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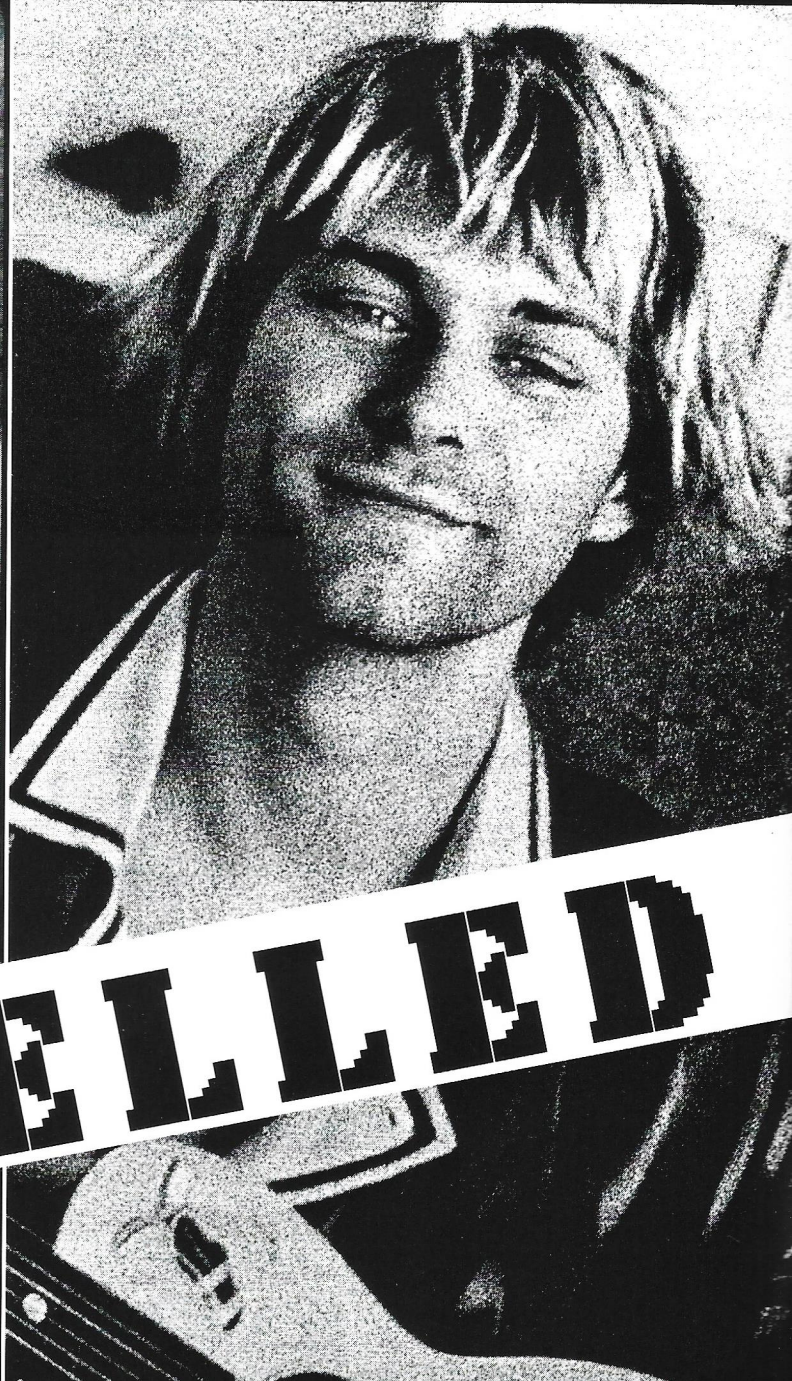
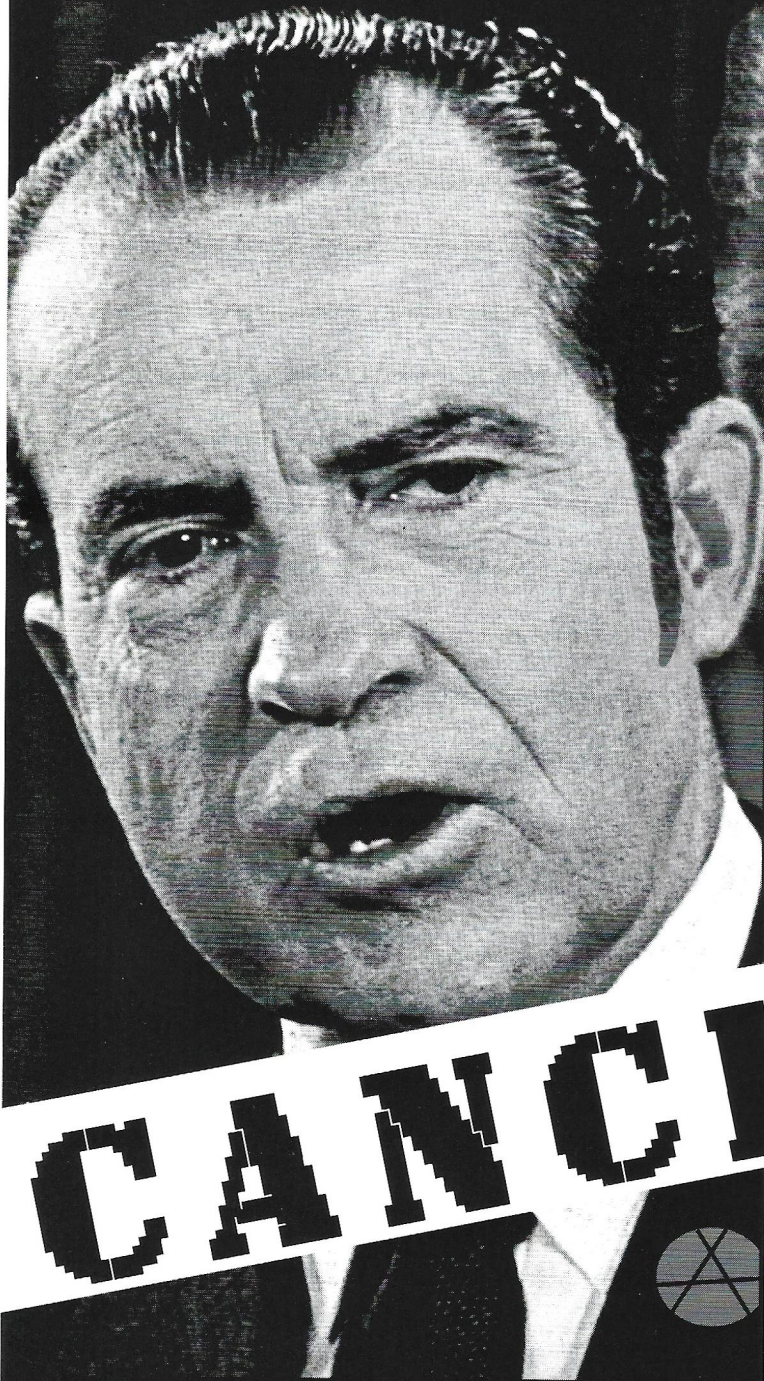
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Important Registration Materials



Application forms for changing roommates
Complete listing of SAT scores for all incoming Freshmen
Tickets to meet Lloyd Bridges

Nixon – Cobain Summer Tour



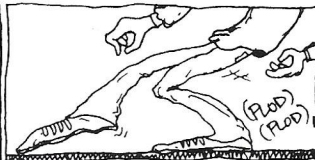
CANCELLED

Kurt Cobain blends his twisted guitar visions of alienation into the world-diplomacy mix with Dick Nixon, ex-president and improvisational beat poet genius. Nixon's jowly vocal rage adds an edge to Kurt Cobain's screeching guitars that will get you on your feet and completely destroy your face. Don't miss it!

brought to you by Bill Graham Presents

CRAZY CECIL

...TIME ONCE AGAIN TO CHECK UP ON THE WOEES AND WANTS OF STANFORD'S VERY OWN MENTAL DEFECT. SIT BACK AND WATCH AS CRAZY CECIL TAKES HIS SPECIAL FORM OF LUNACY RIGHT ON UP TO THE BIG TIME!! JOY! ©1994 G & M



Whoa! CHECK IT OUT FELLA'S— IT'S CRAZY CECIL! HEY CECIL— DIG IT MAN, WE'RE TEARIN' THIS PLACE DOWN MAN! WE'RE NOT GONNA STOP THIS FULL-FORCE PROTEST UNTIL GERHARD LEGALIZES POT FOR THE WHOLE SCHOOL MAJ.... TEE-HEE... HAAA...



IN FACT, CECIL OUGHT TO JOIN OUR FIGHT SINCE HE'S SO OUTSPOKEN AND LIKE... UH... GOOD AT SPEAKING OUT AND SHIT... UH.. RIGHT?



SO GET IN THERE AND GIVE THOSE SLAVE DRIVERS A PIECE OF YOUR MIND MAN. FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!



SLAM



WELL NOW, THIS IS A BIT OF A SURPRISE WOULDN'T YOU SAY GERHARD? IT APPEARS THAT SOME AFFARE YOUNG SOUL HAS FOUND HIS WAY TO OUR DEN OF SHINING INTELLECT AND FORTITUDE. WHAT'S YOUR GRIEVANCE CHILD? WERE ALL EARS...



*



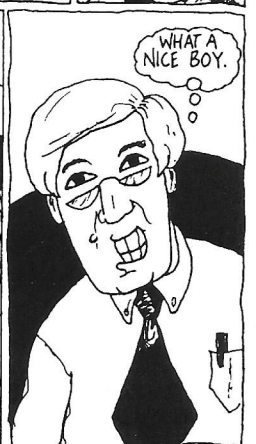
C'MAN NOW SON, DON'T BE TIMID. TELL US WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR.



ALRIGHT NOW THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS. SPIT IT OUT! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

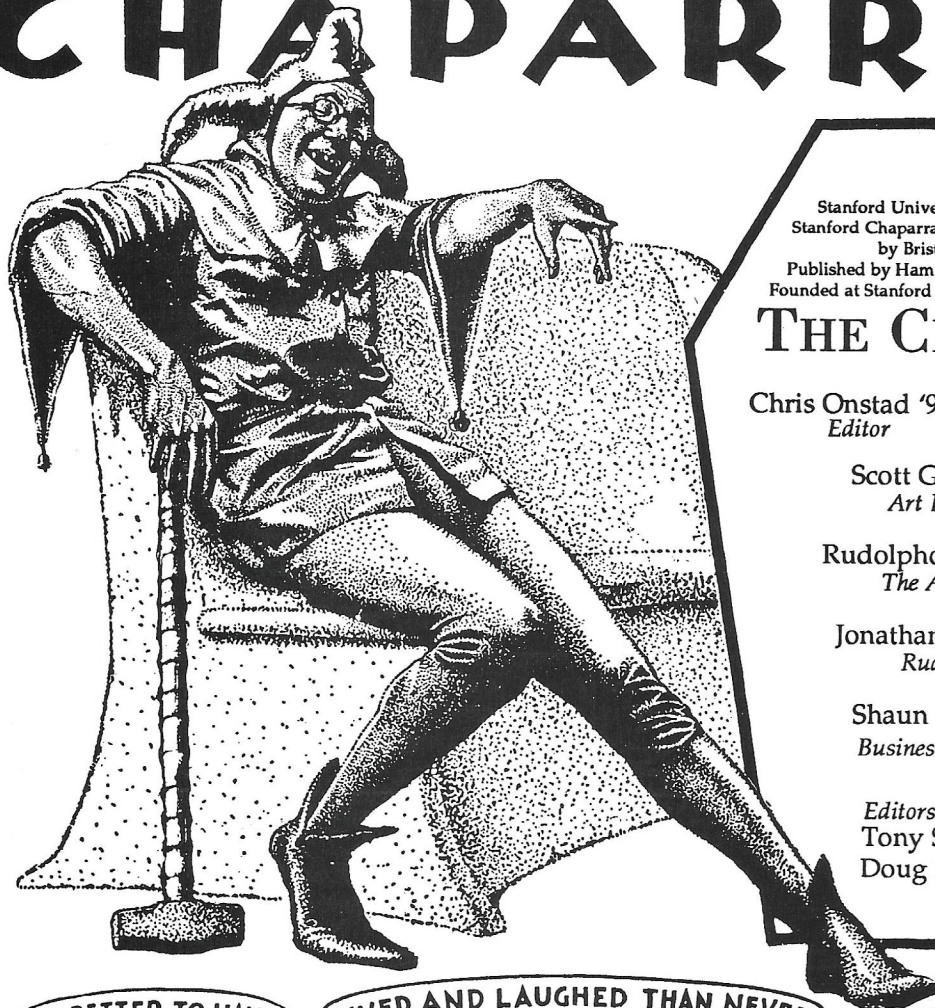


I'M CRAZY CECIL!! AAAHHH



WHAT A NICE BOY.

S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



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

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Eric Saxon '97 Editor

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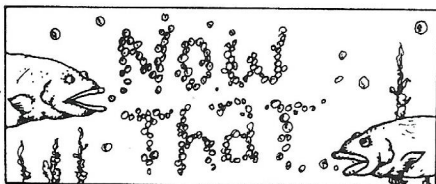
Shaun Cram '96
Business Manager

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Tony Sirna '94
Doug Miro '94

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

Volume 96, Number 1. Copyright ©1994 Stanford Chaparral.
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with the support of the ASSU Publications Board



you are here, please let me introduce myself. I am the Old Boy, a jester who tells you the things you need to know, the things you *can't* know, unless Old Boy tells you. I'll be here all year, protecting you, teaching you, and nursing you from my large breasts.

Who are you? Ha, ha, don't say it out loud, silly. *You are reading a magazine, not talking to a real person.* Anyway, it really doesn't matter who you are anymore.

All those high school achievements are behind you, and now you enter a student body consisting of students who are smarter, more athletic, and prettier than you are. I'm just kidding.

Now that we have formally met, lose the smile. There are plenty of things to worry about. For example, remember all those brochures you got from Stanford this last year? About how all your professors will know you by name? Welcome to reality. All of your classes will be taught in crowded, smoke-filled classrooms, either by TAs or satellite.

Ha, ha! Old Boy is just giving you the old "Freshman Rubby-Dubby." Stanford *can* be a great place (just like a theme park, really), or it can be the most dangerous place in the world.

—E.J.S.

The Chaparral



NOW THAT you're here, let's go over what there is to look forward to in the upcoming months, and also what you should plan to avoid. Stanford is a big place, but with a little guidance you can have a productive and rewarding freshman year.

- **"CIV."** Everybody likes to complain about CIV, but the truth of the matter is that everybody passes no matter how little work they do. Instead of going to CIV lecture this year, you might want to consider doing a few more intellectually productive things, like sleeping, dozing, or napping.

- **"Rudy Delson."** Although a reclusive and introverted student, you may still occasionally see Rudy Delson aimlessly walking the halls of your dorm late at night. You can easily recognize him by his bright red hair, glasses, and heavy black shoes. If you see him, avoid direct eye contact, and do not offer him your friendship.

- **"Cal."** "Cal" is an institution that claims to have some sort of rivalry with Stanford. However, do not be alarmed—we did a little research over the summer and discovered that "Cal" is nothing more than a public school located somewhere near Nevada.

- **"Harvard."** This conservative, east-coast university might be considered by many to be an Ivy-League equivalent to Stanford, but it's not. Their distinct lack of a quality humor magazine attests to this.

- **"The Coffeehouse."** The folks you see at the Coffeehouse are not Stanford students. Rather, they are moody, hollow people—people who have played the game of life and lost.

- **"LSJUMB."** This is the Leland Stanford Junior University Marching Band. They are led by the Tree, Stanford's mascot. It is traditional to sleep with the Tree at least once during your freshman year.

- **"Moonlight on the Quad."** Once a year under the full moon, all freshman men and women gather together in the Quad to be kissed by an upperclassman. You are advised to look out for the Stanford Review, as they frequently take advantage of the poor lighting conditions.

- **"The Stanford Chaparral."** By far the most popular institution on campus, the Chaparral has been in existence since 1899. Chaparral staff members commonly indulge themselves in loud music, drunken debauchery, fleeting romance, late hours, and all other declivities that make university life so appealing.

—C.T.O.

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The Mercury News
THE BAY AREA'S BEST

Everything I needed to know at Stanford, I learned in my C.I.V. class.



In the Bible, things are cited by chapter and verse. • Sappho was a lesbian poet. • Absolutely nothing can be stated in terms of black and white. • There is no relationship between attendance and final grades. • A lot of different people have a lot of different beliefs about a lot of different things, and most of them are for shit. • Never talk more than five or six times in a section. If you do, everyone will hate you. • Lots of departments have little coffee shops in them. • There is an inverse relationship between time spent reading and final grades. • Look up the names of main characters before section. • Never ever voluntarily sign up for a nine o'clock class. If the class is required for your major, change your major. • Always respond positively to the question, "So, how did you like the reading?" When pressed for reasons, be as vague as possible. • Never use the phrase "My teacher in high school said..." • Don't bother reading the non-European authors, they won't be on the test anyway. • If you fiddle with the margins, a four page paper can become a seven page paper, including title page and acknowledgements. • Never ask your professor a question before lecture. • Never ask your professor a question after lecture. • Never ask your professor a question during lecture. • No matter how much you might think otherwise at the end of a quarter, you will never need any of the books or any of your notes ever again. • It takes about 50 minutes to do an entire *Daily* crossword puzzle. • When you want a cheap laugh, analyze something from a Freudian perspective. • Never suggest that the section bond with a therapeutic game of "Heads Up, Seven-Up". • Never suggest alternative reading. • Very few literary classics are illustrated. • The guy in Green Special Collections is a freak. • Don't cite Cliff Notes in your papers. • Never say, "Jeez, it's just a story." • Course reader pages are much longer than paperback pages. • They don't assign the best parts of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. • It is possible to doze within six feet of your section leader. • Other students' ideas are to be considered, analyzed, and treasured as valid perspectives. Unless, of course, they're *really* stupid. • Never go to your TA's office hours "just to chat." • Never use your TA's home number. • Never *ever* let your TA convince you to remove your clothes in his apartment. • The Bookstore buyback rate is shit.



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

NAME _____
 LAST FIRST MIDDLE SUFFIX

HOME ADDRESS _____

PALM SPRINGS ADDRESS _____

HEIGHT _____ WEIGHT _____ BUST (if applicable) _____

BENCH PRESS _____ HAIR COLOR (natural) _____

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

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

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

NUMBER OF HIRED SERVANTS IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD: _____

NUMBER OF SLAVES: _____

BMW TYPE: YEAR _____ MODEL _____ ACCESSORIES _____

LIST ALL OF YOUR PERSONAL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS: _____

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

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

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

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

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PRIME TIME SIT-COM? _____

WHICH GOSSIP MAGAZINES DO YOU READ REGULARLY?

ESSAY QUESTIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPROXIMATE DATE

CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS



Illegal Use of Firearms



Lack of Right Guard (offensive)



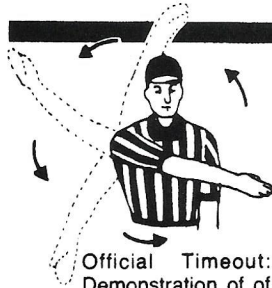
Egyptian Dancer on Field



Game Being Televised in Official's Hometown



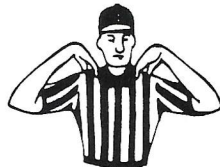
Trojan Band Entering Field



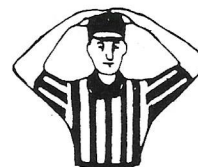
Official Timeout: Demonstration of Ball & Socket Joint for Cal Trainer



Official Timeout: Commercial (Deodorant)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Dandruff Shampoo)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Vitalis)



Official Timeout: Pigeons



No! Your Goal is That Way!



Reversal of Previous Call ("Honest Mr. King, I didn't mean it!")



Official Finds Timex Watch on Field



Post-game activities at Zot's



Illegal Use of Martial Arts



Official Acknowledgement of Cal Coach



Offsides (Midriff-Bulge Infraction)



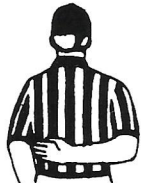
Illegal Misdirection Play



OFFICIAL TIME-OUT: Airplane on Field



Referee Desires Sustenance



Insufficient Compensation to Guarantee Home Team Win



Corpse on Field



Player Does Not Meet Height Requirement



Illegal use of pyramid power to sharpen razorblades



Time Out, Commercial (Plain and Peanut Chocolate Candies)



Illegal Use of Mosquitos



Referee Gives Up Smoking



Too Much Time in Huddle (Illegal Magazine on Field)



Illegal Cal Cheerleader On Field (Followed by the Commands 'Sit' and 'Stay')



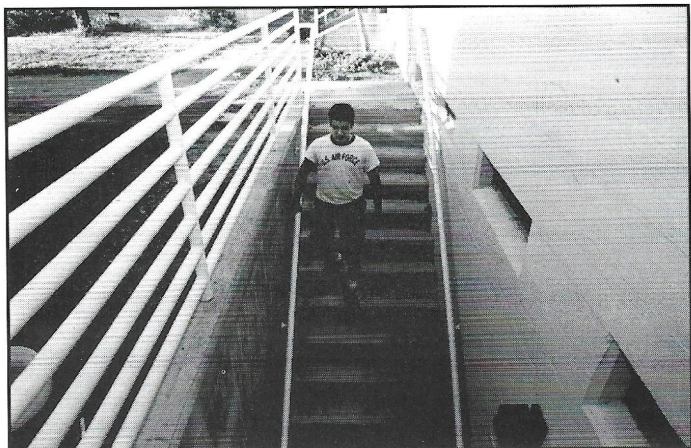
Official desires a cab.

So You Drew Into Stern...

An Introductory Tourbook

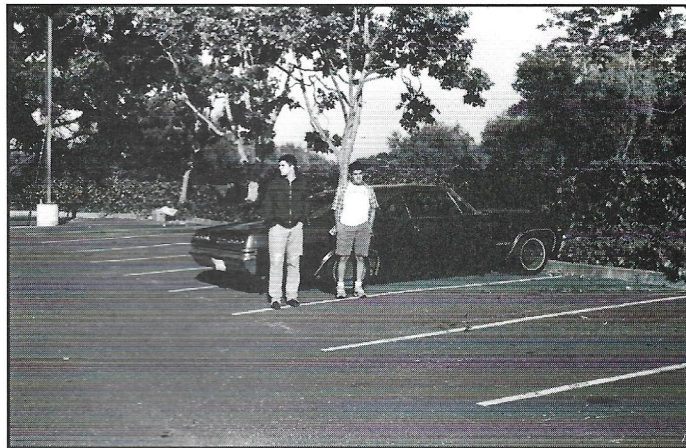
1. Convenient subway system.

Sure, you could walk to dinner, but why not make the trip *that much quicker*? Stern residents enjoy fast and safe service, as well as inexpensive beverages, candy, and souvenirs.



2. Stern Theme Park.

Perhaps one of Stern Hall's best-kept secrets is its award-winning theme park. Spend the afternoon in the Twister, the Gravitron, or just cool it in the parking lot.



3. The Novelty Shoppe.

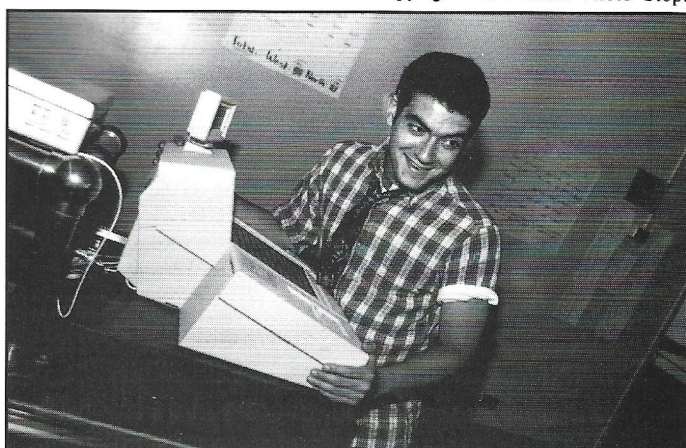
The Stern Novelty Shoppe was established to help meet the Stanford student's everyday novelty needs. Hot items include the Solar-Powered Dogmeter and the transistor radio.



4. Old-Time Photos.

The Stern Old-Time Photo Stop has been a popular service since the late fifties. Choose the time period that best fits your style: Old West, Victorian, Pilgrim, or Sales Clerk.

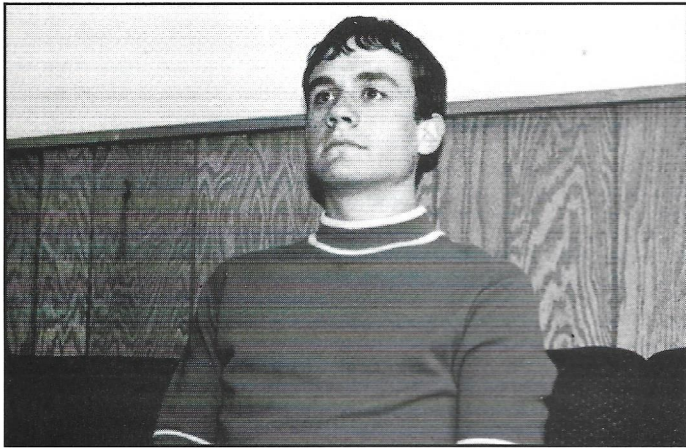
#4, Sales Clerk. Copyright 1994 Stern Photo Stop.



Welcome! Now that you've been awarded housing in Stanford's Stern Hall, it's time you knew some of the handy secrets that help Stern residents cope with University life.

5. Robby Stevens.

Robby is a freshman living in Donner. His hobbies include biking, reading, and swimming. Donner RF Linda Paulson says that Robby is "a friend to all."



6. The Fallout Shelter.

The Fallout Shelter is located in the basement of Larkin West, and it's one of Stern Hall's most popular night spots. The entertainment includes video games, a full bar, and special guest appearances by Ice Cube.



7. An Evening With The Ideal Man.

That's right! The Ideal Man lives in Stern Hall, and his evenings are always free for *you*. He is sensitive, thoughtful, and honest, and he is not afraid to cry.



8. Trumpet Lessons.

Herb Nabors, one-time student of John Philip Sousa, is on-call 24 hours a day to teach you jazz or classical trumpet technique. Brush up on your fingering, or just hang out and jam.



how to definitely

"Women hate me because I'm fat"
"My nose is too big to ever get a really pretty girl." "I'm skinny."
"I'm really Spanish, but the chiquitas think I'm Mexican." "I'm ugly."

It's easy to complain.

You say the competition is too stiff. It's only the good looking guys who get the girls. So maybe you're not a Greek god. Few men are. But that doesn't mean that you haven't a chance.

Can I really compete for really pretty girls?

No, you can't.

Forget about pretty girls. When they're not dreaming up ways to play with your mind, they're either out seducing your best friend or locked up in a bathroom somewhere

forcing themselves to throw up the \$50 lunch they made you buy them so they can stay skinny. Nope, pretty girls are trouble.

Can I score with regular looking women?

What for?

So what's left?

Plenty. With umpteen billion females in the world, it's a veritable smorgasbord of women. But even at a smorgasbord, not everyone can have the prime ribs. But that doesn't mean that the chopped liver isn't just as good, and there's usually not even a line around it.

You mean?

Right. Why bother with the 18-34 crowd, when women under age ten and over age ninety are just as much fun, much more appreciative, and a lot easier to score with.

Under 10

Now before you go running off and hiding under a bed screaming "I don't want to go to jail, I don't want to go to jail!", take a moment to logically consider why eight, nine, and ten year old girls may be right for you. The "under ten" set is pretty without being showy, honest without being brutal, and sweet without being phony. Best of all (and remarkably enough), *there's almost no competition!* Most ten year old boys have no money, and if you have enough spare change to buy a Good Humor bar, you've got a foot in the door.

It's easy from here, because ten year old girls aren't very smart and will do anything you tell them. Because they're so young, they don't mind *trying* things. And in an emergency, the slightest provocation of "betcha can't betcha can't" on your part will make them do things you'd bet they could, but never dreamed they would.

It's enough to make you think that five to ten years isn't such a long time at all.

Over 90

This is the part that really turns a lot of guys off. Many men have expressed to me their feeling that they can't even imagine what it would be like to have sex with a woman who had reached her peak when Europe was still one big country. "It would be like having sex with your grandmother, only much, much worse," is what most men think. But some men, like your grandfather, would be happy to have sex with your grandmother, if only she would stay awake long enough.

The key to having fun with a "sexy senior citizen" is *optimism*. For example, many women over ninety years of age wear dentures, and you know what that means. Right. They come out. Aren't things looking a little brighter already?



pick up girls

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF DATING WOMEN UNDER 10 AND OVER 90

Advantages — Under 10

1. It's easy to beat them in games.
2. They don't have any cellulite.
3. They never fake orgasm.
4. Can't tell the difference between hamburgers and real food.
5. They're almost all virgins.
6. It doesn't cost you as much to take them to the movies.

Disadvantages Under 10

1. They grow up.

Advantages — Over 90

1. It's hard to get them pregnant.
2. You don't have to worry about long term relationships.
3. They never fake orgasm.
4. They have lots of money.
5. You meet very few virgins.
6. You can do whatever you want to them because their memories are so bad.

Disadvantages Over 90

1. They die.

DATING DO'S AND DONT'S

Under 10

- DO tell her how old she looks.
- DO take her out. Kids are people too. Make yours a give and take relationship.
- DO insist on her calling you "Uncle" in public.
- DON'T give her anything with your name on it. Written evidence is deadly.
- DON'T let her memorize your license plate.
- DON'T tell her where you live.
- DON'T (most importantly) get caught.


Over 90

- DO tell her how young she looks.
- DO ask her how she's feeling, but only if you're not in a rush to get anywhere.
- DON'T get involved with her friends. The last thing you need is for her to find another woman's surgical stocking on your back seat.
- DON'T yell into her ear. She can probably hear just fine, and you'll only offend her.

CONCLUSION: A HAPPY LIFE, A HAPPY ENDING

There is a famous anecdote about a conversation between Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, and his illustrator, John Tenniel. It seems that Tenniel had a penchant for elderly ladies and wanted to draw Alice as a very old woman. When he asked the lackadaisical Carroll just what it was that he admired in young girls, Carroll spoke these immortal words — "What, John? Little girls? Oh yes, I like them very much. Oh, yes, indeed I do. Little girls, you say? Yes, I suppose so. How I do adore them. Oh yes. Indeed I do."

Tenniel went away disheartened. It is said that the only times he ever enjoyed drawing pictures of Alice was when he fantasized about how she would look as an old lady.

Which one of these men was right? It's for you to choose. Either way you decide to go, you'll probably end up grinning like the Cheshire Cat. 



Calvin and Hobbes

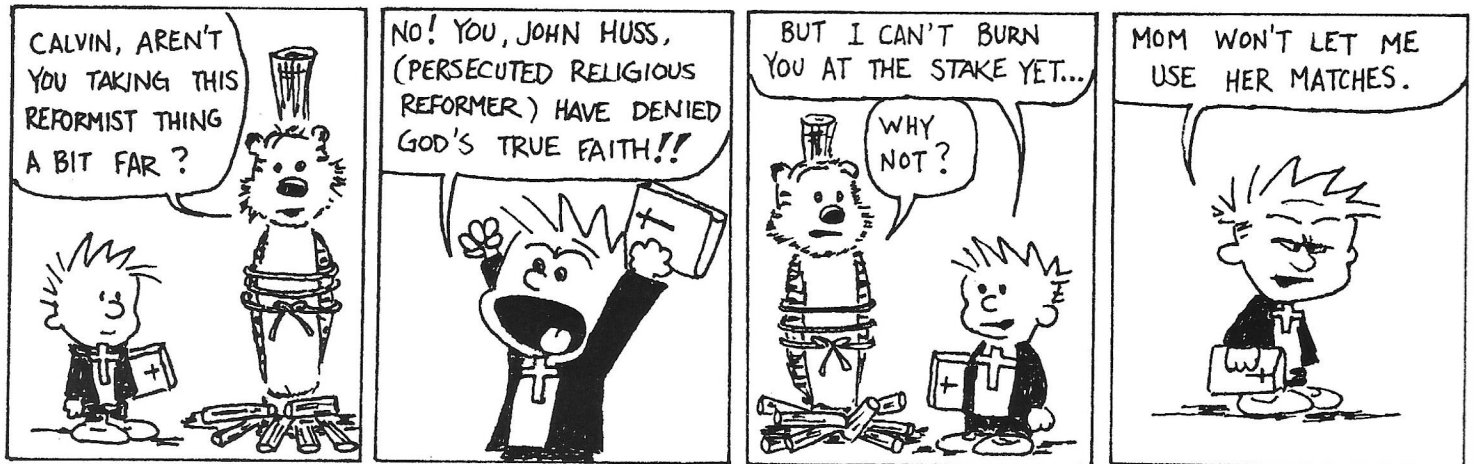


WRITTEN by:
David Hyatt
ART by:
Jack Wang

Cajun and Hobbes



Calvin and Huss



Calviathan and Hobbes

I KNOW, CALEVIATHAN, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'D FEEL WELCOME THERE...

IT ISN'T THE FISHY TOTALITARIAN SMELL, IS IT?

WELL, *I* DON'T MIND IT...

I'M JUST WORRIED ABOUT MR. LOCKE AND MR. JEFFERSON.

THE FUCKIN' LIBERALS!

Calvin and Nobs

I JUST DON'T GET IT.

SO WHAT IF MY BEST FRIEND IS A PAIR OF BREASTS?

I MEAN, WHY CAN'T I HAVE AN INTELLECTUAL RELATIONSHIP WITH ANOTHER COGNIZANT ENTITY IN THIS UNIVERSE?

THE FACT THAT I CAN JERK OFF IN BETWEEN THEM IS JUST A PLUS!

Hobbes and Calvin

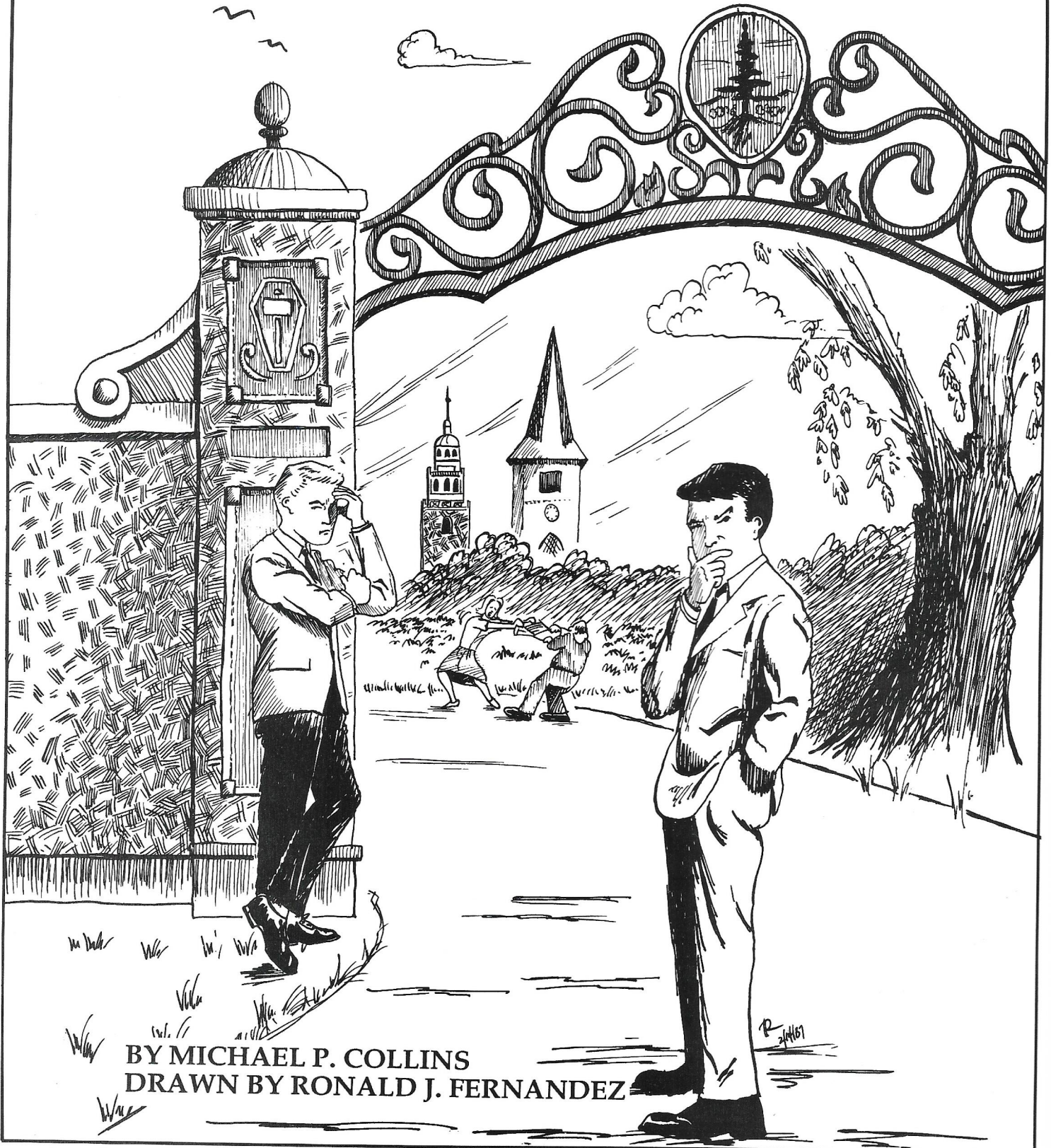
I KEEP TELLING THEM YOU'RE REAL, BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME.

WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO? FUCKING **BLEED?**

HEY HOBBS, STILL PLAYING WITH **DOLLS?**

C'MON GUYS, DIDN'T YOUR PARENTS EVER MAKE YOU LISTEN TO "FREE TO BE, YOU AND ME"?

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



BY MICHAEL P. COLLINS
DRAWN BY RONALD J. FERNANDEZ

CHAPTER I

Looks Like Trouble!

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER II

Chet!

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

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

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

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

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

Chet! He was a friend, and then some.

CHAPTER III

A Tricky Situation

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV

Flashback!

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

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

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

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

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

Chet let out a gasp. "HARVARD!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER V

Later That Day

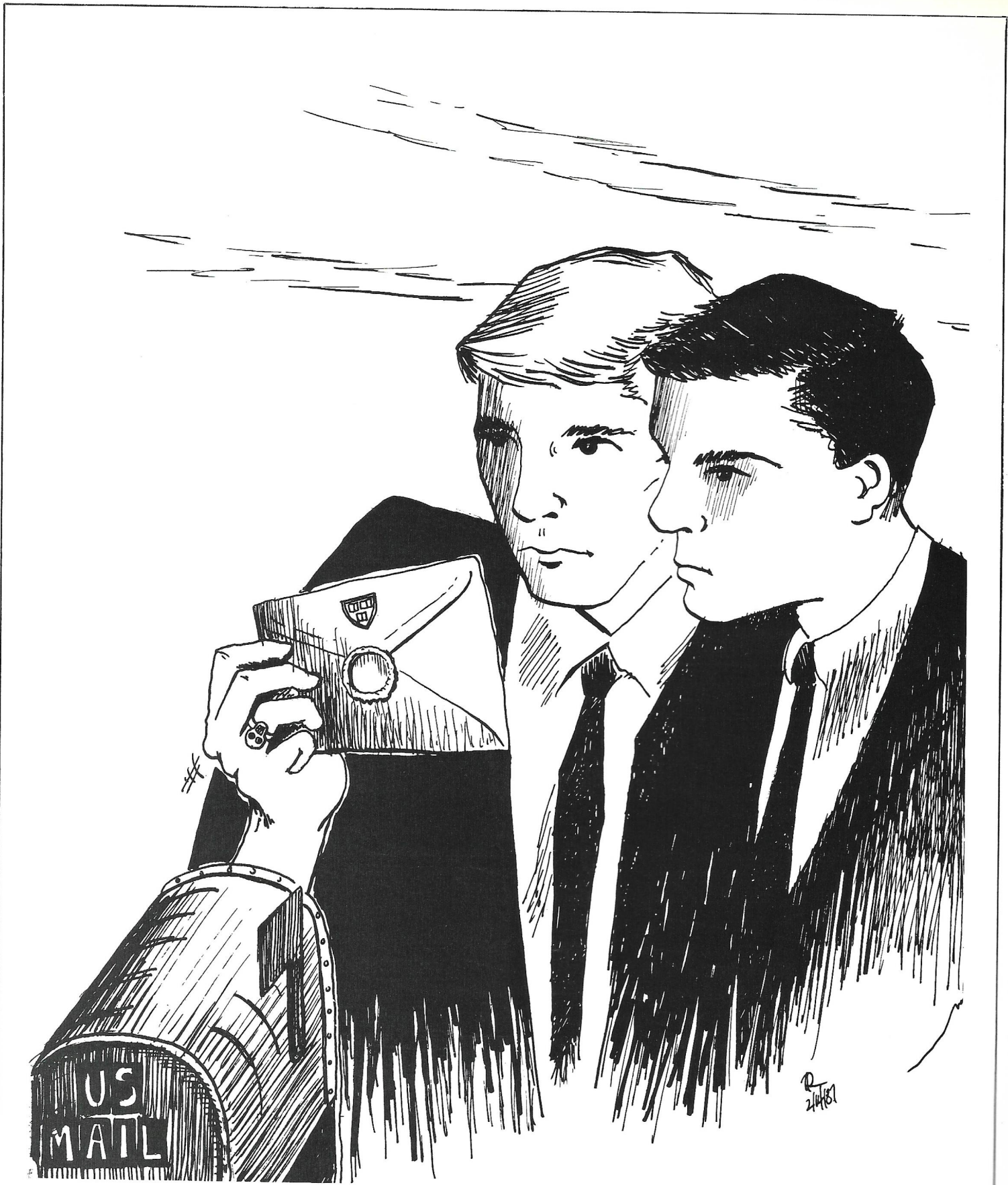
"Looks like the case is closed on our 'trouble-making' friend," Frank said, running his hair playfully through Joe's sandy blond fingers.

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

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

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

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



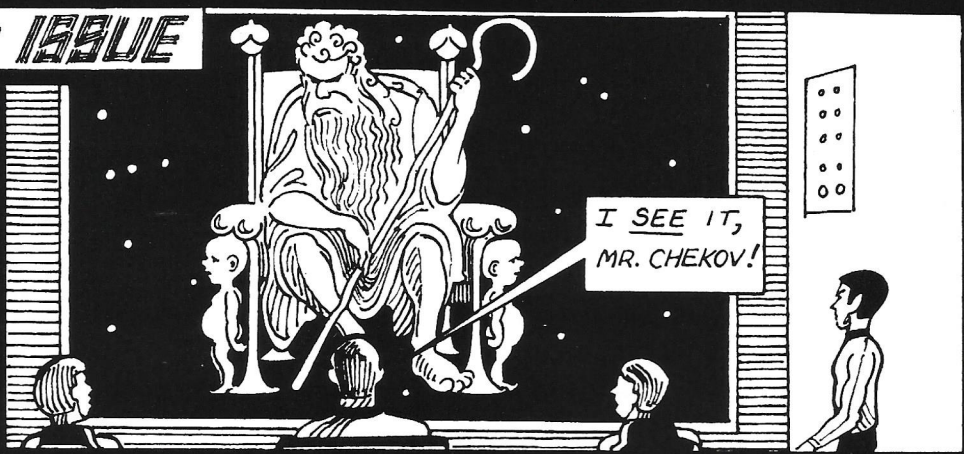
"It looks like a letter!" Frank announced.



THE GOD ISSUE



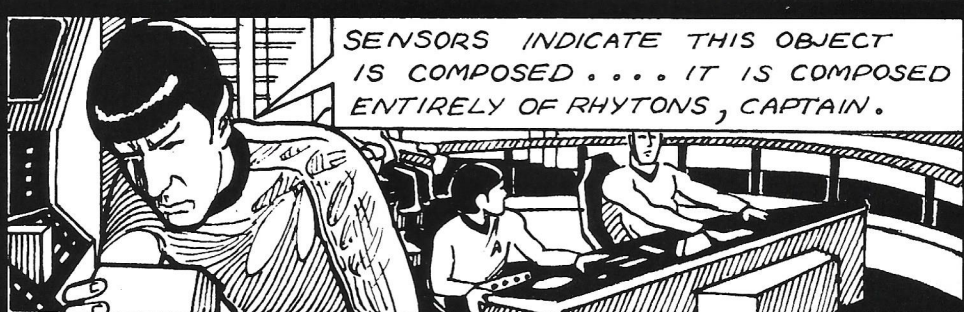
OBJECT AHEAD, KIPTIN!



I SEE IT, MR. CHEKOV!



WHAT DO THE SENSORS INDICATE, MR. SPOCK?



SENSORS INDICATE THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED IT IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF RHYTONS, CAPTAIN.



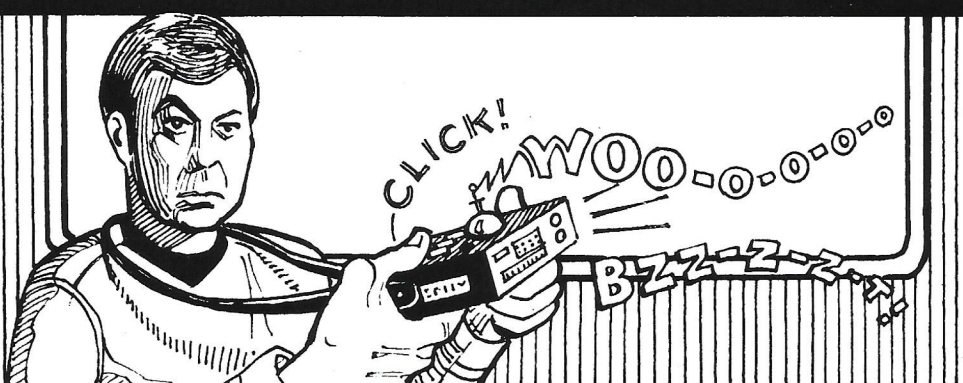
BUT SPOCK! RHYTONS EXIST ONLY IN THEORY. IF THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED OF RHYTONS IT MUST BE . . .



QUITE RIGHT, CAPTAIN: OMNISCIENT, OMNIPOTENT & OMNIPRESENT. THIS OBJECT IS GOD.



BONES! GET A READING ON HIM!



CLICK!
WOO-O-O-O-O-O
BZZ-Z-Z-Z-Z

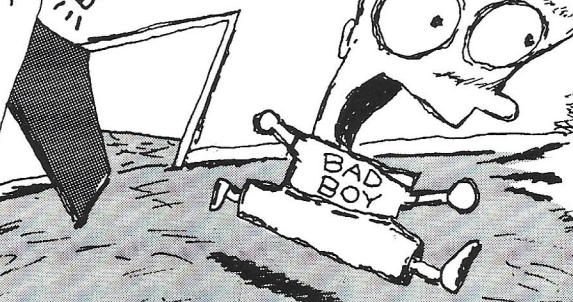


HE'S DEAD, JIM!

BAD BOY
NELSON

~AND~
LITTLE
BUDDY
IN
"POST-
FINALS
FEVER"
©1990
j.nsu

BANG



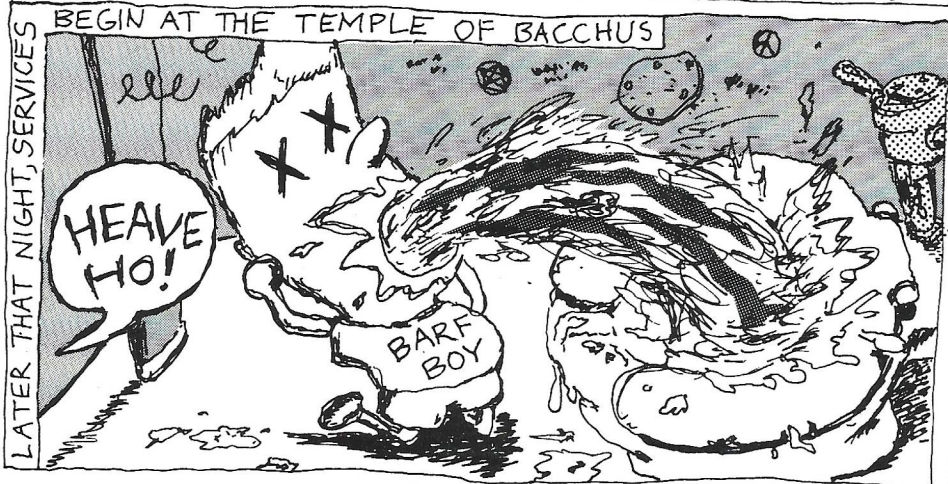
DUUUUDE!!
I'M DONE
WITH
FINALS!!!



SMACK



RIGHT ON



THE END

STANFORD IS HELL

LESSON 28: THE 9 TYPES OF ROOMMATES

©1989 by
MAH
GROANING



ROMEO



ADVANTAGES: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO WOMEN
DRAWBACKS: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO MEN

THE SNEAK



ADVANTAGES: MAY HELP YOU WIN DORM "ASSASSIN"
DRAWBACKS: MAY KILL YOU IN DORM "ASSASSIN"

MS. ASSU



ADVANTAGES: WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ALL CAMPUS EVENTS
DRAWBACKS: WILL DRAG YOU TO THEM

LAZY-BONES



ADVANTAGES: UNOBTRUSIVE
DRAWBACKS: HARD TO VACUUM UNDER

JACK DANIELS



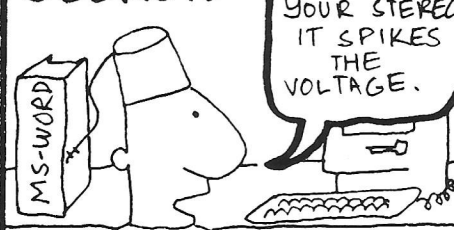
ADVANTAGES: DON'T NEED TO VISIT SAFEWAY
DRAWBACKS: VOMIT STINKS

LUCKY STRIKE



ADVANTAGES: SHE COULD DIE, YOU GET A SINGLE
DRAWBACKS: YOU COULD DIE

GEEKOID



ADVANTAGES: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES
DRAWBACKS: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES

GLEN MILLER (AND LSTUMB)



ADVANTAGES: YOU'LL MEET DOLLIES
DRAWBACKS: ENJOYS PRACTICING SOUSA WITH BUDDIES

BUDDY



ADVANTAGES: NEED WE LIST?
DRAWBACKS: MIGHT NOT DRAW WITH YOU NEXT YEAR

HSU AND HYATT '89

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SQUIRTING BREAST. Amaze your lover. Imagine his surprise when he is in the depths of fore-play and a stream of water (or scalding hot oil!) squirts from this Life-Like breast replica. Watch them run.

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No. 69 69¢



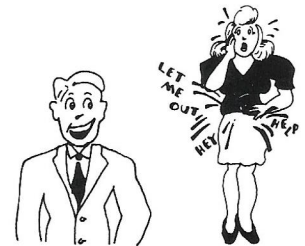
EXPLODING CONDOM. Looks like a regular prophylactic, but when they get at it... Look out! It goes off with a "bang!" A real French Rib Tickler! Can be used over and over again.

No. 119 \$1.00 Each



DISAPPEARING SPERM. Spill or squirt this incredible imitation reproductive fluid on clothes, bed-sheets, and innocent passersby. They'll scream with the horror of lawsuits and "rape!" but wait 5 minutes and it will vanish leaving no stain or trace. No nasty messes 9 months later. Great at dinner parties and formal occasions.

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BE A VENTRILOQUIST! Or just sound like one. It's fun to be a ventriloquist, and offend as many people as possible. Fool everyone when your voice comes from under a skirt or a pair of Hot Pants. Large, uncomfortable gadget fits in mouth.

No. 156 \$1.00



DRIBBLE CONDOM. Surprise and delight your friends! Looks like an ordinary, reliable, electronically tested prophylactic, but when you withdraw, the fun begins! You'll find yourself dribbling all over her and yourself! It's a joke she'll never forget!

No. 210 \$4.98 per box of 10. Reusable!



ATOMIC VIBRATOR JOY BUZZER. Wind it up and hand it to a friend. Watch as they get the surprise of their life—"Hey, that isn't a cucumber! Ouch!" Completely harmless. Guys, get one for your girl and don't forget mom. Makes a great stocking "stuffer."

No. 410 \$3.98

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7734 Oyoukn Ave., Greatcasket, OH 00092

If, not 34% satisfied, I may return any part of my purchase for a full refund. Except, of course, the used condoms, which you would probably not want back anyway.

PLEASE RUSH ME: (use extra paper if needed)

Item No.	How Many?	Why so few?	Price Ea.	Total
No C.O.D.'s			Postage & Handling 65¢	
No Flounders, either			Tying to a Post & Manhandling \$2.00	
Name			Total Enclosed	

(print)

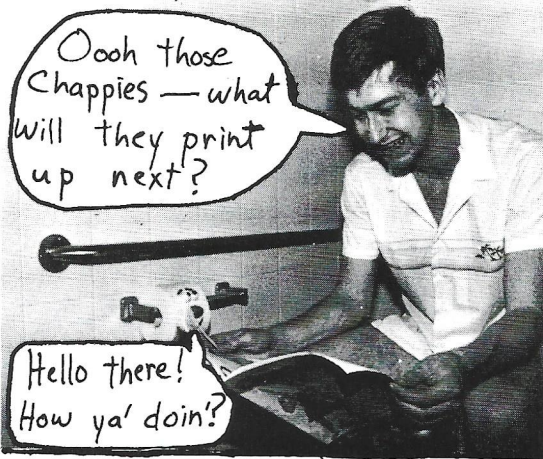
Address City State Zip

Do your parents know? Yes No

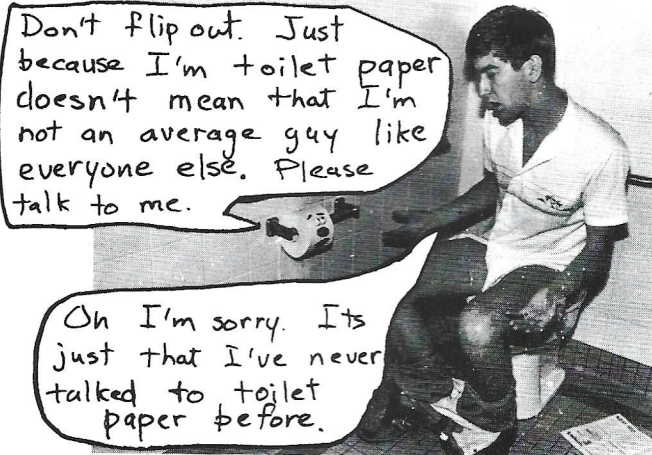
IN THE END

BY JIM SUHRE

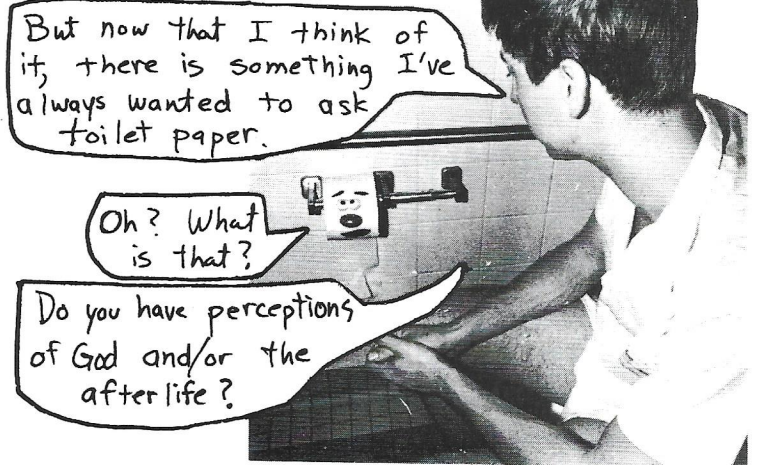
Photos by Enrique Alvarez



Hello there!
How ya' doin'?

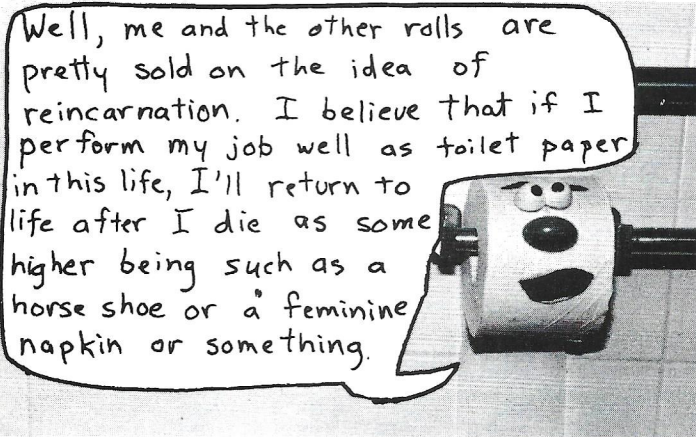


Oh I'm sorry. Its just that I've never talked to toilet paper before.

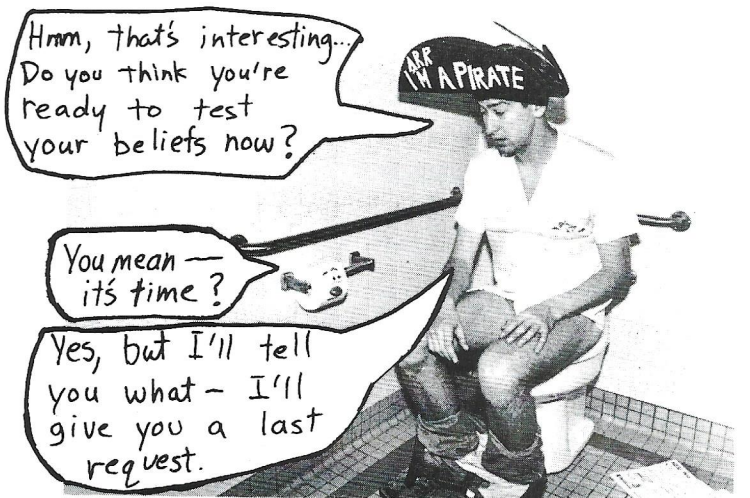


Oh? What is that?

Do you have perceptions of God and/or the afterlife?

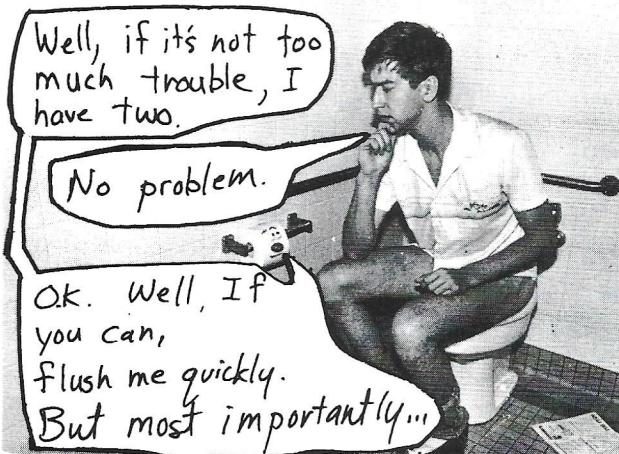


Well, me and the other rolls are pretty sold on the idea of reincarnation. I believe that if I perform my job well as toilet paper in this life, I'll return to life after I die as some higher being such as a horse shoe or a feminine napkin or something.



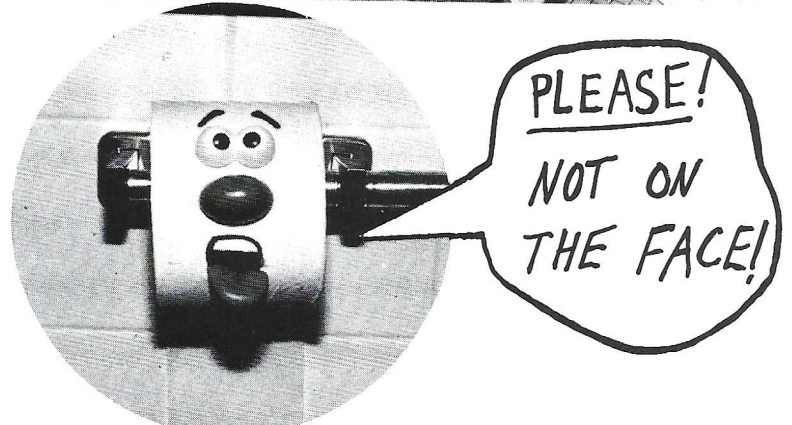
You mean — it's time?

Yes, but I'll tell you what — I'll give you a last request.



No problem.

Ok. Well, if you can, flush me quickly. But most importantly...



PLEASE!
NOT ON THE FACE!

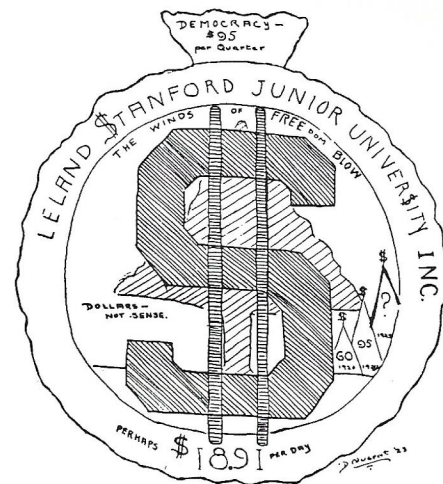
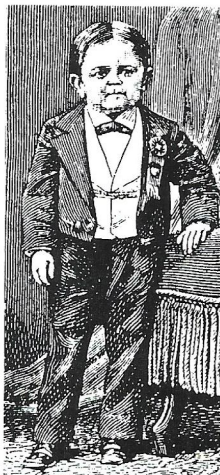
NEW POLITICALLY CORRECT EUPHEMISMS

—or—

"Hey, some of my best friends
are Vertically Challenged."

We know all too well how touchy people can be about what you call them. So in the interest of informing the Stanford community about what terms are currently in vogue, the Chappie presents its guide to the current politically correct lingo (subject to change without notice).

- When you mean to say **Black**, what you should say is **African-American**.
- When you mean to say **Oriental**, what you should say is **Asian-American** or **Pacific Islander**.
- Someone who used to be **handicapped** is now **Physically Challenged** or **Differently Abled**.
- The term for **minorities** is now **People of Color**.
- **Women**, accordingly, are now **People of Gender**.
- **White Anglo-Saxon Protestants** join the ranks of the downtrodden by becoming **Ethnically Deprived**.
- Your **short** friend is now **Vertically Challenged**.
- Likewise, the generally **stupid** are to be referred to as the **Mentally Challenged**.
- People who are **fat** prefer the less pejorative terms **People of Mass** or **Latitudinally Overpresent**.
- **Jocks** are **Physically Overabled** or **Mentally Challenged**.
- The **ugly** are **Aesthetically Challenged**.
- Members of the **animal** kingdom are **Chromosomally Different**.
- **Men** must shed their linguistic shackles and are henceforth to be known as **Myn**.
- Rather than being **dead**, those who have passed on are **Existentially Challenged**.
- Lastly, the correct term for **midget** is **Fucking Midget**.

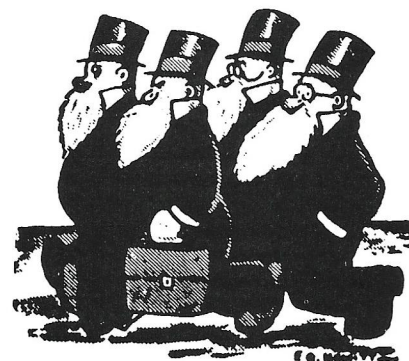


PROPOSED NEW SEAL

What Not To Do As a Frosh

unless you want to be horribly
stigmatized *for the rest of your
Stanford career* (and certainly
beyond).

10. Sign up to help distribute the *Stanford Review*.
9. Make a point to ask a question during every CIV lecture.
8. Get caught by your roommate while masturbating or sodomizing.
7. Get kicked out of University Housing, for any reason
6. Win three gold medals at the 1988 Summer Olympics
5. Buy an IBM
4. Take SLE / Live in Branner
3. Date your RA / Date a child of your RF
2. Deface a flier
- 1.(tie) Write a column for the *Daily* / Drown in Lake Lag



"I even got the government
to pay for it!"



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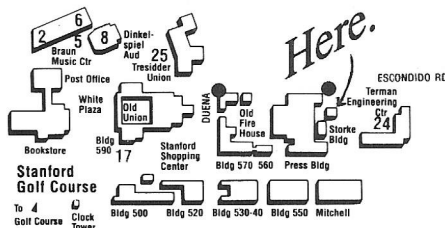
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"Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," declared the fair co-ed. And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years.
(1933)

"Did you see that tramp fooling around the sausage mill for something to eat?"
"No, did he get anything?"
"Well, they carried him off to the hospital with a hand out."
(1901)

"Oh, darling, I've missed you," she cried, and fired the gun again.
(1959)

The head of the store was passing through the packing room and saw a boy lounging against a box whistling cheerfully.
"How much do you get a week?" he asked.
"Ten dollars, sir."
"Here's a week's pay—get out."
When he saw the next foreman, he asked, "When did we hire that boy?"
"We never hired him, he just brought in a package from another firm."
(1933)

"You look rather broken up. What is wrong?"
"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."
"Well, what of it?"
"They sent me a new study lamp."
(1936)

He: There's a reason why I love you.
She: My goodness!
He: Don't be absurd.
(1937)

Q: Why does the Stanford Daily, an independent corporation with an annual budget of over a million dollars, get a \$40,000 fee request from the

students every April?
A: Why does a dog lick his own balls?
(1990)

(On the phone) "Is this the Salvation Army?"
"Yes it is."
"Do you save bad women?"
"Yes..."
"Well, save me a couple for Saturday night!"
(1932)



Ole Mose went to a doctor and told him, "Doc, I've got nine kids now. If I have another child, so help me, I'll hang myself."
The doctor told Mose to leave town at a certain time each year and everything would be all right.

About a year later, old Mose met the doctor on the street. His wife had given birth to another child.
"Mose," the doctor said, "about this time I expected to see your name in the obituary column. I thought you were going to hang yourself if you had another child."

"Well, Doc," Mose said, "when dat child came, I got myself a l-o-n-g rope. I went to the barn, threw the rope over the rafter. I got myself a h-i-g-h stool. I got up on the stool, made a hangman's noose out of the rope, tightened the noose around my neck, and just as I was about to kick the stool from under me, I said, 'you know, Mose, you might be killing an innocent man.'"
(1961)



Him—"I hope you'll dance with me tonight."
Her—"Oh, certainly. I hope you don't think I came down here merely for pleasure."
(1933)

A man visiting from Kansas was looking into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "It took millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

The man from Kansas was tremendously impressed.
"You don't tell me!" he commented.
"Why, I didn't know this was a government job!"
(1938)

Rastus: Say, Sambo, what time in yoah life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worstes?

Sambo: Once when ah wuz callin' on a married gal and her husband come in and caught me. Boy, wuz I scared!

Rastus: How are yo' shuah dat wuz de worstes time?

Sambo: 'Cause her husbum turned to dat wife ob his an' he say, "Mandy, whut's dis white man doin' heah?"
(1938)

A man, seeing another man swimming off a Florida beach, said: "Hey, aren't you afraid of sharks?"

Swimmer: "No, I'm tattooed."

Observer: "What has that got to do with sharks?"

Swimmer: "I've got 'Harvard is the best college in the world' written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that."
(1938)

Jimmy—We've got a new baby down at our house.

Neighbor—How nice, did the stork bring it?

Jimmy—Oh, no. It developed from a unicellular amoeba.
(1937)

Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend, in what may be delicately described as a compromising position.

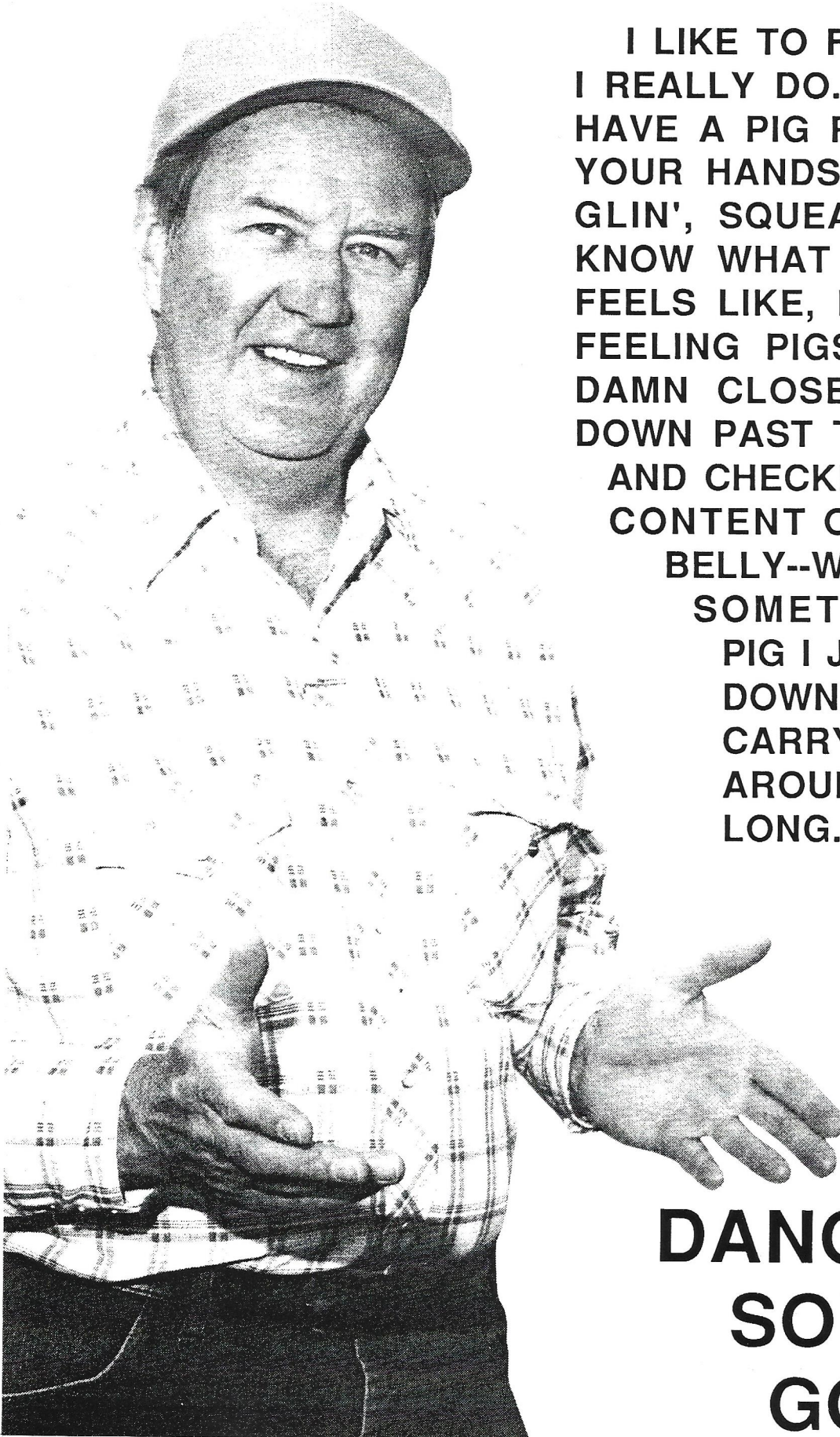
"See here," exclaimed the husband, "just what do you two think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"
(1962)



JAMES
ALGAR

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!**



**ABSOLUT
VODKA**

80 PROOF

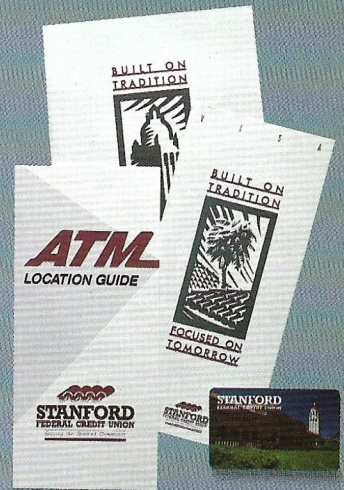
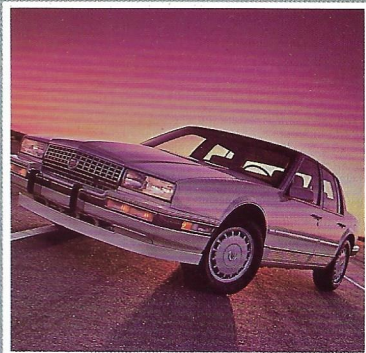
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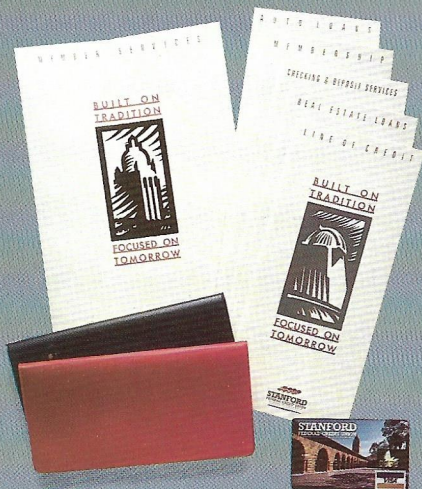


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