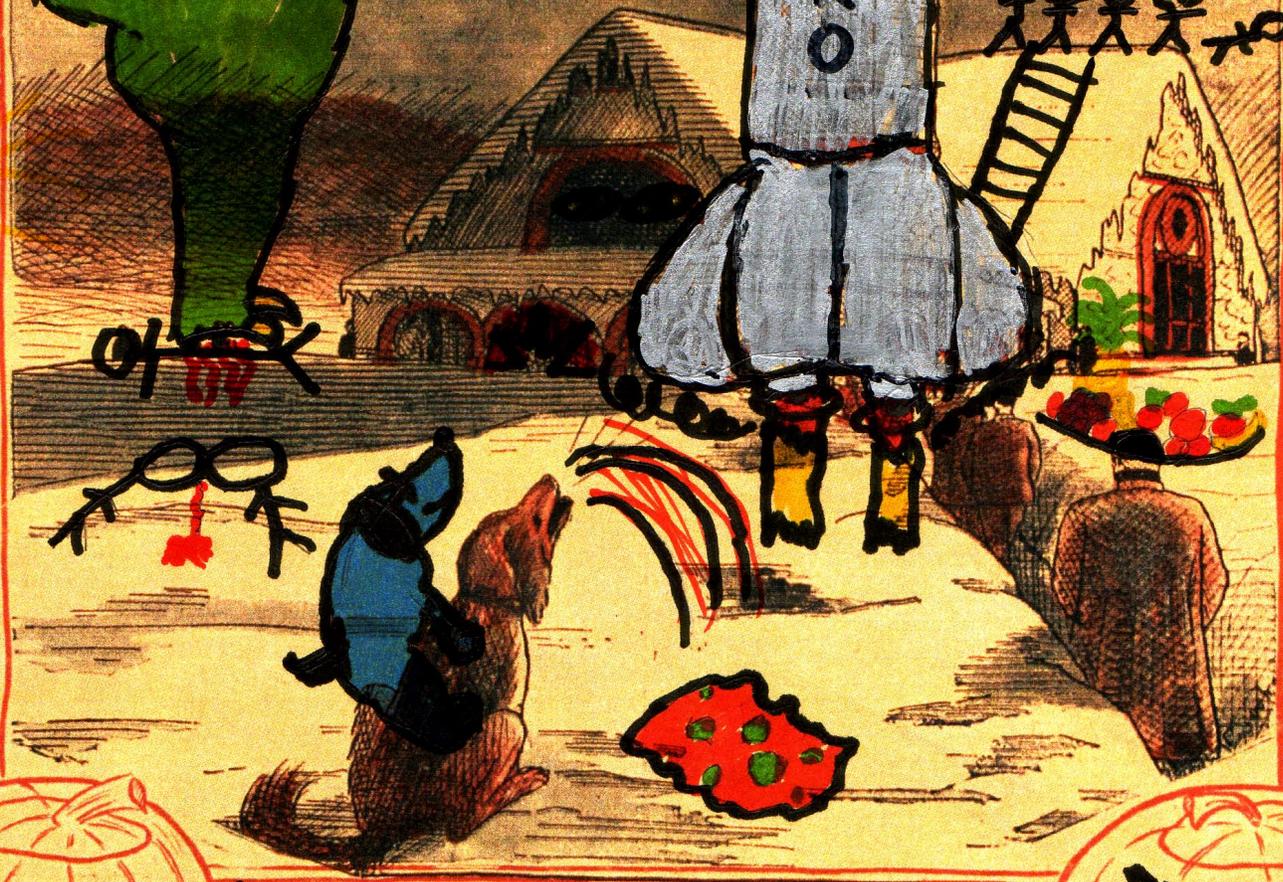


JACK-O-LANTERN.



Rawr.



HOMECOMING 2008
~~MARCH, 1909~~



THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN



Back row, left to right: Dylan Kane, Sam Buntz, Dan Smolinsky, Robert Greer.
Front row, left to right: Laura Michet, photo of Tara Albanese, Melanie Pastuck.

In the criminal justice system, the people are represented by two separate yet equally important groups: The police who investigate crimes, and the Jack-O-Lantern who write a campus humor magazine.

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For more humor written by future alums (or "students," as we call them), visit our website:
<http://www.dartmouth.edu/~jacko>

NOTICE: All characters, caricatures, writers, editors and alumni are wholly fictional and any resemblance to any persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

Want to write for the Jacko? Too bad. No, really, tough. Okay, fine, but just this once. Blitz us at jacko@dartmouth.edu. Don't say we never did anything for you.

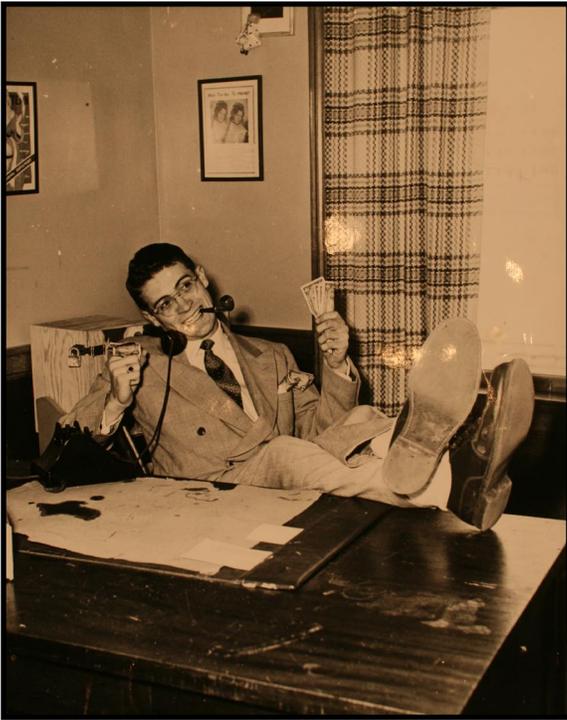
Or you could talk to one of the illustrious members of:

JACKO STAFF SUMMER 2008

Dylan Kane '09	Allfather
Sam Buntz '11	Keeper of the Presidential Mysteries, Inner Sanctum
Laura Michet '11	Chancellor of Votive Offerings
Dan Smolinsky '11	Chief Bacchate
Tara Albanese '11	Idolater
Melanie Pastuck '11	Patron Saint of Mischief and Mirth
Robert Greer '11	Patron Saint of the Conventionally Handsome
Jesus of Nazareth '09	Class of '09 Chair



"You don't look a day over seven hundred."



Dylan Kane '09 in the Presidential Suite in Robinson Hall

A Letter from the Editor

Wow, man, 100 years. I can't believe it's been so long already. 1909 seems like just a few moments ago. I remember finishing up the Civil War and looking for a new project, and then we heard about this "humor magazine" thing. I think Bismarck suggested it to me after he saw the Harvard *Lampoon* at the 1904 World's Fair.

But yes, friends, the Jack-O-Lantern has been through it all. The Jacko was there when the Titanic sank. The Jacko was there when the stock market crashed. The Jacko was there when America rescued Europe from tyranny. Twice. (You're welcome.) The Jacko was there when John F. Kennedy called upon citizens to ask not what their country could do for them, but what they could do for their country. The Jacko was there after

the inauguration, when John and Bobby Kennedy caught the herp double-teaming Marilyn Monroe. (And we've still got the footage.)

The Jacko was there when Dartmouth graciously extended its admission policies to include women, Jews, and, quoting from the 1946 admissions guidebook, "octoroons." The Jacko was there when our small college invented its lasting contribution to American academia—beer pong. The Jacko saw the rise and fall of Nichols, Hopkins, Dickey, Kemeny, McLaughlin, Freedman, and—barring any last-minute declarations of "Dictator in Perpetuum"—Wright.

Basically, we've been around for a long time.

How does a college humor magazine achieve centurial longevity? Well, I've worked here for three whole years, so I oughta fucking know. I could cite the leadership of the Budd Schulbergs, the genius of the Theodor Geisels, the creativity of the Buck Henrys, and the murderous ruthlessness of untold generations of lock-step Jacko goons. But, frankly, anyone who's ever written for the Jacko knows what really got our magazine published over the last 100 years: unbridled postadolescent sexuality at an isolated, all-male institution (1909-1972), and the legacy thereof: a deep and abiding fear of women (1972-present).

This anniversary issue is an attempt to package up 100 years of Jack-O-Lantern history in a neat little bundle of lies, and also to showcase the persevering talents of the many writers and artists who have kept Jackos rolling off the presses for a full century. Due to the limits of space, not every alumni submission found its way into these pages—many proved too lengthy and epic for this lowly forum.

Here's to not getting derecognized before 2108.

Dylan Kane '09
Editor-in-Chief



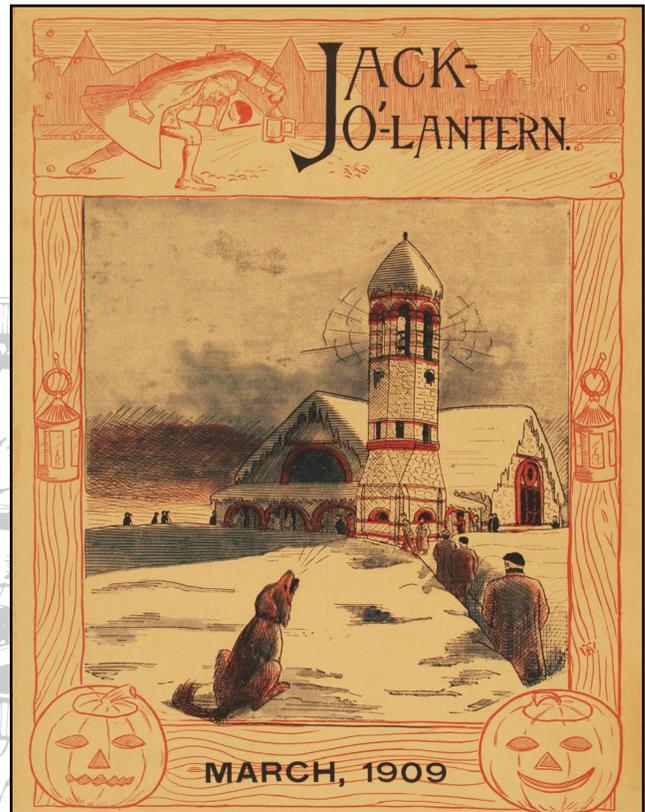
A rare photograph of the fall 1923 editorial staff. Notables include Woodrow Wilson (back row, second from left), Ike Eisenhower (middle, far left) and, astonishingly, proto-Tom Hanks, (middle, far right) but only if you hold the magazine on its side and squint at him.

Episodes From the Glorious History of the Dartmouth *Jack-O-Lantern*

Jacko's First Issue

On a clear, dewy morning in March 1909, the first issue of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern rolled off the presses. Featuring a wide array of advertisements for antiquated and now-defunct Hanover businesses, an article mocking students from poor, rural backgrounds (“The Fable of the Rustic Youth Who Went to College”), and poetry best described as “quaint,” the Jacko got off to a beginning that could be referred to as inauspicious Ivy-League wankery. Yet the divine spark was evidently there.

Reporting on that fair occasion, *The Dartmouth* wrote, “The newcomer will appropriate as its especial field the serving up in appetizing form of college humor for a college public,” and “[The Jack-O-Lantern] will make no literary achievement of the heavier kind, but will attempt jingles and jokes, fables in slang and light verse, and above all, drawings.” (*The Dartmouth* also reported that the first meeting of the new magazine would feature Phineas Weatherbuck XVII recounting “bully” tales from *The Iliad* and *The Bible* with “damned decent” shadow puppets.



JACK-O'-LANTERN

Publication after Style of Harvard Lampoon to Appear Tomorrow

Tomorrow morning will appear the *Jack-o'-Lantern*, an undergraduate magazine, which is to be a radical departure from the present Dartmouth publications. The newcomer will appropriate as its especial field the serving up in appetizing form of college humor for a college public.

It will follow more or less closely the lines laid down by the *Cornell Widow*, the *Harvard Lampoon*, and similar college publications. It will make no pretence to literary achievement of the heavier kind but will attempt jingles and jokes,

E. O. RAABE,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

H. O. SANDBERG,
BUSINESS MANAGER.

Jack-O-Lantern

Hanover, N. H., Sept. 20, 1909.

To Our Alumni:

The management takes pleasure in announcing to our Alumni that we have succeeded in establishing a new and long desired institution at College, A COMIC MONTHLY, the JACK-O'-LANTERN, and as we start upon our second year we respectfully ask your support.

Our aim is to make the Jack-o'-Lantern both comic and artistic. It will be profusely illustrated, and ever alive and wide-awake to the humorous in UNDERGRADUATE, FACULTY and ALUMNI life. More than either literary magazine or news journal does the comic paper reflect the real, honest, frank sentiment pervading the College body. The JACK-O'-LANTERN will double the joys of life for you by adding to your health; it will brighten your thinking, increase your capacity for friendship, avert that citric acid taste, and send the undertaker into politics.

Billiken tells us that next year will be the happiest and most prosperous that you have ever known; so you will never miss the little dollar necessary to get the JACK-O'-LANTERN with its BRIGHT, BREEZY, BUSTLING pages for the entire year.

Support has helped our football teams obtain rank and class; has helped our musical clubs surpass the alluring tones of Orpheus; has made our debating teams more formidable than a Cicero-Demosthenes organization--and now

WE APPEAL TO YOU TO HELP US BUILD THIS NEWEST OF DARTMOUTH'S INSTITUTIONS into a successful one by sending us your subscription.

Respectfully,

E. O. RAABE, '10, Editor-in-Chief,
H. O. SANDBERG, '10, Business Manager..

Pravda Issue

RASH OF RED EMBLEMS PREPARES HANOVER FOR DARTMOUTH PAPER'S PARODY ON PRAVDA

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

HANOVER, N. H., April 8—There were more hammers and sickles on display here today than Ivan Ivanovitch would have found on Red Square on May Day—and when the

newsstands, with a hammer and sickle cover and a 12-page take-off of Pravda, and everything was crystal clear.

Headlined "Stalin Purges Self,"

"I Chose Security," by the very obscure Vladimir Jones, dealt with the author's hair-raising escape from the terrors of capitalistic America. The article was a satire

On the morning of April 8, 1947, the peace of the Dartmouth green was broken when a huge red flag, bearing the yellow Communist hammer and sickle, was suddenly unfurled from the second story of Robinson Hall. Simultaneously, a horde of students, apparently leftist radicals, began to plaster every available surface of the campus and town with leaflets, which boldly displayed that same yellow hammer and sickle, against a huge splash of red ink, and bore the cryptic legend "It's Here."

Soon two of the students, with black beards, ragged black clothing, and floppy black hats, set up card tables on two corners of the campus. Evidently anarchists, they quickly piled what appeared to be subversive literature on their tables, then lit flares that protruded from what looked like small black bombs, set next to each table. From a distance, these dangerous devices could easily have been mistaken for the flares that one sees around road repairs.

Dartmouth students, on their way to morning classes, were baffled by this sudden red take-over of their pristine green campus—and crowded around the tables. The "literature" being proffered for sale turned out to be copies of the Soviet journal *Pravda*, printed on pink newsprint, with the masthead and one article in Russian but the rest of the twelve pages in English. This special Pravda issue, announcing that it had been airmailed from Moscow, was folded to fit inside the covers of what presented itself as the March 1947 issue of the college humor magazine, the "Jack-O-Lantern."

But there was nothing funny about all this, in the minds of several adult observers. One alert citizen placed a call to the office of the FBI in Boston—and an agent was promptly dispatched to check on what was happening.

The six students responsible were not arrested, despite the fact that they were easily identifiable. On the left side of the first page of their pink Pravda for March 30, 1947, obviously put out with Soviet partners, was a photograph of all six, seated at a table in the Kremlin, three of them to the right of a smiling Stalin and three to his left. On page 5, the editors had the audacity to reveal the secret workings of the atom bomb, in a full-page diagram.

The New York Times for April 9 carried a two-column box report on this issue of "Jacko," while *The Boston Herald* gave it three columns. The latter reported on two of the Pravda articles as follows:

Headlined "Stalin Purges Self," the lead article was devoted to Uncle Jo and his Politburo becoming involved in a "Spring Cleaning program."

"I Chose Security," by the very obscure Vladimir Jones, dealt with the author's hair-raising escape from the terrors of capitalistic America. The article was a satire on "I Chose Freedom" by Kravchenko, the Russian cipher clerk who disclosed the Canadian atomic spy ring.

The only woman implicated in this Pravda affair was Libby Gardner, the wife of Jacko's editor, Clint Gardner. She had made the red flag and sewn on its yellow hammer and sickle. The student conspirators referred to her as "Betsy Roski."

Today, Gardner and his wife live in a secluded dacha high on a hill in the ultra-liberal town of Norwich, Vermont. His Jack-O career apparently left an indelible red mark on his otherwise unblemished Dartmouth green.

— Clinton C. Gardner '44, Jacko editor 1946-47 (after four-year delay in the Army)



Ridicule May Do It

The Dartmouth College Jack O'Lantern, humor magazine, took occasion the other day to heap ridicule upon the Russian newspaper Pravda, and upon the entire Stalin regime. Appearing with a hammer and sickle cover, "Jacko" hit the news stands and campus when the scene had been well set: The Soviet flag was displayed everywhere from college buildings to telephone poles. The issue had as the lead article one headed, "Stalin Purges Self;" it had others parodying Pravda articles—satires upon typical Russian favorites detailing hair-breadth escapes from capitalism; it had advertisements of "Engel" toothbrushes guaranteed to get rid of bourgeois gray, and of the Russian army with the headline, "Uncle Joe Needs You."

The student editor explained the descent into ridicule by saying that Jacko was aimed at the extremism and dogmatism of the Soviet Union. He said, "If we can make people laugh by carrying Russian extremism to a further extreme, our mission as

Jacko Continues to Astonish, Disgust, and Gravely Offend

"In, I believe 1947 or 1948, when I was editor, I discovered that a friend of the family had been the founder, or possibly one of the founders, of *Jack-O-Lantern* in about 1908. Since I had known the fine gentleman for years, I wrote him personally to advise that I had paced a card in our permanent file that he was to receive a lifetime free subscription. He responded with gratitude.

"After an issue or so, I received a letter from the no longer youthful founder, apologetic in his request that the subscription be redirected to his office, in view of Jacko's version of humorous content being offensive to his wife's sensibilities. This was done.

"Following one or two subsequent issues, another message arrived from the founder, asking, again with gracious apology, that his subscription be cancelled, because of the embarrassment it caused him with his office staff, presumably secretarial.

"The founding gentleman conceded that we were probably among the very best of the many college student-edited magazines nationally, as he had heard. However, he implied, the nature of humor had coarsened during his 40 years since 1908, years of profound social evolution, encompassing two world wars and a shifting of proprieties. Looking back, I suppose it was another lesson that humor is generational. Want to guess what will induce an unapologetic laugh or smile 40 years from now?"

— Jim Schaefer '48

As the clipping to the right shows, the Jacko has been involved throughout its history in stunts, pranks, and publicity campaigns of a questionable nature. Although nothing has happened in recent years that would demand the attention of the FBI, as in the case of the *Pravda* parody, the Jacko has since gained national attention for the epic *Drinkin' Time* and for guerilla mascot Keggy the Keg.

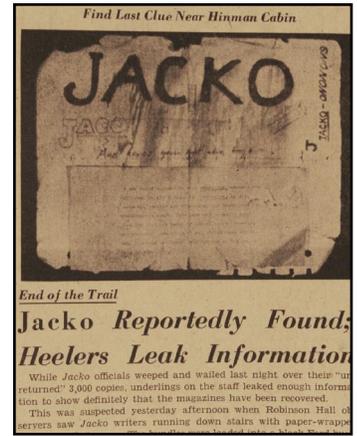
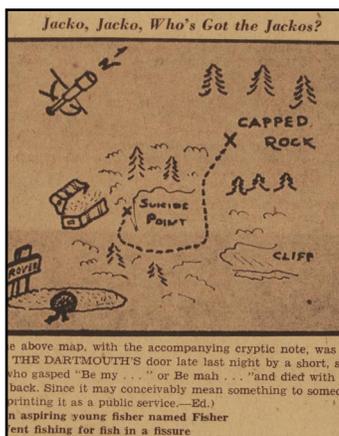
Police Restrain Jacko Poster Publicity Plan

Jacko's 35th anniversary issue hit the streets the day before yesterday with a thud and immediately local vigilantes took a hand. High-powered Jacko publicity agents plastered sedate elms on North Main Street with teasing little trailers—something like "Buy War Bonds" posters, only they said Jacko.

The police took a hand and in a move that would have been a flagrant violation of civil liberties if it hadn't been justifiable under powers to protect the public from fraud, ordered all the posters down.

They are down now, but sub-

Scavenger Hunt Stunt



In 1953, the entire print run of the Jacko, about 3,000 copies, was "stolen." Over the course of the next few days, several clues, some in rhyme, were found in various locations on campus, including underneath President John Sloan Dickey's blotter. (For more on Dickey, see 'The Sodomy Issue', May 1948, page 3.) *The Dartmouth* covered the case very closely. The following report on the first clue is an example of the kind of coverage the event received:

The above map, with the accompanying cryptic note, was shoved under THE DARTMOUTH'S door late last night by a short, swarthy man who gasped "Be my..." or "Be mah..." and died with a knife in his back.

Later on, a tip was phoned in to the Dartmouth radio station. According to *The Dartmouth*, "WBDS officials stated the tip had been phoned in by 'a Spanish voice, sort of mixed with French.' They said it was 'completely disguised and unrecognizable.'"

After the issues had been found, speculation arose that it might have all been one enormous publicity stunt intended "to rouse flagging interest in a "sick" publication". Furthermore, bitterness on the part of the authorities persisted over the incident with Dickey's blotter. Though highly entertaining, the entire stunt seems not to have worked as intended: only a few years later the entire magazine was shut down and replaced with a different humor publication, *The Dart*, for four years.

Jacko Replaced by The Dart

We've heard a lot about the four years in which the Jacko was replaced by *The Dart*. The reports, however, have been highly contrasting. Was *The Dart* the end result of an administration conspiracy to destroy the Jacko utterly, or an innovative and brave experiment in anti-authoritarian satire?

Whatever the case, *The Dart* met its own end after four years, and the Jacko returned. Below are two contrasting perspectives on the brief rise and fall of that ill-fated magazine. Interestingly enough, Corey Ford, Columbia grad, *New Yorker* writer, and oddly pervy Hanover local with a serious skill for eyebrow acrobatics, was apparently a major supporter of the transition to *The Dart*. See page 13 for more on his illustrious patronage, and for striking pictures of his silly facial expressions.

"I was a cartoonist for *Jack-O-Lantern* my freshman year (1952-53), and had what I hoped was a budding career wrecked by a conspiracy to kill the Jacko involving an assistant dean and the Daily Dartmouth's editors to do away with a source of grief—to the College and to the newspaper (whose editions we sabotaged, regularly), on the fairly spurious grounds that *Jack-O-Lantern* was so raunchy and disreputable that it brought dishonor (or something) on the Dartmouth family. The magazine was revived a year or so after I graduated, I seem to recall in response to alumni ire."

— Everett Ellis 'Ted' Briggs '56

"I was named editor of the *Jack-O-Lantern* in 1955. It was a dead magazine. I buried it, and in my senior year renamed it *The Dart*, obviously of Dartmouth College. The aim was to make it satirical, not just silly, to puncture the over-inflated balloons of the college, its administration and its faculty at that time. It was a daring, almost revolutionary, idea in the mid-fifties. Hard to remember those times now. I drew most of the cartoons and wrote much of the copy. I've gone on to a journalism career, from *Life* and *Time* and *S.I. to Newsweek*, and, after a journalism fellowship at Stanford, a thirty year free lance career that kind of ended with *National Geographic*."

— Arthur Zich '56

**Jackolantern
Is Dissolved
In Staff Vote**

**Surprise Move Paves Way
For Proposed Magazine;
New Organization Starts**

Jackolantern's directorate last night dissolved the humor magazine by a unanimous vote and thus paved the way for the formation of the "new magazine" which was recently proposed by a special UGC committee.

The committee's recommenda-

Donis Heads Directorate Of New Jack-O-Lantern

By JAMES S. BRANNEN

Jack-O-Lantern, the humor magazine which left the campus four years ago, returns to the college this year replacing the *Dart*, now out of publication.

Editor Miles M. Donis '58 stated that the magazine plans to publish six times during the year including House Parties, Christmas, Winter Carnival, and Green Key issues. The House Parties issue will be sold beginning Nov. 14.

First published in 1902, the *Jacko* was rated among the top humor magazines in the country during the 1930's. Donis explained that

Tupperware Party

"...The other event was less rag-tag: a Black-Tie Tupperware party. The planning took several minutes, and we managed to convince an Upper Valley Tupperware representative that we were earnest, notwithstanding the rigorously observed dress code.

'Jacko' Sponsors Tupperware Sale in Offices

By LAURIE PROTHRO

The Jack-O-Lantern Tupperware Party, held last night in the COSO lounge to Robinson Hall, was "an unqualified success," according to Brad Brinegar, editor-in-chief, and Maxwell Anderson, assistant editor. "We sold more merchandise than we had expected, we attracted new members, and we had fun."

The turnout was moderate, a little more than 60 people, but in regard to sales, Anderson remarked, "We've done well considering there are very few serious people here."

"Playing It by Ear"

Pat Kivler, Upper Valley Representative for Tupperware House Parties, was also pleased with the results. When asked at the beginning of the evening what amount of merchandise she expected to sell, Kivler replied, "I'm playing it by ear."

Anderson said that the purpose of holding the party was mostly for fun, "to celebrate the

approximately \$50 worth of merchandise was sold, as opposed to the usual \$125, according to Kivler.

One of the pamphlets distributed at the party advertised, "Thousands of women all around the world have found happiness and real profit as Tupperware dealers." When questioned as to this seeming discrimination, Kivler replied, "most men think it's a joke." She added that there are in fact "hundreds" of men that are now Tupperware dealers, so that men

too can find "happiness and real profit."

Most of those attending the party were students, who had stopped by "for the fun of it."

One student inquired after a particularly large sized oblong container. Apparently his grandfather had died last August, and he was still searching for a suitable coffin. Kivler replied, "That's not such a bad idea. Our merchandise is vapor-tight, airtight, and water-tight."

Hit of the Party

Another student remarked, "the martini shaker is the hit of the party." He was obviously unaware that a martini is never shaken.

The background music for the two-hour party was varied. It started out with safari jungle music, for "ambiance" according to Brinegar. The wild bird calls were eventually replaced by the Jacko theme song, "Lady Kennedy," as performed by "Obah Tungi and his drums of passion" obviously another rare bird. It all made for



Hanover's mainstream media were as gullible as we could have hoped. The Dartmouth ran a headline promoting the affair in advance: "Jack-O-Lantern Sponsors Community Event". After we announced the party, some wag suggested that we turn over the proceeds to a local charity. Since nothing whatsoever was ultimately sold, due in no small measure to our progressive inebriation and resulting incapacity to properly 'burp' the product, it was not to be. A small group of well-turned out coeds (as women were then called) joined our all-male cast (actually just two coeds), and for a few hours we pulled off a measure of feigned sophistication in the North Woods. It was a magical night. Once again, few witnesses, no legacy, and incomplete, alcohol-soaked memories."

— Maxwell W. Anderson '77

Jacko Almost Gets Derecognized, Twice

The nineties were a dark time for the Jacko. In 1991, the organization was wound up in what would be the first of several troubles with the Council on Student Organizations (COSO). After a complex series of nearly inexplicable events involving a mutiny within the staff, the Jacko published an outrageously homophobic article which crudely suggested that the Dean of the Office of Residential Life, Mary Turco, was a lesbian. COSO subsequently began an inquiry into the Jacko's eligibility to continue to receive College funding. This is code for "subsequently attempted to destroy the magazine utterly, with much pulverizing and smiting."

The situation was more complex, however, than it appeared on the surface. In fact, the issue of the magazine under scrutiny had never received the blessing of the magazine's officers; it had been published by a wayward faction of two underclassmen within the magazine, without permission, oversight, or adequate funding: they ran \$50 in debt on the printing. As quoted in *The Dartmouth*, "The whole publication was simply hijacked by these two guys." Upon interviewing them, *The Dartmouth* reported that the two apparently gladly accepted the responsibility, brashly claiming that "our short sightedness stemmed from a frustration with previous issues of the Jack-O-Lantern which failed to live up to the definition of a humor magazine." Though the publication may have been undergoing serious creative difficulties, the correct way to deal with such problems probably does not involve homophobic slurs or caustic personal attacks on Dartmouth professionals. Just a guess.

Although ultimately the Jack-O-Lantern was not derecognized, its membership was completely overhauled (code for: pulverizing and smiting occurred) and a faculty advisor was set in place to oversee the publication. While this was presumably intended to tame the magazine, it would not be long after that the Jack-O-Lantern would find its neck on the line once again.

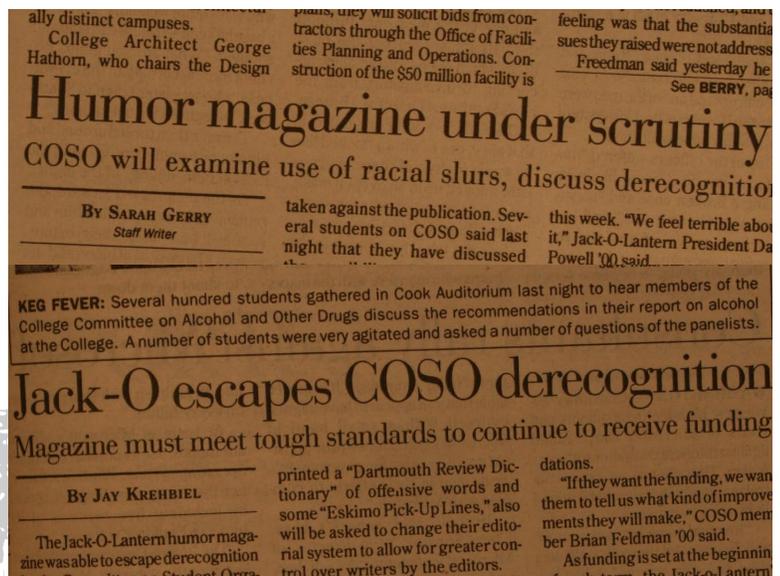
In November 1997, COSO once again held hearings to consider the derecognition of the Jacko in response to "student outcry over offensive material."

The offensive materials in question included a list of "Eskimo Pick Up Lines" and a "Dartmouth Review Dictionary." The *Review* Dictionary contained definitions of terms such as "gay", "Führer", and "spick-and-span"—and, it must be admitted, a few words much more heavily-charged with negative meaning—in such a way that the definitions sought to lampoon the *Review's* attitude and hostile behavior toward minority groups. The campus was not, however, fooled by the Jacko's clever ruse of printing the offending material as a parody of the controversial *Review*. Anyone could see that the words clearly appeared between the covers of the most recent Jack-

O-Lantern issue! Since parody is in no way protected by the First Amendment, and since the proper penalty for public use of satire in this country has always been at least one gallon, minimum, of sweat and tears (even admixture, one to one parts), COSO descended upon the Jacko like some kind of avenging avenger. The slaughter was horrific.

The campus, already shocked to find that a humor magazine would publish anything insulting to anyone, was further floored by the "Eskimo Pick Up Lines" in the same issue. There is less to say about these, except that—well—okay, who knew there were Inuits on campus? Isn't Dartmouth, like, two hundred percent white, and, like, four hundred percent male, or something? I mean, we're an Ivy League school. Come on!

After the initial COSO hearing, the Jacko's fate was put on hold for one week, presumably in order to build suspense. In the end COSO decided not to withhold funds from the Jacko, a decision which in the long run saved millions of lives.



We put these articles on slants to make them look dynamic and exciting. Actually, we just screwed up the scans. Arn! But they look exciting, right? Like one of those scenes in movies when newspapers spin down into the front of the screen with big, scary headlines. And these are big, scary headlines.



The Jacko protests itself. Stop the horrors now!

The Arrival of Keggy

More so than the stump of the Lone Pine or the mighty spire of Baker Library, there is one symbol that most accurately represents and typifies the Dartmouth experience today: Keggy the Keg.

Created in 2003, Keggy made his debut at a Homecoming football game during the halftime show. This anthropomorphic beer keg quickly became Dartmouth's much-adored unofficial mascot, appearing at sporting and social events, such as the Winter Carnival opening ceremonies, where in 2005 the snow sculpture was dubbed "Captain Keggy's Carnival Cruiser."



Keggy the Keg's iconic, vapid glare, supplemented by an enormous, demonic grin, strikes desperate fear into the hearts of Dartmouth's enemies and sad resignation into those of its administrators. Go Kegs!

Shortly after his introduction in 2003, Keggy was kidnapped from his home in the Sigma Nu library. The abductors sent threatening notes to the Jacko and pictures of a severely brutalized Keggy, gagged and with a black eye. Fortunately, the mascot was recovered with only minor damage to his costume. The identity of the culprits has never been made public knowledge.

It was not long before Keggy the Keg gained national renown. Keggy was personally interviewed by *Playboy*, and hailed by Michael Wilbon of ESPN's *Pardon the Interruption* as "some stupid beer thing." A picture of Keggy on CollegeHumor.com became so popular that it garnered "National Pick" status.

Keggy was created by Jacko members Nic Duquette and Chris Plehal '04. They described Keggy as the fulfillment of their wish to create a mascot that "wasn't racist, biased, or sexist, yet [was] entirely unacceptable." They settled on Keggy because he represented "the most obvious Dartmouth stereotype: the beer-swilling Animal House fraternity culture." There can be little argument that Plehal and Duquette succeeded admirably in their vision. Keggy the Keg has become a shared reference point to all those who embrace the values of life at Dartmouth College.

National Fame: "Drinkin' Time"

"Drinkin' Time" is arguably the Jack-O-Lantern's most shining moment in recent years: the one point in time when the campus proclaimed in a loud, strong, and lusty voice, "Yeah...like, I don't have to try too hard to understand this." The article gained national acclaim and became a rallying point of self-identity for a generation of Dartmouth students.

The concept behind "Drinkin' Time" was to trick a lot of naïve, corn-shuckin' parents from the Midwest that their children were about to plunge into a depraved orgy of drunkenness and cruelty. As a group of unsuspecting parents and prospective students stumbled under the Rockefeller Center overpass toward Frat Row, led by an equally sincere and unknowledgeable tour guide (Jaromy Siporen '09), they found themselves surrounded by young, free-wheelin' college students screaming, "It's drinkin' time!" They poured forth from Rocky and other strategic hiding places located around Frat Row, taking up the rallying cry. Keggy the Keg paraded down Frat Row, followed by the marching band playing "Tequila." The tour guide attempted to soothe the crowd's agitated down-home sensibilities by stating, "We party no harder than any other school," and asking, "Any more questions about Greek Life?"

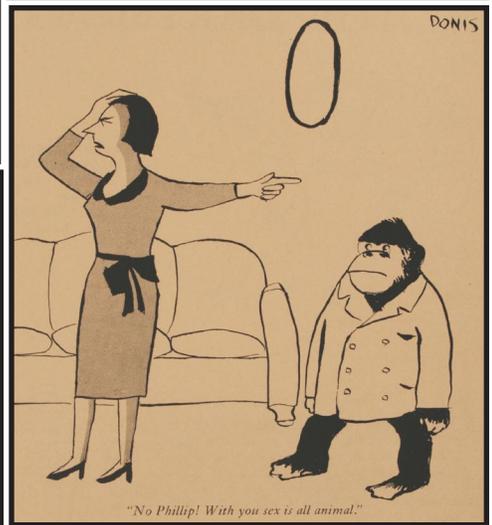
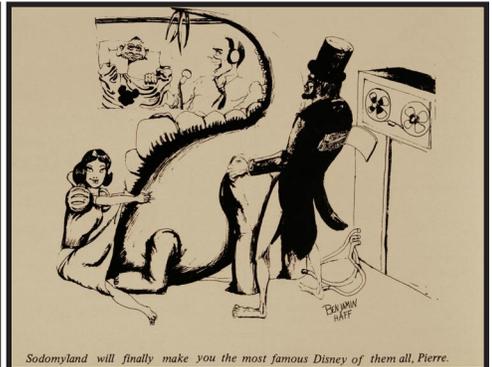
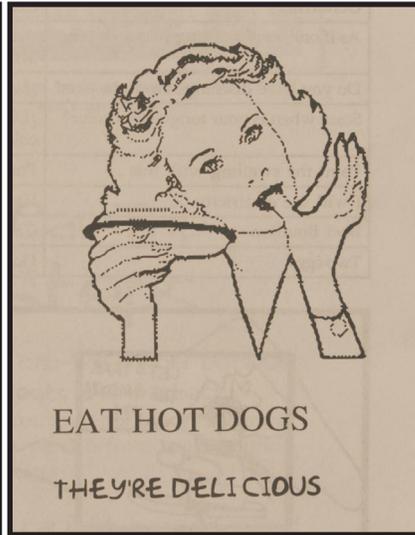
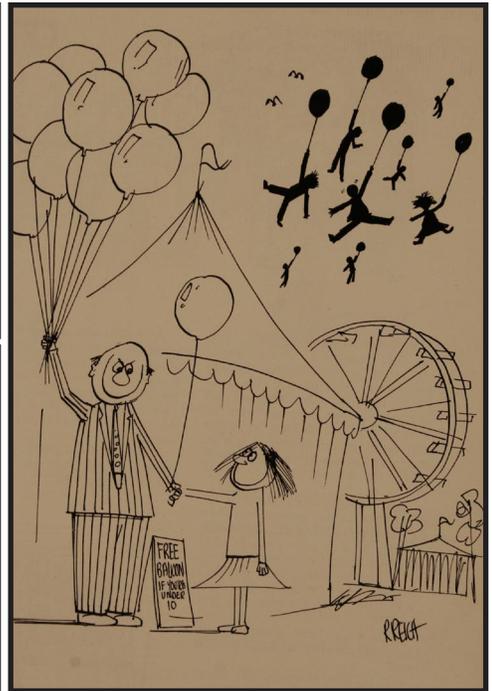
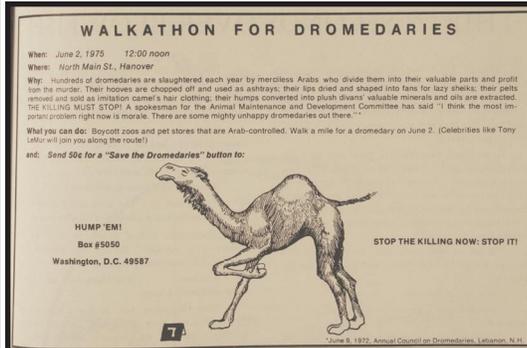
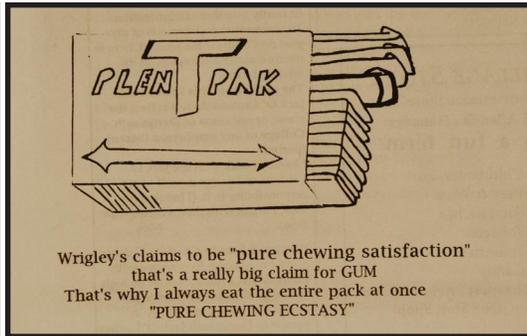
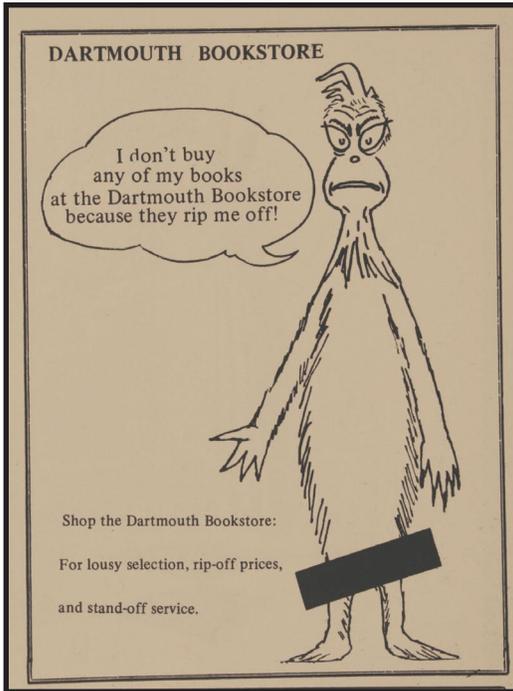


Enthusiastic drinkers leap out of the shadows at the Rocky overhang

The prank was the brainchild of Mike Trapp '08. Trapp was lauded by YouTube users for his creative endeavor: "i wld lik 2 beet th breaks off tht bitch," wrote YouTube user and freelance critic "fannypandachunk69." But recognition came from other quarters: Trapp was contacted by NBC in the interests of a possible creative liaison. The *Chronicle of Higher Education* ran an article about "Drinkin' Time," and AOL featured the prank on its online blog, as did *The Volokh Conspiracy*. In a year when *Superbad* had vaulted prospective Dartmouth students into the national consciousness, "Drinkin' Time" furthered this Dartmouthian attempt to define the Zeitgeist.

JACK-O-LANTERN CARTOONS FROM THE DISTANT PAST!

Visual elements have always held a place of particular honor in the Jack-O-Lantern, from the elegant stylings of future-famous cartoonist Theodor Geisel '25 to the thousands of crudely-drawn phalluses that now adorn the walls of the Jacko office in Robinson Hall. Many hours of painstaking research in the Rauner Special Collections Library yielded the veritable smorgasbord of cartoons, parody advertisements, and other visual features that follow.



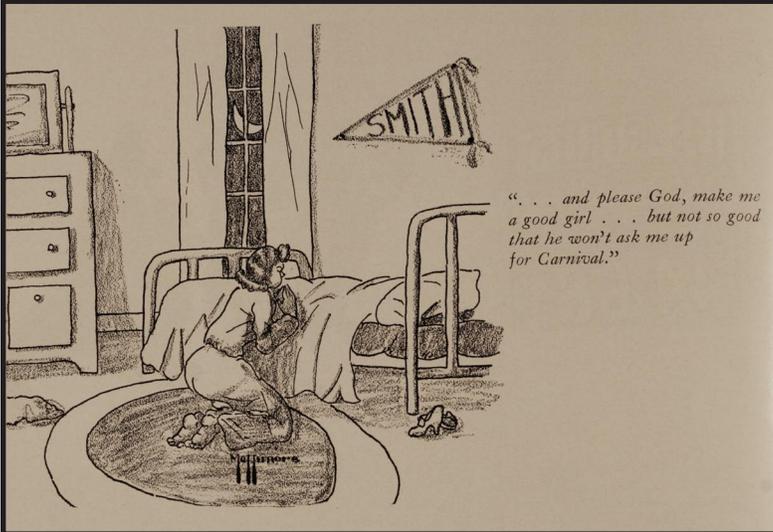


DONALD H. BROCKELL

"Dartmouth!! I thought it was Amherst!"

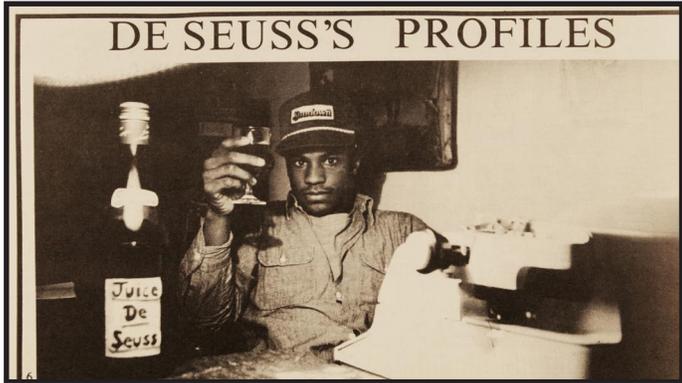
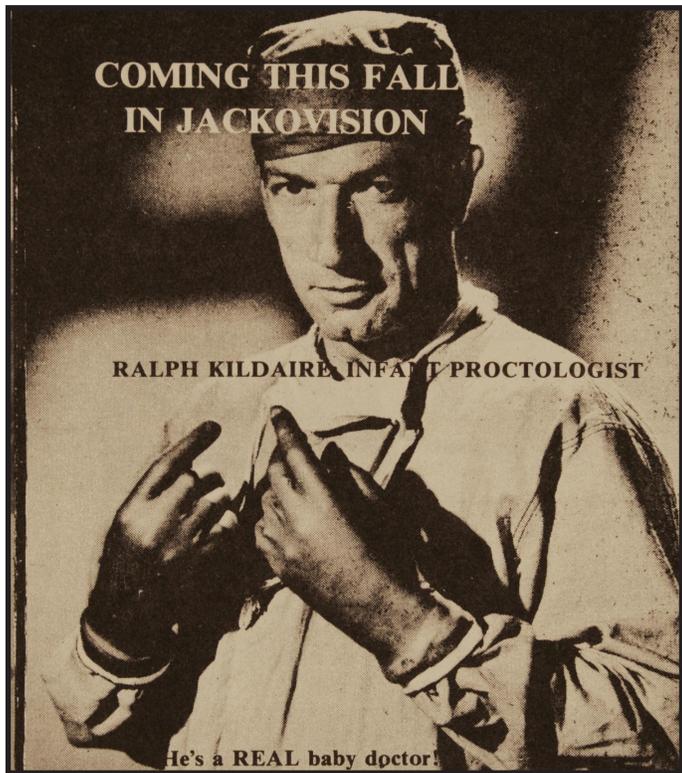
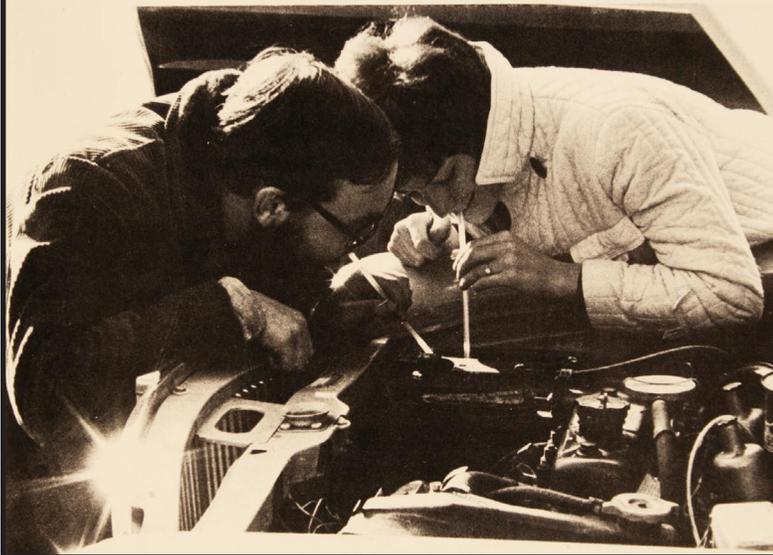
5. (a) The Dartmouth Gentlemanly Conduct Code requires that a Dartmouth man abstain from lewdness and fornication.
 (b) This man should have used clover-leaf knots

instead of square knots.
 (c) This man forgot to use hospital corners in making his bed.



"... and please God, make me a good girl... but not so good that he won't ask me up for Carnival."

The Old-Fashioned Acid Trip. Down Memory Lane



Distinguished Former Staffers:

Profiles Culled from our Ancient and Hallowed Annals

Dr. Seuss: That, Like, Really Really Famous One

Nowadays, the name “Dr. Seuss” is synonymous with whimsy. Eight decades ago, however, Theodor Geisel '25 was a black sheep, a wayward son, and a rouge badass who ate cool for breakfast. Every morning, Theodor could wake up with the sweet, sweet satisfaction of knowing that he was, for reals, the editor-in-chief of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern, a publication so glorious that words cannot begin to describe it.

But you probably already knew all of that. The point is that we own Dr. Seuss, a fact which we may or may not be willing to milk for all it's worth.

Geisel first used the penname “Dr. Seuss” in articles published in the Jack-O-Lantern. Geisel's badassity was the source of the now-renowned alias: during Prohibition, he threw a party at which alcohol was present, and was promptly ordered to drop all his extracurricular activities. Current Dartmouth lore embellishes this event with speculation that someone's urinating out of a window may have had something to do with the severity of the punishment. This perspective of Geisel, as the noble crusader in defense of all that is pure, true, and collegiate, still serves to inspire the Dartmouth men and women of today. Or it would, if they were more aware of it.

After risking it all in the defense of his right to get liquored up, Geisel managed to continue secretly writing for the Jack-O-Lantern under his middle name “Seuss”. After graduating, he went on to write for another humor magazine, *The Judge*, before finally letting his nose slide up his ass and going to Oxford, where he attempted to become a Doctor of Philosophy in literature or something. You might be depressed to hear this. “Oh, poor Theodor Geisel,” you might think. “He sacrificed his badassitude and signed up with The Man.” Luckily for him and for humankind in general, however, it was at Oxford that he met Helen Palmer, his future wife and the woman who would convince him that being a professor of literature is not as cool as being a children's author.

Excuse me: ...who would convince him that being a professor of literature is not as cool as being the man who drew the following picture:



Geisel's face, covered in hair



Like most Jacko staffers, Geisel liked the idea of Hitler in a dress.

Yes. Geisel really, really, really, really hated Hitler. He hated Hitler before hating Hitler was cool. Indiana Jones was probably sitting around one afternoon wishing he could be Geisel when he suddenly realized that killing Nazis was something he could also do with his own two hands.

Shortly after becoming a political cartoonist, Theodor Geisel made the astonishing discovery which would catapult him into the ranks of the truly great American authors. He invented a peculiar way of writing which made it so that anyone who read what he had written, no matter what he was actually saying, would think it was the most adorable thing they had ever experienced. Some people call this “Seussian rhyme”, or “anapestic meter.” It is, in fact, a form of witch-doctor's black magic. From this time on, Geisel was the undisputed lord of silly-looking American picture books.

In his later life, having grown fat suckling at the teat of fame, Geisel grew hair all over his face.

He began to use his writing as a vehicle for reaching the masses with his morals and philosophy, a fact which irritated some people very much. In fact, his *Butter Battle Book*, which was a parable about the Cold War and the use of violence, was banned from some public libraries not being hostile enough toward the Russians. None of this permanently damaged Seuss's career, however: in 1989, the book was made into a television special which I have never seen and can therefore not comment upon. I have, however, seen several other adaptations, particularly the one

for *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*, which I seem to recall watching several times a day for perhaps the entire year after I turned five.

Clearly, none of this would have been possible without the Jack-O-Lantern. There would be no “Dr. Seuss”. Imagine yourself as a young child telling your parents that you want to read “that Theodor Seuss Geisel book” before you go to bed. It just doesn't work.

Corey “The Perv” Ford: Creepy Hanover Local



Corey Ford's eyebrow was both astonishing and deeply disturbing.

Although Corey Ford was not a Dartmouth graduate, he came to develop what some might describe as a strange *fondness* for the young men of the institution. He graduated from Columbia and served as editor and writer for the *Jester*. In his time in Hanover, Ford helped to revive the dying Jack-O-Lantern by helping the young staffers, bringing the publication back from obscurity. More bluntly, he was a creepy old dude who wanted to hang around—and not talk about their extremely repressed homosexual tendencies. Ford was well known for his coy appearance, his extensive pipe smoking, and his freakishly signature raise of the eyebrow.

In his youth, Ford was a member of the notable Algonquin Round Table, a group of New York journalists, comedians, critics, and smart-asses that included Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, John Peter Toohey, George Kaufman, and Harpo Marx. Although the society began as a practical joke, members of the self-dubbed “Vicious Circle” gathered for lunch at the well known Algonquin Hotel. These meetings could be best described as an Oscar Wilde-esque orgy of intellectual elitism, in which society members sat around trying to outwit and out-douchebag one another. The group gained celebrity status due to the fact that the editors and journalists among the membership liked to publish transcripts of the meetings. Self-call! However, in pursuit of a more rural scene, Ford moved to Hanover in 1952, capitalizing on the surrounding area for hunting and fishing. He wrote a humor column entitled “The Back 40 Gang” for *Field & Stream* (humor column in *Field & Stream*?) detailing his [mis]adventures and general advice about the sporting life.

When Ford wasn't out and about hunting wildlife, he turned his attention to his second favorite prey—young, virile Dartmouth athletes. And I mean, what unmarried 50-year-old man wouldn't be excited by sweaty young men touching each other semi-inappropriately? The particular attention Ford paid to the rugby team was quite mysterious. As one player described, “I remember Corey... would sort of hang around sometimes at practice and just kind of stand there and watch.” Yet, despite his perceived awkwardness and sketchiness, Ford was apparently delighted by the sight of such displays of machismo. Ford once wrote, “In the locker room before a match I sit in owlish silence, sucking on my pipe and occasionally nodding my head up and down sagely. I've heard the team has a secret maneuver called the Corey Ford play. I haven't the foggiest idea what it is, and nobody will tell me.” Whatever that secret move was, I believe that we can all be sure it was very secret, and likely done only behind closed dormitory doors, back in the days when this sort of this was known as “celebrating one another's manhood.” Besides sheepishly watching the young boys undress in the locker room, Ford would invite Dartmouth rugby players to live in his house without any room and board charges, though the exact “terms” of the arrangement may have been negotiable.



Corey Ford's portrait in the rugby clubhouse

Ford wrote serially for *The New Yorker*, and was the creator of the character Eustace Tilley, as featured on the first ever cover of the magazine. It is rumored that Eustace Tilley (a top-hatted, foppish, dandy) is based on one of Ford's old Columbia fraternity buddies, a certain Eustace Taylor. But seriously, aren't all Columbia fraternity brothers really just foppish dandies anyway? In addition to the numerous articles he published, he produced over thirty short stories, including satirical historical pieces, poetic parodies, and tales about the burdens of growing up as a lonely young boy looking for affection and attention from men who could never give it to him.

Based on his support of the College, Dartmouth awarded Corey Ford honorary inclusion in the class of 1921. In death, Corey Ford continued to pursue his great philanthropy towards Dartmouth rugby. His will bequeathed his estate and small fortune to the college for the purpose of building the rugby team a clubhouse, a place where the nice young boys could play, relax, eat, and most importantly, shower together. Today, thanks to Corey Ford's questionable obsession with Dartmouth rugby, the magnificent Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse stands tall, proud, and erect on Trescott Road—a giant phallic symbol of how the young men of Dartmouth's, in the words of the “Alma Mater”, “spell on [him] remains.”

Ford wrote serially for *The New Yorker*, and was the creator of the character Eustace Tilley, as featured on the first ever cover of the magazine. It is rumored that Eustace Tilley (a top-hatted, foppish, dandy) is based on one of Ford's old Columbia fraternity buddies, a certain Eustace Taylor. But seriously, aren't all Columbia fraternity brothers really just foppish dandies anyway? In addition to the numerous articles he published, he produced over thirty short stories, including satirical historical pieces, poetic parodies, and tales about the burdens of growing up as a lonely young boy looking for affection and attention from men who could never give it to him.



Corey Ford stalks prey, eyebrow at the ready.

Robert Reich: Former U.S. Secretary of Labor



The Lampoon and the Jacko, together at last: Robert Reich and Conan O'Brien



Robert Reich challenges a tall (or normal-height? We can't tell) man to fit into the photograph frame with him.



Hillary Clinton, as seen from Robert Reich's point of view. He probably banged her.

Recidivism: noun. 1. repeated or habitual relapse, as into crime. 2. Psychiatry. the chronic tendency toward repetition of criminal or antisocial behavior patterns.

Can we define a man by the company he keeps? To be short, as Reich may prefer, we may in this case. Reich appears to have constantly surrounded himself with the detritus of society: comedians, politicians, academics and other undesirable, if socially necessary, elements.

Reich was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania in 1946 to the owners of two retail stores. Reich attended John Jay High School in Cross River, New York where he achieved his dream of becoming either the world's tallest little person or the world's shortest normally-heighted person at 4'10".

In 1964, Reich entered Dartmouth College. Here began Reich's pattern of falling in with the wrong crowd. He associated himself with the ragtag, albeit lovable, staff of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern. An issue of the Jacko from this time period describes Reich as being busy "running the campus." This is presumably because his short legs could not propel him quickly enough across the campus at a walking pace. Reich has also recently hinted that during this time period he had a dalliance with a Wellesley girl who has recently been a presidential candidate.

In 1968, it appeared that Reich had put his days of fraternizing with comedians and future politicians behind him—although he remained in academia—when he graduated from Dartmouth and attended the University of Oxford, where obtained his M.A. Unfortunately, Reich again made the wrong friends, meeting future President Bill Clinton. Reich then obtained his J.D. at Yale, along with Hillary Rodham. These four years were likely awkward, sad, and lonely years for Reich.

In 1993, Reich was pulled full force back into the politics, becoming Clinton's Secretary of Labor. In 1997, Reich published his one of 11 books he's written, *Locked in the Cabinet*, detailing his experiences at this post. The Clinton administration, however, has yet to endear itself to the public consciousness in the same way that the *Animal House* boys have, even though their antics could not have been too dissimilar. During his tenure in the cabinet, Reich "implemented the Family and Medical Leave Act, led a national fight against sweatshops in the U.S. and illegal child labor around the world, headed the administration's successful effort to raise the minimum wage, secured worker's pensions, and launched job-training programs, one-stop career centers, and school-to-work initiatives" (from Reich's website), which, although not of the same import as his earlier work, is still worth noting.

Reich again stepped away from government to become a professor at Brandeis University's Heller School for Social Policy and Management, where he was voted Professor of the Year. Robert Reich once ran for Governor of Massachusetts, but failed to receive the Democratic nomination. This is unfortunate, as it would have made Massachusetts the only state with a governor who can write punch lines and a senator who frequently is one. Reich continues to write columns for the *American Prospect* magazine, which is generally not considered quite as funny as the Jack-O-Lantern.

The moral of this story is: beware the company you keep. Poor, sweet, innocent Bobby Reich fell in with the wrong crowd—a crowd from which he would never escape. One bad apple ruins the whole bunch. He who lies down with dogs catches fleas.

Chris Miller: That Guy Who Wrote Animal House



A rare photo of Chris Miller and fellow Animal House screenwriter Douglas Kennedy

Chris Miller '63, author of the screenplay for the acclaimed 1978 film *National Lampoon's Animal House* (which inaugurated fraternity-themed comedy on the silver screen), is one of the Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern's most revered alumni. Wishing to know more about this near-mythic figure, I went to visit him at his home: a corner of Alpha Delta fraternity's basement.

Surrounded by refuse and partially digested foodstuffs, Miller ponders a copy of the *Animal House* DVD, running his long, spindly fingers over it, and muttering in occasionally audible tones, "My precious...my precious." A ray of light reflects off the DVD through the darkened recesses of the basement.

He is a shy man, modest in his speech and mode of living. His dress is relegated to a promotional "COLLEGE" t-shirt as worn by John Belushi in the film. Surrounding him are signed yet unsold copies of his latest literary foray, *The Real Animal House: The Awesomely Depraved Saga of the Fraternity That Inspired the Movie*. But despite the massive success of *Animal House*, Miller has refused to rest on his laurels.

"I refuse to rest on my laurels," he told me during our interview. "I am a man of culture, damn it. Not just some philistine who hangs around a fraternity belching and farting and making immature sex jokes. I have interests—cosmopolitan ones... My precious...my precious," he mused, rotating the DVD between his moss-grown fingernails.

At this point we were interrupted by an AD brother, who emptied the contents of a garbage can filled with fish-heads on the floor near what he referred to as Miller's "lair," prompting Miller to become excited. "Down! Down beast!" hollered the brother, rushing up the stairs. Miller picked up a fish-head and began to chew on it pensively.

"Currently, I'm working on a libretto," he said. "For a musical. It's going to be called *Animal House: The Musical*."

Miller's interests extend throughout the gamut of Western culture.

"I liked *Old School*. I thought that was a good frat comedy. But they didn't do it as well as we did...nope... definitely not as well."

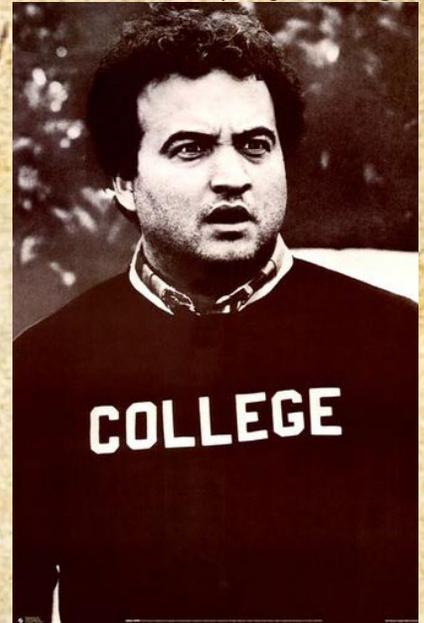
He said that he thought *Revenge of the Nerds* was, "Just okay."

"One thing I'm proud of is that AD has retained their image as rebellious yet loveable misfits," he said. "I'm certainly glad that they haven't tarted it up by becoming shamelessly exclusive. No squash players here, mind you! Outcasts will always have a place at ol' Alpha Delta, whoever they are."

Miller proceeded to quote the "I'll Be There" speech from *The Grapes of Wrath* at length.

"Anything else you'd like to comment on?" I asked.

"Nah," said Miller. "You wanna get tanked and break stuff?"



Because we cannot find any more pictures of Chris Miller, here is a picture of John Belushi.



Because we cannot find any pictures of Chris Miller, whose existence we are actually beginning to doubt, here is a picture of Thomas Pynchon.



Because Chris Miller probably doesn't exist, we have instead included this picture of a pueblo. We have no valid reason for doing so, but the article ran short, and since it's our magazine, you're really just going to have to bear with us.

ALUMNI SUBMISSIONS:

After they've graduated, what do Jacko alums go on to do with themselves? Well, we don't really know, and we're not all that eager to find out. But we do know that they write some pretty funny stuff. The following pages contain articles written by alums—many, in fact, were written specifically for this issue. Take a look and see what the years have done to former Jacko staffers—or, what the years have failed to do.

UNTRUE AND ULTIMATELY UNSUCCESSFUL THREATS REGARDING ALONZO MOURNING THAT I HAD HOPED WOULD DISSUADE MY NEIGHBORS FROM HAVING LOUD BAND PRACTICES

BY Matt Gens '06

5/15/08

If you are receiving this index card affixed to a brick with elephant tape and thrown through your bay window, you are in grave danger. Seven-time NBA All-Star Alonzo Mourning will no longer tolerate your 1:00 AM renditions of "Blame It on the Rain". Until the songs stop, Alonzo Mourning will block your mail. That's right; Alonzo Mourning does not just know how to block shots. He is also quite proficient in hiding in your azaleas, lying in wait until the FedEx guy shows up so that he may burst out from a bush, covered in shaving cream (for dramatic effect), screaming something ferocious like, "I'm Thomas the Tank Engine! Bleeargh!" and swatting away your packages. If you value your correspondence, you will make this the day the music died.

5/17/08

If you now possess this tattered Brooks Brothers Non-Iron Broadcloth Mini Pinstripe Button Down Dress Shirt covered in these moderately legible scrawlings in blood, semen, and pecan pie filling, and dangling from your satellite dish, then you might have a slightly better sense of the fate of Mr. Zo's last victim. Six-foot ten-inch and bloodthirsty Alonzo Mourning is not one to play games (except hoops); there is a reason why some call him the Merciless Taxidermist of South Beach. Since you have not complied with Alonzo Mourning's reasonable requests, for every day that the impromptu alt-rock continues, he will murder one of the squirrels that you seem to adore so much and that reside on your front lawn. He will kill them with basketballs. Rodents pop when one drops a Spaulding on them. If you wish to see the little guys alive and munching on acorns, this neighborhood will never again be subject to your homages to Rick Astley.

5/20/08

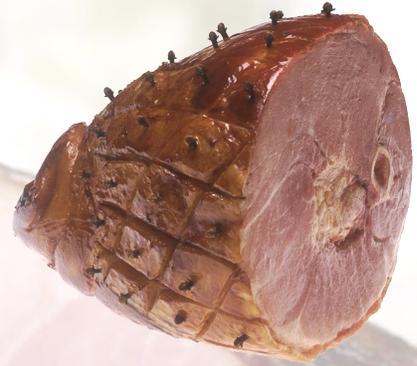
If you are reading this e-mail sent from AlonzoNeverSleeps@gmail.com, then you might want to check your linen closet to make sure someone hasn't burned half of your clothing and used its ashes to fashion crude charcoal artwork on the remaining half of your clothing. If this has not happened yet, do not take heart, because if you do not quit it with the jam sessions, two-hundred-sixty-one pound and evil Alonzo Mourning will make it happen. Nobody can save you now. In the 1998 NBA Playoffs, Jeff Van Gundy tried to get in Alonzo Mourning's way, and he was very nearly trampled in the process. Alonzo Mourning is relentless. The only way to prevent the inevitable is to destroy your guitars.

5/23/08

If you have noticed this paragraph scribbled across the entire front of your house in Crayola Crayon color Mauvelous, then rest assured that Alonzo Mourning knows you have been setting traps for him. He has seen the alligator pit under your Oriental rug and the poison blow darts behind your flatscreen. He has witnessed your installation of the electrified stairs and your purchase of a hungry jaguar that you keep in your bathtub and you have since named Theodore. Miami Heat Franchise All-Time Leading Scorer and sinister Alonzo Mourning laughs at your efforts, because nothing can halt Alonzo Mourning. Focal segmental glomerulosclerosis thought it could kill Alonzo Mourning and his kidneys; now Alonzo Mourning has the head of focal segmental glomerulosclerosis mounted on the wall in his home gym. Alonzo Mourning's own torn patellar tendon thought it could make him retire, but Alonzo Mourning has since rebuilt that knee using his own teeth. Just give up now and break up the band. Alonzo's watching you.



Dial HAM for Humor



Joshua Cain '06

We've all heard the hype around the rubber chicken, the cream pie, and the banana peel - three items supposedly synonymous with unbridled hilarity. But where is the appreciation for that unsung hero of modern comedy, the lowly ham? To clarify, "ham" the object is delicious, "ham" the word is hilarious. It stands with "weasel" and "pumpernickel" as something that just always sounds funny. Doubtless you, the reader, have found yourself doubled over in laughter just from reading so many of these comic gems in sequence and have only now managed to regain your composure... "TWEED!" My apologies for placing your funny bone in jeopardy. I'll give you a moment to recover.



Weasel



Tweed



Pumpernickel

Now that your sides have thoroughly split, the power of these words has surely become obvious. However, to the frustration of comedians the world over, it's difficult to find an excuse to actually use most of them. Here the ham glistens in all its honey-glazed glory. We can all think of numerous times in our lives where a casual reference to smoked meat would have been both fitting and impressively droll. This is the majesty of the ham. The ease with which it can be included in common speech is so great that it often leads to unintentionally comical exchanges. For instance, who hasn't had to suppress a snicker after a well-meaning friend invited them to spend a weekend in the Ham-ptons to relax in ham-mocks, eat ham-burgers, and lazily sip a refreshing ham-daiquiri?

Science has proven that 100% of jokes can be improved with the injection of Vitamin H¹. Here is proof of its potency: "Two guys walk into a bar"—not funny. "Two guys walk into a ham"—comic gold. Need I say more? Fellow Jack-O-Lantern alumnus, Dr. Seuss, clearly understood this principle, as evidenced by the success of his two masterworks, *Green Eggs and Ham* and *One Ham, Two Ham, Red Ham, Blue Ham* (later renamed). Therefore, whenever you find yourself in search of a humorous noun, stop yourself from relying on comedic clichés and turn to the wisdom of the often-misquoted Rene Descartes, "I think, therefore I ham."

¹ H = Ham

Why Doesn't Anybody Listen to Classical Music Anymore? Possible Explanations

By Nic Duquette '04

1. Recorded music destroyed the status that came with learning to play the piano or sing on pitch, so the complicated structures that require some music theory to really get are no longer appreciated by mainstream Americans.
2. New orchestral music is too atonal, or otherwise flouts conventions of beauty that date to the ancient Greeks, if not to our very evolutionary heritage.
3. On the radio, punk rock still sounds gritty and lo-fi, but classical music sounds like crap. So most people figure that even in its intended medium—air—classical music sounds like crap.
4. Adjunct to 3: Maybe it does sound like crap?
5. The number of Stradivarius instruments is fixed and slowly declining, and nobody knows how to replicate them. And if you can't hear the best, really, what's the point? (It'll sound like crap.)

6. They're called "movements," but you have to just sit there. Shout "Wooo!" or wave a lighter, and your ass is gone.
7. Kubrick showed that classical music can be awesome if it's paired with footage of spacecraft, and now he's dead, so we should all stop.

8. Actually, we are all listening to a John Cage composition that is the sound of Cage's scattered ashes swirling in the wind. Other composers are sort of waiting until he's done.

9. Potsdam, 1945:

STALIN: So, I consider this an excellent way to divide the world after our victory. I look forward to taking the rest from you bit by bit. Ha ha! Are you laughing? That is a joke!

CHURCHILL: You are as funny as you always are, Josef.

STALIN: No, but really, I will crush you. Ha! You will all be dead capitalist pigs. Ha! I am so funny! But really, why is capitalist culture so inferior?

TRUMAN: Inferior how? We have great culture.

CHURCHILL: England is loaded with culture.

STALIN: Bah. I tell you, we will have composers this century that will be better than anything else.

TRUMAN: Oh, composers are so last century.

STALIN: Are they, then?

TRUMAN: Hell yes. We're going to have a totally different type of music. On new, electrically-powered instruments. It'll be great.

STALIN: *(in a huff)* Excuse me. I need to use the little dictators' room. *(leaves)*

CHURCHILL: Was that... true? Do you really have some kind of secret music program to show up the Soviets?

TRUMAN: Oh, yeah. Wait until you see this Presley guy we found in the Army.

CHURCHILL: Okay, well, is it okay if we copy you? We don't have any music like that, and our composers suck even more than Americans.

TRUMAN: Sure, steal all you want. Heck, we couldn't make this music up. We're having the CIA steal it from black people.

CHURCHILL: Oh.

10. Music used to be an end in itself, but now it shows up in all kinds of places like advertisements, or played in stores or in gyms, where it's more an enhancement of the true focus.

11. Relatedly, maybe the very ubiquity of music has shifted our tastes toward simpler musical structures. It is no longer rare for music to be performed live, a constraint which once called for performances to be special occasions with people dressing up and absolute quiet during the piece.

12. Los Angeles, 1982:

QUINCY JONES: What do you think, Mike?

MICHAEL JACKSON: I don't know. "Beat It" is a good song, but I don't think it's a single. It's missing a certain something.

JONES: Like what?

JACKSON: I don't know, but I called a specialist this morning to help us figure it out.

HARRY TRUMAN: *(strides through the door briskly)* Okay, which one of you is Mickey Jackson?

JACKSON: It's Michael. Over here.

TRUMAN: I listened to your demo. It's good, but I think I know what you need. This is Eddie Van Halen.

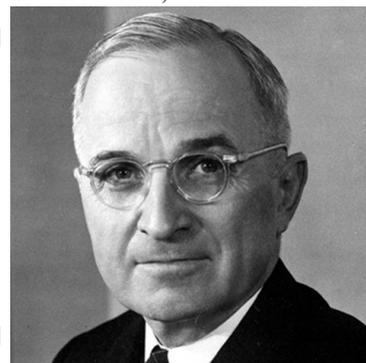
VAN HALEN: Hey.

JONES: Wait, aren't you Harry Truman? Didn't you die a while back?

TRUMAN: That's what I want everybody to think. Diplomacy is dead to me. We can only defeat the Soviet Union through the power of rock.

JONES: So we're going to put a heavy metal riff on a dance record? I don't know about this, dude.

"Diplomacy is dead to me. We can only defeat the Soviet Union through the power of rock."
-Harry S. Truman



JACKSON: Quincy, it's okay, man. This guy is a pro.

TRUMAN: Have you heard what Stalin's been doing with Duran Duran? We have to step it up and bury these fuckers. The fate of the free world hangs in the balance.

JACKSON: Dude, are you saying Stalin isn't dead either?

TRUMAN: Oh no, Michael. He is very much alive. Eddie, are you ready to show them what you've got?

VAN HALEN: Hold on, I gotta tune up and plug my amp in and everything.

TRUMAN: Okay, while he's doing that, hand me that bass. I've got a song called "Billie Jean" with this sweet riff I thought up. It'll knock 'em on their fucking asses.

13. Maybe classical music was never actually that popular. Consider the vast number of standard folk songs, many of which exist in dozens, even hundreds of versions. These songs, which could be sung by just a few people with one or no instruments, were much more likely to be available to the majority of working and middle-class people in the pre-modern era. What has changed isn't the number of people listening to orchestral music, but the availability of a critical literature of popular music.

14. Maybe classical music just sucks. (See above: 3, 4)

15. *Hanover, September 2008:*

EDITOR: All right. Welcome to the first meeting of the Jacko, Dartmouth's only intentionally funny publication. Heh. We come out about once a term with the magazine, and normally we have some other project going on at the same time, so we try to keep a pretty high visibility on campus. That means we have to come up with a lot of material, so normally these aren't so much meetings as brainstorming sessions. So let's get right to it: what do you think would be a funny article? Just start throwing out ideas. Let's get into it.

FRESHMAN 1: Blowjob?

EDITOR: What about blowjobs?

FRESHMAN 1: It's kind of a funny word.

FRESHMAN 2: You could have a list of different types of blowjobs.

FRESHMAN 3: Or different types of jobs that blow. Like wind tunnel operator.

FRESHMAN 2: Yeah! Or professional windsurfer.

FRESHMAN 1: Or a prostitute who only fellates people.

EDITOR: Okay. We're getting into some wordplay. Excellent.

JOSEF STALIN: How about something about other Ivy League schools?

EDITOR: Okay, we can talk—why are you dressed like Josef Stalin?

STALIN: I am Josef Stalin.

EDITOR: Dude, that's fucked up. He killed a lot of people.

STALIN: (*giggles*) Flattery will only get you so far. Now we will talk about my jokes.

LAVRENTIY PAVLOVICH BERIA: I suggest you limit your speech to praise of the Party Chairman's humor, or I will take great pleasure in killing you slowly.

EDITOR: I—okay. What kind of jokes did you have in mind?

STALIN: Harvard students are all socially awkward, and we are all deeply glad we are not their fellow students.

BERIA: The Chairman's joke of the people has concluded. You will laugh now.

EDITOR: I—hah. Good joke. That's a good one. Is—are there any other—

STALIN: And students at Princeton are very wealthy and look down on the proletariat, which will soon rise up and destroy them. That is another good joke.

FRESHMAN 2: Yeah, and everybody at Berkeley is trust-fund Commie weirdo!

BERIA: (*fires revolver into Freshman 2's right knee*)

FRESHMAN 2: Aaah! Ah fuck, my knee! I'll never walk again!

BERIA: You have angered the Chairman. We are only talking about Ivy League schools.

FRESHMAN 2: I meant to say Brown! Oh god, I meant Brown, please don't kill me! (*begins sobbing*)

BERIA: Would you like to continue to amuse these people, Chairman, or shall we punish them all?

STALIN: No, Beria. I am in a humorous mood. Relax.

BERIA: Did you like my joke?

STALIN: Which?

BERIA: I shot that guy in the knee!

STALIN: Oh. Yes. Funny.

FRESHMAN 1: Penn blows!

ALL: (*laughter*)

EDITOR: Well, let's end on a positive note then.

STALIN: Do we drink beer now?

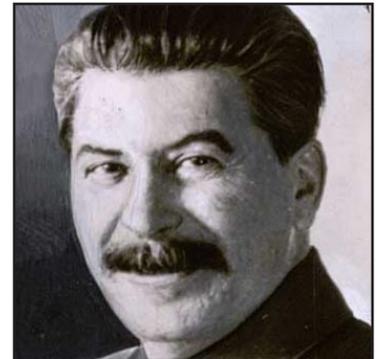
EDITOR: As a non-social organization, we can't do that.

STALIN: What? Oh, that's stupid.

BERIA: Come on. Let's go to Tri-Kap.

16. The Internet?

*"Harvard students are all socially awkward, and we are all deeply glad we are not their fellow students."
- Josef Stalin*



Lipo Brooks Loppers Clark '78

I am very pleased to be writing from Knoxville, Tennessee, where a couple of national trends have helped Karen and me get started in a fast-growing new business.

Some of you may have noticed the news stories saying that the South tips the scales as the nation's fattest region. According to a government survey, more than 30 percent of adults in Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee are considered obese. The experts blame Southern eating habits, poverty and demographic groups that have higher obesity rates.

Our family had noticed some of these regional traits while waiting in line for the exciting rides at Dollywood, driving by the Krispy Kreme, shopping for bargains at Wal-Mart, and on a very special day at the Bristol Motor Speedway. It's amazing how great grown men can look with their shirts off.

The announcer was so right when he described the re-surfaced track with that third lane around the curves as "Racing the way Jesus would have wanted it." My goodness, but that Kasey Kahne can drive!

The images of fleshy belly rolls hanging down like seed sacks came to mind once again while I was channel surfing one evening and came upon that docu-special about what plastic surgeons do with the patients who've lost 600 pounds and found themselves with dewlaps of sagging skin drooping over their bodies like way-too-big suits. Maybe you've seen it. The docs simply cut away the excess skin and sew up the flaps like pieces of a well tailored suit.

I especially liked the part in the show when the doctor noted that fat in the human body is actually a bright yellow, then showed it to the camera as his assistants were discarding the meaty remains like sheets of whale blubber, heaving them on the floor with a resounding slap! What a program! It actually made me happy to pay the Comcast bill for that month!

So what does all this have to do with our lives of driving kids to and from soccer tournaments?

Well, it all started while I was up at Dartmouth, listening to an environmentally friendly student named Justin talk about the Big Green Bus. He and some other members of the Ultimate Frisbee team had thought it up a few years ago, probably after a post-game poetry slam at Tabard.



“It runs on bio-diesel,” he said.

“No speaka,” said some Boomers in the crowd, noting that they, like John McCain, didn’t understand e-mail, the internet, Facebook, grocery store scanners, or Xerox machines.

Justin answered politely, “I guess the simplest way I can explain it is that we take the fat from the French fry tub at McDonald’s and run the bus with it.”

He said a few other things—about “reaching out to audiences large and small to share concepts and suggestions and promote environmentally friendly living” and some other bits of MSNBC-type hooley. Then he passed out a leaflet about bio-diesel. I saw words like “isolated lipids” and “fatty ester-based fuels, made from vegetable oils, or sometimes from animal fats,” and didn’t think any more about it. I did get a fish ‘n’ chips at 5 Olde Nugget Alley, though, so maybe lipids and animal fats were on my mind.

During the week, I had a session with my personal trainer, Ken, at the Y. In between my leg curls and my squats, I told him about the kid with the curly hair who takes grease and runs diesel engines with it. I saw a guy doing cable flies look over at us. “Lipids for fuel?” he asked, thinking to himself. As I was leaving, he handed me a card and said, “Call me.” Yes, he made that motion with his hands, the one that looks like a gang sign. I wish everyone would stop that.

Anyway, the name on the card was Dr. David Heath, plastic surgeon. When I called Dr. Heath, he said he’d take care of “obtaining the lipids” if I took care of “processing” and “marketing” them. I said, “Okeley dokeley.”

We set up shop in a recently closed Jiffy Lube. We called it “Lipo Loppers,” and put coupons in the paper offering fat-removal surgery and liposuction for the price of a discount oil change.

I got one of the scientists over at Oak Ridge to set up the equipment to turn flab into diesel, and to funnel it into a tank in the back. “This is a cinch compared to recycling uranium,” he said. David did his surgeries in one garage bay. I did my thing in the other bay. One of the guys joked that my area looked like the wood chipper in Fargo, and I had to admit he was right. Wasn’t that a great movie? “You betcha!” “He’s fleein’ the interview! He’s fleein’ the interview!” “You betcha!”

It didn’t take long for the trucks to see our \$2.00 Bio-Diesel sign out front, and soon we were filling them up just as fast as David could carve out the beer guts and roll the gurneys over to his stitcher. She’s a dandy—laid off from a garment factory just a week before we hired her.

Karen, the MBA, had the idea for patenting the process and setting up “Lipo Loppers” franchises, and I guess you know the rest. *The Wall Street Journal* is calling our region “the Saudi Arabia of bio-diesel,” saying the adipose tissue in these parts is a renewable resource that will last 200 years.

“It’s the repeaters,” explains David. “I lop off big hunks of flab from the bellies, the haunches, the backs—really all over. Then they head right back to Captain D’s, and they’re back within a year. God bless ‘em.”

In the South, we consider people our most valuable resource.



— AN EXCERPT FROM —

DEATH CAR TO NEW JERSEY

by Rob Dinsmoor '80

With grim resignation, I put the key in the ignition and turned it. The engine turned over once or twice and died. I tried it again and the same thing happened. “What is it with you and machines, man?” Dirk asked, alluding to the fact that, while the troupe was alive, I had never gotten along with video cameras, microphones, light boards, or anything that ran on electricity. “Way to ruin Spanky’s wedding!”

I turned off the engine and just sat there for several moments. I wanted to be gone from that godforsaken city. There was nothing left for me in it. The troupe had given its last performance, and even the cable TV script work it had engendered had fallen to the wayside. In return for the best 10 years of my life that I had given it, New York had broken my heart, and now I just wanted to be back home in Massachusetts.

“Don’t tell me you’re giving up!” Jack said.

“No, just giving the battery a rest.”

I turned the key and pressed the gas pedal again, and the engine turned over. I kept massaging the gas pedal until, miraculously, the engine sprang back to life. As I pulled out, Dirk looked into my eyes and said, “Say, man, you look like shit. Did you have a couple of martinis for the road or something?”

About 20 minutes into our trek, my neck was already stiff with tension. With the Twin Towers and the rest of the majestic skyline of Manhattan receding in my rearview mirror, Dirk began playing with my visor. I wished he’d cut it out. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“What’s this little box with the button, man?”

“That’s the garage door opener,” I said, as if answering an inquisitive five-year-old.

“Cool!” Dirk said, and pressed the button repeatedly. “Garage door now open.” He pressed the button again. “Garage door now closed. Open. Closed. Back in Massachusetts, Kari’s probably having a fit.” Then he said in a shrieking falsetto: “Goddamn you Chuckleheads, quit fucking with the garage door opener!”

The car erupted in shrill laughter. I took a deep breath. Yeah, okay, it was funny. But what I most wanted right now is for all five of the other occupants of the car to sit quietly with their hands folded neatly in front of them. Unfortunately, that just wasn’t going to happen.

“Can you turn up the heat? I’m cold,” Rick complained.



“Can’t. The heater’s broken.”

“Well, maybe you should get it fixed!”

“Hey, what’s with the red light on your dashboard?” Judy asked worriedly.

I looked down at it, wondering if, as I took my eyes off the road, I might swerve across the broken white line and make us collide with an oncoming semi. “That’s the ‘Service Engine’ light,” I explained.

“Well, shouldn’t you look into it?”

“It’s an idiot light. It goes off whenever the odometer hits a certain number of miles. Trust me.”

“Are you sure?”

“No,” I said. “But do you really want me to stop the fucking car now? We’re in danger of being late as it is.”

“Yeah, I was going to point that out,” said Dirk. “Can’t you step on it a little, man?”

I fantasized gripping the steering wheel with my left hand while slapping Dirk silly with my right. As always, the fantasy ended in losing control of the vehicle and killing us all.

The car in front of us was creeping along at just 60 miles an hour. I hit the left turn signal (or “directional” as we called it in Massachusetts) and glided into the left lane. This move was followed by a five-second horn blast. “You just cut that lady off,” Rose said. Then she leaned out the window, thumbed her nose at the car behind us, and yelled “Blaaaaah!” In the rearview mirror, I could see the lady throwing up her hands in disbelief.

My stomach shriveled and the blood vessels in my arms constricted as cortisol and epinephrine surged into my bloodstream. My heart pounded uncontrollably, my head was throbbing, and my hands were tingling and trembling uncontrollably. “Listen,” I breathed. “Do you mind if I pull over for a couple of seconds?”

“Are you fucking nuts? We’re late as it is!” Rick barked. “Why don’t you just relax?”

“I’m trying,” I said with a cracked voice. “I’m really trying.”

I came up to the tollbooth and had a quick decision to make—the “Exact Change” or the “Any Vehicle” lane? The toll was 50 cents. I fished in my pocket and found only one quarter. “Anybody else got a quarter?” I asked.

“A quarter of what?” Rick asked.

“A fucking quarter! Just give me a quarter!”

“Hey, lay off of him. He’s had a rough week,” Jack protested.

“I think I’ve got a quarter,” Rose said and began rooting through her purse. Quickly, I pulled into the “Exact Change” lane. Rose extended her purse into the front seat and pulled out a myriad items, including lipstick, apartment keys, an aerobics studio schedule, a wind-up plastic robot, a crucifix, some rosary beads, a Pez dispenser, a tampon, some hair thingies, and a small bottle of aspirin. The way she was going, I expected her to pull out a series of tied-together brightly colored scarves and a dove.

Meanwhile, the car ahead of me had gone and I slowly inched my way up to the change receptacle. “Well?” I asked. A tsunami of sound broke over us as the driver behind me leaned on his horn for a good 10 seconds. Now I felt as if someone were dribbling a basketball inside my chest. Rick rolled down his window, poked his head out, and gave the guy the finger. In the rearview mirror, I looked back at the other driver, whose swearing was drowned out by another long wail of his car horn.

Rose finally removed everything from her purse, turned it over, and began to shake it. I couldn’t tell if this were all some insidiously evil comedy act, or whether she was really that slow and ineffectual. Suddenly, I hated her.

Finally, with a deadpan expression, she opened a tiny change purse and handed me a quarter. I tossed the two quarters into the pot and floored the gas pedal. A censuring buzzer sounded from within the tollbooth.

“Hey, man, you don’t have the green light,” Dirk pointed out.

I slammed on the brakes and the horn behind me blared instantaneously, as if it were directly wired to my brake pedal. My heart pounded so explosively I was afraid it would break open my sternum. “Fuck you, you fucking asshole!” I said to no one in particular.



SUICIDE HOTLINE

BY FRED MEYER '08

"LIFeline Crisis Support, this is Jonathan. How can I help?"

(weeping) "...Um, I hate my job, and sometimes I get these crazy urges, and I'm starting to worry I can't control them anymore, and I'm not sure what to do about it, and, um..."

"Sir, you've made the right decision by calling us."

"I have?"

"Absolutely. I'm here to listen."

"Okay... (sniffs loudly) Well, it's not even the job itself—it's mostly this one guy who works there. He's such a prick. Oh, God..."

"Please try to stay calm."

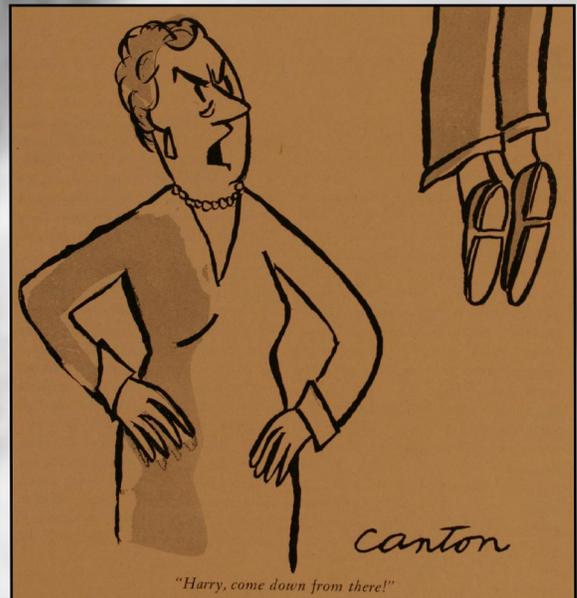
"I actually want to kill him, you know? But somehow, it feels like that wouldn't help, because he'd still leave behind this thin film of shitty grease that I could never wash off. Is that crazy?"

"No one's judging you, sir. Just take your time."

"It's like you can't get away with him, no matter where you go. I mean, literally, he's got this sort of bland, rubbery sweat smell, and it just sticks on you. But it's also the way he acts—like, no matter how many times you change your personal e-mail address, he finds it and forwards you these little inspirational sayings every two seconds. Are you still there?"

"I'm listening, sir."

"And he's always saying he wants to 'hang out,' right? But to him, that means sitting in his apartment, drinking Diet Coke, watching *Law & Order: Criminal Intent*, and actually crying when you find out that the hooker was abused by her teacher.



And when you tell him you're not interested, he puts on this really shitty smile like he's forgiving you for something, and he goes, 'Okay, we can take a raincheck.' Every time."

"That does sound like a difficult situation."

"I know this seems like such small stuff. But it's been years, and I just—there's no way to talk to him about it. He's such a do-gooder, he could never comprehend that he actually makes your fucking scalp crawl. He's like some sort of Birkenstock-wearing, male nightmare librarian. Do you hate Dave Matthews Band?"

"What's that, sir?"

"Do you hate Dave Matthews Band? Because I do, and this guy can't get enough of them. He used to have 'Satellite' as his ringtone, and he'd wait to answer because he wanted to sing along."

"Okay."

"I wanted to hit him with a pipe. ...You like Dave Matthews Band, don't you?"

"I've listened to some of their recordings in the past, yes."

"Figures. (sighs) Well, I guess a lot of people like that kind of shit."

"But you have every right to be—"

"And he has no dick. I swear to God. I saw it one

time in the men's room, and there was just nothing there. I don't understand how he gets up in the morning."

"I see."

"Jesus Christ, I hate him so much. Let's talk about something else... Are you a family man, Jonathan?"

"I've got two little girls at home."

"Yeah, I pretty much don't have anyone. But I'm almost glad—I don't wanna have a bunch of fucked-up kids."

"I think that's a very healthy impulse. It's fine to wait."

"The guy I work with, if you took a look at his daughters, it'd make you pray for an asteroid. Seriously. I have no idea how those little turds are gonna find jobs."

"I'm sorry to hear—"

"Maybe they could work as some sort of mobile anti-theft device."

"Right."



"Like for cars. They could just sit in the passenger seat, and you'd never have to lock the car. You could leave the key right in the ignition."

"Right."

"Or maybe they could take care of horses for a living. I heard horses can't vomit. Ugh—why am I going on about those hideous little bitches? I feel like I'm gonna be sick."

"Try to stay calm, sir."

"You know how people always say they'd go back in time to kill Hitler?"

"Yes?"

"Well, if someone beams down and puts a zap ray through this guy's head, I would not be surprised at all. Not at all. At least Hitler studied art. Not grief counseling and social work, like some Sunday school faggot."

"What?"

"Yeah, like he's gonna save the world, one poor, lost soul at a time. Meanwhile he's not worth the piss it'd take to drown him. *(pause)* ...Man, I feel a lot better. It feels good to get all this off my chest."

"That's great to hear, sir."

"Yeah. One more thing, okay?"

"What is it?"

"If you ever meet this guy, give him a kick in the nuts for me. His name is, uh, Bonathan."

"Bonathan?"

"Yeah. And we work together at..."

"Yes? Hello?"

"...We work together at a suicide help line..."

"What?!"

(muffled laughter)

"NOT funny, you guys!"



"I send you to journalism school, and you turn out this trash?"

Once on the wall of the Jacko's office, this image is best enjoyed under the influence of a powerful hallucinogen.
Have fun!



BLACKBALL CIGARETTES

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING SMOKER

WITH THE ALL WHITE SELECTRATE FILTER

Another product of Liggett and Myers

NO. 11... THE ROOSTER

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests!

"Some of the crowing is off key!"

You have to get up early in the morning to put one over on the cock-of-the-walk! When it came to making "quick-trick" experiments of cigarette mildness, he stated flatly, "That's strictly for chucks!" How 'ya going to keep 'em down on the farm—when they know there's one convincing way to prove cigarette mildness!

It's the swizzle test... the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a day after day basis. No snap judgments. Once you've enjoyed Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...

After all the Mildness tests...

"I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL"

So Mild—So Flavorful!

CAMEL TOBACCO COMPANY

...But only time will tell.

LOOKA HIM! LOOKA THE PROFFLE!

AT LAST WE'VE GOT A REAL LEADING MAN!

IF HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T GRAB HIM FIRST!

Only time will tell about a young champion. And only time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? I LIKE MY HAM ON WHITE!

Test CAMELS for 30 days for MILDNESS and FLAVOR!

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're flying Uncle Sam's bombers across the ocean

GERMANS ON JAPS, nervous on sea... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battlefield. You bet you want steady nerves. There are veterans about and combat smokers. Chances are you've flown the bomber before. The cigarette you've smoked is a "stomach" type. It makes a lot to the nerves. And Camels are steady. They're made with the finest tobacco and the finest filter. They're made with the finest tobacco and the finest filter.

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE in the smoke.

WITH THEM MEN WHO'VE BOMBED, it's Camels on the spot. The spirit of this one (more seriously) tested from full-blown vets. "I found Camels a steady, better smoke for me in every way. And that great flavor never once let me down." You can't smoke like them when there's a real steady smoke with less nicotine in the smoke.

The greatest cigarette brand in the world. The only one who records on the Flightline, Airline, and Commercial. The only one who records on the Flightline, Airline, and Commercial. The only one who records on the Flightline, Airline, and Commercial.

Number 9... THE PELICAN

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

"How much do they think I can swallow?"

MARJORIE WOODWORTH

For Celebrate

Number 9... THE PELICAN

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

"How much do they think I can swallow?"

MARJORIE WOODWORTH

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to the boys)!

You should see her starring in the new Paramount Picture "TALK BACK STORY!"

They Satisfy

SO MUCH BLOOD ON OUR HANDS

More of It's Chesterfield

...the mildness cooler-smoke!

They Satisfy

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

THE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they still left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there is a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is...

The swizzle test... the 30-day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll know why...

Pick your pleasure

PHILIP MORRIS INC.

Join the men who know—NOTHING SATISFIES LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO

CHESTERFIELD

EXTRA LENGTH top-tobacco filter action keeps in flavor satisfaction!

STRAIGHT DROPS

Driving cattle! Cover sun ablaze!

Pounding leather rounding up the stray!

Handing steers across the range you'll find a man

Takes big pleasure when and where he can... Chesterfield King!

This sun-drenched top-tobacco's game men...

That you're smokin' smoother and you're smokin' clean!

Only top-tobacco, full King... For big clean taste that's!

WINSTON TASTES GOOD!

LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!

WINSTON is the big brand on this range, ma'am... for filter and for flavor!

One fellow discovered Winston, they just can't keep the news under their hats! They go for the filter because it's so clean and fresh— from a bright, clear blend of superb tobacco. They like Winston's constant pose-white filter, with its most smooth-tipped tip. And, they like to share a good thing when they find it! You try 'em. Then you'll know why Winston is now way out ahead of the other filter cigarettes!

Now available in crush-proof box, too!

Smoke WINSTON America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!

FOR CHRISTMAS It's Chesterfield

Here are your Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields again... in the most attractive, up-to-date, minute Christmas gift package of the year.

Buy them for the folks at home... send them to your friends and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE! They Satisfy

Number 7... THE HARLEQUIN DUCK

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

"I may be a clown—but I'm no fool!"

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

New 1960 LIM brings you taste... more taste... More taste by far... yet low in tar!

New, free-flowing Miracle Tip unlocks natural tobacco flavor! Only the 1960 LIM • Checks tars without choking taste! • Gives you the full, exciting flavor of the world's finest, naturally mild tobacco!

More taste by far

LIM has done it again!

College Archives Library Hannover, New Hampshire

by far... yet low in tar... if they said "It couldn't be done!"

DARTMOUTH JACKO BACK-PAGE CIGARETTE ADS

1922-1959