THE DARTMOUTH
Jack-o-LANTERN
Humor Society
51st ANNIVERSARY!
Dear Mr. O’Lantern,
I have been reading your rag
for 87 years and I have one question
for you: When is it going to be
funny?
-Trevor Waithrighte ’08

Mr. Waithrighte, you thought this
was a humor magazine? This is a
farming catalogue. Sorry for the
confusion.

Dear Jacko,
If O.J. didn’t do it, who did?
-A concerned LA citizen

Colonel Mustard.

Yo Jack-o,
Hey guy, your paper isn’t fit
to wipe my ass. Could you double-
ply and quilt the thing?
-Happy Hop Guy

Dear Jack,
I’m annoyed with your
magazine. The jokes are too hard to
understand! In the last issue, I ended
up spending several days just trying
to understand the cover. (How was I
supposed to know what Cohen-
Bissell Lounge looked like? Nobody
ever goes to the Choates!) I think
you’re overestimating the intelligence
of the average Dartmouth student.
-Nuprin

Dear Jacko,
I have a had a crush on this one
girl since high school. (let’s call her Katie,
even though her real name is Molly.)
After years of unsuccessful attempts, at
last she conceded that she would agree to
go out on a date with me, if I were able to
pick her up in a Volvo station wagon. I
thought this was a good sign, but I can’t
seem to find anybody with a Volvo
station wagon willing to loan it to me.
What should I do?
-Kevin Goldman

Kevin, Kevin, you’re going about this all
wrong. If this girl really likes you (and it
seems that she does) just club her on
the head and then tie her lifeless body
to a tree in the middle of the woods.
Hide behind a rock, and when she wakes
up, scream "Burn her, she’s a witch!" Girls
are suckers for stuff like that.

Dear Jack O’
I feel it is my duty to point out a
single flaw in your otherwise decent
publication. I have noticed that, of late,
you have been treating many of your
topics with a certain levity that is unbe-
coming of a periodical of your caliber.
Your treatment of salsa is somewhat
irresponsible. Studies have shown that
the continual and casual use of sex,
violence, and salsa in the media can inure
impressionable viewers, readers, and
taste-testers to these things. The problem,
of course, is that sex and violence are not
in the same category as salsa. After all,
impressionable kids have to learn about
sex and violence somewhere- and what
better place to learn about them than
the popular media? Salsa, however, is hardly
a casual topic. I worry some of your
younger readers might get the mistaken
impression that the use of salsa is some-
how acceptable or normal instead of a
deviant behavior that should be stamped
off the face of the earth like the festering
red, yellow-puss-filled sore on the heel of
humanity that it is. Please take steps to
prevent this in your next issue.
-Surgeon General
Disclaimer:
The onions espresso on thus pubic nation art those off the receptive Arthurs, end shoulder nut, in any weigh, bee constructed as the onions of Dartmouth College or itch implodees the rough.

TRANSLATION:
The opinions expressed in this publication are those of the respective authors and should not, in any way, be construed as the opinions of Dartmouth College or its employees thereof.

Editor's Note:
Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Anniversary? I didn't know you were married, Chris." But you also might be thinking, "What's the big deal about the 87th Anniversary? What kind of 'milestone' is that?" Well, isn't it obvious? It's the year of the Burlap Anniversary. We thought we would print the whole issue on burlap, but the cost was too high, and you couldn't read the print. Besides, when we got the load of burlap in the office, we kept using it for potato sack races and didn't get anything done.

I think there's some sort of point here, but I've lost track of what I was saying. At any rate, I'd like to thank Special Collections in Baker Library, and all of the helpful people who work there for helping us find stuff from 87 years of Jack O'Lantern madness. And I'd like to thank all of the editors of this rag throughout the years whose names I was too lazy to type out. Here's to 87 years and at least one more.

Sincerely,*

Chris Miller '97

*I would have said "fondly" but that's way too close to the word "fondle."
The greatest thing to hit the art world since naked people... It's:

Steiner's **RANDOM Page**
and hair salon

You know that song,
"You're a grand old flag
You're a high-flying flag...
Where there's never a boast or brag..."
Isn't that EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE DOING when you sing that song?

Hey there, sailor...
Wanna see my monkey's fist?

So what my friend means by "menage a..."

Things you won't find in the five Books of Papias,
the missing collection of the sayings of Jesus:
1- No messy fuss
2- A private room at the price of a semi-private
3- Shit happens!
4- OJ, what the fuck?
5- Meow, meow, meow-meow
6- SPRING BREAK '95! WAHOO!
7- I'm not just the God, I'm also a member
8- This way for food, fun, and eternal salvation

Failed specials around Hanover
Panda's #44 Moo Goo Guy Bed Pan
Jewel of India's "Jewel of Bull Stew"
Mei Mei's #17 Sweet n' Sour n' Spackle
Peter Christian's Christian KaBob
Food Court's All Gristle Tuesday

There's **MONEY IN ARC WELDING!**

**THE BARBIE SQUARE**

Punk Rock Barbie (with nipple rings for you and her)
Hair dye and dog collar sold separately

Beta Rat Barbie (with mini-skirt and high pitched voice)

Bad Rash Barbie (free tube of ointment in every box)

Why you should worship my God:
• Unlike some religions, we can eat the HAROLD BURGER
• God-good, Devil-bad. It's just that simple
• Christmas. 'Nuff said.
• When dad finally catches you and asks, "did you use protection?" a snappy come-back could be, "does the Good Lord count?"
What is Hell?  Chris Miller '97 and Nick Bernstein '95

I know about Hell. I lived in the Choates. But often people will describe Hell in ways I never imagined it. I've heard people say, "that's funny as hell." And I thought, "I didn't realize that there was a comedy scene in the netherworld." I've also heard the phrases "expensive as hell" and "cold as hell" which make about as much sense.

But if we know that Hell is funny, expensive, and cold, we can do what only Dante attempted: Figure out exactly what Hell is. So we've made a Venn diagram, like the kind you did in high school math class. This mathematically accurate document may well be the most important contribution to religion since the Oh God! movies. Except for the second one.

Conclusion: Kid Cuisine frozen dinners = Hell. Q.E.D. (That's Latin for "whoop-there it is.") However, we can also combine some of these elements to get alternative visions of Hell: Fake vomit in your Vermonster, corpses in the Hanover Inn, Amish people at Dartmouth. So now you can be prepared for your trip. Peace.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>QUESTION</th>
<th>Pope J.P. II</th>
<th>Voltron</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Something you cover your furniture with</td>
<td>My self-esteem</td>
<td>Calvin Klein ads</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your favorite movie</td>
<td>&quot;I was a Teenage Poncharello&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Sequel&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What you do while waiting in line at Food Court</td>
<td>Conceal or consume food with the express purpose of avoiding payment</td>
<td>Test out the sneeze guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something you’d outlaw if you were king</td>
<td>The look and feel of real leather</td>
<td>Monarchy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your idol</td>
<td>The guy who tested Preparation A through G</td>
<td>A clay statue of a horse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What you like to do with raw meat</td>
<td>Convince vegans it’s “super-realistic” tofu</td>
<td>Suck it right out of the squirt bottle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your favorite thing about the Hop</td>
<td>Don’t like your food? Fry it and go another round</td>
<td>It’s not in Toledo, Ohio</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## IN-THE-BOX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Someone else</th>
<th>Krackle of Rice Krispie fame</th>
<th>Tina Yothers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chia</td>
<td>Jerry Garcia</td>
<td>Raw meat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Mormons in Space&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;What about Bobs?&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;J.C. 2000&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bob Newhart, Bob Hope, &amp; Bob Barker</td>
<td>Brad Pitt as Jesus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>L.L. Cool J as the angel Gabriel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play game with friends: Who can fit more chickenburgers down their pants</td>
<td>Talk to the menu (&quot;No, no... I had you yesterday&quot;)</td>
<td>Watch Harold sweat all over my buffalo chicken sandwich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newtonian Physics</td>
<td>Outlaw the act of outlawing things, creating a time loop keeping me in power forever!</td>
<td>Fat people in thong bikinis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That old guy who bagged Anna Nicole Smith</td>
<td>Linus Van Pelt, ever since PigPen sold out</td>
<td>Seven and a half miles per hour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mix in blue M&amp;Ms for a tasty frat party snack</td>
<td>Start that E. Coli flea circus idea I’ve been toying with</td>
<td>Cover my furniture (don’t you read?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothing-optional seating</td>
<td>Please use next register</td>
<td>Ultimately, it’s flammable</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GREEK RVSH
HOLLYWOOD STYLE

Caroline Timbers '98

5:30 FIRST PARTY: THE RICKI LAKE SHOW
You'll get a rocking introduction...
...a lot of support from the audience...
'GO RICKI!
& advice from Ricki...
...and you'll never be asked a typical "rush" question.

Our next rushee says her boyfriend slept with her mother's bestfriend, behind her back!

And when did your father kick you out of the house?
Would you like to be reunited with your one night stand? Give us details...

6:45 SECOND PARTY: STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION
You won't have to worry about how you look because everyone else...
...if you get really bored you can beam yourself into another galaxy.
...is an alien or mutant, anyway...

7:30 THIRD PARTY: KIDS
You'll meet very persuasive people...
...and they'll have great parties...
...and maybe if you're lucky you'll meet the subway guy in the third round...

Yo, come on baby. Yo, we really want you in our house.
You know that I don't you?
...great conversations, etc...

I have no legs. I have no legs...
He's a blast!
Do You HATE Light?

Then try the revolutionary new invention, the Darkbulb. The Darkbulb screws into any standard light fixture. Just flip the switch, and the Darkbulb actually produces darkness—a thick, calming radius of blackness.

"I live in the Arctic, where there's 24-hour daylight for months at a time. I'd never get any sleep if it weren't for the Darkbulb!"  -Joel Fleischman

"If it weren't for the Darkbulb, I would have distingused three years ago."  -Count Dracula

Adam Mirick '99

Plastic Surgery Breakthrough

Adam Mirick
Staff Reporter

SKOKIE, IL- In the wake of recent health problems related to silicone breast implants. The researchers at Jell-O have announced a relatively risk-free augmentation surgery using their product. According to sources inside the company, the new ad slogan will be "There's always room for Jell-O," and implants will be available in strawberry, lime, and sugar-free raspberry.

Bill Cosby is reportedly upset, as he was hoping to continue the "Jell-O Jiggles" ad campaign in which he has figured prominently for the past five years. Executive turned mediator Jimmy Carter has come in with a proposal combining these two ad campaigns in a commercial line—calls.

EASTMAN'S PHARMACY
Full Prescription Service • Allergy Remedies • Hudson Vitamins • First Aid Products • Film & Batteries • Cosmetic Supplies • Small Household Appliances

22 South Main St. Hanover, NH.  643-4112
Hi! Newt Gingrich here with another amazing deal for you, America. Sure, you didn’t sign the first contract, but we’ve got a deal you just can’t beat! That’s right, TWO contracts for the price of ONE! So let’s take a look at our proposal for the Second Contract with America...

First, although Social Security is looked upon by many today as a hard-earned cash cow, that was not always the case. The fact of the matter is, the age of sixty-five (when one first becomes eligible to receive social security benefits) was chosen back during the Depression because, frankly, most people didn’t live to be that old. But people are living longer now. Two solutions become readily apparent. The first, simply raising the age at which one becomes qualified to receive social security. The second, return the life-expectancy to 1930’s levels. We, as the Republican Party, see the latter as the more logical option.

The first course of action will be to sell Florida back to Spain. This will not only rid us of hundreds of thousands of old people, it will also eliminate a prime source of drug importation, and provide Disney with a successful theme park in Europe.

**Sell Florida back to Spain. This will not only rid us of hundreds of thousands of old people, it will also provide Disney with a successful theme park in Europe.**

Next would be to supply aging people with high risk jobs. From window washers to postal employees, these jobs require little prior training and would do wonders towards lowering the amount of old people in this country. Also, every year hundreds of perfectly good orange-and-white barrels are destroyed by reckless motorists, but they can now be put to better use, since an old person with a flashlight standing on the highway can do almost as good a job.

**Legalize prostitution, solely for welfare mothers.**

Unfortunately, many old people have lost one or more limbs over the course of time. While this limits their usefulness, they can still save their local police departments money by being strapped to the tops of squad cars and going “Woo woo” in place of sirens.

Another fiscal drain lies in the welfare department. We Republicans recognize that being a single mother is difficult, and are aware that taking on most jobs isn’t always feasible. However, we hope to offer a line of employment which can be done easily, and in the comfort of their own homes. Our proposition is the legalization of prostitution, solely for welfare mothers. This will provide them with a relative monopoly on the market, and also begin to foster within them a sense of self-sufficiency. What better way for them to get back on their feet than by getting on their backs.
A look at the Second Contract with America (cont’d)

But the Republican party concerns itself with more than just pecuniary matters. America’s moral crisis is also of utmost importance. Although we have had considerable success with one of our imperatives, the resurgence and more frequent use of the death penalty, we have been noticeably less successful in other areas, such as the reintroduction of prayer in public school. We have come up with a program to link these two issues, and hopefully it will lead to stronger venue for both. We call it: Crucifixion in Public Schools. Imagine the kind of spirituality, not to mention the crime deterrent factor, which will be instilled upon impressionable minds in grades Kindergarten through 12 when they watch convicted felons strung up after the pledge of allegiance each morning. However, the Republican Party is also sensitive to the needs of Muslim and Jewish youth, for whom crucifiction would not provide the spiritual sustenance their developing minds need. Thus, in accordance with their own Biblical preferences, they will be permitted to stone the prisoner once he comes off the cross.

A major failing of this administration that this country has witnessed is poor execution in matters of foreign policy. A major dilemma which remains unresolved is the issue of peace in the middle east. There are many Palestinians living in Israel who will continue to violently protest until they receive a homeland. Our solution: Give them Bosnia! They already have plenty of Muslim brethren there, and hey, the Bosnian Muslims need all the help they can get.

Lastly, we must concern ourself with the issue of gun control. Although the second amendment clearly guarantees the right to keep and bear arms, state and local governments every year force decent, law-abiding citizens to pay for the “privilege” of exercising this right by mandating that they must buy a gun permit in order to own a gun. Just imagine if this logic was applied to other rights guaranteed by the constitution...Freedom of Religion permits. The Right to Remain Silent: $3.95 for the first minute, $.75 each additional minute. The Republican party will not rest until every man, woman, and child in this country has the unrestricted use of semi-automatic artillery.

We hope that you have appreciated this preview of the Second Contract with America. Please weigh all these things carefully when you next stand in a ballot box, and remember, vote early and vote often! Thank you, and god bless.
Writing a Feces Paper in Five Easy Steps!

Jay Lavender '97

You have a ten-page paper due tomorrow morning. Sometimes you just know that it's going to be a load of crap. So here's how to get that paper moving along quickly and painlessly...

1. Squat over the keyboard—sitting on it will damage the keys
2. Never flush—mass is what you're after
3. Wipe with the mouse pad
4. Put it in a binder—keeps the stench in
5. Ask for an extension

We've been flying since 1934....

Dartmouth Travel is Hanover's only full-service agency. We've been helping the Dartmouth community save money since 1934. Let our experience work for you; accept no substitutions. If it's got to do with travel— we do it.
LSA/FSP Specialists
Escape Packages

...And boy, are our arms tired!

DARTMOUTH TRAVEL
Dartmouth Travel • Shawmut Bank Building • 643-2121 • Blitz 75350.363@compuserve.com

Jack O'Lantern's Bumper Sticker for the ABC-Disney Merger
by David Markham '97

It's a Small, Small yet Wide World of Sports
Dear Jimmy,

James O. Freedman,

Hi. On behalf of all first-year students, allow me to be the first person to thank you for your most fair decision to let more women into the College this year. I mean, you're the President and all, right? Yeah, so it's totally cool that more women are here this year because it's about time we had, uh, more women here. Hey, even my girlfriend from back home is happy about this whole equality thing. As for me, I was raving with some friends last night at the q House totally wacked dancing my a$$ off into oblivion when I saw this woman across the room staring at me. This was somewhere in the Greek system (I like Plato, Aristotle, Homer, and all that). Before the party ended, I got that girl's phone#. Now, I know what you're thinking. You're wondering if I, rather, if this woman and I Never mind that, actually. Okay, well, I just wanted you to know that I like it here a lot, and it's all because got something to do with this whole more guys than girls thing you did.

Sincerely, forever in your debt,

William A. S. Peters IV
Super Hero
Comics that
Publishers
Pushed
Aside

David Markham '97

- Mentos Boy
- Spuffy the Chicken
  Who Cooks Himself
- Wilford Brimley In Disguise
- Ugly, Ugly, Really
  Ugly (and Fat) Woman
- Captain Log
- I-Could-Care-Less-
  About-Crime-Where's-
  My-Money Man
- Joe I. Gee

Top Ten Ben & Jerrys & Subway Flavors
Phil Lord '97 & Chris Miller '97

So they built a Subway sandwich shop in the same building as Ben & Jerry's, and now every time you walk in the door, the aromas of the two mix together in a general stank. Rather than build doors separating the two, we at the Jacko think they should make a small shop in between that combines the two foods...

Turkey Sherbert on whole wheat
Mayo n' Mustard n' Mooha
Reuben Fudge Chunk
Chocolate Chip Club Melt
Salami Swirl

Tuna Garcia
Meatball Chip Cookie Dough
Wavy Gravy (with real gravy)
Spicy Italian Ice
Six foot Vermonster with cheese

The Hanover Luggage & Cobbler Shop

5 Allen Street
Hanover, NH
(603) 643-2861

- New Luggage by Briggs & Riley
- Fine Leather Goods
- A variety of Travel Accessories
- Luggage & Shoe Repair of all kinds
Raven Lunatics

Below is a poem written by Emily Soden ’97, and a poem and cartoon in the same vein from the Jack-o’-lantern archives.

The Raven Goes to College

Emily Soden ’97

Once upon a Sunday dreary, while I skimmed ranting theories,
Over many a sugared and sweetened volume of chocolate warm.
While I nodded near napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As if someone was gently knocking, knocking in my dorm.
"Tis the pizza man," I muttered, "knocking in my dorm—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the grim November,
And each separate cruel equation wrought its doom upon my store.
Eagerly I yearned the knowledge—vainly I had gone to college
For seem'd my head was full of cartilage cartilage there and nothing more.
For the rare and radiant moment when the angels could restore—
The missing reply into my store.

Presently my mind grew stronger;
battling the end no longer.
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore—
But the fact is I was working, and so cruelly you came lurking,
And so loudly you came jerking, jerking down my hallow'd dorm,
That I much was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Only me, and no one more.

Bleary-eyed I flung the shutter, with much shuffling of my clutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least reverence showed he; not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But, with air of grand professor, perched above my closet door—
Perched upon a heap of sweaters just above my closet door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this indigo bird engaging my tired mind to changing,
By the grave and stern decorum of this expression that it wore,
"Though thy skull be full and crammed of the knowledge of the damned,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what is the solution to the ghastly number four!"
Quoth the Raven, "one point four."

But the raven, sitting smiling on those sweaters, grinned beguiling
Straight I dragged a hard desk chair in front of fowl and closet door;
Then, upon the smooth wood loaing, I betook myself to moping
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this knowledg'ble bird of yore
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and knowledg'ble bird of yore
Meant in squawking, "one point four."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of drub—prophet still, bird or Beelzebub?
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate, yet all unaided, in this tundra land enchanted—
In this room by black bird haunted—
tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—there hope for those who study—
tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "one point four."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pile of sweaters just above my closet door;
And his eyes have all the grinning of a swindler that is winning
And the desk light 'cross him dwindling throws his shadow on the floor
And my soul writes out that answer from that knowledg'ble bird of yore
I will answer—one point four!
The Prehistory of the Jack O'Lantern

30,000 B.C.- A group of cavemen can't decide if they want to publish a magazine about pumpkins or start a house where they give out free grog and play hip hop music in order to scam on cavewomen. They decide to do neither and instead spend the rest of the day bashing small animals on the head.

1409 B.C.- The first issue of the Jack O'Lantern comes out, but does very poorly due to the fact that each issue was twelve engraved stone tablets, making circulation difficult. Few historians realize that Stonehenge was the first issue of the Jacko.

487 B.C.- The Jacko gets its first faculty advisor, a young John Rassias, who is just beginning his professorship at Dartmouth.

301 B.C.- Jacko starts printing on easy-to-distribute papyrus.

223 B.C.- The Jack O’Lantern’s first prank is successfully accomplished. They build a giant wooden condom and present it as a gift to Troy. The Trojans unknowingly take it in, even though it has several holes punched in it. Nine months later, Helen “Boom Boom” of Troy dies in pregnancy, when a thousand ships launch out of her womb.

55 B.C.- Humor is invented. Jack O’Lantern sales double.

108 A.D.- Romans ban the Jack O’Lantern as propaganda literature in response to their “Martyr? I hardly know ‘er” issue.

208 A.D.- After one hundred years without an issue, the publication prints again, under a new name: The Dave O’Lantern.

917 A.D.- Light is invented. People can actually read the magazine now. Sales plummet, so they switch the name back to "Jack O’Lantern," and the name "Dark Ages" doesn’t make much sense anymore.

1440 A.D.- Movable type is introduced with the Gutenberg Jacko.

1553 A.D.- Martin Luther nails a copy of the Jack O’Lantern to a church door and is fined $50 by the administration for not putting it up with poster tape.

1842 A.D.- Hard times hit Ireland with a pumpkin famine, and some farmers resort to eating old issues of the Jack O’Lantern. Jacko staffers agree to stop printing on asbestos.

1908 A.D.- present- You know the rest.
PSYCHOLOGY I EXAM
First Semester, 1915-1916

Answer any three that strike your fancy.
1. Have you a brain? Upon what do you base your conclusion?
2. Were you ever in love? If so, describe the emotion. If not, write for fifteen minutes on perception of space.
3. If a cross-eyed person is color blind, will McDougall’s theory apply if he eats shredded wheat and frog’s legs for breakfast?
4. Where did William James go when he died? Why?
5. When a cat smells a rat, what mental processes are involved? What if it is an angora cat? A puppy dog?
6. Suppose you were to invent a theory in psychology. Prove it, and show why it would not work.

"Notice the footnote on at the bottom of the page." laughed the court jester as the royal attendant’s shoes emitted a squeak.

-December, 1908

Proposal to Rate Personal Ability of Faculty
Question #2: Name Heinz ’57 varieties; and if five is less than four, underline the brands you have eaten. If it is not, erase what you have written, and draw a free-hand sketch of College Chapel, not forgetting the double-stroke. However, if 11 is divisible into 22, no matter what you have done just now, erase the whole business, and put a dot in a circle, which has been completely circumscribed by an inscribed square. On second thought, make this square a triangle. Then erase the dot.

-October, 1919

Dartmouth Observatory Weather Forecast for Month of October
Warm and bright on one end, cold and wet at the other
The 1920s

MOVIE OF THAT NICE QUIET GIRL YOU TOOK TO THE CAME.

...And now we hear from a Klukluxer who is cancelling his subscription because he thinks the Jack O'Lantern is Irish.

- January, 1925

Bim: What day is today?
Bo: Monday, Wednesday, or Friday.

-November, 1924

It was announced in a leading magazines that "Knee-length skirts had reduced street car accidents by fifty percent."
Wouldn't it be nice if accidents could be prevented entirely?

- December, 1929
Dr. Seuss—The Greatest Jacko Editor Ever

The work of Theodore Seuss Geisel '25 appeared in the Jack O'Lantern in 1924 and 1925, under a variety of names, until he got in trouble with the administration. As punishment, the college did not allow him to participate in any extra-curricular activities. So, in order to continue his job as the Editor-In-Chief of the Jacko, he went by his middle name, Seuss. And it stuck. (He appointed himself doctor shortly after he graduated.) Below are some of his early gems.

Kindly Visitor: "I'd like to see convict 515, please, if he's in."

The Veteran Soccer Player Forgets Himself while Playing Baseball.

"O, Clerk, there's something the matter with the keyhole in the door to my room."
"That so? I'll look into that tonight."

Because Dartmouth Students Can't Live On Green Eggs And Ham Alone...

Liberation from the Lunch Tray.
Call 643-2277 to get your card today.
The 1930's

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Hitler.
"Who told you that you were Hitler?" inquired the attendant.
"God did," replied the inmate.
"No, I didn't either," came a voice from the next bunk.

-October, 1939

"Please refrain from such language. After all, this is a fraternity, not a pig sty."
"I'm sorry. I didn't know."

-April, 1934

---

an' then after I got me degree at Brown---

TWENTY-ONE OR OVER

STANFORD

Stanford lowers its entrance requirements.
A Tale of Two Dogs: The Tradition of Stockman's Dogs

Stockman's Dogs are a Jack O'Lantern tradition dating back to October, 1934 when F.C. Stockman '35 drew one panel of two dogs talking to each other. Ever since then that same panel has appeared in virtually every issue with a different caption. Most of the captions make no sense out of context (or even in context, in many cases) but we would like to celebrate this Jacko tradition with some of the best and weirdest of Stockman's Dogs throughout the years.

"You oughta go down to the Gym and sweat it out."
Premiere
-October, 1934

"It starts with bumps behind your ears and a rash on your chest."
-May, 1935

"But darling, you never ate dog biscuits in bed before we were married."
-January, 1936

"It's raining cats and people."
-Carnival, 1937

"I hear there's a new fire hydrant near Silsby."
-Christmas, 1938

"I took second in my heat."
-Easter, 1939

"Who was that fire hydrant I saw you with last night?"
-Christmas, 1941

"Are you planning to do anything on the snow sculpture this year?"
-Christmas, 1946

"A sniff in time saves nine"
-February, 1959

"He no playa the game, he no maka the rules."
-February, 1962

"I'm Really Going to Do My Stuff on the Field Today."
-Fall, 1947

"M.C. Escher built my dog house and now I can't get upstairs."
-Summer, 1995

"I've been poring over the paper all day."
-Fall, 1977

-October, 1975
The 1940's

Ed's Note: Nothing says "tasteful" like dated, sexist humor. And since we're always in good taste, we thought we'd throw this in, if only to remind us of how far we've come.

IS SHE ADEQUATE?

A SCORE-CARD FOR YOUR DATE

1. DRINKING HABITS

When you offer her a drink does she
a) bark gratefully
b) continue to ignore you
c) pour it into a potted plant
d) gargle
e) giggle
f) giggle
g) knock it out of your hand
h) drool on the carpet

How do you know when she's drunk?

a) wants to lie down
b) lies down
c) talks with mouth closed
d) shrinks to half size
e) removes outer garments
f) gets hot and cold flashes
g) flashes

Next morning does she
a) hate herself
b) hate you
c) hate Dean Neidlinger
d) wants to go for a bird-walk
e) wags her tail feebly

2. CONVERSATIONAL HABITS

When talked to she
a) rolls over on back and
wants to be lickeded
b) walks away
c) pretends to understand

d) replies, "You Tarzan—
me Jane."
e) bites lip nervously
f) bites you nervously

When not talked to she
a) tries to attract attention by
picking teeth loudly
b) tries not to attract atten-
tion by picking teeth quietly
c) raises skirt
d) removes skirt
e) keeps
f) chews gum to maintain
dignity

She laughs whenever
a) you open your mouth
b) you close your mouth
c) you sit down to play
d) someone goes to bathroom
e) she goes to bathroom

3. SEXUAL HABITS

How does she respond to your ad-
vances?

a) doesn't know they are ad-
vances
b) lectures on sex
c) makes it a lab course
d) wants to go for a bird-walk
e) makes sexual noises
f) burns you with cigarette

When you dance with her she
a) wiggles
b) wants to ride pick-a-back
c) sings in your ear
d) gives nearest couple the hip
e) gives you dandruff
f) gives you a head start

SOPH: Why did you come to Harvard? I thought your father was a Princeton man.
FRESH: He is. He wanted me to go to Princeton, and I wanted to go to Yale.
We had an argument, and he finally told me to go to hell.

-December, 1942

Father (to daughter coming in at 4:00 a.m.): “Good morning, child of Satan.”
Daughter (sweetly): “Good morning, Father.”
- November, 1947

“Swe are having a raffle for a poor old widow. Will you buy a ticket?”
“Nope, my wife wouldn’t let me keep her if I won.”
- Carnival, 1949

Two little boys walking back from Sunday School were talking about what they had learned.
“Do you believe all that stuff about the devil?” one asked.
“Naw,” replied the other, “it’s just like Santa Claus—it’s your old man.”
- Carnival, 1949
THE 1950'S

A man dashed into his boss's office and asked excitedly for fifteen minutes off.
"My wife is going to have a baby," he explained.
"Go ahead," said the boss.
When the man returned 15 minutes later, the boss asked, "Was it a boy or a girl?"
"How in hell should I know," returned the man.
"You gotta wait nine months."

-Carnival, 1950

An unconfirmed report has it that a mare recently was graduated from Bennington. A guest speaker remarked that "this is the first time that a complete horse has graduated from Bennington."

-April, 1952

Ad in Paper: WANTED- One Harvard man or equivalent.
A few days later, a man called and asked, "I don't quite understand your ad; do you want two Yale men or a Dartmouth man part-time?"

-Carnival, 1951
# The 1960's: Calendar of Events

**February 1967**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Last Quarter</td>
<td>New Quarter.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Robert Reich Seizes Control of the Upper Valley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. S. Dickey, Thad Seymour and A. Dickerson Disappear</td>
<td>Snoopy Gets Red Baron</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Winter Carnival Begins — 12:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mid Terms Begin</td>
<td>BiboBaggs Conducts Druid Self-Sacrifice Rites at Quechee Gorge for All Undergraduates</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Ground Hog Day at Thayer</td>
<td>Carnival Statue Started</td>
<td>Annual Lake Mascoma Surfing Rally</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mo Buys Out James Campion and Sons</td>
<td>Classes Resume</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>News of Pearl Harbor Reaches Hanover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ground Hog Day at Thayer</td>
<td>Edith</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Everett M. Dirksen Sings “Dartmouth Uniting” and “Louie, Louie”— Spaulding 8:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter Carnival Ends</td>
<td>J. S. Dickey, Thad Seymour and A. Dickerson Still Missing</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Class of ’69 Officers Present Forum on Deficit Spending</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirby Computation Center’s Roof is Finished</td>
<td>BiboBaggs Conducts Druid Self-Sacrifice Rites at Quechee Gorge for All Undergraduates</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Colby Mixer</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Thayer Blue Ladies’ Revue at Tunbridge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snoopy Bombs Hanoi</td>
<td>General Westmoreland Replaced by Robert L. Blackman</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Viet Cong Crushed (387)</td>
<td>National Fake Plastic Vomit Day</td>
<td>Full Moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Censored</td>
<td>BiboBaggs Discovers in Tierra Del Fuego Weim Adam Clayton Powell and Class of ’69 Officers</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Censored</td>
<td>Carnival Statue Finished</td>
<td>Snoopy Defeats Robert Reich</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The American society consists of many sectors breeding numerous sub-societies, each with its own distinctive dialect and living habits. In this speech class, John is introduced to the way of life of the poverty-stricken southerner.

Men of Dartmouth
Men of Dartmouth, get aroused,
For the college on the hill,
For the rich grads who love her,
For the dollar sign above her,
Give a lot, give a lot in your will.
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
The generous sons of Dartmouth,
Though 'round the girdled earth they roam
They are hounded just the same:
They still have Crosby on their trail,
And Parkhurst close nearby,
And the fingers of the fund drive
In their wallets 'till they die
**ARE YOU THE POPE?**

Answer the following questions honestly then check your score to find out whether you are indeed the spiritual leader of the Catholic Church. No cheating!

1. Have you been circumcised?
2. Do you speak in a funny language on Sundays?
3. Do people bow down to your feet when you enter a room?
4. Are you now, or have you ever been Polish?
5. Do you frequently embarrass yourself at parties because you've had 'one too many'?
6. Would you feel comfortable shooting the proverbial papal bull?
7. Do you like to dress up in long flowing robes, lacy shirts, lots of jewelry and decorations and a little beanie on top of your head?

Give yourself 1 pt. for every odd YES and two for every even NO. Score: 7-10: There's a good chance that you are the pontiff, or will be in the near future. 5-7: You're probably not the Pope, but you might be the Archbishop of Canterbury. 2-5: Don't count on being canonized. 0-2: You probably aren't even Catholic!
THE 1970's cont'd.

THE WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER FOUNDATION
CANADIAN PERCEPTION SURVEY  -December, 1977

1. What is your race?
   0- Black
   1- White
   2- Red
   3- Yellow
   4- Maple

2. Is the area you live in
   0- Taiga
   1- Tundra
   2- Polar Icecap

3. Would you say your exposure to Canadians before coming to Dartmouth was
   0- Not at all
   1- Sufficiently minimal
   2- Too much
   3- Way too much

4. What do you think is the major benefit Dartmouth has derived from having Canadian students?
   0- Center
   1- Wing
   2- Defense
   3- Goalie
   4- Zamboni Operator

5. What is the average temperature of Canada?
   0- -15F
   1- -25F
   2- -35F
   3- -55F
   4- Absolute zero

6. How many of your friends are Canadian?
   0- None
   1- Part of one
   2- One
   3- More than one
   4- I don't know that any of my friends are Canadian, but if I find that they are, I will no longer associate with them

7. If you had been assigned a Canadian roommate, you would have
   0- Protested
   1- Not been pleased and let him know
   2- Not been pleased but pretended to like him
   3- Been pleased
   4- Bought an air conditioner

8. In your opinion, is the amount of maple syrup in Thayer Hall
   0- Not enough
   1- Sufficient
   2- Too much. It always runs into my sausage and eggs

9. How many courses relating to Canada have you taken?
   0- None
   1- One or two
   2- More than two
   3- We covered all of Canadian history for one week in fifth grade

10. What should Canada do with its French-speaking citizens?
    0- Kill them
    1- Ship them back to where they belong
    2- Make them learn English by the Rassias method
    3- Give them Michigan as a homeland

11. What is your religion?
    0- Episcopalian
    1- Heathen

---

The 1980's

---

Ed's note: This Jacko cover appeared as a response to the issue of the Review which contained a quote from Adolf Hitler on the masthead.
The 1980's cont'd.

How the Grinch Stole Carnival

February, 1981

Ed's Note: This was first written in 1977, then rewritten in 1981, eleven years before the Carnival theme of the same name.

Every prep down in Prepville liked Carnival a lot.
But the Grinch, who lived up on Balch Hill, he did not.
No one quite understood why the Grinch was so mean.
(It was rumored he had a disease of the spleen.)

He stared down from his cave, with a self-righteous frown,
At the dorms and the frats in their little prep-town.
For he knew every preppie in Prepville down there,
Would be bing-bonging bongs or chug-chugging beer.
“And they’re downing shots!” the Grinchnarled with a sneer.
“This Carnival madness is practically here!”

For tomorrow, he knew, all the preps and prepettes
Would wake up and rush to their stereo sets.
Then the prep boys and girls would sit down to a drink.
And they’d drink! And they’d drink! And they’d DRINK

And the more the Grinch thought of this Carnival trash,
The more the Grinch said, “I must stop this year’s bash!
I must stop all the parties and partying now!
I must stop all this Carnival sickness... But HOW?”

Then he got an idea! A twisted idea!
The Grinch got a twisted, neurotic idea!
“I know just what to do,” the Grinch laughed in his throat.
And he made a quick Budweiser hat and a coat.
And he chuckled and clucked. “What a great grinchy scam!
With this hat and coat I look like the Bud Man!”

Then... He loaded fake cases and old empty kegs
On a ramshackle truck that was on its last legs.
Then the Grinch revved her up and the truck started to town.
Towards the frats where all the preps lay passed out face down.
“This is stop number one,” the fake Budmaster said.

Then he crept to the window and poked in his head.
In he slithered and slunk in his Bud Man regalia,
And he took every piece of frat paraphernalia!
Beer cups! And bongables! Shotglasses! Skis!
Jukeboxes! Pongpaddles! Color TV’s!
And finally the Grinch, with a sneer and a leer,
Took the only remaining full keg of beer!
But just as the Grinch had completed usurping,
He heard the faint sound of a prep who was burping.
He turned around fast, and he saw a huge prep:
Massive Randolph T. Smythe, who said “DON’T TAKE A STEP!”
He stared at the Grinch, swaying forth and then back, 
And said, "Why are you taking our keg away, Jack?"
Now it was plain to the Grinch that this brother was smashed, 
So he thought up a lie, and he thought it up fast!
"Why my fine young companion," the fake Bud Man lied, 
"I am merely a dream from the Cuervo you tried! 
I am only a figment of imagination! 
Only the product of intoxication!"
And his fib fooled the prep. After all, who would think 
That a giant green sloth would not come from strong drink? 
And once Randolph T. Smythe had returned to his dreams, 
The Grinch flew the coop and continued his schemes.

"Pooh-pooh on the preps!" on Balch Hill he was humming. 
"They’re finding out now that no Carnival’s coming! 
They’re just waking up! I know what they’ll do! 
Their mouths will hang gaping and all cry BOO HOO! 
Now that is a noise I simply must hear!"
So he paused and the Grinch put his hand to his ear. 
And there soon was a sound rising over the snow. 
It started quite small and continued to grow... 
And sure enough, just as the Grinch expected, 
The sound was depressingly sad and dejected. 
Every prep down in prepville, the fat and the short 
Was crying, without things to drink, smoke, or snort.

And what happened then...? Well, the history books say 
That the tiny Grinch brain went to pieces that day. 
And as soon as the Grinch had gone completely mad, 
He ran to his Heli-port-aeroplane pad. 
And he flew over town in his Grinch air machine, 
Dropping megaton nukes til the whole place glowed green! 
Now I’m sure you’re all saying, 
"That’s not how it ends!"
And you may be right, but I’ll tell you, my friends, 
That the world is not sugar and everything nice, 
And besides, I have artistic license to do whatever I damn well feel like and if you can’t deal with it, blow it out your ear! 

The End
The 1990's

Anatomy 101 Exemption Test

Spring Term, 1993
Professor Slim Goodbody

Part I- Label the diagram below with the letter that corresponds to the following phrases. Please, write clearly; any ambiguous markings will be considered incorrect. Do not alter the diagrams. Extra credit will be given for coloring inside the lines. More than one answer may be correct. One answer will not be used at all.

a) places that jiggle on fat people
b) places Europeans don't shave
c) worst places to get a mosquito bite
d) places where lint gathers
e) most painful parts to pierce
f) places that dogs sniff
g) places the sun don't shine
h) parts you shouldn't put in your ear
i) orifices that whistle
j) parts that require regular maintenance
k) places that leak or drip
l) Libya

- Spring, 1993

"I'd know him in a dark basement."

A new cologne that combines the scents of: urine • beast • chew spit • boot

Fraternity for men.
By Calvin Kline.

WARNING: Fumes may be noxious.

REMEMBER, KIDS: IF THEY DON'T LOOK OR ACT LIKE US, THEY ARE OUR ENEMIES

-Summer, 1995
HISTORY CON PD.

Best of the Rest

Here's a collection of odds and ends which didn't really fit in anywhere else, but should have.

Another Poem

The sun shone round about me
As I gazed 'pon my estate,
The robin flew from tree to tree
Then lit upon the gate.
I heard its gentle singing
And then watched it fly again.
To my window it came winging
As if to be my friend.
It sang a simple ballad
While the sun went down in red,
Then I deftly slammed the window
And smashed his little head.

"We just didn't have a sculptor in the house."

Fun Science Fact:
The Earth is approx. 93 million miles from the sun. That's half the distance between Hanover and the nearest major city.

POUR A BIT OF GIN
a drinking song

Oh, if you're feeling low, lad,
Just pour a bit of gin,
And when you've poured it so, lad,
Why put some lemon in,
A spirit of ginger-ale, lad,
That prickers like a pin;
And two such drinks prevail, lad
To teach woe discipline.

Oh, if you're feeling bright, lad,
Still pour a bit of gin.
There's no one has a right, lad,
To call a drink a sin.
Then gather friends around, lad,
And fill up to the chin,
For drink makes joy abound, lad,
And helps the world to spin.
Old Advertisements

Most of the old Jack O'Lanterns were filled with ads for tobacco products and firearms. For some reason, however, we no longer run pictures of cute fuzzy bears playing with shotguns. It kind of makes you wonder where society has gone wrong. Regardless, here are some of our favorite ads from the olden days...

**Why do the girls avoid him—WHY?**

Certainly it’s unsatisfactory—the odor of perspiration—that only disguises it with a heavily scented soap! Get rid of it with coco castile! Kirk’s Coco Castile makes lather of butter—even in hard, cold water. It makes a richer, more penetrating lather than ordinary soap, because it is made from 100% pure coconut oil. It goes deep into the pores, removes every trace of oily, dirty film, then rinses off in a flush. It is mild and agreeable to the skin, yet strong against acrid, arctic, or noxious bacteria. Laboratory tests prove it to be 10 times as germicidal as carbolic acid. Best of all, it’s unscented. You add your own—without any chemical or heavy perfume odor—so fresh and clean-smelling as a woodland breeze. Try it—for hands, for hair, for a wonderful shampoo. You'll be amazed at the difference. _Avoid imitations. Look for the arrow._ Always ask for Kirk’s by name.

**Kirk’s Coco Castile Ends Body Odor**

**The Remington UMC**

_The Remington Cube demonstrates the only bottom-ejecting gun._

Bottom Ejection—empty shells are thrown downward—smoke and gases must go the same way, too—insuring uninterrupted sight—rapid pointing always. Solid Breech—Hammerless—perfectly balanced—a straight strong sweep of beauty from stock to muzzle. Three Safety Devices—accidental discharge impossible. Simple Take-Down—a quarter turn of the barrel does it—carrying, cleaning, interchange of barrels made easy—your fingers are your only tools.

For trap or field work the fastest natural pointer.

Your dealer has one. Look it over today.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE Co.

299 Broadway

New York City

**THE SAVAGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL**
Damn, Those Guys Were Horny!

Besides ads for handguns and snuff, most of the old Jackos were overflowing with drawings of women. No jokes attached, just drawings of women. We wonder if the men of Dartmouth used to read the Jack O'Lantern for its cutting edge humor or if there might have been a baser attraction. Either way, we thought we'd display some of the etchings in question and see if they get your heart a-racin'...
The Future of the Jack O'Lantern

Don't tell anyone, but this is a bogus title. This page is actually nothing but filler because we needed to round out the pages at 32. So, you can pretend that this page is full of jokes that we predict we'll tell in the next 87 years but really it's just a bunch of little scraps of work we had left over and tried to fit into the theme of 'future.' Hey, it's better than printing a page of the phone book.

The Future

When I think about the future, I think about Ludwig von Beethoven, who lived in the past. This is because past and future are closely linked. Anyway, Beethoven is probably best known for his musical works. Of course, if we were to somehow congregate Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach all together in one room, with nothing else but a piano and some writing materials, I imagine that together they would be able to produce the most disgusting smell possible, because they're all dead. However, one of the questions that immediately comes to mind when one imagines a theoretical meeting of the three masters is: "Which one of them would smell the worst?" You'd probably guess Bach, since he's been dead the longest, but you're wrong. It's Mozart.

-Jeff Moore '96

"You know, I used to hate doing laundry. I didn't mind the waiting, the drying, or the folding so much. But gosh darn it, it takes so much effort to separate the colored clothes from the whites. That's no longer a problem, thanks to this great new detergent..."

Kevin Goldman

In the future, people will be more racially sensitive, and will not laugh at fake ads that link laundry detergent to ethnic cleansing.

This is an existential sort of piece. No punchline, just a sense of angst at the end. A "futuristic" cartoon attitude, wouldn't you say?

Okay, I couldn't resist it. I just had to put in a page of the phone book.
This was our favorite cover of the almost 1000 issues the Jack O'Lantern has published. (Well, it's closer to 900. Details.) Anyway, this was the cover of the 1934 Commencement issue, which was the year Orozco completed his famous fresco. At the time, most thought the mural was sick and incomprehensible. At that time as well, most thought the Jacko was sick and incomprehensible. And they still do today. The fresco, I mean. Yeah.