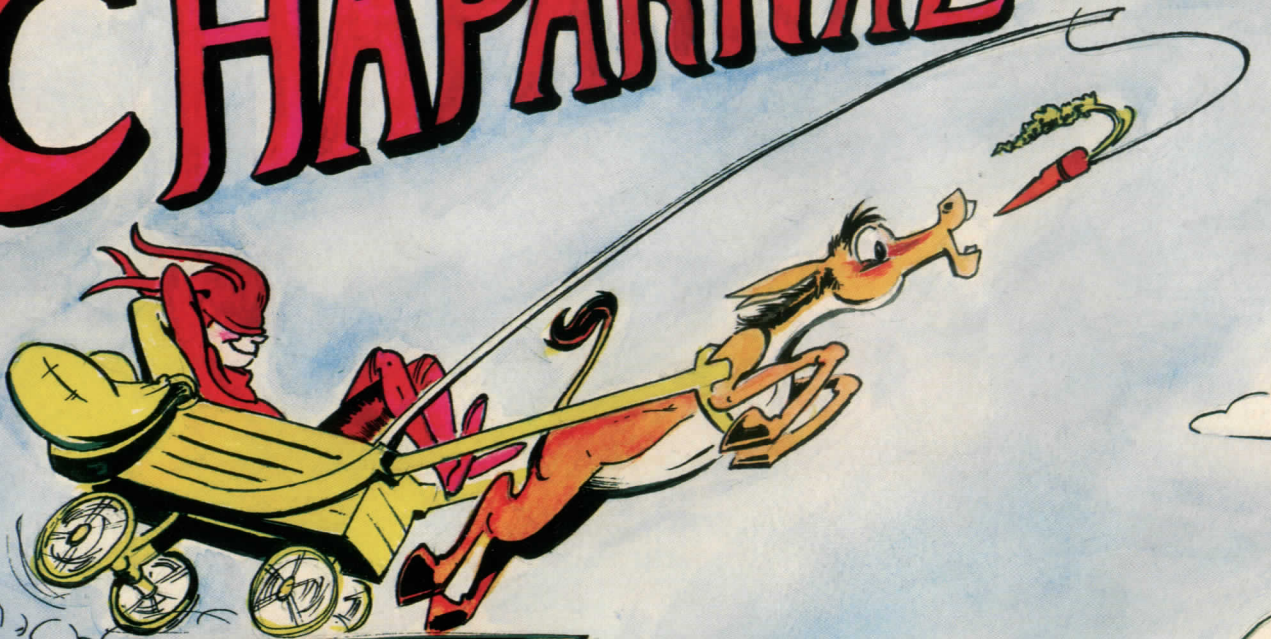


The CHAPARRAL



SALAD
DAYS

TRING

Word Salad

The usage in the English language of Contrastive Reduplication (CR), or the repetition of a word or set of words in order to imply a literal semantic interpretation, was thoroughly examined in Ghomeshi et al. (2004), a landmark study commonly referred to as the "Salad Salad paper." Consider the following two canonical examples of CR, cited in the aforementioned paper (p. 308):

1. I'll make the tuna salad and you make the SALAD salad.
2. My car isn't MINE mine; it's my parents'.

Using examples like these, the author helped to shed light on an otherwise under-studied feature of the English language. In the six years since the article first appeared, many new examples have been recorded, adding complexity to our understanding of this curious linguistic phenomenon. A few are provided below:

1. **A:** Do you keep strictly kosher?
B: Yeah of course. Well, not KOSHER kosher, but I try not to eat too much bread.
2. Michael and I decided that we're going to draw together, preferably in a four-class dorm. And by that, I mean actually DRAW TOGETHER draw together, like, with RoseArt crayons.
3. **A:** Do you want to see Babe?
B: The one about the pig on the farm?
A: No, not BABE Babe. I mean Babe 2: Pig in the City!
4. My fake ID is so good that I fooled the bouncer into giving me a 21+ wristband. Well, I don't mean a WRIST wrist band, but a FOOT-wrist band. He gave me an anklet.
5. **A:** Hey Mom, let's go eat at the Subway on 5th Street.
B: The subway? [pointing at the underground train station]
A: No, Mom! I meant the SUBWAY Subway. [pointing at the SUBWAY Subway]
6. **A:** I'll bring the chicken salad, and you bring the SALAD salad.
B: OK, a Caesar salad is fine?
A: No, sorry, I don't mean a SALAD SALAD salad salad, but a salad made out of other salads. Preferably chicken salad.
7. **A:** Hey, I want you to meet my family friend Michael, Jordan.
B: THE Michael Jordan?
A: No, not MICHAEL JORDAN Michael Jordan, six-time NBA champion and majority owner of the Charlotte Bobcats. I mean, just my friend Michael. YOU'RE Jordan.
B: Wait... JORDAN Jordan?
A: Yes!
8. **A:** I'm really sorry, but I'm so busy. I'm not going to travel this summer.
B: Wait, you mean like NOT not?!
C: Oh no, don't worry. I'm not NOT not traveling with you. But I won't be able to make it.
9. **A:** What are you studying?
B: I'm a graduate student in Electrical Engineering. And you're an undergraduate...
A: English major.
B: Neat! An ENGLISH English major?
A: No, I mean I take a lot of literature classes, but I'm originally from Maine.
10. Hurry up and come to the picnic already! You don't need to spend all day tossing salad. Whoops! I don't mean TOSSING SALAD tossing salad, but you know, dressing your salad. And not SALAD salad, but fruit salad!



Hey Sarah!



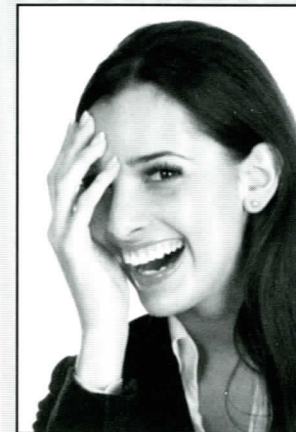
Hi Jessica!



Ha. Ha ha.



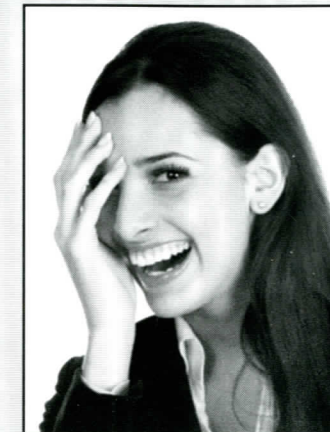
What's so funny?!



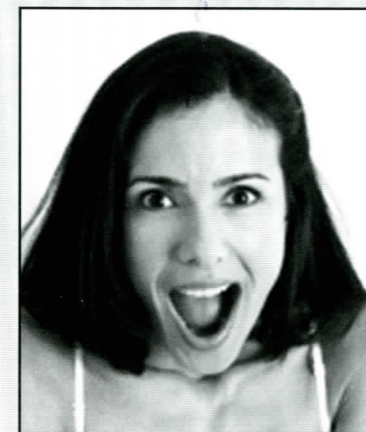
AHAHAHA



Come on seriously Jessica, tell me what's so funny.



Haha... sorry, sorry... I was just thinking about something I ate.



Signs Your Child Might Grow Up To Be a Murderer



Tortures small animals

Pyromaniac

Often wets the bed

Is bullied

Listens to violent music

Easily enraged

Hates your parenting

Hates people secretly

Has weird fetishes

Hears voices

Signs Your Child Might Grow Up To Be Murdered

Tortured by small animals

Pyrophiliac

Often gets urinated on

Is bullied at gunpoint

Subject of violent music

Easily encaged

You hate their childing

Hates people openly

Is a weird fetish

Hears voices saying "I'm gonna murder you"



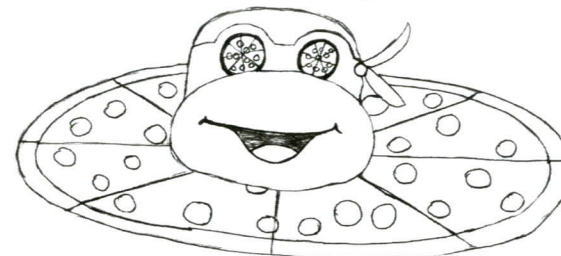
Chaparral

Them was
the
happy days

PRICE
35c



The Stanford Chaparral Salad Days



Vol. CXII, No. 6

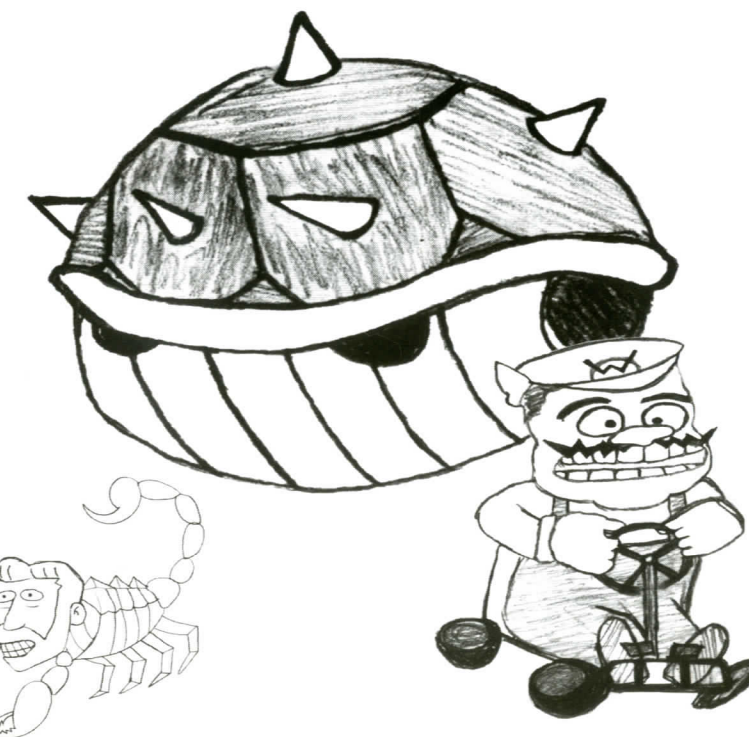


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3	Laughing.....	Meisel
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6	Now That.....	Meisel
8	Zelda.....	Kemper
9	Interview Tips.....	Kessler
10	Guard Tower.....	Meisel
11	Rockin' Robin.....	Lyman
11	Don't Try at Home.....	Kessler
11	Hoarders.....	Kemper
12	Marry.....	Meisel
12	Slick Talk.....	Kessler, Meisel
13	Milf Comix 1.....	Meisel
13	Buster.....	Werner
14	Elevator.....	Kessler
15	Slugfest.....	Kemper
15	Seriff.....	Hertz
16	Kids Menu.....	Meisel, Perrin
18	Economy.....	So
19	Club.....	Meisel
19	Wallet.....	Meisel
20	Don't Know Much.....	Coggeshall
21	Pick-up Lines.....	Koning, Meisel
21	Milf Comix 2.....	Meisel
22	Brown Nose.....	Kemper
22	Inner Child.....	Meisel
24	Family Freud.....	Hertz
24	Kubrick.....	Hertz
24	Bachelor.....	Koning
25	Star Fox.....	Kemper
26	Motorcycle Dad.....	Scodary
27	Shitty Sustainability.....	Ameli
28	Humor Exchange.....	Werner
28	With These Hands.....	Marks
28	What's Your Daddy?.....	Coggeshall
29	Salad Facts.....	Werner
31	Milf Comix 3.....	Meisel
31	And I'm Gone.....	Kemper
32	Movies Review.....	Meisel

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5	TOC.....	Kemper
6	Roots Carrots.....	Towns
8	Salad Days.....	King
10	Emo.....	Werner
11	Don't Try at Home.....	Hertz
14	Elevator.....	Towns
22	Brown Nose.....	Lehman
22	Inner Child.....	Hertz



'11
Will Atwood
Elliot Babchick
Gabriel Benarros
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Old Old Boys
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BILLY KEMPER '11 <i>Living in the Past</i>	JOSH MEISEL '12 <i>Half the Man He Used to Be</i>
SAM COGGESHALL '12 <i>Banking on a Comeback</i>	
DAVID PARKER '11 <i>Fallen Giant</i>	KIEFER KATOVICH '09 <i>Past His Prime</i>
KIAN AMELI '13 <i>Shadow of His Former Self</i>	ALEX HERTZ '13 <i>Nostalgic beyond All Repair</i>
JOHN LYMAN '11 <i>Stuck in the Disco '90's</i>	GARRETT WERNER '10 <i>Living Vicariously through the Staff</i>

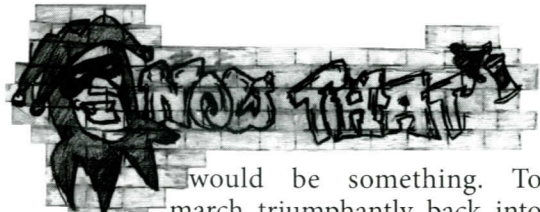
Hammer	Coffin
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--

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

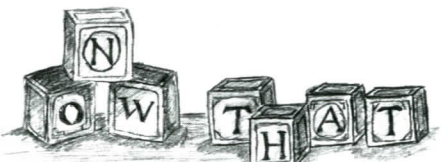
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

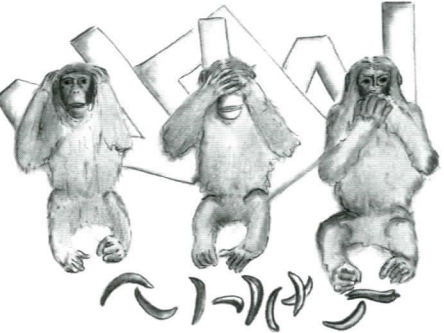


would be something. To march triumphantly back into that glaze of glory, your dignity restored and your gut eradicated. What you would give to be twice the man you used to be when you used to be half the man you used to used to be. Oh, if you could be seventeen again! (Or at least if your girlfriend could.) Those were

truly the days. The Salad Days. The Glory Days. Heck, I'll say it, them was the Happy Days. And what about the Salad Nights! Yes, now I remember. Those wondrous nights. Dangling carrots raining from the sky like a bonus page out of *Cloudy with a Chance...*, broads with tomatoes like you've never seen, a barn-burner at the ranch. You could bend a chum's ear into a Möbius strip and back. Guys wanted to be you; girls wanted to be *with* you. You had your bacon bits and ate them too. If only you could go back. Somehow. Think Roscoe, think!



is simply not possible. Your Salad Days are exactly that — not here anymore. You'll never again legally drink illegally. No matter how hard you rack your brains, there's no turning back. There are no time machines in this country we call the real world, Michael J. Fox; looks like you'll just have to learn to paint with Parkinson's, Pablo Picasso, like deaf Beethoven when he wrote those horrible, horrible sonatas. And don't think about taking a time machine to after the time machine was invented. That just won't work, you dumb ass.



you've accepted your fate, it's time to pick yourself off your feet and comb those bloodshot eyes. Papa, get a brand new bag. Maybe you can't be a kid, but you *can* be a comeback kid, and you have plenty of gray-haired, bald-headed predecessors to show you the ropes.

And whose example of saving a doomed life is better to take than Johnny Cochran's himself! To paraphrase the bard, "If the salad ain't fruit, you must substitute." Watermelon-colored tint may now only color pictures of your single-chinned former self in dusty photo albums, but vegetable salad is certainly an acceptable replacement.

And whose example of transitioning from Happy Days to satisfied, sagely old age is better to take than Henry Winkler's himself! Forget your Fonzarelli fare, for you're

no longer a youngster hip to the latest trends in fashion and technology. The leather jacket has gone the way of the bear-skin rug and punching doesn't have the same effect on an iPod as it does a jukebox. So before you, like a skateboarding Homer approaching Springfield Gorge, overestimate your ability to clear a shark and find your brittle spine wrapped around its teeth, consider a reinvention. 22 seasons is a bit too seasoned, don'tcha think? The Winkler went from humbling to bumbling and un-arrested his development. Maybe you should follow suit.



is not a half-bad half-baked idea. Who doesn't adore the loopy grandma, the rambling Abe, or the senile hermaphrodite? Why not play the wacky aunt, telling stories of her Salad Days to her nieces while their moms aren't looking. You can even embellish a thing or two. History favors those who write it. Nostalgia beats experience any day, U.S.A. Let the saltiness of your Entree Days bolster the aftertaste of honey mustard, you old-ass salt.

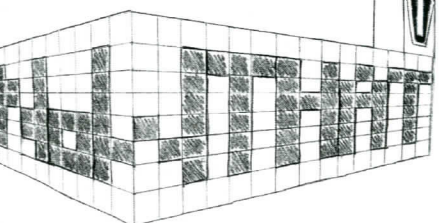
In the end you won't regret that you didn't sow your wild oats enough or sufficiently cherish playing with the other cabbage patch kids. Your disillusionment will stem from the realization that the stuff your beloved coffee-wielding aunts and Naked Uncles were made of was all along the same mock turkey that you are now dieting on (and remember — you are what you eat). This realization marks the true end of your Salad Days, not your occupational obligations replacing your educational ones or your wrinkles and your *New Yorkers* replacing your zits and your *Zits*.

Your Salad Days aren't what they are, but rather what they seem — both when they're being remembered and when they're being lived out. The semi-bitter truth about the days of yore is that the only thing that made them special — the only thing that could make *anything* that special — is that you didn't take second one to stop and smell the rose-colored glasses. Think about it. Maybe *The Waterboy* wasn't that funny after all.

In your youth you fabricated an entire world to be your playground, and



world's sky is falling. Your older brother that you thought was a genius because he so casually got into Princeton really studied so much he made flash cards fo' his flash cards. Your "beautiful" mother was really so ugly without her makeup that she'd break mirrors so bad that the MIRRORS would break mirrors. Your older brother that you thought was so smart because he went to Princeton really cheated so much he'd get the Spark Notes fo' the Spark Notes. Fo' the SPARK NOTES!!!



that's that, you feel you're getting your unjust desserts. Well let me pleasantly surprise you with just dessert — no string cheese attached. You've developed into a pro at falsifying; keep doing what you do best. Instead of idolizing the idle, glorify the Glory Days. Now you know the secrets, use them to your advantage. Laser-remove temporary tattoos. Be fruity and multiply. Just remember to write, you crazy aunt you!



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JOB INTERVIEW TIPS

Never use a pencil. Never refer to one either. You aren't supposed to make mistakes.

If your interviewer asks you a question you do not know the answer to, pause for three seconds. Then shine a laser in his face.

Wear your second-favorite pin-stripe suit. The one you like best is probably at the dry cleaners.

If he asks you about your age, tackle him with your eyes. Then state your height (at least six-foot-one, please).

Speak louder than usual, but do not shout. Pretend you are Donald Trump talking to Larry King.

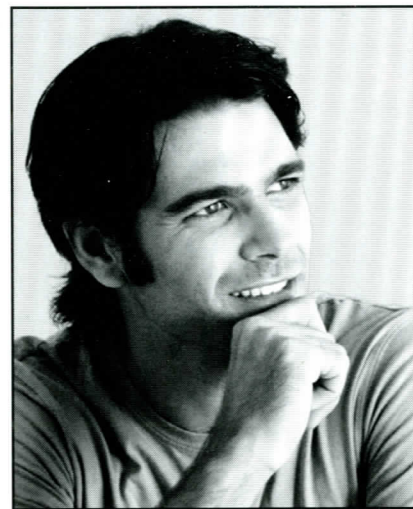
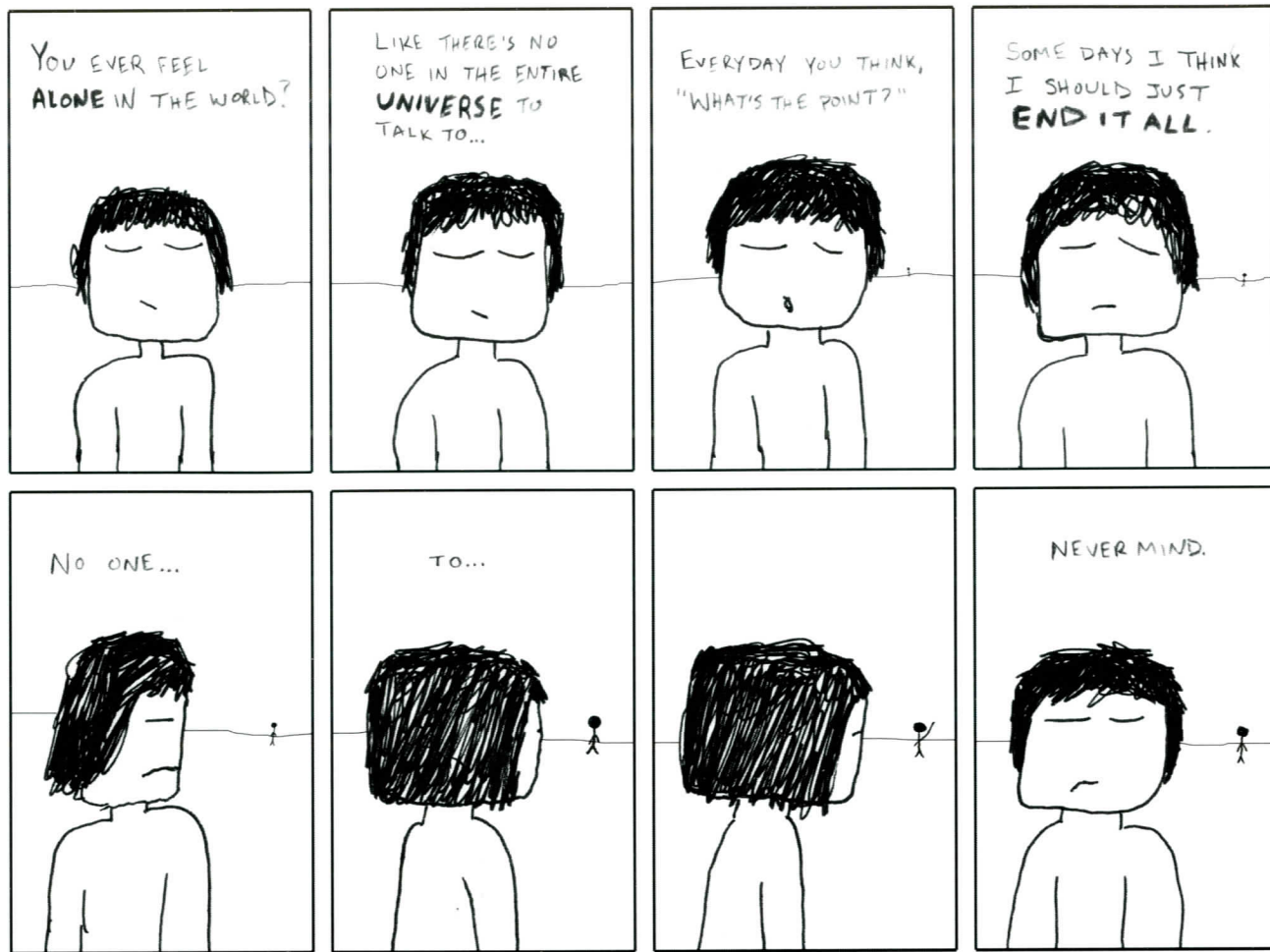
Use the word "I" in every sentence, or, preferably, "myself."

Never say "yeah" or "yes." You will sound submissive. Instead say "I am."

Never say "no." It is too concise. "Not at this time" is better, or "I cannot agree."

The final handshake is the climax of your interview. When your interviewer offers you his right hand, clasp it firmly, and slowly move your left hand towards his right trapezius. Just as your fingers graze his neck, slip your business card into his breast pocket discreetly.

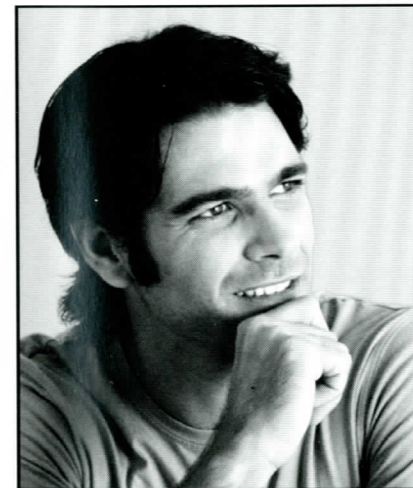




Hey—Rockin' Robin!



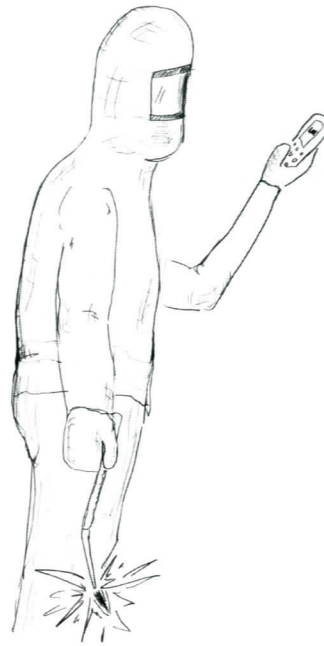
My name's not Robin.



Oh, I thought that's the name of your haircut.

DON'T TRY AT HOME

- Eating while jogging
- Flossing while driving
- Shopping while lifting
- Yawning while swimming
- Knitting while eating
- Texting while welding
- Snapping while fencing
- Swimming while whaling
- Dying while golfing



My Grandfather Died in the Holocaust...

He fell off the guard tower...

...when he was pushed by a guard....

...who was his best friend....

...even though my grandfather was a Jew...

...who secretly joined the Nazi Army to rebel against his parents...

...but then was discovered and sent to a concentration camp...

...and he was gay!

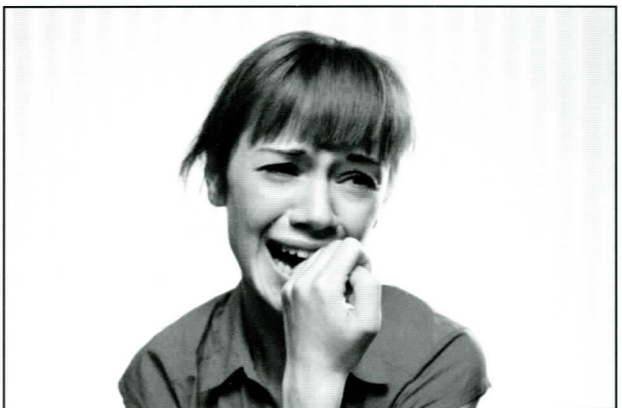




I can't stand being around Jeff.
He's always so rude to me!



That's weird — I always
thought he really liked you.



Well if he likes me so much
then why doesn't he marry me?

Slick Talk

Conversation is like a delicate dance, with both partners moving carefully in unison. Every once in a while though, an expert will predict his partner's move and effortlessly skip ahead a few beats. Let us watch the ballet proceed:

Cashier: Is that all?

Customer: Yeah, and you can keep the receipt.

Friend 1: Hey, my skateboard broke today.

Friend 2: You can keep my old bike.

Waiter: Are you guys ready to order?

Diner: Without ice is fine, thanks.

Girl: Could you actually put my carry-on up for me please?

Guy: Yeah, I get my height from my father.

Party Guest 1: So what do you do?

Party Guest 2: It's a lot of work but it's very rewarding.

Plumber: It looks like this is gonna be a two-hour job.

Home-owner: Red or white?

Ski Lift Operator: This one's yours.

Skiier: I hardly get out of the city anymore.

Tailor: Hold your right arm up for me please?

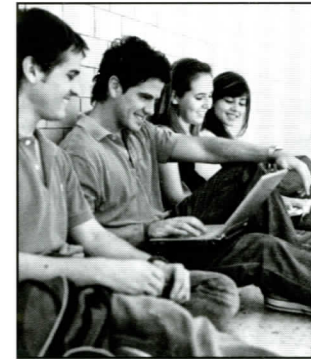
Customer: I won't be seeing you anymore because of my obligations.

Friend 1: You pick up the brews?

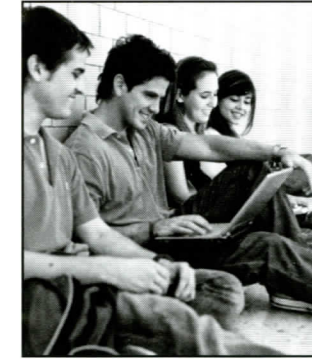
Friend 2: My uncle has really taken a liking to you.

Friend 2: I'm fine thanks for asking.

MILF Comix



Looks like Kelly's
coming back to school.
Her parents are gonna
take care of the baby.



A girl from our
school had a kid?



Yeah, the one on the
right. She's pretty
cute right?



Yeah dude, Kelly's
a total MILF.

Buster Does It Again

Troy: Hey guys, what would you do if you had the power... of invisibility?

Trent: I'd look at any girl I wanted.

Tim: I'd look at any girl I wanted *naked*.

Theo: I'd look at any girl I wanted while *she* was naked.

Troy: Those are great ideas, fellas, but I wanted to hear what *Buster* would do.

Tim: Yeah, what would Buster do?

Theo: Yeah.

Troy: Well, Buster... what would you do if you had the power of invisibility?

Buster: Well... I've always thought it would be nice to ride the rails.

Trent: Buster, that's so lame!

Tim: Yeah, Buster. Come on!

Buster: Well did I mention the rails... are in France?!

Troy: You've done it again, Buster!

Trent: Wow!

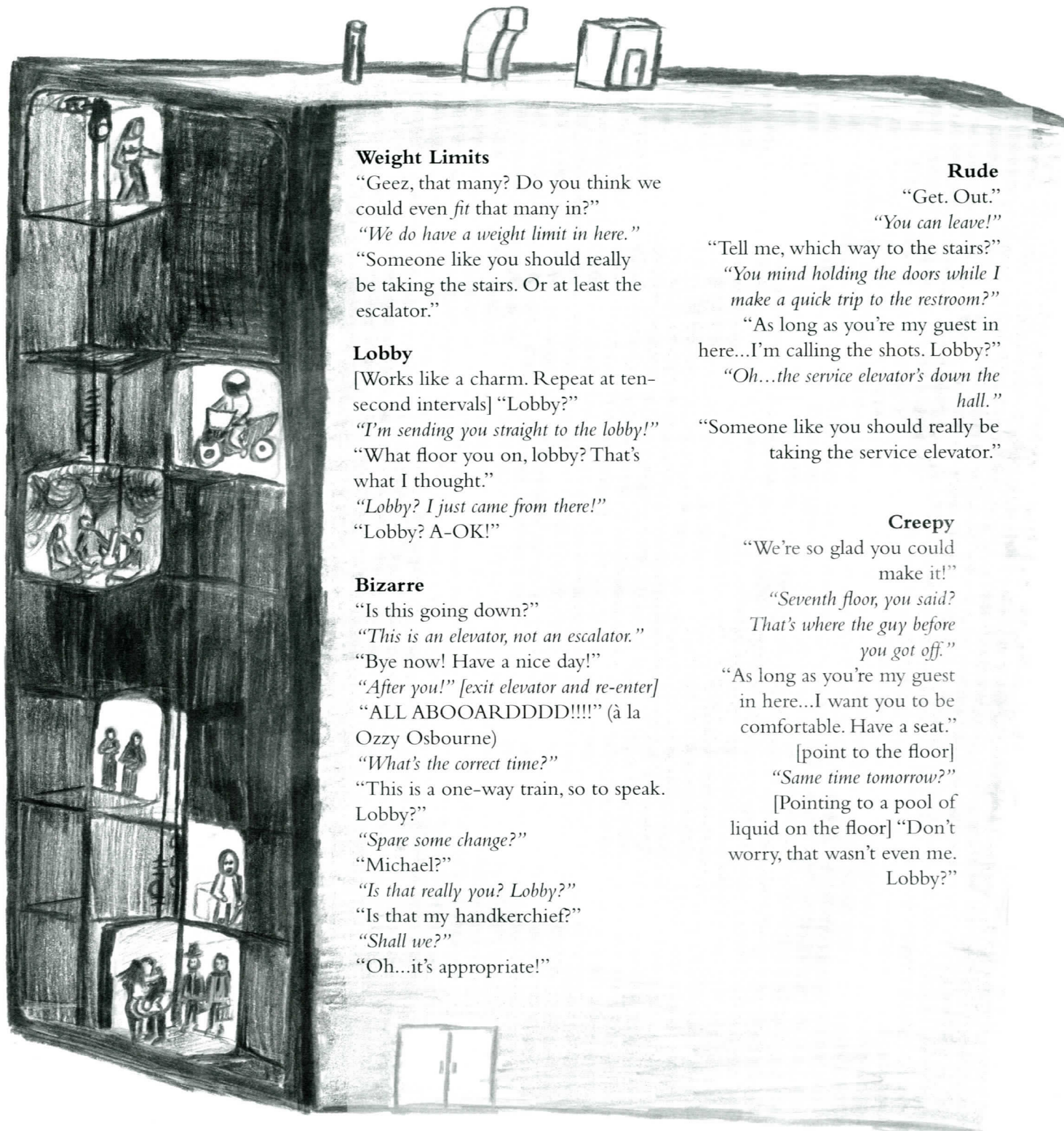
Tim: You're the man!

Theo: I think I am in love with you, Buster, which thrills me.



Elevator Conversations

People often struggle to make conversation in an elevator. Try out these openers to get the conversation rolling:



Weight Limits

"Geez, that many? Do you think we could even fit that many in?"
 "We do have a weight limit in here."
 "Someone like you should really be taking the stairs. Or at least the escalator."

Lobby

[Works like a charm. Repeat at ten-second intervals] "Lobby?"
 "I'm sending you straight to the lobby!"
 "What floor you on, lobby? That's what I thought."
 "Lobby? I just came from there!"
 "Lobby? A-OK!"

Bizarre

"Is this going down?"
 "This is an elevator, not an escalator."
 "Bye now! Have a nice day!"
 "After you!" [exit elevator and re-enter]
 "ALL ABOOARDDDD!!!!" (à la Ozzy Osbourne)
 "What's the correct time?"
 "This is a one-way train, so to speak. Lobby?"
 "Spare some change?"
 "Michael?"
 "Is that really you? Lobby?"
 "Is that my handkerchief?"
 "Shall we?"
 "Oh...it's appropriate!"

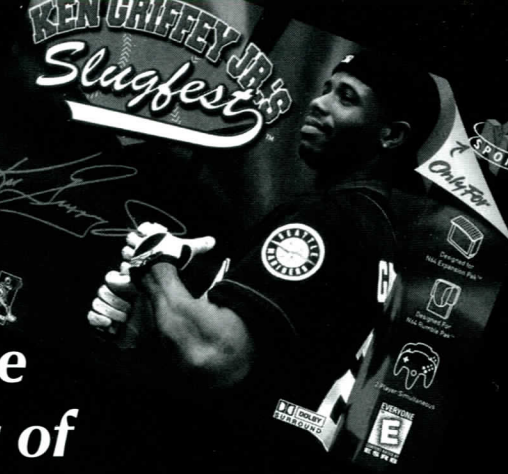
Rude

"Get. Out."
 "You can leave!"
 "Tell me, which way to the stairs?"
 "You mind holding the doors while I make a quick trip to the restroom?"
 "As long as you're my guest in here...I'm calling the shots. Lobby?"
 "Oh...the service elevator's down the hall."
 "Someone like you should really be taking the service elevator."

Creepy

"We're so glad you could make it!"
 "Seventh floor, you said? That's where the guy before you got off."
 "As long as you're my guest in here...I want you to be comfortable. Have a seat."
 [point to the floor]
 "Same time tomorrow?"
 [Pointing to a pool of liquid on the floor] "Don't worry, that wasn't even me. Lobby?"

KEN GRIFFEY JR.'S Slugfest

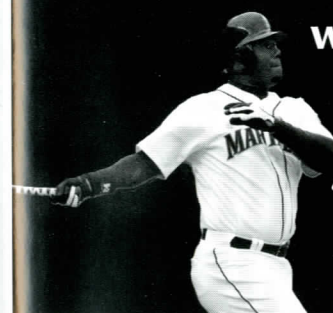


Featuring the witty banter of **Announcer Dave Niehaus**

"Junior, smacks it outta the park and into the stratosphere! Bye bye birdie, you're about to get hit by a ball!"

"Junior, whips it outta the batter's box and into the press box! Good gravy Davey, that hurt!"

"Can you believe it?!?! One, two, three, and four runs make it home! Junior just won't stop running the bases!"



"Folks we got a regular *Slugfest* tonight! Junior's hitting just about everyone with his bat!"



There's a new Sheriff in town, Times.



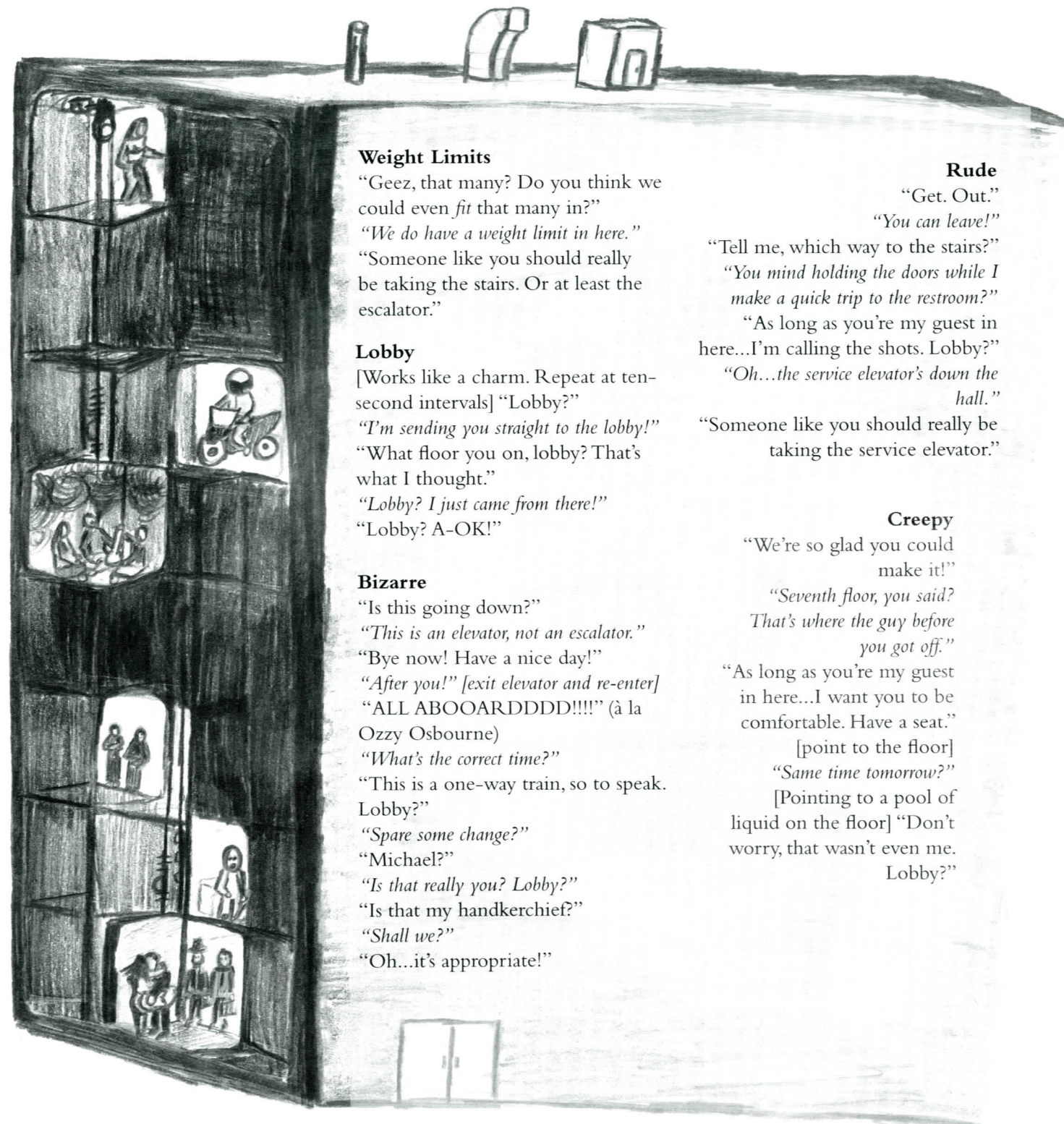
There's only room for one Sheriff in *this* town, Times New Roman.



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 ◆□◆■!!!

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There's a new Sheriff in town, Times.



There's only room for one Sheriff in *this* town, Times New Roman.



There's only room for one Sheriff in *this* town, Times New Roman.

CAN YOU SPOT THE DIFFERENCES?



Did YOU know?

It would take a **MILLION-BILLION** Earths to fill a **BILLION** suns?!

If you stretched out your small intestine, it could reach the moon and back in **UNDER A DAY?!?!!**

Uncle Jay's Famous Chef Salad
Lightly battered chicken tenders with curly fries
\$6.50

Mediterranean Salad
Three mini cheese quesadillas with salsa on top
\$4.95

Louisiana Chopped Salad
Two all-beef sliders with ketchup and onions. Served with sweet potato fries.
\$7.00

California Cobb Salad
Caesar salad
\$4.95

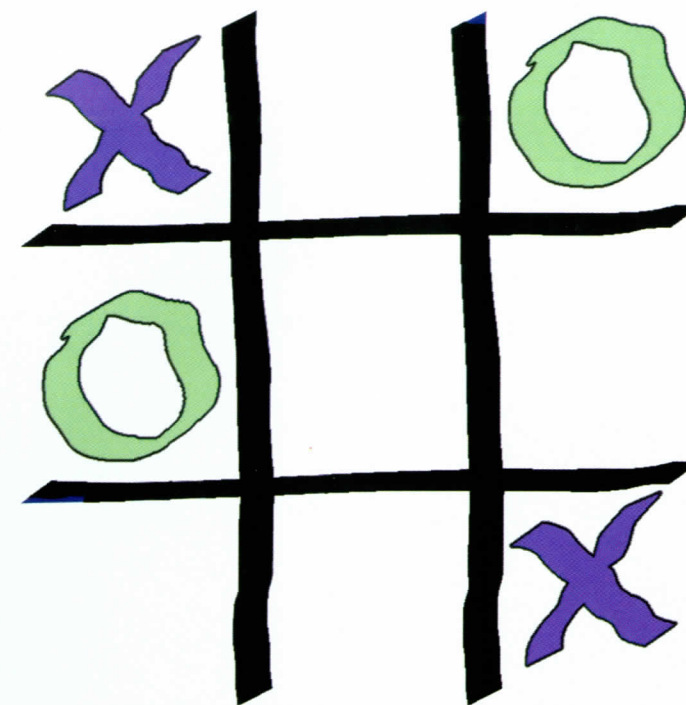
House Salad
A hot dog
\$5.50

Tic-Tac-Toe Puzzle

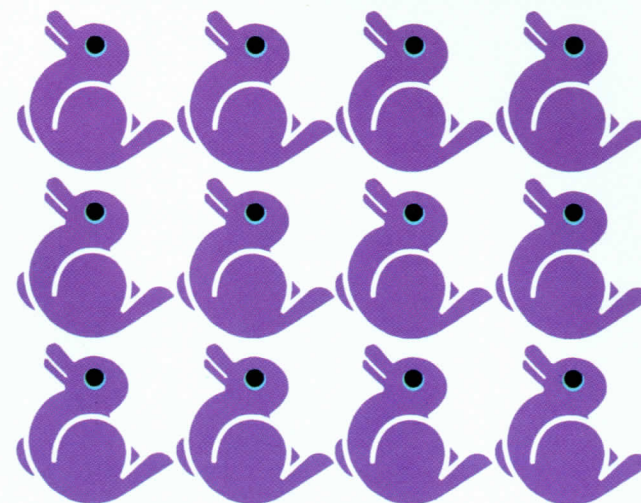
O has just moved to A3. There is exactly one winning move for X. Where should X go?

Answer

Difficulty: Moderate



Which of these is not like the others?!?!?

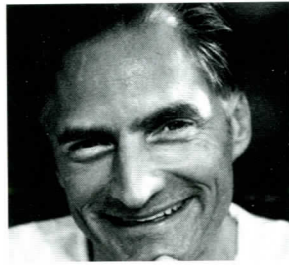


Answers

Can You Spot the Differences?
In the second picture the tennis player has an outfit.
Tic-Tac-Toe Puzzle:
B2
Which of these is not like the others?!?!:
The last object in the second row is a duck. The rest are all rabbits.

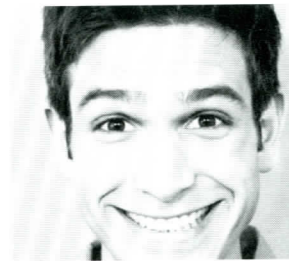
State of the Economy

...as described by concerned citizens



"The other day I went into a bank only to use the bathroom."

"I saw a couple of kids rob a hobo, and then I saw that hobo and all his friends beat up the kids."



"I carpool, using a bike."

*"Breakfast is **actually** the most important meal of the day now, because it's also my lunch and dinner."*



"I would resort to a pyramid scheme but it's pointless when everyone you know is part of the pyramid already."

"That beggar gave me the saddest look when he saw that all I had left him was an IOU."



"Last week a mugger tried to shank me with a butter knife."

The Club Whose Members Do Not Know What Club They Are Members Of

Member 1: Alright first things first, let's go over the agenda.

Member 2: Yeah. Yeah!

Member 3: OK, what's with the wait? Let's do the agenda thing.

Member 8: Yeah come on guys, it always takes us forever to do the agenda.

Member 3: Let's get things MOVING people!

Member 1: Alright, well who has the agenda?

Member 2: I bet the president has the agenda.

Member 4: Who's the president again?

Member 7: Am I the president? Something tells me I'm the president.

Member 5: If anything I think Member 5 would be the president.

Member 7: Well then I'm Member 5.

Member 5: No you're not, I'm Member 5.

Member 7: What are you talking about? It's not like we all have member numbers. What are you talking about?

Member 1: OK Member 7 you're Member 5. That makes you president.

Member 5: Hey!

Member 1: Shut up Member 5.

Member 7: Hey!!

Member 1: Sorry, not you. I meant Member 5.

Member 7: Okay, but you still shouldn't say "shut up," it's in the rules. Now I must have lost the agenda so first things first we have to make a new agenda.

Member 6: Okay, I want to come up with a new name for the club.

Member 4: Yeah, I don't like the old name one bit.

Member 3: What is the old name again?

Member 4: I don't know but I DON'T like it.

Member 1: Well you can't like what you don't know. I agree, let's change it.

Member 8: How about The Club of People Whose Numbers Don't Exist?

Member 8: Too obvious.

Member 8: Hey, who do you think you are? [Points thumb to self] I'm Member 8, buddy.

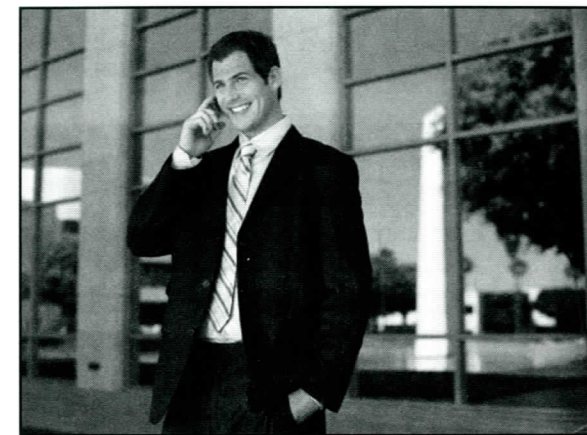
Member 8: I don't get what you're saying one bit.

Member 8: Only goes to show you I'm the real Member 8. Get lost, Jack Frost! Get bent, Brent!

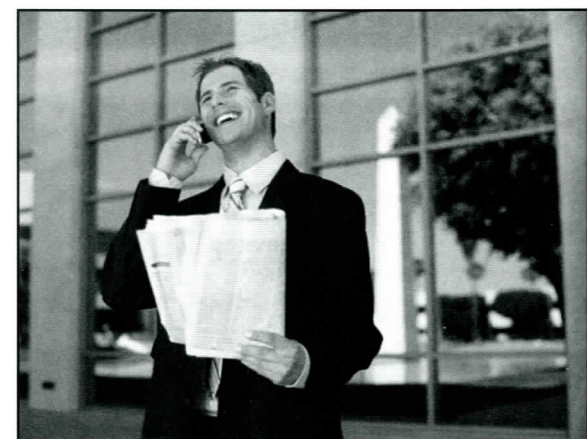
Member 5: There, he's gone.



Hey Betty, I've been looking for my wallet all day. Have you seen it around?



Hold on, nevermind. Oh gosh... Now I feel stupid.



I just realized I don't even own a wallet!

SAM COOKE: "Wonderful World"

The Unreleased Lyrics



Don't know much about history

I was just always more interested in everyday people than in old dead men and the dates that they died...that's why I'm a sociology major.

Don't know much biology

I've always focused more on physics — you know what they say: all that other shit is just stamp collecting.

Don't know much about a science book

I do know a lot about science, though.

Don't know much about the French I took

But I am on my eighth year of Spanish — now we just read Marquez.

But I do know that I love you

And I'm pretty sure you love me too. Let's get outta here, babe.

Don't know much about geography

Moss grows on the north side of trees, so I find my way around.

Don't know much trigonometry

But it's pretty easy, really.

Don't know much about algebra

I've been pretty rusty with that stuff these days after all the Linear Algebra I've been doing lately.

Don't know what a slide rule is for

Nah I'm just kidding. I'm like a wizard with those things.

But I do know one and one is two

I hope you don't mind that Sheri is coming over too. I guess that makes three. But then I never claimed to be an A-student.



THE MOST
EXTREME
LINES
YO' HOT
MOMMA
EVER
HEARD

Do you have a mirror
in your pants or are you
just happy to see me?

Did it hurt? When they put you
through the sexy machine?

How many penguins does
it take to break the ice? [point
thumbs at self] Just one.

Do you have a boyfriend?
Do you want one in you?

Am I at KFC? Because
I'm standing within five
feet of a hot chick.

You're pretty ugly... for one of the
eight hottest girls I've ever seen!

Hey girl, smells like
there's a bun in that oven.

Are you wearing spacepants, or
are you just happy to see me?

Girl, do you wear a four-piece
swimsuit? Because you're
twice as hot as any bikini girl.

Damn girl, I really wanna
be had sex with by you.

Did it hurt? When yo' mamma
beat you with the pretty stick?

[Without moving your lips]
Hrmm... this sexy girl looks kinda
psychic. I sure hope she can't
read these thoughts.

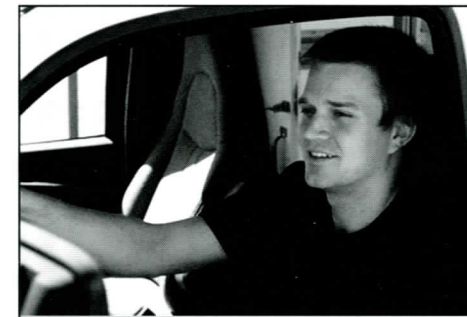
Do you wear space pants?
Because [breathe noisily into
your fist as though talking to
ground control via walkie-talkie]

3... 2... 1...

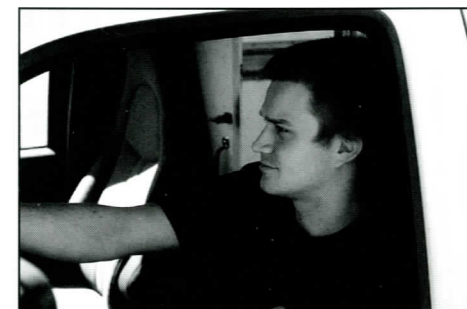
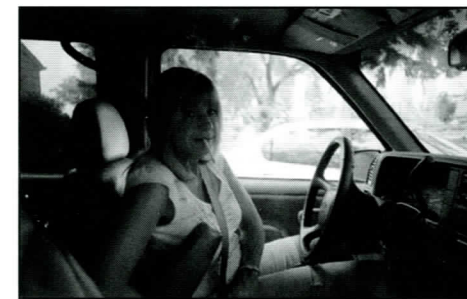
MILF Comix



Looks like we got ourselves a
MILF, 7 o'clock. Better slow down.

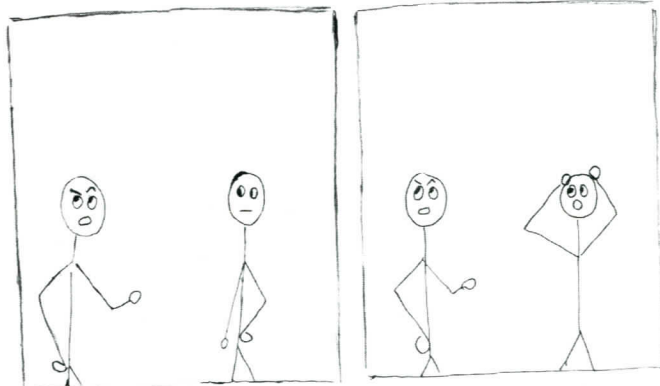


Let's see what we got here.



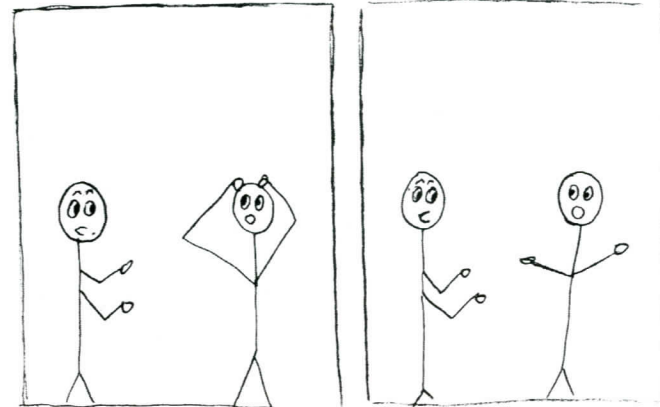
Man, what an ugly MILF.

Brown Nose



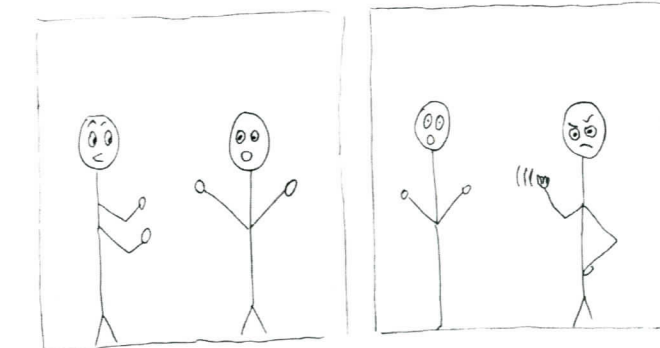
"Robert is such a brown nose."

"Oh my god, you can't say that! That's so racist!"



"What? No it's not, it just means you're like sucking up to someone."

"That is so homophobic! Who cares what his preferences are?!"



"No, no! I just mean he's acting obsequiously towards the teacher for his own gain."

"Oh, you mean like a fucking kraut?"



Inner Child

They say you can never relive your childhood. But they don't say you can't try.

It was Saturday morning and my wife was getting out of bed. "I'm gonna go make some breakfast. Remember to clean the gutters," she said.

"Yeah," I grumbled, clinging to my blanket. She left the room and I shoved the blanket over my head, escaping to a world where people's gutters would accumulate a forestful of leaves and they'd just keep smiling and watching cartoons all day. I was brushing off a few leaves from the TV screen when my wife returned.

"Teddy, you're going to clean the gutters right?" She looked me over, confused. "Since when do you wear pajamas? Are you feeling OK?"

I looked away, waiting for her to leave the room, but she kept asking me questions. What a nag! I would clean the gutters if she just got out of my face for ONE SECOND!

Finally she left, and I threw on some jean shorts and a Ninja Turtles tee, then went outside to clean the gutters. I tossed a couple leaves onto the driveway and went to the living room to play video games. My wife must have been really mad because she said, "Teddy, I really don't understand your behavior!" in a yelling voice.

I didn't want to have to clean the gutters so I pretended not to hear her, got on my bike, and went to my best friend

Jeff's house. He was working, but I begged him to play me in basketball and he said, "Ummm... I guess..." Alright [cue air guitar solo]! He was using a lot more ellipses than usual so I expected him to be off his game, but he ended up beating me pretty handily. Being the better shooter, I was pretty mad since I would've won if only I could've remembered to keep my head up while dribbling and not allow so many steals. So I challenged him to double or nothing. He kept insisting that we hadn't bet anything, which I thought was a pretty cowardly excuse, so I threw the ball at his head.

I guess things really will never be the same, because I've apparently gotten a lot stronger in the last 30 years. Resultantly, Jeff had blood in his mouth. I shrieked and ran away, **JUST AS HIS WIFE WAS COMING HOME!** I think she knew something bad had happened, because she gave me a suspicious look, so I started running even a lot faster. "Oh no — I forgot my bike! My wife's gonna kill me!" I thought-exclaimed, smacking the heel of my palm to my forehead. "Whatever. Off to the park."

At the park I ran into my middle school principal, which as you'd expect was extremely awkward.

"Hello Teddy! What a surprise!"

"Uhhh, hi Mr. Leavensworth," I said, hoping he would disappear.

"What are the chances I'd run into you on this of all coasts! What have you been doing with your life?!"

"Nothing much, it's pretty boring," I mumbled.

"What? I mean — you know — what do you do for a living and all that?"

"I do business. OK gotta go!"

I forced a smile and ran off to the monkey bars. I went back and forth seven or so times, but it was too easy because my feet reached the ground. Was my youth really forever emblazoned into The Book of Things Past?! I wasn't gonna give up yet. I'd have to go home for dinner which would suck but maybe that night I could get together some of the other day traders and spy on girls.

At dinner, my wife asked me how my day was. Gosh Melissa, why don't you just drag your nails on a chalkboard right next to my ears!

"Good, I guess."

My wife looked away and I flung some mashed potatoes at my daughter. I thought she might tell on me but she didn't; probably knew I'd give her a big fat Indian rug burn if she did. Yup, things were looking up for my childhood.

My friends were too scared that their wives would find out if they got out the ol' spy kit, but I still managed to have fun that night without them, gorging myself on mint chocolate chip ice cream and computer games. At three a.m. I got sick of that. See, normally I would've just gone to bed, but I decided to live a little. I snuck off to my wife and my liquor cabinet for some mischievous fun.

I nearly didn't keep down my fourth shot of Bombay Sapphire. You wouldn't know it from my pained grimace, but I was actually experiencing a feeling of joy like none I had ever known before. It was amazing! I truly loved being drunk, and decided I would do it quite often. "What a Saturday it was turning out to be!" I thought and said.

At this point I was starting to seriously doubt all those philosophers who say that youth is fleeting. Just like one impish night over two decades ago, I was again experiencing being drunk for the first time and absolutely loving it. Everything pointed to the fact that I had outsmarted the curmudgeons; even my arrogance and naïveté in trusting my own anecdotal experience over tried and true wisdom was evidence of the triumphant return of my id. I got into my skinnies and did a revelrous dance on the pool table, but soon started to feel woozy.

I went out to get some fresh air, knowing that with the sunrise my childhood would again come to an end. I met a kindly homeless man and innocently introduced myself. Over the course of the conversation he gradually assumed a mentor position with me, his homespun wisdom guiding me through tough times, like when my best friend died and I vowed to carry out our dream of becoming rock stars. A half hour later I fell in love with the girl down the street and an hour after that we were slow dancing at the prom.

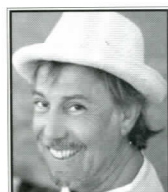
I was seriously starting to believe I had achieved the unachievable when just as the sun was coming up I played a season of little league baseball where I thrived in the outfield during practice but nervously dropped every pop fly during the games and didn't learn a life lesson by the end of the season.

So I decided to go back to back my life of cleaning gutters and day trading and not treating my daughter like my sister, but not without having learned something about what it means to be a kid, if only for a day.



BACHELOR OF THE MONTH

SWM, age 56, seeks loving female partner.



Will you help us amplify each other's life experiences?

Let me show you a higher level of human interaction.

Life philosophy: Don't put off until tomorrow what you could have loved today.

Favorite quote: "Cram it, y'old bat, can't you see they're in love?" — *The Private Dick* (1937)

Favorite food: Non-Dairy Creamer

E-mail me at yahoo.com and we'll see where it leads.



MISSION No. 1 CORNERIA COMPLETE



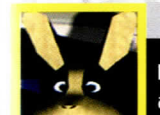
Gee Fox, that was a close one! I thought we were goners for a second!

Slippy



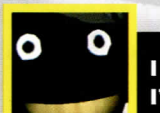
Still alive, huh? I guess you're not that bad...

Falco



Fox, you're becoming more and more like your father!

MISSION No. 2 AONDROCAS COMPLETE



I wasn't feeling too good back there; I'm glad we made it. Whewzies!

Slippy



Well it looks like the rookie got his first taste of mediocrity. Real cool.

Falco



Fox, I coulda sworn you were your father back there!

MISSION No. 3 JEREREMITRIOUS COMPLETE



Man, that's what I call a close shave! One of the lasers cut off my tuft of hair!

Slippy



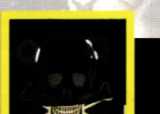
Yeah, well, fuck off Fox.

Falco



Jerry, remember when we went to the Truman rally and played Judy Galrand in snooker?

MISSION No. 4 MAEONASINTEN COMPLETE



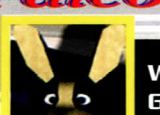
[Redacted]

Slippy



I guess I just hate myself.

Falco



What is this? WHO ARE YOU? Get this thing off my head!

TO MY DAD



WHO RODE A MOTORCYCLE

To my dad who rode a motorcycle, I still remember growing up hearing the sputter through my bedroom window as you would circle the neighborhood. I remember how you used to salute me from behind your big shades. Most of all I remember how Mom used to watch from the kitchen, smiling as you rode by.

I remember, Dad, how you would ride by my school every day. In the springtime, the afternoon sun would sparkle off your glasses, casting squares on the Eastern walls.

I would tell my friends about my dad who rode a motorcycle. They all knew who you were, and they said their parents would talk to the city about you.

I never saw you refuel. I never saw you maintain your vehicle. I never saw you stop driving. Even at the intersection by our house that has the long light. I only saw you ride by.

Mom used to tell me how she would ride with you, until one day you pushed her off the seat in front of a hospital on my birthday. You circled the parking lot, smoking cigarettes and then cigars. Mom said that you kept those in a box along with food.

You never sped and you never did tricks. You weren't flashy, except for your glasses and your motorcycle, which were flashy. I learned a lot from you. More than from Mom, even though she talked to me much more and slept in the house. I loved you both equally.

I once told your story to a man in a bar. He was an actuary with an Anglican name but a Jewish face. He checked the numbers twice and then started going to church.

My dad who rode a motorcycle, I remember the week you died. I had long imagined you would one day just topple over, and the police or a doctor or the news would tell us. Instead, your rigor mortis maintained your balance and your final heading; you sailed seven miles and into the sea. I'm not sure why your motorcycle exploded, but I assume you had some sort of dead-man mechanism. I asked an engineer, and he said it was probably some sensors and electronics inside the box where you kept food and cigars.

Your will was terse and hard to read, but I'm pretty sure you were saying you love me and you loved Mom and what to do if your motorcycle didn't explode in the sea or if it exploded early by accident.

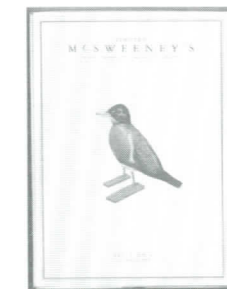
SHITTY WAYS TO BE SUSTAINABLE

- Drive slowly instead of carpooling**
- Wear shoes in winter instead of driving**
- Turn off the lights instead of taking long showers**
- Don't leave the water running while flushing**
- Read both sides of the newspaper**
- Kill your family instead of being a vegetarian**
- Burn all your garbage**
- Give starving children sweaters of organic cotton**
- Charge your cell phone once a month, have twenty cell phones**
- Kill cows instead of killing your family**
- Jog backwards**
- Carpooljacking**
- Only pay organic farmers to kill your family**
- Only use spray paint indoors**
- Burn down a forest, build a sustainable parking lot**
- Only drive indoors**
- Drink airline coffee instead of going to Starbucks**
- Fly airplanes into Starbucks**
- Never cook anything**
- Kill your whole family**



STANFORD Chaparral THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

*"We're like
McSweeney's on
alcohol."*



**Meetings
every
Wednesday
night at
8:30 in
the Nitery
Building of
Old Union**

HUMOR EXCHANGE!



We sent the nation's most prestigious college humor magazines some of our best pieces, and this is what they sent back.



The trouble with rookies

Curt- Nice job having a face, what, did you make it yourself?
 Alex- Excuse me?
 Curt- Your face. Is it your first time?
 Alex- Having a face?
 Curt- Yeah.
 Alex- Yes, I guess it is my first time having a face.
 Curt- Fucking rookie.

-courtesy the Northwestern Flapjack



The apartment

Mac- Where'd you find that nice apartment?
 Sissy- It was listed online.
 Mac- Wait... [realizes it's not actually an apartment. It is actually a dog sitter]
 Dog Sitter- Hi

-courtesy the Yale Hilarious



Jealousy

Hank- I'm just so jealous I could pop.
 Timmy- Ha, I thought you were going to say poop.
 Hank- [poops]

-courtesy the Harvard Lump

Texting Marylin

Herman- Should I text Marylin?
 Mark- Don't text her.
 Herman- Why not?
 Mark- Why can't you let her go to the bathroom for once without texting her a picture of a tampon?
 Herman- But it makes her laugh.
 Mark- I think it's gross.
 Herman- She's your daughter.
 Marylin- rofl

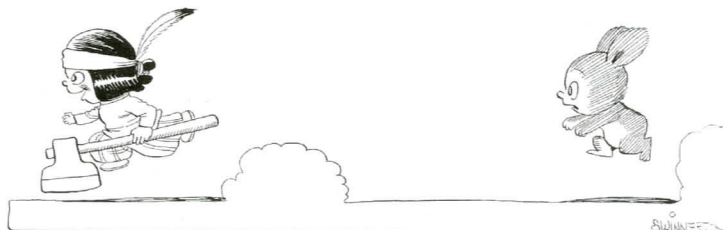
-courtesy the UC-Santa Cruz Chaparral



The proof

Derek- Where's the proof?
 Bill- In the pudding.
 Judge- Inadmissible. Mistrial.
 Bill- [fired]

-courtesy the Berkeley Funnybones



With These Hands



By Vinnie Naylor

Dedicated to my lost son

Yeah girl, what's your daddy?

Yeah. What's your daddy?

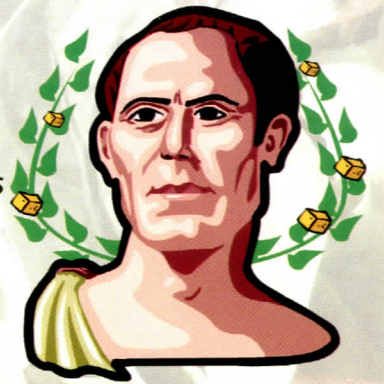
Just tell me what your daddy is, babe.

Oh, he's an optometrist.

Oh, yeah girl.

What's your daddy?

Salad Facts

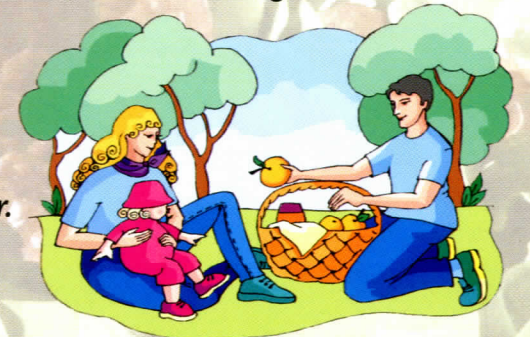


Did you know Julius Caesar never even ate a Caesar salad? It was invented in San Diego more than a hundred years after he died. Why so late, you ask? He was allergic. Some things are amazing.



Did you know the Chef Salad wasn't even invented by a chef? Actual chefs find the combination of meats and salad a culinary abomination and so refuse to make them. Instead, Chef Salads are usually prepared by bartenders, mixing one part orange juice with a beer, and then substituting salad.

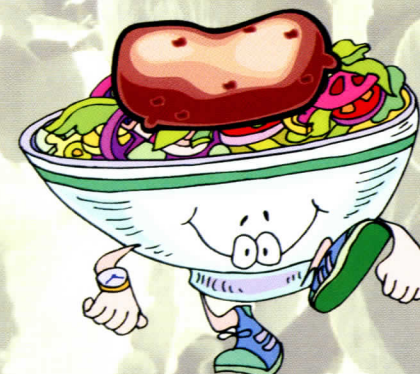
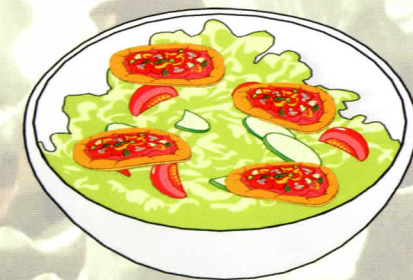
Fruit salads are one of the worst things about picnics ever.



The Waldorf Salad, often considered the god-mother of the salads, is one of the only salads with celery AND apples. We recommend this salad with a good book, which is why Oprah is so fond of them (books). Since an apple a day keeps the doctor away, young ladies should avoid Waldorf Salads at all costs.

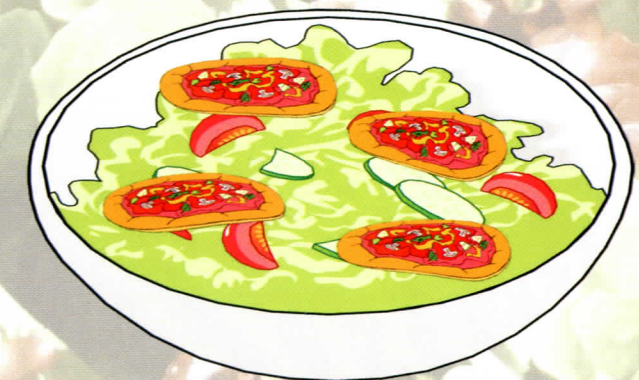


Pizza Salad is soo funny!



Sure, Potato Salad isn't the most glamorous salad.

Pizza Salad!!!



We asked the staff...

"If you could do it all over again, what would you do differently?"

Fewer regrets.

Kiefer Katovich,
"The only thing to regret
is regret itself."

Not be such a catty bitch.

Leo Alterman,
Katovich

I'd probably spend more
time at the office with my
kids.

Billy Kemper,
Family Business

The same, but faster. I'm
confident I could shave a
couple years off my best
time.

Sam Coggeshall,
Running from His Future

Less onions. Oh, less
onions. I'd put less onions
— fewer onions. If I were in
charge, I would have fewer
onions. "Dad, I'm ready for
my job interview!"

Alex Hertz,
Grammer Knotsy

If I could do it all over
again, I would have done it
all over again already.

Spencer LeRoux,
Whale Biting Its Own Tail

I wouldn't change a thing,
except for the time I agreed
to do it all over again.

Tamarind King,
Biting Satire

I would have made sure to
write down where I parked.

David Kessler,
Ticket Master

Drown those meddling kids,
and their dog too.

Garrett Werner,
**Really Wasn't Wearing a
Mask**

I wouldn't go into optom-
etry. Not because I regret
it or anything, I just think
it would be boring to do
twice.

Josh Meisel,
Beyond His Years



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humorous content you can't get
anywhere else. A subscription is a
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wag will appreciate.



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Drats, the Derby was today
wasn't it?! Well, I still have
the Preakness.

Kian Ameli,
Wild Cat, Dark Horse

Write for the Chappie.

David Kettler,
Right for the Chappie

Nothing because I like so
many trees I saw and stuff.

Nick Gardner,
Boon

Never check bags. Always
carry-on.

Riley Matthews,
Carrying On

I'd buy Apple stock and
keep my ass quiet.

Anthony Scodary,
Silent but Deadly

I'd sure not do it again, that's
for sure.

Ryan DeTaboada,
Sure as Sugar

Well for one thing I
would've gotten my DOG
neutered instead.

Daniel Koning,
Unique

"A man is not old until his
regrets take the place of his
dreams."

Isaac Bleaman,
Leniently Kosher

Actually write a staff piece.

Anthony So,
Bert Rand

Where do I begin?

Perry Friedman,
Never Knows

Everyone's always talking
about getting from point A to
point B. Let me tell you, once
you leave there's no going
back. No one talks about get-
ting from point B to point A,
because you can't. This isn't
a metaphor for life, this is
algebra; plain and simple.

Mike Pihulic,
Linear Algebraist

I wouldn't have monologued
Bond for so long.

John Lyman,
Dr. Nooo

Spend more time in the
'80's.

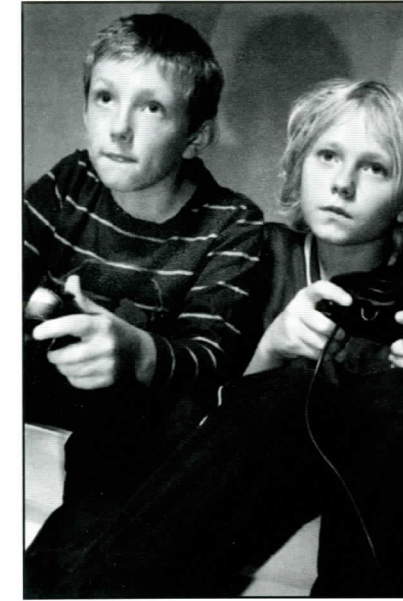
Simone Perrin,
Octogenarian



MILF Comix



**I can't wait for your mom to
pick you up. She's so hot!**



Shut up, Matt.



David... your MILF is here.

AND I'M GONE...

**That's why I bust back, it don't phase me
When he drop, take his glock, and I'm Swayze
-The Notorious B.I.G.**

**With yo chick, I don't hesitate to grasp her
Getting cute try to kiss, but I'm Casper
-A Man for All Seasons**

**Bustin nuts on yo girl, yeah I slime her
Hear you knockin, gettin angry, now I'm Slimer
-Golly Jreen Gonny**

**I disregard Laws like Damn It!
Jaywalk and gone like King Hamlet!
-Free Wheely**

**I do it big like Christmas Mass!
Then disappear like Ghost of Christmas Past!
POOF!**

-REAL TALKer

THE CRITICS AGREE — GET OFF YOUR COUCH AND GO SEE *SHE'S OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, BRO*; *SHE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU, DUDE*; AND *SHE'S NO GOOD FOR YOU, MAN THIS INSTANT!*



"The hardest you've ever laughed for \$30. I have a feeling this isn't the last we'll be seeing from these three young directors."

-Alex Fox, *New York Times Movie Review*

"Smart, hilarious, fresh — no other comedies this year have lived up to these words quite like *She's out of Your League, Bro*; *She's in Love with You, Dude*; and *She's No Good for you, Man*, respectively."

-Kent Blakey, *The Dallas Star Times*

"Easily the funniest romantic comedies since *There's Something about Mary*, *10 Things I Hate about You*, and *Wedding Crashers*."

-Chazz Funky, *Spicy Culture*

"A heck of a lot of laughs packed into 490 minutes."

-Righteous Robert, www.sickreviews.com



"If you only see three movies this summer, make it these!"

