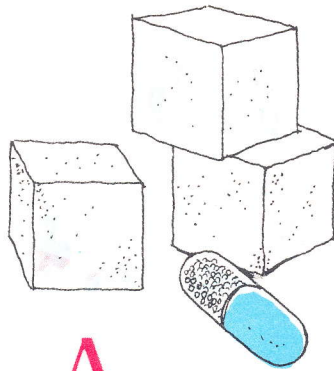
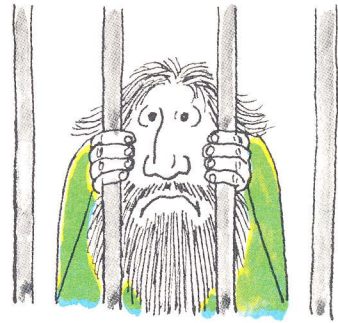


HIPPIES' ABZ's



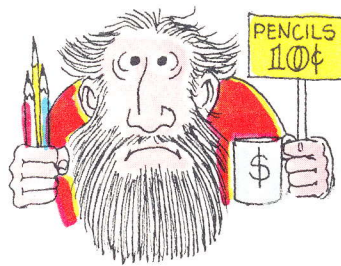
A is for Acid
With which we turn on;
We just take a pill
And headaches are gone!



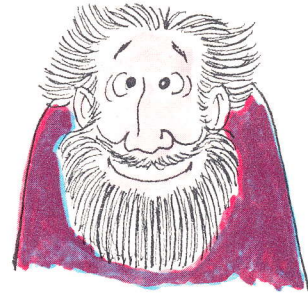
b is for Busted,
Something we'll be,
If we don't turn on
Surreptitiously.



C is for Cap,
(A gelatin pill)—
When filled with mind-drugs,
T'll give you a thrill!



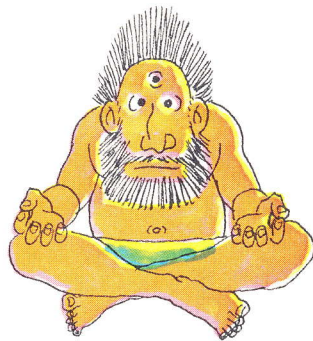
D is for Drop-out,
That's what we are—
We take lots of trips
But we don't go far.



E for Euphoria
Something we feel
Only if everything's
Looking unreal.



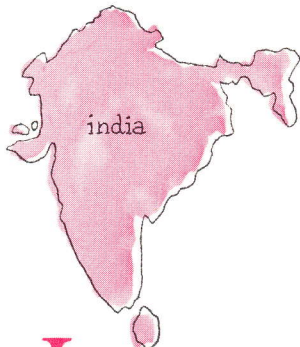
F is for Freak-Out,
A term that we use
When LSD makes us
Loose all our screws.



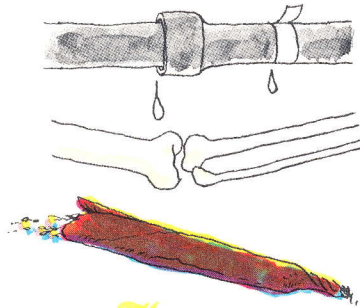
g's is for GURU,
Our spiritual guide;
When we trip out,
He comes for the ride.



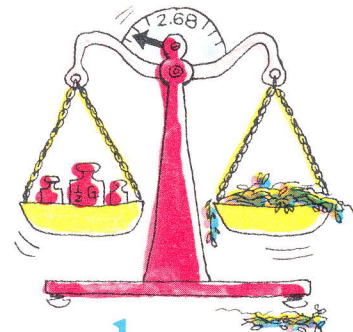
H is for Hash,
(No, not corned-beef)
A drug from Morocco
We also call "kif."



I's for India
From where we gather
Religious beliefs,
Music, and hunger.



J is for Joint,
Something we smoke;
Inhaling's an art-form:
Pot makes you choke.







k is for Kilo,
A measure of pot,
(2.86 pounds)
And it's a lot!

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Photograph by

Hans Roth

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Palo Alto, California

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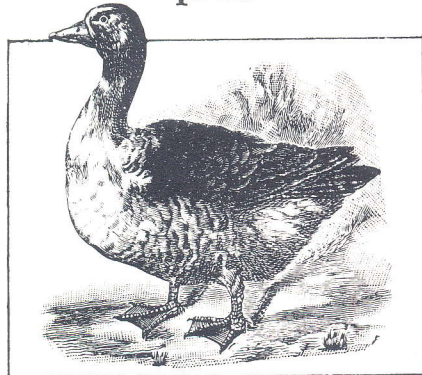
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the stanford
CHAPARRAL

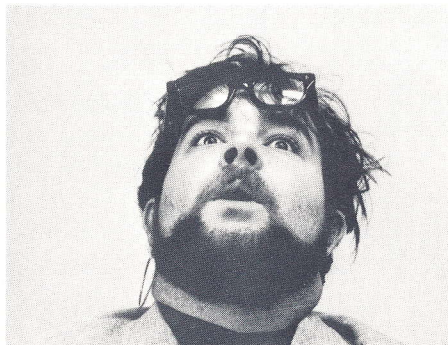
Stanford University founded 1891; *Stanford Chaparral* founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammar and Coffin National Honorary Society founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906. Michael Charles Rugg, President; Guilford Gaylord, Vice-President; Svelton-Suedos, Secretary-Treasurer. Published four times yearly (in substance) during the school year by the Stanford Chapter of Hammar and Coffin Society. Published for, and officially acknowledged as, the humor magazine of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Bona fide college humor magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material provided the credit is given to the Stanford Chaparral. All others must seek reprint rights from the editor or be held liable for actions involving the infringement of copyright laws. © 1967 by the Stanford Chaparral. Address all letters of complaint, praise, or condemnation to Editor, Storke Student Publications Building, Stanford, California, 94305. Omahs have flat feet.



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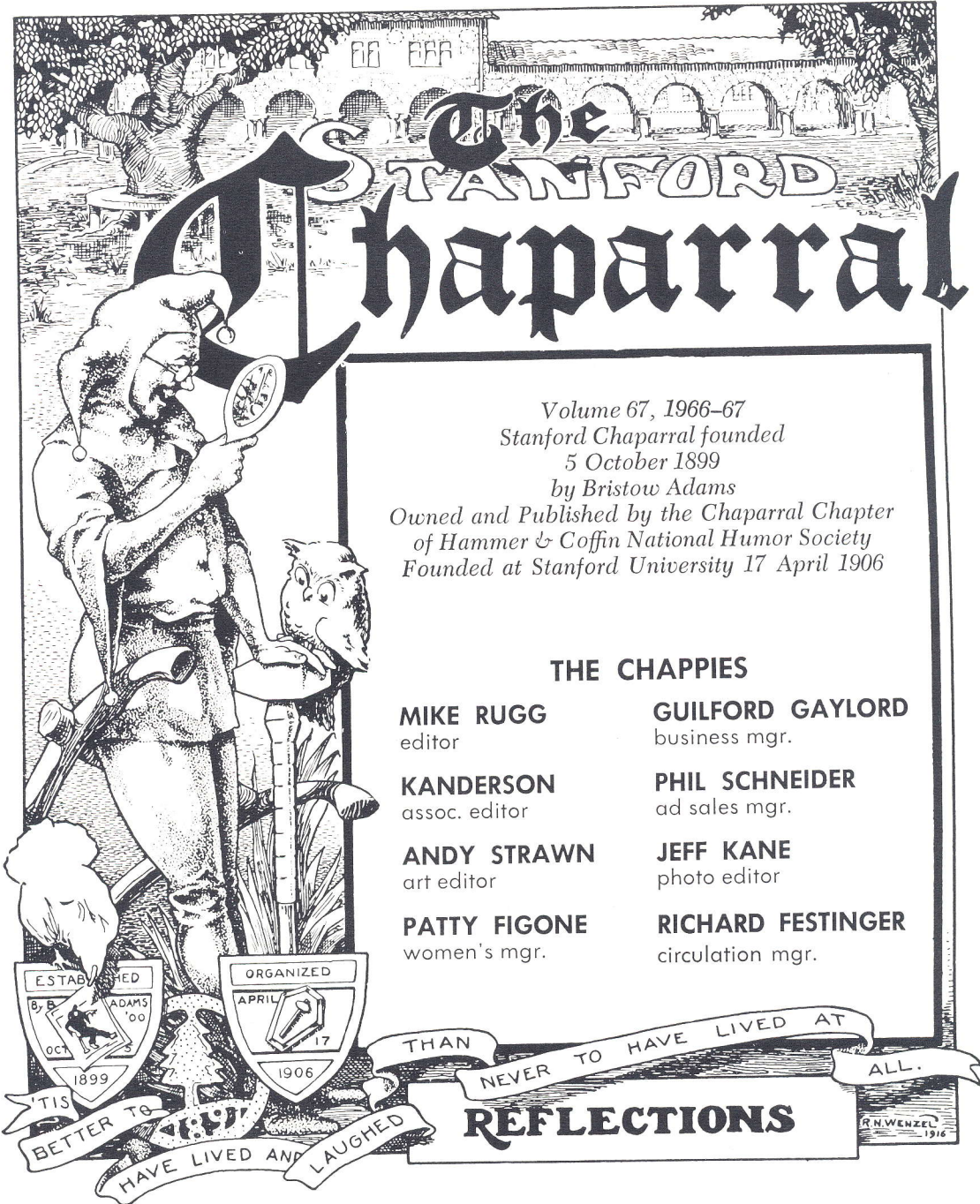
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HOWEVER

you've deciphered the cover (you have, haven't

you?) you're probably asking yourselves, "EEK, EEK what are those Chappie idiots anyway? - A BUNCH OF DRUGS AND SMUT PURVEYORS!!?" Well just to set your minds at ease (if that's possible) **Let it henceforth and here-with be stated that:**

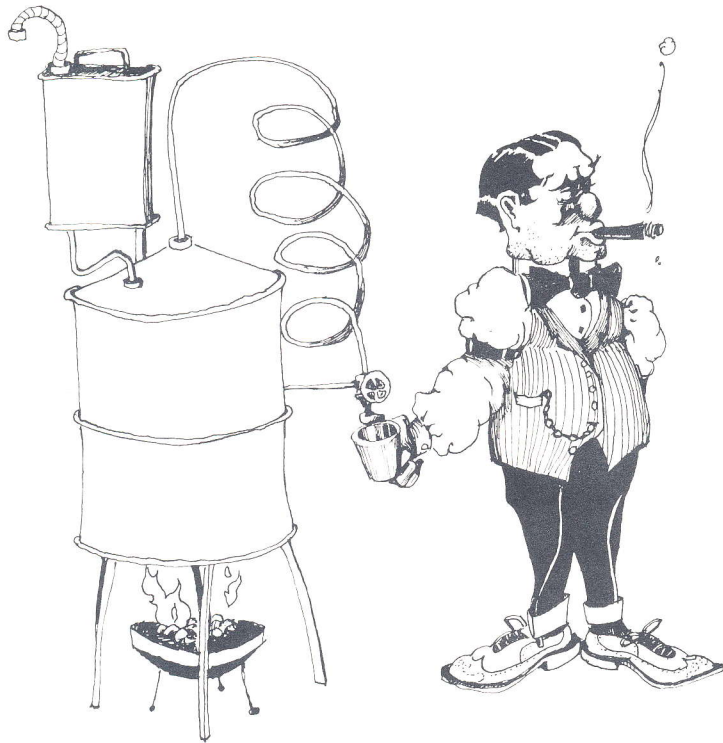
We the members of the Chappie Staff, in order to form a more controversial magazine, establish a balance of comment with the pernicious Daisy, insure the condemnation of Birchers, Young Republicans, S.O.S. members, Maoists, Leftists (old and new) and the masses, without disparity

Do thusly pledge that the opinions put forth in this volume are not necessarily those of H.C., Stanford University, Arung Forbush, David M. Sacks, our sponsors or Hoover Tower.

AND NOW SOME PEARLS OF WISDOM FROM THE **Olde Buoy:**

"Ye who would not offend, reality in statuary beware; for intimacy in innocence lends not to tranquility in proximity to senility and the anti-obscenity league." and beware of black-lights when you've got dandruff and wear a Navy-p-jacket to catch the groovy sounds in the city!"

And rest assured, this outburst, had it been done before the press deadline would have been: (1) more coherent, (2) easier to read (3) called in budoni #2 nine point caledonian aphrodisiac slug italics (4).....



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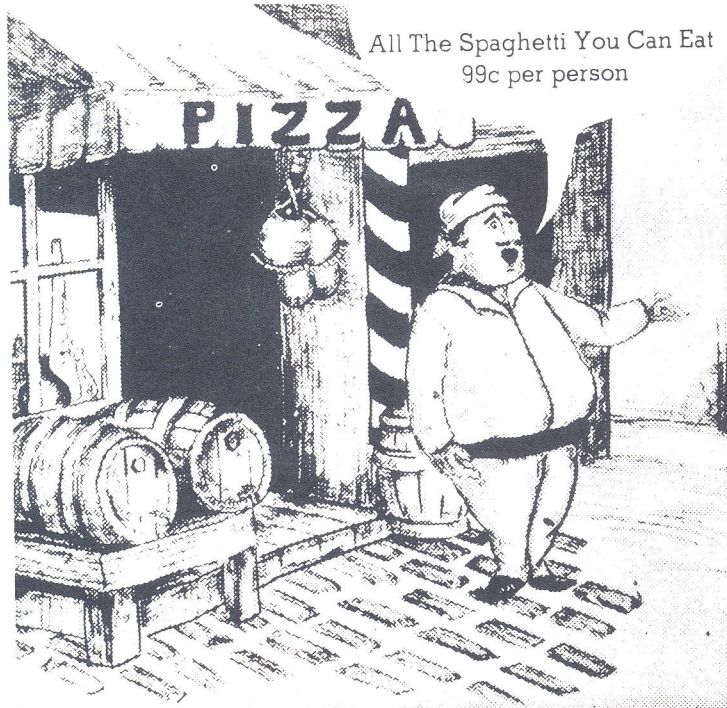
Straight from Kentucky . . .
. . . and sippin' good!



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CHAPPIE INTERVIEWS AN ACID FREAK

In 1938, a Swiss biochemist was doing routine research looking for a pain killer that would be effective against migraine headaches. He accidentally synthesized an odorless and colorless acid. He also empirically verified that it was tasteless, thereby becoming the first acid freak.

Today, LSD has become one of the most controversial, if not the most popular, of a growing number of products made possible by continued chemical research. Clergymen are debating its religious implications, legislators are ruthlessly outlawing its unauthorized use, parents are getting up tight because their own children won't turn them on. And countless youths are hallucinating. Nowhere in the United States today does there seem to exist any semblance of unity of mind or organization regarding this crucial and pressing issue.

In an effort to provide our hip readers with authoritative and pertinent information concerning LSD, especially if you happened to miss the brilliant TMU lecture series, the *Chaparral* has sought out the man who has been called "the West Coast's answer to Timothy Leary," Dr. Ellis D. Hedd. Dr. Hedd spent his undergraduate years at that bastion of American liberalism, Parsons College (Ia.) where

he majored in nuclear accounting. Because of his unparalleled record there, Dr. Hedd was admitted to graduate study at Kearney State Teachers College (Nebr.). There he studied, quite extensively, behavioral agriculture. After five years, he received his B.S. Being a high-self-tester by nature, he was unsatisfied with his education and applied to Harvard Law School. The victim of the post-war baby boom, Dr. Hedd was not admitted because of classroom shortage. Undismayed, Dr. Hedd came to California, where, at the University of California at Berkeley, he became the first professional non-student student in 1956. Eventually, according to Dr. Hedd's personal records, he received his Ph.D. He is now constantly engaged in LSD research in his own home.

It seems odd, considering Dr. Hedd's rather conservative background, that he should have become the recognized authority on hallucinogenic drugs. In answer to a question about his notoriety in our correspondence prior to the interview, Dr. Hedd replied, "I don't know why I'm so famous."

Our interview with Dr. Hedd was conducted in the combination kitchen-living-room-bedroom of Dr. Hedd's fashionable flat on lower Tele-

graph Avenue.

Chaparral: Dr. Hedd, how many times have you taken LSD?

Hedd: You mean ever since I had my first trip back in 1961?

Chaparral: Yes, the cumulative total...

Hedd: Who counts?

Chaparral: Good point. How, Dr. Hedd, do you account for your notoriety?

Hedd: I don't know why I'm so famous.

Chaparral: And could you tell us what LSD has done for you and, perhaps more importantly, what it has done to you.

Hedd: Well, I've been stoned a lot.

Chaparral: You used the word "stoned." Besides being the colloquial appellation denoting a condition of being under the influence of an hallucinogenic drug such as LSD, "stoned" also denotes influence of alcoholic beverages. Would you care to contrast the two variant usages, differentiating their meanings and loci of current usage?

Hedd: Definitely not.

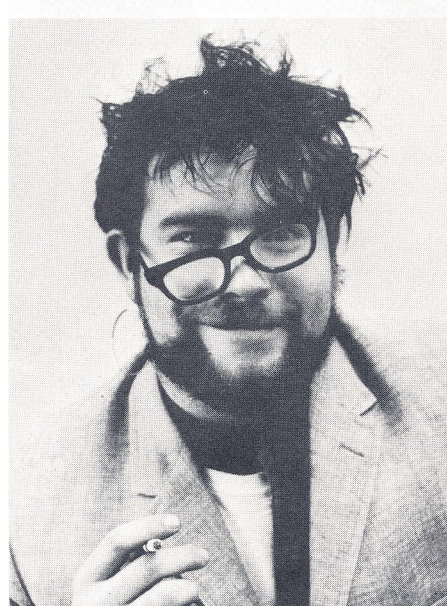
Chaparral: Do you think, Dr. Hedd, that we are in the midst of a great psychedelic revolution?

Hedd: Yes, definitely.

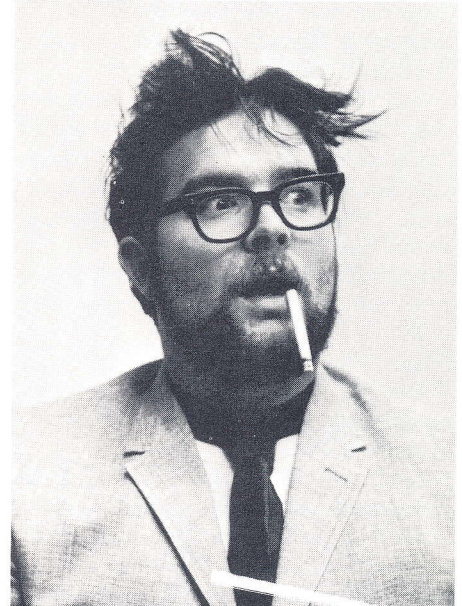
Chaparral: Would you care to elaborate...



"I'd like to know who conducted that survey, I'd kick him in his..."



"Since you brought it up, LSD definitely does affect your sex life."



"Your nose. It looks like an electrified banana."

Hedd: Look, you're the one who brought it up.

Chaparral: Good point. Perhaps we should move on to another facet of the LSD problem . . .

Hedd: Now hold on, fella. Just what is the problem? I don't see any problem. Unless its finding somebody to score from . . .

Chaparral: Well, Dr. Hedd, a recent *Time* essay reported that a survey of Los Angeles "showed as many as 200 victims of bad trips in the city's hospitals at one time." Doesn't that sound like a "problem" to you?

Hedd: I'd like to know who conducted that survey. I'd kick him in his . . .

Chaparral: Really! Please don't get upset, Dr. Hedd, we're only quoting from a report. We don't mean to imply that LSD turns otherwise normal people into raving psychotics. But since we brought it up, what about it? Does LSD turn people into psychotics?

Hedd: Well so what if it does. Maybe those people *like* being crazy. Who knows?

Chaparral: Good point. Tell us, sir, what effects does LSD have on your sex life?

Hedd: Whaddya, some kind of pervert?

Chaparral: Well, if its' too personal . . .

Hedd: You don't look the voyeuristic type . . .

Chaparral: Who, us?

Hedd: Since you brought it up, LSD definitely does affect your sex life.

Chaparral: Would you care to elaborate? Huh huh huh?

Hedd: There was this one time, see, when me and this chick were really stoned at this Sexual Freedom League orgy, see, and, well, imagine hallucinating this very sexy chick who is committing simultaneous . . .

Chaparral: Good point. How often have you yourself made love under LSD?

Hedd: Who counts?

Chaparral: Uh, I notice you've just eaten a sugar cube. Did it by chance contain LSD?

Hedd: Naw. I *like* sugar cubes. Kind of a habit with me, I guess you'd say . . .

Chaparral: Tell us, do you think LSD is, as another noted LSD exponent has stated, a key to religious experience?

Hedd: To tell the truth, I've never been much of a church-goer. I don't know much about that religious stuff.

Chaparral: But haven't you ever had what you might call a "religious experience" under the influence of LSD?

Hedd: Yeah, I guess I've had that. You remember that chick at the party I was telling you about?

Chaparral: Yes . . .

Hedd: Well, I suppose you could say that at the time I really worshipped her . . .

Chaparral: What do you think of the motto of some LSD advocates—"Turn on, tune in, drop out."

Hedd: Well it's sort of like television. You know, you turn on the ol' tube, tune in the Johnny Carson show and fall asleep—that's dropping out.

Chaparral: Uh, I noticed you've just eaten another sugar cube. Did that one contain LSD?

Hedd: Lessee . . . did I take it from that box there? I did, didn't I. Now that box over there has the . . . no, it must be . . . gee, I have a lot of trouble keeping my cubes straight. Well, we'll know for sure in a little bit, won't we?

Chaparral: Dr. Hedd, would you recommend that everyone try LSD?

Hedd: Why not?

Chaparral: Why?

Hedd: It's different and exciting. When you take acid, it's like a whole new world. Colors and sounds and . . . everything starts to get very intense, you know. You hear the vibrations of the Corti of your inner ear. It's groovy.

Chaparral: Do you think it does anything toward furthering the integration of one's personality, towards individual fusion with integrity?

Hedd: Well, if you're hung up about not being able to hear the Corti of your inner ear, yes.

Chaparral: What about physical effects? Any nausea, dizziness?

Hedd: It all depends on where you score, man. Now I got a contact who makes the most beautiful acid you'd ever care to know. Makes it in his kitchen, too. Used to work for DuPont.

Chaparral: Is it possible to take too much, to overdose, that is?

Hedd: Well, I took about 2000 micro-milligrams once and still came back. I was stoned for three weeks, but I came back.

Chaparral: Don't you find that LSD interferes with ordinary normal everyday behavior?

Hedd: Not in the least. Say, you've got a big nose.

Chaparral: What?

Hedd: Your nose. It looks like an electrified banana.

Chaparral: Wha' . . . say, there *was* LSD in that last sugar cube, wasn't there?

Hedd: No, you just got an awful funny nose.

Chaparral: Oh.

Hedd: No offense intended, of course.

Chaparral: In his campaign for the student body presidency, a student at Stanford recommended that LSD be dispensed at the campus medical center. What do you think of the idea?

Hedd: Give it away? What's he trying to do? Undermine American free enterprise? Lots of guys make their living selling the stuff and he's gonna give it away . . . !

Chaparral: Dr. Hedd . . .

Hedd: Pardon me for interrupting you, but do you want some coffee?

Chaparral: Yeah, sure. Thanks.

Hedd: One lump or two?

Chaparral: One's okay. Say, that's good coffee . . .

Hedd: Now you were saying . . .

Chaparral: Yes. We were going to ask if you have any ideas on what makes an individual "freak out," that is, have a bad trip?

Hedd: There are certain ecological variables involved, of course.

Chaparral: I see.

Hedd: The psychodynamics of the individual ego form an important determinant with respect to cognitive orientation.

Chaparral: I see . . .

Hedd: Various indeterminate physiological functions, especially in the area of neural chemistry, enter in.

Chaparral: . . . ulp . . . I seeeeee . . .

Hedd: Moreover, neurotic dependence on symbolic relationships with one's perceptions of reality is an important factor.

Chaparral: WOWIE! Do you see that? It's all pink and green and flashing and . . .

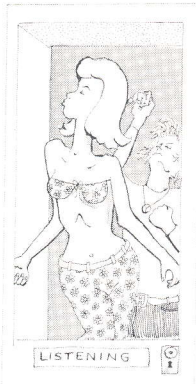
Hedd: A priori categories form the loci of most human relationships. When these are interdicted, especially at the level of the synapse, the non-Aristotelian parasympathetic system gains control and . . .

Chaparral: What's haaapennning . . .

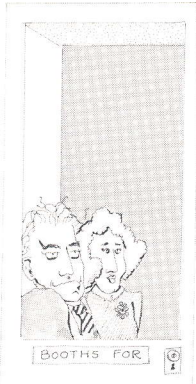
Hedd: . . . you freak out.

Chaparral: Aaaaaarrrrrrggggghhhh!!!!

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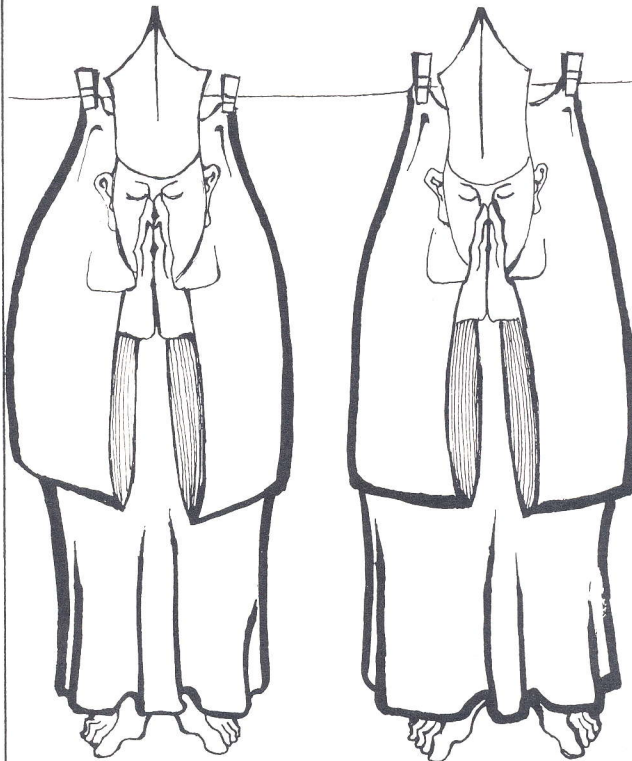
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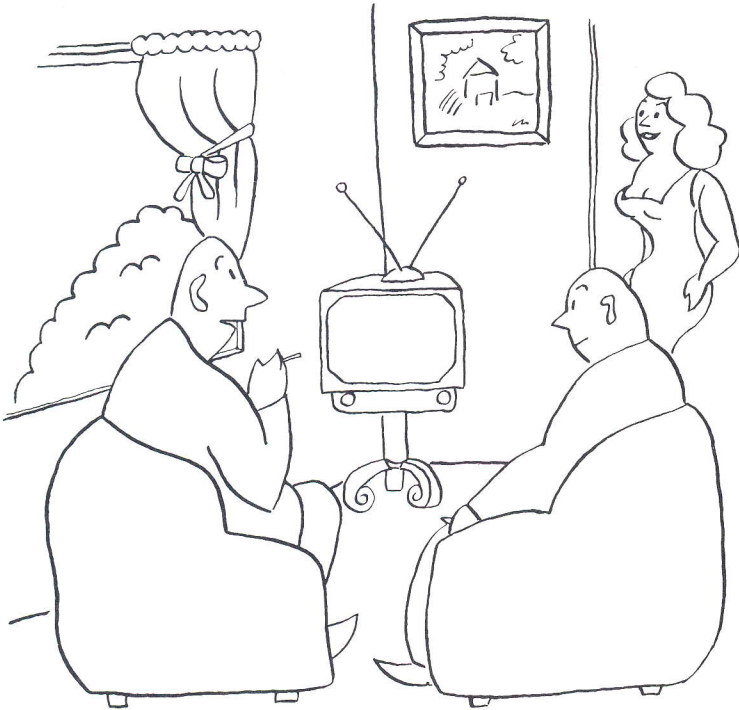
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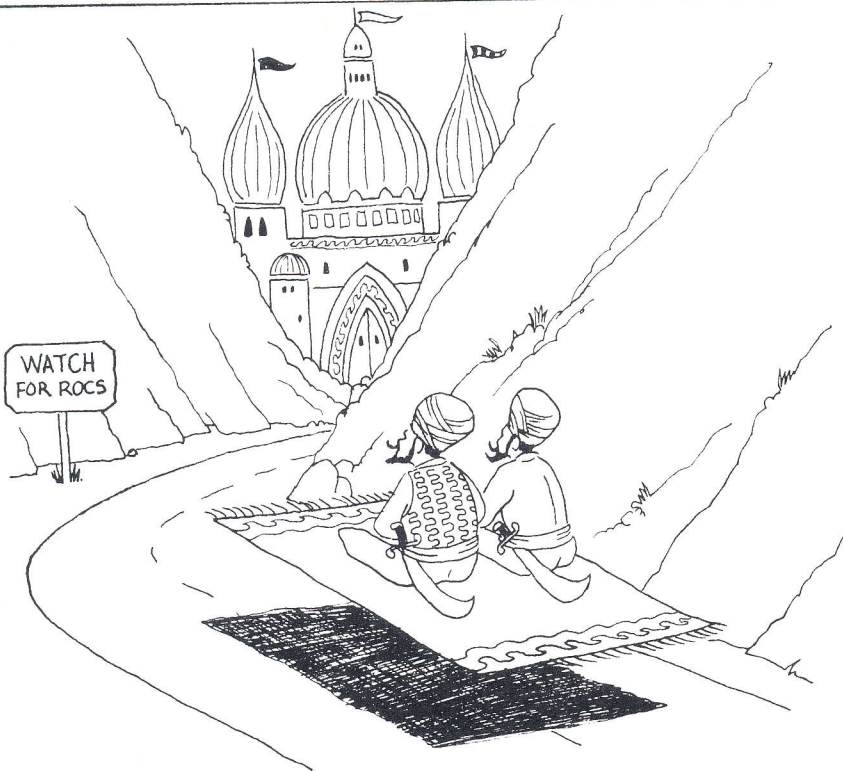
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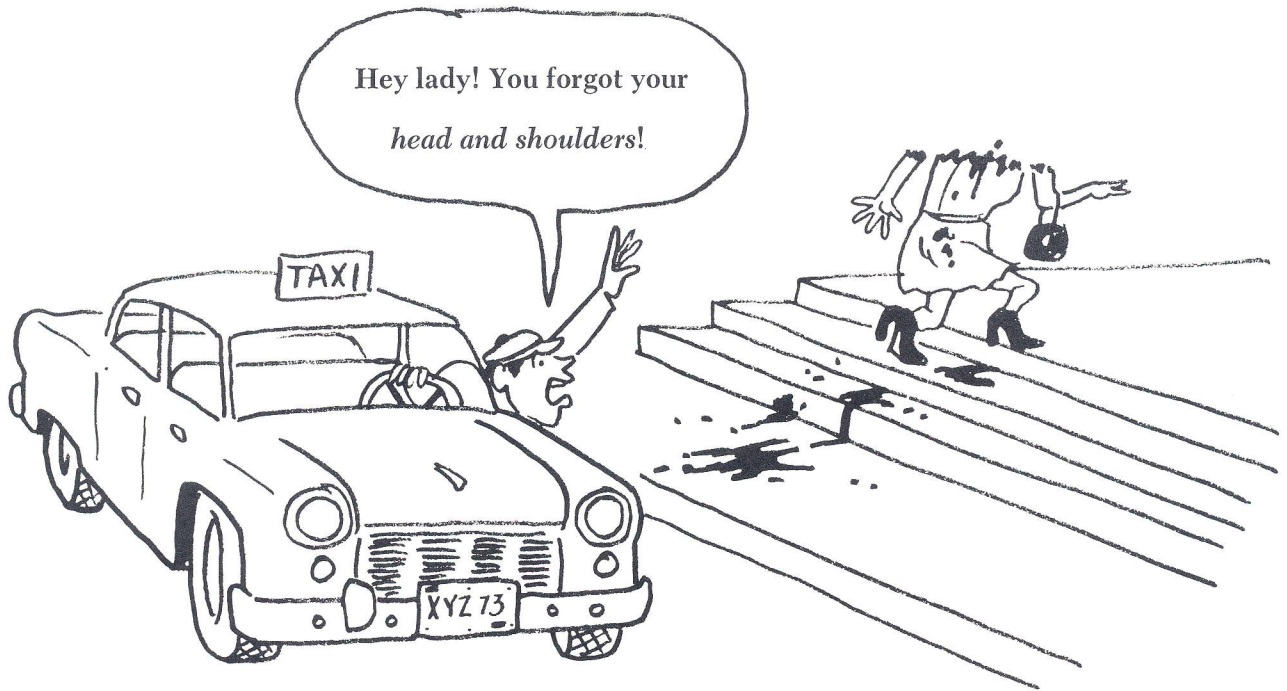
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CHAPPIE CHUCKLERS



I'll say this about your wife, Harry, she rolls a good joint.







Better Late than Never Dept.

Two Poles were having a discussion about where they should go exploring. One suggested they go to the moon, but the other objected because the United States and Russia were already going there. Then one suggested they go to the sun. "What?" said the other, "We'd get burned up."

"No we won't" the first replied, "We'll go at night."



Know how to kill a Pole in California? Throw your garbage on a freeway.



A Pole was walking down the street with a pig under his arm. One of his friends asked him where he got it.

"Bought him at an auction," replied the pig.

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has registered on the date stamp for the current quarter.

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al' hippy's mother gaased

Strawn & Kanderson



"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"
"With pot and peyote cactus
And morning glories for show!"



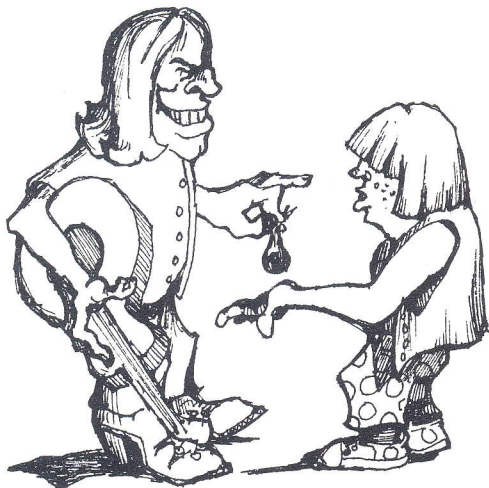
Jack be nimble!
Jack be quick!
The cat who's scoring's
A federal dick!



Ding, dong, bail,
Hippies in the jail.
Who put them in?
Undercover men.
Who gets them out?
Nobody, usually.
(What a nasty man was that
To put in jail poor hippy-cat—
Who never did him any harm
But only tried to turn him on!)



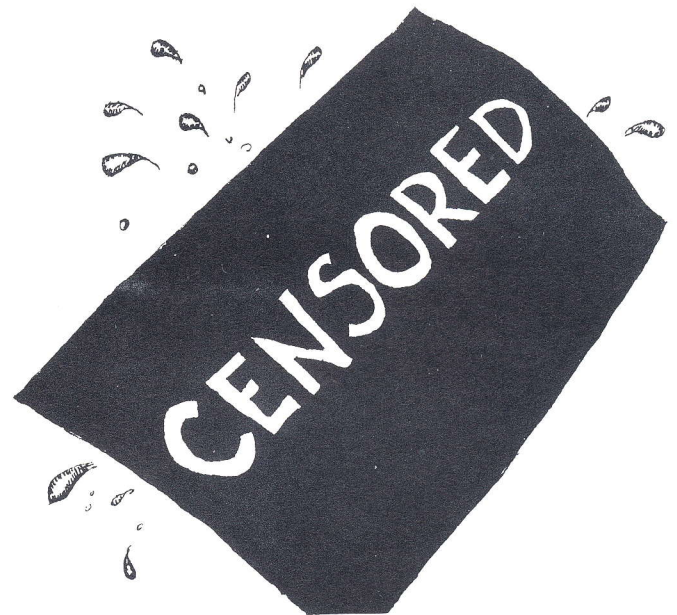
*There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
Because she didn't know what to do!*



*"Little Tommy Tucker
Sang for his supper.
He also plays a guitar
And pushes grass on the side."*



*Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And put in the bowl
A pinch and a half of tea!
Wheeeeeee!*



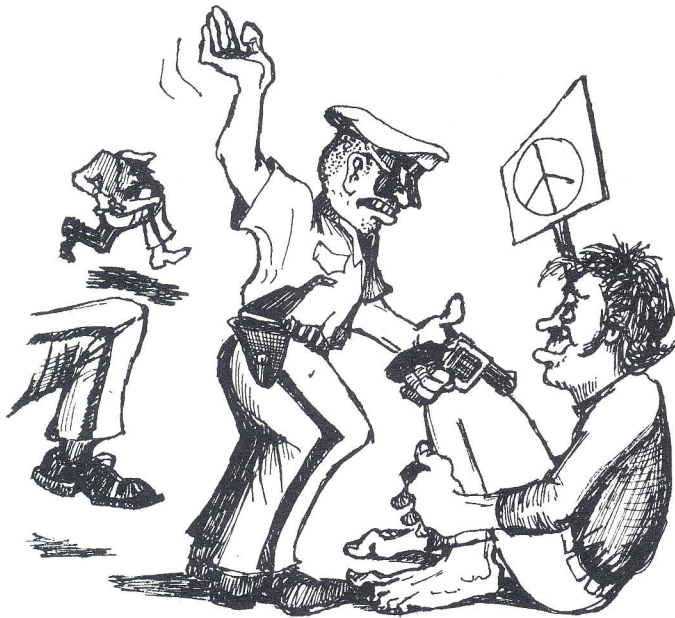
*Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his favorite pie.
Unlike you and me,
He's sexually free
(I'm glad I don't do the
illustrations for this!)*



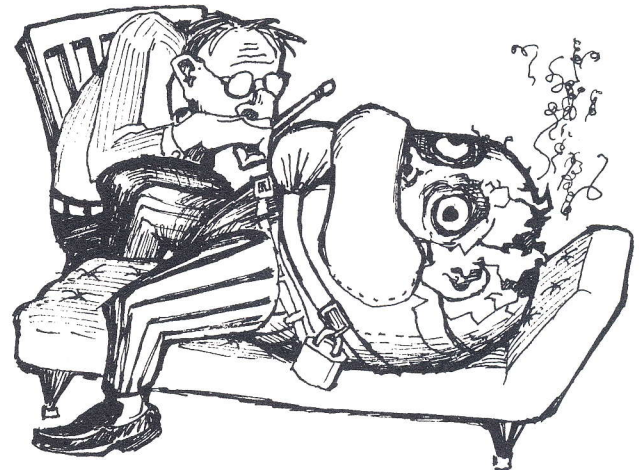
*Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch their home-grown pot.
It's so much fun out in the sun—
Besides, they save a lot!*



*Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet,
Protesting abortion laws.*

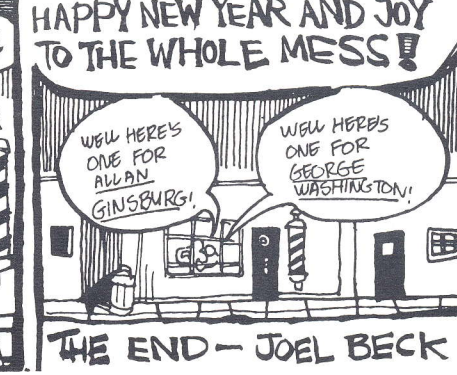
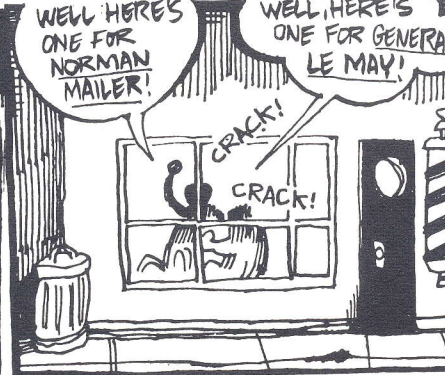
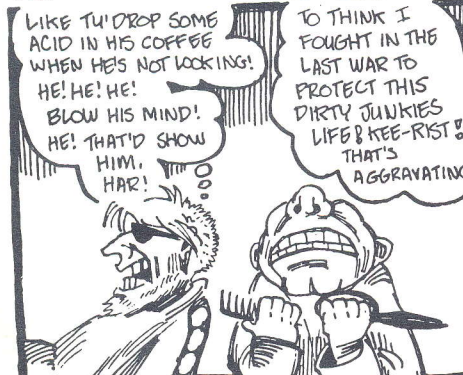
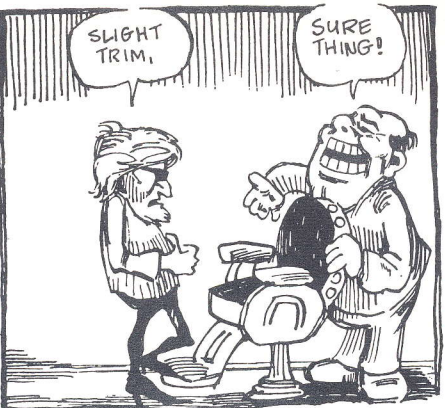


*Little Boy Blue!
Go get your men!
They've pot in the pantry
And dex in the den!
They're dirty, disgraceful,
Disgusting and more—
They aren't even loyal
To US in the War!*



*"Humpty Dumpty took a trip—
But LSD made Humpty flip.
All the shrinks
In all the state
Couldn't set poor Humpty straight."*

THE BERKELEY BARBER SHOP



THE END — JOEL BECK

LSD AT THE HEALTH CENTER

An in-depth report by Diana Deverell

Those of you who actually read the *Stanford Daily* before covering the bottom of your birdcage know that the Student Health Center has been dispensing LSD to students for the past few months. We of the *Chappie* staff applaud this venture as a prime example of the marked success of so many of the programs Dave Harris promised us in his campaign.

However, not being the sort of organization that merely stands by and applauds (and certainly not being by any stretch of the imagination at all involved in actual drug use) we now bring you a full report on the situation: another brilliant in-depth reportorial effort by our intrepid staff.

As stated in the 1966-7 catalogue, the Health Service passed out LSD between two and ten a.m. so that students can "score" without having to miss any of the really fun promiscuous activity accompanying open house hours. Besides, as the Deans are wont to fondly tell us, "Idle hands are the Devil's playthings."

Little idleness was in evidence when we arrived at the Health Center, affectionately referred to as "Little Haight-Ashbury." I was accompanied by Hector X, a guide supplied by the Student Guide Service, of course ("Don't travel alone: Trip out with a Stanford Certified Guide!")

Cowell looked like any friendly gathering place for typical friendly students. We carefully picked our way over the maze of fire hoses to avoid antagonizing the firemen who stood ready to dampen any over-enthusiasm. I was somewhat terrified by the sight of the clubs and chains in the Stanford Police ammo dump in the Visitor's Parking Lot, but Hector reassured me. "They aren't strong enough to hit too hard."

The usual number of pickets were milling around, hoping to arouse student interest in various movements with signs such as "Who Was Cowell?", "Sequoia Sucks", "Frodo Is Dead", and "Headquarters for Lower Pdunk Latter Day Saints" (a few near-sighted Mormons inevitably mistake LSD for LDS). In the midst of all stood ever-present Janet Howell, urging the girls to move off campus.

Along the side-lines, Stanford's illustrious pompon girls shouted encouragement to the trippers. "Swallow! Swallow! S-W-A-L-L-O-W! Swallow!" they yelled, surpassing their usual cleverness.

The basketball team was there, formed up in a single seemingly unhappy little group. Passing by, we heard them muttering as they popped sugar cubes into their mouths. "For Lew Alcindor, for Lucius Allen, for . . ."

Near by, we noticed a charming girl with a distinc-

tive, pear-shaped figure. "And what dimensions of the mind have you found with LSD?" we asked.

She paled. "LSD? What do you mean?" She was visibly shaken. "You mean it wasn't . . . My roomie said to ask for the pink ones but I thought . . . Oh my goodness. I think I may have made a terrible mistake."

"Mistake?" shouted a man nearby. "No one makes a mistake who takes LSD!" He then eloquently explained the revolutionary, social, and therapeutic aspects of the drug, finishing with an impassioned statement of the doctrine of psychedelic infallibility.

I listened in awe. "Is that Timothy Leary?" I whispered to Hector. He was disgusted. "Him? That's C.N.H. Spreckels, president of America's largest sugar cube manufacturing company."

Just then a University of California at Berkeley limousine screeched to a halt in front of the Health Center. Out leapt Chancellor Heyns. Snatching a handful of cubes, he was back inside the car before I could get to him. "Can't talk now," he shouted, "Governor Reagan's coming to tea this afternoon!" And off he roared.

The crowd was thinning out, but I still hadn't seen that idol of the *Chappie* staff whose words were essential to the completeness of my story. "Where's Dave Harris?" I finally asked Hector.

"Harris doesn't use LSD," he replied. "Acid's only for the masses. He's our leader. Besides, he's not on campus anyway. This is the quarter he's on sabbatical as resident lecturer at those hotbeds of new student activism, Vassar, Mt Holyoak, Wellesley, and Agnes Scott."

Trying another tact for my story, I turned to a nearby rather glum looking student. "Why aren't you ingesting sugar cubes, today?" I asked.

"Can't. My parents won't let me."

Hector was infuriated. "Free yourself from middle-class morality," he thundered.

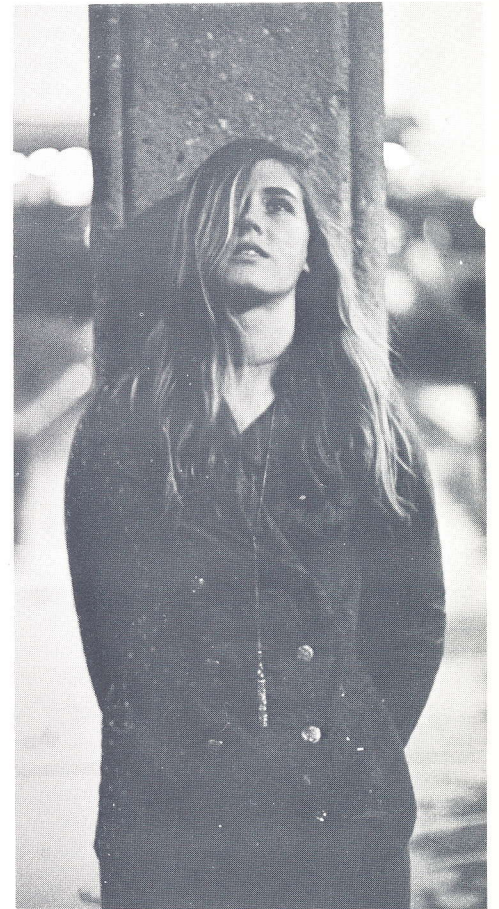
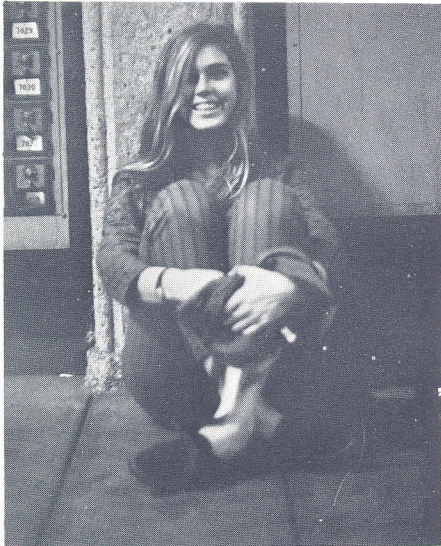
"It's worse than that," said the boy. "They're making me pay my own dentist bills." We all made sympathetic noises. That was a tough break for a guy. He'd probably be dinged in rush.

We'd been strolling around and, at that point, I nearly tripped over a body, grovelling and rolling on the ground. Looking closely at him, I recognized him as a very important administration official. "What happened to him?" I exclaimed.

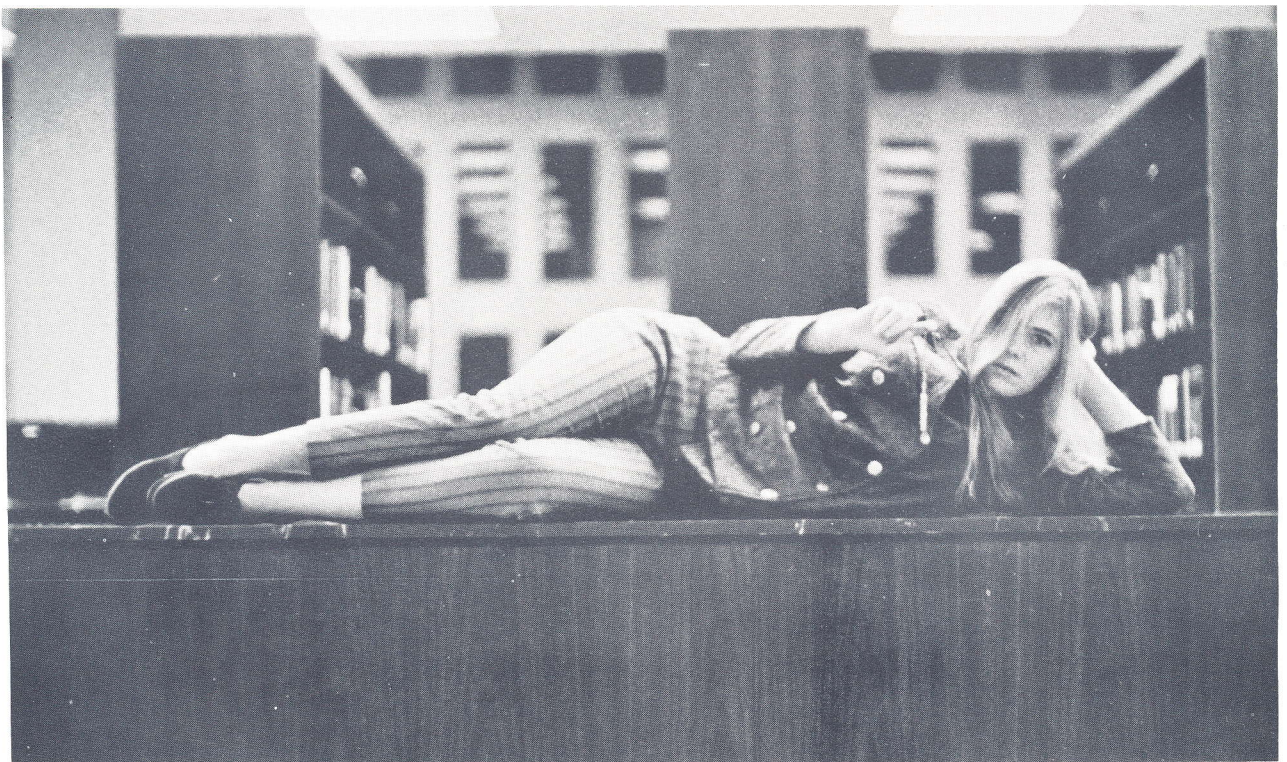
Hector was disheartened at the sight. "Poor guy," he said, "He took LSD to expand his mind and discovered there was nothing there to expand."

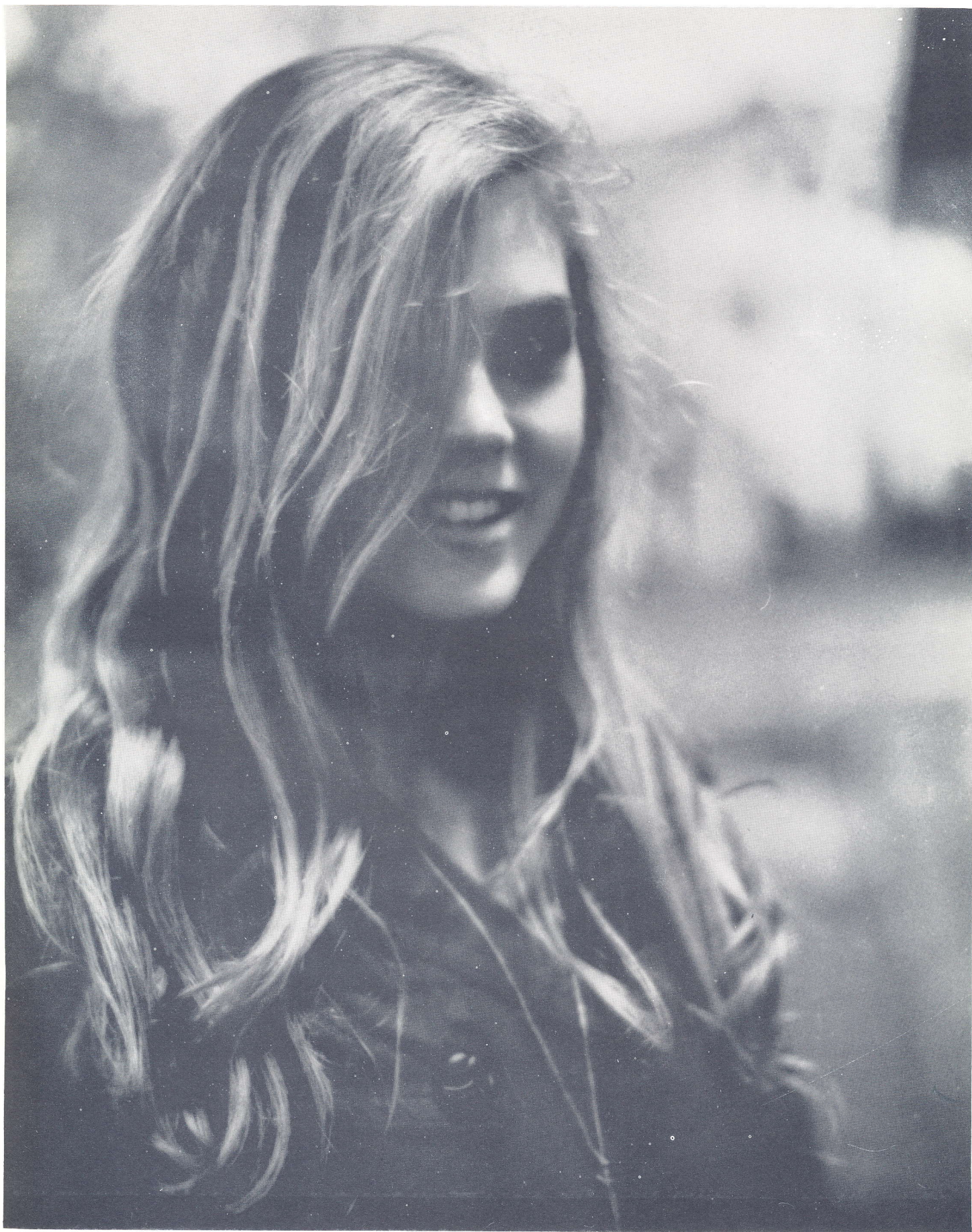
On that note, we split.

hip branner pie



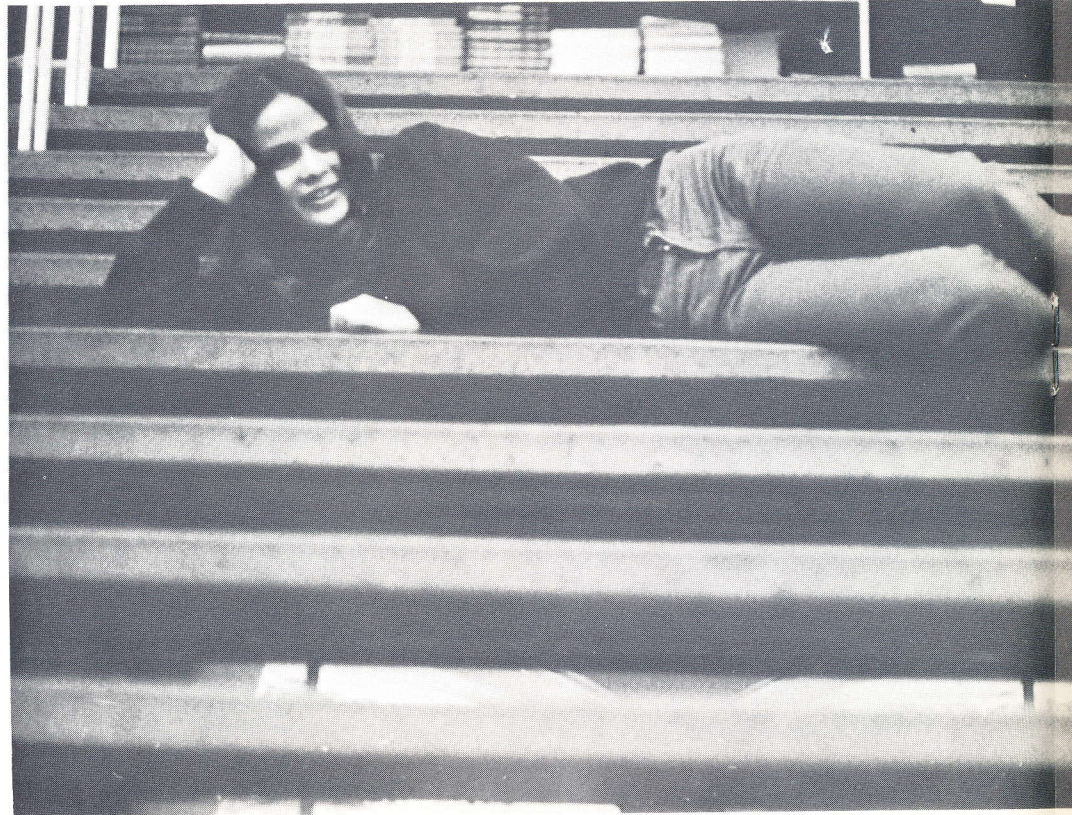
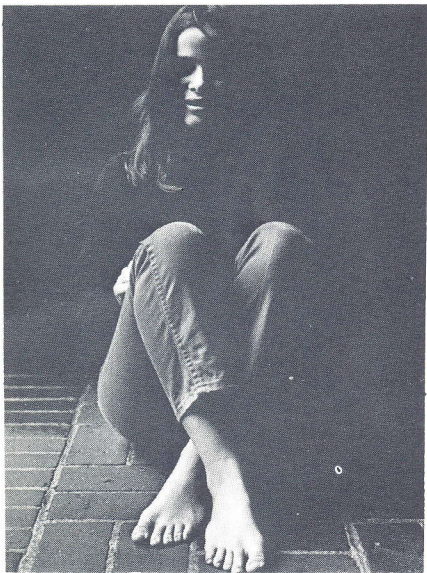
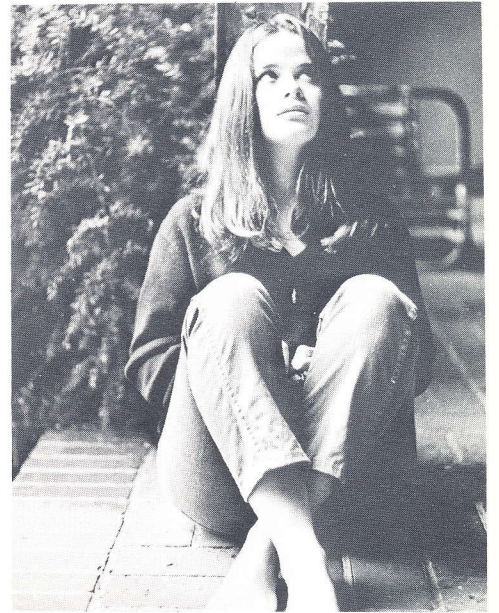
Taffy Hearne used to live in Seattle. Her Stanford Box Number is 7347 and, like all of us, she suffers trauma when she doesn't get any mail. Although she is only eighteen, Taffy is an experienced hitch-hiker, having made it all the way from Berkeley to Stanford a few weeks back. She also skis and frolicked with the rest of that art's devotees at the Winter Carnival.

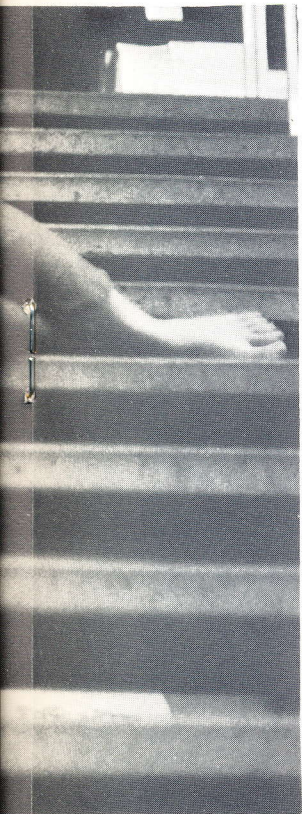






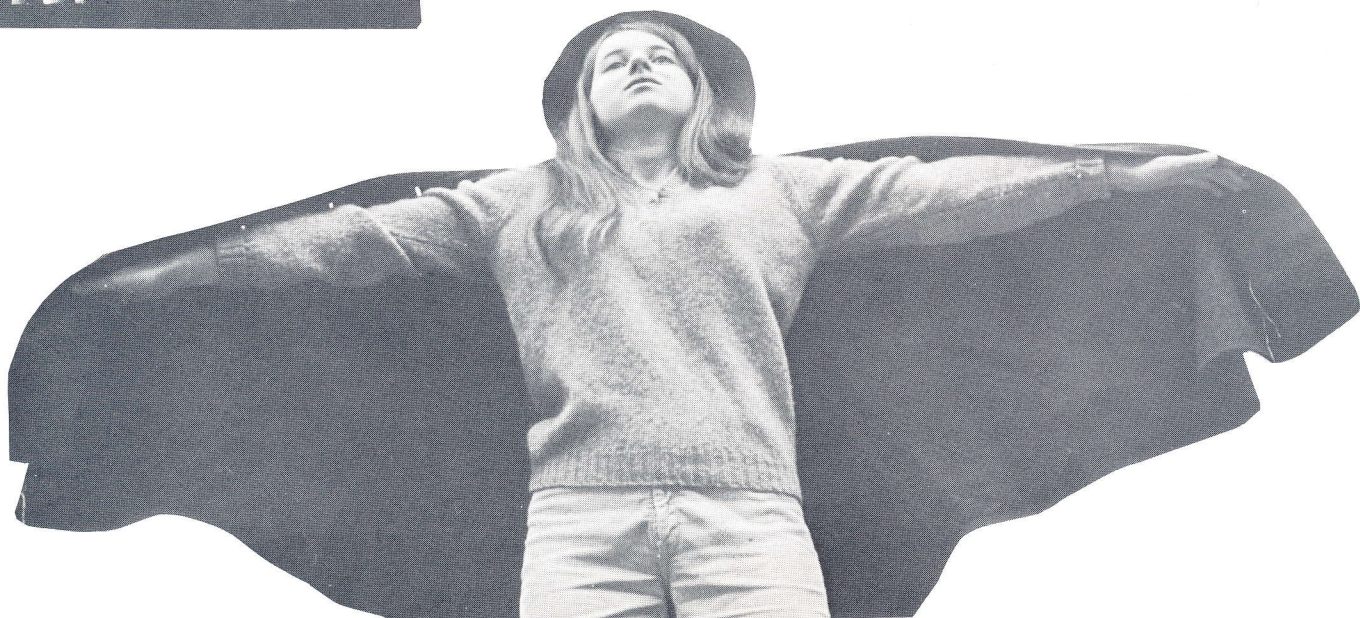
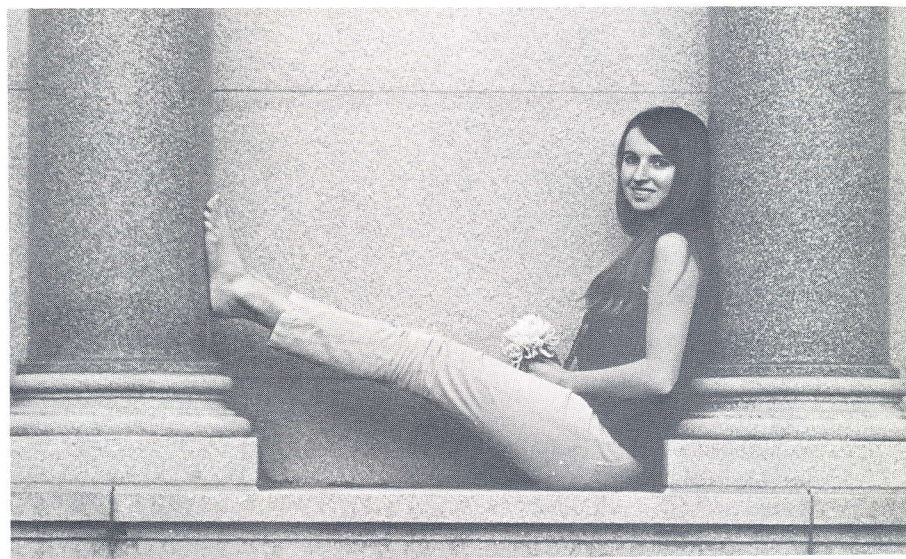
Babs Brown is eighteen years old and weighs 1-2/3 pounds per inch of height. Her parents are in the Foreign Service in Monrovia, Liberia, in case you wondered, and she has a big brother at Cal. Her favorite toy is a huggable Honda 50, upon which she goes careening around Stanford. She is also somewhat ticklish.

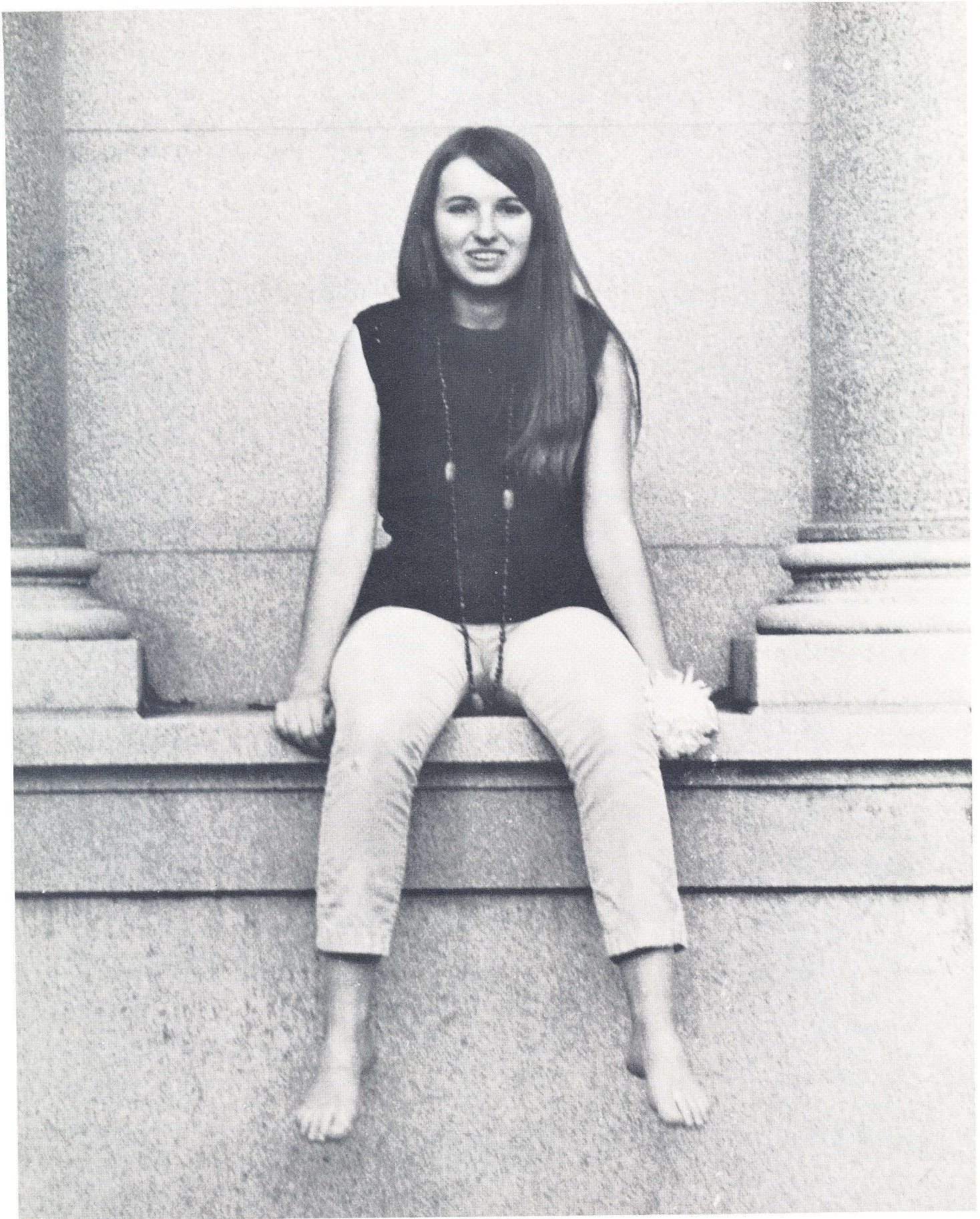






Deborah Pauly is eighteen years old and hails from Lake Oswego, Oregon. Deborah, who digs being an actress, had a walk-on in the SRT production of "The Beggar's Opera"—how's that for a frosh dolly? She attributes her talent to an overwhelming fondness for Yami Royal Boysenberry Yogurt.







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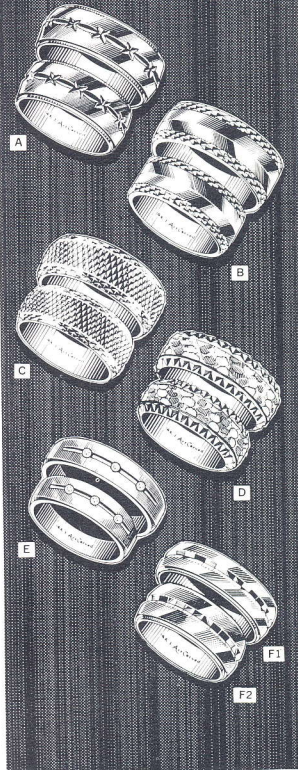
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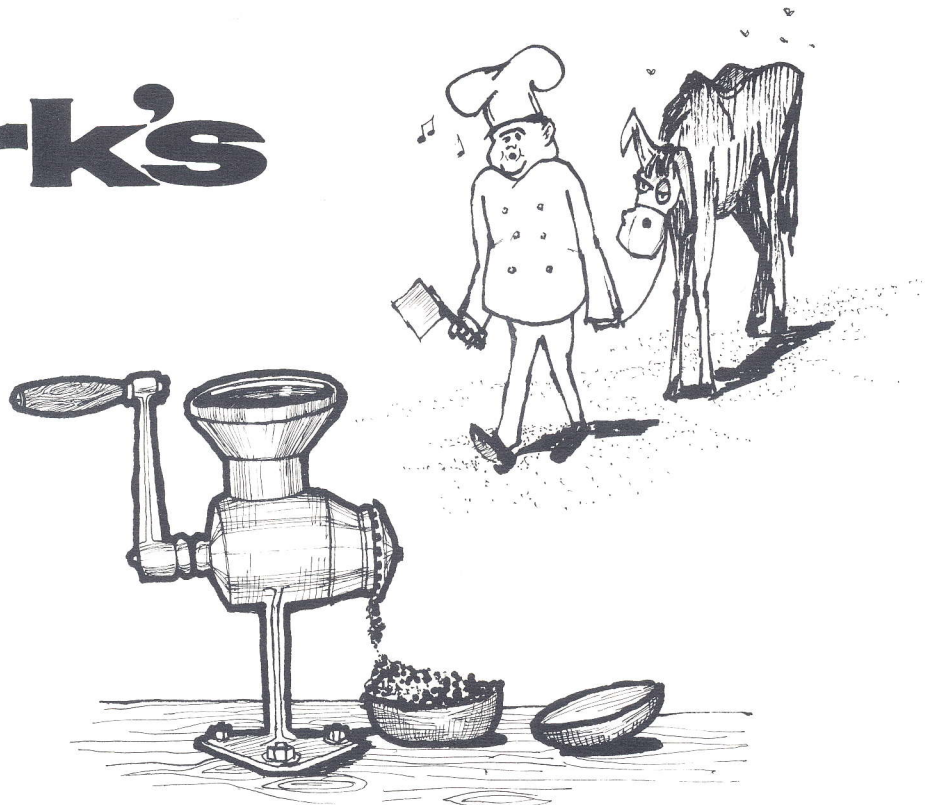
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PART III OF THE CONTINUED INVESTIGATION OF ORT

POWERPIE

TODAY, P.P.FANS, THE OMNISCIENT THIRD-PERSON EYE LEADS US TO THE ARTY CONFINES OF A LIFE DRAWING CLASS IN A GREAT WESTERN UNIVERSITY. BUT GET A LOAD OF WHAT THE EYE BEHOLDS! STRANGE HAPPENINGS INDEED! DO READ ON TO FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING!!

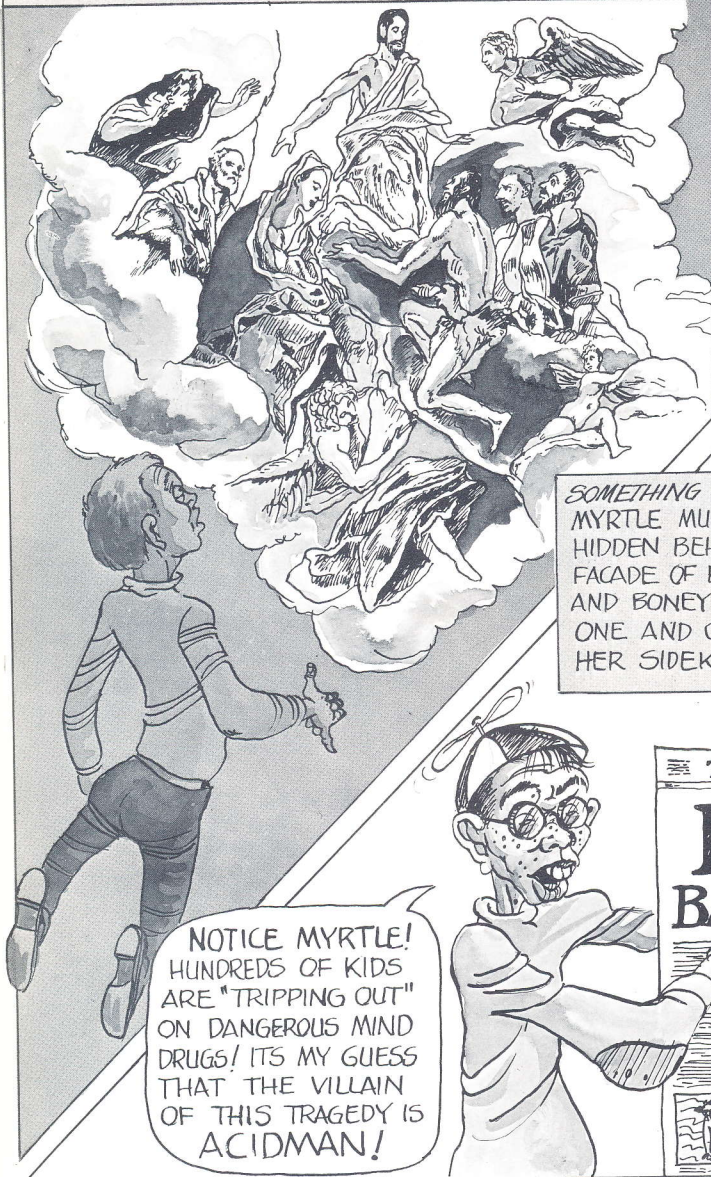
PAINT FROM LEAN DIST.

SUPPLY LIST FOR ART 11
1 PENCIL
1 ERASER
1 PAPER.

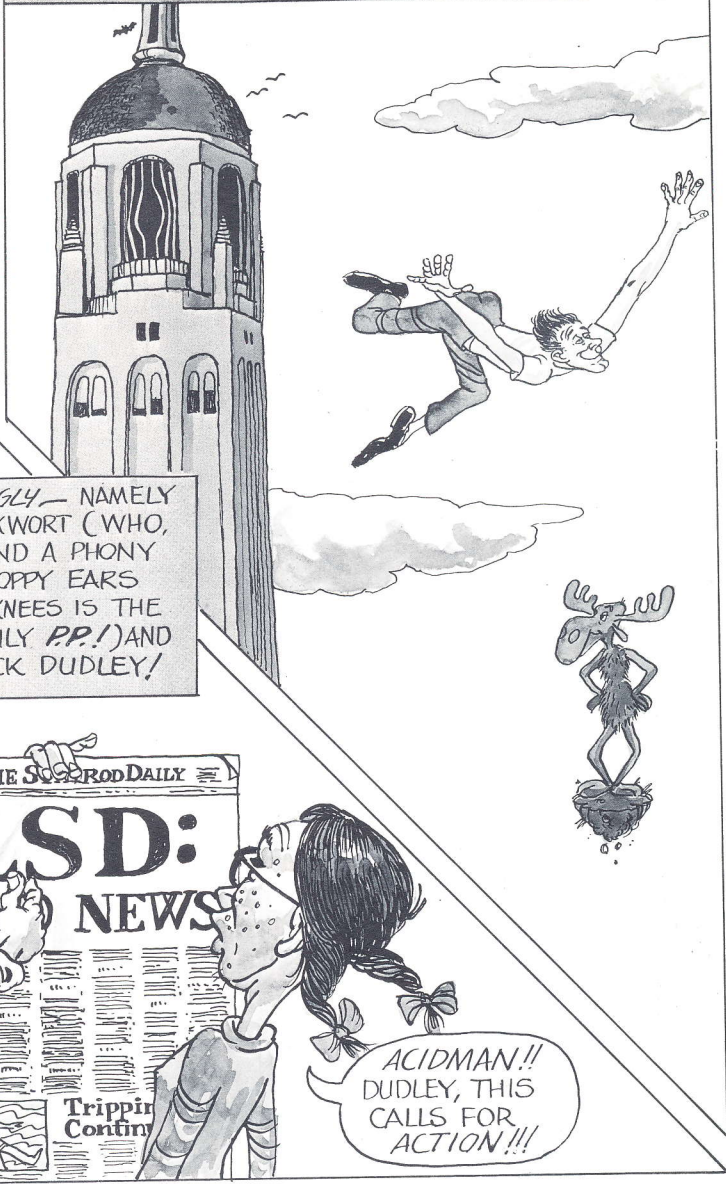
SAVE
TEACHER



WE SEE... SOMETHING WEIRD IN A CATHEDRAL...



...SOMETHING BIZARRE NEAR A LANDMARK...



SOMETHING UGLY — NAMELY MYRTLE MUCKWORT (WHO, HIDDEN BEHIND A PHONY FACADE OF FLOPPY EARS AND BONEY KNEES IS THE ONE AND ONLY PP!) AND HER SIDEKICK DUDLEY!

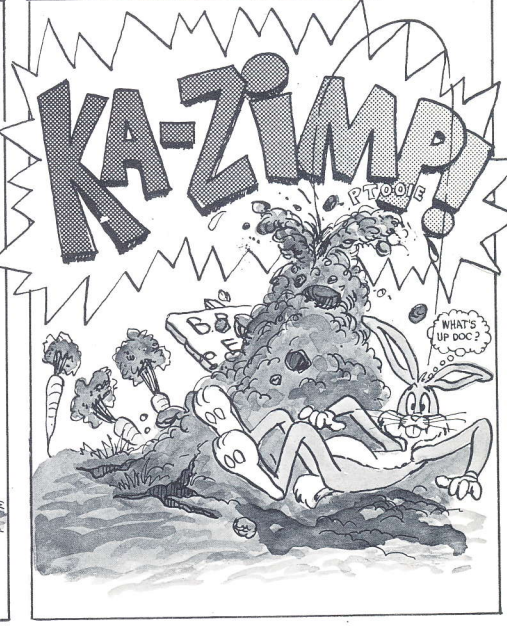
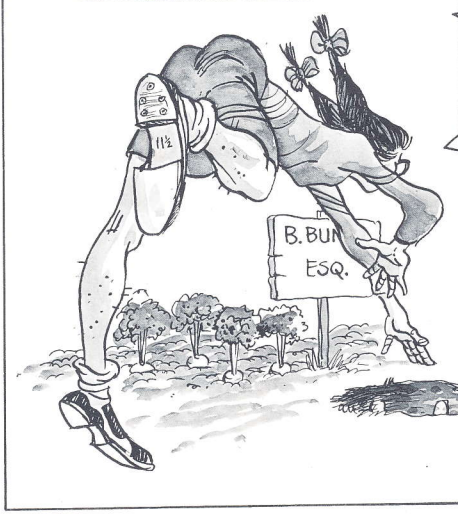
NOTICE MYRTLE! HUNDREDS OF KIDS ARE "TRIPPING OUT" ON DANGEROUS MIND DRUGS! ITS MY GUESS THAT THE VILLAIN OF THIS TRAGEDY IS ACIDMAN!



ACIDMAN!! DUDLEY, THIS CALLS FOR ACTION!!!

AND ACTION CALLS FOR...

YE HARRON



POWERPIE!!

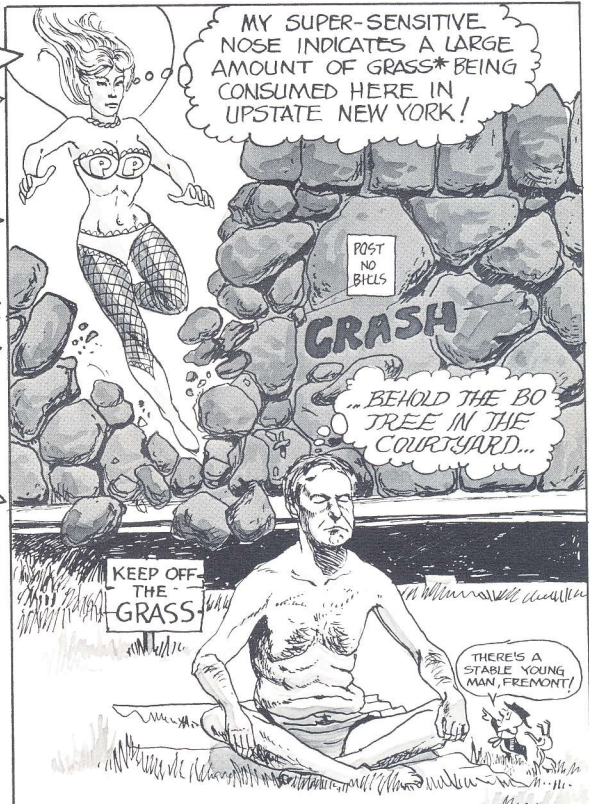
GURU OF GOOD! CHANCELORESS OF CHASTITY! MAGNIFICENT MAHARANI OF MORALITY! (MAKES RACQUEL WELCH LOOK LIKE A ROACH!!)



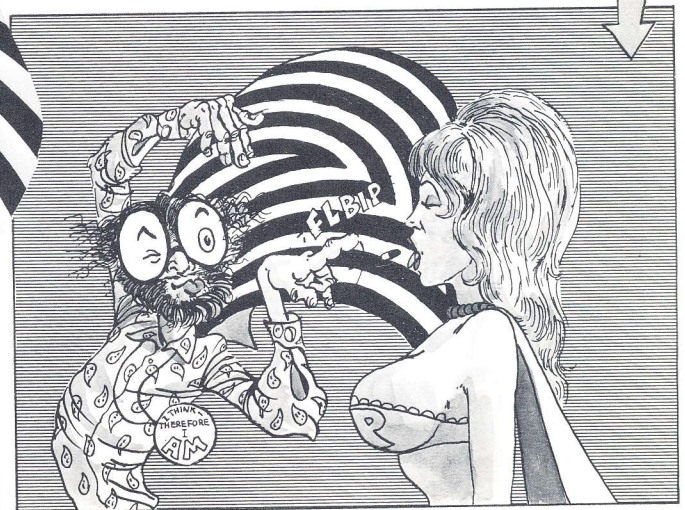
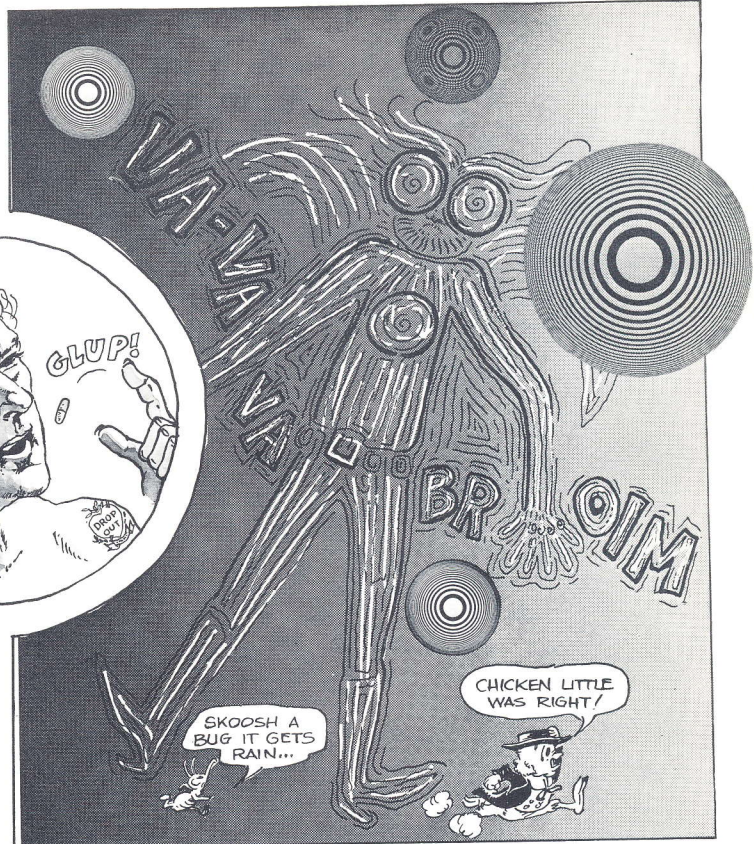
ONCE AGAIN MUST I TRADE THE SAFETY OF MY HOME FOR WORLDS FRAUGHT WITH PERILS UNKNOWN TO FIGHT A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND HALVAH!

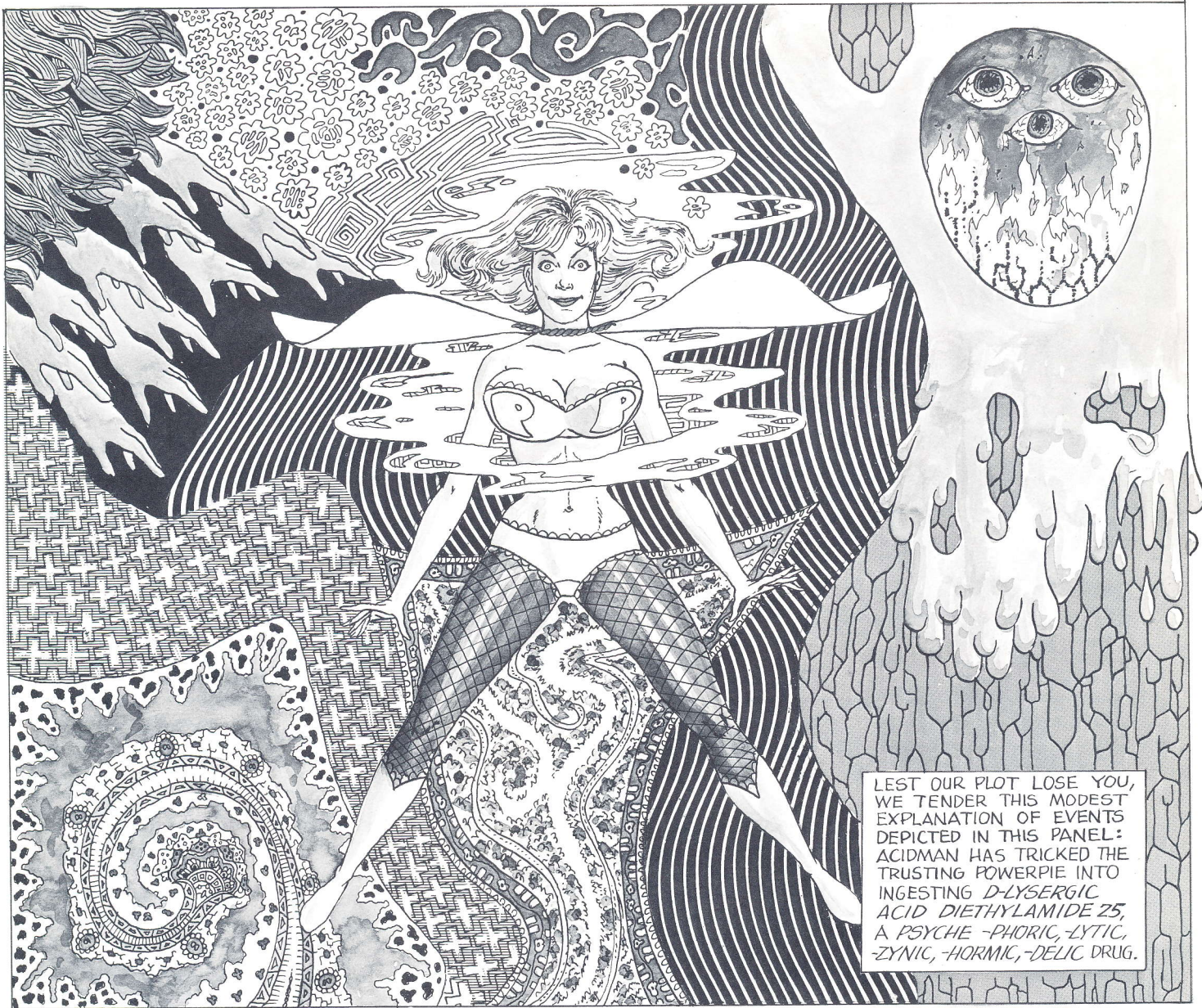


MY SUPER-SENSITIVE NOSE INDICATES A LARGE AMOUNT OF GRASS* BEING CONSUMED HERE IN UPSTATE NEW YORK!



*GRASS - (Vulg) THE HEMP (*Cannabis Sativa*); ALSO ITS DRIED LEAVES AND FLOWERS, WHICH ARE SMOKED IN CIGARETTES AS A NARCOTIC. — WEBSTER (Honest!)





LEST OUR PLOT LOSE YOU, WE TENDER THIS MODEST EXPLANATION OF EVENTS DEPICTED IN THIS PANEL: ACIDMAN HAS TRICKED THE TRUSTING POWERPIE INTO INGESTING D-LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE 25, A PSYCHE-PHORIC, LYTIC, ZYNIC, -HORMIC, -DELIC DRUG.



VERY INTERESTING ACIDMAN, BUT I WAS PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EVENTUALITY!



AN INTERMUSCULAR INJECTION OF THORAZINE*..

POKE

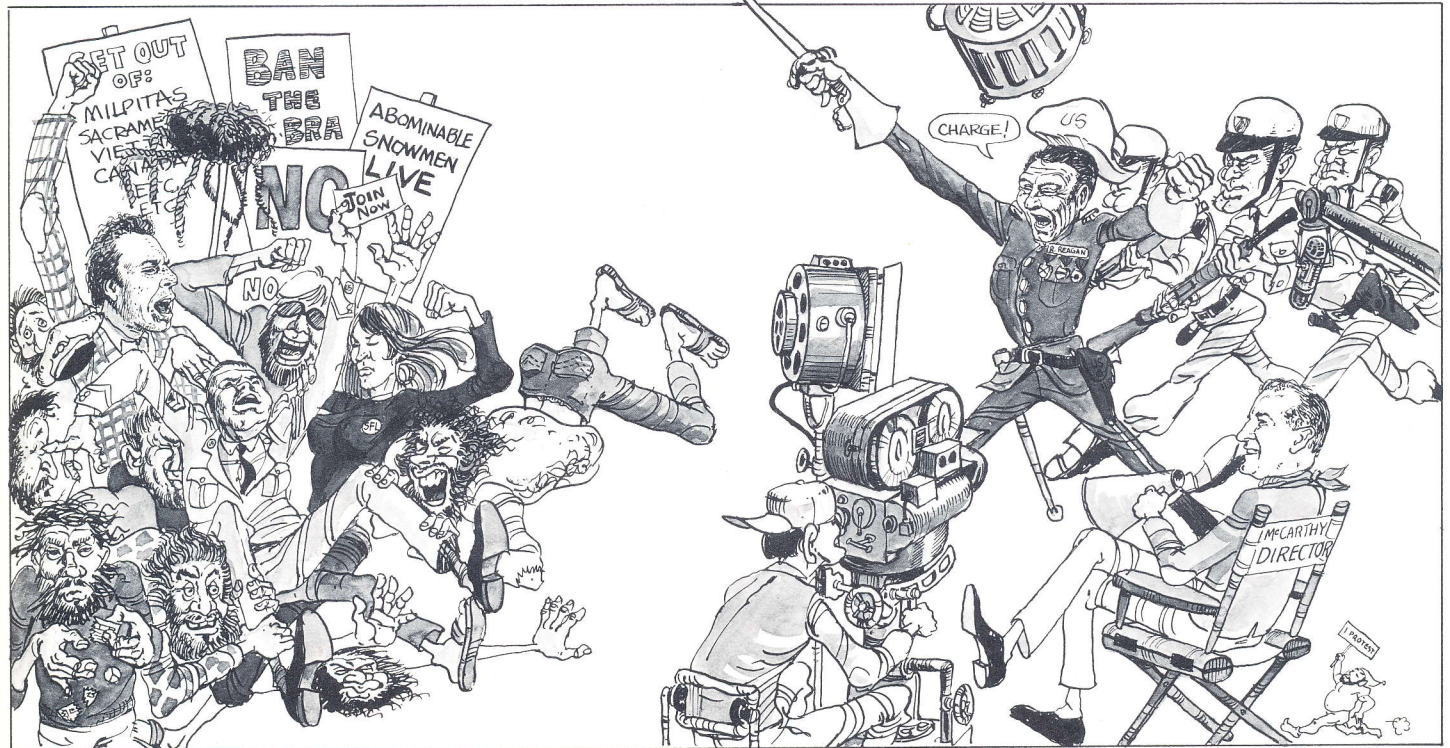
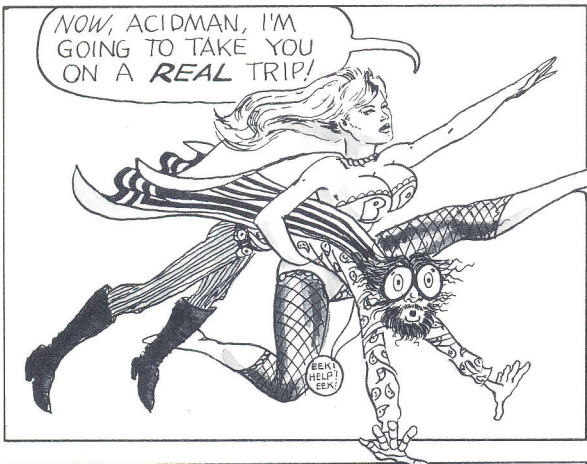
*THORAZINE - (Med.) A TRANQUILIZER UTILIZED IN TREATING DRUG-INDUCED HYSTERICS - DR. KAND.

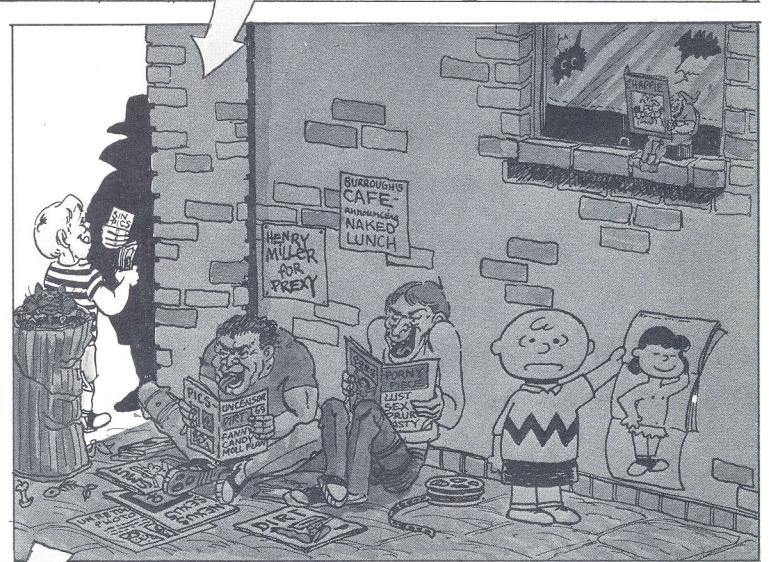
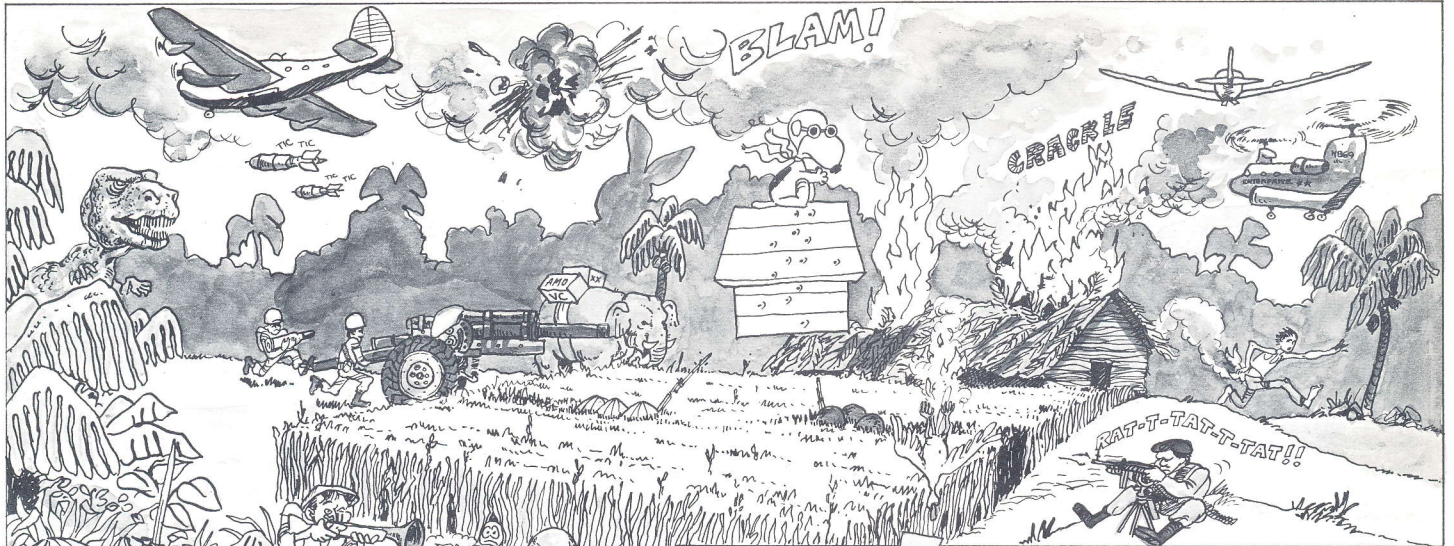


AND DOWN* I COME!!

CRASH

*DOWN - AS OPPOSED TO UP - FEDANT KANDERSON







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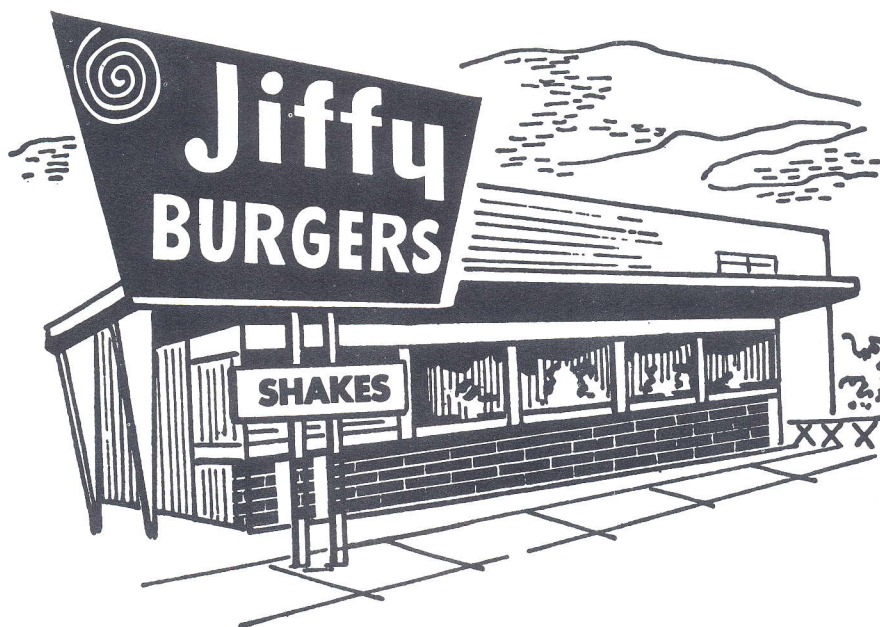
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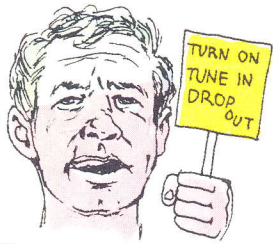
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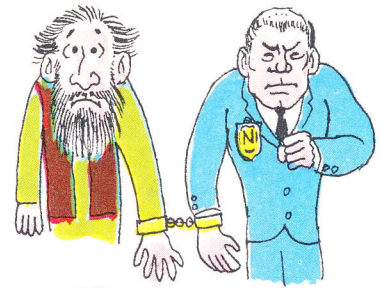




L is for Leary,
A man who annoyed
His colleagues at Harvard—
And now's unemployed.



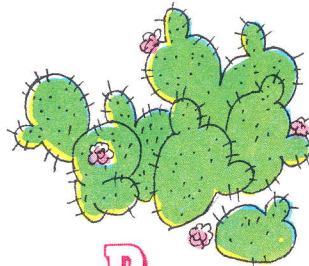
M's for mescaline.
We all agree
It makes a nice change
From ol' LSD.



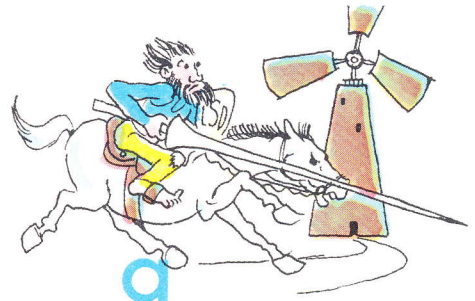
n is for "Narc,"
An agent of those
Who try to suppress us—
(They don't dig our clothes?)



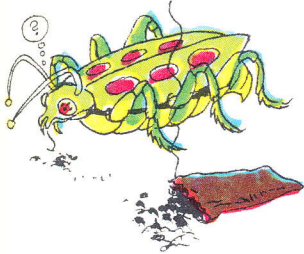
O is for Opium
Which we don't use;
We don't ascribe to
Foul drug abuse.



P's for Peyote,
A small cactus plant;
It may make you vomit,
But them, who cares?



q's for Quixotic,
And that is our station;
Our normal condition's
Hallucination.



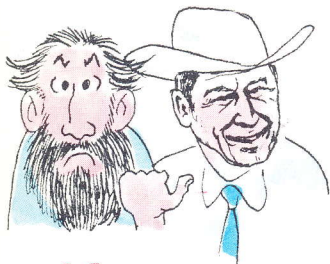
r is for Roach,
The butt of a joint;
Don't leave 'em lay,
Eat 'em!



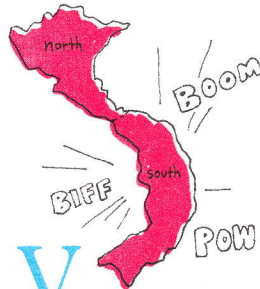
S is for Stoned,
Our usual state;
Not thinking, not caring—
Gee, ain't it great!



t is for Trip.
Says our travel guide,
"Take your vacation,
This summer inside!"



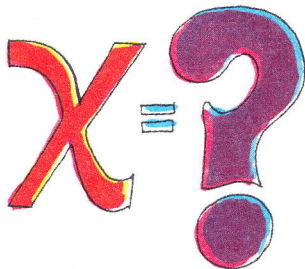
U's for Up-Tight;
That's how you'd be
If you were Ronnie
And lived next to me.



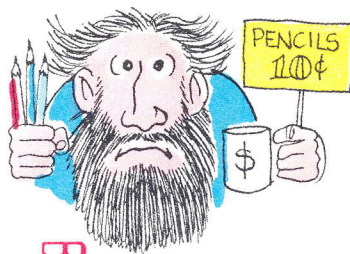
V's for Vietnam:
There's nought we abhor
(Except for working)
Worse than the War.



W is for Washing
With water that's hot;
If you ask us,
We'd rather not.



X is for X,
The great unknown,
That we discover
When we get stoned.



Y is for Youth,
The Hope of the Nation!
We are the Vanguard!
Pray for Salvation.

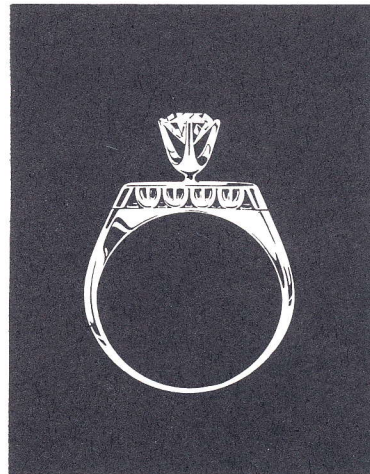


Z is for Zorro;
What else, man?

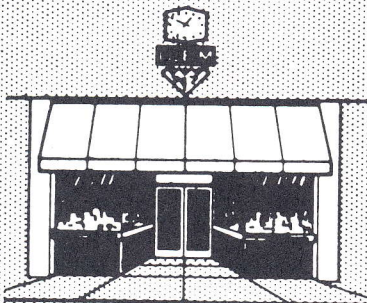
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