

# She Did It!

By Jimmy Olson



Jimmy Olson seems quite surprised as the baby he is carrying gives its first kick. Fortunately Jimmy has gotten over his morning sickness and seems so radiant now that he is with-child.

photo by prouser

Hello friends, Jimmy here, Wow, have I gotten myself into a big mess. Jimmy Olson, the world's most renown crime fighter and combater of mediocrity, has just been cut down to size. I fooled around, and I got burnt.

Goodness knows that I should have been more careful. There is such a thing as the pill, you know. Oh well, I suppose it was one of those "crimes of passion". Anyway, I'm pregnant. I know who did it. Would you all like to know who is responsible? OK, I'll sing like a canary.

Nicotine Flightpath, alias Sweet Potato is the guilty party. Yep, she done did it. Now I'm stuck carrying the scars of biological logic, sex. What am I to do in such a predicament? A man "in a family way" just cannot function properly like other men. It's different now. So many things about me have changed. The other night at a party I embarrassed Sweetie. I ate the whole damned tray of dill pickles. Oh, but how heavenly they were. I just can't do without them.



Here dear, feel the baby kick. photo by prouser

Another problem, is the way that my friends have been treating me lately. Just because my belly is starting to protrude, doesn't mean that I'm different, or that my personality has changed. I'm still the ole lovable Jimmy that everyone has come to cherish. It's so depressing. Shall I buy a new wardrobe to cover up? Forget it, that would be too difficult. I'm proud that I'm carrying Sweet Potato's child. In fact, with some luck, I'll have twins. Anyway, no matter what happens, I'll still be myself--that's all that matters.

Jimmy knows that emotional stability is very important for a successful pregnancy. Getting accustomed to constant company certainly takes some getting used to. But with my attitude, I'm sure that I'll handle everything like a champ, no matter how much the little bugger (or buggers) kick. At least that's what I'm saying now. Will she start going out at nights and leave me alone with the kid? It's so crucial for a child to have a mother as well as a father. I just don't want my child growing up not knowing who it's mother is. If I'm lucky, I won't have to collect father's aid from the county welfare people.

You better believe that money is important in such a matter as this! Now a days, it's getting more and more expensive for a child-burdened man to exist. I just hope that Sweetie realizes that she'll have to find an extra part-time job in order to support the family. With me taking care of the baby, changing the diapers and all that,

it would be impossible for me to work. Heaven knows that I wish I could, but such is life.

As time slowly passes by, I sit patiently and day dream about little cherubs dancing to the Nutcracker Suite. Being a pregnant expectant father is really wonderful. Just imagine, me collaborating in the creation of a human life. And all the while, the child relies completely on me during our nine month escapade.

Delivery will be by the Lamaze method of natural childbirth. Sweet Potato helps me do my breathing and stretching exercises. She sure is wonderful. The doctor gave her the OK to be in the delivery room when I deliver. We all need someone to hold our hands during trying times. Since I have been able to face this wonderful dilemma like a real man, I feel that I have something worthwhile to share with other men in the same predicament.

I am forming a club on campus for pregnant men. At our weekly meetings, we can talk about our problems and how to cope with them. Our structure will resemble the alcoholics anonymous format of confession. We will also distribute pamphlets to various locations around campus. Funds will hopefully come from the student government association. The name of our club is Men Of Matriach--M.O.M. All pregnant men and (non-sexist) women are cordially invited to join.

It's so hard being an unwed pregnant father. But, with society's understanding, we can overcome and annihilate that out-dated social stigma. So, all you men in my predicament, join M.O.M., and fight for The Cause. Sweet Potato, here I come.



The happy couple share a moment together.

photo by prouser

Jimmy Olson doesn't miss a trick. (especially this one)

next issue  
jimmy  
looks  
at...  
ABORTION

## Native American Festival On Campus



Members of the White Roots of Peace will conduct a Native American Festival on campus April 27th and 28th.



A press conference will be held on Monday at 11 a.m. in the Gallery-Lounge.

"White Roots of Peace"--a group of American Indians--will conduct a Native American Festival with seminars, films, exhibits and meals on Sunday and Monday, April 27 and 28.

A reception for the Indians will be held Sunday evening at 7:30 in the Black Cultural Arts Center located in the main building. The group will be on campus all day Monday conducting their many and varied programs.

According to an ancient Iroquois tradition, the white roots of a great tree went out to provide a path by which all peoples could find their way to peace in the shade of the great tree. In 1969 a group of young Mohawks set out to renew their commitment to these traditions. They travel the length and breadth of North America to revitalize Indian strength and unity.

## Capitol's Women Needs Studied

During the current term Laura Landman, a graduate student in psychosocial science, is engaged in an independent study on the special needs of women on Capitol Campus. The women to whom the study is directed are those who have entered Capitol Campus under the CLEP program and or those women who, for myriad reason, have returned to college after having interrupted their educational pursuits.

In order to determine what service these students desire, an informal "open house" will be held April 18 in W-135 from 12:15 pm until 3:00 pm. Please Drop In! Programs and Services can be developed to meet your needs only when they are known.

## OOPS!! Capitol Trailways

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