

# The Stanford Daily Tabloid

## Skinhead Reveals All!

I trashed people  
for the  
federal  
government



A Stanford Chaparral Parody

\$1.00 June 1989

# Frat Terrorizes Campus

## Building a Better Stanford?

COP Members Brown, Chen, Allison and Nava at work

**Skeptics Weep As  
Bigfoot Is Finally  
Photographed  
Existence of Wily  
Beast Proven**

Pg. 4

\* \* \*

**Student Protesters:  
*I Fought the Law...  
And the Law Won!***

Pg. 6

**Plus: A special  
Message from  
The King!**



Now That Chappie Survives Martian Murder Plot,  
A Disgruntled Elvis Tells Humorless Individuals:

# ASSESS THIS!

NOW THAT isn't very nice. How could Elvis, the King of Rock and Roll, do something so offensive? Is this the same man who wrote "Love Me Tender?" The same man who is the only human being on Earth more loved than Zamfir?

You'd better believe it is!

But isn't it a little offensive having Mr. Blue Suede Shoes give the bird to gentle readers? No, it's not offensive. It's not offensive at all, because what the Buddha of Rock and Roll is doing is shocking all the stodgy ones out of their complacency, forcing each person to look at himself/herself/itself and ask, "What did I do to offend The King?"

NOW THAT is a ridiculous question as well. Anything you /shou/it do is likely to offend someone if that person is so inclined. Try performing any simple bodily function in a crowded elevator.

Why, Elvis himself can give you an example of people getting all worked up about his offensiveness. Remember, when he first appeared on TV the network censors refused to show any portion of Elvis the Pelvis below the waist. His moves were considered "too offensive." Why at one point Martin Luther King was considered offensive (as was Martin Luther, for that matter.)

But aren't we over those Beatle-record burning days of narrow-minded conservatism? Hardly. *The Last Temptation of Christ* and my man Rushdie remind us of that.

Well, you may counter, you're talking about zealots who consider their icons too sacrosanct to be criticized by outside opinions. Why, they probably didn't even have the decency to see the movie or read the book before they passed judgment.

Maybe so, but what do you think the reaction would be if someone made a movie called, say, *The Last Temptation of Malcolm X*? If it were up to people like Drew Dixon, all the advertisements would be torn down so nobody could see the movie and decide for himself/herself/itself.

NOW THAT's offensive.



Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899  
by Bristow Adams

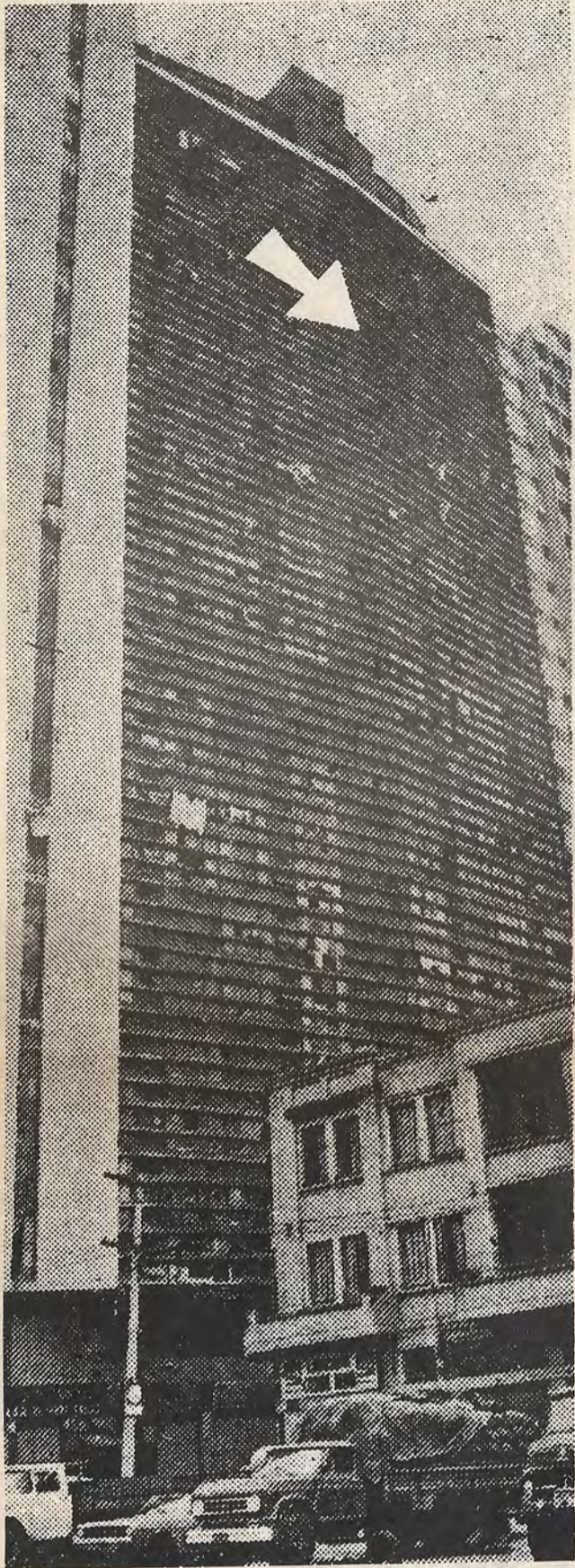
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The Stanford Chaparral



A baby, much like this one, fell 20 stories and died, unlike this one.

# BABY FALLS 20 STORIES ...AND DIES

STARTLED PARENTS WARNED CHILD TO STAY AWAY FROM CRAZY DOG

SAO PAULO- It was a fall that ended in no miracle. When little Anna Paula de Olivieri fell from the 20th floor of a building in Sao Paulo, Brazil (left), it looked like certain death. And amazingly, it was!

Luckily for spectators below, the little girl hit some power lines, which broke her fall, and apparently her neck as well.

Helvetica and

Palatino de Olivieri, the girl's parents, blamed the unfortunate accident on someone they keep referring to as "Crazy Dog." Mrs. de Olivieri la-

ments the fact that if the UFO hadn't distracted her, she could have prayed to the Jesus-shaped tortilla which her mother's ghost had made for her, and perhaps have spared little Anna Paula's life.

Acrobats from the Moscow Circus, which is touring Brazil, calculated that the fall took

place from the window of Crazy Guy, a resident of the building.

To prove their calculations, the acrobats performed a dramatic reenactment of the fall. The reenactment also ended in death, much to the enjoyment of many neighborhood residents, who had either been at work or watching 'Dal-

las' when the original fall occurred.

Crazy Guy, who is being held on one count of manslaughter, was rushed to the emergency room of a Sao Paulo Hospital last night to have his cell-mate removed from his colon.

During the trip to the hospital by bicycle, all Crazy Guy said was, "Boogedy, boogedy."

# SAEs Go On Rampage In White Plaza

Witness says:  
 'I felt something squirt on my sleeve and when I turned to look, I saw it was the dread SAEs'

TERRE HAUTE, CA - Members of Stanford's SAE fraternity terrorized students in an incident that hearkened back to those magical times when college students went on panty raids, referred to chicks as "co-eds", and were free to stare at girl's breasts for extended periods of time.

The rowdy students invaded White Plaza, spreading a reign of sexist terror, while also spreading a rain of their seed. The students cruised through the plaza during the busy lunch hour, loudly chanting slogans like, "Hey Baby, Hey Baby Hey Baby", "Wow, look at THOSE", and "Whose hands? OUR hands!!"

They ran over and killed several other groups of stu-

dents, including a few who had been lying in pools of artificial blood to demonstrate the horrors of El Salvador death squads, and others who were busy writing on the ground with chalk. The offending students will not be charged with Fundamental Standard violations, but they were issued a \$15 citation for operating their automobile in the restricted vehicle zone.



One of the lucky photographers takes aim at the giant beast (artist's conception)

## BIGFOOT IS Photographed

OUT IN FUCKING TIBET - the mystery that has bamboozled mankind for ages has finally been resolved!

While hiking through the Himalayas on a photography expedition, a group of Japanese tourists heard a loud roar and a crash-and turned to see, much to their amazement, the hairy 12-foot tall beast that explorers had been chasing for decades! Cameras in hand, the small group quickly took aim and shot before the monster could flee, producing what experts have called "incontrovertible evidence" proving the

existence of such a beast. The pictures are of such high quality that even the most skeptical of the bigfoot experts have renounced their positions, convinced that bigfoot does, indeed, roam the Himalayas. "I am very thankful that the pictures came out so well," said one of the tourists. "These have got to be some of the most startling photos of the century. We're getting an extra set of prints made ... definitely."

# DUNCAN & HELT REVEAL:

# I WAS A TEENAGE SKINHEAD FOR THE FBI!

Daily Tabloid Exclusive: Exerpts From Gunter Helt's forthcoming book, *Helt Hostage*, about his experiences with Max Duncan and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.



It's time somebody set the record straight. Sure we were assholes. But we weren't always assholes. At one time we were just dicks, and before that we were a pair of nostrils. That's how we met.

Yes, it's also true that the FBI paid us to be assholes, but that's their business.

So how did we get to be such jerks? It all started long before that. You see, Duncan and me both came from broken homes...and we were poor. In my family there were twelve of us living under the same roof; in his there were eight living under the same stairs.

On top of all that, we were unwanted. Duncan's parents never really loved him. They always wanted a girl. My parents never really loved me either.

They wanted an abortion. It wasn't until I was in the third grade that my mother stopped trying...

...I started working at the age of two, getting odd jobs as a model for hunger relief program ads. I got paid just twenty-five cents a day, enough for a cup of coffee.

My dad was a real character. Every morning at three, Pop would go to the city to beg. Since he was in the local beggar's union he got to keep a whole thirty percent of the day's take.

When my dad came home at midnight, he had to beg for mom to let him in. Then, in the bedroom, he'd have to beg some more.

My youngest brother, Vito, was a real charmer. He used to sing for his supper. Then he would

sing for our supper. After that he would sing for dessert. But then he joined MENU DO, and now he never calls...

... After high school we tried to find jobs, but let me tell you it wasn't easy. In my neighborhood people paid kids *not* to work at their stores. In my neighborhood you had to join a gang to protect you from the gang you were in. So we joined the gang.

Our gang was called the Foreskinheads. It was a bunch of white supremacist losers who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks and never quite got over the break up of the Bay City Rollers.

It was through the Foreskinheads that I got involved with the FBI, 'cause they used to call the Fore'heads, as we called our-

selves, when they needed dirty deeds done dirt cheap, you know.

For five dollars we would sit on old ladies. For ten dollars we would hang out in front of stores. For twenty dollars, we'd leave.

Oh the stories I could tell you.

During the big drought they hired us to waste water. We'd go around watering lawns and washing cars. It became addictive. Once Duncan even took two baths in the same day. I thought he was going too far, but he told me to shut up and then beat me profusely about the face and neck

with a mackerel.

...One day Duncan came to us and said, "The Feds want us to rough up this Downey, Jr. wiseguy." So we did.

We tailed him for three days, waiting for the right opportunity. Then it came. We hid in an airport bathroom, and when he walked in, we let him have it real good. How the hell were we supposed to know they were after *Robert Downey, Jr.*?

Then summer was over and we went to college... you know the rest.

Next month's exclusive:  
An interview with  
Asst. Dean of Student Affairs  
**Michael Jackson**



Stanford Students Demand Right To Demand Demands

# COP S vs. COP S

**PABLO PICALTO - Over 50 students, including 50% of next year's COP, were arrested for barricading themselves in Donald Kennedy's office as a protest against the University's sluggishness in responding to minority demands.**

**Demands included the hiring of a full-time dean for each minority group, the purchase of a laserwriter for El Centro Chicano, and the immediate release of James Brown from prison.**



"Just another example of police brutality against minorities," quips COP member David Brown as he is peacefully led away.



Next year's COP Airport Shuttle, with direct one-way service from the Quad to Alcatraz.

Defending the University's responsiveness, President Kennedy said, "We have been doing all we can to assess the minority situation. It's very fashionable now. If the University has seemed sluggish, it's because it is just getting over a cold."

The event began at 7:45 on the morning of May 15, when either 55, 100, or over 1,000 students dressed as Donald Kennedy attempted to gain access to Kennedy's office.

The wily secretary, a possible future Mrs. Kennedy, knew immediately it was not Kennedy and refused to let them in. The students then concocted various schemes and finally gained entrance by knocking on the door and saying, "land shark."

Once inside, the students lifted the secretary into the air passing her over their heads and down the hall until she was deposited into a nearby CIV lecture where she promptly fell asleep.

At 8:00, Kennedy first heard of the incident. His first move, to occupy the ASSU office in retaliation, was considered too extreme, and Kennedy's advisors coaxed him to settle for calling in a riot squad.

Meanwhile the phone lines to the building had been cut when it was discovered that ASSU senator Vince Ricci was making calls to several 976 numbers from Kennedy's phone.

Throughout the protest, students chanted, "Hey Hey, Ho Ho, the University's too damned slow!", "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, it's off to work we go," and "Heidy Heidy Heidy Ho," a line from an old Cab Calloway song.

Police arrived at 9:00 in full

gear and were disappointed when they discovered they would not be using their billy clubs. Officers were temporarily assuaged when students distributed coffee and donuts from the President's office. A few minutes later the police demanded that students open the doors and let them in.

Students then replied, "Not by the hair of my Chin Chin Chen."

At noon, when members of MEChA, the

BSU, AYSO, and APSU likened their protest to the student protests in Beijing and pronounced their solidarity, Kennedy dispatched a police bus to China to arrest those students as well.

Complications developed, however, when San Francisco airport officials refused to consider the bus as carry-on luggage. The officers then drove the bus to San Jose, where the bus was immediately placed on a flight. The air-

port was thankful for the business.

By 4:30, when police finally entered the building, they found several of Kennedy's belongings, including his books, pens, and stapler, priced for next year's Beat the Bookstore sale.

Officers then handcuffed students and loaded them onto a police bus, charging them with unlawful assembly, conspiracy to assemble unlawfully, assembling to conspire unlawfully, and soliciting a duck.

University officials noted that the students violated not only the current Fundamental Standard but also their proposed revision of it.

At 5:00 students from minority groups at USC and San Jose State arrived and joined in the chant, "Whose University? Our University!"

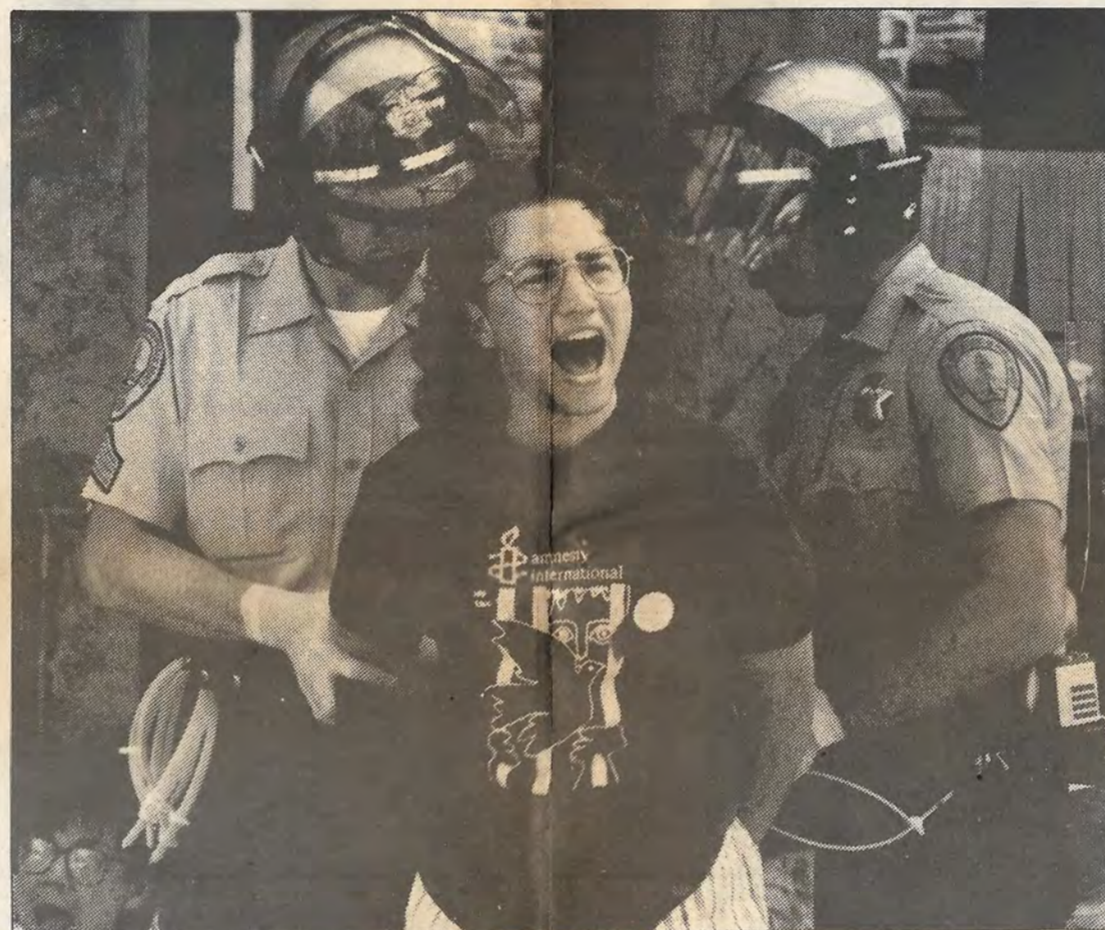
A van used by STOP, Barrio Assistance, and as the Airport Shuttle was parked in the bus' path, preventing its departure. The police wasted no time in towing the vehicle, much to the dismay of turbaned campus security who had not yet issued the van a parking citation.

COP member David Brown, a white male, remarked, "This is just another example of white males oppressing minorities! So we broke a few laws. Big deal. They didn't have to go and treat us like criminals."

In an official Statement issued yesterday, President Kennedy announced his plans to assess the demands based on his understanding of the UCMI report.

"We plan, he said, "to build a minority aquarium where students can see minorities roaming free in their natural habitats. We also plan to market a Webb Ranch Style Dressing, proceeds of which will be equally distributed between the Centennial Fund and the Centennial Fund."

When asked if the University was going to press charges, Kennedy smiled and said, "Well, we've got to be assholes some time."



"Ouch!" cries ASSU Senator Vince Ricci as police take his temperature during his arrest.



"How much for the clock?" asks Lucky Gutierrez, as students price Don Kennedy's belongings for next year's "Beat the Bookstore" sale.

## CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

- 7:45:07am Secretary finds 6 foot tall baby left on office steps.
- 8:00:32 A television is wheeled in to Kennedy's office to monitor the 3 major TV network news shows, but students elect to watch Heathcliff instead.
- 9:02:53 The only Asian-American History class offered at Stanford is cancelled for the day because all of the students are absent to protest for more Asian-American History classes.
- 10:11:12 U.S. News & World Report informs Kennedy that Stanford has dropped off the low end of their college ratings list.
- 10:30:05 The first student leadership crisis erupts as the morning cartoons are over, and soap operas and game shows don't begin until noon.
- 11:05:22 David Brown uses a COP walkie-talkie to play Star Trek. The second leadership crisis erupts as everyone wants to play Uhura and Sulu.
- 1:08:42pm Students lambast Kennedy for not coming to talk. "We realize the demands can't go through right away, but he should at least be willing to meet with us," says one student.
- 1:15:17 President Kennedy offers to meet with the students, but they refuse, saying, "All they do is offer us meetings, meetings, meetings!"
- 2:19:53 Students change Kennedy's answering machine message to, "Hey Hey Heep Heep, leave a message at the beep!"
- 3:20:11 RELEASE proclaims the event "Hot Hot Hot!!"
- 4:11:12 Police threaten to enter the building.
- 4:11:43 Miguel Marquez and several others hastily offer to go get everyone some snacks, leaving through a second floor side window.
- 5:30:29 The students make a powerful statement on civil disobedience, shouting, much like Ghandi, "NO ARRESTS PLEASE !!" as they are each handcuffed and removed from the building.



Harkening back to the 60's, student activists led a rally outside the office.



Keith Archuleta peers through the glass of the University's proposed Minority Viewing Aquarium.

'Yikes!'

# DAVID STARR JORDAN RETURNS FROM THE GRAVE

**TELLS STUDENTS:  
'QUIT BEING  
SO UPTIGHT'**

"YIKES! I didn't mean to cause all this trouble." says deceased David Starr Jordan, the first Stanford University President and drafter of the original Fundamental Standard, upon his return from the dead.

"Having a code of conduct seemed like a pretty stylish thing at the time, so I threw one together. I didn't think anyone would get into a huff over it. I mean, seriously."

Last night, the dead Jordan spoke to a seance capacity crowd in Branner's

main lounge, delivering his first post-mortem address, entitled, "Geez, Folks, Don't Be So Uptight!"

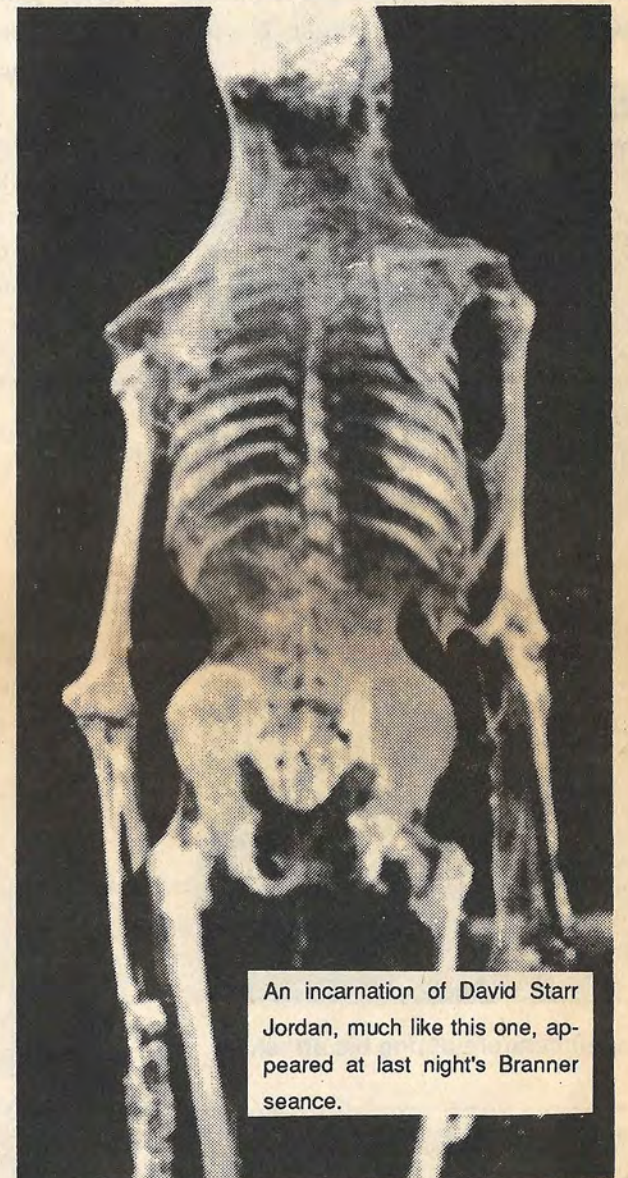
Jordan expressed objections to current efforts to interpret his original draft of the Fundamental Standard, saying, "The whole

thing was totally casual anyway, you know, like the do unto others thing? I never expected anyone to really violate it, never mind go whining to the New York Times about it. God, you people are uptight!"

"Nowadays these literary dee-constructionists and linguistic fuddy-duddies try to read so much into so few

words. Did you ever have to do those book reports and SRA's in elementary school

where they asked: 'Why did the author write this book?' Man, I hated those."



An incarnation of David Starr Jordan, much like this one, appeared at last night's Branner seance.

## CRAZYS MAN CUTS CRUMMY CAMPUS COIFFURES!!

*You might have looked much like this!!*



Weeks of investigation resulted in the startling revelation that a deranged lunatic had been posing as a Tresidder Union barber for the last three months! The barber, Mr. Sweeney Todd, was caught after having given over fifty haircuts much like those pictured at left. Authorities caught on when several undercover Fashion Police-women also had their hair done in a similiar manner. "I hate to think how many kids had him cut their hair," said a police spokesperson, who was wearing a rather large hat. "It's funny that no one had noticed right away."

# Cowboy Gives Birth to Bouncing Baby Buckaroo!!

**Distraught Members Of Dude Ranch Grapple With Monster Umbilical Cord**

NORMAN, OK -- Members of the Brigham clan had their hands full when Buck Brigham gave birth to a healthy young buckaroo. Not only was the child 3 feet tall and weighed 75 pounds, but little Buck Jr. was also born on horseback!!

The family was at a loss to explain the event. When Buck, the father and an ex-OU lineman, was asked whether he had ever taken steroids, he pawed the ground and responded with an emphatic "Nay!"

When asked who the mother of the child is, he would not elaborate more than to say that "she was only a stableman's daughter, but all the horsemen knew her." He then finished off the delivery with a wondrous spurt of afterbirth, creating a gusher that could be seen for counties around.



Advertisement

## WOMAN EATS FLY!

MENLO PARK - A 70-year-old swallowed a fly and almost choked to death when the million eggs it laid there hatched, clogging her throat with a zillion maggots!



Doctors who were flown in from Yugoslavia to laugh at the woman reported that the woman required emergency surgery to remove the grubs.

Dr. Okulov, of the Hungarian journal *Pathology*, said he removed a major buttload of maggots from the woman's throat.

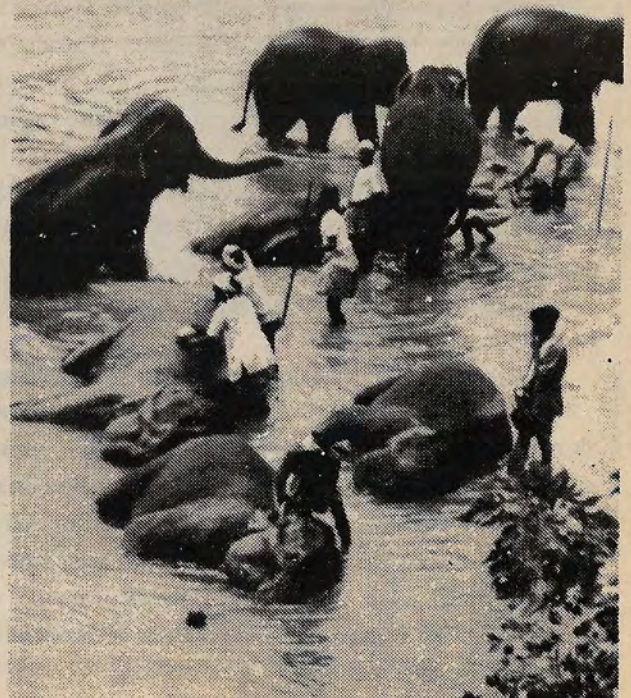
One fact remains a mystery: doctors still don't know why she swallowed the fly.

## The Horror! The Horror!

VALDEEZ - Amazement and wonder turned to horror as scientists cleaning up the Valdez oil spill watched hordes of the legendary Alaskan Marine Elephant wash up on shore.

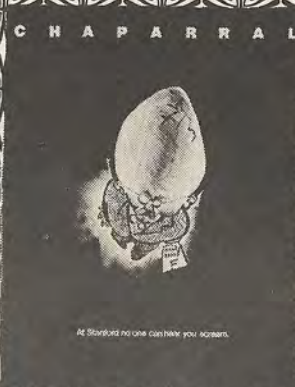
The captain of the Acid Rainbow Warrior, the Exxon tanker responsible for the spill, has been killed by popular demand.

Environmentalists are calling this the worst case of Pachydermatitis ever. Cleanup crews rushed to the scene with a container of giant Stridex medicated pads to care for the elephants.





# ATTENTION CHAPPIEPHILES!



To celebrate ninety years of nuttiness, the *Chappie* is sharing a little piece of Stanford history by offering you the funniest issues of the past fifteen years!

We are ninety today, but in ten years we will be a hundred. A lot can happen in ten years.

Ten years before James Algar worked for Disney, he worked for the *Chappie*. Ten years before Everett Opie became a cartoonist for the *New Yorker*, he was a cartoonist for the *Chappie*. Ten years before Brad Efron was head of the Statistics Department at Stanford, he was a statistic at the *Chappie*.

It's too late to buy issues containing work by these famous individuals. If you did have one, it would be worth a lot.

But it's not too late to buy issues containing work by Trey Ellis, Tim Quirk, and Bruce Handy. Who are these people? Ten years from now, you may not be asking this question.

The question you will be asking yourself is, "Why didn't I buy those *Chappie's* when I had my chance?"

To clue you in as to who these individuals are, one need only cite their credentials:

**TREY ELLIS:** Being hailed by critics as a major young black author. His book, *Platitudes*, is available in the Bookstore. See for yourself, then see us.

**TIM QUIRK:** The album from his band, Too Much Joy, was given three stars in a *Rolling Stone* review. David Bowie's new album got three and a half. His band's album is not available through K-tel. Listen to it, and then listen to us.

**BRUCE HANDY:** He is currently an editor for *SPY* magazine. If you don't know what that is, then we don't want your business anyway.

## Chaparral Special Funniness Sale

Yes, I am a Chappiephile. Please send me the following issue(s) at \$5.00 each (includes \$2.00 postage and handling.)

**JUNE 1975:** This is the first issue of the *Chaparral's* rejuvenation. Includes: Graduation Paranoia and User's Guide to Cheating. A must.

**Frosh '79:** This issue includes The Stanford Story and Stroke Comics (both by Handy). Also includes Leland's Lexicon and The Penthouse Papers.

**Alienation '80:** Includes Fear and Loathing at Stanford (Handy), Borealis, and Fucked Up Southerners. PLUS, BOTH SARTREK'S!!

**Social Issue '81:** Includes two by Ellis plus Zete Calendar, The Dean Fred Story, and Cardinal Transcripts. A very funny issue.

**Mythology '86:** Contains The Color Mauve by Quirk, plus From Spielberg's Desk, Practical Sex Jokes. A laugh riot!

**The Joint Issue '87:** This is the issue you've heard about. The Stanford *Chaparral* and the Harvard *Lampoon* team up for non-stop hilarity.

Please send check or money order to: We will send the issue(s) you have indicated, at \$5.00 each.

The Stanford *Chaparral*  
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Supply Limited, So Act Now. Because Once They're Gone, They're Gone.

# PERSONALS

FOR SALE: one long metal chain and several two-by-fours, used for only 9 hours. D.K. wants it out of his office soon. Call 723-ASSU.

WANTED: the real definition of rape whereby "75% of the girls who had been raped did not describe their experience as rape." Please put the answer in our bathroom stalls.

TO THE GIRL WITH ENORMOUS TITS in my poli sci class: you seem like a bright, intelligent, charming girl. Let's talk someday!

MISSING: one pink moped with *RELEASE* stickers all over it. Come on, guys, give it back, please? - D.L.

LOOKING for a way to shed those extra pounds? TOO BAD, you're an endomorph and you're genetically predetermined to be fat! You can't do a thing about it, Porky! You'll NEVER be skinny -- you'll ALWAYS be a giant tubbo! YOU LOSE!!! - from the Society for Making People Feel Generally

Shitty About Themselves.

WANTED: young healthy robust M volunteer needed for hot gay sex. Oops, I meant warm cuddling, j/o. Can you erase that? No? Oh, shit. <click>

TO THAT ATTRACTIVE GUY ON THE *CHAPARRAL*: boy, am I glad I met you. If you only knew what kind of satisfaction you gave to me. All that, and HIV negative!

WE HAVE YOUR DUMB POWDER PINK MOPED and if you ever want to see it again, cut it out, and you know what we're talking about - Frankie, Johnny, and Luigi, too.

EARN \$200-\$500 weekly distributing stuff. We send you the stuff, you distribute it. Got it? Good. Don't ask any questions.

LOOKING for m/f, age 30+, w/ H'panic bckgrnd. Dean needed at mjr. univ. Call 723-MEC(h)A

WANTED: more T/A funding. We

should get as much as we want.

I HAVE YOUR SILLY MOPED: I will give it back when you stop playing X-100 in the Publications Board work room. -Chris

CAN YOU BUY JEEPS, cars, and 4 X 4s seized in drug raids for under \$100? No, but you can use the STOP / Barrio Assistance van for free. Call 723-ASSU.

STICK UP YOUR ASS?? Then People's Platform is looking for you. Positions available, 723-ASSU.

LISTEN UP, AND LISTEN GOOD. I've got something here that you might want to listen to... <vroom vroom vroom> Hear that? If you want to see your moped again, take down the Debbie Gibson pictures next to your desk. -Debbie's agent

TO THAT SORORITY WENCH WHO GAVE ME HERPES: I had the clap. Ha Ha Ha. - Mr. Mouthful

TO THAT FRAT BRAT WHO GAVE ME THE CLAP: Not only did I fake the orgasm, but you are a bugfuck, and on top of that, you have made me a confirmed veg-eosexual. Also, YOUR dick is above your neck, Sporto!

TO MY MYSTERY WOMAN: You don't know who I am, but I really like you a lot, and I'm kind of shy. We met once, and I forget exactly where it was, but I'm fairly certain it was love. Well, we didn't really meet, we just kind of saw each other. Actually, I didn't really see you that well - I think I barely caught you out of the corner of my eye, but I might have confused you with someone else I know. Anyway, I can't quite remember what you were wearing at the time, and to be honest, I kind of forget exactly what you looked like, and I'm pretty sure you didn't see me at all, I mean, I wasn't in your line of vision or anything, but if you did, please think about writing me at Box 8585.

FOR HIRE: me. Please, somebody hire me! For a complete resume, see any copy of *RELEASE* magazine, 9/88-6/89.

**RELEASE**

**David Ratliff  
Account Executive**

204 Tresidder Union, Stanford, CA 94305  
(415) 723-9282

## Sell Back Your Used Books

June 8, 9, 10, 12-16  
9 a.m. - 4 p.m.  
AT THE STANFORD  
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Outside Window

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## Why Haven't You Subscribed To The Stanford Chaparral?

Maybe you just don't know what you're missing. The *Chaparral* is Stanford's renowned humor magazine. Founded ninety years ago by Bristow Adams, it is Stanford's oldest, most contiguous organization.

"Now," you may ask, "that's all fine and dandy, but I don't want a magazine full of Woodrow Wilson jokes."

Never you fear, oh skeptical one. The *Chappie* remains precariously poised on the cutting edge of contemporary humor. What does this all mean?

It means you should subscribe and have the *Chappie* delivered to your door four times a year.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One Year: \$11.00 \_\_\_\_\_  
Two Years: \$16.00 \_\_\_\_\_



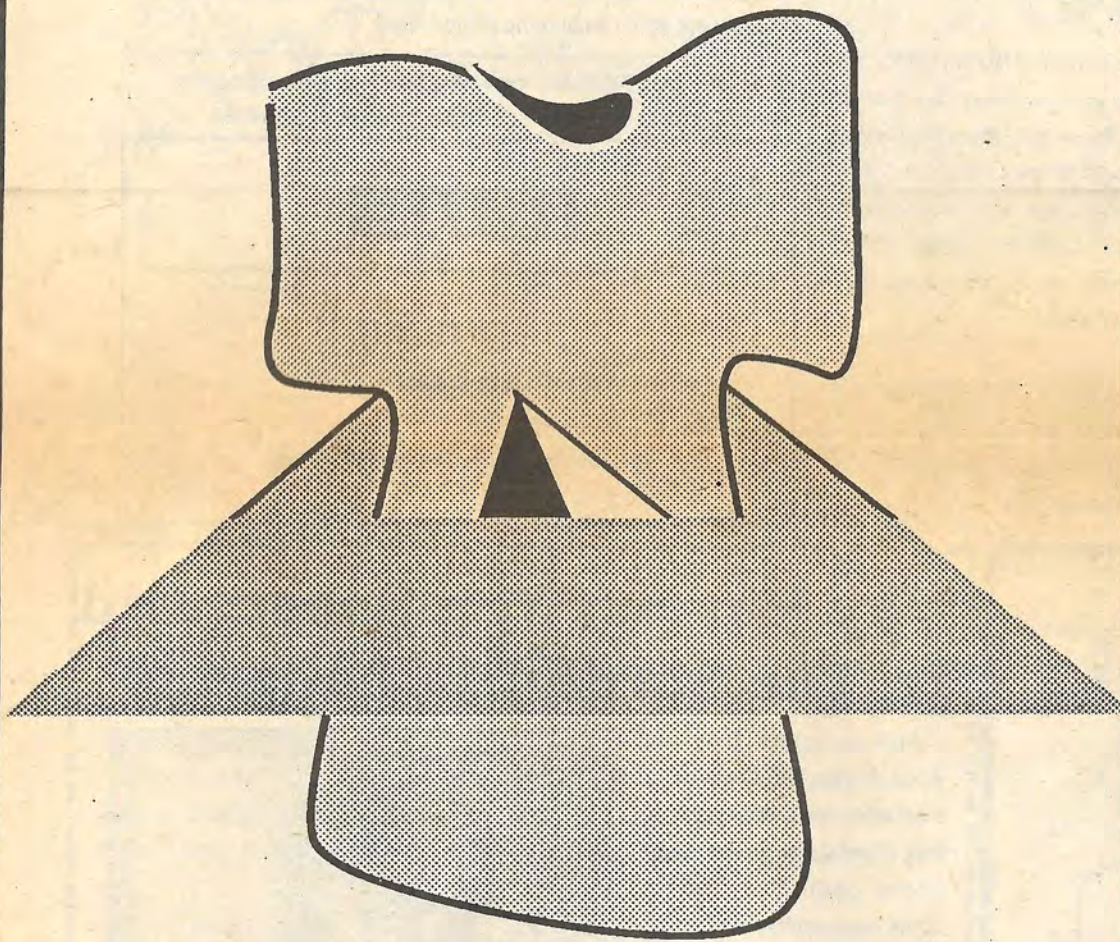
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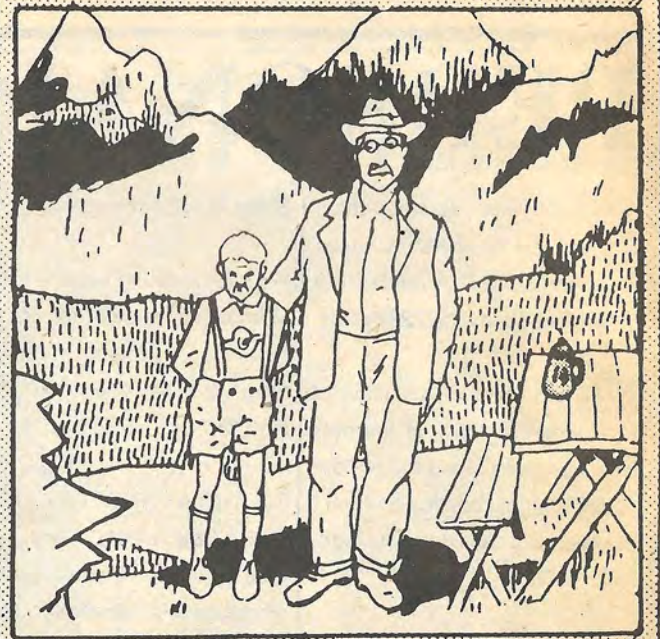
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