

STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Winter 1982-83

One Dollar

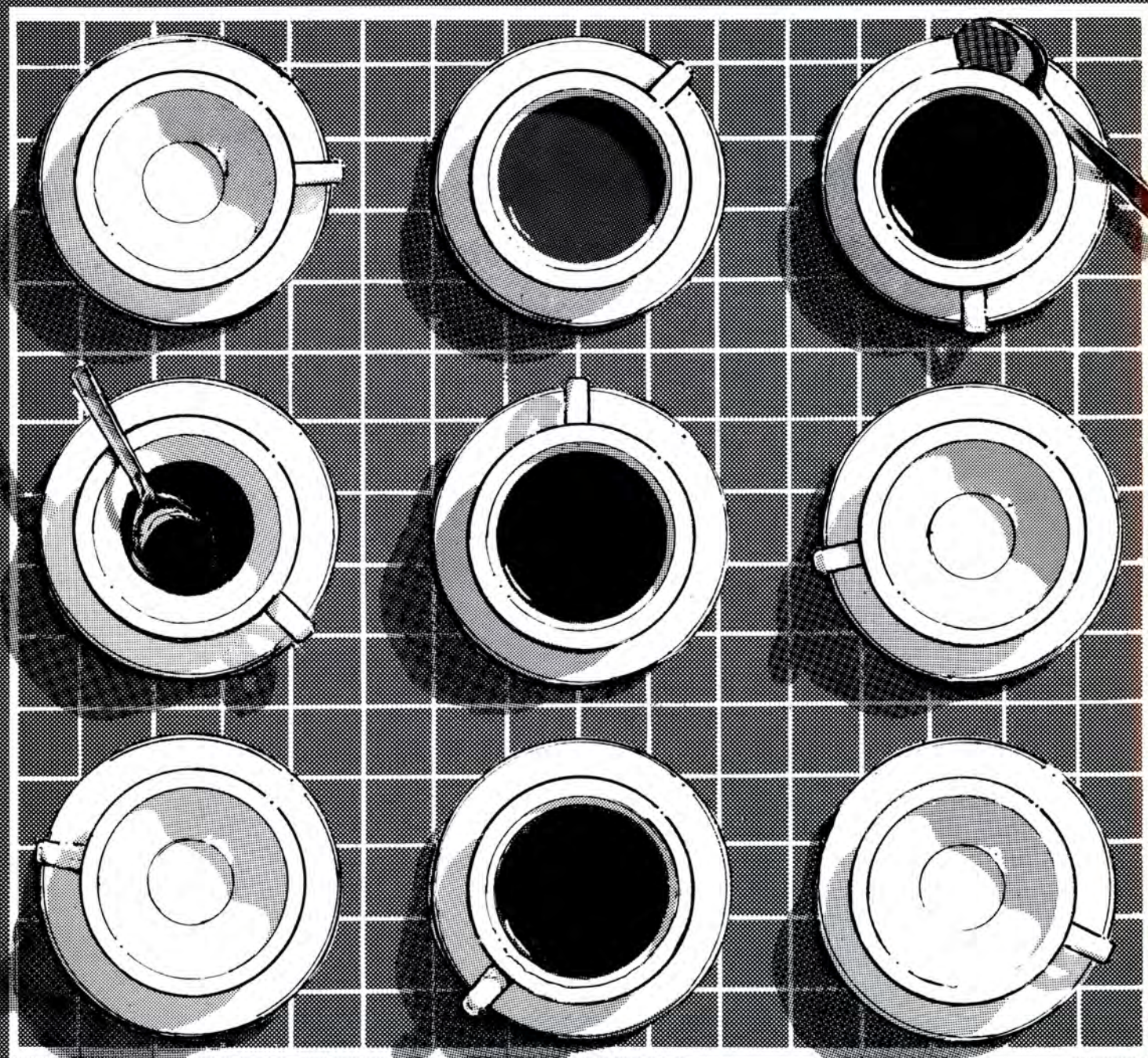
GETTING BY



- Free Poster
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- Commie Chuckles
- Paperback Nightmare

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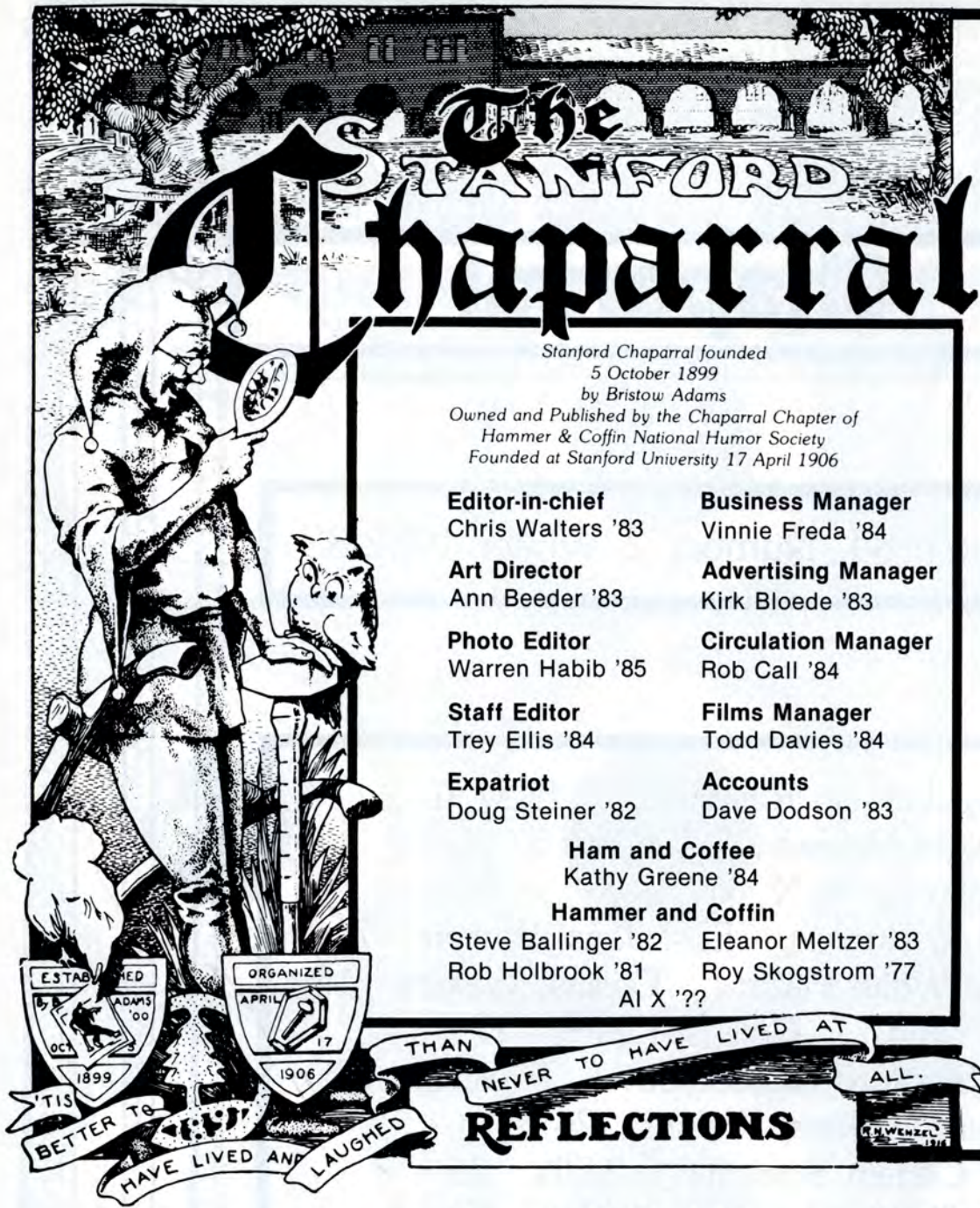
M-Th 9am-12pm, F 9am-1am, S 10am-1am, S 10am-12pm

Chaparral

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Copyright 1982 by the Stanford Chaparral. All rights reserved. Typesetting by Community Graphics. I'm happy. Are You? Wouldn't it be nice if the whole world could join hands, circle the earth, and see how long the resulting string is? If you have a better idea, please write . . . Editor, Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 8585, Storke Building, Stanford, California 94305.



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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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 AI X '??

REFLECTIONS

ASIN THAT

is my curb spot, boy, and I surely would appreciate it if you found someplace else to park your butt so's an old man can get some rest. What's that 'cha say? Course I know yer from Stanford, I can read yer lousy T-shirt, if even if ya h'ain't washed it fer two months. Don't make no difference to me. Matter fact, I'm a Stanford man myself.

Dang right. Class of '44, and

proud of it. Why, I still remember the gang on graduation day, linking arms, tossing mortarboards in the air, and catching 'em in our teeth. Those was the days, sonny, before all these infernal hula-hoop fashion fads and junk food picnic outings ya read about in the yella pages every Friday.

Wadda ya mean I'm crazy? I'm no crazier than that lawyer walkin' down the other side a the street there. Yea, I can see he's got his shoelaces tied to his briefcase, that ain't the point. Listen, you sass me boy, and you be wishin' you was back

with those friends of yours in Westphalia or some such place.

What? Course I had a major. ROTC, boy, only decent major for a man to take. Problem was, thay went ahead and called the dang war off right in the middle of my basic, so's I'm left out in the cold with two cases of blank shells and this little red card with a tree on it.

You think times are tough now, boy, you shoulda seen it back then. Everywhere I went it was the same old sob story: "I'd be happy to hire you, young man, but you're going to have to stop kicking at my desk."

Not to say I'm resentful. It's been a good life, sonny, and don't let any random passerby tell you otherwise. Why, you scruffy young folk won't be satisfied 'till you get yer hands on one of them expensive Bulgarian cheese spreaders, but me, I'm just as happy as I'll ever be with my bag of gravel and dried seaweed.

I've paid my dues, boy, and that's all there is to it. Like the time in '49 when I crossed the country in a bobsled. Course 'twasn't easy, or I wouldn't of had to pay so much to do it. Then there was the Great Artichoke Problem of '57, you remember that? Whadda ya mean, no? You young people just got no respect fer yer elders, that's all.

I tell ya, things I see today just want to make me pack up and move to Atherton. Used car wash salesmen dealin' Lucky Strikes to preschool tykes, pornographic test patterns on public television, Remco "Pro-League" hockey games on sale at half price at Toys-R-Us: what's the

world comin' to? I don't know.

Say boy, come back here, where you goin'? You know, I like you kid. why, you remind me of myself at your age: young, tough, ambitious, and smelly. Whoo-ee, you pack a powerful punch there, where'd you learn to smell like that? Never mind, just rub some of this on yourself. No it ain't manure, it's guacamole. That's it, don't forget yer elbows. Heh, heh, you sure look stupid, and ya still smell. I always been a sucker fer a quick laugh. Hey, why don't you think they call me "Old Shankster" anyway? Actually, they don't. I just made it up. I wonder what it means?

Anyway, son, if there's one thing I've learned in life, it's... no, I guess I never really learned that. Look, kid, it you're smart, you'll get a good job, make a lot of money, throw it away, and get another good job. Don't stop 'till your resume is full, then throw that away. Never look back, boy, only look stupid, like you do with that dip all over your face. Heh, heh.

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PEOPLE WHO USE CANADIAN COINS
 DESERVE WHAT THEY GET —



Rumpelstiltskin Revisited

For weeks the old man had been watching the playground. His fiery eyes caught each child and then moved on. But like the eyes of a sniper they finally knew when they found their target.

Calista was too excited about her upcoming birthday to notice that queer old man. In two days she would be ten and her parents had promised her a new bicycle—a Hervuet, imported from Switzerland.

The next day, however, the old man and his flies left out from a bush and stopped her just as she turned onto her family's road. His voice gurgled from deep in his throat, more hiss than word:

"Would you like a new bicycle litte girl?"

"I'm already getting one," she said defiantly, her little hands on her little hips.

"Not unless you give yourself to me."

Calista dashed the entire mile to her house, her school kilt and blazer flapping behind her.

On her birthday her parents were a bit confused when Calista unwrapped a bicycle-sized box full of headless Barbie dolls coated in mulch.

The next four years passed quietly for Calista. She did not see the old man again until the eve of her first date with Graham. While she was shopping at Lord & Taylor in the city the old man and his cloud of buzzing flies stepped out from behind a rack of Italian shoes.

"Hello little girl. Would you like a date with Graham?"

"I already have a date with him," she said, shaking a leather pump at his cracked and withered face.

"Not unless you give yourself to me."

The rope bottoms of her Espadrilles flashed one—the other—as Calista bolted for the revolving door.

"By the way little girl," he called after her. "Hope you guess my name."

The next day Graham stood her up, instead taking out Eugenia—a leprous, hair-lipped albino with a moustache.

Another four years passed without a sign of the old man.

Calista, now at a prestigious boarding school, slings lacrosse balls into the net while the other seniors nervously hover over their mail boxes, anxiously awaiting college accep-

tances or denials. Calista cocks her multi-braceleted arm and calmly lets the ball sail towards the goal. The old man appears in the net, opening his mouth wide. He catches the ball in his teeth.

"Hello old man."

"Hello little girl."

The next day she receives personal invitations from all the ivy league schools, Stanford, Cambridge, and Oxford.

Skipping out of ballet class, acceptance letters in hand, she tosses her leg warmers high into a tree. Just then, a large black limo slips up to the curb, its rear door opening automatically.

...

In the dim light of the empty store squat row upon row of tacky dinette sets. Here a fleet of wobbly, speckled formica countertops, there a squadron of naugahyde or leatherette swivel chairs.

"Welcome to Hell," says the old man with a smile. The flies also smile.

"Come off it mister."

"I got you into college, so now you are eternally damned."

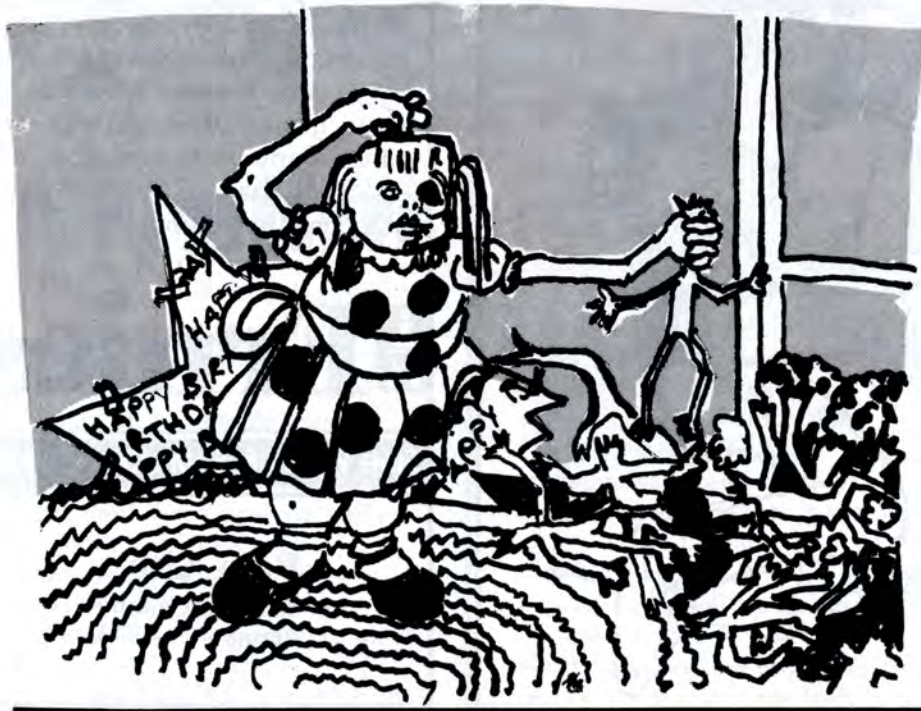
"Look you crazy old man. If you have connections at a few colleges and the hots for a beautiful socialite, that's one thing, but just lay off this devil garbage."

The old man rolls his eyes and impatiently huffs. Taking a deep breath he recites the rhetoric question he asks every neophyte.

"Can you think of anything worse than spending eternity as a white, metal-flaked, formica dinette set, being slobbered over by scores of working class brats, and puked on by overweight bowlers?"

...

Deep in the back of the store kneels a new formica countertop glittering in the shadows. It's surface is a swirling blizzard of metallic flakes, except for one corner, where, you can barely make out the form of an embroidered polo player and his pony. ☞



Midnight Mensch

Meyer had been dusted, and he knew it. "What do they know, those old fart rabbies at Yeshiva University," Meyer murmured to himself, as the bus passed through Kansas. "It was only a practical joke." He had chuckled aloud when he saw the head rabbi scurrying through the sparkling stainless steel kitchen splitting open thousands of cheese blintzes, filled with Bac-o-bits. He chewed his nails, "Damn," he thought "they weren't even the real thing, fucking synthetic food." They kicked him out, expecting him to enroll at Brandeis, a poor second. He rebelled and abandoned all that, heading out to Los Angeles to make it as a stand-up comic, a dream he had neglected until now. Today he sat on the bus reading Spinoza. He felt bitter, yet in spite of that destined for success. Working hard on his routine until his head fell and hit the seat in front of him, he slept to L.A.

"Did you hear the one about the Hasid whose sideburns were so long you could wrap them around his..."

"Thank you Mr. Leibowitz," said the balding fat man who chewed his cigars and constantly wiped the back of his hand across his protruding lips, "We'll call you if we ever need any rabbinic humor."

Somehow he knew he was doomed to fail. It had been raining ever since he got off the bus in L.A. in May nonetheless. "So what," he told himself, "This isn't the only cheap joke joint in town." But he knew he was fooling himself; he was short on cash and he couldn't subsist forever on last Passover's Matzah. As he shuffled slowly back to his cot at the "Y" he thought out his options. "Maybe I could enroll at Brandeis," but as he said this his memory was assaulted by throngs of fake Varnets and Mercedes.

The night brought with it a cold biting breeze, but Meyer continued to stand on the corner. Last night, his first night, had been a great success, but he knew it was only beginner's luck. Like a rookie pitch-



er, he strikes them all out until they've seen his stuff. "My stuff," he thought, "was one hell of a curveball." Meyer only stood sixty-five inches off the ground in his bare feet, so he wore Danish clogs. "Nazi clackers," he called them. His beard hung down to the middle of his chest: red, brown, and blond like licorice candy; his sideburns hung from his temples like bells in the steeple tower. He sported a T-shirt that said "try me" on the front, and "I'm Kosher" proudly displayed on the back in a psychedelic banner. As he stood the wind numbed his skin: "I shouldn't pass up a chance for free advertising," he told himself.

Before long a woman with a button nose and red hair tied up in bun approached him. "Excuse me, Mister, are you the Kosher guy?"

"What did you say lady?" Direct answers on the first question ruined his image.

"You know, the guy with the Kosher style?"

"Yah, and what do you want to make of it?"

"Fifty."

He nodded and led her quietly to the Coronet motel down the street, confident that his success was inevitable. Later he would tell his buddies while they played pinochle and chewed the fat; "Boys, as any man with a head for business would tell you, you know

you've arrived when they ask for you by name."

A tall man with a brisk walk approached the door; he glanced at the sign, half in annoyance and half in amusement: "Meyer Leibowitz, Gigolo." He turned the knob, opened the door and walked into the office lobby. A petite young woman with red hair tied up in a bun stopped typing and stared up at the intruder.

"Go on in Lieutenant Flannigan, Mr. Leibowitz has been expecting you."

Meyer smiled when he saw Flannigan walk into his office. Ol' Pete the cop had been casing him for two years now, unable to scrounge up a single shred of incriminating evidence.

"Meyer, I've got good news for you."

"That's great, Pete. Why don't you have a seat?"

"Thanks. We've decided to drop your case. It's not that we didn't have any leads on you or anything. The department just has to give things their proper priorities."

Meyer chuckled. "Well I'll be, Pete, you've just made my day."

Flannigan sighed, stood up, and shuffled out of the office. Leibowitz continued to laugh quietly to himself, as he munched on his Kosher dill pickle. ☞

ALMOST

by AL X

"The books I might have read would fill a library. In fact they do."

FINITY It does make sense to talk about the things I've almost done. Like books in the library, they are finite in number.

PEOPLE If I were to say "I almost dated Liz Taylor" it would be pure fabrication, since I never met Liz Taylor and besides, she is much older. But if I'd claimed Joan Baez or Grace Slick were my potential partners, this would have a strand of truth. Actually, Grace wasn't much enthralled by me, but Joan was definitely interested. I almost got a photo that could have been Ted Kennedy and I being best friends. The amateur I handed the camera to bungled that shot; but a photophile friend got some nice snapshots of me being throttled by policemen and stripped of my press badge. I almost sued, but I didn't.

FISICS If I had graduated from Stanford I'd be making a good salary. I did complete a couple of years, and I am poor. A college degree is a quantum packet. It's like a high jumper: he either clears the bar or he doesn't, it isn't relevant by how much. Not everything of value is that way—for instance, I regularly wear shirts and socks that are almost clean.

LEARNING MONEY MISMANAGEMENT I lived in Aspen and almost became an expert skier. The snow was great and the mountains were awaiting. But lift tickets are just so expensive, and the equipment and all. So I worked as a cook at a gourmet restaurant. I learned almost enough to become a chef. After that I slid downhill through many restaurant jobs, later to become a successful dishwasher. I spent a lot of money on pinball, back before video-games. I would pump quarters

into a machine until I almost mastered it, then switch to another, lest I learn to play for free.

CONSIDERING COMMUNICATION I used to hitchhike. Once, when I was into wandering aimlessly a wealthy man mentioned he would like to buy a balloon and wander aimlessly, if he could find a partner with that spirit. I almost spoke up. Another time I was wishing I could find a way to finance a national humor magazine. Naturally, I got a ride with a publisher and when I mentioned the Chaparral he kept dropping hints about how much investment capital the Palo Alto area offered. I almost spoke up that time, too.

When a friend of mine was about to sign a major contract I thought was a bad idea, I almost spoke up. It really was a bad deal, too bad for him. The same friend noticed when a tire on my motorcycle was worn down to the belts, and he pointed it out to me. It would have killed me. I'm glad he spoke up. Many are the times that something bad happened which could have been an almost, but I did not heed the warning signs. I was hitchhiking and a guy told me "don't hitchhike if you got pot, dump it." I considered his advice but chose instead to wind up in jail less than twelve hours later.

SUM-ERR-ME Many are the problems I might have prevented and the opportunities I almost took advantage of. A compulsive gambler said he would have a hundred thousand dollars if he never placed a bet, and three million if he never lost one. I am broke without a prayer, but when I ponder my past I don't see a zero sum. A lifetime of almost achievements, each being worth not much, adds up to a lot less than it could have been, a lot less than it should have been. It adds up to me, here, now, with no regrets; I wouldn't change places with anybody. Almost.



\$4.95

HOW TO BOOK

A Posthumous Guide To The Four Years

Book (bleech) *n.* rambling, humorless passages combined with vapid illustrations and listless lists, perpetrated in a preppie style which requires no prior graphic design training.



book (booeche) *n.* 1. a series of written, printed or plain sheets of paper fastened together at one end and enclosed in a cover.

How to Book: the inside story on how to separate \$4.95 from mindless, illiterate lemmings like yourself.

BECOMING UNEMPLOYED LIVING HAND TO MOUTH DRUGS AND BOOZE AN IDEA? STUPID, BUT IT MAY SELL PUBLISHING: ANY TAKERS? NO USE YOUR OWN CAPITAL NO SALES GO UNDER



book (booechee) *vi.* 1. to publish with the sole intent of profit making 2. To shamelessly displace worthy literature in college bookstores everywhere.

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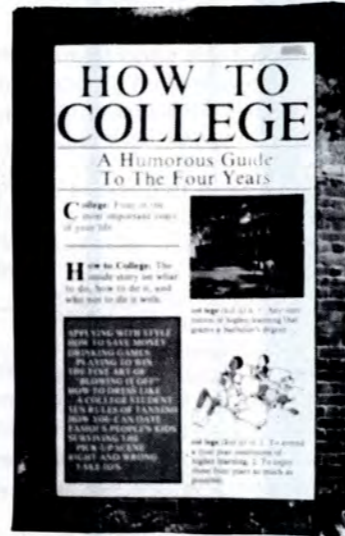
Premium T-Shirts: 48 for \$4.10 each, 24 for \$4.80 each. **Jerseys:** 48 for \$6.40 each. Screen charge add \$15.00. Any color, any style shirts. Call 364-8910. Located at 761 El Camino Real, Redwood City



HOW TO AD

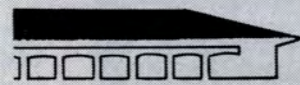
- 1) Get a book with a catchy title
- 2) Find a magazine parodying the book
- 3) Put an ad for the book in the magazine
- 4) Use a photo of the book and a quick punch line.

Example:
Don't settle for parodies.
Read the real thing.



*You'll Laugh Your
Ass Off*

HOW TO COLLEGE



STANFORD BOOKSTORE

Preface—Graduation

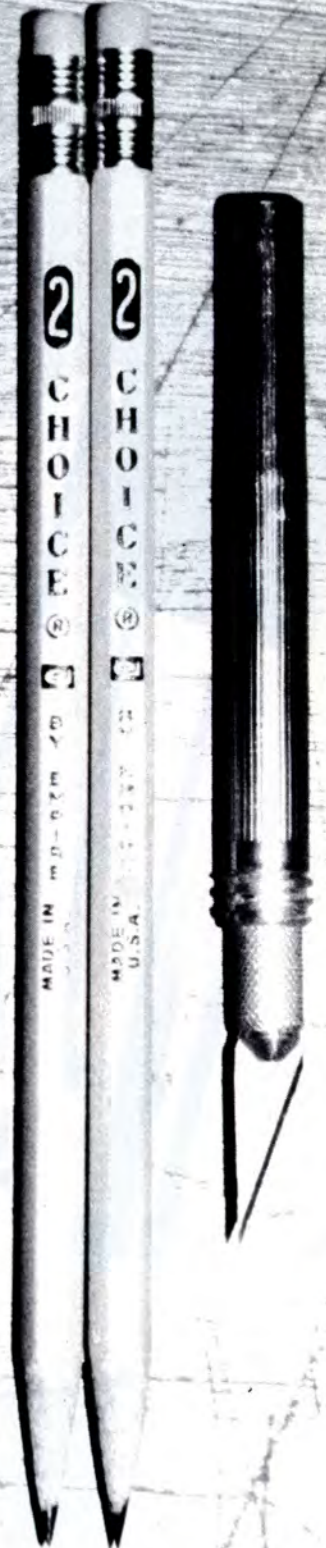
So you're out of college: now what? Sure, all those courses in psychology and sociology just may have made you a "better person" in some vague, metaphysical sense, but can you imagine what you'll look like to that personnel officer from Federal Perpetual Bondage Trust? What's 237 times 53? Quick.

You get the picture. Cheer up, though, there *is* a way out of this mess. Think back to

your banner days; specifically, your spring sophomore quarter. Don't you wish life could always be like that? Guess what. So does everyone else.

The funny thing is, while everyone else has matured emotionally and mentally in order to face up to "adult" responsibilities, you have continued to live in the world of Saturday Night Live, keggers, and Nike court shoes.

Write it all down. It'll sell.



Source Material

The key word here is *humor*. Someone else's. Admit it, you haven't had an original idea in years, or at least since you stopped thinking for yourself and started being mindfed academic lectures. So why bother? Most real authors don't have time to read the type of derivative drivel you're about to write, thus making a plagiarism case highly unlikely. We have found the following publications to be just brimming over with witty anecdotes and topical satire:

Reader's Digest

U.S. Government Geological Survey

Atlas Shrugged

Holistic Health Journal

Matt Dillon: The Man, the Myth, the Teenage Actor

Real Life Detective

The Complete Works of John Jakes

Byte Magazine

Milpitas Phone Directory

Chopper World

The Bible

Five Preppie Euphemisms for Modern Trade Publishing



Blowing Ink
Black and White Yawn
Publishing to the Porcelain God
Losing Your Literary Credibility
Volvo

THE WRITING PROCESS

Now comes the easiest part of all: the writing process. Since no high degree of intellect or biting wit is required, there are many ways you can go about it. First, you may want to do the writing all by yourself. This is probably not a good idea. You have to buy pens, paper, and maybe even a typewriter. The author has to keep costs down so don't even think of buying these luxuries. And keeping track of all those commas, periods; and weirder symbols (who besides an English prof knows how to use these stupid double periods :) can be mentally taxing. Stick to the basics; have someone else write it for you. Here are four suggestions:

1) Get some of your old buddies together and tell them you'll pay for the beer; get Michelob. It's not hard to round up people back at college, so head there. Besides, if you can get some frat guys together, you only have to promise them Hamm's or Blatz. Once you've got some writers, get them drunk and then steer the conversation around to your topic. You'll want to stay sober, but

your friends should get so looped that the next morning they won't remember what went on, so you'll never have to worry about royalties. Record it all on your stereo (borrow a mike), then have your dad's secretary type up a transcript.

2) Better yet, if you have a little brother, get him to write it. If you bribe a little kid with the right amount of candy and back issues of Playboy, he'll do anything.

3) Why be original? Steal whole pages and articles from old National Lampoons.

4) If you have a monkey, let it sit at a typewriter and just bang away. Statisticians have found that it'll eventually produce something coherent. Before this happens, though, it's bound to have typed enough material for a trade paperback. This method isn't too practical, but my publisher said that I needed one more example of a writing process and this was all that my little brother could come up with.



LAY-UP

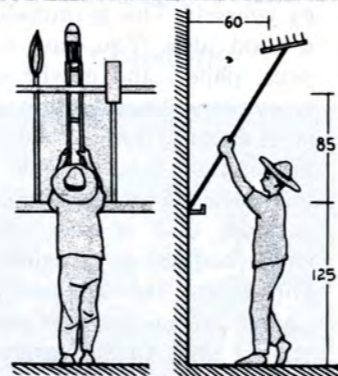
There is one and only one lay-up technique that every trade publisher must master: The Art of Filler. Face it, two weeks of scribbling down a few ideas at the local coffee shop just isn't going to fill a two-hundred page book. What you need are a lot of sure-fire, space-wasting tricks of the trade.

The easiest and most conventional method of creative page-gobbling is the old "big print/wide margin" ploy. You'll be pleasantly surprised to see your two handwritten paragraphs turn into eighty-five pages of type large enough to read across a dance floor.

Meaningless shots and illustrations with completely non-sensical captions are another way to fill space. Here are a few examples:



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Possible Titles

- I Hate Manual Labor
- 101 Uses for a Dead Idea
- How to Resume
- The Brownnose Handbook
- The Plagiarized Trade Paperback Calendar
- The "I Can't Afford to Eat" Diet
- The Bandwagoner's Guide to Trend Spotting
- Real Men Don't Write for a Living

Publicity

You've got 10,000 copies of your new book in the basement and have already signed the papers on an \$85,000 Lamborghini. There's only one problem: Who's going to buy the thing? Without right publicity you'll have nothing but some mildewed, old paperbacks to show for your minutes and minutes of hard labor. Here's a handy guide to convincing the world that your book is the most important piece of literature since Eliot's *Wasteland*:

Step 1: Buy 400 cartons of cigarettes in order to pay 4000 elementary school students to Chalk the title of your book on every street corner.

Step 2: Recognize that rich kids have been so spoiled their whole lives that by the time they reach college their parents have completely run out of gift-giving ideas. You'll be rolling in dough as long as your book comes out before the holidays and your cover doesn't clash with green or red bows.

Step 3: Try to link your book to a fast rising trend. If you're exploitative enough *Time* and *Newsweek* will condemn you and your sales will soar.



Step 4: Convince Phil Donahue you're a transsexual bartender trying to legally marry a "Mai Tai." Then, when you are on TV and his back is turned, flash your book to the camera.

Step 5: Have the finest humor magazine in the country run a parody of your book, then run an ad for it on the first page.

Step 6: If all else fails make your relatives buy thousands of copies. Of course, this means they're paying for them twice.

The Great White Plaza



HI - I'M BOBBY AND THIS IS MY 'BRO' DOUGLAS. AND THIS, AS YOU KNOW, IS THE GREAT WHITE PLAZA



So, like, this is our comic strip parody, eh, and it's like the McKenzie brothers except we're a preppie and a druggie - get it?



Hey Bob, could you credit me another tall cold one? Perhaps I could pay you back later, maybe...



BLOW IT OFF, DOUGLAS - YOU HAVE TO ATTEND TO YOUR STUDIES THIS EVENING. BESIDES, YOU KNOW IT IS ILLEGAL TO 'CHUG' AT YOUR AGE



Maybe they won't card if I show 'em my fake I.D.!

GET OUT, YOU DO SEUR YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW THE CARTOON AND I KNOW IT



ALL RIGHT, WAY TO GO DOUGLAS ONE TOO MANY FRAMES. JUST SAY GOODBYE, EH?

Dyslexics Tell Their Favorite Jokes



ih seu! wath's ti oingg?

ih ohnJ! I ustj ardhe het unniestf okej!



heset hreet E.M. raduates g rathf tanfordS, arvardH nda I.T.M. entw of ranceF. hereT heyt erew aughtc ryingt of muggles rugsd nda erew entencads of edthd yb willotneg.



heyT utp het arvardH E.M. ni' het uilbtineg nda heyt eleasedr het ladeb nda ti elf a ewf nchesi nda teeks. heyT etl het arvardH E.M.og nda viedt ti ithw het I.T.M. radg. het ames hingt appenedh.



heyT etl het I.T.M. uvg og, nda utp het tanfordS E.M. ndaru het ladeb. et ooked! pu nda aids, "A minks, I oneg evert uhsamm!"

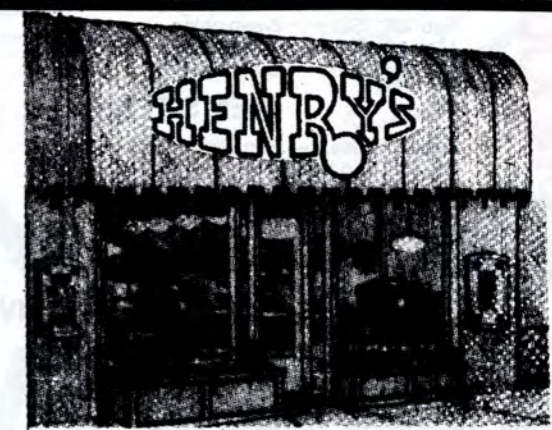
ah, ah, ah, ah!

The Golden Spite



Oh hell, Bobbie - I think I'm in an advertisement

863-0109



Superb dining... reasonably priced in an intimate atmosphere

lunch from 11:30 dinner from 5:30

including fresh fish daily salmon, snapper, petrale veal chicken lamb steak

HENRY'S
482 University Ave.
Palo Alto, 326-5680



CARDINAL SPORTS

Winter Quarter Varsity Home Schedules

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Nov. 21, (Sun.) — Alberta-Edmonton	8:00 pm
Nov. 27, (Sat.) — UC Riverside	3:00 pm
Nov. 30, (Tues.) — Sonoma State	8:00 pm
Dec. 3-4, (Fri.-Sat.) — Stanford Invitational	7:00 pm
Dec. 9, (Thurs.) — St. Mary's	8:00 pm
Dec. 11, (Sat.) — Chico State	3:00 pm
Dec. 18, (Sat.) — CSU Dominguez Hills	3:00 pm
Dec. 28, (Tues.) — Brown	8:00 pm
Jan. 20, (Thurs.) — USC	8:00 pm
Jan. 22, (Sat.) — UCLA	8:00 pm
Feb. 5, (Sat.) — ASU	3:30 pm
Feb. 7, (Mon.) — Arizona	8:00 pm
Feb. 12, (Sat.) — UC Berkeley	8:00 pm
Feb. 24, (Thurs.) — Washington State	8:00 pm
Feb. 26, (Sat.) — Washington	3:30 pm
Mar. 10, (Thurs.) — Oregon	8:00 pm
Mar. 12, (Sat.) — Oregon State	8:00 pm

MEN'S TENNIS

Feb. 8, (Tues.) — San Diego State	1:30 pm
Feb. 11, (Fri.) — Irvine	1:30 pm
Feb. 22, (Tues.) — Canada College	1:30 pm
Feb. 23, (Wed.) — Univ. of San Diego	1:30 pm
Feb. 25, (Fri.) — West Valley College	1:30 pm
Mar. 8, (Tues.) — Foothill College	1:30 pm
Mar. 9, (Wed.) — Utah	1:30 pm

MEN'S SWIMMING AND DIVING

Nov. 18, (Thurs.) — UC Berkeley	1:00 pm
Nov. 27, (Sat.) — Red White	noon
Dec. 3-5, (Fri.-Sat.) — Stanford Invitational	all day
Jan. 16, (Sun.) — Stanford Relays	1:00 pm
Feb. 4, (Fri.) — UCLA	1:00 pm
Feb. 5, (Sat.) — USC	1:00 pm

MEN'S GYMNASTICS

Dec. 4, (Sat.) — Intra Squad	2:00 pm
Jan. 9, (Sun.) — Japan vs. USA	7:00 pm
Jan. 14, (Fri.) — ASU/Fullerton	7:30 pm
Jan. 21, (Fri.) — Univ. of Alberta/UC Berkeley	7:30 pm
Feb. 11, (Fri.) — Univ. of British Columbia/San Jose State	7:30 pm
Feb. 25, (Fri.) — UC Davis	7:30 pm
Mar. 18-19, (Fri.-Sat.) — Pac-10 Invitational	all day

MEN'S VOLLEYBALL

Feb. 2, (Wed.) — San Diego State	7:30 pm
Feb. 11, (Fri.) — CSU Long Beach	7:30 pm
Feb. 16, (Wed.) — USC	7:30 pm
Feb. 21, (Fri.) — Hawaii	7:30 pm

VARSITY BASEBALL

Jan. 29, (Sat.) — USF (2)	noon
Feb. 12, (Sat.) — San Jose State (2)	noon
Feb. 15, (Tues.) — Stanislaus State	2:30 pm
Feb. 19, (Sat.) — UOP (2)	noon
Feb. 21, (Mon.) — Santa Clara	1:00 pm
Mar. 12, (Sat.) — Alumni Game	noon
Mar. 19, (Sat.) — USC	1:00 pm
Mar. 20, (Sun.) — USC	1:00 pm
Mar. 21, (Mon.) — USC	1:00 pm
Mar. 23, (Wed.) — Oregon State	1:00 pm
Mar. 25, (Fri.) — ASU	2:00 pm
Mar. 26, (Sat.) — ASU	1:00 pm
Mar. 27, (Sun.) — ASU	1:00 pm

Watch for the Spring Schedules in the next issue of the Chaparral.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Nov. 24, (Wed.) — Santa Clara	7:30 pm
Nov. 28, (Sun.) — Northwestern	3:00 pm
Dec. 17, (Fri.) — USF	7:30 pm
Dec. 18, (Sat.) — Pepperdine	7:30 pm
Dec. 27, (Mon.) — Las Vegas	7:30 pm
Dec. 30, (Thurs.) — UCLA	7:30 pm
Jan. 20, (Thurs.) — ASU	5:45 pm
Jan. 24, (Mon.) — Arizona	7:30 pm
Feb. 1, (Tues.) — Washington State	7:30 pm
Feb. 4, (Fri.) — USC	7:30 pm
Feb. 5, (Sat.) — Fullerton	5:45 pm
Feb. 12, (Sat.) — San Diego State	5:45 pm
Feb. 23, (Wed.) — Fresno State	7:30 pm
Mar. 10, (Thurs.) — Long Beach State	5:45 pm

WOMEN'S TENNIS

Feb. 1, (Tues.) — Santa Clara	1:30 pm
Feb. 3, (Thurs.) — San Jose State	1:30 pm
Feb. 7, (Mon.) — UOP	1:30 pm
Feb. 19, (Sat.) — Long Beach State	1:00 pm
Feb. 25, (Fri.) — Univ. of San Diego	1:30 pm
Mar. 10, (Thurs.) — CSU Fullerton	1:30 pm
Mar. 22, (Tues.) — San Diego State	1:30 pm

WOMEN'S SWIMMING AND DIVING

Nov. 11, (Thurs.) — San Jose/UOP/Fresno	1:30 pm
Dec. 3-5, (Fri.-Sun.) — Stanford Invitational	all day
Jan. 14, (Fri.) — Long Beach State	1:30 pm
Jan. 15, (Sat.) — So. Illinois	1:00 pm
Jan. 16, (Sun.) — Stanford Relays	1:00 pm
Jan. 28, (Fri.) — UCLA	1:30 pm
Jan. 29, (Sat.) — Cardinal Invitational	all day

WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS

Dec. 4, (Sat.) — Intra Squad	TBA
Jan. 14, (Fri.) — Univ. of Alberta	7:30 pm
Feb. 11, (Fri.) — UC Berkeley	7:30 pm
Feb. 25, (Fri.) — Arizona/San Jose State	7:30 pm

WOMEN'S GOLF

Feb. 7, (Mon.) — Sacramento St./San. Jose St.	noon
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FENCING

Nov. 13, (Sat.) — USF/San Francisco State	1:00 pm
Dec. 4, (Sat.) — San Jose State	1:00 pm
Jan. 21, (Fri.) — CSU Northridge	4:00 pm
Jan. 22, (Sat.) — US Air Force Academy	2:00 pm
Feb. 5, (Sat.) — BYU	1:00 pm
Mar. 4-6, (Fri.-Sun.) — Men's Western Regional Championships	all day

WRESTLING

Nov. 28, (Sun.) — Portland State	5:00 pm
Dec. 2, (Thurs.) — Oregon	3:00 pm
Jan. 1, (Sat.) — Oregon State	7:00 pm
Jan. 5, (Wed.) — Simon Fraser	7:00 pm
Jan. 10, (Mon.) — ASU	7:00 pm
Jan. 15, (Sat.) — UC Davis/Humboldt State	5:00 pm
Jan. 19, (Wed.) — San Francisco State	7:00 pm
Jan. 25, (Tues.) — Fresno State	7:00 pm
Jan. 28, (Fri.) — Claremont Men's/Long Beach State	3:00 pm

TRACK AND FIELD

Mar. 5, (Sat.) — Fresno State	all day
Mar. 19, (Sat.) — Army/low/Yale/CSU Bakersfield	all day

LINE.....CALL...497-1111



THE YIN/YANG BOOMERANG

Dearest Howard:

How are you? How is life in Princeton? I should have taken your advice and stayed in New Jersey. I remember the last thing you said before we parted, when we were playing Nuclear Attack on my bedroom floor. You told me that I was too intelligent, too sensitive for a barbaric place like Stanford University.

You were right. The first thing I discovered when I got off the plane is that I am allergic to palm trees. The first thing I discovered when I got to Stanford University is that I am allergic to my roommate.

When Greg got to our room he tested both beds and took the best one; this would have been OK except I had gotten there first and all of my belongings were already on the bed. He threw my suitcases out the window and put his stereo on top of the other bed, where it still is.

Greg has a color-coordinated wardrobe; he puts all of his sportswear in his own closet and his thirty-six sweat-suits in my closet. When I tried to hang up my graduation suit he used it to clean his bicycle.

Things could be worse. I got all the classes I wanted; I'm going out on a limb and taking badminton, hoping I won't sprain my thumb this time. I enrolled in this wonderful freshman seminar called "Malaria," and my RA talked me into taking Women's Health.

Hey Jim!

Read it and weep, flyboy. Stanford U. kicks ass all over our bygone *alma mater*. First day, I step off the plane and here's this absolute flesh goddess in a tight red T-shirt and a tan darker than anything the babes used to push back home. Well, I was already primed from the quick one in the service kitchen with the hot little stewardess (we're talkin' *friendly* skies, junior birdman), but when our eyes met we both knew it was time to jump right in and pursue a "higher education," if you know what I mean. Pretty soon we're putting it to the floor in her old man's BMW, passin' some home-grown and diggin' for dry ground in a lonesome case of Henry's. We make it to campus and this girl is somewhere on the flip side of faced, so I nab the pink slip from her glove compartment and hawk it to some guy on the way to my dorm. Then things started picking up.

I'm in this massive hall on a floor just chock-full of potential. First day I'm here they kick in with a Sock Hop, and who ends up cruisin' with a floor-full of Stanford Dollies? Yer Damnstraight! Dancing just wasn't the word for it—something along the lines of "contact sports." That's right, Jimmy; even grown men play with Dolls here.

Next day a bunch of us slammed together a volleyball

You've heard the album.



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The campus is really pretty. The bookshelves in the library are this neat ochre color, and the grass in front of Tressider always smells like sewage, just like my own front lawn. In my dorm there's this storage room that my room key opens, and when I'm done studying I take my chessboard and play with myself.

When we first arrived, the orientation staff forced us to attend many horrible activities. However, there was a really impressive lecture on the history of the cold war. I just couldn't believe Greg fell asleep! There was also a good lecture on study habits. I liked that one so much that I went both times it was offered.

But, there were these parties every night! I didn't want to go but my RA kept dragging me out of my room and taking my keys away. Some of the non-alcoholic alternatives were commendably eclectic, but there were so many people everywhere. I just knew no one was interested in talking about malaria or badminton or even chess.

At one party there was a live band, and the bass player pulled me on stage and made me sing the chorus of "Johnny Be Good." Everyone laughed at my lisp.

Well, I have to write a paper on cysts for my malaria class. Please remember to button your Izods, as it is very cold at Princeton.

Love, Reginald Johnson

p.s.: Pawn One to Rook Two!

Howard:

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long. The past twelve letters you sent me were warm, witty and inspiring but I haven't had the time to write back.

I'm glad to hear you enjoy your courses. I was somewhat dissatisfied with mine. There are only so many things one can say about malaria, and only so many things one can do with a badminton racquet.

Women's health was pretty neat; I was the only boy in the class but I fit right in anyhow. There was this red-headed girl named Titsie who said I could walk her back to her dorm if she could copy my ovary drawings. We had this slide show about breast cancer and I must admit I learned many new things.

My roommate has been acting more human these days. Ever since he got a 30 on his geology midterm he's been studying a lot more. He took the keg out of the sink because he started getting acne and needed to wash his face more. I had to teach him all about Clearasil. He was so grateful he took the stereo off my bed.

A funny thing, though—I really can't get into African Violets anymore. I let my subscription to Vio magazine run out and one night while I was studying I tore one of the flowers off of Georgia and threw it across the room.

Now don't worry about me Howard—I'm not changing, I'm just adjusting to California. The next time you see me you'll realize I'm the same old Reggie. I've gained a little weight, maybe. And I've learned all sorts of new words that are more fun than those Latin swears we used to use.

Oh, speaking about seeing you again—this may be bad news for you. I really appreciated your letter about us getting together over winter break, drinking some hot chocolate and playing Nuclear War like in the old days,

hit team and *trowned* the other dorms on Field Day. Pretty soon we jump in the pool with the marching band and next thing you know we're in the middle of a touch-tag free-for-all with a poolful of wet coeds. Took them all to that night's dorm party and played some *intense* hide 'n seek. I found it.

My classes are such killers—Weightlifting, Rocks for Jocks, and an English Writing Seminar called "Study of Popular Authors." What a blow-off—I've read *Fear and Loathing* and *Doonesbury*; what more is there to the '70s? They're all conveniently early to facilitate sleep-through, leaving lots of time for what you come to college for.

And then there's my roommate. Unbelievable. This hopeless case brought a moosehead (and not the 120Z variety) all the way from New Jersey. And he had these little war game miniatures all over the carpet 'till I fed 'em to him.

Oh, I caught him playing strip solitaire in the storage room the other day. I hate the bum. If his acne doesn't kill him, the weight of his inch-thick specs and oil-field hairline might pull his head off.

Keep on pluggin', pounder.

Yers,

Greg
B.M.O.C. Jr.

Jimmy,

Get a load 'a this one, smeg. I'm on academic, athletic, and disciplinary probation—all in one quarter! Yeah, I know, your *drooling* for the story. The academic shut-down is self-explanatory; the alarm just won't ring before noon. (A man's got to have his sleep!) I went down to talk it over with my advisor and wound up invited to this faculty dinner, where who shows up but the Dean of Athletics and his nothing less than juicy teen-age daughter, the most desirable thing I've seen a prof produce since arriving. It was one long night and two more quick suspensions, but it was well worth it. Ain't nothing as good as a faculty dinner. . .

My roommate is a tard. Stand still long enough and I swear he'd take root. He's changing, though—the other day I snuffed out a Camel on his moosehead and rather than grumbling and sniveling like he usually does, he stepped on my foot and called me a honkey. It might have carried more punch were he not an albino. What a mensch. I locked him out of the room that night in nothing but his Day-Glow boxers and made paper airplanes out of his New York Times back issues, which I let loose at the next Sunday Flicks. Gee, I hope he doesn't punch me!

I've discovered a natural law: Study causes acne. This certainly bears out my observation of Reggie's charming countenance, and—sure enough—the minute I started hitting the books (hey, it was a moment of weakness, all right?) whammo, facial battlefield. Not to worry—it's a clear cut case of cause and effect. Just got to get my priorities back in line.

You better have 'em lined up and waitin', cause I know *just* what I want this Christmas. I'm bringing something special for the girls back home, so save a few for the pile-driver, eh pal?

Fair Warning,
Greg!

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but I really can't make it. Mother decided she can't afford to pay for my plane fare home, so I have to stay out here. Don't despair, though; I'll send you this T-shirt I bought at ASSU for your Christmas present.

Love,
Reggie

Howie:

What's up? I hope you had as good a time over Christmas break as I did—but I doubt it.

We all had to empty our rooms over break and at first I didn't have anywhere to stay. I almost went home with Greg, but he's in trouble, something to do with his GPA. For a while I was really worried but then that red-haired girl, Titsie, said I could come home with her.

Well, I never would have expected that she'd live alone! It turns out that she's a senior Hum Bio major and really into anatomy. She told me that at first she wasn't crazy about my anatomy, but now that I've filled out and cleared up a little I look OK. Anyway, Titsie's got this dynamite waterbed. I admit I got a little seasick the first night, but Titsie said I did fine anyhow. When I got used to the waterbed we started to play "Jaws." Titsie joked about me taking the real Women's health final that first night at her apartment.

Anyway, then I had to go back to school. It's a real drag because Greg gets uptight whenever Titsie sleeps over. He changed a lot over winter break. His parents took away his car and told him that if his GPA didn't go up they'd make him start hashing. Now all he does is study. He took these really easy courses so he wouldn't do badly. I looked at his study list—Volleyball, Public Speaking, and Poetry 70. I thought it looked like a breeze so I signed up for the same courses. Titsie is going to teach me how to play polo, so I don't have that much free time anyhow.

All of Greg's plants dried up; Titsie and I bagged the leaves and we're selling them to buy a waterbed for the room. Greg didn't even notice.

Reg

Hey Dude!

Glad to hear you miss me and all that. No, Howard, I haven't changed that much—don't be queer. It's no big deal anyhow—people on the East Coast are all so uptight.

My courses were losers—they wanted us to write poetry, can you imagine? Greg really gets into that stuff, now—he has this two-hour poetry workshop once a week and his typewriter is always going. Sometimes I get annoyed and I shake him around a little; he really is becoming a skinny little wimp. He made a fool out of himself in volleyball—the ball hit him in the eye once, and after that he kept on ducking. And public speaking—Jesus, I could swear I gave him my lisp.

Titsie told me I should take Weight Lifting and Geology and Poli Sci this quarter—that sounds cool. I'm totally into IM football now too—do they have that at Princeton?

Reg

Dear Jim:

All right. Who told my parents my grades, and where the hell were they this winter? Merry Christmas, *hah hah*. They could have at least left the car. Or a change of address. Boy, was I relieved when I found out Julie wasn't going to chase me down and try to marry me like she said she would last summer. Great! I was really getting worried. What's happened to all the girls back home, anyway? They're all so... shallow. I mean, Reggie gave me his Othello board for Christmas, and it really kicks ass! But do any of them want to play? No. Sure am glad I got that great twelve-hour shift volunteer work with the Salvation Army to keep me busy.

The girls around here aren't pushing themselves on me the way they used to, and it's a good thing; there's not much left to push! I guess I have lost a little bit of weight, but it's worth missing dinner here and there to catch some of the late-night lectures and dissertations. Hey, what's a guy here for, anyway?

In addition to my poetry class, I've got Public Speaking and a Volleyball session this quarter, and how about this for a coincidence—my roommate's in all three of them! Boy, has he changed. He's no brighter, that's for sure—why, just the other day he traded me a couple of his sharp starched whites for that dirty old bong in the closet. Sucker! I hated to take him like that.

Well, I'd really like to keep writing but somehow there just aren't enough days in a week or hours in a day for all that must be done. Write if you hear from my folks.

Sincerely yours,
Greg

P.S.: See if you can't find that old bust of Homer that used to be up in the attic—it sure would look hot atop my bureau drawer!

Your Buddy

Dear James,

You had better keep taking the Penicillin, James. I've heard about the kind of things you're describing, and it's no laughing matter and nothing to be proud of. How could you take chances like that? Doing "it" certainly can't help your studies, either. Do your parents know what kind of a moral tidewater you've become?

I got really lucky; my prof let me start the advanced poetry track this quarter. Someday soon my own pieces will mature and I'll share them with you. Send me some of your writings—I'm sure your fertile mind could surely reap an impressive harvest of creativity! I will be sure to send you a copy of our Lyric Perspective session's Christopher Marlow Fan Club application just as soon as the presses stop rolling.

Volleyball is a sport for convicted assault and battery offenders on sick leave... I'd swear they're knocking around a medicine ball! Almost broke my new glasses.

Well, it's time to hang it up—here comes my roommate and that annoying red-head. How can a guy type with that languid racket in the background? Think I'll comb in a little Brylcreem and go steppin' out tonight. Brass Ensemble live at the Coffee House—things just never stop around here!

Yours,
Gregory

Yo—

I'm a little bummed about the last letter you wrote me. What do you mean, you're afraid to see me when I get home? A guy learns who his real friends are, I guess. Something like that.

Anyway, Titsie and I decided to stay here and teach sailing summer quarter. I don't really think I'll miss much back in Jersey.

You know, maybe you should get together with my roommate. You two seem to be a lot alike—I wonder why I've never realized that before. Anyway, I gave him all of my old clothes because we seem to have switched sizes. I also convinced him he didn't really need his stereo, since he doesn't listen to rock anymore.

I feel kind of bad about that. But he is such a disgusting wimp.

I really think you'd like him, Howard.

—RJ

James Laffreda:

I'm disgusted and betrayed, James. That filthy narrative you enclosed with your last letter was not impressive or creative. And to think you're passing it off as autobiographical. How you've changed!

I won't be home until later this summer—I got really lucky and landed a job with the Clearasil Corporation as a Poster Child. I was so excited, I bought a whole bowlful of goldfish to celebrate.

It should be a great summer. I've already got my required reading list for next fall, and I'm sure there'll be lots of time for outlining chapters and diagramming sentences. Who knows, maybe I'll even register for the summer session. It's life in the fast lane out here—don't wait up for me!

With all due respect,
Gregory Rouhl



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On Campus Interviews
conducted by



Dancing Accountants



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"If Barishnikov could only add."

"The lights! The sounds! The accelerated depreciation allowance!"

**INTERVIEWS HELD ALL WEEK AT NOON IN THE CLAW.
BRING PEN AND SUNTAN LOTION**

The Stanford Stereotype

BLACK

Leroy Saab-Mohammed
 Hometown: Detroit, Michigan

- High school background: varsity football, varsity basketball, varsity baseball. President, Junior Wallace Dean Mohammed Society
- Work experience: McDonalds, Dunkin' Donuts, bouncer at the "Rope-a-Dope"
- Intended major: Afro-American Studies
- Sustains concussion while playing football; becomes unable to do schoolwork
- Opens a successful soul-food stand at Tressider
- Sells Buick Elektra 225, buys a BMW
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *How To Assembly Line*

ORIENTAL

Panasonic Mitsubishi Suzuki
 Hometown: Tokyo, Japan

- High school background: Founder, Exploit America Youth Club; member, Rising Sun Computer Society; Captain, varsity ping-pong
- Work experience: Casio Corp., Sony corp., Nissan Motor Corp., Benihana's
- Intended majors: ME, EE, IE, Pet.E
- Enters Stanford on Pac-Man scholarship, patents world's first braille video game
- Has trouble juggling quadruple major, becomes despondent over marketing failure of braille video games; but opens a successful sushi stand at Tressider
- Sells Toyota, buys a BMW
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *101 Uses For a Dead Home Computer*

JEW

Menachem Bergensteinowitz
 Hometown: Forest Hills, New York

- High school background: President, Junior Zionist Accounting Club; President, Pre-Pre-Med Club; President, The Stanley H. Kaplan Fan Club
- Work experience: none
- Intended major: pre-med
- Gets an A minus on first physics exam, decides he wasn't cut out for the sciences
- But opens a successful knish stand at Tressider
- Sells Mercedes, buys a BMW
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *Garfield Goes to Haifa*

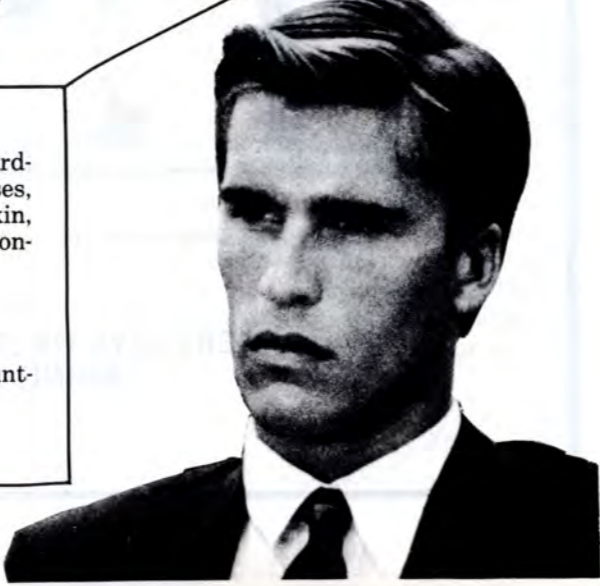
MEXICAN

Al Camino
 Hometown: San Jose, California

- High school background: Chairman and Founder, Latino Student Polyester Committee; member, Junior CHIPs of America; Chief Organizer, Clean Water Fund
- Work experience: assistant Mechanic, Chico's Chevys
- Intended major: English as a Second Language
- Knowing only sparse English, Sam becomes disillusioned when he learns that he is attending Stanford, not "Stan's Ford," a local used car dealership
- Nevertheless he gathers his wits, and takes over as manager of Tressider's "South of the Border"
- Sells Chevy Impala, buys a BMW and lowers the roof one foot, and lowers suspension
- Authors semi-humorous guidebook, *Real Men Don't Wear Cotton*



- Declares Econ major
- Buys full Ralph Lauren wardrobe, and Vuarnet sunglasses, and OP shorts, bleaches skin, shaves mustache, buys blue contact lenses, bleaches hair
- Learns to play tennis
- Legally changes name to Huntington "Chip" Baybridge V
- Goes to work for Exxon



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NEWSWEEK

"It isn't the rabbit that dies..."

-New Yorker



E.P.T.

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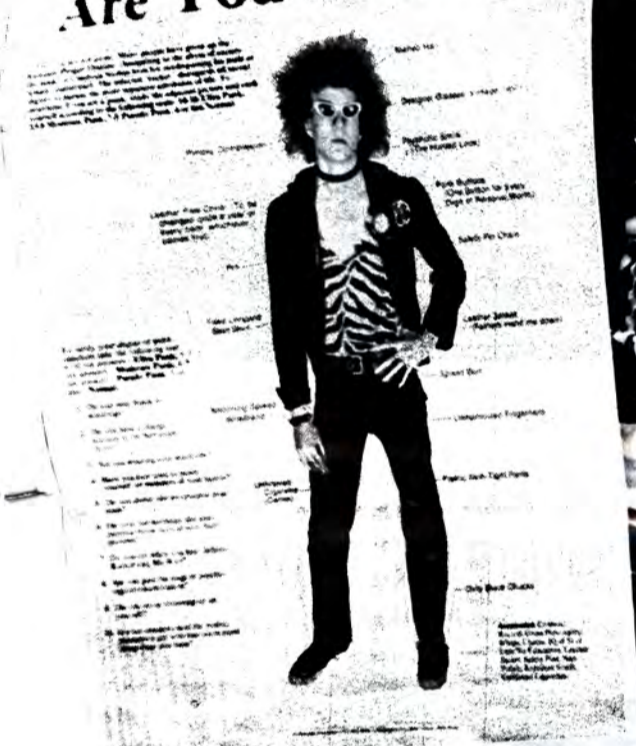
If so, you aren't the only sucker to shell out \$3.00 at your local Tower Records for these sleazy commercial rip-offs. Hundreds of your fellow Stupid Poster Collectors plaster their walls with these black and white monstrosities and thereby support the cocaine habits of several erstwhile unemployed humorists.

Inadequate model. Probably the photographer's roommate

These guys don't play ska anymore. I don't like that

Forgot to light cigarette

Are You A Tard?



Not enough room for these marginal notes

Are You A Silicon Valley Girl?



Not wearing underwear

Cheap joke

Fake Topsiders

Inferior-grade rubber bands

Cheap, white paper backdrop. Actually, just cut out and repasted down

That Certain Summer



I will always remember the summer of '72. I was nine and a half years old but said, "Almost ten" whenever asked. I was a child, naive waif wafting down that long road to tomorrow—skipping through the sandy streets of a small town on the Cape. There, my family had summered for as long as I could remember, and there, like a bean or an alfalfa, I sprouted into a man.

Alvy and I wrestled in the sand for a worthless piece of driftwood. We loved playing "Survival of the Fittest." One of us would toss some small object onto the ground, then we'd both dive onto it and furiously wrestle for supremacy. The loser would have to drink a pint of seawater or be pelted with wet sand.

This time Alvy won. His thick torso crunching me into the sand as he plucked the driftwood from my fingers. During the second round, just as I was twisting the trophy out of his stumpy hands, frantic squawking startled us both.

"Geez, it almost sounds like two gulls going at it," I remember saying.

Alvy and I kicked up hard mists of sand as we sprinted towards the sound.

"Aw wicked!" I shouted as the two seagulls, one atop the other, awkwardly hobbled away. The male's wings fluttered half open on every clumsy hop while their little bird-tongues dangled from their beaks. Instinctively, we spun little flat stones at the pair mischievously hoping to scare them into flight.

"Holy shit!" said Alvy. One rock struck the male and the other the female, both in the wings. In slow motion they wobbled, then flopped forward, the female's beak piercing the sand, the male's wings drooped to each side. Both stunned, they looked like an ornithological rendition of "Dracula": the grey and white Bella Lugosi with his cape of feathers draped over his co-star, a dappled young starlet.

I carried the two birds from the beach and up the long, zig-zagging wooden staircase that clung to the sandstone cliff. I marched the hundred feet through the tall dune grasses into our back porch. Alvy had run away but I felt responsible. Besides, my father knew a lot about animals. Though he was a practicing neurosurgeon, he really wanted to be a vet—just didn't have the grades.

When he came out onto the porch, Sam, my dad, took one look at my guilty face, disengaged the pipe from his lips, shook his head from side to side, and moaned, "What have you done? What have you done?" He ordered me to get Martha, my mom, and some clean linen, and his bag.

When I returned he was just separating the two dazed love birds. Gently grasping the male below the wings, he disengaged the two, then carefully laid them down on their backs. The gulls only suffered broken wings, and mom, an orthopedic surgeon, had the bones set, splinted and dressed without any major complications.

At first the still shocked seagulls pecked and squawked at my parents, but soon, the birds seemed to realize that the two doctors were friendly and allowed them to pet their crowns without protest. My parents named the male "S" and the female "M," "after themselves," I remember thinking.

I left the house to find Alvy.

"D'your folks bawl you out for beating up on birds?" said Alvy as he popped up from behind the septic tank.

"Yea, a bit. But we deserved it." I swallowed and spoke again. "Hey, Alvy. I been thinking. Why didn't those gulls just fly away like they usually do? Why'd they just lay there when we hit them?"

"Geez, what a goon. They were humping."

We walked over to the side of the house and sat on top of the redwood picnic table, pulling out those lines of wood that splinter off of old, seabattered tables, breaking the lines into smaller and smaller sticks.

"B-but Alvy," I continued, "What's so special about humping? I mean, sure parents gotta do it, but why all the fuss?"

"Well don't ask me, I never done it." Fidgeting for a moment he said, "I gotta go," and went. His head down, he yanked out broomfuls of dune grass as he shuffled to the stairs that clung to the cliff.

I looked past him into the setting sun, then, realizing that it was dinner time, walked inside to help my sister wash vegetables.

My family never ate meat, so in the summer, salads were our staple. Delphina, my fifteen-year-old sister, was already in the kitchen chopping carrots and celery and cucumbers into a large glass bowl.

"Delphi, can I talk to you?"

"Sure kid, . . . but did mom send you in here?"

I shook my head, and rolled garbanzos into the salad.

"Good. She's been on my case all day about me and Jason. She keeps telling me all this stuff about the pill and rubbers and junk like that. What does she think I am, a slut?"

I pulled the felafel out from the refrigerator and asked her why the gulls stayed and got hit instead of flying away.

"Aw, I don't know. Maybe they're just like grown-ups. You know how Sam and Martha get all weirded-out after a wrestling match."

"Yea. You're probably right," I said snatching a handful of vegetables off the cutting board. "But Delphi. . . promise me you'll never get all goofy over Jason."

"Kid, you got nothing to worry about. Jason and me have an understanding. Now go wash your hands for dinner," she said with a gentle push to the door.

The lock on the bathroom door did not work so I had to hold the knob with my left hand while unzipping my fly with my right. After taking a leak, I looked at myself in the mirror, thinking how true my sister's words had been.

After dinner I walked into the living room where my parents were already stretched out in their usual nighttime position. Lying on the floor with their heads propped up against the side of the couch, the couple held hands while interlocking toes. "S" and "M" stood on each side of their shoulders, also watching television.

There, on the black and white set, pranced Big Jim Johnson and the Masked Assassin. Big Jim bounced the Assassin off the ropes then flung him to the mat. Next, he leapt into the air, landing on the Assassin's head with a thump. All the while my parents whooped for Big Jim

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while slapping their knees and hugging each other. It's funny, as a child I thought pro-wrestling was stupid, the whole idea of grown men clumsily staging a battle appalled me. When Alvy and I wrestled it was a mental conflict—no one knew who would win. But, forgive my virgin-speak. I was too young to understand the tremendous power and sexuality that comes from watching one 269 pound ex-farm team football player pick up another and slam him into a reverberating mat.

When wrestling was over, Sam asked Martha: "How 'bout our own match honey? I'll put a pain crucifix on you and drive you to the mat, then you can..."

"Please!" she huffed, rolling her eyes towards me. Together they scurried into their bedroom, the seagulls still on their human perches, crapping onto each shoulder. As the door arched shut, my mother was unbuttoning her blouse.

The next morning my sister made my breakfast before she left for an early date on the beach with Jason. She seemed a little flustered, but at the time I was not alarmed. I met Alvy at the bottom of the cliffs and we ran down the beach playing "Pirates." There were really no rules to this game, we just ran in one direction exploring the little coves, caves and inlets. When we were exhausted and steeped in dirt, we would drag ourselves home.

Just outside the mouth of a deep cave we heard grunting and panting. We both looked to each other, surprised at having found some wounded wild animal.

Then it hit me. "Pro Wrestling!" I remember shouting. "Yea, they're probably practicing for the big tag team match up in Barnstable," said Alvy. He too thought pro wrestling was stupid, but after all a celebrity was a celebrity.

We peered inside, excitedly. It was dark and deep so we could only barely make out the two figures, mere shadows in the dark, grappling.

By now you must know what I, just at that moment had realized. Delphi had abandoned me. She was my beacon, my oracle of truth, until she crossed over to the side of sex and squalor and body slams.

I shoved Alvy aside and ran, ran, ran past each cave we had just explored, past the sand we had just kicked up, past the dunes and the driftwood my boyhood self had just trampled upon. Leaping up the cliff stairs and flying up the back porch, I sprinted into the house and slammed into a large green hip. The seagull perched on the green shoulder, squawked.

"Whoa there!" said a large man in a tight green body suit, and a green sequined mask. "You startled 'S'."

"Dad?" I said, with tears dripping down my cheeks.

"No. The 'Masked Green Marauder,' crowed my father. "Martha and I are going to Barnstable for the 'Mid-Cape Wrestling Tourney.' Before the main attraction, there's an amateur, coed free-for-all... how do I look?"

As I ran towards my room I remember thinking how much my father resembled a large, unripe avocado. This time, instead of a hip, I crashed into the arm of a woman in a full-length leopard suit.

"Gordy! Do be careful."

I stared up at her.

"Your father and I are going out and your sister won't be in 'till late. The babysitter should be here any minute and I'm told she likes little boys. Is my tail on straight?"

I ran into my room and slammed the door.

The car crunched on the gravel driveway as my parents sped away. About fifteen minutes after they left, and after my pillow was heavy with tears, someone knocked on the front screen door.

"Hi! I'm Candi," she chirped.

After showing her around the house, I sat down and watched the made-for-T.V. movie "Puppy Love."

"Mind if I watch with you?" she said as she sat down next to me, her cut-offs rubbing my jeans.

I tried to watch the rest of the show in peace but Candi kept looking at me, breathing hot onto my face. I squirmed and rubbed my ear with my shoulder, but she wouldn't stop. The she yawned loudly, stretching her arms above her head. Her left arm non-chalantly came down and rested behind my back. Slowly, it crept closer, finally encircling my shoulders. I quickly turned to her but she just stared at the television, whistling softly. I tried to shrink down out of her grasp but she tightened.

"Please let me go."

"What?" she said, looking at me.

"I have to go to bed."

Candi smiled.

Frantically I pulled at her fingers, pushing my way off the couch.

"Don't you dare go to sleep young man!" she shrieked. "You are filthy and if you don't take a bath right this instant I will spank you so hard your bottom will be red for days!"

I ran to the bathroom, threw off my clothes, and leapt into the tub's rising waters.

The door opened.

In the golden half-light of the setting sun, Candi filled the doorway, naked.

"Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" I screamed. "Get out!"

"Gordy, little, precious Gordy. I won't bite," she advanced.

"Stay out! I'm naked!... You're naked!" I remember wanting to fend her off with my hands, but they were firmly cupped in my lap.

"This is all perfectly natural Gordy. Casual sex is a wonderful thing."

Shrinking down into the tub I said, "I'm only nine years old, leave me alone."

"I like nine year olds."

Splashing from the tub, I bolted past Candi's open arms, past the T.V., and out into the twilight. Looking back I saw the glaze in her eyes as she relentlessly marched towards me. Leaping through the dune grasses, I turned to see how far back she was, tripped and fell just feet from the stairs that clung to the cliff.

And so it happened. That magical force I could so little understand finally conquered me. I protested, I struggled, but thankfully I was overpowered by the libido of an 18 year old girl. Though I was much too young to enjoy the act, I thank Candi, wherever she may be, for helping me cross over to that wonderful world of edible underwear, professional wrestling, and electronic paraphernalia. ☞

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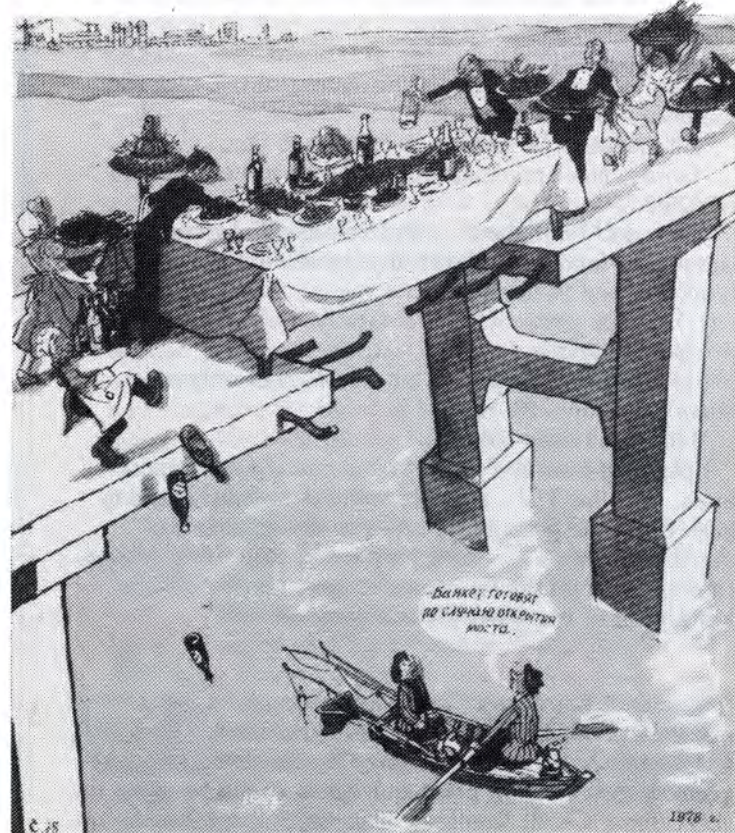
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LEONID'S LAST



"There is a detective movie on another channel."



"They're preparing a banquet to celebrate the completion of the bridge."

LAUGHS

Brezhnev finally stopped procrastinating and took his cue. He must have realized that the jokes about his health were no longer funny. It is a loss on the whole, however, as his successor is even less funny. Humor is forbidden in the KGB and Andropov made it to the top.

What is happening to the Soviet sense of humor? They wouldn't even put Brezhnev in a glass display case like Lenin. THAT was funny! *Crocodile*, the Soviet national humor magazine, prints pages of jokes, stories, cartoons and anecdotes three times a month.

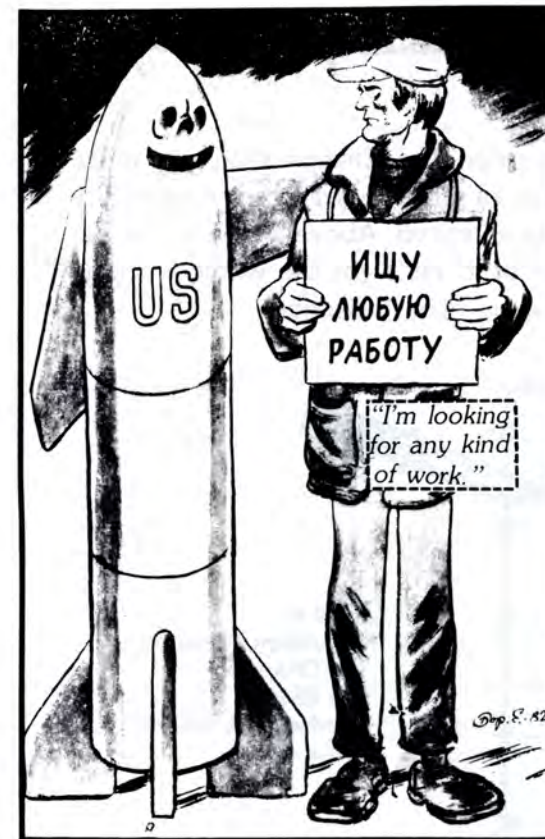
—My client has a split personality and because of this I beg of you to be lenient, Your Honor.

—Fine. I accept that. I'll sentence each half only five years.

Don't think there is nothing to laugh about in the Soviet Union. Underground humor thrives. It just never appears in print.



"Mom, you didn't even notice who you shortchanged!"



— Я смотрю ты растешь как и я!
"I see your numbers are growing as fast as mine."



С женой поссорил... Она тоже против нашей политики!
"I got this black eye arguing with my wife. She too is against our policies."

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ESSAYS

(Please limit your answers to the space provided.)

1. If you were given sudden notice that you would need to evacuate your home within minutes, what two or three items would you first think to take with you? Briefly explain.

Certainly I would remember to take my collection of autographed Florence Henderson photos, and my "Mr. Wizard" deluxe lab kit. I also wouldn't forget to pick up a copy of that day's Chicago Tribune, to keep abreast of the day's events while fleeing those establishment lackeys. And, should the pressure of life underground threaten to overwhelm me, I'd by all means keep handy a couple dozen bottles of extra-strength pain reliever.

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2. What event in your life has been most memorable to you? Briefly explain.

Well I have a friend who's created quite a stir. You see, he's very interested in pharmaceutical synthesis. He feels that mass-produced pain killers just aren't powerful enough to combat the endless grief and misery we call existence. He wanted to change all that, but NO! McNeil labs didn't want to improve the quality of life, they didn't care if a budding genius was wasted away in his one-room southside hotel. But I hear that Stanford has a very good pharmacology department with access to local distributors. I don't know what I'll do if I don't get in.

I hereby apply for admission to the Freshman Class at Stanford, and I certify that ALL of the information provided herein is my own work and, to the best of my knowledge, complete and accurate.

Signature [Handwritten Signature]



Stanford University

Office of Admissions

Stanford, California 94305

ESSAYS

(Please limit your answers to the space provided.)

1. If you were given sudden notice that you would need to evacuate your home within minutes, what two or three items would you first think to take with you? Briefly explain.

Notice? Under whose authority, sir? Sir...? Dammit, communication channels are down. Well, you heard the order, sergeant, you and I have got to evacuate this house immediately, and take two or three items. Yes, the TV set and the stereo will be fine. No, ma'am, there's no need to panic, you and your husband can go back to bed. Just making a routine check for insurgents and undesirables. Goodnight, ma'am.

Sergeant, neutralize this neighborhood.

INTERDEPARTMENTAL
CONFIDENTIAL

2. What event in your life has been most memorable to you? Briefly explain.

I'll never forget the summer I acted in the capacity of Lieutenant Counselor at Lake Morena Day Camp in Wookeenee, Ill. Nothing warms the heart like the sight of a dozen whining, blister-weary six-year-olds after a forty mile trek through treacherous backwoods. On one such hike I completely lost my bearings, yet was able to successfully defoliate a path back to camp.

I feel that this experience helped me to gain a sense of self-confidence and an ability to make quick decisions under pressure. I don't know what I'll do if I don't get in.

I hereby apply for admission to the Freshman Class at Stanford, and I certify that ALL of the information provided herein is my own work and, to the best of my knowledge, complete and accurate.

Signature Bill Calley, USA



Stanford University

Office of Admissions

Stanford, California 94305

ESSAYS

(Please limit your answers to the space provided.)

1. If you were given sudden notice that you would need to evacuate your home within minutes, what two or three items would you first think to take with you? Briefly explain.

The first item which inevitably comes to mind is the small grey box I keep hidden under my bed. The box contains seven light bulbs. As you may recall, it is a light bulb I skillfully threw at Giovanni Pepperonini's face, causing splinters to fly into his hair. When he brushed his short locks that evening with his electric comb, the shock induced was fatal. With light bulbs I can also change my appearance completely in order to cross Customs lines inconspicuously - this I do by stuffing four of them in my mouth. A second item would undoubtedly be my grand piano. I use this to stealthily set off burglar alarms by hurling it through the window of a famous jeweler at one end of the city, while I strike elsewhere. Finally, I'd bring my 6,000 copies of St. Augustine's Confessions. These I plan to drop over the city of Barcelona from a helicopter, and, while the city sleeps, carry out the murder of the century.

2. What event in your life has been most memorable to you? Briefly explain.

The most memorable event in my life was the day I ate the Tortellani family. They had been getting on my nerves for quite a while, taunting me, and making insidious puns with my name ("Carlos" in Ancient Greek means "egg-thrower"). They made fun of my sunglasses, my small beard, and my bullet-proof hearing aid. Finally, dressed in my four light bulbs, armed only with a large bottle of my favorite red-wine and a loaf of bread, I had them for lunch.

I feel this experience made me a more mature, responsible person, well able to handle the rigors of an academic discipline. I don't know what I'll do if I don't get in.

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I hereby apply for admission to the Freshman Class at Stanford, and I certify that ALL of the information provided herein is my own work and, to the best of my knowledge, complete and accurate.

Signature Jack L. "Rich Little" Carlos



(Please limit your answers to the space provided.)

1. If you were given sudden notice that you would need to evacuate your home within minutes, what two or three items would you first think to take with you? Briefly explain.

Ho no! Well now, there's a question! I sure wouldn't want to leave home (and that spacious basement downstairs!) but if I just absolutely had to, I guess I'd grab that big red honk-honk nose ball of mine. — it's always good for a disarming chuckle. — and I couldn't get much action without those big, floppy clown boots. Oh! I almost forgot my YMCA Jr. Counselor Badge — after late night games there are always youth to be driven home.

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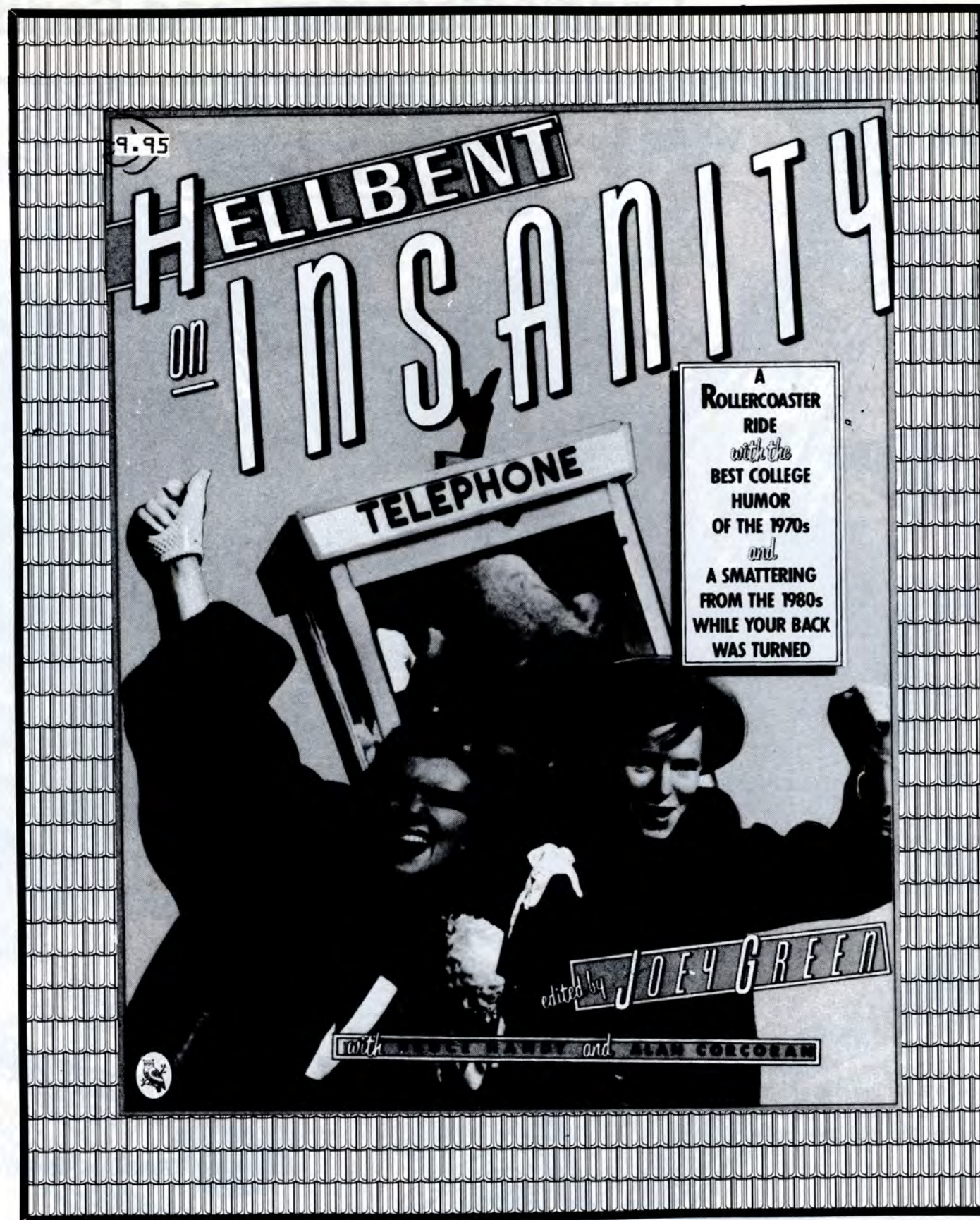
2. What event in your life has been most memorable to you? Briefly explain.

Back when I was a sophomore we had an Easter-egg hunt at the Young Democrats' Picnic. I found all the eggs — more than 30! — and re-hid them in a nearby construction site. Sixteen feet of solid cement and rebar kept 'em away from over-zealous busybodies. Ever since, construction techniques and civil engineering have fascinated me. If I can't be a Stanford C.E., I just don't know what I'll do.

I hereby apply for admission to the Freshman Class at Stanford, and I certify that ALL of the information provided herein is my own work and, to the best of my knowledge, complete and accurate.

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John Wayne Stacy II



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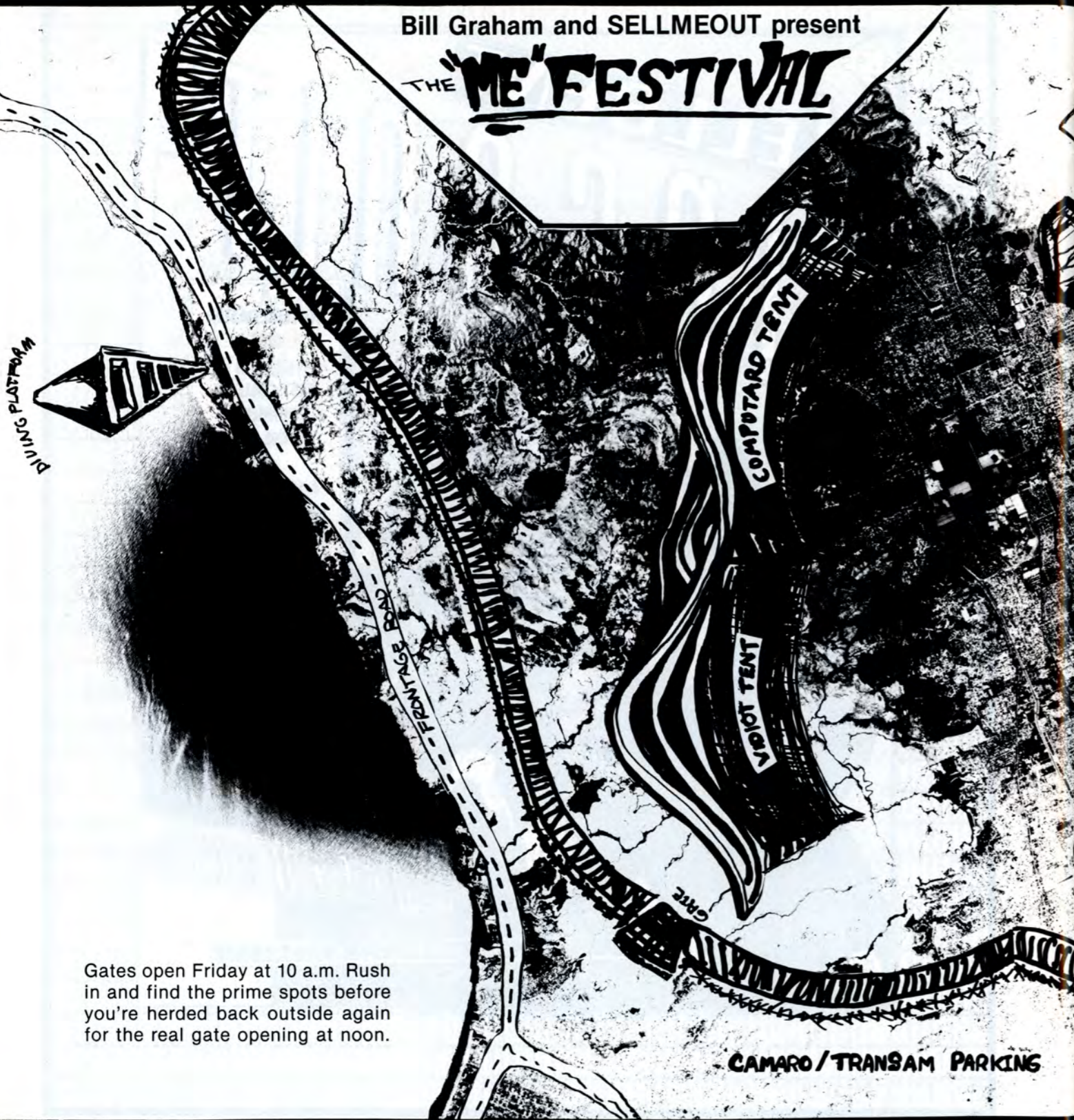
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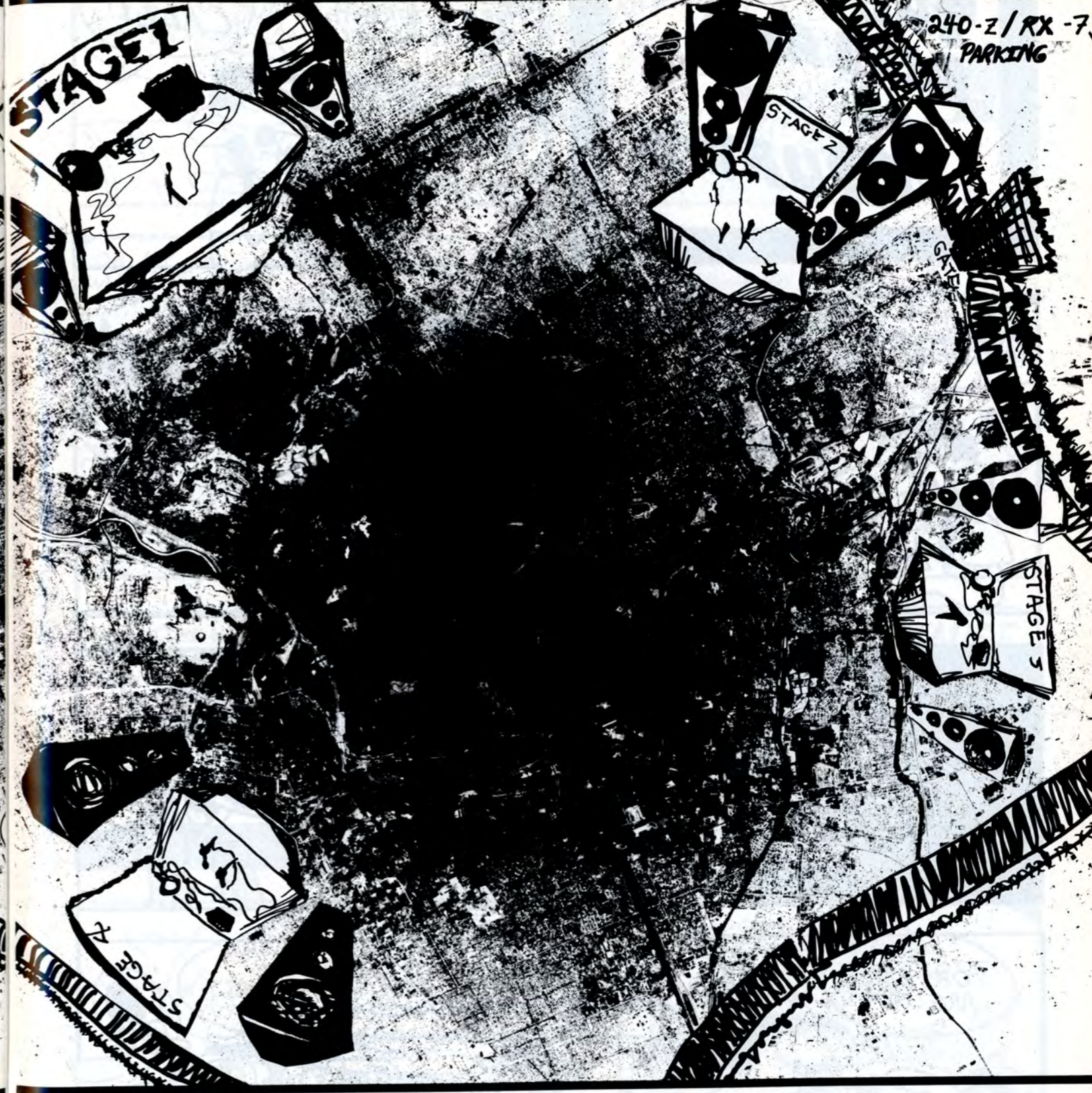
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Cheap Trick
Van Halen
Journey

DAY 2

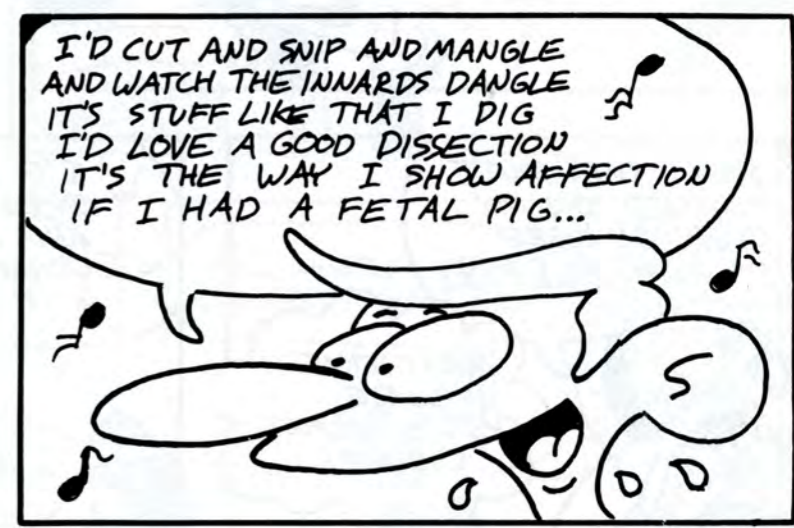
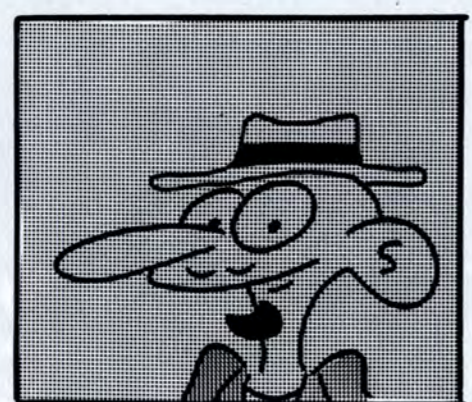
Cheap Trick
Journey
Foreigner
Van Halen

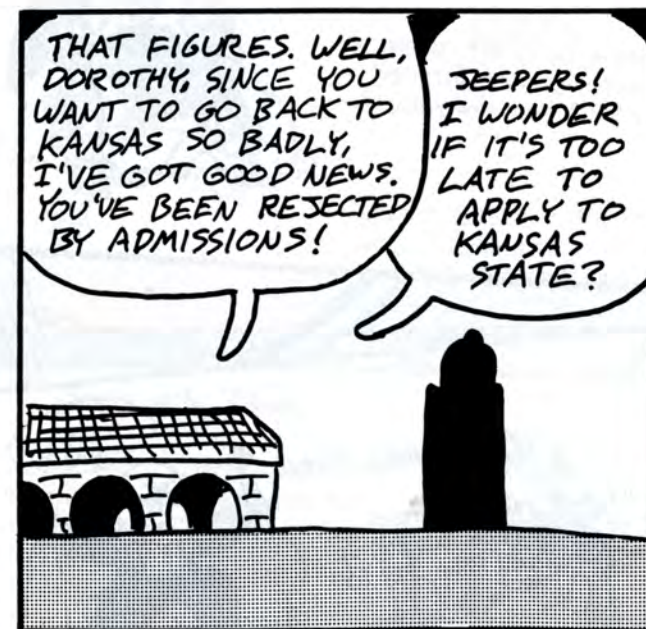
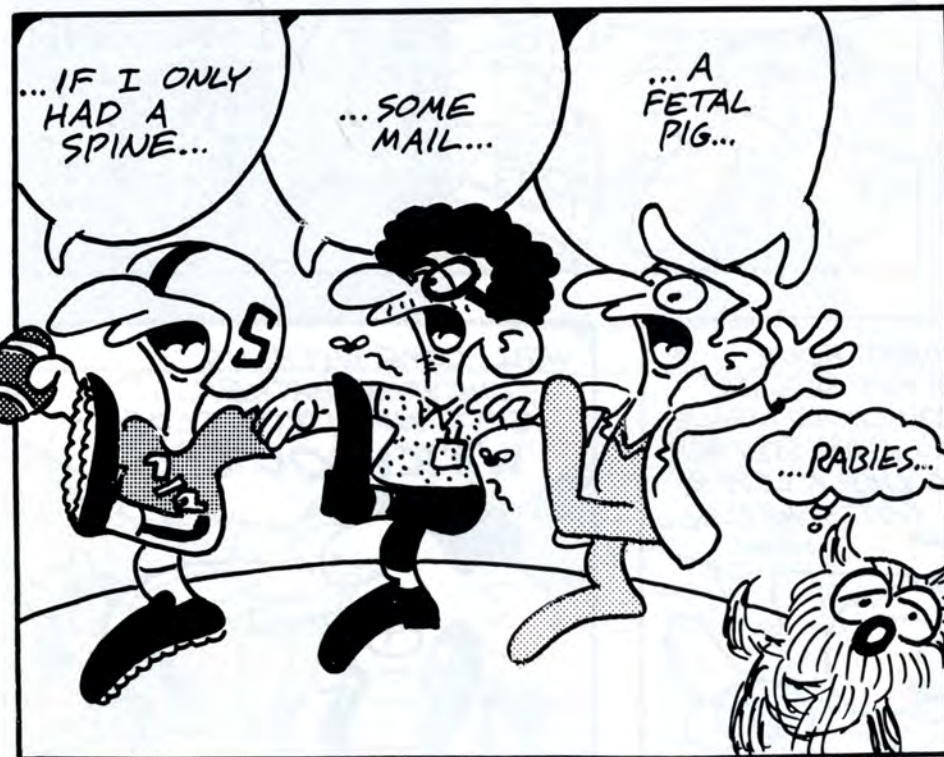
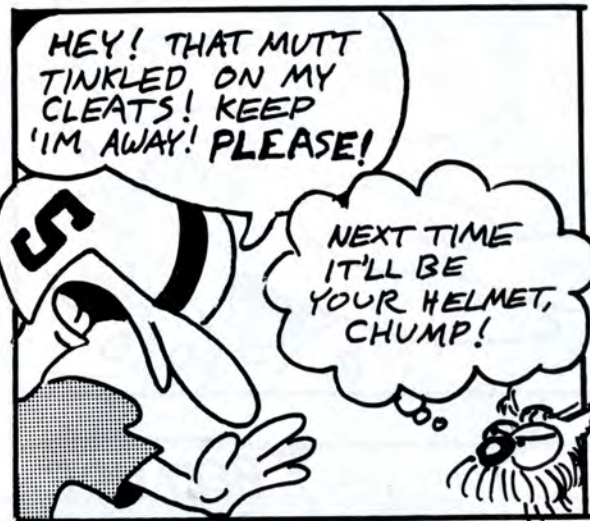
DAY 3

Journey
Foreigner
Van Halen
Cheap Trick

NO TICKETS AT THE DOOR. SINCE THE SHOW WILL SELL OUT AT ALL TICKETRON, BASS, AND MUTUAL OUTLETS TEN MINUTES AFTER THEY GO ON SALE, THEY WILL ONLY BE MADE AVAILABLE TO YOU BY SCALPERS IN THE \$100-\$300 RANGE, IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

THE WIZARD OF QUADZ





CARD MONOPOLY

Young Americans are perpetrating a national tragedy by allowing their classic capitalist game, Monopoly, to be replaced by trendy pastimes like Quarters and Pac-Man. The outdated Monopoly game has been neglected by this post-Vietnam, test tube baby boom generation not because its mercenary theme isn't still universal, but because the situations on the cards have become archaic. When was the last time you had a bank error in your favor and collected \$200?

Use these cards in place of the Chance and Community Chest. Of course, if you cut them out, this magazine will lose all of its collector value. But you would have left it in a trunk in an attic somewhere anyway, so go ahead.

Community Chest



Go directly to Stanford—Do not pass classes, do not collect 200 units.


You are hired to a Silicon Valley electronics firm which builds the latest nuclear weapons. Get \$500 next time you pass GO but you will feel guilty and probably roll bad numbers because of it.

Community Chest



Community Chest

RES ED finally accepts your application for a Dionysian Theme House. Place one HOUSE on any monopoly.




Chance




Write for the Daily... Collect \$100 from every player. Now pay the bank \$600 for your bodyguard.

Community Chest

You are the R.A. of an all freshmen dorm and have complete control over their minds. Send anyone backward past GO to jail



Community Chest



Overdraft at Wells Fargo... one check went \$2.34 over the top but they reprocessed it 15 times. Pay the bank \$150.

Chance



Flunk that P/NC class you needed to graduate.

GO BACK 3 SPACES

Chance



Get off your bike to check your upper mail box. Get on your tip-toes... peek in... no mail... "Shit"... get down... your bike is gone. Pay \$150 for a new bike.




Community Chest



HOUSE DUES: Pay \$50 to the bank for every house you own, but collect \$60 from everyone else for each of their houses.

Community Chest

YOU are a mercenary, stingy, uptight, money-grubbing Scrooge! Collect \$300 from every player.




Chance



GO TO GREEN... Fall into a coma... Lose 3 turns and pay \$100 Cowell Health Fees.


Chance

Find a dirty manila envelope in White Plaza... Pick it up... Bring it home... Now open it and inside you find...



\$1000
Don't tell anyone

Community Chest



Worm your way onto the ASSU Senate. Send the person of your choice to Income Tax.


Community Chest

Try out your guitar playing in front of an audience, but end up swearing on Open Mike. Pay \$50 fine.



Community Chest

Just back from Overseas, you don't know about bike lanes. \$50 fine for hitting 3 people in White Plaza at noon.



Chance

You take a road trip off campus. Unfortunately all reasonably priced lodging is booked. Advance token to the property with the highest rent.



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE



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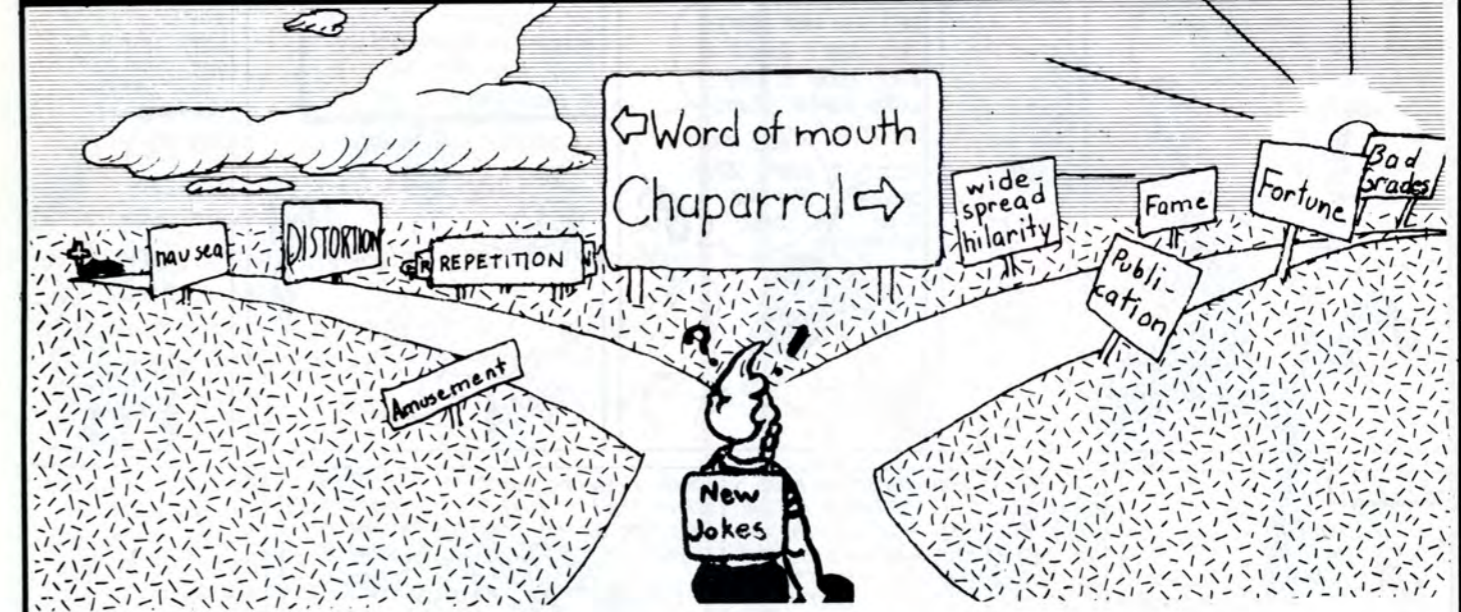
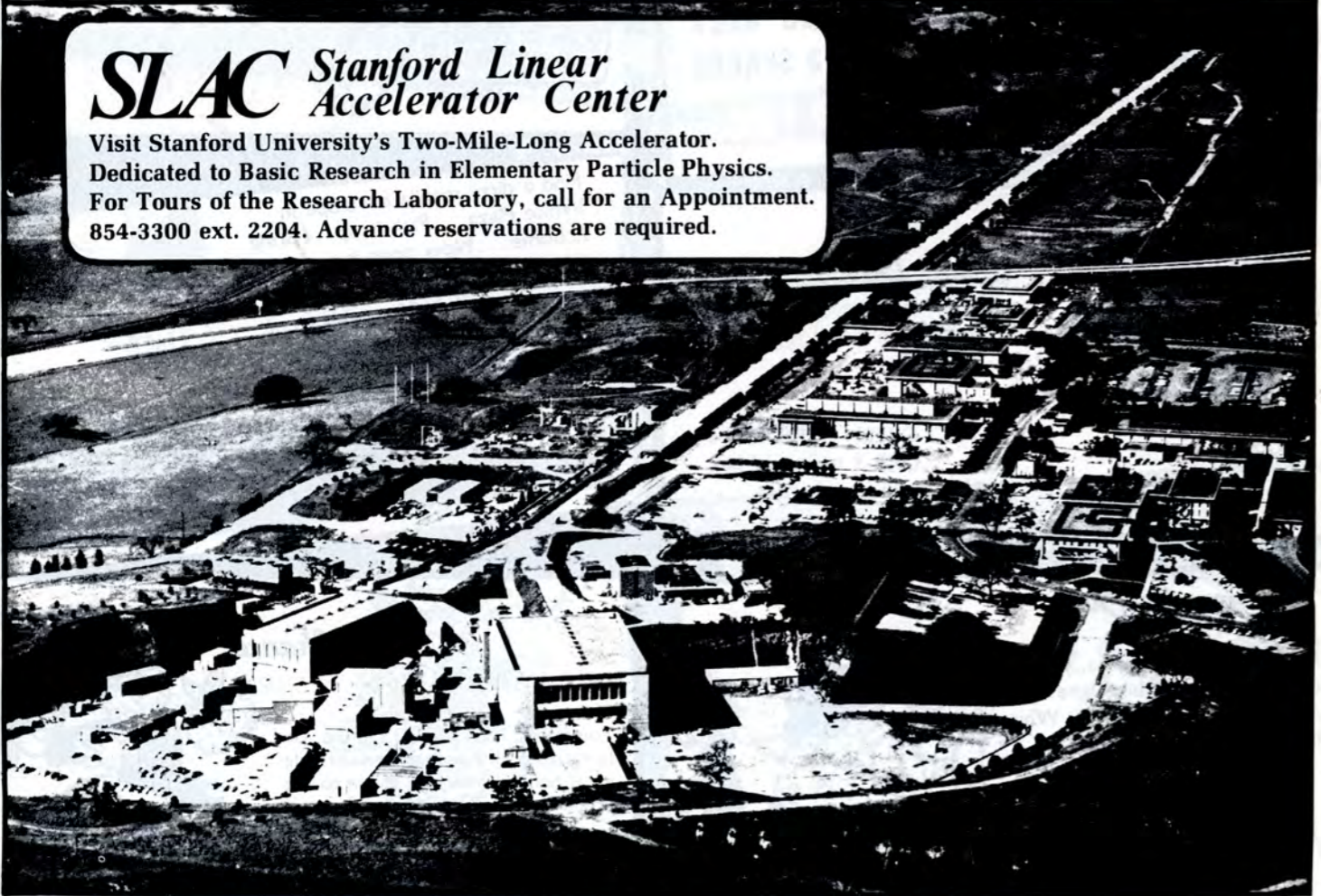
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Photographers: The *Chaparral* has a complete darkroom, and this year our photographic reproduction will be better than ever. If you're interested in creative photography, or are experienced in color work, we need you.

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The Wacky Adventures of the universe's most magniloquent embryo this side of a uterus...

CLITUS THE FETUS

with RALSTON, the wizard Dwarf

IN "COME AGAIN, JEHOVAH?"

Wanda Jackson, despite doctors' warnings, ingested too many toxic chemicals while pregnant, and her yet unborn child Clitus has now been endowed with sentience and universe warping powers of astral projection...

Hey Ralston! You've never told me about your previous life! What was it like, huh?

Previous life? I hate to disappoint you my little recently conceived companion, but I have no recollection of any former life! IS it possible I have only lived this one life?



Nonsense! Using my universe warping powers of astral projection we can retrocede your psychic timeline and arrive in time for us to witness a most momentous moment of your past life!



To facilitate trans-continuum, trans-time teleportation, the diminutive duo seeks the weakest point of the Astral Structure...

There you go! My entry point to the Astral Plane and the beginning of the Astral component of my umbilical cord. Here we begin our journey!



As a hot knife goes through butter, Clitus and Ralston pierce the Astral Plane...



... and through the unleashing of powers rivaling those of the Big Bang itself, Clitus and Ralston arrive at their destination...



An apparition! A sending! Were you sent by the good Lord above or the Devil below?



There, there Joe! You're probably right. I must've just mis-laid the little tyke, but until we find him again let's see if we can use our friend Clitus here!



Clitus! I don't like this. Doesn't it remind you of childhood memories of chestnuts roasting on an open fire and all?



So you see Clitus, we have, uh, friends of the family coming and if they don't see some darling bundle of joy in the crib, well, we lose out, badly. So, we were wondering if...



If I would lie in the crib and pretend to be your baby! SURE!



Well, now what Mary? They aren't gonna expect water to wine or water walkin' stunts are they?



The stillness of the crude manger is disrupted by three wise men, bearers of most precious gifts...



However it is the visage of the timest Madj that captures Clitus' attention...



LATER...



True my fallopian friend, we have ascertained the nature of my previous existence. However, the part you played today becomes insignificant in light of this luminescent child I found in my haystack!



Such a darling, sweet child. Isn't he so cute? He's even got his father's eyes!



Oh well!



Oh well! Come Clitus, the time has come to depart!



GUESS WHO'S TWENTY

For twenty years now Tresidder Union has been serving the Stanford community. Many improvements have taken place over this time as we have attempted to respond to the changing needs of the campus. Some of the improvements of the last few years include:

- Reinstitution of the Union Board
- Expansion of STARTS (Student Arts at Stanford) through active student volunteer participation
- Creation of student entrepreneurial opportunities
- Remodeling of the Transition to Union Crossroads
- Addition of the Corner Pocket with frozen yogurt and pizza
- Creation of STOPS (Stanford-Tresidder Outdoor Programs)
- Addition of the Coffee House Patio with outdoor beer & wine service
- Increased student employment opportunities
- Addition of the Pub at Encina Station, open 6 nights a week
- Publishing of "Run the Foothills to the Bay," a Stanford Runner's Guide
- Development of a long-term space use plan.



Watch for special Tresidder Union programs this quarter as we mark our anniversary by celebrating the arts.

20th anniversary

WE'RE NOT JUST GETTING OLDER. WE'RE GETTING BETTER.

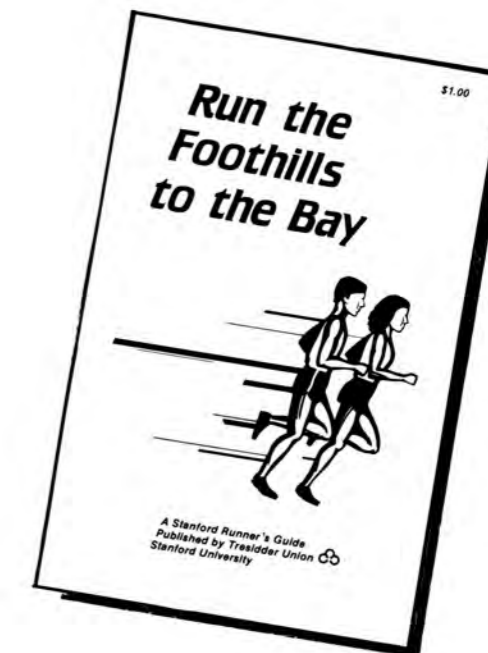
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This book is for you!

Run the Foothills to the Bay!

- Warming Up
- Pacing
- Preventing Injuries
- Runner's Diet
- Description of Stanford Area Courses



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