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**Inside: The
Columbian Gold Rush**



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A History of Stanford

The history of Stanford this decade is very closely tied to that of the 1960's and 1950's.

1970 started strong with the invasion of Cambodia. By the rules of the 60's this necessitated large scale civil disobedience, empty rhetoric, senseless violence and, more importantly, over-reaction by the administration. The net result was a 20% increase in the stock of Corning Glass Works and surprisingly a massive increase in the national and international prestige of the University. This latter result was subsequently explained by a paper by then-assistant lecturer Bradley Efron who is currently chairman of the statistics department. Efron showed that one good riot was worth at least one Rose Bowl victory with regards to academic prestige.

As the war continued to expand so did the universities prestige. In 1972 Linus Pauling, winner of two Nobel Prizes for his fight against the Cold War abruptly resigned his position at the University of Glasgow to accept a similar position in the Stanford chemistry department. This policy of appropriating leading scholars had continued unabated; the most recent conscriptee being Milton Friedman, formerly of the University of Chicago.

The 1971-72 academic year was in many ways a watershed. In retrospect it may be said that the 1960's ended in June of 1972. This was the last year of broken windows, incitements to riot by distinguished English professors and the occupation of Stanford by a foreign (Santa Clara County Sheriffs) power. Curiously enough this was due to a little-known history professor and the rising ecological awareness on campus. At this point in time virtually all of the windows of the university were broken and therefore boarded up. Director Glen Campbell, whose Hoover Institution on War and Peace had suffered the worst, requested that Hoover Tower also be boarded over to prevent similar violence being done to the famous landmark. Due to the great size of the Tower this would have required felling several 300

foot, 1800 year-old redwoods to accomplish the task. Campbell took up the cry, "If you've seen one tree you've seen them all," while the protesters, fueled by this newest outrage against decency chanted, "sunshine in my eyes makes me cry." The Board of Trustees in its typical bungling manner allowed the entire situation to approach confrontation when 5000 students marched on Hoover Tower carrying axes and whistling, "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" referring of course to the hometown of the Hoover Institution Director.

Just as all hell was going to break loose little-known history professor Richard Lyman appeared in the campaign of Hoover Tower and while James Angell played the carillon in the background Lyman recited the poem *Trees*:

"I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree. . ."

The crowd, visibly affected, broke up, Campbell was said to break out in tears and the issue was settled. The axe became a Stanford symbol, Lyman was appointed President of the University and the entire student body became Board of Trustees.

This marked the end of the radical era at Stanford. Fittingly enough at the end of that academic year Encina Hall, the administrative center of the University, burned down.

Under the leadership of Lyman the following years were very quiet with the primary diversion being the search for the fraternity where the *Playboy* pictures were taken. Minor diversions included the Band, the Dollies, the football team (all closely coupled) and of course the ever-present classes. The old joke about nine out of ten girls in California being beautiful, etc. died a slow death as the Health Center's free dissemination of birth control devices took effect.

When Watergate changed four more years to three to five years with time off for good behavior the violence of the sixties and early seventies was vindicated. As Barry Goldwater put it, "Ex-



tremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." Law Professor John Kaplan put it in legal terms when he said, "I justify my actions, you rationalize yours."

1975 saw the return of skateboards, careers, waiting until we're married and the Stanford *Chaparral*. All ghosts of the fifties. The *Chaparral's* Valentines Day issue of that year was the perfect mirror of that time; the bucolic idealism, chivalrous romance and sweetness. Girls holding flowers and boys holding doors open. The sentimental romanticism of the fifties permeated Stanford as getting pinned at the Junior Prom was the dream of every coed. Wearing "Ike" buttons became a minor fad because "I admired that man."

However, even as early as 1974 there were subsurface rumblings of discontent. The radicals were tired of being nonentities and seeing their former leaders sell out to the establishment. David Harris wearing three-piece suits against demigod Pete McKlosky, Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden as legitimate

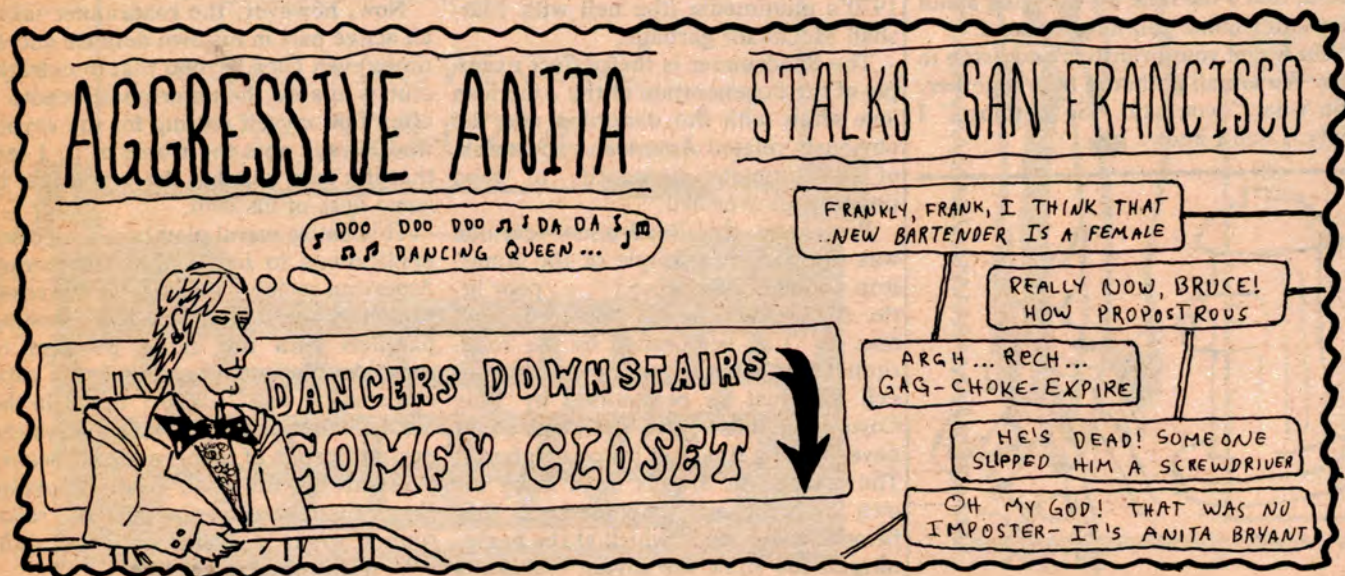
Senatorial candidates and Abbie Hoffman selling insurance under the tutelage of Charles O. Finley. The student newspaper was also tired of the lack of relevance. The new journalism required hard news, not shaggy dog stories or once a week girl and horse stories. No more feature articles even if it meant generating their own news. Finally an anarchist group settled the problem by sweeping the 1976 student body elections. The Hammer and Coffin Society's sweep of the Associated Students of Stanford University (ASSU) Senate elections led to a clandestine unholy triumvirate among the radicals, the student newspaper (the *Daily*) and the newly powerful H&C.

By manipulating the news the H&C and their "hated rivals," the radicals resumed the spotlight while the *Daily* again became a "real" newspaper with investigative reporting and all that newspaper talk. Printers ink on your fingers became a status symbol and nicknames such as "Woodie" and "Bernie" proliferated.

H&C, who were widely known to have stolen the election Daley style, wasted no time in cashing in their ill-gotten gains. In a brazen move they elected their only losing candidate to the ASSU Senate Chairmanship. They openly, admittedly and continually printed outright lies not only about their opponents but also about anything under the sun. Reaching new heights of audacity they grabbed control of the Publications Board and granted "loans" to their house organ. With a leader known as the Field Marshall and a political mastermind known as Study they rode roughshod over every democratic institution while the *Daily* and the radicals winked their compliance being careful to conceal their own fingers in the till.

The radicals again became a national

(Continued on Page 10)



The Stanford Chaparral

*Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams*

*Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906*

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ESTABLISHED 1899
ADMITTED 1906
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS



the '50s are back, the Chappie is back. We are part of the big conspiracy to make the campus as it was 20 years ago. We note with great pleasure Dean Gibbs' desire to bring back those good old days of the Stanford Elite. SWOPSI and SCIRE sure weren't around then, thank God!! And there was certainly little racial tension -- none of those uppity colored folk trying to turn the university around. The new crop of career-oriented freshmen and the popularity of trash like "American Graffiti" are more signs that the fifties are here. So, as a public service to all you squares who yearn to be hipsters, we present a thin slice of the lexicon:

R.F. -- Contrary to popular belief, R.F. does not stand for Rat Fink (as Ed "Big Daddy" Roth would have you believe; he sold out to Revell), it stands for Rat Fuck. To be Rat Fucked is to be screwed.

Highbrow, Egghead -- A reference to intellectual, usually made by idiots. Examples: "He reads all that highbrow literature" or "Look at all the eggheads at SLAC."

Daddy-o -- Same as "man." "Hey, daddy-o," = "Hey, man."

Cool -- cool.

Hipster, beatnik -- Niche in society close to that now occupied by hippies. Hipsters and beatniks drank espresso coffee, lived in pads and played bongo drums.

Eisenhower -- President in the days when men were men and women were women, and you could tell the difference. Pre-military-industrial complex era, hence not a legitimate term for the future. ☐

Stanford's largest circulation creative publication is looking for writers, artists, photographers, and business staffers. Come see us upstairs in the Storke Student Publications Building or call 324-8814.

Commentary



I Don't Know
by AL X

Believe me, I don't know. I've been here at Stanford and a few other places too and by now I have seen or done a few things. When I speak people hear. I am the kind of person that really stands out among lesser men; if you met me on the street you might come away with a strong positive impression like "he smells clean and fresh."

I'm an average guy with average experiences. I reach some great highs and lows which are certainly worth communicating. But so does everyone.

One of the things I don't know is what the sixties was all about. It had something to do with Life Magazine making knowledge available to illiterates. I don't know why people are heard to compare things today with yesterday. It isn't as though people aren't doing drugs and making love and being oppressed by government today. I don't know.

Who's the president now anyways? Who cares.

I have no fears about a working class movement sweeping in communism. When was the last time you saw someone working? I mean other than with paper. What I fear is the paper-pushing class revolting. "Any increase in pay rates must be accompanied by a parallel decrease in productivity." I don't know. An important thing to do in this life is

to set up your priorities. I don't know mine. People who are ignorant about this sort of thing join a religion and adopt their priorities from the religion. It is very important to not eat pork, not eat meat on Friday, and to face Mecca at the appropriate times. But if you find yourself already having a set of priorities it is important to question. Like once you accept a job right away question whether you maybe shouldn't be doing something with more of a future. Or when you have to study for a big exam, that's the time for worrying about that letter home you have to send.

But forget your priorities and listen to this. We are all gathered here together. "So what," you say. "So nothing," I reply. I don't know. ☐



The Point Being That



by JIM SARINA

It has long been popular to decry the collapse of morality in America, especially among her young people. Many have indicted Communists, rock music or recently even homosexuals as the cause. In reality the real culprit is the declining values of our cartoons.

Classic cartoons such as Bugs Bunny, Foghorn Leghorn, etc. are rejected in favor of such trash as Monster Ghost, Grape Ape Space Mumblies and so on. Unfortunately even such a former classic as The Roadrunner has degenerated to 1970's multimedia (the hell with Marshall McLuhan) garbage.

The Roadrunner is the perfect example of the degeneration of the American love affair with the underdog and the obviously related American expectation of the ultimate superiority of good (innocence) over evil.

Previously the Roadrunner cartoon was the perfect example of the American notion of innocence ("... poor little roadrunner never bothered anyone...") as personified by the roadrunner triumphing over obvious, blatant evil and lust as personified by Wily Coyote. In those days the roadrunner never lifted a finger in his own defense. The coyote was always done in by his own inherent evil machinations. (My favorite is the one in which at the beginning of the show the coyote releases a

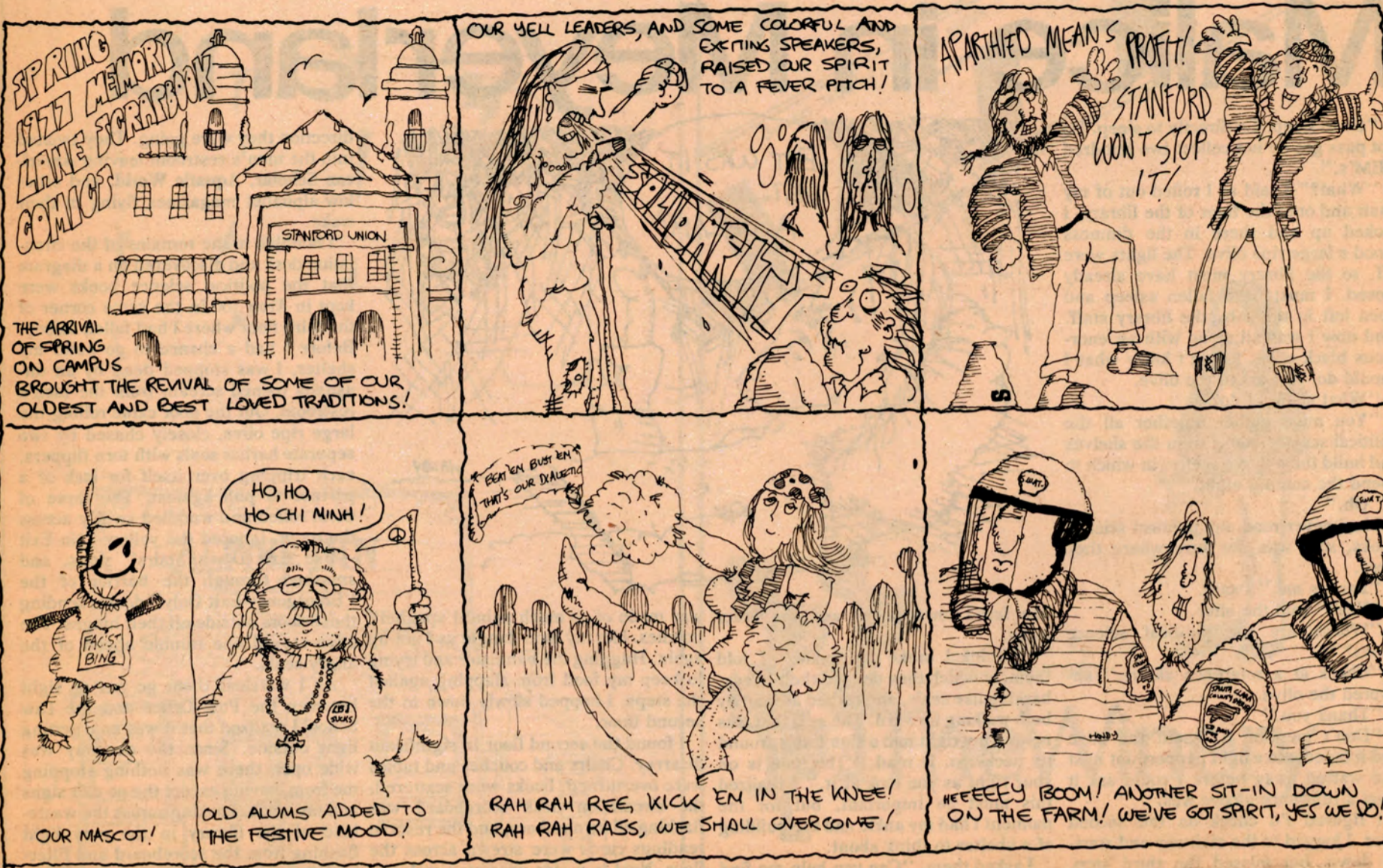
swarm of Acme Homing Missiles. Predictable throughout the remainder of the show these return at the most inopportune time to foil the vile plans of the coyote. Moral: As ye sow, so shall ye reap.)

Further these old Roadrunner cartoons also taught the advantages of a modern efficient highway system and the inherent superiority of brand (the ubiquitous Acme) names. It was a good solid American cartoon which taught youngsters good, solid American values.

Now, however, the roadrunner takes an active part in his own defense and at times even goes beyond that to outright cruelty against the unfortunate coyote. I often find myself rooting for the coyote who always gets the worse of it. I feel that it's only fair that the coyote get in some licks of his own.

This entire moral play has immediate applications to much of contemporary American society. Specifically, the roadrunner/coyote situation had striking parallels with the entire problem of rape. An obvious allegation in all rape cases is she was "asking" for it. In the old days the roadrunner was always the personification of innocence and beauty pursued by the evil, lustful coyote. Now, figuratively speaking the roadrunner wears a halter top and tight

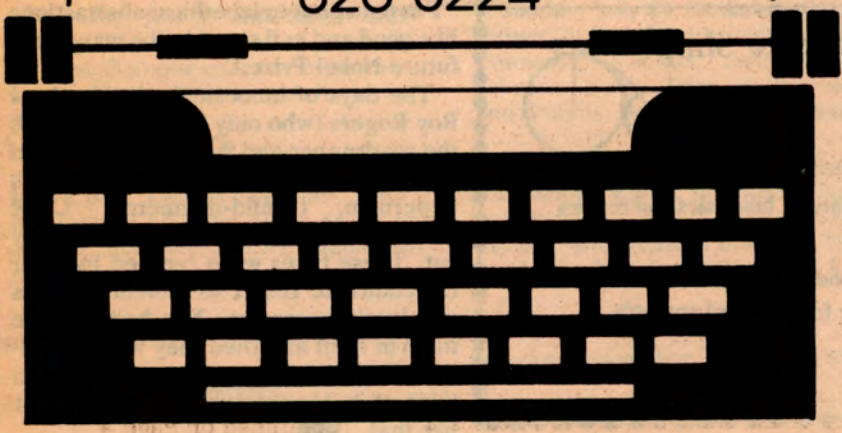
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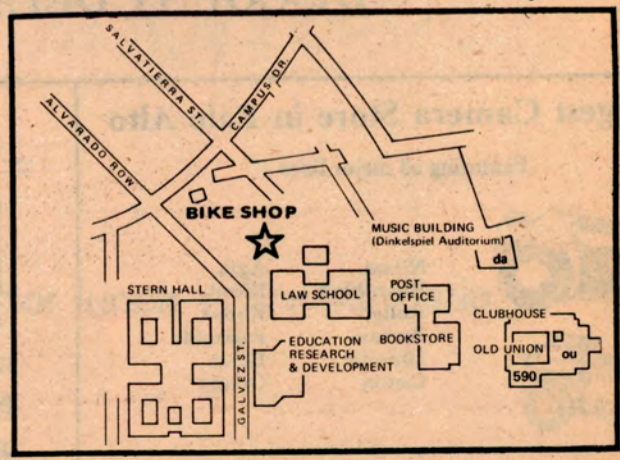
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"Go to sleep. Go directly to sleep. Do not pass go; do not collect two hundred REM's."

"What?" I said as I rolled out of my chair and onto the floor of the library. I looked up and there in the dimness stood a large ripe olive. The lights were off, so the library must have already closed. I must have fallen asleep and been left in there by the library staff. And now I was all alone with an enormous black olive. I didn't know what I should do, so I asked the olive.

"What should I do?"

"You must gather together all the political science books from the shelves and build them into a shelter in which to spend the coming night."

"Oh."

I had never read any political science books, so I was not sure where they were.

"Excuse me," I said.

"Yes?" said the olive.

"Where are the political science books?"

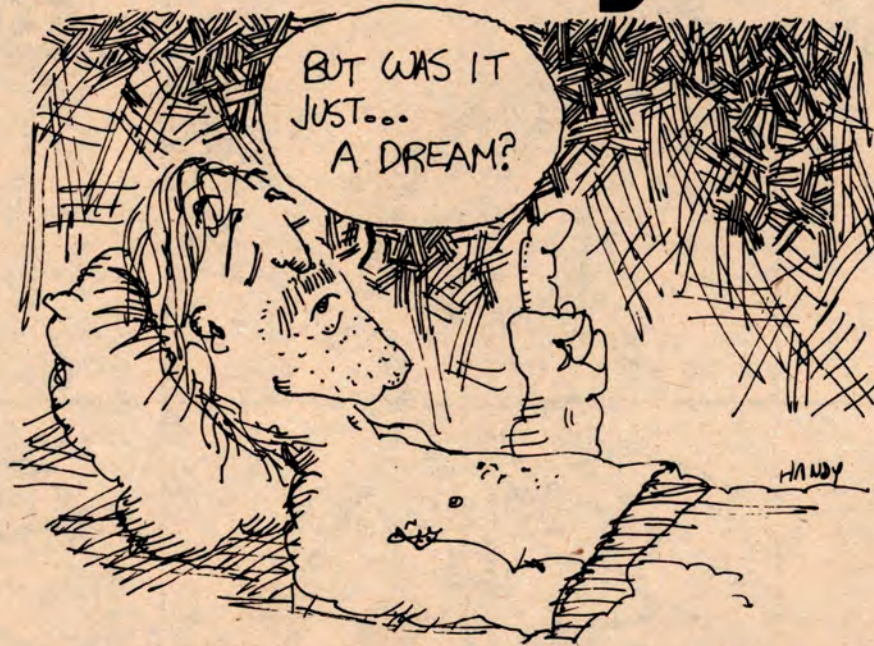
"Check at a reference alcove," answered the olive.

"Thank you."

"Don't mention it," said the olive and it faded into a light peppermint mist and wafted away before I could ask it what a reference alcove was.

I figured I'd check on the second floor. I jogged to the stairway and started down, but missed the third step, twisted my ankle on the fourth, bruised my knee on the fifth, and bumped assorted body parts on the rest of the thirteen.

I was confused when I awoke on the landing in the middle of the stairway because standing over me was a pair of harbor seals. They were siamese twins joined at the right side flipper, and the one on the right as I looked at them had a sign hung around its neck stating, "this one is on the right as you look at it." They were joined in such a way that



one faced towards me and the other away.

"I think I broke my ankle," I told them, at which they nodded their heads, barking like seals, and turned around by both walking forward. The seal that was now on my right had a sign hung around its neck too. It read, "This one is on your right as you look at it." I realized this must be important, but for the moment I had my ankle and the building of a shelter to think about.

I asked them, "Can you help me find the political science section?"

Once again they nodded and barked and rotated, but this time they spiraled bumpingly down the stairs, taking a step further down each time they circled around themselves. I wanted to follow them so I lifted myself onto my good foot and stood up. I tested my twisted ankle and found myself lying on the floor again. I almost screamed, but I saw a "QUIET PLEASE" sign on the wall above me and forced myself to hold it in. My ankle supported weight like it

was made of so much painful spaghetti noodles. I let my food dangle as I got up again. Hugging the bannister and trying to keep my food from slapping against the steps, I hopped slowly down to the second floor.

I found the second floor in significant disarray. Chairs and couches and tables were overturned, books were scattered, the circulation desk scoreboard was flashing all its numbers, and the reserve readings cards were strewn across the floor. Next to a side-wise sign welcoming me to the library were two neat piles of seal shit. As I staggered through the devastation in search of a diagram that would show the whereabouts of the political science section, I heard a crash. Then came barking and the sound of falling Dally's and travel guides and other heavy books. The seals had knocked over a set of shelves and were continuing their double-helical destruction through the newspapers and dictionaries and into the magazines. The two seemed to be fighting about which

direction they were going. They twisted into the men's restroom leaving **American Scholar**, **Aquatic World**, and other low-alphabet magazines flying in their wake.

I hobbled to the remains of the circulation desk and discovered on a diagram that the political science books were kept in Area 360 in the same corner of the third floor where I had fallen asleep. Before I had a chance to go build my shelter, I was stopped dead by an unusually pained scream from the men's restroom. Out the door came rolling the large ripe olive, closely chased by two separate harbor seals with torn flippers, each tripping over itself for lack of a partner to pull against. The three of them rolled and waddled swiftly across the room, ignored the yellow "No Exit—Use Exit Down Stairs" signs, and smashed through the barrier of the "Emergency Exit Only" doors, sending those doors outside off their hinges. The olive stayed one tumble ahead of the angry seals.

As I watched them go out of sight between the Post Office and the Law School I realized that it was now getting light outside. Since the doorway was wide open there was nothing stopping me from leaving except the no exit signs and my ankle. Looking across the wasteland of the library in the eery light flashing from the scoreboard and filtering in from the dawn, I remembered about the rule against disturbances in the library and decided I would leave before someone tried to blame this on me. Carefully, I hopped around the fallen doors, through the shattered glass, and out. I hadn't needed the political science books or the shelter after all. The olive must have been wrong about that. When I reached the bottom of the stairs I quickened the pace of my bouncing even though it caused me great pain, because I didn't want to be late for my breakfast hashing job in Wilbur.

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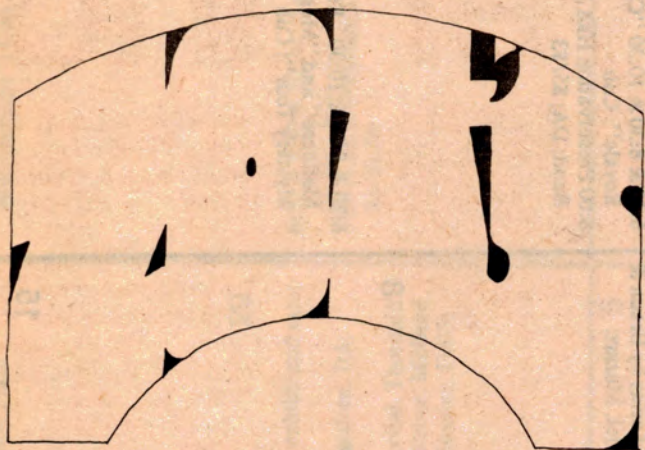
The Point Being That



cutoffs while the coyote becomes the poor innocent, driven by hormones beyond his control.

Our present morality teaches our children to root for the antiheroes, the shameless roadrunners. Our entire American concept of good and evil has broken down, not only in cartoons but throughout all facets of American life. For example, when questioned about the possible disastrous consequences of his research on recombinant DNA, biochemist James Hu smiled and said, "I'm not about to let ethical abstractions like good and evil stand in the way of my future Nobel Prize."

The days of innocent heroes such as Roy Rogers (who only kissed his horse), the roadrunner and such are over. Even the quiet All-American types such as Superman ("mild-mannered Clark Kent") and Bugs Bunny are on the way out. These types were typified by their reluctance to resort to violence unless absolutely necessary. You had to force them to fight and then they would retaliate in the defense of good. Come to think of it, Humphrey Bogart was a lot like that.



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Tuesday, June 21, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 8 p.m. Virginia Hutchings, piano. Music of Mozart and Beethoven. Nonreserved admission: \$2 (student \$1).

Sunday, June 26, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 3 p.m. Emmanuel Vacakis, cello, with Timothy Bach, piano. Music of Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Beethoven, Ginastera, J.S. Bach. No charge for admission.

Thursday, June 30, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 8 p.m. Dances of the French Baroque Court and Theater. Students of the Workshop in French Baroque Dance. Wendy Hilton, director. No charge for admission.

Friday, July 1, Tresidder Union, 8 p.m. Dorothy Braun, soprano, with Michael Mello, piano. Songs and operatic arias by Handel, Mozart, A. Scarlatti, and others. No charge for admission.

Tuesday, July 5, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 8 p.m. Recital of Baroque sonatas. Baroque chamber ensemble. George Houle, director. No charge for admission.

Wednesday, July 6, Tresidder Union, 8 p.m. Denise Chevalier, viola, and Renee Chevalier, piano. Music of Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann. No charge for admission.

Thursday, July 14, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 8 p.m. Recital of Baroque music by students of the Workshop in Early Woodwind Performance. Director, George Houle. No charge for admission.

Friday, July 15, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 8 p.m. Margaret Fabrizio, harpsichord. Music of J.S. Bach, Handel, and Froberger. Nonreserved admission: \$2 (student \$1).

Tuesday, July 26, Annenberg Auditorium, 8 p.m. Margaret Fabrizio, Broadwood piano. All Mozart program. Nonreserved admission: \$2 (student \$1).

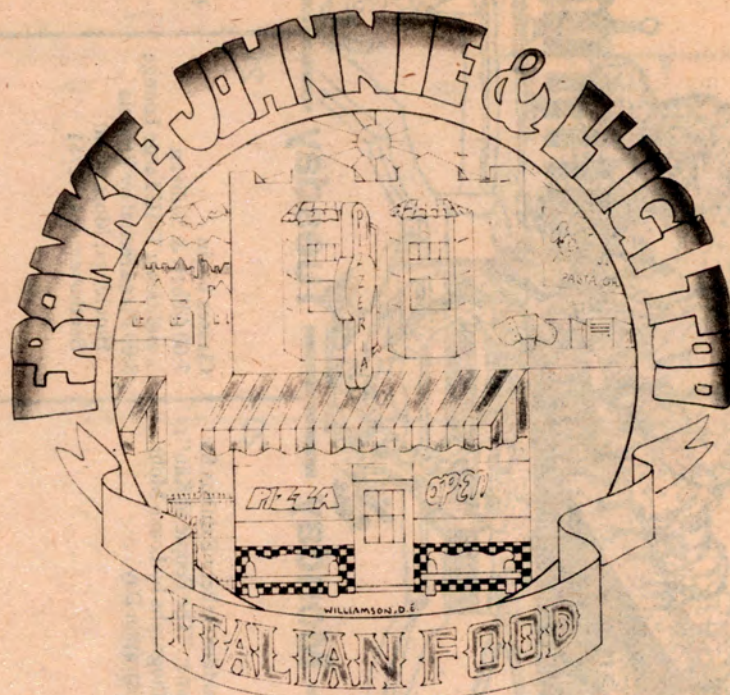
Friday, July 29, Tresidder Union, 8 p.m. Margaret Thornhill, clarinet, with Helene Wickett, piano. Music of Weber, Milhaud, Schumann, Jolivet, and Rossini. Nonreserved admission: \$2 (student \$1).

Sunday, July 31, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 3 p.m. David Coelho, violin; Emmanuel Vacakis, cello; Dennis Johnson, piano. Trios of Beethoven and Brahms. No charge for admission.

Saturday, August 13, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, 8 p.m. South Bay Chamber Orchestra. Daniel Robinson, conductor. All-Beethoven program. Nonreserved admission: \$2 (student \$1).

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| <p>26 3:00 Concert by Vacakias & Bach; Tchaikovsky, Ginastera, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, DA, free 3:00 Piano recital; Debra Davis; Chopin and the four B's, TMU Small Lounge 7:00 & 9:00 "And Now For Something Completely Different"; Sunday Flicks; MA</p> | <p>27 7:00 Jazz Workshops, this and every Monday evening; TMU Small Lounge</p> | <p>28 2:00 Jazz Workshop, Tuesday afternoons; Women's Clubhouse-Old Union 7:30 Animation festival; BIC; free 8:00 "Man in the Glass Booth"; American Film Theatre; MA; \$2.50 8:00 Disco Dance Class; Tuesday evenings; TMU Large Lounge; \$6/10 lessons</p> | <p>29 8:00 Classical Guitar by John Kneubuhl; TMU Large Lounge; \$2.50/\$2</p> | <p>30 8:00 French Baroque and Theatre Dance; Wendy Hilton, dir.; DA; free 8:00 Poetry reading, James Keys; TMU Large Lounge</p> | <p>July 1 Last Day for filing study lists 8:00 Preservation Hall Jazz Band; DA; \$5/\$3 8:00 Songs and arias by Braun & Mello; Handel, Mozart; TMU; free</p> | <p>2 Tresidder Gallery Exhibits for July: "Photos of Africa" by Sue Ellen Segal; Calligraphy 6:30 & 8:30 & 10:30 "Casino Royale"; Cub 8:00 Preservation Hall Jazz Band; DA; \$5/\$3</p> |

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| <p>3 6:30 Sunday Supper at the International Center, this and every Sunday 7:00 & 9:00 "Bonnie and Clyde"; Flicks; MA 8:00 Duplicate Bridge at the I-Center, this and every Sunday</p> | <p>4 Happy 201st Noon Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Crafts Fair; Frost Amphitheatre; \$5/\$3</p> | <p>5 Last Day for tuition refund 8:00 "Butley"; MA; \$2.50 8:00 Baroque Sonatas; DA; free</p> | <p>6 8:00 Denise Chevalier and Renee Chevalier; Mozart, Schubert, Schumann; TMU Small Lounge; free</p> | <p>7 Dienstags gehen wir in die Kirche</p> | <p>8 Shmert nurden</p> | <p>9 6:30 & 8:30 & 10:30 "Reefer Madness" and "Magical Mystery Tour"; Cub</p> |
| <p>10 6:30 Sunday Supper at the I-Center 7:00 & 9:00 "Slaughterhouse-Five"; Flicks; MA</p> | <p>11 Last Day for registration</p> | <p>12 8:00 Brecht one-acters "The Measures Taken" and "The Exception and the Rule"; Drama Dept.; The Nitery-Old Union; \$1 8:00 "A Delicate Balance"; MA; \$2.50</p> | <p>13 8:00 Lecture "Women in California Wine Industry" by William Heintz; TMU Large Lounge 8:00 Brecht one-acters, see Tuesday 9:00 Lecture "How to cure insomnia by giving stupid</p> | <p>14 Bastille Day 11:00 Oriental art exhibit & sale; TMU lobby 8:00 Baroque Music; DA; free 8:00 East European intrumental & vocal group "Ardeleana"; TMU Large Lounge; \$2.50/\$2 the</p> | <p>15 10:00 Oriental art exhibit and sale, TMU Lobby 8:00 Harpsichord recital, by Fabrizio; Bach, Handel, Froberger; DA; \$2/\$1 8:00 Brecht one-acters, see Tuesday</p> | <p>16 6:30 & 8:30 & 10:30 "The African Queen"; Cub 8:00 Max Morath; MA; \$5/\$3 8:00 Piano recital, Barbara Angstraman; B, B, & C, TMU Large Lounge 8:00 Brecht one-acters, see Tuesday</p> |

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|---|---|--|--|---|---|--|
| 17 6:30 & 9:30 "My Fair Lady"; Flicks; MA 8:00 Duplicate Bridge, BIC | 18 Last Day to add classes, arrange pass/fail Last Day for filing advanced degree applications | 19 7-10 Israeli Fold Dancing; Clubhouse auditorium, instruction free 8:00 "Three Sisters"; MA; \$2.50 | 20 lectures" by William Heintz; TMU Large Lounge | 21 capitalist pigs 8:00 Brecht one-acters, see Tuesday | 22 10-10 Bodhi Oriental Culture Festival, with films, martial arts, Bonsai lectures and flute concerts, White Plaza | 23 10-10 Bodhi Oriental Culture Festival, see yesterday 7:00 & 8:45 & 10:30 "Myra Breckenridge"; Cub |
| 24 6:30 Sunday Supper at the I-Center 7:00 & 9:00 "King of Hearts"; Flicks; MA | 25 Last Day to file Entrance Medical Record | 26 8:00 "Rhinoceros"; MA; \$2.50 8:00 Broadwood piano concert; Margaret Fabrizio; Mozart; AA; \$2/\$1 | 27 8:00 Play "H.M.S. Pinafore"; Stanford Savoyards; DA; \$3/\$1.50 | 28 8:00 H.M.S. Pinafore; DA; \$3/\$1.50 8:00 Concert, Silver String Macedonian Band; TMU Large Lounge; \$2.50/\$2 | 29 10:00 Art print exhibit and sale; TMU Lobby 8:00 H.M.S. Pinafore, DA; \$3/\$1.50 8:00 Clarinet recital, Thornhill & Wickett; Weber, Milhaud, Schumann, Rossini; TMU; \$2/\$1 | 30 6:30 & 8:30 & 10:30 "Summer of '42"; Cub 8:00 H.M.S. Pinafore, DA; \$3/\$1.50 |
| 31 3:00 Trio concert; Coelho-violin, Vacakis-cello, Johnson-piano; Beethoven, Brahms; DA; free 7:00 & 9:30 "Little Big Man"; Flicks; MA 8:00 Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre; TMU Lounges, \$2.50/\$2 | August 1 Tresidder Gallery Exhibit for August: Etchings by Sheila Solomon Last Day to file undergraduate degrees | 2 7-10 Israeli Folkdancing instruction; Clubhouse auditorium; free 8:00 "The Iceman Cometh"; MA; \$2.50 8:00 Play "Fatzler" by Brecht; Drama Dept.; The Nitery; \$1 | 3 8:00 Play "Fatzler" by Brecht, The Nitery; \$1 | 4 8:00 Sitar concert, Richard Garneau; TMU Large lounge; \$2.50/\$2 8:00 Play "Fatzler" by Brecht; The Nitery; \$1 | 5 8:00 Play "Fatzler" by Brecht; The Nitery, \$1 | 6 6:30 & 8:30 & 10:30 "Dirty Harry"; Cub 8:00 Play "Fatzler" by Brecht, The Nitery; \$1 |
| 7 2:00 Artists Reception; TMU Lobby 7:00 & 9:00 "First Annual N.Y. Erotic Film Festival"; Flicks; MA 8:00 Duplicate Bridge at the I-Center | 8 DEAD WEEK BEGINS | 9 Watch out for falling Atlas cedars | 10 Now or never Brothers together Forever and ever Now or never | 11 Do not write in this space | 12 FINALS START for 8-week term | 13 8:00 South Bay Chamber Orchestra; all-Beethoven; \$2/\$1 |
| 14 3:00 Piano recital by Glenn Rice; Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin; TMU Large Lounge; \$3/\$2 | 15 | 16 7-10 Israeli Folkdancing, instruction free—such a deeeel; Clubhouse aud. | 17 Hammer & Coffin Hammer & Coffin Nothing will soften The Hammer & Coffin | 18 Thursdays sure are dead around here. Go out to the O or Zots. | 19 Gala and festive disturbances all week—be sure to bring any noisemakers to Meyer | 20 Get your Fusion-Range from Ronco, it cooks toroidal roasts roasts in 6 usec., it zaps, blaps, disintegrates, and much, much more. Isn't that amazing?!? |

AA - Annenberg Auditorium; BIC - Bechtel International Center; Cub - Cubberley Auditorium; DA - Dinkelspiel Auditorium; FACS - Faculty-Alumni Contact Service; LT - Little Theatre; MA - Memorial Auditorium; MC - Memorial Church; TMU - Tresidder Memorial Union.

HENRY'S

HENRY'S DINNER MENU

| | |
|---|------|
| Abalone Almondine <i>sautéed & topped with sliced almonds . . .</i> | 6.25 |
| Broiled Red Snapper <i>broiled with butter, tarragon & basil . . .</i> | 4.75 |
| Stuffed Colorado Rainbow Trout a'la Deasy <i>trout stuffed with sautéed mushrooms and shallots . . .</i> | 4.75 |
| Petrale Meuniere <i>sautéed with garlic, butter, lemon and dry vermouth . . .</i> | 4.95 |
| Top Sirloin Steak <i>8 oz. of choice sirloin, grilled to your order . . .</i> | 5.95 |
| Beef Brochette <i>cooked on a skewer with fresh vegetables . . .</i> | 4.95 |
| Red Snapper a'l' Orange <i>broiled and served with a tangy orange glaze . . .</i> | 5.25 |
| Coquille St. Jacques <i>a variation of the original French dish . . .</i> | 5.95 |
| Red Snapper Dijonnaise <i>covered with Dijon-style mustard, rolled in bread crumbs, and baked . . .</i> | 5.25 |
| New Zealand Spring Rack of Lamb <i>noted for its tenderness . . .</i> | 5.95 |
| Henry's Super Burger <i>with bacon and avocado . . .</i> | 3.75 |
| Omelette du jour | 3.75 |
| Turkey, Avocado, Bacon Sandwich <i>served on sourdough bread . . .</i> | 3.75 |
| Shrimp Salad <i>shrimp piled high on a bed of lettuce & served with your favorite dressing</i> | 4.50 |

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| saturday CUBBERLEY AUDITORIUM | sunday MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM |
|--|---|
| <p>The Marx Brothers JUNE 25 7:15, 8:45, 10:15 "DUCK SOUP"</p> <p>JULY 2 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 CASINO ROYALE IS TOO MUCH... FOR ONE JAMES BOND!</p> <p>JULY 9 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 Reefer Madness Magical Mystery Tour <small>This is the hilarious and uncensored original version of Hollywood's 1938 answer to the marijuana problem.</small> <small>CAST: The Beatles: Paul, John, George and Ringo, with the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, and other assorted freaks and oddities.</small></p> <p>JULY 16 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 THE AFRICAN QUEEN <small>Bogart in his only Oscar winning performance. Co-starring Katharine Hepburn and directed by John Huston.</small></p> <p>JULY 23 7:00, 8:45, 10:30 MYRA BRECKENRIDGE </p> <p>JULY 30 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 Summer of '42 <small>Short: Dance of Ecstasy</small> <small>JENNIFER O'NEILL - GARY GRIMES JERRY HOUSER - OLIVER CONANT</small></p> <p>AUGUST 6 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 Clint Eastwood Dirty Harry </p> | <p>Monty Python AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT JUNE 26 7:00, 9:00</p> <p>JULY 3 7:00, 9:00 BONNIE AND CLYDE </p> <p>JULY 10 7:00, 9:00 SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE <small>from the novel by KURT VONNEGUT, JR.</small></p> <p>JULY 17 6:30, 9:30 My Fair Lady <small>WINNER OF 8 ACADEMY AWARDS AUDREY HEPBURN - REX HARRISON</small></p> <p>JULY 24 7:00, 9:00 King of Hearts </p> <p>JULY 31 7:00, 9:30 DUSTIN HOFFMAN "LITTLE BIG MAN" <small>Panavision Technicolor</small></p> <p>"A BIG, FUNNY, EXCITING MOVIE!"</p> <p>1st Annual N.Y. Erotic Film Festival <small>The best short films of over 125 submitted to the First New York Erotic Film Festival.</small> AUGUST 7 7:00, 9:00</p> |

Additional copies of this calendar are available at the Treddler Information Desk. Theater will be cleared between showings. No smoking in the auditoriums, please.



going for it

chapter 1
 "Something about the first day of classes always makes me incredibly horny."
 Bob threw his book bag into the seat which had been saved for him. He whipped off his poncho, throwing torrents of water onto his roommate, John.
 "You bastard!... I thought we had given up last quarter..."
 "... and the quarter before that, and the quarter before that..."
 "Yup."
 Bob fell back in his seat, scanning the room.
 "You know, John, I really think all this emphasis on sex is overdone... I mean, it's so impersonal unless... I think that love should be..."
 "Oh, bullshit."
 "No, really... I mean that... and... um... and..."
 "And what?"
 "I think I just fell in love with a sweater."

chapter 2
 "Not again."
 "It's love at first sight."
 "You mean lust at first sight."
 "Maybe I'll ask her if I can borrow her notes."
 "On the first day of class?"
 "Well, I'll ask her after class."
 "I'll believe that when I see it."
 He's right, Bob thought as he passed on the pile of blue cards. I really don't want to make a fool out of myself that badly. The professor had already begun his lecture, and was scribbling equations on the blackboard at breakneck speed.
 "What is a girl like you doing in a class like P. Chem?," muttered Bob.
 "Sexist!" hissed John.
 The lecture was already losing him. Bob moved his center of attention from the sweater below him to the blackboard. Four pages of notes later, he thought he had an idea of what the professor thought the class already knew.
 "... All right, the regular lectures will start Friday. Turn in your blue cards as you leave."
 Bob and John filled out their blue cards as the rest of the class jammed the front of the room. When nearly everyone else had left, they picked up their things and trotted down the aisle to the front. Bob felt a hand on his arm as he tossed his blue

card into the cardboard box left for that purpose. He turned around.
 It was she. She smiled sheepishly, glanced at the floor, and said, "Could I borrow your notes from today's lecture?"
 chapter 3
 zip... whirrrrr
 zip... whirrrrrrr
 zip... whirrrr
 zip... whirrrrrrr
 Ckclunk.
 "Hello, is Nita there?... Oh, hi, Kathy, yeah, this is Bob again... I'm fine, thanks... She left a message for me?... Really?... She's washing her hair again tonight. Oh... No, thanks, I wouldn't want to intrude... Thanks anyway... No, I'll just get one of my roomies to go instead... Would you tell her I called? Thanks. Bye."
 clunk.

chapters 4-8
 repeat chapter 3

chapter 9
 Bob watched the dull reflections of red light off the ice cubes in his plastic cup. John perched on top of an armchair, watching the comic gyrations of some freshman females who had only recently been introduced to the properties of "dorm-party/death": the vodka-rum-fruit juice punch.
 "This is delicious," giggled one, "... it's my fourth..."
 John gave Bob a knowing look.
 Bob replied as usual with his I - m a y - b e - h o r - n e y - b u t - I - h a v e - n ' t - s u n k - t h a t - l o w - y e t - a n d - b e - s i d e s - I ' m - d e p r e s s e d glance.
 John shrugged.
 Light bulbs purloined from fire alarm boxes reflected the somewhat less honorable intentions in the eyes of one of their peers. A slow, pulsating song almost defined the rhythm with which the rogue swayed, clinging to the intoxicated girl. Bob shuddered.
 "Down?" said John.
 "Grossed out," replied Bob.
 Bob crossed over to the bar and mixed himself another gin and tonic.
 "When did you ask her to come?"
 "This morning."

"Give me a break."
 Bob left. He went back to the room, turned on the stereo, and searched through his albums. He settled on Mark-Almond. He put the record on the turntable, turned the output selector to spkrs off, and put on his headsets to shut out the laughter in the halls. He picked out a book, and settled into a comfortable slouch in his chair. The lonely fluorescent tubes of his drafting lamp gave the room an icy cast which spilled out into the hall through the half open door.
 He had finished about two sentences in *Death in Venice* and the record was nearly finished with *Tramp and the Young Girl* when he felt a pair of hands on his shoulders. He leaned his head back to see who was there.



"Is this the party?" said Nita, as the headsets fell on her foot.
 "No... it's in the lounge... do you want to go there?"
 "Not really," she smiled, playing absent mindedly with the top button of her blouse.
 Bob suddenly knew that this was the right moment to kiss her. She watched calmly as he stood up and started to move toward her. He half closed his eyes as he moved in, her face turning toward his.
 "BOB! GUESS WHO JUST CAME IN LOOKING FOR Y... Jesus," John gulped, "Excuse me." He hurried out the door.
 Bob sighed.
 "Nice weather we're not having," he mumbled.
 Nita laughed and walked to the door.
 "Let's go to the party," she said.

Bob was fervently hoping that his mouth wasn't open.
 "I ran out of ink."
 "Oh."
 "Write down your phone number and I'll get them back to you as soon as I've xeroxed them."
 "Sure..." Bob fumbled with his book bag and dropped two four-color pens, "Here it is... the number is 555-0613."
 "Thanks."
 "... Hey, what's your name?"
 "Nita..."
 "I'm Bob..."
 "Listen, I don't know how to thank you... I've got to run."
 Bob watched as she walked briskly out the door.
 "Wipe that shit-eating grin off your face," said John.
 chapter 10

"That punch was delicious," giggled Nita. Bob felt a mixture of guilt and delight as she pressed her body against his.
 "Nita, I think you've had enough."
 "Awww... jus' a li'l bit more?"
 "No... no more. Nita, you're really quite snookered."
 "Yup!"
 How did I let this happen, Bob thought. I shouldn't have kept filling her glass all the time just to make her stay... Now...
 "I don't think you're in any condition to make it home tonight. You'll have to stay here."
 He sat down and she almost fell on top of him.
 What was he going to do? What would she think of him in the morning? He knew how he would feel. He hated himself for getting her drunk. He couldn't take advantage of her in this state, no matter how horny he was.
 It no longer mattered. She had passed out.
 He half dragged, half carried her to his room, dropping her on the bed. She woke up as he was taking off her shoes, and bent over him licking the back of his neck. He pushed her under the covers and disentangled himself from her arms. She passed out again.
 He gazed longingly at her sleeping form, considered briefly claiming drunkenness himself, and took his sleeping bag out of the closet.

continued on p. 10

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...going for it

chapter 11

When Nita awoke her head was pounding, she was in a strange bed, and there was a huge blue catapillar on the floor before her. The catapillar grunted, rolled over and said.

"Good morning, do you plan on washing your hair tomorrow night?"

Nita groaned, "I don't think it will last that long."

"Would you like to go to the flicks with me?" said the catapillar.

Nita climbed out of bed and pulled on her shoes. She leaned over and kissed the catapillar on the nose.

"You're sweet," she said, and started to leave.

"Is that a yes?"

She nodded, smiling, and left.

Bob was flying. His heart pounded in anticipation.

"I wonder what the flick is?" he said aloud to himself.

"Texas chain saw massacre," came John's voice from the other room.

chapter 12

"Nothing like a nice romantic evening at the flicks," said John.

"Shut up," said Bob.

"Don't cut yourself shaving!"

Bob glared at John as he put on his med school interview best.

There's no hope, he thought as he crossed White Plaza. The night was clear and cold. When he reached her room he spent several minutes debating whether to knock or just go home. He knocked.

Kathy opened the door and said that Nita wasn't quite ready yet as she was drying her hair. A few minutes later Nita appeared.

"Oh, Jesus," said Bob.

"Did you say something, Bob?"

"No, nothing."

Bob was stunned. She looks good enough to eat, he thought, but I can't say that.

"You look delicious," he said.

"What?"

Bob blushed. Nita smiled up at him and gave his hand a squeeze. Bob fell into a fit of violent coughing. Her eyes sparkled. The scent of her perfume intoxicated him. Her hair fell in soft ringlets framing her angelic face. Her hair was incredibly clean.

She must like me... didn't she say I... and didn't she... no, that doesn't mean anything... she's just... If I...

Hold it! This is ridiculous. I'm a senior at Stanford. If I can't...

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chapter 13

"Well, how did it go?"

"Don't ask."

"That bad?"

"You wouldn't believe..."

"Try me."

Bob sighed.

"All right. I went to her room and everything was fine. She was looking incredibly good. We went to the flicks and I bought her a coke and some popcorn..."

Bob's voice trailed off.

"Well?"

"OK. You take the coke and the popcorn and be Nita. I'll be me and show you what happened. Sit down here next to me."

After a while, John began to fidget.

"Well?"

"Don't rush me!"

"What do you mean, 'don't rush me'?"

"We just watched the movie for a few minutes."

"A few minutes?"

"Well, an hour and a half."

"An hour and a half! I'm surprised she didn't fall asleep."

"If you're not going to be serious, we don't have to talk about it."

"All right. What happened then?"

"I decided to make my move. I moved my hand over like this."

"You stuck your hand in her coke?"

"Well not exactly."

"What, exactly?"

"I stuck my hand in her coke."

"Oh. What did she say?"

"She said, 'you stuck your hand in my coke'."

John grimaced.

"What did you do then?"

"We sat and watched the movie for a while."

"With your hand in her coke?"

"I didn't want her to think I was putting a move on her or something."

"Well, Don Juan, how did you get your hand out of her coke?"

"If you don't want to be serious..."

"Who, me? I've never been so serious in my life. Cross my heart... Scout's honor."

"John..."

"OK, OK. What did you do then?"

"I took my hand out of her coke."

"Good move."

"Not really."

"?"

"I knocked the popcorn into her lap."

"When?"

"When I was taking my hand out of her coke."

"Oh, God."

"So then I moved my left foot over here and my right hand over here while she was brushing the popcorn out of her lap. You know what I was after?"

"A job as Nixon's secretary?"

"Then I moved my hand across her shoulders."

"Yes."

"And then she kind of turned toward me..."

"Yes!"

"And then our eyes met."

"And then?..."

"Some damn freshman in the balcony yelled, 'Go for it!' and I banged my knee on the arm rest."

"Ouch."

"And then the movie ended... but I walked her home."

"I hope so."

"That's when I stepped in the mud puddle."

"Jesus! What else happened?"

"Nothing much. I took her home and she kissed me good night."

"That's good."

"I don't know... it wasn't that kind of a kiss."

chapter 14

Bob put down the phone.

"Nita?" asked John.

"She's washing her hair again."

John shrugged.

"I wonder if there are any girls around Stanford who're bald," said Bob.

l'histoire de Stanford

SUMMER 1977

issue with protests, sit-ins, cops, non-negotiable demands and pictures and quotes in the San Francisco Chronicle. Alumni radicals returned to lead the new uprisings. With the symbolic collapse of Nixon and the equivalent rise of the **Washington Post** behind them, the radicals and the **Daily** could do no wrong. While UC Santa Cruz students were declining to attribute individual names to their statements (as it was a group decision they said) Stanford radicals were basking in individual quotes and big pictures in the media. Stanford alumni radical Cris G. summed it up thusly, "While we respect our comrades at Santa Cruz it must be admitted that we know a bit more than they do seeing as this is our sixth year of operations. Big pictures and individual stars is the way to go." Meanwhile cops were saying such things as, "We want to give people options at every step of the procedure. We want to do it in a dignified way that meets your needs." No more bops on the head and three hour rides to the Milpitas detention facility only to be bailed out at 6 A.M. by bleary-eyed, fist-shaking parents. Big pictures, individual stars and no more bops on the head. Things couldn't be better.

And that is pretty much how things stand here in the summer of 1977. The radicals back in the spotlight, the **Daily** aiming the spotlight and the Hammer and Coffin Society stealing everything not illuminated by the spotlight.

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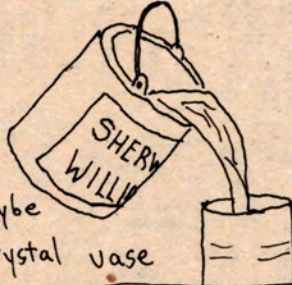
BE NAUGHTY



Hi there kids! Let's learn another dirty trick. This one is called "Mr Crabapple's Driveway".

First: Steal a gallon of paint, Preferably an abnoxious color like pink.

Now - empty it into some coffee cans or an old bucket or maybe Mother's best crystal vase



Make sure the paint can is totally empty, because now you have to flip it over and cut the bottom out



The last step should be done at night. Go to Mr. Crabapple's house and set the cut-out can on his driveway. Seal it along the bottom since when you pour the abnoxious color paint back in we don't want any telltale leaks. OK, now neatly replace the lid and run away.



Now, wasn't that NAUGHTY?! Don't tell Mom, and - See you later, alligator!



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