A Dartmouth Hum

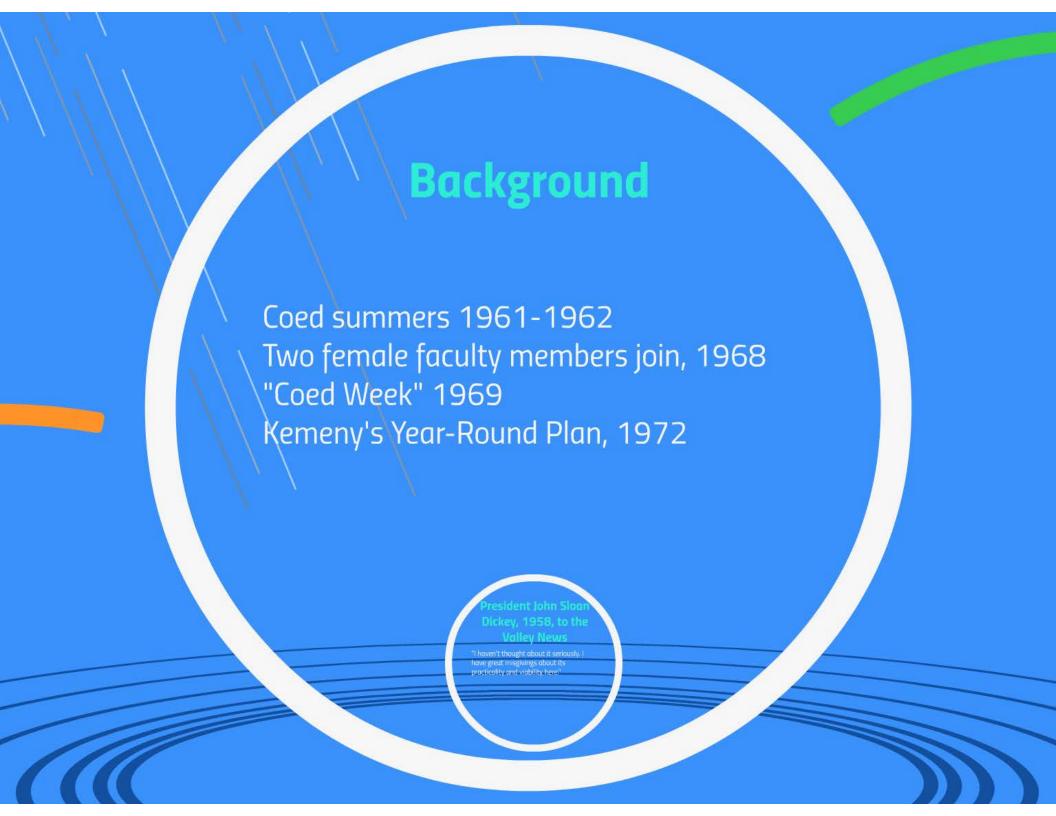
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"I haven't thought about it seriously. I have great misgivings about its practicality and viability here."





Transcribed from: You Laugh: 1976 1976 1970 unounted

Our cohogs, they play one They're all here to spoil our fun With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play two That is why we have to boo-foo With a knick-knuck, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play three They all have to squat to pee With a knick knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play four They're all a bunch of dirty whores With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bliches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play five We hardly know that they're alive With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play six They all love those Tri-Kap dicks With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play seven They have runied our masculine heaven With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play eight That's why we all masturbate With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Our cohogs, they play nine They all think that they're so fine With a knick-knack, paddy-whack Send the bitches home Our cohogs go to bed alone

Woman of Dartmose It

Our cohogs, they play ten
They belong in a big pig pen
With a knick-knack, paddy-whack
Send the bitches home
Our cohogs go to bed alone

Voted "Most Creative and Original" by Dean of the College Carroll Brewster in Hums, spring 1975

The D: May 12, 1975

NDAY 12" MAY 1975

ernity Slugfest-Songfest Takes Spaulding by Storn

is received with hough the music ittle to do with

Parmington w was a Gay aturing such old When It's Hog-Nebraska," and Boy to Holy with steam-calliope ac-companiment, and followed suit with such tender and sentimental ballads a "Furburger King," 'One Leg Over My Shoulder,' "Little Carroll Brewster (Little Bunny Foo-Foo)," and "Beau

Perhaps the most controversial numbers were reserved for last: "Our Cohogs" was a detrimental

the rear, indomitable as

Spring Sing
Later that evening a ha different color was display packed house as the Spring Sing took Span storm. Again, the cor motif was Dean Brews has been the emcee for h as far back as my remember. The show w smaller than it was la only two groups being from outside, as last ye grew a little tedious after three hours.

The Smithenpools little nervous on stage retrospect, they seem developed of the for ensembles. They o female range beautiful and when it comes to s potential for greatness there. Their show gear the music and chore the 1940s, and we war some fine readings Little Debutante," an Get Married, among only thing they lack

ho closed

slugfest- songfest. -- staff photo by Storfer

ave it half use there low Theta act. Yet most phy of the rm of a tep" to the diest Part ir Mind)." nt was the Mailman"

Delta Chi last on the ause their one. Even eached the nography om Boom vas to "tell rred," and vit ranged ronounced Donald ling. They traditional Bridge"

satire on "This Ole Man," and it was clear from the start that these boys don't mince words. Their concluding show-stopper showed perhaps the most imagination of the afternoon, which only goes to show that it takes creative minds and serious hard work to produce truly original smut. Their Dartmouthizing of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" was actually well thought out, though they assured us they only rehearsed for fifteen minutes. The lyrics, which cannot be reproduced here, were accompanied by a collective spoof on the language of the deaf; this kept us fascinated, to the point that you couldn't hear a brouhaha in the crowd. This was a silent tribute to the bizarre genius of the group's director, known only as "Goose," in showing us a side of Theta Delt we never knew existed.

Theta Delta Chi took the Cup. incomplete which didn't appear to surprise many; Zeta Psi took second

Krokadiloes

The Harvard K always an impres only complaint w have with their pe Friday is that th good deal of may year. They open fast becoming th "The House of while this review "Get Out and tribute to the making roman Bearcat), and serenade, "If I Love Song," wit calling a young audience.

Their new ma quite diverse: formance of th "Loch Lome highlight of t Krokadiloes al brilliant mor gagging with n "She Wore a "Birds Do It," medley, anoth last year, fe Pelvis.

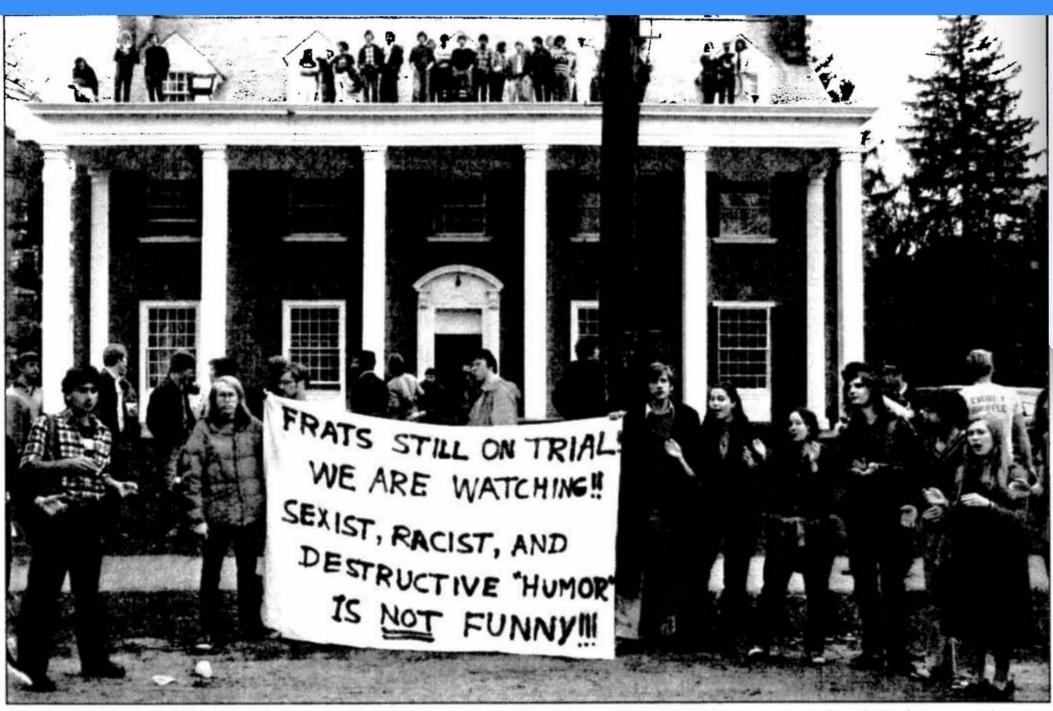
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place, while Phi Tau brought up AS Word with





Frat brothers get defensive and link arms to block the protesters when they move too close to the porch on which Hums takes place.



A group of men and women rally during Hums to protest sexism. In 1978, Dartmouth's board of trustees placed the frats on probation.



At the end of Hums, women gather for an informal celebration. They are just becoming numerous enough to feel that they can effectively support one another. "Women have become irritants," one female professor says. "It is very healthy. . . . We should be encouraged."

Women at Dartmouth were given a nickname: cohogs. The men serenaded them with obscenities.

Our cohogs, they play one, They're all here to spoil our fun,

Chorus:

With a knick-knack, paddy-whack, Send the bitches home, Our cohogs go to bed alone. Our cohogs, they play three, They all have to squat to pee,

Our cohogs, they play six, They all love those Tri-Kapp dicks,

(chorus)

(chorus)

Our cohogs, they play seven,
They have ruined our masculine heaven,
(chorus)

There were ten verses. Maybe more. Carroll W. Brewster, then dean of the college, judged this song one of the most creative and original to be entered in the contest. (Brewster left Dartmouth that year, ironically, to become president of Hollins College, a women's school in Virginia.)

About a year ago, a filmed record of the Dartmouth "masculine heaven" became available, briefly, for public viewing. David Thomson, an Englishman who teaches film at Dartmouth, asked the members of his class to produce short movies, and one student, a senior named Nick Stonnington, responded with a piece about his fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Thomson ran it, along with twelve other student films, at a showing open to the college

community. About 120 people attended. Thomson asked them to write brief, anonymous comments. Here are some of the things the students said about Stonnington's work:

"Disgusting, and live pornography."

"Incredible—a major achievement. The shoddy camera work and lighting looks intentional and is just right."

"You guys are sick!"

"Wow. Candid show of bestiality. Stay away from me."

"Could have been a Nazi concentration camp. Very disturbing. Very successful documentary."

Thomson says there is a lot of nakedness in the film and a lot of drunkenness. There is, for example, a game of naked Ping-Pong. There is a scene in which the brothers have filled a basement room with about six inches of water and are wrestling in it; some women guests join the fun. But these are not the scenes that disturbed Thomson. What really got to him were the Hell Night scenes, in which pledges are inducted into the fraternity. One scene involved several brothers lying naked on their stomachs; a pledge, his head shaved, came into the room with a hot dog in his mouth. The pledge ceremonially dipped the hot dog into the anus of each brother. There was, says Thomson, "self-abasement, homosexual horseplay." What shook him most, he says, were "the freshmen, who had had their heads shaved, waiting to go through. There was a real look of fear on their faces."

With women, particularly women they do not know, the behavior of the men of Dartmouth is often equally crude. Judy Aronson is a freshman from Miami, Florida. Her father is a Dartmouth alumnus; Judy came to Dartmouth because she thought she could get one of the best liberal arts educations in the country.

During her first weekend on campus, Aronson and a girl friend went to some of the open house parties the fraternities traditionally hold. When Judy walked in the door of one house, she felt an arm on her shoulder. She turned away, but the drunken student would not let go. Eventually, she outmaneuvered him and got away; she has not been back to a fraternity since then. "I had

The Dartmouth: 1979

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Fraternities members sing at last year's "real hums" held in front of Phi Delta Alpha.

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