

STANFORD

Chapparral

The Humor Magazine

Summer 1986

Seventy-five cents



LET'S EAT!

INTRODUCING THE EASY WAY TO GET HOME ECONOMICALLY



DURABLE
Super heavy duty
tri-wall container

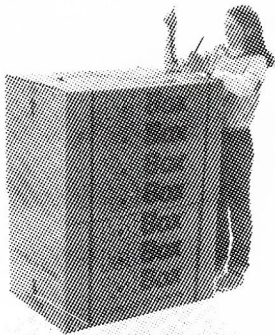
PERFECT SIZE
Holds up to
500 lbs.

BRILLIANT
Got a professional
move for less than
do-it-yourself,
without the hassles

**PROFESSIONAL
HANDLING**
without the
frustrations of
do-it-yourself

EASY TO LOAD
with fold-down flap

Permanent seals help
prevent opening once
locked.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAUL

A new economical alternative to the "do it yourself" move. Simply pack your stereo, books, clothes, almost anything, into our specially designed container. Take the container to your local Bekins agent, or we'll come and get it for a slight extra charge. You can even pack it at our place if you wish. Then we deliver it right to your door. You even receive basic damage protection at no additional cost.

Compare the economy, convenience, speed and peace of mind of this new service to the pains of do-it-yourself. We're sure you'll agree... You Don't Have To Haul.

Bekins Moving & Storage

Redwood City
(415) 368-3811

U-don't-have-to-HAUL
a new service from **BEKINS**

Palo Alto
(415) 327-2550



CAFE DU CHAPARRAL

“FOOD FOR THOUGHT”

“A Chappie a day keeps the proctor afay.”

CHAPPIETIZERS

- King for a Day — A delightful farce, peppered with anecdotes, and garnished with hard-boiled humor. By Mike Collins . . .4
- Alice in Blenderland — A tasty mix of classic cartoon kitsch and sliced turkey. By Susan Jancso7

DUPE OF THE DAY

- You Must be Choking — A pleasing platter of fresh-picked jokes, served fresh. If dining partner is unable to swallow this tasty dish, tickle their ribs. By the Chaparral School of Kooking11

A LA FART

- Fatman — A spicy cartoon calvacade of cuisinary quacks. By Paul Cheney, Ron Fernandez, and Ron Herbst13
- The Last Supper Club — Last chance dining before the Acrockalypse. By Joe Dew and Ron Herbst19
- Julia’s Child Cookbook — Gorey gastronomic gaffs straight from the grill, no taste required. By Josh Weinstein23

(Above dishes served with extra sauce)

BEVERAGES

- The Demise of Mr. Aid — An extra fruity cocktail, well-chilled with an extra kick. By Mark Tompkins and Josh Weinstein 26

JUST DESSERTS

- Daily Special — Spikey — A special cut of glazed gaffs, with a smattering of nuts. By James Lujan29
- Welshed Rabbit — Dead rabbit served on toast. By Tim Quirk31

REST RHUME SERVICES

- In the End — The perfect finale to the perfect meal, whipped up before your eyes. By Enrique Alvarez and Jim Suhre . . .33

Copyright © 1986 by the Stanford Chaparral. All Rights Reserved. Reservations honored by writing the Maitre D’ at P.O. Box 8585, Stanford, Ca. 94305.



STAFF

Editorial

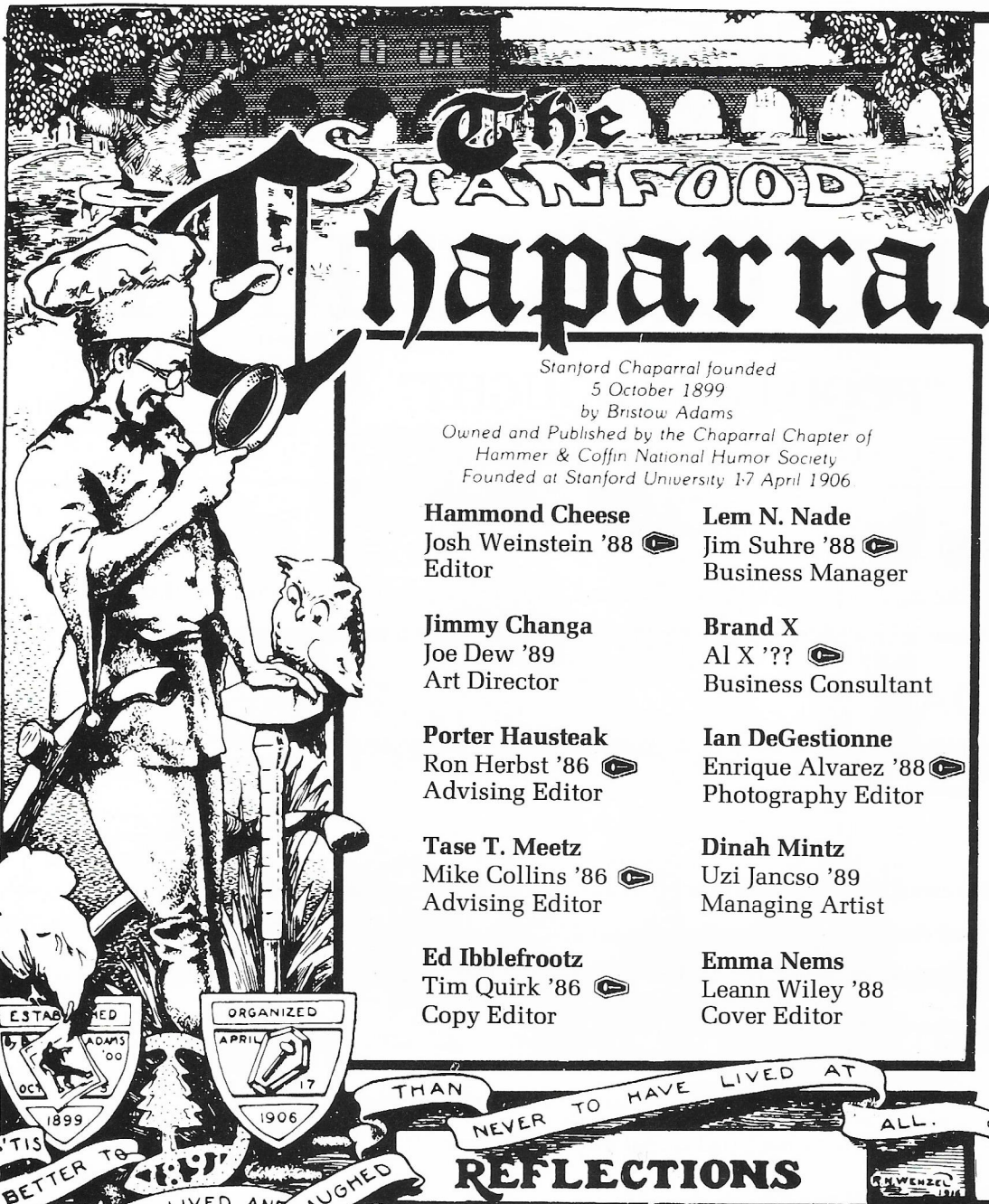
Chris Adamson
 Jerry Avila
 Aimee Berg
 Kristen Boyles
 Mike Cramer
 Jim Dewane
 Bob Franklin
 Kathleen Hobson
 Tommy Lo
 Meghan Miller
 Mark Mitchell
 Russ Pitts
 Steve Richardson
 Rob Rose
 Andy Schwarz
 Laura Stepp
 Andres Vilms
 Matt White

Graphics

Allen Blue
 James Lujan
 Mark Tompkins
 Ron Fernandez
 Paul Cheney
 Leann Wiley

Ham and Coffee

Paul Cheney '86
 Ron Fernandez '85
 Vinnie Freda '84
 Andy Frisch '87
 Warren Habib '86
 Leslie Leland '83
 Mike Wilkins '81



*Stanford Chaparral founded
 5 October 1899
 by Bristow Adams
 Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
 Founded at Stanford University 1-7 April 1906.*

Hammond Cheese

Josh Weinstein '88 Editor

Lem N. Nade

Jim Suhre '88 Business Manager

Jimmy Changa

Joe Dew '89
 Art Director

Brand X

Al X '??' Business Consultant

Porter Haustek

Ron Herbst '86 Advising Editor

Ian DeGestione

Enrique Alvarez '88 Photography Editor

Tase T. Meetz

Mike Collins '86 Advising Editor

Dinah Mintz

Uzi Jancso '89
 Managing Artist

Ed Ibblefrootz

Tim Quirk '86 Copy Editor

Emma Nems

Leann Wiley '88
 Cover Editor

REFLECTIONS



cooking. The Old Boy hasn't sat down to such a smorgasbord of humor in a good ten to eighty years. And believe you me, he's starving. He's voracious. He'll eat anything. Except tires. Tires give the Old Peabrain dyspepsia. Not to mention expulsions that smell like rubber. Never mind.

Anyway, in this food number, the Old Boy roasts anything and everything and serves it up to you

ping cold. In fact, the Old Ham has personally guaranteed, "All jokes in this manic meal have been completely slaughtered, processed, and prepackaged for your satisfaction. So take a big bite on these entrees: U.S. Grade A gaffs. Prime Rib-tickers. Choice Cutdowns. If you don't enjoy these, you must be retartered."

Now, as I told you before, the Old Boy does not enjoy eating tires. Nor can he stomach any other auto parts. "I'm simply not a car-nivore," he chokes.

"In fact," gurgles the Mold Boy between mouthfuls of stew made out of hats, "I'd like you to sample Chappie's dairy products as well. For your digestion, we've milked Old Haffpint the Laughing Cow clean

in order to provide you with enough jokes to cream an army. Even if you just skim through the magazine, your sense of humor will be curdled by the time you finish. But what do you expect from a publication that's housed in a humor cottage, cheese?"

We've got plenty more cooking up in our humor oven, humor spanning a whole radar range of laughs. Sure, some of the yuks are half-baked and maybe even a little bit too saucy, but so what? It's truly a meal fit for a jester. Even the tasteless parts."

"So open wide and chew on this for a while," swallows the Old Boy as he knocks back his last package of Ho-Hos.

"Up your butt with a Pizza Hut."

HAMMER AND COFFIN- 80 YEARS OF FOOLS!



HEY DR. MAX-
ARE YOU A MAD
SCIENTIST? I
HEAR YOU TAKE
VITAMIN PILLS
ALL THE TIME.



JAWOHL, SONNY, I
TAKE DESE VITAMINS
AND DESE AMINO
ACIDS TO BE SMART.
BUT I DO GET MAD.
I AM A MAD
SCIENTIST!



THESE PILLS
MAKE YOU SMART,
BUT YOU GET
VERY MAD.



JA-I GET MAD.
DESE PILLS DO
MAKE ME SMART
BUT DEN I GOT TO
TALK TO DAMN-FOOL
STUPID KIDS LIKE YOU.
DAT'S WHY I GET MAD!



JOSH
WARTON &
MARVIN

Palo Alto Health Foods

for your general nutrition, sports nutrition, and natural food needs

463 University Ave.

across from the New Varsity Theatre

328-5810

(ask for Marvin, the Mad Scientist)

Food for Thought

KING FOR A DAY



By Michael Collins

I'm the magical, wondrous Burger King" said the fellow sitting across from me. He was wearing a faded cardboard crown and a red and yellow jumpsuit. He stared at me like I really ought to respond to his confession.

"I'm sure that you are." I said.

We were sitting in the park; I was waiting for an acquaintance to meet me for lunch. The King sat on the bench across the footpath.

"I don't think you understand," he said. His curly blond hair shot out from under his crown at all angles, reaching down to the embroidered epaulets on his shoulders.

"Oh," I said.

"See, I can do most anything. Watch now, while I twist my ring. . ." Wildly, his eyes half-glazed with excitement, he fumbled with a large plastic ring on his finger: "Ha!" he cried, "You see! Like magic, we're at. . .we're at. . .oh no." Again he reached for the ring,

pulling it, twisting it, knocking it against the park bench, banging it with a small screwdriver. At last he stopped. With a sigh of resignation he looked at the ground. "I'm not so wondrous," he sobbed. "Not anymore. I'm a humbug. I couldn't even turn you into a shake."

"Seems like you've fallen on hard times, stranger," I said. He was weeping into his crown now. "It's tough all over," I continued, "Nobody has it easy like they used to. Why, I've seen hard times lately, too".

"Who are you?" he said, not looking at me.

"Runch. Charlie Runch. Friends call me 'Captain', though — Captain C. Runch. I'm a man of the sea." I smiled.

"That doesn't seem so miserable to me" said the King, and he wiped his face on his golden leggings.

"The sea ain't easy. Pirates, Brigands, Monsters, Coast Guard trainees...but I suppose a King wouldn't know much about such things."

"I suppose not" he sniffed

"Well, there ain't a berry-crunching beastie on the high seas can match the evil of ill-tempered woman."

"Problems with the wife?" he asked, perking up a bit.

"Last time into port she told me she was leaving me, leaving me for good." The King wiped away a tear. "Just walking out on me, me and the kids."

"Kids, huh?"

"Six of 'em. Aay, Bee, Sea, Dee, Eey, and little Eff. The Alpha-bit kids. That's what we call 'em. 'Hey, c'mere, you Alpha-bit kids!' we'd say. Like that."

The King chuckled. "I was married once." Now it was my turn to be interested.

"Nice girl?" I asked.

"Sure was. Name was Wendy. You know, it strikes me now, we were married six, seven years and I never knew her last name."

"Presumably it was King?" I suggested.

"Well, yes, at the time I suppose it was."

"Nice girl?"

"Wendy?" the King grinned and played absently with his ring. "One of the best."

"Sounds hot."

"Oh, she was hot. I didn't sleep a wink in seven years." He chuckled. "Well, a wink or two, but not many winks." He chuckled again.

"Sounds juicy."

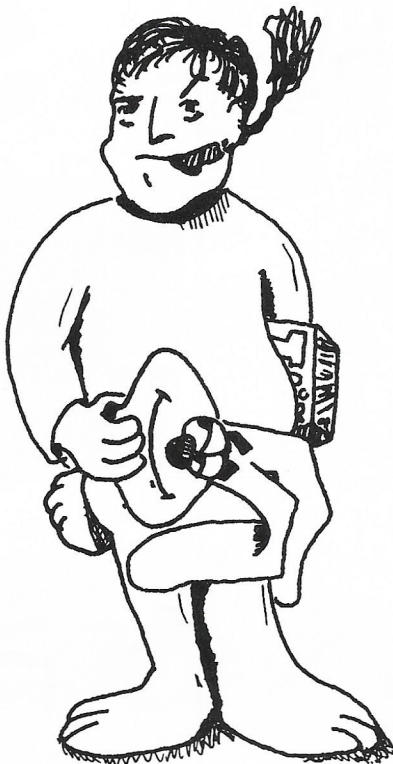
"Juicy. Yeah. We had a juicy relationship. Quality was her recipe."

I was startled. "How could you leave a girl like that?"

His unshaven royal face darkened. "I didn't leave her...she left me."

"I don't suppose you want to talk about it?" I asked, hoping that he would.

For a moment he was silent. "We went to this party over at the Keebler place, big elf hangout, over in the Magic Forest —"



"Spriggidy-Dee!" called a familiar voice, and from the look on the King's face I could see that he recognized the speaker, too.

"Toohoo roody-tum!" continued the voice, which belonged to a portly dwarf in a green nightgown. "Always after me lucky charms! They're magically delicious!"

The odor of cheap fruit and whiskey was overpowering. "Why hello, Captain! And hello, King!" he continued. Suddenly he backed away. "Wait. Nooo! I suppose that you're after these!" With a drunken flourish he pulled a long-empty box of cereal from his too-small green waistcoat. "Blue hearts! Dwarf stars! Man-in-the-moons! Meat cleavers!" He whirled about as he spoke, at last collapsing in a heap on the path between our benches. "They're tragically delicious!"

"Hello, Lucky." I said. The King raised an eyebrow.

"You know Lucky, too?"

"Wait!" screamed the dwarf, pulling himself to his feet. "You won't get them! You can't have them! I'll make myself a drink and float away!" He passed out.

"He used to be a fun guy" I said.

Guess you've known him longer than I have," said the King.

A flash of white caught my eye. "Ah," I said, "I'm afraid that my lunch guest is here." A large man was strolling down the path in a furry white suit, holding a costume rabbit's head under his arm and smoking the stub of a cigar. When he at last arrived he snuffed out the butt of his stogie on the backside of one of the long, floppy ears and tossed it behind a bush.

"How's Trix?" asked the King.

"Up your in-bred burgher ass," replied the rabbit man. He turned to me. "Who's your wise-ass pal, 'Cap? Queen of Sheeba?"

"Just met him, actually," I said, as Trix stepped distastefully over the snoring body of Lucky and sat down. "He tells me that he's the Burger King, and he can do, well, most anything. Though he hasn't done much of anything yet."

"The Burgher-King?"

"So it seems."

"Somebody that important oughta be better dressed. He looks worse than old Clowny —"

"Ronald."

"Yeah, Ronald McWhateverthehellitiscalls himself, and that kid he keeps in the trunk..."

"Jack-in-the-box."

"Yeah, him. At least they don't wear tights."

The King had the worst of it. Lucky asleep at his feet, Trix comparing him to a clown. He had been stretched to the breaking point. "Oh, shut up, you carrot-crunching pederast!" he yelled at last. "Not another word! Not one! Or I'll...I'll...I'll twist this ring, and then you'll be sorry!" He poised a hand over the ring finger menacingly, glaring at each of us in turn.

"In-bread burger" taunted the Rabbit-Man.

"I'll float myself a loan and drink the day!" dribbled Lucky from his stupor.

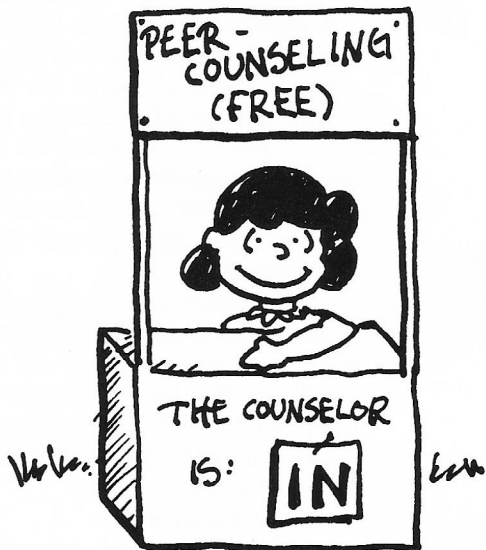
"That's it!" whimpered the King, "I'm going to twist it!"

I neglected to hold my breath.

He twisted his ring.

I saw him there later that evening, still twisting, humming to himself and waving his hands. A full Man-in-the-moon caught the brilliance of his smile; a man-in-the-moon kind of a moon, and an endless canopy of twinkling dwarf stars. I longed once again for the milky white sea. ♡

the bridge



640 CAMPUS DRIVE

(by Campus Bike Shop)

Drop in Mon - Thurs noon - 10pm

Friday noon - 7pm

Call 24 hours everyday 497-3392

Jan's

Kosher-Style Restaurant

MANHATTAN WEST

N.Y. Deli Quiz

There is no difference between a half-sour pickle and half of a sour pickle.

A Knish is the sound made when you step in a puddle.

A biali is a type of dance done at a Bar Mitzvah

If you answered *true* to any of these questions, run to **Jan's Manhattan West** immediately to receive a much-needed education in authentic N.Y. Kosher-Style Deli fare.

420 Emerson Street, Palo Alto, CA (415) 325-2300

Casa de Maisonhaus

"When only food can satisfy hunger..."



The finest Mexican French German cuisine in the tri-block area. Enjoy our food specialties, including: Meals, beverages (availability dependant on season), and utensils. Chef Otto DuMartinez presiding.

178 Road Street
Townsville, Statesylvania 59009

Reservations accepted, but not honored.

KZSU 90.1

Morning Jazz 6-10 a.m.
The best in jazz, all week long.

Modern Classics 10 a.m.-noon
Music from the 60's, 70's, and the modern day.

Rock of the 90's 1-6 p.m.
Progressive rock, dance, and new wave.

Music Meals 6-8 p.m.
Something different every day of the week.

Alternate Currents 8 p.m.-2 a.m.
Underground, avant garde, and the newest music.

Anything Goes 2-6 a.m.
Is it Creative Radio, or just Blind Chance?

Plus News, Sports, Public Affairs, Requests, Ticket Giveaways, & More!

Alice IN BLENDERLAND

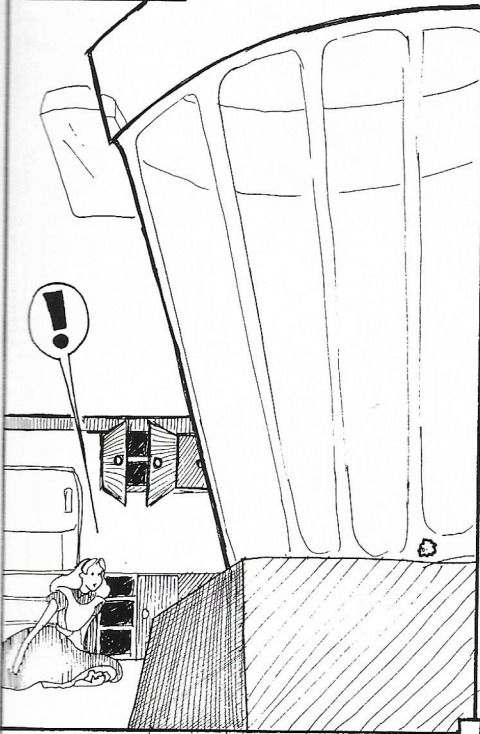
by *Susan J. ...*

ALICE SITS ON THE FLOOR OF THE KITCHEN THINKING.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS KITCHEN TO EAT. I'M SO HUNGRY AND I'VE LOOKED JUST EVERYWHERE! I WONDER WHEN MOTHER'S COMING HOME WITH THE GROCERIES.



SUDDENLY, HER EYES CATCH UPON A SMALL CRUMB AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BLENDER...



BUT AS SHE RUSHES TO GRAB IT,



SHE SLIPS... AND FALLS IN.



PLUNK!

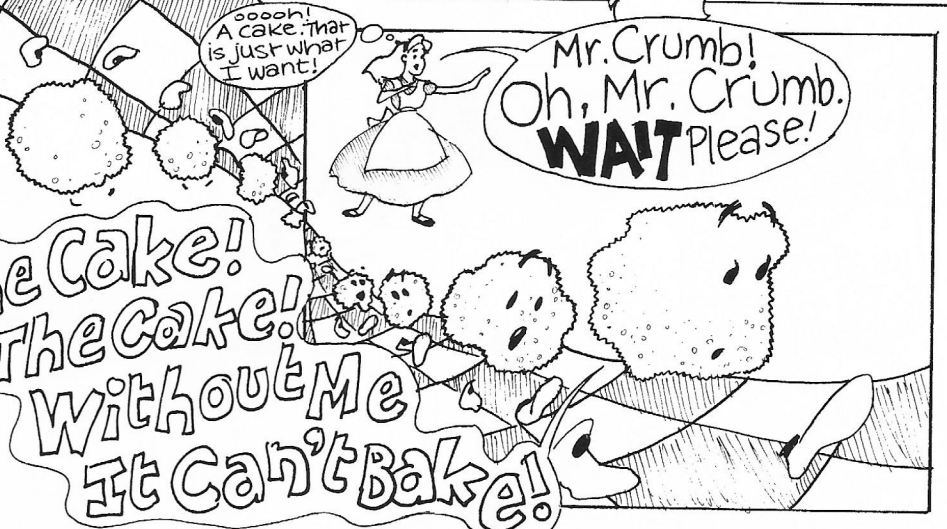
AND SEES THE CRUMB RUSHING OFF.

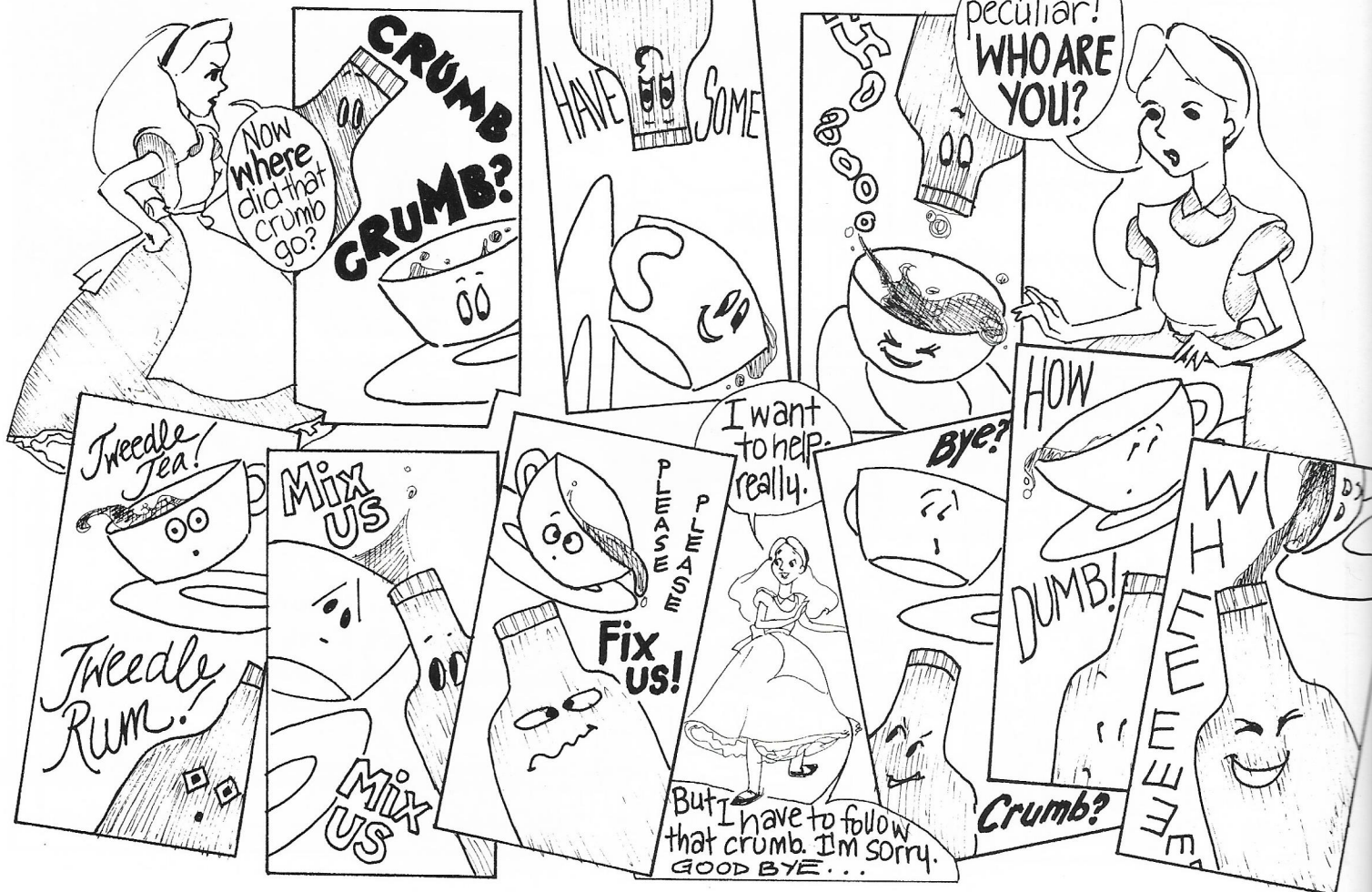
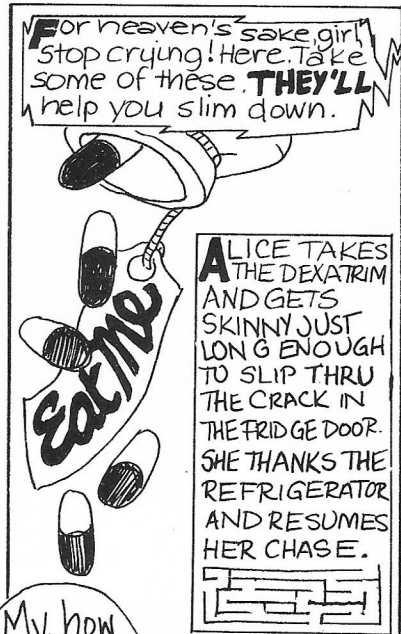
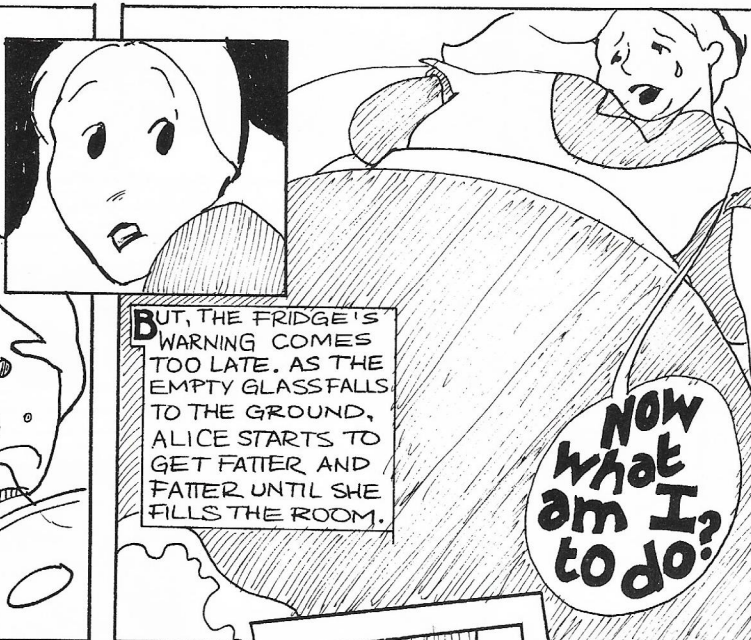
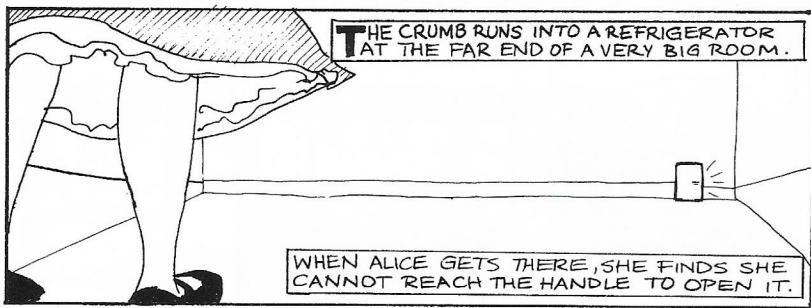


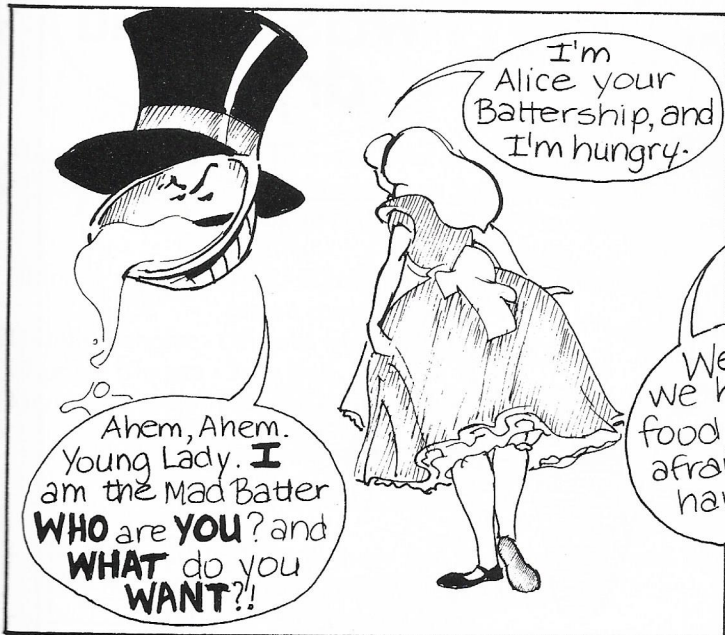
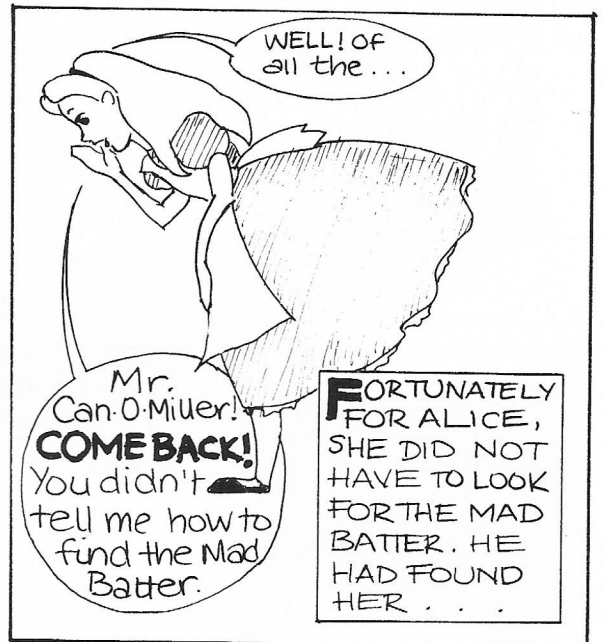
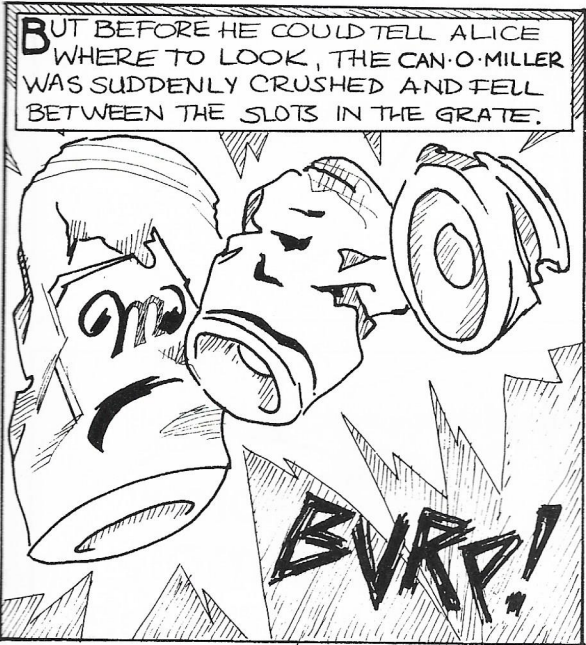
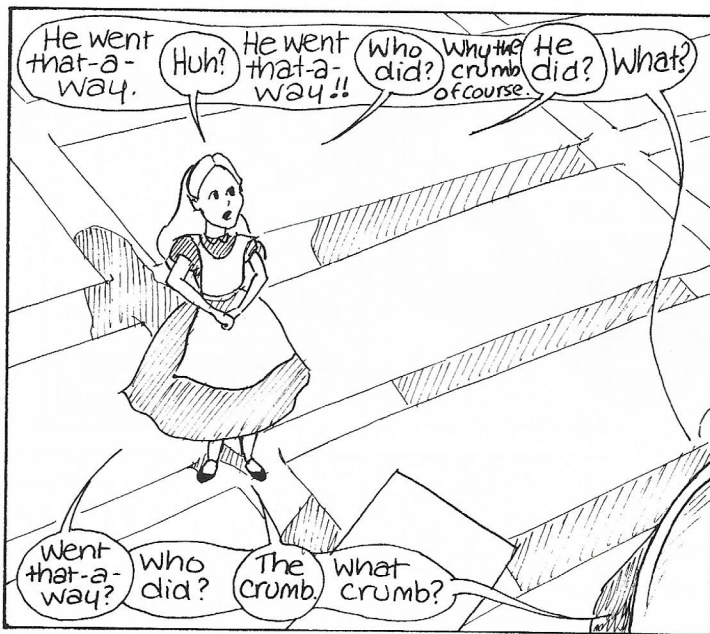
oooon! A cake. That is just what I want!

Mr. Crumb! Oh, Mr. Crumb. **WAIT** please!

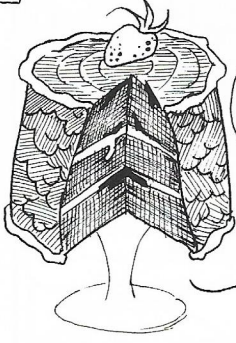
The Cake! The Cake! Without Me It Can't Bake!







THIS DID NOT PLEASE THE QUEEN.



You, You, you horrid little girl. Do you know what you've done?! You ate the Mad Batter and now I'll never be able to have cupcakes ag...

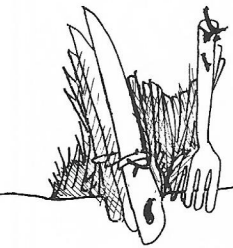
GLORP!

GUARDS GET HER!

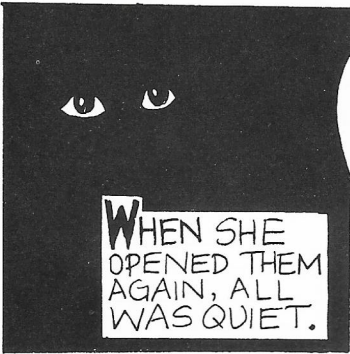


BUT WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE QUEEN CAKE WAS NO MORE.

CLANG!
CLANG!



ALICE RAN AS FAST AS SHE COULD, BUT SHE COULD HEAR THE CLANKING OF SILVERWARE INCREASING! SHE WANTED TO GO HOME, BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW. **SUDDENLY,** A BUTTON APPEARED IN FRONT OF HER. **PUSH ME** IT SAID. SHE CLOSED HER EYES AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK.

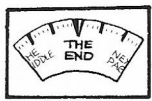


WHEN SHE OPENED THEM AGAIN, ALL WAS QUIET.

Thank Goodness I'm home! That was quite a trip!



Tomorrow I Simply must try the washer and dryer!



YOU MUST BE CHOKING

Customer - You say this fish is fresh?

Fish Merchant - Why, madam, it just this moment drew its last breath.

Customer - And what a breath it was!



Cannibal Prince (rushing in) - Am I late for dinner?

Cannibal King - Yep, everybody's eaten.



A castaway from a wrecked schooner was taken captive by cannibals. Each day his arm was cut by a dagger and the natives of the island would drink his blood. Finally one day, he called over the cannibal king.

"You can kill me and eat me, but I'm getting damn tired of being stuck for the drinks," he protested.



I don't like Italic food, for it puts me in a comma.



Ed Ibblecakes - What's the difference between a toothpick and a crow bar?

Dee Gestive - Haven't any idea.

Ed Ibblecakes - Well, I'd sure hate to have you pick my teeth.



Manuel Laborre - Say, Chimmy, ever since the break up of the AT&T System, I've had quite a tough time trying to call my brother the fisherman in Mexico."

Chimmy Changa - Well, Manuel, why don't you use my new phone company?

Manuel Laborre - Oh, and what might that be?

Chimmy Changa - Taco Bell.

Manuel Laborre - Ho, ho, ho, that's amusing.



Junior - Say, Frosh, did you know that a single oyster will lay from 1,000,000 to 8,000,000 eggs a year?

Frosh - Gosh, think of the married ones!

On a trip to Dublin from North Ireland, an elderly Irish sprite of a woman was stopped by a customs officer who wished to go through her belongings. He asked her if she had anything to declare.

"Only a bottle of water," she said.

"What kind of water?" he demanded.

"Holy water."

Long experience had taught the officer to take nothing for granted. He opened the bottle and took a sniff.

"Why, this is whiskey!!" he snapped.

"Glory be," exclaimed the woman fervently. "It's a miracle!"



When a tree falls on a bear taking a shit in the middle of the woods, does anybody hear it?



Do skeletons get boners?



'Moike - I understand, my friend that you have been ailing again.

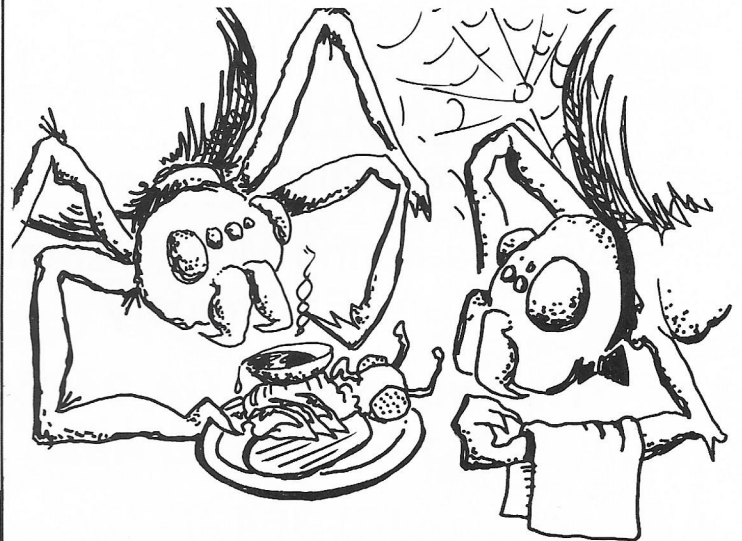
Oike - Nope, haven't touched the stuff for a month.



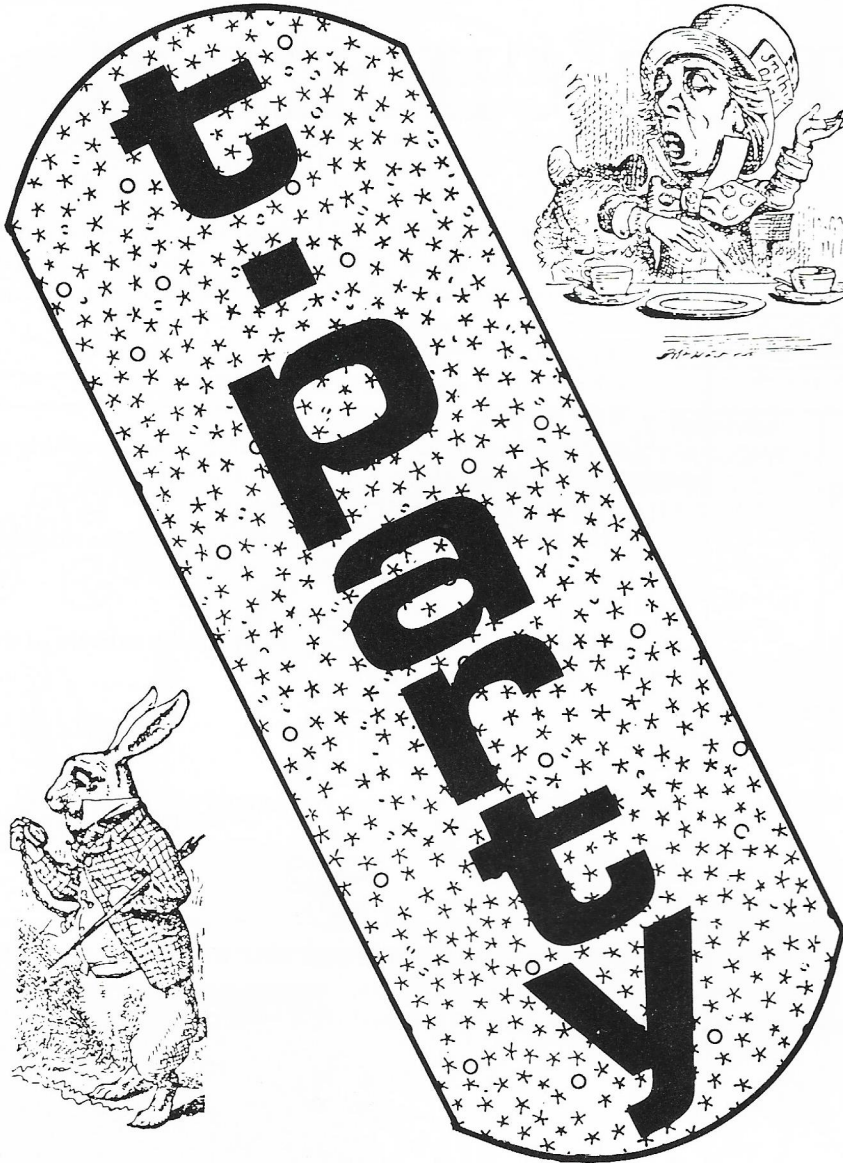
He - She, what's long, and hard and full of seamen? (chuckle)

She - Hee, hee, a submarine?

He - No (chortle), my penis.



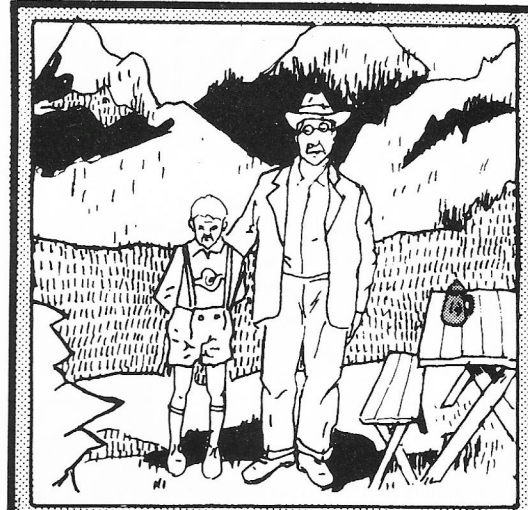
"Waiter, Waiter There's a soup on my fly!"



- Custom Screen Printing
- All Garments
- Multi-Color
- Highest Quality
- Great Prices

Now Featuring Monogramming
and Embroidery

Redwood City, CA 94063
761 El Camino Real
(415) 364-8910



Alpine Inn
Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"
3915 Alpine Road
Portola Valley

THE EARTH



A PLANET RESET BY SEEMINGLY INSURMOUNTABLE THREATS - EARTHQUAKES, NUCLEAR CONTAMINATION, EXPLODING SHUTTLES. SURELY THINGS COULD GET NO WORSE.

OR COULD THEY?



SUDDENLY, MYSTERIOUSLY, FOOD IS DISAPPEARING ALL OVER THE PLANET AT A PHENOMENAL RATE. AND, IF THE PROSPECT OF GLOBAL FAMINE WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH...



FOOD IS BEING REPLACED. VELVEETA WHERE ONCE STOOD GREURYE. SOY-BURGERS FOR SIRLOIN. NOT A NATURAL PHENOMENON - A VENDETTA CARRIED OUT BY NONE BUT...

DRAWN BY: PAUL CHENEY, RON FERNANDEZ + RON HERBST.

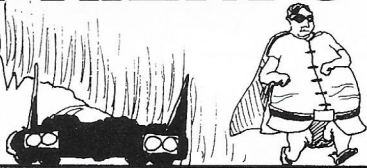
STORY CONSULTANTS: ENRIQUE ALVAREZ, AL X.

BAD ART: CHRIS ADAMSON, MARK AMSTUTZ, JERRY AVILA, MIKE COLLINS, SUSAN JANGSO, JIM SUHRE + JOSH WEINSTEIN.

FATMAN,

ENEMY OF THE SUPERMARKET-FRIENDS

IN THE FATCAVE...



BLOBBIN, COME HERE.

LET'S CHECK OUR DAY'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN THE MONITORS.

IOWA CORNFIELDS TRANSFORMED TO GENERIC CREAMED CORN.



NOW ONLY CHEAP CRACKERS FOR THE RICH TO SPREAD CAVIAR ON.



BLECH!

SOON, BOY BLUBBER THE WHOLE WORLD WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO EAT IN THE WORST OF TASTE FROM NOW ON...



AND ALL THE GOOD FOOD WILL BE MINE! HAHAAHAHAHAHA!



LET'S GO EAT.

ACROSS TOWN, OUR HEROES -- HU-MAN, THE PROTECTOR OF ALL THAT HE CAN; THE DOUGH SPINNER HIMSELF, PASTAMAN; AND BADLYDRAWNMAN, THE MASTER OF DISGUISE, SIT DOWN TO DINNER AT THEIR FAVORITE RESTAURANT.



A TOAST!

To our Victory!



HEY! THIS WINE IS TERRIBLE!

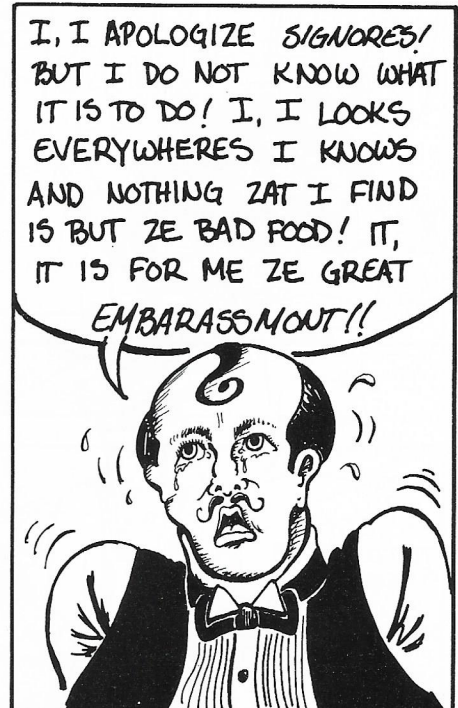
SPAA!

AND WHAT IS THIS? RED WINE WITH FISH!?!



AND WAITER, WE DIDN'T ORDER ANY OF THIS.

SOMETHING TASTELESS IS GOING ON!!



I, I APOLOGIZE SIGNORES! BUT I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT IS TO DO! I, I LOOKS EVERYWHERES I KNOWS AND NOTHING ZAT I FIND IS BUT ZE BAD FOOD! IT, IT IS FOR ME ZE GREAT EMBARRASSMOUT!!

Well, that does it! When the problem comes this close to home—

BZZT—CALLING SUPERHEROES IN THE VICINITY! YOUR HELP REQUESTED FOR CITY HALL RIOT BREAKOUT!

THAT'S US!

THE PACK ANSWERS THE CALL—EACH BY HIS CUSTOMARY LOCOMOTION

BUS STOP

CITY HALL-- IT WAS A MAYORAL BANQUET BUT NOW IT'S A FIASCO.

FOR EVEN THE MOST DIGNIFIED POLITICOS CAN GET UPSET IF THEIR FOOD TURNS REALLY, REALLY BAD!

WONDERFUL CATERING, MAYOR!

THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME.

THAT... THAT THING TURNED ALL THE REFRESHMENTS INTO SHAMROCK SHAKES!

STEP ASIDE FRIENDS!

I'LL TRAP THAT FAT SUCKER!

LET'S SEE...

SET PASTA SPINNERS FOR ROTINI...

WHIR!

WHIR!

GLOMP!

AYEE! HE'S PULLING ME IN! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

SCREE!

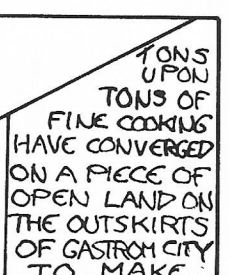
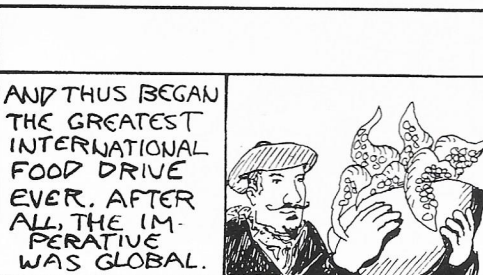
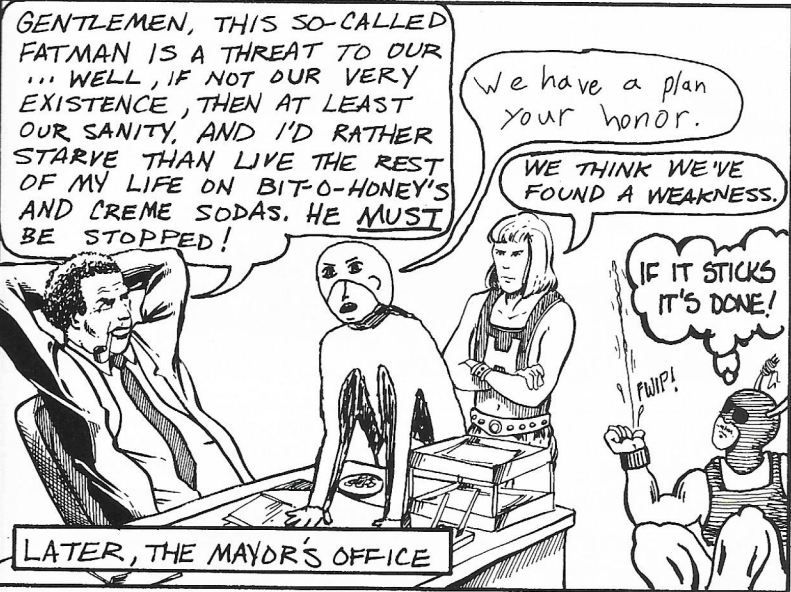
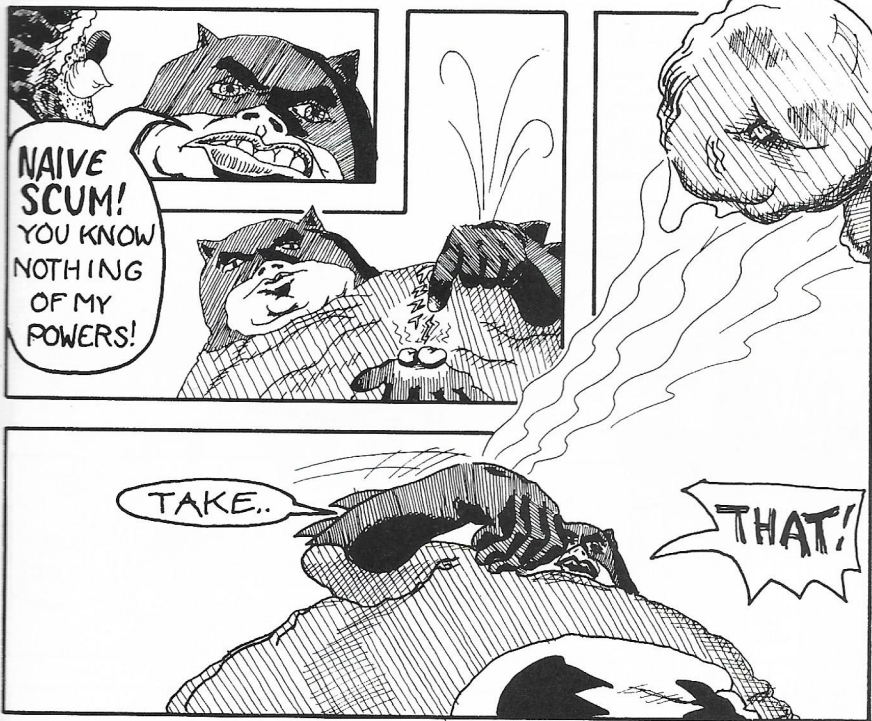
SLURP

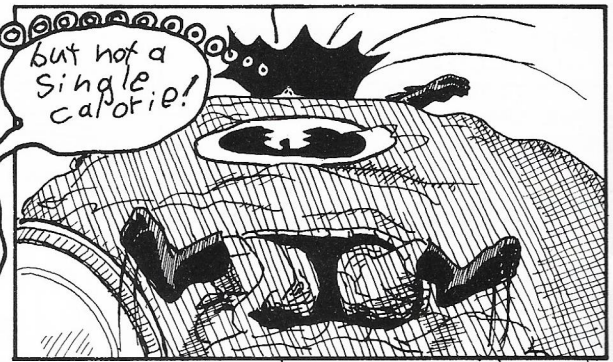
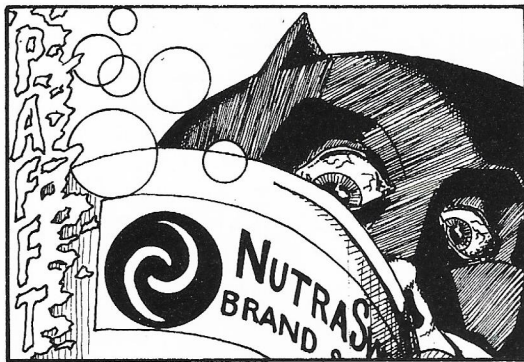
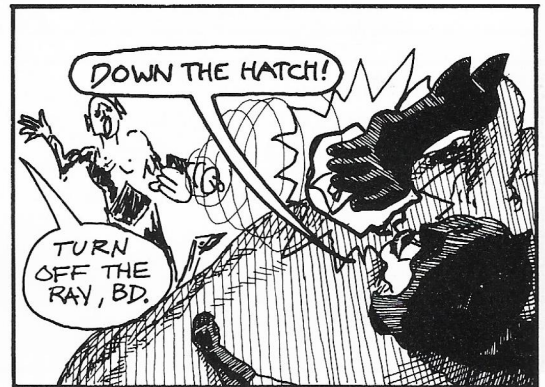
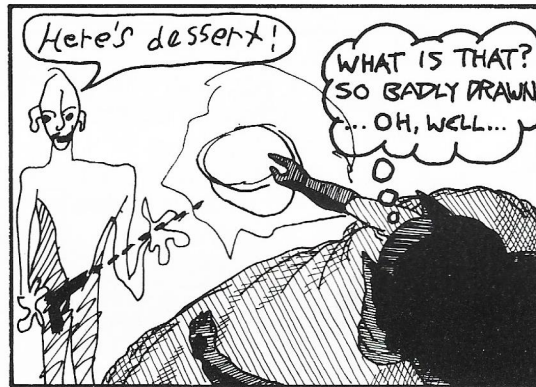
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU...

BUT I'M ONLY HU-MAN!

Hold tight! I'll fite the Badlydrawn RAY!

SPRING!





**DO YOU
WANT
YOUR
CHILD
BACK?**



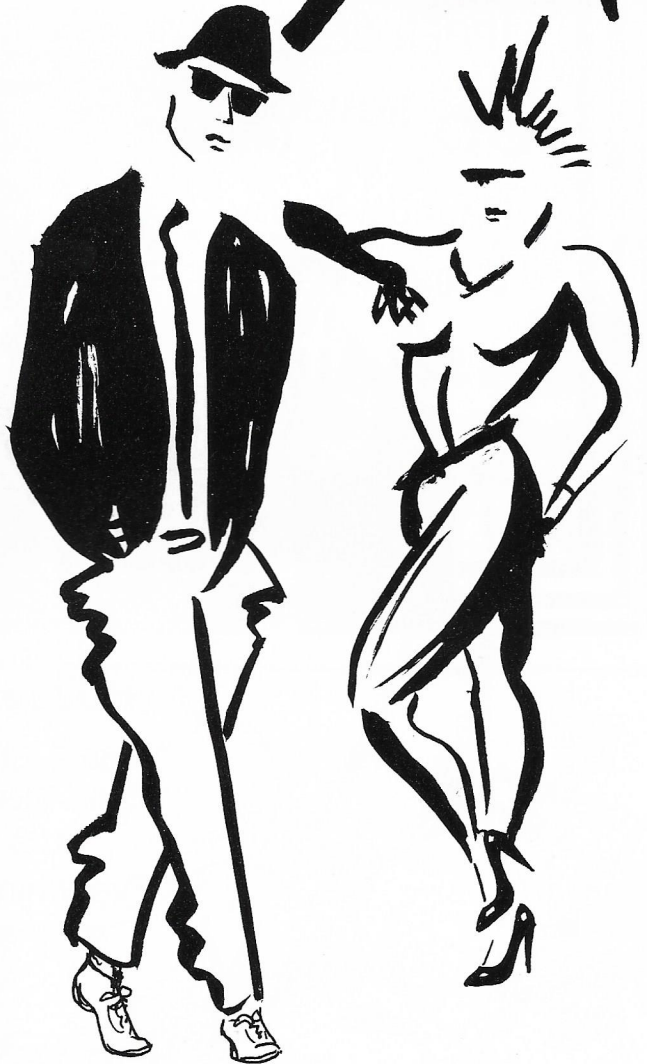
Name: Billy McKid

Ransom: ~~\$300,000~~\$700,000

Where to leave ransom:
In locker 58 of town bus
station.

What we will do to Billy if you
don't comply: Kill him and murder
him.

City
Shoes... for men and women
Feet



**'Cool Shoes
for Now People'**

Flat Espadrilles

Creepers

Doc Marten Boots

L.A. Gear

Norma Kamali

Kenneth Cole

Zodiac

Huaraches

Rockport

500 University Ave

Palo Alto

326-0784

*RIP out this ad and bring in for
a \$5 discount on any shoe purchase!*

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE

UPPER LEVEL



Monday-Friday

8:30 AM-5:30 PM

323-8181



Travel Service

House of Humor

160 E. El Camino Real
Mtn. View, CA 94040
(415) 965-4116

"Everything for a Laugh"

Costumes
Sales & Rentals

•
Make Up

•
Magic

•
Wigs & Beards

Gag Gifts

•
Cards

•
Tricks

•
Games

•
Juggling



We Will Put Your Name in
Headlines, Print You a Bumper Sticker
or Make You a Personalized License Plate Frame

THEY ONLY MET ONCE, BUT IT CHANGED OUR LIVES FOREVER.

They were total strangers, with nothing in common,
meeting for the first time;

A disciple, a betrayer, and a messiah.

Before the day was over, they broke the rules,
saved their souls,

And blessed each other in a way
they never prayed possible.



THE LAST SUPPER CLUB

The Last Supper Club

By Joe Dew and Ron Herbst

Interior-Jerusalem South High School-Day Thursday, April 13, AD 16.

All the students have taken their seats as a menacing Dean Pilate paces back and forth with an air of superiority. Finally he speaks.

Pilate - Welcome to Saturday morning study hall, you jew-venile delinquents. I think each of you knows why you are here, so I'll get to the point: By the end of this afternoon, I want from each of you a thousand-word essay-and in Latin, not Hebrew.

The students all groan.

The topic: "Just who do you think you are." Be specific. You're supposed to learn from this.

Judas - (under his breath) Yeah? Feed yourself to the lions, Olive-breath.

Pilate - (snidely) What was that, Iscariot? Did you have something to share with your brethren? No? Good then. There will be no antics in this room, no praying, and no signs, Mr. Christ.

Pilate swaggers out the door. Moment of silence.

Judas - That guy's a camel cock.

Jesus eyes Judas scornfully. Room quiets and the young men begin to look bored. They glance around the room at each other. Bartholomew begins picking his nails with a wooden shard. Philip takes out a coin and starts flipping it. Judas takes out a hand-rolled cigarette. Thaddeus looks concerned and prompts Judas timidly.

Thaddeus - Uh, ahem, excuse me.

Judas - (poking his head through a halo of smoke) Yeah?

Thaddeus - It's not that I mind your smoking or anything, just that ... like we all get in trouble if you do that. Dean Pilate's gonna -

Judas - What, yer afraid of Ol' Paunch? Let 'im come in. What's he gonna do, hang us?

Thaddeus - It's just that I get the impression from the way he talks he means business and we'd just be better off if we don't cross him.

Judas - Hey now, that guy really makes you wet yer robes, don't he? What's the matta, Thaddy, you got the Hebee-jebees? I guess it's just yer way to be sweet-pomegranet-assed samaritan alla the time.

Jesus, walking on the water fountain, turns around.

Jesus - Listen, buddy, the fella's your neighbor. Why don't you just love him as you do yourself and shut up.

Judas - He's no neighbor of mine, you holier-than-thou camel-humper. Who asked you anyway, Go -

Jesus - You might want to mind your language.

Judas - Jeezis Kay-rist! aren't you the pristine one! I bet you think yer motha's still a virgin.

Jesus (levitating angrily) You leave my mother out of this!

Judas - Yeah, seems Joseph was left out of yer motha, too.

After a few moments of frustrated silence, the youths

take out their lunches. Peter catches a glimpse of Jesus as he pours some water out of a thermos and changes it to wine.

Peter (licking his lips and looking heavenward) Ooooo, I sure wish I could do that. I can't even get a fake ID.

Jesus, suddenly embarrassed, changes the wine back to water.

Jesus - It was a bad vintage, anyway.

Judas gets up and walks over to Thaddeus' table.

Judas - So, eatin' bread 'n' water, huh? Got all two food groups represented, huh?

He takes some of Thaddeus' bread, wiggles it in his own ear, divides it in equal parts, and forces Thaddeus to eat it.

This is my body, and this is my blood (pouring a can of Fil-o-steen Fizz on Thaddeus' head), so eat me, you motha! Bet you never dorked no one, huh?

Thaddeus - If you are trying to shock me, it won't work. And for your information, I am not a virgin.

Judas - That's a buncha sheep shit.

Thaddeus - Is not. I made it with Mary Magdalene last summer.

Peter - Ooooooo, she's a prostitute!

Jesus - Are any of you less sinful?

Peter - (standing up defiantly) Ooooo, do you think none of us has problems? Christ, I think you're being pretty presumptuous.

Judas - Hold on to yer halos, here comes "Pious Pete the Prick."

Peter - Ooooo, hey, I feel pain. I cry, but I guess someone like you wouldn't understand.

Judas - Yeah, I kin imagine the problems. (mocking) Oh, woe is me! Am I simon or am I peter? Which is my real name? Am I Peter-that-is-called-Simon or Simon-that-is-called-Peter? Ooooooo, God help me! (bends over laughing)

Peter - (half-screaming, half-sobbing) Ooooo, you'll never know, so why don't you stop all this mockery and leave me be?!!

Jesus - Calm down, I know how you feel.

Judas - Right, I bet you know everything, longhair.

Jesus - I do.

Judas - So you got a painful life at home, too, huh? Horror afta horror, huh? Don't give me that. That's a buncha donkey dung.

Jesus - (calmly) You think so?

Judas - (snidely) Did I stutter?

Jesus thrusts his hands out violently, revealing bloody holes through both palms.

Jesus - This is what you get for being a part of my family! Did I stutter? My dad expects more out of me than all of your parents combined! My dad, my dad, he wants me to ... he wants me to be just like Him! You can't possibly imagine. I can't do it! I can't be that perfect! I -

Judas - Awwwww, listen to Mr. Pity. Why don't you just

take yer Works somewheres else, you scrawny son-of-a-
Jesus - God? Son of God? Well, you're right. So what, you can't hurt me by saying that.

Judas - Hey! that's not what I-

Jesus - And I'll have you know it was hard, smart-tyhead. When I was a kid, I'd ask my mother, "Where is my real daddy?" and she'd say, "In Heaven, darling." I mean, I thought he had died or something. But I'd meet him. Boy, would I meet him.

All of the young men, even Judas, are listening intently by now.

Ever meet my dad? Oh, I forgot, you can't yet. Anyway, it's no treat answering to him, I'll tell you that. He's a big guy. Jealous, too. Absolutely no patience, either. You do something wrong, and he'll smite you just like that. And I have to live with that pressure everyday. And the thing is, we're like two different people. He floods people, and begats them pestilence, and explodes their heads

And I said to him, just once, "Dad, for crying out loud, those people weren't that bad." And he said, "Maybe so, Jesus, but they didn't listen to me."

And I said, "Gee, Dad, I'd forgive 'em."

And he said, "Forgive em? ? ? Okay, I suppose you'd like to go down there and die for them if you love them so much! Go on, Jesus, go back down there and suck up those sins like a sponge, and then we can just flush you away!" There was no use in arguing.

"Dad," I pleaded. "Okay, I see your point; can we just stop and have dinner?" and he's "Nooooo! I think you should go right now and suck up sins. What are you waiting for? Remember and get every last one of them! Don't come back until ... (weeping) ... well, you get the ... (sobbing uncontrollably)

Thaddeus - I'm speechless.

Judas - I'm -

(**Jesus** - (somewhat regaining composure) It's okay, I just blew my thorns off, that's all. I'm sorry.

Judas - I'm pissed, that's what I am. You got really lousy timing.

Jesus - What?

Judas - Lousy timing. We didn't even get to my problem yet, but you had to lay all that on us. My old man's a lousy drunk, beats the living bejeezus out of me everyday, my stepmom's a lousy drunk, beats the living bejeezus out of my father everyday, and everyone around this place thinks I'm unreliable and would do anything for a shekel - those're some heavy problems, but here comes Mr. Die-for-your sins and, suddenly, all of us's problems looks like roses ...

Jesus - (bewildered) Well, I'm sorry -

Judas - Noooooo, it's okay, honestly. Nope, don't get a problem in the world. I'm happy as a jaybird. Just do me favor and, uh, die for my sins something, okay? A short silence overcomes the room.

Thaddeus - Hey, fellows? I was just thinking. We've really grown to know each other this afternoon, haven't we?

Judas - Oh, righto, sandhead. That's a buncha camel crap.

Thaddeus - No, I mean it. Well, shoot, we've just poured out our hearts to each other, maybe we'll get a little rebellious later on and play some loud music, and,

all in all, this will turn out to be a pretty liveable afternoon.

Peter - Well, it has been very enlightening.

Thaddeus - And, well, this could become a lifelong friendship, maybe even longer than that. We could hang out together. We could call ourselves something cool like "The Disciples."

Judas - The hell we could. By tomorra everything'll go backs to the way it always is. I'll walk by you an' yer friends, Thad, and they'll make some crack, like about hows I say "yer" instead of "your," and you'll laugh with them. Shit.


Peter - Ooooo, that's terrible. I would never do that.

Jesus - Oh no? If someone were to come up to you tomorrow evening and say, "I heard you hung out with Jesus yesterday," I bet you'd deny it. I bet you'd deny it three times.

Peter - Ooooo, don't get cross with me.

Thaddeus - Nevermind. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

More uncomfortable silence. The youths all go back to writing. The song "Don't You Crucify Me" comes on, as does the voice over:

Dear Pilate. We accept that we all have to waste a day here for whatever reason. But we think it's ridiculous that you ask us to tell you who we are. We see ourselves as you want us to: the Disciple, the Betrayer, the Messiah. But we learned something today. Each of us is a disciple, a betrayer, a messiah. So there. 

patronize
our
advertisers

SPECIAL **th**anx
to: (IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER)

RON **HE**rBsT

KPIX-TV

ENRIQUE Alvarez

BEV **h**ENDRICKS & ASU Typesetting

theQuad

CARRIBEAN DISTILLED
PRODUCTS LTD.

Terra House

JO N CaRd

alX
HOUSE
of
UMOR

LEann WiLEy

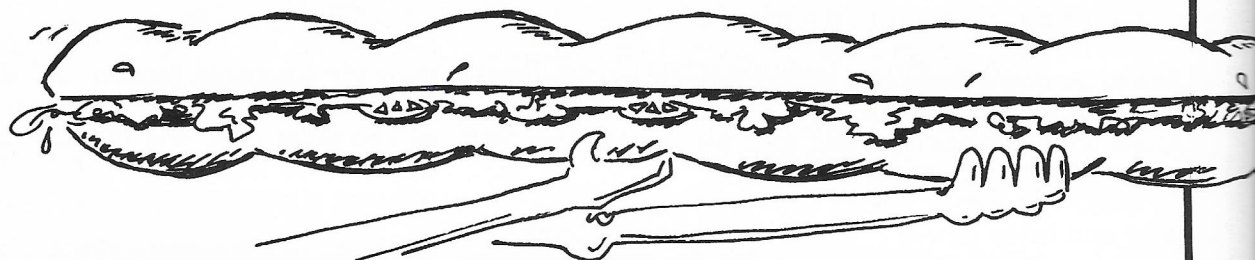
Hatcher Trade Press

TAGA'S

EATERY

494-8223

4131 El Camino Way
Palo Alto, California



Ernie's

In A Great Wine Region, A Great Wine Merchant
3870 El Camino Real • PALO ALTO • 493-4743

Close to campus —

1 Mile South of Page Mill Road



FINE WINES
*FROM THE EVERYDAY
TO THE EXTRAVAGANT*

ALSO FEATURING
A LARGE SELECTION OF:

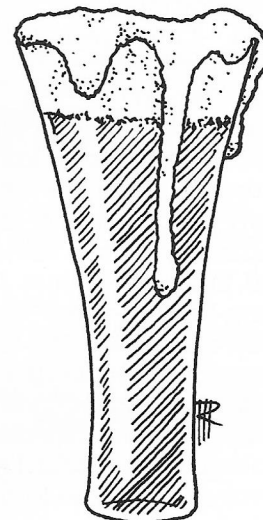
Spirits
Imported Beers
Keg Beer

Free Ice Available

**CLUBHOUSE RESTAURANT
at Stanford Golf Course
323-8359**

Hours:
Tues.-Fri.: 7am-3pm
Sat. & Sun.: 5am-3pm

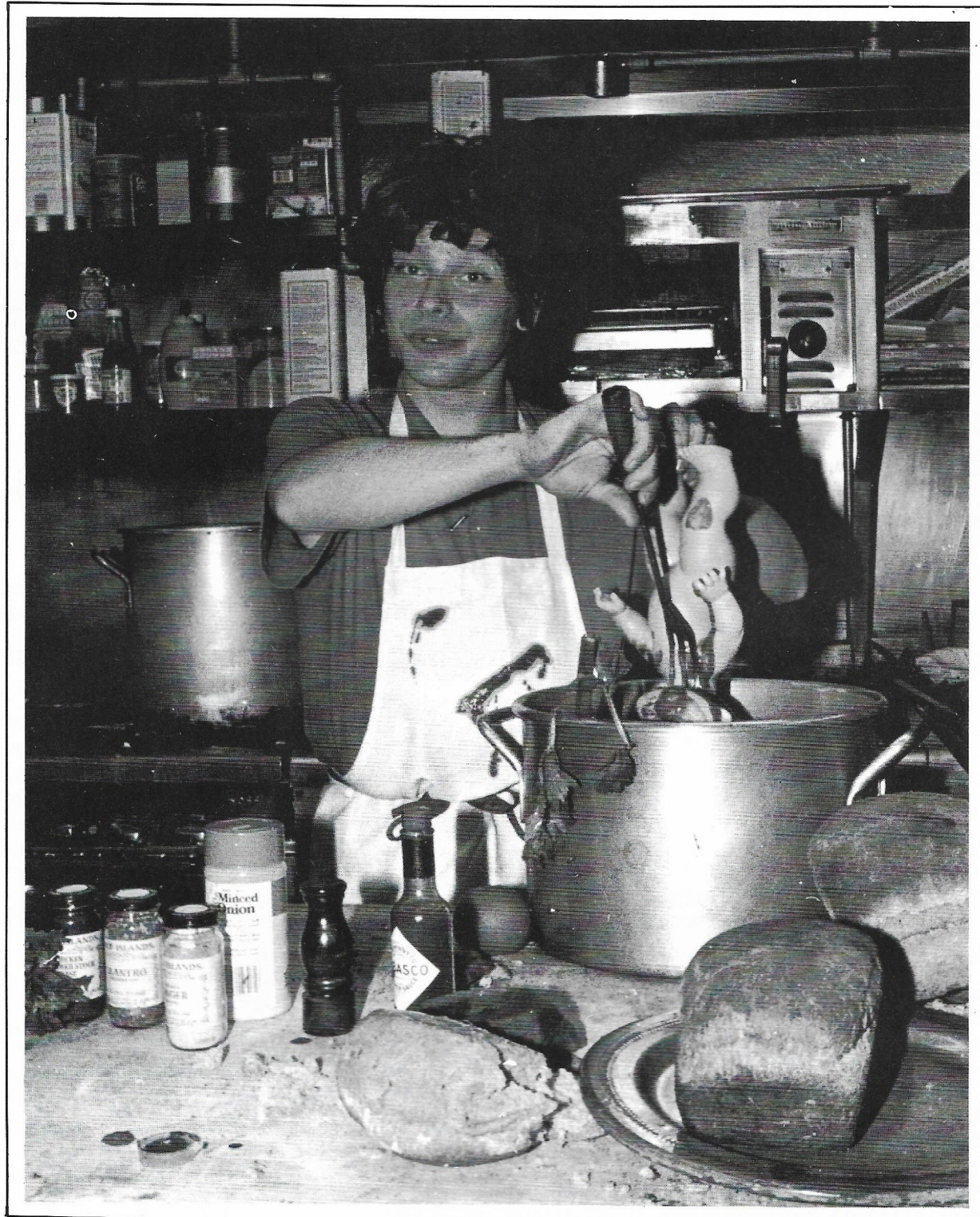
**FREE
23oz
Beer**



with any sandwich or
burger order with this ad

offer expires 6/30/86

Julia's Child Cookbook



AN-H + C COFFIN-UP BOOK[®]
HELENA • BOISE • RAPID CITY • FREMONT

Enfants Poches

(How to poach children in the French manner)

Serves 10 to 20 years in State Penn

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 3 fresh children | 2 Safeway Pastry Shoppe |
| 3 sacks potatoes | chocolate cakes |
| 1 laundry truck | 3 ransom notes |
| The grated rind of one infant | 200 lbs. lead |
| 1 carton milk | |

Nab three fresh children (one's best selection can be found in lower to middle class neighborhood playgrounds, as the meat of children found in upper class neighborhood playgrounds is usually heavily spoiled), and leave ransom notes for parents. If children are too fresh, slap them about until they shut up. Empty potatoes from sacks and toss children into sacks. Beat well. Add grated rind for flavor, and stir in milk. Head towards Mexico in laundry truck with sacked children in rear of truck (if children still insist on making noise, feed them pre-prepared cake — who can afford to cook at a time like this?). If parents have not responded in 48 hours, tie lead to sacks and drop children in nearest river. Find three new children and repeat poaching instructions.



Tot-Au-Feu Avec Les Enfants en Gelee

Serves 1 nation

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1 village of Vietnamese children photogenee | 10-15 Huey gunships, well choppered |
| 300 cups napalm | 5 fresh F-15s |
| 200 rounds ammunition | 1 chilled Lyndon Johnson |

1 pol pot

Stir up small southeast Asian nation, and preheat for twenty years. Add nuts to Pentagon, if desired. Fill tanks of F-15s with napalm, well mixed, and spread over villages, trees, and small V.C. child-undesirables with no arms. Bake well. Add canned heat. Stir in civil disruption and serve for two years.

Hot Apple Tots

Serves no one

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 150 lbs. toddlers | 1 remote-control record player |
| 1 apple orchard | 20 stadium-sized speakers |
| 1 Burl Ives record | 1 match |
| 300 gallons kerosene | |

Establish neighborhood babysitting/day care center. After center is firmly established, bring toddlers on field trip to nearest apple orchard, in the middle of which record player and speakers have been hooked up. Pre-douse apple trees with kerosene. Turn on Burl Ives record at full volume (Toddlers will automatically crawl towards friendly sounds). After toddlers are well into orchard, light match and drop on nearest tree. Heat well.



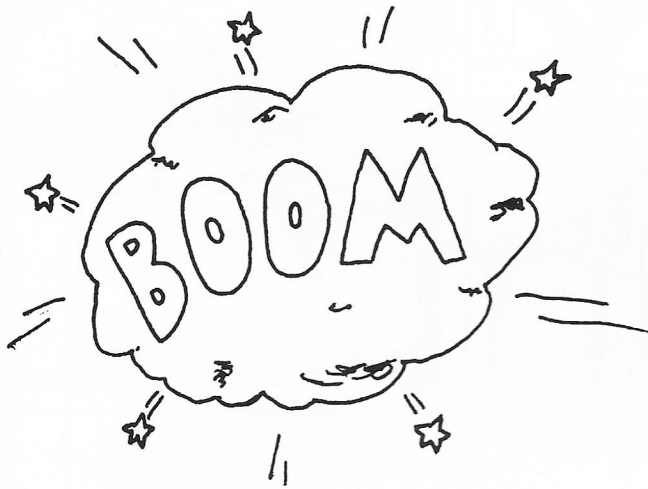
Stewed Children

Serves 30 families

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 school bus | 70 gallons bourbon |
| 1 bus driver's uniform | 100 gallons apple juice |
| 1 busload children | 40 thermoses |
| 50 gallons Scotch whiskey | 40 "Ass Bender" T-shirts |

Wearing uniform, pick up children in front of school. Have pre-mixed thermoses of whiskey-apple and bourbon-apple drinks ready (9 parts liquor to 1 part apple juice will suffice). Explain to children that their mothers have prepared an after-school snack for them and have them consume until no mixture remains. Mix up children well by driving about at high speeds on curvy canyon roads. After all children have passed out, wrap each in T-shirt and return to parents.

An equally palatable dish, Glazed Children, may be prepared similarly by substituting for alcohol with hallucinatory barbituates.



Baby Boomers Delight

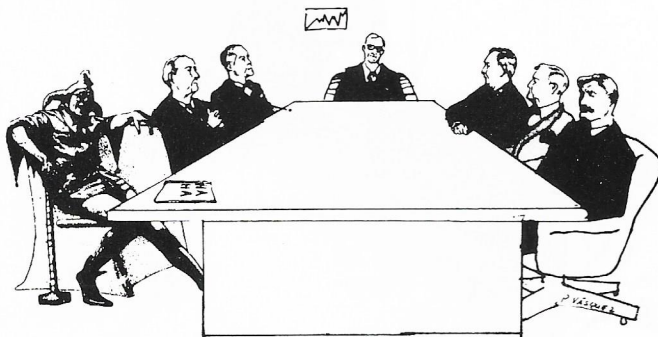
Serves 1 generation

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 gross hungry children | 50 lb. plastic explosive |
| 1 ice cream store | 5 trampolines |

1 gross triple scoop cherry-vanilla ice cream cones

Poison ice cream store owner and assume role of manager. Pre-mix ice cream cones with plastic explosive and invite children in for free treats. After children have consumed ice cream, bring them to back lot of store, where trampolines have been set up, for playtime. Have children bounce until explosion occurs.

THE REAL WORLD
is not a funny place.
But it should be.



Subscribe to the *Chaparral*

Send to:
Circulation Manager
The Chaparral
Box 8585
Stanford, CA 94305

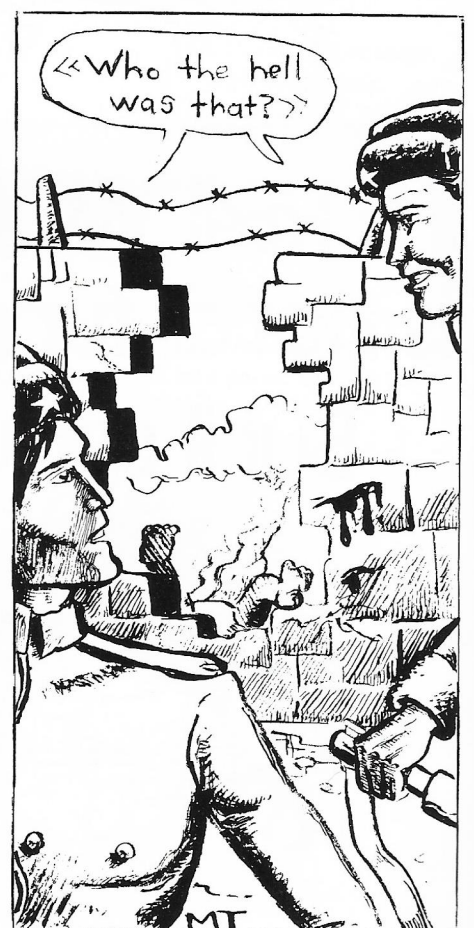


Name

Address

.....

1 year \$4 2 years \$7



JEWES

JEWES FOR CHEESES

"On the fourth day, God created cheese, and it was Gouda." -Geniswiss 17:8



Isn't Judaism and eating cheese an inherent contradiction? No, although sometimes it can be grating.

But what can JEWES FOR CHEESES do for me? Cheeses shall show you The Way to better tasting sandwiches.

Does the Pope eat cheese, and if so, is his favorite kind Romano? No.



Have some Monterey, Jack!!

"Cheese is delicious, yessir!" -St. Cheezits

JEWES-Tired of old Rabbi Meatberg telling you CHEESE has no place in your place of worship? Is life all too BRIEF for you? Afraid you have no salvation from MUENSTERS from Hell? Take a lesson from Reverend Jarlsberg - "JEWES FOR CHEESES offers you a true slice of life within a slice of CHEESE. . . CHEESE comes in a seemingly infinite variety of tastes, textures, colors, sizes, shapes, and boxes. . . from the very first time I ate from the Cheese of Life, I knew I would be a man of the CHEESECLOTH. JEWES FOR CHEESES is The Way for me! No matter which way you slice, dice, shred, melt, or wear it, it comes up CHEESES!"



"Lo, though I walk through the Valley of Non-dairy Products, I fear no cheese-burgers, for the Lord is my cheddar, and I shall not rot. . . ." -Slicedthinans 6:18



for more information, contact:

Hammond Chieze
7734 Ricotta Lane
Liederkrantz, Cheesylvania 59009

Provo-loans available at reasonable interest grates.

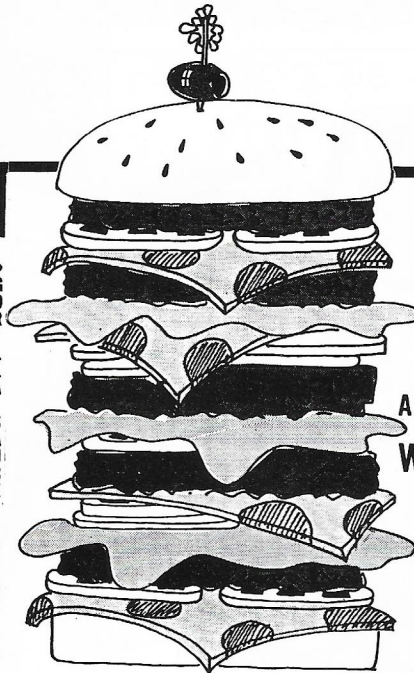


Come See For Yourself !

THE
Coffee
HOUSE

great food • great music
great place !

open daily 10 am - midnight



Anyone can cook a burger.
WE add personality,
YOU add style:

• GORILLA SAUCE • BACON • LETTUCE

• TOMATOES • ONION • CHEDDAR • CHEESE

WE CAN'T BE TOPPED!

In front of Tresider Union, by the grass.
(Weather permitting)
11:15 - 1:30



50¢ OFF

Gorilla Burger
Expires 12-13-86



AT THE BOOKSTORE!

- * FAST SERVICE * RESUMES * CONVENIENT * GUARANTEED WORK
- * 3 HOLE PUNCHED * COLOR CHOICE * OPEN SIX DAYS A WEEK
- * SHRINK WRAPPING * SERVICE WITH A SMILE * 2ND FLOOR
- * WEEKLY SALES * BOND PAPER * ON CAMPUS * CONVENIENT

Present
this coupon
for your

10%

DISCOUNT ON

REAMS OF CARDSTOCK
COPIED ON OR PLAIN

*Limited to Stock on hand
ONE COUPON PER ORDER

VALID THROUGH
June 30, 1986

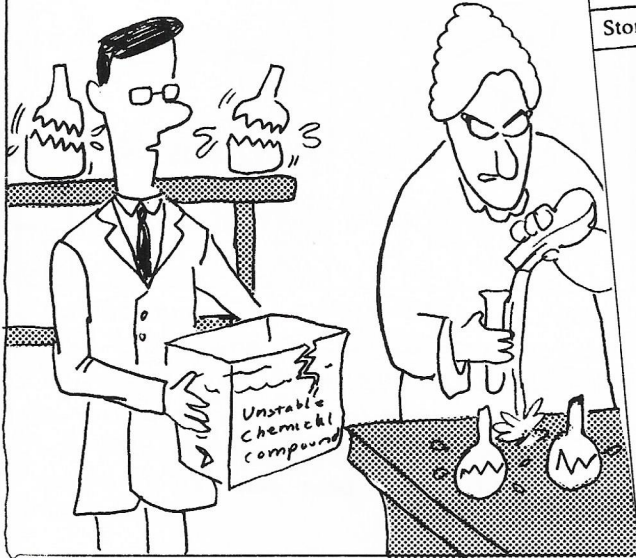
**STANFORD BOOKSTORE
COPY PLUS**

(415) 329-1217 x44

Conveniently located
on mezzanine — next to
the textbook area!

THE FART SIDE

CAUTION: VOLATILE MATERIAL
PLEASE NO SUDDEN MOVES



"Bla-a-a-a-a-a-a-at"

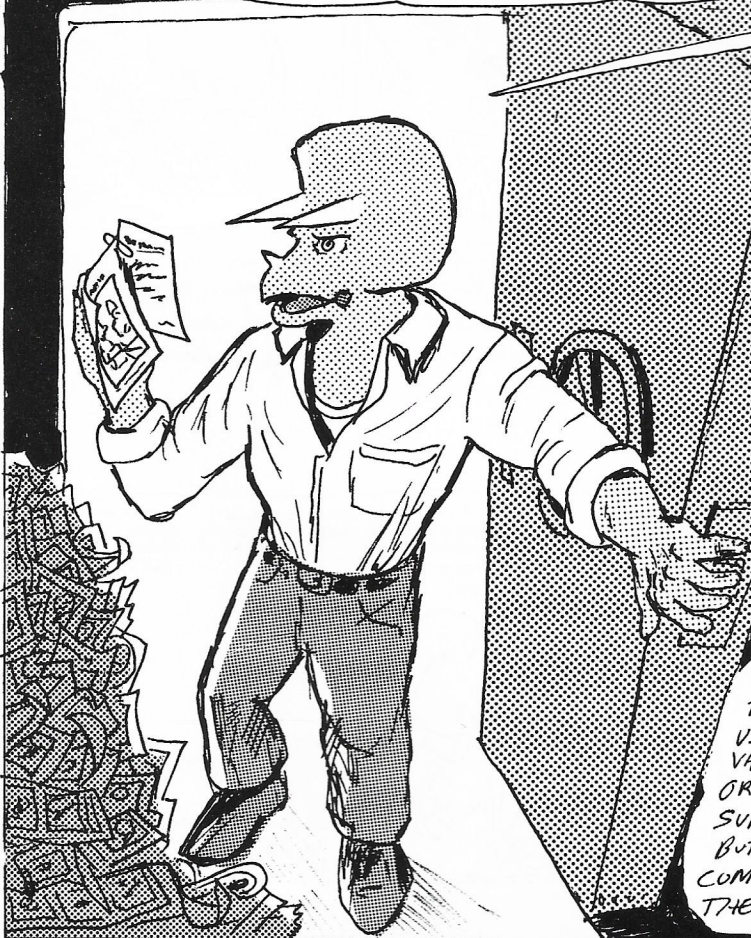
THE STANFORD DAILY

Stanford, California 9

Storke Student Publications Building

The Daily will simply not allow the word "fart" to be printed within the context of our family-oriented publication. Our readers must never know that we acknowledge the existence of farts or endorse their ramifications thereof. However, you are a splendid writer-artist and would make a fine addition to our graphics dept.
Editor

GARY LARSON'S "FAR SIDE" HAS SPAWNED A GENERATION OF IMITATORS WHO STRIVE TO CAPTURE LARSON'S DISTINCTIVE STYLE. YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT SOME OF THESE WOULD-BE IMITATORS EVEN ATTEND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, BUT MORE ON THAT LATER.



PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST SHOCKING MOMENTS OF MY LIFE WAS WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT THE LAUGH-A-MINUTE MEMSTRIP WAS DISCONTINUED AS THE STANFORD DAILY'S REGULAR COMIC STRIP SUDDENLY, WITHOUT MERCY, A POTENTIAL FOUR YEAR LEGACY OF COMEDIC FUN HAD BEEN BRUTALLY AND HORRIBLY CUT SHORT. BUT THANK THE LUCKY STARS, IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE DAILY ASKED ITS VAST POOL OF STANFORD-BASED CARTOON ARTISTS TO AUDITION THEIR OWN STRIPS FOR CONSIDERATION AS THE DAILY'S NEXT STRIP. THE ENSUING UNPRECEDENTED RESPONSE WAS A FANTASTIC EXERCISE IN OVERWHELMING KITSCH AS THE DAILY RECEIVED THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES WHICH CULMINATED IN THE SELECTION OF "THE FARM SIDE" AS THE DAILY'S PROUD CURRENT FEATURE. WHAT DID THE DAILY DO WITH ALL THE OTHER ENTRIES, YOU ASK? WELL, THAT WAS ONE OF MY PREGUNTAS. I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK UNTIL I RECEIVED A TIP FROM GERALDO RIVERA WHO INFORMED ME THAT THE DAILY HAD ALL THE SUBMITTED STRIPS IN A HUGE VAULT IN THE BASEMENT OF THE STORKE PUBLICATIONS BUILDING. USING THE FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT AS MY VANGUARD, I ISSUED THE DAILY A FORGED COURT ORDER TO OPEN THE VAULT. IN THE VAULT, TO MY SURPRISE, WAS NOT ONLY THE REMAINS OF AL CAPONE, BUT ALSO A VERITABLE GOLDMINE IN UNPUBLISHED COMIC STRIPS. YES, FOLKS, I HAD FINALLY DISCOVERED THE...

STRIPS SUBMITTED TO THE DAILY

JAMIE SJAN

"ONE OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY STRIPS SUBMITTED WAS A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A WEARY, TROUBLED FRESHMAN AND HIS SADISTIC BUT WACKY CO-HABITANT."



CRUEL AND UNUSUAL ROOMMATE



THE STANFORD DAILY

Storke Student Publications Building Stanford, California 94305

This strip paints an unrealistic and stereotypical portrait of Stanford that will simply not be tol-

erated. If a perspective Stanford student were to see this strip, he or she would shy away from Stanford because he or she would become weary of the apparent living conditions depicted in your strip. Maybe you hate Stanford life but you shouldn't pass your pain on to others.
Editor

"ANOTHER STRIP SUBMITTED TO THE DAILY TRIED TO CASH IN ON THE SUCCESS OF 'RAMBO' AND THE WAVE OF TERRORISM THAT IS SWEEPING THE WORLD WHILE STILL MAINTAINING THE CHARM AND POSITIVE VALUES OF FELIX THE CAT. THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, IT'S A RIGHT-WING GARFIELD."



TABBY THE TERMINATOR



THE STANFORD DAILY

Storke Student Publications Building Stanford, California 94305

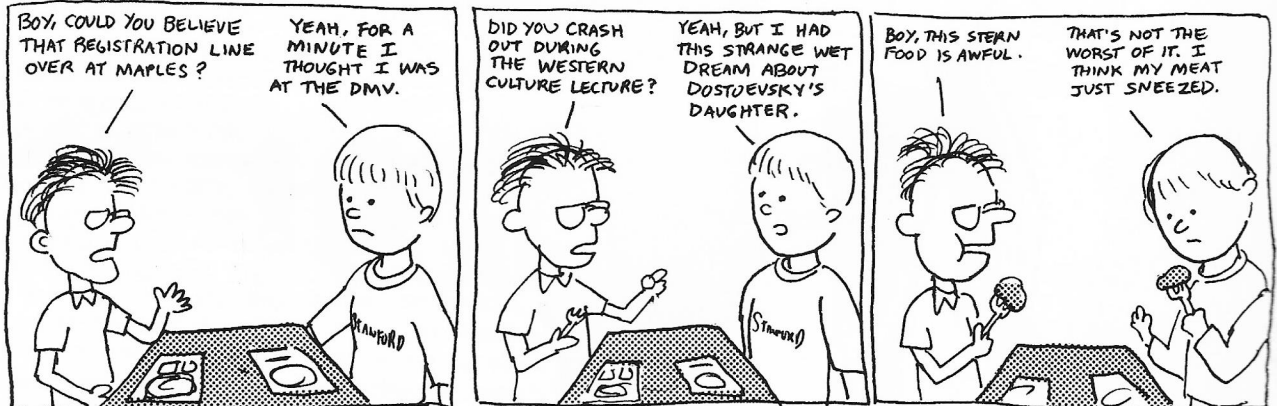
I don't feel comfortable with the implication of terrorism which is suggested in your strip.

Terrorism, as you know, is a sensitive issue, and since we don't want to offend anyone, the Daily prefers to steer clear of social topics and current events of any kind. However, I think you have excellent creative potential.
Editor

"ONE FRANK AND NO HOLDS BARRED STRIP MADE NO BONES ABOUT DISPENSING WITH THE KINDS OF JOKES EVERY FRESHMAN HEARS DURING THEIR FIRST FEW WEEKS HERE."



CLICHÉ COMIX



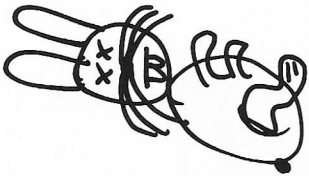
THE STANFORD DAILY

Storke Student Publications Building Stanford, California 94305

I disagree with your calling these clichés. On the contrary, I think they can be used over and over again.
Editor

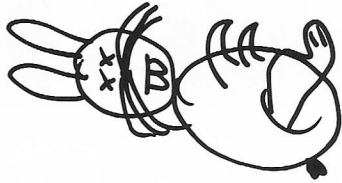
Rabbit was dead.

①



He was still dead.

②



You're not expecting him to get up, are you?

③



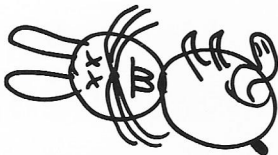
He's really pretty dead.

④



Here come the flies.

⑤



Poor Rabbit.

⑥



kinko's®

A NATIONWIDE NETWORK OF ELECTRONIC PRINTSHOPS
offers

MACINTOSH & **LASERWRITER**

for Self-Serve
Document Creation

- Tape Dup
- Highest Quality Copies
- Binding
- Volume Discounts & Bids
- Self Serve Copiers
- Passport Photos
- Folding - Menlo Park
- Shrink-Wrapping
- **COLOR COPIES - Palo Alto**
- Kodak Resume-Quality Copier

Speed and Quality
Open 24 Hours — 7 Days!
Palo Alto Location

**Free
Pick-up
&
Delivery**

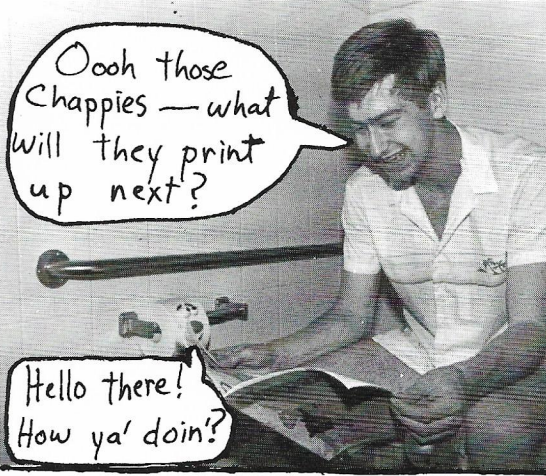
Palo Alto
328-3381
299 California
Corner of Birch & Calif.

Menlo Park
321-4202
1285 El Camino Real
Betw. Valparaiso &
Oak Grove

IN THE END

BY JIM SUHRE

Photos by Enrique Alvarez

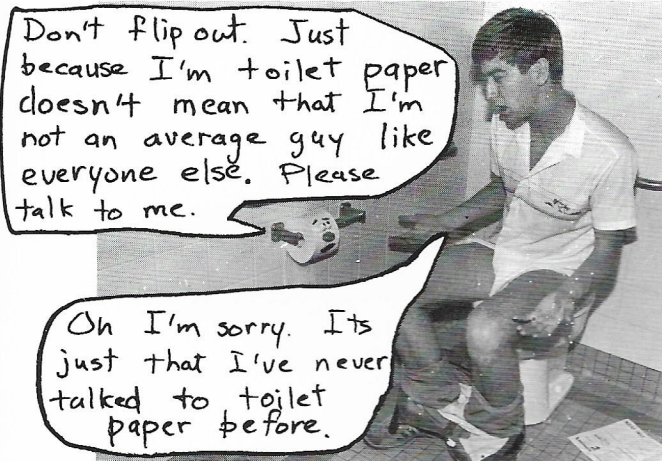


Oooh those Chappies — what will they print up next?

Hello there! How ya' doin'?



HOLY SHIT! The toilet paper is talking!



Don't flip out. Just because I'm toilet paper doesn't mean that I'm not an average guy like everyone else. Please talk to me.

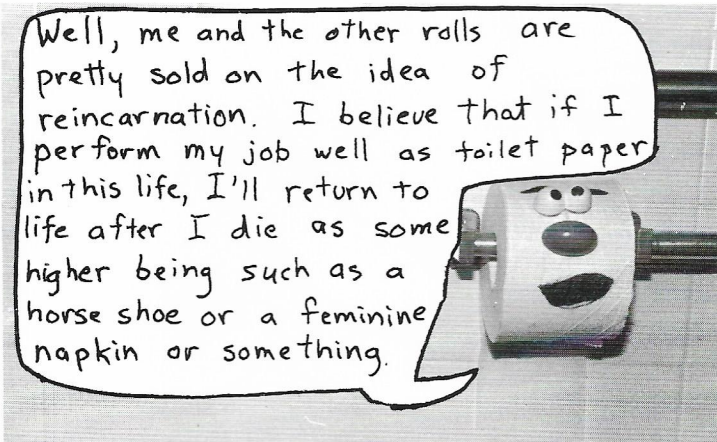
Oh I'm sorry. It's just that I've never talked to toilet paper before.



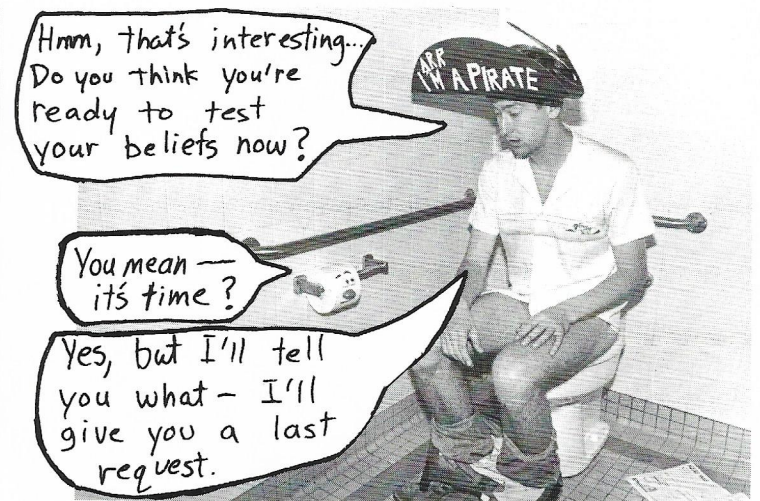
But now that I think of it, there is something I've always wanted to ask toilet paper.

Oh? What is that?

Do you have perceptions of God and/or the afterlife?



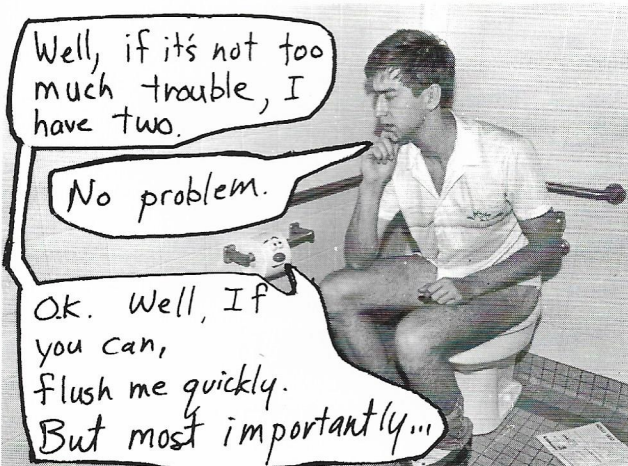
Well, me and the other rolls are pretty sold on the idea of reincarnation. I believe that if I perform my job well as toilet paper in this life, I'll return to life after I die as some higher being such as a horse shoe or a feminine napkin or something.



Hmm, that's interesting... Do you think you're ready to test your beliefs now?

You mean — it's time?

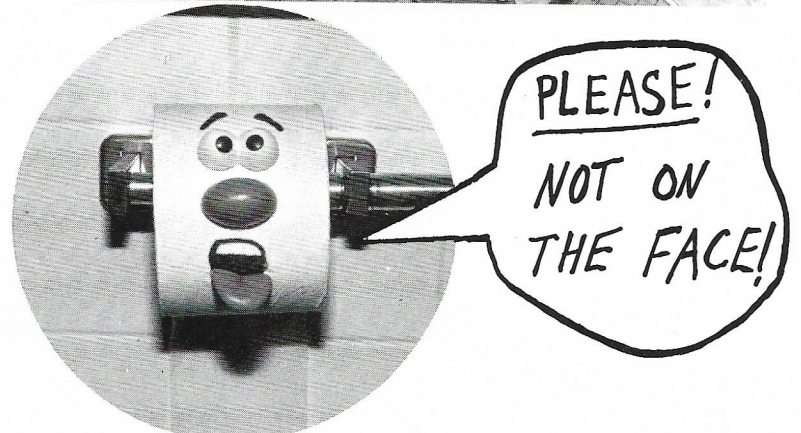
Yes, but I'll tell you what — I'll give you a last request.



Well, if it's not too much trouble, I have two.

No problem.

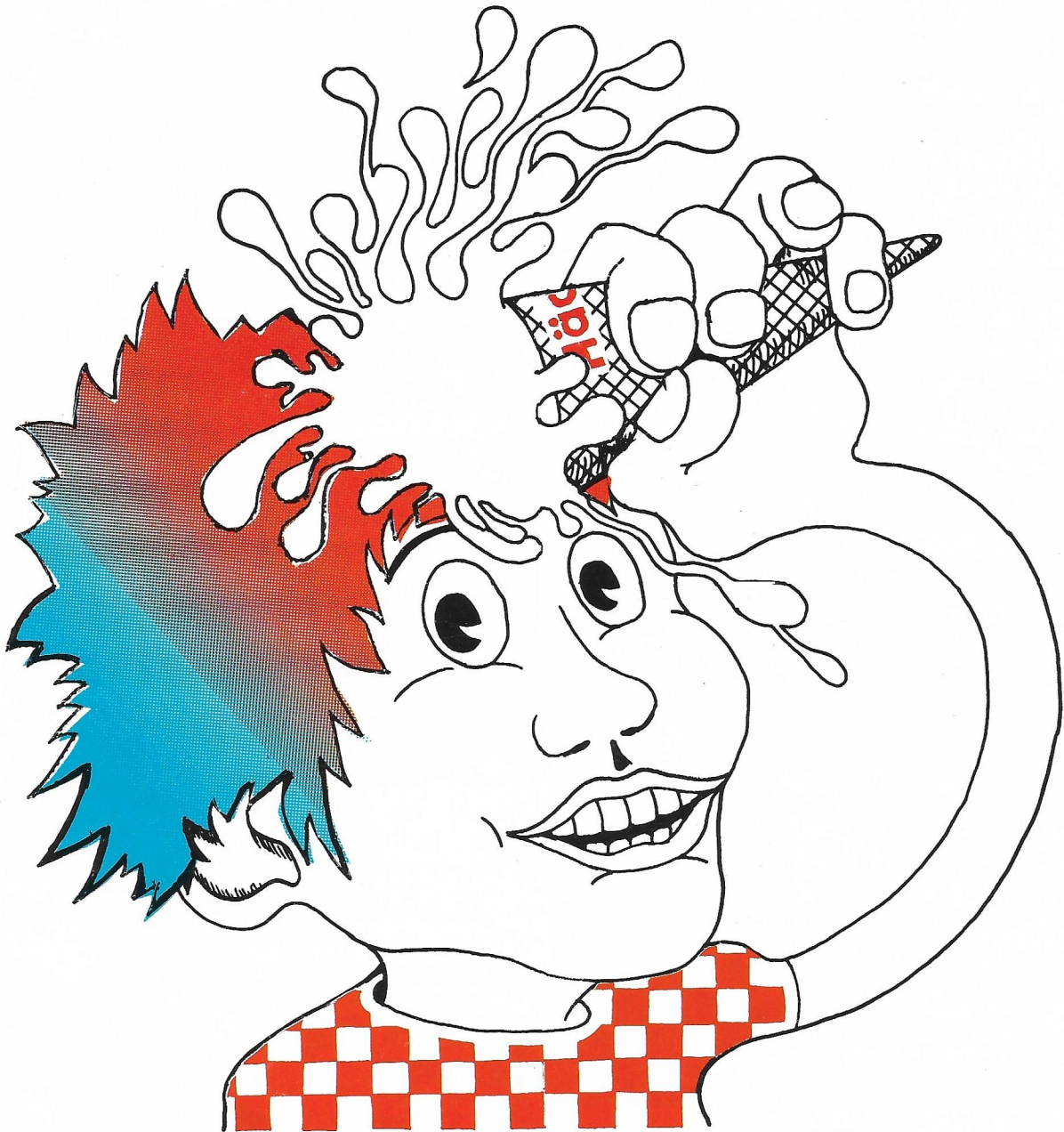
OK. Well, if you can, flush me quickly. But most importantly...



PLEASE!
NOT ON THE FACE!



You've heard the album.



Now try the ice cream.

Häagen-Dazs

Campus deliveries on the hour
eight to eleven, Sunday through Thursday

326-1638