

The Stanford Chaparral

Est. 1899

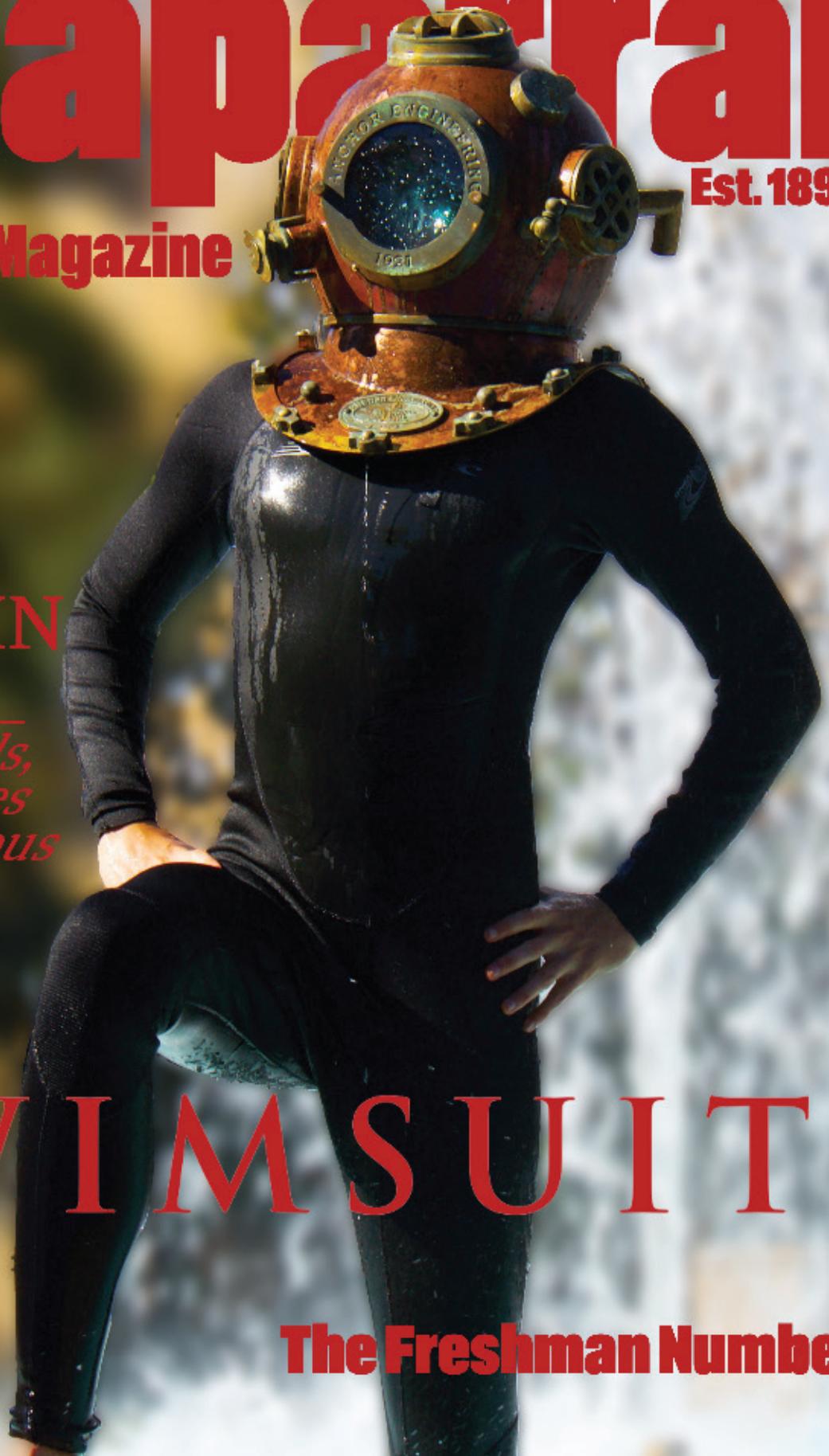
The Humor Magazine

FOUNTAIN DREAMS

*Hottest Models,
Moistest Places
Around Campus*

SWIMSUIT

The Freshman Number



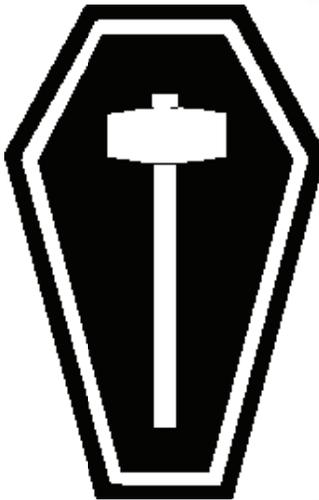
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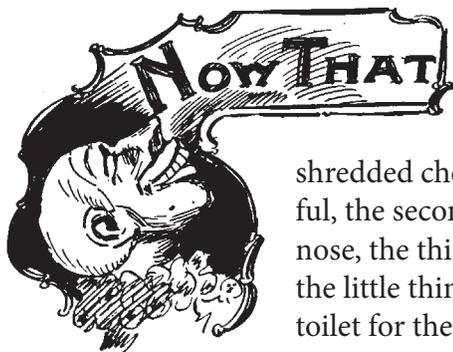
REFLECTIONS

ESTABLISHED 1922 DERANGED APRIL 1908

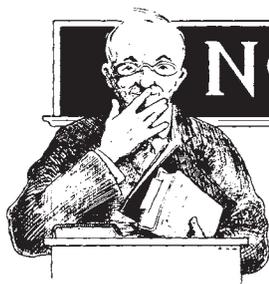
BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

CONRATULATIONS! YOU FOUND THE LAST GOLDEN ISSUE!

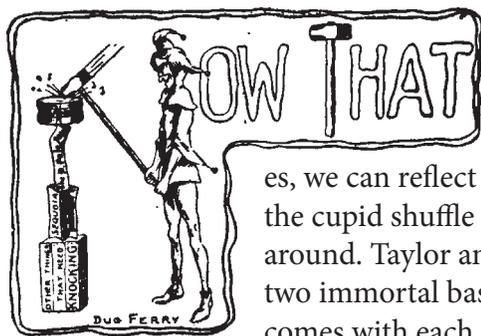
Grab the nearest old person and bring them to Nitery at 6 p.m. on Thursday for a night's supply of lukewarm pizza and kombucha!



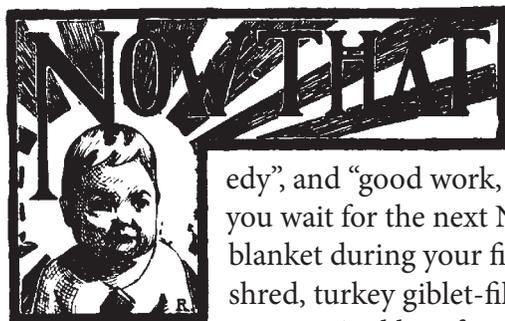
you've memorized every name on the opposite page, it's time to stop reading proper nouns. These words are an introduction, a convocation if you will, to a magazine celebrating and ridiculing new beginnings. The start of the school year ends up feeling a lot like shamefully eating handfuls of shredded cheese straight from the bag at 3am. The first handful is so fresh and delightful, the second time around you get a little too much cheese powder on your hands and nose, the third you get a bit of pepper jack mixed in with your cheddar and appreciate the little things, and the fourth you scrape for crumbs and end up curled up next to the toilet for the evening - or maybe I'm speaking too much from experience. But now the man won't let you have your cheese and eat it too. To make a short story long, we've got to dive feet first into how things have changed. You see, back when I was a freshman - er... frosh... errr freshly minted student... uhh freshwater lobster... guhhh first year comrade... whatever we call you these days - things were different.



I've hooked you on the promise of finally knowing what it was like "back in my day", let's take a stroll down memory lane. It's the year 2008. No one knew the simultaneous silky finesse and frustrating complexity of a blackberry brick-breaker game. No one knew or wanted to know grandma's unsolicited memes while she's 1500 miles away. No one knew that you could save lives on airplanes by switching from 3.5 to 3.4 ounce travel shampoo. What we did know was that wearing heelys to the mall instantly took you from a 2 to a 12. But now that heelys have shapeshifted into boosted boards, are we really better off?



Ke\$ha walked in and a fat lady sang, the party has run its course. In the blink of an eye, the 2000's ended. In the blink of the other eye, the 2010's passed too. My vision is worse in that eye so that decade is a bit of a blur. Now with both eyes back open and an updated prescription in my glasses, we can reflect on where that evil, ugly, goblin named time has brought us. We've traded the cupid shuffle for Bad Bunny and the electric slide for Doja Cat, but Taylor Swift is still around. Taylor and her majesty the Queen are the only two constants in this life. They are two immortal bastions of resilience and hope to distract us from the existential dread that comes with each tik tok of the clock and tik tok that your dad sends you.



Now That's What I Call Music 83 is finally here, we can all relax for a short while. In this confusing world, we all need something that we can look to as a spiritual guiding light. Enclosed in these 24 pages of what some have described as "a fever dream", "deliriously written comedy", and "good work, grandson", we at the Chaparral hope you find that guiding light while you wait for the next Now That's What I Call Music. Clutch it close to your chest as a safety blanket during your first 106A section. Sleep with it under your new memory foam, bamboo shred, turkey giblet-filled, organic pillow in the hope that some wisdom seeps into that old noggin. And hey, from one cheese gorging to another, maybe even read it.

STANFORD **Chaparral** THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

Table of Contents

Cover Photo	1	Dom Borg (model)
Now That	3	Blake Hord
Table of Contents	4	Chaparral Staff
Poker Night	5-6	Ben Midler
Dating Advice Column	7	Dom Borg
Retired Acapella Groups	8-9	Dom Borg
NSO Diary	10-11	Jeremy Kim
Swimsuit Calendar	12-13	Chaparral Staff
Survivor's Journal	14	Blake Hord & Dom Borg
Ode to Linda	15	Dom Borg
Summer Releases	16-17	Dom Borg
Craigslist	18-19	Blake Hord
Hot Dog Debate	20-21	Chaparral Staff
Campus Map	22-23	Dom Borg
Back Cover	24	Blake Hord

Ask Angus



Stanford's favorite dating guru and risk assessment enthusiast is back to answer your questions on love, sex, and heartbreak!

Dear Angus: I asked a cute boy in my CS class if he wanted to grab dinner. He asked for my phone number, and said he would get back to me and let me know when he was free. It's been 8 months. Do you think he might not be interested?

Dear Reader,
I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume that you're a freshman (it's okay, we all have flaws). When that boy said he was going to get back to you, what he was really saying was the only men you will be spending the night with are Ben and Jerry. However, I would like to spare you future embarrassments, so here are some other common responses that seem to mean "yes," but actu-

ally mean "no":

- "I'll let you know when I'm free."
- "We should totally meet up and grab a coffee sometime."
- "Yes."

Dear Angus: I'm going on a date with a really nice girl in a few days, and I was wondering if you had any tips for the first date?

Dear reader,
Don't worry, I'm really good at first dates (I've been on hundreds). For some super red-pilled dating advice, please consider my self-published how-to *The Manly Mystique*, now on Amazon. Hope this helps,
Angus

Hey wassup Angus my man its your buddy from sigma chi. I met this hot chick at a dorm party and gave her my phone number without her even having to ask. I could tell she was pretty into me so I sent her a picture of my junk. I was just being playful but she totally took it the wrong way and called the cops. So my question to you is: what the fuck?

Hi Chet,
Like I told you the last time you sent me this question: that was a married RF you tried to hit on. Might I suggest pursuing a career in sports, music, or comedy? People will forgive anything if you're famous enough. Leave me alone,
Angus.

Later in the Issue:

Lifestyle: 'I was really nervous to introduce my parents to my friend-with-benefits, but I think they really hit it off.'

Page 9.



Attention Floridians: rare skunk ape photos uncovered!!

Page 12.

Breaking: All of Neighborhood N moves to neighborhood S except for CroMem girls' restrooms. ResEd responds to backlash: "It's those fucking gap year kids again."

Page 15.



4 out of 5 nutritionists are now recommending the "Donner Diet." But what does that really entail?

Page 17.



Cigar smoke clouded the sole overhead chandelier, casting a haunting yellow light on the men seated around the faded and scratched green card table as Karl Deisseroth, D.H. Chen Professor of Bioengineering, laid his two queens on the table.

"The ladies never fail me," he said, raking in a small mountain of chips and eliciting a collective groan.

"Hey, maybe instead of always losing, you guys could try winning," Deisseroth retorted.

Rob Malenka, Pritzker Professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences, quivered his mustache. He's known Deisseroth for years—long enough to know that his younger colleague's hot streak and overconfidence would be his undoing.

"Let's get going," he said, as he reached for the cards and dealt.

Malenka, though, wasn't the only one who had placed a target on Deisseroth's back. Seated across the table, wearing dark sunglasses, was Liqun Luo, Ann and Bill Swindells Professor of Biology. For the past hour, he had bided his time, studying his opponents' strategies and tells with the same intensity he uses to study teneurin-3 mediated cell-circuit assemblies.

He may have skipped high school, but he was about to take Deisseroth to school. Luo took a discreet peek at the cards Malenka had just dealt him. Luo, the apotheosis of discretion and self-control, couldn't help but smirk. This was going to be fun.

Someone who wasn't having fun, though, was Andrew Huberman, Associate Professor of Neurobiology. A newcomer to this weekly game, he didn't feel at ease around these giants of science, these bad boys of biology, these alpha-males of the opsin, but what he lacked in professional attainment, he made up for with his recent appearance on Joe Rogan's podcast.

"You know who's really good at poker" he said, "my best bud, Joe Rogan."

The table groaned once more. Thomas Clandinin, Shooter Family Professor of Neurobiology, hurled his glass, which sailed just over Huberman's left ear and shattered on opposite wall.

"God damn it, Huberman," he yelled. "We don't want to hear about Joe-fucking-Rogan. Don't make us put you in the corner with David Eagleman, Adjunct Professor of Psychiatry." Huberman cast a wary glance to the corner where a half-feral Eagleman cowered behind a potted plant, mumbling to himself.

"I was on PBS...I was on PBS...I was on PBS..."

"Are you ladies done chit-chatting?," asked Mark Schnitzer, Professor of Biology and Applied Physics. "Can we play now?"

"How about we up the stakes," replied Malenka. "The minimum bet is now an NIH R01 grant—or equivalent." Clandinin whistled. R01 grants are each worth over half a million dollars on average. This was



veins to castrate a medium-sized elephant. The game was on.

It only took a few rounds of betting for the pot to swell to excessive proportions. "I'll raise you my Howard Hughes Medical Institute Investigatorship," said Luo. A collective gasp escaped the other players. One of only several hundred in the world, the Hughes is worth millions in research funding.

Deisseroth's eyes narrowed. He checked his cards again. By his estimation, he should have a better hand than the devious Luo staring him down across the table, but such a large raise made him hesitate. The last thing he wanted was to be bluffed out of the win. That would yield humiliation and merciless taunting from his colleagues.

Deisseroth reached beneath the table and produced a signed copy of his book, *Projections: A Story of Human Emotions*.

"I'll call," he said glibly, tossing the book onto the table.

"You can only bet things that are actually worth something," said Malenka as he swept the book off the table. Deisseroth's jaw protruded, his brow furrowed. "Fine," he said. Deisseroth reached for his neck, producing his Kyoto Prize medal. The room shimmered in its silver glow.

"It's...it's beautiful," murmured Schnitzer. Deisseroth placed the medal on the pile. "Let's see 'em," he said to Luo.

Dawn drew near as the weary survivors of the week's game collected their belongings and donned their jackets.

Schnitzer checked his watch and sighed. "Another night with only a few hours of sleep."

"Still more than my grad students," chuckled Malenka.

"On my way out last night, I told a first year PhD student doing rotations that he needed to re-train all our mice to do a No-Go/Go task instead of a Go/No-Go task."

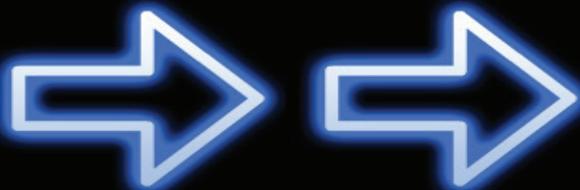
Schnitzer shook his head with playful disapproval. "You're evil."

The two men saw Huberman approaching, clutching the discarded copy of *Projections: A Story of Human Emotions* closely to his chest, and decided to make themselves scarce, departing for their respective cars.

"I guess I'll see you guys next week," Huberman yelled after them.

Inside the house, as he peered from between the accordion blinds and listened to the relaxing sound of Eagleman's whimpering, Diesserth silently farted.

That smells good, he thought to himself.



This image was generated
using an underpaid arts
major.



Diaries of an NSO Dater

September 2021

After my Uber brought me to the curb alongside Wilbur Field, I thanked the driver and stepped onto the beige-patched summer grass. I stared across the field, looking at all of the freshmen shuffling around from one tent to another as they picked up their orientation materials. As the sun inched a bit higher in the sky, I felt the warm optimism of a late summer morning. Then I felt my skin begin to glow, and I realized what was about to happen. It was my Hot Person Hour – just in time for me to make a lasting first impression on my class of '25.

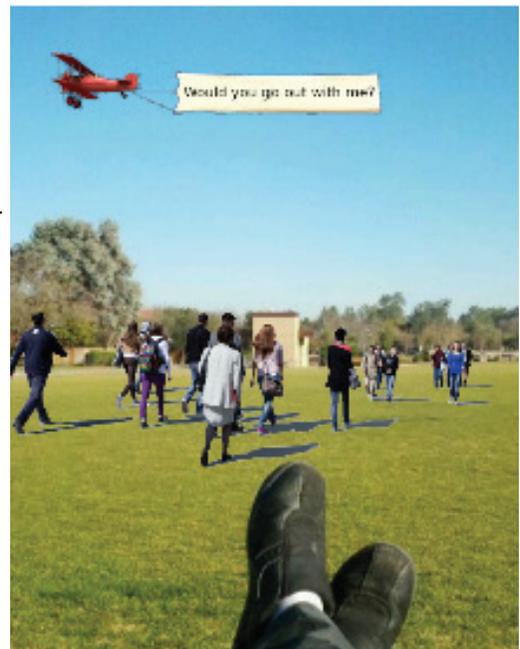
I could sense eyes on me as I walked – no, sauntered – onto the field, and made my way through the crowd. As I stood at the first tent to get my look book, one person, let's call them X, caught my eye. Though they were dressed in a humble "Class of '24" t-shirt, I could sense their hotness.

When I saw X, I knew that I did not need the look book anymore; no one could top X and their Greek statuesque features and physique. X also saw me, and we started walking towards each other. The world dissolved, and the noise of the crowd faded away, as if X and I were alone in the stillness of outer space.

We met. I asked, "Will you..."

X completed my question: "be my partner?"

Yes, I was one of the naive souls who fell in love and entered an NSO relationship.



October 2021

"Who needs a sculpture garden when they have a top quality sculpture in their room?" is what Auguste Rodin would have thought had he seen X.

We had been together for about a month when we went on our first date. We got tea from CoHo and walked around campus. Our meanderings finally took us to the Oval, and we sat on the grass and looked at the moon together. Our fingers laced together, and I leaned in for a kiss. And then X wrapped their arm around my head. My face ended up in their armpit. So for October, I made a promise to go on a nicer date. We did. One day, as I walked out of PWR, X surprised me outside of the classroom with a cup of coffee. We went back to the Oval, and X brought out a picnic blanket. They took out some sushi from their backpack, and we enjoyed lunch together.

On our next date, I suggested going off campus. X suggested, "Let's go on a bike ride!"

November 2021

I started feeling that something was off by November. I still had not been to X's room – even during the daytime – and our romantic bike ride to Trader Joe's did not go well.

X must have felt the same way. On November 4th, we had our first mouth-to-mouth kiss. Their lips felt rather wrinkled. Perhaps they forgot about their moisturizer. But, I remembered that X wore a '24 shirt during NSO, and when I asked X about it, they X told me that they took a gap year, which explained the wrinkled, dare I say mummified, lips. I was basically dating a senior citizen, and I'm not about that Humbert Humbert-Lolita life.

Furthermore, X was not a new student since he took a gap year. Which meant I could not say that I was in a NSO relationship. Which meant that X took away my status as someone in a NSO relationship.

I broke up with X that day.

Although I was not in a NSO relationship, I still got a partner the day I walked on campus. I am looking for my next eligible partner, someone who can meet my level.



August 2022

It's been a year since I wrote in my diary. I have not found a partner since last November. I think it was because I was too busy with my classes, with my 12 unit workload. If I had put my mind to it, people would have been kowtowing before my feet for a chance to spend a day – no, an hour – with me.

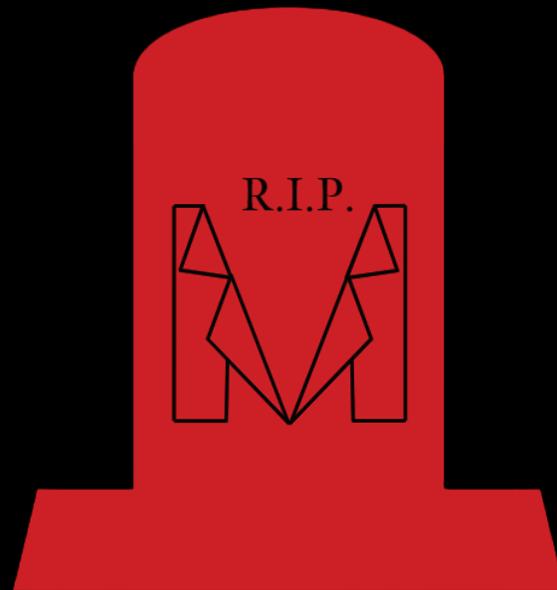
I think it was also because I had not gotten over my NSO relationship. It will forever be an item that cannot be removed from my bucket list. Unless... What if I went to NSO this year? I still look young, don't I?





Gone, But Not Forgotten: Remembering Stanford's Retired Acapella Groups

By: Somebody who got rejected from every acapella group last year.



ACAPOLKA!

We begin by remembering Acapolka!, Stanford's longest-running polka-themed acapella group. Despite its potent enthusiasm, Acapolka! was plagued by chronic tardiness, as illustrated by their annual Oktoberfest show, which usually ended up being a Decemberfest at the earliest. Sadly, Acapolka! could never surmount its organizational difficulties, and in 1979, the group was forced to turn in their petticoats. Godspeed, Acapolka!



“Hosanna, shout hosanna! Na na na mmm na na-na!”

Himms ?

We proceed to the Stanford Himms, “Stanford’s best and only acapella group for those who mumble hymns during church because they lost their place in the hymnal.” Until the group’s demise in 1985, the Himms consistently produced immortal lines, including the iconic “Amazing grace/ mmmhm-mmmmmmdummm/ a wretch like me.”

honkytonk



In response to the narrow-minded conception that everything good about American music came from black people, Honkytonk celebrated white America’s many contributions to popular music. The group only existed for a total of three hours on a Thursday afternoon, but during this time, it made its mark by covering the quintessentially white music of Billy Ray Cyrus, Nickelback, and Vanilla Ice. The group also performed select original compositions, including “We’re Not Racist, But...” and “Independent Texas Blues.”



“Hey guys wassup it’s me the president of Sig Chi. I just got back from making 80k at this super exclusive summer internship, and I just wanted to let you know that me and the boys are actually going to be performing at the upcoming acapella show at Meyer Green. It’s gonna be super tight, and afterwards, we’ll be tabling and collecting donations for the Pizza and Beer for the Boys Foundation. Hope to see you there ;)”

Don't miss...

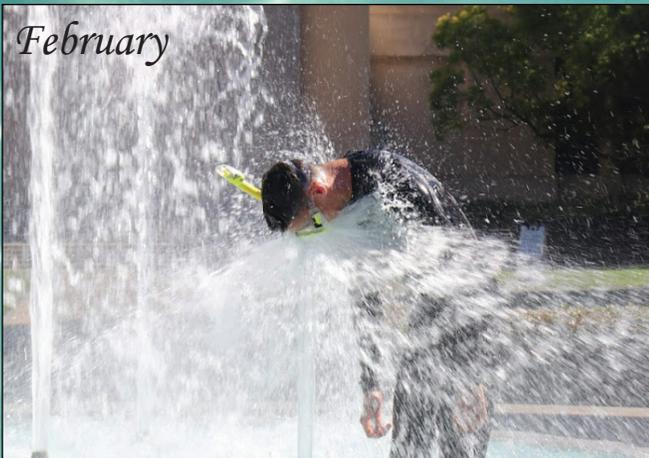
The Chaparral's 2023

*Lovely locations, from
our iconic fountains...*

January



February



March



May



June



July



*...to the beautiful
Lake Lagunita!*

Swimsuit Calendar!



**Perfect for dorm rooms, love nests, prison cells,
and start-up offices!**

Order now while supplies last! Go to bit.ly/chappiegonewild to get your calendar today!

Models: Austin Bennett, Daniel Borg,
Dominic Borg, Trevor Golob, Blake Hord,
Ben Midler

Prisoner's Journal

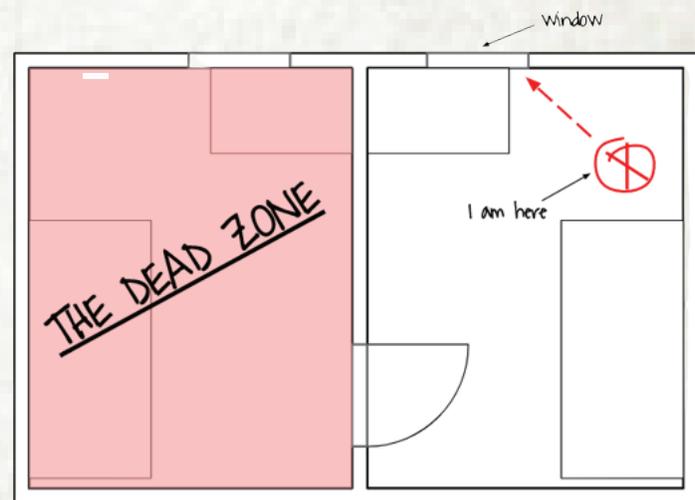


9:07pm: I've been sexiled in the inner room of my second floor two-room double. The only door to the hallway is in my roommate's room, and I have been trapped in favor of a girl that my roommate, Jack, met on Tinder. Or maybe it was Bumble... or J-date? No wait I remember - it was hornyharem.net! Anyway, I cannot use my general means of escape without creating a massively awkward situation and dying on the inside. I also have to take a shit. More updates forthcoming.

9:08pm: I am in agony listening to the sounds of their copulation from through the door. Jack believes that foreplay consists of two minutes of kissing while grabbing a girl's ass, so I imagine that he must be growing impatient by now. I need to make a plan. I dug up a floor plan of the room so I can work out the more intricate details of my escape route.

9:09pm: Okay - I've taken inventory of the materials available to me. I have:

- Bedsheets
- Pocket knife
- Space heater that doesn't turn on even when I screw the cap
- Glow-in-the-dark anime body pillow



I think I might be able to figure something out.

9:10pm: Update - I've cut my bed sheets into strips and tied them together end to end. I also threw the body pillow out the window and into the bushes below so that I have something soft to land on if I fall. I tied the bed sheets to the useless screwable cap on my Crothers heater and allowed the makeshift rope to hang out the window and down the side of the building.

I now begin my descent. Just as my head is about to pass below the windowsill, leaving me blind to the inside of my room, my door opens, and my roommate pokes his head in. Four minutes after he and Tinder girl arrived, sealing me in my unheated prison, they have finished. Or, more precisely, he has finished. I climb back in through the window and finally Jack allows me to go out through his room, where his frustrated partner sits, so that I could march back in with my body pillow. Good thing I avoided that awkward situation - phew!

An ode to Linda (the 70-year old woman who kept hitting on Blake during Hibachi)

XOXO
XOXO

When we first met, you were applying hot pink lipstick and downing your second sake of the evening. Your mayo-white hair up in a bun, you introduced yourself as Linda, the tongue brushing the palette before strizzling it anew. Lin, Da. As the chef himself cast his eyes upon you, he also cast oil across the grill and set the slick ablaze, the orange flames glinting in your horn-rimmed spectacles. We promptly introduced ourselves. Nicholas - the old Bog. Blake - the vice president. Dominic - the dumb one. As you downed sake after sake, your bun loosened, as did your tongue. Incisive, flirtatious were your manners, sharp as the knives that the chef spun on his fingers and rattled against the grill, stained with the gristle of steak-shrimp combinations past. When the eggs began to roll and the shrimp began to fly, we saw the happiness shine rose-colored in your cheeks.

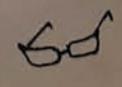
You ignored Nicholas and Dom, instead attending to Blake. You two then played the game that twenty-year-old men and seventy-year-old women have been playing for thousands of years. Blake revealed to you his knowledge of rockets and the outdoors, and you revealed to him your knowledge of all the awful shit that Stanford students have done in the last ten years. Barack Obama recently visited our campus, but pray tell us more about that Sigma chi member who you saw getting arrested during Cougar Night at the Rosewood.

But as you ran through Stanford's student lowlights, we turned like meerkats to the sibilant shriek of the long-awaited onion volcano, which promptly transfigured itself into the no less mystifying onion train. Choo-choo, little onion train, choo-choo. The disappointment shone lachrymose in your eyes when Blake told you he was off the market. It is a pain that we all know far too exquisitely. You ordered filet mignon, ate none of it, and paid with a hundred-dollar bill. We said our goodbyes, and after you left, we followed you, though Dom made sure to take a piece of your filet on the way out.

From the steamy grill,
as Blake returns to his ~~lover~~
lover, Linda weeps.



XOXO



Are This Summer's New Releases Appropriate for Kids? We Sacrificed Goats to The Serpent Gods to Find Out

Stranger Things 4



What's the Story?

Stranger Things 4 follows the adventures of our hero, Jason, a high school basketball player trying to save a small, idyllic Indiana town from the evil forces of Satanism. Along the way he must combat the perverted influences of heavy metal, recreational marijuana, and “Dungeons and Drag Queens.”

Questionable Content

Bones break and eyes are gouged, and many children are slaughtered, occasionally onscreen, but the carnage is nothing compared to the aftermath of the Minority's annual Carcass-of-the-sacred-goat BBQ Cook-Off. The main villains of the series include two homosexual groomers named Will and Robin, so if you're as offended by nonconformity as we are, this might not be the series for you.

Lightyear



What's the Story?

Nobody at the Moral Minority actually went to see *Lightyear*, and we hate reading so much that we didn't even look at a plot synopsis, but the serpent gods told us everything we need to know. In 1997, Andy from Toy Story watched an action movie, and there was one scene in the action movie where the main character got on an airplane watched an in-flight movie. This is that in-flight movie.

Questionable Content

We will warn you up front: some parents may find this film disturbing, so those above the age of thirty might not want to watch this film without child supervision. As per the recent controversy, we expected to find a lot of woke exhibitionism in this movie, but there wasn't really much to be concerned about, except for a brief lesbian orgy scene in the film's third act. We at the Moral Minority do not condone female sexual pleasure of any kind, but the scene was, admittedly, short. That said, there are still a lot of womens' v-words and b-words visible, but thankfully, no dicks.

[Reviews forthcoming for Top Gun: Maverick and Morbius in the Morbiverse of Madness]

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

how to scam and defraud

how to fail to avoid scams

Creeps near you
Stanford ± 6.9 miles

- ▼ employment type
- unpaid servant
 - floundering startup
 - annoying shit
 - rich people work

free and for trash

unsolicited advice

dangerous link

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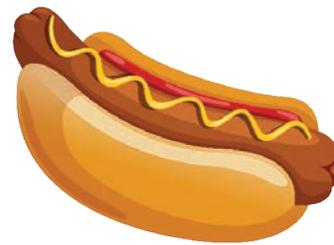
save

- ★ Wanted: Tech-side founder to do all my work while I handle the business side
- ★ Lawn care service: \$10 per month to wake you up every monday at 6am with my lawn mower
- ★ F*ckbuddy wanted: looking for someone to mess around with, fall in love accidentally, have several children with, then divorce at forty when we realize we weren't meant for each other
- ★ Doomed startup hiring: Zizzle (YC S '22) is hiring frontend, backend, and middle-end engineers ready to advance their careers for three months before being laid off when we go bankrupt
- ★ *Hookup partner wanted: should be comfortable with taking an ice bath and then lying completely still while we do it (no questions and also no I'm not a necrophiliac) <3
- ★ Washed-up college humor magazine looking for expensive antique diving helmet to be used in a joke swimsuit calendar. Payment will arrive in cash from those alumni suckers who keep funding us for some reason
- ★ **Washed-up college humor magazine looking for somebody who will buy several thousand joke swimsuit calendars that nobody bought**
- ★ Billionaire CEO of a major American technology company looking for science tutor. Did not graduate from college and would like help in the subjects of physics, chemistry, electric vehicles, space travel, and underground rainbow-colored death traps designed to "reduce traffic"

- ★ Popular cable news network requires late night pundit to provide commentary on the day's news. Racism, misogyny, and homophobia are welcome. Unattractive women and people with dreadlocks need not apply.
- ★ Area man willing to supply internal organs for a decent price. Buy one, get one free sale on kidneys, lungs, and testicles. Hearts, livers, brains are non-refundable.
- ★ College student needs help moving all of her possessions from Eucalipto 103 into Eucalipto 102 for summer quarter. Will pay gas expenses.
- ★ **Room swap: \$7000 a month to trade places with me in Crothers
- ★ Work from home, make \$400 per day by selling ugly leggings in top-down sales architecture
- ★ Plumbing services: somebody who takes cash and credit but who's willing to come to "some other arrangement" if I'm unable to pay
- ★ *HELP* I need somebody *HELP* not just anybody!
- ★ Angry at a professor? I'll put on a mask that looks like them then you can beat me up. \$15 per hour, \$5 bonus per bone broken.
- ★ Dorm room vibe curator - specializes in goth, depressed nerd, and blank-wall aesthetics.
- ★ Washed-up college humor magazine in search of new editor and writers, because the entire previous staff both graduated last year
- ★ Local bioengineering lab looking for high school sophomore who can write their name in the byline of one of our research papers in exchange for \$2,500. You don't have to do anything and it will look great on a college application!!!
- ★ Rich Palo Alto women are feeling lonely and are looking for some nice, long

Strife at Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest

By: The Chaparral Staff



America is no stranger to divisive issues, but the latest addition to the turbulent fondue that is American political strife revealed itself this Fourth of July. The argument started during Nathan's famous Coney Island hot dog eating contest when contestant John "Sweet Cheeks" McGrory prematurely threw up several hot dogs he'd eaten as part of the contest. The official Nathan's rule book makes no mention of upchucked dogs, so it fell to the referees, and later the entire nation, to determine whether the hot dogs counted as part of Sweet Cheeks's tally.

"Digestion begins at the moment the hot dog is swallowed," opined referee Angus Angus in his bad-faith written opinion on the subject, arguing that Sweet Cheeks should lose points as a result. Half of the referees agreed with this pro-swallow position, but the other half endorsed what is widely known as the pro-gut argument, though critics refer to these individuals derogatorily as "gut nuts."



John "Sweet Cheeks" McGrory

"Digestion only begins hours after the hot dog has entered the stomach and starts to dissolve in acid. McGrory should not be penalized," argued one pro-gut referee. The Coney Island residents gathered for the contest soon provided their own hot dog takes.

"The hot dog is a sacred entity," screamed one passionate attendee. "It's blasphemous to suggest that a swallowed hot dog could not be counted!

Digestion begins at the swallow." The discourse soon went digital, as the strident theatrics of the Coney Island crowd gave way to the screeds, jibes, and all-cap stylings of Twitter.

'REALLY DISGUSTING THAT PEOPLE REALLY THINK ITS OKAY TO DISCOUNT HOT DOGS THAT PEOPLE SPIT OUT BEFORE THEY EVEN MAKE IT TO THE STOMACH,' wrote one passionate activist. The argument got personal when one pro-gut advocate told a pro-swallow advocate that the only person who should have swallowed was his mother.



There are some voices in the discussion that exist outside of the gut-throat dichotomy. Some, for instance, argue that where digestion begins doesn't matter, because every person has a right to esophageal autonomy, and should be allowed to spit out a hot dog without penalty.

Others pretend to be neutral about the issue. "Let the individual contests decide," says Frank, a new Coney Island resident. "Aren't hot dogs made of, like, mashed pig dicks or something?" Nearby crowd members appeared scandalized at this remark.

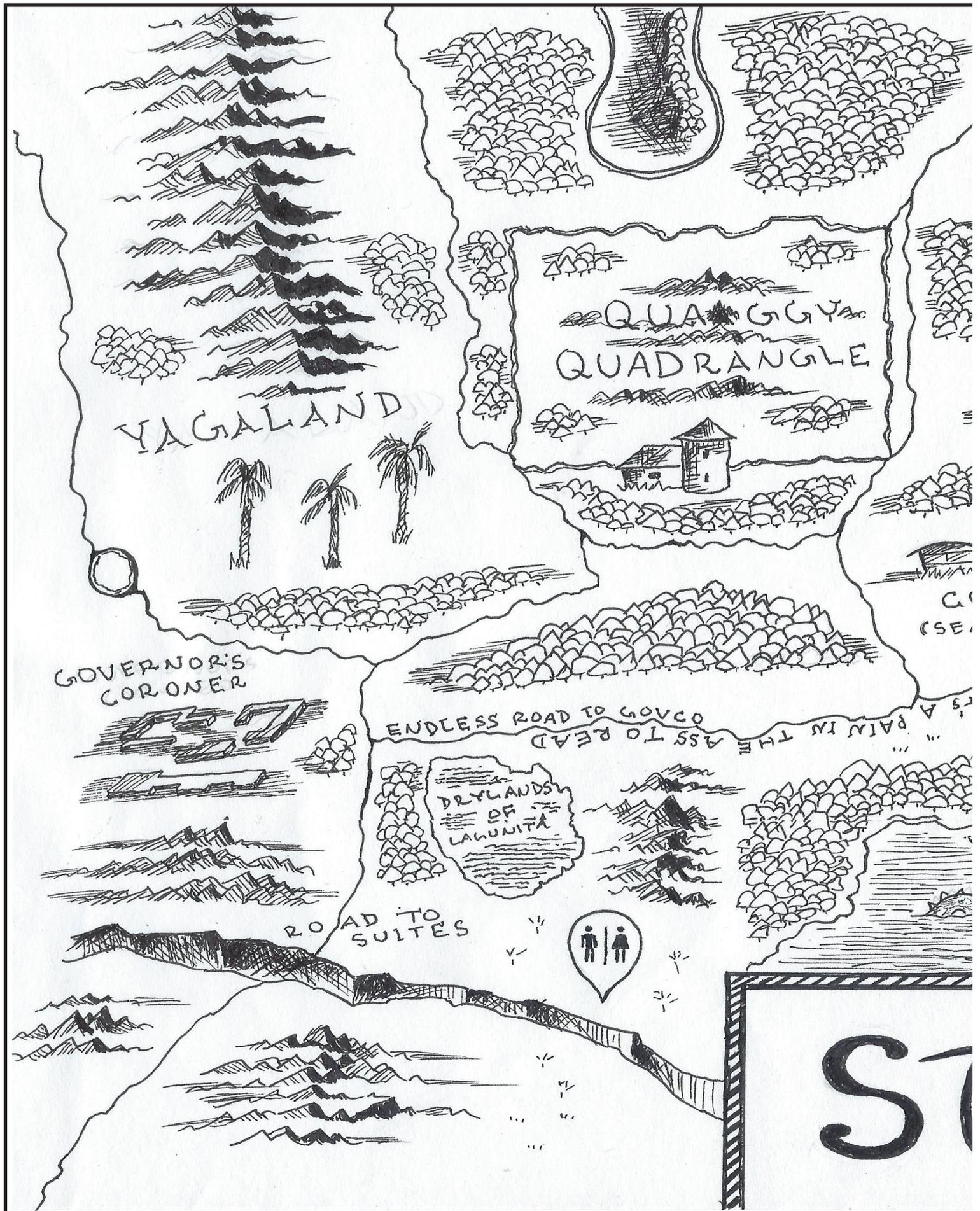
However, the most controversial comments of the day came from Mississippi Senator Leslie Sweet. Recent

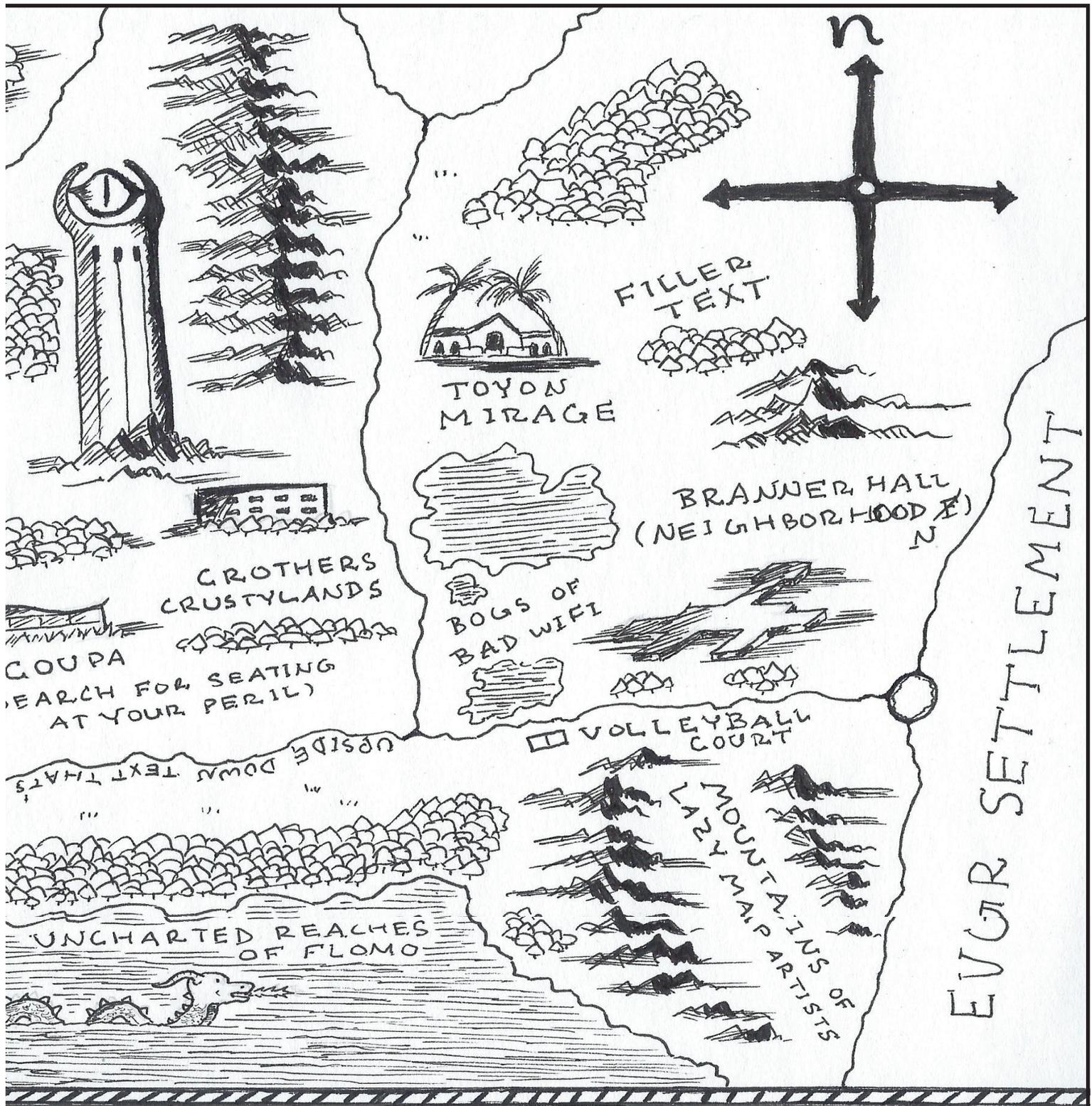
polls show that about 70% of Americans identify with the pro-gut position, but when reporters raised this point, the senator replied, "Well, sure, but it's not like we live in a democracy anyway. It's a republic, which means that the referees do whatever they want and everybody else just has to deal with it. If you don't like it, you should phone your congressman. Oh wait, that's me." Senator Sweet prevented further questions when he began to laugh uproariously at a contestant who had just "tossed his hush puppies" all over the stage. ***

#esophagealautonomy

#spittersarequitters

#sponsoredbypillow





CANFORD

Look Into Your Freshman Year Crystal Ball...

	Fall	Winter	Spring
Week 1	Compare perfect SAT scores and brag about your 56 AP credits	Dorm floods from the rain, move into Wilbur garage	Weeklong spring break hangover
Week 2	Join the Chaparral at the activities fair	Commit dormcest, lose dorm's security deposit at your ski trip cabin	Rush 5Sure, friend group splintered but hydrated
Week 3	Get lost on campus, spend the night in the Tresidder bathroom for warmth	Pass out at TAP, friends write obscenities on your face in TAP sauce	Dunch darty
Week 4	Legally marry your NSO crush during scav hunt (no pre-nup 💰💰)	Rain	Linner darty
Week 5	Get homesick, start calling your RA's mommy and daddy	Go to Vaden for seasonal depression, they tell you it's not seasonal	Binner darty
Week 6	Stay up all night talking with your roommate, perform a seance	Explore the steam tunnels, become leader of the steam rats	Lreakfast darty
Week 7	Lose faith in Stanford men's sports	Black out on a Monday, black back in on Thursday	Crowdsurf at Frost, wipeout
Week 8	Fail a chemistry midterm, switch from premed to CS	Found your first company, name it Thera-yes	Found your second company, put "Cardinal" in the name
Week 9	Divorce your NSO crush because it messes up your financial aid	FUCK I thought the rain was done	Catch up on week 2 lecture, uncontrollably speak at 4x speed
Week 10	Skip your chemistry final, miraculously pass	Skip finals to go to cabo, accidentally become Mexican citizen	Spend last 78 meal plan dollars at Nobu

Chaparral Meetings Thursdays 6pm in Nitery 105.

Writers/Artists/Heretics Wanted

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