

Hanover, N.H.  
www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko

# The Dartmouth

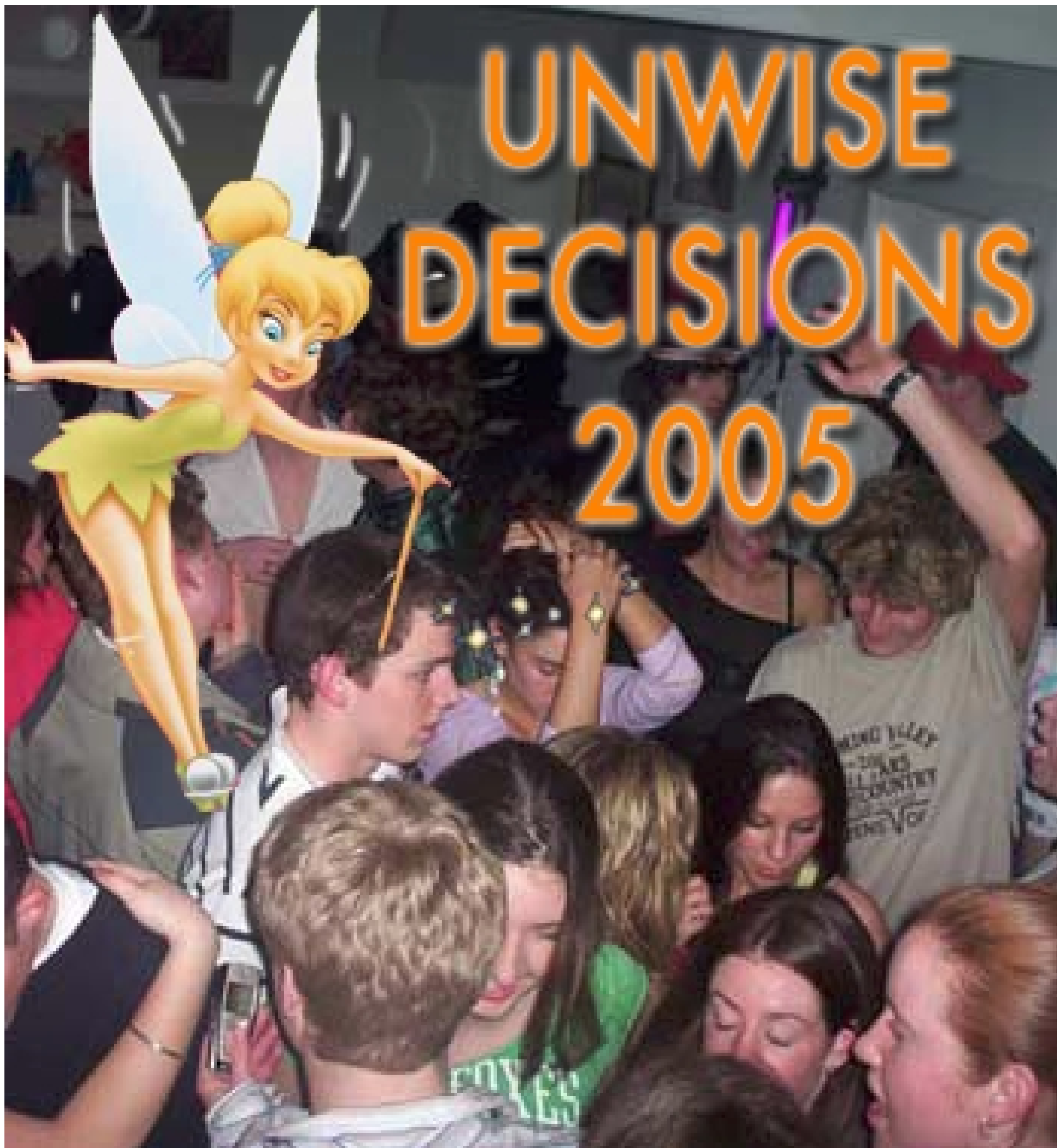
You Today: *Mostly Drunk*  
Tomorrow: *Mostly Ashamed*

*The Jack-O-Lantern's Oldest College Parody. Founded 1907.*

Vol. LGBTQA No. 1

Friday, February 11, 2005

35 Cents/Free (+\$40,000/year) for students



# News In Brief



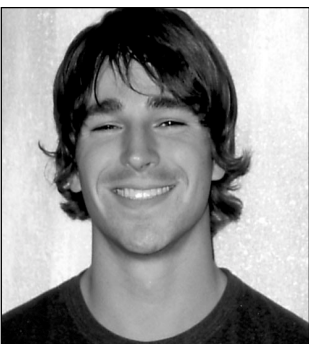
**Hanover High Kid Totally Didn't Want to Get Into That Party Anyway**



**Pong Rivalry Getting Serious**



**Fat Girl's New Necklace Doesn't Make Her Pretty**



**Aggravating Roommate Quickly Becoming Intolerable**



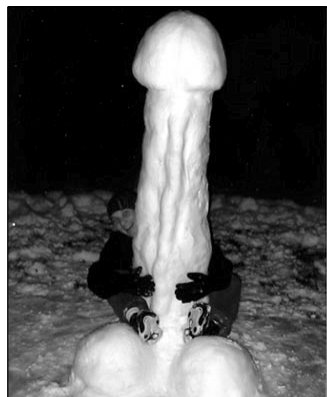
**Nonalcoholic Programming Event Ruined by Drunk Guy**



**Hilarious, Alcohol-Abusing '08 Actually Just Really, Really Depressed**



**Pregaming Session Becomes Game, Postgame**



**Totally Sweet Fraternity Builds Totally Sweet Snow Dick-**



**Funny Story Not So Funny Anymore After Grandma Hears It**

# Editors' Note



**HELL YEAH! CRAP YEAH! HELLLLLL YEAH! CRAPPPP YEAH!**

Shit. So it's Winter Carnival, bitches! Get down to this!

Yeah, we edited this shit! Some steaky assholes said we weren't college enough to put this shit together—**SUCK IT ! DARTMOUTHS ARE IN THE HOUSE!!!!!!** Who put this issue out, steaky assholes?!

We're just riffing out the first things that come into our minds, now. Into our domes now. Into our fucking whippety domes with rabbit hair now.

Why are we even doing this? Because this is Carnival, Carnival at Dartmouth. And that means this is some sweet shit up in here. And this is like, only episode 1. The rest of the season is going to be shows like "Watch me chug" and "Chuggy-up you pussies" and "Fuck you S&S pussies". Holy shit this is rad.

This issue is so sweet. We have articles about booze which is awesome, and parties which are sweet, and even the fonts we have here are awesome. This one is called "Rawhead", which if you think about it is pretty fucking sweet.

Anyway, We totally gotta go lift now. See you in the basement, bitches.



Cole Entress '06



Kevin Pedersen '05



*The Jack-O-Lantern's Oldest College Parody. Founded 1907.*

KEVIN PEDERSEN '05 *Co-Editor-in-Chief*  
 COLE ENTRESS '06 *Co-Editor-in-Chief*  
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ALEXANDER ROGERS '08 <i>Writing, Mustache</i>	


**OPINION & EDITORIAL POLICY**

The Dartmouth welcomes all contributions to its editorial page by mail or e-mail, but it's totally up to us whether or not we'll print it. Submissions will be judged on the following


criteria: (1) clarity; (2) soundness of judgment; (3) ability to put a political spin on something that really doesn't have much to do with politics, like Fragglerock or theADL; (4) are you cool; (5) did I get laid last night.

**Supermarket Watch**

 **APPLES ARE 99 CENTS OFF!**

 **LUCKY CHARMS ARE EXPENSIVE TODAY!**

 **BABY FOOD SPILL ON AISLE THREE!**

 **SEMI-HOT CASHIER WORKING REGISTER FOUR!**

**The Dartmouth**

USPS 1234567 ISSN 0987-7890  
 © Copyright 2005.  
 The Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society

Kevin Pedersen '05 *Large and In Charge* Cole Entress '06

The Jack-O-Lantern Humor Society, publisher of *The Dartmouth*, is an independent student organization that the college throws money at when we ask them nicely.  
 KEVIN PEDERSEN: News in Brief, Letter to the Editor, Carnie Folk, DOC Hike, Hot Girl, Hockey Team, Classifieds. COLE ENTRESS: Relate to Eminem, Your Op-Ed Last Week Left Me Wanting More, Classifieds. CHRIS LAAKKO: Old-Time Article. NOAH KAUFMAN: Old-Time Layout, Self-Important Conservative Publication. MATT GENS: Police Blotter. JUSTINE STERLING: Letter to the Editor, Shooting the Shit, Obligatory Look Back, Dead Fish, Blood Thirsty. FREDERICK MEYER: Ads, Rejected Themes, Timeline, Letter to the Editor, Garfield. ALEXANDER Z. ROGERS: Timeline, Drink it Pussy, Dirty Hobo, Zeppelin. MONICA MORRISON: Old Posters. MICHAEL HERMAN: Letter from Parkhurst.

All names contained in these articles are invented, except where they're not, but in those cases it's cool because they were asking for it by being famous.

Here's a neat trick. If you pour a beer and it has too much foam on top, wipe your finger on the side of your nose, and then gently stir the top of the foam with that finger. Like magic, the foam recedes!

# The Dartmouth

*The Jack-O-Lantern's Oldest College Parody. Founded 1907.*

Poo jokes: (603) 646-0062 <http://www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko>  
 Dick jokes: (603) 646-4334 [Jacko@Dartmouth.edu](mailto:Jacko@Dartmouth.edu)

## We Can't Use Them All: A Letter From The Winter Carnival Committee

*This was a very good year for us over here at the Winter Carnival Committee! We had a chance to field suggestions for this year's Winter Carnival theme and snow sculpture from an uncommonly diverse array of groups. We as members of the Committee express our regrets that we could accept only one theme and sculpture. But we praise the creativity and originality of many of the proposals that ultimately just didn't make the final cut, and we wanted to give you all a chance to see what these alternative ideas were. Among the standouts:*

Alicia Hood '98, Jennifer Carlton '00 and Amy Tarkenton '01, three alums who have spent the last few years writing, producing and directing original movies for the Lifetime channel, returned to Hanover to pitch their Winter Carnival theme, "Torn: One Woman Learns to Accept that Her Mother, Who Is Dying of Breast Cancer, is Finally Coming Out of the Closet." Their snow sculpture, an enormous kitten eating a Dove bar and weeping, was dinged for being too elaborate. (Later, Josh Stuttgart '01, a Film and Television Studies major recently hired by cable upstart SpikeTV, countered with a proposal entitled "I Can Blow Things Up With My Dick.")

Canine wunderkind Lassie's proposal was reluctantly scrapped after Committee members were unable to decode the dog's frantic barking, repeatedly asking "What is it, girl?" to no avail. On a brighter note, the heroic collie subsequently led the Committee through the forest to a young boy who had been reported missing the day before. The boy, who was pinned under a fallen tree, is expected to make a full recovery.

On a related note, the Baja Men submitted a proposal entitled "Who Let the Dogs Out [in the Snow]?" They were subsequently crushed by a bus, to the delight of Committee members.

Nihilistic art major Stephan Wellsford '06 suggested two themes, giving him a greater chance at getting one accepted (though obviously not great enough!). Both "Naked Albino Asleep in the Snow" and "Polar Bear Wearing White Ski Mask While Staring at a Picket Fence, Which He Has Just Painted White" would have been revolutionary in that they would have featured no snow sculpture at all, based on the conceit that you would not be able to see either the albino or the polar bear in such a position. Both were rejected for the same reason.

Yahweh, the triune Abrahamic God of the Bible, also submitted a proposal. Sent via divine inspiration due to unreliable e-mail servers in Heaven, the proposal was entitled "For I the LORD thy God am a jealous God," and included spectacular plans for a huge snow statue of a calf that would be spray-painted gold. Also planned was a huge, bacchanalian party in front of the calf on the morning of Sunday, February 13, for all Dartmouth students not planning to attend church services that day. The proposal was ultimately nixed when Committee members realized that God was planning the largest slaughter of the wicked since Old Testament times.

Thanks to all the groups who submitted their themes!

## Become an Egg Donor and Help Make Really Expensive Omelets.

*Egg donors offer hope to many women who are unable to conceive on their own, and snack to many people who are tired of the standard Waffle House fare.*

*Here at Dartmouth-Hitchcock, we think there are plenty of people on this earth. Not so with scrumptious breakfast edibles.*

*All donors are financially compensated for their time and commitment, and are certified free-range.*



## Your Winter Carnival Schedule

### Thursday

- 7:00 PM-3:00 AM Cool house party. You aren't invited.
- 9:00 PM-11:00 PM Great live music across the street provides inspiration: you blog *extra* hard tonight.
- 11:30 PM Sandwich time!
- 11:31 PM "Early to bed," eh, Ben Franklin?

### Friday

- 8:00 AM Awaken. Get ready for class.
- 8:05 AM Remember: no class today. Have a hearty laugh with roommate.
- 8:06 AM Viciously hung-over roommate wings physics textbook at your head with initial velocity  $v$ . (Misses by distance  $d$ .)
- 10:00 AM Search for Ritz crackers, peanut butter, friends.
- 10:15 AM Find Ritz crackers, peanut butter.
- 2:00 PM-2:30 PM Stare at "Free iPod" popup ad. Too good to be true?
- 5:00 PM Call parents; check up on hometown weather.
- 5:10 PM Did your mom just call you an "accident?"
- 5:15 PM Hang up on parents.
- 5:16 PM Guilt sets in.
- 8:05 PM Contemplate ordering out at EBA's.
- 8:10 PM-8:40 PM Contemplate ordering a side of breadsticks.
- 8:45 PM Order personal pan (pineapple and sausage).
- 8:50 PM Remember the breadsticks.
- 9:25 PM You're pretty sure your shifty-eyed deliveryman is making fun of you. Stiff him on the tip.
- 9:35 PM Eat pizza alone. Actually, it sort of tastes better when there isn't anyone around to distract you. Oh, who are you kidding?
- 11:00 PM Stare at reflection in bathroom mirror. What have you become?
- 11:40 PM Sleep the sleep of the discontent.

### Saturday

- 9:45 AM Clean roommate's boot off bathroom floor.
- 10:15 AM Long, incoherent "You're such a great friend" speech from maudlin, sloppy-drunk roommate.
- 10:50 AM-11:15 AM Mercurial roommate now angry for some reason.
- 4:15 PM Meet a friendly St. Bernard.
- 7:00 PM - 8:30 PM Frat diaspora: who will take you in?
- 8:35 PM Actually, you'd rather just hang out in your dorm anyway.
- 10:40 PM Begin drinking alone.
- 11:10 PM In moment of sheer abandon, mix peppermint schnapps, Flintstone vitamins.
- 11:45 PM Dance like an otter. A *sexy* otter!

### Sunday

- 12:15 AM Sexiled! Back-to-back *Matlock* in dorm commons.
- 12:30 AM-1:25 AM Still following complicated *Matlock* plotline: Flintstone vitamins must have cancelled out schnapps.
- 1:30 AM *Matlock* wins case, gets girl.
- 2:00 AM Waves of self-loathing gently lull you to sleep.

# I Can Really Relate to Eminem

Hi kids! Do you like violence? Wanna see me screw my career with a letter that's supposed to be private?

Careful, students, did you notice how my letter opened similarly to the song "My name is" by hip-hop virtuoso Eminem? That was intentional—these days, I feel a deep sense of communion with that artist. Though many students may balk at my reference to such a controversial public figure—a figure to whom many students surely relate and respect—they should think twice. Our recent lives have been similar in a lot of ways.

First of all, we both have pasts with a few things we regret. Those of you who have paid attention to hip-hop magazine *The Source*—I will confess that I am an avid reader, much like many of our students—will know that recently some muckraker discovered an old tape of Eminem saying some things many interpret as racist. I recently had the admissions dean equivalent of an old, racist mixtape surface—a personal letter in which I called the football team, and the culture that surrounds it, antithetical to the purpose of liberal arts institutions like Dartmouth. Jeepers! I might as well have said. Our students, whom I respect and admire immensely, and with whom I have had the privilege of working closely during my tenure here, heard my words as if I uttered "Bitch I'ma kill you!" in a pejorative way to Josie Harper or an innocent grandmother of old.

Similarly, neither my hip-hop brethren nor I seem capable of escaping the public eye. Few times do I feel my own soul expressed through music than when peeping the track evil deed. My private letters are read by students (whom I respect almost enough to welcome their widespread perusal of my private correspondence), his life has transformed into a public spectacle. Of both of us it may truly be said that "The curtain just don't close for me, this ain't how fame is supposed to be/Where's the switch I could just turn off and on, this ain't what I chose to be/So please god, give me the strength to have what it takes to carry on/Till I pass 50 [or James Wright—'Jimmy' to fit the meter] back the baton, the camera's on, my soul is gone." Our community would do well to live by and learn from these words.

I have done my research, and I think that Eminem really hits the nail on the head when he says that he's "the most hated on out of all the rappers who get hated on". I may not be a rapper in the strictest sense, but I have certainly felt like I have recently received quite a bad 'rap' lately! I have been called many things by many people: an athlete-hater, a player hater, and like Eminem, a woman hater. But also like Eminem—whose real name is Marshall Mathers, for those of you who aren't true fans—I know the importance of not letting public opinion get you down. After I issued that statement apologizing for all those things I said about football culture being antithetical to the purpose of a university, I must have listened the song "Just don't give a fuck" about thirty times. I really like that song, except for that part where he talks about raping the women's swim team. That hits a bit too close to home! My colleagues and I often attend swim meets, you see, and we believe in our student athletes and the healthy competition they foster.

Competition, however, carries with it a dark shadow: the unhealthy shadow of exclusiveness. Sometimes I feel excluded by our community, but I take comfort in Em's provocative words: "That's why you see me walk around like nothing's bothering me/even though half you people got a fuckin' problem with me/you hate it but you know the respect you got to give me/the press's wet dream...yo Nate Hit me!"

Our community fosters diversity and the exploration of culture, and as Dean of Admissions, I strive to lead by example. So as a parting thought, I offer a cipher I myself composed. I hope my cathartic flow may serve as a conduit for further dialogue. "I use a pen and a pad like my brethren in the lab/ but I'm up in McNutt writing flows sicker than (Yeah!)/ But my staff goes and blabs about some letters I had/ What the hell, man, I thought my crew was better than that!/ But now because of my words, man haven't you heard?/ I'm on trial like this is the Nuremberg of Furstenburg!/ You think 'Furst' is the worst?/ I know second is the best/ so I let Slim hit you first, then throw a vex on yo chest! MOTHERFUCKERS!"

*Karl Furstenburg is the Dean of Admissions and a contributing columnist.*



by Karl  
Furstenburg

## An Open Letter To The Members of the Dartmouth Community:

As you all know, this week-end is "Winter Carnival," a time for enjoying the outdoors, supporting our athletes in their sportive competitions, and singing songs including but not limited to "The Alma Mater" and "Hanover Winter Song". We know you also want to have fun this week-end. Hey, back in our college years, we used to be known for raising quite a bacchanalian stir as well!

But in this postmillennial world, such debauchery must be tempered with prudence. We ask that you drink responsibly by following these guidelines:

- Plan out how much beer you're going to drink on a spreadsheet, accounting for type of beverage, body weight, and calories burned through physical exercise over the course of the day. Keep track of solar flares, too.
- Bring three non-drinking friends with you whenever you drink. Encourage them to look at you disapprovingly whenever you hold an alcoholic beverage.
- Eat a full meal before drinking. Continue eating during drinking. Eat some more after drinking. If your stomach ever starts to hurt, you have clearly drank too much and should report to the hospital immediately.
- Avoid any and all rapid alcohol consumption devices, including but not limited to beer bong, plastic cups, cans, and bottles.
- Don't drink out a can that you didn't see get filled. In fact, don't ever take your eyes off your beer. If you glance away from it, even for a moment, immediately throw it on the floor, scream "Rape!" at the top of your lungs, and go home.
- The Good Samaritan Policy means if you see a drunk person, you shouldn't have any problem calling Safety and Security on their ass! Use it early. Use it often.
- Don't be Irish.

Sincerely,  
Your "Friends" at Parkhurst.

## VOX CLAMORAMUM

### An Alternate View

To The Editor:

Look, I'm getting sick and tired of this Winter Carnival bullshit. Every term, Dartmouth students find another excuse to take the whole weekend off and run around like a bunch of Neanderthals, clubbing females on the head and dragging them back to their caves and mating with them. Or if they're female, getting clubbed in the head. Whatever.

Look, kiddos, when I assign an essay to be completed by Monday, I don't want to hear any of you fuckers bitching about how drunk you're going to be. I want it fucking done on Monday! This is an Ivy League college, shitbirds, and if you don't feel like working you can always go to a trade school and become a plumber.

Winter Carnival? More like Winter Sit-the-fuck-down-and-do-your-fucking-work-you-whiny-little-bitch-piece-of-shit.

Go Fuck Yourselves,  
William P. Hennesy, Ph. D.

### Offer of a Lifetime

To the Editor or Current Resident:

**IMPORTANT** special offer inside!

How would you like to look and feel Fifteen Years Younger? Twenty? How about being **Functionally Immortal**? Respected Endocrinologist Eli Wasserbaum Ph.D explains:

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**NO,** I am not interested.

\*Plus S&H

### I Have Magic Hands

Dear Editor,

I have frostbite and it hurts. Make it stop. Ow. Ow. Ow. Put your magic hands on it and soothe the pain. You and your magic hands. I bet if you wanted to, you and your magic hands could turn my frostbite into rainbows and bunnies. Bunnies that would copulate and give birth on command. Oh you and your magic hands.

It still hurts. The tips of my ears and fingers and my forehead and a small part of my stomach where it protrudes from under my shirt. If you could just lay your magic hands on my places of pain I think I would feel better. You could stroke them with your magic hands. And when you stroked them with your magic hands, those crazy magic hands of yours, they would be healed with the power of love and magic and sexy. We could swim in the sea of copulation. Splashing and playing, playing and splashing.

Oh god my frostbite hurts. Burns. Cool them won't you? With your hands of magic, your magic hands.

Magically,  
Fiona Smythe  
(Standing right outside your door!)

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## Your Op-Ed Article Last Week Left Me Wanting More

In response to Stacey Selling's recent article ["State of the Union: Ashamed."] I have only one thing to say: wow. From start to finish, top to bottom, your opinion piece article really showed off your incisive wit and thoughtful conclusions. And let me be the first to say that I want to hear more from you.

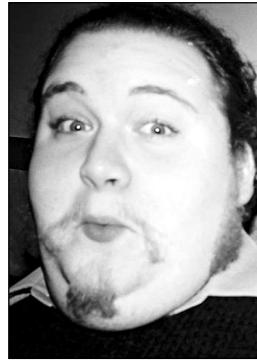
First of all, I just have to say I love to see women get involved in politics. It's refreshing to see that women are finally breaking into this "old boys club" and standing up for what's right. I was so stricken by your brave foray into the political arena that I wouldn't have traded the paper in my hands for anything, except maybe the chance to put your hands in mine instead. I pressed on, and discovered nugget after nugget of untamed brilliance.

For instance, your description of the Iraq debacle as a "veritable quagmire" was apropos, to say the least. I think that the United States has truly put itself into "a difficult, precarious, or entrapping position" (your words!) in the Middle East. It just took a feisty young cub columnist whose facebook picture kind of looks like a hotter, younger Ann Coulter with a heart to point it out. I must confess, I thought that it might be nice to find you and I in a quagmire of our own.

Furthermore, you found flaws in his plans for social security privatization that had not even occurred to me. In many ways, this *is* "just another hat tipping to a neo-conservative philosophy employed at political convenience." I tip my hat to you, milady, and would like to engage you further on how Bush has made the media into "his own personal stash of silly putty". I should warn you, though, that I have been

known on occasion to turn women to putty. Not with manipulative Republican rhetoric, of course, but with a sensual massage technique I learned from my gay uncle Dio.

It's not, however, as if you were going to stop there. No, you thoroughly exposed the logical shortcomings of the President's speech in stimulating and novel ways. Your reconstruction of the fusty neo-con argument in favor of nation-building cuts to the quick. I can almost see your lithe slender fingers dancing electrically over the keyboard as your brilliant thoughts became brilliant words. I can see your breathing getting heavier, and your hair (are you a natural blonde? I couldn't tell from your facebook picture.) beginning to loose from it's ponytail and teasingly dangle in front of your eyes. You're hot when you concentrate.



by Chad  
Bellweather

I'm concentrating on you right now. I've heard that I'm pretty hot when I concentrate, too, although since I'm kind of jacked, I'm probably even hotter when I concentrate with my shirt off. Do you ever hang out at Sig Nu? See, cause I'm a brother there—my friends all say I'm real chill, and I guess that's why I sank. It's not like I'm out all the time or anything, but I know how to rage when I gotta. Anyway, we're having tails this Saturday, and it's supposed to be invite only, but I could totally get you in if you wanted to hang out. We can talk politics if you want, but I imagine you probably want to kick back and just like chill a little, you know. Just real people and good times. We could make our own little union, and the state of it would be hot!

*Chad Bellweather is a Pisces.*

## Police Blotter / Horoscopes

[Ed. Amy Speen '08 is going to be writing a regular horoscope column in the D, and the Editorial Board had promised her that she would be able to kick it off this week, but due to the volume of additional material in this special edition, we decided to combine her column this time with the already popular Police Blotter. Enjoy!]

**ARIES (March 21 - April 20) : Feb. 12, Tuck Mall, 2:43 a.m.**

Today will be a day for exuberance. However, the Hanover Police officers who take you into protective custody after they find you at the center of the green trying to make love to the snow sculpture while passionately screaming out the name of J.M. Barrie will not share in your folly. Today's lucky numbers: 5, 0

**TAURUS (April 21 - May 20) : Feb. 10, Webster Ave., 1:12 a.m.**

This will be a great time to reach your goals. After you reach your objective of consuming a 30-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon in under an hour and Safety and Security finds you in the bushes looking for your kinesthetic sense though, you will be presented with an unexpected chance to travel ... to the hospital. Today's lucky number: .34

**GEMINI (May 21 - June 20) : Feb. 11, West Wheelock St., 1:58 a.m.**

You will reach new levels of awareness. Unfortunately, the awareness related by the Sergeant that your date is really a minor will not be that which you exactly seek. Today's lucky number: Something less than 18

**CANCER (June 21 - July 20) : Feb. 13, School St., 3:04 a.m.**

You will make many new friends this evening. These friends though: José Cuervo, Jim Bean, and Smirnoff (who will appear to be a jubilant Cossack by the time you make his acquaintance) will abandon you when your neighbors discover you on their doorstep, yelling for your first mate to unlock the porthole and let you in. Today's lucky number: 86, not 88

**LEO (July 21 - August 20) : Feb. 12, Choate Rd., 12:56 a.m.**

This weekend will be a fantastic chance for love to bloom. Nonetheless, S&S will not share in your convictions that the Cohen common room was the appropriate place for it, regardless of the fact that you "might never get a chance to hit something like that again!" Today's lucky numbers: 36, 27, 34

**VIRGO (August 21 - September 20) : Feb. 12, S. Main St., 4:13 a.m.**

Beer is in your future! You will find that once you and everyone else in the room has had enough of it, people will become enamored with all of your wonderful ideas. Driving all the random people with whom you wound up to Foodstop after you have played three games of ship will sadly seem like less of a fantastic thought once you wake up in the squad car. Today's lucky number: 15

**LIBRA (September 21 - October 20) : Feb. 11, Webster Ave., 10:14 p.m.**

You will face a choice of many exciting gatherings to attend! Alas, you will wind up choosing the one also attended by an undercover New Hampshire state liquor agent and end up forced to pay a sizable fine for underage alcohol consumption. Today's Lucky number: 1,000.00

**SCORPIO (October 21 - November 20) : Feb. 11, Occom Rd., 12:45 p.m.**

You will experience extreme mirth and joy. The Hanover Police, however, will not find the fact that you spiked the hot chocolate at the Polar Bear Swim with Bacardi to be so amusing. Today's lucky number: 151.

**SAGITTARIUS (November 21 - December 20) : Feb. 13, School St., 1:11 a.m.**

That which you have planted will finally blossom to your enrichment. When the DEA busts in on your party and discovers your fifteen-foot high marijuana plant though, they will not care about your personal achievement though, even when you tell them that you were just a few pounds off from making the Guinness Book. Today's lucky number: 420.

**CAPRICORN (December 21 - January 20) : Feb. 9, Main St., 5:34 p.m.**

Today you will have the chance to be the kind of person you are not ordinarily. It will nevertheless turn out to be a mistake to have purchased a fake ID with a picture of Wonder Woman, and Hanover Police will come to pick you up at Stinson's. Today's lucky number: 25, I swear!

**AQUARIUS (January 21 - February 20) : Feb. 10, Rope Ferry Rd., 2:22 a.m.**

Now is the time to unleash your most creative artistry. Sadly the east wall of Dick's House will not prove to be the best of canvases for your silly string chef d'oeuvre, and Safety and Security will give it as well as you most unfavorable reviews. Today's lucky number: 1/10

**PISCES (February 21 - March 20) : Feb. 12, Webster Ave., 3:47 a.m.**

You would be wise to help out someone in need. You will choose the wrong stranger to claim as your friend so he can use his Good Samaritan though, and the FBI will arrest you for aiding and abetting a known terrorist. Today's lucky numbers: 5-10.

- Compiled by Mark Rellner '05 and Amy Speen '08, courtesy of Acting Hanover Police Chief Harry Scituate and Clairvoyant Madame Caroline Boulangerie.

## We're proud to make money off your school's name.

We're the Dartmouth Bookstore. Notice the name: "The Dartmouth Bookstore." We bought that name.

Why? Because we're proud of Dartmouth and all it represents. Proud enough to pretend we're a part of it. Proud enough to parasitize it. Proud enough to actually be a Barnes & Noble.

You see, we here at the Dartmouth Bookstore understand that Dartmouth is a community. We want to make money off that community. It's as simple as that.

The Dartmouth Bookstore: The "Green" is for money.



# Winter Carnival Through the Ages: The Obligatory Look Back

BY MURPHY LOINS

*The Dartmouth Staff*

*We at Dartmouth know Winter Carnival for what it means to us: a weekend of not doing homework, going to four parties instead of two, and making bad decisions involving a videotape and a sorority pledge that will come back to haunt us if we ever run for public office. But what did Winter Carnival mean to Dartmouth in days of old? Here we examine the history behind this great school tradition.*

## The Spanish-American War

During this time, *The Dartmouth*, in true yellow journalistic style, published an article saying that Vermont had stolen all the bread. Though they later found that it had, in fact, just been misplaced, the student of Dartmouth rallied against the innocent Vermont citizens while *The Dartmouth* urged them on, calling the Vermont residents "douche bags" and saying they were out to rape Dartmouth's women. The Snow sculpture that year was of a giant sombrero because Mr. Hearst had convinced everyone that whatever was going wrong, it was probably Spain's fault. Also, the *Maine* blew up. An exciting time to be alive at Dartmouth!

## When Emily Dickinson Was Alive

Everybody was nobody, weren't you? Oh good, so there were a thousand of you. During the life of Emily Dickinson everyone was a shut-in. They had fantasies about death, only wore white and definitely did not go to church. They all died spinsters when death's carriage kindly stopped for them.

## Prohibition - Not So Much Fun

Since beer, the staple beverage of any good Winter Carnival weekend was illegal to buy and there were no speakeasies in the general area, the student took to making bath tub gin, or moonshine as it is called in the Appalachians. Though this seemed like a good idea to begin with, the students soon realized that distillery is a hard business. The beverage did not become intoxicating until 6

months after the weekend. The carnival was therefore spent sober and around multiple bathtubs, occasionally sipping from a wooden mug.

## The Depression Years

During the Depression, Dartmouth was not able to afford snow or fun. In reaction to this the students took to reading Dickens in groups of ten and twelve around buckets of chilled water. Beer was rationed and only those with beer stamps were allowed a cup, which they would have to



Ready to party or starve to death.

make last for the entire weekend. Since fun could not be afforded, the weekend was spent in bland conversation about the stock market crash and how good a plate of stewed peas sounded.

## Cold Times and the Cold War

During the Cold war era, Winter Carnivals became stagnant. The Snow sculpture design could not be agreed upon and since both groups suspected the other groups of having giant snow catapults, nobody took the initiative to actually build anything. Fraternities were also inactive as each house suspected the others of having poisoned their flagons of ale. Generally, life went on as usual.

## The Vietnam Era

The winter carnivals of the Vietnam era were very uneventful. This was because every body was very, very stoned. The snow sculpture was of a large psychedelic mushroom/flower/twinkie. The bobsled races were ignored as was anything else physical. Dartmouth students spent there

days sitting in there rooms in protest of the cold and the fact that Bugles had not yet come into existence.

## The Big 80's

In the 80's, Winter Carnivals were big. They were huge. So was hair, collars, egos and most of all the snow sculpture. It was eighty feet long, fifty feet wide, and two hundred feet tall. No one knew what it was, but it was certainly big. Days were spent listing off phone numbers in song form and playing squash in aviators. Nights were spent waiting for the invent of Zima and getting into spandex. They were maniacs.

## Let the Snowflake Soar: Attack on America

When Dartmouth was reacting to 9/11, Winter Carnival was a time to be happy to be out in the middle of nowhere where there were no planes for two hours. It was a chance to bond together as a mostly white, gentile school where nobody dreamed of seven virgins (sometimes eight or ten but never seven) and nobody lived in caves. The Snow sculpture that year was of a giant fireman dressed in red, white and blue with a eagle flying above him and the entire declaration of independence written on a tablet he was holding while he extended his other hand



Snow sculpture, c. 1969.

out in order to help up a giant snow child who had slipped and fallen. It was a proud time to be a Dartmouth student.

## The Future

What's Winter Carnival going to be like in the future? We can only imagine. But we can speculate the it will have lots of robots to create the snow sculpture for the students. The sculpture will probably be of our most holy leader/dictator who would be ruling for at that time.

Every day students will come out and prostrate themselves in front of the great image and then go partake in the clear alcoholic beverages that would have taken over beer and other colored carbonated beverages. These



Nobody rages anymore.

would be things like Zima and clear Pepsi that will surely make a comeback and come in all flavors like fondue and cracker (as in white guy). So what if we'll all be under the control of the Martians... I can't wait!

## Drink it, Pussy!

*An alum looks back on traditions of old*

BY EDGAR WILSON '54

*Guest Contributor*

Yeah, it be that time again. Time to let that bit of decency and concern about the important things like the issues go be somewhere alone for a little while. Of course, most people these days don't really know what it was like back in the day, when the stuff was really going on. If you want to learn to Winter Carnival like the old school, you got to listen to my words.

This year, you ain't going to spend the day staring at artists' conceptions of a gentleman's package produced in snow, and then whiling your evening away in some goopy frat basement. No, that be new school pal, and here we keeping it old to the degree of N. Start with the ever-popular seal clubbing event, a local custom for annihilating anger since the Eskimo times. And don't go with just any old cudgel this time. Spend a little extra time and customize that brain blotter. Your friends will all think you're awesome.

When it comes time to embark on this years dog-dogsled race, no playing fair again. It might seem hostile like, but this year arm those puppies with a pair of rotating copper blades from Stinson's. A tad heavy on the wallet, but it's only once a year and what kind of rat bastard don't splurge for school

pride. You're not going to let Sir Rich Parents show you up, are you? Yeah, you would.

There's going to be another round of trekking through the locally renowned Alabaster mountains in search of carefully hidden college merchandise. You heard the tale about the guy who disappeared during that event in '86. Well, it was actually a chick who just got really messed up, but other than that it was all true. You don't want to muck up those trousers riding this horse, that's cool. You probably wouldn't know what to do with another Dartmouth bottle opener or hub cap anyways.

The evening is restless, like an over-appreciated female who don't understand she's not forever, so you better hurry if your going to make it in time for the rum tub chugger, a carnival staple since whenever. That numbness you feel as the warmth is slowly sucked from your body into the slab of diluted alcohol is the same numbness experienced by many generations of former grads that, let's face it, were likely better than you. Don't let them down, like you did to your country.

This is the year, and the season. Go out hero and make a name for yourself. Either that or get cancer. That's what happens to people that don't jive with the spirit of participation. Winter Carnival sure is fun though.

# The Way We Were: *The Dartmovth's* First Winter Carnival Issue

## THE DARTMOVTH.

FEBRUARY 11<sup>TH</sup> 1901

### WINTER CARNIVAL THIS WEEKEND, FELLOWS!

BY M. ARGOS STALLWORTH III

HELLO, BRETHREN! PREPARE FOR REVELRY! THIS WEEKEND WE SHALL HOIST OUR STEINS OF ALE AND INVOKE THE BACCHANALIAN SPIRIT OF ELEAZAR HIMSELF! WE SHALL BATHE IN FELLOWSHIP, CAMARADERIE, AND PRIDE, AS WELL AS IN BEER, QUITE LITERALLY IN FACT FOR THAT LAST ONE. HO!

ACTUALLY, HOLD A MOMENT. I HAVE UNDERGONE A CHANGE OF HEART. YOU MUST NOW DISREGARD WHAT YOU HAVE NIGH JUST READ FOR I FEEL I CANNOT MAINTAIN THIS CHARADE OF APPROVAL FOR WHAT HAS BECOME A MOCKERY OF THIS INSTITUTION'S VALUES AND PROUD HISTORY.

THIS IS IMPORTANT:

SUCCINCTLY PUT: YOU DRINK LIKE WOMEN. ALL OF YOU. WOMEN WITH CLEFT PALATES AND WEAK STOMACHS. RADCLIFFE WOMEN. FRAIL HARVARD MEN WITH PRACTICALLY INDISCERNIBLE GENITALIA MAKE TIMID ADVANCES ON YOU. IN FACT, YOU ALL REMIND ME OF THE NHORBYT HOMOSEXUAL FRENCHMEN FOR WHOM CITIZEN GENET SERVED AS PROXY A CENTURY AGO, BOTH IN APPEARANCE AND TOLERANCE. YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO DARTMOUTH. PLEASE TENDER YOUR TRANSFERS TO MORE SUITABLE INSTITUTIONS IMMEDIATELY.

#### THE WEATHER

THE DARTMOVTH HAS RECENTLY UNDERTAKEN THE HIRING OF THOSE PRACTISED IN THE ART OF AUGURING IN ORDER TO BRING YOU METEOROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS OF THE HIGHEST AND MOST DEPENDABLE QUALITY. OVER THE BURNT REMAINS OF A HECATOMB, OUR HEATHEN PREDICTORS UTTERED THE FOLLOWING PROPHECY CONCERNING THE WEATHER THIS WEEKEND: **C O L D E R THAN B O L - L O C K S !**

SUCH AS THE KITCHEN OR THE WOMB.

YOU, "MEN" OF DARTMOUTH, ARE UNWORTHY OF WINTER CARNIVAL.

GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN A MAN DRINKS A THREE-GALLON FLAGON OF RUM WITH BREAKFAST. I HAVE WITNESSED A MAN RETIRING FOR THE EVENING AFTER A MERE FIFTY MUGS OF ALE JUST THIS PAST WEEKEND. ALSO, IT IS RUMORED THAT A DARTMOUTH SOPHOMORE WAS DEFEATED IN SINGLE COMBAT BY A BEAR DURING FALL TERM. I CANNOT ABIDE SUCH IMPOTENCE. GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN THE STREETS RAN BROWN WITH SWEET BOURBON VOMIT FOUR NIGHTS OF THE WEEK. GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN "BREAKFAST" WAS A TERM USED TO MEAN "ALCOHOLIC SUICIDE BINGE."

IT WAS AT ONE POINT GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT THE UNITED STATES WOULD TURN TO DARTMOUTH FOR PROTECTION IN THE EVEN OF BEAR INVASIONS OR FURTHER HOMOSEXUAL FRENCH SOLICITATIONS, FOR WE WERE MEN. WE ARE MENTIONED IN THE CONSTITUTION: "AND IT SHALL BE THAT WHOSOEVER SHALL TREAD UPON AMERICAN SOIL WITHOUT PERMISSION OF THE GOVERNMENT SHALL ANSWER TO GOD THROUGH HIS RIGHT HAND: THE

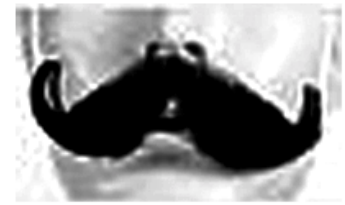
FRATERNITY MEN OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE."

EVEN NEBUCHADNEZZAR, A MAN NOT KNOWN FOR PROPHECY, FORETOLD THE FOLLOWING: "[THE MEN OF DARTMOUTH] SHALL CONQUER JERUSALEM. THE HEBREW PEOPLE WILL BE SUBJUGATED UNDER GLORIOUS BABYLONIAN RULE [BY THE MERCILESS HAND OF DARTMOUTH] FOREVER." THIS ANCIENT PROPHECY WAS TRUE UP UNTIL ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN DARTMOUTH BEGAN ADMITTING YOU: WOMEN MORE CONCERNED WITH ACADEMIC PURSUITS THAN DRINKING FEATS AND UNARMED COMBAT.

ALLOW ME TO PARAPHRASE PHILIPPIANS 4:13: "MEN WHO CANNOT DRINK ARE A DISAPPOINTMENT TO THEIR COLLEGE AND NATION AND SHALL NOT BE ALLOWED INTO HEAVEN AFTER THEY DIE OF CAUSES OTHER THAN ALCOHOL POISONING OR BEAR MAULING."

NOBODY RAGES ANYMORE.

WELL, I'M OFF TO BREAKFAST. GOODBYE, YOU BUNCH OF ANDROGYNOUS NANCIES.



ALL THE RAGE  
THIS YEAR  
P 3.

A FORTNIGHT SINCE  
LARGE TRAPEZOIDAL  
WEIGHT ACCIDENT  
-- THE AFTERMATH  
P 2.

*dartmovth's* capital letters and numbers temporarily misplaced  
p five

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY  
ASSASINATED!  
--MIGHT THE  
TERRORISTS HAVE  
ALREADY COUNTED  
THE VICTORS' SPOILS?  
P 6

### FOPPISH DELIGHT SWEEPING CAMPUS

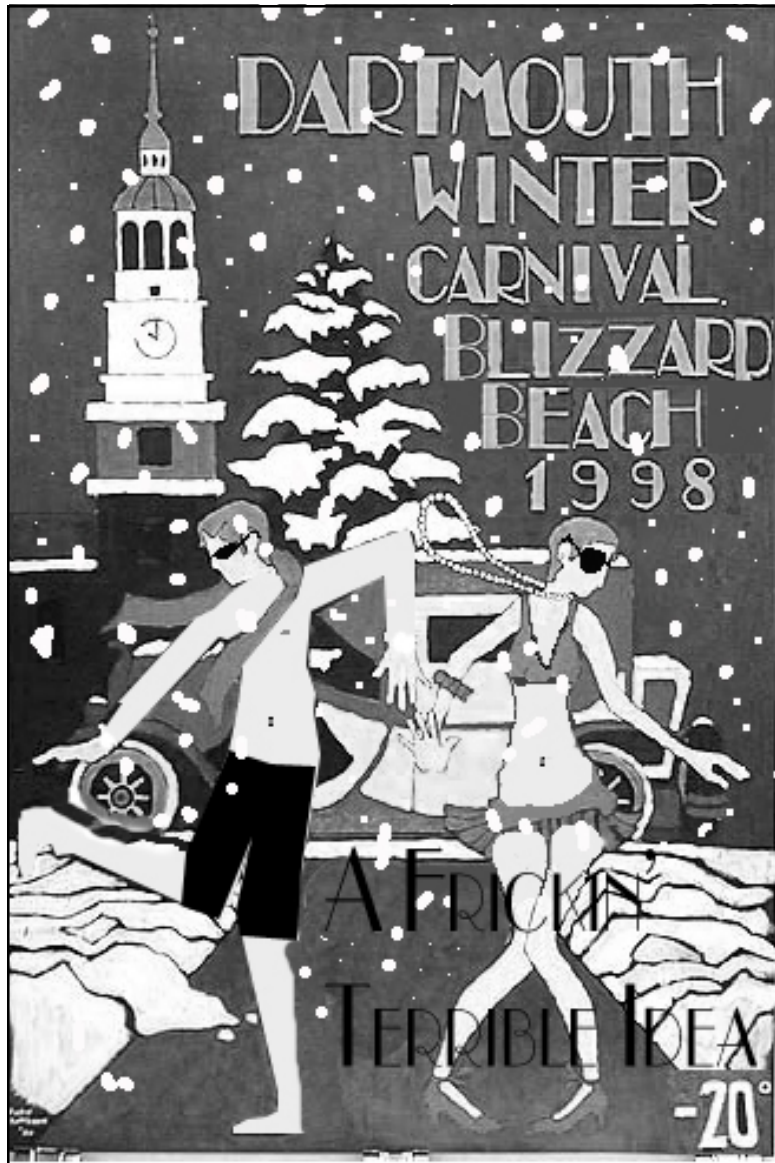


Foppish Lewis, The Dartmovth

GATHER ROUND MEN OF DARTMOUTH AND WITNESS THE NEWEST AND MOST REAMARKABLE ITEM TO APPEAR IN THE HAMLET SINCE THE INDIANS WERE EDUCATED ON OUR FINE CAMPUS. COST WILL BE ONE SILVER DOLLAR FOR ONE HALF-DAYS RIDE.

# Posters from Carnivals Past that Dartmouth Regrets Approving

1998 - "Blizzard Beach (aka, No Fear of Frostbite)"



1939 - "Winterland Wet Willies"

1972 - "Coeducation Will Be The Death of Us All!"



1993 - "Sun, Surf, and Suicide"



# Carnival Folk Angered by “Offensive” Title of Weekend Festivities

By QUAIL JENKINS

The Dartmouth Staff

**Hanover, NH** - As preparations for this weekend kick into high gear, Dartmouth students appear to be united by a common pride in their college. Fraternities happily display snow sculptures while college committees plan exciting weekend activities and UGAs prepare for long nights of staying on call to help out their residents, all in the name of amusing the overworked community of

students here. But there is one subgroup of the Dartmouth campus that is not amused, and they see Winter Carnival as yet another instance of the dominant society trivializing their culture. These are the Carnival Folk, or “Carnies”.

“It’s ridiculous,” states Eliza Donnelly, leader of the Dartmouth College Society of Carnival Folk (DCSCF), who sports a disgusting growth of beardlike hair from her otherwise attractive chin. “You wouldn’t have a party on this

campus called the Winter Blacktacular, because the African-American community wouldn’t stand for it. You wouldn’t call it the Winter Honkyrama, because the white people wouldn’t stand for it. But go ahead and name it Winter Carnival, because *nobody* cares about the Carnies.”

Eliza’s attempts to galvanize support within the Carnie community began at the Carnie Affinity House, a big red tent in the forests behind the science buildings. There she held several candlelight

vigils and panel discussions. All of these events, she said, were surprisingly well-attended, drawing an audience of the extremely fat man, the dog-faced boy, the girl with only one arm, and even the guy who sticks really big needles into his stomach.

“It’s really been a tremendous outpouring of support,” said Donnelly. “The 7-foot-tall Burmese man-child even peed into the snow a note that he couldn’t make it to the events because of a CAT scan appointment, but that he wished that he could be here with us.”

This is not the first time that the Carnies have stood up for themselves as an independent community on the Dartmouth campus. The most notable incident occurred last year, when the reptile boy petitioned Food Court to include more bug-related dishes on its menu. According to the reptile boy, “I like bugs. Mmmhmm.”

But Donnelly realizes the importance of starting small. “Look, we’re not asking for a complete overnight change in society,” she explains. “But we’re hoping that through demonstrations like these, and by bringing these issues to the public eye, people will start to realize there’s more to being a Carnie than the unfortunate string of genetic mutations that created unsightly physical deformities which have thoroughly prevented us from living anything that resembles a normal life. There’s lots of other stuff: things like ring toss, and cleaning up elephant crap, and drinking moonshine after a hard day of scamming the unsuspecting locals.”

Some Carnies, however, are suspicious of Donnelly’s crusade, citing that very few if any alternative suggestions for the title of the Winter Carnival celebration have been proposed. Jacob Robinson ’06 goes so far as to claim that there’s very little in these protests that actually has to do with the Winter Carnival celebration.

“Make no mistake about it. This is about Miss Donnelly going out there for herself, trying to make herself into some big-shot civil rights leader. Well I’ll tell you now, we Carnies stick together, and we don’t appreciate being used as stepping stones on the ladder to some bearded lady’s personal career,” explained Robinson. He then bit the head off a chicken, climbed into a very small metal box, and went to sleep.



A 2003 Carnie rights protest on the Green turned violent when the hippos and elephants escaped, attracting the attention of the Hanover police department.

## DOC Winter Hike Totally Missing the Point

By GOOBER BOOBS

The Dartmouth Staff

**Hanover, NH** - A hike led by the Dartmouth Outing Club to Velvet Rocks this afternoon, described by DOC member Catherine Burnett ’07 as “an opportunity to get out and see New Hampshire in all its wintry, snowbound glory during this weekend where we celebrate winter as a key part of our college experience,” totally misses the point of this weekend, which as everybody knows is to get as fucked up and you possibly can and do some crazy shit.

The hike, which currently has 18 people from all four classes signed up to participate, will begin at 7 AM on Friday, which will be way too early for anyone who does Thursday night the right way, and is expected to end around 4 PM, which is way too late to start raging

for anyone who is going to do Friday night the right way.

“This is a great opportunity see nature and remind ourselves what we’re doing up here,” hike participant Amy Kahn ’08 said. “So many times I hear about people complaining about the cold, and I think it’s a good opportunity to really just enjoy that part of our college life.”

Kahn neglected to mention that another way to stop worrying about the cold is to drink until you can’t feel it any more. She lists among her favorite activities the DOC, late nights at Lone Pine Tavern, and hanging out with her friends in dorm lounges; interestingly, she neglected to mention her apparent love of sucking at life, hardcore.

The winter hikers are encouraged to bring supplies including warm gloves, good boots, a sturdy jacket, and a wool or cotton hat. Food will

be supplied by the DOC, and is likely to include Cabot cheese and sandwiches. It is unlikely, however, that the DOC will be providing dark sunglasses, Tylenol, and a nap to those people who will need them because they will actually be participating in Winter Carnival.

Hikers will be encouraged to take pictures of trees, revel in natural beauty, and converse with each other, when they could be chucking glass bottles at each other’s heads and screaming racial slurs at local residents walking down the street.

This is not the first time that the DOC has put together a program like this. Over Homecoming Weekend in the fall term, they arranged an overnight trip to the Second College Grant for a day of hiking, playing catch, and telling stories. Alcohol apparently was provided, but no one even wound up in the hospital, so it doesn’t count.

IT'S CLASSIFIED!

We recently updated our classifieds policy, and here is is, straight up: send your classifieds to us in a small iron box (left under the Great Sturdy Oak, buried under no less than three inches of soft earth) that has been enclosed by a chain wrapped around it no less than three times, with a sturdy padlock over the chain. Inside the box, the classifieds needs to be encased in some sort of lead covering that can only be opened through a thumbprint match of our Editor-in-Chief. The ads themselves must contain a vowel-to-consonant ratio of 1:3. Of those consonants, 60% of them need to come after the letter “j”. You were probably going to do that anyway but you better go check just to make sure you got it right. Uggos and fatties need not bother submitting stuff because we won’t even read them.

### EMPLOYMENT

**HENCHMAN NEEDED** for carrying bearers, robbing graves, and being the first to die in the event of some sort of laboraty disaster. Upon my eventual demise, you will rise up to take your rightful place where I once stood. Large hump in back a plus. Blitz “Maddoctor”.

**ARM CANDY NEEDED** because my elbows are hungry. Must be full of sugar, sweet, and eager for my mouth. Hot girls please stop applying, I’m looking for candy. Blitz “Iwantcandyandnotgirls”.

### TRAVEL

**GIRL ISLAND** looking for guys who could really use a good laying. Girl Island is this year’s #1 Spring Break Destination. Blitz prettygoodchancesomearehot

**DOG ISLAND** looking for guys who could really use a good face-licking. Lots of dogs, guaranteed. That’s why we’re called “dog island”, stupid. 1-800-DOG-ISLE

**ROUND THE WORLD IN 7 DAYS** We’ll strap you to a skateboard attached to a rocket. How far can you go?

### RENTALS

**BAG O’HESSIANS** Limited Quantity of 55-Gallon Burlap sacks packed to the brim with assorted Prussian Mercenaries of yore! Uniforms are somewhat damaged, and some of them look kind of like archers or something. Minimal Cavalry. \$1600/mo. Blitz: Geschenschriftundmurderer

### EMERGENCIES

**A DUDE IS PASSED OUT IN MY BED** and I think he booted on my floor. I don’t know who he is but I may have made out with him a little bit last night. I was pretty wasted, and I’m still really hungover. He’s not real responsive and I don’t know how to get him out of here. Blitz: Probablygonnableachmymouthnow

**HUGE, SCARY MONSTER** in Psi U Basement. We need bazookas. Blitz: PsiU

## JOIN THE D!

*Because if you do, we’ll buy you a robot butler to serve you sherry at your every whim, and a nerd to do your homework, and also we’ll give you lots of gold and you’ll so get laid because you’re in the motherfucking D!*

## Dirty, Vocal Hobo Gives Unsolicited Criticism to Figure Skating Team

BY JIMMY P. SANDWICHMAN  
The Dartmouth Staff

When Lucy Langton failed to make the third corkscrew in her patented flying dove splice this week in the rink, there was at least one person in the crowd who had no pity to spare the poor sophomore figure-skater. Hobo Lefty Handel made his final judgment regarding the performance of Dartmouth figure skating program. "I just don't get it!" stammered Handel, still visibly shaking with hostility. "Stupid fucks... cartwheels."

Team members seemed unsure of how to take Handel's possibly controversial comments. Center-forward Arnette Michaels '06 saw in Mr. Handel's opinions an earnestness at first shocking, "but later actually made a lot of sense when I started to experience the truth of his commentary. It's all boils down to how you handle opinions, and in my case I feel bolstered to become the wind in a way I wasn't before."

Ming Lee-Dorfmann '08, on the other hand, felt vaguely uneasy about Handel's remarks. "I didn't even do any cartwheels. Sometimes if people don't know what they're talking about they shouldn't say anything at all. We work really hard, and we deserve better than to be accused of cartwheels."

For Michelle Harikuri '05, Handel's off-the-cuff condemnations didn't seem to mean

much at all. "Oh, that Lefty. He's always saying 'fuck this' and 'fuck that' and so it eventually just all runs together for me."

However, because this is the tenth losing season running for the team, many fans are glad to hear a spectator give some straight-shooting criticism. For many, in fact, Lefty's madcap antics have made watching the team more bearable. "My daughter would kill me if I didn't come," admitted Kyle Parkman, father of team captain Claire Parkman '05. "At least now I can turn my head and see this bloated guy. He's kind of fun if you have a sense of humor."

Even at the height of controversy, cooler heads seem to depict the gruff opinionate as portraying an unabashed faithfulness to the squad. "He really is committed," admitted Coach Ruth Sharemore. "Even at the game at Swarthmore, when I

thought we'd lost him, he ended up at the same place he always does, passed out in the shower room with his bottle collection. I'm still trying to figure out how he pulled that one off."

Assistant coach Ernst Carlyle added, "I'm not questioning his dedication—For what's devoted—but the shower room is now off limits to everyone. Only God knows what he's up to in there."

While his goals remain as inexplicable as the plastic duck he caresses nervously in moments of excitement, his methods are known to all. "I just like to tell it like it is," Handel revealed in one of his more lucid moments. "It's like the sky, and I'm the corduroy smith. Sweet! The apples for you and the man to your right is shining like plastic immortals plastic."

Coach Carlyle could not be reached for further comment.



Handel lounges outside of Thompson arena, waiting for the figure skating team to arrive so he can give them his notes.

## Conservative Paper Bemoans State of Winter Carnival for 10<sup>th</sup> Straight Year

BY HEYWOOD JABLOME  
The Dartmouth Staff

**Hanover, NH** - As the campus comes together to celebrate Winter Carnival this weekend, a local conservative publication celebrates a decade of lamenting the current condition of the weekend's activities.

The cover story of the publications Winter Carnival edition entitled, "Winter Carnival: Party Weekend or Pussies Going Ice-Skating?" contains a harkening back to Winter Carnival's past with claims such as, "This year's Winter Carnival promises to once again pale in comparison to the Carnival's past here at the College on the hill. During the Carnival of 1963 12,000 models and beauty

queens were bussed up to Hanover—3 women for every man of Dartmouth. There were orgies in large tubs filled with hundred dollar bills and a crew of three dozen Indians built a snow sculpture that was 200 feet high. This year there will be a giant trampoline. How far we have fallen."

Jason Anderson, editor in chief of the publication, said, "The hardest part about putting out a publication like this is consistency and I think that we've shown our consistency by being able to denounce Winter Carnival for an entire decade. Ten years is a big milestone and I'm really proud of us."

It hasn't always been easy for Anderson and his staff. "After the

first couple years people began to worry that perhaps we had complained about everything we could," explained Anderson. "But the Student Life Initiative came along. It gave us so many avenues down which we could complain. All I can say is thank God for the SLI. If it hadn't been for that beautiful piece of college policy this publication would have stopped its presses years ago. And yeah, I just thanked God. What are you gonna do about it? All you bleeding heart PC kids can go read about my first amendment rights and kiss my ass. God Bless America!"

There will be a 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary party thrown by the publication at a derecognized fraternity this Saturday where there will be an illegal keg jump in the basement.

## Hot Girl Not Hooking Up This Weekend

BY BUSTER McNUTT  
The Dartmouth Staff

**Hanover, NH** - Cynthia Vartos '06, psych major and totally hot chick, has decided that this weekend she would rather not hook up with anybody, so you all might as well not even try.

"Things have been pretty complicated for me lately," Cynthia explains. "Me and Trevor just broke up with each other after three whole weeks of being together, plus I've got two friends from high school coming up for the weekend. So really, hooking up is just not a good idea for me right now. I'll just go out dancing instead."

While dancing, Cynthia will likely wear the extremely short black skirt and tight, low-necked white top that she describes as her "party gear". However, any and all interested boys are encouraged to look elsewhere for loving this weekend, because Cynthia is not going to buy into it. She will also likely grind against several eager young gentlemen on the dance floor, but she is putting it out there right now that all she's doing is enjoying the music at the party. She plans to go to the bathroom to fix her hair if one of the gentlemen that she is dancing with doesn't get the message.

"I hope I don't get too drunk," Cynthia adds. "There's something about me that just always makes me drink too much at these things, and then I need to find somebody to walk me home." Dartmouth's male population should be aware that in this case, Cynthia really just wants to be walked home to avoid scrutiny from Safety and Security officers and local police

on the lookout for drunks, and is not interested in paying back the favor with any sort of physical gratification.

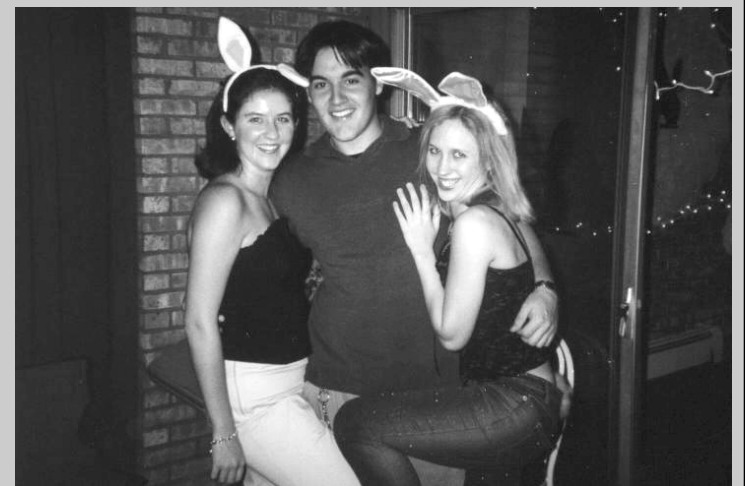
"I'm not going to be a jerk about it," she explains. "If some guy asks me if he can come up to my room to check blitz, I don't see what's wrong with that. I check blitz all the time, and I know how aggravating it can be to not know what your friends are up to!"

Cynthia's friends, Mark Smith and Aimee Francis, expressed doubts about her ability to go an entire weekend without hooking up with anyone. "I'm not saying she's a slut," says Ms. Francis. "It's more that's she sort of likes to have a good time. She's sort of a... well, I'll leave it at that."

"I've always kind of had a crush on Cynthia, myself," Smith added. "I'm thinking this weekend, maybe I'll go out to some of the frats with her and see what happens." Mr. Smith then looked guiltily down at the floor and shuffled his feet a little.

This weekend-long prohibition against hooking up is not indicative of a longer trend in Cynthia's life, however. "I'm going to go back out there and have fun, so people don't need to worry or anything. It's not like I'm a prude now, or anything. Mostly it's just a bad weekend for that. I mean, my friends are here, and I can't be hooking up with them watching us! That'd be too weird."

When asked to comment on this really hot chick's lack of sexual interest over the coming weekend, Paul Taylor '05, friend of Cynthia's and frequent intramural hockey player, stated, "Yeah, we'll see."



Vartos '06 (right), making yet another bad decision.

# Hockey Team Upset Drinking Weekend Interrupted By Stupid, Stupid Hockey Game

BY MICHAEL HUNT  
The Dartmovth Staff

**Hanover, NH** – The Dartmouth Men's Hockey Team has expressed severe disappointment that they will not be able to fully participate in Winter Carnival's many parties because, in the words of team captain Chad White '05, "we have to go out and play some stupid, stupid hockey game this weekend."

While some members of the team are excited by the prospect of squaring off against Yale this weekend, most have been fairly sullen about their prospects. "Not about winning," explained Chet Norman '06. "We've probably got a good shot at winning. Or maybe not, I don't know. But I do know there's supposed to be this great kegger at Theta Delt the night of the game and I'm going to miss it.

Man...this sucks the donkey."

Ambivalence about the team's prospects for victory are not limited to Norman. Many players have decided that it doesn't really matter who wins or loses the game, because in their opinion it's just a dumb game anyway. "It's not like we're *never* going to play Yale again," grumbled defenseman Derreck Mason '07. "But I'm pretty sure my friend Sam isn't going to get into a fight with fourteen guys from Amherst and wind up breaking a chair over some girl's head by accident again. And I'm going to miss that because I'll be chasing some puck around on an ice rink. Great."

Added Mason, "we had a surprise win against Princeton last week. Can't we just forfeit this game, since we're one up? Our record would be the same as if we

just lost last week like we thought we were going to, anyway."

While the team's coaches have consistently attempted to rally the team around the idea of taking out their Ivy League rivals, even they admit that this game is mostly a nuisance the team would rather not deal with.

"These are hockey players, not nancy boys," head coach Greg Marshall explains. "They want to drink. This isn't the calculus team."

A proposal to allow the team members to compromise by coming to the game drunk was shelved after a drunken practice led to two team members receiving broken bones and one team member getting his tongue caught in the zamboni. "I don't know how that happened," Marshall adds.

Adding insult to injury is the fact that many Dartmouth students



The Dartmovth  
Senior Captain Chad White just couldn't wait until the game was over before he started drinking.

planning on attending the game will likely come as a part of their weekend plans, which may include some degree of inebriation. White explained that "if you really want to support us, come to the game and sit quietly. Don't yell a lot. Think about sad things. Then go home when the game is over and go to sleep."

White has expressed fears that if fans make a big show of coming to the game drunk or yelling a lot in a way that could be interpreted as festive, they are likely to see him break down and cry.

"Now I know how all those Chinese restaurants feel about Christmas," White said. "This sucks."

## Shooting the Shit with...

*Following in the great tradition of nobody in particular, Mork Finnegan asks the questions that everybody else is too much of a damn pussy to ask. Mork Finnegan is his own man. He doesn't have heroes. The open road is his hero. Today, Mork sits down with a polar bear.*

BY MORK FINNEGAN  
The Dartmovth Staff

**The Dartmovth:** So the Student Assembly has recently captured you off of an iceberg floating in the sea near the mysterious Bear Island, and enlisted you to stand around next to the Polar Bear Swim and make it look more hard core. What do you think about this?  
PB: ARGHGHGH!

**The D:** Do you feel it is your social obligation to remove body parts from those who enter your waters? Do you feel that if you don't you won't be accepted by the Dartmouth community?  
PB: GROWLLLL!

**The D:** I see. Is there any chance you could tell me more about this Bear Island? It is, I assume, your ancestral home. Is there some sort of taboo against leaving it and working as a mascot for a college party weekend?  
PB: RRRR!

**The D:** Oh, it isn't? I'm sorry, I simply assumed that it would have been.  
PB: RHHHHRR!

**The D:** Yes, when you put it that way, I suppose that does make an ass out of you and me.



The Dartmovth  
This polar bear has made quite a "splash" at this year's Carnival!

PB: GARRR!

**The D:** Well, on that note, what exactly would you say is your favorite Winter Carnival tradition here at Dartmouth? There are obviously so many to choose from.  
PB: RRRRAAAAARRRRGH!!

**The D:** Now that, I have to admit, is not the answer that I thought you would give.  
PB: ROOOOOAAAAAARRRR!!!

**The D:** Now, I've heard rumor that you have a problem with the fraternity tradition of the game pong, is this true?  
PB: GRRRR!

**The D:** Bear pong rather than beer pong you say? Interesting.  
PB: RRAARRR!

**The D:** Well I don't know, what is black and white and red all over?  
PB: RR rrrrrrrrrrrrr! Raw Raw Raarrh!

**The D:** Dartmouth students with frostbite after you've mauled them? That's clever and controversial. You know, some people feel a little apprehensive about your general existence on campus. Response?  
PB: Rrawrrrr.... GRRRRRRRR.

**The D:** Tragic, yet true. So what is your final opinion on this venture? Has it been worth it, leaving the tundra and coming down here to the relatively more temperate and certainly more snobbish atmosphere of an Ivy League institution?

PB: I feel the conditions could be good, but as a polar bear these days work is hard to come by. Would I change things if I could? Yes. But there are some things you have to concede and compromise. For example, I'm a vegetarian, but I as a predator I am supposed to maul small mammals like yourself. So do I? Yes.

**The D:** What?  
PB: GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

GARFIELD

By J. Davis' Intern



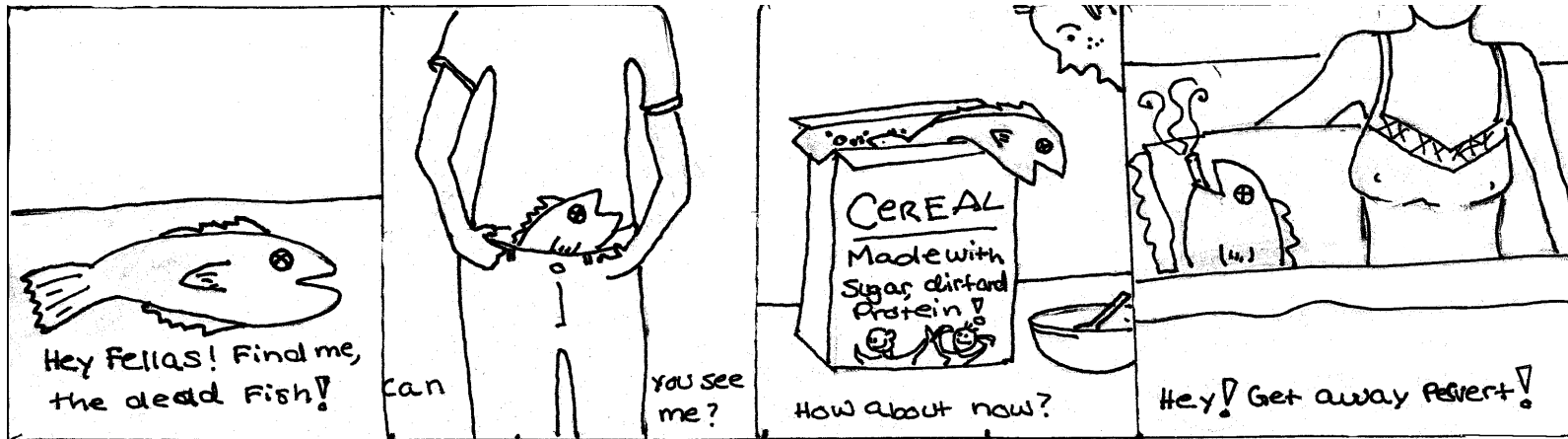
BLOODTHIRSTY AND LOOKING FOR LOVE

By Dustine Bojangles '07



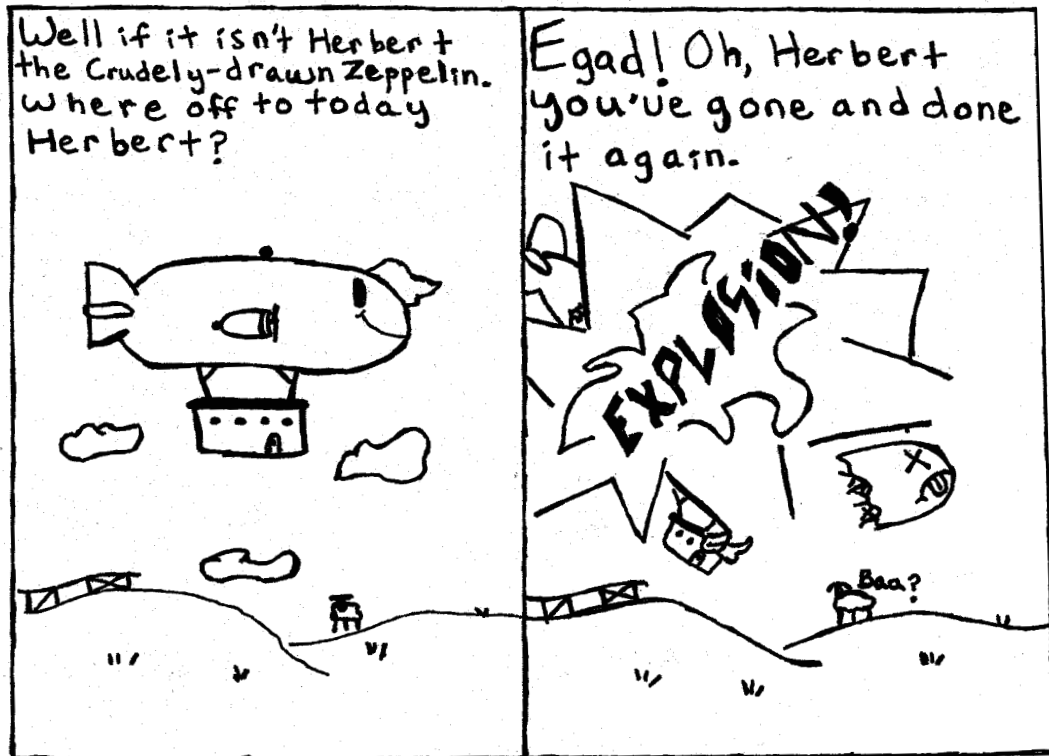
DEAD FISH IN UNUSUAL PLACES

By Wincer Braun '07



WHAT THE ZEPPELINS DO

By Roger McAlex '08



STOCKMAN'S DOGS

