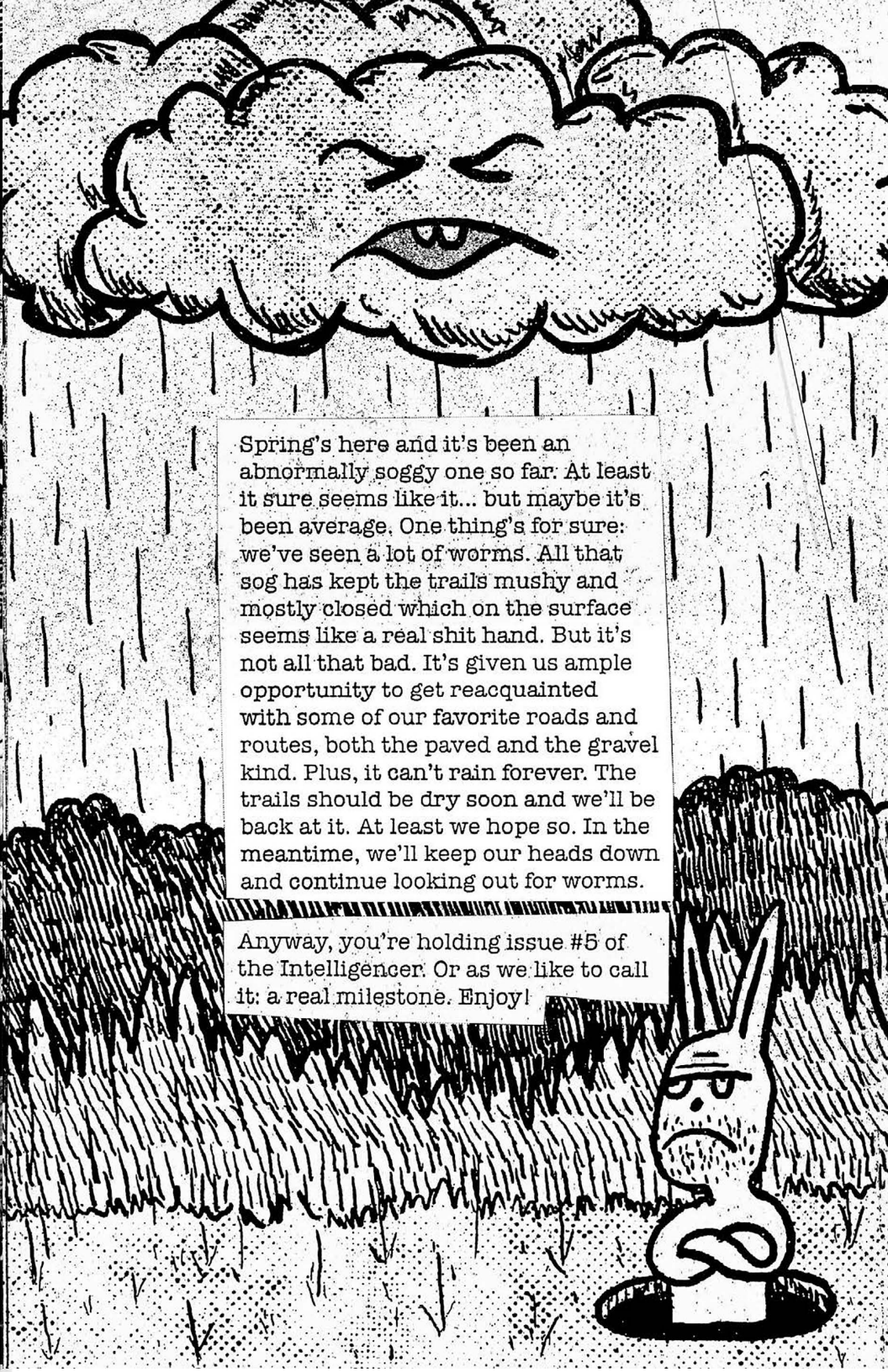


INTELLIGENCER

Quarterly Brain Nugs From Surly HQ

#5





Spring's here and it's been an abnormally soggy one so far. At least it sure seems like it... but maybe it's been average. One thing's for sure: we've seen a lot of worms. All that sog has kept the trails mushy and mostly closed which on the surface seems like a real shit hand. But it's not all that bad. It's given us ample opportunity to get reacquainted with some of our favorite roads and routes, both the paved and the gravel kind. Plus, it can't rain forever. The trails should be dry soon and we'll be back at it. At least we hope so. In the meantime, we'll keep our heads down and continue looking out for worms.

Anyway, you're holding issue #5 of the Intelligencer. Or as we like to call it: a real milestone. Enjoy!



January is a strange and special time here in Minneapolis. The holidays are over and you somehow managed to get through them without open-hand slapping your Uncle Marv for telling one too many of his "jokes". With that four dollar check from your nanna long gone, you can finally get back to ignoring your family and anticipating another Stupor Bowl.

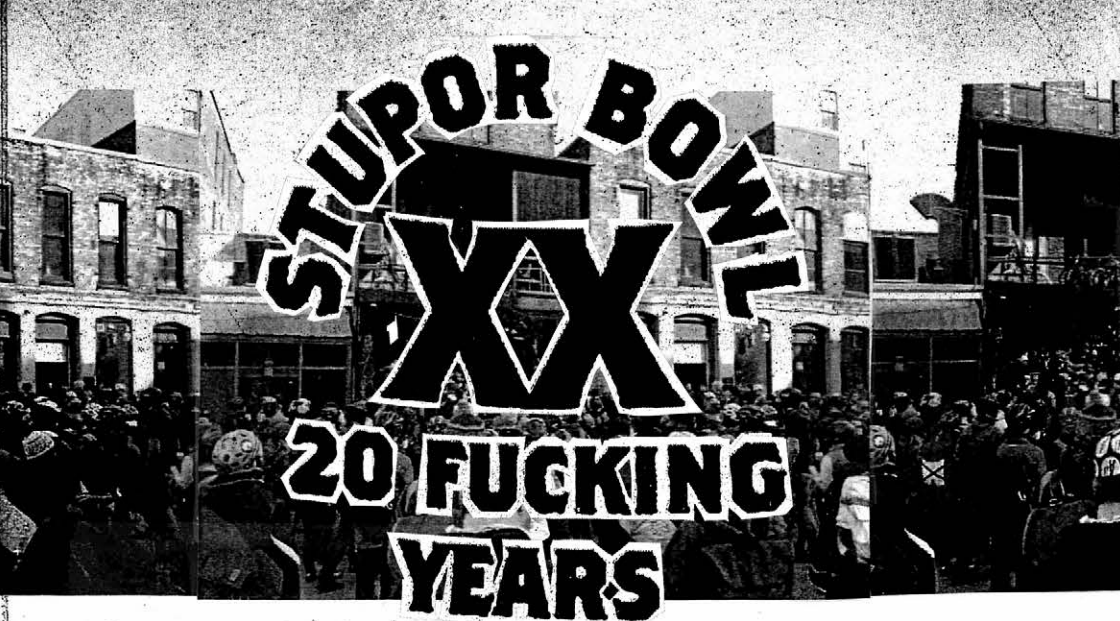
If you're not familiar with Stupor Bowl, it's about as Minnesotan as tator tot hot dish, frostbite, and uttering the phrase "well that's different" after taking that first disgusting bite of lutefisk. It's an annual alley cat race that occurs the Saturday before the Super Bowl and cares not for weather. Conditions have ranged from -25-degree air temps that'll freeze the vomit before it hits the sidewalk to 30+ degrees and sloppier than Manwich on a muffin. In addition to the standard speed race, there's also the stupor race which involves many Minnesotans' favorite winter time activity: heavy drinking.

This year's event held extra importance for many who showed up. Not only was this the twentieth running of Stupor Bowl, it was also only the second time in those twenty years that it was entirely organized by women. The way Tiana Johnson tells it, her and co-organizer Elena Alsides-Haynes were sitting around waiting for orders to come up at Taco Cat, where they satisfy the taco habits of many a Minneapolassanite by delivering tacos by bike.

"I think I wanna throw Stuporbowl. Women haven't done it in ten years. Fuck that, I wanna do it."

"You should definitely do it."

"I'm going to."



And so, they did. It turned out to be a hell of an event, too! The manifest had a reasonable ten stops for the stupor race and twelve for speed. While quite a departure from the two page, over thirty-mile Stupor Bowl manifests that have taken precedent throughout the last ten or so years, this more condensed race was way more inclusive for newer racers and brought back the spirit of the original intent of Stupor Bowl. In fact, friend of Surly and Stupor Bowl O.G. Tim G. said this year's manifest almost made him want to race it. Tim did all the first Stupor Bowls but eventually stopped racing because, and I'm quoting here: "they just got too fuckin' long. Once they added a second page, I was out."

Of course, this year's event wasn't without its dramas. In the men's stupor race, the first three racers showed up to the finish at the exact same time resulting in a hotly-contested three-way tie. As a tie breaker, a tall boy shotgunning competition was held. Low and behold, the results of the tie breaker were also steeped in hurt feelings and chest puffing. Ultimately, no winner was crowned at the after party but since Intelligencer is now considered by many to be a major media source, we've been given the privy information of who actually won. So congrats, Canadian Rob. You earned it, probably.

Despite the drama and machismo that briefly took center stage, this year's Stupor Bowl was extremely WTF-friendly and inclusive – something Tiana and Elena put in a lot of hours to ensure. The WTF podiums all went five deep and there were extra raffles and prizes for WTF racers.

In fact, they even got the WBMA to provide funding to send two WTF's to NACC this year – one working messenger and one non. Now, that's a lot of acronyms in one sentence but we're confident with the guiding light of Google, you'll probably be able to figure out what they all mean. Amidst the men's stupor drama, the winners of these two fantastic prizes were never announced at Stupor Bowl. So again, we here at the world's number one most prestigious source for news* have been given the honor of breaking the story.

Congratulations Sofia from Boston and Laura from Minneapolis.**

Surly and the Intelligencer would also like to extend a hearty bowl of congratulations to Elena and Tiana as well for putting together a damn fine event. Here's hoping we don't have to wait another ten years for a WTF-organized Stupor Bowl.

*Potentially not a true statement.

** Props to Laura Moreno for the Stupor Bowl flyer art.

1. Find an out-of-the-way place to hold the event; some place where you won't get hassled by "The Man."
2. Use Sharpies and paper plates to make race numbers and zip-tie those to handlebars.
3. Paper plates also make good way-finding signage/course markers.
4. Bring Duct Tape. You are going to need it for something. And beer; bring that, too.

BECOME A SURLY

SURLY

TODAY!

**JOIN
THE SEMI-OFFICAL
SURLY FRIEND CLUB!**

Send an email with the subject line
"I AM A SLUG" to derby@surlybikes.com
 and tell us why you want to join.
 Maybe we'll tell you about some cool stuff
 or send you some free...

Send an email with the subject line
"I AM A SLUG" to derby@surlybikes.com
 and tell us why you want to join.
 Maybe we'll tell you about some cool stuff
 or send you some free crap... eventually...
 if we feel like it. It's whatever.

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Aska Nerd

DROP OUT PRIMER

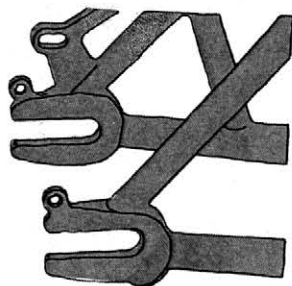
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SURLY
surlybikes.com

At Surly we make different bikes and frames; all intended for different purposes. They're all made of 4130 Chromoly steel (natch,) but the dropouts vary substantially. If you've spent time working on your Surly, or just stared at it longingly as you drift away into the night's sleep, you've noticed various details and nuance in those dropouts. The intent here is to talk through some of the features and illustrate some of the benefits they offer.

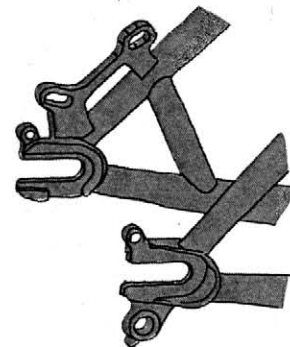
04-000003

The original - wall, an iteration of the original. Our first dropouts were branded Sub 11.0 back before Surly was Surly since there was a track bike vibe to them. Since then, we've made a few small updates. Its genesis was inspired by a Wright or Breezer style hooded dropout. That classic shape was taken and applied to a slotted track style dropout. Over its life we've dialed in the wall thicknesses as well as recently adding a threaded fender eyelet.



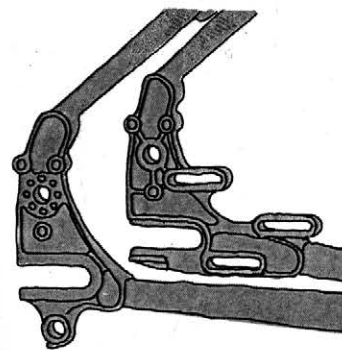
04-000628-01 & 04-000628-02

The hooded or Wright style dropouts first introduced on the Wednesday bike owes much of its core design language to the Karate Monkey's system. It features 12mm thru-axle compatibility, a slotted hub interface for 20mm of wheel adjustment or chain management, front or rear axle exiting abilities, and a standard hanger for derailleur mounting of all sorts. When paired with our 10/12 adaptor washer, they allow you to use a hub with a 10mm axle (QR or Bolt-on). It also has an M5 threaded eyelet for a fender use.



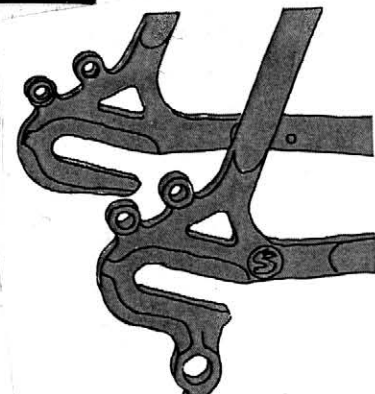
04-000621 & 04-000622

The Troll dropouts are a blend of all things utility. The brake is mounted inside the rear triangle on the chainstay. This allows for better rack and fender eyelets to be cast right into the body of the dropout. This means an increase in strength and durability. We've also included a dedicated mounting point for our excellent Bill and Ted trailers. A 30mm long slot allows for plenty of wheel position adjustment. And, a dedicated Rohloff mounting point is the whip cream in your sundae. Last year we made some additional updates to the Troll Dropout. We repositioned the eyelets to ease accessory mounting and added 12mm thru-axle compatibility. 10mm solid and quick-release axle hubs still work with our new 10/12 washers.



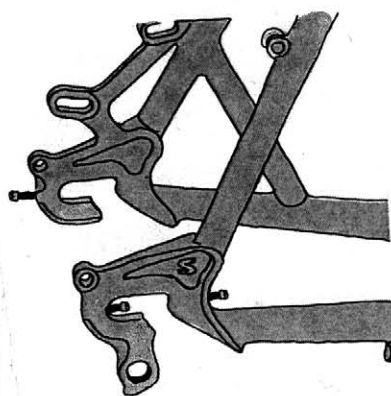
04-000062, 04-000063, 04-000064 & 04-000065

The Cross-Check's dropouts are based on a classic semi horizontal dropout offered by Italian bike companies through the ages. Our take on it has seen some improvements that allow generous clearance for modern drivetrains which have pushed chains further and further outboard and towards the dropout's inner faces. We position our stays on the dropouts in a way that gives plenty of clearance for different cassette options, in case you wanted to take advantage of something like a "junior cassette" from the big Japanese component manufacturer. Not everyone needs or wants an 11t (or 10t [or 9t]) cog. You'll also find double eyelets for racks and fenders, or fenders and racks if you prefer.



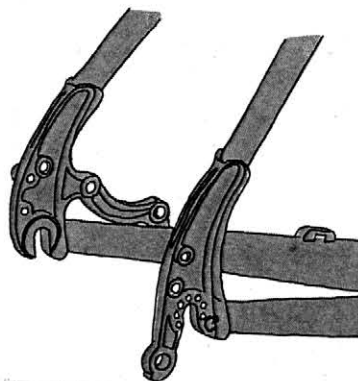
04-000433-DS & 04-000433-NDS

For the Straggler we really needed a disc brake dropout that would handle single speed wheel adjustability, fender mounting, and easy wheel removal – basically, a disc dropout that offered the function of the Cross Check's. We approached this with a forward exiting horizontal axle path. If you are running your Straggler geared and don't want or need the extra chain stay length, we recommend you dial the M4 adjuster screw on the non-drive-side dropout all the way forward (or "in.") That way the wheel only has one position. This makes wheel install and removal easier. If you are pushing a single speed Straggler (or an internally geared hub,) the drive side dropout has a similar M4 adjuster screw that can be dialed in from the front of the dropout. It's then used to tension your chain and dial in your wheel position.



04-000345 & 04-000346

Disc Trucker - our dedicated touring rig. The tall cast dropout moves the seat stays up and out of the way, allowing us to sneak the disc brake in-between the stays and out of the way of racks and fenders. The single position axle slot helps wheel removal and installation quite a bit when you are loaded up. And let's be honest, if the Disc Trucker is your thing you are going to be loaded up. This one also includes a dedicated Rohloff OEM mounting point in the dropout body.



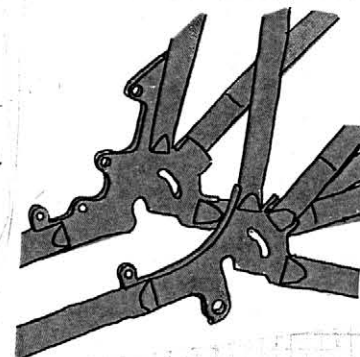
04-000387 & 04-000388*

The Trucker's dropouts are simple yet robust with no extra fuss about aesthetics. We've quietly updated them over the bike's history, too. Two eyelets per dropout give dedicated mounting points for racks and fenders. We've enveloped the eyelets more into the dropout body to better support loaded racks. It's got a single axle position for ease of wheel removal when you're carrying the whole touring deal.



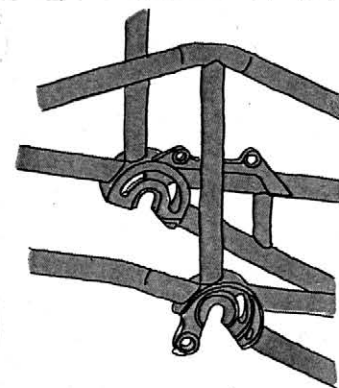
04-000502

The Big Dummy frame has requirements for its dropouts over and above what a normal frame asks for. As such, we crafted something special to account for all the tubes that have to connect there. Extra tube weld points. Fender eyelets. Derailleur hanger. Plus, a subtle Rohloff mount. Simple but effective. Single wheel position for ease of wheel removal once the bike is all bagged up.



04-000603

With the Big Fat Dummy we started with a blank slate across the whole platform, including the dropouts. These cast beauties have a lot of duties. Like the Big Dummy, many frame tubes meet at the dropout, and that helped inform its design. We wanted to maximize hub options also. Therefore, these feature a slotted 12mm axle path. This allows the BFD to work with 12x197mm hubs and 10x190mm in conjunction with our 10/12 washers. Like the Big Dummy, there's also a single wheel position for ease of wheel removal while bagged up. As a bonus, it's Shimano Shadow+ friendly.



04-000421-1 & 04-000421-2 : 04-000602 & 04-000815

Modular Dropout System, or MDS, is our take on a frame system wherein various chips bolt to the frame to change its compatibility. Initially we started with 3 versions: a standard 10mm vertical dropout with a derailleur hanger, a 10mm slotted stainless hanger for single speed use, and a 12mm thru-axle Shimano specific option. We have now added two more options. Chip the fourth is a 12mm thru-axle with a slotted axle path and a hanger. This allows wheel position adjustment and/or derailleur use. Chip #5 is a 10mm slotted chip with a hanger, offering similar function as our old Karate Monkey dropout.



SHOP CALL OUT

Oak City Cycling Project

Raleigh, NC

COMMUNITY STANDS

Your shop seems to be really good at giving a shit. Can you tell us a little about your philanthropic efforts?

This is something that we are told a lot, which is weird. I sort of feel like that giving a shit is what any small business, especially a bike shop should be doing. It really is second nature for us. Growing and supporting the community that supports us is something we feel very strong about. We work with several non-profits, cycling and non-cycling related, every year. We donate money and time to them. We offer used parts and bikes at an extremely low cost for those who may not have the means to afford newer, full priced items. Typically used parts cost \$5. And on top of that, we have a designated work area in the shop that for public use. Folks can come in and work on their own bikes, ask questions, learn a trick or two, and keep themselves rolling.

Tell us a little bit about OCCP

Oak City Cycling Project was born from the ashes of a phoenix and the tears of an eagle. We started in a back yard selling used bikes and fixing up bikes for neighbors. Six years later we are now in a garage, a very big garage, that is not very visible from the road and has no air conditioning. Our focus has always been culture and community. We're not your regular, slick retail space. We're a little more dirty and underground – the shop is literally underground. We carry bikes and gear that we love and ride ourselves. We are totally in love with the experiences we and our customers get from riding. We love riding in the South and our home state more than anything. Other places are cool and all, but nothing feels more like home than North Carolina.

It would appear that your shop is just one big group ride. That's pretty neat. Was that intentional from the start or did that just kind of coalesce over time? What types of rides does OCCP lead?

The shop is really personal thing for us. Thus, those who shop here become more than customers for us. They end up as riding partners, friends, and family. We host several rides and events. From mountain bike meetups to gravel rides, CX training to racing, cruiser rides to random, goofy themed rides around town, we ride a lot and invite people along to get weird with us.



High on Cotopaxi

by Paul Zeigle

Lungs burning and legs feeling like cement, I pushed the Krampus up the last steep section to the high mountain pass. We were on day three of a bikepacking trip around the iconic Cotopaxi volcano in Ecuador. The high elevation was pushing my body to the limit, but the spectacular views were well worth the suffering. My guide on this loop was Michael Dammer, who has been exploring these mountains his whole life. He and his family live and work on their farm in Pifo.

After I acclimated for a couple days on the farm, we headed out for Ticatilin to start our trip around Cotopaxi. We found a safe place to park the truck, and set out — Michael on a Pugsley, and I on a Krampus. We slowly traversed on many double-track roads, portaged our bikes over tall gates, and climbed toward Cotopaxi National Park. As the sun started to set, we scouted for a camp spot, settling on a flat area as darkness surrounded us.

The next morning, we started rolling early and decided to delay breakfast until later as we were low on water. Double-track and gravel roads meandered upward toward Cotopaxi National Park campground, where we planned to refuel with food and water. The cool morning temps were perfect for riding and it wasn't long before we worked up a craving for some hot breakfast. Michael brought along Guayusa, a local tea grown by the Kichwa people in the Amazon, and made a hot cereal with polenta, dried fruit, and dehydrated coconut milk. It made for the perfect base for the long day ahead.

The next section of our route brought us to the more remote side of the mountain where we left roads behind and entered much more diverse terrain. Sometimes, we would follow cattle trails and singletrack; other times, we'd ride across the open highland meadows called Paramos. The low, dense, and water-logged grasses made for soft and slow riding.

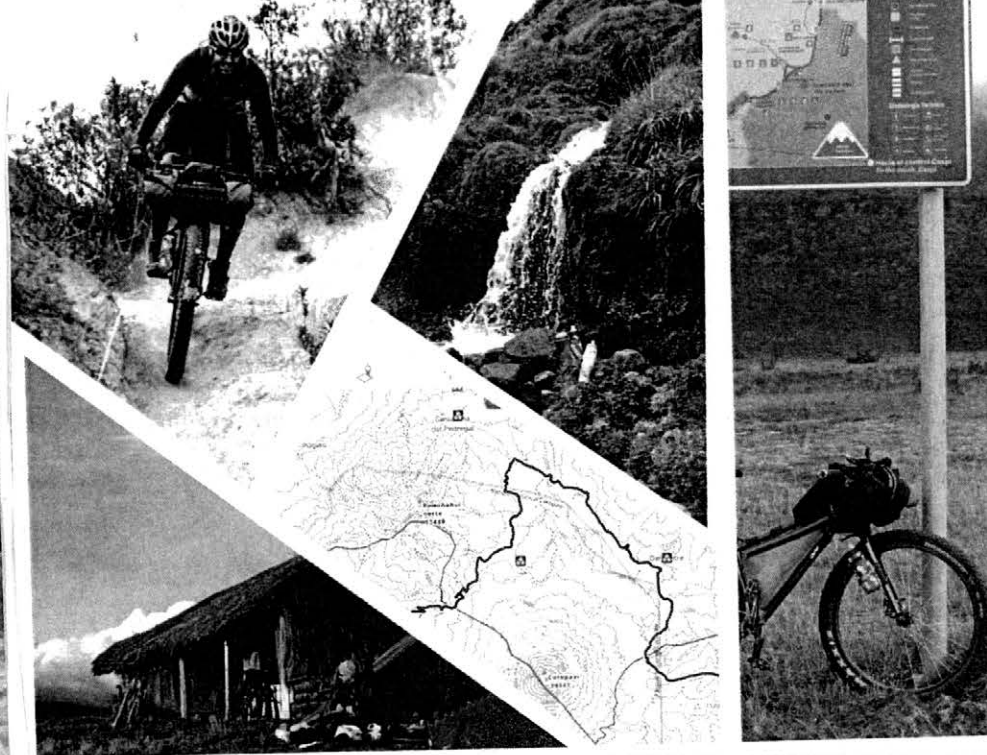
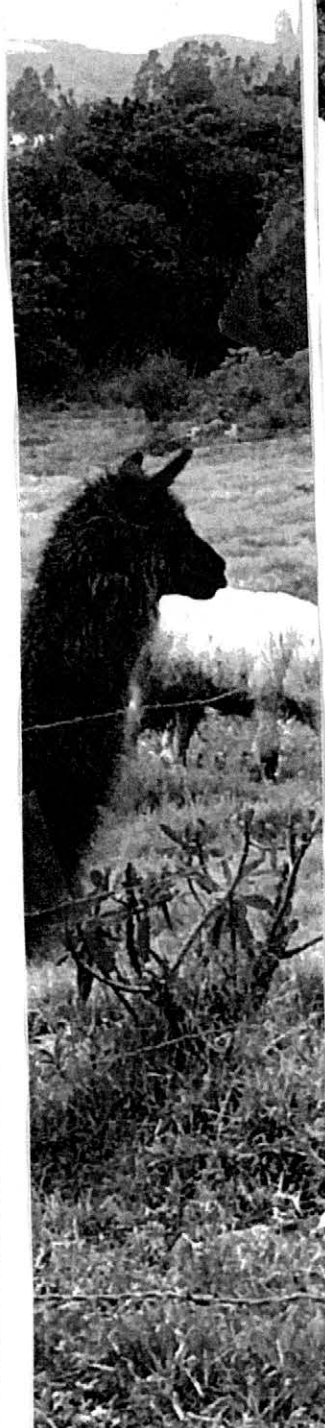
My only relief from the continued resistance on the diverse trails was the panoramic views that surrounded us. Ecuador is known for having some of the highest and most active volcanos in the world and we often had two or three snow-covered peaks in our sights as we traversed the mountain. Cotopaxi's full view was still elusive and seemed to grab and hold the clouds as they drifted by. We frequently spotted alpaca high above us



and even had an Andean wolf cross our path. The views helped me get through the physical challenges of riding the difficult terrain and the thin air. Michael was kind enough to offer breaks throughout the day when he noticed my smiles morph into grimaces. He brought along a fermented sugar cane elixir called Puñete del Inca (Punch of the Inca).

Our camp spot for the second night was near a traditional thatch farm house where Michael hoped we could resupply with water. After a long climb, we arrived with time to set up camp, eat, and relax before the sunset. The sky was clearing and Michael thought we might get a view of Cotopaxi the next day. The spot had epic vistas in all directions since we were near 4,000 meters. Three volcanos were within sight of camp including Quilindaña and Sincholagua. I was stoked we had decided to pack plenty of fresh food because it meant we ate well after such a long day of climbing. We snacked on dried sausage, a hard cheese, and a dense loaf of bread throughout the day. For an appetizer, we mixed tuna and avocado and spread it on bread. Then we made a soup with noodles, hot peppers, and fresh veggies from the farm. That night I didn't sleep due to the high altitude — Michael said the lack of oxygen can sometimes effect digestion. After tossing and turning for a few hours, I got out of the tent for some fresh air. My sleeplessness was rewarded with a cloudless star-filled sky, like none I'd ever experienced before. I laid down on the frosty ground and took mental pictures of the amazing views until shivers drove me back to my warm bag where I finally fell asleep.

The next morning, we woke to frost covering the inside of our tent. We welcomed the brisk morning with hot tea while we packed up for our last day of riding. As we rolled out from camp, the sky was clear and we knew we were finally going to get a view of Cotopaxi. Within an hour of riding the edge of the glacier, it started to appear as we climbed toward our highest pass at 4,200 meters. Slowly, the peak at 5,897 meters came into view and followed us all morning. I felt extremely fortunate to have finally seen the mountain on our last day. It kept me motivated as we pushed higher and I struggled for air.



Our loop took us near part of this year's Vuelta al Cotopaxi race course, so we decided to follow one of the new sections. The route brought us along a ridge that went through some farm houses and down a steep, technical singletrack with tight switchbacks. The loaded Krampus handled the descent with ease as we dropped down into a lush river valley. It was a relief to be descending more than climbing, as my body was feeling sluggish from the previous day's endless climbs.

After a half-naked cold river crossing to avoid wet gear, we continued up and down the river valley on our return to the truck. After three days of riding, we were covered in layers of sweat and fine volcanic dust, so we took our lunch break next to a mountain stream and enjoyed a brisk rinse. Our final stop was in the small village of Mulalo for a refreshing cold beer and some tires squeezes from local children who had just been let out of school for the day. The last stretch was a relaxing spin on dirt roads that brought us back to our starting location.

I went into this ride nervous about the altitude and climbing, and those nerves were warranted. I had a dull headache most of the time which forced me to keep the tempo slow. I rested at night, but didn't feel like I was ever in a deep recovery sleep. Overall, the experience exceeded all my expectations and I'm already trying to figure out how I can get back for a longer trip.

ARROWHEAD



**"Sometimes
Mother Nature
throws you a
pair of Aces and
you go all in."**

The weather and trail conditions at this year's Arrowhead Ultra were ideal and set the stage for new course records. Temps in the past have ranged from -35 degrees Fahrenheit to above freezing, both of which create their own challenges. At the start of this year's race, the mercury was in the mid-teens and fluctuated less than 10 degrees during the event. These conditions improved most riders' times and overall finish rates, including our own Pintz Guzld.

As in the past, he lined up at the start line and finished at the finish — cruising in at an overall time of 18 hours and 11 minutes. That's only a mere 11 hours faster than his previous best time and was good enough for 19th place. That's fast as hell but still a decent chunk of time spent on a fat bike. A decent chunk of time that requires a decent chunk of stuff.



CLOTHING

"My Clothing choices were like past years. The base layer consisted of Surly wool raglan top, Ibex wool shorts and Surly tall wool socks. I added a Patagonia R1 fleece for my insulation layer and a Patagonia breathable shell for my outer layer. This system was a little warmer than I needed, but keep me dry from the light snow that fell during most of the race. Craft storm tights and Vasque Lost 40 winter boots covered my legs and feet. I wore 45NORTH Sturmfiist 4 finger gloves at the start and packed a 2nd pair of Toko Arctic gloves in my seat bag as a backup. I also packed an extra pair of wool socks, a wind vest and a down vest in case I had any extended stops. This set up worked great for the conditions and I only changed gloves a couple times due to temperature fluctuations.

BIKE

"The weather in northern Minnesota is unpredictable and can change quickly. I usually lean toward having a bike that can handle all conditions rather than hoping for ideal conditions. The obvious bike choice was the Ice Cream Truck. The forecast called for three to five inches of snow so I opted for wide and aggressive tires (Bud and Lou). My friend Ben Witt lent me a set of wheels with DT hubs and #9 whiskey 100mm rims. The Bud and Lou tires set up easily tubeless. Drivetrain consisted of GX 1x 11 paired with Surly OD crank and Surly stainless narrow wide 28t chainring. One Paul Klamper on the rear wheel was all I needed for brakes.



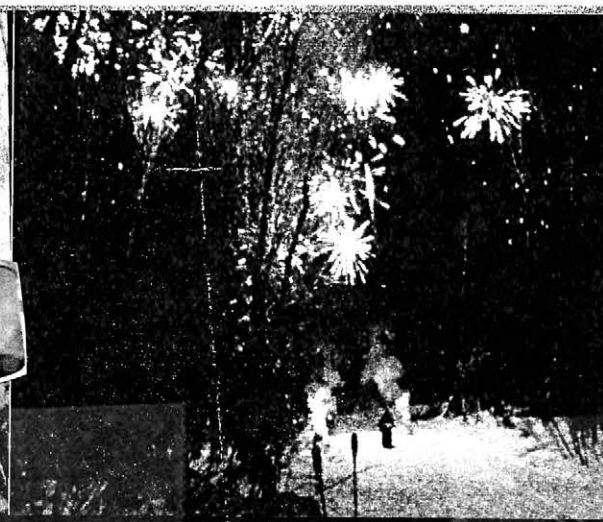
GEAR

"The required gear list is extensive. My stove, fuel, pot and bivouac were packed in my Revelate seat bag. Emergency calories (jar of peanut butter), bikes tools, spare tube and headlight were loaded into the bottom of my Surly frame bag. I packed my race food in a Mustache feed bag, frame bag and my jacket pockets. Two loop style junk straps were used to secure my -25-degree F sleeping bag to the underside of the Moloko bars. My insulated sleeping pad was attached to the top of my seat bag with two junk straps looped over the top of each end. This was my leanest and most secure setup I have used at the AH and it worked flawlessly. The Moloko bars allowed me to go rackless and still maintain multiple hand positions. I carried two 1 liter bottles of water with insulated covers. One mounted on the fork blade with a Salsa. Anything cage and the other to my stem and bar using an Outdoor Research insulated bottle cover that I modified with webbing and velcro straps. This setup allowed me to keep my refuel breaks short. Extra gear for emergencies included. Pocket knife, zip ties, duct tape, bandana, neck gator, IBs, Dermatone and toilet paper.



FOOD

"Two peanut butter, honey and bacon sandwiches, two salami and Swiss cheese sandwiches, 2 packs of cherry cola Honey Stinger chews, two bags of trail mix(chocolate/almonds/cashews and almonds/dried fruit), chopped bacon, bag of crushed pretzels and Frito corn chips, beef jerky, Nutter Butter and Pecan (Nick) Sande cookies and some fruit leathers. For liquids, I filled one of my liter bottles with warm water and the other with diluted energy drink."

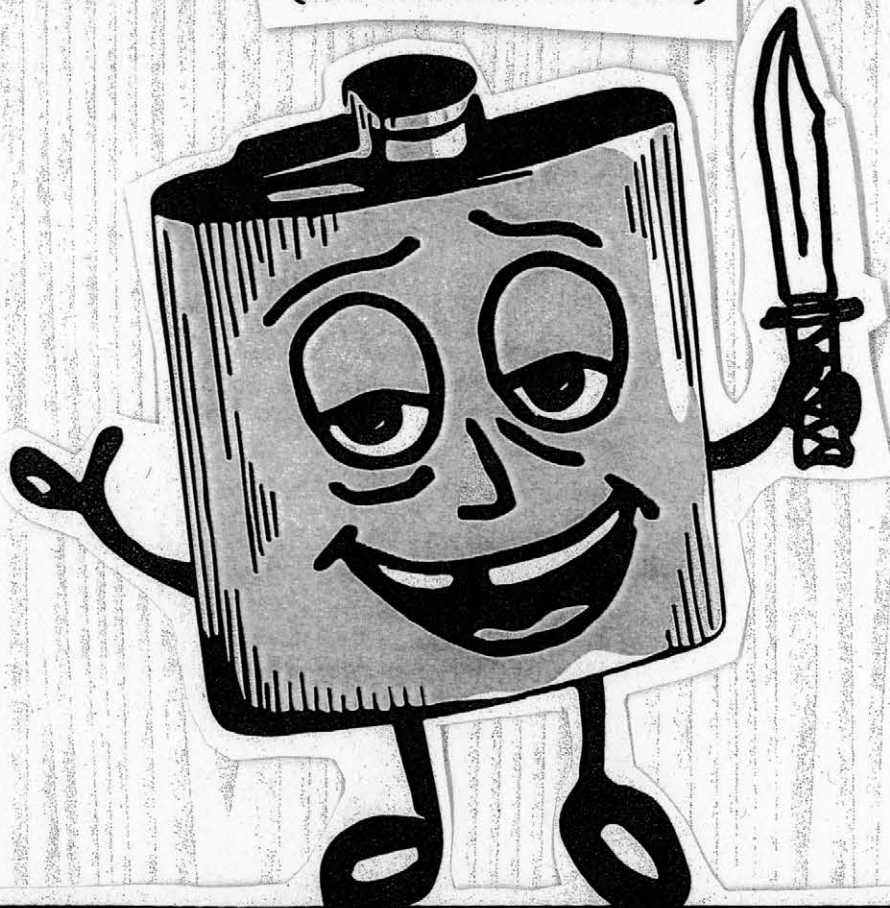


- PINTZ
GUZLD



FLASKY

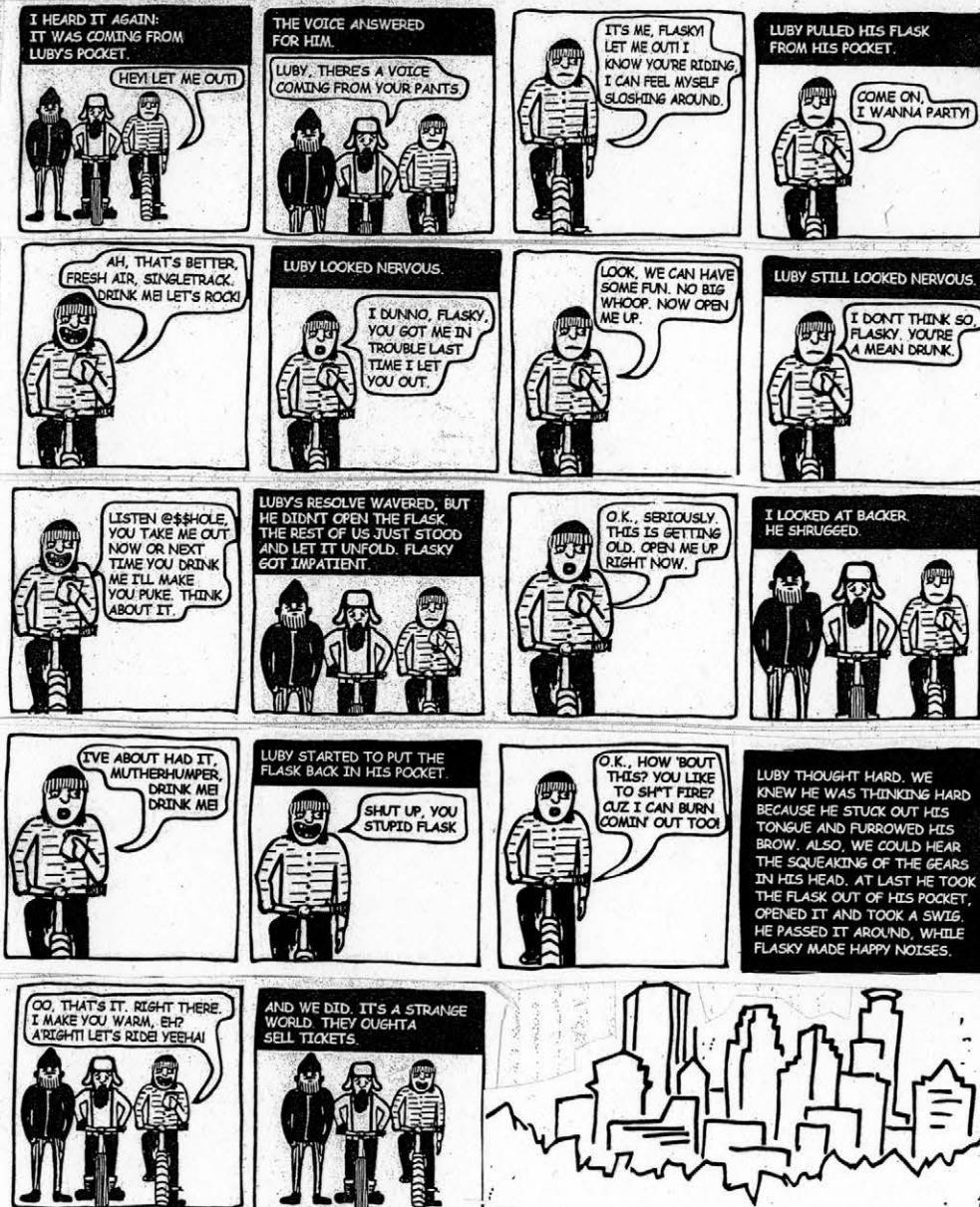
The Little Container with a Big Heart
(and a sometimes a knife)



Sure, some people call him "a figment of our imaginations" or "not at all real," but everyone here at Surly HQ knows that Flasky has our backs. And, while he may be a threatening enabler, he's our threatening enabler. We wouldn't want it any other way.

The following appeared long ago in a blog post, now lost in the vastness of zeros and ones known today as the internet.

I WAS OUT RIDING TRAILS ON SATURDAY WITH A FEW FOLKS. COLD? NOT FOR MINNESOTA. SNOW? SURE, BUT THE TRAILS WERE IN GREAT SHAPE, LIKE WHEN IT'S DIRT, BUT WITH OCCASIONAL ICE UNDERNEATH TO MAKE IT EXCITING. IN FACT, THE SNOW PACK FILLED IN SOME PITTED SECTIONS, MAKING IT SMOOTHER THAN USUAL. AT ONE POINT, STOPPED BETWEEN LAPS, I HEARD A VOICE I HAD NOT BEFORE AND STARTED LOOKING AROUND TO SEE WHERE IT WAS COMING FROM. NO ONE ELSE WAS THERE BESIDES US.



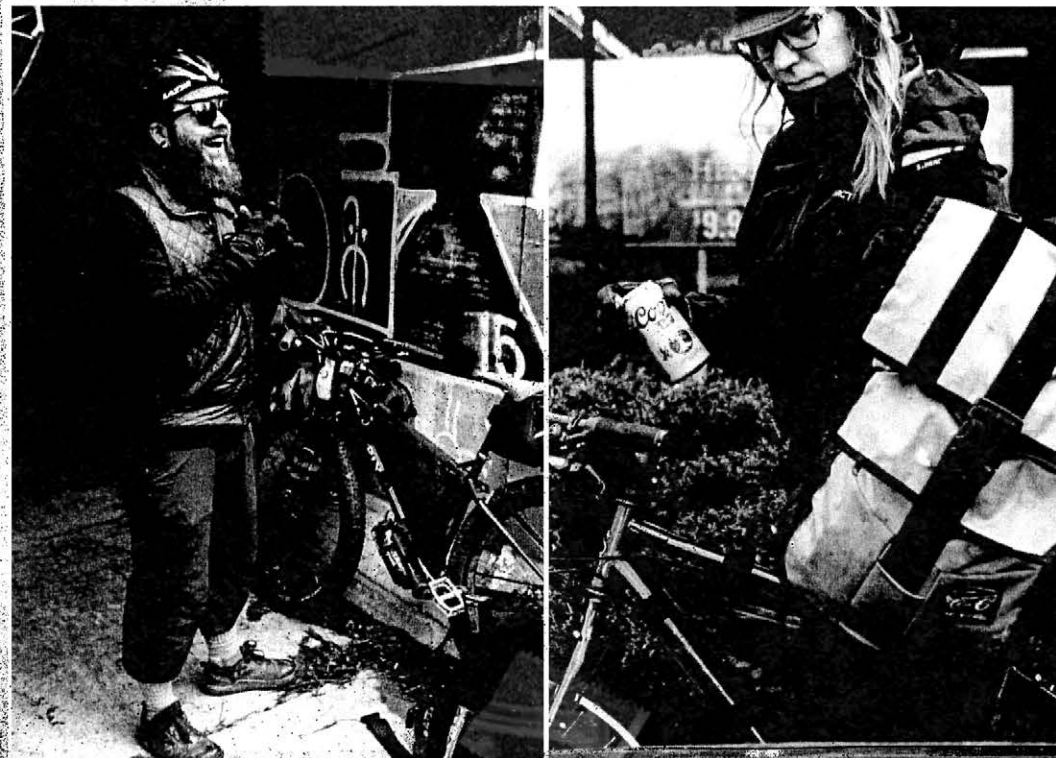
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"You've each got a five spot to spend for dinner. Prizes will be awarded for taste, nutritional value, and creativity. You probably won't want the prizes."

That was the challenge put forth by Zeigle as we all gathered outside the grocery stop on our annual spring campout. This year's happened to fall on April 20 so it was only fitting to have a food-based challenge. We were still a ways from camp and there was bound to be a couple more beer stops so the less perishable items, the better. After dispersing handfuls of Lincolns, we all descended upon the store – the canned food aisle being the first destination for most. Alliances were quickly formed as Zeigle said we could combine our funds if we really wanted to pull off some Iron Chef-level cuisine. He also informed us that condiment packets were free spaces if we could find them.

Back at the bikes, it was very apparent that there were some serious camp gourmets among this group and competition would be stiff. While some were eager to let others in on their culinary plan, others remained tight-lipped. We filled every remaining nook and cranny of our gear with our dinner supplies and set off once again.

There were twelve of us in total, all riding fairly varied set-ups. Stragglers and Ogres were the more common choices but we also had an ECR, a Krampus, a LHT, and Big Dummy towing a canoe. We'd set off from HQ at around one o'clock that afternoon and pointed ourselves towards a favorite camp spot about 25 miles away. For a lot of you out there, that may seem like an hour and half ride but what's the rush? Once we factored in beer, grocery, and mechanical stops, we had about six hours between us and the fire. We even threw in a Frisbee stop for good measure.





By the time we made it to camp, everyone was feeling the hunger and made quick, silent work of setting up their night's sleeping quarters. The fire was built and the gauntlet began. Ben started us off right with his deep fried cheese curds from scratch. These melty little pillows were an early favorite and somehow only set Ben back a couple bucks so he ended up making money off of them. Next up was Skoglund's Scotch egg. Yup, you read that correctly: He made a fucking Scotch egg from scratch with a camp stove and it was goddamn delicious.

The next hour or so saw us cram various takes on tacos, Jandora's fancy ramen complete with a

poached egg and grilled spam, and Domeier's tuna ceviche down our throats. Everything was fine and all but nothing could prepare us for the sub-\$5 magic that Kippley was working up. She kept her entry fairly secretive... first tossing a couple tin foil packets of something onto the fire before eventually turning her attention to the can of Hormel's finest white chicken chili she'd procured.

When it was time for assembly, she opened the tin foil packets to reveal glistening, formerly frozen French fries. She then took the fire-warmed chicken chili and evenly distributed it betwixt them. Now, this is already some fine camp cuisine but then came the secret weapon: the free



Parmesan cheese packets she scored from the grocery store deli. That mixed with a few dashes of hot sauce kicked these chili cheese fries up a few notches. Kippley's dish was the clear winner of the evening and she got her pick of the remaining prizes.

Oh yeah, those prizes that Zeigle said we probably wouldn't want ended up being airplane bottles of shitty booze. Up for grabs were Southern Comfort, Havana Club, Bacardi, and some others that have been blocked from memory.

After all the food and libations were gone and the fire began to wane, it was time to call it. The next morning went about as well as you think it did.

CHILI CHEESE FRIES

- 1 Bag Frozen French Fries.....\$2.23
- 1 Can of White Chicken Chili\$2.29
- 3-5 Hot sauce and Parm. Cheese
(from the salad bar)\$0.00
- 2 Tbsp Canola oil (free contest supply)

Total \$4.52

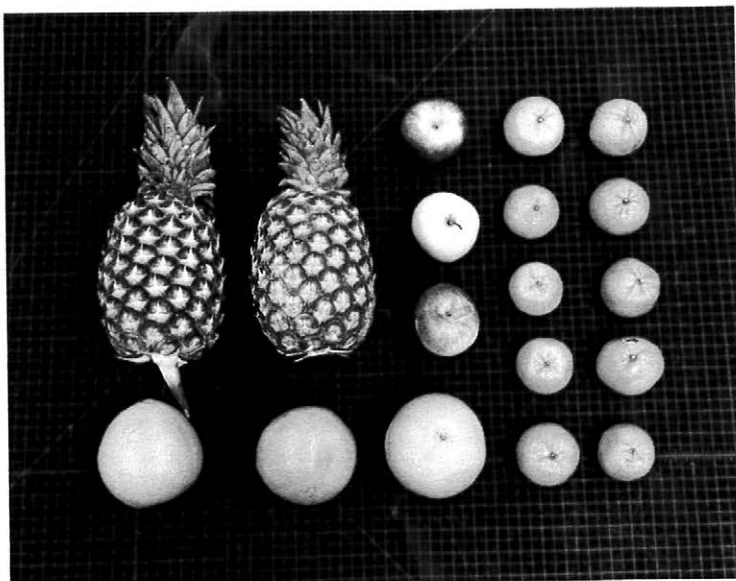
This recipe feeds 2-3
"well hydrated" individuals.

X _____

THANK YOU! COME AGAIN!

WHAT FITS

PETITE PORTEUR HOUSE



2 PINEAPPLES
3 GRAPEFRUITS
3 APPLES
10 CLEMENTINE

I ALSO FIT A BAG OF M&M'S, BUT I ATE THEM
BEFORE THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN.

No Wonder
We Sell
So Many!

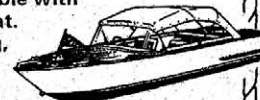
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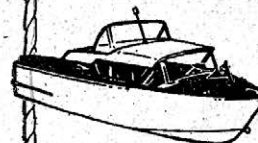
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BECOME AN EXPERT

MIXTAPE V

1. **Double Dagger**
Bored Meeting
2. **Ministry**
Over the Shoulder
3. **Dave Matthews Band**
Song That Jane Likes
4. **TV on the Radio**
Winter
5. **Pelican**
March to the Sea
6. **Mizmor**
ii. A Semblance Waning
7. **Magic Circle**
Journey Blind
8. **Townes Van Zandt**
Ain't Leavin' Your Love
9. **Steve Earle and
The Del McCory Band**
Harlan Man
10. **Rolling Stones**
Everybody Knows About
My Good Thing
11. **Sumac**
Image Control (II)
12. **The Mars Volta**
Roulette Dares
13. **DJ Shadow feat.
Run The Jewels**
Nobody Speak
14. **Etherwood**
Unfolding
15. **Iggy Pop**
Search & Destroy
16. **Black Lips**
Raw Meat
17. **Wood & Wire**
Dancin' on My Grave
18. **Luther Allison**
Raggedy and Dirty
20. **Motörhead**
Limb From Limb
18. **Woodbox Gang**
665

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