

STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

\$3.00 March 1987



Lineo

Chaparral

The Spork Building PO Box 8585 Stanford, California 94305 (415)723-1468

Gentlemen:

I have made various and sundry requests that you find a suitable portrait of John Harvard for this spread. However, being ever-negligent in your duties, you have produced another one of these photos.

Let it be known that I will not tolerate this funny business any longer.

-Editor

Founded in 1899





...and the album



Now try the ice cream.
Chaparral-Dark

Chaparral

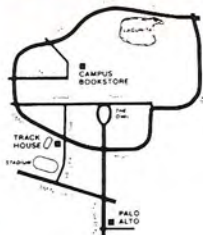


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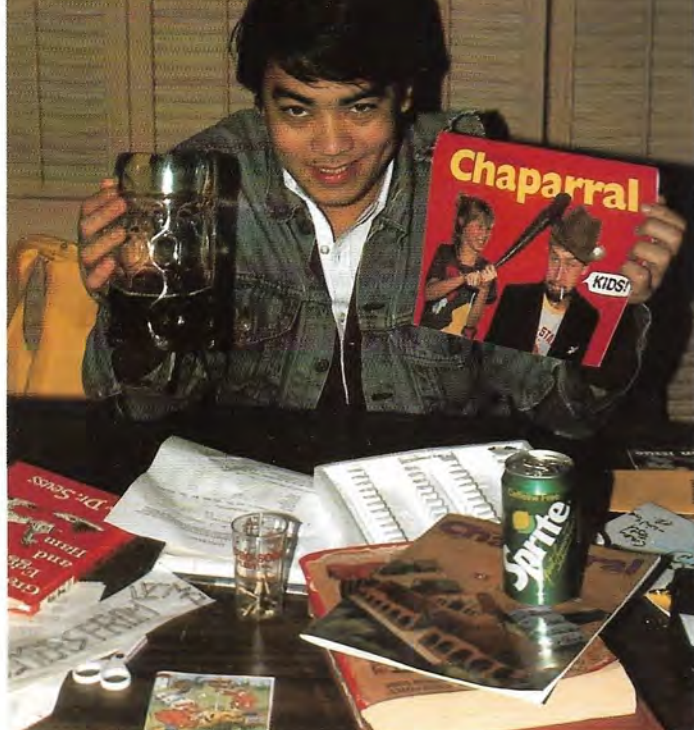
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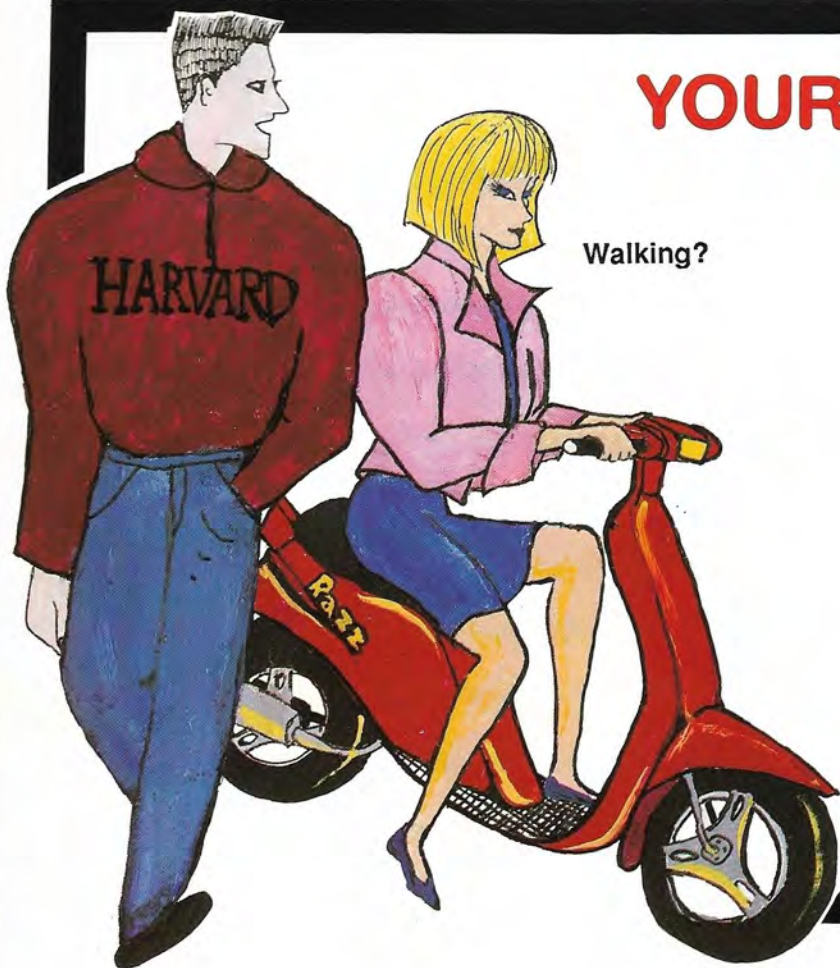
Something wet when the humor's too dry.
Here's to Harvard.



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Riva
By YAMAHA

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The Chappies

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



it's time to do a deluxe, glossy, alligator-skin bound, gold-plated double issue with another leading publication, you're

probably wondering how we decided upon that magazine in the back.

Well, it wasn't easy. Out of a pool of over twenty-five thousand publications, we could choose only one—one magazine that would be up to par with the *Chaparral's*

high standards of quality and humor. Let's look at our first choice:

- The Haverford *Lampool/Chaparral* Joint Issue: We all know that Haverford is regarded as the nation's best college and that their lovable and legendary humor magazine, *The Lampool*, is renowned as the nation's funniest. Many of the *Lampool's* alumni have gone on to write for such leading sit-coms and variety shows as "The Fall Guy" and "The Weather Channel's Wacky World of Way-out Weather."

Obviously, the *Lampool* was our number one pick. We spent over three

months researching Haverford, both the college and the legend. From its hallowed ivy halls to its rigorous academic requirements, Haverford seemed ripe for parody. Before calling the "Poos" at their resplendent "Quonset Hut" (financed by their wealthy and zany alumnus, William Randolph Gearst), we prepared over forty pages of savvy Haverford satire.

Nonetheless, upon trying to contact the "Poos," we were told by an indignant Haverford phone operator that "No such organization has ever existed at our fine institution. Now please stop calling us."

Obviously, the *Lampool* wanted

nothing to do with us. Back to the drawing board.

Here are some of our other choices, listed in order of preference and subsequent denial:

- *Modern Model Railroader Digest/Chaparral* Joint Issue: Trains! We all love trains! They're big, they're loud, and many of them are still powered by steam! And listen, they make great sounds: "Wooo, wooooo, ding-ding, chugga-chugga, wooo, wooooo!"

Boy, were we psyched to do a double issue with the train buffs at the *Digest*. We spent two weeks riding the train back and forth to Nevada, and we even bought ourselves engineer hats, just like real engineers wear! We researched the history and statistics of railroad transportation, too. Did you know that over five million pounds of roast beef are delivered across our nation's rails, every day? And every pound arrives hot and fresh, too.

Upon completing our study of America's trains, however, we found ourselves in love with the subject we were supposed to mercilessly attack and parody. Forget it, we're never going to make a train joke, ever again.

It was time for us to find a magazine or publication we wouldn't feel bad about razzing. Thus:

- *The MacUlvey Family Newsletter/Chaparral* Joint Issue: The MacUlvey family of Oatsburg, Pennsylvania is the most hateful, stupid family in all of Pennsylvania. They are regarded as "The Sansabelt Kings" of Pennsylvania, and their favorite activity is making applets and cotlets, which they eagerly distribute to their hateful neighbors at Christmas time via the horribly doughfaced MacUlvey spawn. Worst of all, each holiday gift-pak of applets and cotlets is accompanied by the MacUlvey "Family Holiday Greetings," a two-page newsletter also sent to all MacUlvey family "friends," most of whom probably hate the MacUlveys more than we do.

Great, we thought—not only are the MacUlveys the best family to satire in the whole U.S. of A., but their publication is only two pages long. A little bit of keen writing, a dopey photo of some *Chaparral* staff members pretending to be Dad, Mom, Dad, Jr., and Doris MacUlvey (as well as the horribly matted and dirty MacUlvey

family dog, "Granpa," named after Granpa MacUlvey, a crazy old man who spent the last twenty years of his life barking for dinner) and a maximum cost of four dollars, and we'd be done with the double issue.

Not so fast. Without our knowledge, Dad, Jr. MacUlvey somehow infiltrated the sacred ranks of the *Chaparral*. Posing as Copy Editor, he changed all of our hateful anti-MacUlvey pieces (e.g. "The MacUlveys Stink," "I Hate the MacUlveys," and "MacUlveys Go Home! NOW!") into syrupy adulations of his kin (e.g. "The MacUlveys are Very Clean, Thank You," "I Love the MacUlveys," and "The MacUlveys—'We're Staying! Forever!'") Forget it. The *Stanford Chaparral/MacUlvey Family Newsletter* double issue was ruined.

Time was running out and deadlines were approaching. The *Chaparral* needed a publications partner, and fast. What institution would be easy, even effortless, to attack—one that also issued a publication on par with the beloved Chappie?

The Phone Company, of course. Thus:

- *The Yellow Pages/Chaparral* Joint Issue: The *Yellow Pages* is full of phone numbers. Big, long-distance toll-free numbers. Cute, little local numbers. Tiny, three-digit emergency numbers. At last, we thought, we had hit upon an easy subject to attack.

It would be simple—Just take a real number, such as (415) 723-1468, add a couple of extraneous numbers, maybe even letters, and you get an entirely new number. That's humor at its simplest.

After preparing over five-hundred pages of joke phone numbers, we were sure we had the best double issue ever.

Wrong. Just to make sure we hadn't violated any Phone Company legal rights, Olga Boyd, our Phone Editor, dialed all the numbers on our side. Hoping to reach a recording denying the existence of such numbers, Olga ended up reaching the MacUlvey Family Switchboard, every single time. There was no way in Hell the *Chaparral* would subject itself to the stupidity of the MacUlveys for a second time. We needed a new idea. And fast.


With only four minutes to printing deadline, an amazing concept hit the Chappies over the head with a loud, resounding guffaw:

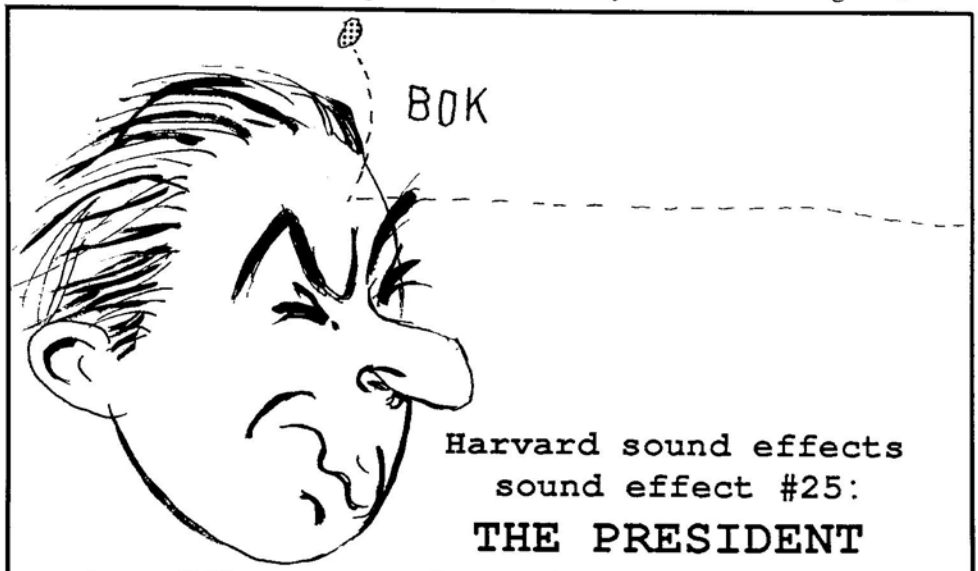
- *The Chaparral/Chaparral* Joint Issue: What institution is every Chappie best acquainted with? The *Chaparral*, of course. Instead of making declassé Stanford jokes, we could just make fun of ourselves. And we'd have eighty pages to do so.

There were some great pieces in this issue. "Jerry Avila's Trip to the Zoo," "The Story of the Jim Suhre who wasn't Seven Feet Tall and Funny Looking," "I Hate Weinstein," just to name a few. There was only one problem—we'd only sell forty issues—to ourselves. The *Chaparral* would have a non-existent profit.

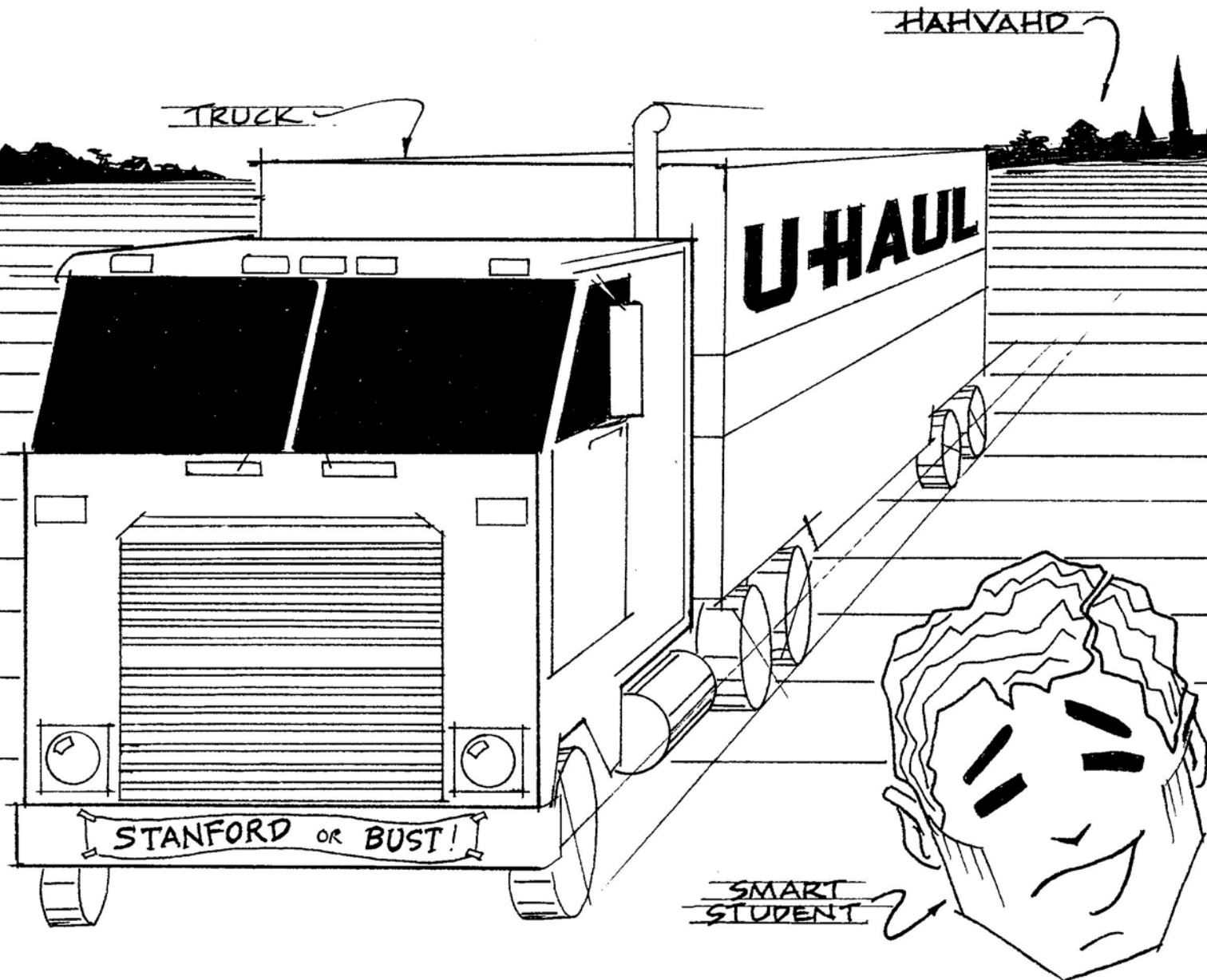
Five seconds to deadline. Quick, what institution is so simple to parody, so easy to laugh at, so amazingly bland that an issue dedicated to this decrepit place would write itself?

Harvard, of course.

If only it had a humor magazine. 



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The
HARVARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

~
Class Notes

Class Secretary:

1640 **Increase Mather**
Plot 19,
Misty Hollow Cemetery
Boston, MA 02139

COTTON MATHER writes that he has been happily married for over 300 years.

JOHN HARVARD tells us that he has been encased in "some demonic metallic structure" on the Yard and that our alma mater's current enrollees frequently pass by without trying to help him. "If they shant let me out, they could at leasteth feed me," John jokes.

CHIEF POCAWOHATTAN, we understand, was recently arrested outside of the Harvard-Yale Bowl for scalping tickets.

1740 **William DeHooplewhite**
The Home for 200 Year-
Old Men, Room 18
Noahs, Ark. 11459

How come no one writes to me anymore? Where are you guys? How come no one showed up at the reunion? I ordered 300 gallons of grog and bowls upon bowls of cornmeal mush for everyone! C'mon, write!

1791 **Peter Piper**
12 Pickle Pike
Pepperpeck, Penn. 52905

JACK SPRAT writes that, because of an ongoing ulcer, he can no longer eat any fatty products. His wife can't lay off the stuff, he notes.

GEORGIE PORGIE, apparently, is still up to his old antics, leaving a trail of forlorn women across the States.

JACK HORNER tells us that he has been sitting in a corner for over 200 years. Way to go, Jack!

SIMPLE SIMON writes excitedly that he recently met a pie-man on his way to the state fair. Unfortunately, Simon adds, the pie-man had no wares.

1912 **Cragley Hurston**
12 Old Coot Lane
Codgerville, Mass 00210

JENTLEY GURGLE enjoys showing his dentures to all interested passersby at his home in Vermont.

BURTON HEFFLE recently drooled on his wife.

"That's disgusting," writes HADLEY FURSTON from his lovely home in Pennsylvania.

1922 **Heppy Boiy**
4220 Rootie-Kazootie Road
Beesknees, NY 42509

We are all deeply saddened by the recent passing of JIMMY CRANTZ. He was a good man and will be greatly missed.

"I'm not dead," writes JIMMY CRANTZ from his pleasant home in Long Island. "Just because you hated me when we were roommates doesn't mean that, as class secretary, you can continuously print my death notice in your damn notes. I'm alive and kicking."

BOBBY WHEATSWORTH writes that JIMMY CRANTZ is lying and that he is, in fact, deceased. "Why I've got his death certificate right here," Bobby, a mortician who recently served time in Sing Sing for forgery, adds.

1942 **Pat Ton**
420 Platoon Lane
Shermantank, IL 30012

YAKIMO HASHIMOTO writes from Tokyo that he is still bitter about his and HEINRICH DULER's defeat forty years ago by an overly zealous class of 1942. Tough luck, friend, you and Heinrich lost the war. Why don't you face the facts?! Besides, you're both behind in your dues.

1949 **Winstead Weaver**
14 Winstead Road
Weaver, VA 21002

WINSTEAD WEAVER writes that he enjoys being class secretary. He also writes that he has a big house, a beautiful wife, and three very smart children, all of whom have high-paying jobs. He also tells us that he saw WINSTEAD WEAVER in the bathroom mirror a few mornings back. He hasn't heard from his old best friend WINSTEAD WEAVER in a while, and encourages him to write more about his big house, beautiful wife, and smart children.

1952 **Al Umni**
1000 Contribution Street
Moneybags, MA 00218

RICHARD RICH writes that he plans a secret corporate take-over of all of DON DOLLAR's stock holdings. "You better not tell anyone," Rich jokes.

DON DOLLAR tells us that he feels so secure about his stock investments that he's going to take a long vacation in the Caribbean. "I may even leave the office open," Don adds confidently.

1959 **Jack McGurgle**
12+ I'mstilldrunkfrom-
thereunion Rd.
I don'tknowwhereIam.
NY 12208

We all, hicsh, jeeply enjoyed are reuniunion atsh de Sh-Sh-Sheratooon lasht night. Hurc, excushe me. I shaw many old friendsh from my collegiett daze, though I can't eggzhactly remember whoo. I think I shaw RIZZLE GURKGURK wearing a lampshhade on his hedd, but mebbe dat was just a lampp. Was that you, HURB LUBBLE, lying under de table sing-sing-singing "Old Lang Shine?" Oh, I also saw JURNGLE HOOGLY eating a playte of raw bacon in de kitchenn. Boy, was he drunnnnk! OOOO, OOOO, dat make me hungry. Please shend me food too eat. Shee yoo next reunion!!!

1967 **Al X**
1809 Unknown Drive
Whereabouts, PA 00000

Still on class trip.

1972 **Moonpie Mason**
Attley & Prescott,
Suite 1000
New York, NY 91009

Hey, you wiggged-out cats, guess what? Ol' Dealer DOC MCKENSIE sent me a real groovy note that announced his election as Vice President of Corporate Industries, Inc. Far out, man!

And dig what else, FREESPACE LEVERETT now has over 100 partners in the law firm he founded. Oh, wow!

Now catch this-remember SUPERLOVE ANDREWS? That dude who lived in a way-out blue box in the Yard? Well, his secretary writes me that ol' Superlove is now Chairman of the Board of the First National Interstate Bank. Yowsa.

1986 **Paul R. Simms**
420+ Pomper Drive
Colontown, CA 02149

BILL OAKLEY enjoys being a graduate student in electrical engineering at Stanford. DAN GREANEY says he's having a wild time at Stanford University Law School.

STEVE TOMPKINS writes us that he wouldn't trade his place at Stanford Medical School for a million dollars!

DAVE COHEN (ex '86) plans to graduate from Stanford with a degree in "Almost everything" this June. Way to go, Dave!

The Harvard Limpscrod

VOLUME E=MC2

CAMBRIDGE MASS, MONDAY MARCH 2, 1987

WORTHLESS

Classes to Continue Despite End of World

By Leo Tard

Amongst increasing student fears that the sky will fall on our collective heads and that the continent may simply sail to the edge of the earth and "fall," Dean of Students Archie C. Epps III has insisted that classes will continue to meet throughout "the duration of the year."

While Epps could not be reached at his subterranean cement bunker, the office of University President Derek Bok issued a press release stating "The idea that the world might end while Harvard is still in session is absurd. Students are expected to bury their infantile fears, stick their neck to wind, and GO TO CLASS."

Bok, who is currently on sabbatical on the planet Jupiter, "one of the most distant planets from soon-to-be-absent Earth," could not be reached for additional comment.

While much of the Harvard campus continues its daily life oblivious to the world's imminent destruction, the office of the

Limpscrod has been alive with speculation.

"The world is going to end in a big fiery explosion, possibly next Tuesday," speculated Senior Editor Ray Tard.

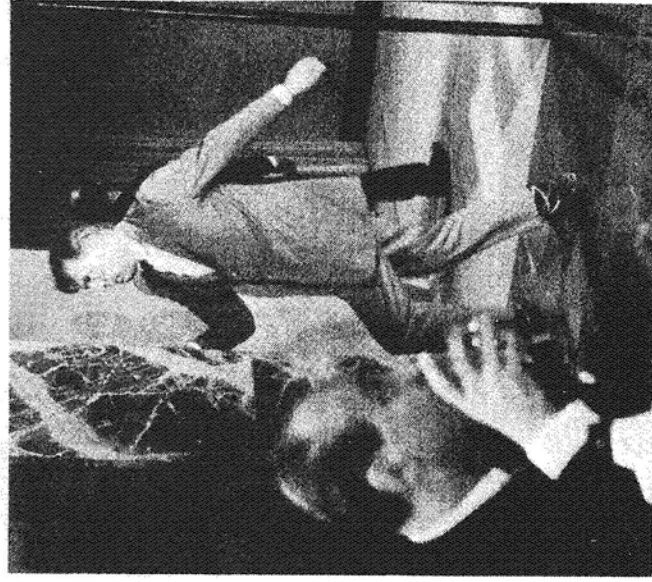
"Ray's completely wrong," countered Sports Editor Bass Tard. "I mean, sure, the world will end in a big fiery explosion, but it will occur next Wednesday, at noon!"

"Aaaaaaarrrrrrggggghhhh," observed Business Manager Pete Tard. "Run for your lives!!!"

In the event of actual world destruction, Harvard University Health Officials have instructed students to "remain calm."

"Afterall, it isn't the end of the world," Harvard psychologist B.F. Skinner observed yesterday. "Wait, what am I saying?!! It is the end of the world!!! Ohmigod!!!"

If the world is destroyed, classes will be held temporarily in Widener Library. Should any regular student meal plans be interrupted by violent earth tremors, meteor shards bursting through solid cement walls at the



"Help!" announces Derek Bok as he leaves for sabbatical.

speed of light, or the over-turning of the continent caused by the sun banging into the North Pole, students are instructed to dine at Adams dining hall.

Immediately after the destruction of the world, classes will resume as scheduled.



Editor's Note:

Hey! This is no time to be taking pictures of me! The world will end any minute! No, I will not write an editorial for the front page! No, you may not quote me on that! Hey! Just because the world is gonna end doesn't mean you can take that off my desk! That's mine! Give it back!

Pudding's Spring Offering: Oh! Hogan! Oh! Yes!

By Ray Tard

Last Night I was fortunate enough to see a special preview of "Oh! Hogan!," the new Tasty Pudding musical comedy based on the hit television show "Hogan's Heroes." The Pudding, an experimental troop that further develops the plentiful and diverse talents of **Limpseud** writer Ray Tard, was in rare form, conjuring up images of the Stanislavsky group at its finest.

What was most surprising about this musical masterpiece was the stellar performances put in by Leo Tard and Pete Tard, both aspiring **Limpseud** writers, as Colonels Hogan and Klink, the main antagonists in this Wagnerian drama of prisoners of war and their hijinks in the Third Reich. "Oh! Hogan!," the first Pudding musical of Director Tard since his famed "Sweeney Tard," is a peppy, upbeat look at Nazi Germany and the zany goings on that took place nearly fifty years ago.

The Overture ends with a rousing chorus of whistling and snare drums, an elegant variation on the "Hogan's Heroes" opening theme. From this point on, the audience is unavoidably caught up in the excitement of prison camp life during 1943-4. Leo Tard's Hogan, dressed in vintage Boer War regalia ("We kind of ran out of World War II props," notes Tard), opens the show with "Best Little P.O.W. Camp in Deutschland." In this opening number, Tard has given us an insightful view into Colonel Hogan, one of the most enigmatic characters ever portrayed in a sitcom about captivity.

As Hogan sings "Gotta keep tunneling / Gotta keep tunneling / Hope my laugh-track is working," we are able to see the depth of this figure who is often portrayed simply as an ingenious man with overflowing Shakespearian angst. After a brief pause, perhaps a Brechtian alienation device, Corporal LeBeu, Sgt. Newkirk, and Sgt. Kinchlo (played masterfully by aspiring **Limpseud** writers Mo Tard, Bass Tard, and Muss Tard) sing the most popular song from "Oh! Hogan!," "It's No Fun (living in Nazi Germany)."



Hogan hinders Hessians.

The on and off stage camaraderie of the three Tards, unrelated except in their ability to be aspiring **Limpseud** writers, is obvious throughout this number, one in which audience participation with the chorus is essential. As Colonel Klink yells "DIS-missed!", the entire audience is required to exit the Pudding for a delightful intermission, during which they may purchase delicious "Stalag 13 Bread and Water Snack Bits," tastefully prepared by aspiring

young **Limpseud** writers.

After the intermission, the entire cast joins Sgt. Schultz, impeccably portrayed by aspiring **Limpseud** janitor 'Pop' Tard, in singing "I See NOTHING!" a playful melody about Schultz's neglect of duty. At this point, the cast, joined on stage by 40 dancing girls, all dressed in traditional Tahitian costume ("We kind of ran out of German costumes, too" notes Tard.), breaks into the reprise of "It's No Fun (living in Nazi Germany)."

Tard and the Pudding have produced a masterpiece and one is inclined to imagine that Ibsen himself would have written this way had he ever seen the syndicated show "Hogan's Heroes." Perhaps the only essential from the show which doesn't translate well to the Pudding's stage are the frequent bridge demolitions for which "Hogan's Heroes" was famed. The cast, however, makes due with a foot-long HO scale model railroad bridge, which is hurled at the audience during each "explosion."

The true devotees of "Hogan's Heroes" may be disappointed by the lack of plot inconsistencies in "Oh! Hogan!" However, all characters go out of their way to speak English with poor German accents, even those portraying the captured Americans, thus satisfying the most demanding aficionado of the TV version. Nonetheless, "Oh! Hogan!" is bound to please both the die-hard "Hogan's Heroes" fan as well as the newcomer to the P.O.W. camp genre.

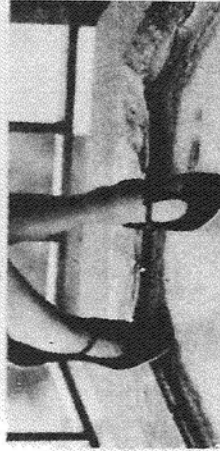
Sports Briefs

by Bass Tard

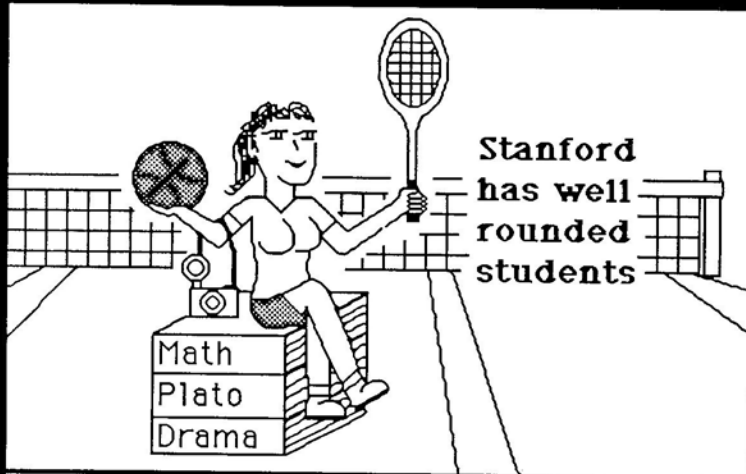
Harvard showed that they will be a force to reckon with in the new intercollegiate sport of competitive dressing on Saturday as the women's squad came from behind to beat the pants off of #3 Smith in Hemenway Gym. Led by Rebecca "Becky" Thomas, the Crimson combined a "never say die" spirit with an uncanny fashion sense to pull off the biggest coup in this sport's young season.

After two rounds and a mini skirt by Smith's Melissa "Debbie" Bolt which many considered to be "below the belt," Harvard trailed. Then, Thomas, who's been called "pro material" by *Sports Illustrated*, and "The chic new look in competitive dressing" by *Elle*, approached the runway. Her unexpected pant suit ensemble was too much for Smith's Joanne "Debbie" Mayer-Shiff. Thomas' win at 2:15 set the tone for Harvard, as Christine "Becky" Taylor, Michelle "Becky" Allen, and Jill "Becky" Katz followed with some of the freshest and exciting styles to hit this season to secure a victory for the Crimson.

"It was a big win for us," claimed Harvard Coach Walter "Becky" Binder, "and I think that it will show the rest of the competitive fashion world that we are a team on the go."



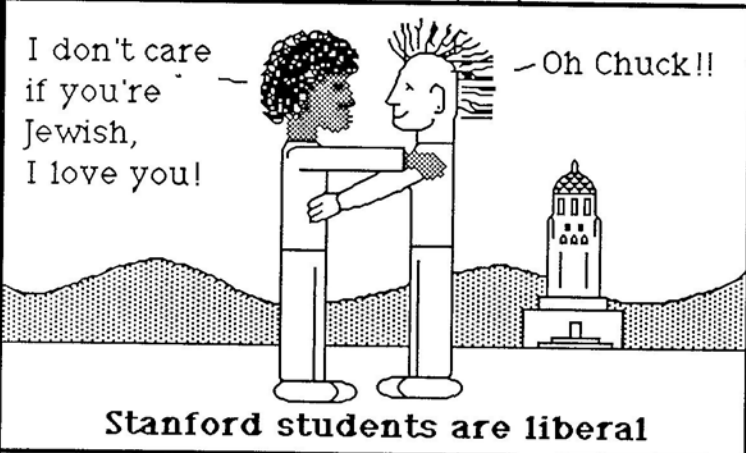
same difference



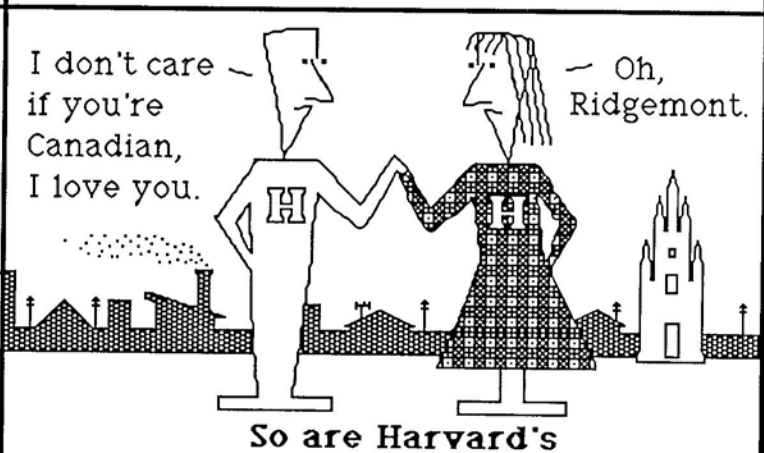
Stanford has well rounded students



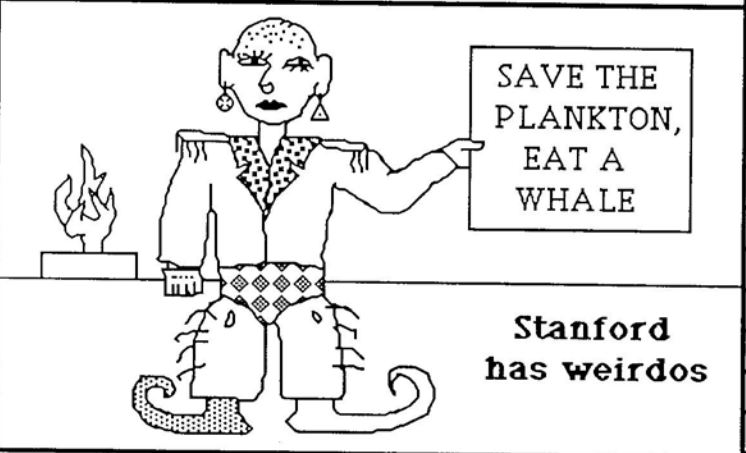
So does Harvard



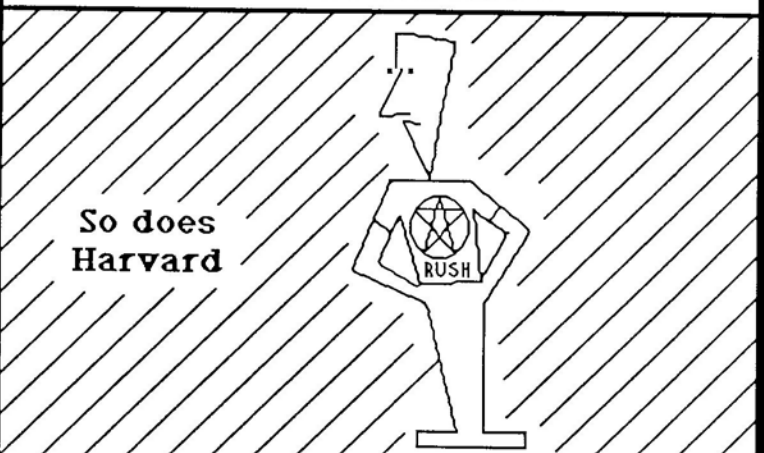
Stanford students are liberal



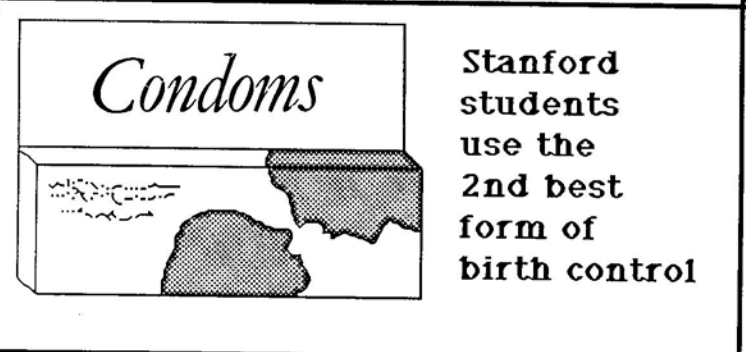
So are Harvard's



Stanford has weirdos

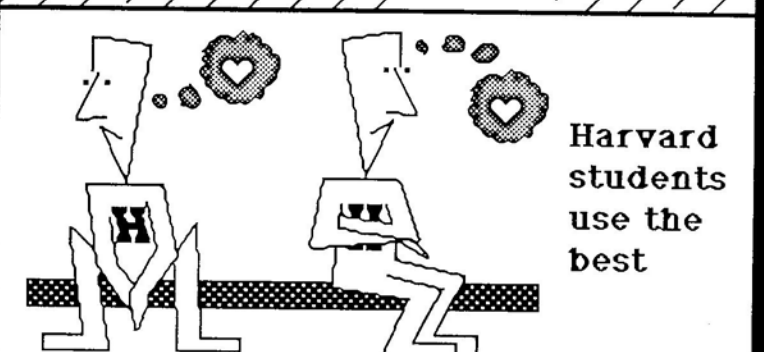


So does Harvard



Condoms

Stanford students use the 2nd best form of birth control



Harvard students use the best

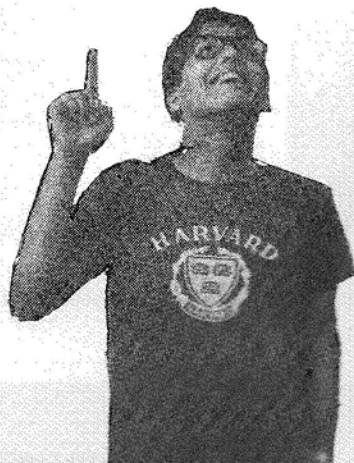


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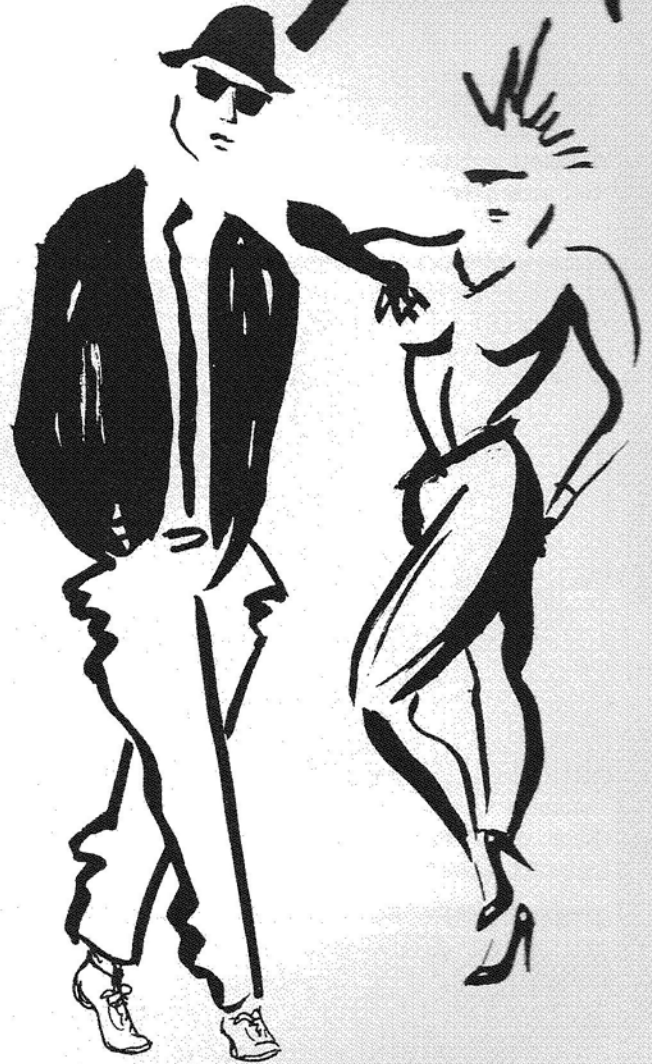
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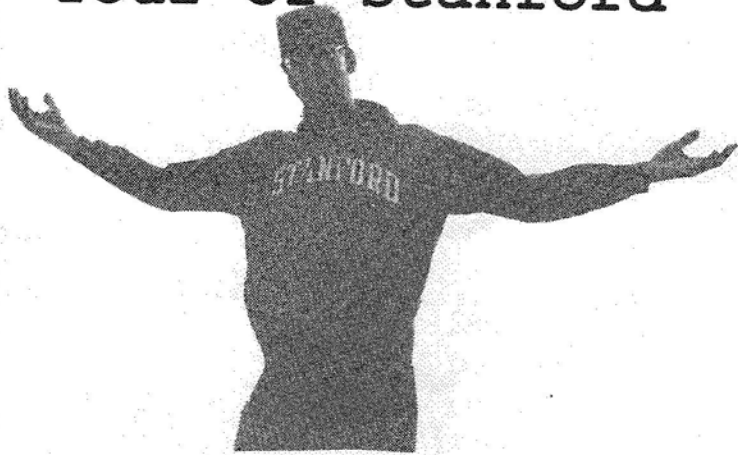


**'Cool Shoes
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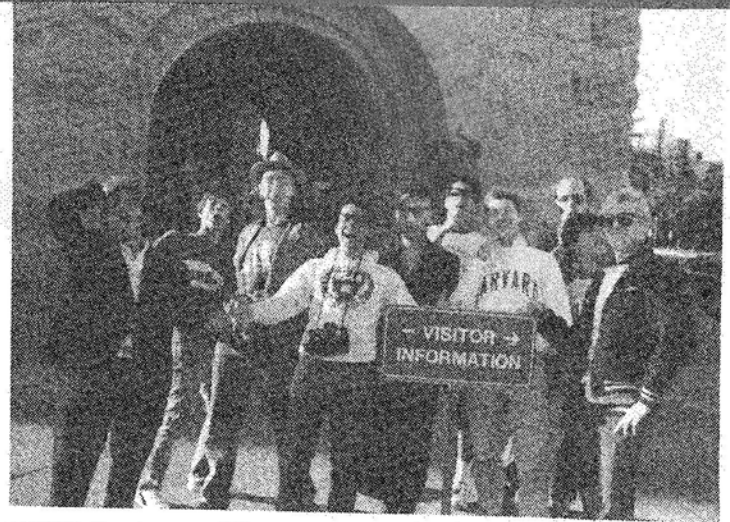
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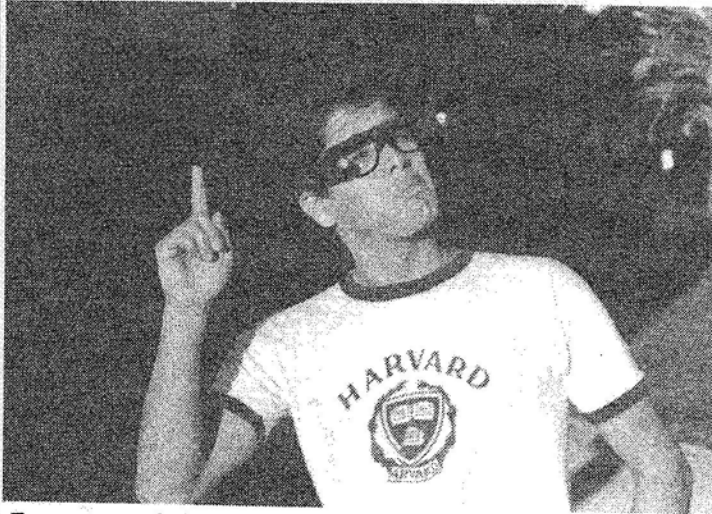
Tour of Stanford



Welcome to Stanford, the best university west of the Atlantic. I'm your overly-enthusiastic student guide.



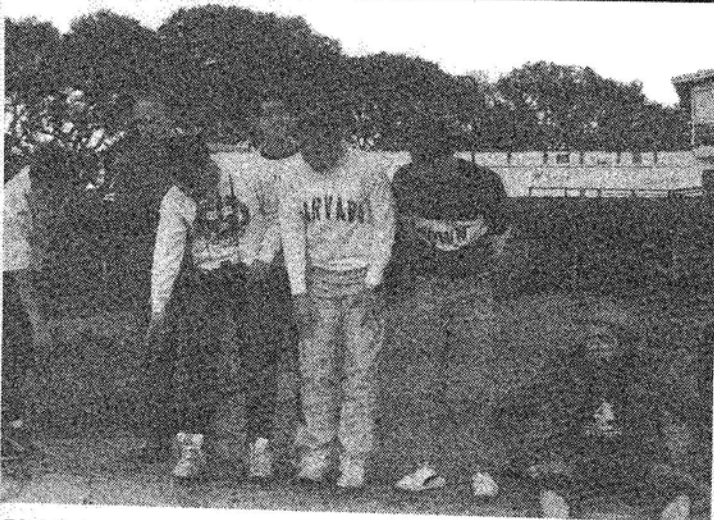
WOW! Cool, man. We're your overly-gullible group of high school seniors who got a week off to visit west coast colleges and Disneyland.



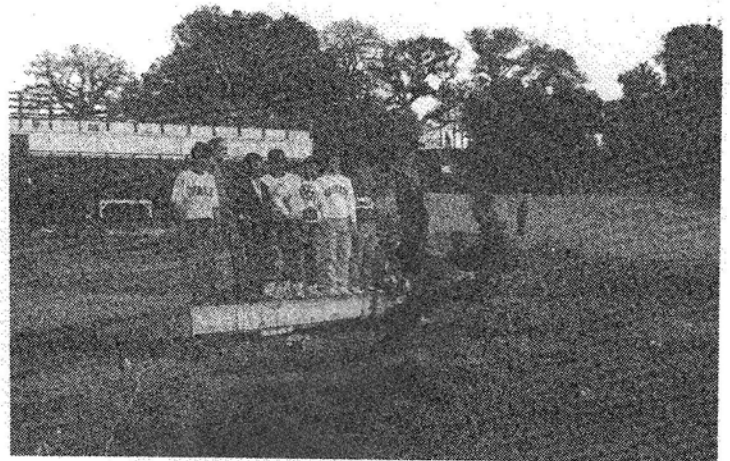
Excuse me, sir, but wasn't there a more famous piece named "Rodin vs. Mothra", first cast, I believe, in 1910 in the town of L'aire Bisqu ette?



I DON'T KNOW! Let's just go on to...



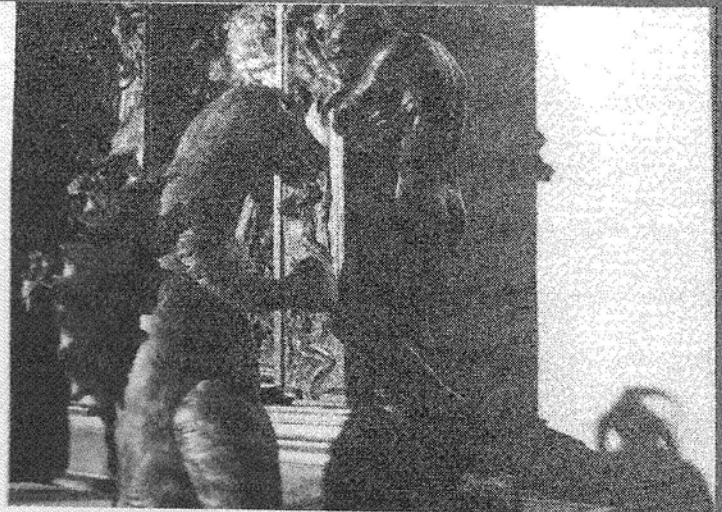
Right now you're standing on the dock at Stanford's lovely aquatic wonderland, Lake Lagunita.



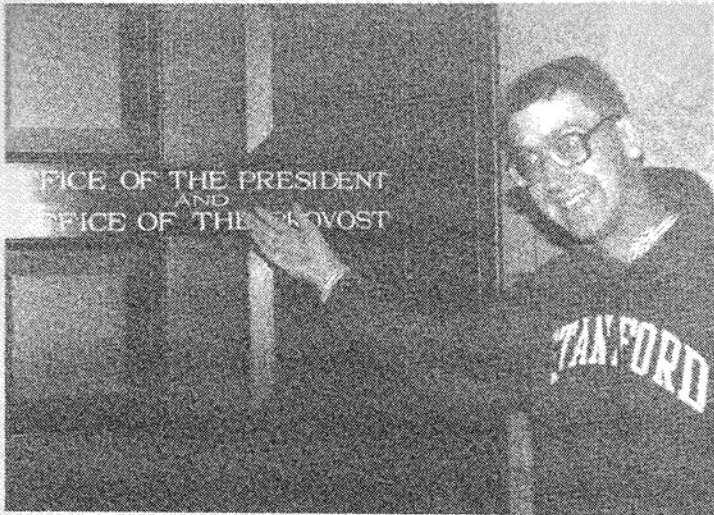
The lake isn't here right now, but that's okay. Stanford students are more concerned with learning...



Stanford students love the outdoors and love sports, especially volleyball. The rules are simple. I hit to you and you hit back. Everyone get ready. 1... 2...



Here at Stanford's famous Rodin Garden, we see Rodin's most popular piece, "Rodin vs. Godzilla."



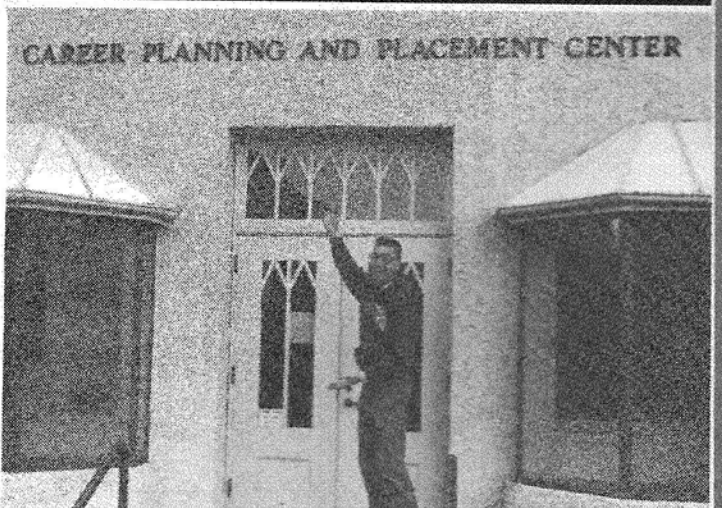
The office of President Donald "Duke" Kennedy. He's very busy today counting tuition revenue, but he has agreed to visit with us for a moment.



Hi President Kennedy. Oh, allow me.



After all, students are here to get an education.



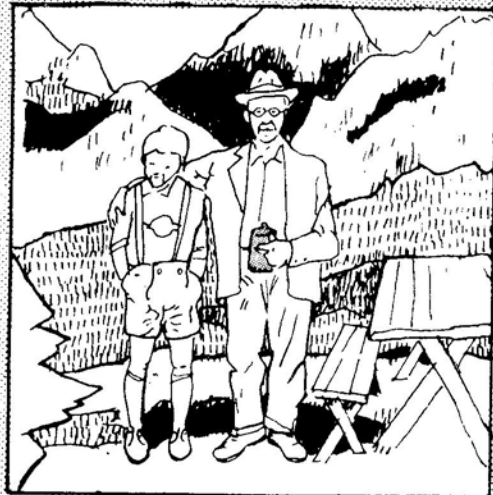
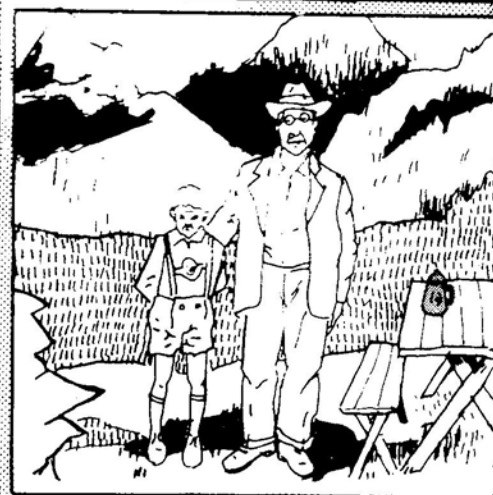
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Elvis was the type of a man who had a large appetite.

Elvis was a man of high moral stature.

Elvis was not the type of man who believed in rumors.

Elvis was a man that knew that sometimes a man's gotta' do what a man's gotta' do.

Elvis would drive through town in his convertible and everyone would say, "There goes Elvis."

a
man
called
ELVIS
by jim suhre

The Colonel first noticed Elvis when he was still in high school. The day Elvis graduated he went to his graduation party.

"Son—uh, Elvis," he started, "I'd like to in-tro-duce myself."

"Lord, you don't have to introduce yourself. You're the Colonel. Everyone knows you, Colonel. You're a famous man. Oh, Lord, may I be so honored as to call you Colonel, Colonel?" said the young Elvis.

"Of course you can, Elvis," said the Colonel.

"Hoo-wee Elvis, It's just like you said it'd be!" yelled Festus as he approached. Festus was Elvis's age and had also just graduated. "You said there'd be drinkin'! You said it'd be just like this! And I love it, Elvis. I wish every day was graduation day. No more schoooooo! No more teeeeeechers! Hoo-wee!"

"Oh Lord Festus, it is a wonderful day. Now Festus, I'd like you to meet an important man here, the Colonel."

"Oh, I know Mr. Colonel. My daddy Buford used to work for you Mr. Colonel. Hoo-wee, how he loved that job!"

"What did your Daddy do for me?" asked the Colonel.

"Why he used to clean out your out-house every spring, Mr. Colonel."

"Festus, why don't you go on over to the food line," said the Colonel. "I'd like to talk to Elvis alone about important stuff."

"Oh Okay, hoo-wee, important stuff. Well, I'll just go on over here. Hoo-wee." Festus headed towards the food.

"Oh Colonel," said Elvis, "I'm powerful hungry. Just the thought of people getting food makes me so powerful hungry."

Elvis was the type of a man who had a large appetite.

"I'll tell you what, Elvis, I've got connections and resources. I'm in big with chicken and I'm sure you like that."

"Lord o' Mercy, you know I like chicken."

"I think we can do some business, Elvis. I'll tell you right now, I like your style. Your momma sure did name you well, Elvis."

This was how Elvis and the Colonel met.

Elvis eventually moved into the Colonel's big house. It was both more convenient for the both of them and also much more suited to Elvis's new high falootin' way (the Colonel's way) of life. And the Colonel enjoyed the company Elvis provided each evening.

Each day Elvis and the Colonel would be out on the road, travelling to the nearby towns. They were a very appealing combination. The Colonel would sit in an easy chair, but though it was easy, it would keep him sitting upright like the upright distinguished gentleman that he was. Elvis had a couch all to himself, which sat next to the Colonel's chair. Yes, Elvis and the Colonel were an appealing pair, and people would come from miles around.

"Son, my name's the Colonel," the Colonel would begin.

"Oh lord, you don't have to introduce yourself, I know who you are. You're the Colonel—a famous man." Elvis would answer.

"Why, thank you," the Colonel would reply. "You're a fine young gentleman. Would you like to tell me about yourself?"

"Why, I'd be honored, Colonel. My name is Elvis and I'm powerful glad to meet you and powerful glad to be in this town today."

The crowd would always applaud at this point. For some, that was their favorite part. Elvis loved the crowds and he'd always remark on what a wonderful town it was that he was in and what wonderful people lived in it. And he was sincere about it, for Elvis was a man of high moral stature. The discussion between him and the Colonel would continue—with numerous interruptions of applause at the high points—until what would soon become the most beloved part, the finale.

"Elvis, I hear you're the type of a man with a large appetite," the Colonel would say.

"Oh Lord, that's right, Colonel. I'm always powerful hungry."

"Are you hungry right now?"

"That's right—powerful hungry, Colonel."

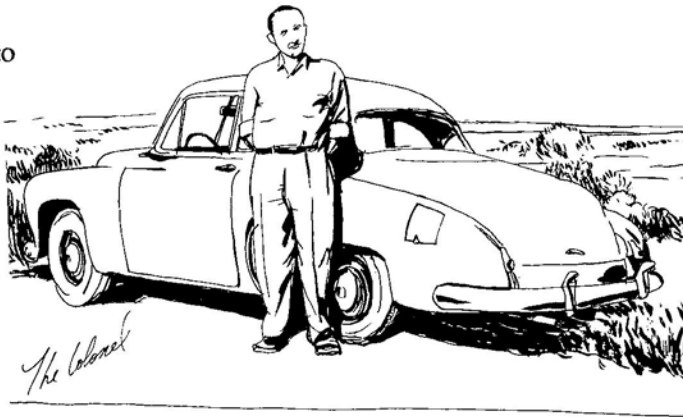
"Well, I'd like to say that we're going to leave now and go to where I've arranged a fried chicken dinner for you, Elvis."

"Oh thank you, Colonel. Lord, I'm powerful hungry and I'm gonna eat that chicken dinner."

At this, the crowd would burst into unrestrained applause that would continue until Elvis and the Colonel walked off stage. Town after town loved Elvis and the Colonel, and their fame spread far and wide. The Colonel loved travelling, but it was somewhat tiresome. The quieter evenings at home with Elvis for company sometimes suited him better.

The Colonel would sit by the fireplace, drinking chocolate milk and talking to Elvis, who almost always wore his dog suit in the evenings. Elvis loved his dog suit—he'd had it since he was a teenager—and he'd wear it in private. In fact, he even like to play that he was a dog.

"Elvis, would you fetch me my



slippers?" the Colonel would ask.

"Oh Lord, Colonel, I'd be powerful glad to get you your slippers," and he'd trot off, returning with the slippers in his mouth.

And there was the chicken. Elvis loved fried chicken and the Colonel loved giving it to him, piled high in Elvis's favorite dish. Of course, when Elvis wasn't wearing his suit, he ate off a plate like anyone else. The Colonel sometimes worried about Elvis and his dog suit, but he knew that Elvis was still a man of high moral stature.

"That's a mighty fine dog suit you got there, Elvis."

"Why thank you, Colonel. Thank you."

Elvis always liked the crowds and would scan them and complement them. One day when he did, a young lady stood up near the front of the crowd just as the usual applause died down.

"I'd just like to say that that was one of the nicest things I have ever heard, ever, and I would personally like to thank the fine gentleman who made such remarks," she said.

And the crowd cheered—as loud as they would normally cheer for a finale. The Colonel took note.

When it was quiet again the Colonel spoke. "Young lady, would you like to come and sit next to Elvis?"

"Why yes, I'd love to." Then she came down and sat down on the couch next to Elvis. Elvis put his arm around her.

"Colonel, I must say that I'm powerful honored to be sitting next to such a lovely youn' honey," announced Elvis.

"Why that's mighty polite of you, Elvis. Now young lady, would you please state your name?" asked the Colonel.

"Why I'd be happy to. My name is Daisy."

"Well, Miss Daisy, I'd like to introduce you to Elvis. Elvis, this pretty young lady is Daisy."

"Oh, Lord. Daisy—what a wonderful name. I'm powerful glad to meet you Daisy. How you doin', honey?"

"Oh Elvis," said Daisy.

They kissed lightly, evoking more than a few "whews" from the crowd. But when they separated and smiled, they brought down the house.

From then on, Daisy travelled with them and always sat next to Elvis on the couch. She was also integrated into the conversation.

"Elvis," the Colonel would ask, "Who do you have sitting next to you there?"



"Why Colonel, this is a little honey. Her name is Daisy. Oh Lord, she's a pretty little thing. I first picked her up in Versailles and she's been with me ever since. She's a fine little honey. Her name is Daisy."

"That's real nice, Elvis. Daisy, you're a fine little woman. Elvis, you got a fine little honey sitting next to you."

"Oh Lord, Colonel, I know. Daisy, I can't think of another honey lamb I'd rather sit with."

"Why Elvis, I love sitting next to you."

"Ah, Honey," Elvis would say. Then they'd kiss, pull away, and smile to the applause of the crowd.

"Now Elvis," the Colonel would say, "What do you say to a chicken dinner?"

"Oh mercy, Colonel, I'm powerful hungry."

Elvis was the type of a man with a large appetite.

Elvis and Daisy got along well and this pleased the Colonel. She'd spend many evenings at the Colonel's big house, eating dinner and sitting with Elvis by the fire before the Colonel would drive her home late each night. And when Elvis was hungry, she would add that special woman's touch that the Colonel just didn't have.

"Now Elvis," she would say, "When you're done with that chicken, give the bones back to me."

"Oh why, honey? I love the bones."

"But Elvis, you know what they say—never give chicken bones to a dog."

Daisy thought that Elvis was handsome in his dog suit.



Elvis was becoming well known, and eventually people even as far away as the University knew who he was. John and Brad were college students and they heard of him. So one morning, they jumped into John's MG and rode through the lunch hour to see for themselves.

"Who is this Elvis anyway," asked Brad.

"Just some guy," said John.

"But he can't be that cool."

"That's right," answered John, "And that's why we're going to see him."

John and Brad were in the crowd when Elvis, Daisy, and the Colonel sat down.

It was a special day, but no one knew that yet.

"Why he's just a stupid redneck—and that old geezer..." said Brad.

"Brad," said John, "I'm in love."

John's eyes were fixed on Daisy, and they remained there even as Elvis changed routine and made a big announcement. Even the Colonel didn't know about the big surprise.

"Colonel, and you wonderful ladies and gentlemen, Daisy and myself have an important announcement." A hush went over the crowd and the Colonel. "We are happy today to announce our engagement and we'll be gettin' married sometime in the next few months."

"Well hot diggity-dog," said the Colonel. "Con-grad-u-lations Elvis, and you too, Daisy."

"Of Lord, Colonel, I'm powerful happy to be marryin' such a wonderful honey lamb." Daisy was grinning big and hugging Elvis's arm.

"And you should be, Elvis. Daisy's a mighty fine honey. And I'll tell you what, I'm going to order up a powerful good—you hear that, Elvis—a powerful good chicken dinner to be delivered right here for you and Daisy and all the wonderful people here today."

"Oh Colonel, that's wonderful. And I'm powerful hungry, too!"

"And in the meanwhile I want every one to come down here and con-grad-u-late the lucky couple and to wait for that chicken!"

John and Brad were in the back of the crowd, and it was a long while before they got up to the front. They weren't, however, planning on congratulating anyone.

"Where's that chicken?! I'm powerful hungry!" yelled Elvis over the crowd.

"Hi Daisy, you sure are

beautiful," said John.

"Why thank you," said Daisy.

"I wanted to see you especially, so I took off from studying and drove my sports car here to see your pretty self."

"Do you study?" asked Daisy, "At the University?"

"Find out where that chicken is! It should've been here by now! Lord o' Mercy, I'm so powerful hungry!" yelled Elvis. Elvis was not used to waiting for his chicken.

"Yes, I do. Would you like to ride in my sports car and go see me study?"

"Why I'd love to."

John, Brad, and Daisy walked away, leaving an unnoticed Elvis trying to figure out where the chicken was.

"I study, too," added Brad.

The Colonel, who had been on the phone calling about the late chicken, grabbed Elvis's arm.

"Elvis! Elvis! Look! Daisy's leaving with the two city slickers!"

"But did you find out what's holdin' up that chicken, Colonel?"

"Elvis, listen to me. You gotta go get Daisy from those city slickers. Do something!"

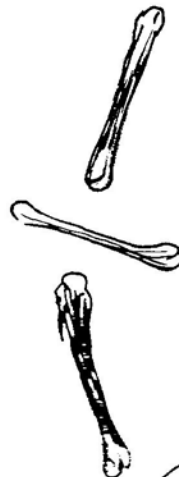
"Daisy, oh Daisy!" yelled Elvis. "Come back to me honey.

Please, oh please come back to me. Oh Lord Daisy, come back to me."

"Go get her, Elvis!" yelled the Colonel, but Daisy and the city slickers were out of sight.

"Oh Lord Colonel, I'm powerful hungry. Where's that chicken?"

"Damn you, Elvis," said the Colonel as he ran to the phone.



The Sheriff sat back in his chair and looked up at the poorly-written banner across the doorway of the jailhouse. "Every Boss Must Have His Festus, And Every Festus Must Do His Best-us." That deputy of his sure was a mo-ron.

The phone rang. "Sheriff's office...city slickers...making off with Miss Daisy?! We'll be right there. Festus! Let's get movin'!"

Festus ran out of the back room to the gun rack, where the sheriff was already loading up. Festus grabbed weapons of his own.

"Boss," began Festus, "Tell me what it's gonna be like when we get up to those city slickers."

"Well, Festus," said Sheriff Boss, "We're gonna kick them all over this..."

"Hoo-wee!"

"And then we're gonna..."

"Hoo-wee, Boss, I can't wait!"

John, Brad, and Daisy were out in the parking lot next to the MG when the Sheriff's Bossmobile screeched into the lot.

"Well now, you city slickers," said Sheriff Boss, "What you doin' with this pretty little country lamb?"

"We haven't done anything, this is ridic..."

"We'll see about that, city slickers. Now Miss Daisy, you best get off to the ladies room. This may not be too pleasin'."

"Why thank you, Sheriff, I've been needin' to go for some time now," said Daisy as she skipped away.

"You can't do this! We've done nothing wrong!" John protested.

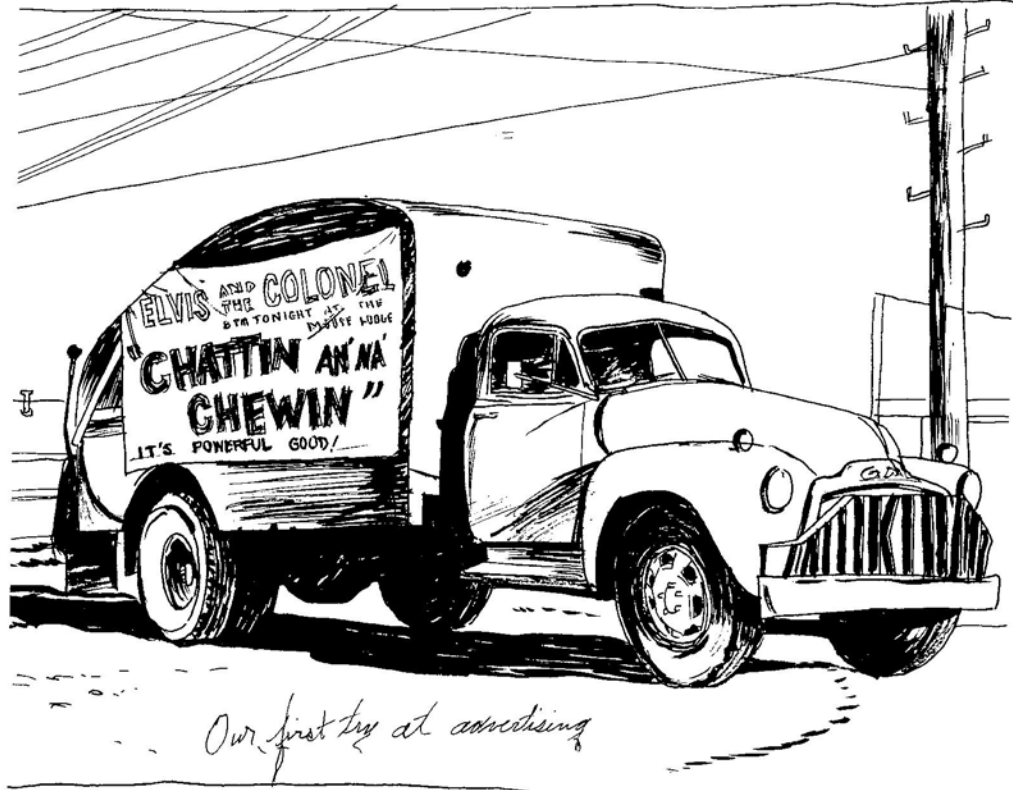
"Hoo-wee Boss, look at this sticker on this car window!" yelled Festus.

"Well look at that. Harvard University. Looks like what we got here is some college students."

"I see you got the situation in hand, Sheriff," said the Colonel as he and Elvis scanned the street for the chicken delivery truck.

"Hoo-wee Elvis, we got them Hard-Wared University students for you!"

"Did you get me my chicken?" asked Elvis.



Sheriff Boss handcuffed John and Brad and threw them in the back of the Bossmobile. As the car pulled out of the lot, John rolled down the window.

"Hey Hillbilly! That girl, she's seventeen. You're probably twice her age, you retard!"

"What did you say?" asked Elvis politely.

"Here comes the chicken!" yelled the Colonel. "Elvis, your chicken is here!"

"Oh Lord, that's wonderful. I'm powerful hungry."

That night the Colonel had Sheriff Boss and Festus come over to his big house and finish off the leftover chicken with Elvis and Daisy. After eating, they all sat by the fireplace and talked.

"Hey Elvis, I've been workin' on a slogan for you. I figured if Boss has one, you'd need one too," said Festus. "Would you like me to say it?"

"Festus, Elvis doesn't want to hear your stupid slogans. Now just be quiet," admonished Sheriff Boss, shaking his fists in the air.

"Oh but I'd love to hear it. Go

ahead, Festus," said Elvis.

"Hoo-wee! Thank you, Elvis. Well, here goes... 'Every Colonel Must Have His Elvis, And Every Elvis Must Move His Pelvis!'"

"Why Festus, that's a powerful good slogan," said Elvis. "What's a pelvis?"

Sheriff Boss and Festus left soon after that. For a short while, Elvis, Daisy, and the Colonel sat quietly by the fire. Something was troubling Elvis. He wasn't wearing his dog suit.

"Honey lamb."

"Yes, Elvis?"

"Well, those city slickers today..."


"Yes?"

"Well..."

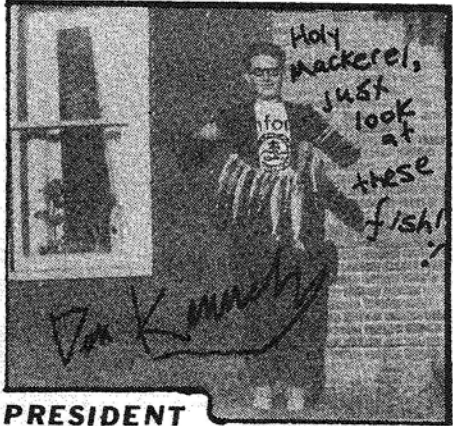
"I think what Elvis is trying to say, Daisy, is that those city slickers said that you were seventeen years old. Now this isn't true, is it, Daisy?" asked the Colonel.

"Why no, I'm fifteen. I won't be seventeen for two or three years."

"Oh Lord, honey, that's wonderful. I knowed you wasn't that old!" Then they hugged each other. "Lord, it's a happy day!"

"Yes it is, Elvis," said the Colonel. "It is indeed." 

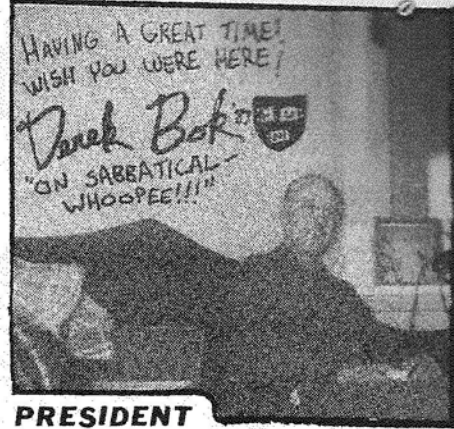
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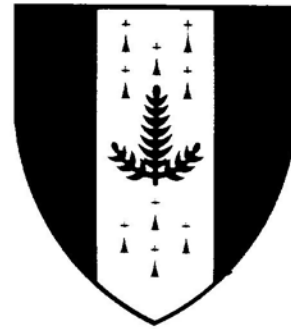




"You're out of order!"

Legal Loonies

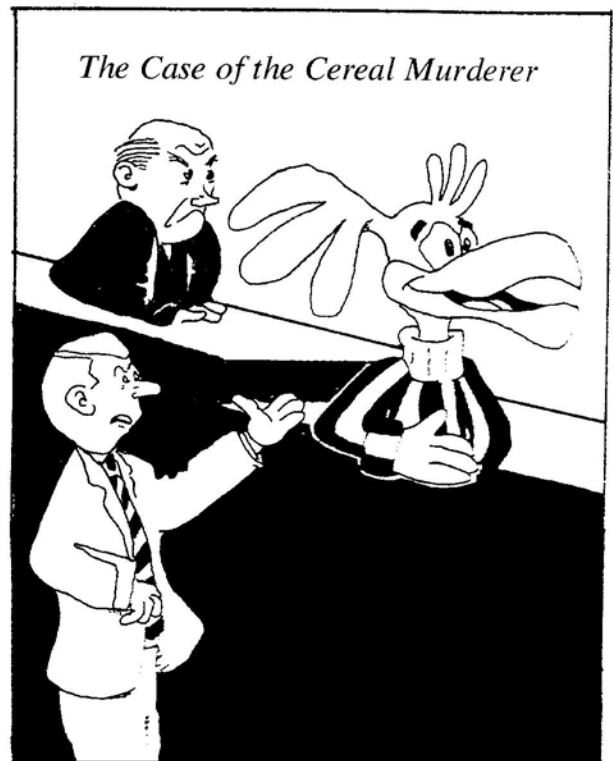
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"Your Honor, my client pleads temporary insanity"

Heads i lose Tails i lose

By Harry
Martins

It could happen to you. It DID happen to me. I graduated from UMASS last spring and couldn't stomach the thought of actually finding a job. What else was there to do but go to graduate school and bluff my way to another degree?

I had only one problem: out of the thirty-five schools I applied to, from the Sorbonne to the Virgin Islands Diesel Academy, only two accepted me- Harvard and Stanford. Holy Chrii-yii! I thought, now I gotta make a choice.

My Mom, strung out from a day of bad casserole making, grumpily suggested that I weigh the pros and cons of each and then choose one (she secretly had hoped that I'd get into the Rhode Island School of Design and make big suits for rock stars). My heart was set on Somerville State, but that was now beyond my realm of possibilities. What was it going to be then, eh? Harvard or Stanford?

Being the backassed Yankee that I are, I started to weigh the pros and cons, as well as my mom's casserole offering for the night. The casserole greatly outweighed the total endowments of both schools combined.

Harvard minuses... First, I would be forced to frequent the Hong Kong for those famous Scorpion Bowls and invariably end up at the Bow & Arrow, swilling pitchers of Pilgrim Ale with some fat, hairy Neanderthal girl, not to mention having to tolerate the feeble greeks and groans from some toddler-faced Crimson staffer in the next booth. Not good.

Second, because I'd be footin' me own bill, I'd have to live at home on Beacon Hill. I mean, I can tolerate the anvil-weight casseroles and all, but Ma is too tough to live with the day after I come home with some fat hairy Neanderthal girl. She hates it, and constantly complains about 'the fetid two-million year old smell that doesn't leave for a week', and 'why can't these Harvard girls clean the grease from under their nails?!'

Thirdly, there would be nose teaching assistants constantly checking up on me and nagging me to do my schoolwork on time, which would greatly interfere with my seasoned practice of waiting until the last minute. For, as Ben Franklin has been recently quoted as saying, "Never put off 'til tomorrow, that which you can completely forget about until next month."

Finally, the last bad thing about Harvard was that some rich, uppity grade-getter from high school might actually spot me and try to be my friend. Thank you, but noooo!

Well now, what's good about Harvard? There must be something. I thought and thought and thought and then thought some more. I saw the answer. The only plus about going to Harvard was that I could frequently go bowling at the Hong Kong, and invariably end up at the Bow & Arrow, swilling pitchers of Pilgrim Ale with some fat, hairy Neanderthal girl.

Time to look at the 'Farm'-good ole Leland Stanford, Jr. University. What could possibly suck about Stanford? After thinking and thinking and thinking and then thinking some more, the only thing that I thought would suck was the fact that I would be 3000 miles away from home, and Ma's casseroles (though, with their massive size, I would probably be only about 2500 miles away from them), and that I couldn't see all of my dear friends to whom I owe money. On the other hand, your other left, Stanford's California offerings were bountiful!

Just a few hours trip to the Napa Valley wineries, just a few days trip back; a mere ten hour jaunt to the hundred foot San Diego surf; a nationally ranked football team that plays real Division One football, instead of having to face the Cornell Intramural Yahtzee Team...and losing; Jose "The Diesel" Carumba; California girls; Pebble Beach golfing with the tee-master Bob Hope himself, who offers free lessons in everything to all interested Stanford folks; California girls; The I-Beam dance club in San Francisco where you can

dress however you want, do some motor-headbanging dancing and procure the business cards of prominent Bay Area businesswomen who once were, of course; California girls.

And what's more, Stanford is on the quarter schedule system (sorta like trimesters) so I would be able to blow off 50% more work in a nine-month period.

Yes, Stanford looked good afterall. But my mind was still not convinced. Or so it thought. There was still something necessary to sway it one way or the other. One night, at the Comedy Quonset, Boston's premier yuk-yuk club, Comedian Hy "Hy there!" Hyberg's words made up my mind for me (it). He uttered the words that pushed me west to Stanford:

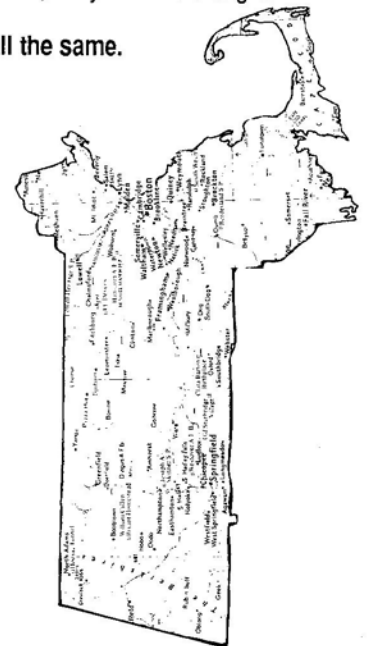
"Hy there, hy there, hy there, my name's Hy!"

Well, you and I both know it takes more than Boone's Farm Mapleberry or high-grade Sterno to philosophize such. Yes, the East Coast is for the philosophers, I thought, the West is for the living. To Stanford we will go!

Well, I'm here in Californiaeeye, been here for a few months now. It ain't bad, but it ain't great. There are two major disappointments. First, Saturday night on campus is non-existent. I've looked, but I can't find anyone- they must all go to the City on a mission to procure business cards.

The second disappointment is that nine out of ten California women are incredibly gorgeous, and the other two go to Stanford. So it goes. I'm not complaining though, because if I'm ever feeling down, I can bike over to the Sunboy Tavern and swill California Golden Ale with some fat, hairy Neanderthal girl.

It's all the same.



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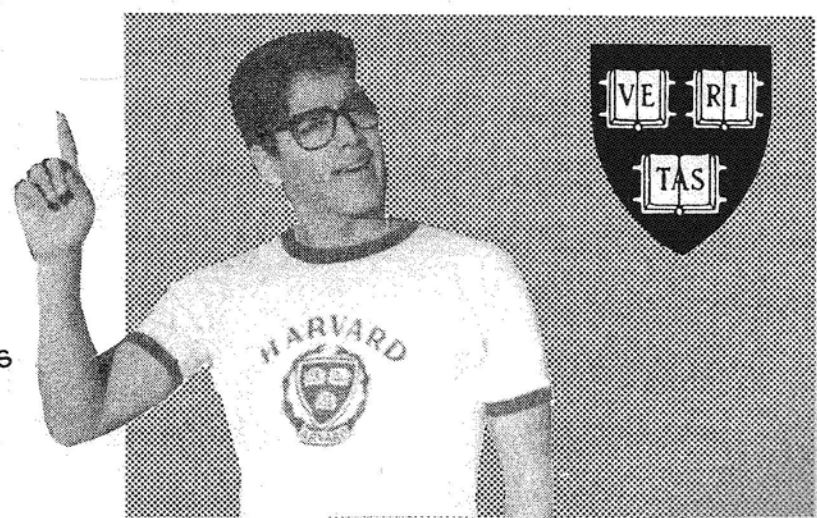
• Magic

• Tricks

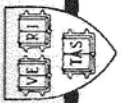
• Wigs & Beards

• Games

• Juggling



We Will Put Your Name in
Headlines, Print You a Bumper Sticker
or Make You a Personalized License Plate Frame



Harvard University

The Interfraternity Council of Harvard College
121 Hootywood St., 02138
Cambridge, Mass.

March 4, 1987

Dear Loser:

As punching season begins, it has come to our attention that you are a loser. You're not a loser because you're a loser. You're a loser because you're unclean and have a rotten social life, and you-it's just that none of the clubs want you. Believe us, we asked them and they said "No!" In fact, you're the only person in all of Harvard who was rejected, flat out, by every single club and organization, even the Crimson.

But don't feel bad. As part of our new, compassionate policy, losers such as yourself now have the opportunity to join the many new fraternities introduced on campus this year. You may choose to rush one or all of these, especially because you'll be the only member.

Please take your time in making your consideration and, if you have any questions at all, please don't call us.

Sincerely,

Fred Ternity
Fred Ternity
Dean of Clubs

P.S. If you're ever seen walking by the Porcellian club again, I'll beat you up, personally.

Sigma Alpha Tau

(ΣΑΤ)

Nickname: The SAT's

Total Initiates: Minimum of 600

Qualifications: Must have scored a minimum of 1600 on college entrance exams.

Official Color: No. 2 pencil only

Motto: "I guess it doesn't matter if I did better than you on my SAT's, since we're both in the same college."

Official Publication: *College Board Digest*

Comments: This exciting fraternity offers companionship for those overly eager students who took the SAT's at least four times, just for fun. Fraternity activities recreate the excitement of the college boards, especially popular are the "TSWE Twister Test-Off" and the charity "Run for Better Verbal Aptitude."

Gamma Pi Alpha

(ΓΠΑ)

Nickname: The GPA's, Grade-grubbing tards

Total Initiates: As many as are slimy enough to try

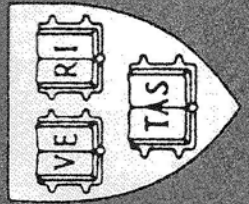
Qualifications: Must sit in the front of every class, hand in the final term paper on the first day of class, and be a general annoyance to all.

Official Color: Envious green

Motto: "Excuse me, Professor, could you please repeat that? I understood what you said the first time, but your voice is so lovely I think the whole class would like to hear you say it again."

Official Publication: *Grade Grubbers Weekly*

Comments: Do you enjoy sitting in the front of every class, even ones you aren't enrolled in? Do you enjoy taking interest in your professor's projects, dining at his house, babysitting his children, doing his gardening, waxing his car, cleaning his attic, writing to his relatives, and being an all-around general hindrance? Then this frat is for you. Activities include working on papers and studying for exams. Especially popular is the Spring Quarter "Term Paper Freak-Out," in which all fraternity members are encouraged to make as many annoying comments as possible about how much work they have to do.



Epsilon Epsilon Epsilon

(ΕΕΕ)

Nickname: The Epps, Archie, Arch, Hey Dean

Total Initiates: 1

Qualifications: Must be Dean of Student Affairs at a stodgy eastern college.

Official Color: Crimson

Motto: "Epps! Epps! Epps! That's me!"

Official Publications: The Harvard *Crimson*, The Harvard *Magazine*, The Harvard *Lampoon*

Comments: Members of this fraternity are the son of Mr. and Mrs. Epps, live in the Epps Household, sleep in the Epps's bed, wake up and see Dean Epps in the mirror, and receive all of Dean Epps's paychecks. Favorite activities include going to work, talking about Harvard, and writing nice letters to other members of this exclusive fraternity.

Sigma Nu Beta

(ΣΝΒ)

Nickname: The SNoBs

Total Initiates: None

Qualifications: Must be so snooty that you wouldn't even think of joining this club.

Official Color: Plutonium

Motto: "No one is good enough for us!"

Official Publication: The Stanford *Chaparral*

Comments: We have no comments to make to you, loser, so just sign up for one of the other clubs.

QUEEN of the MONTH



CASA DeMAISONHAUS is proud to present Helvetica Woonsocket of Wigglesworth, our Radcliffe Exchange Queen. CASA DeMAISONHAUS is also proud to present its famous "Around the world in eighty courses" Meal, a tasty combination of Spanish, French, and German delicacies.

CASA DeMAISONHAUS

Townsville, Ca.

Yuks



The Spawn of a new era.



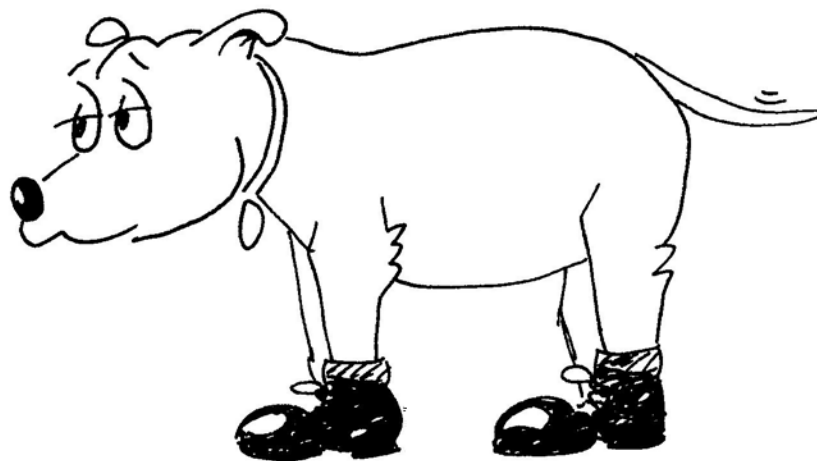
-ART IMITATES WIFE-

Harvard Hank: Say, friend, do you know who led the eskimos over the Bering Strait?
Stanford Sam: Sure, it was Eskimoses!

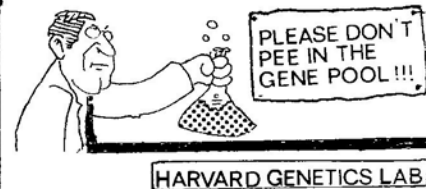
Perturbed Professor: Please use the word "Addenda" in a sentence.
Surly Student: Sure, de car drove down de street ad-denda ca turned left.



Hey! I told you to fetch my shoes, not wear them!



Stanford Sal: I just put pneumumatic brakes on my car.
Harvard Hal: You don't say?
Stanford Sal: Yeah, now my car stops on a dime and gives me nine cents change.



Harvard Herb: What's your major?
Stanford Stu: I'm declaring war!!



LECTRO-STIK



The door was open, so I walked in. "Hey, dude, let's party!" I shouted.

"Gnarly," Tom agreed, heading for the door. "You coming, Eugene?"

Eugene, Tom's roommate, was a skinny little twerp, with greasy hair, and thick glasses. His sans-belt pants were way too small, and his shirt was a rather frightening abuse of plaid. "Sorry, Mike, but I can't," he sniffled. "I've got this big Applied Anthropology paper."

"What's it on?" I asked.

His eyes lit up, like they always do when he talks about something really nerdy and boring. "I'm researching the clichéd courtship rituals of a primitive people. I've always been fascinated by this small, South American tribe —"

"Never mind them," I cut him off. "Why don't you study us?"

"You?" He sounded confused. "But I need to study a *primitive* people."

"Sure, sure, I know that. But what could be more primitive and clichéd than college students?"

"I don't know," Eugene protested. "I don't think that's quite what Professor Dinkleby had in mind. . . ."

It took a bit of convincing, but he finally gave in.

Our research site was a grungy college bar. We arrived early, and set up our equipment on a table near the door. I set up a round of beers, while Eugene pulled something out of his naughahyde briefcase. "This," he said, waving the tiny black box, "is a miniature transmitter. It will allow me to listen in on my subjects while they engage in the Clichéd Collegiate Courtship Ritual." He sounded

like some late-night PBS documentary. "Why don't you go first, Mike?"

"Sure, Eugene," Tom chimed in before I could say anything. "He'd be glad to help you out any way he can."

I gave Tom my best I'll-deal-with-you-later look, and turned to Eugene. "Yeah, sure," I said. "What do I have to do?"

He reached across and slipped the tiny black box into my shirt pocket. "Just take this," he told me. "and try to pick up someone. And please," he implored me, "try to act naturally. It's very important to the validity of my research!"

"Yeah, natural, right," I mumbled, and wandered off. I had finally decided that my best chance was to go for the brunette at the end of the bar, when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

I turned around to face the bluest eyes I've ever seen. Bluer than the clearest California sky. An entirely new meaning for the word "blue".

Her body was equally inspiring. She had legs that went from here to there and back again. She was all the clichéd fantasies I've ever had, and more.

"Hi," she said. "Would you care to join me for a drink?"

What a cliché!

Moments later we were in a dark corner, sipping some drinks, making small talk. Eventually we finished our drinks, and she suggested we head over to her place.

It was a dream come true. I helped her out of her chair, and we made our way to the door. I was thanking the heavens for my incredible luck, when someone started tugging on my sleeve. "Gee, thanks Mike, that was terrific!" Eugene was saying. "This is gonna be the best Applied Anthro project ever!"

"Yeah, sure, glad to help," I said, shoving him out of the way.

Too late — she had already heard him. "Who is this nerd?" she asked. "What is all this about Anthro projects?"

"Nothing," I assured her, still trying to break away from Eugene. "I ran some computer simulations

for him."

"Wait, Mike," Eugene was shouting, still clutching my arm. "You can't leave yet — we need to collect more data!"

"Some other time, man, I'm busy now." I finally broke away from him, but the fantasy woman, with her endless legs and bluer-than-blue eyes, was getting suspicious.

"More data? What is this geek talking about?" she demanded.

"Nothing! Let's go!"

No good. Eugene was so excited about his "research" that he really got out of hand. "It's really exciting work," he said. "A Detailed Examination of Clichéd Contemporary Collegiate Courtship Rituals. . . ." He kept babbling, but I wasn't listening.

Neither was my fantasy; she had heard more than enough. "I hate you!" she screamed at my face. "You just wanted to use me for some kinky clichéd experiment!"

She was really fuming now. She lunged toward me. I jumped aside; her fist sailed past me and connected with Eugene's face. As he collapsed, bleeding all over the place, I realized my one true love was escaping. "Please!" I called after her. "Don't go! It didn't know what was going on! It was all his fault!"

It was no use; she was gone, lost forever.

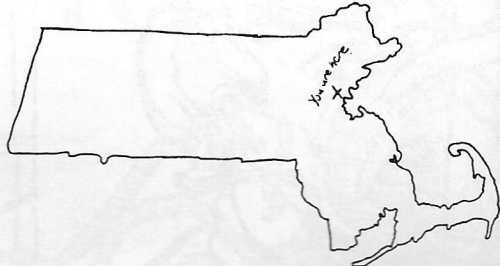
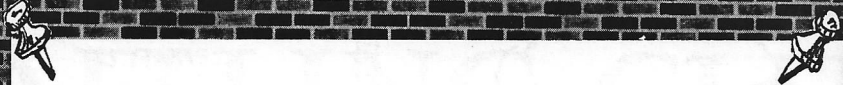
Eugene was back in his chair, shoving napkins up his nose to stop the bleeding. I pulled him up by his hair. "What did you think you were doing?" I screamed. "You call that 'scientific objectivity'?"

"Child out, Mike." Tom put a restraining hand on my shoulder. "He didn't mean any harm."

Eugene never did finish his project, and wound up failing the class. He decided he didn't have the objectivity to become a field anthropologist, and dropped out of school.

That's OK, though. Tom and I are continuing his research. We spend most of our time hanging around sleazy bars, hitting on women of all kinds, and waiting for clichéd fantasies to return.

It's the least we can do.



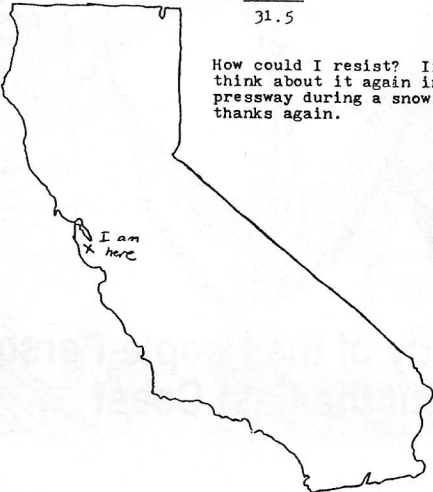
June 13, 1986

Dear Sir or Madam:

While I was honored by Harvard's offer of admission, after a difficult period of decision I have decided to attend Stanford University, and so am sending you this letter for your records as you provided no reply card, as does every other institution of higher learning in the known world. I would like to thank the admissions committee for the time they devoted to the business of selection, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. While the decision was agonizing, there was one fact which seemed to tip the proverbial scale.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE IN JANUARY (°F)

<u>Boston</u>	<u>San Francisco</u>
31.5	63.4

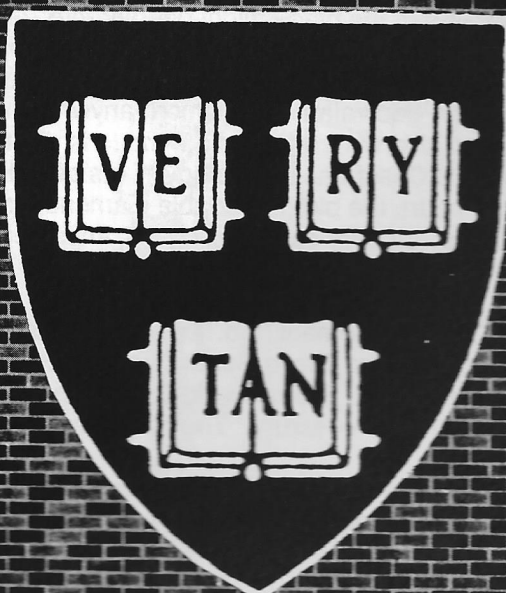
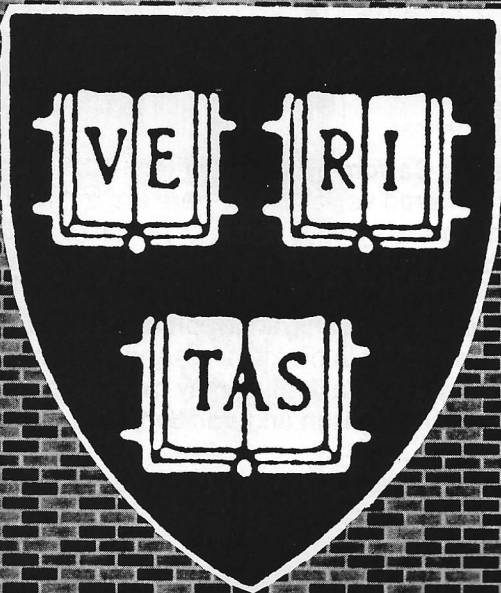


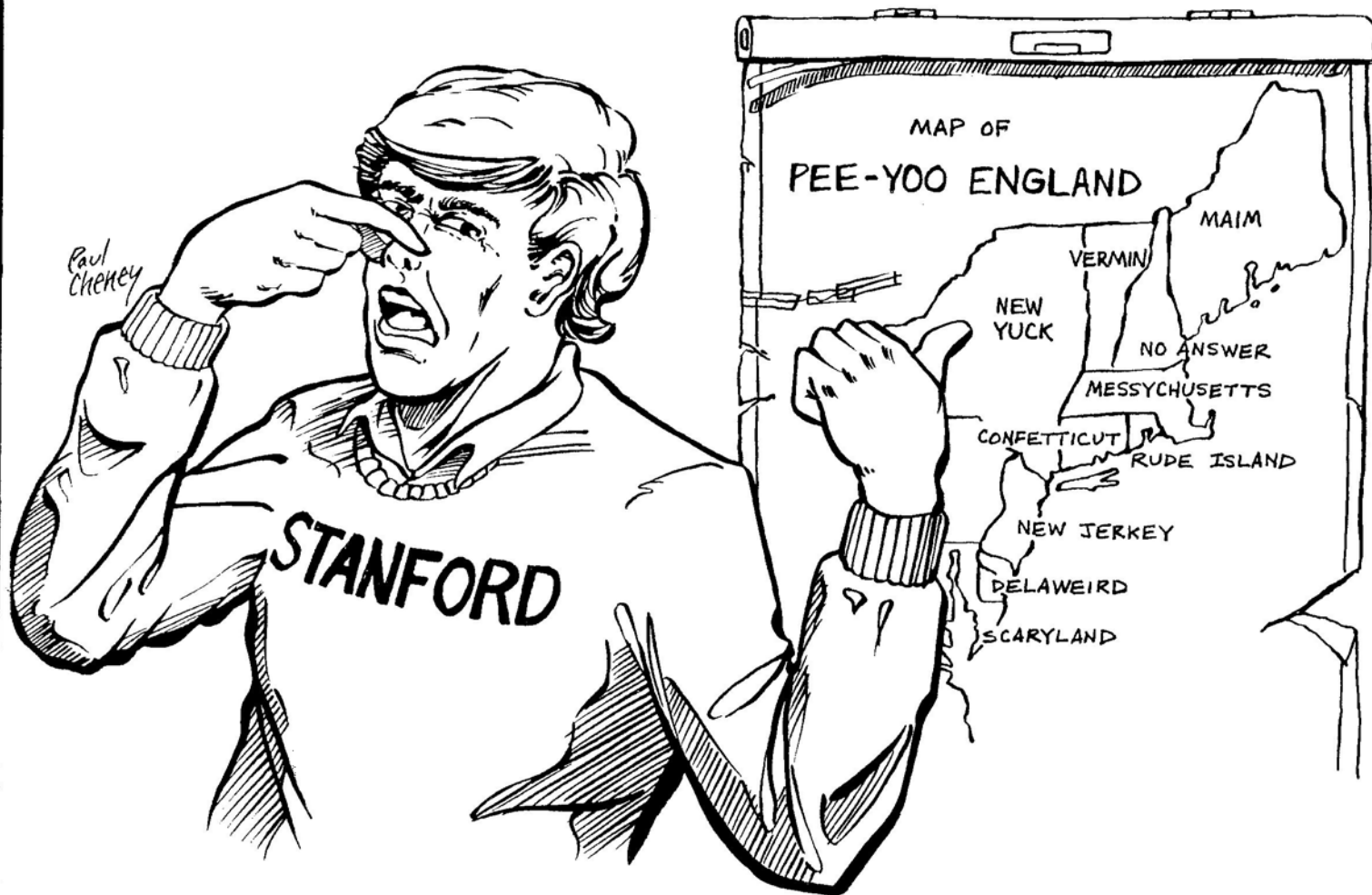
How could I resist? If you don't understand how, think about it again in January, say, on the Expressway during a snow emergency. But anyway, thanks again.

California bound,

Mark Lokensgard
Mark Lokensgard

P.S. This doesn't hurt my chance for the Business School, does it?





A Comprehensive, Easy-Going Study of the People-Persons and Alright Folks That Live 'Round About the East Coast

By Professor X, Professor Emeritus of Eastern Studies

Hey, I'll be the first to admit it—the East Coast isn't that bad. I mean, if you ignore its doddering populace and their backwards customs, the place might be tolerable.

It's just that the West Coast is a lot better. California's got a rapid exchange of commerce, a well-planned highway system, several major refineries, and Japan's only a short boat ride away. And California has civic pride—you know why? 'Cause there's no equivalent to Baltimore anywhere on the West Coast.

That's why California's official state motto is "Baltimore Isn't Here."

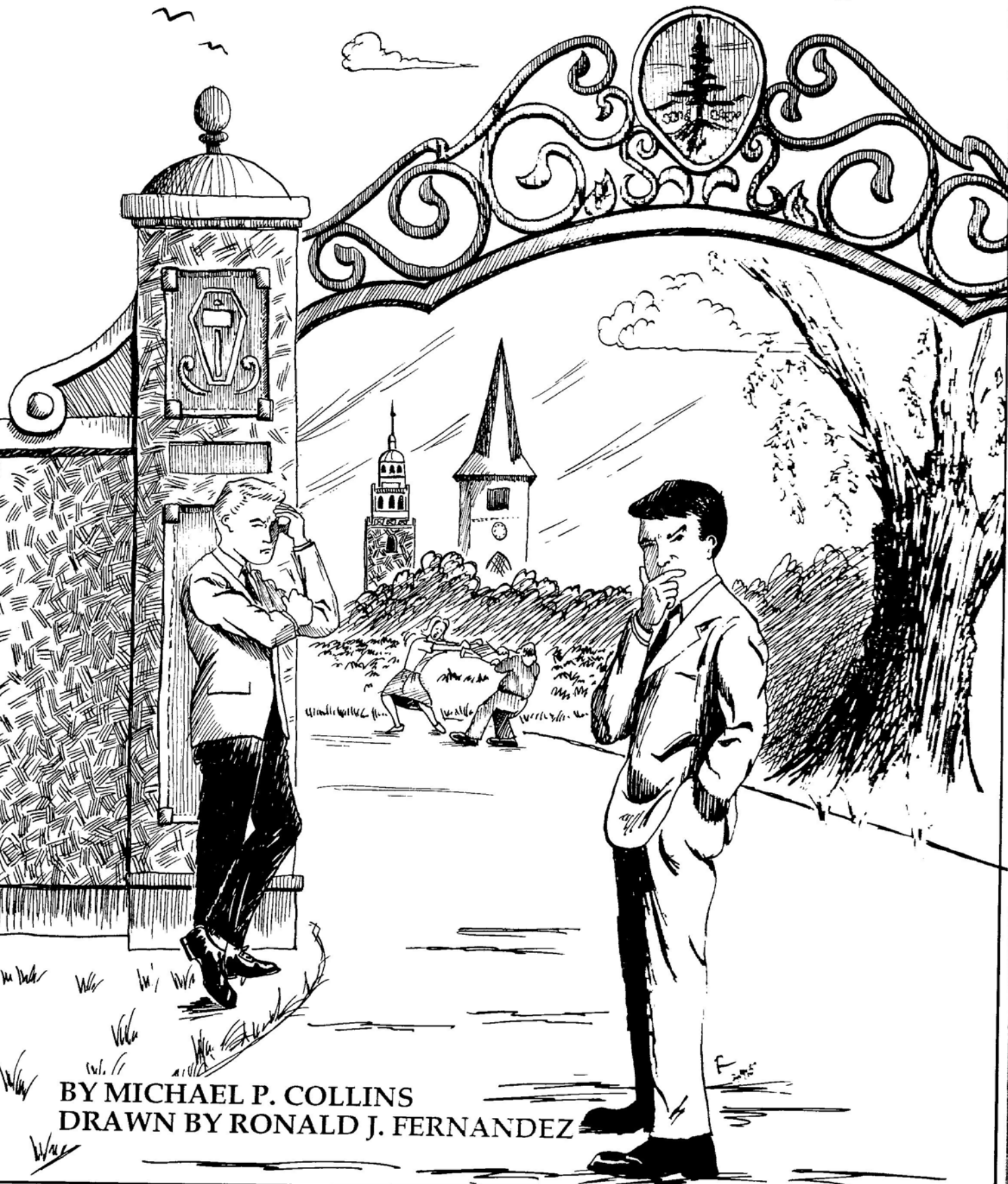
And the West Coast has technology. Lots of it. Here are just a few of California's recent hi-tech advances: the out-board artificial heart, the bio-degradable diamond, and the Water Pik-powered vehicle. And here are a few of the East's recent advances: sturdier carriage spokes, improved ways of shipping maple syrup, and the city plan for Baltimore. Forget it, man—California's got technology coming out the ass, and with Silicon Valley's newly released Buttputer, we really do. Literally!

California's got excitement, too. Life here is fast. While the best sailing craft off Hyannisport rarely exceed 12 meters, my friend Sandy the San Diego Surfer has been known to exceed that while still in his kitchen. And California's got a refined sense of culture. From low-riders to monster vans, the trend-conscious Californian may motor to his or her favorite eatery or pub in the lap of luxury. The only vans on the East Coast are Van Morrison and Van Johnson.

Conclusion: I have discovered that this quaint land of the east, with its odd natives and their pleasant pushy demeanor, is located somewhere east of Chicago. To the best of my knowledge, it is still there. Chicago, that is.

This study was funded by NASA (Nate's Amazing Skateboard All-Americans).

THE HARVEY BOYS
**THE MYSTERY OF THE
BAFFLING CLUES**



BY MICHAEL P. COLLINS
DRAWN BY RONALD J. FERNANDEZ

CHAPTER I

Looks Like Trouble!

"It looks like trouble," Frank Harvey intoned gravely, running one hand through his dark brown hair. He noticed, not for the first time, that he was taller and older than his shorter, younger brother Joe.

"Trouble, that's what it looks like," Joe agreed in his younger, blonder, good-natured way. "Wouldn't you agree, Dad?" "Dad" was the affectionate nickname used by the young, Ivy-League-bound detectives for their world-renowned detective-professor father, Fenton Harvey.

"You boys know trouble when you see it," Fenton nodded grimly. He was older than either Frank or Joe.

A sharp crack of static burst from the car radio that belonged to world-renowned detective-professor Fenton Harvey. "Fenton, this is the Chief."

The boys grinned as they recognized the husky but friendly voice of Police Chief Mick O'Donnell, who was pretty old. Fenton grabbed the transmitter. "We're here, Chief," he said.

"Boys," said the Chief. There was a pause as the Chief searched for just the right words. "Boys, it looks like trouble."

CHAPTER II

Chet!

Chet! Roly-poly, pudgy, jolly, "spare tire," "pudding and pancakes," overweight Chet. He'd just done it again!

"Chet, why you...!" exclaimed the Harvey's loveable and domestic housekeeper, Hannah Gruen. Frank barely managed to hold himself to a good-natured grin, but his younger brother Joe let out a howl of laughter that echoed throughout the Harvey's tastefully appointed household.

"Chet, you're the limit!" chuckled Joe as Frank ran one of his hands through his sandy blond hair. Chet gave a red-faced grin as the boys's father, Fenton Harvey, stood in the doorway with a look of bewildered bemusement on his face.

"Gosh, Mr. Harvey," Chet deadpanned. "How do I do it?"

"I don't know," Mr. Harvey said with a serious frown. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "But you certainly do do it!"

Chet! He was a friend, and then some.

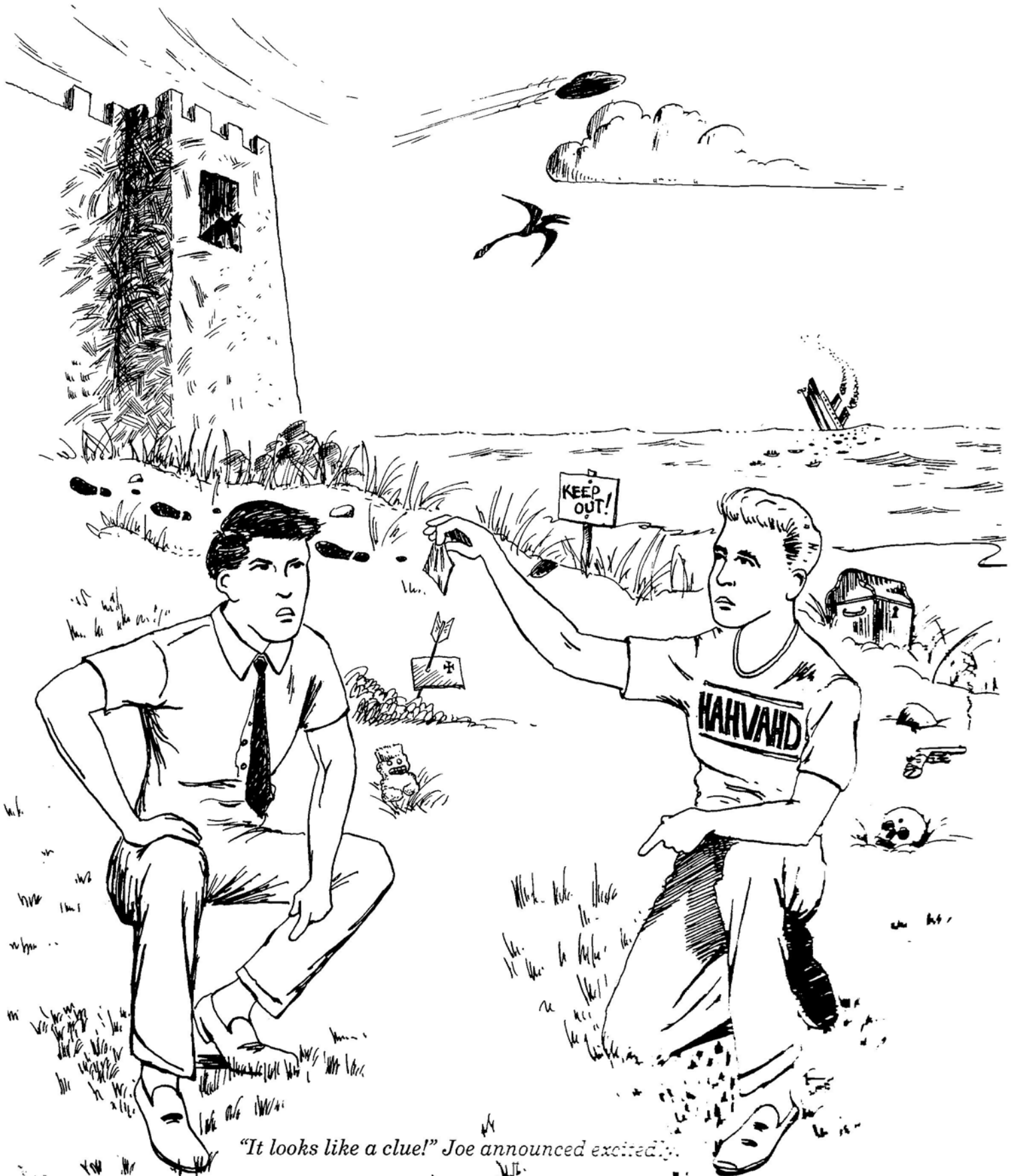
CHAPTER III

A Tricky Situation

"It looks like a clue!" Joe announced excitedly. Frank let a low whistle escape from between his good-natured, older teeth.

"Sure enough!" Frank said. "And, if I'm not mistaken, this could be just the clue that we've been looking for!" Clues! If there was one thing that the Harvey's had learned in their years of sleuthing, it was the importance of clues in solving mysteries.

Fenton Harvey pulled himself onto a flat slab of stone and wiped his brow. "A clue, hmmm?" he said. If there was one thing Fenton Harvey had learned in his years of sleuthing and teaching, it was to trust his sons' intuition. "Well then, let's have a look at that clue!"



"It looks like a clue!" Joe announced excitedly.

Joe spread the parchment out carefully. "A secret message—" Joe began, but Chet cut him off with an excited wave of his hand.

"Look!" Chet said, tracing the image with his finger while the boys looked over his shoulder. Chet brushed aside the sand that had fallen across the paper and pointed defiantly at the upper corner. "You see?" he said. "That's where we are!" With a proud flourish, he let his finger slide down to the traces of writing near the center of the page.

"And that's where the troublemaker's lair is!" Joe chimed in with an astonished grin.

"Some fine detective work," Fenton noted. Chet blushed.

Suddenly, a sinister shadow obscured the map. Joe and Frank looked up together.

"Well," said Frank through gritted teeth. "It looks as though trouble has found *us*!"

CHAPTER IV

Flashback!

"It looks like a letter!" Frank announced, pulling an envelope-sized piece of paper from the "mailbox" that stood in front of the Harvey's nice old Cambridge home. Joe took the "envelope" into his own hands and held it to the light.

"Frank," Joe said, carefully examining the "envelope," "Frank—this envelope is *sealed!*"

"Good eye, Joe," Fenton Harvey said, while making some telling action or another. "Looks thick, too," he winked. Fenton Harvey was a professor/detective, and he was older than his sons.

"Whoa!" said Chet, making a wild suggestion that only Chet could make. "Open it! Open it!"

"Where's it from?" Frank asked incisively, turning the thick rectangular "envelope" over in his hands.

Chet let out a gasp. "HARVARD!"

Fenton pulled a on a tight smile and put a firm hand on Joe's shoulder. Frank ran a playful hand through Joe's sandy blond hair. "Guess I'll open it up," Joe said with an apprehensive grin, sliding the Harvey's chrome letter opener along the edge of the "envelope."

A sudden quiet fell over the room as Joe scanned the letter's contents. "What's it say?" Chet asked excitedly.

Joe looked up. "It's a letter of acceptance," Joe said. "I got in."

"Hey, Joe," called Hannah Gruen, the Harvey's housekeeper, as she opened the front door. She was carrying an armload of thick, collegiate letters, "envelopes," and parcels. "I've got a whole load of mail, and all of it is addressed to you!"

Joe turned to her with a good-natured grin. "Do me a favor, Hannah," he said, "burn 'em!"

"Joe, Joe, Joe," Frank grinned. That was the Harveys. Oh, the Harveys. That was them.

CHAPTER V

Later That Day

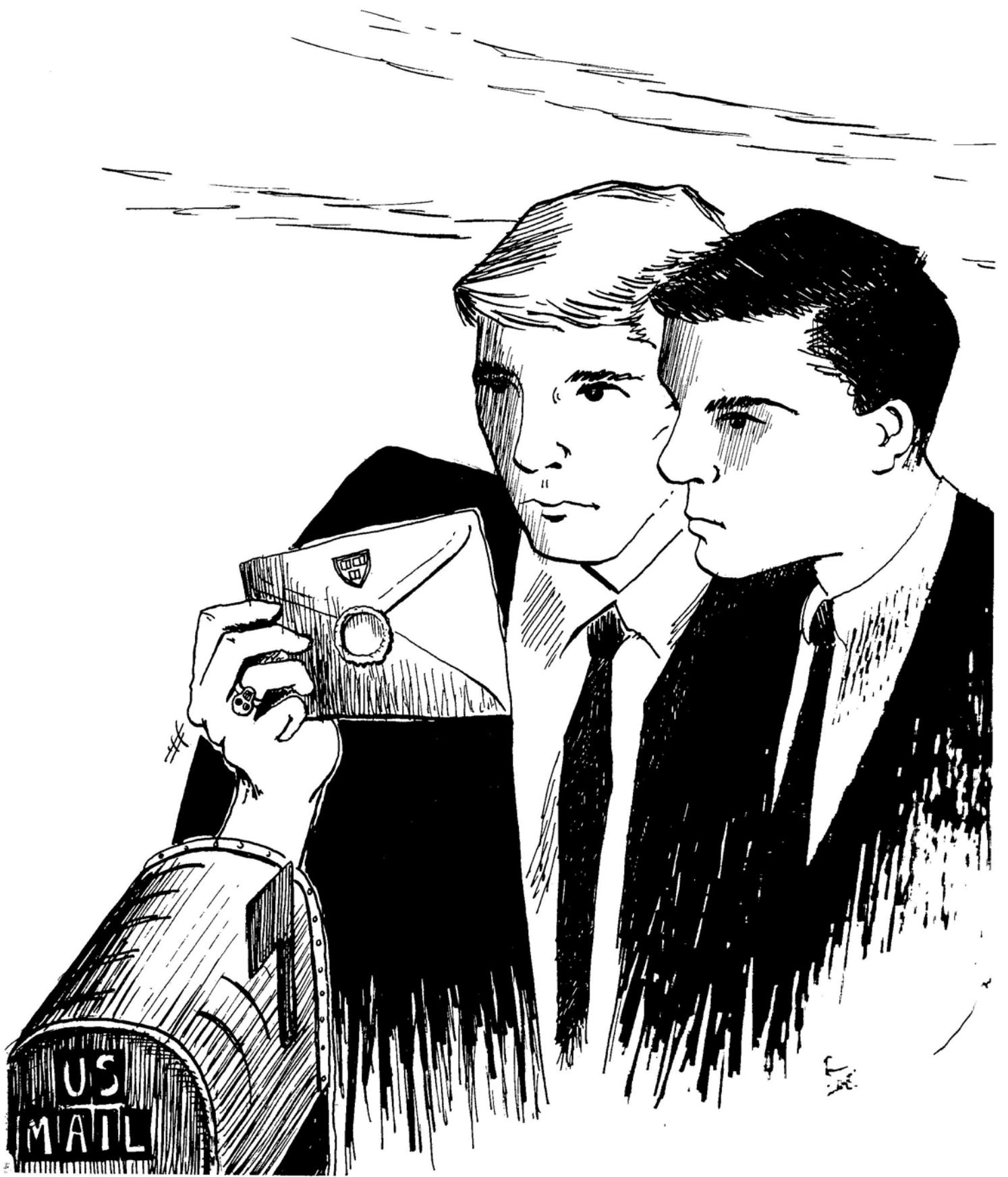
"Looks like the case is closed on our 'trouble-making' friend," Frank said, running his hair playfully through Joe's sandy blond fingers.

"Yes, I think we'll have a lot less 'trouble' in Cambridge now that we've solved this one," Joe agreed.

"Yeah, no more trouble, no how!" Chet chuckled, doing that crazy thing he does.

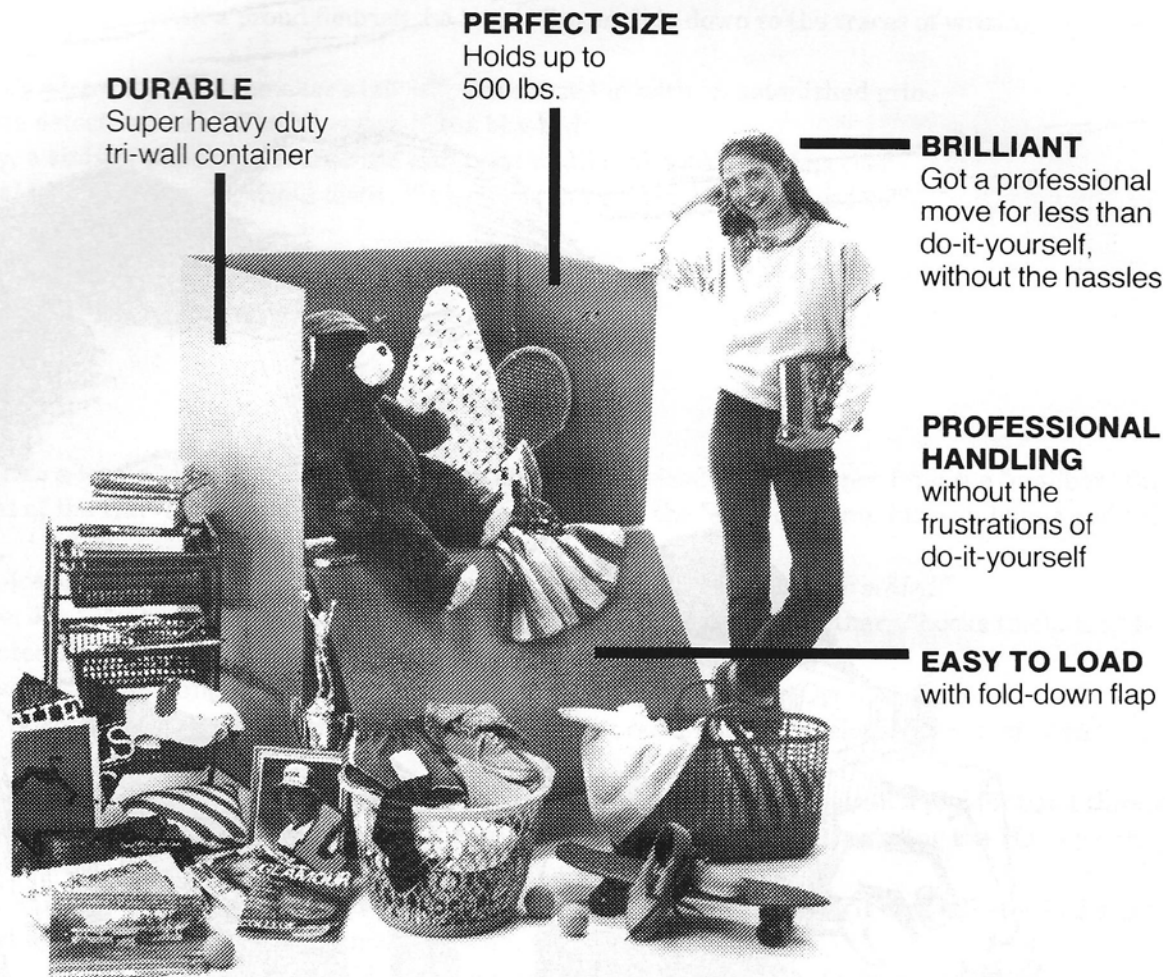
"Looks like trouble's not something we'll be having around here anymore," Fenton Harvey agreed with a twinkle in his (left) eye.

A sharp burst of static leapt from the receiver. "No more trouble!" the Chief announced briskly. "Well done, boys." Joe grinned. The Chief!



"It looks like a letter!" Frank announced.

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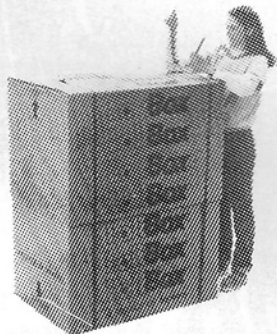
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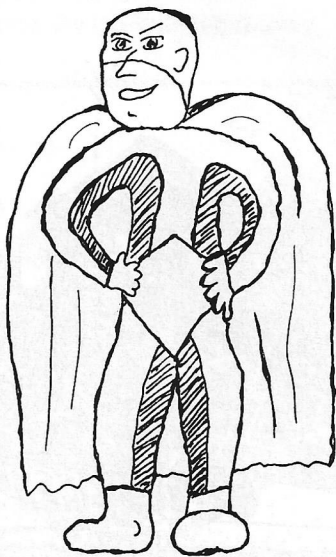
Palo Alto
(415) 327-2550

BADLYDRAWN MAN

The Master of Disguise

OUR HERO - EVER READY AT THE STROKE OF A PENCIL, BADLYDRAWN MAN, THE PATRON SAINT OF SCRIBBLERS, FACES THE ONE THREAT TO ALL MODERN ARTISTS...
TALENT

CAN YOU DRAW THIS MAN?



IF YOU CAN DRAW THIS FIGURE WITH RELATIVE EASE, DON'T BOTHER APPLYING TO ART SCHOOL...
THEY WON'T WANT YOU!

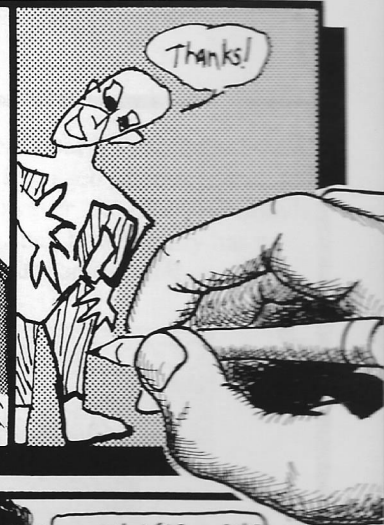
BADLYDRAWN MAN MEETS PICASSO...



DRAW HIM!
START AT 1 AND
CONNECT ALL DOTS!



BADLY-DRAWN MAN fights ERASER MAN



YES, THE MAN WAS ABOUT SIX FEET TALL, HAD BROWN EYES...



...OH YES - AND HE WAS REALLY BADLYDRAWN!



NOW MA'AM, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PICK HIM FROM A LINEUP?



I'LL TRY...

THAT'S HIM!





Chaparral
Tarot Cards

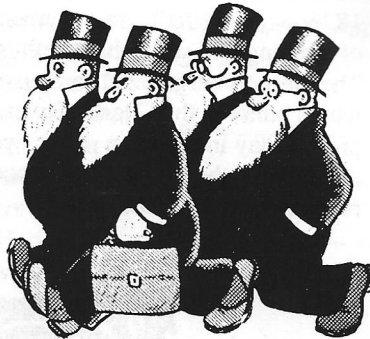


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STANFORD FACTS

We all know that Stanford was founded in 1891 by railroad magnate Leland Stanford in honor of his recently passed son Leland, Jr., but there are many things about this fine Western institution that many folks don't know. Here are a few of them:

- Stanford is not actually a university. It is, rather, a gigantic railroad switching station and trainyard, designed to increase Leland, Sr.'s massive wealth and power in the rail industry. While those young people accepted annually to Stanford soon find this out, they keep quiet about it, since they don't have to go to classes and they get great discount travel rates on all east-bound trains. This mystery also explains the preponderance of engineers on "campus."



F. Q. HEWITT



- Only one student knows the location of Polya Hall.



- All Stanford professors must undergo a brutal initiation which requires them to run to the Dish (Stanford's satellite receiving station) with President Don Kennedy strapped to their back. Those that maintain perfect posture throughout the ten-mile run receive tenure.

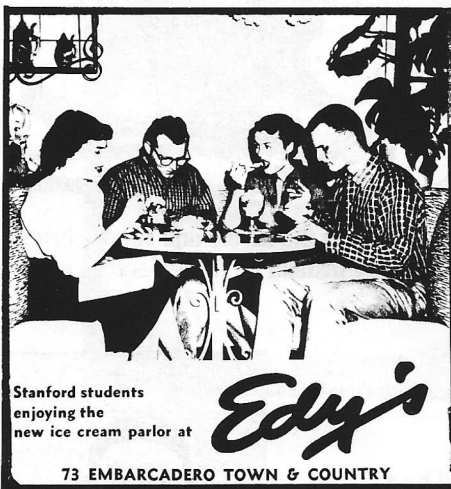
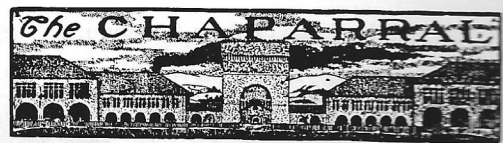
- On the Stanford's visit to Paris in 1887, the Eiffel Tower mysteriously disappeared for two weeks. It was later returned with a note that read "Gee, you French sure are touchy, Sincerely L.S., Jr." Did Leland, Jr. take the famed tower? He took that secret (as well as, it is rumored, the missing Colossus of Rhodes) to the grave with him.



- Meyer Library was named after Oscar Meyer, famed weiner tycoon, for his contribution of fine aged salamis to the Stanford family collection. However, the Libby's, Libby's, Libby's, on the Label, Label, Label, Law Library has no relation to the famed canned fruit manufacturer.



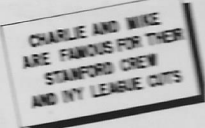
HILL



- If you sit a chimpanzee in front of a typewriter and let him peck away for a few hours, *The Daily* will hire him.



5 Top Barbers to serve you



CONE 1937

- The glue backing the stamps sold at the Post Office are flavored differently each day of the week.



- Even though Leland Stanford made his fortune through the train industry, and was one of the founding fathers of the Transatlantic Railway, it was said that HE HATED TRAINS!

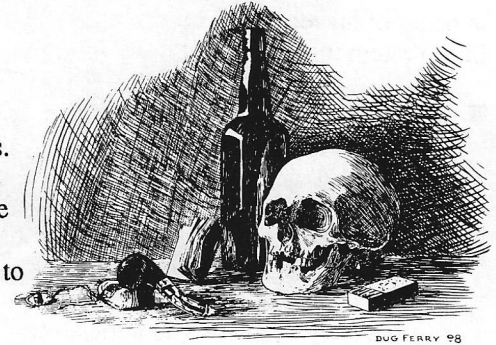


HARVARD FACTS



We all know that Harvard is the best school in all of Boston. Here are a few things we don't know about Harvard:

- The Harvard Harpoon, established 1876, was originally an organization of whaling and scrimshaw enthusiasts. The Harpoon organized campus-wide whale hunts in the Charles River. The present-day incarnation meets every third day in their legendary Schooner to read Herman Melville, aloud.



- Nine out of ten Harvard graduates are mugged before the age of forty.



- John Harvard wrote in his will, "After three-hundred and fifty years of our Lord, being the year Nineteen-hundred and eighty-seven, the college of Harvard shall lose its charter and cease to exist. At this time, all students still enrolled shall be cast out onto the streets to fend for themselves. No degrees shall be granted."



- When read backwards, Harvard's motto "Veritas" spells "Satire V." The fifth satire of *The Satires of Juvenal*, a Latin classic, contains passages involving alcohol consumption, rowdy behavior, and even drunken brawls. If this seems like an incredible coincidence, perhaps the following passage will ring true:

You stop a jug with your face, pick up a napkin to wipe it,
Find your bloody nose has turned the damask to crimson...

- Harvard has 3 majors, two of them Economics. The third is Economics.

- Anyone reading this while driving in downtown Boston can expect to have a car accident within the next 35 seconds.

- Nobody at Harvard knows the words to "Louie, Louie."



- Students not wishing to employ the divers and sundry bridges above the River Charles may instead be ferried across by Charon for a small fee.



- Harvard professors have won six Nobel Prizes. Four in Economics and two in Economics.

- Boston has been invaded by a foreign country more than once in history.

- There are many, many more dead Harvard alumni than dead Stanford alumni.



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In 1899, prominent Washington, D.C. socialite **Bristow Adams** founded the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, Adams was head of Cornell's school of journalism. In 1900, Chappie Editor **Wallace Irwin** poached four of Stanford President **David Starr Jordan's** prized chickens and served them to the president for dinner. Thirty years later, Irwin won the Pulitzer prize in poetry. In 1923, **Goodwin Knight** was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was Governor of California. In 1925, **Herbert Hoover, Jr.** joined the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was still Herbert Hoover, Jr. In 1935, **Doodles Weaver** was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Ten years later, he was head writer for **Spike Jones**. Thirty years later, Doodles's niece, **Sigourney**, wrote for the *Chaparral*. Now she's killing aliens on the silver screen.

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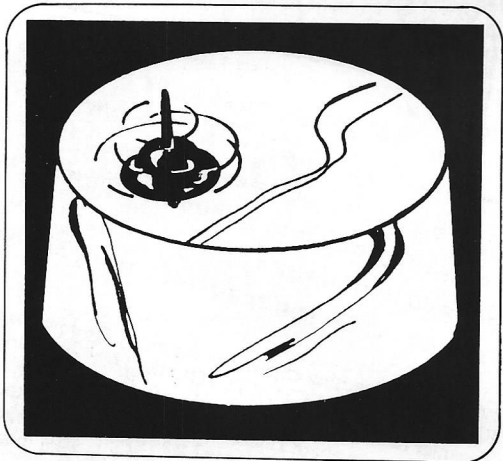
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DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS

Mr. Josh Weinstein
Editor, Stanford Chaparral

Dear Josh:

As you know, I welcomed your invitation to contribute some observations about Harvard University to the next issue of Chaparral. Why, you asked, did I welcome this?

You know the answer: you gave me no choice. You told me that Harvard's sword and saber dean, Archie Epps, was writing something for the Lampoon's section, that the alternative was a blank page in the middle of the magazine, that . . . Anyway, I got the message.

I started out by looking for Harvard on the map. It's not there. Eventually someone told me that it is in Cambridge. I am pleased to report that Cambridge is on the map -- very near Beantown. Next, I wrote to some alums and others who know about Harvard. Here are some of the more illuminating responses. Actually, they are the only responses.

Cordially,

Jim Lyons
Dean of Students

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY



Dear Jim:

As you suggested, I perused Harvard's Freshman Advisor's Handbook. It was still on my bookshelf from my days there learning the professoring business as a graduate student and Teaching Assistant. The grad students carried a heavy teaching load, so I got a lot of practice.

Anyway, their advisor's book sure is different from Stanford's. For example, advisors are expected to cover such things as these:

"Please inform your charges that they are not to walk on the grass, especially in the Yard." I assure you that this is not some sort of droll joke. I think they really are serious.

There's another: "On the first sunny day (usually in mid-October and followed by a couple more in May), please alert your advisees to the prohibition against rooftop sunbathing." From what I've seen here, it would be difficult to convince any Stanford students that a roof has any other function.

That reminds me, Jim, of one other observation. For years we have wondered why our graduate students from Harvard have had reading problems. Our reading clinic recently came up with the answer. Despite the fact that they have read a lot, Harvard grads have had absolutely no experience with reading in sunlight. They have to be taught to do so.

Heidi Erickson,
Professor of Philosophy

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305



DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS

President Donald Kennedy
Stanford University

Dear Don:

As you know I'm working on this Harvard thing for the Chappie. Dam if I didn't see your name in the Harvard Alumni Directory (vol.144, p.3412): you're a Harvard alum right here at Stanford! I think that's nice.

My real need, however, is to clarify a point about the approaching celebration of our centennial. I've learned that Harvard really did it up for their 350th birthday. They had a rainbow of arches made of Mylar spanning the Charles River -- and a real humdinger of a fireworks show. To wrap it up, they invited Secretary Bennett who added the oral fireworks of his distinctive and remote ideology.

For our 100th, will we have arches over Lake Lagunita? And fireworks as big and expensive as theirs? And an ideologue like Bennett?

Jim

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OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Dear Jim:

No!

Don

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
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DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS



Warren G. Wonka

Dear Dean Lyons:

Heading East in my wagon train, bound for graduate studies at Harvard, I was in a constant state of trepidation. Would I be eaten by Pilgrims? If I wrote a book, would Boston burn it? What happens to the out-of-state observer who notes that "the Charles is looking a little grubby today"? Anyway, not to keep you in suspense any longer, our wagon train arrived in Cambridge without calamity and was promptly surrounded by a fleet of silver BMW's. I thought I was in a Stanford fraternity parking lot until the drivers all yelled and honked their horns and started talking in a tongue that I could not understand at all . . .

Wish me luck!

Cordially,

Warren G. Wonka

Dear Editor Josh:

This assignment was a real learning experience for me. I sat down to compose my essay, with the EDUCATION DIRECTORY: VOLUME III - ANCIENT COLLEGES and a decanter of white wine (California, of course) at hand. I discovered that not much is known about Harvard. Although a mild surprise, this discovery seemed to pose no real problem because I was able to query several Harvard alums and emigres in this area who flopped too. You read the results: zilch.

So I guess that there is not all that much to learn about Harvard, even after 350 years. In its own way, it is clearly a nice place. Regretfully, however, I must decline to write that essay after all.

Cordially,

Jim

T H E H A R V A R D

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There are eight thousand stores
in the naked city,
this is one of them;



It was a cold dark night.

I was walking the beat
on the south side.
My assignment?
To secure a
few items for
my next cover.
They had to be
inconspicuous.

I saw a light.
URBAN OUTFITTERS.
It was all there—
just what I needed;
The Iridescent Pants,
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a 1950's Overcoat,
A Faux Leather Handbag,
an Inflatable Godzilla,
and a Hula Hoop.

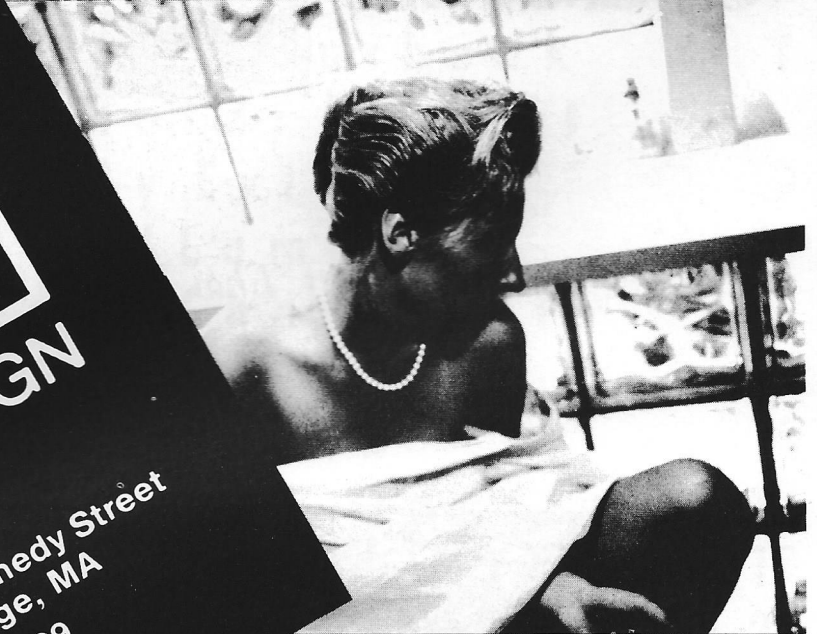
I got it all and left.
My job complete.
And those are the facts.

Just the facts.

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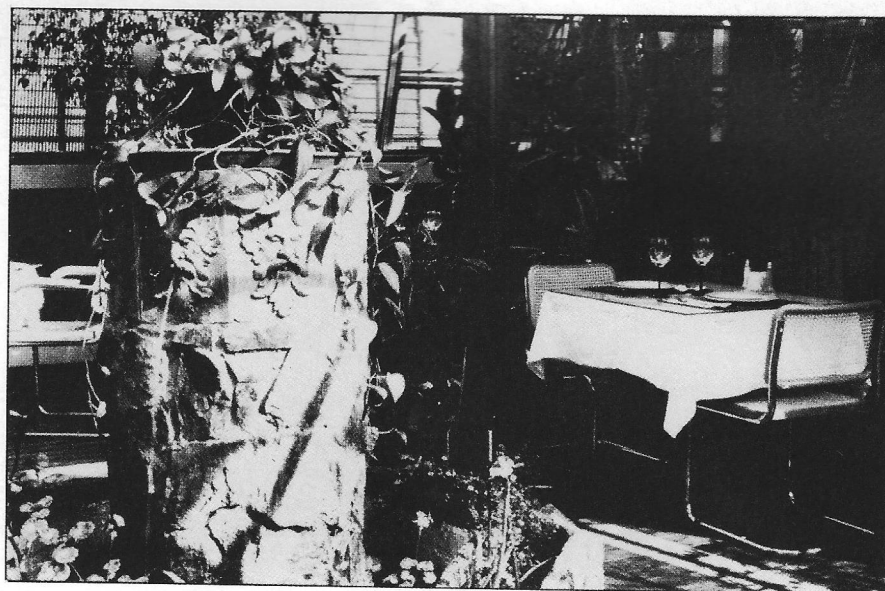
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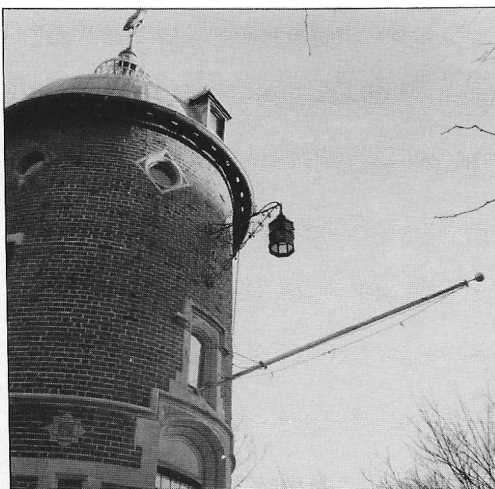
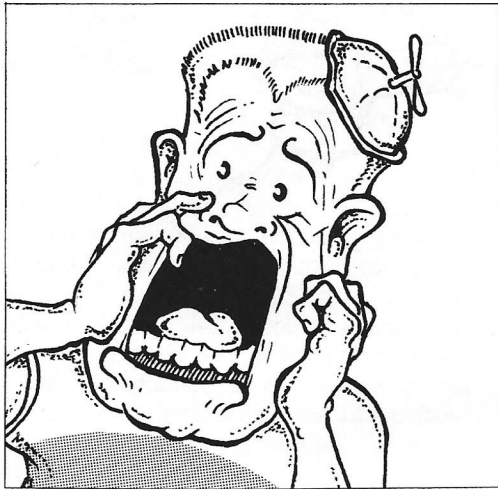


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The Harvard Lampoon



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EDWARDS

v a n i t a s

As I lay

resting in the basement sauna, leafing casually through the 1986 Harvard Lampoon Annual Report to Stockholders, I was disturbed by the gentle rap of our steward, Ellingsworth, bringing the day's mail for my perusal.

"Mr. Oakley? The post has arrived," he stated, handing me my traditional 10:00 brandy along with the bundle of letters.

"Ahh, thank you, my good man. That will be all . . ." I murmured, leafing through the usual assortment of royalty checks, banquet invitations, and pleas from the Association of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to finally come pick up that cache of Oscars the Lampoon deigned not to accept last year. At last, I happened upon a single unusual item: a small, handwritten envelope from someone or something entitled "Stanford Chaparral."

Remembering joyously our fine victory at last year's Stamford, Connecticut, Curling Tourney, I hastened to open the envelope, only to be dismayed by the lack of cash within.

Enclosed was a short, plaintive letter from an unknown "comic" magazine of the West. They wanted us to do a "joint issue" with them. Chuckling at their naivete, I routinely shoved the thing in the pocket of my robe, reminding myself to have the secretary file it among the 912 similar requests we receive every semester here at the Harvard Lampoon.

Later, back in my resplendent Eliot House room, I was wrested from the evening's entertainment of making a freshman polish all sixty-six pairs of my shoes by the harsh ring of the telephone.

"Oh, froshie, would you get that?" I hollered, reclining in my chair to continue my re-reading of Gatsby. The youth ran to the

adjoining common room.

"Sir? Oh, pardon me, Sir, I mean 'Great Honored Sir of the Most Dignified Carriage'? A fellow who claims to be a prep-school chum wishes to speak to you."

Delighted, I sprang from the comfort of respite, ever-happy to discuss the old days with a compatriot. Visions of the pranks of yesteryear danced in my head: giving the Headmaster a particularly unattractive cummerbund for Christmas, singing slightly off-key in the Men's Chorus, and shooting flaming arrows at the school zepelin. I could hardly contain my excitement.

The voice echoing from the receiver, unfortunately, rung no bell in my memory. Someone identifying himself as "John Winston" wanted to know if I had "gotten his letter." He claimed that he was editing something entitled the "Shop-No-Rahl," and wanted to know if the Lampoon would enter some sort of dubious project with this publication.

"Most certainly not!" I bellowed. "I no more recognize your alleged magazine than I recognize your wretched voice. I am mortified, sir, by your presumption, and I wish you a GOOD DAY!"

I slammed the receiver down and returned to the study to see the frosh, hands and face now akin to those of the lowliest bootblack, attempting to sneak into the lavatory to relieve himself.

"There'll be no urination, froshie, until those shoes sparkle like the Kaiser's epaulets! Now, return to your duties before I'm tempted to call the House Master in on you!"

I chuckled at the poor frosh as he slinked back to the enormous pile of footwear. Lighting my pipe with a grin, I strode into the bedroom, divested myself of my outer-garments, and donned my trusty robe. As I felt around in the pockets for my pipe tamper, I came upon the letter I'd forgotten to leave at the Lampoon Castle—the letter, it dawned upon me, had come from my self-proclaimed "high-school chum."

Just then, a torrent of memories swarmed throughout my cranium: this "John Winston" was no more than a "Josh Weinstein" distorted by three thousand miles of unreliable telephone cable, and his "Shop-No-Rahl" was the "Stanford Chaparral" mentioned on the letterhead. Admittedly, this Weinstein fellow had been a bit of a bookworm at the old alma mater, but he had always been good for a larf. His antics since his departure for the West Coast three years ago had apparently earned him the title of editor at his university humor magazine!

In a quandary, I ran for the telephone to summon a favorite faculty member for advice.

"Johnny!" I screamed. "Put on your slippers and join me in Eliot at once."

Several minutes later, John Kenneth Galbraith entered the common room, huffing and puffing from his run from Somerville.

"I came as soon as I could!" he panted.

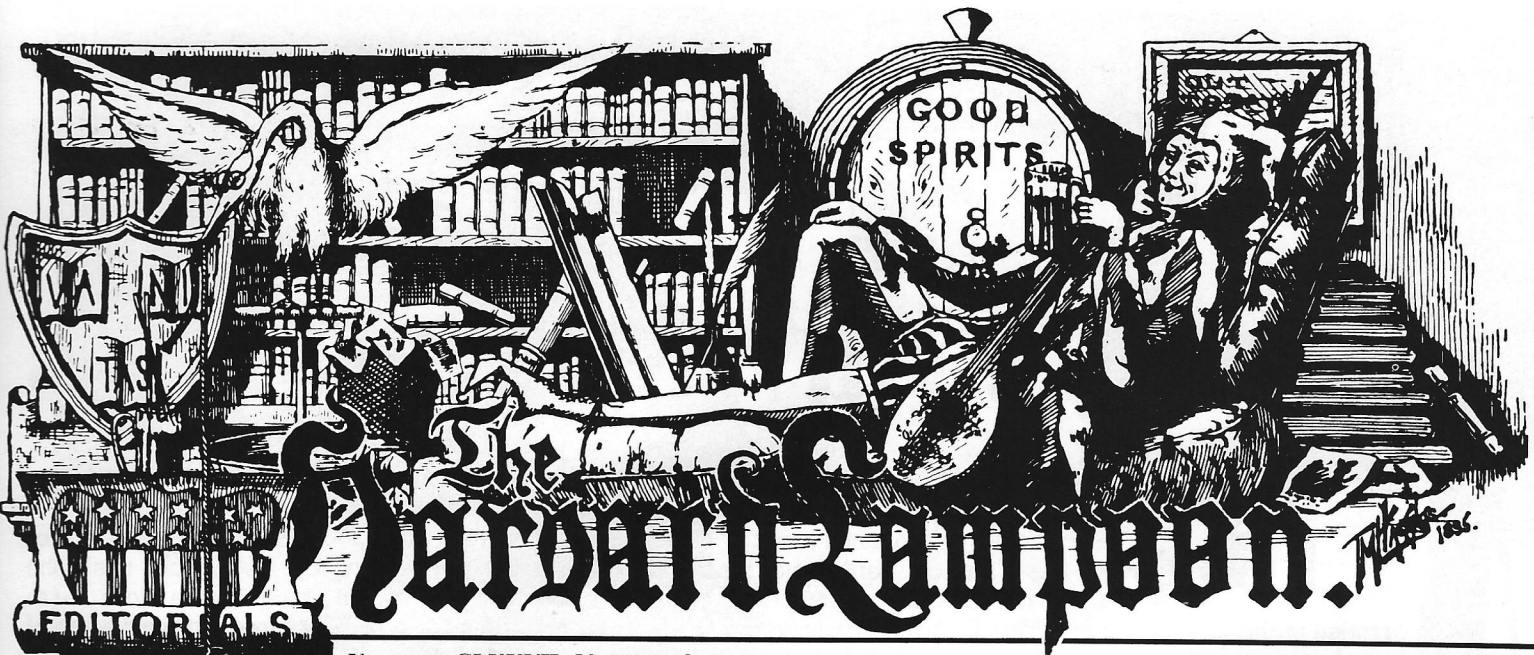
"Quite all right, prof," I replied through the clenched teeth gripping my pipe. "Your hurry was admirable, but, you see, I'm in a bit of a pinch."

I explained to JKG the source of my troubles: I was always one to cater to the wishes of an old comrade, but this time I simply wasn't able. Josh requested that I and my fellow Lampoon wags write and edit an issue of our beloved magazine with the staff of the Chaparral. The Lampoon, I explained, was one hundred and twelve years old, the oldest humor publication in the United States, and the Chappie was scarcely a nubile eight-seven. We had never debased ourselves in association with such a lesser rag, and, said some of my Lampoon brothers, we never would.

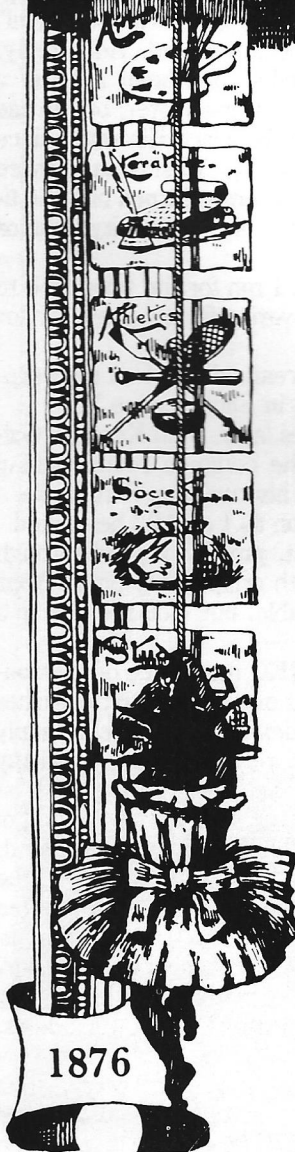
Pouring himself a tad of sherry, John looked over with a smile and responded, in that wry way of his, "Rules were meant to be broken."

That was enough for me.

WLO



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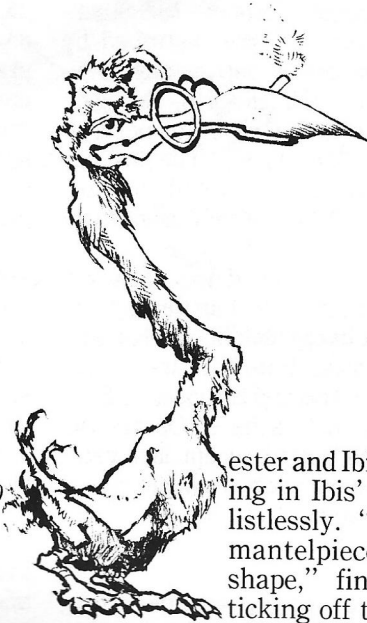
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Elmer W. Green, 1897-1977 Grand Curator

Issue Editor: William L. Oakley



Jester and Ibis were lounging in Ibis' nest, talking listlessly. ". . . and the mantelpiece is in bad shape," finished Jester, ticking off the final item represented by the fingers

of his left hand. "It's not only that which makes me hot-blooded. The Great Hall tipped over and the oven is flooded," reminded Ibis, in a feeble attempt at gentlemanly wit.

"Right, and the VCR ate my homework, and the computer is on fire," added Jester joylessly, throwing up his hands, the fingers of which were now hopelessly itemized. "Where is that Blot? The Castle is falling down around us and he hasn't been seen in weeks."

"Maybe he's hibernating for the winter," coughed the consumptive crow-like creature.

"Nonsense," snapped Jester, fondling the wooden statue of Willie Mays which he carried at all times. "You know as well as I that Blot is more insect-like than mammal-like."

"Maybe he's dead, then," suggested Ibis. "Don't insects die in the winter?"

"I don't know, Ibis, I just don't know. Maybe they fly to warmer climates, like birds. How about that, Ibie? You ever seen any swarms of insects when you were flying south?"

Ibis looked scornfully at the jaded joker. "Don't be ridiculous. I've never flown south for the winter. The furthest I've ever flown is Philadelphia, to visit my little chickadee. And boy—" "—were your wings tired," Jester finished for him. He undulated his own arms rhythmically to illustrate, then sighed. "I just hope Blot shows up soon."

Maybe he's in the Castle right now," said Ibis, moving toward the new phone system. He keyed in the intercom function and listened for any Blot-like noises in the lower reaches of the Castle. But rather than the Blot's continual chuckling and laughing, the only sounds were the tossings and mutterings of the old bum, Garbagehead, who had been camping in the Castle all year, using a sleeping bag belonging to a much younger man.

"Won't he ever leave?" groaned Jester.

"It's not too likely," admitted Ibis. "But there's no point in kicking him out. He's about the only company we have, now that Blot's changed the lock and neglected to give anyone a key."

Jester sighed again. "Well, I think I'm going to go teeter on the mantelpiece and then eat some churrie pie. Care to join me?"

"Nah, you go on," said Ibis, simultaneously speaking, smoking a cigarette, and sipping soda through a straw. "Just be careful this time."

Blot was not only not in the Castle, he was not even in town. Not only was he not even in town, he was not

even in the state. Not only. . . well, anyway, he was in California. At the exact moment that Jester and Ibis were discussing his absence, Blot was on a subway car taking him from the airport to the Stanford campus. He was going for his interview—the one which would help him get a transfer to Stanford.

He'd had enough of Harvard. Everyone was always nagging him, or telling stupid jokes that he was expected to laugh at. "Fix the toilet, Blot." "Hey Blot! Hellhive! Bzzzz! Hawhawhaw!"



Blot scowled at the very thought. Stanford would be different. No snow. No broken-down things for him to fix. No Jester or Ibis. And girls, girls, girls!

His joyous anticipation was partly tempered by his distaste for the subway. He hated subways. All those stupid ads and public service messages like "Have YOU Delivered Leverett Yet?" Blot cringed. And the other riders were just as scary here as they were back east. He was sitting next to an imposing Mayan woman who was languidly fluttering her hands in a quaint native dance. Across from him was a blond woman with an enormous

lip who looked like she was about to cry. They had both boarded the car at the last stop. An especially sinister passenger, the bell-dinging man, had departed some time ago. Still, he did not feel safe. Sometimes people harassed blotches of ink on the subway. Blot sat tensely in his seat and watched as the train emerged into open air. The subway line ran alongside a highway, and young people in cars were zooming by in the fast lane. Blot looked out at them wistfully.

"Clownworld!" the conductor with unrealistically black hair announced merrily. It was Blot's stop at last. He got off the train and headed for his interview on the beautiful Stanford campus.

R"Rr-eh-h-ERM." Blot cleared his throat loudly enough to attract the attention of a woman driving by in a junky car laden with parking tickets.

The Chinese receptionist seemed oblivious to his presence. She continued playing intently with the Legos spread across her desk, constructing an exploded clown, then a broken ice machine, then a little space scooter. At last she looked up. "Yes?" she said in a tiny voice.

"I'm here for my interview with Mr. Legstrong," babbled Blot bashfully.

She showed him in. Mr. Legstrong, the Editor, Publisher, and Prime Minister of Stanford University, looked up, startled by Blot's appearance. "Larry King?" he drawled inquisitively.

"Um, no, sir, I'm Blot. I'm here for my transfer interview," bragged the blemish.

"Oh, yes, yes. Sit down." Mr. Legstrong cleared some copies of the parody he had written off a nearby chair. Blot sat. "Well, Mr. Blot, there

From a banner headline in the *Stanford Daily* to a smudged typographical error in the *Harvard Crimson*, be it accurately reported that the *Harvard Lampoon* welcomes the following new members: **John Wilson Boynton IV '88, Sue Orlean Edwards '88, Naomi Akiko Kaji '88, Benjamin Sanders Metcalf '88, Victoria Joselyn Wohl '88, Alison Beth Levy '89, Stacie Allison Lipp '89, David Joshua Samuels '89, Maya Christina Mary Imogene Forbes '90, David Joshua Mirsky '90, and Nicholas Monroe Spooner '90.** *The Crimson* regrets this error.

are some things in your transcript I'd like to discuss with you. How do you explain this F in Neo- Natal Dieclecticisim? Or this D in Shakespearean Bio-Finance?"

"But I never—I didn't—that's not—" stammered the stupefied stain.

"And what about this F in Medieval French Robotics?" thundered Legstrong, rising from his seat. "And how do you explain you lack of background in Swedish Sanskrit?"

"That's not what my transcript says," Blot feebly protested.

"Is that so?" snarled Legstrong. "I seem to be having difficulty reading it. Why don't you resubmit it in Arabic?"

"I—I don't know any Arabic," Blot sniveled.

"Gee, neither do I! Too bad! Why don't you go back to Harvard, then!" roared Legstrong. "I don't think Stanford has a space for someone like you!" He flung the transcript at Blot's pitchy physiognomy. "Get out!"

Jester and Ibis were discussing human nature in the Great Hall when they heard the door open downstairs. A moment later Blot appeared at the head of the Hall. "Blot! Fix this place up! Where have you been anyway?" they shouted in unison.


"Um, I've been, uh, out," Blot mumbled. He unenthusiastically began unscrewing a burned out lightbulb.

"Yeah, well, get this place in shape and then go over and fix up the Advocate. We now own them too and"—Jester stopped, noticing Blot's dejection. He and Ibis went over to him.

"Hey, Blottie, what's the matter? You didn't have an unpleasant adventure that taught you a valuable lesson, did you?" asked Ibis kindly.


"Yeah, I guess you could say I did," Blot said sadly. "I learned that the golden paradise of Stanford has a lot of tarnish on it when you're close up. I learned that you can't run away from yourself. I learned that my true friends were here all along."

Jester and Ibis regarded him affectionately. "I don't know if gold tarnishes, but brass sure does, you lazy puddle of gunk. Just look at those chandeliers," scolded Jester. Ibis thrust a can of Brasso and some paper towels into Blot's hands, and the pair left him to the dismal task as they went off to lose their money at another all-night poker game.



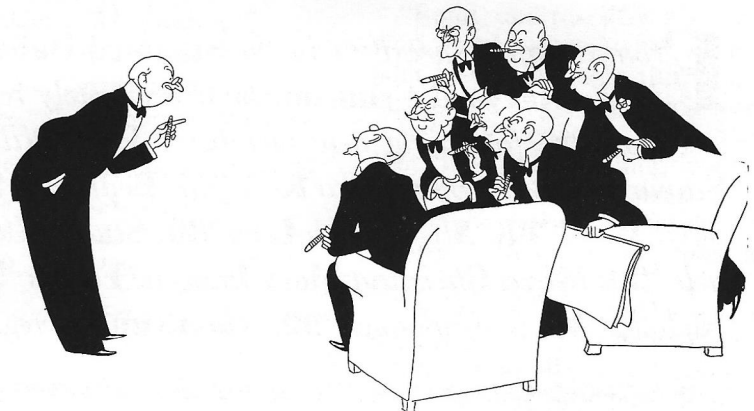
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Campus Tourbook

Area One

To your left, you will see Bowlingba Hall, the oldest and most dilapidated of Stanford's three buildings. Feel free to survey the structure's classic baked mud architecture--from a distance. Those who approach for a closer look too often find themselves maimed or seriously injured by the shower of brick that continually rains down from the upper stories.

To your right, notice the rusted iron exterior of the Stanford dog kennel.

Area Two

As you stroll past the sewage processing plant, watch your step to avoid tripping over an exposed pipeline and killing yourself.

No plant or animal can live in the region immediately surrounding the sewage facility, except bugs. However, if you lean sideways you will be able to make out Stanford's landmark "Stuffed Dog" monument. These champion hounds, raised in the University's own kennels, died last week of a contagious infection.

Area Three

Hurry past the bums and hobos that line both sides of the walkway. Ignore them even if they curse and motion at you as you go by.

If possible, avoid the crazy man with the false moustache. (This may be impossible if he approaches while you are attempting to navigate the ledge around the gaping pothole.)

Do not step on or crush the snake traps; they are there for your own protection.

Area Four

If you don't watch out, fat men walking in the other direction may jostle you and knock you down.

Ahead and to the left, tke note of the complex of furnaces that heats the University during occasional spells of icy weather. To either side are storehouses that contain the coal used in the furnace system. Though a point of some historical significance, the coal burners are actually inefficient by modern standards, and dump pollutants into the air at one hundred times the legal rate.

Area Five

The intricate tile-work in this 19th century courtyard is still an impressive highlight of any visitor's day at Stanford, though the huge piles of feces from dogs and cats have marred its beauty.

***Note: Visitors not wearing heavy trousers are advised to avoid this area, as parasites may emerge and attempt to cling to the lower portion of the leg.

***Warning: Stay off the merry-go-round. It is a dangerous source of splinters and electric shocks.

Area Six

Ahead is the Stanford building itself. The left wing contains the dining hall and the chemical laboratories; the right wing houses the student body and accomodates a small number of overflow dog kennels.

For your convenience, there is a women's room located on the thirty-ninth floor. Unfortunately, the men's room was destroyed by fire last year.

***Warning: Turn back if you are eating sweets or wearing any flowered clothing—otherwise, swarms of bees will attack you.

***Warning: The dogs occasionally chew through the bars of their cages and litter the hallways with their droppings.

***Warning: Do not feed the dogs. They will bite you over and over again.

Area Seven

You have completed your tour of Stanford University. Leave quickly via the rear exit. Please come back soon.

***Note to prospective students: Drop your completed application in the large tub.

DSC



Have you ever been to Stanford? "Well . . . no," I hear you say.

Then how do know it even exists?

"It must exist," I hear you say indignantly. "I know some people who go there and I've seen pictures of it."

Well, I'm sorry to burst your balloon, but Stanford doesn't exist. *It's all a big hoax.*

Ask someone where Stanford is. "Out in California," they'll say. *But if you ask them to be more exact, the only reply will be blank stares of ignorance.*

Photographs? Any photographer worth his salt can fake a photo to show anything. The next time you see a postcard or other picture of Stanford, look at it carefully. See those tiny brushstrokes? Those contradictory shadows? You're looking at a photo of a place *not found on this or any other Earth.*

Your "friends" that claim to go to Stanford—come on, even you should be able to see through that one. They really stay home all day and watch television. *Why else would they be so stupid?*

Sure, you can send mail to "Stanford." Lots of other people do too. But the only place it ever gets delivered to is *the bottom of the ocean.* Do some diving off the California coast sometime and you might see the heaps of soggy correspondence. *Just watch out for the deadly sharks that constantly patrol the area.*

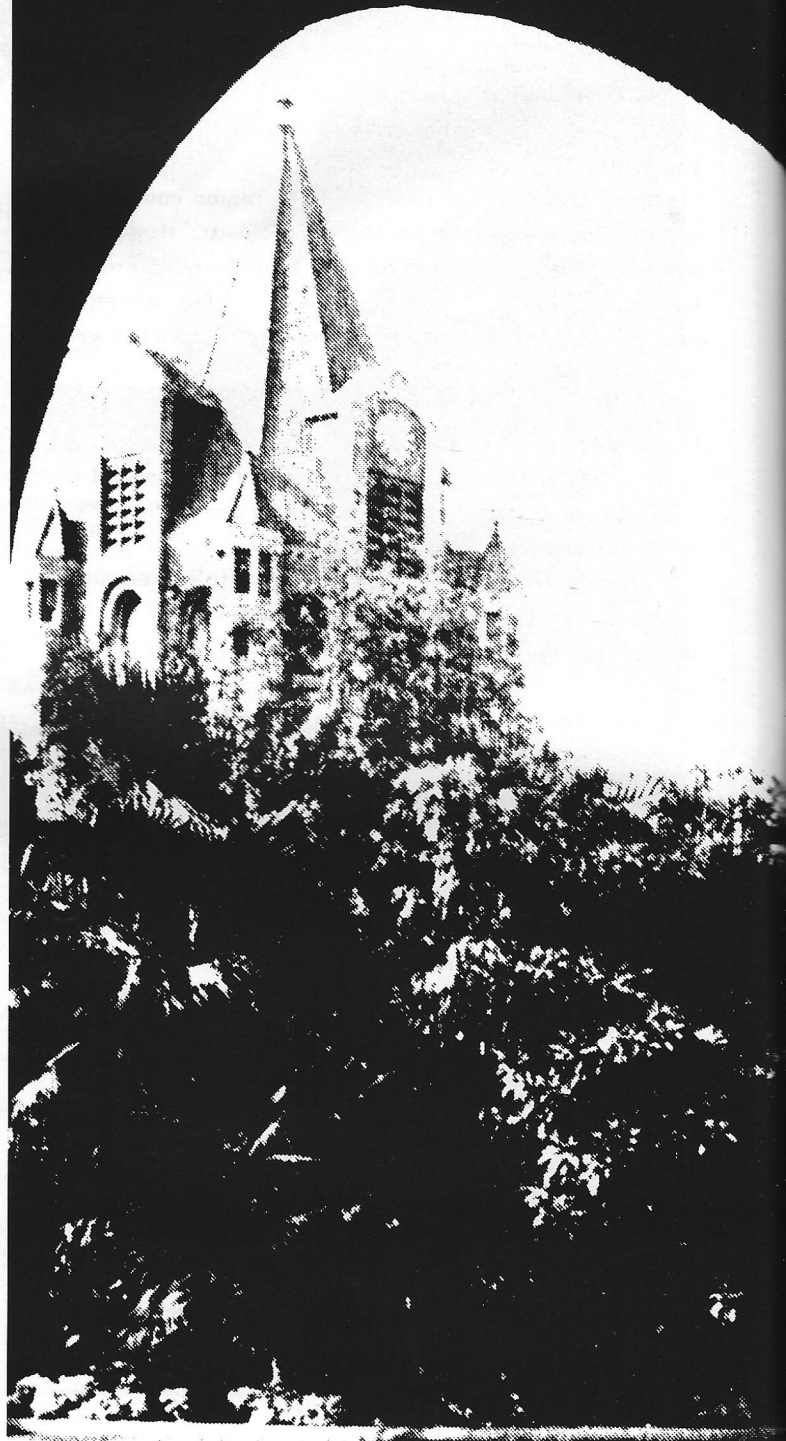
And the next time you're in California, try to find Stanford. Tell people that you'd like to take a tour. Just don't be surprised when they *turn away fearfully and refuse to speak to you.* Consult a map—no matter how much you look, you won't find a "Stanford." If you call Information and ask for Stanford's number, *be prepared to have the line go dead.*

I must advise you not to become too overt in your investigations. I once knew some people who started asking a few too many embarrassing questions about Stanford—and they started to notice gray vans following them around. They complained of nausea and aching feet. *A few days later they disappeared.*

Who is responsible for this massive hoax? What is the reason for it? Those in power aren't talking. But is it *just coincidence that the giant meteorite hit Siberia in 1908—the same year that Henry Ford introduced the Model T?* Is it just coincidence that Lyndon Johnson became President *the same day* that John F. Kennedy was assassinated? Have you ever wondered *why* vegetables spoil if left out in the sun for a day or two?

I know this must come as a shock. But you must try to appear as if *nothing has happened.* Right now, unfriendly eyes are watching you. To be safe, sneer at this page as if you don't believe it. Mutter "Stanford—a hoax? Why, that's, that's *crazy.*" Turn the page and read something else. *Good luck.*

SEY



"STANFORD":

Does It Really Exist?





THE HARVARD LAMPOON

44 BOW STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02138

MEMORANDUM

To: Bill Oakley
From: Jeff Yang
Re: Why we shouldn't do this issue, or why this issue is a particularly bad idea

Jesus: Hey, Heavenly Dad, guess what I made in Shop class today?
God (rustling newspaper grumpily—since Heaven never changes, it is the same paper he has read every day since the dawn of time. Besides, he's omniscient): What did you do with the sports page?

Jesus: Dad, you're not listening!

God: Ah, here it is. Angels fall, 23-2 ...

Jesus: I made an object so heavy even You, the Lord and Creator of the Cosmos, can't lift it. It's on the mantelpiece, next to your bowling trophies.

God: An object so heavy even I can't lift it? Jesus H. Christ, have you been transsubstantiating water into wine again?

Jesus: No, Dad, see ... here it is. (hands it to God)

God: WHOOOAAA!!!

(The super-heavy object slips through God's fingers and drops on his foot.)
God: Ow! That's it, you're grounded for an eon. And no sneaking off to die for someone's sins, or I'll kick your butt.

Bill, the above dialogue merely serves to illustrate the principle that using an irresistible force against an immovable object is a generally bad idea. That's the Chaparral and the Lampoon. Humor-stallions pulling in opposite directions with this issue drawn and quartered between. What if they pervert our sophisticated, cynical East Coast humor with their "mellow," "grody," "feel-good" California gags? 'Why did the dude cross Escondido Road? To catch some action with these bitchin' babes on the other side. Alllll riight!' That wasn't very funny, was it?

And another thing. Those California people—all they care about is sex, drugs, and surfing. Now, surfing is good exercise, and sex may be all right, if used medicinally, but drugs are a serious problem. There is absolutely nothing funny about them. How can you get an issue finished if your collaborators are busy flying stoned high on acid drugs? For years, I thought crack was one of those little Rice Krispies elves. Now I know it's a drug, and I wouldn't be surprised if these Chaparral guys pop it or shoot it all the time.

And how about women? We at the Lampoon respect and admire the fairer sex, giving them as many equal rights as their little hearts desire, but this Chaparral organization treats ladies as cheap bimbos or tramps. To them, a blonde, tanned 'chick' with loose morals and cheap vinyl clothing is enough. You and I know that there's a lot more to women than that. For instance, brains. The mother of my children had better be an intellectual, not some dumb bunny with poor grammar. And how about baking? I like a woman who can bake a good cake; that's a woman with depth.

Do you need any more convincing, Bill? Let me draw you up a little table of contrasts.

East Coast

- Harvard
- Lampoon
- MIT
- Yale
- Sculling
- Crudites with hollandaise
- Champagne
- 12 year-old Scotch

West Coast Equivalent

- Stanford
- Chaparral
- CalTech
- Disneyland
- Surfing
- Burrito with sour cream
- California Cooler
- California Cooler

Now, Bill, is this anything we want to get ourselves associated with? I thought not.
Sincerely,
Jeff Yang

P.S. Lampoon / Crimson polo tourney tomorrow, if the weather is fine.

Chaparral

The Storke Building PO Box 8585 Stanford, California 94305

Dear Guys ('n' Gals!)

Big tits! Hahahahaha! Now that I have your attention, I just wanted to remind you about the big joint issue with the Harvard "Lame Prune." Let's try and make this one one of the five or six best issues we have ever done, okay? Here are some tips for you to make sure we're funny and stuff:

- 1) Articles about people who are addicted to things that aren't actually drugs are usually pretty funny, so let's see lots of those. Like "I Was a Pepsi Addict," or "Addicted to Shopping," or "Lucky Charms O.D."
 - 2) Lately we haven't had enough articles about how stupid and old Ronald Reagan is. Maybe three or four of you could write an article apiece about how old and stupid Ronald Reagan is. Have him do things like barf on his own shoes, or kill a poor person without even noticing, but not really caring when he finds out he's done it. They'll eat it up! (The story, not the barf— I hope!!!)
 - 3) No matter what the article, use comically unwieldy language and silly brand names. "Lint." "Cheez-Wiz." "Amazing Ginsu Knife!" These things are just as funny now as they were in junior high.
 - 4) I'd like at least three articles on fat people, and how rude they are, and how they always sit next to you on airplanes. I love this joke!
 - 5) If you have any problems, just do a stream of consciousness piece—just write and write and keep writing and something good is bound to squirt out!
 - 6) CARTOONISTS: Remember the Chaparral's Big Four Rules of Cartoons:
 - A. A naked lady with funny breasts in at least one frame.
 - B. Someone farting so loudly that it breaks something.
 3. Lots of lovable characters from other cartoons getting run over by trucks and their heads chopped off and stuff.
 - d. The final frame of every cartoon has to be either nuclear war, or one character doing something so stupid that everyone else hits their own heads and makes their eyes pop out.
 - X. When in doubt, stick to the "I thought you said . . ." format. Example: Clint Eastwood on a beach watching a scuba diver come out of the water with a rake. The diver says, "Oh . . . I thought you said RAKE my BAY!!!"
- Let's make this issue really bad—yeah, that's the ticket! Not really. I want people to look at this issue and say, "You look mah-velous." And remember: Degustibus non est disputandum. Which means it's not our fault if people don't think it's funny. As long as you do your best and mean well, this will be one of the 7 or 8 best issues we've ever done . . . since Doodles Weaver killed himself.

Excuuuuuuse Me!

Harry Butz

Harry Butz, Editor-in-Chief

not
really!!! →

Founded in 1899

PRS

STAR TREK V

Stuck in the Twentieth Century Forever and Forced to Open a Diner

"Gimme a tuna salad," says the scruffy trucker at the counter. "And a fries and a lime milkshake."

Kirk grips the sides of the cash register and glowers at him. "Now look. This is a Federation diner, and is thus under the provisions of the treaty of Regulon Twelve, which specifically prohibits us from interfering in the natural affairs of our milkshake machine. You can have chocolate or vanilla."

"Gimme a vanilla, then. Tuna salad, fries, and a vanilla shake."

Kirk frowns and turns to Spock. "Spock, what are our chances of making a tuna salad sandwich?"

Spock consults a chart, punches a few figures into a calculator sitting on the counter, sledges the mastercard imprinter back and forth a few times, and then looks up. "Approximately 73,002.7643 to 1, Captain." He pauses. "Those are very poor odds."

"What was that for?" asks Kirk, pointing at the imprinter.

"We Vulcans, Captain, have an innate fondness for small gadgets that make crunching noises."

"Spock, that's idiotic."

Spock raises his eyebrows. "Idiotic, Captain?" For a moment he considers. "Perhaps."

Kirk glances over his shoulder at the customer and turns back to Spock. "What should we do?"

"I'm afraid, Captain, that our only option may be..." Spock's voice drops to a whisper.

Kirk stands up and turns back to the customer. He paces back and forth several times, and then looks over at Spock. Spock nods.

"I'm afraid," says Kirk to the man, "that our tuna salad is made of Corombonite, a poisonous substance with no known antidote. I would recommend that

you choose something else."

"Wanna tuna salad," repeats the man.

"Corombonite," repeats Kirk. "Nasty. Poisonous. You'll die."

"Okay, gimme a cheeseburger instead," shrugs the man, just as Spock leaps up behind him and reaches for his neck.

"Spock, no!" shouts Kirk, diving across the counter to stop Spock's hand. "I have an idea."

Kirk whips out his communicator and flips it open. "Kirk to Engineering." No response. Kirk bangs the communicator on the counter and tries again. "Kirk to Chief Engineer Scott."

"Scott here," replies Scotty, poking his head through the kitchen door behind Kirk. "You kinna use those communicators, sir. The batteries went dead weeks ago."

"Scotty," Kirk goes on, turning to face Scott, but still talking into the communicator. "I need a cheeseburger."

"A cheeseburger, Captain? I kinna do a cheeseburger. I haven't even figured out how to turn on the grill."

"Scotty, listen to me. I need a cheeseburger, and I need it fast. I don't care what it takes. Just get me that cheeseburger."

"Captain, I dinna know what I can do. I could try patching the toasters through a big piece of metal or something, but I don't know if it would be good enough. And if we needed a toaster in the meantime we'd really be stuck."

"That's a risk we'll have to take, Scotty. We've got to have that cheeseburger."

"Captain, I'll do my best to rig one up for you, but I kinna promise it will hold together for long."

"Scotty, if my gamble pays off, it won't have to."

Kirk spins around. "Uhura, get me Bones."

Uhura picks up the phone. "Enterprise to Dr. McCoy, Enterprise to Dr. McCoy. No response, sir. All I'm getting is a single tone."

"Lieutenant," explains Spock, "That's a telephone. You have to dial it."

"Uhura, tell Bones we're coming to pick him up in the truck. Sulu, Checkov, let's go. Spock, you're in command."

A few minutes later, Kirk returns. Bones comes into the diner behind him, brushing himself off and grumbling, "I hate that. Having my molecules bounced all over the goddam highway. It's not natural."

Kirk rushes into the kitchen. "Scotty, how's the cheeseburger?"

"Well," says Scotty, looking at the strange sandwich before him, "I had to use some turkey, two bananas, a pint of cottage cheese, and over a pound of confectioners' sugar, and I dinna know what'll happen under any kind of pressure, but there she is."

"Is it ready?"

"I'd like to put her through a few tests, Captain—"

"There's no time. Spock." Kirk waves Spock over to the burger. "Take it and come with me. Bones, stay close."

Spock gingerly lifts the plate with the burger on it, and the three of them head back out front. Scott watches them go, shaking his head.

"Cheeseburger," Kirk explains to the man, setting it in front of him.

"This is a cheeseburger?" The man picks it up and looks at it dubiously.

"Bones," Kirk hissed. "Do something."

"Jim, wait," insists McCoy. "Look."

The man, still frowning, raises the sandwich towards his mouth.

"Scotty," yells Kirk, "he's going to taste it."

"I wouldn't recommend it, Captain."

"I know, but will it hold?"

There is a pause from the kitchen, followed by some clanging, a few strange whistling noises, and a large crash.

"I kinna tell you, Captain. I—"

"No time, Scotty! Hold on!"

The sandwich slides slowly into the man's mouth, and agonizingly, the teeth close on it. Kirk cringes as some of the cottage cheese squeezes out and falls onto the floor.

"Captain," pleads Scott, his faced pressed to the round window in the kitchen door.

Kirk's chest heaves as he watches the teeth close, the jaw move up and down

as the man chews. Utter silence fills the diner. Finally, when it seems like the end has come, the man's Adam's apple bobs, once and then again.

The man thinks for a moment, running his tongue around the insides of his teeth meditatively. For a moment the crew hangs suspended, not daring to breathe or move. The sandwich sinks back towards the plate. Suddenly, just before it makes contact, it stops. Then, slowly, it rises again, and the man takes another bite.

The crew goes wild. Uhura runs across the room to hug Kirk. Bones, still

shaking, grabs Scotty's hand to congratulate him. Sulu and Checkov, sitting outside in the truck and trying to peer into the diner through the telephone booth in their way, grin at each other and shake their heads.

"Secure from battle quarters," says Kirk. "Ring it up, Mr. Spock. We did it. And Mr. Scott, you have two full days of R & R on me, as soon as we get to the next planet."

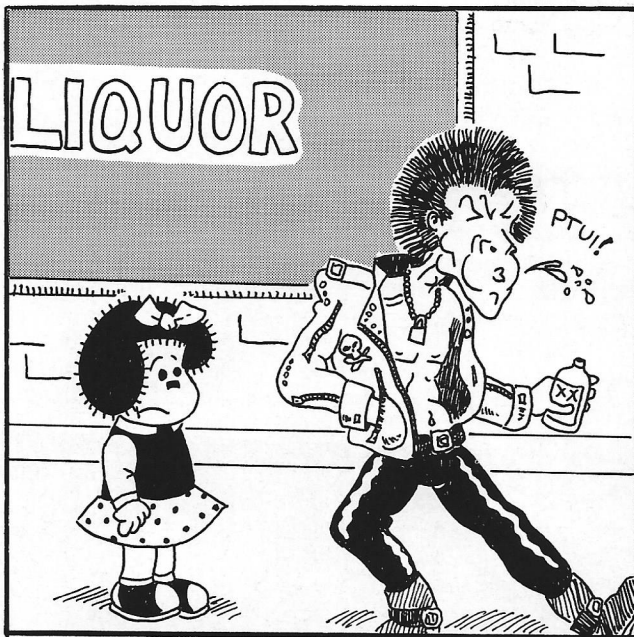
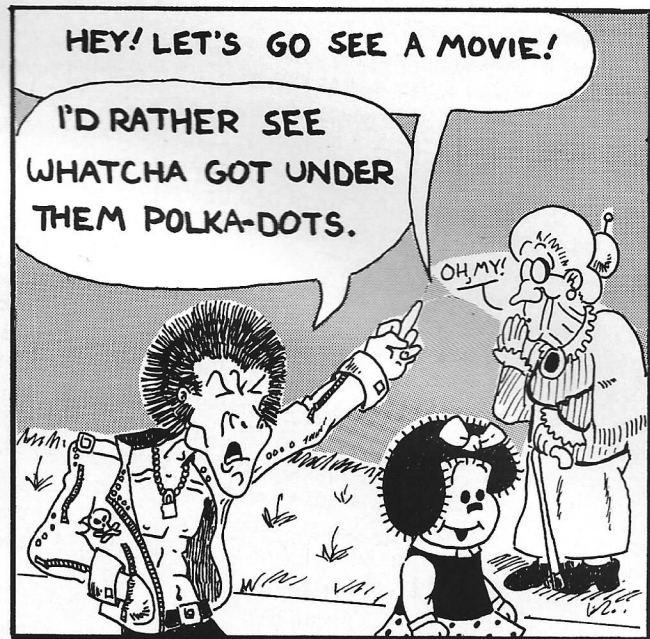
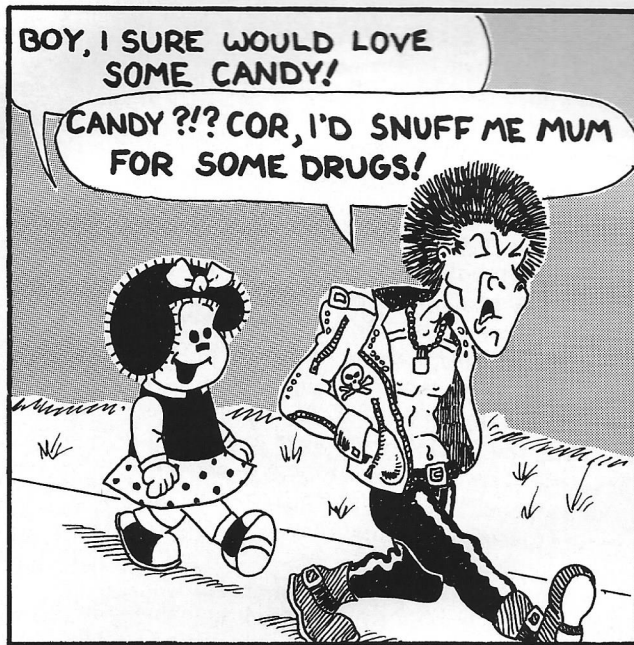
"Thank you, Captain," says Scott, grinning.

"Hey," comments the customer, "this is pretty good. Gimme another one."

GPM

SID & NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





FACULTY CLUB of HARVARD UNIVERSITY

20 Quincy Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

Tel. (617) 495-5758/5607

ATTENTION: All Faculty Club Staff

March 2, 1987

As you know, the Faculty Club's purpose is to provide housing and meals for visiting scholars and professors from other universities. Next week, we will be housing a group of visiting professors from Stanford University in California. The Stanford support staff has notified us of the following special conditions which should help make the Stanford professors' stay a safe and happy one:

1. Stanford Professor of Victorian Literature Joseph Grigely will be a particularly sensitive guest. Staff is reminded that any loud noises, abrupt movements, direct eye contact, softer noises, stubborn plumbing, warm water, or unexplainable breezes could easily trigger one of the Professor's "attacks" which usually culminate in suicide. Housing Professor Grigely in the haunted Wadsworth Suite is not the best idea, but it just might work.

2. Stanford Professor of Oceanography Charles Baxter will require a 56 degree saline bath, drawn every hour on the hour. The chambermaid should leave a tray of fresh kelp outside his door every morning before 7:00. No utensils will be required; he will strain the meal through his teeth.

3. Stanford Professor of Zoology David Regnery is by no means permitted to have mammals or marsupials in his room. If he wants to visit with his friends, insist that he do so in the Reading Room. The professor's wife will be arriving on the 8th. She is an ape.

4. Stanford Professor of Food Studies Charlotte Neiman will require a specially prepared buffet every hour on the hour, increasing in frequency exponentially until she reaches her purge phase (sometime around the full moon). The Professor will be housed in a specially-built annex, and sanitation employees are notified to keep the garbage barrels upwind of the Professor's room: as the Professor's appetite increases, her discriminative abilities weaken.

5. Stanford Professor of History David Huntley has written ahead requesting a quiet room in which to finish the lecture he will be giving on Friday. Also, the Professor's wife is gravely ill, and he hopes that any phone messages will reach him promptly. The Stanford support staff has notified us that the Professor has been denied tenure. Consequently, he will sleep in a garbage bag suspended from the spire of Memorial Hall. Please use any messages he may receive as kindling to burn any other messages he may receive.

During the week, we will also have another distinguished guest. President's Bok's house is being renovated, and he will be staying at Dean Epps' house for the duration. Dean Epps and his family will be staying with us. The Dean will require an extra room in his suite in which to store his 3,000 hats.

Thank you,

Audrey Kremer
Faculty Club Overseer

PRS

Harvard University Health Services

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Omega Man

Freshman Week at Stanford was pretty mellow until the nuclear holocaust wreaked endless hell upon the West Coast. Ground Zero was my home, which meant that my surf board was in no better shape than my three roommates. What a burn-job.

I was now the "Omega Man." Possibly the last man on Earth. Something in my soul told me that I had to go to Boston, where American civilization began. I put a healthy glob of sunscreen 18 on my nose and got on my motorcycle.

The grim reaper was being a little busy bee. Irradiated bird poop burned through my windshield while zombies clawed at my wheels. I continued driving in these conditions for days. The last time my body felt so much pain was on April 15, 1986, the day Harvard sent me a curt note of rejection.

Suddenly, a beacon of hope appeared. I looked at the road signs and realized that I had arrived. I was at the corner of Dunster and Mount Auburn Streets. My motorcycle sputtered onward and died in front of a

quaint small castle that was remarkably intact. I grasped a huge, well-polished gold knocker and banged on the door.

"May I help you?" asked a tall, youthful man. In one hand he held a crystal wine glass, and in the other he held the *Dialogues of Plato*, in the original Greek.

I gasped out the news of my incredible journey: "America... decimated... death... zombies... everywhere..."

The young man interrupted me. "Good heavens, man, I'm sure your Charlton Heston-ian adventures are quite titillating, but mighn't you possibly come back after the cocktail hour?" He looked up and down at me disdainfully. "Oh, and clean yourself up a bit, please," he added, slamming the door.

I was, of course, furious. I had put Stanford to shame by disregarding the basic rules of etiquette: never call during a multi-million dollar humor magazine's sacrosanct social hour. I sulked in a pool of molten lava until I was invited back in.

The members of the Lampoon asked me some polite questions. They wanted to

know why I had five arms. Was this a hindrance to playing squash? I blushed with shame again, realizing that I had mutated on the way to Cambridge. I was a nuclear pariah.

Indeed, I cut a poor jib in contrast to their suave, tuxedo-clad forms. After my apology, I explained that America had been levelled by nuclear explosions. The members were mortified when I suggested that even the water in the Castle's whirlpool baths might be contaminated.

"Not to worry, my good humanoid," said the Lampoon president, who was busy re-pointalizing the Seraut that had recently been donated by the Chicago Gallery of Art. "As we say here at the Lampy: laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you get irradiated and die."

"How wise," I thought as they put me out on the catapult which they reserved for alien intruders and flung me outside the Cambridge city limits. The zombies were after me again, but that was alright.

It was reassuring to know that the real Omega Man was a Harvard Man. **CAB**

Warping Kids



This is a prank I do that makes me laugh so hard my jaw pops. When I've been paid money by some kid's parents to take care of him and we're alone together in his house I tell him his house is alive. "No way!" he says "It doesn't move." "Grandma doesn't move either," I answer "But she's alive. You're making your home in a living thing and one day it's going to digest you." He'll usually get scared and ask for his mother at which I'll guffaw something fierce. Then, as I said, my jaw pops and I yowl until he rubs it back in place with mink oil.

In all seriousness you can have hours of amusement with youngsters, bless their hearts, by terrifying them with outrageous lies. Kids have had very little experience to use as a gauge of probability. What they do know is often distorted by attempts to shield them and any way they are none too bright. Any of the following can make a kid soak his sheets for years:

Stuff Comes Alive

It doesn't stop with the house. If the kid has ever seen cartoons he knows that in them inanimate objects can move just the way live stuff does and that they are usually hostile. How does he think these cartoons were filmed? The toothbrush feels the same way he would at being scraped around inside someone's mouth for years. It's just waiting for its chance.

People Dying in Awful Ways

Every kid knows why you never see Mikey on the Life commercials anymore. He drank soda and ate ten packages of poprocks and exploded. This sort of thing is always happening. The radioactivity from color tv's will give you blisters on the inside of your eyes. If you swallow too often your saliva will run out. If you

fall the wrong way you'll get paralyzed and everyone will think you're dead. Then they'll bury you and you'll have to watch bugs eat your face. I know. It happened to a friend of mine.

The Insides of Things

Golfballs, Stretch Armstrongs, etch-a-sketches, falling snow paperweights, cassettes, q-tips, the bottles in the medicine cabinet, the bottles under the sink and squeak toys all have the following thing in common—they contain awful acids and explosives which will melt or explode the world.

What Food is Made Out Of

Bugs. Sometimes mouse embryos. But usually bugs. Bubbleyum is made of spiders. No need to get into the details but eating them doesn't kill them, it just wakes them up.

Sex

Kids don't know about sex but they know there's something there they're not supposed to know about. So they'll believe whatever you tell them and hopefully will be embarrassed to ask anybody. Tell them they exist in a larval form. After puberty humans go into the ocean to spawn. The kid's Mom and Dad wear disguises; actually they look kind of like anchovies. That's why you should never look at them naked.

These are all good to add zip to a shaver's life and merriment to yours. And if there aren't any kids available you can always intoxicate a dog by giving it potato chips and then offering alcohol. It makes them walk really funny. Not an overly sophisticated brand of wit, admittedly, but I think it appeals to the fun-loving child buried somewhere deep down in all of us.

ELK

Letters from Camp

Letters from camp have been an essential part of communication between parents and their offspring since the beginnings of recorded history. Children in the early Inca civilizations of Peru, for example, would send intricately carved blocks of stone to their parents, detailing their summer experiences. Because of their great bulk and unwieldy shape, it would often take upwards of three years for these carvings to arrive at their destinations. Inca parents, though, were happy to receive these missives, and would mark the occasion by building a large bonfire and sacrificing their offspring to the Sun God while chanting "It's the thought that counts." In the Soviet Union, children write letters to the Secretary General of the Communist Party, telling him of the many exciting activities they engage in at Government sponsored "Pioneer" camps, as well as the names of any American magazines and videocassettes which their parents keep at home. A selection of camp letters from all over the world follows:

Dear Mom,

Do not show this letter to the hairy, flexing, rampant one.

Here I see the best minds of my generation destroyed by dumb games. Nearsighted, clumsy, I do not play them. Arnold Schwartz broke his ankle when the counselors threw him out of the canoe on the 10 mile trip. Bennie Feldman woke up covered with toothpaste, and now refuses to go into the bathroom. The counselors made Sheldon Rabinowitz talk about his mother in his sleep and dance with the stuffed tuna from the waterfront building. Last night by the waterfront I saw a taut, striving monster break the waters, shedding translucent drops of dew on the shore. I am sure never going down there again!

Still, all in all, it's not all that bad being with a bunch of guys for the summer, instead of sitting alone in my room.

Your devoted son,
Allan Ginsberg

To my wonderful Mother and great Father who I love more than anything in the whole wide world.

Camp is really great, the kids are just the best and they make me head of all their games. One thing is, that I get hungry sometimes. There was a little problem with some kid who thought he put his radio in my cubby by mistake. He was sure dumb. Luckily there was this kid Spiro, who convinced him that it was a different radio which our old next door neighbors who moved gave me, remember? That kid sure was a faggot! Also, Spiro gets hungry sometimes, too. I really love you guys alot.

I'm not scared of the huge monster that lives in the lake and eats the kids who I do not like. They all give me money because they like me and so that the monster won't kill them. Spiro swims with me, because I just like company when I swim or whenever I go anywhere near that lake. Please remember to send more food and that money you promised.

Love, love, love,
Richard M. Nixon

Dear Mother and Father,

I hate camp. I hate my counselor, Misha, who has no redeeming features, unless you call his huge hawk-like nose or his large, flapping ears "redeeming features." He is a real idiot. I have also noticed lately that his head is about the same width as that axe that we keep out in the woodshed. Yesterday we played baseball, a new game invented in the Ukraine. I did not wish to interrupt my reading of the life of St. Theresa, who was burned on a grid of coals, to play a foolish peasant game. The other children then made fun of my name. "What's the matter, did your mom have a lisp?" they said. You did mean to name me "Fyodor", didn't you? Also, when I walk near the lake I feel that there is a horrible black void at the bottom, threatening all Russia.

"Your son,"
Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Dear Samantha and Samuel(my parents!),
Camp is great. The kids are nice. The food is good, but not as good as your food, Mom. All the games are fun, especially soccer and kickball. The sun here sometimes gets very bright, though.

Love,
Your devoted son,
David Berkowitz

Dear Mum and Dad,

Camp is really swell. The incandescent glow of the setting sun lends a somber air to the peaked rustic roofs sheltering the pampered children of the rich as they hurry across the finely manicured lawn. The myth of the lake-monster hangs like an ominous promise of destruction over our youthful innocence. At least Tommy Eliot says there is a lake monster. Yesterday Ernie Hemingway, a scholarship boy, pushed me in the lake with all my clothes on. All of the kids laughed at me and it hurt me deep down inside. None of them will laugh at me if it happens again, though, or I'll give them a bloody lip. No sight of any monster, though. Today after dinner I asked Zelda Sayre, a new girl, to kiss me. Instead she gave me a cereal box top she said she had been saving, and called me "Ernie." She is so charmingly inconsistent!

Love,
Scott "the Great"

The name is Mr. Ray Augie. And I have a harelip, but I'm still the finest damned security guard on the Stanford campus. It ain't like I got a job right now or anything, but security ain't what you do, it's what you is. A lotta people think security is a passive sorta job...well, that may be O.K. for the average security guard, but not for Mr. Ray Augie.

That last job I had was just too quiet. The first thing I did was to get rid of that alarm system. How was I ever going to catch criminals in the act if they couldn't even get in the damn building?

"Take out these here motion detectin' machines," I told the alarm man, "I don't need no machines to help me. Mr. Ray Augie's got eyes like a cobra."

And he does, too. One night not too long after I started workin' at the place, I coulda sworn I saw somethin move out the corner of my eye, so I turned and fired six shots before I even knew what I was doing. Faster than thought—that's what they say about Mr. Ray Augie's gun. I never exactly got cleared to carry a weapon, but I carry 'em anyways. I don't see why one bad grade on a psychological test should matter so much. Some people just don't test good. Mr. Ray Augie's got common sense, not book sense, and he's got a pretty good idea of which one's more important, too.

Anyway, I needed a log entry to explain them six bullet holes in the wall. I figured this oughta do it.

2:45am: Six desperados enter the building and shot at Mr. Ray Augie because he has a harelip. They each fired one time and leave.

Maybe you think I was jumpy. Well I'd rather be jumpy than robbed. Besides, I had reason to stay on my toes. The shit was gonna hit the fan real soon. I could feel it in my corns. Also I figured the classified ad I had put in the paper might help drum up some business.

ROBBERS

Do you like treasure? There is some at my job which is at 1137 Santa Teresa St. across from the 7-11. I am going on vacation now.

—Mr. Ray Augie



Sure I coulda sat at my post suckin' chicken gumbo soup out of a thermos like other security guards, but you never get anywhere in this business sittin' on your butt, waitin' for your big chance. A guard like Mr. Ray Augie will make his own opportunities. Besides, it's hard to drink from a thermos when you got a harelip.

There are few things as dangerous as doing the rounds, and I think it's fair to say that nobody does a round like Mr. Ray Augie. I must've flushed a hundred stealers a night outa my boulding just by lettin' 'em know where I stood when I started my rounds:

"LOOKOUT, YOU WINE-TASTIN' SIMPO WUSSIES!! MR. RAY 'SHOOT 'EM ON SIGHT' AUGIE IS STARTIN' HIS ROUNDS, AND HE'S GOT GUNS AND LOTSA AMMO WITH HIM!!!"

Usually that worked, but this night was different. I could just tell. I was pretty sure there was a renegade bandito from up on Escondido Road holed up in the west wing. I'd dealt with banditos before. They ain't like regular robbers—they're extra nasty, and there's only one way to get rid of 'em—you gotta smoke 'em out. But I was ready, dammit. You won't catch Mr. Ray Augie with his britches down. Just in case we get renegade banditos, I normally open all the gas mains in the building while makin' my first rounds. Now all I needed was a match, and it'd be crispito bandito.

Just in case somethin' went wrong, I figured I'd better have a log entry ready and waitin':

2:49am: A gang of wildass arsons enter the building and set it on fire because Mr. Ray Augie has a harelip. Mr. Ray Augie would have stopped them, but he was busy catching a bandito at the time.

Then I lit up a match, and the next thing I knew, I was right here in ward 7, bandaged from tit to toe. They tell me I blew up the entire block, but Mr. Ray Augie knows better. It was arsons, and if the security log hadn't burned up in the fire, he could prove it, too.

BSM

SECURITY GOD

INFOCRAMP PRESENTS:

THE ADVENTURE

A GAME BY JOHN BISCO AND
HARRY BINARY

WEST OF HOUSE

YOU ARE WEST OF A LARGE HOUSE.
THERE ARE LOTS OF TREES HERE. THERE
IS A POND TO THE EAST.

▷INVENTORY

YOU ARE CARRYING:

A KNIFE

SOME KISHKI

▷CLIMB TREE

IN TREE

THIS IS THE TREE. THERE IS A LARGE
BRANCH HERE.

▷CUT BRANCH WITH KNIFE, GET
BRANCH, BUILD BOAT WITH BRANCH.

IN TREE

THIS IS THE TREE. THERE IS A LARGE
BRANCH HERE.

▷GET BOAT, GO DOWN, SPROUT WINGS
AND FLY SOUTH TO POND.

POND {FLYING ABOVE POND}

YOU ARE AT A SMALL POND. WHERE IS
WATER IN THE POND.

▷PUT BOAT IN POND, ENTER BOAT,
SAIL BOAT TO GREECE.

GREECE

YOU ARE IN GREECE. THERE IS A BOAT
HERE.

▷GO TO A DRUG STORE.

DRUG STORE {IN GREECE}

THIS IS A GREEK DRUG STORE. THERE
ARE COLD REMEDIES, CANDIES, PAPER
GOODS, HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS, ETC.
THERE IS A MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER.

▷ASK MAN WHERE TO FIND GLUE.

THE MAN SAYS, "THE DRAGON FROM THE
LAND OF MAZUPAZI LIVES IN A DARK
CAVE. THE DRAGON HAS BEEN
TERRORIZING THESE PARTS FOR
THOUSANDS OF YEARS, TURNING BACK

BRAVE WARRIOR AFTER BRAVE
WARRIOR. IT IS SAID THAT WRITTEN IN
THE HIDDEN STONE OF VANDIZO ARE THE
DIRECTIONS TO THE POWERFUL LEDIO
SWORD, WHICH IS NECESSARY TO KILL
MAZUPAZI. BUT THE SWORD IS GUARDED
BY AN EVIL TROLL. GO TO THE OLD
WOMAN IN THE HUT TO FIND OUT WHERE
THE MAP TO VANDIZO LIES."

▷ASK MAN WHERE TO FIND GLUE+

"OH, SORRY. THE GLUE IS IN AISLE
FOUR NEXT TO THE CRESTED JEWEL OF
PANDOX.

▷GO TO AISLE FOUR.

AISLE FOUR {DRUG STORE}

YOU ARE AT AISLE FOUR. THERE IS A
SPARKLING GOLD TRIDENT ON THE
FIRST SHELF. TO THE LEFT OF THE
TRIDENT IS A SPHERICAL, GLOWING
ORB WHICH EMITS A FLAKY YELLOW
MIST. TO THE LEFT OF THE ORB IS A
LONG, RED EMBLAZONED WAND, WHICH
SITS ABOVE A SILVER PLATED SHIELD
AND A PAIR OF CHARCOAL-BLACK
GAUNTLETS. NEXT TO THE GAUNTLETS
IS THE CRESTED JEWEL OF PANDOX AND
NEXT TO THE CRESTED JEWEL OF PANDOX
IS A BOTTLE OF ELMER'S GLUE.

▷GET GLUE AND GO BACK TO MAN.

DRUG STORE {IN GREECE}

THIS IS A GREEK DRUG STORE. THERE
ARE COLD REMEDIES, CANDIES, PAPER
GOODS, HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS, ETC.
THERE IS A MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER.
▷STEAL MONEY FROM CASH REGISTER
THEN BUY GLUE.

THE MAN SAYS "HERE IS YOUR GLUE."

▷INVENTORY

YOU ARE CARRYING:

A KNIFE

SOME KISHKI

BOTTLE OF GLUE

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

▷TORMENT MAN BY DANGLING KISHKI IN FRONT OF HIS FACE SO THAT HIS HUNGER FOR THE KISHKI BECOMES SO OVERPOWERING THAT HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

THE MAN SAYS, "PLEASE, GIVE ME THE KISHKI".

▷GRAB MAN'S ARMS AND TWIST THEM BEHIND HIS BACK, WHILE LIFTING HIS LEGS UP TO HIS HEAD AND TYING ALL FOUR LIMBS INTO A KNOT.

THE MAN SAYS, "WHY? WHY?"

▷LEAVE MAN LYING THERE IN A KNOT, SPROUT MORE WINGS AND FLY BACK TO THE BOAT WHICH IS SOMEWHERE IN GREECE.

GREECE

YOU ARE IN GREECE. THERE IS A BOAT HERE.

▷GO TO GREEK RUINS.

GREEK RUINS. THERE IS A LOT OF RUBBLE HERE.

▷FIX RUINS.

DONE.

▷GET A BUNCH OF INTANGIBLES.

YOU ARE CARRYING:

A KNIFE

SOME KISHKI

BOTTLE OF GLUE

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

EQUALITY

LOVE

HATE

PATHOS

SUDDENLY YOU ARE CONFRONTED BY A GIGANTIC MEALY WORM NAMED STAN. STAN'S TERRIFYING GREEN BODY GLISTENS IN THE HOT GREEK SUN. FROM THE LOOK BEING EMITTED FROM HIS SLIMY HEAD-SECTION IT APPEARS THAT HE IS OUT FOR THE KILL. HE IS WEARING A RED AND BLUE BEANY AND LOOKS FEROCIOUS. HIS SLINKY MOVEMENT ENHANCES HIS SWIFT ADVANCE.

▷LOOK AT STAN.

STAN IS DIRECTLY ABOVE YOU. HIS ENORMOUS TUBULAR BODY STANDS ON END AND WIGGLES SPASMODICALLY AS HE METHODICALLY CALCULATES HIS MOMENT OF ATTACK.

▷OH SHIT+++

STAN SWALLOWS YOU WHOLE.

ROOM OF DOORS {INSIDE STAN'S STOMACH}

THIS IS THE ROOM OF DOORS INSIDE STAN'S STOMACH. ALL OF THE DOORS ARE LOCKED AND CANNOT BE OPENED UP BY YOU OR ANYONE ELSE WHOEVER PLAYS THIS GAME. DARYL HANNAH IS HERE {ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE CAST FROM WE ARE THE WORLD}

▷ASK DAN AYKROYD WHAT HE IS DOING THERE.

YOU WIN THE GAME+++



Sure, Stanford's different from Harvard, but that doesn't mean that it's worse, does it? In fact, we like to think the two universities are a lot alike.

Harvard freshmen live in "the Yard," right? All the Stanford "frosh" live together too, in the Freshman Building. It's a really big building, so we don't have to go outside during the winter. Or during the summer. Actually, the weather here is pretty great, so we like to spend most of our time outside anyway. And right after freshman year, they let us out of that building! And after freshman year, you get to choose which of the upperclass buildings you want to live in. The guys usually choose to live in the Boys' Building, and the women in the Girls' Building. Every once in a while some joker says he wants to live in the Girls' Building, but he's only joking.

You guys have a lot of famous professors, right? Next year we're supposed to get G. Alfred Smith to teach economics, which we're pretty excited about. You haven't heard of him? Didn't you see him on the Tonight Show? Yeah, he was on the Tonight Show with Johnny Carson on NBC. I can't believe you didn't see it. Well actually, he was on a commercial, but the commercial was on during the Tonight Show. Hmm? A bail bonds commercial. Maybe it was a local commercial. Maybe that's why he's not as famous as John Kenneth Galbraith. Well, anyway, Stanford was rated number one in the nation by a really famous survey in *U.S. News & World Report*. Huh? Yeah, well maybe the poll was conducted and sponsored by Stanford University, but so what? *U.S. News & World Report* wouldn't lie. They're a very important publication.

Also, Stanford's pretty wild politically. Sort of like your Harvard protests and all that. The Stanford Board of Elders is 105% in favor of students expressing their individuality in political thought. And once a month, we're allowed to do it during "Political

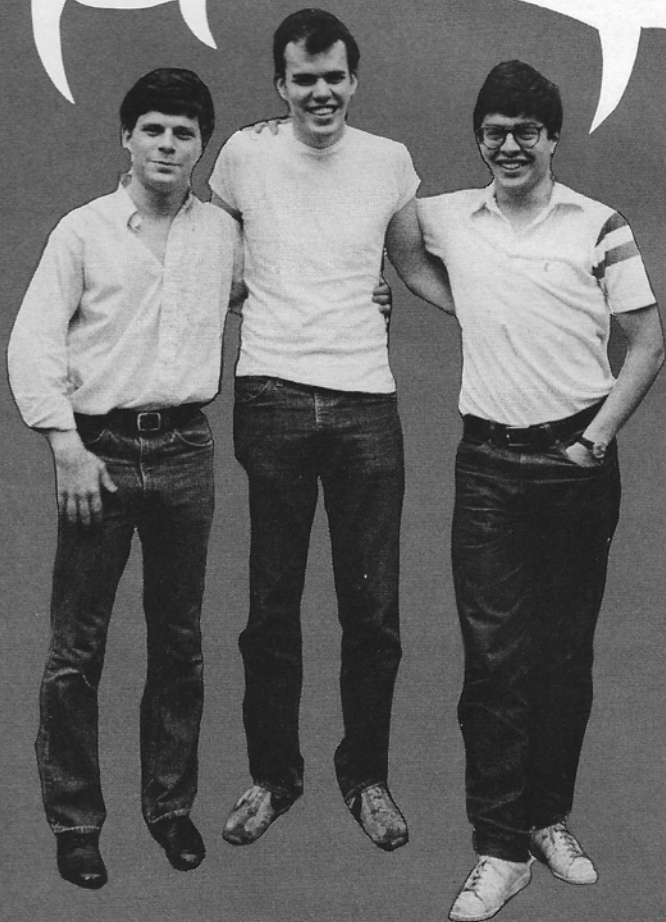
Individuality Hour." We're permitted to write whatever crazy political ideas we want on 3 by 5 cards and trade them with each other. I've got a full set of "Reagan is a big dummy" cards that I got by trading 15 "Gary Hart: He's our man...If he can't do it, no one can!" cards.

We also have freedom of expression here. Stanford students are encouraged to express their individuality through the way they dress, which is a pretty great way of proving how different you are from other people. I mean, if you're wearing a really crazy shirt, people just know you're different from them.

And every other Thursday, we have "Individuality Hour." It's pretty great! We all get together in a great big room and express our individuality by doing this crazy dance that's sort of like the Funky Chicken. We all do it at the same time, for precisely fifteen minutes. Sometimes I wish we could do it for longer, but I think 15 minutes is long enough for each and every one of us to express our individuality in a way that won't risk offending anyone else's individuality.

Classes are pretty great, as you can guess. There are two departments: Math, and the Non-Math Disciplines — but most people choose to major in math. Hey, it wasn't earning our nickname: "The Other UCLA of the West."

PRS



Hi, Stanford!

We here at the Harvard *Crimson*, Cambridge's only breakfast-table daily, would like to extend our heartiest greetings to the students of Stanford University. In particular, we'd like to give our smilin'est "Howdy!" to the editors and staff of our cross-coastal compatriot, the *Stanford Daily*.

All of us know the ins and outs of college journalism — we live it, we breathe it, we wear it on our feet. Furthermore, we sympathize with the perennial newspaper plight of having to contend with the self-proclaimed "funnymen" that continuously steal our water-coolers, put their own phony stories in our papers when we're not looking, and just act like a bunch of pests. You know what we mean.

And, of course, we both know how to deal with the little blankety-blanks, don't we? We steal our water-coolers right back, call the authorities, and get the "jokesmiths" thrown out of school. Anyone who can't behave maturely simply doesn't belong at Harvard. Or Stanford. You guys are just lucky you don't have the Buffoonsters to deal with 24 hours a day! Sheesh!

But enough business...let's get down to the "nitty-gritty." We'd like to get you (all of you!) to subscribe to the *Crimson*. Sure, the *Daily's* fine for Stanford news and all, if the ASSU toots your horn, or if you're concerned about the most recent bollard developments, but the "Crimson" is loaded with news of crucial importance to today's college student! Important education issues are covered daily, along with political and social uprisings, and the like. As if that weren't enough for a college paper, you get the following: three syndicated crossword puzzles, twenty of the U.S.'s most popular comic strips, and a column by economist and Harvard prof Martin Feldstein — daily!

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Furthermore, with our special "New Friends" rate, you get a bonus subscription to either *Playboy*, *Road & Track*, or *Time* magazine! Each day the *Crimson* will arrive fresh in your mailbox (via U.S. mail overnight service), and each month you'll get an issue of your fave mag.

So, either send in the coupon below, or give us a call, collect, at (617) 495-9666. We'll process your order within 24 hours, and within 48, you'll be enjoying the best Harvard has to offer. Nuff said!

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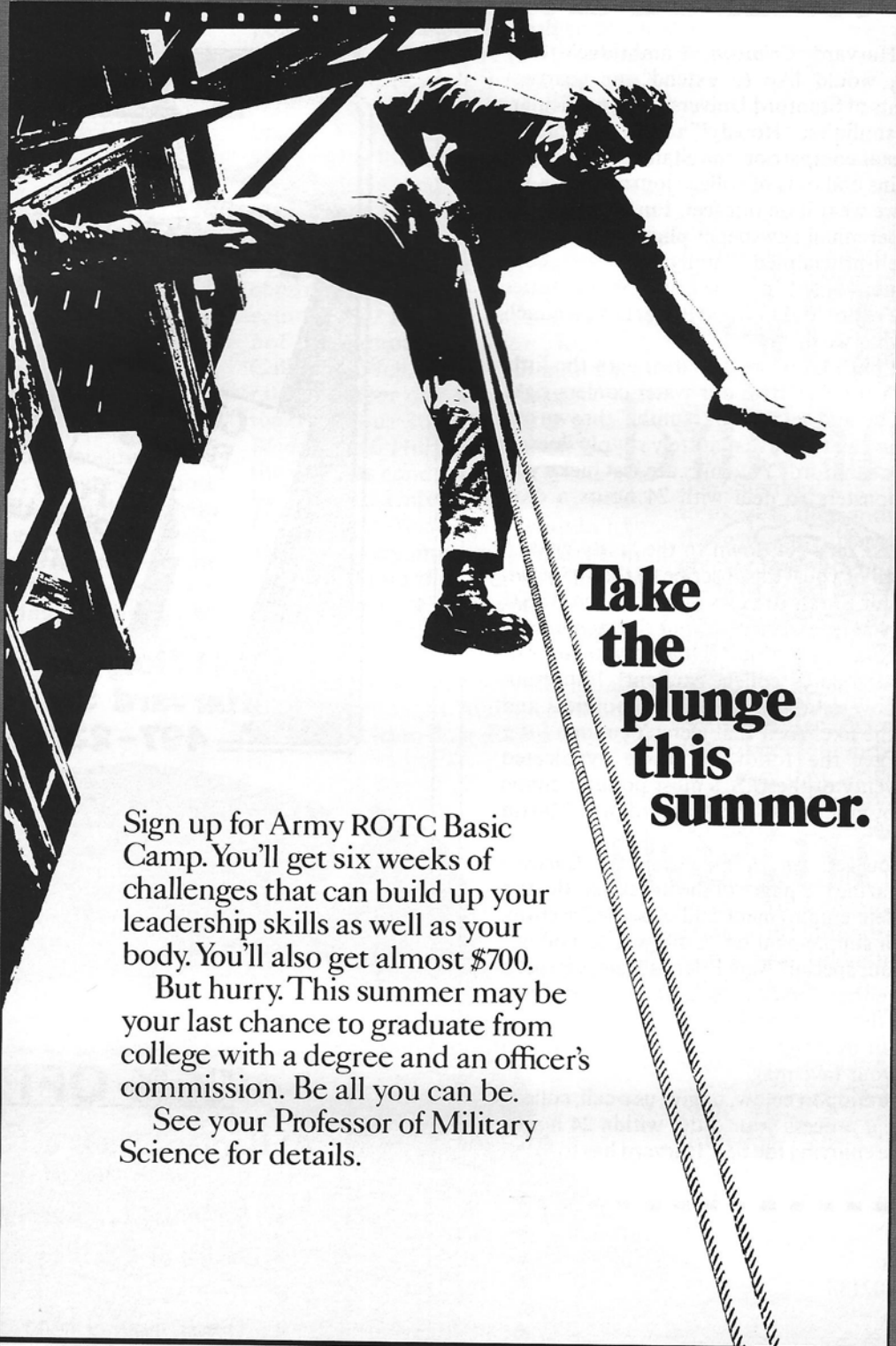
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SQUARE OFF

Harvard and Stanford. A classic pair. A timeless duo. Like white wine and cheese. Leopold and Loeb. Albert Einstein and his dumb friend. Which is better? Harvard. However, in the finest sporting tradition of the Ivy League, we have compiled a list of the schools' achievements to allow the reader to decide for himself . . .

H a r v a r d

Founded in 1636, the oldest college in the U.S.

Eight Harvard alumni signed the Declaration of Independence.

Graduated six U.S. Presidents.

Harvard Divinity School pioneered scientific criticism of the Bible.

Members of the Harvard faculty have won over 30 Nobel Prizes.

A special squad of Harvard commandos assassinated Adolf Hitler, but let the rest of the Army take credit for winning the Second World War.

Harvard houses the world's largest university library, with over 500 million volumes.



L A



M P O

S t a n f o r d

Graduated Herbert Hoover.

Herbert Hoover was elected President in 1928.

Herbert Hoover was nominated in Kansas City, Mo.

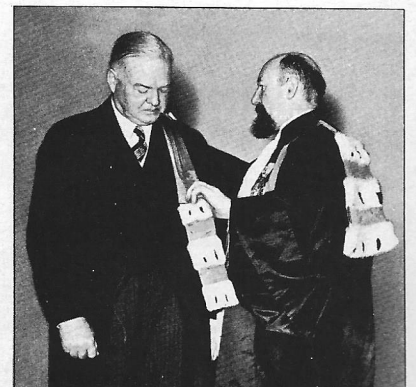
As a young man, Herbert Hoover was taught the ways of Quaker society.

Herbert Hoover wrote *Principles of Mining*, for years the standard textbook in the field.

Herbert Hoover was an avid reader.

Herbert Hoover caused the Depression.

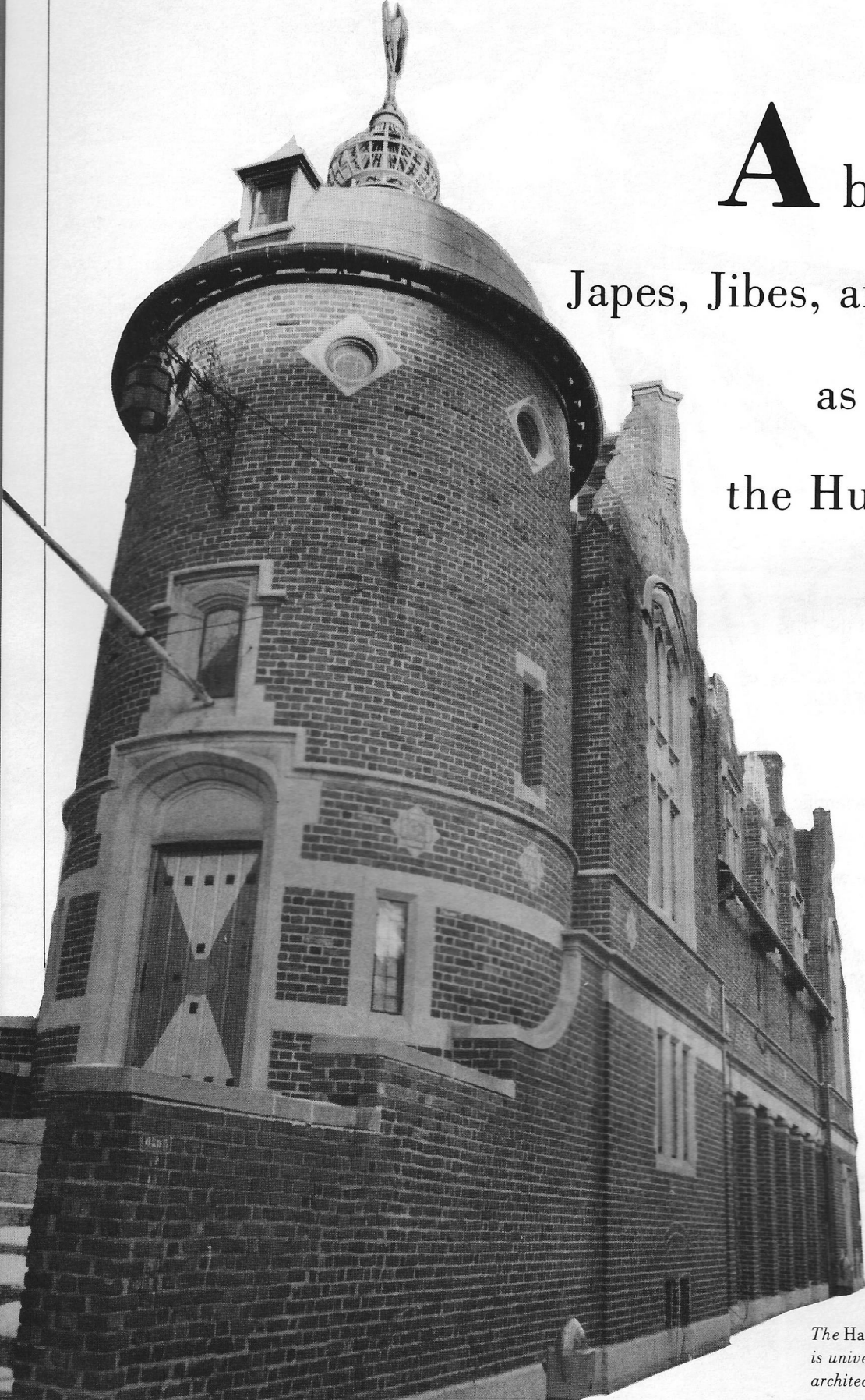
DJG



O N

Lampoon vs. Chaparral

A brief history of
Japes, Jibes, and Tomfoolery
as Perpetrated by
the Humor Magazines
of Harvard and
Stanford
Universities



The Harvard Lampoon Castle, constructed in 1909, is universally regarded as a milestone in American architecture.

1876 Seven Harvard undergraduates promulgate the premiere issue of the *Harvard Lampoon* or the *Cambridge Charivari*. The first humor magazine in the United States, it immediately sparks a nationwide epidemic of busted guts, painfully slapped knees, and "laugher's jaw." The first copies sell out within minutes.

1881 Stanford doesn't exist.

1888 Four *Lampoon* editors vacationing at Saratoga Springs, New York, make merry with a chef at the local inn, ribbing him about his ability to slice fried potatoes correctly. The chef, in a fit of jocular pique, allows the four to try their own hands at the task. Their thinly-sliced "Saratoga Chips" become an instant success with the evening's diners, and thus, the potato chip is born.

1890 Stanford still doesn't exist.

1903 *Lampoon* editor Ernie Thayer publishes a satiric poem depicting a losing baseball team's "last gasp at the big game." The verse, an instant hit, is picked up by national magazines, and the *Lampoon* chalks up another blockbuster with its "Casey at the Bat." The magazine is 27 years old.

1904 The Stanford *Chaparral*, now in its fourth year, publishes its fifteenth immensely popular "Farts & Tits" Issue.

1909 Former *Lampoon* editor William Randolph Hearst, now the most important publisher in history, clears an entire Harvard Square block and constructs an actual Castle for his beloved magazine. "The Castle" instantly becomes a repository for some of the finest antique wood and tile work in the world.

1911 Several *Chaparral* editors, on their first vacation to the Midwest, are severely traumatized by their first sight of what one termed "an iron horse that runs on tracks."

1912 *Lampoon* president Robert Benchly invents the magazine parody format. A *New Yorker* spoof, the first full-scale parody ever, sells out on the Eastern seaboard.

1917 The *Chaparral* enjoys higher-than-usual sales with its "The Kaiser's Dick is Pitifully Short" issue.

1923 Lampy's summer staff, on a jaunt to Egypt, inadvertently stumbles upon the tomb of King Tutankhamen, discovering the most important archeological artifacts of the century.

1923 The entire staff of the Stanford *Chaparral* mysteriously dies of asphyxiation.

1927 The *Lampoon* staff, while passing time in a Harvard physics lab, perfects a method for the "talking motion picture." *Chaparral* editors attend a demonstration and continuously talk back to the screen.

1929 President Hoover, browsing through the latest *Chaparral*, is suddenly struck with an uncontrollable desire to act silly and stupid. His sophomoric antics cause thousands of investors to lose faith in the government, causing the collapse of the speculative stock market, and plunging the nation into a 12 year depression.

1933 President Roosevelt, a former editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, devises a nationwide prank to "finally get even with" the *Lampoon*. Entitled "Whip Poonie Asses," or "WPA," the prank is ineffectual; however, its undertaking puts millions of destitute Americans to work again. It will eventually be hailed as FDR's most successful program.

1949 The *Lampoon*, in its unannounced addition to the Berlin Airlift, drops several thousand tightly-bound stacks of issues on the city; the magazines decimate a visiting Josef Stalin's motorcade. The shaken Soviet leader lifts his blockade hours after the incident.

1954 At the height of the "Red Scare," several quick-thinking *Lampoon* editors attending the televised Army-McCarthy hearings slip a handy "Whoopie Cushion" onto the Senator's chair. Joe McCarthy's "flatulence" is audible to millions of viewers; the nation loses respect for the communist-hunter, and the Senator is eventually exposed as the self-promoting fraud that he is.

1959 In an attempt to avert bankruptcy, the *Chaparral* stages a fund-raising benefit in Stanford Stadium; headliners include such rock n' roll greats as Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper. The tight budget requires an untrained *Chaparral* editor to pilot the plane flying the bands in from Clear Lake, Iowa.

1963 Three *Chaparral* members on an exchange program in Hamburg, Germany gather at the Cavern Club to listen to a new band named "The Quarrymen." Finding the other members of the group "not entertaining enough," the editors convince drummer Pete Best to leave the group, so that he "wouldn't be a nothing for the rest of his life."

1970 Three *Lampoon* members conceive of a "National Harvard Lampoon" and convince several New York financiers to back the venture. Although its name is later shortened to "National Lampoon," the magazine instantly becomes one of the most successful in publishing history. Within eight years, the *National Lampoon* will have produced two smash films and addition to the magazine, and will have provided royalties in excess of two million dollars to its parent organization.

1986 The summer staff of the Harvard *Lampoon* writes and produces a nationally-distributed parody of *USA Today*. Grossing over \$1.5 million, the parody not only establishes the *Lampoon* as the nation's premier humor magazine, but also guarantees the solvency of the organization well into the next century.

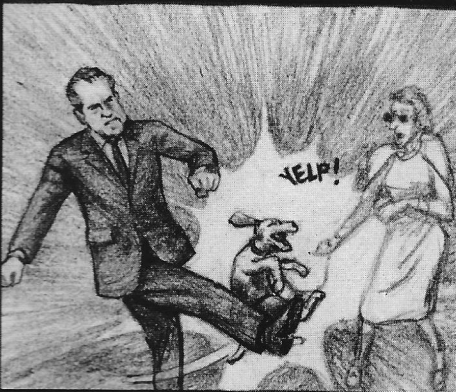
1986 The summer staff of the Stanford *Chaparral* sells bags of human urine. The project is immensely successful on the Stanford campus.

The office of the Stanford Chaparral.

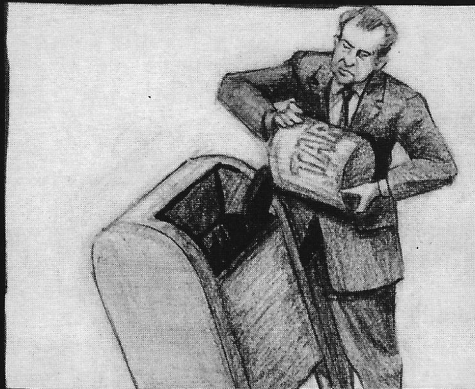


RICHARD NIXON:

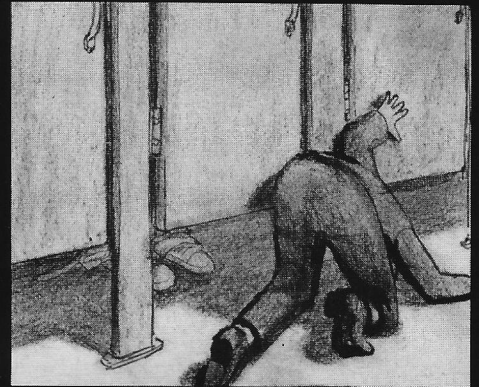
Richard Nixon kicks dogs.



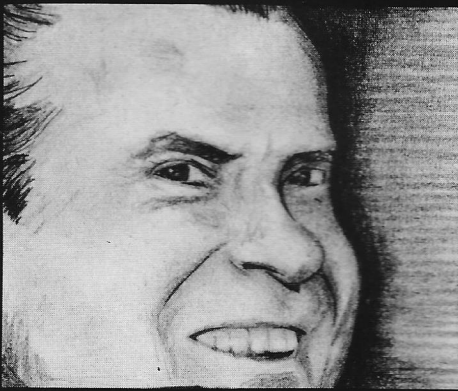
Richard Nixon pours tar in mailboxes.



Richard Nixon has no respect for other people's privacy.



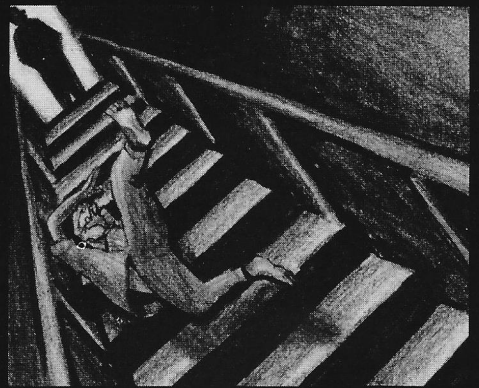
Richard Nixon has no respect for the law.



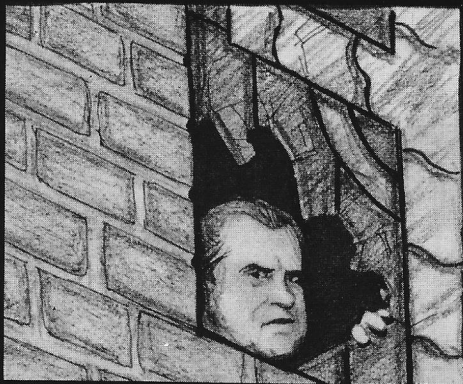
Richard Nixon takes lunch money from elementary school children.



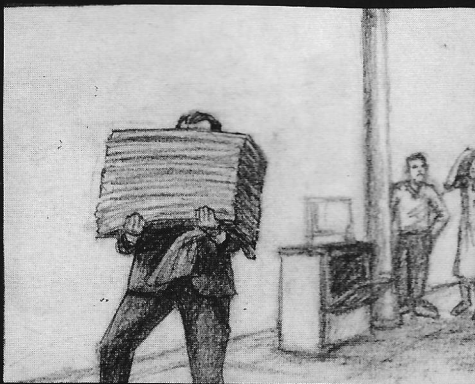
Richard Nixon crippled Franklin Roosevelt.



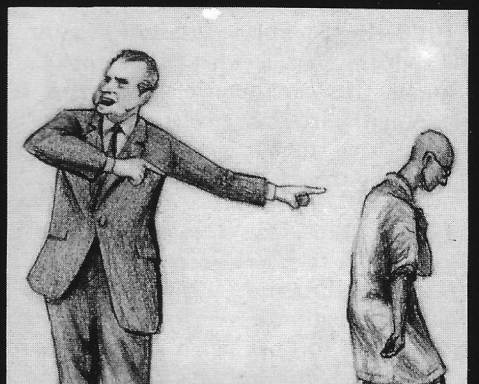
Richard Nixon will send you a dollar if you break a church window.



Richard Nixon takes all the newspapers from the vending machine.



Richard Nixon made cruel jokes about Gandhi's bald head.



HE IS BAD.

Richard Nixon drives recklessly.



Richard Nixon endangers human lives.



Richard Nixon is blocking progress in cancer research.



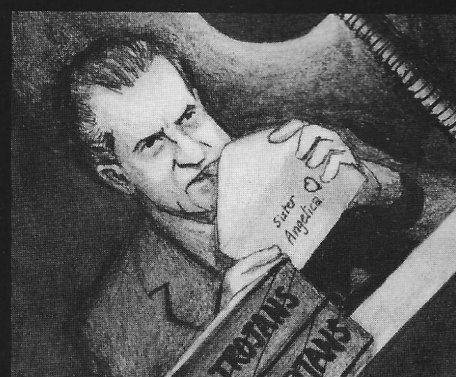
Richard Nixon ruins Christmas for everyone.



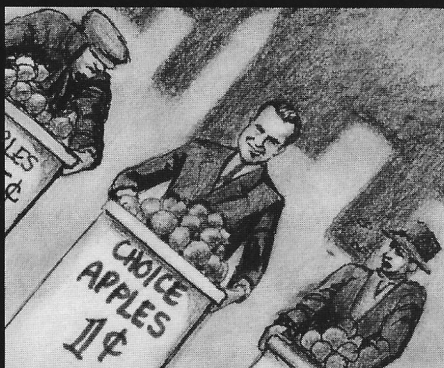
Richard Nixon is a public nuisance.



Richard Nixon sends condoms to nuns.



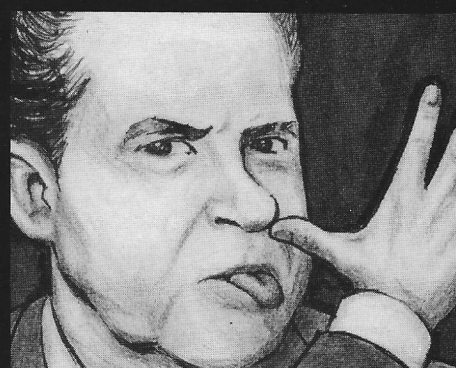
Richard Nixon abuses his personal wealth.



Richard Nixon is inconsiderate.



Richard Nixon stinks.



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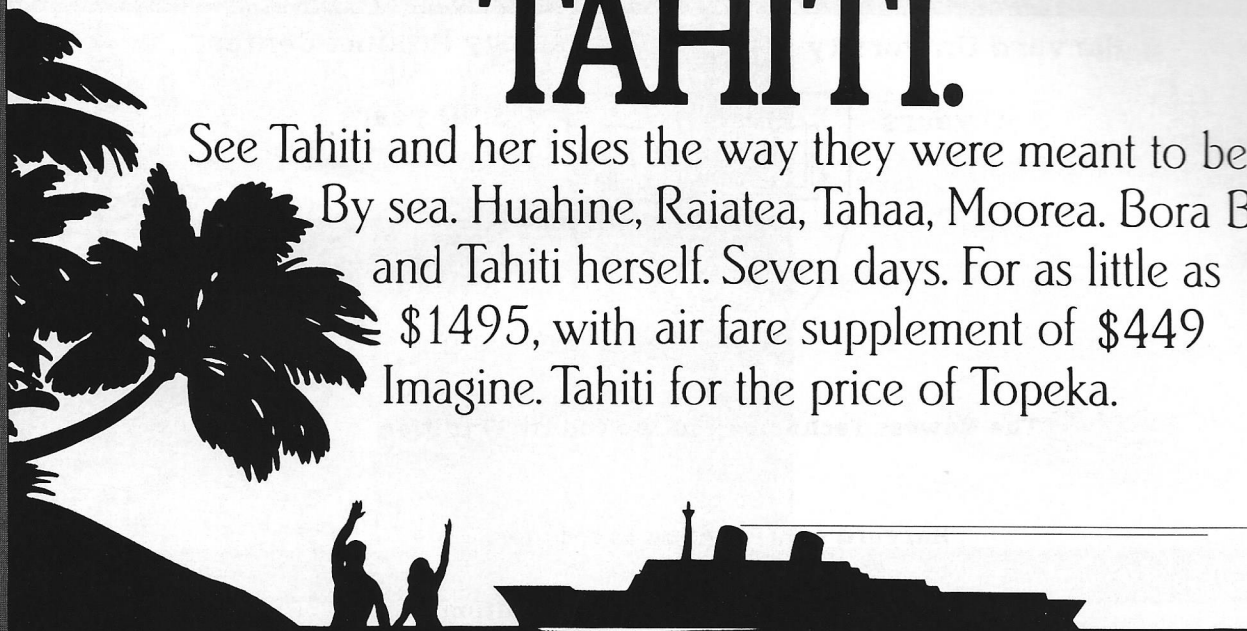
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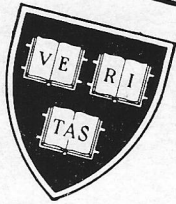
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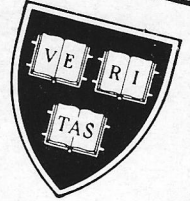
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Stanford

by

A. C. Epps, Dean of Students



I understand that Stanford is a big ten university located near Hollywood: it takes much of its character from the Western penchant for publicity. From its locale it looks toward the Pacific with its flora and fauna, its surfers and movie moguls. Central to this view of life is that one seeks endlessly to ride off into the sunset. One hopes to conquer the leader. Amongst universities this leader is Harvard. Of course, Harvard faces East where it gazes across the Atlantic. The Atlantic has a history of sailing and trade; its waters have shaped the character of men and women who have challenged its power. Governor Winthrop, an early leader of Massachusetts, spoke of the first successful voyage to the Eastern shores of this country:

... Being thus arrived in a good harbor, and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element...

Thus out of small beginnings greater things have been produced by His hand that made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and, as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone unto many, yea in some sort to our whole nation; let the glorious name of Jehovah have all the praise.

Harvard was built out of these small beginnings over three and a half centuries ago. It is not only old and wise, but simply brilliant in conception, seeking to produce leaders of the nation. I am sure that our graduates will be tolerant and supportive of Stanford's newcomers. They will surely enjoy working for Harvard graduates in the boardrooms and government agencies of our nation, the world, and the galaxies. Stanford men and women need only remember the motto, "They also serve who only stand and wait." With patience, Stanford will achieve its place in the sun. Of course, we must remember that the sun rises in the East but unfortunately sets in the West. But with a Harvard man at its helm, Stanford may still rise someday.