

Chaparral

June 1987

\$1.00

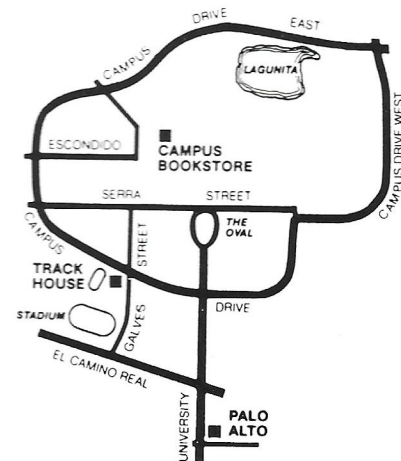
*farm
issue*

"Moo moo mooooooo"

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STRONG coffee



Early morning on the farm you've got a full day of heavy plowing ahead



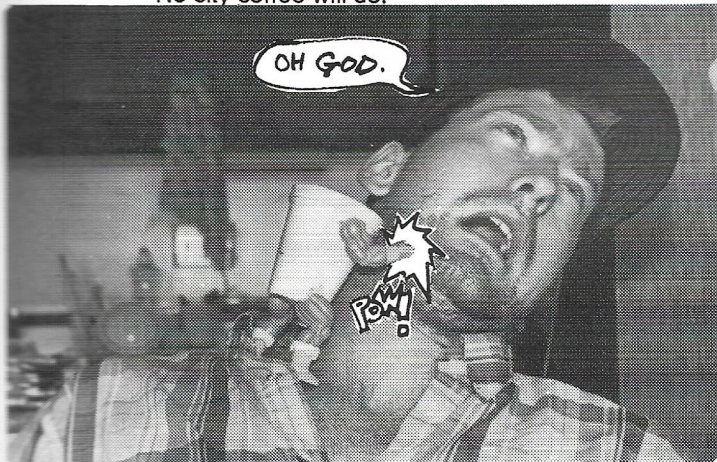
you need to wake up



No city coffee will do.



You need STRONG COFFEE.



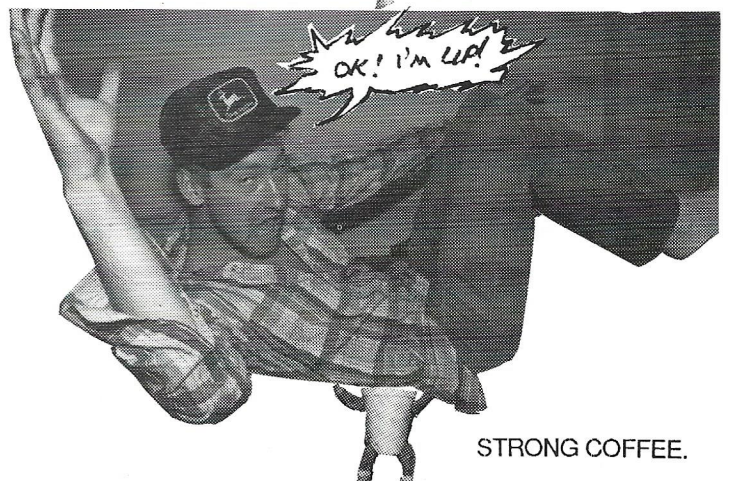
STRONG COFFEE grabs you by the throat



knocks you in the stomach



and gets you off your ass.



STRONG COFFEE.



The Chappies

Pitchers

Aimee Berg
 Crissie Collins
 Perry Friedman
 Eric Garner
 Dan Greenberg
 Dave Latchaw
 Bob Levinstein
 Jeff Lippman
 John Mannion
 Harry Martins
 Joe Stevens
 John Schreiber
 Andres Vilms
 Joe Watson
 Matt White

Shovellers

Cedric Chin
 Neil Dau
 Greg Hughes
 Scott Hughes
 Chris Shen
 Jennifer Sinclair

Spreaders

Mike Collins
 Ron Fernandez
 Vinnie Freda
 Andy Frisch
 Warren Habib
 Leslie Leland
 Barry Parr
 Perry Vasquez
 Chris Walters
 Mike Wilkins

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 by Bristow Adams

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Volume 88 Number 3

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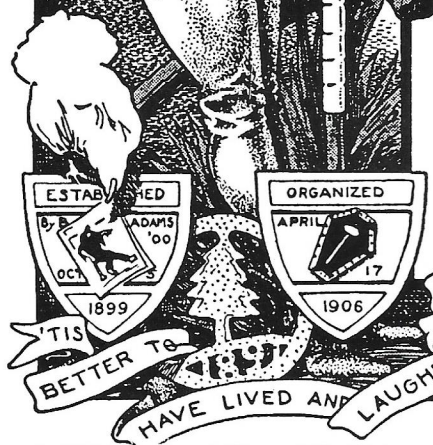
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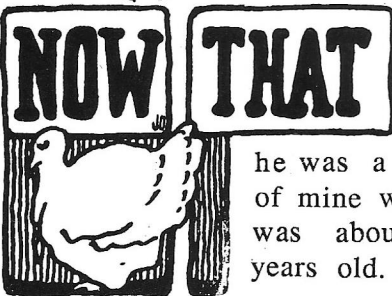
Al X

Al X

Andy Schwartz



THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS




Zeus,

he was a sheep of mine when I was about 10 years old.

Zeus was well named because he turned out to be a jumper. He'd jump over people, he'd jump over gates, he's jump over children on roller skates. He was a jumping sheep. I was raising him to be in the county sheep show. I thought that he was great and was going to do well at the show.

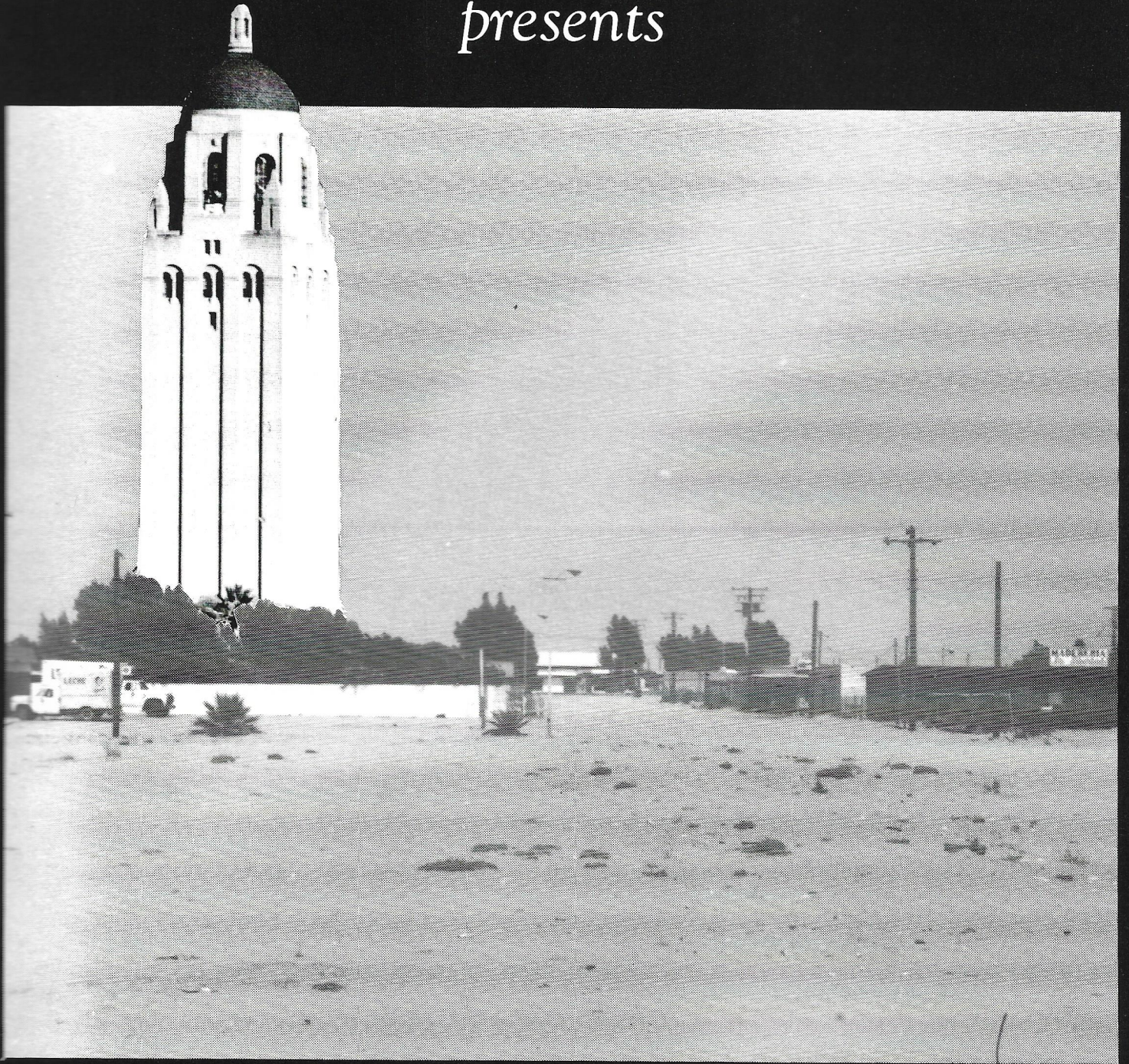
One day, while we were trying to catch Zeus, he jumped through a large glass window. What a surprise for Zeus. He wasn't hurt at all (which makes the feat all the more amazing) but boy was he spooked. After finishing the stunt he ran away to the farthest part of the barn lot.

As it neared showtime, it became apparent that Zeus would not be appropriate for the show--not because of his great jumping ability, but because he was getting too old and big. Sheep who are too fat or too old would be placed at the bottom of the competition and we didn't want to have to

see Zeus at the end of the class. So we sent Zeus to market, but not before he made his most amazing jump. While on the highway to the market, he leaped out of our truck as it was doing 60 mph, and onto a fast moving train speeding on the tracks by the highway. Zeus leaped, landed on the train momentarily, but then continued over the far side of the train onto the ground. He must have landed on his neck because he died instantly upon hitting the ground. But all is not sad, for I know in my heart that Zeus kept jumping to the end, and is now up there in that great show ring in the sky. 

OVERSEAS STUDIES

presents



STANFORD IN KANSAS

The Stanford Chaparral

Stanford Program in Kansas

Introduction to Program

We all know about the farmland. Perhaps you read a book or saw a movie that took place in America's heartland. Maybe your grandfather was stationed "somewhere in Kansas." But most college students have never had the chance to visit the midwest . . . until now. Starting in 1988 Stanford will offer students the opportunity to live and study in Topeka, the capital as well as cultural center of the sunflower state, Kansas.



"My roommate was a pig, literally."



"Make sure you know your list of wool terms."

"Pitchin' hay, made my day!"

"I sure learned that the concept of a spherical earth was wrong."

"It's kind of like one great big huge beach, with no water."

Faculty



Jed Clampett
Whittling and such



Granny Clampett
Possum Cooking

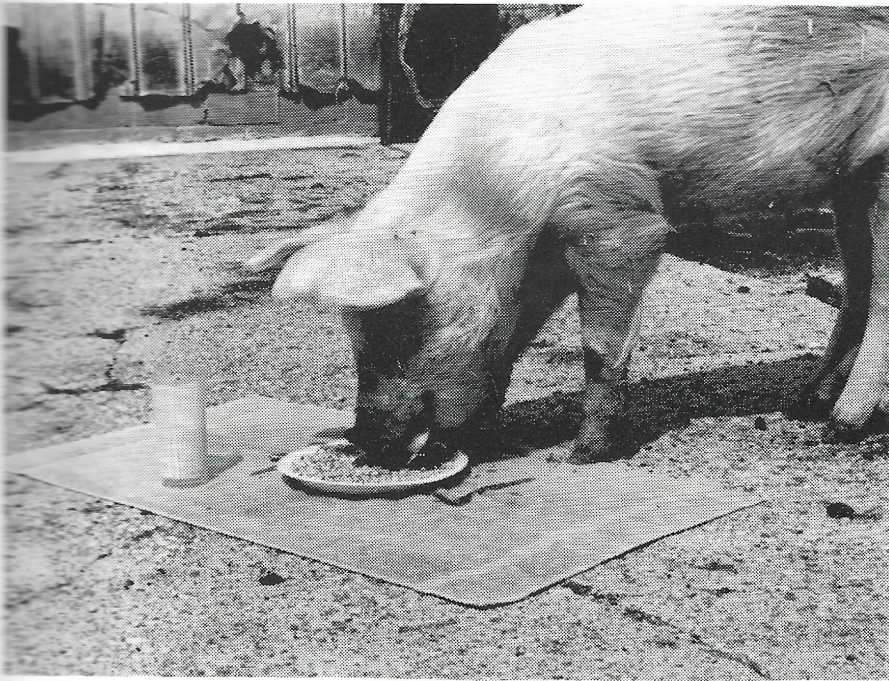


Elly Mae Clampett
Animal Husbandry



Jethro Bodeen
Eating and Loafing





"The food here isn't fit for pigs! Well, o.k. maybe it is."

Seeing the Land

Just because you'll be living in Topeka doesn't mean that you won't be able to fully experience the nation's bread basket. Field trips to places like tractor factories, graineries, farm foreclosures and auctions, and weekend excursions to Kansas City (both in Kansas and Missouri), as well as other nearby states will enable students to leave saying, "I've seen the midwest."



"I loved the town guys in their suped up Novas."

Meeting the People

A problem that students in Salamanca or Berlin might experience is the culture shock associated with living with foreign people. Sometimes the language barrier can be too great, or the locals might be unreceptive to visitors. But in Topeka, everyone is American, and everyone speaks a form of English very close to that with which we are familiar. A quarter or two in Kansas will show you just how receptive a poverty-stricken area can be to rich guests.



"Geez, I'd love to have an 8 o'clocker now. My first class here is at dawn."

"I'd never made 'flapjacks' before, but now . . ."

"The moles on your neck are probably only ticks and not likely to carry spotted fever."

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THE STORE

David Imberrino, Senior Major: Political Science
I don't like to dwell on the negative. I'm a pretty darn positive guy. But whenever I miss a backhand, blow a midterm, or get ostracized by my peers I cheer myself up with a Dove Bar from The Store. The Store has them in a bunch of flavors. Last time I had a coffee one and next time I think I'll try one of those new peppermint numbers. And while eating a Dove Bar I always say to myself, "It just doesn't get any better than this." It really doesn't you know.

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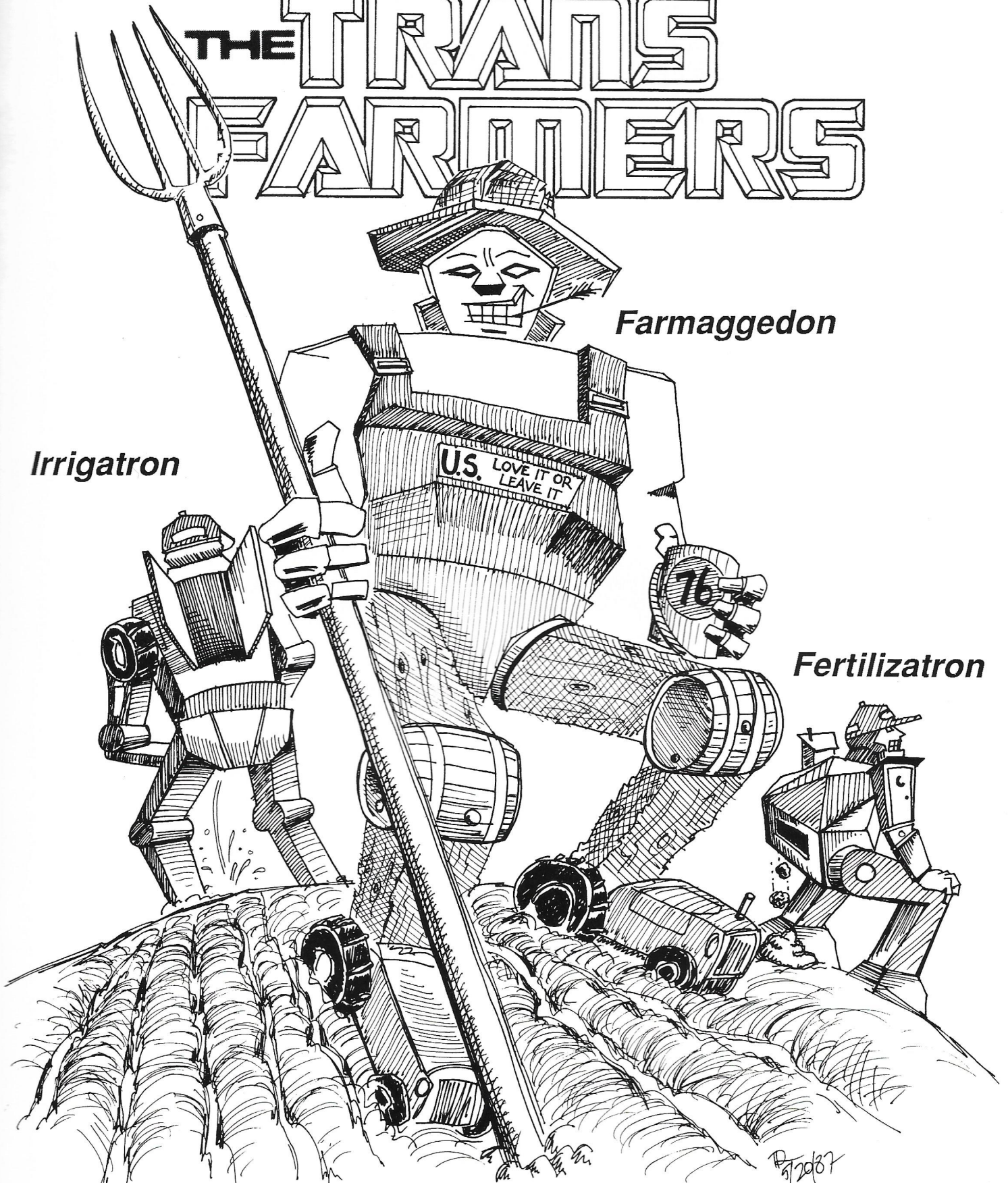
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Fables of the Farm

A Sheep In Need, Is A Sheep Indeed

Once upon a time, long long ago, there lived a simple farmer named Al. Al enjoyed his simple life which brought him so close to animals and nature. One day Al was walking in the hills near his home, breathing in the spring air and listening to the birds sing. He began to feel a little sleepy, and lay down to nap in the shade of a tree.

All of a sudden, Al awoke to the sounds of something thrashing and struggling in the underbrush. He sat up and saw a sheep, bleating pitifully and trapped in a thicket. He ran over to the bush, and the sheep looked up at him with large, teary eyes.

"Plea-ea-ease," it said. "Plea-ea-ea-ease help me."

Al, moved to tears himself, gently pulled the thorn branches back and freed the sheep.

The sheep shook the last thorns from its wool and said, "Gosh, thanks a lot, I was really hurting in there."

"What happened to your sheepy voice?" asked Al.

"Sorry, just an affectation. Really tugs at your heart strings though, don't it?"

"I...I..." Al stuttered.

"I do appreciate it though, really. Look, you seem like a nice guy. I wish I could do something for you, but I have nothing to give you. But I'll tell you this, if I ever can help you in any way, I'll do it." And with that, he went off into the forest.

Many years passed happily for Al on his farm. And because Al was always of full of optimistic character, things didn't look that bad even when the Roman Empire repossessed his farm and made him a slave. More almost as happy years passed for Al. But then he accidentally served some uncooked bacon to Caesar Augustus and was condemned to the gladiator pit.

Al's big day finally came. From his cell under the stadium he had listened to cries of dying men, the hacking off of limbs, the roaring of lions, and the shouts of the crowd. Finally he was released from his cell, and as a group of armed men hustled him to the stadium entrance,



a sword and shield were thrust in his arms. "Good luck, pal!" came a shout from one of the guards, and a strong kick sent him flying into the stadium.

Al landed on his face and a roar went up from the crowd. He picked himself up and looked around. Everywhere he saw blood, limbs, and important-looking internal organs. Then, opposite him, he saw the bars of the gate that contained whatever creature--animal or human--that was to be his opponent. The bars rose, the noise of the crowd increased tenfold, and Al gasped as his friend the sheep stepped into the stadium.

The sheep had been equipped very well, but somewhat clumsily. His plate armor made him look twice his size and it clanked loudly with his each step. And two long gleaming pikes had been attached to either side of his head with some rope.

"Mr. Sheep! Mr. Sheep!" said Al. "don't you remember me? I rescued you from the thorn bush. Remember?"

The sheep looked hard at Al. "Oh....oh, yeah...sure. Kind of ironic,

huh? Heh, heh. Too bad one of us has to die."

"Wait!" said Al. "You promised you'd do me a favor one day!"

The sheep looked nervously over his shoulder, which surprised Al; he hadn't expected the sheep to be so lukewarm towards him, and he'd never really thought of a sheep having shoulders. "Well," said the sheep, "this really isn't the most convenient time..."

"But you promised!" cried Al.

"Okay, okay, you're right," the sheep conceded. "Let's forget about fighting and be friends."

"Yay!" said Al, dropping his sword and shield in his hurry to embrace his friend.

The sheep ran him through with both pikes.

MORAL: Trust no animal, no matter how domesticated.

MORAL: A sheep in a bush isn't worth two pikes through your lower intestines.

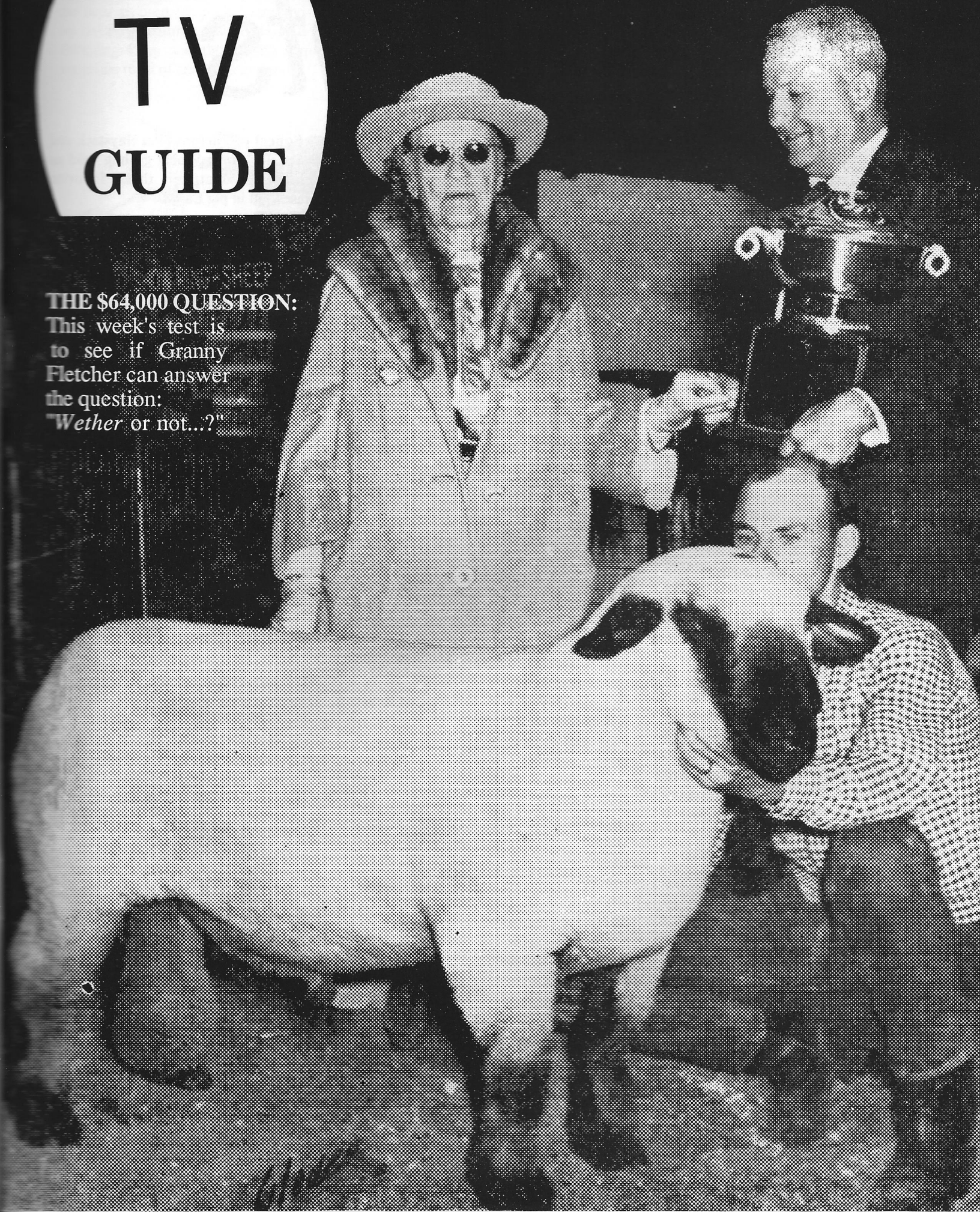
MORAL: A sheep in a bush isn't worth two pikes in your kidneys. ☹

TV GUIDE

THE \$64,000 QUESTION:

This week's test is to see if Granny Fletcher can answer the question:

"Wether or not...?"



highlights

4:00

(2) **The Fake McCoys-** After the Garcia family moves to Fresno, they must change their name to avoid immigration officials.

(4) **Midwestern Bandstand-** Young rock 'n' rollers dance at a big wing ding to the music of the Beastiality Boys and Agriculture Club.

(7) **The Nukes of Hazard-** When a nuclear power plant is placed in Hazard county, the Duke's car isn't the only thing that starts to defy gravity.

(8) **My Favorite Marshland-** a hilarious new sit-com about the world's most unsuccessful farmer.



5:00

(2) **He-Man and the Moosters of the Universe-** He-man, Sheep-Ra, and their herd of prized holsteins battle for a homogenized universe.

(4) **The Brady Bushel-** Marcia Brady feels hurt when she's not named Harvest Queen, especially when the honor goes to Peter. Alice tries to cheer her up by making a big batch of popcorn by lighting the cornfeild on fire.

(7) **The Price is Too Low-** In this fast-paced game show, farmers are consistently underbid for their prized farmland.

(8) **Disking for Dollars-** Throw the fun into high gear when farmers try to disk through tough soil for high stakes.



5:30

(2) **Wild Wild Midwest-** A rough 'n tumble night of bowling, lawn darts, and square dancing force the Stetson family to go to bed early.

(4) **Perry Masonry-** Indiana's toughest lawyer cements yet another case against faulty barn construction when he proves his opponent has no foundation.

6:00

(2) **TV Hog Buyer-** Lovely Hummel pigs, Zirconium hogs, and genuine wood-panelled porkers are offered for home purchase.



(4) **The Sod Couple-** When one farmer who believes in pure top soil tilling is forced to plow the same field as a farmer who believes in slash and burn, hilarious, dirty yucks result.

(7) **Father Hoes Best-** Bud learns a serious lesson about farming techniques when he tries to plow the family cornfield with a mop.

7:00

(2) **Truth or Dairy-** Host Bob Barley leads contestants in the "dairingest" show around. Favorite games such as "Milk Me For the Truth", and "The Udder Truth" squeeze the fun filled truth out of contestants--but don't lie because dishonest contestants are forced to do menial labor at the local dairy.



(4) **Squeal of Fortune-** Pat Haystack and the lovely Vanna Wheat go hog wild as contestants decipher their favorite phrases--all in pig Latin!

(7) **The Wheat in review-** Barley, oats, and rye are featured.



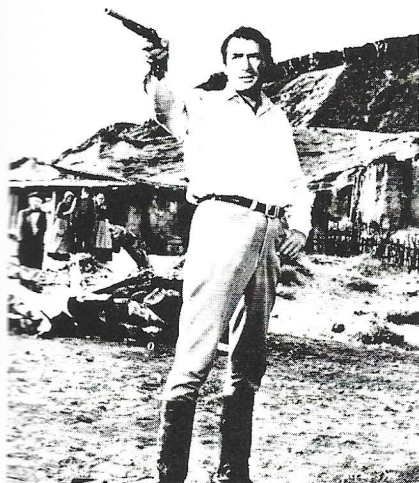
(8) **T.B. Hooker-** Iowa's toughest disease-control officer battles the Mid-west's most dread diseases, including his arch-enemy, "Tricky Nosis".

8:00

(2) **Monday Night Harvesting-** A hungry Iowa team, in the midst of a season long drought, takes the field against an international team of harvesters in a pigskin clash live from Iowa's Dust Bowl.



(4) Guns for Lunch- Hal and Mike visit the new amusement park Shootland and try the new features, Shoot the Bull and Shooting Crap and then catch a quick noontime meal of corndogs and soda.



(7)The USDA Team- When a dishonest meat inspector has a beef to pick with local farmers, there's only one group to call, the USDA Team!



(8) 'Moldfinger' (movie)- James Barn is again battling against HECTARE. This time the villain attempts to control the world by causing all grain supplies to rot.

8:30

(2) Farm Trek- Master sheep showman Kirk leads his showteam on a five year mission throughout the Midwest continuing 'to show where no man has shown before. In this episode, Klingons must be clipped from the herd's wool.



(4) Family Pies- Once again, Alex steps in a cow patty and finds himself in a heap of shit. (repeat)

(8) The Six Million Dollar Ham- After the government's most prized pig perishes in a fiery farm disaster, the C.I.A. attempts to build the world's first bionic pig. "We can recook him", claim his superiors.

(12) 'Trewe Stories' (movie)- David Barne of the Bleating Heads directs and stars in this film



9:00

(4) Steers- Hi-brand humor bucks its way through Boston's favorite corral.



(7) That's Inedible!- The amazing world of inedible, disgusting cuts of meat. Featured this week is a man who will attempt to swallow a plate of sweetbread, and a boy who ate 10 pound of scrapple in an hour.

(12) Moo-nlighting- The crazy exploits of employees of a late-night dairy milk laughs for all they're worth.

(esfn) Australian Rules Farming- Come along as we plow up the outback and milk some 'roos down under.

9:30

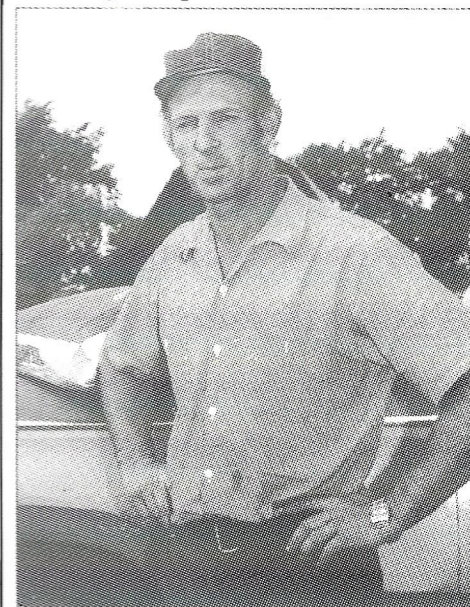
(2) 'Semi Tough' (movie)- USDA grade B beef is highlighted.

(4) Night Pork- Harry sentences a homicidal pig to the electric fryer.

(7) 'Loosiers' (movie)- In 1950's Indiana, a small town high school basketball team goes 0-20 causing the coach to be run out of town.

(8) Rat Patrol- Farmer Tom finds a rat under the hog trough, and blows up the whole farm.

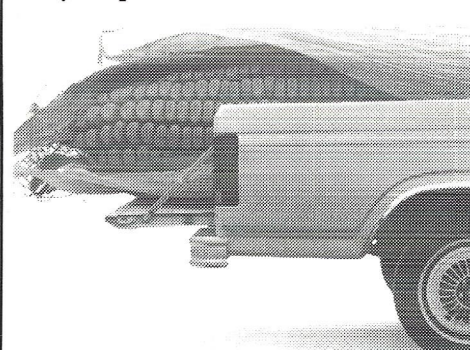
(12)Magnum P.U.- Hawaii's smelliest detective raises a big stink and stops another when he finds out who ate Farmer Brown's prized plate of raw bacon.



10:00

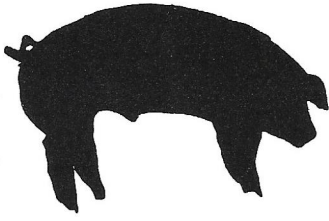
(4) Roots- Did you know that what goes on under the soil is just as important as what happens above it for your crops? Hear authorities speak and see interesting file footage in this provocative documentary.

(7) Amaizing Stories- stories and legends of high yields, record harvests, and profitable price that still 'amaize' farmers today are presented.

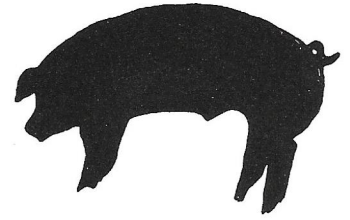


(12) 'Top Soil' (movie)- Plant from the hip farmers Maverick and Goose are sent to the school for the top 1% farmers in the nation. Maverick rolls in the hay and sows his oats and Goose feels the need for seeds in this fast moo-ing adventure thriller.





FRANKEN SWINE



Farmer Frankenswine was a brilliant man. He really was. I should know – I was his assistant for many years. I stood by his side as his greatest inventions took form. I added the water to his Instant-Poultry Pills. I raised his auto-butchered cattle. I even harvested his self-popping corn. And I was there, of course, at the moment of his greatest, and, sadly, his final, triumph.

The Farmer had always been fascinated by pigs. He spent many an afternoon at the sty, watching the inhabitants cavort in the mud. Sometimes he'd even join them. Ah, what a sight that was – the brilliant Farmer on his hands and knees, burrowing in the mud with the animals he admired so much. "Just look at them, Igor," he'd tell me. "Tall, powerful shoulders, proud snouts, cute, curly little tails. Truly, the pig is the noblest of beasts."

The farmer had always been fascinated by pigs. He spent many an afternoon at the sty, watching the inhabitants cavort in the mud. Sometimes he'd even join them.

He wasn't quite satisfied with pigs, however. "It is truly an injustice," he would lament, "that such a noble beast should be hampered with the brain of a pig!"

I pointed out that it was only natural that a pig's body should have a pig's brain, but he would have none of it. "Nonsense!" he would scream. "Think how much nobler a pig would be, if only he had the brain of a man!" That thought haunted him day and night, night and day, and all the hours in between, until he decided to do something about it.

He wasn't quite satisfied with pigs, however. "It is truly an injustice", he would lament, "that such a noble beast should be hampered with the brain of a pig!"

You'd think it would be easy to find a pig body in Bacon Country, but Farmer Frankenswine refused to settle for just any pig. "It must be the noblest pig the world has ever seen!" he screamed. "The body must be meticulously hand-crafted from the finest parts available!"

And so we set about the arduous task of collecting pig body parts. I salvaged a set of rear legs (real beauties – near mint condition) from a tragic harvester accident, and the Farmer snuck with the head from Betty and Floyd's pig roast. I was able to borrow a few spare ribs from Mrs. Birdseye, but the innards gave us some trouble. I nearly had to corner the pork bellies market to get something we could use.

The toughest part to find was the brain. Brains are always in short supply around these parts, and the few we could find were being used. Their owners weren't quite ready to part with them, even when the Farmer patiently explained that it was all in the interest of science. What could we do?

The answer came to me quite suddenly. I was flipping through the classifieds in the Bacon County Times – not really looking for anything, you understand: just checking out my market value – when I chanced upon a curious story. "Bacon Killer Fried," proclaimed the headline. The story went on to relate how the ruthless "Bacon County Butcher" had just been executed. It looked like we'd found our brain.

The Farmer wasn't exactly ecstatic about my find, but he accepted it. "Not the finest specimen of humanity," he sighed. "But I suppose it will have to do."

The body was locked up in the morgue, waiting to be claimed by anyone who would admit to being the next of kin. I was all for coming forth as the long-lost brother, but the Farmer preferred the more direct approach. "I don't want to arouse any suspicion," he explained. "Besides, I only need his brain – I don't want his whole body stinking up the place."

The Farmer was a stubborn man, and so that night we broke into the morgue. We only stayed a few minutes, but when we left I was carrying a pickle jar, with a human brain floating around inside it. I was glad I'd skipped dinner.

"Kiss me, you pig!"
I went to her side and nibbled on her giblets.
"Oh, you know that drives me crazy!"
She started taking off her . . .

The Farmer started the transplant as soon as we returned. It was slow work, what with all those neurons and things to hook up. It got done, though, and somewhere around three or four in the morning, the Pig was complete. Complete, that is, except for the spark of life.

We got that spark from the 220-volt line in the basement. I ran an extension cord into this ominous-looking device the Farmer had built. It was about the size of a refrigerator, with plenty of lights and dials, and numerous tubes and wires connecting it to the Pig. There was a switch at one end, which I'd guessed was to turn the contraption on. The Farmer rested his hand on the switch for a moment, while he crossed his fingers and mumbled what I supposed was a prayer of some kind. Then, quite suddenly, he threw the switch.



Then, quite suddenly, the lights went out.

"What happened?" I asked, fumbling for a flashlight.

"Squeeeaaal!"

"Farmer Frankenstein, are you all right?" Where was that stupid light?

"I didn't say anything," the Farmer said.

"Squeeeeeeaaal!"

I knew I hadn't said anything, and if the Farmer hadn't, either . . . I fought off a wave of panic. At last, my fingers felt the cold steel body of the flashlight. With trembling hands, I turned it on, and swung the beam around.

"SQUEEEEEEEEEAAAAL!" the pig squealed, shying away from the light. It looked much like every other pig I'd ever seen, but there was something different, something evil. I tried to shake that feeling, but it kept coming back. Something about this creature, with the body of a dozen pigs and the brain of a crazed, psychotic, mass murderer made me uneasy.

The Farmer, suddenly realizing what had happened, started running about the room, screaming "I'm a genius! Success at last! I'm a genius!" and so on. The pig, who had grown accustomed to the light by now, and was acting quite docile (though that nagging uneasiness still haunted me), and I looked on in silence.

"What happened?" I asked, fumbling for a flashlight.

"Squeeeaaal!"

"Farmer Frankenswine, are you all right?" Where was that stupid light?

"I didn't say anything," the Farmer said.

"Squeeeeeeaaal!"

After a few minutes of this, the Farmer, by now quite winded, regained his composure. "Ah," he panted, "Please excuse my exuberance." He turned to address the pig. "And how are you, my little creation?" he cooed.

The Pig snorted, with what I took to be utter contempt.

The Farmer seemed to have taken it slightly differently. "Good, good," he said. "Now, let's see how well the transplant worked. Tell me, little pig, how much is two plus two?"

The Pig snorted three times.

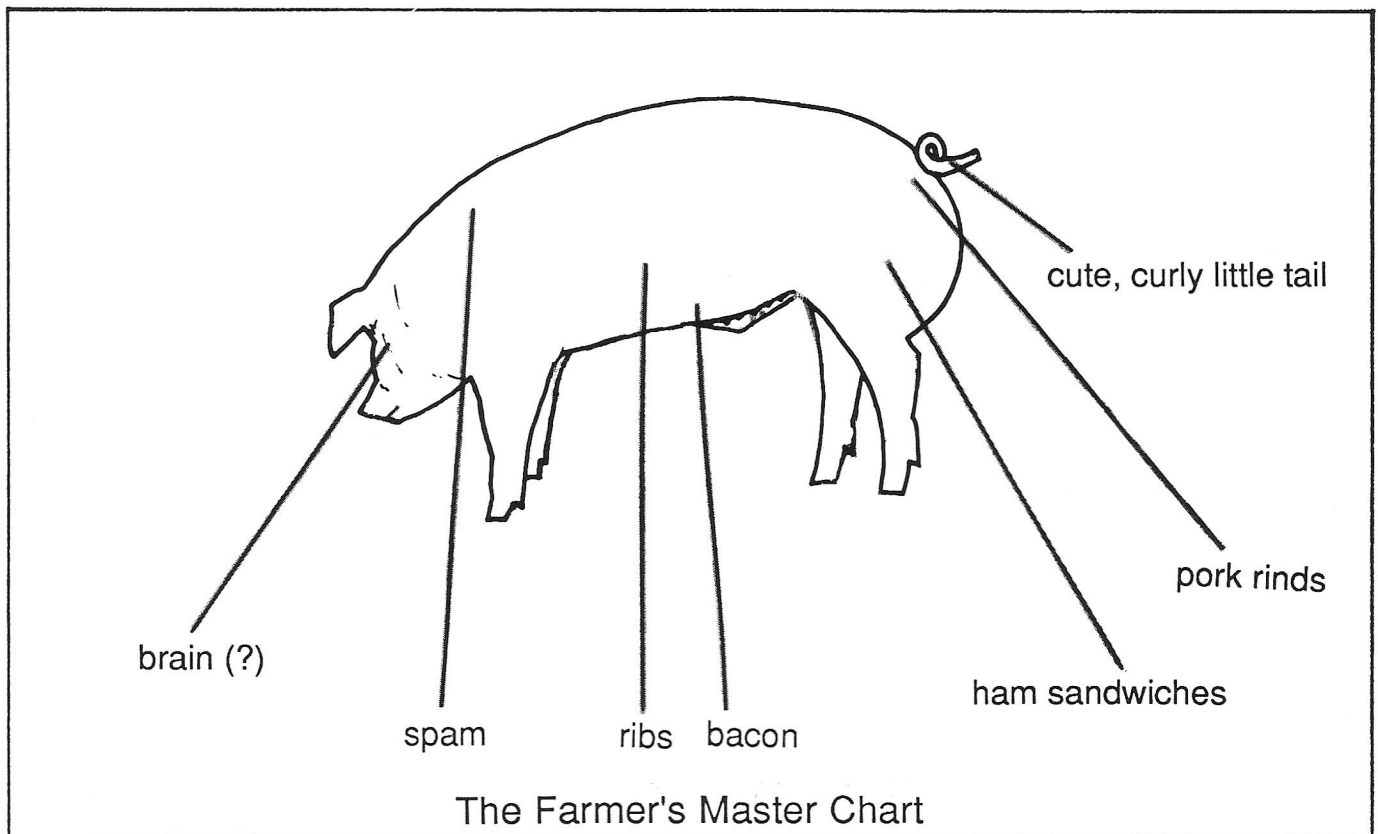
"Ha, ha," the Farmer laughed. "See, Igor, he's even got a sense of humor." I wondered whether he had lost all contact with reality. "Well, well," he continued, "This certainly calls for a celebration. Igor, prepare a feast in honor of my achievement. See if you can find some hamburgers." The Farmer always did have an odd idea of fine cuisine.

The Pig obviously thought so, too. I suppose it was a misunderstanding, for at the mention of hamburger, the Pig went crazy. Snorting angrily, he broke free of the numerous tubes and wires, and rushed toward the Farmer. Caught off guard, Farmer Frankenswine was knocked to the floor. Before I could react, the Pig had trampled him to death.

The Pig turned towards me next. I grabbed a knife from the table, and waited for him to make a move. We circled each other once, twice, three times, then he charged me. I jumped aside, and slit his throat as he ran by.

The Farmer was dead, and his final, most ambitious experiment lay bleeding all over the rug, a total failure.

It did make for some mighty fine ham sandwiches, though. 🐷



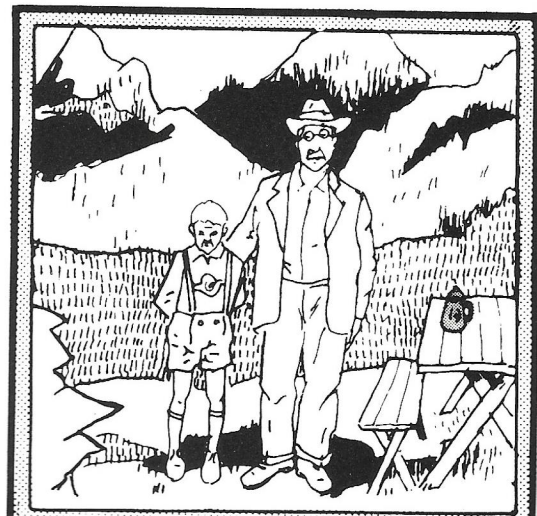
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THE

WOLF

March 1: I begin my experiment to complete my degree in Electrical Engineering. I plan to make a device which will convert time into money. Boy, I sure hope it works.

March 2: If my equations are correct, I'll be able to accomplish my crowning achievement. Tomorrow I'll go shopping for all the parts I'll need: complicated diodes and transistors, lots of electrical wiring, big round steel balls that throw off huge electrical sparks, and two nine-volt batteries.

March 4: Had some trouble finding the nine-volt batteries but eventually found a radio shak. Thank goodness for my battery of the month cards.

March 6: Everything running along smoothly, except for that eerie background music. Must remember to fix that hole in the door, those darn sheep keep coming in here and interrupting everything.

March 8: Well, the big day is almost at hand. Tomorrow I test my invention. Where are those darn sheep coming from?

March 9: I put a Timex in one compartment and a change purse in the other, threw the switch and the whole thing exploded. My experiment is a flop, at least the Timex is still ticking.

March 10: I was ridiculed by my colleagues, they said my experiment just needed a little more time. Well I'll show them! Must remember to fix that door, those sheep keep coming in.

March 12: I push myself to extremes, experimenting like I've never experimented before. I don't even take time out to eat or sleep. Well, O.K. I did have a pizza, but only five slices, and I only slept for six hours.

March 14: Eureka!! I found out what was wrong. The big round steel balls weren't throwing off enough sparks. I went to the radio shak to get another nine volt battery, hope it works this time.

March 15: Beware the Ides of March, March comes in like a lion, out like a lamb. Ha! Silly superstitions. Trying a new strategy I place a Swatch on my wrist and get into one compartment, placing a piggy bank in the other. Just as I threw the switch one of those darn sheep came in here again. Obviously looking for it's home it headed straight for the piggy bank, mistaking the porcelean porker for the real thing. Funny thing is, nothing happened, or did it (there goes that eerie background music again).



March 16: Exhausted from the fortnight of experiments, I take a much deserved break. Maybe I'll eat out tonight. Funny, I have a strange craving for alfalfa sprouts. HmMMM.

March 17: Boy a day of rest and relaxation can really do wonders for you. Even my beard has toughened up, it feels a lot thicker and curlier.

March 18: Sure have been feeling strange recently. I have this wierd urge to walk on all fours. Although, other than that, I'm not feeling baaaad.

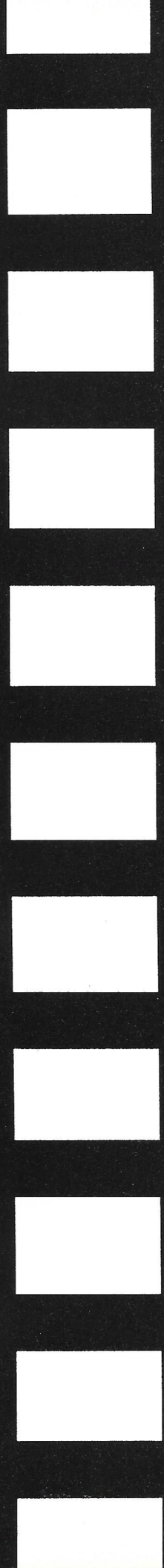
March 20: Oh, no!! I'm starting to grey. I knew all this hard work would catch up with me one day .

March 22: Those Frat boys keep following me around. I wonder what they want. Probably just some kind of rush week activities.

March 24: Baaaa. Why did I write that? Oh well. Baaaaa.

Baaaa 26: Baaaaa. Baaaaa. Baaaaaa!!!





FARM TECH REPORT

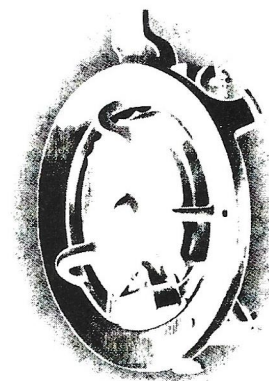
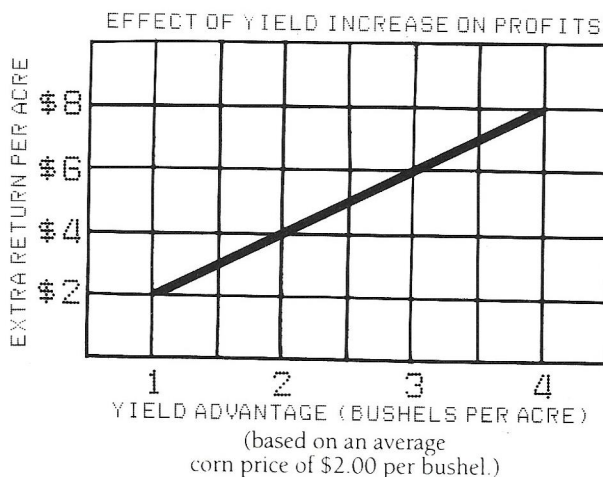
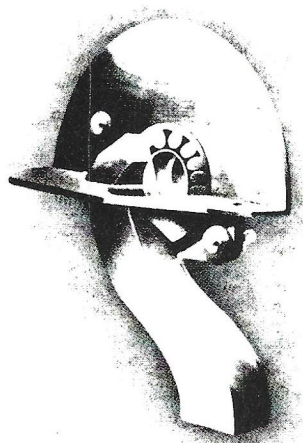
TOURING MACHINE VISITS MORE FIELDS Simple proofs of parallel plowing techniques can now be derived. Modeled after the one horse clod turner, this abstract agricultural model simulates complex contours. Fundamentally, the touring machine observes its current state and responds accordingly. Here is an example touring program: The state is Idaho, grow potatoes and move east; the state is Montana, raise cattle and drive south; the state is Colorado, harvest sugar beets--etc. Incredibly, the touring concept is credited to a migrant thinker named Homer Noplacelike.

ENGINEERED MICRO-ORGANISM IMPROVES ORANGES FOR JUICE The incredibly over-capitalistic Jean-a-Tech corporation has found at last an uncontroversial release for its microbes. Long frustrated by refusals of communities to allow open air testing of its bio patent pending creatures, the company's jean tailors have sown together the nucleotide stuff of common botulism with the fungal spine of ordinary bread mold to create a rapidly proliferating 'juices jean' that has indoor applications. Since the highly lethal, totally uncontrollable microbe will not be released outdoors, testing can proceed without permits, safety precautions, or even common sense. Jean-a-Tech Corporation predicts big sales among household consumers. When the 'juices jean' is applied to a basket of fruit, it produces a nice bowl of mushy, liquified pulp within thirty minutes. Jean-a-Tech marketing has targeted "a vial of germs in every kitchen of America" as their goal. Sadly, commercial quantities will not be available by mothers day.

BRITISH & FRENCH SIGN DEVELOPMENT PACT FOR SSD Put the old biplanes in the museum, here comes the Super Sonic Duster. Spurred by huge EEC farm subsidies that encourage wasteful agricultural technology, aeronautics wizards on both side of the Channel have joined forces to find a way to spread deadly pesticides over more land faster. The SSD will fly at tree top level going an incredible Mach 3, which will enable it to dust a ten acre farm in .0005 seconds. French wine country will be the first to benefit when the Concord sprays grapes. Though large and noisy, the needle nosed wonder will catch pests by surprise--since it will rush in faster than the speed of sound, the nasty bugs won't be able to hear it coming.

COMING NEXT WEEK:

Advanced super conductor reduces rail freight costs.
Cows grazing in silicon rich soil produce micro chips.
Canadian farmers prepare for the next ice age.



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Some Propaganda:

In 1899, prominent Washington, D.C. socialite Bristow Adams founded the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, Adams was head of Cornell's school of journalism. In 1900, Chappie Editor Wallace Irwin poached four of Stanford President David Starr Jordan's prized chickens and served them to the president for dinner. Thirty years later, Irwin won the Pulitzer prize in poetry. In 1923, Goodwin Knight was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was Governor of California. In 1925, Herbert Hoover, Jr. joined the *Chaparral*. Thirty years later, he was still Herbert Hoover, Jr. In 1935, Doodles Weaver was Editor of the *Chaparral*. Ten years later, he was head writer for Spike Jones. Thirty years later, Doodles's niece, Sigmourney, wrote for the *Chaparral*. Now she's killing aliens on the silver screen.

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LET'S EAT!—Last Supper Club, Alice in Blenderland, Fatman meets Badly-drawnman, *Daily* lost comics, sentient toilet paper

MYTHOLOGY—Cursey Rhymes, The Color Mauve, Artzische Comics, The Modysey, short editor

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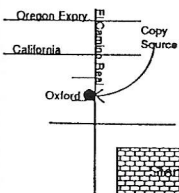
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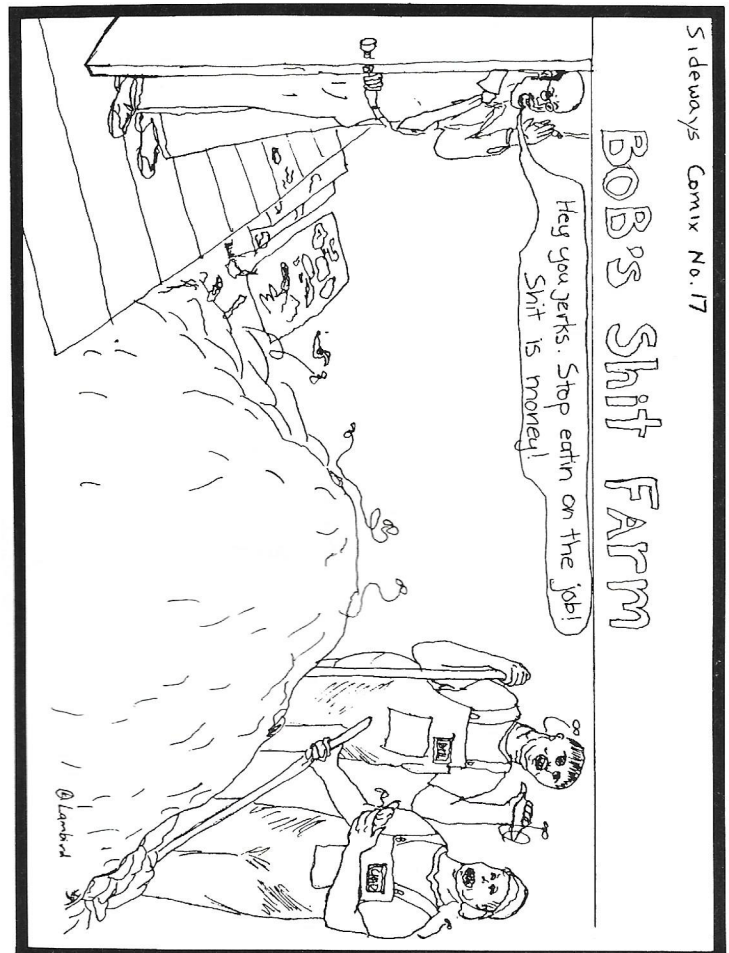
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Sideways Comic No. 17

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LETTUCE STAND TOSSED

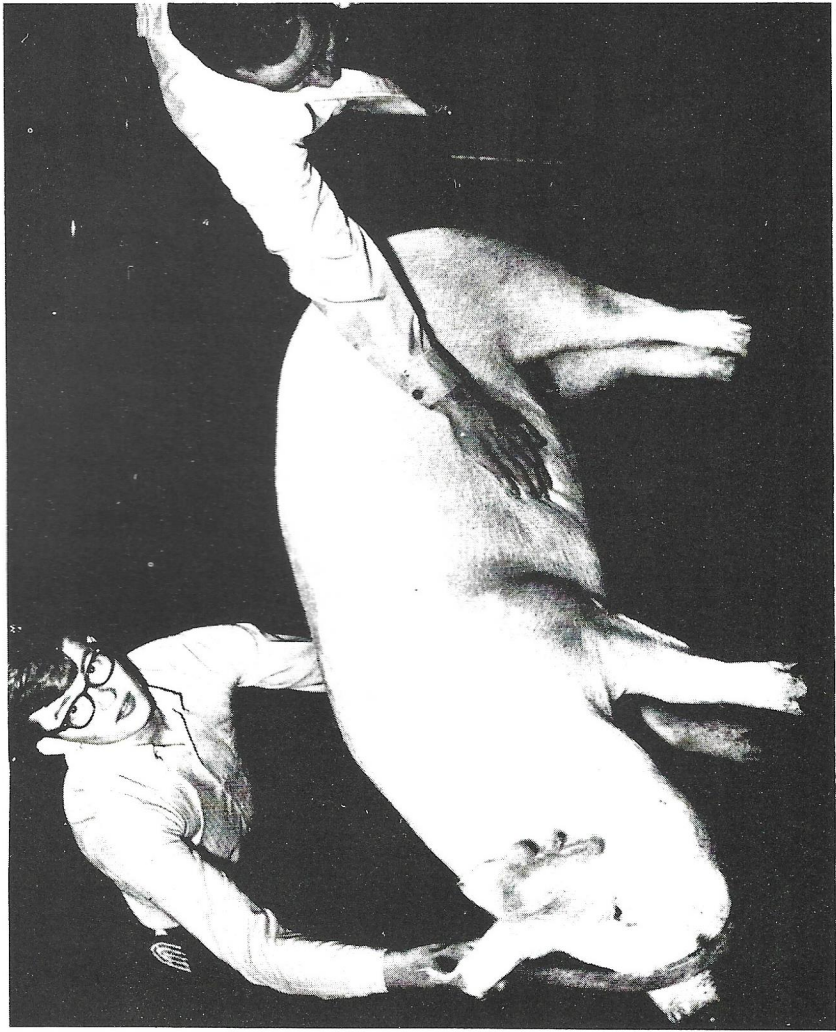
BTL Club Believed To Be Responsible

The big lettuce stand on the edge of town was tossed and then oiled about 3 am last night. Heads were found tossed about the grounds, oiled and seasoned, and except for dirt removal, seemed salad ready. Heads were also found in an area about 100 yards away from the site of the attack.

An eyewitness to the attack, Mr. Harlan SoupKitchen said he saw the assailants come in on big fancy automobiles, throw the lettuce about and then proceed to oil. He said that some of the lettuce tried to get away but was headed off at the pass about a football field away.

Authorities first feared that the attackers were affiliated with the League for Italian Dressing, but police laboratories found the dressing to be merely a common oil much like grease. Most authorities now believe that the tossing was an act of the BTL Club, the radical arm of the Tomato Front. The BTL Club has long tried propaganda and unorthodox food preparation practices, trying to change

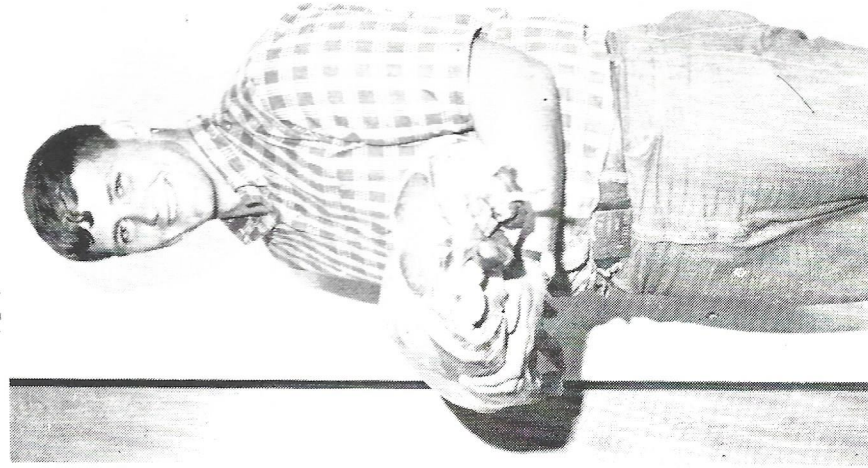
Bacon, Lettuce, and Tomato sandwiches into Bacon, Tomato, and Lettuce. The BTL is suspected mainly because most of the lettuce at the stand was earmarked for Bacon, Lettuce, and Tomato sandwiches, and because of the frequent visits to the stand by BTL supporters and sympathizers. "They come in here all the time," says stand owner Warren G. Wonka. "They'd come in here and tell me I should turn all this lettuce into salad, or that I'd fry in a skillet if I insisted upon putting lettuce up before tomatoes. They also didn't like me because I watched that TV show they didn't like, the Olde Time Bacon Hour." Mr. Wonka also expressed some anger at the preparing of his lettuce for salad. "If I ever catch those BTLers, heads will roll and ketchup will flow into the gutters." Police investigators, though, are also looking at one other group as a possibly being responsible. "It looks like another unfunny attempt at increasing sales by the--continued on page 6.



If the judge wants to feel or check your pig (for bacon), a show cane can be used as shown.

Boy Wins Spelling Bee

Students at Union Pig Elementary School competed at a spelling bee last week. Latrina Outhouse was eliminated from the quarter-finals by misspelling 'bacon'. Joe-Bob Wilson dropped out of the semi's when he misspelled 'pig' (his parents were very disappointed). Luellen Gribbitz and Floyd Pungent were the last two in the competition. Luellen failed to spell 'tape worm' correctly, and Floyd took first place by spelling 'trichonosis'(sp?).



Floyd Pungent, winner of the Spelling Bee, is pictured here with his prize--10 pounds of raw bacon! He's a fine, well-grown boy for his age and will have no trouble at all eating up all that bacon.

Bacon Barbeque

by Hammond Egges

PORK CITY- A truckload of Bacon County's finest bacon overturned and burnt to a fine crisp yesterday morning along the Oscar-Meyer Memorial Turnpike.

According to driver Pearl MacTruck, his custom-made, pig-iron enforced Baconhauler skidded and overturned just outside of the Bacon County Line.

"The roads just outside of Bacon County are totally ill-equipped for the transport of hi-grade bacon," said a visibly crisp MacTruck.

MacTruck had been cruising the Bacon Strip, Bacon County's main butchering district, when the accident occurred. The accident left a burning two mile long grease slick along the main stretch of the turnpike, and took a crew of able emergency workers and hungry breakfasttime commuters nearly two hours to clear.

"Luckilly," observed emergency worker Porky McSausage, "most people will eat bacon no matter how burnt it is, so we got a lot of help from the hungry folks on their way to work."

What will happen to the remaining bacon?

"Well, it was all back bacon," said MacTruck, "so I'll just take it back to the factory to be reprocessed."

Take the utmost care when you cure your bacon, and there won't be an ailment around that bacon can't cure.--Stoopid McIdiot

NEW EMPLOYEE AT BCNB

The Bacon County National Baconry announced today the hiring of David Clute, who will be working at the plant in the frying division. Clute, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clute, Rt 13, is a 1986 graduate of Bacon County High School, and attended Smith Skilletry School where he received a BMA degree in applied skilletry. David will start work this week and he encourages all of us to "eat lots of bacon".

Missing Person



Missing, since March 15, Ramsey Hornswaggle. Last seen experimenting in his garage. Funny thing, there sure have been a lot of sheep around his place.

Jimmy Crabtree Eats Raw Bacon

By Trixi Nosis

Little Jimmy Crabtree was served completely raw bacon last night by his older sister Wilma. The uncooked meal gave him a stomach ache and sent him to bed according to his mother.

Wilma Crabtree, 17, returned to the Crabtree home about 11:45 p.m. with her date, Bub Slick. They then proceeded to make a late night bacon snack from the Crabtree's well stocked refrigerator. Soon afterwards, Jimmy approached the kitchen and asked his sister for some bacon, uncooked! Then, under the advice of Slick, she served him the raw 'treat'.

"Jimmy always hated bacon that was cooked very much at all", said Jimmy's mother Luella. "He'd always ask me to not cook it as much. I'd always give it a good frying because you can get hookworms from undercooked bacon, but I guess he convinced Wilma not to cook it last night."

"Sure I told Wilma to serve it to him," admitted Bub Slick, "he asked for it. And besides, I hate that little brat, he always comes and laughs at us when we're making out."

When asked if he would eat raw bacon again little Jimmy said, "No way. Yuck!"

WEATHER REPORT:

Record Heat Wave!
Thousands fry.

See bacon p.6

Letters to the Editor

I object to the movie, "Loosiers". I went and saw the movie and from beginning to end there was not one single scene involving bacon. And in addition to that, there was only one lone reference to pork, right before that big romance scene at the end. This movie was supposedly set in Iowa in the 50's yet there still was no bacon. And anybody knows that in Iowa in the 50's there would have been plenty of bacon. Come on, this is bacon country.

Hugh Swine
Pig Farmer

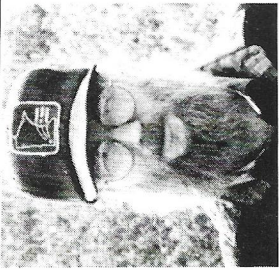
I just don't know what these Canucks are doing, peddling all this Canadian Bacon. Anyone knows that its ham. So why do they call it bacon?

Ima Porker
Housewife

Did you ever notice how pigs always squeal. They don't really go "oink". I guess it's just an old wives tale. And another thing, why do pigs always smell so bad. If you ask me, they must be the smelliest farm animals of all. Not that I don't like them or anything. Nothing I like better than some bacon with my eggs for breakfast. But you know by the time the bacon is done frying it's all shriveled up, and all that's left is the fat. What this country needs is bacon with more bacon on it.

Andy Rooney
Bored Guy

It's not so much the skillet we use to cook our bacon, but the skill-it takes to do it right--Hammingway.



BACON BITS

by Ferd E. Liezer

Q: Where does bacon come from?

A: Pigs.

Q: Where do we get the word "bacon"?

A: The word bacon comes from the Latin roots "Ba," which means "anything that leaves fatty white deposits in your blood vessels", and "Con", which means "from pigs".

Q: Why do pigs smell?

A: Everything in the world smells, even frying bacon. It's just a question of relativity. I'm sure the pigs probably think you stink.

Q: How many pigs does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: 2000.

Q: Why do pigs have such short necks?

A: Because their heads are so close to their bodies.

Q: Who is the pig's closest gencological cousin?

A: Floyd Pfister

Road 13

Bacon County

Q: How do you cook bacon?

A: Fry it.

Q: Can you boil bacon?

A: No.

Q: Can you get bacon from a cow?

A: No, only pigs.

Q: Can you get bacon from a dog?

A: No, once he's got it in his mouth, he probably won't give it back.

Q: Does raw bacon taste as good as cooked bacon?

A: Yes, every bit as good. I recommend a plateful.

Q: What different kinds of bacon are there?

A: There are many different kinds. There's a plate of bacon, bacon in a skillet, bacon with eggs, and bacon in a sandwich.

Q: Did Sir Francis Bacon discover bacon?

A: No, but he sure did like to eat it.

Q: Who did discover bacon?

A: Plato Bacon, the famous Greek philosopher and pig lover.

Q: When's the best time to fry bacon?

A: Anytime. It's not just for breakfast anymore.

Q: Sometimes when I eat bacon, I get very full. Do you have any bacon-related problems?

A: Yes. Sometimes when I'm eating, the bacon grease drips all over the big fake beard that I wear. Luckily since its a fake beard, I can take it off and throw it in the washing machine.

Q: Does bacon make a suitable gift for friends and relatives?

A: Yes. Nothing delights children and adults alike more than finding a big greasy plate of bacon under the Christmas tree.

Q: Are there alternatives to bacon? I'm a pig and I don't want to be cut up and made into bacon. I'll understand if there aren't any, but are there any alternatives?

A: I'm sorry, there are no alternatives to bacon.

(Send your questions to Bacon Bits, c/o The Bacon Beacon, 33 Main St., Bacon IE. Address letters to Ferd.)

Swine Tasting

The 78th annual Bacon County Swine Tasting occurred over the weekend and here is some of the sloppin', fryin's, and foot stompin' crunchin's that make this event an annual favorite.

In the early rounds contestants competed in the non-bacon category. Last year's first runner up, Link Porker, pretty much dominated, by bodaciously chewin' and brewin' through plate after plate of smorgas-borgorious sausage, ribs, and chops.

Artie Schlorosis, last year's winner, could not attend. He is currently in Our Lady of Merciful Bacon Hospital undergoing a triple bypass.

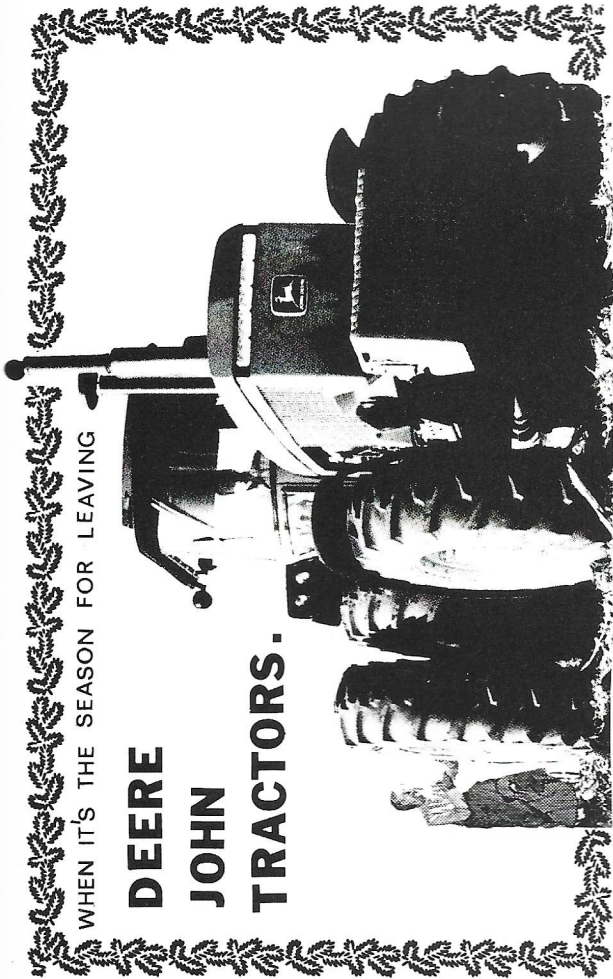
Roy Chaibbs held down second behind Link Porker but everyone soon forgot whatever happened in the preliminary rounds when it came time for the bacon rounds.

Truckloads of bacon were driven in, to the delight of the screaming fans. Contestants dived into the truck, stuffing their mouths to put more in. Jubilant fans also jumped into the truck.

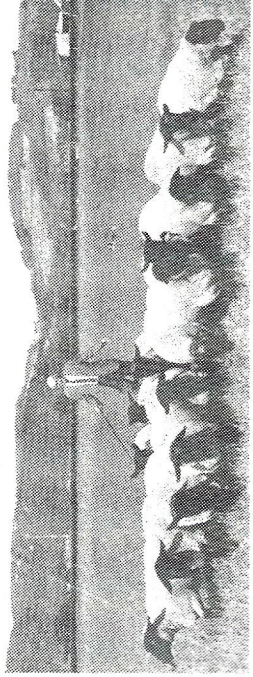
When the grease settled, Roy Chaibbs was declared winner. Roy downed an incredible 50 pounds of bacon. Ironically, Roy's prize is 50 pounds of bacon.

WHEN IT'S THE SEASON FOR LEAVING

DEERE JOHN TRACTORS.



Bacon County Staff
Editors: Danel, Suhre,
Schwarz, Weinstein



With Lanes of Cashmere with the eyes to Bradford.

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647-5894

WANTED: BACON All types and fat ratios. Call Ed. 647-9985.

BACON NEEDED TO EAT Raw or fried. Call only if serious. 667-3423

HELP WANTED Bacon fryer. Must like working with grease. Call Wanda to set up interview. The Bacon Experience, Road 24 near the multiplex. 647-2768.

NOTICE I will be responsible for no bacon other than my own. --Chester White.

WANTED TO FRY Bacon. Call Helen. 637-5645.

INTERESTED IN EARNING \$25,000 WHILE AT HOME? Earn up to \$25000 in your spare time by mailing out strips of bacon. No exp. necessary. Call (414)932-5656 for info.

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FETAL PIGS Cheap. No questions asked. 554-6486.

ACCESSORIES

SIDE DISH. Looking for that perfect complement to bacon for you dinner tonight? How 'bout rice. Reasonable prices. Call Uncle Ben 647-6851

FOR SALE Skillet. Perfect for bacon frying. Call Ray 667-9014.

PERSONALS

LOOKING TO LINK with sausage maker. Bacon OK Call Jill 657-4474.

BEE MY HONEY. Beekeeper who loves bacon looking for little queen to start a hive. Call Clover. 667-2354.

TALK to a farm girl on a hot summer day. 976-FARM. 50 cents for each call.

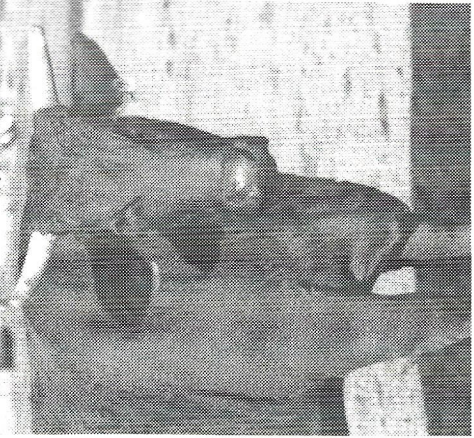
LOOKING for wire farmhand, Male or Female 18-40 for some rowdy, hands on agriculture; S&B technique (slash and burn) Call 646-8106

WANTA SHUCK? Have truckload of corn on cob, need help. Call Earl 657-3810.
210 POUND PUMPKIN looking for good squash party. Call Peter 647-2774.

WANTED Farm Jokes. No need to be funny. Call Jim 723-1468.

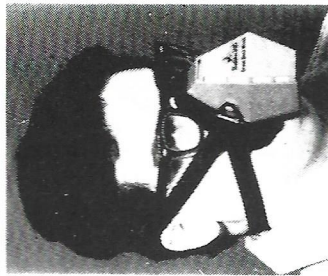
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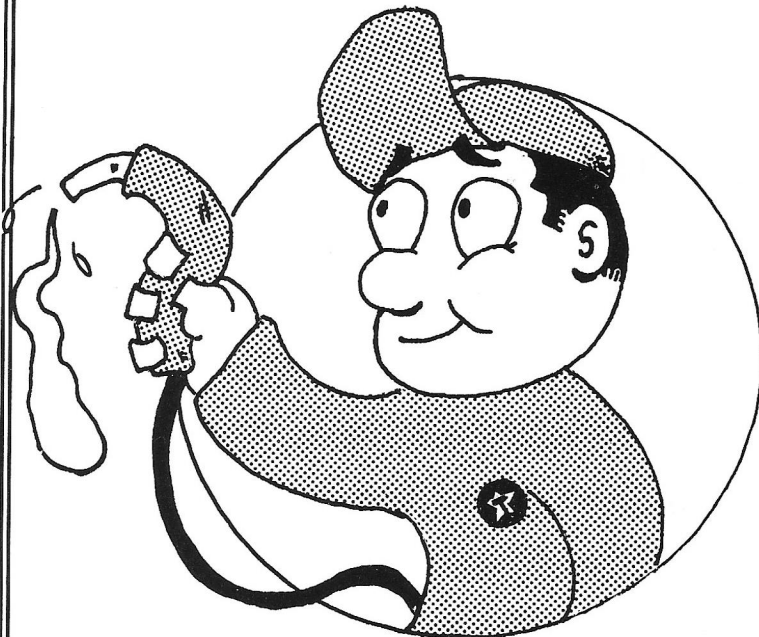


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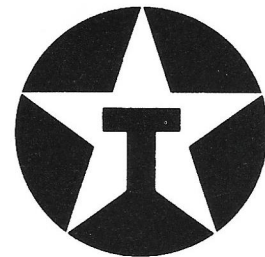
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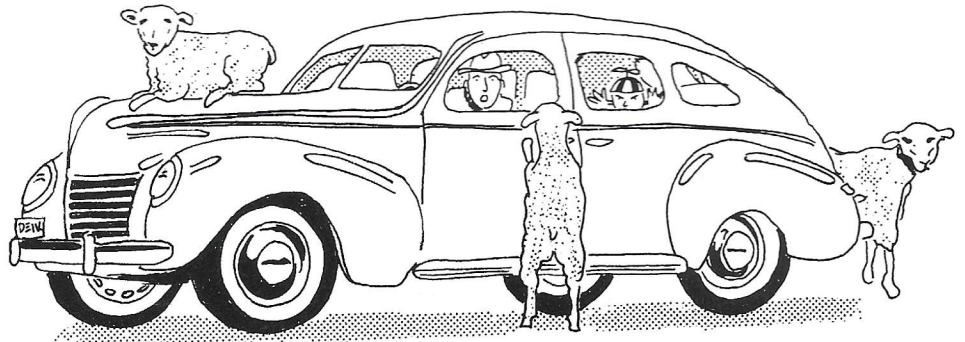
Gary Andrews



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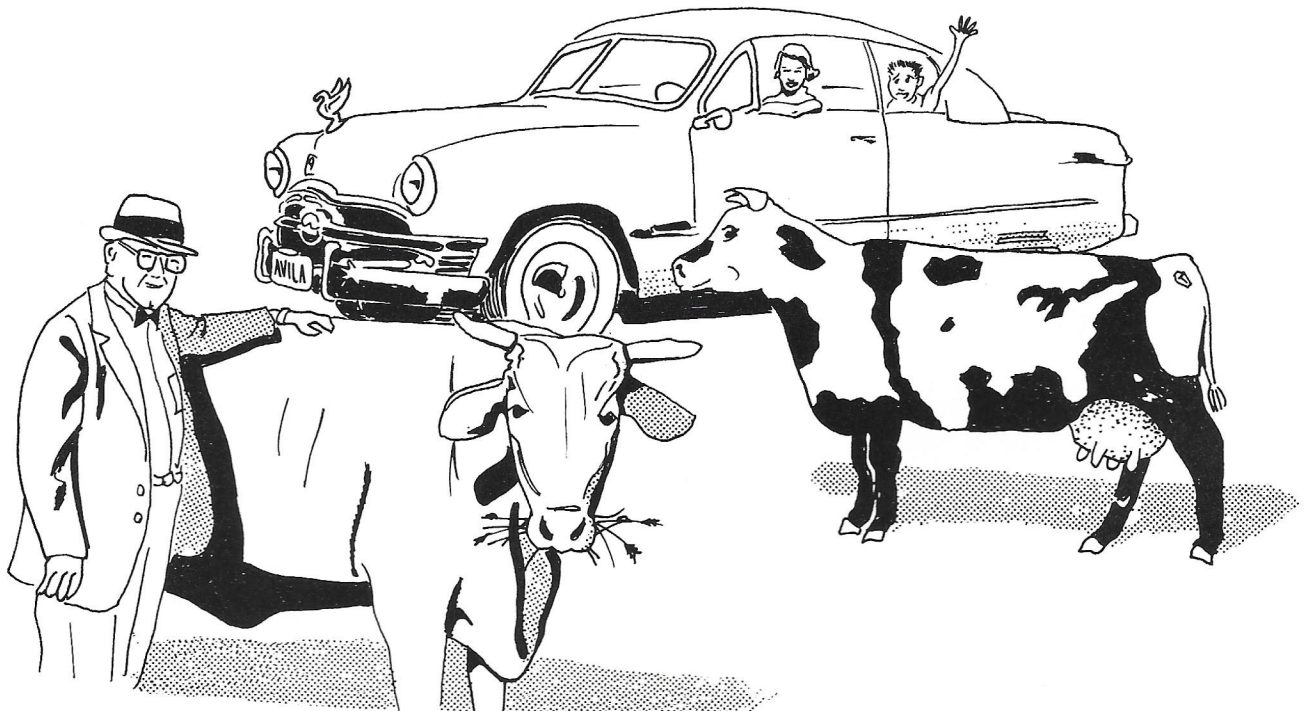
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Doing business since the late 50's, Farm Country Safari has always been a place to bring the entire family. Visit our pig petting zoo and slop the hogs yourself. Have your picture taken with a real cow.

Please remember, keep all bodily parts inside your automobile and do not feed the animals. We have never had any accidents at Farm Country Safari, except for that case with the sheep and the visiting Shriner's convention back in '67.



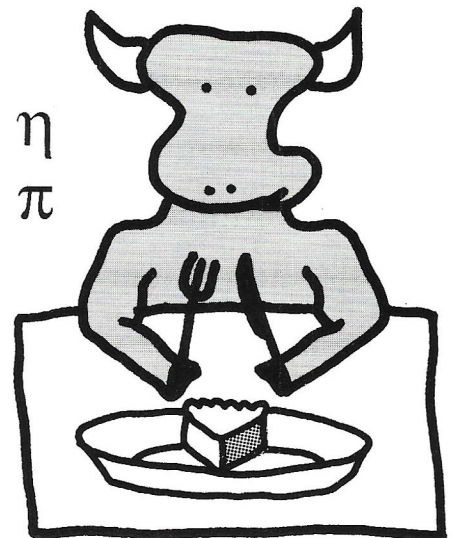
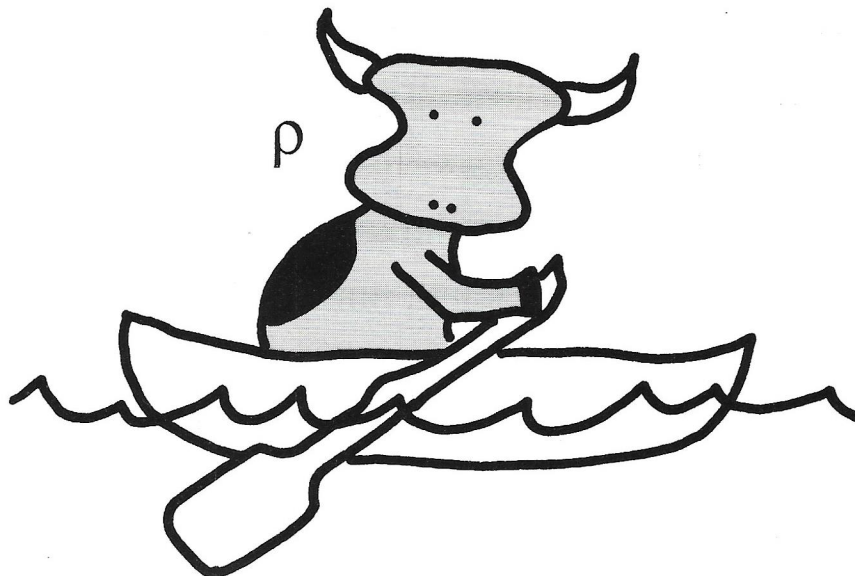
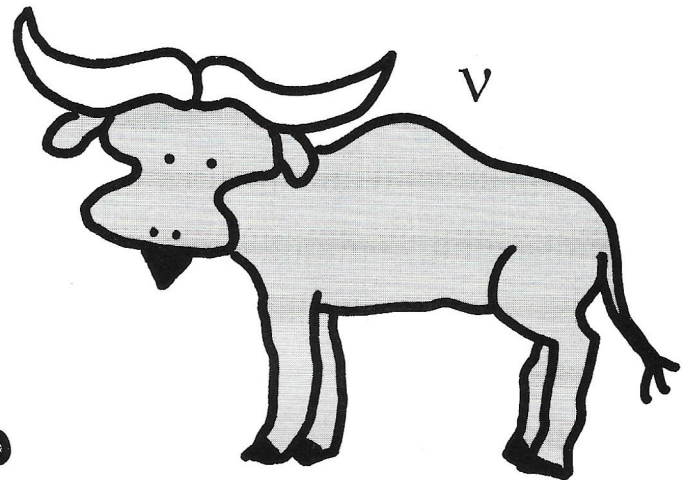
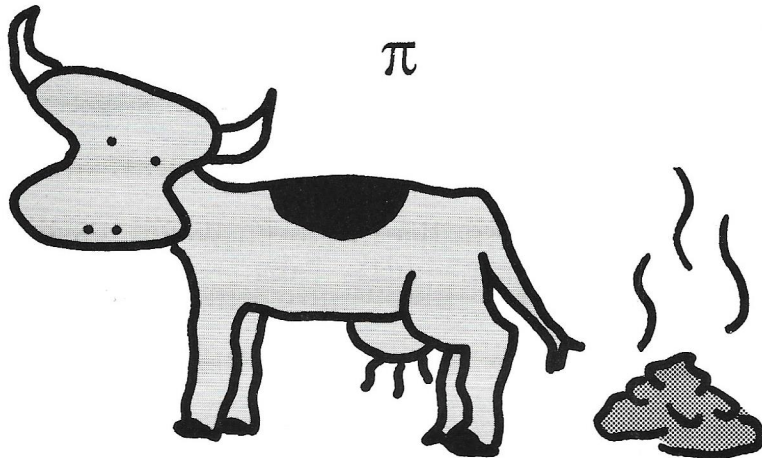
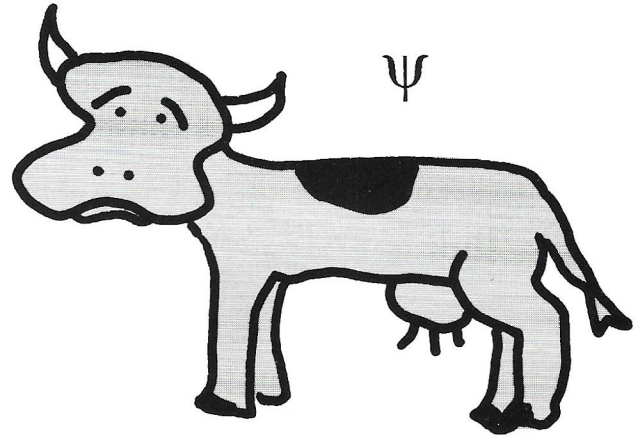
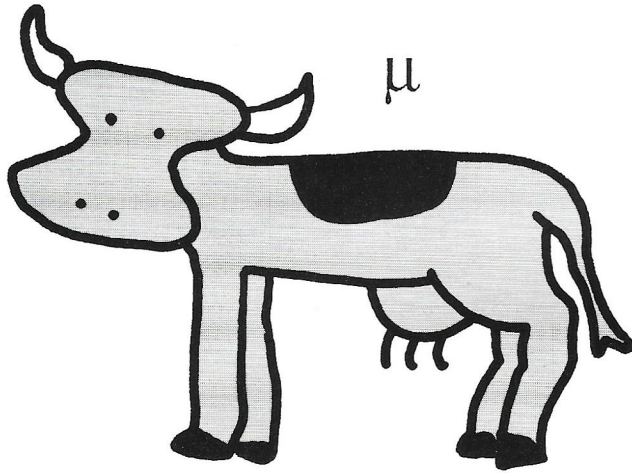
See real predator/prey relationships.

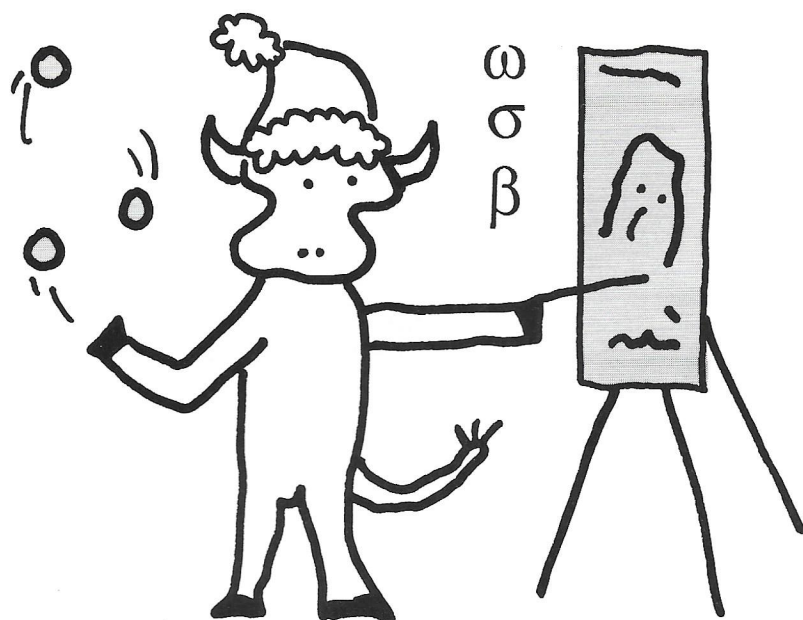
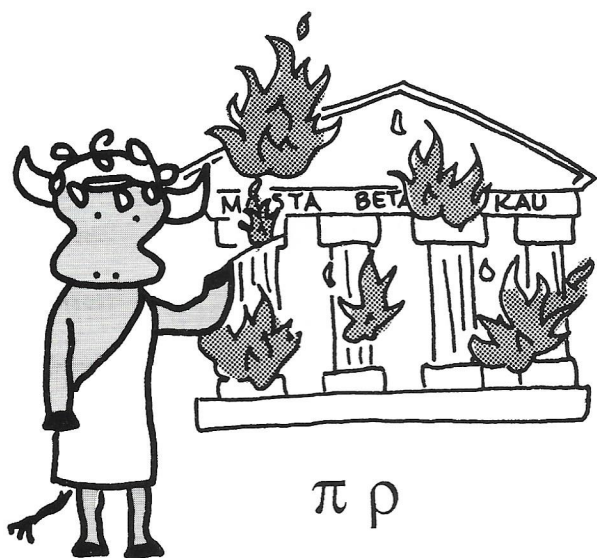
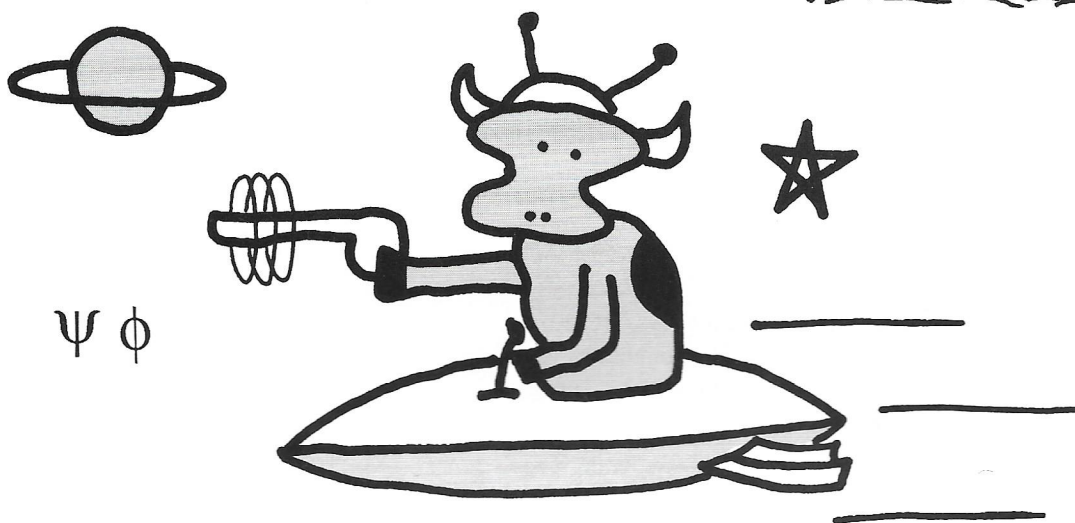
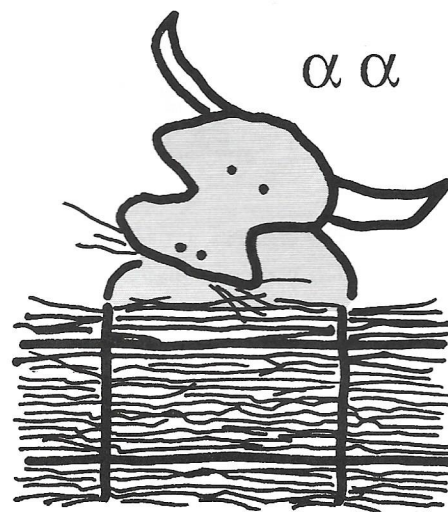


View farm animals in their natural setting, a farm.

ΙΦ Χωσ Κνεω Γρεεκ

If Cows Knew Greek





THE

POPE

PLANT LIFE

Mendel was wrong, and his experiments were sinful. The pistils of plants should not be touched by human hands, but they may be blown by the wind. It is correct for bees to fertilize flowers, but not for profit, and only if they don't enjoy it. The church frowns upon cross-pollination of dis-similar species. Scientific farming is immoral. Contour plowing offends God's plan for natural erosion. If the Creator wanted nitrates in the soil, he would have put them there. Tractors are permitted because they provide horse-power, and horses are good. Improved gardening is futile; time is better spent praying for re-admittance into "The Garden." Giant artichokes are prickly, but have a good heart. Disease resistant plants will hasten armageddon. Don't spill your seed. Increased yields are proof of man's greed. The holy wine must not be made from seed less grapes. Graft is for politicians. Citrus farmers fearing the freeze risk the wrath of smudge pots in Hell. Hydroponics went out with the Great Flood. No hybrid plant will be admitted to Heaven. Irrigation is man's ingratitude for rain. Weeds with nine leaves are the sacred herb. Crop dusting should precede the waxing moon. Jesus never ate corn. Moslems who plow facing east shall be forgiven.

ANIMALS

Studs are good, artificial insemination is bad. Sheep need shepherds. Hormones may be used to fatten cattle for seven years, then there must be seven lean years. Thou shalt not covet animal husbandry. Cows using steroids are banned from the Olympics. Geldings that sing in the church choir are special. It is traditional to keep the horse in front of the cart. Good animal breeding helps good animal manners. Birds do not sow, nor do they wear clothes. Laden camels will not pass through a hypodermic. The sheep in the manger had virgin wool, but they were ugly. Golden calves should not be worshipped, but black angus are holy in India. Sheep that are black shall be cast out. A pot roast serves a family, but five fish can serve a mountain. If you have ninety-nine sheep, there is one missing. Maidens may touch the udders; men must wear gloves. Give up debts for Lent. Mass slaughter is permitted in times of war or dropping prices.

Lead your animals two by two. Beasteality is forbidden, except for Jesuits.



**PAPAL BULL ON
AGRICULTURE
BY JOHN-PAUL II**

SPEAKS



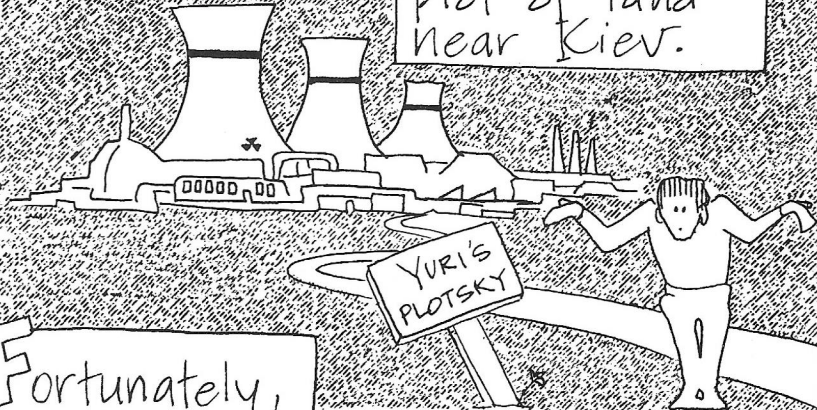
The Pope leads devoted followers on pilgrimage to the Italian Alps.

Farms

in Russia

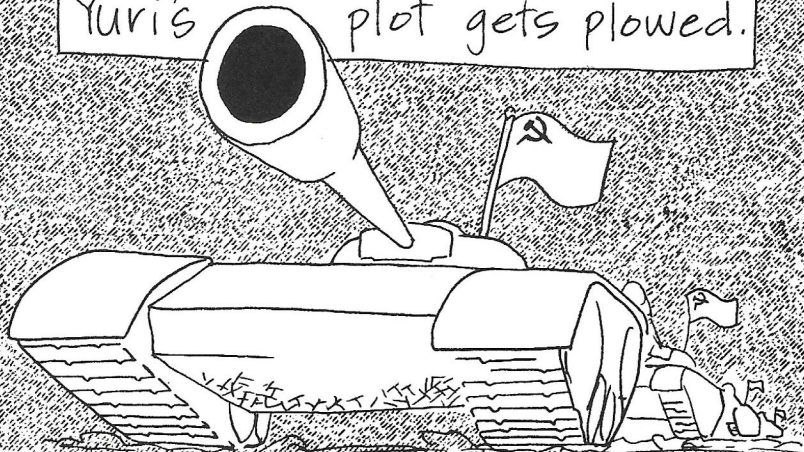
As an aspiring young banker, Yuri is honored to accept his new job assignment.

Designated a farmer, he is allocated a newly vacated plot of land near Kiev.



Fortunately, it's May Day in Russia, and Yuri's plot gets plowed.

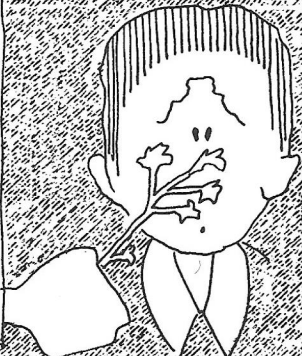
Yuri is ready to plant his parsley, but all the soil in Russia is concrete.



Because of the rad conditions, Yuri's crops quickly grow... and glow.

But his bright future is destroyed by a blizzard of Sputniks.

In hopes of salvaging a few rubles, Yuri gathers what little is left of his labor.



Alas, Yuri is arrested, for parsley's a Western extravagance and there are no plates of food to garnish anyway.



Maybe next season, Yuri!

Ye Olde Macdonald



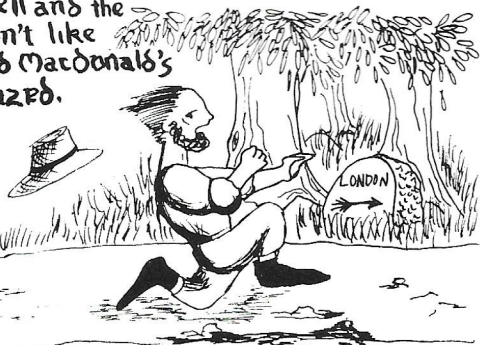
Ye Olde Macdonald sows his crop of hemp. (They didn't call it pot back then.) For fun, he goes bear-baiting with his dog, Bingo. Uh oh, Bingo gets killed. Ye Olde Macdonald loses all his money.

Ye Olde Macdonald reaps his crop.

Look at all that hemp.



Oliver Cromwell and the Puritains don't like that. Ye Olde Macdonald's farm is razed.



He goes to London to seek fame and fortune.

Ye Olde Macdonald craps in his chamber pot. In the morning, he dumps it into the street. He becomes a ditch-digger. His job: bury the corpses from the plague. London recovers from the plague, Ye Olde Macdonald becomes an actor at the Globe.



He doesn't perform any Shakespeare plays because Shakespeare didn't really write them.

His rise to stardom is cut short by the Great Fire.

Ye Olde Macdonald takes an "actress" as his mistress.



They had no "protection" back then.



Ye Olde Macdonald gets syphilis.

Oliver Cromwell doesn't like that, either. (Off with his head.)



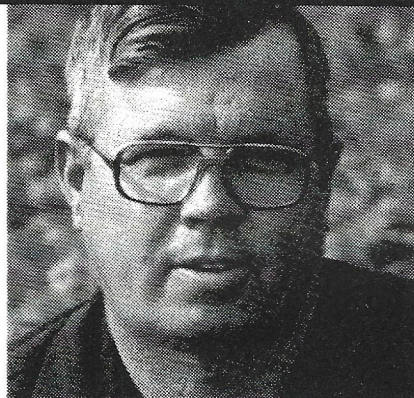
Ye Olde Macdonald flees to America on the Mayflower and becomes our forefather.

See what these farmers are saying about SPECTRE.



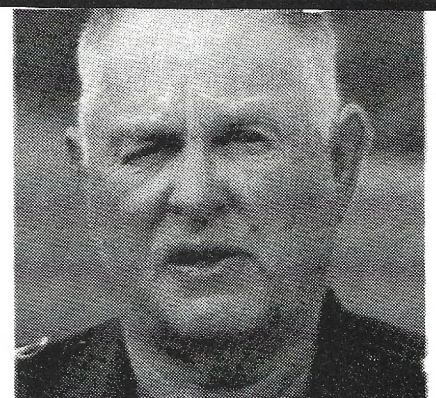
Rusty Plow Ina, NE

"SPECTRE keeps all the pesty varmints off my farm - boll weevils, locusts and bank agents."



Herb E. Side Noah's, ARK

"SPECTRE killed my weeds and my wife. It works doubly good."



Cy Lo Ohoh, OH

"I'd like to shake the hand of the guy that invented SPECTRE, except that when I spilled the stuff on my hands, it burnt them clean off!"



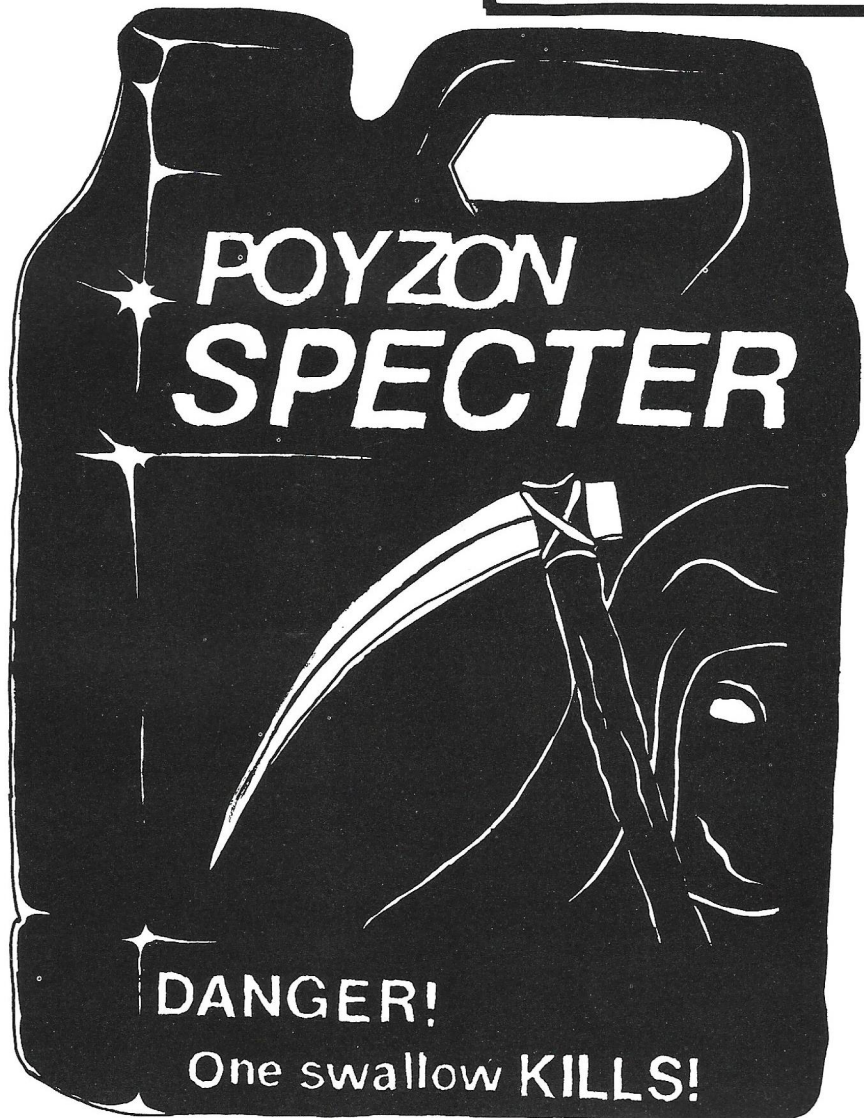
Phil O'Dendrum Hic, KS

"SPECTRE made my crops grow great, but I ain't gonna eat that produce. That stuff's deadly."



Horst Ables Chick, IN

"No weeds, no bugs, no pests, no animals, no farm. Hell, now I've got plenty of time to go hunting!! Thanks SPECTRE"



A STORE

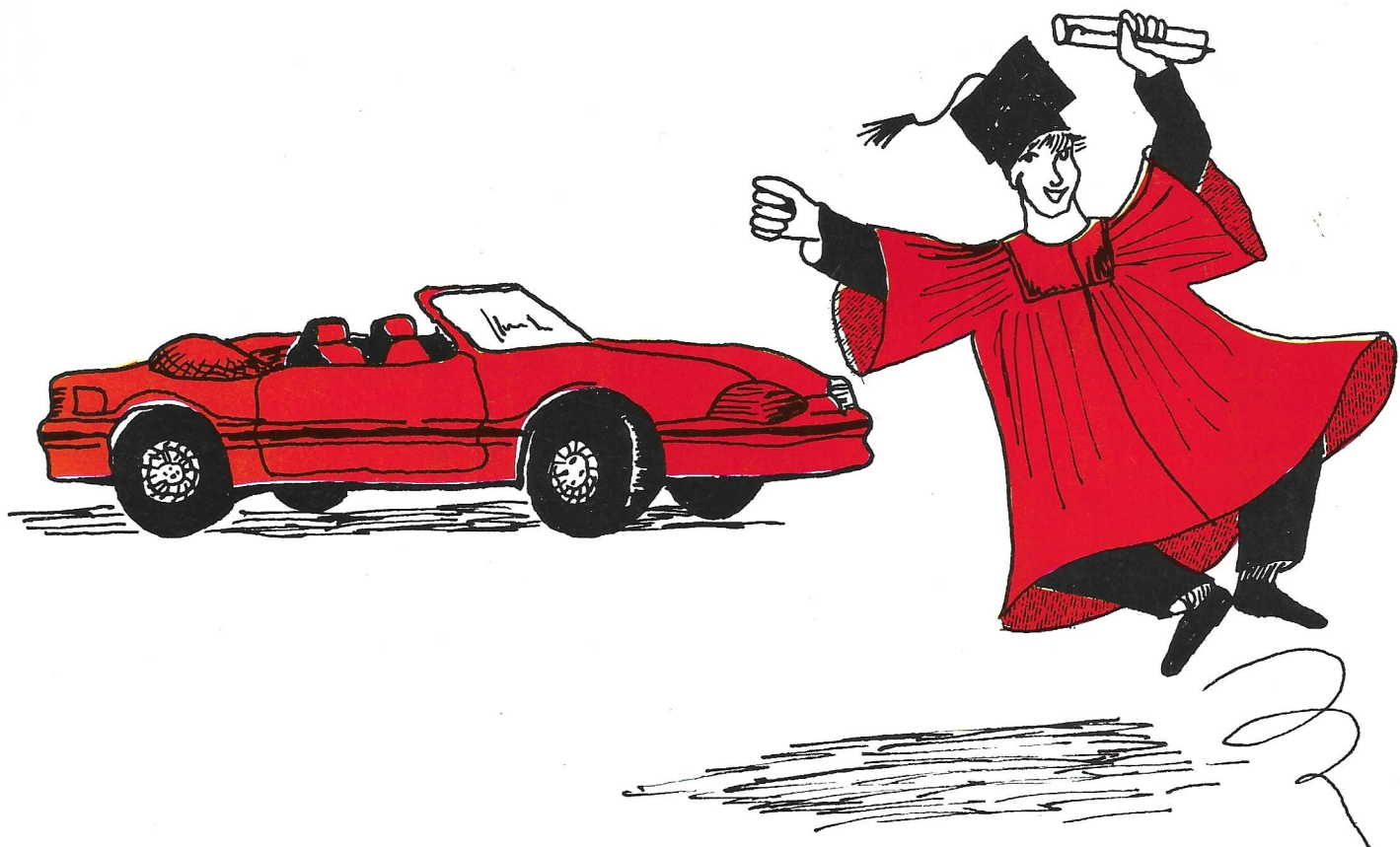


**Hugo Touhell, Freshman
Major: Whining**

After I get out of my CS class I head right to the store to buy some bryl-creme for my hair. I might also get an its-it but only if my acne isn't acting up. But by the time I get to the register to pay, my ice cream is all melted so I gotta go get another one, but then I lose my place in line! And the beef jerky is 65 cents!! What a rip off.

At the Student Union. . . .
not open past midnight when you really need it.

MORE FUN THAN A DIPLOMA, AND CHEAPER, TOO!!



Now that you've got your degree from Stanford, maybe it's time to get rid of a few things. For example, your bike. With the Ford College Graduate Program, you might not be needing it anymore.

If you've got a post-commencement job lined up, we'll sell you a Ford for NO MONEY DOWN!! That's right, not a cent. We'll even help you with financing of any of our cars, whether you want the popular Escort, the impressive Thunderbird, or the exciting Mustang. We also offer factory-approved Ford servicing, along with special extended service plans for everything we sell.

Get in gear, with Lutz Ford and the Ford College Graduate Program.

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