Rich in Humor
Low Brow

Made with 100% Pumpkin Seeds

Jacko

The Magazine of Champions

Made by Toasted Flakes

Net WT 2.50 oz (140g)
This issue was produced during Sophomore Summer. The days were long, the weather was beautiful, and the schoolwork easy to blow off. Since we were all in a recreational mindset, it seemed only fitting that we turn our attention to the most popular form of recreation: sports.

We didn’t do this to examine the societal ethos inherent in sports or to question the value of competition. That would have required too much brainpower. We just wanted to write about what was on our mind. So, there are a lot of cheap jokes about sex and alcohol. Oh yeah, and since we sometimes motivate to do some athletic stuff, we made that our theme.

Dartmouth has a big year ahead of it. The Trustees are going to do their best to institute a profound change on our campus and there’s going to be a lot of work to do to ensure that Dartmouth remains the institution that we all love. But right now, there’s nothing we can do about it. So, take a moment to relax and enjoy the last glories of summer before the school year gets rolling. It worked for us.

A Computer Science Major’s Worst Nightmare

Dear Jacko,

My friend and I have a bet. He says that "sexual activity improves athletic performance." I say it only makes me get a beer from the fridge and fall asleep. Who's right?

JimBob

Dear JimBob,

We don't know. We'll do some field research and get back to you.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Please excuse us from missing the photo shoots this term. We know your schedule is hectic, but we were both being neutered unexpectedly. We have notes from our parents to confirm this.

Stockman's Dogs

Dear Dogs,

This is a major inconvenience. But I guess if you have notes from your moms there's really nothing we can do. Don't worry about this issue, we'll just use the photo from last issue and hope nobody notices.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Recently a capitalist agent of evil made off with our valued supply of steroids. What ever are we to do?

Chinese Women's Swim Team

Dear Jacko,

When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary comes to me, speaking words of wisdom. What does this mean?

Sincerely,
Yoko

Dear Slag Who Broke Up The Beatles,

Let it be.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

I'm the editor-in-chief of a women's humor magazine at Wellesley. We're having a formal. Would you like to come?

Gloria Swan, Editor-in-Chief
Light Ascending from a Pumpkin

Dear Gloria,

Sure. Will you have dates for our male staffers as well?

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Palm trees don't look like my palms at all. Is that normal or are my palms defective?

Stuart Kauffman

Dear Stuart,

We don't know off hand.

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

Let's say, hypothetically, that a friend of mine was playing first base during game six of the 1986 World Series. And let's say, for argument's sake, in the ninth inning, a player on the opposing team hits a ground ball that goes through my...I mean my friend's legs, leading to a hypothetical loss and an eventual loss of the World Series. How soon would I be...would my friend be able to return to the New England area?

Hypothetically yours,
William "B"

Dear Bill Buckner,

Listen up asshole. If you so much as breathe on southern Connecticut, I swear to God we will release the pent-up Irish fury that is greater Boston. Death to you and your family.

Jacko-Sox

Dear Jacko,

I'm short, white and mediocre. I don't feel I get the recognition I deserve. What can I do?

John Stockton

Dear Johnboy,

You're also old! Don't forget that! Why don't you just keep playing dirty and we're sure things will work out.

Jacko

Dar Jacko,

I am offended by your stereotypical representations of Southern Folk. It almost makes me want to round up the kids, the wife, my dog Rusty, my brother Jed and my spare teeth. Jump in the truck and drive on up and shoot you Yanks down dead! You can reconstruct this!

Sincerely,
Gus Withers

Dear Jacko,

This is going to seem kind of awkward, but here goes. We were on that Grand Canyon tour together three years ago and you inadvertently spilled a cup of hot salsa on my sweater. At the time you offered to pay for the dry cleaning and even a new sweater but I would have none of it. The thing is, times have been a little tough for me and my four children, and I was wondering if you could send me the $3,500 dollars it cost to clean the sweater?

Thanks,
Phyllis Milharpe

Dear Phyllis,

The checks in the mail!

Jacko

Dear Jacko,

My name is Ricky Rudd, and I race cars real fast. I like the smell of gasoline.

Ricky Rudd, Racecar Driver
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Dear George,

Now that summer is here and I plan to go to the beach a lot, I need a fitness routine that will give me a great set of abs.

Mark Atkins
San Diego, CA

Dear Mark,

Summer is a time to relax. It's important to give our bodies a chance to rest and I find that the hotter months are perfect time to take a break. Why risk heat stroke or exercise-induced injury when you could sit by the pool and drink daiquiris? Besides, a tight stomach is highly overrated. The stomach is only exposed maybe three months of the year. You should really know better than to put any of your time into an activity that's only going to make a return on your investment 25% of the time. Ab work is basically a total waste. If your worried about getting the ladies, make wise stock market investments instead, I find a large bank account makes body flaws look much smaller.

Good luck!

Dear George,

My 10 year high school reunion is coming up in a couple of weeks and I'd like to lose at least five pounds by then. Can you recommend a good calorie-burning workout for me? Also, is it best to eat before or after working out?

Kathy Jenkins
Kenilworth, IL

Dear Kathy,

Congratulations on graduating high school. The key word in your question is "burn." Raising body temperature is the only way to get rid of excess body weight. What I recommend is a sauna, man those things are hot. You sit in there an hour or two and you'll feel like you're burning up for sure. Also, try not to run or move around a lot. That creates air flow, which cools down your body and keeps you from sweating away those extra calories.

As far as eating goes, I think it's important to eat both before and after a sauna. You sweat a lot in there and you want to be sure you don't deprive your body of any essential nutrients. If you don't eat enough, you might end up feeling cranky at your reunion, unable to enjoy the company of all your classmates, you don't want that.

So, get in your sauna and start eating!

Take care

Faces In The Crowd

Frank Lowry

Last week, Frank played over 3 rounds of mini-golf for free after he sunk the 18th hole "Killer Clown" in one stroke. Lowery also holds no regard for human life.

Veronica Bordeaux

For an unprecedented 15th time, Rebecca lead the age group of 18 to 24 year olds for best genetic makeup this year. She plans to use this talent to have a lot of sex.

James McGilligan

In a feat virtually unheard of in the seniors league, James pitched a perfect game in the TeeBall championships in August. Friends were hesitant to mention the game, and jinx it, but afterward, they all congratulated him. Next season, McGilligan is looking to 50 home runs, if he stays off the bottle.

Sheri Johannsen

Sheri was the proud mother of three honor students at Seffner Elementary School until they ganged up and flogged her to death.

Big Old Bear

This bear mauled 27 Boy Scouts who were camping out in Yosemite National Park last July. The previous record, held by B. Grizzly, was 16 campers.

Lance Anderson

Lance hit a high-score of 21,345 in Asteroids at the Good Times Arcade in Ocean City, Maryland on Aug. 16. This broke the machine's previous high-score of 20,584.
Spanky McNugget: Jockey

- Age: 32
- Ht: 4'11
- Wt: 83 lbs
- Allowed to ride Space Mountain?: Yes
- Matterhorn?: No
- # People Who Recognize Him: 45
- Excluding Family: 3
- # Races won: 38
- # Fights lost in Middle School: 65
- Most Painful Nickname: Trollboy
- Former Profession: Bouncer

Ambition:
To reach the cookie jar

Relationship With Horse:
Strictly platonic, but there's always hope

Michael Chadwick

Golfer Michael Chadwick

- Drives: Right
- Chips: Right
- Putts: Right
- Religious: Right
- Avg Driving Distance: 250 yds (sober) / 1 block (drunk)
- Putts/Green: 2.1
- Putz?: Yes
- Naps per round: 1.3
- Boredom Factor*: 45
- Favorite club: Hair for Men
- Favorite Foursome: "Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Pamela Anderson and me."
- Best Finish: 2nd, Hartford Open Spelling Bee

*minutes spent walking per minutes spent hitting ball

Sky Woods

Sky Woods: Thru-Hiking Legend

- Miles travelled: 1,500
- Miles to go: 2,300
- Smell radius: 13 yds
- Favorite food: Grubs
- Greatest fear: the Dark
- Urine: Clear & Copious
- Fav. Trail: Bread Crumbs
- Lbs weed/lbs food: 2/1
- Temperament: Surly
- Occupation: Slash & Burn Farmer

Career Highlight:
"Killing my lover and scattering the evidence intermittently over the entire Appalachian Trail."

Jenny Williams:

Olympic Figure Skater

- Wt: 80 lbs
- Wt with makeup: 120 lbs
- Hours spent per day on ice: 23
- # Times choked when country depended on her: 3
- LLP*: 16%
- Meals per week: 5.2
- Times hit in the knee: 2
- Penalty Minutes: 4
- Medal Contender: Not with those thighs.
- Retirement Plans: Turn 17

*Lutz landing percentage
Notes from the Author’s Convention

A report on the touch football game of the American Writers Conference 1999 meeting, as written by members of the National Writers’ Association.

The Field Goal
By Cormac McCarthy

He could see the light come down through the posts and onto the field. Well, should we play now, said Thomas. I guess so. Take them horses off the field first. Okay. He gathered the horses and walked them to the sidelines. Do you want to flip the coin? I don’t mind. Alright then. He flipped the coin and it landed in his hand. Heads, he said. The horses walked back on the field. Mueve a los caballos del campo, said Gabriel. Yes, Thomas said. Don’t take my picture. Si. The men gathered on the field and one of them kicked the ball.

Let’s play, Thomas said. The men ran across the field.

Later, one of the men kicked the ball through the posts on the field and took home their points, like some reckoning of blood or lust, eventful and silent in the west.

The First Half
By Thomas Pynchon

Gabby Garcia M., South American novelist and sometime quarterback, came to the sideline one day to discover that he had been named captain, or co-captain he supposed, of the Literary Lions touch football team, an honor he did not very much want, but decided was his nonetheless.

Mr. M thought for a moment of his days in the tackle football world, grappling with large men and running across the endzone, dizzying noise from the crowd, PlasticWare seat cushions flying down from the stands as the game aired on W-AST TV, filtering through antennas across the Eastern seaboard, microwave signals of all varieties accessible to anyone with a cheap Panacamcord television.

Gabby entered the mysterious corridor of the huddle at the center of the field, unknown faces all around him, minions of a vast conspiracy of sports enthusiasts, the Underground Athletes Union, here to play a game. He called for the old Statue of Liberty play, wherein he would fake a pass, holding the ball up in the sky, like the undamaged Hindenberg, then release it into the arms of the running back, one J. Paperback Grisham, legal advisor and novelist millionaire, pointman for Literary Lions rushing offense.

The Lions were down by three points, when a flying robot duck came and sang:

_Losing Literary Lions Song_

Oh we’re the Losing Lit Lions
And we’re a football team-eem-eem
The other side scored a fieldgoal
We’re falling apart it seems-eems-eems-eems-eems-eems-eems-

But if we score a touchdown
Then we’ll be on the go-go
Mr. J.D. Salinger
Is a human yo-yo

True At First Down
Edited by Andrew Hemingway From a story by Ernest Hemingway

We had a football game in the summer and you could see the teams running across the field. Sometimes it rained on us. Football is not a real sport, like bullfighting or boxing.

Tom Pynchon reminded me of a horse I had as a child. The horse would never leave the barn until one day it grew sick and old. So I took it out to the edge of pasture and shot it.

Please don’t ever publish this crap.

Official
NASCAR RACING HELMET

gravity powered
twin tank
six settings:

1-SIP
2-SLURP
3-CHUG
4-FUNNEL
5-INITIZE
6-REVERSE-AUTOMATIC VOMIT VACUUM

Make your commute as exciting as a day at Daytona
NASCAR has always appealed to a specific segment of the American population. In order to attract a more diverse fan base, we propose the following rule changes.

**NASCAR REGULATIONS: REVISED**

Amendment 4, Section 2
No Pit Stop may be completed without patronizing the team prostitute.

Amendment 7, Section 4
The driver shall drink one beer after every lap completed.

Amendment 11, Section 9
Cars will be replaced with hightop sneakers and track with wooden court. Points earned from “baskets” made rather than laps finished.

Amendment 8, Section 5
Every 10th car shall be sabotaged.

Amendment 9, Section 81
A “loop-de-loop” shall be present at the 1/4 mile mark of every track.
Golf Gangs Menace Country Clubs

By Ben Guaraldi & Sean Taylor
Very Special Correspondents

September 15, 1999: Tweed caps and knickerbockers of Old Scotland are rapidly being replaced by red flannel and baggy pants of Tommy Hilfiger as the schism between traditional golf and gangsta golf continues to widen.

Contemporary prep kids unable to appreciate the splendor and serenity of the slow moving sport have gradually incorporated gang-related activities into the game.

"Equipping golf carts with hydraulics, large speakers, and gun racks," club pro John Watson explains, "has not reversed the trend, but has, rather surprisingly, encouraged it."

Accompanying the trend has been a complete denial of the official PGA Rules and Regulations handbook. Gangsta golfers never rake sand traps, tend the pen, count penalty strokes, and worst of all, a gangsta golfer will rarely replace his divot. Instead, the hubcap infested fairways and golf fitti ridden greens have served as a welcoming mat for crime.

"They ripped my balls away," complained PGA tour great Jack Nicklaus, "and I mean that in both the concrete and metaphorical sense."

Nicklaus is not alone. Rich suburban white country club members are being terrorized nationwide.

Roger Henry Tatum IV of Greensboro, Georgia was prevented from teeing off on #14 merely because of his golfing attire.

"The hooligans claiming to be the 'bloods of hole #14' did not like my green plaid cap. First they took my cap then they took my clubs," Although Tatum was able to barter back his clubs by surrendering the life of his caddie, his green plaid cap is missing to this day.

Thomas Douglas, member of the Bloods of Hole #14 well known for stealing the hood ornament off his own Mercedes told reporters, "Hey yo! You know what I'm saying? I'm just keeping it real, ya know what I'm saying?"

Although we are not positive we know what he is saying, we assume that he enjoys the game and encourages everyone to participate.

Attorney General Janet Reno, in opposition with the continued growth of the new sport, stated in a hearing, "Gangsta Golf must stop! It's time we move America's youth off the golf courses and back where they belong, on the streets."

Water Polo to Change Medium

By Bill Burgess

COLORADO SPRINGS - A game that has been historically played only in fraternity basements went mainstream yesterday when it became an NCAA sport. Not beer pong, but beer polo.

Yesterday, Thomas Jacobs, an NCAA spokesman for the Committee on Water Polo, announced the 2000 NCAA Water Polo finals will be played in 100,000 gallons of beer instead of water. "Our teams need to keep up with the times," he said, referring to the U.S. national team's decision to change to beer in order to compete with their international rivals.

Jacobs also referred to the antibacterial properties of alcohol and the potential for sponsorship funds from beer companies. Along with the change of medium came a few controversial rule changes that will also begin in the 1999-2000 season:

* Foul will be replaced by "penalty chugs" in which the offending player has to drink from the pool for 30 seconds.

While the new rules are expected to meet with some opposition, Jacobs claims that they are only a reflection of an international trend that started in Ireland and Germany five years ago. "In ten years, water polo will be a thing of the past," he stated. When asked whether he thought "beer polo" would make a mockery of the sport, Jacobs quipped, "Shut up and drink!"

Jacobs stated that the individual schools would be expected to switch over to beer by the middle of the 1999-2000 season, and added that UCLA has been using beer for the past 4 years.

The Dartmouth College athletic department could not be reached for comment on the future of Karl Michael and Spaulding Pools.
Yankees Re-sign Mantle

By Eric Del Pozo
Special to the Sports Weakly

September 15, 1999: Call it "genius" or call it "grave-robbing". Either way, George Steinbrenner has done it again. The sometimes controversial owner of the New York Yankees has reportedly locked up the rights to former superstar Mickey Mantle until the year 2010.

"At first we were a little worried, because Mickey wouldn't return our calls," a top Yankees' official stated. "That's really not like him. But then we remembered, he has no phone, he's dead. So we went straight on down to the cemetery and dug him up. And in the process we got ourselves a new starting center fielder."

When asked the question: "Why a dead guy?", Yankee General Manager Bob Watson responded, "Our organization was originally looking at some other big names. You know, guys like Ken Griffey Junior or pretty much any other Junior on the market. But they all wanted money."

Watson continued, "On the other hand, old Number Seven came dirt cheap. And he is a true professional. Just put an open bar in the dugout and you never hear a single complaint from the guy."

Baseball experts are not surprised by the move. As FOX Network analyst Tim McCarver explained, "The return of Mickey Mantle, whether alive or as a rotting bloated carcass, is good for the game of baseball. The Yankees are sure to draw plenty more fans to the Stadium this year. Okay, yes, there's a dead guy lying out there in center field, but there are dead guys all over the place, and how many of them have over 500 career home runs?"

Former Yankee great and current Dead Yankee Joe DiMaggio is behind Mantle's comeback bid one hundred percent. "I like to see generational gaps bridged in ways like this," Joltin' Joe said. "Dead Yankees are cool."

According to sources, the Bronx Bombers have Mantle under contract for the next thirteen seasons. "We were hoping for a lifetime deal," General Manager Watson commented, "But the thing is, his lifetime is pretty much over. So we made a little business agreement with the guy at the graveyard. We hit him over the head with our shovel a lot, stole Mickey and then ran like hell."

The baseball record books may need some updating soon, as the new Yankee center fielder will no doubt be vying for top honors in the "Most Consecutive Games Played While Braindead" category. This record currently belongs to Darryl Strawberry.

When asked if his free-agent spending spree was over, Yankee owner Steinbrenner responded, "I guess so, for now. It's just too bad that Ty Cobb has already decomposed straight through. He would have made a hell of a lead-off hitter."

Strange Divots Appear in Sachem

By Nathaniel Rink

It was a dark and stormy night when that dame swept into my office. Flying saucers and mysterious holes in Sachem Field appearing Monday afternoon. Aliens? I don't think so. Probably some punk vandals playing a prank. Still, it was a case. And if she had the money, I had the time.

All right, so I check out the field and it turns out the dame's right. No flying saucers in sight, but the whole field's full of tiny holes... Landing gear? I dunno. Then I spot Matt White, a guy from Bethesda. I've heard of him before... Co-captain of some sports team or something... Visiting the scene of his latest crime?

"Hey, Whitey... I say to him, "Where were you Monday afternoon?"

"At my Ultimate Frisbee game. We won the national finals", he responds.

"Something fishy was going on. Whitey sounded defensive. Time to check his alibi... If anyone would know about the Ultimate Team it was the team's co-captain... Patrick DeSeon... Some guy from Bethesda."

"DeSeon... Nice to see ya... Gotta question for ya. Last Monday, where were you and your fellow frisbee pla-"

"Disc players", he says. "Children play frisbee games. Athletes compete with a disc", DeSeon was a tough nut to crack.

"Uh huh..." I agree, "and are frisbees and discs made different?"

"No. They're the same object. I was dealin' with a wiseguy."

"Anyway", I continue, "Yes or no? Last Monday your team was playing in the finals of an Ultimate Disc tournament?"

"No, no, no. The SPORT is Ultimate Frisbee. We PLAY with a disc", says DeSeon.

"So Ultimate Frisbee is not played with a frisbee..."

"Correct. It is played with a disc".

All right... He wants to make this tough. "All right, Pat, whatever you say..." I tell him, "Pat, if you don't mind me saying, your disc looks a bit floppy".

"Oh shut up".

DeSeon was either too cool a customer for me or else too dumb for his own good. I decided to shake down a new patsy. A guy from Bethesda... Co-captain of the Dartmouth Ultimate team... Went by the name of Hezler...

Hezler broke quick, "Yeah, me, DeSeon, and Whitey were together on Monday", he blustered, "We beat Yale in the National Championships."

Hmmm... These guys were as tight as planks glued together with superglue... Maybe even tighter.

I was stumped. My suspects all had an alibi. That's when I saw them. Hezler was carrying shoes over his shoulder. Shoes with spikes... Spikes that looked perfect for putting alien landing gear holes in a field...

"Did anyone see you guys win this tournament?" I asked.

"Sure... Our fans show up to every game. They are our inspiration. On Monday, the team was feeling really drained. But when we looked up and neither of them had given up on us, that's when we knew we just had to keep on going."

I asked Fred and Ted what they saw on Monday... They fed me the usual... Monday afternoon, Whitey, Hezler, and DeSeon were at an Ultimate game. I dunno... flying saucers... flying discs... little alien landing gear holes... shoes with spikes... It was obvious to me who the culprits were, but they're alibi was air tight... Somehow, while the Sachem Field Prank was happening... All these guys were seen winning an Ultimate Tournament on some field they rented from the college, yet no one else knows about it... It just doesn't add up...

Guess another folder gets tossed in the old "Unsolvable" drawer...
The Richard Simmons Thayer Hall Workout Guide says:

Don't be afraid of the stairs.
Come up to Topside.
Rent a movie,
or get some ice cream.
After all, you burned 200 calories
climbing those steps.

A Petition for Greater Female Enjoyment of Sports

We women are tired of being ignored by professional sports promoters. We have spent too many hours in the kitchen among the company of mini sausages and easy cheese while men sit and enjoy the traditional sports package tailored to fit their interests. Women, being of a superior intellect and higher moral standing, have reacted to these episodes of sports gluttony like they would to a horny husband with an intensely furry back. We have been blamed for our distain of pretty much all ball-esque sports, with the exception of ballet, but the fault lies with the organizers of sporting events and their inability to cater to our needs. We deserve to be included in lazy Sunday afternoons in front of the television, we demand equal opportunity viewing of athletes running around for no good reason. Since promoters clearly have no clue about how to meet our needs as women, we have compiled a list of changes which must be implemented in order to create gender parity among sports viewers.

We resolve and demand the following:
1. All teams shall recruit their athletes from the Abercrombie and Fitch catalog.
2. Sportscasters shall be Sean Connery, Harrison Ford, and Robert Redford. Networks can keep Frank Gifford provided he tells off Kathy Lee on the air during every halftime broadcast and then tearfully apologizes to his female audience for his infidelities.
3. Both media correspondents and athletes shall be required to give interviews exclusively in towels.
4. All commentators and athletes shall be outfitted with the sexiest invention in history: the Australian accent.
5. All cheerleaders shall wear shorter skirts and be force-fed an all-fried all the time diet.
6. All stadium snack bars shall be converted into a gourmet coffeehouses. Hot dogs and beer will be replaced with grilled portabello mushroom sandwiches and nonfat lattes.
7. At least 2400 toilet stalls per floor will be mandatory at all professional sport facilities.

Andrew Kyger  Cindy Jones
Judith P. Rich  Ashley Smith
Bucking The System: 
Up Close & Personal With Bambles McDiggity

Walk into Bambles McDiggity’s house on a quiet winter’s afternoon and you will find him in his study, listening to Berlioz or painting one of his acclaimed nude studies. You would never realize that this quiet artist was simply enjoying his off-season from perhaps the most dangerous game.

When Spring melts the ice from the cold New England landscape, McDiggity takes his place as the premier athlete in the burgeoning sport of Hunter Evasion. Armed with only his four hooves and a keen knowledge of ballistics, he has successfully dodged humans’ bullets for over four years. There is as of yet, no organized league for skilled hunter evaders, so McDiggity has earned no recognition for his daring.

“I do it for the adrenaline rush,” he said. “Sure, I get some endorsement money from Green Peace, the National Wildlife Federation, and Nike. But that’s just chump change. It’s about doing what I love.”

McDiggity earns the bulk of his money by modeling for Nature magazine. It was through this job that he learned about hunter evasion.

“We were out in Washington working on some cover photos, when all of a sudden I hear this gunshot. Turns out some guy had wandered into the area and was looking for a kill. So I ran like hell. I guess I’ve never stopped running.”

He runs well. McDiggity’s success is documented by the over 79 arrowheads and bullet casings which he keeps as trophies in his living room.

This success is not appreciated by all. McDiggity and his fellow athletes have come under criticism from some activists who call the sport cruel to the humans involved. Human rights activist Mark Herman denounces the practice as nothing more than the wanton teasing of hunters.

“These human evaders have caused unknowable anguish to the poor humans who expect to leave the woods with a kill,” said Herman. “Let them at least leave with an antler or two.”

McDiggity doesn’t let the criticism affect him. “If God hadn’t intended for me to tease hunters, why’d he give me this white cotton tail?”

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**ALL TRADITIONS...REALLY**
The Cornell "Suicide":
A fourth down play designed for a last second, end of the game situation, the quarterback sprints off the field, up the bleachers, and plunges to his death at the bottom of that gorge thing. This play is only designed for Ithaca games and is supplanted by a Ford Tempo and a garden hose for away games.

The Columbia "Run and Shoot" offense:
Looks like the New York style of smashmouth football will be featured again this year. Taking a page from the Colin Ferguson playbook, the Lions will be packing heat and dropping defenders in pursuit of the safehouse; the endzone.

The Brown "Create Your Offense" offense:
Placing their trust in their undergraduates to design and implement their own offense, the Brown coaching staff hopes to confuse the opposing team. The coaching staff also hopes the team won't suck again.

The Pennsylvania "No Offense" offense:
The Quakers do not believe in offensive measures and their playbook featured only pictures of little, happy elves.
This year, the Big Green football machine will have an edge on its fellow Ivy competitors. Although the football players don't seem to get much, they did manage to get plays from the other Ivy league playbooks. The coaching staff hopes that through pictographs and small food pellets, the team will learn how to combat the other schools, an maybe even tie a game or two!

The Yale "Run and Hide" offense/defense:
Although snooty and cocky, the Bulldogs do not know how to play football. Thus, in order to save face, this play is designed to get the team off the field as soon as possible so as to avoid injury and or death.

The Princeton "Discriminator" defense:
This ineffective defense features double, triple and even quadruple coverage of the opposing team's ethnic minorities. Go Tigers!

The Harvard "Diploma Coma" offense:
This gimmicky offense is designed to play off of the opponent's natural envy of the Crimson. Using their diplomas issued upon matriculation, players blanket the field with their $125,000 pieces of paper and dodge diving opponents en route to the endzone and a high paying job.

Objective: To deliver oblong "pigskin" to designated area of scoring
I Thesis: We intend to score on the opposing team
A. Sneer and scoff at life forms of lower intelligence against whom we are playing
B. Check to make sure tweed jersey is properly tucked in
C. Snap the ball

II Dispersal of matriculation certificate (i.e. "diploma")
A. Unfurl the parchment
B. Proofread to ensure Latin is properly conjugated
C. Once again, sneer at opponents (see IA)

III Commence scoring
A. Deliver pigskin to designated area
B. Remove pants and urinate on opponent
C. Admire own girth
D. Sneer and scoff (See IIC and IA)
"There must be an easier way to get home!"

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Sorry... campus dining will never be an Olympic sport.
Beat the rush, avoid people like Bluto, and eat in town instead.

THE HANOVER GREEN CARD
"Liberation From The Lunch Tray"
"If you're in a boxing match, try not to let the other guy's glove touch your lips, because you don't know where that glove has been."
Prediction:

BRONCOS TRAMPLE JETS

One of the most anticipated games of the football season this year will take place on October 3rd between the Denver Broncos and the New York Jets. Most people will make their bets based on one or two simple facts. I have taken numerous factors, including the Broncos’ Super Bowl win, team rankings, and player stats into consideration and have predicted the game’s outcome: as the Jets crash and burn, the Broncos will be galloping off into the sunset.

You may be surprised at my prediction. Everyone is doubting the Broncos’ ability to carry on without their star QB, John Elway. Well, I think it’s time for some fresh meat. Elway’s not that great, he’s old and worn out and his replacement, Brian Griese, is young and feisty - just two years out of Michigan. He practically carried Elway last year, taking over when Johnny got hurt (every game), and guess where his leadership got them... yep, the Super Bowl.

Griese is much smarter than Elway, too. Yeah, Elway went to Stanford, but have you seen him in an interview? If you can get past his huge buck teeth, you’ll realize everything he says rhymes with “duh.” Griese has his looks going for him, too. His nickname is Griese Lightning, how sexy. Plus, it brings John Travolta to mind and if Griese is half as successful in football as Travolta is in the movies, the Broncos are set. Not to ignore the Jets’ quarterback, Vinny Testaerde. If you were casting a movie and Brian Griese was playing the sexy lead, who would you cast Vinny Testaerde as? The dumb neighbor, the one with no common sense who never gets the girl, right? In the game of football, the Super Bowl is like the girl and Griese has got his hands all over it.

The Jets’ back up QB is Scott Zolak, from the Patriots (who suck), they also just signed Steve Atwater, who was dumped by the Broncos. Do the Jets expect God to take pity on them since they’re hiring all the league’s losers? They better pray hard, that’s about their only chance at victory. The Broncos, on the other hand, have Terrell Davis, initials T.D., not a coincidence. They also have a cool mascot, stallion with a hot girl on top, riding him hard. The Broncos’ uniforms are blue and orange, obviously a bad color combination, but it shows these men don’t care about fashion, all their energy goes towards winning. The Jets are green and white - pretty, like clover and leprechauns. Sometimes they’re called “Gang Green,” not unlike another team I’m familiar with, a team without a real mascot, a team at the bottom of the Ivy League. Names do count and Green is synonymous with defeat.

The game will be played at Mile High Stadium, where the Broncos have won their last 24 games. Mile High is a magical place, the air is thin, the Coors flows freely from the taps, the fans are rough, and the noise is deafening. It’s an atmosphere primed for Bronco victory. The Jets play at Giants Stadium, in New Jersey. I guess it’s safe to say they’ve never won a home game since they don’t have a home and its safe to say they’re not very bright if they chose New Jersey as a surrogate home. Clearly, this game is going to be a joke. If you’re a Broncos fan, mark October 3 now for a victory party and if you’re a Jets fan, find a mirror and ask yourself, “Why?”
Illustrated Sports

Sadly, in the midst of an exciting basketball playoff, nobody noticed referee Charles McGinley choking to death on a tootsie roll.

"Hold on - I'm a licensed proctologist!"

I could be a Wimbledon champion if they didn't make me play in the unibrow league.

"Sorry, mate, the stick returns by itself in Australian rules fetch."

Even khaki pants clashed with poor Tommy's extra long fingernail.

"Cup check!"

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