

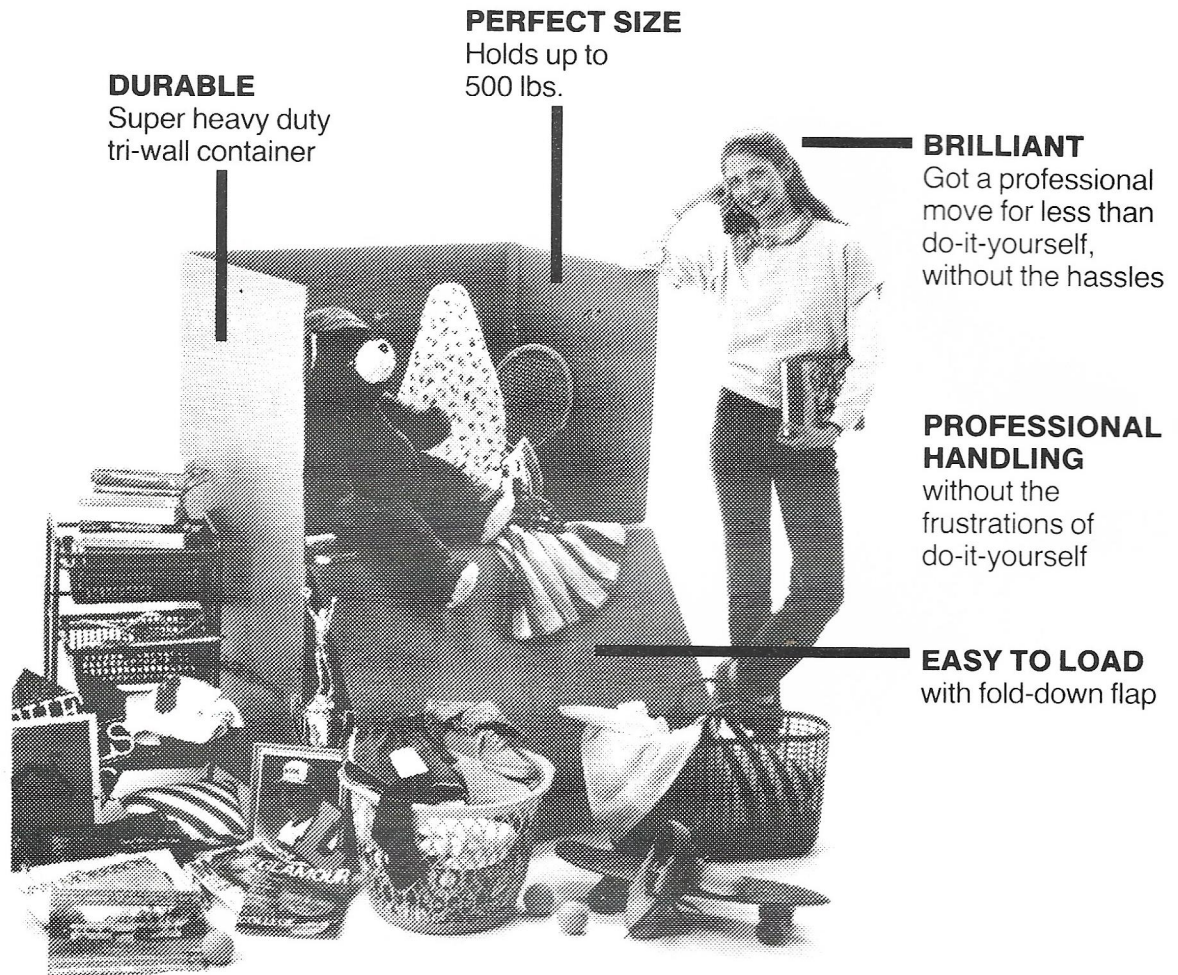
STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

One Buck



INTRODUCING THE EASY WAY TO GET HOME ECONOMICALLY



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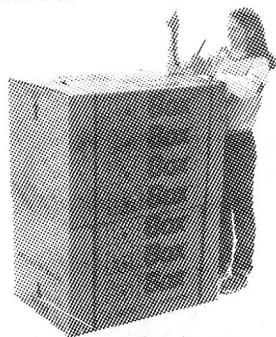
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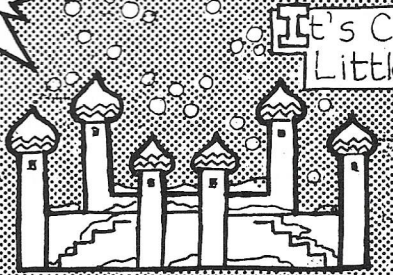
U-don't-have-to-HAUL
a new service from **BEKINS**

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Kids

in Russia

by Susan Jancso
Josh Weinstein



It's Christmas in Russia.
Little Yuri is excited

because as usual, Christmas Vacation lasts the whole day long.



He gets up extra early and opens his present. As usual, it is a book of games.

There are 3 pages. The first page is connect the dot on Gorbachev's head. One of Yuri's favorites.



After doing that for about an hour, Yuri turns the page to the word search. What a challenge! He tries and tries but cannot find the name of ANY famous Russians.



He gives up and turns the page. Page 3 is a Color by Numbers picture of the Red Square. Once again, Yuri is stumped.



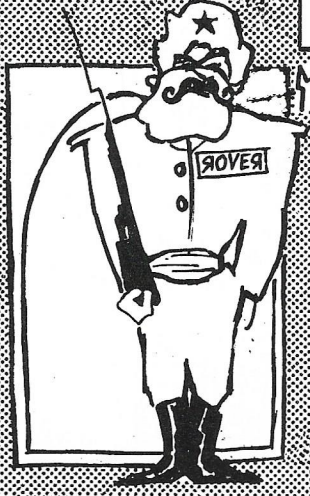
He puts the book away for later and goes outside to visit his friend Bill who lives down the street in Yugoslavia.



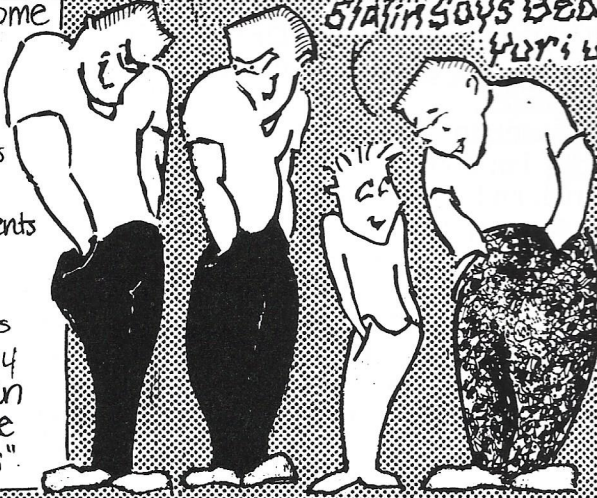
As usual, they play a fun game of Red Rover.



Red Rover
Red Rover
Please let
Yuri cross
over.



On his way home Yuri runs into Boris the Bully and his friends who are going to be KGB agents when they grow up. Because it's Christmas, they let Yuri join in on their game of "Stalin Says".



Stalin Says Beat Yuri up!

Yuri spends Christmas in the Hospital. His best Christmas ever.



Merry Christmas Yuri!

The STANFORD Chaparral

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by Bristow Adams

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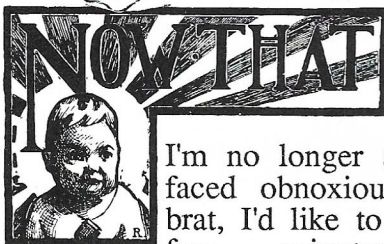
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Real Kids
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REFLECTIONS



I'm no longer a snot-faced obnoxious little brat, I'd like to take a few minutes to reminisce about my childhood days of innocence and growing.

Frankly speaking, I never was all that innocent and, being only 5'4" today, I guess I never really grew that much, either. Nonetheless, I can honestly say that I was once, indeed, a child- You know, one of those little sub-humans that roam the earth searching for a good popsicle and a cheap place to get dirty. Rug-

huggers, my parents used to call 'em.

So what did I do as a kid? Well, while I never fell out of a moving car like my father did when he was five, and while I never had a friend named "Meatballs," I did once throw up on my dentist, but more about that in a second.

First, I just want to tell you that all the stories I'm about to tell you are 100% true, and if you don't believe me, you can call my parents and ask them. They can be reached 24 hours a day at (415) 723-1468 and I'm sure they would be perfectly happy to hear from a total stranger inquiring about their son's past.

My dad would be especially happy to hear from you because he's

a lawyer and can have the entire legal apparatus of the United States Government breathing down your back within 10 minutes of you waking him up in the middle of the night to ask about my childhood. Once again, my parents phone number is (415) 723-1468. Just ask for my dad by name- his name is Heyyouasshole Weinstein.

Enough of these pleasantries. Here, for my enjoyment, are some of my fondest childhood memories:

*Barfing on Dr. Kirkham: My family used to see this retarded dentist named Joe Kirkham. He didn't use any painkiller during operations and he gave out real stinky prizes, like little, poorly

painted plastic dogs that would immediately explode into a billion little pieces upon leaving Dr. Kirkham's "prize chest."

One time, when Dr. Kirkham was giving me a mouth X-ray, he shoved the piece of film plate too far into my mouth. I must've started gagging or turning green or something 'cause Dr. Kirkham cupped his hands in front of my mouth and said, "Go ahead, spit it out."

Well, I sure as hell spat it out, along with with a steady stream of barf that went all over his nice white dentist's shirt. I felt pretty good about the whole incident then, and I still do today.

***No sense of decency:** One afternoon, after coming home from a friend's house, I had to pee so badly that I couldn't wait for my mom to come from the car to unlock the house- I just let loose all over the screen door. My mom didn't say anything.

Another time, I took a dump behind the garage and wiped myself with dry leaves. My mom doesn't know this.

***Stealing for the first time:** My second-grade best friend Jason told me it would be really cool to "swipe" something and he knew of this "friend's" car that was always unlocked and had some pretty fun stuff in it. And it was right down the street.

We went to the car, I opened the door, and grabbed a really cool Hot Wheels car. Later, Jason told me that it was actually his mom's car that I had opened, and that it was his Hot Wheels that I grabbed, but that he would let me keep the Hot Wheels anyway 'cause I was "cool."

I haven't stolen much since then, but don't hold it above me.

***Punching Tootsie Weber in the face:** Tootsie was this really fat girl on my bus route in third grade. She was really obnoxious and she liked to eat paste (I also used to know a kid who ate vaseline on toast cause he said it tasted better than butter.)

Anyway, Tootsie's mom, who

was also big and fat, was the school dietician and also road on the bus. On the ride home from school, Tootsie's mom would always make our bus driver stop at 7 Eleven so Tootsie could run in and get a buttload of snacks, although none of us other kids were ever allowed to leave the bus. Consequently, as Tootsie grew fatter and fatter, we grew angrier and angrier at her and her fat ugly mother.

One day, when I was sitting directly behind Tootsie and her fat ugly head, she turned around and, for no particular reason other than I hated her fat ugly guts, I punched her right in her fat ugly face. Everybody on the bus went wild and Angela, a big eighth grader, said, "OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, Josh bopped Tootsie in the face!!!"

I was a big hero on the bus route for the rest of the year, and neither Tootsie nor her fat ugly mother ever messed with me again.

***My first kiss:** My sister had this real ugly troll doll named Melba and she kept her in this stupid "apartment" she mad out of one of her dresser drawers. Once, when I was about six years old, she made me kiss Melba.

By doing so, my sister then informed me, I had just become engaged to Melba's invisible friend Minoor, who supposedly lived

behind my sister's nighttable (and for all I know, she still does).

My sister also told me that if I ever told anyone about this secret marriage, I would be in big trouble. Nowadays, however, I'm much bigger than my sister and, anyway, she's got two kids of her own, one of which must have a real big invisible friend who can come over and beat up Minoor. I hope.

***My first drink:** When I was nine years old, this girl who lived across the street from me, Molly Hughes, told me that if I drank milk and Fanta orange soda real quickly, one after the other, I would get drunk.

I tried it, and while I didn't get drunk, I did throw up some wild-looking orange cottage cheese.

***My first joke:** This isn't really my first joke, and it isn't even particularly funny, but I thought it would sound a lot better if I told you I made it up when I was four years old:

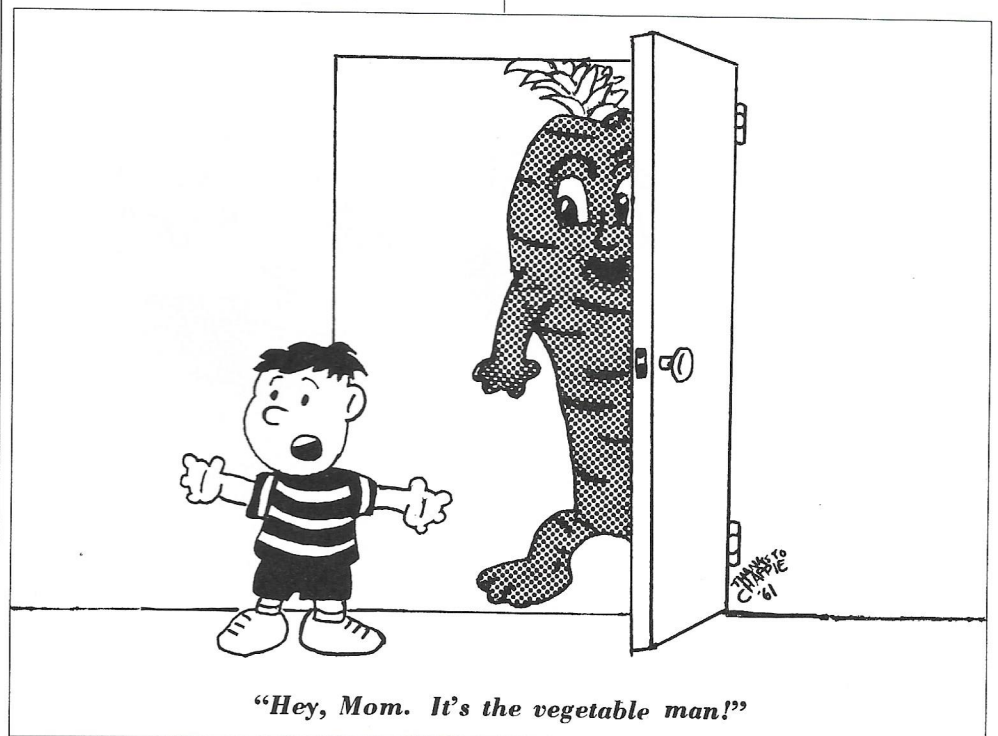
Kid #1: Hey Kid, what kind of hole don't you mind having in your pants?

Kid #2: I give up, what kind?

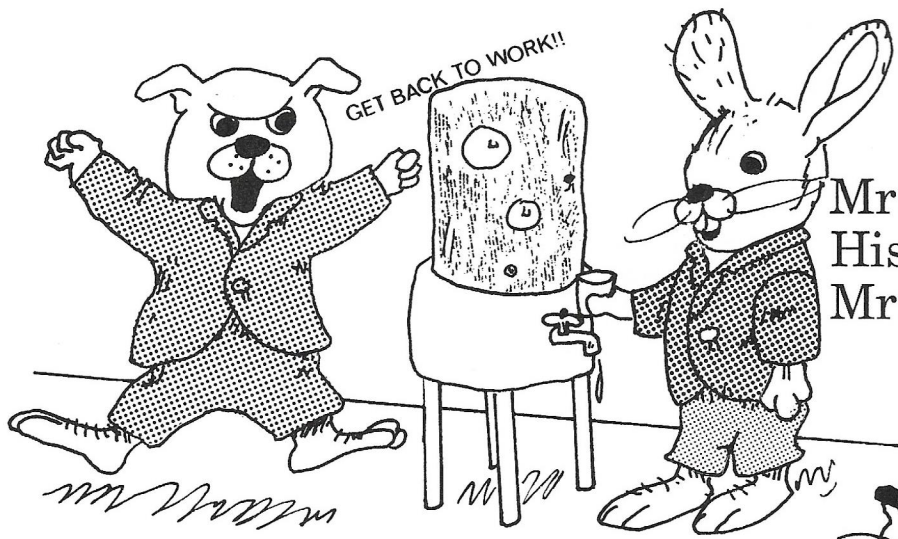
Kid #1: Your ass-hole!!!

Kid #2: Ha, ha, ha, I get it!

Anyway, all the other stories are true. No kidding.

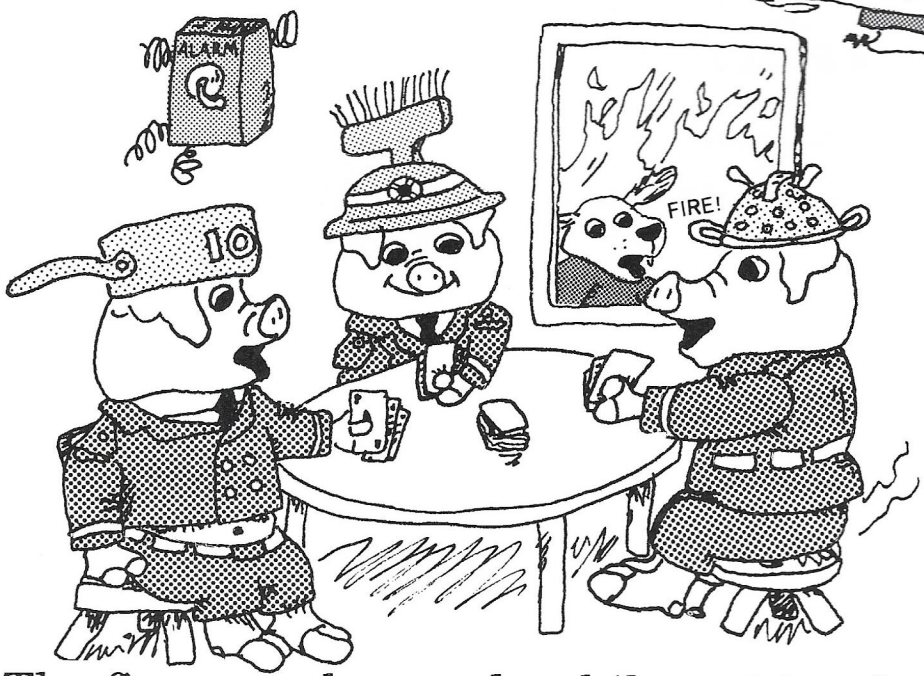


What People Really Do All Day



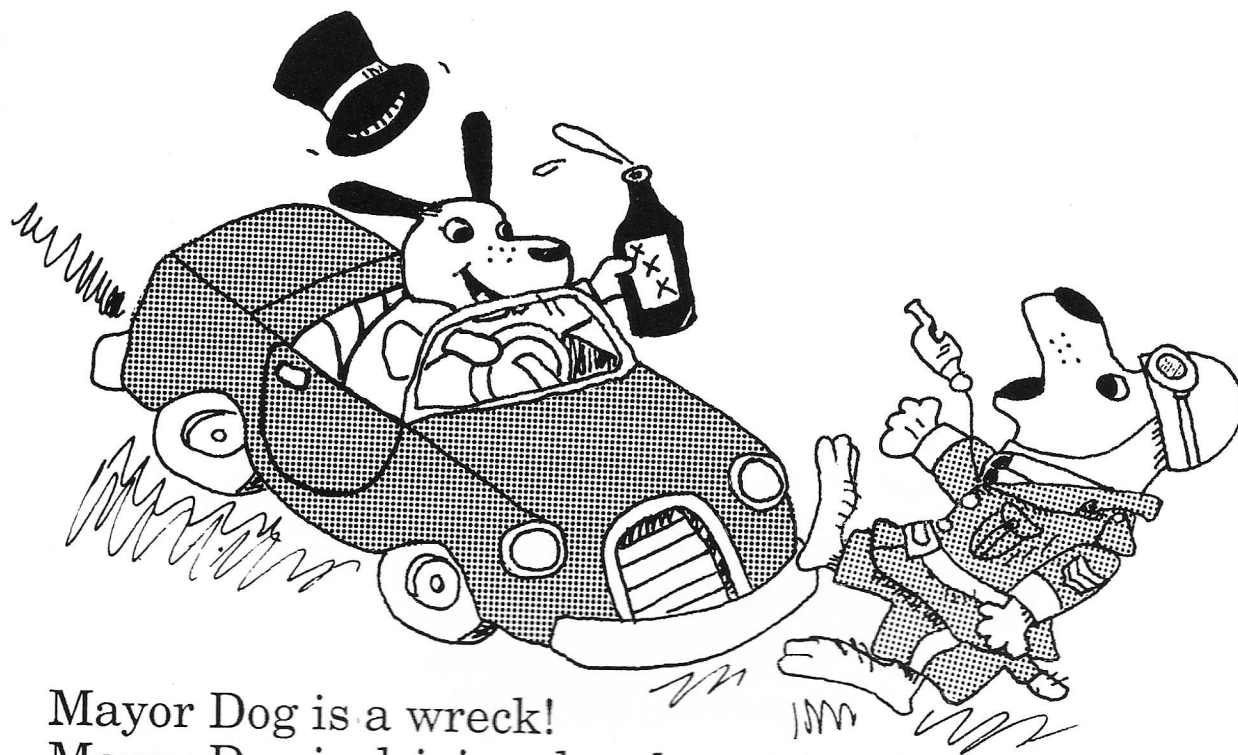
Mr. Rabbit works at an office.
His boss yells at him.
Mr. Rabbit doesn't seem to care.

Mr. Fixit can fix anything.
But not his marriage.



The firemen play cards while waiting for a fire.
Their alarm has been broken two weeks now.

BY MATT WHITE

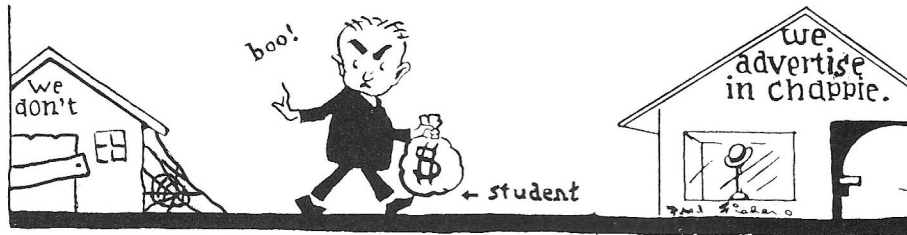


Mayor Dog is a wreck!
Mayor Dog is driving drunk.
Hurry, Policeman Steve! Stop the Mayor!



Mr. Cat has no job.
Billy Cat won his baseball game.
He is ashamed of his father.

Little words of wisdom
 Make a student wiser;
 Take a tip from CHAPPIE—
 Know each advertiser!



Little Jack Horner
 sat in a corner
 Reading the CHAPARRAL;
 He found great delight
 In reading, that night,
 What the advertisers
 had to sell!

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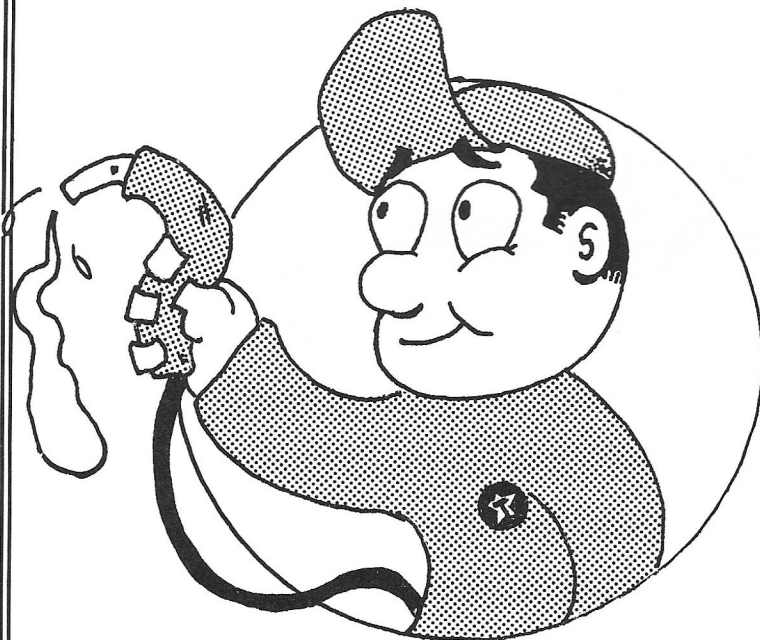
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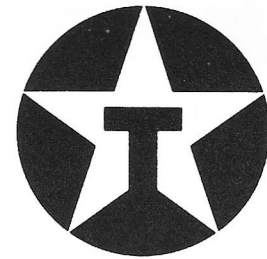
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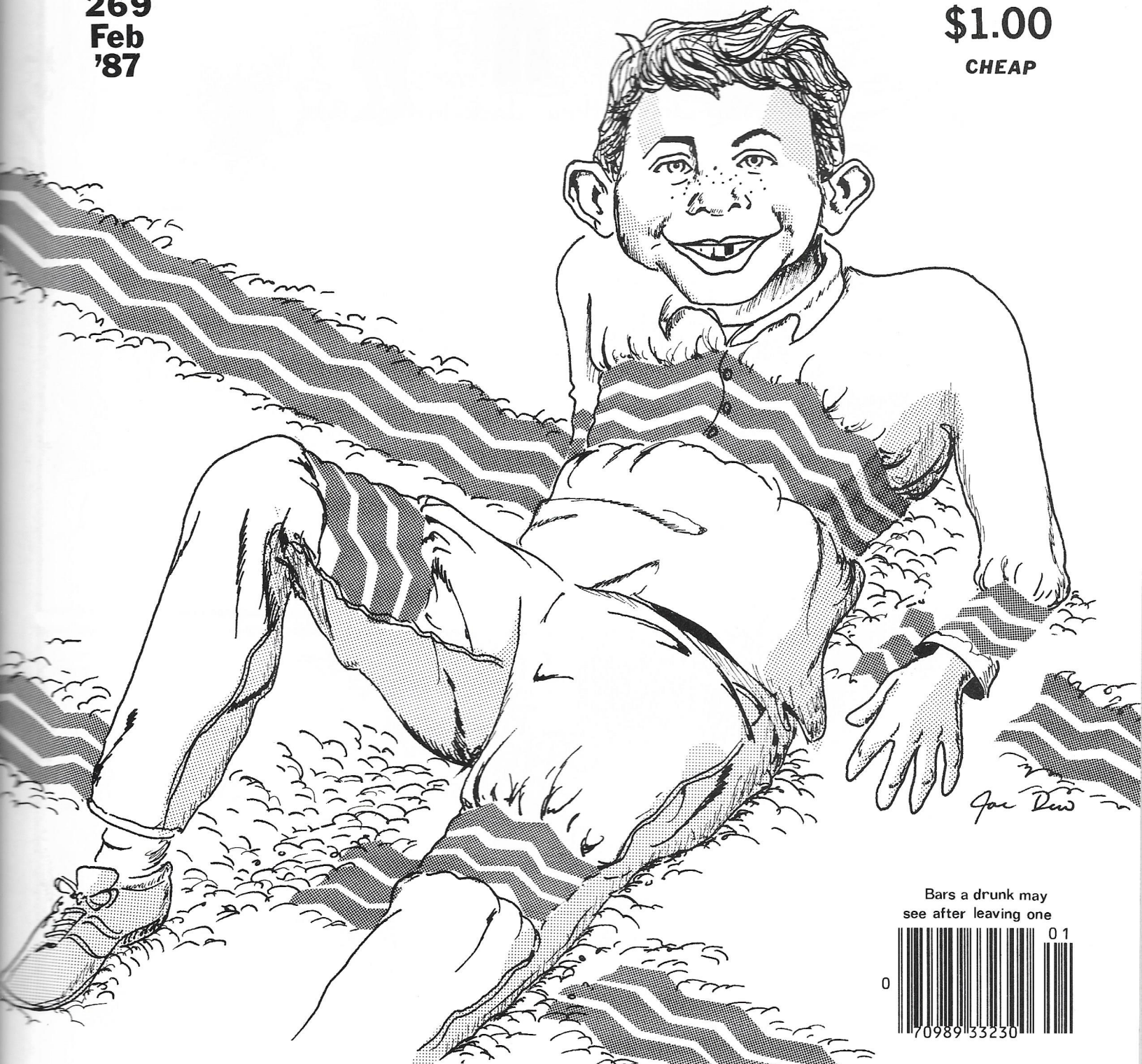
Gary Andrews

MADDD

A PUBLICATION OF MOTHERS AGAINST DRUNK DRIVERS

No.
269
Feb
'87

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CHEAP



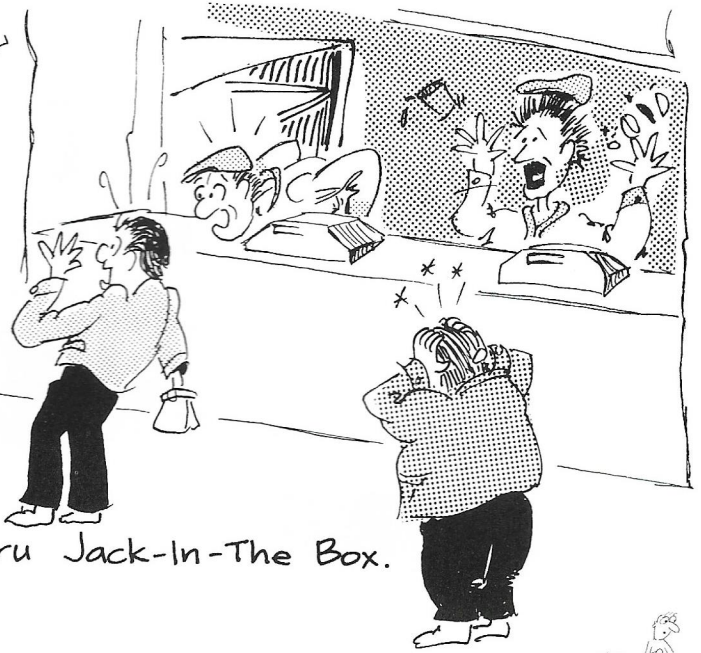
Bars a drunk may
see after leaving one



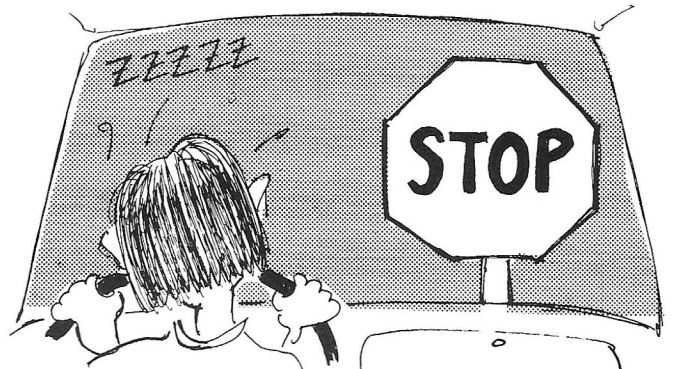
YOU KNOW YOU'RE DRUNK WHEN...



...You drive thru Jack-In-The-Box.



...You stop in the middle of the highway just to make sure you're not home yet.

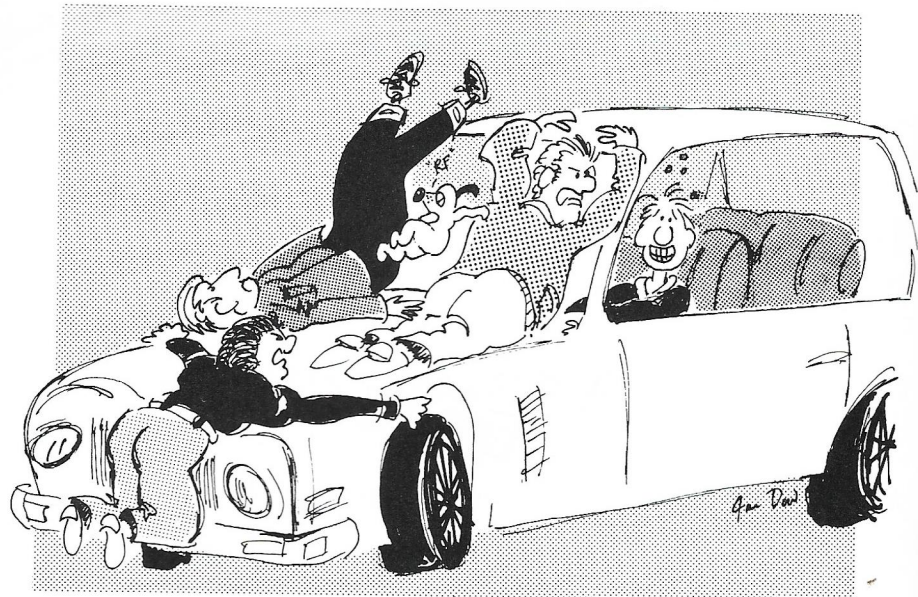


...You wait for the stop sign to turn green.



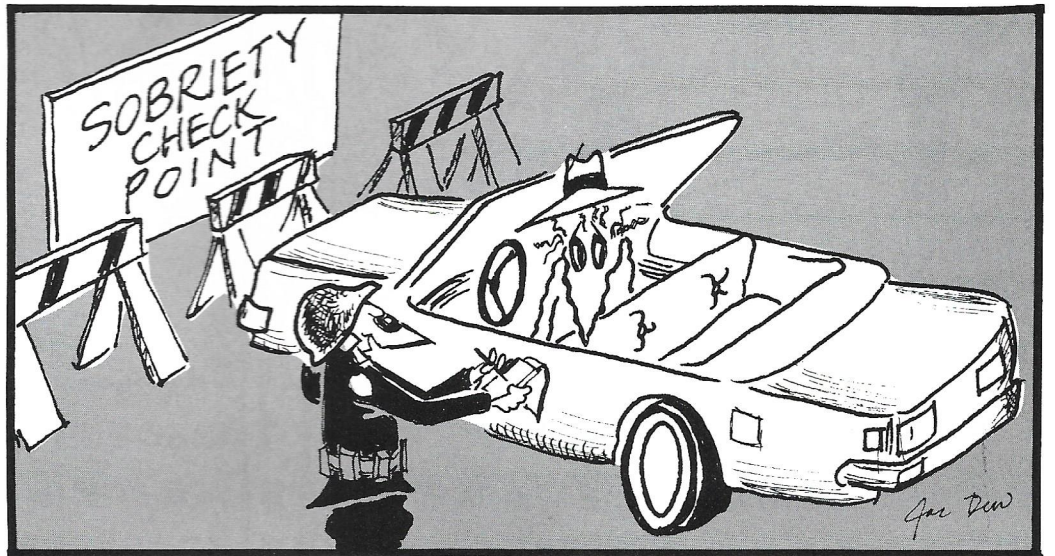
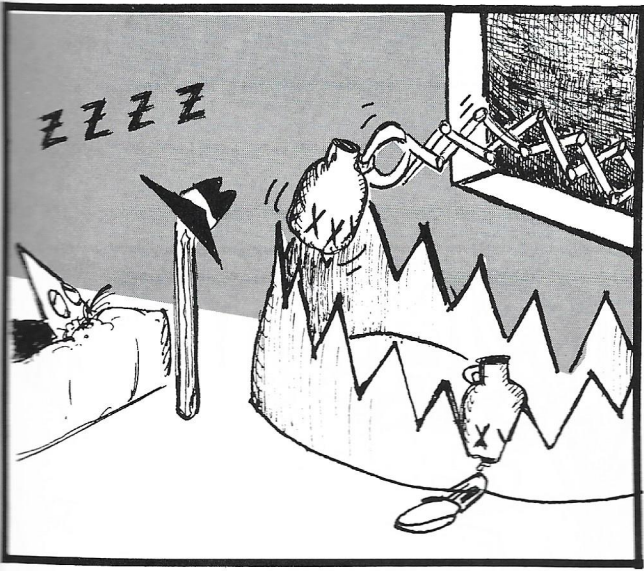
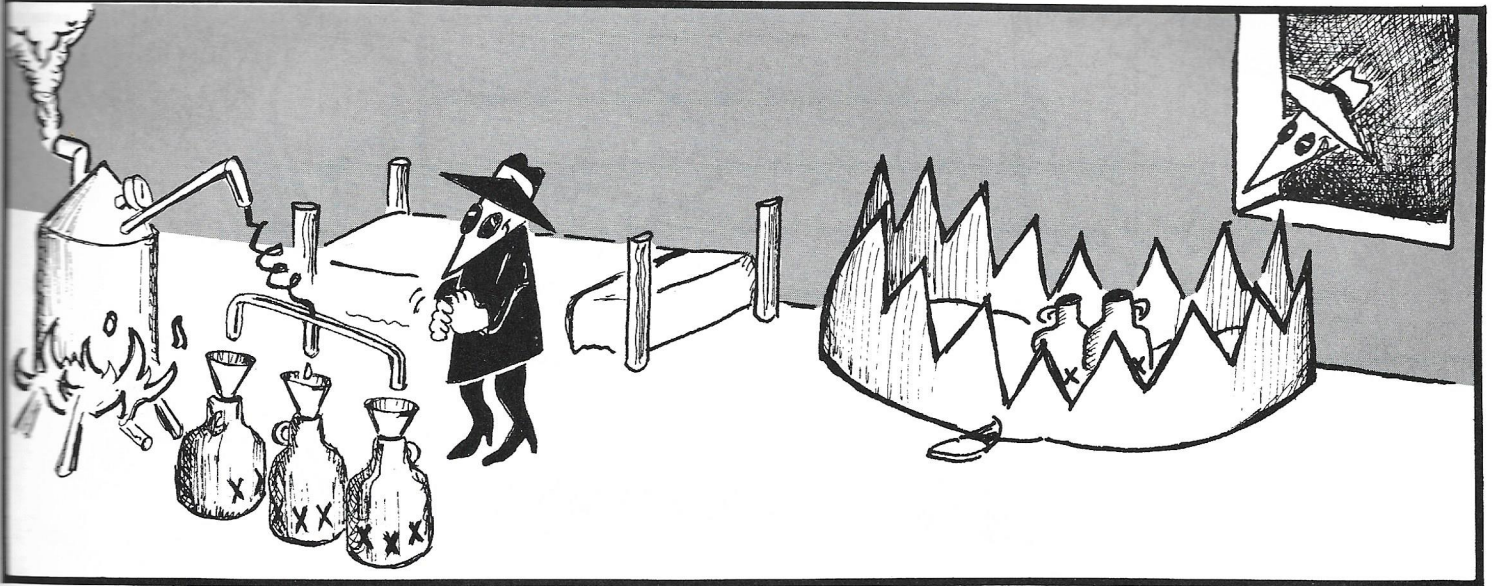
"... and how about rent control?"

...You find yourself singing along with an AM radio talk show.

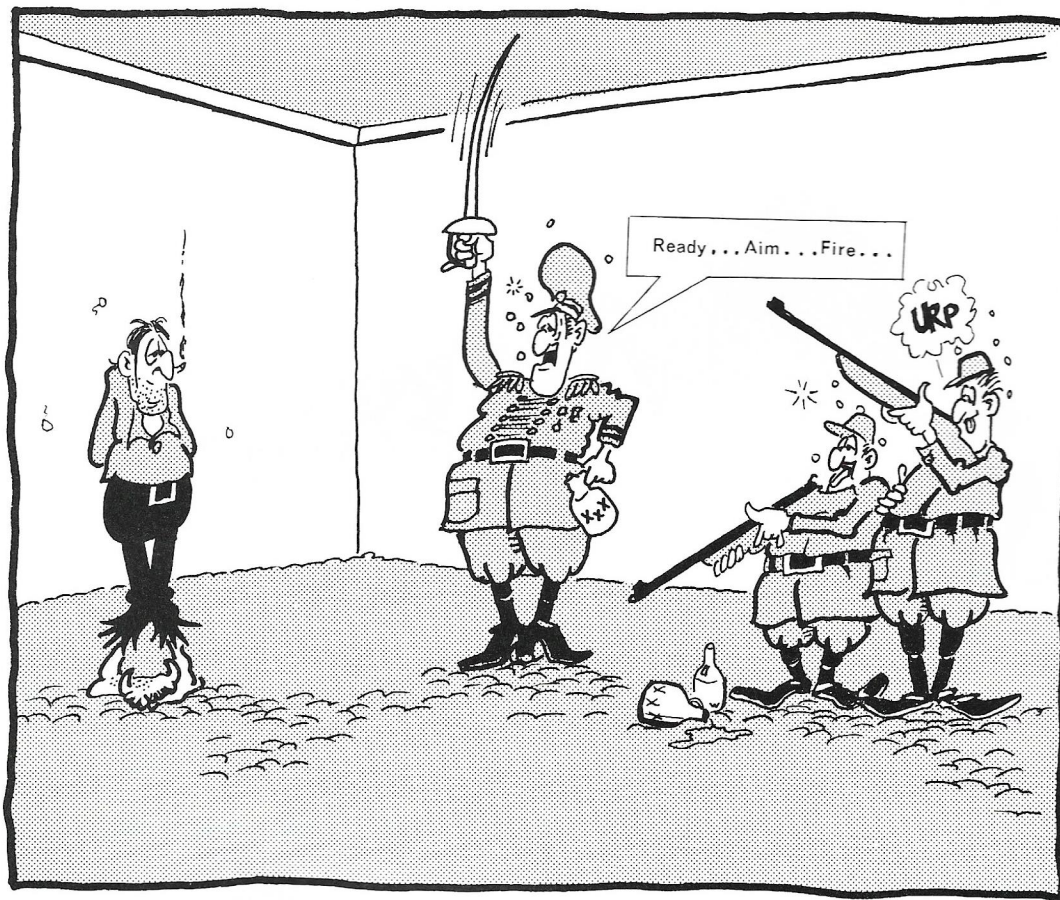


...You can't see because pedestrians are all over your windshield.

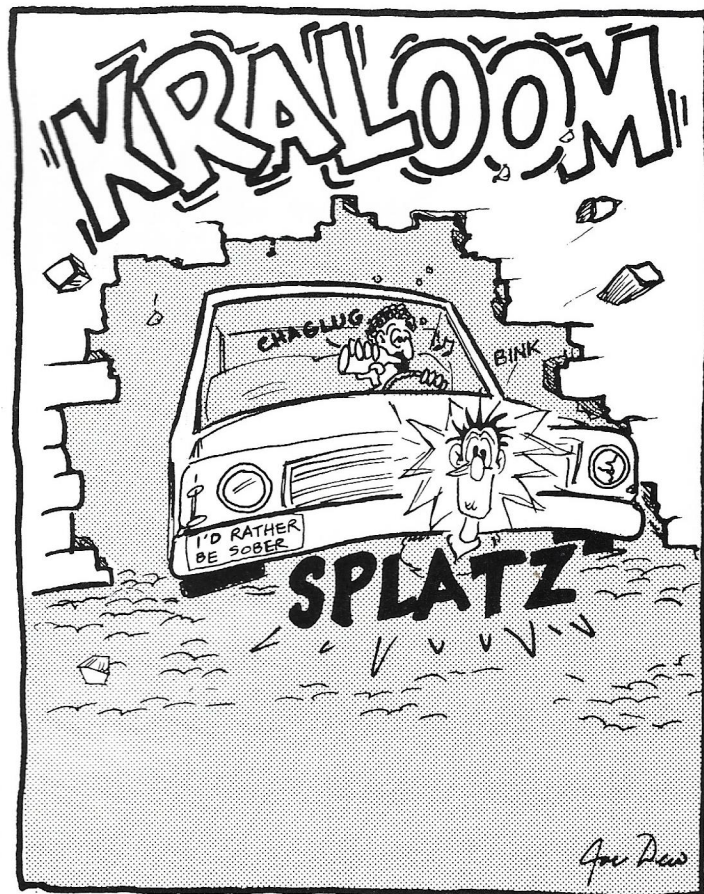
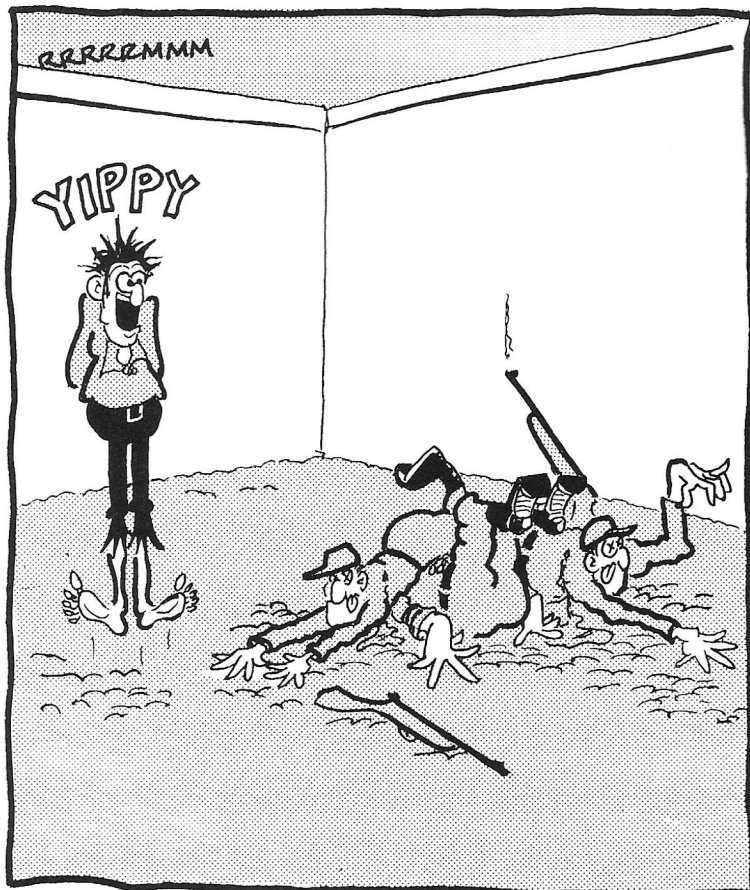
SPY vs SPY



ONE DRUNK MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA



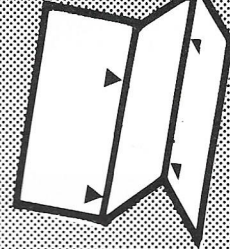
CHICKALICK
TCHOOM
POOTOING
THPOIT
UGH...



WHAT HAS BEEN
THE NUMBER
ONE KILLER OF
ADOLESCENTS
IN AMERICA?

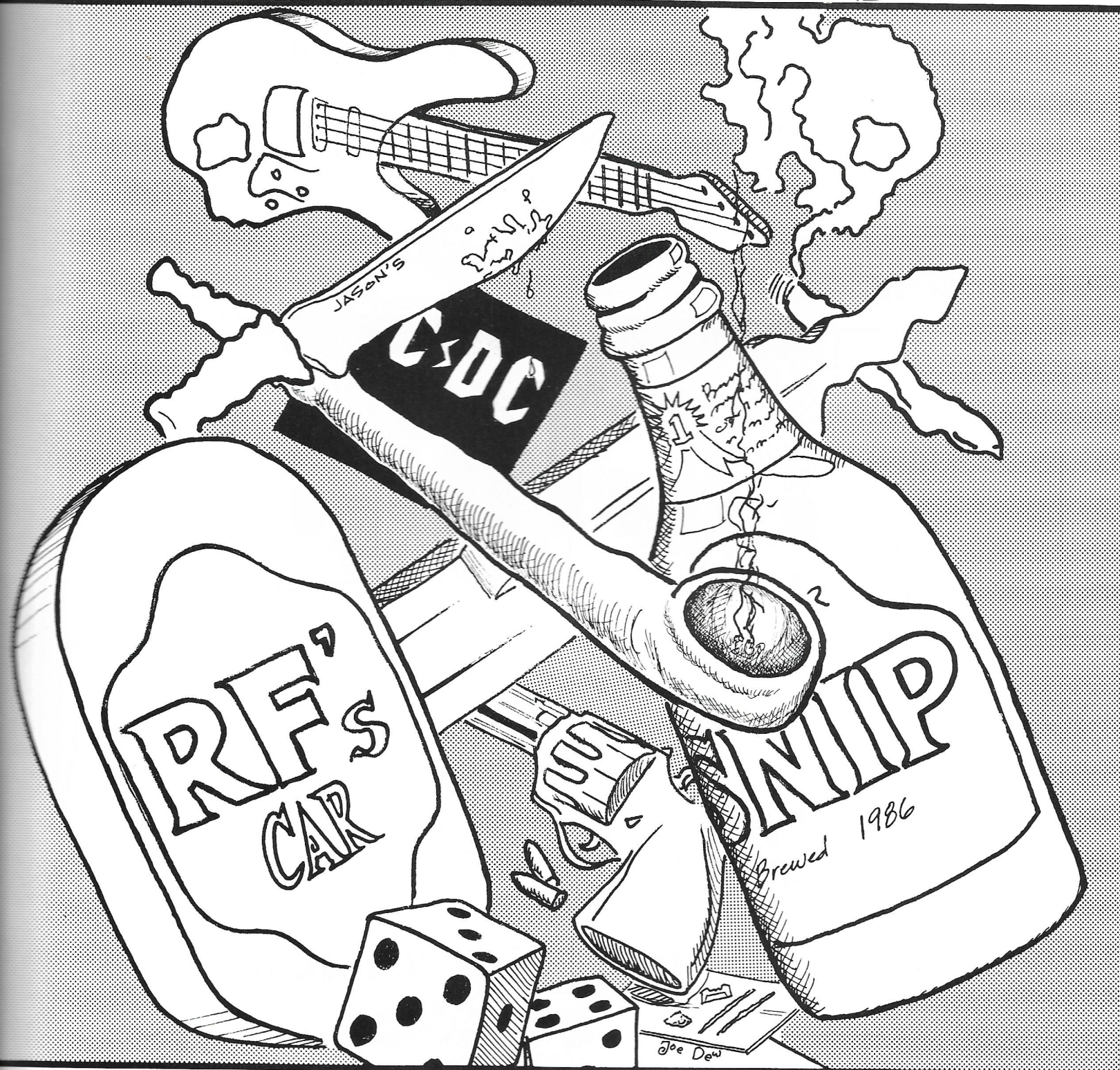
MADD FOLD-IN

With escalating cases of crime and drug abuse, it is easy to overlook this classic killer.



A▶

◀B FOLD B TO MEET A



BEING EXPOSED TO ROCK STARS, DRUG DEALERS, AND DR. RUTH, TODAY'S YOUTH FACE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION.

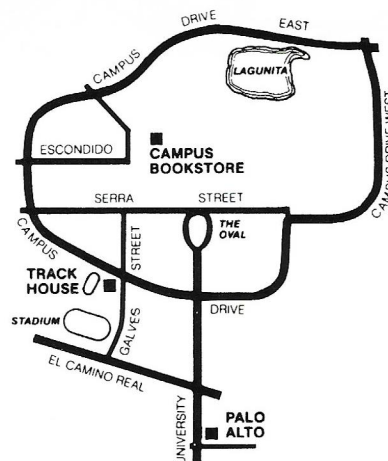
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◀B

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Sat. 9:00-6:00

The Track House
Mon.-Sat. 9:00-6:00

Steve's rabbit was hungry.



But Steve was out of Rabbit Chow.



So he made his rabbit some brownies



But the rabbit didn't like brownies.



So he ate Steve instead.



Then the Police came and arrested him.



DRINK



PALO ALTO BREWING CO.

THE LAWYER



IN
THE
HAT

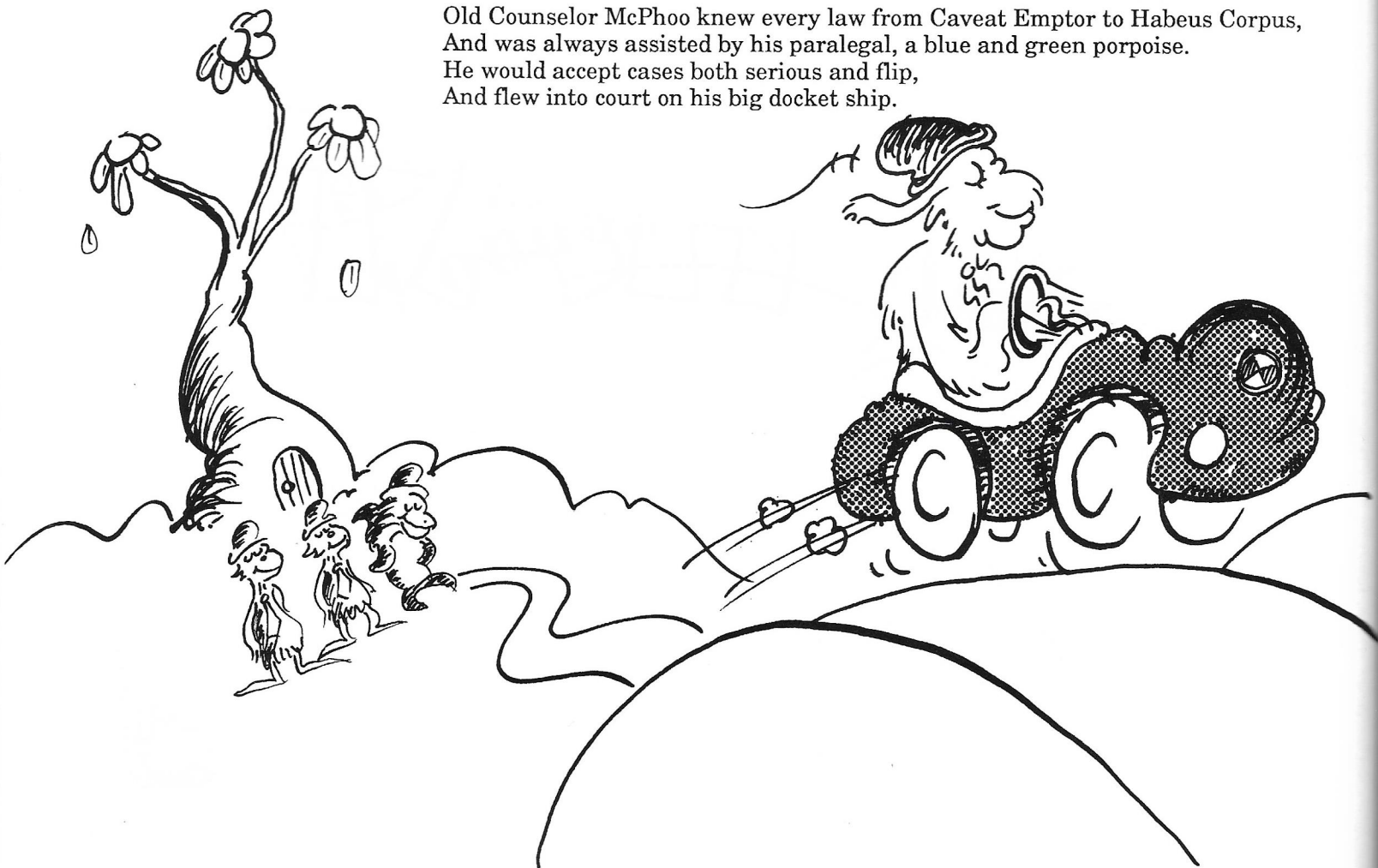
By
Dr. Sue-us

If I ran the law firm, I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd run it just like old Counselor McPhoo'd do.



He lived way down in the land of Sue-me-I'll-sue-you
Not far from the kingdom of It's-almost-true.
His firm was in the trunk of a flowering flougat,
and all his partners were covered with parchment and nougat.

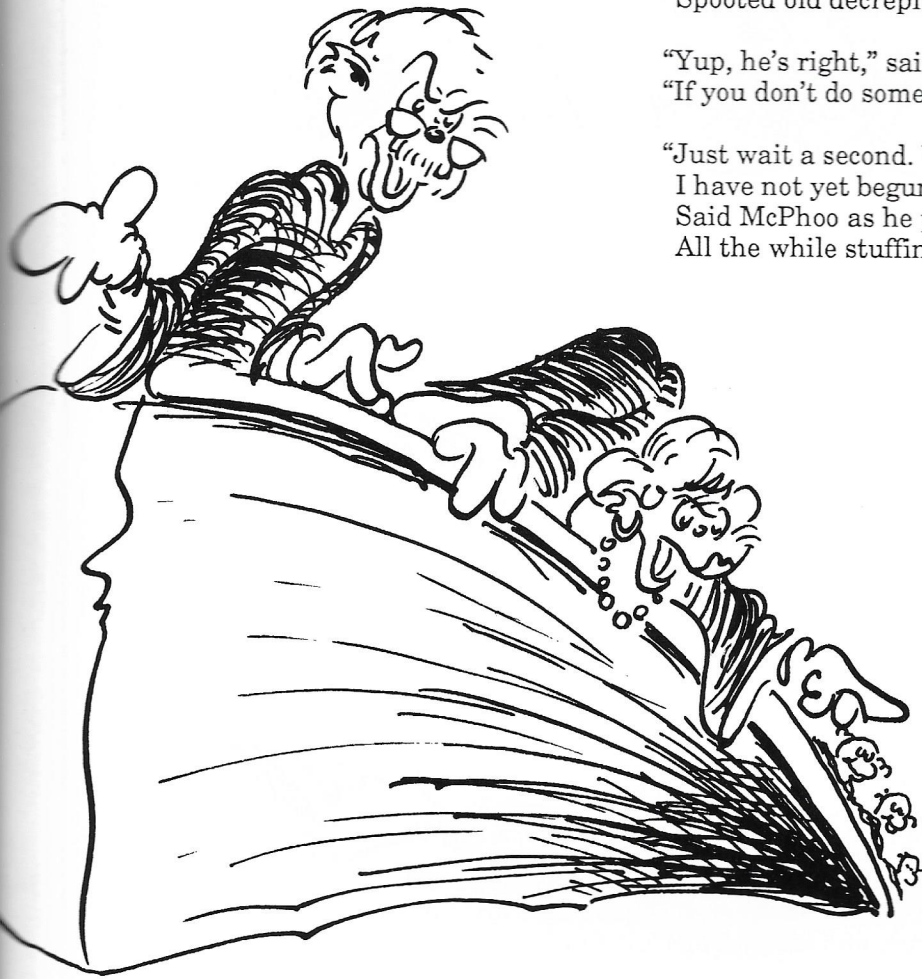
Old Counselor McPhoo knew every law from Caveat Emptor to Habeus Corpus,
And was always assisted by his paralegal, a blue and green porpoise.
He would accept cases both serious and flip,
And flew into court on his big docket ship.



One day, his ship took him to the Supreme Court,
where he had a trial based on a tainted hoosberry tort.
"This is the dumbest case I've ever seen,"
Spotted old decrepit Chief Justice Green.

"Yup, he's right," said Justice O'Connor.
"If you don't do something now, your client's a gonner."

"Just wait a second. Wait, wait, wait.
I have not yet begun to debate,"
Said McPhoo as he pulled papers and sandwiches out of his case,
All the while stuffing his fat lawyer's face.

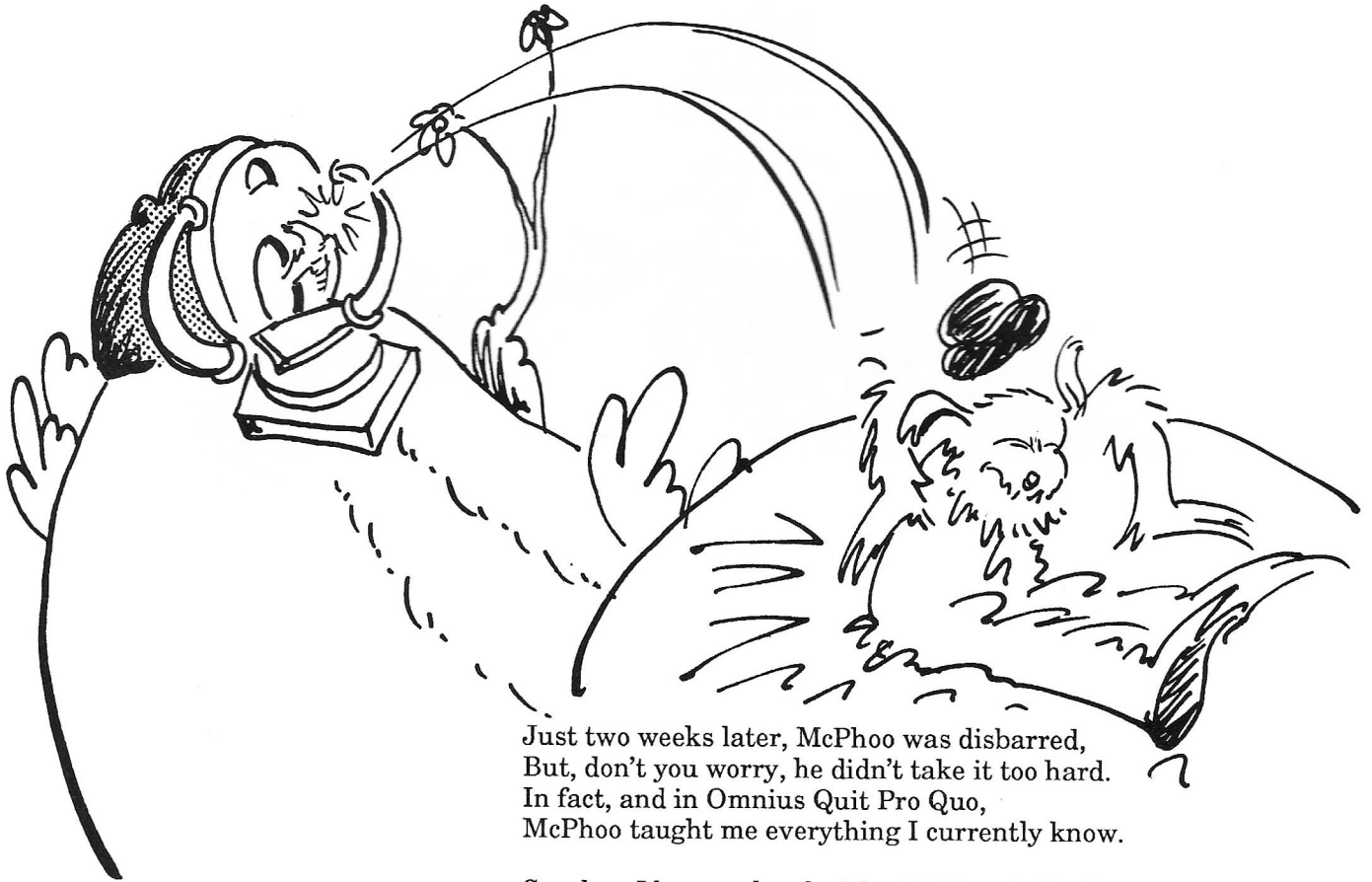


"I will sue you for your house.
I will sue you for your spouse.
I will sue you for your uncle Ted,
He needs the money, he's in the red."



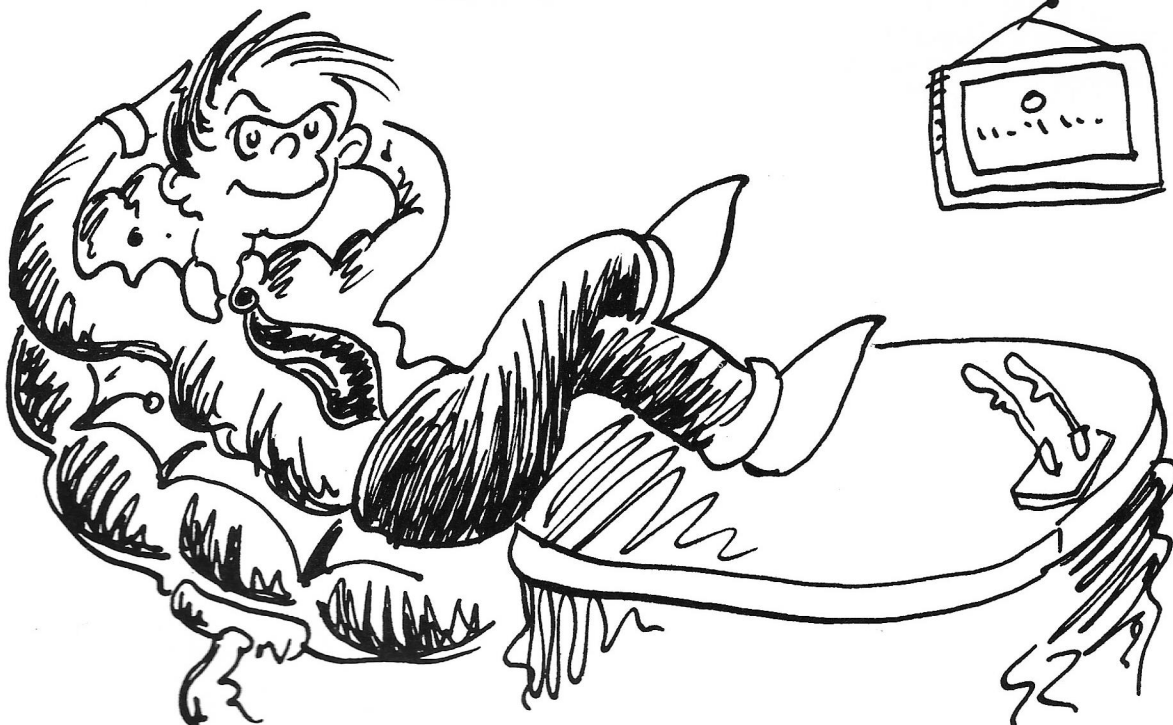
But before McPhoo could make his closing speech,
Chief Justice Green turned the color of a nockberry peach.
He slammed down his gavel made of soft brick and mush mortar,
"I'm throwing you out of this court, your whole life's out of order!"

So Old Counselor McPhoo was kicked out on his keister,
Suffering the fate of every great shyster.



Just two weeks later, McPhoo was disbarred,
But, don't you worry, he didn't take it too hard.
In fact, and in Omnius Quit Pro Quo,
McPhoo taught me everything I currently know.

So when I become head of the McPhoo & Me Law Firm,
You can bet that every district attorney and judge will squirm.
Why, if you'd like, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll go right ahead and sue the pants off of YOU!





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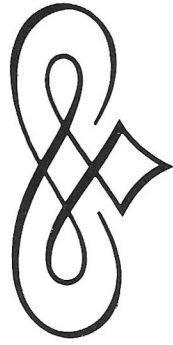
Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"
 3915 Alpine Road
 Portola Valley



THE
WOMEN
OF
STANFORD

1906



The Knudsen twins, Olga and Ibex, model the latest winterwear by designer Pierre Lardin.

THE DECEMBER TWINS

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8 National Chester A. Arthur Week	9	10	11	12	13
14	15 Jane Stanford's coming to dinner. Defrost side of beef from freezer.	16	17	18	19 Neuralgia Awareness Day	20
21 Jane Stanford finishes dinner.	22	23	24	25 Santa tests the Wright Bros. new invention and crashes. Christmas is cancelled.	26	27
28	29	30	31			January Third Day

You Must be Kidding

Ignorant Iggy: Nate, why don't fish have legs?
Knowledgeable Nate: Because they shit all over the ocean bottom and don't want to step in it.



Naive Nancy: Sam, why do birds have wings?
Savvy Sam: Because otherwise they'd fall from the sky and create quite a mess.



Freudian Fred: I feel like having sex with my mother again.
Gullible Greg: What, you've had sex with your mother before?
Freudian Fred: No, but I've felt like it before.



Nosy Netta: Why Sue, whatever became of poor Abigail- I understand she's been in bed with Laryngitis for over a week!
Hard-of-hearing Hedda: Lucky girl! He only stayed in bed with me for one night!



Banterful Bartender: Would you like to drink Canada Dry, sir?
Tourist Tom: I'd love to, but I'm only here for a week.



Supercilious Salesman: Excuse me son, is your mommy in?
Kute Kid: Yessir, she's in the bedroom with the carpenter.
Supercilious Salesman: Oh, ho, ho, you kids are so cute. You mean she's upstairs telling the carpenter were to build a new cabinet?
Kute Kid: Nossir, she's getting it on with the carpenter while my daddy's away, so you'll have to come back later



Peeved Pete: Hey Lenny, I haven't heard from you in a long, long time- how come you didn't call me, asshole?
Logical Lenny: If I did call you "asshole," you probably wouldn't want to speak to me, anyway.

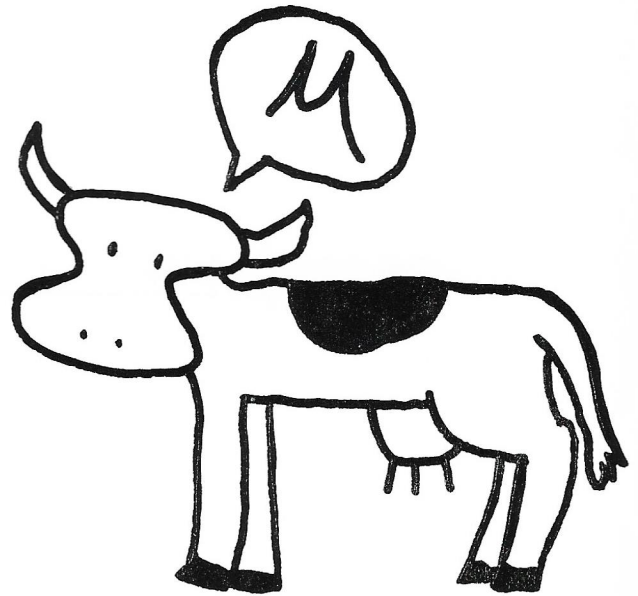
Cool Curt: Hay man, I dig you been constipated for over a week now, eh?
Beatnik Benny: Yeah man, no shit.



Annoyed Annie: Boy, I sure hate going out to the movies with Billy Crime. I always end up short-changed.
Wondrous Wanda: Why is that?
Annoyed Annie: Because Crime never pays.

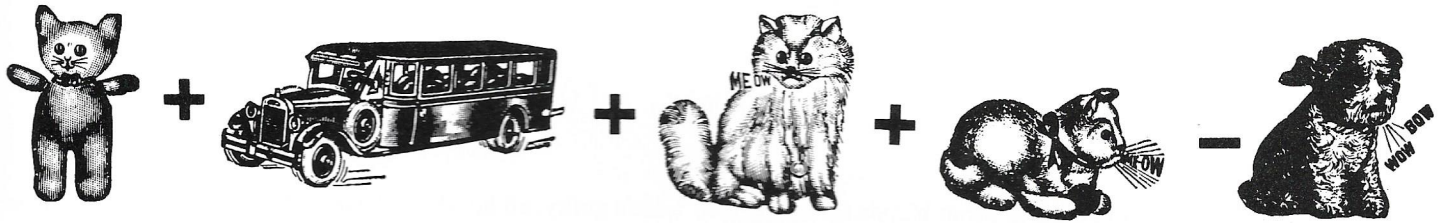


No-Name Nate: How come all the characters on this joke page have alliterative names?
Chappie Chuck: So you could ask that question and I could answer it, hence giving the editors the exact amount of copy, to the line, that they needed to fill this page.
No-Name Nate: Oh, I see.

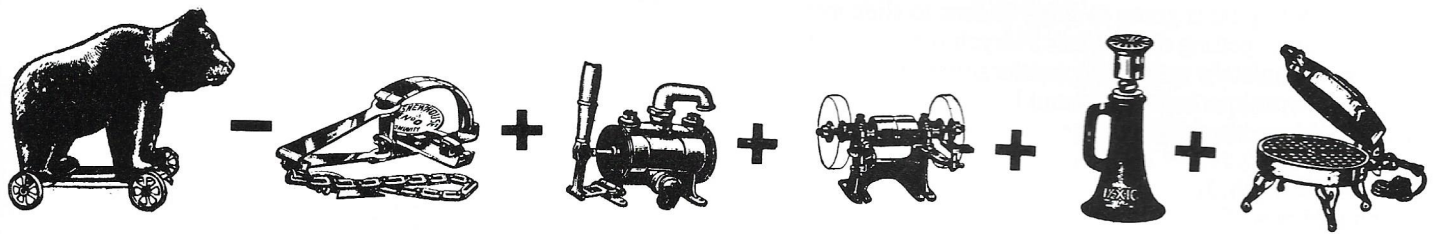


If cows knew math

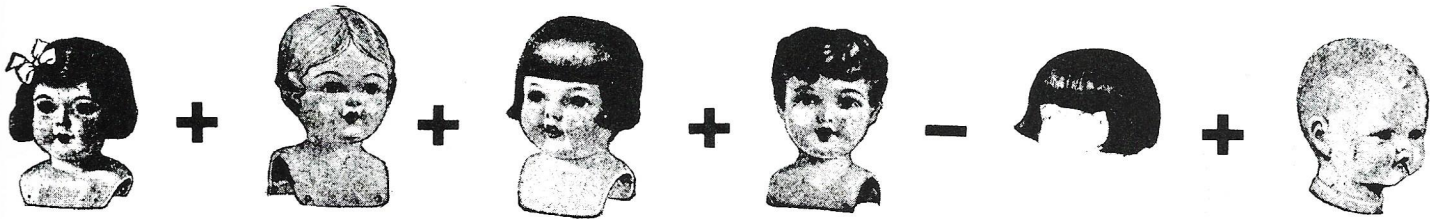
REBUS FUN!



SOLUTION: The badly sewn cat + drove his bus + picked up his cat friends + ran over a dog.



SOLUTION: The bear on wheels + freed himself from the trap + bought a 20 grade air compressor + processing lathe + a sonophone + a waffle iron.



SOLUTION: The four little girls - lost their hair + and became bald.



SOLUTION: It's time + to smell + some work shoes!



SOLUTION: If you measure your head + you can put underwear + on top of it + just like these people did!

KIDS LETTERS

Hey Pops,

Camp is great! Today we learned: hitting from Wade Boggs and Ted Williams, pitching from Dwight Gooden, looking good from Reggie Jackson and Bobby Grich, and the quickest way to field and fry a kielbasa from Carl Yastremski.

Tomorrow Reggie is going to show us how to slide into home base without getting dirty, Mark Fidrych is going to show us how to be completely washed up and forgotten, and Pete Rose is going to show us how to look old and Ugly.

Boy, do I love baseball!

Petey Uebberoth, Jr.
Minnie Minoso Baseball Camp

Dear Mom and Dad,

Thanks for visiting me on Parents Day. Dad, I'm sorry you lost your wallet, but I will make you another in crafts.

Oh, by the way, the other guys in the bunk wanted to know your bank card number and your credit card numbers cause they're doing a statistics experiment or something .

Iggy Noramus
Camp Alcatraz

Dear Mom and Dad,

Guess what?!! The other kids in the bunk told me that they decided that whenever their parents send them a Weggie, they'll give it to me, right away!!

Isn't that great?!! I guess you don't have to send me any.

Jimmy
Camp Meankids

P.S. What's a Weggie?

Dear Foreman,

He's guilty, I saw him drink 2 cups of water before he went to bed.

He's guilty, his history of doing it tells you that.

He's guilty, they saw his hand in the bowl of warm water.

He's guilty, I sleep below him and I saw a lot of wetness there.

He's guilty, I gotta go to woodworking.

He's guilty, his bed smelt something awful the next day.

He's guilty, I didn't do it.

He's guilty, he can only drink 2 cans of soda before he has to go.

He's guilty, I guess.

He's guilty, all his sheets have yellow stains.

He's guilty, a guy from his bunk last year said he did it there, too.

He's innocent, I wet the bed!

12 Angry Kids
Jury's Still Out camp
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mom 'n' Dad,

When you said you were sending me to a new, less expensive camp, I didn't think you meant granpa and grandma's house! It's really boring. Granpa always falls asleep during woodworking and granma's archery range looks like it hasn't been repaired in years.

Next year, couldn't I just stay home, or maybe go to the Camp for Disturbed Children where you sent Jimmy?

Joey O'Larry
Sunnyhills Retirement Camp

Dear N.B.C.,

This sucks. Who the fuck sent me to camp?!! I'm 23 goddammit!

Gary Coleman
Camp Hollywood

P.S. Guess what my favorite meal here is? Kidney beans. Get it? At least I'm still funny.

Mom and Dad,

I'm having a great time! Swimming's real fun! We had a breath holding contest after we learned the dead man's float last tuesday. My pal Mike is the best. It's been three days and he's still going strong! I wish I could hold my breath that long, cause then I could go down to the bottom of the lake and check out all the neat plants and stuff down there. Of course, Mike gets in the way during free swim, but we stay away from him as best we can cause the lifegaurds say he's almost got the camp record!

Oh well, it's almost time for our engine-eating contest in rocketry, so I gotta go.

Love, Jono
Camp Tragic

FROM CAMP

Dear Mother and Fuehrer,

What's all this about camp? I don't remember going to camp. No way. Do I look like a camper? Well, now that you mention it, I did sort of run a camp once but hey, orders are orders.

Kurt Waldheim
Camp Uberalles

To whom it may concern,

We go great with hot dogs, and even burgers. No camp-out is complete without us. That indigestion thing has been blown way out of proportion. Hey, we bet you even like the smell of your farts.

Pork 'n' Beans
Van de Camp

Dear Mom and Dad,

I don't want to alarm you, but I think something very strange is going on here. Two nights ago, when I was making out in a suspiciously deserted section of the woods with a beautiful girl camper who was obviously too old to actually be in camp, this guy in a goalie's mask and a decaying flannel shirt jumped out and chased us around our mysteriously deserted camp with a chainsaw.

Later, when we ran into town, all the townspeople said that our camp hasn't existed for years, ever since that one camper went completely insane, killed some other campers, and took to living in the woods. But I wouldn't believe those silly townspeople, cause none of them have any pupils in their eyes and they all walk around in some kind of trance or something.

Otherwise, things are going pretty well.

Bobby McTommy
Typical Teen Exploitation Horror Camp

Dear Dad,

Are you still in San Quentin? All the other kids in the bunk say you are a "shut-in" and a "lifer," but I told them like you told me that you've been away so long because you had to go on a very long business trip ever since mom died of those strangulation marks.

I am, however, beginning to have my doubts about that "hotel" you said you've been staying in. I heard there was a prison break there last week-Dad, I got news for ya, there are criminals in your

hotel! You should move to another one as soon as possible.

Rocco, Jr.
Camp Sing Sing

Dear Mother,

I love arts 'n' crafts camp! Yesterday we made pencil holders out of cans, paste and yarn and we also made paperweights out of discarded, rusty autoparts! I hope you enjoy the macrame/dried noodle necklace I'm enclosing for you!

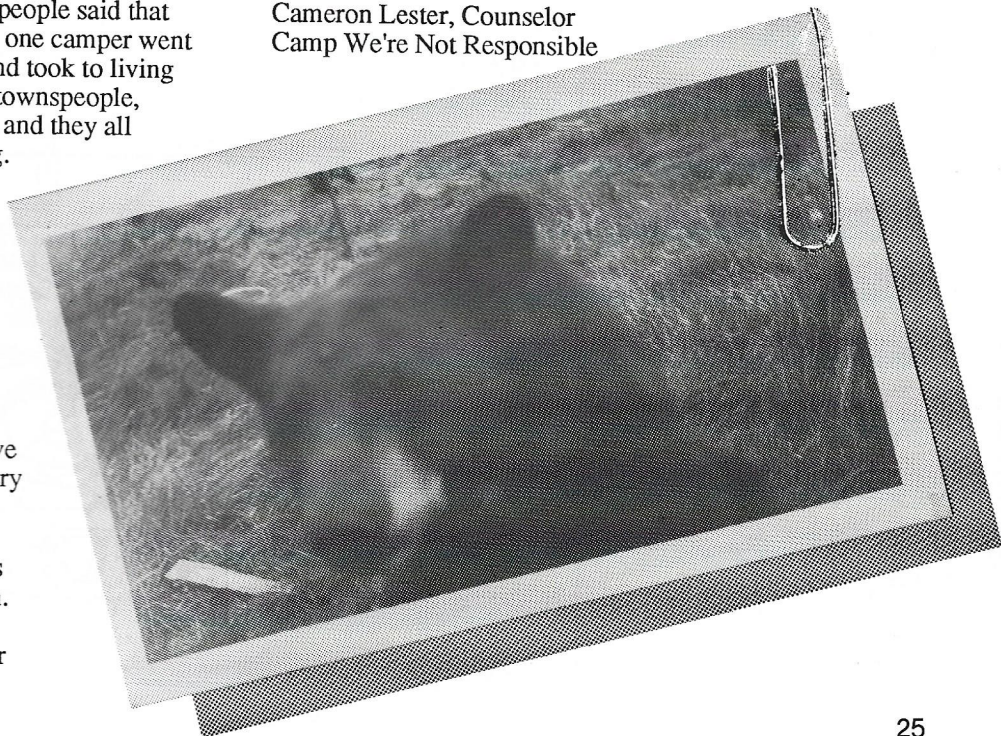
Paloma Picasso
N.Y. Camp for the Artistically Inclined

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Oakley,

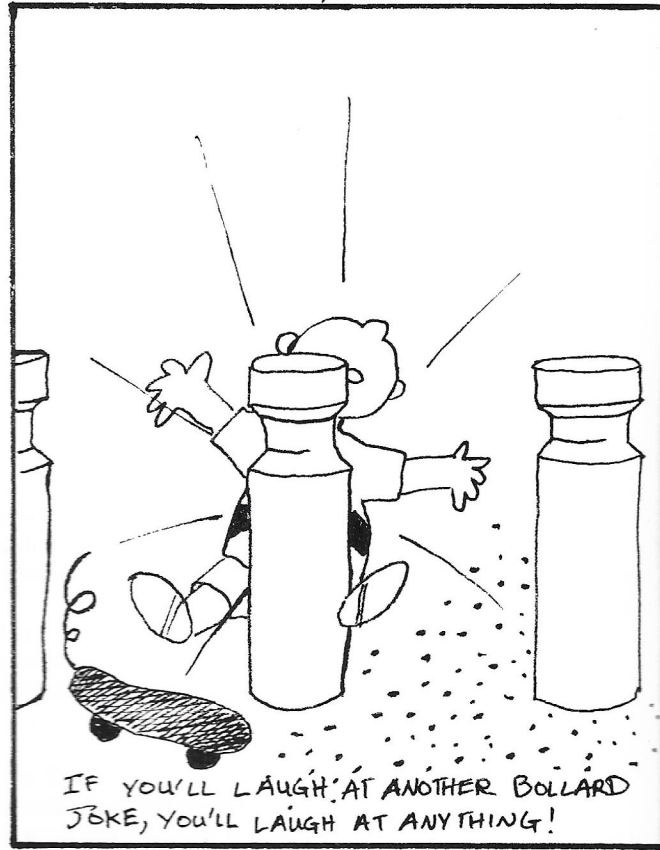
I just wanted to tell you that young Billy is progressing quite well in all areas of camp life, especially photography. Why, just last week, our bunk went on a scavenger hunt in the woods and Billy, being the eager young photographer of nature that he is, took his camera along! While we haven't yet found Billy, one of his bunkmates did find his horribly clawed camera outside of a nearby cave. We developed the film and, as I'm sure Billy would have done, we're enclosing the last photo he ever took.

Best Wishes,

Cameron Lester, Counselor
Camp We're Not Responsible



GOOD GRIEF!



IF YOU'LL LAUGH AT ANOTHER BOLLARD JOKE, YOU'LL LAUGH AT ANYTHING!

IT'S THE DAY AFTER, CHARLIE BROWN



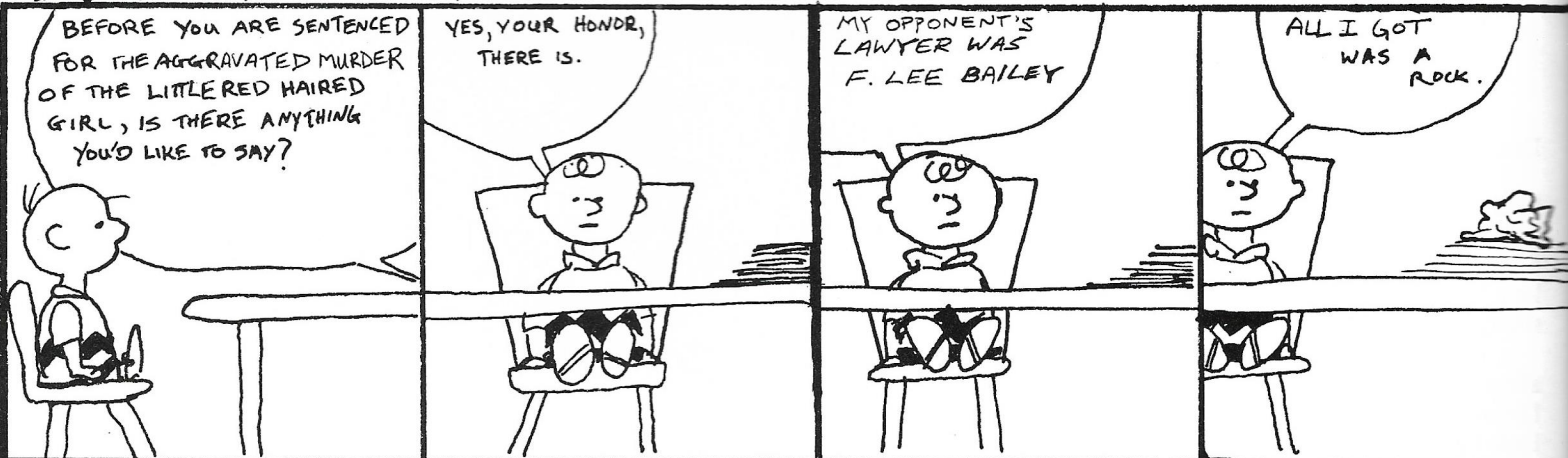
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, SNOOPY. IT'S ALL OVER.

MY ONE AND ONLY!

GOOD GRIEF.

HAPPINESS IS A LEAD SUIT.

IT'S 20 YEARS TO LIFE, CHARLIE BROWN



BEFORE YOU ARE SENTENCED FOR THE AGGRAVATED MURDER OF THE LITTLE RED HAired GIRL, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY?

YES, YOUR HONOR, THERE IS.

MY OPPONENT'S LAWYER WAS F. LEE BAILEY

ALL I GOT WAS A ROCK.

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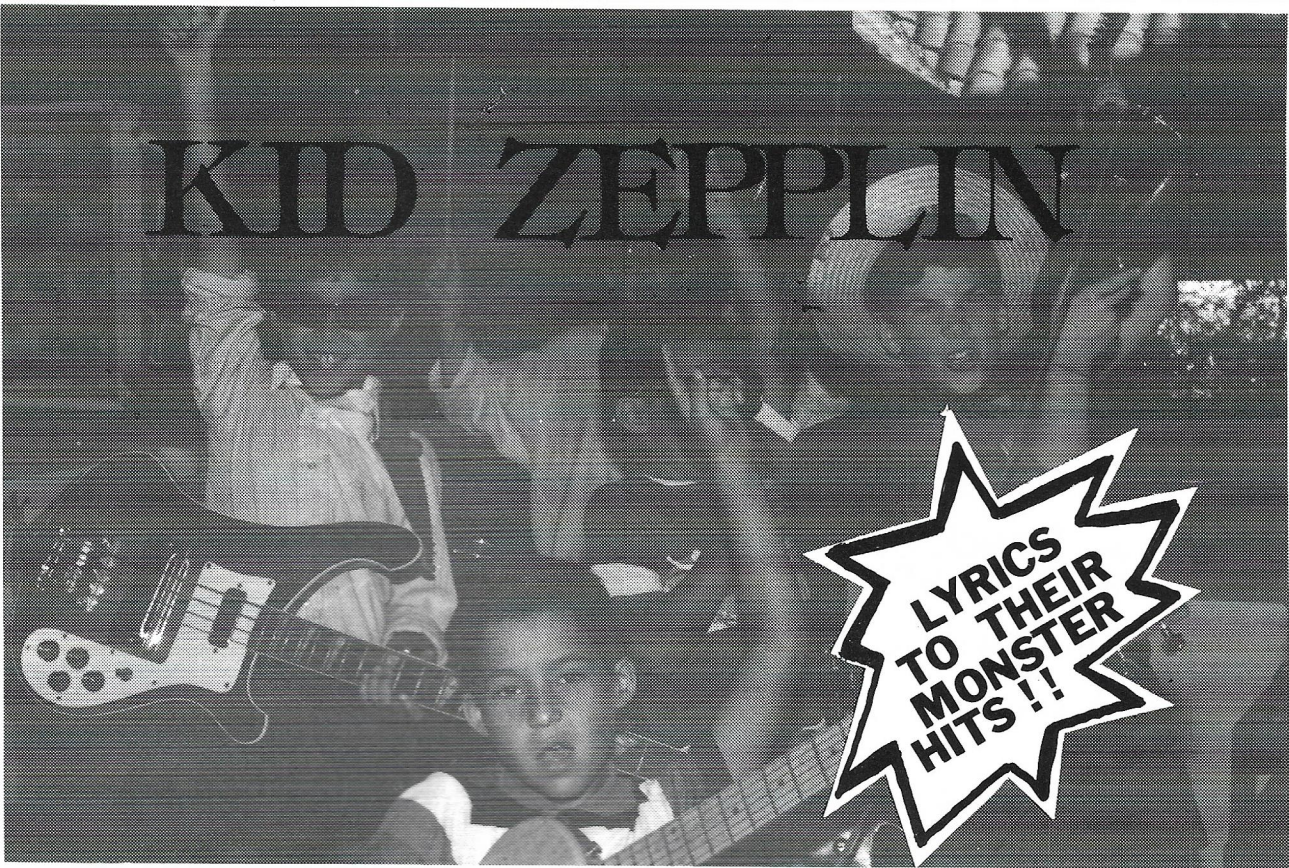
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KID ZEPPLIN



LYRICS
TO THEIR
MONSTER
HITS !!

"What a Terrible World"

Don't know much about history,
Don't know much of biology,
Don't know much of my science book,
Don't know much about the french I took,
So I flunked.



"Strawberry Shakes"

Let me take you down,
Cause I'm going to,
The Dairy Queen,
To get some ice cream,
It really doesn't cost a lot,
Strawberry shakes forever



"I'm So Excited"

I'm so excited,
And I just can't hide it,
I just wet my pants,
Cause I'm so excited,

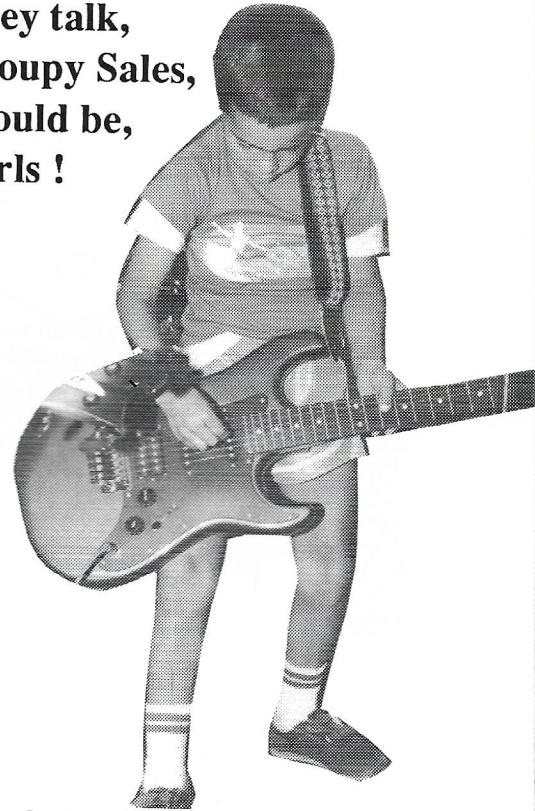




"Second Grade Girls"

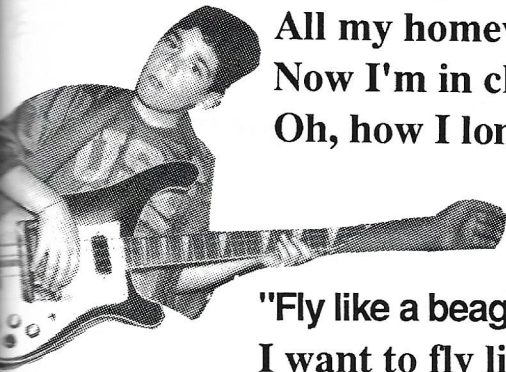
Well the first grade girls are hip,
I really dig those ponytails,
And the third grade girls,
With the way they talk,
Remind me of Soupy Sales,
I wish they all could be,
Second grade girls !

"You Can't Hurry Lunch"
You can't hurry lunch,
No, you'll just have to wait,
You have to wait in line,
No matter how long it takes



"Yesterday"

Yesterday,
All my homework seemed so far away,
Now I'm in class and it's due today,
Oh, how I long for yesterday

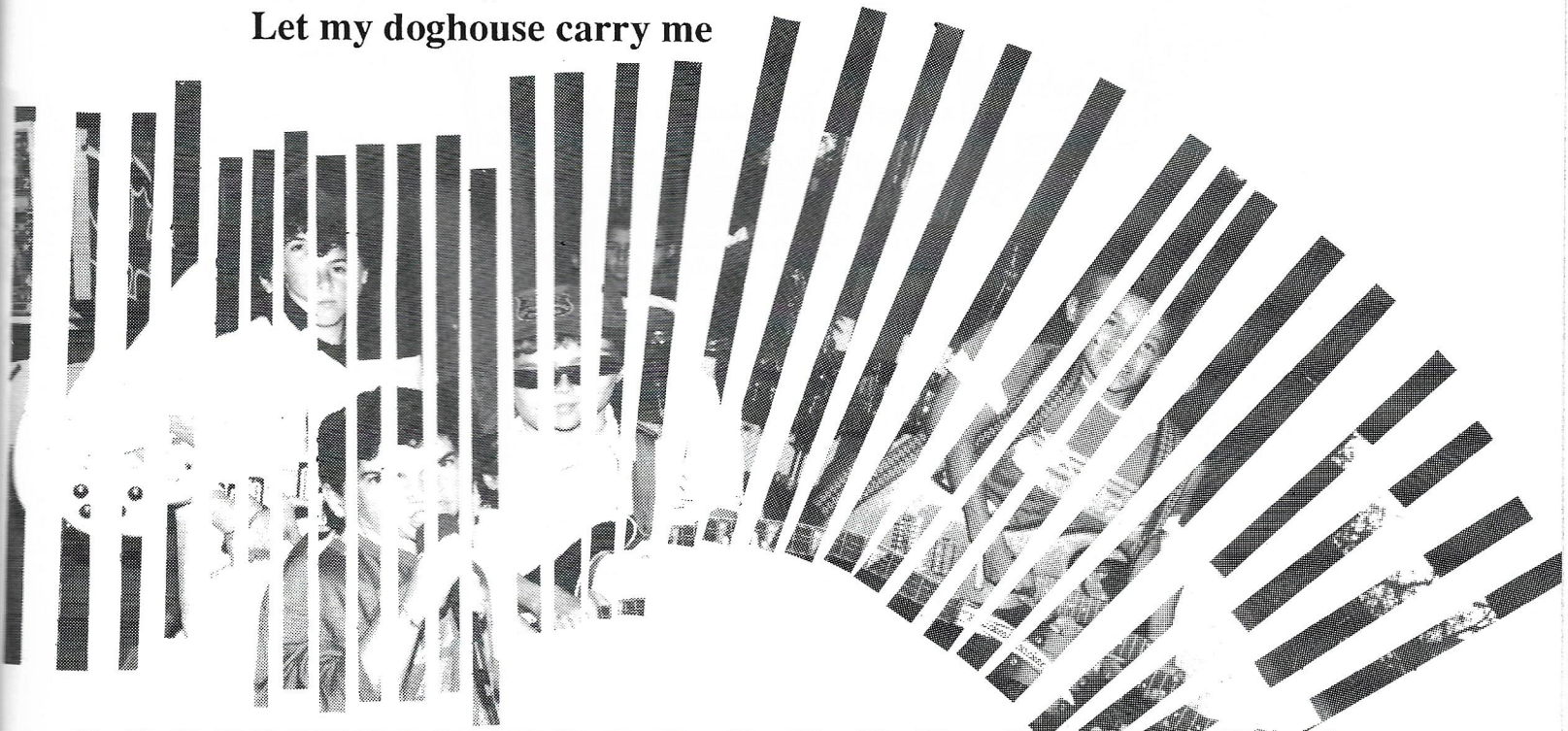


"Fly like a beagle"

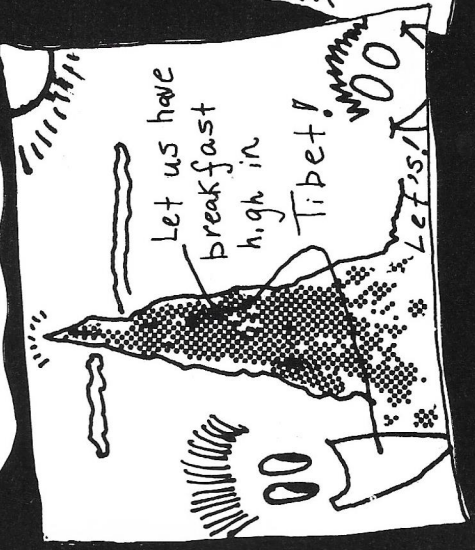
I want to fly like a beagle,
Like Snoopy,
Fly like a beagle,
Let my doghouse carry me

"Life in the Bike-Lane"

Life in the bike-lane,
Almost got cut off again,
Life in the bike-lane,
Don't think I'll see the age of 10



b r e a k f a s t i r t i b e t



Let us have breakfast high in Tibet!
wooo
Let's!



There is a good chance that we goats will see a goat!



A wise monk might give us sage advise.



What if Larry had a beard like that monk? He would look funny!



From this height, pagodas look like trees!



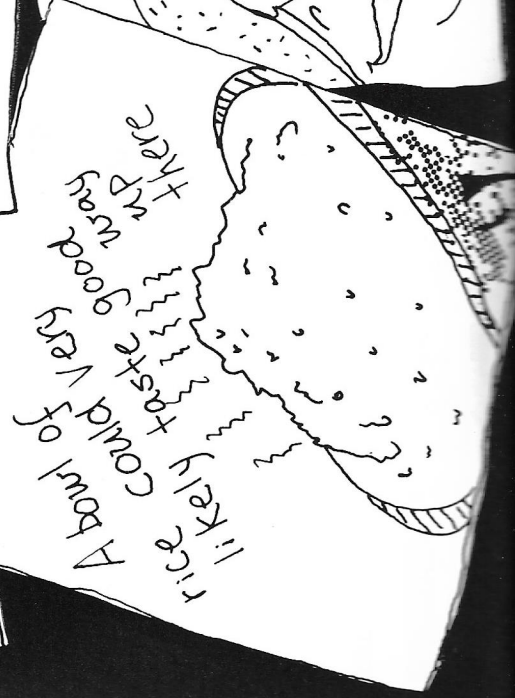
We will enter the Forbidden City!



We might ride in an ox cart in the "Town on the Peak"!



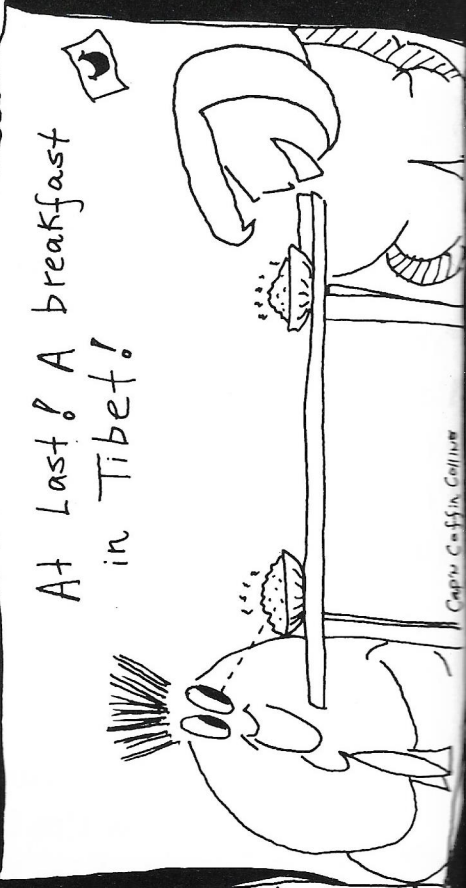
Jerry would look scary in a Dragon Mask!



A bowl of rice could very likely taste good there.



Would a book-reading let snake us pass?



At Last! A breakfast in Tibet!

HELL!

by Mike Gauland



Being a clinical psychologist isn't all fun and games. Take, for example, my last project. I had just received a grant from the American Children's Research Center to do a study on the juvenile reaction to stress. Children?!! Gads, I haven't been a kid for over twenty years.

The only way to write about kids, I reasoned, is to become a kid. I spent the next three days on an intense sugar high, totally out of control, running all over the place, watching cartoons, and even eating peanut butter and Cheerios. At the same time.

After three days of this living hell it became obvious that more serious studies would be required. My plan had only half worked: people were treating me like a kid, but I was painfully aware that I wasn't really a kid (as my wife angrily asserted to me when I refused to sleep in the same bed with her as she, as far as I could diagnose, was a hereditary carrier of the Cooties.) I would have to find a real live child and observe him in his native environment.

I was brooding over this prospect when my intern Chris dropped by. He started griping about how he had to spend the night babysitting his girlfriend's little brother, and what a royal pain that is and how would I like to help him out?

"Sure," I said.

That took him by surprise. "Are you serious? Do you really mean that?" he eyed me suspiciously. Chris was a prime example of a manic paranoid. "What do you want out of this? Lude favors? Money? My girlfriend? Forget it!!"

"No, I mean it," I assured him as I patted him on the head. "No catch. Just because I'm your good friend and an all-around nice guy."

"And..." He knew me all too well to fall for that.

"And, I've got to do a research project on Children."

"Fair enough. I get help with the brat, and you can use him as your case study."

We started our research as soon as the kid's folks were out the door. Chris had him sit on one side of the kitchen table, with the two of us facing him. Just to make sure he wouldn't lie to us, we had a

450-watt floodlight on him, just like the one cops use. After all, this was an interrogation of sorts. If it worked for the cops, we figured, it would work for us.

"All right, Tim," Chris said soothingly. "we're gonna ask you a few questions, and we just want you to try to answer them as best you can, Okay?"

Tim looked a little unsure about all this but we were, after all, grown-ups, and he knew he'd better do whatever we told him. He nodded timidly.

"I guess."

"Good. Let's start with something simple: what's your favorite color?"

Tim relaxed a bit. "Blue!" he blurted out.

"There, that wasn't too bad, was it?"

Chris seemed satisfied with this, but I was suspicious-Tim had answered too quickly. He was hiding something.

"Are you sure? What about green? Don't you like green? Or red? What's wrong with red? He's lying, Chris! Just let me work him over a bit-I'll get the truth out of him!"

Tim shrunk back with horror, but Chris picked up on the good cop/bad cop routine right away. "Now just relax," he told me. "I'm sure Tim's doing the best he can. He wants to help us. Don't you, Tim?"

The kid was still scared pantless, but he nodded.

"Good," Chris said. "As long as you cooperate, there won't be any need to get rough. If you start lying to us, though, well, I can't protect you if you won't help us. You can understand that, can't you?"

Tim nodded again, and Chris continued. "All right, let's try another question: what's your favorite cartoon?"

Tim gave this one a little thought. He knew we were serious.

"The Transformers?"

There was more than a hint of fear in his voice. Chris nodded, but Tim barely noticed-his attention was on me. I paused just long enough to make him nervous, then grinned at him.

"That's right, Tim, the Transformers is a fine cartoon show." Tim grinned back. I sensed he was ready to cooperate now, so I

threw the Big One at him.

"We've got one more question for you, Tim, and then you can go watch TV. This is a tough one, so I want you to take your time, and make sure you tell the truth. All we want to know, Tim, is what is the essence of childhood reactions to stress?"

Tim's grin disappeared, and he began to look very nervous. We let him take his time, as patience is a very important part of any clinical study. He scratched his head, hyperventilated a bit, and did all those things people do when they're thinking, and, finally, he spoke.

"I'm sorry, mister, but I just don't know the answer to that one. Please don't hurt me! I tried as hard as I could, I really did!" He was practically in tears.

I jumped up and grabbed an apple peeler from the counter. "You're lying! You swine!" I lunged toward him, but Chris held me back, as Tim watched, immobilized both by fear and by the ropes by which we had tied him to the chair.

"You know! Tell me! My entire career as a clinical psychologist is at stake!" I tried to break away from Chris, but nobody gets away from him unless he wants them to. He was trained that way. Tim finally squirmed his way out of his trance, and his ropes, and ran screaming out of the kitchen.

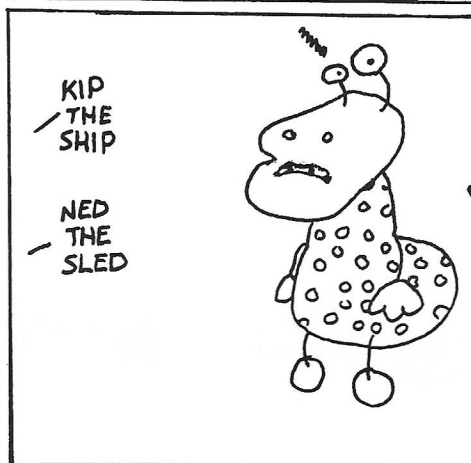
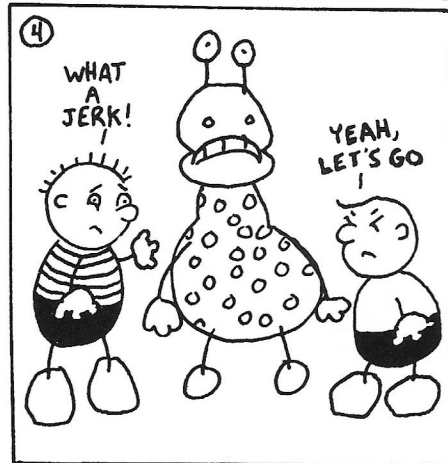
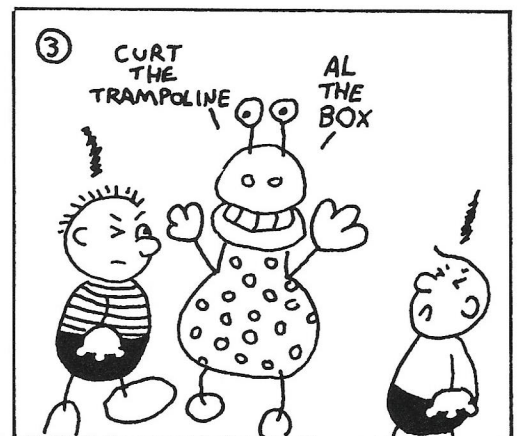
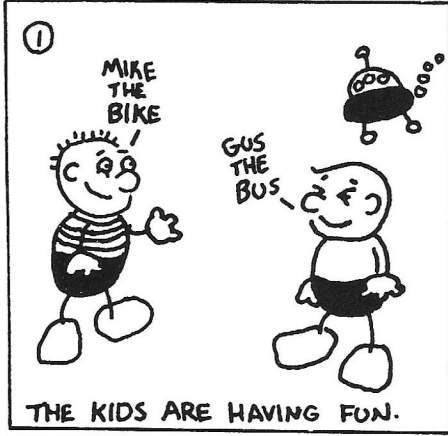
"Good God, are you insane?!!" I suddenly noticed Chris screaming in my ear. "That's my girlfriend's brother, man! You can't just carve him up like a stick of pepperoni-their old man's a high-powered district attorney, for Christ's sake!"

I stopped struggling and dropped the peeler. "Hell, I wasn't really going to stab him. I just wanted to scare him a little."

"Yeah, sure. Just scare the truth out of him," Chris laughed as he kept his body between me and the kitchen door.

I smiled weakly, and muttered good-night. It had been a long week, research deadline was hours away, and it was now painfully obvious that I wasn't going to uncover the secret of childhood reactions to stress.

So I ended up losing the grant. So what. I hate field work, anyway.



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He-Man & The Mustards Of The Universe

NBC, Saturday 9:00-10:00 a.m.

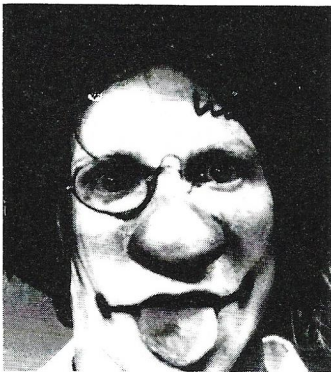
When the inhabitants of the planet Luncharamus are faced with a life-threatening shortage of sandwich spreads, they know who to call-He-Man and his renegade band of assorted Mustards! Thrill to the vacuum-packed action adventures as He-Man and Pickle Relish fight Pastramion, evil overlord of the Deli System! Watch with hungry breath as He-Man and Grey Poupon spread their tasty power against the dangerous Dijonites! And don't miss the exciting season opener as He-Man and Spicy Hot Chinese Restaurant Style Mustard come face to face with Dagwoodatron, the hungriest Sandwich in the galaxy!



The Adventures Of Ansel & Gretel

CBS, Saturday 10:00-10:30

Join the wacky misadventures of famed wilderness photographer Ansel Adams and his frisky but lovable assistant Gretel as they travel across America's parklands in search of the famed Gingerbread Fotomat Hut! Lovely wilderness scenes and heartwarming darkroom action promise delight for the entire family.



The Bad And Barely Lovable Clowns Hour

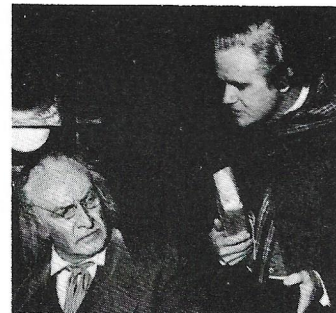
ABC, Saturday 10:00-11:00 am

Kids love clowns and they're sure to take a big, nasty pratfall for this zany new series produced by the Saturday morning superteam of Sid and Marty Krofft. Amongst the incredibly bad clowns who pop from the Kroffts' Super-Circus Volkswagen Beetle Built for Twenty Clowns are: Cute and Clumsy Droppo the Clown ("He can't keep his grip on anything!") and his hardworking sidekick Mendo ("Pass the glue, Mendo!"), the ever-somnambulent Sleepo ("ZZZZZZZZZZ, hi Kids, ZZZZZZZZZZ.") and, of course, Ergo, the Latin speaking clown kids love to quote ("Quit Pro Quo and away we go!")

Christmas Special! - Frank Incense And Myrrh

NBC, Saturday, December 24, 9:00-10:00 pm

Who stole Christmas this year? Who's been filling good children's stockings with coal and asbestos? Who siphoned all the rocket fuel out of Santa's super-new Ultrasled? Just leave the answers to the hot new Christmastime detective team of Frank Incense and his sweet-smelling assistant Myrrh as they investigate the greatest Christmas mysteries ever! Ernest Borgnine guest stars as the mysteriously ugly Father Christmas in this holiday special for the entire family!



Scooby Doobies Doo

ABC, Saturday 11:00-11:30

When honest amusement park owners find rock groups cancelling engagements because of mysterious ride-related "accidents," only one group can help them-the Doobie Brothers! Michael MacDonald, his furry bass player Scooby, and the rest of the Mystery Machine gang handily solve every mystery, especially because every "accident" is always the evil-doing of a greedy and disgruntled realtor disguised in a ghost costume. If it weren't for those meddling musicians!



The Adventures Of Batman and Robin Leach

NBC, Saturday 11:00-11:30

Ever wonder how the Penguin lives his off-screen life of luxury? Interested in the palacial estate of the Riddler? Want to know the real story behind Egghead's golden eggs and Catwoman's extravagantly secret sequin reserve? Just tune into this super-powered celebrity investigative team and find out!



Incinderella

CBS, Saturday 11:30-12:00

In the wake of the recent success of Rambo and GI Joe, Warner Brothers sends everybody's favorite princess-to-be, Incinderella, into the fast-paced, shoot-'em-up action of wartime Viet Nam. Kids will scream for more as Incinderella, armed with her never-ending supply of napalm, rescues Mother Goose, Humpty Dumpty, and many other fairytale favorites from the cruel imprisonment of the Viet Cong. This explosive new show promises rapid-firing action for all!



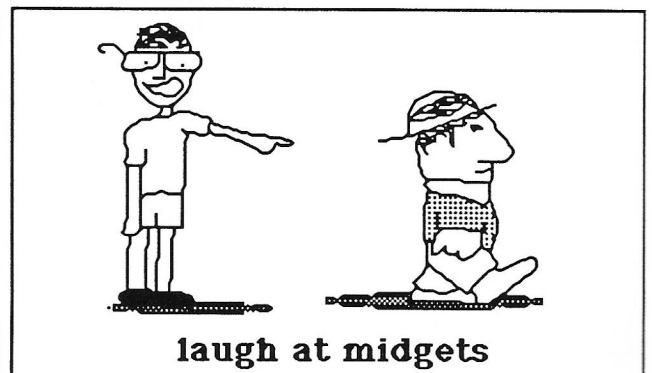
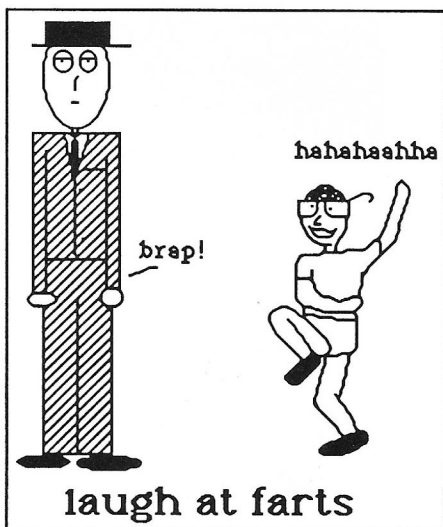
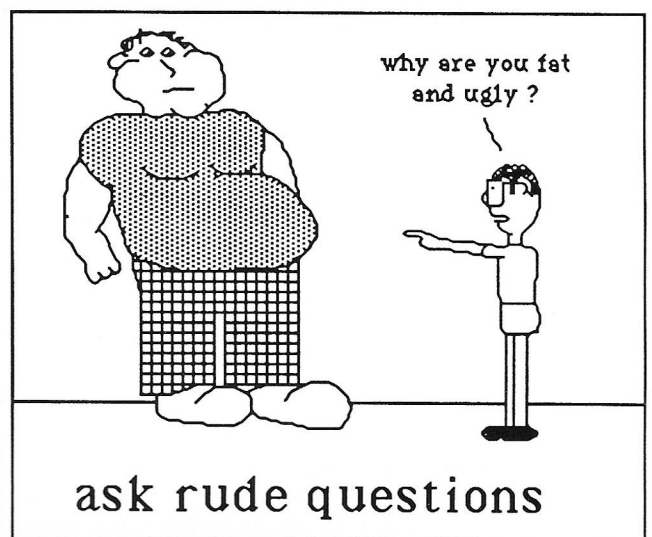
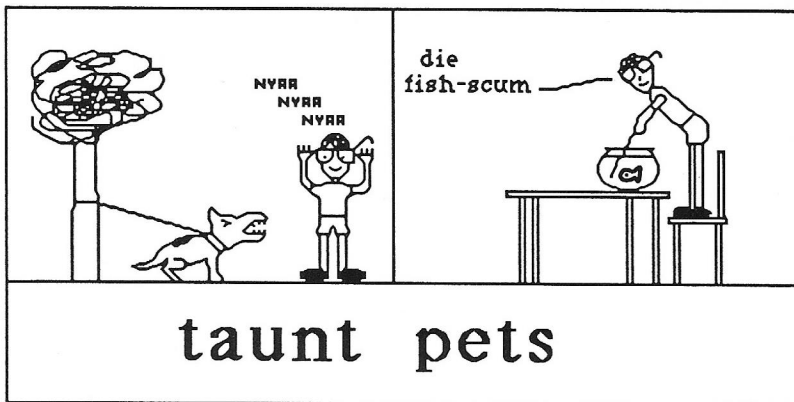
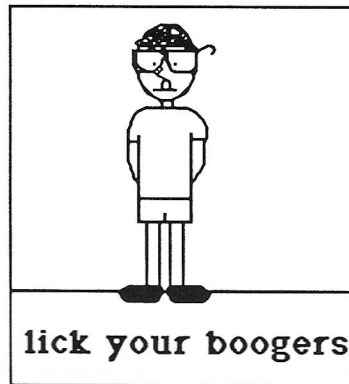
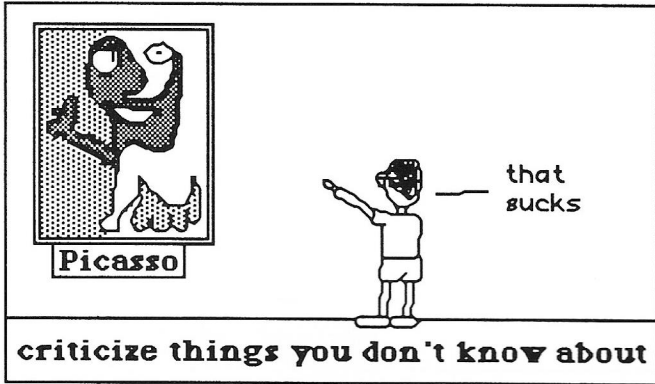
Leave It To Java Man

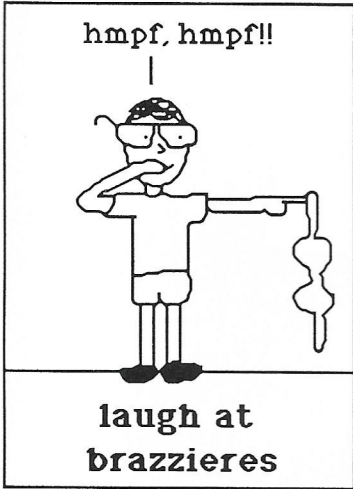
NBC, Saturday 11:30-12:00

When a recently defrosted Neanderthal boy is adopted by a typical suburban family, all hell breaks lose on this new Saturday morning sitcom! Laugh and cry with the Kleaver family as they learn that their new son, Ookmog, knows nothing of modern technology, let alone any form of intelligible human language! Don't miss the heartwarming first episode in which Ookmog mistakes Wally Kleaver's spanking new Mustang convertible for a smoke-breathing dinosaur and accidentally destroys the Kleavers' new garage!

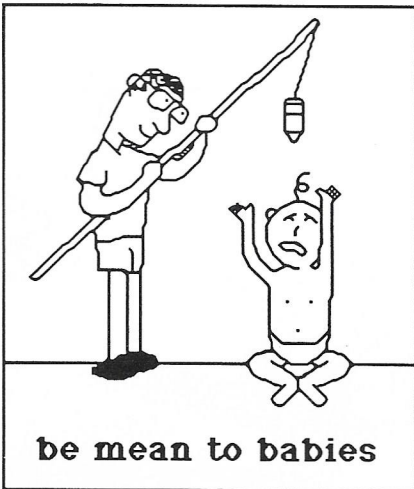


15 things you can do if you are a little kid.

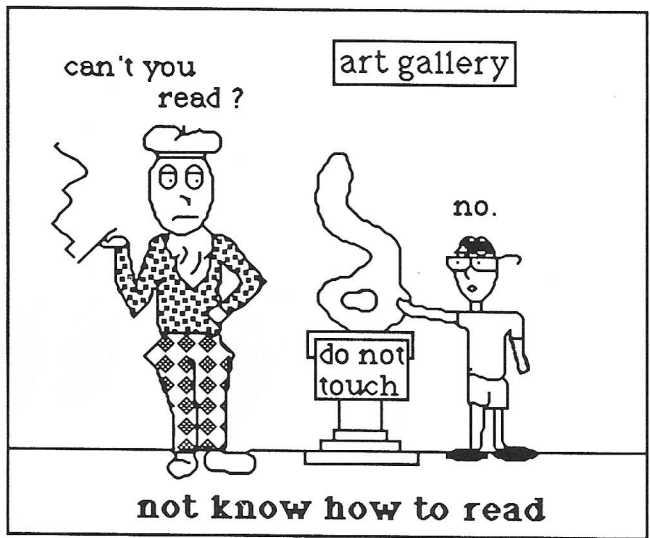




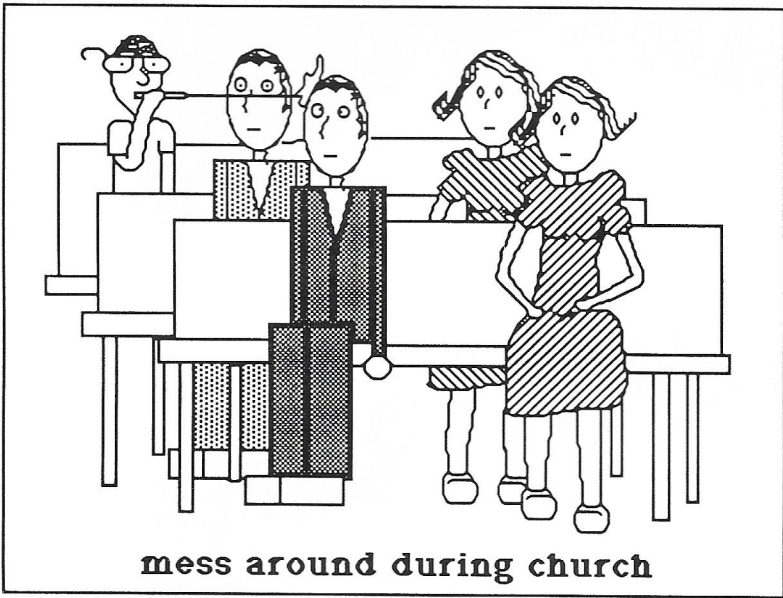
**laugh at
brazzieres**



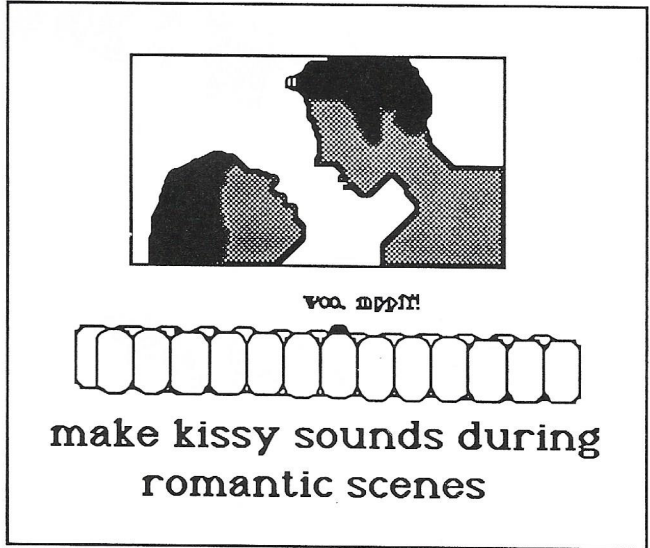
be mean to babies



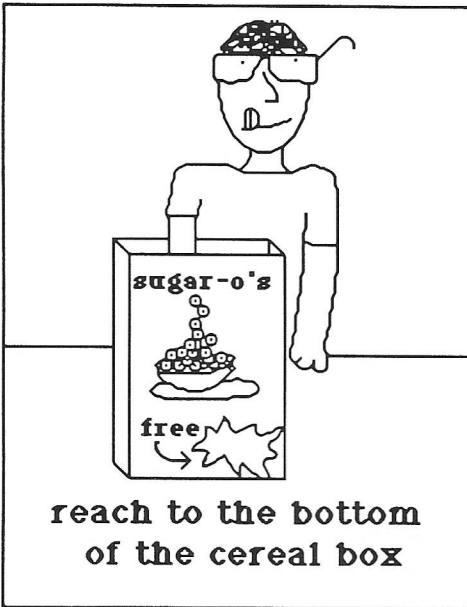
not know how to read



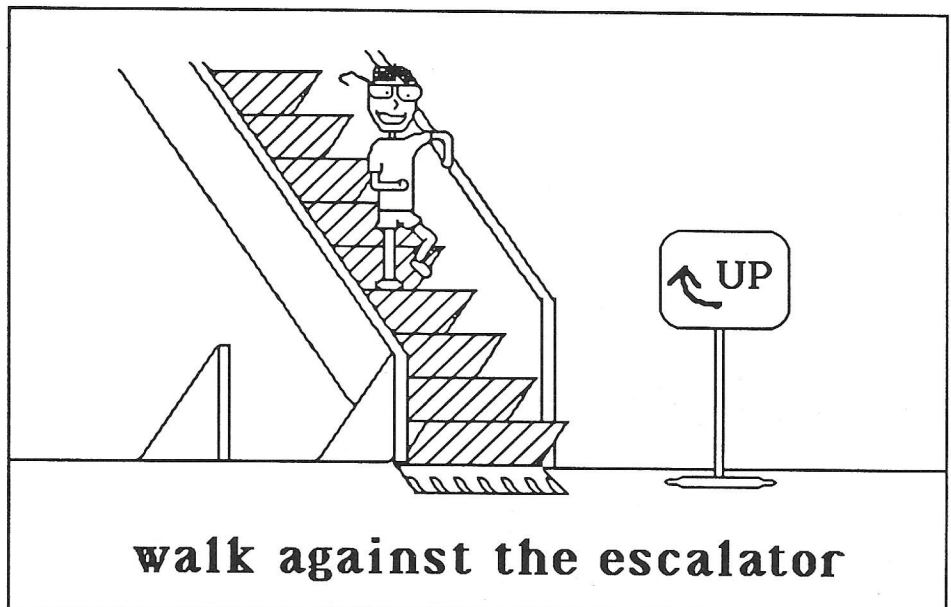
mess around during church



**make kissy sounds during
romantic scenes**



**reach to the bottom
of the cereal box**



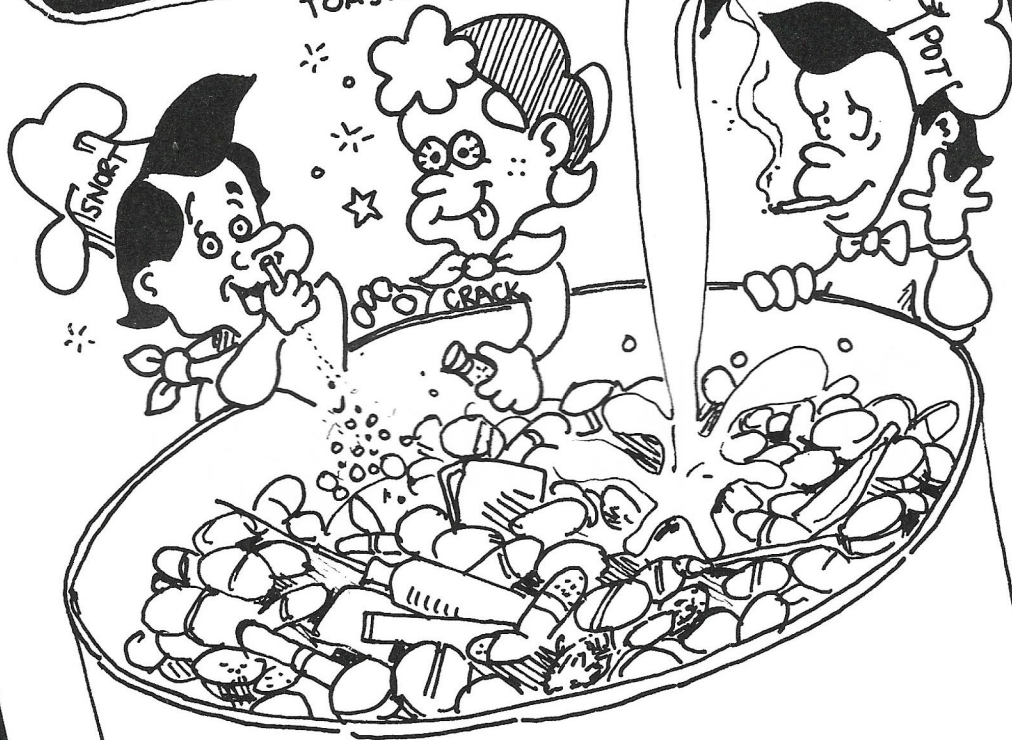
walk against the escalator

Kellogg's

VICE KRISPIES


K

TOASTED CEREAL



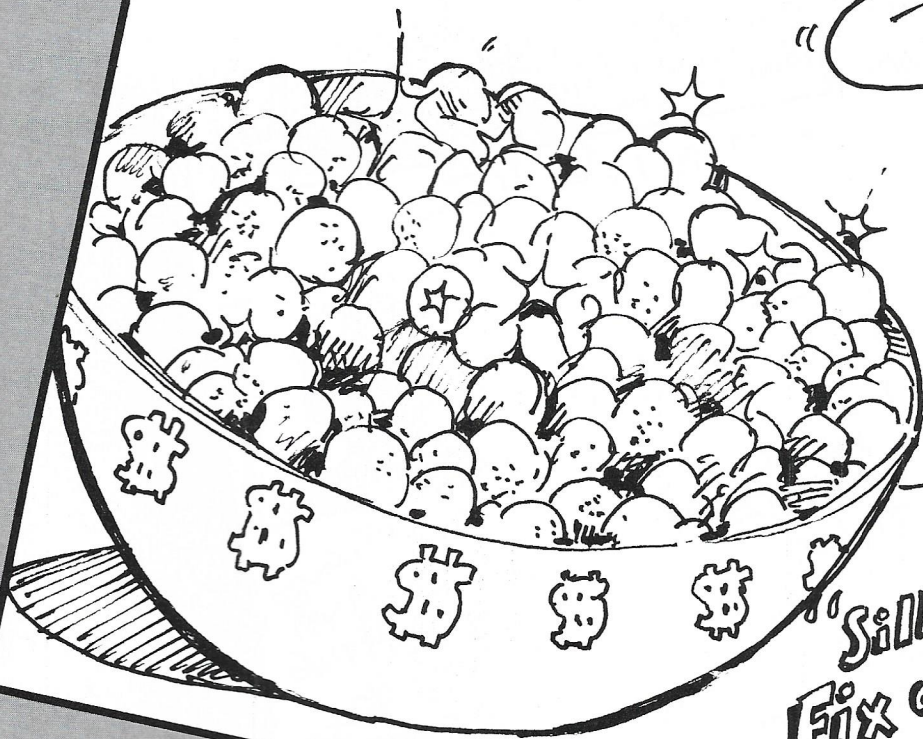
NET WT. 5/8 KILOS

General Pills

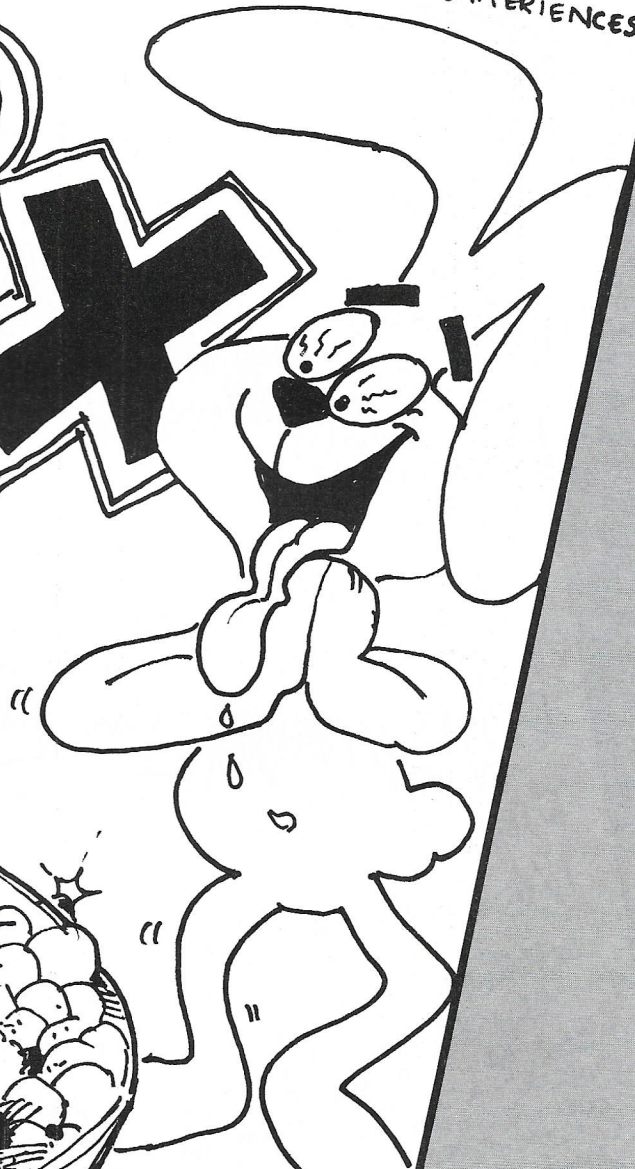
PROVIDES  ESSENTIAL
SENSORY EXPERIENCES

FIX

Frosted Coke Puffs
ALL NARCOTIC FLAVORS



"Silly habits,
Fix are for
addicts!"



THE STAMFORD DAILY

VOLUME-WHATS A VOLUME?

A CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

TOOSDAY

I GOT A NEW BIKE!

BY CHARLIE GOFISH

I GOT THIS REAL NEAT BIKE FOR MY BIRTHDAY ITS RED AND WHITE AND ITS GOT 10 SPEEDS AND A RED SEAT AND BMX HANDEL BARS AND I EVEN GOT A KRIPPONITE LOCK FOR IT AND IT COST A LOT NEXT WEEK I'M GONNA GET SOME NEW HE-MEN I CAN'T WAIT!

PLEASE SEE MY NEW BIKE

DAVID HIT ME

BY TRACY FRUITLOOPS

DAVID HIT ME!!

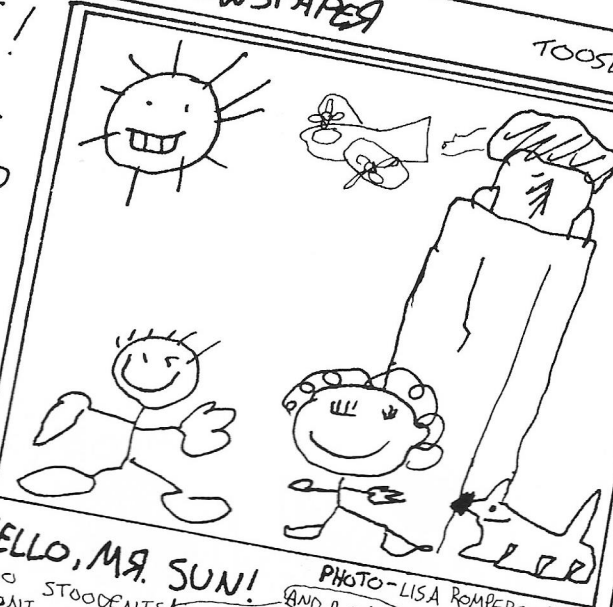
I'M GONNA TELL!

PLEASE SEE ME AFTER CLASS

CHARLIE IS A WIENER

by Kenneth Yoyo
Charlie is a big stupid ugly wiener and he stinks so bad I don't want even to ride it. Charlie sucks.

THANK YOU MISS GRINALDI'S MIMOGRAPH MACHINE!!!! -SENIOR STAFF



HELLO, MR. SUN!

PHOTO-LISA ROMPEROOM/DAILY
TOO STOODENTS ENJOY THE SHINEE SUN IN FRONT OF HOOOVER TOWER TODAY YESTERDAY.

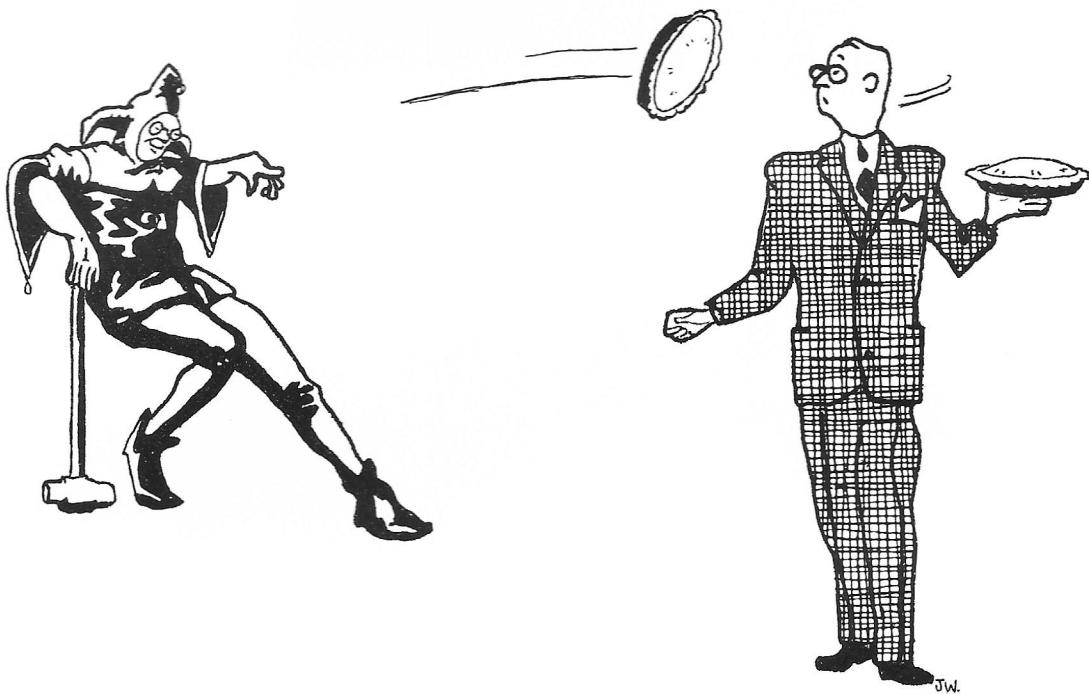
OPINIONS

CHRIS ADUMSON



I DON'T LIKE COLLI FLOWER. AND I DON'T LIKE GURLS. AND BATHS. I DON'T LIKE HITTING MY HEDD ON THE TREE HOUSE DOOR. I DON'T LIKE HORSES BUT I LIKE MISS GRINALDI CAUSE SHE'S MY FAVRIT TEECHER AND SHE READS THIS.

THE REAL WORLD IS NOT
A FUNNY PLACE.
BUT IT SHOULD BE.



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