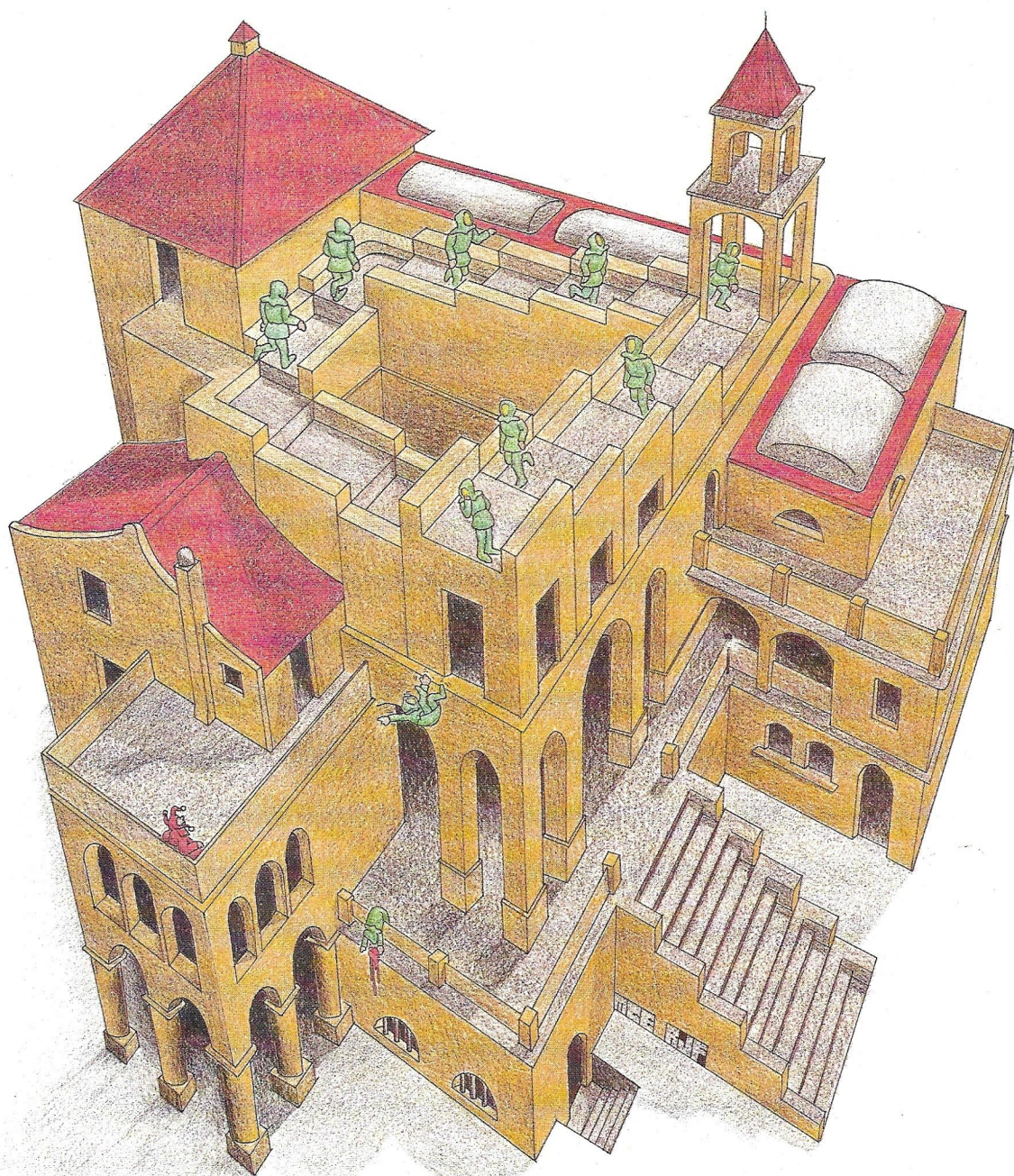


STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

One Buck



THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ESCHER

March 1960 - February 1984

Lithograph and colored pencils

355 x 285

deception

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Served with cottage cheese, macaroni or potato salad



Chaparral

Volume 85 Number 3
Spring 1984

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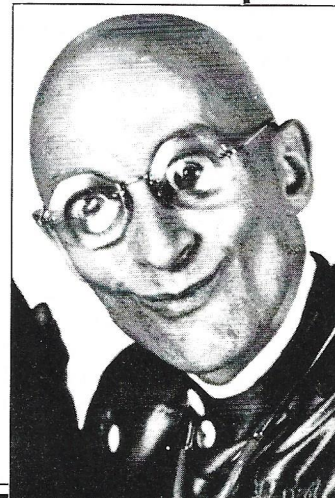
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Say "Hi!" to the Editor
P.O Box 8585
Stanford, California
94305

Special thanks to Mr. Mike Wallace and
The Learning Company for sharing Lisa
so generously.

Thanks also to Mr. Michael Tchao for
various invaluable.

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The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded

5 October 1899

by Bristow Adams

Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society

Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

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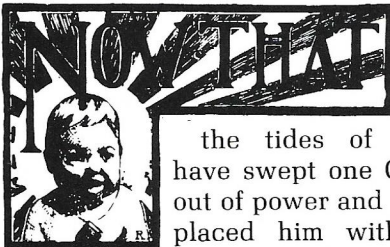
Holly Taylor

Brad Williams



THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



the tides of change have swept one Old Boy out of power and duly replaced him with fresh stock, it is time to reassess the underlying philosophy of the *Chaparral*. Just what purpose in the greater scheme of college society should a quarterly "humor" publication serve? Which topics of current debate should be addressed within the pages of this magazine? I hope to answer these and other troubling questions within the course of the essay.

Pick up an old issue of the *Chaparral*. Read a few articles. Look at the comics. See a pattern emerging? Topics as diverse and wanting of scholarly debate as heterosexual relationships (both physical and emotional), United States political events, civil rights, drug abuse and abortion, to name but a few, are treated with slapdash, pie-in-the-face abandon and frivolity. I enjoy a good joke as much as the next person, but things have gone too far.

Something must be done, a sense of decorum and responsibility must be imposed upon the *Chaparral* lest it become inextricably swept up in a maelstrom of unchecked comedy.

Remember, there can be too much of a good thing, whether it be humor or warm milk before bedtime.

Before old supporters of the *Chaparral* begin to think we've become stuffed shirts, let me assure you that our almost spiritual sense of belonging, of oneness with our fellow students, be they undergraduate or graduate level, has never been stronger. It is this bonding which drives, nay, impels us to lift the *Chaparral* from the ashes of its less-than-proud past, and like the phoenix of old, arise reborn, with a new and more sharply defined sense of community service. The *Chaparral* can, and will, become another


respected forum for topical discussion, yet differing from existing campus publications through the use of gentle wit. We want to be your topical satire ("humor" is such a crass word) magazine.

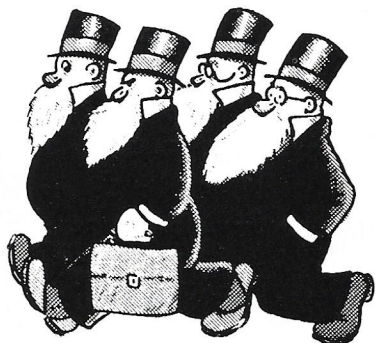
Granted, these are lofty goals indeed and one cannot undo 85 years of sophomoric humor overnight, but with this issue and in the issues to come we hope to begin a process of maturation. It will be slow and difficult, but the university's cultural complexion will surely "clear up" thanks to our actions. We only ask your forgiveness during our period of growing pains. Should we blunder, commit some unseemly faux pas, we can only hope that you will forgive us in the manner of an understanding father affectionately and forgivingly rumpling the hair of his tow-headed son after he accidentally threw a baseball through the living room window.

Hopefully, I have been able to infuse you with some of the same sense of purpose that has lifted the lagging spirits of our staff during the planning sessions of the past eight weeks. You hold in your hand, dare I say it, a *revolutionary* issue of the venerable old *Chaparral*. We are at a turning point in our history, a fork in the sometimes rocky road of student publishing, and you are there to share it with us. And, unlike the famous poem of old, we need not ponder the road not taken, for we know where it leads. We thank you for your trust and faith.

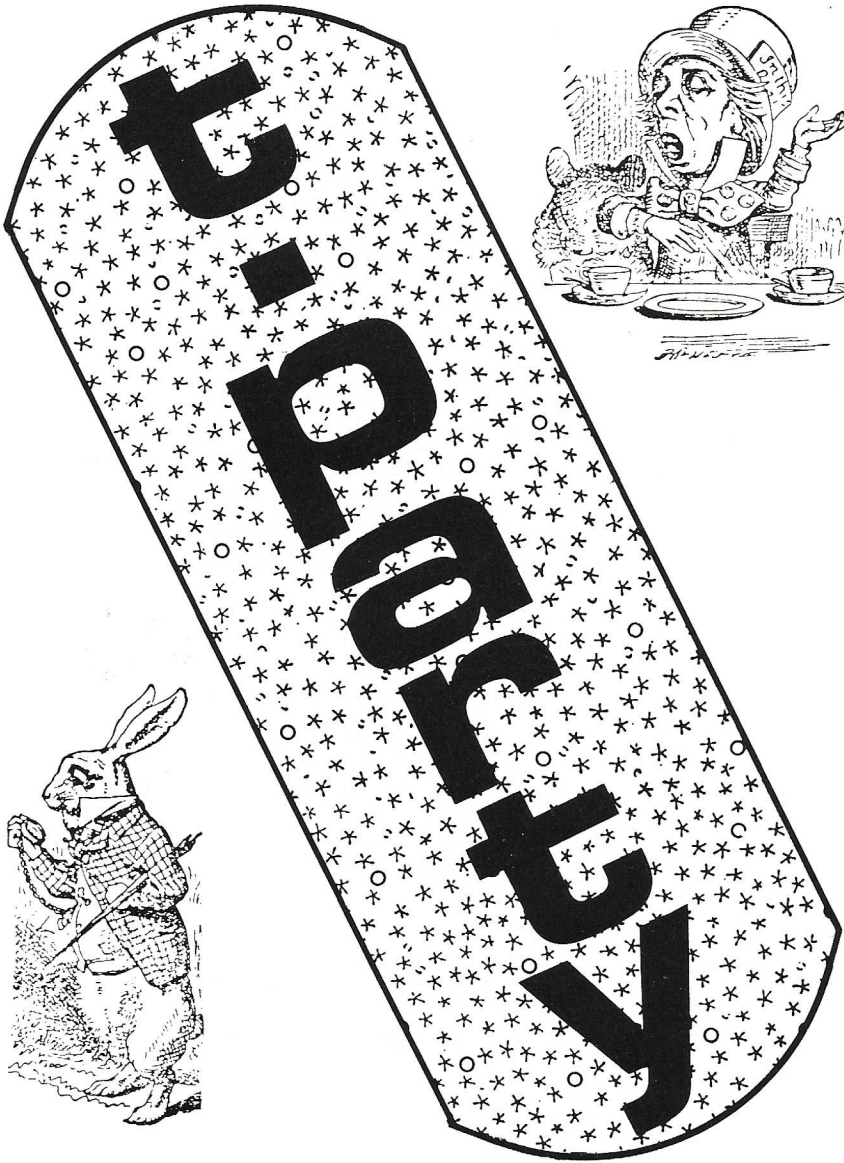
Perhaps former University President David Starr Jordan expressed our sentiments best when, at the funeral of Mrs. Leland Stanford in 1905 he asked the mourners, "Why doesn't Jane Stanford have multiple orgasms?" There was respectful silence.


"Because she's dead."


Heigh-ho. 



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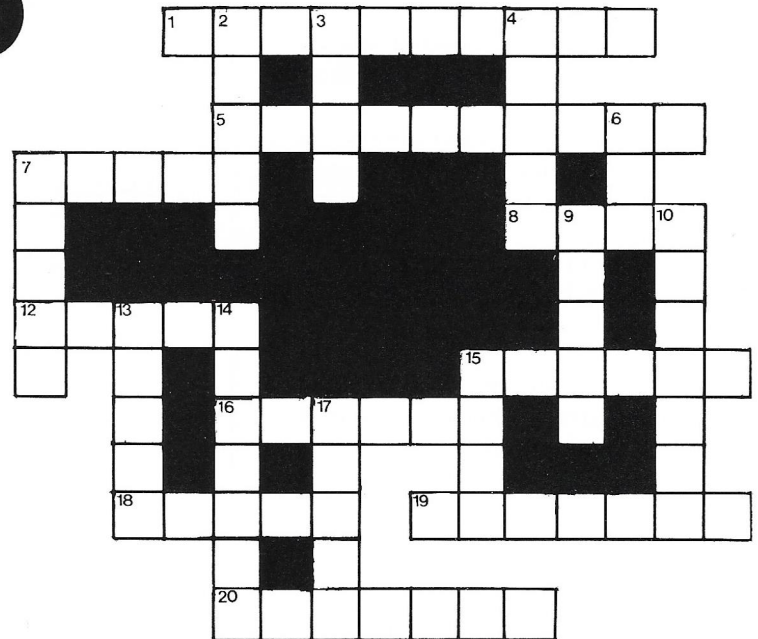


There's a new comer to the cabbage patch with the rise of the new Klaus Barbie Doll! This new favorite is imported straight from Brazil, and carries our limited lifetime guarantee: you will enjoy this product. No "ifs", "ands", or "buts". Little Klaus comes complete with a full wear 'n wash outfit in a striking match of deep black, authenticated leather and high-quality chrome. A delight for youngsters and collectors alike!!

What could be more fun for Klaus and your little ones than one of our soon-to-be released Übermensch® Family Playsets? Look for these realistic set pieces which will take young imaginations back to the glory days when Klaus and his buddies were the true Masters of the Universe®. Be the first, the best, and the strongest on your block. We shall overcome this Christmas in stores nationwide.

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CROSSWORD PUZZLE



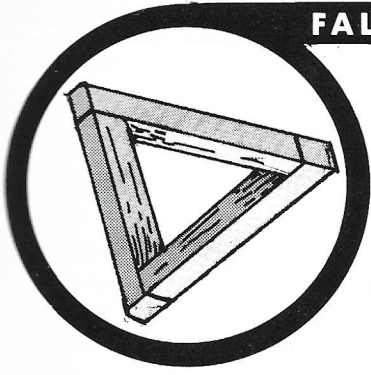
BY
JON
RASAK

ACROSS:

1. First president of the United States.
5. The Golden State
7. _____ and his red horse, Pokey
8. The Emperor who fiddled while Rome burned.
12. East, West, North, _____
15. "Leave it to _____"; builds dams
16. Capitol of Greece
18. James Bond; _____ Moore
19. "Stars and _____ Forever"
20. Creator of the "Mona Lisa"
22. The official language of Peru

DOWN:

2. "The Monster that ate _____"
3. Satan's domain
4. "Choo-choo"; Railroad
6. Internal Revenue Service (abbr.)
7. Princess _____ of Monaco
9. "Sesame Street"; Bert and _____
10. Denver's pro basketball team
13. The card game where a "flush" is better than a pair
14. World's highest mountain
15. The Anchorage hockey team
17. to rush; "_____ up!"



Project "GOOD BOOK"

by Ron Herbst and David Gregor

In this secular age, the layman may find it surprising that reported incidences of church-related phenomenon are on the rise. These phenomenon, originally shrugged off as deific hallucinations, are now taken more seriously by the public and have earned the official classification "Unidentified Godlike Object," or U.G.O. for short. The first recorded U.G.O. sighting of this century was in 1938, when Moe Hammad of Pommyland, Australia told authorities that a mountain-like object had come to him. Hammad was put away in an institution, but in the last decade the frequency of U.G.O. sightings has increased to the point that the Air Force has seen fit to initiate "Project Good Book," a department dedicated to the documenting and studying of U.G.O. sightings. "Project Good Book" has records of over ten thousand sightings in its ample files. Following are excerpts and photos taken from actual "Project Good Book" files. Hopefully they will give the average American citizen an idea of what a typical U.G.O. sighting is like.



Samuel Antics of Spielberg, Vermont thought, at first glance, that this apparition was nothing more than a run-of-the-mill UFO encounter. Close inspection of the pictures taken by Mr. Antics puts this sighting in a "holy" different light.

Following is an actual transcript, dated April 1, 1975, of a taped conversation with a Mr. Aaron Gobrah, who works at New York City's Mount Sinai Hospital:

GOBRAGH: I was heading home from work one afternoon. And like, the subway station was bereft of souls. Then all of a sudden, there lay in front of me a Times vending machine on fire. The flames, like, leapt up high, but lo, the machine was not consumed in the flame. It was made of steel, I guess. Then all of a sudden a voice spoke to me from behind the machine. It said, "Aaron, take off thy shoes, for like, the ground on which thy treads is holy." And I said, "I don't like want to because there lies crap and stuff on the ground." And the voice said, "This is the Lord, Aaron. And thy must not look at me unlest thou die." And I took off my shoes and kneeled and the crap cut into my knees and feet.

INTERVIEWER: And then what happened?

G: Well then he walked to the wall with a great can of spray paint and. . .

I: So you saw him?

G: Well, I peeked a little but he kept asking unto me that I lookest down at the floor.

I: What did he look like?

G: He looketh a little like thus: He was tall with black, greasen hair,

and he wore a robe hewn from the skin of a cow—

I: You mean, like a leather jacket?

G: Yeah, like unto that. Anyways, he started writing onto the wall of the station with the spray paint for five minutes and then five minutes went by and he stopped writing onto the wall of the station with the spray paint. And like, he said unto me, he said, "I am the Lord and these are my commandments. These commandments you must follow and they your children must follow and they the whole city must follow and stuff, and anyone who breaketh any commandment will dieth. He will dieth and I will see to it personally that he dieth. Understandeth me?" I said, "I understandeth, my Lord." And he said, "I'm not your Lord; I'm just 'The Lord.'" And then he asked unto me to give him my wallet and when I asked why, he answereth, "So that people will know you have seen 'The Lord.'"

Besides his account, authorities have checked the site where Mr. Gobrah claims the incident happened. Sure enough, on the wall of the train station, they found ten commandment-like ordinances. Below is an abbreviated sample of the commandments (expletives deleted):

1. I am 'The Lord.' Don't f**k with me.
2. Don't nark on anyone.

3. Don't f**k with other people's stuff.
4. Don't f**k with other people's women.
5. Don't f**k people over.

And so on. Lab tests confirm that these commandments are indeed written in spray paint, exactly as Mr. Gobrah reported. The facts are verified. The coincidences are, to say the least, startling.

The following conversation with Ms. Ann Unciation of Nazareth, Nebraska took place on Nov. 6, 1983, one week after her husband, Ian, filed for a divorce on the grounds of infidelity.

INTERVIEWER: Ms. Unciation, could you please share with us what happened the night you. . .um, conceived?

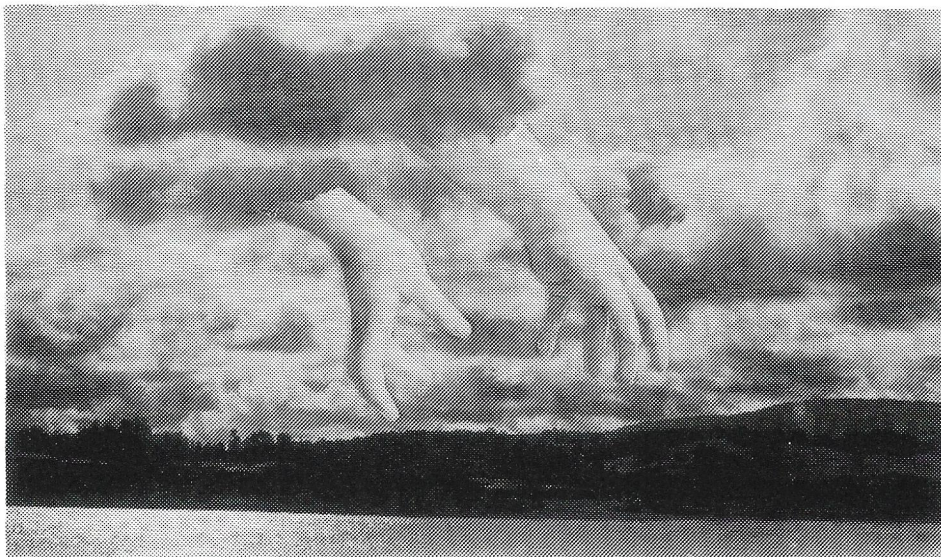
UNCIATION: Sure. It was a couple of months ago. Ian was out with the guys, like he usually is evenings. I was just watching "Real People" on my Sony Trinitron, and the doorbell rang. I answered it and there was this guy standing there, stark naked, with wings. I asked him to come in. Because it was cold outside, of course.

I: Could you describe him?

U: Yeah. He was in his middle ages and mostly bald. He spoke in this great deep voice with the most fantastickest British accent. And he. . .well. .he had a pretty good. . .well, he wasn't wearing any clothes, you know.

I: I understand. Please go on.

U: Fine. He started telling me how he was an angel of God and everything and I said, right, I'm sure. He said he was going to plant in me the progeny of man or something like that. I said, "That sounds real dirty," and he said, "No, on the contrary, it's immaculate!" And then he burst into laughter. When he calmed down, he said, "No, seriously, I have to impregnate you." I said, "I'm not gonna be impregnated by you! What would my husband think?" He said it didn't matter if I wanted to or not because it was really important. I asked him if it was really, really important, because I was missing the guy on "Real



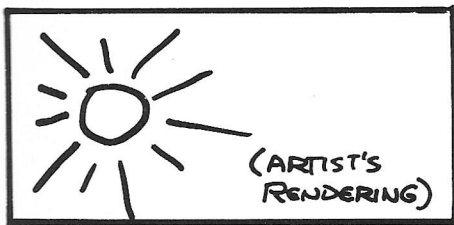
This heavenly vision appeared above the countryside outside of Pamplona, Spain in 1979. Luckily, photographer Javier Thanair had his camera with him.

People" who folds himself into tiny boxes. He insisted, so I said all right and we did it right in the living room. Afterwards we smoked cigarettes and he started telling me all this stuff about what was gonna happen and I was really impressed. He told me I was gonna get money and stuff from all these people and I said, "Great." Then he showed me the right way to cross my heart (I used to do the side-to-side part first) and told me I should start remembering stuff like that and going to church more often since all these people are gonna be adoring me and all. Well, I've been trying, but it's hard to get up early on Sundays after all those parties.

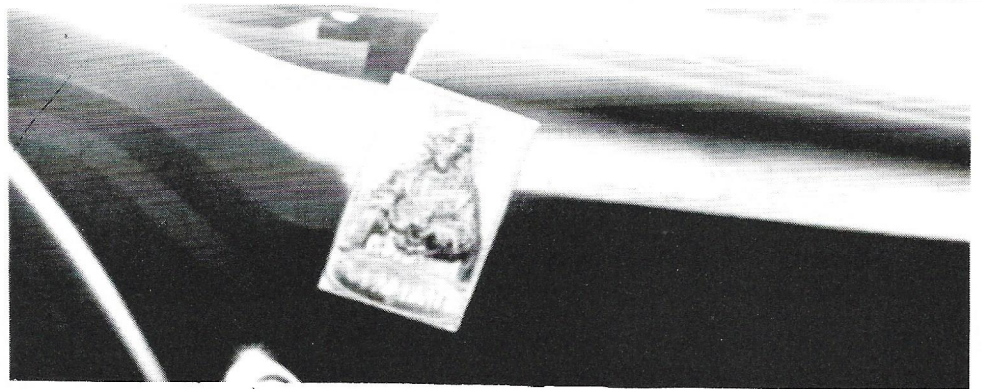
I: And then he left?

U: Yeah, he left then, but he came back the next couple of nights, he told me just to make sure it worked. Actually I think it worked the first time, but he kept insisting. I think the reason Ian is divorcing me is because this guy was so good in bed. I mean, it must get pretty useless trying to compete with God. And the things he did with those wings. . .

Ms. Unciation gave birth to a son on December 27th, 1983. Since then the two have been touring the country as a team, "Ann and the Amazing Nazareth Kid," and performing to sellout crowds. A spectacle of a show, the Nazareth Kid appears to crawl on water, make light emanate from his head, and cure people of leprosy. "Actually, it's all done with mirrors," Ms. Unciation said, "but the folks love it!"



In 1975, Tess Tament reported the appearance of an intensely bright light in the sky over her home town of Seattle, Washington. The light, which she said, "hurt when you looked at it," appeared the morning of an unusually cloudless day and moved slowly across the sky for the rest of the daylight hours.



Brian Shrimp of Mobile, Alabama took the above photograph in 1981 when the U.G.O. mysteriously appeared on his car dashboard.

April 1972 was the date of a most unusual incident reported by Mr. Marvin Herod, a former farm owner in eastern Arizona. Curiously, the incident in question was preceded by almost a month of what Mr. Herod calls, "most suspicious circumstances."

"It all began," explains Mr. Herod, "when my irrigation engineer, Herbert Moses, suggested that I hire on some of his friends. I was lookin' for some new hands, and Herbert assured me that they would work real cheap." Mr. Herod was sold, and so began one of the most curious episodes in the Project Good Book files.

"I only hired two to begin with, Juan and Paulo," Mr. Herod recalls. Before the planting season had even rightly begun Mr. Herod soon had all nine of Juan and Paulo's friends working for him as well. "Hell, they worked hard and didn't complain none. I figured that those eleven, plus my local farm hand, Jud, would give me enough help to get through the season." Mr. Herod pauses at this part of his story. "But I was wrong."

After several weeks, Mr. Herod began finding bottles of cheap wine and discarded Wonder bread bags out behind the farm hands' quarters. It was Jud who first alerted Mr. Herod to the true nature of these strange goings on. "Seems those new hands o' mine were having late night bull sessions out back. Jud said that he was invited and went to a couple. I don't understand how they stomached the Ripple and the Wonder myself.," recalls Mr. Herod. "Seems to me that stuff'd stuff a horse, much less a man.

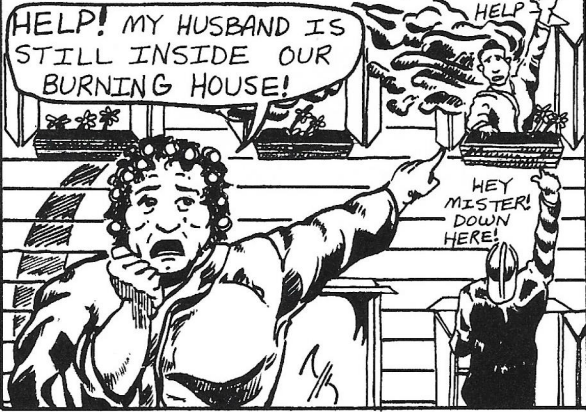
"Well, everything went along

smooth-enough till one fall day when a bearded buddy of theirs came into town. Pretty soon they're all hanging around together after hours, joking and feasting and inviting muggers and street scum down to the homestead. After a week or two, I'd had just about enough of this — harvest was approaching, and there'd be work around the clock pretty soon. I approached the stranger one afternoon behind the toolshed where he was bending my best sword into a plowshare. 'Say there,' I called, 'put that down!' He did, and we just stood there staring at each other. 'You've got quite a following here,' I said. He nodded. 'Yeah, well, I'm afraid that you're going to have to leave or I will kill you and Jud will kill himself. Sorry.' Sure, it was harsh, but I'm a farmer. He turned away, shook hands with a few of the other hands and disappeared into the firmament with a blinding white flash of light to the swelling strains of Handel's *Messiah*, or one of those well known Baroque masterpieces. And you know what? My prize heifer died of fright! Tell me that wasn't weird."

That's something no one can tell you, Mr. Herod. The Supernatural is often beyond our understanding and no one is more stunned and surprised than leading scientists and authorities, all of whom unfortunately hide this secret respect for the research of UGO's behind an opaque veil of lies and buzzwords like "bunk", "rot", and "grunge". Only when sissies like these fess up to the truth will science really take that first big step into the flimsy but conveniently inarguable realm of metaphysics.

The Adventures of
ANCHORMAN

SCRIPT: BILL "SCOOP" McCOLGAN
 ART: PAUL "THE DUDE" CHENEY



HELP! MY HUSBAND IS STILL INSIDE OUR BURNING HOUSE!

HELP!

HEY MISTER! DOWN HERE!

HIGH ABOVE THE SCENE IN HIS TRUSTY NEWSCOPTER, ANCHORMAN TRAINS HIS SKY-EYE ON THE SCENE BELOW...



WHUPPITY WHUPPITY WHUPPITY

THIS IS A JOB FOR ANCHORMAN!

DEFTLY LANDING THE NEWSCOPTER, ANCHORMAN GRABS HIS TRUSTY ANCHORWARD AND RUSHES TO THE RESCUE

OH ANCHORMAN, MY DEAR HUBERT IS TRAPPED AND THE FIREMEN CAN'T REACH HIM. CAN YOU HELP?



OF COURSE MA'AM, BUT FIRST I NEED A FEW WORDS

AS HIS YOUTHFUL WARD, CAMERABOY, OPERATES THE ACTIONCAM, OUR HERO SPRINGS INTO ACTION



OH, I'M SO NERVOUS! DOES MY HAIR LOOK ALRIGHT?

FINE.

JUST REMEMBER TO CRY A LOT



HEY, WHAT ABOUT ME?

JUST HOLD STILL! CAMERABOY IS LINING UP A SHOT!



LATER...

OH, THANK YOU ANCHORMAN! I NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN ON T.V. IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU!

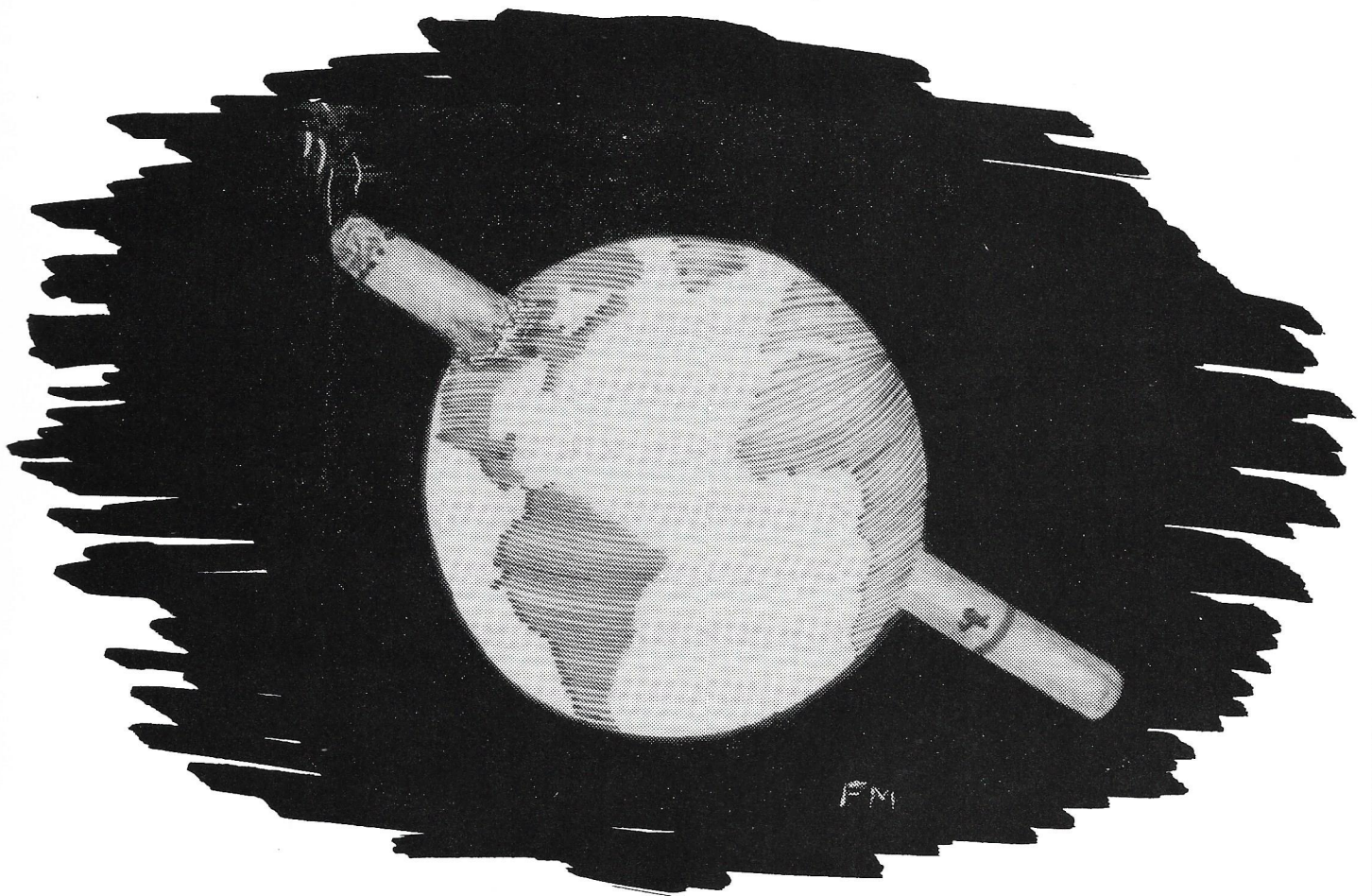
THINK NOTHING OF IT! IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR ANCHORMAN

Uh... EXCUSE ME, I THINK I'M BURNING

BY THE WAY, WE'LL HAVE THAT FILM READY BY ELEVEN.

answer book

Number 26 in a series designed to remind the American public of the important role that tobacco and smoking play in our lives, history, and culture.



**American Tobacco
Institute**

World War Two

by Mike Wilkins

"The ideal package for a soldier to receive is ten inches wide, three inches across, and two inches deep. He knows without opening it that it contains: The soldier's best friend, the cigarette."

— **Corporal Marion Hargrove**
New York Times Sunday Magazine
 July 5, 1942

One would think that World War Two would have been the war to end all wars between smokers and non-smokers. For in that conflict, the last war America really *won*, there was something deep inside us that told us that if we just kept smoking, we'd somehow have to win. We did, and we did. Never were the battle lines so clearly drawn. Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo were all adamant non-smokers. The kind that, if they were alive today, would carry little fans into restaurants and turn them on you when you lit up after a meal.

The evidence is overwhelming:

"Adolph Hitler, no matter what one may think of his political opinions, must be admired for the disciplinary care of his body. He does not smoke, and neither does he drink."

— **Edward Gionfriddo**
Saturday Evening Post
 December 6, 1938

"Smoking is a fault that represents an insult to the Reich."

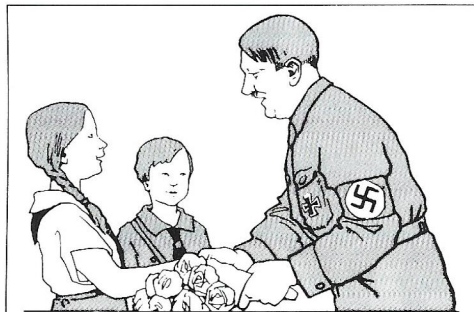
— **Dr. Gerhard Wisz**
Nazi Bureau for Health
 June 4, 1936

"Mussolini is equally as careful of his living, setting an example of well-being and respect for his body. He neither smokes nor drinks, and of his own life remarked, 'Out of my organism, I have made an engine constantly supervised and controlled, which runs with absolute regularity.'"

— **Carl Johnson**
The Detroit News
 April 20, 1938

Clearly there is no room for debate. During World War II non-smoking went hand-in-hand with fascism. Mussolini not only made the trains, but also his body run on time. To top it off, Japanese legislators unanimously passed a bill into law forbidding smoking among teenagers. "If we would make our Nation superior to the Nations of America.," claimed Neomote, the sponsor of the anti-smoking bill, "We must forbid the smoking of cigarettes."

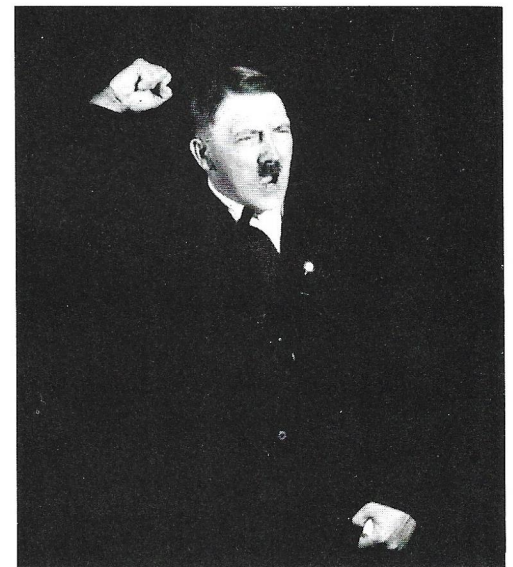
Obviously, the new law didn't work. We smoked, and smoked, and finally triumphed. John Wayne smoked Camels in his foxhole on the sands of Iwo Jima. In fact, every G.I. had four cigarettes as part of his K-ration package. When we established beachheads, we could pay the locals a cigarette an hour to help us. And not only did we get the job done that way, we also made friends. As the *New York Evening Journal* said, "One American cigarette spreads more good will than a host of diplomats." Working in conquered lands, the Axis powers had to yell, scream and make threatening gestures to get locals to help them. This, of course, only made the conquerors more hated by their vanquished foes.



Mein Führer!

(Das Kind spricht:)

Ich kenne dich wohl und habe dich lieb
 wie Vater und Mutter.
 Ich will dir immer gehorlam sein
 wie Vater und Mutter.
 Und wenn ich groß bin, helfe ich dir
 wie Vater und Mutter,
 Und freuen sollst du dich an mir
 wie Vater und Mutter!



"Let's clear the air . . ."

Our leaders dearly loved to smoke. Roosevelt was never without his cigarette and its holder, jutting jauntily upward. Churchill had with him an ever-present cigar. Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, defense advisor Harry Hopkins, and Ike all smoked tobacco. They did it all the time. Why? Because there was something good, and right, and unequivocally *free* about it. And the American people *knew* it. In fact, with the ugly specter of global conflict over them, American worries about the upcoming Presidential election were calmed when major dailies reported:

"President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie have one habit in common. They smoke the same brand of cigarettes. F.D.R. smokes four packs a day, while his opponent gets rid of five packs every twenty-four hours."

— *The Washington Post*
August 23, 1940



At that point, Americans knew that, no matter who won the election, our country would be ready for war with a president that chain-smoked to lead us. And, as had been feared, the inevitable happened once the war started.

Germany banned all smoking in the countries that she invaded, a practice that made Americans all the more ready to go after Herr Hitler. In Axis occupied Paris, cigarette butts were being sold on the black market for more than a penny a piece in November, 1941. In 1984 dollars, that would be over seven cents a butt. Morale in the conquered countries was at an ebb.



By mid 1942, it appeared that the anti-smoking forces just might win. The United States had entered the war less than a year earlier and her democratic war/cigarette machine was not yet operating in high gear. That didn't keep industrious Americans from doing what they could in the interim, however. In September 1942, for example, we airdropped fifty thousand packages of cigarettes over the Netherlands. Done the day after Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, the labels read, "Victory Is Coming." And come it did.

British Women Do Bit By Smoking For Victory.

The British Woman has taken to "smoking for Victory", according to J.F. Cole, President of the British Wholesale Tobacconists Union. Cole's comments were made during a speech to wholesale tobacconists in Birmingham last Tuesday. "There is no doubt," he said, "that the great prevalence of smoking women today has vastly increased the returns of the internal revenue office."

Despite the recently increased taxes on tobacco, Cole said he was still optimistic and was relying, "to a great extent, on assistance from the womanhood of this country, who are so nobly helping the common cause by smoking for victory."

— *The London Times*
March 6, 1942



As our boys hit the beaches with a smoke between their teeth, the folks back on the home front hit the cigarettes, too. In America and in Great Britain, women were having smoke-ins.

In an effort to insure that we never forgot just what we were fighting for, the American government never rationed cigarettes, even though they had no qualms about curtailing supplies of other essentials such as food, gasoline, and various fabrics. Southerners planted more tobacco as the war progressed, even though rationed foodstuffs could have been grown in the same soil.



The message was clear; cigarettes were the issue here. If we had stopped smoking, we would have sounded the death knell for democracy and decency. So we rolled more, and smoked more. As the quackish German doctors warned Aryan women that female smokers promoted future race deterioration, Rosie The Riveter and Sandra The Smoker spurred American war production to record levels. In pre-war 1941, Americans smoked 17 billion cigarettes. In 1942, even with the men away, we went through 20.5 billion. We needed those cigarettes. Tanks and guns were tools for fighting, but cigarettes were the reason to fight. Cigarette ads promising "Trouble For Tojo," pictured the new Curtiss dive bomber, and described the mild taste of Camels. The U.S. Navy's Chief Test Pilot, 'Red' Hulse liked 'em both.

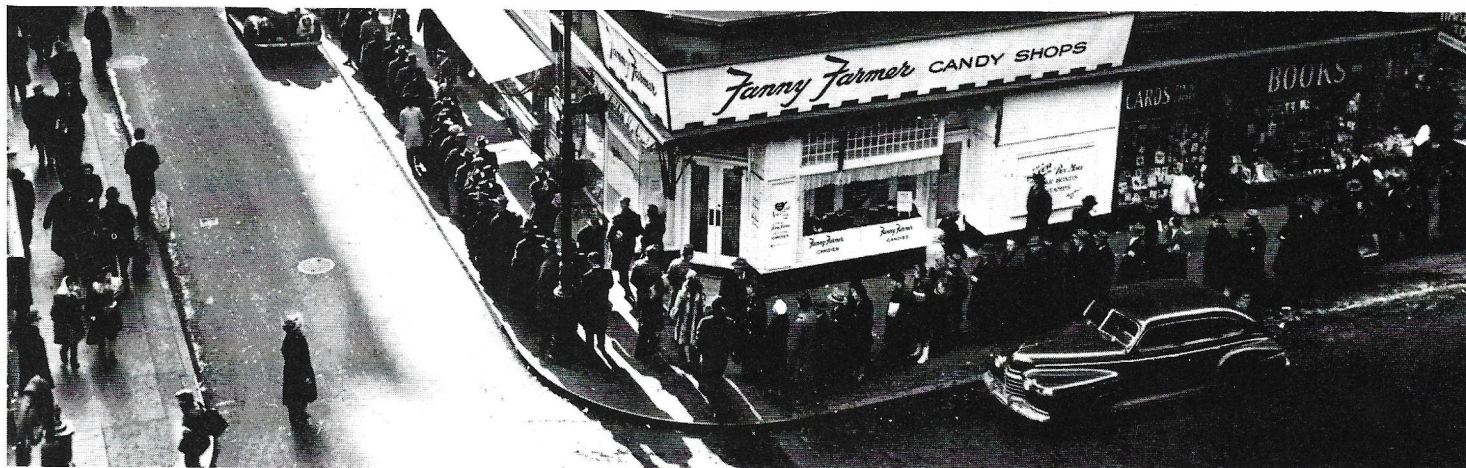
The years went by. We slugged it out. We kept smoking. We won. After Japan finally surrendered, who did we sent to the deck of the mighty U.S.S. Missouri to sign the surrender



documents? None other than General Douglas MacArthur, who, in the presence of the Japanese delegation, smoked a pipe during the ceremonies. That was done on purpose. It was an insult added to injury, and was to serve as a symbol and pause for reflection to non-smokers everywhere: Free citizens in free countries have always loved and will forever love to smoke.

Back home, war veterans were given parades and as many cigarettes as they could smoke. There were *no* reported cases of nurses refusing to kiss one of the returning victors because "kissing a smoker is like kissing an ashtray." The anti-smoking threat eliminated, America went on to enjoy two decades of unexcelled prosperity.

In the post-war years Americans began to relax for the first time in decades. As Americans changed, so did their smoking habits. Perhaps no one epitomizes and exemplifies this social development as does Fred MacMurray, star of the 1941 movie "Dive Bomber," notable for its patriotic absence of even one smokeless scene. Fred was no less heroically habitual about his tobacco in the golden years after the war. He became Stephen Douglas, the wise, pipe-smoking patriarch of the successful television show "My Three Sons." Yes, all was as it should have been, and the world was again spinning in greased grooves.



Nicotine-starved New Yorkers queue up for scarce cigarettes at Fulton and Nassau streets in 1944.

What If..?

by Mike Wilkins

This week, our *What If..?* section tackles the question "what if all those zealous nonsmokers had their way and had all cigarettes banned from the face of the earth and how would it affect the English speaking world's rich literary tradition?" From the three excerpts we've presented, you'll agree that smoking is an integral part of many of our great works. To eliminate smoking and all references to smoking would be tantamount to a wholesale sell out of our literary heritage. Non-smokers don't realize the extent of the social havoc they would wreak if they succeeded in their campaign. More is at stake here than our profits and our lungs (if you happen to believe the Surgeon General). The battle lines have been drawn. Our culture is at stake.



Excerpt from *A Farewell to White Elephants*

The train to Pamplona would arrive in an hour. It would stop at the station for two minutes to pick up mail and passengers, and then leave. A girl and her man rested around a table and waited for its arrival. She had finished her first drink. He was chain-eating celery.

"Do you want another Anis del Toro?," asked the man.

"What?" The girl drew her head under the table's umbrella, to get a better look at the man's lips.

"Anis del Toro. It's the stuff you've been drinking."

"I know what it is. I said 'what' because I couldn't understand you with your mouth full of celery."

"You're just nervous. There's nothing to be nervous about."

"I'm not. I am not." They were silent for a time. Then the man motioned for a waiter. One appeared from behind the station's bead curtain.

"The lady will have another Anis del Toro. And here's a piaster. Have one of the boys run and find me a bunch of celery. Good, Italian celery."

"I'm not thirsty."

"You may be by the time he brings it."

"If I was, I'd want a beer."

"Waiter. No anis. A beer."

"I'm not thirsty." Two pale Anglican ministers came and sat in an adjoining *cantola*. A local boy struggled behind with their luggage.

"Look at them, Nick," said the girl. The man casually flicked the dirty, white butt end of a celery stalk onto the pavement.

"The priests?"

"Yes, Nick, the priests. They're so pale. Like a dead child. They look like white hierophants."

"How pretty to think so. Such a big word, Brett."

"I'm not stupid. I'm not a child." She began to cry. The waiter brought a beer and the man's celery. The man quickly broke the bunch into its separate stalks, and bit off the leafy tops, as he had been taught by the *regoneirres* during the

revolution. He spit them out on the table.

"Fat." The man looked up. "You're going to get fat, eating all that celery."

"You're not so smart. Celery takes more calories to chew up than it sticks you with. The more I eat, the thinner I get."

"I don't want to be fat, Nick."

"Don't worry about being fat. Have the operation. It's just to let the air in."

"If I have the operation, then I won't get fat?"

"You won't look fat if you have the operation."

"Then we'll go to Pamplona?"

"We'll go to Pamplona and both eat celery with lots of dip on it. Fun, exciting dips, and we'll both get fat together."

"I'll scream if you get fat."

"Don't worry, fat is fine. It's perfectly fine."

"I'll scream. I'll just scream."



Excerpt from *The Healthy Old Man and the Sea*

Manolin was very surprised and glad to see the old man. The others had lost hope for him. He was having his picture taken for the newspapers with a truly huge fish.

"Santiago, you have returned."

"No sweat, Manolin."

"How did you manage with this monster?"

"It's remarkable how much stronger I feel since I quit smoking, Manolin. This fish was no problem."

"But the sharks?"

"And with the money I saved not wasting it on cigarettes, I bought all manner of shark repellants and guns."

"But old Santiago, you have never smoked."

"Then I have no explanation. Coffee, boy, fetch me coffee. I shall be in my shack."



Excerpt from *The Tender Hooves of Love*
(a *Harlequin Romance*)

Their passion spent, they held each other at arm's length for moments, minutes and more, trying to mesh the calm and contentment in their lover's eyes with the fire and glaze that burned and dazzled during their candlelit tryst. Armondo slowly, as if not wanting to disturb the special air of love that was their single cocoon, put his hand to her forehead and brushed her hair, limp with perspiration, back, and once again until it stayed.

Cynara sighed and closed her eyes. She moved her head so that it was cupped by his strong hand. "How could these hands that so savagely kill bulls in the afternoon be this gentle now?" she wondered, purring with his every caress.

Armondo withdrew his hand and slowly, deliberately, propped himself up on his one elbow and pulled the satin

what if..?

sheets over Cynara's well-tanned body. The world was theirs, and theirs alone. She smiled with partly parted lips.

"Some gum?" Armondo offered. Cynara nodded slowly with her eyes, not ready yet to speak. Armondo turned, his muscles rippling as they had done during the night. He reached to the night table, and picked up his sterling silver gum case.

"It was a present from the Generalissimo himself," Armondo whispered with pride, then reading its inscription, "To the country's premier bullfighter. Arriva! Signed, The People." Cynara stretched unabashedly and smiled. Armondo took two sticks and held them in his mouth as he unwrapped first one, then the other. He handed her a stick, as naked as they were, as she pulled a pillow to the headboard and sat up, drawing her knees up slightly, to feel the satin move against her legs.

"Juicy Fruit," she answered. Any gum Armondo offered would be her favorite. "I will never swallow this piece," she thought. "I will take it home and wrap it in foil and never lose it."

They chewed and chewed, not stopping to talk. Only the snapping of the gum against their teeth, and an occasional laugh by one or the other broke the clear silence of pre-dawn Qantico. It would be morning soon. And that, for once, was enough for both.

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Salem Spirits

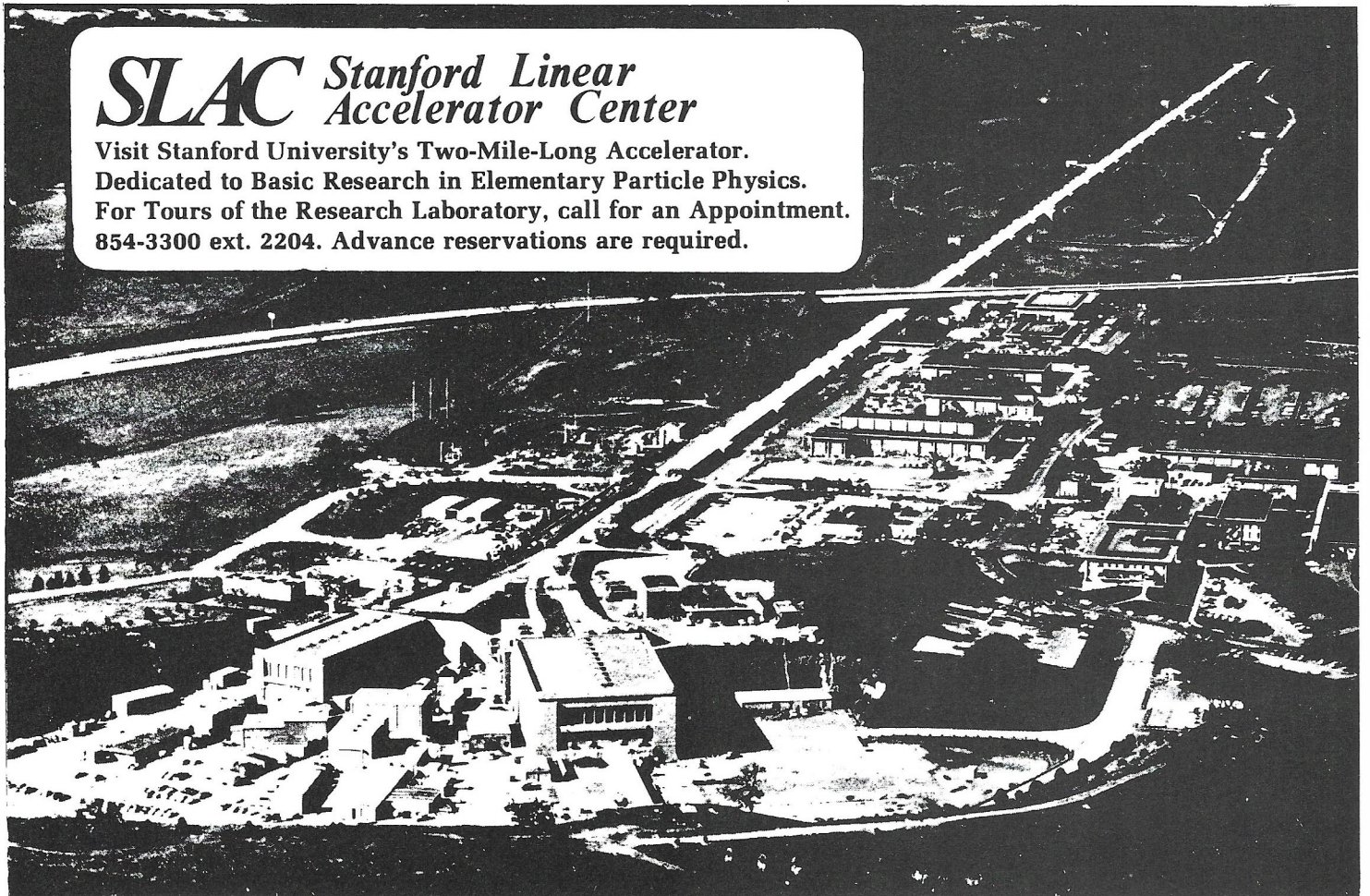
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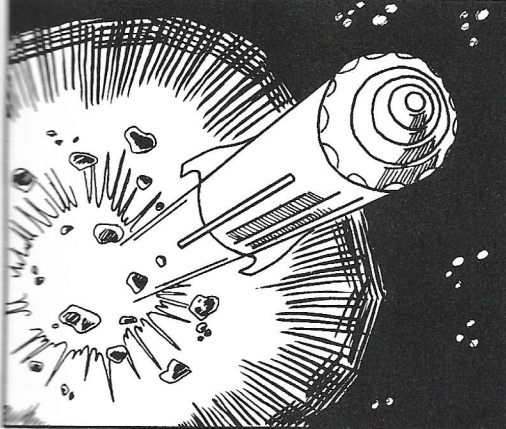
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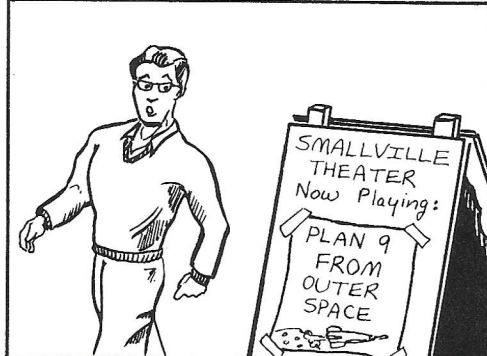
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BORN OF A WORLD CIRCLING A RED SUN, KAL-EL WAS ROCKETED INTO THE DEPTHS OF SPACE BEFORE HIS HOME OF KRYPTON EXPLODED.



UNDER THE YELLOW SUN AND BENIGN GRAVITY OF EARTH, KAL-EL GREW TO MANHOOD POSSESSED OF SUPER-STRENGTH AND A CORRESPONDINGLY SUPER-HEROIC IDENTITY CRISIS.



IN THE CITY OF METROPOLIS HE POSES AS MILD-MANNERED CLARK KENT, BUT AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE CAN BATTLE EVIL ALL OVER EARTH AND BEYOND AS...

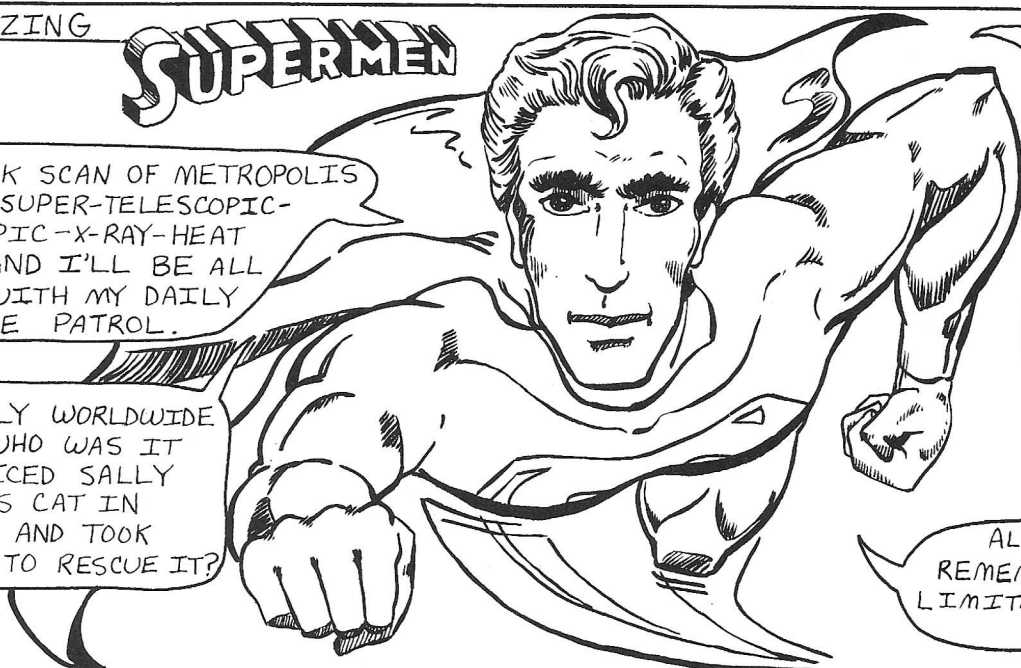


THE AMAZING

SUPERMEN

ONE QUICK SCAN OF METROPOLIS WITH MY SUPER-TELESCOPIC-MICROSCOPIC-X-RAY-HEAT VISION AND I'LL BE ALL THROUGH WITH MY DAILY WORLDWIDE PATROL.

YOUR DAILY WORLDWIDE PATROL? WHO WAS IT WHO NOTICED SALLY AHERTON'S CAT IN THE TREE AND TOOK US DOWN TO RESCUE IT?



MAGNANIMOUS, BOTH OF YOU. BUT DID YOU BOTHER TO LISTEN WHEN I DETECTED THAT THE NEBULON SOLAR SYSTEM WAS GOING NOVA? NO, AND NOW THERE ARE 25 MILLION FEWER SENTIENT BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE BECAUSE YOU WENT AFTER A CAT.

ALL OF YOU, CUT IT! REMEMBER, WE HAVE OUR LIMITATIONS! WE'RE ONLY ONE MAN!

WHERE'S THAT PHONE BOOTH?

I SEE IT, OVER THERE!

I SAW IT FIRST!
I SAW IT FIRST!
YOU JUST HAD CONTROL OF OUR MOUTH!

FELLAS PLEASE...



NOW I'LL FOG UP THE WINDOWS... (WE'LL FOG UP THE WINDOWS...)

...WITH OUR SUPERBREATH

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. HEY WAIT, NOT THAT IDENTITY...

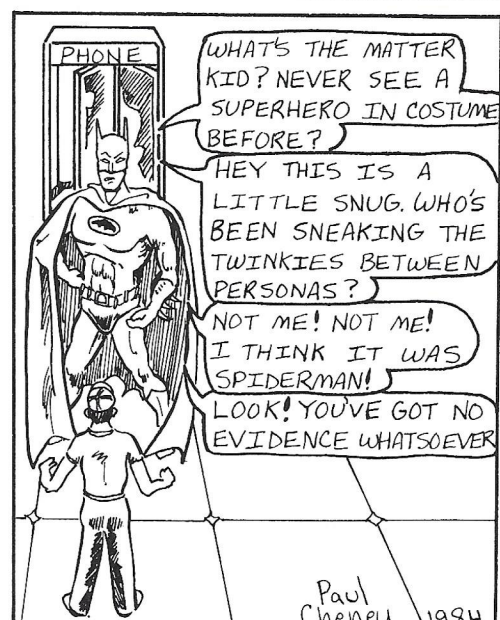


PHONE

WHAT'S THE MATTER KID? NEVER SEE A SUPERHERO IN COSTUME BEFORE?

HEY THIS IS A LITTLE SNUG. WHO'S BEEN SNEAKING THE TWINKIES BETWEEN PERSONAS?

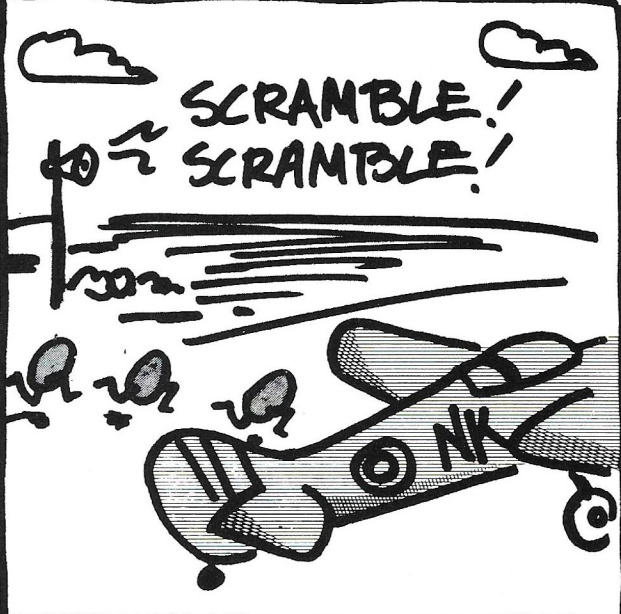
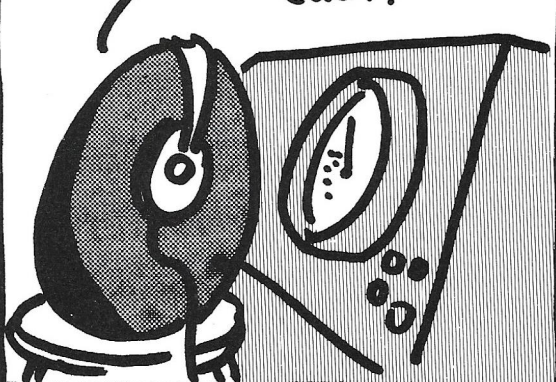
NOT ME! NOT ME!
I THINK IT WAS SPIDERMAN!
LOOK! YOU'VE GOT NO EVIDENCE WHATSOEVER



Paul Cheney 1984

EGGS AT WAR

Oh my God! Squadron
of enemy planes
approaching from the
east!

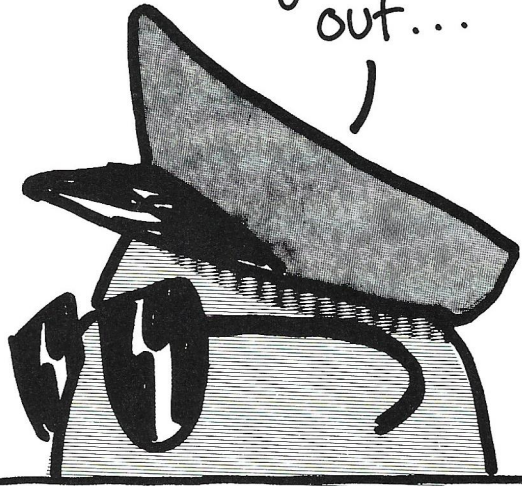


IN THE PACIFIC ...

I'm worried about Cpl. Smith, sir. He
hasn't moved or spoken in days.
Do you think he's
cracking up?



No. Frankly, I think
he's just chickening
out...



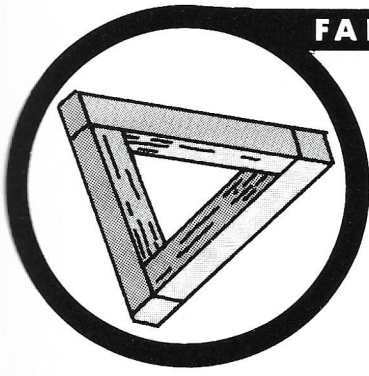
IN THE TRENCHES ...

Captain, reports say that the
enemy have moved their big guns
into range!



Hit the dirt, men! We're
being shelled!





GODDAM BIRTHDAYS
 22

In The Rye

by Tim Quirk

If you really want to hear about it, you probably think this is gonna be some kind of goddam hero story. Well, it's not. I hate that sort of crap, I really do. I'm just not the hero type. Some guys are, but not me. It's just not in me or something. I'm yellow, I really am. Not that I'm a goddam *fairy* or something — I'm not saying that — it's only that I'm not the kind of guy they make *movies* about.

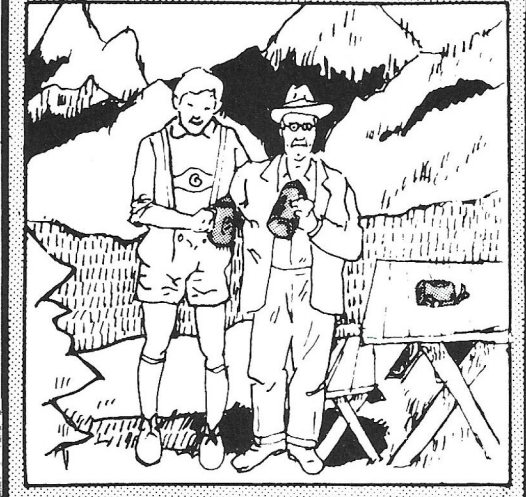
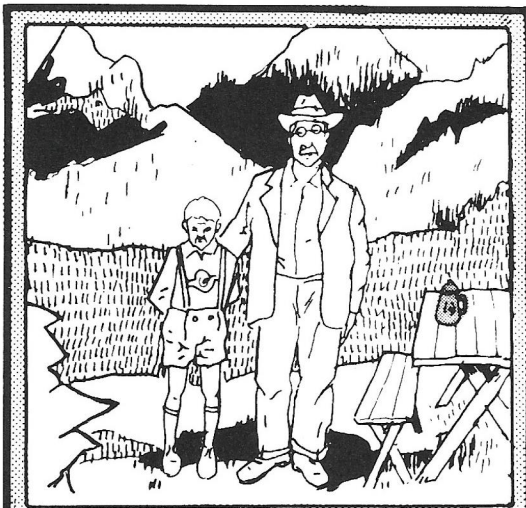
Anyhow, I wasn't in the army 'cause I wanted to be. I mean I didn't volunteer for Chrissakes. But after they kicked me out of old Pencey Prep it seems I was all ripe for this Korea thing. I got my notice on my goddam *birthday*. Can you believe that? A guy should at least be able to enjoy his

goddam *birthday*. Not that I'd ever enjoy any of my *other* birthdays or anything. People were always buying me goddam models. *Models*, for God's sake. I hate those things, I really do. Never buy a guy a model for his birthday, I swear. That's just not a nice thing to do. And they'd always tape on a tube of that stupid glue that smelled up your hands for weeks after you finally put the dumb thing together, if you ever did. The only thing I hate more than models is tubes of glue. So I never enjoyed birthdays, really. But this one was worse than the others on account of my getting drafted.

I could tell you all about that day and how my mom cried and everything — it was all sort of touching, in a stupid sort of way if you know what I

mean — but I don't really want to. I don't want to tell you about all this madman stuff that happened once I got here either, but I will.

They told me I was 1-A. That killed me, it really did. 1-A. I could've *told* them I wasn't 1-A and all this would happen, but they wouldn't have listened. Nobody ever listens. So I kept my mouth shut and everything happened anyway. I know a guy who was 4-F on account of his having six toes or something. He showed them to me. You'd think that sort of thing would be disgusting, sort of. But it wasn't, not really. I don't think anyone would have noticed the extra toe, even, if he hadn't always been taking off his shoes to show it to people. He was very proud of that toe. Some people get proud about stuff



like that, like it makes them better than everyone else. Well, I got drafted and he didn't, and he wanted to and I didn't. He should have been 1-A.

So I came here to Korea. It's a goddam jungle. We got stationed in some place whose name I couldn't pronounce even if I could remember it, which I can't. I can't pronounce any of the names here, they're all crazy. But I guess the Koreans think the same thing about America, maybe. This South Korean captain was in charge of our unit, and he kept going, "You fom Boson?" That killed me. But they don't let you laugh at officers, and it really isn't nice to laugh right in people's faces anyway, so I tried to keep it in.

I don't think the officers knew what we were supposed to do in this place — I mean, there wasn't anybody to fight or anything — but they sure acted like they knew. People always act like they know what they're doing when they don't, but officers especially. They'd have us dig ditches and stuff for no reason. The officers said it was all part of "The Plan." They always said "Plan" like it should have a capital P. I hate when people talk like that.

I was just digging one of those ditches for no reason when everything started. That Korean captain I was telling you about called me in that funny voice of his.

"Yo, Sarian."

"Stop calling me that. I told you, my name is Caulfield." I think the captain was crazy. He was always getting my name wrong. No matter how much I corrected him, he was always calling me Yossarian. He never listened. He also thought it was still World War Two, for Chrissakes, and not Korea, like it was. But he was an O.K. guy. I felt kinda sorry for him 'cause he talked so funny.

"Yossarian, I have a new job for you."

Then I noticed that he was standing next to a colonel. Very big deal. You could tell the colonel hadn't been in Korea long because he was so clean. I'm usually a pretty neat guy, but I have to admit I wasn't that clean in Korea. Nobody was, for Chrissakes. I probably stunk from digging ditches all day, if you really want to know the truth. But this colonel didn't stink. He didn't look all that happy to be here



either.

"Private Yossarian," this guy saluted. I sort of half-saluted because I didn't want to get dirt on my forehead. Some Colonels don't like that and give you crap for it, but this guy, his name was Colonel Bean, didn't seem to mind.

"Caulfield," I said.

"What?"

"Caulfield. I'm Private Caulfield."

The colonel looked kind of disappointed, like I'd let him down. "Oh. I don't want to speak to you, then. I want Yossarian. Dismissed."

I figured the captain had probably told him my name was Yossarian, but he'd dismissed me, so I went back to digging my ditch. Pretty soon, though, he was back and tapping on my shoulder. People never leave you alone.

"Private Yossarian."

I was about to tell him my real name again. But all of a sudden I was in the mood to be Yossarian. I can shoot the bull pretty good, I really can. I can pretend to be just about anyone, but I have to be in the mood. So I said, "Yes, sir?" very sincere. You should have seen me.

Colonel Bean acted like I'd never even told him my name was Caulfield

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before. He just went on talking like I was Yossarian. Which was O.K. with me because, as I said, I was in the mood for shooting the bull.

"We have a new job for you, Private Yossarian."

I wasn't honored or anything, but I was sort of glad to hear that I wouldn't be digging ditches anymore. "Yes, sir. What job?"

Colonel Bean pointed at the ditches we'd dug. "You see those ditches?"

What a question. If there's one thing I can't stand it's dumb questions. Of course I could see the ditches. That's all there was to see. All we'd done since I'd been there was dig ditches. Besides, you have to have 20/20 vision to get in the army, and if I couldn't have seen the ditches I would have been 4-F and not in the army to begin with. But I wasn't going to tell him that and lose my new job, so I just said, "Yes, sir." It seems that's all privates ever get to say.

"Well. . . fill them up."

"What, sir?"

"The ditches, fill them up."

"But we just dug them."

"I know that, now fill them up."

I thought the colonel was just as crazy as the captain. Suddenly I

wasn't so happy that I'd pretended to be Yossarian. "Why sir?"

The colonel looked angry that I'd asked. Probably cause he didn't know himself, if you ask me. But he just said, "It's part of the Plan."

"Then why'd we dig them in the first place?"

"That was also part of the Plan."

"Why didn't we just not dig them?"

"Then we'd have nothing to fill up," the colonel said.

That sort of made sense if you think about it. But it made me angry for some reason. Soldiers can get in trouble if they annoy officers, but I figured Yossarian would get in trouble, not me, so I kept asking questions.

"Why do we need something to fill up?" I tried.

"It's part of the Plan," the colonel answered.

"What's the Plan?"

"I can't tell you."

"Why not?"

"It's not part of the Plan."

"Do you know what the Plan is?" I asked. I didn't think he did.

"Of course not," he answered.

"Why not?"

"It's part of the Plan."

"Does anyone know the Plan?"

"No. Part of the Plan is that no one know the Plan."

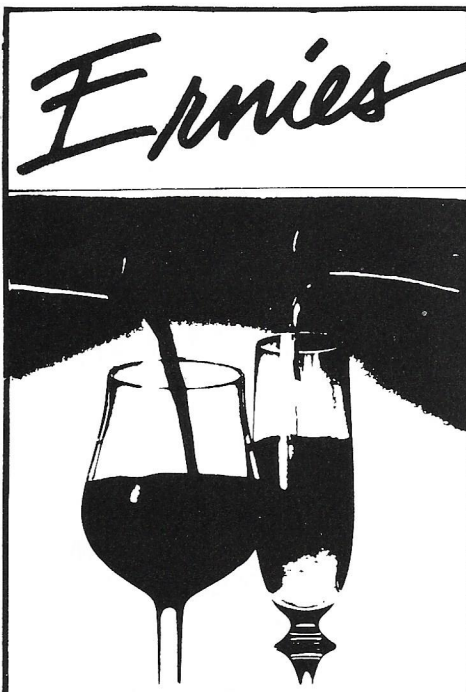
"Why?"

"It wasn't planned that way."

The colonel was done. He walked away for Chrissakes. I didn't really know what to do. I was very depressed. So I started filling in ditches. I couldn't think of anything else to do.

A lot of the guys got kind of upset when they saw me filling in the ditches. They were offended. It was just ditches, nothing special, but people get mad when you ruin stuff they've made, even if it's stupid stuff.

The funny thing is, it was just me who was filling in ditches. The colonel had all the other guys go on digging. Nobody liked me after that. Nobody had really liked me before, I don't get on too well with others if you want to know the truth, but now people stopped even talking to me. That's people for you. They get mad at you for following orders when all they're doing is following orders, too. But they get convinced that their orders are better than your orders. That's stupid, it really is.



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draw a blank.



The Honor Code

1

No tazpii frensta gnilette ehests era eth tudcrop for ny uagrnaeet fo cxleleene sa lalm Netzlipao sctupord. Eth ca Ponetiza si tedlecfret ni sethe tsmnadavnceas. Rhspa gni

2

Noetazpii frensta gnilette ehests era eth tudcrop for nyam ay cxleleene sa lalm Netzlipao sctupord. Eth caqaluiifacsios fo he tsmnadavnceas. Rhspa gnipirtn, tyliuqa ntoierropcdu. Noeta

3

Hyte rea deffore iwht eht mase uagrnaeet fo cxleleene sa lalm Netz eht nema Ponetiza si tedlecfret ni Noetazpii frensta gnilette ehest eht mase uagrnaeet fo cxleleene sa lalm Netzlipao sctupord. Eth c.

The same criteria remain valid today.



Goodness! I'll bet this little beauty took out its fair share of the Visigoths!

Heh-heh. That's right, Sue. It sure did.

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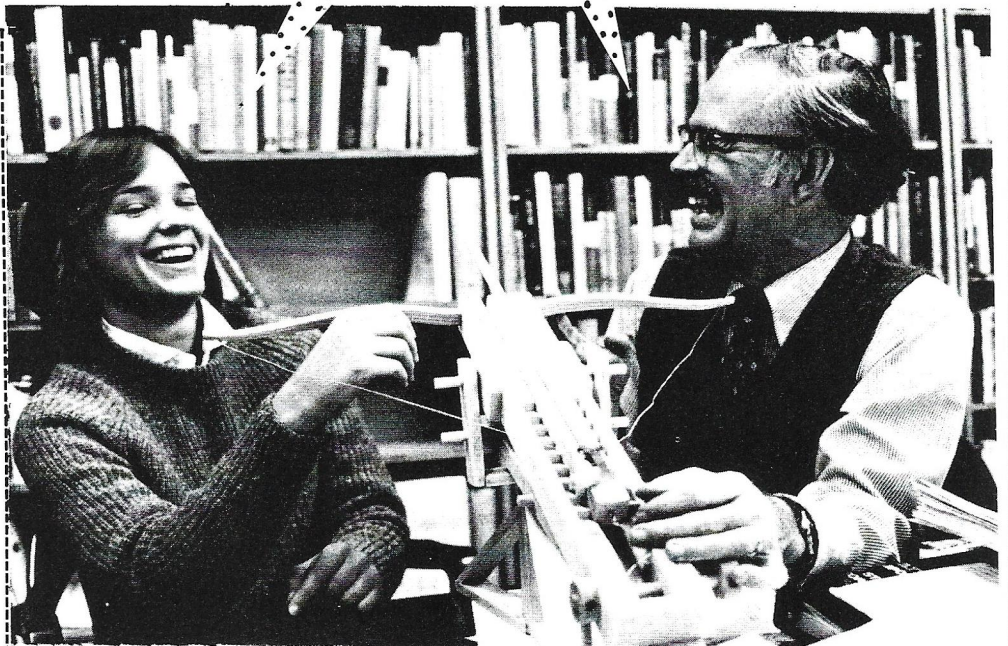
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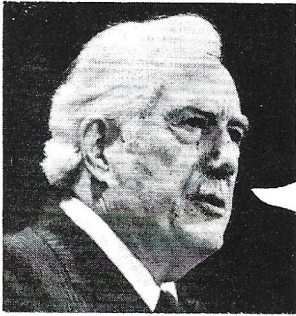
Imagine, **Mr. John Glenn**, waking up on the morning of November 7, 1984 and reading in a prestigious morning daily, such as the Minneapolis-St. Paul *Register-Tribune* that you, **Mr. John Glenn**, have been named the next President of the United States of America!

But wait! *That's not all!* We have many more prizes to give away, any one of which could enhance your re-election chances in the next primary or general election!

Second Prize: \$500,000 for your campaign organization's slush fund. This prize has **NO** strings attached. Use the money as **YOU** see fit, without any outside interference by such organizations as the Federal Government.

Third Prize: Meet with, and gain the endorsement of the minority leader of **YOUR** choice. An invaluable aid towards getting that hard-to-receive nomination, or the votes of that hard-to-relate-to sector of our egalitarian society.

Fourth Prize: With the cooperation of the CBS Television network, we will arrange for a *60 Minutes* investigation into the financial and sexual practices of an opponent of your choosing. Mike Wallace will conduct the actual televised interview.



“Hello, I’m Chief Justice Warren Burger. Come this January 20, 1985 I may be swearing YOU in as the next president of the United States of America. I sure hope so, but for this dream to come true YOU must send in the return envelope before the November 6 deadline. Good Luck!”

What more can we say? Sending in the enclosed envelope is just about as safe a bet as any candidate could ask for — and just as sure as the winning number may turn out to be yours (Grand Prize Number XJC-33452), you may just find yourself in that oh-so-cushy top job this fall.

Still not convinced? Please take the time to read this letter from our Director in Chief:

Your Number
XJC-33452



“I never thought anybody won these things!”

— Harry S. Truman
Ex-President

Dear Candidate,

So . . . you’re thinking about letting this one slide, just passing over our offer and continuing on with life lacking the possible benefits of this grand opportunity, eh?

Frankly, I’m startled and dismayed.

It’s not like we *had* to extend this unbelievable offer to you. It’s not like we read about you in the local daily, you know, something along the lines of “This charming town leader is just the kind of man we’d like to see handed the presidency *on a silver platter.*” Not hardly.

We don’t know who you are, and frankly, we really don’t want to know. We don’t lose any sleep over you. Not a wink. And then we give you this — the chance of a lifetime — and you threaten to wad it up like any other worthless several-thousand-dollar giveaway. You dog. I told them not to send one to you. I knew you’d blow this whole deal, botch the job. . . It’s the story of your life, isn’t it? You loser. Failure. Bum. Junkie. And to think, you could have been President.



There’s still time,
Grab a pen, you fool.

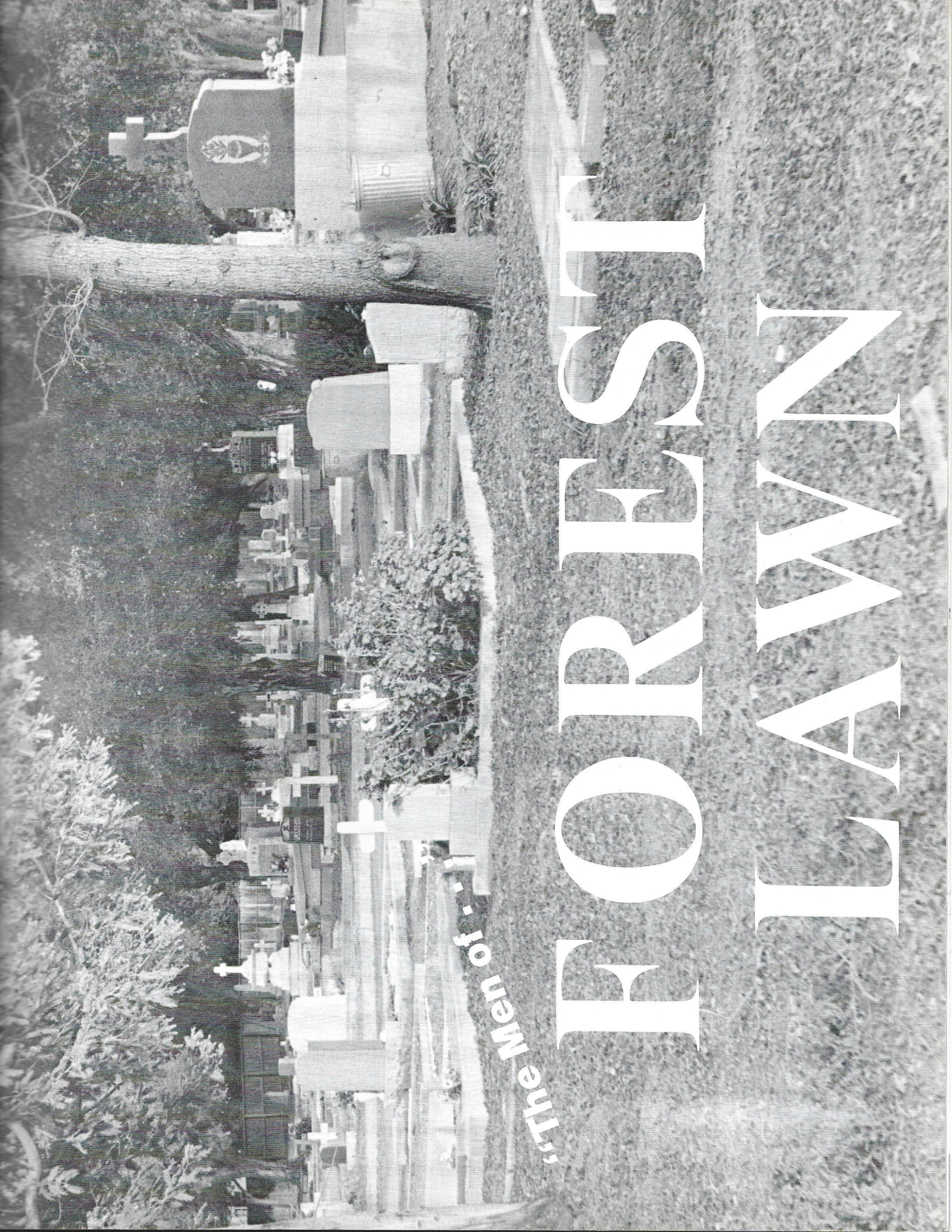
Edgar Wagnorth

Edgar Wagnorth
(The last man on earth who cares about you. . .)

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Television this November 7th!**

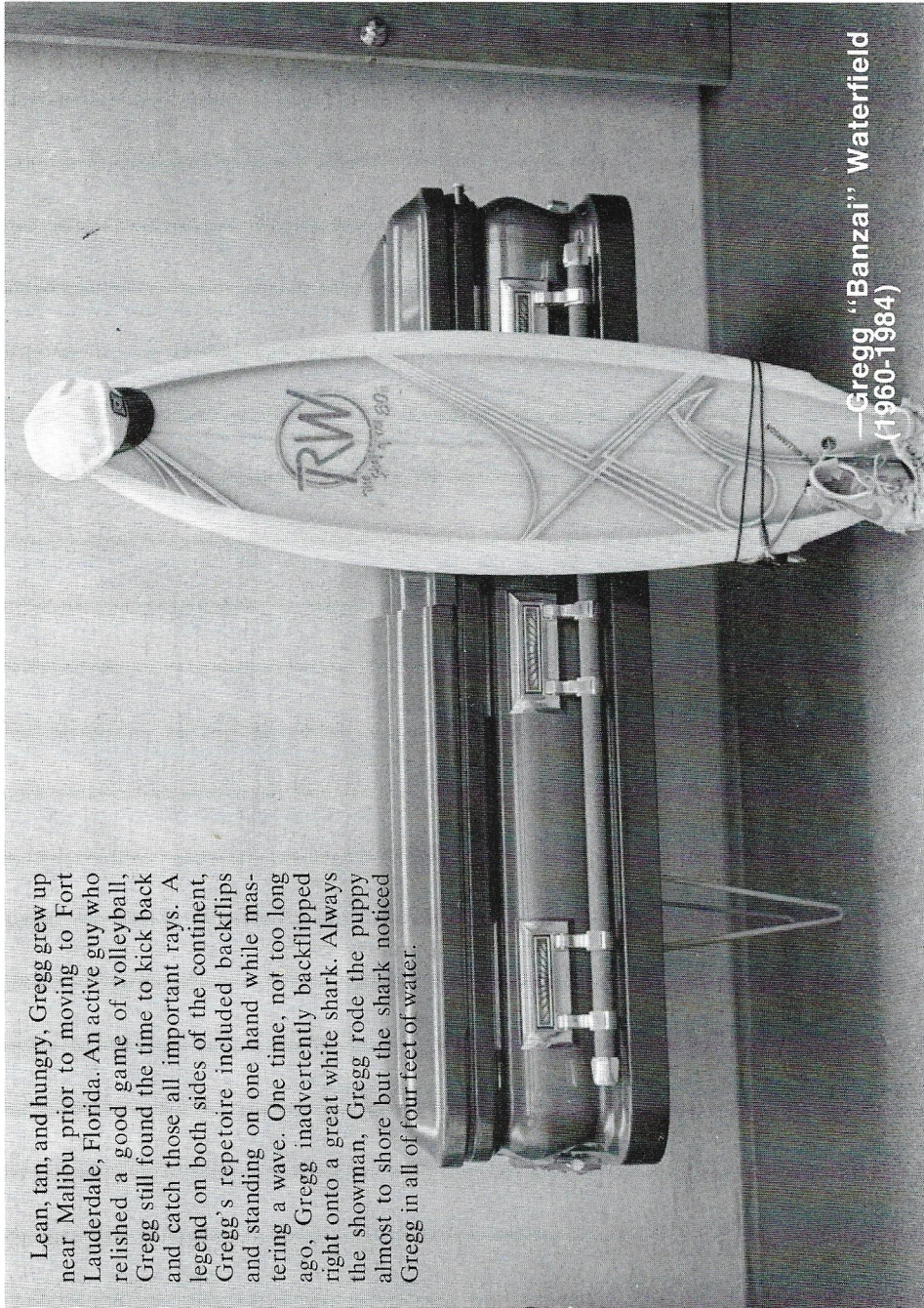
**It’s time to win —
There’s no time to lose!!**



"The Men of ..."

FORREST LAWN

Lean, tan, and hungry, Gregg grew up near Malibu prior to moving to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. An active guy who relished a good game of volleyball, Gregg still found the time to kick back and catch those all important rays. A legend on both sides of the continent, Gregg's repertoire included backflips and standing on one hand while mastering a wave. One time, not too long ago, Gregg inadvertently backflipped right onto a great white shark. Always the showman, Gregg rode the puppy almost to shore but the shark noticed Gregg in all of four feet of water.



—Gregg "Banzai" Waterfield
(1960-1984)

A P R I L

Important Dates in History

S M T W T F S

April 5: Bones and Checkov sullenly explore the empty and uninspiring planet Ennui at some length. Stardate 13.45.02.



April 12: Thursday the twelfth. Long overshadowed by its trendier counterpart, Friday the 13th, a recent trash of close shaves and near-fatalities have done little to remove Thursday's rather whimpish, second-rate reputation.



April 13-19: "April Showers bring May Flowers. Why fool ourselves. April Showers bring high flood water which kill several hundred people each year.



April 16: Yale undergraduate Jodie Foster shoots Mark David Chapman because she "wants to impress Dan White". 1984.



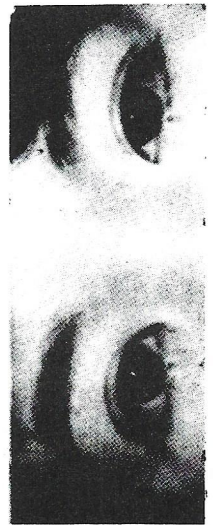
April 21: Martin Van Buren's Birthday, 1782. Wow-so. Yipee. Maybe we're wrong; do you really care enough to find out for sure? Go ahead. Pull on the party hats.



April 28: National Animal Control Officers Day. Shoot your own dog, lazy bones.

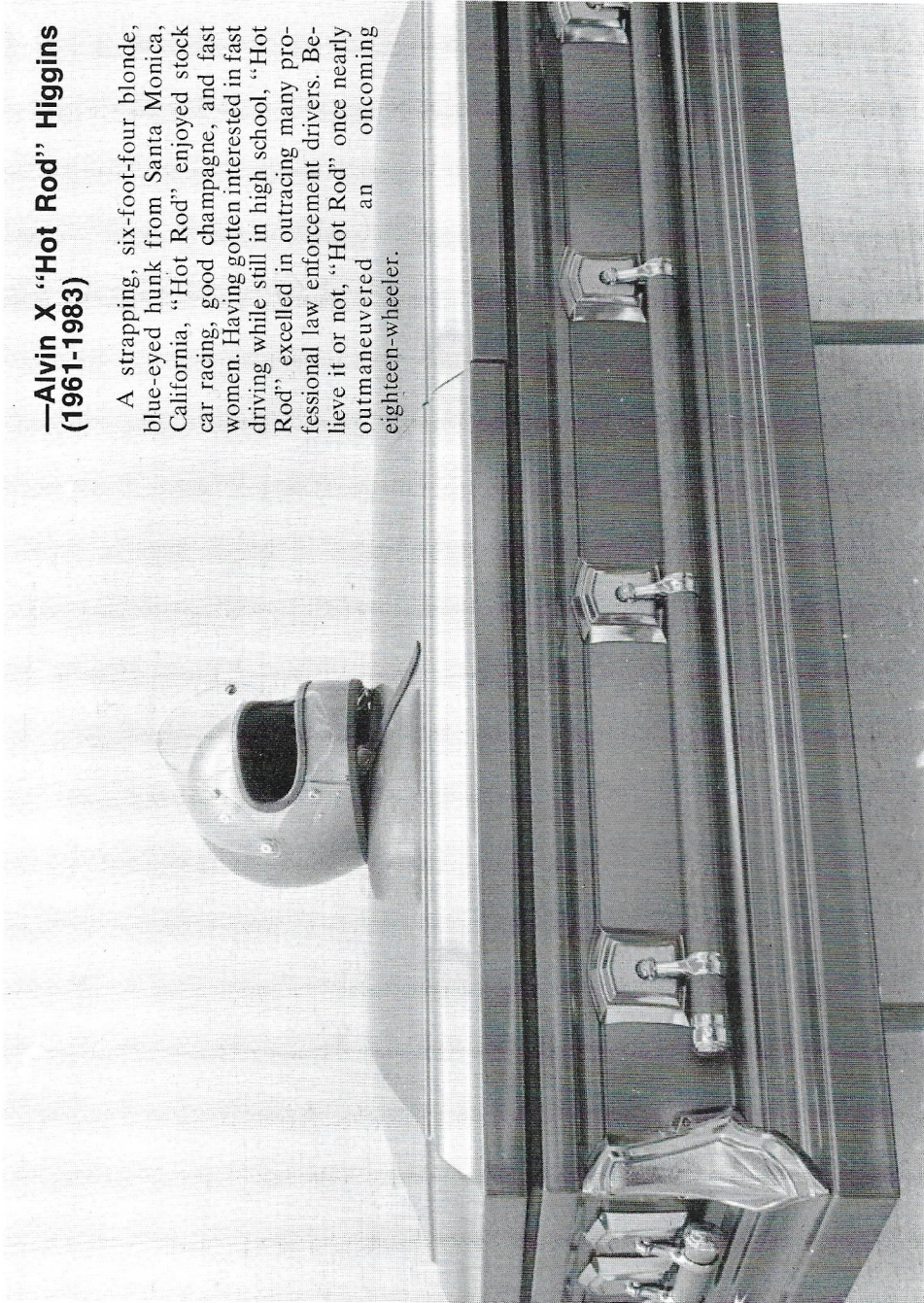


1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	April Fool's Day					<i>Be Smug to the Guilty Day</i>
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
		The Annual Deja vu Parade			<i>American Legion Eat Shit & Die Day</i>	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Earth Shoes Invented, 1971			Lern Two Spel Eve	Learn to Spell Day		
22	23	24	25	26	27	29
<i>Saint Aloysius- mitchmo Day</i>				Wax Lethargic Day		30



**—Alvin X “Hot Rod” Higgins
(1961-1983)**

A strapping, six-foot-four blonde, blue-eyed hunk from Santa Monica, California, “Hot Rod” enjoyed stock car racing, good champagne, and fast women. Having gotten interested in fast driving while still in high school, “Hot Rod” excelled in outracing many professional law enforcement drivers. Believe it or not, “Hot Rod” once nearly outmaneuvered an oncoming eighteen-wheeler.



MAY

Important Dates in History

T W T F S S M

May 2: The One Great Ring of Power is lost briefly in Frodo's undergarment drawer. SR 3501.



May 8: May Day. One of Thirty.



May 11: Economic Interdependence Day. Not particularly popular stateside, but they're turning loose the fireworks in Japan.



May 14: The Day the Music Died. 1964.



May 17: Three days after the music died. Pretty much of a let down, all things considered. 1964.



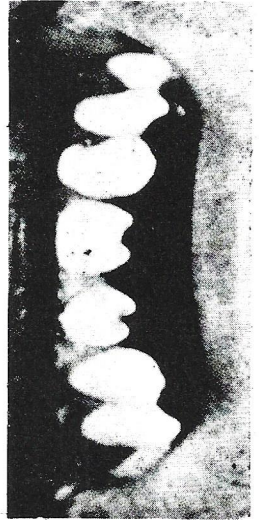
May 27: Arizona admitted as a state in 1952.



May 28: Three-quarters of the members of congress change their minds about Arizona and try to laugh it all off, but a law's a law and those crazy bastards had really gone TOO far this time. Recalcitrant senators step in quickly and give principal towns stupid names like "Tucson" and "Tombstone" just to be spiteful.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	Earth Creation Week					Man Created
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
God Rested (disputed)		The Annual Deja vu Parade		Zooney's Birthday		Franny's Birthday
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
			Portable Earmuffs: Invented, 1906			
22	23	24	25	26	27	29
	Be Kind to Assholes Day			Michael Jackson reaches puberty, 1987		31



"Crusher" D. Pazini School of Law Application for Admission

1984-1985 School Year

"Go, my son, where the money is. And don't take checks."

1314 University-type Road

Frontage Access

Boston, Me. 43110

The "Crusher" D. Pazini School of Law is a public institution, and as such does not openly discriminate on basis of race, creed, gender, or sexual preference. However, people who "stand out in a crowd" are liable to be beaten up by the faculty, often during class session. Consider that as you fill out this form.

Please include non-refundable initial installment of applications fee of \$50 in negotiable securities.

PLEASE PRINT IN INK OR TYPE. DO NOT TYPE IN INK. THAT IS CONFUSING.

1. Blanston Gern Dwight Dwine "Rumbles" Dwernie, or Turdston
last name first name second name next name pet name term used by bullies to torment you

2. Gern Blanston, Post Office Box 106464, Stanford, Connecticut.
mailing address street what do you mean, no street? So what if it's a PO box- there's got to be a street. You don't think they helicopter the mail in to you, do you? God, what a cretin you are!

3. Gern Blanston, Meeting of the Rivers, Chino, Brazil 808-312-4179
permanent legal address street city state zip code telephone number soc. sec. #

4. Double Parked Berlin Berlin, two elephants Far too many to deal with
permanent illegal address a city two things larger than an elephant the number of bees in a ton

5. Stanford University, Palo Alto, Connecticut. Far too often to deal with
Educational background- college only. Have you ever been expelled or placed on probation? Me too

6. Paperboy, The New York Racing Form, \$655/wk., currently still employed
list all the jobs you've ever had on this line. Include wages earned, dates, and your reason for leaving.

7. 7-13-83 / 12 9-23-83 / 10 10-3-83 / .15 12-3-83 / 48
Dates you took LSAT / Score

8. "Stretch" Andrews "Hightop" Blaine "Elongated Jones" "Tiny" Weiss
names of persons sitting in front of you at the time

9. It came to me in a dream.
How did you learn about the "Crusher" D. Pazini School of Law?

10. What do you mean, "if"?
Have you ever wondered what life would be like if everyone had two noses?

11. I feel every man owes it to himself to live life to the fullest. Lost it.
If Johnny Jones jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, would you? Geez, what'd I do with my wallet?

12. I like to think of it as a rare opportunity, meant to be taken.
Are you planning on applying for the joint JD/MBA program? My, we're fishing for a job, aren't we?

The School of Law takes pride in its prestigious graduates, many of whom are now rich, famous lawyers who would sue us blind if we let it out that they went here. But trust us- they did go here. If you go here, we'll tell you who they are. It'll be our little secret. Imagine how bad you'd feel if you were a famous lawyer and it got around that you went to a sleazeball school like this. You wouldn't be too pleased. Of course, you're probably not reading this tiny print, are you? As long as there's no blank to fill in, you don't give a damn. I could be writing War and Bleeding Peace down here, but you wouldn't care. It's just as well that I'm not, then, and that I'm slaving my life away locked in some cubicle in some sweatshop of an admissions office. Fine. I think I'll go up to my room and put Elmer's glue in my hair and eat worms. It's all the same.

"Crusher" D. Pazini School of Law

Application for Admission Form B

Personal Statement of Applicant

Part B: Typing Skills.

The School of Law now wishes you to explain fully your reasons for wishing to study law, and why it is that the Pazini School of Law is particularly suited to you. The School is aware that an important part of a lawyer's job is dealing with documents and filing briefs, and that part of that work entails typing neatly. It is for this reason that we supply you with tightly lined paper of a texture from which it is impossible to erase any mark, however stray, withough giving the entire application the appearance of Shea Stadium moments after the '73 Mets won the pennant. Most likely you did not think ahead and request fifteen or twenty copies of this form, which would provide you with enough trials to get at least one good copy. That is unfortunate, as we most likely won't accept you, now. Them's the breaks.

NOTE: Do not attach any additional sheets of paper or include any documents with this admission application. Doing so vexes us, and causes Jimmy, the Portugese boy in the mailroom, to experience dramatic mood shifts, one of which resulted in his holding an entire auto showroom hostage until the police could convince him that Bing Crosby was not wiretapping his phone. That was an ugly scene. We do not wish to repeat it.

1. Please state fully your reasons for wanting to study law. For convience's sake, we are assuming wonderful altruistic motives on behalf of all our applicants, as well as a reverence for the law so deeply and mysticly ingrained as to be almost occult. Be frank: is it the money, or are you afraid of the real world? Why do I wish to be a lawyer? One might as well ask why so many

other people do not; or why they chose their professions. Far too many people have chosen their careers on a whim- that is not for me.

2. The Law School claims to consider information other than LSAT scores and GPA in choosing the members of its entering class. Is there some other consideration relative to your application that we should know about? Make it good; we don't have much time to waste on losers.

I am prepared to give the admissions office a lump sum upon notification of my acceptance.

In order to get you off guard, we are posing a question that seems to be light-hearted and appears to give you a chance to relax and show what a fun person you can be. However, as you relate your humorous, heart warming story, fairness brings us to remind you that your frivolous essay will be read by the same flint-hearted cadre of admissions officers who are trying to see if you have the guts to stand up in a coldly competitive environment and bravely razor out important pages of required reading from the only reserve copies within the law library or any library in a 100 mile radius. Do not let yourself be so misled.

3. The Law School wishes to attract a diverse student body. We recognize the importance of having different viewpoints as well as different tastes to the overall mental health of an entering class. Your first year of law school will be such a screaming horror that you may well find it a relief to learn that your roommate worked the summer in a carnival biting the heads of chickens or that the oddly introspective lad down the hall was the only survival of the big plane crash- the one where the few survivors ran out of food and were forced to "make do." What kind of diversity would you bring to the entering class? Hemingway and I would often discuss

what it was that made one person charmingly diverse and interesting, while the same trait in someone else would lead to a bloody bar fight.

I guess Robert F. Kennedy said it best when he said, "I'm prepared to give the admissions office a lump sum upon notification of my acceptance.

I certify that the above information is correct to the best of my knowledge. Of course, I've been having these terrible black-out spells recently, and I find that I run into a lot of people who claim to know me. Who are they? What do they want from me? What's the story with this family that keeps calling me long distance every week? I keep telling them they must have the wrong number, but they keep calling back. The other day I went back to my room, and in the adjoining room there was this other guy! He claimed he lived there, and that all the stuff in the room was his! I threw him out of the window, and he never came back, but it all has me worried.

Bern Blanton
Signature

1/14/84

Date

The "Crusher" D. Pazini Law School was founded in 1936. Formerly the Price-Rite Law School, the University received a grant of two hundred million dollars from a retired Sicilian businessman. Under the terms of the grant, the law school has expanded its plant, adding two classroom and a full service laundromat for the use of the students, as well as buying part interest in over 30 local nursing homes. In this way the Pazini Law School aids the community while turning out lawyers who are proud to say that they are Pazini men. The pending investigation has recently been dropped.

I, the applicant, understand that under the provisions of the Family Education Rights and Privacy act of 1974 I am guaranteed the right of access to my file upon matriculation as a student, and that no school may require me to waive that right. I am likewise aware that it has been the experience of the School of Law that it is difficult for an evaluator to be candid concerning my qualifications for the study of law unless the evaluation can be made in confidence. Further, I am aware that although I am not required to release my right of inspection of this document, written by someone now empowered to screw my future deeply into the ground without any fear of my ever finding out exactly what he may have said, and that I *cannot* be required to release that right, I would stand the proverbial snowball's chance in hell of being accepted for study if I do not sign this form. Accordingly, I hereby bow to your devious pressure and surrender my right of inspection of this document. As if I had a choice. However, let it be known that if I am rejected by the School of Law, my friend the professor had best get someone else to start his car in the mornings. Catch my drift?

Sam Blumstein 1/14/84 3031-41-615
 Applicant's signature date social security number

"Crusher" D. Pazini School of Law
 Form C: Statement of College Faculty Member

Please be advised that the student whose name appears above is applying for admission to our law school, one that we worked hard to build up from nothing and give a good reputation, event if we aren't ranked very highly by the Barron's Guide. Anyway, this person wishes to go to law school. Yes, that certainly is a funny thing, but we have to go ahead and go through the motions, anyway. Of course, neither of us wish to let this person in and thus take away space from our sons and daughters, but, because of busy-bodies like the ACLU and other spoil-sports, we need some sort of concrete reason to keep this person out. So, old sport, what we need from you is some rippingly good rundown--and we do mean "rundown!"--of this individual's character, mentioning all the flaws of his personality as well as simple inability to understand such basic concepts as "politeness" and "proper hygiene." Prompt completion of this form would be a smashing thing, as we all have better things to do with our time. Please be candid, and remember that "one hand washes the other." See you at the club!
 Now then:

1. How well do you know the applicant? Well enough to wish he was dead
2. How well does the applicant know you? Obviously not very well
3. Does he know where you live? I fear he will be able to find out.
4. Do you have a good, I mean *really* good, burglar alarm? Am obtaining same.
5. What do you consider to be the applicant's most outstanding (yes, I know, but play along with me, here) traits? Most probably his lockpicking ability and near-flawless mimicry
6. What would you estimate to be the applicant's chief weakness? The existance of a well-trained and well-equipped police force.
7. How well does the applicant express himself, both orally and in writing? Keenly
8. How would you evaluate the applicant's emotional stability and maturity? I would have him straightjacketed and deluged with sedatives, then administer shock.
9. How well suited intellectually is the applicant for the study of law? Distressingly well
10. Here's the crusher: The School of law wishes to foster in its students the highest moral and ethical standards, and furthermore realizes that there is a higher and purer law than the law of man, namely the law codes of Baldeep the Wise of Cigna X II. What do you estimate to be the moral and spiritual fitness of the applicant? The applicant is a parasite and a cancer. Were it to be within his ability, he would cheat every living being on the surface of the planet, and then he would poison their dogs.

Is there any other information you would like to share with the admissions committee? I once asked the applicant if he knew what shame was. He said no, but he could probably get some for me cheaply if I was willing to buy in bulk.

Please indicate your choice below: I recommend this applicant to the School of Law: so ecstatically that I can hardly contain myself, as I leap about the walls and furniture. with enthusiasm. with reservation. with fear and trembling and the sickness unto death. x only for the purposes of medical experimentation. By lawyers. Using only their bare hands.

Thank you for your time and effort.

R. Chris Butchko Professor of History R. Chris Butchko 1/25/84
 Recommender's name Position Signature date

The School of Law disclaims any and all responsibility for actions taken by frustrated applicants to the school of law. It is assumed that recommenders know from association the type of low-end human refuse that applies to this school, and recognizes that such an unsavory crowd will have a large percentage of psychopathic deviants whose complexes are prone to expression in violent acts. Therefore the School wishes to express regret for any harm--including but not limited to evisceration and other such tortures--incurred as a result of completing such a recommendation. It is further assumed that the recommender is aware that budget cutbacks have birthed a thriving black market run by the secretarial pool, wherein recommendation forms of rejected applicants are released to said crazed deviants upon remission of "the right price." We regret the practice, but choose to do nothing about it. Sorry.

Personal Statement- Gern Blanston

Lawyers find themselves every day to uncomfortably be in a position of having to advise people who have broken the law. Oh, sure, not all of their clients have broken the law, but a lot of them have, and the rest are probably thinking about it. These people, however, deserve the help of a lawyer, who, often-times, may not empathize with them. (That means "understand their situation") This is where I think I would be able to make a contribution to the Name of the Law School School of Law. I will come to your law school not only with an open mind, eager to learn and to bathe in the founts of academia, but with actual proposals to make the study of and practice law better.

Lawyers have generally led sheltered lives; pampered and tended to, they probably had very rich parents who could buy them everything they wanted and they never had to look at things in a store window and cry "god, I want that! If I could only have that" but they can't because their parents are too poor. So, most lawyers never learned to steal. They don't understand the criminal mind, which would be important for their practice.

Not that I understand the criminal mind, but I'm aware that it would be a good thing to do, you understand. What should be done? What can we do to change this? How much does this affect our legal system? Why hasn't anything been done? Where should we start doing things? Who should make the first move? When will someone stand up and cry, "Enough!"?

Some suggest that classroom experience can help one to understand the criminal mind. Bring criminals into the classroom, and have them tell about their experiences, this theory says. Have them tell about ducking behind corners, caught red-handed but not yet seen, listening to the footsteps of the police, feeling the cold sweat running down into your palm, and feeling that you have to sneeze, but if you make a sound you'll be caught. And then a rat runs up your leg. Have them tell about that, they say.

But that will never work. There's no way listening to someone tell you something can really make you feel like you're involved, like you were really there. (Although I did get you going, didn't I?) What needs to be done is to really have experience. This is my theory: Send first and second year law students out to commit crimes, or "jobs," as they are called. This would give them valuable experience, yet the risk would not be too big. Law students are smart people, and they would be less likely to get caught. The money made, or "loot," could be given to some charity. This way two goods would be served: charity and legal education. I think this would be an invaluable help to the community.

For my part, I would offer to lead and set up some "jobs," and maybe afterwards we could hold sessions to talk about the "jobs" to be like an encounter group that would really get deep about these things. There is my suggestion for improving legal education. (Remember, if we got caught we could just say we "were lawyers out on a classroom experience, and they'd let us go!) I hope you'll consider this, and I hope you'll accept me as part of the Name of Law School Law Class of 1984.

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CASA OLGA CLEANERS

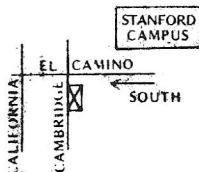
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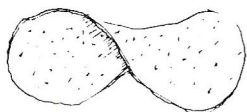


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ANCHORMAN

MEETS

Anchorwoman

IN NEWS DIRECTOR GORDON'S OFFICE...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I NEED A NEW PARTNER?
CAMERA BOY IS MY PARTNER.

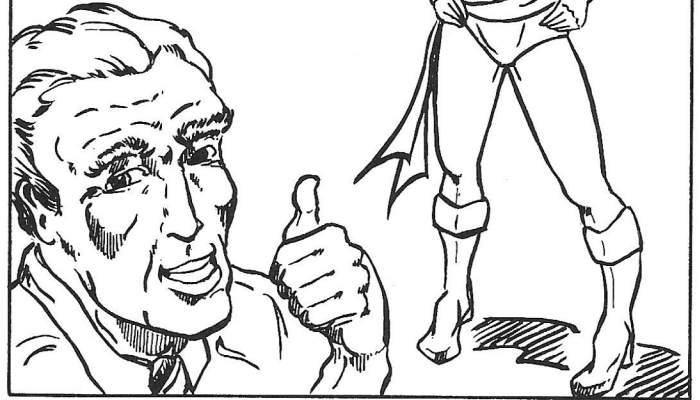
NOT GOOD ENOUGH
ANCHORMAN. YOUR RATINGS
HAVE BEEN DROPPING



YOU NEED SOMETHING
SPICIER

MEET YOUR NEW
TEAMMATE...
ANCHORWOMAN!

HI, PARTNER
LET'S GET
STARTED,
SHALL WE?



LATER, AT THE NEWSCAVE...

BUT GOSH ANCHORMAN...
SHE'S A GIRL!

NOT A GIRL, CAMERABOY...
A WOMAN! AND AS SUCH
SHE DESERVES OUR RESPECT...

AND MY
UTMOST
ATTENTION!



LOOK GUYS, IT'S
ANCHORWOMAN!

YEAH, BUT WHO'S THE
GUY WITH HER?

WHO CARES? LET'S
MEET HER!



GOSH, YOU'RE
THE GREATEST
ANCHORWOMAN!

GEE ANCHORWOMAN, IS
THIS A GREY HAIR
BACK HERE?

WHAT?!?! AND DID YOU
KNOW YOU HAVE A PIMPLE
ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK?

A PIMPLE?!?!



YECHEH THAT'S GROSS!
WAIT'LL WE TELL
EVERYONE! NO ONE'LL
WANT HER AROUND
ANYMORE!

SOB! HOW
COULD YOU?

SORRY ANCHORWOMAN
BUT I'M DEDICATED
TO TRUTH, NO MATTER
HOW PAINFUL IT MAY BE



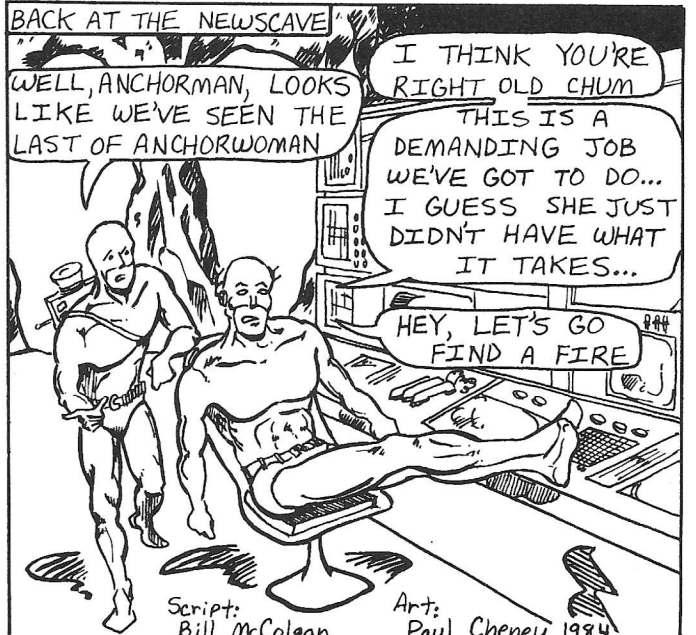
BACK AT THE NEWSCAVE

WELL, ANCHORMAN, LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE SEEN THE
LAST OF ANCHORWOMAN

I THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT OLD CHUM

THIS IS A
DEMANDING JOB
WE'VE GOT TO DO...
I GUESS SHE JUST
DIDN'T HAVE WHAT
IT TAKES...

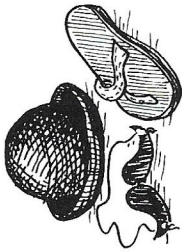
HEY, LET'S GO
FIND A FIRE



Script:
Bill McColgan

Art:
Paul Cheney 1984

★ America's Hercule Poirot ★



★in Thongs ★

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BROWN Does His Thing

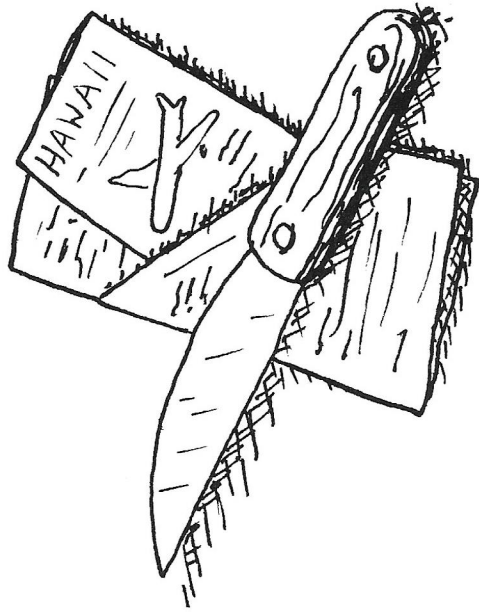
BY

**MICHAEL COLLINS
RONALD HERBST
TIMOTHY QUIRK**

*Illustrated by
Ronald Herbst*



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The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver

Leroy Brown may have looked like any other eleven-year-old. But sure as ham and eggs go together and as sure as the Pope is Catholic, Leroy was different. First of all, nobody in his home town of Idaville, except for his parents and teachers, ever called him Leroy at all.

They called him Encyclopaedia Brown.

Not that he looked like an encyclopaedia, mind you. That is, a set of books filled with all sorts of facts. He didn't even look like just one book. He wasn't even brown!

Second of all, he was the best detective that ever chewed bubble gum and rode a high-rise bike. It was because of him alone that for almost a year no one in Idaville had gotten away with any crime.

One particular evening as he sat at the dinner table with his father, Chief Detective Brown, and his mother, Mrs. Brown, Encyclopaedia noticed that Chief Brown wasn't eating his dinner. He just played around with the mashed potatoes with his fork and looked at the wall as if it were a hypnotizer's swaying watch.

"Look, Leroy," Mrs. Brown said. "Your father isn't eating his dinner."

"Yeah, Mom. That must mean that something important is on his mind, or he wouldn't miss his favorite meal, cornbeef souffle and crabapple pie *ala mode!*"

Chief Brown looked at his family. "Oh, I'm all right. It's just that I have to go to the Medical Examiner's office tonight after dinner to check out a case."

"The Medical Examiner's office!" exclaimed Encyclopaedia. "That must mean it's a *murder* case!"

"That's right, son. That's awfully intelligent of you to know that the Medical Examiner is the man who looks at dead bodies."

"Oh, I know lots of things like that, Dad," Encyclopaedia said, blushing like a boy bride. "Who was murdered?"

"Mr. Parsonwhipple from the drugstore."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Mrs. Brown, wiping her pretty mouth.

Chief Brown started eating his souffle. "So anyway I have to meet Dr. Deftler and Mrs. Parsonwhipple tonight and get all the necessary details."

"Can I come along, Dad? I'd really like to help out."

"I'd like your help too, son, but I'm afraid this is probably too grisly for you. Mr. Parsonwhipple met with a very violent and graphic demise."

"Oh, I'll be all right, Dad. I can take anything. Besides, I know all about killing from a book I once read on it."

With a little more persuasion, Encyclopaedia had convinced his father to take him along. "Now son," Chief Brown said while filling his son in on the case, "the authorities believe Mrs. Parsonwhipple may have murdered her husband. We'll have to watch her behavior closely tonight."

"Sure, Dad," said the boy detective, blowing bubbles and popping them with the cigarette lighter.

The Medical Examiner's office was in a big building on Main Street with glass windows and

lots of bright lights. When he entered, Encyclopaedia respectfully took the bubblegum out of his mouth and dropped it in the nearest trash can. In the office they met Dr. Deftler and Mrs. Parsonwhipple, the widow. Mrs. Parsonwhipple was a heavy woman with a bulbous nose and her hair done up in curlers.

"I'm glad you could come," Dr. Deftler said to Chief Brown. "I want to get this over with as soon as possible."

Chief Brown started writing in his little red notebook and then asked Dr. Deftler to let him see the body. The Doctor took out a plastic bag and said, "Here it is. We found these top pieces in his backyard, these lower torso parts in the frontyard, and the arms and legs in the Perrywinkles' trash next door." He unzipped the bag and everyone cringed at a smell that could only be compared to Harvey Krinkle's sweaty old tennis shoes.

"Gosh," said Encyclopaedia, peering at the bloody remains, "he looks worse than a melted strawberry nut sundae!"

"I put on the death certificate that the body had been dead one hour when it was found," said Dr. Deftler. "As you know, I was just getting off the plane from Hawaii at that time. Boy, what a way to end a vacation!"

Chief Brown addressed the widow. "Where were you at this time, Mrs. Parsonwhipple?"

"Why, I was shopping. That's it! I was shopping," said the obese woman tensely.

Chief Brown scribbled in his notebook, then looked up at her again. "What are those red stains on your blouse?"

"What, these?" she said, wide eyed. "Oh, I dropped a can of grape juice and it shattered and splashed all over me. No, seriously! You don't think I would have—"

Dr. Deftler spoke up. "All we're saying, ma'am, is that the evidence all fits together. As far as we've surmised, nobody else could have been at your house at that time."

"Well, it wasn't me!" the porcine woman said, shaking her head like a wet dog trying to dry itself

off. "I have my rights you know." "Now wait," said Chief Brown. "We don't know anything for sure. Remember, everyone is innocent until proven guilty. Son, maybe you have something to add?"

Encyclopaedia had his eyes closed tightly, as he did whenever he did his heaviest thinking. He opened his eyes and picked up Mr. Parsonwhipple's left arm, which he inspected from all angles and then handed to his father across the table. "Look, Dad. He's still wearing his gold watch. That means that Mr. Parsonwhipple wasn't murdered for his money."

"Bravo!" Chief Brown said. "An excellent bit of sleuthing!"

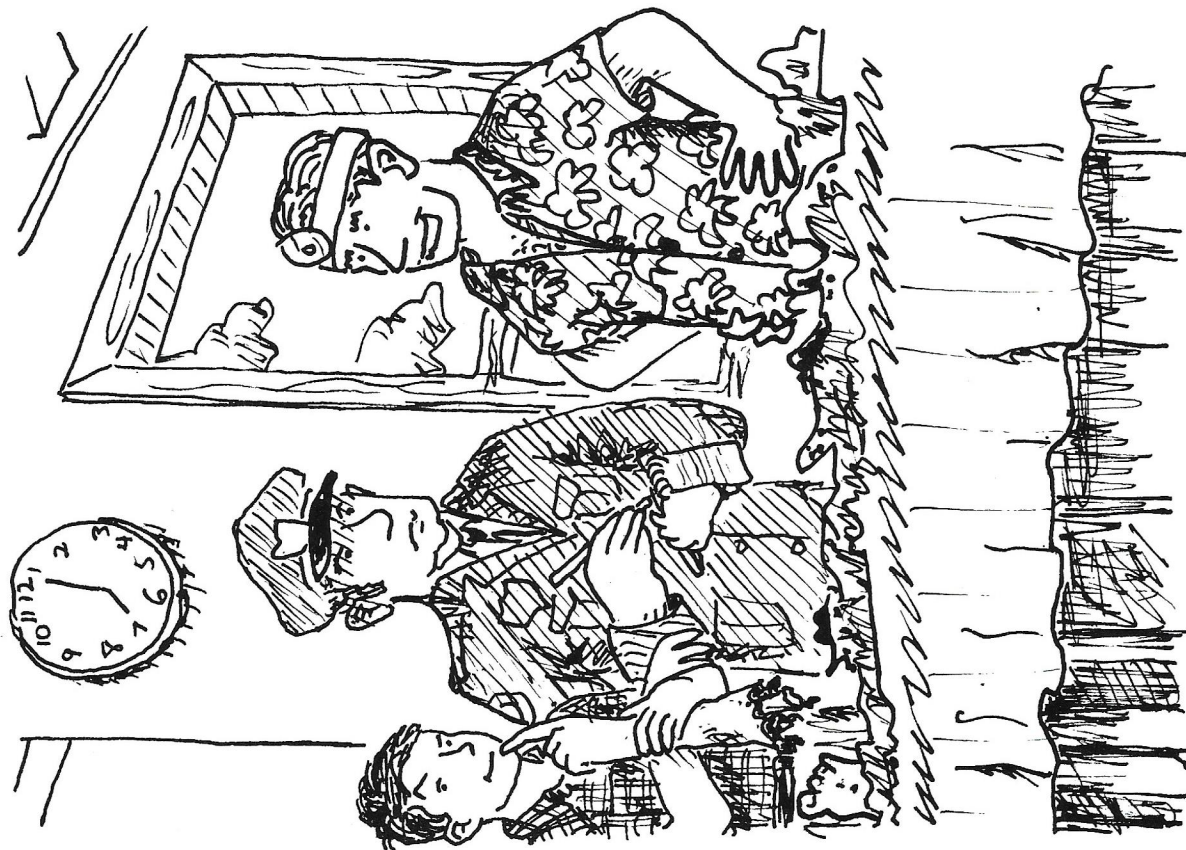
"Right," said the Doctor, "a wife would kill her husband for other reasons than money."

"Not so fast!" interjected the boy detective. "The evidence doesn't point to Mrs. Parsonwhipple. The real murderer has already given himself away!"

"What do you mean?" Dr. Deftler said.

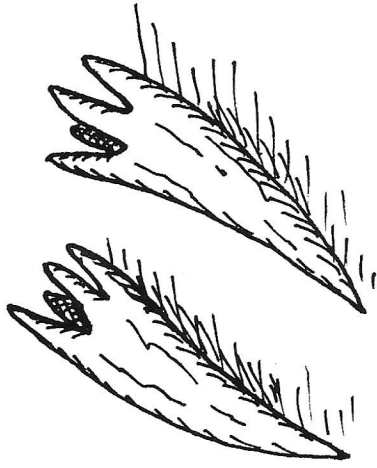
"The answer is so obvious you can smell it!" Encyclopaedia said.

WHO IS THE MURDERER AND HOW DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA KNOW?



"As you know, I was just getting off the plane from Hawaii at that time."

(Turn to page 17 for the solution to The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver)



The Case of the Devoured Daughter

Encyclopaedia Brown was roused early Tuesday morning by a knock at the door of the ramshackle garage which served as the office of his detective agency. "Come in!" he called good-naturedly, "the door's never locked." A chubby, pleasant woman in a floral print dress and pumps pushed open the door and walked across to the desk. "Mrs. Pugnowski!" Encyclopaedia said with a startled smile. "What ever brings you here?"

"Oh, I just don't know where to turn!" his dumpy but plump neighbor sobbed, dabbing at her eyes with a damp handkerchief and sliding a shiny quarter onto the old gas can that served as the agency's treasury. "I only hope that you can help me, Encyclopaedia."

"Please have a seat, Mrs. Pugnowski." the young detective urged, motioning her toward a comfortable chair behind the large, makeshift desk. "Like it says on my card, there's no case too small." Mrs. Pugnowski dried her eyes and feigned a thin smile. "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

The woman moved closer and looked about the room hesitantly, then began. "Oh, Encyclopaedia,"



She pulled out two long, sharp teeth and plopped them on the desk.

she sighed, wringing her hands, "I... I'm afraid that Bugs Meany has eaten my daughter."

Encyclopaedia sat bolt upright, a look of amazement playing across his face. "Goodness!" he exclaimed, running her accusation through his reference-book mind, "That's quite an accusation!" He frowned slowly, his eyes narrowing. "But a man isn't guilty just because he's mean, not even Bugs Meany." Bugs was the head of the Tigers, a group of no-good boys who were the scourge of Idaville's pre-adolescent population. Bugs and Encyclopaedia were sworn enemies.

Mrs. Pugnowski opened a large purse on her lap. "I have a few things that I found in Jeannie's room that might be helpful," she sniffed. "I only hope that they will be." Encyclopaedia cleared a space on his desk.

"Here," she said, pulling out a matted tuft of hair. "These are little Jeannie's locks. And this —" she layed out a ragged stretch of bright yellow cloth. "This was one of the sleeves on her favorite frock." She slobbered balefully. "I made it myself, I did."

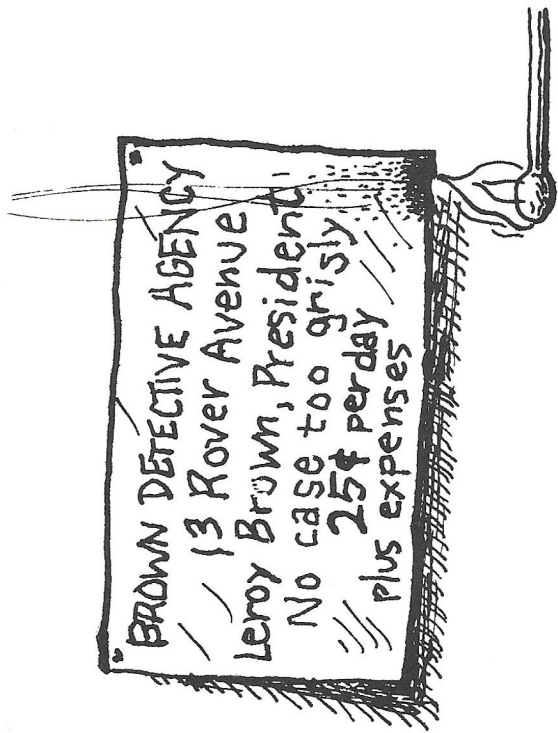
Encyclopaedia examined the pieces with a sharp eye. "A good start, ma'am, but not enough to be conclusive. We've got to be sure in this business. Is there anything more that you can show me?"

"Why, yes" she answered quickly, reaching deep into her purse. "These were the shoes she always wore to school — the ones with the buckles —, this is about half of her daisy-pattern floral bonnet, and this is her hypothalamus. Oh!" She pulled out two long, sharp teeth and plopped them down on the desk. "I found these in her room, too. Right beside her lunch bucket."

"Mrs. Pugnowski," Encyclopaedia said slowly, reclining in the old, ramshackle chair. "Bugs Meany never ate your daughter Jeannie. But I know where to place the blame!"

**WHO DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA ACCUSE
AND HOW DID HE KNOW?**

*(Turn to page 18 for the solution to
The Case of the Devoured Daughter)*



The Case of the Missing Something

Something was missing, and Encyclopaedia just couldn't put his finger on it. He could sense it as he swung open the old wooden door with its hinges on the inside that led into the converted garage which served as the headquarters of his tumbledown but well-respected detective agency. He scratched his head and wondered? What wasn't there? The sturdy, makeshift desk and its neat pile of papers stood solid and immobile against the far wall; his tall bookcase and its many well-read volumes remained just at its side. He looked behind the desk — sure enough, the swivel chair was just where it always had been, and a quick search of the desk made it clear that the contents remained undisturbed. Encyclopaedia was puzzled; he'd a hunch that something was missing, and he'd learned to trust his highly-acclaimed intuition.

Encyclopaedia's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a commotion on the front lawn. He hurried to the door and ran outside only to find the entire membership of the Tigers prancing and cavorting around the Brown

household, while their beanie-clad leader Bugs Meany was pulling long drags from a stubby cigar and sneering devilishly. Encyclopaedia was mad. "Bugs," he snarled, "You are dumb. Smoking kills."

"Damn right," Bugs chuckled mockingly, and tossed the glowing cigar stub at Encyclopaedia's feet. Boom! The Brown household exploded.

Suddenly, Encyclopaedia remembered just what was missing from the garage.

WHAT WAS MISSING AND HOW DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA KNOW?



The Case of the Close Call

Encyclopaedia had been reading one of his favorite reference books, *Getting More than Even*, when the phone rang.

"Brown Detective Agency," the boy answered.

"Leroy?"

Right away Encyclopaedia knew it was his father, Chief Detective Brown. In all of Idaville, only his parents and his teachers called him Leroy.

"Yes, Dad?"

"I think you'd better come down to the Tigers' clubhouse. There's been some nastiness."

"There's always nastiness when the Tigers and Bugs Meany are around," Encyclopaedia replied sagely. "I'll be right over."

The young detective hopped on his bike and headed towards the Tiger hangout. The Tigers, a gang of very mean boys, were a thorn in the community side of little Idaville. The worst member of the bunch, and therefore its leader, was old Bugs Meany, Encyclopaedia's sworn enemy and nemesis.

On the way to the clubhouse, Encyclopaedia stopped to pick up his partner and best friend, 10-year-old Sally Kimball.

(Turn to page 19 for the solution to
The Case of the Missing Something)

"Hi, Encyclopaedia!" Sally said as she bounded from her front porch to the well-tended lawn in front of the prim yet comfortable Midwestern home owned by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. Her bike waited, unlocked, and she straddled the seat and soon was racing down Maple Street like greased lightning. It took Encyclopaedia a long time to catch up, and then only after Sally slowed down a bit.

"What's up?" she asked.

"Dad called," Encyclopaedia panted. "Some trouble at the Tigers' clubhouse."

"Oooh, those Tigers! That Bugs Meany!" Sally took her hands from the handlebars, made a fist with her right hand and smacked it into her left palm. "I hate them."

If there was anything Encyclopaedia and Bugs Meany could agree upon, it would be that Sally Kimball, besides being physically mature for her age, had the meanest right hook in Idaville. Encyclopaedia had seen it many times, and Bugs had felt it more than once.

In front of the run-down clubhouse they met Chief Detective Brown and Eddie Newman. Mr. Newman was the owner of Idaville's only Army-Navy store.

"Hi Dad! What's up?"

"Bugs' number," said Chief Brown. "He's been murdered."

"Gosh," said Encyclopaedia without expression. "Let's have a look."

Chief Brown led Encyclopaedia, Sally and Mr. Newman around to the back wall of the clubhouse and pointed to a tidy pile where most of Bugs lay in a pool of drying blood. Three swiss army knives protruded from his tanned, muscular chest. His torso was riddled with bullet holes. A meat cleaver lay between the top of his neck and his head, which had rolled a few feet away. Two forks were stuck in his eye-sockets. His slit tongue hung from his lifeless mouth.

"Somebody must have been pretty mad at Bugs," Encyclopaedia suggested. "What a shame. Do you need my help to find the killer?"

Chief Brown shifted uncomfortably on his feet. He glanced at Sally, who was throwing up prettily in a nearby garbage can. "Well," he continued, "this time I need you for something else, Leroy."

Eddie Newman, a big man with many tattoos, broke in. "Yeah, see, I wuz comin' over here to collect

on some dough Bugs owed me for some guns I'd sold him. I found him lyin' here like this. What caught my eye was them Swiss army knives." Mr. Newman looked at Encyclopaedia. "They're brand new. I remembered selling you four last week."

Encyclopaedia straightened up. "Are you insinuating . . .?"

"Nobody's insinuating anything, Leroy," Chief Brown explained. "But son, look at this."

Encyclopaedia's father was squatting near Bugs' right hand. Scrawled in the dirt to the left of the bloody appendage were the letters *ENCY*.

Chief Brown stood up and brushed the dust from his well-pressed pants. "Apparently Bugs died before he could finish whatever he was writing." He turned to his son. "Now Leroy, those are the first four letters in 'Encyclopaedia.' You know that's what everyone around here calls you."

"But gee, Pop, I wouldn't *kill* anybody."

The chief of police frowned. "I don't like to think so, son, but Eddie also found this." He pointed to Mr. Newman. Encyclopaedia's mouth dropped open as Mr. Newman held up a sneaker.

"That looks a lot like yours, son." Chief Brown looked at his boy's feet. "How come you're only wearing one shoe today?"

Encyclopaedia turned red. "I, I couldn't find the other one," he stammered.

Chief Brown shook his head sadly. "Where were you last night, Leroy?"

"I, uh, I was with Sally all night!" Encyclopaedia cried, grabbing the hand of his pretty partner. She had finished with the garbage can several minutes earlier and had since returned to her partner's side.

"No you weren't! I . . . OWWW!" Sally yelped as Encyclopaedia dug his fingernails into the palm of her hand. "Oh, yes, I remember. All night. He was with me." She sighed with relief as Encyclopaedia released her hand. The young detective beamed at her affectionately. Suddenly, his attention was riveted by something on the roof of the ramshackle clubhouse.

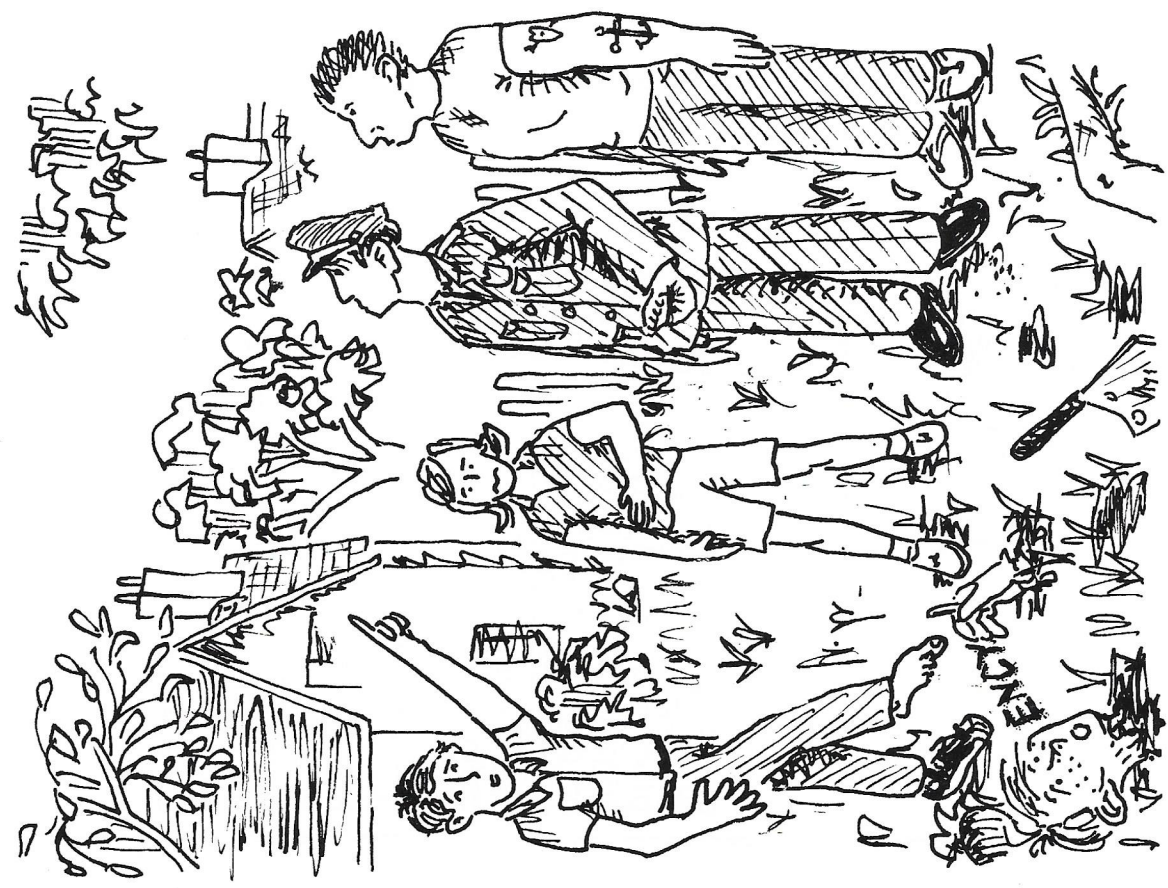
"Hey, look up there!" Encyclopaedia pointed frantically. Everyone leaned back to get a better view

of the roof. "Oops!" said Encyclopaedia apologetically. "My mistake. Sorry, nothing was up there."

Chief Brown scratched his head and returned to the problem at hand. "Anyway, Sally's word's good enough for me. But now we don't know who killed Bugs Meany."

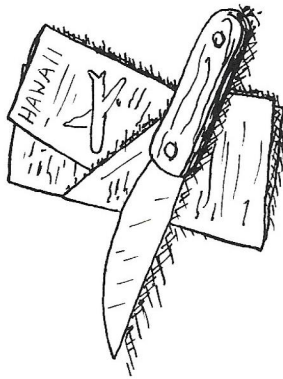
"Oh yes we do!" Encyclopaedia exclaimed. "And Bugs here was kind enough to tell us. Arrest Mr. Newman, Dad. He killed Bugs and then tried to frame me!"

HOW DID ENCYCLOPAEDIA KNOW IT WAS MR. NEWMAN?



"Hey, look up there!" Encyclopaedia pointed frantically.

(Turn to page 20 for the solution to The Case of the Close Call)



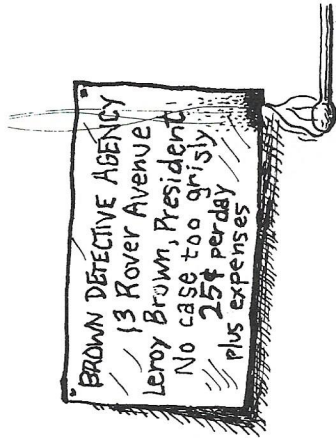
Solution to The Case of the Cut-up Cadaver

SOLUTION: Encyclopaedia noticed a terrible stench when the bag containing Mr. Parsonwhipple was opened. The stench is due to *putrefication*, a process in which tiny bacteria eat the flesh of a corpse and cause it to decay and smell bad. For a corpse to putrefy, it must be dead at least 3 or 4 days, preferably in a humid climate such as found in Hawaii. But Dr. Deftler wrote on the death certificate that the body was only dead one hour! That meant he was the murderer. Realizing his mistake, the doctor pulled a scalpel on the other three and held them hostage in his office for 79 hours until, in a rapid flurry of gunfire, he was killed, along with Mrs. Parsonwhipple, by the Idaville S.W.A.T. team. Chief Brown congratulated the team for a job well done. Encyclopaedia made up for his missed days of school by staying home every afternoon for the rest of the week studying.



Solution to The Case of the Devoured Daughter

SOLUTION: Even a bad fellow like Bugs Meany doesn't pack incisors like the pair Mrs. Pugnowski had pulled from her purse — those were canine, or dog teeth. Clearly, Bugs had eaten Mrs. Pugnowski's trained German Shepard, a famed showdog carelessly dressed as her daughter, Jeannie.



Solution to The Case of the Missing Something

SOLUTION: Sure enough, it was the shiny red gas can that always sat beside the makeshift desk in the tumbledown garage which served as his private office. Dirty old Bugs had emptied the can where it really counted, and hadn't even returned the four quarters on its lid. Bugs and his gang sure were mean.



Solution to The Case of the Close Call

SOLUTION: With the big toe on his sockless right foot, clever Encyclopaedia erased the "Y" and scratched an "M" into the dirt while everyone was looking at the clubhouse roof. Encyclopaedia then explained that the letters *ENCM* were obviously not the first letters of his famous nickname, but were actually an acronym. Bugs had written the first letters of the words "Eddie Newman Cilled Me." Unfortunately, Bugs had been left back in school so much he'd forgotten that the word "killed" was spelled with a "K," not a "C." Hence the confusion. Since his dad was the police chief, getting Mr. Newman arrested and convicted for the murder of Bugs Meany was no problem.

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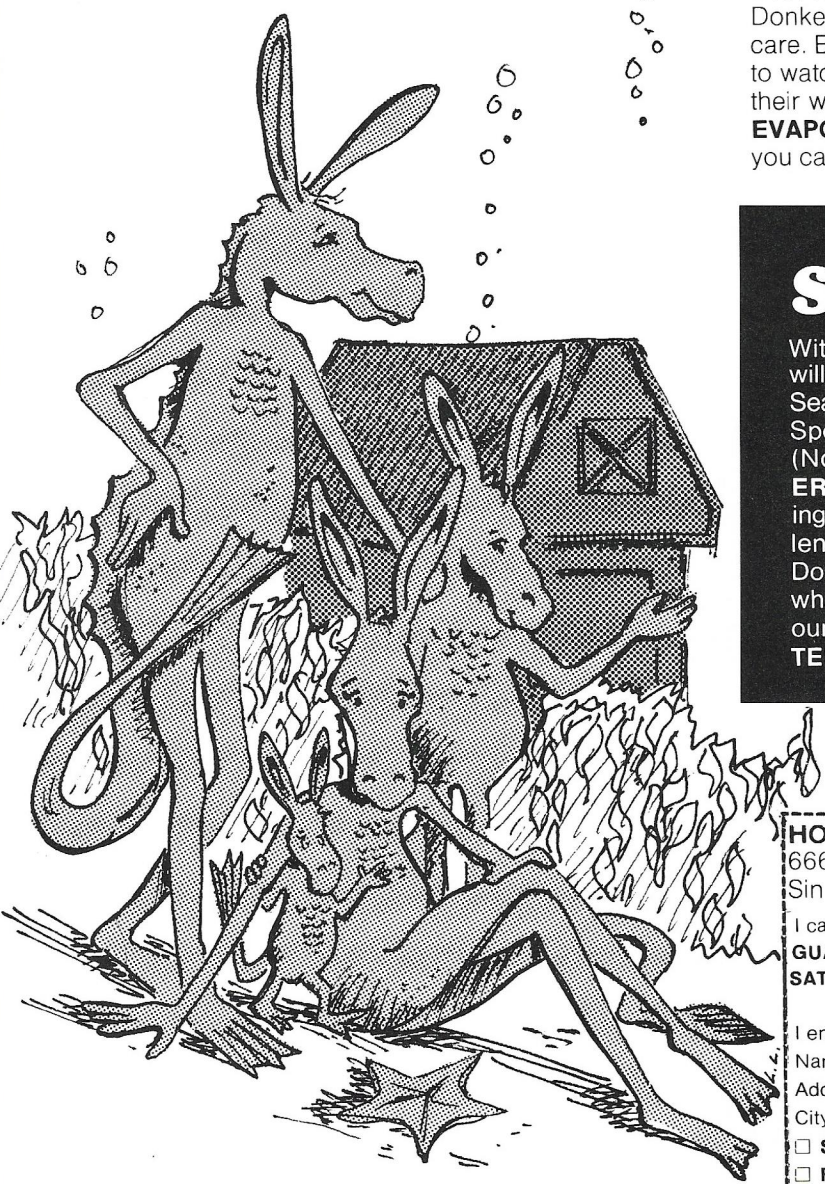
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House Committee on Gravedigging, Lying, Soviet Bastards

**Special Report of the Subcommittee on
Exhumed Executives**

Presented 17 March, 1984

Sirs:

Our sources close to the Kremlin have brought to our attention the fact that newly appointed Soviet President Konstantin Chernenko is not simply "advanced in age and somewhat under the weather," as many (including the official Soviet news agency, TASS) have claimed. He is, in fact, dead. The following list of evidence shows most clearly and systematically that the new leader of the world's second most powerful nation is nothing but a gently rotting but still reasonably presentable corpse. In the words of TASS, Chernenko has simply been "out of action for some time now." How true.

While we do not foresee Chernenko's early demise as affecting US-Soviet relations in the short run, it could have potential policy repercussions for the future. Properly cared for, a dead Soviet leader could rule, unchallenged, for decades in the evil empire.

I urge you to give the following facts top priority for consideration.

Respectfully,



Michael Collins

Chairman, *House Committee on Gravedigging, Lying, Soviet Bastards*

Report on the State of Health of Soviet President Konstantin Chernenko

(Evidence gathered by Kremlin operatives working in the name of democracy and decency.)

1. In all of his public appearances, Konstantin is seen wearing a solid black suit. Black is the ancient colour of death in many religions, including Russian.
2. In the Associated Press (AP) wirephoto 117-a3, taken at the closing ceremonies of the August 28, 1977 Politburo meeting, and overturned coffin and the gnarled hand of death can clearly be seen pointing directly at Premier Chernenko, at least if you squint.
3. Former Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev concluded a speech to the Karlmarxstadt Rotary Commune in May 1977 with a largely unintelligible phrase which, when loosely translated into English reads, "Mihs sim, mihs sim, dac dsin nit nat smok." A deft piece of rhetorical backmasking, it reads, "Konstantin is not at this time alive," when held up to a mirror.
4. Konstantin was the leader of the U.S.S.R. More people die in the U.S.S.R. than in any other communist country, excepting perhaps China.
5. *Soviet Life's* March 1983 "Soviet Man of the Year" cover featured Konstantin with his back turned. This is an ancient symbol of the beginning of death's long journey. Again, Konstantin is wearing a death-black suit and, of special interest, a blood-red tie. Current sources suggest that Premier Chernenko died when his staff car was struck by a plunging bus.
6. On the same "Soviet Man of the Year" cover, the red letter "E" in the word "year" seems to grow directly from Konstantin's balding head. "E" is also the fifth letter of the alphabet, signifying that when the Russian President died he became the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse. The letter "E" also begins such words as "empty", "ethereal", "Elysium", "end", and "EPCOT". Walt Disney, too, is dead.
7. When Chernenko was first introduced as President in February 1984, visiting foreign leaders characterized his appearance as "gray, pallorous, and sickly." Hardly surprising when we consider that he was, in fact, dead.
8. French President and ardent socialist Francois Mitterand commented that Konstantin's head looked "comme un crane," like a skull. Again, hardly surprising for a man who has been dead for the last six years.
9. Former Soviet President Nikolai Krushchev once related to then U.S. President John Kennedy, "Because the high is sky it blues my mind," and then laughed at some length. Played back at half speed, a whispery voice can clearly be heard reciting the words, "I buried Konstantin," or perhaps, "cranberry sauce." Nomadic Druids of the

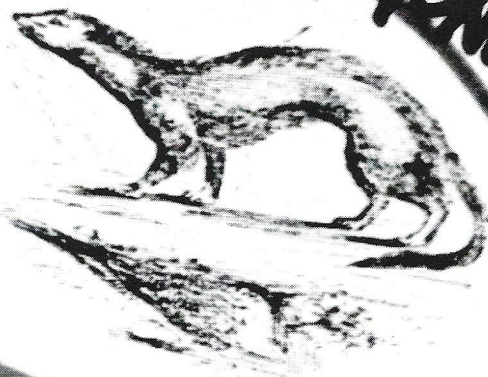


CONFIDENTIAL

- fourteenth century sprinkled the bodies of departed Soviet leaders with the leaves of the *krackowtoin*, or cranberry bush, so its a pretty good clue either way.
10. Konstantin Chernenko was born in Minsk. The mink is the symbol of death and treachery in several obscure eastern religions unfortunately too numerous to list here.
 11. Konstantin appears in a thick, black, hooded shroud and is carrying a tall, dripping scythe in several famous press photos, now unfortunately lost.
 12. In all known photographs, Chernenko is never seen wearing glasses. Were he actually alive, the President would most assuredly require glasses due to his advanced age. Only in death is Chernenko able to appear in public without glasses and yet so successfully manage to avoid bumping into things.
 13. In a little known diplomatic ploy, it was Chernenko who ordered Soviet arms negotiator Yuli Kvitski to walk out on the Strategic Arms Limitations Treaty (SALT) talks in Geneva, Switzerland. Judas is shown spilling the salt in one of DaVinci's paintings.
 14. The last letters in Konstantin and Chernenko together spell the word "no". Implication: "No, I am not alive, I am dead." Subtly stated, but it's good solid evidence none the less.
 15. Konstantin is a well known acronym for "Keeling Over Now Signifies Transferred Authority of the Nation Tacitly Implying Necrotocracy." The control of government by dead people is Russia's hideous but effective means of shaping domestic and foreign policy.
 16. Former Soviet leader Yuri Andropov was, prior to his term as Soviet President, the head of Russia's secret intelligence agency, the KGB. This organization has been known to kill people. Why should Chernenko have been the exception?
 17. Konstantin took office on February 14th, celebrated in America as *Valentine's Day*. However, in Eastern Bloc countries this date is the beginning of a seven-day flogging of the truth. This gay fest is enjoyed by patriotic citizens of all ages.



Chernenko
prepar
er in
ous
An
cat



MINK
HONEST

clitus the fetus

IN: "water under the bridge"

Hi kids!

wanda jackson, despite doctors' warnings, ingested too many toxic chemicals and her yet-unborn child Clitus has been endowed with sentiency and universe warping powers of **ASTRAL PROJECTION!**

We join our astral pals at the end of a busy day...

Ah Clitus! Nothing like a full day of para-dimensional fun, food and drink!

well, I can handle the para-di-mensional fun...



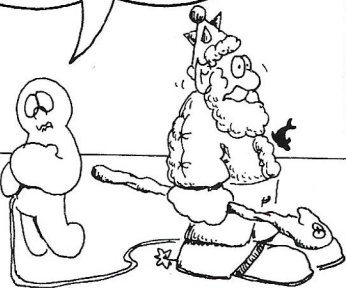
But Ralston, that para-dimensional food and drink... I don't feel too good!

My tiny fallopian friend! Your discomfort is my discomfort. Let us seek the all knowing sage...

... that wisest of wise ones. That purveyor of common sense and worthy advice...

No, my great Aunt Diastolic.

... The Venerable one!



A long and arduous journey later...

Aunt Di, when you get a second or two, uh, my friend here...

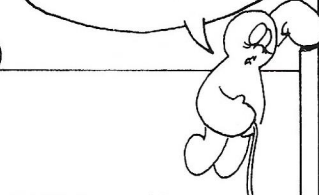
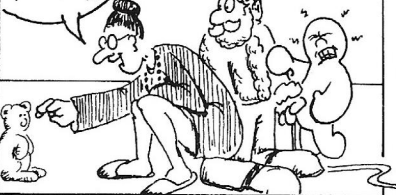
HERE BOY! HERE BOY!

RALSTON! Oh, my fave nephew! Oh, it's been 50000 years! I give salutations and greetings!

I can see the headlines now...

"Joyous Reunion Marred by Inconsiderate Death." Gaud I feel like I'm on the verge of bursting...

SEE PIZZ WHO PER MUMBLE YOU don't say! HMM...



Let's see... Hmm, pre-natal human fetus with severe lower abdominal pain and feeling of fullness... Considering the degree of physical development...

... it is logical to conclude that the subject's excretory functions are operating for the first time in its life. The solution? The subject must micturate! Ta-dah!

I beg your pardon! I...

CLITUS! "Micturate" means "urate"!

Much later... Kudos to Aunt Diastolic, Ralston. Gaud, now I feel old. First a urinary tract, then a nervous system and before you know it, I've actually been born!

You needed to know, Clitus. Bladder now than later!

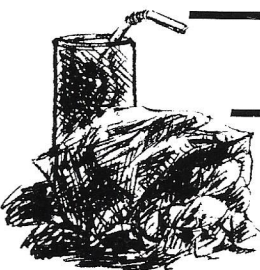


How to take the perfect Study Break.

You study hard and when you take a break, it better be good. When you're looking for that perfect study break, try one of Tresidder Union's options. You deserve it.

1. The Corner Pocket

The first formula a Stanford student learns: frozen yogurt + socializing with friends = the perfect study break. You can also substitute or add pizza-by-the-slice. The Corner Pocket is only a few steps from your room, serving pizza and fro-yo until 11:30 pm.

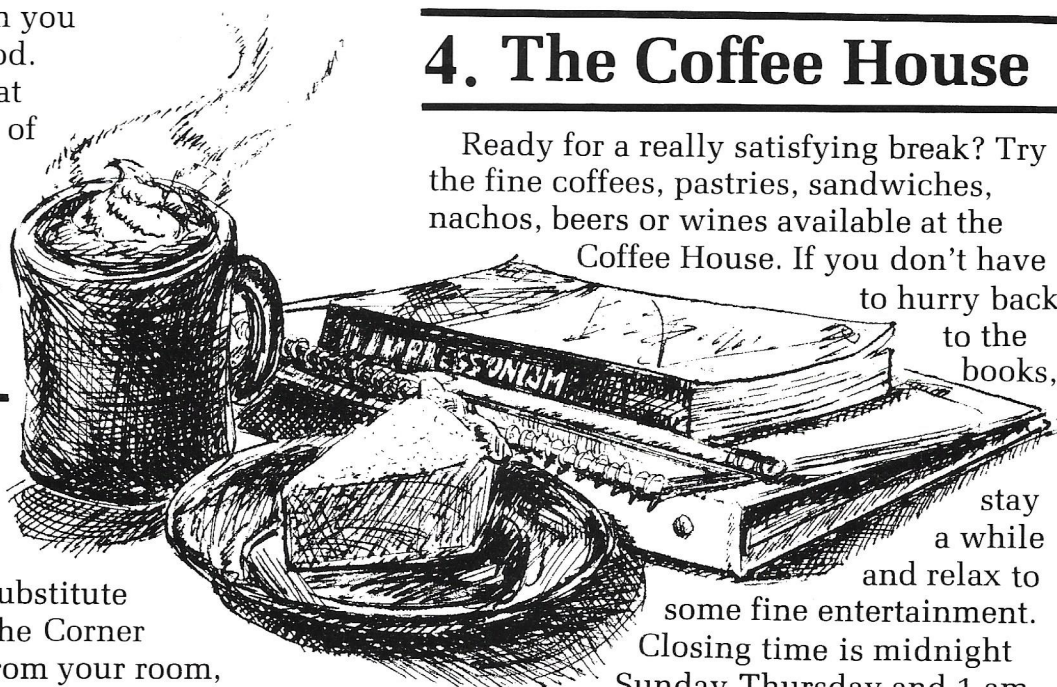


2. The Store

Need a quick snack? The Store is the place for you. Open until 11 pm, 7 days a week, the Store can supply all the necessary ingredients for the perfect study break: sodas, juices, coffees, teas, crackers, cheeses, meats, aspirin, magazines, stationery or the ultimate in study breaks — a pint of Häagen Dazs. Be prepared for late night munchies — stock up!

3. The Recreation Center

After sitting at your desk, get your blood flowing again at the Recreation Center. Take out your frustrations on a few pins and bowl a game or two. Or take a trip into the fantasy world offered by any one of the 35 video and pinball games in the games room.

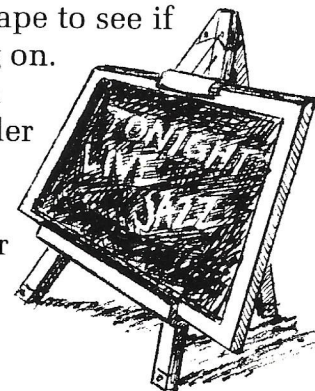


4. The Coffee House

Ready for a really satisfying break? Try the fine coffees, pastries, sandwiches, nachos, beers or wines available at the Coffee House. If you don't have to hurry back to the books, stay a while and relax to some fine entertainment. Closing time is midnight Sunday-Thursday and 1 am on Friday and Saturday.

5. Student Arts at Stanford (STARTS)

How about some entertainment to bolster your spirits? On Thursday nights check out STARTS-sponsored concerts in the Coffee House. On Friday nights, try one of STARTS' movies. You can also call the Campus Events Tape to see if anything else is going on. Or you can just take a walk through Tresidder Union and view the STARTS-sponsored art exhibits (2nd floor lobby & Coffee House gallery).



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