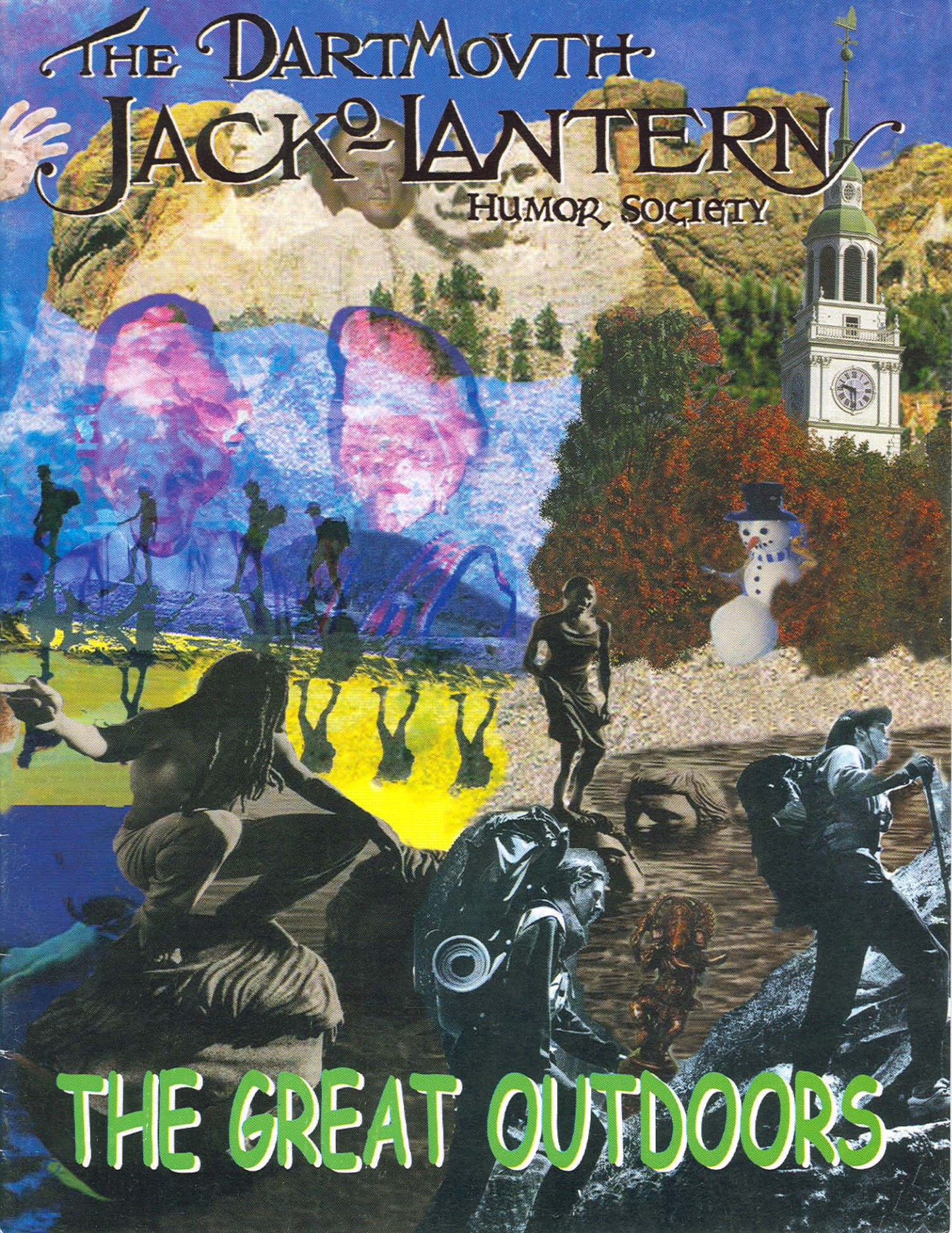


THE DARTMOUTH JACK & LANTERN

HUMOR SOCIETY



THE GREAT OUTDOORS



HATE MAIL



Dear Jacko,

For the millionth time, I had nothing to do with the Greek system decision. Please stop hurling molotov cocktails into the Student Assembly office.

-Josh Green

Dear Jacko,

I've got an idea for a new play that I want to run by you. The whole thing is a highly subtle metaphor for President Clinton's infidelity. See, instead of being set in modern Washington DC, it's set in *colonial* Washington DC, and instead of the President of the United States, the main character is the *Vice President* of the United States! And instead of having relations with one of his interns, he has relations with *an intern from another department!* Good stuff, huh? And get this: the main character's name is *Willy Blowman*. Because he gets blowjobs! Get it? Man, I am good.

Sincerely,
Arthur Miller

Dear Arthur,

We like it. What do you think of our idea: It's about a playwright whose wife, Marilyn Monroe, has sex with John F. Kennedy. It's a highly subtle metaphor for when your wife, Marilyn Monroe, had sex with John F. Kennedy.

-Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Once I went to the store to get a box of Muffin Mix, but when I opened it up at home, forty roaches crawled out of it. It turned out that it was really not Muffin Mix at all, but rather

"Box O' Roaches." Do you think I could return it for a refund? Even though all the roaches are gone? I still have to wonder why they put those pictures of muffins on the cover.

Love,
Girl down the Hall

Dear Girl,

We're afraid you can't get a refund, but may we suggest next time you try Betty Crocker's new "Bucket O' Bile"? It's the box with the delicious pancakes on the cover.

-Jacko

Dearest Jacko,

All my life I've shown my love for my fellow Americans through life saving rescues, for which I have received nothing more than buckets of chum. How long will the government continue to ignore my petition for voting rights? When will I get my due?

-Flipper

Dear Flipper,

[Inaudible high-pitched squeal]

-Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I've met this fantastic woman! I'm completely taken by her, but I'm not sure if I want to give up my relationship with Koko the Ape. I'm tempted to try a relationship with a woman who isn't covered in hair, but is love the same when she doesn't throw her own feces?

-Tarzan

Dear Tarzan,

Jane give good head.

-Jacko

Dear Jacko,

In your last issue, you incorrectly identified me as being "alive," when I am in fact quite dead.

-Richard Nixon

Dear Dick,

Sorry for the confusion.

-Jacko

Dear Jack O'Lantern,

Last week I picked up the most recent copy of your magazine, and I must say that I was appalled. Up until I read it, I was unable to honestly testify to the existence of a tangible manifestation of the intellectual sloth and general immaturity that is slowly destroying our precious nation. Your publication changed all that. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

Regretfully,

James Fenderson
President, MENSA

Dear James,

Eat our boogers.

-Jacko

P.S. You're fat, poop head.

Dear Jacko,

I'm a belligerent former football player looking for some quick dough. Who do I have to kill to get some money?

Sincerely,

OJ

Dear Juice,

Why don't you go back to acting? We're all looking forward to Naked Gun 4,444,444.7.

-Jacko

Editors-in-Chief
Eric S. Buchman
Rob Auten

President
Matt Kuhn

Publisher
Charles Gussow

Editors Emeritus
Nathan Chaney
Kevin Goldman
Dan Powell

Treasurer
Roshan Shah

Business Manager
Nick Calamari

Head Writer
Sean Taylor

Staff
Andrew Butterworth
Case Dorkey
Morgan Faust
Todd Garfield
Anita Hamalainen
Seth Hoffman
Tom Kim
Casey Noga
Nathaniel Rink
Erica Rivinoja
Scott Snyder
Anna van Meter
Adam Wierzbowski

Artists
Greg Fournier
Steve Jackett
Alison Muehrcke
Kim Soderstrom

Photography
Sean Usibelli

Webmaster
Andrew Brauning

Faculty Advisor
David Ehrlich

Contributors
Geoff Carlson
Jon Cohen
Tara Dairman
Ben Guaraldi
Andrew Hay
Jenny Holland
Alex Oren
Jon Potter
Brett Quimby
Frederick Strathmeyer
Steve Terry
Michael Weiss

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

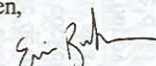
VOLUME XCI, Number 4

APRIL 1999

Humor is a funny thing. What's humorous to one person is not necessarily humorous to somebody else. Because of this little paradox, one must be very "choosy" when choosing what gets chosen to be put in our humor magazine. Articles have to be written and submitted, and then if they fit the theme they need to be edited and laid out. This monopolizes a lot of time, especially when finals are looming over us like the new moon over Parador. In fact, thanks to a bonus issue we published last February, our schedule to produce this very issue was pushed back a couple weeks into the reading period, hindering our ability to effectively bring "The Great Outdoors" to you. Thank

goodness, though, we were saved by a friend who isn't even supposed to be here. He returned a week before we were to go to press and spent endless night after endless night piecing the issue together almost from scratch, freeing many of us up to study for finals. Unlike Sir Galahad on his mighty quest to retrieve the Holy Grail for King Arthur, this man came through to help us accomplish our goal and for that we are eternally grateful to Him. Thank You, Jesus. Thank you.

Amen,


Eric Buchman

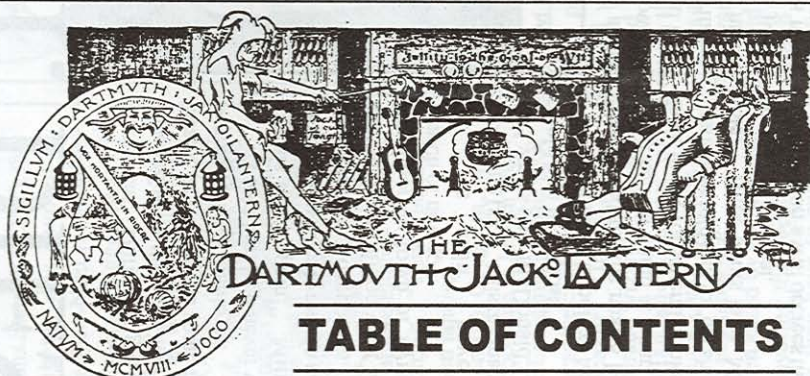


TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Jacko Times.....	2
Playful Learning.....	4
Chris Miller Retrospective.....	6
The Great Outdoors.....	8
• Army Knives of the World.....	9
• Outdoors Dos and Don'ts.....	10
• Barnyard Pick-up Lines.....	12
• Jacko's Guide to Summer Camps.....	14
• Environmental Disasters: The Benefits!.....	16
• The Great Indoors.....	18
• Exclusive Interview: Chubbs Neumann.....	20
Stockman's Dogs.....	21
• Hostess in the Wilderness.....	22
• Fear and Peeling in Warsaw.....	24
• Rejected Merit Badges, Volume 1.....	25

The Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern is published 6 times a year by a bunch of monkeys sitting at infinite typewriters for an infinite amount of time. Subscriptions can be purchased for a total of \$18 per year. To sub-

scribe or for advertising information, call (603) 646-7810 or e-mail Jacko@Dartmouth.edu. The opinions expressed in this magazine are not those of Dartmouth College and its employees thereof.

The Jacko Times

LOCAL MAN EATS SHIT, DIES

By H. B. Bloomingdale
Jacko Times

Ema, NH - Last night, police discovered the lifeless body of Milton Boyle, 38, in his bedroom, dead after ingesting a most unnutritional last meal.

Boyle appeared in our pages just one month ago after following the advice of his girlfriend, Laura Mills, by taking a long walk off Watson's pier--the shortest dock over the Connecticut River.

Said Mills: "I'm actually kind of glad the mother f*cker is dead, although my mother really enjoyed the attention."

Milton's sister is taking the news in stride. As she put it, "Milton was a real special guy. One time, out of anger, I told him to 'eat me,' and well..."

Barry Hogan, Boyle's best Australian friend, recalled a similar memory.



Photo of Boyle taken only two weeks before his death.

"I once got real angry at that bloke and exclaimed, 'blow me, bitch.' He developed a real bond with my cocker spaniel, Princess. One time as a joke, I told him to shove a puppy up his ass, just to see if he'd do it. Princess really liked that guy."

Police attribute Boyle's ill-fated demise to his pension for

literalness. During a fight at his place of work the morning of his death, he exchanged some harsh words with his employer.

"I told him he'd never work in this town again!" Milton's boss, who wishes to remain nameless, explained to reporters. With that in mind, Milton went to the neighboring town of Lyme in search of new job.

"We didn't have no opening (sic)," tells the manager of Lyme's only McDonald's, "so I told him to get lost."

According to police, Milton disappeared for the next 8 hours, until he was found at a bar. Unable to pay for several drinks, the bartender told him to "eat shit and die." Three hours later, Milton had done just that.

Milton's will decrees that all his possessions, mostly blunt objects buried "where the sun don't shine" be given to Princess.

Jenny McCarthy to Have More Breast Surgery Done *Surgeons Thank the Lord in Heaven*

By Matt Deninger
Jacko Times

Los Angeles, CA - Doctors at the UCLA medical center announced that the scheduled breast reduction of Playboy Playmate Jenny McCarthy was completed with only minor "technicalities."

"You people just wouldn't understand," said Dr. Nathan Campbell, head surgeon at the medical center. "It would be a waste of your time if I tried to explain it. In laymen's terms, Ms. McCarthy has a very unusual case."

So unusual in fact, that the normal two hour operation length was extended to a staggering 16 hours. "Pre-op went well, but once she was anesthetized and supine on the operating table, we had to modify the procedure" said Campbell.

Said nurse Judy Gardner, "The atmosphere was almost surreal. Each doctor took turns



The cleavage, above, poses with Jenny McCarthy.

going to the bathroom, then I was asked to leave the operating room entirely."

Campbell explained that he asked the nurse to leave because he and his colleagues had to "confer" and "re-evaluate" the situation.

"I don't really see a difference," says a distraught McCarthy. "If anything, they're even bigger."

"That's, uh," explains Campbell, "because of, um, swelling... yeah, swelling."

Court Upholds Injunction Against Pauly Shore

Former MTV Star Barred From Making Films

By Alex Oren
Jacko Times

Hollywood, CA - In response to a trend in Hollywood to produce "higher quality movies," actor Pauly Shore issued a statement with the press exclaiming, "Not on my watch!" Shore then ended his self-imposed retirement and began to write a screenplay for "College Co-eds: Early Emisions." Shore describes the movie as being, "a sophomoreic sex-tromp that involves the coming of age of two young men, myself and possibly Carrot Top, while in the first year of their college careers."

Having completed the title page, Shore shopped it around to all the major studios in Hollywood. At all of these places, Shore was met with the same answer: a restraining order. As it turns out, the people of California had filed a restraining order against Shore that dates back to 1994. As per the order: "Mr. Shore may not come within 50 miles of any location that has the means by which to film any feature or short film. Additionally, any company that sells a video-



Pauly Shore, above, does research for his next movie.

recording device to Mr. Shore will be fined and will lose its sales license."

Outraged by such denial to make artless and pointless films, Shore contacted his lawyer, Peter Summers. Summers took the case to court, and after weeks of hard work, he found what he described as a loophole in the case. "According to this old manuscript I found called 'the Constitution', Pauly has the right to make whatever type of movies he likes, whether good, bad, or other."

But by simply presenting Mr. Shore's own movies as evidence, the State's lawyers successfully upheld the previous court order until the year 2020.

"It's a sad day for the Weasel," said a shaken Shore.

NEO-NAZI REVISIONISTS DENY "SEINFELD" EVER HAPPENED

By Eric Buchman
Jacko Times

Bowling Green, IN - At the second annual convention for the Revisionist Association of Central Indiana State (RACIST), this year's theme was devoted to what the Neo-Nazi revisionists call "the second biggest hoax of the 20th century."

Arvid Williams, president of RACIST, contends that *Seinfeld*, the popular NBC sitcom, never actually existed.

"I've had it up to here with these Jewish conspiracies," said Williams, indicating that "up to here" is approximately equal to his eyebrows. "This tops their fake moon landing."

Jeremiah Cocksun, who holds a doctorate in Jewish Studies from Louisiana's Duke University, was the conference's keynote speaker. David Duke, former Grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan and founder of Louisiana's Duke University was also in attendance.

When asked by the sole reporter covering the event what evidence they have to support their claims that there never was a show titled *Seinfeld*, Cocksun



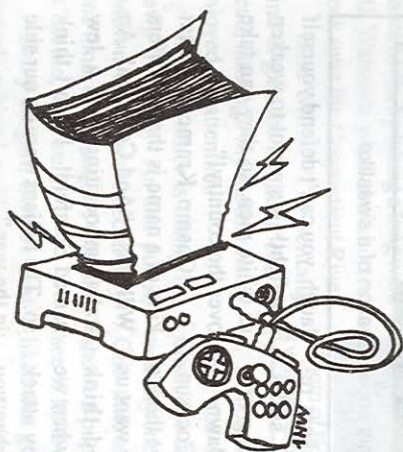
Jerry Seinfeld does his impersonation of a swastika

and the panel of speakers responded with series of slides, followed by the burning of a cross on the reporter's lawn.

"It's a trick!" tells Cocksun. "They want us to believe there's a Seinfeld because they want us to laugh at them and think they're funny. Then, when we let our guard down, they attack us. Everyone knows when you

laugh, you can't defend yourself in a fight! It's a plot to weaken us white men, so they can take over the country!"

"Cosmo Kramer? What kind of a name is that?" Offers Williams. "And Costanza! An Italian associating with a Jew named Seinfeld! I don't think so. The Italians were on our side in the war."



PLAYFUL LEARNING

by Morgan Faust

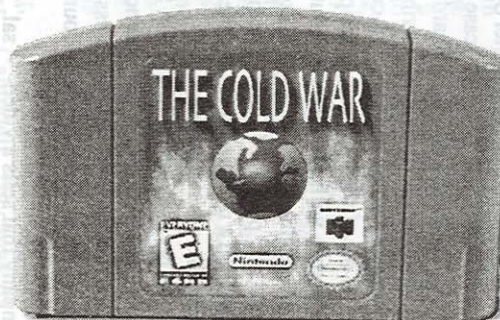
In an attempt to win over parents and teachers alike, Nintendo has just introduced a new line of educational video games. The games, due out April 14th 1999, feature pivotal historical events. Nintendo CEO Ronnie Tratenberg told TIME magazine that:

"I don't care how many we sell, I just want to make learning fun. I mean, not that I don't like money, I do. Its just that today's youth is tomorrow's...Actually you know what, scratch that. If parents don't smarten up and realize what a favor we are doing them and buy these stupid games then the sh*t is going to hit the fan because I deserve a whole lot of monetary compensation for this. There is a little bit of me in every one of those games. I mean not an actual BIT of me, but a metaphoric, or poetic... whatever. I mean...well you know what I mean. Don't you? DON'T YOU? Answer me. You sit there asking all the questions how does it feel when the tables are turned? Huh? Come on little man answer me! Stop writing this down! Who do you think you are Mr. microphone AND notepad? What? One isn't enough? Get out of here! Leave me alone!"

Here are some of Nintendo's most anticipated new titles:

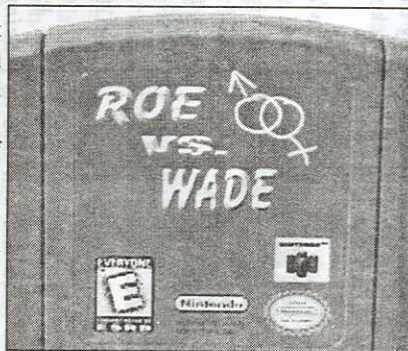
The Cold War

Match wits with some of the worlds greatest minds and decide the fate of the good ol' US of A. Strategically place nuclear weapons all over Eastern Europe! Plan useless peace talks! Senselessly bomb weaker countries! While trying to remain in office. (Warning! may take 30 years to win).



Roe vs. Wade

In this game you get to tackle the legal system like you never have before. Struggle with one of histories most talked about issues; Abortion. You pick the jury! You argue the case! You be the judge!



Imperialism

India! Africa! South America! chose one then EXPLOIT IT! With rumble pack you can FEEL indigenous cultures crumbling!

The Plague: The Game

You are a nun in the 1300's trying to save the lives of the inhabitants of a small village. You begin as the protector of a small orphanage and if you succeed there you can work your way up to curing all of Germany one bubba at a time. Once you have salvaged as many lives as possible you must rebuild civilization from the ground up!

The Little Rock Nine

An Action packed RPG! Choose your favorite Little Rock Niner then overcome adversity! (Contains actual George Wallace sound bites).

The Hamilton/Burr Duel

Re-fight the duel that shocked the world over and over again. Be Burr. Be Hamilton. Then, be Burr again, or Hamilton if you like. Choose from a variety of 19th century pistols! Vary the number of paces each man takes! (Hint: To win you must be Burr.)

The '50s-The Game

You are a housewife in 1950's suburbia. You have a clean house. The challenge- Keep it that way!

Sacco & Vanzetti: A Tragedy in Dedham

Two Italian plumbers hire lawyers to save them from the electric chair, while battling monstrous big bosses in the sewers and water pipes of Dedham, Massachusetts.



Fine Indian Cuisine

"Prepared the Way You Like It"

MILD • MEDIUM • HOT

**FREE
PARKING**

Take Out
and
Party Catering

**Specializing in
VEGETARIAN**

AND
NON-VEGETARIAN
DISHES

**SUNDAY BUFFET
ALL YOU CAN EAT**

12 Items To Choose From

\$7.95

**Daily
Specials**

11:30-3:00 Lunch

4:30-10:30 Dinner

OPEN 7 DAYS

27 Lebanon St., Hanover, NH

603-643-2217

**WINE &
BEER**

AVAILABLE

**The
Jewel of
India**

**Hanover's
Oldest
and
Finest
Indian
Cuisine**

Free with Ad
One of Our 10 Breads
or Vegetable Pakora
Appetizer
Limit 1 Per Table

Pleasing Upper Valley Tastes Since 1992

**or 10% off Student Discount*

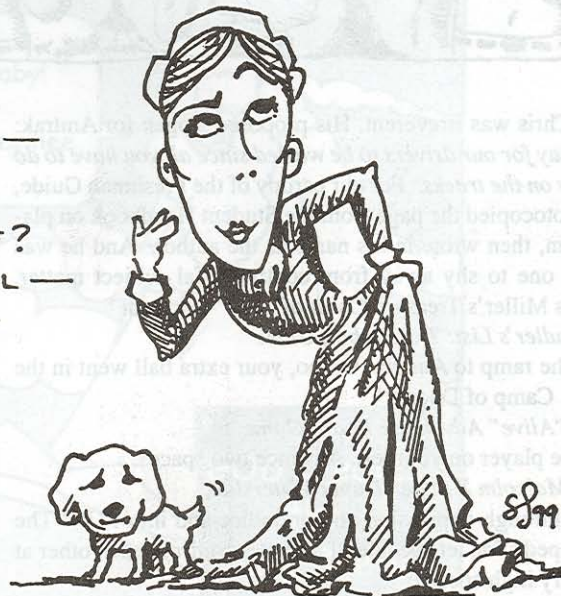
PAID ADVERTISEMENT

CREATIVITY, PART I

THOSE LAUGHING THEN —
KNEW WELL THE SCENT —
MY DOG HAD BROKEN WIND —
THAT SCENT IS UNABATED NOW —
FRESH AIR CANNOT BE FOUND.

MY EXCLAMATION — DID YOU BEEF?
MAKES YOU DELAY — AND SMELL —
BETTER AN IGNIS FLATULENCE —
THAN NO PERFUME AT ALL.

— EMILY DICKINSON



IT'S PRETTY UNUSUAL FOR US TO DO A RETROSPECTIVE, AND PRODUCING A TRIBUTE FOR SOMEONE WHO GRADUATED JUST TWO YEARS AGO IS UNHEARD OF. BUT CHRIS GAVE US LOTS OF MONEY, AND WE REALLY REALLY HOPE HE DOES IT AGAIN. WE THINK THIS JUSTIFIES:

RETROSPECTIVE: CHRIS MILLER '97

by Kevin Goldman

Before becoming a bigwig in Disney animation, nabbing a recurring role on a "Must See TV" television sitcom, or developing animated and live-action late-night sketch comedy shows, Christopher Miller '97 was Editor-in-Chief of our dirty little rag, *The Jacko*. During his two year stint at the helm he brought the magazine to new heights (and new depths.) After languishing for many years as a newspaper, Chris was determined to return the *Jacko* to a magazine format, and he wasn't afraid to run up an insurmountable debt to do it. (He succeeded in both.)

My family celebrates the birth of a major figure in our religion by waiting for a fat man to slide down a narrow orifice in our roof and shove toys in our socks. At this time of year, some celebrate Chanukah, which is basically low-stakes gambling with a dreidel and lighting a candle for every different spelling of the word 'Hanukkah.'

What next? The vernal equinox and the rebirth of that religious figure. It's not really fair that Jesus gets two birthdays, since he already gets twice as many presents because one of them is on Christmas. At any rate, for this holiday, my family puts dye on chicken embryos and hides them around the house, pretending that they are gifts from a rodent. (And yes, it is a rodent.)

Finally we have Halloween, where we are supposed to frighten away spirits by cutting faces into vegetables, dressing up like Madonna and demanding candy from strangers. As a youth, I often copped out on costume-making and went as a ghost. The only problem was that my mother never had plain white sheets. You don't know the meaning of the word embarrassment until you go out on the town wearing a Laura Ashley blanket with two holes in it. The only thing you scare away is your friends.



Chris was irreverent. His proposed slogan for Amtrak: *It's okay for our drivers to be wasted since all you have to do is stay on the tracks.* For our parody of the Freshman Guide, he photocopied the page from the Student Handbook on plagiarism, then wrote in his name as the author. And he was never one to shy away from controversial subject matter. "Chris Miller's Treasure Chest of Toys" featured:

•*Schindler's List: The Pinball Game*

"Hit the ramp to Austria! Oh no, your extra ball went in the Death Camp of Doom!"

•*The "Alive" Adventure Board Game*

Eat the player on your left. Advance two spaces.

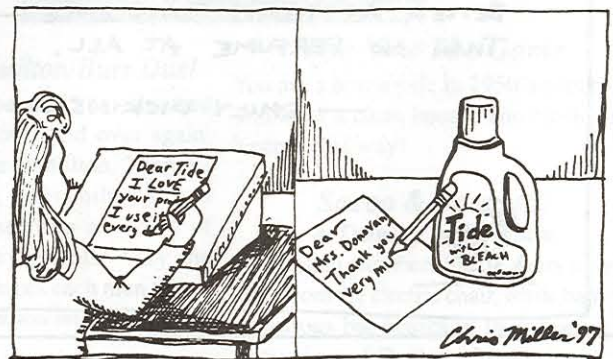
•*The Malcolm X Super-Duper Waterslide*

Slide through oppression and prejudice and into FUN! The X-shaped slide lets people of all races confront each other at slippery high speeds!

His essay on holidays from the Winter '96 issue reveals the depth and breadth of his humor style.

Chris could find humor anywhere and everywhere. A trip to the supermarket inspired "The Ten Commandments of Grocery Shopping," which included:

•**Thou shalt not buy meat that has more than one ingredient.** Look on the back of the package, and the only ingredient you should see is 'meat.'



MAKING A HOLLYWOOD BLOCKBUSTER

Step #5: Throw in a few cheap emotional ploys to tug the audience's heartstrings and keep them from realizing that the movie has no plot.



•**Thou shalt avoid food products which are misspelled.** Theologists believe that this includes food names with words like Cheez, P-nut, Cap'n, and Joose.

•**Thou shalt avoid foods which have quotes around them.** Experts say you should not only watch out for these, like "meat"loaf, or salad with "radishes," but you should also watch out for long phrases in names of food products, like 'Sure Smells Alot Like Potatoes' or 'Reminds Me of Chicken™.'

And yes, Chris could also suck:

I heard Clint Eastwood the other day, doing an anti-littering public service announcement on the radio, using his Dirty Harry persona. I hope he doesn't keep this up, because it can only lead in one direction: Clint endorsing the Days' Inn. "Go ahead. Make yours Days."

But whether writing, drawing, or editing, Chris knew funny. Thanks, Chris, for all the money... uhh, we mean funny. Yeah.

Step #8: The golden rule of blockbusters is: Things must explode. Often. If it's big and on screen, it had better blow up. Also, someone always must jump out of the way immediately before the blast occurs. In slow motion.

My God! That aircraft carrier!



My God! The Great pyramids of Egypt!

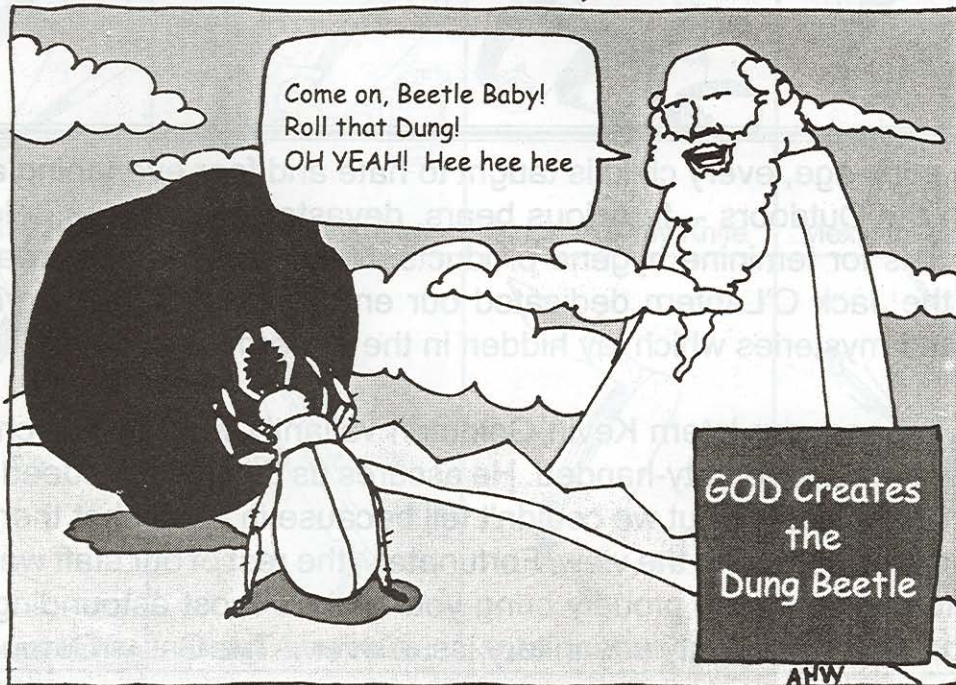


My God! The eastern hemisphere of the planet!



PAID ADVERTISEMENT

CREATIVITY, PART II



Jack O'Lantern Presents



THE GREAT OUTDOORS!

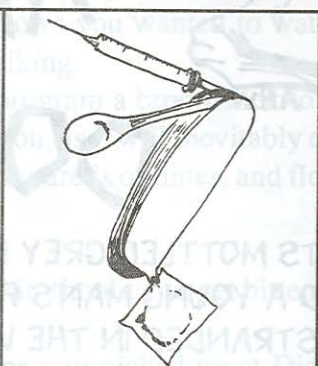
From an early age, every child is taught to hate and fear everything associated with the Outdoors -- ferocious bears, devastating tornados, television commercials for feminine hygiene products. Never ones to shy away from danger, the Jack O'Lantern dedicated our entire winter to uncovering the secrets and mysteries which lay hidden in the wilderness.

Camera in hand, our intern Kevin Goldman valiantly went in search of the 'forest,' but returned empty-handed. He assures us that he did indeed photograph an actual forest, but we couldn't tell because in each shot there were a bunch of trees blocking the view. Fortunately, the rest of our staff was more successful, and thus we proudly bring you Jacko's most astounding, most shocking, most horrifyingly unsanitary issue ever... THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

ARMY KNIVES OF THE WORLD



Swiss Army Knife



Amsterdam Army Knife



Italian Army Knife



German Army Knife



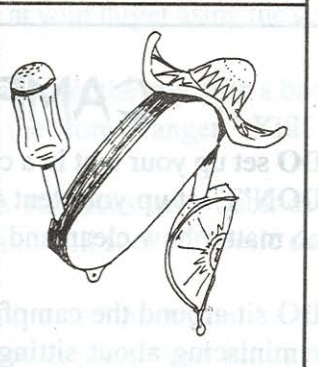
French Army Knife



Irish Army Knife



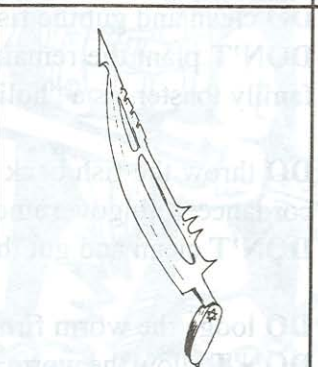
Russian Army Knife



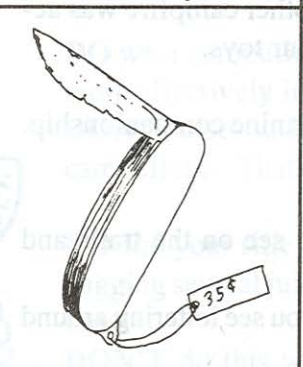
Mexican Army Knife



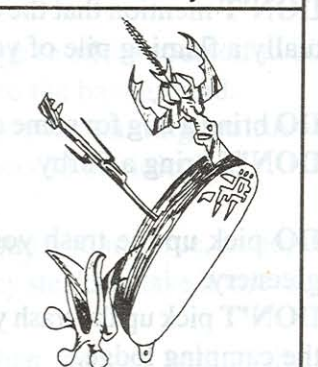
Canadian Army Knife



Israeli Army Knife



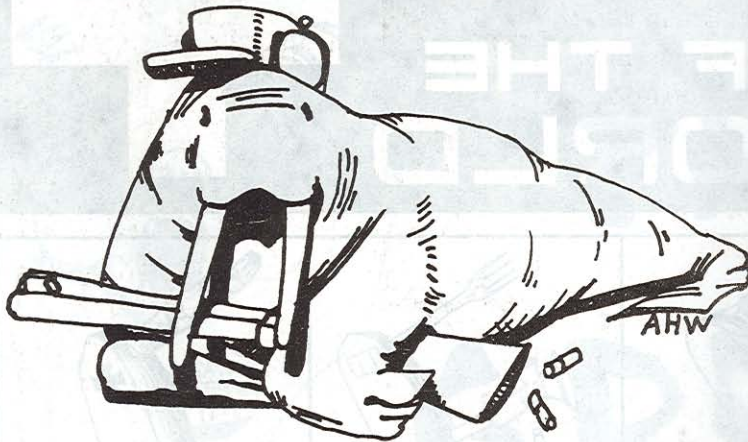
Salvation Army Knife



Zorgonian Army Knife

Art by Greg Fournier

OUTDOORS



DO'S AND DON'T'S

AH, SPRING. THE FOLIAGE PEEKS PAST ITS MOTTLED GREY MANTLE OF SNOW, THE BIRDS BEGIN TO CHIRP ANEW, AND A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO SONY PRODUCTS. SHOULD YOU GET STRANDED IN THE WILDERNESS ON YOUR WAY TO BLOCKBUSTER, STAY CALM. WE CAN HELP.

by Andy Butterworth

CAMPING

DO set up your tent in a clean, dry looking area.
DON'T set up your tent on Robert Downey Jr., no matter how clean and dry he claims to be.

DO sit around the campfire with your children, reminiscing about sitting around a similar fire with your own father.

DON'T mention that the other campfire was actually a flaming pile of your toys.

DO bring a dog for some canine companionship.
DON'T bring a Furby.

DO pick up the trash you see on the trails and greenery.

DON'T pick up the trash you see loitering around the camping lodge.

FISHING

DO recount humorous anecdotes to your buddy, while waiting for a bite.

DON'T recount your heroic Playstation conquests, including that part when you snagged the Boss Bass in the end of the final level of, "ESPN2 X-treme FlyFisher '97."

DO clean and gut the fish after you catch it.

DON'T plant the remaining fish innards in the family toaster, as a "holiday surprise."

DO throw the fish back if it is too small, in accordance with government regulations.

DON'T clean and gut the fish first.

DO lodge the worm firmly on your hook.

DON'T allow the worm any last requests, as one of them will surely be "to get off this damn hook."

HIKING

DO carry your water bottle by its convenient carrying handle.

DON'T carry your IMac by its convenient carrying handle: zip it firmly into your pack, like everyone else. (This also goes for your infant daughter, Jocelyn.)

DO remember to program your VCR to automatically tape the shows you wanted to watch, while you're away hiking.

DON'T attempt to program a broomstick to do all of your work for you, as it will inevitably end up replicating itself hundreds of times, and flood your master's castle.

DO bring a first aid kit, should you get bitten by a poisonous snake.

DON'T bring the one you picked up at Dick's House, which is up to 30 times more dangerous than an actual snakebit.



HUNTING

DO return home to your wife, victorious from the hunt.

DON'T return home to your wife with Victoria, a chick you picked up in the forest.

DO take careful aim at your target using the scope on your rifle.

DON'T take any crap from the guy with a badge, ostensibly posing as the "forest ranger." Kill him.

DO spend the extra 10 bucks on a duck decoy that looks realistic and will fool authentic ducks into landing.

DON'T spend an extra 135 bucks on the Party Duck, which shoots confetti and plays Bob Dylan's "Gotta Serve Somebody".

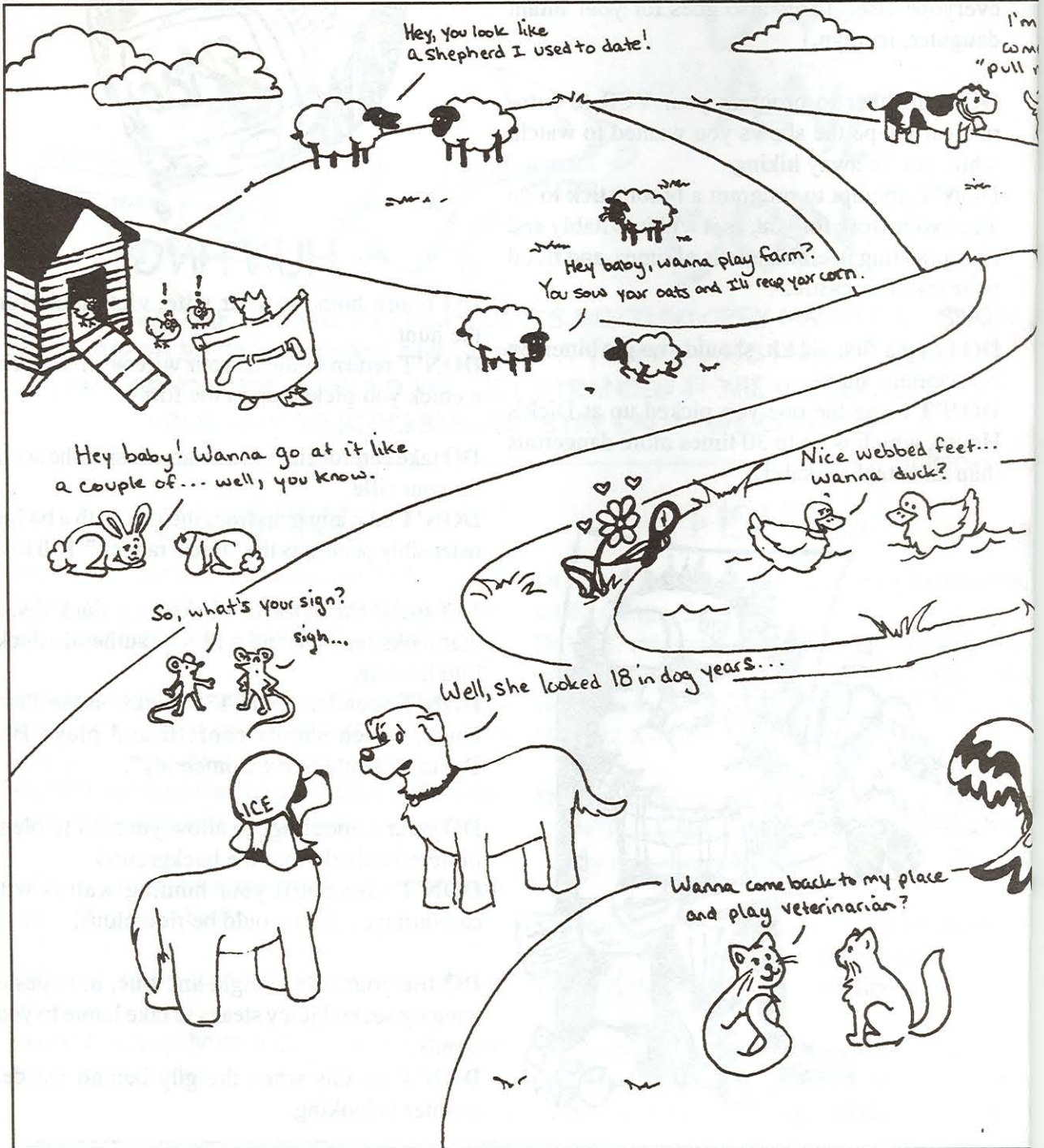
DO wear camouflage to allow yourself to blend more effectively into the background.

DON'T also outfit your hunting walrus with camouflage. That would be ridiculous.

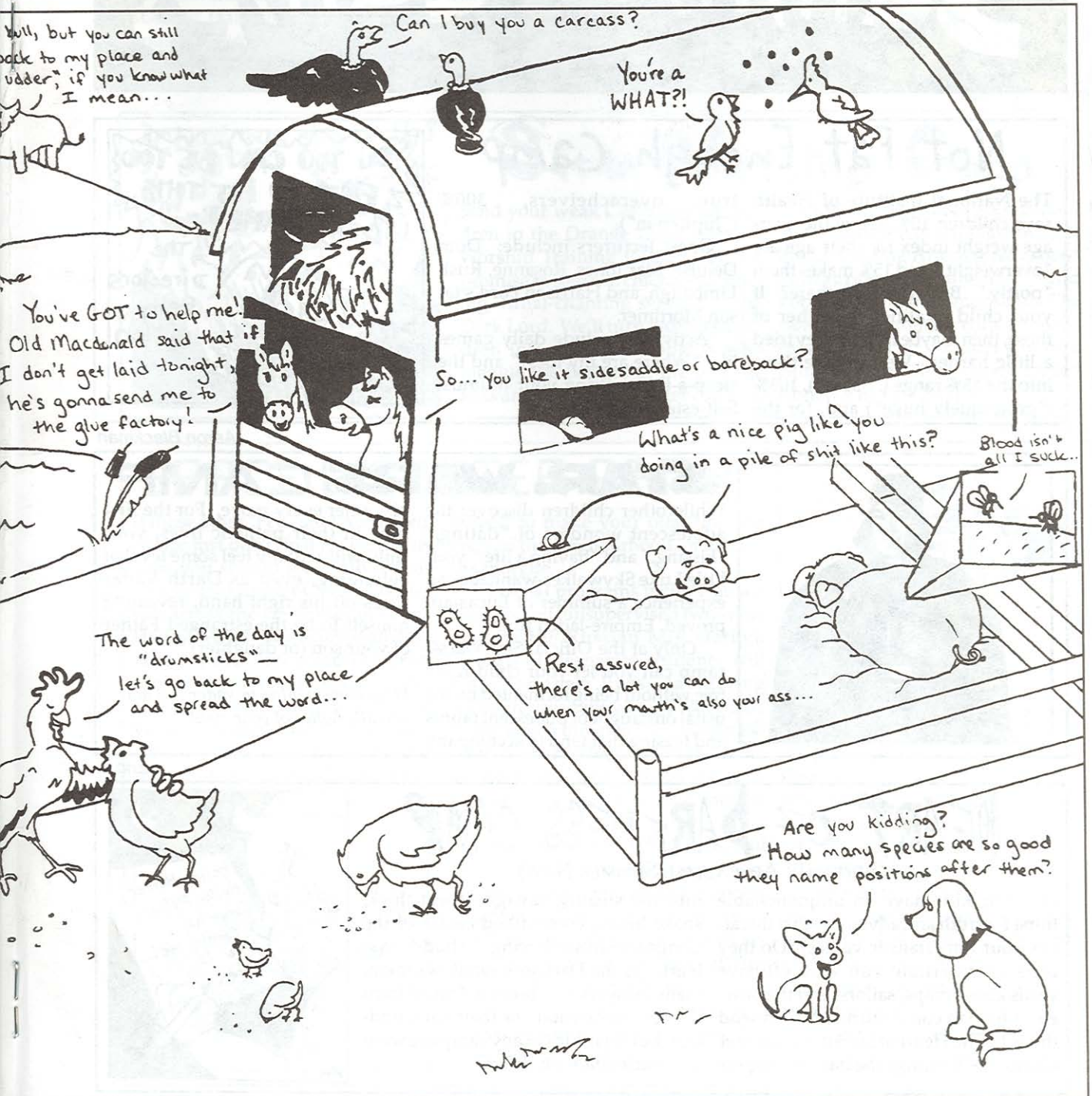
DO fire your rifle straight and true, in hopes of bagging several juicy steaks to take home to your family.

DON'T do this when the guy behind the deli counter is looking.

BARNYARD



PICK-UP LINES



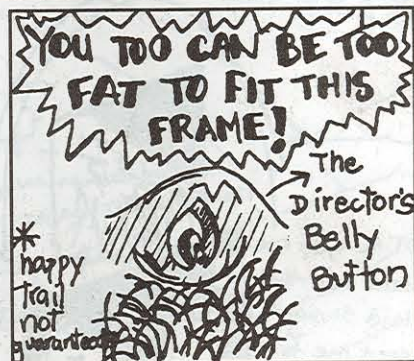
Jack O'Lantern's Definitive Guide to Summer Camps

Not Fat Enough Camp

The National Institute of Health says children 10% above the average weight index for their age are "overweight," and 15% makes them "portly." But why stop there? If your child qualifies for either of those, then maybe its time they tried a little harder. We can take them into the 45% range ("obese"), 105% ("grotesquely huge") and, for the true overacheivers, 300% ("Jupiterian").

Guest lecturers include: Dom Deluise, Star Jones, Rosanne, Rush Limbaugh, and Harrison Ford's fat son Mortimer.

Activities include daily games like "Where are my toes?" and the sleep-a-thon. Bring your mumus. Self-esteem not included.



-Aaron Blackman



STAR WARS CAMP

While other children discover the adolescent wonders of "dating," "kissing," and "having a life," your little Luke Skywalker-wannabe can experience a summer of Lucas-approved, Empire-laden fun!

Only at the Official Star Wars® camp can you let your child roam free without being tormented by the usual onslaught of pubescent taunts and teasing that tend to accompany

his or her every move. For the first time in their pathetic lives, your child will actually feel some level of belonging, even as Darth Vader slices off his right hand, revealing himself to be the estranged Father of your son (or daughter).*

*Disclaimer: Man in Vader suit not actually father of your child.

-Eric S.

HEART OF DARKNESS CAMP

(Formerly APOCALYPSE SUMMER NOW)

Do your kids have an unquenchable thirst for truth and adventure that threatens your imperialistic values? Do they constantly irritate you with effusive yarns about maps, sailors, and the bowels of human consciousness? Then send them to The Heart of Darkness Summer Camp! We'll plunge the happy campers

into the steamy, savage, insect-thick, snake-heavy, cootie-filled center of the Congo (always enforcing the buddy system). As the Darkness swallows them, many campers may become "cut off from the comprehension" of their surroundings, but then, kids at any camp are wont to experiment with drugs.



-Scott Snyder

Religious "FUN"damentalist Camp

Is your kid showing signs of free thinking? Tendencies towards sin or the influences of Satan? Dancing, singing or enjoying life? Well, we have just the camp for you. At the Obediah Hallelujah Memorial Religious Fundamentalism Camp in Orange County, your child will receive

just the background to make their playground sermons and exhortations strike fear into the hearts of all the little Devil-spawned, commie loving children. Curriculum includes the following classes: How God Smites the Infidels, Fun with Inquisitions, and How to Spot Satan.



-Jenny Holland



Satan Worship Camp

Send your weak Christ-loving children to the Orange County Satan-Worship Training Center, and we promise to return a chicken-sacrificing, ritual-chanting servant of the Dark Lord. We'll turn ordinary children into young sociopaths who mangle the Barbies of the popular kids and hang the younger children

from the monkey bars with barbed wire. Coursework includes: Best Blood-Yielding Arteries, Advanced Pentagram Engineering, and Polytonal Scream Composition. The camp will culminate with a contest to see who can conduct the best ritual sacrifice with campers raided from the nearby Religious Camp.

-Jenny Holland

SPACE DISASTER CAMP

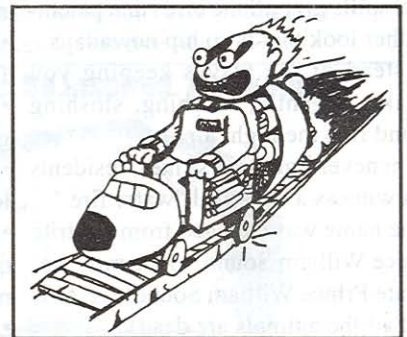
If those other "Federally Approved" camps just don't do it for your kids, then you should look into the all-new Space Disaster Camp. Located just across the US border in sunny, lawless Mexico, all facilities are built with space "recyclables" from "Earth-Terminated" spaceflights. Space Disaster Camp, recently developed by the National Aeronautical Uncertain Space Explosion Administration, or NAUSEA, offers many exciting opportunities guar-

anteed to make your offspring the envy of the neighborhood, or at least the morgue.

Special programs include an action-packed, unsupervised two week stay on the Russian MIR station. Groups of desperate students will fight for their lives, navigating through mechanical and electronic faults which threaten their young existence every sleepless step of the way, teaching them valuable cooperation skills as they eke out a meager existence on their own urine.

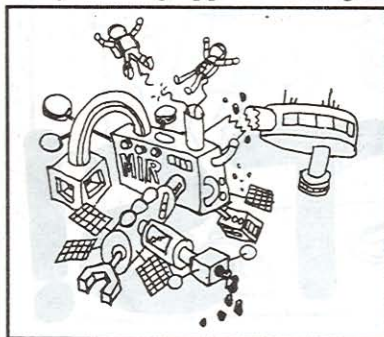
An elite group of students will even have the privilege of experiencing the world-famous Challenger incident. And, of course, in the spirit of Challenger, an instructor will accompany them. But sign up fast! This option fills up with a bang!

The regular curriculum is also breaking new ground. All new students will eat and sleep under eight



fun filled G's! Ever wondered what it's like in space? Well, your kids will find out in the oxygen-deprivation, low pressure/temperature tank, affectionately dubbed "The Pit of Hell" by the first student body.

We recommend your child brings nothing to this camp, as all provisions will be taken in exchange for a clear plastic body suit that they will wear throughout their Space experience. So if your kids love new experiences and space, then Space Disaster Camp might be the choice for them!



-Geoff Carlson

ENVIRONMENTAL DISASTERS:

What's worse than going into the great outdoors and realizing that an environmental disaster just occurred? We'll tell you what's worse: a lot of things! Environmental disasters aren't that bad... if you look at the bright sides of them. Here are some positive aspects of environmental disasters.

OIL SPILLS

- Oil spills make otters like "greased lightning" so that they can really steer clear of those sharks!
- The water is now swirled with a rainbow of different colors.
- No one liked those damn whooping cranes anyway.
- The oil covers up all that ugly, ugly algae.
- Old, boring, blue whales are now more exciting: "Black and Blue Whales." (Or Bruised whales for short)
- Oil spills give all the birds that patent-leather look that is so hip nowadays.
- Instead of the waves keeping you awake, a gentle, soothing, sloshing sound fills the night air.
- Whenever lightning strikes, residents can witness a beautiful "water fire."
- The name was changed from the trite Prince William Sound, to the more accurate Prince William Soundless (now that all the animals are dead).

VOLCANOES

- Volcanoes take care of those darn trees so our overworked lumberjacks can have a holiday and get needed time off.
- At Pompeii, the ten-meter deep soot covered up the terrible paint job on Irashnunu's hut.
- Volcanoes put nasty portapotties out of business with new Lava-tory industry.
- Lava flows are great for hiding bodies.
- Fleeing cattle get in shape from fast moving lava flows.
- The ash lets residents experience the fun of sledding all year long.
- Massive amounts of ash help the burgeoning ash industry .
- You all know you wanted to see a cool looking mushroom cloud!
- Instead of the hassle of driving, slide on home with a Mud Slide! Great for mud baths too!
- Ash clouds block out those harmful

UV rays.

- Because so many homes are destroyed, local property taxes really lighten up!
- Volcanoes relieve hell from excess heat, which therefore increases the comfort level of the souls of the damned.

FOREST FIRES

- Forest fires divert traffic from national parks back to the malls, thus aiding our faltering economy.
- They save electricity by "lighting up the night."
- Hey, firefighters gotta eat too!
- Forest fires create great views for bored astronauts on MIR.
- Fires keep wildlife "on their toes."
- Forest fires prevent trees from becoming haunted and stealing our souls.
- With a name like Yellowstone, they were just asking for it.

THE BENEFITS!

By Erica Rivinoja and Geoff Carlson

EARTHQUAKES

- The shaking rocks colicky babies to sleep.
- Earthquakes make the World Series a little bit more exciting.
- Weak houses are separated from the strong in what we call "Architectural Darwinism."
- Earthquakes keep the party rockin'...yeah!
- You can have the nice drunken effect without the alcohol.
- Moving landscape distracts bored airline passengers from really bad movies like "Titanic."
- Earthquakes make boring sex suddenly extremely satisfying.
- Giant faultlines make more room for much needed landfills.

BLIZZARDS

- Major blizzards give Dairy Queen free product promotion.
- Wintry conditions make it easier for thieves to steal those babies that never shut up.
- Snow drifts are great for hiding bodies.
- If get stuck at home, can always eat your way out.
- Snow makes it easier to keep dead relatives fresh and sweet-smelling.
- Snowy the Magic deer will come to your house and give you three wishes!!!
- Blizzards keep those pesky dragons away.



And, THIS is the North Gear Emperor's jacket.
It retails for \$700, but it's 100% breathable!

- Super-cold temperatures contribute to the elimination of that ugly, ugly bird: the condor.
- Three day weekend. Woo-hoo!

TIDAL WAVES

- Tidal waves aid evolution by exposing marine life to land.
- Now those landlubbers can see what seaweed tastes like.
- Scuba divers now have the opportunity to practice their skills in the comfort of own, flooded homes.
- Maybe one of these days, one will finally kill Godzilla.
- Tidal waves relieve drought without those bothersome rainstorms.
- The draining of the ocean may one day reveal Atlantis.
- Tidal waves help the ships into port in one swift, efficient stroke.

DROUGHTS

- Dust Bowl is now a successful college football game with considerable promotional power.
- Droughts keep the farmers in their place, and prevent them from buying all that stock that I wanted.
- One word: "tans."
- Droughts act as a natural sauna to help those fat farmers lose weight.
- Cracks in ground make earth take on an "older and wiser" look.
- All the dust creates a boom for vacuum retailers.
- Starving cattle makes for fat free beef.

Be Artistic. Be Inspired. Just Behave.

DUKE'S
Art Supplies
10 Allen Street, Hanover • 643-3404

The G R E A T I N D O O R S

There are many nature enthusiasts in this world who would have you believe that for one to experience the glory and splendor of the outdoors, one has to go outdoors. Fortunately, this assertion is nothing more than false propaganda invented by unwashed hippies (many of whom will go minutes, even hours, without bathing) who are intensely jealous of those of us that can afford televisions, clothes, and places to live. In this article I will discuss ways for you to witness the wonders of nature without having to resort to such desperate measures as leaving your home, exposing yourself

to dangerous organisms such as "animals," or listening to Phish.

Now many of you are assuredly thinking, "Powell, you asshole, the easiest way for us to witness nature from our living rooms is just to turn on the television. Surely with 700 different cable stations there are myriad interesting nature-related programs, many of which are narrated by Peter Graves." Well, yes, gentle reader, this is indeed true. However, would you believe that there are ways to witness nature *in person* from inside your homes, without the aid of television? No? Well, guess what? You're wrong!

Here are three suggestions to assist you in turning your humble abode into a veritable Wild Kingdom of its own.

1. Look out the window.

Many modern homes contain rectangular glass panels, built directly into the walls, which allow the occupant to view the outside world. These "portholes to nature" are perfect for viewing the Great Outdoors all its glory. From your windows you might be able



to see grass, trees, and possibly even winged creatures known as "birds!"* Look carefully to try and locate the bright yellow ball in the sky. This is known as the *sun*, the celestial being which serves

as the Earth's energy source. Quite a sight, isn't it? There are few things more relaxing than spending hours on end staring directly into that magical ball of gas which enables us to see things without flashlights. **WARNING:** Be sure not to spend too much time near the window, since years of growing accustomed to artificial light has left your fragile body susceptible to damage by the sun's many dangerous rays, such as real light.

2. Leave out rotting meat. If you're like me, you live in a perfectly sterile bubble which is so effectively sealed off from the

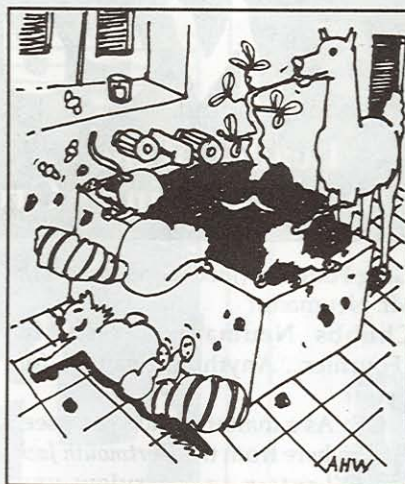
*Does not apply to residents of New York City.

outside world that not even bacteria can gain entrance. The chances are, however, you are *not* like me, and your home contains at least one or more faults in the infrastructure which allow various small creatures to enter at will. One easy way to get a good look at these organisms is to leave perishable foods out in the open, preferably in the light of the sun (see suggestion #1). Within days, the food will begin to attract many exotic members of the animal kingdom, such as ants, maggots, and sewer rats.†

3. Steal your neighbor's pet.

Though the successful execution of this suggestion might at first seem to require leaving your home, don't fret. All you need is a can of tuna, an open window, a

low-level tranquilizer gun, and — presto! — Rover is the first specimen in your own personal



zoo. Though domesticated animals are not technically *real* animals, they share many of the

same characteristics, such as:

- Smelling bad
- Shitting indiscriminately
- Not speaking English
- Breathing oxygen

Please keep in mind that these suggestions are merely the beginning of the vast outdoor world one can discover indoors. Some other helpful suggestions include:

- Starting a compost heap in your bathtub.
- Growing "medicinal" marijuana under a sunlamp in your basement.
- Raising your child as an orangutan.

Have fun, and remember: If it weren't for nature, we wouldn't have the Nature Channel.

†Does apply to residents of New York City.

3000 used CDs all below \$9.95!!!
1000's of new CDs all below list price!!!

MUSIC MATTERS

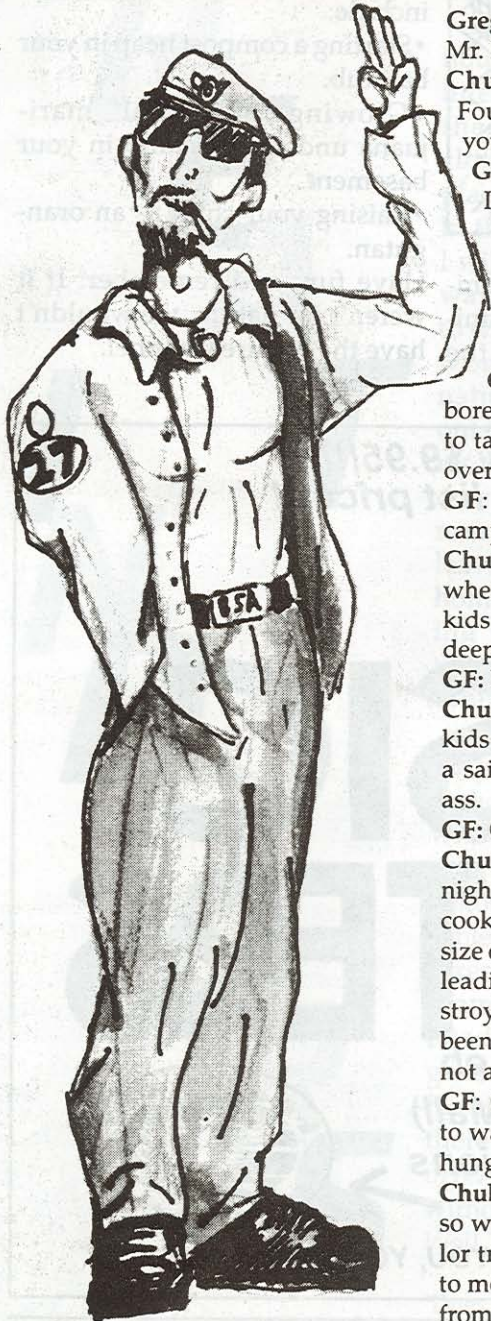
Glen Road Plaza, West Leb
(Next to the Powerhouse Mall)
Coffee Bar with Listening Stations
(inside Music Matters)



Where else can you find stickers that say, "FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING FUCK!"

Exclusive Interview: Chubbs Neumann

Leader of the
Militant BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA Splinter Group "Crimson Dawn"



Greg Fournier (*Jacko Correspondant*): Mr. Neumann?

Chubbs Neumann: Yes, Mr. Fournier... Anything I can do for you?

GF: As a matter of fact, yes... see, I'm here from the *Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern* to interview you about your involvement in the, um, incident that took place years ago. You know what I'm talking about...

Chubbs: You mean winter jamboree '95? I told you I wasn't going to talk about that. This interview is over.

GF: Actually, I mean spring camporee '94.

Chubbs: Oh, okay then. It's just, when I think of the looks on those kids faces, I... (*long silence*) We were deep in enemy territory...

GF: Enemy territory?

Chubbs: Camp Half Moon. Those kids are all pussies. Wouldn't know a sailor's knot if it bit them on the ass.

GF: Oh.

Chubbs: Anyhow, it was a quiet night, with fog as thick as girl scout cookie dough, and mosquitoes the size of roasted marshmallows. I was leading a patrol on a search-and-destroy, nothing unusual. It should've been a routine night... In and out, not a hitch. So we were-

GF: Can I have some trail mix? I had to walk to get here, and I'm kind of hungry.

Chubbs: Oh sure. Where was I? Ok, so we're coming up on this counselor troop, right, and we're all ready to move, when I hear this wheezing from the back of the line. And sure

enough, it's this little fat shit, Timmy Winch.

GF: So you knew Timmy had problems before that night?

Chubbs: Hell yeah. This kid just couldn't keep it together. Always crying for his mommy, complaining he was hungry, lots of hygiene problems, too. And there he was wheezing and coughing, and mumbling about his new acne medication, how it makes his face too sensitive and shit. This kid was a real head case.

GF: Did you tell him to be quiet?

Chubbs: Hell yes! But he went right on mumbling and complaining. He was jeopardizing the whole damn mission!

GF: "Mission"?

Chubbs: Birdwatching, but that's irrelevant. Anyhow, we did the only thing we could do for Timmy... torment him mercilessly in what could only be described as severe psychological torture.

GF: You mean duct-taping him face down in that ant hill?

Chubbs: No, that was some other kid. We duct-taped him to a picnic table out in the field and gagged him with his own soiled underwear so no one could hear him scream. Remember how much fun it was?

GF: Uhh, I wasn't there.

Chubbs: Oh yeah. Well, Timmy won't be talking since we seared off his eyebrows with my zippo. It's called the "Boy Scout code of silence".

GF: That's nice.

Chubbs: So that's it. The kid bugged out, and I straightened him out. End of story. If only he had followed the BSA motto: "Be prepared... or die."

Stockman's Dogs



"It's easy for us to stand still, but I don't know how those birds have managed to flap in place for all these years."

Your Mom Beer

Nothing Goes Down Easier Than YOUR MOM



"After a hard day's work I just can't wait to get home and wrap my lips around Your Mom."



68 South Main Street
Hanover, New Hampshire

Store Hours: Monday-Sunday, 11am - 12am

Delivery Hours: Monday-Sunday, 11am-12am

Call Ahead For Easy Pick-Up

**2 Large Cheese Pizzas
\$12.95**

**Buy 1 Large Cheese &
Get 12 Garlic Knots FREE**



dlib
The Dartmouth Bookstore
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

**EXPLORE
OUR
STORE!**

Now that the dust has settled from the frantic first week of term opening find time to explore our store beyond the textbook/school supplies area. We are truly one of America's few remaining classic bookstores. For instance, in our lower level Hanover Room you'll find:

FOREIGN LANGUAGE BOOKS - These include dictionaries, phrase books and other guides for every level - from when you climb off the plane to doing business in a foreign country.

GRADUATE SCHOOL GUIDES - Included here are books to help you find the right school - medical, business, law, and other graduate studies as well as test guides to help you score better so you can get into these schools.

COURSE STUDY GUIDES - You can find these on the bridge between textbooks and music. They include Schaums Outline Series, Cliff's Notes, Cerebellum Video Aids, and more.

HAVE A GREAT TERM!

Hostess

IN THE

WILDERNESS

The most important thing to remember about the outdoors is that it's our greatest natural resource lying around waiting for our exploitation and it's so "campy." Nothing says "I'm a snobbish homebody who has time to knit a waterproof tent out of kelp" more than the ability to make a waterproof tent out of kelp. And it is with great pleasure that I take my expertise into the wilderness.

The great outdoors is one of the trickiest and most rewarding places to entertain, and isn't that the goal in life? To find the trickiest place to feed a large number of people food so expensive you have to take out a second mortgage to pay just for the first round of hors' d'œuvres? The first step in planning the perfect outdoor dining is to choose the spot. I recommend a spot with a circumference of 20 miles of untouched, virgin, and beautifully serene forest. I believe the only spot fitting that description left is 700 miles northwest of Saskatchewan.

Now that you have purchased this delightful spot, clear an area of 200 square feet. That should allow you enough room for the kelp tent, the dance floor you'll cut from redwoods, and the cheese and cracker table, plus a 7 foot handcrafted swan shaped ice sculpture. The important thing to remember when floor planning in the woods is you want the ambience to feel cozy, but not crowded. Rule of thumb is that 1 guest = 6 acres.

Once you've completed the clearcutting with your Kmart special 12 inch hatchet, pupped the kelp tent, laid and varnished the dance floor, it's time to start the evening's prepa-

ration. First, set aside a good month for canning, pickling, roasting, splicing/dicing, steaming, sauteeing, barbecuing, and marinating. Or simply hire a large staff to work behind-the-scenes so you can just put the finishing touches on everything while smiling for the camera.

Here are a few recommended additions to your evening's menu that will perfectly highlight the outdoor motif:

• **Earwig and Pine Needle Dip.**

Not many people know it, but the pinchers on the earwig add a zesty, in-your-face flavor to a crustini dip. My personal recipe calls for 450 sets of pinchers carefully ground to a fine powder. But be careful, if the pinchers are ground too fine the powder becomes highly explosive and will react quite violently with stomach acids.

• **Roasted Red Pepper and Deer Saliva Cheese.** Your guests will go wild if you feature this cheese at your party. Acquiring the 3 cups of deer saliva called for in my recipe is quite simple. Since the saliva should be from the male deer, make sure to attach a saliva catcher to all the randy males in the woods. Then parade around the forest in your slinkiest doe costume showing a little hoof here and a little white tail there.

• **Acorn, Tomato, and Poison Ivy Salad.** I know what you're thinking... "Acorn?! But that's such a common nut!" But a-ha! This recipe calls for the endangered acorn of Rwanda. Possession of this acorn could give you 3 to 5 years in jail, but that's the risk you take when you claim to be a good hostess.

by Anita Hamalainen

*Xtreme sports are all the rage today,
but here are a few we'd like to see:*

Xtreme Oral Hygiene - Players must be the first to sanitize their mouth using pitons, bungee cable and a flame thrower. Due to safety demands, only unwaxed bungee cable will be used.

Xtreme Sleeping - World-class athletes must find the will to fall asleep in the most demanding of situations. Donning scuba gear, contestants must swim to the direct center of the polar ice cap, take a nap, then swim to safety before their air supply runs out. The player with the longest REM cycle wins.

Xtreme Reading - A copy of *Huckleberry Finn* is divided into 10 page segments evenly spaced out over a 50 mile trail run. The competitors must carefully wend their way over the treacherous trail while carefully reading the American masterpiece. The winner is determined by the style and content of a 1000 word essay written at the end of the run.

Xtreme Dog Walking - Hearty generation-xers attempt to be the first to successfully house break a rabid pit bull while wearing nothing but a strand of polish sausages. *by Charles Gussow*

Words of the Day

Britaphobia- fear of anything fresh. Especially fresh air or fresh water. Common in city dwellers. One seldom sees a scene more tragic than that of a red faced New Yorker lying silently in a meadow, having stubbornly held his breath to unconsciousness.

Gereophobia- Fear of small woodland creatures. Not to be confused with *Richardgereophilia*: Special feelings for small woodland creatures. *--Jon Cohen*

(COLLEGE CLEANERS)
and Launderers
INCORPORATED

**Same Day Service Monday thru Friday
Laundry and Dry Cleaning**

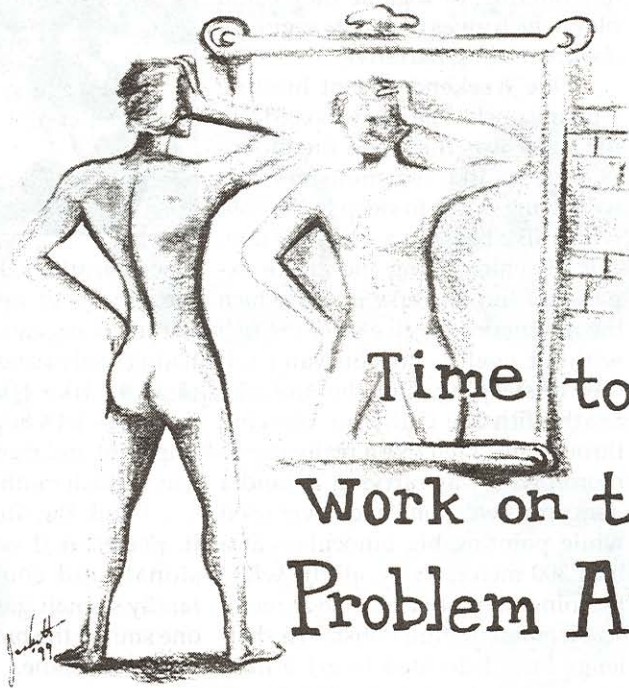
**"The better you look,
the better we look"**



**9 Allen Street
643-2303**

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

CREATIVITY, PART III



Time to
Work on those
Problem Areas

Jacko's Wacky Foreign Adventures Page Presents...

Fear and Peeling in Warsaw

If there's one thing that's always funny, it's things that are different than us, like foreigners. So last December we sent Adam Wierzbowski to Poland with nothing but a shotgun and a silly last name. Would he survive? See for yourselves...

During my Winter break I traveled to Poland to visit some relatives. Fall term, I was a well-paid intern at a big consulting firm. I was used to the big paychecks, so my first week in Poland I got a job at a soup factory, peeling mushrooms. Mushrooms don't need to be peeled, unless they've been sitting in a damp, old, dirty bucket in the corner of a Polish soup factory. Peeling mush-



rooms is much like peeling away old stuff to get at the new stuff, where in this case the new stuff is mushrooms.

During lunch we would eat meat sandwiches and drink coffee. Have you ever drank Polish coffee? Imagine the amount of coffee grounds you find in the bottom of your cup, triple it, and you have Polish coffee. My co-workers would ask me about America and if I liked to go to the disco. I tried to tell them that "disco" was passé and I preferred "clubbing", but that didn't go over too smooth. When I first asked

questions, I would be confused by their answers because in conversational Polish, "no" means "yes" (which got me into a pinch on New Year's).

I always counted how many mushrooms I could peel in an hour and during lunch I would compare the numbers with the other workers. They always whooped my bourgeois, pansy little ass because the only things I had ever peeled [out] were donuts in the school parking lot. They would tell me how during the days of Communism it was easier to come to work drunk, so mushroom peeling would be more like hunting, or a game they could play, which gives me a cute segue for the proceeding narrative.

One weekend I went hunting with my uncle. The day was cold and the snow was thick and the mountains were like big monsters that were lying down to sleep in the cold winter like bears in a cave, the interior of which being the entire expanse of the universe under which the mountains lay like sleeping fish without eyelids so you can't tell they're sleeping. Out there on the heath with the chilly air blowing through me, I felt like a really dumb moron who was carrying around a dangerous weapon I had never used while pointing big binoculars at a bird 300 meters away, all the while listening to my uncle curse at me in scary, emasculating Polish. To challenge him, I decided to get a little silly. I remember pointing that heavy

shotgun into the air and firing off a warning shot of solidarity (or as they say in Poland, *solidarnosc*). This stunned my uncle, who was soon enraged at my reckless (what he called "American") misuse of his prized possession. This tension was broken as a bloody, angry, flapping duck hit me on the shoulder. My errant shot had collided with this hapless fellow. Though covered in



bloody feathers, I was overjoyed by the success of my hunt. Actually, I felt like a big, accidental wuss who hadn't really accomplished anything (a little like Jim Burden in *My Antonia* - let's hope I don't grow up impotent and pining away for some Slavic earth mother).

I took the duck home, plucked it, peeled it (I was a paid professional) and cooked it up in my family's small gas oven and everyone smiled the broad smile of warm Polish sunshine.

--Adam Wierzbowski

REJECTED MERIT BADGES

VOLUME 1



Microwaving



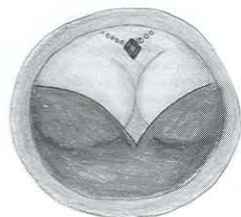
Making Those Bastards Pay



Non-Homoerotic Butt Patting



Identifying and Punishing Heretics



Objectifying Women



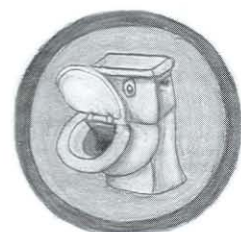
Petulance



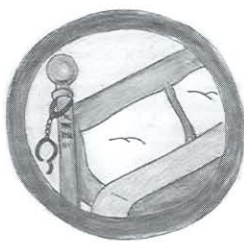
Executionry



Defending Your House From Mediocre Burglars With An Elaborate Series Of Homemade Crotch-Injuring Traps, While Being Accidentally Stranded Alone At Home By Your Massive Family That Has Gone On Vacation To Paris For Christmas Break



Marksmanship



Lockpicking



Fart Blame Deflection



Botany



Arts and Crafts

