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Laura Spencer



Nancy Tulk



Catherine Muttus



I. Morcar



G.H.E. Jr.



H. Brennan



W.K. MacLeod



G.F. Inksan



E. Ee Grow



A. Hockins



T.J. Ryan



W.O. Davis



HATE MAIL



Dear Jacko,

Breakfast for a Buck! =D
Come by the Hinman
Lounge at 8 a.m. Sunday
for some cheap food!
=D <<< that's you if you
show up!

P.S. Sorry it's Pop Tarts this
week, guys. I spent most of
my stipend on a Home
Pregnancy Test. Come to
BFAB and find out the re-
sults! LOL. =)

Sincerely,
Your UGA

Dear Jacko,

**ndfgngf;d bdfg. ... more
coke. lkndgng. ... back
on coke. ksffdhfdh...
feels great. sdfjkgnsdgf...
Bicentennial Man 2, 3, 4,
5 in post-production...**

**Sincerely,
Robin Williams**

Dear Jacko,

You're so wrong. Don't
even hand me in. Please,
I'm begging you, man.
Don't do it. I'm a disgrace.
You know you're withdraw-
ing, anyway. Why subject
us to that kind of humilia-
tion? Maybe next time you
won't wait til "Curb Your En-
thusiasm" is over to start
one of me, huh?

Sincerely,
Last Night's Problem Set

Dear Jacko,

Outta sight!

**Sincerely,
The bartender from
"The Love Boat"**

Dear Jacko,

It looks like I'm writing a
letter!

Sincerely,

The Microsoft Office
Paperclip

Dear Jacko,

**You know I died re-
cently? Yeah, no shit.
Look it up.**

**Sincerely,
Mr. Belvedere**

Dear Jacko,

Please get this tarted-up
codpiece David Bowie out of
my inner walls. If he dances,
magic, dances one more
time, I swear I'll flood myself.

Sincerely,
The Labyrinth

Dear Jacko,

**Maybe we could get a little
Dial soap on that right**

**hand sometime soon, eh,
Porkchop? I mean, I'm no
obsessive-compulsive
hygiene Nazi, but right
now I'm covered in more
viscous liquids than the
cow Billy Crystal delivered
in "City Slickers." Come
on, babe. Size of a dime.
Rub it in good.**

**Sincerely,
Your Computer Mouse as
interpreted by Dennis
Miller**

Dear Jacko,

But I'm a lesbian and I
hosted the Emmys!
Oooh....scandal, scandal,
scandal! Now watch my
show? No? Hmm...How
bout now? No? Bam! I like
girls! Now?

Sincerely,
Ellen DeGeneres

Dear Jacko,

**ItOnlyHurtsOnce69: age/
sex check? any 15+ fs
want to chat? im me.**

**ScullyMulder943: lol. but
it wasn't even skinner's
gun.**

**Psalm162400: You will all
burn in hell for your blas-
phemous ways! Only the
One and True Christ can
save...**

**ItOnlyHurtsOnce69: age/
sex check? any 16+ fs
want to chat? im me.**

**ClancyNut911: militiajim,
you dont really believe it
was osama, do u? all evi-
dence potins to the ghost
of tim mc...**

**NIN Forever: FUCK YOU,
PSALM-COCKFACE! GET
YOUR DIRTY PROSELY-
TIZING COCKFACE OUTA
THIS ROOM!**

**ItOnlyHurtsOnce69: age/
sex check? any 17+ fs
want to chat? im me.**

**Sincerely,
Yahoo Chat Room**

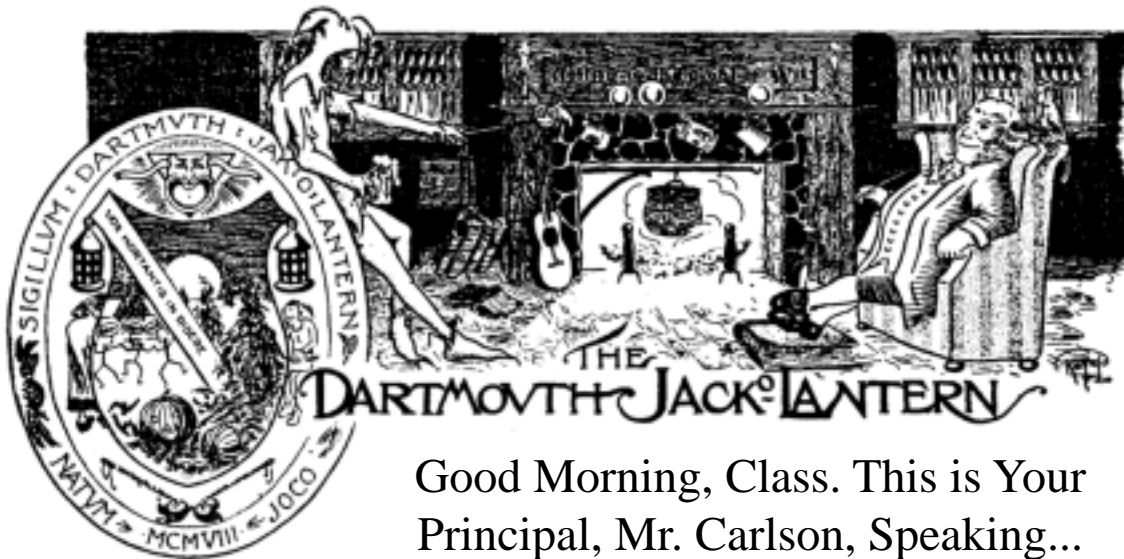
Dear Jacko,

For years you've seen me in
all those cereal commercials
yelling "Barney! My
Pebbles!" Some people
think that I'm being too hard
on the guy. Some people
think I should go ahead and
say "Sure Barney, go ahead
and eat Pebbles." Well, lis-
ten up, Barney. Pebbles is
my fucking daughter. You
stay the hell away from her
or I'll get a brontosaurus to
yabbadabbadoo you up the
ass.

Fred Flintstone

**Dear Jacko,
I've noticed
you've stopped eating
fish. Please start again, I
like that stuff.**

**Sincerely,
Your Tape Worm**



Good Morning, Class. This is Your Principal, Mr. Carlson, Speaking...

I think one of the most noble accomplishments anyone can ever perform in life is to make someone laugh so hard that they blow milk out their nose. (I think it was Ghandi who said that...)

I figured I'd make my own small contribution to that cause by taking up editing the Jacko this year - mainly because I thought chicks would dig it.... they don't. So, I had to search for another cause. For this issue, it was ripping on one of our most prized concepts in America: Education.

Special thanks to Weiss and his ability to make anything hilarious, Plehal for being the editor's editor, Duquette for his technological guruship, Newport for his diligent writing, and Kevin Goldman '99 for his alcohol-induced inspirational speeches in L.A.

As for all of you who have actually read this to the end, I hope you enjoy the issue half as much as I did making it. c-ya

Geoffrey S. Carlson '02.

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I swear, officer, I thought she was 2.57 years old!

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Famous Firsts in Education



First School Dance



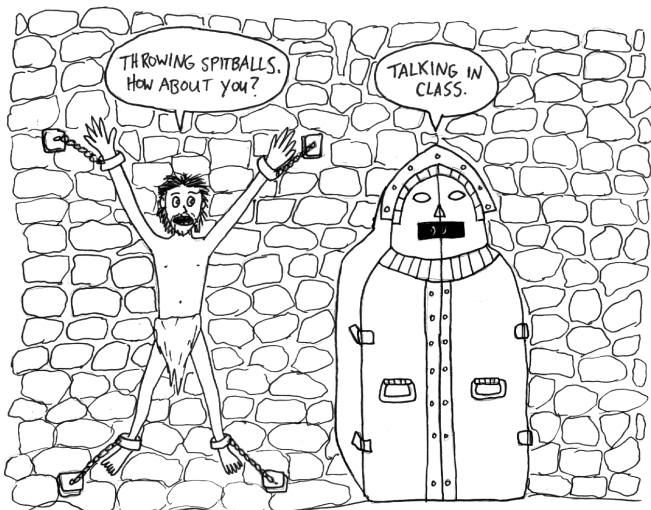
First Paper Airplane



First Foreign Language Class



First Spelling Bee



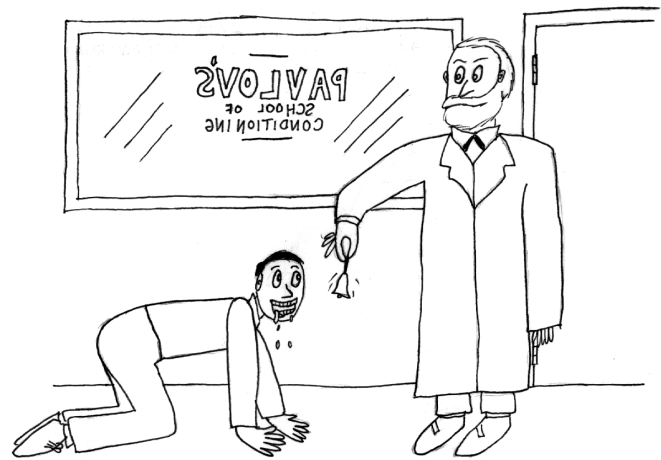
First Detention



First Fire Drill



First Senior Skip Day



First Teacher's Pet

If Your Child is "HOOKED ON PHONICS," then PHONICS REHAB Will Set Him Straight!

"My little Jimmy was out of control. He started out innocently enough, but then he began sounding out words like 'hermeneutics' and 'xenodiagnosis.' He just couldn't stop. I was so scared."



"I was worried about Betsy's obsession with alphabet flashcards. Once, when she was supposed to be sleeping, I caught her at her desk making her own flashcards to sell on the street. I tried to take them away and she called me a heinous factotum of philistinism."

"I was cleaning David's sock drawer and I suddenly discovered that it had a false bottom. Inside the compartment I found a copy of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* and Strunk & White's *The Elements of Style*. I burned them of course,

but I think he's got his own printing press somewhere."

If the experiences of these parents sound familiar, your child may be HOOKED ON PHONICS. But don't despair- Phonetic Rehab can help. At our safe, friendly phonetic re-

hab facility, we will slowly wean your child away from reading by allowing him to read only checkout-counter romance novels, then just warning labels on heavy machinery, then nothing at all. Our counselors are always on call to help with problems, and to set a good example, they communicate using wild gesticulation only. You won't believe your eyes as Phonetic Rehab transforms your son or daughter from a prepubescent polymathic autodidactic bibliophile into a good kid.

An important message From ETS

Accusations have long been hurled at the Educational Testing Service for composing racially biased questions on major standardized exams, such as the PSAT and SAT. Our close reading excerpts and descriptive mathematics problems are, some say, blatantly alienating to minority test-takers who in turn stand less of a chance of performing equally as well as most upper middle class Caucasian test-takers. And while we here at ETS deny any intentional partiality or biasing in our formulation of test questions, we do admit that sometimes the end results of our labor may appear sociologically unfair. Therefore, we have devised several new, culturally-sensitive question templates for our exams that we feel will better equalize the levels of opportunity across racial and ethnic lines.

Example 1:

Youssef of the Twelve Camels has unlawfully gazed upon the naked chin of his brother's high-dowried wife, Amani the Impenetrable. Found out by the Grand Constable of Dar es Salaam for his thieving treachery, Youssef pleads for his life like a cowardly Western pig. However, feeling redolent with Allah's healing benevolence after his last pilgrimage, the Grand Constable offers Youssef the option to escape the customary punishment of gauging out one of his infidel eyes in the public forum by instead paying the government 18 luscious pomegranates plucked from the Sacred Tree of Providence. If Youssef has twice as many pomegranates as his defamed brother, and Youssef's brother has 3 times as many pomegranates as that cursed bitchdog of Satan Amani, who herself has 12 hidden under her floor-length prayer robe: How many pomegranates will Youssef have after he makes due sacrifice and has his eye gauged out anyway by Shareef al-Sayyid the Unmerciful?

Example 2:

Not long after Michaelmass of this good year, Liam McKenna of County Cork was on lovely holiday in Belfast visiting his Great Aunt Moira with the rovin' eye—aye, the poor cow... she's our own Mother Teresa, that one, livin' among those whoring leper Protestants of the North. By and by now, Liam was comin' home from McSorely's pub where he'd been partaking of the Devil's sauce a bit too freely, when, wouldn't cha know it, he chanced upon a discarded ground-to-air missile launcher...just sorta hangin' dere, half out the window of glib-tongued Devon O'Flinty's ramshackled flat on Stevenson Road. A' course, Liam's not the type a fella to be, eh, rum-maging through another man's dirty knickers, if ya like. But on this fine day of our Blessed Lord and Father, the imp couldn't a-helped himself dere upon seeing this lovely, lovely weapon of mass destruc-

tion and he right on climbed that jagged sill of O'Flinty's humble abode, fancying himself a better look. Clever lad that he was, Liam quickly noticed the serial number of the missile launcher had been carefully scratched off and he—a gifted boyo, really...a regular Paddy Clarke, that one—deduced from the make and design of da bloody ting that it musta come to the Rebels courtesy of one of their Yank weapon suppliers back in States. Oh, tis really an awful sin, tishn't it? The lengths to which we'll go to get these bastard Brits outta our true and rightful land...havin' ta send our brave sons over like dere was second Famine on. And for what, I put ta' ye? To get their drippings of NATO surplus rifles and the like. Ah...Oh, Jasus, now, where the feck was I? Ah, yes. Now...if it normally takes 2 weeks to smuggle American munitions to the Emerald Isle, not counting gettin' by a rather egregious 5-day checkpoint inspection at the border—and Liam swears by Saint Agnes that this here missile launcher couldn't a' been in Heavenly Eire more than a month by the looks of it...how many hours as the day is long has it been since that good launcher dere left the hands of his lovin' Yank manufacturer? Right, then. One question. Tanks very much.

Example 3:

Omigawd! Omigawd, girl, did you hear about Shawntese finding her no-good, lying-ass, ain't-got-no-job-since-he-got-hissself-fired-from-Allstate man showin' up to her house on they anniversary with lip-stick on his collar!? I was like, Oh no he di' in't! when Shawntese told me that shit, girl! Mothafuckin' Darnel, I done told you, girl. I said he ain't nuthin' but a wannabe pimp-daddy player playin' his ultimate play on poor, played-out Shawntese. Damn. And you know what else! That bitch-ass-man-stealin'-koochie-mamma-wit-bad-extensions-skank Darnel been gittin' his freak on wit? She be Shawntese's boss, girl! No lyin', no, lyin'. Word. Now peep dis. Shawntese told

me Darnel come home, being all “Oh, baby, what’s wrong? Why you cryin’? It be our anniversary,” when she done caught him wit his lipped-up collar in his own punk-ass web ‘a lies, girl. He had a bouquet of roses for her, too, like dat’s gonna make up for doin’ the nasty with Shawntese’s boss. I know, girl, I know. So what happen’ next is, Shawntese can’t take it no mo’ and she start whuppin’ Darnel wit his own damn roses. Now, if Darnell had hisself 18 roses to start, and after he got hisself snuffed wit da thorns of his own treachery by a stem-packin’ Shawntese, he only had 4...how many roses did Shawntese smack that schemin’ son wit?

Example 4:

Hallelujah and praise Jeee-sus, my here-gathered brothers and sisters of righteousness! And thank you, Ms. Eunice Clemens, for that wonderful homemade apple pie. Yes, dear. You are an angel sent straight from heaven in all your gracious hospitality. Wouldn’t you know it, the Missus and I devoured every last savory morsel of that pie at last night’s abortion clinic bombing. Well, you know what an appetite one works up wiring a case of dynamite to a sacrificial witchdoctor’s EKG monitor. Needless to say, having your warm confection find its way into our empty Republican gullets was true manna from heaven, fueling our scriptural strengths as we swatted off the feminist-liberal hounds of hell slipping so diabolically into those wretched buildings of infanticide. Oh, how they cowered, wrapped in blankets of their own philandering shame for what they were about to do to a child of God! I do apologize, parishioners. Why, it takes every ounce of my eternal soul to beg the Good Lord for restraint from lapsing into tirade upon tirade about how the ACL-Jew has wronged this fair, Christian country of ours time and time again. What’s that, Mary Owens? “Don’t apologize, Reverend,” you say? Aren’t you precious. Yes, I know, we all do feel the same about the minority children being bussed from ghetto and sundry to our own children’s places of distinguished Southern learning, don’t we? I can’t even begin to tell you how many times, in preparing for today’s sermon, I looked to that goodly Psalm 37:7-11 to fight back the raging passion within my heart to banish all the effete homosexuals of New York City to the Fourth Ring of Hell, where they will find their blasphemous venal pleasures turn to searing eternal pain and damnation as they are repeatedly sodomized by Satan’s legion of AIDS-infected demon praetorians! Amen and Hallelujah!, my obeisant brethren of Christ! Our day will come, yes, indeed.

For God hath spoken to me! And He, in His Infinite Wisdom, hath posed the following divine riddle for our solving, promising, just like our friends the Ku Klux Klan promise to stamp out the heretical vermin of the world, “Solve it, and so shall you all be saved!” Sayeth He Who Is Glorious: “Four raggedy Muslim youths have unfurled their Oriental loin cloths to bow down and worship their depraved, heinous deity in a Jackson County public school playground. Meanwhile, 5 golden-haired Baptist cherubs are trying to pray to the One and Only God on High, but are disrupted in their prayers by the untold ululations of these brown-skinned Casbah-refugees. Fearing that those goodly Christian offerings to Jesus might go unheard amid the cacophonous bleating of Arabic gypsies, how many Delivered Mississippi Superintendents must intercede to finish what the Crusades of those barbarian Papists started all those thousands of years ago?” Thus spake the Lord to me, and all His minions were grateful. Amen.

Example 5:

You, I have to talk to. C’mere, pull up a seat next to your uncle Moishe. That’s a good boy. Sadie! Sadie! What do you mean, “What?” Bring some nosh for me and my genius nephew over here. Eh? Little shades of Einstein beyond that adorable little punnim, no? So tell me: How’s school? Yeah? Are you making all the teachers throw up there hands and declare, “This one, I have nothing left to teach! He’s brilliant! So smart, he should be a docta already. Enough of this vakocta high school—right on to medical school!” Heh, heh, heh. Ah? Ah? Are they saying that, Joshie? No? Well, give it time. And how about the girls, eh? Ah, look at this, you’re blushing. What, you got a little filly tucked away somewhere, you pischer. Heh, heh, heh. Good for you, boychick, good for you. Don’t go telling you mother, though. She’ll have a heart attack, you’re so young. Listen now, Mr. Mensa, I have a little question for you and that off-the-charts brain of yours. Are you listening? Good. Now, here: Your poor old Uncle Moishe hasn’t had a bowel movement since the last High Holy Day. If Aunt Sadie’s not her usual meshuguna self and remembers to give Moishe his Metamucil for the rest of the month, he’ll stay regular, right? OK. Now how many bowel movements will Uncle Moishe have had—God willing—for the month of September, in toto. Eh? In toto, Joshie, be careful now—it’s a trick question, kind of. In toto, remember. Now, how many BMs, sweetheart?

Weekly Reader

School Lunches to be Air-Dropped on al-Qaeda Terrorist Camps

In a move that Department of Education hopes will further degrade the Afghan-based terrorists' morale and ability to commit other acts of malice, Air Force C-3 transport planes have begun air-dropping thousands of school lunches into Taliban-controlled areas.

"Now those bastards will know we really mean business," said a White House Spokesman. "If we can't bomb them out, then we'll gross them out."

According to the Education Department, the entire array of school lunch-based foods were included in what the Pentagon has described as 'munitions packages.'

"Oh yeah, it's all in there," commented one Department official, "vulcanized pasta, Grade Triple-F meat, from the insect-ridden peanut butter to the mercury-laden fishsticks." When asked why they picked such a combination, he grimly replied; "We saw no reason for mercy."



A Taliban soldier samples a 'Corn Dog,' recently dropped on his position.

The plan is expected by many analysts to bring a more speedy conclusion to the conflict. As the Afghan winter rapidly approaches, the school lunches are expected to force the troops into either retreat or to the nearest bathroom, draining the men of their will to live.

As one intelligence analyst explains, "With no food stores, they will have no choice but to turn to the school lunches. Every bite of soggy bread will bring them one step closer to death, every time they moan in the middle of the dark cold night from the bullet-like tater tots, they will realize the only way out is surrender."

However, some American politicians doubt the morality of such a move. Said one Senator, "Even though there's nothing specific in the Geneva Treaties that is against deliberately trying to liquify the internal organs of your enemy, it still seems just cruel."

But officials are confident they will continue the program. "We're going to pursue the drops until the bitter end," commented one General. "The only religious struggle they're

gonna have is crying out for Divine Mercy as they try to digest the fluffer nutters."

2nd Grade Fingerpainting Allegedly Looks Like Big 'Ole Penis

While an area second-grade teacher was searching through her class's fingerpaintings last Tuesday, she encountered one that allegedly looks like a big ol' penis, sources say.

"I was going through the pile, trying to find one that was good enough to put up for parents' day, when I flipped over one and bam, big ol' penis staring back at me," explained Mrs. White.

Apparently, the big ol' penis was meant to be an innocent fallen leaf off a tree, although a thorough examination of the tree brought an even more shocking revelation. "It now appears that the original penis, which we have now designated 'Alpha Penis,' is not the only one," explained one school official. "If one looks closely at the tree from which it fell, one can discern multiple phalluses growing off the branches."

However, the student's parents have denied the charges that their son, one Charlie Bravado, modeled the drawing after any big ol' penis he might have. "If our son had a big ol' penis like the one in the drawing, we'd know about it for sure," said his father.

Many argue that the big ol' penis is just another symptom of a society that embraces a number of morally degrading mediums, including a huge-ass materialistic culture and a big honkin' pornography industry.



The fingerpainting, with the alleged penis at the bottom right.

My Solution to School Violence by Chuck Zito

The word on the street is that there is all sorts of violence going on in our schools. I hear about these pukes bringing guns to school, beating each other up, stealing each other's shit, and you better believe it makes me pretty damn angry. I'll tell you this straight-up, the solution to this problem is *not* some pansy-ass, let's-all-get-together-and-say-we-love-each-other, bullshit idea. As a former convict, member of the Hell's Angels, and bodyguard to the stars, I know a little something about security. That's why my solution to school violence is to put *me* in your school. I'll make sure that those freakin' kids don't get out of line — and if they do, it *won't* be pretty.



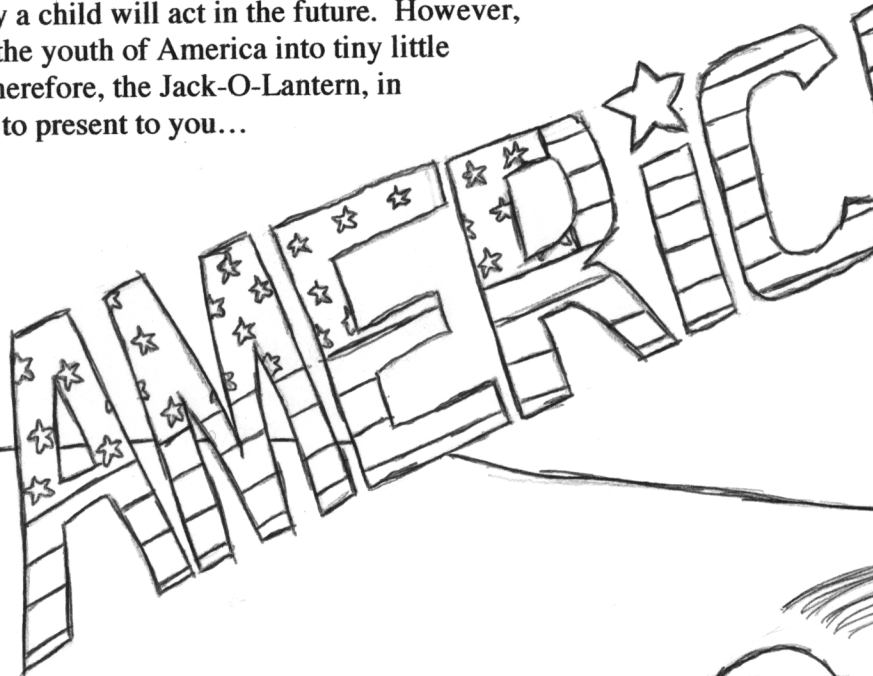
My educational discipline philosophy is pretty simple: You bring a gun into school, you get a bat to the head. You beat some other punk up, you get a bat to the head. You steal someone's shit, you get a bat to the head. You piss me off, you get a bat to the head. You touch my bike, you get a bat to the head. You bring a Japanese motorcycle to school, your whole family gets a bat to the head. I only ask for a 6-pack and a hoagie a day to keep your school safer than it has ever been.

And that's not all! There are so many other ways that Chuck Zito can make your school a better place: Do you have some wise-ass kid giving your teachers attitude? I'll stick my foot so far up his ass he'll choke on my shoelaces! Your kids a little slow exiting the building for a fire drill? I swear to you, when they see my 400-cc Harley 883R Sportster bearing down on them in the hallway, they'll get their lazy-asses outside real quick. Hell, you need someone to fill in for a sick teacher...just axe Chuck Zito. Whatchu got? Geography? By the time I'm done with your kids, they'll know all the good deserted spots in Jersey. Physics? "Quick, if my bat is traveling at a velocity of 8 and it hits your head in 3 seconds, what's the acceleration of your fall to ground?"

You better believe that when Chuck Zito freakn' teaches you're going to freakn' learn!

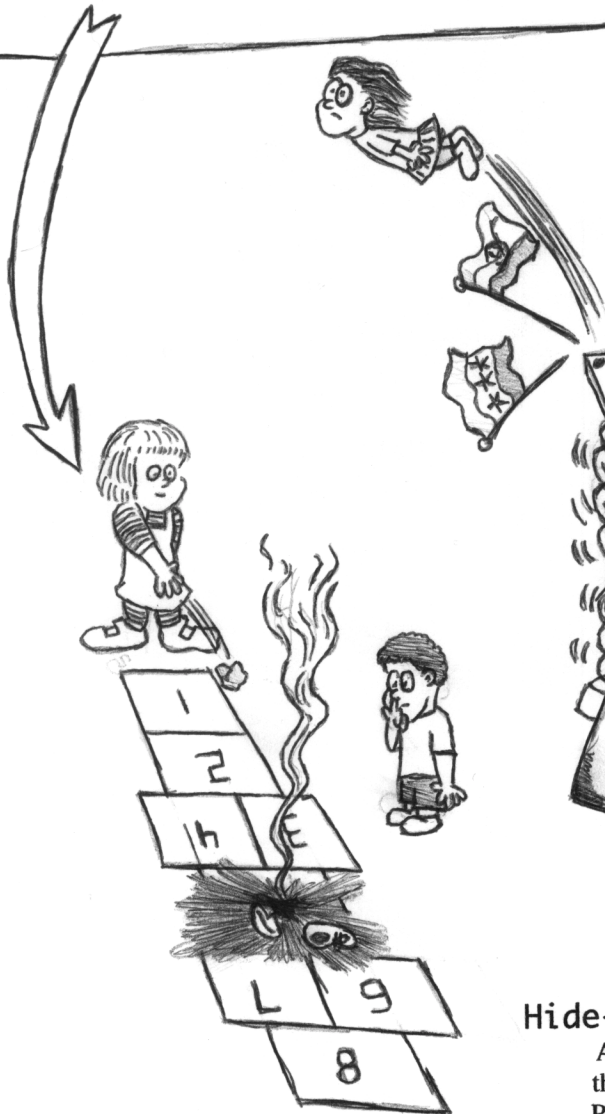
So give me a goddamn call, you know I have what your school needs. If you don't call I might just be insulted, and I swear to god you do NOT want see how angry I get when I have been insulted! **CALL NOW!**

Playgrounds are places for children to learn about friendship and develop good social skills. Actions on a playground often give insight into the way a child will act in the future. However, in these trying times, it has become necessary to mold the youth of America into tiny little warriors, ready to spring to defense at any moment. Therefore, the Jack-O-Lantern, in conjunction with the Department of Defense, is poised to present to you...



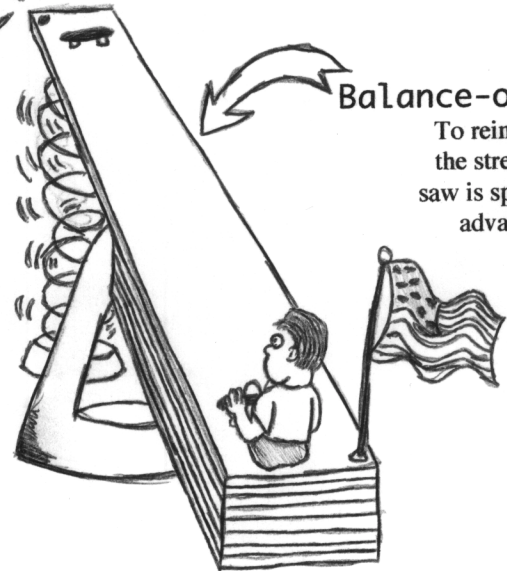
Land Mine Hopscotch

A charming variation of the classic agility game.



Balance-of-power See-saw

To reinforce our children's faith in the strength of our nation, this see-saw is specially built to give a slight advantage to one particular side.



Hide-and-go-infiltrate

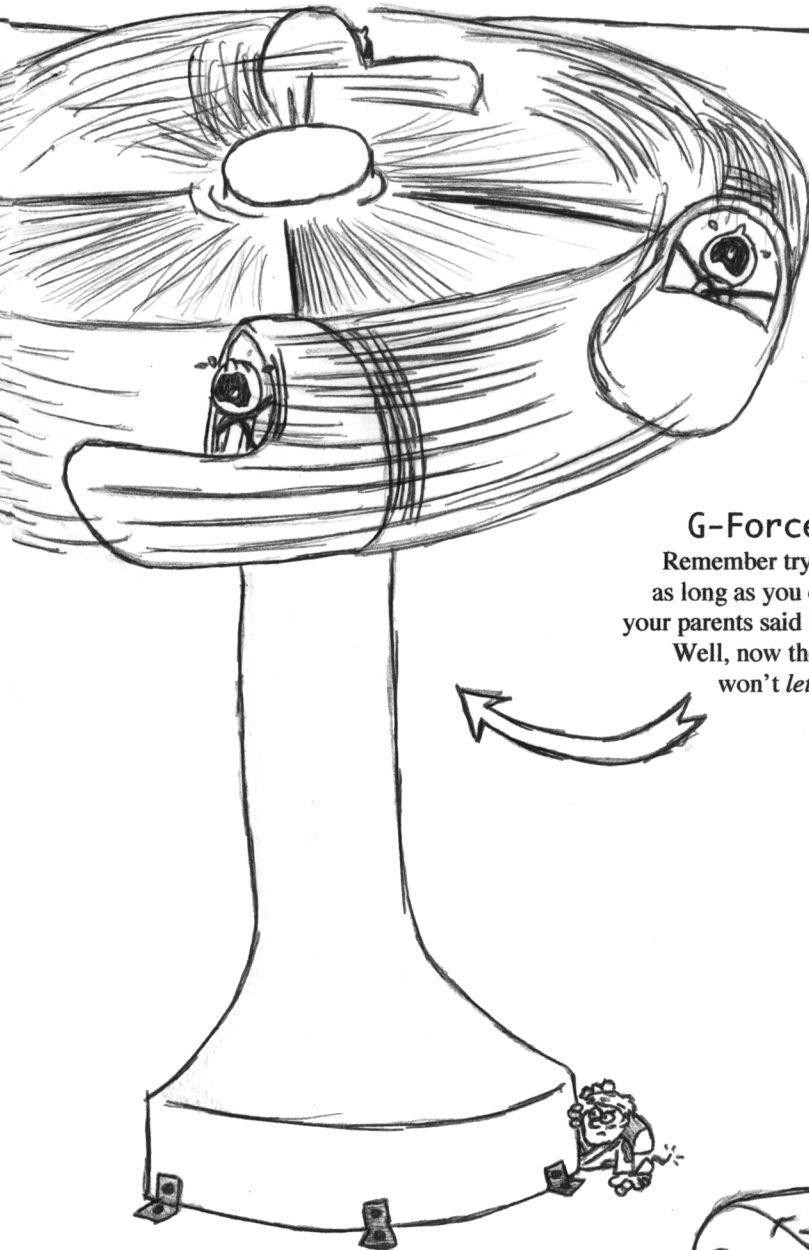
An engaging game to play throughout the playground. Participants are encouraged not to reveal their positions through the clever use of live ammo.



NEW PLAYGROUND

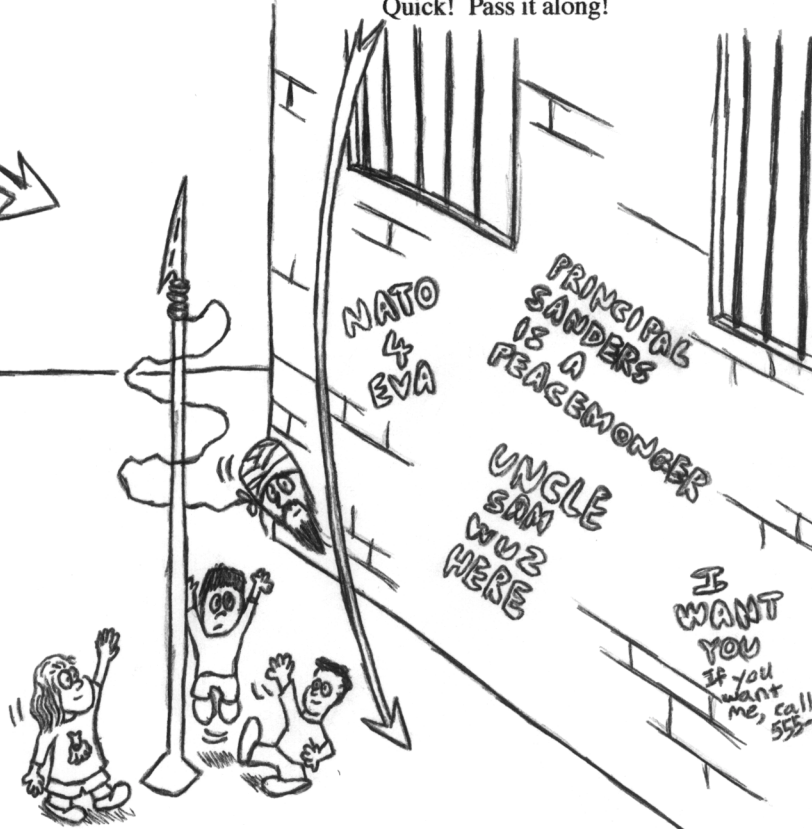
Osama Tetherball

Extra points are given for impaling it on top of the pole.



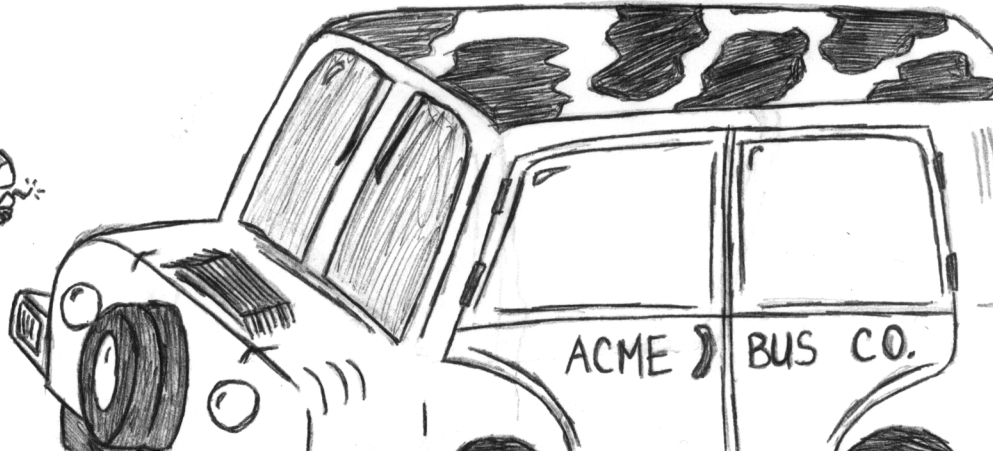
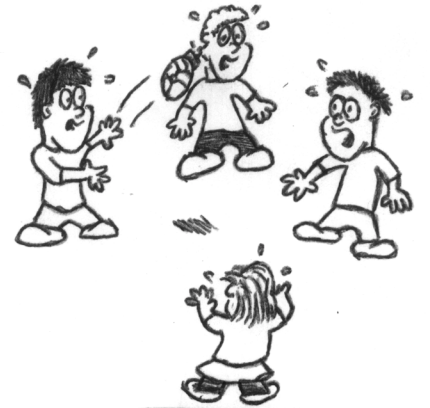
Hand Grenade Hot Potato

Quick! Pass it along!



G-Force Whirler

Remember trying to stay on this as long as you could, even though your parents said it was time to get off? Well, now the laws of physics won't let you get off!



All too often education is considered to only happen in schoolrooms and colleges. Fortunately, some pioneers of the teaching industry have recently begun a bold new initiative to teach college-level courses at America's toughest correctional institutions. Here, the Jack-O provides you with an exclusive glimpse into this revolutionary new ORC:

PRACTICAL COURSES FOR THE FEDERAL PRISONER

7. Leroy Has Six Daddies: Correctional Family-Planning and Compassion

01F, 01W, 01S, 02W: 11

Regardless of whether you are the bitch of your cellblock or just want to get to know the bitch of your cellblock better, this course will enlighten you to the interesting new family dynamic that is the federal prison. Topics will include everything from proper etiquette when smuggling the bitch around in the laundry hamper in exchange for cigarettes, to effective methods of coerced foreplay, to sobbing silently to yourself in a corner as you think about what is going to happen as soon as you step back into the weight room. This course includes lab work and participants are asked to bring their own soap-on-a-rope for the field activities.

Priority is given to first-year bitches. Speak to the department head for special requests.

11. Advanced Studio Art: Sculpture and Semiautomatics

01S, 02W: 10A

Students who have achieved a fairly high degree of mastery of soap sculpture will find this course to be the next logical step: practical applications of these skills! With a simple file (easily found lodged in the back of Willy the Snitch), a bar of soap, and some industrial grade shoe polish, you too can make a fairly convincing Tommy gun. Graduates of this program often are ready to start their own projects independent of the professors, such as Buddy Wilson last year, who fashioned a bomb out of some Pez candy and an earwig and made his dramatic escape! He continues to pour an assload of money into a fund to provide corrupt prison guards with morphine, which is why they haven't shut down this course and moved us all into solitary yet!

Prerequisites: Beginner's Studio Art (Whittling Little Guns from Bigger Guns) and Intermediate Studio Art (Making Ceramic Guns).

14. Contemporary Film Studies:

"Oz" Is Not Cinema Verite

01W: 1

Prolonged separation from the outside world often spells confusion for prison inmates in terms of drawing the line between reality and fantasy. For those avid followers of the HBO prison drama, "Oz," this course will help disillusion you of the many misguided notions you have about the American penal system. For instance, if you shank the warden in the groin with a filed-down toothbrush and try to fuck him in the ass, chances are he will not see you as a hard-luck charity case worthy of taking under his reformatory wing. We're here to remind you that ever since you knocked over that Savings and Loan in Corpus Christi, your life has been nothing but a roiling vortex of solitary pain and sexual frustration. The final exam will consist of writing the sentence: "I have no civil liberties, my self-indulgent slam poetry will not earn me an early parole hearing, I am but an empty shell of human existence" 5,000 times over.

Prerequisites: Access to premium cable

21. Street Talk 3

01F, 01W, 01S, 02F, 02W, 02S: 10, 11, 12

This very popular course is aimed at those perpetrators of white-collar crimes who suddenly find themselves yanked out of their preppy suburbanite lives and into a hard-core federal prison. This course gives the same grounding in the mannerisms of street talk as the LSA to the inner city without forcing frightened white inmates to deal with real urban culture. You'll leave this class proudly proclaiming "Block 48 4Eva, Bee-yatch!" and "My mothafuckin' ho done finalized our divorce papers," before getting the crap kicked out of you for inflecting incorrectly. Should've studied harder!

Remember to sign up for classes by roll call Thursday using the Kerberos course selection system. Don't do anything to piss off Kerberos, he bites.

Stephen Hawking Arrested for Streaking Cambridge Campus



Professor Hawking

CAMBRIDGE – Noted theoretical physicist and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics Stephen Hawking was arrested this week at the University of Cambridge for streaking the central quad of the famed English campus.

Hawking was detained for several hours and then later released under his

own recognizance. He will be facing a charge of indecent exposure, which is punishable by up to a £2000 fine and twelve weeks of community service.

University officials seemed puzzled by these recent actions.

“I would consider [Hawking] probably the smartest man alive right now”, said Timothy J. Pedley, head of the Cambridge Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics Department.

“But did he really think he could outrun the police in a robotic wheelchair that can’t exceed a speed of 3 kilometers per hour? My grandmum’s in one of those contraptions...and she can’t hardly keep up with her King Charles terrier.”

“I’m not quite sure what to tell the media,” says Sandra Blair of the Cambridge Press and Publications Office. “...I mean, like any college, we get our fair share of streakers, but they aren’t normally world famous, severely disabled 60 year-old abstract theorists.”

Students, however, seem to be more supportive of Hawking’s bravado.

Third year advanced astrophysics scholar Matthew Hollick exclaimed, “Dr. Hawking is bloody awesome! My chum Pete tried to streak the quad before holidays. He only got half as far as before they snagged him! That bloke Stephen may be limp as a wet noodle, but he kicks some serious arse!”

Hawking’s predicament was made worse by an alleged insistence on taunting his captors even after he was apprehended.

Cambridge Chief Constable Henry Graham recalls, “When me and [security guard] Chadwick [Ebbins] were loading ‘im into the police cruiser, he told me that me bottom was ‘a . . . vast . . . and . . . wonderful . . . void . . . that . . . science . . . is . . . only . . . now . . . beginning . . . to . . . decipher.’ That bloomin’ pissed me off royal. If not for the fact that he’s unable to move or speak under his own power, I probably would have bopped him a good one with me billy-club.”

The esteemed PhD was also heard to utter a series of jeremiads at onlookers who were witnessing his rather effort-less arrest. Among these, “Hey you . . . Kuyper Belt Object. . . how’d you like . . . to see . . . a Brief History . . . of my wang?,” was directed at Nobel laureate cosmologist Edwin Bragg.

Hawking could not be reached for comment, but his head graduate assistant released a statement this afternoon stating that “Professor Hawking, like any other world class academic, is constantly under a lot of stress, and every once in a while needs to find a way to relax.”

However, unofficial sources close to Hawking claim

that his true motivation may be in a long standing campus tradition that specifies whoever can successfully streak the entire quad will get to spend an afternoon in the locker room of the Cambridge girl’s swim team.

University Officials are hesitant to officially reprimand the famed professor.

In the words of Cambridge Dean Charles Willingbough, “I’m not quite sure what



Professor Hawking, nude, wheels past innocent bystanders on Cambridge University’s main quadrangle.

we could do to him? I think his severe neuromuscular disorder makes it difficult to find a punishment that would really matter. I guess we could take the battery out of his wheelchair. . . but that just seems cruel.”



Hey Kids! Tired of actually “reading” all those big books for English class? Are Cliff Notes still too wordy and complicated? Then check out OBLITERATURE, Nintendo’s new line of video games based on classics of the English language.



THE GRAPES OF RACING

Only you can decide which Joad will reach California first! Race against other evicted farmers in your turbo-charged pickup truck, but watch out for flash floods and unwanted pregnancies!

PRINCE HAMLET'S PUNCHOUT

Jab, hook, and K.O. your way through Shakespeare’s finest work as you prove the only thing that’s rotten in Denmark is Hamlet’s devastating uppercut!



SIM CITY 1984

Build your own city from the ground up, then enslave the minds of it’s citizens! You control the inner party and decide who lives and who is vaporized!

Nintendo®



MOCKINGBIRD HUNT

Shoot the mockingbirds as they fly out of the bushes! Beat Atticus's high score by picking off stray dogs, members of the Ewell family, and the mysterious Boo Radley!

OF MICE AND MARIO BROS.

Help Lenny and George save the American Dream from the evil rabbits as you give them a taste of your super stomping power! Warp your way to Curly's sultry wife, but don't break her neck!



THE LEGEND OF OEDIPUS

Discover Oedipus's roots in this spine-tingling mythical RPG. Protect Thebes from the cynical Creon, and battle the fearsome Sphinx, all in search of the ultimate prize...!

Secretary of Education Rod Paige Speaks Out on Recent Events

Rod Paige: Thank you for agreeing to talk with me. I think the American people have a right to hear what I have to say.

Jacko: It's our pleasure, with all that's going on right now, the words of our leaders are more important than ever.

Rod Paige: Very eloquently put. I am here of course to discuss the statements made by House Minority Leader Dick Gephardt, on September 10th, about my proposed faith-based education initiatives.

Jacko: Your faith-based education initiatives?

Rod Paige: Yes. On the afternoon of September 10th, Dick Gephardt stated that my proposed initiatives were a "step backwards for the American educational system." I am here today to discuss with you the President's subsequent reaction to these statements. Right after Congressman Gephardt spoke on the 10th, the President promised to meet with me the next day to help plan how to present to the American people the true value of my proposal...I haven't heard from him since!

Jacko: Don't you think he has been a little preoccupied recently?

Rod Paige: With What? His fancy "tax relief" plans? Or is he on another "vacation"? I don't see what could be more important to the President right now than my proposed faith-based education initiatives. I believe the President's inactivity on this issue represents a dangerous anti-education shift in the domestic policy of the Bush administration.

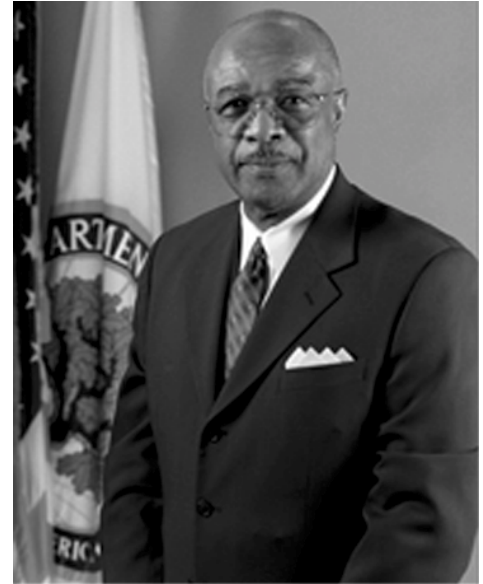
Jacko: In the wake of the attacks...don't you think the President may be a little distracted right now?

Rod Paige: I guess you could call Congressman Gephardt's statements "attacks" — though I am hesitant to characterize them so strongly — but regardless, the President can't back down from his education policy so quickly.

Jacko: I'm talking about the terrorist attacks!

Rod Paige: So am I...though let me say for the record that I think referring to Congressman Gephardt's statements about my education initiatives as "terrorist attacks" may be going a little too far...but semantics aside, I think we are on the same page here.

Jacko: NO! I'm talking about the planes crashing into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, and the resulting conviction of the American government to eradicate international terrorism!



Rod Paige: hmmm...that is certainly an abstract way to refer to the verbal attacks against my proposal...but I stand by my conviction that we need to be less intimidated by Capital Hill's filibustering when it comes to education policy.

Jacko: [reflective pause] You haven't been really keeping up with the news recently have you?

Rod Paige: Well in fact no I have not, I have been real busy working on my reaction to Congressman Gephardt's comments, and planning for my upcoming trip to the Middle East...I really haven't had a lot of time for the news...

Jacko: You are planning a trip to the Middle East?

Rod Paige: Yes, we announced it last August, I am traveling to several sites in the Middle East to discuss potential educational reform and student exchange programs.

Jacko: Where specifically?

Rod Paige: I am planning on stopping in Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, the Palestinian Territories, and Pakistan...

Jacko: [even more reflective pause] Do you think Osama Bin Laden was a good student?

Rod Paige: Who?

Jacko: Thanks for your time sir.

Amish University Does Poorly at Robotics Competition; Accused of Harassment



“Where Do You Want to Churn Today?”

RoboCup, the Amish University placed a disappointing 34th, accumulating only 2.3 points out of a possible 500.

When asked about the loss, faculty advisor to the Amish RoboCup team, Jacob Ammann, responded: “I can’t figure out why we did so poorly. I guess lady luck just wasn’t with us,” a statement to which he later added: “...you could also probably argue that our religion not allowing us to use any modern technology might have hurt us as well.” Scot Jenerik of the first place Cal-Tech team replied “I can’t say we expected all that much from them. I mean, their ‘robot’ was a cat wrapped in aluminum foil! For god’s sakes, they don’t even believe in the use of electricity!”

But even the skeptics were briefly amazed during the first stage of the competition — the navigation of an obstacle course — when the Amish robot, Leviticus 2000, appeared to get off to a good start: “We were really pleased with the performance of L-2000 at first,” said Amish team member Jethro Holi, “he was heading straight towards the finish line...but then he stopped to lick himself...I think we lost a lot of points for that.”

A summary of the final scoring revealed that the Amish also scored particularly low in the following categories: Complexity of Circuit Design, Robustness of Programming Logic, Power Control System Design, and Innovative Use of New Technology.

In addition to their poor performance in the

The Amish University of Lancaster, Pennsylvania had a poor showing last week at MIT’s annual RoboCup competition; a popular event in which participating schools are invited to build fully autonomous robots to complete a series of navigational tasks. Of the thirty-four schools present at the

competition, the Amish team’s reputation at the RoboCup was further tarnished by reports of inappropriate behavior. In the words of Jared Hollinsworth of the Georgia Tech team, “When we pulled up in the parking lot [for the RoboCup], the Amish were there, driving their buggies aggressively through the rows of parked cars, playing real loud fiddle music, making fun of our lack of facial hair, and in general trying to intimidate us as much as possible.” Asked about this charge, an indifferent Jacob Amman replied: “Hey, if you can’t stand the wheat, get off the plow!”

Adding to their growing list of problems, the ill-fated team from Lancaster was also alleged to have sexually harassed several female competitors. “I was heading towards the women’s bathroom”, said Helen Carter of the Cornell team, “when I saw this Amish guy by the door churning butter real suggestively, it made me feel very uncomfortable...then when I tried to enter the bathroom he asked me if I ‘wanted my rolls buttered’ ...It really freaked me out.” A statement to which she quickly added “Why were [the Amish] at a robot competition anyway?” When confronted with this allegation, Jacob Amman stated: “Ahhhhh, you know she wanted it!”

In the wake of the numerous behavioral complaints, and in recognition of the general cruelty of enveloping a house pet in foil, RoboCup Chairman Steven Thompson is hesitant to invite the Amish to next year’s competition. “I can’t say we really want the Amish back to the RoboCup”, said Thompson, “in fact I can’t say I really remember inviting them in the first place...I have always felt that the Amish are more suited for raising barns than for developing fully autonomous self-navigated robotic devices.”

Though understandably dismayed by their performance and treatment at the RoboCup competition, the Amish team still remains optimistic. “Sure this was a tough couple of days for us,” said Jacob Ammann, “but we will bounce back...right now we are turning our full attention to our entry in the upcoming TopCoder International Computer Programming Competition...I hear those babes from Carnegie Mellon are going to be there!”

Other Amish University officials could not be reached by phone for comment.

Home-Schooled High School Senior Accepted to Home-College

Fairfax, VA-- Derek Jameson, a 17 year old senior at Jameson High School (located in the beige house at 134 Cedar Ave.) was thrilled when he found out last Tuesday that he had been accepted to Jameson College (also located at 134 Cedar Ave.). "This was my reach school," said Jameson, who has been homeschooled since the age of three. "They accept very few students per year, so I was lucky to get in."

When asked why he chose the college, Jameson replied, "Well, my older brother Ted goes there, and he likes it a lot. He was actually in the very first class ever to attend the school. Plus, the campus just felt like home to me." Derek's father Charles Jameson, president of Jameson College, couldn't be happier about his son's choice of higher education. "I am very pleased that Derek is continuing the Jameson legacy by attending this school, but I will not tolerate him calling me President Dad."

Jameson applied early decision, but his second choice would have been Duncan University, located two blocks away at 211 Cedar Ave. "Duncan is a great school," said Patricia Jameson, Derek's mother and Jameson Professor of English, History, and Women's Studies. "In fact, I was over there just last week to borrow some eggs for a cake I was baking, and the campus seemed lovely. But the bottom line is that we really wanted Derek to stay close to home."

According to current admissions data, Derek's class will be the smartest ever to attend Jameson College, as well as the tallest, most athletic, and most diverse. "I've taken Spanish throughout high school, which I think helped me get in," said Jameson. "I'm also the star player on the JHS



Jameson College's 2001-2 Faculty, Staff and Students

basketball team, so that probably helped too." Derek's next basketball game will be Saturday night at 7:00pm in his driveway.

Jameson will be matriculating into the College next fall, and he will be living in special student-faculty housing. His dorm room is right down the hall from two of Jameson's most prominent professors. "Room draw really worked out for me. I could have gotten stuck in the shed or in my little sister's room or something," Derek explained. Jameson will be paying for his education with a lawn-mowing work study program and several scholarships he received as birthday gifts.

Any allegations that Derek slept with the director of admissions to ensure his admittance are entirely false. The Jameson director of admissions is Patricia Jameson.

CREDITS

Cover drawn by Jacko

Hate Mail by Jacko

Stockman's Dogs by Frank Stockman '35

Firsts in Education written by Jacko, drawn by Chris Plehal '04

Hooked on Phonics by Chris Plehal '04

Important Message from ETS by Mike Weiss '02

School Lunch Air-drop by Geoff Carlson '02, graphic by Nick Duquette '04

Fingerpainting Penis by Geoff Carlson '02, art by Austin Larson '05

My Solution to School Violence by Cal Newport '04

America's New Playground Drawn by Kevin Pedersen '05, written by Jacko

Prison ORC by Kevin Pedersen '05

Steven Hawking Arrested for Streaking by Cal Newport '04

Literature Video Games written by Chris Plehal '04, graphics by Nick Duquette '04, Austin Larson '04 and Cal Newport '04

Secretary of Education by Cal Newport '04

Amish Robotics Team by Cal Newport '04

Cal Newport by Mr. and Mrs. Newport

Home College by Chris Plehal '04

Bad Religious Teachers by Jacko

Kent State by Geoff Carlson '02

Back Cover by Brad Tavares '05

Bad Teachers in Religious Schools of All Faiths

In a CATHOLIC school:



"Okay, Timmy, it's either Time-Out or Purgatory. Or you can always give me your lunch money and we'll forget the whole thing."

In a LUTHERAN school:



"I've nailed your grades to the door of the school, Sam. Maybe next time you'll think before pointing out my delinquent union dues to the UFT."

In a MORMON school:



"Time for recess! Remember, Joseph, the team at bat in kickball must line up in boy-girl-girl-girl order."

In a KANSAS PUBLIC school:



"See how the monkey masturbates and then flings feces at his mate? Well we children of God do it the other way around, thank you very much, Mr. Darwin."

In a JEWISH school:



"C'mere, bubbe. You got a little schmutz on your forehead. What? Ash what? Oh, you're the goyim we had to let in 'cause of zoning laws, aren't you?"

In a JEHOVAN'S WITNESS school:



"Michael, I want you to present your book report to each of the other students individually — tonight, while they're trying to eat dinner."

In a PURITAN school:




"Of course you get an A. You're adulterous little whore!"

In a SATANIST CULT school:



"I'm going to devour your soul like a Twix!"




Attention Anti-War Demonstrators!

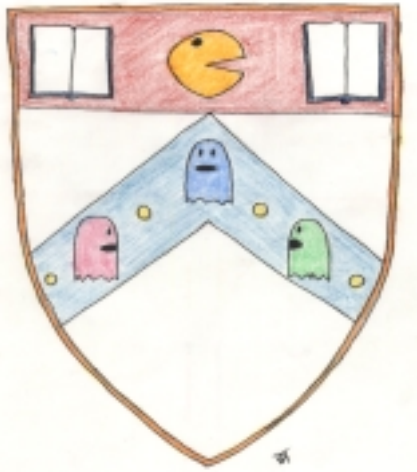
Kent State is Proud to Announce a Special Winter Colloquium:
"Hugs, Not Bombs: Finding Peaceful Alternatives for America's New Crisis"

Sponsored in part by the
U.S. National Guard

To be held on December 1st at
Camp Perry Training Facility
 (Turn Left on Route 45 at "Slappy Pete's
 Googly-Eyed Shooting Range")

Remember to show your pacifist colors by
 wearing bright red...as in
"STOP the bombing NOW!"
 Yeah, that's the ticket.





PLEBS SINE CEREBRAE PENN ADRESSOS

UPenn



TAURUS MERDA

Harvard



SALE

Yale



Columbia

Updated Crests of the Ivy League

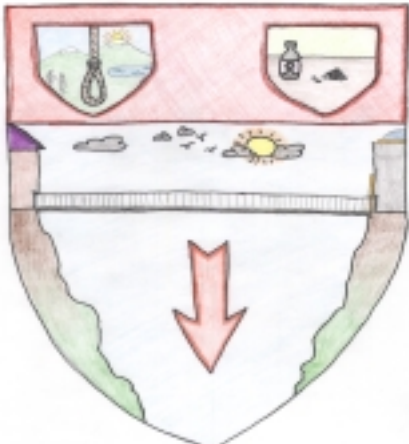


IN CANNIBAS FIDAMVS

Brown



Princeton



Cornell



Dartmouth