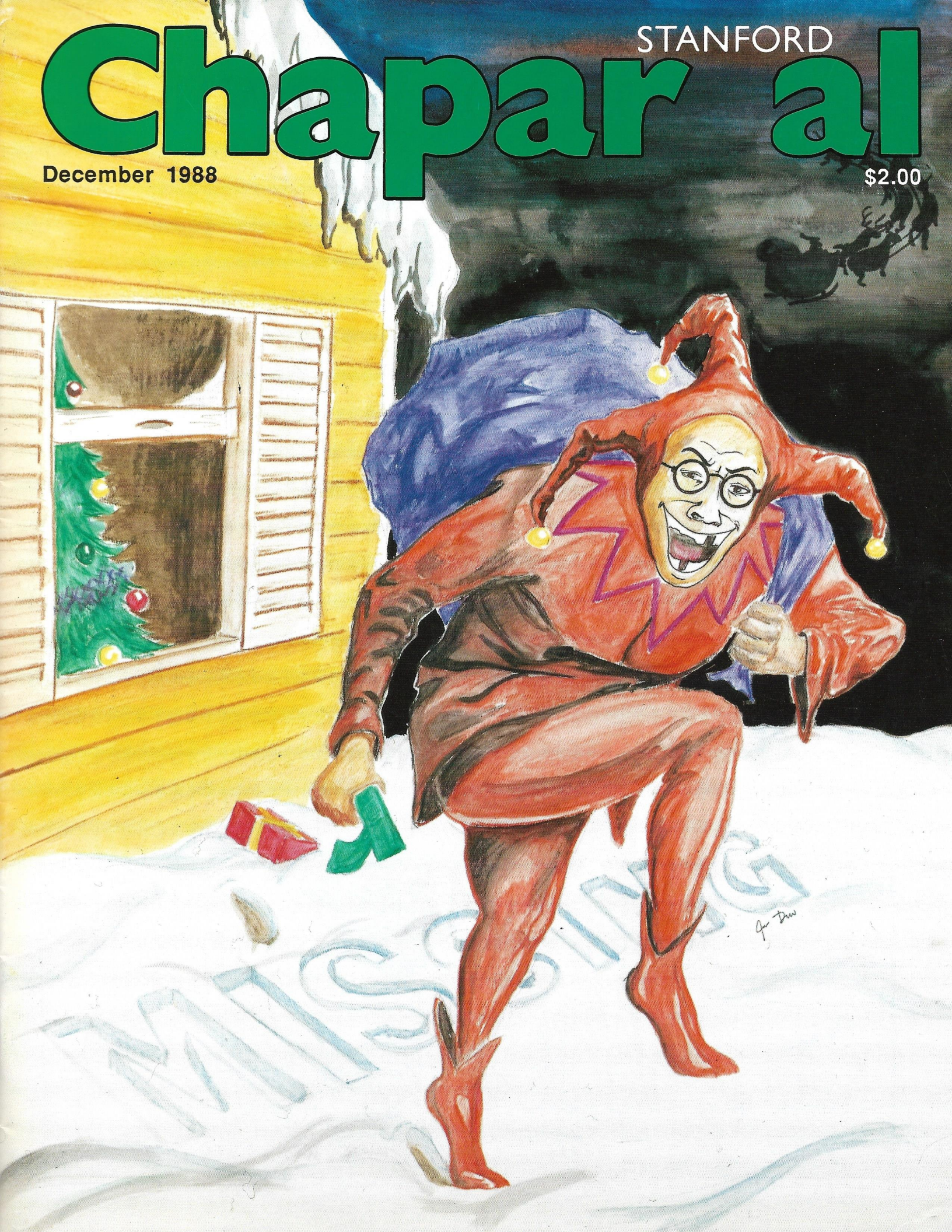


# Chaparal

STANFORD

December 1988

\$2.00

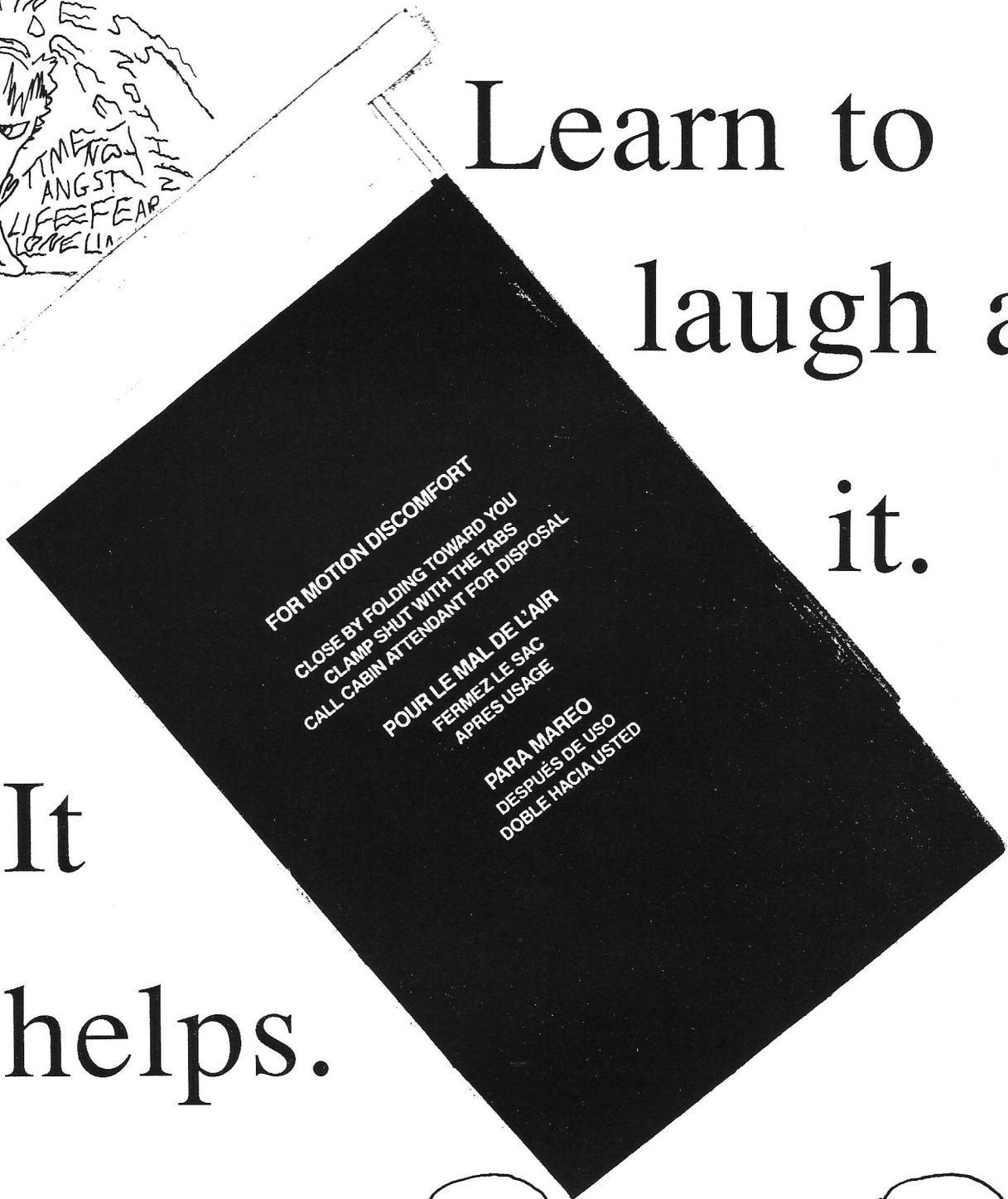


# Life got you down?



# Learn to laugh at it.

# It helps.



# MISSING

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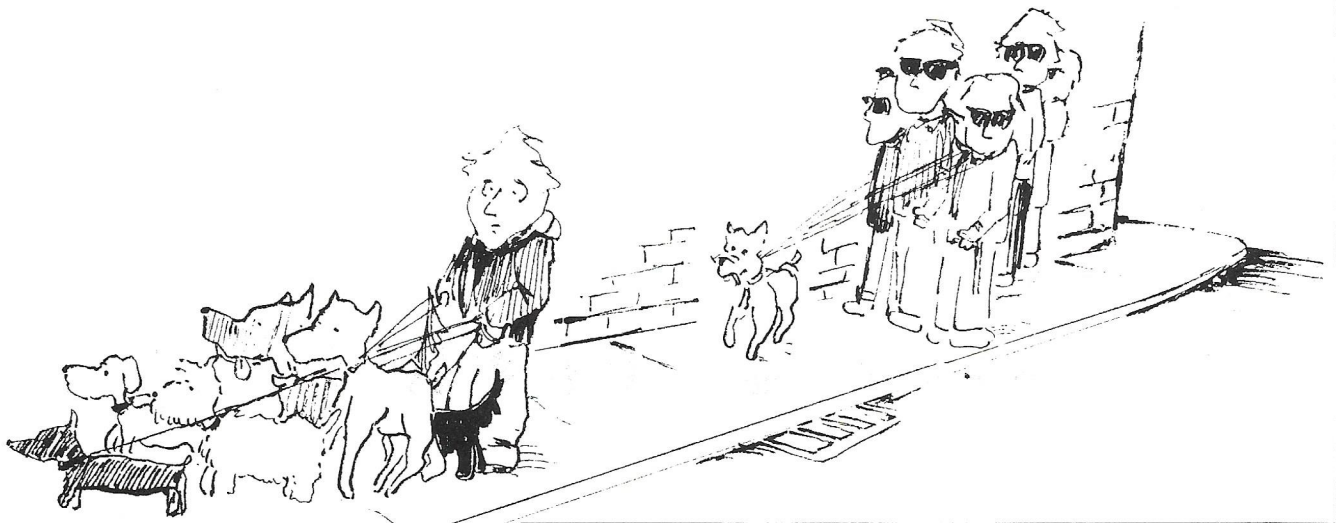
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- Scott Pearson
- Jon Schreiber
- Jose Garay
- Susan Jansco
- Laura Klein
- Dave Latchaw
- Dot Manning
- Jack Wang
- Jennifer Yay
- Jennifer Yey



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by Bristow Adams

Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of  
Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society  
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

Volume 90 Number 1

- |                                |                         |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|
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| Helen F. Chang '89             | Victor Payan '91        |
| <i>Photography Editor</i>      | <i>Art Director</i>     |
| Kurt Kuersteiner 'XX           | Joe Dew '89             |
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| Robyn Bezar '89                | Dan Michaelov '92       |
|                                | David Hyatt             |
| <i>Resident Russian Expert</i> |                         |
| Amy Gillett '91                |                         |

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

### REFLECTIONS

Now That the winter storms come howling through the rolling foothills to rain upon us, it's time to shut the windows, drink hot liquids, and wait for Santa Claus to come hurtling down the chimney just when you finally convinced the dampish wood to burn in a reasonably brisk manner...But wait! Santa's hat has three points and purple trim! And he seems a bit thin, not the roly poly fellow we expected. God save us! It's not a fellow at all, it's a female. What's the world coming to when a man can't even relax in his own home by his own fire without

strangely dressed folks, strangely dressed *women* at that, coming down his chimney and interrupting the one night of the year where he actually buckles down to business and tries to make love to his wife without gagging?

I'll tell you what it's coming to: no good end! No, it's coming to a great end, when the Old Girl (not so very old) prances lightly into the hallowed offices, mindful of the incredible and onerous honor done to her as she ascends the ancient Throne of Humor. And though she may not have the physical strength

to wield the silver hammer quite as easily as the Old Boy she metamorphosed from, who can deny the metaphysical strength of her smile that inspires some brawny gentleman to heft the hammer for her?

"Onward, onward," you may say, "Enough already with the introductions." Yes, but it's been a long time coming, the day when the Old Girl presides, as though it were nothing special, over an issue that's just another issue. She respectfully remembers the "Women's Issues" of the past,

- Hammer and Coffin
- Vince Prothro '88
- Andy Schwarz '89

whose tradition she breaks by not having rallied the ranks of lowly worker women to leadership of a magazine usually lead by the Old Boy. There was no rebellion, no struggle of men and women, no discussion of what might or might not be possible and appropriate with regards to women in the *Chaparral*. I say good; may it be just as smooth and unnoted the next time.

As we live out our petty lives on this planet, we find need to amuse ourselves, and what is better to laugh at than each other? What could be more satisfying that to pick out the little things that bug us and show that we are greater than they are by laughing at them? Why, dedicating an entire issue to one of those miserable annoyances is better!

THINGS THAT ARE MISSING - What are they? Haven't you ever torn your room apart in a mad frenzy, searching for your keys so you could get to that final exam

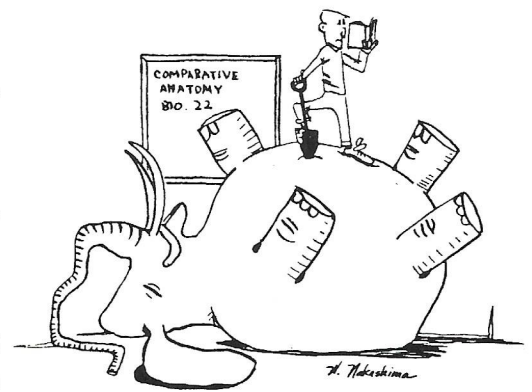
that you were late for, only to find them in your hand? Haven't you ever looked and looked on your desk to find that last page of a term paper that only to find that it was on top of the pile the entire time?

These things trip me up, slow me down in my eternal search for knowledge, subtract from my perfection! I can't wait until I get a really high-paying job so I can buy a car and forget where I parked it last. Maybe I'll have some children, eventually, and forget what school they go to when I try to retrieve them at the end of the day. Then they'll be missing, alright. *Have you seen this child? Her mother last saw her at her nursery school but can't remember which one she attends. If you have any infirmation, please call....*

The nice part about missing things is that they are in the limbo that exists between the found and the lost. One never knows how close one is to finding the missing

entity, or how close one is to losing it forever. There's always hope with missing things. That must be why people who disappear and come back with tales of space aliens are so fascinating- maybe that fountain pen that you got for sixth grade graduation from your father and lost in eighth grade is out there, somewhere, floating around in an alien spaceship, trying to come home.

And so, on to the issue and the holidays, be glad that neither are missing.....



*"Carefully make your first incision along the ventral midline."*



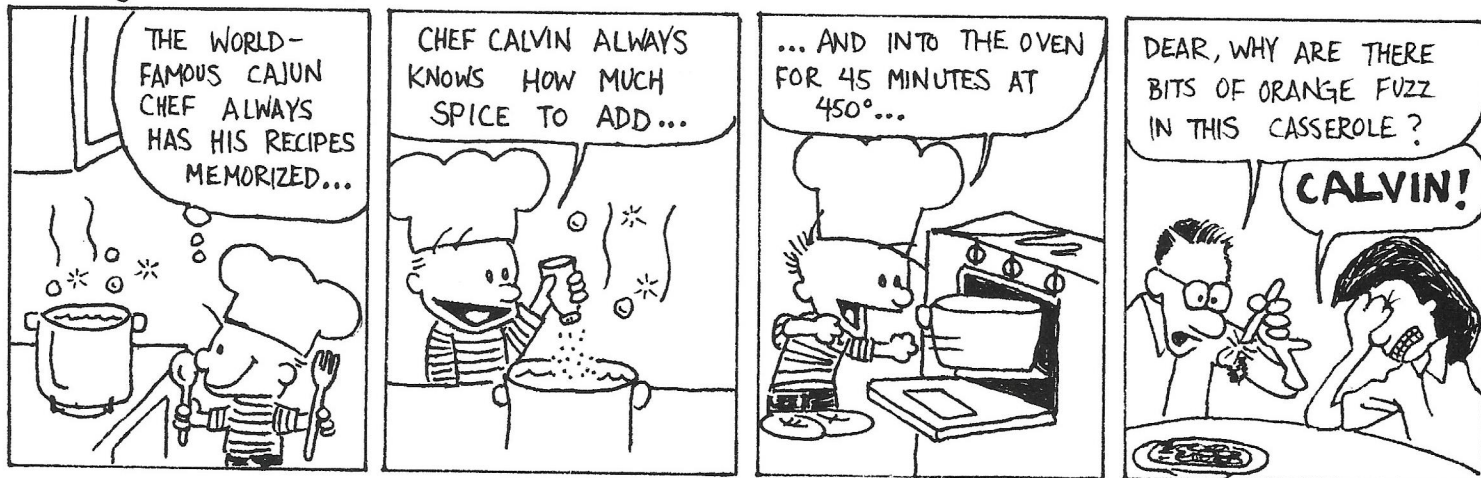
# Calvin and Hobbes



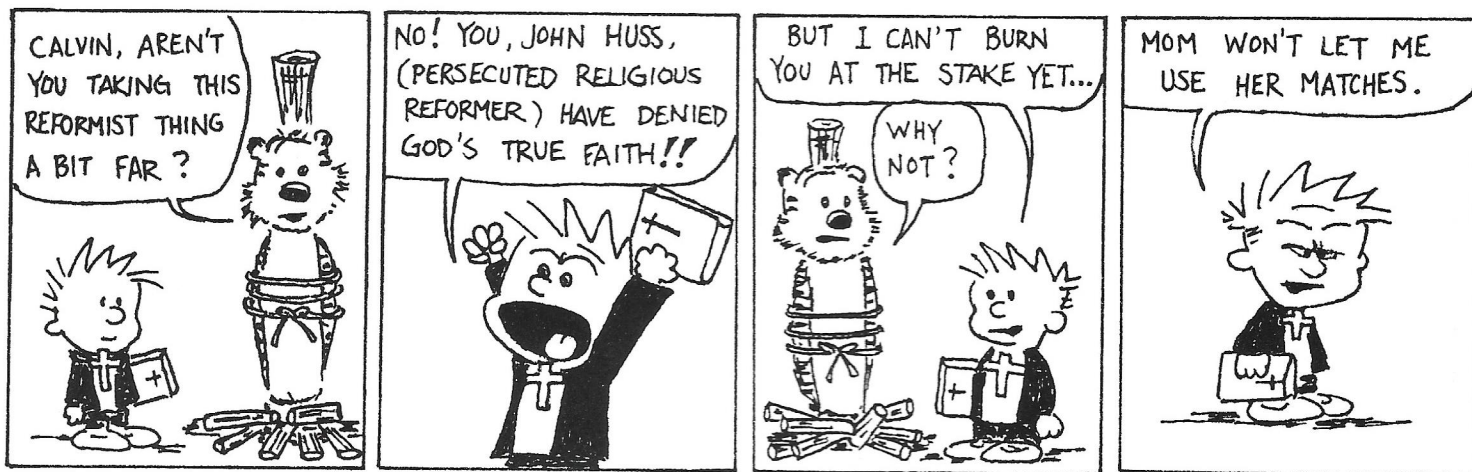
WRITTEN by:  
david Hyatt

art by:  
Jack Wang

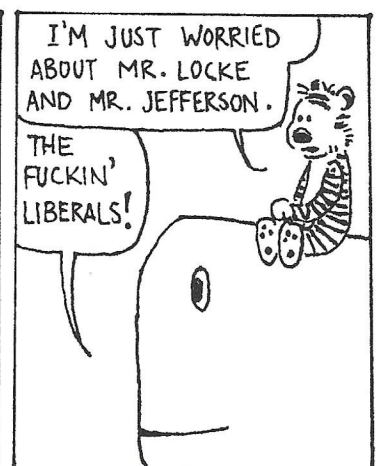
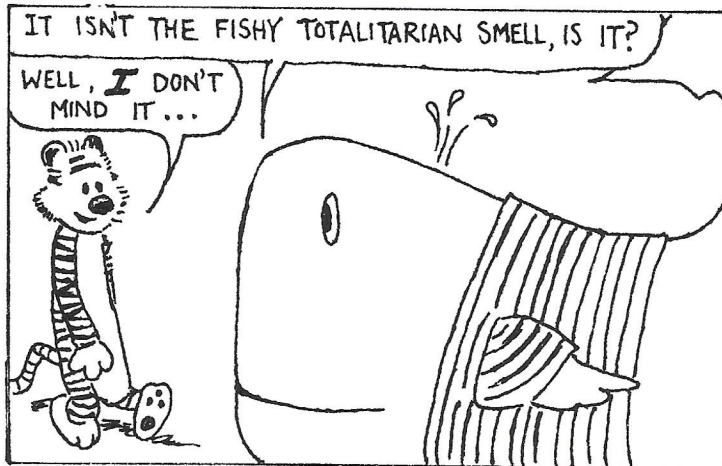
## Cajun and Hobbes



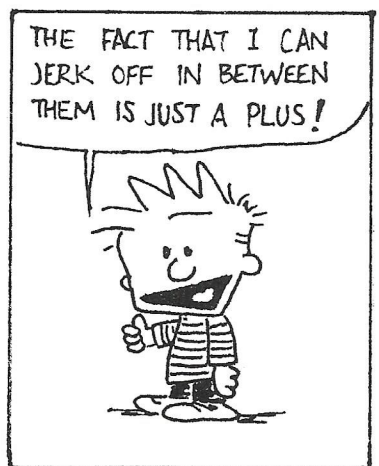
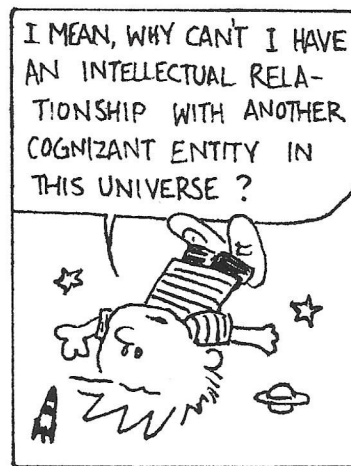
## Calvin and Huss



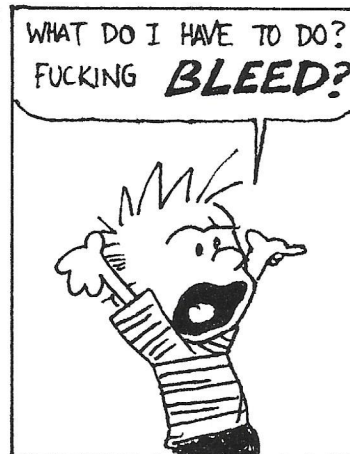
# Caleviathan and Hobbes



# Calvin and Nobs

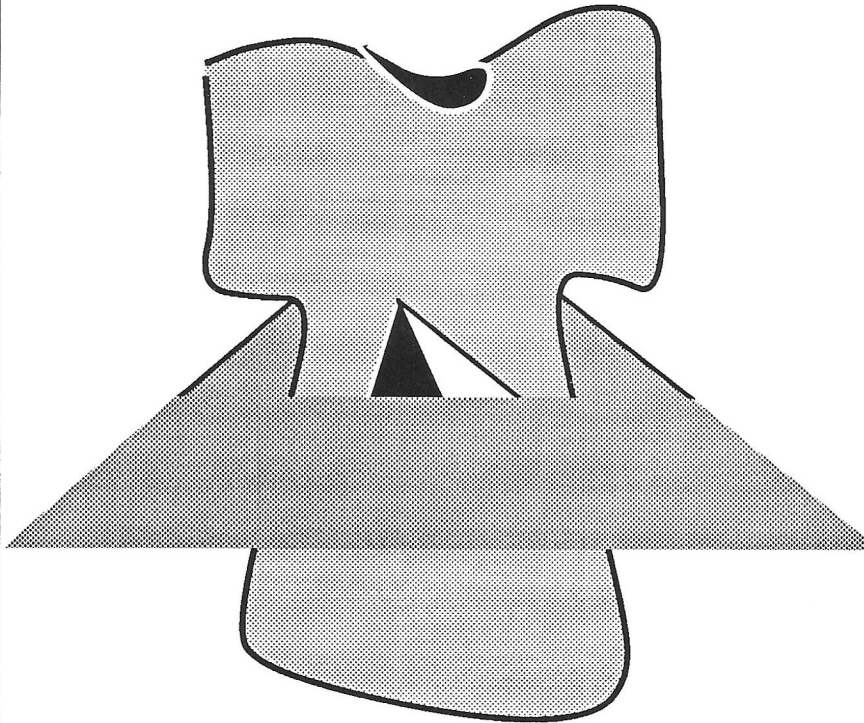


# Hobbes and Calvin



Let

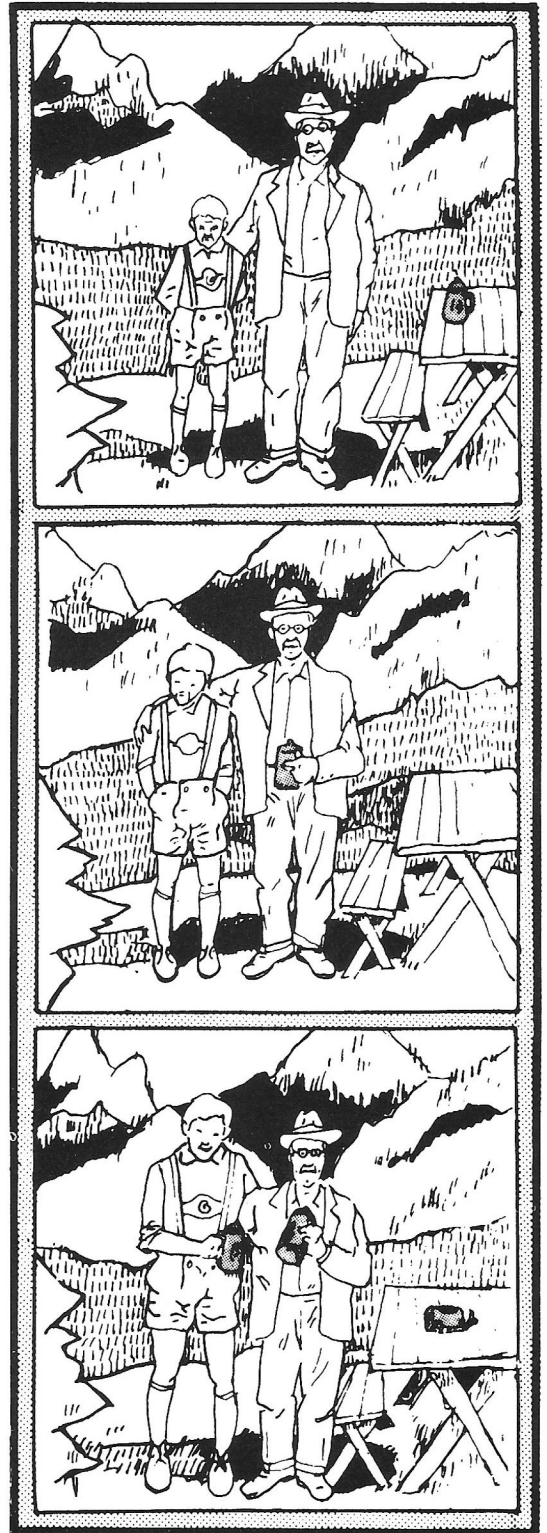
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94063  
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**Alpine Inn  
Beer Garden**

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road  
Portola Valley



# A message to the class of '92

by David Hyatt

*The Stanford Chaparral* office was tossed into tumult when the admissions committee gravely reported to us that the class of 1992 did not include any students from the great state of North Dakota. We were incredulous that there was not one qualified applicant from America's beloved Peace Garden State, not one highly motivated and intelligent individual to be found in the entire beauty of the Rolling Drift Prairie or the Great Lakes' Missouri Plateau. Not one happy freshman will be seen strolling through campus lightly humming the gentle and sweet strains of the "North Dakota Hymn." No freshman will be wistfully pining for the sight of a Wild Prairie Rose or a Western Meadowlark. Next year there will be no sophomore to join the celebration of North Dakota's Centennial on November 2, 1989. There will be no one to tell campfire tales about relaxing excursions into the lovely International Peace Garden, a gorgeous 2,200 acre tract extending across the Manitoba border into the lands of our friendly Canadian neighbors. No one will eloquently quote us North Dakota's inspiring state motto, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." There will be no one to act as a living reminder of the great contributions of such noble and talented North Dakotans as Angie Dickinson, Louis L'Amour, and Lawrence Welk. And perhaps worst of all for the unfortunate class of 1992, there will be no simple-minded, backward-thinking dullard white trash to mock, no pickup driving log splitting country music lovers to spite, no easily amused incestuous pig-greasin' rail-splittin' axe-wieldin' shotgun totin' long underwear wedge pickin' grits eatin' hookey playin' totem pole whittlin' final "g" in verb participle eliminatin' "Barbara Mandrell and the Mandrell Sisters' Christmas Special" watchin' cross burnin' overall and hiking boots and wool socks wearin' John Deere swearin' Republican votin' beard growin' hog callin' square dancin' latrine diggin' God fearin' one room school house attendin' Jack Daniels' drinkin' harmonica playin' tobacco chewin' CB broadcastin' cock fightin' wife beatin' wood stove fuelin' Bigfoot sightin' snow plow attachment usin' *Enquirer* "alien baby" believin' critter trappin' ice fishin' front lawn "up on blocks" car repairin' open spit barbequein' evangelist fundin' *Guns and Ammo* subscribin' cow milkin' slave ownin' NRA members to contribute to the diversity of the Stanford community.

Woe is you, class of '92.



Jane, have you seen the Golden Spike?

# THE BERLITZ MANUAL FOR SENIOR TRAVELLERS

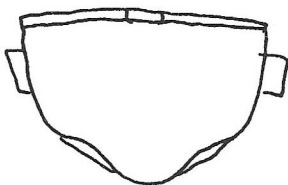
## Chapter 1

Hello Sir. How are you?.....Bonjour, monsieur.



Comment allez-vous?

Do you sell plastic disposable undergarments?.....Vendez-vous des



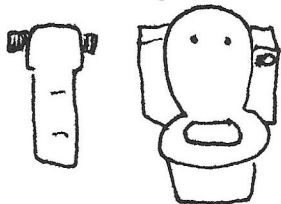
sous-garments plastiques et disposables?

Do I have food stuck in my dentures?.....Est-ce qu'il y a de la



nourriture dans mes faux-dents?

Do you have a higher toilet?.....Avez vous un



toilette plus haute?

a cleaner toilet?.....une toilette plus propre?

a piece of soft toilet paper?.....un morceau du papier de la toilette

Must we climb to the top?.....Est-il nécessaire



que nous ascendons au sommet?

I have bad breath. Give me a bonbon!.....J'ai de l'odeur.



Donnez moi un bonbon!

Where am I?.....Où suis-je?

I'll have the salt-free fondue.....Je prends la  
 the snail-free escargots.....les escargots non à  
 libre.

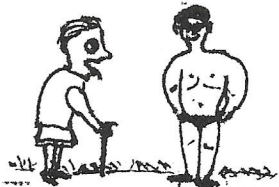


What year is it?.....Quelle année  
 sommes-nous?

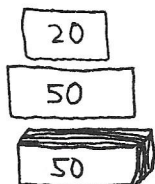
Are you my tour guide?.....Voulez-vous me  
 diriger?

Is there anything to do tonight?.....Voulez-vous coucher  
 avec moi?

Did you know that American women  
 reach their sexual prime at 75?.....Savez-vous que  
 les américaines  
 arrivent à leur  
 sexualité de  
 première qualité  
 à soixante quinze  
 ans?



Would you believe me for twenty francs?.....Croyez me vous  
 pour vingt  
 francs?



for fifty francs?.....pour cinquante  
 francs?

for five hundred francs?.....pour cinq cent  
 francs?

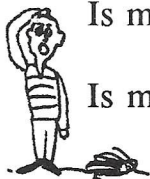
Does this bus have a toilet?.....Il y a un cabinet  
 de toilette sur  
 cet autobus?



a toilet with a rail?.....avec un rail?

a wash-and-dry® dispenser?.....avec un distributeur  
 du lave-et-sec®?

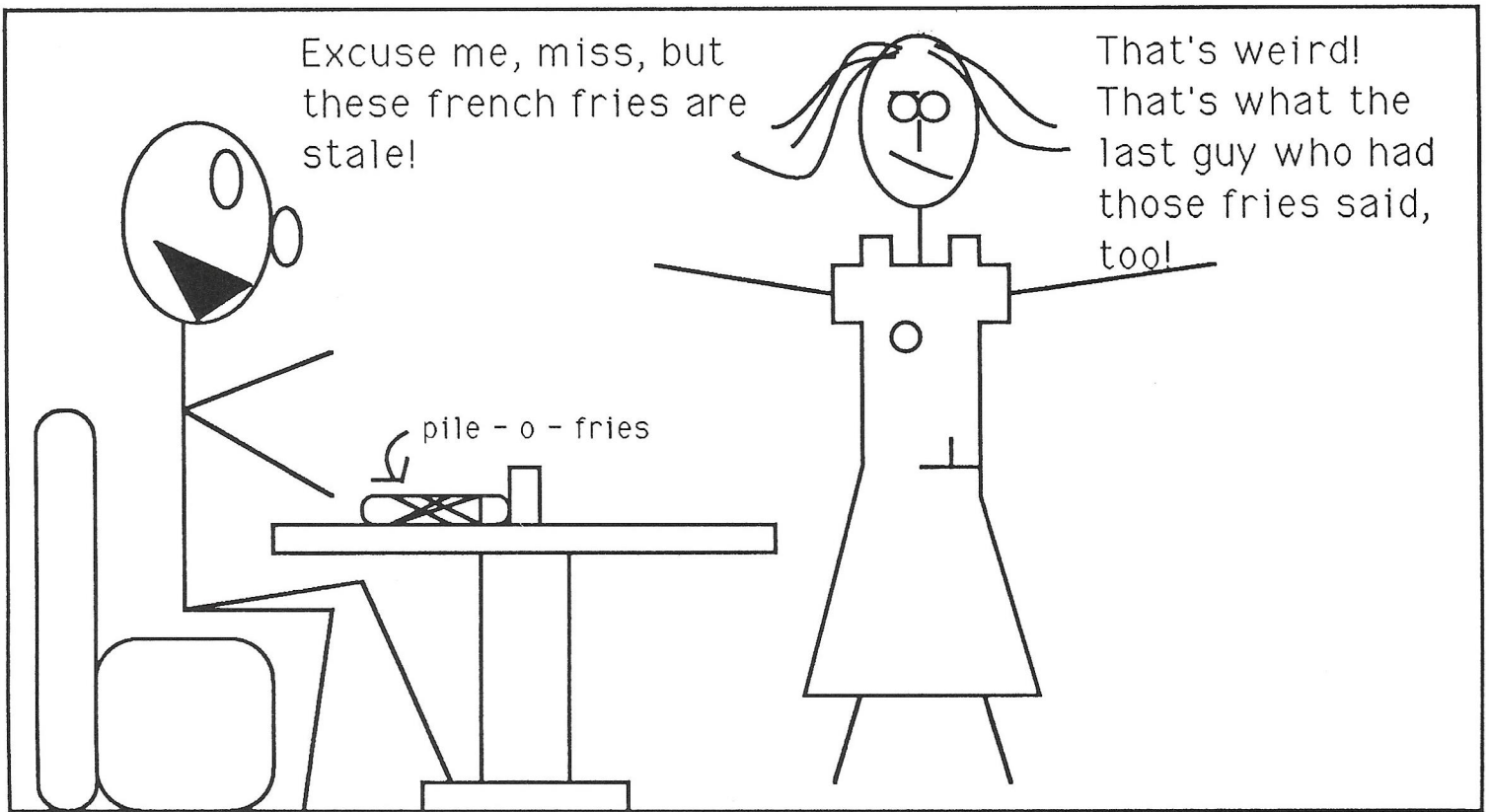
Is my wig straight?.....Est-ce que ma perruque  
 en ordre?



Is my toupée still on?.....Est-ce que ma toupée  
 encore sur ma tête?

I don't speak french.....I don't speak  
 french.

Before turning to Chapter 2 (*finding private medical care*) make  
 sure you've memorized these expressions. Practice your vocabulary  
 at the golf course, in the waiting room, on the toilet, at the home, on  
 the bus -- anywhere!



*The Schwarznegger, Dreyfuss, Streep music ensemble...Their music career not paying off, each decided to go into acting.*

**Hey Kids!!**

*It's the party craze  
that's sweeping the nation!*

# SPITTLEDRIP!

*By David Hyatt*

*for one or more players - recommended age 5 and up*

*Here's how you play...*

**1. Collect a lot of saliva  
in your mouth.**



**2. Purse lips and  
hang over balcony.**



**3. Let spit hang  
out  
of your mouth...**



**4. Don't let it drip and**



**...and then slurp it up!**

**don't lose any!**

**5. Play one  
on one or tag  
team games!**



**Just make sure you don't let it drip! Keep track of records!  
Aim at fun stuff! IT'S FUN, HONEST!**

# Hey, Kids!! It's time to play the Name that Anti-Christ Contest

Be the first on your block to say "I told you so" when the Anti-Christ reveals himself!!

1. Ted Turner is the Anti-Christ, because:



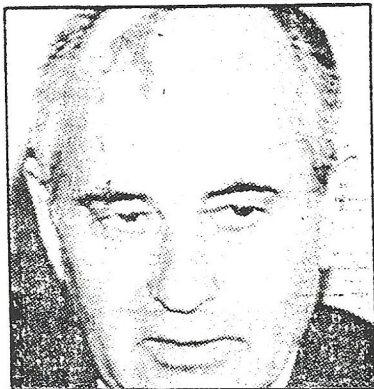
- A. he wants to own the world.
- B. he would make Gone With the Wind Black and White just to colorize it and piss people off.
- C. He'd buy your soul and sell it to the Devil at a profit.

2. George Bush is the Anti-Christ, because:



- A. he looks like it.
- B. it's ten o'clock and he knows where your children are.
- C. if he wasn't, he'd "terminate" the real one and take his place.

3. Gorbachov is the Anti-Christ, because:



- A. he has a marking on his head.
- B. he has experience running an Evil Empire.
- C. Stalin and Hitler are already dead.

4. Jim and Tammy Bakker, because:



- A. they're in a position to mislead a great many Christians.
- B. they've fallen from grace.
- C. they're uglier than sin.

NOW THAT YOU'VE DECIDED, CAST YOUR VOTE AND MAIL IT TO:

The Anti-Christ is \_\_\_\_\_,  
because \_\_\_\_\_



Name That Anti-Christ  
P.O. Box 8585  
Stanford, CA 94305

OR: No, you're wrong. The Anti-Christ is really  
\_\_\_\_\_, because  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_.

# TUESDAY FILMS

EVEN STANFORD  
COULDN'T SHOW

## BILLY BUTT

(1977, Italian, 104 minutes, subtitles.) This movie, which received audible applause at the 1978 Woodward Park Homeowners Association Film Festival, traces an Italian soldier's journey home. The young soldier endures heartache, horrendous road conditions, traveler's diarrhea, and a massive orgy in Milan. Banned in Italy, Sweden, Great Britain, France, and Las Vegas. The last great work of obscure director Peter Popolo Pepperoni.



## GROIN' PAINS

(1966, U.S., 93 minutes, English with subtitles, no plot.) A young college graduate looking for the meaning of life in mid 80's Washington, D.C. finds it in his reflection. He then dorks every loose woman he meets in yuppie bars. (Starring Raw Blow and Doomi More.) Proof that art is not constrained by a \$3000 budget and a super-8 camera. This film, banned in America, was smuggled in frame by frame in the cracks of boat people from Bangkok over the course of three years.

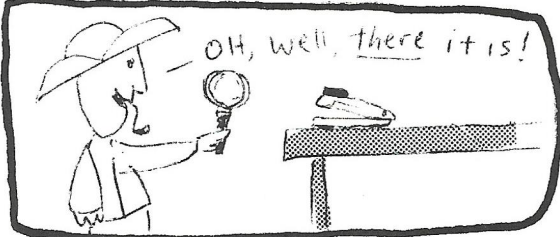


Turn your eyes, faint of heart...

# SHERLOCK HOLMES in "The Case of the Missing Stapler!!"

- DAVID HYATT

OUR HERO LOOKS FOR A CLUE:



He pieces together the

## FACTS

well, I've found it now, actually...



AND

he devises a PLAN



H E R O  
C O N F R O N T S  
H I S P R I M E  
S U S P E C T . . .



Look, I hate to spoil your feature, but...



A

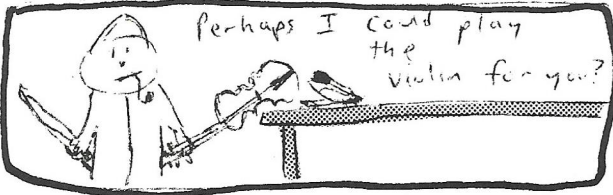
# CHASE

ensues!

There's no chase really necessary, I'm afraid...



THE SUSPECT SURRENDERS!!



Watson, I've found your stapler...



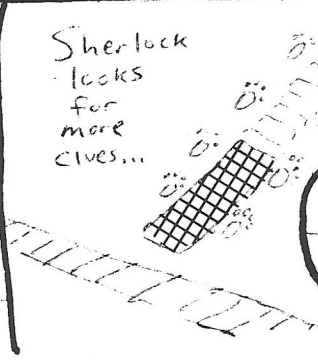
AND HE'S IN JAIL FOR GOOD!! (or is he? note!)

INTERMISSION

Our hero's keen eye is always alert...



Sherlock looks for more clues...



AGAIN, Sherlock's genius deduces yet another theory!

It must have been lifted by tiny gnomes and taken over there!

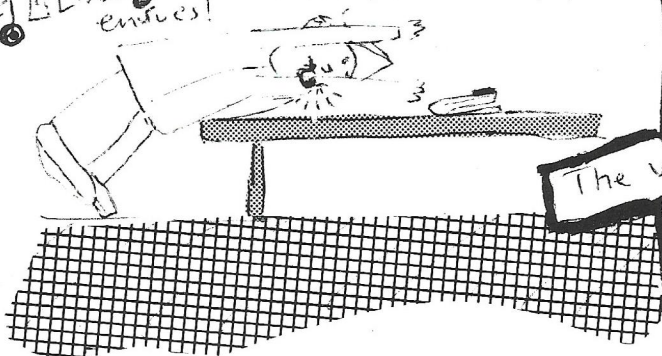


Another

# CHASE

ensues!

Well, I can just reach it... SHIT! I burned my arm with this damn pipe!



No, I've got it now, Watson, and could you bring some antiseptic!

The villain comes to justice!! (Hurray!)

Once again, Sherlock Holmes saves the day!

- I'm sure I had some in the medicine cabinet.





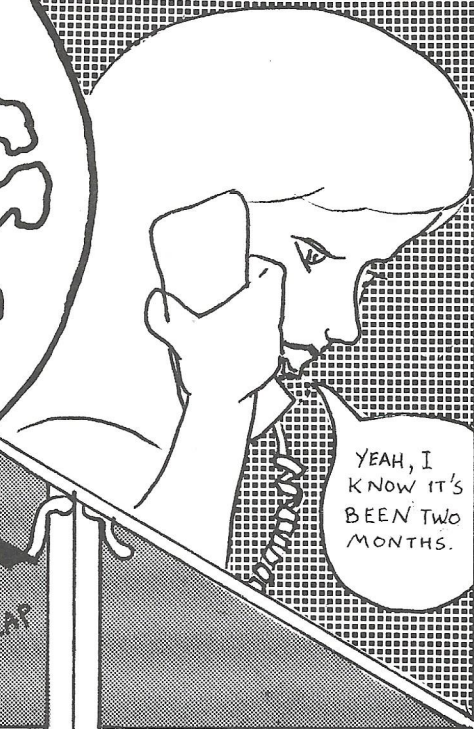
THE CASE OF THE

# MISSING ROOMIE

STORY: ROBYN BEZAR ART: HELEN F. CHANG

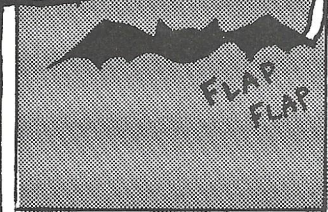


I DON'T KNOW DAD. I STILL HAVEN'T MET HER.

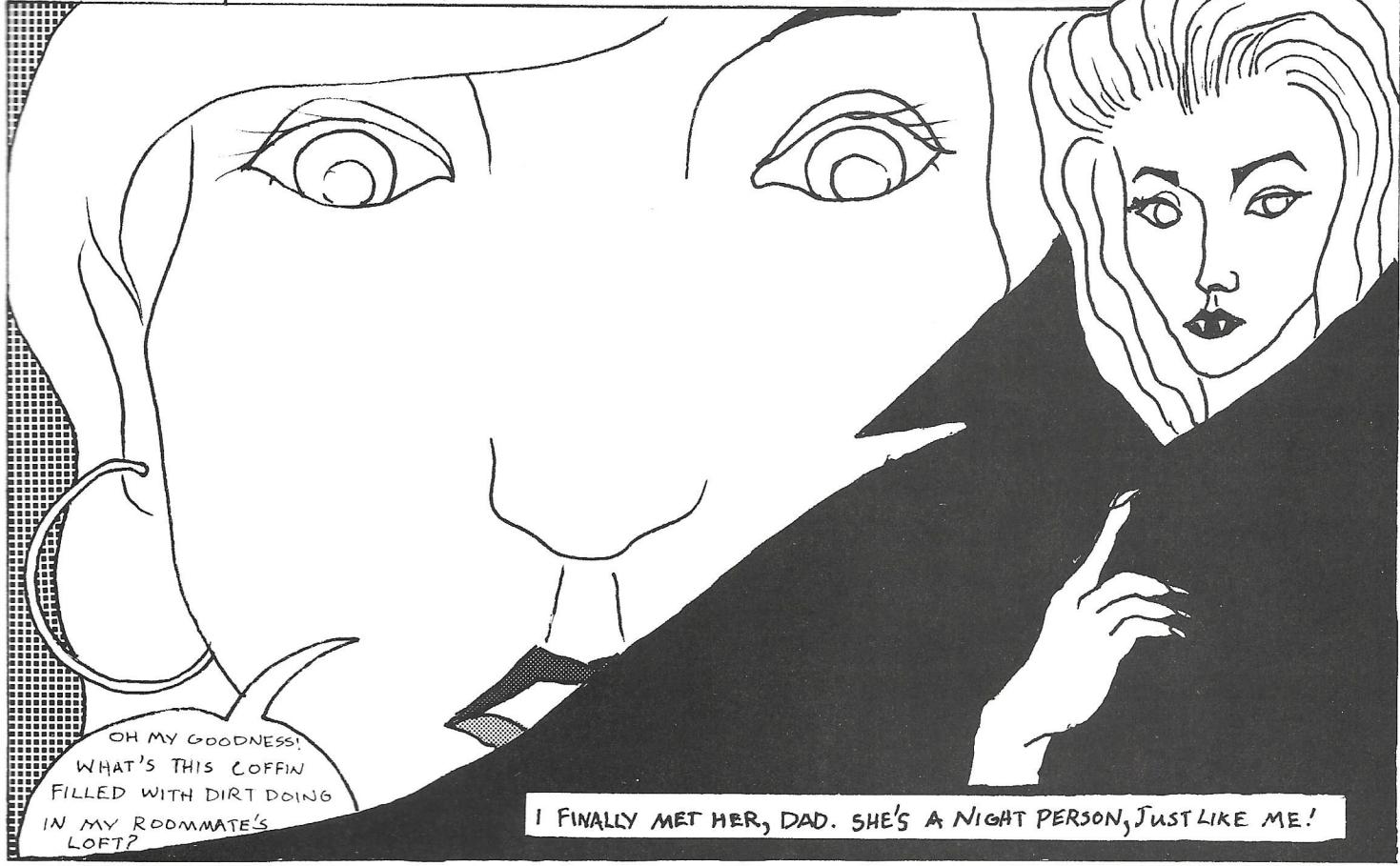


YEAH, I KNOW IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS.

THERE'S A BIG BIRD OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW.



THOSE DAMN THINGS ARE ALWAYS AROUND.



OH MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S THIS COFFIN FILLED WITH DIRT DOING IN MY ROOMMATE'S LOFT?

I FINALLY MET HER, DAD. SHE'S A NIGHT PERSON, JUST LIKE ME!

# Missing Pets

by Kurt Kuersteiner

I sat at the country club bar bitching to my friend about my wife's Chihuahua. It's name was Muffy and she spoiled it rotten. The thing hated me and I hated it. I dreamed of the day I'd be able to kick the living Alpo beef flavored stew out of it! Unfortunately, this was during a time in my life when I couldn't afford a divorce (i.e., I was rich), so I tried to tolerate the little football of fur. But it wasn't easy. Muffy knew I was helpless and exploited the situation to the hilt. It dug out my garden, it chewed apart my newspaper, and it pissed on my Oriental rugs. All this hostility was carefully aimed at me and me only. Clara-my wife- was never targeted for insult. Muffy would never have dry humped her leg. Nor would Muffy attack her friends. Even Muffy's fleas knew to avoid Clara and concentrate on me. After all, I didn't have Clara's fat or Muffy's flea collar. But the ultimate insult was Muffy's subtle deriding of my favorite classical masterpieces. There I would sit, in my large, flea-infested living room, with my feet carefully propped up to avoid the soaking carpet. I'd try in vain to piece together the surviving scraps of the daily newspaper and relax to Mozart. Occasionally, I would close my eyes and lose myself in the gentle music, temporarily forgetting my little Hell on Earth, only to have the melody interrupted by a slow, methodic licking sound, of you-know-who cleaning his you-know-what. Many a time I swore that if I had pliers, Muffy wouldn't have private parts.

Little wonder I spent so much time at the country club. It was my last retreat. I bought my friend another drink and tried to get him to invite me home for dinner. He wouldn't do it; he was afraid I'd give him fleas. But he did give me advice that would change my life - and end Muffy's.

He pulled a rabbit's foot key chain from his pocket and began to gently stroke it. He recalled the unlucky days when his wife had a pet cat named "Simon". Simon tore up all the curtains and ripped open the

furniture. Naturally, Simon never came when it was called, and Simon had a habit of spraying the house to stake out territory. His wife prevented him from seeking out revenge on Simon, but one weekend, he read a want ad that changed his luck. He produces a torn out, weatherbeaten copy of it:

*"Got a special pet in your life that deserves special treatment? Trying to part with your pet, but can't bring yourself to do it, or your family won't let you? Then call Pet's Limited. We put hundreds of pets where they belong. And we do it right the first time. With Pet's Limited, you get fast, efficient service, with the type of personal attention your pet has come to expect. Call Pet's Limited, and leave you pet to the professionals. Call DOG-8241."*

I started to explain to my friend that Clara would never give Muffy away, but he insisted that his wife was the same way, and continues with his story. According to him, Pets Limited was expensive, but well worth the price. They gave you a full, detailed description of your pet's itinerary, and even provided photos or souvenirs to prove everything had been carried out to your personal satisfaction. I asked him what sort of souvenirs, and he raised an eyebrow. He stopped petting his lucky rabbit's foot, disconnected it from the key chain, and then stroked the foot across my arm. It left long, white scratch marks which quickly turned red. I looked at him in disbelief. He smiled and waved the paw.

"Simon says bye bye."

I called the phone number the next day. A deep voice with a Bronx accent answered:

"Al's Meat Packing Plant." I was temporarily speechless. The receiver was covered partially and the man bellowed, "Ay Tony! It's for you!" The pause gave me a chance to compose myself before a different,

calm and reassuring voice spoke:

"Pets Limited, may we help you and your pet?"

"Yes, my name is John Smith," I stammered, "My wife clara, I mean Sara, Has a Chihuahua that needs a new home. Only my wife still wants a dog and I'm not sure she want's to give it away. A friend said that maybe you could help convince her."

"Chihuahua, huh?" The voice barked, sounding more like the first man. "They're my specialty. What's the name of this friend of yours?"

"Thorten, Jerry Thorten. He had a cat."

"Oh, yeah, Simon the Siamese. It was a terrible accident." The receiver was covered for a while. When the voice returned, it was soothing once more. "But you know how it is, sometimes even the best precautions aren't good enough. We figure everyone suffers a freak accident sooner or later. Now that ours are out of the way, what can we do for your pet?"

"Well,um.." I was a little uncertain just how to word my next sentence. "Actually, I was hoping you could, ah, do something similar to Muffy."

"Muffy? You named it Muffy?" The Bronx voice had returned. "Why is it everyone names Chihuahuas Muffy or Fluffy or some stupid French name?" There was another pause; then an unfamiliar half Bronx, half reassuring voice added with difficulty, "But please continue; you were saying that you had a problem with Muffen."

"Muffy," I reluctantly interjected. His name is Muffy and my wife named him, not me."

"And what is it exactly that you want Pets Limites to do with little Muffy?" The voice was one hundred percent reassuring, so much so it was overflowing with syrup and cream. "Would you like us to find him a new home where he'll be comfortable and happy? New parents that will pamper him the same way you and your wife have?"

Let him live out the rest of his golden years in a

similar environment? I couldn't take it anymore- something about the overabundance of kindness in his voice - I had to protest.

"NO! I want you to KILL IT!" I suddenly caught myself. What was I saying? There was a long pause. I started to hang up the phone.

"Don't do it!" The receiver shrieked. I reluctantly returned the piece to my ear. "You need help. You want ME to kill your dog, is that correct, Mr. Smith? Is that what you called me for? To put your dog to sleep? You think I'm some sort of vet that believes in Euthanasia? Is that it? Well you've got the wrong man. I'm proud to say that that would be against my ethic."

I started to panic. "No, no of course not. I don't want Muffy killed." I paused and considered what I was saying. "I just want him...punished a little. You know, like, say, neutered."

"Neutered, Mr. Smith? There was another pause, and somewhere in the distance, I heard the distinct sound of an electric meat saw cutting through bone. I snapped.

"Okay, I mean tortured! I want him to pay for all my saliva soaked sports pages, and all the yellow tainted rugs! I want his smug pug nose shoved in one of those numerous piles of enriched calcium fortified feces! I want him confined for a week in a cage of his own fleas, without a flea collar, and a recording made of the scratching! I want his fur rubbed against balloons until he sticks to the ceiling, and a photograph taken of his fall. I want him castrated, an the remains preserved in a pickle jar, a clear pickle jar I can see into while I listen to Mozart. I want his original tail found and sewed back on. But loosely, so it hurts when he wags it. I want one of those electric collars installed, the type that shocks him when he barks, and pictures of me and my friends displayed until he shocks himself silly! And I want it all done while I'm out of town on a business trip, but preserved for my enjoyment on VHS hi-fi cassette!" I was on a roll now, and it took me a while to realize that the name he was repeating was the fake one I had provided. He wanted my attention.

"Mr. SMITH! Please! I think you urgently need counselling!"

"Counselling?"

"Yes, and if you can meet me in front of the downtown post office in one hour, we can discuss the problem. Please, be there! Before you do something drastic!" He hung up.

I wasn't sure what to expect. I tried to call my friend for advice, but no one was home. Would the cops be waiting for me at the post office? I drove by several times to double check. A blind man in sunglasses waited patiently by the entrance. He held a stiff empty dog harness. It looked like the dog had escaped, by the harness continued to float empty in the air. I got out and approached the man.

"Excuse me, but have you seen a man, I mean, not see, but heard of a man that-"

"Mr. Smith, I presume? Tony. Pets Limited." He held out a hand in the wrong direction. I shook it. "My car is waiting."

He climbed into the driving side of a black van, and we went for a drive. He asked me more questions about Muffy. Only after I confessed my hatred for the mutt a second time did he begin to explain Pets Limited's REAL purpose.

"In the day of pet cemeteries, of first and second class pet airline tickets, quorum pet food, pet psychiatrist, pet hospitals, pet schools, pet clothes, and pet rights, it's only natural that a company like Pets Limited evolve. We're the last name in custom pet services. We're the last place the sensible spouse or the abused neighbor can receive solace. We're the last word when you've had the last straw. You could say our business is people over pets. We believe pets are here to make people happy, and if they don't, there's something wrong. We correct the problem.

"Our industry is currently unregulated, so we can perform just about any task you desire, providing you share the legal responsibility if we're apprehended. I

might add, we have yet to be apprehended. But we do require certain safeguard to protect us from lawsuits, entrapment, blackmail, etc... We make one video tape of all contracts, and stash it in a bank safety deposit box, along with the sum agreed upon. Since they are double lock boxes, both keys must be presented to open them, and the box is safe until after the contract is fulfilled. At this time, the employer and employee meet and exchange box contents. It's safe, and everyone takes equal risk. If anyone is caught, destruction of a pet at the owner's request is not currently a crime... depending on how they have it destroyed. You get creative about it, and you may suffer some fines. Any questions?"

"How much?" I asked, coldly.

"Well, what do you want? All the things described over the phone? Or just a simple disappearance?"

"Disappearance."

"For and indoor dog left alone with the keys under the mat, \$1,500.00. You'll never see or hear from him again. No trace."

"How much for the entire smear?"

"Oh, let's see. I didn't check that one yet. Just a moment." He parked and pulled out a long list. Let's see, Where is it? Ah yes! You wanted the noe in the shit job, including flea infestation, static cling to the ceiling, castration and pickle jar operation, tail replacement - sorry, non-original tails only - electronic bark to meaningful photo treatment, and special stereo hi-fi recording instead of regular VHS mono." He looked at me and smiled. "This must be your lucky day. We're haveing a special on that one. Only \$6,999.99 plus particulars."

"Particulars? What particulars?"

He took the cap off his pen and readied the clip board. "Does he get regular or gormet food?"

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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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Please do not release my name to any annoying *Crimson* or *Daily* hacks.



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D.LYON

There is no life on other planets.

THE

LOST

LUNCH

BY: KURT  
KUERSTEINER



Al Capone's vaults, the Mafia, drugs, Satanic cults. They say I'm a ratings chaser. How much of this is actually true? Tonight the media turns the camera on itself as I expose... MYSELF!



# Geraldo

## REPORTS

\* You may want to ask small children not to read this, so they will want to read it even more.

STORY: Victor Payan  
ART: Joe Dew  
MODEL: M.R.

I was born Jerry Rivers, the son of Jesus and Rachel Rivers, Puerto Rican salad merchants who fled to America during the great cabbage famine.



They moved to New York where my father sold newspapers on the worst street corner in town. Every afternoon my mother would go to his stand and buy them.



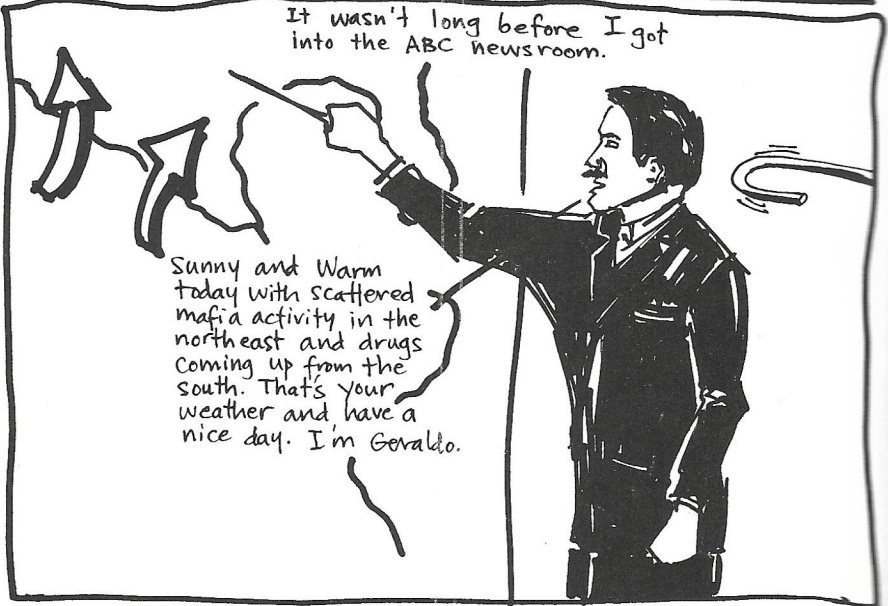
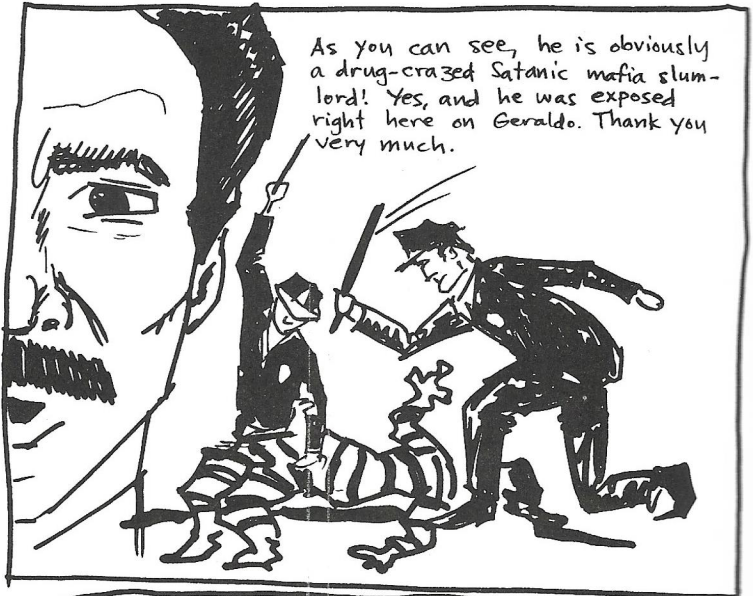
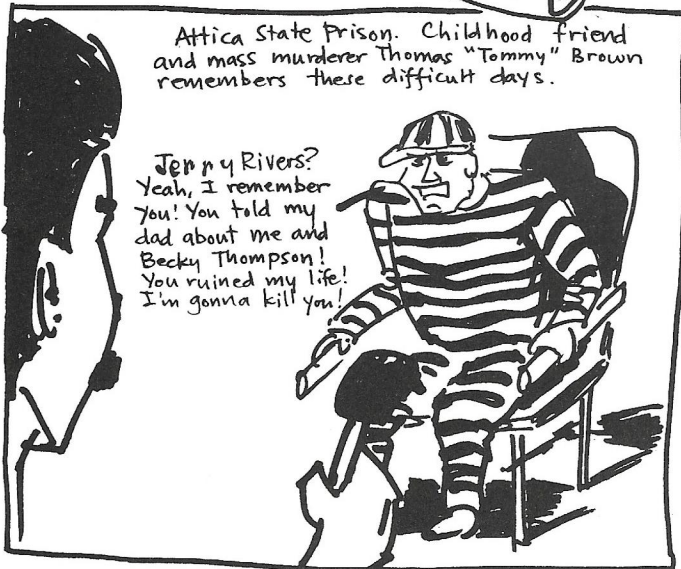
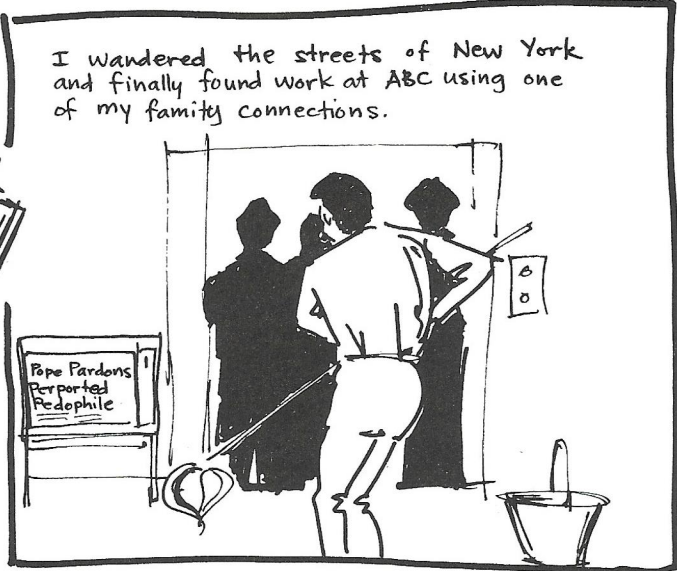
It was here that I developed my desire to be a journalist.



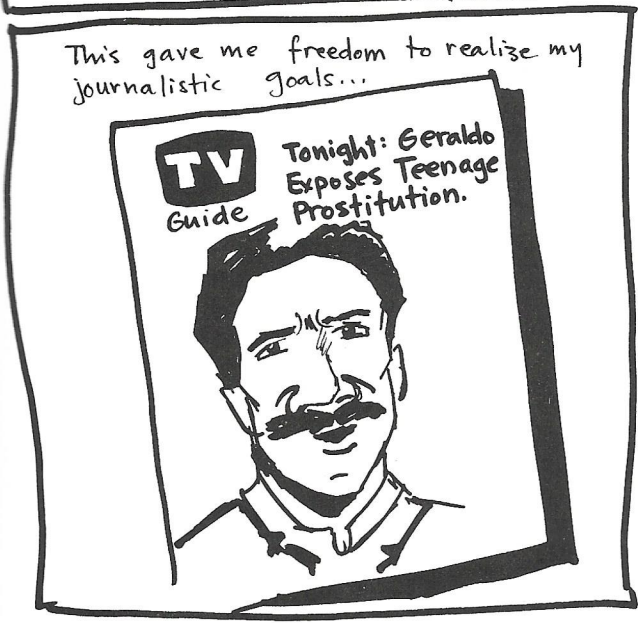
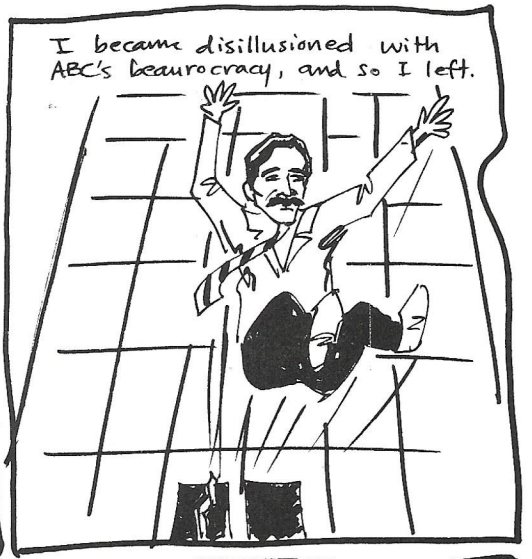
I was thrown out of St. Lily of the Field School for boys when it was discovered that I was spreading the rumor that popular Padre Nuestro Questas-Enlocielo was inviting choir boys into his rectory for "voice lessons."



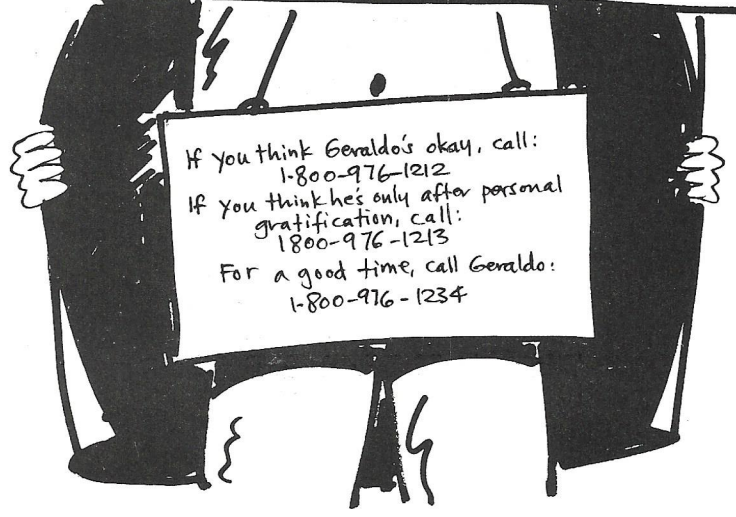
Although the rumor proved to be untrue, Padre Enciolo was never allowed to wear spiked heels to mass again.







So here I am. Am I just out for personal glory? Are ratings and publicity all I care about? You decide for yourself.



# Mikhail Speaks PRAVDA to the World

(translated into English by A.R. Gillett)

DEAR MR. GENERAL SECRETARY GORBACHENKO,

I think Glasnost and Perestroika are the greatest! Now I know three(3) Russian words!

Glasnost,



Ron Reagan

Dear Mikhail,

Thanks for introducing Glasnost. Now I can publish my 1,917 CORN JOKES!

-Niki Kruschev

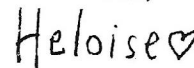
Dear Nik,

*Didn't we have you killed in '70?! -mg*

Dear Mikhail,

I have a very helpful hint for sore butt problems. In America, we have a soft and malleable paper called "toilet paper" that aids us in our excretion habits. I am sending you a sample of White Cloud for your wiping enjoyment.

Yours,



Heloise

Dear Helouise,

*Is this a joke? You can't even read this stuff! In Russia, we wipe with Pravda because it's full of shit anyway. Doesn't it excite you that 50,000,000 comrades will wipe their butts with your HELPFUL HINT?*

Yours,



Mikhail

Dear Mr. General Secretary,

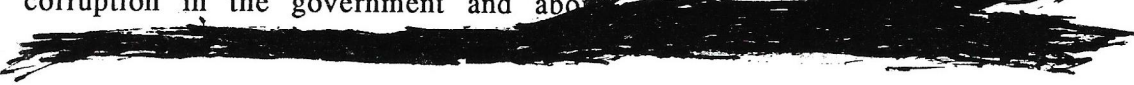
Did someone say our country is fifteen years behind the West? XHA XHA! They manufacture a product called MOP&GLOW! Imagine having to mop to glow!

-Mother Russia

Kiev, Ukraine

Dear Mick,

This glasnost thing is great. Now I can complain about all the corruption in the government and about



# ASK MIKHAIL. . .

Dear Mr. General Secretary,

A western friend of mine recently showed me a version of his county's Rubik's Kube. It has five more colors than ours. Do you think we have the technology to produce it?

-Pavel Ivanovich

*This sounds like another example of capitalist excess! For years your comrades have enjoyed the beautiful Red Square. Perhaps you need a breather in Siberia, you whining malcontent. -mg*

Dear Sir,

I recently read in BOYS LIFE that military service is mandatory in the Soviet Union. If you have lots of money, can you buy your way out of it?

Sincerely Yours,

**DANNY**

Vice President Quayle

Dear Dan,

*No, but many of our boys opt for arm and leg removal. A few missing limbs are a sure bet for avoiding service! -mg*

Dear Mikhail,

I just heard about the Communist Party -- the biggest party in the Soviet Union. I can't decide whether to wear my periwinkle chiffon or my black leather mini. What do you suggest?

N. Ronovna Reagan  
*N. Ronovna Reagan*  
The Ranch

Dear N. Ronovnochka,

*It's by invitation only!*

Dear Mr. Mikhail,

Thanks to Glasnost I can insult the General Secretary of the CPSU himself! Have you tried spot remover on that strange little blemish on your forehead?

Your friend,

**Pētp**

Petr

Leningrad, CCCP

Dear Petr Ivanovich Grossner, son of Ivan the steel worker,

*You've just won yourself a ten year stay in beautiful Camp Labor. Thanks for your openness!*

Dear Mr. General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union,

Much to my horror, I noticed a missing comma in clause 34b. on page 453 of the Communist Party Directives of the 27th Party Congress! Should I write my own comma in?

**NYET!** *No action should be taken until you contact the Bureau of Official Party Punctuation. They are available for advice every other Saturday on the 14th day of the 5th month of the year, by appointment only.*

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED KUNG FU THEATER?  
 HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT THE VOICES ARE DUBBED OVER?  
 HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT THE "ACTORS" ARE REALLY SAYING?

IF YOU ANSWERED "YES" TO ANY OF THE ABOVE QUESTIONS,  
 YOU MUST SEE THIS RARE INSIGHT INTO THE MYSTERIOUS QUESTION...

# WHAT DIALOGUE IS MISSING FROM KUNG FU THEATER

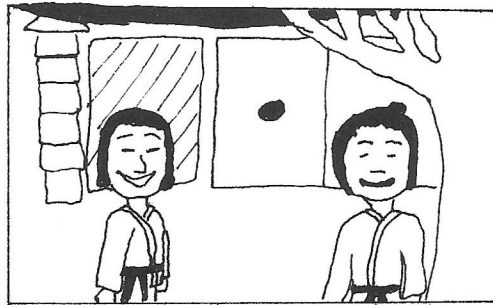
IN ORDER TO ORDER TO ANSWER THIS PRESSING QUERY, WE HAVE  
 OBTAINED AN ORIGINAL COPY OF "DEATH BY FINGERNAIL" AND  
 A STANFORD FACULTY EXPERT IN CHINESE, WHO HAS REQUESTED  
 TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, HAS TRANSLATED ITS LINES EXACTLY...  
 HERE ARE A FEW SCENES.



我们必须要找到那个杀死我们父亲的凶手，我们必须杀死他。

DUB: WE MUST FIND HUNG-LO AND  
 KILL HIM. HE HAS KILLED OUR  
 FATHER AND BURNED OUR HOUSE.

ACTUAL: I'M BORED, AND VERY  
 HORNY. YOU KNOW, IF WE KILL  
 HUNG-LO NOTHING WILL STOP  
 US FROM TAKING TURNS AT  
 HIS SISTER.

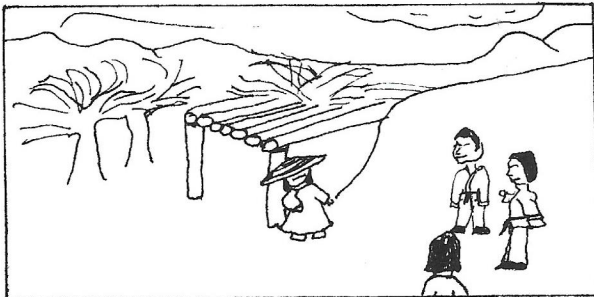


我们必须要为我们的父亲报仇，我们必须杀死那个杀死我们父亲的凶手。

DUB: YES, WE MUST AVENGE OUR  
 FATHER'S DEATH.

ACTUAL: GOOD IDEA, LONG-WANG.  
 I GET A WOOKIE EVERY  
 TIME I SEE SUK-LEE,  
 MYSELF.

SO IT'S  
 OFF TO  
 BATTLE



你好，苏克-李，告诉我哪里可以找到你的弟弟，洪-洛。

DUB: HELLO, SUK-LEE. TELL ME WHERE I  
 CAN FIND YOUR BROTHER, HUNG-LO.  
 ACTUAL: TELL ME WHERE YOUR BROTHER  
 IS BECAUSE AFTER WE KILL HIM  
 I AM COMING AFTER YOU, AND  
 MY DICK IS TEN INCHES LONG.



哦，好先生，请怜悯我和我的弟弟。

DUB: OH, KIND SIR, PLEASE TAKE  
 PITY ON ME AND MY BROTHER.  
 ACTUAL: FUCK YOU. HUNG-LO  
 CAN KICK ALL OF YOUR  
 ASSES AT THE SAME TIME.  
 AND BESIDES, HIS DICK IS  
 TWELVE INCHES AT LEAST.



# Manners on the Farm

by Leina Johansson

In order to preserve the refined and eloquent behaviors so readily suited to living in the posh Stanford area, and bring yet another "point of light" into this narcissistic nation, Miss Manners offers this poetic (prose-ic, actually, you smartalec English majors) outlet of hope and helpfulness. Miss Manners seeks to enlighten the poor multitudes of souls floundering about in social ineptitude. Queries concerning awkward predicaments are welcome, and gosh, pretty darn essential. Well, on with the show...

Dear Miss Manners,

There is this hunka-hunka-hunka man in my economics class and I lust after him with my entire being. How should I ask him out on a date? I get nervous just thinking about it

Dear Gentle Reader,

Point one: we're at Stanford. Get real-no dating allowed! The "d" word is strictly forbidden. However, there are several ways to get around this. Hopefully, the male being in question is still only a frosh, or at worst, a sophomore. Otherwise, a particularly rampant strain of self-induced monasticism, which is entirely too common here at the ol' Farm, may have already snagged him and his essential bodyparts. Ever wonder at the irony of our nickname, the Farm? Exactly how much rolling in the hay does your average comrade do around here? C'mon, the entire purpose of a farm is reproduction, isn't it? Anyway, anyway, back to your problem and snivelly little letter. I personally enjoy this Pick-up line, and reactions are guaranteed. Sidle on up to aforementioned studmuffin, curve your arm around his shoulder/ring-around-the-collar-area and lean in really close. Then pronounce these immortal words, "Ever feel like a piece of meat?" Promptly bite him (gently now) on the shoulder. While he is still stunned, have your way with him!!

Dear Miss Manners,

I was recently informed that when I chew ice, other people can hear me! Oh, the countless social *faux pas* I have committed. Fancy restaurants and prom dates...family reunions...scholarship dinners (no wonder I didn't get the United Dentists Association scholarship- four out of five dentists surveyed could hear me tearing my gums to shreds!)...oh, the list is *endless*. Just the thought of the many, many times I have crunched my beverage ice, innocently thinking I was in my own world of private mastication, makes me red faced with embarrassment. I am planning to write letters of apology to everyone I have subjected to my crackling urges, and wonder what the best way to go about this painful task would be.

Dear Gentle Reader,

Your sense of social justice is commendable. For the majority of delicate meal-partners, noisy mastication is something akin to howling masturbation: do it in

private or don't do it at all! You are a truly brave soul for wanting to purge yourself of all this accumulated embarrassment, grief, and guilt by sending cutsey apology cards. However, I am forced to wipe your rose-colored Ray-bans off with the Ajax of reality: you might as well forget salvaging your rep. Forget it, dude or dudette, your social status has plummeted to the very dregs. This made-in-Gothic-novels plan of yours might work in Southampton, N.Y., Bellevue, WA, Palo Alto, CA, or some equally country-clubbish (i.e. stupid) region, but nowhere in the real world. You might as well keep on chompin', 'cause there's no turning back now. Once you've dallied in the land of ice pleasure, beloved Señor Frosty never lets you leave...

Dear Miss Manners,

I need your help. Every time I go to the Stanford mall, I am overwhelmed by the desire to bomb all those rich bitches who have nothing better to do all day than sit around the Nordstrom's espresso bar and peruse the newest Saks Fifth Avenue arrivals. They must all have extremely rich husbands, because they are Wealth Personified...Gucci, Mercedes, analysts, perfect nails and coiffures, social committee meetings...well, you get the picture. If Dante were still around, he'd invent a whole new level in Hell for them. I just want to kill them. They aren't contributing to society, so who needs them?

Dear Gentle Reader,

First of all, as any native Palo Altonian will tell you (and bite your head off for as well) the haven to which you are referring is properly called the Stanford Shopping Center, not mall! The word mall is utterly too common a term. You must know the language of your enemies to understand them. I see no reason to object to your suggested extermination. Cosmetic sales would certainly droop, but otherwise, the world would be a much better place with them out of the picture. Frankly, I am surprised that some vigilant feminist has not already accomplished this task. I mean, really, what could be more degrading these days than to work your butt off getting an education, and then be mocked by the presence of women who have more money and leisure than you will ever have, all because they work their butts in a slightly different manner?

Dear Miss Manners,

My neighbors insist on screeching at the top of their

lungs to their ludicrous music, at all hours. Dorm walls are much too thin a substance to effectively deterr those sickening sound waves from reverbrating in my haggard auditory skin-flappers. What should I do?

Dear Gentle Reader,

My we're right to the point here, aren't we. Music lovin' dormmates can be a downright pain, but luckily, there are several methods to avoid becoming a victim to their oral onslaughts yet again. First, of course, is the trusty "fight noise with noise" tactic. Turn your wimpy clock radio on full blast, flip the switch to that lovely university-provided vacuum cleaner and laugh as the emittances of their puny lungs fade into obscurity. Of course, you may not find this an atmosphere conducive to study- but hey! Who cares? You could prefer, however, to forget defensive strategies all together and put the offense on the field. Kidnap their stereo equipment, Mr. Microphone, and Elvis pants. Haunt the owners with hints of their possessions' exportation to Berkeley street musicians. Replace their record collection with the Children's Living Bible. Or finally, put lye in their toothpaste. That'll shut them up for good.

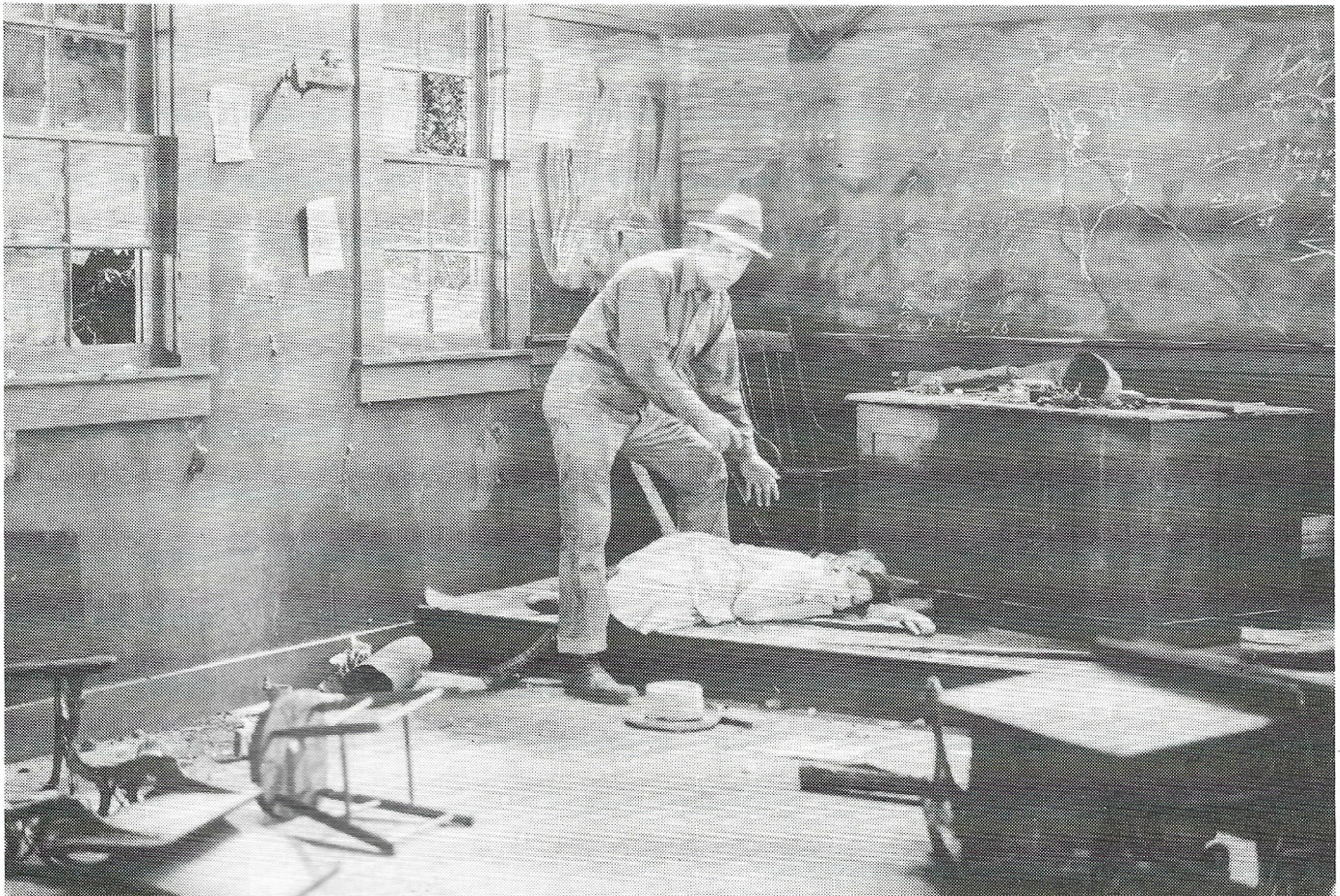
Dear Miss Manners,

I am faced with a delicate situation. My roommate,

being the unlucky clod that he is, has mono. What should I do? I can't sit around in a room full of mono bugs waiting to sink their greedy little incisors into my own buffness, now can I? Also, my roommate insists on sleeping throughout the entire day. C'mon now, I have an image to maintain here. How do I get out of this predicament, or, to be more precise, how can I dispose of my roomie without causing an uproar among the Florence Nightingale Wanna Be's who surround us?

Dear Gentle Reader,

As anyone who has any good breeding at all knows, it is up to the noncontagious roomie to search for alternative living arrangements. But, since you seem like the arrogant kind of gold-clad jock who doesn't care about etiquette formalities, I will advise you in other ways. Your roommate is probably almost always in a semi-sleeplike state, (say *that* ten times quickly!) so drop a few suggestions into his ear like, "Gee, I bet I'd recover more quickly if I were living out on the benches out on UIniversity Avenue," and "I'm going to be a failure anyway, so why don't I just quit now and go home to Mommy?" Or, you could try the more direct approach and tie him securely to his mattress. Then prop him up someplace in the post office. No one really works in that big back space, anyway, so he'd have plenty of time to recuperate all alone.



*I knew I shouldn't have had those beans for lunch.*

# PRIME TIME!

(More good reasons to become a couch potato.)

from  
**Chaparral Network  
Television**

**Missing Episodes of Favorite TV Shows that We Never Got to See.**

By Jim Hsu

6:00

***Dame Julia Childs - Cooking with Cannibals:***

Relive the glorious days of British Imperialism in a Victorian fire-pit. That Delightful Dame Childs introduces viewers to cuisine from all five uncivilized corners of the globe. Delicacies include Rump Roast, Marrow Pudding, and Idi Amin's recipe for BBQ ribs.

7:00

***Star Trek (The Last Generation):***

A decrepit but still resourceful Captain Kirk leads the surviving crew members of the mothballed *Enterprise* in a crusade for greater Federation Social Security benefits. In a Spectaculr and gory exhibition of genius, McCoy transplants Mr. Spock's brain into a putrid orange peel. Unhappily, Mr. Sulu has a heart attack at the helm and warps the *Enterprise* into the sun.

8:00

***I Hate Lucy/Stepford Wives:***

Gender roles of the '50s. Ricky Riccardo threatens to cut Lucy's allowance because she wants to get a job. Domestic violence ensues when Lucy pouts and refuses to cook steak and potatoes. The neighborhood males hold a town meeting and vote to enslave their wives.

8:30

***Lord of the Flies on Gilligan's Island:***

After a long night of drunken partying the Skipper and Gilligan beach the *Minnow* on a reef. The Millionaire and his wife are eaten by predatory sharks. Following the Professor's explanation of "survival of the fittest," the starving passengers discard their moral qualms and have a feast (*sans* the Skipper, of course).

An A-bomb test on a nearby atoll abruptly terminates their gluttony.

9:00

***HiPs:***

The department fires ponch for harassing female officers. Jon quits, too, after he finds out Ponch is earning more dough as a male exotic dancer. The two are a success at the Westwood Chippendales where each week they blackmail a different guest celebrity caught in a compromising position. Trouble starts when Ponch gets his test results back from the clinic.

10:00

***H\*A\*S\*H\*:***

College students on financial aid experience camaraderie and various stages of angst behind the lines. In a demoralizing scene, Klinger drops a dish but is quickly comforted by Hot-Lips. Comic hilarity erupts when Hawkeye puts a rat in the stir-fry and hapless Radar serves it anyway. No one notices the difference, which reminds the viewer that "suicide is painless," but food service meals are always tasteless.

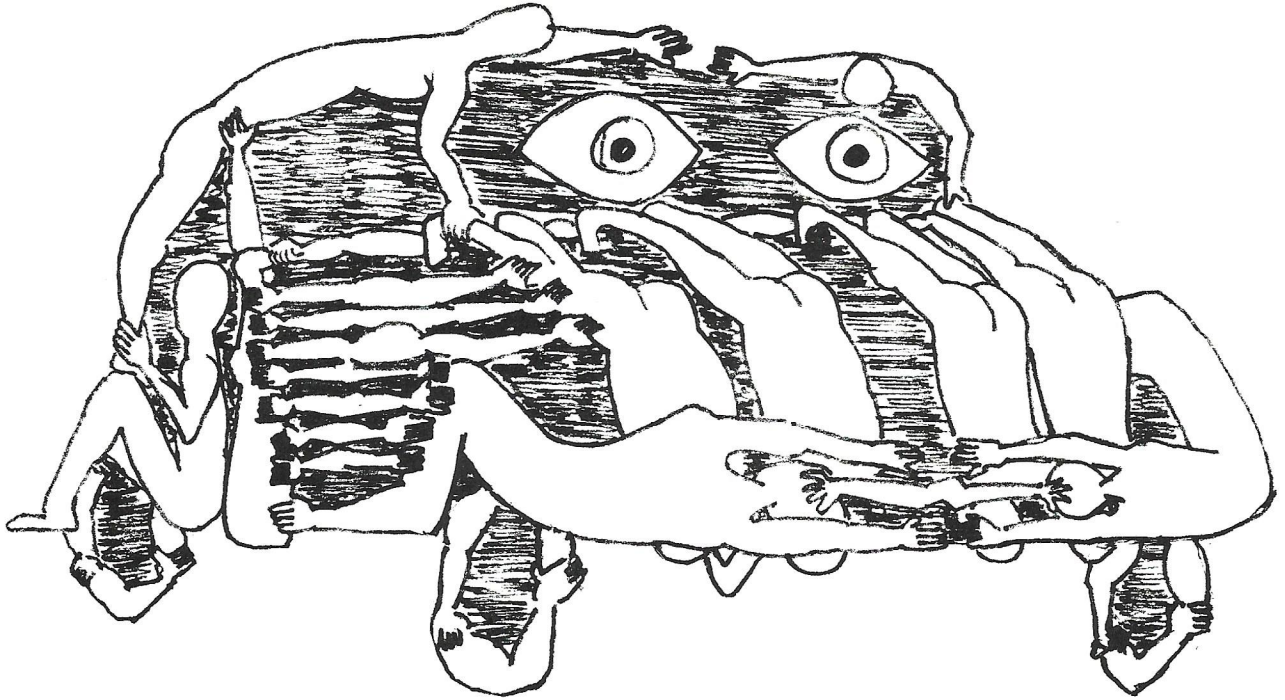
11:00

***The Last Boat:***

Not for the weak-hearted. Fiery passions threaten to swamp the *S.S. Princess* each week as Captain Stubing welcomes aboard passengers for another cruise into the depths of depravity. Tragedy befalls Vicki when she ignores Doc's warning about STD's. Ashamed of his impotence, Gopher resigns to become a Congressman. Everyone always enjoys eating on the Captain's table



# VOLKSWAGEN



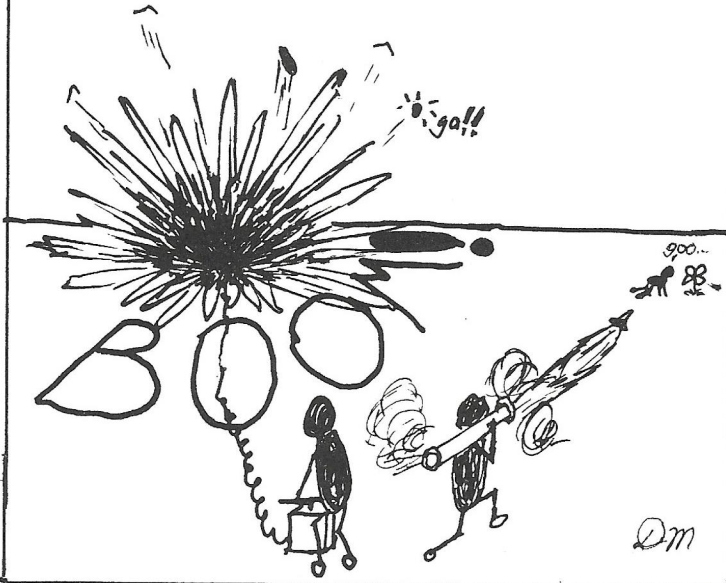
*The ultimate people mover.*



*Because Simon didn't say, "Put your glove on!"*

*MISSING*

# "Baby Boomers"



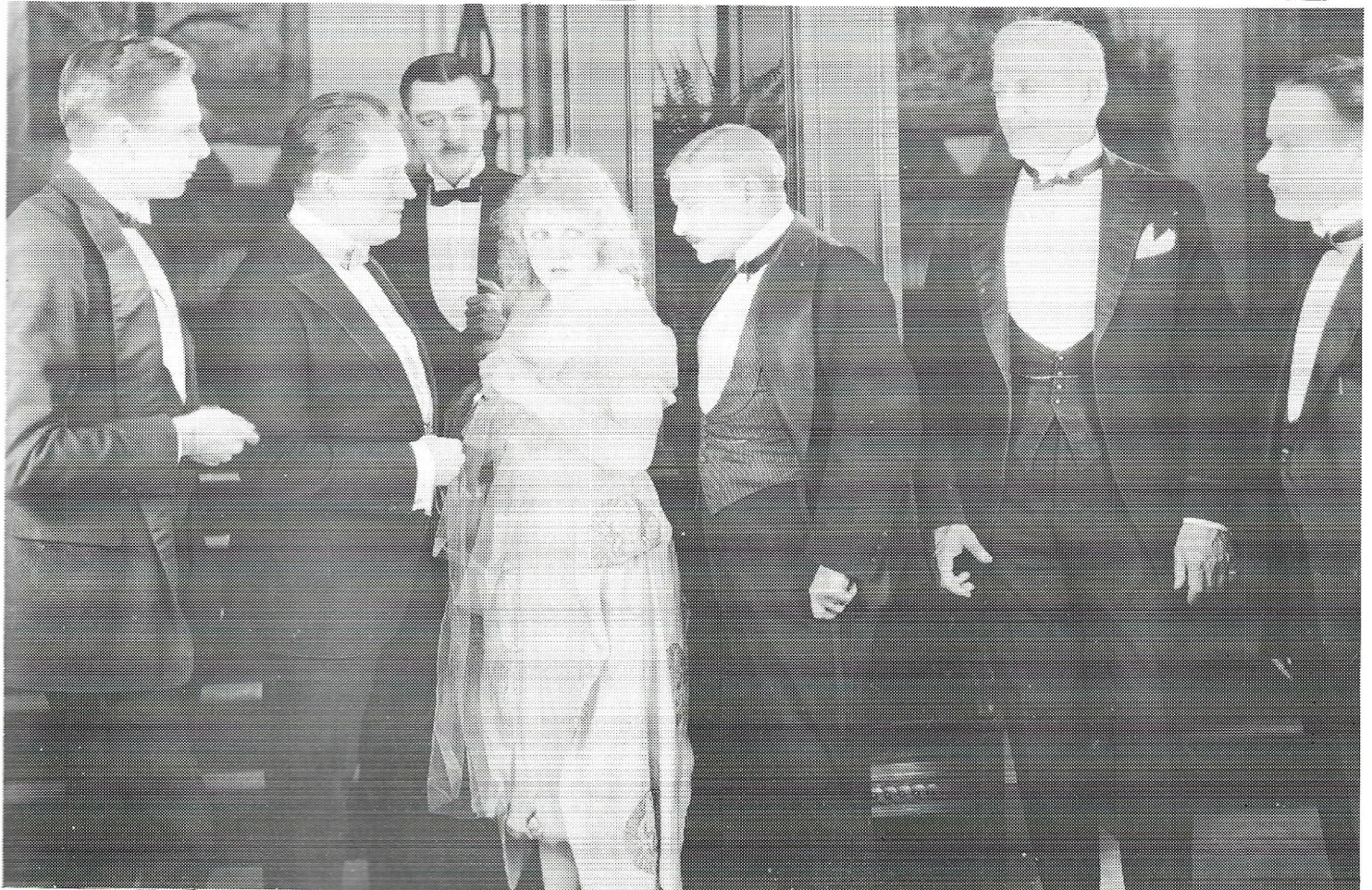
Tell her to do it, old man, or I'll give you another Indian burn.





**You pervert!**

THE GOVERNMENT ANNOUNCES THAT 50 STEALTH BOMBERS HAVE BEEN IN OPERATION SINCE 1983. ONE IS SHOWN HERE IN A NIGHTTIME EXERCISE



*All right, Joe, we're waiting for your explanation, and it better be good!*

# Bulemia Betty's Cookbook

For those who know food can taste better the second time around.

## Diet Fruit Salad

Ingredients: 1/2 cantelope  
a dozen grapes  
1/2 watermelon  
3 cans chicken lard  
1 bottle castor oil

Serving size: 1 person

- Directions:
1. Mix ingredients into a large bowl
  2. Serve at room temperature.
  3. Eat.
  4. Place fingers in throat to induce vomiting.
  5. Repeat steps 3 and 4 as many times as desired.

## Supreme Seafood Delight

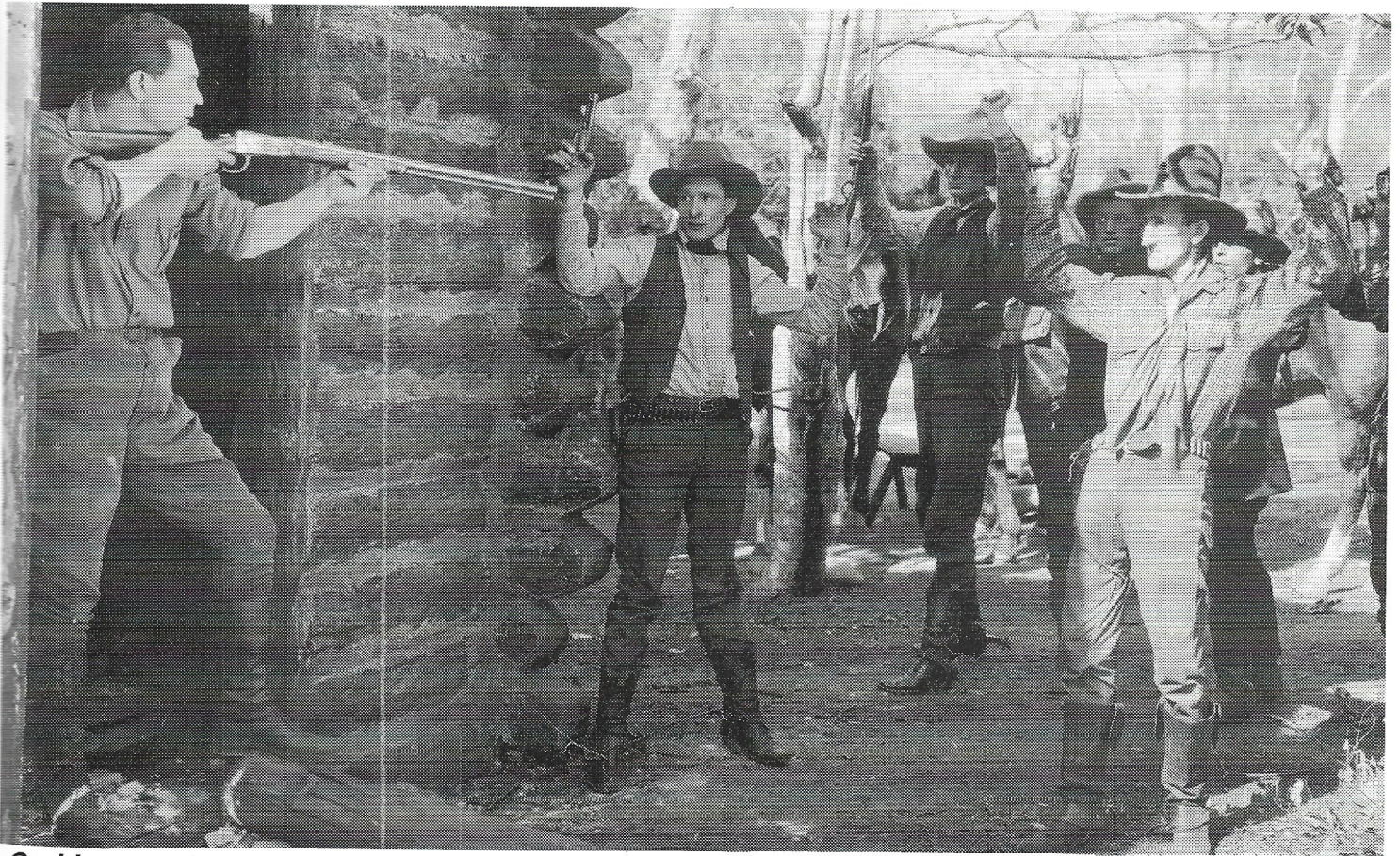
Ingredients: 10 blue crabs, alive in their shells  
1 gallon of sea brine  
3 eels, freshly killed  
27 goldfish in their own water  
7 octopi and their ink (If not in season, squid are a fine substitute!)

- Directions:
1. In a large tank, pulverize all ingredients into a paste.
  2. Ingest quickly.
  3. Induce reverse peristalsis.
  4. Repeat steps 2 and 3 as many times as desired.

## Tasty Tortellini

Ingredients: 1 cup parmesan cheese  
3 lbs tortellini noodles  
14 packages of bologna  
56 tomatoes  
1 dozen Hershey's Chocolate Bars  
8 ounces Crisco  
2 lbs cream cheese  
4 cups Pepto Bismo

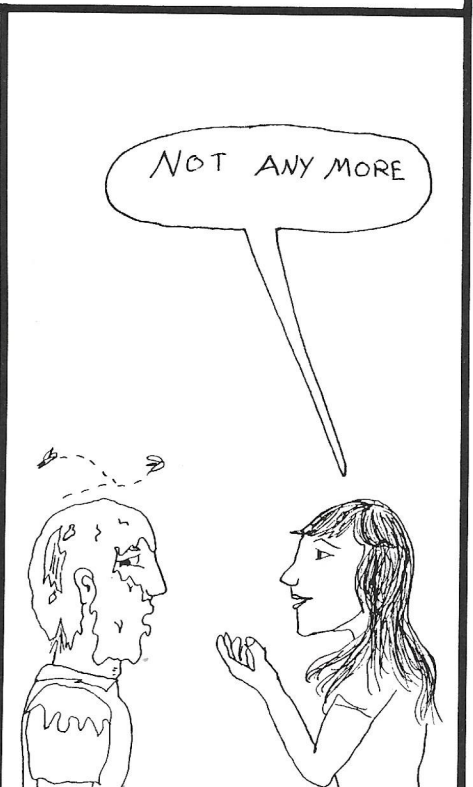
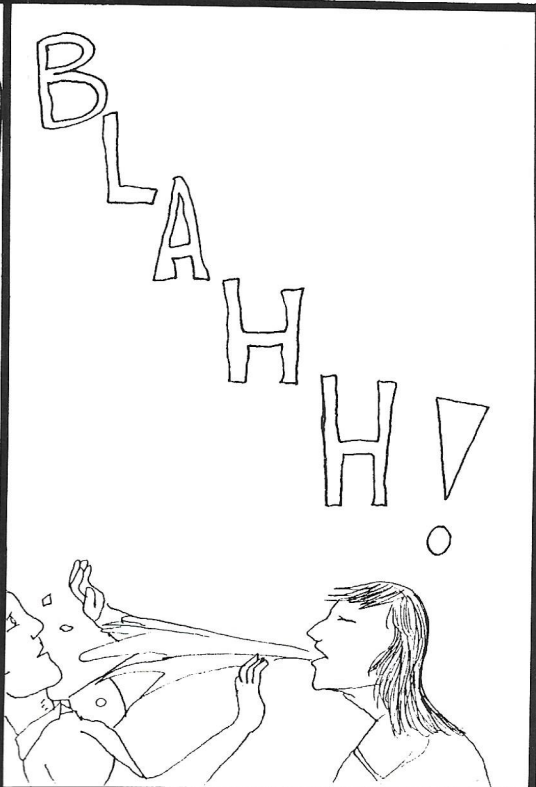
- Directions:
1. Boil tortellini.
  2. Blend all other ingredients until they reach the consistency of a three day old road kill.
  3. Pour the liquidy mass over tortellini.
  4. Eat as quickly as humanly possible.
  5. Drink Ipicack Syrup to induce vomiting.
  6. Repeat steps 4 and 5 as often as you can.



Goddamn, mister, if you ain't givin' out candy this year, all you had to do was say so.

# SON OF THE LOST LUNCH

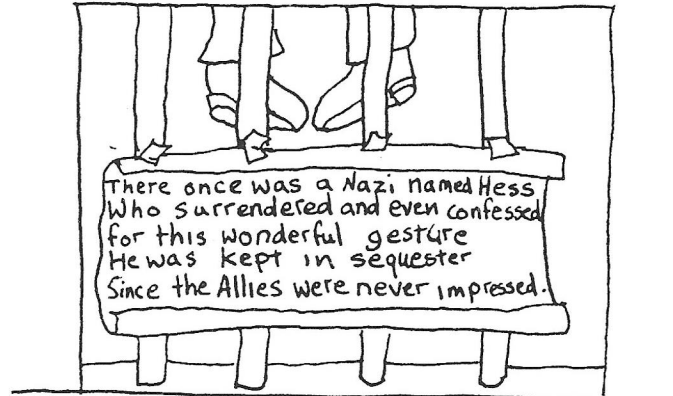
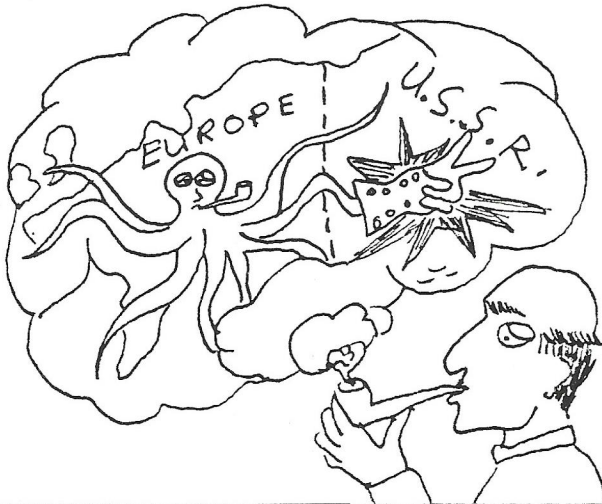
STILLBY: KURT KUERSTEINER



# MISSING NAZI WAR CRIMINALS

**Kurt "The Master of Deception" Waldheim.** (The only Nazi war criminal who never was a Nazi war criminal.) Having successfully lead the United Nations in one of the most maniacal drives for peace, Kurt now rules Austria with the same iron fist.

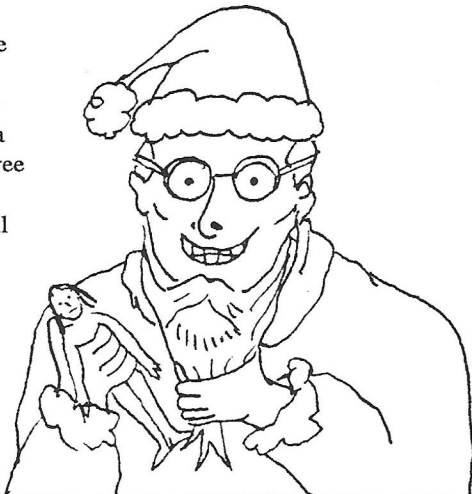
BY: KURT KUERSTENER



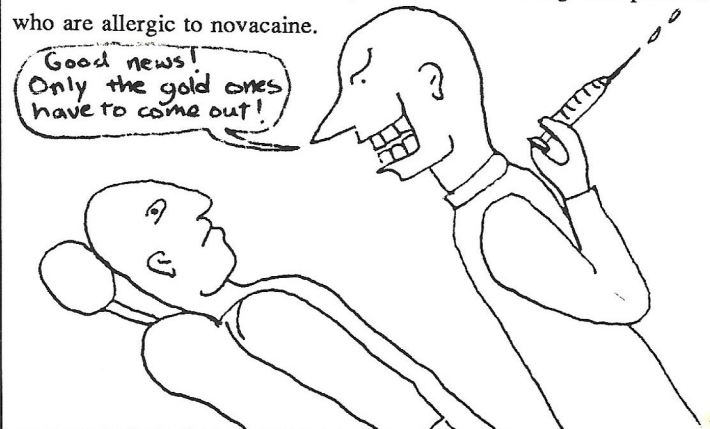
SEE A REAL LIVE NAZI!

**Rudolf "The Flying Dutchman" Hess.** (Spandau Prison's former Poet in Residence.) Attempting to gain publicity for his forthcoming book of Holocaust limericks, Rudolf took his own life for the fifth time. His remaining life sentences are being served in an undisclosed location.

**Santa-Klaus Barbie** (A.K.A. "the Iceman"). Using the vast fortune acquired through the sale of his Barbie TM dolls, Santa finances his yearly spree across the globe. He hopes these bribes will buy him millions of influential "friends."

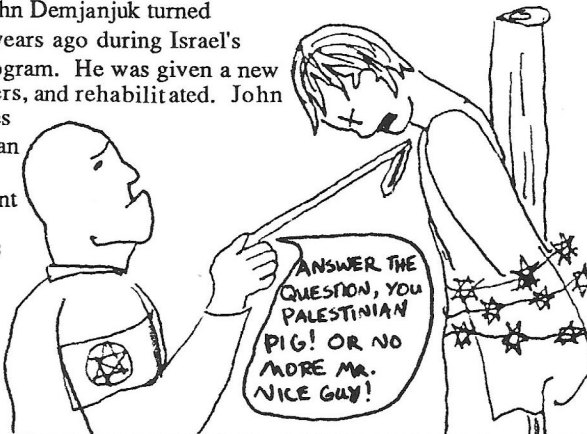


**Josef "The Angel of Death" Mengele.** After perfecting the dental work on a skull that convinced the world he was dead, Josef is now a successful dentist that specialized in working with patients who are allergic to novacaine.



**Ivan "the Terrible" Demjunjak.**

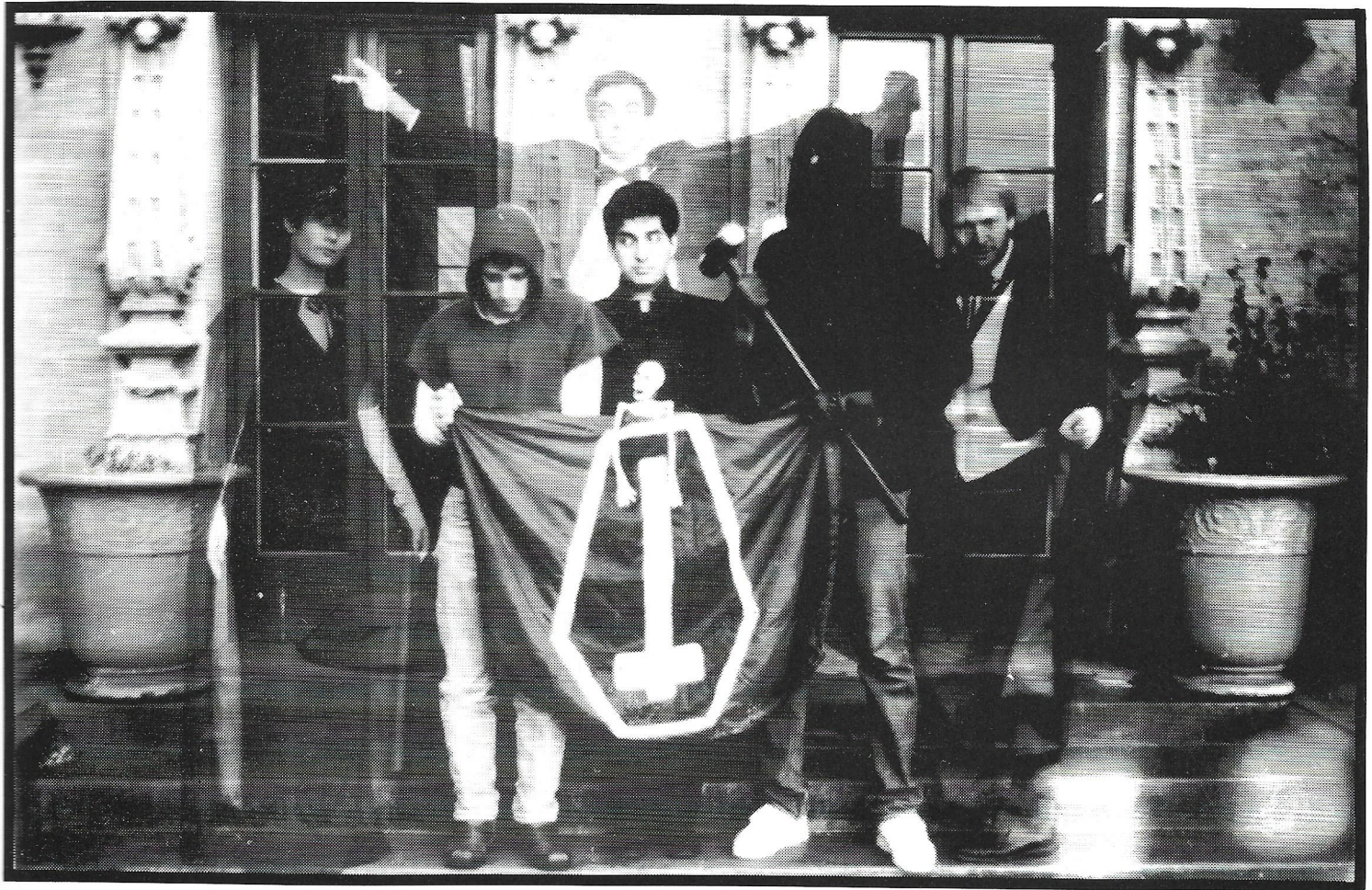
The real John Demjanjuk turned himself in years ago during Israel's amnesty program. He was given a new name, papers, and rehabilitated. John now serves loyally as an energetic commandant in one of Israel's less popular refugee camps.



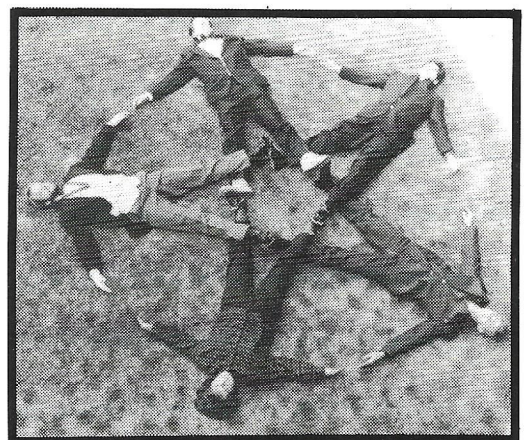
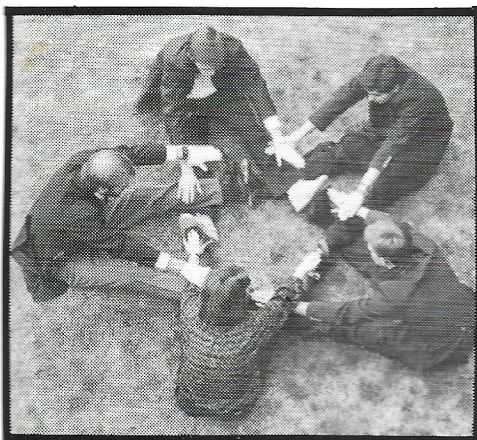
**Adolf "Anything for a Laugh" Hitler.** After suffering a humiliating defeat at the boots of the allies, Adolf's agents struck a last minute "contract" deal which requires him to: 1) Appear to have taken the "coward's way" out of WWII. 2) Serve 6,000,000 hours of community service. 3) Play all the camp Adolf Hitler Hollywood roles without compensation or credit.



# OUIJAMAA

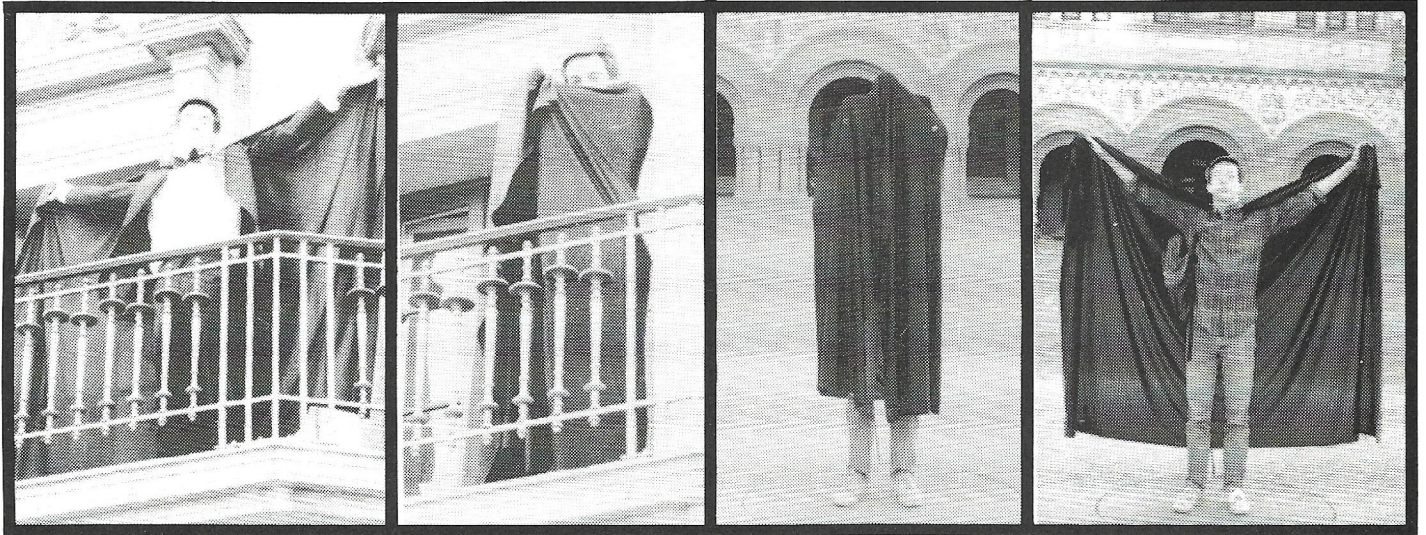


## 666 Mayfield The Black Magic Theme House



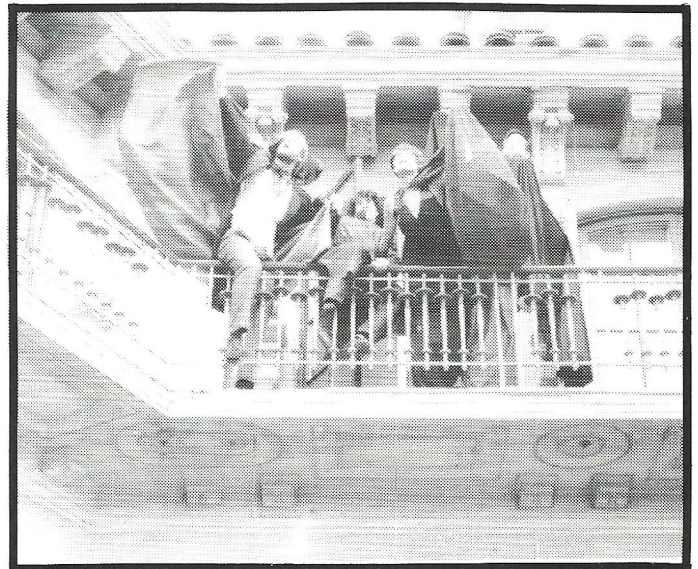
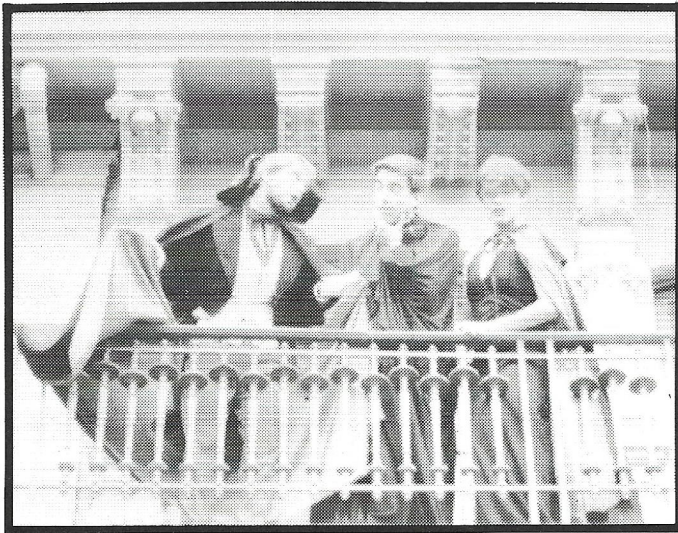
A typical day at Ouijamaa begins with a rigorous class of calisthenics. Here students exorcise, performing an all-around favorite, sin-ups.

You'll never be late to class again! Ouijamaa residents bikes don't get stolen because they teleport to class. You won't need to worry about having slept in your clothes, either....



If astral projection isn't your poison, our flying instructors are more than willing to give you a lift....

Here, an eager freshman readies for his first flight.

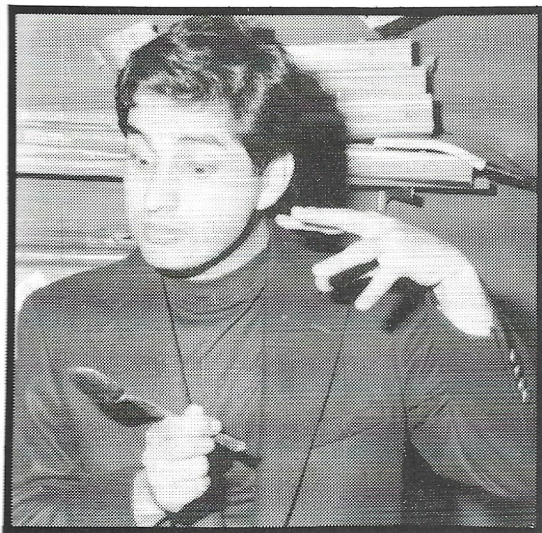


Nine out of ten student complete our program and graduate into our frequent fliers program.

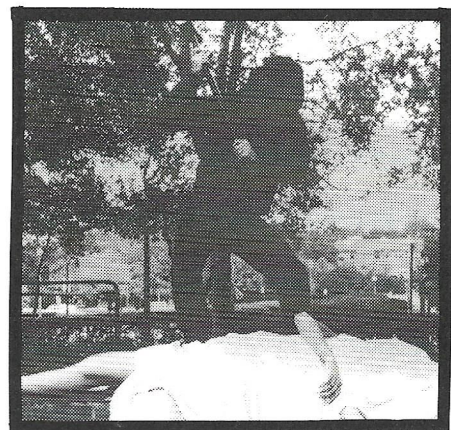
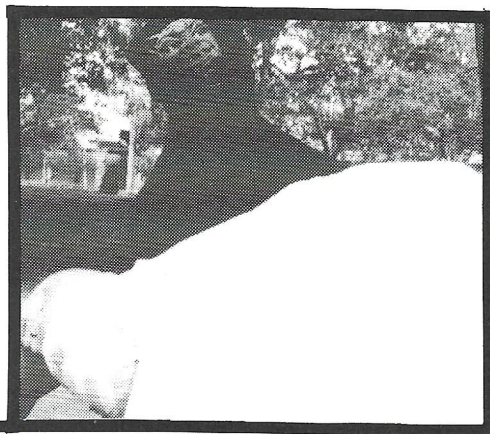
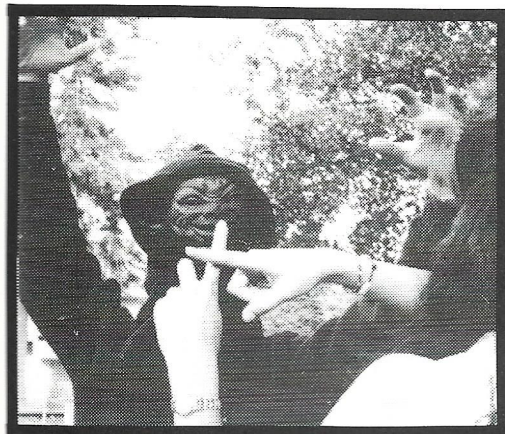
Oops! This must have been number ten. A streak of bad luck, perhaps?



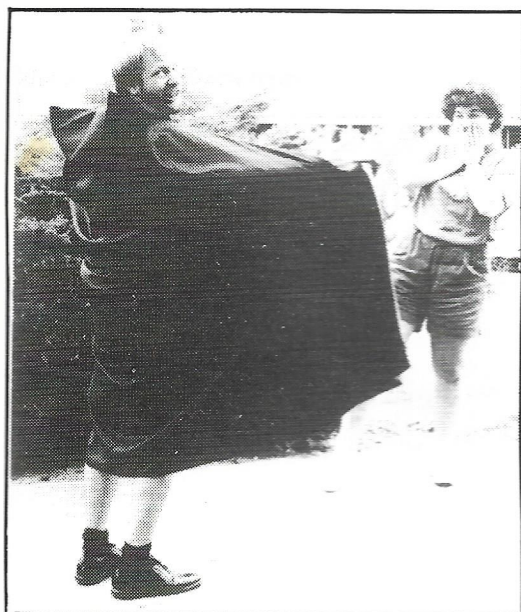
Take advantage of the spoon bending workshop with noted psychokeneticist Nino the Mindboggler...  
...you, too, can piss the Hell out of food service workers!



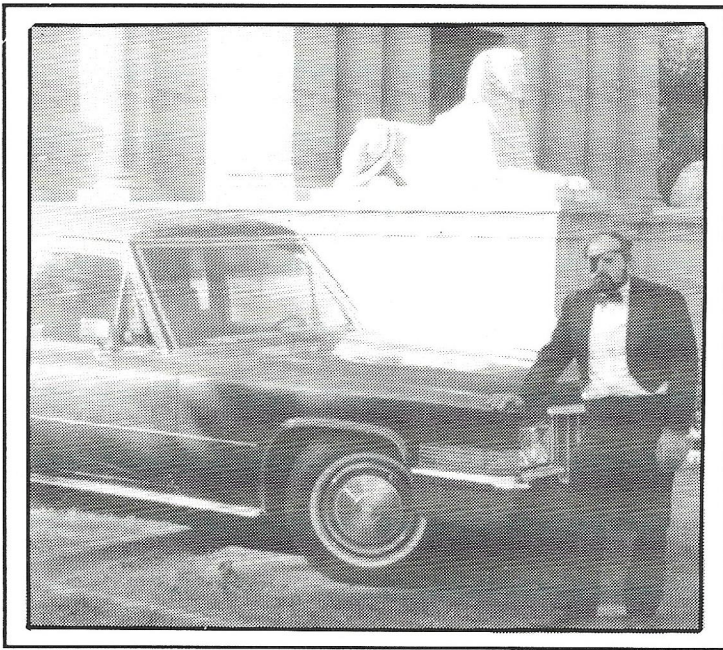
Faculty dinners are well attended. How do you like your professor, well, medium, or rare?



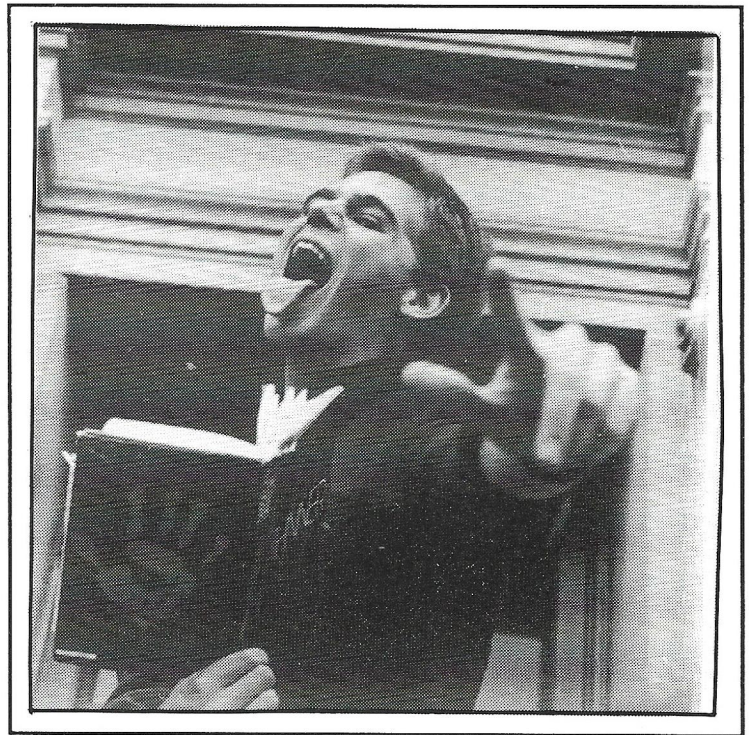
If you are too shy to invite your favorite professor,



Bruno is not and will gladly invite him or her

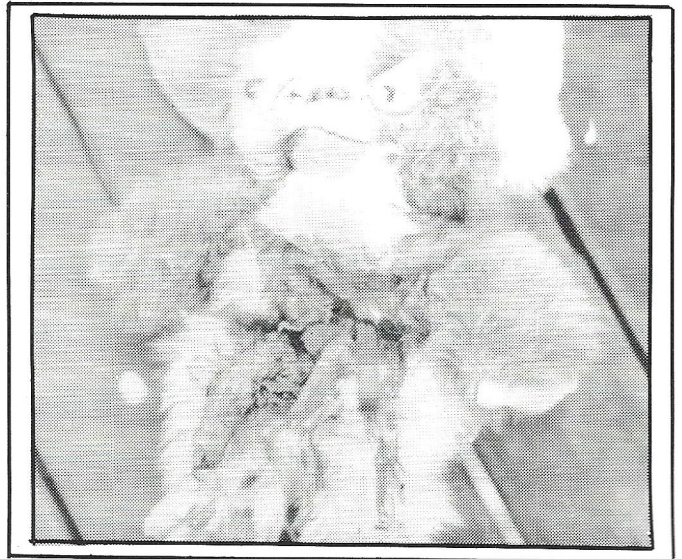


It's Hell on wheels when Dr. Morgan car-pools to the Dead concert. In his company, you won't be stiffed by scalpers.



We always have entertaining speakers.

We have an understandably high number of vampires in the house. Of course, sometimes they're a bit hard to see.....



Our house pet.



Ouijamaa boasts the highest returning residency rate on campus. Most students decide to return...



Some drop out!



# Help find the Lindbergh baby

After years of searching, the Charles A. Lindbergh Memorial "Find that Baby" Organization has obtained what may be the only existing photograph of the missing toddler.

Spurred by the recent discovery of this photograph in a Modesto Dairy Queen, the Organization has intensified its search efforts and expects to have the child home in time for the holidays.

The Lindbergh baby forgot his mother's valuable advice to look both ways before not taking candy from a stranger, and it's up to us to bring him back. But we can't do it alone. We need your help.

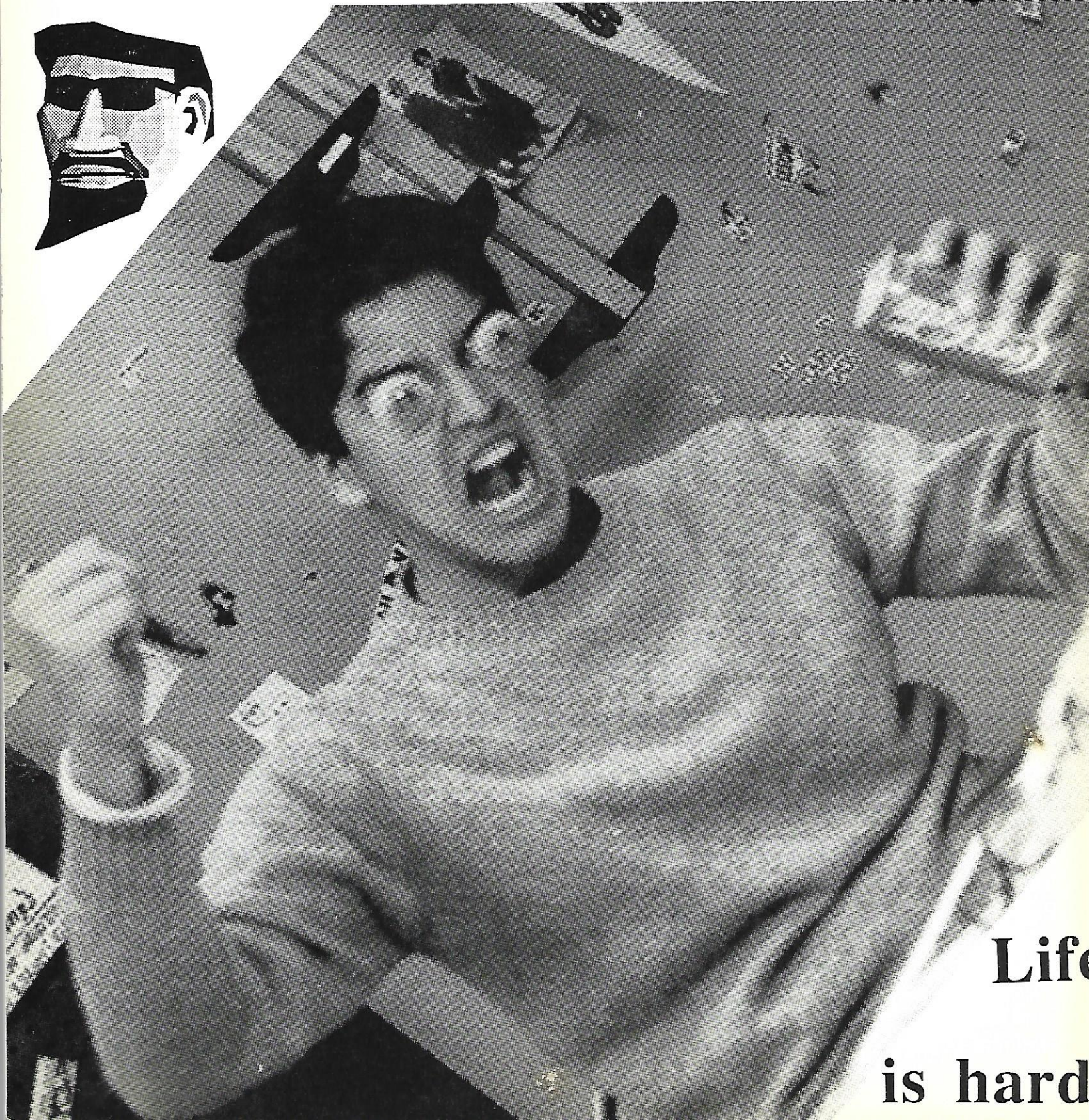
**Send cash-deductible donations to:**

Find that Baby c/o Rip Uhoff  
National Bank of Geneva, Geneva, Switzerland



Tips from the Bighwan #37

**Flaccido Domingo was a rising star before he tried Coke; now he'll probably never make it.**



**Life  
is hard**