

STANFORD

Chaparral

MAY 1988

\$2.00



ANIMALS!

ANIMALS

Table of Contents

Now That.....	3
By The Old Boy	
Crazy Dog.....	5
By Suhre	
Mr. Peabody's Impossible History.....	6
By Handley and Weinstein	
Animals Say The Darndest Things.....	7
By the Chappies	
Manimal.....	8
By Avila	
Hop On Pop.....	10
By Handley	
Animal Crack-Ups.....	14
By the Chappies	
Elephants.....	15
By Chang and Gillet	
Samurai Sushi.....	16
By Handley	
Scragman.....	17
By Dau and Suhre	
Brain Lag.....	22
By Gregor, Pearson, Suhre, and more.	
Rocky & Bullwinkle.....	25
By Handley and Lokensgard	
The Great Black Squirrel Hunt.....	26
By Payan	
Stoopid Critters.....	29
By Latchaw	
Blunder Twins.....	30
By Avila and Campbell	



The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

VOLUME 89 NUMBER 3

TOP DOG

Jerry Avila

TOP CAT

Joe Dew

CRAZY DOG

Jim Suhre

LAUGHING HYENAS

Dave Gregor

Josh Weinstein

HEAD BUSINESS SHARK

Helen Chang

BUSINESS SHARKS

Amy Gillet

J.B. Handley

Raoul Mowatt

CARRIER PIGEONS

Omar Baldonado

Mark Lokensgard

SCREAMING MONKEYS

Paul Abramson

Steve Barrera

James Biggs

Celeste Campbell

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Daniella Evans

Perry Friedman

Maria Gallegos

Dan Greenberg

Matthew Johnson

Adine Kernberg

Jeff Lippman

Dave Maltz

John Mannion

Clarissa McFadden

Marin Melchior

Victor Payan

Scott Pearson

Vince Prothro

Daniel Rosenberg

Jon Schreiber

Michael Schreiber

Andy Schwarz

Jennifer Sinclair

Mara Winokur

Al X

'ART'-VARKS

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Dave Latchaw

Dot Manning

SHUTTER-BUGS

Shawn Blosser

Neil Dau

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Dave Lipscombe

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

THAN

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT

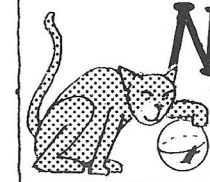
ALL.

REFLECTIONS



Now That

the Old Boy has chosen a theme for this issue you are probably asking, "What's so funny about animals ?!!" Well I'll tell you. Not a thing! Not a damn thing!! Well maybe a thousand screaming monkeys riding unicycles, but besides that, not much. Well okay, I guess if you stretch your funny bone you might consider a dog wearing a big floppy cowboy hat and wearing boots on all of its four legs funny, but that's it. Okay, okay, I forgot to mention. . .



Now That

you get the idea you probably understand that animals illicit all kinds of emotions in us. Who didn't cry when they shot Ol' Yeller? Who didn't cringe when they saw Jaws? Who didn't put their sister's pet hamster in one of those clear plastic spheres and let the cat play with it?



is a shame, gentle reader, that you do not share the Old Boy's sentiments about the innate humor in the kingdom animalia. Let me explain it to you this way, let's assume that there were no animals at all. Now if there were no animals then there would be no zoos. Now if there were no zoos then my 3rd grade class couldn't have made a trip to the zoo, and if my 3rd grade class didn't make a trip to the zoo, then the gorilla wouldn't have got mad and thrown his feces at us and hit my friend Gordie in the side of the head.



we see how humorous animals can be, isn't it just that much easier to see how smart they are. Why, wouldn't the world be a better place, and funnier too, if we looked to the animals and followed their example. For instance, the next time you're on a bus or a plane with a perfect stranger don't just sit there like a bump on a log.

Reach out and inspect his/her hair for parasites. Here are a few other tips;

1. Eat your offspring.
2. The next time you feel threatened in any way, don't keep your feelings pent up inside. Bare your teeth and make deep growling guttural noises.
3. Don't wear clothes.
4. At mealtime, be assertive about what you want and how much you want to eat. Push and shove those weaker than you out of the way. Remember, only the strongest survive.
5. Conserve water by bathing infrequently or just lick yourself clean.
6. Marking your property with your scent is a simple and effective way of telling others "hands off buddy, that's mine."



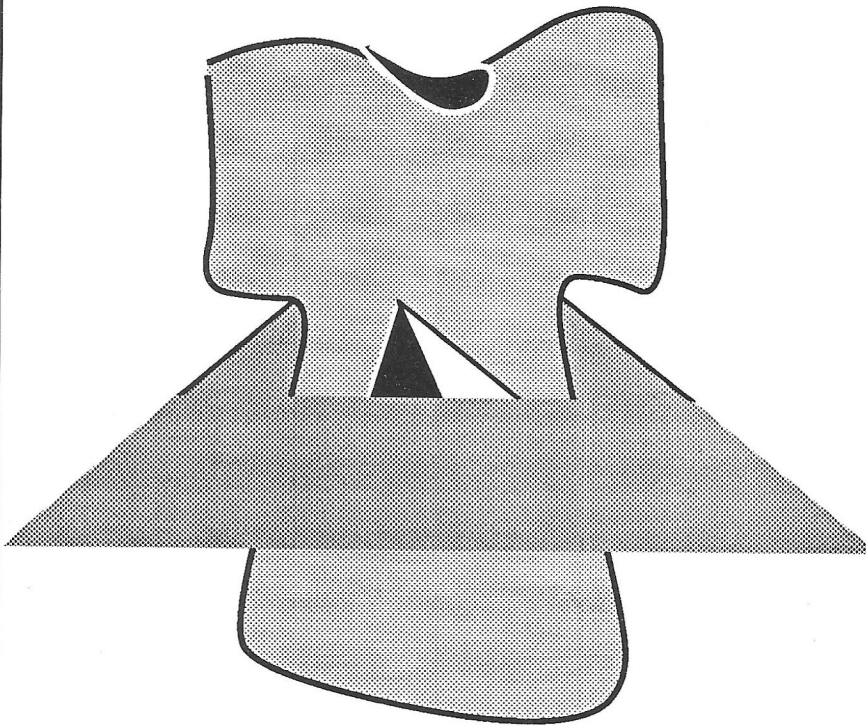
we are all thoroughly enchanted and mystified by our fine animal friends, sit back and prepare yourself to enjoy some comedy written by the funniest animals of all, dogs and monkeys.

Er, I mean man. But you gotta admit dogs and monkeys are pretty darned funny.



Let

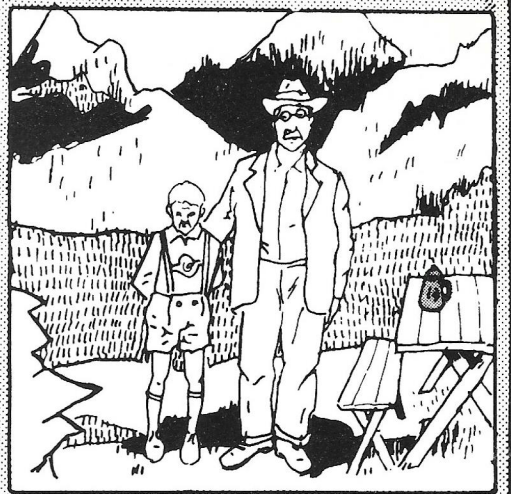
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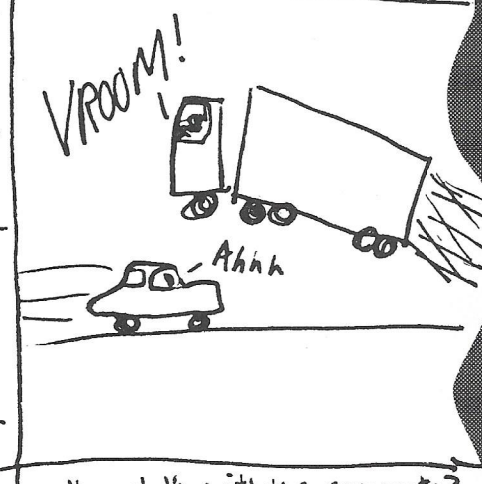
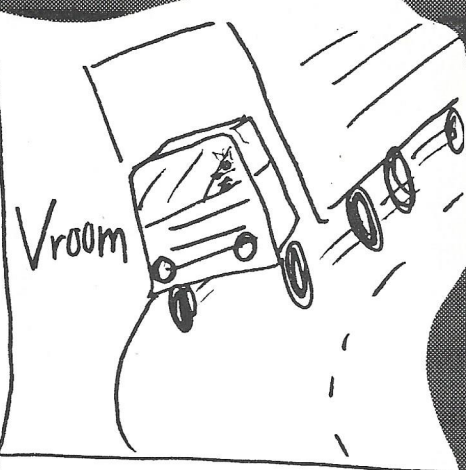
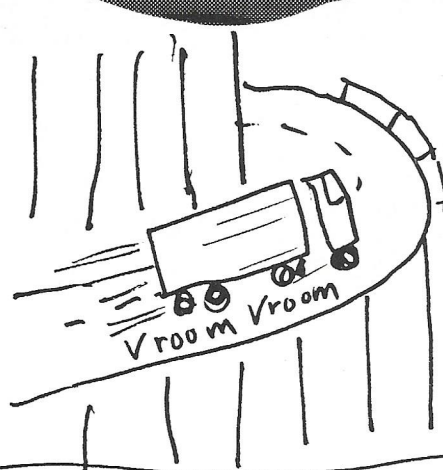
3915 Alpine Road
Portola Valley

And now

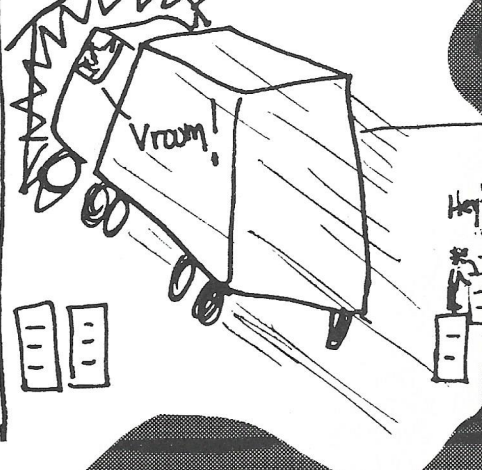
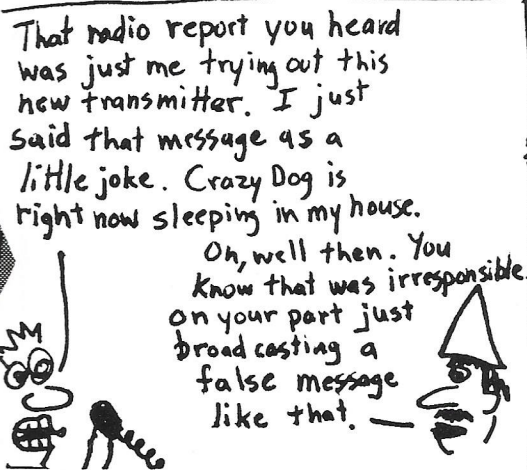


Crazy Dog in
"Breaker Breaker"

SURE



MEANWHILE





MR. PEABODY! HOW DARE YOU RUIN MAN'S FIRST HISTORIC STEP ON THE MOON LIKE THIS!!

THAT'S ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN, ONE GIANT ... EEEYUCCCHH!!

OH POSH, SHERMAN. I MAY BE A GENIUS, BUT I AM, NEVERTHELESS, ALSO A DOG.

WEINSTEIN AND HANDLEY 5/88

ANIMALS SAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS

A man brought a cage with a blanket over it to a big time talent agent.

"Listen," said the man as he unveiled the cage, "a talking monkey!"

"Let me out of this @\$% cage!" said the monkey.

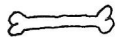


A man walked into his bedroom one evening to find the family dog in bed with his wife.

"What's going on here?!", the man demanded.

"What the hell do you think?" said the dog. "I'm screwing your wife,"

"That's amazing, a talking dog!" said the man as he left the room to call a talent agent.



"My god!" said the man, "Your pet monkey is in bed with my wife!"

"That's nothing," said his friend. "My dog can talk."



"My god!" said the man, "Your pet monkey is in bed with my dog!"

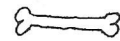
"That's nothing," said his friend. "My wife can talk."



Drunk, phoning to wife: "Thash you, dear? Tell the monkey I won't be home tonight."

A woman walked in one day to find her husband in bed with a mokey.

"Where's the dog?" she demanded.



A monkey walked in one day to find a man in bed with his wife.

"What's going on?" the monkey demanded.

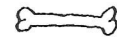
"My god!" said the man. "A talking monkey! I'm getting out of here!"



A dog walked in one day to find a talent agent in bed with his wife.

"What's going on?" the dog demanded.

"Get in line," said the monkey.



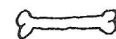
A man walked into his living room to find his dog in bed with a monkey.

"What's the matter," said the man, "my wife ain't good enough?"



How do you know when your wife's been sleeping with a monkey?

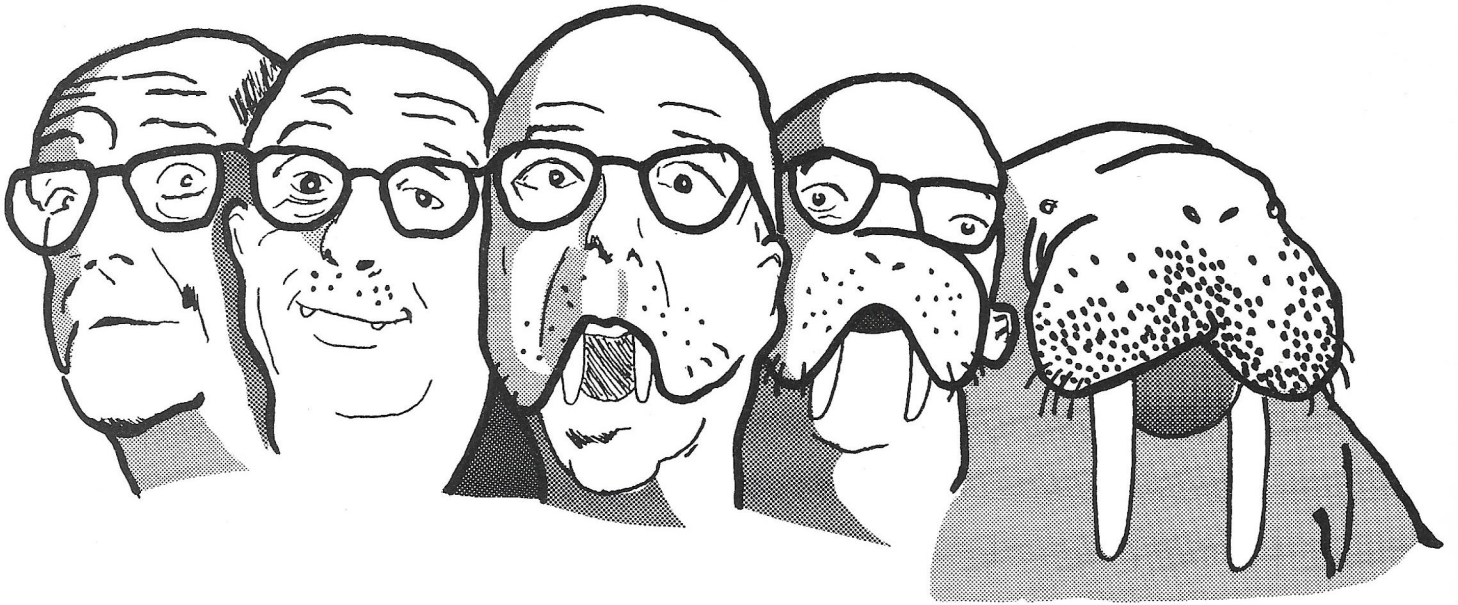
The dog tells you.



One day an agent, his talking monkey, a talking dog, a man and his wife . . .

You know the rest.

100% Manimal



as told by J. Avila

So there I was, trapped inside an old abandoned Yoo-Hoo warehouse, surrounded by 50 submachine gun toting goons, 49 submachine guns pointed up my left nostril, one up my right, a split second away from having my brains splattered into a pre-neo-impressionistic art piece on the wall behind me. Without flinching, I called forth the powers bestowed upon me by Walter Matthau (who at the time was smoking a big cigar and wearing a white tanktop, dress shoes with black socks and a pair of boxer shorts). He took me to one side, my right his left, and granted me the power that he had kept secret up until his last film, *"The Bad News Bears all die bloody and horrible deaths"*; The ability to transform my body into that of any animal, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

So like I said, without flinching I called forth these powers and trans-

formed myself into . . . into a tick. Hah, no way could they possibly find me, not even with their infrared heat detecting combination laser scopes and food processors that could pinpoint a lemur in a field of cabbage and still make a perfect batch of coleslaw. But they started firing anyway, but they missed, hah. Lucky for me the ambient body temperature of a tick is only 44.7°.

In my new tick form I was virtually invisible to them, so I decided to switch the tables, figuratively. Hoping to sneak a ride back to their palace of perfidy, I scurried on to one of the goons in my new tick form and embedded my insect fangs deep into the back of his neck, gorging myself on his blood. They jumped into their van and headed back to their hideout, reciting lines of Wadsworth and playing Truth or Dare. By the time they arrived at their hideout (an old abandoned hair net warehouse) I was fully engorged with blood, about the size of a

ripe strawberry, so I dropped off and transformed myself again, into a giant squid.

The goons were caught by surprise so I grabbed them in my tentacles and thrashed them about the van, knocking their heads together like so many ripe coconuts in a bad Gilligan's Island rerun. I take that back, all Gilligan's Island reruns are bad.

Then realizing that in my squidular form I couldn't breath outside of water, I instantly transformed myself into Henny Youngman. The goons were upon me at once, surrounding me from all sides, and blocking any chance for escape. They were all big Henny Youngman fans and begged me for my autograph. Thinking quickly I gave them the old "Take my wife, please" line. They immediately burst into hysterics, not realizing that Henny Youngman's wife had died of asphyxiation 30 years previously in a freak Water Wiggle accident. I took the opportunity to transform myself into a woolly mammoth and gutted them

with my massive ivory tusks, strewn their grisly remains about the van.

I jumped out of their van and charged towards the hideout transforming again at the last second into an earthworm and burrowed my way into the warehouse. Once inside I could not see a thing, not one discernable iota, since earthworms have no eyes. I quickly transformed myself into a wild dingo and beheld, for the first time, Mr. Big. In his lap sat a perfectly white persian cat with blue eyes, and next to him stood a swarthy body guard, dressed in a lime green polyester suit, with a twinkle in his eye, a machete in each hand, a lily in his lapel, five dollars in his wallet, and a smile so insidiously facetious it would make a blind man want to visit the Louvre just to buy a postcard to send to his dead mother.

Without thinking, my instincts took over. Letting out a vicious growl and baring my canines, I lunged at the cat chasing it all the way over to the far wall, the one with the velvet wall hanging of dogs playing poker. Something in that velvet wall hanging of dogs playing poker snapped me out of my instinctual rage, and I turned around just in time to see Mr. Big's body guard bringing his machetes down upon me.

Thinking faster than the speed of sound at 6 atmospheres I transformed myself into a flatworm just as the razor keen machetes whizzed through me. The body guard's machetes sliced me into 43 separate, yet somehow equal parts. Mr. Big congratulated his body guard, rewarding him with a yttrium watch engraved with

the names and birthdates of all the original members of Duran Duran, while the cat sharpened it's claws on the lifesize velvet wall hanging of Elvis which hung next to the one with the dogs playing poker.

Well Mr. Big probably knew about as much about flatworms as Geraldo Rivera knows about ironing socks. I called forth the powers that I alone controlled, and without knowing what was happening, Mr. Big, his body

3 cornish game hens, 4 tapirs, 8 giant anteaters, Ricardo Montalban, 2 three-legged cows, 11 grizzly bears, 9 emus, 3 more cornish game hens, Herve Villechaize and a giant land slug named Chet.

guard and his cat were surrounded by 43 screaming female chimpanzees in heat. I, the chimpanzees that is, dispatched the body guard quite easily who was busy attaching his new watch to his K-tel, battery operated, combination watch fob and egg scrambler. Next, 30 of the chimpanzees who I was twisted off the neck of the cat, very slowly so as to draw out the harsh, screeching, dying baby sound that cats make when their necks are twisted off very, very slowly.

Mr. Big was now backed up into a corner surrounded by

(for I had transformed myself once more) 3 cornish game hens, 4 tapirs, 8 giant anteaters, Ricardo Montalban, 2 three-legged cows, 11 grizzly bears, 9 emus, 3 more cornish game hens, Herve Villechaize and a giant land slug named Chet (It wasn't really named Chet, I just liked to call it that). Well that was just about the worst assortment of animals I could have chose (the worst of course would have been 42 giraffes and one sea anemone). The grizzlies spooked the emus, the giant anteaters tried to eat the game hens, Montalban and Villechaize got into an argument over Corinthian leather and the tapirs kept sitting on Chet.

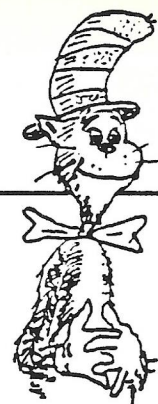
Mr. Big was no dummy, having scored above average in the Reader's Digest MENSA I.Q. test, and he instantly siezed the moment by prying the yttrium watch from his body guard's cold fingers. He began chanting something in Balinesian which I couldn't quite make out, but sounded like something about Rice Crispies marshmallow treats. At once I, all the animals, were in a deep hypnotic trance, our eyes focusing on the name Simon LeBon. Mr. Big made me think that I was a bunch of lemmings and that there was a shortage of food and then snapped his fingers, bringing me out of the trance. Then thinking, in my lemming states, that I did not have enough food for all 43 of me I raced to the nearest cliff and jumped off into the waters below where I all drowned, except for one of the three legged cows who swam to safety and transformed into you.

the end

HEY
KIDS!

Dr. Seuss

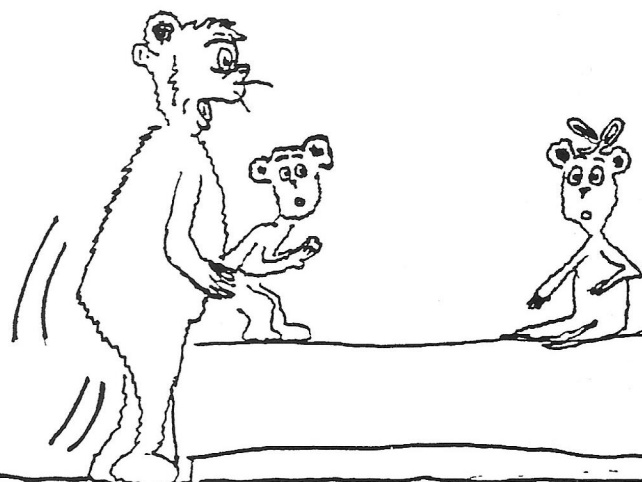
SAYS:



IT'S OK.
TO HOP
ON
POP!



BUT DON'T
LET POP
MAKE YOU
BOP!



IF HE DOES,
CALL A COP
AND MAKE
HIM STOP!

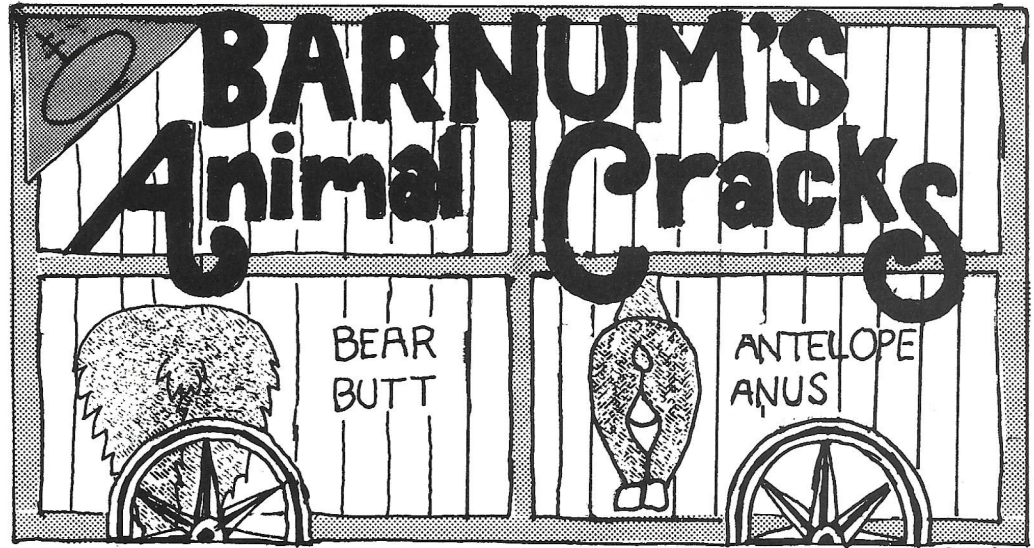


JBH

a message from
the National Youth Molestation Prevention Hotline
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DTM



7/4/05
TS

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The Real World is not a Funny Place. But It Should be. Subscribe to the *Chaparral*

Some Propaganda:

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

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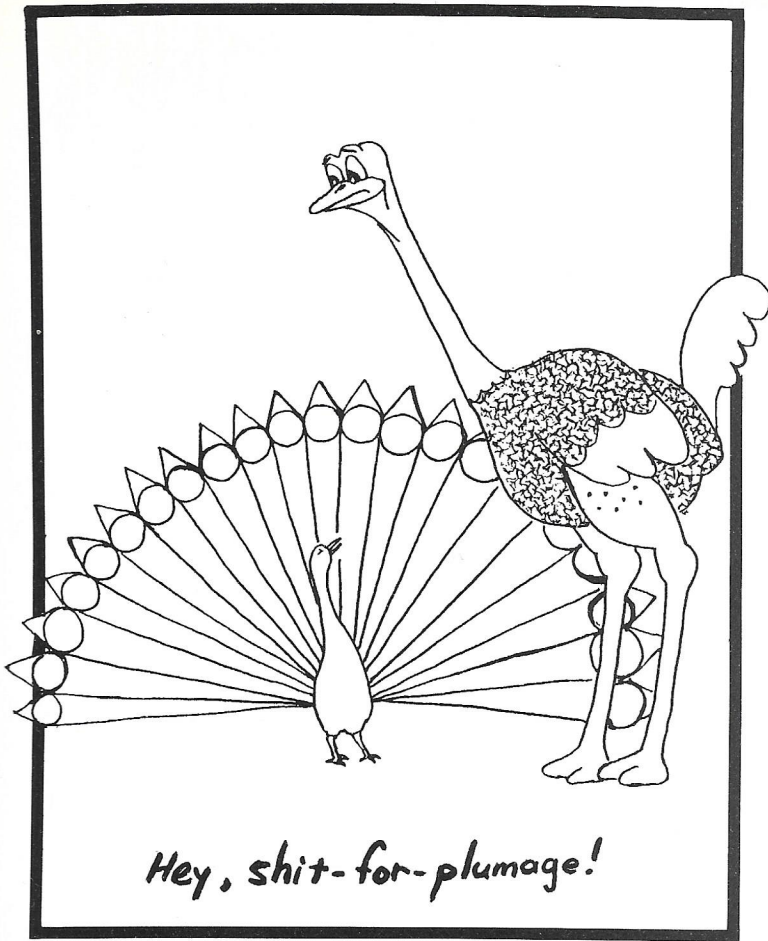
Bill me later. HA!

Please do not release my name to any annoying *Crimson* or *Daily* hacks.



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WHICH ONES DO YOU WANT?**

P.O. Box 8585 Stanford, CA 94305 (415)-723-1468



Animal Crack-Ups

By the Chappies

A forest ranger in Arizona frequently saw an Indian riding by his cabin on a horse. As the Indian rode by his wife trudged along behind him. One day the ranger's curiosity got hold of him.

"Why does your wife have to walk, while you get to ride?", the ranger asked.

The Indian replied, "She no gottum horse."



Prof - How dare you swear before me!

Student - How in hell was I supposed to know that you wanted to swear first!



Sherlock - Well Watson, I see that you have changed your underwear.

Watson - Incredible! How ever did you deduce that?!

Sherlock - Elementary, my dear Watson, you aren't wearing any pants.



"Any nice girls in this town?"

"Why, yes. They're all nice."

"How far to the next town?"



There was a lady who lived in California and she had two pet monkeys. One day one of them took sick and died. A couple days later the other one died with a broken heart. Wishing to keep them, she took them to a taxidermist. The man asked her if she wanted them mounted. "Oh, no," replied the lady, "just have them holding hands."



Nurse - Doctor, every time I bend over this patient to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?

Doctor - Button your collar.



He gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress of the young co-ed.

"Who made her dress?" He asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

Woman (opening her refrigerator and finding a rabbit inside) - What are you doing in here?!

Wabbit - Isn't this a Westinghouse?

Woman - Yes, it is.

Wabbit - Well, I'm Westing.



Newly Wed Wife - Will you ever stop loving me?

He - Well, I have to be at the office by 10:30.



Teacher - Where is God?

Billy - In my bathroom.

Teacher - What?!

Billy - Sure. Every morning my old man pound on the bathroom door and says, "God! Are you still in there!"



"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes to sin, let him stand up. What's this, Sister Virginia, do you like to sin?"

"Oh, pardon me, I thought you said gin."



"I would like some alligator shoes."

"What size does your alligator wear?"



Shopper - Could I try on that blue tweed suit in the window?

Clerk - We'd rather you'd use the dressing room.



Prof - I believe you missed my class yesterday.

Student - Why, no, I didn't. Not in the least.

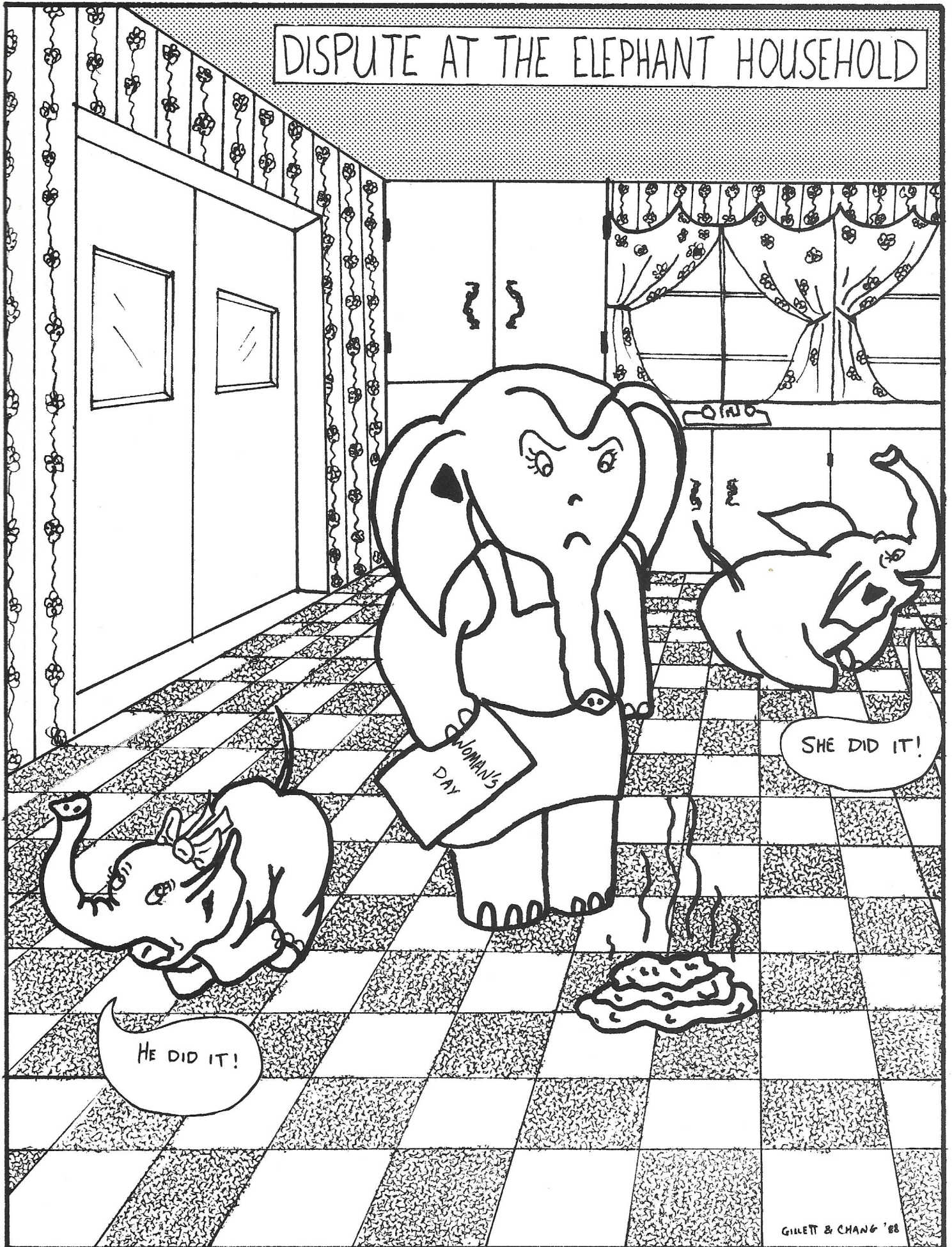


"It's not the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "It's the people I run into."

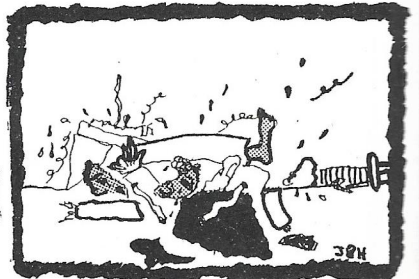


... And then there's the widow who wears black garters in remembrance of those who have passed beyond.

DISPUTE AT THE ELEPHANT HOUSEHOLD

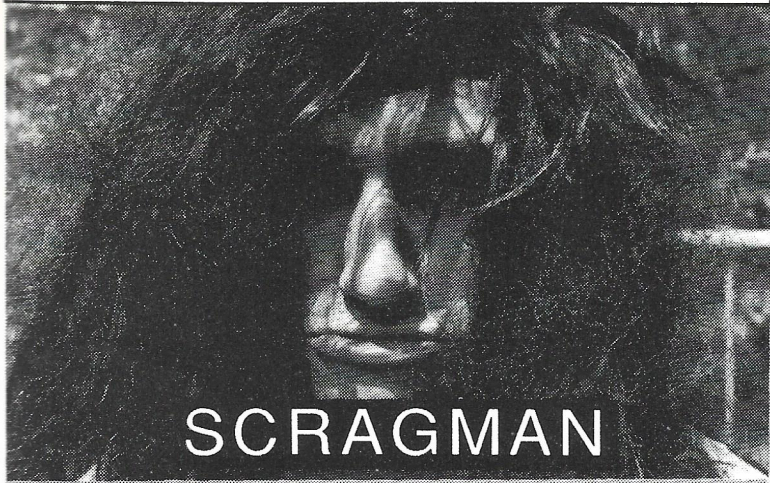


GILLET & CHANG '88



and now it's America's favorite social climber...

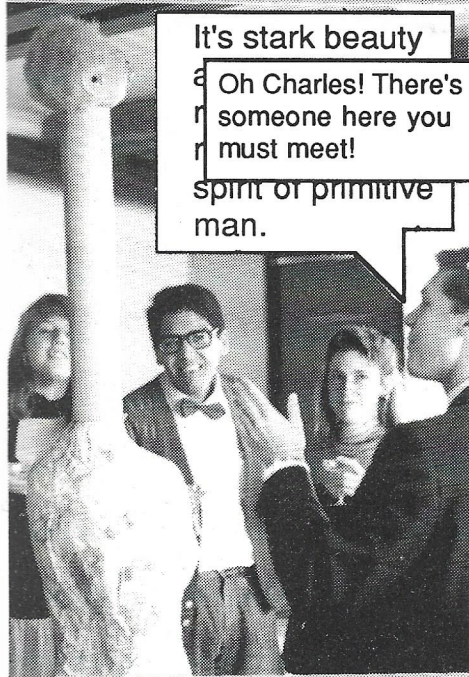
at a high society party



SCRAGMAN



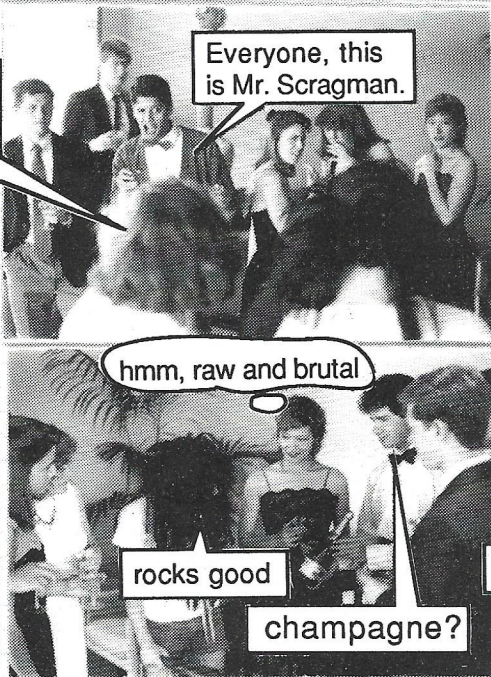
This is one of the finest primitives in my collection.



It's stark beauty

Oh Charles! There's someone here you must meet!

spirit of primitive man.

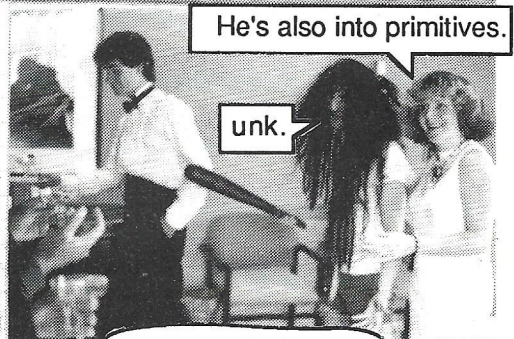


Everyone, this is Mr. Scragman.

hmm, raw and brutal

rocks good

champagne?



He's also into primitives.

unk.

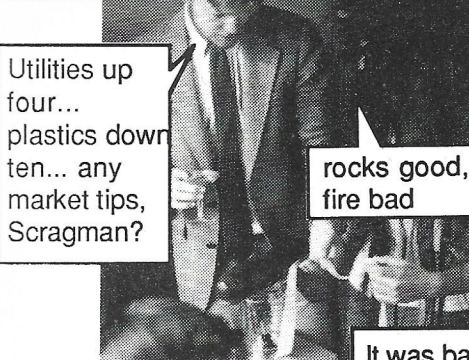


but surprisingly suave

fire bad

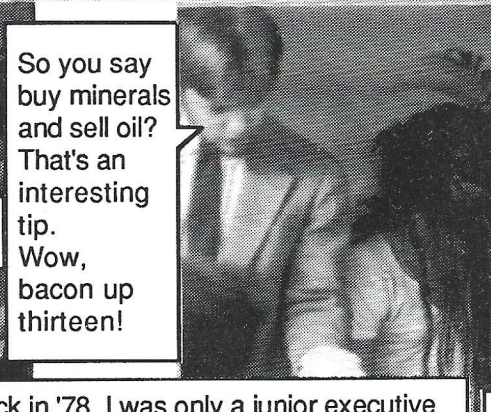
...or maybe some java, man?

later

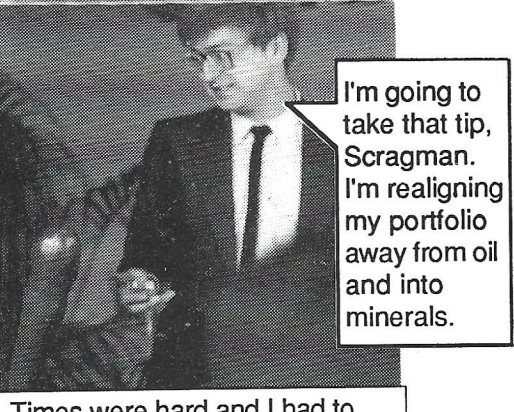


Utilities up four... plastics down ten... any market tips, Scragman?

rocks good, fire bad



So you say buy minerals and sell oil? That's an interesting tip. Wow, bacon up thirteen!



I'm going to take that tip, Scragman. I'm realigning my portfolio away from oil and into minerals.

meanwhile

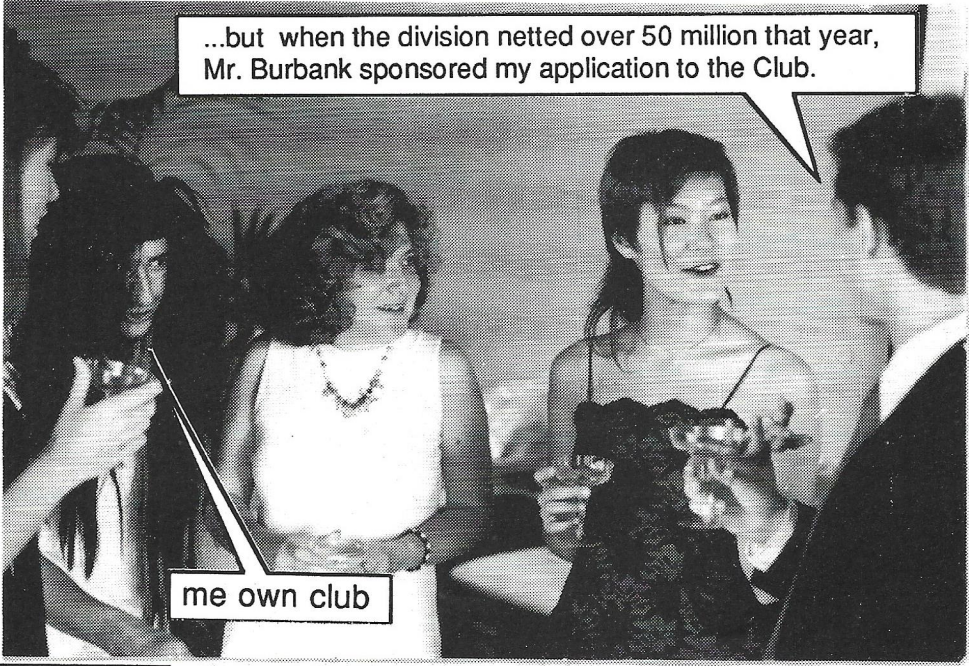


It was back in '78, I was only a junior executive when they picked me to head the division.



Times were hard and I had to fire 90 percent of our lowest wage employees...





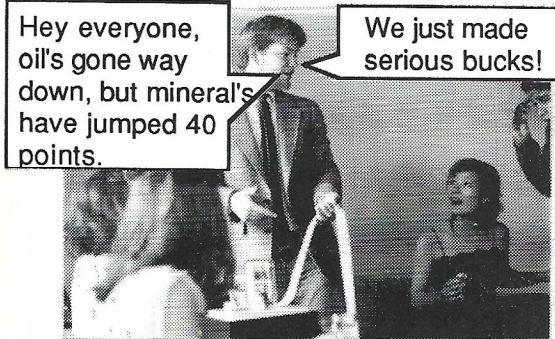
...but when the division netted over 50 million that year, Mr. Burbank sponsored my application to the Club.

me own club



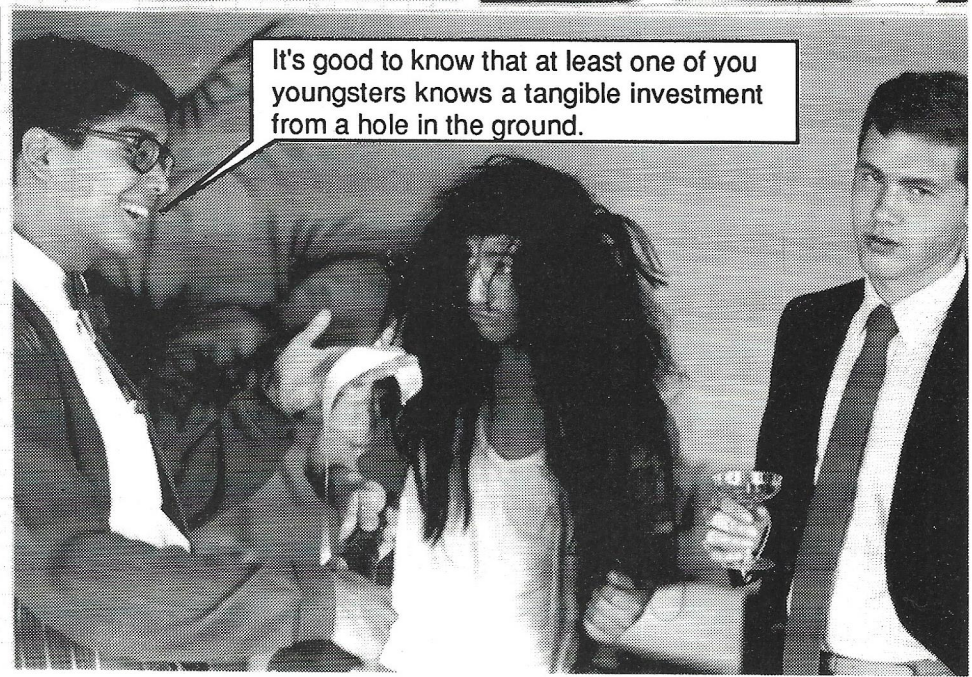
This is really something.

pooh, neat.



Hey everyone, oil's gone way down, but mineral's have jumped 40 points.

We just made serious bucks!



It's good to know that at least one of you youngsters knows a tangible investment from a hole in the ground.

Scragman, my bank account thanks you



I didn't know you were so deft at the market, Scragman. Mr. Renee, our broker, a fabulous man, his wife's a great cook too, he luckily sold our oil stocks last week. You did have him sell our stocks, didn't you, Charles?



Well...uhh... I thought, uhh..

Primitive. Uncultured. He is an idiot. Stay cool and kick his butt.

2+2=22



the party heats up

Ahh, another day, another million



unnnk!



FIRE BAD!

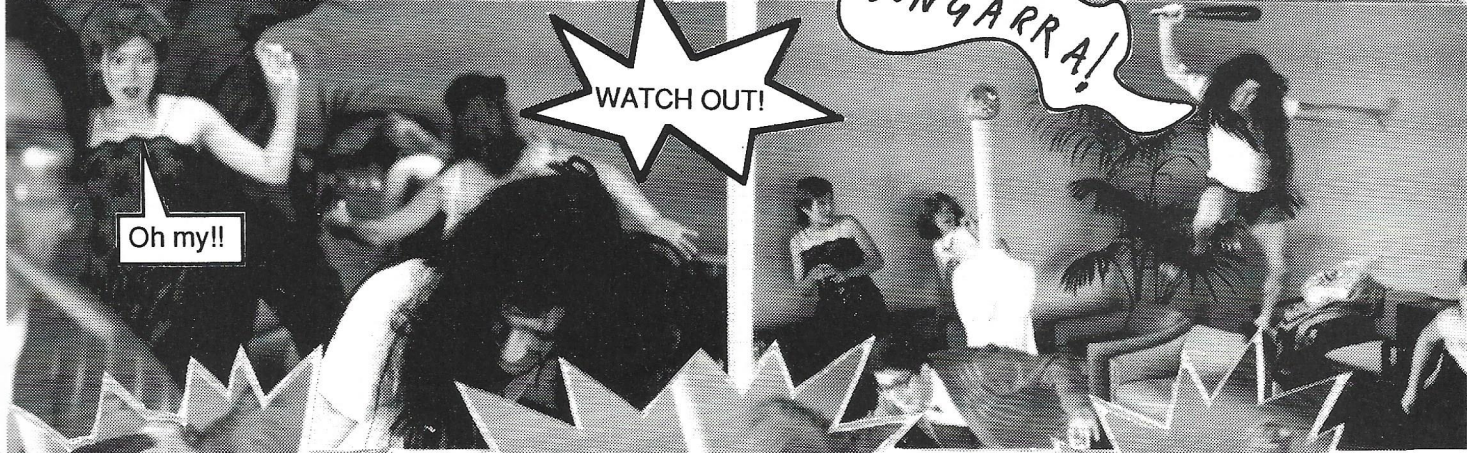


Waaaah!

?



Big deal.



WATCH OUT!

OONGARRA!

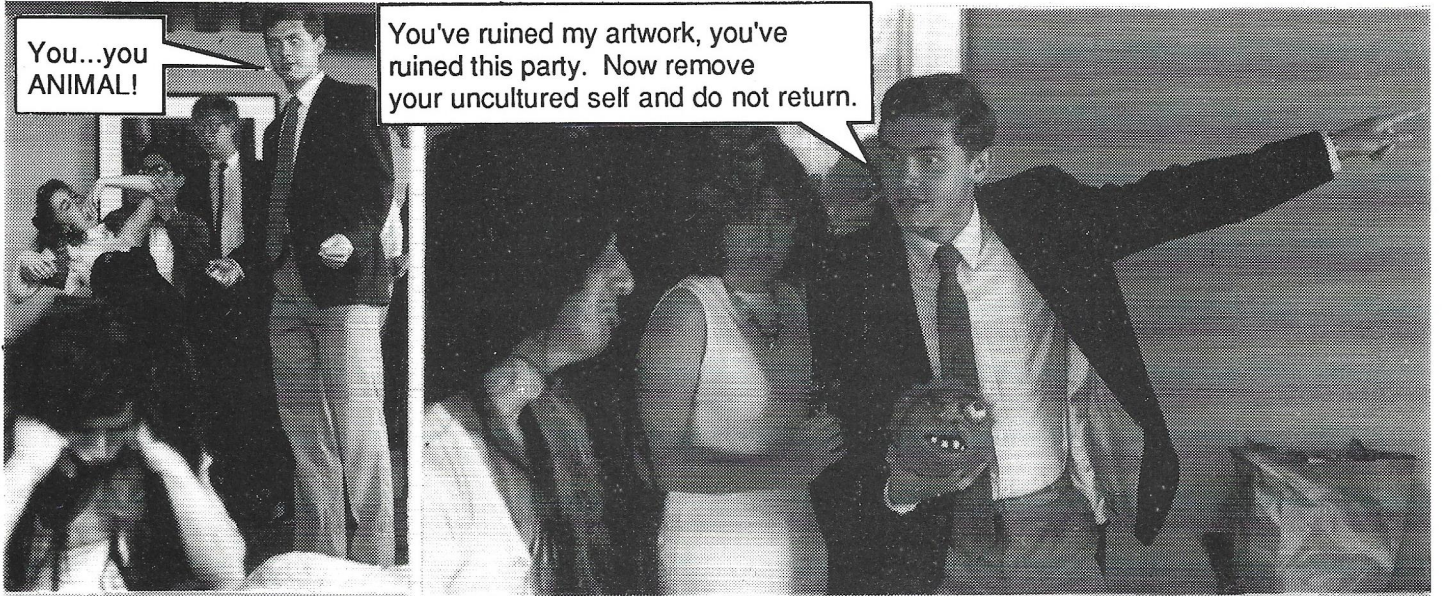
Oh my!!



FOR GOD'S SAKE STOP!!

UNK!

ee Gods, look at it. He's bashed the blimies out of it

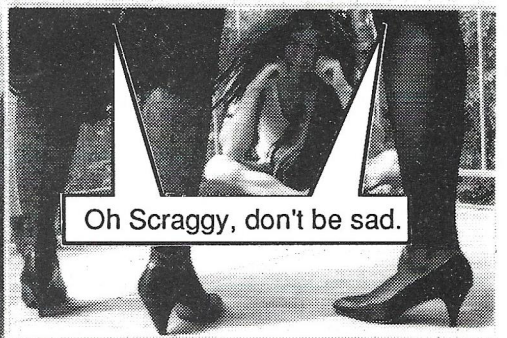


You...you ANIMAL!

You've ruined my artwork, you've ruined this party. Now remove your uncultured self and do not return.



unk. me make bad impression



Oh Scraggy, don't be sad.



Come back to the party

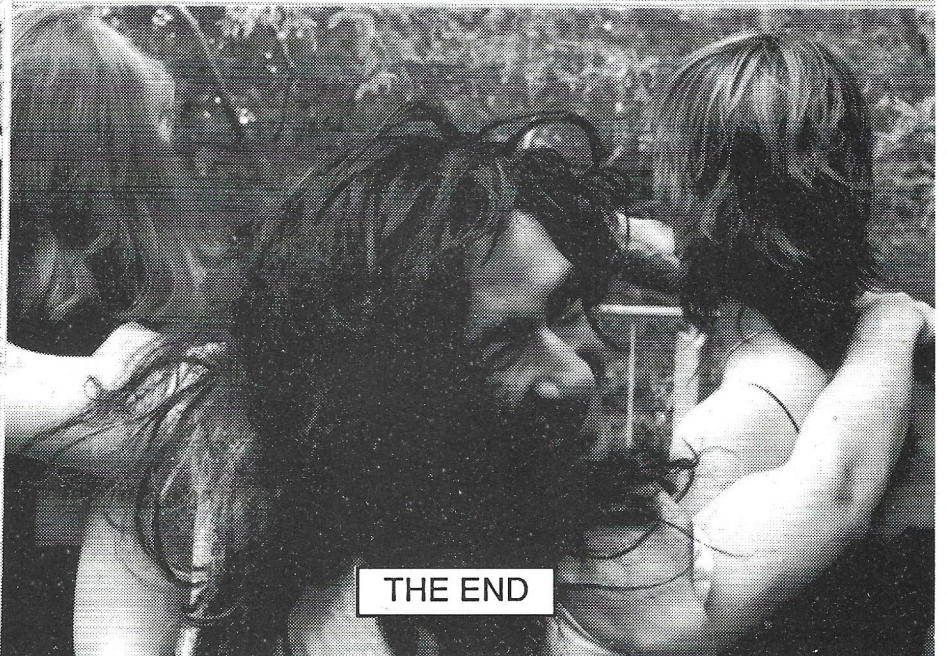
me not go back in there



I don't want to go back either.

Neither do I.

I know, let's all go to my place.



THE END

Want to put your hands on a Mac,
Jack?

Or do you need the Fax, Max?

Have something to scan, Jan?

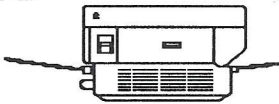
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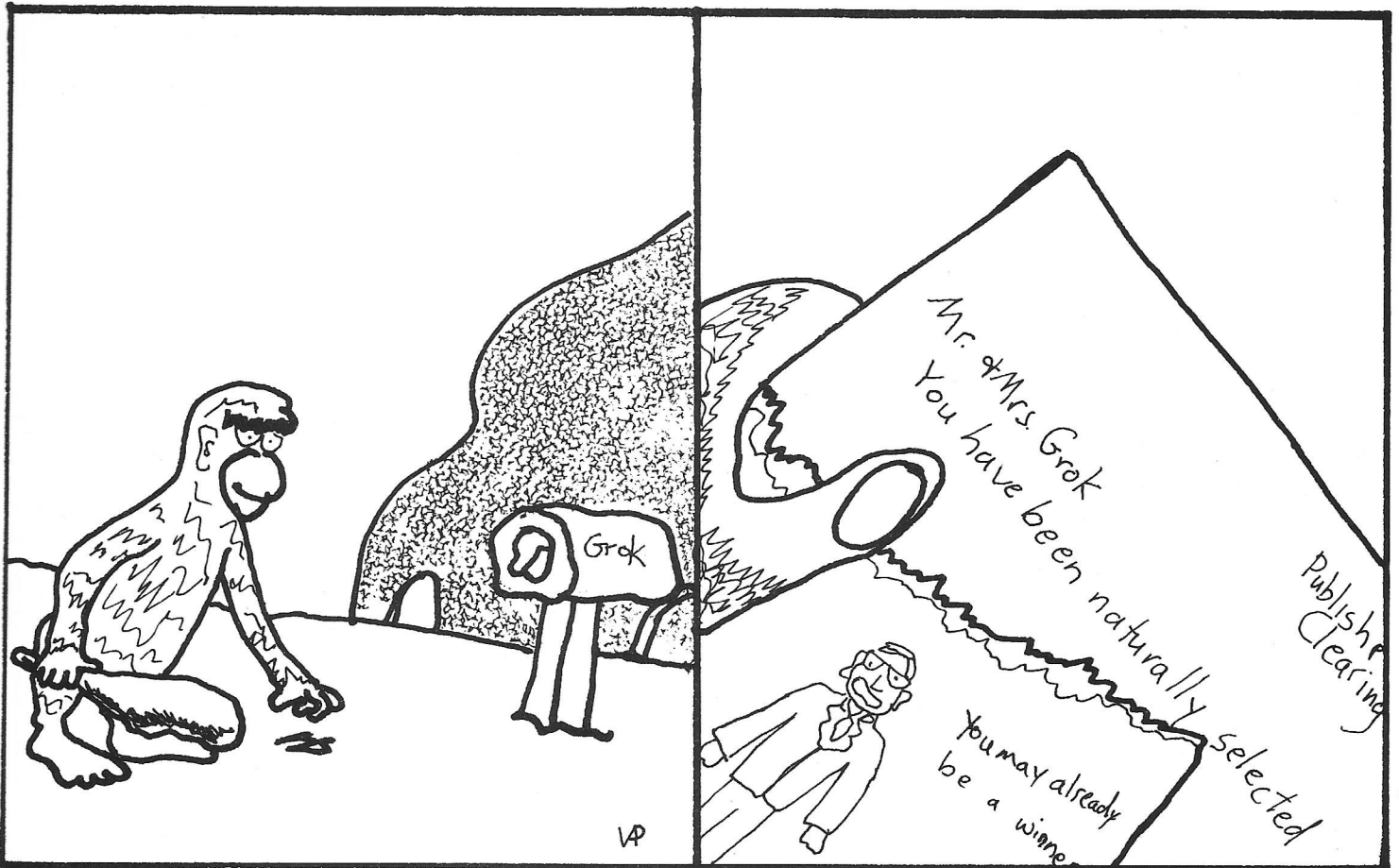
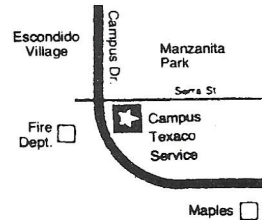
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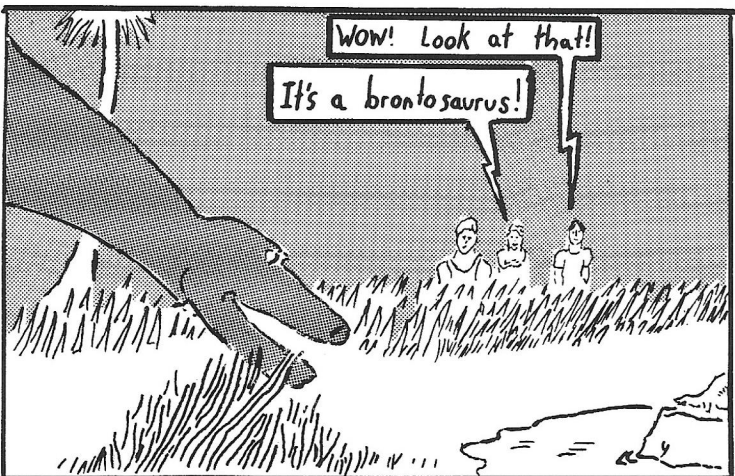
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Defying most laws of physics, three Stanford students have been transported back in time, to THE AGE OF THE DINOSAURS!



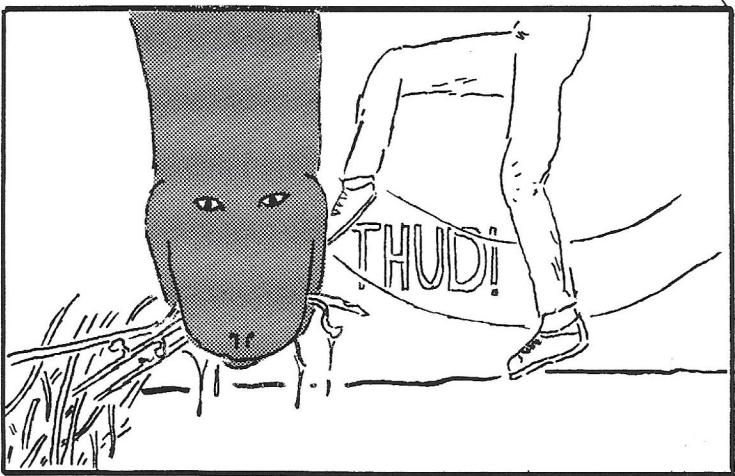
Wow! Look at that!
It's a brontosaurus!



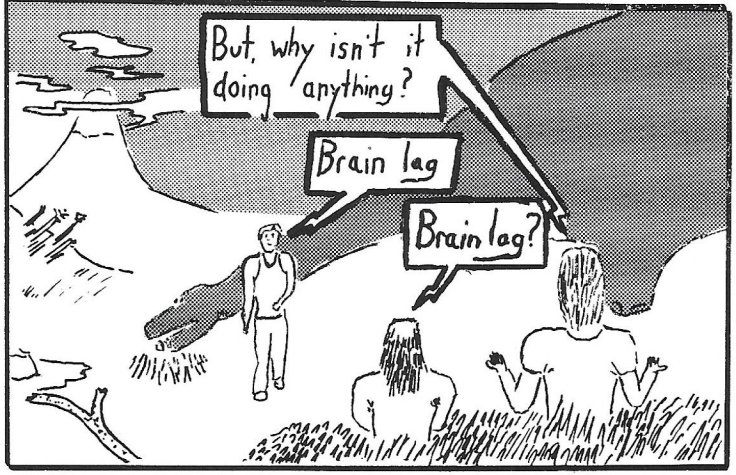
Hey guys, watch this!
Gurt, what the hell are you doing?!



THUDI!



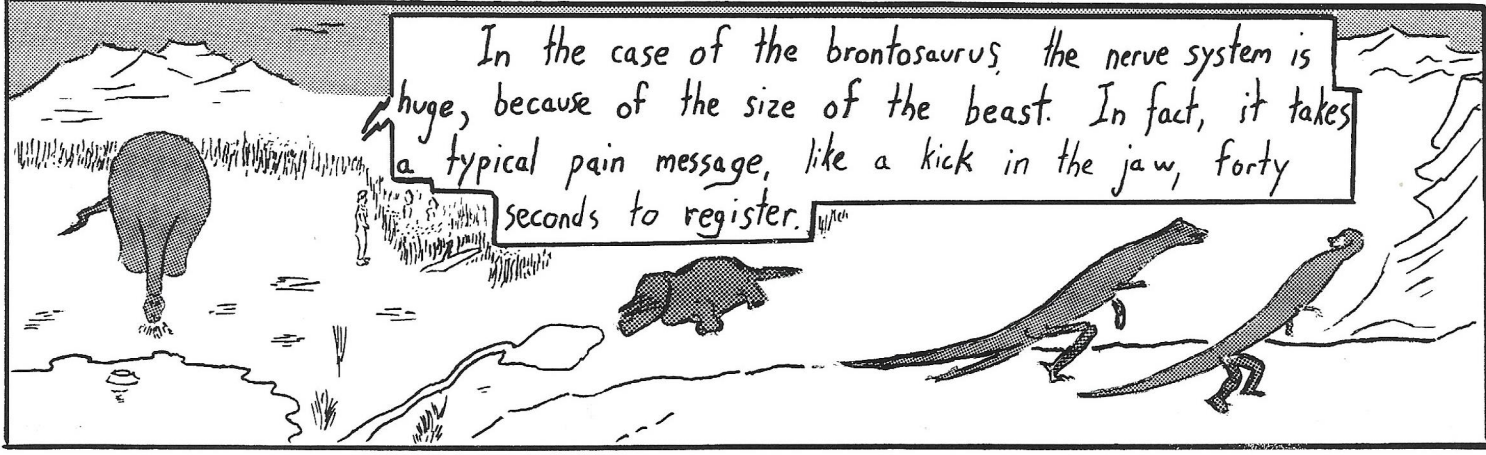
But, why isn't it doing anything?
Brain lag
Brain lag?

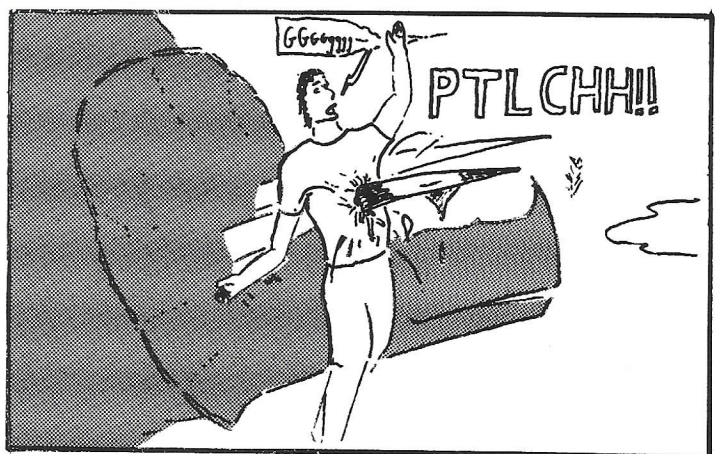
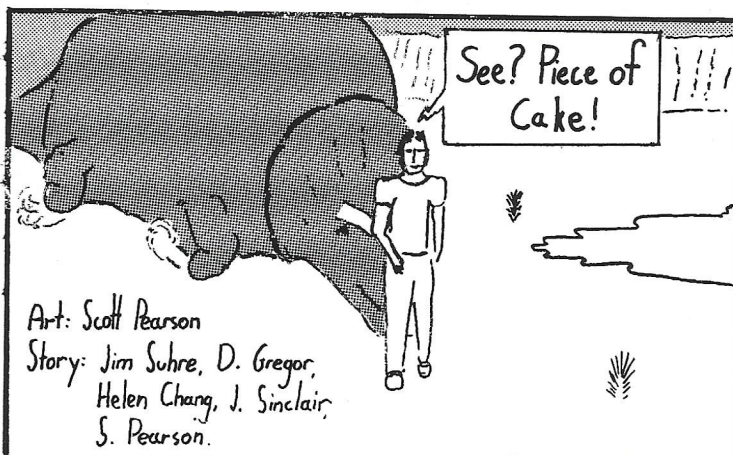
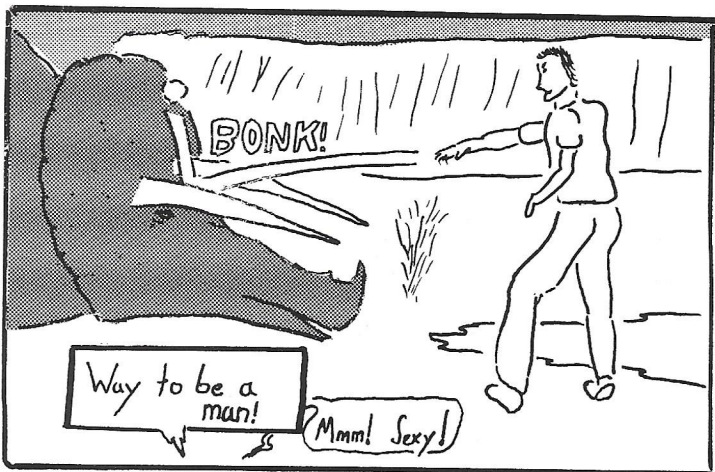
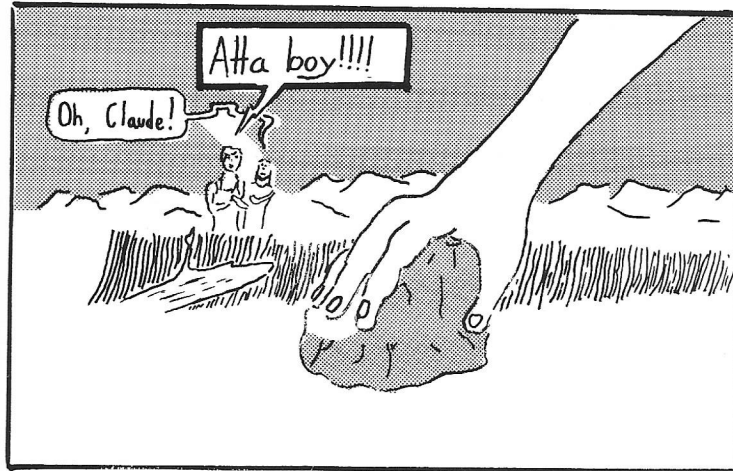
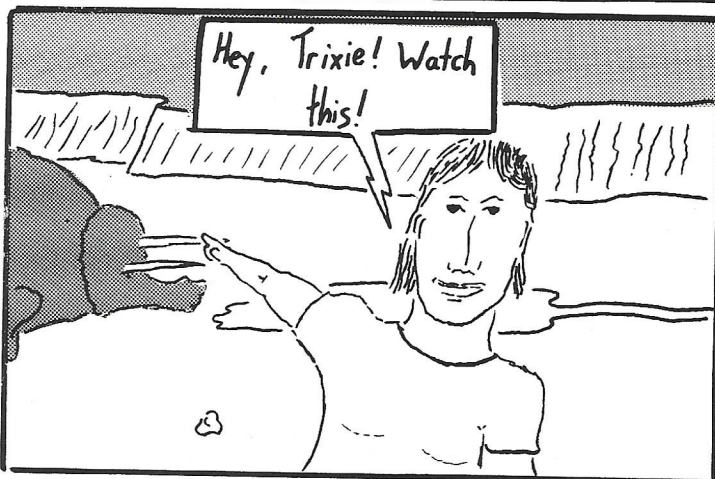
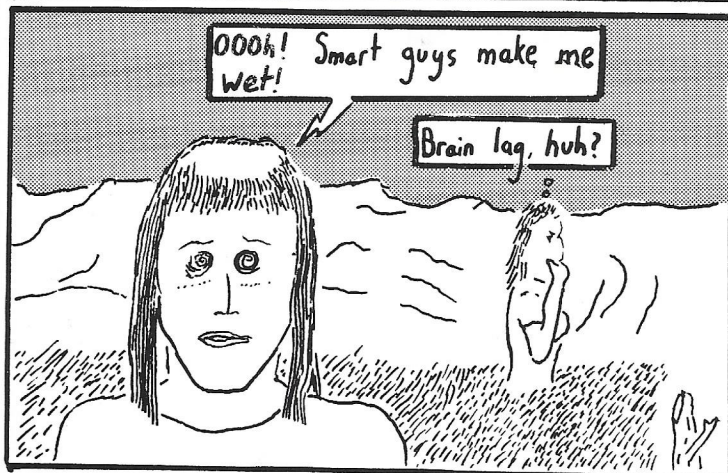
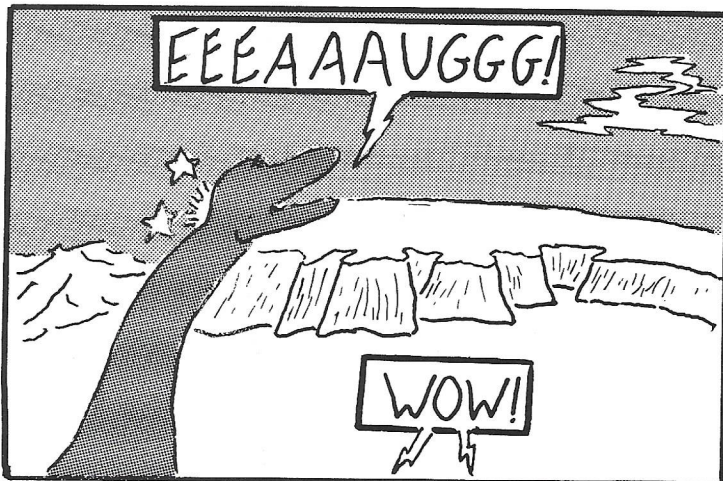
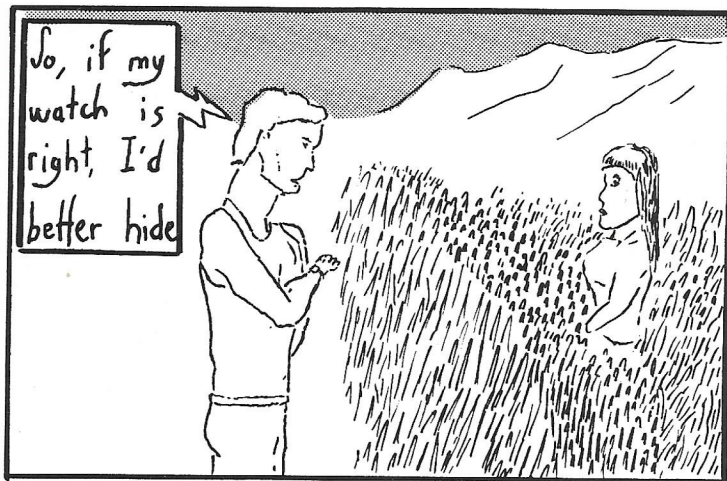


You see, sensory impulses take time to travel down nerves. A lot longer than you think, because nerves rely on chemical reactions to carry their messages.



In the case of the brontosaurus, the nerve system is huge, because of the size of the beast. In fact, it takes a typical pain message, like a kick in the jaw, forty seconds to register.





Primates do it with opposing thumbs...

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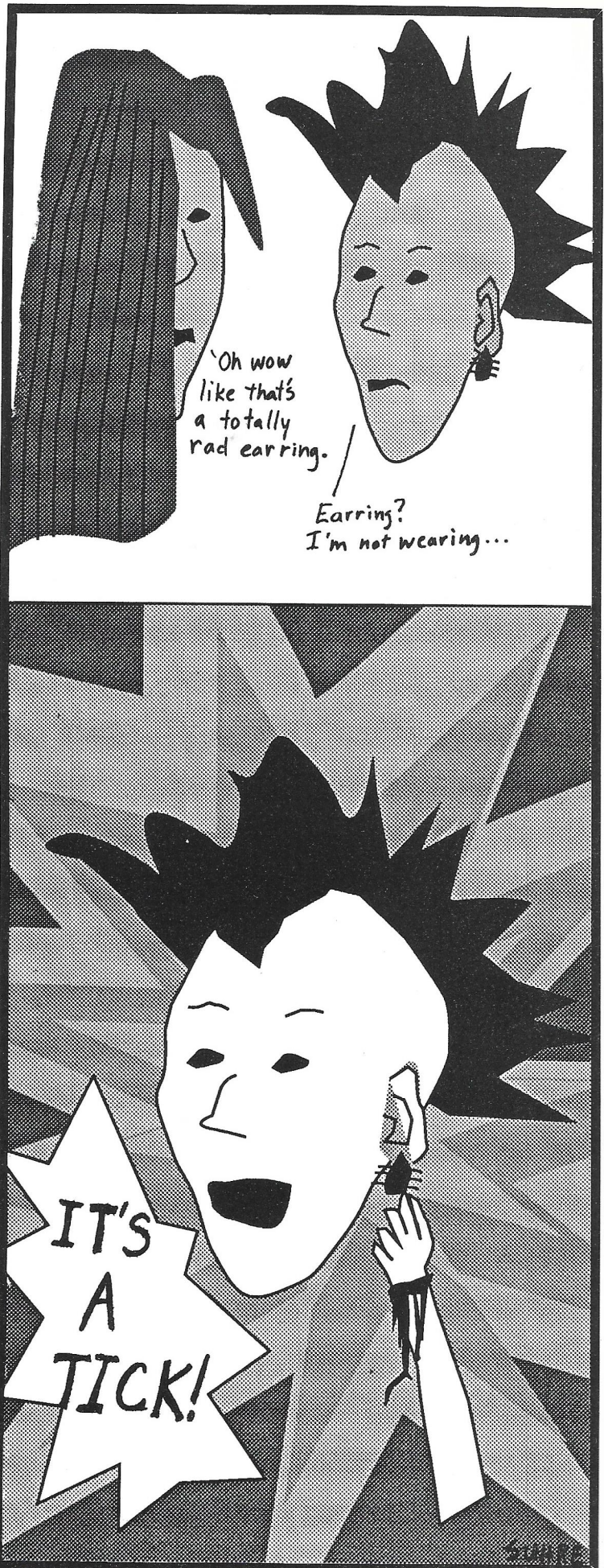
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BULLWINKLE AND ROCKY

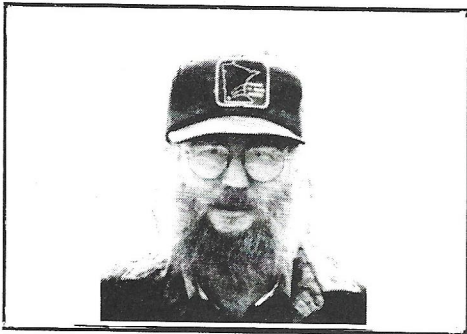
IN HARI-KARI



TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR: "FLYING SQUIRREL SURPRISE" OR "ROCKY TERIYAKI"

STORY: LOKENSGARD
ART: J.B. HANDLEY

Ferd E. Liezer in



by Victor Payan
Day 1

Today I got a letter straight from the desk of Stanford University president, Donald Kennedy. What could he want with me? I hadn't heard from him since I helped him solve the Lag Ness Monster mystery back in '81. The letter was marked URGENT, so I opened it.

Dear Ferd,

I am eternally grateful to you for solving the Lag Ness Monster mystery back in '81. Hah! To think that it was only a smudge on my glasses. But the reason I'm writing you now is no laughing matter. You must help us. My office has received several complaints about a giant black squirrel, which, as usual, we ignored. But then I was handed a report from the Stanford Medical School concerning questionable squirrel experiments...the bottom line, Ferd, is that we've got a four-foot long squirrel on our hands, and we're very concerned. We fear that it may harm the school's reputation. We sent out the same guys who did the Tressider bird job, but they disappeared. You've got to help us.

Don



The Great Black Squirrel Hunt



He had sent three photographs believed to be of the horrible behemoth. From my experience as a great hunter and avid "In Search of..." fan, I quickly deduced that the first was the Loch Ness Monster, the second was bigfoot, and the third must be...the squirrel! I set out for Stanford.

Day 2

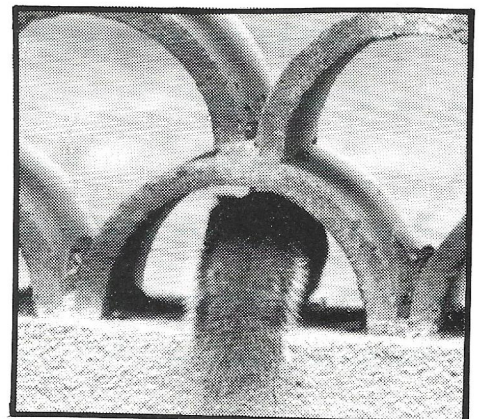
Squirrels everywhere! It wouldn't be too difficult to track down the monster for two reasons: first, although there were many black squirrels, very few even approached four feet; second, all squirrels have to drop a load sometime.

Spent the day asking students if they had seen a four-foot long squirrel. No luck.

Day 3

Thought I saw the monster

through a fence. I jumped over it and clobbered him with my trusty Louisville Slugger aluminum bat. False alarm. It turned out to be Daniel Boone. Daniel Boone? I thought he died a hundred years ago. No matter...he's dead now.



Day 4

I saw him! I saw him! A giant black squirrel crawling into a

drainage pipe. At first I thought I was imagining things, but I don't have that good of an imagination. Once, however, I dreamed I was in a room full of snakes, but the doctor said it was normal and gave me the address of a "real good" massage parlor. Then he asked me about my mother. But I saw him!!! So awe-inspiring! Scared awe the crap out of me. I wondered what happened to those Tressider bird men.

Day 5

Woke up to find a philosophy student rummaging through my bags. I waved my aluminum bat at him menacingly and yelled, "Why are you here?"

"Why are any of us here?" He answered. But before I could reply, he vaulted out of my window. Unfortunately for him, I was staying on the third floor. I knew something was screwy. It was time to visit the medical school for answers.

I met with a Dr. Mangele, head of the "Cruel and Inhuman" department. He asked me to have a seat. "No thanks," I said, "I'm trying to cut down."

This was no social call. I wanted answers. If it was a social call, I wouldn't have throttled him so hard.

"Alright! Alright!" he began, straightening his tie. "We were doing animal intelligence experiments to see if those cute little squeals rodents make when you inject them full of carcinogens mean that they're suffering or that they're just plain happy. Let's just say that this one got out of hand." He snickered.

I hate people who laugh at their own jokes.

I was finally getting somewhere.

He said goodbye and offered me his hand. As I reached over to shake it, I noticed a joy-buzzer in his palm. I pulled back. This is a sick man, I thought, and gave him

the address of a "real good" massage parlor.

Day 6

Called Donald Kennedy. Found out that one of the Tressider men was...a philosophy student.

The other was Kennedy's good-for-nothing cousin, Ned, who, although he needed a job, had originally signed on to the Tressider bird job for kicks. It was all starting to make sense. I would make my move two days from now.

Day 7

I rested.

Day 8

Packed my aluminum bat and a sack lunch and went down into the tunnels under Stanford.

In case of emergency, I had a bag of peanuts. Beforehand I watched a couple of Shwarzneggar movies to psyche myself up. It was my religion.

I could feel him close by. I had seen him, but I kept wondering what he sounded like. What kind of noise DO squirrels make?

Suddenly, squirrels on every side. My peanuts were useless. I forgot! Squirrels eat acorns! All I had left were old golf swings I'd learned in high school. Then everything went black.

Day 9

Still alive. He had spared me. Why? Surely he knew why I was there...to kill him. Then he came to me. He looked like Marlon Brando, only more so. He must've known he was going to die.

After looking at me for quite some time with eyes that had either seen untold horrors and affronts to moral decency or had just come from a Tiffany concert, he made as if to speak, to reveal the horrors he had seen.

"Did you know that most people put those toilet seat covers on backwards their whole lives and don't even know it?" He began.

He paused.

I took this opportunity to bonk him over the head with my bat. Some days you just don't want to hear things.

Day 10

Donald Kennedy thanked me for my services. Asked me for the address of a "real good" massage parlor.

Epilogue

I still don't know what he meant by that toilet seat remark, but at least I now know what sound squirrels make. The horror...The horror...



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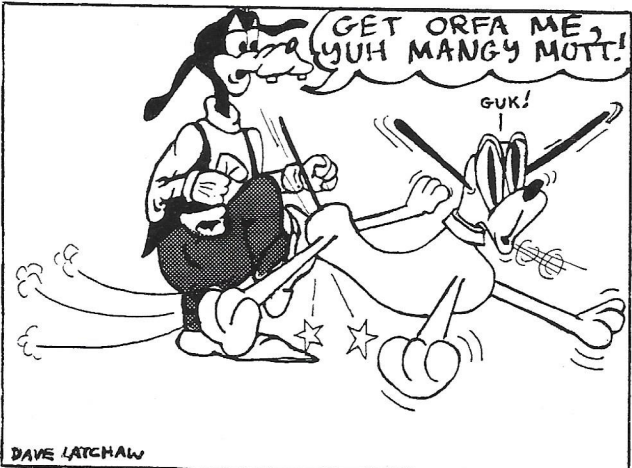
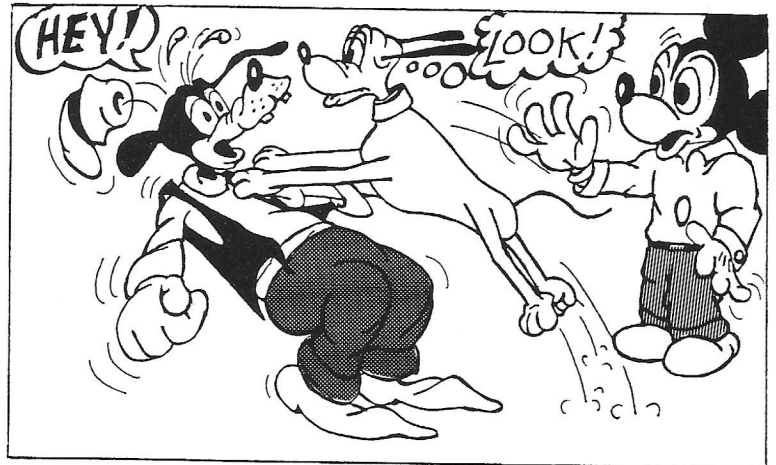
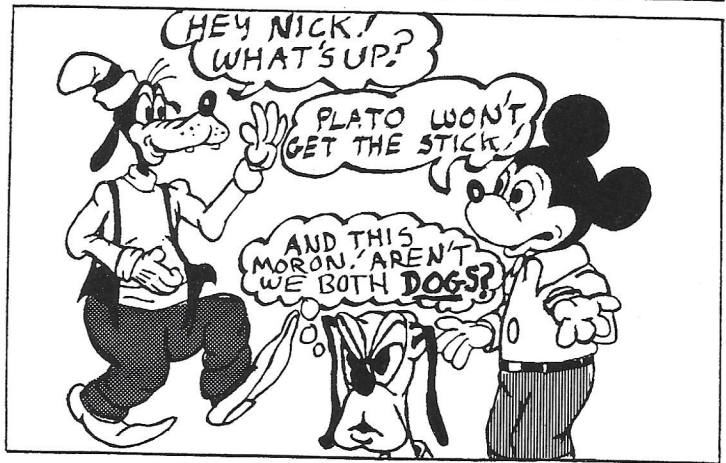
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DAVE LATCHAW

Blunder Twins

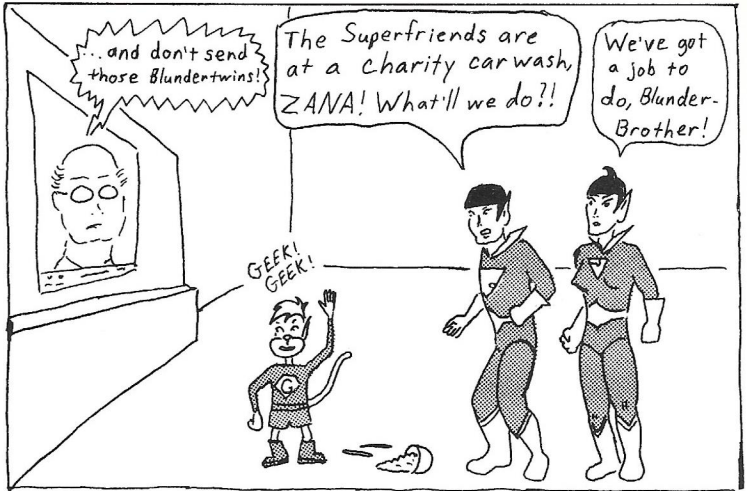
ZAN + JANA
in
"RAW SEWAGE"



Super Friends !!!
There is an emergency
downtown! Someone
has opened all the
manholes and the
Sewermen have escaped!

VOI tint PM AM PM SONY

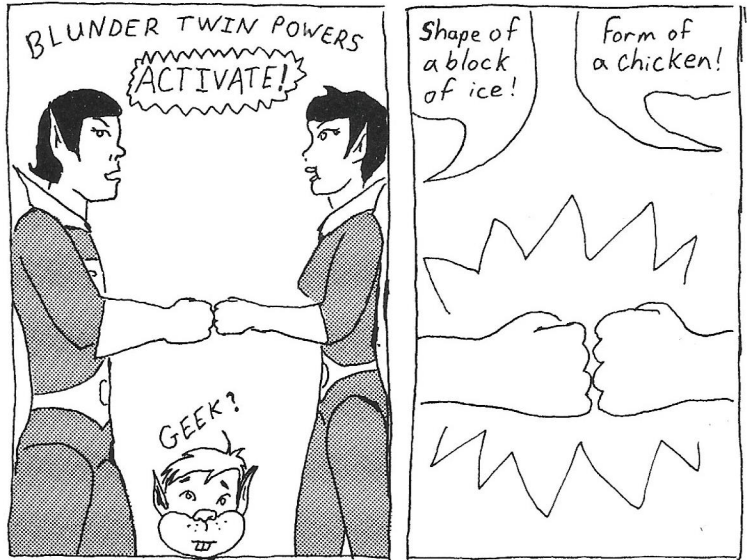
Great Zorks!!



The Superfriends are
at a charity car wash,
ZANA! What'll we do?!

We've got
a job to
do, Blunder-
Brother!

GEEK!
GEEK!

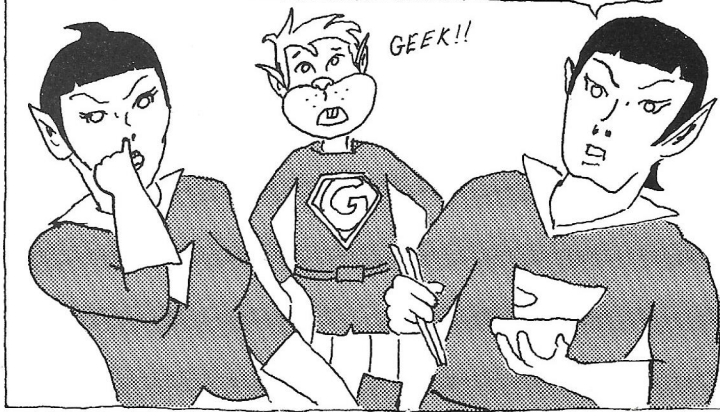


BLUNDER TWIN POWERS
ACTIVATE!

Shape of
a block
of ice!

Form of
a chicken!

GEEK?



GEEK!!



Zorks, you're heavy!

Hurry up,
I'm melting!

EAT California
RAISINS

OOPITY

LOOK!
LEONARD
NIMOY
FAN
CLUB



SPLOOGE!

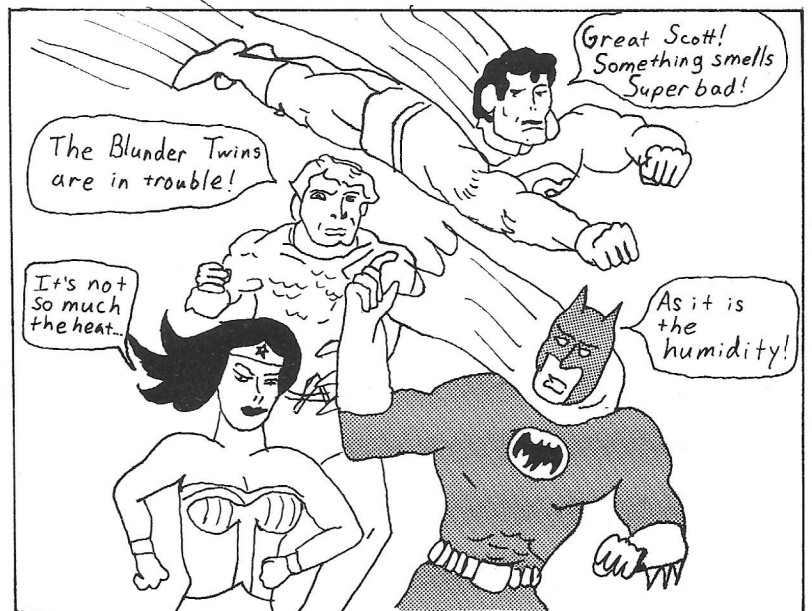
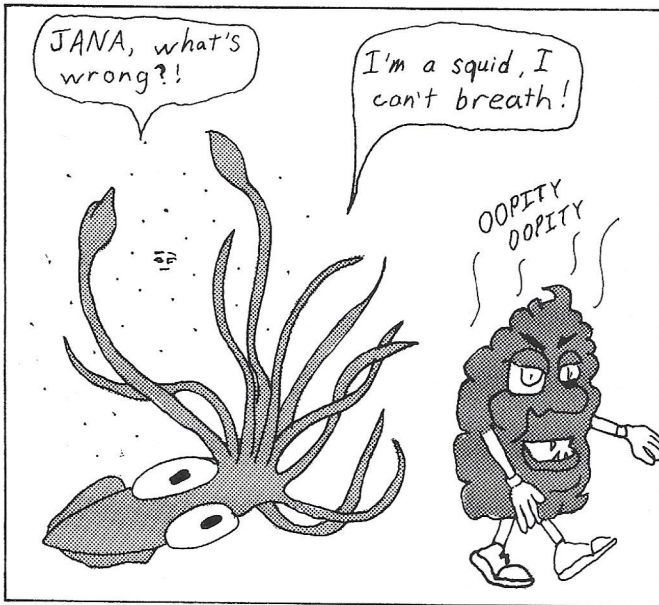
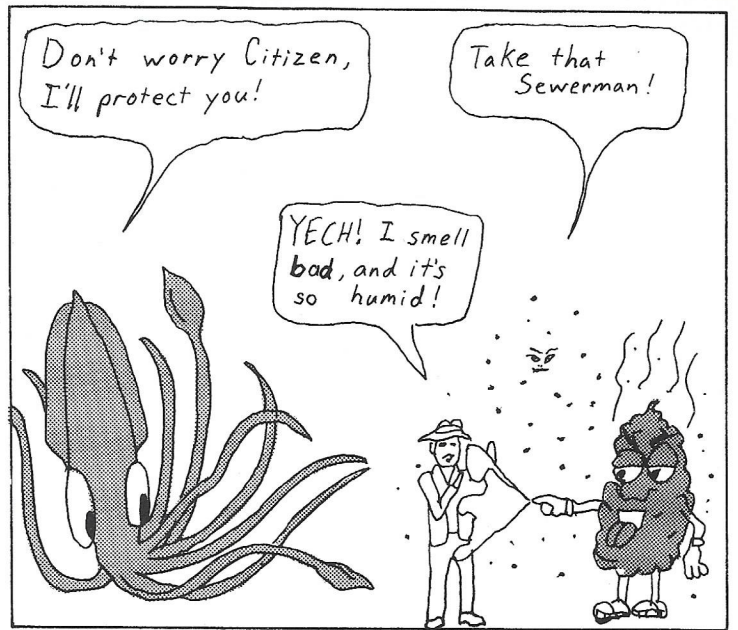
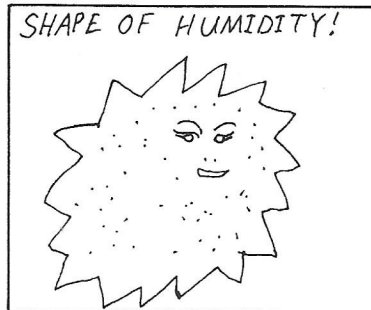
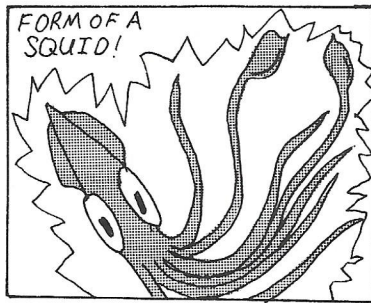
Heh,
Heh



ZORKS! RAW SEWAGE!

Quick, JANA,
to Action!

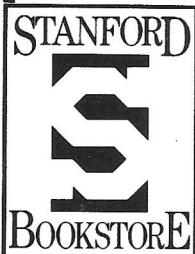
GEEK!



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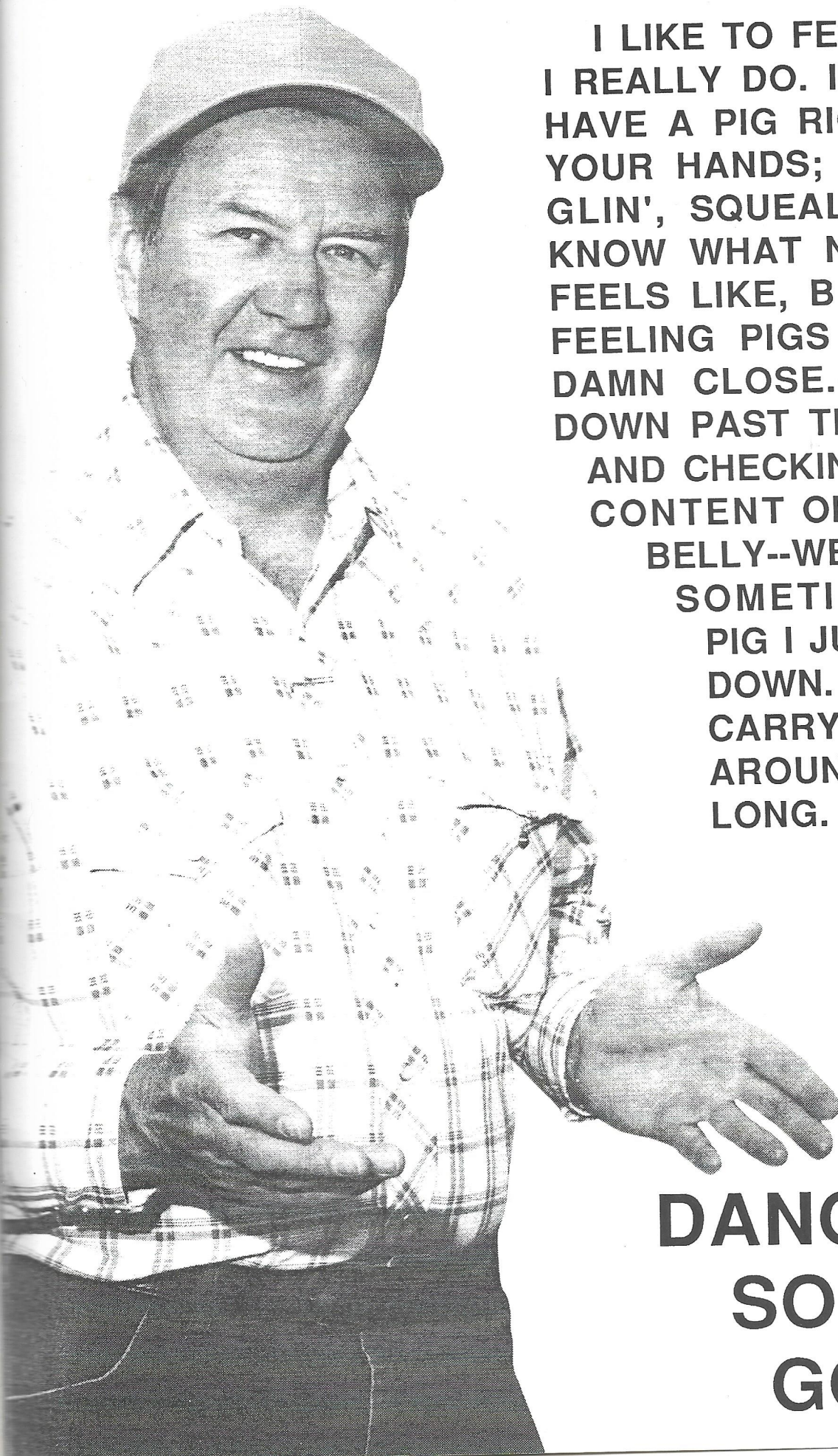


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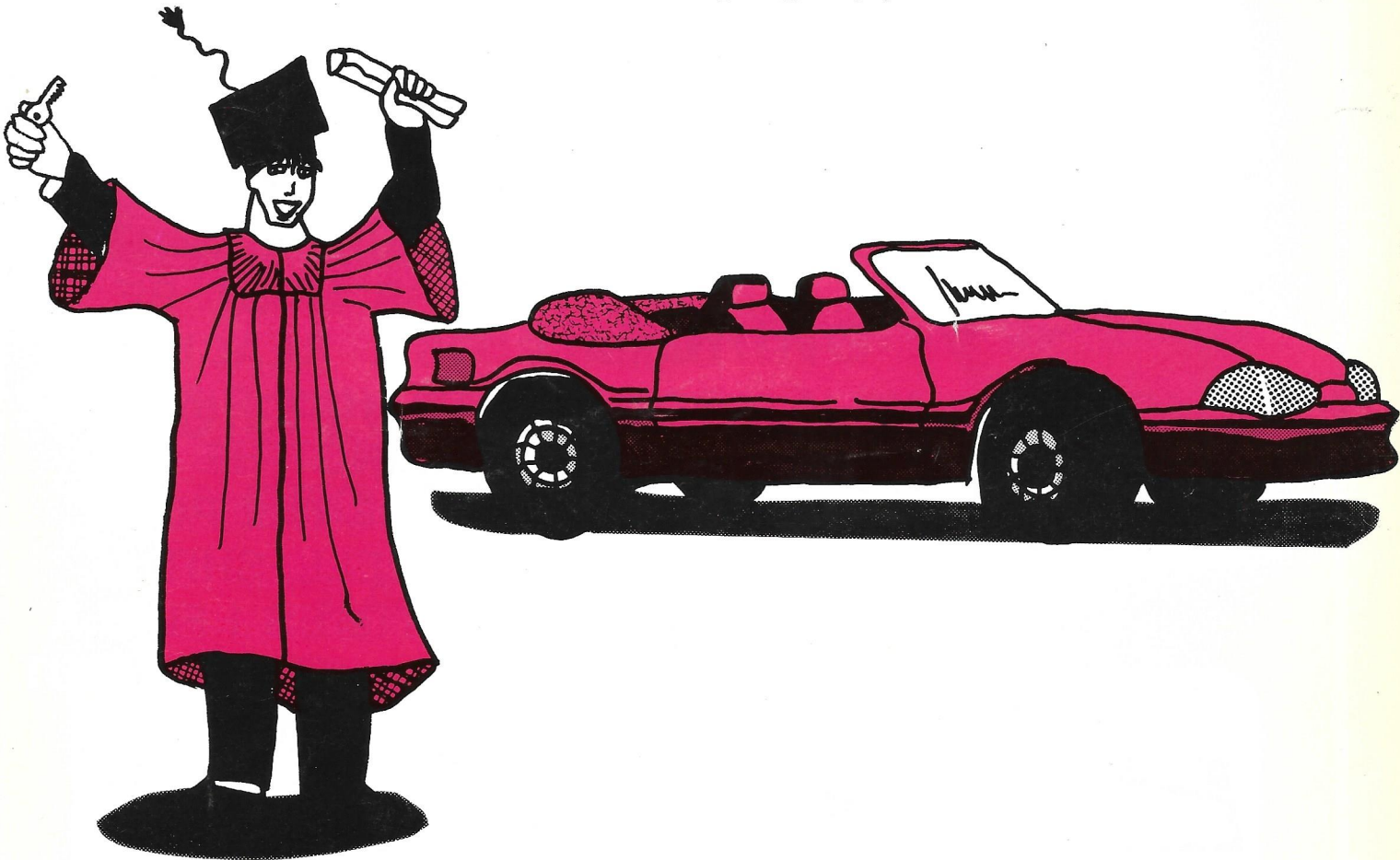
Final Words:



I LIKE TO FEEL PIGS! YEAH I REALLY DO. I MEAN, EVER HAVE A PIG RIGHT THERE IN YOUR HANDS; KICKIN', WIGGLIN', SQUEALIN'?! I DON'T KNOW WHAT NIRVANA FEELS LIKE, BUT DAMN IT! FEELING PIGS MUST BE DAMN CLOSE. REACHING DOWN PAST THAT RIB CAGE AND CHECKING THE FAT CONTENT OF THE PORK BELLY--WELL, SHIT, SOMETIMES I FIND A PIG I JUST CAN'T PUT DOWN. I MEAN, I CARRY THAT PIG AROUND ALL DAY LONG. GIMME A CALL SOMEDAY AND WE'LL GO OUT AND FEEL US SOME PIGS.

**DANG! THAT
SOUNDS
GOOD!**

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