

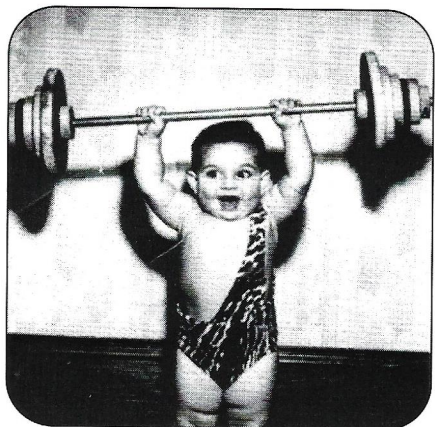
Stanford Chaparral

S T A N F O R D



HUMOR MAGAZINE

VOL. C NO.1 \$3.00



At a large university, personal protection always comes first. Remember that your RA will maintain a "wink, wink" policy towards firearms, knives, and small, blunt clubs.

Talk on the phone to your relatives. When they tell you to "say hi to Chelsea" for them, force a laugh and whisper that you aren't allowed to.

SOME TIPS FOR

INCOMING FRESHMEN

As soon as you arrive on the campus, greet your Resident Fellow. Make a note of his name to avoid embarrassment at the dorm's "Old Friends, Great Memories" farewell party.

Distinguish yourself immediately by being the only member of your residence to get so drunk at the Band Shak party.

Vote enthusiastically for your dorm's community service initiatives. Help the needy at every opportunity. Later, when you graduate from law school, buy yourself a coffin made out of pure gold.

To avoid missing the computer revolution, buy a Macintosh "Think Different" poster of Albert Einstein. Using a rubber band, this slick computer can be rolled, or programmed into a cylinder. A rubber band is just another name for an ethernet cable. When a computer is in cylindrical form, it is called an internet. You should stay on the cutting age by updating your new computer with a felt tipped marker.

Computer software, specifically the game "Warcraft", is a good forum for romantic interaction at the university. Install Warcraft on your new Einstein computer. Establish your sex appeal by killing 100 torbots on Centrod level Z.

Use your new computer to keep a list of your classmates' SAT scores. (Don't worry, they will tell you.) Such a list is sometimes called a database. Keep track of the top ten names in your database, and avoid conversation with them.

Now that you are a college student, it is time to seek out your intellectual and spiritual calling. Buy a dog, and name it "Philosophy Dog."

Obtain a set of personal trappings that establish you as an unfettered individual flame. Beads, pins, and candles work well, as well as powders and wall tapestries. Urban Outfitters is one of the best national chains that supply these products.

Once you become popular you'll need some reliable transportation. Buy a massive car that can disappear and reappear at a different place on campus. Name it "Philosophy Car."



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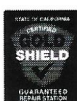


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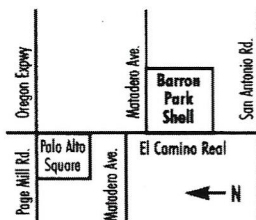
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Palo Alto Welcomes You

The City of Palo Alto would like to welcome all new Stanford students. Founded in 1974 by Xerox Corporation as a large day care facility, Palo Alto is now one of northern California's wealthiest municipalities, boasting over 2,000 professionally landscaped lawns.

Your campus lies within the confines of our fair city. Naturally, you will make your ways into the heart of metropolitan Palo Alto soon enough, and you may find much to your liking - Pizza Hut, Blockbuster Video, mailboxes. The citizens of Palo Alto have a rough understanding of the workings of young minds, and we fully anticipate that you will sample the afore-mentioned local establishments till as late as nine or nine-thirty at night. But there are a number of places where you, as college students, simply do not belong. Your carousing and lollygagging may be permitted in Menlo Park and Mountain View, but it has no place here. Our homeless have more class and tact than you.

A brief list then, of off-limits Palo Alto areas:

- **Roads.** Save your drunk driving and drunk biking for the backwoods towns which spawned you. Our pristine roads could do without your dusty Camaros and crass, jokey bumper stickers. (We do not enjoy any "humor" involving sex, or drinking or people.) Walking in Palo Alto is frowned upon, but tolerated if you buy a permit and dress formally.

- **Residential areas.** We have worked very hard to make our expensive, futuristic homes quaint and warm. Any disturbance to our neighborhoods threatens this sense of contentment. You callous young people mock our suburban ways with your spontaneity and good cheer. We'd just as soon not see you.

- **The Stanford Shopping Center.** From the name, you would think that this was a shopping center tailored to your teen-aged needs, a mecca of acne medication and pretzels. You would be wrong. Quite wrong. The Shopping Center has achieved levels of dignified materialism far beyond the scope of your limited vision; it is doubtful that you would even comprehend the Discovery Channel Store, much less appreciate its fifteen-dollar faux-rocks.

- **Restaurants.** A few selected fast-food establishments will deign to fill your stomachs with the common fare that you so feverishly crave. In general, however, our food is not for you. Please keep in mind that there are no burritos in Palo Alto, only *wraps*. This is a more Anglicized and respectable word. Do not let our town's Spanish name fool you; we are quite white. An easy rule-of-thumb: you are barred from any restaurant that provides its customers with chairs.

Pack these simple rules as firmly in your primitive skulls as you can - make room amongst the cheap beer and lethargy - and you will find your years of coexistence with Palo Alto perfectly harmonious.

You have been warned,

Francis Evans

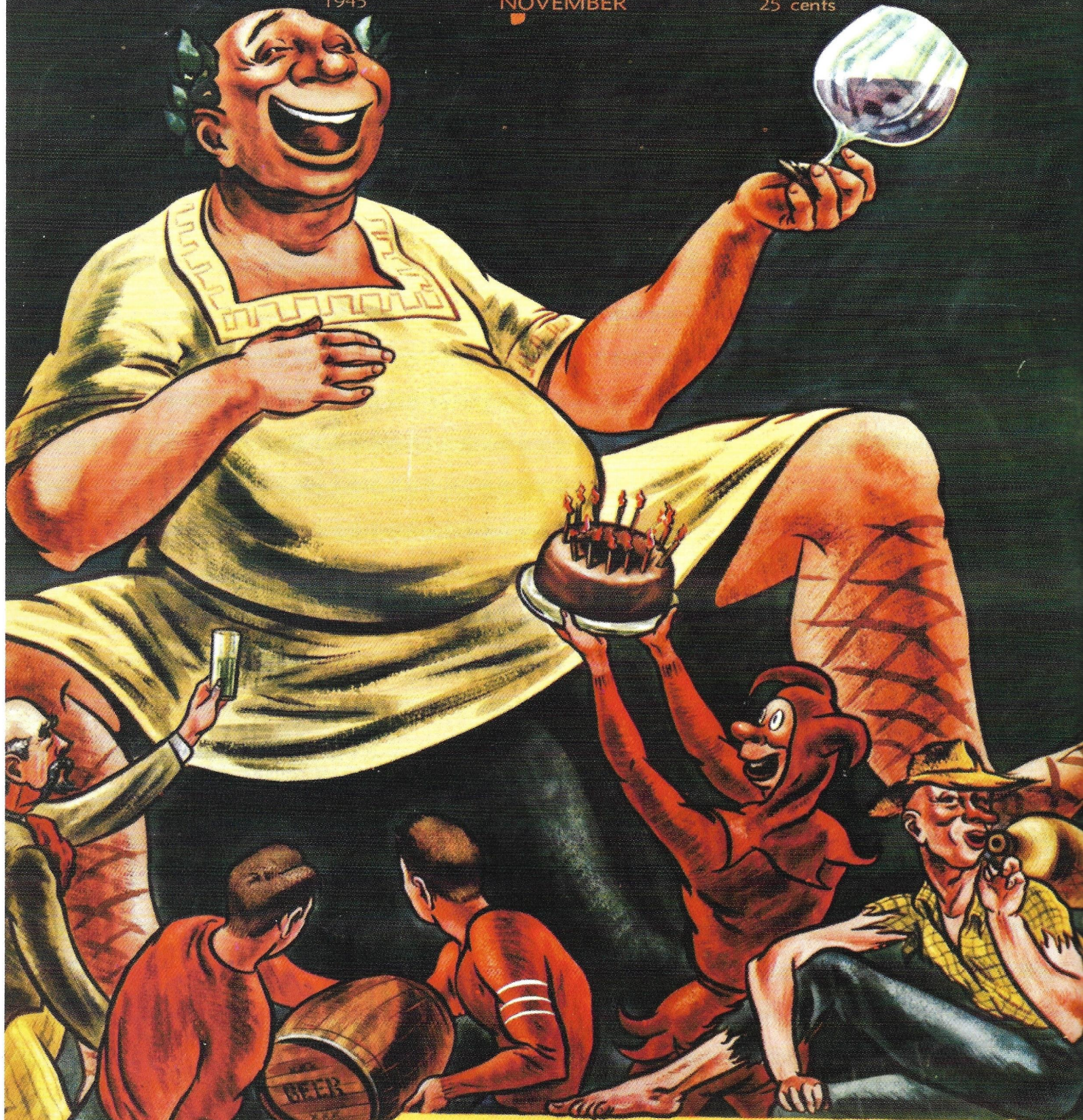
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STANFORD
Chaparral

1945

NOVEMBER

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**TWELFTH-ANNIVERSARY-OF-THE
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the stanford
CHAPARRAL

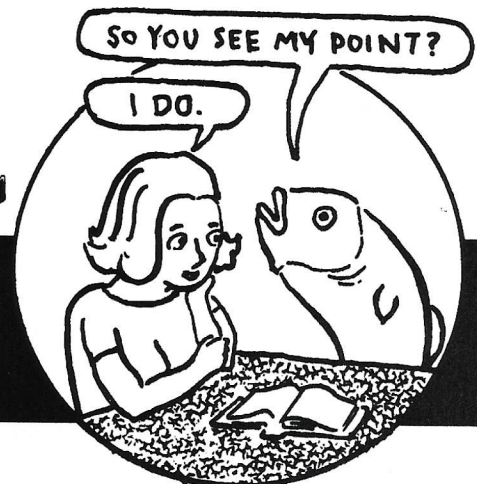


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My Four Inch Dad: *Acquaint yourself with the 4" father of funniness as his hirsute son ponders his problematic conception.*

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 Jon Maas '00
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Staff

'99

Aaron Hoover
 Stacey Nordwall
 Matthew Pierce
 Ajna Rivera

'00

Robert Chiles
 Ben D'Ewart
 Max Heilbron
 Lani Ludwick
 Craig Nesbitt
 Anna Saporito
 Kenny Roost
 Kenny Shei

'01

Joe Cavanaugh
 Matt Oglander
 Mike Rollin

Graduate

Eric Jorgensen

Thanks

Patrick L. Coffman
 Vinnie Freda
 Suzanne Mahon

The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. C September 18, 1998 No. 1

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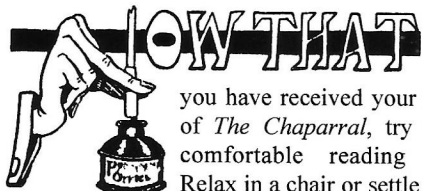
Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to Box 9916, Stanford, CA 94309, or send email to oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu.

Our web site is chappie.stanford.edu

The Chaparral is produced on the Stanford Publications Board Computers
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IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



you have received your first copy of *The Chaparral*, try to find a comfortable reading position. Relax in a chair or settle onto your bed. Take a moment to examine this magazine before you begin to read. You may note that the cover of the magazine has a painting of the Stanford campus, but the structures are altered in a way that is difficult to describe. Over the campus looms a ghostly figure, clad in red with bells on

his cap, wielding a hammer. A confusing painting, but the reproduction of the university is appealing to you.

You feel the pages of the magazine with your hands and note that they are unusual. They are smooth and glossy, yes, but there is something more. You can detect a warmth emanating from the pages which enters your fingertips and slides into your bones. Not a common thing for a college publication. You continue to investigate.

But now there is a knock at the door. What's this interruption, a visitor so soon upon arrival? You rise from the bed and open the door. It's a woman, she's lovely, she's clad in a pale blue blouse and a skirt

which rustles as she moves into your room. So lovely that she seems to glimmer at your doorway. You wipe the dust from your eyes and yes, she is real!

Quickly reader, take action! Think of something to say. What's this? She's a little bored, she says, she's also new at the university. She says she's looking for a laugh, or two.

There's no time to be lost. Strike now or lose her, for this is surely a quick-witted gal, she won't stand for any dim blubbery. Your mind races madly for words. Some humor, fast! But reader, you are frozen, you have never been quick with the tongue.

What's this now? A soft light is pulsing from the magazine in your hand. A wave of warmth washes through you and you find that your mind is clear, your trembling hands become still, your speech is lucid. How lucky, you tell her. As it happens you've got something here. *The Chaparral* is a humor magazine, you say. She seems interested. Well said, reader! But that's no use, she tells you, she hasn't got a copy. That's it, here's your chance!

You tell her you've only just begun to inspect it, but you'll gladly lend her the issue when you've finished. Perfect, she says, she can't wait to see it. She's smiling kindly at you now.

Bravo, reader! A perfectly innocent excuse to meet again. You have her now, circling her like a tiger. How easily she became endeared to you with one twist of the lips, one pretty turn of phrase.

Gaining confidence, you plunge forward. You'll read the magazine carefully, you tell her, and highlight the best bits for her to enjoy.

Success! She's laughing now, chuckling as she scrawls her phone number on the corner of the magazine. She has even signed with a tiny grinning face before departing with a friendly wave. How convenient for you, reader, how the jagged chips of fate are sliding into place, so cleanly, so effortlessly. Could it really be that the magazine has empowered you? Just in case, you give it a gently appreciative pat.

You return to your reading, but something has changed now. You feel springy and new, you are confident. Your mind is clear and clean.

What's this? A masked thief is lurking by your window and is brandishing a crowbar. The magazine burns hot in your hand. Without a thought you leap to the attack, deflect his swing with the glossy cover of the magazine, and dispatch him with a sharp blow to the temple.

It came so quickly, so naturally to you. As you return to your reading you note with satisfaction that the magazine has endowed you with the strength of an elephant, the grace of a deer and the cunning of a fox.

The more you read, the more you are transfigured. A rapid stream of ideas flows from your mind, your wit has been uncorked.

Your curiosity is piqued. Where did this magazine come from? What pencil crafted these lines? What poised pen birthed this artwork, these fine illustrations? As you nestle into your bed for the night you resolve to research the matter the next morning.

Sleep settles quickly, and you begin to dream. You dream you are swimming in a deep sea of students, all dressed in brown suits and bowler hats. They are all swimming, trying to reach the surface, but their eyes are white and blind. They stroke forward powerfully and purposefully, each in a different direction.

In your dream you fight your way to the surface of the sea and look upward. You see a huge shimmering figure in the sky. You're sure you've seen him before. Of course! You recognize him from the cover of the magazine. This huge red jester is laughing, eyes shining through his spectacles. The air rings with the clanging of the bells on his cap. But what's this now? He's looking directly at you, pointing at you! He beckons you with a giant hammer.

You awake with a start. The sun creeps, the moon slides. On the floor by the bed a yellow light glows from the magazine and fades slowly to a gentle, even pulse.

You dress quickly, tuck the magazine into your coat and hurry to the library. As you study, you begin to piece together the history of the Jester, and *The Chaparral*.

You learn that the Jester is very old and very wise, wiser than the moon. For one hundred years he has prowled these western plains, steadying fools, toppling towers. For one hundred years the Old Boy has wielded his hammer as an instrument of mirth, satire and wrath. For one hundred years he has held the mission and the mantra: *Knock the stuffing out of the stuffed shirts and throw them in a coffin*. From beneath his wrinkled brow glow mirth and cunning. For one hundred years the hammer and the coffin have graced the pages of the same magazine that throbs insistently at your side. You wonder if your dream has ended.

But enough with dreams, dear reader, you came to the university with plans! You shake your head clear and review today's schedule. There is much to be done indeed, for a student as ambitious as you. There are professors to visit, books to buy, auditions to attend. Yes, good reader, go out at once and carry out your plans. You have a reputation to build.

You leave the library with fresh determination, but again something has changed. Is it your eyes? You find it difficult to see, but no, that's not quite it. Your eyesight is perfect, razor sharp, but something at bottom has changed.

Things have lost substance. Things are transfigured. As you walk the streets you find that concrete forms become translucent, objects are alive and speak to you. Is that a lamp post beaming with pride at his newborn babe, inviting you to see? Is that a wagon squinting at the sky? You shake these thoughts from your mind and press on towards the center of campus.

But the bustling center is hardly an escape from your peculiar new vision. People scurry constantly about you but their faces, wrapped in shadow, have streaks of animal features.

Some figures are solid and familiar human shapes, some are smoky and blurred at the edges, some hunched like apes with scraping knuckles, some fix their gaze ahead and move rigidly forward with a halting mechanical stride, papers clutched to their steel plated chests.

Tiny men race about your ankles muttering appointment schedules in shrill voices. You step carefully. You spot a massive dragon struggling to open his post office box with one scaled wing. What has happened here? What has become of the students?

Fighting to concentrate on your business, you finish your errands with difficulty. You manage to pay for your books, but you can see through the cashier, and his heart is lined with fur.

The air is painted with tiny red dots and everywhere you hear a faint ringing of tiny bells. The air is cold. You wrap your coat about you and hug your magazine, which is searing hot now and giving off a fierce blue light. It seems to call to you, but for what? And to where?

You return to your room and scour the magazine pages for clues. Why you, reader? Why has the Jester chosen you as the focus of this dream? What resonance of psychic charge enfolds you within these pages, now in their hundredth year? Who has arranged the planets so? Who has paved with stone and fire a pathway to his hallowed halls?

You pause briefly in your pondering to eat. The dining halls are buzzing with activity, you are caught in the excitement. So many people, all new to you. So many to meet, so much to learn.

After your meal you return to your reading and your pondering, but something is lost now. To your eyes, something of the life of things escapes you. Your mind is clouded now, and busy. You turn to the magazine for animation, but it is limp now and slightly crumpled. The magazine is cold in your hands now. A rare spark will leap from its pages, but its power appears to be spent.

While you lie in bed fighting off sleep you consider what was brief, and wonder what was lost.

Tonight you dream again. In your dream you wander in the dark through grassy hills and weave through wooded forest paths. There is no wind, each tree is identical, their branches straight and smooth. The air is thin and lifeless.

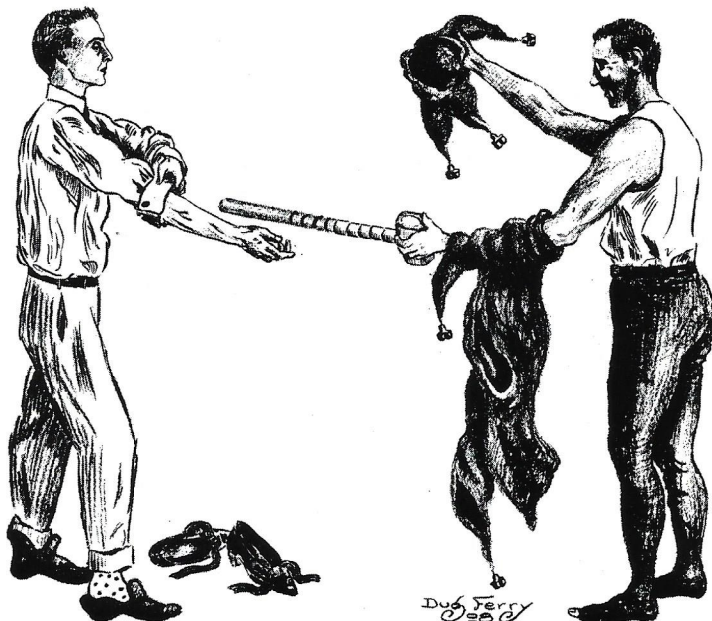
Your dream is filled with muttering, murmuring speech. You cannot make out who is talking or what they are saying, but when you turn swiftly you catch glimpses of them, tiny figures clad in gray, racing on their tiny legs with silver watches on their belts and bright, pointy eyes. They take no notice of you, except to flee your sight.

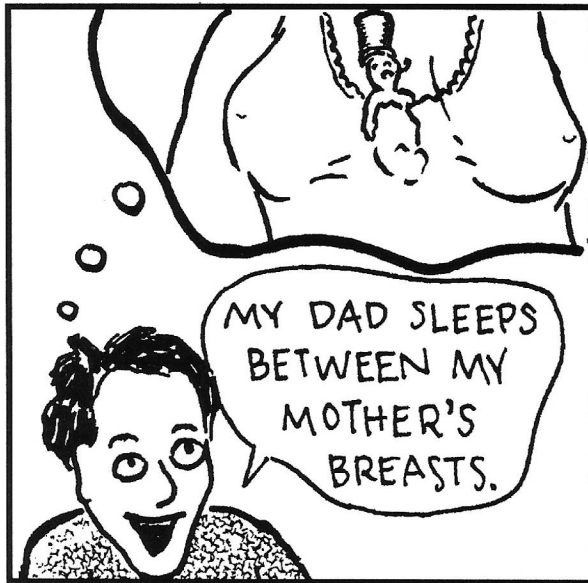
What now? In the distance, what is that noise? You strain your ears. There it is again! A din of laughter, drink and merriment. You race towards the noise, fighting through the trees, straining for a glimpse of what you are chasing.

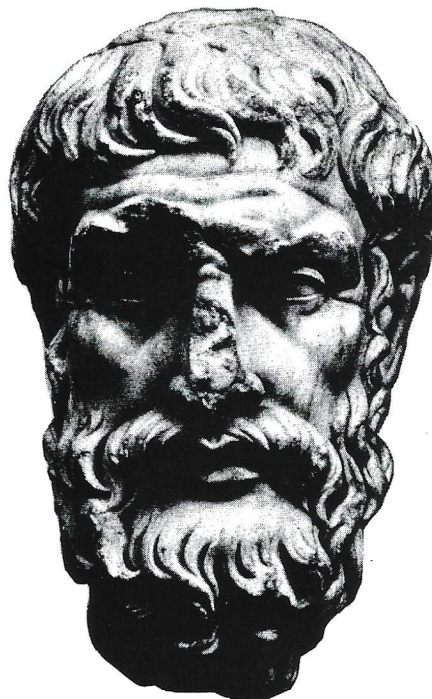
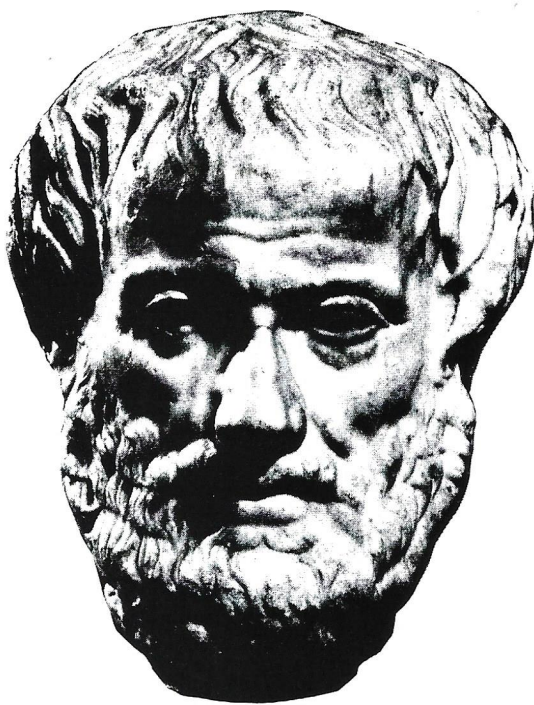
And there he is again! The Jester in the distance, magnificent in red, you can hear his bells now. He is leading a small band, all shuffling towards a clearing in the woods, all laughing too, giggling and singing into the night. But what now? They're disappearing, one by one, through a door in your dream. You're running towards them now, each one skipping through this silver door, while the Jester props it open with his hammer.

You're too late, they're nearly gone now! You race towards them as the last one disappears. And now the Jester is turning to leave! Why won't they stop? Why won't they wait for you? Haven't you been chosen?

The Jester halts. He turns towards you and throws his head back in a mighty laugh, his cap bells clang their song. With his hammer he throws open the door, inviting you into his joke and into his world. The Old Boy grins at you, a giant toothy grin, and extends his hand.







Plato's Discarded Dialogues

Socrates: Now let us imagine, Throchain, that we have an underground cave in which people are trapped. Chained to the wall, unable to move even side to side, they have been there since birth. Could they know any other reality than such an existence?

Throchain: Indeed they could not.

Socrates: Let us further imagine that there is a fire far behind them, casting shadows upon the wall in front of these prisoners.

Throchain: Well...

Socrates: Now, between these humans and the fire are others carrying wooden and stone cut-outs of every shape imaginable, casting shadows onto the walls in front of the prisoners.

Throchain: Wait, so how did they eat?

Socrates: What?

Throchain: They need food, don't they? If they only see the shadows, and not real people, what do they eat?

Socrates: Look, that's not important. They've been there since birth, and—

Throchain: I think you are a real fruitcake, Socrates.

Socrates dejected.

Socrates: What could I get then for two pieces of silver?

Lycona: Well, for two silver pieces, I would be willing to . . .

Socrates: Wait, stop! Plato! Get out of here!

Herxenes: Socrates, what are you doing there by the window?

Socrates: It is of no concern to anyone but myself.

Herxenes: But it is my window, should I not know what happens in my own house?

Socrates: [*Angrily*] I farted, all right?

Socrates: Do you have a stick of charcoal, Araxthanes, with which I may write?

Araxthanes: No, I do not.

Socrates: Okay, thanks.

Socrates: What do you men converse of here?

Thucydides: Nothing.

Parichine: Yeah, nothing.

[*Awkward silence*]

Socrates: Well, I'll be outside if you need me.

Socrates: See, there are these Forms...

Larrymachus: What?

Socrates: Never mind.

Socrates: How much is this piece of bread?

Glaxona: Two coppers.

Socrates: Let us reason this through. A piece of bread is worth but two coppers to a normal man. However, to a man starving, it is worth much more, is it not?

Glaxona: Indeed it is.

Socrates: So it follows that a piece of bread that is worth two coppers to a normal man, is worth much less to a man who is not hungry at all, does it not?

Glaxona: It is as you say.

Socrates: Can you see by my belly that I am not a hungry man?

Glaxona: Indeed I can.

Socrates: To a man who is not hungry at all, a piece of bread is worth, say, half a copper, then.

Glaxona: Piss off, Socrates.

Cafeteria CLASH

Patrizio Pizzarami has been employed at the Stern dining hall for fifteen years. He is a quiet and soft-spoken man who loves pasta. He is also widely recognized as Stanford's most skilled cafeteria server. Students and faculty come from all over campus to watch Patrizio in action, including physics professor Keating Rhoads.

Patrizio's rare creative gift, never defeated or well-imitated, allows him to generate irresistible pasta pitches with a rapidity that has astounded Stanford linguists for years. For macaroni, Patrizio has several weapons in his arsenal, including:



"Macaroni?"
 "Would you like some macaroni?"
and the devastating
 "Macaroni and cheese, hot off the press!"

Today Patrizio squares off with his first serious challenger in years, Abe Weinstein, a sophomore and regular patron of the Stern dining hall. This brash young student will attempt to enter the Stern dining hall and stride past Patrizio's counter without receiving pasta of any kind. Abe brings a refreshing optimism into today's battle that some have called foolish.

Mossimo Orciuoli is the pasta champ's promoter and biggest fan. Patrizio prefers to let Mossimo do his talking for him.



Prof. Rhoads,
A fan

"I have always compared Patrizio's dining counter to a black hole. Students find themselves sucked in, and cannot escape until they have received a generous scoop of that day's special—macaroni, or another tasty member of the pasta family. In fact, we have deduced various properties of black holes by watching Patrizio in action."



Marcia, A friend

I intended to move past Patrizio's counter and eat a light salad that day. I was not in the mood for spaghetti, but I felt a strange force compelling me to get a double serving. I am rooting for Abe, but I don't think he stands much of a chance.



Mossimo,
Spokesman

Patrizio is supremely confident in his skills. He once served seven pounds of eggplant fettuccini to a newborn baby. He has served pork casserole to Rabbis, loaded the Dalai Lama with Spaghetti bolognese. This Abe, this brash young man, he is untested, he cannot hope to defeat Patrizio.

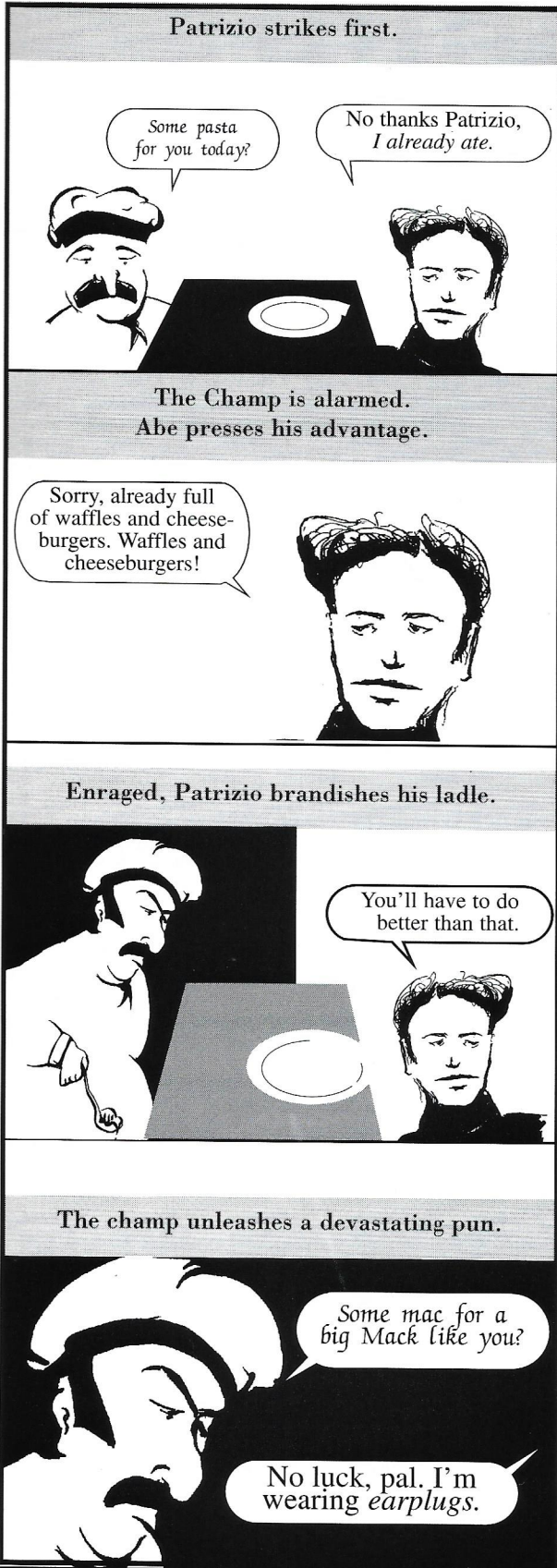


Abe, the challenger

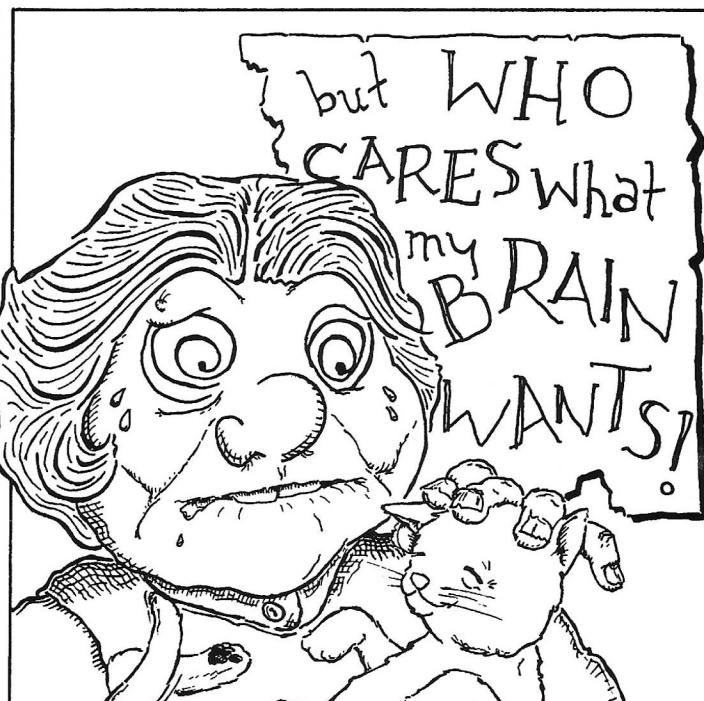
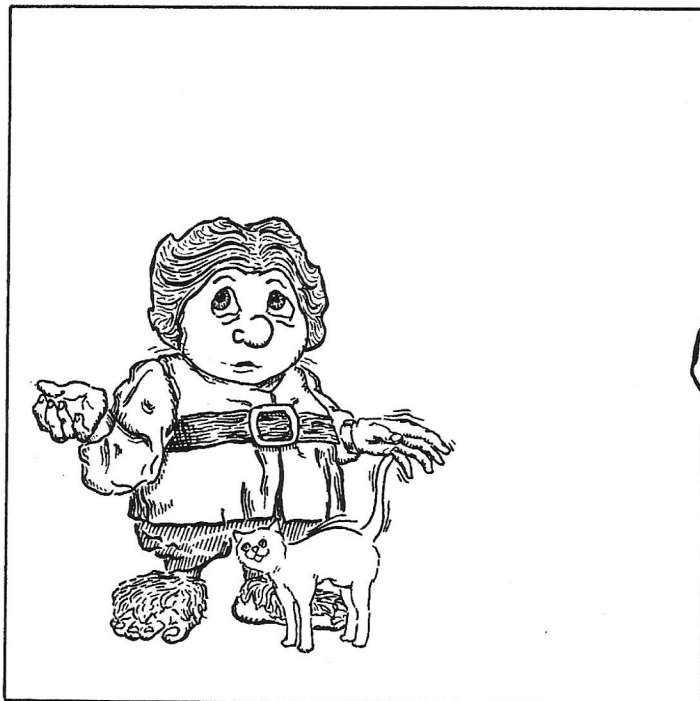
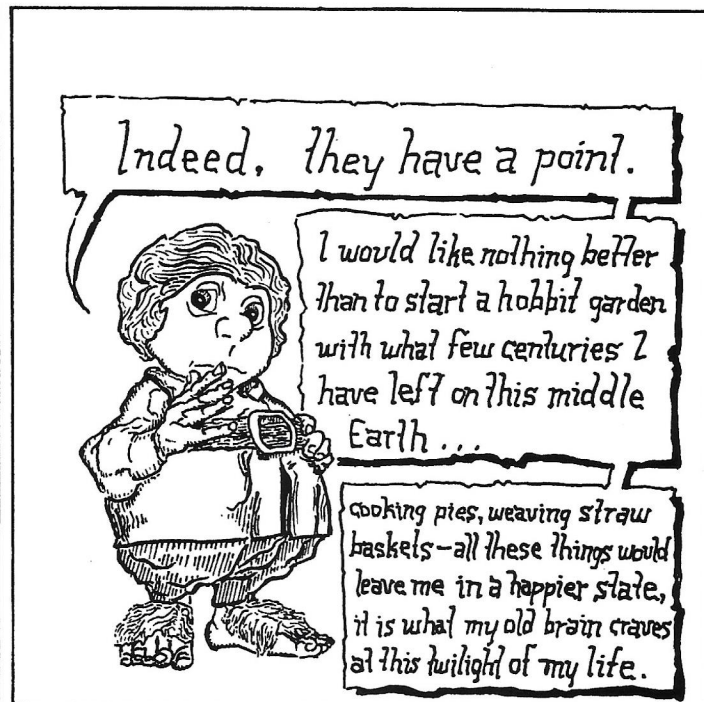
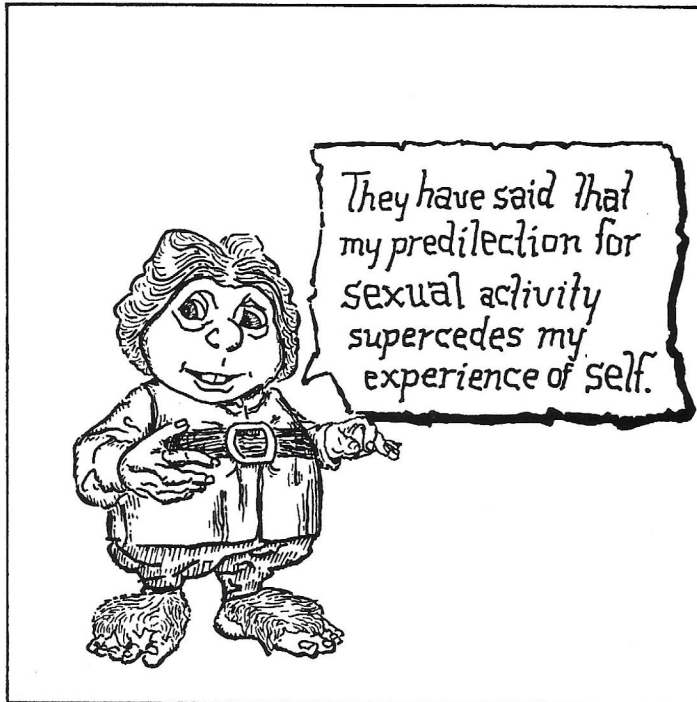
Each day for two years I have accepted unwanted pasta silently and respectfully. Too many post-prandial moments have I spent with a heavy stomach and a heavy heart. But not this time, Patrizio, not this time! A man should dine out of hunger, not out of guilt.

NOW TO THE GAME!

Las Vegas odds makers are betting 7 to 1 that Abe will leave Patrizio's counter with no less than lasagna.



Sex Hobbit



ECONOMICS

The requirements for the A.B. in Economics have been revised for the 1998-1999 academic year. The following program is designed to be completed in three years. Students are advised to begin as early as possible. Contact the department secretary for details.

COURSES

(WIM) indicates that the course meets the Writing in Major requirements.

Area 1: Required courses

1. Introduction to Economics—Students are introduced to the basic tenets of economic theory. Textbook costs \$3,500, woven out of pure silk. Attendance not expected. Free cigarettes.

10. Introduction to Economics: A Review—Students are re-taught the course material of Econ 1 verbatim with new gold-plated textbook which weighs 87 pounds, costs \$18,000. Cigarettes dispensed on consent of instructor.

101. Regular Economics—First encounter with graphs, charts, supply curves, and other popular economic characters.

109. OK Economics—Moderately interesting material from a variety of areas. Professor is usually pretty good and textbook is all right. Tests are never too hard. Taught in a niceish auditorium. Reading usually done before going out on Thursdays.

120. Rudiments of Money Management—The student is given \$500 to spend as he pleases, and sent on his merry way. Course fee: \$600.

122. Economics of Basketball—Discussions about hoops. Tapes of '80s Lakers/Celtics games viewed on professor's Betamax. Kareem referred to as "the best." Nachos and beer. Connection to economics unclear.

141. Economics?—Postmodern view of economic theory. Questions existence of economics. No work. Taught outside via songs, dances. Things set on fire. No conclusions drawn.

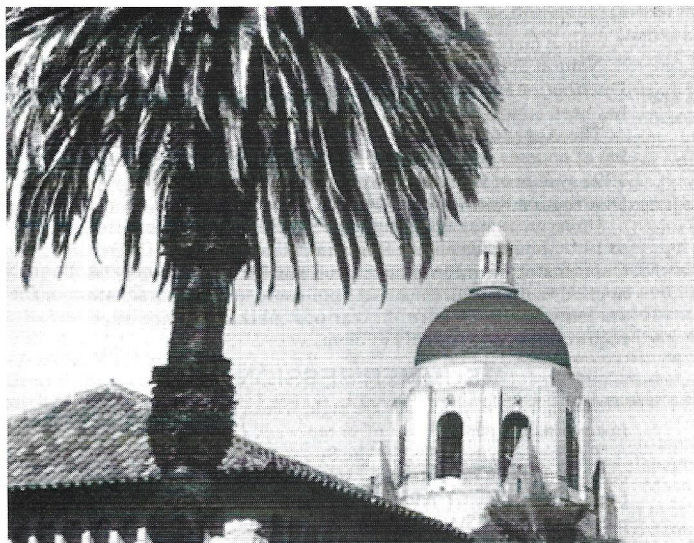
157. Book Guy's Economics—Local hippie demonstrates acquisition of textbooks at bargain-basement prices. Meets in a soot-covered van. Disturbing. Possibly illegal, but no one bothers to check, because you can get *The Tao of Pooh* for five dollars.

187. The Benjamins—A series of guest lectures regarding modern economics from a rap perspective. Lectures include "Bitches and Money" by Ice Cube, as well as material by Method Man, Pras, and Puff Daddy. Students choose their location on the "Money/Shooting Death" risk curve.

198. Economics of Love—Covers gender inequalities in employment, pricing strategies, market intercourse. More specifically, covers pornography. More specifically, a weekly screening of pornography. Limited enrollment.

215. The Economy of Economics—A study of economics classes and their prices. No final.

273. Supereconomics—Theories advanced as to what "supereconomics" might be. By third lecture, instructor will admit that "supereconomics" is a made-up word. Snacks.



Area 2: Electives

Students must complete four out of the following six courses

86. Mathematical Economics—Survey course, topics vary with instructor. Past topics have included an in depth examination of hyper-modality in an n -dimensional Bayesian forward-looking decision context and frontiers of the tri-variate consumption/income dilemma involving low-order roots of negative unity. Taught by Masters student with marginal English skills and no hands. Supremely frustrating.

138. Before America—Economic models of colonial societies are examined as though they are at all relevant to either economics or history. Few people choose to do the reading, including the professor. Cigarettes reexamined in earnest. Roll your own by 8th week of course. Question value of education by 10th.


143. Economic Analysis of Analysis—Examination of economic analysis methods from an economic perspective. An amazing leap of logic. Students eventually conclude they lost money by going to college.

148. Economic Theory in Popular Culture—Course content consists of absolutely nothing. Students will read William S. Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and professor will draw shaky references to utility theory. Most will be confused, but some will be just sad.

164. Economics!—Fantastic professor will engage and electrify students. Material will come alive and confidence in economics as a valid field of study will be re-instilled. Lectures vary from fascinating to uproarious. Grades lower than A are exceedingly rare. Sign class list in 300-380 B on 7/3/98. Enrollment limited to 8. (Preference given to Freshmen, but Sophomores admitted on a space-available basis.)

193. Impulse Buying—Examination of the forces which make us buy candy, *People* magazine, and the like. Frequent field trips to drug stores and malls. Examination of "impulse cigarettes" vs. "hard-core cigarettes". Textbook by the Topps corporation comes with a stick of putrid gum.

The Freshman Godfather



The pride of his Family

learning his trade.

A Favor

Martin: Hey Don, can you give us a ride to Taco Bell?
Godfather: If I grant this request, what favor can I expect?
Martin: Sorry, we'll wait till Todd gets back and ask him.
Godfather: But my car is air-conditioned. My driver is courteous.
Martin: That's all right, Todd's car is a little bigger anyway.
Godfather: I am The Godfather.
Martin: Whatever.

At the Bursar's Office

Bursar: You owe us \$8,330.
Godfather: Do you know who I am?
Bursar: It says here that your name is Donald Goldberg.
Godfather: Do you know who my associates are?
Bursar: Your file makes no mention of any associates.
—Pauses—
But you were disciplined for trying to bribe a computer.
Godfather: My family's blood boils hot within me.

A Drink

Godfather: Just this, if you please.
Clerk: Aren't you a little young to be buying grappa?
Godfather: I enjoy it as a digestive.
Clerk: Let me see your ID.
Godfather: My name is validated by centuries of violence.
Clerk: Did you know this brand is \$50 a bottle?
Godfather: The Godfather will settle for Yoo-Hoo.

At the Party

Allen: Don, check her out. She's pretty hot, huh?
Godfather: What use have I, The Godfather, for women?
Allen: Don't you lust for them?
Godfather: Such things do not concern me.
Allen: That's not what you were saying last night.
Godfather: [flustered] Anything I do, I do with an iron fist!

[Exit Allen, hastily]

A Thirsty Friend

Bruce: Hey Don, gimme a few bucks for a smoothie.
Godfather: Very well, but you will be forever in my debt.
Bruce: Come on, man. Four bucks.
Godfather: The Godfather never forgets a favor.
Bruce: Give me your shirt.
Godfather: Very well. The Godfather will give you his shirt.
Bruce: And your watch.
Godfather: We have an agreement.



Saving Face

Timmy: Don, are you all right?
Godfather: Please, The Godfather does not wish to be bothered just now.
Timmy: You look a little pale.
— Pause —
Godfather: I've been having trouble peeing.

in Russia by Moose Neumann Chairmann Mao

Pinball



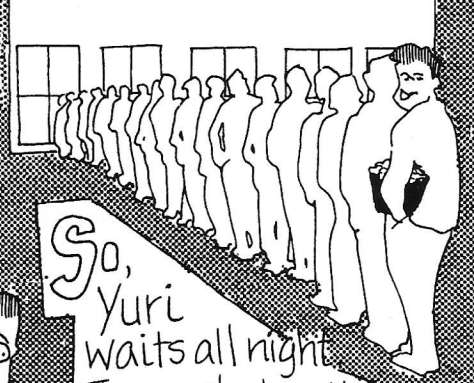
Yuri would like to play pinball \$o...



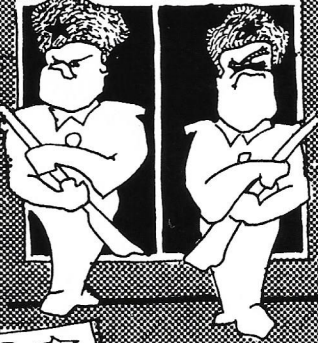
he works hard & saves the money he earns from his Ditch Digging job for a whole year.

At 3:00 AM Yuri is in line with his basket of rubles. His anticipation is growing--only five more hours til it opens.

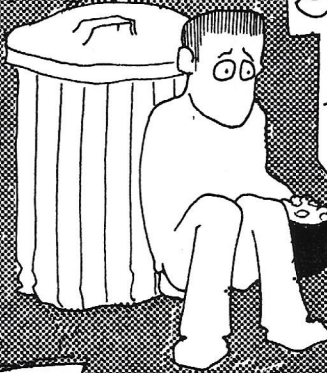
BUREAU OF PINBALL



BUT When Yuri is next in line

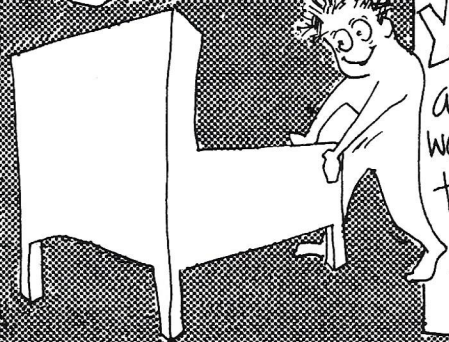
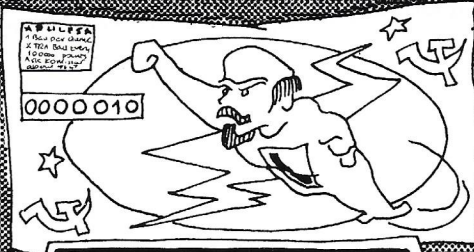


The army closes the bureau. No more Pinball Today!



So, Yuri waits all night. The next day it opens. Yuri gets to pay his basket of rubles and play.

☆ **RULES** ☆
1 Ball per game.
XTRA Ball every 10000 points.
Ask Komissar about **TILT**.



Yuri plays and does well, 10 pts. tying his personal best

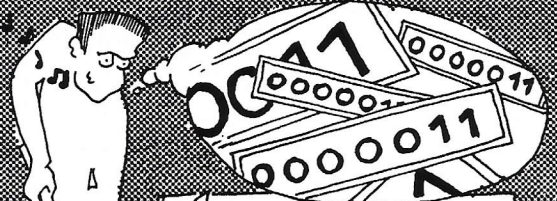
In Russian Pinball You only get 1 ball.

Everyone starts with 10 points.

BUT the glass is painted black,

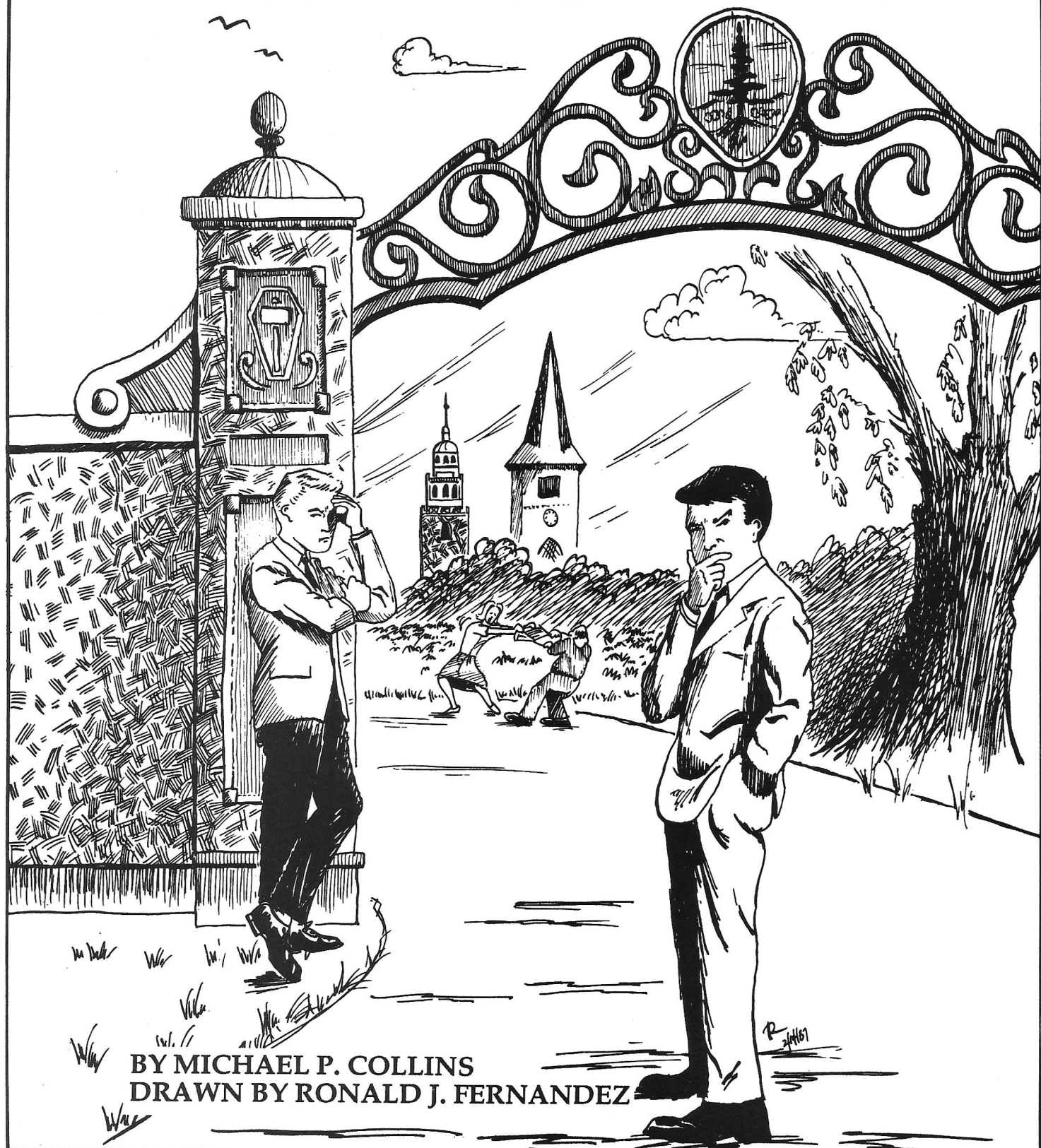
Nothing is worth any points,

And there are no flippers



Yuri's addicted, so he's back out digging ditches. He'll play again Next Year.

THE HARVEY BOYS THE MYSTERY OF THE BAFFLING CLUES



BY MICHAEL P. COLLINS
DRAWN BY RONALD J. FERNANDEZ

CHAPTER I

Looks Like Trouble!

"It looks like trouble," Frank Harvey intoned gravely, running one hand through his dark brown hair. He noticed, not for the first time, that he was taller and older than his shorter, younger brother Joe.

"Trouble, that's what it looks like," Joe agreed in his younger, blonder, good-natured way. "Wouldn't you agree, Dad?" "Dad" was the affectionate nickname used by the young, Ivy-League-bound detectives for their world-renowned detective-professor father, Fenton Harvey.

"You boys know trouble when you see it," Fenton nodded grimly. He was older than either Frank or Joe.

A sharp crack of static burst from the car radio that belonged to world-renowned detective-professor Fenton Harvey. "Fenton, this is the Chief."

The boys grinned as they recognized the husky but friendly voice of Police Chief Mick O'Donnell, who was pretty old. Fenton grabbed the transmitter. "We're here, Chief," he said.

"Boys," said the Chief. There was a pause as the Chief searched for just the right words. "Boys, it looks like trouble."

CHAPTER II

Chet!

Chet! Roly-poly, pudgy, jolly, "spare tire," "pudding and pancakes," overweight Chet. He'd just done it again!

"Chet, why you . . . !" exclaimed the Harvey's lovable and domestic housekeeper, Hannah Gruen. Frank barely managed to hold himself to a good-natured grin, but his younger brother Joe let out a howl of laughter that echoed throughout the Harvey's tastefully appointed household.

"Chet, you're the limit!" chuckled Joe as Frank ran one of his hands through his sandy blond hair. Chet gave a red-faced grin as the boys' father, Fenton Harvey, stood in the doorway with a look of bewildered bemusement on his face.

"Gosh, Mr. Harvey," Chet deadpanned. "How do I do it?"

"I don't know," Mr. Harvey said with a serious frown. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "But you certainly do do it!"

Chet! He was a friend, and then some.

CHAPTER III

A Tricky Situation

"It looks like a clue!" Joe announced excitedly. Frank let a low whistle escape from

between his good-natured, older teeth.

"Sure enough!" Frank said. "And, if I'm not mistaken, this could be just the clue that we've been looking for!" Clues! If there was one thing that the Harvey's had learned in their years of sleuthing, it was the importance of clues in solving mysteries.

Fenton Harvey pulled himself onto a fat slab of stone and wiped his brow. "A clue, hmmm?" he said. If there was one thing Fenton Harvey had learned in his years of sleuthing and teaching, it was to trust his sons' intuition. "Well then, let's have a look at that clue!"

Joe spread the parchment out carefully. "A secret message—" Joe began, but Chet cut him off with an excited wave of his hand.

"Look!" Chet said, tracing the image with his finger while the boys looked over his shoulder. Chet brushed aside the sand that had fallen across the paper and pointed defiantly at the upper corner. "You see?" he said. "That's where we are!" With a proud flourish, he let his finger slide down to the traces of writing near the center of the page.

"And that's where the troublemaker's lair is!" Joe chimed in with an astonished grin.

"Some fine detective work," Fenton noted. Chet blushed.

Suddenly, a sinister shadow obscured the map. Joe and Frank looked up together.

"Well," said Frank through his gritted teeth. "It looks as though trouble has found us!"

CHAPTER IV

Flashback!

"It looks like a letter!" Frank announced, pulling an envelope-sized piece of paper from the "mailbox" that stood in front of the Harvey's nice old Cambridge home. Joe took the "envelope" into his own hands and held it up to the light.

"Frank," Joe said, carefully examining the "envelope," "Frank—this envelope is *sealed!*"

"Good eye, Joe," Fenton Harvey said, while making some telling action or another. "Looks thick, too," he winked. Fenton Harvey was a professor/detective, and he was older than his sons.

"Whoa!" said Chet, making a wild suggestion that only Chet could make. "Open it! Open it!"

"Where's it from?" Frank asked incisively, turning the thick rectangular "envelope" over in his hands.

Chet let out a gasp. "HARVARD!"

Fenton pulled on a tight smile and put a firm hand on Joe's shoulder. Frank ran a playful hand through Joe's sandy blond hair.



"It looks like a letter!" Frank announced.

"Guess I'll open it up," Joe said with an apprehensive grin, sliding the Harvey's chrome letter opener along the edge of the "envelope."

A sudden quiet fell over the room as Joe scanned the letter's contents. "What's it say?" Chet asked excitedly.

Joe looked up. "It's a letter of acceptance," Joe said. "I got in."

"Hey, Joe," called Hannah Gruen, the Harvey's housekeeper, as she opened up the front door. She was carrying an armload of thick, collegiate letters, "envelopes," and parcels. "I've got a whole load of mail, and all of it is addressed to you!"

Joe turned to her with a good-natured grin. "Do me a favor, Hannah," he said. "Burn 'em!"

"Joe, Joe, Joe," Frank grinned. That was the Harveys. Oh, the Harveys. That was them.

CHAPTER V

Later That Day

"Looks like the case is closed on our 'trouble-making' friend," Frank said, running his hair playfully through Joe's sandy blond fingers.

"Yes, I think we'll have a lot less 'trouble' in Cambridge now that we've solved this one," Joe agreed.

"Yeah, no more trouble, no how!" Chet chuckled, doing that crazy thing he does.

"Looks like trouble's not something we'll be having around here anymore," Fenton Harvey agreed with a twinkle in his (left) eye.

A sharp burst of static leapt from the receiver. "No more trouble!" the Chief announced briskly. "Well done, boys." Joe grinned. The Chief!

A Very Scary Stanford

Look at Bob! He's drunk AGAIN! And this is just house meeting!
Everyone loves Bob because he does funny things when he drinks.
Last week, nobody could find Bob. You know what Bob did?

(It's bad. . .)

He climbed into one of the Quad arches and fell asleep!

This week, Bob will fall from a great height when trying to climb the arch again. His friends who called him "The Arch King" all week will read the front page and article and feel especially bad.

Climbing arches is GROSS!



Millie is a freshman from a very small town in the Midwest. Stanford is like another world to her! Everybody believes Millie is a reserved and pleasant young woman because she is very quiet. They don't know she had a near breakdown in the beginning of fall quarter and has been chronically depressed since she came back after winter break.

She wants nothing more than to return home, but there is tremendous pressure on her because she is the first person in her family to go to college. She will have a nervous breakdown in the beginning of spring quarter.

She will not be telling her story in a Viewbook profile this year.

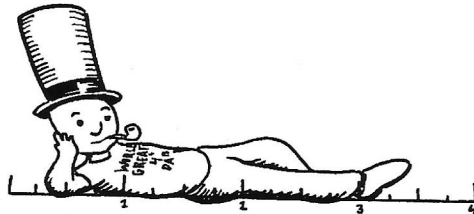
Peter the Policeman makes sure that not too many stranger character get on our campus. After all, it's a private school, not a homeless man's school! A few do make it, though. Remember Bob, the "Masturbate and Be Free" man? Where has he been this year?

(I know a secret. . .)

Peter and his friends drowned poor Bob in a bathtub!
"Just a little cleaning up," says Peter with a chuckle.



4 inch DAD

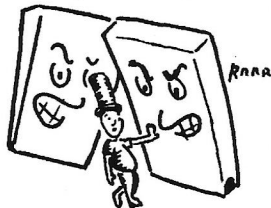


THE WORST THING ABOUT BEING 4 INCHES TALL...

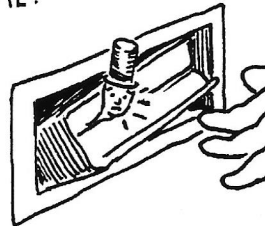


... IS WHEN I WANT TO RENT A VIDEO

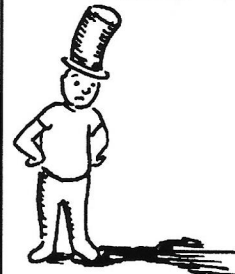
EVERY CASSETTE IS A MONOLITHIC BEAST THREATENING TO TUMBLE FROM ITS SHELF AND END ME.



ONCE, I GOT TRAPPED IN THE DANCES WITH WOLVES BOX, AND MY SON RETURNED ME.



THAT WAS COSTNER'S LAST GOOD FILM.



Hey kid,

Wanna write for the papers?

Write for *them* and interview The Present...



Your Assignment

Interview a librarian.

In your article, emphasize:

- What his hours are.
- Some of his favorite books. (to read and to stack)
- Give the article a thoughtful ending, but make it happy.

Assignment 2

Try to make two rocks into one rock by concentrating.

Or write for *us* and interview The Future.



The Stanford Chaparral has positions available in:

- Writing
- Art
- Business
- Graphic Design
- Theft

e-mail oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu

CHAPARRAL: The Future, it is an honor to interview you. We'll try not to take up too much of your "time." (*winks*)

THE FUTURE: Thank you. That's quite funny.

CHAPARRAL: Our magazine has called you "The Universe's most eligible bachelor." Do you have any love in your life?

THE FUTURE: Since I am not a living entity, but rather one half of the linear time line, romance does not play a large part in my life.

CHAPARRAL: So you're still "looking forward" to meeting someone. (*snickers*)

THE FUTURE: I don't think you understood me correctly.

CHAPARRAL: Maybe we'll have to "get back" to you on that one.

THE FUTURE: Oh, I see. Back to the Future. That's the name of a movie. Good one.

CHAPARRAL: Hey, The Future, what do you plan to do "next?" (*laughs*)

THE FUTURE: I don't often appear in public like this. I was hoping we could have a serious discussion that would interest and enlighten your readers.

CHAPARRAL: Did you use a time machine to get here? Can we take it to visit Abraham Lincoln?

THE FUTURE: Good bye to you.

CHAPARRAL: Okay, see you "later." (*giggles, falls on floor.*)

First Party: Friday, September 25th, 9:00 PM Storke Building
First Meeting: Wednesday September 31, 8:30 PM Storke Building
Meetings: Every Wednesday 8:30

THE STANFORD DAILY

An Inadequate Newspaper

VOLUME 214, NUMBER 2

108th YEAR

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 18, 1998

Number 43 performs, amazes

By Stan Smitts
Staff Writer

Last night in an important game, Number 43 scored twenty points. He did a great move and impressed many Cardinal fans, who cheered in a mad religious fervor untouchable by any god-capitalizing student group. The place went crazy, people forgot about their computers and filing tasks, and fans were in a groove of sweaty, tasty victory.

Number 43 is an admirable figure at Stanford, in whom thousands of dollars in scholarships have been invested; his character "on and off the field" is supreme. In high school, he was involved in the Fellowship for Christian Athletes and was student body president. At one point, he helped dig some holes for trees to be planted. He also drove a black truck and helped take water cups and helmets to the game.

Even back then, he was a tall person and big in size, but not lacking in other good things like having a sense of humor. He always did things that

made people laugh. He threw cups of tartar sauce at pedestrians as he returned from lunch, once knocking an old man over frontwards after hitting him directly in the back of the head. He swerved to hit a squirrel on the way home and then drove back and forth over its smashed body to the delight of his friends. He said to his friend that he would "love to have sex" with his English teacher. He rubbed a hamburger into a geek's face; it was covered with the mustard and ketchup and onions. He punched seven people in the face in a single year. He has a lot of energy. We are glad to have him here at Stanford, and he will surely make alumni contacts to ensure a lifetime of money and mediocre mental existence.

Next week Number 43 will try even harder to help us win. He might also drive a golf cart over a row of bicycles after the game, so be ready. He is our hero. You nerds wish you had what he has, and I get to write about it. We can do it! Wear your school colors—we have it all here at Stanford.

Sailing team encounters black man

By Crumples Rofty
Editorial Staff

Sailing team members were surprised and frightened yesterday by the appearance of a black man on the deck at the Moscomb-Bixby Invitational Regatta. The man, it turned out later, was wealthy businessman Paul Hobson, who was partially sponsoring the regatta.

Team captain Croftsworth Henton later described the event as "traumatic, but educational." "I knew what he was, of course. I just had never been that close to an African." It became apparent that Henton was unaware that African-Americans make up 12% of this country's citizenry.

Yachtsmen Brillby Thomas and Chas Cabot, both sophomores, were also on hand. "My time at the prestigious Transton Academy and, of course, Stanford completely prepared me for this eventuality," said Thomas.

Cabot was more philosophical. "At Transton they always assured us that this day would come, and so it has. I might drop a line to Old Bean, the headmaster." Stanford's entire sailing team was recruited *en masse* from Transton Academy.

The incident did not disrupt the Stanford squad's performance in the regatta. Henton was particularly enthusiastic about the team's solid victory over Havensby College. "Those duffers tasted a bit of our wake."

Get freaky!



"Kubiac" — Daily Staff

These two Juniors ring in the new academic year at a "Turd Party" held last night at the Lamda Nu house.

Food: good or bad?

By Angela Brent
Staff Writer

You bite into the juicy cheeseburger. It is so good. But is it good for you? The chances are, probably not.

Every day, people on the Stanford campus face the dilemma of tasty, yet fattening food. Should you pass up that piece of fried chicken, or should you gobble it down? It depends on what you want to do.

But did you know that you *could* change

what you want to do? Here's a tip how.

No one really likes fat people. So, a good way to keep yourself from eating that fatty piece of food is to look into the future and imagine that everyone is laughing as you walk into the room—a big, fat, ugly person who couldn't say "no" to a delicious piece of chicken.

Please see FOOD, page 9

**Gurgle betwixt your
pasty lips the chyme
that is the Daily.**



Starbuck's
The *Daily* Staff
drinks Star-
buck's coffee.

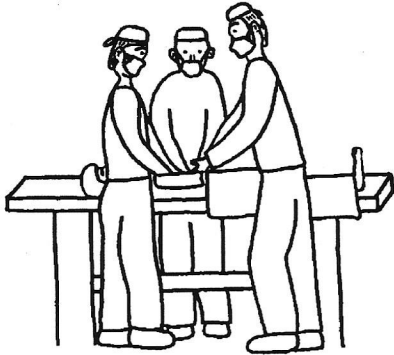
Printer's, Inc.

...and when it's time to hang
out, it's Printer's, Inc.

The Juice Club

But don't forget the Juice Club.
We'll see you there!

Open Heart SURGERY



I've always had great admiration for you, even to the point of obsession

I envy your youth as much as your superior diagnostic skills



But gladly I would kill you for your position at the hospital

If you notice my hands shaking, I will either threaten or bribe you



My marriage is shit

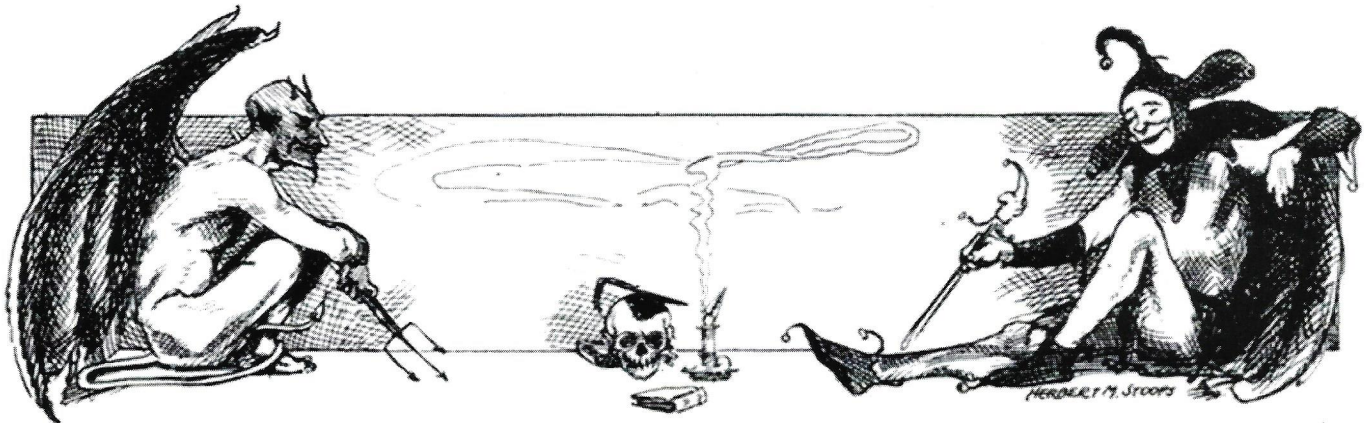
I'm almost positive that I'm gay



Scalpel.



Open Heart SURGERY



A-TEAM

Choose Your Own Adventure

In 1972 a crack commando unit was sent to prison for a crime they didn't commit. These men quickly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Los Angeles underground. Today, still wanted by the government, these men survive as soldiers-of-fortune on the battle-weary streets. If you have the time, and can endure the inhuman pain, then read on...

THIS WEEK'S EPISODE: TROUBLE IN THE BAYOU

SECTION 1

The Team assembles in the basement of a Chinese restaurant to hear a tearful story of oppression, as told to them by Jalice, a young girl from Louisiana. "It's just terrible," the young girl sobs. "The Enemy is terrorizing my family and there's nothing we can do about it. Can you help us?"

Hannibal, the group's self-appointed leader, stands and speaks. "Boys, this girl's got trouble. Let's get moving."

After a quick round of My Handshake, Your Handshake, the Team flies out the door. *-To drive to the scene of the horrible oppression, turn to Section 7.*

-To fly instead, turn to Section 5.

-To first liberate Murdock from the insane asylum, turn to Section 12.

SECTION 2

With his charming lines and a brand-new white Corvette, how can any woman resist the irresistible Face-man? Unfortunately for Face, the answer always seems to be "very easily."

Face is handed over to the Enemy, tied up and placed in a small room. Pausing only while Face flashes back to low-quality stock footage of Vietnam, the action quickly shifts back to the rest of the Team.

Murdock sits on the couch, strumming his plastic guitar. The rest of the Team is gathered in a small semicircle-inasmuch as a semicircle can be accurately described by a set of two points-around a box of muffins. They snack absently as they debate the best approach to the situation. After much deliberation, they conclude that Face has been captured, and decide to attack the Enemy's hide-out.

-To attack using the automatic weapons, turn to Section 4.

-To attack with explosives, turn to Section 8.

SECTION 3

"Okay B.A....," chortles Face-man, "we'll drive there instead. While we're waiting for the van, why don't you eat this cheeseburger?"

"It better not be drugged like it wuz the last episode," growls B.A. as he bites into the cheeseburger.

The Team laughs over B.A.'s limp body as he slumps to the ground, unconscious. They board the plane and with the help of the friendly, smiling stewardesses, load the drugged B.A., the cache of automatic weapons, the crates of explosives, and the rocket launcher into the overhead bins.

-Turn to Section 9.

I pity the fool who
has to learn
new lines!



SECTION 4

Rat-a-tat-tat! The Team unloads enough lead into the Enemy's hideout to successfully poison the local watershed for the next three

centuries. The Enemy escapes, uninjured.

Despite their abundance of firepower, the Team is surrounded, captured, and locked in a nearby machine shop.

-Turn to Section 6.

SECTION 5

"I'm not flying!" roars B.A.. B.A. Baracas is a large, ornery African-American male who wears a mohawk haircut and layers of gold jewelry. His frightening appearance belies his good-natured disposition.

B.A. kills a dog with his jackboot. "No flying!" he repeats. Perhaps flying is not the best solution after all...

-To agree that what's good for B.A. is good for the whole team, turn to Section 7.

-To ignore B.A.'s wishes and playfully drug him when he's not looking, turn to Section 3.

SECTION 6

The Team is locked in a large warehouse-like room containing only welding equipment, power tools, six-foot steel piping, a Winnebago, corrugated sheet metal, and several coils of barbed wire.

"It looks hopeless," whines Face.

"I know," says Hannibal, "but we've got to think of a way to escape from this place." He picks up a rivet gun, scowls at it for an instant, and throws it violently to the ground.

The Team wracks their brains, trying desperately to think of a way to use the materials on-hand to escape.

-To build the Recreational Vehicle from Hell, turn to Section 11.

-To build the Recreational Vehicle from Hell, turn to Section 11.

SECTION 7

After loading the A-Team Two-Tone Party Van down with enough arms to overthrow a South American country, the boys are ready to roll. Despite the fact that they are driving the distinctive A-Team Two-Tone Party Van, they easily elude the many government roadblocks and patrol cars scouring the city to find them and safely arrive at their destination.

-Turn to Section 9.

SECTION 8

Ka-BOOM! Explosions rock the surrounding countryside. The hideout bursts into a pillar of flames. The enemy escapes, uninjured.

Despite their abundance of firepower, the Team is surrounded, captured, and locked in a nearby machine shop. Now how did that happen?

-Turn to Section 6.

SECTION 9

The Team meets up with the Dravens, the oppressed family, and learns more of the

story. It seems that the Enemy is currently hiding out at a large ranch on the other side of the swamp, just waiting to oppress the poor yet scrupulous family again. The Dravens also tell the Team that they think an attractive woman living nearby may be in cahoots with the Enemy.

B.A. awakens from his slumber and finishes the cheeseburger. He slumps over, unconscious, and the Dravens join the Team in merry laughter.

-To have Hannibal dress up like an old man and investigate the Enemy's hiding place, turn to Section 13.

-To have Face use his "good looks" and "irresistible charm" to get information from the attractive woman, turn to Section 2.

SECTION 10

"Fall back!" screams Hannibal, as bullets rip through his body. He crumples over into a pool of his own blood and dies. The Team has been trapped. One by one, they are hunted down, tortured, and shot. THE END.

SECTION 11

"I love it when a plan comes together," smiles Hannibal as the 105mm Autocannon is lowered onto the rear turret of the RV. The Team jumps inside, engages the warp drive, hits the auto pilot, and roars off.

The RV crashes through the warehouse walls, a series of chain-link fences, a concrete retaining wall, stops for a small child who is crossing the street, and finally crashes through a pyramidal stack of empty oil cans that happens to be nearby.

The Enemy quickly recovers from their initial shock and leaps into their vehicles.

-To have B.A. fire the deathray, turn to Section 14.

-To have Hannibal fire the Gauss cannon, turn to Section 14.

-To have Face fire a Stinger Missile, turn to Section 14.

SECTION 12

Posing as a doctor and using a German accent, Face explains to the staff of the asylum that Murdock must be "examined immediately."

Murdock, meanwhile, has a meaningful conversation with his hand.

Despite having been fooled by the same line in the last episode, the head nurse releases Murdock into "Dr. Guttenheim's" care. Face and Murdock rejoin the rest of the Team. Murdock manages to humorously annoy B.A. to the point where B.A. is literally foaming at the mouth and has to physically restrained. Ha, ha! That Murdock!

-To drive to the scene of horrible oppression, turn to Section 7.

-To fly instead, turn to Section 5.

-To have B.A. escape from the manacles-of-four and ram his fist down Murdock's throat, and then drive to the scene of oppression, turn to Section 7.

SECTION 13

By fashioning a disguise out of a gray wig and eighty-nine cents worth of "Jumbo Silly Teeth," Hannibal fools the Enemy into thinking that he is a harmless middle-aged man (thus keeping his true identity as a middle aged soldier of fortune a secret).

The Enemy ignores the innocent-looking, middle-aged man as he cleverly inspects their hideout. However, Hannibal absent-mindedly sticks his head into the huge, steaming Smashing Machine. After regaining consciousness, and pausing only long enough to stanch the flow of blood, Hannibal triumphantly hobbles back to the rest of the Team. After poring over the new information, the Team decides to attack.

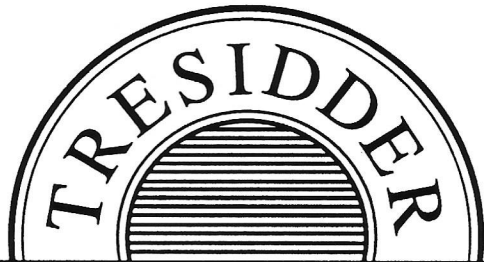
-To attack using the automatic weapons, turn to Section 4.

-To attack with the explosives, turn to Section 8.

SECTION 14

Upon impact, the Enemy's vehicle explodes into a flaming ball of fiery, fiery flame, rolls over several times, falls off a cliff, and collides with a gasoline truck, only to explode once more. The Enemy emerges from the vehicle dazed, yet uninjured.

They surrender. Congratulations! Hannibal lights a cigar. The Team loads their gear up and roars off just in time to escape the evil, yet well-intentioned Colonel Becker, who has tracked the A-Team half way across the globe, only to miss them by a matter of seconds. Again. THE END.



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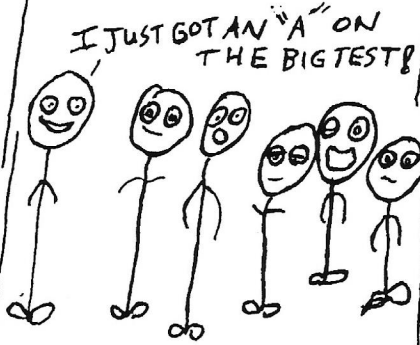
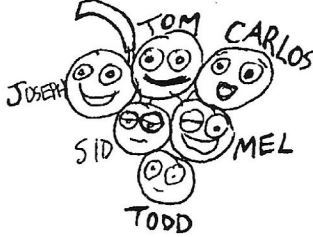
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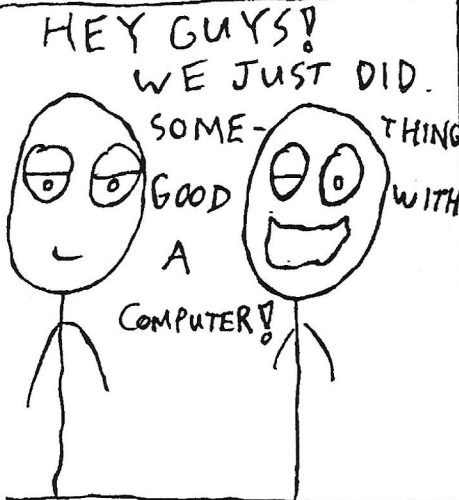
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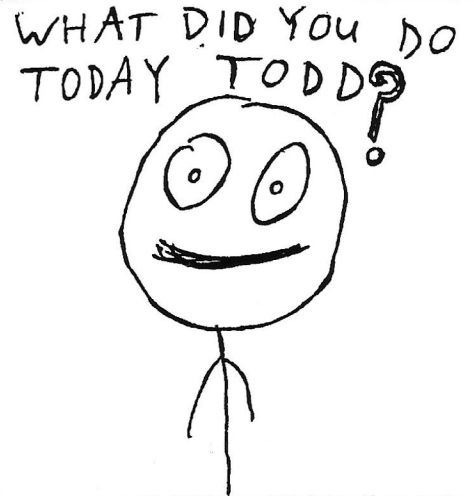
THE PUNCH



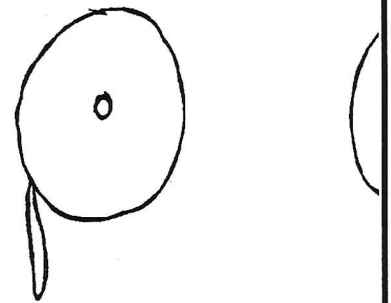
YEAH CARLOS!



ALL RIGHT!



TODD FUCKING SUCKS!



YANKEES PROVE THEY ARE BEST EVER

Jeter, Cone lead Yankees over '54 Indians in defensive struggle

NEW YORK (AP)

This season the New York Yankees reached 100 wins faster than any team in baseball history. But are they really the best team ever? Until now, most fans gave that distinction to the 1954 Cleveland Indians, who hold the American League record for wins in a season. On Sunday the Yanks settled that issue once and for all, defeating the '54 Indians in a tight 2-1 match and sealing their title as all-time kings of the national pastime.

In a sellout game, the home team Yankees struck first and hard in the third inning. Prized shortstop Derek Jeter slapped a sharp two-bagger to left field, just past the outstretched glove of Indians second baseman Edgar Path, who died in 1992 but was dragged onto the field to shore up the infield with his quick glove. Then MVP candidate Bernie Williams whipped the crowd into a hot frenzy with a 420 foot right field blast off Indians pitcher Bob Lemon, giving the Yanks the lead for good.

Yankees	2
.....	
'54 Indians	1

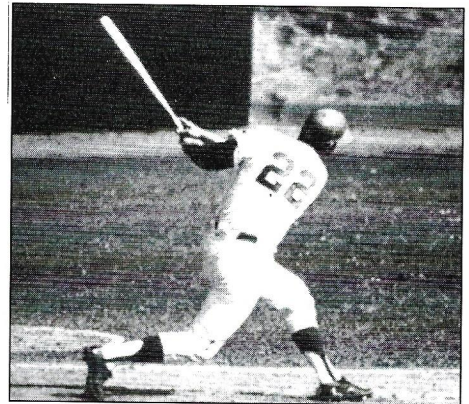
"It was a tough pitch to hit," described Williams after the game. "Lemon is too old to throw a baseball all the way to the plate, so I had to sprint towards the mound to lay a bat on that one. I was lucky to get some good wood on it."

The Indians scored their sole run in the seventh inning, displaying the same baseball fundamentals that made them champs in 1954. Trusty slugger Larry Doby hustled out a bunt and stole second. After moving Doby over to third with a sacrifice fly, the Indians worked the old squeeze play, and Doby slid into home plate past a distracted Yankee catcher Jorge Posada, who had stooped to retrieve Doby's left arm, torn loose in the excitement.

"Manufacturing runs, we've done it for fifty years," said Doby. "Just manufacturing runs." Doby is the first black player ever to play in the American League.

Yankee Cy Young candidate David Cone pitched a nearly flawless one run, three hit game. Cone's competitive fury was well on display, as he beamed four Indians batters for menacing him from the batters box. Two of them survived.

Indians manager Al Lopez managed a shrewd game. After perennial power



Swinging for the fences: Indians slugger Al Roen in mid swing. Roen popped a spinal disk on the play and remained in mid swing for three days after the game.

threat Al Roen was walked in the fourth inning, Lopez inserted the speedy Luke Boston to run, in accordance with American League rules requiring pinch runners to be alive.

Lopez fumed at the loss but overall was pleased with the team's improvement, hoping that this game was a first step towards their impressive form of old. "I hate to lose a game, but we showed the fans some good baseball today," said Lopez, as he beckoned reporters closer to his hospital bed. "That was a good baseball game."

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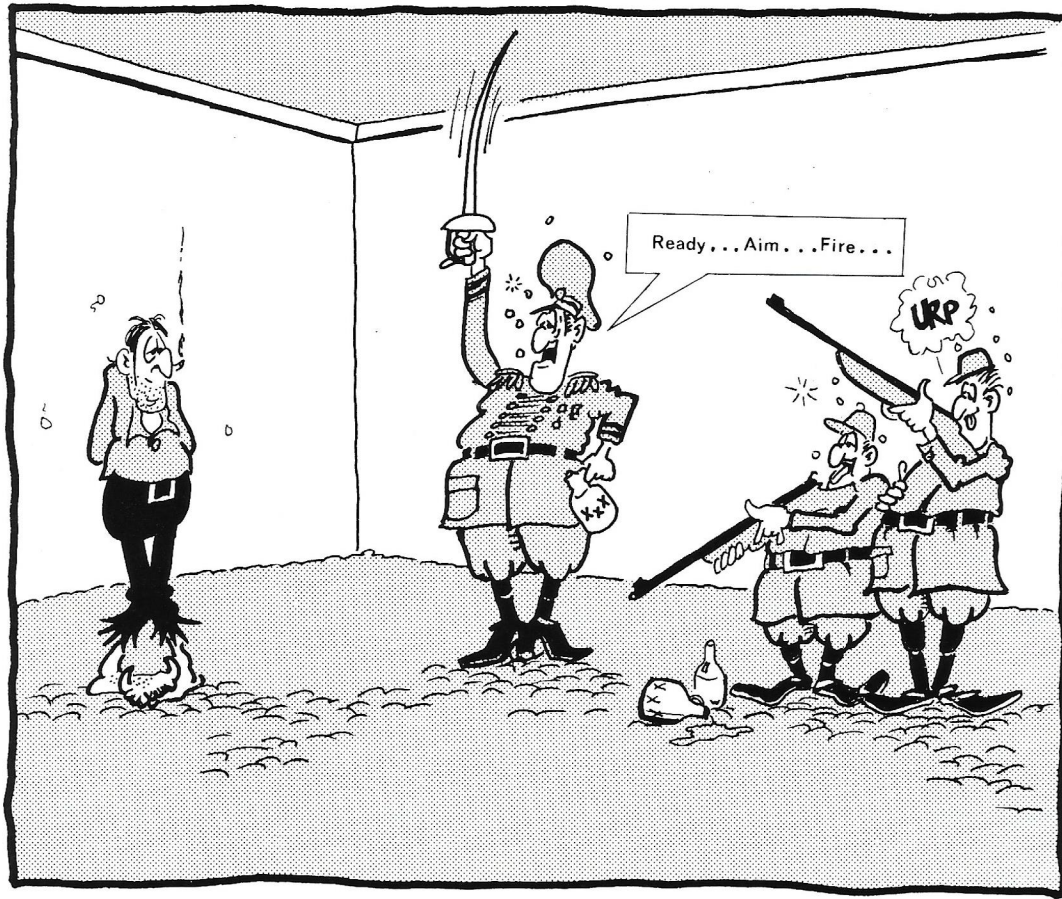
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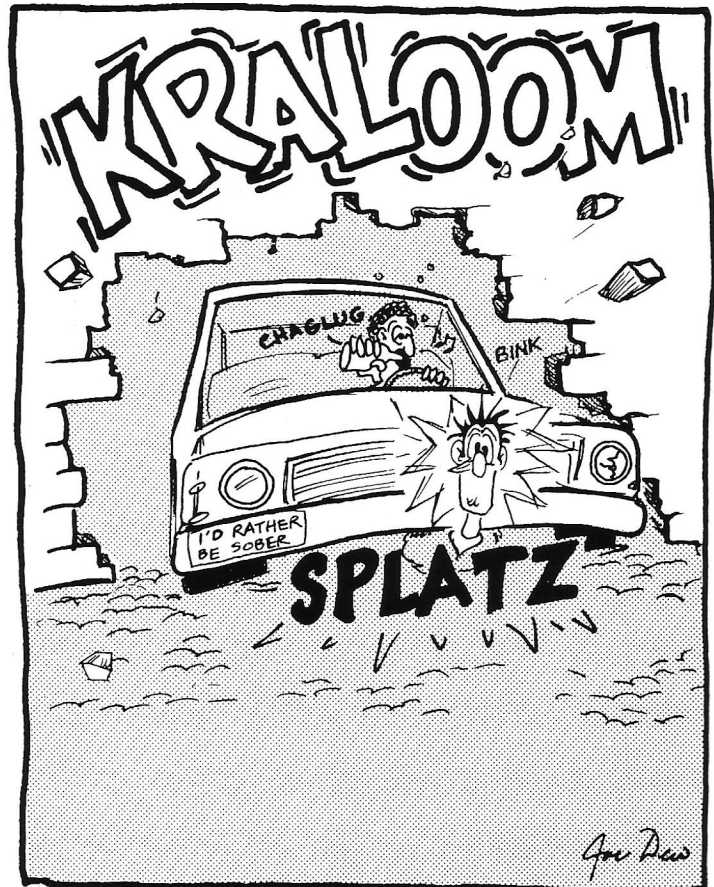
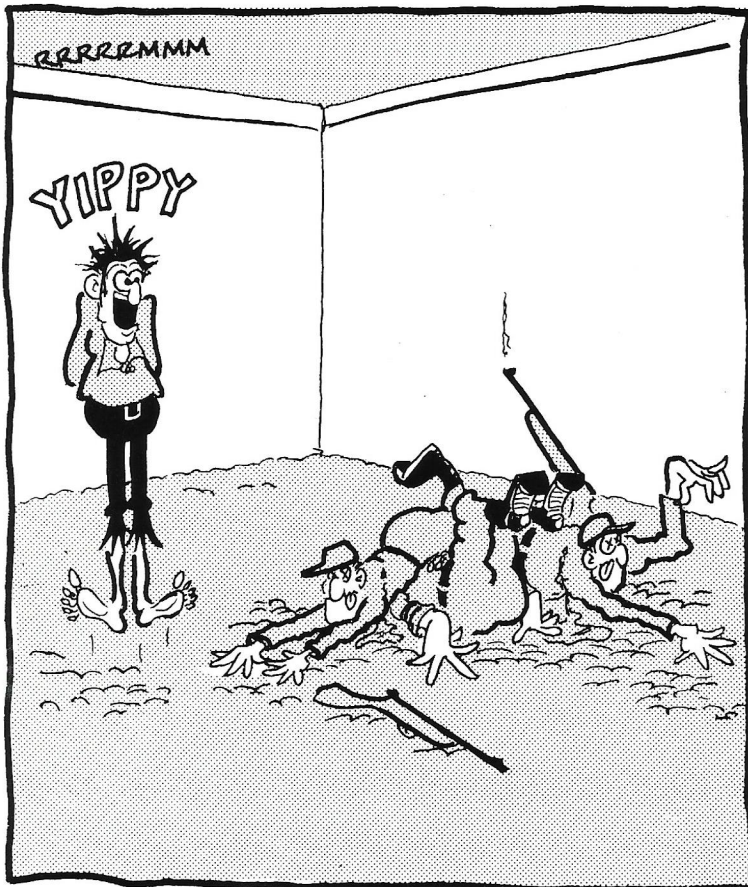
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ONE DRUNK MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA



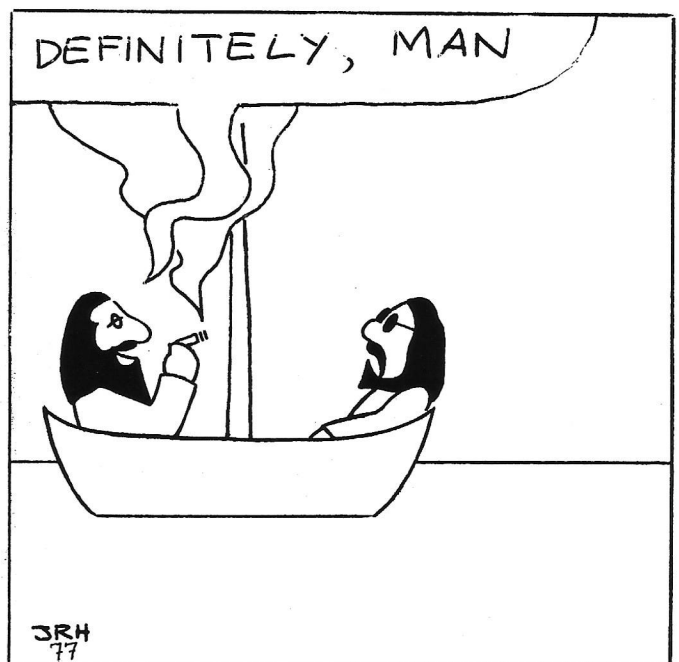
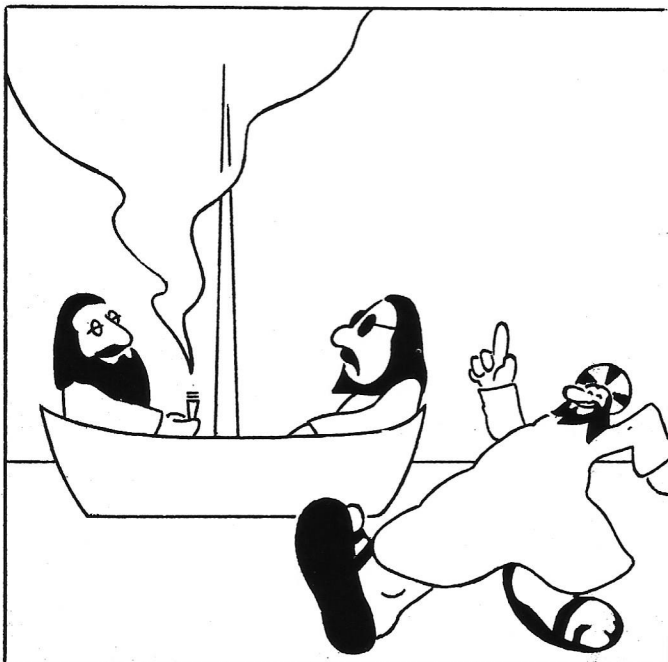
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THPOIT
UGH...

B L A M



featuring

THE OUTRAGEOUS Jesus Christ



ANIMALS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS

A man brought a cage with a blanket over it to a big time talent agent.

"Listen," said the man as he unveiled the cage, "a talking monkey!"

"Let me out of this @\$% cage!" said the monkey.

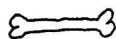


A man walked into his bedroom one evening to find the family dog in bed with his wife.

"What's going on here?!!", the man demanded.

"What the hell do you think?" said the dog. "I'm screwing your wife,"

"That's amazing, a talking dog!" said the man as he left the room to call a talent agent.



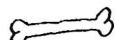
"My god!" said the man, "Your pet monkey is in bed with my wife!"

"That's nothing," said his friend. "My dog can talk."



"My god!" said the man, "Your pet monkey is in bed with my dog!"

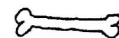
"That's nothing," said his friend. "My wife can talk."



Drunk, phoning to wife: "Thash you, dear? Tell the monkey I won't be home tonight."

A woman walked in one day to find her husband in bed with a mokey.

"Where's the dog?" she demanded.



A monkey walked in one day to find a man in bed with his wife.

"What's going on?" the monkey demanded.

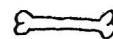
"My god!" said the man. "A talking monkey! I'm getting out of here!"



A dog walked in one day to find a talent agent in bed with his wife.

"What's going on?" the dog demanded.

"Get in line," said the monkey.



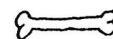
A man walked into his living room to find his dog in bed with a monkey.

"What's the matter," said the man, "my wife ain't good enough?"



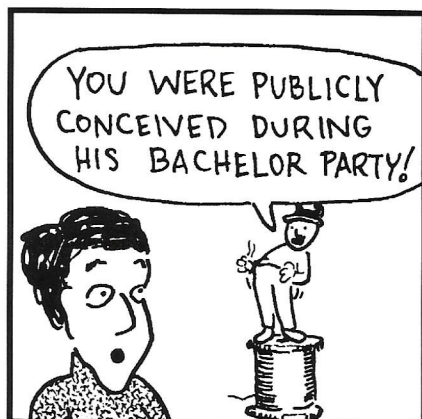
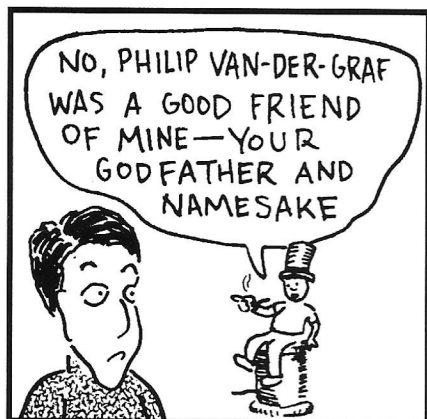
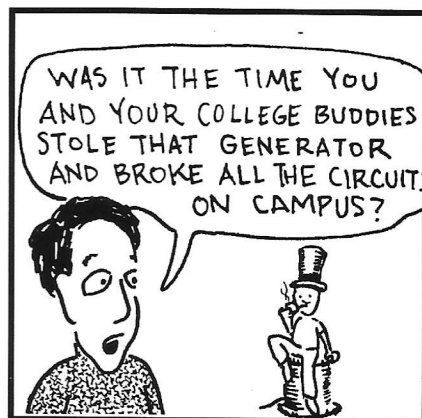
How do you know when your wife's been sleeping with a monkey?

The dog tells you.



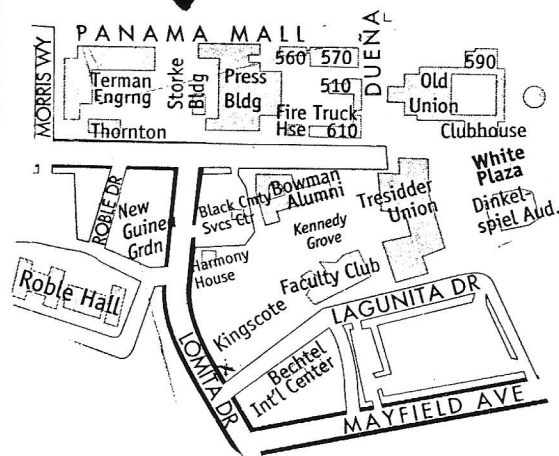
One day an agent, his talking monkey, a talking dog, a man and his wife . . .

You know the rest.



Every Single Day Since 1899, There Have Been Chappies. They Have Been Staying Up Late, Coughing, Listening to Records, Doing Homework, Talking to Each Other, Barfing, Playing the Drums, Going Downtown for Chinese Food, Passing Around the Sketchbook, Making Life Hard, Then Easy, Then Hard Again, and Looking Out Of The Window.

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New Courses for the 1998 Autumn Quarter

ASSERTIVENESS TRAINING FOR ALL AGES AND GENDERS

Feeling powerless in you home life or in the work place? In this structured confidence building course, students will be permitted to verbally and physically berate a thin and sickly Englishman each day for one hour, without fear of retaliation. This accommodating Brit will make periodic snide remarks in a low voice to keep the classroom setting lively.

HELL IN LITERATURE

Course work includes detailed study of Danté's lesser known counterpoint, Panté, who envisioned the devil as woman chuckling in front of you in the theater.

We will also focus on visual personifications of the devil, including that of British enlightened philosopher Francis Bacon, who envisioned Satan as a steaming plate of nachos. He maintained a lifelong debate with his French counterpart Descartes (Deck of Cards) on whether Lucifer cost more with truffles.

BASIC FIGURE DRAWING

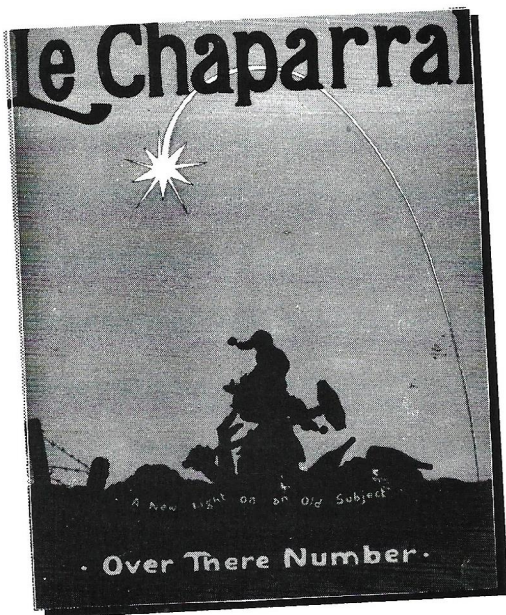
Yes, we will be using live models. And yes, (sigh) they will be naked.

INTRODUCTION TO PROOFREADING

This course focuses on the essentials of basic grammar. As a final exam the student is given an unpunctuated copy of Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment, and required to fill in the commas, periods, and other prominent grammatical symbols. Punctuation properly placed, this dark Russian masterpiece can be read as an extended Spider Man comic. In a surprise ending, Raskalnikov ensnares his bitter conscience in a webby goo, plants a kiss on Jane, and returns to his aunt's house a happy man.

INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY THEORY

For advanced readers who have wept over Toni Morrison novels and think they are ready to move on. By the end of this intensive ten week course, students will come to realize that it is not just plot details that are important to understand a novel. Nor is it the descriptions, the settings, the paragraphs, or even basic adherence to English syntax that matters. Students will learn to absorb the important thrust of massive Russian novels that *have not yet been written*.



The Over There Number of The Stanford Chaparral

Written and Drawn by the
Chappies in the
Trenches of France

VOLUME XIX

APRIL 1918

OUR SENSE OF FUN

This war would be extremely drear
If we had not long since begun
To view events that happen here
Transfigured by our sense of fun.

For many daily incidents
To which we have been used
Replete with humor quite immense
Occur to keep the men amused.

Just take, for instance, when last week
Our raiders, fooled by some mirage,
Too soon dashed forward like a streak
And ran into their own barrage.

When Smith, to show that he was calm,
Went on a sapping expedition,
They blew him skyward with a bomb—
Or—well, some other ammunition.

Or when we found (another jest)
Our sergeant missing from the pack,
Especially good when Jones confessed
That he had shot him in the back.

That don't compare with when we read
As oft we do these cheerful days,
How bombing planes have sown their seeds
On citizens—and embusques.

We pray that this philosophy
Continuing as it was begun,
And thank whatever Gods may be
For giving us our sense of fun.

And yet not one among the lot
(E'en as he laughs at some poor bloke)
But fondly hopes that he is not
To be the point of the next joke.

L.W. '17

A LETTER TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Statue of Liberty,
Goat's Island, N.Y., U. S. A.

Dear Liberty:

I am writing to ask if I can get a date with you some time in the near future. It would do me worlds of good just to get one look at you again. Don't misunderstand me—my intentions are entirely honorable.

Perhaps you have forgotten me—I hope not. But you'll recall that I was standing near the stern, and you waved your blow-torch at me and I winked back—member? I said not to worry, that I'd get matters straightened out, and that I'd be right back. And you stood very still and watched me out of sight. How brave you were, dear lady!

Well, I've been over in your native land for some time now, and let me say I like it fine. I can see now where you get your liberal notions—about dress and things. And they have not forgotten about you. Ask any Frenchman—he knows what Liberty is.

I saw Sisters Equality and Fraternity while I was in Paris. They send regards. Also I looked up Humanity, but I haven't been able to do much for her yet. But we Americans haven't seen as much of your relatives as we should have liked. They are kind of shy of our officers, and there are too many orders floating around to allow much chance to go calling.

Perhaps after all the notoriety you've been getting lately you won't want to be going around with a common fellow like me. We've been hearing a lot about

you and your enterprises and we've seen your photo pretty often. Hope your motor is coming along o. k. and your Loans. I was one of your first creditors when I subscribed (remember?) lest you perish. Trust your investments are proving satisfactory, but anyway, don't you worry—it will be all right about that fifty bucks.

There's one thing you do want to be careful about, though, little girl; and that's how you let strangers use your name. It's been flying around pretty around pretty promiscuous of late, it seems to me. Of course, it's all right for President Wilson and old friends like that, but, honestly, it looks kind of cheap to see your name on pickle jars and rubber tires. And your army beans are rotten. I think they must be some of the crimes committed in your name that Madam What-you-call-it once referred to. If I was you I wouldn't authorize 'em, but you know best.

And another thing. They tell us that America is going dry, but you won't let that happen, will you, because all of us have planned a blow-out when we get back home.

Well, I hear the bugle blowing for assembly, and so you and I have got to part company. Don't forget our date, because there are several thousand other fellows here who'll want to cut me out. But I'm like Patrick Henry and I say give me you or give me death.

Faithfully,

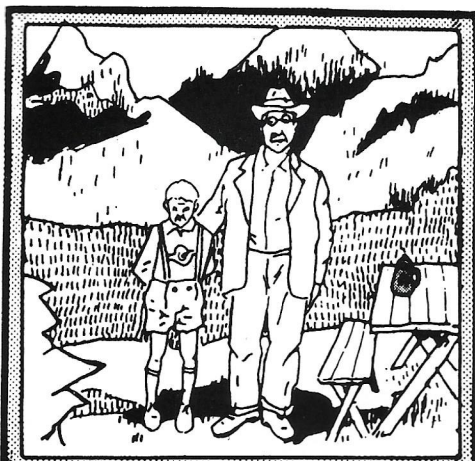
LANCE.

P.S. — Regards to Uncle Sam.



Oberliutenant: Hast destroyed all the cherry trees in this French orchard?

Fritz: Yah, mine Herr, I cannot tell a lie; I done it mit mine little hatchet.



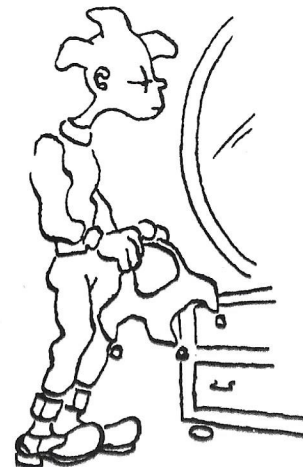
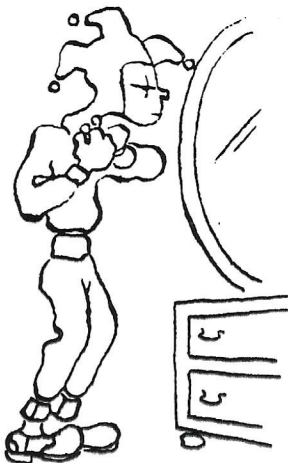
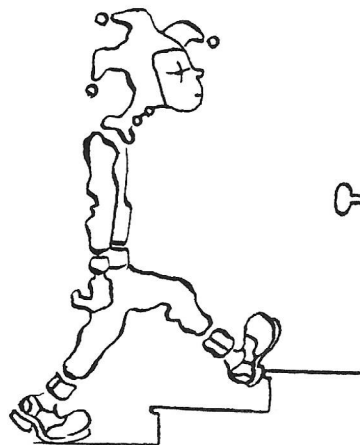
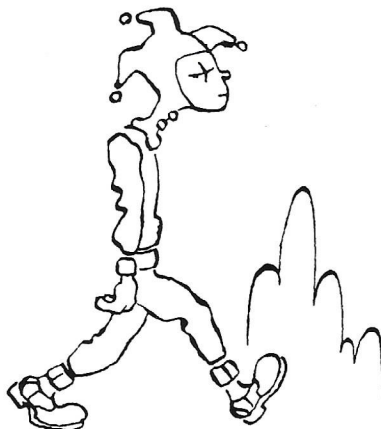
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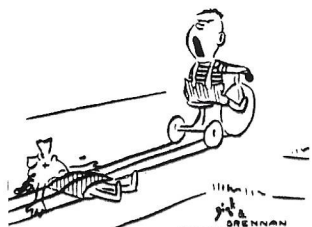
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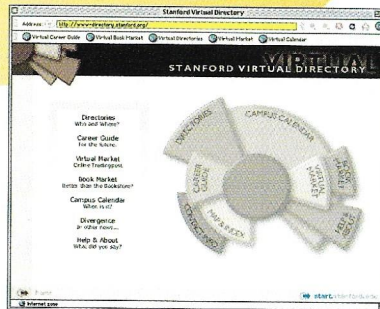


"Damn brakes!"

DRENNAN

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the **Mini Pages** have arrived!

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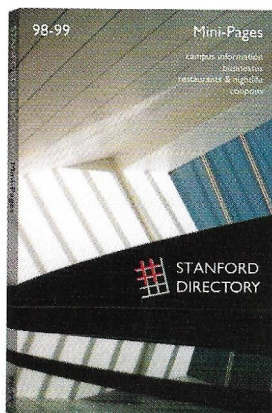
Already sick of Wilbur dining?
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Your car ready for an oil change?
Look here.

Yearning for pizza at half price?
Look here.

The secret to eternal life?
Well, that's pushing it.

But for everything else you need
to know, the answers are here.



you have to understand
this is far more
than just another measly
coupon book
(where else you gonna look?)

As if that's not enough, keep in mind this is just the beginning.
The Directory, Stanford's only official resource guide, arrives in November. Stay tuned!

 **STANFORD
DIRECTORY**

Don't forget! **Sunday, Oct 4th** is the **last day**
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