

STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

DECEMBER 1991

Hey Kids!

Ya'll better buy
some of 'dis here
Chappie stuff...

Four Professors Poster \$5

Featuring fifty years of those
irrepressible professors.
Awfully decorative.

"Special Fee Request" T-shirts \$5

\$16,833.33 - This kind of thing
only happens once every ten years!
Cardinal on "ecru."

**Chaparral/Harvard Lampoon
Joint Issue** \$5

A collectors item in the strictest
sense of the word! An 80-page collaboration
by the 2 oldest college humor mags in
the country.

Stanford Daily Parody 1990 \$2

Find out why some advertisers won't
talk to us any more! An immensely
popular issue which still speaks to us
in this day and age.

...or I's gonna stick
this here finger
up yer BUTT.

• Send cash or check to the Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, CA, 94309. For T-shirts and posters, add \$2.00 postage, and Dailies 50 cents each, unless you live on campus and tell what dorm room to deliver to. Anal probing for non-customers is merely implied for the purposes of parody, and not a binding commitment. For info on other available back issues, call 723-1468. •

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LATE NIGHT SPECIAL!!

FREE SUPREME BURGER OR SANDWICH
with purchase of
Any Supreme Burger or Sandwich
French Fries and Soft Drink
at Regular Price

Offer good AFTER 8 P.M.
through February 29, 1992 at:
3885 El Camino Real
2280 El Camino Real

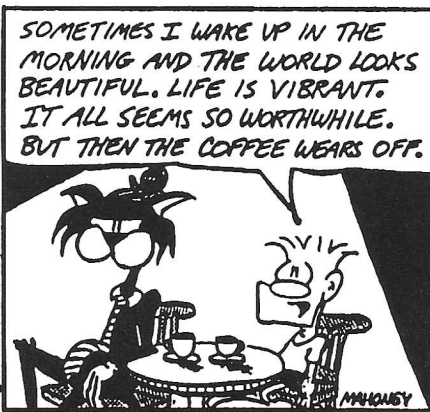
One offer per coupon.
One coupon per customer.
Not valid in combination
with any other offer or
discount.

© Foodmaker, Inc. 1991 601



Now That.....	p. 2	You Make the Call.....	p. 13
Old Girl		David Hyatt	
Excellence in CIV	p. 5	Justice: Stanford Style	p. 14
Steve Jaffe		Jeremy Nelson	
Separated at Birth	p. 6	Secret Files of the ASSU Senate.....	p. 15
Staff		Andy Collins (w/Hyatt)	
Love Connection	p. 7	ASSU Write-In Votes	p. 16
David Hyatt		David Hyatt	
Paly High: 94303.....	p. 8	Traffic School	p.18
Celeste Campbell		Rand Blackford (w/Hyatt)	
Be a Real Greek.....	p. 10	My Summer Vacation.....	p.19
David Hyatt and Jim Hsu		Noah Mercer	

GOOD CLEAN FUN "THE ELVIS OF COMIC STRIPS"



"The Next Big Hit." Factsheet Five



GOOD CLEAN FUN "The Elms of Comic Strips"

Send \$1 (plus 50¢ postage & handling) to:
Gene Mahoney,
1259 El Camino Real
#193,
Menlo Park, CA 94025

STANFORD CHAPARRAL



Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

THE CHAPPIES

Celeste Campbell

TYRANT IN CHARGE

Jason Cohen David Hyatt

PABLUM *MTV TOOL*

Hammer and Coffin

Jim Hsu

Srini Kumar

Aaron Racine

Tony Sirna

Dave Steinmuller

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE

LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER

TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LEIK MALMQUIST '29

Volume 93, Number 3. ©1991 by Stanford Chaparral. All rights reserved.

Now that Dead Week is upon our happy campus, students new to Stanford are thinking what a misnomer it is. A week where professors try to cram in last minute chapters, papers are due, oh, and by the way it's time to study for finals, as well. But where these precious neophytes err is in their assumption that Dead Week refers to the activity level of the week. In fact, it correctly describes

how you feel at the end of it all—dead and weak. You may even be tempted to pop something looking very similar to the somethings on our cover in order to survive those evil all nighters. But never fear, the Chappie is here to bring sunshine to your dreary existence in the form of it's raunchy, and biting wit.

Now that this issue has no theme, it has been suggested that

we adopt one. Perhaps "All Nighters," since it is that time of year again, as well as being to what our cover indirectly refers. We started with "Zen," which led some of our staffers to "Zen Juices" (I don't know what they were thinking either). But we couldn't come up with material any more related to Zen than a picture of a person slapping his or her forehead captioned, "The

sound of one hand clapping." No good. Zen is so all encompassing, though, that the randomness of our articles' themes qualifies as Zen—at least in a Marin County sort of way.

What we need is a contest. Call (723-1468) or mail (PO Box 8585) your suggestions for what the theme of this issue should have been. The Grand Prize winner will receive a "Four Professors" poster and a Harvard *Lampoon*/Stanford *Chaparral* joint issue. Runners-up will each enjoy a poster. Here are the rules: 1) Groups may enter as one contestant (for example, Donner might suggest "Branner Sucks!"), but you all have to share the prize. 2) Enter as often as you like. 3) *Release* tools can enter, but you won't be allowed to win. 4) Rela-

tives, friends, pets, enemies, and professors of *Chaparral* employees are more than welcome, and, in fact, encouraged to enter. A little nepotism never hurt anyone, right? Winners will be announced in the Winter Quarter issue.

Now that reminds me. There was a memo circulated from one of the RA's in Branner to all the RA's with freshmen at the start of the quarter. The gist of it was that Branner didn't really suck and that it would be nice if everyone could refrain from yelling that it does at public gatherings. If you happened to have kept your copy, or if you are that Branner RA, please contact our office. We are interested in publishing the document—as a public service announcement, of course.

☺ Laugh well ☺

STAUGH BAUCKS

The Drones

Aaron Baker
Rand Blackford
Andy Collins
Andy Dworkin
Jason Garoutte
Drew Hilling
Steve Jaffe
Brian Karpel
Adrian Klein
Jim Lin
Chris McKenna
Noah Mercer
Jeremy Nelson
Tony Wagner

Special Guest Stars

Alex Gregory
Gene Mahoney
Rob Wheeler
and
Lauri Reffelt as "Patty"

Special Thanks to

Hatcher Trade Press
ASSU Typesetting
Vinnie Freda
Barry Parr

**CREATIVE
TOOLS FOR
CREATIVE
TOOLS
UNIVERSITY ART CENTER**

PALO ALTO / SAN FRANCISCO / SANTA CLARA / SAN JOSE

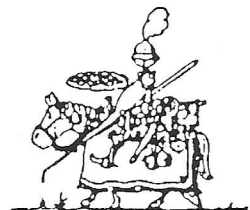
267 HAMILTON AVE. (415) 328-3500
1035 BATTERY ST. (415) 362-4400
2555 SCOTT BLVD. (408) 727-6762
318 PAGE ST. (408) 297-4707

VALUABLE COUPON

\$1 OFF ANY MEDIUM PIZZA

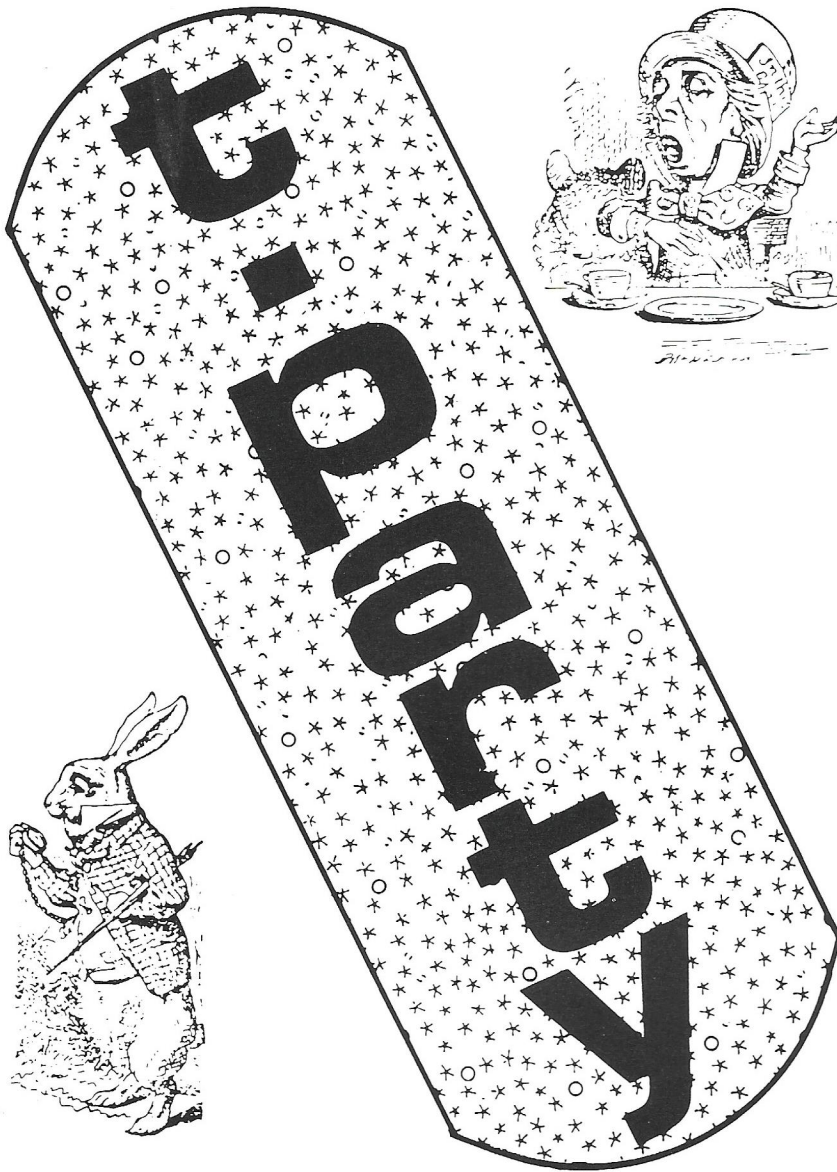
\$2 OFF ANY LARGE PIZZA

\$5 OFF TWO LARGES



Round Table Pizza
421 CALIFORNIA AVE.

FOR FREE DELIVERY CALL
322-1071



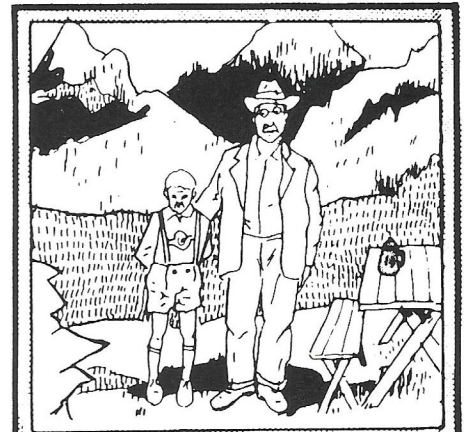
- Custom Screen Printing
- All Garments
- Multi-Color
- Highest Quality
- Great Prices

Now Featuring Monogramming
and Embroidery

Redwood City, CA 94063

788 Douglas

(415) 364-8910



Alpine Inn- Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road

Portola Valley

EXCELLENCE IN CIVILIZATION

When I arrive at my CIV section, there's nineteen people crowded around the table like always, because there's never enough friggin' seats for everybody. So I sat down in one of the seats along the back wall, behind everybody else. There are five people sitting at the table in front of me, and I can't see most of the people in the class. Gee wiz, I sure am glad I have this unique opportunity to stare at the back of some girl's head for two hours.

My section leader, Gregory, starts saying, "Okay guys, let's settle down", and we all pull out our books. "I want you guys to focus on chapter three today," my section leader says lazily. The sterile fluorescent lights highlight his sunken eyes, making his skin look almost grey. He scratches his scruffy brown beard, and then picks at his teeth. "Can somebody rephrase the first part?"

I'm thinking, Oh shit, not this "restate-what's-in-the-book" stuff again. Gregory always treats our class like we're incapable of understanding anything we read. It's like seventh grade all over again. Yes Gregory, we are literate.

My mind wanders back to the class around me. As soon as the section leader stops talking, some girl sitting across the room spurts out: "I can do it!" I know Beth is talking, even though I can't see across the room. It seems like Beth is always talking. She's the first one to talk in every section, no matter what.

"Like, the first part is kinda like opening sort of stuff, you know?" Beth has this unique ability to talk without saying anything worthwhile. She just opens up her mouth, and nothing intelligible comes out.

"It's sorta like basic information things, like, you kinda have to know before you start, like, the rest of the chapter, I guess."

Everything Beth says is so hard to understand, it sounds as though it's been poorly translated into English from some obscure language.

To my left, Greg is staring at Beth with one eye kind of squinted. The guy sitting two seats over to my right is perusing his book, his head nodding left and right slightly. He's obviously trying to pick up on what Beth is talking about.

Our section leader has a vague frown on his face. "Excellent. What kind of textual evidence supports that view, Beth?"

Beth's answer this time is a little slower, "Well, I'm not really sure, but, like, that's just kind of the general feeling that I sort of implied from the text."

Gregory nods. "Excellent, Beth."

My head suddenly feels all hot, and I'm thinkin' what do you mean "excellent"? Beth's so full of shit, you can almost see it dripping out of her ears. She presents some convoluted explanation with absolutely no support, and that's just "excellent".

No one around me seems affected by Beth's lame answer. Two people are already dozing off, and we've only been here for less than ten minutes. One girl keeps closing her eyes and dropping her head, occasionally waking up and jerking her head. Everyone must notice, but no one says anything.

After some more Mickey-Mouse explanations, Gregory stands up to write stuff on the board. "Here's what you guys didn't bring up." Everyone pulls out their notebooks and starts copying stuff down like a bunch of maniacs. He starts writing stuff like, *There is absolute Truth*, and *Beauty is objective*.

"How do you guys think this stuff relates to your lives?" Gregory says, standing near the blackboard, hunched over slightly.

Rob answers, "It's kind of interesting."

"Excellent." Once again, Gregory is delighted with a completely empty answer.

Finally, after filling up a blackboard with generalizations, Gregory sits down and smiles. Everybody is still madly copying everything down. Even though he did all the work, Gregory says, "I think you guys did a great job with this stuff. Anything else you want to add?"

I raise my hand loosely. Gregory looks right at me, and so does the rest of the class, and I say, "Yeah. I think this whole thing is a lame bunch of bullshit."

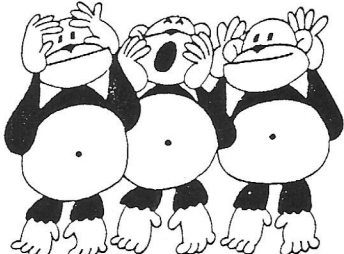
The room is suddenly silent. Gregory's mouth opens slightly in a frown, and he just stares at me. I stare back.

After about ten seconds, Gregory smiles, nods, and says, "Excellent."

I just smile back.

House
of
Humor

c
i
v
i
l
i
z
a
t
i
o
n

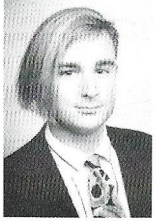


g
a
m
e
s
•
j
u
g
g
l
i
n
g
•
g
i
f
t
s

131 B E. El Camino Real
Mountain View • (415) 965-4116

Stanford Frosh

Separated...



David Salow
Bellerose, NY



Kathy Breen
San Francisco, CA



Courtney Hughes
La Jolla, CA



Amanda Tyler
Sunnyvale, CA



Angela Young
Benedict, NE



Sara Wadhvani
Buena Park, CA



Atim Udoffia
Folsom, CA



David Presser
Santa Barbara, CA



Harry Lai
Prairie Village, KS



Jae Lee
Scarsdale, NY



Geoffrey Ku
Singapore



Michael Kwong
Hong Kong

Celebrity Corner



Dwight Zscheile
Aptos, CA



Vanilla Ice
Miami?



Debbie Gibson
Billboard Top 40



Mimi Green
Kentfield, CA



Jane Stanford
Stanford, Mausoleum



Anita Goel
Jackson, MS



Abigail Walch
New York, NY



Edie Brickell
Dallas, TX



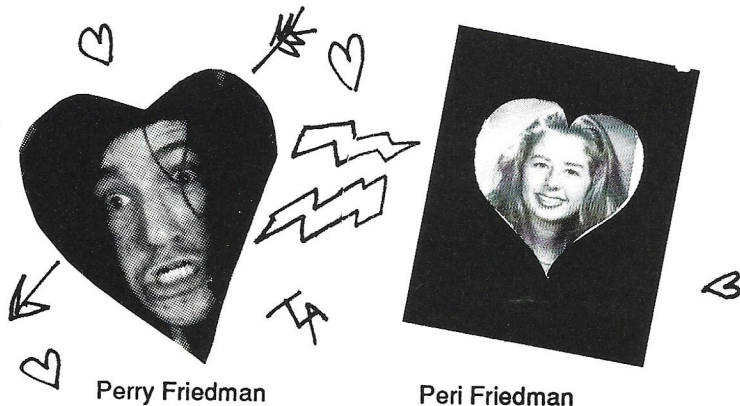
Elvis Presley
Graceland



Joe Cervantes
Kansas City, MO

At Birth

♥ THE CHAPPIE ♥
LOVE CONNECTION



He's a 23-year-old Stanford graduate, with a M.S. in C.S., a recipient of the Dean Lyons Award for Service, and a programmer for IBM in North Carolina.

She's an 18-year-old Stanford frosh living in Alondra. Besides homophones for names, might these two share something else very special?

Can love conquer three thousand miles?
 Let's first talk with Peri...

Chaparral: Have you ever heard of Perry Friedman?

Peri: Yeah. My RAs said he was a real gadfly, you know, a real shit disturber. They also said that many people thought he was an asshole. He would always be in your face.

Chaparral: Then, what is it really like to be "Peri Friedman" at Stanford?

Peri: Not any different from anywhere else, really.

Chaparral: Mmm-mm. Peri, what do you look for in a man?

Peri: Hmm. Someone with sex appeal, but not sexist.

Chaparral: Do you think Perry might match these standards?

Peri: Well, from what I heard, he has no sex appeal and is very sexist.

Chaparral: But don't you think it would be kind of cool for the two of you to get married? Then you could be Peri Friedman Friedman (Mrs. Perry).

Peri: Well, I don't think we're very compatible. But my parents would probably be happy, considering we're both Jewish.

Chaparral: Would you be willing to go on a date with him? [Shows picture]

Peri: I really prefer guys who are more smooth sailing. Supposedly he's the kind of guy who likes to make a lot of waves.

Chaparral: But would you at least be willing to meet him?

Peri: Oh, sure. I'm open minded. Reputations can lie. I mean, just because everyone *thinks* he's an asshole doesn't mean he really *is*.

ON THE CHAPPIE LOVE CONNECTION
 ♥ LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDS ♥

Tune in next issue to see what Perry has to say about their first magical encounter

Wednesday night meetings
 will resume
January 8, 1992.
 Come by. Bring a friend.

Write Solicit

Photograph Laugh

Draw Cry

Become a better person.

We are especially looking for a few people with about 2-3 hours of free time per week, to either call or visit local businesses about advertising. It's grat experience for those of you looking to go into business related careers.

Safeway

Open **24 Hours**



Committed to...
SUPERIOR SERVICE

Two Menlo Park locations to serve the Stanford community:

525 EL CAMINO REAL
 and
 325 S. SHARON PARK DR.
 (OFF SAND HILL RD.)



Racing along El Camino in a '68 Mustang convertible was the way everyone should live, thought Brandon. Yeah, this was the life. You couldn't do this in December back in Minnesota, you'd freeze your ass off. Of course, it would be even better if Emily were the girl next to him nibbling his ear and giving him a hand job. Instead he was stuck with his dumb twin sister, Brenda.

"Jesus, Bren! Can't you do anything right?" he chastised.

"That's it! I'm tired of you calling me a screw up. You can just sit there and jerk off if you don't like it," Brenda retorted. She sat back hard against her seat and folded her arms across her buxom midwestern-grown chest.

"Don't be such a brat. I've never called you a screw up—an easy screw, maybe—but never a screw up."

"Well, Dillon likes my hand *and* blow jobs."

"Dillon's a drunken asshole who'd like to have a horse lick his dick as much he would you," he said pulling the car into a small parking lot.

"You're just mad because Emily is out doing someone else."

"Sure. And she's probably doing Dillon," Brandon responded spitefully.

"You fucker! I hate—"

"Hey, shut up! Can't you see we're at the Arm Pit, now!" he parked the car and turned off the engine. "All of our cool friends are here and you're acting like a baby."

Brenda cut her eyes at him, got out and slammed the door as hard she could.

"Hey, watch the 'stang, you wench!" Brandon screamed, racing around the

front of the car toward his annoyed twin. Brenda rolled her eyes and pushed past him into the coke and burger restaurant.

The twins recognized a bunch of their Palo Alto High classmates and a few students from Gunn in groups scattered around the restaurant. Eventually, Brandon nodded over to where Andrea, the school newspaper's editor, was waving at them madly. As they walked up to the semi-circular booth, they saw which of their clique had arrived already.

Kelly sat in the middle, dressed in one of her very tight, very low cut, very mini-dresses with her arms stretched over the back of the booth and her long, bleached-blond hair sprawling behind her head. This spread-eagle position had forced one of her nipples to pop out the top of the dress. Steve, their huge brawny friend, was fondling it as he stuffed his tongue half way into her left ear. On Kelly's right, sat David, a dweeb who was desperate to be accepted by this group—and to get laid by any one of the girls in it. David was staring at Kelly's chest and drooling all over the seat when he decided to help her other nipple out of confinement.

"Hey!" Kelly squealed, slapping his hand away. "I said you could look, but no touching!"

Steve stopped licking her and looked over at David. "Beat it, dweeb. Our cool friends are here and they need to sit down."

David was rubbing his reddened hand. "But, she said I—"

Steve growled and flexed his muscles. The terrified freshman jumped and

scuttled to get out of the booth. They all smirked and shook their heads as he ran out of the Arm Pit.

"Hey, have you guys seen Dillon?" asked Brenda.

Steve nodded to a corner booth, then went back to Kelly's ear. Brenda and Brandon looked over and saw the back of Dillon's head. It was tilted back over the seat and they could hear him moaning softly.

"Poor thing. He's probably got a horrible hang over," Brenda sighed. "Brandon go with me to make sure he's okay."

"What?!" Brandon looked at sister's big brown eyes pleading with him. He relented, and, with a sigh, put his arm around her shoulders to go to his best friend.

When they reached Dillon's booth, he rolled his head toward them and smiled sloppily at them. "Bren! Howsh it goin'?" His breath reeked of alcohol.

"Dillon, are you all right?" Brenda asked, her voice shaking and eyes brimming with tears.

"Yeah, baby. Ahm jis fi— Oh...oh...yesss...oh baby more...YES!" Dillon's eyes and head rolled crazily.

Brenda and Brandon looked very confused and worried, but then a head with shortly cropped platinum hair popped up from under the table. It was Emily who moved up next to Dillon in the booth wiping her mouth with back of her hand.

"Oh, hi guys," she said with her cutely dimpled smile. "Are you next, Brandon?"

The brother and sister looked at each other with I-told-you-so smirks, then realized what was going on and turned to their respective main squeezes.

"Dillon, how could you?" Brenda threw herself around his neck and sobbed uncontrollably.

"Whu...Whundaydo?" he mumbled just before passing out.

Brandon, with his hands on his hips and his chin jutting out, glared at Emily. "What the hell's going on?"

"Oh, please. You knew I was a slut when you first went out with me." Then she climbed up to kneel on the booth seat, grabbed Brandon's collar, and pulled him face to face. "So, are you next...or what?" she smiled slyly, as she ran her fingers through his long, thick sideburns.

Brandon's glare eased into a smile, "Can I get something to eat first?"

"Fine." Emily climbed over Dillon and Brenda and they went to the counter to order some food. Just as they sat down, Andrea walked up to them.

"Hi, Brandon," she said with breathy exhilaration.

"Hey, Andrea. What's up?" replied Brandon.

"Hi, Andrea," Emily added with syrupy sarcasm.

Andrea rolled her eyes at Emily then addressed Brandon. "Brandon, could you do me a real big favor and drive me home? My mother's out of town today and can't pick me up."

"Are you nuts? You live in EPA! I'm not taking you there."

"Shhh!" Andrea looked around nervously. "That's a secret," she whispered. "No one is supposed to know that I don't live in the district!"

"Well, how did you get to the Arm Pit?" Brandon used to go out with Andrea, so he still had a soft spot in his heart for her. But not enough to take his precious Mustang into East Palo Alto.

"Some of the guys from the newspaper dropped me off, but they wouldn't take me home. Brandon you're my only hope," Andrea's eyes pleaded.

Emily was making puke faces at Brandon, but he gave in. "Sure, Em and I will take you home after we eat."

"Well, okay."

Andrea looked disappointed at having to share the ride with Emily, and Emily in turn flashed a huge grin in Andrea's direction. Brandon just shook his head.

"AAAAAAAH! Oh my God!"

Everyone in the restaurant turned toward the door to see Donna screaming with tears streaming down her face. Instantly, all of her friends rushed to her, even Dillon who was shaken out of his stupor by the shrill tones.

"Donna what's wrong?"

"What happened?"

"Donna what can we do?"

Everyone was talking at once while Donna stood shaking, one hand holding the other. "Oh, you guys. The most horrible thing happened to me," she sobbed.

"Did you run out of peroxide?" asked Kelly.

"Did you drop a barbell on your groin?" asked Steve.

"Man, did you ding your Beemer again?" asked Brandon.

"Do you need a good fuck?" wondered Emily.

"No, no. It's much worse than any of that," answered Donna.

"What?!" they chorused.

"I...I broke a nail right after my \$200 manicure." Donna began sobbing uncontrollably as she showed them her hand with the one nail barely torn at the tip of her pinky.

Kelly put her arm around Donna's shoulder and comforted, "Oh, honey. Come over here and sit down." They all squeezed into a booth and sat silently for a moment.

Brenda broke the silence. "Wow, Donna, this is really terrible. What can we do to help?"

"I don't know. I'm so confused right now," Donna answered, sniffing back more sobs.

"Why don't we take up a collection," said a bored Emily jokingly.

"That's a great idea," interjected Andrea. "We'll all help you pay for a new manicure."

"Yeah," said Kelly and Steve together.

"Okay," said Brandon. He shoved Emily and frowned.

"Um, sure. Sounds great," she said halfheartedly.

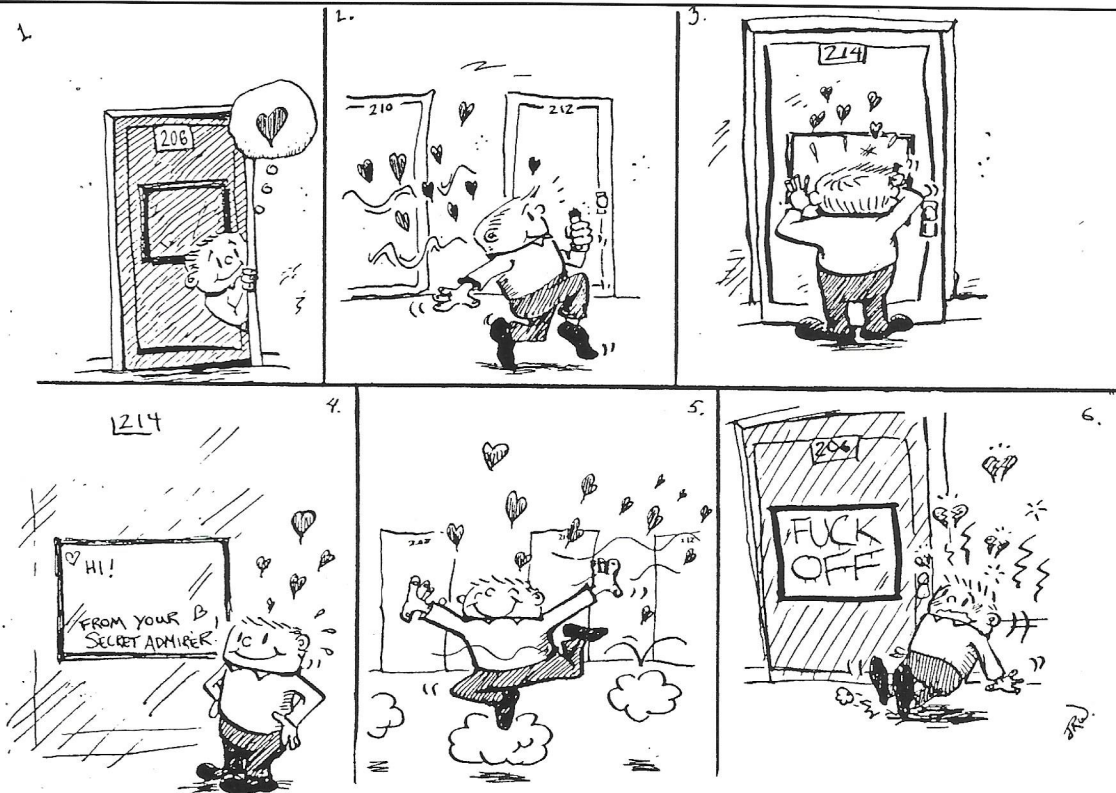
"We're gonna stick with you through this, Donna," encouraged Brenda. "Right, Dillon?"

"Absolutely. I'll do whatever I can," agreed Dillon. "You want some whiskey to help forget about it?"

"Gee, you all are a great bunch of friends," smiled Donna. "I knew I could count on you."

"Of course," said Brenda. "We all know how to make each other happy, and we never let any one down no matter what happens."

Everyone joined arms and smiled.



Be a real Greek...

Rush sucks. Rushees hate it because they have to act cool and wear itchy sweaters. Greeks hate it because they have to follow picky, asinine rules designed to keep the loser frats and sororities from getting blown away.

So if you're dreading the nodding, handshaking, Joker-smiling scene, or if you're terrified of being fire-bombed in one of those big white tents, then consider joining one of Stanford's many **pseudo-frats**. There are a number of high-profile campus groups you can join without undergoing an agonizing rush process, while still enjoying an equally bogus brotherly (or sisterly) camaraderie.

But be forewarned, these organizations and real honest-to-goodness Greeks are not mutually exclusive. Although you may be able to escape frat parties and sorority socials, *Greeks themselves may be unavoidable.*

Real Greeks	The Stanford Daily ΣΔ
Frat house	Spacious office
Sleep on house couches after parties	Sleep on office couches after late-nite layout
Learn dumb trivia, wear pin for 6 months: you're an "Active!"	Learn stylebook, write 4 stories: you're a "Staff Writer!"
Decorate the house with stolen traffic signs	Decorate with fake headlines like "Klein kans Keefe for Kameron"
Dumb nicknames for pledges, like "Flounder"	Dumb nicknames for veterans, like "Rogo"
"Out of my way, dammit, I'm a Sigma Chi!"	"Out of my way, dammit, I'm on a deadline!"
Door monitor	Coordinator for Diversity
New pledges chug beer	New editors chug Coke
Don't spill on the pool table!	Don't spill on the computers!

Real Greeks	Ram's Head ρH
Be a pledge and do menial labor <i>for no good reason.</i>	Be a plebe and paint sets. <i>Then get dissed.</i>
Vows of silence	Non-speaking parts
Ugly t-shirts	Uglier t-shirts
Super-secret codes, special lingo	Ex-producer speaks unintelligibly fast
Hit on drunk, unwary frosh hanging out after a late party	Hit on unwary frosh building sets late into the night
Wild theme parties	Wild cast(e) parties
Some frat boys are real dicks	Tech crew has light dicks
Good-looking people might actually converse with you	Good-looking people might let you help them rehearse lines
To others, you're a bitch	To others, you're a <i>producer!</i>

...or just act like one!

Real Greeks	Associated Students of Stanford University ΑΣΣΥ
"Caveman" 15-keggers	"Conferences" in happenin' Sacramento
Elections pick resume-packing officers	Elections pick resume-packing Senators
Big screen televisions	Complimentary "Friday Classic Flicks" passes
Backyard cookouts	Occasional "Big Bob's B-B-Q" specials from Bon Appetit
Secret romantic 'glory spots' hidden in dark corners of houses	"Beat the Bookstore" storage rooms in the bowels of Tresidder
Heavy participation in IM Sports tournaments	Heavy participation in IM College Bowl tournament
Illusion of importance maintained through rigorous rushing/pledging process	Illusion of importance maintained through "democratic" elections and nifty stationery

Real Greeks	Axe Committee ΑΞ ΚΟΜ
Sacred paddles, cheers, and handshakes, all of little or no interest to general student body	Sacred pins, yells, and stories, of marginal interest to students for one week per year
Image suffering thanks to party incidents and the continuing publication of the Stanford Review	Image suffering thanks to confusion with the similarly dressed Stanford Yell Leaders

Real Greeks	A Capella Groups Α ΧΑΠΕΑΑΑ
Bug dorm residents with tossed eggs, screams, & naked midnight visits	Bug dorm residents with rehearsals, rehearsals, and more rehearsals
Petty bickering and pointless politicking	Bitter whispering at each others' concerts
Rumors fly about who's pledging	Rumors fly about who's quitting
Hang out in White Plaza	Hang out in White Plaza
Successful rushees rolled out at six a.m.	New members rolled out at six a.m.

Real Greeks	Leland Stanford Junior University Marching Band ΑΣΘΥΜΒ
Uniform: letter sweatshirt	Uniform: stupid hat
Streaking	"Marching"
Respected pretty much only by frosh	Respected pretty much only by pro-fros
Party guests openly ogled and sometimes blatantly fondled	Dollies openly ogled and sometimes blatantly trampled
Many sorority members agonize over inevitable decision to de-pledge	Dollies are actually expected to de-pledge after one year
Have house bands	Has house frats, like 'Bonz' & 'Deka Pi' (supposedly Japanese for "big tits")

Okay, okay, what goes around comes around. The Chappie pleads guilty to owning a pinball machine, having a fun little clubhouse, making ugly t-shirts, maintaining pointless little secrets, doing weird things to 'pledges,' and advertising itself to frosh as "like a co-ed frat." So we're all a little bit more like Greeks than we might be willing to admit.

Or maybe, just maybe, it's the Greeks that are trying to emulate their favorite student organizations ... naah.



FOOD STORE

Tresidder Union
 OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
 7:30 AM to MIDNIGHT
 (415) 723-9224



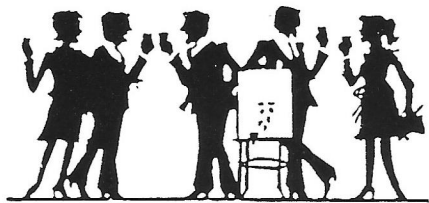
OAK CREEK
 APARTMENTS
 Birthday Party?

Cocktail Party?

Seminar?

Lecture?

Three large, beautiful rooms
 available for rent. We have the
 space to suit your needs.
 Call 321-9920.



• BIG BOB'S BARBECUE • THE CAFE • THE CORNER POCKET • THE COFFEE HOUSE • BAKER STREET •


THE COFFEE HOUSE • BAKER STREET • THE CORNER POCKET • THE CAFE • THE COFFEE HOUSE • BAKER STREET • BIG BOB'S BARBECUE • THE CAFE • THE CORNER POCKET • THE COFFEE HOUSE • BAKER STREET

THE COFFEE HOUSE • BAKER STREET • BIG BOB'S BARBECUE • THE CAFE • THE CORNER POCKET • THE COFFEE HOUSE • BAKER STREET

Freshly baked  muffins bursting with

sweet blueberries • *B*uttery croissants 

and homemade cookies • *S*teaming cafe


lattes  Mouth-watering charcuterie

salads • *F*resh  red snapper •

*S*ucculent chicken & steaks — grilled in the

open air  *S*pecialty deli sandwiches •

*H*and-tossed pizzas  *F*rozen yogurt

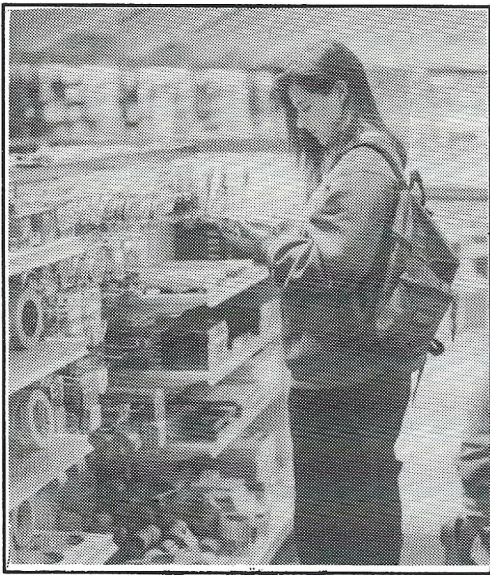
 & Lappert's Hawaiian ice cream • *C*lassic

Caesar salads • *S*izzling stir-fry & more!

**Come see what's cooking
 at Bon Appetit.**



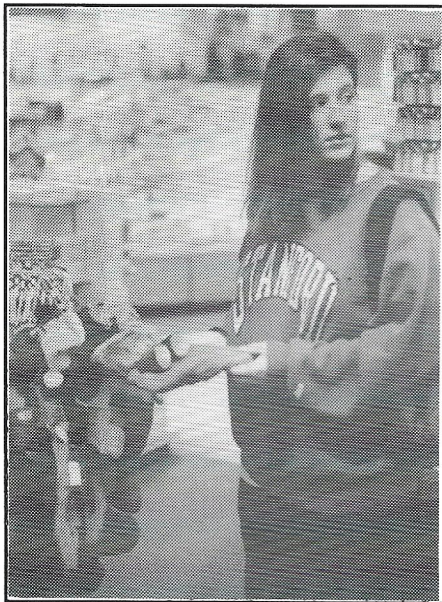
For students only: By adding Tresidder dollars to your Food Service Meal Plan, you can eat what you want at Bon Appétit, anytime you want, at a discount! Sign up during Registration. **For early risers:** The Cafe opens for breakfast at 7am. **For night owls:** The Coffee House remains open until midnight. **Tuesday Night:** Enjoy Big Bob's Barbecue from 5pm to 7pm. **Thursday night:** Try the California Mixed Grill from 5pm to 7pm.



Hey, there's Patty!



Here's Patty shopping for some blank tapes.

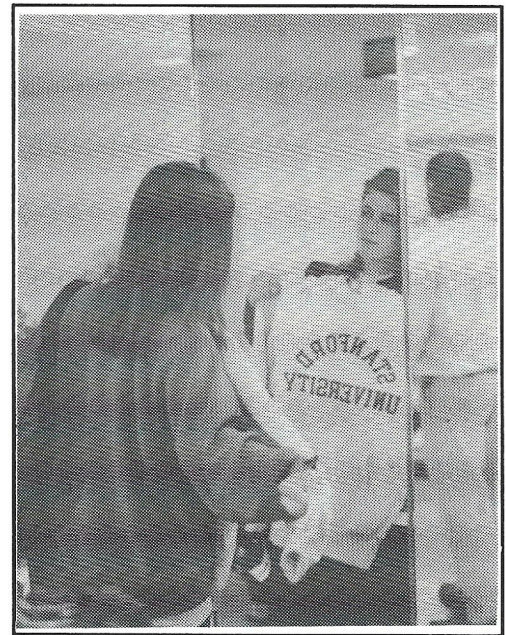


Here's Patty fondling an adorable cuddly bear.



Now Patty's checking out a doll's fuzzy little head.

IBM PRESENTS YOU MAKE THE CALL



Patty — conscientious Stanford consumer, or undercover bookstore security guard??

**Don't like "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt"?
Then try...**



Proposed Standard of Guilt	Predicted Results
"We're pretty sure you did it— after all, you're a frat boy"	All fraternities placed on double secret probation. The Tax house demolished.
"You're guilty, even if it was an innocent mistake"	Stanford suspends itself. Shower curtains and yacht returned.
"Go to jail. Go directly to jail. Do not pass GO. Do not collect \$200"	Only students who can afford the \$50 fine or who have "Get Out Of Jail Free" cards escape conviction.
"MSWord spell-check, Stanford dictionary"	So long, yell leaders!
"Guilt determined by Daily editors"	Suspension of all students who attended the bonfire. Expulsion of all freshman who have the nerve to enjoy themselves at parties.
"Your RA squealed"	Freshmen stop confiding their innermost secrets to total strangers. No more Res Ed!
"You're ugly and your mother dresses you funny"	No more tacky dressers. Immediate suspensions for all band members.
"If it was in your backpack..."	Staff members are fired unless they can prove the illegal contents of their bags are at least eight years old.
"Heads you're guilty, tails you go free"	'Nuff said.

FROM THE SECRET FILES OF THE ASSU SENATE...

While going through the trash behind the law school (you never know what interesting tidbits you could find back there), this humble reporter located the following excerpts from a secret ASSU Senate Meeting. The meeting was apparently held in an attempt to find ways to alleviate the current budget crunch that Stanford is going through. These three bills were rejected by the ASSU, but they just go to show how ingenious and crafty those Senators can be when they're not being watched. Read along, and see for yourself:

ASSU Bill #3540

WHEREAS Stanford University faces a budget shortfall of 40+ million dollars

WHEREAS students should do their part to help alleviate this budget crisis

WHEREAS the aforementioned cryobank offers eligible males \$105 per week for the donation of their sperm

WHEREAS if half of Stanford's male student population (approximately 3,500 guys) donated sperm for thirty weeks, Stanford University would earn over ten million dollars

WHEREAS the general population of the United States of America would stand to be much more genetically blessed given the presence of a significantly larger number of children of Stanford graduates

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE OF THE ASSOCIATION

THAT all Stanford males are strongly urged to visit the California Cryobank for a preliminary semen screening

THAT all Stanford males with potent enough sperm counts donate sperm as

often as possible, forwarding the money earned to the Stanford University General Budgetary Fund.

(rejected by a narrow margin as demeaning to men)

ASSU Bill #3541

WHEREAS there is often a lack of fun legal activities on campus for the average Stanford student

WHEREAS just about everybody absolutely loves to look at and pet cute little animals

WHEREAS Stanford University has a whole heck of a lot of empty land just taking up space

WHEREAS a special game reserve could be set up rather easily for the purpose of holding said cute young animals

WHEREAS charging admission to said reserve could help make a lot of money to alleviate the current budget crisis

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE OF THE ASSOCIATION

THAT a petting zoo be built on University grounds to be open for students enjoyment and entertainment.

(rejected after a heated debate as "demeaning to animals")

ASSU Bill #3542

WHEREAS seven Stanford fraternities are currently housed on campus

WHEREAS no Stanford sororities are currently housed on campus

WHEREAS Stanford University has a whole heck of a lot of empty land just taking up space

WHEREAS a special row of sorority houses could be set up for the purpose of holding these young women

WHEREAS sorority alumnae could contribute to the construction of said housing

WHEREAS charging room and board for said residences could help alleviate the current budget crisis

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE OF THE ASSOCIATION

THAT Stanford sororities be provided with on-campus housing

(rejected soundly because of extreme similarity to Bill #3541)

**"Outrageously Funny...
Masters of Radio Comedy...
Their humor is Cerebral
and Imaginative"
— Washington Post**

DR. SCIENCE SMUG MUG \$9.95
Bright yellow ironstone
Here's how to display
arrogance in style

**DUCK'S BREATH STARTER
KIT SUPER BARGAIN!**

100% cotton shirt (turq. or red),
BORN TO BE TILED LP
(Rounder Records), "I Doghead
Duck's Breath" bumpersticker,
HOMEMADE RADIO 45-min.
cassette ("Funniest 90 seconds
on radio"—L.A. Times) & button.

ONLY \$17.95
postpaid

DR. SCIENCE GIFT PACK Big Book of Science,
Sampler Cassette,
Masters Degree, Button &
a 100% cotton Tee or
50/50 Sweat (S/M/L/XL)
w/Tee \$29.95 ,
w/Sweat \$36.95

ACTUAL ASSU WRITE-IN VOTES 1991

Once again, the Chappie presents: the best of the real write-in votes actually cast in a real ASSU election. This 1991 version includes a special feature: "winning" votes which were, in our judgement, the single most creative, humorous, and appropriate write-in votes for each office.

Unfortunately, many long but presumably clever votes were cut short by the polling computers. Nevertheless, special thanks go to Elections Commishes Enda Hu and Raúl Lopez for making this easy yet somehow rewarding list humor available.

COUNCIL OF PRESIDENTS

The 1991 race for COP write-in votes was not nearly as exciting as the previous year, when the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and the Nurk Twins garnered hundreds of write-in votes, throwing the election into a full-tilt tizzy. But this year, there were still some creative people who felt that they had better candidates for student government than those available on the ballot.

The Simpsons (or variations thereon) won the most write-in COP votes, with 17 (out of 181 total write-ins). These other creations also garnered one vote each:

- the Save the Children slate, comprised of Todd Bridges, Dana Plato, Danny Bonaduce, and Drew Barrymore;
- the Elvis and the Dead Kitties slate, with the team of Darth Vader, Genghis Khan, Pol Pot, and Tweety Bird;
- the Paul Biddle slate, with Paul Biddle, Paul Biddle, Paul Biddle, and Paul Biddle;
- the Brady Bunch slate, with Cindy, Jan, Marcia, and What the Hell Alice; and
- the AC/DC Slate, with Brian Johnson, Angus Young, Malcolm Young, and What's His Name.

Some slates were *prima facie* ineligible due to the fact that there were less than four members on the slate. These entries included:

- An Excellent Adventure slate, with Ted Theodore Logan, and Bill S. Preston, Esq;
- the Sexually Repressed Branner 301 slate, with Gregory Lamps, Charles Quinn, and Timothy Egbert; and
- the Cowan Fucks Pigs slate, with John "buggery" Cowan, and Cowan the Hog Lover.

Sports was a common theme among write-in slates, including:

- the Final Four Play slate, starring Val Whiting, Molly Goodenbaur, Chris MacMurdo, and Angela Taylor;
- the Athletes at Stanford slate, with Glyn Milburn, Summer Sanders, Dave Strang, and Cal Sucks;

- the PGA COP slate, with a lineup of Greg Norman, Tom Watson, Ian Woosnam, and Fuzzy Zoeller;
- the 1974-1981 LA Dodgers Infield slate, with Steve Garvey, Dave Lopes, Bill Russell, and Ron Cey; and
- the NY Mets Starting Pitchers slate, with Dwight Gooden, Frankie "Sweet Music" Viola, David Cone, and Sid "Fat Sid" Fernandez.

The generally apathetic also had their day at the polls, voting for:

- the All We Want Is The Refund slate, w/ We Couldn't, Care Less, About These, and Puerile Agendas;
- the Fuck This Shit slate, with Screw You, Leave Me Alone, Get Out Of My Face, and I Really Mean It;
- the Fuck You slate, with Resume Padding Fascist Bastards, Dickheads, and Nazis; and
- the None of the Above slate, comprised of Office to go unpersoned, No need for ASSU, and Stop the Madness!

And the winner of the Chappie's henceforth inaugurated annual Best COP Write-in Slate contest is the voter calling for:

★ the Yo Mama's Slate ★
Yo Mom, Yo Dad, Yo Brother, and
Yo Big Fat Grandmother.



Your ASSU Council Of Presidents?

STUDENT CONDUCT LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

The race for the most SCLC write-in votes was won by Zamfir, the Master of the Panflute, with 64 votes. Bart Simpson took second with 49, and Virginia Tsai, everybody's favorite ex-Daily columnist, was a distant third with 15 votes. Buckley, the appallingly adorable mouse from 'Space For Rent,' was fourth with 7. Other smart-ass votes were cast for:

- Diana Conklin
- the WEBN frog (2 votes)
- Judge Wapner
- Judge Harold T. Stone
- Herman Munster (4 votes)
- one vote each for the long-time Daily sports toads Chris Crader, Mark Rogowsky, and Cameron Mackey [all right, you nutty guys, which one of you did it?]
- Bubba Paris (2 votes)
- Adam Keefe (2 votes)
- FROG with an umlaut [sic]
- Frügue & Frög (1 each)
- Gavin McCloud

- Shithead the Bear
- Super Dave Osborne
- Daryl and my other turtle Daryl
- Jimi Hendrix's penis
- Kermit the frosh
- You Goddamn Resume Building Bastards (2 votes)
- the Bleating Heathens
- heinous shit
- Hugh G. Rection
- Uncle Fester
- Krusty the Klown
- Corporal Punishment
- Dr. Marvin Monroe
- Zaphod Beeblebrox (2 votes)
- Elwood Blues (2 votes)
- Who the Hell are these People?
- What do they do?
- Why is there air?
- The Guy from Beverly Hills 90210
- Perry Friedman (2 votes)
- Hervé Villachaise
- Don Ameche
- the Posies
- Lenny Dykstyra (2 votes)
- Marsha Warfield
- Foghorn Leghorn
- Eat Me
- Worm, your Honor
- Robespierre
- Herb Caen
- Nebraska

Many chose to use their write-in space to vote against some candidates, including these voters:

- Voting for fools? NOT
- Not Chris Patil
- Fuck Students First
- Not Kevin Smith
- Again Not Kevin Smith
- Please, ANYONE

But Kevin Smith

And the winner of the Chappie's brand-new Best SCLC Write-in Vote Contest is the voter who chose, for our Student Conduct Legislative Council:

★ Nice Beaver ★

Thanks, I Just Had It Stuffed



ASSU SENATE

The winner of the most write-in ASSU Senate votes was Virginia Tsai, with 82 votes. Bart Simpson took second with 70, Zamfir had 40 supporters, the irrepressible Buckley the Mouse got 25 votes, Daily Senior Staff Writer Howard Libit garnered 13 votes, and the self-effacing Joel Stein nailed down a big 6. Others voted for:

- The Stanford Indian
- Dr. Loco and the Rockin' Jalepeño Boogie Band
- the Divinyls
- Marvin the Martian (4 votes)
- Abe Vigoda
- Sting-a-ling-a-ding-dong
- Miles McWeenie (2 votes)
- Traci Lords
- Christina Applegate
- Kelly Bundy
- me, dorm czar
- the space time module man
- Perry Friedman (2 votes)
- Klaus and Deiter (1 each)
- Soto the Dog (2 votes)
- Jesus Saves and earns 11% interest
- Harold the Fried Chicken King
- Salvatore the Move Your Tray guy
- Lurker Child
- Regis & Kathy Lee (1 each)
- Frög (3 votes)
- "Frog" - we remember!
- Janet Evans (3 votes)
- All these candidates
- Are self centered jerks
- Get some normal people
- Don Kennedy (3 votes)
- Don "poser" Kennedy
- Don Kennedy, he's gonna need a job
- Don's wife
- Wow ASSU is REALLY LAME
- Alex "firm buttocks" Tilson
- Alex "ripping buttocks" Tilson
- Bristow Adams
- Mort-teeny-tiny-table-top
- Simon, the boy without a nose
- Middle-aged man
- My crazy Uncle Larry
- Lacy Underalls
- Sit and Deliver
- Jamantha the man in my butt
- Vixxens in heat
- Any People's Platform Facist
- Jose Uribe
- People's Platform Über Alles

- The Bald Guy in the Art Building
- Demo's protruding bulge
- White Hat Dude
- Coffee House Chick
- Holy Shit!
- Montana Max
- ASSU MISINFORMS
- ASSU DOES NOT EXPLAIN
- ASSU IS DISHONEST
- ASSU IS USELESS
- Steve Krause was a tremendous dope
- This election is farcical
- Enrico Palazzo
- A vague feeling of disgust
- Any resume hungry student will do
- Bill "Family Circus" Keene
- Virginia Tsai's teddy bear
- "Otis my man!" Day
- Nigel Tufnel
- fletch f. fletch
- Wolf Blitzer
- Zamfir of a Black Planet
- KISS
- Yell Leader Bitches

Some people were more sure who they DIDN'T want on the Senate. They voted for the likes of:

- Not Virginia Tsai
- Virginia Tsai NOT
- Not Pamay Bassey
- Anyone but Ingrid Nava (3 votes)
- Nobody, everyone's a neophyte
- Not Brad Budney

And the winner of the 1991 Chappie contest for Best Write-in ASSU Senate Candidate is:

★ Karel the Fucking Robot ★



SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENTS

The Senior Class Presidents race also fostered a few write-ins, including:

- The Boys of Jenkins 104
- Party a lot and smoke doobie
- Anything but 'A New Cent-sation'
- Prince By-Tor and the Snow Dog
- These guys are puds

But the 1991 winner of the Best Write-in Senior Class Presidents vote is:

★ Please, Not These ★

Frat-Sorority Shits

Thanks to all who participated!

SATURDAY AT TRAFFIC SCHOOL



Welcome to the California Department of Transportation's driving school. You may believe that you were sent here because you are basically a good driver who just happened to get caught. That is incorrect. You were remanded to our custody because your mind is full of careless and evil driving habits. The purpose of this exam is to assess the nature and extensiveness of this evil, with the hope that we can reverse your attitudes and behavior and return a safe, dependable, and knowledgeable driver to the road.

1. Do you yield when a blind pedestrian is crossing the road? what for? He can't see my license plate.
2. Who has the right of way when four cars approach a four-way stop at the same time? the pick up truck with the gun rack and the bumper sticker saying "Guns don't kill people. I do."
3. What are important safety tips to remember when backing your car? Always wear a condom
4. When driving through fog, what should you use? your car
5. How can you reduce the possibility of having an accident? be too shit faced to find your keys
6. What problems would you face if you were arrested for drunk driving? I'd probably lose my buzz a lot faster
7. What changes would occur in your lifestyle if you could no longer drive lawfully? I would be forced to drive unlawfully
8. Suppose you and your friends were all going to a party where alcohol would be served. All of you feel like drinking but want to avoid drinking and driving. What options are available for you? marijuana, 'shrooms, LSD, ...
9. What are some points to remember when passing and being passed? make eye contact and wave "hello" if he/she is cute
10. What is the difference between a flashing red traffic light and a flashing yellow traffic light? the color
11. How do you deal with heavy traffic? heavy psychedelics
12. What can you do to help ease a heavy traffic problem? carry loaded weapons
13. Why would it be difficult to be a police officer? it would be tough to be a dick all day long

MY SUMMER VACATION MY SUMMER VACATION



OR



THE REAL REASON STANFORD STUDENTS DON'T HAVE SEX

...is not because of feminists and homosexuals, it's because of something which can be found in almost every dormitory bathroom. Yes, the place to begin making changes is in the common rest room. Now don't get me wrong: I'm not saying that I want sex in the stalls or sink scenes like those out of *Fatal Attraction*. What I have in mind is condom machines. Dorm surveys reveal that the top ten things to do with condom machines in any dorm is "Look at them". Here's why.

Imagine (and remember, at Stanford the following scenario is *highly* hypothetical) that somehow you obtained a single for the evening and have managed to acquire a member of the gender of your choice to share it with you. Things progress, and eventually, just before reason yields to the heat of passion, you duck into the bathroom to use your handy, Res-Ed provided condom machine. What do you see?

In laboratory tests, nonoxynol-9 has been shown to be effective in killing the

AIDS

virus on contact and has been found effective in preventing other sexually transmitted diseases, as announced by The Mariposa Foundation and the Federal Center for Disease Control. No studies have yet been made of the effectiveness of nonoxynol-9 in humans. The nonoxynol-9 contained in our lubrication is intended to furnish an extra measure of protection during intercourse, not as a treatment or preventive for AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. To treat an already-contracted infection, or for more information about other preventive measures, effective against AIDS and other diseases, we recommend that you consult your physician.

This product combines a latex condom and a spermicidal lubricant. The spermicide, nonoxynol-9, reduces the number of active sperm, thereby decreasing the risk of pregnancy if you lose your erection before withdrawal and some semen spill outside the condom. However, the extent of decreased risk has not been established. This condom should not be used as a substitute for the combined use of a vaginal spermicide and condom.

At least they were kind enough to put the part about losing your erection and spill-

ing sperm all over the place in small print. But still, all this talk of viruses crawling around in obscure spermicidal lubricants is not likely to inspire you to further heights of passion. It's more likely to make you think that you should go find a nice, clean, well-lubricated test tube, or maybe a laboratory rat. In short, the condom machine has just killed all of your amorous plans for the evening.

What Stanford needs, then, is condom machines which inspire you, push you to new heights, machines that make you want to... Well, anyway, what Stanford needs is new condom machines. But do provocative, exciting condom machines exist, you ask? Fortunately, the answer is yes. As the Chappie's roving correspondent, I traveled the entire nation in search of these devices. I scoured the lonely deserts of Nevada and lost myself in the sin of Chicago. The result? Sadly enough, I found that the average American truck stop has condom machines of such variety and quality that they put our great institution to shame.

The first truck stop in my long traverse of the continent was in Snowshoe, Pennsylvania. It was small and grimy, but it had the obligatory vending machines in the men's rest room. These particular machines promised to kick my evening off with an "Exotic Fun-Filled Hawaiian Color-Pak!" or an "Ultra-Thin Nu-Sensate See Thru!" This was interesting, but hardly spectacular. I yawned and headed back to the car. As we traveled westward, things began to improve. The visuals moved from the line-drawn, palm-frond shrouded picture of the Hawaiian Fun Pak to actual photos, apparently of women groaning while checking themselves for breast cancer.

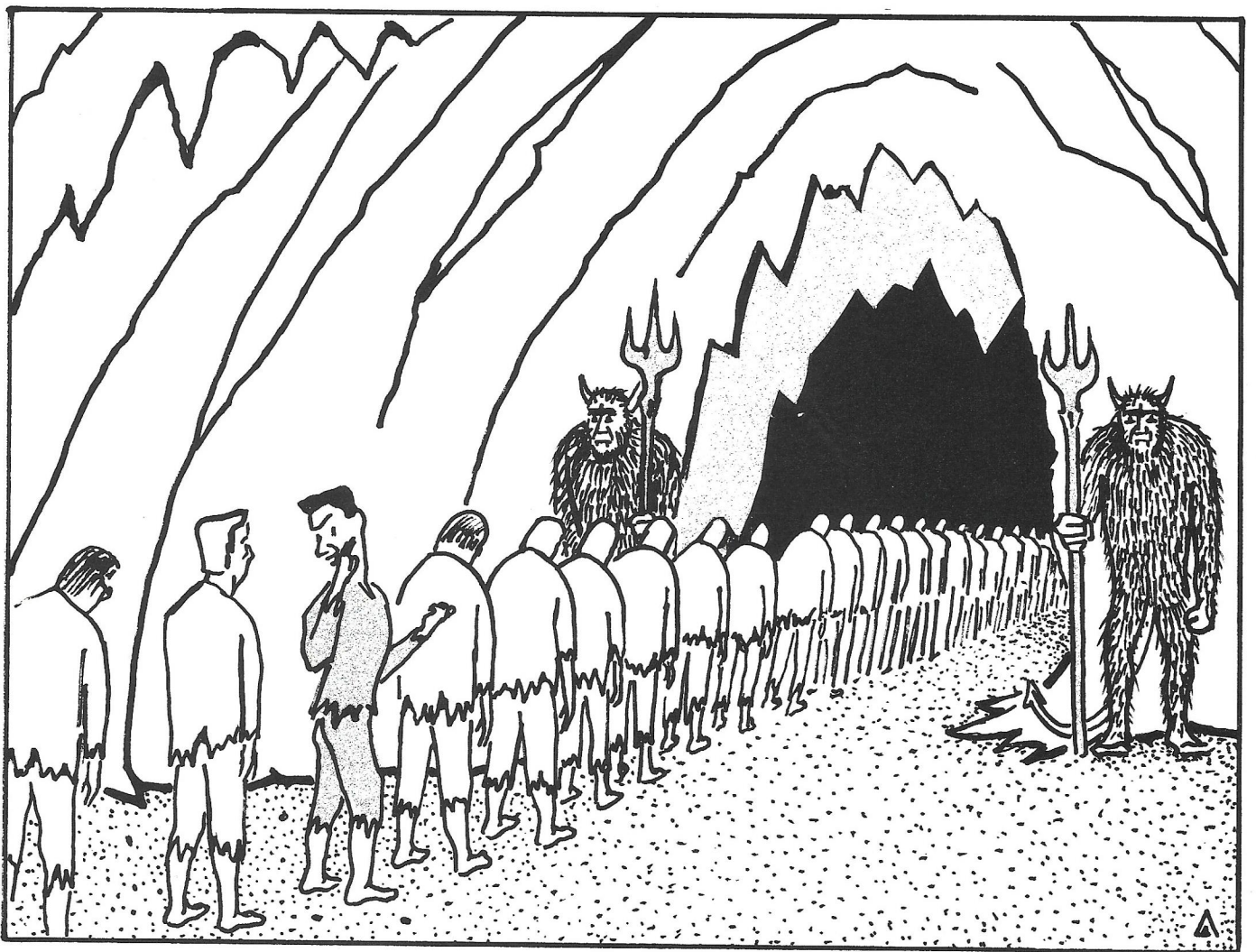
The epitome of all condom merchandise was found, strangely enough, just outside of Cleveland. It was late in the evening

of the 8th of September, and as soon as I walked into the rest room I knew I had struck gold. It was a veritable vending plaza of prophylactics. There were no fewer than eight machines lining the walls. My old friend the Hawaiian Fun-Pak was there, along with a few women whose expressions of agony indicated that they had found a lump. But for the most part, all of the machines were new to me. There were Fantastic French Ticklers, which bore the caveat "This is NOT a prophylactic! This is to be used ONLY to increase sexual stimulation and pleasure!" There were Stimu-Ribbed condoms and their brothers, Ultra-Thin Stimu-Ribbed. There was one that demanded that I Prolong My Pleasure With EXTEND! And above the fourth urinal on the left hand side was a machine with this lurid label:

If she's a
MOANER,
this will make her a
SCREAMER.
If she's a screamer,
this will get you
ARRESTED!

If the above claim proves not to be true, or if full satisfaction with our product in every way is not achieved, then please call 1-800-131-8832 for a complete refund.

A condom machine with a guarantee. That's something you won't find in a Stanford bathroom. So remember, the next time you have a moaner, don't just reach for what's closest. Head for a truck stop.



"Sweet! They're not carding."

**PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA! SILAS MARNER!
HARPOON MAGAZINE!**

**Which would you rather read?
Which one has more cartoons?**

**Harpoon Magazine, the Bay Area Humor Monthly,
brings you the best of local satire, parody and
photo funnies each month, along with outstanding
cartoonists like Bill Griffith and Tom Tomorrow.
Subscribe Now! Only Ten Bucks for a year (12 issues)
RAH, RAH! GO CARDINAL!**

SEND ME A YEAR OF HARPOON MAGAZINE, PLEASE, FOR THIS \$10 (Check or cash OK)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ St _____ Zip _____

Send to: Harpoon Magazine, 1095 Market St. #408, San Francisco, CA 94103

Alpine Inn	p. 4
Bon Appetit	p. 12
Duck's Breath	p. 15
Harpoon (coupon)	p. 20
House of Humor	p. 5
Jack in the Box	p. 1
Oak Creek Apartments	p. 12
Round Table (coupon)	p. 3
Safeway	p. 7
Spy	inside back cover
Stanford Federal Credit Union ..	back cover
T Party	p. 4
Tresidder Express	p. 12
University Art Center	p. 3

Provocative,

irreverent,

fearless,

witty,

daring,

and now, with this
special offer –

cheap!



Get in on the fun and subscribe to SPY at this special student rate of \$9.95. That's less than \$1 an issue and 66% off the newsstand price.

Send the order form below to SPY today – or call (800) 333-8128.

SPY

Send your order to SPY, 5 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003.

YES! Sign me up for a year of SPY (10 issues) at just \$9.95 – 66% off of the newsstand cost.

Name _____

Address _____

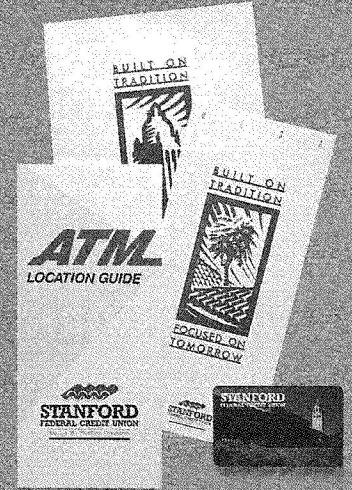
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Payment enclosed Bill me later

SPY is published monthly with combined January-February and July-August issues for a total of 10 issues annually. Newsstand cost \$29.50; subscription \$14.75. Allow 4–6 weeks for shipment.

*We are here for you
during your college years*

*Stanford Federal Credit Union
serves the financial needs
of thousands of Stanford students,
providing interest-earning checking,
VISA, Automated Teller Machine access,
and Computer loans.*

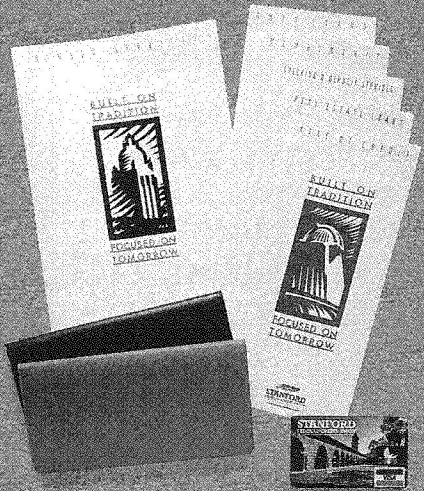


Now we have Guaranteed Student Loans!



*We offer Stafford Loans,
Supplemental Loans and
Parental Loans
for Undergraduates.*

Call for more information 694-1000



**STANFORD
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION**

Serving the Stanford Community

(415) 694-1000

Equal Housing **NCUA**

