

# THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

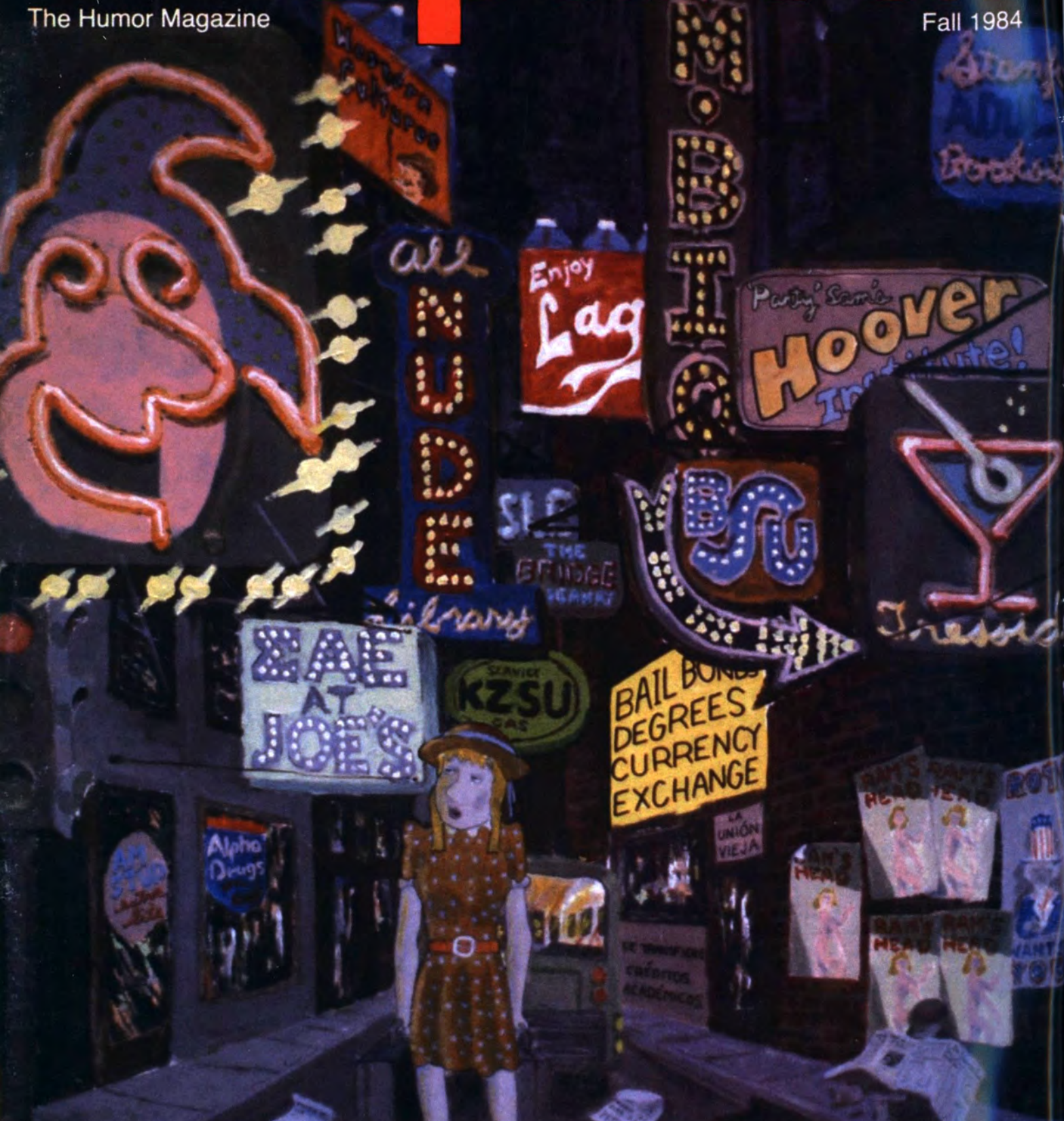
EST. 1899



CAMP CHAPPIE

125 YEARS

STANFORD  
**Chaparral**  
 The Humor Magazine  
 Fall 1984



**freshman issue**

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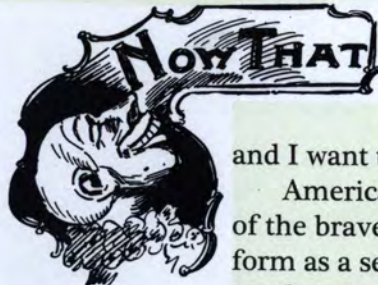
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906  
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
 REFLECTIONS

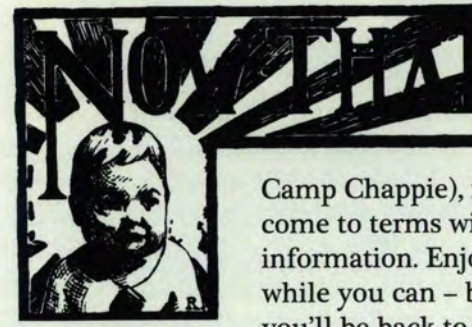


you've rediscovered the superiority of print media, it's time we jogged our memory. I'm Sachin, and I want to tell you a story.

America. Land of the free, home of the brave, birthplace of the print form as a serious commodity in the marketplace of ideas. Pamphlets, broadsides, gazettes, papers, watch-towers, letters, manuscripts, doctrines, Constitutions, scrolls, records, books, and yes, magazines. Searing, subversive, ingenious. Pop

art. Pornographic. Pornographic pop art. Twenty-four soup cans arranged in two rows of a dozen each, a Dutch weatherman plastered sleazily along its label wearing a full three-piece two-button. Seductive. Where were we? Ah, yes, magazines. Their collective role, and the role of this magazine in particular, has long been a question of philosophical dispute. Is it a form of base entertainment, designed for requisite placation and sedative approval, abandoned by the wayside with the advent of newer, easier channels of media? A physical embodiment of protest, rebellious in its very spirit, wielded by laborious, cigarette-smoking editors with glass frames thick

enough to block out everything except their pursuit of the exacting truth? Or perhaps it is a realization of organized chaos, an agreement to banish conformity to the next road and revel in refusal? One thing is certain: no one magazine can be all of those things at once. *MAD*, *Spy*, *Fine Arts*, *Playboy*, *the New Yorker*, *Us Weekly*, *National Lampoon*, *Cracked*, *National Geographic*, *Aficionado Monthly*. Some of these publications successfully shaped the banks and gullies of the American stream of consciousness, and others were invented on a whim by Michael Scott. The result is the same. No magazine can escape the elastic striations of artistic choice. It follows that the only pillar left for magazines is humility, and that is where the *Stanford Chaparral* may submit itself proudly. For the *Chaparral* cannot claim to be transformative, nationally read, or even good. It cannot claim to enlighten its readers, nor can it surprise them with the avant-garde. It was once briefly a protest newspaper in the '60s, and that may be the most utilitarian function it will ever provide. But the *Chaparral* can with pride claim to be modest, and by virtue of said modesty rescind its claim to anything material at all. This Catch-22 may create a vortex that will swallow the universe, but we have locked it in the storage closet to prevent that from escap-



you've set foot on the highly anticipated "Camp Card" (or for you dear reader, Camp Chappie), it might be time to come to terms with a critical point of information. Enjoy this anticipation while you can - before you know it, you'll be back to wondering what

happened to all the other variations of the *Chaparral* you might still see scattered along the fluorescent halls and wooden countertops of campus.

Perhaps you're looking up at those wonderfully tall redwoods admiring evolution - from shrub to fully-developed tree. It mirrors your story, doesn't it? Once a wee little child fantasizing about the prospect of genuine independence. Look how far you've come.

But I, Lynn Collardin, am not here to toot your horn with congratulations. My co-editor has already raised your spirits with the possibilities of print media. I will be a brutal realist - after 125 years, I find it imperative to impart some of the wisdom our humble camp has discovered. You may or may not be the universe's next great gift to man. For both of our sakes, let's hope you aren't. But regardless of your greatness or lack thereof, I advise you to remain absolutely delusional. Don't focus

ing. The crucial point here is this. No man or woman can escape the confines of their own singularity. Not even the most carefully agnostic among us is not subject to the swirling forces of salt and mist that govern nature when we cannot, heightening and consolidating us into individual beings, trapped, obscure, inexpensive. Our failure to achieve these ideals is what merits existence itself. And as it is in life, just so it is in magazines. The *Stanford Chaparral* is, at its very least, a living, breathing organism intent on naught but its own survival. And that is what makes it great. 125 years on, the spirit of Bristow Adams lives on in this magazine, and it will continue to do so. And thus I encourage you, dear reader, to link hands with the circling forces of past memories and future fate and join us at the *Chaparral*, as we prepare ourselves to inhale once more, a great, rousing breath.



on unveiling that je ne sais quoi that seems to propel this honorable institution forward and push people to innumerable standards of success. But again, stop focusing on objectivity here. As with anything fundamentally delusional in nature, the line between reality and fiction will blur further with every step forward you take. Or, in this case, with every page you flip. Use our fine magazine as an analogy for your life. What that means is for you to decide.

I realize that some of you readers might be wondering how any of the past two minutes of reading time are relevant to you. To be honest, they likely aren't. But as you might with a fortune cookie, I implore you to imagine that I wrote every word on this page targeted directly at you. Now, take that approach when thinking about our thematic relevance for the entirety of this issue. It's about camp, legacy, the future, and you. See the appeal?

My final piece of advice as I urge you to keep reading is to remember the following: sometimes, being a shrub is enough. Those redwood trees are great, but where's the loyalty? The consistency? After 125 years, that's something the *Chaparral* has nailed in with our trusty golden hammer. We are a shrub (quite literally, that's what our name means), and that is everything we have ever hoped to be. So go forth, shrub, and flip the page. Don't ever try to be a giant redwood tree.

# OUR FOOLISH FRIENDS

Prof. (giving a lecture)—I don't mind if a student looks at his watch once in a while, but what gets me is to see someone take out his watch, shake it a few times, and then put it up to his ear.—*Penn. Froth.*

Teddy—I could die dancing with you.  
Toddy—I am.—*U. S. N. A. Loo.*

She—Can a man tell when a woman loves him?  
He—He can, but he ought not to.  
—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Co-ed Medic—How long could I live without brains?  
Cruel Prof.—Time will tell.  
—*Colorado Dodo.*

The Blue Baboon's idea of wasted energy is a mental picture we have of Adam singing "There's Nobody Else but You" to Eve.  
—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

**EARLY BIRDS**  
Judge—Have you ever been up before me?

Prisoner—Why, I don't know. At what time does your honor usually get up?—*Yale Record.*

There is a cabaret in the city where they don't serve spoons with the coffee—they have such stirring dancers.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Econ. Prof.—That's wrong. You have put the liabilities under assets.  
Student—Yes, sir; I'm left-handed.—*Yale Record.*

Kittybelle—They say she goes to a different school every quarter.  
Kathleen—Yes, she bought a big stack of clothes in Paris last year, and she can't afford not to wear them out.—*Colorado Dodo.*

Corinne! A beautiful lass was she,  
With teeth like pearls and hair of gold.  
Corrine! A beautiful lass was she,  
But alas for me—she turned me cold.  
—*Colorado Dodo.*

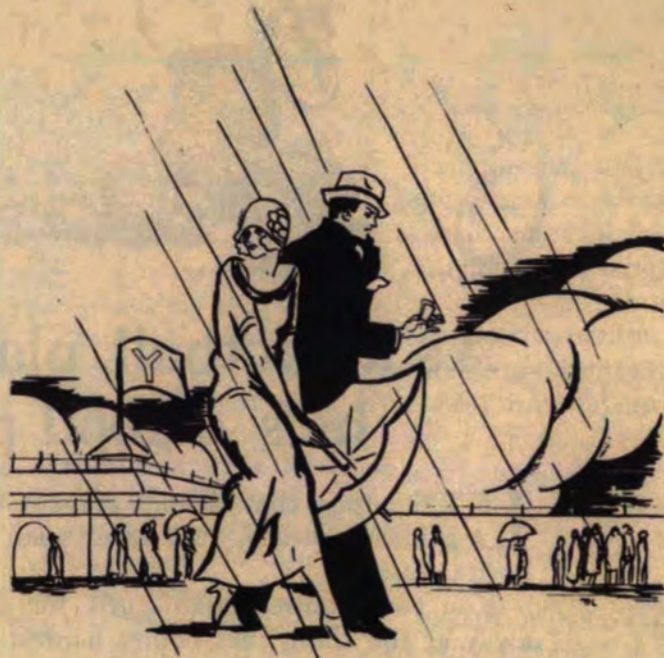
He—I understand that your father said that if he found me here again he would kick me out of the door.  
She—Oh, don't mind that! father's punting is wretched.  
—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Sweet Young Thing (to Oculist)—I've broken my glasses. Do I have to be examined all over again?  
Oculist—No, just your eyes.  
—*Colorado Dodo.*

**ALMOST AS BAD**  
"Did you get caught in the rain?"  
"No, in the Hall."  
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

It has been definitely decided that the occupation of a telephone girl is neither a business nor a profession, but a calling.—*Lafayette Lyre.*

"You say you're working pretty hard these days, Rastus?"  
"Yassuh, yassuh, reckon Ah spends most an hour every mawnin' collectin' an' deliverin' the ole woman's washin'."—*Navy Log.*



"I was out walking with that girl from the Follies when it started to rain."  
"Was she frightened?"  
"Well, the color left her face all right."—*Yale Record.*

## Wilson's Confectaurants

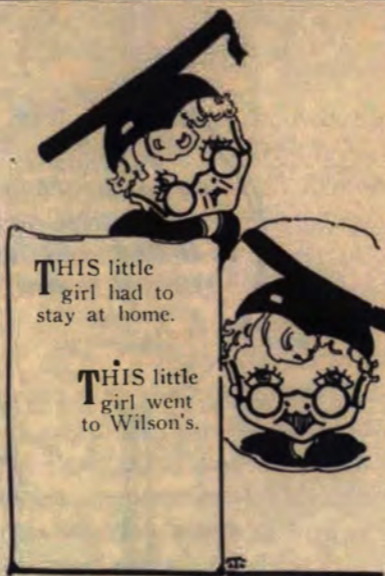
FLAVORY HOME COOKING

*The Candy with a College Education*

PALO ALTO      SAN FRANCISCO  
SAN JOSE      FRESNO      STOCKTON



ANOTHER of the popular pastimes is giving Wilson's candy on gift occasions.



THIS little girl had to stay at home.

THIS little girl went to Wilson's.

# DINING HALLS

## 5: WILBUR

Wilbur serves up wonderful Asian-inspired food every day. Located conveniently on East Campus, Wilbur may be an ugly maze that ought to be torn down, but boy, can those cooks cook! Wilbur dining is inaccessible from the front, so go around to the back in order to get in. Weekday dinners at Wilbur are when they bring out the best stuff—salt and pepper chicken, stir fry vegetables, orange chicken, and everything vaguely related to East Asia (Flomo gets India). Weekend dinners are terrible, but always empty, so if you are in a hurry to eat on a weekend, ol' Wilby is your place.



## 3: LAKESIDE


Lakeside is the most magnificent dining hall in all of Stanford—like Hogwarts, but built of wood and stucco and not at all like Hogwarts. Along with Arrillaga, serving East Campus, Lakeside is a good option for extended hours, only closing for a couple of hours during the day. The food is solid and they have a huge omelet station during weekend brunch. The cornbread is always good, and peanut butter and jelly is always out for you to make a sandwich.

At night, Lakeside hosts Late Nite Dining, which is the best place to spend the dining dollars R&DE makes you buy. Delicious chicken tenders, loaded fries, and a bunch of different flavor rubs and sauces to spice up whatever you're eating. All at a reasonable price!



## 1: WEEKENDS AT BRANNER!

Make sure you find yourself a friend in Branner early on to get their wonderful weekend brunch and dinner meals. If you, like most of us at the Chappie, can't seem to find any friends, go around to the parking lot in the back on the right side, near the loading dock—there's a door there you can use to enter the dining hall. One random weekend a month Branner is closed, so if you get unlucky, just try again the next week.

Weekday food in Branner is unremarkable, but on weekends the historic frosh-only dorm shines. Avocado toast and an omelet station for brunch, and tri-tip or the best chicken caesar salad on campus for dinner. 

## 4: RICKER

The original home of specials at Stanford, Ricker often serves up tasty food that isn't even listed on the RD&E website. Thursdays bring DBC (make sure you dentalize that D, lest you run afoul of the profanity censors), "Death by Chocolate," a delicious gooey brownie slop. Ricker might have DBC but lacks any nuts, being the West Campus nut free dining hall. Make sure you try the delicious cookies and check out the second floor balcony!

## 2: SELF-OPS

Self op meals are restricted to the residents thereof, but if you can find a friend to invite you to a dinner or two you're in for a real treat. An intimate setting and hot food prepared by chefs inside the house! Some of the chefs on the row have been with their houses for years, and make unique food every day. Self-ops rotate through meal schedules just like dining halls, but there's something so much better about food when it's not picked from a hot tray.



# FABLES OF THE FARM

**CAPTAIN RAY TANDY** of the Varsity (rah! rah!) is a beeg strong fellar. Furthermore, he is no welterweight. But in his freshman days, alongside his roommates, Tandy looked like the modest little blue-eyed man in the corner. You see, Herb Fleishhacker was one roommate, and Corwin "Chang" Artman was the other.

Anyhow, it seems that the lads were trying to sleep one evening a couple of years ago when they were fellow members of the Class of '29 in Encina Hall. Or perhaps they were having a quiet philosophical chat.

All evening a phonograph had been playing incessantly below. Gruff yells and stampings on the floor had availed nothing. Finally Ray got sore.

Stripping his single bed of blankets and mattress, he hauled it to the window. Grabbing it by two legs (Herb and Chang idly watching), Ray swung it in a destructive arc directly against the window in the room below.

When he pulled it up again there was no further noise, other than that occasioned by the sweeping up of glass.

**No** wonder he was the blushing guide!

It was during the summer Hoover-Home-and-Chapel open season for tourists. One of our local boys was picking up a little easy money as guide to the Memorial Church and environs.

Backing up through the cool portals of the chapel as he loudly explained the history of the edifice to the sizeable group, this worthy continued to reverse down the church aisle.

Here comes the guide! The dulcet strains of a well known marital march filled the dim air.

"Now on your left is the famous mosaic of Adam and Eve. The snake can be seen . . ."

The music ceased. "The organist is practicing," explained the guide, easily.

"Practicing—hell!" came a fierce whisper. "There's a wedding going on, you dub!"

**THAT** path along the erstwhile Lagunita is pleasant on spring evenings, and a senior (who swears this happened) strolled there when the moon was low with a very pretty girl.

The night was warm, and they found seats on the edge of the bandstand, their feet hanging over the edge to where the water was, or should have been.

"Aren't the stars beautiful tonight?" was undoubtedly the opener.

A slightly awkward silence, perhaps even an expectant one, was disturbed by a slight scurrying sound.

The girl didn't hear. The man glanced around. My gosh!

Out of the little room on the band platform scampered a little black-striped animal. The man was rigid; the girl was still oblivious.

Within three feet of the happy couple the varmint ambled; and to the anguished glance of the by then perspiring gentleman, the skunk (for such it was) seemed to hesitate.

There was absolutely nothing to do. Well, what would you have done—what could any young man do?

An anxious second, and the little fellow disappeared down the steps.

A safe minute later Our Hero and The Girl sneaked away from That Plate. Needless to say, the evening was ruined.

One wonders at the consequences if the incident had not ended so happily.

**AT** last a real anecdote has come to us out of the dear dead days when Wallace and Will Irwin swiped chickens and were (the story has it) bounced therefore.

It seems that an irate chicken fancier near the Stanford Farm had missed members of his flock on successive evenings. Perhaps it was because Wally and Will were chicken fanciers, too.

At any rate, the Owner chanced to go out one very dark night, shotgun in hand.

He heard a rustle within the hen-house. Ah ha! "Who's there?!" the farmer shouted. "Come out, or I'll shoot!!!"

"Befo' de Lawd, boss," came the reply, "they ain't nobody here 'ceptin' jus' us chickens!"

Well, that fills the column, even if it turns the page all rusty.

**FIDEL** LaBARBA, the well known exponent of the manly art of fisticuffs, was a Stanford freshman in Encina Hall for a full year. Fidel was small, and quite unobtrusive, but he packed a mean wallop, as various ambitious flyweights can testify.

One night it happened that an apple core was thrown rather briskly out of the window in LaBarba's room. As chance (or maybe it was aim) had it, the missile hit a sponsor.

They could hear his tread as he pounded up to the room. The door burst open.

"What the hell frosh threw that! I'll knock the daylights out of . . . Oh, hello, LaBarba, how're you making out? . . . Didn't see you as I came in. Boxing any these days? . . . Oh no, just caught me on the sleeve. Wasn't anything to mention . . . Drop up to the room sometime, LaBarba. Well, good night, fellows."

**THE** above is half brother to the short sto of another sponsor who grimly marched up to the lighted room on the third floor from whence had abruptly issued a bottle, which shattered on the pavement, only to discover that his sponsor roommate was the guilty party.

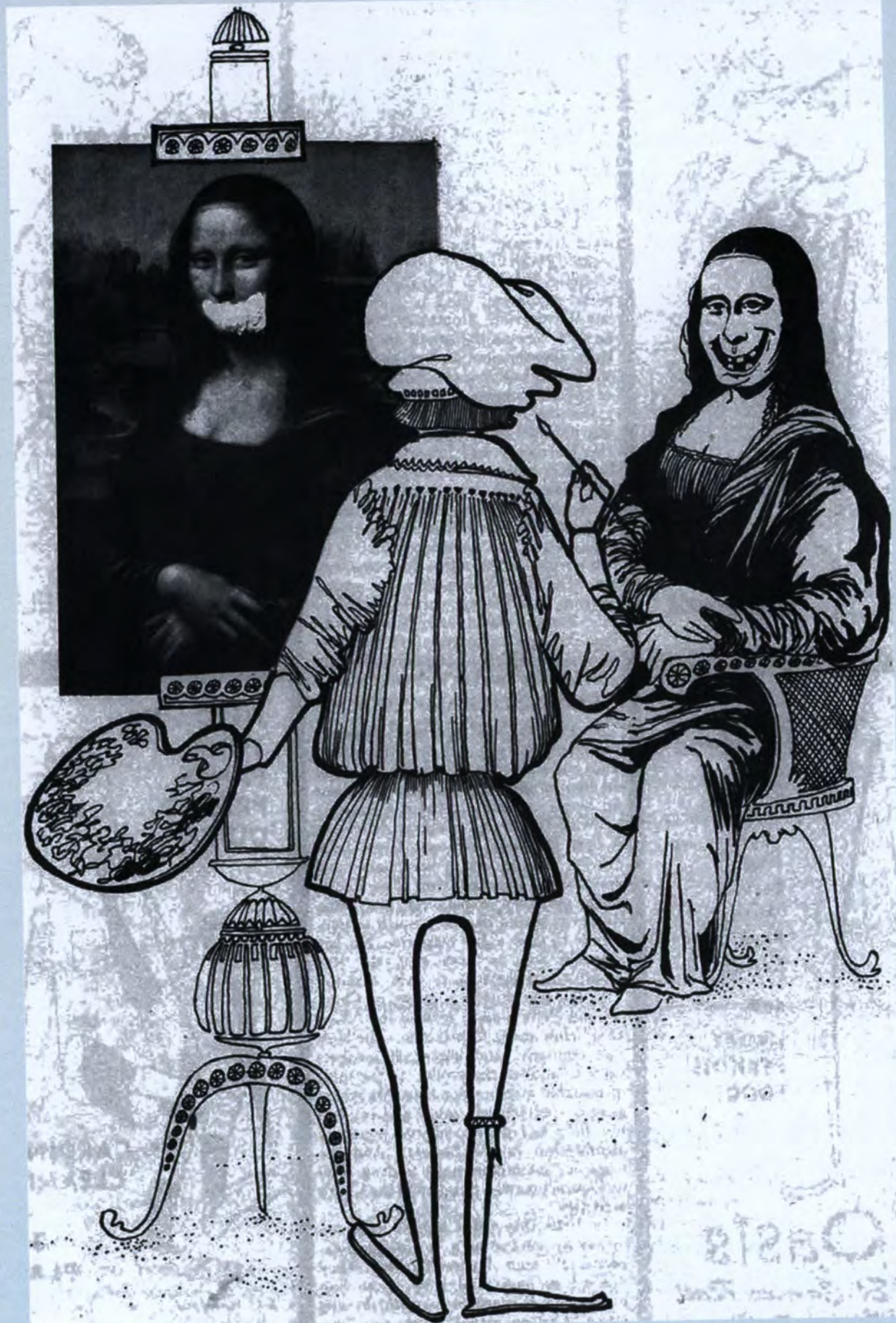
**IF** every pedagogue were as downright frank as a certain professor in the Economics department, we knowledge-eager students would be saved many a weary hour.

The course was Accountancy and Investments, runs the yarn, and the subject matter very involved and, one fears, a trifle dull.

The professor went into an intricate explanation which had the class hanging on the edge of their chairs—ready to drop off in the aisle.

The climax was snappy. "You know, I don't think any of you have the slightest idea what I'm talking about . . . As a matter of fact, neither have I."

"Class dismi



"On second thought, Mona, let's just have a little smile."

# camp Chaparral

## First Aid Guide!

**Bug bites:** release a large colony of Little brown bats (*myotis lucifugus*) to roam the camp ground.

**Broken bone:** a few pieces of the old rebar in the shed make for a mighty fine cast. Give these city slickers a taste of good ol' country medicine.

**Sunburn:** call Dr. Rogers, the best dermatologist in the area. We want our campers to have the safest skin grafts possible.

**Concussion:** brain transplant. Camp Chaparral will be at the leading edge of medical innovation!

**Allergic reaction:** survival of the fittest.

**Twisted ankle:** enroll the affected patient in a 72-hour body positivity workshop. There is no "correct" orient-



- ation of the ankle and believing so perpetuates Euro-centric approaches to medicine.

**Fever:** stick them in the industrial freezer. Make sure to give them enough time to defrost on the way out.

**Homesickness:** arrange for the patient's parents to be captured by a non-state terrorist organization.

Then, the parents can leave a message for their little one in the form of a hostage tape.

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**You Know You Go to Stanford When...**

Wall Info Discussions Photos Video Events

**Basic Info**

Name: You Know You Go to Stanford When...  
 Category: Just For Fun - Totally Random  
 Description: You know you go to Stanford when...  
 All your best friends just so happen to be all your hallmates.  
 Your school marching band gets drunk every weekend.  
 Your campus is next door to some of the biggest stars of technology.  
 You constantly have to avoid biking into fountains on your way to your classes, which are located on Stanford campus.  
 Your RA is actually, pretty cool.  
 You're a proud member of the Wells Fargo family.  
 You secretly think your roommate is a genius.  
 You should have your own reality show. No, seriously.  
 You think your roommate is secretly a genius.  
 After a stressful day of classes you like to relax in your favorite fountain.  
 When you're at home for Thanksgiving break and one of your high school friends says, "that restaurant's not within walking distance," you think he means you have to grab your bike.  
 Your school marching band is practically drunk.  
 If you want to tell your best friend a secret you don't have to go very far at all.  
 You can fart in front of your RA.  
 Your list of the schools you secretly wished you went to has three entries: Stanford, Stanford, and the University of Stanford.  
 SLE kids never learn...  
 You're required to jump into your favorite fountain.  
 You always have the option to stay on campus and do Thanksgiving with your PHE and the Wells Fargo Family.  
 Wearing a Tufts sweatshirt is an ironic statement.  
 If you want to have a pillow fight with all your best friends you can meet up with them without even getting on your bike.  
 Your idea of a school mascot is LITERALLY a guy dressed in a tree costume who dances his head off and smells like ranch dressing.  
 If you wanted to get all of your friends together to tell them something you could just pull the fire alarm in your dorm.  
 Your mascot is the fountain.

Invite people to join

For all the Stanford students out there - you know who you are!

**Information**

Category: Just For Fun - Totally Random  
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 Your school marching band is...  
 (read more)  
 Privacy Type: Open: All content is public.

Privacy Type: Open: All content is public.

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# Worst Washrooms

Going number 1 in the woods may be easy, but maybe you miss the feeling of plopping your butt on a seat, not going number 2 in the wilderness or maybe you don't feel like getting bit by a snake while peeing. On the off chance that you get to sneak away from Camp Chaparral—the Stanford population, the most enticing, fun, and outdoorsy people you'll meet—running to anything that doesn't resemble a porta-potty on campus may not be the best idea.

Escapism seems to be a big hit at Stanford. One of the ways I escape from the Stanford-ness of it all

is ranking bathrooms, saving you all and myself. Here are my top 5 worst restrooms on campus. I am going to reveal that I am a woman so, sadly, (happily for me I think) I am not going to rate urinals and the traditions that men have with that.

First, we must establish the guidelines. What exactly entails a bad restroom? On the basis of lighting, spacing, length of restroom walls, smell I will try to convey which restrooms to avoid during your time here with us. You can choose to trust me, and the people I desperately polled to see where they believed the worst restrooms were.

## #5: The Cedar Hall restrooms

Albeit you probably won't usually come to this hall unless you are some aviation fanatic or somehow find yourself stalking someone that's in Flight Club. I would rank this one restroom to be my top 5 worst list just because of how off putting—ly lit the restrooms are—similar to the backrooms of Chuck-E-Cheese, the fact that is is a single-use restrooms that

is always propped open, and how there are always someone's swim gear left in there, even though there is no shower in this restroom. The water pressure in the sink is extreme and is not apologetic through its unwilling ways of splattering everywhere. Overall not terrible as a restroom, but the conditions are tad a bit off.



This list has nothing to do with the maintenance staff but everything to do with the slightly gross Stanford population and the general infrastructure of this campus. I love the Res Ed maintenance staff with all my heart. You'll have to murder me to find my favorite locations for my lovely restroom time.

Take this with a grain of salt. I may have visited these restrooms and harshly judged in the split second that my womanly emotions took over. Maybe someone before me at the time I visited these restrooms may have had a crazy turbulent stomach. Either way, good luck with Stanford during your study breaks—glorious poop sessions.



## #4: Y2E2 restrooms

Every restroom I've been to here-- where I think this place is the most densely populated in terms of restrooms -- but they all have a lingering odd smell. I don't think it has anything to do with the activities that come with restrooms, but it just

has a tingly, weird odor that I can't pinpoint the cause of. Some of them have lights that flicker so studying late at night by yourself, fueled by a Celcius, in this building might make you afraid and tweak by the end.

# Of Stanford

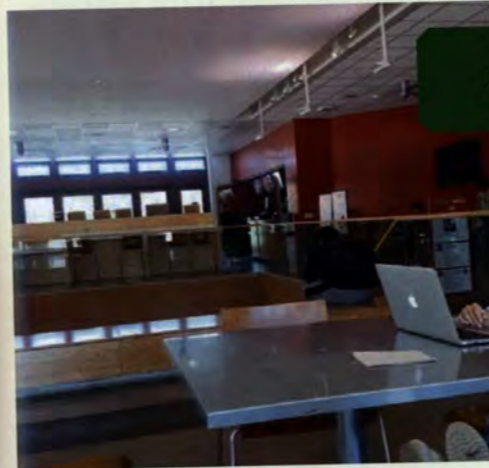
## #3: First floor restrooms in Green



These oddly, piss colored restroom walls will have you in agony both on the toilet and on your eyes. When I was a doe-eyed freshman, I used to be able to excuse why these restrooms looked the way they did, but after agony that I, like many, did in Green, I don't know if I can stand the anomaly of the odd color-choice

that this restroom exudes. Also, the gaps in between these doors are very wide, and the door to enter is always propped open. A bonus is the full-length mirror which really helps to see how terrible you look after spending four hours at the library just doom-scrolling on your phone, iPad, and laptop.

## #2: Forbes cafe in front of the elevator



I have so many strong opinions about this one. These single use restrooms are the bane of my existence and have created so much internal strife in how they impact my life. First, they are the only restrooms on this floor of Huang, and there's only two. Walking in, you're punched in the face harder than Mayweather with a reeking slight but pungent scent of sewage. The toilet seat always seems to be up and the mirror is facing the toilet, which I personally don't like. The

toilet seat cover papers are nearing its end and the toilet paper is usually not on the roll. I find this place to be deeply unsettling and the floors seem to be uniformly slippery with some substance on the floor. Once, I saw shrimp shells in the trash here and I considered violence for a while. Huang will become a landmark for those in any introductory STEM class, and these restrooms will stay with me forever in the worst way possible.

## #1: Old Union first floor - on weekends!



Home of the Chappie!

### Honorable Mention

#### Main Quad Women's Room

I personally have never been down there because it seems scary, but please let me know how it is.

The first problem with this restroom is the general location. It is quite difficult to locate, especially now with the success of On Call Cafe. Again, these damned single-use restrooms have people here on a power-trip where their excretion activity elevates to superhuman and paranormal levels. Stanford students have to learn community norms and be good people. How is there no toilet paper and toilet cover seats all in the same sense there is toilet paper on the

extremely-damp floors with throw up in stalls around? When TAP is open until 2 am and people are returning from parties I can only imagine how rancid these restrooms become-- my heart and prayers go out to the maintenance staff. I don't know how far vibes can get you in this case. In the super unfortunate event I have to godforbidingly must go here, these restrooms turn me religious in every form possible so that I can leave as fast and unscathed as possible. ➡

Police Lieutenant Jackson had never seen a bigger cock.

He was long, lanky, bright rooster, with a bright red comb and wide, thin wings. He was sprawled out on the chair in the interrogation room, tapping on the table as he yawned like he had all the time in the world. Detective Jackson hated perps like that. They made him want to scream, shout, let it all out by putting his fists on your face. But he was smart enough to know that this is not the time to do that. Not now. Not when they were so close.

Jackson's partner, Detective Turner, came into the room. They were behind the two-way mirror, looking at the rooster's stretching and yawning.

"Take a look at this cock's file yet? Complete dick, right?" Turner took a sip of his coffee.

"Yep. What a complete schmuck." Jackson replied. "He's got a record longer than the Empire State Building."

"I can't believe this dickwad could crack the case wide open." Turner gazed at the rooster longingly, knowing full well that this case could mean the difference between grunt work and a promotion.

"Don't jinx us. We haven't gotten anything from him yet. Come on, let's talk to him."

Turner and Jackson walked in. The rooster looked away and crossed his wing-arms, silently scoffing at them.



"Oh sure, don't wait for us to say 'make yourself at home.' Go ahead and just let it all lay out there," said Turner, bitterly.

The rooster harumphed. "I know how this works. You don't have shit on me. Better let me out before my lawyer comes and makes hide out of your asses."

"Yes, you do know how this works. Philip, right?" Asked Jackson.

"They call me Redbird on the streets."

"Well Philip," Jackson was clear to emphasize "Philip," and the look of chagrin on Philip's face made the quip worth it. "Your record is quite a tome, but unluckily for your self-centered ass, we're not here to talk about you." Jackson put a picture of the Chicken on the desk and slid it over to Philip. The rooster was a smooth operator, but he cocked his head just subtly enough for Turner to know they got him.

"Cute bird," said Philip.

"Oh come on," said Turner.

"She's gorgeous! And you thought so, didn't you Philip?"

"He didn't just think so," said Jackson. "He wanted her bad. Texting her every day, sending her flowers. Man you were desperate."

Philip laughed. "This is adorable. Is police work really that boring that you have to make up stories about people's love lives? Because that's all your giving me: funny, cute little stories."

"Oh, I don't think this is a story," said Jackson. "The chick's name is Sheila, by the way. She's been missing for three days, did you know that?"

"Of course I didn't. I've never seen her before."

"That's funny," retorted Turned. "Because everyone we've talked to has said two things: one, that she was the sweetest dame anyone could meet. And two, that you wouldn't leave her alone. That you followed her, left her flowers, kept bothering her, even when she told you to go."

Jackson put a picture in front of Philip. It was the last photo of Sheila before she went missing.

"Look Philip, I'm going to make this quick." Jackson got up from his chair and sat on the corner of the table nearest to Philip. "Sheila was a woman of routines. She wrote down where she needed to go, what she needed to do, and then followed the schedule to a tee.

But of course you knew this, as you were stalking her."

Philip was silent.

"In this photo, Sheila was crossing the intersection to move to Angle Street. But Turner and I, we found her schedule for the 12th, the day she went missing. This photo was taken at 12:37 PM; at that time, she was supposed to be at the doctor's office, but her doctor is on 4th street, four blocks away in the opposite direction as Angle Street."

"So?" Said Philip, clearly bothered. "She was late, so what? Maybe she forgot the appointment. I don't know, and I don't care: it's none of my business."

"You see," said Turner, now leaning against the other corner of the table. "We talked to the doctor, and Sheila had been his patient for 5 years and was never late. Never. Now we're going to give you a chance to do yourself a favor and be honest with us. All you gotta do is answer one question, sound good?"

Philip scoffed again. "Hit me with your best shot."



"Why did the chicken cross the road?" asked Jackson, calmly.

Philip was silent.

"Alright, I'll ask again," said Jackson. "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

Philip snorted and rolled his eyes. "To get to the other side."

Turner got up and threw Philip against the wall.

"You wanna talk smart, pretty boy? Yeah you wanna be a big man?"

"Turner that's enough!" Jackson ran and broke them up. "What the hell was that Turner? Do you want to turn in your badge?"

Philip stayed against the wall. Blood was streaming from his mouth; he spat out a tooth.

"Bet you don't feel cocksure now, do you pretty boy?"

"Turner that's enough! Get out of here." Barked Jackson.

"I'm sorry sir, just the case, it's been riling me up and—"

"Yeah and I'm riled up too, jack-ass. Get outta here, Turner. I'll deal with you later."

Turner got up and left.

"Alright, Philip, get up."

Jackson picked up Philip and put him on his chair; Jackson went back to the seat across the table.

"Look, I don't want to be here, you don't want to be here. So let's make this easy—why did the chicken cross the road?"

"You think I'm going to talk after that shit?" Philip stood up. "I'm leaving, right now, and I'm going to sue your ass into oblivion."

"You can try doing that," said Jackson. "But who would trust a two-bit cock murdering cock like you?"

Philip laughed. "Oh, you think I murdered Sheila? That's another convenient story given the circumstances. You have no proof."

Jackson chuckled. "Now that's where you're wrong." He showed Philip another photograph from his folder. "You see how Sheila is looking back in fear there?" Philip hunched over the photo. "Follow her line of sight and you see she's looking at that guy in the black hoodie. Gee, guess who another traffic camera catches wearing that same

hoodie while throwing a blood-stained dagger away in some alleyway?"

He showed him the photo with Philip, in a hoodie, with the knife.

"I can explain—"

"Oh you better, Philip. I have the dagger getting tested right now and if it's Sheila's blood on that you'll be Sing Sing's favorite jailbird."

"Look I was following her, and she was in an alley, and I wanted her to explain what her deal with me was—"

"So you were stalking her?"

"I just wanted to spend some time with her. But she wouldn't give me a chance! She just kept shoving me off."



"So that's why you killed her? Because you were a wounded bird with a wounded heart?"

"No, I didn't kill her!" He screamed, desperately. "I tried to save her! I saw this masked guy in a hood stab her."

"Wearing a hood? Just like you? That's damn convenient, isn't it?"

"No, no look! Look at the photo: I'm wearing a black hoodie. That one in the photo, it's dark navy."

"Oh come on that's preposterous it's—"

But Jackson looked at the photos. The bastard was right: the hoodies were similar, but those were different colors.

"Talk, now."

"So I saw this guy stab her and, like, start to pick her up. But then I shouted 'hey!' and pushed him off. I was trying to shield her, but the guy overpowered me. He pulled the knife out and put it in my hands. I sped after them, but he just picked her up, put her in a van, and sped off. She's dead, isn't she?"

He started crying. "I was just throwing the knife away because I knew how it would look with my fingerprints on it. I swear, I didn't kill her! I loved her, I wouldn't do that! I know it's a lot, but you gotta believe me! I didn't do it!" "Stop crying Philip!" Jackson

grabbed him and shook. "Focus, dammit! What else do you remember? What was the perp wearing?"

"It was...all black? Dark. I can't remember."

"Anything on the van?"

"Yeah, um...yeah there was!"

Philip screwed up his face trying to remember what was on the van. "Just a name. 'Tyson.' Look, I've heard of some guys like them: this weird outfit taking birds and snatching them off the streets. Is that these guys? Do you think they did it?"

Jackson sat back. "You fucking idiot."

Philip screwed his head left.

"What do you mean?"

Jackson took out his gun. "All you had to do was take the blame and I would've let you off easy, Philip. But no, you had to go off and yap your big mouth off."

"What, what do you mean? I thought you were trying to find her killer!"

"No you stupid cock. I'm trying to make sure no one ever knows who killed her." Jackson stood up and pointed the gun at Philip. "It's a shame I have to kill you this way. Killing Sheila was dirty enough—this is even worse. We can't even process you two into frozen chicken tenders."

"It was you? How could you? How..." Philip started crying. "I'll kill you."

"Sure you will. Oh, by the way," Jackson said. "The Tyson Chicken company sends its regards." Jackson pulled the trigger three times. Turner ran in.

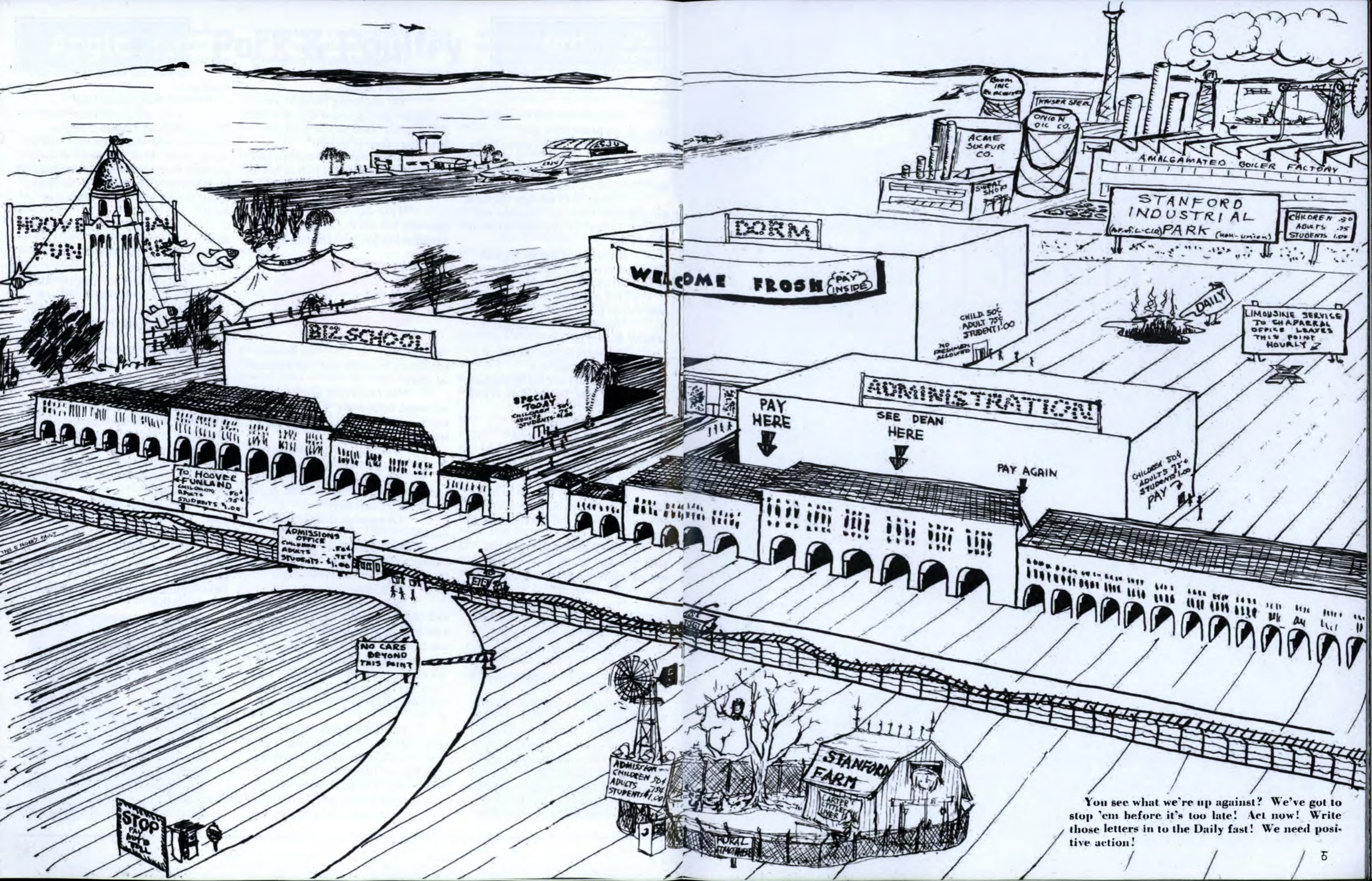
"What happened? Why the fuck did you do that, Jackson!?"

"He attacked me," said Jackson. "Turner, I'm sorry how I treated you earlier. You were right: he was a smart mouth, stalker pretty boy. He started threatening me, and I said stay there, but then he got ready to pounce and, well, instincts kicked in."

Turner considered this for a moment. "Little perp was asking for it with that attitude."

Jackson let out a breath of relief and nodded. "You go on and start the paperwork. I'll clean this up."





You see what we're up against? We've got to stop 'em before it's too late! Act now! Write those letters in to the Daily fast! We need positive action!

# The Freshman Godfather

The pride of his Family *learning his trade.*



## A Favor

**Martin:** Hey Don, can you give us a ride to Taco Bell?  
**Godfather:** If I grant this request, what favor can I expect?  
**Martin:** Sorry, we'll wait till Todd gets back and ask him.  
**Godfather:** But my car is air-conditioned. My driver is courteous.  
**Martin:** That's all right, Todd's car is a little bigger anyway.  
**Godfather:** I am The Godfather.  
**Martin:** Whatever.

## A Thirsty Friend

**Bruce:** Hey Don, gimme a few bucks for a smoothie.  
**Godfather:** Very well, but you will be forever in my debt.  
**Bruce:** Come on, man. Four bucks.  
**Godfather:** The Godfather never forgets a favor.  
**Bruce:** Give me your shirt.  
**Godfather:** Very well. The Godfather will give you his shirt.  
**Bruce:** And your watch.  
**Godfather:** We have an agreement.

## At the Bursar's Office

**Bursar:** You owe us \$8,330.  
**Godfather:** Do you know who I am?  
**Bursar:** It says here that your name is Donald Goldberg.  
**Godfather:** Do you know who my associates are?  
**Bursar:** Your file makes no mention of any associates.  
*—Pauses—*  
 But you were disciplined for trying to bribe a computer.  
**Godfather:** My family's blood boils hot within me.

## A Drink

**Godfather:** Just this, if you please.  
**Clerk:** Aren't you a little young to be buying grappa?  
**Godfather:** I enjoy it as a digestive.  
**Clerk:** Let me see your ID.  
**Godfather:** My name is validated by centuries of violence.  
**Clerk:** Did you know this brand is \$50 a bottle?  
**Godfather:** The Godfather will settle for Yoo-Hoo.

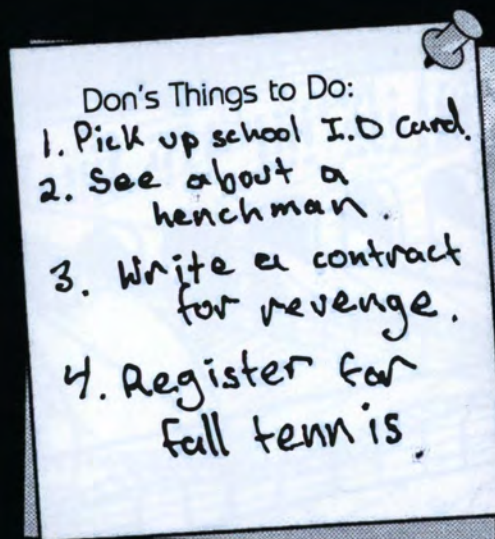
## At the Party

**Allen:** Don, check her out. She's pretty hot, huh?  
**Godfather:** What use have I, The Godfather, for women?  
**Allen:** Don't you lust for them?  
**Godfather:** Such things do not concern me.  
**Allen:** That's not what you were saying last night.  
**Godfather:** [flustered] Anything I do, I do with an iron fist!

[Exit Allen, hastily]

## Saving Face

**Timmy:** Don, are you all right?  
**Godfather:** Please. The Godfather does not wish to be bothered just now.  
**Timmy:** You look a little pale.  
*— Pause —*  
**Godfather:** I've been having trouble peeing.



# Terrible Portents of Things to Come

In 1800 the fastest a message could travel was the speed of horse. Then a young entrepreneur named Samuel F.B. Morse developed the first practical telegraph line. He chose to display his hesitations about this new technology by sending the first message via telegraph, "What hath God wrought?"

A world wide telegraph network had been established by 1875. But unscrupulous scientists, unsatisfied with instantaneous electrical communication, began to think about using electromagnetic devices to transmit speech.

The first to succeed was Alexander Graham Bell, who invented the telephone in 1876. Samuel Morse, the inventor of the now famous Morse code, got to do the honors of making the first telephone call to Alexander Graham Bell. The following is a transcript of that conversation.

*(RING)*

*Alexander Graham Bell: (Gasp) God help us all! (Clears throat, picks up phone) Hello?*

*Samuel Morse: What have you done? Bell: I know. (Lips Trembling with Fear) I know! (Falls to Knees sobbing)*

The telegraph and telephone provided electromagnetic communication, but scientists continued to invent newer and more sinister ways to communicate. The world had recently been horrified by the discovery of electromagnetic waves, and reluctant scientists warily opened up a new dimension of evil – wireless communication at the speed



of light. Radio technology developed rapidly in the late 19th century, and in 1901 the Italian inventor Guglielmo Marconi sent and received the first transatlantic radio broadcast. Marconi decided to broadcast a short radio drama set far in the post-apocalyptic future. It portrayed a society that had been so dehumanized by radio transmissions that it descended into violence and brutality. Below is a short excerpt from that broadcast.

*Father: Sandra, our daughter has been murdered.*

*Mother: No! Not little Jane, it can't be?*

*Father: I'm afraid it is.*

*Mother: There must be something we can do, anything!*

*Father: Should we radio for help? (There is a pregnant pause. Both are struck by the bitter irony of the situation. With nothing left to live for, they both burst into maniacal laughter)*

# A Fireside Tale

Three campers in their third week, Eric, Jacob, and Ben, gathered around the campfire. Their counselor had led them into the near wilderness with supplies in hand. He passed them from the Rite Aid store outside of camp; though the immediate outside world had gotten paradise of plenty for three weeks into their two-month mission. The occasion celebrated continued high marks in bunk inspection. The only source of light beside of the flame was Jacob's flashlight display, which read 8:45. They all have a scary story to tell and tonight, Jacob announced Darrell as he ignited a flashlight and aimed it at the underside of the bunk.

"Not too scary!" plead Eric. "Yeah, Jacob will pee himself and I did not pee my bed! I spilled on Jacob." "Well here it is," Darrell began, not before clearing his gracker-dry throat. "Prepare to be- Night of the Sea Monster!..."



Curious waters rocked the S.S. a fishing ship, churning the water of every man nestled in its cabin. "I know it's coming," Captain Robert said. "Not tonight," pled deckhand Jacob. "I pray, not tonight." With a heavy sigh, Joaquin released his sup- perly ration of what provisions he had, into a near-full chamber pot. Was, after all, a young lad with a full stomach. "There's no point arguing with a boy," said Robert, "It took nine men, and it'll come for

the last three. Forget your prayers and the scripture. The meek don't inherit. Not in these seas." "I wouldn't be so certain," a voice spoke up from the darkness. It was skipper Darrell—



"Hey, that's you!" Jacob interrupted the orator. "How are you in the story?" asked Ben. "Shhh. Just listen," Eric rebuked. "So, where was I..."



Skipper Darrell hadn't spoken since last week's massacre, but now he lifted his head and made a bold proclamation, "I know how to defeat it." "Hogwash," cried Robert, "you're too yellow to utter ne'er a word in the midst of our despair and now yer ready to strike it down?" Robert tried to take a swig of rum, but there was little left in his bottle.

In a feeble and desperate tone, Joaquin raised his voice, "You really have a plan, Darrell?" "Aye. I've been reading the logs, and..." At that moment, something battered the side of the ship. The men knew the sound. They knew the look in each other's eyes. The monster had arrived. "No time for conversation," spoke Darrell, "to the deck!"

"Is Darrell going to be okay?" asked Ben. "I thought you weren't scared," said Jacob.

"I'm not," Ben feigned. "He said he has a plan, don't worry," Eric reassured his friends.



On the deck, the men faced the Beast. It was blue, scaly, and spoke in a serpentine tongue. Its neck protruded from the water three masts high, its full form of unknown size, submerged in the waters. Joaquin once again parted with some of his previous meal, this time down the leg of his pantaloons.

"I've come to finish my meal," it taunted the crew, "to gulp down every last seaman." "You mean eat us?" Brave Darrell clarified with a booming voice.

"Yesssss," the demon hissed. "I will gnash on your flesh and guzzle every lasst drop of your hot seamen blood."

Darrell paused, ready to pose the creature a fatal question. He puffed his chest, dug his boots into the rotten wooden deck, filled his lungs with briny sea air, clenched his...

"I can't wait any longer! What did he say?!?" cried the impatient Jacob.

"Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" cried Ben and Eric in eager unison.



"Guzzling seamen," prefaced Darrell, "isn't that kinda gay?" Robert and Joaquin looked to each other, now realizing the skipper's ingenious plan. "Of course," Robert whispered, "Sea Monsters are famously homophobic!"

The monster was frozen, considering Darrell's contention. "Whaaaaaaat? No. I don't do gay shit. I'm a follower of the one true God."

"Poseidon?" inquired Joaquin.

"No," the beast clarified, "Sea Jesus."

"I don't know man," prodded Darrell, "slurping down seamen sounds kinda gay."

The Creature hissed back, "You foolssssss. I can just say 'no homo' first. Or eat you and then say no homo? That seems fair. That means I am definitely not gay."

Skipper Darrell stood his ground. "I don't know, still pretty gay."

"I... I could close my eyes," reasoned the monster. "It's not gay

if I close my eyes as I unhinge my maw to await your supple meat and its intoxicating taste. What does it matter that I crave sweet seamen like you so long as I do not watch you coming into my mouth."

"That's even gayer," appraised Joaquin.

"Sort of a maritime bukake," observed Captain Robert.

"Damn, that is pretty gay," said the homophobic sea monster. A scaly claw arose from the water and he began to stroke his chin, "Hmmmmmm..." After a protracted moment of ponderous thought, "Let's say I turn around—"

"Bad start," Darrell warned. "Fuck! Whatever. I guess it's seawomen from now on, but it just doesn't feel the same with them."

With that, the beast swam away whining, leaving the men to begin a return voyage free of terror. That night, with their course set home, they celebrated their survival with a round of the Captain's stashed ale and some good ol' sodomy.



"What the fuck was that?" asked Jacob after a long silence.

"Yeah, I'm confused," added Eric. Ben had no pressing words.

Darrell was unsure what compelled him to tell the story. He thought for a second about Jacob's question and, after a pause, replied, "A lesson."

The three boys and their counselor stared into the flame for a little longer, knowing no conversation would follow the tale. Soon, they heard Taps blow in the distance. Late for curfew, they put out the flame, packed their gear, and returned to the bunk. They were all pleased to discover tater tots were a part of breakfast the next morning.

# H U B R I S

Little Tommy has a heart of gold. He's big for his age, the counselors say. Only seven and he already has those chubby arms and stout legs, like a bull pig. When the counselors tell the kids to fall in line, Little Tommy shuffles in first, so everyone else knows where to go. They point at him and smile. That's Little Tommy, they say. That's where the line's starting.

When it's time to collect kindling for the fire Little Tommy is the first to venture out into the forest, wearing his Scout's badge, khaki shorts, and lace-up leather boots. He knows the names of the trees, the redwoods and willows and acacia, the time of day based on the position of the sun, and can identify most large animals based on their footprints. He always waits up for the other kids, even the ones who are scared to walk into the forest to collect kindling for the fire. He grips their hands in his meaty palms and tells them everything is going to be alright. He smiles and they smile back.

When it's time to start the fire Little Tommy rests the logs and strips against each other so that they form a pyramid. He throws in some barks and dried-up leaves, and then strikes a flintstone against a rock to start the fire. He throws the flint into the kindling and angles the logs to catch the burgeoning flame. After the fire is spitting and crackling the rest of the kids form a circle around it and sit cross-legged to eat peanut butter apple sandwiches and roast s'mores. The counselors go back to their tents for the night because they know Little Tommy is out there manning the fire. Little Tommy sits on a stump and watches over the other kids. He gives his peanut butter apple

sandwich to the dog Tasha and roasts an extra s'more to give to the kids who were scared to walk into the forest to collect kindling. They are smaller than him and need his protection. He smiles, telling them that they were brave today. They smile back.

When twilight recedes from the crisscrossing overgrowth of the tall redwoods and the moon stretches out over the night sky, the kids tell each other stories from back home, from school, ones that their friends told them. They shine flashlights under their chins and contort their cherubic faces into smiles and grimaces. They stumble over their stories with unpracticed excitement to reach the ending and savor the expressions of shock, surprise, and glee from their camp-mates. Sometimes they will get interrupted by a strong breeze of wind or a high-pitched shriek from the receding darkness, and this will make them all murmur with delight and wonder, speculating about what it could be, where it came from. Maybe it was a ghostly widow calling for her husband. Maybe it was a werewolf stalking its prey. They shiver and snuggle closer to each other around the fire, the smoky smell of wood and s'mores reassuring, the light from the fire warm.

Go on, Little Tommy, they say. It's your turn. We're going in a circle, and it's your turn. Tell us a story.

Little Tommy is fiddling with his knapsack, but he puts it away. All right, he says. Here's a story.

Once upon a time, there was an aging blacksmith. He used to spend all day staring into the fire, smelting his appliances and sharpening his tools, and he had a son whom he loved very much. It was not his son by blood, but an orphan, delivered to him at an early age, much to the anger of his wife, who did not like

was not his son by blood, but an orphan, delivered to him at an early age, much to the anger of his wife, who did not like the boy very much. So the boy followed his father into the furnace-room and watched as he knelt—

But Little Tommy, said a kid, this is the plot of *Great Expectations*.

No, said Little Tommy. It isn't. It sounds like it is, but it isn't. So the boy followed his father into the furnace-room and watched as he knelt by the flames with his raw, callused hands and heavy cast-iron mask, blackening, molding, sharpening until the heat was too strong to bear. The boy watched as the father finished working on an object and laid it on the cooling-table, falling back into a stool and wiping the sweat off his eyes and brow. He looked at his father's dark eyes hidden under the grizzly black eyebrows, peppered white and seared off from years of working in the furnace. He said, Pa, why do you have to keep working all the time? And Pa looked at him and said, So I can keep your Ma happy. She wants to be happy, just like you. And the boy followed his father from the furnace out back in the yard around the toolshed and back into their little cottage where the boy lived with his Ma and his Pa. The house had only one bedroom so the three of them slept on a low cot together, Ma and Pa and the little boy, all trundled up against each other to keep warm without turning on the heater, but the boy could not go to sleep. He could not go to sleep because he thought about his Ma, who spent all day hassling in the kitchen or dealing with some stranger at the door, who leapt into a fury as Pa and the boy came back from the furnace, yelling at Pa for bringing this child into their lives, she never asked for another mouth to feed and God knows she couldn't have

one of her own, so what good was he the boy, and he the boy wondered what good he was and why Ma was so sad all the time. He wanted to make Ma happy, she spent all day working so hard, the boy had to make her happy. So he got up from the cot and crept into the kitchen and found one of the kitchen-knives she waved in the air when she got angry, and he crept back into the cot, and he thought. He thought long and hard about how to make Ma happy. Then he acted swiftly and suddenly and thought, be happy Ma, be happy for Pa, now. And he was happy too. He was happy. The end.

The other kids sat trembling in a circle around the fire, looking up at Little Tommy with awe. Wow, Little Tommy, they say. You're a genius. Tell us more stories. And he looks down at them with the fire dancing in dark shadows on his face and the darkness illuminating his grotesque silhouette. Would that make you happy? He asks them. Yes, Little Tommy, that would, they reply. And he is happy. He smiles at them, and they smile back. They know Little Tommy would never do anything wrong. Little Tommy has a heart of gold.



MADE CONSPICUOUS BY HIS ABSINTHE.



## New Student Orientation (NSO) Handbook Acronyms Guide

**Wampus:** "West Campus"

**Eampus:** "East Campus"

**Swswnemesampus:** "Southwest-south west-north-central-mid-east-south Campus"

**TAP:** "Therapeutic Awareness Program"

Stanford's space for mindfulness and tranquility is found every Friday and Saturday night in Old Union.

**SUID:** "Stanford Username, Immediate Display"

Your SUID, an eight-digit string of numbers, will become how everyone knows you for the next four years. Due to enhanced security measures, your SUID number must be displayed across either your chest or forehead to enter buildings. Options include the classic paper, sharpie, and tape, or you can visit the tattoo shop in Tressider.

**RA:** "Routinely Annoy"

RAs are your ultimate resource to bother about all your problems. I mean all your problems. Make sure they are intimately familiar with your strengths, weaknesses, fears, and kinks—your dorm community will be ever the stronger.

**DAHA:** "Disruptive Abiding Hiccups Affliction"

Used to notify your roommates of your odd medical condition so they aren't surprised when you sound like a cuckoo clock. Hopefully this isn't your roommate!

**DAWA:** "Disastrous Accidental Wetting Affliction"

This one is significantly more inconvenient and WAY more embarrassing. At least it's easier to fall asleep.

**CBD:** "Contemplation by Design"

Let's just say a program in the Stanford School of Medicine.

**PWR:** "Perpetually Whining Rookies"

Many frosh take PWR, but this class is by appointment only! If you have the misfortune of finding PWR on your schedule, you have been labeled by your classmates as a complainer. It's a little embarrassing that Stanford has to teach you manners.

**FMOTQ:** "Frosh Must Offer to Take Quizzes"

A classic Stanford tradition occurs during winter quarter when every senior picks a frosh to take a quiz or exam for them. Fail this one and you could have your admission rescinded.

**ASSU:** "Auctioneers Society at Stanford University"

ASSU meetings are a great place to practice your auctioneer voice. Make sure to project so everyone can hear you!

**"NSO: Narcissist Student Orientation. Like New Student Orientation, but it's not about you...it's about me."**

**NSO:** "Narcissist Student Orientation"

Like New Student Orientation, but it's not about you...it's about me.

**LSJUMB:** ???

Best not to ask.

**R&DE:** "Razing and Demolition Endeavors"

For your anti-residential needs.

**Y2E2:** Not to be confused with the popular Star Wars character, R2D2.

**UAD:** "Undergraduate Armored Division"

The latest regiment in the Administration's army. The University's new armored forces (including tanks, Hummers, and F-16s) allows for the University to stop protests and maintain order.



"Winner of Le-Best Font Award"

A BUCK **CHAPPARRAL** STANFORD Spring 1981

"Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all.

# Yosemite Bears Maul, Kill Travelers While Shouting "Tourists Go Home!"

This summer, thousands of local protesters in the California national park denounced overtourism. With crowds only growing every year, we visited the areas where tensions are highest.

By J.L. Moreland

J.L. Moreland, a Fresno-based journalist, lived among bears in a cave for nine years, and continues to visit Yosemite frequently.

YOSEMITE, CA – Mass tourism troubles overflowed yesterday in Yosemite National Park, where local bears engaged in conservationist, anti-tourism protests mauled and killed fourteen park visitors, while others looked on shouting "Tourists go home!"

Protesting bears, angry about Yosemite's long-standing problems with over-tourism, were seen changing road signs to point visitors out of the park. Some even carried chainsaws and felled trees to block popular trails. The Glacier Point trail, which was planned to open for a record-long twelve-day summer season, will now only be open for four days.

Two thousand bears gathered for the protest this past Saturday, and marched from the Wawona Hotel near the South gate all the way to Half Dome. They carried a banner reading "Humans get out!"

"We just can't tolerate it anymore," said Barry Oso, 32, who lives near Half Dome. "I can't take my children anywhere without some idiot tourist blaring an airhorn at me or calling the forest service."

Mr. Oso was one of the organizers of the protest. "We just want the benefits of tourism to come to us," he said.

"And to maintain our natural right, which we've had for many years, to kill anyone that gets in our way."

Ursa Ahwahnee, who lives in the secret cave behind Yosemite falls, said the local bears had maintained a symbiotic and peaceful relationship with people for decades. "When I was a cub, people would litter and make so much delicious trash, and the dumpsters were plentiful and unguarded," she said. "Now, they have those bear-resistant trash cans, nobody litters, and when they see one of us, they have the audacity to call a ranger and blow an airhorn!"

Bears and humans have had a contentious relationship in California for decades, with the California Grizzly Bear going extinct soon after the arrival of American settlers. This was the start of a blood feud that was to last ages.

"We thought today, y'know, we'll take back some of our natural rights," said Bob Barrington, leader of Yosemite for the Bears, a residents' rights group based in Wawona. "That's why we decided to slaughter any human in our way."

California law does not recognize criminal responsibility for bears. "When you're a bear, they just let you



do it," said Donald J. Barclay, who murdered four tourists.

Tina McPherson, one of the killed travelers, was warned by her mother Linda about bears in Yosemite. "I said to her, 'Now watch out in Yosemite. Those [bears] aren't like us; they aren't civilized. They'll kill you for sport, or worse,'" she said, in unprintable language. "And I was right. They should string 'em all up."

Beartholomew Bearly, President of the Yosemite Chambear of Berrerce, said tourists should still feel comfortable coming to Yosemite. "Bears who are rude or murder tourists are a minority, and the tragic events this weekend should not scare potential visitors or engender interspecies hatred," Mr. Bearly said. "Yosemite is still open for business! Please come, visit the sights, and litter lots."



I remember when a man was a man, a woman was a woman, and a serial killer just killed for the helluva it.

As the Zodiac Killer, it gives me a warm, happy tingle to remember how much panic I made the Bay feel at my peak. As I killed to give myself more slaves in Paradise, people were so afraid because they didn't know who would be killed next. There was no rhyme, no reason. Just a certain kind of madness that only I could comprehend.

Oh how these rich Glampers are making me yearn for better times.

I killed a Stanford student not too long ago, and though it felt good to be Zodiac again I'll admit, I was lazy. The typical cipher I left behind with some important clues was a little too easy to crack, so the cops got a little too much info for my comfort. So I left the Bay, hitchhiked into a Ford F150, killed its driver, and drove to my old cabin in the woods. I expected to have a peaceful weekend, pretending to be a nature-obsessed retiree to people who asked any questions, making slaves out of individuals who asked too many questions. What I call "a wonderful weekend."

Then I felt the urge again. That restless feeling that only goes away when I either exercised or watched the life drain from someone's eyes. And I had no exercise equipment at my cabin.

I knew there was a glamp nearby, and between you and me I've always fantasized about going full Jason Vorhees on a camp. I know it's unoriginal, but dammit I

was hungry for murder and desperate enough to get it anyway I could.

It was secluded enough that I didn't need to use any fancy silencing equipment. I took a shotgun, got in my new(ish) F150, blasted through the glamp's front gates, and went to work.

There were five people at this little secluded retreat, each of whom was sitting at a fire. I saw s'mores and laughter and joy. All of which turned to terror and fear and yells of "oh my god are you crazy?!?" when I drove over the fire and used three of them as speed bumps. But between you and me, I wasn't trying to run over any of them: I was just trying to find a place to park and forgot my glasses.

The other two started to scream, of course, but it wasn't anything I hadn't dealt with before. I decided, however, that to look as intimidating as possible, it was best not to inform them that I didn't mean to kill their friends. At least, I didn't mean to kill them, at that time.

One of them started to run away from the clearing we were in and gp towards the trees. I shot her, but because I didn't have my glasses on it wasn't as pinpoint accurate as I would've hoped. I took off a leg and nicked her arm. The other, a long-haired hippie man who looked like he was worth \$50 (but smoked weed that smelled like it was \$650 a bud), started to crawl away but I drug him by the hair towards his friend.

"Please please don't kill us," said the man. "Please don't kill us. Please, we beg of you: we'll do anything, just don't kill us, not now."



"Oh, you will do anything for me," I said. "Once I kill you, you will do all my bidding in Paradise." I cocked the shotgun again. "And I will enjoy making you do every task."

The woman groaned. Her fingers were covered in marshmallow, so as she grabbed at her leg the streaming blood was mixing with the white marshmallow to make a glutinous, pink mess. It was horrible, the way her globbiness was ruining such a beautiful sight as her slow, agonizing death from blood loss.

"Steve," she said. "Steve, I'm scared."

"Janice no it's okay. I'm here. I'm right here." Steve ran to her and grabbed her hand. "We'll be okay." Janice started to cry.

"Why are you doing this?!?" she asked.

"Because I can." Oh how I love saying that. I put the gun up to finish the job when Steve said—

"Wait that's it?" "That's what?" I asked, perplexed.

"You're just killing us because you can?"

"I know, quite a power trip for me, isn't it?" I said, beaming. "I'll have even more when we're in Paradise!"

"You have no broader reason for wanting us dead?"

"Absolutely none." "I make \$500,000—well, looking at that gun, I made \$5,000,000 dollars a year off of preying on the weak, needy, and addicted in society as a social media executive, and paid \$0 in taxes. That doesn't bother you?"

I thought for a moment. "I don't think of those matters much, no."

Steve pointed at Janice. "Janice here says she would've voted for Obama for a third term but, in her capacity as a Corporate Attorney, has covered up more

cases of racism, sexism, and assault in the workplace than I can count. That doesn't bother you?"

I thought again. "No business of mine."

"Those three people over there," he pointed over at the body pile. "Did horrible, egregious things to women's drinks in college, and now to the women in their marriages. But that doesn't bother you?"

"Can you just get to the point? Remember, I'm holding the gun here." I don't even know why I've kept them alive this long, but I guess I've become curious in my old age.

"Fuck," he started crying. "Do you hear that, Janice? We're dying for no reason at all. Just because this sick fuck—oh, shit, she's dead." He started crying even more. "I'm alone, high, crying, and about to die for absolutely no reason at all. Isn't that just a bitch wrapped in a ribbon of shit?" He started harder than I ever thought possible. "You know I wanted to really make something of my life, mister—"

"Call me Zodiac."

"Well, Mr. Zodiac, I was going to go work for some non-profit outta college and use technology to help the marginalized and fight the oppressors. But I became the marginalizer, I became the oppressor. And do you know why?"

"Why?" I asked. I realized that I was torturing him more by letting him spiral. If I had known this was possible I would have asked my victims more questions

about who they were, what they liked, their biggest regrets. Like a first date, but only much more permanent.

"No, I'm asking you why, Zodiac, because I don't know why. One day I'm giving I.T. help to an inner city school, next day I'm VP of Youth Content Interaction at TikTok and wondering where the last 22 years went."

"Tell me about it," I said. "One year I'm the most feared serial killer ever, the next I have younglings asking me if I call myself Zodiac because I'm really into Astrology on TikTok. Haven't you heard of Zodiac watches?"

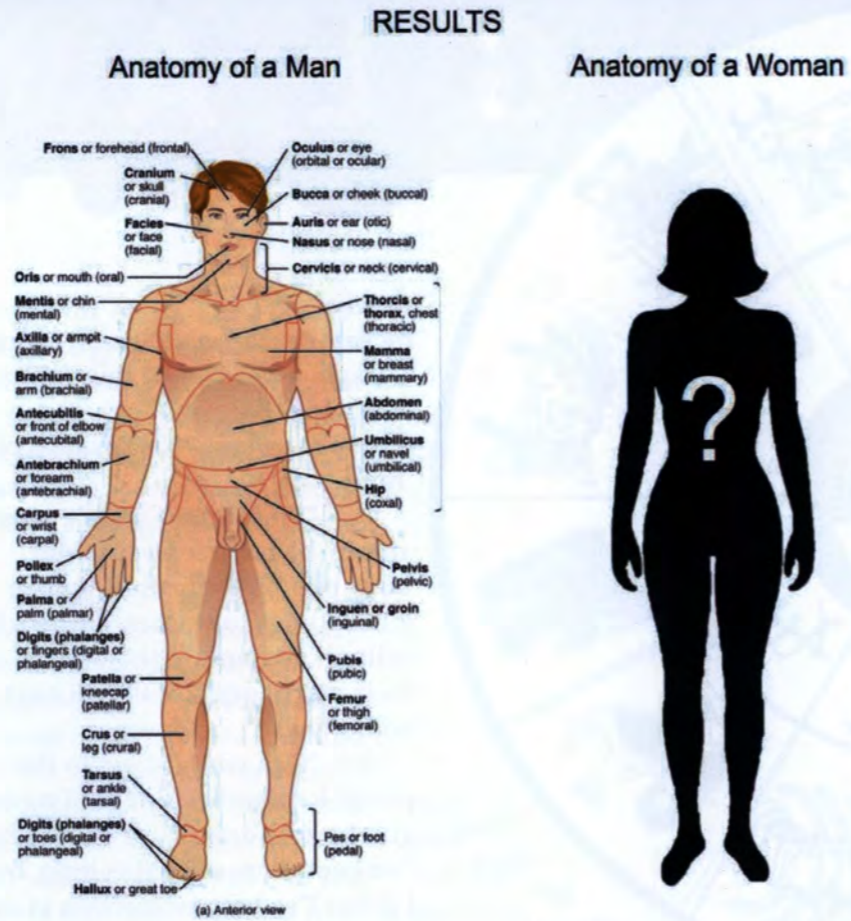
"No and, due to my imminent demise, I don't really care." He moved his body into armadillo position, and started crying into his arm.

I relaxed my gun for a bit. "Hey, Steve." I said. I may be a serial killer, but I know when people need a pep talk. "I know it looks bleak. I know that you feel like you wasted your life on self-centered greedy exploits. But I want you to know that I will do whatever it takes to make your afterlife driven by the most altruistic purpose I can think of: doing my bidding. Everything will be great when you don't think and only listen to me!" He stopped sobbing a bit. "Doesn't that make you feel better?"

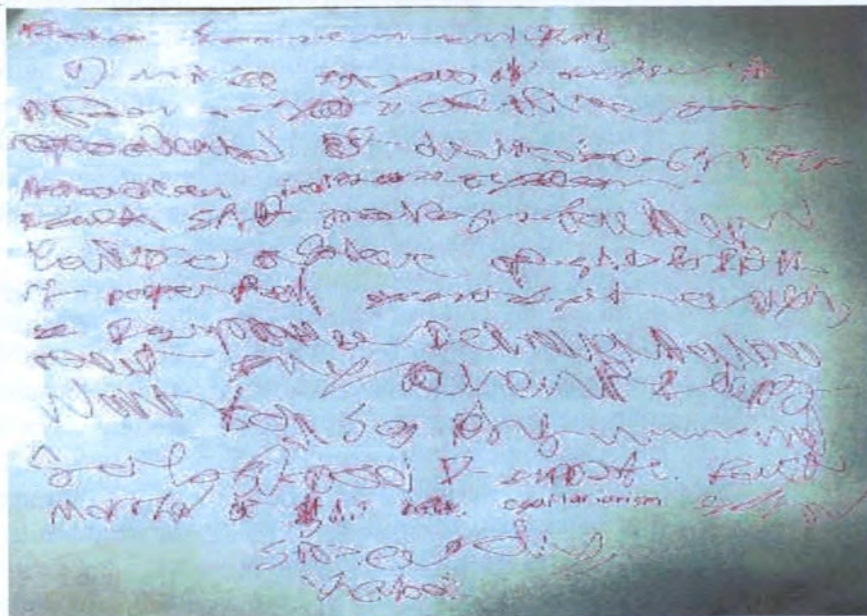
Steve looked up at me. "Are you going to kill me or what?"

I sighed. "As you wish," I said, and pulled the trigger.

Study finds Stanford CS students can correctly identify and label exactly 50% of human anatomy.



## A Concerned Doctor's Appeal to an Increasingly Unhealthy American Public



# Novel Cure for Allergies involves Growing the Fuck Up

A new study published by the Center for Disease Control and Prevention has found a new way to combat allergies. According to the National Center for Health Sciences, more than a quarter of all Americans suffer from at least one allergy<sup>1</sup>. During the spring, when pollen is present in the air, this number can soar up to 50%. The groundbreaking solution proposed by this innovative research? Simply "toughing that shit out and growing the fuck up."

The study, led by the renowned Dr. Ima Quack suggests that the key to overcoming allergies is not through "complicated ass antihistamine bullshit" but rather through "growing a fucking pair." When interviewed about her recent discoveries, Quack offers the advice that "It's not that fucking hard. Literally, just stop sneezing everywhere like a worthless piece of fucking shit and grow the fuck up. If I hear one more person complain about the 'pollen in the air' I'm going to bitch slap them across the room."

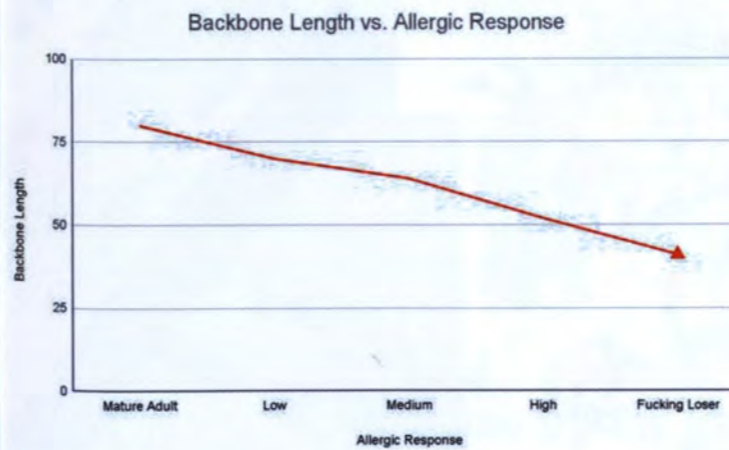


Fig. 1: Backbone Length vs. Allergic Response.

i. It was revealed to me in a dream; I heard this once in a speakeasy; I made it the fuck up.



Dr. Quack, pictured in full clinical attire. She has stirred up the tub with her ground-breaking and controversial opinions.

Dr. Quack found a staggering 90% correlation between having allergies and being a complete loser. Participants in the study were subjected to a variety of tests, including telling their waiter that their order was wrong, talking to women, and standing up for themselves.

However, Dr. Quack's approach has garnered significant controversy. Many medical professionals have criticized her methods as lacking any scientific rigor. Dr. Liu Zher, commented "It doesn't make any sense... Um... I think.. uh.. maybe Dr. Quack is uh...uh... wrong. I think. I don't know..."

Despite the backlash, Dr. Quack remains confident in her findings. Her future studies aim to explore the correlation between driving a lifted truck and domesti-

Please don't hit me  
Any more! A+

Harper's Weekly, June 28, 1943 pp. 46-48, Gotcha. F.

I think your point is original and clearly stated, but I am often wrong  
I agree to such an extent:  
"The truth by reason alone."  
D

... so I figured what the hell? You help through my lectures. D-

THANKS FOR THE FLATTERY  
I WAS HAVING A LOUSY  
DAY.

BARELY SLIGHTLY  
INTERESTING.

# Professor Comments

Beware: modern architecture  
is the designer's  
collective desire  
ate, unpredictable and  
ur collective desire  
architects,  
the Bauhaus  
I was really hoping this  
wouldn't be a good paper  
but dammit, it was excellent.  
What a pain. C-

Splendid! I think I've  
known you long enough to  
be able to say that this  
paper represents your  
absolute finest work  
Exactly word-for-word  
like your last paper,  
which was quite good.  
OH, YOU AGAIN. C-

Keep your head up. Don't take it so hard.  
There'll be other papers. Don't take it personally.  
I hate showoffs.  
F  
LIKED THE PERFUME. B-

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cigarette millime is mostly noise  
there's a thorough test of cigar  
It's the sensible test... the 30c  
simply asks you to try Cam...  
day-after-day, pack-after-pack  
you've tried Cam... in your "T-2"  
you'll see why...  
After all the M  
leads all other

**A TOAST...**

**TO NEW R**

**Charley**



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**Häagen-Dazs**  
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