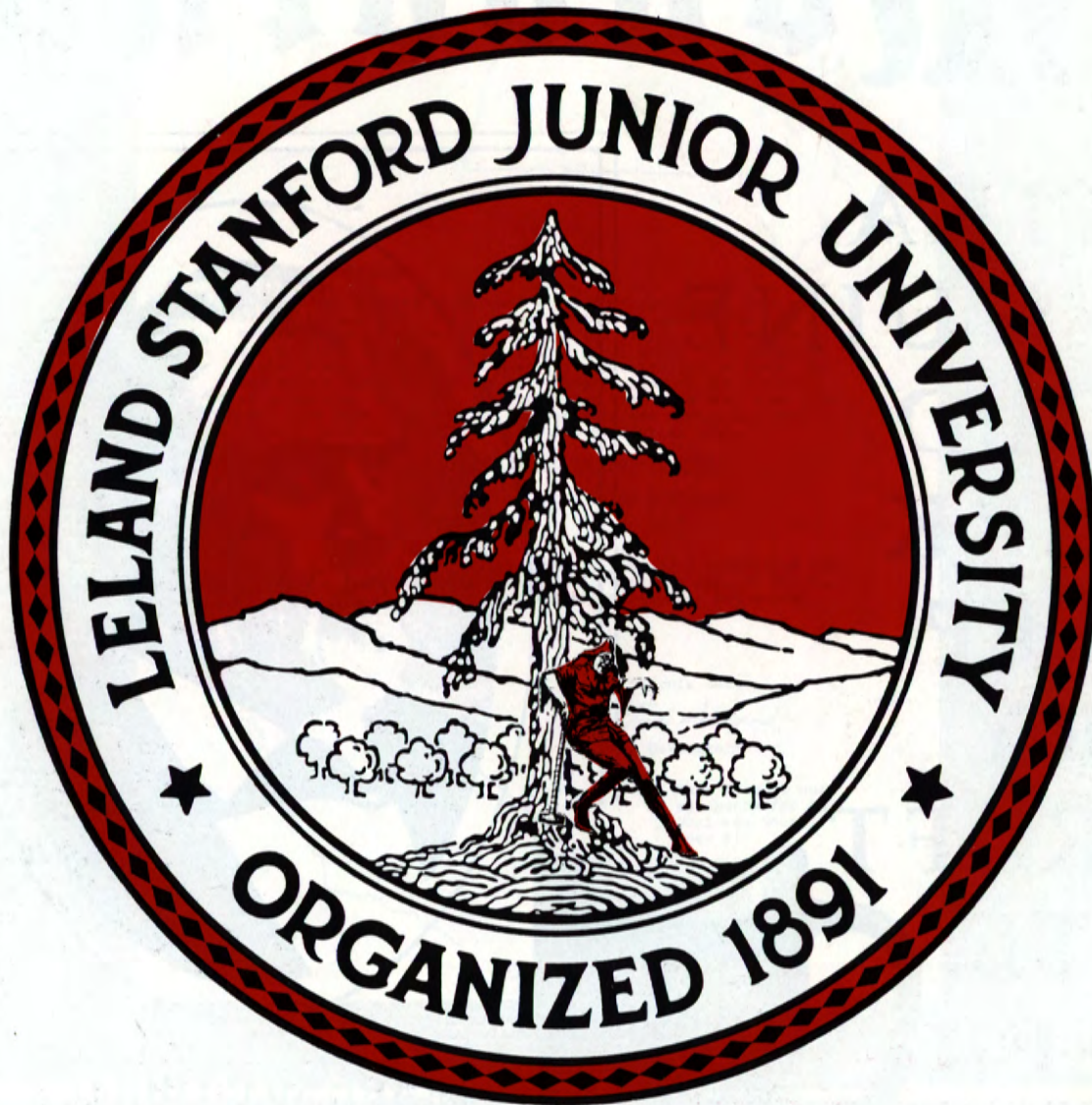


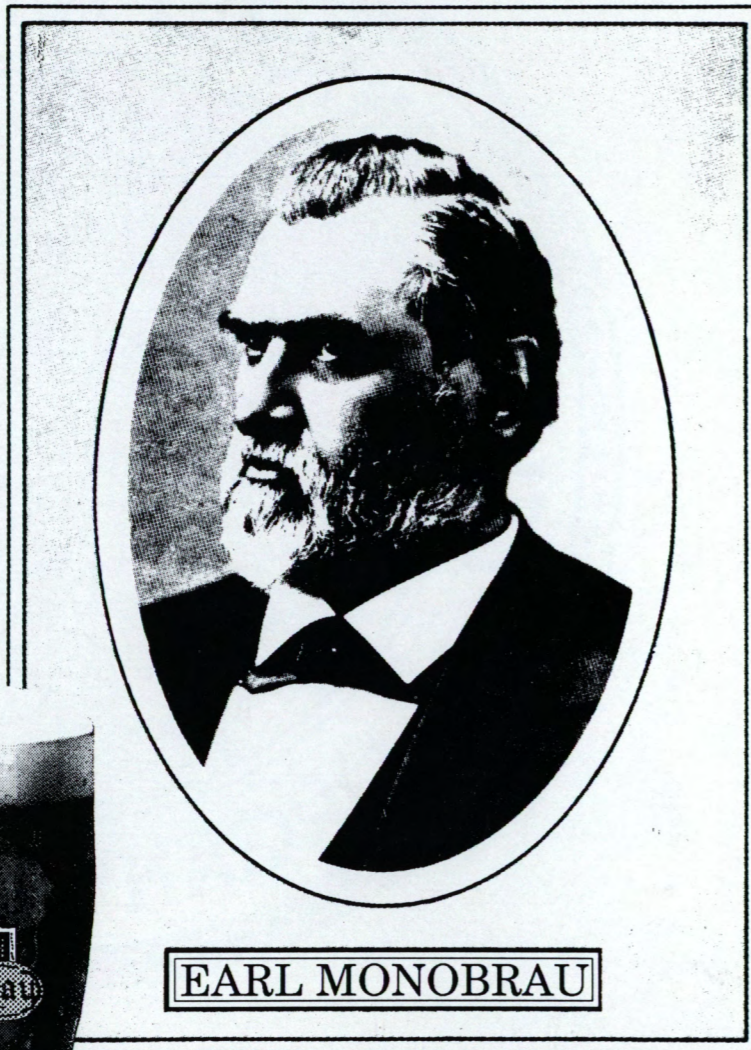
## Chaparral



- Forms and preference cards for the post-Orientation Housing Draw
- Information on University policy regarding upcoming Fall Quarter fraternity and sorority rush
- Regulations and restrictions on use of SUNet in-room cable television service (Kimball, Manzanita, and Roble dormitories only.)

# Monobraü

EXTRA  
GENUINE  
COLD  
DARK  
DEEP  
DRY  
DRAFT  
LITE  
BEER

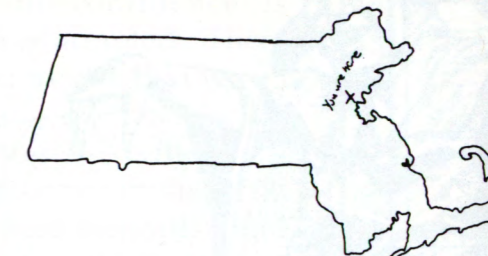


In 1899 Earl Monobraü made a unique discovery: Beer tastes bad. No matter how it's brewed. Cold-filtered. Heat-pasteurized. It doesn't matter. *Beer tastes bad.* That's because yeast tastes bad. So Earl Monobraü produced a beer using every brewing method known to man, because he understood that people buy the label, and people buy the lifestyle. They don't buy the beer.

Imported by Van Heflin, Inc.  
Golden, CO

**Monobraü**  
*Much more than beer.*

June 13, 1986

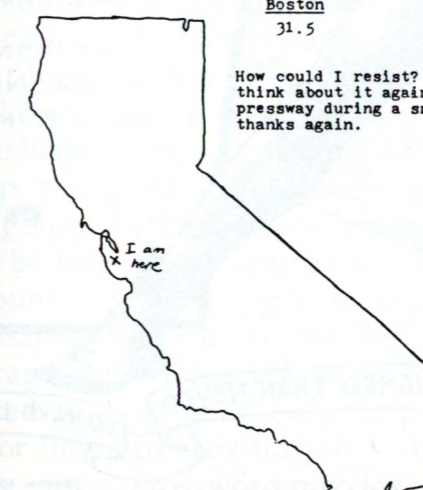


Dear Sir or Madam:

While I was honored by Harvard's offer of admission, after a difficult period of decision I have decided to attend Stanford University, and so am sending you this letter for your records as you provided no reply card, as does every other institution of higher learning in the known world. I would like to thank the admissions committee for the time they devoted to the business of selection, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. While the decision was agonizing, there was one fact which seemed to tip the proverbial scale.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE IN JANUARY (°F)

<u>Boston</u>	<u>San Francisco</u>
31.5	63.4

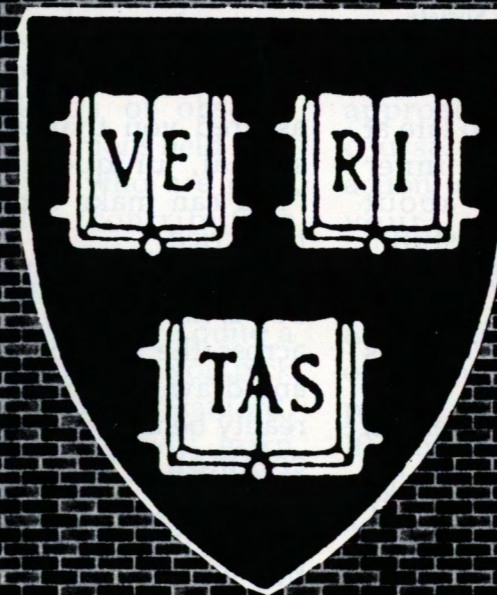


How could I resist? If you don't understand how, think about it again in January, say, on the Expressway during a snow emergency. But anyway, thanks again.

California bound,

*Mark Lokensgard*  
Mark Lokensgard

P.S. This doesn't hurt my chance for the Business School, does it?



# S T A N F O R D CHAPARRAL



Stanford University founded 1891  
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899  
by Bristow Adams  
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society  
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

## THE CHAPPIES

ADRIAN KLEIN  
KING

AARON RACINE  
ROOK

## KNIGHTS, BISHOPS, AND PAWNS

TONY SIRNA  
JEREMY NELSON  
SRINI KUMAR

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04  
LINIK MALMQUIST '29

Volume 94, Number 1. Copyright © 1992 Stanford Chaparral.  
Published quarterly by the Hammer and Coffin Society.



you're comfortably settled in to your spacious living quarters, it's time to step back, take a deep breath, and start to worry about what your life will be like here at Stanford. "No problem," you think smugly, "Orientation has been super! Everyone in my dorm is so

friendly. We all stay up late at night, discover our inner selves, and talk about important, meaningful stuff... just like in *The Breakfast Club!* College is the same as summer camp, only bigger." Well, this complacent conclusion is an easy one to arrive at; after all, your RA's welcomed you by name when you got here. They took you under their collective wings, cared about you, and

assured you that you were a special, unique individual. "You can make a difference!" they cried.

But fortunately the Old Boy is here to slap you smartly across the face once or twice and draw your attention to the reality behind this surprisingly common misconception. Obviously, your RA's only know your names because of the weekend they all spent

huddled over a pile of wallet-sized snapshots torn from your applications. And you can bet that they made the same cracks as the kids back home when they saw a goofy grin, or an ecologically threatening "Mega-Stiff Bold-Hold" hairdo. (Incidentally, RA's are not the only upperclassmen to spend long hours poring over and appraising these pictures. Of course, the fraternities generally have to make do with those reduced black-and-white reproductions that appear in the Froshbooks.)

The sad truth is that as far as the University is concerned, the most unique things about you are your ID number and PAC code -- because that's all they need to know to bill you. Let's face it: unless you're here on an athletic scholarship, the biggest difference you're going to make at Stanford will be in the University's bank account.

Now that's not necessarily any reason to be discouraged. You're not really expected to have anything to show for the time you spend as an undergraduate. College is a four-year vacation from the real world (possibly even longer for some of you). It's a time to get passionately excited about all kinds of obscure theories and opinions held long ago by people who are only now really contributing something tangible to this world in the form of fertilizer.

Actually, there are quite a few practical tips that you pick up along the way. At Stanford, for example, you will learn how to ride a bike. The Old Boy imagines several of you are snickering at this, no doubt

imagining that you *already* know how to ride a bike. Unless you have some special experience as an express messenger in a major metropolitan area of the world, this kind of confidence is definitely unwarranted. There is much more to biking on campus than simply balancing and pedaling. At the very least, you must be familiar with a few important principles, and be proficient in their use and application.

Perhaps the most important biking precept to understand is that fear is your greatest weapon. It is important that other bikers and/or pedestrians believe that either (a) you have no control over your vehicle, or (b) you are a homicidal maniac. (Massachusetts residents should have no trouble with either approach.) Mastery of this nugget of wisdom alone can shave minutes off the time it takes you to get to class, and so markedly improve your performance on Daily crossword puzzles.

To illustrate: suppose you are hurtling toward an intersection on campus, and out of the corner of your eye you spot another biker approaching on a collision course. Your best plan of action is to immediately avert your eyes from the approaching cyclist, and preferably from the intersection altogether. Fix your attention on some distant object or person, and don't let it waver. If your opponent believes that you've spotted him, you've lost a major advantage.

Now that doesn't mean the



## Alpine Inn Beer Garden

"A Stanford Tradition"

3915 Alpine Road  
Portola Valley

situation is hopeless should this happen. Don't panic, and above all, DON'T BRAKE. This is the gut reaction of a novice, and no doubt it's exactly this kind of inexperience that your nemesis is counting on you to exhibit. Instead, sit back in the seat, and wave your hands frantically over your head (like Bruce Willis in Die Hard 2, when he was trying to warn that plane full of people that the runway was really a couple of hundred feet too high for them). Yell at the top of your voice, "No brakes! Look out! No brakes!" The other biker will be so close at this point that s/he will have to swerve violently to avoid you, probably slamming into a bollard, a pedestrian, or another hopeful competitor.

But don't worry, you'll pass by far too quickly for anyone to identify you. This brings up another important point: never wear or use paraphernalia such as helmets, bike lights, etc. Not only do they make you easier to pick out of a crowd, they also show other bikers that deep down you're really not serious about beating them out of their right-of-way; you're more concerned about personal safety. So they'll expect you to bow out when things look close, and ironically the equipment that was designed to prevent serious damage ends up causing many more accidents through misunderstanding.


Now that about wraps it up for the Old Boy's helpful hints to the fair Frosh class of '96. Over the next few weeks you'll get lots of tips and hear lots of clichés from "helpful"

upperclassfolk. Some (e.g. "The Chaparral is wildly hilarious," or "Branner sucks") are true, others (like "You will receive roughly the same level of financial aid in subsequent years at Stanford") are blatantly false. Sometimes it's hard to figure out which are which, but in the end, it really doesn't matter. You got in, and that's all you need to know for now. Well, that and the names of the people in your dorm with cars. Everything else will come eventually.

gags • juggling • gifts

magic • cards • records

House  
of  
Humor



131 B E. El Camino Real  
Mountain View

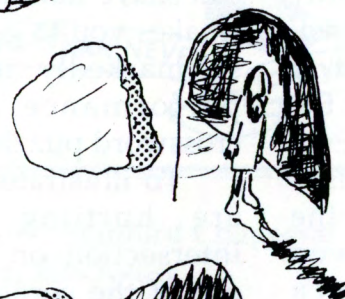
(415) 965-4116



*Morning rises, the third day  
at the tomb of the Messiah.*



*The stone moves,  
brushed aside by  
the Divine Spirit.*

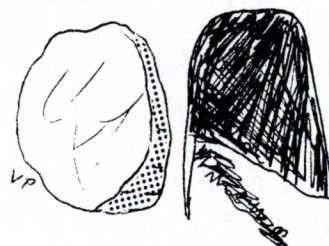


*The Messiah comes forth --  
The Prophecy is fulfilled!*



*He spies his shadow.*

*And lo, there will be  
six more weeks of winter.*



## Everything I needed to know at Stanford, I learned in my C.I.V. class.



In the Bible, things are cited by chapter and verse. • Sappho was a lesbian poet. • Absolutely nothing can be stated in terms of black and white. • There is no relationship between attendance and final grades. • A lot of different people have a lot of different beliefs about a lot of different things, and most of them are for shit. • Never talk more than five or six times in a section. If you do, everyone will hate you. • Lots of departments have little coffee shops in them. • There is an inverse relationship between time spent reading and final grades. • Look up the names of main characters before section. • Never ever voluntarily sign up for a nine o'clock class. If the class is required for your major, change your major. • Always respond positively to the question, "So, how did you like the reading?" When pressed for reasons, be as vague as possible. • Never use the phrase "My teacher in high school said..." • Don't bother reading the non-European authors, they won't be on the test anyway. • If you fiddle with the margins, a four page paper can become a seven page paper, including title page and acknowledgements. • Never ask your professor a question before lecture. • Never ask your professor a question after lecture. • Never ask your professor a question during lecture. • No matter how much you might think otherwise at the end of a quarter, you will never need any of the books or any of your notes ever again. • It takes about 50 minutes to do an entire *Daily* crossword puzzle. • When you want a cheap laugh, analyze something from a Freudian perspective. • Never suggest that the section bond with a therapeutic game of "Heads Up, Seven-Up". • Never suggest alternative reading. • Very few literary classics are illustrated. • The guy in Green Special Collections is a freak. • Don't cite Cliff Notes in your papers. • Never say, "Jeez, it's just a story." • Course reader pages are much longer than paperback pages. • They don't assign the best parts of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. • It is possible to doze within six feet of your section leader. • Other students' ideas are to be considered, analyzed, and treasured as valid perspectives. Unless, of course, they're *really* stupid. • Never go to your TA's office hours "just to chat." • Never use your TA's home number. • Never ever let your TA convince you to remove your clothes in his apartment. • The Bookstore buyback rate is shit.



## Welcome to the Farm

*"Stanford is the little things: A failing grade in the class you need to complete your major, a wet dream about a cheerleader who doesn't even know you exist, a roommate who drools, a stolen bicycle, cold, gray meat in the dining hall."*

*"One nice thing about the winters at Stanford is that it rains a lot and the high humidity is conducive to the growth of mildew and other molds."*

*"Don't count on having sex."*

All right, so you're in. Big deal. You're just one out of about 1600 kids who got in, most of whom are smarter, scored higher on their S.A.T.s, are more athletic, and are a hell of a lot better looking than you are. They were all captains of the football team and senior class presidents. But you got in anyhow. You got lucky. And getting into Stanford was probably the most exciting thing to happen to you so far. Well, I've got news for you. It's the most exciting thing that will ever happen to you. This is it. It doesn't get any better. And you are just one out of 1600. You have no identity. You're a number, a statistic. If you were to die tomorrow, no one would notice. Your parents wouldn't notice until Christmas when they didn't get a card asking for funds. The school wouldn't notice or care. They have your money. Your professors would just think that you had dropped their classes. On the other hand, they probably wouldn't notice at all. Your roommate would be glad to have the extra space and the use of your typewriter. He'll think that you're at a party. But you're not. You're dead. And no one cares. You're lying bloody in a ditch, and no one cares. It doesn't matter.

You may wonder how you got in. Most likely it was because the worst of the applications were given sympathy points and when yours hit the top of the pile, Fred was snorting nose-candy and all of a sudden, your essay was really cosmic. Maybe you got in because of the bomb threat you made. It doesn't matter why. Once you're in, you're in. Even if you never have and never will work for a single day in your life, you're in. And now you have four years to try to figure out why you wanted to get in in the first place.

## Where You Live

Some time over the summer, you may get a housing assignment, or you may not. There is a shortage of housing. It all really depends on how much the housing department likes you, who you are, and what your sister looks like. Our housing officials are experts who have gone through years of school and grueling on-the-job training. But they don't care. They don't care if you get housing, if you don't get housing, or if you don't like where you are assigned. They don't have to care.

So anyhow, you get a place to hang your dental floss. And you will have a roommate, or several roommates, perhaps dozens of roommates. It all depends upon how they feel when they make assignments. The idea is to save as much money as possible. And it's a hell of a lot cheaper to put twelve guys into a double, by adding a few bunks, than to build a whole new dorm complex. Money is also saved in the bathrooms with a strict following of the campus-wide flush-once-a-week policy. And the money saved goes to such worthy causes as the Stanford Students Coalition for the Preservation of Polio and Other Crippling Childhood Diseases. You and your roomies will get very well acquainted.

You may wonder how roommate assignments are made. Well, it's done very carefully. Usually it's based upon finding people who have different and varied interests. This is why they mix Californians and Non-Californians, smokers and non-smokers, blacks and KKK members. It is important that you keep your roomies in line. Establish racial and social superiority, set up some initial living rules, and make it known that you will take no grief.

A great way to get off to a good start with your roomies is with a practical joke. So, blow your nose on their shorts, scratch your initials on their albums with a fork, and play "Sit and Spin" on their \$1200.00 turntable, just to get the relationship off on the right foot.

*"I remember how it used to really piss me off when my roommate got up early for his 8:00 class and I wanted to sleep until 10:00. So one night, when he was asleep, I beat his head to a pulp with a sledge hammer."*

*"I remember once when my roommate wanted to borrow a pencil. I said, 'Fuck no!' If you give 'em an inch, they take a mile. Don't give 'em nothing."*

*"I had a roommate in my sophomore year who was a Christian Scientist and that bastard kept hiding my insulin."*

## Academic Life

Stanford has a reputation as a tough school, a real ball-buster. For a good reason. The battle scars you pick up here will stay with you for the rest of your life, haunting your every step as a young adult, finally leaving you as a cold, hollow shell, full only of shattered hopes and broken ambition, like your parents. Many people simply can't do the work. You, for instance. If you are the average Stanford student, half the people are smarter than you are, and will get better grades. The other half, the half dumber than you are, will cheat and get better grades than you. That's the way it is. Period. And anyone who tells you any different has a well-thought-out reason for lying.

Some professors will tell you that grades mean little and not to get "hung-up" on them. If advisors sense that you are upset, they will tell you not to worry, and that even a bad grade from Stanford is nothing to be ashamed of. Professors and advisors, above all, are human beings. Human beings with children that go to Stanford. And they know that anyone that they can convince to stop taking grades seriously is one less person that their child has to crawl over to get to the top of the heap. Worry about grades.

Worry about a major. There are only three majors that are worth anything in the real world, and that, after all, is where we live. There are three, but you are too stupid to be an electrical engineer, so you've only got two options. Don't think about designing your own major. Originality is a poor disguise. Major in economics or biology; we all know why you're here.

*"I knew I was going to have a great time at Stanford when I turned out the light in my room the first night and saw thousands of little florescent swastikas, glowing on my ceiling."*

*"I had to sleep with my professor to pass a course last year. I'm so ashamed."*

"Three weeks into the quarter, and I still haven't cracked a book yet."



## Suicide

"I came to Stanford to grow as an individual. Since then, I've cut off all my hair, put three safety pins through my cheek, and gone deaf in one ear."

"I thought it would be hard to find a good job here that wouldn't conflict with my studies. No one had told me about the great opportunities in the black market for stolen laundry, however."

"Don't cut classes, cut your wrists."

A lot of people find it hard to commit suicide on "The Farm." Maybe it's that the winters are too mild in California, or the fact that there is usually someone more pathetic than you around to cheer you up (see The Coffee House), or the feeling that since Stanford is on the fault line, suicide is just so much wasted effort. And, if you didn't know better, you could swear that Stanford discourages taking one's own life. It's tough to cash in your own chips when the only building over three stories high has bars on the windows, and when they make you work with crayons during dead week because they want to keep sharp objects out of your reach.

But the term "dead week" should be a tip-off. If you really want to, you can. In all honesty, it's a good way out of many "adult" problems that arise during the college years. You will have no problem with deciding what classes to take, with what major to declare, with how you're going to get money for room and board, or any of that. It shows your parents that you care, it shows your boyfriend/girlfriend that you care, and it shows your roommate that the typing at two in the morning really does get on your nerves.

Suicide helps, and the administration knows it. Remember this the next time the bookstore has a rope sale, or the next time they put out steak knives for "special" dinners, or when they fill the lake. There is a housing shortage, and classes are overcrowded. They want you out.



"I can't believe it. Everyone on my hall had electric razors."

## The Bay Area

The San Francisco Bay Area has three airports and therefore more flights per capita than any other U.S. megalopolis. And since really good theatre, symphony, and museums are only a five hour plane flight away, the Bay Area is a virtual Canterbury for culture. In the time it would take you to pull an all-nighter you could be watching a first-run Broadway production — instead of the usual traveling companies that residents of most cities have to put up with.

As far as sports, the local scene again has much to offer. For excitement there's nothing like having your hopes raised and then dashed once again by perennial second-place teams like the Oakland Raiders or the San Jose Earthquakes. And with the clubs in both the National and American Leagues, the Bay Area plays host to some of the greatest and most exciting teams in baseball.

But of course, this is California. What could compare to the spectacular scenic splendor of the fog rolling in over the beaches of Half-Moon Bay? And for the urban-oriented, a drive through San Jose's famous "Boulevard of the Planned Communities" will reward the eye with acre after acre of spectacular scenic symmetry. Yet when one speaks of the San Francisco Bay Area, one is really speaking of the world's most spectacularly scenic city. A word for the wise: don't call it Frisco as this is the name of a popular local cooking oil and many of the City's roving bands of quaint suburban "queer bashers" might get the wrong idea.

"When I first came to California I didn't know a thing about body surfing, let alone body casts."

"The Chaparral, yeah!"

"President Kennedy calling for The Chaparral. Yes, he'll hold."

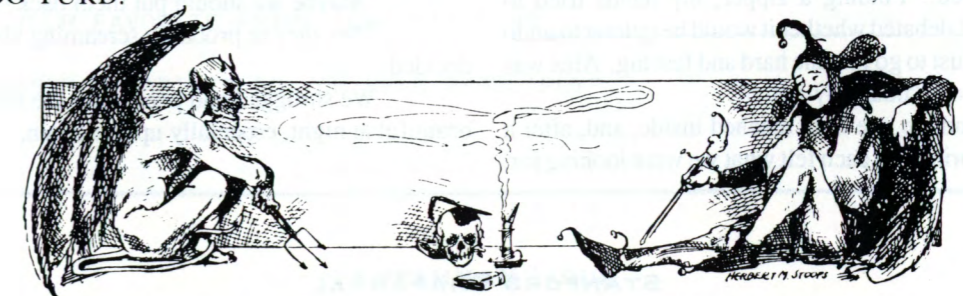
## Extracurriculars

There's one word on afterclass fun at Stanford: *Chaparral*. The *Daily's* a bunch of stick-in-the-sphincter preprofessionals and the Band consists of latent high school stoners with a repertoire of mid-'70s hits originally done by groups like Chicago and Free. There may be someone on your hall who plays third trumpet for the band, but chances are that he's also the one who leaves Jergens-filled condoms in the girl's hall. Besides, everybody in the Band plays third trumpet.

The frosh-in-the-know hangs out at the *Chappie* offices. Why? Because not only is the *Chaparral* a fun place to do and be, but if you're a staffer, you're sure to see your name in print. And isn't that better than standing around in a hot stadium as part of the "R" in DOG TURD?

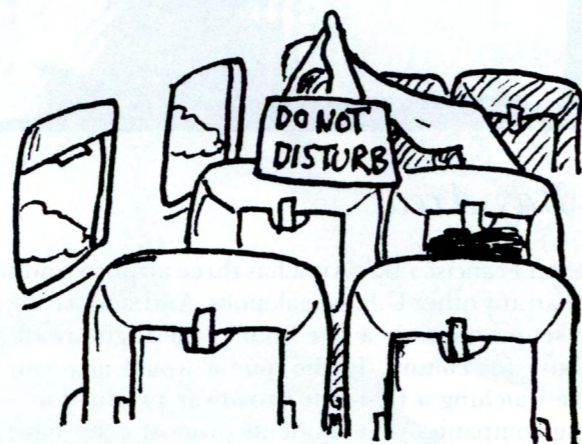
"Sure they're funny and all, but they're also geniuses."

"The Daily? P.U. I stick with the Chappie."



# ... and boy, are my arms tired!

.....  
by David Hyatt



"So, we're really going to die," I commented to my old friend Alexandra. The plane continued its descent into Dayton, cruising in for its "unscheduled precautionary mid-flight landing," sailing about as smoothly as a frisbee with a dog still holding on to it in its teeth.

"Yep," she said.

"Any regrets?"

"One. Just one."

"Me too."

"Same one, right?"

I nodded and smiled.

We sat in an understanding silence.

I had an idea. "Let's do it."

"You mean ... us? Now?"

"Sure, no one's looking. And we're gonna die anyway."

Knowing grins spread across our faces. We reached up to turn off the seat lights and to twist off the air conditioners. After making sure no one was looking, we gently moved our hands down toward our seat belts. We quietly unbuckled them, making sure not to snap the cold metal flanges.

We slid down in our seats, trying not to arouse any suspicion. Our hands fumbled in the dark, nervously twitching as they cautiously explored. Finding a zipper, my hands tried to noiselessly unfasten it. I debated whether it would be quieter to undo it "notch-by-notch" or just to go for one hard and fast tug. Alex was apparently doing her work "notch-by-notch".

The zippers undone, we both reached inside, and, after a little more careful exploring, we each felt what we were looking for.

Our eyes lit in anxious excitement as we each knew that it was finally happening. We repositioned our bodies to make the business a little easier, and we counted together.

"One..." Wow, we were really going to do it. Funny, every time I'm on a plane, I think about it. Too bad I won't be surviving to tell any of my other friends.

"Two..." I was getting nervous. What if we got caught? Isn't this illegal? We were going to crash in Ohio, and I was pretty sure it was illegal there. I remembered that I was going to die anyway, and with a heavy, resolved sigh, counted...

"THREE."

We yanked our inflatable life preservers out from under our seats and hurriedly stuffed them into our carry-ons. As soon as the bags were safely stowed under the seats in front of us, we innocently smiled and nonchalantly gazed around the cabin. We had done it! I was now prepared to die, with no regrets.

The moment would have been quite tranquil if not for the violent shuddering of the plane's body, the panicked barking of the captain over the crackling loudspeakers, the dangling of the face masks and rubber tubes from the ceiling, and the hundred other maniacally screaming passengers. I casually sipped at my V-8 as Alex lit a cigarette.

"Maybe we should put them back?" asked Alex.

"No, they're probably screaming about something else," I decided.

We shrugged and peered out the window. Dayton sure is beautiful at night, especially upside down. ☺



## UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

### APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
LAST FIRST MIDDLE SUFFIX

HOME ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PALM SPRINGS ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

HEIGHT \_\_\_\_\_ WEIGHT \_\_\_\_\_ BUST (if applicable) \_\_\_\_\_

BENCH PRESS \_\_\_\_\_ HAIR COLOR (natural) \_\_\_\_\_

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING BODY TYPES IS NEAREST TO YOURS (circle one)

mesomorph                      ectomorph                      endomorph

(Please ask your doctor if you don't know what these words mean.)

PERSONAL BANK INTEREST (U.S. and foreign) ACCRUED THIS PAST FISCAL YEAR:  
\$ \_\_\_\_\_

ARE YOU A FOOTBALL PLAYER? \_\_\_\_\_ IF "YES," PLEASE SKIP TO THE LAST LINE OF THIS APPLICATION.

NUMBER OF HIRED SERVANTS IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD: \_\_\_\_\_  
NUMBER OF SLAVES: \_\_\_\_\_

BMW TYPE: YEAR \_\_\_\_\_ MODEL \_\_\_\_\_ ACCESSORIES \_\_\_\_\_

LIST ALL OF YOUR PERSONAL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS: \_\_\_\_\_

ESTIMATE YOUR PARENTS' YEARLY INCOME (round off to the closest \$50,000; use exponents if necessary and if you know what they are): \_\_\_\_\_

HAVE YOU READ A BOOK THIS YEAR? \_\_\_\_\_ IF "YES," WHY? \_\_\_\_\_

HAVE YOU EVER HELD A JOB THAT YOUR PARENTS DIDN'T GET YOU? \_\_\_\_\_ IF "YES," WHY? \_\_\_\_\_

NAME FIVE OF THE UNITED STATES (for instance: California, New York, Illinois, Texas, Florida): \_\_\_\_\_

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PRIME TIME SIT-COM? \_\_\_\_\_

WHICH GOSSIP MAGAZINES DO YOU READ REGULARLY? \_\_\_\_\_

ESSAY QUESTIONS

(Answer only 1 (one) essay question; please do not exceed the space provided.)

1) HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN WITH A BLACK PERSON? DESCRIBE THE EXPERIENCE.

2) YOU ARE GOING TO BE STRANDED AT A DESERT RESORT HOTEL FOR THREE WEEKS. YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO BRING ALONG ONLY FIVE (5) OF YOUR FAMILY'S SERVANTS. WHICH SERVANTS WILL YOU BRING? WHY?

3) YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE BEVERLY HILLS I. MAGNIN FOR ONE (1) HOUR WITH ONLY TEN THOUSAND (10,000) DOLLARS TO SPEND. WHAT WILL YOU BUY? WHY?

\*\*\*\*\* THE FEE FOR PROCESSING THIS APPLICATION IS NEGOTIABLE \*\*\*\*\*

IF YOU CAN, PLEASE SEND ALONG A HIGH SCHOOL TRANSCRIPT (your grades) AND ALSO THE ENCLOSED TENNIS PRO RECOMMENDATION. 8 X 10 GLOSSY PORTRAITS OF YOURSELF MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN LIEU OF (instead of) AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT (your grades).

I SWEAR THAT THE INFORMATION PRESENTED IN THIS APPLICATION IS REASONABLY ACCURATE.

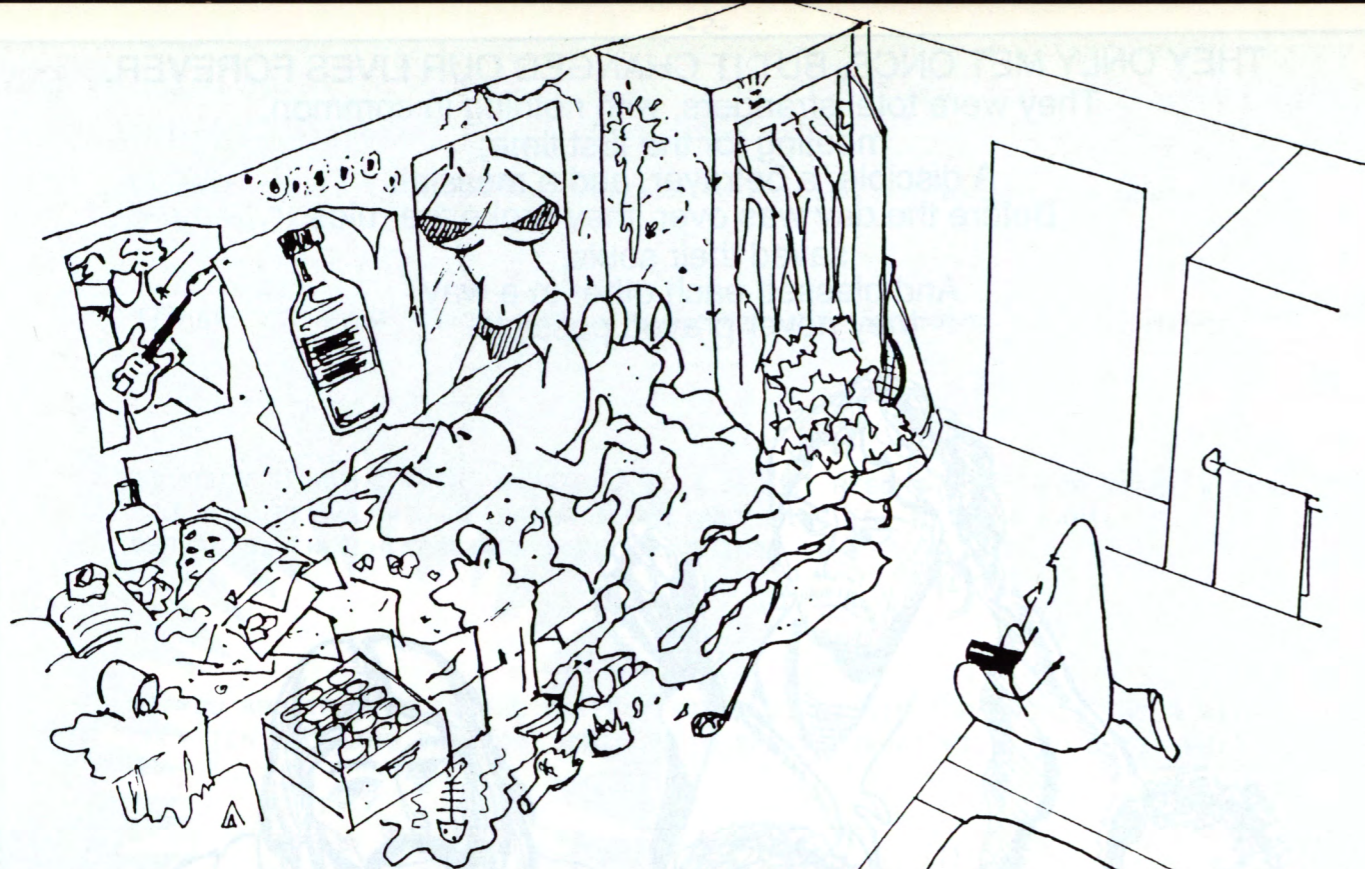
\_\_\_\_\_  
SIGNATURE (that's a messy version of your printed name)

\_\_\_\_\_  
APPROXIMATE DATE

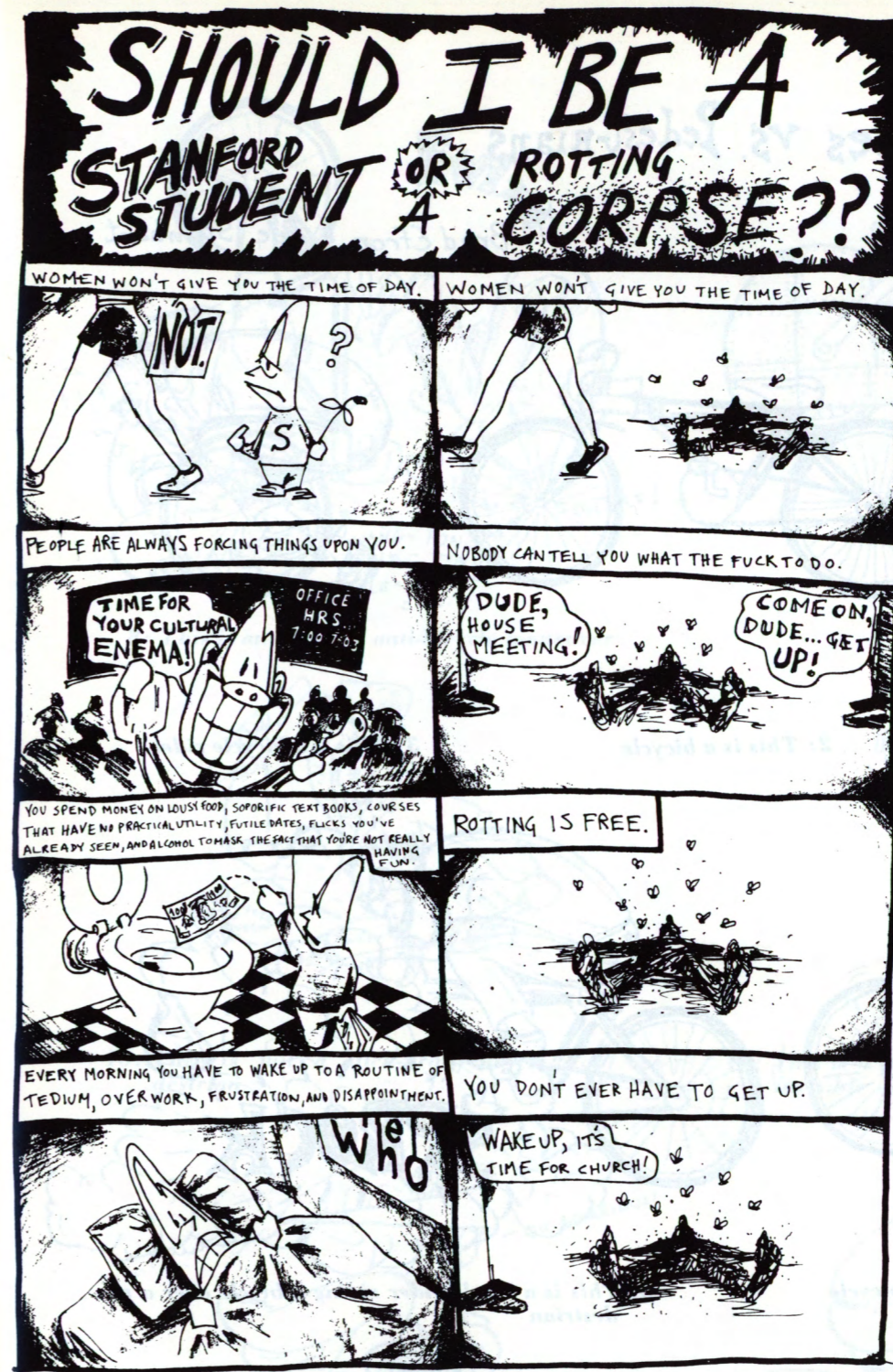
THEY ONLY MET ONCE, BUT IT CHANGED OUR LIVES FOREVER.  
They were total strangers, with nothing in common,  
meeting for the first time;  
A disciple, a betrayer, and a messiah.  
Before the day was over, they broke the rules,  
saved their souls,  
And blessed each other in a way  
they never prayed possible.



# THE LAST SUPPER CLUB



All I'm saying is that even if you could find a use for the shotgun, I don't think Res Ed would let you keep it.



## What Not To Do As a Frosh

unless you want to be horribly stigmatized for the rest of your Stanford career (and certainly beyond).

10. Sign up to help distribute the *Stanford Review*.
9. Make a point to ask a question during every CIV lecture.
8. Get caught by your roommate while masturbating or sodomizing.
7. Get kicked out of University Housing, for any reason
6. Win three gold medals at the 1988 Summer Olympics
5. Buy an IBM
4. Take SLE / Live in Branner
3. Date your RA / Date a child of your RF
2. Deface a flier
1. (tie) Write a column for the *Daily* / Drown in Lake Lag



"It's too late to agree with me. I've changed my mind."

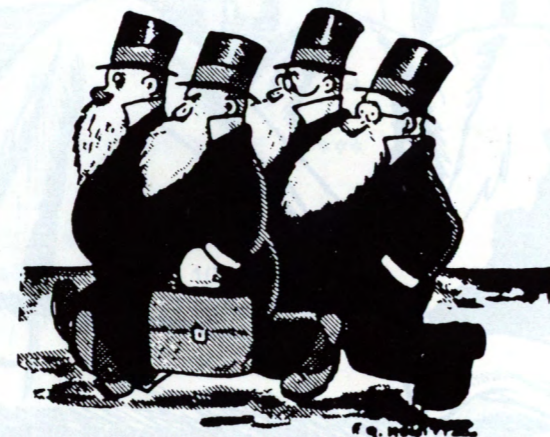


would you trust these guys to frame your pictures?

(Thousands have and have come back for more.)

**UNIVERSITY ART CENTER**

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ALSO: SAN FRANCISCO, SANTA CLARA & SAN JOSE



"I hear they're putting out *The Daily* in convenient roller form."

the Los Altos

4032 EL CAMINO REAL, LOS ALTOS

**HOUSE OF TOAST**

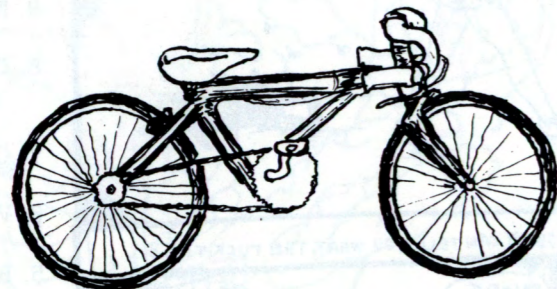


# Bicycles vs. Pedestrians

by Brad Efron & Pete Steinhart



1: This is a pedestrian



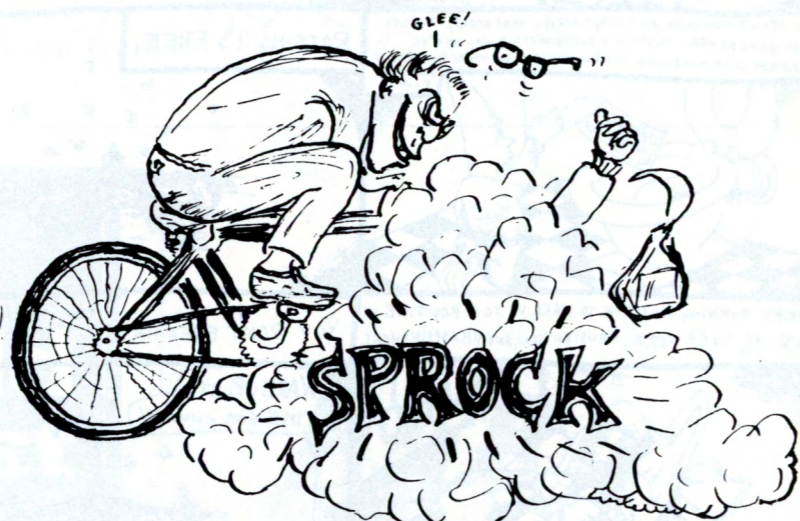
2: This is a bicycle



3: This is a bicycle rider



4: This is a bicycle rider riding a bicycle



5: This is a bicycle rider riding a bicycle over a pedestrian



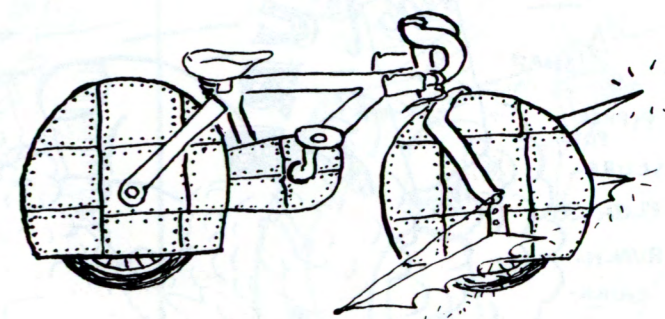
6: This is a stick



7: This is a pedestrian holding a stick



8: This is an effective anti-bicycle maneuver



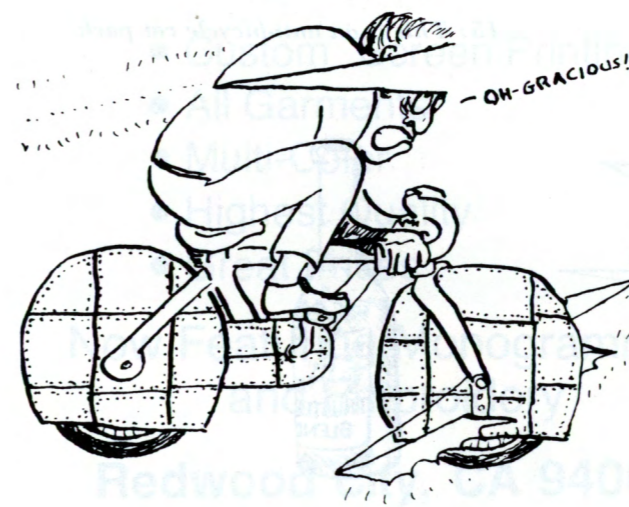
9: This is a stick-proof bicycle



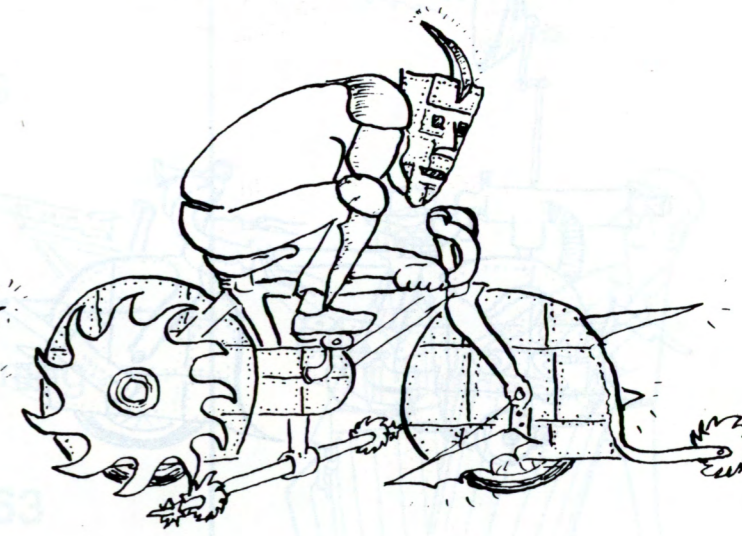
10: This is not a stick-proof-bicycle-proof pedestrian



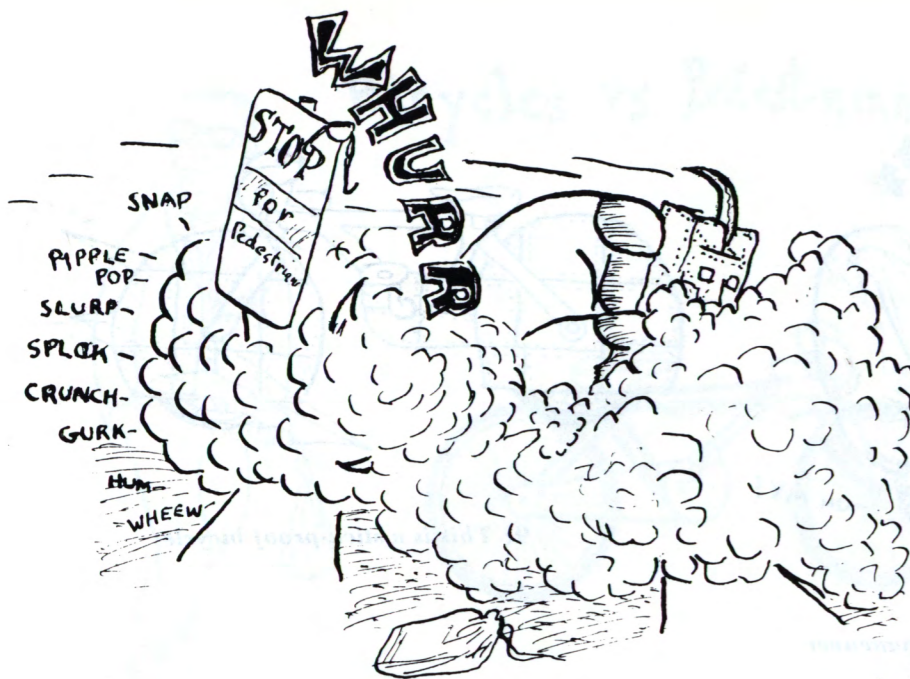
11: This is a razor-sharp neck-high wire, virtually invisible except when the light is right



12: This is a nasty accident. The light wasn't right



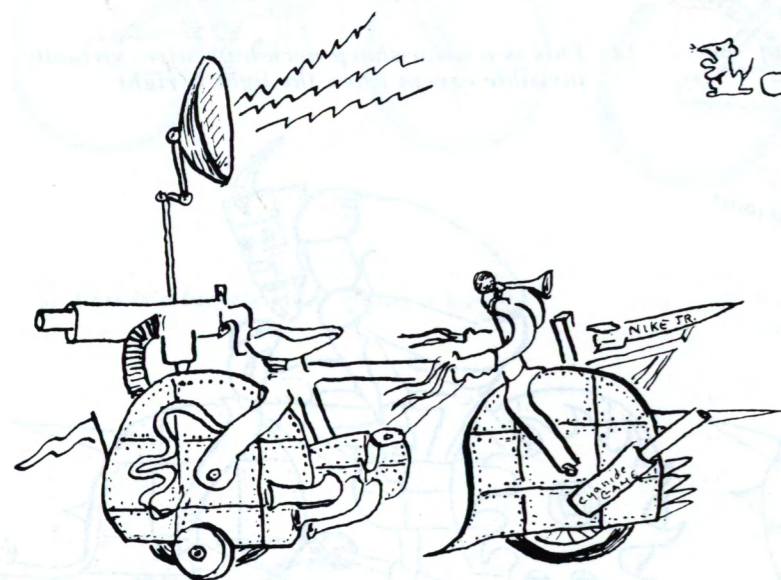
13: This is a razor-sharp-wire-proof bicycle rider riding a stick-proof bicycle with Ben-Hur attachments



14: This is a traffic safety crosswalk for the protection of pedestrians. Big Deal.



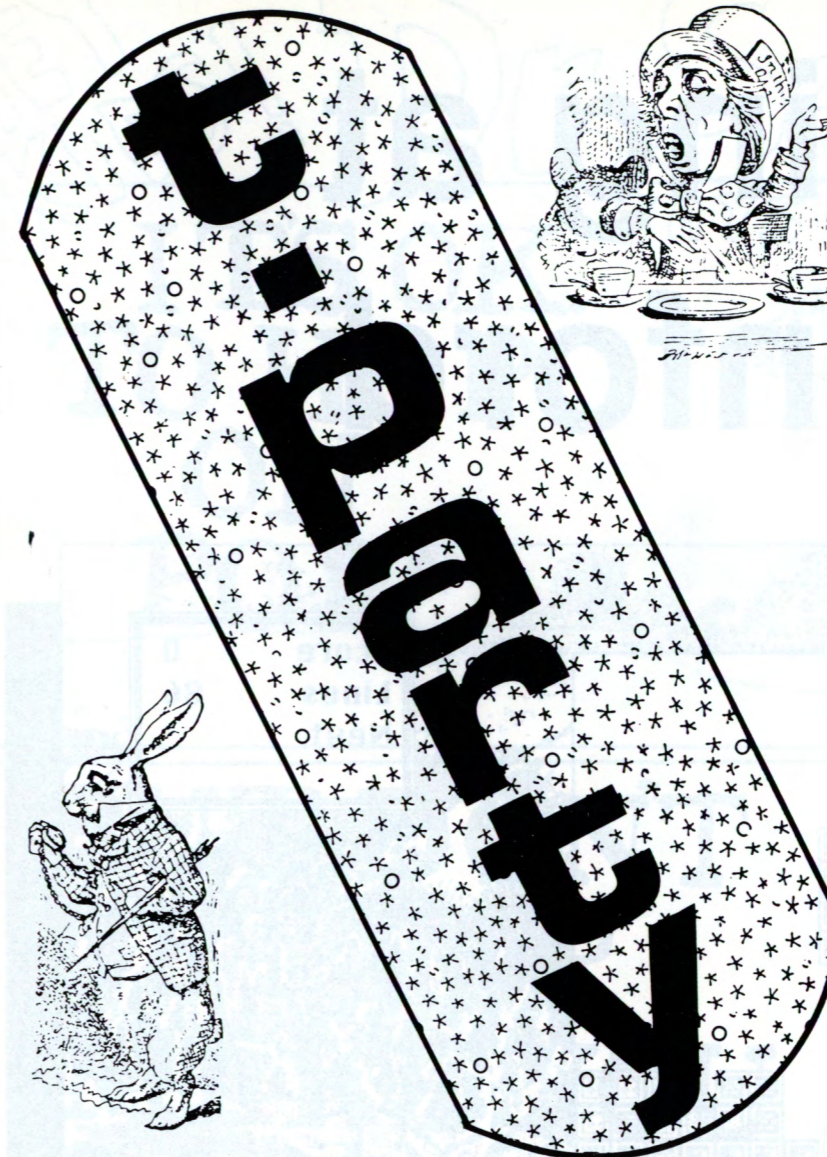
15: This is an anti-bicycle rat pack



16: This is a rat-pack-proof-razor-sharp-wire-proof stick-proof-magnetic-proof bicycle. It sells for \$8639.67 at the bookstore



17: This is 100-proof whiskey. What the hell's the hurry anyway?



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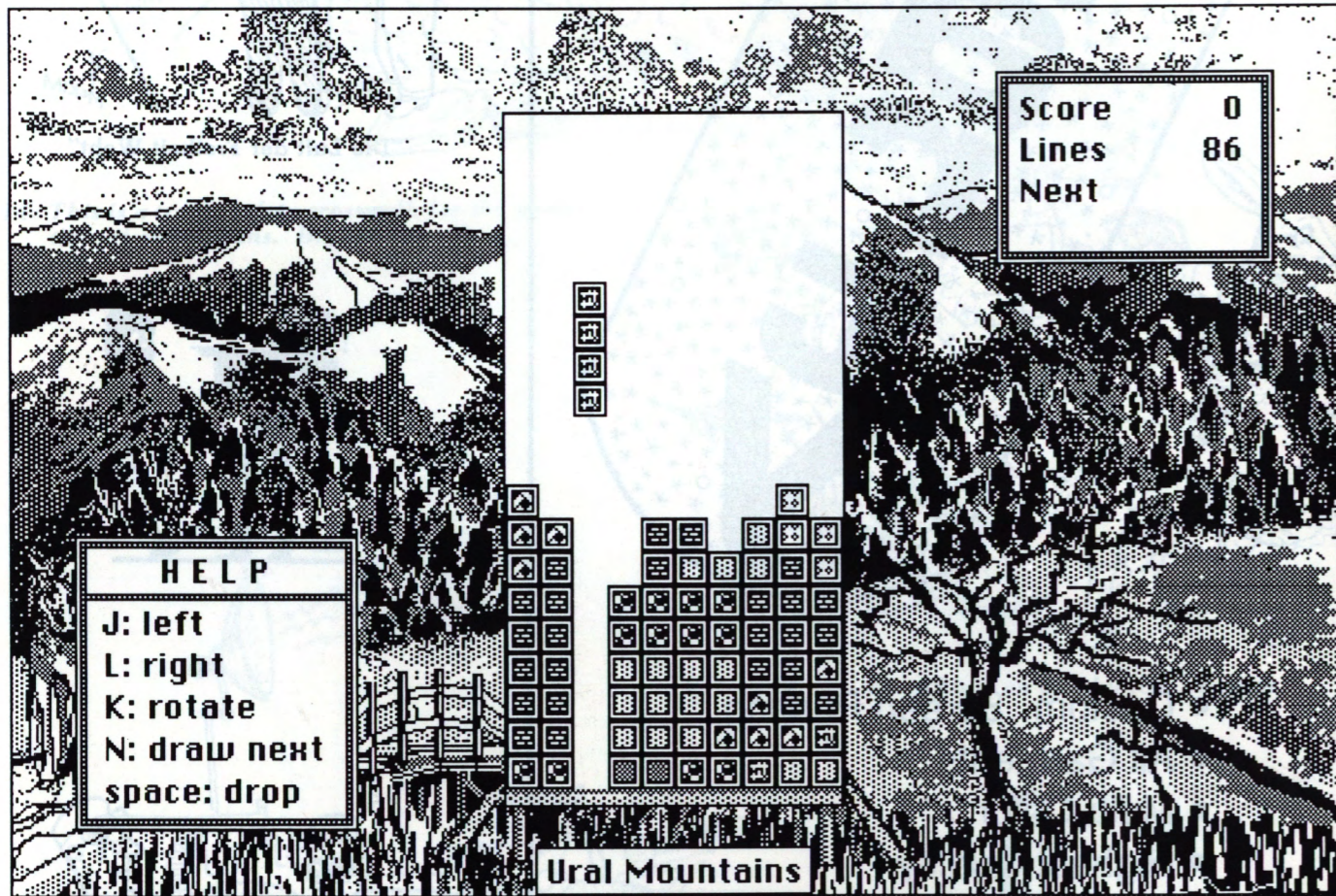
1933



Att. Wharf

"Then when I got my Ph.D..."

# Dating at Stanford



## Size Matters.

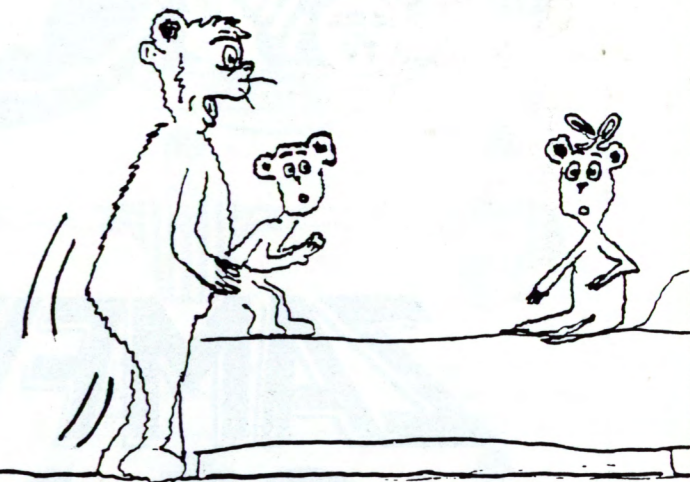
HEY KIDS! **Dr. Seuss** SAYS:



**IT'S OK.  
TO HOP  
ON  
POP!**



**BUT DON'T  
LET POP  
MAKE YOU  
BOP!**



**IF HE DOES,  
CALL A COP  
AND MAKE  
HIM STOP!**



58H

a message from  
the National Youth Molestation Prevention Hotline  
800-KID-SCRW

# PANFLUTE ENEMY



# ZAMFIR OF A BLACK PLANET

...THE COUNTERATTACK ON K-TEL SUPREMACY...  
FEATURING • FIGHT THE POWER • "MEMORIES" THEME FROM CATS • EDELWEISS



OAK CREEK  
APARTMENTS

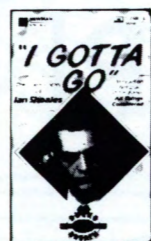
- Birthday Party?
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The Commentary Of Ian Shoales  
Available exclusively from Duck's Breath! A classic collection of rantings and ravings from The Worst Attitude In Town. Book 185 pp \$7.95; Cassette 42 min. \$8.00

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## CODE OF OFFICIALS SIGNALS



Illegal Use of Firearms



Lack of Right Guard (offensive)



Egyptian Dancer on Field



Game Being Televised in Official's Hometown



Trojan Band Entering Field



Official Timeout: Demonstration of Ball & Socket Joint for Cal Trainer



Official Timeout: Commercial (Deodorant)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Dandruff Shampoo)



Official Timeout: Commercial (Vitalis)



Official Timeout: Pi-geons



No! Your Goal is That Way!



Reversal of Previous Call ("Honest Mr. King. I didn't mean it!")



Official Finds Timex Watch on Field



Post-game activities at Zot's



Illegal Use of Martial Arts



Official Acknowledgement of Cal Coach



Offsides (Midriff Bulge Infraction)



Illegal Misdirection Play



OFFICIAL TIME-OUT: Airplane on Field



Referee Desires Sustenance



Insufficient Compensation to Guarantee Home Team Win



Corpse on Field



Player Does Not Meet Height Requirement



Illegal use of pyramid power to sharpen razorblades



Time Out, Commercial (Plain and Peanut Chocolate Candies)



Illegal Use of Mosquitos



Referee Gives Up Smoking



Too Much Time in Huddle (Illegal Magazine on Field)



Illegal Cal Cheerleader On Field (Followed by the Commands 'Sit' and 'Stay')



Official desires a cab.

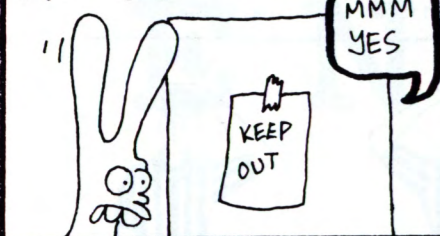
# STANFORD IS HELL

## LESSON 28: THE 9 TYPES OF ROOMMATES

©1989 by MAH GROANING



### ROMEO



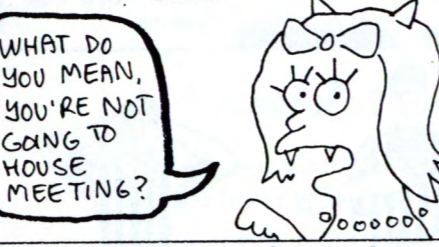
ADVANTAGES: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO WOMEN  
DRAWBACKS: MAY INTRODUCE YOU TO MEN

### THE SNEAK



ADVANTAGES: MAY HELP YOU WIN DORM "ASSASSIN"  
DRAWBACKS: MAY KILL YOU IN DORM "ASSASSIN"

### MS. ASSU



ADVANTAGES: WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ALL CAMPUS EVENTS  
DRAWBACKS: WILL DRAG YOU TO THEM

### LAZY-BONES



ADVANTAGES: UNOBTRUSIVE  
DRAWBACKS: HARD TO VACUUM UNDER

### JACK DANIELS



ADVANTAGES: DON'T NEED TO VISIT SAFEWAY  
DRAWBACKS: VOMIT STINKS

### LUCKY STRIKE



ADVANTAGES: SHE COULD DIE, YOU GET A SINGLE  
DRAWBACKS: YOU COULD DIE

### GEEKOID



ADVANTAGES: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES  
DRAWBACKS: MAY KNOW HOW TO CHANGE YOUR GRADES

### GLEN MILLER (AND LSTJUMB)



ADVANTAGES: YOU'LL MEET DOLLIES  
DRAWBACKS: ENJOYS PRACTICING SOUSA WITH BUDDIES

### BUDDY



ADVANTAGES: NEED WE LIST?  
DRAWBACKS: MIGHT NOT DRAW WITH YOU NEXT YEAR

HSU AND HYATT '89

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- Send me more info on back issues.
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- Bill me later. HA!



**WHOOPIE DIAPHRAGM.** Secretly place it in that special place. When your boyfriend is ready, watch the real fun and "whoopie" begin. Strange sound effects will fill the air much to his embarrassment and utter humiliation. Also effective as a subtle reminder to irresponsible boyfriends to utilize contraception.

No. 112 2 for \$1.00



**DISAPPEARING SPERM.** Spill or squirt this incredible imitation reproductive fluid on clothes, bed-sheets, and innocent passersby. They'll scream with the horror of lawsuits and "rape!" but wait 5 minutes and it will vanish leaving no stain or trace. No nasty messes 9 months later. Great at dinner parties and formal occasions.

No. 18 \$2.00 (4 oz.)



**BE A VENTRILOQUIST!** Or just sound like one. It's fun to be a ventriloquist, and offend as many people as possible. Fool everyone when your voice comes from under a skirt or a pair of Hot Pants. Large, uncomfortable gadget fits in mouth.

No. 156 \$1.00



**SQUIRTING BREAST.** Amaze your lover. Imagine his surprise when he is in the depths of fore-play and a stream of water (or scalding hot oil!) squirts from this Life-Like breast replica. Watch them run.

No. 36 \$4.98 (one size fits all)



**DRIBBLE CONDOM.** Surprise and delight your friends! Looks like an ordinary, reliable, electronically tested prophylactic, but when you withdraw, the fun begins! You'll find yourself dribbling all over her and yourself! It's a joke she'll never forget!

No. 210 \$4.98 per box of 10. Reusable!



**ATOMIC VIBRATOR JOY BUZZER.** Wind it up and hand it to a friend. Watch as they get the surprise of their life—"Hey, that isn't a cucumber! Ouch!" Completely harmless. Guys, get one for your girl and don't forget mom. Makes a great stocking "stuffer."

No. 410 \$3.98



**HOT GARLIC DICK.** Trick your favorite oral sex partner with this "cunning" joke. Flavored with delicious mint, but hidden within the mint is "biting" HOT GARLIC! The more they suck the hotter it gets.

No. 69 69¢



**EXPLODING CONDOM.** Looks like a regular prophylactic, but when they get at it... Look out! It goes off with a "bang!" A real French Rib Tickler! Can be used over and over again.

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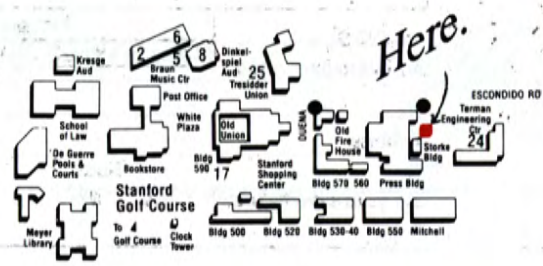
# BIG

deal. So classes are starting. We don't care. In fact, just to show how free we are from academic constraints, we're gonna have a party. And you're invited. We want to meet you, especially if you can write, draw, or tell a joke. So come on over to the Chappie offices on Friday, October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3 PM. Refreshments will be served. A few days after the

# PARTY

will be the first official Chaparral staff meeting, October 7<sup>th</sup> at 8 PM. We'll be tossing around ideas for our Fall issue, and generally making fools of ourselves. If we don't grievously offend you on Friday, then feel free to stop by and help out. Laugh Well!

*Where?*



**The Grand Offices of the Stanford Chaparral. Storke Publications Building, 2nd floor. A splendid time is guaranteed for all.**