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The Stanford Chaparral

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THE CHAPPIES

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

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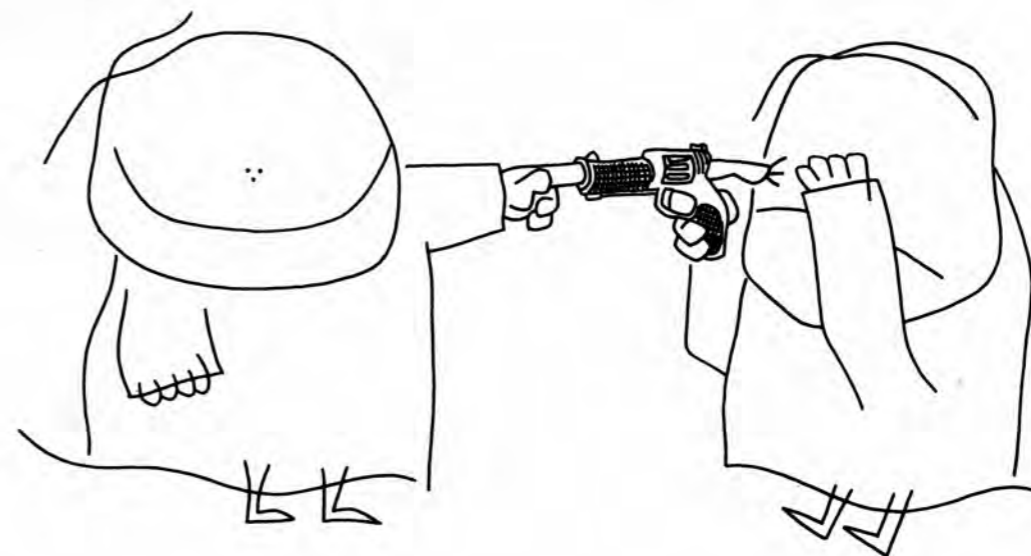
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NOW THAT the Old Boy has finally become twenty-one, *Chappie* operations have more-and-more frequently been removed, in the middle of the night, to such recondite establishments as the Cameo Club and the Brass Rail, where inspiration, in the guise of a lightly-perfumed ostrich feather, sometimes tickles our beard, and where a good pick-me-up is a heady acre of silk swirling about the cerebrum. (Somehow the medulla oblongata also gets into the act.) The Harbor Inn in Felton, it has been decided, will be the *Chappie's* base for the summer.

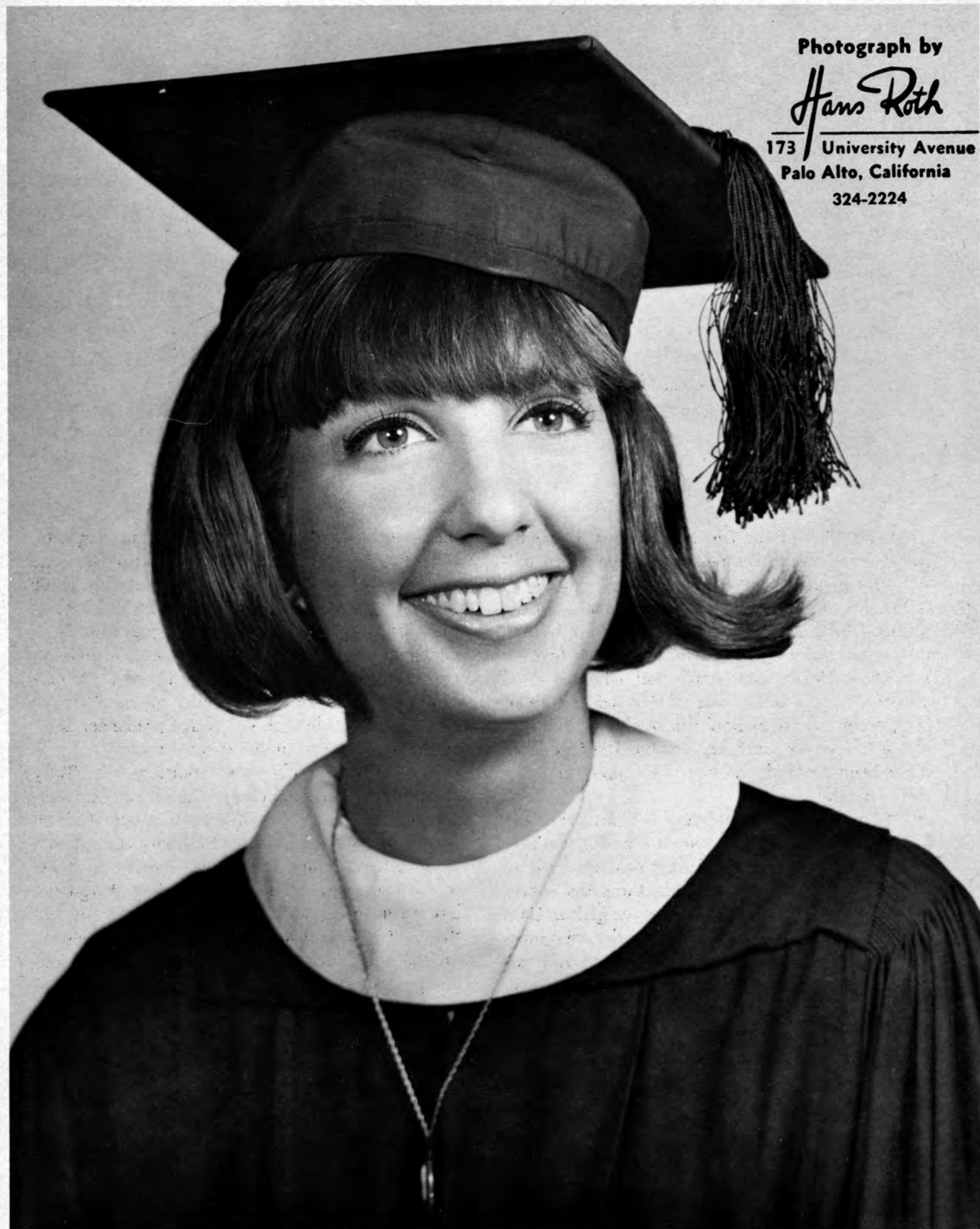
NOW THAT the school year is nearly over, we have decided to put into words a policy we have been consistently following, that of displaying, in the "Old Boy Presents . . ." girls, the gross unfairness in that old adage "Nine out of ten girls in California . . ." etc. Thus the *Chappie* hereby announces itself champion of Stanford womanhood and further pursues this policy with this issue's three dollies, Mary Isaacs, Sue Smith, and Vicky Bowles. No doubt the reader will notice that one of these girls is delightfully semi-nude; we say delightfully because that is the tone in which we undertook the project, and we know that is the manner in which it will be received by any sane person. Naturally we didn't release any pre-sales copies to the Daily for reviewing, in light of the insane review of our February issue.

Now that we are on the subject of reader response, we might as well outline our year-end observations which solidified through a series of trau-

matic shocks and which became so familiar, after a while, that shock merely gave way to desperate laughter. A psychologist could have saved us much surprise and deep contemplation if he had told us the true nature of audience interpretation: i.e., purely subjective cognitive adjustment. The *Chappie*, it turns out, is nothing but a Thematic Apperception Test in which the reader molds objective reality to coincide with subjective preconceptions, which is, we guess, the Existential horror.

More concretely, we apologize to Taffy Hearne, who initiated one of the first of our traumas by unbelievably misinterpreting our blurb on her lovely appearance in the February issue. There were other misinterpretations, mostly in tone, which sent various staffers weekending at Agnews, but we have consoled ourselves with the thought that all *Chappie* readership requires is a balanced rationale. On the readership fringes are the smut-mongers who accuse the *Chappie* of being too sanitary, the icebergs who accuse the magazine of Rabelaisian overtones, the Hippies who whine it's too straight, and the meter-sticks who wail of its being too "beatniky." Finally, we would like to present as the paragon of *Chappie* readership a certain Mrs. Bernard Reade, of Carmel, who, upon initiating a subscription and being sent the first two issues, wrote back asking for all the monthly issues and signed her letter with hearts and flowers!

Yes, the *Chaparral* isn't as good as it used to be, but then it never was, and we hope that next year will see even bigger and better things!



Photograph by

Hans Roth

173 University Avenue
Palo Alto, California
324-2224

the stanford
CHAPARRAL

CRASH COMICS

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NO. 4

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A Tech coed looked up from her books and asked her roommate, "Say, what do you know about the French syntax?"

"Gee, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun." (VooDoo)

The room clerk told the bridegroom as they were leaving that the bill for the night was seven dollars apiece, so the bridegroom handed him fifty-six dollars. (Charlatan)

The Old Boy rushed into the Daily office with his guns blazing and yelled, "All right you dirty bastards, get out of here." The staff fled in a hail of bullets, all except one cowering freshman.

"Well," shouted the Old Boy waving his smoking gun.

"Well," said the freshman, "there certainly was a lot of them, wasn't there..."

STAR TRODD

SPACE; FINALLY FRONTIER -- THESE ARE THE VOYEURS OF THE STARSHIP INNERPROD, ITS 5 YEAR MISSION: TO EXPLOIT STRANGE NEW WORLDS, TO EKE OUT HIGH RATINGS WITH PLOTS THAT INSULT NEW LIFE AND OUR CIVILIZATION. TO BOLDLY INTERFERE WHERE NO MAN HAS STUCK HIS NOSE BEFORE

"STARLOGGED, CAPTAIN'S DATE 3,14159: PRESENTLY IN ORBIT AROUND THE PLANET PURDLEY, ONE OF THOSE DELIGHTFULLY IDYLIC EARTH-SURROGATE TYPE WORLDS ENCOUNTERED NOW AND THEN IN THE HEARTLESS VOID. AS USUAL, THE PRELIMINARY TELEMETERED SCAN HAS SHOWN THE PLACE TO BE UNINHABITED AND COMPLETELY SAFE."

AS USUAL THE CREW, LET OUT FOR A LITTLE SHORE LEAVE, QUICKLY DISCOVERS IT TO BE FRAUGHT WITH VARIOUS BEINGS, ASPECTS AND POSSIBILITIES UNDETECTED BY THE SENSORS----



HEY FELLA! WHO ARE YOU? CAPTAIN MURK SAID NOBODY LIVED HERE!!

WELCOME! AW, YOU ARE SURPRISED I SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE! I WAS EDUCATED IN YOUR COUNTRY, AT LSJU!

YEAH? YOU LOOK LIKE A SIMPLE CLASS K-3 FARMING AND GATHERING TYPE TRIBAL SOCIETY. BUT WHAT'S THAT GAD? GET YOU'RE WEARING?

THIS IS "IT" -- THE SOLE TECHNICAL DEVICE RETAINED BY MY PEOPLE WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE LAND-NATURE IT ALLOWS US AN UNMOLESTED INNER EXISTENCE OF TRANQUILITY AND HAPPINESS AS WE PLANT AND SING AMONG OUR FRIENDS THE FLORA AND FAUNA.

I-"IT": ALTERNATIVELY "THINGER", "PANACEUM", "UL BUBBER", "DEALY BOP"

BOY, I'D SURE LIKE TO TRY ONE OF THOSE -- OK?



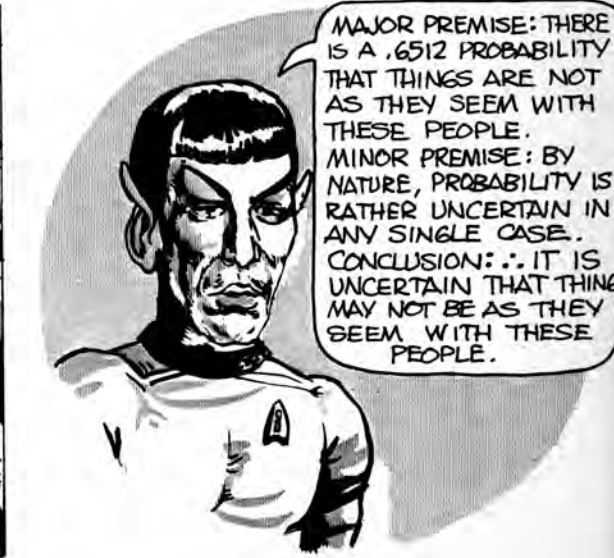
"STARLOGGED, CAPTAIN'S DATE 8.14169: THE *INVERPROD* NOW FACES AN ALARMING SITUATION—THE CREW HAS DIVIDED INTO TWO FACTIONS, WITH ROUGHLY HALF USING A STRANGE MIND-RAPING DEVICE FROM THE PLANET PURDLEY AND THE REST OF US HOLDING OUT AS BEST WE CAN. LIMITED BRIG SPACE DOESN'T ALLOW THE MASS ARRESTS OBVIOUSLY CALLED FOR, SO WE'RE TRYING TO HELP THE UNFORTUNATES WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED TO ITS INFLUENCE."



MAYBE HERE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING TO PROVE ITS EVIL AND DESTROY IT— STRANGE, THE RAY SHOWS LITTLE FURNITURE INSIDE, BUT THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING— EVERYTHING INSIDE IS INERT— THERE'S NOTHING THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE LIFE ENERGY DETECTED BY THE ANALYZER!

MAJOR PREMISE: IT SEEMS TO BE PULSATING WITH POWER MINOR PREMISE: WE'RE ALWAYS RUNNING INTO TROUBLE WITH THINGS THAT PULSATE. CONCLUSION: THE PROBABILITY THAT IT IS GOOD1, INDIFFERENT .34, AND IN FAVOR OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT .0012...

SPOOK, YOUR LOGIC IS, AS USUAL JUST INESCAPABLE!



MAJOR PREMISE: THERE IS A .6512 PROBABILITY THAT THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY SEEM WITH THESE PEOPLE. MINOR PREMISE: BY NATURE, PROBABILITY IS RATHER UNCERTAIN IN ANY SINGLE CASE. CONCLUSION: ∴ IT IS UNCERTAIN THAT THINGS MAY NOT BE AS THEY SEEM WITH THESE PEOPLE.

"STARLOGGED, CAPTAIN'S DATE 812: IT HAS BECOME NECESSARY FOR SPOOK AND ME TO LEAD AN EXPEDITION TO THE PLANET IN HOPES OF FINDING OUT THE EXACT NATURE OF THE INFECTIOUS DEVICE..."



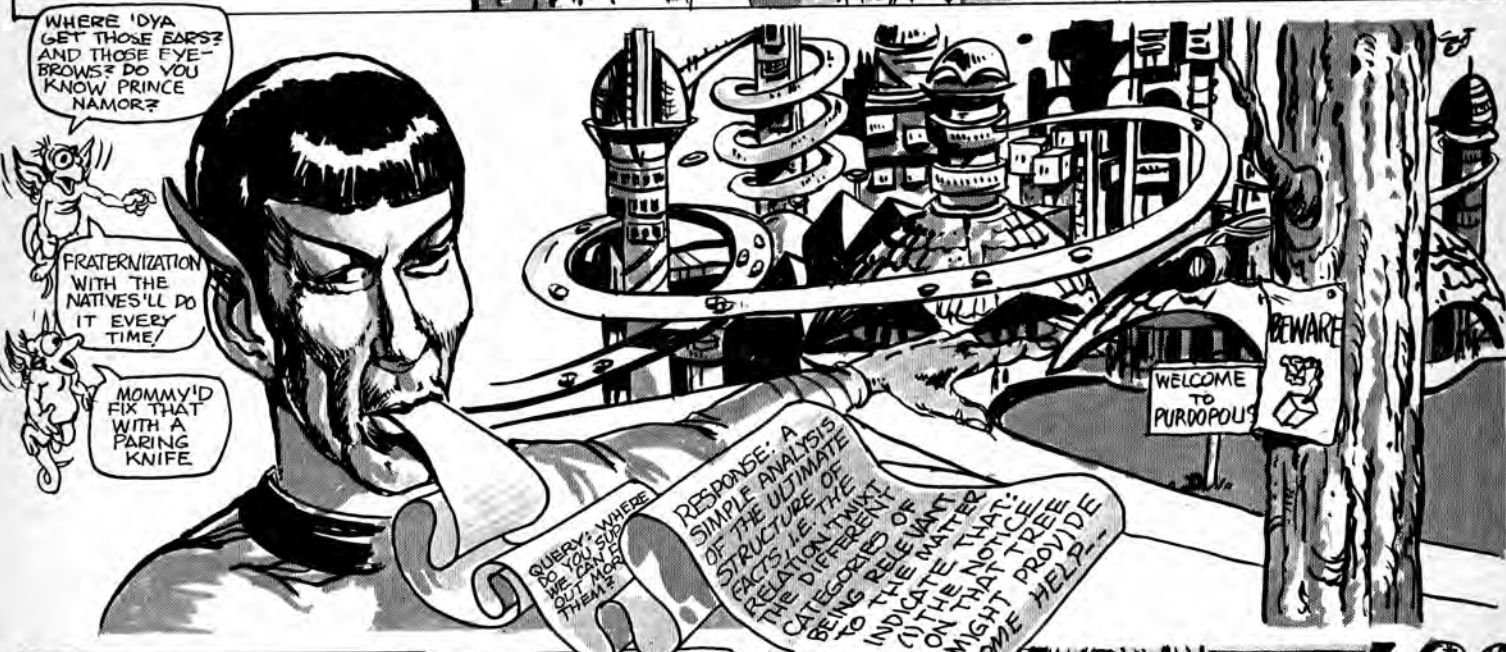
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE WE CAN FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THEM?

MAJOR PREMISE: IN A CERTAIN UNEMOTIONAL WAY IT...

DAMMIT SPOOK, FOR A CHANGE, I WISH YOU'D STOP TRYING TO ACT INHUMAN AND JUST BE INHUMAN!

SPEND A LIFETIME TRYING TO HIDE EMOTIONS TO ACHIEVE A SUCCESSFUL FACADE OF INHUMANNESS—AND HE GIVES ME HELL ABOUT IT!

YOUR MOTHER WORE COMBAT BOOTS— 4 AT A TIME!



WHERE 'DYA GET THOSE BARS? AND THOSE EYE-BROWS? DO YOU KNOW PRINCE NAMOR?

FRATERNIZATION WITH THE NATIVES'LL DO IT EVERY TIME!

MOMMY'D FIX THAT WITH A PARING KNIFE.

QUERY: WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE CAN HELP THEM!

RESPONSE: A SIMPLE ANALYSIS OF THE ULTIMATE STRUCTURE OF RELATIONSHIP, I.E. THE CATEGORIES OF BEING RELEVANT TO INDICATE THAT THE WATER WITHIN THAT PROVIDE SOME HELP.

WELCOME TO PURDOPOLIS



SO YOU CAN SEE THAT IN ACTUALITY, DESPICABLE AND MALIGN "ITS" INHABIT THE DEVICE AND THUS THE HOST

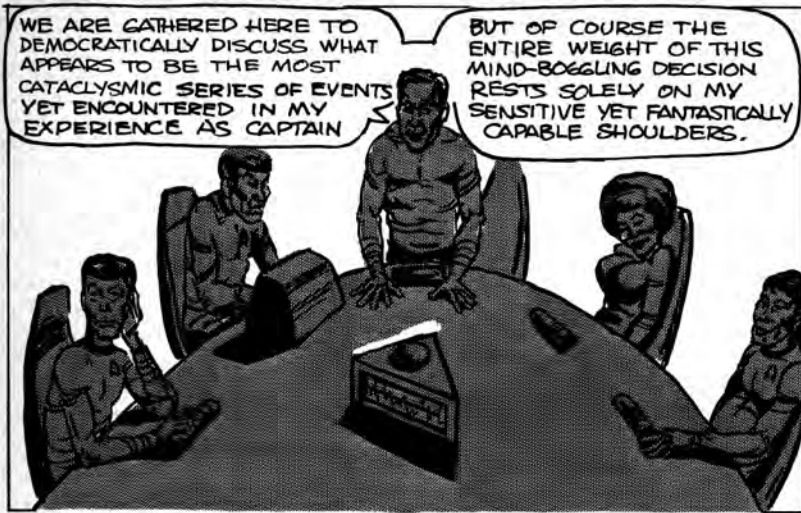
"ITS"— ALSO "PANACEI", "THINGS", "LIL BUGGERS", ETC.

MAYOR



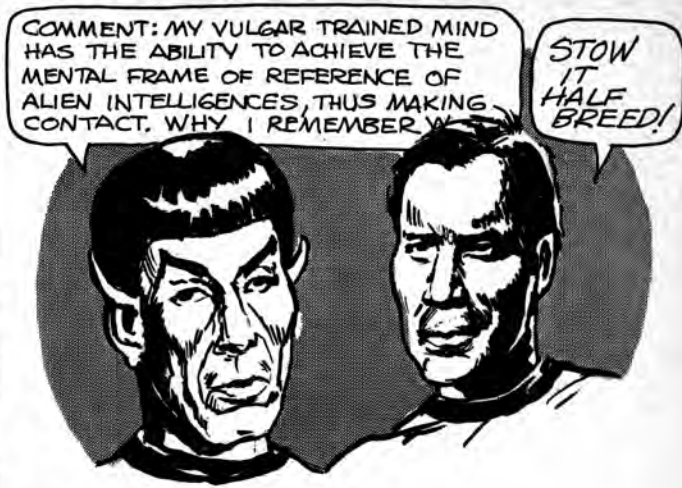
THESE LITTLE CREATURES ARE THOUGHT TO BE ALIVE INSIDE, CREATING AN ILLUSIONARY HAPPINESS AS THEIR WASTE PRODUCTS SOMEHOW SUPERFICIALLY COUNTERACT THE DOUBT IN THE HOST'S SYSTEM

WHAT YOU SEE HERE IS ONLY AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION, FOR THEY ARE NOT ANYTHING LIKE LIFE AS YOU KNOW IT. THEY ARE UNDETECTABLE BY EVERY MEANS AT YOUR DISPOSAL REMAINING UNSEEN AND SUCK THE VITAL ENERGY FROM THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM AND DEFORMING THE BRAIN CELLS.



WE ARE GATHERED HERE TO DEMOCRATICALLY DISCUSS WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE MOST CATAclysmic SERIES OF EVENTS YET ENCOUNTERED IN MY EXPERIENCE AS CAPTAIN

BUT OF COURSE THE ENTIRE WEIGHT OF THIS MIND-BOGGLING DECISION RESTS SOLELY ON MY SENSITIVE YET FANTASTICALLY CAPABLE SHOULDERS.

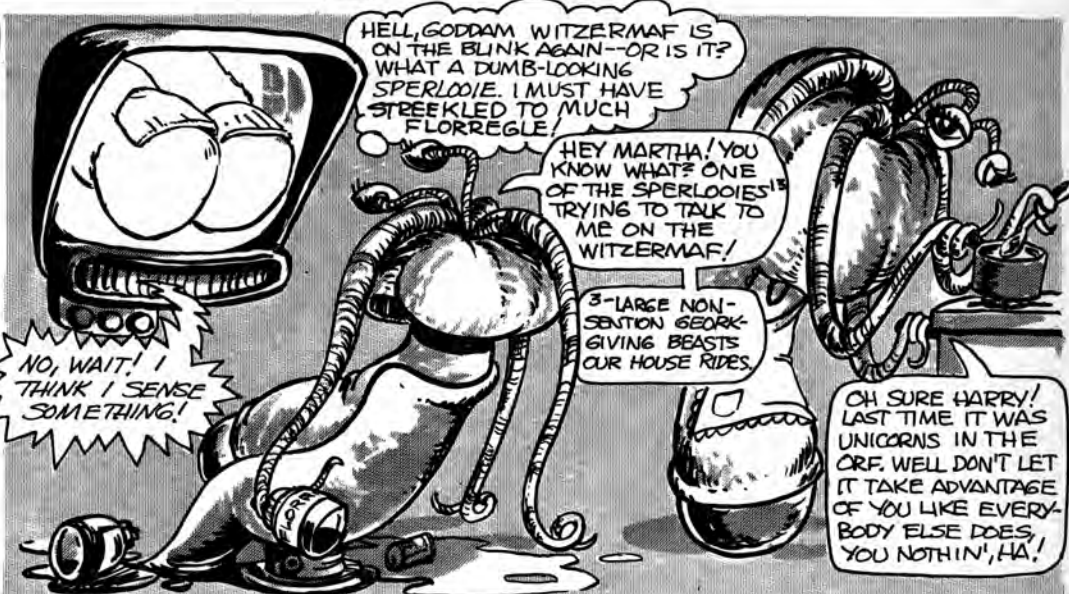


COMMENT: MY VULGAR TRAINED MIND HAS THE ABILITY TO ACHIEVE THE MENTAL FRAME OF REFERENCE OF ALIEN INTELLIGENCES, THUS MAKING CONTACT. WHY I REMEMBER

STOW IT HALF BREED!



I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A READING CAPTAIN...



NO, WAIT! I THINK I SENSE SOMETHING!

HELL, GODDAM WITZERMAF IS ON THE BLINK AGAIN--OR IS IT? WHAT A DUMB-LOOKING SPERLOOIE. I MUST HAVE STREEKLED TO MUCH FLORREGLE!

HEY MARTHA! YOU KNOW WHAT? ONE OF THE SPERLOOIES! TRYING TO TALK TO ME ON THE WITZERMAF!

3-LARGE NON-SENTION GEORCK-GIVING BEASTS OUR HOUSE RIDES.

OH SURE HARRY! LAST TIME IT WAS UNICORNS IN THE ORF. WELL DON'T LET IT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES, YOU NOTHIN', HA!



AND SO YOU SEE THERE ARE THESE 2 GROUPS OUT HERE PRETTY CONCERNED OVER YOUR DOINGS. NOW, IS THIS GEORCK VITAL TO YOU? IS IT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN LIFE PROCESSES.

WELL-- UMM-- YES-- THAT IS-- MY PAPPY ALWAYS SAID THAT...

I SEE-- WELL MAYBE OUR LABS COULD SYNTHESIZE SOME FOR YOU FROM ANIMAL PROTEIN-- OR IT'LL PROBABLY TURN OUT TO BE SOME ABSURDLY COMMON SUBSTANCE LIKE SALT AND THE INANELY SIMPLE TECHNICAL SOLUTION WE ALWAYS COME UP WITH CAN BE SOME SORT OF TRADE; OR IF MURK TURNS AGAINST YOU, THEN SALT WILL BE DEADLY POISON TO YOU-- DON'T WORRY, SOMETHING WILL TURN UP--

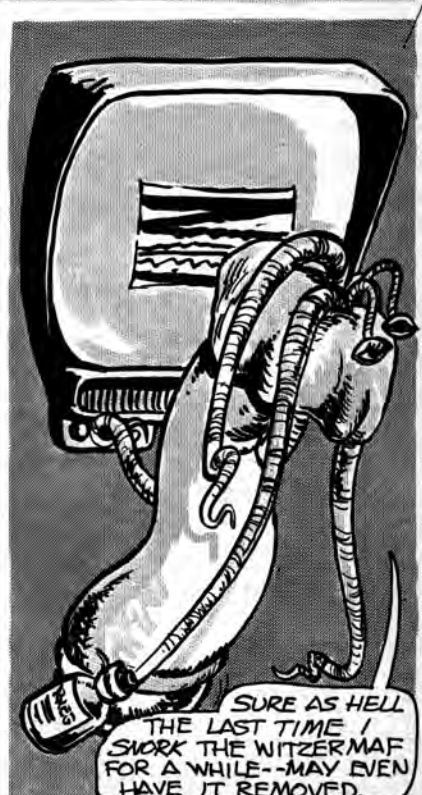
WHO'S WORRIED? SHEE, WHAT A COMPLICATED DELIRIUM. YOU DANG SPOOK! I'VE GOT TROUBLES OF MY OWN.

COME ON STUPID, GEORCK'S READY!



OF ALL THE ILLOGICAL CRAP! MURK, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS! THE DAMN THING SAYS IT HAS TO STOP TALKING WITH ME BECAUSE ITS WILENKA IS CALLING IT TO GEORCK! BUT, YOU KNOW, I FEEL KIND OF HAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING.

SPOOK HAPPY? COME ON! HA! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S MADE HIS TYPICAL INADVERTANTLY HUMAN HUMOROUS COMMENT TO END THINGS UP! SOMETHING MUST VE RESOLVED WHEN WE WEREN'T LOOKING!



SURE AS HELL THE LAST TIME I SHORCK THE WITZERMAF FOR A WHILE--MAY EVEN HAVE IT REMOVED.

"Son, after four years at college you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer and a darn nuisance. I can't think of one good thing it's done."

The son was silent for a moment; then suddenly his eyes brightened. "Well," he said, "it's cured Ma of bragging about me."

A husband and wife were in bed asleep. At about three o'clock in the morning the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man.

Then she dreamed she saw her husband approaching. In her sleep, she shrieked, "Heavens! My husband!"

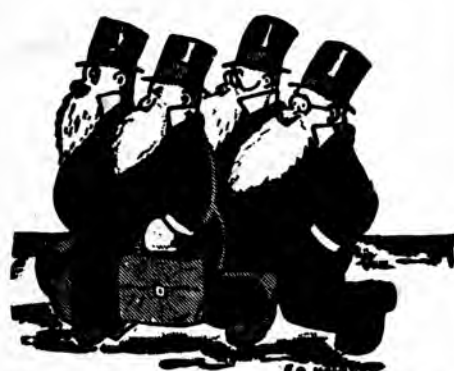
Her husband, wakened by the shriek, leaped out of the window.

I wish I could drink like a lady. "Two or three," at the most. But two, and I'm under the table-- And three, I'm under the host.

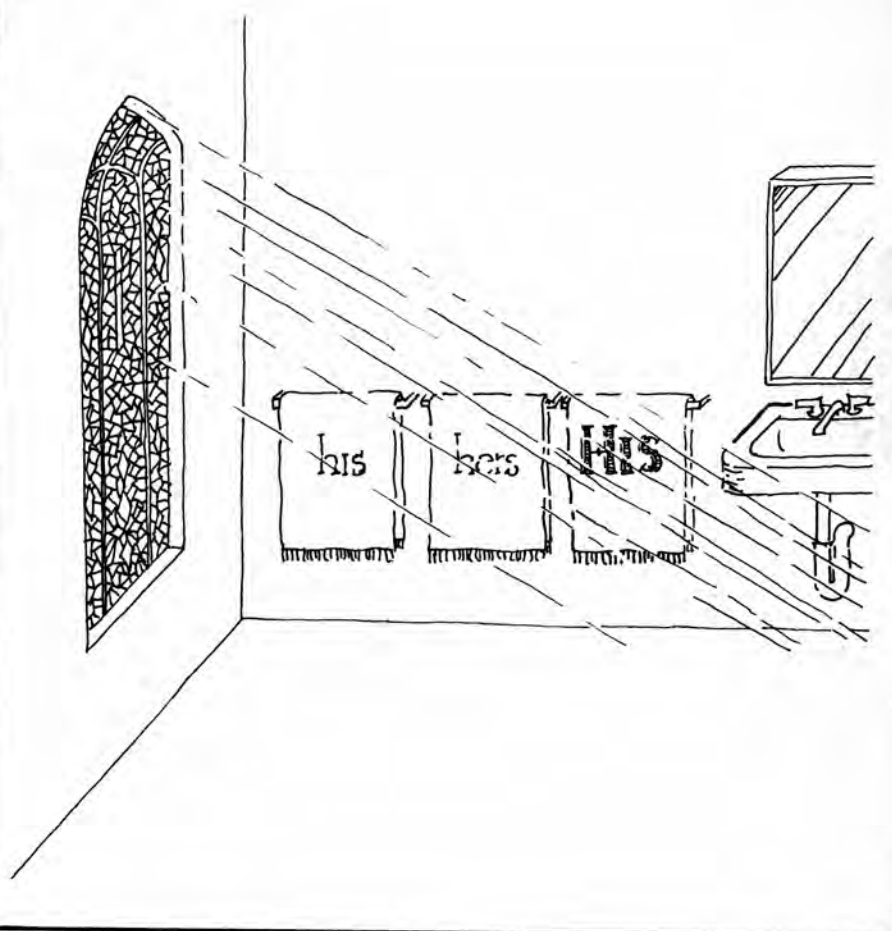
You never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a dark room?

My name isn't Mary.

Two cannibals met in a mental institution. One was tearing out pictures of men, women, and children from the magazine, and stuffing them into his mouth and eating them. "Tell me," said the other, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"



"... Then you rub Vaseline all over your rear tires, and when the cop comes along with his chalk, he..."



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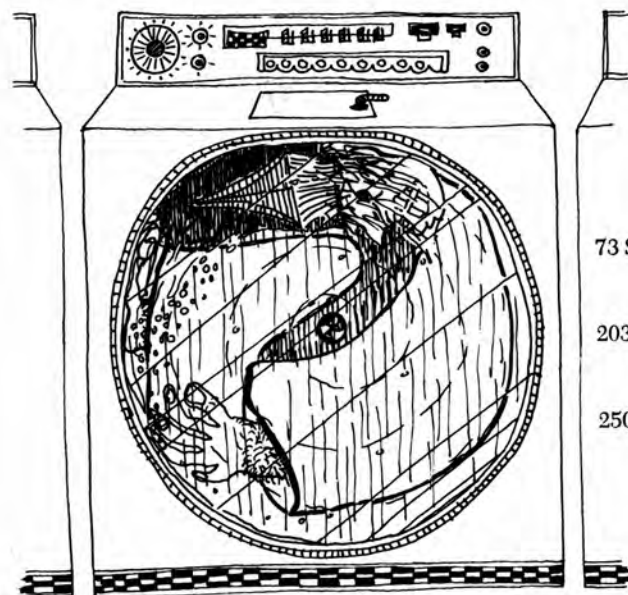
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1. . . . and we can live right here in this little-used and secluded corner of the stacks.



2. Nobody ever comes down to this part of the basement anymore.



3. It's warm in winter, cool in summer, right babe?



4. No need to get married or anything—they're quite informal here.



5. We could start right now. Sneak in and shack up I always say.



6. And I've been thinking of taking out some Living Insurance that would guarantee you and the kids a lifetime of security. . . .

do you?

WOW

A man wandered into a bar, and proceeded to order a drink. While consuming his liquid refreshment, he looked around the room, and noticed a woman in her late twenties seated at a booth in the rear, and with her, a large white duck. After a few minutes, he found himself unable to resist any longer and walked over to the booth and spoke. "Excuse me," he said, "but I just can't help but wondering—what are you doing with that pig?" The young woman looked at him coldly, and replied, "Pig? Are you blind or something? This isn't a pig—it's a duck?" Our hero then returned her icy look tenfold, and replied in his most lofty manner, "I was talking to the duck." (VooDoo)

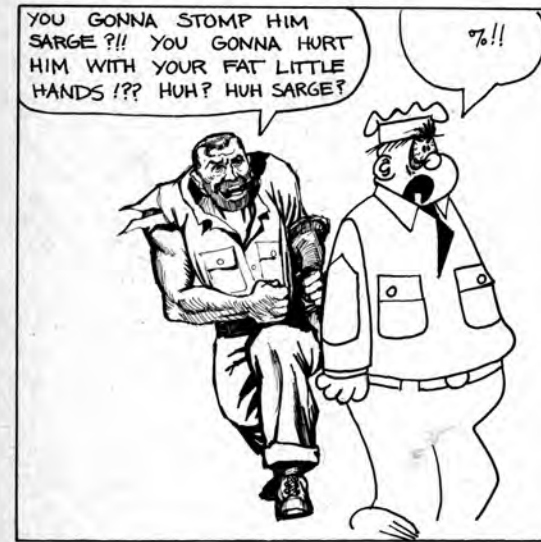
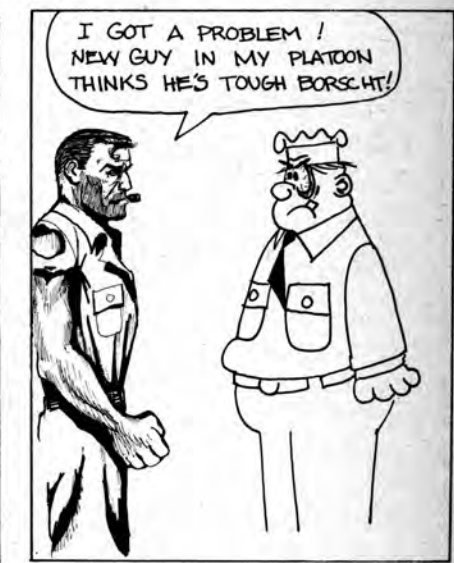
A teacher, having difficulty unfastening the overshoes of one of her little pupils, asked, "Did your mother hook these for you?" "No," the child replied, "she bought them." (Charlatan)

The young couple were out swimming, and while floating serenely in the water, the girl remarked that all that would be necessary to complete her happiness would be a cigarette. Upon hearing this, the boy reached into the pocket of his bathing suit and produced a prophylactic, in which he had carefully cached two cigarettes and a light. The girl, immensely impressed with his ingenuity, went to the drugstore the next day with the idea in mind of purchasing some of the ersatz cigarette cases. When asked by the druggist "What size?" she replied without thinking, "Oh, large enough for a Camel." (VooDoo)

aphid

ailing

by **mort rigor**



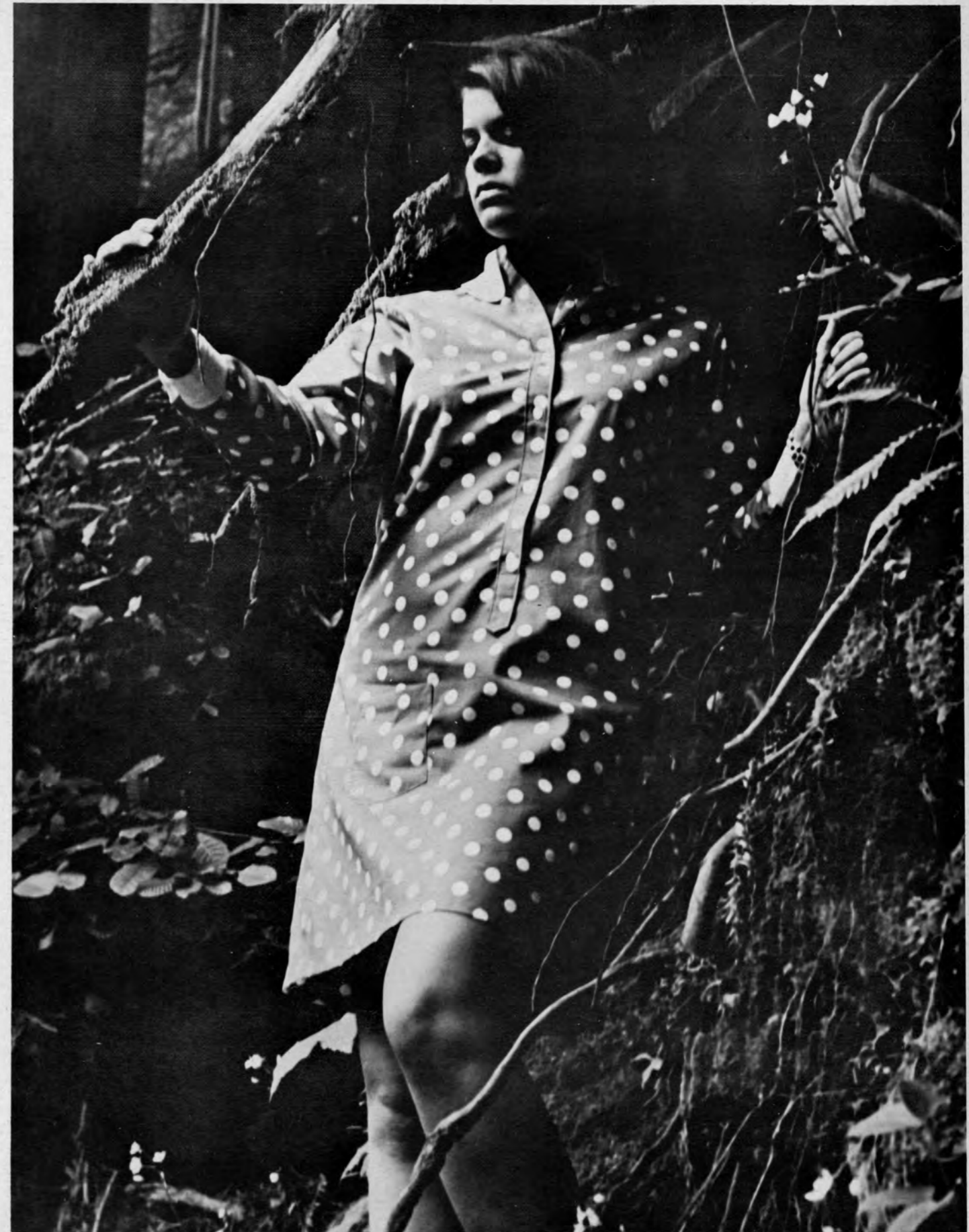


Old Boy Presents . . .



SUE SMITH is a Political Science and History major from Beverly Hills who, at the age of 21½, has decided that she "likes men who look like men" and that she is Republican, but a liberal one rather than a Reaganite. ("He's not as good-looking as Hatfield and Percy," she adds.) Sue, as a member of an entertainment family, was born "in a trunk." Yet her nearest ambitions to the profession are as a legal assistant and secretary for Twentieth Century Fox.

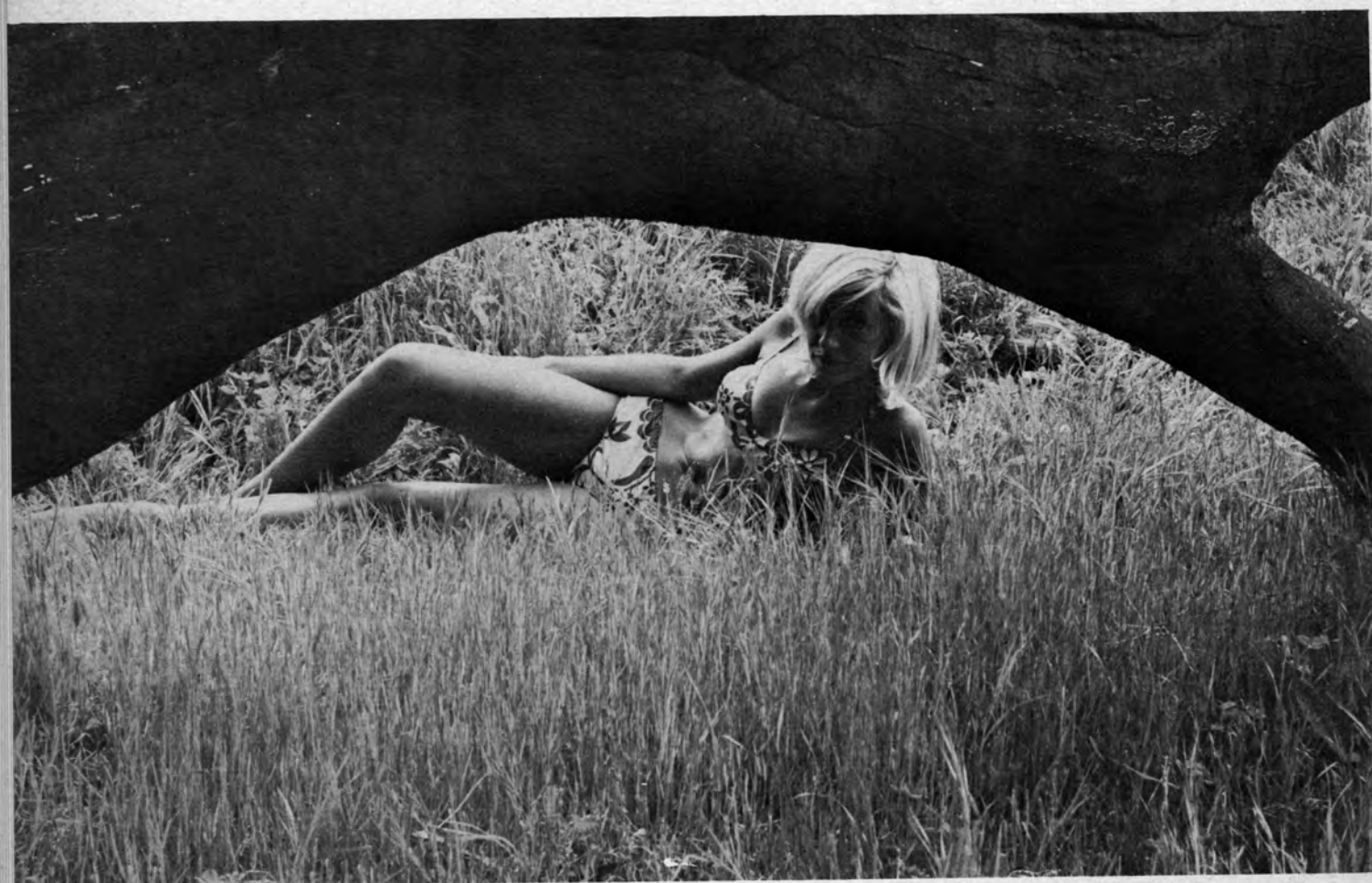
photography by George Muser





MARY ISAACS is a twenty-one-year-old blonde-and-tan L. A. girl who, although she surfs, works at dispelling the reputation of being a typical Southern California surf bunny. This she does by being an apostle of Wolfman Jack and a connoisseur of the Motown sounds. Her other preferences are for jocks and her major, History, and she even likes History T. A.'s.

photography by George Muser



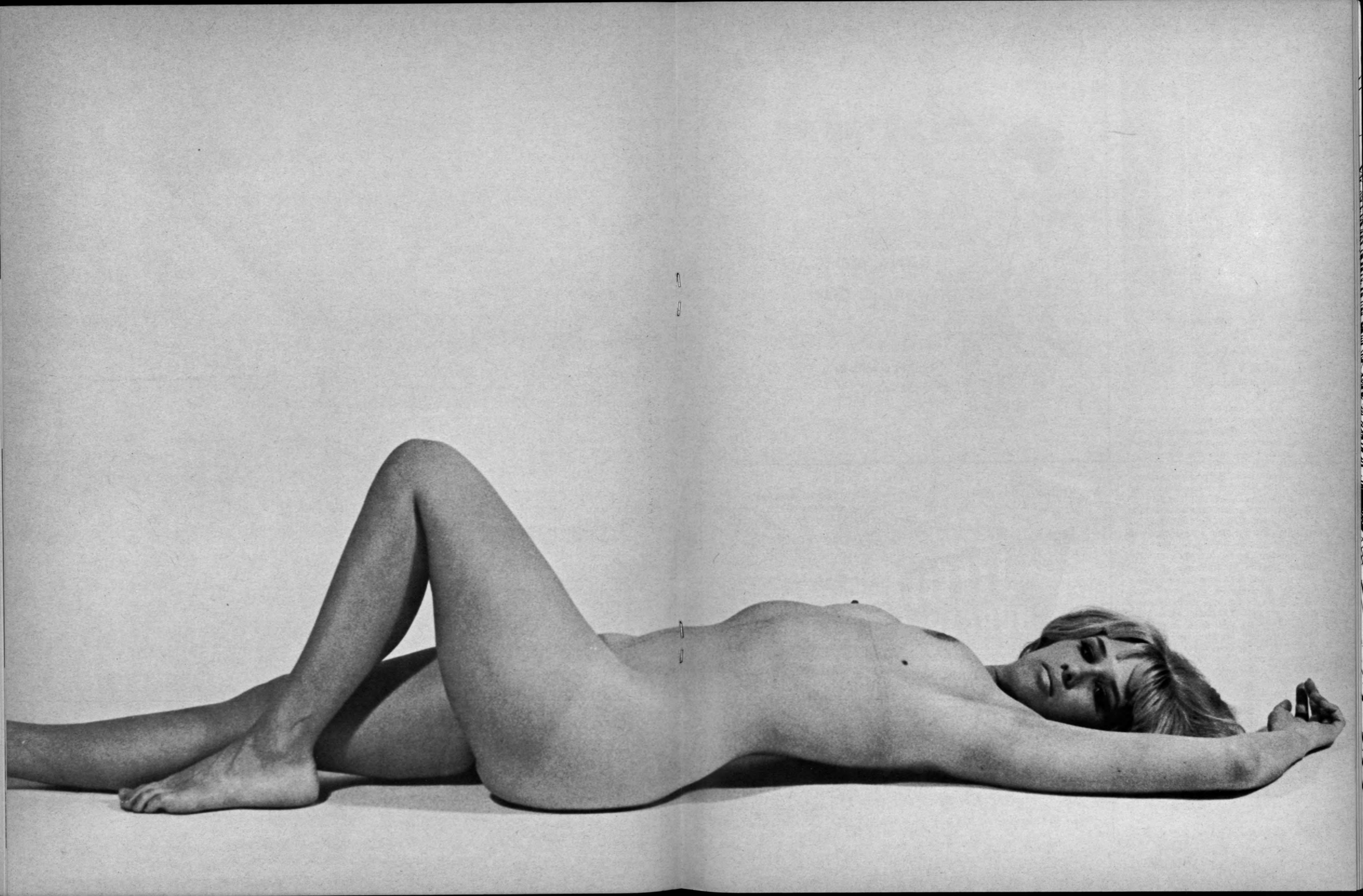


VICKY BOWLES is the *Chaparral's* modeling discovery of the century. Beautiful, as you can see, and quietly humorous, Vicky is lately from Berkeley, where she spent five months of last year working as a cashier in a Telegraph Avenue restaurant. She evaluates the hippie scene as admirable in many ways, but she was irritated by the apathy inherent in the milieu. "I guess I'm more of an activist," she says softly.

Originally Vicky is from Soledad where her father is a minister and her mother teaches first grade. She returned to Stanford this year as a sophomore and has ambitions to be a Spanish teacher. She asks that we add that she is a member of El Capitan and that she detests the *Daily*.



photography by Muser and Rugg





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IS TO TEACH TEACHERS TO
TEACH TEACHERS TO TEACH
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TEACH TE..."





The CALIFORNIA PELICAN

Bill Sewell

"I suppose if we did shoot him, he'd just get mad and eat us."



.... NIGHT IN THE CITY...
AND A TYPICAL BROWNSTONE
FAMILY RELAXES WITH
SOME VICARIOUS THRILLS..

DeSouza 10/66 (BATTLE OF THE KING)



HE'S RIGHT BEHIND HER!!
SHE SEES HIM! A SCREAM!
THE KNIFE FLASHES

BLOOD...
MOMMY!!



RALPH... WE'D
BETTER STOP... BENNY'S
FRIGHTENED...

OH, ALL
RIGHT...



I'LL
CLOSE
THE
WINDOW...

FROTH



YOUNG MAN,
YOU KNOW
THE BRANNER
LOBBY IS
CLOSED AT 2:15

117-33



IT'S A DEAL!
WE ABOLISH
THE DAILY
GROVE PROJECT
AND BETA CHI!

CH-42
47-42



BUT HILDA -
NOT BACK TO
FLO MO!!

"Shuffle The Queens"
A Christie Comedy

K-352



THEY SAY WE FLOWER
CHILDREN ARE BLOOMING
EVERYWHERE!

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THE Four Fantastic STRANGE Dr. SUB-MARINE AVENGERS & THE IRON X- SPIDER-HULK CAPT. DEVIL THOR-MEN "STUPIDOIDS"

FACE THE DEADLY PERIL OF THE "STUPIDOIDS"



BY THE 7 RINGS OF CYNARUTT/ BY THE 7 MYSTIC STARS OF AIR/ MAKE THIS SPECIAL NEW YORK CUT MEDIUM RARE.

HAVING VANQUISHED THE HORRIBLY SINISTER DOOM DOCTOR JUGGERNAUTICAL RED KRAVIN SENTRY SKULL ICK ADAPTOIDS THE LAST MIND STAGGERING ISH, THE SUPER FREAKS OF THE WORLD HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A REST, TO RELAX AND ENJOY THEMSELVES AT A SUPER-SHIFAZZ!

I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THESE HORNS SOMEHOW!

EEEK! A HIPPIY!

UH-OH--- HERE GOES THE RUST BIT AGAIN!

HELL THOR, I DON'T DIG THE WAR EITHER, BUT DO YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO CALL MYSELF CAPT. CONG?

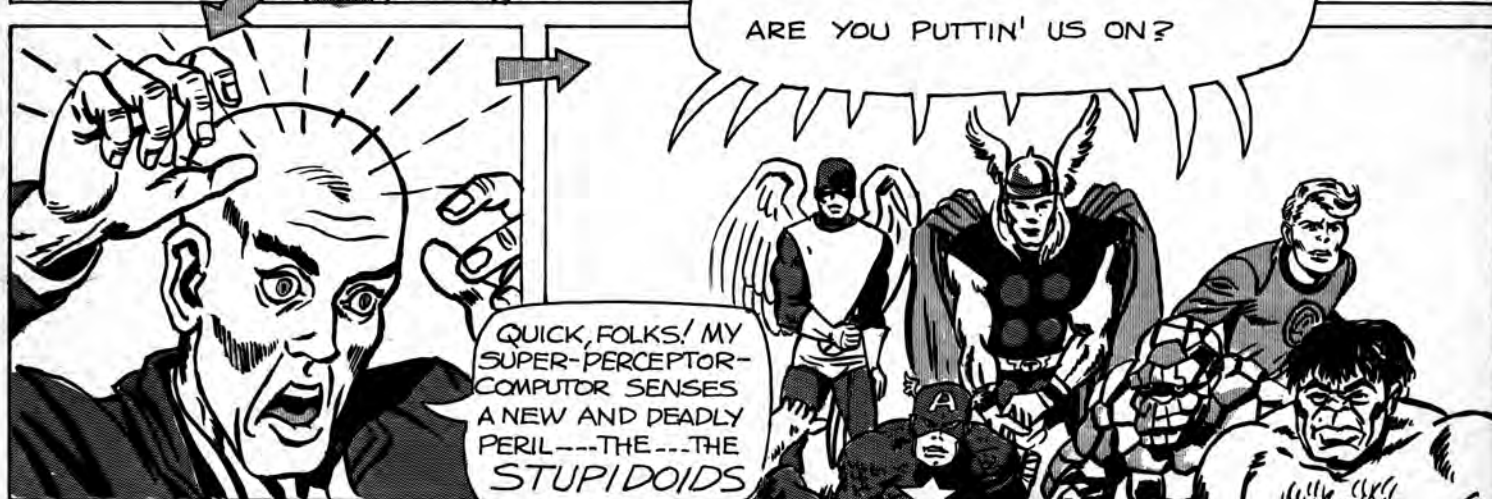
NO ONE CAN BEAT HULK! HULK BEATS EVERYBODY! HULK WINS

CUT THE CRAP, YA' CLOD!

OF COURSE YOU'RE THE ONLY WOMAN FOR ME!

A STANLEY PRODUCTION
ARTIST: JACK "FINGERS" KOIBY
LETTERS: ARTY SIMIAN
INKING: VICE COLLECTOR
OVER-WORKED IN-JOKE: FORBING HERBUSH

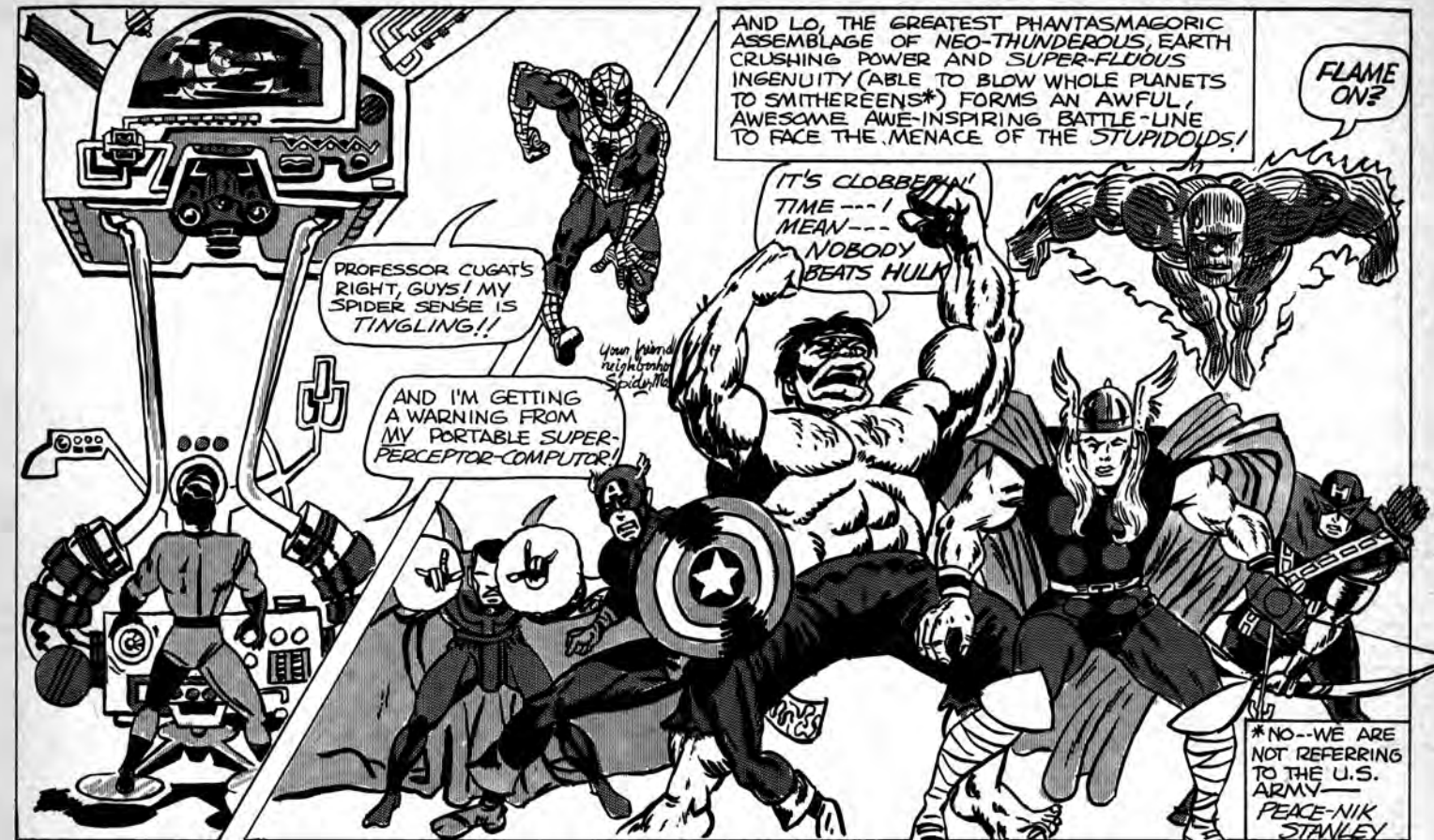
BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO OUR MERRY MARVELOUS CREW, A NEW AND DEADLY PERIL IS DEVELOPING ACROSS OUR FAIR NATION---THE COMING OF THE STUPIDOIDS!!



THIS BOX HELPS TO FILL UP SPACE -
-MANLY STANLEY

THE STUPIDOIDS!?
ARE YOU PUTTIN' US ON?

QUICK, FOLKS! MY SUPER-PERCEPTOR-COMPUTER SENSES A NEW AND DEADLY PERIL---THE---THE STUPIDOIDS



AND LO, THE GREATEST PHANTASMAGORIC ASSEMBLAGE OF NEO-THUNDEROUS, EARTH CRUSHING POWER AND SUPER-FLUIDOUS INGENUITY (ABLE TO BLOW WHOLE PLANETS TO SMITHEREENS*) FORMS AN AWFUL, AWESOME AWE-INSPIRING BATTLE-LINE TO FACE THE MENACE OF THE STUPIDOIDS!

FLAME ON?

PROFESSOR CUGAT'S RIGHT, GUYS! MY SPIDER SENSE IS TINGLING!!

AND I'M GETTING A WARNING FROM MY PORTABLE SUPER-PERCEPTOR-COMPUTER!

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME---! MEAN---! NOBODY BEATS HULK!

*NO--WE ARE NOT REFERRING TO THE U.S. ARMY--
PEACE-NIK STANLEY



SO THAT'S WHAT A STUPIDOID IS! WE MAY AS WELL SURRENDER 'CAUSE NO ONE---NOT EVEN THE WATCHER--- CAN FIGHT THEM!

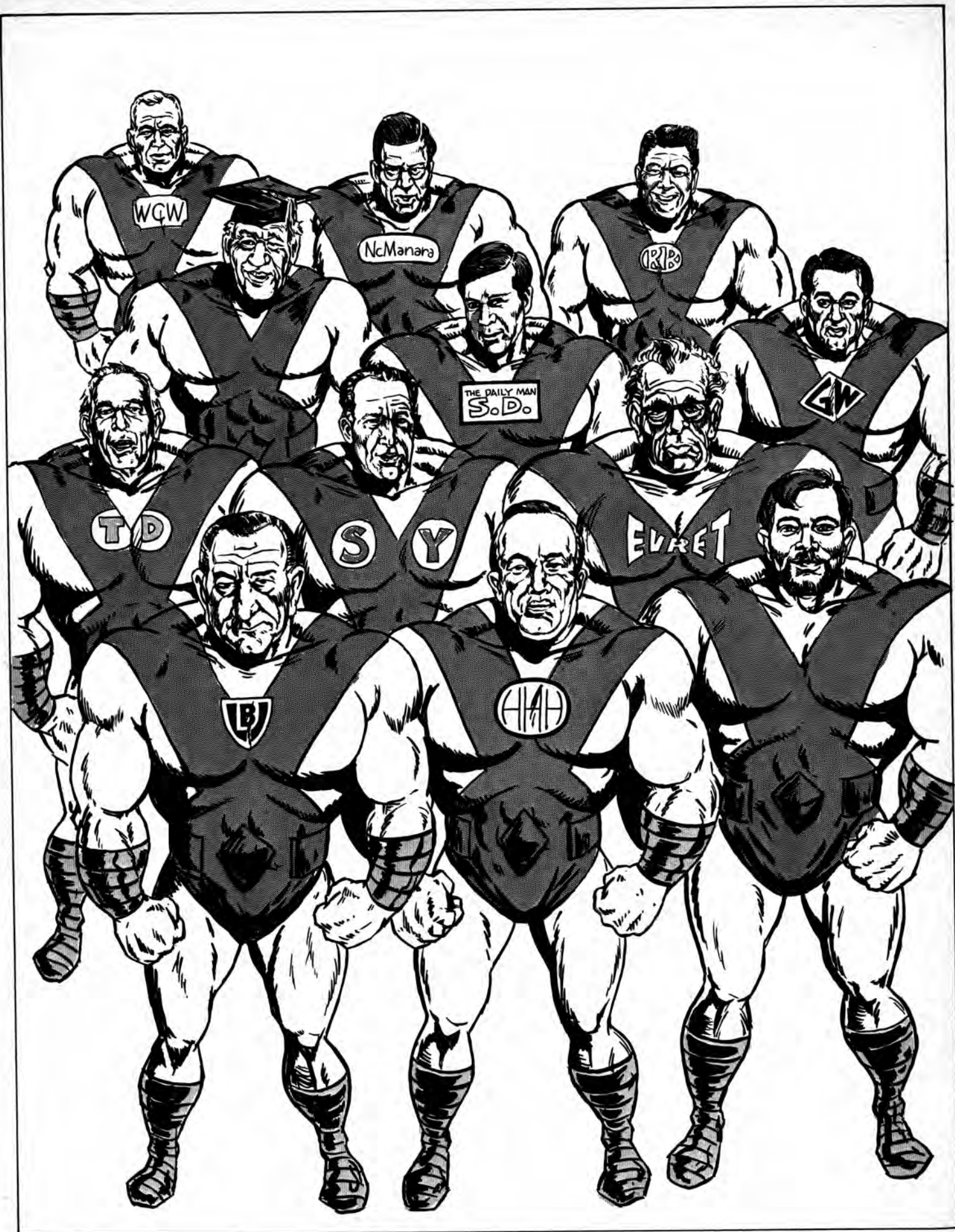
FREAK OUT!

EEEK!

KEE-RISTE! LEMME' OUTA' HERE!

HOLY ODIN!!

NO-- KEEP THEM FROM HULK! HULK WANTS HIS MOMMA!



HASTY HOUSE

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Palo Alto

call ahead and we'll have your order ready—327-2605

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Charcoal Broiled Steak Sandwich with fries 99¢

Charcoal Broiled Hamburger 59¢

Charcoal Broiled Cheeseburger 69¢

Submarine 99¢

Pastrami 85¢

Corned Beef 85¢

Salami (Italian) 60¢

Cooked Salami 60¢

Chicken Dinner

One-half chicken (breast, thigh, leg and wing) French fries and a buttered roll \$1.24

Whole chicken to go \$2.29

Toasted Ham & Cheese on rye 79¢

Grilled Cheese 45¢

Bologna 50¢

BBQ Beef 79¢

Ham Sandwich 75¢

Swiss Cheese on rye 49¢

Hot Dog 30¢

Fillet of Haddock 55¢

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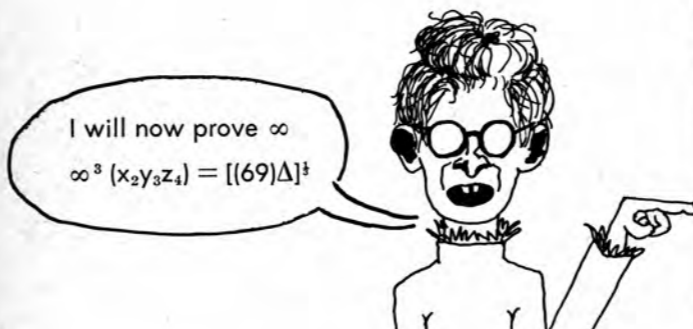


WHY MENACE,
WHERE DID
YOU GET THAT
BEER?

Ernie's
WINES • LIQUORS



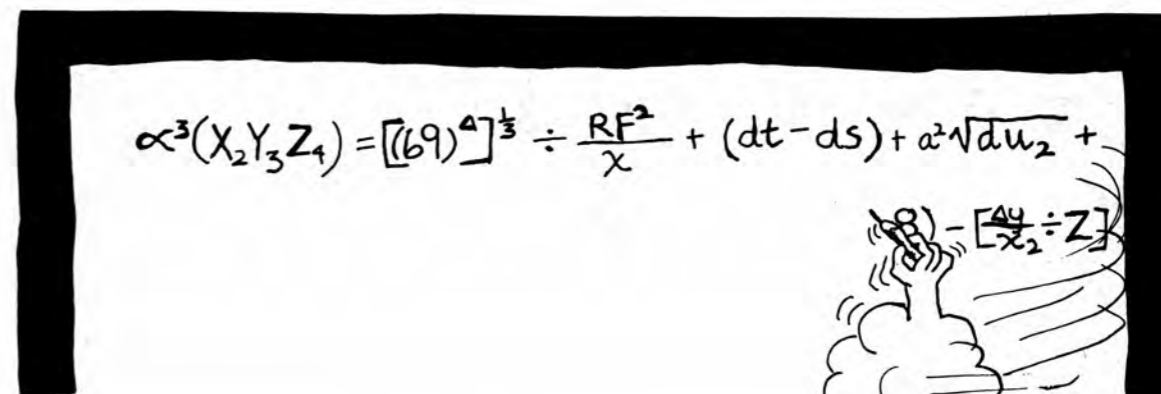
THE PROOF



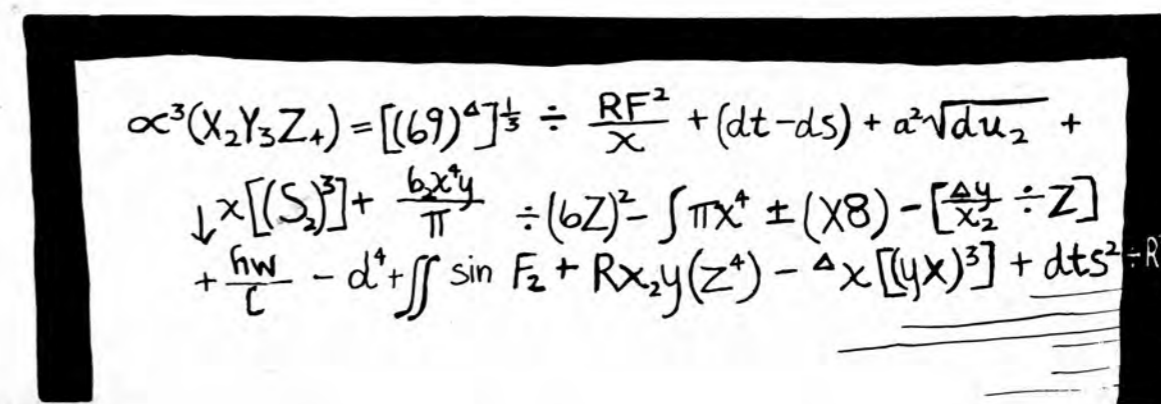
I will now prove ∞
 $\infty^3 (x_2 y_3 z_4) = [(69)\Delta]^{\ddagger}$



$$\infty^3 (x_2 y_3 z_4) = [L$$



$$\infty^3 (x_2 y_3 z_4) = [(69)^4]^{\ddagger} \div \frac{RF^2}{x} + (dt - ds) + a^2 \sqrt{du_2} +$$



$$\infty^3 (x_2 y_3 z_4) = [(69)^4]^{\ddagger} \div \frac{RF^2}{x} + (dt - ds) + a^2 \sqrt{du_2} +$$

$$\downarrow x [(S_2)^3] + \frac{bx^4}{\pi} \div (6Z)^2 - \int \pi x^4 \pm (X8) - [\frac{4y}{x_2} \div Z]$$
$$+ \frac{hw}{L} - d^4 + \iint \sin F_2 + Rx_2 y (z^4) - \Delta x [(yx)^3] + dts^2 - R \pm (b^2 x)$$

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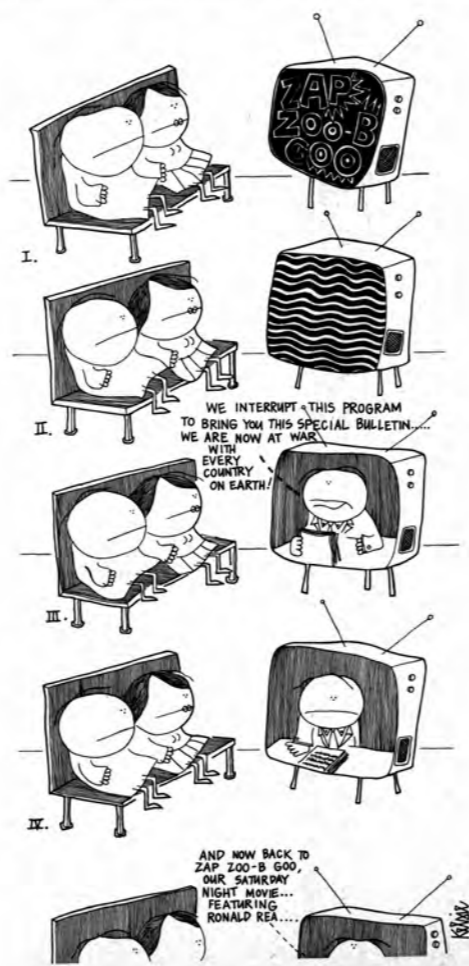
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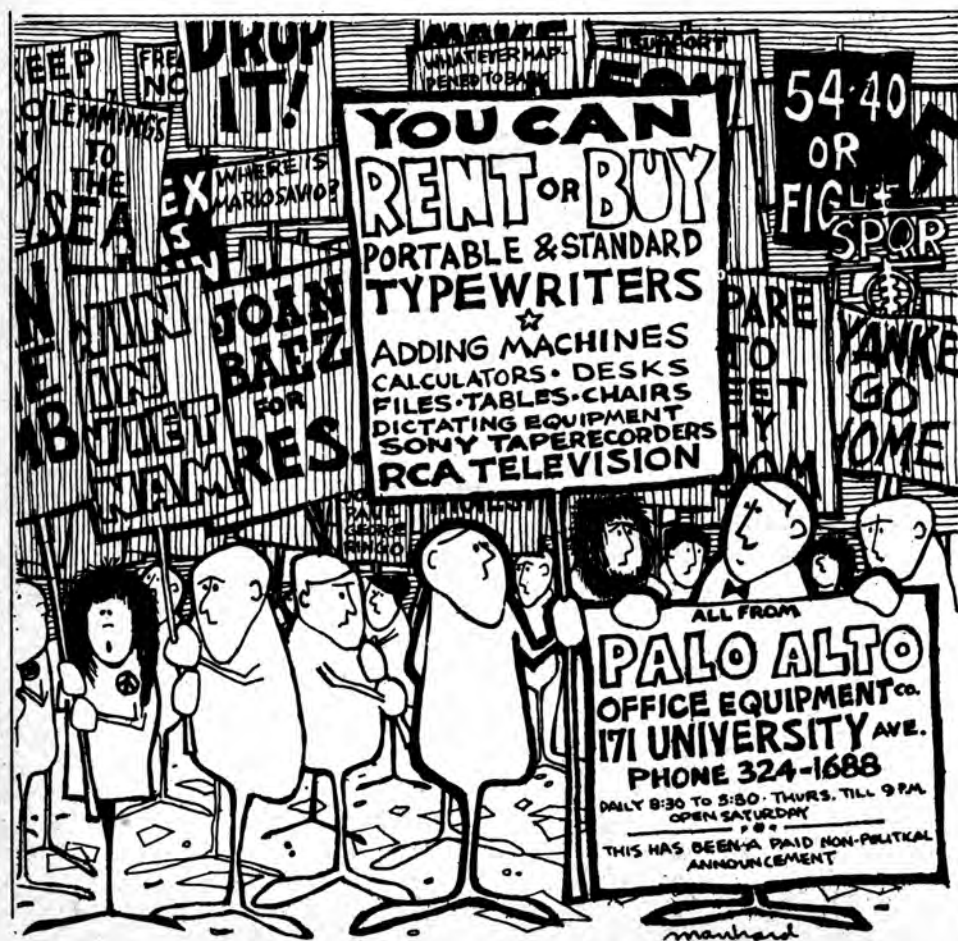




CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE

4940 El Camino

Los Altos



The orderly came into Mrs. Johnson's room with the operating room stretcher.

"Oh doctor, I'm so nervous!" she began, and didn't stop all the way down to the operating room. The orderly's pleas for silence went unnoticed.

While he was rolling her onto the table she told him of her Uncle Henry who had died on the operating table fifty-six years before. Suddenly, seized with panic, she asked, "Doctor, has anyone ever died on THIS operating table before?"

"Oh no," the orderly quickly replied. "When anyone gets close, we push him off." (Charlatan)



Not long ago, one of our city-bred engineering graduates was making a trip through the country. As he passed a fertile field he spied an unusual sight—a farmer helping a calving. Now our engineer didn't have the slightest idea what was happening, and he stopped his car to watch the spectacle. He could tell that the farmer was having an awful time assisting the cow.

Presently he got out of the car, approached the farmer and said, "Want some help?" And so sweating and straining, he assisted the farmer at the difficult task. Then at last, the calf was born.

Gratefully, the farmer accompanied the engineer to his automobile to see him off. But hesitating, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, the engineer looked up and said, "Say, mister, just how fast was that calf going when it hit the cow?" (VooDoo)



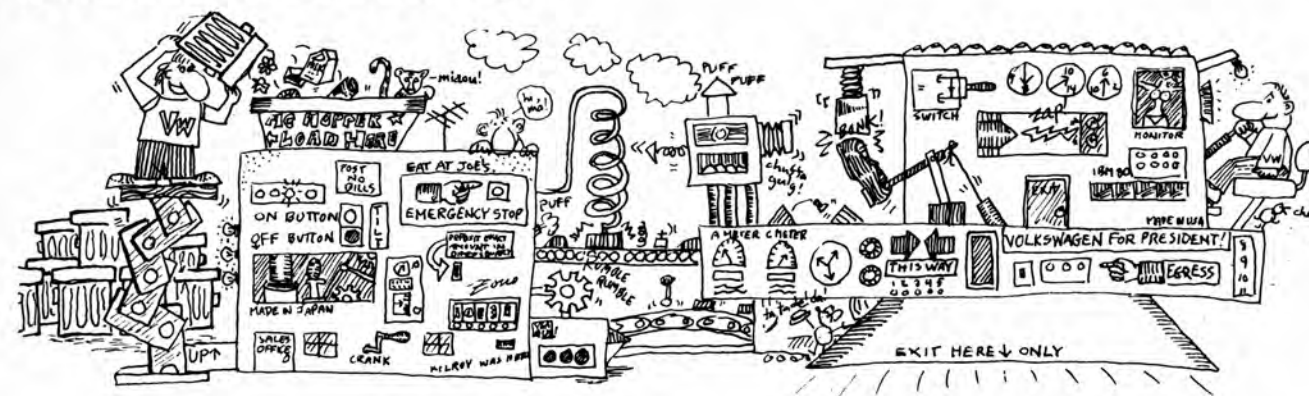
After passing his induction physical the draftee was taken in tow by a burly sergeant who inquired if he had completed grammar school.

"Yes," replied the draftee. "I also finished high school, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, received my Master's from Columbia, and my Doctorate from Harvard."

The sergeant nodded and then stamped the young man's questionnaire with a single word: Literate.



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THIS IS A SHOVEL...



POWERPIE

YOUR UNDISCERNING EYE MAY MISTAKE THIS SCENE AS JUST ANOTHER DAY AT PICTURESQUE LAKE LAG - BUT SOFT-FOR LO, SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE ARE ALL THE FLOWERS????

99 44/100% OF THIS EPIC DONE BY RUGG 56/100% BY KANDERSON (CREDITS 100% BY RUGG)

GIMME DEM FLOWERS!

GOTHETH, THYLVA, HERE' TH YOUR THREE WOTHETH; ONE FOR EVVY MINUTE YOU WERE LATE. I'M THURE THORRY MY THILLY BITHYCLE BUTHTED ON THE WAY BACK FROM THE THYMPHONY IN THE THITY.

THMM-METHINKS I SPY A BLOOMING CLUSTER

FLUSH

WATER



JUTH A THECOND BUTHTER, THOTHE FLOWERTH BELONG TO THYLVA! GIVE THEM BACK THITH INTHTANT OR I'LL THIMATH YOU!!!



FLAKE OFF FAGGOT! ONE FLEX OF MY FANTASTIC FINGER* WILL FLATTEN YOU FOREVER!!!!

DORK

*THE FAMOUS METAMORPHO-FINGER, THAT IS. - KANDY.



PANTE

SEE YA' ON QUAD!

GOBBLE GOBBLE



AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS A PRETTY YOUNG THING TRIPS MERRILY ALONG...

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING-TRA-LA...

HMM-VOILA, DES PETITE FLEURS



RIP

RIP



PANTE

OOOO-I'M SUCH A BA-AD BA-AD BOY!



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Hasty House	37
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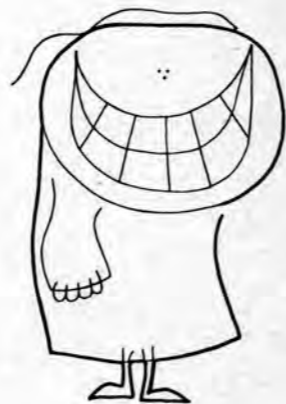
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