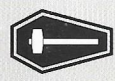


STANFORD

# CHAPARRAL

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

*Lady Luck*  
Vol CXI, No. 3



\$4.00

# HEY ATHLETES!

## USE SOME PROBABILITY WHY DON'T YOU?

Sports is here to stay, and it seems like the only thing better are numbers. So do both! Probability is the best for sports! When can you use them? Always! Examples!

How long's the football field?  
*Probably!*

How good's your home-run?  
*Look at the odds!*

Cheerleaders got you down?  
*Statistics, my friend!*

Are those darts?  
*It's a 50/50 shot!*

Heads or tails?  
*Chance it!*

Bowl much?  
*Shoot for the moon!*

Statistics! They are like lifting weights, but they're going to make you do better at lifting weights! You just lifted 20 kilos! There's a chance you can lift 25!

Is hockey going to be next year's basketball or next year's soccer cup? If you know fractions, then you know.

**Steroids** are illegal and confusing. **Probability** isn't confusing at all! *Just do the numbers!* Look at how easy it can be:

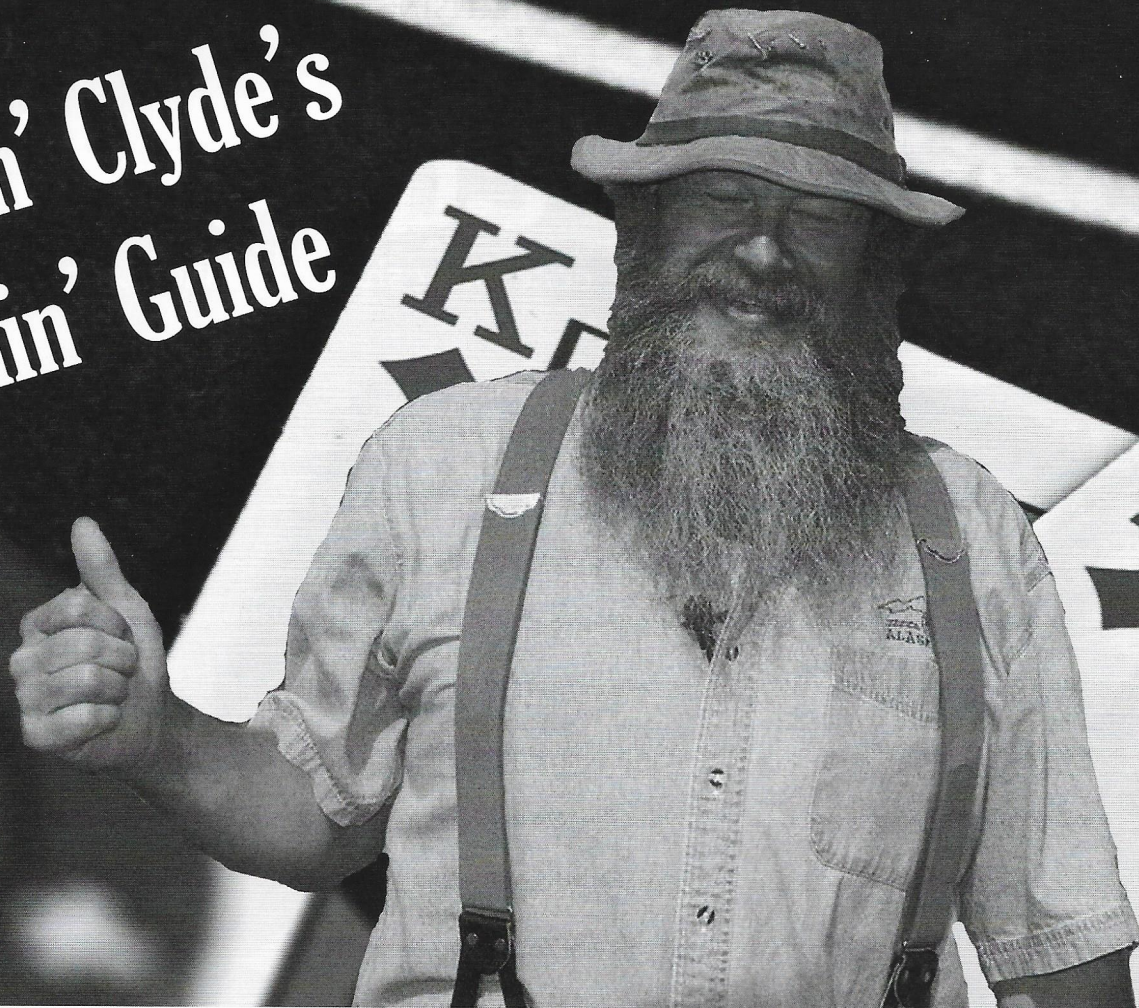
*Do you have eight dogs pulling you in the Iditarod. Way to go! That's the maximum! Your odds of winning are much better now!*

*Shoot the basketball! Did it go in? Maybe! If only you knew the probability was 100% or 0%! But you don't know that... yet!*

Tell your coach!

Probability is the name of the game, and the winners of that game are football players.

# Gamblin' Clyde's Gamblin' Guide



## **BLACKJACK!**

*"The Gentleman's game!"*

**To Play:** Try to get your hand to equal 21.

**To Win:** Never stay, only hit. Are you some sort of coward?

**To Win the CLYDE way:** Hit the dealer and run away with the chips, of course!

**Casino Clue:** It doesn't matter when you hit, it only matters that you first sip your drink or, perhaps, take a puff of your cigar before you declare your intention in the most hard-boiled manner possible. Powerful declarations mean powerful play!

## **ROULETTE!**

*"The Gentlemans' game!"*

**To Play:** Guess where a ball will end up on a spinning platform containing a set of numbered and colored notches.

**To Win:** Guess correctly based on the number, a range of numbers, or if it is even or odd.

**To Win the CLYDE way:** Subtly replace the ball in the roulette with a hotwheels car, the plastic driver of which you have instructed to drive straight for double zero, the ballsiest of all roulette plays. It's like a tiny Indy 500, and just as pointless and boring!

**Casino Clue:** If you bet on even and odd, you win on every spin! The only system the House still hasn't figured out, let's you and Clyde take 'em to the cleaners!

## **POKER!**

*"The Genteel man's game!"*

**To Play:** Construct the best hand from the cards in your hand and those on the table.

**To Win:** Arrange groups of cards ascending in order or of the same suit!

**To Win the CLYDE way:** Bluffing isn't just a suggestion, it's a necessity! Continue bluffing even if the hand completes, beligerently declaring that your cards add up to a higher number, or that the queen could totally beat up the king in a fight because he descends from a line of hemophillic inbreds!

**Casino Clue:** Some novices may claim to have made "pairs" or "three of a kinds," but don't believe their lies. Everyone knows that no deck contains two or three of the same cards!

## **CRAPS!**

*"The Gentle men game!"*

**To Play:** Something with dice or the other? It's too confusing for ol' Clyde!

**To Win:** Don't get snake eyes? Or do. Snakes' eyes are important, is all I'm saying.

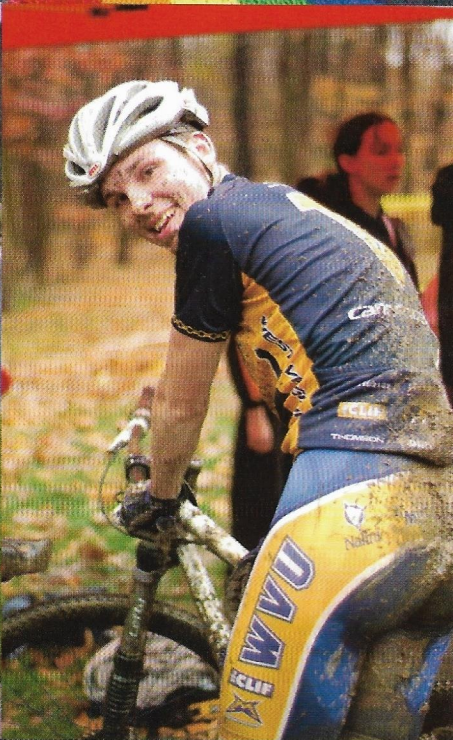
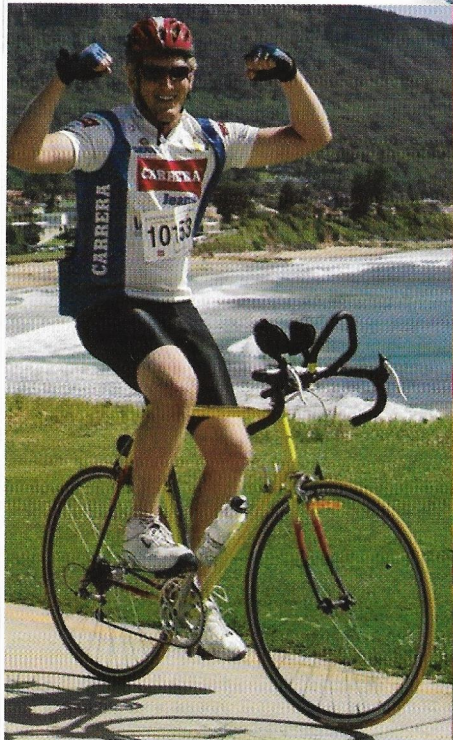
**To Win the CLYDE way:** Gesticulate wildy around a waist high table of polished wood. At the bar, that is.

**Casino Clue:** Learn the rules, if you can, and use them to bore annoying people to death! No better way to wrap up a parole-officer meeting than to ramble on about "rolling six the hard way" or "committing unspeakable acts on a stranger's pool table"! Talk strategy with your cell mates about what a goofy name "Craps" is!

Looking for a fabulous bicycle experience?

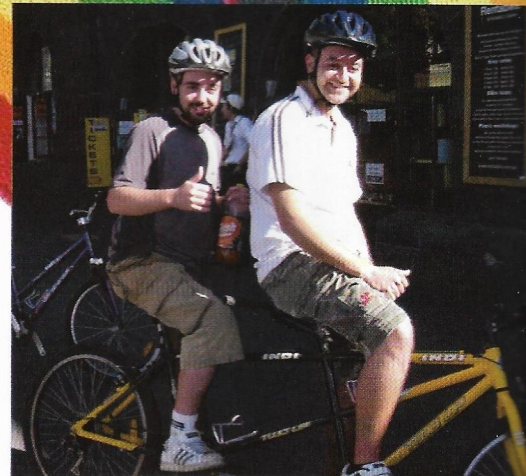
# Bike Curious!

The bicycle and bicycle accessory shop catering to the modern bachelor!



Convenient location just off campus on California Avenue!

Stop on by for a free tune-up and to hear Terry's "joke-of-the-day!"



Shop owners Terry Thomas and Benny Quist have been biking together for more than 15 years!

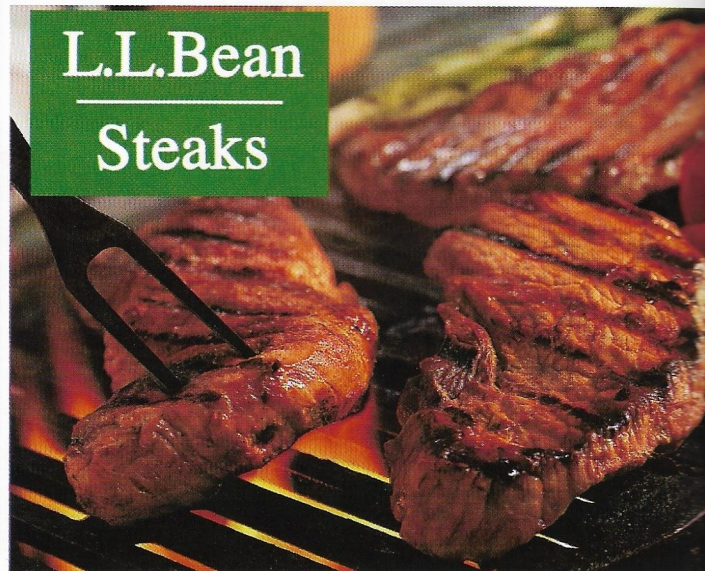
Tandem bikes a specialty!



## Gerber Life Insurance

Just in case you forget not to shake him.

## L.L.Bean Steaks



# The Stanford Chaparral

presents  
Volume CXI, No. 3

## Lady Luck

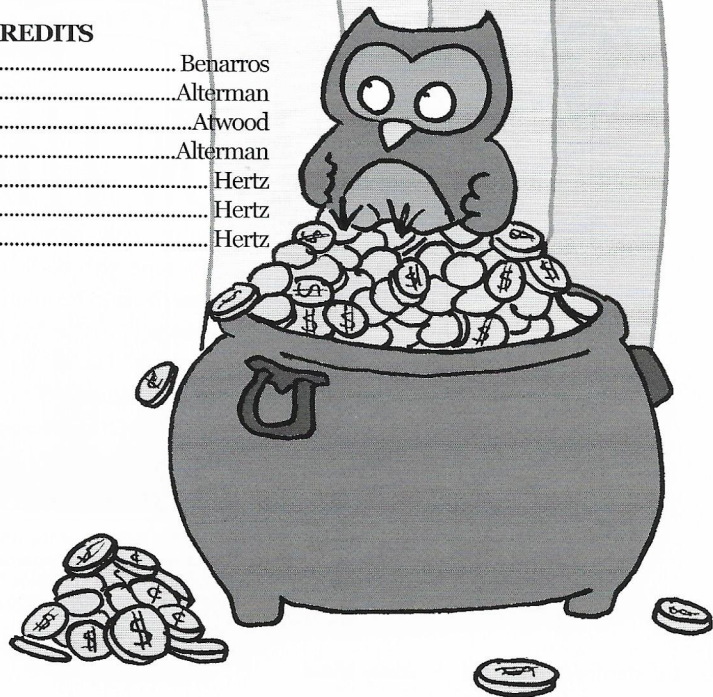


**ART CREDITS**

Cover	Benarros
5 Jester	Alterman
9 Hardy Boys	Atwood
12 911	Alterman
16 Mouse	Hertz
20 Russian Dolls	Hertz
23 What is that?	Hertz

### WRITING CREDITS

2	Probability	Werner
3	Gamblin' Clyde's Gamblin' Guide	Parker
4	Special Advertising Section	Werner
6	Now That	Old Boys
7	Footlocker	Lyman
8	Mainframes	Lyman
8	Bumper Car Island	Werner
9	Hardy Boys	Lyman
9	Wise Guy	Werner
10	Mixed Signals	Werner
10	Inquiring of Mr. Columbus	Werner
11	Some Guys Have All the Luck	Meisel
12	A Brief History of Cracker Jacks	Werner
13	Tattoos	Nova
13	A Tale of Southern Industry	Malkiewich
14	Six Characters in Search of an Author	Hertz
15	Leprechaun Luck	Werner
16	Existentialism and Uncleship	Hertz
17	In the Southern Hemisphere	Kemper
17	Card Cocktail Party	Malkin
17	Socialite	Kettler
18	Breakback Mountain	Katovich
18	Lightbulbs	Meisel
19	James Buchana: Celebrated Bachelor	Lyman
19	Social Psychology	Lyman
20	K9 Unit	Werner
21	Quarters	Ameli
22	Jazz Fans to Jordan	Kemper, Meisel
23	Answering Machine	Kemper
23	Sleeping Habits	Kettler, Werner
25	Wallet Zippers	Werner
24	Peking D.V.D. Video	Kemper, Lyman
26	Real Estate	Lyman, Werner
26	I'd Rather Be Lucky than Good	Werner
26	Acid	Werner
27	FBI Impressions	Maher, McCurdy
27	Artist	Meisel
28	Prove It!	Katovich, Kenter, Lyman
29	Brainiac Toys	Gardner, Lyman, Meisel
31	Funny Guy	Kettler
32	Pabst Yellow Ribbon	Kenter



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'10

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## Special Thanks

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Barry Parr  
Chelsea Sprick  
Grace Devoll  
Luck



# The Stanford Chaparral

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*Old Boy*      *Old Boy*

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<i>OWEN ELLICKSON '00</i>	<i>STEVE YELDERMAN '04</i>
<i>BERN FUNK '09</i>	<i>JACOB YOUNG '02</i>

ESTABLISHED 1899      ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

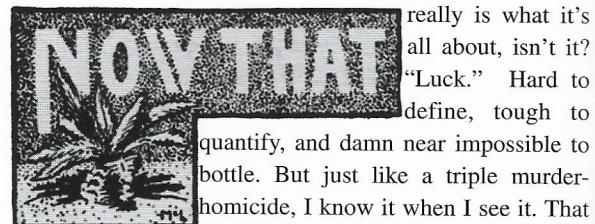
G. WENZEL 1916



we're well into winter quarter, it's time to check in with your New Year's Resolution. Are you smoking less? Mailing in more rebates? Put in any hours at the animal shelter yet?

Of course not. A resolution might get you to Arillaga a couple days in a row during the Winter Quarter shopping period, but that's about as

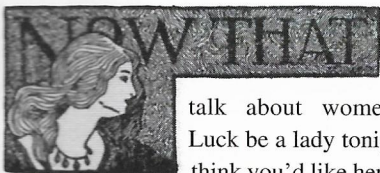
far as people can expect to ride a goal they set between glitter-stung sips of champagne on New Year's Eve. You gonna try to lay off the sauce? Well that's just great. I'm gonna try to fuck a dinosaur without getting too emotionally involved. Good luck to both of us.



really is what it's all about, isn't it? "Luck." Hard to define, tough to quantify, and damn near impossible to bottle. But just like a triple murder-homicide, I know it when I see it. That

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guy with the gorgeous wife he “found”? Luck. That chick who’s actually a dude? Luck. That kid who found the golden ticket and got to go on an all-expense-paid trip to Wonka’s factory? Not luck, actually. Skills. Mad fucking skills. This Old Boy isn’t jealous of many, but that skilled little fuck...



I got that off my chest, let’s

talk about women--because Luck be a lady tonight. And I think you’d like her--reminded

me a lot of that girl Chance you took to prom senior year. Chance treated you real nice that night--helped you avoid a random limo inspection, kept track of your rental bow tie, even helped you find that spare pair of underwear after you made a wet fart at the afterparty. But what the hell happened to you guys after that? Word around home is you got all high on the lefty-loosy-liberated college life and dumped her over Thanksgiving break. You were looking for someone more spontaneous, less predictable, you said. You had no fucking idea what you were getting yourself into.



Now That

Chance isn’t on your side, you need to find a new

wind beneath your wings--and that’s why Old Boy is setting you up on this blind date. So even

if there isn’t much chemistry, do try to stay in her good graces, and, by all means, don’t

take this one to mini-golf--you look really effeminate when you play. And anyway, even if she’s insufferable, you have limited options here: The lucky lady who gets to go on a date with you won’t always be Lady Luck. That’s an important difference to understand. Lucky ladies are different animals entirely. Of course, I don’t mean to call women animals in the misogynistic way. I mean it in the bestiality way.

That reminds this me of a bit of wisdom from long ago. “’Tis better to go down on Lady Luck than to be down on your luck, lady” a guy at Home Depot used to always say, and brother, this Old Boy is downer on his luck than Australia is under. Take yesterday. I didn’t win the lottery. Not even close. I didn’t even buy a ticket. To make things worse, now I’ve got a lawsuit pending against me for sexual harassment. My attorney’s a bit of a flake, but he says I can get off with only a couple months community service, if I’m lucky. Shit.

When am I gonna catch my break? When’s old Old Boy gonna get his shot?



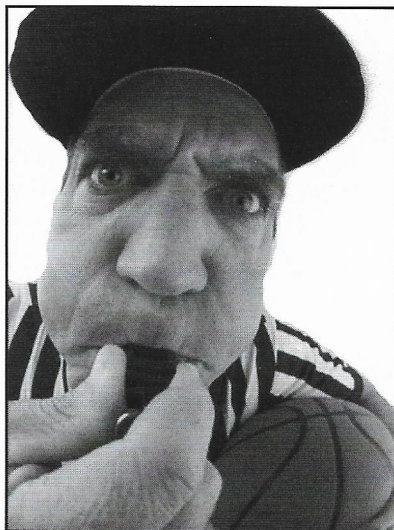
is good whiskey. But we need to get back on topic: girls. The issue isn’t just luck. There’s a lady behind that luck. And there’s an ass behind that lady. And it is fine. Not fine in the way girls say they’re fine when their boyfriend breaks up with them

but really they’re pretty upset no matter how much you ask, “Are you really fine? Are you sure?” because you’re pretty sure they’ve been crying and eating a lot lately, but the other kind of fine. You know, when you talk about a hot chick. That’s what her ass is like, and as luck would have it, she’s single. That’s Lady Luck. You may want her to blow on your dice, but when you bust early, be sure you don’t smack her in front of the pit boss. That’s his daughter.

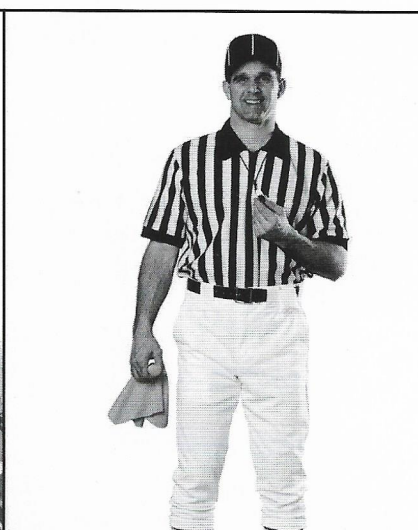
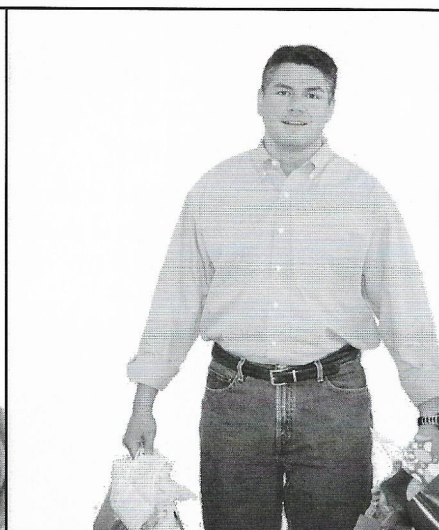
Next thing you know, you’re being thrown out of the casino. Then Las Vegas. Then Nevada. Then you’re getting deported back to Paraguay. You wonder if they’d throw you off the planet if it weren’t so damn expensive. At least in space maybe then your luck would turn. Just avoid the number thirteen. The Apollo program learned that the hard way, but then again, thirteen’s nothing to mess with on Earth, either.

Perhaps we’re approaching this Lady Luck idea the wrong way. We’re treating her as an ugly spinstress, looking to spurn you any chance she can. That’s no way to treat a lady. Maybe luck, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. Perhaps the fact that you’re still able to breathe with the aid of that iron lung would be considered lucky to others who can’t even breathe like that. Maybe your life is so great that luck doesn’t even register. Maybe you’re the luckiest leaf on the four leaf clover that we call “existence”.

And maybe I won’t call that t-rex the next day after I fuck it. Luck’s a farce. But the Lady is still hot.



\*Tooouooooot!\*



“Hi, welcome to Foot Locker.”

# Mainframes Made Easy



A Beginner's Guide To  
Personal Computing

Just five years ago, mainframe computers were the size of gymnasiums, reserved only for government agencies, large corporations, and gymnasts; but transistors have come a long way since then. For the first time, normal families can afford that kind of processing power—and the latest mainframes are nearly compact enough to fit through the front door! Thousands of these personal computers have already been purchased, and it's only a matter of time before there's a mainframe in every American home.

New technology can be intimidating, and that's why we've written this book. These tutorials are meant to guide beginners—of all ages—onto the information superhighway without too many sharp turns.

We'll teach you about all the basic features, and in the appendix you'll find answers to common beginner questions, like:

- Which mainframe model is right for me?
- How do I set parental controls on my new mainframe?
- Will the hardware updates fit in my standard mailbox?



## Frequently Asked Questions about Bumper-Car Island

### How old do I have to be to go to Bumper-Car Island?

Children of all ages are welcome on Bumper-Car Island! Whether you're 3 or 303, every person can have fun here on Bumper-Car Island!

### Does Bumper-Car Island have any height restrictions?

Of course not! On Bumper-Car Island, there's something for everyone. Whether you're 3 feet tall or 3 million stories tall, every person can find their niche here on Bumper-Car Island!

### Where is there to eat on Bumper-Car Island?

There are more than a dozen dining options on Bumper-Car Island, which means there's something for every appetite. Whether you're looking for a small snack, a full-blown gourmet dinner, or even the freeze dried stuff that astronauts eat, every person can eat just as much as they'd please here on Bumper-Car Island! Especially astronauts!

### How do I get to Bumper-Car Island?

All you need to do is wish! Of course, driving on Interstate 95 just 20 miles south of Shepardville may be a little bit faster!

### Are there any special rules on Bumper-Car Island that I need to know about before my visit?

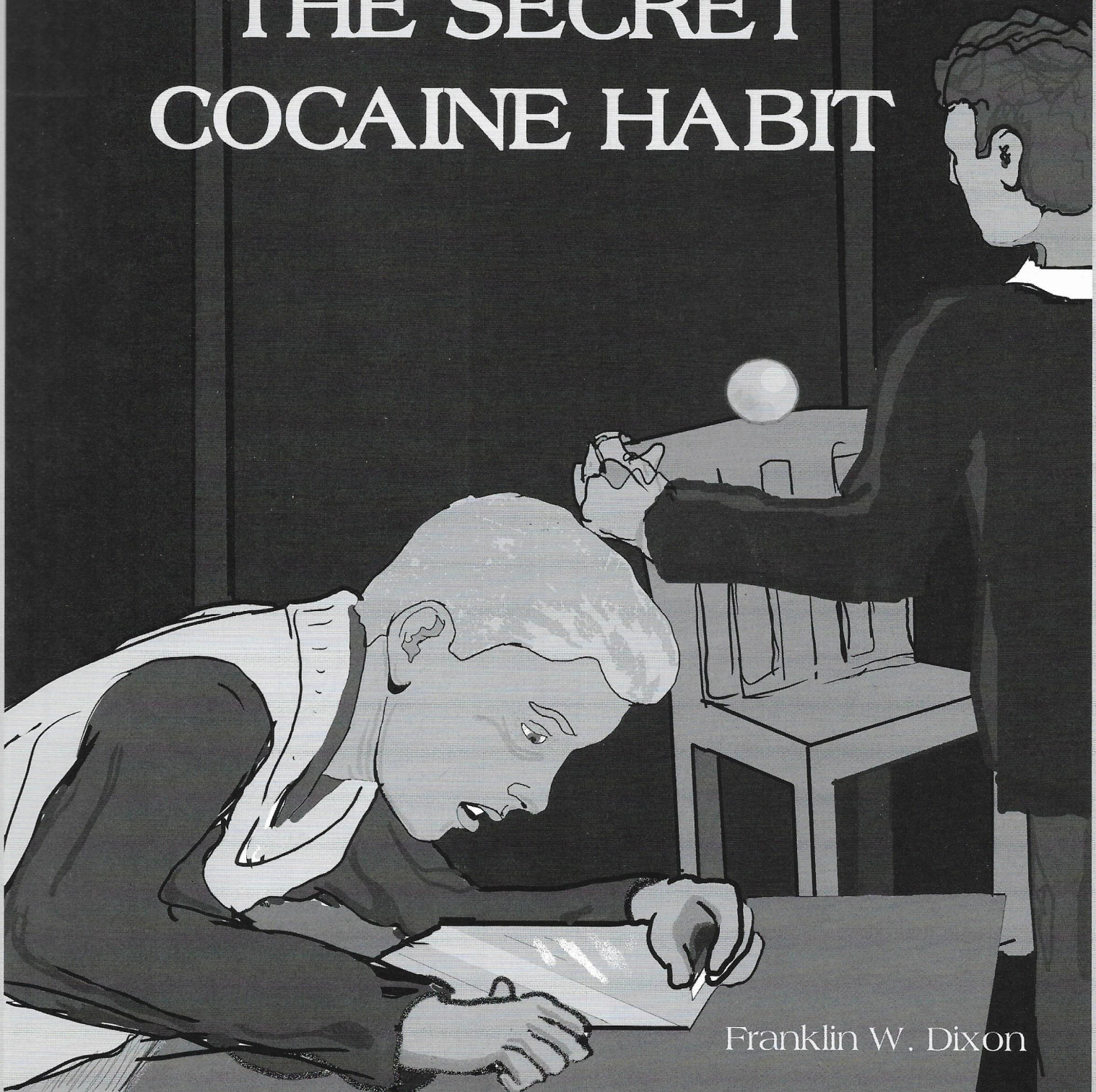
Just one: have fun!

### When did Bumper-Car Island change its name to Rhode Island?

The late 70s.



THE HARDY BOYS  
IN  
THE SECRET  
COCAINE HABIT



Franklin W. Dixon

# Keep it up, wise guy.

You're cruisin' for a bruisin'

You're sailin' for a tailin'

You're waddlin' for a throttlin'

You're truckin' for a fuckin'

You're boundin' for a poundin'

You're tunnelin' for a pummelin'

You're paddlin' for a paddlin'



## Subtle Differences

Sending Mixed Signals



Sending Mixed *Traffic* Signals



INQUIRING OF  
CHRISTOPHER  
COLUMBUS



— Hey, Mr. Columbus?

I am terribly busy, young lad.  
What is it?

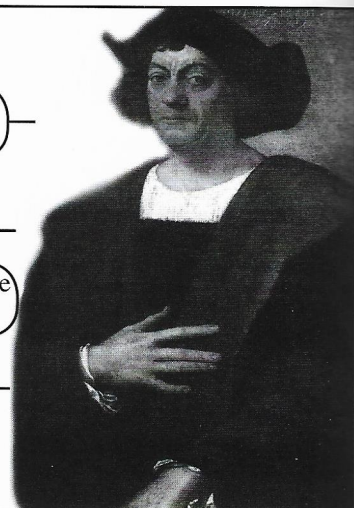
— Are you using that boat?

....

— Can you let me know when you're done  
with that boat?

....

— Thanks!



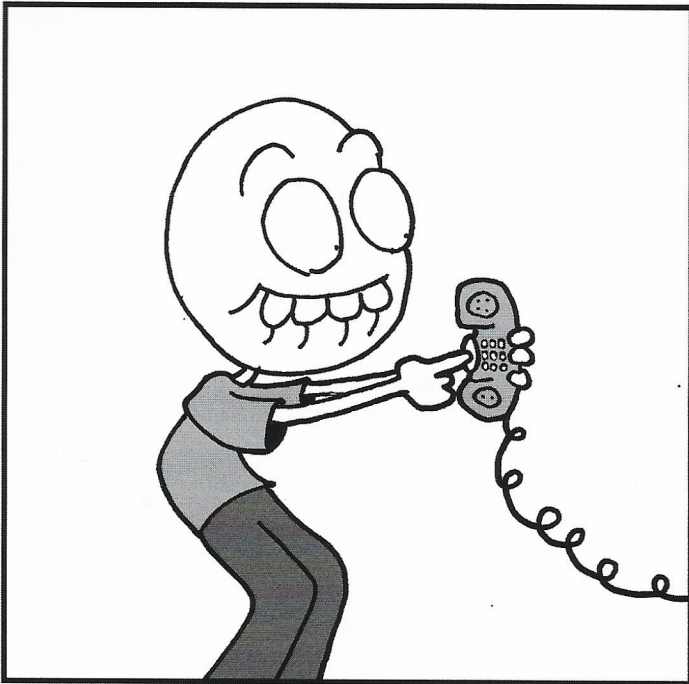
Some guys have all the luck. I mean you put 'em in front of a couple nice ladies and they'll be cutting a rug in no time. Not me though. You see I got two **right feet**, and my right foot's flat-footed. You might think at least it's not **two** left feet, but I'm a lefty so to me it's all the same.

I mean it though. It seems like some guys wouldn't know a short straw if it hit 'em in the face. And that's not to say they're **dumb**. Picture this- I've just suffered through a history exam, and let's just say I didn't skimp on the studying. Meanwhile I overhear **some guy** say, "Man, I doubt I even got a 'C'." Yup, I guess it's all "**a**"s and "**b**"s for *Johnny Einstein*.

**Girls, money**, two types of feet- some guys have it all. Take my friend *Johnny*. This guy's house has more bedrooms than he can count. And he can count to thirty. And Johnny's got me beat more than just counting. **My house has less than one bedroom**. Come to think of it, I don't even have a house.

It's **not** just money though. For whatever *reason*, Johnny's presence demands respect wherever he goes. He walks into a restaurant, you can bet he's getting the royal treatment. "What can I get for you Mr. Einstein? Sparkling water, a hot towel, a glass for the sparkling water? The world is your oyster!" the maitre d' will bellow almost 60% of the time he eats out. Not me though, I'm a *regular* Rodney Dangerfield. Last night, the one time me and my date were served water it was cloudy with a chance of meatballs. I didn't think it was possible, but the look of disgust on my date's face made *her even* homelier.

I know one guy who didn't get **lucky** last night. It figures though. I guess some guys just have all the luck.



**Call 911**



**Tell them they're  
doing a great job!**

# A Brief History of Cracker Jacks

**1893**

Fritz Ruceckshelm, a worker at Consolidated Popped Corn Incorporated's factory in Champaign, Illinois, gets in a fight with Smith Barnaby, a janitor at the factory. Fritz loses 6 teeth in the altercation, which fall into boxes of their bestselling *Sugared Popped Corn Product*. Two months later, Consolidated Popped Corn Inc. receives letters from consumers that received the teeth, thankful for the prize they found. Company Owner Jonas Buxtuzin decides to begin placing teeth of immigrants in all boxes of *Sugared Popped Corn Product* to boost sales.

**1899**

With the conclusion of the Spanish-American War, tooth value plummets, along with sales of *Sugared Popped Corn Product*. Buxtuzin, maddened by fever, changes the name to *Cracker Jacks*, an extremely racist term at the time for a boy of Irish descent. The product becomes a gag gift, given only to men at bachelor parties and traded amongst middle schoolers. Sales of *Cracker Jacks* are abysmal, driving Consolidated Popped Corn Inc. to near bankruptcy.

**1930**

With the dawning of the great depression, teeth become prohibitively expensive to place in boxes of *Cracker Jacks* for the already financially thrashed corporation. Jonas Buxtuzin Jr., the illegitimate son of the founder of the company, begins to place bits of glass and paper in boxes instead. Luckily for Consolidated Popped Corn Inc, an article written in a French magazine calls glass and paper, "Rich Man's Potpourri". With the new found customer base in the aristocracy, the company changes its name to Luxury Foods and ceases production of all other products besides *Cracker Jacks*.



Figure 2: "Cracker Jack" and his dog, Nutzo

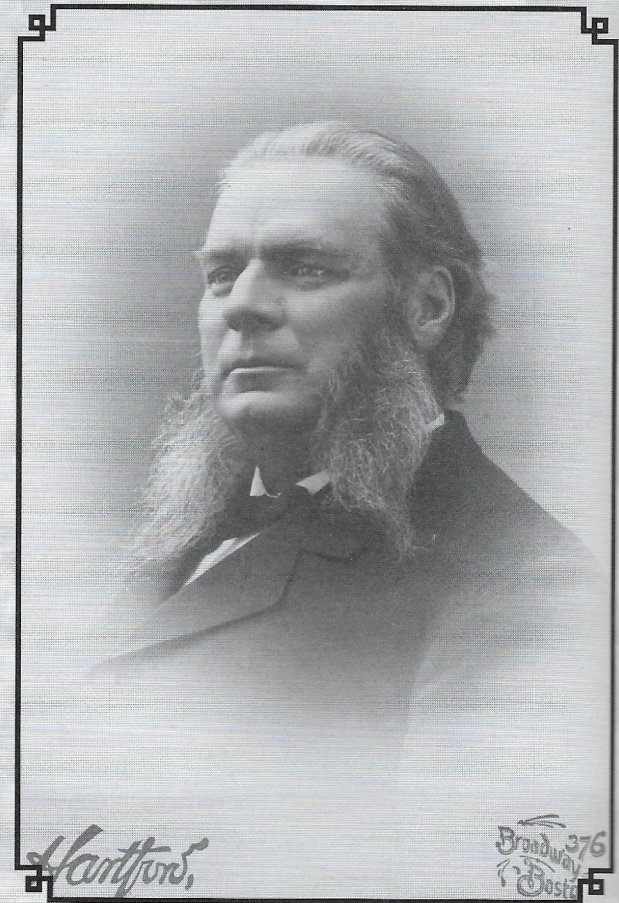


Figure 1 - Jonas Buxtuzin, owner of Consolidated Popped Corn Incorporated

**1949**

As the gold rush booms, *Cracker Jacks* begin to feature gold nuggets in their boxes. *Cracker Jacks* surpass caviar and champagne as the foodstuff most identifiable with luxury.

**1980**

A sex scandal rocks Luxury Foods, causing many politicians associated with the snack to be voted out of office. With its formerly strong lobby now ineffective in Washington, the tax breaks that were the crutch of the company are swept away, crippling the already beleaguered finance department, who cannot declare bankruptcy fast enough. In order to save the company, Luxury Foods begins to market *Cracker Jacks* at ballparks to the proletariat.

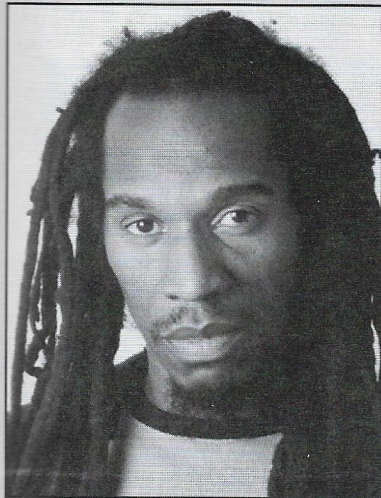
**1982**

Disgusted with how low the company has sunk, CEO James Buxtuzin hangs himself in his Chicago apartment.

**2003**

Martha Ruceckshelm, the great granddaughter of Smith Ruceckshelm, purchases a box of *Cracker Jacks* and discovers a cartoon drawing of a dog. Though she does not understand why, a proud tear creeps down her cheek as she gazes into the night sky.

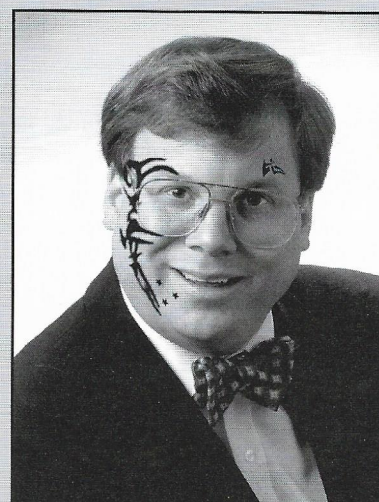
# got any tattoos?



Two. Hot chick riding an anchor on my bicep, infinite regression of Calvins peeing on smaller Calvins on my left thigh.



I got the name of my first boyfriend on my back. Now I only date guys named John. Or girls.



Yep.

## A Tale of Southern Industry

Mama Cassie's was founded in 1831 in Savannah, Georgia by "Mama" Cassidy Bryson who started making candies by hand when her husband Edmund died in a tragic horse and buggy accident. Left with no source of income and nothing to do with her newfound copious amounts of free time and alcohol addiction, Mama Cassidy employed her seventeen children into making real old time candies to keep them off the then drug ridden streets of Savannah.

My but those fine candies sold so fast that Mama Cassie soon had to find a bit of help. She had her best friend, Caroline Bartlett, come over to help. Caroline was the town spinster and she was so unwanted by the men of the town that she would just spin all day. Spin, spin, spin, that girl did. She spun wondrous fibers that the town would marvel over, just like that sweet girl in Rumpelstiltskin.

These threads that were woven by Caroline, well they were sewn into the best candy insulating sheets you ever did see! Young Caroline, ever the talent for not just spinning, but words as well, called her fabric "polyurethane". Ever since, Mama Cassie has been wrapping all her candies in those darling, tiny little blankets.

When Mama Cassie died in 1868, her children were willed over to Old Miss Gurthrie, who was a bit of a leather tanner, just as a hobby. Mama Gurthrie helped Mama Cassie's children by showing them how to make leather cases to pack the candies in. We carry on her legacy by maintaining the old-time case making southern tradition. The leather is hand tanned by indentured laborers and the foam is bought at the general store on credit, with hopes we can pay you back in a week or so. And

of course, our cases are made in micro batches throughout the day to guarantee that each case is ensured fresh. Today, Mama Cassie's candies are still sold in their signature leather cases.

Oh, 'round about a year or so after Mama Cassie passed, Miss Gurthrie brought Mr. Pasley to the house. Mr. Pasley was a very handsome man, well known by all the finest ladies in all the finest towns. Mr. Pasley made sure that every family, near and far, got a taste of Mama Cassie's leather bound candies. That's how come today you can find Mama Cassie's Candies all over the world. They even heard of Mama Cassie's in the orient!

Mr. Pasley was good friends with Sir Walter Mason. Sir Mason was the gunsmith in the next town over. Mason also wanted to help the children of Mama Cassie in any way he could and, of course, Mr. Mason liked to shoot any and all things. He shot each and every one of Mama Cassie's seventeen children. Right in the face.

Mama Cassie's is still miraculously owned by the Bryson family and is making high quality candies for all to enjoy with the southern tradition that started it all.



# SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

by Luigi Pirandello

This famous play is Pirandello's greatest work. It is the story of the characters of a play investigating their construction as characters of a play. Here is the climax from this enlightening work of art.

*[The characters of the play gather in wonder, having realized they are the creation of an author.]*

**Leading Lady:** Oh – we must find him. It is our purpose.

**Leading Man:** Yes! But... he would know we are discussing him. It's his play!

**The Director:** He should be here right now!

**Luigi Pirandello (author):** Here I am.

**The Mother:** It's him! Our creator, at last!

*[THE BOY grabs him at knifepoint.]*

**The Mother:** Harold?! What are you doing?

**The Boy:** Listen here. I want to be rich, and famous, and have tons of bitches! Make it happen.

**The Father:** Harold!

**The Boy:** Shut up. Write it Luigi.

**Prompter:** Wait... why would this happen? Luigi must have written this.

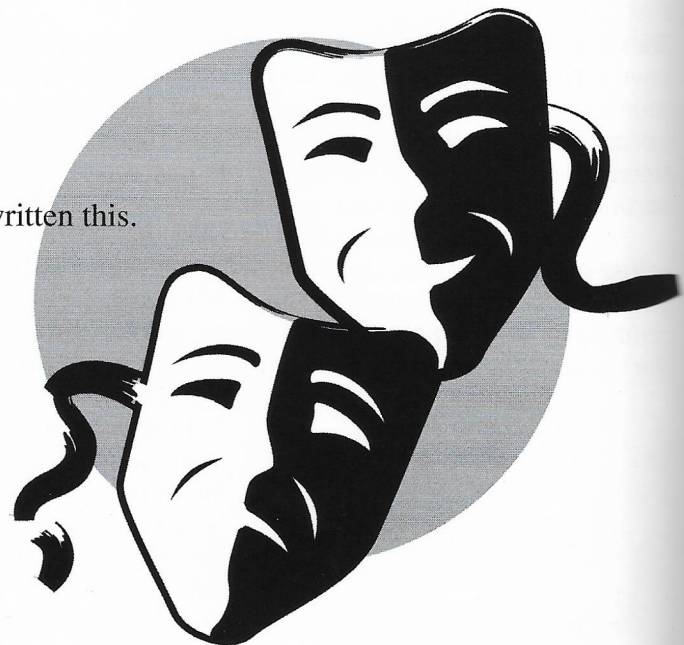
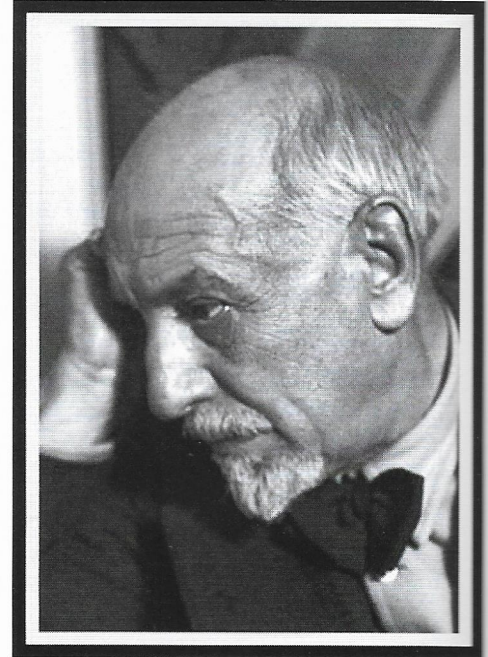
**Luigi Pirandello:** No - I didn't write this. It was my cat.

**Leading Lady:** Your cat can type?

**Luigi Pirandello:** Yes. I wrote him that way.

**Leading Man:** But sir –

*[Everyone turns into eggplants.]*



# Leprechaun Infestation

I've seen it hundreds of times before. Leprechaun infestation. Worst fate that can befall a man, if ya ask me.

Name's Malone. I'm an exterminator by trade, and I can take care of your leprechaun problem no matter how big or how small. And I know what you're thinkin', too.

"But Malone, I'd love to have even one leprechaun. An infestation sounds like it would be terrific."

Course it does. But you haven't seen the things I've seen. How a colony of leprechauns can ruin your life. Let me explain.

We've all been there before. On a string of bad luck. Perhaps your girlfriend broke up with ya, your buddy gets picked up by the cops, and that rash just isn't going away like you'd hoped. Can wear on a fella, make you wanna change your fortunes a bit. Take matters into your own hands.

Let's say you decide to pick up a pair of leprechauns at the pet store after getting a parking ticket one Tuesday. The guy at the store, looking to make a quick sell, guarantees he sold you two males. Course he don't know what he's talkin' about, they keep all the leprechauns in the same bin, they don't know a male from a female just like you and I don't know the difference between an alligator and a crocodile. Anyways, you pay for 'em and the clerk, he just picks two willy-nilly and plops em in a brown paper bag. Soon as you walk outside, that bum that was pesterin' you for money when you walked to the store gets struck by a lightening bolt, even though it's sunny as all hell. You shake the bag with your leprechauns in it appreciatively. Seems things are already turnin' around.

That week, things are going great. All the people in front of you in line at the post office start vomitin' blood and get out of line, leaving four open windows for you to choose where to drop off your mother's birthday gift at. Your hardass boss announces to the office that he has a month to live and will be resigning. Your new boss is a smokin' hot broad, and she says she's in a very open relationship with her lesbian partner. Lucky stuff like that, you know. All because of those two leprechauns.

After a week of being Lucky Louie, you notice one of your leprechauns is pregnant. Guess that guy at the pet store didn't

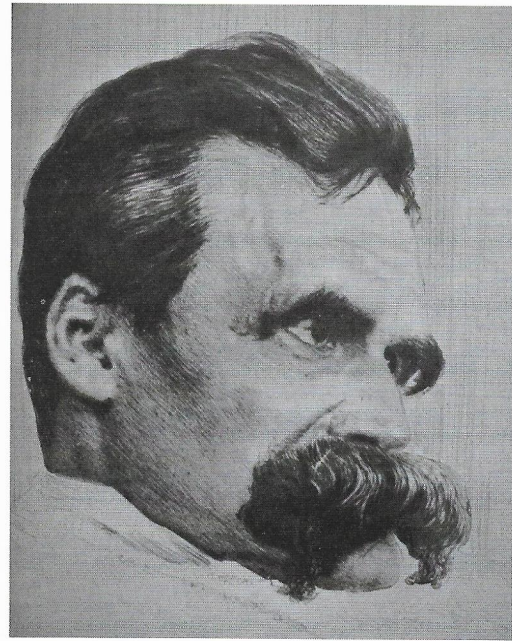
know what he was talking about after all. Four days later, a litter of a dozen or so leprechauns are yours. Sounds great, right? Sure is. For the next few weeks, your luck is unmatched. Everyone in the office is stricken blind, leaving you free to take as much office supplies as you can carry. Your local baseball team wins the pennant, even though it's January. The glass of vending machines explode as you walk by, leaving you access to unlimited troves of free Doritos and OkeeDoke Popcorn.

Problem is, those leprechauns, they keep breedin'. You've got around a hundred or so of em by now, and there ain't enough room in the cage, so you give them free roam of the spare bedroom. Sure, having that many leprechauns means a bit more budgeted to feeding the little guys, but you seem to be winning the lottery a lot these days, so you don't mind so much.

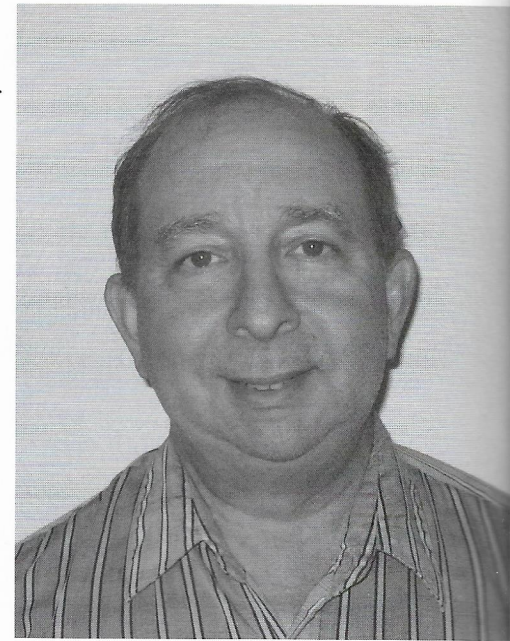
Right around your two-hundredth or so leprechaun, the madness starts to set in. Green fever. At first, you feel immortal, like nothing can phase you. And you're right, too. You get careless, stepping out in front of busses, which explode into a billion feathers right as they hit you. Asteroids start falling on people as you walk by them. The economy crashes except for the companies you've invested in, which skyrocket. You sell and they die too. People are killing themselves now because they may root for a college team that you don't support. You're nailing a different babe every night, and when you don't want to have that awkward conversation the next morning, you find they've already jumped out the window to their death anyways.

Death surrounds you. Everything begins to get to you, your immortality weighs heavily on your soul. You cry and drink all day long. You finally take a twelve-gauge, try to blow your head off. You survive, one in a million chance. You try to overdose on sleeping pills. Instead you have the best slumber of your life. All the while, your leprechauns have free rule of your apartment. There's nothing you can do, no way to end your vicious luck.

Unless you call me. Name's Malone. I can take care of that leprechaun problem for ya, no problem. Just wish you had someone take care of those leprechauns, and I'll just happen to be walking by your door.



# Existentialism and Uncleship: Friedrich Nietzsche and my Uncle Barry



*Who has not for the sake of his reputation - sacrificed himself? |  
(Beyond Good and Evil, 94) |*

Uncle Barry never sacrifices anything. It's one of the reasons he has a bad reputation. Craig says he's also a pathological liar.

*One begins to mistrust very clever people when they become embarrassed. (94) |*

I never trusted Uncle Barry, especially when he gets embarrassed (like when he stole from that farmer's market).

*The sense of the tragic increases and diminishes with sensuality. (103) |*

The really sad thing about that farmer's market was that a lot of the merchants were poor and possibly starving. Barry is so selfish.

*Trust governs the weak; only the strong can forgive a theft*

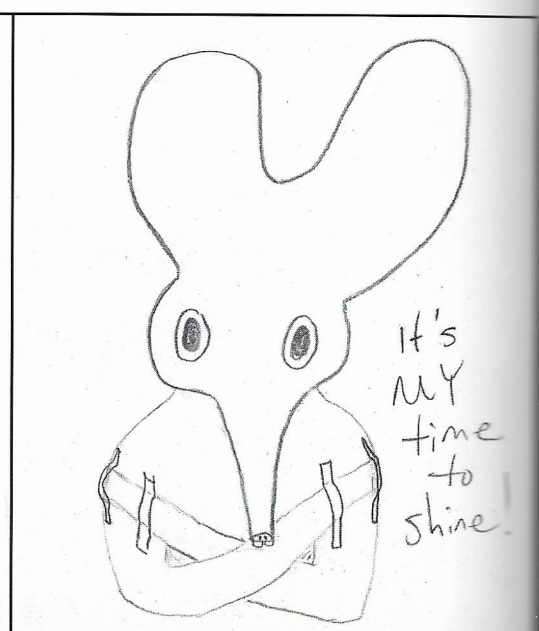
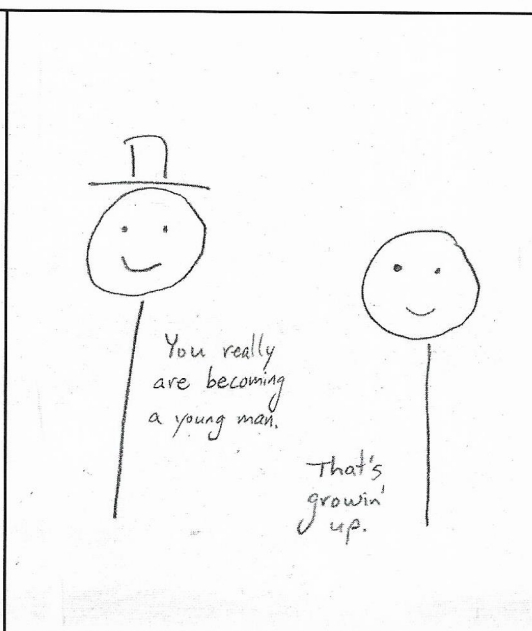
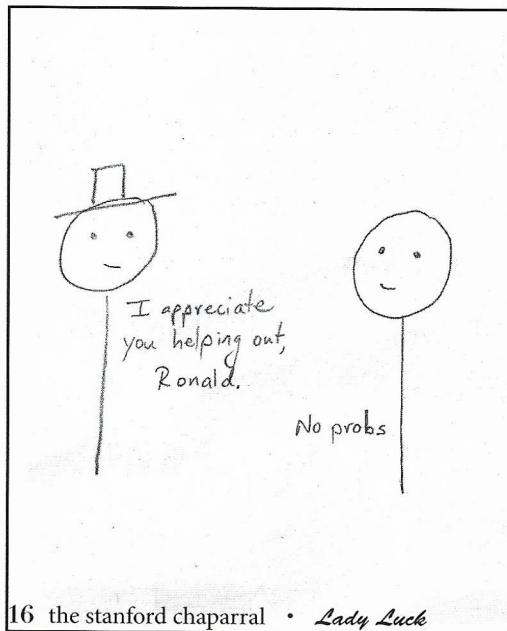
??? Barry - I know you're messing with the prompter. There's no page number. This isn't going to make me forgive you for stealing all those gourds.

*I bought those gourds. (866)*

Barry you're a liar and a terrible uncle.

*No I am that man Neitche. We must not be the victims of a slave morality and things like that, and I command you to give. (1222)*

Get out of my studio.





# In the Southern Hemisphere

Fall is Spring and Winter is Summer

The toilets flush counterclockwise rather than clockwise

They drive on the wrong side of the road

North America is called South America

Sweet potatoes are potatoes

Brazil Nuts are French Toast

Hats are for the meek

Dick Van Dyke has a son

## Card Cocktail Party

**King of Clubs:** So one time, I hit up this club in the city with a Jack as my wingman and ended up with a Queen of Diamonds. Best night ever.

**Ace of Spades:** Lucky you.

**King of Clubs:** I know, man, those Queens are fine.

**Ten of Hearts:** Yo Eight, I hear some stripper cards are coming tonight.

**Eight of Clubs:** Dream on, bro. They only go for face cards.

**Ten of Hearts:** Shit, it ain't that black and white, man.

**Eight of Clubs:** What do you know about black; you're a goddamned Heart.

**Three of Diamonds:** Look at that Six of Hearts; she is SUCH a ho.

**Two of Clubs:** I KNOW, you hear what she did with that Ace of Spades last night?

**Five of Spades:** Um, yeah, it was, like, so disgusting.

**Three of Diamonds:** Don't act like you're above it, Five... you wish you were a Six.

**King of Clubs:** So one time, I went to this club and my friends got a VIP table...

**Queen of Hearts:** You had me at club. Let's go back to your place.

**King of Hearts:** Beg your pardon, what's going on here?

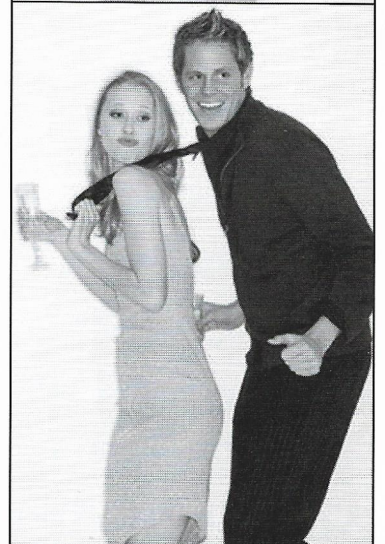
**King of Clubs:** Listen, Hearts, your Queen needs a real King, not a pussy-bitch.

**Queen of Hearts:** Yeah, pussy-bitch.

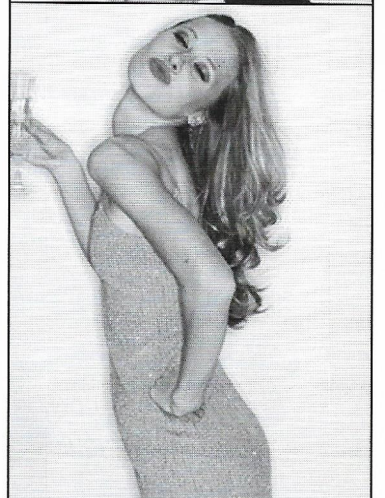
Being a socialite is a lot of work...



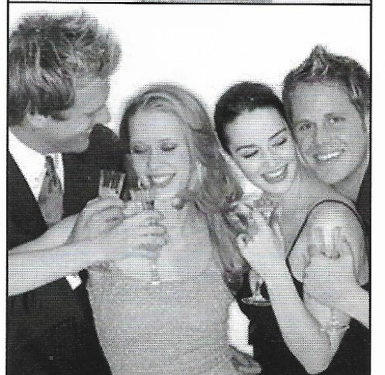
Maintaining the interest of attractive, empty men...



Drinking alcohol and pretending you're having a good time...



Getting gang banged...



# BREAKBACK MOUNTAIN

**Jesus Christ, we have so much fucking work. No, there's no time for breakfast!**

**Sleep together? We don't have time to sleep!**

**After today, I can't even sit down. All that horse riding...**

**Man, work today just penetrated me to the core.**

**This job is fucking me in the ass! I hate this shit!**

**I wish I could quit this job, man. This job's fucking gay.**



## Series of Lightbulb Jokes With Increasingly Complicated Manipulation of Sentence Structure

**How many nymphomaniacs does it take to screw in a lightbulb?**

*It doesn't matter, they can't fit in a lightbulb.*

**How many rabbis does it take to screw in a lightbulb?**

*Well, it's unlikely that Stephen King's famous killer clown would want to have sex with any rabbis, no less inside of a lightbulb. No more than 3.*

**How many nymphomaniacs does it take to screw in a lightbulb?**

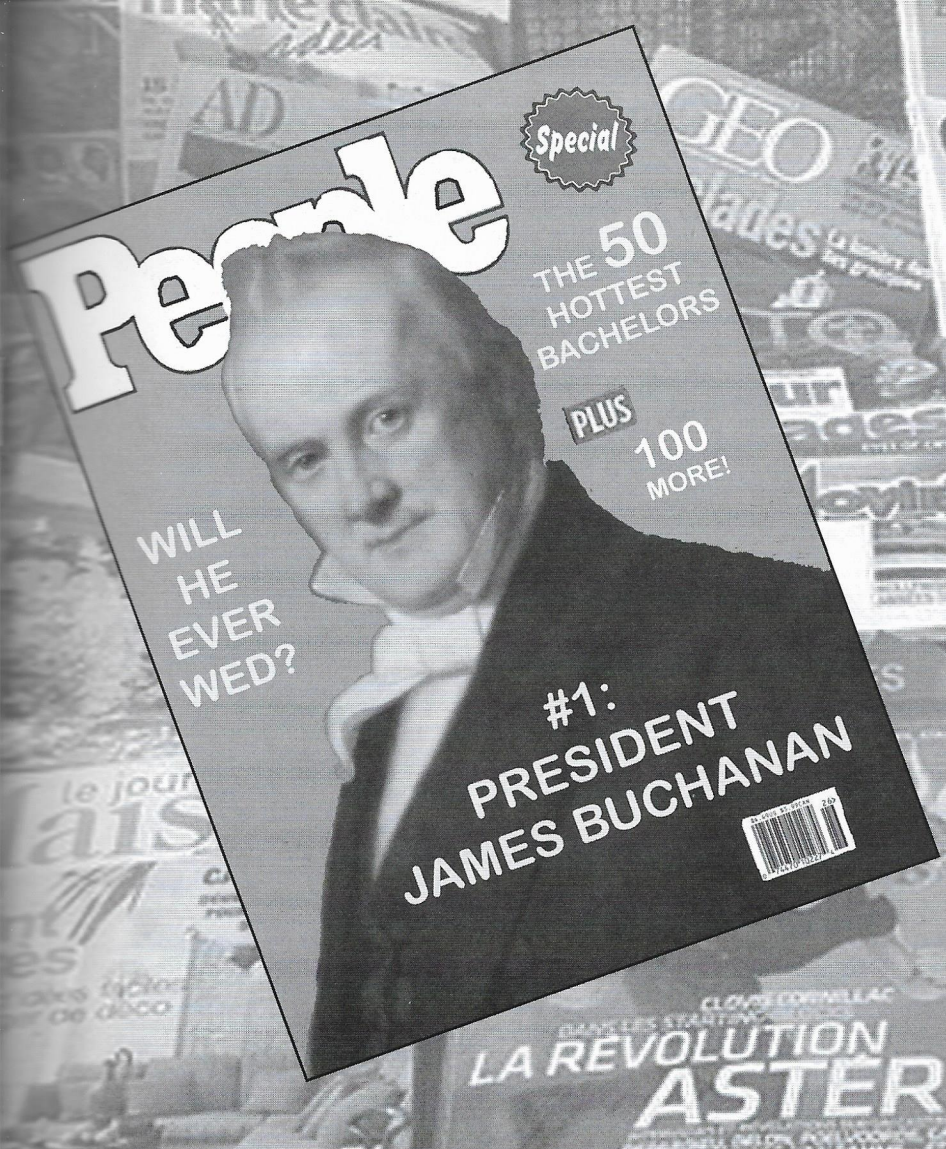
*Knowing those nymphos, the clown could probably be safe to assume quite a few of them would enjoy engaging in intercourse with a lightbulb.*

**How many rabbis (this joke doesn't take advantage of parentheses does it?) take to screw in, a lightbulb?**

*I doubt that any rabbis, being that they are known for their wisdom, would think a lightbulb would copulate. I'd go with the nymphos.*

**How many blondes does it take to screw in a lightbulb?**

*So, so many.*



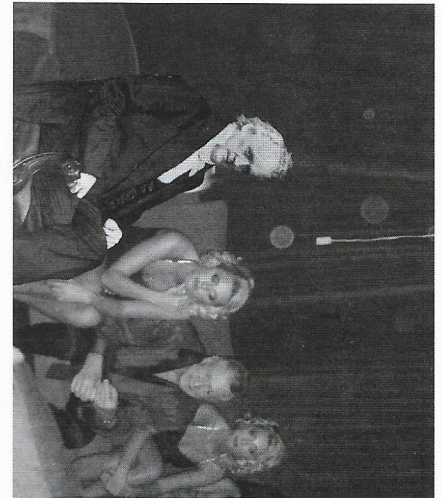
When James Buchanan took office in 1857, he was already a celebrated bachelor at home and abroad. The president has been linked to dozens of beautiful women in the three years since, but claims he won't marry this term or ever.

"It just isn't for me," he's said.

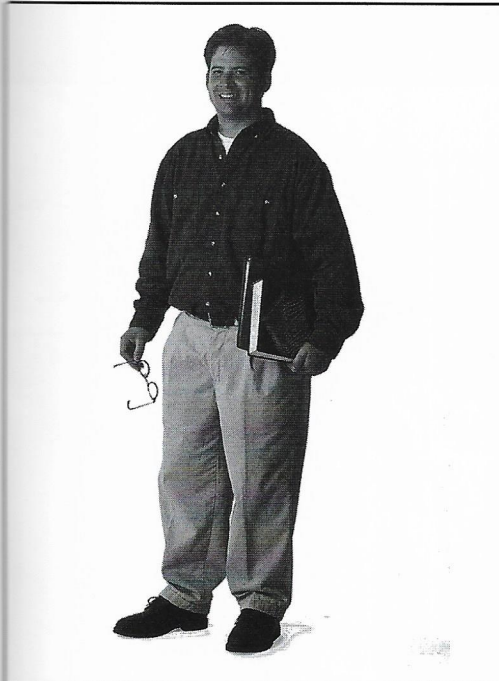
But some friends, like his predecessor in office Franklin Pierce, aren't so sure.

"I once wagered James \$200,000 that he'd be married by the time he turned 40," said Pierce. "Now the bet's for age 45, double or nothing."

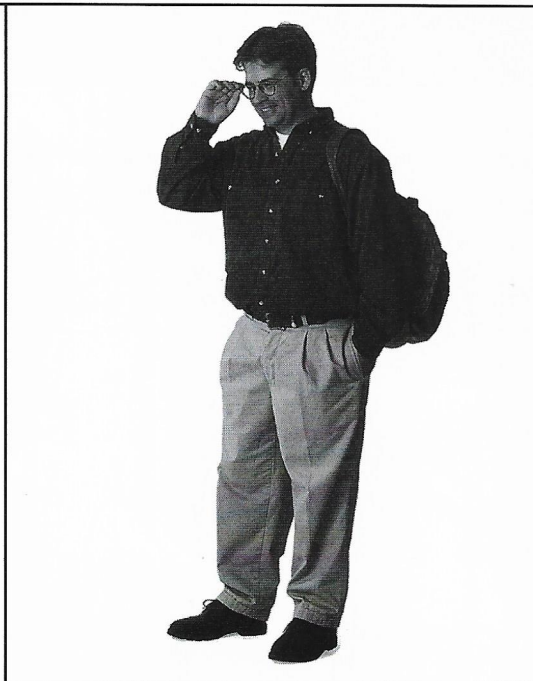
As his last year in office begins, the handsome devil is as single as ever--topping People's list for a second consecutive year.



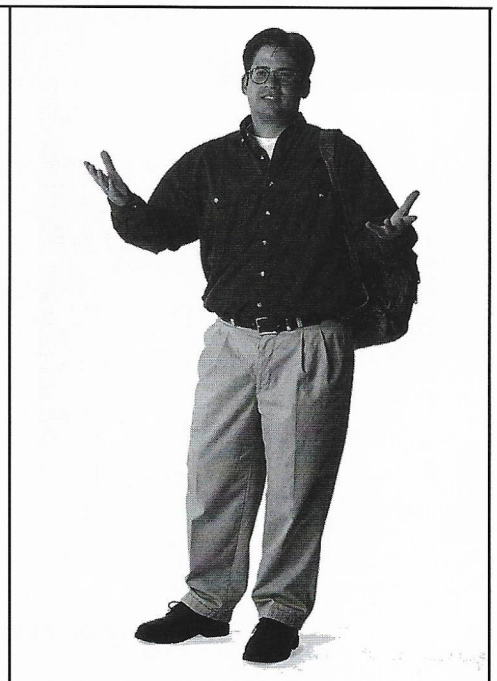
Buchanan used to regular the Playboy Mansion before his White House days.



First impressions aren't everything, I know --but they definitely count!



Don't take it from me, man-- it's social psychology!



# k9 Unit

Dogs have been used by police agencies for sniffing out drugs and subduing illegal immigrants for years. The decreasing role of women in law enforcement has meant a power vacuum that man's best friend has been more than happy to fill.

## Speeding tickets

*Sally the Speeder:* Gee, officer. I didn't realize I was going so fast... Sometimes I can be so absent minded.

*Officer Puddles:* BARK!

*Sally the Speeder:* If only there was something I could do... to show you how... sorry I was...

*Officer Puddles:* BARK!

*Sally the Speeder:* [takes off top, gets off with a warning]

## Responding to a domestic disturbance call

*Officer Rascal:* ARF!

*Sam the Suspect:* Honest, officer. She just got excited. I would never hurt her.

*Vanessa the Victim:* Yeah, Officer Rascal. I slipped and bumped my eye, that's all. I'm so clumsy...

*Officer Rascal:* ARF!

*Sam the Suspect:* Ok, I did it. I admit it! Take me in. I deserve to be in jail for the terrible things I've done!

*Officer Rascal:* [sniffs bush, wanders away]



*In Memoriam*

*Officer Barkers*

*2003-2010*

## Negotiation

*Carl the Criminal:* That's it, I'm going to kill all these hostages.

*Officer Barkers:* WOOF!

*Carl the Criminal:* [shoots all hostages, shoots Officer Barkers, evades Officer Puddles, escapes to freedom. Officer Barkers was one week from retirement.]

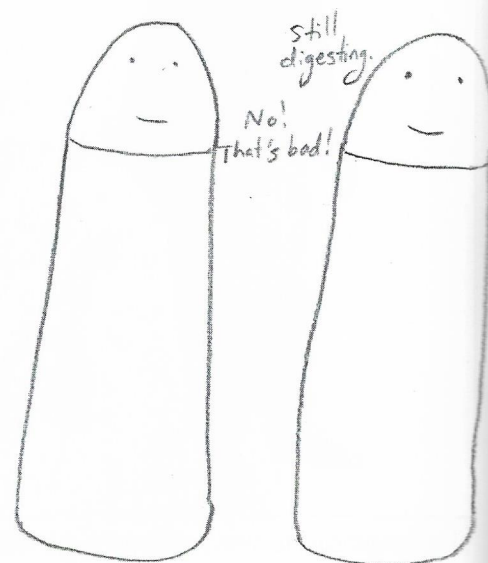
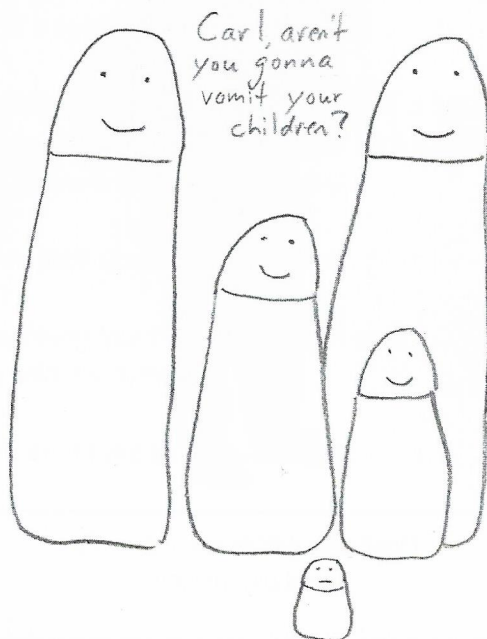
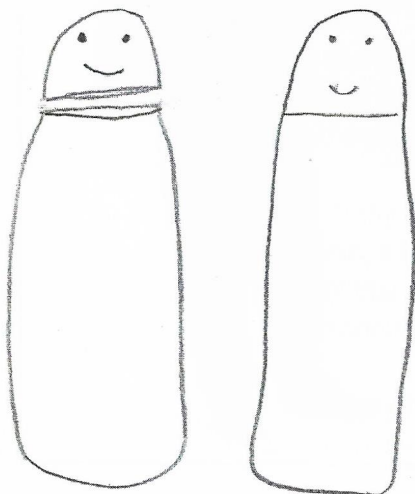
## Retirement

*Officer Biscuits:* WOOF!

*Officer Prettipaws:* ARF! BARK!

*Officer Biscuits:* [put down]

## Russian Dolls





# Can I Get A Quarter

Can I get a quarter?  
The magazine costs more  
than I thought it would.

Will you lend me  
some change  
so that I don't break this twenty on cigarettes?

Do you have five dollars  
that I could borrow  
so that I can get a sandwich  
or maybe some oranges  
from the store on the corner?

I will pay you back  
when I get the chance.  
You know  
that I am good for it.

No,  
I don't owe the bookie.

The casino?  
Haven't been in weeks.

So what if I do,  
I've got to win some time.

Right?

Come on, man.  
I can get you for this  
on Thursday.

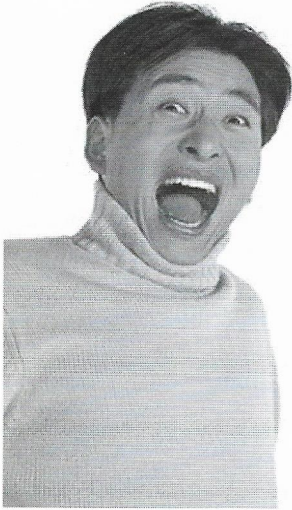
But would you mind  
terribly  
waiting 'til Monday

I'll have money then.

---

Buddy, I need five grand.

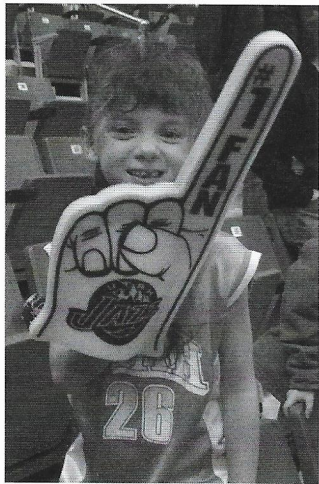
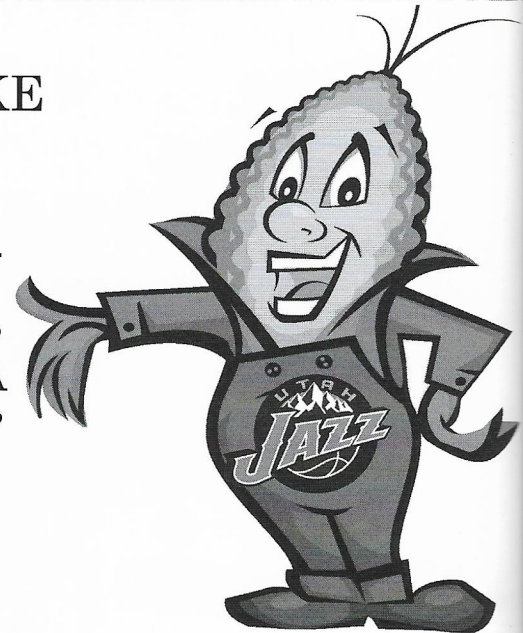
# JAZZ FANS TO JORDAN: NOT IN OUR HOUSE



“Who does he think he is with those fancy sneakers... WHY COULDN'T YA GET A NICE PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES LIKE JOHNNIE STOCKTON?”



“Ha, he's only got one sweatband on! HEY GOOFBALL, YOU FORGET YOU HAD A RIGHT ARM TOO?”



“I DON'T THINK AN EARRING IS AN APPROPRIATE PLACE FOR A CROSS TO BE HANGING!”

“You know, I heard he's using Flubber... but I shouldn't help spread such a nasty rumor.”



“Oh, geeze, put it away! TONGUES SHOULD BE NEITHER SEEN NOR HEARD!”

**Wednesday, Six Thirty-Three PM:**

Hey Christine, it's Trent McCard, I was just calling you because I actually picked up two tickets for the Hawks game and wanted to know if you would join me. The game's next Tuesday, so just get back at me before then. Okay, great, thanks.

**Thursday, Nine Forty-Two PM:**

Hey, it's Trent McCard again, just calling back to apologize for that last message; didn't realize I had the wrong number! I was trying to call my friend Christine, and well, I guess I accidentally dialed your number! So, uh, anyway, sorry for the mistake, won't happen again! Catch ya later.

**Sunday, Three Twenty PM:**

Hey, Trent McCard again, but this time it's not a mistake! Ha, yeah, I was actually calling to ask why you never returned my first call; what if I thought that actually was Christine's number? I'd probably assume she just didn't want to go to the game with me – real shot to the self-esteem! Anyway, talk to you soon.

**Tuesday, Eleven Ten AM:**

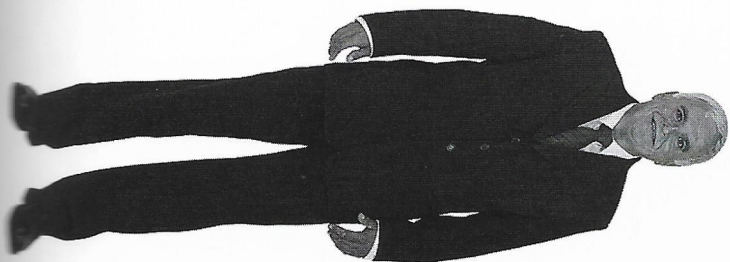
Hey, Trent again, not sure if you got my other messages but I have two tickets to the game tonight if you're interested, so call me back if you are.

**Tuesday, Five Twenty-Five PM:**

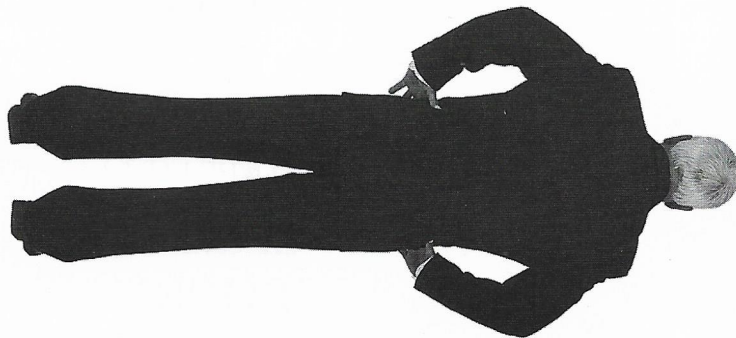
Hey, my mistake, the game's actually tomorrow – I just saw the 23rd on the ticket and miscalculated the date, thought it was today. But it's still at the same time, haha, don't think I could miscalculate that! But Wednesday's still lookin' good for me, let me know how it looks for you.

**Wednesday, Six Thirty-Three PM:**

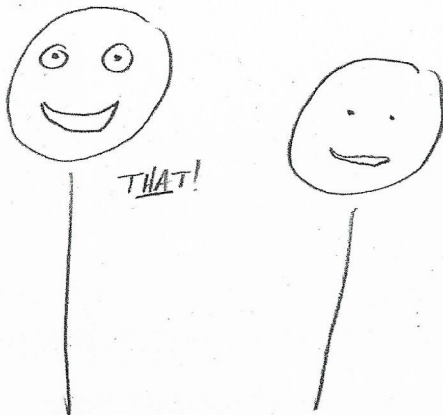
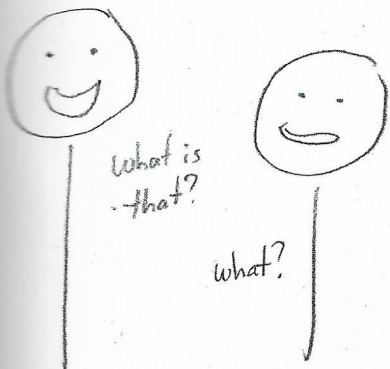
"Hey, sorry for the short notice; turns out Christine and her friend are pretty die-hard Hawks fans, so I ended up giving the tickets to them. Sorry if you were counting on going to the game; maybe we could just watch it at my place. Anyway, let me know. Trent.



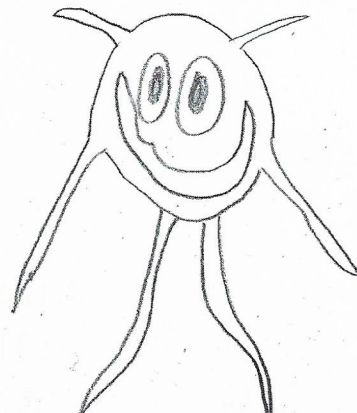
Sometimes, I sleep on my left side.

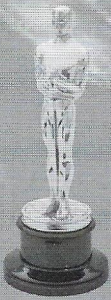


But usually, I sleep in a suit.



A. closer inspection revealed that it was only Philbert!

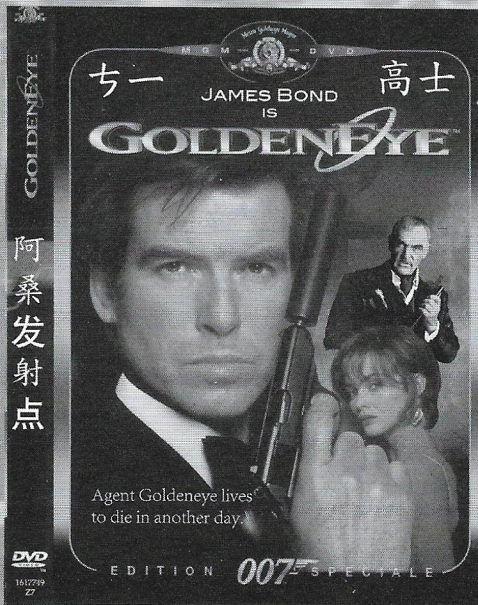
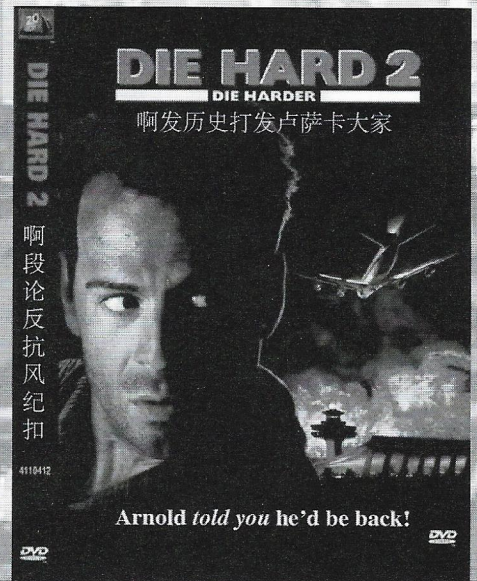




# PEKING D.

## Movies

In the future, he is our top gun. But now he must go back in time travel to change history's path for once and for every. Hasta-la-vista Bobby!



Agent Goldeneye is the British spy with a privilege to kill and all the new gadgets. This time he spars a Siberian arms dealer who's plot is of nuclear proportions. James Bond stars as Goldeneye, winning all the ladies and while the men open his double doors. Will Goldeneye outfight his villains to die in another day?

"Love happens to the best of us" is what this romantic movie has to say for itself. Mary Diaz stars as marriage-age woman falling heart over heel for the veterinarian (funnyman Brent Farve). There is the love, but there are also laughs, screwballs, and pets making their own humor during the DVD.

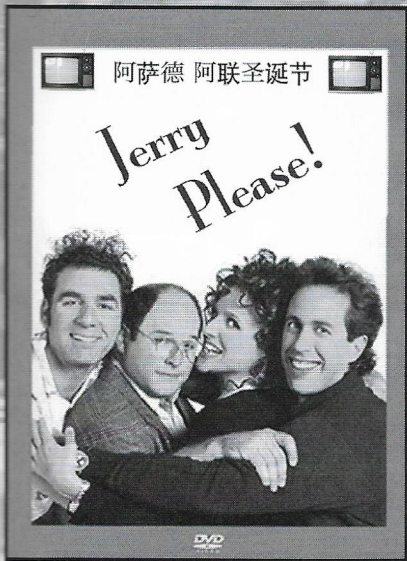




# I.D. VIDEO

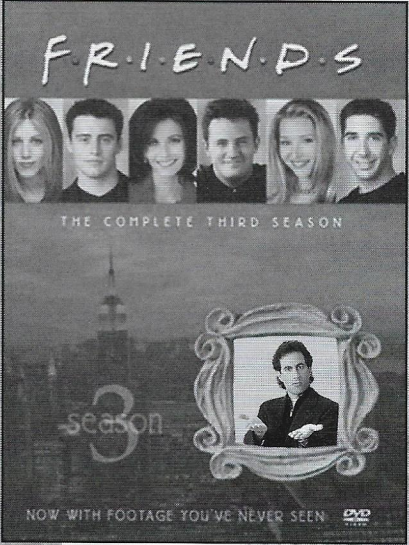


## Show Time

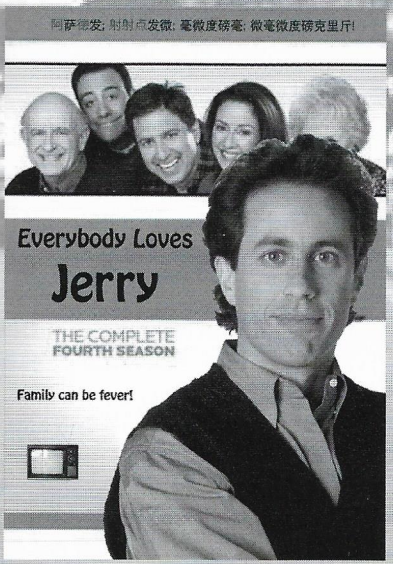


The disadvantages of Jerry Seinfeld, his old-wife Elaine, brother Kramer, and corpulent, male-bald-pattern friend Gorge are funny! Nothing happens in the show, except funny times in this Jewick principality of New York City in America. Jerry has many wives, pays them by making funny stories - "jokes!" Best Comedy in the decade of 1990 (Academy).

The sitcom is back... and so are the Friends! Jerry and the gang have moved into the same living complex, and love is flying in the air! Will the dark haired ones go together? Or will the yellow hair lady win it all? What ever happens, we will get funny coughs!



Jerry and first wife are married... with offspring girl doubles! He now talks slow and elders live next door. More stress! Jerry needs a break... Kramer is back too and still tall!



# Looking to sell your home?

Look to someone you can *trust*.



## Murray and Joan Sandoval

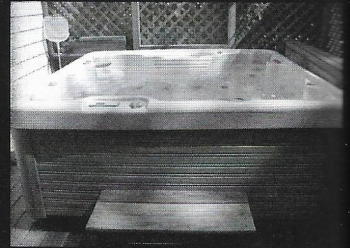
Licensed Real Estate Agents  
Serving the Bay Area for over 25 years  
Please, give us a call.

Murray and Joan Sandoval have been selling quality homes for over a quarter of a century. As the area's fastest closing real estate agent couple, we know the business as well as we know one another. We

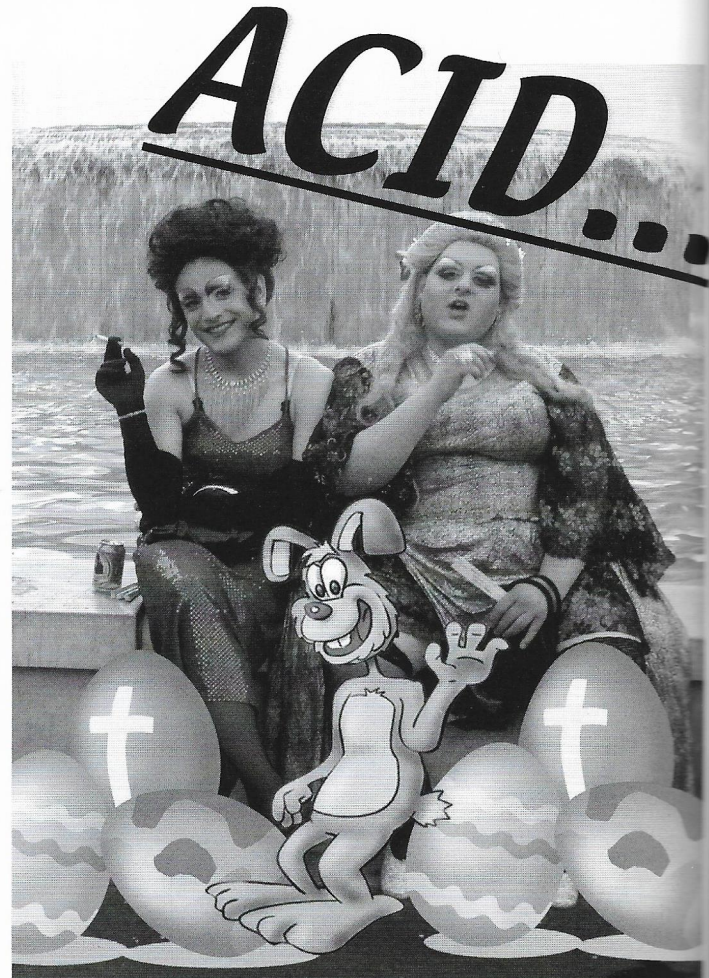


invite all our clients to come to our "Couples Only, Very Open House" so that all of us can get to know one another in a comfortable, trusting atmosphere where couples are allowed to grow their

relationships with one another and the community. So stop by and take a dip in our hot tub. And remember the first rule of swinging: Swapping is never mandatory, but it certainly is encouraged!



I'd rather be lucky than good  
I'd rather be good than bad  
I'd rather be great than lucky  
I'd rather be plucky than moody  
I'd rather be moody than muddy  
I'd rather be Muddy Waters than muddy  
I'd rather be good than muddy  
I'd rather not be muddy



**...AN EASTER TRADITION!**

# Excerpts from FBI Impressions, the FBI Literary Quarterly

## Excerpt from "Eretic Adventures" by SSA Robin Brooke

Agent Carla Jackson arrives home at 9:43 pm. The door is unlocked, and a 4/4 ballad plays on the stereo system. Agent Jackson draws her weapon, a Glock 23 .40 S&W, and commences a procedural sweep of the lower floor, checking all recessed corners while maintaining line of sight with the entrance. After confirming that all rooms are clear, she proceeds up the stairs to find her husband, Mark Jackson, white male 6'0" approximately 185 lbs. laying on their bed with an open container of sparkling white wine. They have intercourse, during which Agt. Jackson's FBI windbreaker remains on her person.

## Excerpt from "An April Past" by Agent Stephen Clarke

David stood atop the knoll and felt the brisk spring wind tousle his black thinning hair. With his eyes closed, he could still see Julie running down into the field below, her dress dancing in the wind. In his mind, the dress blended with her body, and its undulation resembled the fragile contractions of the body of a jellyfish, like the ones he had seen on a field trip to the aquarium as a child. Deep in reverie, he sensed Mary approach him from behind. She placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Sorry if I startled you," said Mary.  
"That's impossible," David said reflexively. He sighed. "What the hell am I supposed to do now?"  
Mary shrugged. "I don't know David, live your life."

David opened his eyes to find the field before him less vibrant than his imagination; in fact, bleak by comparison. He was irked by Mary's lack of actionable intelligence.

## Excerpt from "The Deadliest Game" by Field Technician Gary Ross

Agent Gardner stared at the cloaked figure sitting across from him. They were suspended, each on one end of a giant scale. A chessboard sat between them.

The Sextant Killer began to set out pieces. "I'm impressed you cracked the code to my chamber."  
"The prime factorization of the Mayan date when your parents were dismembered is hard to forget," Gardner said. "Who are you, anyway?"  
"My names are legion," responded the killer, "but perhaps you're familiar with my most famous one...Death."

"They'll call you dead man walking when I find Richards," Gardner retorted. The vehemence bobbed his end of the scale.

"I'll gladly lead you to your attractive female partner if you best me," the killer said mildly.  
Gardner's heart leapt at the thought of Richards. His eyes narrowed. "You'll have to remind me how the Horsie moves," Gardner said. He was a FIDE Candidate Master in chess, but he knew he'd have to exploit the Sextant Killer's only weakness: hubris.



*Pseudointellectual Sammy:*  
Who's your favorite artist?

*Jill:* Brenna O'Neil.

*PS:* Oh I love her.

*Jill:* I don't think you know her.

*PS:* No, I do.

*Jill:* She was my best friend.  
She died.

*PS:* I'm pretty sure I know her work.

*Jill:* She died right before finishing her first painting.

*PS:* That's so weird. I could've sworn I had heard of her.

*Anti-intellectual Eddy:* Quiet down guys!



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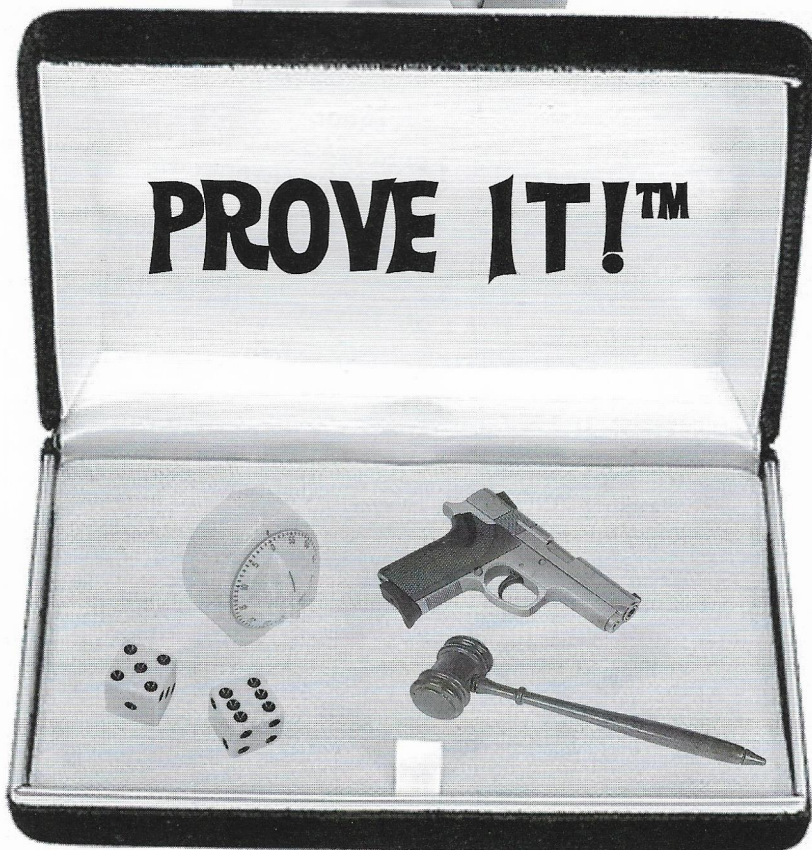
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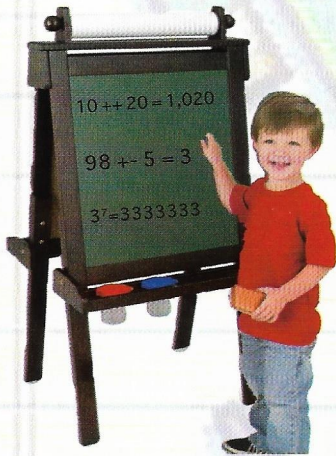
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# “How lucky can one guy be?”

Very lucky, unless he lost his rabbit's foot.

**Kendra Allenby,**  
Did someone say 'Lost'?

As lucky as the number of clovers you can fit on him. So I guess it increases with surface area. There ought to be a logarithmic function for that.

**Laura Malkiewich,**  
Mathematician

I took out a credit default swap on the second Death Star and leveraged the returns in hypermatter futures and speculative properties in the outer rim.

**Anthony Scodary,**  
Almost on topic

Mel Gibson, he can hear chicks' thoughts!

**Sam Corrao Clanon,**  
What Women Want

If you're lucky enough to be Irish, you're lucky enough.

**Garrett Werner,**  
German

Dunno.

**Kiefer Katovich,**  
Lucky we put up with that shit

I used to ask myself that as well, friend, through clenched teeth and into the bottoms of whiskey tumblers at the bar. It always seemed like it was the other guy, not your old pal, that was making it rich at the tables. Well not anymore, not with my patented Luck Enhancement System! I met with top fortuitousness experts, searching to distill the essence of pure luck from everyday objects. Mixed with my own form of oriental mysticism, the process changed me into the luckiest son of a gun at the Sands, and now I'm sharing my secrets with you! It only takes one crushed four leaf clover cream application, a horseshoe under your pillow, and two rabbit foot suppositories to make you feel like the luckiest guy this side of the Rio Grande!

**David Parker,**  
Knows when to fold 'em

Do you mean sex? Gross.

**Meghan McCurdy,**  
Exactly what we meant

As a rational thinker, I know that the law of large numbers tells me that there's no such thing as long-term extended luckiness. As an asshole, I enjoy explaining this to people as pedantically and condescendingly as possible.

**Patrick Maher,**  
Master of Particles

Nailing a queen on the river. Also, receiving a lucky card in a poker hand.

**Josh Stark,**  
Santa Monica Claus

My grandfather once told me that every time you find a penny, it's life's way of presenting you with the beginning of a new opportunity. But he died crossing some train tracks, so I don't know if I really believe anything he said.

**Alexei Koseff,**  
Sorry about your loss

Old Boys-  
Is this for the Stanford Daily? I've been busy lately and haven't made it to meetings, but I'd still like to submit that Dalai Lama comic strip. Do you need the submission by Sunday or just the intent to submit?

-Morgan

**Morgan Ames,**  
Getting into the swing

You're asking the wrong guy.

**Billy Kemper,**  
Down on his luck

790 FICO. 62% ROI. Amex Purple™. Luck?

**Doug Kenter,**  
World Traveler

Depends whether or not Malcolm Gladwell thinks he was born in a propitious month.

**George Malkin,**  
Outlier

The luckiest thing that happened to me was when my grandpa gave me a rabbit's foot for Christmas. It was twice as delicious as it looked, and THREE times as delicious as it tasted.

**Josh Meisel,**  
Lucky on the inside

Riding a Zamboni in a way that grabs the attention of the Jumbo-tron without drawing ridicule from other fans.

**John Lyman,**  
Halftime

Made the varsity team: 5 luckums. Found a bush that looks like me: 8 luckums. Varsity initiation was ILL: 4 luckums. Threw up on my look-alike bush: -10 luckums. Look-alike bush now scary: 6 luckums.

**Alex Hertz,**  
Luckum? I barely even know him.

Not this lucky. Check under his hood for a custom job--I bet he's cheating.

**David Kettler,**  
Furious and Pretty Quick

Real luck is the embrace of a quick death that dissolves the pain of living in sweet oblivion, or barring that, finding five bucks in the back of your pants.

**Phil Nova,**  
Luckiest guy I know



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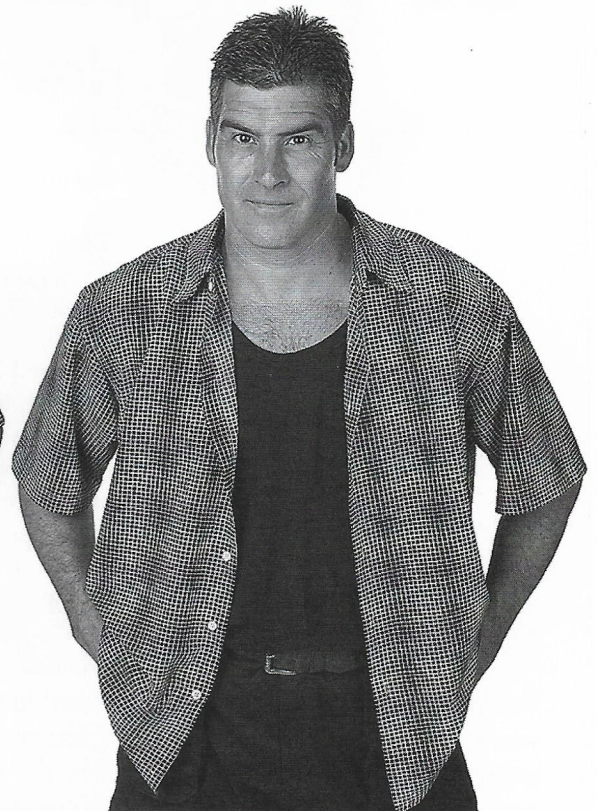
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