

the daily friday

WARNING: GIVE PRUDENT CONSIDERATION TO THE SIZE OF THIS PURELY SATIRICAL SECTION BEFORE EATING OR READING. WE MEAN IT.

WHEN LESLIE HOOVER WOKE UP ONE MORNING FROM UNPLEASANT DREAMS, SHE FOUND HERSELF IN BED CHANGED INTO A VOLUPTUOUS CHEERLEADER.

She was lying on her back as fresh as a daisy, and when she lifted her head a little, she saw her starched pleated miniskirt, hemmed with gold polyester, lying neat as can be on her shapeless hips. Her once flabby, pitifully out-of-shape legs were now muscularly toned and spread out over the mattress in middle splits before her eyes.

"Whatever has happened to me?" she thought. Her room had been painted pink and white. Matching lace curtains filtered the sunshine. And she saw, to her chagrin, that she possessed a substantial stuffed animal collection.

"Perhaps it is a dream," she hollered enthusiastically, uncontrollably adding, "D-R-E-A-M! Woo hoooo!" Her legs kicked involuntarily and then fell back onto the crumpled pink sheets. She felt a strange pain in her side that she had never experienced before. Bringing a 3-inch red manicured fingernail to it, she saw that it was some kind of girdle, fastened with steel screws, securing her uniform to her body. Realizing that it would be impossible to remove the screws without some serious damage occurring, she reluctantly resolved herself to getting out of bed and seeing what could be done about it.

She rolled out of bed — or rather, did a double-twist back walkover ending in an aerial out of bed. Her body met the wall with a loud thump. She sprang back up and jounced over to the door, careful not to let the screw catch on anything. Her white pump Nikes made soft padding sounds on the carpet.

Her mother was in the kitchen reading the newspaper and drinking diet tea and looking ready for her bank teller job. "Hi, Mom!!!" she screamed. "Mom! Mom! You're the best! If you can't do it, Budapest!" Leslie cringed at the stupid rhyme she'd made.

"Oh Leslie, you finally joined the cheerleading squad! I'm so proud of you! Do another cheer, please honey, please. Just do one more cheer for Mommy."

Leslie meant to protest — "Mom!" But it was said with a lungful of enthusiasm, accidentally adding, "How do you feel? She feels good, oh she feels so good, YEAH!!!"

**'MOM! MOM!
YOU'RE THE BEST!
IF YOU CAN'T DO
IT, BUDAPEST!'**

Her legs kicked again, and she found herself hurdling the breakfast table and doing another flip in the air.

"Goodness, what energy we've got this morning! Why don't you have a cup of sugar-free yogurt? Never can get too much protein." Mrs. Hoover patted her streamlined stomach and thought back to her first liposuction. A tight smile stretched across her face.

Finally her daughter was maturing out of that stage she'd been going through for the last 10 years — with the books and trumpet lessons and all, and then that 20 pounds she'd gained two summers ago. Thank the good



lord she'd finally lost the weight. She really didn't want to send Leslie to fat camp after all the money they'd spent on braces.

But now look at her! Why, soon gentlemen would be calling and making minor mechanical adjustments to her appliances and she'd get married to one of them, a nice handsome computer science major, and settle down in a nearby tract home with a sprinkler system and gas-burning fireplace.

Leslie decided against yogurt, inexplicably opting instead for mineral water. "There's some celery sticks in the crisper," her mother added, smiling approvingly at the swigs of water Leslie was gulping.

Leslie set the bottle down, smiling brightly at the beautiful sunrise out the window that took her back to that sunlit morning on a Parisian veranda outside the Montebanc hotel. "Gee, what a beautiful sunrise. It takes me back to that sunlit morning we spent together on a Parisian veranda outside the Montebanc hotel."

Leslie's mother was blotting her toast with a napkin and not paying any attention. Leslie began to giggle at the absurdity of her situation. It was a bitter giggle, a giggle plagued with fear and frustration, a wrathful, vengeful giggle. She realized that she hated the shade of her mother's lipstick, and somersaulted out the door, leaving Mrs. Hoover smiling after her and making a mental note to write electrolysis appointments for Leslie into her day planner.

Leslie decided to take a walk. She would take a walk somewhere and see if she couldn't say something mean to someone. An old man walking his poodle stopped in front of her and bared his chops. "Hello, Mish. Can you tell me where I can get a pair of those nyshe white tennish sooze? Mine are filthy. I shtopped in Muffy's poo poo." He bent down to touch her sneakers.

Leslie felt sorry for the old man, but more than that she hated him. His thin dry lips opened and closed like a carp gasping. His hands were hairy and covered with age spots. She quickly unlaced her Nikes and tossed them on the pavement.

"Here!" she yelled at him, grinning furiously. "Have

the tennies! Pool! Pool! Poo on the shoe! Hey old man, whatcha gonna do? Hey! All-right!" She followed up with a complex maneuver during which she vaulted the old man and broke a sprinkler.

The old man wordlessly snatched the shoes and speedwalked down the sidewalk and around a corner, dangling them by the laces. His little dog wagged its little rump condescendingly at Leslie as it trotted away. Leslie decided to go back home before she donated any more articles of clothing.

She somersaulted through the front door and did a double back-flip into the kitchen.

And then something happened that Mrs. Hoover was to refer to between sips at her weekly bridge games with trembling sighs. Leslie's hair caught on the door hinge as she was flipping into the room and her head popped right off, leaving a stubby little knob for a neck.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoover. She tried to force the head back on, but by then Leslie's body was rubbery and cold and smelled of fresh tennis balls. Leslie was dead.

But Mrs. Hoover saved the head. She placed it up on the mantle next to Leslie's chess trophies, and whenever company came they were always shown the Head of Le-

See **METAMORPHOSIS** p.4A

Cheers! For Any Occasion

A Nursing Home Committal Cheer

READY, LET'S GO! Your life was fun and filled with glee. We'll see you in a month or three.

A Take Back the Night Cheer

READY, LET'S GO! Women united will never be divided.
(Then leap and kick in the air.)

A Rage Against the Machine Cheer

READY, LET'S GO! We're consumerized to bring our defeat.
The limo can pick us up at 8:15.

A Student Government Cheer

READY, LET'S GO! We can't promise field trips to Magic Mountain. How about a really radical fountain?

A Major Label Record Company Cheer

READY, LET'S GO! Alanis' rage sure sold a few, let's just copy that so we don't have to find something new!

To The Point



Long-Ass
Thought-Provoking
Sentences

-In the course of human events it has become apparent that left-handed individuals suffer more discrimination than right forcing most religious fundamentalists to forget the Bible passage where God explains that it too is left-handed and it likes soggy bread.

Halesh Comes Alive

*It's short, it's fiction
and once again
it's bi Noah Blumberg*



Most of the employees returning to work for another year at the campus reserve book facility had had a thoroughly fulfilling experience with their job. They enjoyed helping fellow students use the simple system of book loans. The facility's manager, Tammy, ran things with a caring but tough attitude and everyone respected her for that. This was the general feeling as people gathered around the table for the quarterly, mandatory potluck dinner/meeting.

Richard, the smirking, veteran facility attendant, was carefully eyeing this year's new co-workers. The meeting began with everyone introducing themselves. Richard found one of the new facility attendants, Halesh, very interesting. Halesh intro-

duced himself by saying, "Hi, I'm Halesh and I'm not a very active person." He would look at the ground when he spoke and seemed to intentionally wear the plainest clothing possible.

'I've been here for two months and still, nobody will tell me where the restroom is.'

duced himself by saying, "Hi, I'm Halesh and I'm not a very active person." He would look at the ground when he spoke and seemed to intentionally wear the plainest clothing possible. From that day on, when Richard was bored at work, he would have fun at Halesh's expense. Richard spent a couple of shifts practicing Halesh's small, nondescript handwriting and then put strange messages in the reserve book facilities log book like, "Hi everyone. It's Halesh. I've been here for two months and still, nobody will tell me where the restroom is."

Richard would write messages to Halesh under the alias Gary and put

them in his box. The messages usually asked if he wanted to pose for video or photographs. Then, he taped a candy wrapper to the top of the reception desk and told everyone that Halesh had done it, carved Halesh's name into the large gummy eraser, and left fake phone messages for Halesh from the Felix the Cat company saying that they wanted to buy his "collection" from him.

One day, Richard was talking to his friend who told him that Tony said, "Hi."

"George?" asked Richard, "I don't know any Tony."

His friend said, "Sure you do. He works at the reserve book facility with you."

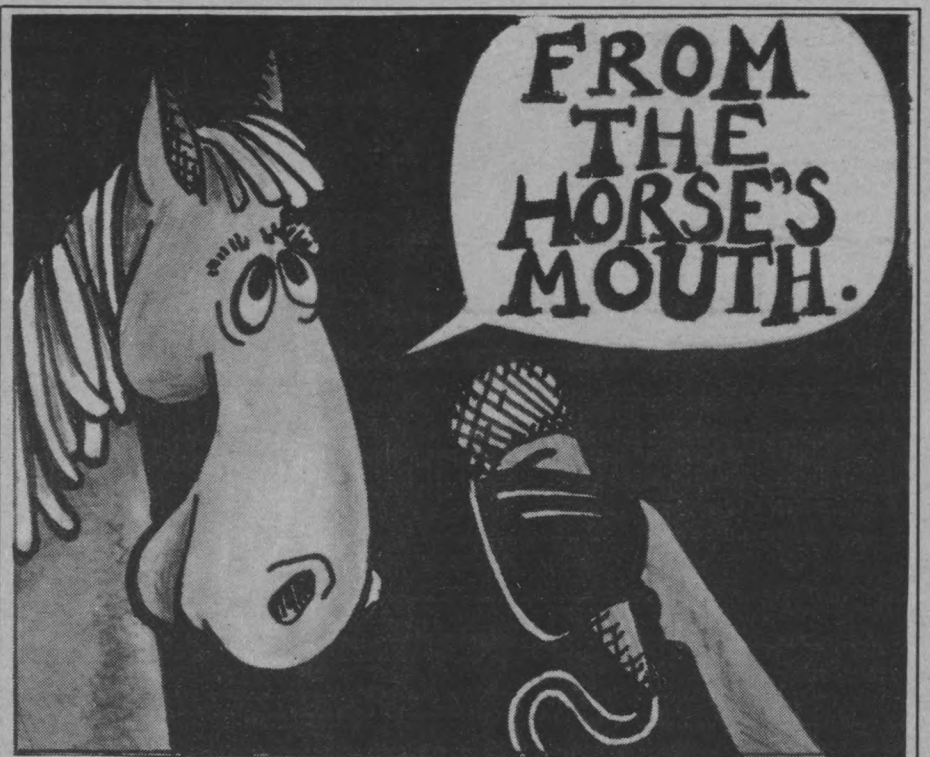
Richard could not figure out who Tony was and for weeks he wondered

who could have played a trick on his friend.

The time for another quarterly mandatory facility meeting/potluck had arrived. All of the facility attendants were present except Halesh. Tammy waited for five minutes or so and then said, "Well, Halesh isn't here, but I think we'll just go ahead and start."

Just as she was about to begin, in walked Halesh dressed in a handsome, finely tailored tuxedo. Tammy was the first to speak. "Before you tell me why you're late, I just want to say that you certainly are wearing a very attractive tuxedo, Halesh."

"It's Tony," Halesh said, "I would like to be called Tony."



Yes, UCSB Has Cheerleaders

*In the first part of an occasional series,
Bryce Baer gets real answers about real stuff.*

A lot of the time, a lot of people say a lot of things about a lot of people they don't know a lot about.

This can be bad.

We all know that there are two sides to every fence, story, coin, face and about every other animal, mineral and disease you can think of. However, the truths we cling to are often based on an amorphous amalgamation of assumptions made blurry by a hazy sea of misinformation and other big words.

Rushed judgements often result and mistakes are made — sometimes bylaws are broken, sometimes they aren't. Sometimes folks get away with this ... sometimes they don't. It's a very, very risky proposition.

It doesn't feed the ego to sit back and suspend disbelief, but hey, sometimes it's important to do, ya know?

But the fact is, sometimes people need to go to the source — shunning institutional knowledge and going straight to the horse's mouth.

So let's sit back this week and hear what the oft-forgotten and relentlessly razed UCSB cheerleaders have to say.

daily friday: So, do we have cheerleaders on this campus?

Regina Key: Yeah.

Cesley Bullard: Oh, we're here all right.

How much work do you put into cheerleading?

Bullard: We only get one day off a week. We practice at least six hours a week.

This can be bad.

Key: We get asked by a lot of groups to come cheer for them. Water polo asks us to come cheer for them. Baseball ...

Give an example of a baseball cheer.

Bullard: Something that doesn't say touchdown.

Key: It's tough because all these people want to do all these different things,

but at the same time they don't really appreciate what we do.

We're here to support sports and get people involved, and it's really hard at this school because there is such a lack of enthusiasm for the sports programs.

What are the most common cheerleader stereotypes you run into?

Key: We don't have enormous boobs and blond curly hair.

Bullard: We don't wear lots of eye makeup. (sarcastically) You can never have enough blue eyeshadow.

Key: They think we're just pretty and dumb, but that's ridiculous because we're all in college.

Bullard: School can be hard because we don't have a cheerleading adviser. We have to do it all ourselves, and it takes up a lot of time.

Explain "shit."

What if someone wanted to be a cheerleader? What would they have to do?

Key: You have to be willing to sacrifice a lot of your time ... have a positive attitude, and be ready to put up with a lot of the shit that we get.

Explain "shit."

Key: We get pushed around a lot.

Bullard: Nobody likes cheerleaders.

Key: Even at games. The group of crazy students who say "Don't help them out! Don't cheer with them!" It's so rude!

Bullard: We can't even start a cheer ... they won't let us.

Do you get a lot of snide remarks?

Key: I've gotten: "Why aren't the cheerleaders pretty?" And I'm like ... well, I'll definitely make sure that's a requirement next year. ... Let's just be pretty.

Clarification:

The April 25 *daily friday* feature, "The Selling of Eugene Tong," included a phony resume for humor purposes. Career and Counseling Services was unaffiliated with the satirical piece.

Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU

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Go, Fight, Win, Die

Cheerleading is a one big fat slice of Americana.

Find out why Nicole Milne is not hungry.

In all of my years of schooling prior to my nearly overstay at this illustrious university, I have been subjected to the tyranny of cheerleading and cheerleaders. It's more of a self-inflicted tyranny, I suppose — traditionally, they really, really cause me angst.

Don't get me wrong — some of my closest friends are ex-cheerleaders, and I have no problem with women (or, I guess, men, though I have never seen a male cheerleading specimen except on ESPN at 3 a.m.) who choose to cheerlead. It's the mentality of cheerleading — embodied by a select majority — that I have had a rather large problem with.

It started back in elementary school. It seemed like a girl, against her will by social forces at work, was put into two categories by, say, the first grade — those who might be cheerleaders once they reached junior high, or even the Olympian heights of High School Cheerleader, and those who simply would not, no way, no day. For example, the pretty, blond-haired girls who were oft found sporting tutus around the house on Saturday mornings and were beginning to show early signs of snottiness were prime material. Conversely, the school "slut," ironically named Chastity, was not on the short list of potential rah-rahs.

When we graduated to the next tier of academia and socialization at the hands of the Dept. of Education, things became even more clear-cut. If you hadn't been pursued by at least two of the cutest boys in your class and/or were not in the higher echelon of your Pleasanton, Calif.'s, socioeconomic ranks, kiss your dreams of

cheerleading a sorrowful goodbye. Aim for something more feasible, like the Chess Club or the Academic Decathlon. Better yet, aim for flags (snicker, snicker).

That last part about socioeconomic standing might sound sort of strange to anyone who has never been forced to grow up in Pleasanton or any suburban city/town like it. If you were in any way a Pleasantonian mi-

"Conversely, the school's 'slut,' ironically named Chastity, was not on the short list of potential rah-rahs."

nority — poor and/or nonwhite — chances are that you were not destined to be out there in a little skirt doing back flips and cartwheels and the splits and shit for the seventh- and eighth-grade basketball boys.

And to be perfectly frank, it seemed the *creme de la creme* of cheerleading material in junior high were the bitchiest girls on campus — the kind of girls who would make fun of the retarded kids, laugh at an unfashionable outfit, or turn their nose up at the kids who got dropped off in run-down cars. Not all did, but perhaps solid three-quarters or so.

Then we have high school, where the business of cheerleading becomes a very, very serious thing. No kidding around at tryouts. Competition is fierce for spots on the squad, because it will undoubtedly determine the rest of your whole life. Not making the cut can be a lifelong tragedy; many will sadly pat a disappointed hopeful's shoulder post-rejection like they lost a son or their favorite sweater or something, while the tryee cries in anguish.

One must really believe they want to be a cheerleader, because they will be taking on a huge social load as Cheerleader, as well as, granted, a lot of time and energy learning the cheers and the dances and so on. Maybe some spend more time perfecting the smile in the mirror after the football cap'n asks them out, adjusting their skirt length (again, in the mirror, or with the help of their female comrades-in-cheer) to as short as possible without a full crotch shot. Just a teaser for the adoring eyes of the student body that loves them.

Oh yeah, and those crotch shots! How women could possibly subject themselves to such things leads me forth to the following list of injustices that cheering can entail:

1. Bodily contortions that endanger life and limb, as well as require bending over and exposing some serious

derriere and maybe more to the entire school, which is watching exactly for that sort of exposure to laugh at, discuss, or possibly use for masturbatory fantasies — at least for a good half of the school's population.

2. Wearing a uniform to school. Maybe some girls get off on the power and instant respect that a cheerleader's outfit provides, but guess what, girls: They are damn ugly, especially those nude tight with socks. A fashion slaughter every game day.

3. The actual act of cheering at a game. According to a secret unnamed source who is also my roommate, cheerleaders do occasionally cheer at the women's games, but a cheerleader's inherent job is to perform for the boys. Sing, dance, shake their butts, jump up and down, run around, stand in position, come when called. Stand in the freezing cold or sauna-like gyms just waiting eagerly to cheer their athletic endeavors.

All I want to know is this: Why do this for the boys? Why not for women's sports, if the allegedly real reason for cheerleading is for school spirit? I know the tradition is to cheer the guys on, but ladies, we all know that many women are into sports.

Do you want to train yourself at such a tender and malleable age that your job is to look good and cheer men on? Yeah, I know the cheer devotees' arguments about working hard, the love of dance, devotion to school spirit, etc., etc., but the fact remains that the basic job description is to cheer the men to glory. Get the crowd involved with your spirit and good looks, sing silly songs and let the men be victorious. Have many ridicule you or regard you as a twirling idiot so that the guys feel supported.

One disclaimer to my brief list: I have never been, nor tried out for, cheerleading. I have never been to, nor plan to attend, a basketball game at UCSB. The UCSB cheerleaders might be the best athletes I've ever seen, and

"Sing, dance, shake their butts, jump up and down, run around, stand in position, come when called."

maybe they show up at women's games, too. Possibly they have eschewed skimpiness for practicality. Whatever. Like I said, it's not the person, but the mentality of cuteness, perkiness, and that craving for attention that makes me want to pull out large chunks of hair.

Maybe if we encouraged young girls to be the ones cheered for on the court and the field, less girls would strive to be performers for guys and look cute in short skirts and instead become players themselves; focus on the Academic Decathlon instead of how to say "rah" with the right inflection; or play some real sports. Cheerleaders of the world, unite! Throw off your polyester and don shin guards! Play in the mud and stop practicing splits! Go, team, go! Win one for yourself! Rah! (I'm sure a cheerleader could come up with a much more spirited unity song.)

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Campus Comment

Interviews by Jodie Stout
Photos by Alan Jacoby

Do you prefer boxers or briefs?



“
Boxers. They're more comfortable, less confining.”

Tom Boyd
senior
geography



“
I don't wear anything. It's for comfort, and I don't have many underwear.”

Ryan Yarbrough
senior
hydrology



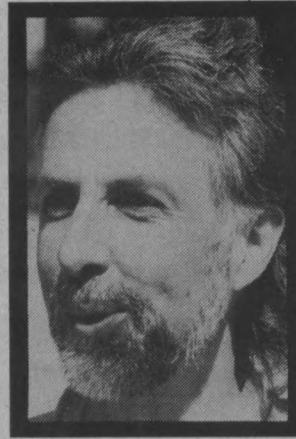
“
Boxers. ... Well, I guess it's 'cause it's functional. You can wear it in public and it's OK. You don't want to drop down to your tights whiteys, it's uncouth.”

David Crook
senior
environmental studies



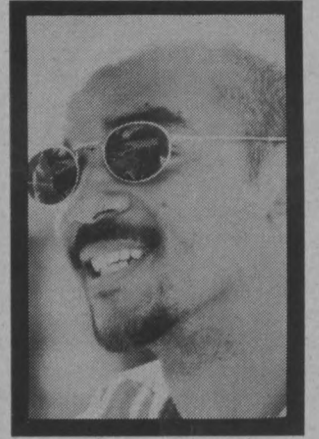
“
Briefs. Boxers are too free for me, I need some support.”

Keith Strohmaier
graduate student
biochemistry



“
Depends ... but that's not what I wear. It depends on what the occasion is.”

Craig Welsh
staff
Dramatic Art Dept.



“
Nothin', because it's so hot lately. It's burnin' up out here.”

Damon Packwood
junior
film studies

METAMORPHOSIS

Continued from p.1A
slie. Young gentlemen were especially appreciative. They assured Mrs. Hoover that had Leslie lived, they would have married her.

During Christmas Mrs. Hoover crowned Leslie's head with a wreath and hung tinsel from her ears, and she looked quite spirited. Head of Leslie also took a special

interest in football games. Mrs. Hoover made sure to aim the television her way. Things went quite smoothly after that.

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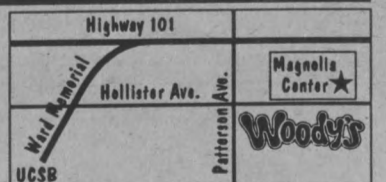
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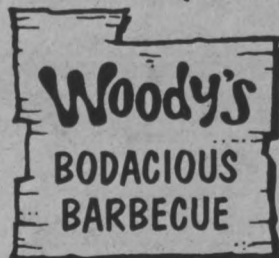
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