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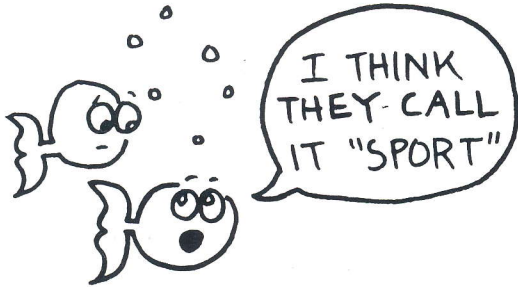
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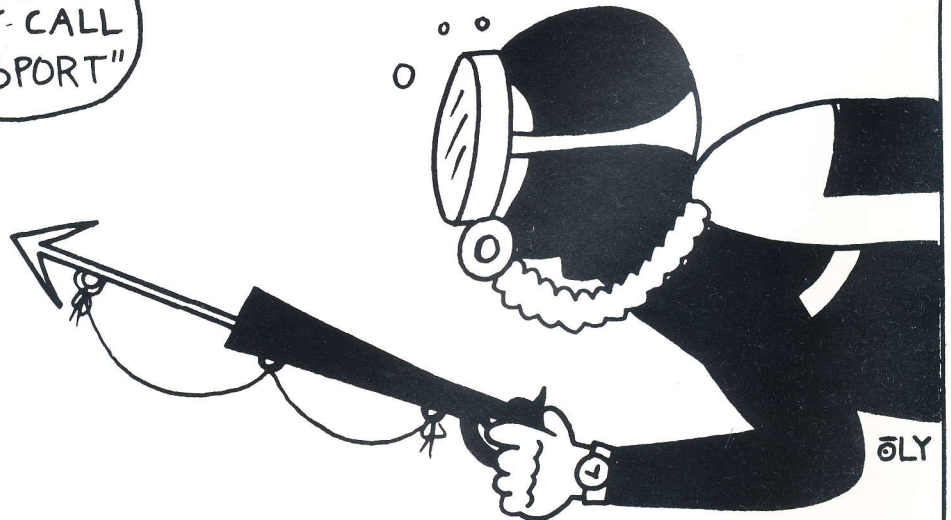
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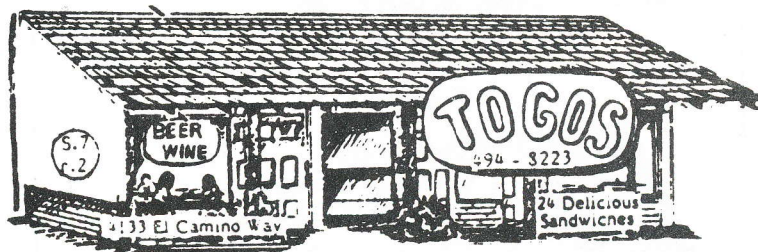
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OLY



Volume 79

Number 6

Spring, 1978

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Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society, founded at Stanford University, April 17, 1906. Bona fide college magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must seek reprint rights from the Editor. © 1977 by the Stanford Chaparral. Address all letters of complaint, praise, or exultation to the Editor, Stanford Chaparral, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, CA 94305.

# 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

<b>Editor</b> Ray Thomas '78	<b>Business Manager</b> Steve Gittings '78
<b>Editorial Consultant</b> Barry L. Parr '78	<b>Accounts</b> Pete Wirth '78
<b>Hammer And Coffin</b> Jeff Garaventa '77 Andy Lundberg '78 Jon Barth '78 Bruce Handy '80 Mike Moradzadeh '80 Al X '??	<b>That Sucks</b> Jim Sarina '75
	<b>Staff Editor</b> Leslie Mintz '79

**REFLECTIONS**

## Contributors

**Art Director**  
Dan Olivas

**Mahavishnu**  
Jack Trumbour

**Graphics**  
Jim Holder  
Perry Vasquez  
Greg Grefenstette  
Evan Braun  
Gil Morales  
Rusty Leavitt  
Roz

**Writing**  
Mike Wilkins  
Mike Reedy  
Rob Holbrook  
David Mandelkern  
Dave Sahlin  
John V. Mahalchik  
Gary Payne  
Marko Fong

**Models**  
Jody Cremin  
Steve Adolph  
Holden Jessup  
Steve Kuptz  
Gary McKitterick  
Doug Ballinger



# REFLECTIONS

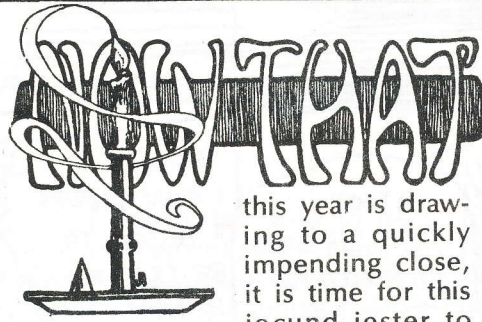
## now that



the lazy Spring sun has gently browned the hills that wave wistfully under the soft zephyr who brings the heady scents of a multitude of bright flora and enough of masses of irritating microspora to cause even the most unflappable of us to shed a tear and sniffle, it is time to speak before our collective sneezing jolts us into the nearest ocean. A word should be said about the plight of the petaled purveyors of pollen which grace our gardens and clog our sinuses.

When choosing some blooms to brighten a dinner table, cheer up a desk or flatter someone special, few of us stop to think that in picking a flower we are assaulting the plant in a very malicious and personal manner. Have we been so long away from high-school biology that we have forgotten that the flower contains the sex organs of the plant: the pistil and stamen which is analogous to our own precious parts? Can't we see that plucking a blossom — full, sweet, and mature in its ripened splendor is tantamount to castrating the poor plant or perhaps, the botanical equivalent of illegal sterilization?

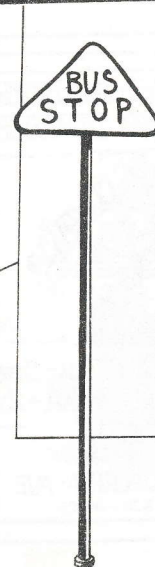
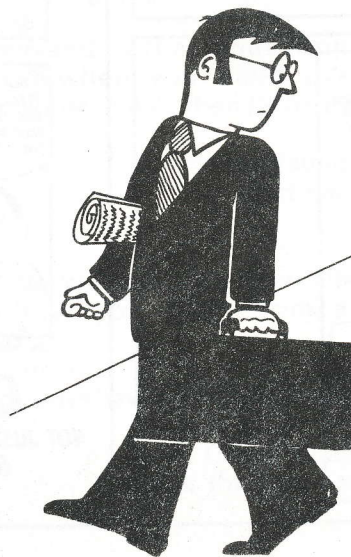
This practice is a morally unjustifiable infringement upon the plants rights to reproductive freedom. Just because plants don't stage sit-ins and can't hire fancy lawyers or Moluccan terrorists to defend their interests is no reason to permit such barbarism. How would you like it if while out on the lawn taking some rays with your proud gems of germination resplendent in their nubility, when out of the blue, some hairy-fingered ogre reached down and — SNIP! — removed them from your person with a rusty garden tool? A sobering prospect indeed! So please remember to be kind to our fine petaled friends and the next time you wish to enjoy a particular blossom, don't cruelly clip it with a pair of shears, gently stroke it instead. You'll both be better off.



this year is drawing to a quickly impending close, it is time for this jocund jester to hang up his exacto

and pass the Hammer to the capable hands of his successor. Working on the *Chappie* has definitely been a good experience. It sure beats chipping the rust off old cargo chains, being gummed by a toothless police dog, owning a condominium in Pompey, reading Ayn Rand, having to take the ASSU Senate seriously, French-kissing an electric pencil-sharpener, climbing a cactus, being a Daily clone, wrestling poodles and losing, bottles in front of me, frontal lobotomies, coughing up blood, being a Deke Rush hostess, studying hard enough to get good grades, being in Coach DiBiasco's shoes, falling off a roof, tailoring suits for King Kong, unclogging drains, mosquito bites, wetting your bed, having a mother-in-law, country music stations, hair in your toothbrush, acid enemas, being called collect, going

to the free clinic, Nixon, CB radios, the inside of a trash compacter, diarrhea, Discos, living in Simone de Beauvoir House for a whole year, 8:00 lectures, "girl talk," KISS, having your rabbit die, or contracting Xenopolysethemia. In fact editing the *Chaparral* has kept me off the streets, in the soup, and out of Law School. But seriously now folks I just thought that I'd like to take my leave of the *Chappie* with a little grace and dignity, but instead I try to yuk it up with a stream of conscious monologue that meanders into something more like a mud puddle. Oh well, it doesn't really matter since most of our fellow students wouldn't know a good joke unless it had sex, violence, or excrement in it. Even then they would feel guilty about laughing at it and accuse the jok'er of bad taste, sexism, or some such catchall derogation when in actuality the only "taste" they have is contained in the fleshy little bumps beneath their palates. I won't let it bother me though cause I'm going to take a long vacation in St. Tropez. (Actually I'm a little low on largesse at the moment so I'll just mosey on down to Bakersfield and spend a leisurely week counting the flies at the Tasty-Freeze.) *Vivre le Renaissance!*



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JOE FRATER, 1974 FERRIS CHAMP

ISN'T THAT THE DISGUSTING PLACE THAT SELLS 'MR. NATURAL' AND 'FREAK BROTHERS'?  
MRS. GUNDY, CHAIRMAN OF THE REHAP IN SAN FRANCISCO

I BOUGHT A SPAR-MAN T-SHIRT TO WEAR TO MY DEBUTANTE BALL! OH, HOW THE OTHER GIRLS WERE JEALOUS!  
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor:

I'm Yasser. Blow me to Tel Aviv.  
Don't spare the shrapnel.

Yasser Arafat  
EX PLO SCION

Editor:

I just thought I'd let you guys know that I had an offer the other day to do an ad for a disposable douche.

I thought it was a dumb idea, though. Who'd want to keep one in the first place?

Cheryl Tiegs  
Simi-on-Cover, CA

Editor:

Ever since my book came out, people have been asking me who my agent is.

I'm not telling, and you can't make me.

By the way, Bob Hope and I were singing his theme song, "Thanks for the Memoirs," just the other day out on the golf course. See, there's more than one of us who lost his job when we sold out our little brown brothers.

Richard Nixon  
19.95 Vanity Lane  
Way Out West

Editor:

I'm tired of hearing about "all the micks in the Comm department." We don't have even one Irish prof over here.

OK, not so funny (one of my students wrote that one). I was reading the galleys of my new book at the dinner table the other night and dropped them in my dessert. Well, the proofs are in the pudding.

Everybody take my new course, "Yoks for Jocks," next fall.

Old Man Rivers  
Lewis W. Spitz Professor  
of Hysteria

Editor:

I'm deeply honored to be your commencement speaker this year. I know you would have rather had Woody Allen, but Jimmy had to settle for me, so you will too.

Besides, I've got some laughs cooked up for you kids. A modest example:

What do you call a frozen seafood dessert on a stick?

A krebs-sicle.

Donald Kennedy  
New Dealer

P.S Don't shoot me — take Ted instead.

Editor:

I've got a new movie coming out, men. It's about an ex-cop who challenges a psycho killer to a duel, and I'm gonna call it "Dirty Gauntlet."

You have to ask yourself, Do you feel lucky? I do.

Inspector Callahan  
Badge 2211  
The Tender Loins

Editor:

If I took some EDTA and threw in an excess of NH3 groups, would I get an ED-amine?

These and other questions answered when you hand over another Nobel, baby. Then I'll be the greatest.

Linus Pauling  
Out Back

Editor:

What do you call a Mexican University that you drop from an airplane?

A paraquad.

Do you guys have a TV show at your school?

Chevy Chase  
Dock of the Bay, MD

Editor:

Together again for the first time.  
Zodiac  
San Francisco

Editor:

Kelp — I need somebody;  
Kelp — Not just anybody;  
Kelp, Kelp, Kelp.

Marine Corpse  
Hopkins Marine Station

Editor:

We are South Molluskan terrorists. We are holding a Dutch fishing boat hostage, and if you don't acquiesce to our demands, thousands of clams and oysters will be looking at the wrong side of the pearly gates.

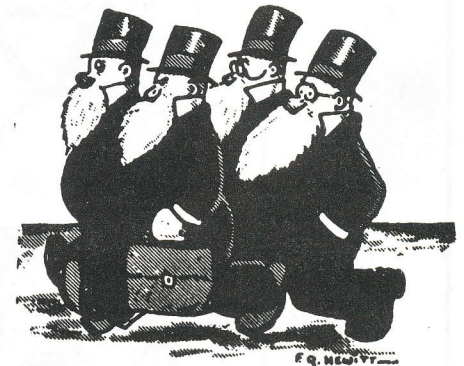
We start shelling at dawn. No, ah, baloney.

Juan and Isabel Prawn  
Deep Six, The Netherlands

Editor:

Another Crash Comics issue, and I've been passed over again. You'll be hearing from my Thunder-hammer personally. I've had it with the Loki approach.

Thor  
Valhalla, Norway



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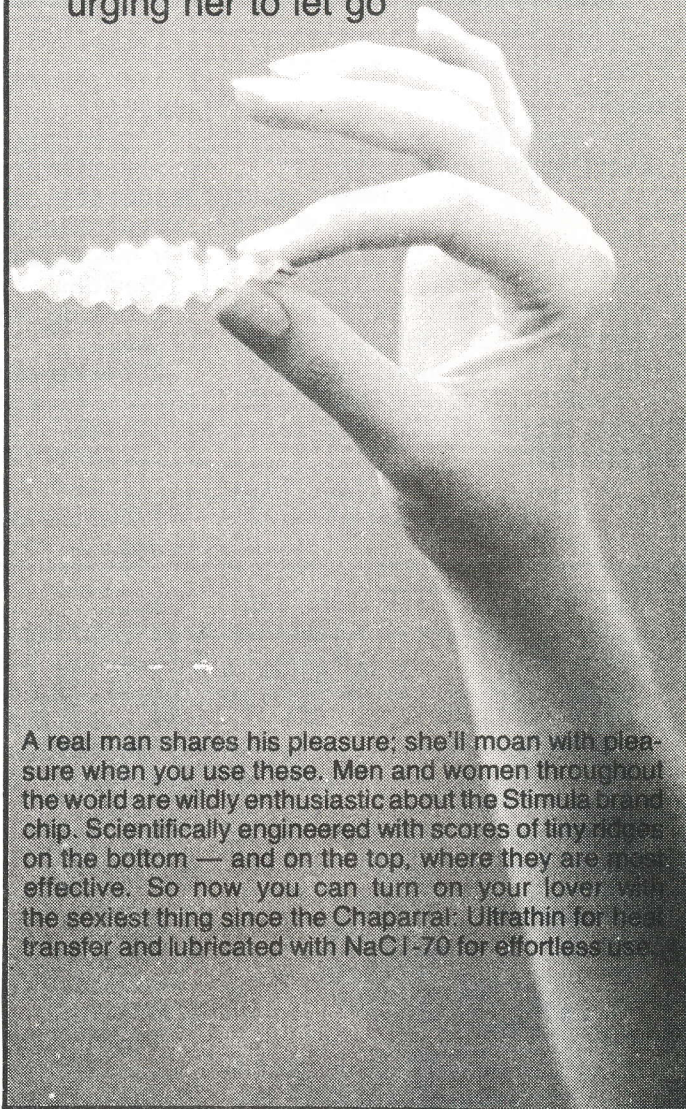
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# ASSU WHISPERS

BY 'SENATOR X'

The Intersorority Council has completed Stanford's first rush in 25 years. No suicides have yet been reported among those young ladies who did not receive bids, although one was reputedly severely despondent and another was hit by a truck.

Dave Ansley ought to dust off his AP Stylebook. Nobody should be referred to as "chairperson" unless that is his or her official title. Once again, the students have reminded us that it is not. But who really gives a damn about it anyway?

The New Horizons in Fiscal Ignorance Award goes to financial wizard Dave Catanzarite who claims to have raised the senate's discretionary fund by \$2,500 "at no additional cost to the ASSU."

Now that Cesar Chavez has lifted the ban on nonunion veggies, former COP member and campus Gallo representative Steven Westley can breathe a little easier. He received the job as a high school graduation present from Dad, who's a Gallo exec.

One can well understand the dislike that SOC clone and party dogmatist Dave Catanzarite (a self-confessed robot) has for what he calls "Robert's Rules of Boredom." After all, Chairman Fred has declared them to be "bourgeois" and a recent senate meeting Dave was the most obnoxious of a group of SOC senators who rudely interrupted another senator continually while he had the floor and attempted to buck the party line.

Rumor has it that the Publications Board light table was broken when the staff of Against the Grain decided to dance on it. "Lloyd Dixon always was light on his feet," quipped American Lesionnaire Chris Gray.

What can one say about the most moronic race for senior class presidents since the onset of geological time?

A recent survey revealed that 85% of all Stanford graduates do not worry about their prospects for employment. The same study also revealed that 85% of all Stanford graduates are Pyrex cylinders in the chemistry department.

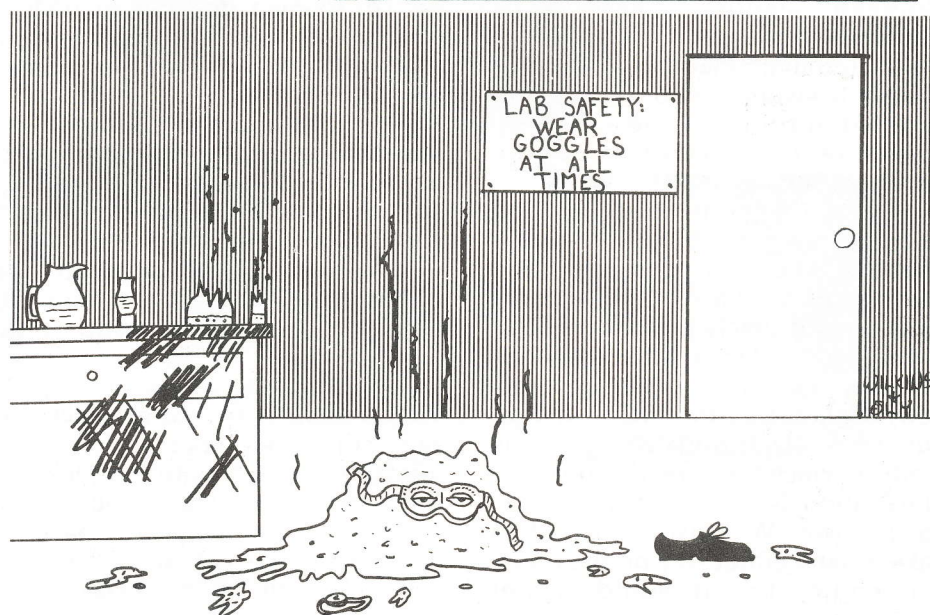
Once again, the forces of repressive progressivism have been caught with their hands in the cookie jar in a blatant attempt to slam-dunk 1.7 kilobucks into their own coffers. But "that's OK, guys," says Fred Grethel, "we didn't really need the money anyway."

Kudos to perennial candidate Rob Docters for placing in the recent COP election. This is his best performance to date. He is also to be complimented for lashing out against the power-hungry and ill-garbed Andy Goldenkranz.

What's senator Howard Wolf been up to lately? Well, at Stanford's recent Trivia Bowl competition, he tasted ignominy at the hands of the greasy Knowledge Engineers. When asked to name the Seven Dwarfs, Howard, true to form, remembered "Dopey," but forgot "Bashful."

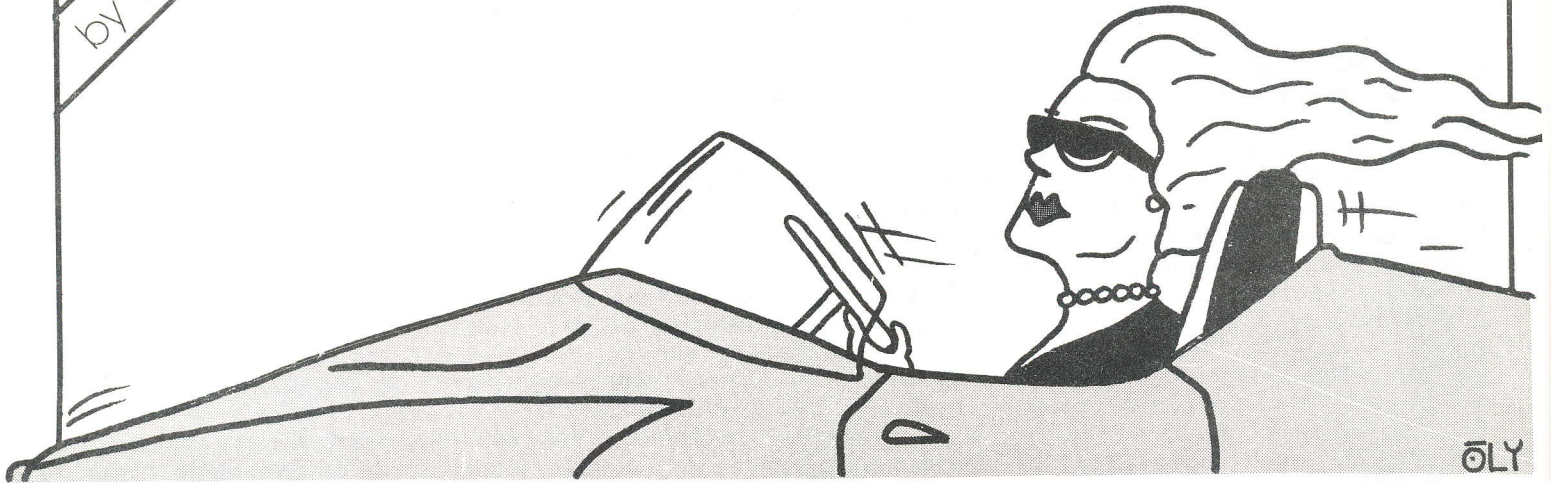
Ever-eager to provide themselves with jobs as cub reporters for major metropolitan dailies and to recruit large numbers of nerds, the Stanford Daily staff have declared their intention to purchase one hundred thousand dollars worth of computer equipment. They claim that they need to know how to operate visual display terminals in order to get jobs in the exciting, low-paying field of professional journalism. This despite the fact that any primate, including the average Daily staffer, can learn how to use a computer terminal in an afternoon.

Rumor has it that the State of Pennsylvania has revoked Howard Wolf's birth certificate.



Co-ed  
Corner  
by Tami Toniperm

# Sororities Return in Style



Pssst. Hey girls. Know what I heard last week? No, she's not, only late. What? Yeah, you got it. I got the ISC dirt delivered with this morning's Chronicle.

Are you ready for this? Well, it seems that the ISC is having a little bit of internal friction, while some sorority is getting black-balled. Before the beginning of rush, when all of the rush activities were being planned, a certain sorority was trying to get ISC sanction and participate in rush functions. However, there were already six-count 'em sororities who were recognized members of the ISC. By using complex number theory and Boolean algebra, these self-appointed representatives of the ISC had determined that there would be exactly 120 women who would be interested in rushing these sororities. Therefore, that would mean 20 per sorority. Simple, right?

Wrong. They contended if another sorority were to join, that would mean 17.143 women per sorority, and the cost of producing 0.143 sorority pins was extremely prohibitive. This extra sorority decided that this decision was extremely unfair and secretly wished that the ISC would go fuck itself. Unfortunately, the only body to which they could appeal was the Nationals, or, right again, the ISC. Nowm Wobinson refused to take a stand either way on the issue, contending that it would further damage his already shaky reputation. This problem, he realized later, was

due to his decision to turn Simone de Beauvoir House into a Halfway Home for unwed South African tribal maidens.

But enough of Nowm. The seventh sorority was stuck. They were powerless against the ISC. The verbal rallying went on for some time, until, suddenly, during the middle of rush, one of the Dirty Half-Dozen dropped out of the ISC and subsequently disbanded. This, it seems, would have been the perfect slot for the seventh sorority to fit in. However, the ISC came up with another brilliant idea. Figuring, again through mathematical induction, that there would still be 120 women desiring to rush in spring, with only five sororities left, that would mean twenty four women per sorority.

This disclosure so enraged the seventh sorority that they decided to say fuck the ISC anyway. The upshot of it was, the ISC came crawling on their hands and knees (meanwhile getting stuck in the sugar syrup flowing from their tongues and attracting flies) and everyone is happy now. Superficially.

Is that the way you want to spend your free time? Is your social life dependent on ice cream socials and kidnap breakfasts with the Dekes? I think that we can help you.

Now that sorority rush season is over, many women on campus are questioning the validity of their decisions in deciding not to opt for joining a sorority. It has come to the at-

tention of many powerful groups on campus, including the IFC, the ISC and the little known but carefully chosen members of the Hammer and Coffin Society, that a standardized test, similar in form to an IQ test should have been devised prior to sorority rush. This way, women could discern whether or not joining a sorority would be a valid decision. Unfortunately, one was not developed in time for this spring's rush activities, but should be implemented by 1979.

The rules of the test are very simple. Grading is on a sliding scale, with scores from one group of questions being indicative of a propensity towards uniform, clone-like activity, and should be interpreted as an indication towards joining a sorority. Other scores will be interpreted similarly, ranging from ambivalence to utter disgust.

This test is timed, and no peekies. You have 15 minutes. Go.

## Section I. Fashion and Personal Appearance.

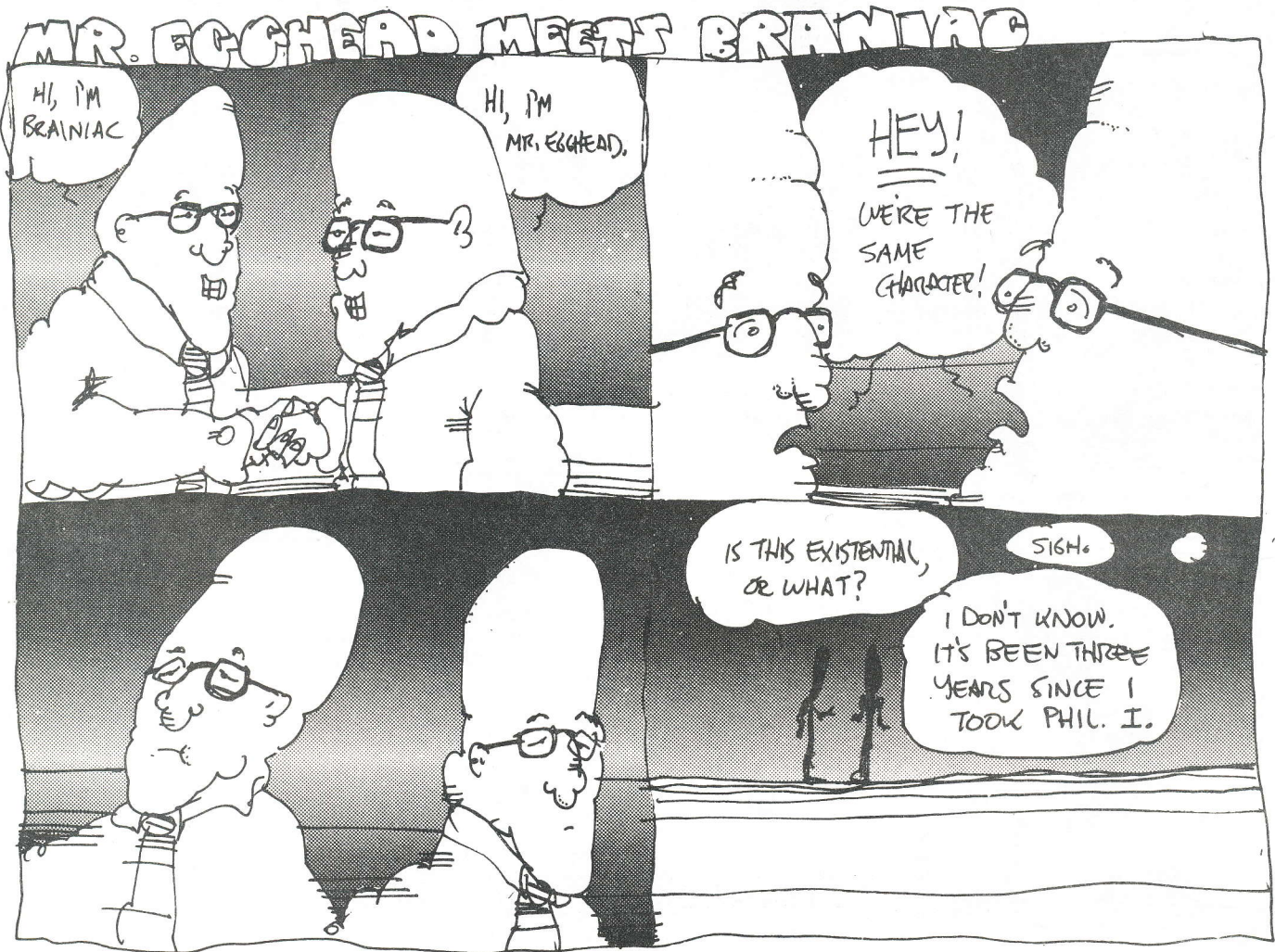
- I wear dresses.
  - I do not wear dresses.
  - I sunbathe nude.
- I spend more per quarter on clothes.
  - I spend more per quarter on tuition.
  - I spend more per quarter on donations to Quantum Pollination.

3. A. I wear nail polish.  
B. I do not wear nail polish.  
C. I make my boyfriend wear nail polish.
4. A. Men admire me for my looks.  
B. Men admire me for my mind.  
C. Men admire me for my entertaining imitations of baryard animals.
5. A. I am concerned about my weight  
B. I don't give a fuck about my weight.  
C. I have no worry about my weight, because I ate my left arm last week.
6. A. My hair is cut like Dorothy Hamill's.  
B. My hair blows free in the wind.  
C. I am bald with festering wounds.

7. A. I had braces.  
B. I wear a retainer.  
C. I wear Mennen Skin Bracer.
8. A. I send my clothes out to the laundry.  
B. I throw my clothes away when they get dirty.  
C. My clothes were confiscated by the Board of Health.

**Section II. World and Local Affairs.**

1. A. I like slumber parties.  
B. "Sleep, sleep, there is no sleep. Macbeth has murdered sleep."
2. A. I cannot boil water.  
B. I burn water.  
C. I am great at skinning and dicing my fingers.
3. A. Sororities have a community service to perform.  
B. They should be getting paid for it, though.  
C. Sororities are a fascist product of a bourgeoisie culture.
4. A. I have read "The Total Woman" by Marabelle Morgan.  
B. I think it is the best book that I have ever read.  
C. The lady totally has her shit together.  
D. I want to be her in my next life.
5. A. The GPU stands for the Soviet Secret Police.  
B. I belong to it.  
C. The GPU is a group of tropical fish fanciers.
6. A. I am a Russian Ballet dancer.  
B. Mikhail Baryshnikov is a sissy.  
C. I used to tap dance.



7. A. I think Wilbur Hall should be turned into a giant ice skating rink.  
 B. If they had a home economics major here, I would be one.  
 C. I am an escapee from a Zimbardo prison experiment.

**Section III. Morality and Social Consciousness**

1. A. I do not swear.  
 B. I do swear.  
 C. God dammit, I left my cigarettes in the bar.  
 2. A. I suck my thumb in public.  
 B. I suck my thumb in private.  
 C. I suck.  
 3. A. I like ice cream.  
 B. I like alcohol.  
 C. I like lighter fluid.  
 4. A. People who take drugs are the scum of the earth.  
 B. No-Doz don't count, do they?  
 C. I get off on root beer and baby aspirin.

5. A. Oral sex is icky.  
 B. I am a great lay.  
 C. I give hand jobs with a Veg-O-Matic.  
 6. A. I have never thrown up on myself at a high school formal.  
 B. I have never thrown up on my date at a high school formal.  
 C. I drink ipecac before I go out on dates.

**Section IV. Sex.**

1. If I could meet a cute frat guy, I would join.  
 2. Women science majors are dykes.  
 3. You can get VD from toilet seats.  
 4. The responsibility of contraception is solely the females.  
 5. I would get pregnant to get someone to marry me.  
 6. You can get pregnant from french kissing.  
 7. I do not french kiss.  
 8. I am sexually repressed.  
 9. I come under a separate category.

**Answers.**

If you answered greater than 50 percent of the questions in sections I, II, or III A, then you are a hot candidate for sororities. Unfortunately, rush is over. So start one of your own.

If you answered greater than 50 percent of the questions in sections I, II, or III B, then you are reasonably normal, or you lie a lot.

If you answered greater than 50 percent of the questions in sections I, II, or III C, you are severely disturbed. Get your ass over to Huston House or the Bridge. Immediately. Have you considered euthanasia?

If you answered any of the questions in section IV true, then you should attend the brown bag lunch series at Simone de Beauviore House. Before it's too late.

There, wasn't that easy? These questionnaires will likely be available early next year and can be obtained from any sorority looking type of person. How will you be able to tell? Simple. Just look for the one wearing a dress, nail polish, and sucking her thumb. Only kidding, Cindy.



THE LAST TIME WE SAW OVERMAN, HE HAD TRIUMPHED OVER THE EVILS OF EXISTENTIALISM... DEALING SARTRE THE RELATIVIST A CRUSHING PHILOSOPHICAL DEFEAT.

BUT NOW THE PHILOSOPHICAL FREEDOM FIGHTER FACES HIS MOST FEARSOME FOE, AS

NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW  
OVERMAN - NOT EVEN YOU!

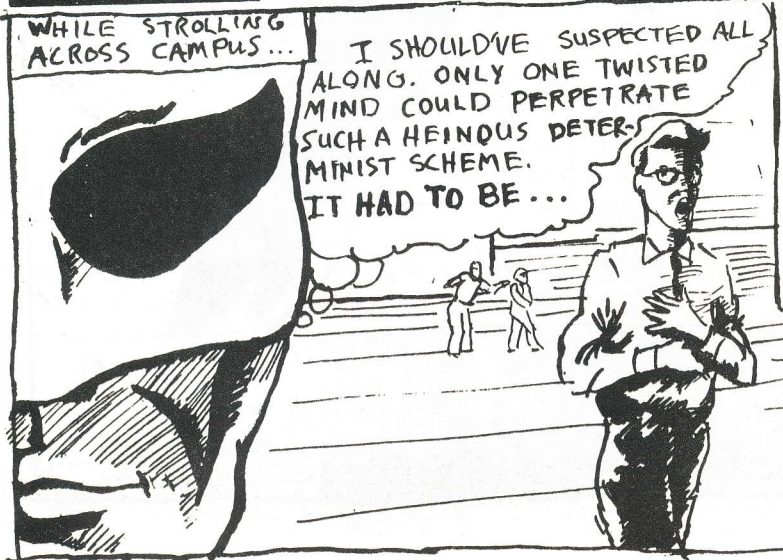
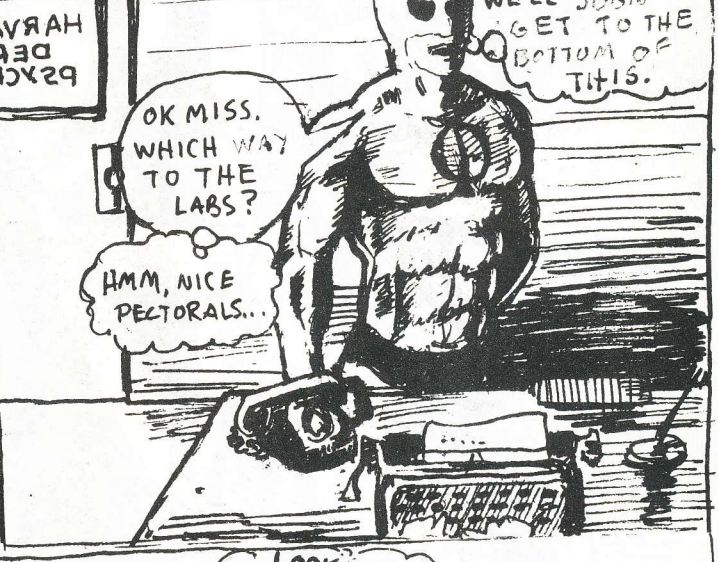
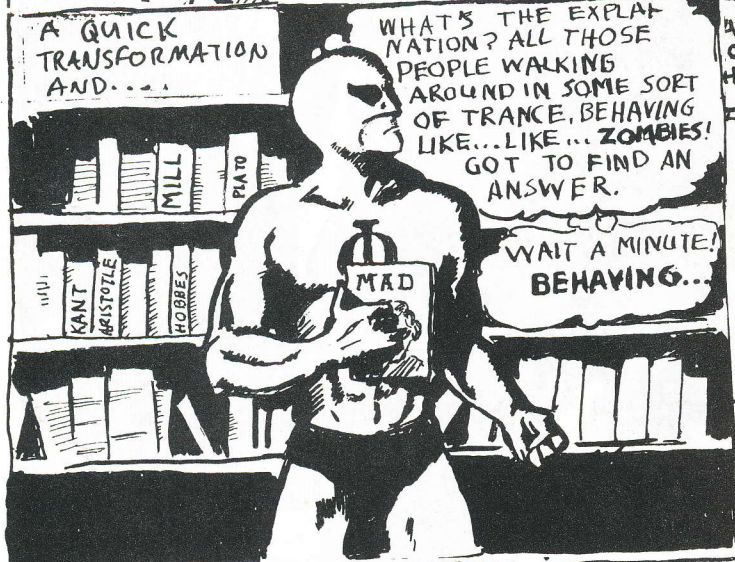
LITTLE DOES HE  
KNOW HE'S ABOUT  
TO BE LATERED...



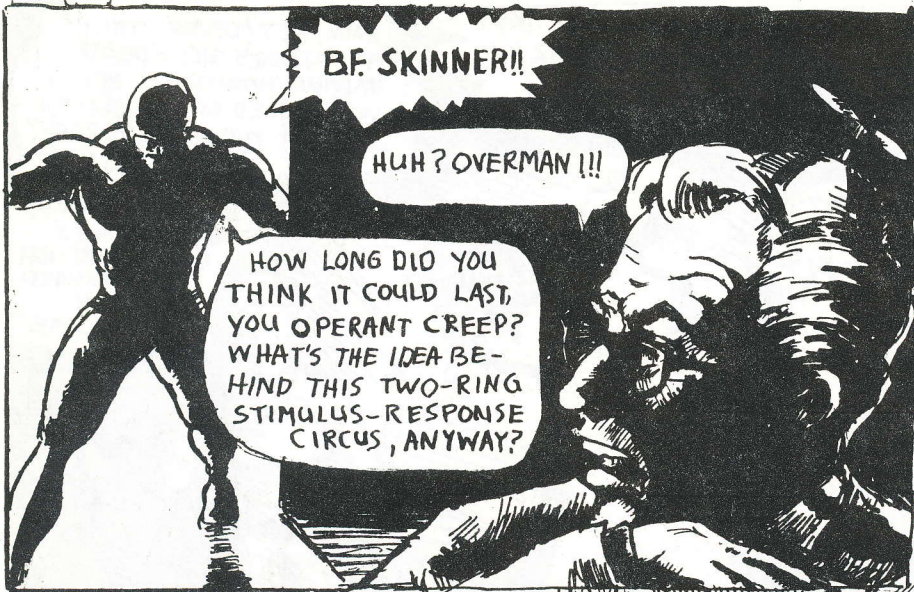
# OVERMAN MEETS THE MINDLESS MENACE

STORY:  
ANDY LUNDBERG  
ART:  
PERRY VÁSQUEZ

IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS PHIL MAJORS, GRADUATE STUDENT IN PHILOSOPHY AT A GREAT WESTERN UNIVERSITY, OVERMAN IS ON HIS WAY TO A PHILOSOPHY OF MIND LECTURE WHEN HE IS STRUCK BY A CHILLING REALIZATION...







**BF. SKINNER!!**

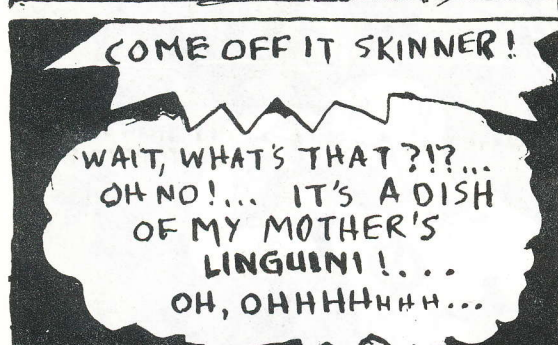
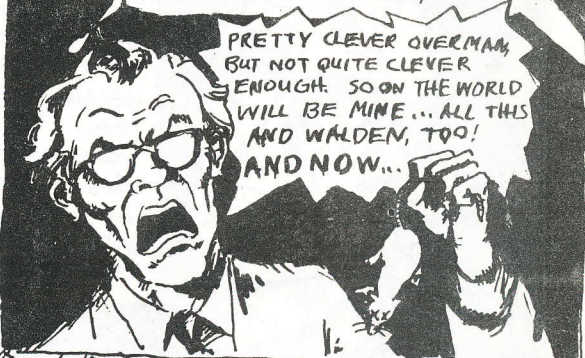
HUH? OVERMAN!!!

HOW LONG DID YOU THINK IT COULD LAST, YOU OPERANT CREEP? WHAT'S THE IDEA BEHIND THIS TWO-RING STIMULUS-RESPONSE CIRCUS, ANYWAY?

I UNDERESTIMATED YOU OVERMAN. BUT SURELY ANY FOOL COULD SEE...

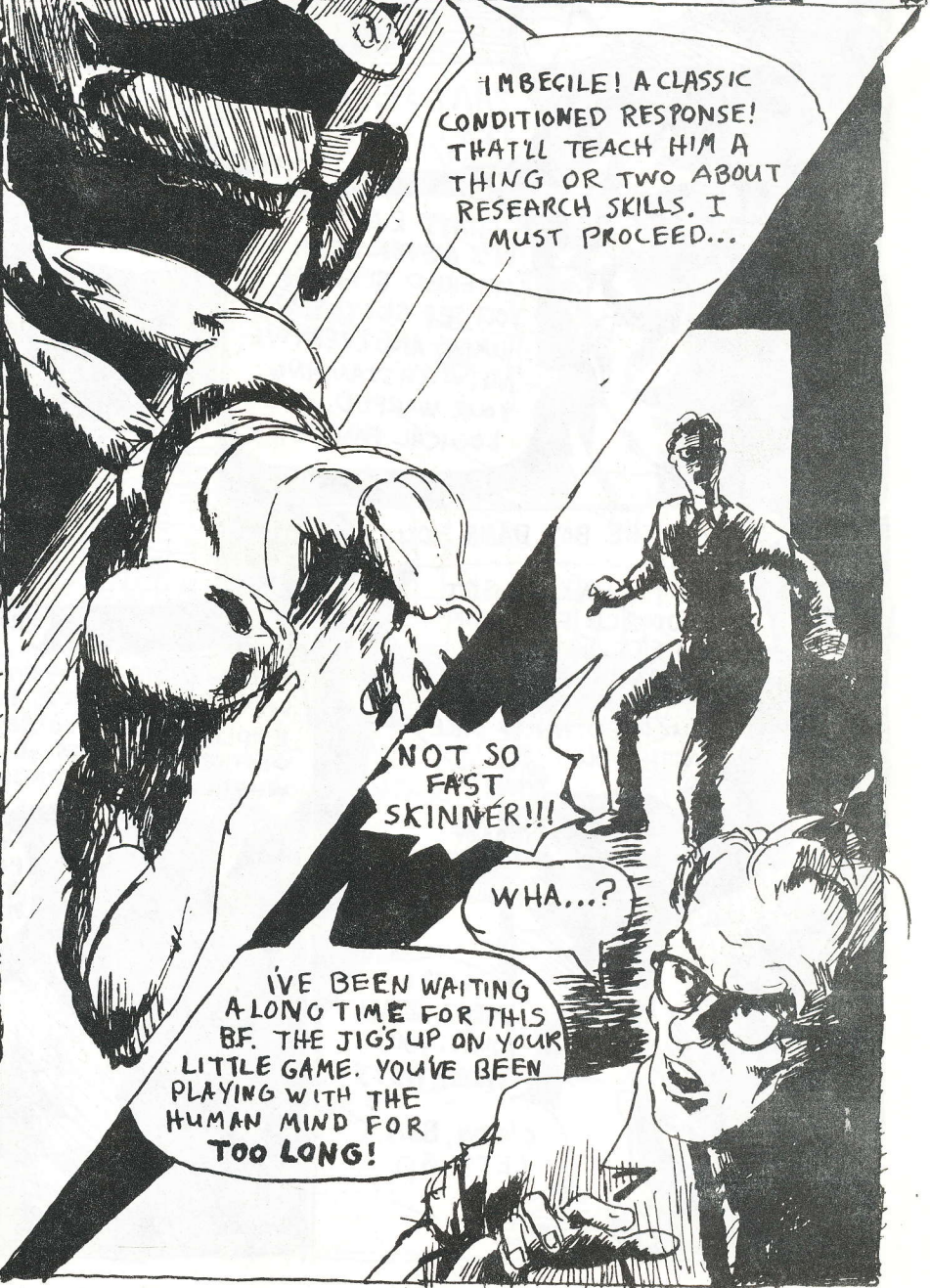
THAT I'M NO BETTER THAN YOUR CRUMMY RODENT FRIEND, SKINNER? THERE'S YOUR FATAL ERROR: HOW COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY RESPONDED "OVERMAN" WHEN WE'VE NEVER MET? WHAT COULD HAVE CONDITIONED YOU, EH?

PRETTY CLEVER OVERMAN, BUT NOT QUITE CLEVER ENOUGH. SO ON THE WORLD WILL BE MINE... ALL THIS AND WALDEN, TOO! AND NOW...



COME OFF IT SKINNER!

WAIT, WHAT'S THAT?!?... OH NO!... IT'S A DISH OF MY MOTHER'S LINGUINI!... OH, OHHHHHH...!



IMBECILE! A CLASSIC CONDITIONED RESPONSE! THAT'LL TEACH HIM A THING OR TWO ABOUT RESEARCH SKILLS. I MUST PROCEED...

NOT SO FAST SKINNER!!!

WHA...?

I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS BF. THE JIGS UP ON YOUR LITTLE GAME. YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH THE HUMAN MIND FOR TOO LONG!

NOAM CHOMSKY! SO,  
FINALLY WE MEET, YOU...

HA! WE'LL SEE. TRY  
THIS ON FOR SIZE!

HMM, HE'S CLEVER... THAT'S  
MY FATHER'S GILT-EDGED  
TALMUD. HOW'D HE KNOW I  
WAS FORCED AS A CHILD TO  
READ IT THROUGH+EVERDAY?

CUNNING LINGUIST?  
THAT'S ANOTHER ONE  
OF YOUR FEEBLE JOSES  
THAT I'M SICK OF  
HEARING, SKINNER. FOR  
YEARS I'VE WATCHED  
YOU FROM THE ROOF-  
TOPS OF MIT, WELL,  
NOW I'LL PUT AN  
END TO THIS  
BEHAVIORIST MADNESS...

NICE TRY, BUT...  
"SKINNER HERDS  
BLUE GOATS  
GAILY THROUGH  
THE HARVARD  
YARD IN  
SPRINGTIME"

THAT SENTENCE...  
IT'S... ITS...

...HEAD FEELS  
GRIM...

THAT'S RIGHT;  
IT'S NEVER BEEN  
UTTERED BEFORE!  
YOU SEE SKINNER,  
HUMANS ARE CREATIVE,  
NOTWITHSTANDING  
YOUR WARPED PSYCHO-  
LOGICAL FANTASIES.

WH-WHERE  
AM I?

BACK IN THE BOX, DAMN YOU!

I DON'T THINK HE GOT  
A STOMACH FOR YOUR  
PELLETS EITHER,  
SKINNER. NOW GET OUT  
AND TAKE YOUR HARVARD-  
EDUCATED WHITE MICE  
WITH YOU.

PROFESSOR CHOMSKY, I OWE YOU...

YOU OWE ME NOTHING OVERMAN,  
WE'RE JUST PARTNERS IN THE SAME  
ENDLESS VIGIL: TO SEEK OUT AND  
DESTROY THE FIRES OF MINDLESSNESS  
WHEREVER THEY RAISE THEIR UGLY  
HEADS.

YOU KNOW NOAM, FOR A  
PREEMINENT LINGUIST  
YOU DON'T HANDLE  
METAPHORS WELL  
AT ALL.

WE'LL  
MEET AGAIN  
YOU... YOU...  
INNATISTS!

C'MON, BEN,  
LET'S GO.

THE END

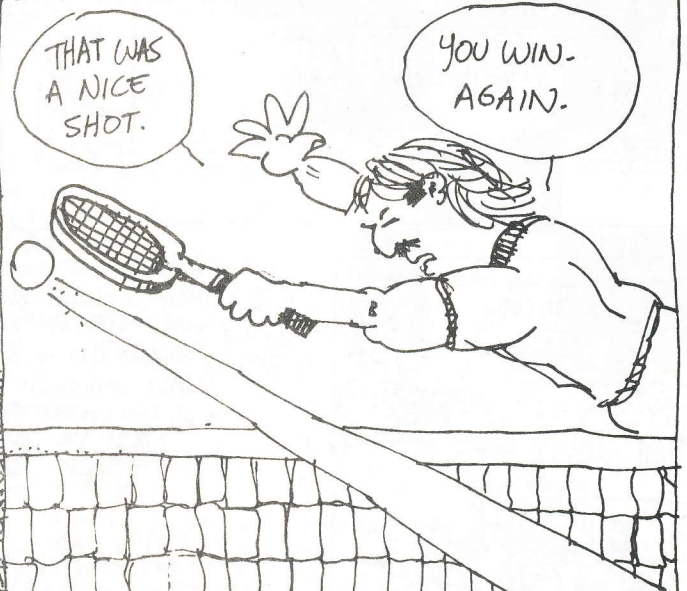
# STROKE COMICS

★ PRESENTS

# WON

STARRING  
IN

# A TYPICAL DAY



HANDY

# The Paths of HONOR

PAGE 8

STORY: GUY THOMAS  
ARTWORK: GREGG GORE PENNISTE

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MEDIEVAL LIT MIDTERM —

I CAN'T DO IT! I'M GOING TO CHEAT. TO HELL WITH THE HONOR CODE. NO ONE GETS CAUGHT ANYWAY.

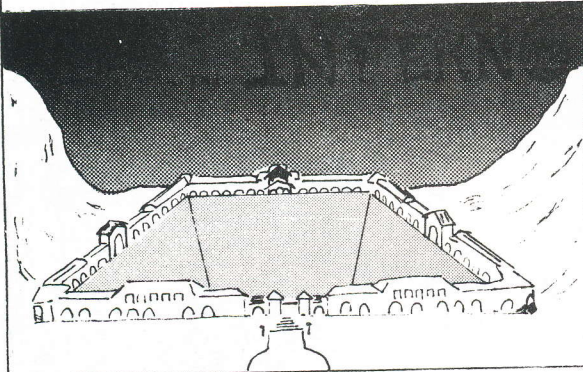


THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, KEN

HEY, YOU'RE DANTE ALIGHIERI!



THAT'S RIGHT, KEN. I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHERE THEY DEAL WITH VIOLATORS OF THE HONOR CODE. IT'S A LITTLE PLACE CALLED...



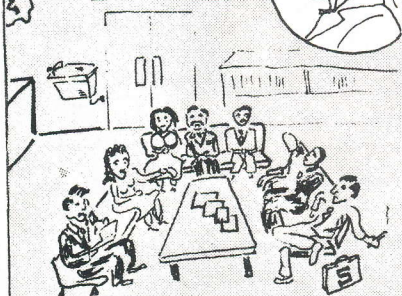
FIRST, UPPER HELL WHERE ARE PUNISHED THE SINS OF INCONTINENCE — NOT DIRECT VIOLATIONS OF THE HONORCODE BUT DISHONORABLE NONETHELESS



— THESE PEOPLE ARE THE FUTILE, FOREVER SEEKING ESM204, AN EXAM ROOM THAT EXISTS NOT. THEIR CRIME: NOT OCCUPYING ALTERNATE SEATS WHENEVER POSSIBLE.

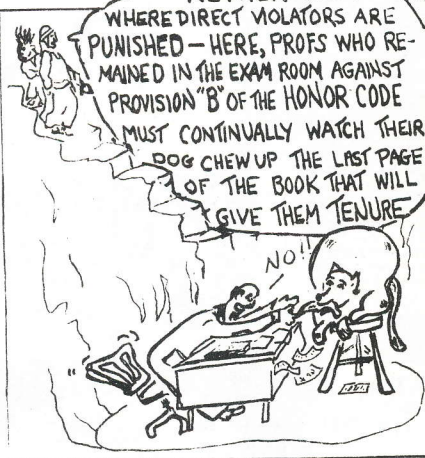
THESE HAPLESS SOULS NEGLECTED TO SIGN THE HONOR CODE

LIMBO CORP



AND ARE DOOMED TO SIT IN THE WAITING ROOM FOR AN INTERVIEW THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN.

NETHER HELL WHERE DIRECT VIOLATORS ARE PUNISHED — HERE, PROFS WHO REMAINED IN THE EXAM ROOM AGAINST PROVISION 'B' OF THE HONOR CODE MUST CONTINUALLY WATCH THEIR DOG CHEW UP THE LAST PAGE OF THE BOOK THAT WILL GIVE THEM TENURE



CONSPIRACY: PEOPLE WHO CONSPIRED TO GIVE THEIR CLASSMATES FALSE NOTES

WHAT IS THAT MOANING?

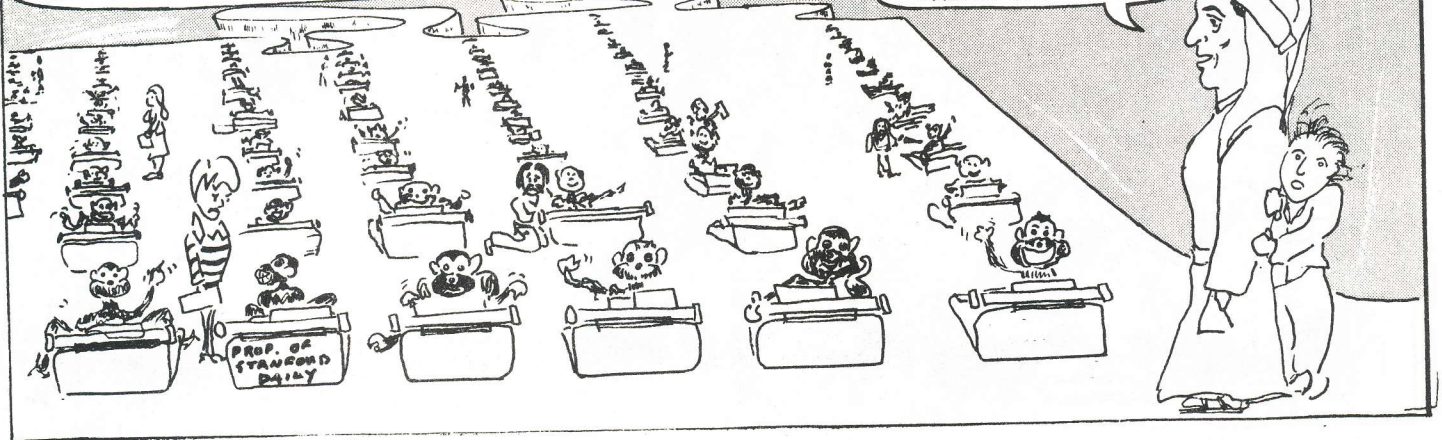
THEY'VE JUST DISCOVERED

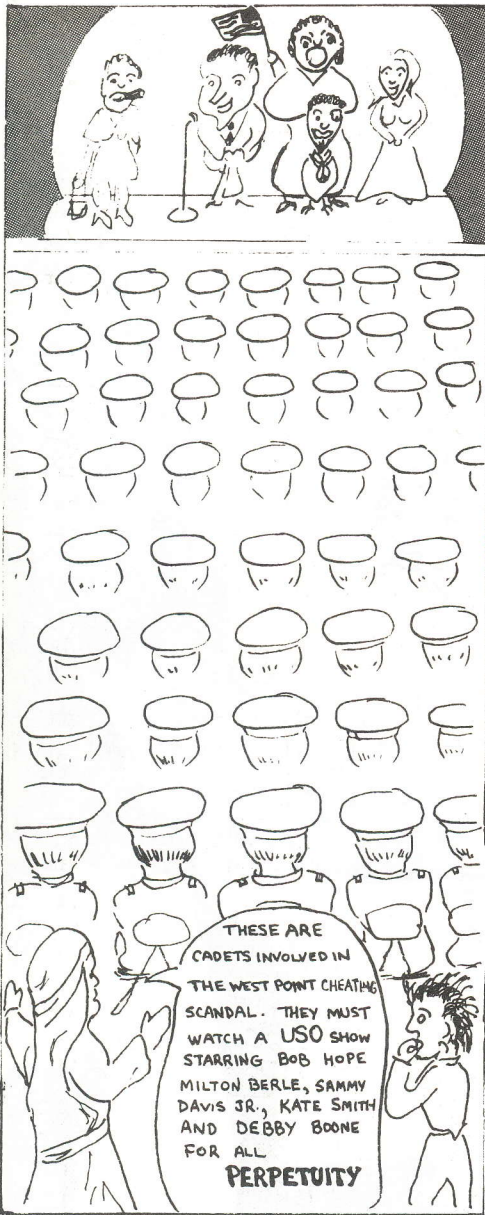
THEY'VE STUDIED THE WRONG CHAPTERS FOR TODAY'S EXAM



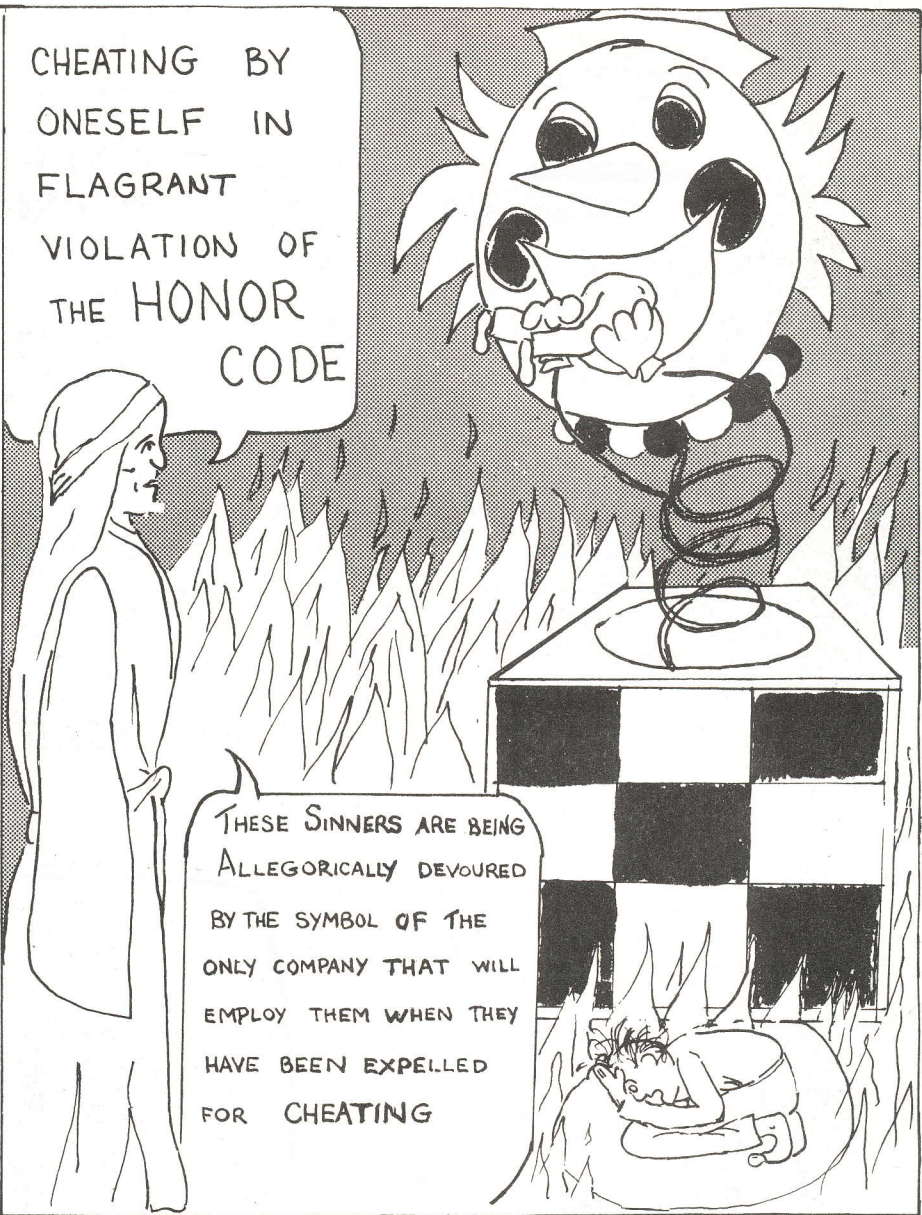
Oh my god shit fuck this Oh — mean Goddamn

CHEATING — AGAINST OTHERS: FOR LOOKING OFF ANOTHER'S PAPER THESE STUDENTS MUST SEARCH AMONG ONE THOUSAND MONKEYS AND ONE THOUSAND TYPEWRITERS FOR THE CORRECT ANSWER





THESE ARE  
CADETS INVOLVED IN  
THE WEST POINT CHEATING  
SCANDAL. THEY MUST  
WATCH A USO SHOW  
STARRING BOB HOPE  
MILTON BERLE, SAMMY  
DAVIS JR., KATE SMITH  
AND DEBBY BOONE  
FOR ALL  
**PERPETUITY**



CHEATING BY  
ONESELF IN  
FLAGRANT  
VIOLATION OF  
THE HONOR  
CODE

THESE SINNERS ARE BEING  
ALLEGORICALLY DEVoured  
BY THE SYMBOL OF THE  
ONLY COMPANY THAT WILL  
EMPLOY THEM WHEN THEY  
HAVE BEEN EXPELLED  
FOR CHEATING



SO, YOU SEE, KEN, VIOLATING THE  
HONOR CODE  
IS A SERIOUS CRIME AGAINST  
MAN AND NATURE.

GOSH!  
MR DANTE! I GUESS THERE'S NO  
SUBSTITUTE FOR GOOD STUDY HABITS  
BUT, BARRING THAT, IT'S BETTER  
TO FAIL WITH HONOR THAN TO  
PASS IN SHAME THANKS  
A BUNCH!



ONE WEEK LATER

YOU GOT A "B" ON THE  
MIDTERM, KEN. NOT TOO BAD.

I COULD'VE GOTTEN AN "A" IF I HAD  
A VIRTUOUS DECISION. CHEATED, BUT THAT  
MORAL CONDUCT IS IN  
THE SPIRIT OF  
THIS UNIVERSITY.

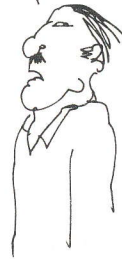
WOULD NOT  
HAVE BEEN  
MORALLY  
CORRECT

— REMEMBER, YOU  
ONLY CHEAT YOURSELF!

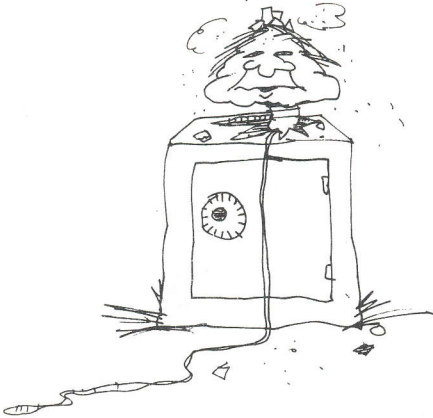
OH NO!

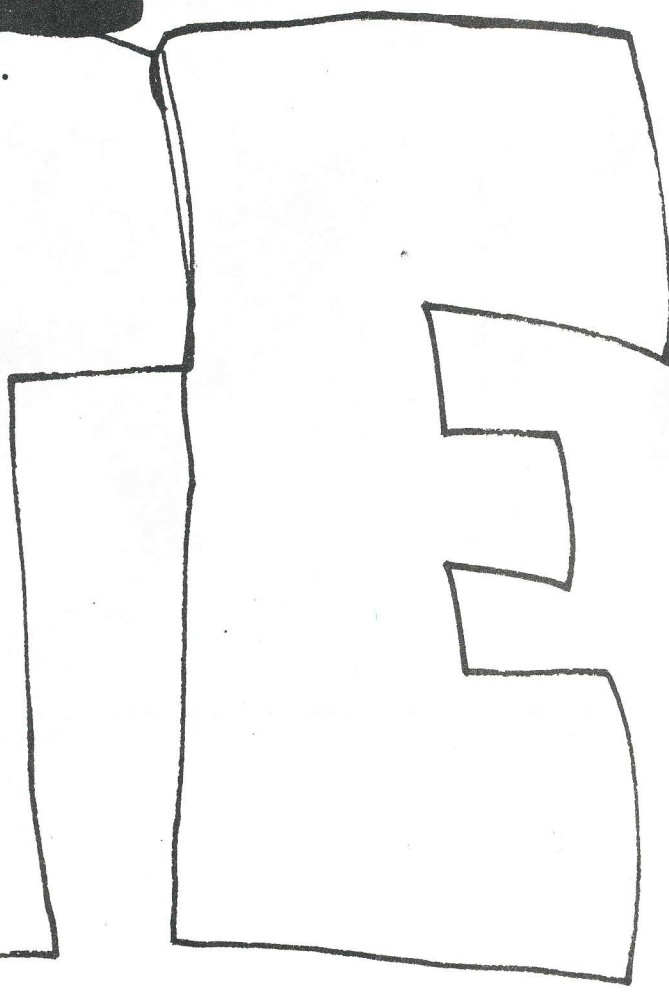


OH NO!



OH NO!





# FLEETWOOD MAC

## PLATINUM



PLATINUM. FLEETWOOD MAC'S NEW ALBUM.  
AVAILABLE ON WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS AND TAPES.





# VOMIT COMICS

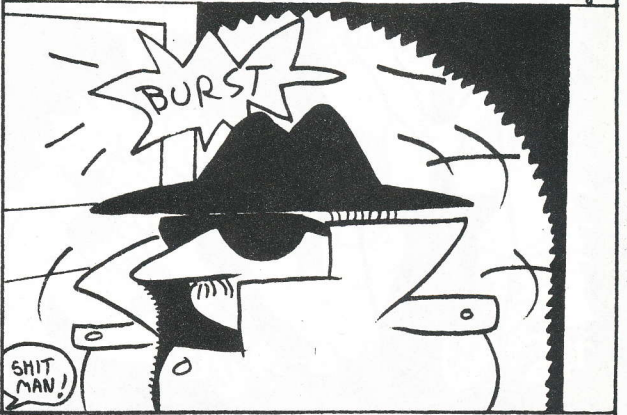
WE KILL EACH OTHER FOR KICKS — WE BEAT UP PUPPIES WITH STICKS — INTERCOURSE WITH A DUCK — 'CAUSE WE'RE PUNKS AND WE SUCK!!



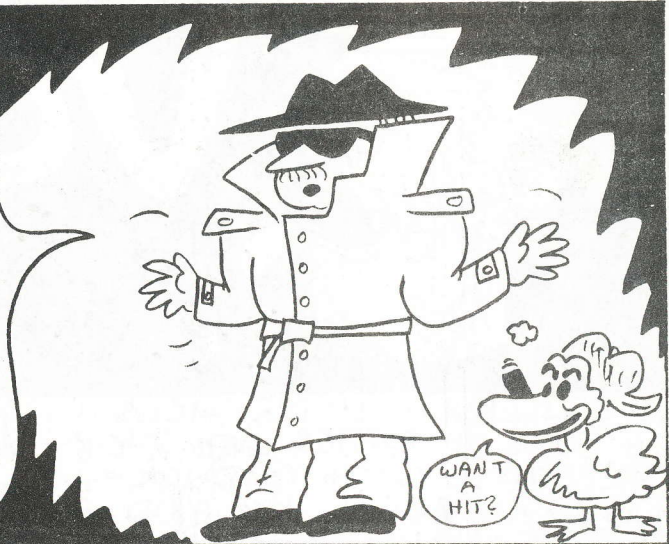
ANOTHER CONCERT ENDED. THE VILE FANS ARE SATIATED. JOHN VOMIT AND THE LEATHER SCABS GET READY TO TRUDGE OFF THE STAGE INTO THE SELF-INFLICTED OPEN SORE OF THEIR DRESSING ROOM: ANOTHER BATTLE WON IN THEIR REVOLT AGAINST THE NORMS SET BY STULTIFYING MASS SOCIETY...



CIA AGENT AND FORMER CHIMPS PATROL OFFICER, NED MERTZ, BURSTS INTO EXPLAIN A MISSION OF A MIND-GRINDING INTRIGUE TO OUR HEROES!



SCABS, THE NATION YOU DESPISE HAS A PROBLEM. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT DR. REVA LUTION, NOTED VULGARIAN PUNK ROCK CAFE OPERATOR, HAS BEEN SUSPECTED OF EXHUMING DEAD, DECAYING BODIES AND TAKING THEM TO HER LABORATORY. SHE IS PLANNING TO USE THESE BODIES IN A PUNK ROCK ACT. WE ARE MOST DISTRESSED BECAUSE WE BELIEVE SHE HAS STOLEN THE HEAD OF HIS DIVINE GRACE, A.C. BHAKTIVEDANTA SWAMI PRABHUPADA. THE BUCKMINSTER FULLER MUSEUM WANTS THE HEAD RETURNED IMMEDIATELY. YOU'LL HAVE NO PROBLEM PENETRATING THE MAD SCIENTIST'S "DESTRUCTION IS THE ULTIMATE CREATIVE ACT" CAFE.



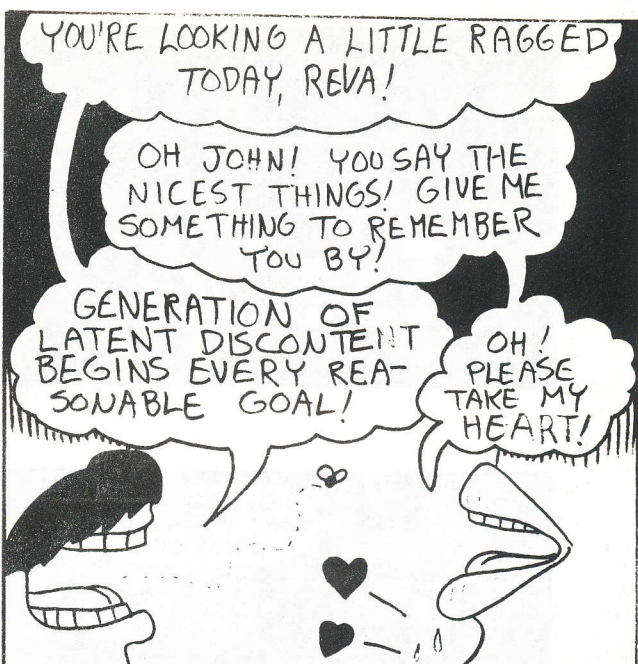
MERTZ LEAVES SO AS TO LET THE SCABS DECIDE...



THE SCABS HOP ON THEIR PERSONAL 747 AND FLY TO THEIR DESTINATION... VOMIT MEETS DR. REVA LUTION AND FOR THE "DR." IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!



THE SCABS SPLIT UP, BUT WHERE IS JOHN GOING?

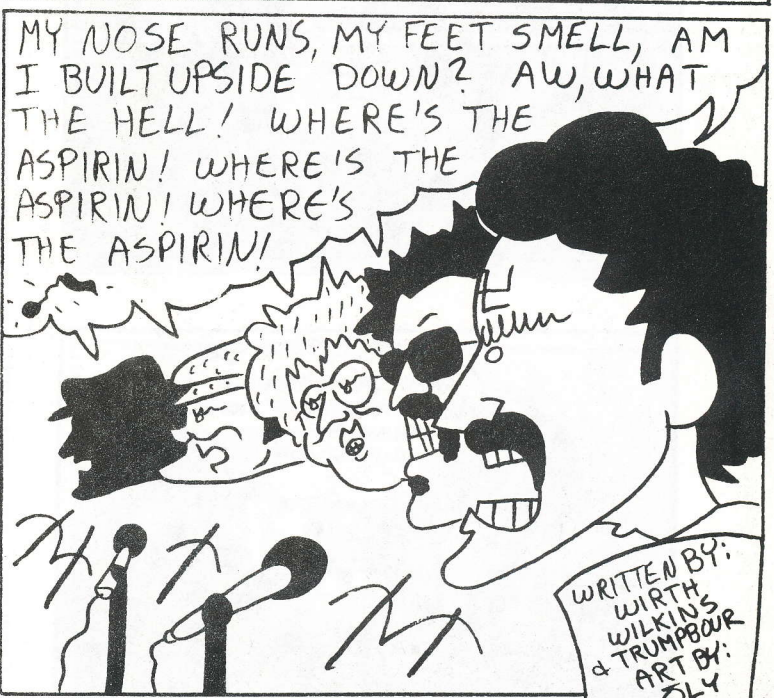


THE SCABS BREAK INTO THE ROOM AND ARE AMAZED AT THE DISCOVERY...



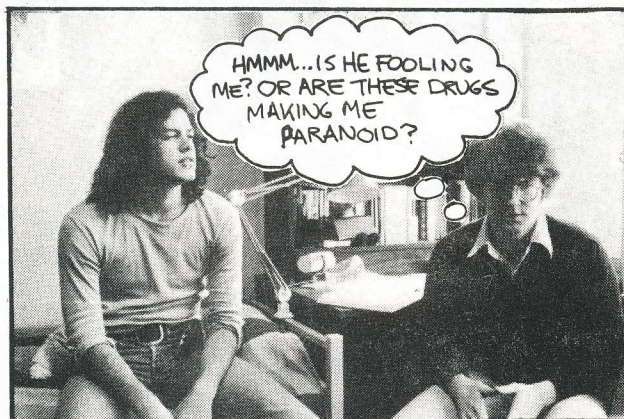
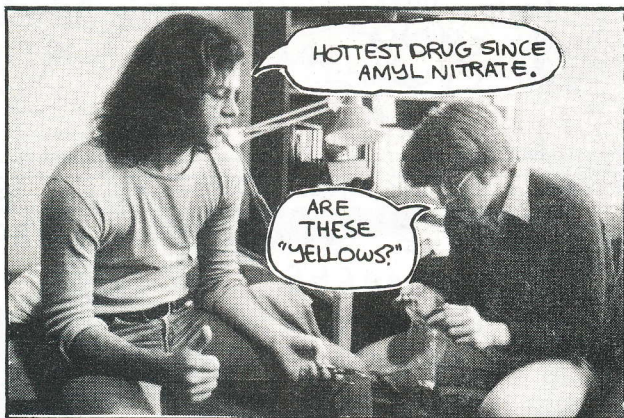
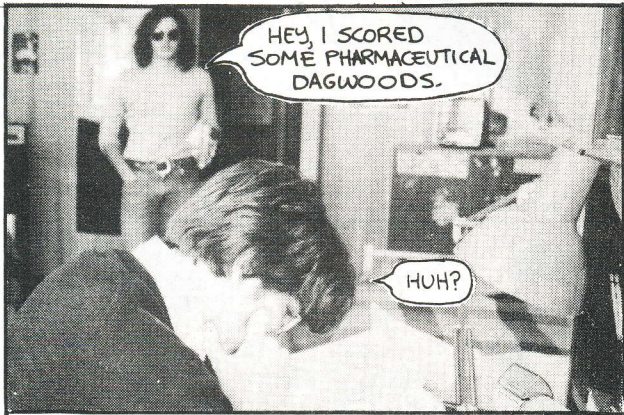
\*ED. NOTE: MAGGOT HWANG WAS THE FORMER LEAD VIOLINIST WITH THE SCABS.

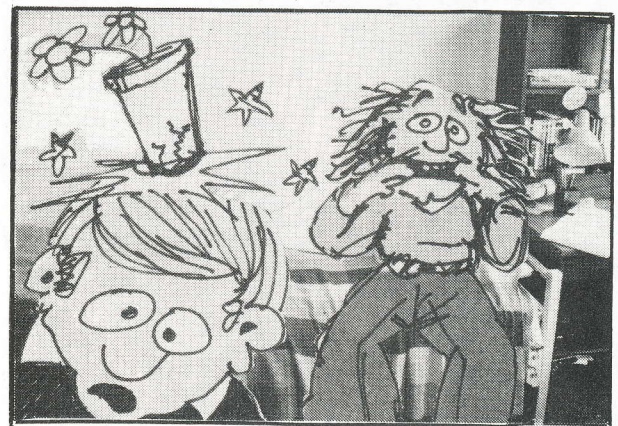
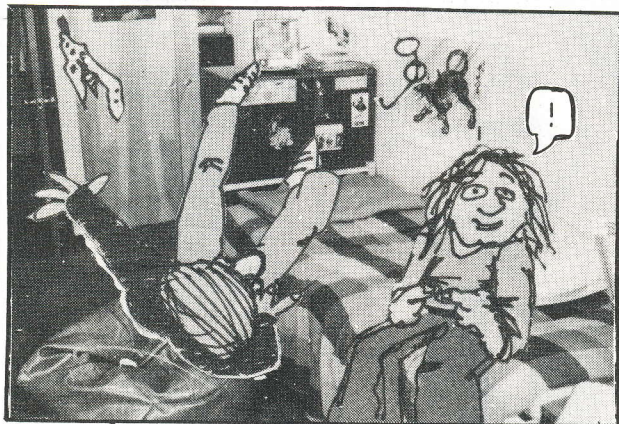
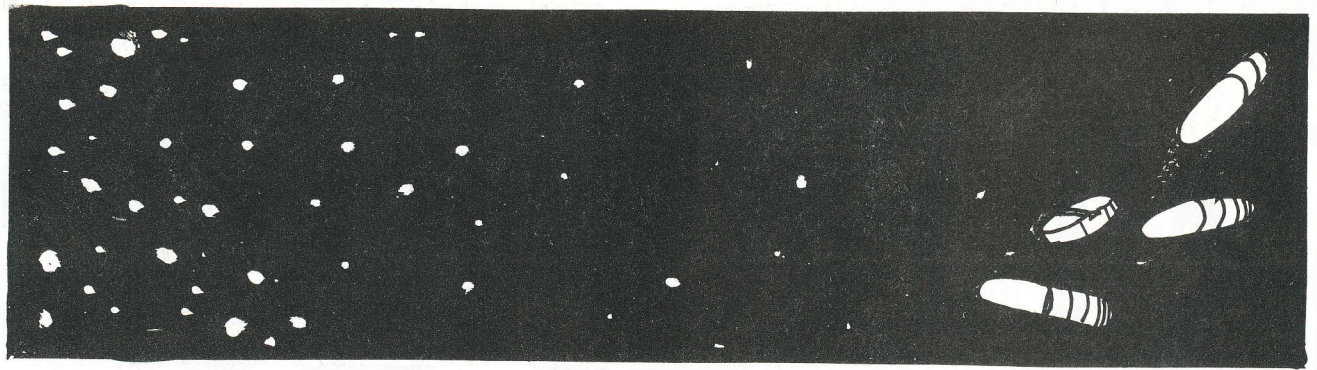
LET'S SING!



WRITTEN BY: WIRTH WILKINS & TRUMBOR ART BY: OLY

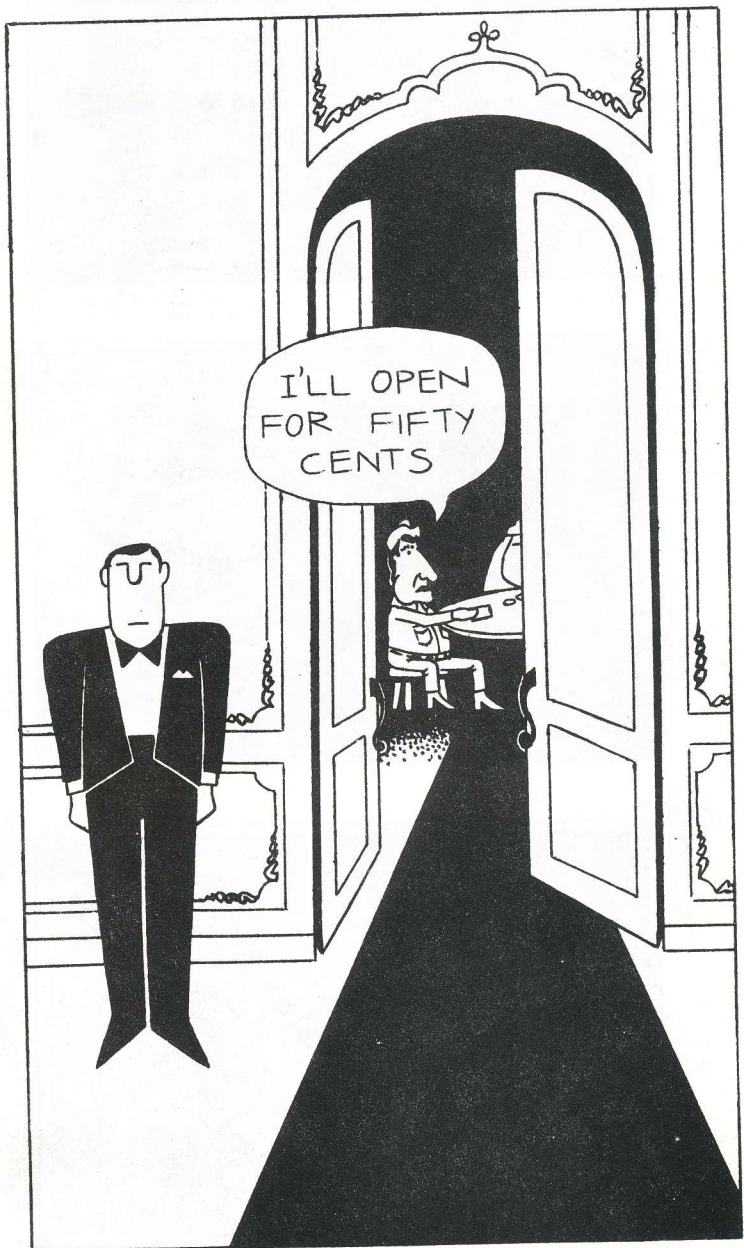
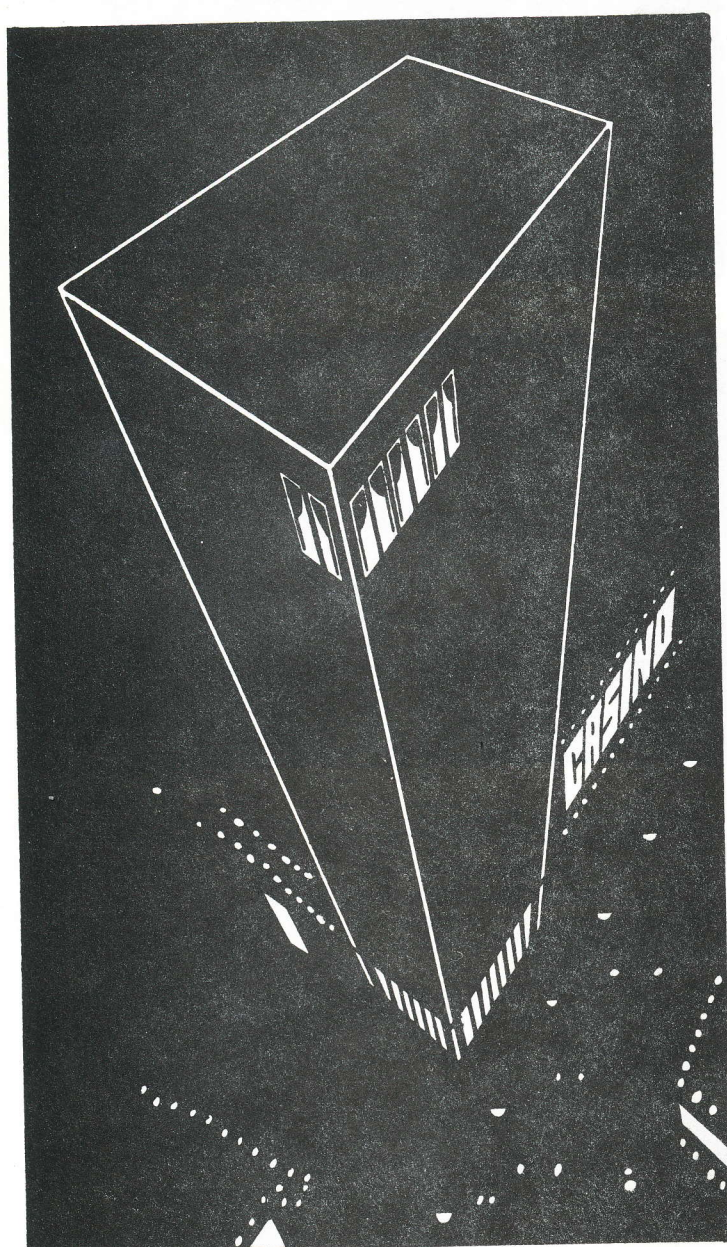
# the dagwoods





NOW THE CHAPARRAL INVITES YOU TO THE  
HAUNTS OF THE SUPERRICH, TO WITNESS

# BILLIONAIRES AT PLAY



DID YOU KNOW THAT A BILLION DOLLARS  
IN ONES MAKES A STACK 47 MILES HIGH?

NO KIDDING?  
BUT DID YOU KNOW  
THAT IF YOU LAID  
THEM END TO END  
THEY'D STRETCH  
AROUND THE WORLD  
FOUR TIMES?  
I'LL CALL.

THAT'S NUTHIN'. I COULD  
SPEND \$300,000 A DAY  
OUT OF A BILLION  
AND NEVER TOUCH  
MY CAPITAL.  
I'LL SEE YOU  
AND RAISE  
TWO BITS.

THAT'S TOO  
STEEP FOR  
ME. I FOLD.

I'LL  
CALL

DITTO

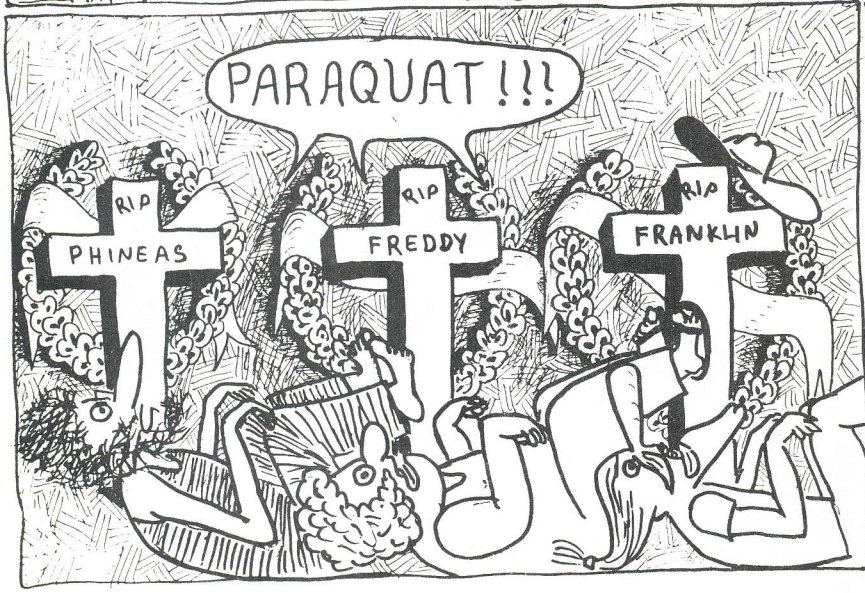
FULL HOUSE. I WIN!  
I WIN! AHAHA-  
HAHAHAHA!

CHRIST, DIDN'T  
ANYBODY TELL  
THIS CLOWN WE'RE  
PLAYING FOR  
FUNSIES?

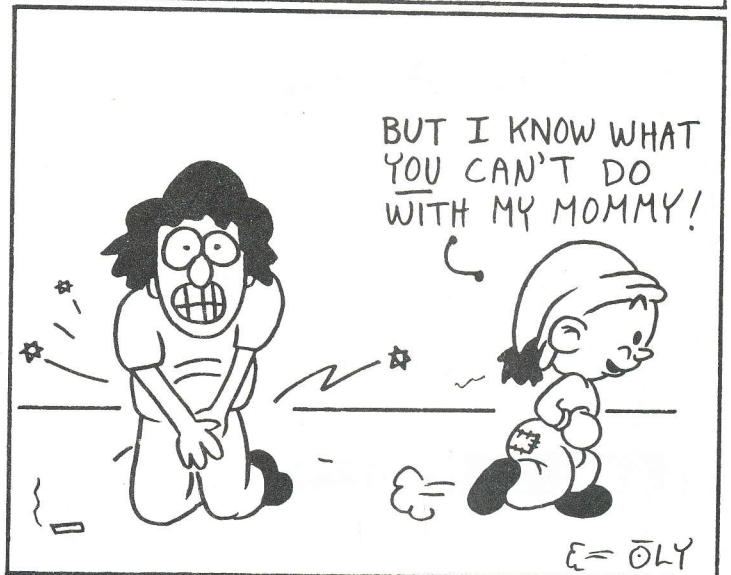
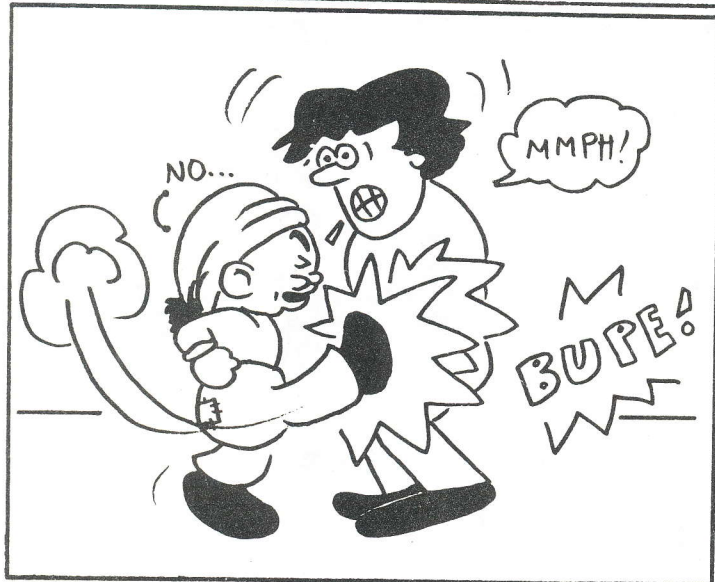
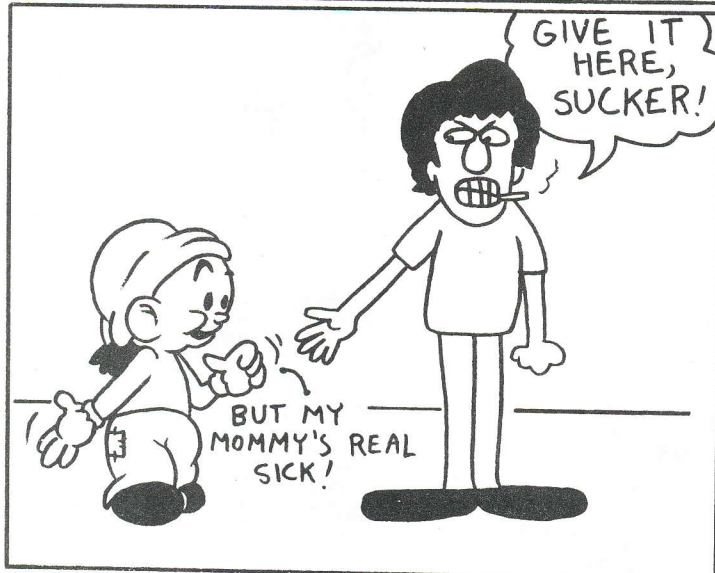
THOSE FABULOUS BERRY BREAK BROTHERS

**NEVER HIGHER EVER AGAIN**

SHELTON + SHERIDAN







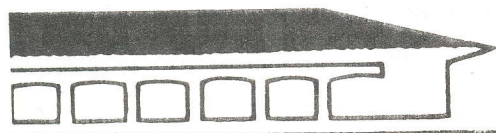
← bookstore



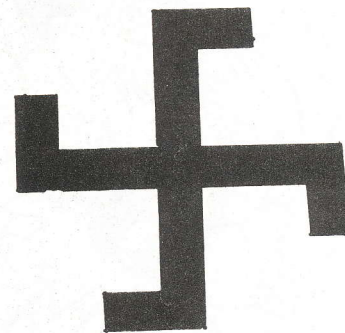
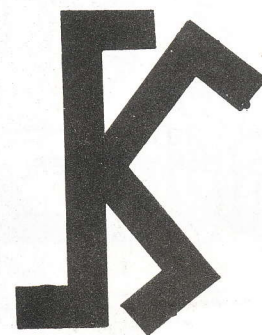
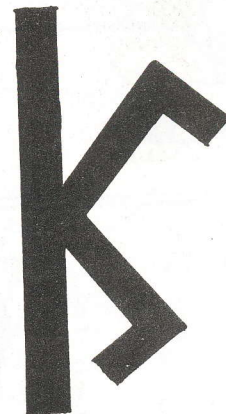
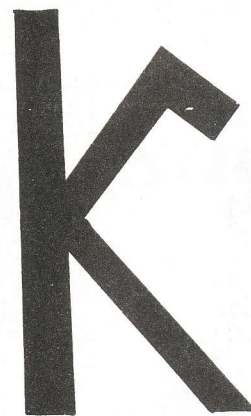
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deal around.**



**Stanford  
Bookstore**



*R.*

**KKK**



SATURDAY  
NIGHT  
LEPROSY

WELL YOU  
CAN TELL  
BY THE  
WAY...

I USE  
MY  
WALK...

I'M A  
WOODMAN'S  
MAN...

NO TIME  
TO TALK...

AH  
HA  
HA  
HA...

STAYIN'  
ALI-

...VUH.

AND NOW...  
LIVE FROM  
NEW YORK  
IT'S...

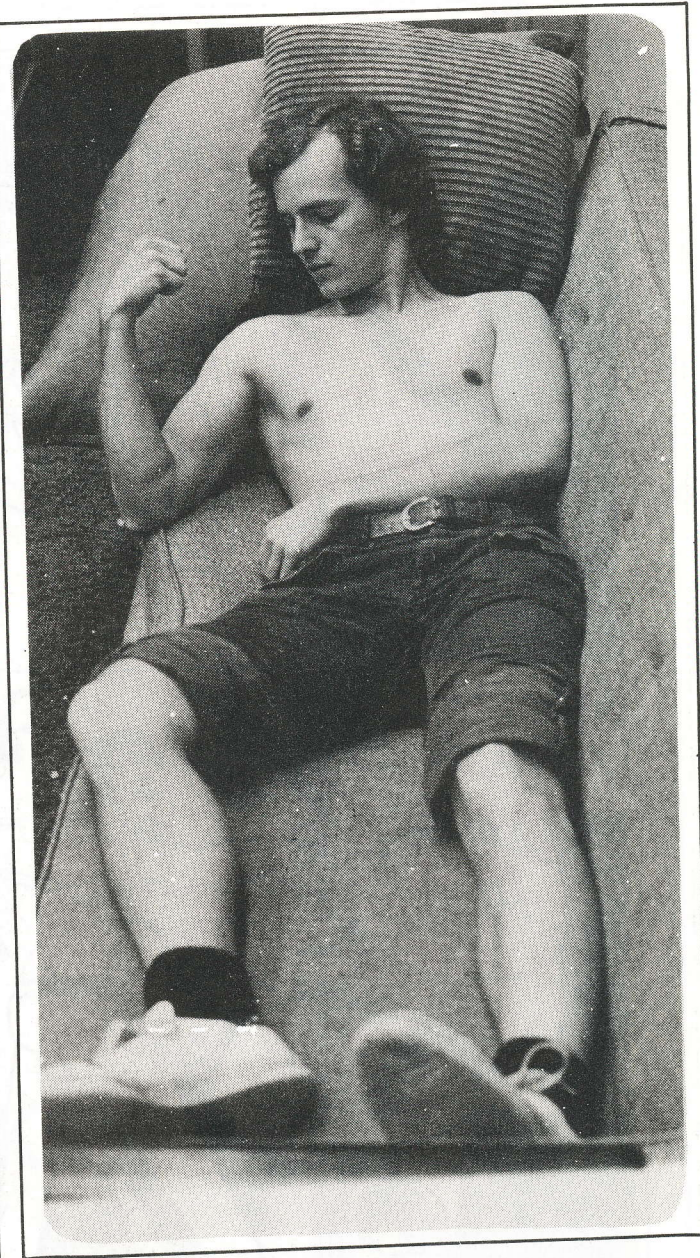
# Boys of the

# PAC-8

It has been the fate of more than one traveller, after making his or her way to the sunny shores of America's golden west coast to gasp in wonder, awe, or excitement upon first seeing the magnificence God has rendered there. It is this extreme proliferation of beauty, coupled with the arousing sense of things unknown, which calls, like the Sirens of old, to the finest young men in the world, drawing them to enroll in Pacific universities, and adorn its beaches. And it is these young men who beckon the faithful lensmiths of the *Chaparral* to try and capture their mystique on film.

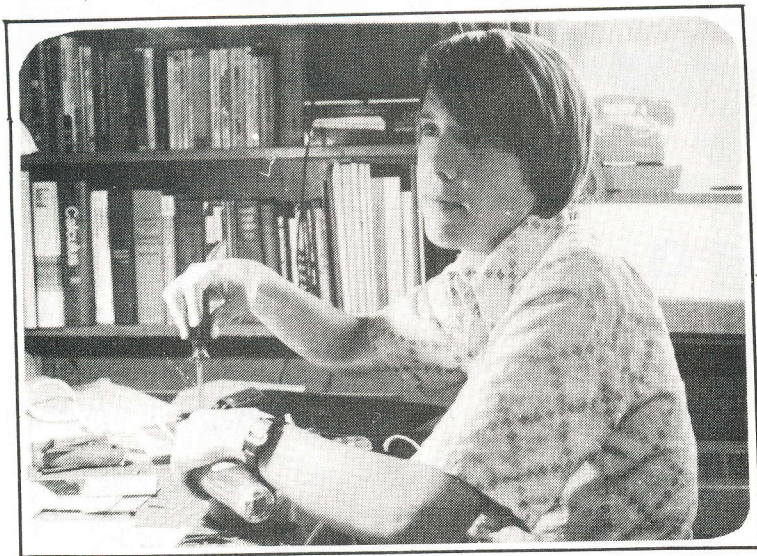
So, from the glitter of Southern California, to the wild ruggedness of the Pacific Northwest, to the carefree peace of Northern California, we went in search of those "special of the special," the cream from the top of the crop; the men with a certain "je ne sais pas" — The Boys Of The Pac 8.

As Horace Greeley once drooled, "Come West, young virile, attractive man."

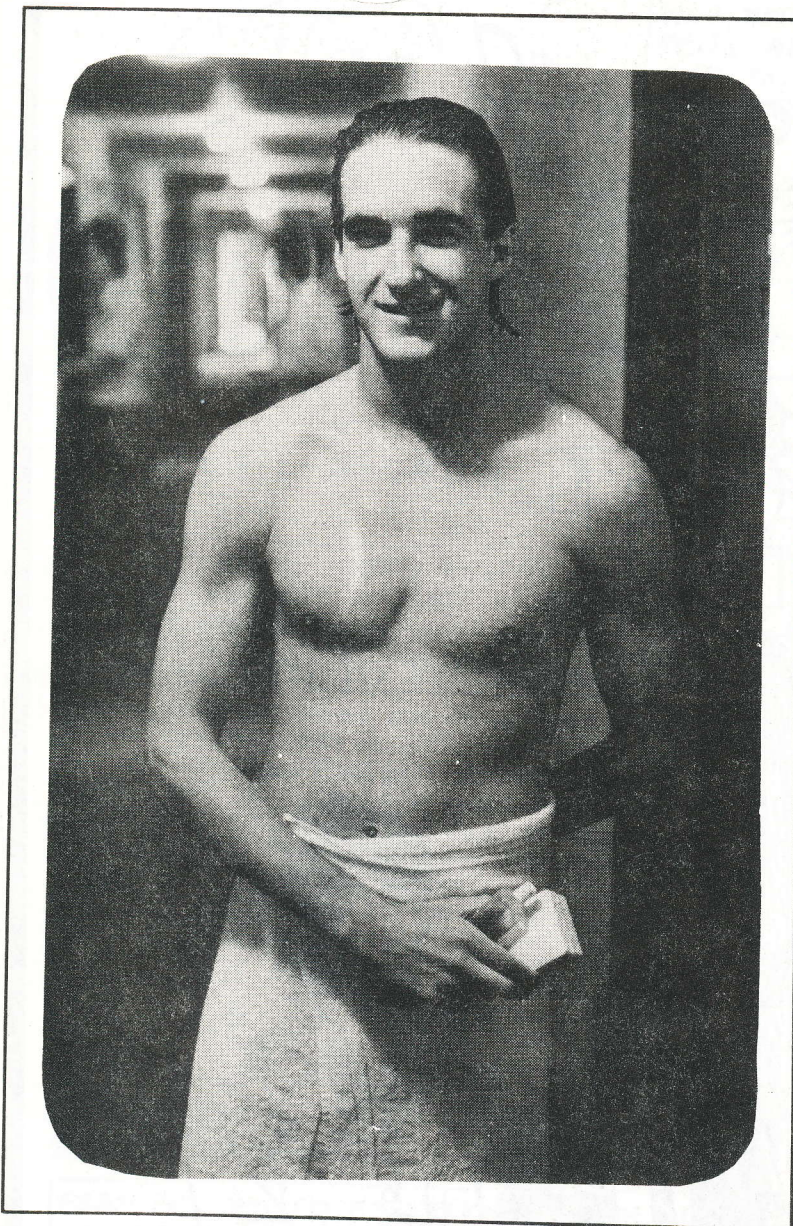


## BART CORRIGAN — USC 1978 PAC-MATE OF THE YEAR

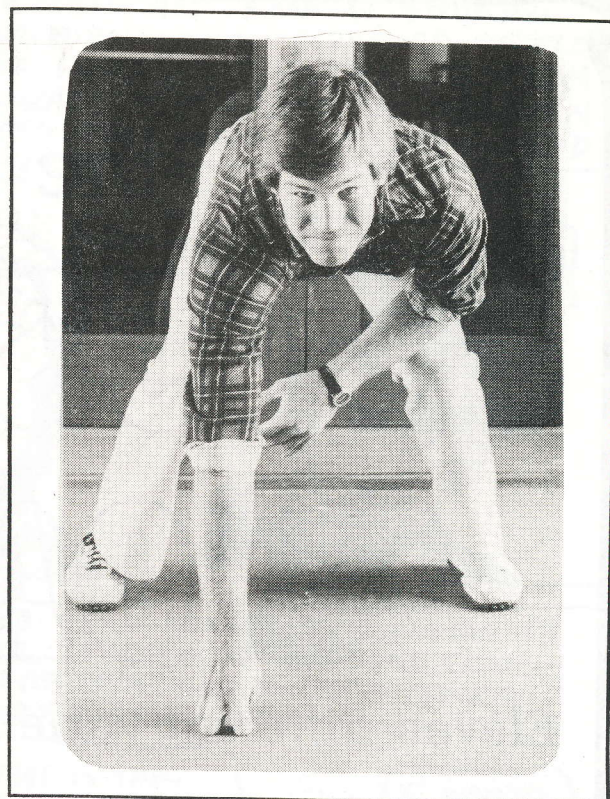
When Bart Corrigan was informed of his selection as 1978 PAC-mate of the Year, he first said he was not surprised. But the Southern Cal senior later confessed: "It took almost a week for the full impact to set in." This young Apollo, who is a classics major, strives to pattern his body after the same well-chistled features and proportions as that of ancient Greek sculpture. "There is nothing quite so awe-inspiring," he comments. The Fresno native related some feelings on posing: "What are my reasons for wanting to be a PAC-mate? Oh, I suppose I want to show my body to the world. To say, 'Hello out there. Enjoy!'"



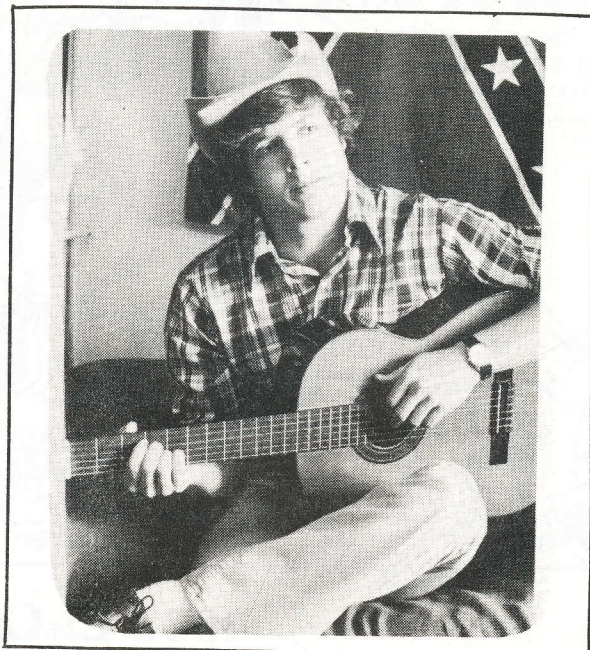
Clark Proctor — Stanford University Palo Alto resident Clark Proctor is shown here, absentmindedly tooling a recent E.E. project. When caught in the act, he candidly revealed: "What were once devices are now habits." Proctor maintains a 4.0 G.P.A., and his PAC-mate selection disproves the notion that those selected are "all body with no brains."



*Maynard Bannister — Oregon State*  
 A close runner-up to our PAC-mate of the year, OSU long distance man Maynard Bannister ran a sizzling 3:57.9 mile in the Eugene Relays last spring. But Maynard sizzles off the track as well. "I like to think I've gotten it together sexually," he muses. "A woman's physical attractiveness used to be the most important thing, but I'm more concerned with her emotional make-up. Not that I don't like attractive women — it's just not the most crucial aspect anymore."



*Above: Rock Harmon — UCLA* This blue-eyed Bruin fears that being a halfback on the UCLA football team results in his being stereotyped as an "insensitive brute." On the other hand, he readily admits: "I agree that pictures meant to be sexy should not be too pretty. I'd rather show virility — it's much more honest."  
*Below: Dan Crocker — Washington State* When interviewed, Cougar econ major "Dixie Crocker provided us with an unusual anecdote about how he ended up in the Evergreen State. "I thought this here was Washington and Lee University," he drawled. Speaking on his PAC-mate selection, Crocker suggested: "If my pictures are sexy, that's only incidental. I just try to be natural."



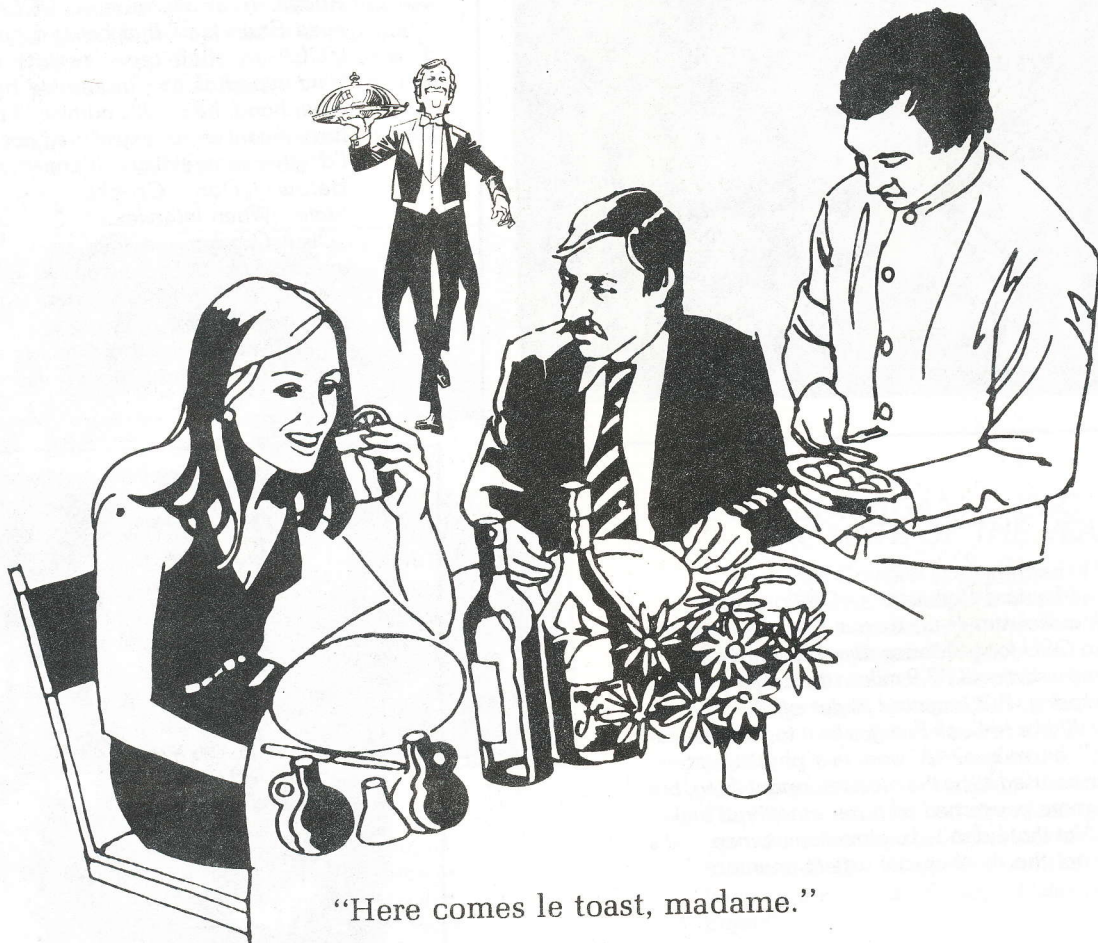
experience

the Los Altos

# HOUSE OF TOAST

Eleven different varieties

"The toast of the town."



"Here comes le toast, madame."

"Yum."

4032 El Camino, Los Altos

# STAN & FRAN

BY  
EVAN BRAUN

MEET STAN N. FORD AND FRAN W. SNURD.... THEY'RE ROOMMATES HERE AT STANFORD. PEOPLE WHO KNOW THE PAIR ARE WONT TO CALL THEM FELIX AND OSCAR; STAN IS INTO DRUGS, WOMEN AND FAST CARS. FRAN LIKES MATH, PHYSICS AND HIS MOTHER!



STAN

FRAN

WANT TO "DO" SOME COKE?

WANT TO "DO" SOME PROBLEM SETS??

ON JUST ABOUT EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, OUR FRIENDS ENGAGE IN THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION....



CHOW, FRAN... TONIGHT I'M GOING OUT WITH SUE, CINDY, JULIE AND VICKI! I HOPE VICKI LIKES MY NEW PORSCHE; I BOUGHT A SILVER ONE JUST TO PLEASE HER... HAVE FUN WITH YOUR WORK... I'LL BE BACK AT AROUND FIVE IF I DON'T SPEND THE NIGHT WITH VICKI....

DO YOU THINK IT WISE TO PARTY LIKE THAT BEFORE YOU PLAY IN THE "LARGE" GAME TOMORROW?

THAT'S THE "BIG" GAME, CHUMP... ..ALOHA!!!

THE NEXT MORNING WHILE STAN IS OUT STARRING IN THE GAME, FRAN, AFTER FINISHING HIS MATH, COMES ACROSS STAN'S BONG....



WHAT IS THIS THING ANYWAY??

I WONDER HOW IT WORKS!!

???

HEY... I THINK THERE'S SOME MARIJUANA IN THAT THING ON THE SIDE!!!

FRAN DECIDES TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE DRUG... HE FIGURES THE EFFECT CAN'T BE MUCH DIFFERENT THAN DRINKING BEER, WHICH HE DID ONCE! SINCE STAN IS GONE, HE'LL SUFFER NO EMBARRASSMENT....



SHOULD I PUT MY NOSE IN THE TOP? HEY!!! THIS THING IS BUBBLING!

I FEEL SORT OF FUNNY...

KNOCK KNOCK!

AT THE DOOR IS VICKI, STAN'S FAVORITE FOX!!!



HI!

HELLL-O!

IS STAN BACK YET? NO... BUT WHY DON'T YOU COME IN, AND WE'LL "TOKE" SOME "RADICAL" "WEED"!!! OKAY BY ME! GIGGLE!!!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, STAN IS COMING UP THE STAIRS TO THE DORM!!! LITTLE DOES HE KNOW!!!!



VICKI WILL BE SO PROUD OF ME AFTER MY 26 T.D.'S IN TODAY'S GAME!!

TO BE CONTINUED!

## 13 IS CAL'S UNLUCKY NUMBER

Advocates of Jarvis-Gann would have one believe that the referendum will merely "salami-slice" essential government services. Don't get sucked in by the words of that mealy-mouthed duo, Howard Jarvis and Paul Gann. Let's face it, Nobel Prize winners in economics, Paul Samuelson and Kenneth Arrow, have told us that Proposition 13 is not just a two-bit salami slicer, but is a damn sledgehammer. Get the facts and vote no . . . June 6.

Thank you——

Citizens Alliance against Political Neanderthalism

# NO ON 13



Hoodlum devastates windshield. Under normal circumstances today, this rogue would be brought to justice — but severe police cut-backs necessitated by Jarvis-Gann might preclude his swift apprehension and incarceration.



Are you fed up with—

- \* Bungling bureaucrats who can't park a bicycle straight?
- \* Welfare chistlers?
- \* And a government bent on fleecing you, the law-abiding taxpayer?



California citizens impoverished after receiving '77-'78 property tax assessments.

## TWO PARTY SYSTEM

Tax the living — Tax the dead  
Tax the unborn fore they're fed  
Tax his heat — Tax his meat  
To pad the politician seat  
Tax his heart — Tax his hide  
So government officials have a ride  
Tax his horse — Tax his ass  
Tax him for that overpass  
Tax his cow — Tax her calf  
Tax him for the lazy half  
Tax his car — Tax his gas  
Tax the road that he must pass  
Tax his house — Tax his land  
Tax his worn out, broken hands  
Tax his fun, his fear, his sorrow  
For that far off great tomorrow  
Tax his pay roll — Tax his sale  
Tax him if he tries or fails  
Tax his water — Tax his waste  
Politicians are the master race  
Tax his gamble — Tax his hope  
Teach him government is no joke  
Tax his pipe — Tax his smoke  
Tax for two faced foreign folk  
When at last his life has fled  
Tie a string to all the dead  
Tax his coffin — Tax his stone  
Tax his loved one to the bone  
Tax his will — his gift to all  
Tax him to the gates of hell  
So good guy, Sucker, Slave or Fool  
You Scheme and fight and die for WHOM  
Answer true: WHO WORKS for WHOM

# YES ON 13



WAR AND PEACE

THE YEAR, 1805: BONAPARTE'S TROOPS RAVAGE EUROPE. CONFLICT BETWEEN FRANCE AND RUSSIA SEEMS INEVITABLE. ALL HISTORY IN THE BALANCE. MEANWHILE, AT THE SOIREE OF ANNA PAVLOVNA IN ST. PETERSBURG...



WHY, YOU PIERRE BEZHOUV! AND IN SUCH SOCIETY TOO

I KNEW YOU WOULD BE HERE PRINCE ANDREY BOLKONSKY

MEANWHILE IN THE MOSCOW HOME OF THE ROSTOV...



YES NATASHA ROSTOV I LOVE YOU.

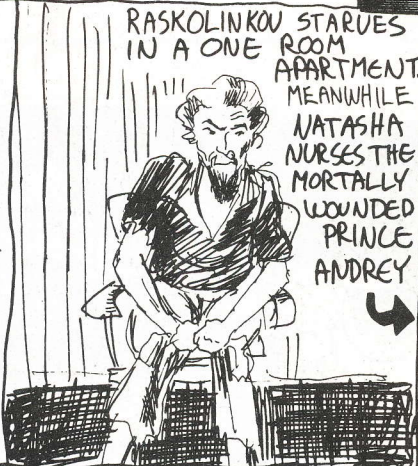
OH BORIS

...BORIS DRUBETSKOY, SON OF A FRIEND OF COUNTESS ROSTOV, DECLARES HIS LOVE FOR THE 13 YEAR OLD NATASHA ROSTOV, BUT INSISTS THAT THEY WAIT FOUR YEARS BEFORE MARRYING. NATASHA'S BROTHER, NIKOLAY, AN OFFICER IN THE HUSSARS WHO WILL LATER MARRY PRINCESS MARYA BOLKONSKY, LOVES SONYA, A POOR RELATION WHO GOES ON TO DEVOTE HER LIFE TO HIM...

BUT NIKOLAY AND PRINCE ANDRE GO TO WAR...



MEANWHILE, PIERRE MARRIES ELLEN KUROGIN, FIGHTS A DUEL OVER HER HONOR WITH DOLOH A PENNILESS CARDSHARP AND BULLY, AND WINS. HE JOINS THE FREEMASONS AND DEVOTES HIMSELF TO GOOD ACTS, BECOMES DISILLUSIONED, AND COMFORTS NATASHA AFTER SHE IS ABDUCTED BY ANATOLE KURAGIN, THE HEDONISTIC BROTHER OF ELLEN...



RASKOLNIKOV STARVES IN A ONE ROOM APARTMENT. MEANWHILE NATASHA NURSES THE MORTALLY WOUNDED PRINCE ANDREY



I UNDERSTAND THE QUALITY OF DIVINE LOVE!

OTHER PEOPLE GET INVOLVED...



ALEXANDER I, TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS

SPERANSKY, AN INTELLECTUAL

PFUHL, A GENERAL

CANNON FODDER

IPPOLIT NURAGIN, AN IDIOT

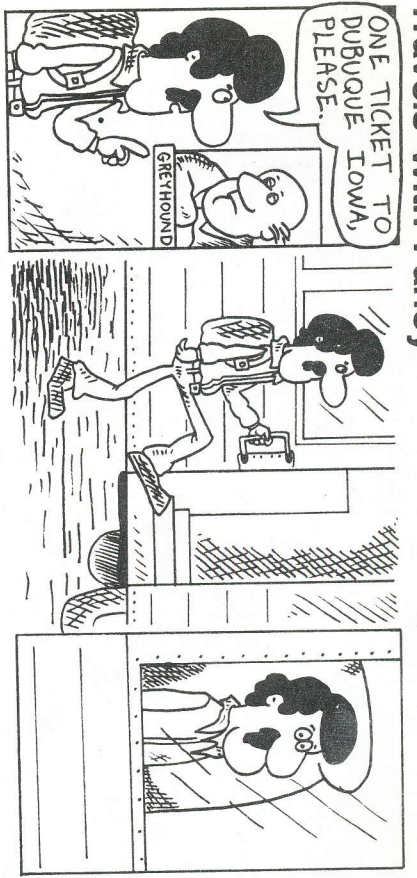
PIERRE ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON, IS NEARLY EXECUTED, BUT DISCOVERS AN INTENSE FREEDOM IN PRISON...



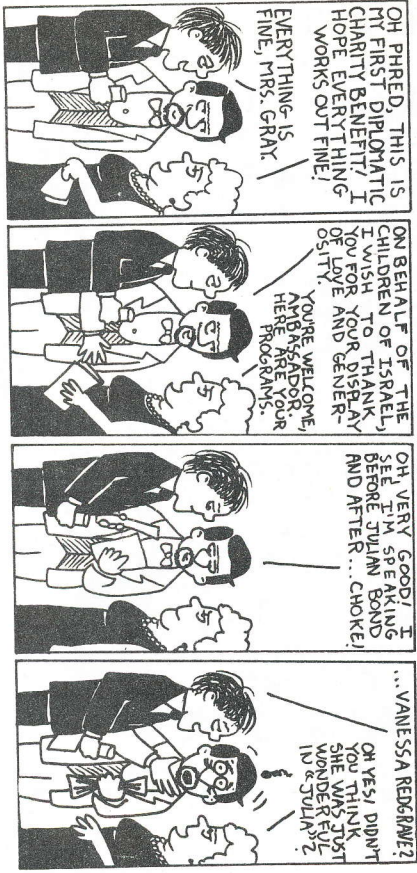
"AS LONG AS THERE IS LIFE, THERE IS HAPPINESS!"

FINIS

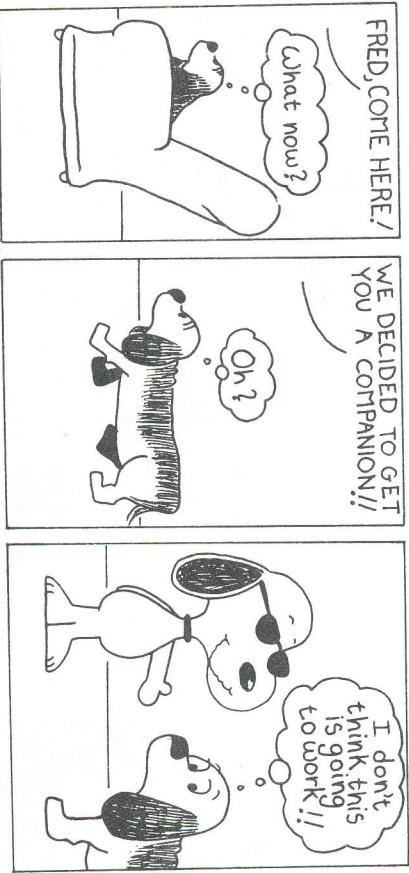
**Travels With Farley**



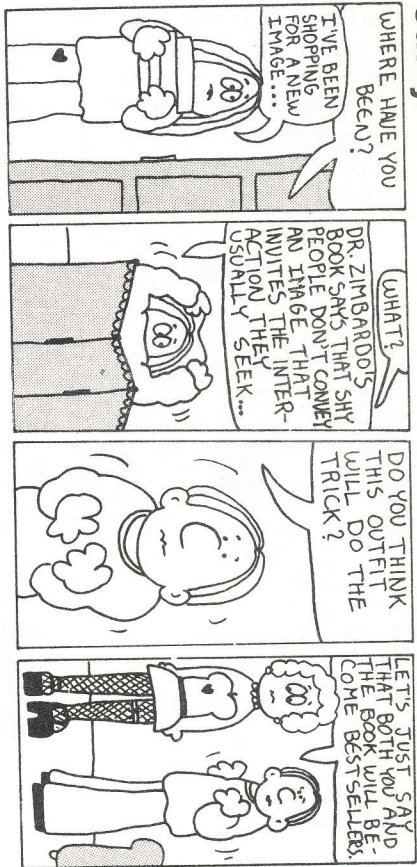
**Doonesbury**



**Fred Basset**



**Cathy**



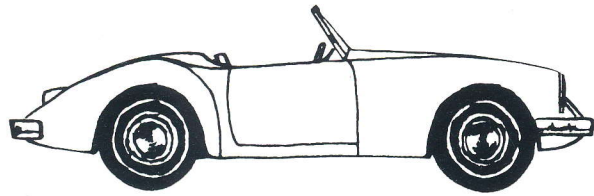
**Broom Hilda**



**Casey**



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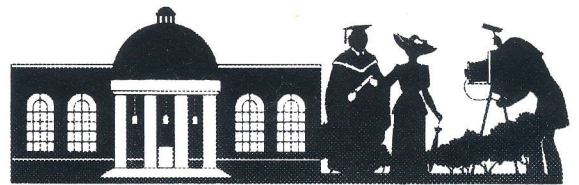
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