

the Stanford

CANADIAN RAIL

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

Vol. CI No. 4 \$3.00



BUSINESS



dp

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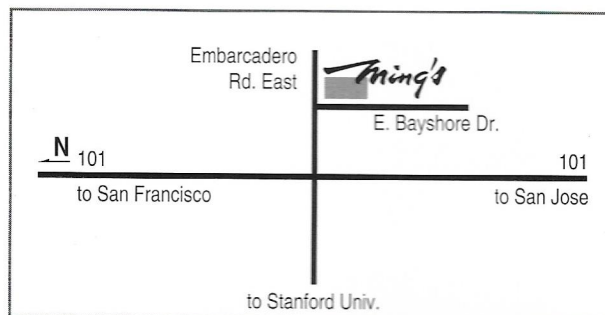
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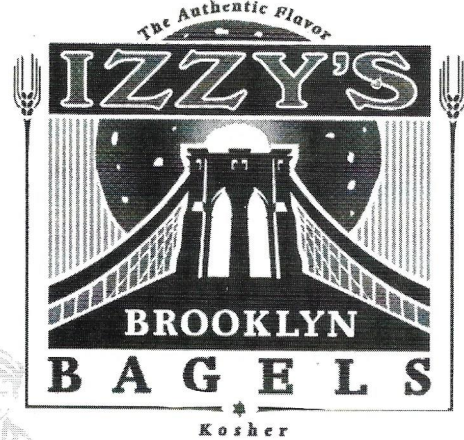
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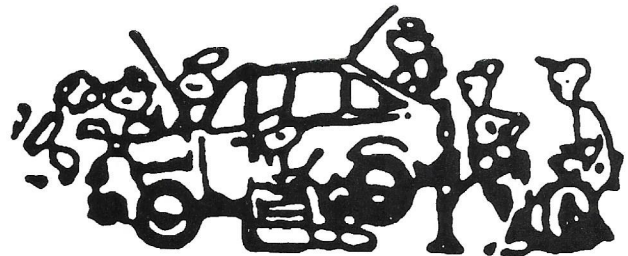
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fruit bowl layoffs

Andrew: Mr. Banana, please sit down.

Banana: I'm not going to sit down, Andy. This is corporate hogwash and you know it!

Andrew: Mr. Banana, it's not that. The management simply feels that...

Banana: Spare me, okay, Andy? For Christ's sake, will you at least do me the dignity of telling me what this is really about?

Andrew: Fine. Listen, I'm going to say this as your friend, okay? We've—well, it's been impossible not to notice...

Banana: What?

Andrew: ...your lesions.

Banana: Lesions?!?

Andrew: Now, calm down. We simply feel it's in the best interests of all concerned...

Banana: These aren't lesions; they're brown spots. They mean I'm ripe and soft and ready to eat!

Andrew: Don't make this any harder than it already is.

Banana: Andy—

Andrew:

Banana: Andy, I'm a BANANA, for Christ's sake!

Andrew:

Banana: Andy!



Andrew: Mr. Potato, I'm afraid the management has decided to terminate your position.

Potato: Que?!

Andrew: We realize that this puts a strain on you and the spuds so we're prepared to offer you a reduced yet substantial retirement package.

Potato: No me llamo Señor Potato. Me llamo Señor Peara.

Andrew: No one believes that you're a South American pear!

Potato: (stunned silence)



Andrew: Okay, I'm getting tired of trying to say this nicely. You're fired.

Apple: After 35 years with this fruit bowl, that's it? "You're fired"?

Andrew: Yeah, sorry. I've had a rough day.

Apple: YOU'VE had a rough day? I just got fired!

Andrew: Yeah? Well, I got stuck in traffic this morning!

Apple: Traffic! You're a complete moron! This is my life we're talking about, not a morning commute!

Andrew: Yeah, and now I'm being yelled at by a half-rotten, limp, old piece of fruit!

Apple: I—I— (sobs)



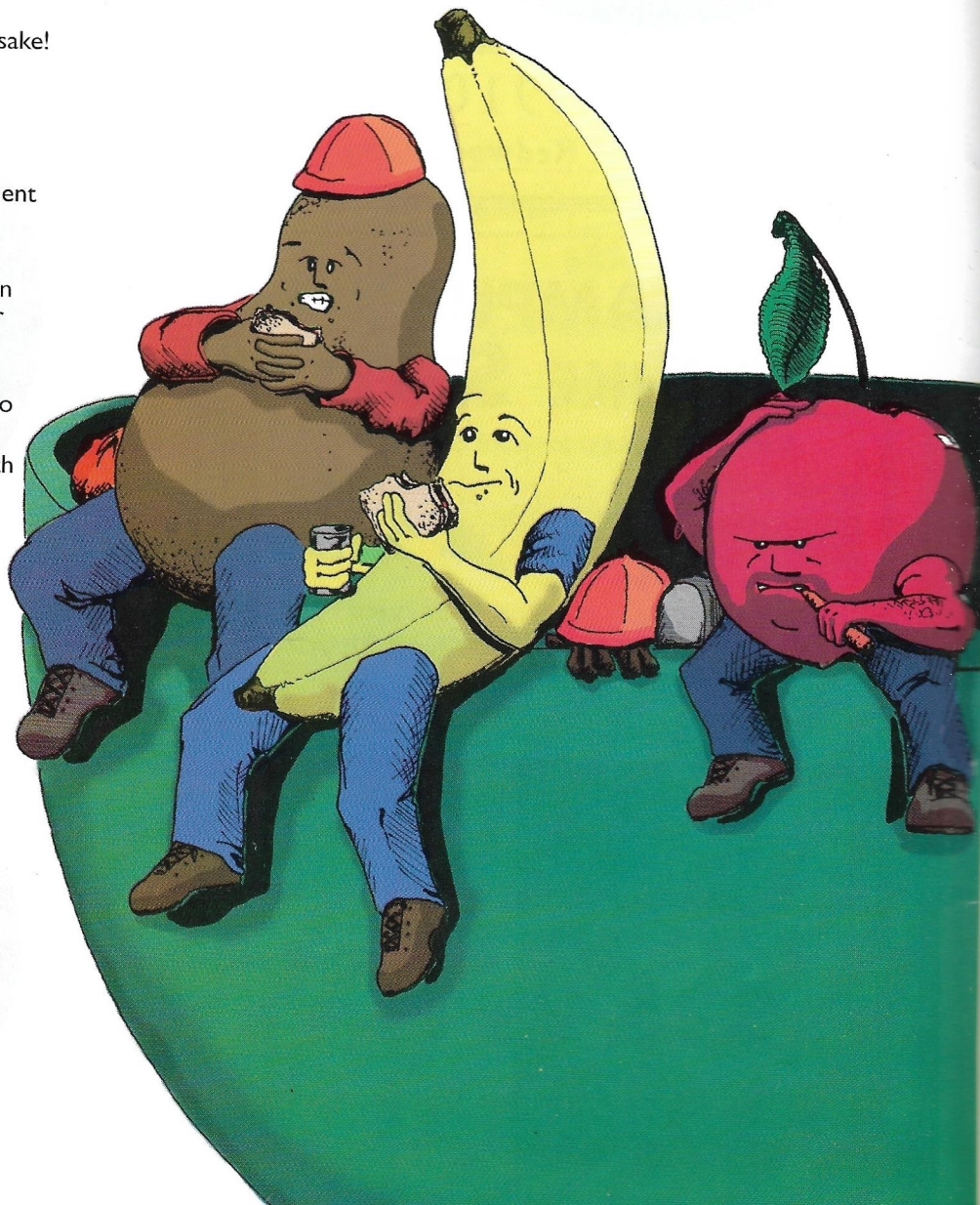
Andrew: I'm sorry, sit, we're going to have to let you go.

Pretzel: Uh, I don't work here. I just came in to use your bathroom.

Andrew: We realize that this puts a strain on you and the spuds so we're prepared to offer you a reduced yet substantial retirement package.

Pretzel: Throw in stock options and I'll waive my right to sue based on age discrimination.

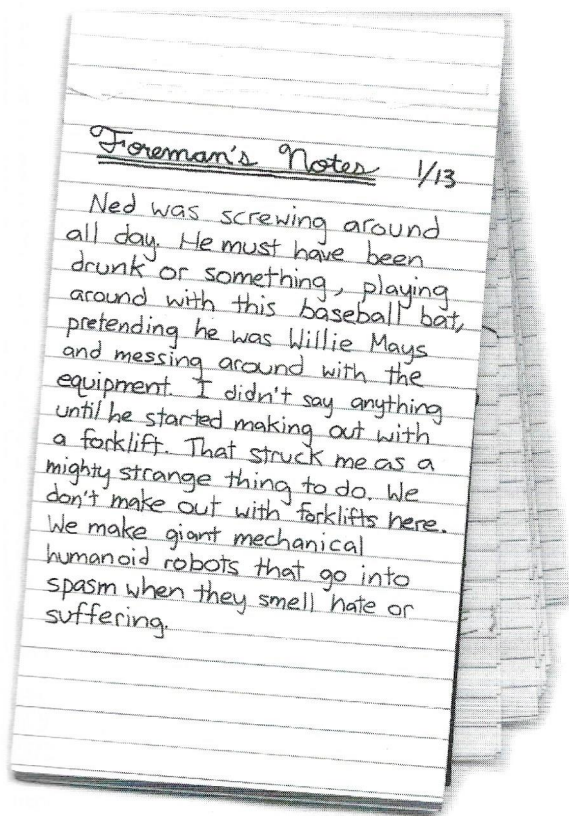
Andrew: Deal.



the **STANFORD**
Chaparral
 SINCE 1899

Table of Contents

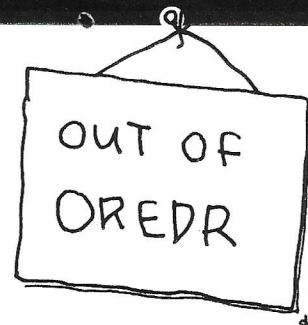
Vol. CI No. 4
Business



4	Fruit Bowl Layoffs	Bender
5	Foreman's Notes	Lampson
6	Now That	Perkins
8	Zen Boss	Schaeffer
9	Art of the Handshake	Young
9	Business Secrets	Ellickson
10	Unprofitable Enterprises	Lucy, Ellickson
11	Quest for Everest	Crane
12	Ben & Jerry's vs. The US Army	Lucy
14	New Developments in Business . . .	Lewis-Kraus, Young
15	Butlertown	Ellickson
16	Dos and Don'ts of Successful Selling	Perkins
18	The World's Greatest Salesman	Lucy
19	Andersen Consulting: An Application	Maas
20	Business vs. Transformers	Schaeffer
20	Magical Office Supplies	Perkins
21	A Valedictory Address	D'Ewart
22	Power Ties	Young
23	Big Business	Ellickson
24	Leaded Candies	Young
24	Used to Be	Crane
25	Aquatron	Stephano
25	The Stanley Kubrick Collection	Ellickson
26	Bill's Eating Service	Perkins
27	Beetle Electronics	Allocco
27	Overcompetitive Dad	Schott
28	Yogurt You Actually Hate	Perkins
28	Kindergarten Court	Johnson
29	To Our Shareholders	D'Ewart
31	How to Fail at Business	Lucy

Art Credits

Cover	Perkins
Fruit Bowl Layoffs	Wilfong
Unprofitable Enterprises	Perkins
Butlertown	Ellickson
Aquatron	Ellickson
Kindergarten Court	Diehl
Beetle Electronics	Perkins



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The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CI February 1, 2000 No. 4

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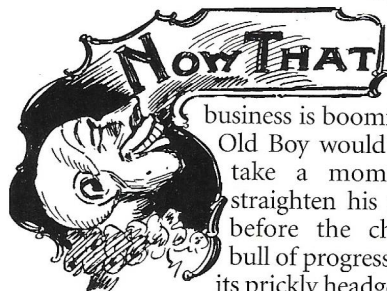
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TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

RINWENZEL 1916



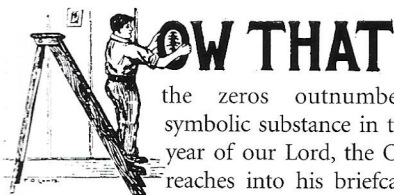
business is booming, the Old Boy would like to take a moment to straighten his necktie before the charging bull of progress lowers its prickly headgear and

tattoos a picture of the glorious future on the Ancient One's ancient spleen. (wriggle, wriggle, tie) There. One step to either side would spare our hero serious injury. But as of late, the drama that has gripped the Ancient One's economy bears such similarity to a delightful work of farce that it seems reasonable to stand in place and await the resolution of

stamping conflict. The Old Boy plants his feet with a thud and a puff of dust, waiting with gleeful anticipation for the drama to unfold. He appreciates a clever turn of events piled high with aspiring epigrams. A poke in the guts is a small price to pay for a well-crafted story, and this one won't get written if he doesn't stand still. Bravo, author.

Published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year; single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: **The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 9916, Stanford, CA 94309** Send e-mail to: oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: <http://chappie.stanford.edu> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers and paste. All material ©2000 The Stanford Chaparral.

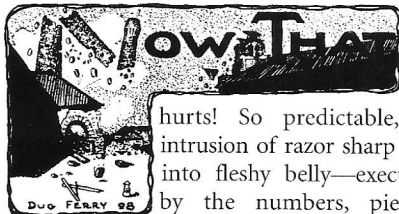
The old Brahma looks good for his years. In the Old Boy's estimate, it wasn't long ago that this same cow strutted through the streets while the prophets of prosperity stood three deep on the sidewalk just to point and tell one another that the solid mass of quivering muscle was not an illusion. The Old Boy remembers the shouts and cheers, and he got caught up in the excitement himself. Enough so to drop a month's worth of martini funds into mustache futures right on the spot. Two days later the nation's upper lip went bare, and the Old Boy's spirits crashed. They've since replenished, but it was a sobering experience, and now that someone's figured out how to use the Internet to hone those broad horns back down to a needle point, is there any reason to get gored again? It's still just the same old bull.



the zeros outnumber the symbolic substance in this, the year of our Lord, the Old Boy reaches into his briefcase and withdraws a dusty red volume. Ah, memories! The Chaparral was just a fledgling the last time the century turned. With another, more descriptive puff of dust, the volume's stiff, yellowed pages fall open and there before him, hawking everything from tooth powder to pet souls, are smiling ladies and gentlemen, speaking with the utmost assurance of the Finest and the Best. They knew how things were supposed to be, and they weren't shy about telling you it required a well-tailored shirt and the brownest shoes in town. The Old Boy bought it all 'till there was nothing left. And again every year thereafter, forgetting about the old stuff and leaving it to return to its constituent molecules. There goes one now.

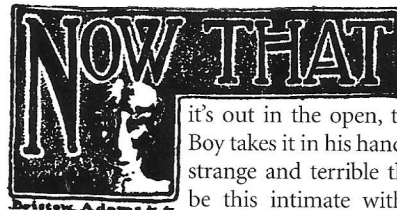
Looking up from the page, the Old Boy sees Mister Bull bearing down. It's his own fault that this rip-snorting bovine is after him. He should have known better than to keep on buying, but he couldn't help himself and finally chucked a handful of metal currency at the suits always dashing around outside his house. They're the ones responsible for all this commotion. It was they who propped open the pasture gate. They wanted the damn thing to get out and come after him. Maybe it was irresponsible of the Old Boy to smile and encourage the self-serious twits, but he had to humor them in their little game. The Ancient One can't perform his duties as a jester if he's anything less than a man of the times—versed and immersed in what the kiddies are doing. He may be ancient, but fluid timelessness keeps him healthy and young where it counts. There's no point in trying to

keep all his pennies heads up when there's a chance that an artful toss might hit one of those infernal suits in the funnybone. It would be nice to hear one of them laugh long enough to stop squawking about prices and earnings and market caps. But the bull comes ever closer and before he forgets, the Old Boy wants to tell you that he has sent a box in the mail for you. A surprise!

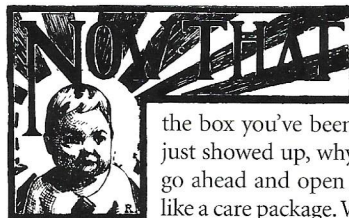


hurts! So predictable, the intrusion of razor sharp horn into fleshy belly—execution by the numbers, piercing integument and viscera like Europe's finest knife in the hands of a trained monkey. Hardly original, but the crimson bloom spreading across the jester's red tunic argues that it was effective, nevertheless. The wound feels like fire and the Old Boy claps his hands together at this masterful execution. This is how it feels when everything goes perfectly. And it hasn't felt like this since Tom Cruise played a spunky bartender who opened up shop in our hearts serving Cocktails and Dreams...with a spritz of poetry to boot.

As the blood leaks out, the abstract shapes on his necktie appear to be coming to life. Necktie? Is he woozy? Even a gainfully employed jester should don a clown mask before a necktie. And this thing is too, too real to be the work of some high-brow silk loom. Brushing aside his bloody confusion, a shiny blob emerges into the daylight. The spleen! The spleen! That old bull had it pegged. The skewered jester heaves a sigh of relief at the sight of the erstwhile organ. It's reassuring that sometimes things feel exactly like they should. Hurts so good indeed, Mr. Mellencamp.



it's out in the open, the Old Boy takes it in his hands. It's a strange and terrible thing to be this intimate with one's own guts. But it's rewarding to see where so many jokes have come from. This injury is delightfully referential. After all, this is what it's all about—taking things apart, exposing how they work by putting them back together wrong. The jester's craft shows us the glorious oddity of the world we've taught ourselves to believe in. Looking at his spleen, the Old Boy squeegees away the blood with his thumb and suddenly the future is clear. Things that hover and fly, machines that think they made us, and an eternal jester presiding over it all with a fool's wisdom and a kitten's sense of fun. And lots of blood in this future. And something in the mail for you. Don't forget to pick it up in the next paragraph. And what about this wound? It isn't fatal. One can live without the spleen and be just as funny as ever.



the box you've been expecting just showed up, why don't you go ahead and open it? It looks like a care package. What do we have? A hundred-year-old-humor magazine, a used spleen, Gillette's new Edible Deodorant and a copy of *Time Flies*, The Best Huey Deodorant and the News, all compliments of the Old Boy. Maybe you didn't really want any of this, but it was still a bargain—even if you decide not to eat the deodorant. Be sure to thank the lanky red jester next time you see him. He did this all for you, but that's no surprise...that's the power of love.



"I can't get these figures to work!"

Zen Boss

Two workers were having a dispute. One contended that the copier moved the paper. The other thought that the paper moved the copier.

The Zen Boss understood that neither moved except in the minds of his workers.

The computer of one of the Zen Boss' employees suddenly stopped one day. The employee tried to power-cycle the computer to no effect. The Zen Boss noticed what the employee was doing and said, "You cannot fix a machine by just power-cycling it with no understanding of what is going wrong." The Zen Boss turned the computer off and on. The computer worked.

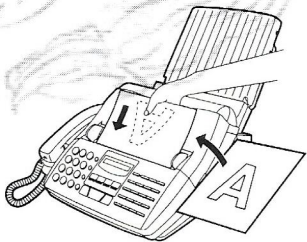
The Zen Boss was holding performance reviews. He asked a worker what he was doing with his time. The worker replied, "Nothing." The Zen Boss clapped and saw that this employee was enlightened.

Back in the days the Zen Boss was but a novice, his superior asked him which objects could possess management potential. The Zen Boss replied that every object possessed some degree of management potential. His superior then asked him if emptiness had management potential. Upon hearing this the Zen Boss achieved enlightenment.

One day the Zen Boss was asked if dust and dirt were permissible inside the purity of a place of business. The Zen Boss replied that it was only natural for motes of dust to drift in from the outside world. Just then, the director of marketing walked into the room.

An employee asked if management potential could be found in dogs. The Zen Boss shrewdly unasked the question.

Once, the Tech Support Department and the Information Technologies Division were fighting over who controlled a certain machine. To stop the fighting, the Zen Boss asked them all to perform an action that would save the machine. No one stepped forward and the machine was destroyed. Later, the Zen Boss was telling a young employee about the situation. The employee put his shoes on his head and walked barefoot out of the room. The Zen Boss knew that the employee could have saved the machine.



The Handshake

What's solid, fleshy, and when used correctly separates the men from the boys? **The handshake!**

The Classic

Four fingers on the bottom, thumbs on top and so are you!



The Soul

Slaps are "down," but your stock goes up up up!



The Stogie

Go for the eyes and leave 'em in stitches!



The Joe Cool

Fake extension, then the smooth run through your hair shows "who's got the look"—and the *shake!*

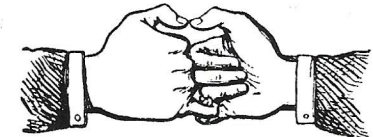
The Octopus

Fingers—and lots of 'em! Wiggle your way right up that corporate ladder.



The Doubler

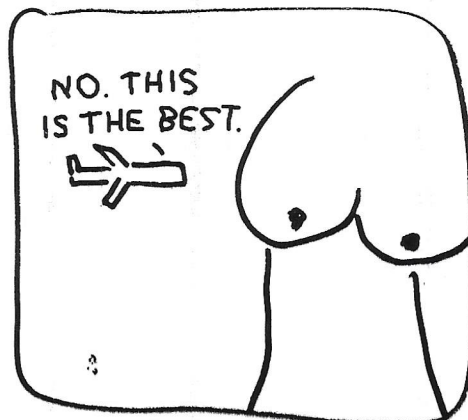
Two hands for bread + one for tuna = a success sandwich!



The He-Man

You know the drill—make 'em wince, then fuck their wives!

"First Day on the Job"



Unprofitable Enterprises:

A WHO'S WHO OF THE DEAD BABY INDUSTRY



Blowcorp: Sought to entertain millions of New Yorkers by exploding babies on city street corners.

New Yorkers to Blowcorp: "Quit blowing up babies!"



Hell From Above: For a five thousand dollar installation fee, they will install flamethrowers on the ceiling and upper walls of any home. The stated purpose? "Torch your children to better discipline, and ultimately a better college." Gross number of orders: zero.

America: "We will not set our children on fire!"

Hell From Above: "Damn!"



Infanticiducation: Pre-pre-school education group teaches proper behavior to groups of babies by publicly killing babies which engage in improper behavior. Naughty student babies get their faces rubbed in dead babies "so they'll learn." No enrollments.

World: "Sweet Jesus!"

Infanticiducation: "Oh."



OilKids: Sends oil-smothered children through nurseries to smother other children with oil.

Parents' thumbs: "Down!"



Wendy's: Breaks into homes, kills babies and replaces them with robotic babies. Parents only find out when robotic babies do not age with time. Public enraged, confused, especially because Wendy's does not profit from their baby-killing actions.

Babies: "Don't kill us!"

Wendy's: "Whoops."



Babies: Kill selves for \$10 a pop, hoping that publicity will lead to movie roles in later lives. Parents spank them. Babies dead.

Babies: [dead]

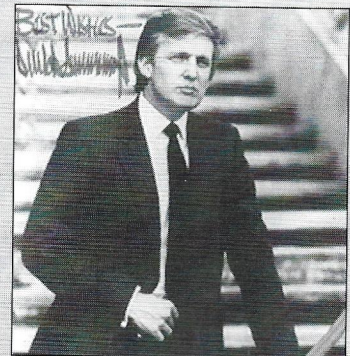
BUSINESS SECRETS

I've never been very good at "Trump: The Board Game". Roll the dice and you get a casino or whatever. Realistically, I have myself to blame. I just never took the proper time to understand that game.

One time, I played "Trump" against Marla, and she beat me one billion dollars to five thousand. It was so embarrassing. She started dancing around the room squawking, "Look at

me, I'm Donald Trump!" Then she put her finger on her lip like she had a mustache, which was weird, because I don't have a mustache.

There was an instruction manual that came with the game. I think the maid threw it out. I fired the maid, but did that bring back the "Trump: The Board Game" instruction manual? Did it? The answer is no.



Donald Trump

QUEST FOR EVEREST

D A Y O N E

Don: We're on our way, Johnny Boy!

Johnny Boy: We're really going to do it, aren't we? We're going to conquer Everest!

D: "Nipple of the World," baby! Here we come!

JB: WOOO! WOOO!

D: Ha ha ha! All right, crack navigator Jonathan Harold Boy! Where to first, slugger?

JB: WOOO! Okay! Let's see... make a right up here... yeah, that's the sauce.

D: Here we are and we are *here!* Mountain Man Sporting Goods, look out!

JB: Look out! Here we come!

D: That's right, buddy! You tell 'em. Give 'em hell. Man, we're going to buy so much shit! What are we gettin', anyway?

JB: Hmmm... I was thinking a tent, um, some jerky... um...

D: Dude, that's all we need! "A tent and some jerky..." That's like fucking poetry, man!

JB: Right on?

D: Yeah, bro! When you're tackling the giant, ya gotta keep it simple. Think about it, it's like science. Millions of years ago, when the first caveman climbed that shit. What are the only two things he had, the only two things he could rely on?

JB: "A tent and some jerky!" WOOO!

D: Damn right.

JB: Oh shit! We should get some playing cards, too!

D: Oh my God. I can't believe my ears. You know what? I think you must be the **GREATEST GENIUS IN THE WORLD!** Playing cards are fucking key!

JB: WOOO! Wait, dude. Uh-oh...

D: What?

JB: Maybe we should go somewhere else first...

D: What are you saying? What could possibly take precedence over Mountain Man, the first step on our famous conquest, the beginning of our "Journey of a Lifetime?"

JB: Well... there is a place...

D: What?! I can't believe—Oh shit!

JB: Yeah?

D: Oh shit!

JB: Ready?

D: Three, two, one—

D & JB: TACO DOG!!!

D: GENIUS! I'm gonna get the biggest fucking hot dog...

JB: Guess what, dude? For me: a taco.

D & JB: OH YEAH!!!

BEN & JERRY'S

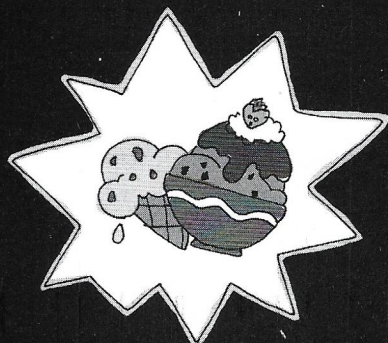
V S .

T U.S. A



Ben and Jerry have rolled out at a new flavor, Millennium Milky Caramel Conundrum, and have launched a new store in Times Square just to hype the new ice cream. The United States Army has deployed heavy artillery against Ben and Jerry.

DAY ONE: Ben and Jerry have ordered all doors to be kept closed but unlocked during business hours. Employees are to be alert but friendly and approachable. The United States Army begins to shell them. US shock troops arrive at front lines.



DAY SEVEN: Shelling ceases. Ben and Jerry announce 89% casualty rate amongst employees. New York Chocolate Chunk most popular flavor of the week. Army Rangers storm Ben and Jerry's outlets, set fire to ice cream supplies and imprison remaining employees.

DAY TWELVE: Despite new "all flavors free" promotion, all is quiet at Ben & Jerry's stores. Customers refuse to enter because ice cream chain is at war with the United States. Current living employees number twelve; they disappear into the Rocky Mountains. Profits plummet. Shelling resumes.

DAY THIRTEEN: Ben tinkers with salt-to-sugar ratio in ice cream, US Army destroys all access routes to Ben and Jerry's production centers. All five Ben & Jerry's factories are annihilated in a Cruise Missile attack.

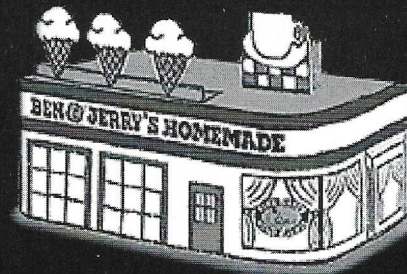
DAY FIFTEEN: Ben and Jerry's ability to produce ice cream has been totally lost. Apache helicopters find Ben & Jerry's employee camp. Camp is eradicated by rocket attack. Kill ratio is 100%. Ben and Jerry announce they are willing to bargain.

DAY SIXTEEN: US military bombs all supermarkets selling the ice cream. Distributors are given a cease-trade warning on any Ben & Jerry's products. All US supermarkets chains pull Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream from shelves. Ben & Jerry's corporate headquarters is saturation bombed. Firestorm lasts for sixteen hours.

DAY EIGHTEEN: Roving bands begin to burn enormous piles of Ben & Jerry's employee corpses. The smell is unreal. US teenagers claim dismay at the loss of a delicious choice in ice cream, but admit display of military power has been impressive.

DAY TWENTY: Shelling ceases on all Ben & Jerry's outlets when final store is reduced to smoldering crater. Ben and Jerry are unable to find contractor to build new outlets due to lack of funds and inability to produce a force capable of protecting construction crews against the attacking US Military.

DAY TWENTY-TWO: Ben and Jerry admit they are in no position to bargain. Shelling ceases. Unconditional surrender is announced. Treaty signed in New Hampshire. Mood is somber.



New Developments in Business

An at-a-glance comparison of the old business model with the new one.

Old Business Model

Hostile Takeover

Company A: We are going to buy the majority of your stock. Then we will rule you with an iron fist.

Company B: Why do you have to be so hostile all the time?

Power Lunches

Workplace power players put on vibrant ties and meet with powerful associates and clients to make important decisions.

Sleeping Your Way to the Top

Men and women have sex with their superiors to move up the corporate ladder.

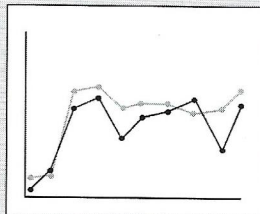


Glass Ceiling for All Except White Males

The workplace hierarchy rests on the submission of all other workers to the whim of white males.

Stock Markets

Brokers get together on trading floors to engage in a back-and-forth exchange of buyers and sellers to ensure an equitable and efficient market.



Water Cooler Gossip

Co-workers gather to see just who's screwing whom, enjoying fresh, cool water on the company tab.

Cubicles

Office workers slave away in tiny boxy particle-board spaces. Decorated with hilarious Dilbert cartoons and pictures of unattractive children.

New Business Model

Passive-Agressive Takeover

Company A: Fine, don't worry about it. I guess we don't need a controlling interest in your company or anything. We'll just shrivel up and die then. Oh, well.

Company B: No, it's okay, you can have the stock you need. I'm sorry about the whole thing. Come on, just take it, it's cool with us.

Power Marriages

Workplace power-players put on vibrant wedding dresses and tuxedos and meet with powerful associates to become powerfully betrothed.

Dancing Your Way to the Top

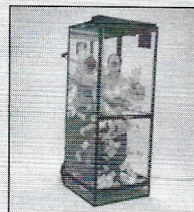


Men and women dance the business day away in a classic dance-off. One tap on the shoulder and you'd better get moving. Two taps and you're out, friend.

Glass Ceiling for All Except Albino Males

Just being white simply doesn't cut it anymore: now, to get ahead, one must be completely devoid of all pigment.

Wind Tanks



Brokers stand inside a large glass tank with air blowing up from beneath them, sending stock certificates flying around haphazardly. Brokers have thirty seconds to collect as many stock certificates as they can before they must leave the tank.

Vinegar Cooler Gossip

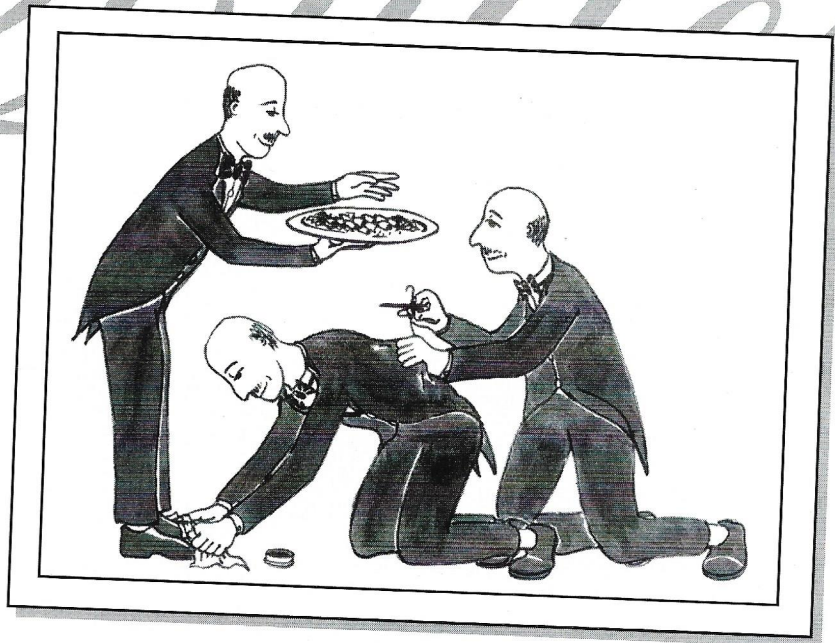
Co-workers don't linger as long around a generally unpleasant and acidic cup of vinegar. Misunderstanding of ubiquitous wincing promotes general enmity among staff members.

Huts

Office workers slave away in the mock-island paradise of thatched long-grass structures.

Butlertown

In Butlertown, each butler works for the person in the house to his left. Therefore, no butler is ever home, as he is always tending to the house of his neighbor. This leads to a sense of displacement and discomfort that is most delightfully British.



In Butlertown, everyone gets together for a friendly game of cricket on Sundays. However, since the butlers are required to serve drinks to the players, they are not allowed to play. Dogs are hired to complete the cricket game; they are praised for their skill and panache as they run away.

In Butlertown, everyone secretly loves a brash young woman, Myra Wharton, who lives in a tower in the centre of town. During their evening constitutionals, the butlers gaze into her window and shake their heads imperceptibly, drowning in their sorrows. Myra comments saucily that she would like to be freed from the tower.

In Butlertown, theft and murder are permissible, even expected, but a lack of mustache is punishable by death. All skin in Butlertown is gray.

In Butlertown, a broken limb must be handled with the utmost servitude. Dinner should never be interrupted, and screams are allowed only during the sleeping hours of two and six.

In Butlertown, two citizens were found displaying mutual affection amongst some hedges. The incident was handled discreetly, and the two left early the next morning. Most butlers chalked the event up to a particularly nasty case of consumption. Others pointed out that "consumption" was no longer a real disease.

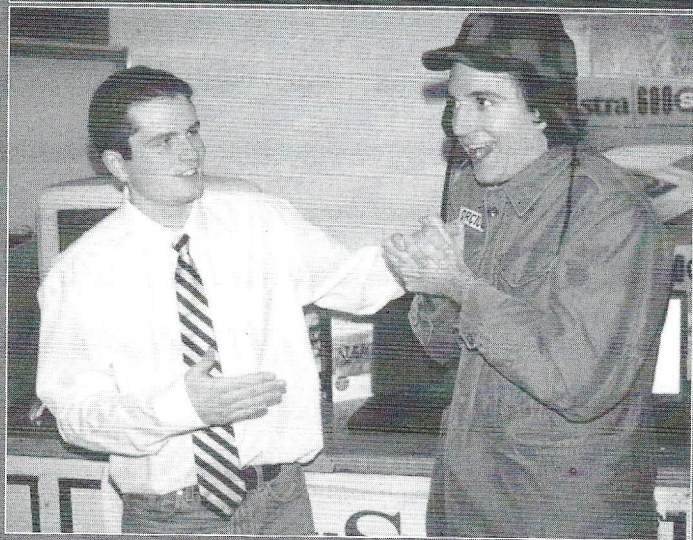
Although it's sometimes sunny in Butlertown, the shadows are always deep and cold. The butlers take a quiet comfort in the realization of this metaphor.

In Butlertown, "Mr. Belvedere" is the second-most watched show on television. The most watched show is "Dukes of Hazard."

THE *DOs* AND *DON'Ts* OF SUCCESSFUL SELLING

A P R I M E R O N S A L E S M A N S H I P

DO greet the customer with a smile. Never underestimate the value of a positive attitude!



DON'T frown. Don't make gestures which could be construed as strange or obscene.



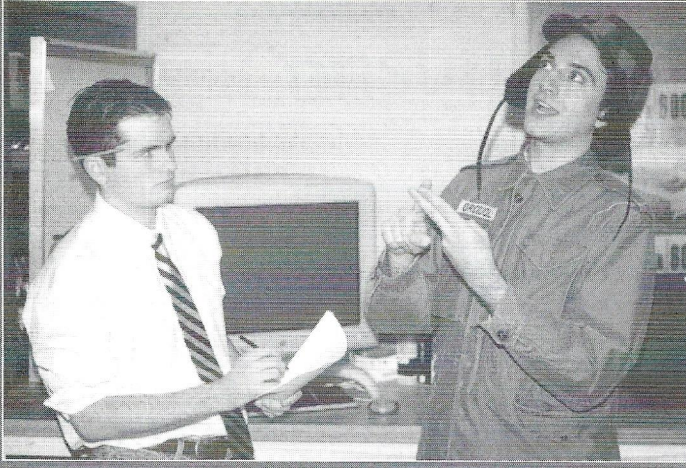
DO everything you can to help meet the customer's needs.



DON'T be pushy or threaten the customer. If you carry a gun, keep it well concealed. If you fire the gun, point it away from the customer.



DO listen to the customer. The fastest way to a customer's wallet is through your ears!



DON'T try to relate to your customer by comparing him to your favorite character on "Star Trek."



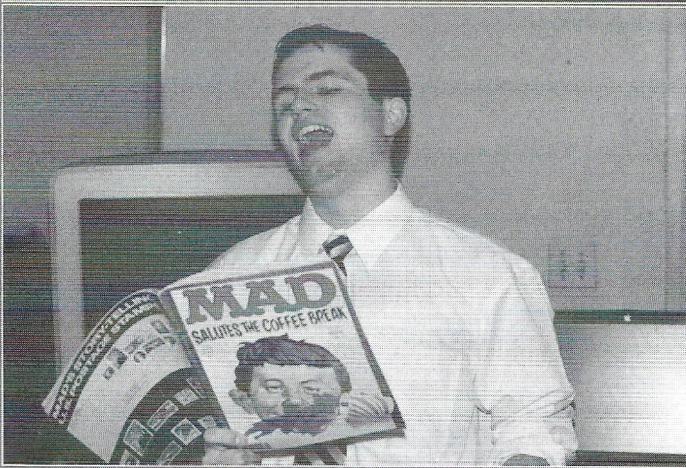
DO get the customer to say yes.



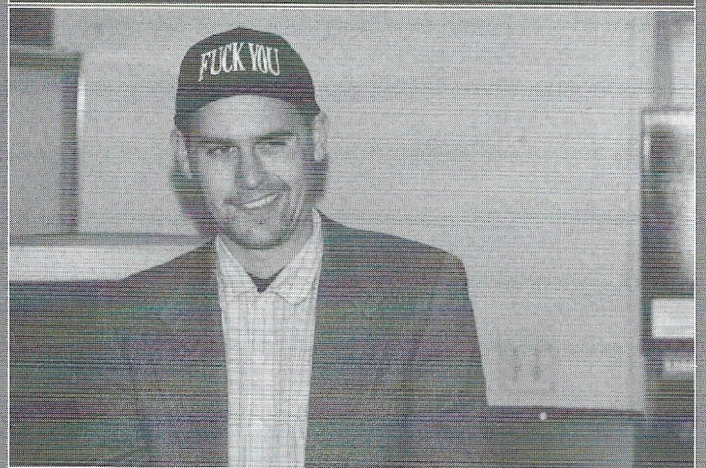
DON'T dare the customer to say no. Don't offer him money to leave the store.



DO keep your sense of humor. Even Stephen J. Schiffman has bad days.



DON'T wear a hat that says "Fuck You". Not even to demonstrate your sense of humor. Do you think that's funny?



The World's Greatest Salesman

Business as Usual

TWGS: This unit's a real beauty, a steal at \$200.

Susan: Well, I don't really need a modem.

TWGS: I hear you, Susan. Tell you what: you just pay \$250, and you don't have to take the modem.

Susan: That sounds fine. I'll also not buy two fax machines, please.

TWGS: Booyah!

In The Bathroom

Andy: Why are you standing in front of the urinal without letting your trousers down?

TWGS: I've sold my body on urinating by osmosis.

Andy: That's incredible.

TWGS: Always be closing.

At The Track

Johnny: I'll never bet again.

TWGS: Bet on number nine, it's lucky.

Johnny: Sold!

TWGS: (*rings bell*)

At Work

Boss: Get in here!

TWGS: Yeah?

Boss: Have you been sleeping with my wife?

TWGS: (*incredulous*) Yes!

Boss: You're fired!

TWGS: What!?!?

At The Movies

TWGS: One for "End of Days," please.

Cashier: Eight dollars.

TWGS: Eight? How about one? (*winks*)

Cashier: Eight.

TWGS: (*bares chest*) One?

Cashier: Nine.

TWGS: I've lost it.

Comeback

TWGS: Hence, the new platform really pays for itself within two quarters, although with your systems, James, I'd put the breakeven time at a little over one.

James: Okay, that's pretty convincing. Why don't you ship one to us?

TWGS: Did you know I'm the world's greatest salesman?

James: Um... okay, ship two.

TWGS: (*under breath*) Fuck yeah.

BUSINESS SECRETS

I know that most rap fans consider LL Cool J to be pretty soft, and they're probably right. But his stuff is just plain catchy. I like him a lot. I guess that makes me sort of a dork, but it's the truth.

I mean, "Mama Said Knock You Out"? Are you kidding? Great song. My favorite is when he calls out the farmers. He's all, "Farmers!" and they're like, "What?" Then they do it over again. Classic stuff.

I even liked "Phenomenon", which

everybody else hated. I bought the single and listened to it ten straight times in my car. Turned it off before I got to the office, though—I knew I'd get a lot of flak for listening to LL. Jason, who works in marketing down the hall from me? He'd laugh his ass off. I can't let that happen. I must command respect around here. This is getting ridiculous.

I also thought LL was good in "Deep Blue Sea." Why did everybody hate that movie? Smart sharks? It's like, "Hello, where do I sign?"



Bill Gates

AC Andersen Consulting

Application for Employment

Applicant's Name: Nick Carlton

Personal Description

Please circle all the adjectives that apply to you:

stout
 swarthy
 rum-loving ?
 fierce

eye-patched
 jolly
 hook-handed
 peg-legged

~~clam-fisted~~
 "arrr"
 matey
 dregs of the earth

Job Compatibility

1. Would you be willing to swab the decks?

I'm not much of a janitor

2. How do you feel about being flogged?

Ha, ha (I don't like it)

3. If food and water supplies were to run low, how would you feel about walking the plank?

Diversify the portfolio? (???)

4. How do you feel about scurvy?

It's OK—I carpool

Skills

Circle all that apply:

swashbuckling
 raping and/or pillaging
 sextant and astrolabe familiarity

~~stealing~~
 general underhandedness
 cussing

plundering booty
 toothlessness
 typing

Short Answer Questions

1) Your childhood friend has just swallowed a gold doubloon. Would you cut out his stomach simply to steal that doubloon? And if so, would you do it without even a moment of hesitation? Why would you do so?

I thought this was a consulting firm? Anyway, I'd give my friend a thorough list of financial options, doubloon or no. I was childhood friends with J.P. Morgan's granddaughter's babysitter, by the way. I've taken twenty economics courses and I'm athletic.

2) You have found out that one of the servant boys has been secretly taking swigs of your rum. Do you flog then kill him, or just kill him? Explain.

PLEASE. I am not a pirate. Sweet Jesus, what is wrong with you people? I just want a job in consulting. (Or is this a joke? Because I have a good sense of humor—I won a prize in Latin) *If this is an office theme, I don't have a pirate wardrobe, but I can change.

Working Off the Ship

Would you be willing to work on land?

Yes No

If so, please rank your preferences.

Scorpion Gulch
 3 Monkey-Skull Island
 4 Washington DC

Cape Blood
 Death Peninsula
 1 New York

Sickness Archipelago
 Depression Isthmus
 2 Tokyo

Personal Attachments

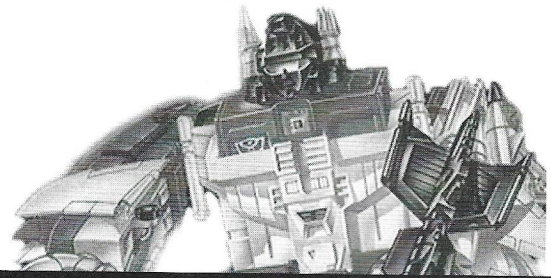
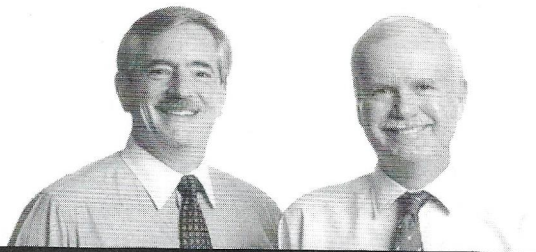
1) Do you have any family members dependent on you financially at the present time?

Yes No

2) If so, can you murder them before you enlist with us?

Yes No

*I really enjoyed this application. It was ~~funny~~ informative funny. "Hey, I'm a pirate!" (My IQ's over 110. I can have sex with people.)



Business

vs.

THE TRANSFORMERS HEROIC AUTOBOT MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE! FORMERS

Spend your time earning money.	Spend your time fighting evil Decepticons.
Get to eat doughnuts and drink coffee.	Get to eat energon.
Your boss is some rich bastard.	Your boss is Optimus Prime.
Accessories include a briefcase and a cell phone.	Accessories include a tail-gun and missiles that really fire.
Can transform into an efficient e-business machine when needed.	Can transform into some sort of an automobile when needed.
If your boss dies, you might get a bigger cubicle.	If your boss dies, you might get the Matrix of Leadership.
With four co-workers, you can unite to form a project group.	With four coworkers, you can unite to form Devastator.
You have to deal with incompetent management.	You have to deal with incompetent Dinobots.
Occasionally your stomach gives you ulcer troubles.	Occasionally your stomach opens up and Laserbeak comes out.

M a g i c a l O f f i c e S u p p l i e s

Salesman: These scissors can tell time!

Customer: Do they cut things?

Salesman: (leaping into air) They can tell the time!

Salesman: Our new imitation thumbtacks work just like real thumbtacks!

Customer: Then why wouldn't I just buy real thumbtacks?

Salesman: (looks into future) Reality is but an illusion in the realm of office supplies.

Customer: Eh?

Customer: I need some staples.

Salesman: Talking or invisible?

Customer: Invisible, please.

Talking Staples: Damn.

Valedictory Address

by Kenneth French

Back in grammar school, we used to watch these films about machines. Thoughtful-looking men clad in lab coats and horned-rim glasses would design a machine; skilled men with welding torches and other serious-looking tools would build it; and informed men wearing hard hats or snappy uniforms would pilot the machine about, making it do useful tasks. "The XP Deluxe," an authoritative announcer would say. "It's how Americans extrude."

As I watched these films I remember thinking, "Wow, that seems complicated. When the day comes for me and other people my age to be in charge of all those machines, we're not going to be able to do it. We're going to totally screw everything up."

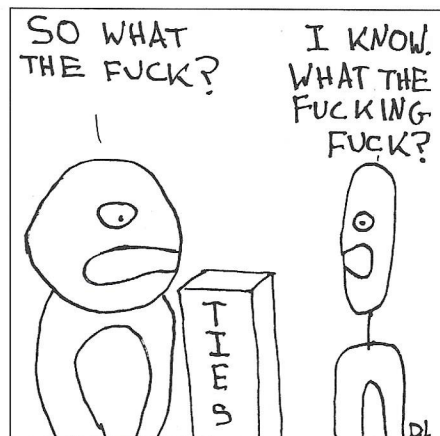
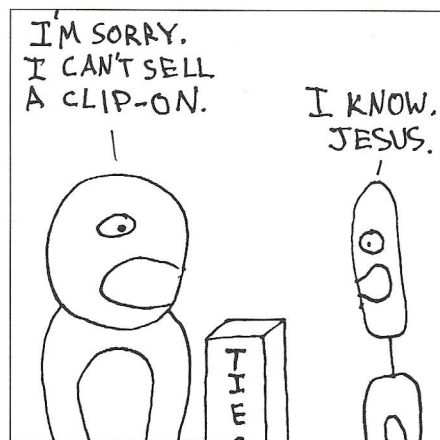
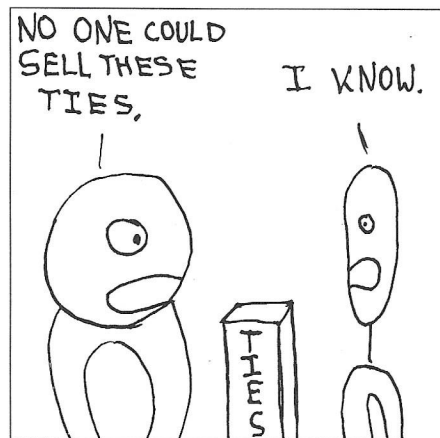
Well, that was along time ago, and now I stand before you today to tell you that I still think we are not going to be able to do it. We are going to screw things up. I am completely serious.

Has any one of you ever looked inside of a computer? Jesus Christ. "Chips" and "boards" and "mice" and "wires"? At one point someone probably understood how all that stuff worked, as someone must've invented it, but will any of us be able to design or even fix a computer? Absolutely not. Most of us don't really even know how to use them.

What about airplanes? Do you honestly think one of us could fly one of those? I bet there are over a hundred things you have to do to just get it to turn on. And if we actually did manage to get one to turn on, do you think we could somehow coax it into defying laws of physics that we don't even understand?

If we were only put in charge of computers and airplanes and other technical stuff like that, we'd probably be fine—we're not going to die if we lose our Internet access—but we're going to be responsible for more critical stuff too, like advanced political systems. How do those things work? I have no idea, and none of my friends do either. In fact, this one time my friends and I tried to start a little government out in my parents' garage, and I swear to God, it caught on fire within half an hour.

I can't believe they're putting us in charge. Look at us: Look at the people sitting next to you; look at yourself. We may have conned our way into good colleges, then bluffed our way into some chump firm, and somehow bungled our way into business school, but this time we are not fooling anyone. You know we can't do this. I think it's time we give up, admit that we're incompetent and see if our parents can help us out of this mess.



A Gentleman's Guide to Power Ties

Cubist

Bold colors and strong lines accentuate the breadth of your manly chest, and also serve to draw the gaze of your business adversaries up towards your mouth. That's where the business words come from.

Hypno-Ties

Mesmerize your colleagues with the complex pattern and contrasting colors. What were they about to say? Must have slipped their *mind*.

The Bowler

A bowling ball exploding with "action fire" into three pins tells the tale of your bowling prowess. The ball is labeled "300 CLUB," for any doubters.

Religious

You can't go wrong with Jesus on the cross.

And the caption lets them know, hey, what are you looking at me for, "He died for *your* sins," buddy.

Double Trouble

A tie wearing a tie—it means business!

Sunday Warrior

All black with an Oakland Raiders logo, this tie will strike fear into the heart of anyone, quarterback or not. Just as the tie reads, you had better watch out for the "Silver and Black Attack"!

Life

An artist's stirring rendition of an infant spewing amniotic fluid as it struggles out of the birth canal will leave quite an impression at a business luncheon. "The Miracle of Life" is written in an adorable, childish scrawl in simulated crayon.



Scrooge McDuck

BUSINESS SECRETS

My enormous bank in Duckburg is not truly filled with gold coins as it seems on television. Actually, it's just water, with a few hundred coins piled on top for effect. I don't have *that* much money. I'm a wealthy duck, but don't be absurd.

You know, if the bank were filled with gold coins, I'd get killed if I tried to dive onto them. That's a 100-foot drop. Onto metal? There's no give in a gold coin. It'd be curtains for good old Scrooge McDuck, all right.

A 100-foot dive for a 70-year-old duck is still fairly impressive, even if it is into water and not into millions of pieces of

gold Duckburg currency. When my arthritis acts up, my stunt double performs the dive, but usually it's me out there.

Don't be disappointed. It's all show business. Do you think Launchpad McQuack can really fly a plane? The man can't even tie his shoes, or wouldn't be able to if he had shoes. Hollywood's a real bitch-goddess sometimes.

I once dove into a big vat of chocolate pudding when I was pledging Sigma Nu. I never got into the frat, though, because I got into a fight with one of the actives during a flag football game.

big business

"Globex has been polluting the East River for years, and I've got proof. You're going to pay, Mr. Ludlow." I felt a rush of adrenaline as I spoke: *I was doing the right thing.*

Ludlow wheeled around and shoved me against the wall. He grabbed me by the collar, shoved his red face in mine and snarled, "Do not mess with me, Frank. Not in this town. I've got powerful friends. *Dangerous* friends, understand?" He held me there, staring, fuming. I was at a loss for words.

Slowly, Ludlow calmed down. He backed away and straightened my rumpled collar. He pushed the knot of my tie back into place and smoothed my jacket. *He's fixing my appearance, I thought. Straightening my collar as he mocks my existence. What arrogance.*

Perhaps I'd underestimated Ludlow, who was still standing in front of me, re-buttoning the buttons on my collar. Big Business might prove more of a challenge than I'd previously thought. Ludlow produced a small brush from his pocket and began to remove lint from my suit jacket. I was appropriately intimidated.

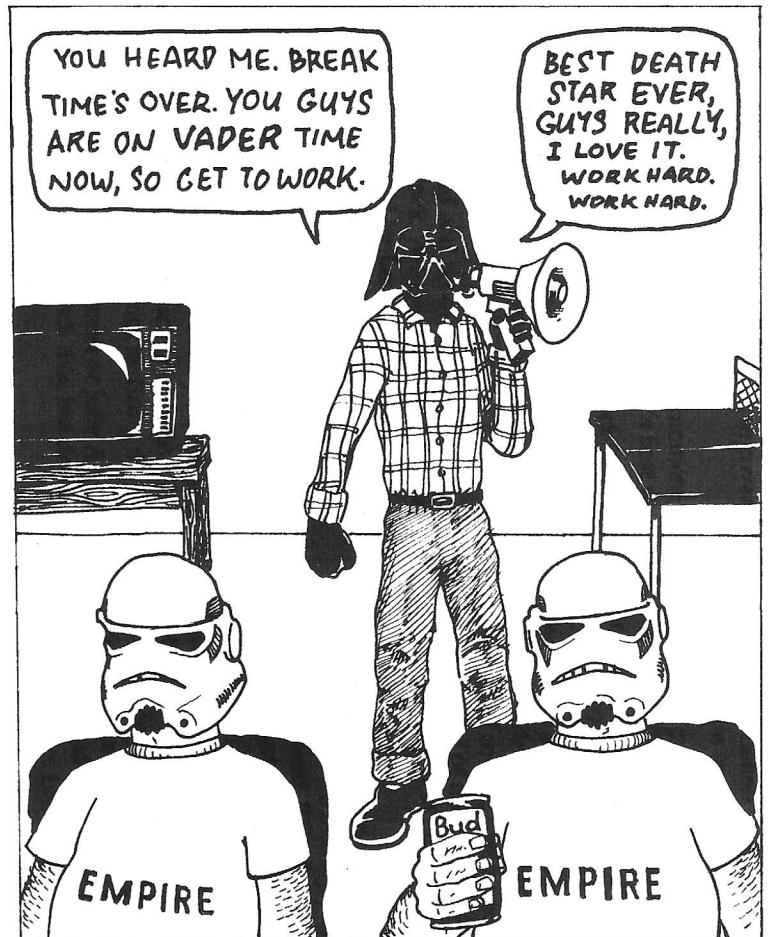
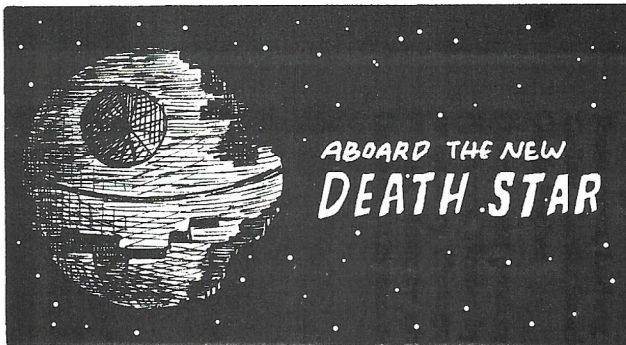
"This'll just take a minute here," said Ludlow with a little smile.

Was I cut out to be a district attorney? Did I have what it took? Was I willing to get my hands dirty, to mess with scumbags like Ludlow, who was now furiously shining my shoes?

"These pants hang a little low on you, Frank. I've got a sewing kit in my car," Ludlow snarled. I meekly followed him to his Bentley, a shining black reminder of corporate greed. With quick, confident swipes of the needle, Ludlow made some adjustments to my slacks. He glared at me, reminding me that he was in control, and started giving me a quick haircut with the sewing shears.

If there's one thing that I remember most about that parking lot confrontation, it isn't the shoeshine, or the haircut, or the peticure or the waxing of the patch of skin between my eyebrows. It's Ludlow's face, two inches away from mine, radiating an evil that I'd never seen before or since. At that moment, I understood my enemy. I saw into the black heart of corporate America.

I'll also always remember the moisturizer that he applied to my hands, which smelt like the sweetest lavender. And, of course, I'll never forget that neck rub. What bliss.



O l d - F a s h i o n e d L E A D E D C A N D I E S

SOME FOLKS might say I'm old-fashioned, I reckon. "Bob," they'd say, "people don't have much use for leaded candy these days." And maybe they already say it, behind my back, with a big smile on their fat faces, teeth like white picket fences, the kind of fences we used to have before chains and links and whatever else is coming out of Jap-pan these days. Time was, folks weren't so quick to go shopping at a country they'd just been warrin' with, but then again, times was simpler then.

Folks was simpler too. Used to be a fella didn't count his change, just trusted whoever was behind the counter spooning out the leaded candies. Didn't ask no snot-nosed rock-and-roll questions in those days. No sir, questions was bad business.

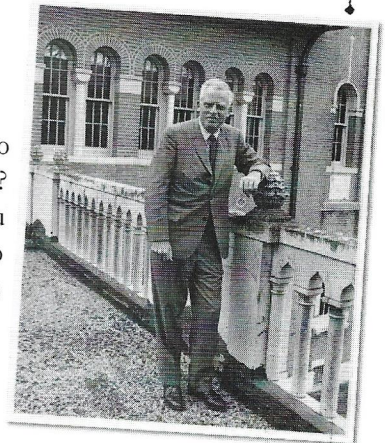
Nowadays, questions is everywhere. Well, crazy old Bob's got a question for you, Timmy High-Britches:



when did you grow too special for leaded candy? Was it before or after you whored my country out to Jap-pan? Not that it matters much.

Time was, things used to matter. Things like small business. Things like pregnancy belts and motorized toe sharpeners. Things like Francis T. Grunnenberg's Elixifying Wonder Pants. Things like leaded candy.

Well, I'm sure you've already got a hankering for a choc-o-late of some sort or another, and I'm not one to stand in the way of a hungry soul or progress. No sir, but if you do need me, I'll be right here where you left me, sitting in my Wonder Pants, with one hand on my gun and the other on a sack of leaded candies. I'll save a few for you.



THE WAY THINGS USED TO BE

USED TO BE, You could walk into McGinty's with a couple of nickels, buy yourself a sulfur, and still have enough left over to get your shoe shined. Nowadays, seems like everyone's wearing two shoes. Well, not me. AND YOU WON'T SEE ME CARRYING NO GODDAMN DIMES AROUND, NEITHER.



USED TO BE, You could walk into any old Jolly Johnson's with a 'teener, get your favorite Nickel Dandy for 10 cents, and still have a nickel left for a couple of Needle Doughs and a bottle of Calloway's Genuine Squirrel Bladder Abdominal Elixir. Nowadays, most of that shit doesn't even exist. Reckon I don't care none. I get raw nickel from the store, chew it for my knees. Aluminum too. Can't hurt me, I got the devil in my pocket! Ha ha ha ha! Oh!

USED TO BE, You could kill a man, and it wouldn't count if you had your eyes closed.

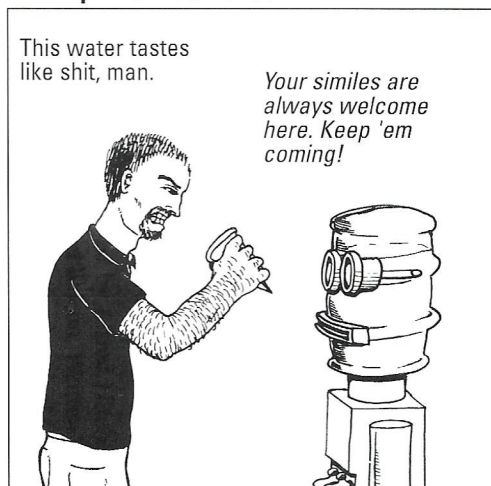
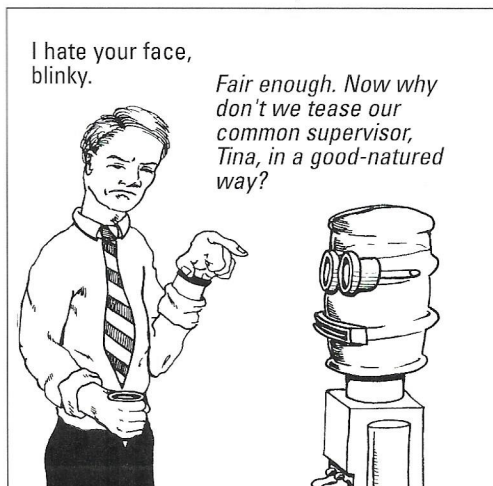
USED TO BE, A man could just walk to the moon. In those days, there was what you'd call a rainbow highway. Nowadays it just goes to the bus stop and back.

WHEN I WAS A BOY, toys were different. We didn't have no fancy "Pocket Men" or "Hot Heads"... No sir. We had different toys.

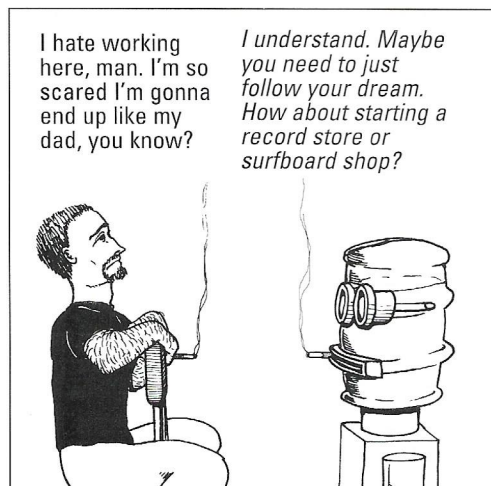
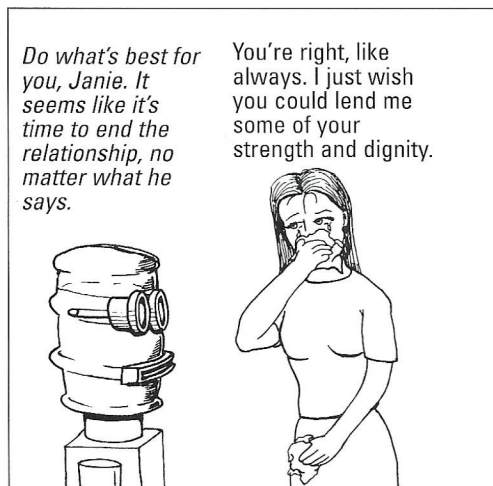
AQUATRON

In the year 2009, a robotics firm develops a sentient water dispenser. The first brave little unit, Aquatron 1.0, enters the human resources department of a San Antonio corporation.

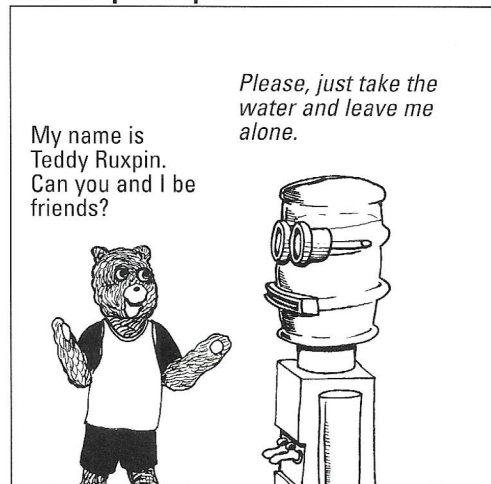
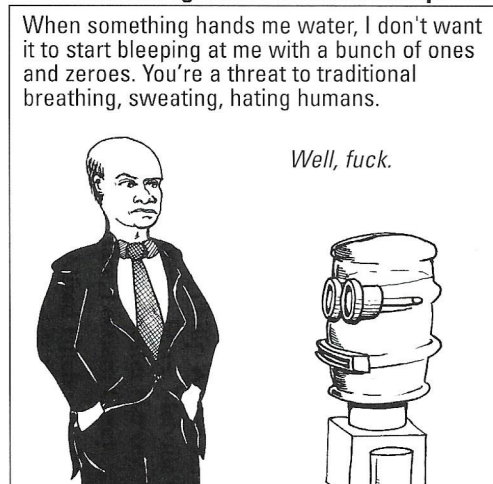
At first, coworkers are hostile. Aquatron is unfazed.



Soon, its sensitivity makes it an office favorite.



But an ignorant boss sends Aquatron to the deepest depths of android hell.



The Stanley Kubrick Collection

Featuring "2001: A Space Odyssey," "Dr. Strangelove" and more, this seven-tape collection is the ultimate introduction to one of the masters. A must-have for any lover of the cinema—yours for only \$129.95. If you tried to make this set yourself, you would have to spend over **one trillion dollars.**

Don't believe it? Well, three years of film school and seven high-budget movie productions really add up. And that's not factoring in outputting the movies to video, designing the covers and shrinkwrapping them into **one set.**

Not to mention copyright costs. After all, Stanley Kubrick already made these seven exact movies. If you want to make and distribute them all over again just so you can have a seven-tape set, you'll have some hefty licensing fees to pay.

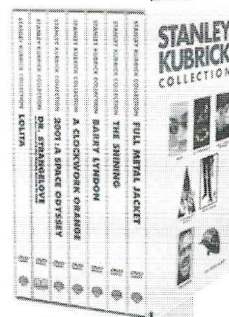
Also, you'd have to design and build a time machine, so you could go back in time and film all the actors when they were the right ages for the movies. The cost of a time machine? **One trillion dollars.**

And even then, you still couldn't make this set, because you're not Stanley Kubrick, **who's dead.**

Why go to film school and build time machines just so you can not even have these seven movies together? We've collected them here, for you.

The Stanley Kubrick Collection.

Only \$129.95



Anderson Eating Service®

A L E T T E R F R O M T H E F O U N D E R

When I was a kid, my family would take a week at the end of November and drive over to Nonni's in Abbewife. She had a giant, gnarled McIntosh out back that started dropping ripe apples in the fall. Nonni would gather them up and make delicious pies, but sometimes I couldn't wait. I'd eat the peeled slices as she slid them into the crust or just eat the apples right off the ground. One time, I got so anxious that I ate some of the leaves—they were pretty good, but there were never any more after I ate the whole tree. It took four days.

When I graduated from high school I enrolled in culinary school. By the time they expelled me for trying to eat a colander I realized that I wasn't cut out to be a cook, but I still didn't know what I wanted to do with my life. I joined the Peace Corps and spent two years in Africa eating automobiles and sportswear trying to help build a bridge of cultural understanding.

I came back to the States feeling that there had to be more to life than autos and sportswear. I dabbled in religion for a while. Over six months I ate the Bible, the Koran and the Talmud. I ate a concrete Buddha lawn statue and a copy of L. Ron Hubbard's *Dianetics*. About the time I polished off a three-volume set of animated Bible stories (VHS), I met my wife and my inspiration, Melinda.

Melinda introduced me to the finer things in life. Before I met Melinda I ate cinder blocks and lumber. Being with Melinda made it feel like I was eating Chinese Silks and John Coltrane records—and I was. For our wedding I ate an autographed copy of "A Love Supreme."

Melinda always had nice things around for me to eat. At Christmas she would bring me Tibetan blessing wreaths and hand-woven Turkish incense mats to eat for friends. They told their friends, and before long people from all over were asking me to eat Melinda's distinctive and extraordinary goods. It wasn't long before I quit my job and started eating full-time.

A lot has changed since I ate those first fine things. I've eaten chairs for the Pope and paintings by VanGogh. The most exciting moment was when my childhood hero, Hank Aaron, asked me to eat the jersey he wore when he hit number 715. Last season we moved Bill's out of our garage and into a nice brick Gladstone down by the mill. But one thing hasn't changed—we still try to eat everything with our mouths, just to let you know that we care. We hope you like it.

Sincerely,

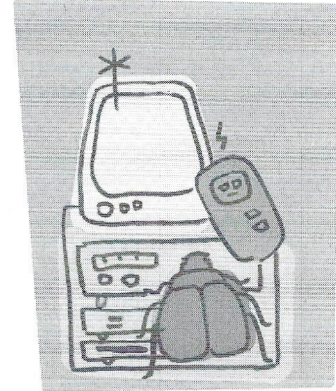
The image shows two handwritten signatures in black ink. The signature on the left is 'Bill' with a small '2' written below it. The signature on the right is 'Melinda'.

Bill and Melinda Anderson
Founders, Anderson Eating Service

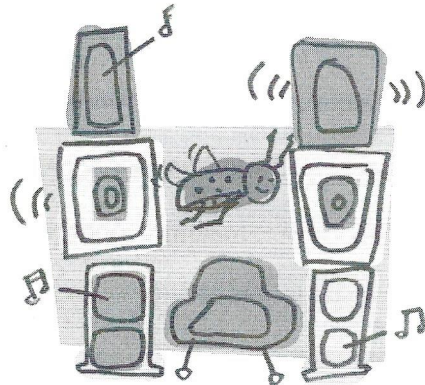
Strategies for Product Positioning and Market Development: A Presentation to the Board of Directors

Good morning, gentlemen. One of every five species on Earth is a variety of beetle, and beetles make up a much greater proportion of the planet's biomass than humans. Furthermore, no other major producer of electronics has even begun to operate within this market. Our informal survey has revealed that approximately 0% of beetle households possess a rudimentary television set, let alone the sophisticated consumer electronics that we can provide them with. As you can see, there is a vast potential to be exploited here.

There are a number of obstacles to complete dominance of the beetle electronics market. For instance, the beetles have so far shown a distinct lack of interest in utilizing any form of advanced technology. They appear to be content merely to eat, sleep, and procreate. However, we believe that this is merely because mass culture provides little reason for any form of insect life to purchase stereos, Walkmans, or flat-screen high-resolution television sets with DVD players.



They key to overcoming this handicap is to provide the beetles with what they really want: movies and television that present members of the order *Coleoptera* in prominent roles. With a few subtle hints to our friends in Hollywood, I foresee the release of exciting new movies that portray beetles in such fresh and original roles as cute cartoon sidekicks and ravenous flesh-devouring plagues.



Beetles will want to see these movies. But first, *they will need a television set to watch them on.* And soon, they will upgrade to a bigger set. And then DVD. Then SurroundSound™. Soon, only the grossest and most unrefined beetle will be without our many products.

Gentlemen, beetles existed for millions of years before the evolution of mankind. It is our goal to convince them that they cannot live a moment longer without owning our fine, high-quality consumer electronics.

THE OVERLY COMPETITIVE FATHER

SATURDAY NIGHT: MONOPOLY

Billy: Yay, I got Boardwalk! Now I have a monopoly! I'm gonna win!

William: Not so fast, son. *(makes phone call)*

(Knock on door. 15 men in black come in and handcuff Billy. Billy is crying)

William: I'm sorry, Billy. A horizontally integrated monopoly like you just created is against the law. If I let you get away with that, this great country might one day end up being run by the likes of John Rockefeller. It's for your own good.

Billy: Okay, Dad, I'm sorry. *(men begin to usher him to car outside)*

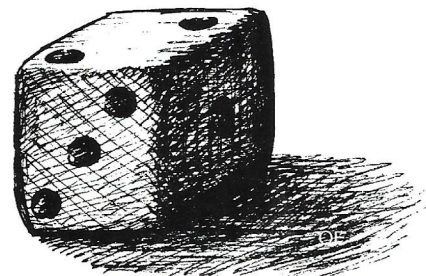
William: Billy, I'll tell these guys to let you go, but you've got to trade me Boardwalk and the railroads for the Electric Company and \$12. Otherwise, you're going to jail.

Billy: No, Dad. You can have Boardwalk.

SUNDAY NIGHT: PARCHEESI

Billy: Parcheesi! I win!

William: I'll kill you! *(jumps over table, knocking game pieces to floor)*

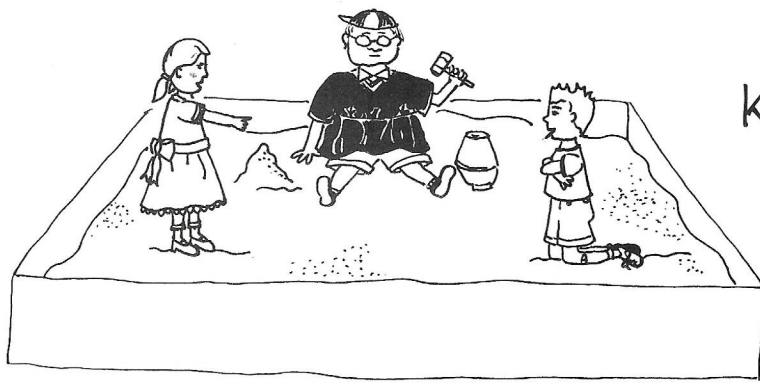


Innovation | The Yogurt You Actually Hate

Not long ago yogurt came in one flavor and you could only eat it with a wooden spoon. Today we celebrate the vision and spirit of innovation that has made yogurt products among the most diverse and entertaining in the world.

Frozen Yogurt	The first yogurt to taste like something more delicious than yogurt.
Yoplait Pizza Yogurt	The first yogurt to taste like pizza.
Yoplait Edible Pizza Yogurt	The first yogurt to taste like pizza that you can eat.
Dannon's Toys-on-the-Bottom	The first yogurt to include real toys in the bottom.
Dannon's Toys-on-the-Bottom Lite	A new world of possibilities for the toy-loving, calorie-conscious consumer.
Dannon's Bar-B-Cue Dinosaur Toys Lite	All the bar-b-cue dinosaur toys you love with only half the calories.
'Gurt	The yogurt that you eat with your hands.
Ultra 'Gurt	The yogurt where you use your hands to smear it in your eyes.
Ultra 'Gurt for Kids	The yogurt where it's fun to smear it in your eyes.

What does the future have in store for yogurt? Kids are sure to flip out for GoYurt, *the first upside-down yogurt*. And fork lovers, rejoice! Because GoYurt is upside down, *you can eat it with a fork!* And Nogurt, *the first yogurt you actually hate*, is expected to be a big hit with people who don't like yogurt.



Kindergarten
Court

Judge: How does the defendant plead?

Billy: Your Honor, I plead the "I'm rubber, you're glue" defense.

Judge: Ah, yes. Plaintiff, anything you say bounces off the defendant and sticks to you. How do you plead to your accusations?

Susie: I'm sorry, Your Honor, but I signed an explicit "black out forever" affidavit. I cannot be subjected to a "rubber /glue" defense.

...

Judge: So you issued an "I know you are, but what am I?" subpoena. Then what happened, Susie?

Susie: He started repeating everything I said.

Judge: He started repeating everything you said!?

Susie (suspiciously): Yes.

...

Judge: Billy, what do you have to say for yourself?

Billy: She double-dog-dared me.

Susie: Liar, liar, pants on fire!

Judge: Liar, liar sustained.

...

Judge: Billy, my verdict is "moded, corroded, your booty exploded."

Billy: But that's not fair!

Judge: Stenographer, who said life is fair?

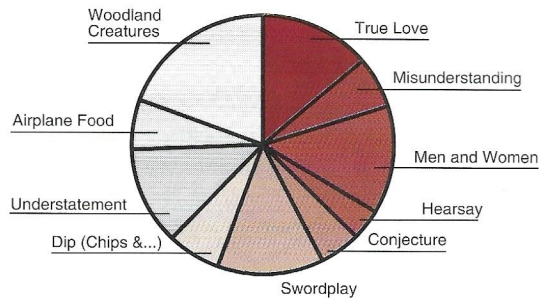
Stenographer (looks over transcript): No one, Your Honor.

Judge: That's right! No one.

To Our Shareholders. . .

The Chaparral had a very successful year in 1999. We wrote, printed, lambasted, and ham-fisted our way to a record 240,000 issues, while upholding a tasteful prohibition on the use of inferior comedy devices like paper sacks and ladies' bicycles. All this was achieved despite a staff-wide 37 academic units. The Chaparral easily outperformed all other Stanford humor magazines and was deemed "charming" by 54% of the readership, including an unprecedented 89% approval rating amongst organized fraternities.

QUARTERLY JOQUE BREAKDOWN



Source: Independent Comptroller's Data

Overall, Joke Production Per Writer increased 18% on the quarter, with a corresponding drop in the average writer's GPA of only 5.7%, leaving a staggering 78% of the staff academically eligible and nearly 65% sober. More impressive, however, was our enhanced Joke Density Ratio. By coupling our increased Joke Production with a successful hiring campaign that lured talent from industry powerhouses General Electric and Sony, we were able to pack each issue with an average 0.19 Jokes per Word and an unheard-of 0.76 Jokes per Number. Furthermore, Laughter Reserves reached an all-time high with the acquisition of a dozen feather-dusters for our Ticklish Baby division and a particularly effective fake mustache disguise.

Productivity numbers were good, thanks to a second-quarter infusion of chocolate milk and delicious candies (hard & soft). Candy investments precipitated the sale of our unprofitable college humor cruise line, Princess Chappie, and college humor auto-body shop, Chaparral Corral. In exchange, we received a bottle of Jim Beam and a stake in a Malaysian pants factory, both of which have since vanished.

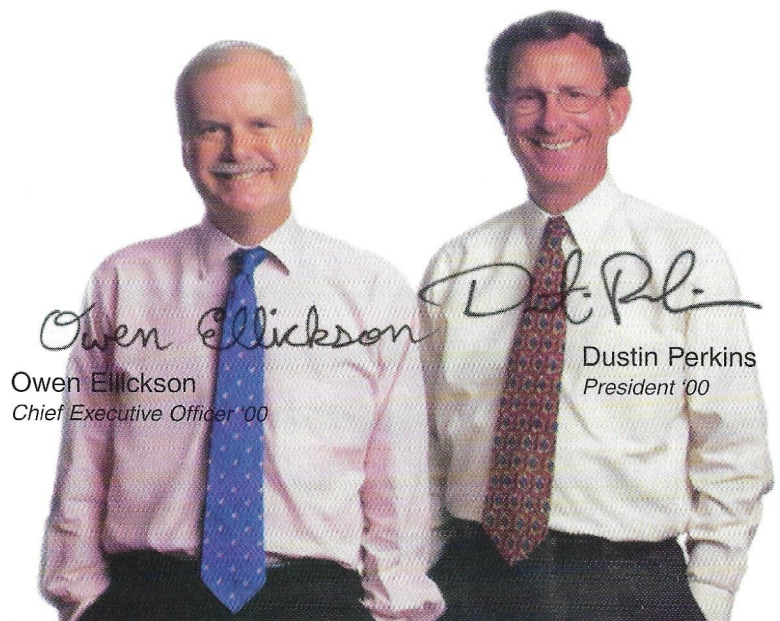
Fortunately, our alcohol, tobacco, and buffalo-wing reserves have been increased by 33% while our adult entertainment capacity has nearly doubled, leaving the staff more than able to perform its comedic duties. The influx of cigarette holders and professional wrestling tapes from abroad has improved morale. And, of course, our seven fully deflated basketballs continue to be a source of inspiration.

ACQUISITIONS

8/31	+	Rip Taylor Autographed Index Card
9/9	+	Clown Videotape (<i>pornographic</i>)
9/17	+	45 Chicken McNuggets
10/6	+	<i>The Grinnell Charlatan</i>
10/22	+	9 Hondos
11/12	+	"Fuck You" Hat
12/5	+	New Computer w/ Scanner
12/15	+	White Sox Cap, perfect fit (<i>lost</i>)

Finally and most importantly, we are pleased to report to our Shareholders that all of this good news—the increased Joke Density, the new writers, *et cetera*—translates into a 0% increase in our marginal revenues, no drop in our fixed costs, and no increase in our market value, leaving our profits for the quarter at zero, a new high.

We thank you for your continued investment in the Stanford Chaparral, and we reiterate our commitment to a cheaper, more efficient, and a more environmentally sound comedy alternative. You can count on us.



Owen Ellickson
Chief Executive Officer '00

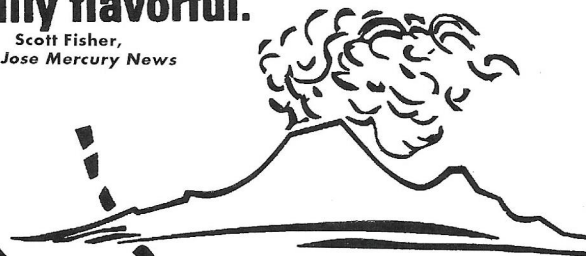
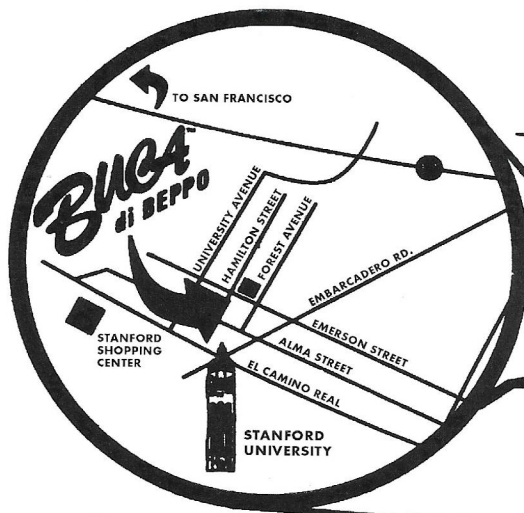
Dustin Perkins
President '00

BUCATM di BEPPO

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Hiring!

"The food here is
vital, vibrant, and
powerfully flavorful."

Scott Fisher,
San Jose Mercury News



"When in Rome..."
When in Palo Alto

Do Buca di
Beppo!

"The heartier cooking of
southern Italy sets the pace."

Bon Appétit



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UNA FAMIGLIA

CADAVER Join the exciting world of medicine. Johns Hopkins seeks highly-motivated self-starters to lie around on a table and be dissected. Excellent medical package. No previous work experience necessary. Must be dead. Extra organs or rare diseases a plus. (301) 831-9023

SIDEKICK Mild-mannered industrialist by day, crime-fighting avenger by night seeks boy wonder to protect truth, justice, and the American Way. Must know terrible puns and be able to drive a helicopter. Orphan status a plus. Interested individuals should tape the letter J on a flashlight and shine it into the sky. (505) 712-1941

ASSISTANT Ever seen a bikini contest? Ever wanted to be the guy who puts the oil on all the lovely ladies? Ever wanted to be the guy who does that guy's taxes? Ever wanted to be that guy's plumber? This will get you on the road: a position as the bikini oiler's accountant's plumber's assistant. Yours, if you complete two years of service, as his assistant. (408) 776-4368

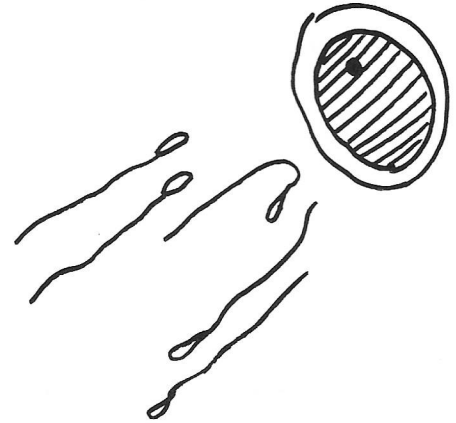
LOBSTER Daring individual needed to pretend to be a lobster for a fraternity prank. \$80 for two hours' work. Free food, free beer, meet the brothers. You will be burned alive afterwards as hundreds cheer. (Unrelated to lobster job.) (808) 223-2401

JOB Salary position with good pay, vacation, health, and 401k benefits seeks eager, self-motivated individuals who communicate with a smile for support and leadership in detail-oriented work and challenging projects. Must have good documentation, multitasking, follow-through skills, and the ability to work in a dynamic fast-paced environment. Warning: specific skills required. (213) 523-9333

WORK UNAVAILABLE We don't want you. Your skills are completely inappropriate for any position we might have. We do not have any positions. Do not read this ad. Do not call this number: (908) 873-9012

How to fail at business without really trying

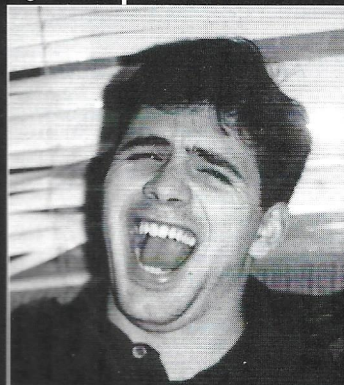
- 1) **HAVE AN IDEA** which in no way could ever be profitable. Remain in bed after having the idea if you had the idea when you were in bed. If you had the idea while not in bed, return to bed immediately. Get up in the morning, and do not write the idea down. Remain in the hallway until lunch. Return to high school, do not apply to college.
- 2) **BECOME HUMAN egg cell.** Miss chance for insemination event. Do not implant in lining of uterus.
- 3) **OBTAIN HIGH-POWERED banking job** through nepotism. Use new computer at office exclusively for pornography. Never come to any assigned meetings. Leave office on Tuesday and drive to another city.
- 4) **GET IDEA.** Get friends together who like your idea and share the vision which is behind the idea. Incorporate the company with your friends, share generous portions of ownership with them. Be inspirational around office. See mouse, shriek, begin shaking constantly. Leave your company.



set-up



punchline



The Stanford Chaparral

Meetings: Wednesdays @ 8:30

2nd Floor, Storke Publications Building

Contact: oldboy@zonker.stanford.edu

More: <http://chappie.stanford.edu/>

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Mail the issues to the address below

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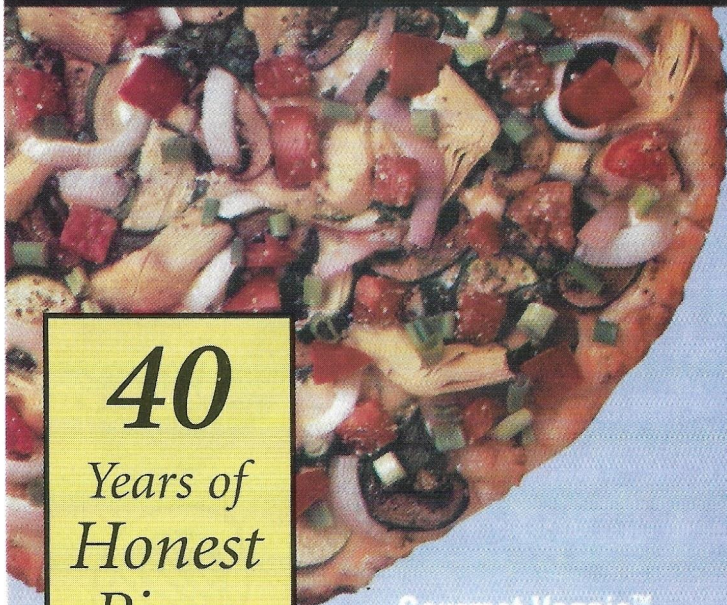
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Round Table Pizza



1/2 Price 2nd Pizza

Buy any Medium, Large or X-Large
Pizza & get a second Medium, Large or
X-Large Pizza of equal or lesser value
for 1/2 Price • ST05

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