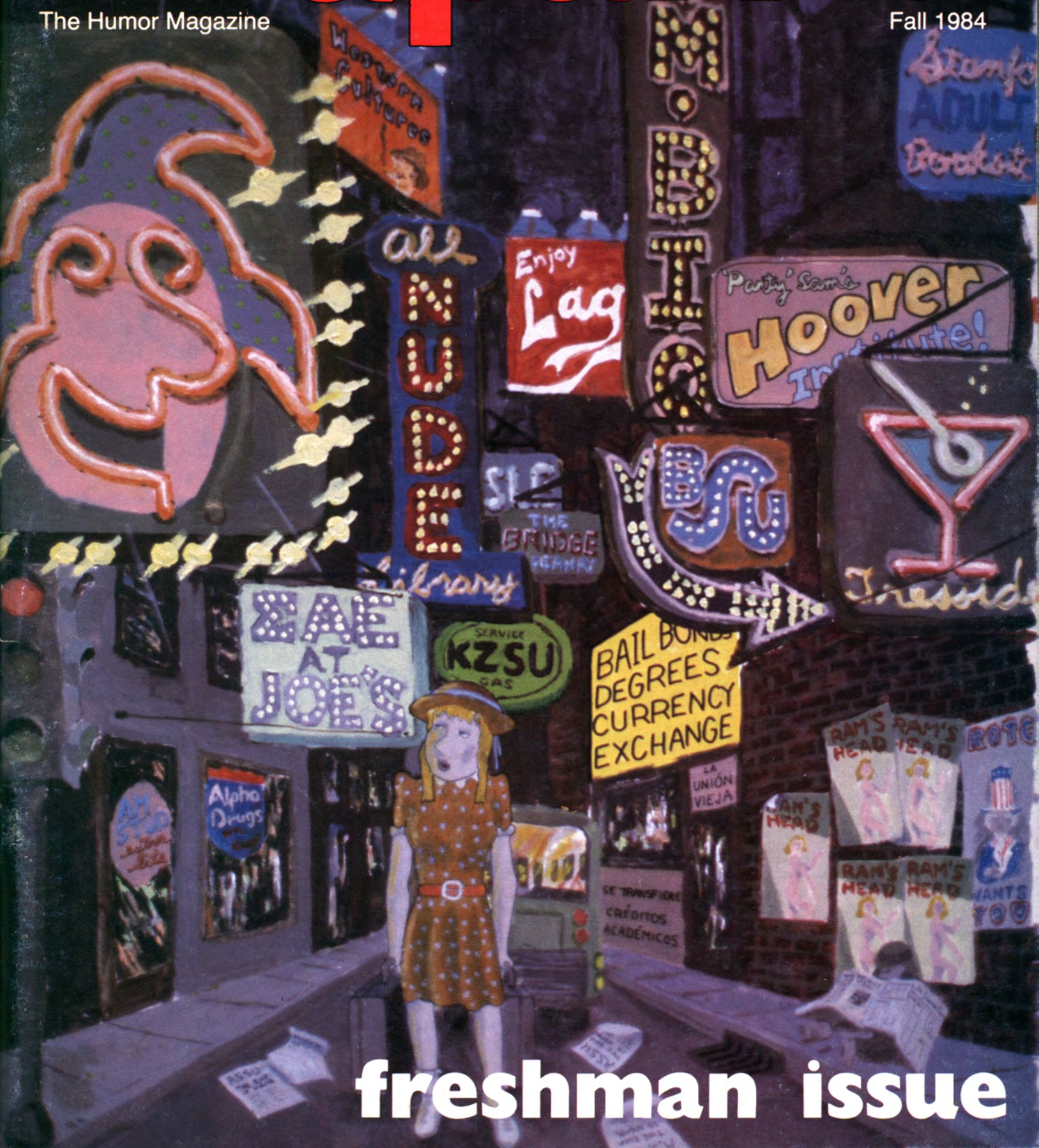


STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Fall 1984



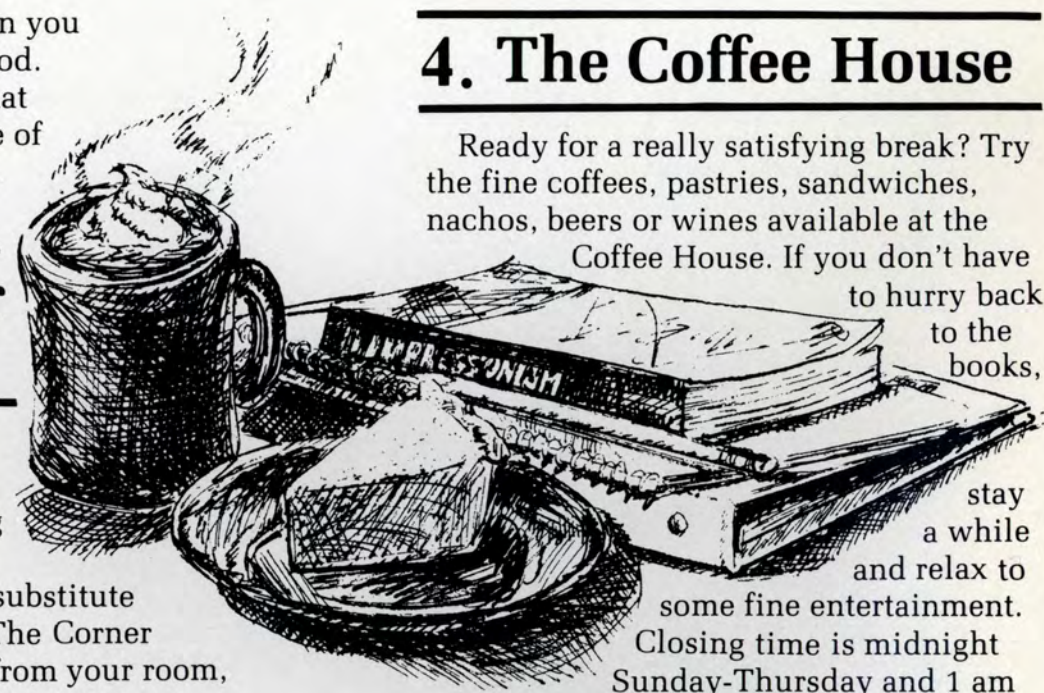
freshman issue

How to take the perfect Study Break.

You study hard and when you take a break, it better be good. When you're looking for that perfect study break, try one of Tresidder Union's options. You deserve it.

1. The Corner Pocket

The first formula a Stanford student learns: frozen yogurt + socializing with friends = the perfect study break. You can also substitute or add pizza-by-the-slice. The Corner Pocket is only a few steps from your room, serving pizza and fro-yo until 11:30 pm.

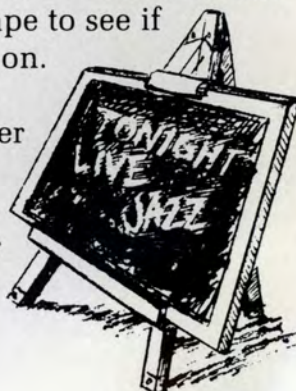


4. The Coffee House

Ready for a really satisfying break? Try the fine coffees, pastries, sandwiches, nachos, beers or wines available at the Coffee House. If you don't have to hurry back to the books, stay a while and relax to some fine entertainment. Closing time is midnight Sunday-Thursday and 1 am on Friday and Saturday.

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How about some entertainment to bolster your spirits? On Thursday nights check out STARTS-sponsored concerts in the Coffee House. On Friday nights, try one of STARTS' movies. You can also call the Campus Events Tape to see if anything else is going on. Or you can just take a walk through Tresidder Union and view the STARTS-sponsored art exhibits (2nd floor lobby & Coffee House gallery).



2. The Store

Need a quick snack? The Store is the place for you. Open until 11 pm, 7 days a week, the Store can supply all the necessary ingredients for the perfect study break: sodas, juices, coffees, teas, crackers, cheeses, meats, aspirin, magazines, stationery or the ultimate in study breaks — a pint of Häagen Dazs. Be prepared for late night munchies — stock up!

3. The Recreation Center

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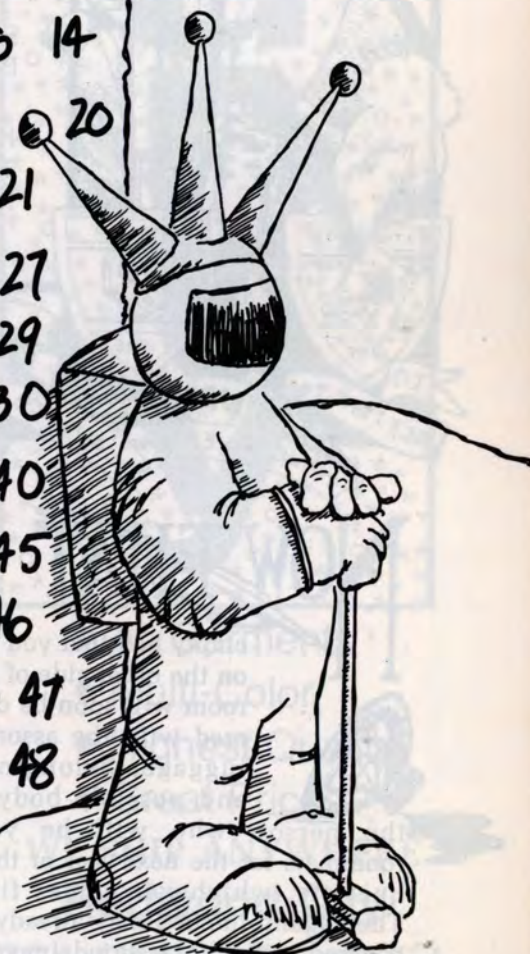
Tresidder Union
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The Stanford Chaparral

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ALX ??

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NOW THAT

empty bed that you see on the other side of the room will soon be covered with the assorted luggage, belongings, and possibly body of the person who will be your roommate for the next year or three quarters, whichever comes first. Then again, the bed may already be covered with the assorted luggage, belongings, and body of the aforementioned roommate. Your roommate probably won't be or already isn't quite what you ex-

pected. Then again, nothing here at Stanfordland will be. Let me explain.

Examine your educational roots. You've just graduated from high school. You were named valedictorian, lifetime member of the National Honor Society, city-wide academician and Phi Beta Kappa high school chapter nominee. You may have even received a certificate from the President praising your scholarship and intellectual performance. As editor of the school newspaper you still found the time to contribute to the literary magazine. The German Club president also managed to volunteer at the local

hospital as well. Congratulations are in order, no doubt about it, but will anybody else here give a hoot in hell? Too bad every other freshman on this palm-studded campus did as well or better in high school than you. The topic, "What I achieved during my high school years," will probably come up during dinner tonight. No matter what you say, you'll be bettered. Someone will see your German Club and raise you a Spanish Club membership to boot. Their hospital emergency medical technician beats your volunteer any day. Once they've claimed editorship of the yearbook and literary magazine as well as that

of the newspaper you'll be ready to fold. Toss in those social cards. Christ, they probably got a fucking phone call from the President after they got their last report card. Look, you're a nice enough person, but you just can't win at this social dog-fight. "Well," you say, "I still rate as something back home." Oh yeah?

You got a steady back home? That's nice. Honest, it is. No sarcasm intended. Just be prepared. Here you are, hoping to contribute in four years to the statistics that say that Stanford grads have one of the highest average starting salaries of any other university in the nation. What'll happen? You'll be dumped way before then. Never mind that other statistics say that money is a prime incentive for marriage in more than 50 percent of the cases studied. Chances are that the men out there will lose out to someone named Vinnie who plays accordion in a polka band and has hair on his chest long enough to knit with. Do not laugh. It has happened. While Ripley's "Believe It or Not!" may not have printed it yet, take it from one who's been there. Women aren't safe, either. Your hometown community college has plenty of home ec. majors who are more than willing to live up to a Norman Rockwellian/Mrs. Ward Cleaver image of American womanhood. Face it, it's a foolproof bait when trolling for potential husbands. Assurances to the contrary, some boyfriends may claim to love you for your mind, but can you cook?

So, after all that effort, both academically and socially, you're still a black hole in the collegiate universe; nobody knows of your existence until they physically bump into you. After all the glory, glitter, and fame of pre-Stanford life, this absolute ignominy must seem like the pits. Well, cast aside all

doubt; it is the pits. Being a rabidly over-achieving, take-charge type (How the hell else do you think you got into this place? Blood, sweat, and tears? How gauche. Be serious.) you are rhetorically asking yourself at this moment, "Where may one come across a ladder sufficiently long enough to extradite oneself from the aforementioned 'pits'?" Good question, with an equally good answer: Get involved with the *Chaparral*, Stanford's only intentionally humorous publication (our opinion of the *Stanford Daily* should be obvious). Look, we won't deny it, but there will be other publications and organizations begging and pleading for your body, but they can't quite match the *Chaparral*. Self-centered back-patting, ego-centric self-glorification? Hardly. Take a peek at some of the other junk found on your desk. Campus Woodward-and-Bernsteins, holy-rollers, do-gooders, and academicaholics spent mega-bucks to churn out those multi-colored pieces of paper that now clutter your valuable space. Since you've read this far, it's obvious that they are not for you. Throw out the lot, but be sure to save the coupon for free McDonald's "Free McChickBits" or whatever else it is they're giving away this year because nobody will buy it otherwise. Now, finish the *Chaparral*. Ogle at the pictures, marvel at the writing, and imagine your name in that box preceding this column. Feels good, doesn't it? Working for the Chappie doesn't give you the golden social aura that 4.0 grades gave you in high school, and it probably won't do jack about any deteriorating long-term relationships. Still, it's a far, far better thing that you can do than you have ever done before. You only have one undergraduate fling at Stanford. Don't fuck it up by taking it seriously.

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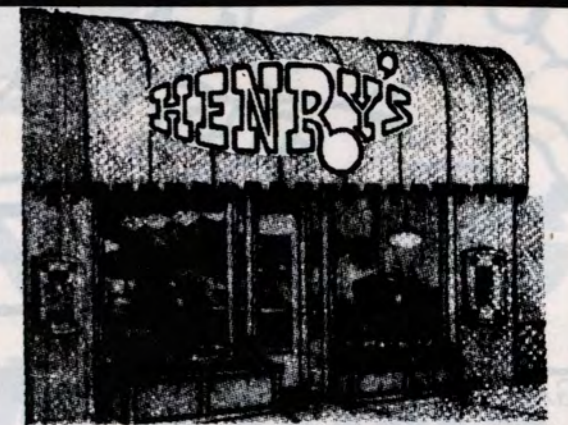
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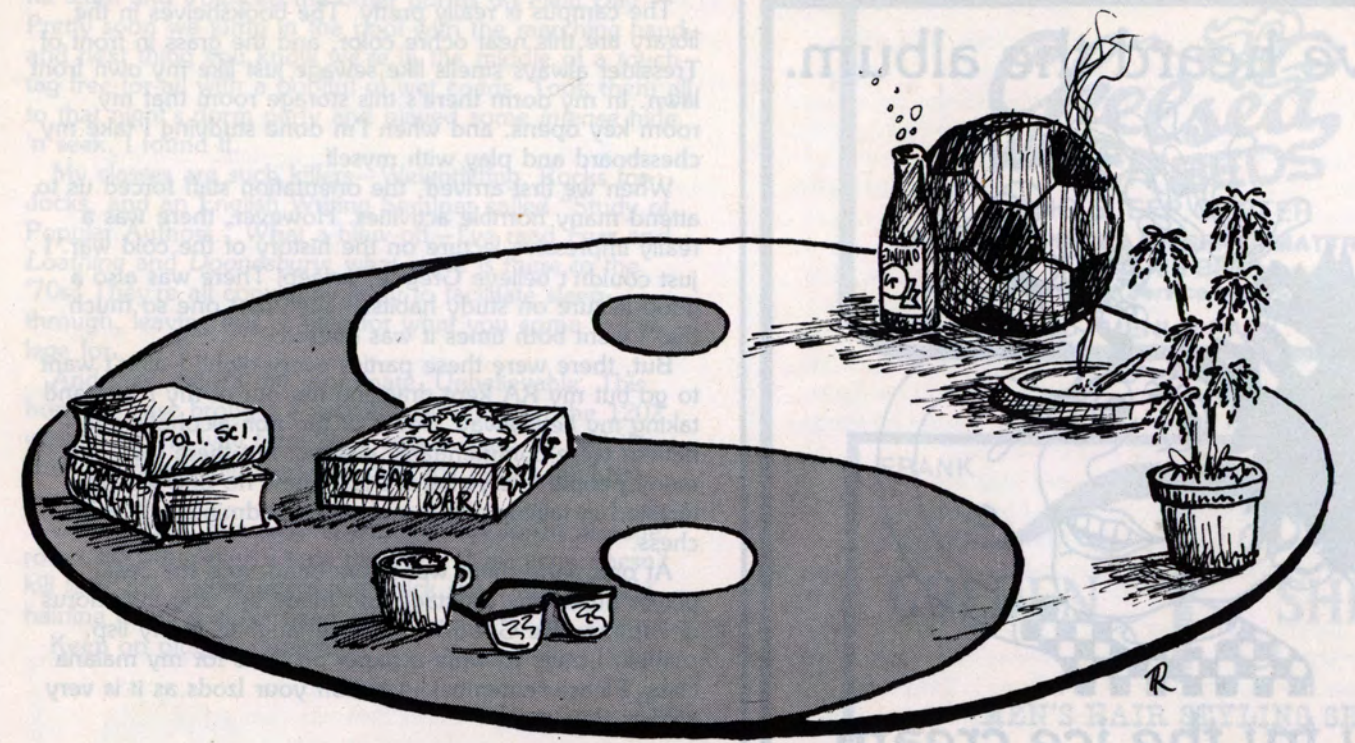
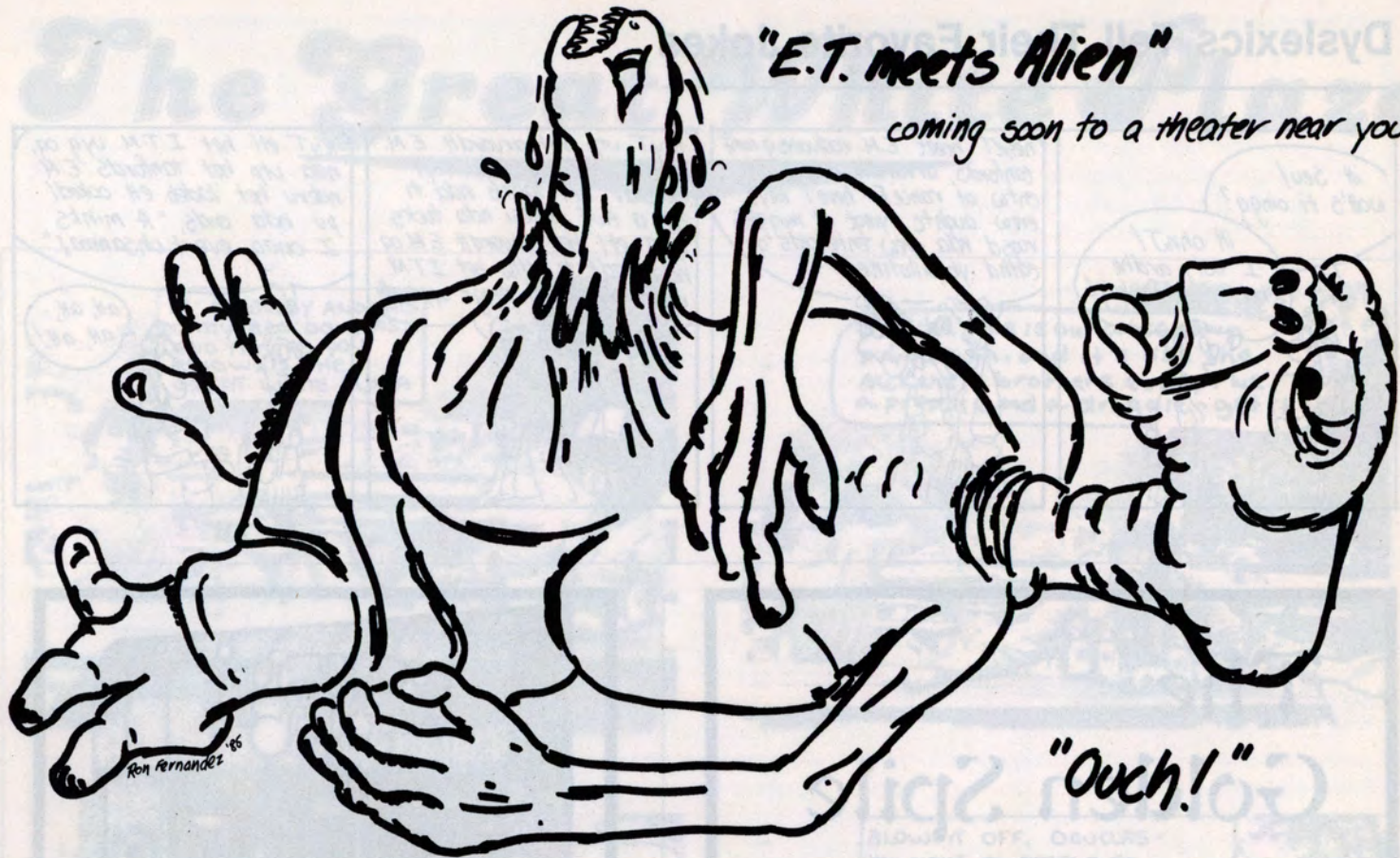
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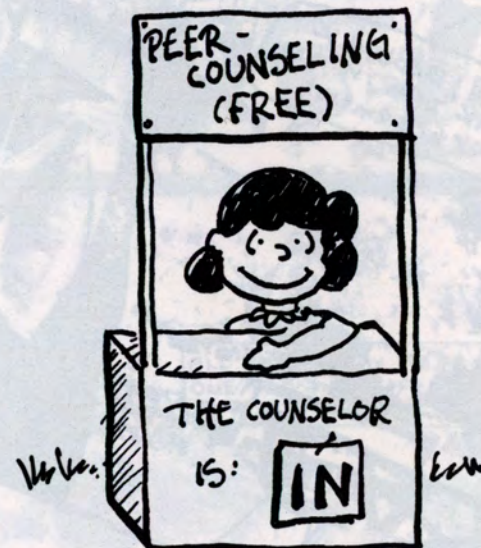
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Dearest Howard:

How are you? How is life in Princeton? I should have taken your advice and stayed in New Jersey. I remember the last thing you said before we parted, when we were playing Nuclear Attack on my bedroom floor. You told me that I was too intelligent, too sensitive for a barbaric place like Stanford University.

You were right. The first thing I discovered when I got off the plane is that I am allergic to palm trees. The first thing I discovered when I got to Stanford University is that I am allergic to my roommate.

When Greg got to our room he tested both beds and took the best one; this would have been OK except I had gotten there first and all of my belongings were already on the bed. He threw my suitcases out the window and put his stereo on top of the other bed, where it still is.

Greg has a color-coordinated wardrobe; he puts all of his sportswear in his own closet and his thirty-six sweat-suits in my closet. When I tried to hang up my graduation suit he used it to clean his bicycle.

Things could be worse. I got all the classes I wanted; I'm going out on a limb and taking badminton, hoping I won't sprain my thumb this time. I enrolled in this wonderful freshman seminar called "Malaria," and my RA talked me into taking Women's Health.

Hey Jim!

Read it and weep, flyboy. Stanford U. kicks ass all over our bygone *alma mater*. First day, I step off the plane and here's this absolute flesh goddess in a tight red T-shirt and a tan darker than anything the babes used to push back home. Well, I was already primed from the quick one in the service kitchen with the hot little stewardess (we're talkin' *friendly skies*, junior birdman), but when our eyes met we both knew it was time to jump right in and pursue a "higher education," if you know what I mean. Pretty soon we're putting it to the floor in her old man's BMW, passin' some home-grown and diggin' for dry ground in a lonesome case of Henry's. We make it to campus and this girl is somewhere on the flip side of faced, so I nab the pink slip from her glove compartment and hawk it to some guy on the way to my dorm. Then things started picking up.

I'm in this massive hall on a floor just chock-full of potential. First day I'm here they kick in with a Sock Hop, and who ends up cruisin' with a floor-full of Stanford Dollies? Yer Damnstraight! Dancing just wasn't the word for it—something along the lines of "contact sports." That's right, Jimmy; even grown men play with Dolls here.

Next day a bunch of us slammed together a volleyball

You've heard the album.



Now try the ice cream.

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The campus is really pretty. The bookshelves in the library are this neat ochre color, and the grass in front of Tressider always smells like sewage, just like my own front lawn. In my dorm there's this storage room that my room key opens, and when I'm done studying I take my chessboard and play with myself.

When we first arrived, the orientation staff forced us to attend many horrible activities. However, there was a really impressive lecture on the history of the cold war. I just couldn't believe Greg fell asleep! There was also a good lecture on study habits. I liked that one so much that I went both times it was offered.

But, there were these parties every night! I didn't want to go but my RA kept dragging me out of my room and taking my keys away. Some of the non-alcoholic alternatives were commendably eclectic, but there were so many people everywhere. I just knew no one was interested in talking about malaria or badminton or even chess.

At one party there was a live band, and the bass player pulled me on stage and made me sing the chorus of "Johnny Be Good." Everyone laughed at my lip.

Well, I have to write a paper on cysts for my malaria class. Please remember to button your Izods, as it is very cold at Princeton.

Love, Reginald Johnson

p.s.: Pawn One to Rook Two!

Howard:

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long. The past twelve letters you sent me were warm, witty and inspiring but I haven't had the time to write back.

I'm glad to hear you enjoy your courses. I was somewhat dissatisfied with mine. There are only so many things one can say about malaria, and only so many things one can do with a badminton racquet.

Women's health was pretty neat; I was the only boy in the class but I fit right in anyhow. There was this red-headed girl named Titsie who said I could walk her back to her dorm if she could copy my ovary drawings. We had this slide show about breast cancer and I must admit I learned many new things.

My roommate has been acting more human these days. Ever since he got a 30 on his geology midterm he's been studying a lot more. He took the keg out of the sink because he started getting acne and needed to wash his face more. I had to teach him all about Clearasil. He was so grateful he took the stereo off my bed.

A funny thing, though—I really can't get into African Violets anymore. I let my subscription to Vio magazine run out and one night while I was studying I tore one of the flowers off of Georgia and threw it across the room.

Now don't worry about me Howard—I'm not changing, I'm just adjusting to California. The next time you see me you'll realize I'm the same old Reggie. I've gained a little weight, maybe. And I've learned all sorts of new words that are more fun than those Latin swears we used to use.

Oh, speaking about seeing you again—this may be bad news for you. I really appreciated your letter about us getting together over winter break, drinking some hot chocolate and playing Nuclear War like in the old days,

hit team and *trowned* the other dorms on Field Day. Pretty soon we jump in the pool with the marching band and next thing you know we're in the middle of a touch-tag free-for-all with a poolful of wet coeds. Took them all to that night's dorm party and played some *intense* hide 'n seek. I found it.

My classes are such killers—Weightlifting, Rocks for Jocks, and an English Writing Seminar called "Study of Popular Authors." What a blow-off—I've read *Fear and Loathing* and *Doonesbury*; what more is there to the '70s? They're all conveniently early to facilitate sleep-through, leaving lots of time for what you come to college for.

And then there's my roommate. Unbelievable. This hopeless case brought a moosehead (and not the 120Z variety) all the way from New Jersey. And he had these little war game miniatures all over the carpet 'till I fed 'em to him.

Oh, I caught him playing strip solitaire in the storage room the other day. I hate the bum. If his acne doesn't kill him, the weight of his inch-thick specs and oil-field hairline might pull his head off.

Keep on pluggin', pounder.

Yers,

Greg
B.M.O.C. Jr.

Jimmy,

Get a load 'a this one, smeg. I'm on academic, athletic, and disciplinary probation—all in one quarter! Yeah, I know, your *drooling* for the story. The academic shut-down is self-explanatory; the alarm just won't ring before noon. (A man's got to have his sleep!) I went down to talk it over with my advisor and wound up invited to this faculty dinner, where who shows up but the Dean of Athletics and his nothing less than juicy teen-age daughter, the most desirable thing I've seen a prof produce since arriving. It was one long night and two more quick suspensions, but it was well worth it. Ain't nothing as good as a faculty dinner...

My roommate is a tard. Stand still long enough and I swear he'd take root. He's changing, though—the other day I snuffed out a Camel on his moosehead and rather than grumbling and sniveling like he usually does, he stepped on my foot and called me a honkey. It might have carried more punch were he not an albino. What a mensch. I locked him out of the room that night in nothing but his Day-Glow boxers and made paper airplanes out of his New York Times back issues, which I let loose at the next Sunday Flicks. Gee, I hope he doesn't punch me!

I've discovered a natural law: Study causes acne. This certainly bears out my observation of Reggie's charming countenance, and—sure enough—the minute I started hitting the books (hey, it was a moment of weakness, all right?) whammo, facial battlefield. Not to worry—it's a clear cut case of cause and effect. Just got to get my priorities back in line.

You better have 'em lined up and waitin', cause I know *just* what I want this Christmas. I'm bringing something special for the girls back home, so save a few for the pile-driver, eh pal?

Fair Warning,
Greg!

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but I really can't make it. Mother decided she can't afford to pay for my plane fare home, so I have to stay out here. Don't despair, though; I'll send you this T-shirt I bought at ASSU for your Christmas present.

Love,
Reggie

Howie:

What's up? I hope you had as good a time over Christmas break as I did—but I doubt it.

We all had to empty our rooms over break and at first I didn't have anywhere to stay. I almost went home with Greg, but he's in trouble, something to do with his GPA. For a while I was really worried but then that red-haired girl, Titsie, said I could come home with her.

Well, I never would have expected that she'd live alone! It turns out that she's a senior Hum Bio major and really into anatomy. She told me that at first she wasn't crazy about *my* anatomy, but now that I've filled out and cleared up a little I look OK. Anyway, Titsie's got this dynamite waterbed. I admit I got a little seasick the first night, but Titsie said I did fine anyhow. When I got used to the waterbed we started to play "Jaws." Titsie joked about me taking the *real* Women's health final that first night at her apartment.

Anyway, then I had to go back to school. It's a real drag because Greg gets uptight whenever Titsie sleeps over. He changed a *lot* over winter break. His parents took away his car and told him that if his GPA didn't go up they'd make him start hashing. Now all he does is study. He took these really easy courses so he wouldn't do badly. I looked at his study list—Volleyball, Public Speaking, and Poetry 70. I thought it looked like a breeze so I signed up for the same courses. Titsie is going to teach me how to play polo, so I don't have that much free time anyhow.

All of Greg's plants dried up; Titsie and I bagged the leaves and we're selling them to buy a waterbed for the room. Greg didn't even notice.

Reg

Hey Dude!

Glad to hear you miss me and all that. No, Howard, I haven't changed that much—don't be queer. It's no big deal anyhow—people on the East Coast are all so uptight.

My courses were losers—they wanted us to *write* poetry, can you imagine? Greg really gets into that stuff, now—he has this two-hour poetry workshop once a week and his typewriter is always going. Sometimes I get annoyed and I shake him around a little; he really is becoming a skinny little wimp. He made a fool out of himself in volleyball—the ball hit him in the eye once, and after that he kept on ducking. And public speaking—Jesus, I could swear I gave him my lisp.

Titsie told me I should take Weight Lifting and Geology and Poli Sci this quarter—that sounds cool. I'm totally into IM football now too—do they have that at Princeton?

Reg

Dear Jim:

All right. Who told my parents my grades, and where the hell *were* they this winter? Merry Christmas, *hah hah*. They could have at least left the car. Or a change of address. Boy, was I relieved when I found out Julie wasn't going to chase me down and try to marry me like she said she would last summer. *Great!* I was really getting worried. What's happened to all the girls back home, anyway? They're all so... *shallow*. I mean, Reggie gave me his Othello board for Christmas, and it really kicks ass! But do any of them want to play? No. Sure am glad I got that great twelve-hour shift volunteer work with the Salvation Army to keep me busy.

The girls around here aren't pushing themselves on me the way they used to, and it's a good thing; there's not much left to push! I guess I have lost a little bit of weight, but it's worth missing dinner here and there to catch some of the late-night lectures and dissertations. Hey, what's a guy here for, anyway?

In addition to my poetry class, I've got Public Speaking and a Volleyball session this quarter, and how about this for a coincidence—my roommate's in all three of them! Boy, has he changed. He's no brighter, that's for sure—why, just the other day he traded me a couple of his sharp starched whites for that dirty old bong in the closet. Sucker! I hated to take him like that.

Well, I'd really like to keep writing but somehow there just aren't enough days in a week or hours in a day for all that must be done. Write if you hear from my folks.

Sincerely yours,
Greg

P.S.: See if you can't find that old bust of Homer that used to be up in the attic—it sure would look *hot* atop my bureau drawer!

Your Buddy

Dear James,

You had better keep taking the Penicillin, James. I've heard about the kind of things you're describing, and it's no laughing matter and nothing to be proud of. How could you take chances like that? Doing "it" certainly can't help your studies, either. Do your parents know what kind of a moral tidewater you've become?

I got really lucky; my prof let me start the advanced poetry track *this* quarter. Someday soon my own pieces will mature and I'll share them with you. Send me some of your writings—I'm sure your fertile mind could surely reap an impressive harvest of creativity! I will be sure to send you a copy of our Lyric Perspective session's Christopher Marlow Fan Club application just as soon as the presses stop rolling.

Volleyball is a sport for convicted assault and battery offenders on sick leave... I'd swear they're knocking around a medicine ball! Almost broke my new glasses.

Well, it's time to hang it up—here comes my roommate and that annoying red-head. How can a guy type with that languid racket in the background? Think I'll comb in a little Brylcreem and go steppin' out tonight. Brass Ensemble live at the Coffee House—things just never stop around here!

Yours,
Gregory

Yo—

I'm a little bummed about the last letter you wrote me. What do you mean, you're afraid to see me when I get home? A guy learns who his real friends are, I guess. Something like that.

Anyway, Titsie and I decided to stay here and teach sailing summer quarter. I don't really think I'll miss much back in Jersey.

You know, maybe you should get together with my roommate. You two seem to be a lot alike—I wonder why I've never realized that before. Anyway, I gave him all of my old clothes because we seem to have switched sizes. I also convinced him he didn't really need his stereo, since he doesn't listen to rock anymore.

I feel kind of bad about that. But he is such a disgusting wimp.

I really think you'd like him, Howard.

—RJ

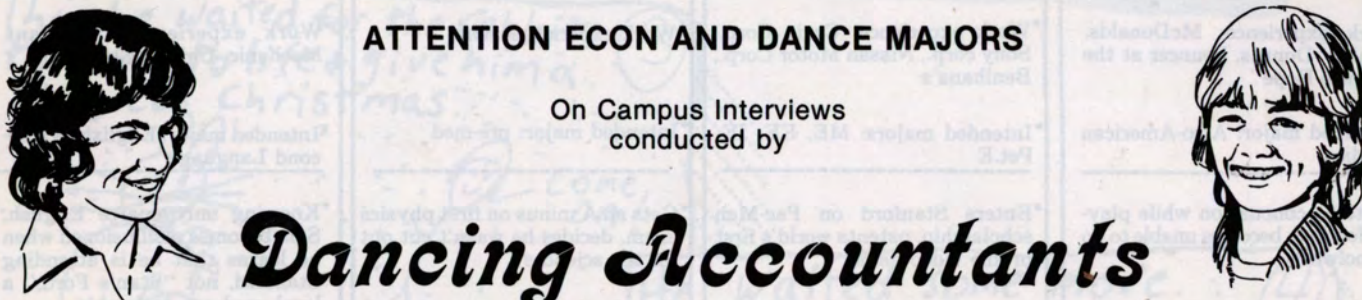
James Laffreda:

I'm disgusted and betrayed, James. That filthy narrative you enclosed with your last letter was *not* impressive or creative. And to think you're passing it off as autobiographical. How you've changed!

I won't be home until later this summer—I got really lucky and landed a job with the Clearasil Corporation as a Poster Child. I was so excited, I bought a whole bowlful of goldfish to celebrate.

It should be a great summer. I've already got my required reading list for next fall, and I'm sure there'll be lots of time for outlining chapters and diagramming sentences. Who knows, maybe I'll even register for the summer session. It's life in the fast lane out here—don't wait up for me!


With all due respect,
Gregory Rouhl



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allowance!"*

(Above: Presidents Grace, Kelly & Astaire)

**INTERVIEWS HELD ALL WEEK AT NOON IN THE CLAW.
BRING PEN AND SUNTAN LOTION**

The Stanford Stereotype

BLACK

Leroy Saab-Mohammed
 Hometown: Detroit, Michigan

- High school background: varsity football, varsity basketball, varsity baseball. President, Junior Wallace Dean Mohammed Society
- Work experience: McDonalds, Dunkin' Donuts, bouncer at the "Rope-a-Dope"
- Intended major: Afro-American Studies
- Sustains concussion while playing football; becomes unable to do schoolwork
- Opens a successful soul-food stand at Tressider
- Sells Buick Elektra 225, buys a BMW
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *How To Assembly Line*

ORIENTAL

Panasonic Mitsubishi Suzuki
 Hometown: Tokyo, Japan

- High school background: Founder, Exploit America Youth Club; member, Rising Sun Computer Society; Captain, varsity ping-pong
- Work experience: Casio Corp., Sony corp., Nissan Motor Corp., Benihana's
- Intended majors: ME, EE, IE, Pet.E
- Enters Stanford on Pac-Man scholarship, patents world's first braille video game
- Has trouble juggling quadruple major, becomes despondent over marketing failure of braille video games; but opens a successful sushi stand at Tressider
- Sells Toyota, buys a BMW
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *101 Uses For a Dead Home Computer*

JEW

Menachem Bergensteinowitz
 Hometown: Forest Hills, New York

- High school background: President, Junior Zionist Accounting Club; President, Pre-Pre-Med Club; President, The Stanley H. Kaplan Fan Club
- Work experience: none
- Intended major: pre-med
- Gets an A minus on first physics exam, decides he wasn't cut out for the sciences
- But opens a successful knish stand at Tressider
- Sells Mercedes, buys a BMW
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *Garfield Goes to Haifa*

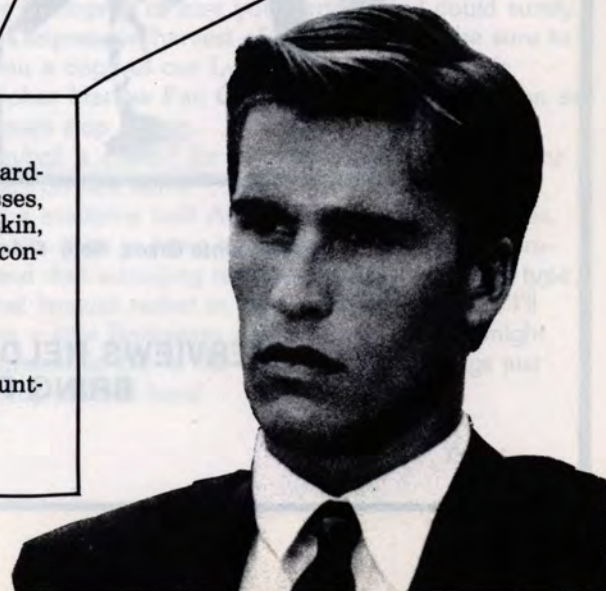
MEXICAN

Al Camino
 Hometown: San Jose, California

- High school background: Chairman and Founder, Latino Student Polyester Committee; member, Junior CHIPs of America; Chief Organizer, Clean Water Fund
- Work experience: assistant Mechanic, Chico's Chevys
- Intended major: English as a Second Language
- Knowing only sparse English, Sam becomes disillusioned when he learns that he is attending Stanford, not "Stan's Ford," a local used car dealership
- Nevertheless he gathers his wits, and takes over as manager of Tressider's "South of the Border"
- Sells Chevy Impala, buys a BMW and lowers the roof one foot, and lowers suspension
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *Real Men Don't Wear Cotton*



- Declares Econ major
- Buys full Ralph Lauren wardrobe, and Vuarnet sunglasses, and OP shorts, bleaches skin, shaves mustache, buys blue contact lenses, bleaches hair
- Learns to play tennis
- Legally changes name to Huntington "Chip" Baybridge V
- Goes to work for Exxon



It Snowed ①

Billy Made a Snow Rabbit ②



Then he waited for the rabbit to come to life & give him a magical Christmas ③



He waited some more ④



He died of frostbite ⑤



Then the rabbit laughed and hopped away ⑥



TEXAS HAS THE BOMB

A collection of writings on the most powerful confrontation of the early twenty-first century, compiled and edited by Michael P. Collins, Professor Emeritus, History, Stanford University.

(Editor's Note: All of the following excerpts are used by kind permission of the authors. All rights reserved.)

TEXAS.

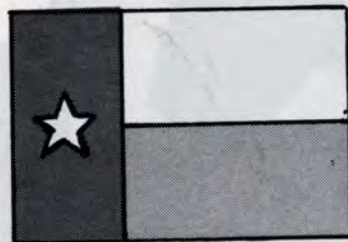




Governor Clark was the King of Fun.



Texas is our country's third largest state.



Flag O'Texas — before



Capital: Dumbo
Pop: 1,033,320

Texas Governor Robert Clark, the King of Fun, didn't feel the least bit funny. He stared dejectedly at the pile of bills and memos that crowded the desk before him. No fun there. He opened the bottom drawer and pulled out his well-worn bag 'o laughs and switched it on. Rolling laughter rippled through the room and then died with a crack as he slammed the drawer home. "Nothing," he sighed, "is fun anymore." He stood up and walked to the file cabinet across the room, and—having made sure of his privacy—fished out his custom crafted talking teddy. "Good Morning, G'vner!" it perked as he let loose the pull string. "The world was made for you!"

"No it isn't and no it wasn't" Clark retorted hotly, getting a firm grip on the fuzzy nape of the teddy's neck. "It's another boring morning in the Land of Fun, top of another week in Walt's country, and that's hardly a jolly prospect. Hell, even Texas A&M's closed down. Now *that* was funny..." A quiet cough startled the Governor and he turned to find his secretary, Patty Sinkin, standing patiently in the doorway, mouth agape. "Governor Clark," she whispered in quiet disbelief, "You... you've been arguing with a teddy bear?"

"Follow the good times to Texas!" suggested the bear as the startled Clark let the string fall from his fingers. It was time for things to change.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

Sinkin, Patricia
Random House, 2065.

Texas was the 28th state to achieve statehood, and the third largest in the United States. Dwarfed only by Alaska and Greenland, its borders encompass 250,000 square miles. At the turn of the century, Texas faced a dilemma of considerable proportion: what to do now that their resource base, which had formerly consisted largely of petrocarbons and agricultural products, was depleted. In 2024, Texas boldly dealt with its rapidly worsening situation: invoking state's rights and the spirit of American capitalism, Texans sold their troubled state to the Walt Disney Corporation. Aggressive advertising and a series of unparalleled achievements have helped lay to rest the qualms of many early skeptics who saw nothing entertaining or even vaguely amusing about acre upon endless acre of arid, depleted wasteland. Change had been a big part of what has made this self-proclaimed "Land of Fun" exciting. In 2025, all place names were changed

to those of well-known Disney characters. In 2032-34, the Panhandle was carpeted. *American's Hot Tub*, formerly the Gulf of Mexico, was surrounded by redwood planks in 2036-37. Such developments, in combination with a constantly expanding variety of rides and attractions, have resulted in the healthy tourism upon which the Disney state so heavily relies. Some indicators, however, predict a steady fall-off throughout the later 2050's and into the 2060's. Population (from 2050 census) 27,542,069. Capital: Dumbo, Pop. 1,033,320.

Worlds Book Encyclopedia
Field Enterprises, 2054

"There we were, Billy Art Phil Lou, just my wife Beatrice and me out in the middle of *nowhere!* We'd charged up the flyer back in Huey, but that was hours before and the meters were starting to read pretty low. Well, Beatrice was havin' one heck of a time with that State O' Fun Happy Travelers Map, and we were *lost*, let me tell you (chuckle). It's not too long after that when I see this tumbledown heap of buildings - I'm talking *wooden* buildings, Billy Art Phil Lou, just up ahead. You couldn't really call it a town, but I figured we might get some help from the locals. So I parked the Winnebago and walked over to the biggest of the buildings, wonderin' all the while where all the folks must have gotten off to. Then I look up top of the place and I see this falling down old sign that reads "Luchenbach". And I'm thinking to myself, what kind of a funny name is "Luchenbach"? So I walk through the swinging doors and damned if there aren't ten or twenty fellars all gussied up in nice white lab coats, all sittin' around staring at this *bomb*. Then they weren't staring at that bomb any more; they were staring at *me*. 'Well, Gaw-lee, I smiled big as I could muster, 'How about them Longhorns!'"

Excerpt from the transcript of Mr. William Spaulding on "The Prince William Arthur Phillip Louis of Wales Show." April 12, 2062

While many modern historians debate the time of the Luchenbach project's initial conception, it is unquestionable that it was the strong prodding of the disgruntled Clark administration that finally brought about the completion of Operation "Last Laugh." Clark,

and the vast majority of the citizens he represented, had come to a startling realization: it wasn't Texas that wasn't funny anymore, it was the United States. What a boring place: four continental time zones, two former Presidents named John Adams, four states that began with the letter "A." Texas wanted out—and fast. It was time for change, and Operation "Last Laugh" was a means to that end—a good, quick punchline to bring America to its knees.

Texan Civilization

Burns, Lerner, and Meacham
Norton Publishing, 2070

"I don't *believe* this. Prince William Arthur Phillip Louis of Wales and 50 or 60 million members of the late night TV audience knew about this before we did." Secretary of State Joel "Stubble" Lehrman was furious, and the other members of the inner cabinet—Chief of Staff Michael Wallen, Domestic Affairs Advisor Don Watson, and National Security Advisor Jeff Schmase—were checking discreetly for emergency exits in the White House briefing room. Lehrman wiped the foam from around his mouth and glared accusingly at each man in turn. "Well, sir," coughed Schmase, nervously adjusting his tie, "We have very few operatives in the, uh, Luchenbach area." He laughed hopefully. "But quite a few who watch late-night TV. How about I just get on the phone and make a few calls." He began to rise. "I'll have this cleared up by morning." Lehrman gave him a look that unmistakably ruled out the possibility of leaving with both legs. "The entire state of Texas has been sealed off," he continued, opening a worn Land of Fun Amusement Map. "They're allowing no one in, and communications have been cut off completely." He paused for dramatic effect, poking an angry finger at Dumbo. "We don't know what it is they have down there, and until we do, they call the shots. This, gentlemen, is nothing less than a national emergency." Chief of Staff Wallen wiped his brow and stared at his shoes. "Well," he mumbled, slowly lifting his head and glancing wearily at the door. "I suppose we'll have to tell the President."

Wallen cleared his throat. Was the old man deaf now, too? "Sir," he stammered finally, wishing his voice could work up a good, resonant tone of urgency, "I think there's something you should know." The man in the large, high-backed chair turned slightly toward him, barely acknowledging his

presence. "You think that there's something I don't?" Wallen wondered, not for the first time, how Kennedy could have lived to be 153—and why.

From the White House To The Big House: A Plumber Tells All

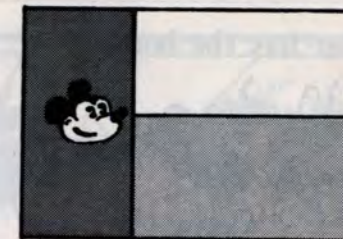
Targgart, Michael
Penguin Paperbacks, 2069

"Have a seat, gentlemen," spoke the smiling governor with a wave of his hand. Hearty chuckles filled the room as the throaty roar of a shrewdly situated whoope cushion punctuated the anticipatory silence. Clark grinned broadly and began. "Gentlemen," he spoke confidently, "Our time has come. Operation "Last Laugh" is complete. We have the bomb," he said rising to his feet. "And they know it." Polite applause filled the governor's inner office, as he bowed slightly. "The talk show incident has suited our purposes perfectly. America knows there's trouble afoot in the happy state of Texas." Clark beamed. "Now my friends it's time to send the White House a message. Patty, take a letter—tell 'em we want out!"

Deep Heart, Sinkin.

[Editor's Note: The bomb produced by the "Last Laugh" project has been called both "man's most devious armament" and "the least intelligent weapon created since man first tossed a bone into the air." Working from an unstable neon base, and referred to by its developers as the "Ne Slapper," the device was capable of destroying all non-living matter. Buildings, digital watches, loose-leaf binders, would all vanish without a trace, leaving hapless victims to wonder just what had become of the old home town.]

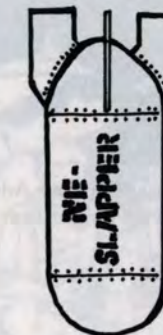
The state of Texas, America's self-proclaimed "Fun Capital," today issued its first press release since all contact was abruptly halted following the apparently unintended discovery of the "Luchenbach Project" late last week. Claiming to have in their possession a weapon powerful enough to destroy "motherhood, apple pie, and everything else you're so all-fired proud of," the nation's third largest state declared that they "simply want out [of the union]." It was further stated that serious consideration was being given to the possibility of returning themselves



Flag O'Texas — after



"Stubble" Lehrman was mad.

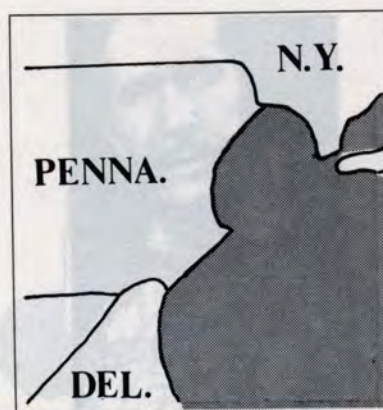


The Domestic Affairs Advisor:
He couldn't tell right from wrong.

Who has the bomb ?



The National Security Advisor:
He couldn't tell right from left.



Eastern Seaboard sans New Jersey
(2041 A.D.)

to Mexico, which they described as a country with "a far better sense of humor." No word as yet from the White House, where a press conference has been scheduled for seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Persistent rumors that Mexico has no interest in retaking control of their former territory are as yet unconfirmed.

"Mad As Hell Because They Live There",
Boston Globe, April 20, 2062.

These were strenuous hours at the seat of American Democracy. President Kennedy sat somberly behind the vast antique chrome desk within the Oval Office and thumbed reflectively through his latest intelligence reports: a glossary of Disney place names, a detailed map of Texas, photographs of anonymous Texans nose-thumbing undercover cameramen on the border and then running away laughing. He could almost read the history texts: "Ted Kennedy, the 67th President of the United States met defeat at the hands of Walt Disney." "I'd sooner die again" he grumbled as he reached for the desk intercom. "Crissie, send them in."

The inner cabinet members shuffled slowly into the room, each wishing he had more to say and someone else to speak with. Everyone stood and looked expectantly at one another while the President arose and strode to the window. An uncomfortable silence ensued. Finally, Wallen stepped down hard on Watson's foot.

"Yow!"
"What's that, Watson?"
"Uh, well sir, I was saying..."
The President cut him off. "They're bluffing." The room fell silent for a second time as the President turned to face them. "I said they're bluffing. Now send in the press."

White House, Big House, Targgart

The President's decision send shock waves throughout the country. The majority of the concern was twofold: first, what if Texas really did have the all-powerful destructive tool they claimed to, and second, why all the fuss over Texas? Sure, it was a nice place to visit, but then so was New Jersey if you enjoyed deep-water tourism.* Certainly letting Texas go would outdate a lot of flags, but most of the American public was willing to make that sacrifice. Besides, no one relished the thought of playing proving-grounds to this

unknown menace from down south. America was ready to forget the Alamo.

*The state of New Jersey collapsed of its own weight and sank to the ocean floor in the fall of 2040.

Civilization, Burns et. all

No one even let loose with a chuckle in Dumbo when it became clear that the President wasn't taking the "Ne Slapper" seriously. It was time for deeds, not words. Clark and his closest associates held a hurriedly assembled meeting late into the night, and emerged the next morning with a stern, firm verdict: Oklahoma would swallow the bomb. America must pay for its insolence. Let Texas go or say goodbye to the Sooner state at twelve o'clock noon tomorrow. The message had to be clear this time—the eyes of Texas are upon you, and they're looking down your throat.

Deep Heart, Sinkin.

On the day the announcement was made Congress was very, very nervous. Just about everybody was ready to surrender Texas to the first taker, but there was something about the whole situation that seemed just too simple. Word spread fast that there was something about the Fun Capital worth holding on to, and just what that might be stretched even the most elastic imaginations. Strategic minerals lying dormant beneath the dunes? Previously undiscovered energy deposits off the southern coast? Whatever it was, common logic held that it had to be something very important for Texas to want it so badly for themselves. Insightful pundits who simply laughed it off and chalked it up to prideful Texan arrogance were ignored in the frenzy.

Still worse was the situation within the Oval Office, where Kennedy and his staff hadn't slept, or even cracked a smile, in the last twenty-four hours. The Executive branch had a difficult decision to make: could they afford to continue calling what they hoped was only a bluff, and—if not—could they afford to lose to the Disney State? Eyelids grew heavy, all talk ceased; Wallen's favorite flipping coin had long since rolled under the radiator when the rising sun reminded them all of their predicament's immediacy. Eventually the President pulled himself to his feet, pushed aside a half-eaten pizza slab,

and dialed the press room number. "We all have to make sacrifices" he said with a long, labored sigh. "Oklahoma, this means you."

White House, Big House, Targgart.

"Well, there we were. We got the word about ten in the morning, you know, 'don't worry about fixing lunch today.' I was out in the field at the time with Bill Crown from the spread next to mine, and we couldn't see any reason to pack it in early just 'cause it was gonna be a short day. The way we figured, there wasn't no place better than any other from which to take in the end of the world.

"Sure enough, we're about halfway finished with the first barley harvest when Bill taps on his watch and says, 'I reckon it's about that time.'" So we looked up in the sky and here's this giant orange cloud all cracklin' and buzzin' and high-tailing it toward us just faster than a bull on coals. Before you know it she's right on top of us, and then quick as a whistle it was gone. I looked at Bill, Bill looked at me, and we both took a good look around. Damned if the place didn't look a bit different."

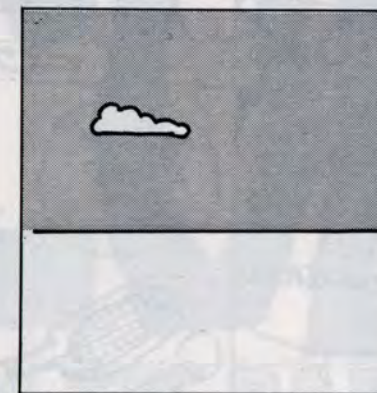
When the Wind Came Sweeping Down the Plain: Memoirs of an O.K. Farmer

Vincent, Phil
Houghton Mifflin, 2063

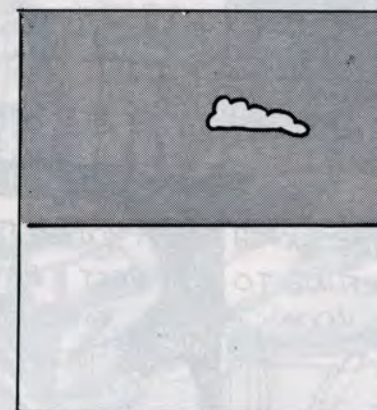
[Note from the Editor: And so ended the confrontation that so thoroughly rocked America in the first part of the 21st century. On the morning of April 23, 2062 at precisely 12:00 (CST) the "Ne Slapper" was lobbed over the border from Texas into Oklahoma and the bomb *did* explode. As the clouds cleared, two startling realizations overwhelmed the people of Oklahoma, a. that the bomb had worked, and b. that things really hadn't changed much at all. Misinterpreting this ironic coincidence as failure, America stopped paying any attention to Texans, who, along with their state, soon found themselves drifting far out into the Gulf of Mexico as a result of the "Accelerated Continental Drift" program initiated by its neighbors in 2063.]



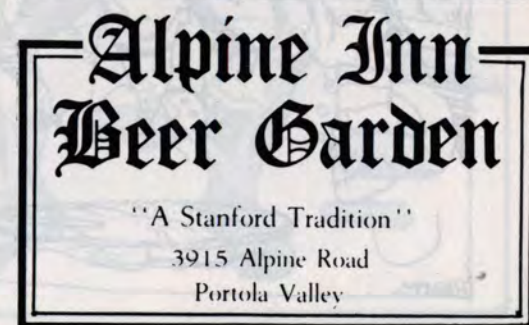
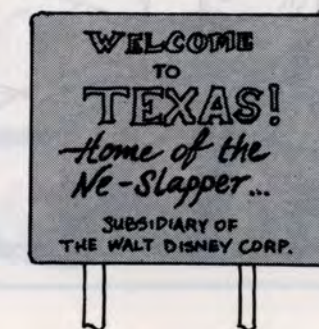
Bill tapped his watch;
"I reckon it's about that time"



Oklahoma — before Ne-Slapper



Oklahoma — after Ne-Slapper



STROKE COMICS

★ PRESENTS



A TYPICAL DAY



I AM GOOD LOOKING.

I HAVE A GOOD PERSONALITY.



I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I THINK YOU ARE AN EXCELLENT STUDENT.

PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANY RECOMMENDATIONS.



THAT WAS A NICE SHOT.

YOU WIN. AGAIN.



YOU ARE HERE. ALL RIGHT.

HERE YOU GO, OLD BUDDY.

HI. YOU ARE WORTH GETTING TO KNOW.



YOU ARE THE BEST I HAVE EVER HAD.



MIDNIGHT... A PERILOUS TIME IN THE PIETHROWIAN AGE, ESPECIALLY FOR A TRAVELER IN A STRANGE CITY

LET'S GET HIM!

UNLESS OF COURSE THAT TRAVELER IS...

CURLY

CRUNCH

THE BARBARIAN

Created by Moe E. Howard
Story by Bill McColgan Art by Paul Cheney

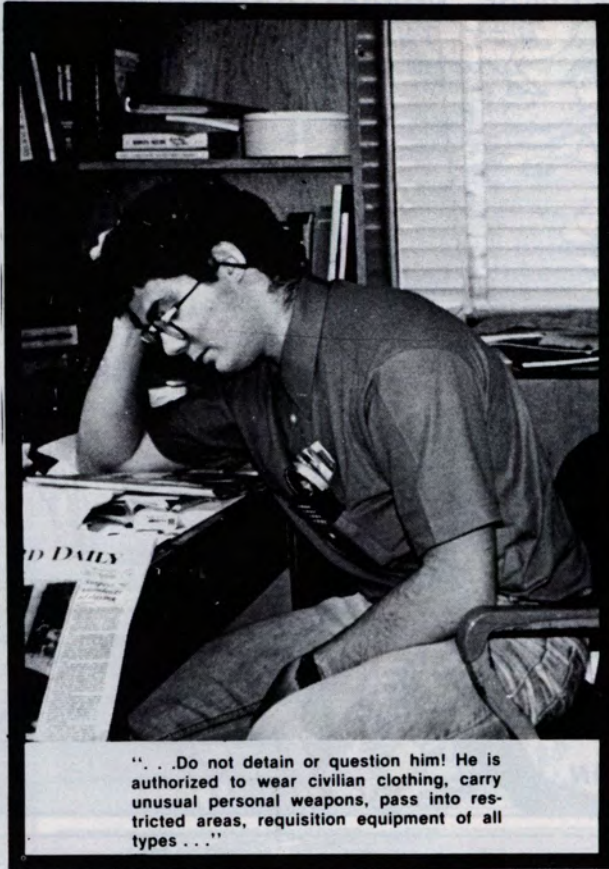
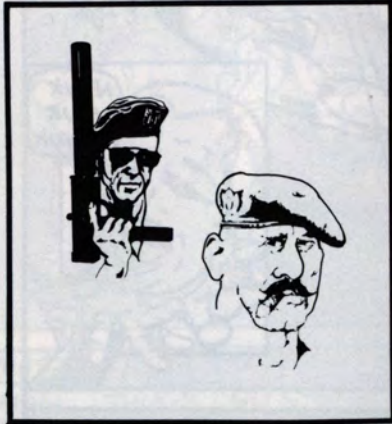


OOPS. DID I DROP THAT BAG ON YOUR FEET? SORRY.





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The Chappie Man. He stays up for only one thing, and it isn't CompSci. The Chappie Man gets more without trying harder. That's because he's smart. A large percentage of Chappie readers are university educated. In fact, almost all Chappie readers are Stanford University educated. Above all, he's rich. He won't have to work hard for a single day of his life and he's proud of it. He's got the whole world in the palm of his hand. And he isn't holding his calculator. Be a Chappie Man. Subscribe.



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UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

NAME _____
LAST FIRST MIDDLE SUFFIX

HOME ADDRESS _____

PALM SPRINGS ADDRESS _____

HEIGHT _____ WEIGHT _____ BUST (if applicable) _____

BENCH PRESS _____ HAIR COLOR (natural) _____

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING BODY TYPES IS NEAREST TO YOURS (circle one)
 mesomorph ectomorph endomorph
 (Please ask your doctor if you don't know what these words mean.)

PERSONAL BANK INTEREST (U.S. and foreign) ACCRUED THIS PAST FISCAL YEAR:
 \$ _____

ARE YOU A FOOTBALL PLAYER? _____ IF "YES," PLEASE SKIP TO THE LAST LINE OF THIS APPLICATION.

NUMBER OF HIRED SERVANTS IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD: _____
 NUMBER OF SLAVES: _____

BMW TYPE: YEAR _____ MODEL _____ ACCESSORIES _____

LIST ALL OF YOUR PERSONAL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS: _____

ESTIMATE YOUR PARENTS' YEARLY INCOME (round off to the closest \$50,000; use exponents if necessary and if you know what they are): _____

HAVE YOU READ A BOOK THIS YEAR? _____ IF "YES," WHY? _____

HAVE YOU EVER HELD A JOB THAT YOUR PARENTS DIDN'T GET YOU? _____ IF "YES," WHY? _____

NAME FIVE OF THE UNITED STATES (for instance: California, New York, Illinois, Texas, Florida): _____

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PRIME TIME SIT-COM? _____

WHICH GOSSIP MAGAZINES DO YOU READ REGULARLY? _____

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS THE CHAPARRAL?

ESSAY QUESTIONS

(Answer only 1 (one) essay question; please do not exceed the space provided.)

1) HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN WITH A BLACK PERSON? DESCRIBE THE EXPERIENCE.

2) YOU ARE GOING TO BE STRANDED AT A DESERT RESORT HOTEL FOR THREE WEEKS. YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO BRING ALONG ONLY FIVE (5) OF YOUR FAMILY'S SERVANTS. WHICH SERVANTS WILL YOU BRING? WHY?

3) YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE BEVERLY HILLS I. MAGNIN FOR ONE (1) HOUR WITH ONLY TEN THOUSAND (10,000) DOLLARS TO SPEND. WHAT WILL YOU BUY? WHY?

***** THE FEE FOR PROCESSING THIS APPLICATION IS NEGOTIABLE *****

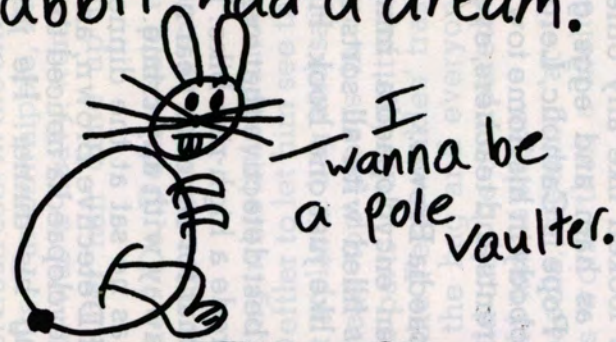
IF YOU CAN, PLEASE SEND ALONG A HIGH SCHOOL TRANSCRIPT (your grades) AND ALSO THE ENCLOSED TENNIS PRO RECOMMENDATION. 8 X 10 GLOSSY PORTRAITS OF YOURSELF MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN LIEU OF (instead of) AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT (your grades).

I SWEAR THAT THE INFORMATION PRESENTED IN THIS APPLICATION IS REASONABLY ACCURATE.

SIGNATURE (that's a messy version of your printed name)

APPROXIMATE DATE

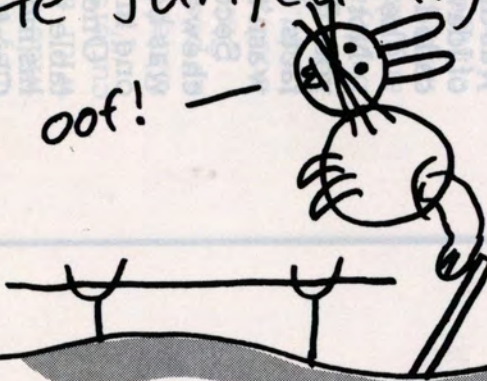
Rabbit had a dream.



He went to the Olympics.



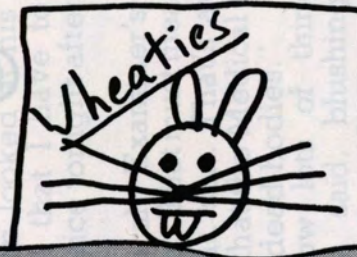
He jumped high.



He won.



He got his picture on Wheaties boxes.



He was assassinated by a Lebanese terrorist group.



★ America's Hercule Poirot ★



in Thongs

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BROWN Does His Thing

BY
**MICHAEL COLLINS
RONALD HERBST
TIMOTHY QUIRK**

Illustrated by
Ronald Herbst



AN H + C COFFIN-UP BOOK[®]
HELENA • BOISE • RAPID CITY • FREMONT

3

Encyclopaedia Brown

"Look, Leroy," Mrs. Brown said. "Your father isn't eating his dinner."

"Yeah, Mom. That must mean that something important is on his mind, or he wouldn't miss his favorite meal, cornbeef souffle and crabapple pie *ala mode!*"

Chief Brown looked at his family. "Oh, I'm all right. It's just that I have to go to the Medical Examiner's office tonight after dinner to check out a case."

"The Medical Examiner's office!" exclaimed Encyclopaedia. "That must mean it's a *murder* case!"

"That's right, son. That's awfully intelligent of you to know that the Medical Examiner is the man who looks at dead bodies."

"Oh, I know lots of things like that, Dad," Encyclopaedia said, blushing like a boy bride. "Who was murdered?"

"Mr. Parsonwhipple from the drugstore."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Mrs. Brown, wiping her pretty mouth.

Chief Brown started eating his souffle. "So anyway I have to meet Dr. Deftler and Mrs. Parsonwhipple tonight and get all the necessary details."

"Can I come along, Dad? I'd really like to help out."

"I'd like your help too, son, but I'm afraid this is probably too grisly for you. Mr. Parsonwhipple met with a very violent and graphic demise."

"Oh, I'll be all right, Dad. I can take anything. Besides, I know all about killing from a book I once read on it."

With a little more persuasion, Encyclopaedia had convinced his father to take him along. "Now son," Chief Brown said while filling his son in on the case, "the authorities believe Mrs. Parsonwhipple may have murdered her husband. We'll have to watch her behavior closely tonight."

"Sure, Dad," said the boy detective, blowing bubbles and popping them with the cigarette lighter.

The Medical Examiner's office was in a big building on Main Street with glass windows and



The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver

Leroy Brown may have looked like any other eleven-year-old. But sure as ham and eggs go together and as sure as the Pope is Catholic, Leroy was different. First of all, nobody in his home town of Idaville, except for his parents and teachers, ever called him Leroy at all.

They called him Encyclopaedia Brown.

Not that he looked like an encyclopaedia, mind you. That is, a set of books filled with all sorts of facts. He didn't even look like just one book. He wasn't even brown!

Second of all, he was the best detective that ever chewed bubble gum and rode a high-rise bike. It was because of him alone that for almost a year no one in Idaville had gotten away with any crime.

One particular evening as he sat at the dinner table with his father, Chief Detective Brown, and his mother, Mrs. Brown, Encyclopaedia noticed that Chief Brown wasn't eating his dinner. He just played around with the mashed potatoes with his fork and looked at the wall as if it were a hypnotizer's swaying watch.

4

The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver

lots of bright lights. When he entered, Encyclopaedia respectfully took the bubblegum out of his mouth and dropped it in the nearest trash can. In the office they met Dr. Deftler and Mrs. Parsonwhipple, the widow. Mrs. Parsonwhipple was a heavy woman with a bulbous nose and her hair done up in curlers.

"I'm glad you could come," Dr. Deftler said to Chief Brown. "I want to get this over with as soon as possible."

Chief Brown started writing in his little red notebook and then asked Dr. Deftler to let him see the body. The Doctor took out a plastic bag and said, "Here it is. We found these top pieces in his backyard, these lower torso parts in the frontyard, and the arms and legs in the Perrywinkles' trash next door." He unzipped the bag and everyone cringed at a smell that could only be compared to Harvey Krinkle's sweaty old tennis shoes.

"Gosh," said Encyclopaedia, peering at the bloody remains, "he looks worse than a melted strawberry nut sundae!"

"I put on the death certificate that the body had been dead one hour when it was found," said Dr. Deftler. "As you know, I was just getting off the plane from Hawaii at that time. Boy, what a way to end a vacation!"

Chief Brown addressed the widow. "Where were you at this time, Mrs. Parsonwhipple?"

"Why, I was shopping. That's it! I was shopping," said the obese woman tensely.

Chief Brown scribbled in his notebook, then looked up at her again. "What are those red stains on your blouse?"

"What, these?" she said, wide eyed. "Oh, I dropped a can of grape juice and it shattered and splashed all over me. No, seriously! You don't think I would have—"

Dr. Deftler spoke up. "All we're saying, ma'am, is that the evidence all fits together. As far as we've surmised, nobody else could have been at your house at that time."

"Well, it wasn't me!" the porcine woman said, shaking her head like a wet dog trying to dry itself

off. "I have my rights you know."
 "Now wait," said Chief Brown. "We don't know anything for sure. Remember, everyone is innocent until proven guilty. Son, maybe you have something to add?"

Encyclopaedia had his eyes closed tightly, as he did whenever he did his heaviest thinking. He opened his eyes and picked up Mr. Parsonwhipple's left arm, which he inspected from all angles and then handed to his father across the table. "Look, Dad. He's still wearing his gold watch. That means that Mr. Parsonwhipple wasn't murdered for his money."

"Bravo!" Chief Brown said. "An excellent bit of sleuthing!"

"Right," said the Doctor, "a wife would kill her husband for other reasons than money."

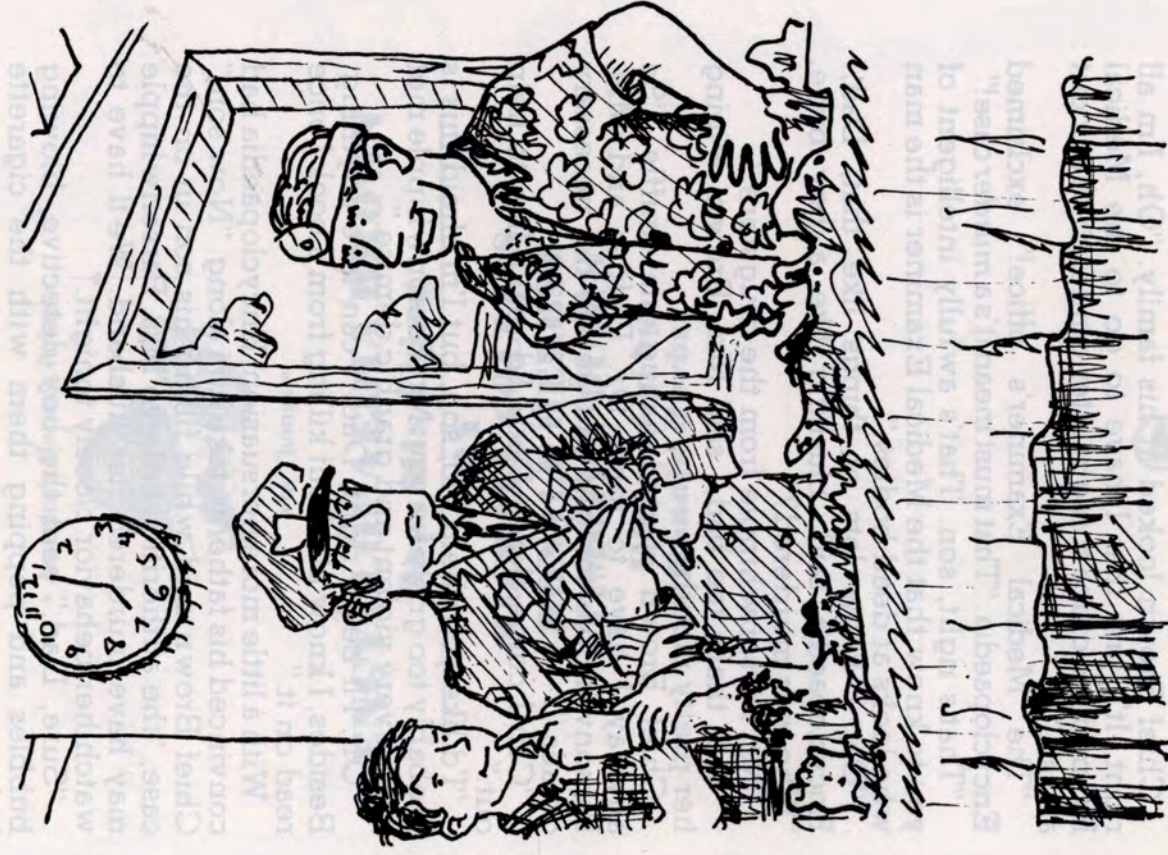
"Not so fast!" interjected the boy detective. "The evidence doesn't point to Mrs. Parsonwhipple. The real murderer has already given himself away!"

"What do you mean?" Dr. Deftler said.

"The answer is so obvious you can smell it!" Encyclopaedia said.

WHO IS THE MURDERER AND HOW DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA KNOW?

"As you know, I was just getting off the plane from Hawaii at that time."



The Case of the Devoured Daughter

Encyclopaedia Brown was roused early Tuesday morning by a knock at the door of the ramshackle garage which served as the office of his detective agency. "Come in!" he called good-naturedly, "the door's never locked." A chubby, pleasant woman in a floral print dress and pumps pushed open the door and walked across to the desk. "Mrs. Pugnowski!" Encyclopaedia said with a startled smile. "What ever brings you here?"

"Oh, I just don't know where to turn!" his dumpy but plump neighbor sobbed, dabbing at her eyes with a damp handkerchief and sliding a shiny quarter onto the old gas can that served as the agency's treasury. "I only hope that you can help me, Encyclopaedia."

"Please have a seat, Mrs. Pugnowski," the young detective urged, motioning her toward a comfortable chair behind the large, makeshift desk. "Like it says on my card, there's no case too small." Mrs. Pugnowski dried her eyes and feigned a thin smile. "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

The woman moved closer and looked about the room hesitantly, then began. "Oh, Encyclopaedia,"

(Turn to page 17 for the solution to The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver)



She pulled out two long, sharp teeth and plopped them on the desk.

she sighed, wringing her hands, "I... I'm afraid that Bugs Meany has eaten my daughter."

Encyclopaedia sat bolt upright, a look of amazement playing across his face. "Goodness!" he exclaimed, running her accusation through his reference-book mind, "That's quite an accusation!" He frowned slowly, his eyes narrowing. "But a man isn't guilty just because he's mean, not even Bugs Meany." Bugs was the head of the Tigers, a group of no-good boys who were the scourge of Idaville's pre-adolescent population. Bugs and Encyclopaedia were sworn enemies.

Mrs. Pugnowski opened a large purse on her lap. "I have a few things that I found in Jeannie's room that might be helpful," she sniffed. "I only hope that they will be." Encyclopaedia cleared a space on his desk.

"Here," she said, pulling out a matted tuft of hair. "These are little Jeannie's locks. And this —" she layed out a ragged stretch of bright yellow cloth. "This was one of the sleeves on her favorite frock."

She slobbered balefully. "I made it myself, I did." Encyclopaedia examined the pieces with a sharp eye. "A good start, ma'am, but not enough to be conclusive. We've got to be sure in this business. Is there anything more that you can show me?"

"Why, yes" she answered quickly, reaching deep into her purse. "These were the shoes she always wore to school — the ones with the buckles —, this is about half of her daisy-pattern floral bonnet, and this is her hypothalamus. Oh!" She pulled out two long, sharp teeth and plopped them down on the desk. "I found these in her room, too. Right beside her lunch bucket."

"Mrs. Pugnowski," Encyclopaedia said slowly, reclining in the old, ramshackle chair. "Bugs Meany never ate your daughter Jeannie. But I know where to place the blame!"

WHO DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA ACCUSE AND HOW DID HE KNOW?

(Turn to page 18 for the solution to
The Case of the Devoured Daughter)

household, while their beanie-clad leader Bugs Meany was pulling long drags from a stubby cigar and sneering devilishly. Encyclopaedia was mad. "Bugs," he snarled, "You are dumb. Smoking kills."

"Damn right," Bugs chuckled mockingly, and tossed the glowing cigar stub at Encyclopaedia's feet. Boom! The Brown household exploded.

Suddenly, Encyclopaedia remembered just what was missing from the garage.

WHAT WAS MISSING AND HOW DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA KNOW?



The Case of the Close Call

Encyclopaedia had been reading one of his favorite reference books, *Getting More than Even*, when the phone rang.

"Brown Detective Agency," the boy answered. "Leroy?"

Right away Encyclopaedia knew it was his father, Chief Detective Brown. In all of Idaville, only his parents and his teachers called him Leroy.

"Yes, Dad?"

"I think you'd better come down to the Tigers' clubhouse. There's been some nastiness."

"There's always nastiness when the Tigers and Bugs Meany are around," Encyclopaedia replied sagely. "I'll be right over."

The young detective hopped on his bike and headed towards the Tiger hangout. The Tigers, a gang of very mean boys, were a thorn in the community side of little Idaville. The worst member of the bunch, and therefore its leader, was old Bugs Meany, Encyclopaedia's sworn enemy and nemesis.

On the way to the clubhouse, Encyclopaedia stopped to pick up his partner and best friend, 10-year-old Sally Kimball.

(Turn to page 19 for the solution to
The Case of the Missing Something)

The Case of the Missing Something

Something was missing, and Encyclopaedia just couldn't put his finger on it. He could sense it as he swung open the old wooden door with its hinges on the inside that led into the converted garage which served as the headquarters of his tumbledown but well-respected detective agency. He scratched his head and wondered? What wasn't there? The sturdy, makeshift desk and its neat pile of papers stood solid and immobile against the far wall; his tall bookcase and its many well-read volumes remained just at its side. He looked behind the desk — sure enough, the swivel chair was just where it always had been, and a quick search of the desk made it clear that the contents remained undisturbed. Encyclopaedia was puzzled; he'd a hunch that something was missing, and he'd learned to trust his highly-acclaimed intuition.

Encyclopaedia's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a commotion on the front lawn. He hurried to the door and ran outside only to find the entire membership of the Tigers prancing and cavorting around the Brown

BROWN DETECTIVE AGENCY
13 ROVER AVENUE
Leroy Brown, President
No case too grisly
25¢ perday
plus expenses

"Hi, Encyclopaedia!" Sally said as she bounded from her front porch to the well-tended lawn in front of the prim yet comfortable Midwestern home owned by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. Her bike waited, unlocked, and she straddled the seat and soon was racing down Maple Street like greased lightning. It took Encyclopaedia a long time to catch up, and then only after Sally slowed down a bit.

"What's up?" she asked.

"Dad called," Encyclopaedia panted. "Some trouble at the Tigers' clubhouse."

"Oooh, those Tigers! That Bugs Meany!" Sally took her hands from the handlebars, made a fist with her right and smacked it into her left palm. "I hate them."

If there was anything Encyclopaedia and Bugs Meany could agree upon, it would be that Sally Kimball, besides being physically mature for her age, had the meanest right hook in Idaville. Encyclopaedia had seen it many times, and Bugs had felt it more than once.

In front of the run-down clubhouse they met Chief Detective Brown and Eddie Newman. Mr. Newman was the owner of Idaville's only Army-Navy store.

"Hi Dad! What's up?"

"Bugs' number," said Chief Brown. "He's been murdered."

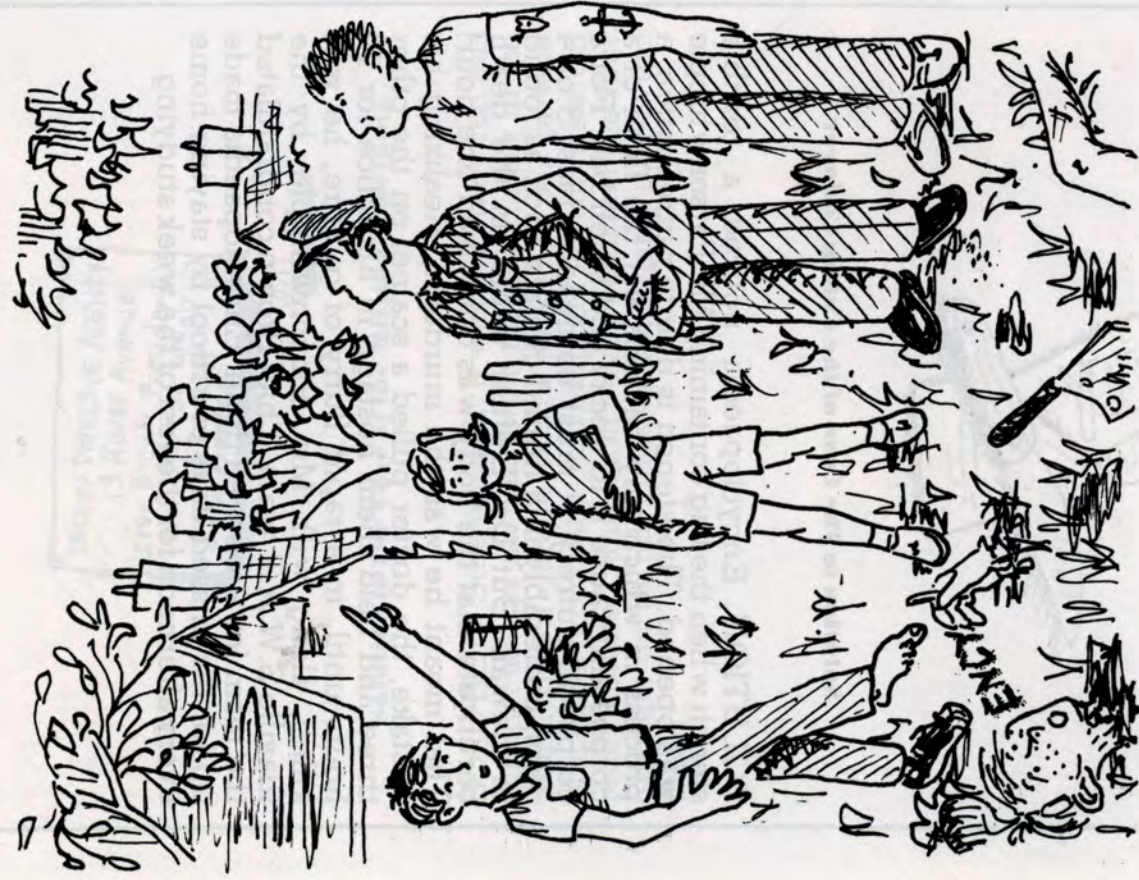
"Gosh," said Encyclopaedia without expression. "Let's have a look."

Chief Brown led Encyclopaedia, Sally and Mr. Newman around to the back wall of the clubhouse and pointed to a tidy pile where most of Bugs lay in a pool of drying blood. Three swiss army knives protruded from his tanned, muscular chest. His torso was riddled with bullet holes. A meat cleaver lay between the top of his neck and his head, which had rolled a few feet away. Two forks were stuck in his eye-sockets. His slit tongue hung from his lifeless mouth.

"Somebody must have been pretty mad at Bugs," Encyclopaedia suggested. "What a shame. Do you need my help to find the killer?"

Chief Brown shifted uncomfortably on his feet. He glanced at Sally, who was throwing up prettily in a nearby garbage can. "Well," he continued, "this time I need you for something else, Leroy."

Eddie Newman, a big man with many tattoos, broke in. "Yeah, see, I wuz comin' over here to collect



"Hey, look up there!" Encyclopaedia pointed frantically.

on some dough Bugs owed me for some guns I'd sold him. I found him lyin' here like this. What caught my eye was them Swiss army knives." Mr. Newman looked at Encyclopaedia. "They're brand new. I remembered selling you four last week."

Encyclopaedia straightened up. "Are you insinuating . . . ?"

"Nobody's insinuating anything, Leroy," Chief Brown explained. "But son, look at this."

Encyclopaedia's father was squatting near Bugs' right hand. Scrawled in the dirt to the left of the bloody appendage were the letters *ENCY*.

Chief Brown stood up and brushed the dust from his well-pressed pants. "Apparently Bugs died before he could finish whatever he was writing." He turned to his son. "Now Leroy, those are the first four letters in 'Encyclopaedia.' You know that's what everyone around here calls you."

"But gee, Pop, I wouldn't *kill* anybody."

The chief of police frowned. "I don't like to think so, son, but Eddie also found this." He pointed to Mr. Newman. Encyclopaedia's mouth dropped open as Mr. Newman held up a sneaker.

"That looks a lot like yours, son." Chief Brown looked at his boy's feet. "How come you're only wearing one shoe today?"

Encyclopaedia turned red. "I, I couldn't find the other one," he stammered.

Chief Brown shook his head sadly. "Where were you last night, Leroy?"

"I, uh, I was with Sally all night!" Encyclopaedia cried, grabbing the hand of his pretty partner. She had finished with the garbage can several minutes earlier and had since returned to her partner's side.

"No you weren't! I . . . OWWW!" Sally yelped as Encyclopaedia dug his fingernails into the palm of her hand. "Oh, yes, I remember. All night. He was with me." She sighed with relief as Encyclopaedia released her hand. The young detective beamed at her affectionately. Suddenly, his attention was riveted by something on the roof of the ramshackle clubhouse.

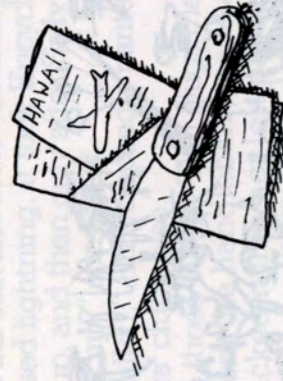
"Hey, look up there!" Encyclopaedia pointed frantically. Everyone leaned back to get a better view

of the roof. "Oops!" said Encyclopaedia apologetically. "My mistake. Sorry, nothing was up there."

Chief Brown scratched his head and returned to the problem at hand. "Anyway, Sally's word's good enough for me. But now we don't know who killed Bugs Meany."

"Oh yes we do!" Encyclopaedia exclaimed. "And Bugs here was kind enough to tell us. Arrest Mr. Newman, Dad. He killed Bugs and then tried to frame me!"

HOW DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA KNOW IT WAS MR. NEWMAN?



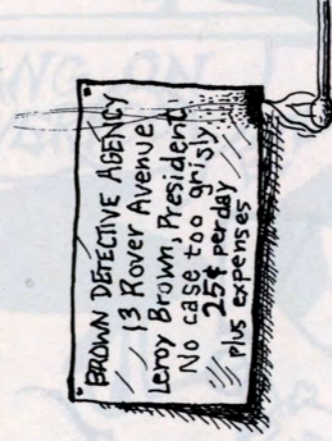
Solution to The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver

SOLUTION: Encyclopaedia noticed a terrible stench when the bag containing Mr. Parsonwhipple was opened. The stench is due to *putrefication*, a process in which tiny bacteria eat the flesh of a corpse and cause it to decay and smell bad. For a corpse to putrefy, it must be dead at least 3 or 4 days, preferably in a humid climate such as found in Hawaii. But Dr. Dettler wrote on the death certificate that the body was only dead one hour! That meant he was the murderer. Realizing his mistake, the doctor pulled a scalpel on the other three and held them hostage in his office for 79 hours until, in a rapid flurry of gunfire, he was killed, along with Mrs. Parsonwhipple, by the Idaville S.W.A.T. team. Chief Brown congratulated the team for a job well done. Encyclopaedia made up for his missed days of school by staying home every afternoon for the rest of the week studying.



Solution to The Case of the Devoured Daughter

SOLUTION: Even a bad fellow like Bugs Meany doesn't pack incisors like the pair Mrs. Pugnowski had pulled from her purse — those were *canine*, or dog teeth. Clearly, Bugs had eaten Mrs. Pugnowski's trained German Shepard, a famed showdog carelessly dressed as her daughter, Jeannie.



Solution to The Case of the Missing Something

SOLUTION: Sure enough, it was the shiny red gas can that always sat beside the makeshift desk in the tumbledown garage which served as his private office. Dirty old Bugs had emptied the can where it really counted, and hadn't even returned the four quarters on its lid. Bugs and his gang sure were mean.



Solution to The Case of the Close Call

SOLUTION: With the big toe on his sockless right foot, clever Encyclopaedia erased the "Y" and scratched an "M" into the dirt while everyone was looking at the clubhouse roof. Encyclopaedia then explained that the letters *ENCM* were obviously not the first letters of his famous nickname, but were actually an acronym. Bugs had written the first letters of the words "*Eddie Newman Cilled Me.*" Unfortunately, Bugs had been left back in school so much he'd forgotten that the word "killed" was spelled with a "K," not a "C." Hence the confusion. Since his dad was the police chief, getting Mr. Newman arrested and convicted for the murder of Bugs Meany was no problem.

THE FLINTSTONES

MEET THE JETSONS



THE FLINTSTONES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE BAHAMAS...

SO ARE THE JETSONS...THRU THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE!!

BAM!

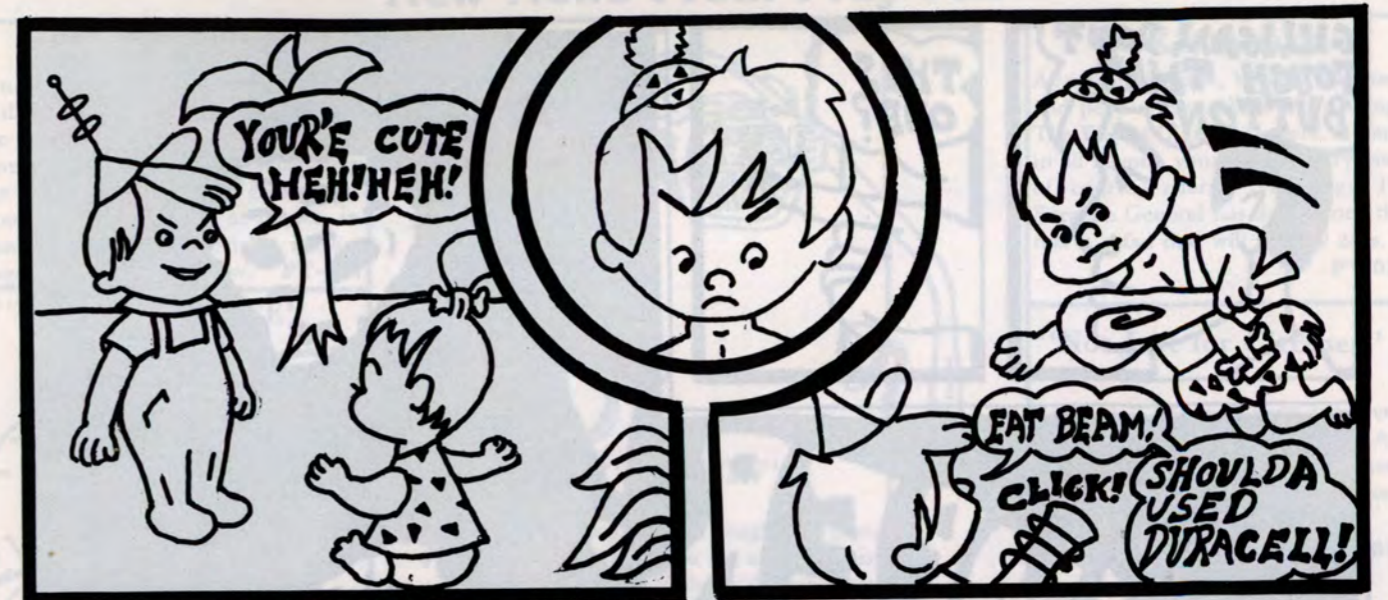
THE CRIPPLED SPACECRAFT PREPARE TO LAND...

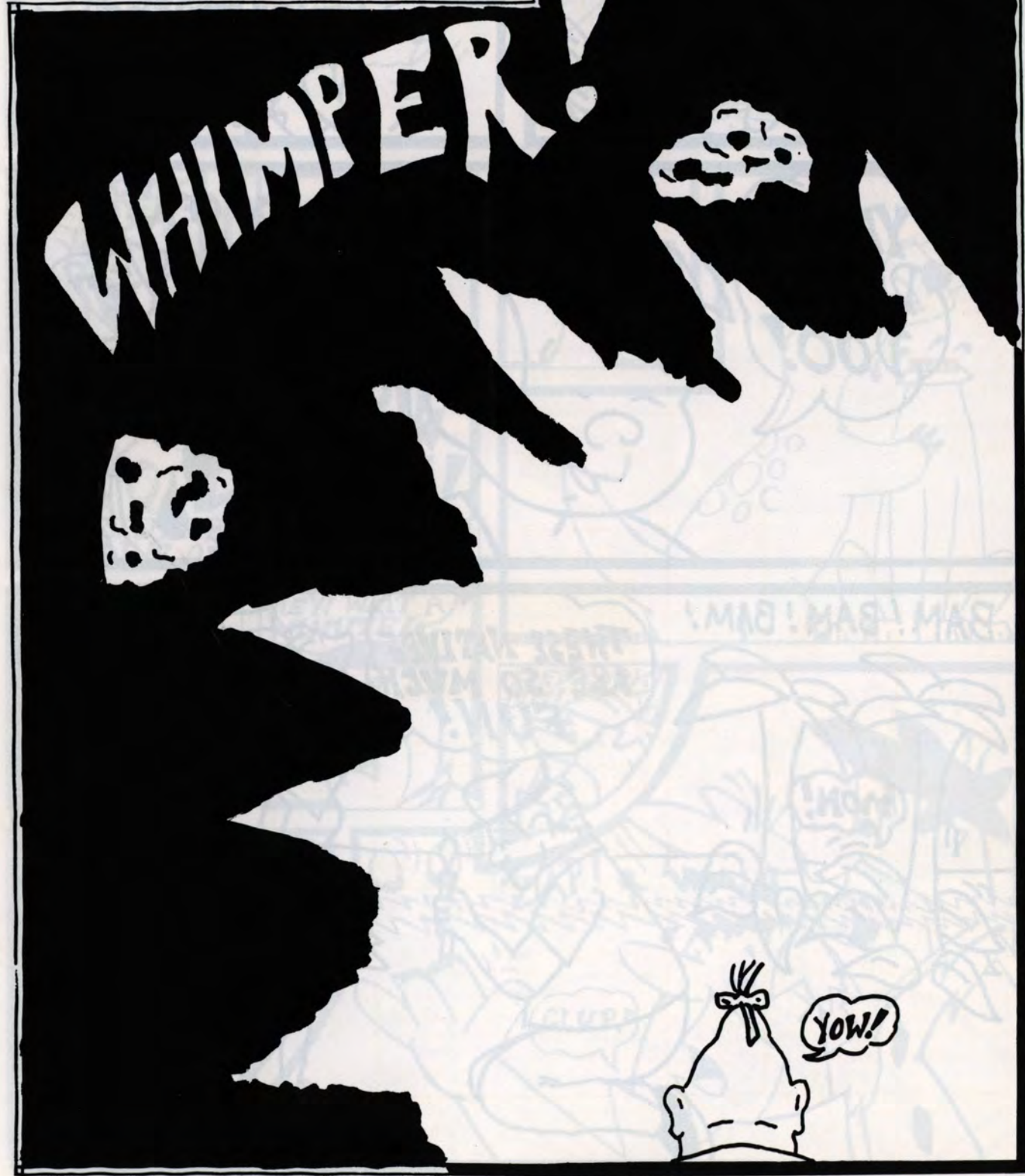
A SPAGE-TIME DISCONTINUUM OCCURS!

ON GILLIG PLANET!

STORY: BRIAN JANS, AL X
ART: D.M. LATCHAW





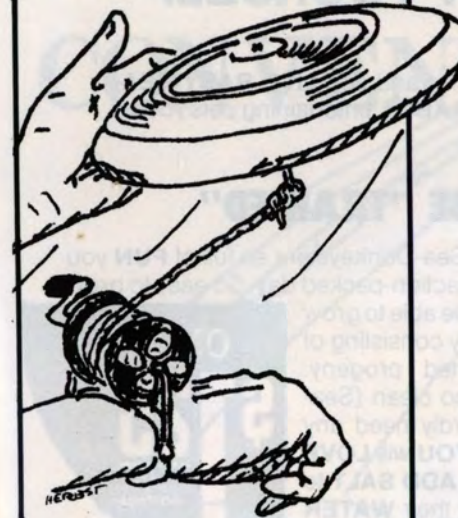


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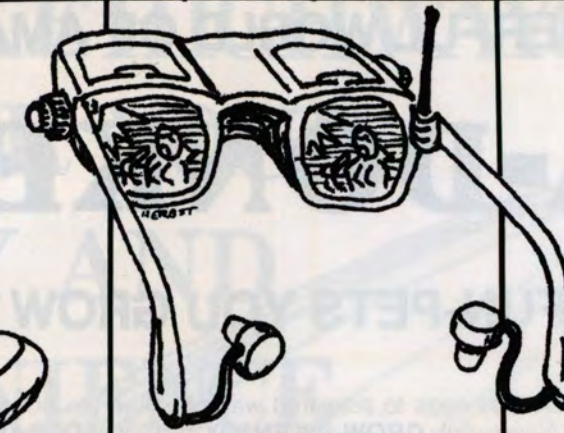
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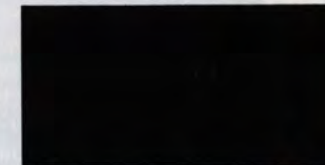
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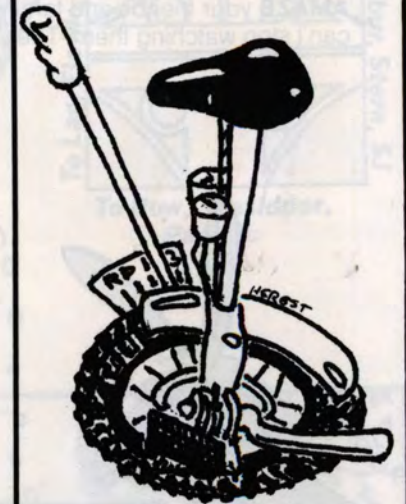
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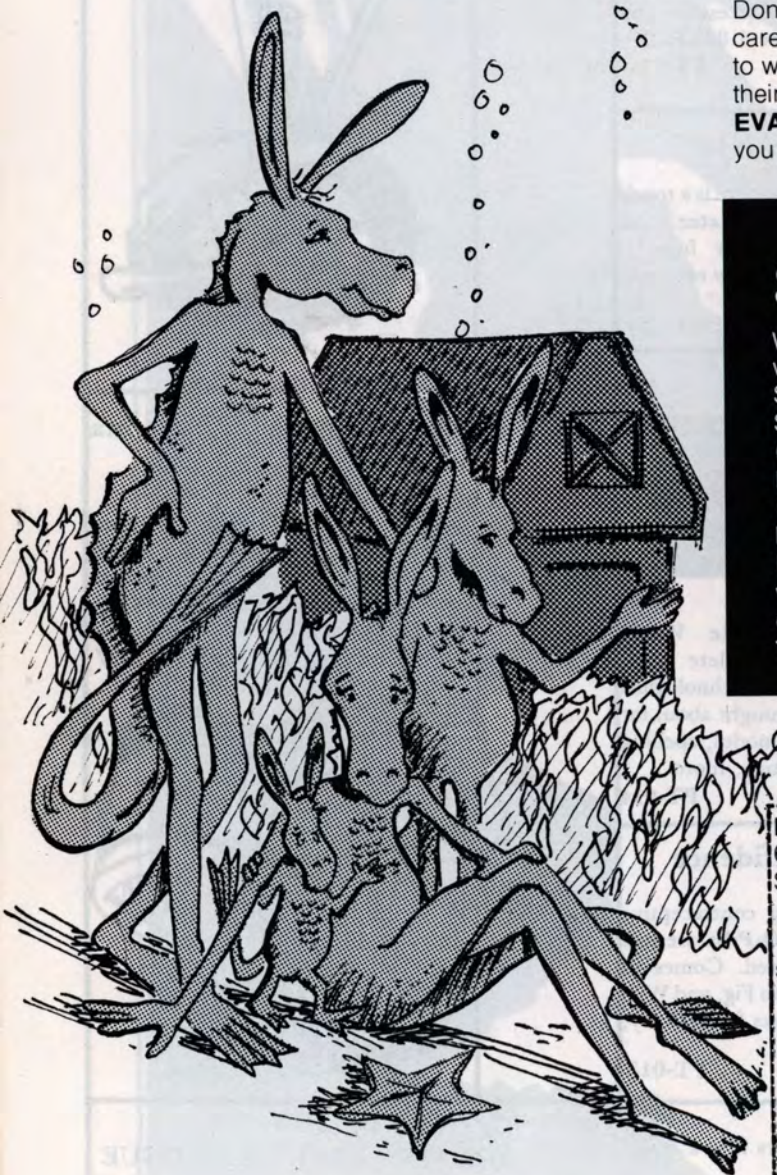
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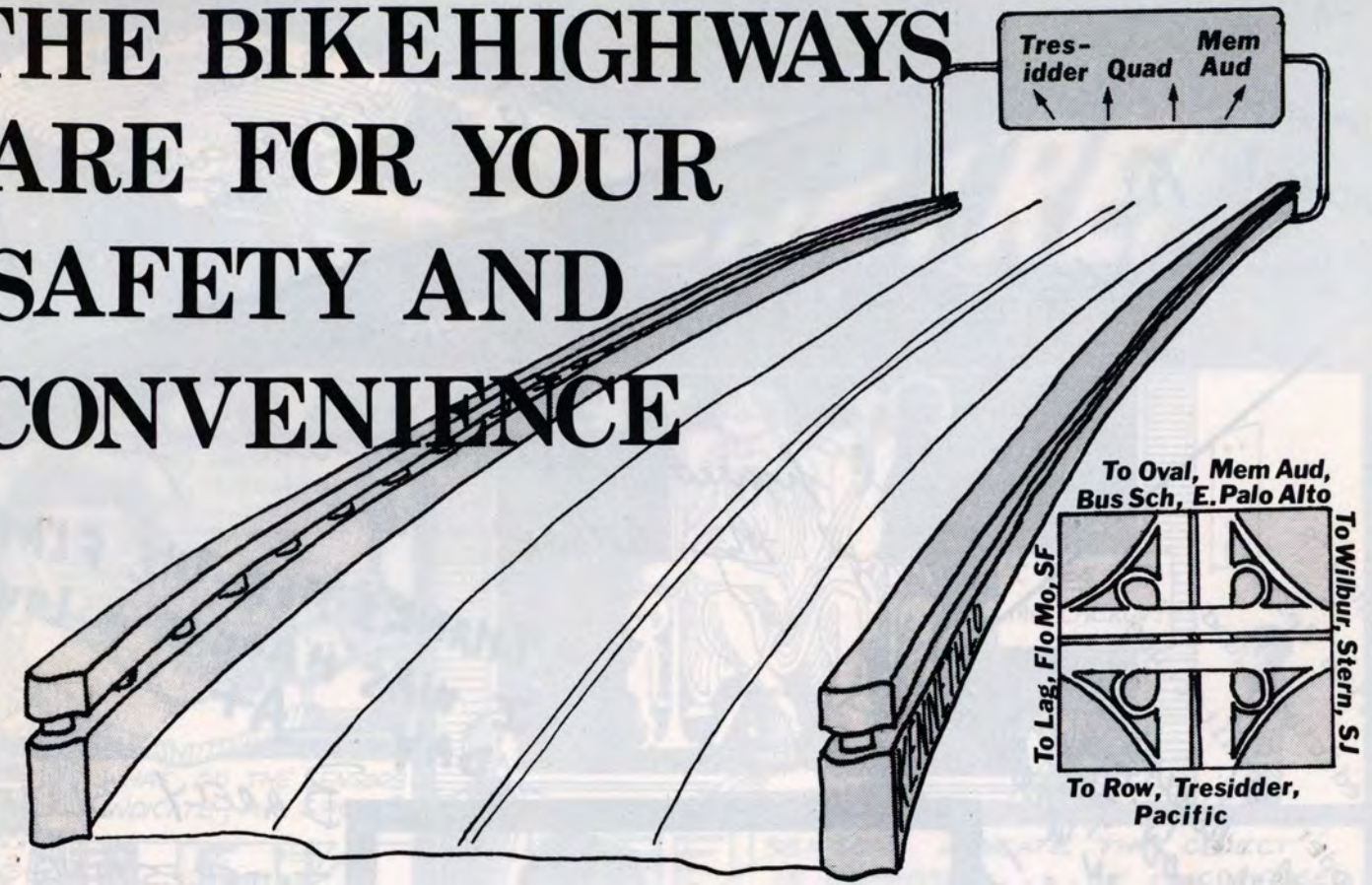
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THE BIKEHIGHWAYS ARE FOR YOUR SAFETY AND CONVENIENCE



Please don't hit me
Anymore! A+

Harper's Weekly, June 28, 1943 pp. 46-48, Gotcha. F.

...agree to such an extent:
over the truth by reason alone. 9"
I think your point is original and
clearly stated, but I am often wrong

... so I figured what the hell? You sleep
through my lectures. D-

THANKS FOR THE FLATTERY
I WAS HAVING A LONSY
DAY. A+

BARELY SLIGHTLY
INTERESTING

Professor Comments

...ects,
auhaus
e designer's
collective desire
e, unpredictable and
modern architecture
I was really hoping this
wouldn't be a good paper
but dammit, it was excellent.
What a pain. C-

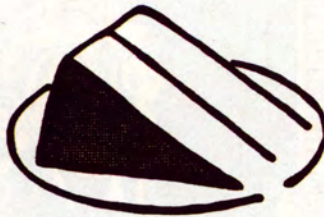
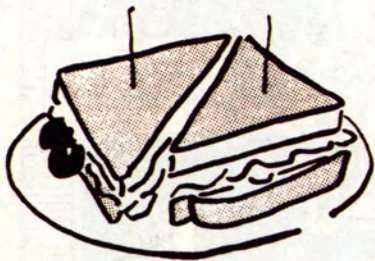
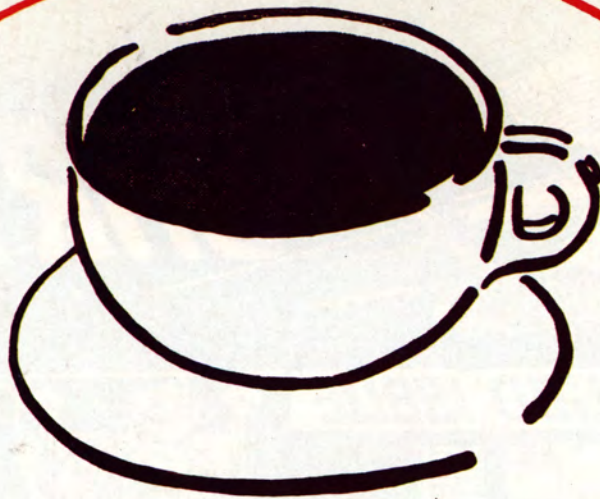
Exactly word-for-word
like your last paper,
which was quite good. A
OH, YOU AGAIN. C-

Splendid! I think I've
known you long enough to
be able to say that this
paper represents your
absolute finest work
Keep you head up. Don't
There'll be other papers.
I'm sorry. F

Don't see me. C

I hate showoffs.
F





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