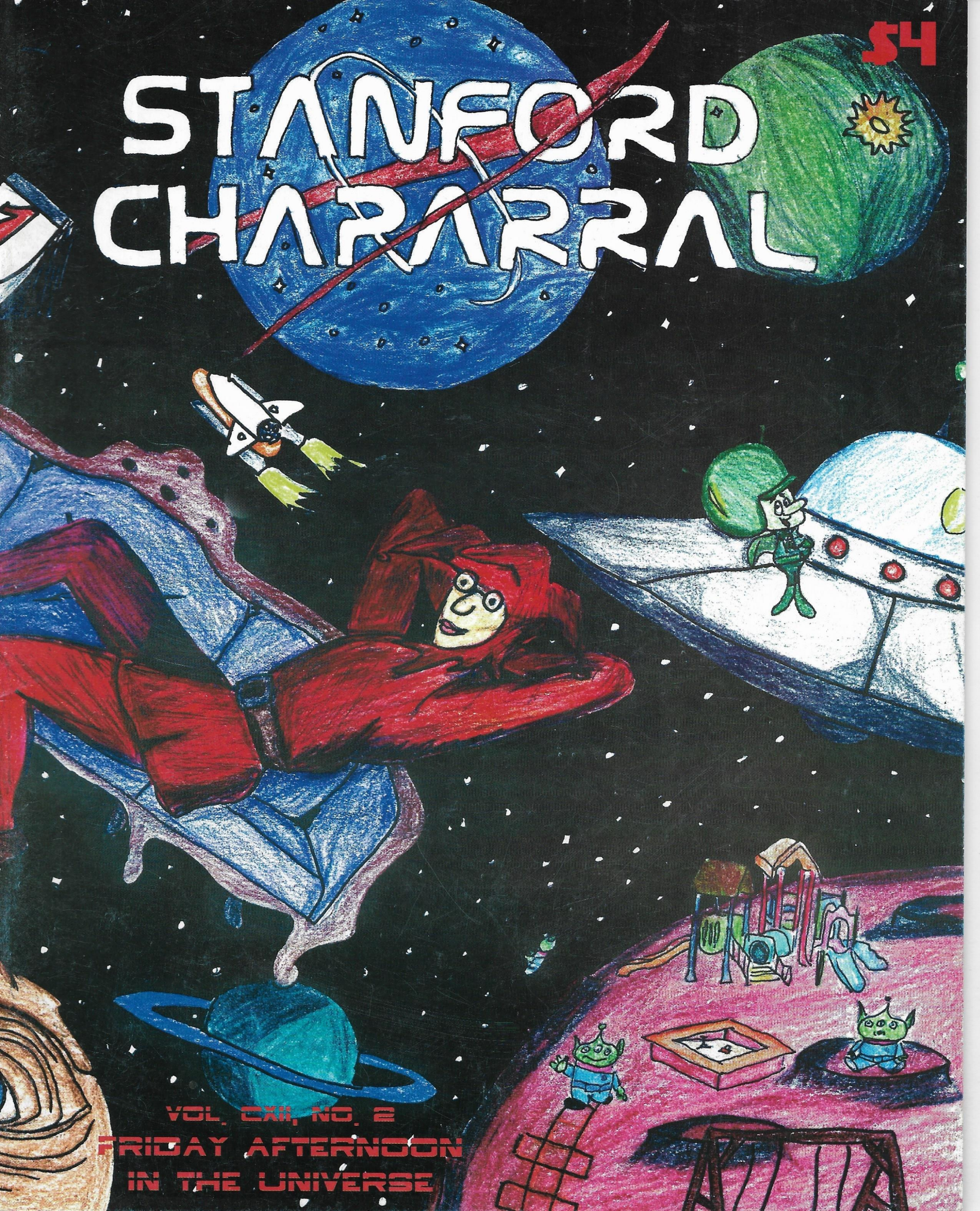


STANFORD CHARARRAL



VOL. CXXII, NO. 2
FRIDAY AFTERNOON
IN THE UNIVERSE

Movie Sequels



NEXT FRIDAY THE 13TH
FIDDLER ON THE 200F
AMERICAN HISTORY XI

ALIENSS

ARMAGAINDON

SHAWSHANK RELOADED

GODFATHER PART II 2

SPIDER-MEN

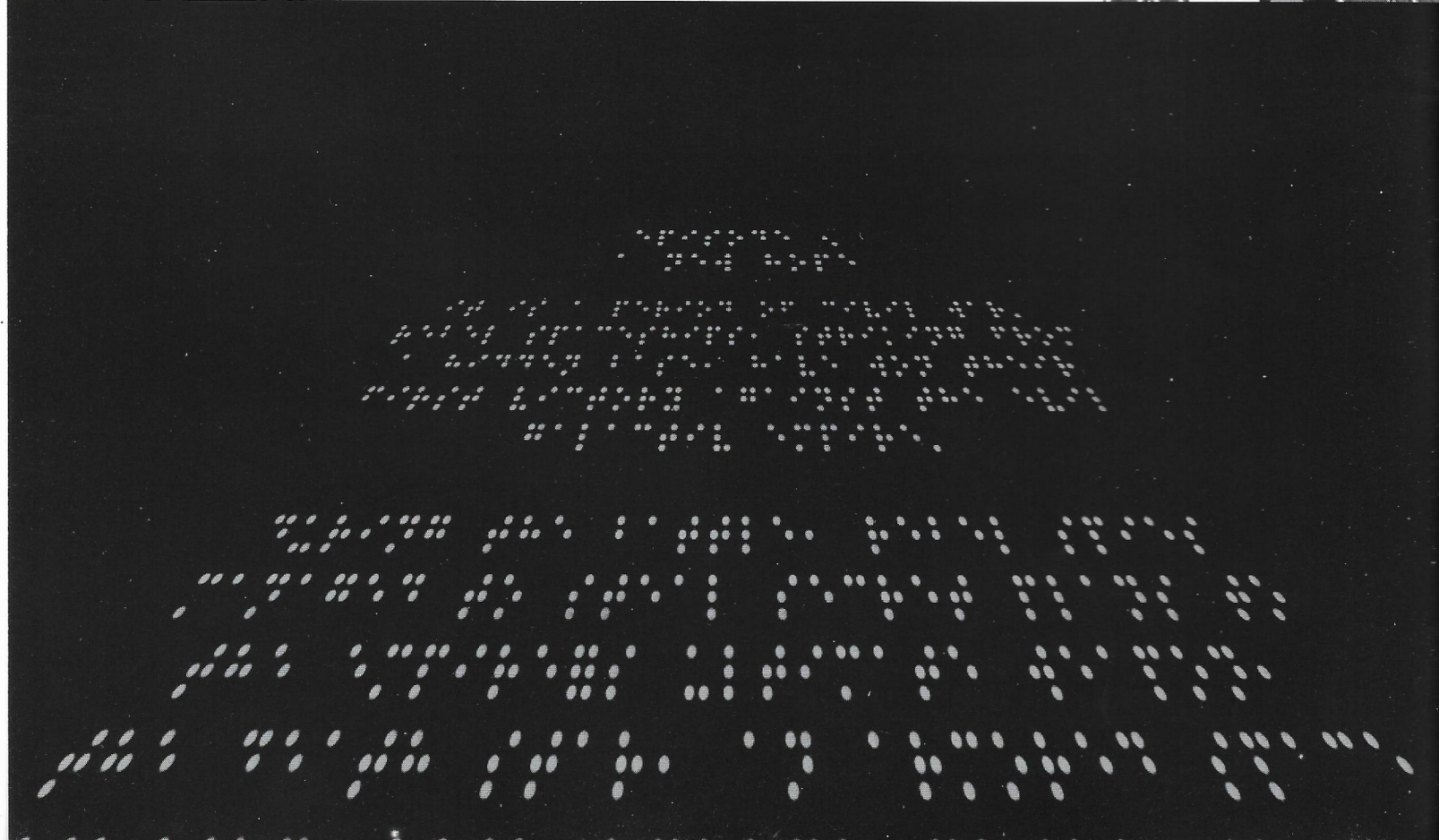
INDIANA JONES AND THE LAYER OF CRUST

SAVING SERGEANT RYAN

I <2 HUCKABEES

SE8EN

JAMES BOND 2



Meatballs

Whenever I know I'm having a big meal I get a pen and mark a tick on my hand every time I eat a meatball. That way I know I won't throw up from eating too many meatballs.

If you go to a party don't be irresponsible. No one's gonna judge you if you just have one or two meatballs.

Before a performance I always have a couple of meatballs to calm my nerves.

One time I ate so many meatballs I forgot who I was.

This one friend of mine, you give her a few meatballs and she'll get on the next guy in sight.

One time my dog got into my parents' meatball cabinet and came out a damn fool.

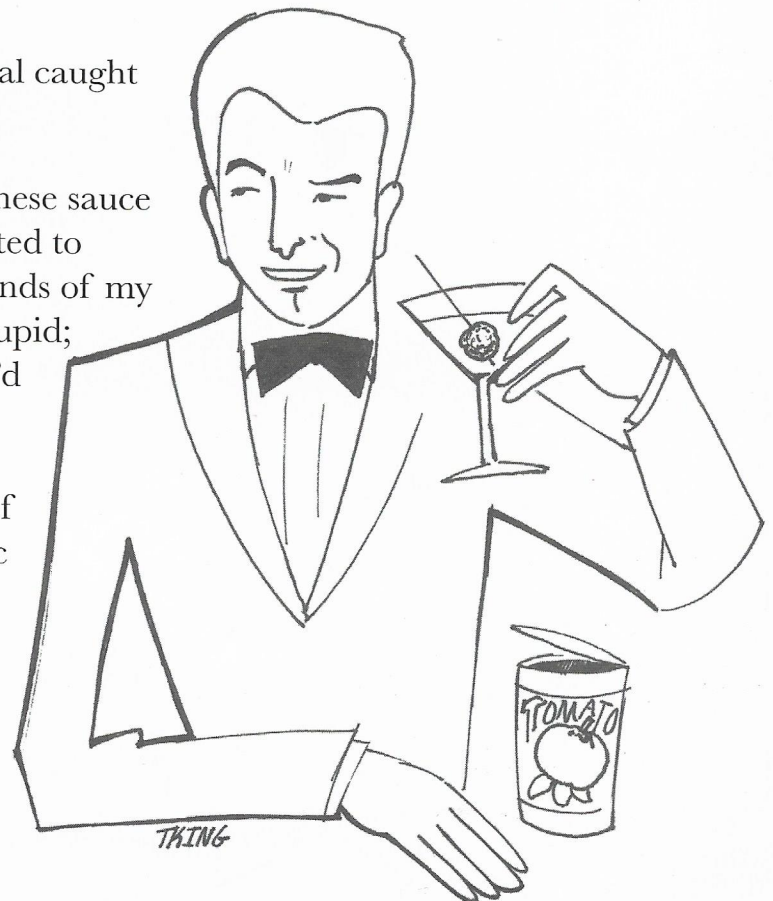
It's easy to sneak past concert security; just put your meatballs in a water bottle. They won't suspect a thing!

My grandma always reeks of meatballs.

My friend got kicked out of prom after the principal caught him eating meatballs in the bathroom.

Too many times my dad would come home, bolognese sauce seething from the corners of his lips, while I retreated to my room, slamming the door to drown out the sounds of my mother's screams. So I hatched a scheme. It was stupid; I don't know why I thought I could fool a guy who'd been eating meatballs every day since junior high. The second the soy meatball hit his tongue he ordered me back to the meatball store, the sound of shattering meatballs providing my departing music as he hurled them at the door behind me.

Help yourself, don't be shy! I literally have hundreds of thousands of meatballs all over my face!



CHAPARRAL CRASH COMICS

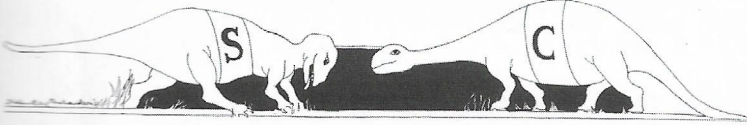
MAY
25¢



GEORGE ROSS

The Stanford Chaparral

Friday Afternoon in the Universe



Vol. CXII, No. 2

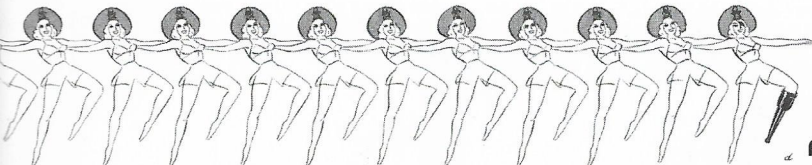
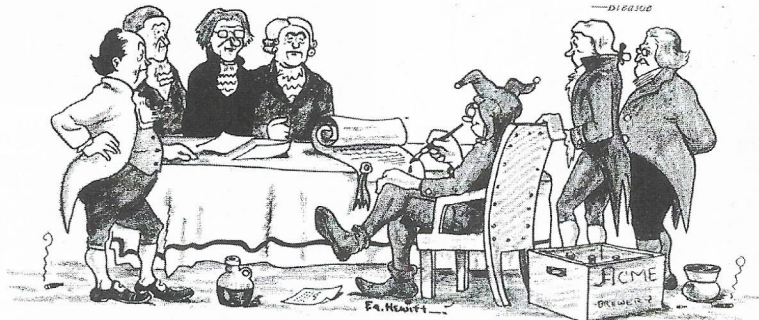
WRITING CREDITS

2	Sequels	Katovich, Lyman, Matthews, Meisel
2	Star Wars	Kemper
3	Meatballs.....	Kemper, Meisel
5	TOC.....	D'Olding
6	Now That	Kemper
8	Yogisms.....	Kemper
8	Unisex Names.....	Kemper
9	Extra-Ordinary Measures.....	Gardner
10	Singularity.....	Meisel
11	In Russia	Coggeshall
11	Slacking.....	Koning
11	Kevin Bacon	Kemper
12	Neo-Clichés	Katovich, Kenter
13	Ghosts and Ghouls.....	Lyman, Meisel
14	Outside Man.....	Katovich
14	Dr. Paine	Werner
15	Road to the Future.....	Katovich
16	Freshman Facebook	Staff
18	Animal Hybrids	Hertz
18	Old Gus	Kemper
19	Millionaire vs. Billionaire	Kemper, Meisel
20	Man Bites Dog.....	Meisel
20	Huge Celebrities!	Lyman
21	The Genius Paradox.....	Gardner
21	Optical Illusions.....	Neely
22	Interview with an Astronaut.....	Ameli
22	Dream Sequences.....	Meisel
23	Now Boys.....	Hertz
24	Big Talk	Katovich
25	Adopting Douglas.....	Werner
25	Lasik.....	Katovich
25	Pretty Big Questions	Katovich
26	Comedy Sensation Bruce DeVann.....	Meisel
27	Babe Ruth.....	Kemper
27	Euphemisms/Dyphemisms	Katovich
28	Strange Animal Mating Habits.....	Meisel
29	It's Science	Katovich
31	Photogenic Memory	Katovich, Kemper



ART CREDITS

1	Cover.....	Johnson
3	Meatballs.....	King
5	TOC.....	Buckley
6	Now That	Hertz, Johnson (4), C. Marks
9	Extra-Ordinary Measures.....	Katovich
11	In Russia	Hertz
13	Directors.....	Hertz
19	Millionaire vs. Billionaire	Towns
20	Man Bites Dog	Hertz
22	Dream Sequences.....	King
25	Adopting Douglas.....	Towns



Staff

'11

Will Atwood
 Elliot Babchick
 Gabriel Benarros
 Coleman Buckley
 Garrett Dobbs
 David Ehrlichman
 Scout Katovich
 Michelle Neely
 Simone Perrin

'12

Josh Alvarez
 Nick Gardner
 Gloria Johnson
 Tamarind King
 Reyna Kontos
 Alexei Koseff
 Laura Malkiewich
 Caroline Marks
 Jarrod Marks
 Riley Matthews
 David Rosenthal

'13

Charles Becker, Jr.
 Sam Corrao Clanon
 Brandon Evans
 George Malkin
 Ted Sciolla
 Andy Stuhl
 Orfeo Tagiuri
 Danny Towns

'14

Chris Frederick
 Daniel Koning
 Phillip Nazarian
 Anthony So

Special Thanks

Gloria
 Old Old Boys
 Carrie + Ben
 Prodigy Press
 All the uncles out there



The Stanford Chaparral

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



Now that you're nestled, all snug in your bed, visions of jesters dancing on your head, it's safe to say it's time. Time for you to pull out the earplugs, shed the sleep mask, and toss aside the burlap blanket; it's 1pm for Old Boy's sake!

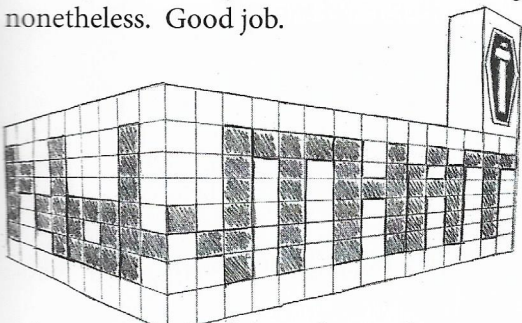
A day wasted? Hardly. And definitely not softly. Everybody knows life begins at 1pm, or at least everybody on our side of the political spectrum. And what side is that, you may be wondering? The top. The pinnacle. The zenith. The cream cheese de la cream cheese. Hell, you've just embarked on an afternoon of a weektime; it's Friday, bebe. And there ain't no end to the merrymaking and mischief of a Friday Afternoon. The spooks are out and the streets are dancing; birds are flying and dogs are singing; mama's making cookies and papa's preaching baseball; and wouldn't ya know it,

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you got a pocketful of shoeshine. Things are looking up like going under a limbo stick. But what's all this nonsense I hear you saying about a Tuesday? Tuesday, shmoozeday, hell, they might as well just call it bluesday, but it doesn't even matter what color it is. Everybody knows it's always Friday somewhere.

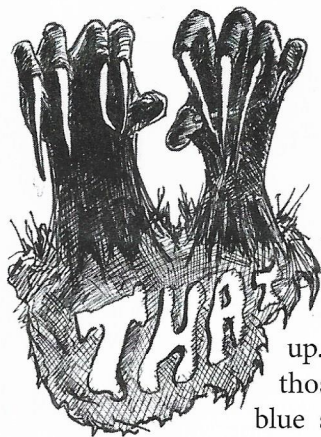


is just not true, you may be saying to yourself. It's not even always 5 o'clock somewhere, unless somehow timezones were designed to be gradual. They wouldn't really even be timezones anymore... maybe timesmears would be a more apt title. But the 'smears probably aren't coming anytime soon, at least not on old Mother Nature Earth. But who's to say the 'smears don't exist elsewhere in the solar system? The galaxy? The... un... i... ver... se? Now we're talking. Talking with strange inflections, but talking nonetheless. Good job.

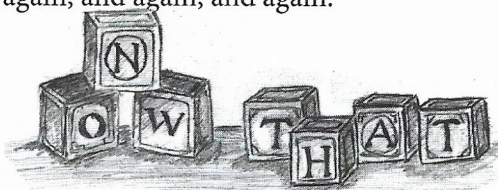


we've got you talking, how about you take some time to do some thinking. Think about this opportunity you've been given. Friday Afternoon in the Universe means endless possibilities. It means boundless

amusement. It means you can do whatever you want. Within the constraints of the universe, that is. Now you may be feeling a bit overwhelmed at this point. How do you decide where, what, when, who, and why to do? A whole universe at your reach, but only a handful of time to explore. Now disregard that hand, and notice the sensations that are overtaking your other two. Do you feel it? The silky yet slimy, tender yet callous fingers interlock with yours, while a thumb gently caresses the inside of your palm.

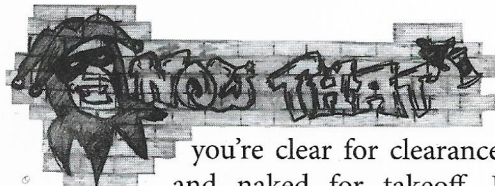


you're thoroughly panicked, it's time to look up. Look into those piercing blue sunglasses that partially cover an impish, missing-toothed smile. Before you can get a better look at his face he starts violently shaking his head. You hear the rattle of bells and universes colliding as the ends of his hat come crashing into your face, again, and again, and again.

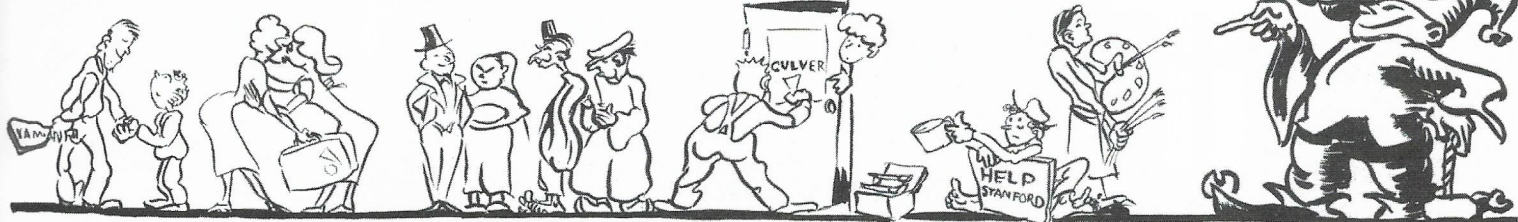
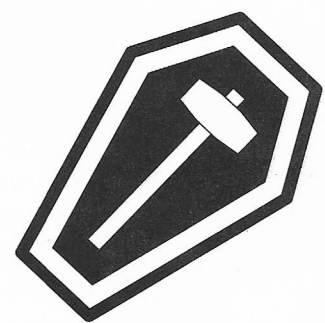


you've regained consciousness, it's time to relax. Get comfortable on that couch, kick your feet up. Just make sure not to crowd your buddy to your left; he's in control of this craft. He may be looking back at you with those crazy, crossed, lazy eyes, but don't be alarmed. It's your old pal the

Jester, and he's got a plan for you. He'll be your guide on a journey that will take you to new and exciting places: You'll see the wonders of Science, Yogi Berra, and Adopted Kids. You may even relish in the joy that is the Freshman Facebook or take a side break to catch a flick; I hear there are some Sequels to a few of your favorite films that are so good they're going to call the originals prequels and the sequels originals. You may have to avoid some Ghosts, Ghouls, and Russians on your escapade, but you're in safe hands with the Jester. He's got connections with some high rollers out there, who will undoubtedly try to outdo one another to win your affection. Who knows, you may even get some Meatballs out of it.

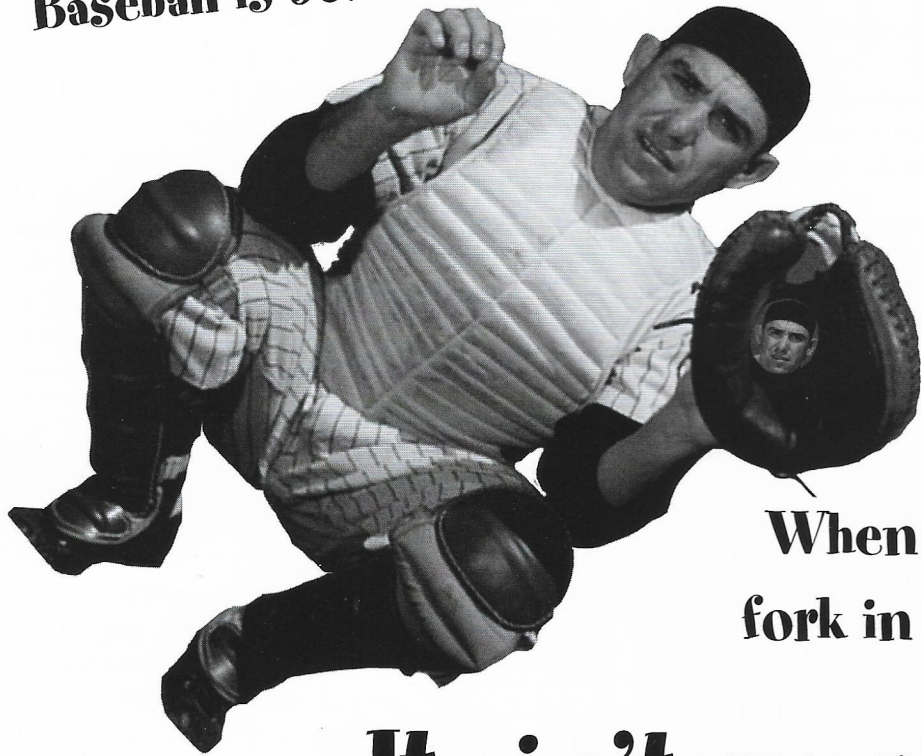


you're clear for clearance and naked for takeoff, I only have one more suggestion. Take a page out of the Jester's hotel and put on that same smile he's sporting. The universe may not always be a friendly place, but that doesn't mean you can't trick people into believing differently. You'll just have to knock some of your teeth out first.



Yogified Yogisms

Baseball is 90% mental. The other half is baseball.



*It's déjà vu all
over the place!*

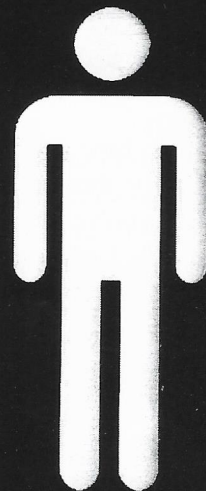
When you come to a
fork in the road, eat it!

It ain't over if it's over.

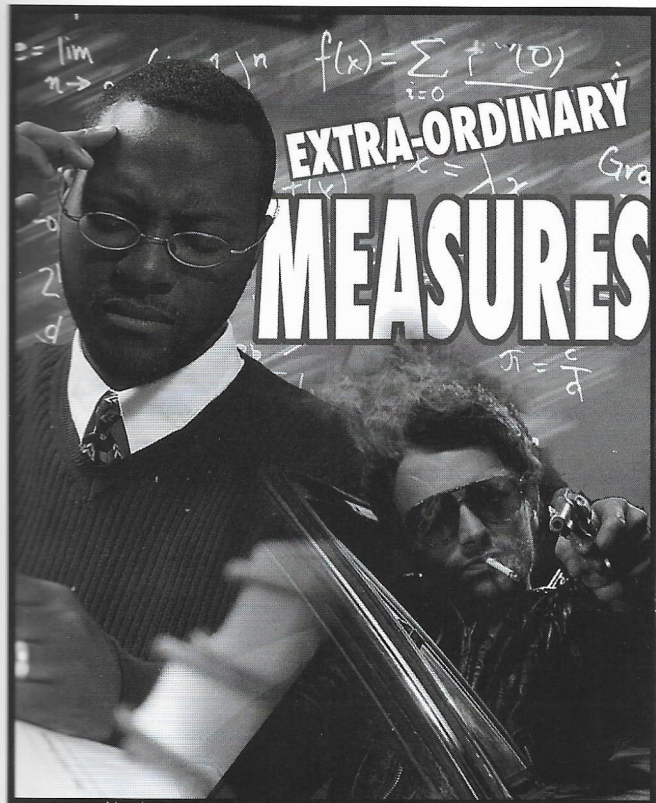
Unisex Names



Alex
Jamie
Billiy
Michaelle
Phyllisp
Marthin
Christinapher
Bow
Robert-Anne

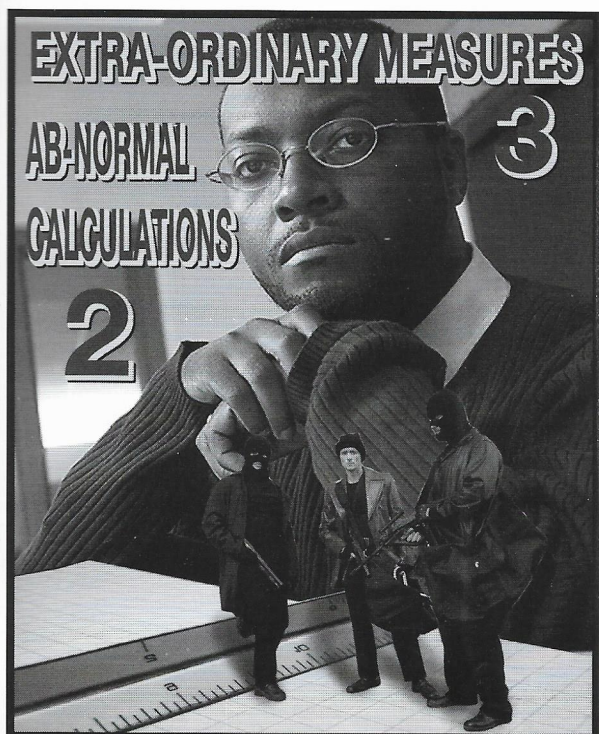
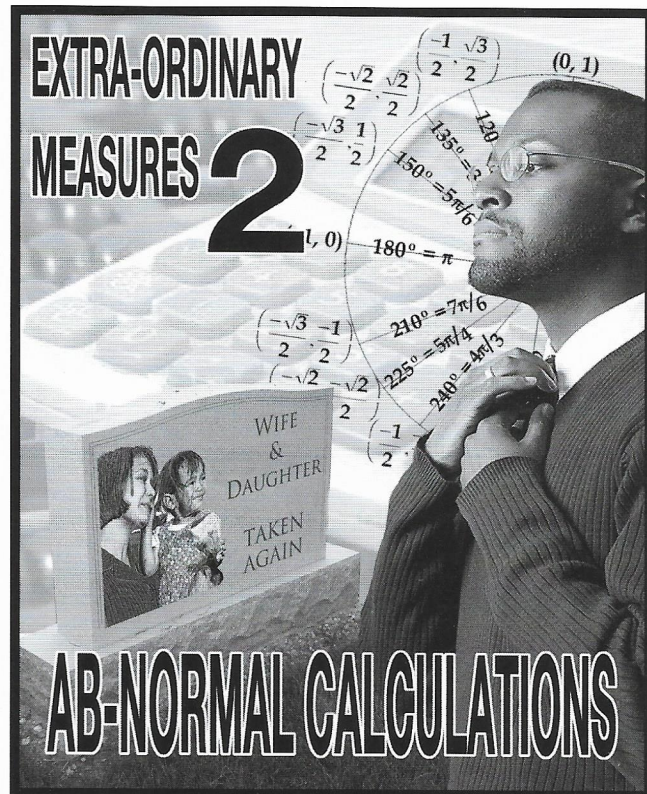


DVD BOX SET RE-RELEASE



Jonathan Sarkozian, a tortured child-genius mathematician, is about to receive tenure at Harvard after a long battle with leukemia. However, his life is suddenly turned upside down when someone mysteriously kills his family. In this ball-busting crime drama, Professor Sarkozian has to find his family's killer before it's too late. He will use his mathematical skills and capacity for making **Extra-Ordinary Measurements** to catch his killer. This cerebral classic is sure to leave you begging for more.

And you'll get it with **Extra-Ordinary Measures 2: Ab-Normal Calculations**. Someone killed his family again, and this time he's out for blood. He has a hunch that the killer was a close family friend. Almost too close! Jonathan Sarkozian will have to go to **Extra-Ordinary Measures** in order **2**: get revenge, sometimes resorting to **Ab-Normal Calculations** to get the job done. This action packed sequel will leave you wondering, "Will there be a 3-quel!?"



The answer is **Extra-Ordinary Measures 3: Ab-Normal Calculations 2**. This is the last straw for professor Sarkozian. Two of his family's killers recently escaped from prison and a third is still at large. Sarkozian again must rely on **Extra-Ordinary Measures** to catch the **3**: traitors who killed his family; once again he is not afraid to rely on his expertise in **Ab-Normal Calculations 2** put the culprits behind bars. With all his knowledge of advanced mathematics, let's hope professor Sarkozian can remember the simple formula that this time $2+2=\text{FEAR}$. This surprisingly ruminative 3-quel will satisfy you for the ages and keep you coming back for more.

Own all of these cerebral classics now!

Other Singularity Theories: Revisionist Prophecies

The technology singularity refers to the following scenario predicted by many computer science experts: Humans start creating machines more intelligent than themselves. The machines, being smarter than humans, are able to build new machines better than humans can; that is, they create machines that are smarter than themselves. This new batch of machines will in turn be able to build even smarter machines, and so on ad infinitum. As intelligence increases, this process accelerates, theoretically leading to very dire results including the destruction of the universe. Experts in other fields have been developing analogously drastic singularity theories.

The Evolutionary Singularity

An increase in the prevalence of interracial and inter-biracial marriages paves the way for the birth of a baby who grows up to be, by far, sexier than any human to have walked the Earth. Because she can both be pickier in selecting a mate than anyone in history, and pass on better genes than ever before, her children are even better-looking than the child her parents produced. Her descendants are so sexually desirable that her genes spread throughout the human species, likening Genghis Khan to a sterile virgin. Humans become exponentially sexier; within five generations hourglasses are referred to as "human-shaped."

The Gastronomic Singularity

A team of energy drink designers creates an energy drink so effective that, after consuming it, the designers' increased focus allows them to engineer a new energy drink far superior to the already incredible original. As they keep drinking their ever-improving products, the quality of the world's energy drinks skyrockets. When an investment banker in Dallas drinks three of the hyper-potent Absolute Thrust, his hand tremors crack a tectonic plate.

The Natural Singularity

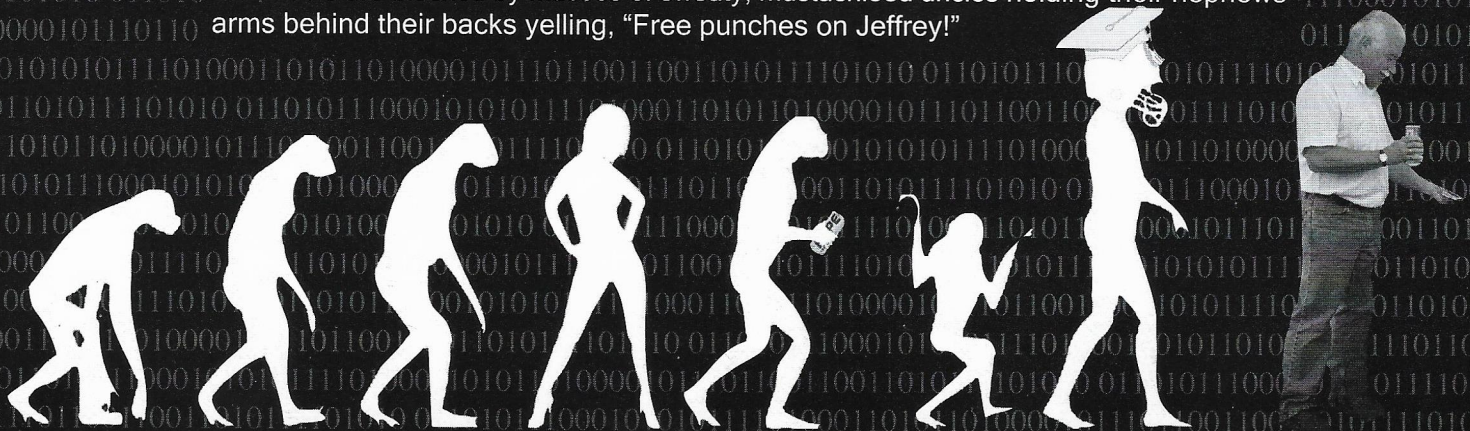
Same as the technology singularity, but instead of computers it's monkeys.

The Information Singularity

In the future, a writer, aided by the vast amount of information that can be found in the planet's huge supply of books, writes "The Great Novella," a book that gets at the truths of the human experience so well that anyone who reads it instantly becomes more insightful than even the author himself. A new batch of authors raised on "The Great Novella" write even deeper books. The world's population becomes so well-informed that the NFL is forced to shorten its quarters to four minutes in response to complaints from fans who watch games in group settings about the insufferable amount of commentary heard in a regulation game.

The Uncle Singularity

An uncle named Barry is so deft at telling his nephews to go talk to that cute girl at the side of the pool that they are able to impregnate thousands of women. The nephews become uncles to each others' kids. The new uncles, having learned from the best, are able to repeat the cycle. All humans eventually starve to death, locked inside their own homes as the streets are blocked by masses of sweaty, mustachioed uncles holding their nephews' arms behind their backs yelling, "Free punches on Jeffrey!"



In Russia...

In Russia, if a man can't carry a tune, we always say, "A bear probably stepped on his ear." That is why he can't sing!

Sometimes, if one of our friends is very slow, we say as a joke, "Wait until a bear is chasing him!" Then he'd run faster!

In our language, when a man has no eye for art, we say, "A bear must have mauled his face, leaving him blind. Otherwise he'd have better taste!"

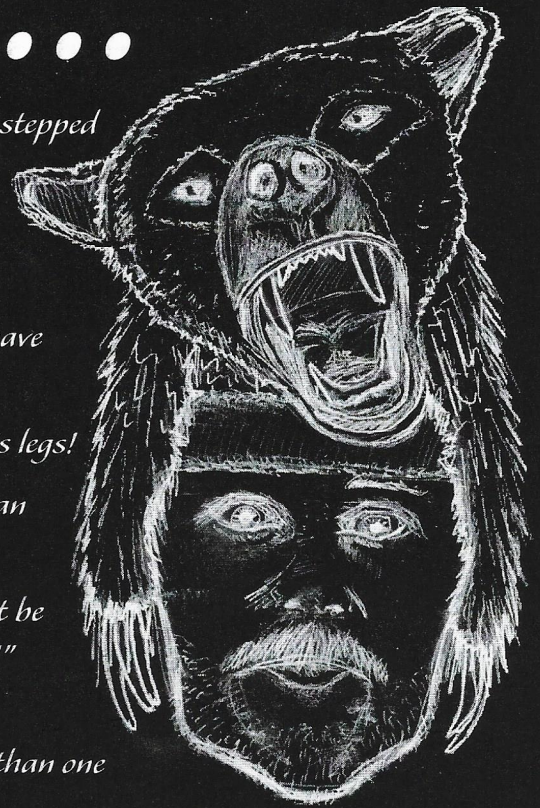
In Russia, if a man is a very bad dancer, a bear probably bit off one of his legs!

In Russia, if a man's wife is a very bad cook, we have a saying: "That man must have asked a bear to make dinner, instead of his wife!"

We have another saying: "If a man's wife makes very bad food, she must be having an affair with a bear, instead of concentrating on cooking dinner!"

"Killing two bears with one stone" - that's what we say when a man accomplishes several things with one action. It can be hard to kill more than one bear with a single stone! Imagine!

In Russia, if a man doesn't know how to properly throw a ball, sometimes we say he "throws like a bear." It's a way of saying he doesn't know how to throw a ball! Only specially trained bears can throw balls.



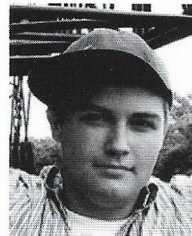
REAL TALK: SLACKING

Hi, I'm Scott, and I'm not like your average college student. My secret is this: I used to be a slacker.

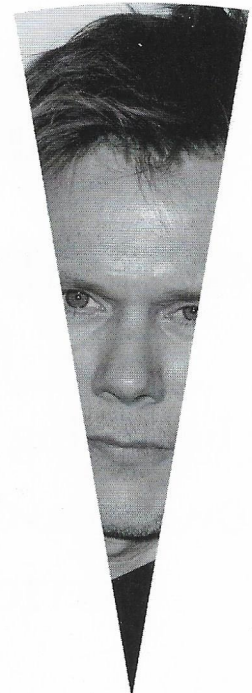
Webster's Dictionary defines "slacker" as "less taut, firm, or tense; looser." But I didn't start off as a slacker. Growing up, I was always that kid who could solve every multiplication problem, even ones I hadn't seen the answers to already. And I did too many activities to list: soccer, tennis, English, sports, study hall, CDs. You may be thinking, "Gosh, Scott! Did you ever get a chance to sleep?" Sure I did, but I never made a thing out of it (pajamas on, bed made, get in the bed, DONE).

Yet peer pressure can take its toll on even the sturdiest of teens. I found myself falling in with a bad crowd, a bunch of kids with long hair and pierced ears -- and I'm not talking about the lady contingent here. Before long, I was video gaming like a sheer madman and smoking two or three weed every weekend. On one occasion, I told my math teacher that trig wasn't "rad enough for me." I was like a freight train barreling down a dead-end street, and I could tell I was about to hit the wall. I couldn't remember what state Kansas City was in, or how to do a push-up. It struck me with the force of the aforementioned freight train that I had become: I had lost my way. I was slacking.

Once I ditched those dead weights I called friends, everything changed. It didn't seem "gnarly" anymore to stay up past 1 a.m., or to fuck my own brain out with Mexican drugs. Best of all, my grades went back up, and I ended up graduating co-valedictorian. What was my speech? It was the article you're reading right now. The ending was kind of different, of course, but the message was the same. That message being: Don't slack off. The brightest star in the sky is the one that keeps on shining all day long.



Scott Knudsen '12
Earth Systems



6° of Kevin Bacon

NEVER BEFORE HEARD CLICHÉS

Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, or wise.

He's a real up-or-comer.

There is now a place like home.

YOU SNOOZE, YOU WIN!

An idle mind is the Devil's mind.

If you can dream it, you can't do it.

His left hand doesn't know nearly as much as his right hand.

GO BIG AND GO HOME.

IF YOU CAN'T SAY SOMETHING NICE, SAY SOMETHING.

You hit the nail on the coffin.

IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, GET OUT OF THE FURNACE.

You're beating a horse.

Sherlock Holmes never pooped.

Good things come to he who hates.

It's all fun and games until someone loses his life.

Piss and tell.

Ride and die.

IT AIN'T OVER IF THE FAT LADY SINGS.

I need a hole in my head.

He who laughs last's laugh was suppressed.

ROUTINE IS THE RICE OF LIFE.

The best thing is sliced bread.

One man's garbage is a garbage man's problem.

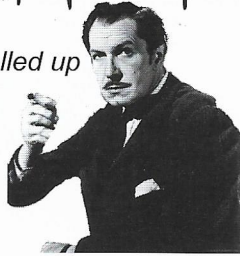
JUSTICE IS BLAND.

Better safe and sorry.

PUT YOUR MONEY IN YOUR MOUTH.

GHOSTS AND GHOULS

*'Twas Sainthly Hallow's Eve
At a ghostly celebration,
When some gruesome Ghouls rolled up
And put a spell on the occasion.*



*The Ghosts said, "Stay out,
We care not for your rattle.
Unless you Ghouls agree
To a haunted rap battle."*

Ghoul: My name is Ghoul and I'm hear to say.
Ghosts have got to stay away.

Ghoul Crew: OHHHHHHHHHHH

Ghost Crew: [grumbling] fuck that fuck that

G-Boy: Ghouls are gay.

But I bet you knew that ANYWAY!

Ghoul Crew Member: Oohhh wah-wah-whats that?

Ghoul Master Flesh: [Ghoul Crew massaging his shoulders, fueling his rap rage]
Hocus pocus, I'm inside the club.
And you know we got potion runnin' out all like bub-bub-bub.
[spoken] That's the name of the lesson, take it from a real
baddie-baddie. Now get the fuck out of my classroom and go
to the Halloween parade.

Ghoul Crew: Yeah. Yeah yeah. What a rap!

Ghost Crew: Hell no, ah hell no. Fuck that. FUCK!

The Gr8est Ghost: [irate] Zibbity-zabbity, zim, zam crash.

You had to take your cousin to the monster mash.

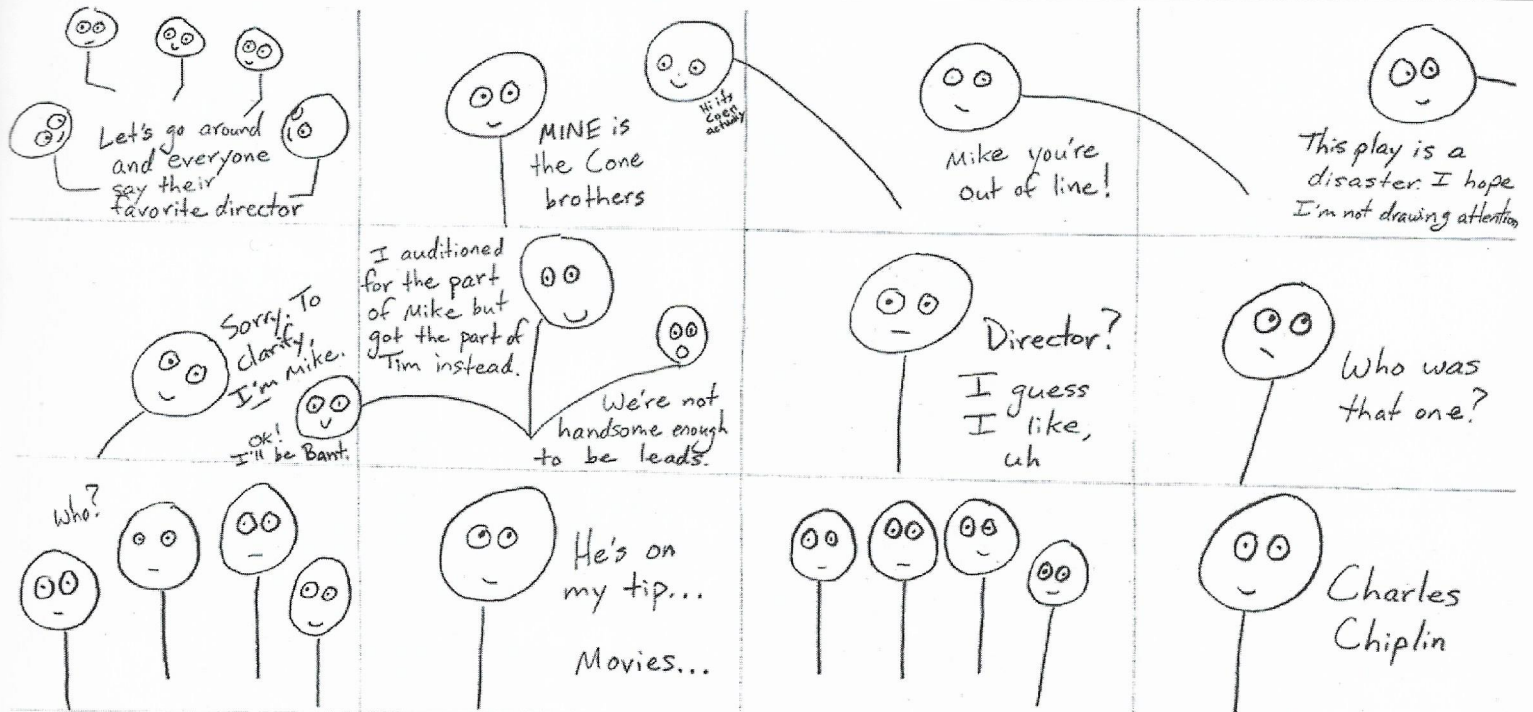
Ghoul Crew: WHAAAAAAT the fuck

[Ghost Crew celebrates, then freeze, looking at the door shocked
as the Goblin Crew enters]

The Rapping Goblin: *I'm the Rapping Goblin and I'm on the top.
Ghouls and Ghosts, I call both o' them slop!
[Goblins win]*



*In the DEADLY game of football
You can't touch this shit
cuz I'm transparent!
yeah...
I be crossin' that ghouline...*



OUTSIDE MAN: I was just at the bank and this guy there looked *just* like Clive Owen. Do you think it could've been him?

FRIEND: Eh, probably not.

OUTSIDE MAN: Whoa! Is there a bank robbery happening or something? I was just in there this morning!

POLICE EXTRA: Please step back from the yellow tape, sir.

OUTSIDE MAN: Whoa...



OUTSIDE MAN: Do you think there's hostages in there? I wonder if everybody is alright.

HOTDOG VENDOR: What the fuck are you talking about, man? That'll be \$3.50.

OUTSIDE MAN: Wait — is that Denzel Washington? Are you filming a movie? I *totally* thought this was a real bank robbery!

SET ASSISTANT: You can't be here right now.

Dr. Paine

Patient: Thanks for seeing me on such short notice, Doctor.

Doctor: Of course! Now, what seems to be the problem?

Patient: You see, I've had this headache for a couple days now. I tried taking some Tylenol, but it hasn't really helped at all. I'm just nervous it may be something serious.

Doctor: Well you were right to come see me. You can never be too careful. How would you rate the pain you have from 1 to 10? 1 being, "No pain at all," and 10 being, "Hurts so bad I want to jump off a bridge."

Patient: Ha, I've never heard a doctor describe 10 like that before...

Doctor: I find if I don't clearly spell out the scale for patients, they tend to exaggerate and say 13 or something ridiculous that I have no idea how to interpret.

Patient: Yeah, I see how that could get annoying. Well, the headache isn't awful... I wanna say I'm at maybe a 5? I'm not sure. It's just the fact that it hasn't gone away that

has me nervous more than the pain itself.

Doctor: I see. Well, we really need an accurate measure of your pain, because what course we take depends on me understanding how you feel. So, tell me again, on a scale of 1 to 5, how badly is your headache hurting you? 1 being, "Never felt better in my life," and 5 being, "I'm really considering some form of suicide to rid myself of this torment."

Patient: Ha, well I haven't reached that point quite yet.

Doctor: I assure you this is no laughing matter.

Patient: Ok, well let's say it's a 3 then.

Doctor: Oh, so it's a 3 now? Didn't you say it used to be a 5? Listen, I don't mean to worry you, but we really need to nail this number. So on a scale of 1 to 3, how's your pain? 1 being, "I feel like Superman, I could run through a brick wall and do a thousand sit-ups without blinking an eye," and 3 being, "Please. Somebody. Anybody. I beg you, put me out of my misery. If only there were an injection or something that could

just end this accursed course upon which my being has damned my very soul."

Patient: Definitely a 2.

Doctor: I don't think I'm making myself clear. We can't move forward until you can choose a number and stick with it. Now, and I must emphasize the gravity of this question, on a scale of 1 to 2, how much agony are you in? 1 being, "I feel fine, I've been wasting your precious time, Doctor," and 2 being, "Please, Doctor, take pity and make the decision that God could not. Use the needle you just pulled out of your coat and end my wretched existence. Rid me of my life and this torment that is fissuring my skull in twine"

Patient: 1.5.

Doctor: A decimal? Do you think this is a joke? This is your body we're talking about, take this seriously.

Patient: Then it's a 1. Definitely a 1.

Doctor: Then get out of my office and stop wasting my fucking time.

Road to The Future

Starring *Bob Hope* and *Bing Crosby*

Crosby: Take a look at this, Bob, they call it a computer!
Hope: What, they use slabs of metal to do math now? No wonder my accountant keeps telling me I owe more taxes!
Crosby: I think you have to turn it on, Bob!
Hope: When did we start talking about your wife?
Crosby: I can't figure out how to do it!
Hope: No wonder she always tells me she's not satisfied!
Crosby: It must be broken!
Hope: Broken? Broken?! Your wife's been doing my taxes this whole time! I'm going to jail, Bing! Jail!



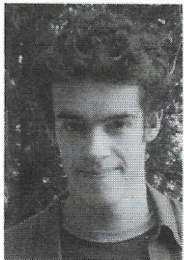
Receptionist: Can I help you?
Crosby: What is this place, a hospital?
Hope: Hospital? Bing, don't be silly, the place is full of beautiful young ladies!
Receptionist: This is Planned Parenthood. Is there something you need? Please don't shout.
Crosby: Planned Parenthood? If only your father had known about this place, Bob!
Hope: That's enough out of you Bing! Don't you realize what the girls here want? Even you might get lucky this time!
Receptionist: Please. This is a pregnancy and abortion clinic.
Crosby: Abortion? What kind of husbands do these women have?
Receptionist: These women are not married. I'm going to have to ask you both to leave.
Hope: Pregnant and not married? Bing! You should've told me we were in the French Embassy!

Crosby: What do you think of this rap music?
Hope: It's terrible. I can't understand a word he's saying!
Crosby: I'm surprised you're so bothered, Bob. You should hear yourself talk!
Hope: Then I guess my wife married me for the wrong reason!
Crosby: Because you're loud, incoherent, and abrasive?
Hope: Exactly, Bing! I remind her of her mother!



Intercom: What will you be having, sir?
Crosby: We're not even inside and she wants our order Bob!
Hope: She can't wait. The ladies get excited when they see my face, you know!
Intercom: Sorry, I can't hear you.
Crosby: Let me do the talking, Bob. She doesn't like you whispering sweet nothings in her ear!
Hope: This girl is too special for you, Bing! You need a real man, darling!
Intercom: OK, special number two. Pick up your food at the next window.
Crosby: We can't go in?
Hope: She must have seen your face, Bing!

Celebrity Class of 2014



Isaac Caswell
Sebastopol, CA

Robert Pattinson



Praveen Ramesh
Foster City, CA

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar



John Butterfield
Carmichael, CA

Neil Patrick Harris



Dana Edwards
Carpinteria, CA

Jane Lynch



Tate Murray
Lake Oswego, OR

John Travolta

Name Translations



Yassamin Ansari
Scottsdale, AZ

Yeah dude, my bad.



Jialong Huang
China

My, that's a long penis.



Chuan Yu Foo
Singapore

Don't swallow it whole!

Real Housewives of Stanford

The Verdict



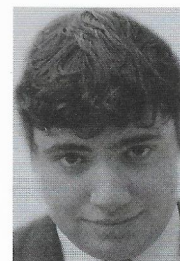
Luana Dias Gomes
Brazil



Julia Guenther
Brigantine, NJ

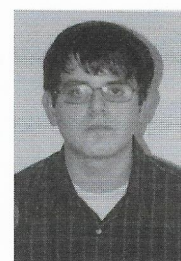


Bessie Golding-Ochsner
Rye, NY



Anthony Mainero
Corona del Mar, CA

Innocent



Alex Martinez
Wasco, CA

Guilty

Full House



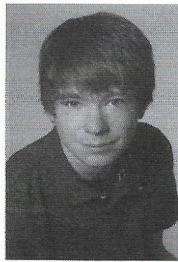
Mackenzie Jacoby
Provo, UT

DJ



Meyli Chapin
Hilliard, OH

Stephanie



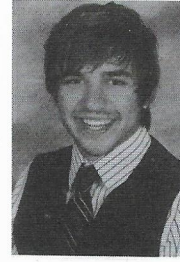
John Schoech
Madison, WI

Michelle



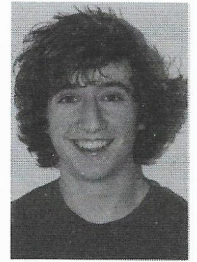
Daniel Noe
Los Angeles, CA

Danny



Dante Belletti
Aliso Viejo, CA

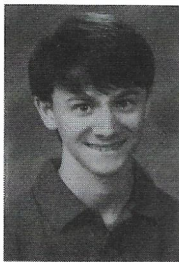
Jesse



Tyler Brown
Charlotte, NC

Joey

Who Took Your Picture?



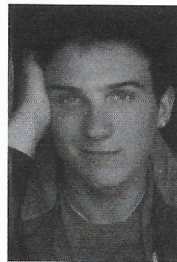
Benjamin Lokshin
Reno, NV

School photographer



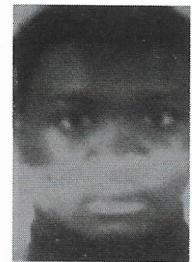
Haydn Dufrene
Philadelphia, PA

Like I even care



Skylar Peterson
Albuquerque, NM

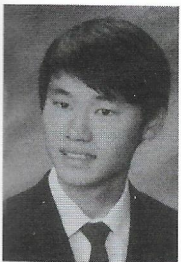
My other hand



Uchechukwu Omegara
United Kingdom

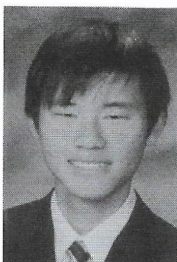
Xerox

Secret Identities



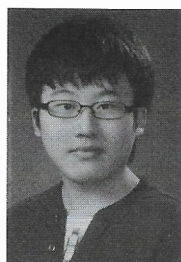
Troy Chang
Burbank, CA

Dr. Jekyll



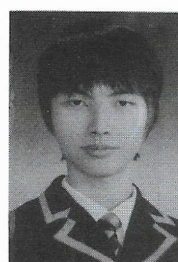
Winston Chang
Burbank, CA

Mr. Hyde



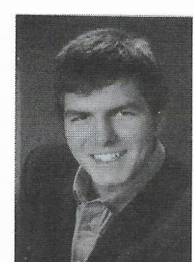
Gyujin Oh
South Korea

Clark Kent



Sunwook Sim
South Korea

Superman



Nick Breitweiser
The Woodlands, TX

The Breitweiser

Fun Animal Hybrids

from the far reaches of the universe



Check out
this rockatoo.
What beauty!
And I imagine
he'll be great
with your kids.



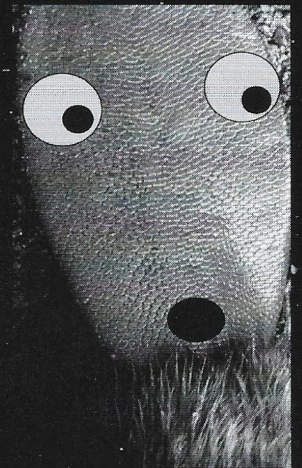
Beagulls are elegant animals. This one is too fat to
take home to your son though, you knucklehead.



This fanglehorn stole the coat of
another fanglehorn. Theft is not
going to get you anywhere in this
world you pretty thing.



People might ask how this
tarwick moves around. A better
question is, which one's getting
the better deal?



A beaver tail.
What a treat!

Old Gus

Old Gus don't have no time for no women. They may look pretty, but they's a hassle. What with their dresses and make-up, and all that whining. Give Old Gus a shoe full of brandy and he'll be alright. Women with their curves and their long hair, all done up. Old Gus likes his food raw and his bed hard. What's Old Gus want to do with women, what with their breasts and sensual hips. Old Gus is just fine being a gaylord.



Eccentric Millionaire VS Eccentric Billionaire



White chocolate replica of house is made out of white chocolate
House is made out of white chocolate



Has a personal chef for each different food group
Has a personal chef for each different food



Uses dimes as toilet paper
Uses 100 dollar bills as toilet paper



Shoplifts 97% for the thrill of it, 3% for the savings
Shoplifts just for the thrill of it



Owens Giorgio Armani, the famous Italian suit company
Owens Giorgio Armani, the famous Italian



Owens the world's largest collection of Married... with Children memorabilia
Owens the world's largest collection of Disney memorabilia



Organizes orgies weakly
Organizes orgies weekly



Plays Monopoly with real money
Plays Battleship with real battleships

Alfred Harmsworth, a British newspaper magnate, famously once said,

**"Dog bites man, that's not a story.
Man bites dog, now *that's* a story!"**

As with many famous quotes, though, the credit is somewhat of a controversy. Several competing British newspaper moguls issued noticeably similar quotes around the same time as Harmsworth:

Cat Stuck in Tree, that's not a story.

Tree Stuck in Cat, now *that's* a story!

Man Creates Robot, that's not a story.

Robot Creates Man, now *that's* a story!

Woman Gives Birth to Triplets, that's not a story.

Triplets Give Birth to Twins, now *that's* a story!

"Pets Good for Your Mental Health," Therapists Say, that's not a story.

"Therapists Good for Your Mental Health," Pets Say, now *that's* a story!

Baseball game postponed due to rain, that's not a story.

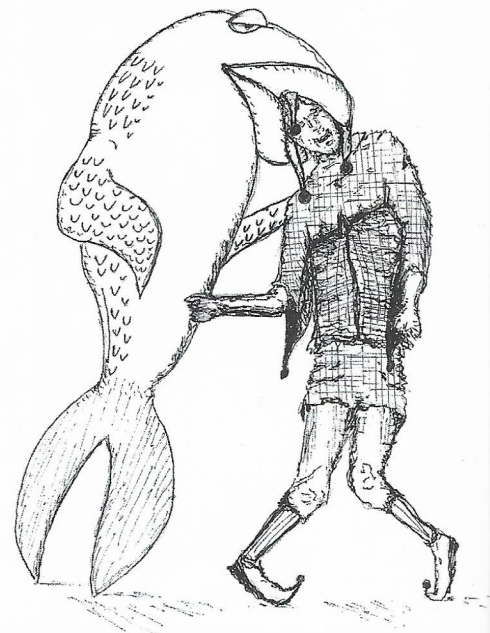
Rain postponed due to baseball game, now *that's* a story!

Traces of Cocaine Found in Doritos Shipment, that's not a story.

Traces of Doritos Found in Cocaine Shipment, now *that's* a story!

Civilization Endangers Salmon Species, that's not a story.

Salmon Species Endangers Civilization, now *that's* a story!



Chocolate, red wine prolong life, that's not a story.

Red wine, chocolate prolong life, now *that's* a story!

At Least 15 Die in Plane Crash, that's not a story.

Crash Least 15 Die in Plane At, now *that's* a story!

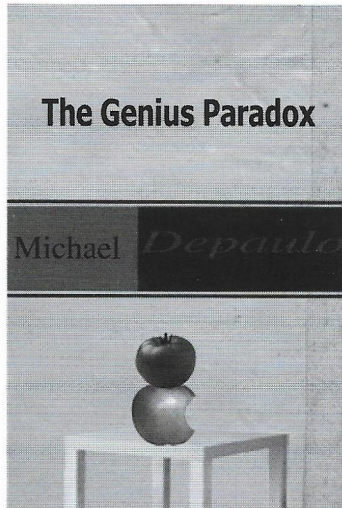
Celebrities: BIGGER and BETTER Season 2

Featuring large new contestants:

- Huge Grant
- Jason Big
- Hugh Giant
- Jeff Biggges
- Kevin Space
- Tony Not So Little



Praise for The Genius Paradox, Michael DePaulo's new postmodern masterpiece



"The Genius Paradox offers the complete package and more. If you like cocaine, you'll like this book.... Fantastic.... Practically literary cocaine."

"A touchingly funny classic about what it means to be in an American family. He deals with life and death and everything in-between. Warning: no holds barred."

"Just over three thousand pages of pure gold. Literary gold. I practically ate this book for breakfast for over a year! ... A very difficult read."

"If Kurt Gödel and Jim Jarmusch had a son, his name would be Terry Phillipsborough. Terry's best, life-long friend would be Michael DePaulo."

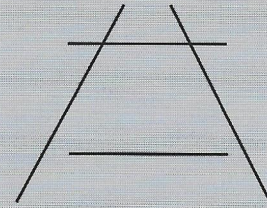
"A towering achievement in post-post-modern literature. The kind of novel we see only once in a decade, if ever. Using mere words, Mr. DePaulo has redefined the way we must think of literature and the world around us."

"DePaulo doesn't just bend the rules, he breaks 'em. Every time."

"Michael Depaulo is a cross between Kobe Bryant and Goethe; he is at once very athletic and very smart."

"This is practically the Da Vinci Code of p-modern fiction. A ripping good read, and a long one at that."

A Word on Optical Illusions



Optical illusions occur because perception is an active process: we do not so much record external objective truth as construct our own reality. Optical illusions arise as a result of the discrepancy between what we perceive and what is objectively real.

For example, in the Ponzo illusion, the converging lines lead us to believe that the top line is farther away in our visual field, making it seem longer than the line on the bottom. In reality, the lines are the same length! (If you don't believe me, measure it with a friend. He might protest, but if you've lost your ruler, he's the next best thing.)

Magicians exploit the discrepancy between perception and reality all the time. They use tricks to convince audiences that they're amazing beings with a supernatural command over matter. A shrewder observer though knows they're actually lame.

Optical illusions also appear in everyday settings. I used to know a girl who puzzled me with her greetings. Half the time they were a mix of delight and reverence, the other half apathy and bafflement. Eventually I realized I had fallen prey to a classic optical illusion: "she" was identical twins, only one of whom was my friend.

And last night when you "saw" me staring at you from outside your window, your brain actually capitalized on similarities between my facial structure and the foliage, deceiving you into thinking it was me. Similarly, while your brain might try to lead you astray, I'm actually much more attractive than I look.

Inverview with an Astronaut

I've got to get something off my chest that's been bothering me for a long time: What's the difference between an astronaut and a cosmonaut?

Well, a cosmonaut is just an astronaut in Russia.

So what do you call an astronaut in America?

Just an astronaut, except in Texas. Those you call space cowboys.

If cosmonauts are astronauts in Russia, what's a cosmonaut in outer space?

He's still a dirty Ruskie in my book, hah!

Is a cosmonaut still a cosmonaut if he isn't in Russia?

Yes, I would imagine so.

Which planets have you been to?

Does Russia count? [laughs]

I guess you'd have to ask Pluto!

[laughs] Oh lord--whoo--I haven't, excuse me, I haven't heard something so funny since [laughs harder]--since old Buzz "Moon" Armstrong's landing. Haha! Oof, that's a good one. You tell the boys at Mission Control that one, they'd be howling. Howling!

I wouldn't want Houston to have a problem!

That is not funny. Can I tell you about Saturn?

By all means.

I have not been to Saturn.

What is an astronaut called on Saturn?

Like I said, I have not been to Saturn, so nobody knows. But the term cosmonaut is used strictly for Russians.

Why is that?

Back during the Cold War days, the Pinkos kept all their space work in a secret code called Russian. They called their astronauts "cosomonauts", which means "astronauts." They thought they could fool Washington, but we've got some pretty smart sons of dads to crack the code!

Russian is just a foreign language.

Oh Boy, the experience of seeing the whole world just floating in front of you is breathtaking.

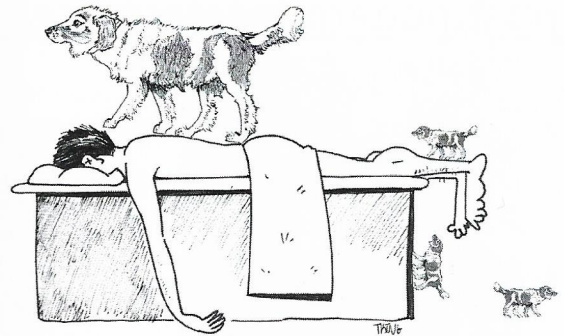
What?

I don't know. It just makes you wonder if there's anybody else out there.

Oh I see, so do you believe in extraterrestrial beings?

Do Russians count? [laughs madly, wets pants]

Dream Sequences



Dream sequences can be difficult to transition out of. A good trick is to have the dreamer wake up, only to realize that something in the real world was causing what was occurring at the end of the dream. Here's a list of some recent examples of this in popular movies:

In the dream: The protagonist is making out with the love interest.

In real life: The protagonist's dog is licking his face.

In the dream: Telephone ringing incessantly.

In real life: Alarm clock which sounds exactly like a telephone.

In the dream: Protagonist swimming an Olympic race.

In real life: Protagonist swimming the big high school race she's been preparing for the whole movie.

In the dream: Protagonist getting a deep-tissue massage from a gorgeous islander.

In real life: Protagonist getting a deep-tissue massage from his dog.

In the dream: Ants biting protagonist's leg.

In real life: Ant-sized dogs biting protagonist's leg.

In the dream: Protagonist wins the lottery.

In real life: Protagonist's dog wins the lottery.



Quiet down please.

Look to your right, and to your left. These young people are not only your classmates - they are your *peers*.

What do peers do? We work, we play. We go to the park. We find our way home without having another panic attack.

We grow. As your principal I see you students developing talons - uh, TALENTS - at an alarming rate. Not that you should be alarmed. Fear has never pecked at your soul as it has mine.

We make friends, we have relationships. And all the while, time flies...er... passes. Fuck!

Don't look at me like I'm a boy.

I spotted a bird two days ago, bright yellow plumage. I knew it wasn't going to hurt me, but still.

Congratulations to the volleyball team for another victory! We don't know how you do it, guys.

We don't know how you spend so much time outside. In the open. Under those seed trees are you fucking crazy?

Daring boys. Sweet, daring boys.

Is there a bird on my head? RIGHT NOW?!

BIG TALK

Man: Hey, did you watch the game last night?

Other Man: Yeah, I lost a hell of a lot of money on the Patriots. I don't think I'm gonna make the rent this month.

Man: I lost a couple thousand myself.

Other Man: You certainly don't look too concerned about it.

Man: Well, I just snorted some oxycontin – feelin' *pret-ty* good. You want some?

Other Man: No, I don't—

Man: I'm addicted to drugs!

Woman: So, how are the kids?

Other Woman: Who knows! I've been avoiding them, you see.

Woman: Oh? Why?

Other Woman: They remind me too much of my ex-husband. Every time I look at them, I just see lazy little unachievers.

Woman: Well, at least you have kids. **My** husband is infertile.

Other Woman: But – you're pregnant...

Woman: Oh, yes, but it's not mine!

Man: Nice suit!

Other Man: Thanks! My salary is over \$100,000. What's yours?

Man: God **damn**. Not nearly that, and I've been here far longer than you.

Other Man: Well let's be honest, you can't just sit around and expect to get ahead in life, now can you?

Man: Jesus, man. You sound like my ex-wife.

Other Man: Actually that's something the boss said, so you should probably start looking for a new job.

Man: Looks like a storm's coming, doesn't it? *SIGH*

Woman: Last time it rained I got hit by a car crossing the street. It came out of nowhere. I was in the hospital for a week.

Man: Oh, I actually meant "storm coming" metaphorically. Sometimes I just feel like the walls are closing in.

Man: Literally **no one** cares though.

Man: Did you read the news today?

Other Man: You mean about that pro-choice law passing? It's terrible.

Man: Wrong. It's great news. My wife's pregnant but I'm hoping I can convince her to abort, now that it's legal.

Other Man: *Excuse me!?* How could you possibly decide to take your own child's life?

Man: Well, I'm pretty sure it's another man's child.

Other Man: You'll never know unless it's born.

Man: It's a gamble, and you know how I feel about gambling. The child shall live!

Man: So, how was the vacation?

Second Man: Terrible. I hate going home.

Third Man: Wow, really? I couldn't feel more different. In fact, I need to spend more quality time with my kids.

Second Man: No! Cody, please, you can't leave! I'm so lonely. Please, stay with me. At work.

Third Man: What? Come on, I don't even know your name.

(Second Man runs away in style, heartbroken.)

Third Man: Oh, oh! I remember him now. Gary, right? Anyway, how was your vacation?

Man: Well, I hit someone in my car on New Year's Eve. But it was raining. She came out of nowhere!

Third Man: *What!?*

Man: I'm also fathering an illegitimate child with a married woman.

Third Man: You're insane.

Man: Well you're lazy. And fired.

Adopting Douglas

Douglas: I can't believe someone's adopting me! Finally, a family to call my own!

Kevin: Ha, you bet, sport! You excited to be a Jefferson?

Douglas: Boy am I! I just KNOW that you guys are going to be the best parents ever!

Sherry: Well we sure will try our best, Alex.

Douglas: Um, ha, sorry. My name's actually Douglas, not Alex.

Kevin: Well, Alex, 'Douglas' was your orphan name. Alex is your new name. Alex Jefferson. That way, you don't have your name reminding you of your time at the orphanage. How's that sound?

Douglas Alex: But I thought pretty much only really little kids ever had their names changed when they were adopted.

Sherry: Ha, well, Alex, I'd consider a two-year-old still a "little kid", wouldn't you?

Alex: What are you talking about? I'm fourteen! I was born on April 23rd, 1996!

Sherry: No, Alex. That was your orphan birthday. Your new birthday is March 6th, 2008. You're just acting up because of the terrible twos.

Alex: You can't just change my age and birthday because you adopted me! I'm not two years old and my name is Douglas, not Alex.

Kevin: You don't really want the name Douglas, do you? It's not a very pretty name for a little girl.

Alex: What are you talking about? I'm a fourteen-year-old boy! You can't just change my gender! I have male parts, not female parts!

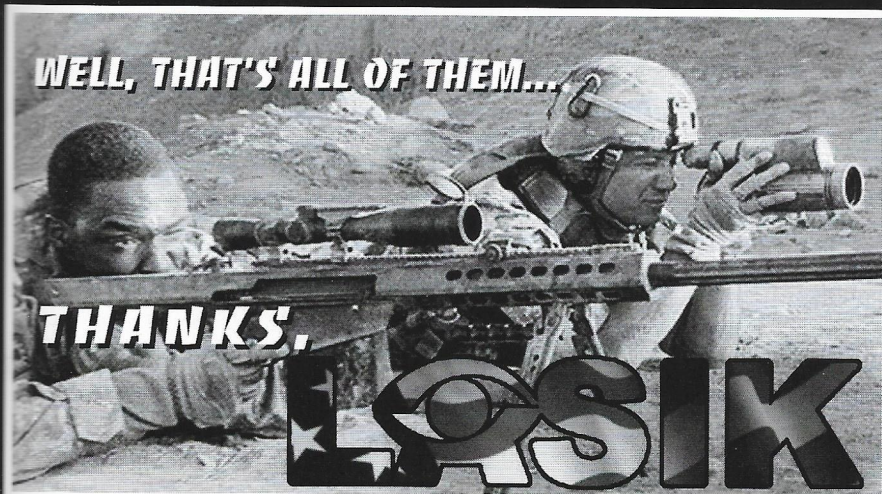
Kevin: Now Alex, those were your orphan genitals. You don't really want to keep them, do you? Have them constantly reminding you of back when you didn't have a family, do you?

Sherry: I know this may be a lot to take in at once, but this adoption is a big change for all of us. We've never had a child before, and we're going to try to do it right. We've always wanted to raise a little girl, and now we finally have our chance!

Kevin: Trust us, Alex. We're your parents. No one in the world loves you more than we do.

Alex: What the hell is going on?

Sherry: That's it. You're grounded young lady.



PRETTY BIG QUESTIONS

Is there alien life on earth?

Why did God put us here in California?

How many Earths can fit inside the big bang?

Is there life after the afterlife?

What is the biological basis of conscientiousness?

Will we ever have a theory for every thing?

The Chappie Interviews Comedy Sensation Bruce DeVann

Stanford Chaparral: We're here with renowned funnyman Bruce DeVann. Bruce it's great to have you. Now you don't do a lot of interviews. I imagine you must be pretty busy with your tour. What's it like for you, always being on the road?

Bruce DeVann: It's chedda' baby [laughs]. No, but seriously, to answer your question Bob, it can get stressful, but I'm doing what I love and you can't beat that. And to not answer your question [slaps interviewer in the face repeatedly but not very hard]

SC: Whoa settle down there. But still, very funny. Now you've been known to do some pretty wacky stuff—

BD: Well I'm here right?

SC: [chuckles] So my question is this: How are you going to top all the crazy stunts you've pulled over the years? You've gotten married to a horse, you've ruined the Oscars, what's next?

BD: Well Jim—can I call you Jim?

SC: It's Michael, but what the heck, you're the comedi—

BD: Enough. So I'm thinking this Fall [anticipatory pause], I'm going to sail around the world.

SC: Wow. Incredible. Simply incredible. [settles down] So onto your movi—

BD: [with emphasis] In a bathtub.

SC: You really are something else Bruce. No wonder you're such a public favorite.

BD: I just don't how I'm gonna fit the world INTO a bathtub [hearty laugh]. No but seriously I think I might actually do this.

SC: Haha, very well. So, Bruce, would you mind discussing your collaboration process when you're working with Bernie Matthews?

BD: Well, this make shock you... [presses hand-buzzer firmly into interviewer's forehead]

SC: Haha, okay. But on a more serious note—

BD: [steals interviewer's clipboard] Ha! Now I've turned the tables on you. [flips two tables onto interviewer]

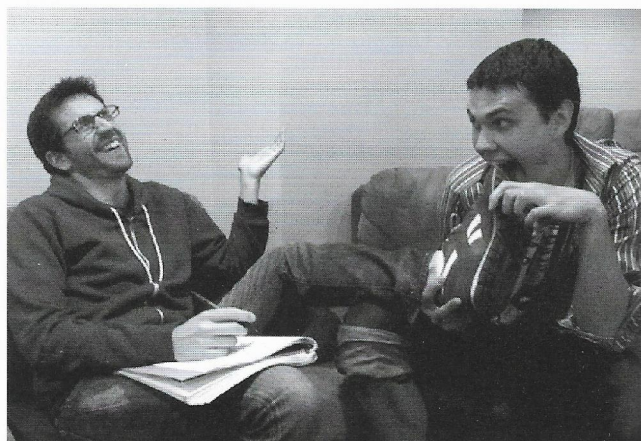
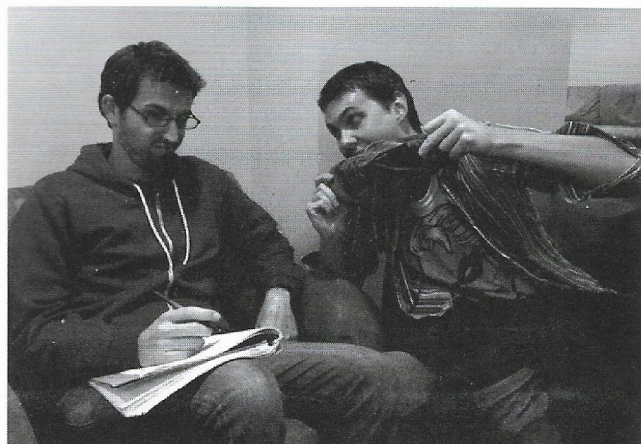
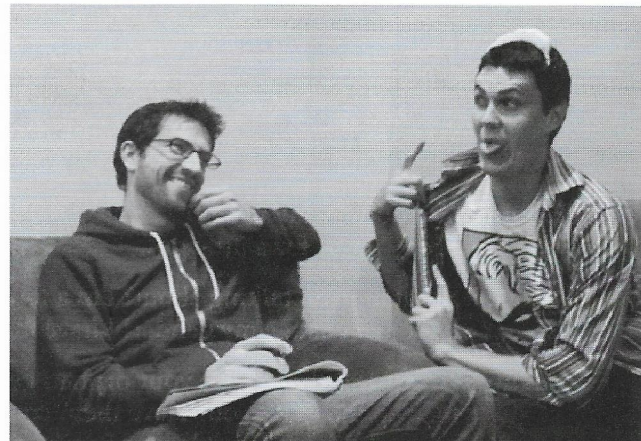
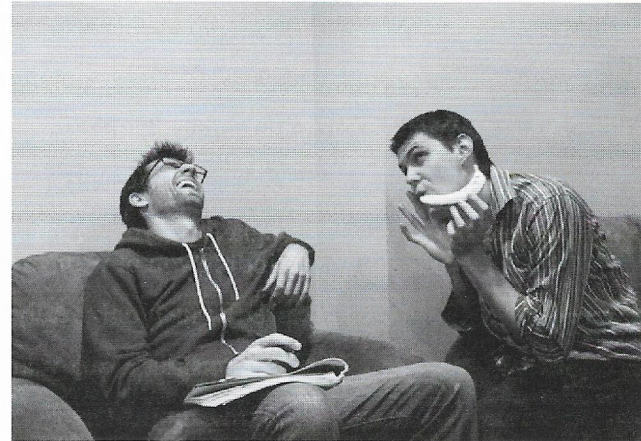
SC: [lifting tables back up, unruffling shirt] Bruce, I'm begging you, stop with the jokes for just a few minutes. How does that sound?

BD: Totally tubular! [takes out a banana and plays air guitar on it, then unpeels the banana and starts mashing it into the interviewer's face]

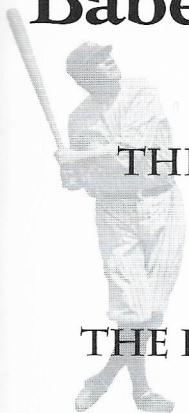
SC: [standing up, defending his face] Um, er, Bruce, stop that, er, cut that out, um, so er [Bruce relents, interviewer sits down and regains his composure] Wow. Um, so you recently, um, shot a film with Billy Crystal, isn't that right? Any funny stories for the fans?

BD: Yeah, wanna hear something crazy? [inane shrieks]

SC: [shakes head, grinning admiringly]



Babe Ruth's Lesser Known Nicknames



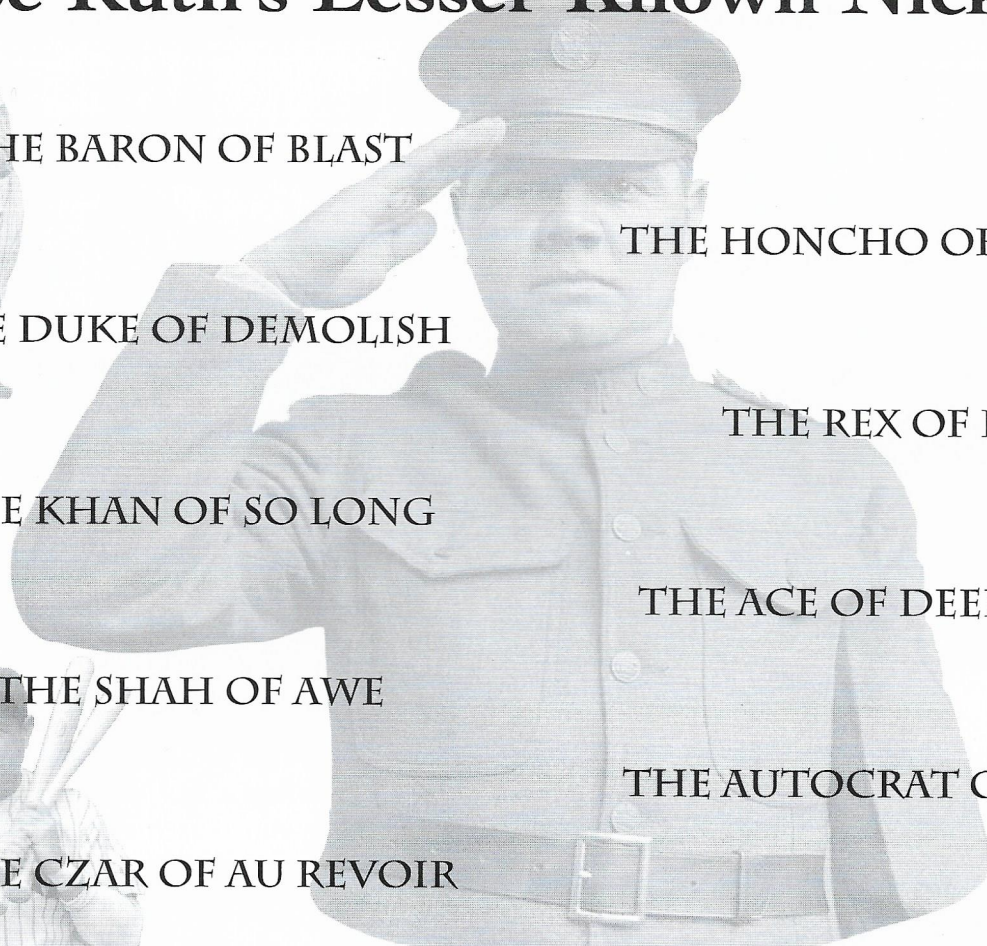
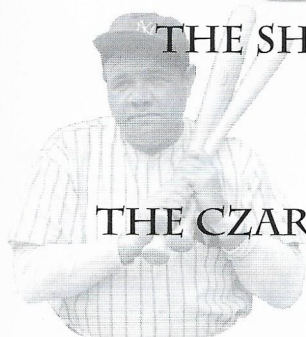
THE BARON OF BLAST

THE DUKE OF DEMOLISH

THE KHAN OF SO LONG

THE SHAH OF AWE

THE CZAR OF AU REVOIR



THE HONCHO OF HOMER

THE REX OF FLEX

THE ACE OF DEEP SPACE

THE AUTOCRAT OF SPLAT

THE PHARAOH OF HITTING BASE-BALLS



EUPHEMISM

He's light in the loafers.

She has a nice face.

Daddy passed on.

My brother is differently abled.

Things have gone south.

My boyfriend is well-endowed.

My sister claims she is with child.

I have to powder my nose.

Gary has trouble with intimacy.

Fred was let go.

COMMON PHRASE

He's gay.

She's fat.

Daddy died.

My brother is disabled.

Things have gone to hell.

My boyfriend has a big dick.

My sister claims she is pregnant.

I need to use the bathroom.

Gary is impotent.

Fred was fired.

DYSPHEMISM

He's a pillow-biter.

Her bones are disgustingly large.

Daddy isn't coming home until you behave yourself.

We're not related.

Welcome to hell.

My boyfriend is a dick.

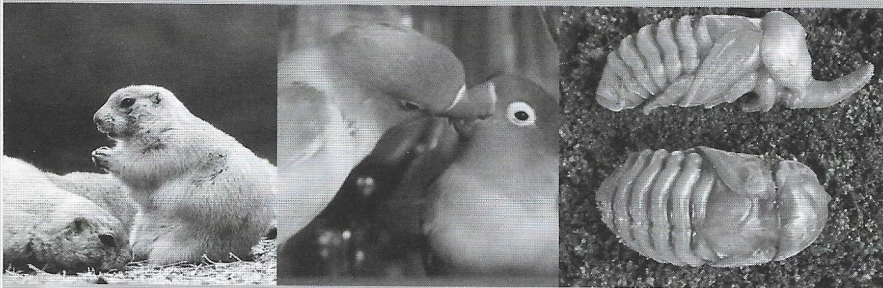
My sister is full of shit.

I'm going to do lines in the bathroom.

I suspect Gary is an android.

Fred is dead and we are going out for drinks.

'STRANGE' Animal Mating Habits!



The female **Redbilled Buffalo Weaver** is one strange bird—it has a pseudo-penis! Due to its high levels of testosterone, it has an enlarged clitoris that is often larger than the average male's penis. You can find this bird anywhere in the eastern United States. Make sure never to touch one though, or your mother will reject you.

The mating process for **African hunting beetles** involves a middle-man. The male performs a pseudo-impregnation on another species of beetle, aptly named the penis beetle. The penis beetle gives birth to a baby penis beetle, which the male African hunting beetle uses to impregnate the female.

All **penis beetles** are hermaphrodites. To mate, they impregnate another species of beetle, aptly named the African hunting beetle. The African hunting beetle then gives birth to a baby African hunting beetle, who, if male, will impregnate the penis beetle.

Swordfish mate for two years straight and it doesn't even feel that good for them.

In the world of **hyenas**, females dominate. They do all of the fighting and mate selection. They even



impregnate the males, who give birth to and watch over the offspring. Scientists just accidentally called them the females.

The male **octopus** has been known to let his penis detach and swim to a female. Male octopuses consider this one of the coolest things about them.

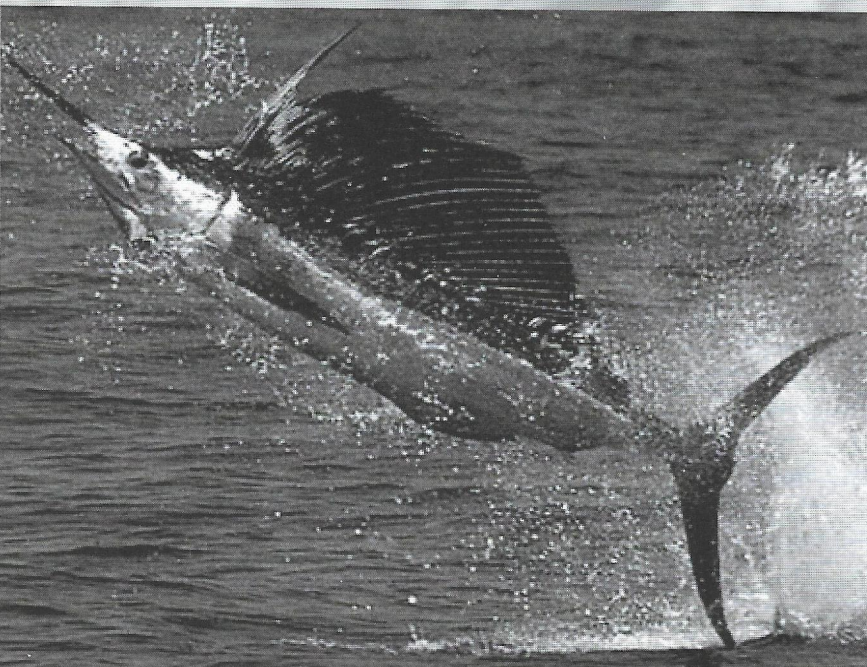
All **gophers** are born gay but still reproduce because of societal pressure.

The advantages of the **giraffe's** long neck come two-fold. Given the giraffe's habitat, reaching high-up leaves is pivotal to survival. The neck also doubles as a detachable penis.

The **Alaskan shrimp** is a male, a female, and a hermaphrodite. When the tide is low enough, the shrimp will undergo a complex mating ritual in an attempt to inseminate itself, but it never works.

Human babies have penises too small for mating.

Once a year, hundreds of male **Panamian Night Monkeys** will gather in a central location and wriggle around like human girls! The first to laugh gets fucked.

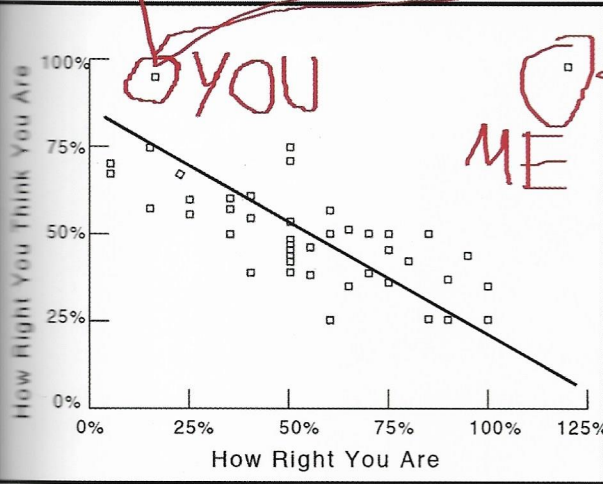


YOU!? HAHAHAHA!

Nah, fool.

I da' Best.

IT'S SCIENCE



Haven't you ever read OUTLIERS?

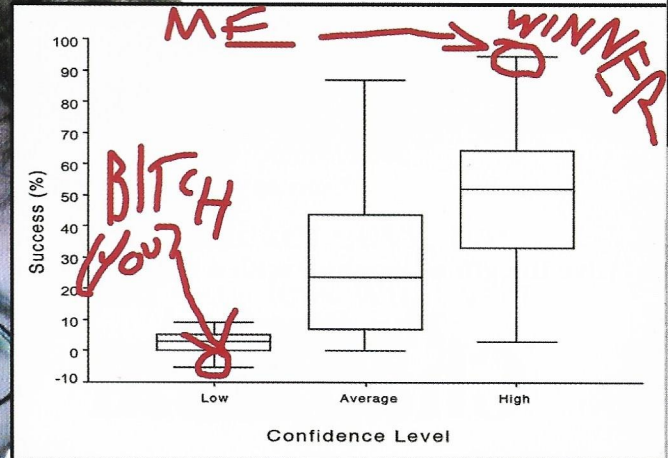
You Are Wrong!!!!

Do the math.
If you can!

...DOLT

You Are The Defeated Contestant!

**DAMN...
YOU SUCK!!!**



Correlations

		Better	Me	You
Better	Pearson Correlation	1.00	1.00***	-1.00
	Sig. (1-tailed)		0.00	1.00
	N	2	2	2
Me	Pearson Correlation	1.00***	1.00	-1.00**
	Sig. (1-tailed)	0.00		0.00
	N	2	2	2
You	Pearson Correlation	-1.00	-1.00**	1.00
	Sig. (1-tailed)	1.00	0.00	
	N	2	2	2

** . Correlation is significant at the 0.01 level (1-tailed).

You don't understand any of this!

Get Outta Here!

HA HA!

We asked the staff...

"What in the Universe are you doing this Friday?"

Dyeing the fountains back to clear.

**Sam Corrao Clanon,
Axe Committer**

Nothing. I mean not *nothing* nothing, I mean I have some tentative plans, it's not like I'd stay home on a Friday. But I mean I'm still totally free if something better came up, you know? I mean, what are you doing Friday? Oh, you're married?

**Patrick Maher,
Maherried**

Probably something more or less avuncular.

**Alex Hertz,
Uncley**

I'll be on a plane, flying to a bowling alley.

**Josh Meisel,
Uncle Lee**

The only thing I remember from before I was born is a bunch of British bobbies chasing me around.

**John Lyman,
Usurper**

Binging.

**Kiefer Katovich,
Afflictionado**

I'll coddle together my bindle stick, filling my pants with borrowed church bread. After downing some bullets with some faceless rum domes in the jungle by the old tracks, I hop the midnight cannonball to Memphis. Twenty minutes in, I spot a pair of bogies to my three o' clock. After a foxtrot charlie of a knife fight in a phonebooth with the MiGs, I find my bird bent and cherubs two, and in the last eye wink have no choice but to ride 'em.

**Phillip Nazarian,
Exactly.**

Redefining the totality of everything that exists.

**George Malkin,
He's Safe!**

I have a date in Constantinople, but I can't seem to find ANY trains going there.

**Josh Alvarez,
Nobody's Business**

SPRING BREAK!!!!

**Garrett Werner,
Rough Around the Ears**

Doing whatever I will be doing in an infinite number of parallel universes - just in a marginally discrepant way.

**Michelle Neely,
Optical Alluder**

I'll probably just hit up the Pizza Parlor and sit backwards on the chairs.

**Sam Coggeshall,
Pepperoni Nipples**

This Frday? Jus chilln u know me. So much homework tho.

**Nick Gardner,
No Homework**

I'm getting a Dell. Going to the Dell store and getting a Dell. KA-CHING!

**Riley Matthews,
Axe Committer**

Jello wrestling and mud shots.

**Alexei Koseff,
Out of this World**

Did you guys run the Columbine kid?

**Carrie Kemper,
Crass**

I was thinking about seeing that new movie, what's it called? You know, the one with that guy with the grey sideburns. I like that guy.

**David Parker,
Two Thumbs Right**

I was thinking about having an old fashioned Wednesday.

**Kian Ameli,
Infatuated**

Heh, probably bum a couple pence out of the ole hammy, head down the pub for a few pints of the tasty mead, and get real proper. After that I'll probably slew a dart or two, put on the old charm chompers for the lassies, then get really proper. Less bangers and a little more mash if you catch my strays.

**English Dave,
Ehrlichman**

Trying my best just to keep going. Because I LOVE Saturdays!!!

**Billy Kemper,
Case of the Fridays**

Probably seeing a Diane Keaton flick. I just saw Morning Glory last night-- Diane is looking as good as ever. Boy, did she age well.

**Jarrod Marks,
Buster**

I'll be volunteering at a local soup kitchen. I tell people about my volunteer work and they seem incredulous. "Why would you ever work for free?" they ask. Well, the soup is good enough that I'm happy to spend a couple hours a week eating it, even if they don't pay me to. You're required to donate to the organization at the end of the meal, but it's worth it. I especially like this olive soup made with vermouth and gin, served in little conical glass bowls. I can knock back seven or eight at a time. Anyway, service is my passion.

**Daniel Koning,
Wolfgang**

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Photogenic Memory

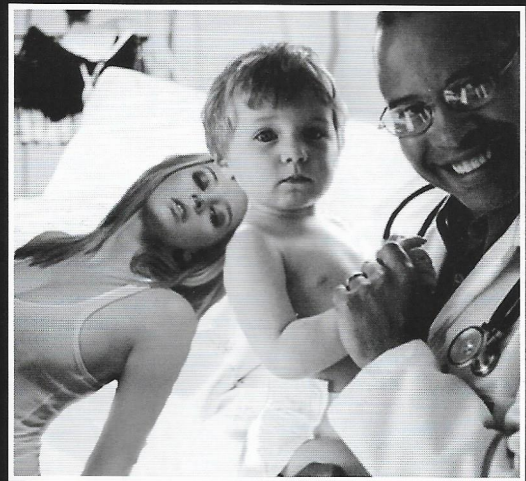


You got all of that on the Dollar Menu?

You can name all of your preschool classmates?



How did you guys walk away from that wreck?

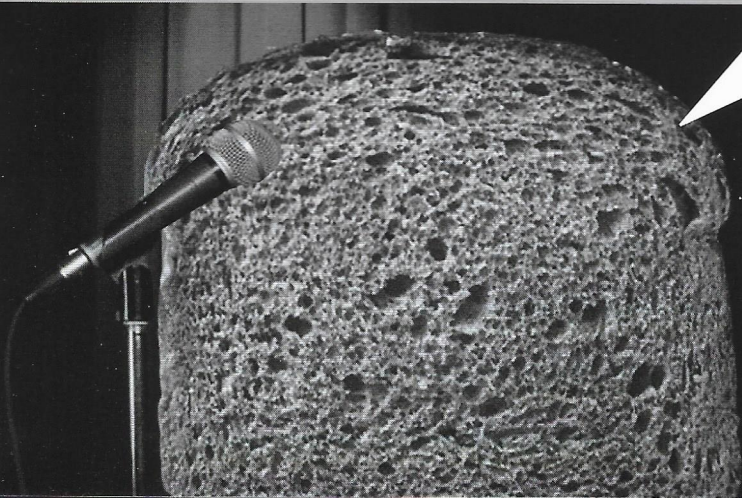


You actually remember your birth?

The Stanford Chaparral

The Funniest Thing Since Sliced Bread

Pumpnickel guys, they could care less what you think about them. But wheat guys...



MEETINGS

Wednesdays, 8:30
Nitery Building, Old Union

