



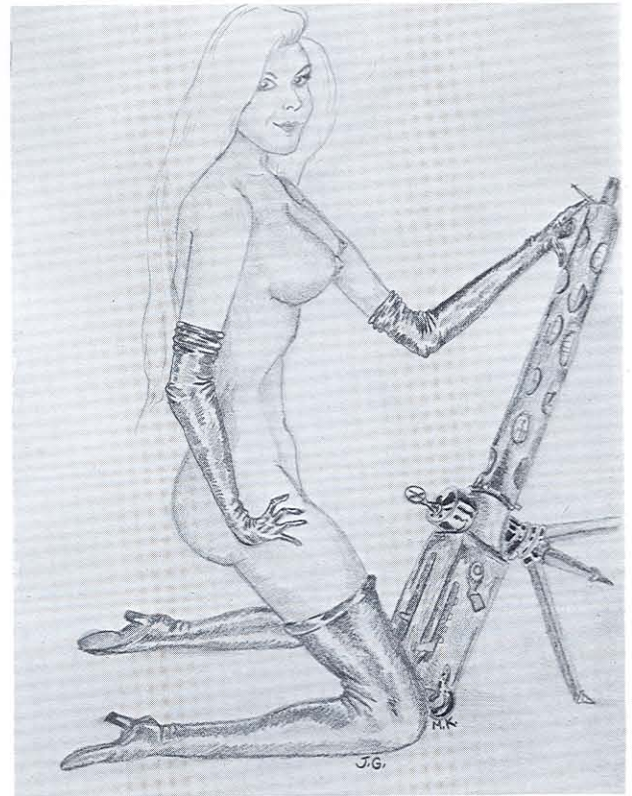
**BLOND**



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"Want your socks blown off, Mister?"



"Sorry, I'm not standing up 'till he leaves . . ."

Copyright May 1973. For anyone who's interested, NON is not a real magazine, but is actually compiled of dropped lines from the Daily Dartmouth. Any similarity between names mentioned in this issue of the Jacko and real persons, living, deceased or otherwise, is only due to our lack of imagination.



# OPENERS

A special round of congratulations are in order for Mariano Robles, 45, a laborer from Madrid, and Spain's newly named Father Of the Year. Apparently Mariano is not the only laborer in the Robles family as there are nineteen children living at home. *Non!* salutes Mr. Robles for the fine show he has made in gathering this laurel but wonders about the nineteen children. Granted, children are the grudging product of any marriage, and we are assured that a man so highly esteemed as Mr. Robles has taken the poor waifs in off the street. At least, he seems to have no idea where they came from.

\* \* \*

All the news that's fit: Readers of the college daily newspaper at Dartmouth, cleverly known as "The Dartmouth," must have been gratified to read the following in their morning news:

"A homesick pig walked more than 40 miles to the farm of its former owner, it was reported today. The pig had been sold the day before."

It is heartening to know that the youth of America are being kept up-to-date with the crucial events in the world.

\* \* \*

Discretion has apparently won out in a decision to prompt the Second Coming. Reports from a Santo Domingo luxury hotel indicate that a young man named Tamao was removed from his cross after 20 hours on doctors' recommendations. One of his feet was getting infected.

While it is possible to get an eventual pay-off on something after which you strive, there is a certain stick-to-it-iveness required. This was determined recently at a bank by a young man in Buffalo, N.Y. Accounts from the police records demonstrate just this point:

"Just last Friday a hold-up was thwarted in the bank by a persistent teller—who had been held up before—and the conversation went like this:

"I've got a gun. Hand over the money."

"Show me the gun."

"I can't. Other people in the bank would see it."

"Well, then, give me a note."

"Give me a piece of paper."

"The teller handed him a piece of paper. While he was writing, another teller leaned over and asked what was going on. At that point, the rattled gunman threw up his hands and said, 'Oh, the hell with it.'"

\* \* \*

There are apparently some strange goings on in Newport, Rhode Island. One story in the New York Times, documenting this, said, "Leo, which is what his men called him, can still scramble up a pole or splice a line when the occasion demands. His father taught him."

But the story doesn't end here, as the Times' story goes on to show, offering further proof of paternal concern: "Here in Newport, meanwhile, Leo shows no interest in selling. His son—also named Leo and now in the Air Force—knows how to climb a pole too, and may someday want to take over."

The Nation's Capitol has consistently amazed the rest of the country with the unusual activities that for some reason seem to persist there. While most of these occurrences are usually limited to the activity of the Federal Government, the city at large is sometimes infected.

A city resident has been admitted to a Washington hospital with second degree burns inflicted upon him in the course of an attempted burglary. As the Washington Post recorded the incident, the man "reported he was asleep in his apartment when a woman dumped a bowl of spaghetti on him."

"There have been no arrests, but the police said the suspect was 5 feet 7, weighed 130 pounds, and has a scarred face."

\* \* \*

The following was seen in one of those columns where readers can write in with their problems and receive some guidance. We have filed this in our Tough *Non*-Question Department:

"Q.—I am 13. My mother drinks. My father is a junkie. My stepfather knows we are in trouble but he is confused and does nothing about it, or anything.

"My mother threatens to kill me. She doesn't answer me when I ask her a question. I need a doctor, but we have no money for one, or for medication. A girlfriend and I are planning to run away. S/13, Female and Discouraged in Washington, D.C."

*Non!* answers: Dear 13, running away never solved anything. We note in your letter a particular failure to communicate with your parents. Perhaps this might be overcome if you reach out to them. Try to interest yourself in their hobbies. When accomplished tastefully we have found this an excellent device for coping with the apparent disparity of the generations.

# REVUE

## \*\*\*\*\*Non Movie Reviews\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* - *stupendous*  
\*\*\*\*\* - *not bad*  
\*\*\* - *fair to middlin'*  
&+&+%!tm@! - *obscene*  
???????????? - *ambiguous*

"Rings on Her Fingers" \*\*1/4  
*Starring—Dave Bing, Spring Byington, Melvin Laird, Laird Creger, and Aga Khan*

This gay enervating comedy which is set in New Rochelle, filmed in Toronto, and opening in Albuquerque is a must for all movie goers over 75. Despite the fact that this film was originally released in 1942 (this version is a remake with new "relevant" parts spliced in) the story remains touching and the acting is of course superb.

We particularly like the hip dialogue between Ralphie (Dave Bing) and Mrs. Rocksoff (Spring Byington) in the now famous "foot-powder" scene. Spring of course finds the young Negro in her backyard shooting baskets at the hoop formerly used by her late son Skip, who was killed in the Boar War.

Director Reginald von Freen makes fine use of his symbols which are meaningful yet subtle and obtuse. In one memorable scene the Aga Khan and Rudy Larusso almost come to blows in a synagogue after the wedding of Rudy's half sister. The camera reveals ever so slightly the shot of a rabbi and a catholic priest standing idly by in the wings. This is indeed quality cinema in the making. You won't want to mis it!!!!

"Serious Illness in Venice" \*\*&+&+%??  
*Starring—Kay Medford, Cybil Shepard, Marcello Mastroianni, Marcel Marceau, and Thurmon Munsen*

This international cavalcade of stars literally waltzes across the screen in 3-D splendor. The plot, as can be expected in these artsy-craftsy type of films is weak but o-joy, o-joy, the acting is superb. Thurmon Munsen sheds his catching equipment long enough to turn in an incredible portrayal of Antonio, the carpet salesman.

My 3-D glasses fogged up during the passionate love scene done in pantomime between Marcel Marceau and Cybil Shepard (Bernadette) and my specs were shattered to pieces when Kay Medford (Alphonse) hit her high note in the climactic attempted murder

scene in the swank Venetian night club. Tony Francioso makes a cameo appearance as Rigatoni, the smiling gondoleer, and he also supplies the surprise by contracting a serious illness after drinking thirstily from the Grand Canal, after being told not to by his parish priest, Father Venuti (Gale Gordon).

In sum it must be said that no single influence caused the prevalence of the Euphistic figures in the 16th century Elizebethan Art Gallerys.

"The Kanadian Konnection" \*\*\*\*\*  
\$\$\$vrs. ccccc

*Starring—Pierre Trudeau, Edgar Rowe Snow, Ed Chamberlain, Lon Nol, Prince Sihanouk, and Elgin Baylor*

Hockey fans will love this one as Can Am border guards search for a group of 15 Kanadian hockey players who were illegally smuggled across the border to a small Northern New England liberal arts institution. Ed Chamberlain (Mr. Haupt) turns in a convincing performance as the tough admissions officer who appears to work in cooperation with the guards in their search for the athletes but in the end turns out to be a double agent, aiding and abetting the hockey coach (Dabs Greer).

The exciting chase scene with Elgin Baylor on a motor bike, going after Prince Sihanouk, who is riding a llama, through the icy streets of Hanover is the best of its kind in the annals of cinematic history.

NOTE: Because Canada raised such a stink about being stereotyped as a country of ice, cold, hockey, and winter sports in general, all references to the Dominion have been deleted in the movie. Example—Canada is pronounced Kanada in the film. Canadian is pronounced Kanadian, etc. . . .

## \*\*\*\*\*Non Record Reviews\*\*\*\*\*

"I Walked Across the Mersey"  
*Artist—John Lennon*

John Lennon is an enigma. Ever since "Meet the Beatles" became such a hit, he has practiced such strange things as weirdo Eastern religions, transcendental running-around-nude, and generally acting like a freak. I think success went to his head. But despair not Lennon fans—"Johnny" is back as we liked him in those more basic, innocent days of 1963, with a relevant message for us all.

His latest album, "I Walked Across the Mersey" is a gem. In the title song, Lennon cuts all the bullshit about being a reincarnation of Christ, and in an ecologically inspired message he tells us how he was able to walk across Liverpool's Mersey River one morning, not because he was spiritually inspired or because he was stoned, but because of the pollution—heavy!

In "On a Clear Day, You Can See Your Shoetops" Lennon continues to batter away at modern civilization in a song loaded with an ecological demand for clear air—can you dig it? Lennon comes across as the simple, lonely Joe Citizen who really gives a damn about the terrible conditions in the world around him. The fact that he can see his shoetops reminds us that this former shaggy-haired meditative individualist guru has traded in his sandals for more conventional garb and he looks like he is fully prepared to rejoin the human race.

The big hit with teeny boppers should be "I Exchanged My Yoko for a Kawasaki" a song which not only takes a few pot shots at John's oriental wife, but takes a serious look at corruptive big business as we know it.

In all this delightful album contains 38 toe-tapping tunes in a one record set, and it should prove that the real Beatle fan never dies; he just goes underground until crap such as this appears on the market.

"Beethoven for Bucolics"

*Reprise \$1.99*

*Spuvoni Manikovenzwicz—Conductor with the Boise (Idaho) Philharmonic*

Spuvoni Manikovenzwica's latest offering should positively thrill Beethoven devotees. This brash, young composer-conductor interprets the man he loves the most in this album with the world renowned Boise Philharmonic. "Manny" leads his charges through some of the most inspired Beethoven since the master conducted himself.

Even though Manikovenzwicz does have to improve a bit with his somewhat, shall we say, unpolished musicians (in some cases washboards and kazoos are substituted for some of the more conventional instruments) this listener has never heard a more imaginative rendering of the ninth symphony (in c minus) which was recorded live at the Boise Potato Palace and which received numerous "huzzas" from the natives at the time.



# LUST STORY

What can I say?

She was beautiful. And brilliant. That she loved The Who and the Rolling Stones and Gordon Lightfoot. And Mantovani. And me. Once when she specifically lumped me in with all those musical types, I asked her what the order was. She changed the subject. I never asked again. I didn't get into Dartmouth for nothing, you know.

Junior year I got out of the habit of studying. Not that I had studied for two years before, but a nine-week punt deserves some recognition. (Actually my sophomore slump lasted through three years, but that's another story.)

I sauntered into Pearsons Hall at Holyoke on a Wednesday night before Princeton weekend. Homecoming weekend was coming up in three days, and I still didn't have a date, an endemic Dartmouth disease. Besides, I couldn't play in the Sigma Nu poker game until my father sent me another check, so what else was there to do? I ambled over to two girls conversing by the stairwell, as unconcerned as six cans of Schlitz would allow me to walk, and attacked.

"Where's the men's room?"

"Down that corridor, second door on the right. It says 'Men' on it, if you can still see to read." She either smiled or sneered at me, but the pressures of the moment prevented me from sticking around to determine which.

After regrouping my forces, I returned to the quest. There were two different girls talking by the same stairwell (Or maybe the same ones. Or maybe it was a different stairwell.), one a tall, voluptuous blonde with that 'can-you-make-it-seven-times-a-night' look on her face, the other a small, bespeckled mouse-type. I opted for the beautiful blonde.

"What's happening around here on a Wednesday night?"

She tossed a sneer in my direction.

"What are you doing down here, jock?" she asked.

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

"Just because you dumb jocks don't want to study, you think that we have nothing better to do than to cater to your whims and entertain your perverted fancies."

Christ, a superior-being type! The kind of chick that thinks that because a Dartmouth guy is down at Holyoke on a Wednesday night, he must be desperate, or a loser, or both. I usually tell these types to fuck off, but I was desperate.

"Listen, what's so fucking sacred about a Wednesday night?"

"Wouldja cool the profanity, jock?"

"What makes you so sure I'm a jock?"

"You reek of old sweat and beer."

Beer maybe, but old sweat? I wasn't that desperate. I opted for Minnie Four-Eyes. Like I said, I didn't get into Dartmouth for nothing.

The blonde bitch made it easy for me. She left, leaving her friend to my tender mercies. I tried to come up with the classic opening line, but just then all the beer within me rose to the occasion, and I was forced to fight it back.

She watched my distress, and smiled at me (Shit! Were all Yokers such bitches?). I glared at her, after the fit had passed.

"Would you like to get some coffee?" she asked.

Let me explain why I took her for coffee. After my abortive conversation with Miss Prick-Tease 1972, I needed something quiet, sedate, and basically innocent to throw my new prey off the track. And then, there was something about six cans of Schlitz.

We went to the Dunkin' Donuts in South Hadley, where I ordered six cups of coffee—one for her. The prudent man never buys without seeing the merchandise, and I had prided myself on making it through three years without ever being stuck with a blind date. How would things look



### NON'S Prude Panel Interview

*A candid conversation on the exultation of abstinence*

Where does your daughter spend her nights? At home watching T.V.? At the movies? At the neighborhood soda shop, where acne-encrusted neophyte perverts gouge a long furrow between their booth and the jukebox, all on the pretense of wanting to play some "tunes" — when what they really want to do is leer longingly at the jutting swell of her pert breasts as they strain against the confining strands of her skin-tight cheerleader's sweater, and languish for the day when they can wrap their . . .

Hopefully you've already set soda shops out of bounds for your daughter, but what do you allow for her entertainment, once she's made all her own clothes? What can she see, with the movie industry today glutted with perversion and filth and the television industry shamelessly flaunting mixed marriages and double beds? Where can your beloved innocent learn the virtue and joy of complete abstinence from (shudder!) the sex that seemingly surrounds us all?

NON has taken heed of this crucial dilemma, and — rather than merely tell you ourselves — has gathered together an expert panel of anti-sexual authorities who have spent their collective lifetimes keeping sex away from them and their loved ones. The answers the panel (Buddy Ebsen, Art Fleming, Tim Conway, Marcel Marceau, Howard Cosell, Ferrante and Teisher, Sam Yorty, Billy Graham, Gentle Ben, and Mary Tyler Moore) gives here should be a blessed assistance to anyone who worries about the moral character of our rapidly-sinking nation, and the effect this disastrous deterioration will have upon persons close to them.

Incidentally, if you're such a good prude, what are you doing with a daughter?

**NON:** How many times would you say you've avoided sexual intercourse in the past twenty-four hours?

**Cosell:** Endlessly!

**Conway:** At least forty-seven — forty-eight if you count the kleig light attendant who winked at me.

**Ebsen:** I think I can speak for the entire panel when I say we're constantly avoiding sexual intercourse. One must maintain a constant vigil. You don't know what a strain it is to be young and desirable.

**NON:** I see, Buddy. In light of that, what was your most difficult problem in retaining your prudery while working on that evil, lascivious show, *The Beverly Hillbillies*?

**Ebsen:** Max Baer.

**Gentle Ben:** Is that some kind of racial slur?

**Panel:** Muzzle yourself, Ben.

**NON:** Mary, what ever prevailed upon you to play the role of the sexual libertine on your current television program?

**Moore:** I try to show the pre-pubescent women of America the horrors that can befall a working girl who lets her defenses drop even for a moment.

**NON:** Even at the risk of destroying your image when you walk into that room for a 'long conversation with the boss'?

**Moore:** Even that. I like to think of myself as a simple everyday martyr.

**NON:** I see. Another question for the entire panel — what are your favorite methods of avoiding sexual encounters?

**Yorty:** I stay out of Los Angeles.

**Cosell:** I introduce them to Dandy Don.

**F & T:** We give them Liberace's phone number.

**Moore:** I surround myself with the right type of escorts.

**NON:** What type of escort would that be Mary?

**Moore:** A man with maturity, strength of character, rippling muscles, and an old war injury.

**Conway:** Is that some kind of racial slur?

**Graham:** Castrate him!

**Conway:** Is *that* some kind of racial slur?

**NON:** Come now, gentlemen. Let's not get aroused.

**Fleming:** Isn't that a contradiction in terms?

**Cosell:** You're not supposed to know that if you're on this panel.

**NON:** But what if someone persists in making advances and just won't take 'No' for an answer?

**Conway:** Drive a silver stake through his heart.

**NON:** Isn't that a little extreme, Tim?

**Conway:** Well, maybe you could drive a silver stake through his . . .

**NON:** Muzzle yourself, Tim! Marcel, is it true that French prudes find it harder than American prudes?

**Marceau:**

**NON:** Get the hell out of here, you God damned pervert!!!!

**Graham:** Castrate him! Better yet, cut his hands off!

**F & T:** Cut hands off! Is that some kind of racial slur?

**NON:** Get off it! Art, why do you feel that Jeopardy, possibly the most insipidly innocuous game show on television today, is so popular with American prudes?

**Fleming:** I have a theory that the 'lost lamb will always return to the fold' . . .

Graham: That's my line.

Fleming: . . . and people will eventually come to reject shows like Password and Love of Life, which only appeal to the prurient interests.

Yorty: What's a 'prurient'?

Cosell: I'm glad you asked that question. . . .

NON: We haven't asked you any question yet, Howard . . .

Cosell: . . . second baseman for the Triple A league celler-dwellers, the Truckee Bucaroos, Buck Prurient, batting .352 in the Eastern League and .0024 in the post-game locker room festivities, a true prude and a switch hitter besides, strode to the plate on that fateful day in one of the most disgraceful . . .

Ebsen: Howard, is it true that you gave Linda Lovelace some pointers in tongue manipulation?

Cosell:

NON: Thank you, Howard.

Yorty: What's a 'prurient'?

NON: Now panel, as prudes, which individual on the public scene have you found most threatening to your sacred chastity?

Fleming: Allen Ludden.

Gentle Ben: Mister Ed.

F. & T: Van Cliburn

Conway: Sonnyandcher

Cosell: Mark Spitz

Marceau:

NON: That's disgusting! Didn't we tell you to get lost? Someone revive Mary Tyler Moore.

Moore: No! No! Don't save me - let me die a virgin!

Coswell: This is all indicative of the moral morass in which America has mired itself. In order to extricate ourselves from this excess of erogenous excrement . . . . .

Ebsen: Prudes are what have made this country the great place it is! Chastity is locked into our national heritage. After all, doesn't the Constitution call for a "more perfect union"?

Yorty: The consti-what?

Fleming: As long as prudes run this country, Sesame Street will never become Smut Alley!

Cosell: . . . a moral, disciplined society like we had under the revered late, great Vince Lombardi. When will this filthy, fallacious folly flounder? When will this decadent degeneracy disintegrate? When will our society ever be safe from lewd women and Lance Rentzel? When . . .

Graham: Lewd Women? Castrate them!

NON: Thank you panel, for a truly prudent and chaste discussion of . . .

Cosell: . . . enduring unspeakable hardships as he strode to the plate on that fateful Friday in a smog-saturated September - truly one of the most disgraceful episodes in all the annals . . .

Gentle Ben: Muzzle yourself, Howard!

NON: . . . avoiding sex in whatever size, shape or form it presents itself in.

Marceau:

NON: Always got to have the last word, don't you, Frenchie?

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# What's a Prude to do?

In the ebb and flow of everyday life, the conscientious prude may find himself in common situations which severely strain his senses of propriety and etiquette. In response to this pressing problem confronting the prudent public, NON offers this test to its readers, an opportunity to see how prudently quick-witted you can be when sexual entanglements threaten to enwrap you.

1. Your Carribean cruise has come to an abrupt end, and rather than delivering your lecture on 'perversion on the playground' before the International Gravel Layers Foundation, you find yourself adrift in a lifeboat with three young women who are possibly of dubious virtue. The proper action in this situation would be:
  - a. sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'
  - b. make a curtain out of the one remaining sail
  - c. express your regrets that your antibiotics went down with the ship
  - d. feign death
2. You're a temporary secretary taking dictation when the boss makes a casual reference to 'dinner' and 'afterwards'. Your proper response is?
  - a. ask, "Do you want a carbon made of that?"
  - b. tell him you're sorry, but you never go out with anyone on the first date.
  - c. tell him 'only if my mother can come along'
  - d. gouge his eye out with a Bic pen
3. Your second cousin from Dubuque comes for a visit, and the two of you decide to spend a convivial evening watching a cheerful family cartoon at the neighborhood Bijou. You're hardly past the credits when you realize that "Fritz the Cat" is not a cheerful family cartoon. You've made a serious mistake, but you can recoup gracefully by:
  - a. dragging him into the lobby on the pretense that you want some popcorn, and spending the next two hours deciding whether you want it buttered or plain.
  - b. setting fire to the seat in front of you.
  - c. gouging his eyes out with a Bic pen.
  - d. Covering his head with an old copy of the 'Daily News' you've found on the lap of the guy next to you.
4. You return to your room on the second day of classes at the University of Iowa, and find your roommate living in sin with a yak. Your first response should be:
  - a. tactfully remind her of the school regulation forbidding pets.
  - b. exclaim indignantly, "I'm not cleaning up that mess.
  - c. tell her how much you enjoyed 'Dr. Doolittle', and hum a few bars of 'Born Free'
  - d. report her to the ASPCA
5. You're cleaning out your brother's closet, and you come across his complete, indexed, cross-referenced collection of 'Playboy' dating back to 1956. What should you do?
  - a. replace them with 'National Geographics' and hope he doesn't notice the difference.
  - b. quickly whistle for the Saint Bernard you haven't had time to housebreak yet.
  - c. draw moustaches on all the pictures with indelible ink.
  - d. sell them to the garbage collector (at a profit).
6. You've just finished your shopping at the Super Duper, when a man in a raincoat and bare legs jumps up at you out of the bushes and says 'Hi'. Your response should be:
  - a. cuff his ears with two Swanson frozen turkey TV dinners.
  - b. make pointed comments about the bad condition of his socks.
  - c. feign death
  - d. ask him if he's graded the mid-term yet.
7. You're on your first trip to New York City, and you wind up lost in Greenwich Village. You enter a bar named the "Lavender Leopard", and the maitre 'd leads you by the hand to a back booth and lisps, "Anything you want is on the house, Big Boy." You should:
  - a. pour a frozen daiquiri down the front of his blouse.
  - b. tell him you've put two and two together, and he's an odd number.
  - c. express your gratitude, but explain that members of the Vice Squad are not allowed to accept gratuities.
  - d. insist on paying cash.
8. You're buying toothpaste and mouthwash at the corner drugstore, and upon returning home you discover several foreign sundries among your other items. You should:
  - a. turn them over to the Classics department
  - b. use one of them to stop the leaky faucet from dripping.
  - c. sew them together to make a pair of gloves.
  - d. blow them up as decorations for your little sister's birthday party.



9. You arrive at what you thought was supposed to be a bridge party. As you enter the door you detect a strange, sweet fragrance, and, then, through the purple haze, you spot your host writing on the floor with twenty-five other naked people. You should:
- pick up all the clothes and hang them neatly in a closet.*
  - ask, 'is it a bit cold in here, or is it me?'*
  - ask, 'Oh, my! I haven't missed the first deal, have I?'*
  - remind them that mayonnaise spils if left out too long.*
10. You're on the escalator in a department store, and a middle-aged woman passes you going the opposite way, carrying two packages. You should immediately:
- leap across the barrier and rip her clothes off.*
  - follow her home, then rip her clothes off.*
  - follow her home, then rip her daughter's clothes off.*
  - sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'.*

Scoring:

Score 4 points for every 'a' you selected, 3 points for every 'b,' 2 points for every 'c,' and 1 point for every 'd.' If you scored between 33-40, you are a prude worthy of spending a weekend in Ypsilante with Kate Smith. If between 27-33, you should brush up on your manners by re-reading the collected sermons of Norman Vincent Peale. If between 18-23, you should never be allowed to run loose when there is a full moon. And if you scored between 10-18, you are no better than all those other craven degenerates who make up the great preponderance of the ills our society is burdened with.

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# GAMES PEO

Have you been through the toy section of your friendly local department store lately? You may have noticed that many of your old familiar favorites, like Monopoly, Parchesi, Scrabble, etc., have been removed, or else relegated to subordinate shelves.

It seems that they have been replaced by a wave of merchandise known as "adult games." Although the name "adult games" may bring to mind Masters and Johnson rather than Parker Brothers, these are actually ostensibly innocent games, sold in expensive, lavishly designed boxes and promising all sorts of excitement and thrills to the players. They are Big Productions.

They are also outrageously overpriced, even if they are Educational for All Ages. What's even stranger is that, upon investigation, these adult games turn out to be the same ridiculously simple pastimes that kids engage in, except that they are spruced up and camouflaged.

Here's a sampling of the new set of adult games:



## SEEK AND THEE SHALL FIND

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Here's a really new type of game; one which is fun and recreational, but at the same time contains a timeless message for all mankind.

SEEK AND THEE SHALL FIND is played with a group of five or more. One player is chosen as "the Seeker" — that is, he who must search for Truth. Then, while the Seeker covers his eyes and recites backwards the books of the Old Testament, the other members of the group must "hide." They conceal themselves behind chairs, tables, doors, etc. (or if played outdoors, behind a tree or a burning bush).

When ready, the Seeker calls forth, "Here I come, prepare thyself!" and goes out to find the wayward members of his flock. Upon finding one, he touches him upon his flesh; now, *this* person must be "The Seeker."

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## ASSIGNMENT: DANGER!!

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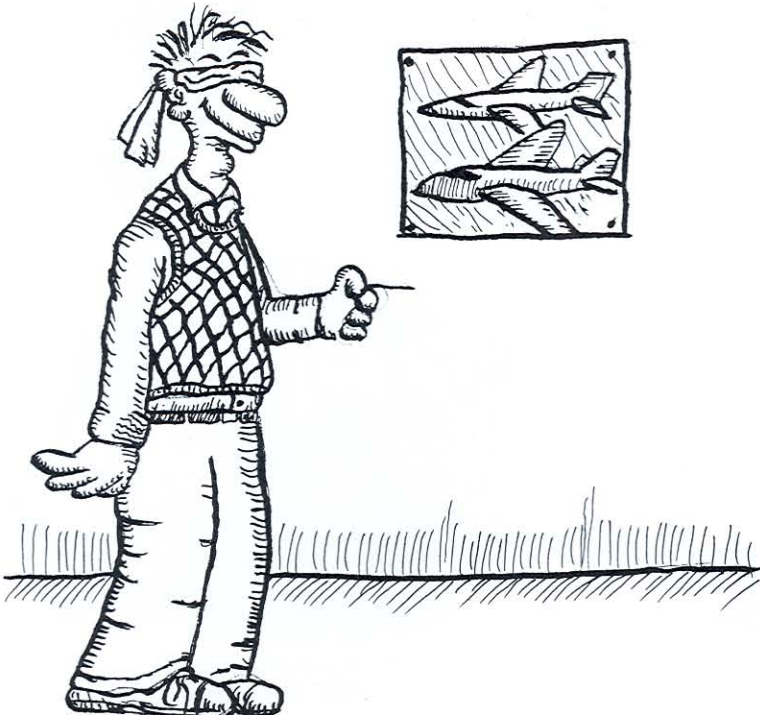
The players are gathered in a circle, which represents the Hare Krishna and the infinity of life. Next, a bottle-shaped object — called the "manratanga," or bottle — is placed in the middle of the circle.

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our merry may maiden  
handles off-color suggestions  
with the ignorance of innocence

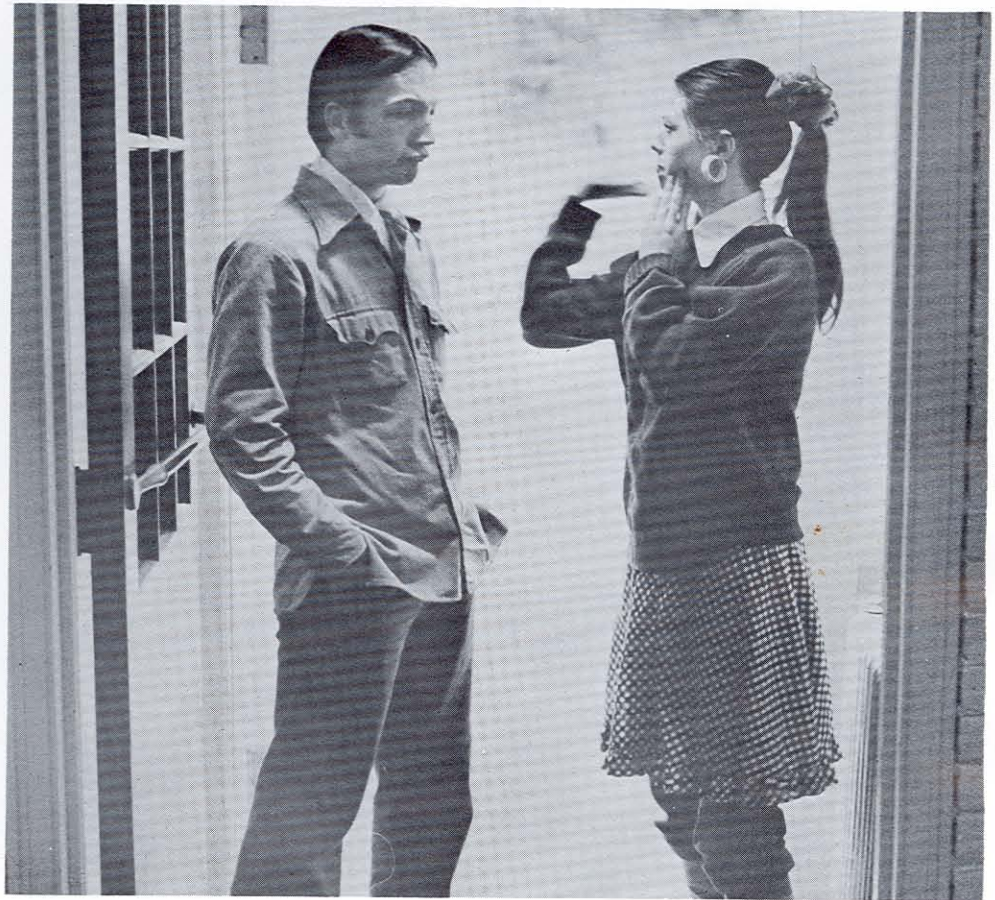
## PRUDE OF THE MONTH

When Emma Sue Gornkle left the safety and security of her home in secluded Pine Ridge, Louisiana to attend classes at the University of Iowa last summer, she had no idea what she was getting into. Now, returning home after her first full year of college, she has no idea what she's getting out of. That's what makes her our kind of girl.

"Things was really strange at that ole Unerversitie," says Emma Sue, "but the people was all really nice. I was always getting invitations to do things like haul ashes and help other people move rocks off something or another—they'd never exactly say what, though—and I never once came across one of them unseen prepositions that my mammy was always telling me about, though I read every book they gave me that my minister would allow."

A first-class sprinter, our curvacious (24.2 in the 220, around a turn) Louisiana lady attends college on a full track scholarship which allows her little time to even think about sin and wickedness. "I guess I's been running all my life," Emma Sue muses, "and I's never been caught yet. Some of the other guys on the team went to kidding the coach about giving me a full-ride scallership, and he said that if he didn't get a bit more riding out of me before next season he was gonna have to find somebody else who would. Then he gave me the cutest little wink and a funny little smile, and he just looked so sweet that I could hardly resist baking him a whole mess of cupcakes. He's so nice."

Emma Sue had her beginnings in little Pawton, Louisiana, a suburb of Pine Ridge. Her parents moved to Pine Ridge after Emma Sue's seventeenth brother was born, because, as she puts it, "there was getting to be just too many of us, what with fifteen kids and all. We had this huge cabbage patch outside our house in Pawton, and I guess the temptation was just too much for them." Emma Sue still returns home in the summer to live with her parents, and to help her father—an unemployed steamboat pilot—look for a job. "I's been doing that ever since I was a little sprout," lisps Emma Sue. "Ever since I can remember my daddy'd always tell my mom and fourteen brothers that me and him was going out to look for work, and then we'd go out in the forest and I'd help him look for steamboats. We didn't



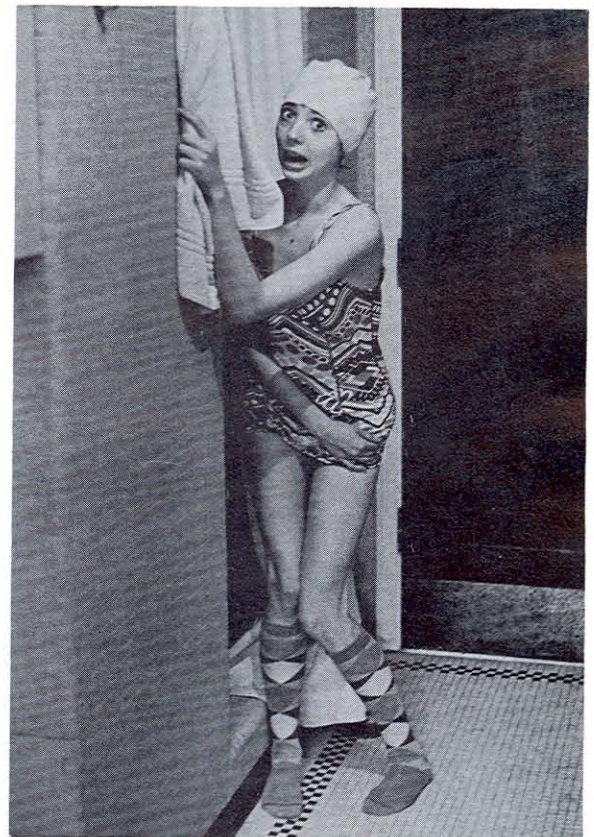
Emma Sue and Gideon Smelt—her fiancee of three years—say a lingering goodnight after a heavy date at a local prayer meeting. Understandably incensed by Gideon's brazen request for a goodnight handshake, our volatile virgin delivers in defense of her chastity—in the form of a clean right cross.

Surprised by the clamoring of her "No-Peekie" anti-intruder warning system, our coy May maiden quickly spots our cleverly concealed cameraman, and demurely requests that he "get the goodness-gracious-sakes-alive" out of her shower room, before fainting on the spot.

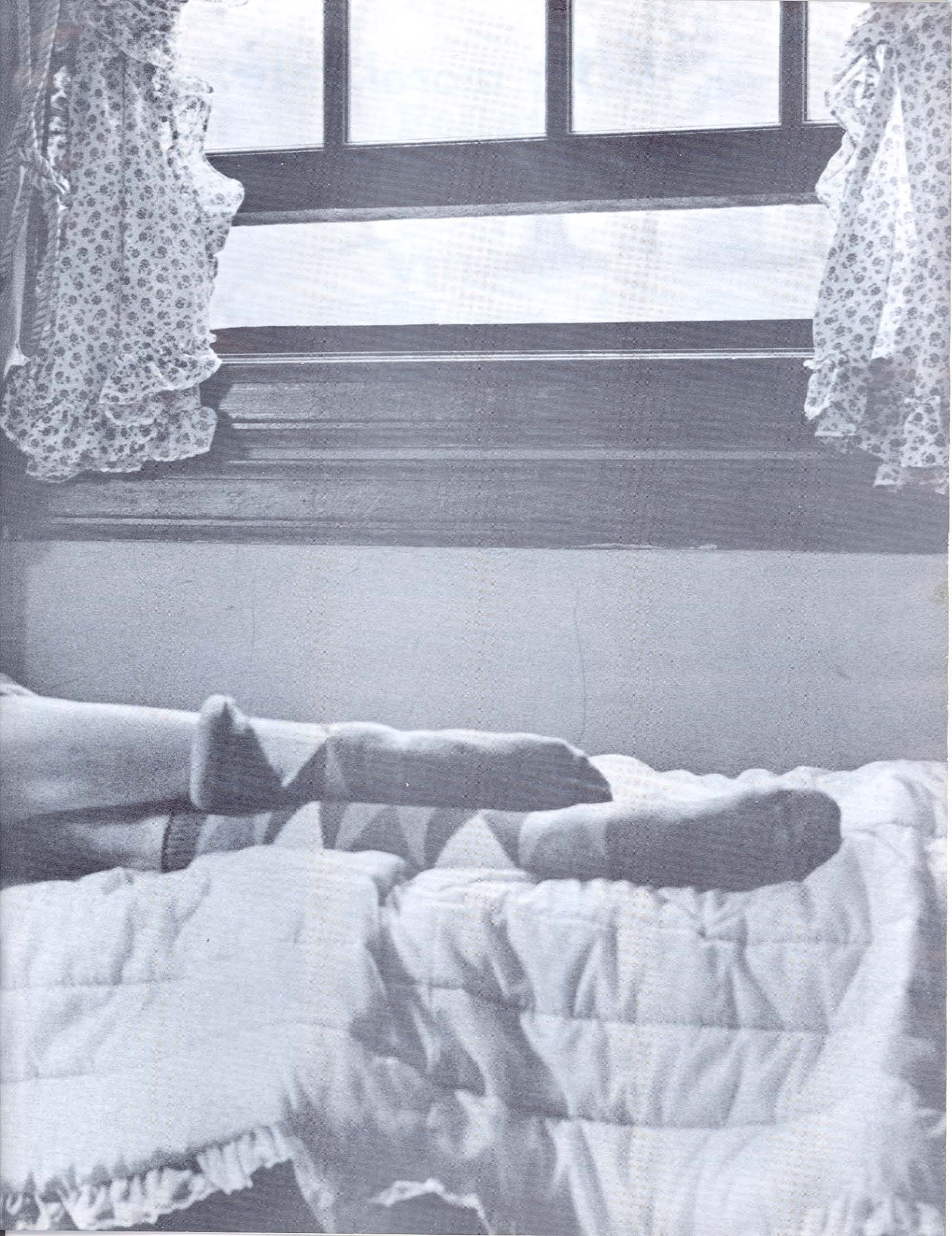
find none, but Daddy never seemed to mind."

As far as the future is concerned, Emma Sue plans to continue her track career and her education, and is seriously contemplating marriage, if only she can find "Mr. Right." "I'm damned if I'm going to have a cabbage patch," Emma Sue grumbles, "though I don't think I'd mind if my husband was a steamboat pilot like Daddy. . ." At the moment, Emma Sue spends most of her free hours in the company of Gideon Smelt, a free-lance revivalist from Oral Roberts University, majoring in Martyrdom. "Giddy is nice," smirks Emma Sue, "but he gets too hung up on things. Also, lately he's been making suggestions and advances unbecoming of a gentleman—especially for someone who's only been engaged to me for three years. Why, just last week I had to dislocate his shoulder for brushing against me in a crowded supermarket. I just don't think people should touch before marriage, that's all, and I even then probably wouldn't allow it. It's dirty."

We can only add a hearty "Amen" to that.







# a *NON* moral tale

**PRUDENT CHOICE, or, Beware the Midas Touch - An inspirational tale of spiritual and bodily virtue.**

Calvin Murtaugh opened his locker and simultaneously studied the well-proportioned butt of Barbara Lee Barron as it swung temptingly down the hall. Barbara had been playing tennis, and her shapely, elegantly tanned thighs were plainly in view under her skimpy white briefs, rising over a gentle curve to her tightly belted, just-so-squeezable waist.

Calvin felt a blurring sensation on top of his head as his thick Physics book fell out of the locker and parted his hair. The memory of the Future Scientists of America meeting, for which he had stayed after school and where pea-breasted evil-smelling Edna Jane Lyesnort had sat by him and giggled insipidly into his ear about Bohr's Molecular Theory, dangled in his head.

"God damn it," contemplated Calvin. "If only I could get girls like -yum yum- Barbara Lee Barron. What a luscious scoop of soft ice cream she would be."

Hopeless, Calvin admitted. Pathetic even to think about it. Look at me - with the ruggedly handsome face of Lon Chaney Jr., the wit and repartee of Chris Schenkel, the muscular build and virility of Lester Maddox. Girls like Barbara use guys like me to grate potatoes with, Calvin thought bitterly. I'm nothing but a Veg-o-matic.

With a last snappy shake of her trailer, Barbara turned the corner of the corridor and, for a brief instant, and her statuesque, budding frontespiece profiled against the streaming rays of the late afternoon sun.

Calvin replaced his weighty Physics book and smoothed his jeans in one motion.

"I'd give anything - anything - to be able to get a girl like Barbara Lee. I'd - I'd - sell my soul!" he cried, slamming his locker door with a resounding WHAM.

WHAM! A strange queasy quiver streaked down Calvin's spine. He felt his blood corpuscles seething, his brain fluids boil. Some unfathomable transformation was enwrapping him.



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He stood paralyzed, frozen before his locker, for seconds - perhaps moments, minutes, days, as his mind reeled through a choking fog.

Then, as consciousness slowly returned, he felt something slipping down the back of his trousers . . . something soft and smooth . . . a hand . . . . .

"Barbara!" cried Calvin, turning to find the curvy sexpot herself touching him, pressing close to him, gently tracing over his rump with her lilting hands.

"Calvin, I can't resist you . . . some force pulls me towards you . . . I must have you . . ." That exquisite shape was right next to him, the fragrant hair before his face, the soft crest of her breasts pointing into his chest . . .

"Awk," said Calvin, catching Barbara on the cleft of her jaw with a desperation roundhouse left. His up-jerked knee caught her in the hip as she fell backwards . . .

Calvin raced down the hallway and out the door. He leaped onto his late bus to escape home.

He was panic-stricken, terrified. "Why did she come to me? Why was she suddenly attracted? Unless somehow, somehow, I've been overcome with a strange power . . ."

His thoughts were interrupted by the clatter of footsteps and the appearance of Janet Harrison at the front of the bus.

Janet, that beautiful, high-cheekboned goddess, haughty princess of sensuality, infinitely unattainable, but s-o-o-o fine. Janet Harrison could exude more sex by merely crossing her legs than a battalion of Playboy bunnies playing bocce-ball with Burt Reynolds.

Ooooooh, the days Calvin had passed agonizing as Janet strutted past him in the halls: long dark hair flowing, deep eyes flashing, well-girded limbs churning . . . nary a hello or a smile had she ever cast him, only the most contemptuous of glances.

And now Janet Harrison glided slowly down the otherwise deserted bus to the seat where Calvin cowered. "Why, HEL-LO, Cal," she purred. She was sitting next to him . . . "How are you, big boy . . . ." Buttons were being played opened. She took his limp hand and slipped it inside of her silky blouse . . . "Hurt me, Calvin, hurt me. Take all of me . . . take me . . ."

The schoolbus had lurched to a start, throwing Calvin and Janet into the aisle with a crash. Helplessly Calvin felt his pants sheared from his legs and his Fruit-of-the-Looms torn asunder.

The two conjoined bodies rolled back and forth down the aisle as the bus weaved dizzily through cross-town traffic. "Again, again," shrieked Janet. Consciousness ebbed from Calvin Murtaugh.

When he came to he was once again the only passenger on the bus. "We must have passed Janet's stop," he thought dimly.

Terror-stricken, dumbstruck by this insidious magic which had taken control of him, he collected his scattered clothes and staggered off the bus.

"I didn't want it like this," wept Calvin. "I liked it the old way. Let me be freed from this - whatever it is . . ."



A troop of Girl Scouts, making the neighborhood cookie-selling rounds, approached. "God, I must escape," thought Calvin — but it was too late. The Girl Scouts had spotted him.

Too weak to flee, too exhausted to resist, Calvin slumped into the gutter as the dimming sunlight over him became blotted out entirely by a gang of brown uniforms and merit badges . . . . .

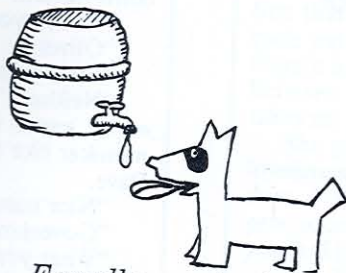
Calvin awoke with a sputter. The top of his head ached. He saw his Physics book lying next to him. He was lying in front of his locker.

"Whew, it was all a dream, a nightmare," signed Calvin with relief. "Guess this worthy tome of scientific knowledge knocked me out for a few moments."

"I have learned much from my hallucinatory vision. Never again will I bolt the sacred covenant of Prudity. Never again will I foolishly yearn for — — " He glanced to see if anyone was near — — "S-E-X."

So Calvin went home and wrote a mash note to Edna Jane Lyesnort.

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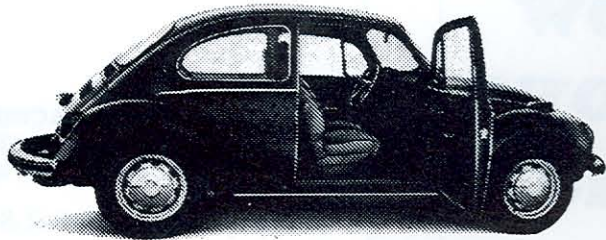
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if I came up with a 'blind date' that I'd picked up myself? There's just not out. ("Shit, guys, George's chick had to get up here, and she was the only girl with a car, so, being a nice guy . . ."). Even after four cups of coffee she was looking good, so as I started my fifth, I started my pitch.

"What's your name?"

I looked right at her as I said it. She had beautiful eyes. And other advantages apparent just underneath her sweater.

"Mary," she answered.

"Nice name. What's your major?"

"Poly Sci."

"What year are you?"

"Sophomore."

"How do you like Holyoke?"

"It's okay."

I returned to my coffee. It's not good to use up all topics of conversation at the first meeting. After all, maybe you'll want to talk later. But she decided to force the conversation.

"What's your name?"

"Oliver."

"First or last?"

"Neither," I answered, and then confessed that my entire name was Ashley Oliver Grommet III. With a full moniker like that, even Oliver seems as standard as Mike or Dave.

"Nice name. What's your major?"

"Government."

"What year are you?"

"Junior."

After that she was pretty quiet. What was wrong? Did I bore her? Did she think I was stupid? Did she forget the next question?

"How do you like Dartmouth?"

Thank God! An intelligent girl. I would never be ashamed to bring her up to Hanover. (It was not only coincidence that I thought this just as Mary got up to repair to the ladies' room. Her legs did a lot more for her than just allow her body to reach the ground.)

"Just fine," I called as she disappeared into the back.

The ride back to Hanover was pure heaven. Not only had I appropriated a beautiful creature to accompany me through the weekend, which had relieved my mind of a substantial burden ("Christ, guys, I really have to book this weekend, and always having a chick around making demands of my body . . ."), but I was treated to a free six on the way back, which my less-successful comrades were obliged to purchase towards paying off a slight wager we had made. In all fairness, though, I have to admit that they might have made a better race of it had they not spent the night passed in the back of the car. Driving does have its advantages.

And, like poor losers everywhere, they did their best to take the savour out of my victory.

"Well, I guess a dog's better than nothing. At least they're affectionate."

"Is this one the pick of the litter?"

"Up yours, gentlemen," I responded. This was great. They could eat their words come the weekend. "She is beautiful and affectionate. And I hope you have a place to crash over the weekend, Dog."

"I won't worry about that till Friday," retorted my roomie. "Once you see her in a soberer light . . ." (I had purposely left out the part about the coffee—and everything else of importance) ". . . you'll probably be begging for someone to snake her."

"How would you rate her, Ollie?"

"An 'A' for body and a 'Min' for mind. Typical Yoker. I hope to hell she's majoring in body." Oinks, grunts and guffaws from the beasts in the back.

"Does she ball?"

"I'll find out." This conversation was getting to be a

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drag. "Let's break out another round."

End of conversation.

A true Dartmouth weekend is a study in homogenous variety. The rules are set, game plans vary only slightly from week to week, and the objective always remains the same. There's a band somewhere on a Friday night, and beer flows like water. Then you try. Football game Saturday, cocktail party afterwards, another band, more beer, and try again. And Sunday you either swear long and ardent vows of eternal constancy and devotion, or you swear that you're four weeks overdue on an art history paper and you have to spend the entire day in the Libs. Either way, you end up watching Norm Snead and the New York Giants on the tube—and thinking about the coming weekend.

The variety comes in the partners.

Mary came up to Dartmouth that Friday.

I had told her to show up at Sigma Nu about four, and had stationed myself in a bridge game near the front door. Not that I overly enjoy the game of bridge, but the honor code extends only so far as academics are concerned, and there's a lot of space (and a comparable number of bro) between the front door and my room. The prudent man takes no unnecessary risks.

She parked in at roughly 4:17, a vision of long-pantsed loveliness (I had warned her that it would be too cold for a skirt. I mean, you don't tell the opposing team that your new soccer player is an All-European transfer student, do you?). Those legs could be unveiled at a later date.

"Hi, Jock."

"Hi, Mary." I could take that from her. "This is George, Dave, and Dog. Guys, this is Mary from Holyoke. Enjoy your game of pluck. Let's go, Mary."

We moved on up to my second floor seduction den, a waterbed decorated in modern stereo and all the meaningful posters I had accumulated over two years. As she prepared for her weekend stay (no questions about where I was going to sleep. Very nice), I resumed the conversation we had left uncompleted at Holyoke.

"Did you have a good trip up?"

"Fine."

"Have any trouble finding the place?"

"No. The girl who gave me a ride knew exactly where it was, though she kept forgetting the name. She kept calling it 'Sigma Zoo.'"

"Do you want something to eat?" I changed the subject.

"Sure," she answered, and smiled over at me. "Is it feeding time?"

There were four bands on that night, and we hit every one of them. Mary was perfect. She danced, drank, and played a mean game of beer-pong, so good that I was forced to hit my own beer on serve three times in a row to even give us (her) an opportunity to get drunk.

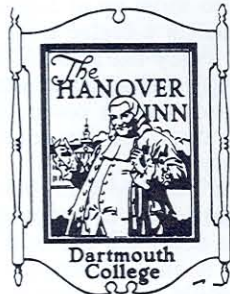
But the best laying plans of mice and men oft go awry, and, despite some subtle point-shaving on my part, the young innocent remained bright-eyed and sober, instead of bleary-eyed and unobjectionable. It was clear that I was going to require assistance if the object of my desires was ever going to come too.

"Hey, Ollie, want to help us kill some tequila?"

Never had I had more reason to bless my roommate. Dog, replete with dog (the guys'd have a couple of laughs Sunday evening about this one), stood there wearing a four-story grin and a fifth of tequila. I made a mental note to make Dog the fourth-generation heir of my Rocks 2 final paper, then grabbed Mary and followed my hallowed roomie (and his halloween date) upstairs to our room.

The tequila passed short and sweetly (I even left the room once just before my turn at the bottle—more for Mary, you know), then headed back to Bones Gate for a few beer chasers. Mary looked entirely too sober (as far as I could see), but the night was yet young.

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We started to dance again at Bones gate. She was a terrific dancer. Too good. Had she been pouring out her drinks all night? Just to be sure, I got us four more rounds (watching her drink each one—she did), then I decided to make the move.

I retired to the bathroom, and, while waiting for the seven guys ahead of me to vacate the combat zone, ran over the ensuing scene several times in my mind. There must be no foul-ups. Smoothness and tact were the keys. Stay cool! (Wash your hands.)

She was sitting alone in a booth when I returned. I slid in beside her and tenderly placed my arm around her shoulders, gently drawing her to me.

"What would you say," I said, as I clasped her small hand in mine, "if I told you . . . I Think . . . I'm in love with you?"

"I would say," said Dog from behind me, "that you should stick with your own date."

I awoke very early the next morning. At least, my head said it was early. The clock by the bed said 11:15. God, what a night! I pulled the handy wastebasket to within emergency range of the bed, then laid back in agony, being careful not to enrage an already threatening stomach. What had happened? How did I make it back to my room? How did I make it into bed, undressed in the bargain? Where was Mary?

Where was Mary?

I lurched up in panic and surveyed the room. Her things were still there. Where had she slept? In some other guy's room? With some other guy? Would she come back and get her things today? Or would she send someone else over to get them? Why the hell had I gotten so drunk last night?

"Mary," I called out loud.

"Morning, Jock."

She was standing in the just-opened door, wearing a bathrobe and carrying her towel, which she hung on the rack behind the door. She slipped out of her robe, and slid gently into the bed next to me.

"How do you feel?" she asked, smiling, but obviously truly concerned for my well-being. "It was hard as hell getting you up here and undressed last night. Dog had to get two other guys to help carry you."

"Where did I pass?"

"Beta. You challenged every girl in the room to a wrestling match. You had already taken off your shirt, and were starting to unfasten your belt when you passed."

"I was really an asshole, then?"

"I'll say. I was really disgusted with the display you put on last night. Trying to get me drunk and all."

"If I was such an asshole, why did you hang around?" I was getting pissed off. Didn't she have any compassion for a sick man?

She wrinkled up her nose in a smile. "I was thinking about it until you took your shirt off. After seeing a body like that, how could I leave?"

I smiled back at her. Far out.

I passed Mary off into the tender hands of Dog for the football game—along with a dollar for the program ("Christ, Ollie, is this your first date?" "Shut up, or you'll be chewing your teeth, Dog.") and a strict warning to 'stick to his own date' (where had I heard that line before?). Dog was looking a little wasted—a consequence of both the revelry of the night before, and the awful realization of what he had saddled himself with, as it turned out, for the duration of the weekend. There is nothing worse than the morning after—unless the morning after follows you around for another day-and-a-half.

I walked into Davis Varsity House and headed for the football dressing room.

*continued on page 21*

"How'd it go last night, Ollie?"

"Did your Yoker come through?"

"Could you even try after you passed at Beta?"

I finished adjusting my shoulder pads with one hand, while I answered, or didn't answer, all their questions with one swift gesture by the other. I wasn't about to share the particulars of *this* weekend with a bunch of pedestrians, even if they were my own teammates. Besides, the weekend wasn't over yet. I finished dressing, then took the field with the team.

The game was hard-fought and close, and in the fourth quarter I was losing 14-6. I mean, Dartmouth was winning, but not by enough to justify the coach using his second-string place-kicking specialist if a field goal opportunity did present itself. So I concentrated on looking for Mary. Section 7, row FF—was that her up there? It looks like it could be, but then Dog would be there, and I can't see anybody who looks like Dog. But . . .

"Grommet!"

I looked up. The coach was beckoning over to me. What the hell, now? If I'm not going to play, does that mean I have to watch every stupid play in the game?

"Get warm, in case we go for the field goal."

I looked out onto the field. Stetson had been sacked for a seventeen-yard loss on first down, leaving the Green with second-and-twenty-seven on the Princeton thirty-eight. Okay, we might have a field-goal attempt, but why me? Where was Perry? I looked for the white shirt of the trainer. There he was, and—sure enough!—he was working on Perry's right leg. Was that what those groans during the third quarter had meant? Why hadn't Mary sat in a more

conspicuous place, so I could have watched the game.

Groans came from the Dartmouth side of the field, as the loudspeaker announced, "Stetson's pass to Brown incomplete. Third and twenty-seven." I took a couple of practice swings with my leg, then ran over to the sideline. I had visions of my perfect field goal being the margin of Dartmouth's victory. 17-16, maybe? "Grommet's Boot Wins for Green." What a potentially great headline.

On the field, Dartmouth was running another play, a quarterback option. "Go, Steve," I yelled, "Ten yards boy. Ten yards is all I need." But my dreams of grandeur were shattered when the Princeton cornerback fell down, leaving Stetson with a clear path to the goal line, and I started to think in terms of extra points while running onto the field.

Dartmouth won, 20-6.

"Good effort, Ollie," said Dog as I stepped out of Davis.

"Thanks, Dog." My roommate was certainly a master of tact. I had to think of a way to thank him after this weekend.

"It's too bad about your kick," said Mary. "I was sure it was going to make it over the bar."

"Yeah. I think some body tipped it. The blocking broke down."

"Tough luck," said Dog.

On the way back to the house, I explained to Mary all the intricacies of field-goal kicking. I especially emphasized the necessity of taking a divot before you contact the ball. I mean, why should I shatter her delusions?

Saturday night was almost a rehash of Friday night—minus the tequila and a lot of the beer. We moved around a lot, mostly because I kept running into my teammates ("Too bad they couldn't have kicked the extra point from within your range, Ollie"), but there are a lot of frats.

About midnight, Mary and I went back to the room. We talked for about an hour, I laying on the bed, she sitting in a chair. I was at a loss. She just hadn't had enough to drink. If you told any number of girls at Colby Junior College that Ashley Oliver Grommet was on his final night of the weekend and had yet to make it with his date, they'd undoubtedly laugh and say that Ollie had finally found the girl who could drink him under the table.

It was true.

And I was really, truly, completely at a loss. The final moment had come, and my game plan had been shot all to hell. Drastic measures were in order.

"Mary, would you like to go to bed?"

She immediately got up out of the chair and grabbed her purse. My God, I'd blown it. She was walking out on me. I clutched.

"Mary, I didn't mean..."

She laughed, and then walked over and kissed me.

"You get ready for bed, Jock," she said. "I've got a pill to take first."

I knew I loved her.

For the rest of the year, Mary was my constant companion. She was up for every big sporting event, for a lot of little sporting events, and for lots of non-events—like the month of January. And when she wasn't up at Dartmouth, I was up at Holyoke.

Our relationship was based on mutual love, mutual respect, mutual trust, and a mutual enjoyment of sex. It was perfect. I was so secure in our relationship that I let Mary wear skirts on only her fifth visit to Dartmouth. Like I said, I trusted her.

And then it was all over. Suddenly. One moment she was here, and the next she was gone.



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I had seen her the day before, in the hospital. She had been so warm, so vibrant, so alive. Then came the call from the hospital: "I'm so sorry to tell you this." She had died that morning. She was gone. Why? Why her? Why me? What had I done to deserve a punishment like this?

She was such a nice little rabbit.

"It was inevitable, Jock." Mary wasn't smiling, but she didn't look as traumatized as I felt. "The pill is only 98% effective, and we've given it more than enough chances to backfire on us since September."

"So what happens now?"

"So you become a proud papa."

"Can't we abort this mission?"

"Negative on it, Jock. This one goes all the way through."

"But..." This was asinine. How could she do this to me? Didn't she know what was at stake? Didn't she know who I was?

"Negative, Jock. In seven months, Grommet Oil is going to have a second-generation heir."

She knew.

If there was any word that described my way of life for those next seven months, it was scrounge. I scrounged for money (\$400 and a round-trip ticket to New York), and when that didn't work I scrounged for a proxy papa. ("Mary, this is Frank Burlington. His dad owns Burlington Industries. Now why don't you two get acquainted while I get us all some beer.") Nothing worked. She was adamant.

I let Mary wear skirts whenever she wanted, now. In

fact, I insisted on it. I also made her wear a coat most of the time.

I kept the news from the old bill-payers at home, and so did she. It wasn't too hard. Mary was working as a Congressional intern in D.C. that summer, and the effects of her pregnancy didn't show on me. Too much.

She wanted to get me into church, and I finally went. Without her. I was coming to think a lot about a supreme being—any supreme being—who would take pity on me. As a matter of fact, I went to a lot of different churches, trying to find the right combination.

Finally the time came (for the baby, not the wedding—I was still waiting for some kind of reprieve). We used the money that my dear father had sent to me to cover some ostensible poker debts ("You've got to be more prudent, son.") to check Mary onto Mary Hitchcock, and then the waiting started.

I had never gone in for hard liquor before.

Then, at last...

"Look what you made, Jock. Ashley Oliver Grommet IV, meet your papa." She held him up for me to see. So this was my son.

He looked just like the captain of the hockey team.

I walked out of the room into the hall. So this was it. I was stuck. I thought about how it had been. About frats and booze and balling and poker and house blocs and sheehouses and Dartmouth in general.

And then I did something that I've never done before in public, much less while sober.

I booted. ■

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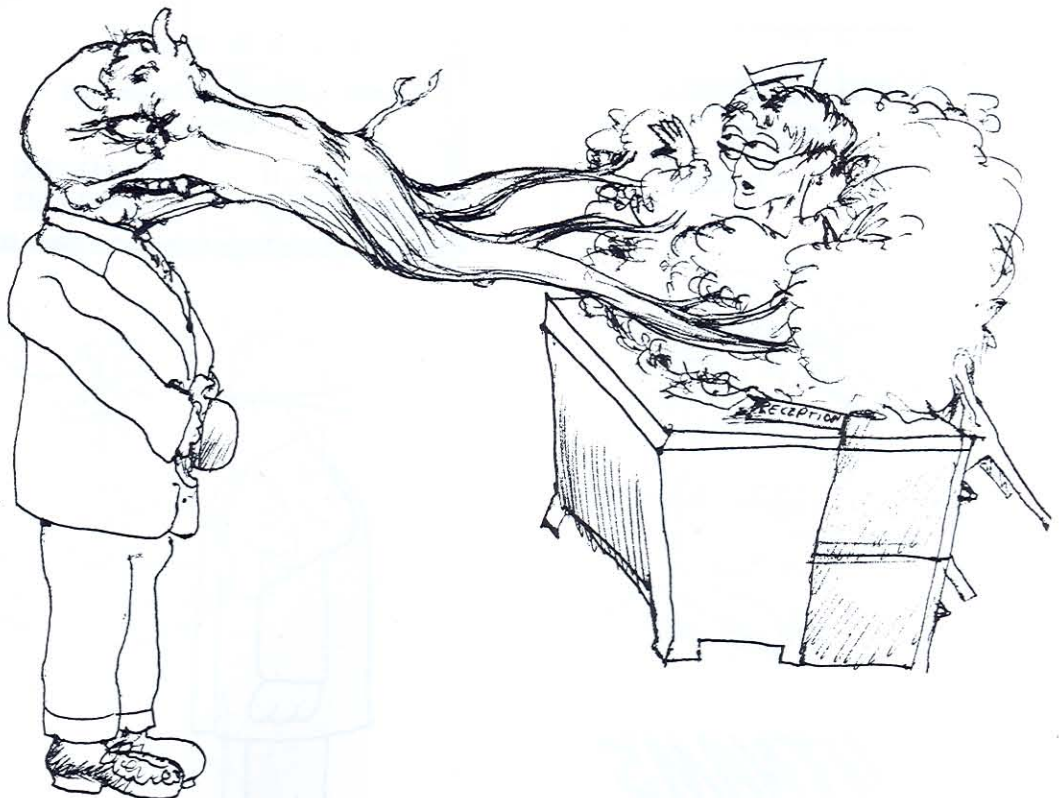
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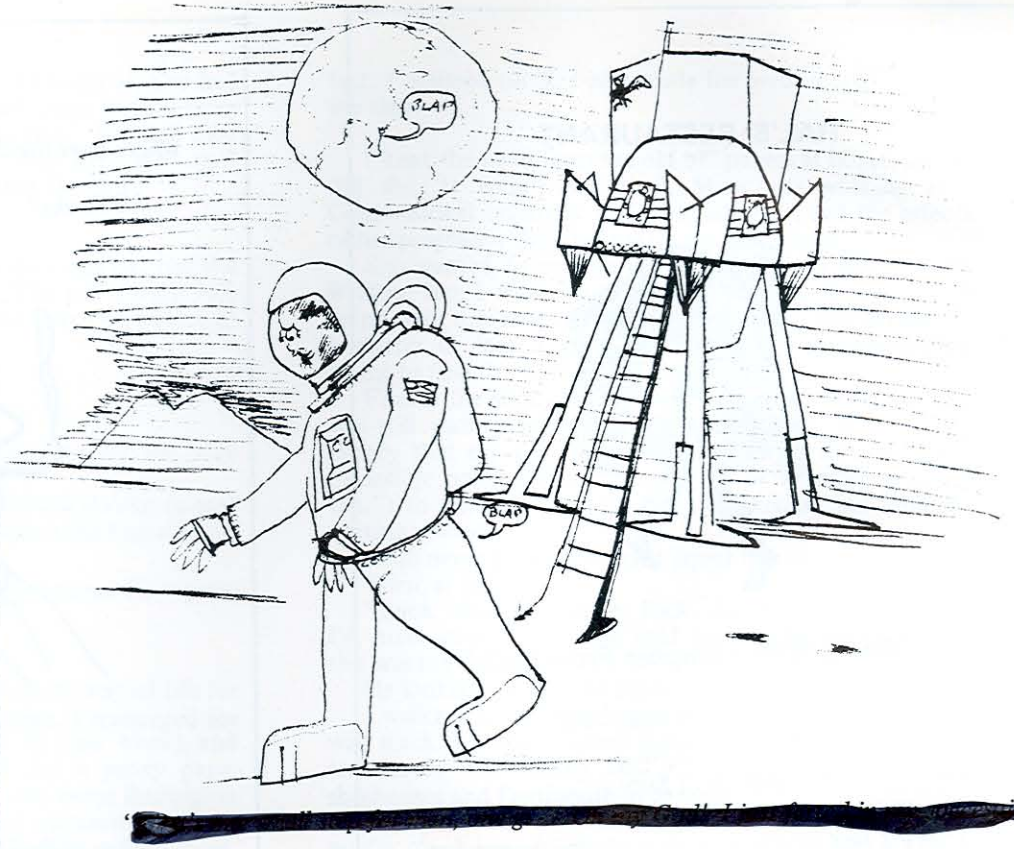
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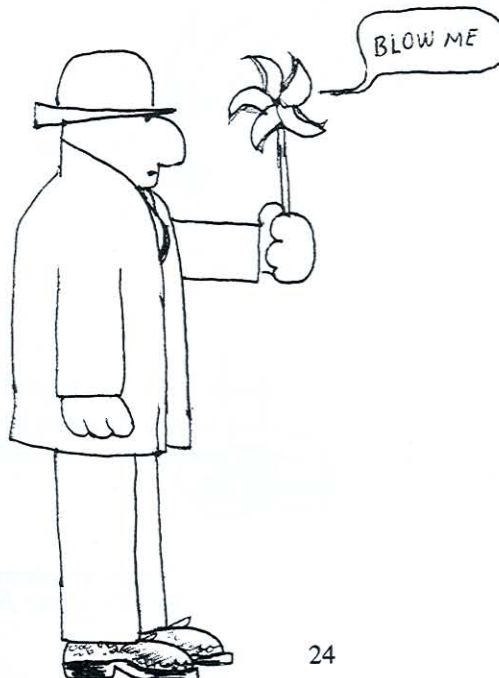
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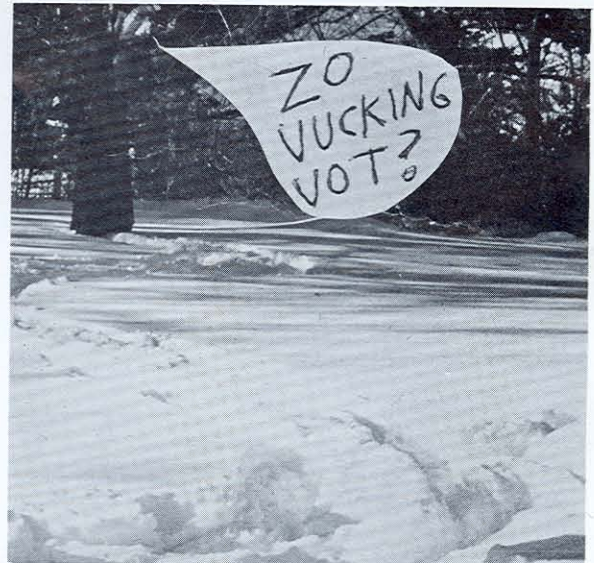
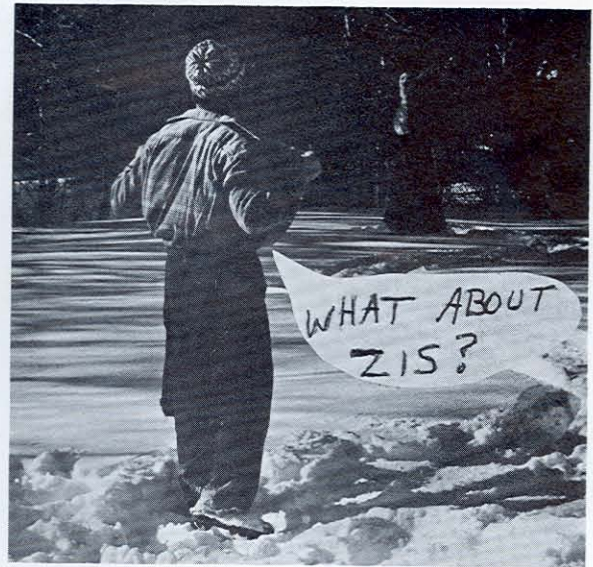
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## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS NON?

A young man constantly on the lookout for bigger and better things. And because he has confidence in himself — and is not afraid to show it — people are constantly on the lookout for him as well. FACT: NON ranks third on the list of reading materials approved by the castrati choir of St. Irving's Cathedral. (Sources: The Dartmouth and The Ever-Ready Nurse.)