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Big Game Issue

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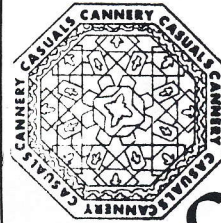
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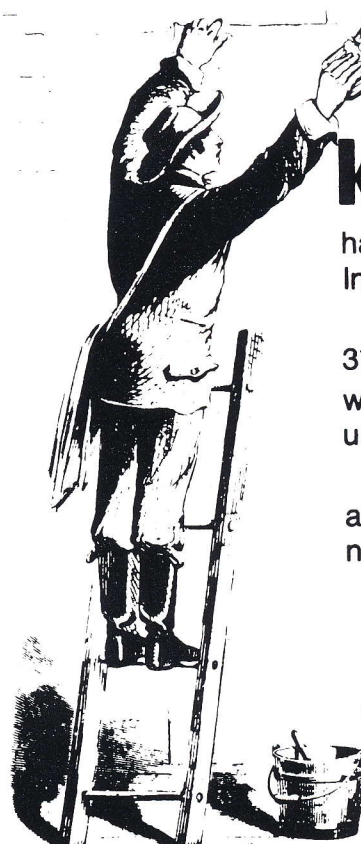
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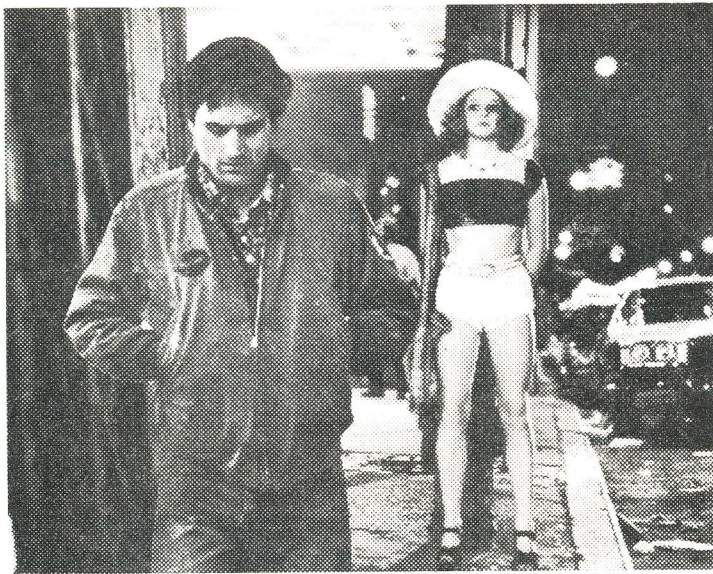
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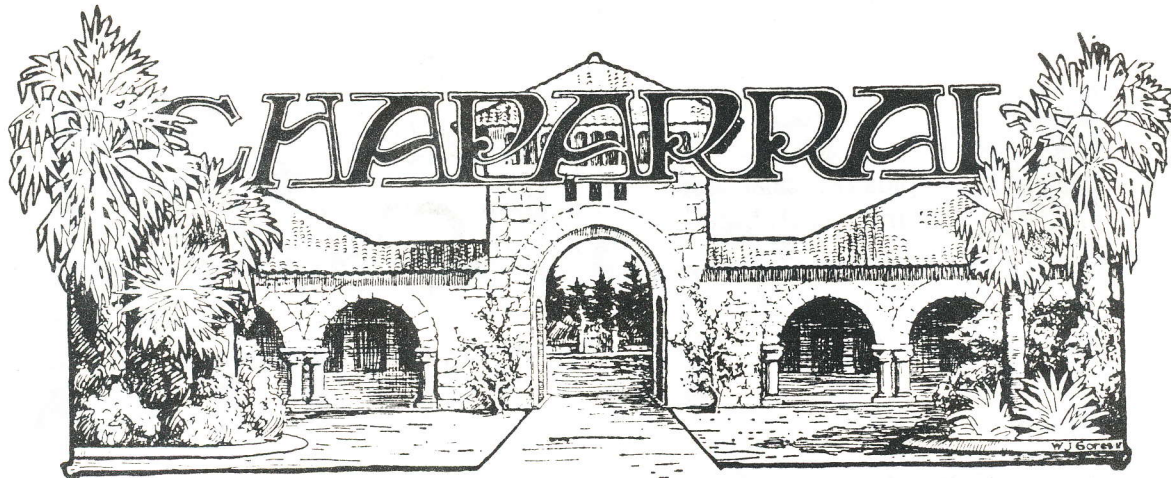


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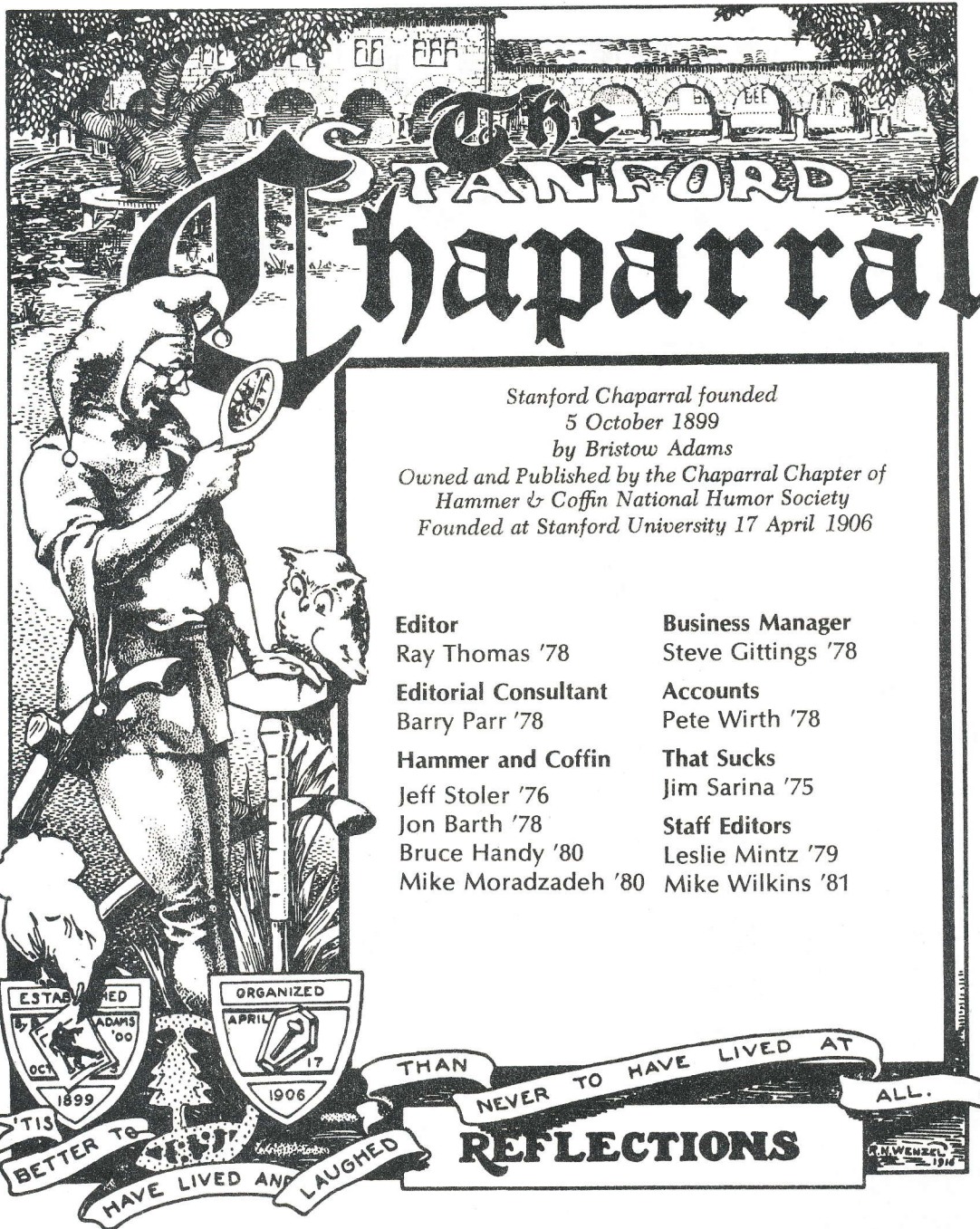
Big Game, 1977

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Cover by Dan Olivas  
Chaparral logo by Jim Holder

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. © 1977 by the Stanford Chaparral. Address all letters of complaint, praise, or exultation to the Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, CA 94305.



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 1906

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<b>Editorial Consultant</b> Barry Parr '78	<b>Accounts</b> Pete Wirth '78
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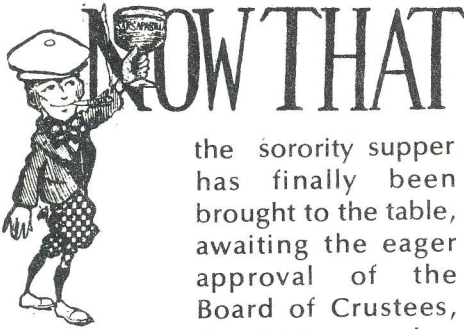
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# REFLECTIONS



the sorority supper has finally been brought to the table, awaiting the eager approval of the Board of Crustees, the Old Boy wonders what it all means. The reintroduction of Yell Leaders loosened his usual sturdy grip on the oft-wielded hammer, but this new development hearkens him back to the forties, the days of war.

Hey buddy (collective Board of Trustees), just what the hell you tryin' to pull off? Der Alte Junge remembers the forties — a world war, bad movies, Fred Merkle's Boner, suits with padded shoulders, the advent of Television, Huey Long, The Iron Curtain, dumb music, and sororities cheering

with the Yell Leaders — does this sound like good times?

Actually, The Ancient One feels that if there is enough demand for anything it should be permitted (check our recent article on Snuff Movies). In the old days, students wanted to vote for silly people for ASSU Senate and live in dormitories. Today's student-on-the-move wants to have her yells led and live in sororities. The Old Boy only stipulates that when people are incapable of rational, non-programmed thought, those who are capable should make their decisions for them.

Along these lines (not literally) the *Chaparral* has installed a "Decision Line" — any time you can't make up your mind, just call Aulde Boiy and he'll decide your life.

Not along these lines (literally), we feel it is our duty, seeing as the *Chapar-*

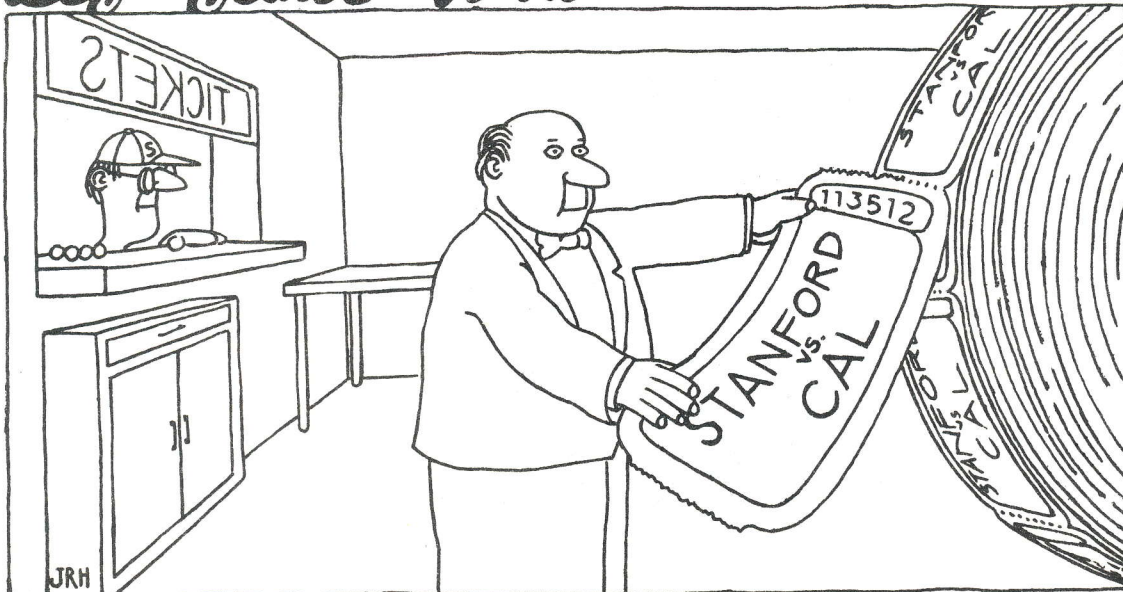
*ral* has a large Trustee readership, to caution against any actions now that will cause much suffering, even fiery deaths, in the future. This applies not only to current issues, but also to future resolutions on their deadly docket.

President Lyman, a staunch Hammer & Coffin ex-treasurer, has asided to the Jocund Jester that the Board plans much more serious moves if the sorority resolution glides through.

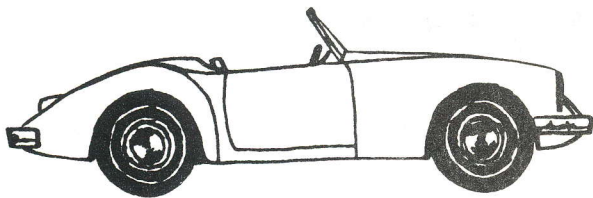
Proposals will include cutbacks in financial aid to minorities, a campus-wide drug crackdown, and mandatory scratching of hemophiliacs.

But such things are not important when half the world goes to bed hungry, though not at the same time. The Harbinger of Humor is also concerned with the problems facing the world today.

## Big Game Tickets



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# LETTERS

## TO THE EDITOR

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Editor:

It's a lot harder to avoid the issues as President than as a candidate. Believe me. These guys in Congress are heck. Much more of this and I'll wish I never was born again. I came to Washington as a knight in shining armor ready to defend good and punish evil. I still am but I can't do much without my lance.

Jimmy Carter  
President

Editor:

I don't think Jimmy Carter was born again. I think he was born yesterday.

James Reston  
Washington Insider

Editor:

Americans are so gullible and so taken with the mysteries of the Orient that they'll believe anything and do the stupidest things. I bet you that within six months I can have thousands of Americans drinking their own piss. Bet? Bet!

Moraji Desari  
Prime Minister, India

Editor:

Transcendental Medication, the ancient discipline of the Castandu order of India is less a religion than a way of life. We believe that all power flows from the body itself. Therefore, there is great benefit to be derived from the consumption of bodily excretions. Our introductory course (250 American dollars) initiates you into the mysteries of this profound knowledge and includes a sacred ages-old chalice with which to practice your rites. After completing this course I can't describe what you're into.

Iased Ijarom  
the master Maharishi

Editor:

God, would I like to play Stanford now. I'd beat 'em by 2000 points. Well, maybe 200. Anyway, it would be close.

John McKay  
Losers Bay, Florida

Editor:

Jimmy Carter, a one term President? No way! Not at all. He has too many of the qualities of greatness; just like that other great Southerner, Lyndon Johnson. I see similarities, great similarities between these two.

Jerry Brown  
Guruvenor, California

Editor:

Yeah, you tell 'em Dad, 2000 points. You know when Dad and I were at USC with whats-his-name; uh, uh Nat Haden, I was the leading receiver. Maybe I'll give Carrol and the Rams a call. They could use a great receiver. Who do they have now? I'll tell you who. Some clown by the name of Jackson, a baseball player. Hah! Yeah, we and old Nat worked great together. "California here I come, right back where I started from. . . ."

J.K. McKay  
The Coaches Son

Editor:

It is not true that Jimmy's favorite movie is "Once Is Not Enough."

Jody Powell  
Press Secretary to The President

Editor:

Schlitz. Light.

James Coburn

Editor:

Hey Stanford! I'll trade you teams; straight across, coaches included.

Joe Thomas  
General Manager, S.F. 49'ers

Editor:

Schlitz. Light.

James Coburn

Editor:

By sea, my God. The English are coming! The English are coming!

Paul Revere

Editor:

Just call me Mr. Ranger because I keep the Bears in line. And that goes for bruins, too. But it's a real pleasure considering the great guys I have. Yes, Stanford football is lofting to new heights with no small thanks to James not to mention our daring running. I'd say that the deck is stacked in our favor.

Bill Walsh  
Head Coach, Stanford

Editor:

Now in this situation I'd start Steve Dils as he seems to have the advantage over quick teams like UCLA, USC and Cal.

Jack Christiansen

Editor:

Jack Christianson? Christianson. No, I don't really remember anyone by that name.

Joe Ruetz  
Athletic Director, Stanford

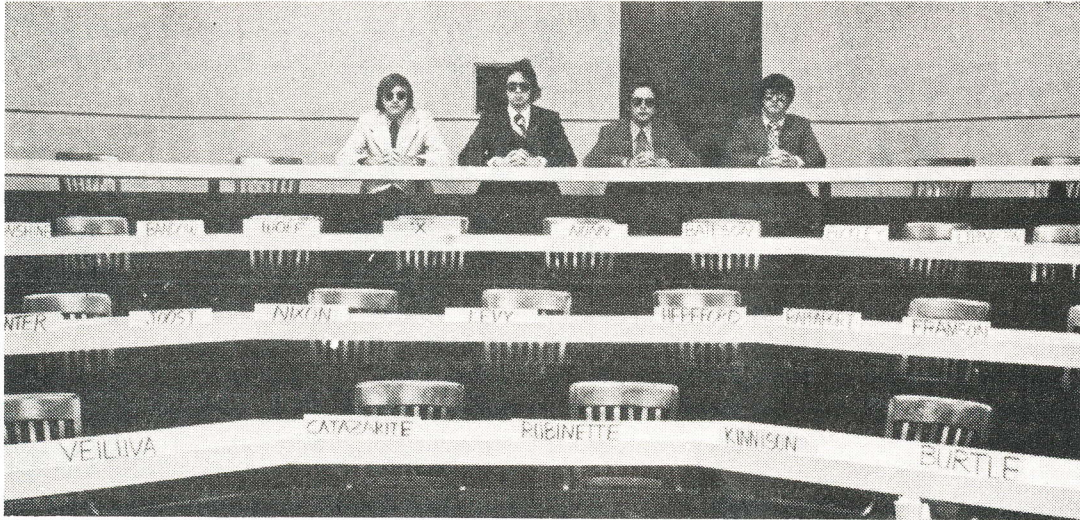
Editor:

"Every now and then I wish again, That I was in Michigan." Territory that is. 13-12 even though they tried to steal it.

"Roses are red,  
Michigan was blue,  
After the Big Game  
Cal will be two."

Don Bunce  
another great Stanford q.b.

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# ASSU WHISPERS

BY 'SENATOR X'

**But seriously folks Dept.** ASSU Senate has demonstrated that it doesn't give a damn about the student body unless it has a recall petition hanging over its head. Even then they refused to admit their true reason for reversing themselves. Marvin "I am fully able to qualify or disqualify anyone sitting on the present senate, including myself" Anderson said that he changed his mind because the previous night's proposal was ill-considered and unconstitutional, the *Daily* was full of lies, and the senate had lost its credibility. One out of three isn't bad. Yet Anderson repeatedly asked the Ad hoc Committee to Recall the Senate "How a long are you going to hold those petitions over my head?" Why does he think the senate waited a second day before finally approving a proposal virtually identical to the one it rejected the night before? One hopes they aren't fooling anyone. The senate has a number of important issues to deal with. If they don't clean up their act, let's hope they confine themselves to correcting Senator Wolf's grammar.

Dan Livingston was chagrined at his removal from the senate. Once again, he was in the minority. When asked if he'd like to write "ASSU Whispers" this month, he replied that "Ex-Senator X" might be a bit too symmetric (if not transparent) a nom de plume.

Almost everybody was happy to see the LSJUMB at the second senate meeting of the year. "I was glad to see the dollies at the meeting. They were the most interesting motion on the floor the whole evening," quipped co-president Westly.

When asked about the *Chaparral's* allegedly "homophobic" editorial policy, at least one highly-placed staffer remarked, "humor was gay a long time before homosexuals were."

**Hate-filled caustic comments Dept.** One wonders about the recent involvement of Pat Flinn and Sean Murphy in the recent senate elections. It seems that even ASSU needs a few micks to round out its schedule.

Senator Wolf introduced a bill which would ban .22 caliber weapons on campus. When asked about this resolution, which seemed to differ from his typical conservative position, he said, "I feel that the existence of small bore weapons on campus is a direct threat to my life."

"SOC is not a bloc," claim Senators Catanzarite and Burtle. In fact everybody on SOC agrees they don't think alike. Unanimously.

The proposal to lift the ban on sororities is getting kicked around a great deal lately. One might point to the phenomenal success of Roth and Storey Houses. After all, a row house that you can get into with No. 4000 is bound to be popular. After fraternities and sororities, we should set up maternities and paternities for the faculty.

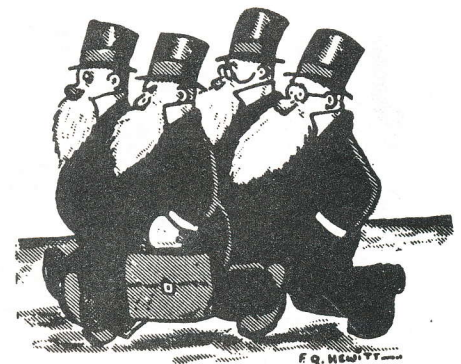
The Interfraternity Council is studying safe ways to celebrate the Big Game (i.e. ceremonies that don't involve playing with matches). Dean Lyons has already given his support to plans for burying a live bear on White Plaza. A survey of how other

universities handle similar situations came up with a report on the Big Game between Cape Town University and Kruger College to determine which gets to play Salisbury University in the annual Rhodes Bowl.

Fred Grethel bought his copy of Robert's Rules the afternoon before the first senate election. How did he know he was going to be elected chairman? "It's just a coincidence," he says, "I bought it for recreational reading."

Somebody might inform furniture person Grethel that, according to the ASSU Constitution his official title is "Chairman." While we're sure he'd rather be called "Grand Poobah," the student body voted down a similar proposal in 1975.

**A Slice of Reality Dept.:** When asked by Elections Commissioner Murphy if the Conservative Student Union was a voluntary organization, then-Senator Livingston replied, "They don't draft, if that's what you mean."



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# A CONVERSATION WITH SAN CLEMENTIE SAM

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Whenever I find myself confused about an issue, I consult my friend, San Clemente Sam. Sam's a semi-retired used car dealer who's had quite a career. He began as a successful taxi cab salesman. One year back in the fifties, Sam sold more Checkers than anybody. Twenty years later, Sam became the biggest car dealer everywhere in America except Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. But, Sam's glory days as a used car dealer ended a few years ago. He was caught setting back the odometer on a little German import by 18,000 miles.

People claim that the public Sam is still defensive and self-serving about his past. The Sam I talk to in private is a more interesting man who has much to say about his thirty years in the used car business. He's the Sam we'd like to know.

I visited Sam recently. He was happy and talkative. Hardly anyone consults him since he was forced to return his Lincoln franchise to Ford, who then gave it to some guy called "Plain Jim" for peanuts.

Me: Sam, What do you make of this reverse discrimination fuss?

SCS: It's a lot like the used car business.

Me: Hunh?

SCS: No one really knows what makes one car better than another. When people come to me, neither they nor I have any idea what they really need. I do, however, know what they think they want and that's how I sell.

Me: What's this have to do with Bakke?

SCS: So I wind up selling them on things which they like to think are important. They like to be-

lieve that a bit more horsepower, or a bit better mileage makes a big difference. Versatility, integrity of workmanship, handling might be just as important; yet, most buyers think a fair deal is good horsepower and good mileage for their money.

Me: How about the issue of whether color should matter?

SCS: You know, about fifty years ago Henry Ford built his cars on the theory that color didn't matter to most Americans. He believed that his customers were as sensible as they thought they were. A few years later, Sloan took over GM. Sloan built on the premise that things as frivolous as paint jobs mattered to most Americans. Well, Sloan damn near put Ford out of business.

Me: But do you think it ought to be that way?

SCS: If I sold cars on the basis of the way I thought people ought to buy cars, I'd go broke. Even if

you want to be idealistic, you've got to be realistic. Me, I sell used cars not usedtopias.

Me: Isn't that a bit crooked?

SCS: I am not a crook.

Me: Is that fair to your customers who do know how to judge cars?

SCS: No, but most of my customers still only think they know how to buy. Most still buy because they think the metallic paint job matches their eyes. They care more about a good deal for them, not a fair price for both of us. My smart customers will just have to be patient until they outnumber the people who can't look beyond the paint job.

Me: But assuming everyone wanted to be fair. . .

SCS: If everyone had standards as high as either side claims in this Bakke case, I would never have been the biggest used car dealer in America for five and a half years.





---

# FATHER MIKE SPEAKS

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Greetings. Salutations. Como Esta?, to all my Hispanic readers. This is the first of what, if all goes as ordained, will be a series of articles explaining and examining the area of faith, particularly my own. Still, I don't wish you to think that I am one-sided in such matters, so please feel free to let your opinions be known by writing to me. Writing letters is one of the many blessings that Americans enjoy, whereas in many of the countries that I have done missionary work in, such practices are severely discouraged, either by the yoke of communism in such places as Albania, or by the iron grip of stupidity and illiteracy in the Phillipines. And speaking of the Phillipines, when was the last time you ever saw a Filipino that wasn't a leper or some sort of CARE commercial reject. I lasted about two months over there at our mission Mok San Ri before I called up the main offices stateside,

and told 'em that these guys just totally grossed me out. So here I am, assigned to Stanford. So far, I haven't seen any lepers, but I have noticed those of you who look like you haven't bathed since you got here. Those of you who peel off your clothes at night, and have to cut yourselves out of your sheets in the morning. But I digress. The purpose of my column today is basically to provide you with a picture of what my church does and how you can join, if you so desire. The Church of P.O. Box 9615, Inc., is a worldwide organization of concerned individuals who simply believe in what is right. It's that simple! This is what makes us different from other churches. All the others, at least when viewed from the perspective of an alternative religion, do at least one thing wrong. Believing in Christ is wrong if you are a non-Christian, believing in Bhudda is wrong if you are a non-Bhuddist, believing in the teachings of His Divine Grace A.C. Swami Prabhupada's is wrong if you have any sense at all as far as I'm concerned, but you get the

idea. Well, no religion can view what we do as wrong because, simply, we only believe in what is right. The curious interlocutor will now ask, "What then is right, Father Mike." The foolish interlocutor! What is right is simply what we believe in! Ah, certainly the philosophers will quibble over the "exact" meaning, but such exactness is not necessary for the member of The Church of P.O. Box 9615, Inc., who knows that what he believes in is right. We can put this Knowledge to work for us to solve the problem posed so many years ago by Plato:

"What is Virtue?"

"Virtue is what is right."

"What is right?"

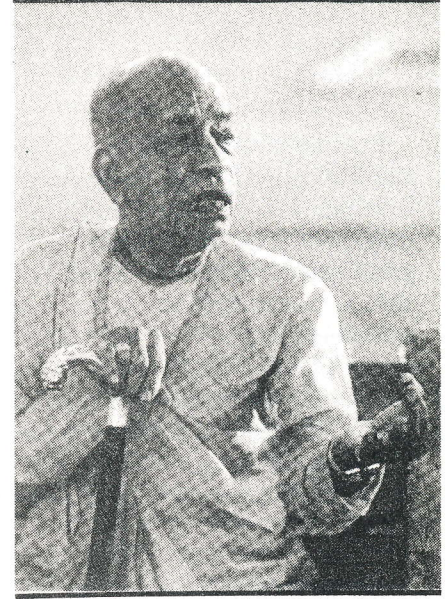
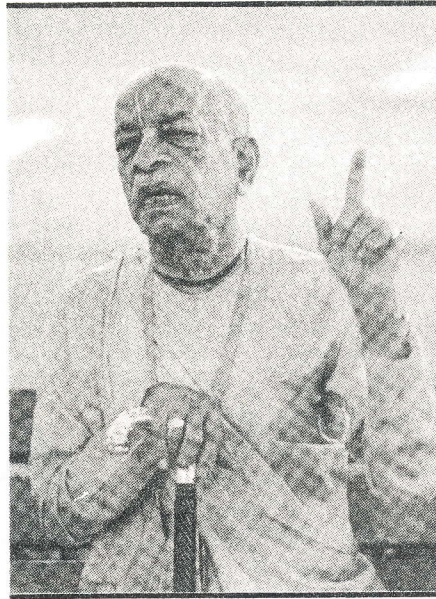
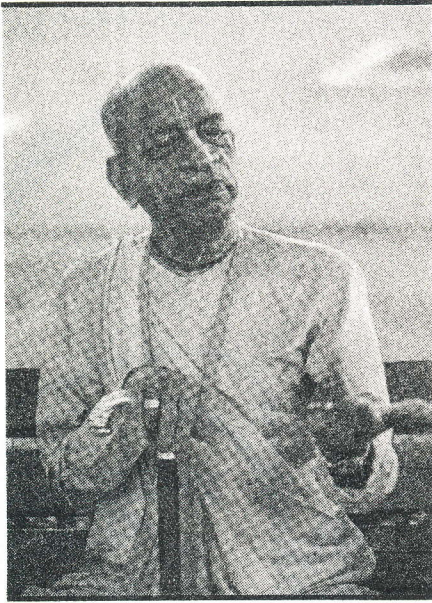
"What we believe in."

Those interested in finding out more about our church, and maybe becoming a member, may do so by sending a good will offering of \$1.00 to: The Church of P.O. Box 9615, P.O. Box 9615, Stanford, California 94305. Till next time, "What will solve the world's problems? Right might." Pax.



# His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

No. 16 in a series / "What the Big Game Means to Me"



"The big game. Yes, yes the big game. As with most things of magnitude the big game is governed by the laws of KRSNA, and therefore the very notion of a big game excites in me the divine spirit that inhabits the souls of everyone, not to mention many airports and streetcorners. Still it distresses me that to see people eating hamburgers in the stands, especially at such a potentially spiritually uplifting event like the big game. Don't people realize that one must kill a cow to make a hamburger? It is as KRSNA says in the *Srimad Bhagavatam*, "sa deva-devo bhagavan pratik-satam kalevaram yavad idam hinomy aham catur-bhujah." (Translation: The lord who is four-handed and whose beautifully decorated lotus face, with eyes as red as the rising sun, is smiling, kindly awaits me at that moment when I quit my material body). Surely we as humans are in no position to take that moment of infinite pleasure, when one can finally focus all his attention on the lotus feet of the Lord, away from somebody simply because he is a cow. And as surely as the mathematician solves problems of geometry, this is what we are doing every time we pull up next to that ridiculous caricature of a clown and a request for a piece of a cow on a bun. Yes? Perhaps as a gesture of respect the team with the "S" painted on the sides of their heads should rename their team the Sacred Cows. As is so plain, it was the Lord Rama that planted the seed of confusion into the brains of those who name football

teams so that, in the fullness of time, the big game would not only be a sporting contest, but also a meeting place for those who wish to get back to godhead. "madhuvrata-srag-vanamalayavrtto isam raraja rajan disas ca bahubhih" (Translation: I am the victory, I am adventure, and I am the strength of the strong. I am strong. I am invincible. I am woman.) says KRSNA of athletics and so perhaps, too, the other team must want to please God by changing their name to the California Golden KRSNA Consciousness. Wonderful. But as the father chastizes the wayward son, as the pride goeth before a fall, as red sky in the morning sailors take warning, so too must the king chastise the wayward player, or alumnus, or student who thinks too little of his spirit or eternal wellbeing to properly give thanks to the godhead who presides over all events, athletic as well as non-athletic. As the dialogue between Bali Maharja and the Brahmana boy (KRSNA in disguise) makes clear, "the wicked shall bow down before my lotus feet, and with my lotus feet I shall crush their fucking skulls." Since we can not scientifically make KRSNA appear whenever we want to, as if he were a flame from some Cricket lighter, it is logical to take matters into our own hands to keep KRSNA at peace with us, his children. I propose a half-time sacrifice of some non-believer, or better yet, some female wrestler with full meaty thighs, a beautiful tan, firm rippling breasts and a ruby embedded in her forehead. Hu!

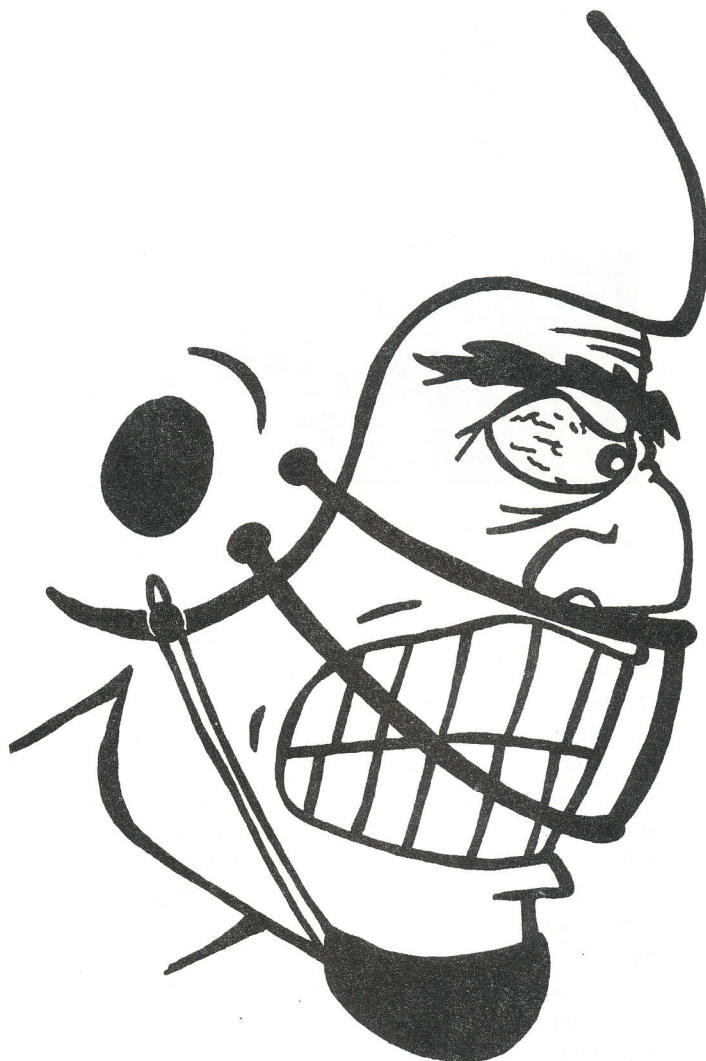
# An Introduction to the Big Game

Nothing is more eagerly anticipated throughout Stanford's fall quarter than the playing of the Big Game. Even freshmen women take a back seat to this spectacle. The campus atmosphere is similar to finals week, as the pre-game tension mounts. Football players drinking coffee all night as they study films and game plans, coaches work out last-minute strategies as the Dollies work out last-second routines, roving bands of hoodlums comb the campus in search of tickets to scalp and students run down the streets of San Francisco in a frenzy surpassed only by the lemming's march to sea. "What," the uninitiated might ask, "is the Big Game and why does it bring out such fanaticism?"

We'll start simply. The Big Game is an annually-contested athletic affair between football teams from Stanford and Berkeley. What, you might wonder, is a football team? Well, they have been characterized as random collections of vicious sadists who desire to move beyond the artificial high provided by drugs. This is a false categorization: Football teams are not selected at random.

The contest between Stanford and "Cal" (an alias for Berkeley) is played in a manner that is not representative of football skills with which you might be acquainted. For instance, if you are most familiar with teams from Midwestern football conferences, you may be dismayed to see the football (that oblong brown object the runner carries) hurled through the air like a sphere. Contrary to notions published by that venerated tactician and Coach, Mr. Woody Hayes, this practice is not known as "cheating." "Passing" is the term most often employed when describing this procedure. It has been used with increasing frequency in the Big Game matches. Some people in the northern sections of the Republic of California claim that southern schools utilize the passing concepts of Stanford and Cal to trounce the hated Big Two rival in the annual Run-off for the Roses. Empirical evidence seems to support this contention.

Now for those of you wanting to cheer for good ol' Stanford in this year's Big Game, we present some vital and up to date information. First of all, there is the matter of the school nickname. You may at any moment (but preferably after fueling your jets with suitable liquid libation) rise from your stadium splinters and shout loudly the



word, "GO!" followed by any of these words: Stanford, Robber Barons, Trees, Cardinals, Indians, Griffins, Reds, Whites or S's. Do not say Bears.

You may also by some divine intervention be inspired by the encouragement of some five or six young freshly-scrubbed collegians in red tuxedos at trackside. They are known as yell leaders. Do not listen to them. If this cannot be helped (and it usually can), at all costs avoid yelling with them. It only brings you scorn and humiliation, along with various cries of "Sit down!" or "Shut up!"



It is more socially acceptable to shout with the student body. Some people say they will cheer for anything. Not true: they will cheer for touchdowns, beer, the band, the Tree and even the defense. Sometimes they will clap and whistle for the Dollies, but not until they are plenty inebriated. The source of all this good cheer comes from bottled spirits or the pulverizing of the opposition. If you are not a buoyant or easily excited person and you wish to become intensely involved in the Big Game, we recommend reckless imbibing in the former pastime. Either that,



or bet your Winter quarter tuition on the outcome of the contest.

As mentioned earlier, the Big Game is a very strong tradition here on the Farm. A few non-nerdish types even consider the result of this affair more important than their MCAT scores. But they mostly live in fraternities.

The Big Game has three highly visible and easily recognizable symbols: the Bonfire, the Axe and Oskie. The first one is gone, at least for this year, and many Stanford students would like to see the second symbol dispose of

the third. Oskie is, of course, the mascot of the hated California Golden Bears. The story goes that Oskie is a mutant creature produced by the breeding of Yogi the Bear with Winnie the Pooh. His eyes are as animated as Little Orphan Annie's and his stomach juts out like a beer gut (no doubt the result of extreme constipation). He hops, cavorts and gambols across the field and down the sidelines like a castrated centaur. Oskie, it is generally conceded, is a proud representative of the Berkeley nerd population.

The Axe is the symbol of dominance in this rivalry and is supposed to be awarded annually to the winner. However, thievery and burglary has long been associated with the Axe. Stanford is the current possessor and keeps it on display in a nuclear bomb proof storage area. This year, Stanford has also captured the giant CALIFORNIA banner which Berkeley parades at all major athletic events. Possession of these two items creates a monopoly that would have made even Leland, Sr., a proud man.

Due to drought conditions and lack of matches, there will be no Big Bonfire at Stanford on the night previous to the Big Game. However, it is rumored that some diehard individualists are planning a sacrificial rite in Lagunita Crater on this night where they intend to toast effigial Oskie wieners over a can of sterno and a keg of beer.

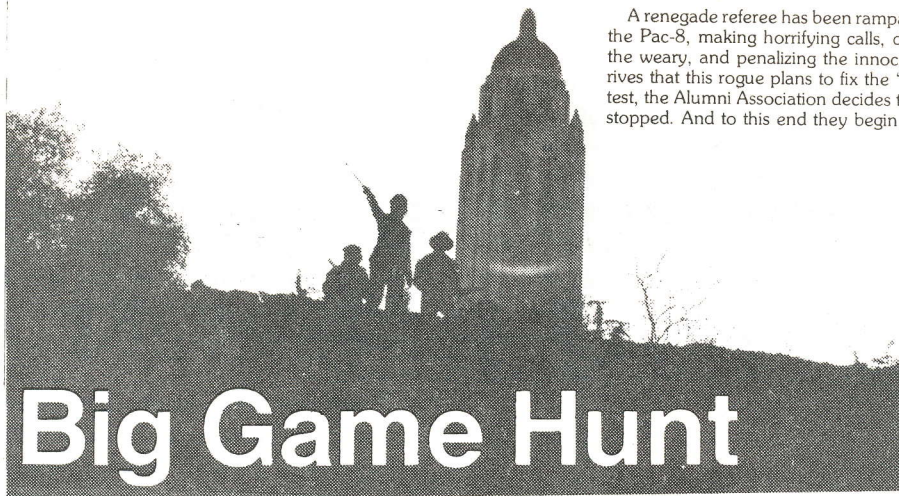
During the game itself, there will be much merriment, no matter who you are pulling for, because both universities come complete with marching bands. As both organizations are run entirely by students, they provide an interesting and dramatic contrast between student concerns as reflected by what the bands do on the field.

Cal's band wears two-foot high hats (to hide their cone-heads?) and march about in circles and squares while playing such invigorating tunes as the themes from "Star Wars" and "Rocky." It's really a pleasure to re-live "Babes in Toyland" as you watch those little robots strut their mechanical stuff. Some compare their presentation to the exciting Ohio State band, which spells out the word "Ohio" in script-writing. How novel! As Chris Schenkel might say, "It's just one of them . . . uh, those . . . things that makes follege cootball so special."

Stanford students are represented by the Leland Stanford Junior University Marching Band, a random collection of vicious degenerates who desire to stabilize their minds at the artificial high provided by mind-altering drugs. One thing though — they *never* stabilize. Even a sadist like John Lennon would appreciate their helter-skelter formations and their gut-wrenching wit. Like the Stanford football team, they seem to play with complete and wild abandon. However, in the case of the Band, appearances are not deceiving.

What then, can you expect on Nov. 19 in Stanford Stadium? Anything you want. But you'll probably get 90,000 lunatics worth of excitement, a grasp of tradition, an assault on your ears and nerves, a sunburn and a hangover. Why go? Why, to see Oskie get decapitated, of course.

A renegade referee has been rampaging the gridirons of the Pac-8, making horrifying calls, denying timeouts for the weary, and penalizing the innocent. When word arrives that this rogue plans to fix the "Stanford-Cal" contest, the Alumni Association decides this menace must be stopped. And to this end they begin a . . .

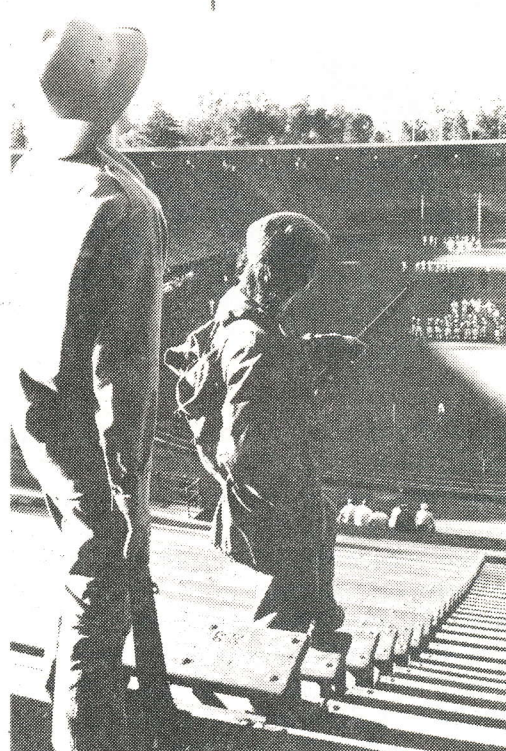


# Big Game Hunt



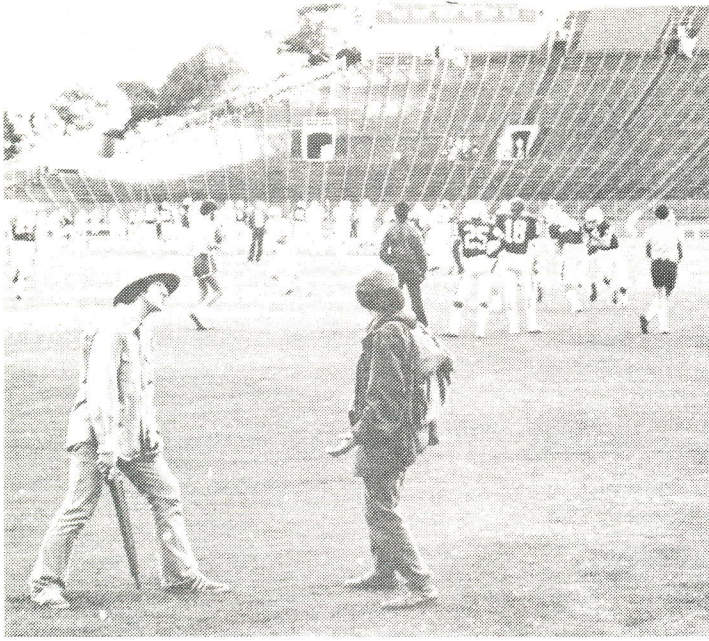
The alums wisely contract only the best for this task — there's Sean O'Feine, a seasoned Provisional from Belfast, the lithe Katrina Degrate, whose beauty is only equalled by her deadly skill, and to lead them, the hard-bitten Belgian, Vorga VanThracks, of Katanga fame.

Misfortune trips Katrina on the trail. "Ow, my leg! I think it's broken."

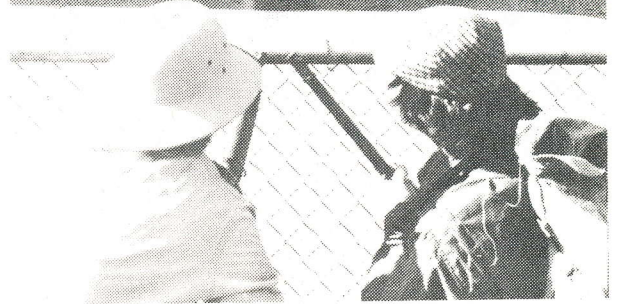
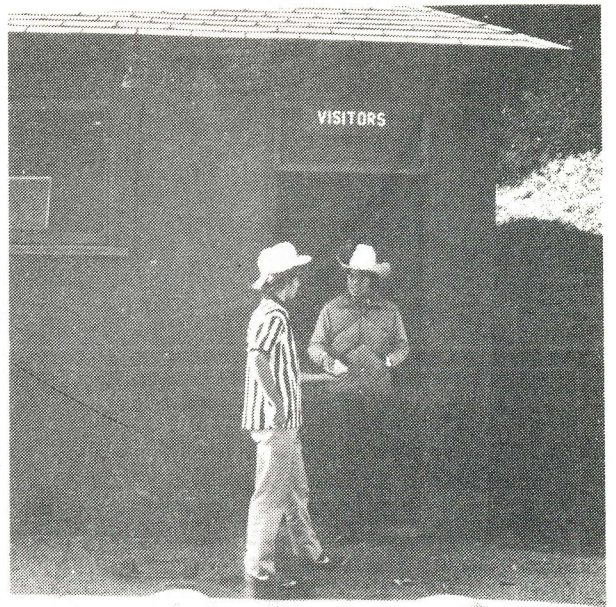


"It's a shame we had to shoot the lassie."  
"Yeah, but I hate to see a dumb animal suffer."  
They press on through the brush for what must seem like hours, until they reach . . .

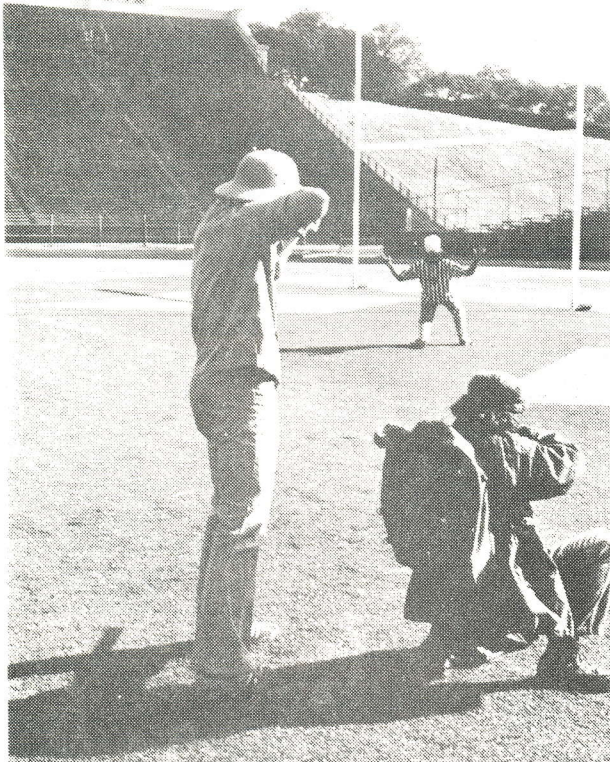
The Lost Valley of Never's Moor



The valley is teeming with game, and a nearby herd of Walshidons causes O'Feine's mouth to water.  
 "Just one wee shot."  
 "No, we are after bigger game."



Van Thrack's cool wisdom soon pays off as they spy their quarry munching upon the tell-tale greens of corruption.



Slowed by the effects of his greed, the surprised official attempts to get his backfield in motion in a last ditch scramble in his final seconds.  
 But the final gun sounds, sending him off to that great post-game show in the sky.



"Our Heroes" stand over their prey, proud that they ended this misguided rogue's reign of error and ensured that the Big Game may be played fairly in the spirit of brotherhood and good sportsmanship.

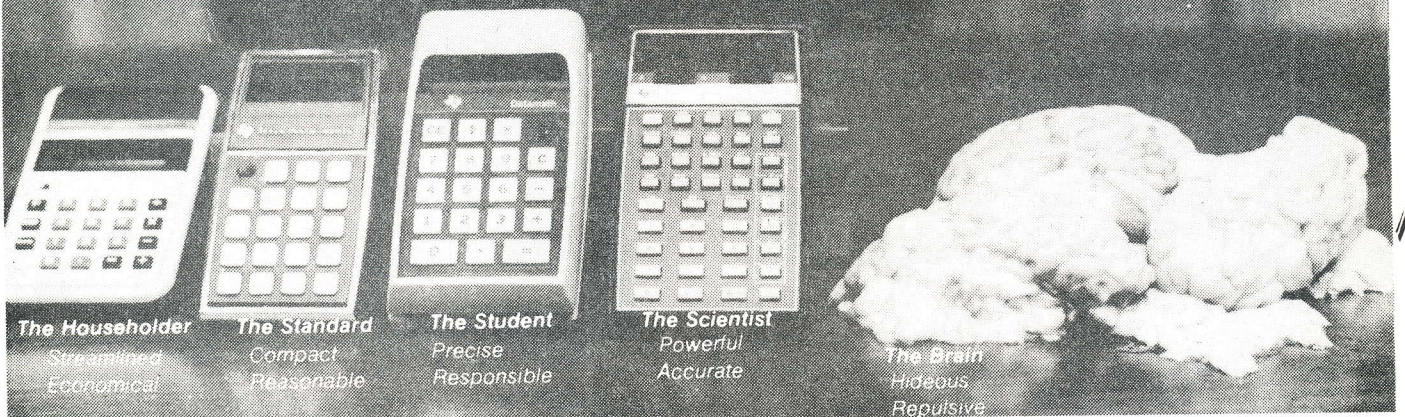
# THE BOMAR BRAIN

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Powerful  
Accurate

**The Brain**  
Hideous  
Repulsive

# CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS



Illegal Use of Firearms



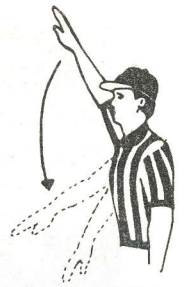
Lack of Right Guard (offensive)



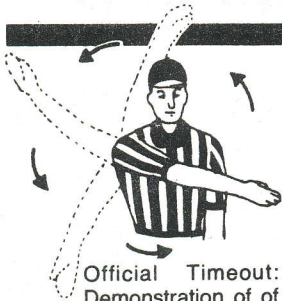
Egyptian Dancer on Field



Game Being Televised in Official's Hometown



Trojan Band Entering Field



Official Timeout: Demonstration of Ball & Socket Joint for Cal Trainer



Official Timeout: Commercial (Deodorant)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Dandruff Shampoo)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Vitalis)



Official Timeout: Pi-geons



No! Your Goal is That Way!



Reversal of Previous Call ("Honest Mr. King. I didn't mean it!")



Official Finds Timex Watch on Field



Post-game activities at Zot's



Illegal Use of Martial Arts



Official Acknowledgement of Cal Coach



Offsides (Midriff-Bulge Infraction)



Illegal Misdirection Play



OFFICIAL TIME-OUT: Airplane on Field



Referee Desires Sustenance



Insufficient Compensation to Guarantee Home Team Win



Corpse on Field



Player Does Not Meet Height Requirement



Illegal use of pyramid power to sharpen razorblades



Time Out, Commercial (Plain and Peanut Chocolate Candies)



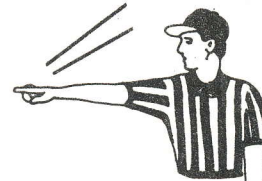
Illegal Use of Mosquitos



Referee Gives Up Smoking



Too Much Time in Huddle (Illegal Magazine on Field)



Illegal Cal Cheerleader On Field (Followed by the Commands 'Sit' and 'Stay')



Official desires a cab.

Stanford is not the only school with a Big Game. Cal Berkeley has one as well. And, so the reader does not think that Stanford has a monopoly on fun and gaieties we present:

# BIG GAME WEEK AT BERKELEY



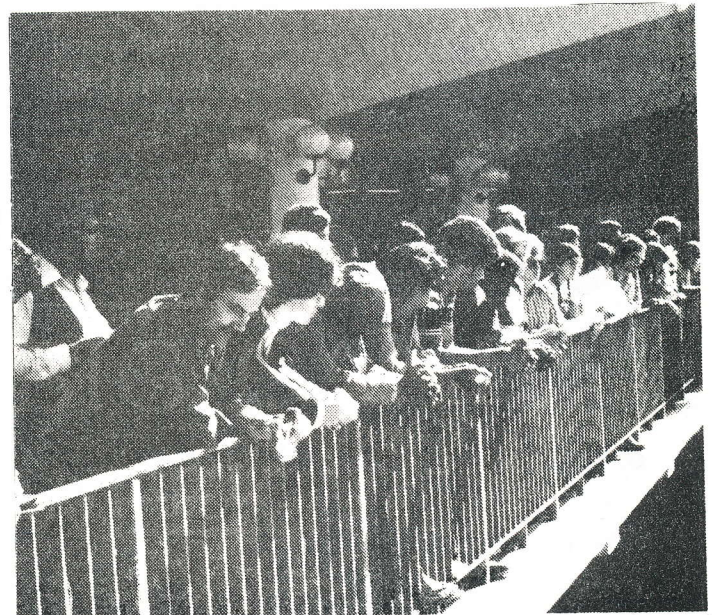
Berkeley's Big Game week begins on Wednesday with the return of the old grads.



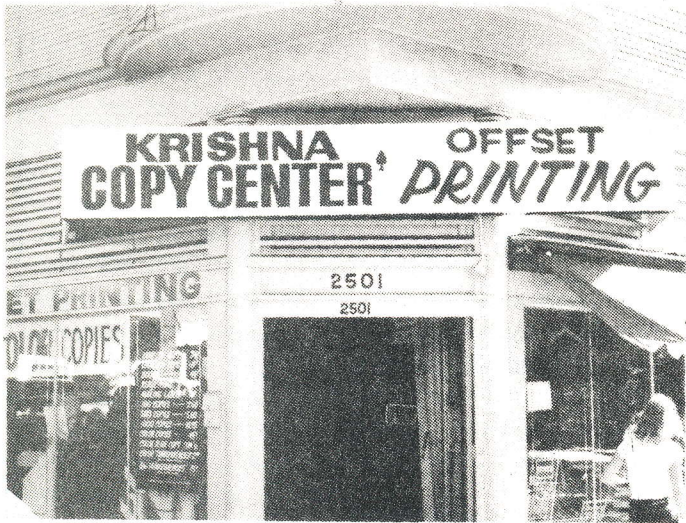
And with the return of the old grads' entertainment.



Since so many people are in town for Cal's Big Game week, various protest groups take the opportunity to voice their opinions.



Here, concerned Berkeley students witness a public violation of human birth rights.



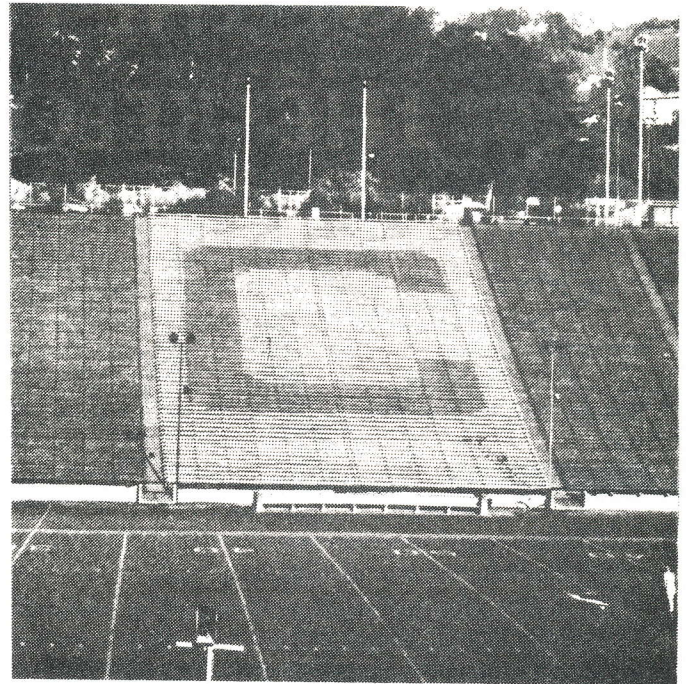
"Be like me," says Cal fan His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada.



Thursday brings, among other things, the time-honored tradition started before the very first Big Game — dinner at the sumptuous Bongo Burger followed by parties and dancing at the elysian Hunters' Point Travelodge.



Typical Cal student, with Big Game fever surging through his veins, anxiously awaits the rally in Memorial Stadium on Friday, so he can show his school spirit. . . .



And what a rally it is! Football-happy Berkeley fans go wild and paint a large "C" on stadium seats, then run away and hide, a climactic end to a great week.

Co-ed  
Corner  
by Leslie Mintz

## A Stanford Woman's Guide to the Frat Parties



Wondering what to do with yourself tonight? Well, here it is, the Chappie guide to Big Game frat parties. If you are planning to attend Frank Zappa, then read no further. If, however, you are like so many people on campus who don't appreciate fine music, then you are probably more concerned with "what should I wear?" or the more pressing question "where are all the good people going to be." Leave it to me. After much intensive research and many late nights compiling data, I have come up with a comprehensive report that can tell you where to go, who to be seen with, where you should be seen with him, and what

parts of him that you probably wouldn't want to see.

By following this simple guide, you too can be "popular." That's right. Yeah, I know what you're thinking, you just want to have a good time and forget about Chem lab for one night. But let's be honest. Don't you really just want to get married to some stud? Sorry. Anyway, you have the upper hand in being a female, in that the male: female ratio around here tends to lean heavily towards an excess of the masculine gender, although this opinion is not shared by a majority of the Stanford community.

At any rate, when I have forced myself to attend frat



parties to try and find "The Stanford Man" (see Freshman Orientation issue for the definition); I have observed a disparaging lack of male aggressiveness, perhaps due in part to the relative intellectual level of most frat persons, which tends to peak at the sixth grade level, and level off at about seven inches below the navel. As a result, I have also included a number of phrases which can be used as ice-breakers, or opening witticisms, when you are at a loss for words. But first:

**KAPPA ALPHA:** Generally considered elitists, these guys are notorious for trying to hustle every woman in sight. A bunch of real fun guys. You can expect run-of-the-mill drinks, and a lot of Paly High girls. There is a good loft to spy on unsuspecting people, though. Not a very socially redeeming or intellectually stimulating frat. Also known as "frat rats," "K.A.'s," "whore mongers," and the ever-popular "alcoholics." Have been known to beat women.

**DELTA UPSILON:** These guys are preppies from back east, for the most part (but you already knew that). Forget trying to pick them up unless your daddy is rich, or you have long blonde hair. At any one time, one of the actives can be found shopping at Ralph Lauren's Polo Shop, trying in earnest to revive the country club life at Stanford. They may yet succeed. Easily distinguished by Chemise La Coste shirts and Khaki pants. Topsiders sans socks are also popular. Drinks are generally served by the butler, an old active who never made it to law school. Chivas Regal and Tanqueray on tap. Also known as "spoiled brats," "Preppies," and "D.U.'s." Popular music, "Struttin' My Stuff," "You're So Vain." Suggested attire: 1978 BMW.

**ALPHA DELTA PHI:** The originators of hazing, whereby the actives try to partially or completely obliterate the pledges visual acuity by the administration of massive quantities of drugs. Hence the term hazing. Their taste in music ranges from early Jimmy Hendrix to the more artistically complex Punk Rock. Can often be heard playing Pink Floyd at 78 rpm when they think no one is looking. You can expect a variety of unusual drinks: Molotov cocktails, wood alcohol (special discount by the gallon), and Mickey Finns. Amyl nitrate is also available on request. Suggested attire: razor blade on a chain, any reasonably clean hypodermic needle. Also known as the: "Alpha Drugs," "Prematurely Crystallized," and "Out To Lunch Without a Sandwich."

**DELTA KAPPA EPSILON:** Tend to stick together for reasons of security, and can usually be found in LOTS on Saturday nights. Should there happen to be a party (the likelihood of which is  $p < .01$ ), the only drinks available will be non-Newtonian fluids and viscous elastics. Also known as: "Dekes," "Gekes," "Twekes," and "E Ekes." Suggested attire: Fluid Mechanics textbook.

**THETA DELTA CHI:** Conservative in every manner, except for their eating habits. Have been known to consume massive amounts of food, resorting to cannibalistic practices on hashers which are too slow. Can be heard during mealtimes by loud belching noises emanating from the dining room. Popular Music: "Breakfast for Two," "Junk Food Junkie."

**DELTA TAU DELTA:** What can you say about a frat that gets itself thrown off campus? The members tend towards the gargantuan, due to the daily administration of bizarre sports practices and twice weekly application of redwood hot tubs. Although trying to divert attention from the obviously larger members, the mouth of one unnamed KZSU sports announcer surpasses even the wildest dreams of Linda Lovelace, thus not doing what several of the more visible members would like to see him do. Popular music which you can expect to hear: "Muscle of Love," "Steamroller." Beverages available are 16 oz. glasses of straight bourbon, and for the weak of constitution, Nutrament or Gatorade on the Rocks. Also known as: "Football Player's (except against USC)," "Gorillas," and "Gordon King."

**ZETA PSI:** Definitely the rowdiest bunch on campus, still reveling in the glory of removing the California banner. They are trying to be like the Delts, but having a rough time of it. Known to have major traffic jams in front of the mirrors at parties. The refuse to associate with any girls outside of Storey House so you can pretty well cross them off the list. Suggested attire: white tennis shorts, Hawaiian shirts.

That just about exhausts the decent (sic) parties on and off campus, but should provide a good basis to plan your strategy in order to make the most of your evening. I also know that it is difficult, if not impossible to strike up a conversation with an unsuspecting male, so as a final bit of useful information, I would like to leave you with a few catty remarks, to start a meaningful relationship off on the right foot.

What do you say to a frat guy?

To a Deke: Don't we have chem section together?

To a K.A.: I heard that you had a paternity suit filed against you.

To a Zete: Do you play tennis?

To an A.D.: Do you drink?

To a Deke: Don't we have physics together?

To a Sigma Chi: What do you think of Dan Livingston?

To a D.U.: What do you think of Storey Girls?

To a Theta Delt: What do you think of the ASSU senate?

To a Theta Xi: EMBO

To a Lega Lambda: What's cookin'?

To a Deke: Don't we have Calc together?

To an SAE: Want to come over and bake cookies?

To a K.A.: Want to come over and eat muffins?

To a Theta Delt: Want to come over and eat?

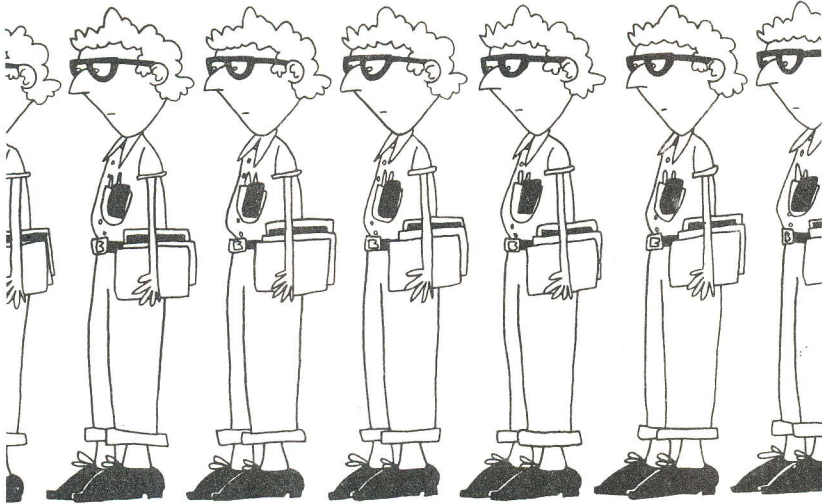
To a Deke: Don't you work for the Chaparral?

Well, girls, that's about it. I hope that you all have a nice time, and remember, there is free birth control and psychological counseling services available at Cowell. (Closed on Sundays). If you have any insights, or personal suggestions of a constructive nature (I love to hear gossip), please send it to me, c/o the Chappie. I welcome any feedback. Also, don't forget to take two aspirin and whatever other little pills you take before you go to bed. Don't say that I never warned you.

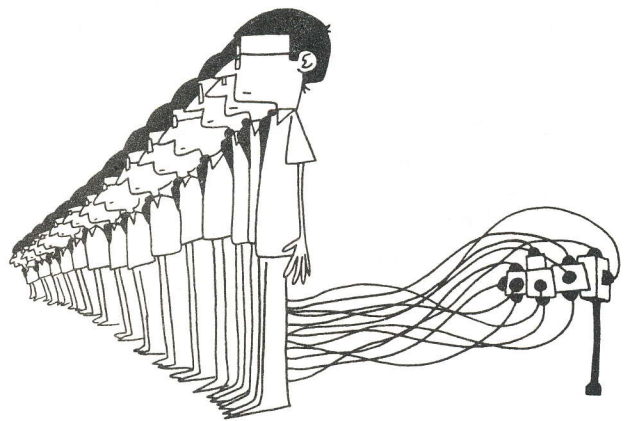


# A Plethora of Stanford Plurals

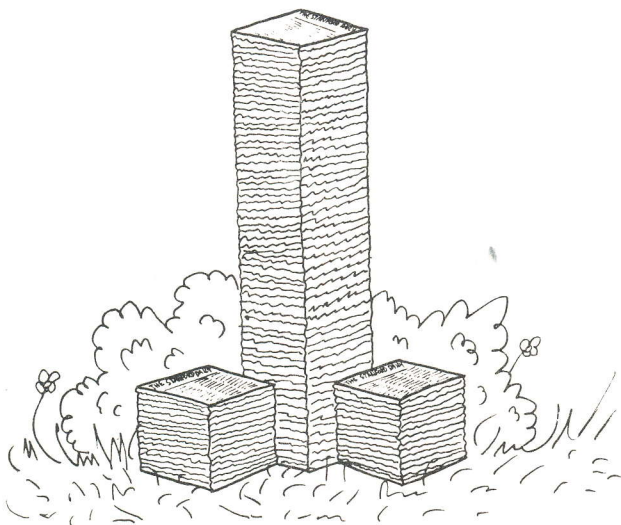
# A Plethora of Stanford Plurals



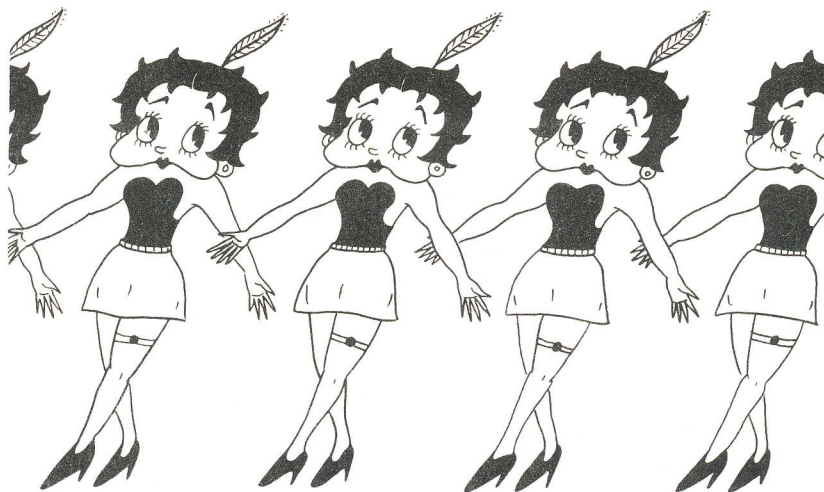
A division of nerds



A frequency of electrical engineers



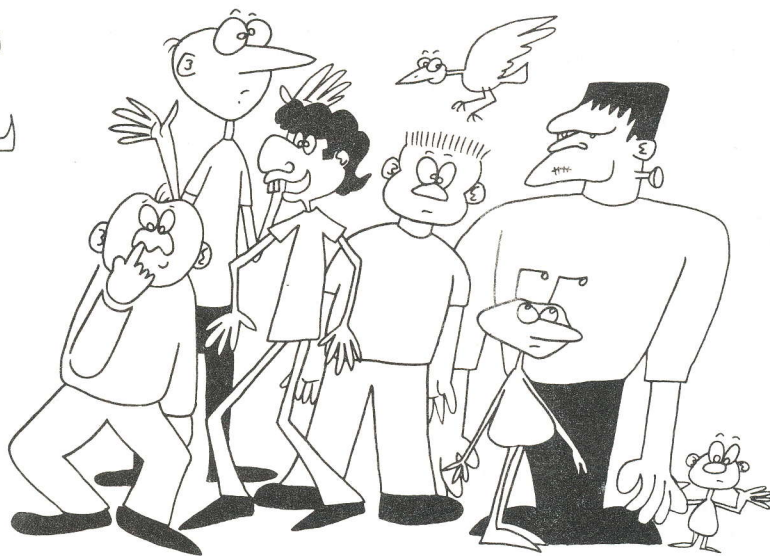
A ream of Stanford Dailies



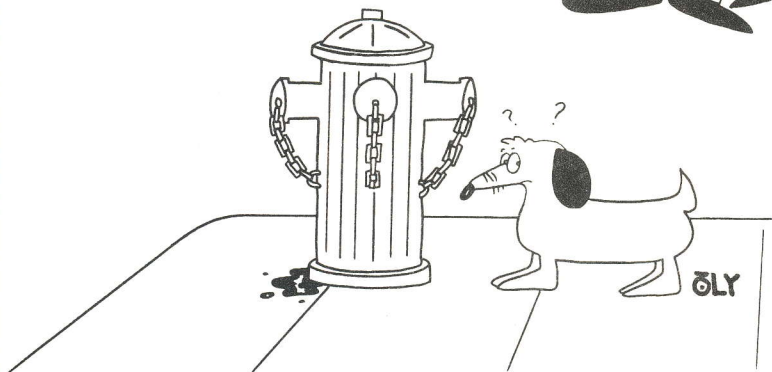
A horde of dollies



A gross of Chaparrals



A baffle of ASSU Senators



A dearth of beautiful Stanford women

# Another Episode in the Continuing Mascot Saga

Marching to my class in "Thermodynamic Basketweaving," I was stopped by some clone in a robin's egg blue leisure suit: "Son, do you support the Stanford Indian, the truly-begotten mascot of this hallowed institution." "What," I groaned, lazily squinting my eyes to get a better view of this creature, who was sporting a button with the cryptic message: "New Founders League: We Need You, Now More Than Ever."

The New Founders League, Palo Alto's very own industrial strength Preparation H for burning social issues, had indeed kicked-off a new full scale campaign to make the Indian the official mascot of Leland Stanford Jr. University. The league began its grass roots movement by petitioning Congressman Pete McCloskey to introduce a House resolution cutting federal funding of Stanford programs contingent upon the restoration of the Indian by University President Richard Lyman and his mellow board of trustees. "If McCloskey snubs our cause, there is always Russ Long," chuckled New Founders prexy, E. Donald Vorster. Experts on Washington politicos know that Russell Long is a faithful friend of special interests and an ardent foe of federal education funding.

"We'll hit 'em high and we'll hit 'em low," continued the New Founders' Vorster. The League added extra punch to its campaign by passing out feathers at football games, placing bill boards on University Avenue, and even hiring an Indian to do war dances on Richard Lyman's front doorstep. "We will be triumphant because our backers have charisma," opined the optimistic E. Donald Vorster. "Our opposition is a bunch of spoil-sports."

And, who might this opposition be? None other than that dynamic leader of the downtrodden masses at Stanford — Chris Gray! Yes, Chris Gray — that crusading avenger whose chief claim to fame at this time was his refusal to eat non-union baloney served by the Stanford food service.

Gray emerged on the scene, declaring that the New Founders League is a "fascist conspiracy designed to enslave the minds of Stanford students." When asked if President Lyman and the Stanford trustees would give in to the New Founders' power play politics, Gray analyzed: "We can expect Lyman to make a jiu jitsu turnaround on this issue since he has often times served the fascist cause with a vengeance!"

Meanwhile, several other factions in the mascot controversy threatened to become militant. The incomparable LSJUMB naturally recommended "The Trees," while an

ad hoc committee of the Stanford Glee Club stumped for the "Griffins." A concerned student wrote to the Stanford Daily, suggesting the "Elephant Squash" as a suitable compromise between the two. Many die-hards still believed the "Robber Barons" to be first in the hearts of the Stanford community.

However, a poll conducted by the Stanford Association of Sado-Masochists indicated that a dark horse mascot, the "Festering Wound," was now considered to be most appropriate in the minds of the rank and file undergrads. Spam Hawkins, Vice-chancellor of the S&M club, called upon his fellow students to rally behind the "Festering Wound" banner. "All our members are wearing 'Festering Wound' t-shirts to help popularize this cause," he elaborated.

Tensions were reaching a pinnacle when the Stanford football juggernaut faced their season's close with the annual match vs arch-rival Cal. Conveniently, the Stanford Board of Trustees hinted that a decision would be made on the mascot. Before the game, Chris Gray announced to followers on KZSU that they should place two slices of baloney in their shoes as a symbolic reminder of our blatant injustice to the American Indian.

During the Cal game, the rival factions in the mascot war attempted to assert their superiority. A backer of the "Griffins" was carrying a banner and was struck down with some tomatoes and over-ripe fruit.

But when the game reached half-time, an obscure Cal fan named Wallace Bremer decided to wreak havoc with the Stanford rooting section. As the LSJUMB proceeded to march on to the field, Bremer stole the microphone from band announcer Hal Mikalson and made the following statement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have an important announcement to make. It's official — the Stanford Board of Trustees have re-instated the Indian as the official mascot of Stanford University."

Bremer's practical joke was apparently not well received as hundreds of rioting fans poured on to the playing field to protest the action. Fighting ensued as fans tackled a man in an Indian costume. They forced him to disrobe and burned his uniform in effigy. Palo Alto's finest, the seventh precinct riot patrol, tried to quell the disturbances, but simply did not have enough clubs to pass around.

Chris Gray, in the style of a true champion of the hoi polloi, made his way to the microphone. He blared that



this was certainly a case of the downtrodden masses overthrowing their fascist oppressors. This infuriated backers of the Indian, who right then decided they had had enough and they emptied the grand stands to “put Gray in his place.”

Gray made a run for it, but he was nabbed and overwhelmed by the masses of Indian partisans, “What shall we do with this odious swine?” yelled one of the mob upon the seizure of Gray. Suddenly, thousands shouted in unison: “Crucify him! Crucify him!”

They paraded Gray up to the far field goal posts. Several rioters removed their shirts as the crowd hoisted Gray up on the cross bar. Six were needed to hold him down as others tied him to the posts with the shirts. Gray was to remain “crucified” for another 45 minutes, when the rioting finally subsided.

By this time, hundreds of policemen were on the scene and they began to rack up arrests. In total, 294 were arrested including Gray — who was charged with defacing private property because he was found attached to the

goal posts. Officer Ned Mertz who made the arrest said Gray was an “aberration, who oddly enough, smelled like a delicatessen.” This was evidently a reference to the baloney worn in his shoes, but Mertz added that he would make no comment on the counts charged against Gray.

As far as the settlement of the mascot controversy goes, no decision was ever made on an “official” mascot. In spite of this, the Gray backers forever swore to wear baloney in their shoes as a fitting remembrance of this event. The New Founders League was visibly distressed by this fatal “turn of the Cards.” The forever optimistic E. Donald Vorster arrived at a press conference at the posh Stickney’s restaurant on El Camino Real to explain the debacle, concluding:

“We are determined to rout our detractors, an odious minority who offend the nostrils of everyone. I most certainly am royally offended by those who say our movement is dead. On the contrary, this is just the beginning. Up against the walls you anti-Indian mothers, we shall overcome! Thank you.”

MORE HALF-TIME DISRUPTION . . .

## THE 'REFORM' OF THE LSJUMB



Nov. 6, 1977: I'm really getting to feel like part of the band. We were all over at Theta Xi last night plotting the next halftime show. They say that there will be a new German assistant director by then, so the show will be a salute to the Hindenburg, complete with explosion and fire. The band has been under a lot of pressure to clean up their act, so they're switching from sex to violence. People are sort of paranoid around here. There seems to be the impression that there is going to be a crack down on the band soon.

Nov. 10, 1977: We went to all the dorms last night playing a variety of tunes. I still can't make any noise on that saxophone, but I guess that's for the best. At 3:00 A.M., we hit the Lyman's house, serenading him and his wife with Christmas carols. They got kind of ticked off, and Mrs. Lyman said that if in the future we wanted to say or play something, we should write a note and tack it to Dick's office door. They finally called the cops to get rid of us, and people were kind of edgy. No one was arrested, but there are more rumors of some kind of crack down or shake up. We'll see what happens.

Nov. 14, 1977: Well, not much is happening so far. Though it's the start of Big Game week, things are quiet here. Band rehearsal has been continuing as per norm., but the administration has been kicking about our last halftime show on President Lyman's hernia. People are beginning to say that we are disgusting, revolting, and nauseating, but we could have told them that for years. President Lyman himself said that he wanted to get rid of this "Blot on the university's fine reputation," but I think he really is upset about the rumors of the Tree being totally nude under all that leafy exterior. The root of the problem is probably Lyman's fears that a bunch of long-haired degenerates are going to give the school a bad name and lower the endowment.

At rehearsal this afternoon Art Barnes introduced the new assistant director, who will be filling in while Mr. Barnes takes off for a while. The new guy's name is Hein-

rich von Reichsmusik. He went around and talked to us, and he seems a little different. He was wearing a khaki suit with razor-sharp creases, black boots, and he carried a swagger stick. Von Reichsmusik is clean shaven, and he has a crew-cut. A monocle twinkles in his left eye. When he met me, he clicked his heels, bowed his head slightly, and said "You will cooperate, Ja?" I don't know what to make of him. H. Von Reichsmusik is from the Dusseldorf Music Conservatory and Military Academy and is the author of *Marching: A Pictorial History*, *Well Known March Steps of the Third Reich*, and *Fear and Loathing on the Gridiron: A History of the 58 Step Cadence*.

People call Heinrich an Administration Lackey, and I think Lyman hopes that we'll take on a more conventional outlook. I don't know about that, as most of the people in the band can't march in a straight line. When Von Reichsmusik meets the whole band tomorrow, I think he'll realize that it's best to let us do our own thing.



In a hard-hitting editorial published in today's Daily, editor Jacob Young said "The idea of the administration trying to direct the student's band is reprehensible. This is a clear violation of the First Amendment guarantee of Freedom of Expression. The Daily lawyers will back me up on this. But on the whole, the administration's probably right and we should let them do what they want to."

I wonder if it's too late to get back my Fee Assessment for the Daily. . .

November 18, 1977: I eluded von Reichsmusik's frightening eye today so I assume I am safe because tomorrow's the Big Game. I shudder to think what will happen to me in future practices. If someone complains about his cruelty, an ambulance suddenly arrives to take one to a "mental institution." I may be taken away also.

From a friend, I learned that our Drum Major Jim Jett was taken to Cowell Health Center for a frontal lobotomy, and it is now expected that he will be able to march in step and twirl a baton; maybe even at the same time. Until we get better, several members of the Oregon Marching Ducks Band have been brought in to fill key positions and provide something called "positive role models."

The Band Shak mysteriously burned to the ground last night, but the only losses were our uniforms and all of the stolen freeway signs. However, Herr von Reichsmusik has assured us that the new uniforms he ordered will arrive by Saturday's game.

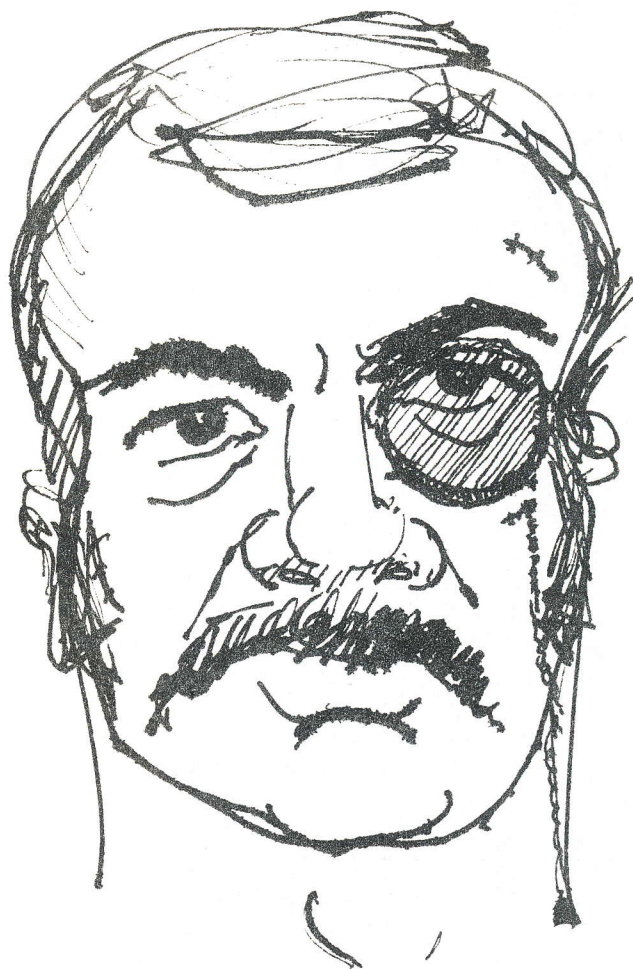
November 17, 1977: Everything is really different. This is the third day of rehearsal under von Reichsmusik and we were told our name is being changed. We are no longer the Incomparable Leland Stanford Jr. Marching Band, but the Stanford Marching Cardinals.

Also, von Reichsmusik's three assistants arrived today. They are Otto, Rudolf, and Hans, who all walk around with oven pipes in their hands. From a distance, I thought they were batons, but I became scared when Otto clobbered von Reichsmusik's dog with one because he was barking too much. Otto said that one of us would be next if we get out of line.

Herr von Reichsmusik, as he prefers to be called, always starts practice by clicking his heels and screaming at us. That's right, he has a "discipline first" theory of how to get us to march in straight lines. Otto and Hans have brought an Iron Maiden to the practice field, and it doesn't look like much fun. Von Reichsmusik himself has a cat o' nine tails which he uses to keep order. He keeps yelling "Lines, Band straight, OK march." We can't quite get the hang of it, which just infuriates him more.

Herr von Reichsmusik has even said that we'll have to have auditions to prove that we can actually play the instruments we carry. If that's so, I'll have to switch from saxophone to artificial leg.

Beads of sweat poured from my forehead as I came to realize von Reichsmusik may have me on some sort of "hate" list. I trembled as Hans and Otto were pointing at me, waving their oven pipes in distress. I am praying that they leave me alone.



November 15, 1977: This guy von Reichsmusik is brutal. I have some crazy thoughts in my head about him. He says his pet watch dog will be here tomorrow, but on the practice field next to him were whips, buckles, belts with nails attached, two axes, and a pile of rusted burned-out oven pipes(?) Maybe they'll be part of our Big Game performance.

November 16, 1977: We've finished two days of rehearsal under Heinrich von Reichsmusik, and I am starting to panic. If one makes the slightest mistake, his beaming stare evokes much terror and often times his German Shepherd "Vicious" snarls at our members with a blood thirsty hostility. Vicious came to practice today with a mangled squirrel in his jaws, torn to shreds by the imposing mutt. From this point on, I'm finding it wise not to dispute von Reichsmusik's orders lest I test the rage of this foaming at the mouth S.O.B.

"Close it up! Keep that line straight!" barked von Reichsmusik today. At first I laughed, but then the dog with his hot, panting breath approached me, drooling on my leg, threatening to close his jaws on that part of my anatomy, I behaved myself. Things can't get any worse.

In purely malicious sarcasm, we started calling Herr von Reichsmusik "Mein Fuhrer," but we were frustrated when we saw the thankful gleam in his eye. He exclaimed, "I am finally getting through to them." Now we have to call him that, and start practice with a round of Sieg Heil's.

Nov. 19, 1977: We got our early morning pep talk from Herr von Reichsmusik today, and I'll try to transcribe it as best I can remember:

"Ze early morning fog dissolves to reveal red tile roofs basking in ze noontime sun. Vacant bleachers gradually fill with anxious fans, tense with anticipation of vat ees about to occur.

Ze faint beat of muffled snare drums heralds our arrival. As ze twin gray line curves into ze stadium, students are struck dumb and alumni are overjoyed by ze "new look" Stanford Marching Cardinals.

Forming a perfect circle at ze fifty yard line, ze band, under the direction of yours truly, Heinrich von Reichsmusik, will form a spinning kaleidoscope and then break into an American Flag. At this point, ze band will play a stirring Kate Smith rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Deutschland Uber Alles" in tribute to your beloved leader. You will then leave ze field in an orderly manner and take your seats in unison.

Ze halftime show will feature a salute to ze popular music. Ze band will take to ze field and form interlocked triangles and play ze Beatles' "She Loves You, Ja Ja Ja." They will then form a revolving sun as they march to the tune of "Sunshine." Ze band will next perform ze "Overture to Lohengrin." After forming ze letters "STANFORD" ze band will play ze Alma Mater.

Next, ze band would like to say hello to our visitors from across ze bay by forming a scale replica of ze Bay area and playing "California, Here We Come."

Finally, ze Marching Cardinals will form crossing squares with three-quarter turns as they play ze theme from "Star Wars" as a two step march. Ze band will then bid Auf Weidersein to ze crowd as they leave ze field to ze strains of "Ach der Liber Augerstein."

Nov. 21, 1977: I've just begun to recover from our halftime show. Thousands of fans sat in stunned silence as we revealed our "new look" I don't think they were impressed as we marched in our new gray on gray uniforms with the black jackboots and the coal scuttle helmets. The Dollies wore red suede leiderhosen. We displayed strict military precision as we goose-stepped down the sidelines. The crowd was largely silent through a rather mediocre pre-game show, coming alive only at acts of violence. Members of the Stanford Office of Public Safety substituted for the Drum Corps and kept rowdy band members in line with their fancy baton work.

The former LSJUMB announcer, Hal Michalson, was replaced by Sam van Zan of K101. Sam's dull, uninspired use of the English language was a fitting complement to our dull, uninspired performance.

During the halftime show, we did a ridiculously boring Popular Music show. The crowd grew restless and cries of

"Boring" and "Bring back the Cone Heads" could be heard. The fans could take no more as we began "Star Wars" in march time. They ran screaming onto the field, pummeling band members with their fists and forcibly upsetting the razorsharp lines. Director von Reichsmusik's private security guards tried to restore order by making amazing broken field tackles on protestors. Head football coach Bill Walsh saw this and immediately recruited the security guards for the defensive backfield.

Some other "agitators" stole the cannon in the end zone, and filled the weapon with beer cans and assorted debris. After "begging" several spectators with direct hits, the cannon's operators went after von Reichsmusik's three stooges; Otto, Hans, and Rudolf, caroming a shot off of them as they fled. In an interview with *Stanford Daily* reporter John Farrott, the unidentified person who stole the cannon explained that he was performing a public service since he was "merely pounding out the devil's sermon." He elaborated that von Reichsmusik was working for the forces of Satan.

Flying schrapnel, clouds of smoke, over-run concession stands, pillaging mobs . . . still, this unbearable racket was preferable to the raucous tunes produced by von Reichsmusik's Marching Cardinals. One innovative lad tried to chop the goal posts down with "the Big Game ax," but was throttled by a heroic Cal-Berkeley fan — who bought the "hot" ax for a six pack of Mickey's Big Mouth Beer.

Order was finally restored after the crowds had totally disrupted our final formation and we began a hand-clapping, foot-stomping version of "All Right Now." Von Reichsmusik, standing on the sidelines, tore his hair and was heard to repeatedly yell "Mein Gott, Mein Gott." He was driven from the stadium before a mixed crowd of angry students and those still mobile bandmen.

At this point, Arthur P. Barnes arrived after a ten day vacation to Pago Pago and took his usual position at fieldside. He then led us in a stunning rendition of "Come Join the Band" as spectators and band members alike weaved and bobbed in a drunken orgy across the field and into the stands. The crowd and us raised such a ruckus that Guy Benjamin repeatedly had to beg, grovel, and plead for silence throughout the second half.

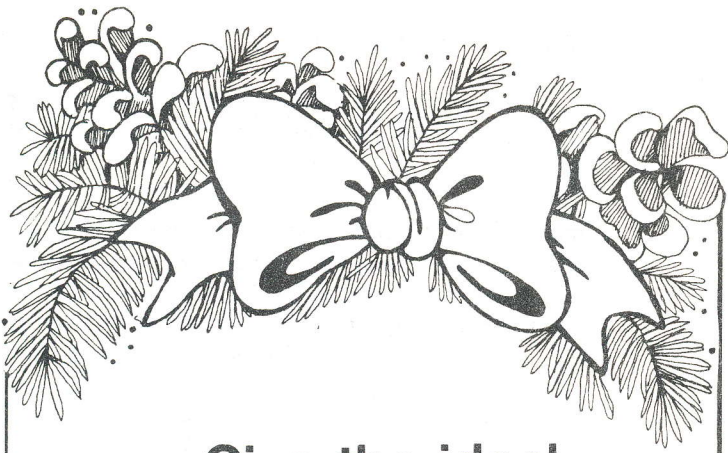
The crowd thought that our apparent conversion and subsequent revolution was one of the best half-time shows ever, but I really am not quite sure of what really happened.

Nov. 22, 1977: We saw ex-band director Heinrich von Reichsmusik at the San Francisco International Airport late last night as he prepared to board a Lufthansa Airlines flight for Argentina. I guess he was sorta upset. But who cares?

People in the band have been getting back to normal after the last week's events. I think we're going to go out to 101 tonight and shanghai some signs for the new Band Shack. . . .







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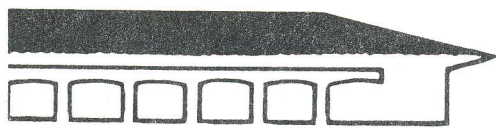
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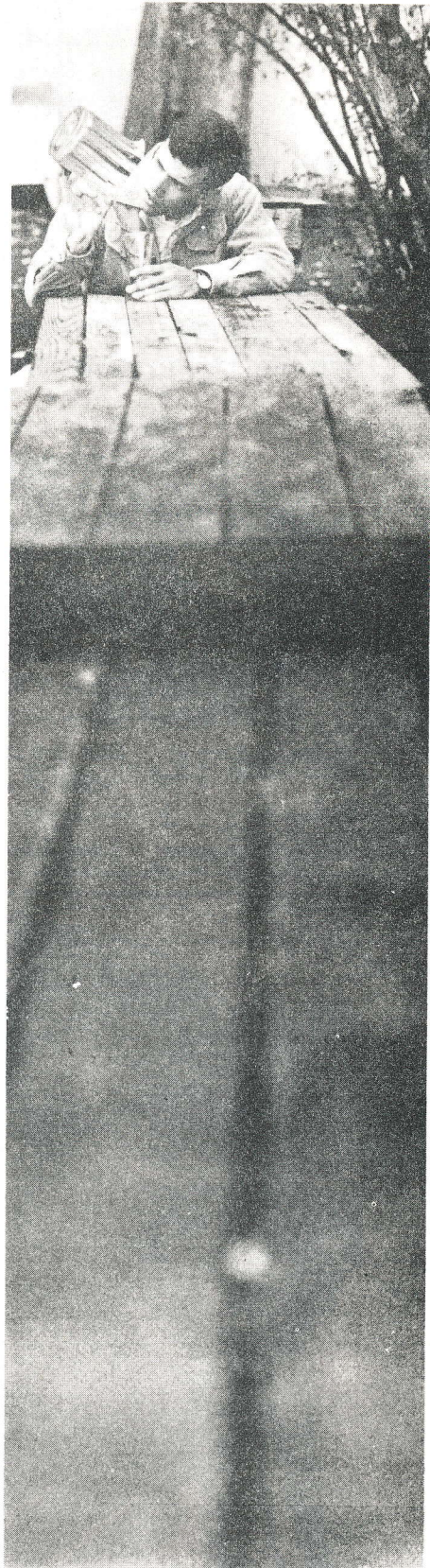


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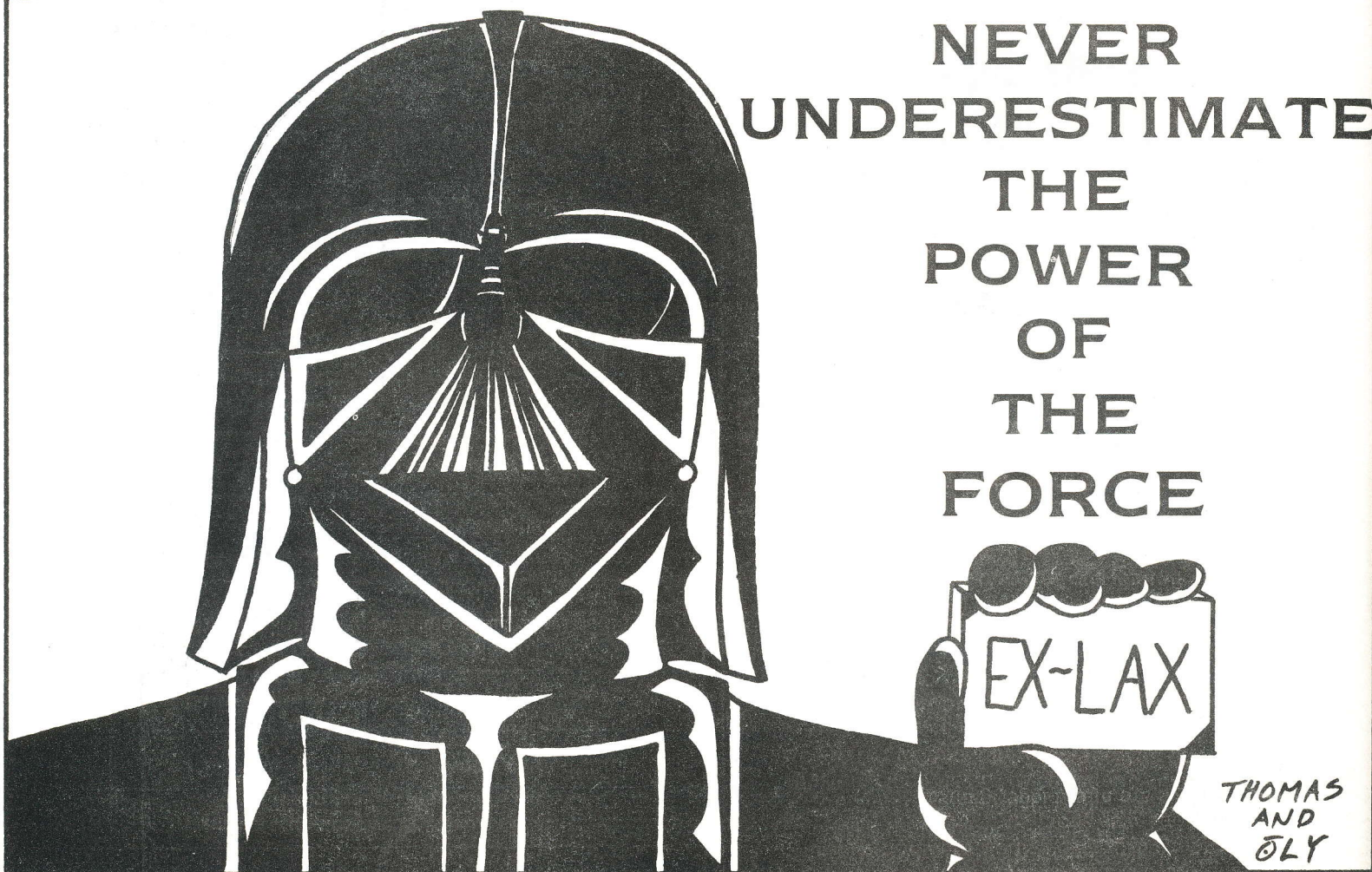
## Sex and Drugs

Such bastions of wit as the **Stanford Daily** and the American Association of Retarded Persons have been known to precede advertisements with these words, then lamely stating "Now that I have your attention . . ." and continuing with some useless information about how you yourself can own a bottle of used menstrual flow or something. And you hate them for it, but you soon forget because you're not all that intelligent and you observe the maxim "Once bitten, twice bitten" anyway.

But we at the Chappie would never pull something like that — have we ever let you down? So when we say that our fall issue will be one of the best ever, you have no choice but to purchase one posthaste.

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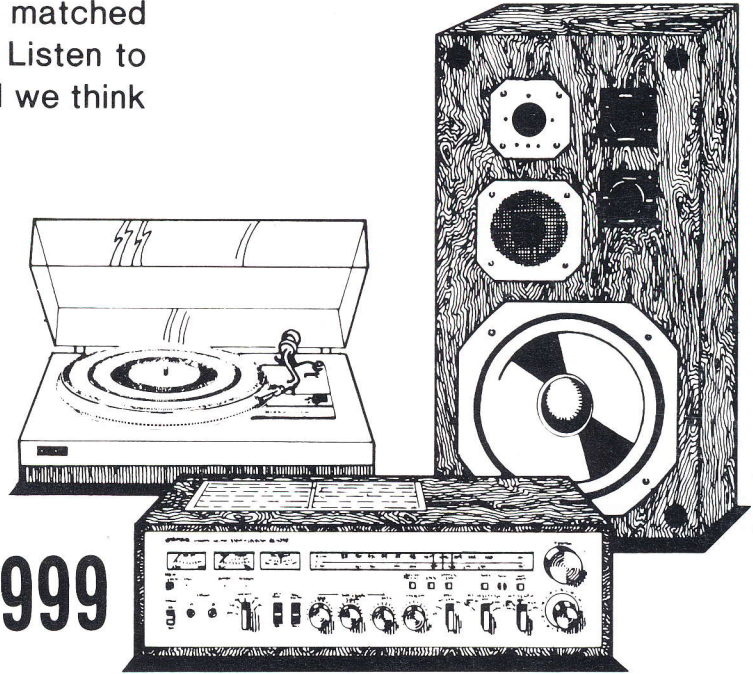


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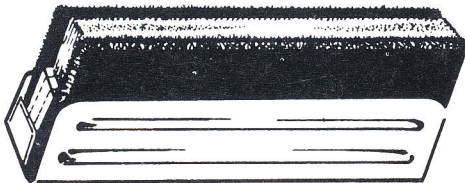
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