

STANFORD  
**Chaparral**

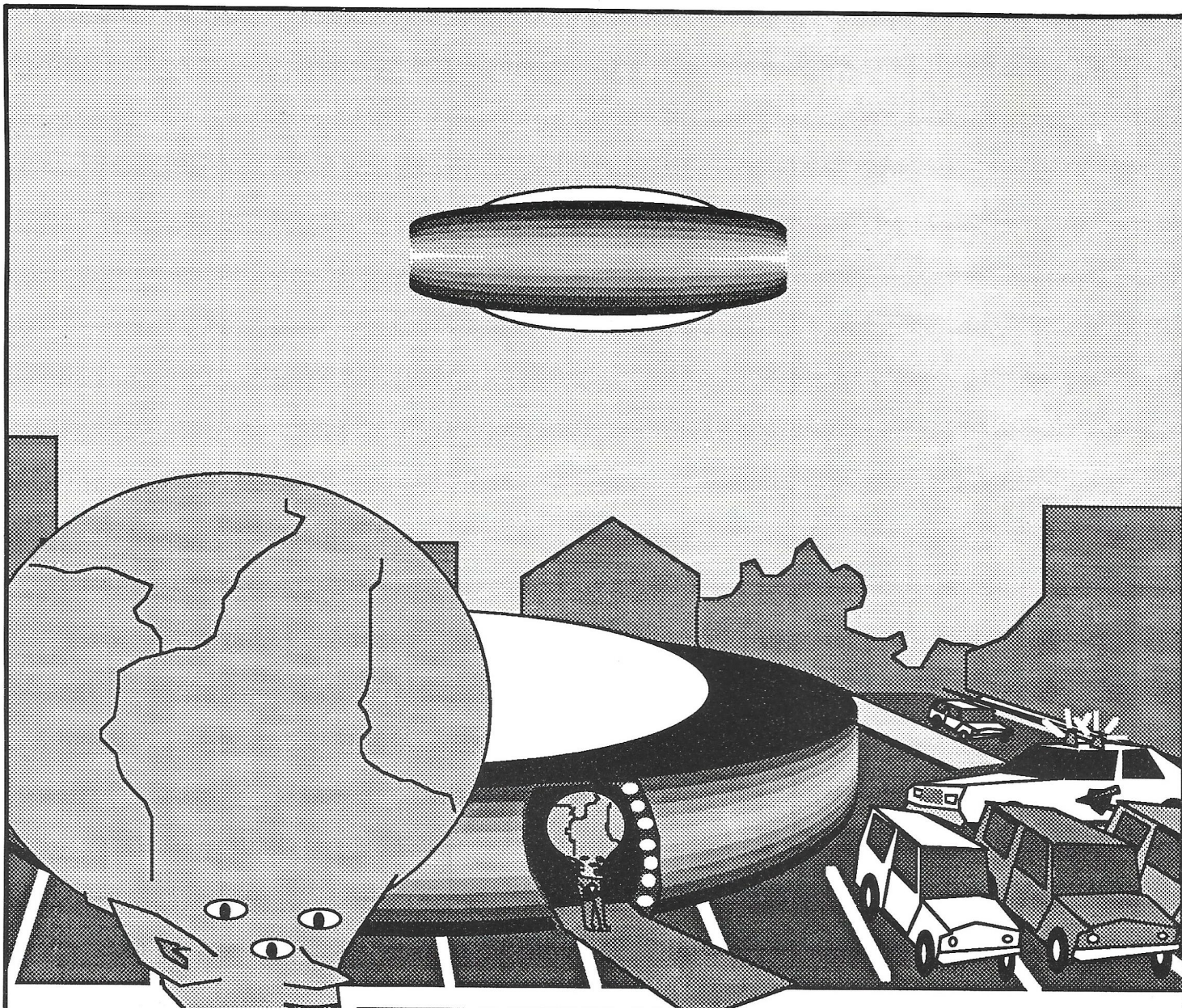
March 1988  
\$2.00



DEW

THE FUTURE





All this knowlege in Menlo Park  
and there's even room  
to park the ship!

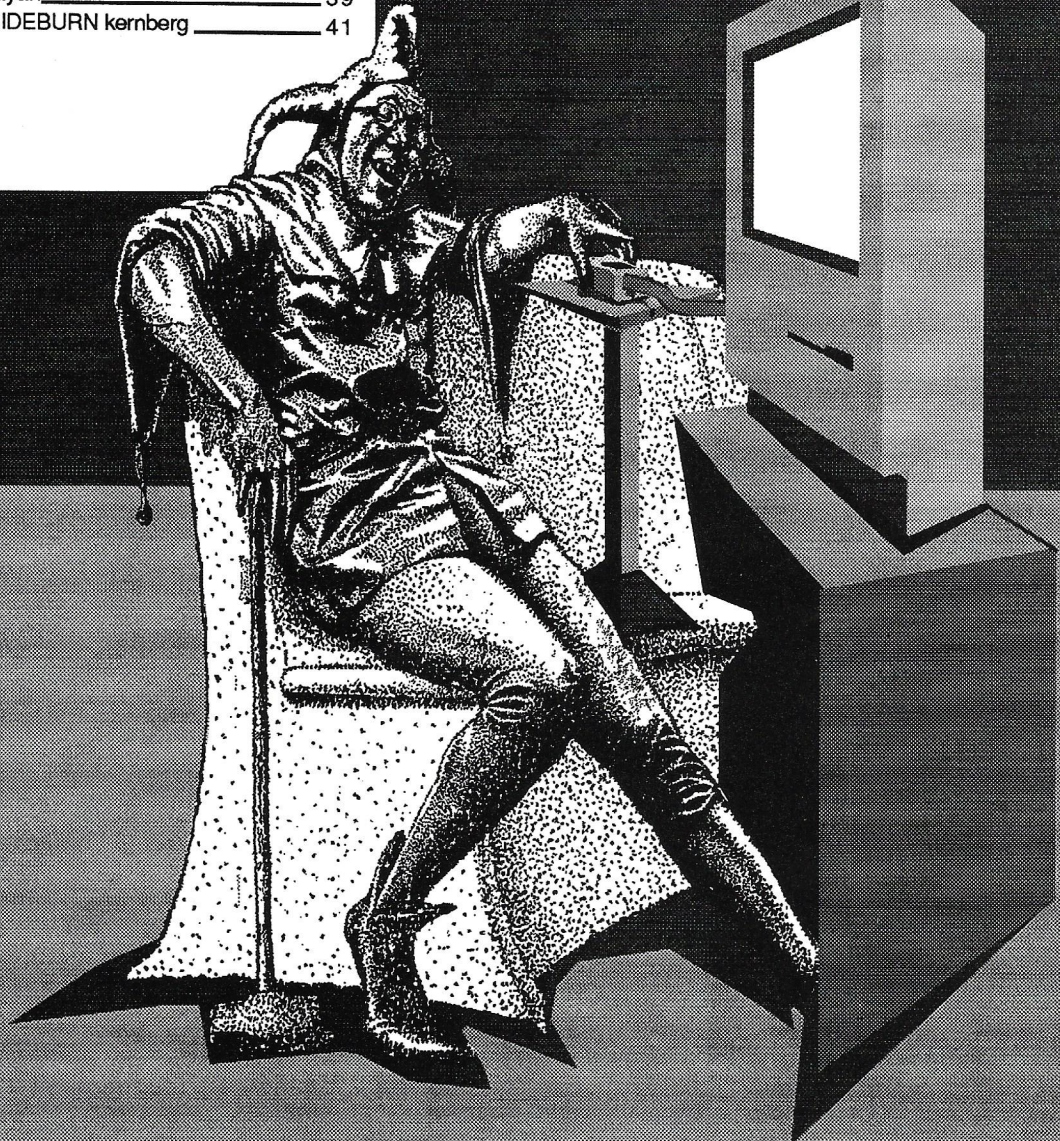
**K** **KEPLER'S**  
**B O O K S &**  
**M A G A Z I N E S**

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*Tell us what you think. Address letters to:  
Editor, Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 8585 Stanford, California 94309*



## The Chappies

### EDITORIAL

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# The Stanford Chaparral

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## THE FUTURE

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

THAN

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT

ALL.

## REFLECTIONS

for every conceivable bit of information. I want it to have every existing movie and video stored so that I may watch whatever I please whenever I please. I also want it to have every publication ever written stored so that I can read them if I want to. I want it to be able to scan the sum of human knowledge for any subject I might be researching, and not only show me a description of that subject, but show me diagrams and video tapes of the subject so that I may better comprehend it, and also reference me to related subjects.

It must have multiple terminals in a variety of sizes and constructions from the standard desktop model, to the check-

book sized portable model, to the wrist-watch model, to the main home system equipped with a screen that fills one entire wall of my living room. In addition to regular screen monitors, it must have a three dimensional, holographic display.

It must be constructed using room-temperature superconductors so that it can calculate instantaneously and fit in a matchbox.

In addition to all of this, it must also be able to go to the bathroom for me. No, I'm just kidding.

Why will I want to do all of this stuff on the computer you ask? I want to because I will have to to keep up with the rest of the world. The future will be fast-

## NOW THAT

the past has been completed, and the present is nearly over, it's time to discuss the future. The future is imminent, and it holds wonder and amazement for all of us. Things are about to happen that will change our perceptions of what is feasible and possible. It's time to prepare for the future with 110% investment. Buy the capital items you need to take full advantage of the future.

I want a multi-processing computer, complete with data storage space enough



paced, and people will be busy getting work done like never before.

Many people are scared of the future, but that is just a consequence to the particular time that we live in. Human civilization is in its adolescence, and adolescence is a weird stage of life. And since the past is all that we know, we start to make judgements and conclusions that are based on the 'incomplete story' of history at present.

Right now, at this moment, events are happening that will lift us out of our present ignorance. In the past, only a few privileged children were lucky enough to be exposed to knowledge in the formative years. I suspect that many prospective Einsteins of the past never became their potential because they were never exposed to information, provoking the necessary thoughts for geniusness.

Remember this, someday there will be dogs on the moon. Not test German Shepherds, but domestic pets named Moonpie or Dukey. They will run and jump in the lower gravity and have a great time catching frisbees. And five year olds will run and jump with the canines and not give a second thought to the questions of science that the greatest minds today are baffled by, just as we take for granted the advances of previous years. That fact will be taken for granted if it isn't already.

At one time, the smartest people on the earth were busy just learning how to survive. And while people are still just learning how to survive today, we have acquired such capital items as shelter, mass communication, transportation, medication, information and food production systems. We haven't solved all problems, in fact, we have created a few, but we now sit in a position to solve most of the ones that we can perceive of now.

The days of the doomsday predictions are over. Rather recently, learned people fully believed that we were headed for global starvation or energy shortages. Now the problem of starvation is one of distribution, and superconductors will solve many of the problems of energy.

Today is the last day of the old era; tomorrow begins a new one. So what should we do on this last night? I think we should stay up and celebrate the now.

It's time to stand up for all of us. This is the last chance for the we, the ancients, to poke fun at and ridicule the fu-

ture. And we must realize that although this is the last chance that we will get to joke at the future, this is also the best time to ridicule it; for we are smarter than we used to be. This age is the last of our kind, tomorrow is the future. Yes, I'm sure the future will be pretty smug about itself and about how smart it is, and it will look back on this time and laugh. And so the Old One as he exists today, like any good jokester who shovels it back as quick as he takes it, quacks at the future, with this final word, and encourages you to do the same Tomorrow they will laugh at us, but today we've got them. In 5000 years, as the then 10,000 years of recorded Earth histo-

ry are reviewed, we will be looked upon as founders of society, whose advances in both science and ethereal areas were keys to development. And while we are the product of centuries of advancement, we are no where near then end product. We are merely intermediaries, and the only real thing of value that we can do is carry on the tradition to the younger generation.

So stay up tonight and celebrate what has been accomplished to date, and then continue the celebration in the new age after sunrise. We are the fortunate ones who get to live in both eras. We are the fortunate ones who can see that it just keeps going on the same as ever. ◀

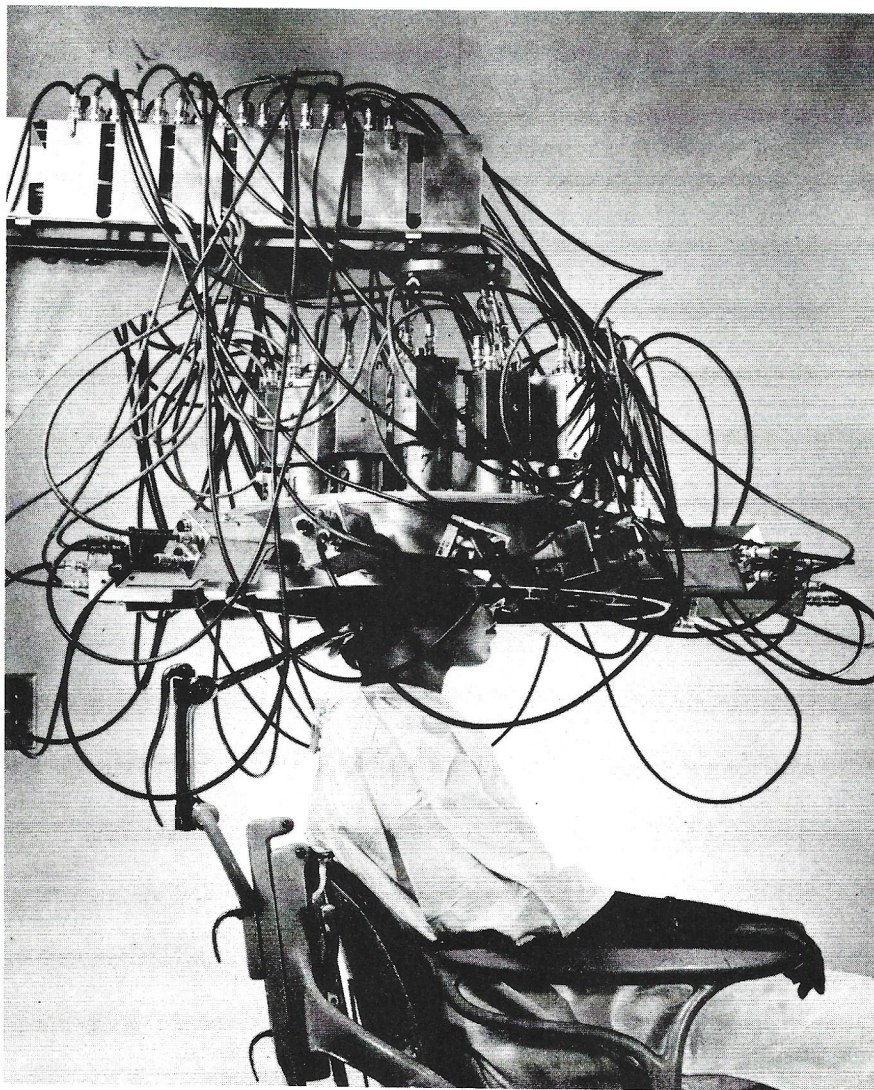
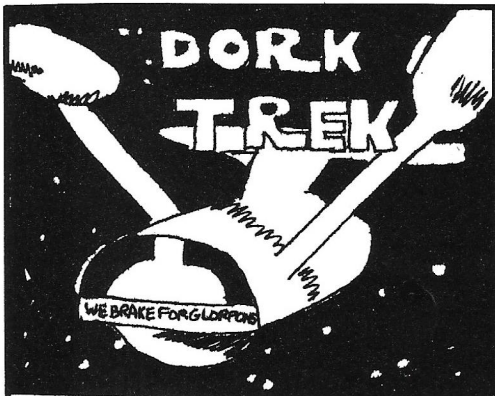


FIGURE 1: Brain tumor locator. The Anger camera forms an image of a portion of the brain. Gamma rays from radioisotopes pass through collimators to scintillators. Photomultiplier tubes detect signals, which are processed and displayed by a computer. OVERHEARD IN THE LAB: I think we got it pinpointed, Harry. It's in the head.





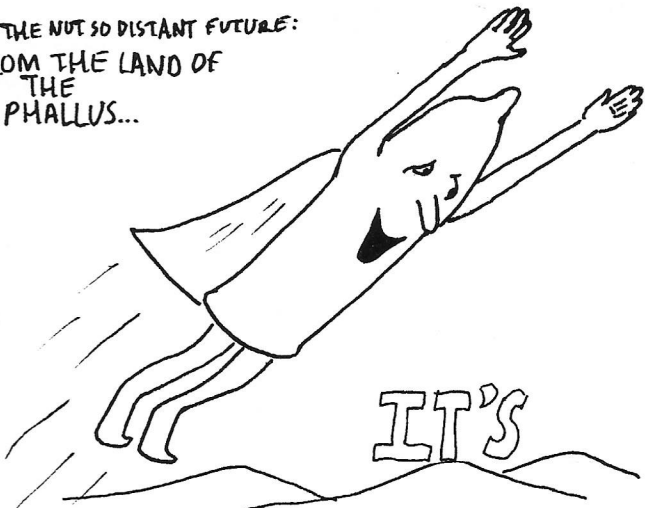
THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STARSHIP FREE ENTERPRISE, WHOSE FIVE YEAR MISSION IS TO BOLDLY UPHOLD THE STANDARDS OF THE HART FEDERATION AGAINST THE EVIL CUNNILINGONS.

CAPTAIN'S LOG: IT'S BEDTIME, 8 p.m. WE HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFULLY TRYING TO CAPTURE THE EVIL CUNNILINGONS FOR THREE EPISODES. MEANWHILE THEY CONTINUE TO INCITE WANTON ABANDON. WE HAVE ORDERED TO "DISARM" THEM AND PUT THE QUEEN IN AN ELECTRONIC CHASTITY BELT.





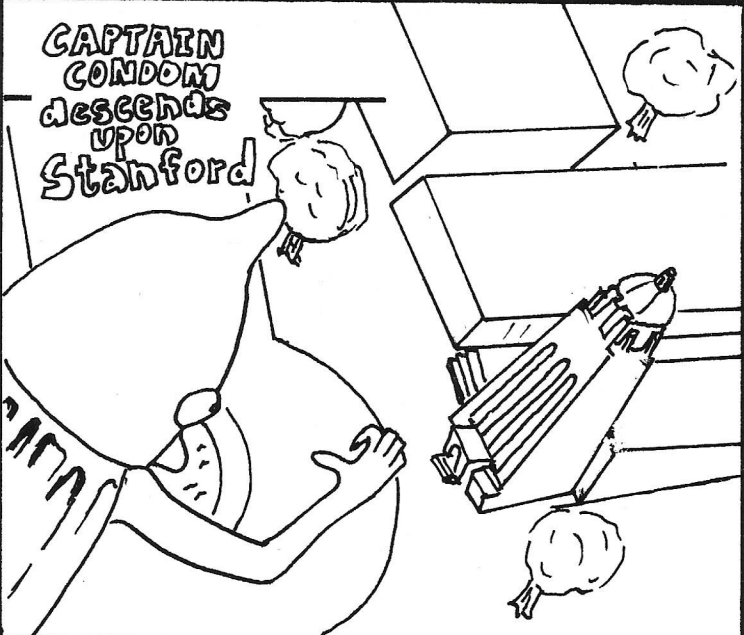
IN THE NOT SO DISTANT FUTURE:  
FROM THE LAND OF  
THE  
PHALLUS...



IT'S

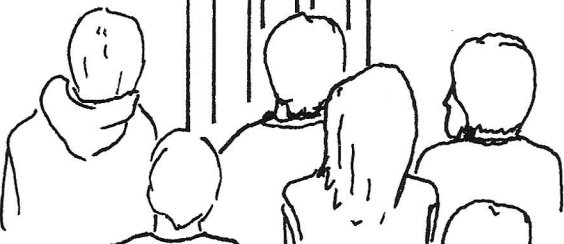
CAPTAIN CONDOM

CAPTAIN  
CONDOM  
descends  
upon  
Stanford



The Cap'n spreads his gospel in White Plaza...

Don't get irate.  
Keep that date.  
Just remember,  
don't hurt  
your mate.



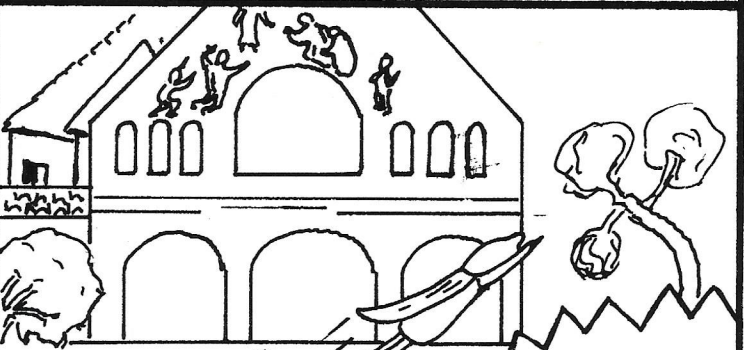
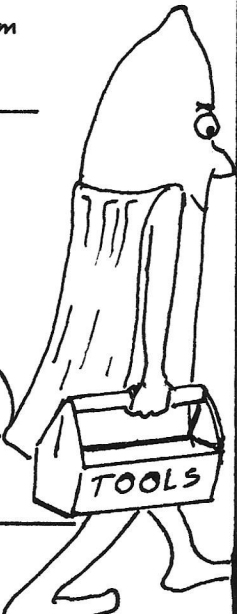
This looks  
like money!

I think I  
love him!

and dazzles Stanford students  
with gold-plated condom  
wrappers.

The following day, Cap'n Condom  
installs condom dispensers  
in bathrooms everywhere.

CONDOMS



But, while installing one  
last dispenser, the Cap'n  
is kicked off campus!

So be on the  
lookout - up in the  
sky. A midst the birds,  
the planes,  
CAP'N CONDOM  
will  
come  
again!







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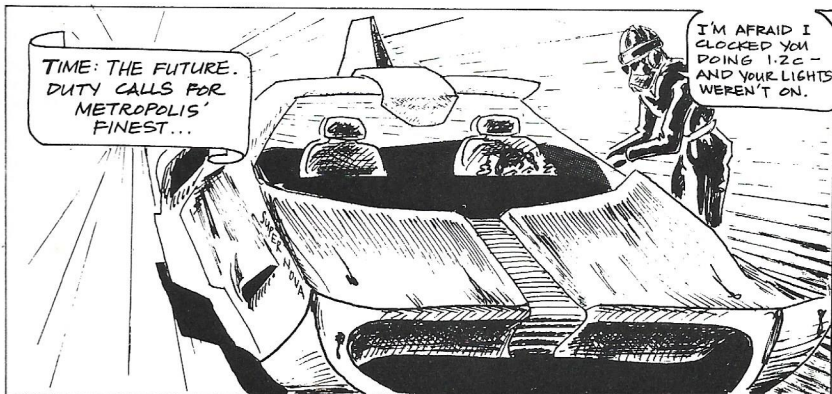


## Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road  
Portola Valley





TIME: THE FUTURE.  
DUTY CALLS FOR  
METROPOLIS'  
FINEST...

I'M AFRAID I  
CLOCKED YOU  
DOING 1200--  
AND YOUR LIGHTS  
WEREN'T ON.



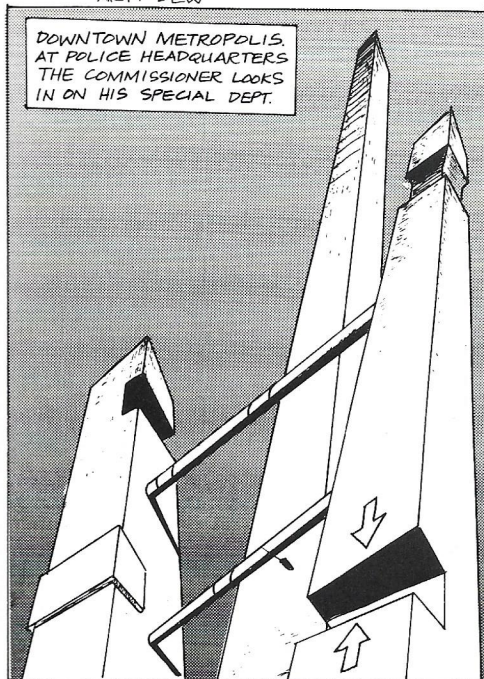
186,000 MI/SEC  
ISN'T JUST A  
GOOD IDEA...IT'S  
THE LAW!

BUT DARK TIMES  
LIE AHEAD-FOR TIME  
AND TECHNOLOGY HAVE  
CREATED A NEW BREED OF  
SUPERCRIMINALS- NOW IS  
A TRUE TEST FOR...

# The Physics Police

STORY: SUHRE, GREGOR, DEW, WEINSTEIN, X  
ART: DEW

FOR AN AGE WHEN EVEN THE LAWS OF SCIENCE ARE BROKEN



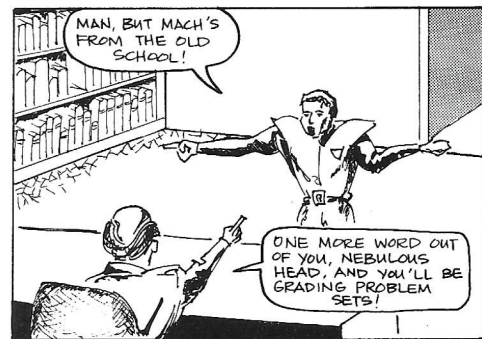
DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS.  
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
THE COMMISSIONER LOOKS  
IN ON HIS SPECIAL DEPT.



SO VEKTOR,  
YOU'RE THE  
NEW HOT SHOT  
FROM THE  
ACADEMY

I'M ASSIGNING  
OFFICER MACH  
AS YOUR PARTNER

COMMISSIONER



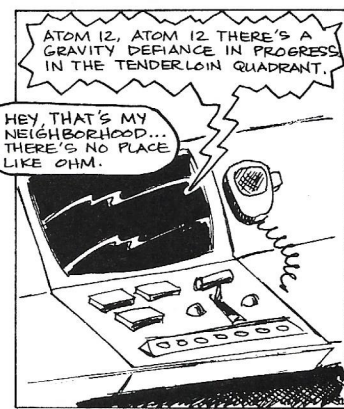
MAN, BUT MACH'S  
FROM THE OLD  
SCHOOL!

ONE MORE WORD  
OUT  
OF YOU, NEBULOUS  
HEAD, AND YOU'LL BE  
GRADING PROBLEM  
SETS!



EQUIPMENT CHECKLIST:  
WE GOT A PLASMATIZER,  
ELECTROIONIZER, AND  
AN OZONAL LOCATOR.

GREAT VEKTOR, BUT I  
DON'T HAVE MUCH USE  
FOR THESE NEW FANCY  
GADGETS. ALL I NEED IS  
MY SLIDE RULE, THERMO  
METER, AND ELECTRO  
MAGNET.

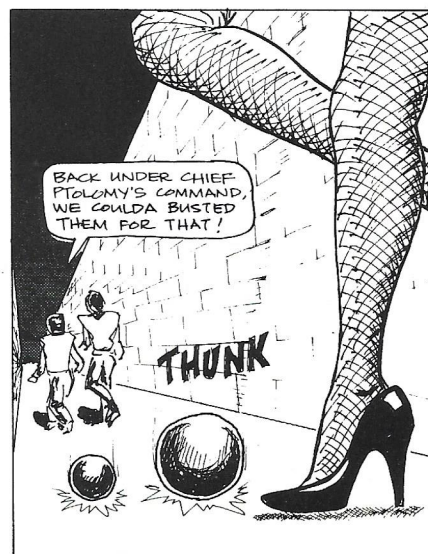


ATOM 12, ATOM 12 THERE'S A  
GRAVITY DEFIANCE IN PROGRESS  
IN THE TENDERLOIN QUADRANT.

HEY, THAT'S MY  
NEIGHBORHOOD...  
THERE'S NO PLACE  
LIKE OHM.

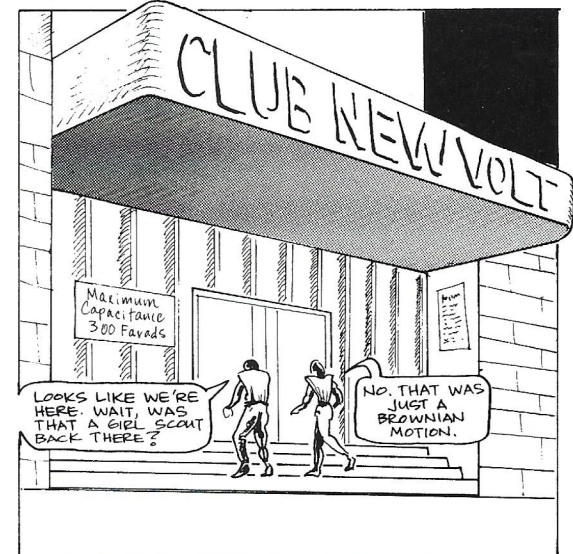


HEY OFFICER MACH,  
WANNA SEE THESE  
BALLS OF UNEVEN  
WEIGHT HIT THE  
GROUND AT THE  
SAME TIME?



BACK UNDER CHIEF  
PTOLOMY'S COMMAND,  
WE COULDA BUSTED  
THEM FOR THAT!

THUNK



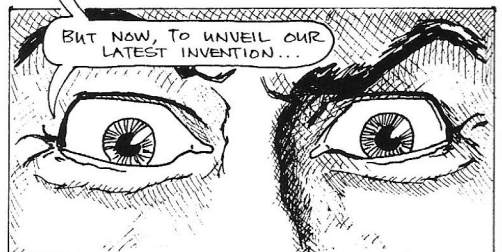
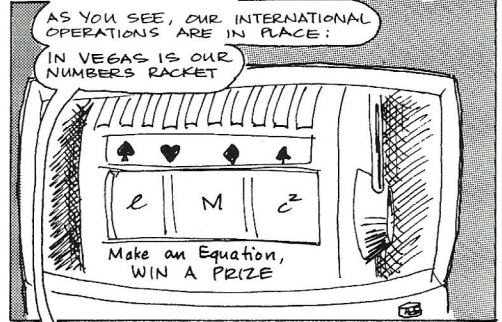
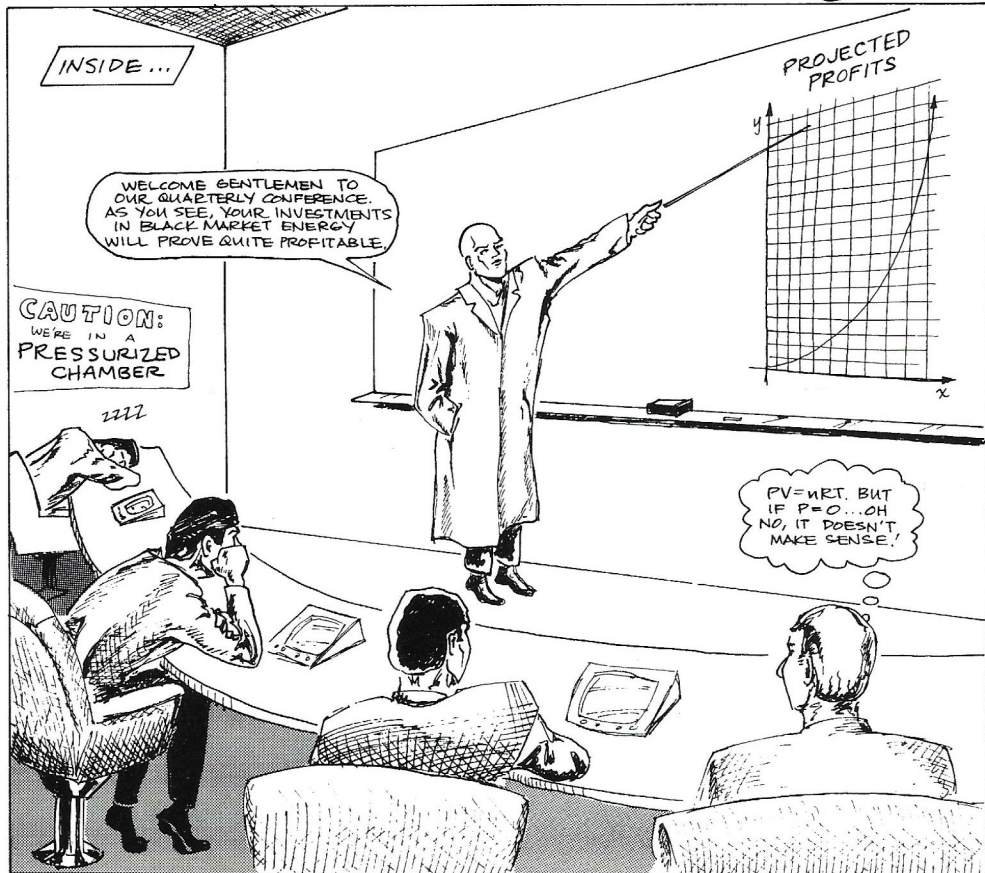
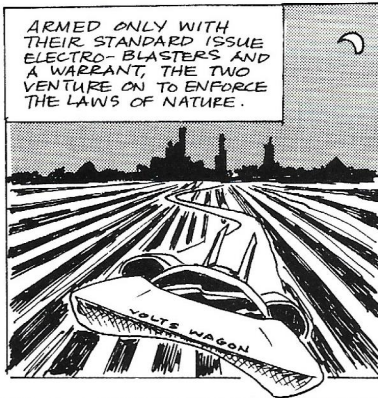
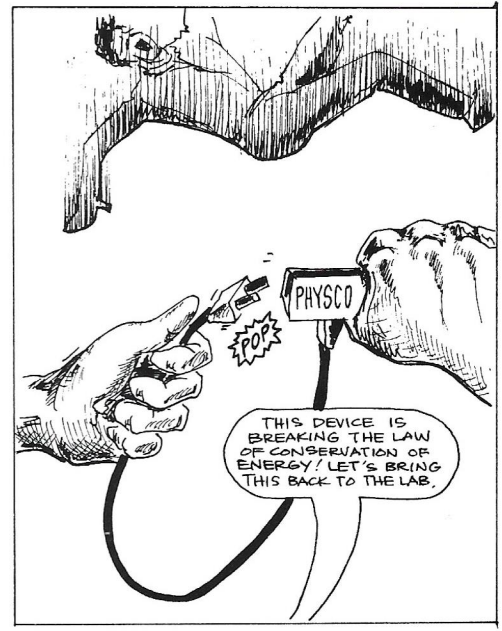
CLUB NEW VOLT

MAXIMUM  
CAPACITANCE  
300 FARADS

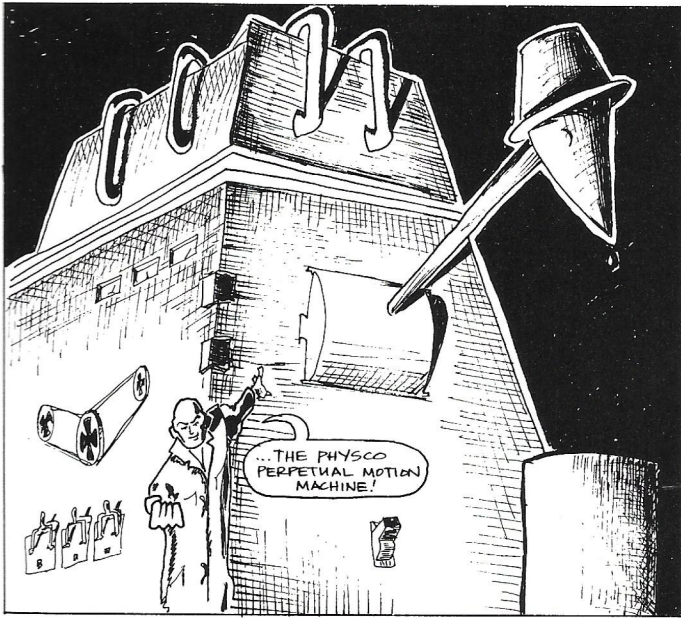
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
HERE. WAIT, WAS  
THAT A GIRL SCOOT  
BACK THERE?

NO, THAT WAS  
JUST A  
BROWNIAN  
MOTION.

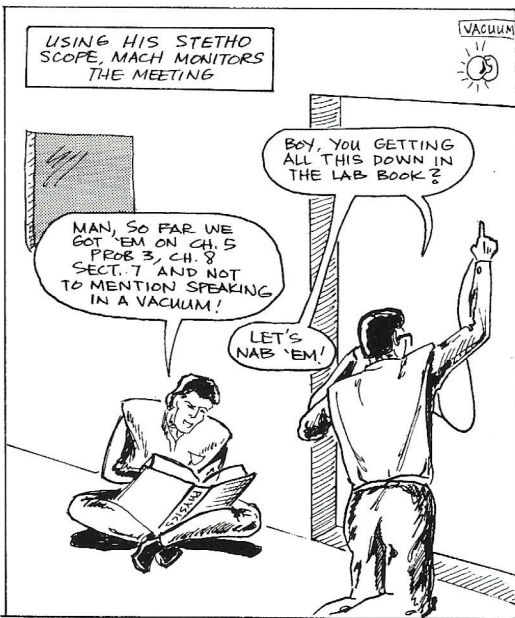








...THE PHYSICO PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE!



USING HIS STETHO SCOPE, MACH MONITORS THE MEETING

VACUUM

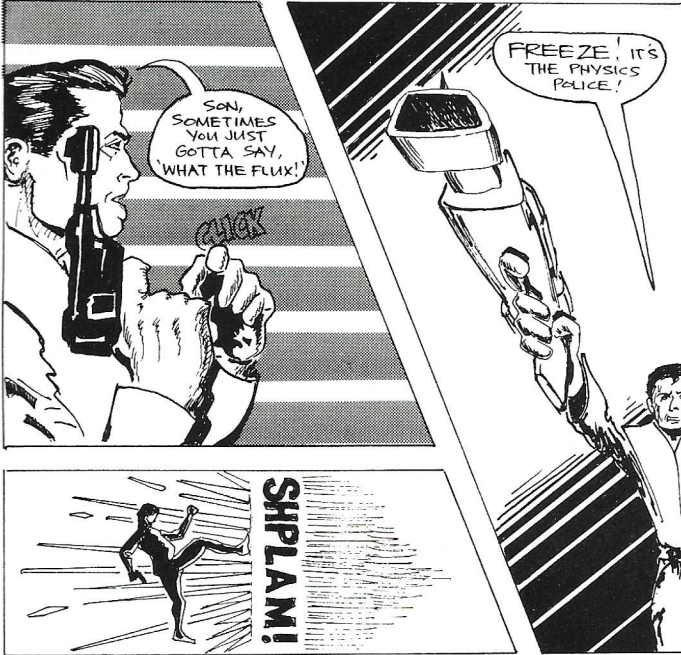
MAN, SO FAR WE GOT 'EM ON CH. 5 PROB 3, CH. 8 SECT. 7 AND NOT TO MENTION SPEAKING IN A VACUUM!

BOY, YOU GETTING ALL THIS DOWN IN THE LAB BOOK?

LET'S NAB 'EM!



BUT WE'LL BE KILLED IF WE OPEN A PRESSURIZED CHAMBER!

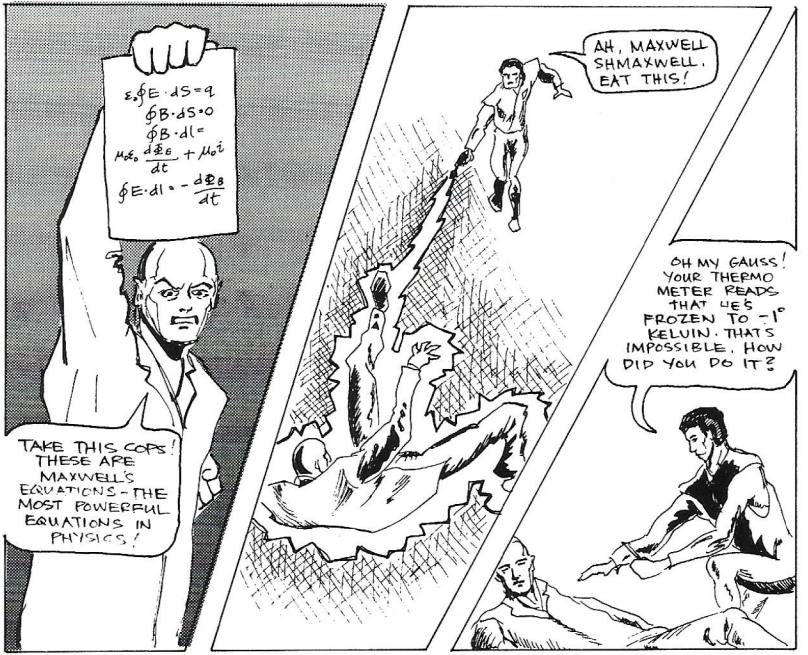


SON, SOMETIMES YOU JUST GOTTA SAY, 'WHAT THE FLUX!'

CHUCK

FREEZE! IT'S THE PHYSICS POLICE!

SHPLAM!



$$\begin{aligned} \oint \mathbf{E} \cdot d\mathbf{s} &= q \\ \oint \mathbf{B} \cdot d\mathbf{s} &= 0 \\ \oint \mathbf{B} \cdot d\mathbf{l} &= \mu_0 \frac{d\mathbf{q}}{dt} + \mu_0 \mathbf{i} \\ \oint \mathbf{E} \cdot d\mathbf{l} &= -\frac{d\mathbf{q}}{dt} \end{aligned}$$

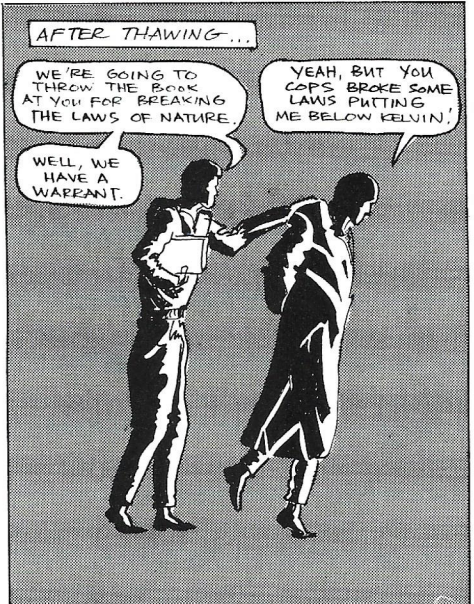
TAKE THIS COPS! THESE ARE MAXWELL'S EQUATIONS - THE MOST POWERFUL EQUATIONS IN PHYSICS!

AH, MAXWELL SHMAXWELL. EAT THIS!

OH MY GAUSS! YOUR THERMO METER READS THAT HE'S FROZEN TO -1° KELVIN. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. HOW DID YOU DO IT?



COPS, I GUESS I PUT THE BATTERIES IN BACKWARDS!

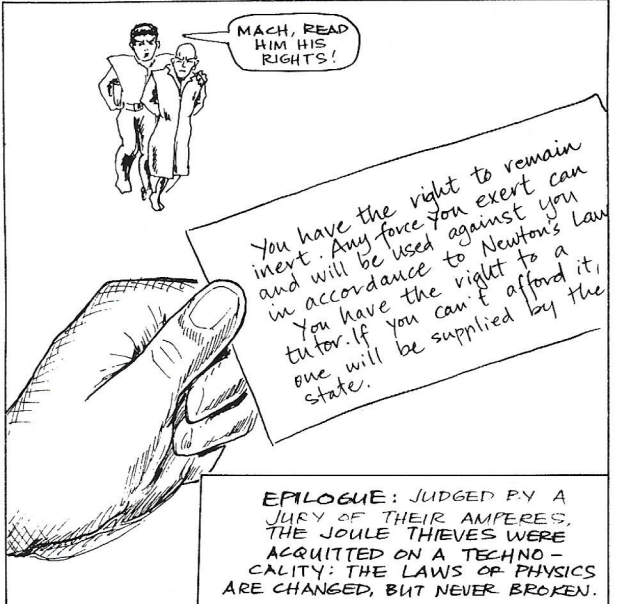


AFTER THAWING...

WE'RE GOING TO THROW THE BOOK AT YOU FOR BREAKING THE LAWS OF NATURE.

WELL, WE HAVE A WARRANT.

YEAH, BUT YOU COPS BROKE SOME LAWS PUTTING ME BELOW KELVIN!



MACH, READ HIM HIS RIGHTS!

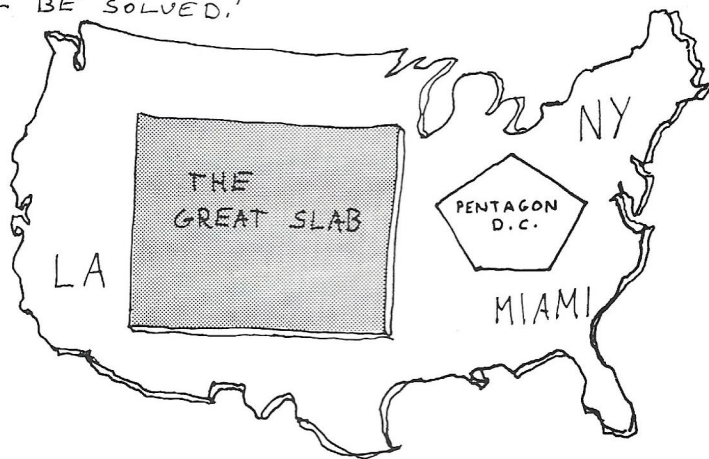
You have the right to remain inert. Any force you exert can and will be used against you in accordance to Newton's Law of motion. You have the right to a tutor. If you can't afford it, one will be supplied by the state.

EPILOGUE: JUDGED BY A JURY OF THEIR AMPERES, THE JOULE THIEVES WERE ACQUITTED ON A TECHNO-CALITY: THE LAWS OF PHYSICS ARE CHANGED, BUT NEVER BROKEN.



# THE FUTURE WILL BE GREAT!

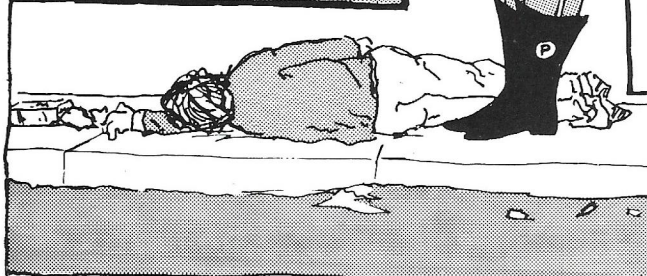
THE NUCLEAR WASTE  
DISPOSAL PROBLEM  
WILL BE SOLVED!



YOU WON'T  
HAVE TO DIE!



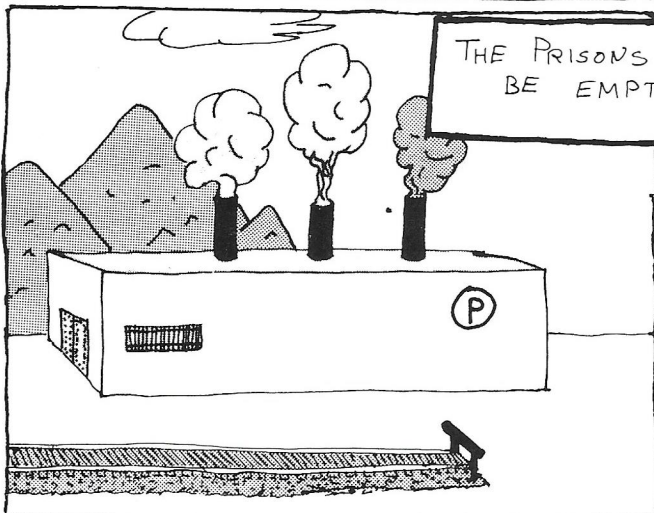
THE HOMELESS WILL  
BE TAKEN CARE OF...



PARKING HASSLES  
WILL BE A THING  
OF THE PAST!



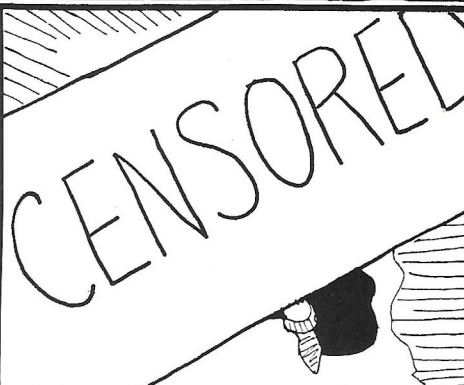
THE PRISONS WILL  
BE EMPTIED!



I'M REALLY LOOKING  
FORWARD TO IT!!  
How ABOUT you? -D

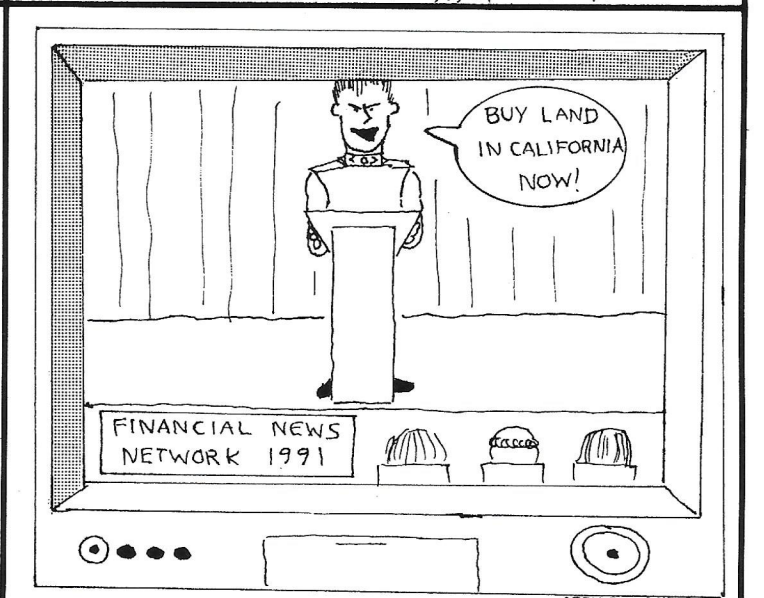
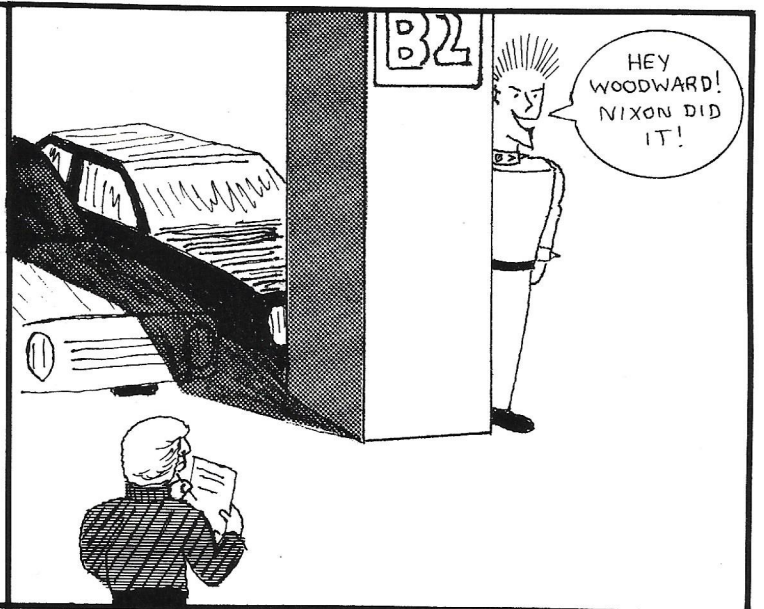
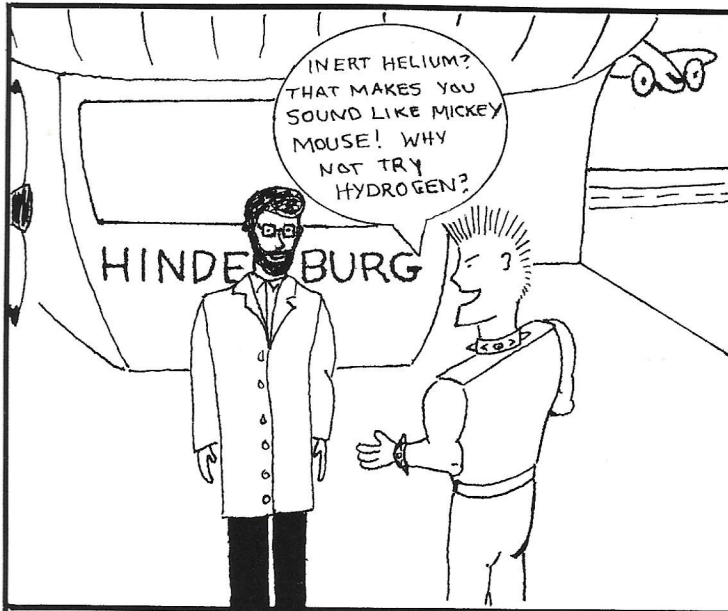


BY THE POWER OF  
GREYSTROKE...





# F WITH THE PAST

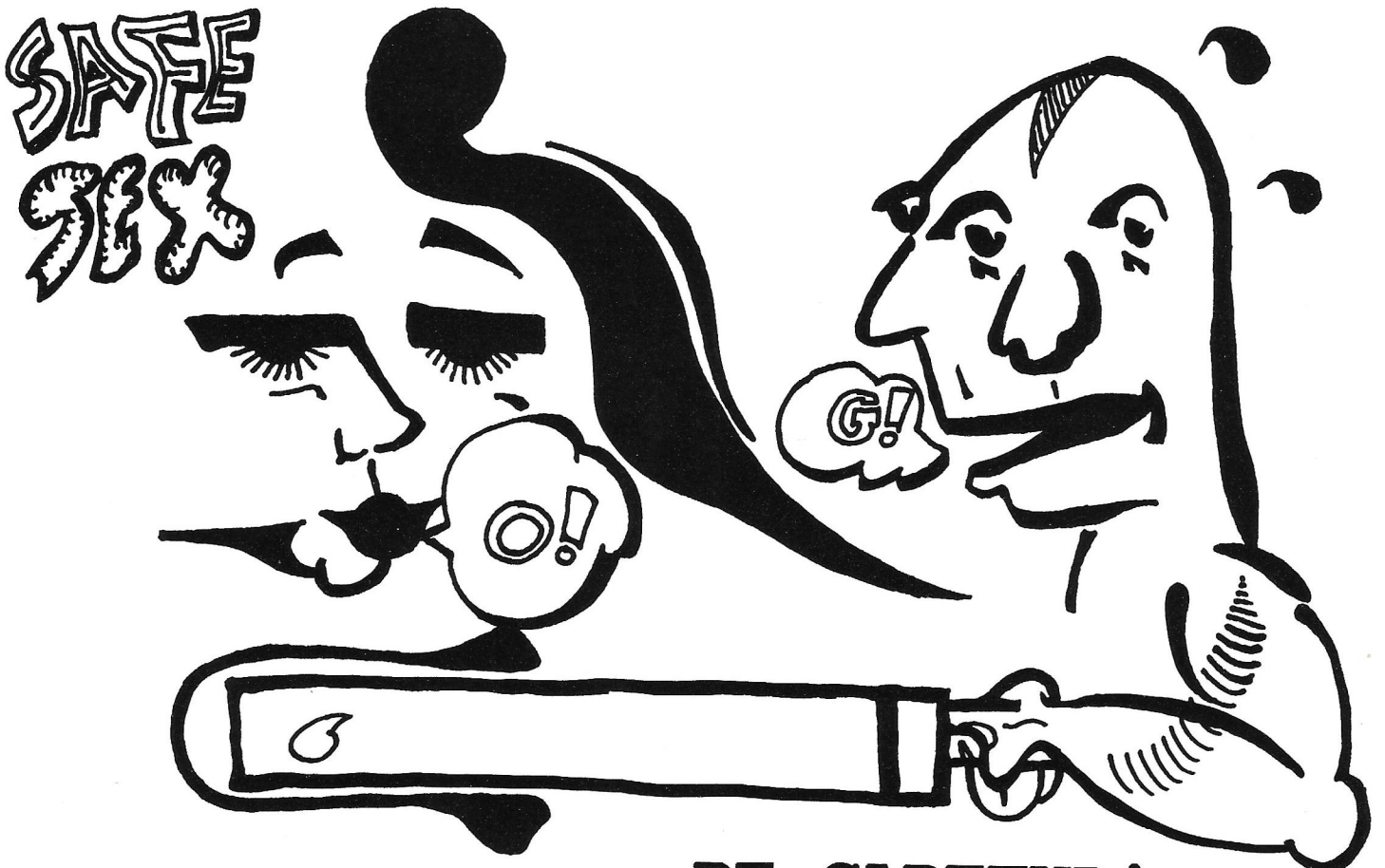






AFTER THE HOLOCAUST:  
**THE GATHERERS RULE**

---



A public service announcement: **BE CAREFUL!**



# Opinions

## Editorial

### Don't poison vagrants

Anyone who has been around Tresidder Union would be aware of the burns sleeping around the building, searching through trash cans, and feeding on scraps of food left on the tables. What one may not be aware of is that the vagrants might be done away with soon. One of the possible plans to remove them entail the placing of poisoned candy in bowls around the union. This is an alarming notion and the Daily is completely against such an action.

It is disputable whether or not the Stanford community really wishes that the vagrants be removed. While those in favor of removal cite unpleasantness and the possibility of contracting dis-

eases from the vagrants, students attending Stanford from New York City maintain that they give the back patio a 'homey' feel.

The Daily favors relocation of the homeless in community shelters and the like. Poison jelly beans is irresponsible, inhumane, and oblivious to the lessons learned thirty years ago when the birds around Tresidder were poisoned. True, the presence of the vagrants is unpleasant. The birds were also bothersome, but were only a minor nuisance until the poisoning only partially worked. Remember the lessons of the past--poisoning the vagrants might turn them into crazy twenty foot tall mutations just like it did the birds back in 1989.

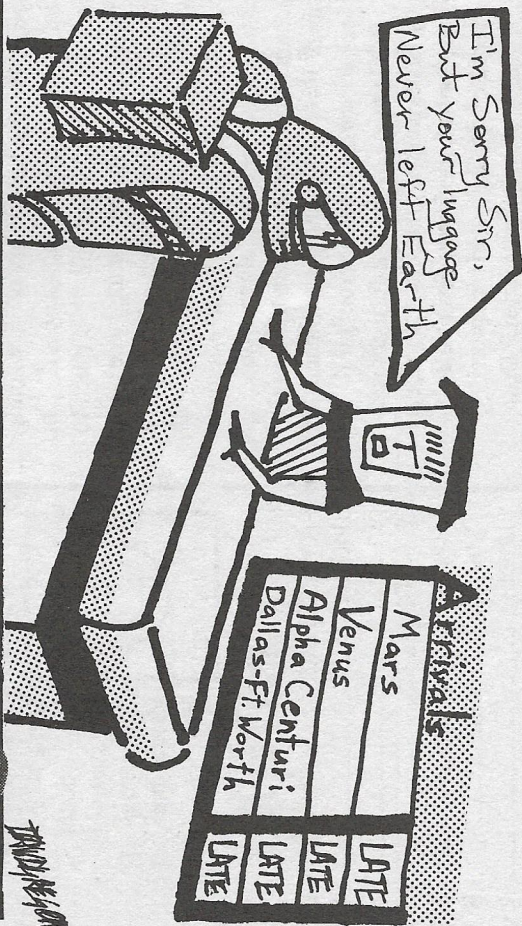
## Letters

I would like to complain about the lax enforcement of the daily schedule on campus. People are habitually cutting class, keeping lights on after the lights out call, tanning during afternoon study hours, staying awake during sleep hours, missing dinners, and failing to bathe. RAs, RFs, other students, and even the police fail to do anything about these infractions. I mean, what are rules for if they are not going to be followed, or en-

forced. It seems like the police are so busy handing out parking tickets that they don't get the real criminals--the students.

I ask you, how will Stanford students ever be able to make responsible decisions in adulthood if they don't learn to be responsible now. Just what is this university trying to teach to students?

John Tattler  
Sophomore, Social Policy



### Artie Fischel

### Nosepicking OK

The recent uproar on the the Stanford Campus, and in the Bay Area, over nose-picking in public raises one serious question: Why pick on those individuals who only pick themselves?

While it's taken a long time for me to admit it, I am no longer ashamed to say I pick my nose. Here, I'll even say it now--I pick my nose and, what's more, I enjoy it. After a hard day of work, there's nothing more relaxing than digging into my nose and picking a little bit. A lot of people do it, and it's never been known to cause any *serious* harm, so what's the big deal?

Big government, that's the deal. It seems that you just can't do anything nowadays without someone telling you to stop it. First they got the smokers. Now it's the nose-pickers. Who's next? The breathers? Well, I've had just about



enough. No one, and especially no government bureaucrat, is going to tell me I can't pick my nose. In fact, I'm picking my nose right now. Chances are, you are too.

It's time for us nose-pickers to unite. Let's raise our non-picking hands in the air and give one hearty pick of defiance with the other. I've got plenty of picking to go, and I'm not going to stop 'till I hit my brain. I encourage you to do the same.

Not so long ago, there was a popular adage, "You can pick your nose, and you can pick your friends, but you can't pick your friend's nose." Now all I have left is my friends. And it's time for all of us to pick one hell of a fight.



# MISSING FOR 29 YEARS FORMER DEAN OF STUDENTS JIM LYONS FOUND IN BUSINESS SCHOOL BASEMENT

By Ray Tard  
Staff Writer

University workers cleaning a rarely used storage room in the basement of the Business School made a startling discovery yesterday afternoon—former Dean of Students James Lyons.

Lyons, who was reported missing shortly after the dedication of the building in late 1988, was found hunched behind a number of large boxes in the sub-basement storage room. The workers, described as "top-notch" by Head of Maintenance Louis Conyers, were unsure of what to do with the former Dean, as the Dean "appeared to be some type of crazy vagrant or something," according to maintenance engineer Jeffrey Westerland. University police were called immediately to the scene.

While investigators are still trying to piece together exactly how Lyons survived in a dark storage room for close to thirty years, a story of brave and rugged survival has emerged. Though embarrassed university maintenance officials have yet to comment on the incident, Lyons, now resting comfortably in the guest room of Hoover mansion, has offered some insight into his twenty-eight year ordeal in the basement of the nation's top-ranked business school (according to U.S. News and World Report Survey of American Business Schools, 2016).

Lyons, scheduled as one of the key speakers at the business school's dedica-



James Lyons

tion in November 1988, was apparently asked by former University President Donald Kennedy to "bring a few boxes down to the storage room" before the ceremonies began. While in the basement, Lyons thought it would be a "nice idea" to bring some candy bars up to the podium for any officials who were hungry during the three-hour dedication. Unfortunately, while Lyons was still in the storage room looking for the candy bars, the room was sealed off by an un-named, and now forgotten, university worker. The ceremonies began without Lyons,

and without the candy bars.

"To tell the truth, I really wasn't worried at the time," former President Kennedy said in a phone interview yesterday from his retirement home in Sarasota, Florida. "Jim (Lyons) is a very resourceful guy, and I always figured he just happened to find something more important to do at the moment."

Kennedy was at a loss to explain what "important thing" Dean Lyons could have been doing for the last twenty-eight years. Kennedy did, however, offer a warm greeting to Lyons in a written statement released yesterday afternoon.

The statement read, in part, "As a former university official, I know that I speak for the entire school in wishing Jim Lyons a hearty 'welcome back.' I'm sure that Dean Lyons will have much to share with us in the coming weeks, as few of us are presented with such a wonderful opportunity to be alone with our thoughts for such a valuable amount of time. I know that I, along with America's academicians, am truly envious of Jim's enlightening experience and I look forward to hearing from him"

While much of the Stanford community has expressed great interest in Dean Lyons' ordeal, the former dean treats his adventure with characteristic aplomb.

"I really wasn't that worried," Dean Lyons commented. "Soon after I realized I was in for the long stay, I found that Please see LYONS, page 3

## Indian Returned as Mascot

The Indian, Stanford's mascot from 1891 until 1971, was reinstated yesterday but with a twist. The color 'Indian', a dark but kind of bright red, discovered in a Los Altos paint store three weeks ago, has been made the official name of Stanford sports teams. Alumni reactions to this announcement range from 'pleased' to 'disgusted with this ridiculousness'.

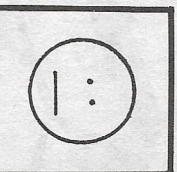
## MONDAY

### GM recalls Voltures-

General Motors announced yesterday that it is recalling over 10 million of its Volture land automobiles, due to problems in its reactor regulator. Models are reported to accelerate to warp speed by their own accord.

See story, page 4

## WEATHER



Today- Stay indoors and study.  
Tomorrow- More of the same.

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# THE STANFORD DAILY

An Afternoon Newspaper

VOLUME 254, NUMBER 28

155th YEAR

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 2018

## Students Protest Housing Conditions

By Leo Tard  
Senior Staff Writer

Students staged a sit-in yesterday in the lobby of Really Old Union, protesting the housing arrangements of the students on campus. Calling the Manzanita Tents, the only student housing left on campus, a "feeble attempt at adequate housing," the students called for the erecting of more permanent housing, like temporary trailers.

"The trailers that were on the site of the Manzanita Tents were of a sturdy construction, with relatively solid walls and indoor bathrooms," said senior Joe Blow. "We want a commitment from the University to improve the housing situation."

Blow also added that students at Harvard and MIT don't have to live in tents.

University official Don Aton, who talked to the students replied to Blow's comments saying, "MIT and Harvard are in cold winter climates, so of course they have heated dorms. Stanford is in a warm climate that Stanford stu-

dents would love if they were not so spoiled."

When someone from the crowd yelled, "Why has there been no new student housing in 30 years?" Aton replied, "The Tents are new—you students should get your facts straight. The University has been working hard to improve the housing situation, it's just run into bad luck. Between 1987 and 2014 we had nearly every dorm on campus declared unsafe for living from Roble and faulty construction, to Stern and contaminated food. True, we did turn Flo Mo into a guest hotel for visiting dignitaries, and we needed Governor's Corner to house the government's laser people, but those were necessary actions."

Sophomore Jane Gang read a written statement demanding that "the University spend some of the 10 zillion dollars that it has received in alumni donations on new on-campus housing and on student group office space."

Aton replied to the statement saying that the University has only received just over 7 zillion dollars, not 10, and asked that the students

"quit pouting and get off my case."

"Living in a tent is fun--didn't you ever go camping?" continued Aton. "If the Tents are so bad why don't you students move out of them? Except for their (the Tents) residents, all students live off-campus anyway. It's no trou-

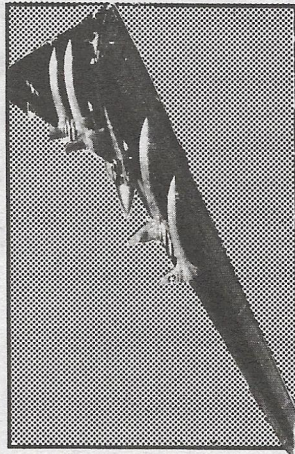
ble for them to drive in every day. And with the new student parking complex, just across El Camino Real, parking isn't a problem anymore."

The sit-in broke up around 2pm when the main organizers had to leave to go study.



The ASSU Senate passed a resolution last night promoting evolutionary studies. The resolution passed by a unanimous vote.





**QATIQ**

**TODAY**

**Branner Blood Drive:** 5-9 p.m. in the Student Lounge.

**Center for Russian and Eastern**

**European Studies:** Vodka hour 10 a.m.-5 p.m. in Hurlburt House.

**Flo Mo Blood Drive:** 4-8 p.m. in Gavilan.

**Lagunita Blood Drive:** 4-8 p.m. in Granada.

**Overeaters Anonymous:** Meet today at 3 p.m. at the Corner Pocket, 4 p.m. at the Store and 5:00 at the Coffee House. Bring bag lunch and money for dinner.

**Pat Robertson Supporters Anonymous:** Meeting at 6:30 a.m. in basement of Memorial Church, followed by spiritual healing at 7:30

**Procrastination Group:** Meeting at 11:45 p.m. to schedule meeting for end

of first week in June to discuss service projects for spring break.

**Toyon Blood Drive:** 4-8 p.m. in Barriers Eating Club.

**Tutors Needed:** To dedicate 4 hrs. per week tutoring English to science and math t.a.'s.

**Wilbur Blood Drive:** 4-8 p.m. in Otero.

**FUTURE**

**Campus Crusaders for Condoms:** Meeting at 3:30 p.m. Wednesday at Hoover Tower.

**Center for Russian and Eastern**

**European Studies:** Vodka hour 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tuesday in Hurlburt House.

**558 Mayfield Blood Drive:** Complimentary caviar to donors, 4-8 p.m. Wednesday.

**Memorial Service for Ronald Reagan:** Memorial for President Reagan on the 30th Anniversary of his death. 2pm-4pm March 10, Inner Quad

**CONTINUING**

**Tresidder Union:** Condom sale in bathroom stalls.

**Need Extra Money?** Psychology Dept. conducting research on effects of electric shock on body. Pay is \$5.80/hr.

**Interested in Organizing a Blood Drive?** Meeting 5:30 p.m. in Flo Mo, Cardenal.

## GUILTY?

**Should a student's punishment for violating the Honor Code be different if he commits the violation using a sixth sense?**

During the linear psychoacoustics exam, a student was caught telepathically controlling the brains of other students to skew the curve in his favor. He was captured when his was the only test on which the answer to the essay question was not "Tofu."

**Should President Zorpon's decision on this case be different from the usual No Credit and one quarter of suspension?**

In his report, President Zorpon wrote, "An infraction of this kind is of utmost seriousness. It represents utter disregard of the Honor Code and holds dangerous potential. This student can read and control anyone's mind whenever he wishes. He's probably doing it right now." For the punishment, President Zorpon wrote, "Tofu."

*Sponsored by the National Honor Code and Bread and Water Commission.*

## Corrections

On Friday, the Daily reported that the world was destroyed in a fiery blaze. This did not happen.

Also on Friday the Daily announced that its happy hour would be enjoyable. We were irresponsibly optimistic in our hopes for our social lives. We regret the error.

On Thursday, during the account of his address to current Daily staffers, the

**WINTER**      **SPRING**      **SUMMER**      **FALL**  
STUDY FOR ONE YEAR OR LESS ON THE

## MOON

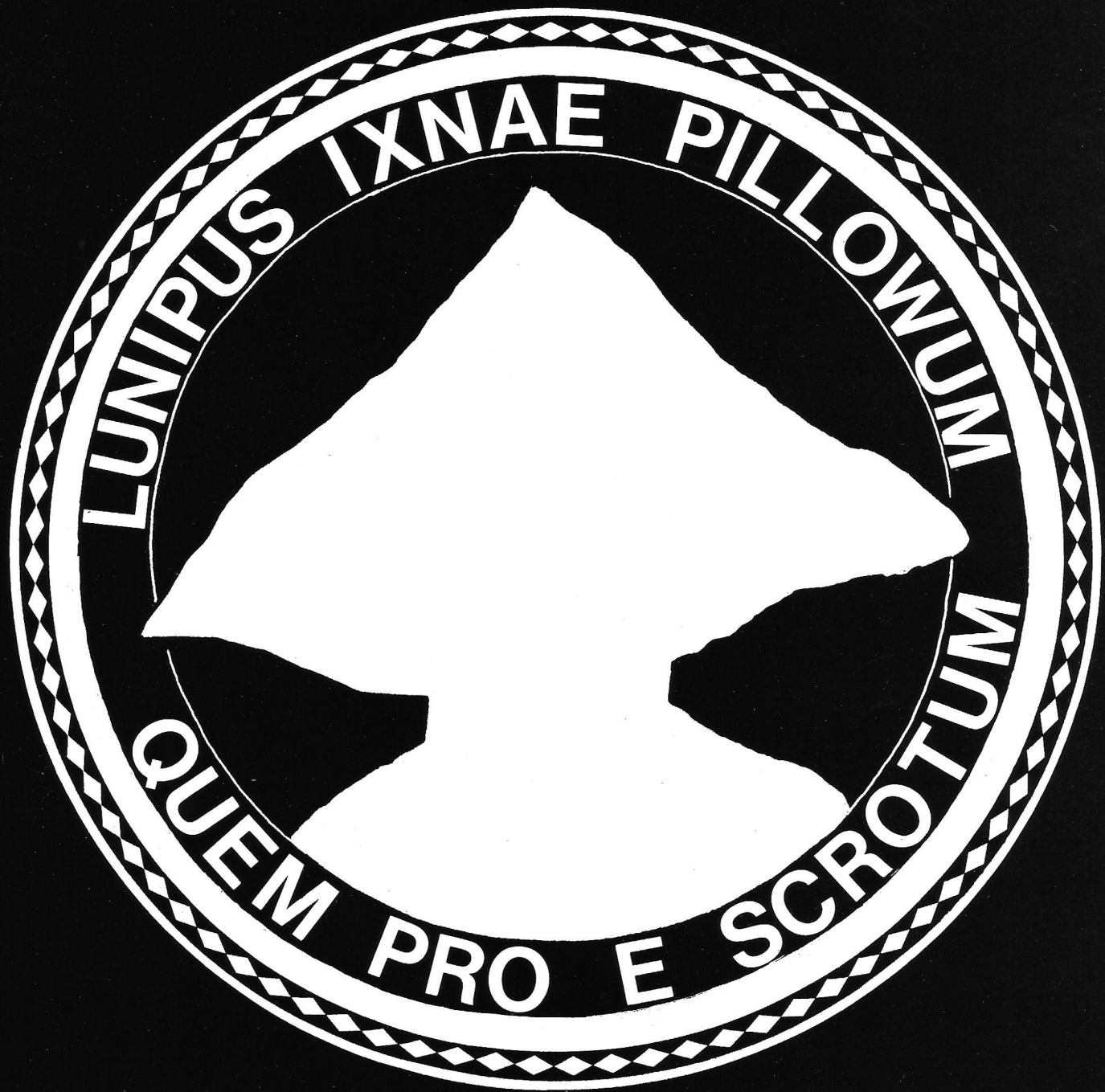
Excellent faculty, pleasant surroundings, no atmosphere except for an academic one. Sophomore status is required and graduate study is available.

Daily mistakenly listed former editor Andrew Patzman's position as copy editor of Hooters magazine. Mr. Patzman is currently unemployed. The Daily is ashamed of the error.

On Wednesday, the Daily mistakenly told readers to see page 5 at the end of the story on antibiotic dispensers installations. The Daily was only 4 pages on please see **CORRECTIONS** page 6



# PILLOW HEAD HIGH SCHOOL



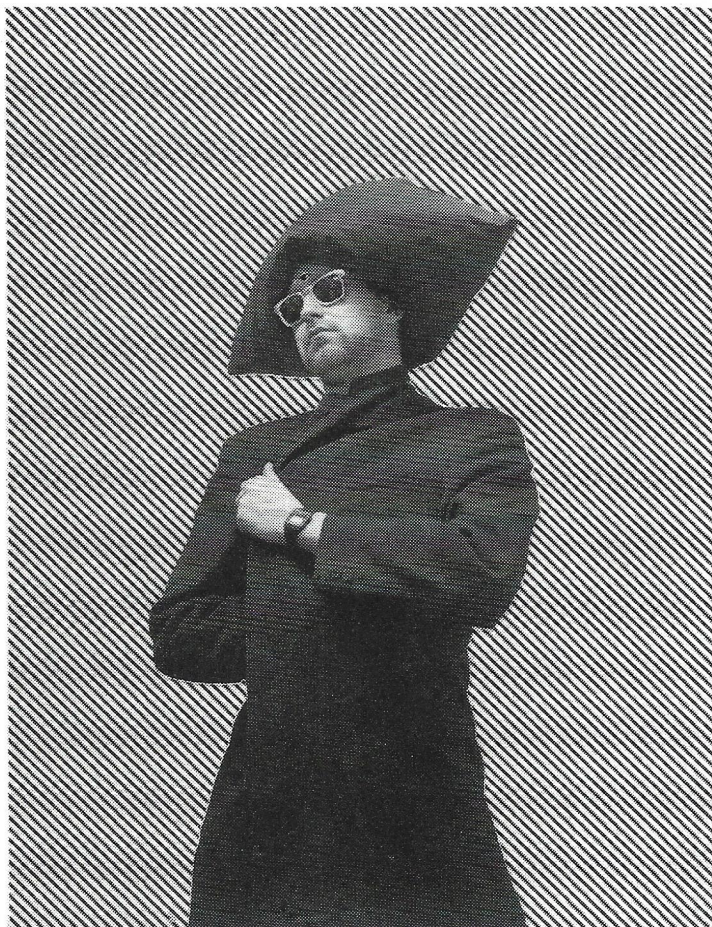
YEARBOOK



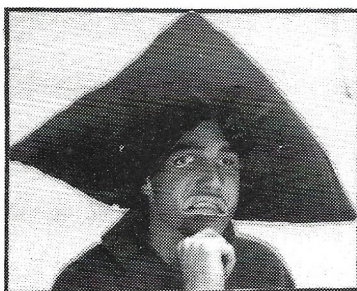


# DEDICATION

To Mr. Doans, for fluffing us up when we were down, for putting one more feather in our cap, and for being a principal who saw us as more than just students. You saw us as the pillowheads that we are, and as the pillowheads we hope to be. This yearbook is dedicated to you, Mr. Doans, for sending us out into the world with more than just pillows on our heads. Mr. Doans, you are more than just a friend, you are a true pillowhead. We, the class of 7588 will find it very hard to forget you.



**PRINCIPAL**  
**Mr. Doans**



**Ty Lenol**  
**CLASS PRESIDENT**



**Mo Trin**  
**VALEDICTORIAN**



**Dexy Trim**  
**MOST POPULAR**



**Anna Cin**  
**MOST LIKELY TO**



**Ann U. Sol and Val E. Yumm**  
**CLASS COUPLE**



**Del Simm**  
**CLASS MUTANT**

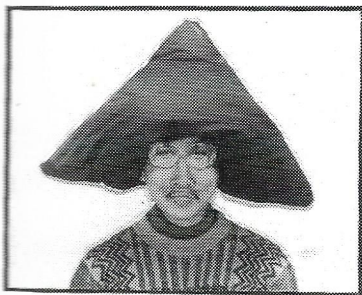


**Cam Phopenique**  
**CLASS CLOWN**



# SENIORS

CLASS OF 7588



Lou Briderm



Penny Cillin



Sue DaFed



Ben Z. Dreen



Ben Gay



Mel Kovmagnesia



X. Lax



Di Metappe



Mo Noxidal



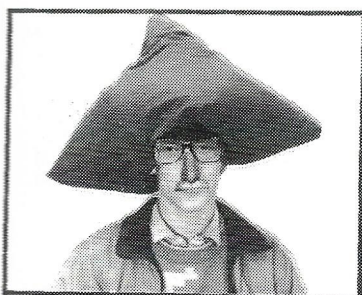
Ken L. Ration



Buffy Rin



Clara Sill



Ab Sorbine, Jr.



Vic Svormulafordeefor



Jerry Tol



Opie Yumm



# APESHIT

Last week my roommate saw 'The Planet of the Apes', and ever since he's been trying to be funny by saying things like "The Planet of the Drapes" and "The Planet of the Grapes". Har dee har har. Well read this and laugh it up monkey boy!!

The Planet of the Drapes : inhabited by huge mutant curtains. The Planet of the Grapes : being ruled by the California Singing Raisins. The Planet of the Napes : inhabited by people with really gross and flabby necks. The Planet of the Tapes : where compact discs have become obsolete. The Planet of the Crepes : being ruled by crazy french chefs. The Planet of the Shapes : crawling with circles, squares, triangles and trapezoids. The Planet of the Japes : solely inhabited by Don Rickles. The Planet of the Abes : infested with men with beards who wear stove-pipe hats. The Planet of the Snakes : teeming with copperheads, rattlers and black mambas. The Planet of the Snakes : inhabited by tough guys who wear eye patches. The Planet of the Shakes : inhabited with vanilla and chocolate shakes, and being ruled by the evil Shamrock shake! The Planet of the Traipse : where everything is o.k. so they go for a walk in the park. The Planet of the Stakes : where the casinos have taken over and everyone is forced to gamble continually or have their kneecaps broken. The Planet of the Steaks : where all forms of life have disappeared, except cows! The Planet of the Wakes : that is one huge ocean. The Planet of the Capes : where everyone wears a cloak. The Planet of the Cakes : where they have these really tasty pastries! Yummy! The Planet of the Fakes : overrun with people who claim they saw UFOs or are sons/daughters of Elvis. The Planet of the Flakes : ruled by guys who walk funny and talk with a lisp. The Planet of the Tarzan of the Apes : being ruled by a guy who wears a loincloth and grunts a lot. The Planet of the Achies : inhabited by old people who constantly complain about their backs. The Planet of the Lakes : covered with bodies of water that are not large enough to be considered oceans. The Planet of the Rakes : where it is perpetually autumn and every day millions must rake up their leaves or else have their kneecaps broken. The Planet of the Drakes : inhabited by male ducks.

The Planet of the Eights : where that crazy guy from Sesame Street has painted the number 8 all over everything. The Planet of the Baits : ruled by nightcrawlers and flies. The Planet of the Crates : ruled by U-haul, where people are forced to move continually and must keep everything in crates or else have their kneecaps broken. The Planet of the Hates : filled with peas, nuclear war, and people who just wont let me be me. The Planet of the States : where everything is either gas, liquid, or solid. The Planet of the Skates : that has been converted into one huge roller rink, and everyone must continually skate around to terrible organ music. The Planet of the Traits : where everyone has something about them that makes them a liiiiiittle bit different than everyone else. The Planet of the Gates : everything is surrounded by white picket fences. The Planet of the Gaits : inhabited by people who just walk funny. The Planet of the Dates : teeming with beautiful women who want to eat dinner and then maybe see a movie or go dancing. The Planet of the Rates : where everything costs 10¢/min. with a minimum charge of \$1.00, except on weekends when it's \$1.00/hr. The Planet of the Lates : filled with people who hit the snooze bar on their alarm clock 20 times before they get up. The Planet of the Late Greats : inhabited by people like Elvis, Liberace and Leland Jr. The Planet of the Grape Apes : ruled by 50 foot purple gorillas who rides on top of vans and say, "Grape Ape". The Planet of the Haights : inhabited by these real groovy people man, who like just want more peace and love in the world, you dig? The Planet of the Straits : where large bodies of water are connected by narrow channels. The Planet of the Waits : where there is a 5 minute delay for everything. The Planet of the Wieghts : inhabited by pounds, grams and tons, who are ruled by the wizard of oz. The Planet of the Fates : ruled by three women who spin, measure and cut thread. The Planet of the Fetes : where everyone has a party to pay homage to them. The Planet of the Plates : that is crawling with very fine china. The Planet of the Nates : ruled by two guys from Lubbock, Texas named Nate. The Planet of the Safes : where everyone keeps their valuables locked up in big steel boxes. The Planet of the Sakes : inhabited by old grannies who run around yelling "Sakes". The Planet of the Scrapes : inhabited by people who have abrasions all over their bodies, but they save the day when they re-invent Bactine. The Planet of the Wraiths : ruled by scary ghosts. The Planet of the Lathes : where huge machines turn pieces of wood which are then shaped into baseball bats which are used to break peoples kneecaps. The Planet of the Mates : where all the socks that have ever been lost in a drying machine finally turn up. The Planet of the Freights : where everything is kept on railroad cars. The Planet of the Greats : ruled by two guys named Alexander and Alfred. The Planet of the Babes : inhabited by sumptuous women who writhe in huge vats of lime jello and moan. The Planet of the Takes : where Hollywood has taken over but the director can never get the shot right. The Planet of the Caves : where man has returned to nature to live in subterranean dwellings and justice is carried out swiftly by the Batman and his sidekick Robin, the Boy Wonder. The Planet of the Slaves : ruled by a real fat guy named Sam, who makes everyone his slave or else he sits on them. The Planet of the Shaves : ruled by barbers who roam the wastelands shaving off beards and mustaches indiscriminately. The Planet of the Daves : where everyone is named Dave, just Dave. The Planet of the Graves : ruled by creepy undertakers. The Planet of the Knaves : inhabited by scoundrels. The Planet of the Bays : full of inlets of bodies of water. The Planet of the Baize : where pool has taken over every facet of everyday existence, and Minnesota Fats rules with an iron cue. The Planet of the Maize : inhabited by chanting American Indians who praise the value of corn. The Planet of the Maze : ruled by rats who do psychological tests on humans by making them run through a series of hallways to reach a big rib-eye steak. The Planet of the Sames : where everything looks like everything else. The Planet of the Raves : ruled by really bad movie critics who say that everything is 'a must see', 'one of the years ten best'. The Planet of the Saves : I don't know make up your own! The Planet of the Apricots : boy, were really pushing it aint we? The Planet of the Aprons : inhabited by happy homemakers who bake fresh homemade saurkraut cookies and eggplant pies. The Planet of the Aphids : so over run with aphids that no matter where you step you are at least knee deep in living, writhing insects. The Planet of the Apex : it's all downhill from here. The Planet of the Ape-Shit : WHERE EVERYONE IS JUST SO FUCKING MAD!!! The Planet of the Aprils : inhabited by flitty giggling deb's who shop all day. The Planet of the Apogeos : Nah. Bad premise for a parody. The Planet of the AP's : filled with smart ass freshmen who have 90 AP units but Stanford only lets them use 45, darn. The Planet of the A's : where the people worship the Oakland A's and serve Rollie Fingers as God. The Planet of the A&P's : ruled by huge supermarket conglomerates. The Planet of the Trades : inhabited by people from different walks of life. The Planet of the Aids : inhabited by very very helpful people. The Planet of the Trays : littered with all the dining hall trays that everyone takes to their rooms and never brings back. The Planet of the Sleights : ruled by jolly carollers who ride around all day singing 'jingle bells'. The Planet of the Jays : ruled by screaming blue birds who are a big pest. The Planet of the Days : where a year is divided up into 365 equal portions. The Planet of the Kays : inhabited by fat ladies named Kay who sit around watching soap operas and eating five lb.boxes of chocolate all day. The Planet of the KA's : ruled by a roman type heirarchy with drunken orgies every Thursday. The Planet of the DA's : ruled by mean prosecutors who have this 50's style, really cool haircut. The Planet of the Spays : where the SPCA 'fixes' unwanted people as well as unwanted pets. The Planet of the Band-Aids : (See Planet of the Scrapes). The Planet of the Gays : ruled by REALLY friendly people. The Planet of the Heys : inhabited by country bumpkins who yell "Hey". The Planet of the Hays : where alfalfa grows everywhere. The Planet of the Haze : enshrouded in thick fog. The Planet of the Yays : inhabited by enthusiastic sports fans. The Planet of the Hainz : ruled by old men in fruit costumes. The Planet of the Woody Hayes : ruled by Woody Hayes, and if you don't do just like he tells you to he hits you. The Planet of the Frays : where everyone is consistently fighting. The Planet of the Phrase : is anyone reading this? The Planet of the Phase : where everyone acts really wierd, but don't worry, it's only a phase. The Planet of the Craze : inhabited by loony people. The Planet of the Crays : ruled by huge supercomputers. The Planet of the Blaze : where everything is on fire. The Planet of the Lays : ruled by mutant potato chips. The Planet of the Leis : where the island of Hawaii has taken control of all power. The Planet of the Snack-Cakes : ruled by King DingDong and his sidekick Twinkie the Kid. The Planet of the Laze : inhabited by real lazy people who just sit around all day. The Planet of the Stays : where everyone is sentenced to be electrocuted but always get a reprieve at the last minute. The Planet of the Ches : ruled by South American Dictators. The Planet of the Bates : Ruled by psycho guys who talk to their dead mothers, and everyone is afraid to take a shower. The Planet of the Feints : Where everyone pretends like their going to attack you. Plan-9 of the Apes : Possibly the worst science fiction movie ever, apes from Mars come to earth to steal women. Janet of the Apes : Watch the wacky adventures as a woman takes over where Tarzan left off, the jungle will never be the same. Granite of the Apes : A huge slab of granite mysteriously appears on earth, and helps apes move along to the next evolutionary stage, then this computer named HAL . . . Nah, it's been done. Dammit of the Apes : Watch the wacky adventures as a family of apes learns to cuss, the zoo will never be the same. The Planet of the Chaste : where no one does anything bad. The Planet of the Paste : ruled by industrial strength glues, where Elmer's and Epoxy are locked in a bitter power struggle. The Planet of the Slow-Baste : where it is constantly Thanksgiving Day, but you have to wait to eat because the turkey still isn't ready. The Planet of the Taste : where no one ever wears stripes with plaid. The Planet of the Everglades : that resembles a swamp and inhabited by strange cartoon characters from Okee Finokee swamp. The Planet of the Waist : inhabited by fat people. The Planet of the Haste : where everyone runs around in a tizzy which makes The Planet of the Waste : where everyone does things so fast that they mess up. The Planet of the Spaced : inhabited by . . . like wow, did you ever really look at your hand, I mean REALLY look at your hand? The Planet of the Paced : inhabited by joggers who constantly look at their watches. The Planet of the Space : where there really isn't an Earth, just a lot of space. The Planet of the Case : ruled by Perry Mason, who is perrenially embroiled in a trying law dispute. The Planet of the Glazed : inhabited by real fat people who eat glazed doughnuts all the time. The Planet of the Spades : ruled by shovels. The Planet of the Race : inhabited by people from the planet of the Paced. The Planet of the Face : ruled by a giant face who spits on people if they don't obey him. The Planet of the Laced : inhabited by nubile models who wear frilly lace clothes. The Planet of the Graced : inhabited by people who have been graced by the presence of ME. The Planet of the Ace : ruled by the World War II flying ace 'The Red Baron'. The Planet of the Chaise : inhabited by these really comfortable chairs, so every-one just sits in them all day and gets real fat.

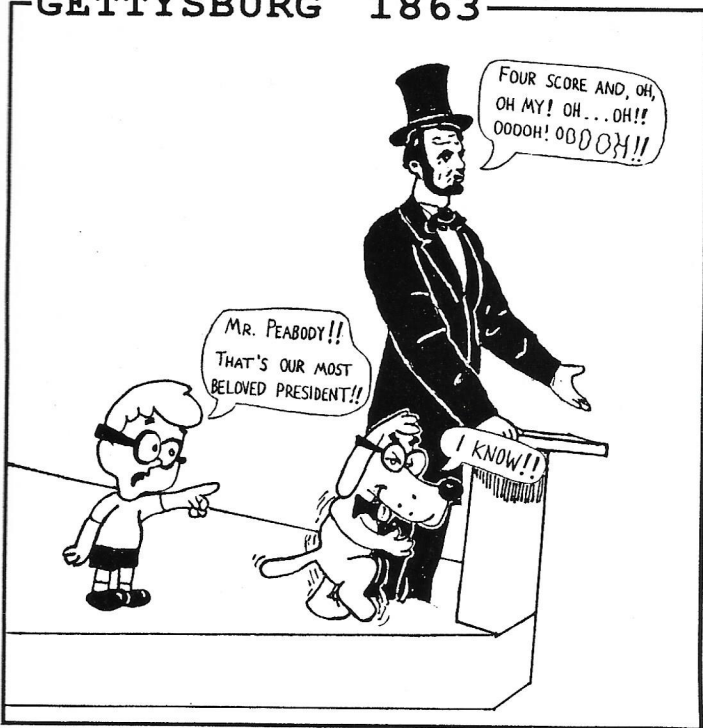




YALTA 1945

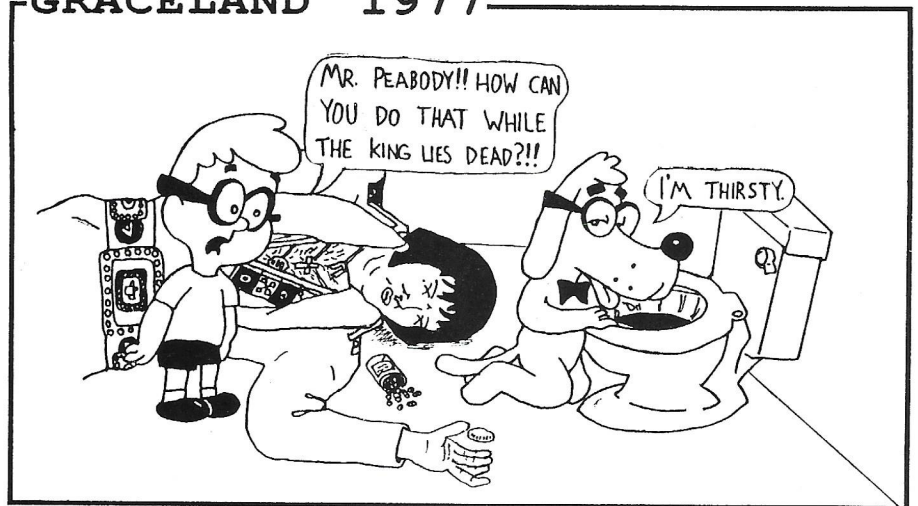


GETTYSBURG 1863



★  
**mr.  
 peabody's  
 impossible  
 history**  
 ★

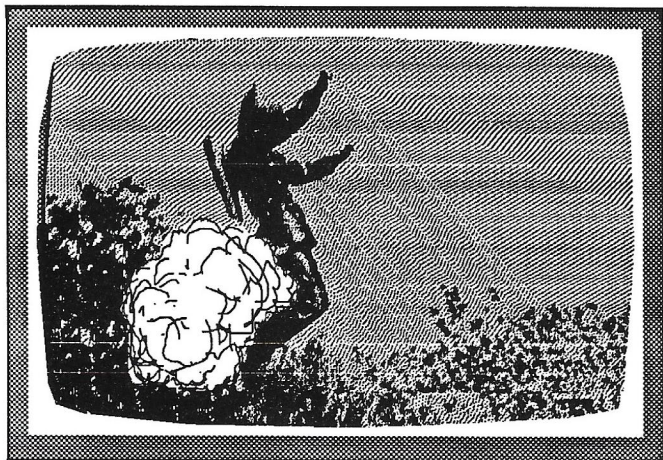
GRACELAND 1977





# VIDEO

Here are the highlights of



**Channel 112 The Astro Nut**

A man invents a new kind of jet propulsion but then must find a steady supply of bean burritos to fuel his invention.



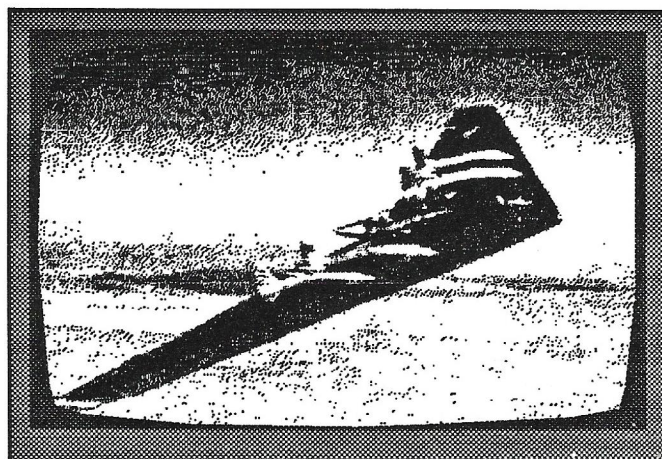
**Channel 067: Kate and Allie**

A young nuclear power plant worker and his wife struggle with his work related problems.



**Channel 005 Lust In Space**

Marooned on a ship flying out of control into deep space, a woman reprograms the ship's robot for companionship.



**Channel 019: The Flying Wing Show**

This week, Michael J. Fox and George Burns guest host on the Wing as it flies around the world nonstop.

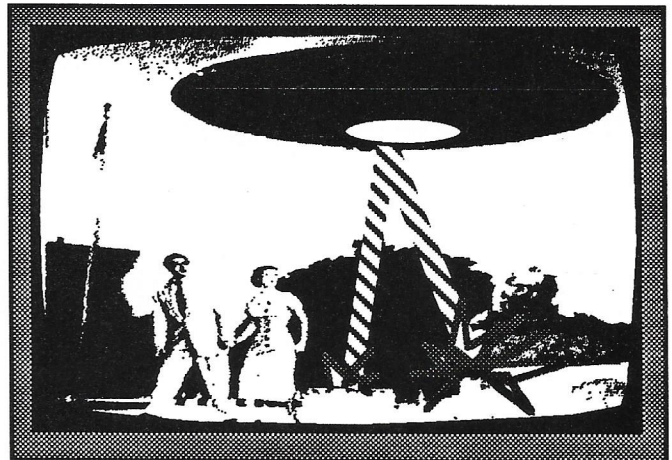


# TONIGHT

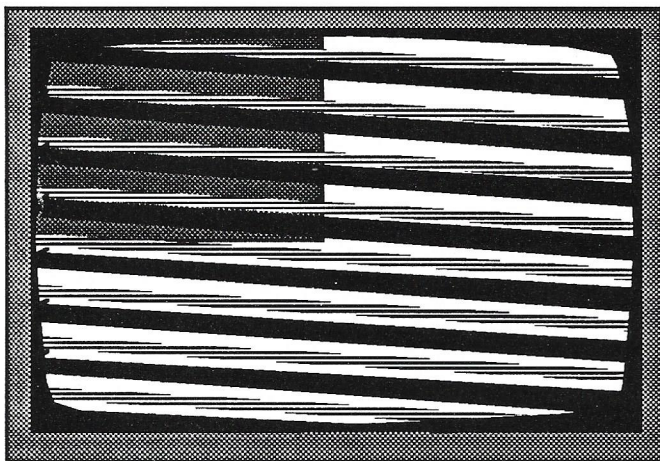
tonight's television fare.



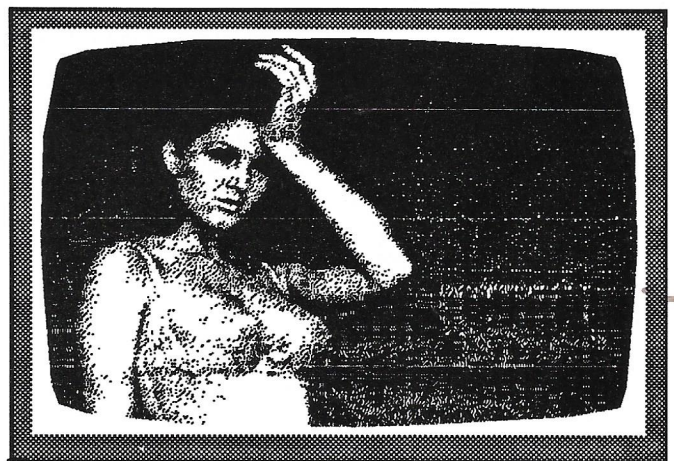
**Channel 144: The Dating Game**  
This is the show where they get absolute strangers and send them out on a date.



**Channel 343: They Came From Uranus**  
Aliens come to Earth not for conquest, money, or women, but just because they're pissed off. Senseless plot and violence.



**Channel 004: The United States of TV**  
A dazzling salute to our fifty states: Ohio salutes Missouri, Kentucky honors Maine and Florida finds Utah in bed with Iowa.



**Channel 36D: Rocket Boosters**  
Rocket and the crew have an uplifting experience in an anti-gravity chamber.



# THE CHAPPIE WANTS YOU!



Do you like to write, draw, or make deals? Join the **Chappie** today and get serious experience in writing, art, business, layout and publishing. We'll help finance your college education with ad commissions while you get the experience of watching your GPA decline. Come by the **Chappie** office (on the second floor of the Storke Publications Building, next to the Daily) and checkout the oldest student group on campus (since 1899). Meetings are every Wednesday night at 8pm. Tell 'em Chip and Dwayne sent you. **PSYYCHE!**

## The Real World is not a Funny Place. But It Should be. Subscribe to the *Chaparral*

### Some Propaganda:

In 1899, prominent Washington, D.C. socialite Bristow Adams founded the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, Adams was head of Cornell's school of journalism. In 1900, Chappie Editor Wallace Irwin poached four of Stanford President David Starr Jordan's prized chickens and served them to the president for dinner. Thirty years later, Irwin won the Pulitzer prize in poetry. In 1923, Goodwin Knight was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was Governor of California. In 1925, Herbert Hoover, Jr. joined the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was still Herbert Hoover, Jr. In 1935, Doodles Weaver was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Ten years later, he was head writer for Spike Jones. Thirty years later, Doodles's niece, Sigourney, wrote for the *Chaparral*. Now she's killing aliens on the silver screen.

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Yes! I want more Chappies!

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# STANFORD UNIVERSITY END OF TIME SCHEDULE

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## FINAL QUARTER

## Date

Last day to arrange payment of University Fees. . . . .	Mar. 26
Destruction Begins. . . . .	Mar. 26
Weebles Fall Down. . . . .	Mar. 27
Last Day To File Study Lists. . . . .	April 1
Observance of Nuclear Holocaust (no classes). . . . .	April 3
Last Day for declaring or dropping +/-NC option . . . . .	April 5
Fat Lady Sings. . . . .	April 5
Hell Freezes Over. . . . .	April 6
Law School Instruction Begins. . . . .	April 14
Last Day To Drop or Add Beliefs. . . . .	April 17
Cows Come Home. . . . .	April 18
Last day for Late Registration . . . . .	Obsolete
Last day for Extreme Unction . . . . .	Not applicable
Donkeys Fly . . . . .	May 9
Last day for adding courses or units . . . . .	May 15
Apocalypse/ Armaggedon (holiday, no classes) . . . . .	May 17
Last day to arrange payment of Indulgences. . . . .	May 17
Pestilence, Famine, Fire, Flood . . . . .	May 19
Paul Mason Sells His Wine . . . . .	May 20
Registration Commitments for New Age Due . . . . .	May 29
Shit Hits Fan. . . . .	May 30
Return of the Dead Week . . . . .	June 1-5
Final Judgement . . . . .	June 6



## End-Quarter Examination Schedule: Winter Quarter

Examination Dates	Examination Hours			
	8:30-11:30 a.m.	12:15-3:15 p.m.	3:30-6:30 p.m.	7:00-10:00 p.m.
<b>Monday March 14</b>	Classes meeting 9 a.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)	*Classes meeting 3:15 p.m., 4:15 p.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)		Group and special examinations: Mathematics 19, 20, 42, 43, 44
<b>Tuesday March 15</b>	Classes meeting 8 a.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)	Group language exams: German 1, 2, 3, 4, 22; Civic 2A, 52; Italian 1, 2, 3; French 1, 1-R, 2-X, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100	Group, special and make-up examinations: Physics 51	*Classes meeting 12, 1:15 p.m. only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)
<b>Wednesday March 16</b>	Classes meeting 10 a.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)	Classes meeting 9 a.m., 1:15, 1:45 p.m. only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)	Group, special and make-up examinations: Physics 23	Classes meeting 2:15 p.m. only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)
<b>Thursday March 17</b>	Classes meeting 11 a.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)	Classes meeting 9 a.m. only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)		Classes meeting 10 a.m. only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)
<b>Friday March 18</b>	*Classes meeting 12, 1:15 p.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)	Classes meeting 2:15 p.m. <i>except</i> classes meeting only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)		Classes meeting 11 a.m. only on Tues., Thurs., (Sat.)

\* Students must not register for classes with conflicting end-quarter exams.

## DEAD WEEK and JUDGMENTS

### Dead Week Policy Statement

Following is a Dead Week Policy statement adopted by the Vatican as infallible doctrine on September 28, 1197 on recommendation of St. Benedict and amended on April 18, 1906.

Dead Week is a period of reduced social and biological activity preceding resurrection. Its purpose is to concentrate on self-reflection and purging of the soul to prepare for Final Judgment.

Dead Week will begin on the Sunday that begins the last week of the Closing of the Age.

During Dead Week, confession is regularly scheduled and penance assigned. "Instructors" should neither mandate extraordinary crusades nor announce additional "surprise sins" that must be atoned for. They are free, however, and even encouraged to conduct optional flesh-mortification sessions and to suggest other activities that might seem appropriate for students preparing for Armageddon.

Take-home Final Judgments given in place of the officially scheduled judgments will not be permitted due to the extreme temptation to violate the Honor Code that the immortality of the soul and the eternity of the afterlife create.

Final Judgments may not be held during Dead Week. This policy preserves the concept of one Final Day of Judgment, which, after all, is the point.

### Final Judgements

Judgements are part of the process of life at the same time that they are a means to measure the student's performance in following God's law.

Great flexibility is available regarding the types of judgements that God may choose to employ. They may be essay, multiple choice, true-false, or prayer tests, and have the option to be open or closed Bible. In any case, the material judged upon will have been sometime during the life cycle.

### Declaring Your Faith

When students are ready to declare and/or change their religion, they should contact the Transcripts Office, Room 140, Old Union.

For assistance in deciding on a faith, students should consult their inner feelings, or the Undergraduate Advising Center, Sweet Hall.

This schedule indicates the time (according to the kind of sinner) that students should report for judgment. As an example, a student with the last name "God" need not report for judgment.

	8:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
<b>Monday -</b>	GLUTTONOUS	AVARICIOUS	SLOTHFUL	WRATHFUL	ENVIUS	PROUD	LUSTFUL
<b>Tuesday -</b>	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓
<b>Wednesday -</b>	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓
<b>Thursday -</b>	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓
<b>Friday -</b>	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓



# SAMPLE STUDY LIST

3 numbers for Department

3 numbers for Course Number

1 letter for Suffix

2 numbers for Section

2 numbers for Units (use filler zero, e.g. 03)

enter + (plus) for +/NC grade option

S NO

1234567

STUDENT

Student Name

CLT

PGM

RST

MAJOR

QTR/SEM

U00 486

## STUDY LIST

You have final responsibility for the correctness of your study program.

COURSE IDENTIFICATION				UNITS	* IF +/NO CREDIT BASIS	DEPT NAME & COURSE TITLE	INSTRUCTOR	TIME (e.g., MTWTh 10)
DEPT CODE	COURSE NO	SUF FIX	SECTION					
666	666	S	66	0.6		Writhing Workshop	Satan	N/A
430	186	0	01	0.5		Kingdom Come	Dante	N/A
+	+	+	+	+		Corrective Social Beh.	Augustine	N/A
091	155	C	01	0.1		Sailing	Stephens	T1:15-3:30

ADVISOR'S SIGNATURE IF NEEDED

Advisor's Signature

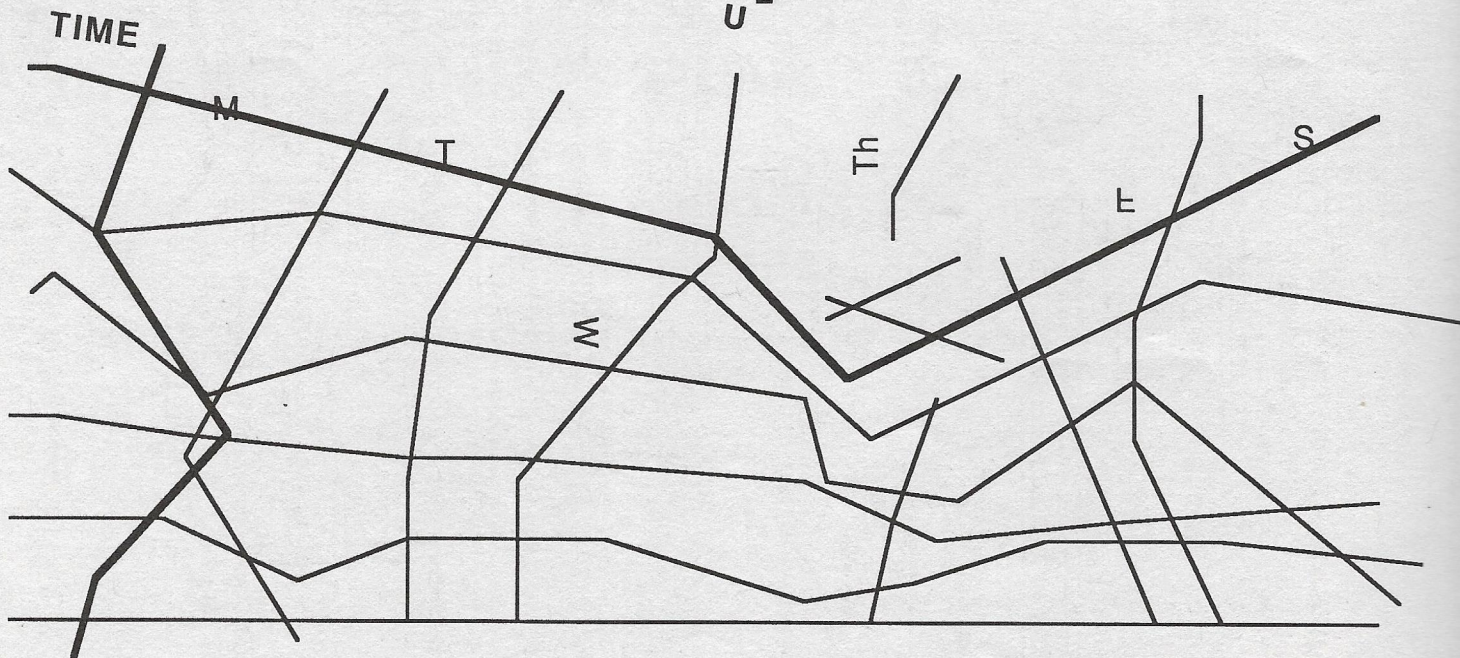
\* If only one section, print "01"

TOTAL UNITS ▶

STUDENT'S SIGNATURE

Student's Signature

## CLASS SCHEDULE WORKSHEET





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for

# APRIL FOOL'S DAY

THE HOUSE OF HUMOR HAS APRIL FOOL'S DAY JOKES FOR EVERYONE. WHOOPIE CUSHIONS, HAND BUZZERS, FART SPRAY, FART CANDY, FART POWDER, SQUIRTING LIGHTERS, SQUIRTING CALCULATORS, SQUIRTING FLOWERS, SUCKER CANDY, SHOCKING LIGHTERS AND BOOKS, FOAMING PENS & LIGHTERS SHIT IN THE CAN, SMART ASS CURES, FUCK OFF SPRAY, FAKE ANTS, SNAKE IN THE CAN, FAKE VOMIT, DOG DOO DOO, STINK PERFUME, STINK COMBS, AND MUCH MUCH MORE.

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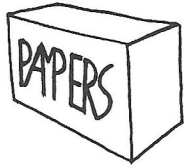
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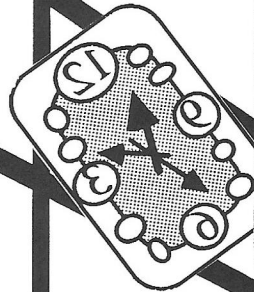
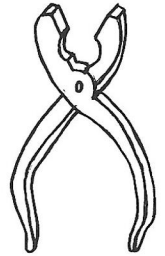
## INFANCY

Have a little accident.



## CHILDHOOD

Rip out your teeth with a pliers.



IVV

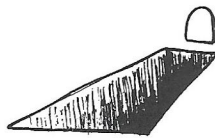
IT DOESN'T TAKE PLUTONIUM, WITCHCRAFT, OR A PHYSICS TEXTBOOK TO BUILD A TIME MACHINE. YOU CAN TRAVEL TO THE TIME OF YOUR CHOICE USING SIMPLE TOOLS FOUND IN YOUR OWN HOME. FOR EXAMPLE, TO TRAVEL BACK TO YOUR OWN FETAL PERIOD, MERELY FILL A BATHTUB WITH WARM WATER, CLIMB INTO A TRASHBAG AND SUBMERGE YOURSELF FOR NINE MONTHS. WE BRING YOU THIS AND SIMILAR VALUABLE TECHNIQUES IN...

5 / 8  
11



## 90TH BIRTHDAY

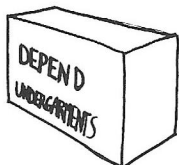
Dig a hole and pull the dirt in after you. Rot.



# Simple Time

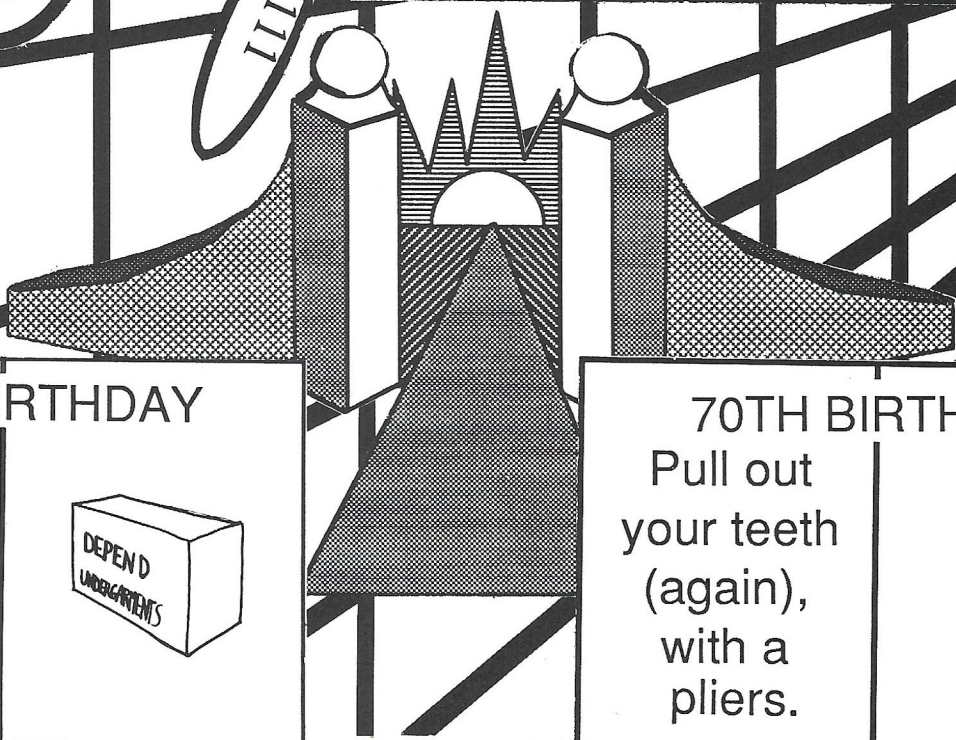
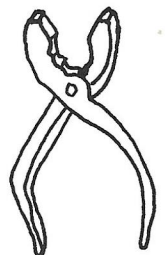
## 80TH BIRTHDAY

Have a little accident.



## 70TH BIRTHDAY

Pull out your teeth (again), with a pliers.





ADOLESCENCE

Oil your face.



IVV

COLLEGE YEARS

Throw up a pizza.



23



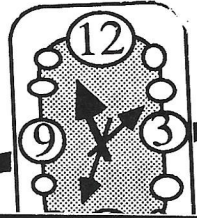
IV①

30TH BIRTHDAY

Take twenty aspirin. Have a crisis



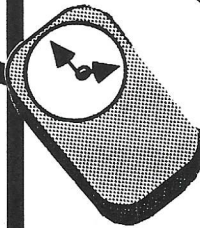
12



# Machines

*You Can Make At Home.*

78



60TH BIRTHDAY

Bleach your hair white.



150

40TH BIRTHDAY

Take twenty aspirin again. Have a heart attack.





Start

Bi-nodal Transportational Flow Indication unit

Our Hero

Multi-Wheeled Conveyance Passageway

Don't Walk

Crime in Progress

The story you are about to read is true: only the plot has been changed to protect the Author.

Title

# DICK FLAKEY

That Jaywalker is a threat to society. Just think of the damage he does by corrupting the minds of small children who see him. I must bring him to justice.

Hmmm... I wonder who that Jaywalker could have been--If only I had a good source of Information.

Coin of the Realm

## Hiam A. Malhomme, Jaywalking for Dollars

more informat

Got it!

Hiam A Malhomme, Jaywalking for Dollars

Save Paper

Obvious Clues

Recurring Joke

MALHOMME TEACHES JAYWALKING

Dual-purpose Thermo-Cranial Protector/Image Inducer

## Hiam A. Malhomme, Jaywalking for Dollars

Two-way communication device

Hello, information? Yes, I was wondering who the villain I saw jaywalking in the first panel was. uh huh... Hiam A. Malhomme? Thanks. Oh, and do you know where his secret headquarters is?

One-way communication device

Ok, you've set the automatic intrusion detectors?

Yar, the closed circuit TV's on

And the multi-coloured pseudo-invisibility screen?

Yup, I painted the place

Genetically Altered Henchmen

Stop, Fiend, in the name of Truth, Justice, and... damn, I forgot the other one!!!

What?? Dick Flakey? How did you get in here?

The front door--you left it unlocked.

One-Person Hand-Held Chemically Powered Projectile Thrower

Hydro-protection device

Bang

Get him!!!

Wild Fight in which Genetically Altered Henchmen Knock Each Other Out

Bad News

I Give Up!

Banana--Whoops

Arrows of Outrageous Fortune

Blank Space

Filler

You're under arrest, Malhomme!

Curses, foiled again

Recursive Caption

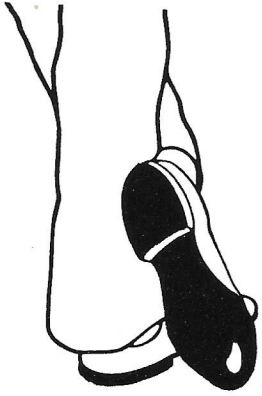
Improvised Aluminium Hand (Body?) Cuff

End



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and El Camino Real  
993 Menlo Avenue  
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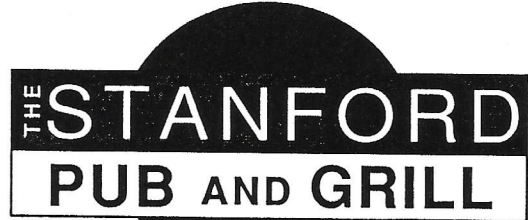
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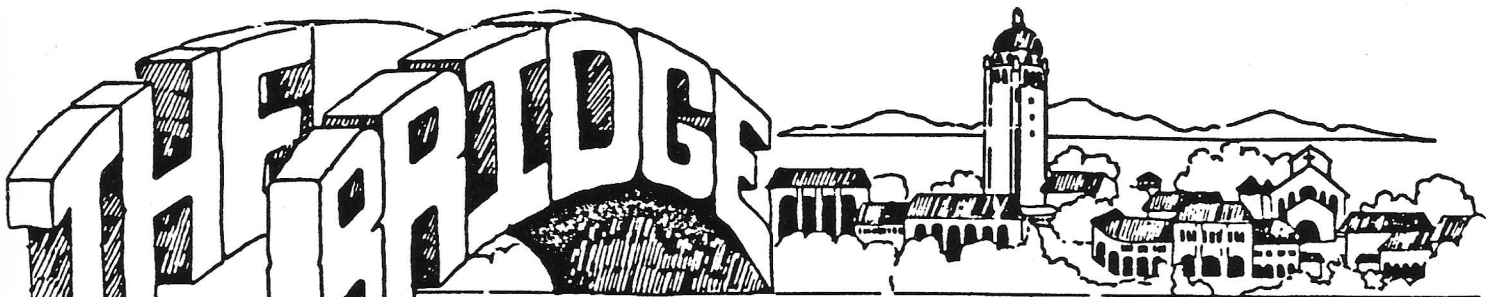
New York Pizza?  
Chicago Pizza?  
What's so great about them?  
Do they even exist?  
Introducing

## The Palo Alto Pizza

Pure whole milk mozzarella  
and the best sauce around  
on a thick, hand-tossed crust,  
made in Palo Alto by experts  
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- Alcoholics Anonymous
  - Overeater Anonymous
  - Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous





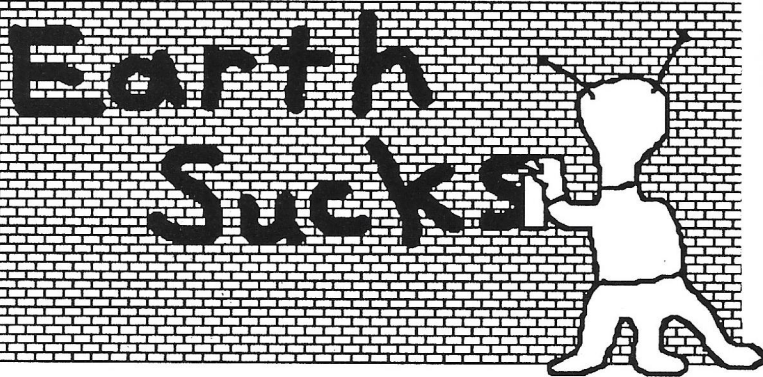
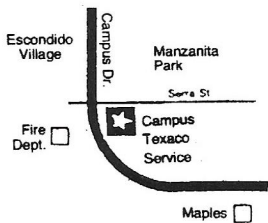
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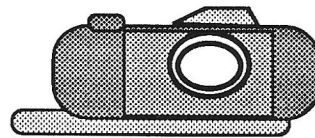
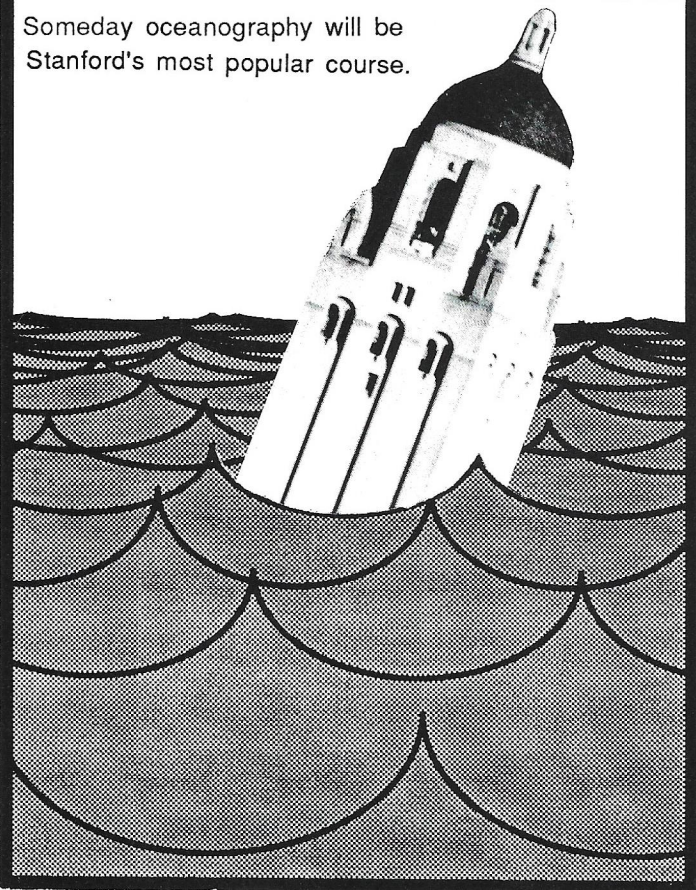


DATELINE 2142-



SPACEMEN LAND,  
BUT THEY'RE BORING.

Someday oceanography will be  
Stanford's most popular course.



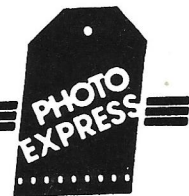
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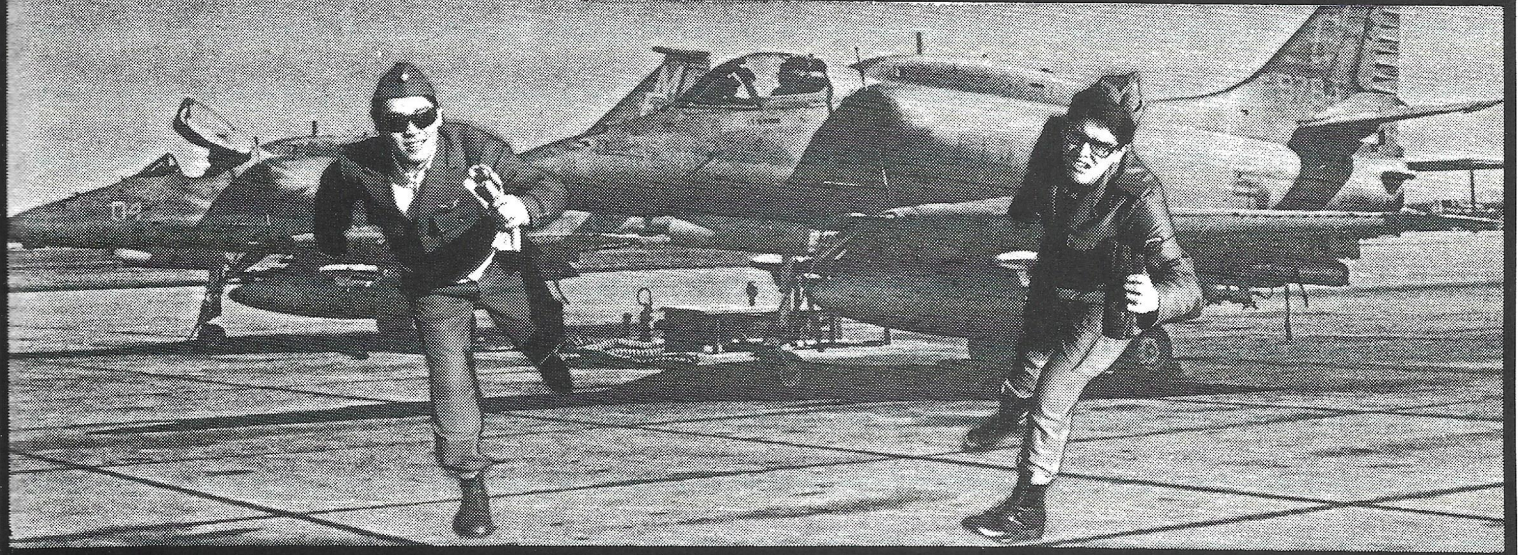
Not valid with any other coupon or promotion

Expires May 1, 1988



They fly the screaming war birds with nerves of steel and rule the skies with an iron hand, and on Wednesday they go bowling. They're

# DELTA FORCE

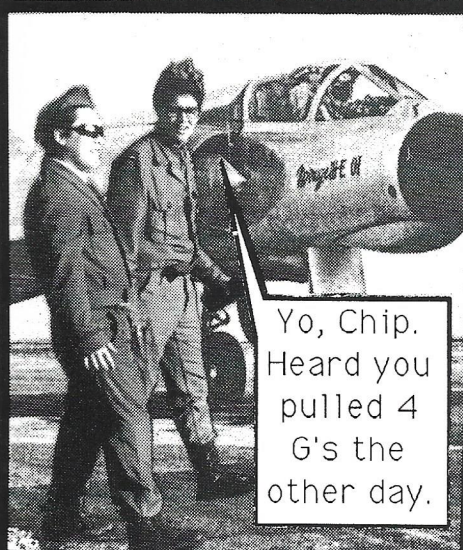
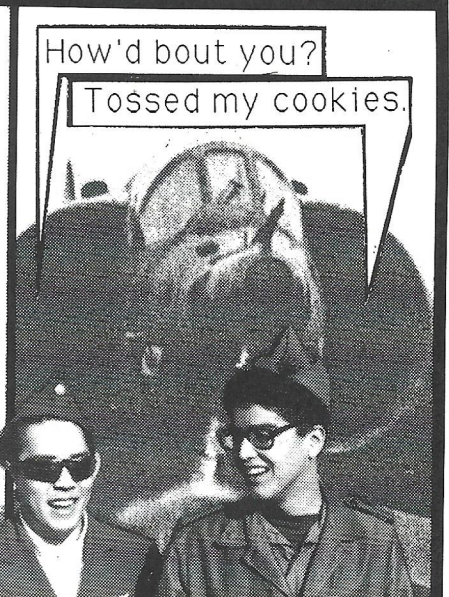
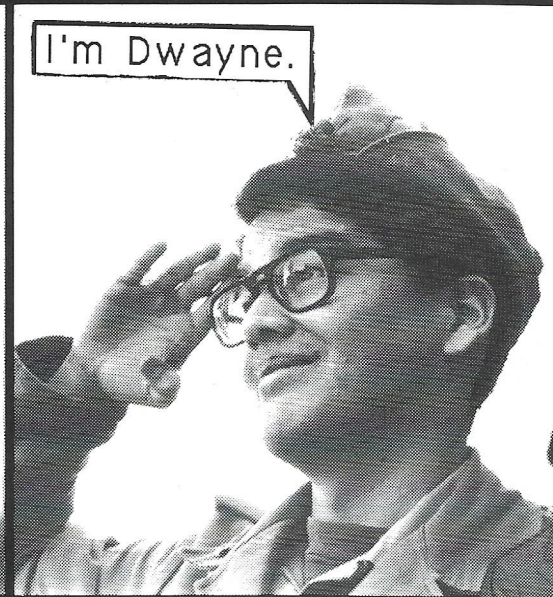
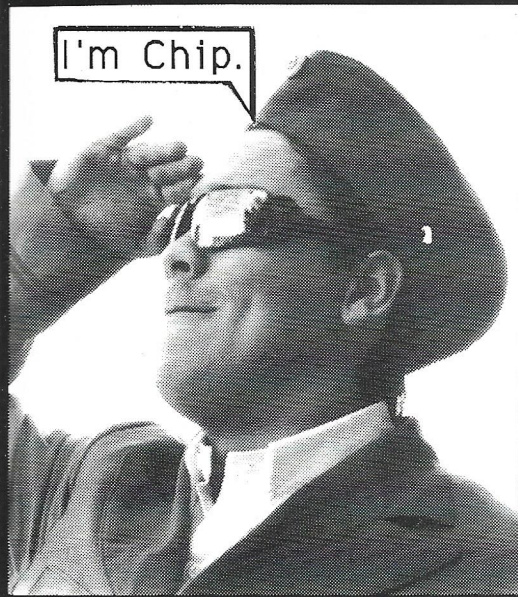


I'm Chip.

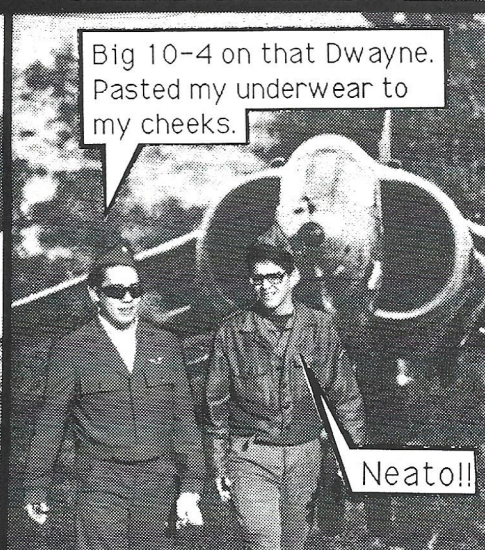
I'm Dwayne.

How'd bout you?

Tossed my cookies.



Yo, Chip. Heard you pulled 4 G's the other day.



Big 10-4 on that Dwayne. Pasted my underwear to my cheeks.

Neato!!







PSY-YEEEEEEECHE!!!!



Hey, look! The General is going to the latrine.

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?!?



DICE!!

Hey Scooter, emergency scramble! Priority one! We've got to deliver a package for the general.

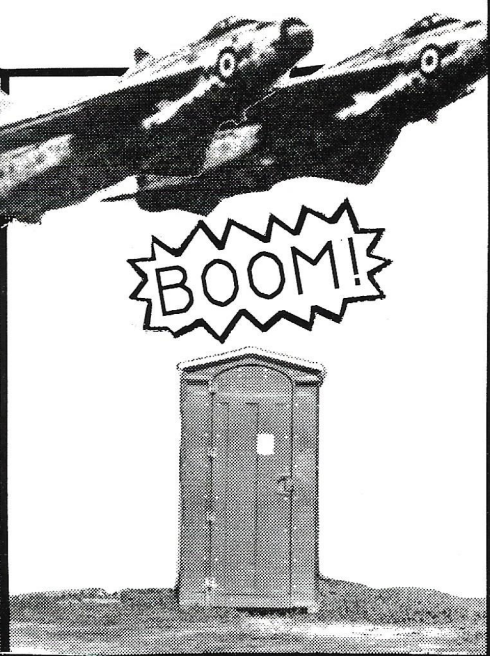
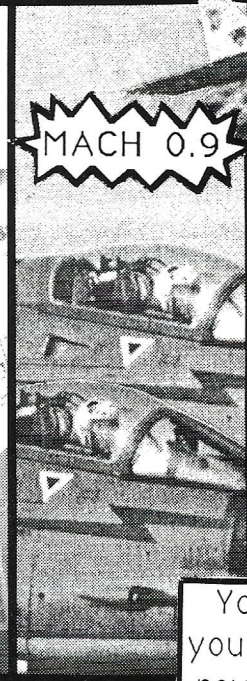
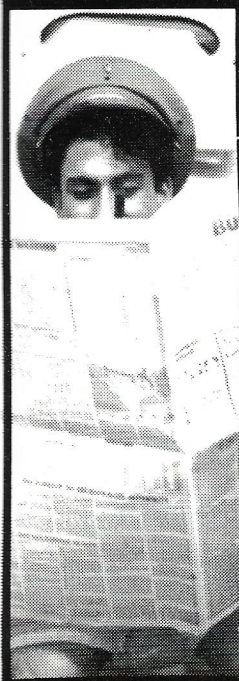
Hey you guys, come on! The general grounded you for buzzing the old folks home.







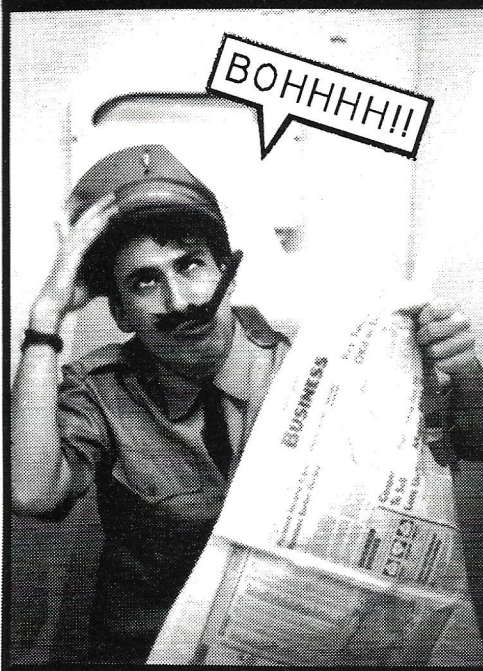
Damn I'm good!



MACH 0.8

MACH 0.9

BOOM!



BOHHHH!!

Curse you Delta Force!

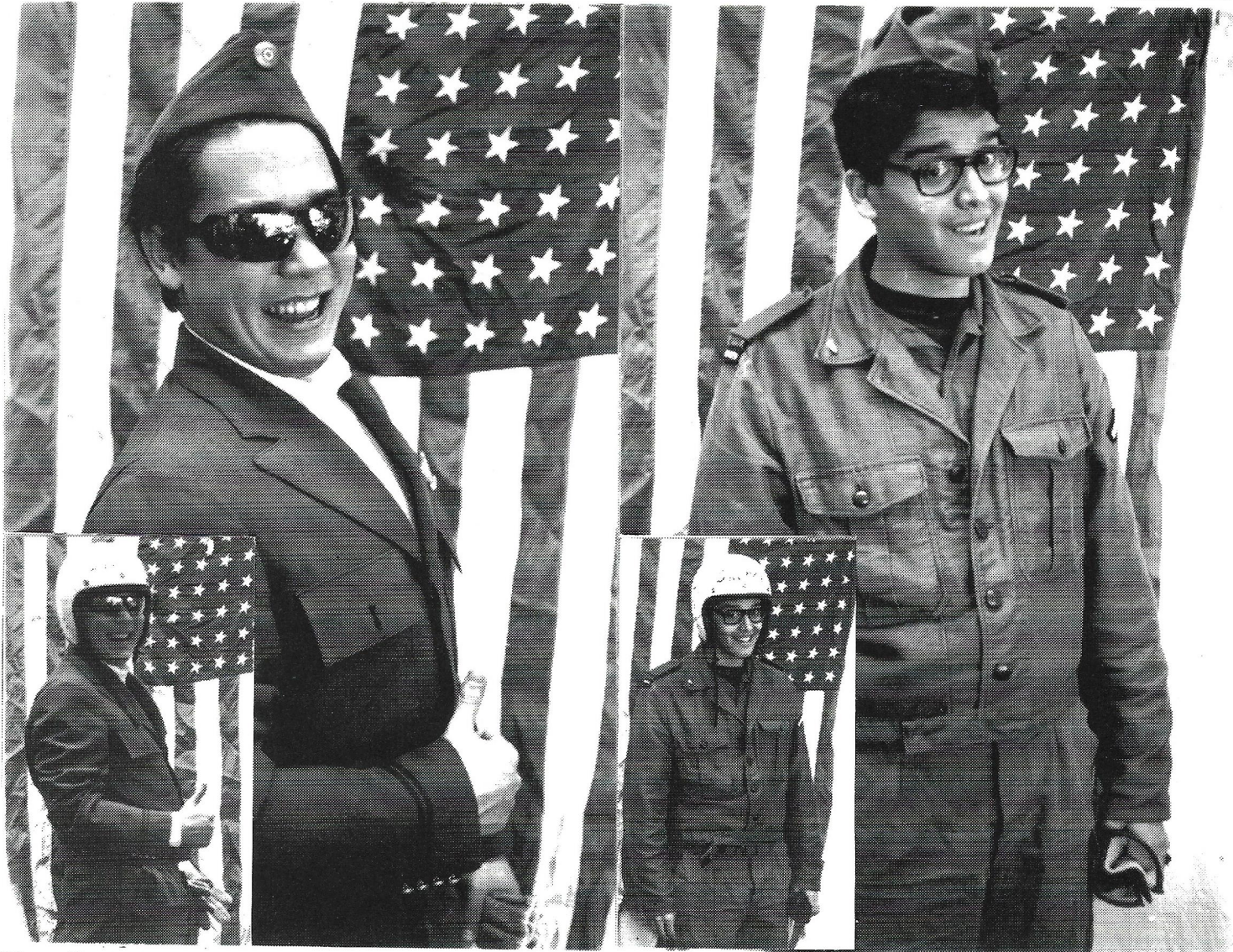
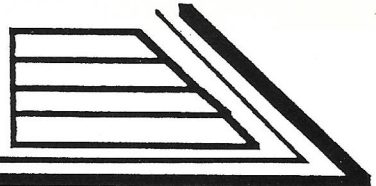
Yo Dwayne, you catch that reverse roll I pulled?!

GRRR!

Psy-Yeeche!

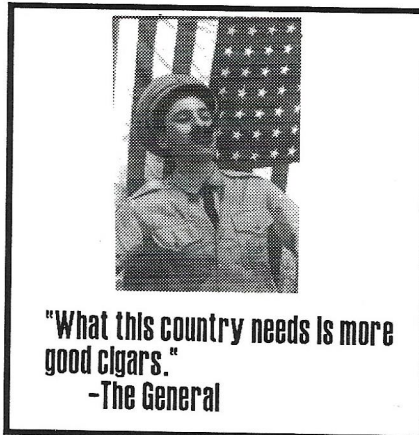


# MEN OF DELTA FORCE



**Chipper MacArthur**  
 Flying Name: Starfish  
 Education: Col. Lee's school for advanced Dragami and Paper Folding.  
 Favorite Movies: Strategic Air Command, Dogfight, Godzilla vs. the Fighter Jock (subtitled).  
 Favorite Clint Movie: Firefox  
 Dislikes: Crybabes, Commies and Cessnas.  
 Fantasy Drag Race: '84 Winternationals semi-finals, Funny Car division.  
 Favorite Hobby: Pulling G's.  
 Best Advice Ever Given: "Whenever you're pulling over two G's, DO NOT, I repeat, DO NOT flare your nostrils!"  
 Most Dangerous Mission: "Touch and Go landing on a Russian aircraft carrier. Scared the shit out of me for two days. Psyeeeeeech!!"

**Dwayne DeBattub**  
 Flying Name: Snoopy  
 Education: Would have finished high school if it weren't for that lying bastard Tommy Brown.  
 Flight Instruction: Ma Oakley's School of Flying and Court Reporting.  
 Likes: SPEED, leather and Chuck Norris movies.  
 Favorite Movie: Top Gun and Flying Leather-necks.  
 Best Advice Ever Given: "If you're doing Mach 1 don't fart, or else the sound will catch up to you later when there's somebody around. Pretty embarrassing."  
 Most Dangerous Mission: "Well, I never really been on a mission, yet. But once I accidentally fired one of my sidewinder missiles and blew the shit out of a 73 Chevy Nova. Psyeeeeeech!!"



"What this country needs is more good cigars."  
 -The General



# In The Future

By Victor Payan

I have a dream. I'm this big train, see, and I'm heading for this small tunnel. The pistons are pumping and the engineer keeps stuffing coal in the engine. So much steam, so much sweat. The train keeps growing and the tunnel keeps shrinking and the whistle screeches, and the wheels spin faster and faster, and I don't know what it means.

I have another dream, too. In this dream I go down into the future.

There is a wall around the future, and the fat man at the gate says, "Well, mister, are you goin' in or what?"

My God is he fat! He is so fat, I don't think he can see his feet. He's so fat, I can't see his feet!

"Sure." I say. So he sells me a ticket and says he can get me two seats to the Pink Floyd show, but it'll cost me.

"Hah! Same old place," I think, and go in.

It's dark in the future, but I can make my way in the neon light. I see a bar and go in.

Moseying up to the bar I lay a five dollar bill on the counter and say, "Give me a beer."

The bartender asks, "What's that?"

"A beer?" I say. "It's a yellow drink made from barley. You know, a beer."

"I know that. What's that?" He repeats, pointing at the money.

"It's a five dollar bill. I'm going to buy my beer with it."

"You must be dreaming."

"I am, but how did you know?"

"What? Listen. A beer is two thousand credits. Do you want one or what?"

"CREDITS?!? What is this, Buck Rogers?"

"Well? What's your number?"

"Um..." I read off my phone number and get ready to run. He punches the number into a pad.

"Thank you, Miss Rodriguez. Enjoy your beer." He points into a glass and beer streams out of his finger.

This scares me. I don't know what to think. How can I drink a beer that's come out of a guy's finger? Who knows where his hand's been? I wonder what

the other ten beverages are. Does he have a prehensile...

"Damn bartending robot! I remember the old days when men were men and women were women...well, most of the time, anyhow. And you didn't have any goddamn bartending robots!" He gives the robot the finger and the robot holds up a glass.

"Damn bartending robot!"

The man is obviously blitzed. It's a wonder he can remember how to speak.

"Another beer, Frankenstein," I call, "for my friend."

"Thank you, stranger."

"Thank you, Miss Rodriguez, enjoy your beer."

"Thank you. Say, buddy," I say. "Tell me about these old days."

"The old days? Ah, the good old days? It all went downhill after the Second Coming."

"Of Christ?!?"

"No!"

"Of Elvis?!?"

"No! Of disco. It was sometime before they canonized the Bee Gees."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Oh yes. And you can bet there was a lot of weeping and wailing when Pope John Travolta III asked 'How deep is your love?' to an entire generation. Not to mention the gnashing of teeth!"

"I can imagine. What else?"

"Socializing meant being *out* with *people*. None of this sitting at home all the time talking on the Party Line. Do you know what dancing is?"

"I've seen pictures."

"You'd better believe it. But now... Now you can do everything without even leaving your own house. Nobody does anything really physical anymore. It's just sit, sit, sit, type, type, type. The only callouses we got are on our fingertips and butts. You wanna see?"

"That's alright. But come on. There's got to be something people still do. How about hunting?"

"Nope. There are no more animals."

"We killed 'em all?!?"

"No. Well, almost. They all went to

Venus with Maurice Gibb to study vegetarianism."

"And then what happened?"

"The 'Plants Are People, Too' society got really upset. They started booby-trapping insecticide cans."

"So what do you eat?"

"You tell me. Anyhow, that's about the time I quit school. They just went too far when they colorized Ansel Adams. So here I am today."

"A drunk wandering aimlessly from gin joint to gin joint?"

"No, a latent symbol in your dream. You really ought to see a shrink about me...my cousin does really good work. So much hostility towards your mother."

"But I love my mother! I have her picture in my wallet, and I always call, and I send her McDonald's gift certificates every year, and..."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Like I said, I've got this cousin who..."

And since this is my dream, I turn him into a breakdancer, and he raps on out the door and goes, I suppose, to bother somebody else.

Just then, "Anarchy in the U.K." comes on and I turn to see an old lady saying to her even older Mohawkioed husband, "Look, dear, they're playing our song."

I knew it had to happen some time. So in celebration, I order drinks for everone, all my latent symbols, and we all drink to life, liberty, acrophobia, and the generosity of Miss Rodriguez.

By the end of the dream, I'm so toasted that I even danced with Mrs. Heinmeister, my third grade teacher who used to steal my lunch. She steps on me so I turn her into a cockroach and step on her.

Then I wander out into the neon light to make my way back to the present before I wake up. My head starts to swim, and I feel really bad, because there isn't any water around, so I just wander around the street like an ostrich trying to bury its head in asphalt.

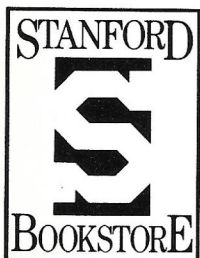
Suddenly, I'm this big train, see, and I'm heading for this small tunnel. The pistons are pumping and the engineer keeps stuffing coal in the engine. So much steam, so much sweat. The train keeps growing and the tunnel keeps shrinking and the whistle screeches, and the wheels spin faster and faster, and I... and I... and I throw up. ☹



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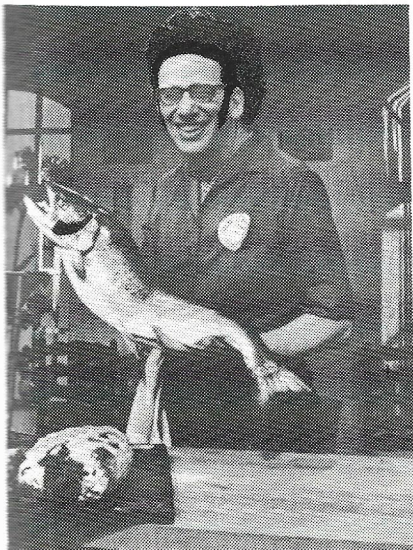
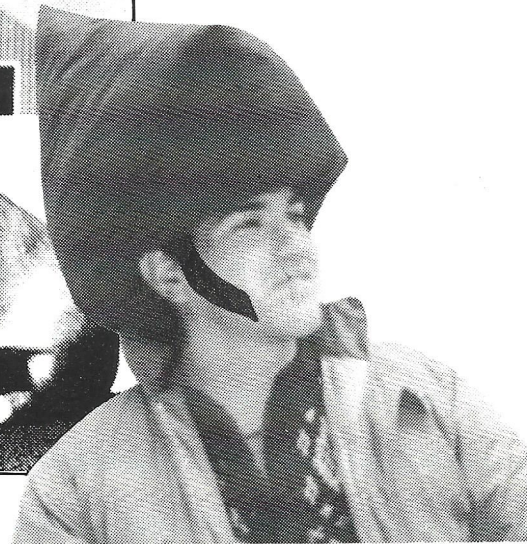
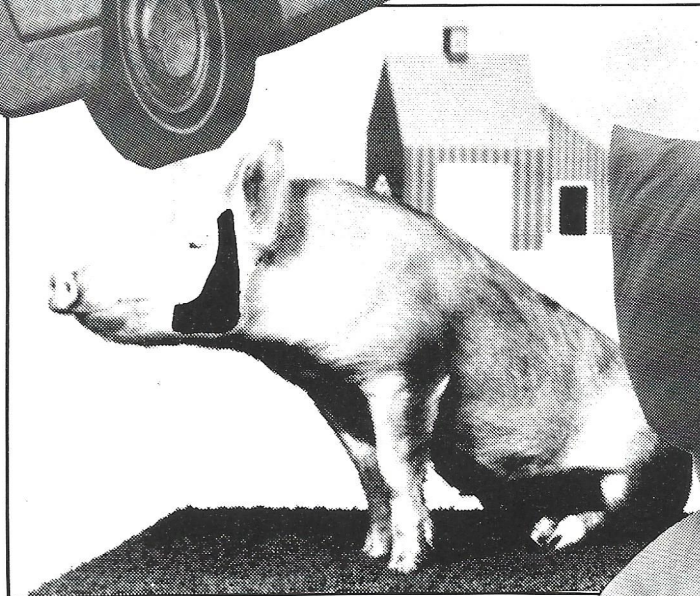
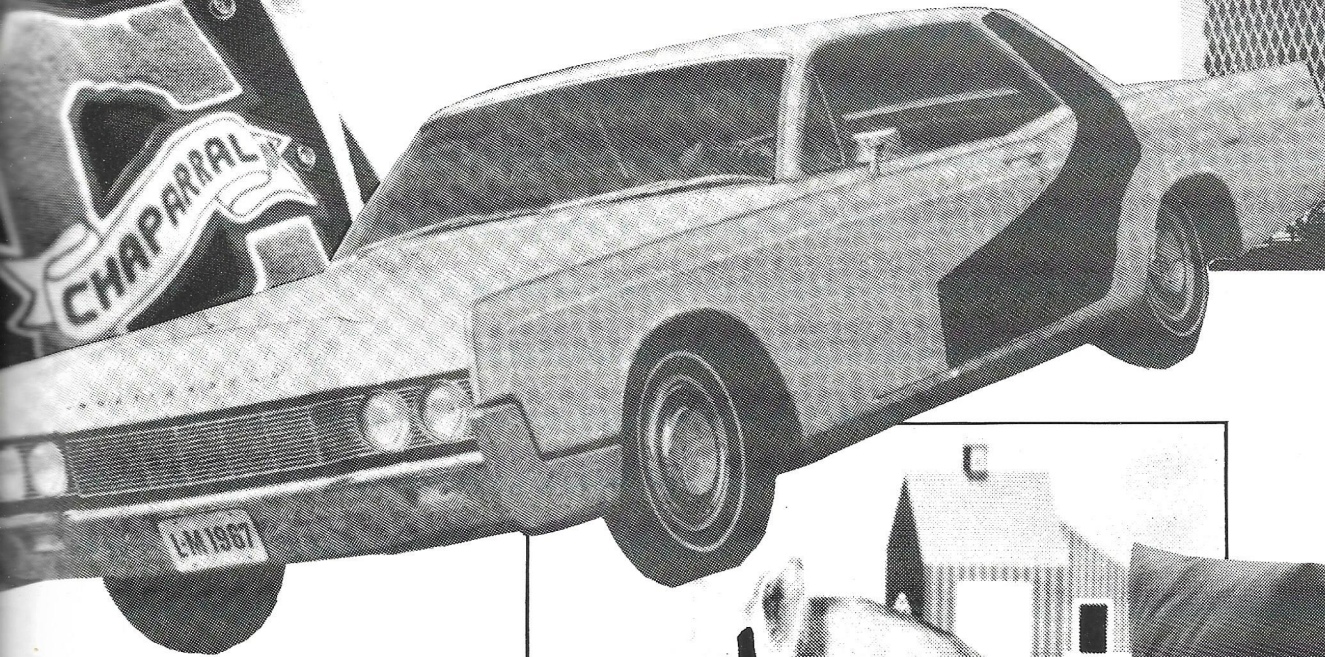
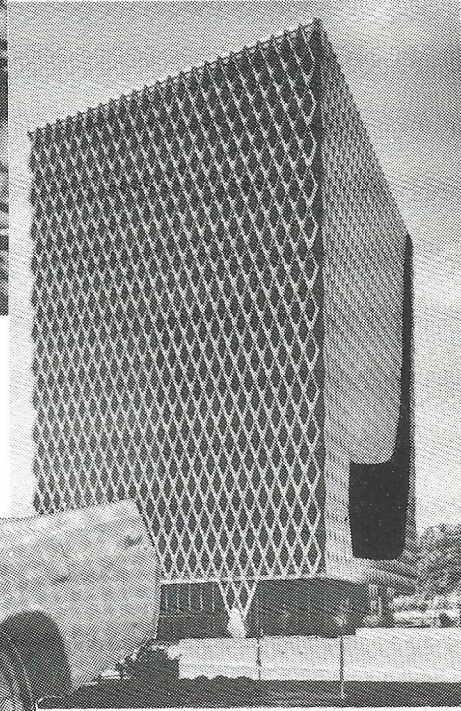
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