He locked me into the squad car. Before he closed the door, Goldie waved and said, "Don't worry. I'll wait for you." We drove to the station and they took me in to take my finger prints.

"We're gonna call up your mother," said the chief as he went over to the phone to call. "We've got your son here for stealing and raping a mannequin," he said over the phone.

"Good, keep him there. He never puts his clothes in the hamper." I could hear my mother's voice loud and clear over the receiver. I was taken back to a cell and locked up with this big, hirsute man who said he was in for putting too much chlorine in the mayor's pool on one of his Jiffy-Swim Pool-Fin Service rounds.

"What are you in for?" he said, stroking his bellybutton.

"Stealing and raping a mannequin," I replied as he quickly moved over to the other part of the cell. I tossed and turned all night listening to the guy talk in his sleep. "Drop in the piranhas, now," he grumbled.

The next morning a guard came to the door. He called himself Grimbaro. "You've got a visitor. It's that stupid mannequin," he said disgustedly. When I reached the visiting room I saw Goldie with a black veil over her face.

"I can't talk too long," she said in a panting tone. "I've got this job at the White Front posing in front of a kitchenette. I baked this Pumpnickel bread for you. I hope you like it. By the way, there's this cute guy working with me there." Tears started coming to her eyes. The pumpernickel was gigantic.

"I understand." I took the bread back to the cell. When I got there I ripped open the bread and in the middle of it was a brand new White Front electric can opener.

"Oh boy, Ha, ha! I'll cut my way out of here," I said as I searched around the cell for an outlet.

Now That....

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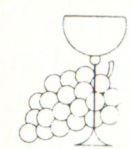
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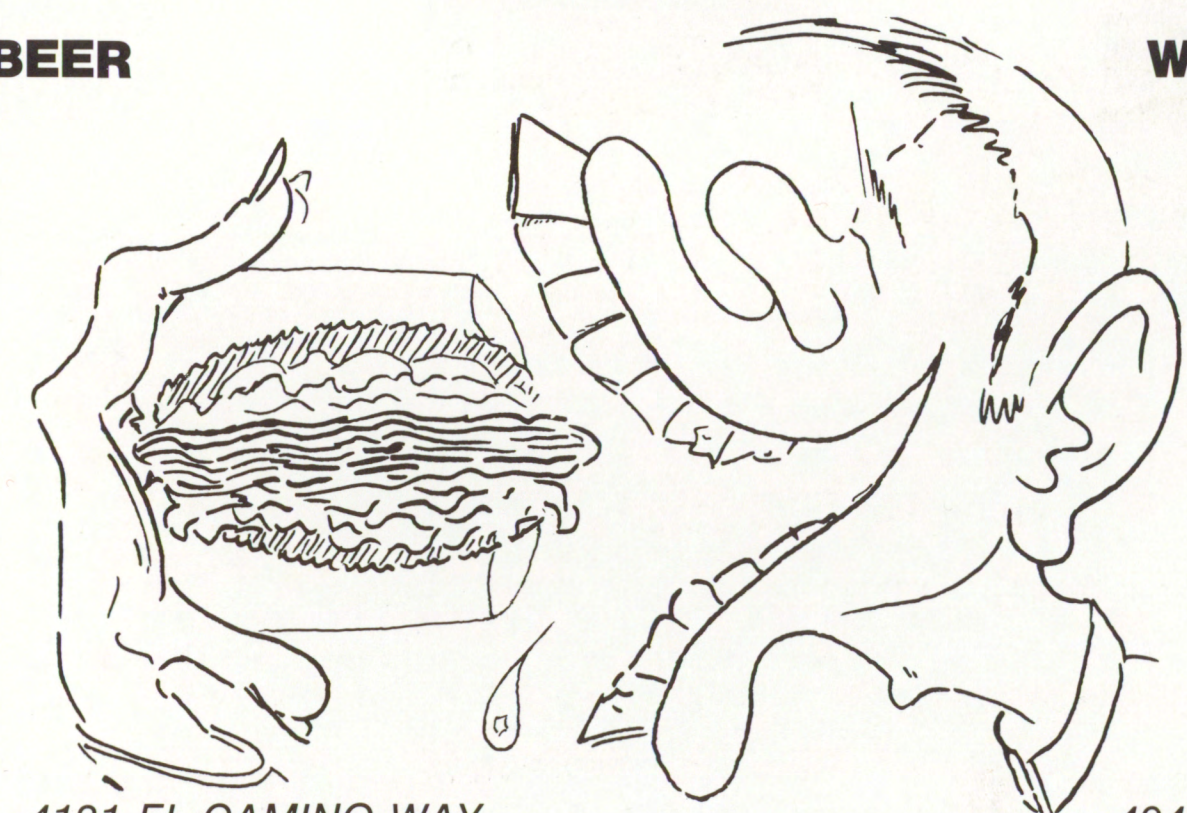
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