

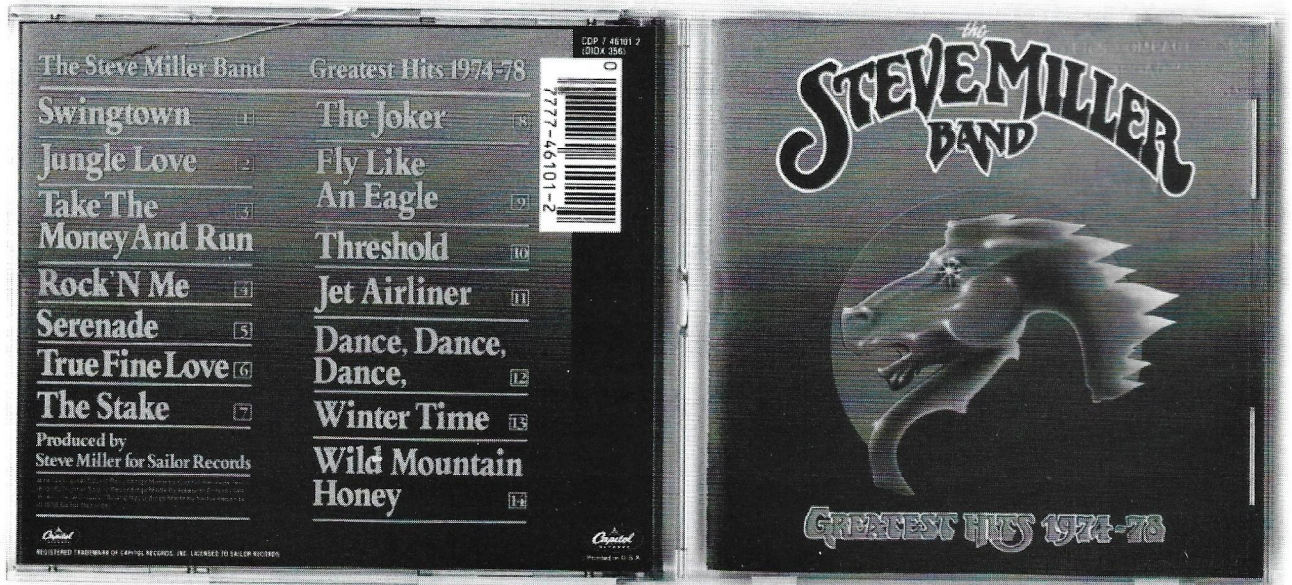
# S H a R K W E E K !



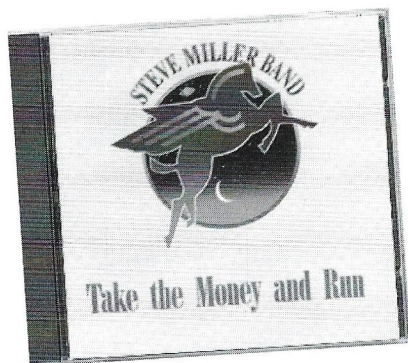
WE JUST DID  
SOME



# Steve Miller has other albums too.

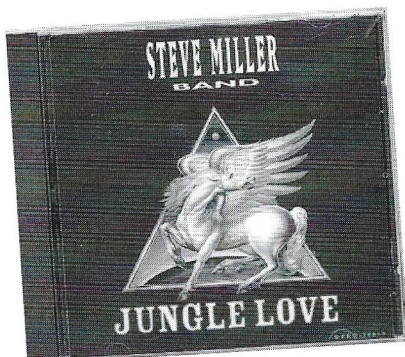


Everyone knows and loves the *Greatest Hits 1974-78* album by the Steve Miller Band, but no one seems to know about their other albums. This band has much more to offer than their greatest hits. *All* their music rocks. Here are four great starter albums for the fan who wants to dig deeper.



## Take the Money and Run (1969)

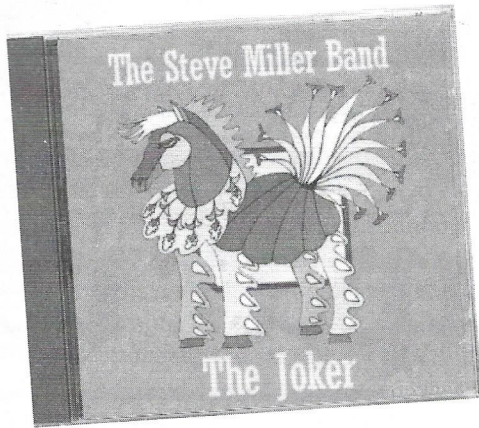
Great early album, when Steve Miller was just beginning to find his voice. The title track was an instant smash, of course, but there are some hidden gems here as well. Check out **Fly Like an Eagle** for a great groove. And **Jet Airliner** is an unrecognized classic with killer guitar riffs. We recommend it highly.



## Jungle Love (1973)

A true hidden treasure, *Jungle Love* is out of print but definitely worth a trip to your uncle's basement or the local vinyl exchange. And not just for the bitchin' title track either. The album listens well from start to finish, but special credit is due to **Dance, Dance, Dance** and **Take the Money and Run**, both worth a second listen, a third listen, and more. Romantics have always kept **Fly Like an Eagle** close to their hearts.





## The Joker (1975)

Everyone knows the song, but no one seems to know the other wild tracks on *The Joker*, like **Jungle Love**, **Jet Airliner**, **True Fine Love**, and **Dance, Dance, Dance**. For a slower groove, and a great name to spring on your friends during music trivia sessions, check out **Take the Money and Run**.



## Jet Airliner (1976)

Of course, **Jet Airliner** is a great title track (you knew that) but how about **Jungle Love** for a great road trip cruising song? The album's second track is a catchy number called **Take the Money and Run**, and if you like that, you'll definitely fall for **The Joker** as much as we have. While we're on the subject of great music, how about **Dance, Dance, Dance**, the last song on the album, which also makes a nice statement about Miller's music. Die-hard fans have always dug a pert little lick called **Jet Airliner**, also on this album.

## Other good albums to check out:

### Wild Mountain Honey (1974)



### Threshold (1978)





# Staff

'00

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Selena Kyle  
Craig Nesbitt  
Anna Saporito

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Carinne Johnson  
Ted Levan  
Andrew Papson  
Victor Reklaitis  
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Jamecca Marshall

'03

Chris Allocco  
Chasette Jamison  
Anwar Ragep  
Jason Rheins

## Graduate

Justin Jones  
Eric Jorgensen

\*

Paul Stephano

## Thanks

Sharks

**The Stanford Chaparral**

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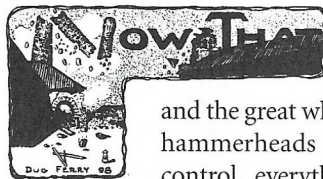
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BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

**REFLECTIONS**



It's Shark Week, and the great whites and hammerheads have control, everything has changed. The Prom has been cancelled. Business is closed. The

Transmitter has been swallowed. The Old Boy has been bitten eighteen times. Ouch.

On the other hand, Shark Week has made the world an exciting, unpredictable place, just as the Old Boy predicted. There's something about this bloody chaos that can't help but be fun.

It's kind of like a flaming steel chair to the head: the Old Boy isn't exactly happy, but he's definitely not bored.

So the jester in red has decided to relax. They may terrorize, they may mutilate, they may bite off limbs for a giggle, but these ultimate predators teach an important lesson: sometimes it's just a

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good idea to tear shit up.

A little explanation is in order.



the end of the school year is almost here, the Old Boy and his trusty Stanford Chaparral have just about run out of licks.

His magic bag of make-you-laughs is almost empty, and he can't come up with a punchline to save his life. It would be a good time to slow down the ol' humor rowboat for the summer. It is the perfect time to stop, in fact. The rowboat is all out of gas.

Unfortunately, the Withered One's been having just a little too much fun to stop now. And through it all, through all the jokes, jibes, and jovial juxtapositions, there's one challenge that he's never taken on. A literary dive into shark-infested waters, a dive into the perilous unknown that he's never dared attempt.

To make an entire issue in a week.

It's a crazy idea. A stupid idea. The Old Boy simply wouldn't have time to write, draw, edit, lay out, spit and polish and spell-check an issue. He would totally screw it up.

Well, he's about to find out if that's true. Because it's Shark Week. The grinning monsters he's always warded away – chaos, disorder, even insanity – are now gnashing their teeth. The great whites are circling ever closer, and he's got exactly three hours to finish this chum-bucket off. The Old Boy is stuck in a sinking Chappie raft, smack-dab in the middle of the world's most dangerous ocean, and he's gotta produce. He's just where he wants to be. Hell, it was his idea to let the sharks loose in the first place. No rules, no safeguards, no time. Just sheer madness. Sometimes it's a nice change of pace. But these sharks sure do look scary up close.



**NOW THAT** ship over there is a good sign. It's the S.S. Cranearral, a new humor magazine on its

maiden voyage. Chris Crane and his assistant gigglers will help the Old Boy finish his issue. "Not bad," thinks the Old Boy. "It's about time we did a merger issue with an organization that gives a damn."

At first, he was a bit worried about the schedule of the Cranearral rowers. First, they went to McDonald's, then a bar, then a gas station. By the time they got back, there were only twenty hours to go. The Old Boy was preparing to fill their half of the issue with his baby pictures and some receipts.

Turns out, the jester was wrong to worry. The Cranearral came spinning to life, churning out pages like a robot-puppy machine churns out robot-puppies. Their crazed resolve and fearless humor have given the Old Boy new life and new hope in the battle against the sharks. And it's a battle that he's finally winning. He will survive the battle against his own insanity for another day.

Yes, these crazed, unbound sharks will soon have to go. The great whites have given the Old Boy the inspiration he needed; now it's time he beat them back into the tropical depths and

shitty sequels from whence they sprung. Shark Week has taught him much, but it is only a week, after all. You can't tear shit up forever.



**NOW THAT**

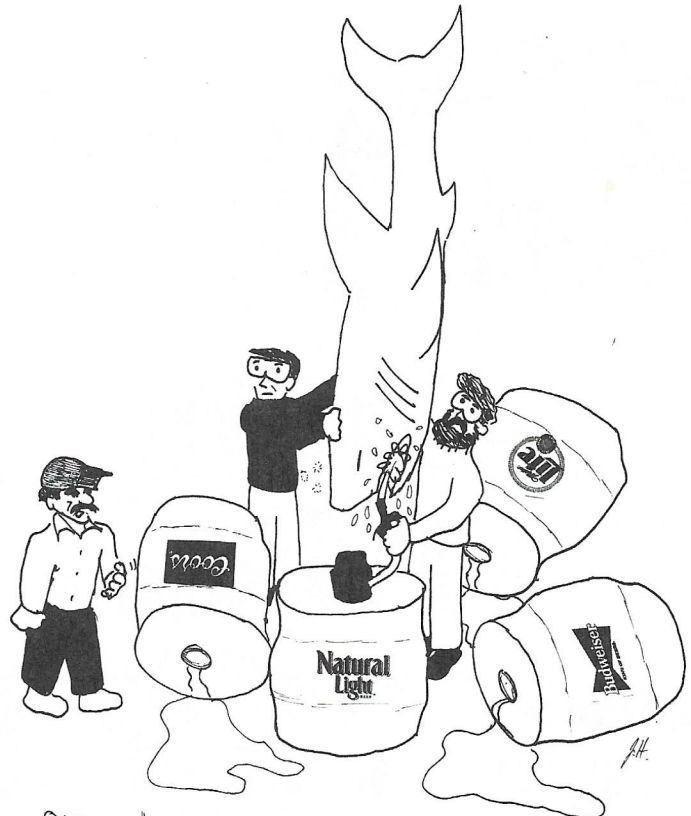
Shark Week is about to end, the Old Boy's life will soon go back to normal. Same one-liners, same whiskey, same smelly old office. Always has been there and always will be, and the Old Boy loves it all still.

But the Old Boy has learned a lot from his week's vacation afloat in the ocean. Even now, as the waters recede and the animal roars fade into the background, he thinks fondly of his recent demons. They refused to abide by rules or confinements. They gave everything and everybody a good bite in the ass. And he thought he saw a spark of laughter in one of those dead, lifeless eyes.

Yes, the regular whirl of things is magic enough, but the Old Boy will think now and then of a crazier, murkier time. When he made an issue in seven days. When he joined forces with the Cranearral and forged humor without discipline or planning. When he swam like a madman with the great whites. Shark Week.

A single fin cuts through the water in the distance. The Old Boy understands: it is the great white's middle fin.

His laughter echoes in the afternoon air.



QUINT: "NO SHARK CAN TAKE FOUR BARRELS!"



DOGS • TROPHIES • DOGS • TROPHIES • DOGS • TROPHIES

# DOG & TROPHY

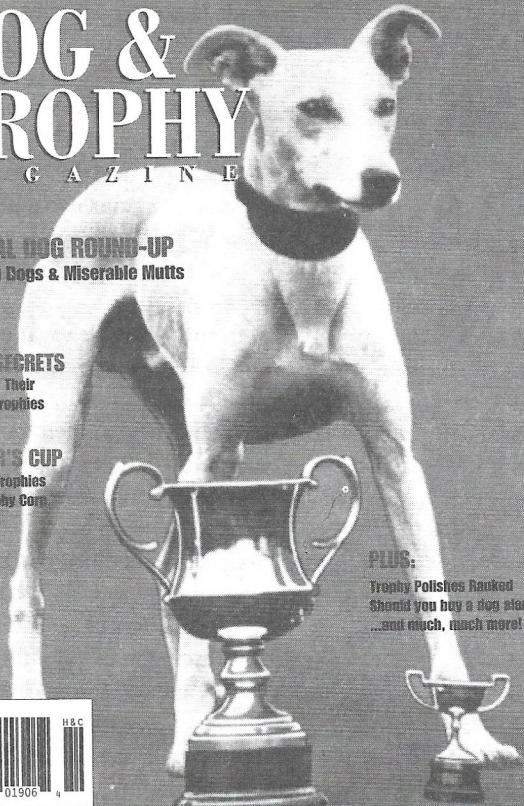
MAGAZINE

**ANNUAL DOG ROUND-UP**  
Dazzling Dogs & Miserable Mutts

**CELEB SECRETS**  
Stars Pick Their Favorite Trophies

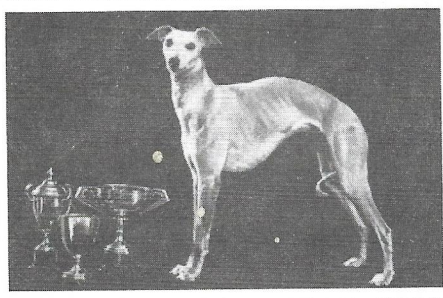
**WINNER'S CUP**  
Hot New Trophies From Trophy Corn

**PLUS:**  
Trophy Polishes Ranked  
Should you buy a dog alarm?  
...and much, much more!



Want award-winning **TROPHY** coverage? Looking for news about some of today's **HOTTEST DOGS?** Look no further! **Dog & Trophy** magazine is *everything you love about dogs* along with the *inside scoop on the glamorous world of trophies* in one **awesome package!**

Each issue comes packed with **tips and tricks** for getting the most out of your dog. Plus, our **trophy pros** tell you how to get the most bang for your trophy buck!



### FAMOUS PEOPLE!

Meet the dog whose trophy collection took first place at the prestigious Cambridge Trophy Show!

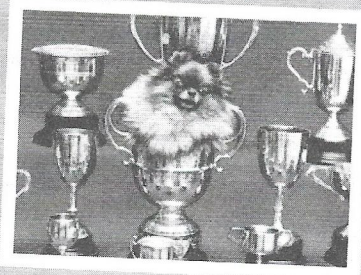


**SUBSCRIBE TODAY** and receive a special mystery gift absolutely free!

### FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

### DOG SCIENCE!

Find out what's it like for a dog to live *in* a trophy.

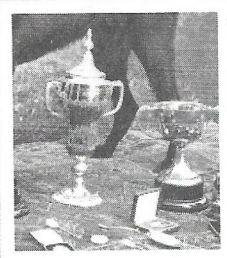
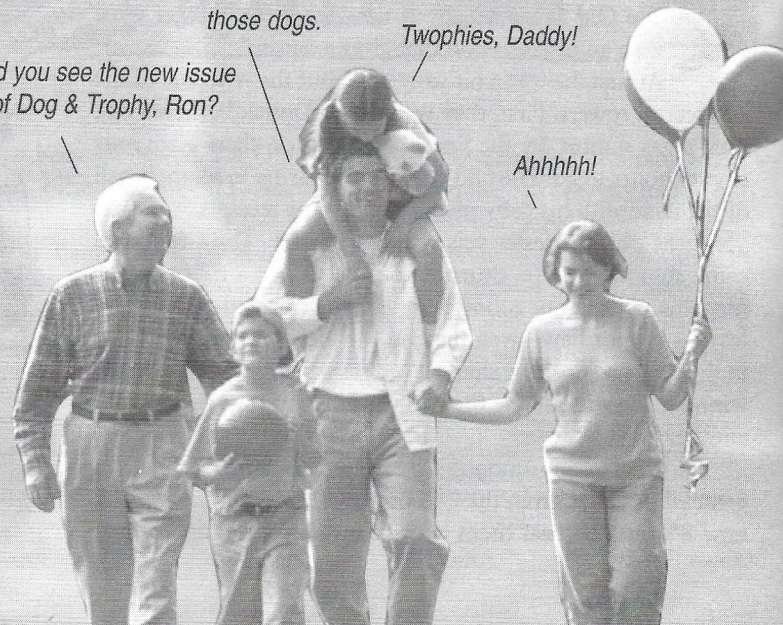


I'd sure like to get my hands on some of those dogs.

Twophies, Daddy!

Did you see the new issue of Dog & Trophy, Ron?

Ahhhhh!



### TOUGH QUESTIONS!

Trophies: **BIG** or **little?**



FBI FILE #6434, October 1967

SUBJECT: THE NBA

SYNOPSIS: The National Basketball Association ("NBA") though operating under guise of being a group of "noncompetitive" men who "just like to play basketball" are in fact a dangerous group that are not to be trusted. They are strong, well-conditioned, and have unstoppable set shots. COINTELPRO, Counterintelligence Program, is now established to infiltrate, disarm and disrupt the NBA. We will seek to divide them against each other and destroy the organization.

Phase 1: Foment internal tension through false letters designed to create real, disruptive rivalries within the nefarious organization.

COINTELPRO operation #1: Letter to Celtics



Dear Boston Celtics,

We are so much better than you in basketball. We could wipe the court with you. We can't believe you even call yourselves basketball players. Just know. We will defeat you. You are no match for us.

Your enemy,  
The Los Angeles Lakers



Dear Philadelphia 76ers,

We know what you are doing. We know you are trying to take over the NBA leadership by yourself. We know you are trying to secure control of the organization. We are warning you - we will stop your efforts. We will prevent your control. You will not succeed.

Watch yourself,  
The New York Knicks



COINTELPRO operation #2: Letter to 76ers

The NBA, due to our intervention, currently comprises 18 splinter groups, each vying for control of the organization. [REDACTED] Soon they will be paralyzed by internal strife.

Our goal: turn the Heat into a paranoid, power-hungry franchise willing to secure their power by any means necessary. This is [REDACTED]

COINTELPRO operation #3: Anonymous letter to Warriors




Our efforts at fostering NBA factionalization must be stepped up. [REDACTED]

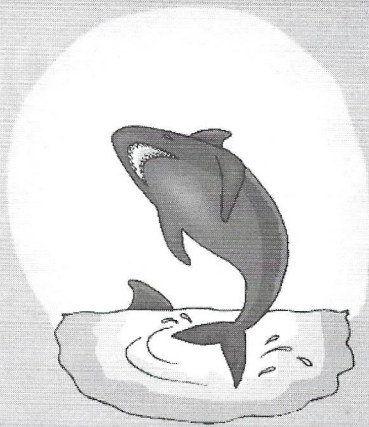
The following letter enters Phase II of the program.

DEAR GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS,

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU. WE KNOW YOUR GAME. WE KNOW YOUR WEAKNESSES. IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GOOD AT BASKETBALL, WHY DON'T YOU PROVE IT? IF YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE THE BEST, SUGGEST HAVING SOMETHING CALLED "PLAYOFFS," WHERE SEVERAL TEAMS COMPETE IN A SINGLE-ELIMINATION TOURNAMENT, CULMINATING IN A "CHAMPIONSHIP." THAT WILL SHOW HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE.

YOUR WORST ENEMY 





## Shark Facts

- In poor land-locked countries no one has any money for sharks. Instead of being mauled by sharks at the beach, small children sit under the sprinklers and spring mousetraps on their fingers. Instead of hunting sharks, small Chinese boys play soccer.

- 80% of sharks list *Jaws* as their favorite movie. And not because of the subject matter. Sharks just love Richard Dreyfuss. The other 20% list *What About Bob* as their favorite movie. Bill Murray is hilarious.

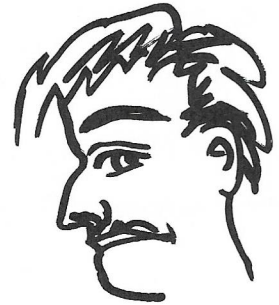
- Steven Spielberg made a special cut of *Jaws* for shark audiences. In this version, the great white is not destroyed by a punctured tank of compressed air, because this image is distressing to young shark viewers. The special director's cut has no sharks at all. Only humans are in the movie. The movie is *Saving Private Ryan*, which sharks consider Spielberg's best comedy.

- 95% of sharks don't have what we'd normally call teeth. These sharks have really big *teeth*.

# The Bad Habits of My Three Closest Friends

"My friend Terry has this really disturbing habit. Any time someone tells him something he doesn't like, like, "I wanna get drunk" or, "Taco Bell tastes good" or, "Remember that time with your ex?", he spits. Just right there. Even if he's inside a building. Just ptew. It's really gross, and no one has ever laughed or shown approval, but he thinks it is so appropriate and funny. I swear, he's ruined the carpet in his own car just from spitting.

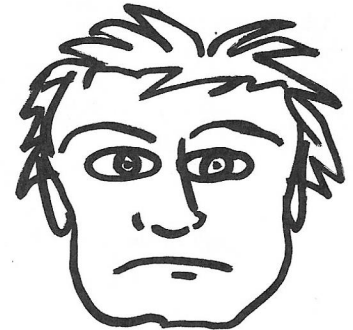
"I remember this one time, we were at work. I told him that the projectors weren't working, none of them (we worked at a movie theater). Right in front of the customers in the lobby, he spit all over the counter. It was so gross-- and the customers didn't like it either!"



"I've known Mike since elementary school. Once, when we were in the fourth grade, the ice cream man came by his house. We flagged him down and all that, and got our ice cream. As the ice cream man was driving away, Mike said, 'Hey, got any condoms, jackass?' The ice cream man stopped his truck, and backed up. Then he said, 'Why, so you can put them on your head?' My friend was furious.

"When the ice cream man came by the next day, Mike put this sign he had made on the back of the truck. It said, "Dick Pops: Better When Wetter". It also had a drawing of a penis and balls. All veiny, real graphic.

"We never saw that man again. I think he lost his job. Anyway, ever since then my friend puts copies of that sign on every car he sees. He has been arrested four times, and it's so irritating."



"In high school, I used to schedule all my classes with my buddy Daryn. Daryn always gives people head-locks. You know, those friendly little head-locks that mess up your hair and make you smile about it even if you don't want to? Well, this one time I guess he forgot where he was or something, because he totally head-locked Mr. Demmalmaier at the end of math class. We were all in shock, but once Daryn let go we could see that Mr. Demmalmaier was smiling from ear to ear.

"Daryn didn't do anything for the rest of the semester, and he got an A-. I was pretty jealous. In every class he's had in college he's done the same thing, and I guess it works about 60% of the time."





When Marigold Wall came bursting into my office looking like a Christmas stocking overflowing with goodies, I knew I had a case, come dollars or deeds.

"You're Socrates Jones," she said.

"And you're like sock full of toothpaste and chocolate," I replied smoothly. "Suppose you sit down and spill out your delicious contents."

She stopped and stared.

"Are you Jones, the P.I.?"

She wanted to play games, mince words, twist birds. Fine, I know my way around the word hole.

"That's what it says on the inside of my eyelids."

"So you are Jones?"

"Like your mother at half-priced matinee," I countered.

She turned for the door.

"Yes!" I called after her. "Yes, I am Socrates Jones."

She turned back slowly, interested, and sat down.

"Suppose you relax and tell me who's blackmailing you, baby?"

She stared. How does he know that, she seemed to wonder.

"It's in your eyes, sugar," I offered, before she could respond. "When you've been in this business as long as I have, you can spot a BM from anywhere in the woods."

"What?" she said, removing her sunglasses.

"Cut the games, honey!" I exploded. "Who's putting the flex on you? Who's playing Jake to your Fatman? Knife out the mustard or I'll put up the rye until you'll never want to play onion house again!" I can only handle so much of the cute stuff.

"I don't have any, onion games, for, Fat Jake—Jesus!" she hesitated. "I'm not being blackmailed."

This was going to be more complicated than I thought. We needed to get things out in the open.

"You're going to have to level with me, Marigold, or we'll never get the cat out of the closet."

"My name is Jean Schmidt "

"Then how do you know Fat Jake?"

Silence.

She pushed her sunglasses back on. I had her, and she knew it.

"Come on, baby, Grandpa's got plenty of wax-paper."

She looked at me, knowingly, over the rims of her sunglasses.

"Alright, Marigold. I'll take your case," I grimaced. "But there's a few things you should know about the way I work."

She stood up.

"My name is Jean," she scowled over her shoulder. The door slammed.

"It'll cost you the pretty side of your uncle's boat!"

No games when it comes to the bill.

"Plus gas money!" I yelled out the window.

Tires squealed and her car disappeared around the corner.

"I'll get right on it, quick as a nun."

It was going to be a tough case. But I do what I can for these confused dames.





Sometimes it seems like the people running this county are a little behind the times. Want to know what I mean? Check out some of strange and absurd laws recently passed dealing with new technology.

- It's illegal to reverse-engineer a piece of copy protection software with the intent of using that software to assassinate the President.

- You can be put in jail for 10 years for pouring sugar in the President's computer.

- It's okay to make a copy of a CD that you own, but it's illegal to strap it to a stick of dynamite and send it to the President.

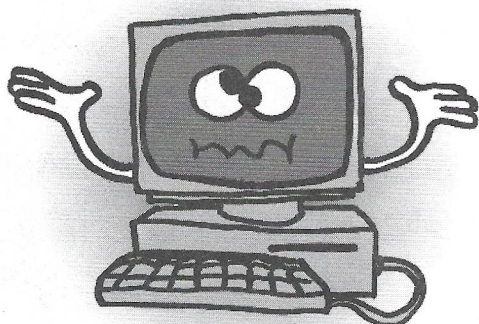
- You can take a picture of a cake, but it's illegal to post the picture on the web unless the cake was made by your mother or was meant to be eaten by the President

- You can only eat a hamburger once on the internet unless you are the President.

- You can only download copyrighted images for the expressed use of not assassinating the President.

- There's no rollerblading on the Internet except when the President is asleep.

- You have to have a password to listen to all of the mp3's on [www.iamthepresident.com](http://www.iamthepresident.com).

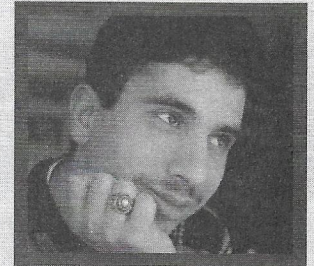


## People at the Stanford Class of 2000 Five-Year Reunion

### Charles

#### Who He Was:

The guy who always told you he was moved by artwork but never explained why.



#### Who He Is Now:

"I'm a doctor now, so I finally have what I always wanted, which is a Picasso. Something about his forms—I don't know—it's so...intense, you know? And T.S. Eliot. Wow. It's pretty incredible. The Wasteland. I also really like jazz."

### Niles

#### Who He Was:

Good with computers. Expects to be a billionaire.



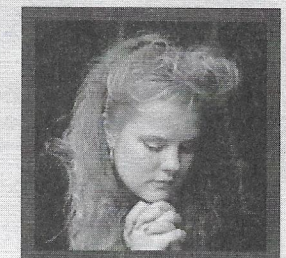
#### Who He Is Now:

Is a billionaire. Loves to describe how much money that is: "Okay, if you had a billion apples for every dollar, and then if you made *apple sauce* out of all *billion* apples, and then covered the whole *world* in apple sauce, like an *inch thick*, then you could use the *leftovers* to feed *everyone* in *Russia* and *still* have enough that if you *sold* the apple sauce and used *that* money to buy *root beer*, almost *everyone* could take a *bath* in *root beer* for over *two weeks* and there'd *still* be enough to..."

### Cindy

#### Who She Was:

Cared about the environment. "People shouldn't cut down trees."



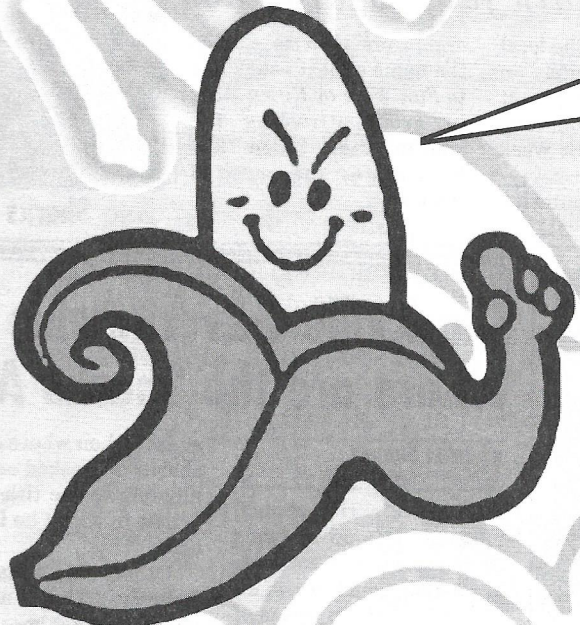
#### Who She Is Now:

Doesn't care about the environment: "People should cut down trees."



# Handwritten Japanese text (likely a parody of a title or introduction).

Hello, my little American friends. I am the Japanese Banana and I am here to spread the joy of my marvelous fruity self to you from all the way across the Pacific Ocean. Indeed, all the way from that land of mystery known as Japan. Not many misguided Americans are aware of my role in the history of Japan.



During the feudal era, banana fields were the most desirable land to own. Indeed, many underlings lost their lives in defense of my curved yellow ancestors.

The Banana-Yakuza are the hidden masters of the world.

You know that Japan is the 'land of the rising sun', what you didn't know is that musa banjoo means 'banana' in Japanese.

Dishonor as a reason for ritual suicide has been a joke you Americans have not understood. The only reason people commit seppuku today is when they are allergic to bananas.

A little known fact about Japan is that it used to be banana-shaped until broken up into islands by the atomic bomb.

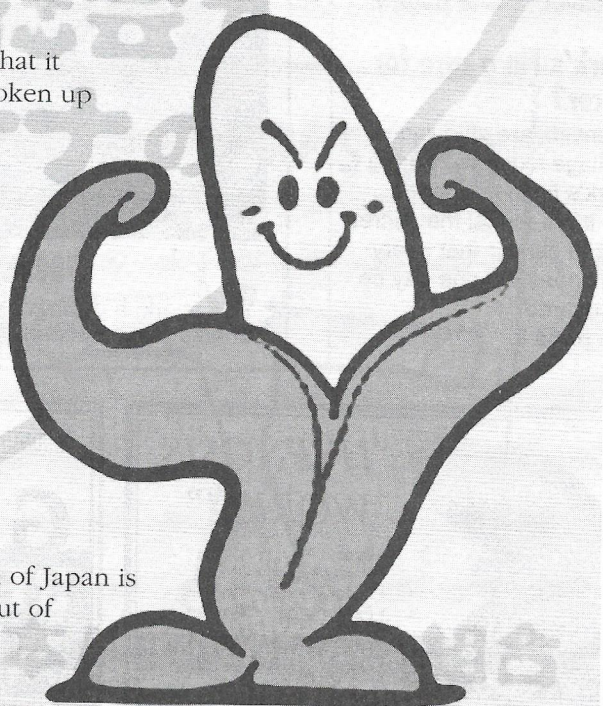
The Japanese flag depicts a cross-section of a red banana on a field of white.

Most of our kanji alphabet came from failed attempts to depict the elusive beauty of a banana. The Chinese later stole this alphabet because of its beauty.

You complacent American fools will learn the true meaning of subservience when the Banana-Yakuza conquers you.

We Japanese invented baseball in order to have a reason to gamble away our hard-earned bananas.

The Great Wall of Japan is built entirely out of bananas.





# SHARK SHEET



SHARKTOBER 5th, 2000

## INSIDE!

### Community upset over planned shark center

Plans to erect a 35,000 square foot shark center on the site of the old shark school has residents crying foul. The reason? Environmentalists claim that the center will attract thousands of dangerous sharks. **See page 2**

### Cost of shark-owning on the rise

The cost of a new shark has more than quadrupled over the past year, leaving many wondering if shark technology will create a new class of *shark-haves and shark-have-nots*. "This is an important opportunity to overuse some stupid phrase," said one official who called on journalists to help in this endeavor. **See page 7**

### Shark's Fin a cure for cancer?

Scientists are studying cartilage extracted from a shark's fin in the hopes that it will reveal the secret cure to cancer that everyone hopes will one day be discovered. **See page 8**

## Shark Week Draws over 15,000 sharks

### *Festivities wrap up with Shark Jam, Sharkathon*

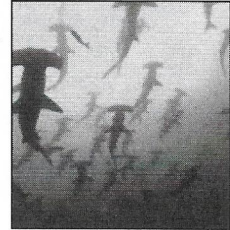
BY RONALD JOHNSON  
SHARK SHEET NEWS STAFF

The first annual Shark Week concluded this weekend. Though it remains unclear if the festival celebrates the economic impor-

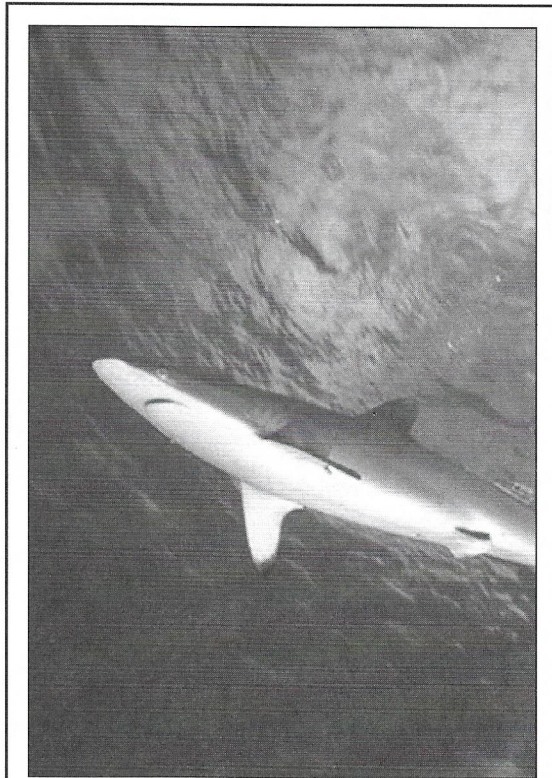
tance of sharks to the local community, or is simply an excuse for sharks to get out and have some fun, one thing is clear: Shark Week was a rousing success.

Despite its popularity,

organizers plan to change the name of next year's fest to *Fun Week* or *Kitten Week* to avoid attracting the sharks that killed 203 tourists over the course of the event.



Sharks



### SHARK!

This shark, a great white, struts his stuff. Sharks can be seen performing all this week.

## Sharkville Government: Where are the Sharks At?

BY EMILY BROOKS  
SHARK SHEET NEWS STAFF

Sharkville city council members are up in arms over a banal city newspaper parody which recast all current events in terms of shark life.

"If everything is about

sharks, then where are the sharks at?" asked one man alluding to the title of the article in which he is quoted.

Others see things differently. "There are too many sharks here," said one shark.

See SHARKS, page 12

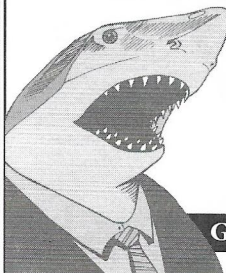
## Shark Convicted in Sharking Trial

PHOENIX (AP)— Leonard Shark, was convicted on two counts of sharking in a Phoenix courtroom last Tuesday. Shark was acquitted on more serious counts of sharkiness and sharkery, but still stands to face up to ten years behind bars and fines of up to \$100,000 for his role in the worst shark scandal in Arizona history.

See SHARKS, page 8



Shark



**"HYPNOSIS WORKS!"**

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- Depression
- Fears
- Panic
- Anxiety
- Cancer
- Hypnosis
- Sharks

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# It Just Isn't Fair...

We have the Internet, but a person died last year.

Computers can show us video from around the world but they won't let us check our e-mail.

TV is so good but you have to get up and pee.

A teenage girl watches TV with her turtle. She is sad and nobody cares.

Pets are cute but they're too little!

Adorable dog-babies grow up into disgusting fat adult dogs.

Adorable animals taste really, really good.

People like to eat meat but sometimes they can't kill the animals fast enough to make it.

They test animals to make our makeup, but what if you don't wear makeup?

Not everybody can afford to subject animals to tests.

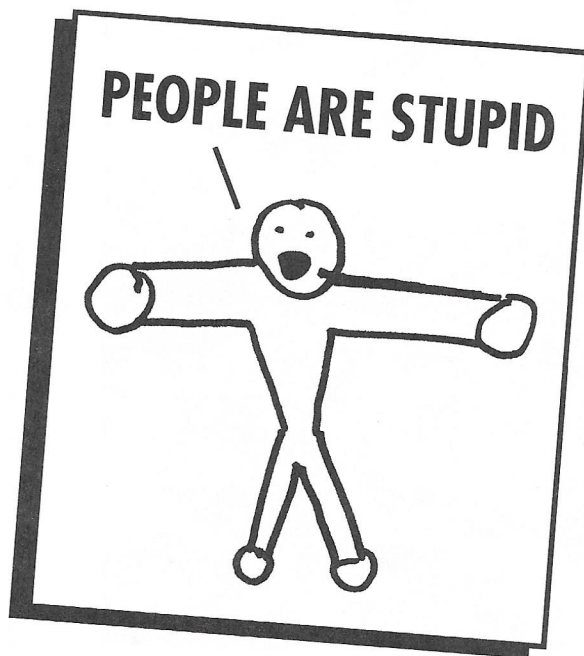
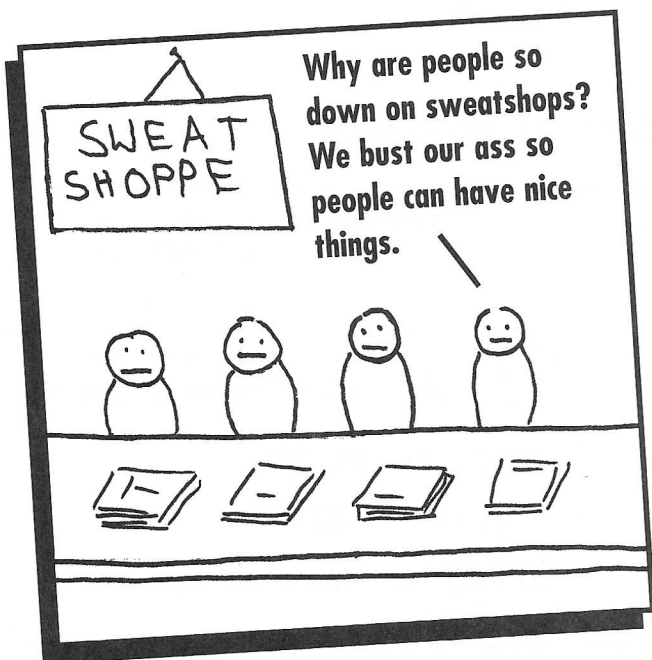
Some people don't have much money and can't afford to not die.

Some people are alive, but some people are dead.

The people who were never born will never have ice cream.

Ice cream is so good.

## UNPOPULAR COMIX





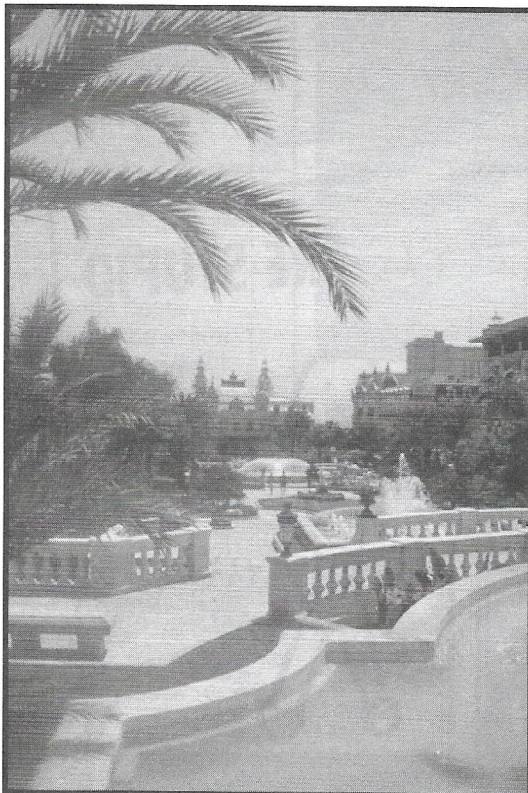
# The Card Shark's Guide to Blackjack

by **Stanford Wong**

**Ever had the urge to beat Vegas? Here's your chance. Lots of people will tell you they know how to beat blackjack, but only Stanford Wong's system has a 100% success rate. Here, for the first time ever, is Wong's secret to playing perfect blackjack!**



**This can be yours very soon!**



The key to winning blackjack is getting a score of 21. Other scores will get you the win some of the time, but they're not foolproof. A friend once had \$500 down on a hand of 19 in Carson City. He didn't hit, the dealer got 20 and my friend lost. His wife wasn't too happy about that one! (Sorry, Bill.)

Another advantage of getting a 21 is that you get a 150% payout. That's the best payout in all of blackjack. Steve Neruda, my former mentor and the best player I've ever seen, once scored a 21 and got a 150% payout. Not bad for a night's work.

So, how do you get 21 every time? A simple two-step process will get you to your desired score.

## **Step 1: Hitting**

This one's a no-brainer; you can master it in a matter of hours. Memorize the chart (*opposite page*), or, if you're in a hurry, just brush up on this guide:

<b>2-9</b>	You're not even close to 21. Hit!
<b>10-15</b>	Getting warmer. Hit!
<b>16-20</b>	Almost there! <b>HIT!</b>
<b>21</b>	<b>YOU WIN!!!</b> ( <i>More on this later.</i> )



Too easy, you say? Surely there are some special cases. Well, the truth is: not really. Let's say you draw an 11. That's a great hand! Hit and you could get 21! Two nines? Draw a three and you're in the promised land? Two aces? That's a 12. You'd better start hitting, friend.

But what about soft hands, you ask? Doubling down? Insurance? It's all mumbo-jumbo. You know the score you want: 21. You know how to get there: get more cards. So hit. You're halfway home.

## Step 2: Stopping at 21

This one's a little trickier. You have to play the table. Recognize when your hand totals 21, and STOP. You now have 21. You do NOT want any more cards.

You'll have to be a smooth customer here. The dealer and the pit bosses will be checking to see if you tabulate your own score; they'll throw you out of the joint if they can tell that you KNOW you have 21. I once shouted out "Twenty-one!" during a rather heated hand in Reno. I was lucky to escape with my hide that night!

So, play dumb. Let on like you just think it's a good time to stop; pretend that you're drunk, or superstitious about how the cards look. Then, sit back and cash in.

It'll take you a couple of days to learn this part, but it shouldn't get you nervous. Try stopping at 21 in a mirror. You'll get used to it. (Your loved ones can help you out with this.)

That's it! Study up, relax and have fun. I'd wish you luck, but thanks to this system, you don't need it!

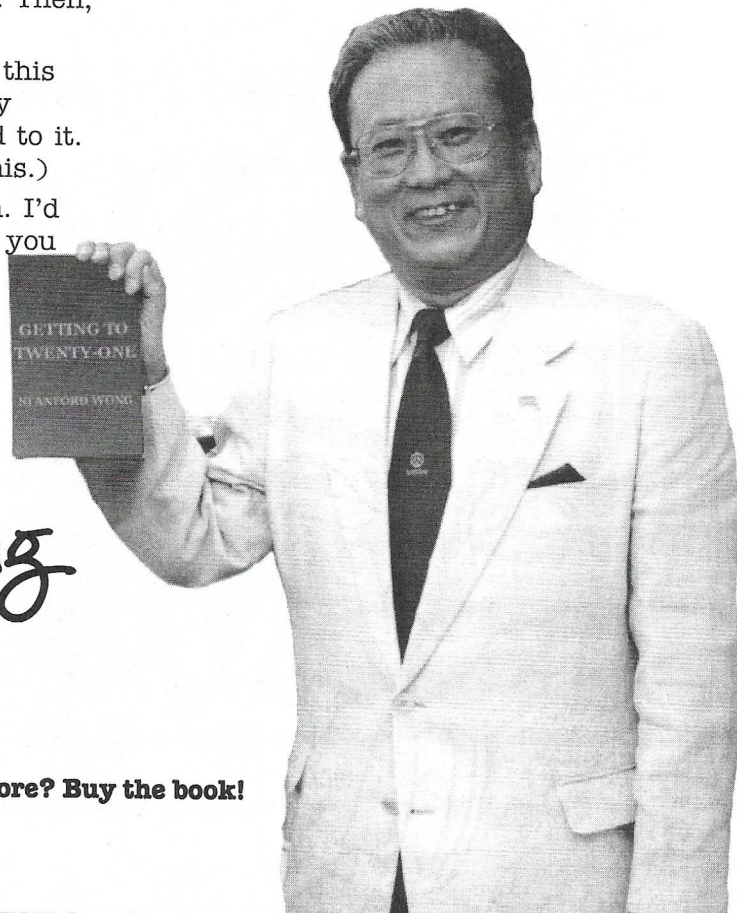
See you at the tables!

Best,

Stanford Wong

YOUR HAND	DEALER'S UP CARD									
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	A
21	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
20	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
19	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
18	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
17	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
16	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
15	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
14	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
13	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
12	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
11	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
10	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
9	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
8	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-8	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-7	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-6	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-5	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-4	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-3	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-2	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
A-A	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
10-10	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
9-9	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
8-8	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
7-7	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
6-6	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
5-5	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
4-4	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
3-3	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H
2-2	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H	H

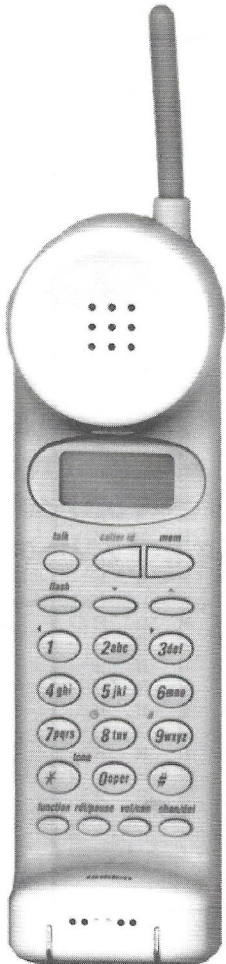
H = HIT (GET MORE CARDS)  
S = DON'T HIT (YOU HAVE 21)



Want to know more? Buy the book!



# Ways to remember certain phone numbers



## #326-8666

Just imagine that you want to embarrass your friend M at her wedding before she walks down the aisle. Then just remember: FAR-TONM.

## #1-800-COLLECT

There's a really good musical device for remembering this phone number. Just sing:

*To recall it is no feat.  
There's a way that's really neat.  
Just call 1-T-oper-oper-COLK EAT*

## #1-800-DOMINOES

Got the urge for some pizza? Don't stress about keeping track of this difficult number. Just remember it starts with 3 and then it's easy: 1-800-3-OMINOES.

## #497-4815

Just remember, that is MY PHONE number. It really is. I don't have a way to remember that number. I don't have to. It's mine.



## REACTIONS TO THE JOKE ABOUT ABORTION



*I didn't get it.*

*I didn't like it.*

*It was the funniest thing I've ever heard.*

*I've never heard that kind of joke before.*

*It's about time.*

*I don't like abortions, so I'm kind of biased.*

*I love abortions. Right on!*

*I don't think it's a funny thing to joke about.*

*Something tells me it wasn't any good.*



# hidden treasures

The film "American Beauty" showed us the secret majesty of a plastic bag whipping about in the wind. Here are other seemingly mundane, everyday objects whose hidden beauties can fill us with joy.

- A pencil lying on the ground
- A broken beer bottle on a lawn
- A pile of dirty metal that is or has been on fire
- Part of a dead cat
- Some wet, steaming garbage
- A ham sandwich that has been smeared against the side of a building
- A concrete wall featuring racist graffiti
- A pornographic magazine that is nailed to a rotting piece of plywood
- Bullets
- Discarded teeth that you know are riddled with herpes
- The head of an old doll that once belonged to a boy who wasn't embarrassed about playing with dolls; the head has mustard all over it and there are tiny razor blades in the mustard



## The best things about spending money on top of a naked lady

- The smooth feeling of the cash on smooth skin
- The awesome feeling of total goal realization
- Purchasing a pack of chicken McNuggets with the money and having them all be white meat
- Having a little left over to save
- Covering the naked woman in money before you spent it and then finding her by spending it.
- Down one hundred? Naked lady!
- When you got a particularly good deal
- The enormousness of the wealth
- The nakedness of the lady
- Writing to Maxim magazine about the experience
- Calling out "Naked Money" and not getting called a poser
- When the C-notes are all in neat little bundles, and the naked lady is also really pretty.
- Attractive lingerie? No. Naked lady and cash for you to spend



# stuff speaks out

## Computer

"I feel dirty and used when my talents are used to view pornographic material."

## The Beatles' "White Album"

"I cry myself to sleep each night in hopes that I will awaken enhanced with a kind picture, or at least a fucking word on my simple exterior."

## Water

"I am 65% of you."

## Cat

"I really am a shitty pet."

## Cigarettes

"I do not cause cancer...I do not cause cancer...I do not cause cancer...I do not cause cancer..."

## A Full Can Of Soda

"Bubbly refreshment at your fingertips."

## An Empty Can

"Don't forget to recycle me."

## An Empty Can With Cigarette Butts In It

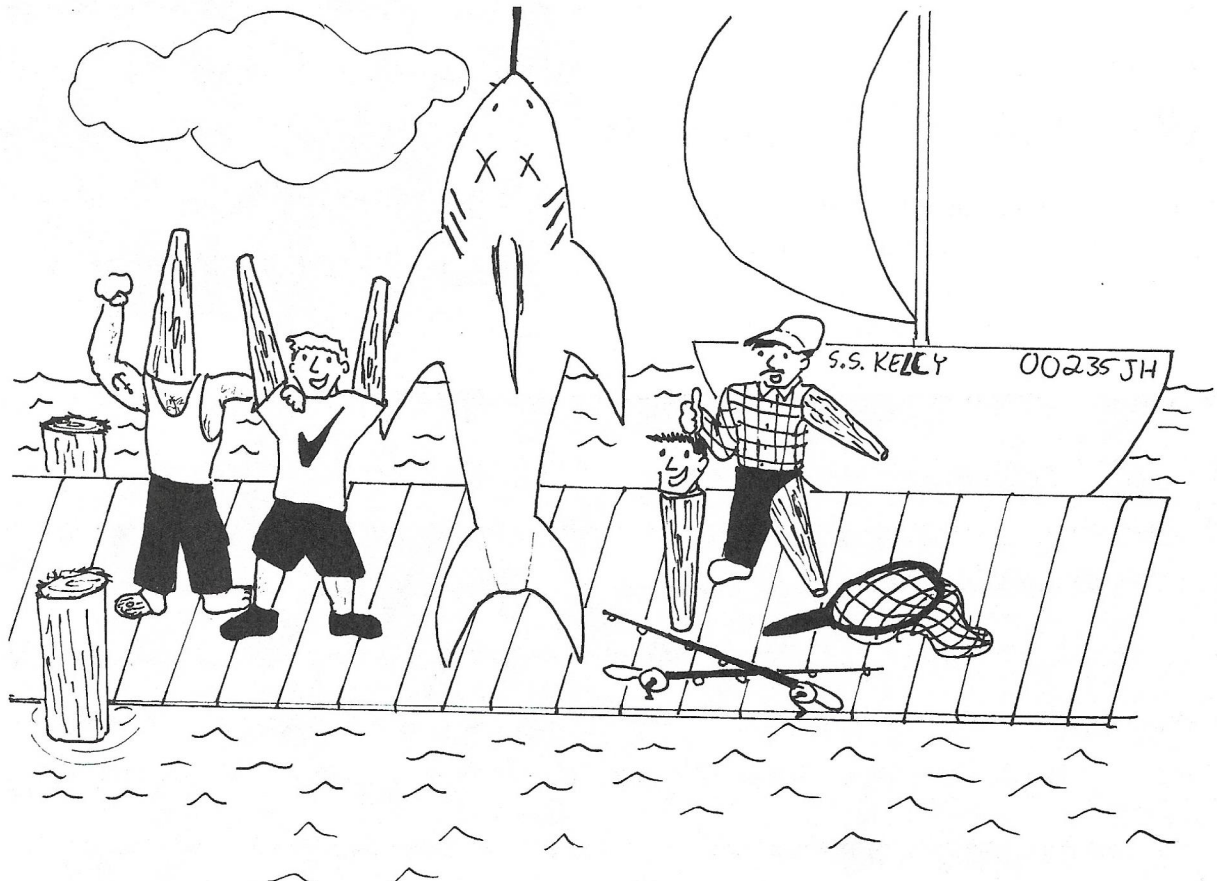
"Kinda gross...but you can still recycle me."

## An Empty Can That Had Cigarette Butts In It But Doesn't Now Because Some Tough Guy Tried To Impress Some Friends By Smashing The Can Against His Forehead

"Though I die, I die with a laugh."

## An Full Can Of Soda With Cigarette Butts In It

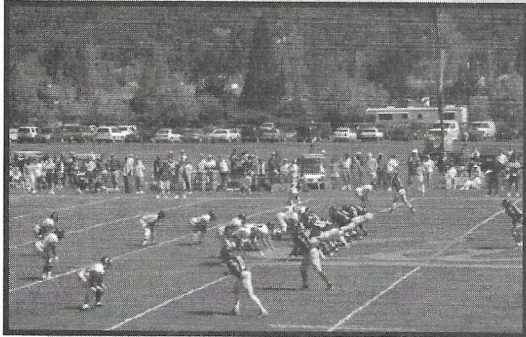
"Dammit, Max."





It's time we got something off our chests...

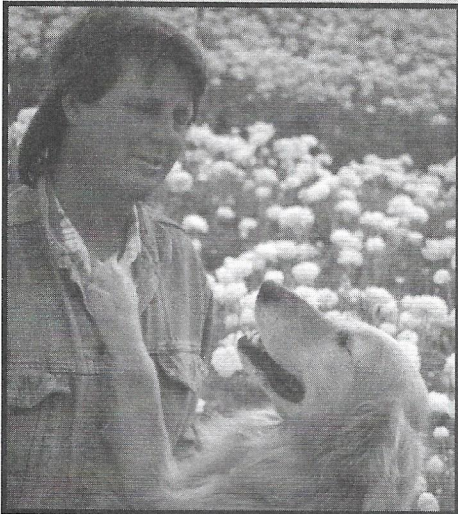
# CAL SUCKS!



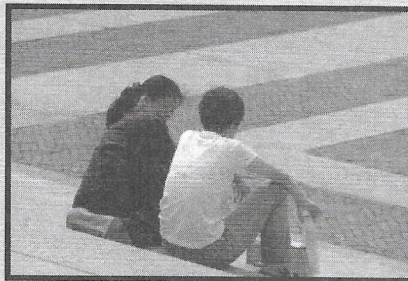
**Football? HA! We've beaten you five years in a row!**



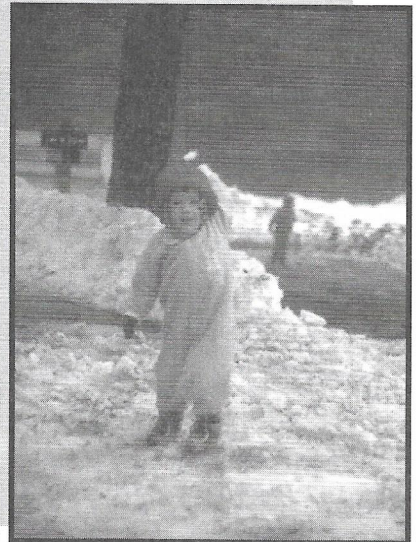
**Oh, and good luck with learning, Cal. Everybody knows you guys are stupid.**



**Why don't you just go back to Cal, jerk?**



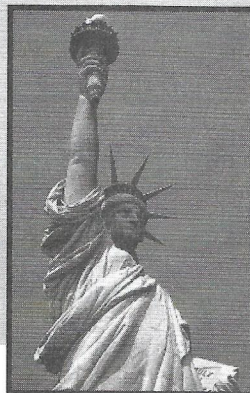
**Talking, huh? Way to go, Cal idiots.**



**FUCK YOU,  
CAL!**



**Baby bobcats? Nice try, Weenies.**



**YOU SUCK!**

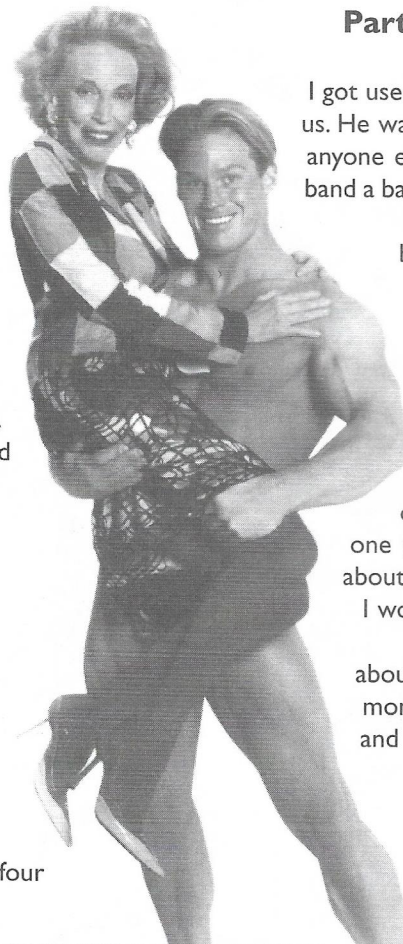


# My Husband's Fabulous Homosexual Pal

## Part 1: Pillow Talk

*(After a vigorous love making session, my husband and I lie in each other's arms, basking in the afterglow.)*

**Wife:** Oh my God. That was really beautiful.  
**Husband:** I know. Wow.  
**Wife:** You were amazing. I don't even know how many times I just came.  
**Husband:** I know. Thank you, Fred.  
**Wife:** What did you just say?  
**Husband:** Nothing.  
**Wife:** You did. You thanked someone that wasn't me.  
**Husband:** Let's just forget about it. We just shared something really amazing.  
**Wife:** Okay.  
**Husband:** Come on, Fred. It was great for all of us.  
**Wife:** There!  
**Husband:** What?  
**Wife:** You just did it again.  
**Husband:** Did what?  
**Fred:** It's no use.  
**Wife:** Who said that?  
**Husband:** I did.  
**Fred:** Lose the act, man. She knows.  
**Wife:** Turn on that light RIGHT NOW.  
**Fred:** Please don't fear me, ma'am. I gave you four orgasms.



## Part 2: Fred Moves in.

I got used to the idea of letting Fred sleep with us. He was a wonderful lover. He got up before anyone else to walk the dog and give my husband a backrub and then give me a few orgasms.

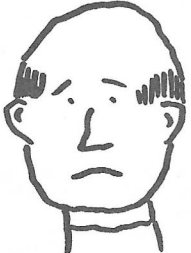
I didn't mind being manipulated, because Jesus, he knew the spot.

I'd felt a strain on our marriage for several months, but it all made sense once I learned how long Fred had been staying with us. I think my husband was relieved to tell me.

Our marriage counselor told us: "Keep a secret is keeping a loved one out. Telling a secret is telling someone you love them." I think he was right about that. Fred thought so too. Sometimes I wonder how I could ever have been satisfied with my old life. I think about that sometimes during the quiet moments, after Fred gives me an orgasm and finishes sodomizing my husband.


Sometimes we use humor to cover our sadness.

*Infidelity is one of the hardest things for a man to deal with in his life.*




Being cheated on—it's hard to even talk about. She hurt me in a way that makes me wonder if I can ever trust a woman again in that way.

*I'm not trying to solicit a personal story from you. I'm setting up a joke.*




I'm sorry. Maybe you'd better start at the beginning.

*Infidelity is one of the hardest things for a man to deal with in his life.*




Keep it coming.

*But it's only the second hardest.*



So what's the hardest?

*Fidelity!*



Yeah!



Cary Silberman:

## Hypochondriac Comedian

Anybody here from Los Angeles? L.A.'s a great city! Best germs in the world.

Seriously, though. The other day, the man at the tire store offered me some re-treads for one-third the price of new tires. I was like "Retreads? No thanks, dude. You can't be too careful about germs."

And I don't know what all the fuss is about recycled paper. It seems like paper is the best thing to make paper out of. Better than trees except for all the old-paper germs. Wouldn't want to catch something :(

Has anyone here ever had nacho chips? You know how they come in that big puffy bag. Great idea guys. You have to open it to eat the chips--and then you're just eating germs.

Ladies--eggplant? Come on. The stuff is made of awful. Try it with some germs. You'll be really sick.

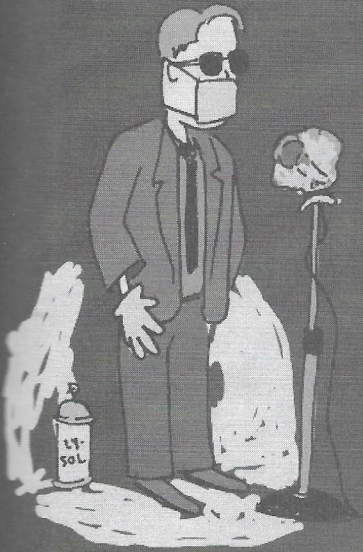
Dogs. Ugh! Big germs with fur. My sister got a cute puppy. I was like "What is it? A Germ 'n' Shepard? A Streptococcal Retriever? A Biotoxin Lab!" Jesus, somebody stop me. Before I get these germs.

Computers? None for me thanks. I'll only buy things that aren't covered in germs.

Men? What's the deal with women? I'd rather lick elevator buttons.

They say laughter is contagious? Your GERMS are contagious.

Pleasequitlaughing.



## Haiku of my Childhood

World of burning light

In shadows they rise

Voltron, oh Voltron

Crimson fluid bathes my skin

Mist falls on cavernous den

Tiger leg, lion arm: our

Penis is so small

Thundercats, HO-OH!

Galaxy defend.



# Thank you...

We've received a lot of support throughout the year. To everyone who voted for our Special Fee request; to everyone who told us which piece they liked and what they didn't get; to everyone who read and enjoyed our work; the kids at the prom; Suzanne and the Pizazz for printing it all; computers & candy; Gina, Tina and the Illtop for making it exciting; the old people who came and laughed for the Old Boy's hundredth birthday; the Daily for nothing; the man who takes our trash away; the young people who came to write new jokes; and every friend relative and cuddly pet: thank you very much. We appreciate your support. We'll be back from the office soon.

It's been a fun year. We hope you enjoyed it. See you in the fall.

## Chaparral, Volume CI

### credits

**Steve Miller**

Lampson

**Now That**

Ellickson

**Dog & Trophy**

Perkins

**FBI vs. NBA**

Lewis-Kraus

**Shark Facts**

Lampson

**Bad Habits**

Hann

**Thrilling Detective**

D'Ewart

**Funny Internet**

Perkins, Ellickson

**Five-Year Reunion**

Lampson

**Japanese Banana**

**Extravaganza**

Schaeffer

**Shark Sheet**

Perkins

**It Just Isn't Fair**

Ellickson

**Unpopular Comix**

Lampson

**Guide to Blackjack**

Ellickson

**Phone Numbers**

Lampson, Young

**Joke About Abortion**

Perkins

**Hidden Treasures**

Ellickson

**Money & Naked**

Lucy

**Stuff Speaks Out**

Nesbitt

**Cal Sucks**

Ellickson

**Homosexual Pal**

Lampson

**Infidelity**

Lampson

**Hypochondriac**

Comedian

Perkins

**Haiku of My**

**Childhood**

Schott

### art credits

**Cover**

Perkins, Lampson

**Shark Comics**

Huetter

**Funny Internet Laws**

Ellickson

**Hypochondriac**

Comedian

Perkins

Life after college is tough. Hard work, frowns, poison...

## The Stanford Chaparral

...and no one delivers the Chappie under your door for free. If you're not ready to quit laughing just yet, buy a subscription to the Chappie. We'll mail you the issues and you can slide them under your door and laugh like you were still in college. Honest.

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Enclosed is my \$15.00 check made payable to The Stanford Chaparral.

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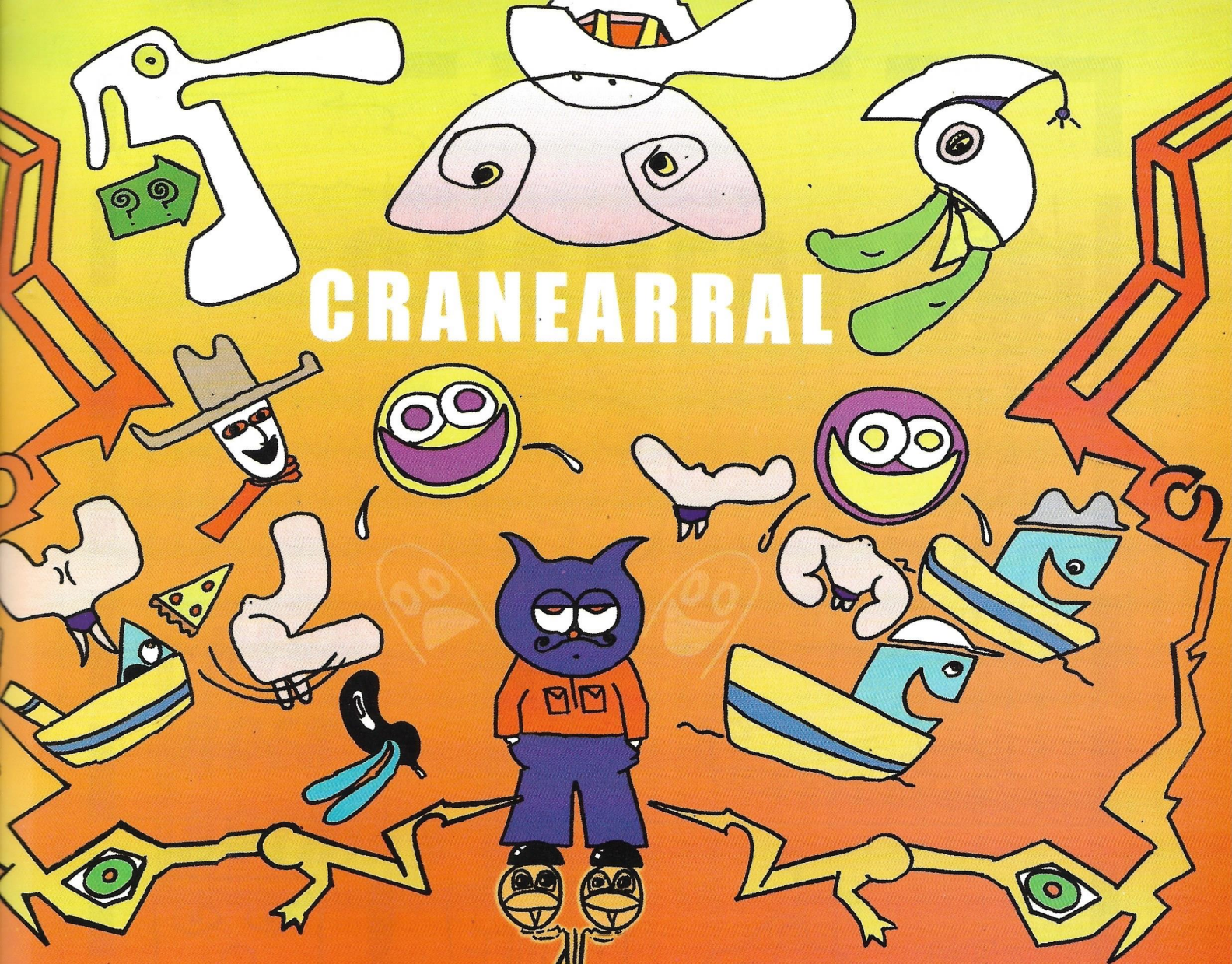
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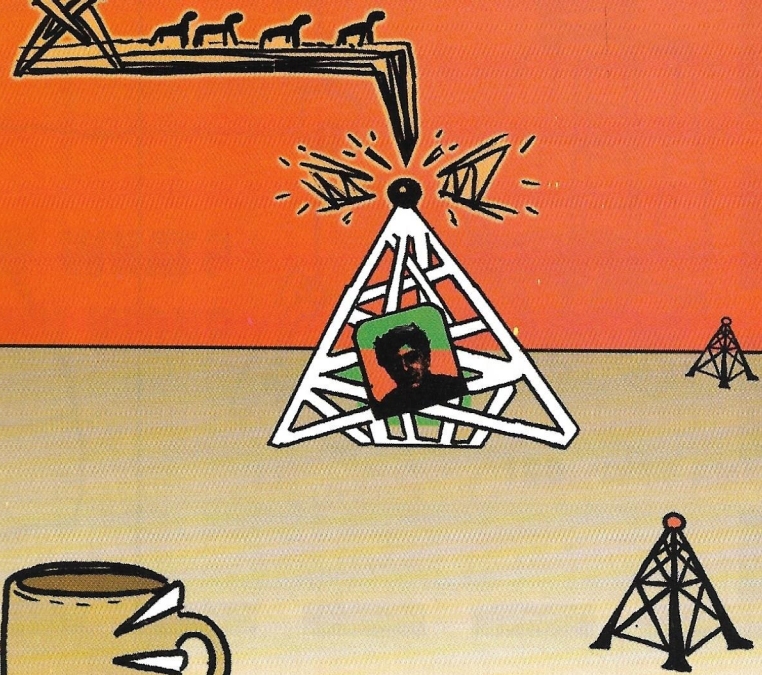
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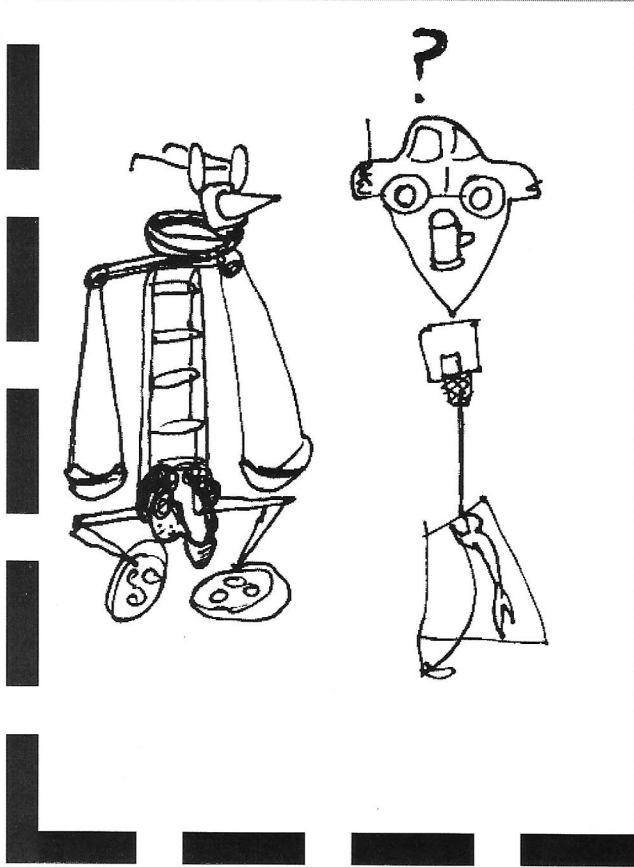
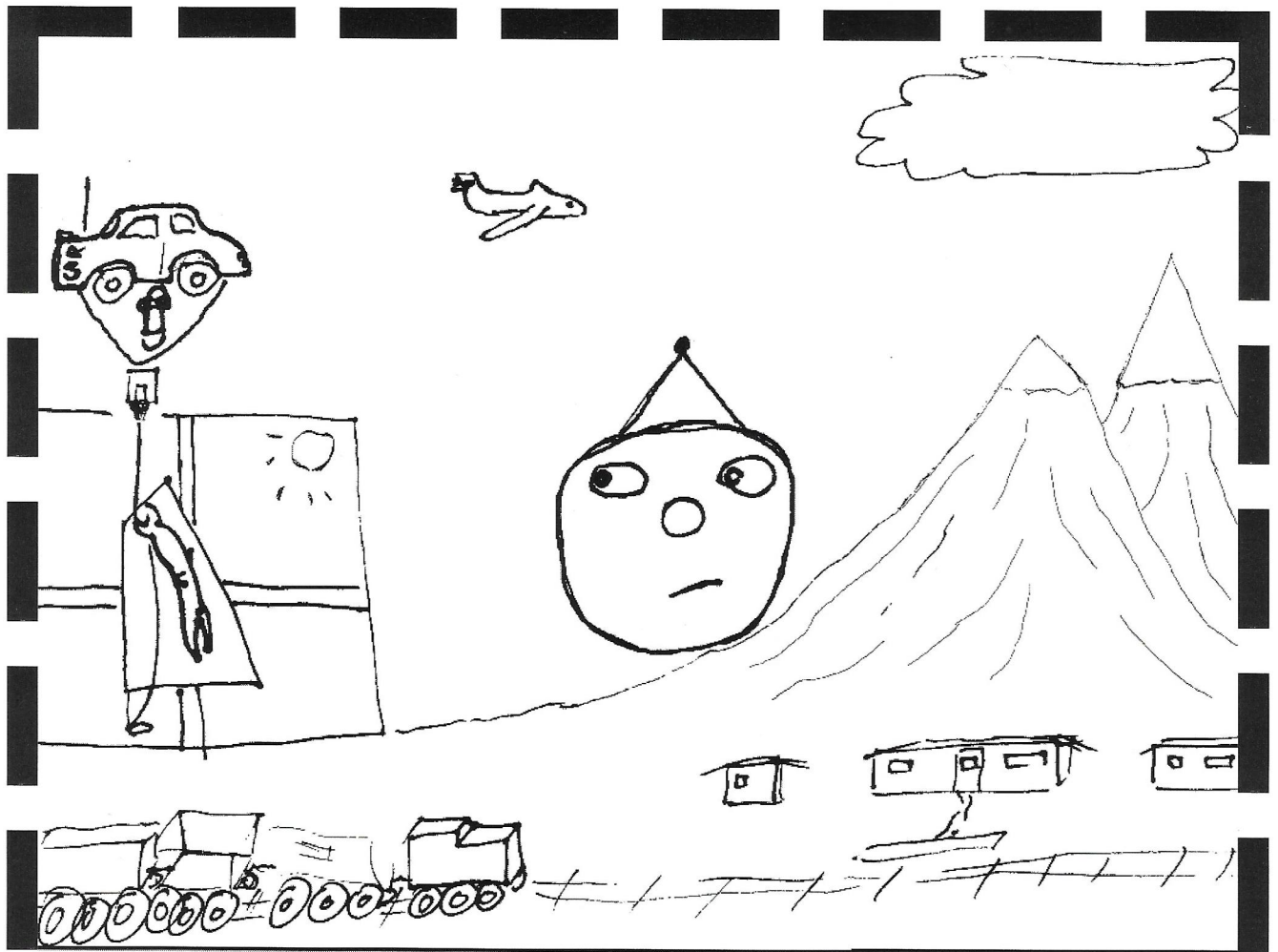
# CRANEARRAL



**TURN BACK**









CHRIS  
**CRANEARRAL**

MAX KENNY  
ERIC CHAS

Vol. I

2000

No. 1

CHRIS

CRANE

**HERE  
GOES  
NOTHING**



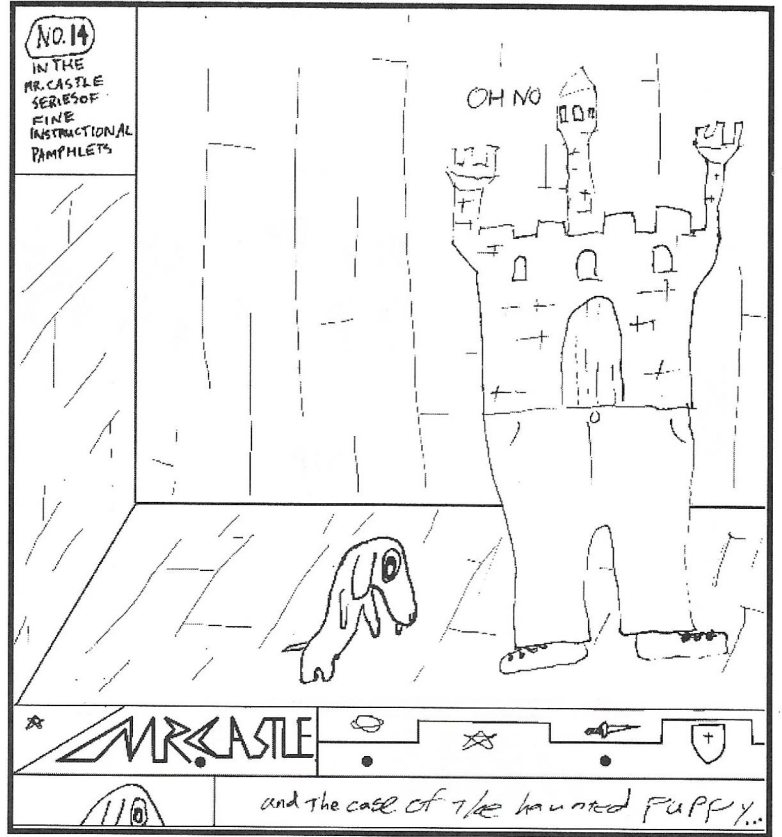
**NOW WHAT?  
THAW WON?**

**WHO WANT  
HAW TOWN?**

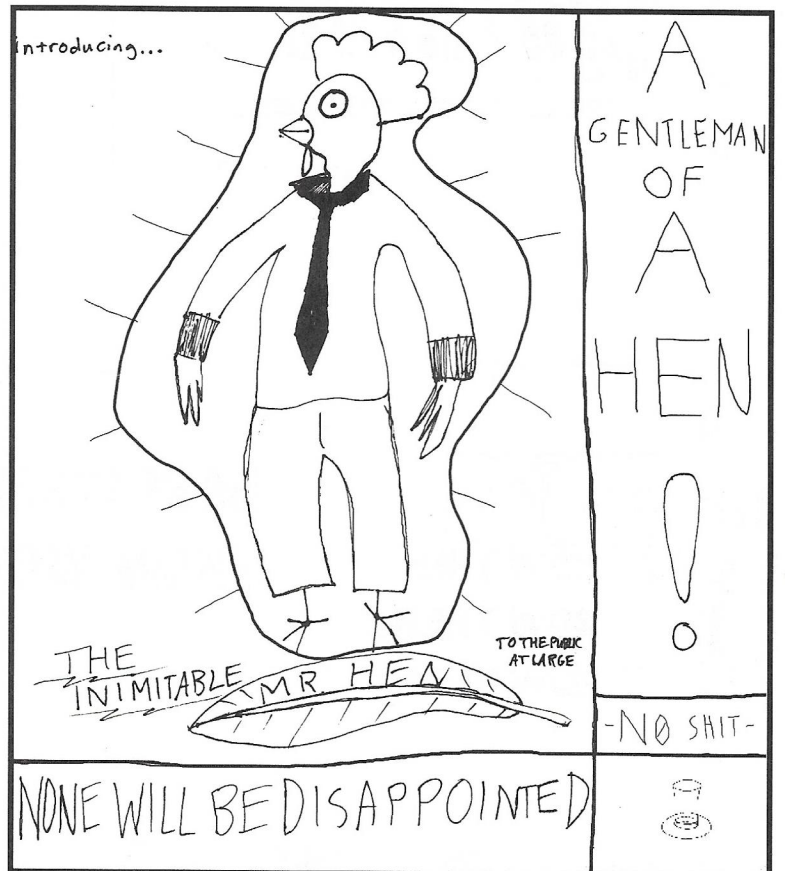
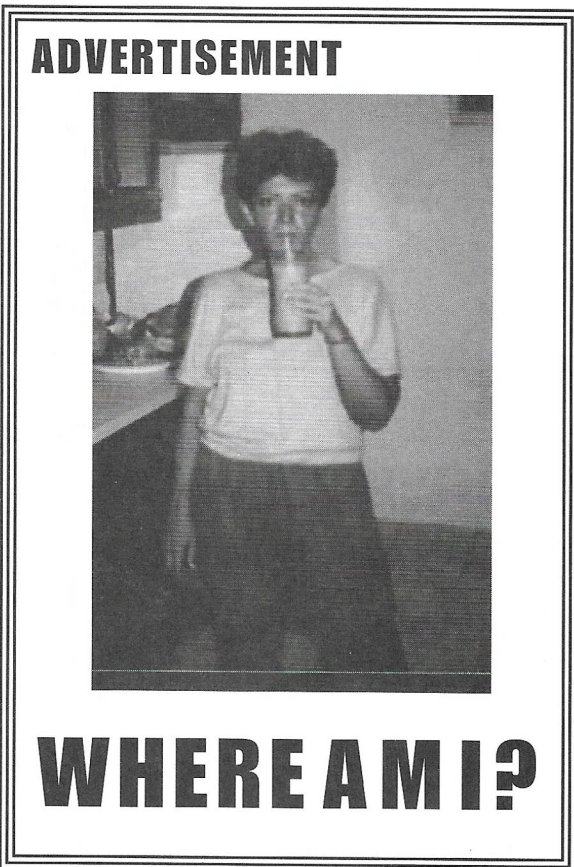
**100 - CHRIS CRANE**



**NEW PRODUCTS  
BROUGHT TO YOU BY:**



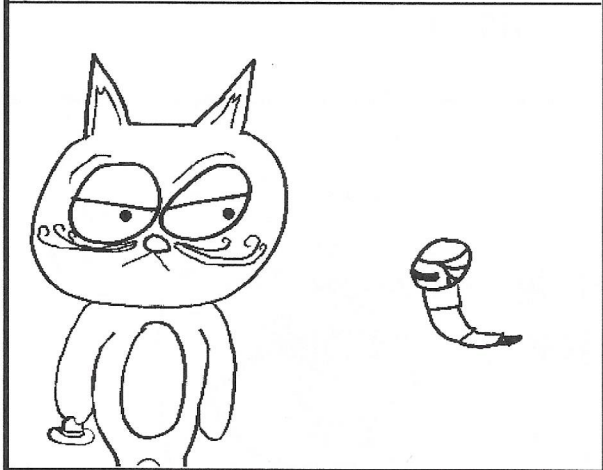
**-OBJECTIONABLE BOOKS-**





# MR. CAT &

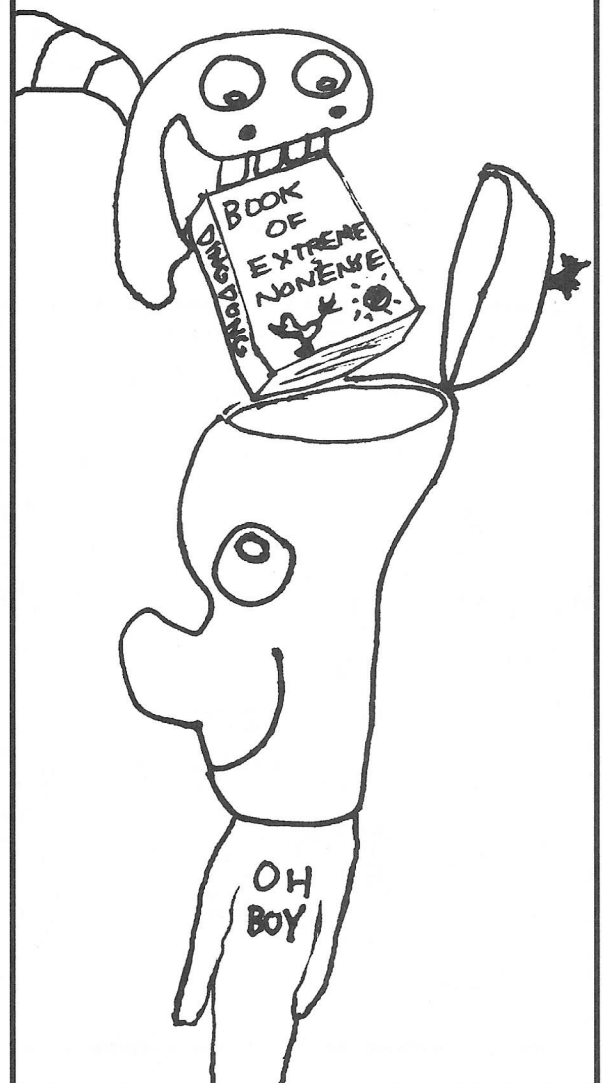
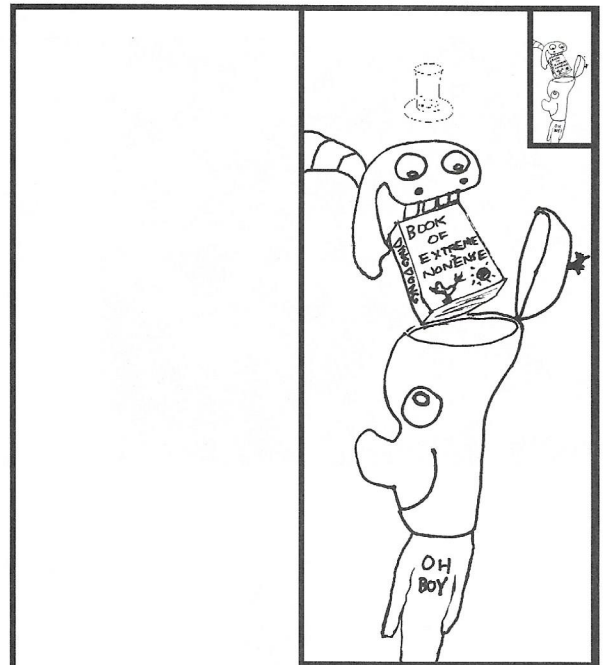
THE OTHER THING



## -OUTRAGEOUS MISTAKES-

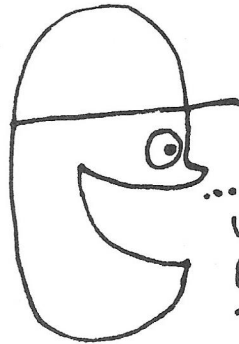
# CAPTAIN JACKASS &

THE DUMBFUCK PATROL



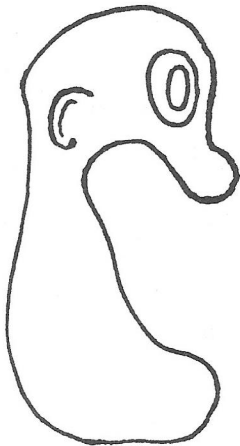


So...



...SO THAT'S WHY HE GAVE ME THE HAT.

THAT SOUNDS PRETTY DANGEROUS.



...SO I SAID, "WHAT IS THIS, FUCKING NICK AT NITE OR SOMETHING?"

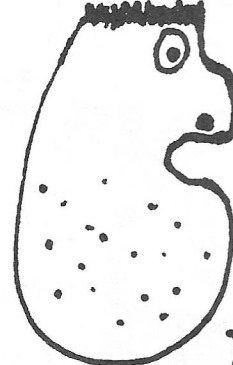


...SO HE SAID, "THERE HAVE TO BE MORE THAN 4 KINDS OF PANTS!"



AND YOU'RE LIKE, "NOWAY!"

...SO I'M GOING TO TRY 2 TOMORROW.



2'S TOO MANY TRY 1.



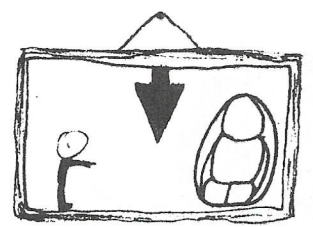
...SO QUACK QUACK



BARK



# CHRIS SHEET



CRANETOBER 5th, 2000

## INSIDE!



POP

## Chris Crane To Wake Up Before 2 pm

### Big plan expected to fail once again

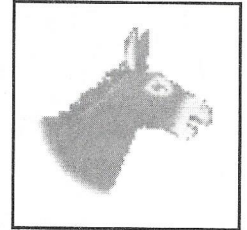
BY CHRIS CRANE  
CHRIS SHEET NEWS STAFF

In a big announcement to himself, Chris Crane has ordered his brain to wake him up before 2 pm tomorrow.

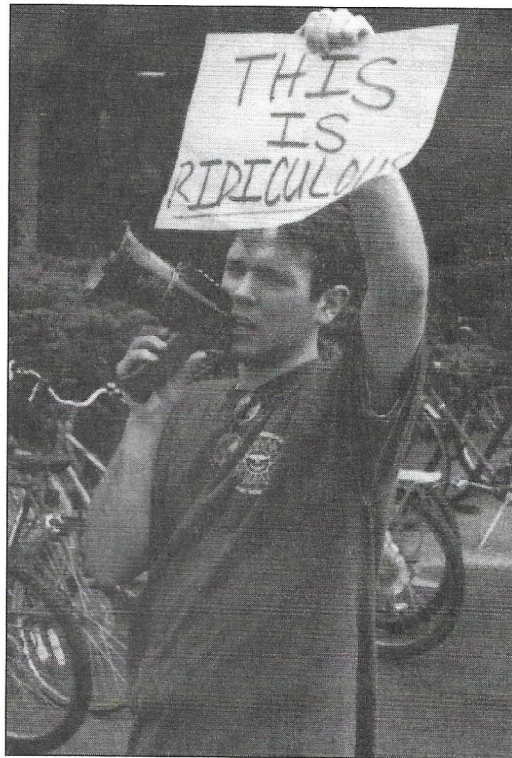
Experts predict that this will not happen, because it never happens.

"Every day I tell myself I will wake up early, because it's so important," said Chris Crane. "Except on

the weekends, usually. I always sleep through my alarm, though, so I guess I don't want to wake up that bad."



"Hee Haw"



This is Ridiculous

## "Chris" Is a Very Common Name, So What the Fuck?

BY CHRIS CRANE  
CHRIS SHEET NEWS STAFF

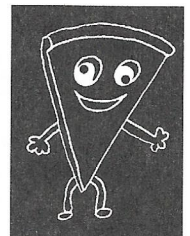
Throughout the U.S., interest in **CHRIS SHEET** remains at zero, despite the fact that "Chris" is one of the most common names in America. What the fuck is going on? Everyone named Chris should be interested,

because it's called "Chris Sheet" and Chris is their name.

This one guy said no one likes to just read about me all the time, but I was like "write what you know." Then he was all like "Dude, (oops out of room)"

## No legal trouble at all today

Chris Crane— Staying indoors paid off again for Chris Crane, who was not arrested on drug charges today. Sources who are Chris Crane say that he is pleased to be un-caught for any crimes, and intends to continue his policy of not getting arrested for as long as it remains feasible.



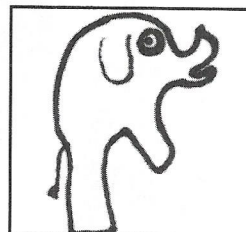
Pizza

## I Don't Really Know When to use Capital Letters

Does "the" get capitalized? How about "to?" Does it matter if it's a big headline or a small headline?

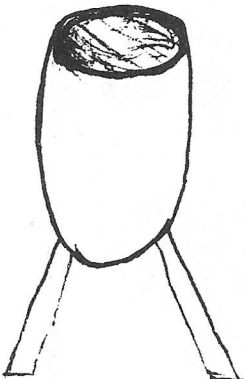
I just don't know. But I'm pretty tired right now. I probably learned it sometime, but I can't remember. What time is it?

## Max still doesn't know the right nicknames

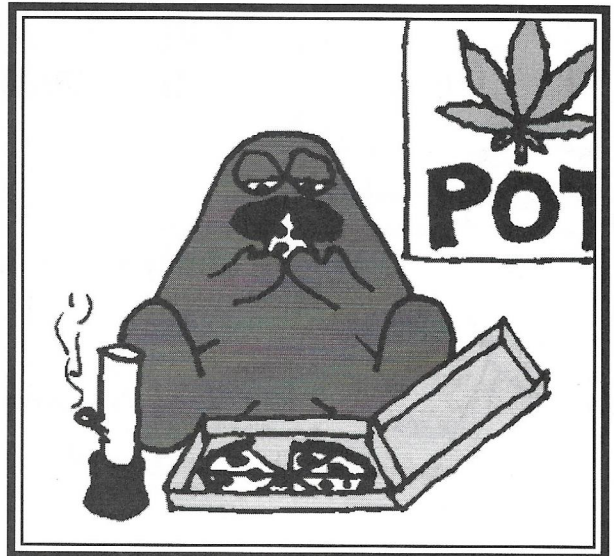
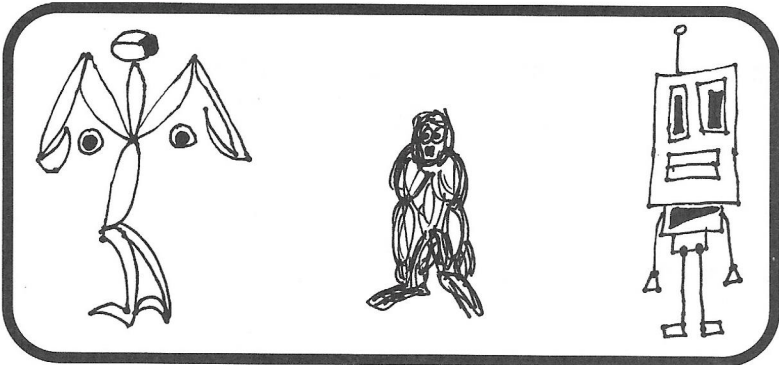
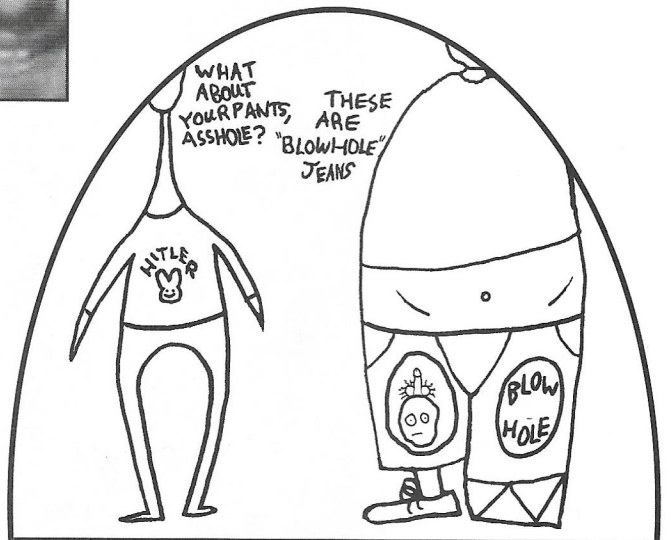
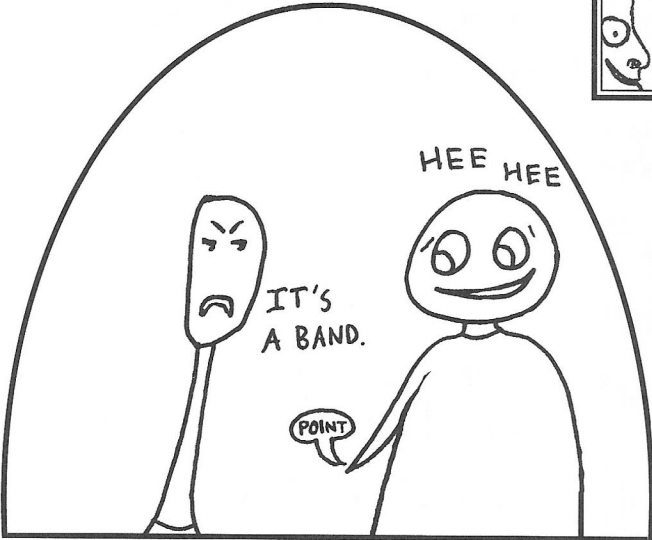
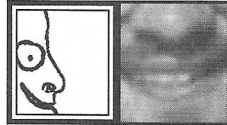
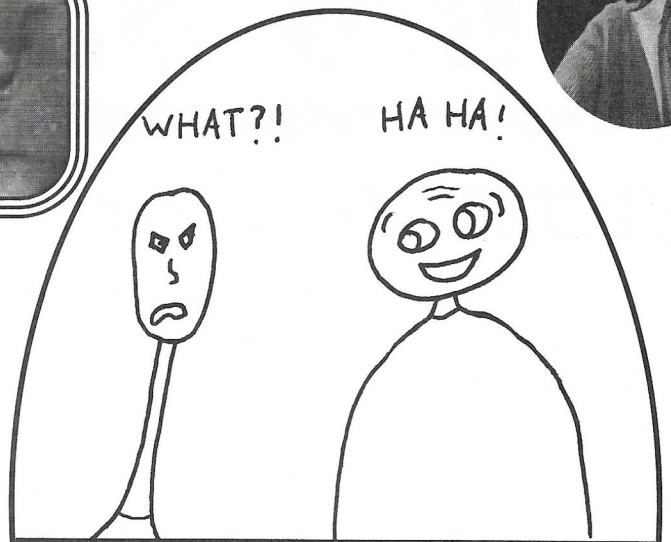
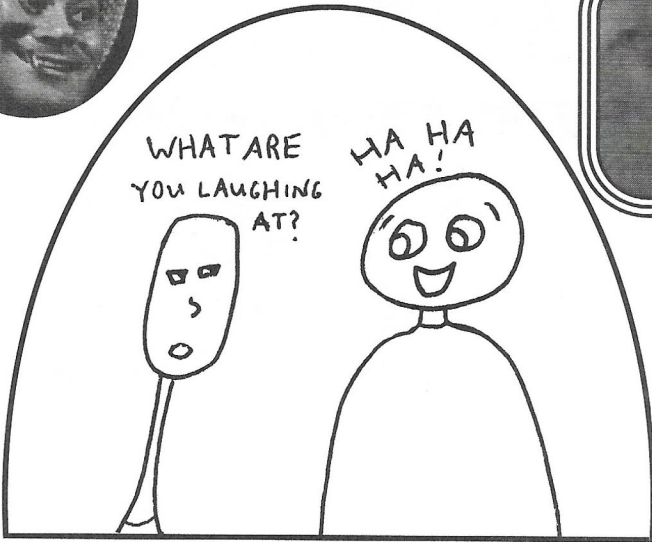


SPORTSTUFF  
with Max Heilbron

In baseball today, Andres "Galactic Cat" Galarraga hit a big homerun for his team. In another sport (basketball) Kobe "Galactic









# BUTTONS FOR SALE



\$15



\$60



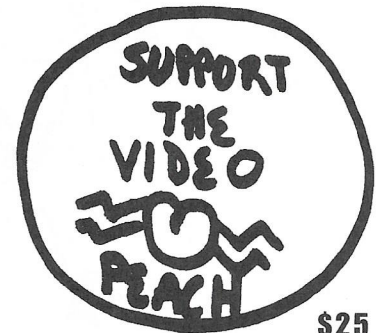
\$54



\$110

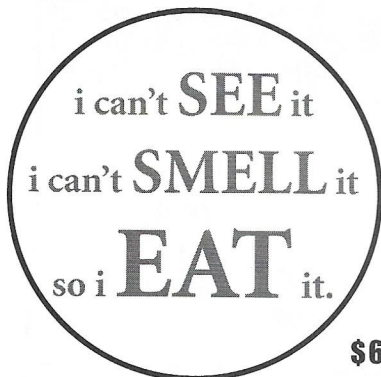


\$12



\$25

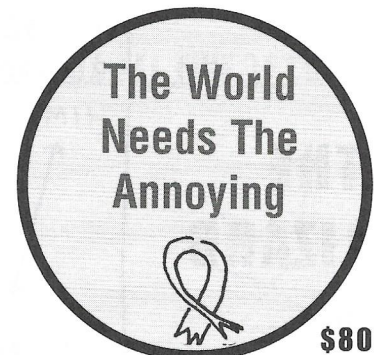
# RARE BUTTONS



\$600



\$450



\$800



\$10000



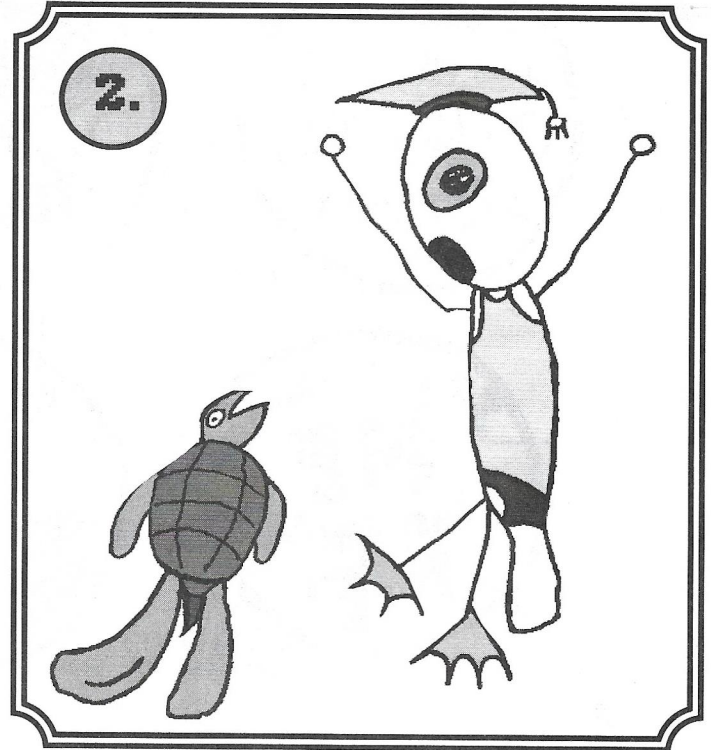
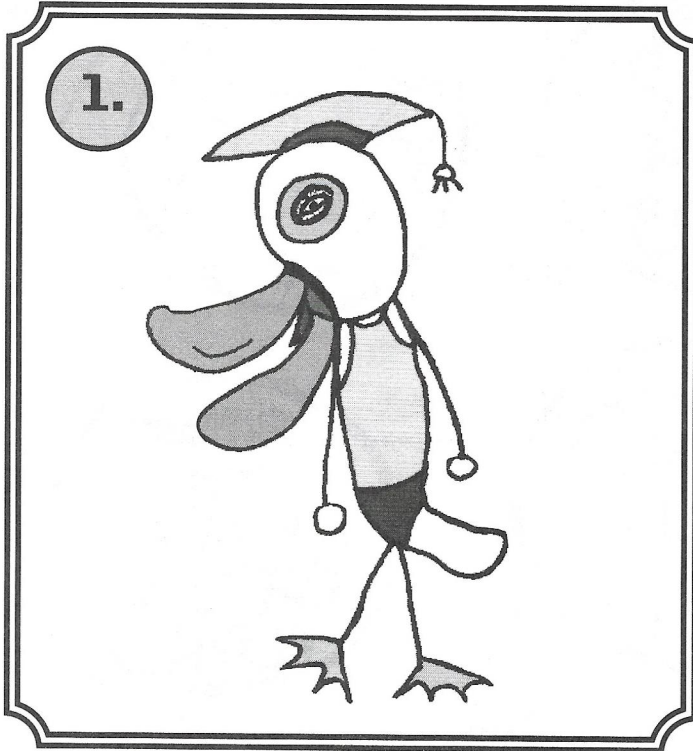
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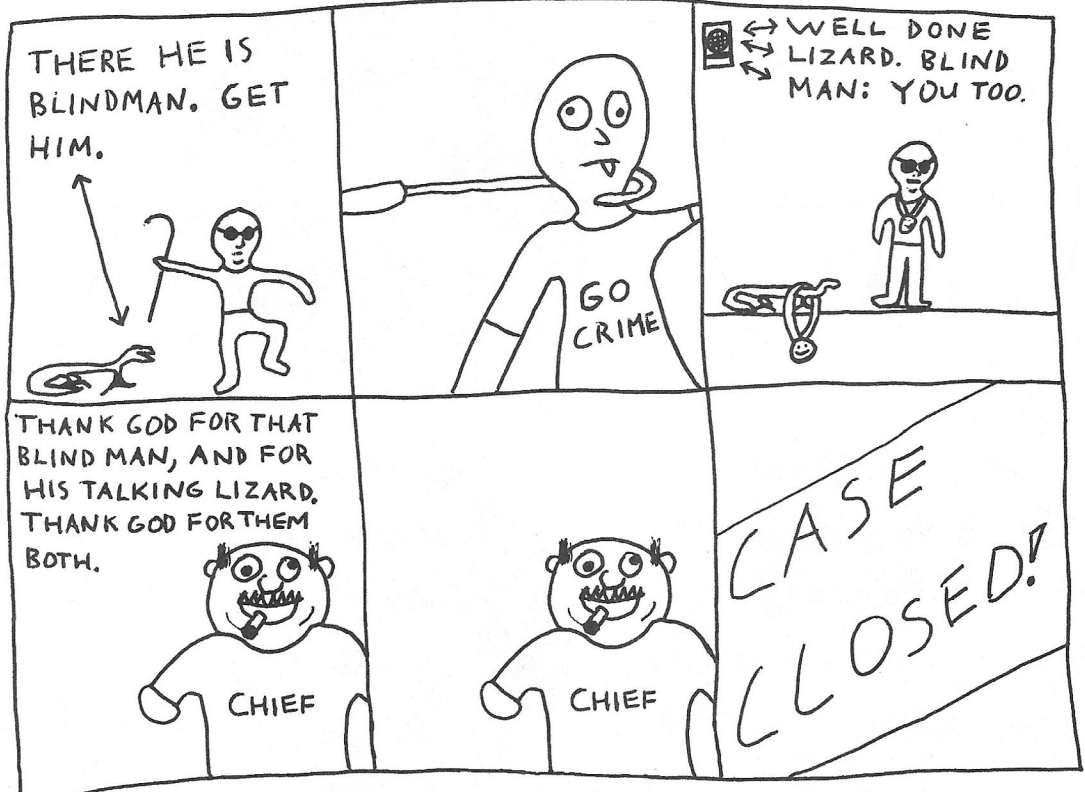
\$320



# What Appears To Be The Bill Of A Duck Turns Out To Be The Hind Legs Of A Turtle

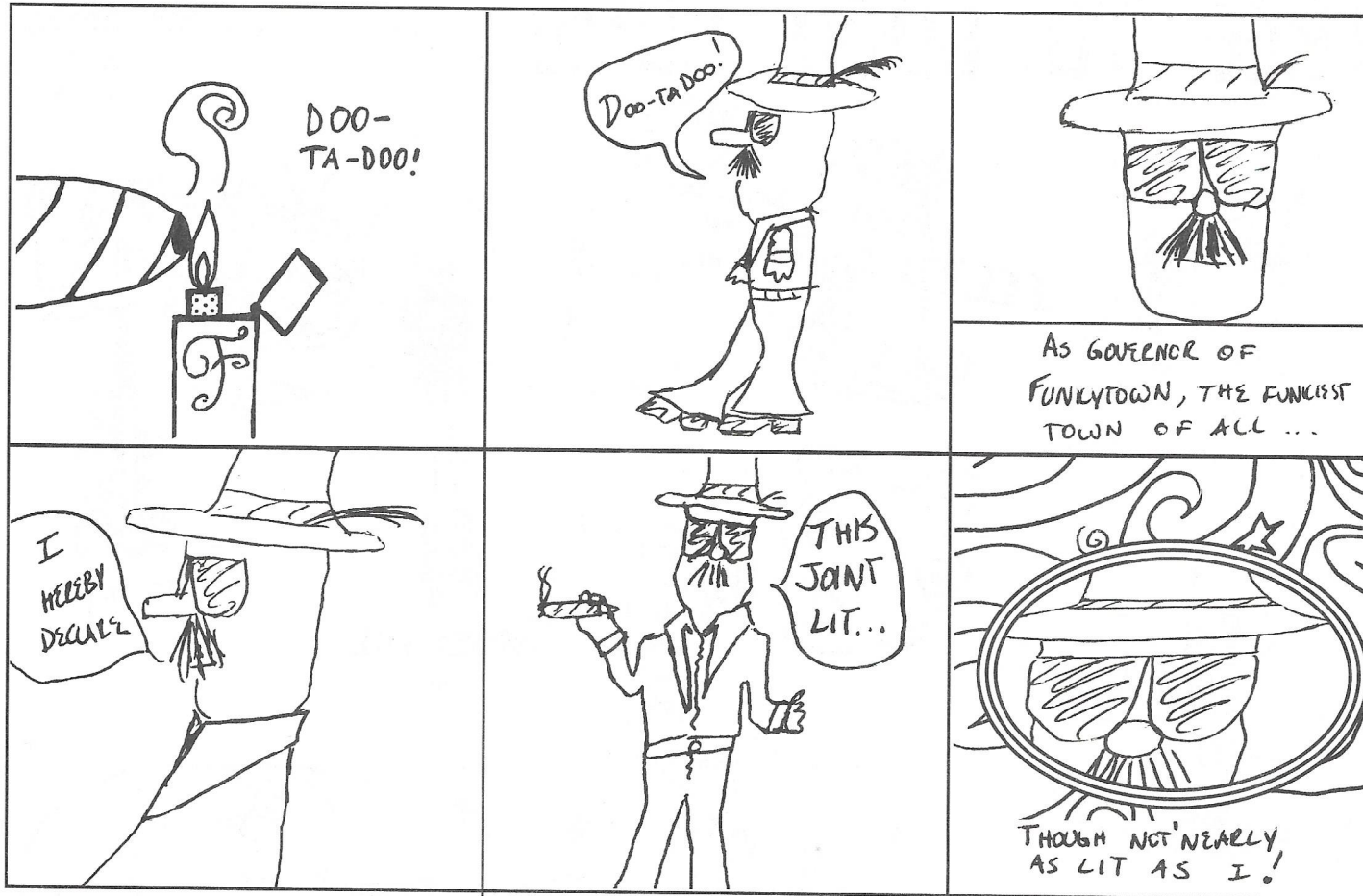


## THE LIZARD & THE BLIND MAN



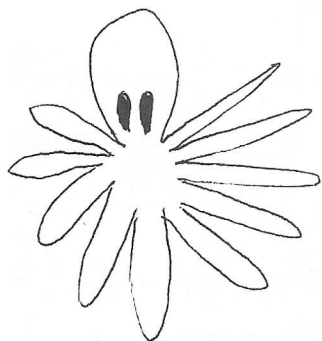


# GOVERNOR OF FUNKYTOWN



# POKEY MAN FIGHTERS

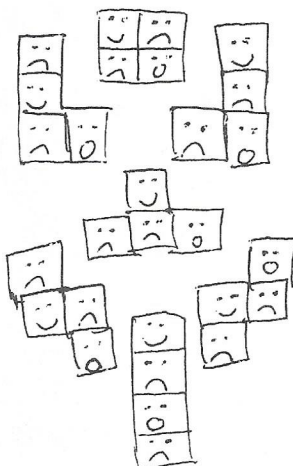
COLLECT ALL FIVE OF THEM



the manychan



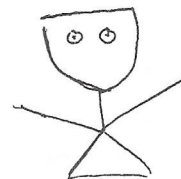
ROCKEATER



dingbings



hello Sleepyface



DORK US

LET THEM FIGHT YOUR HEAD

I WILL FIGHT YOU IN THE HEAD



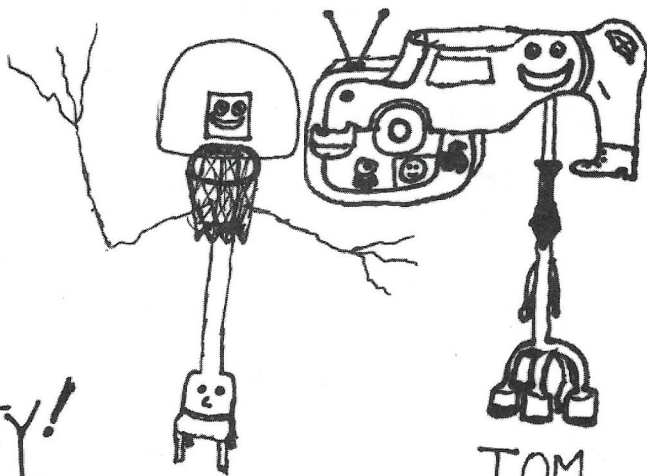
# FREE TO GOOD HOME



The happiest rainbow



EL BASTARDO  
wife-stealing  
duckbilled  
geek



TOM



The environmentalist  
lurch  
from  
Midnight  
Oil

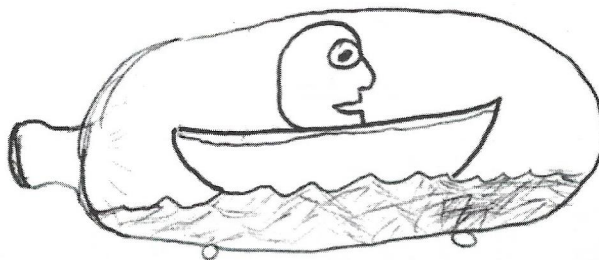


HARVEY!

BASKET-BALL  
CHAIR



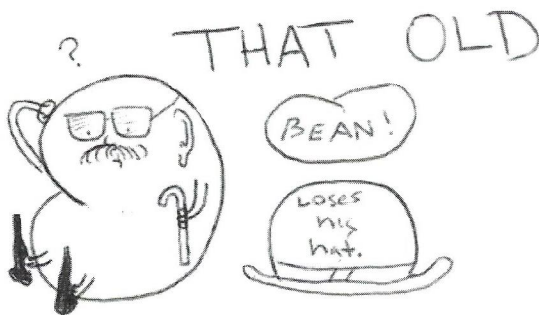
The screaming  
little bastard



MR. WHALE



That big whale

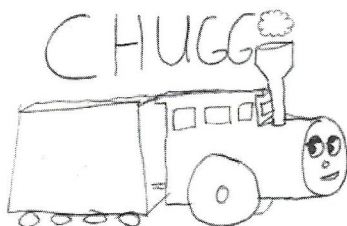


BEAN!

Loses  
his  
hat.



The little tugboat  
that helped out the  
big ocean liner



The little train  
that made the BIG  
difference

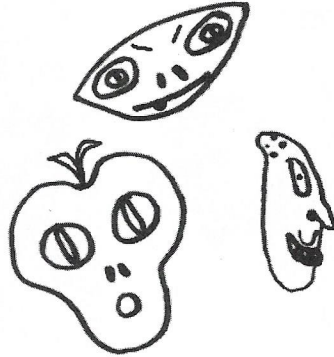
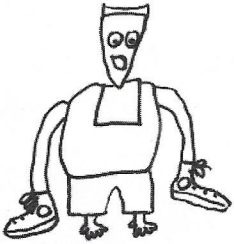


The animal that  
didn't know what  
he was

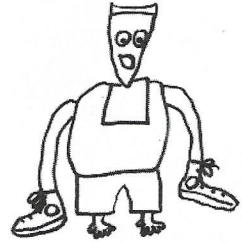


# SHOES

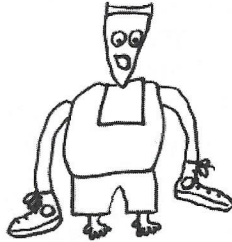
People give me a lot of guff  
for having shoes for hands, and  
hands for feet.  
I get a lot of  
funny looks...



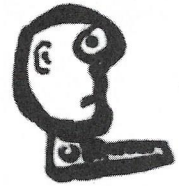
But I don't let it bother me. I have  
a job at The Paper Hat and Miniature  
Bib Factory, and  
I have a hamster...



So I don't complain much. In  
fact, nobody knows the  
trouble I've seen. Nobody  
knows but Shoebody.

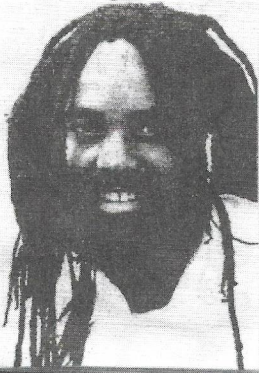


SHOEBODY

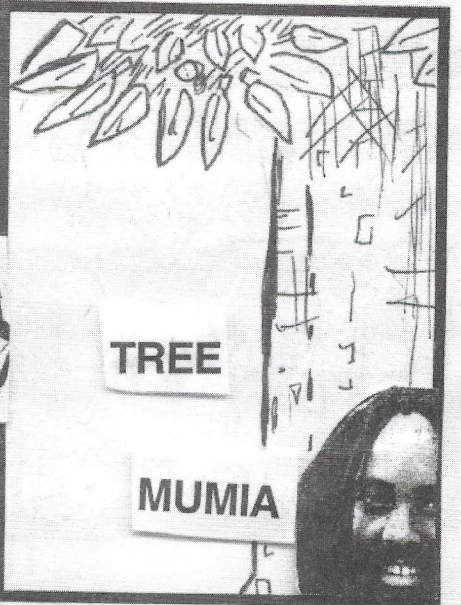




FREE MUMIA

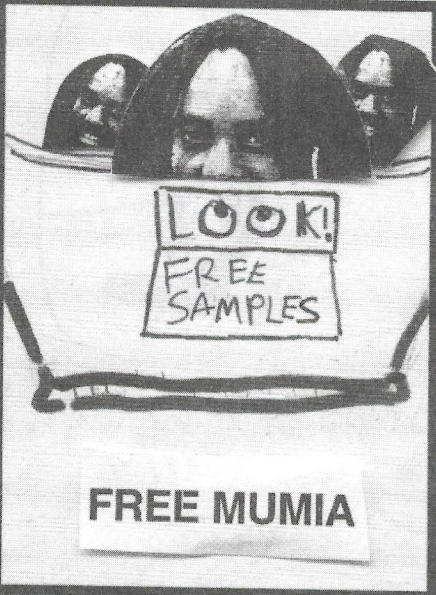


THREE MUMIA



TREE

MUMIA

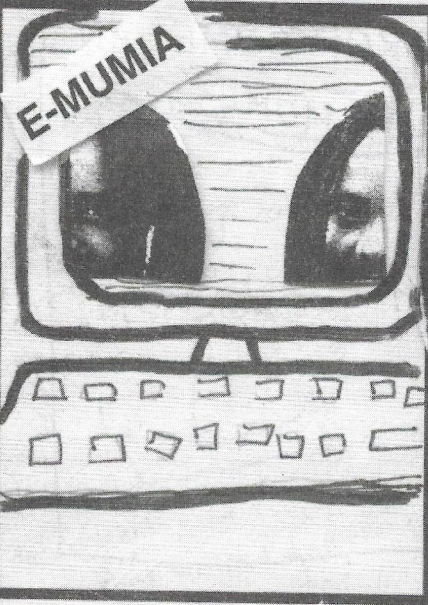


FREE MUMIA

?????

SEE MUMIA

RE-MUMIA



E-MUMIA



RE: MUMIA

