massive peaceful demonstration
new democratic mass meeting
The Fixer, last week, mentioned my recent resignation from the position of Treasurer of the SGA, but since it was highly incomplete and since I believe and hope that a lot of students read the Fixer, I feel I should complete what was begun.

First, I ran for Treasurer as a last minute effort to prevent the election of the incumbent Bob Walton.

Second, Bob Walton deserved to be defeated, because:
1. He does not balance SGA checking account till cancelled checks are returned.
2. He overdrew $200 from SGA account.
3. He does not send required correspondence to organizations receiving fees till the last minute.
4. He is known for his incomplete reports on the treasury.
5. He did not complete the constitutionally required audit (it is required before his term expired and he did so only because the past Executive Council passed a resolution making his responsible for possible losses to the treasury.

Third, I had hoped by my resignation that somebody else would consider running. Thank God (or somebody) that someone else so decided, someone who is highly qualified and serious about being effective.

Fourth, it seems then, from the above mentioned facts, that congratulations are indeed due the students of Madison, because by electing me they really kept open the possibility for a truly capable Treasurer. So I urge everybody, that is, everybody who seriously believes that the position of SGA Treasurer should be occupied by an efficient person to vote for whoever is running against Bob Walton.

Ioren E. Gurne

Staff note: this article was not received in time to be printed before the election.

On Wednesday, May 17, there will be a referendum of all students conducted by the SGA. This is being done so that the SGA will know the position of the students on certain issues, and will be able to effectively relate these positions wherever it might be necessary. The questions on this referendum will be first (1), whether or not you agree with Pres. Nixon's recent decisions regarding the Vietnam War, and second (2), your opinion on the establishment of a club football team at Madison next fall. Wait a minute! Didn't know about that one either. Well, it seems that Pres. Carrier, without asking any official student opinion, has decided to establish a club football team next fall. To do this though, he is using approximately $13,000 of YOUR MONEY, money from the Student Activities Fee of which you pay $20 every year. If this team is established it is going to drain on already existing good programs in the Athletic Department, like the Soccer, Archery and Basketball teams, and the very successful intramural program. Plus, think of how much of that money could be used in other ways, such as improving dorm conditions, or better classrooms and teachers. So think about it on Wed. and vote with a little common sense.

Steve Ryan
Box 2292

VOTE NO ON CLUB FOOTBALL!!

Dear Interested Jock Watcher,

I was unaware that Madison had "girl jocks".

A Physical Education Major from Baltimore!!

Vote for Nixon
In Seventy Two
Don't change Dicks
In the middle of a Screw!!

To the person who ripped-off my tennis shoes in the pool locker room last Friday, you're pretty damn lucky. I hope they cut your feet off.

Dennis G. Loestman.
You ask me what is poverty. Listen to me. Here I am, dirty, smelly and with no "proper" underwear on and with the stench of my rotting teeth here. I will tell you. Listen to me. Listen without pity. I cannot use your pity. Listen with understanding. Put yourself in my dirty, worn out, ill fitting shoes, and hear me.

Poverty is getting up every morning from a dirt and illness stained mattress. The sheets have long since been used for diapers. Poverty is living in a smell that never leaves. To me, sour milk, and spoiling food joined with the strong smell of long-cooked onions. Onions are cheap. If you have smelled this smell, you didn't know how it came. It is the smell of the outdoor privy. It is the smell of young children who can't walk the long dark way in the night. It is the smell of the mattresses where years of "accidents" have happened. It is the smell of the milk which has gone sour because the refrigerator has not worked, and it costs money to get it fixed. It is the smell of rotting garbage. I could bury it, but where is the shovel? Shovels cost money? Poverty is being tired. I've always been tired. They told me at the hospital when the last baby came, that I had chronic anemia caused from poor diet, a bad case of worms, and that I needed a corrective operation. I listened politely—the poor are always polite. The poor always listen. They don't say there is no money for iron pills, or better food, or warm medicine. The idea of an operation is frightening and costs money. If I dared, I would have laughed. Who takes care of my children? Recovery from an operation takes a long time. I have three children. When I left them with "Granny" last time I had a job, I came home to find the baby covered with fly specks and a diaper that hadn't been changed since I left. When the dirty diaper came off, bits of my baby's flesh came off with it. My other child was playing with a sharp bit of broken glass, and my oldest was playing alone at the edge of a lake. I made $22 a week and a good nursery school costs $20 a week for three children. I quit my job.

Poverty is dirt. You say in your clean clothes coming from your clean house, "anybody can be clean." Let me explain about housekeeping with no money. For breakfast I give my children grits with no oleo or cornbread without eggs or oleo. This doesn't use up many dishes. What dishes there are, I wash in cold water and with no soap. Even the cheapest has to be saved for the baby's diapers. Look at my hands, so cracked and red. Once I saved for two months to buy a jar of vaseline for my hands and the baby's diaper rash. When I had saved enough, I went to buy it and the price went up two cents. The baby and I suffered on. I have to decide every day if I can bear to put my cracked, sore hands in the cold water. But you ask why not hot water? Fuel costs money. If you have no wood fire, it costs money. If you burn electricity, it costs money. Hot water is a luxury. I don't have any luxuries. I know you will be surprised when I tell you how young I am. I look so much older. My back has been bent over the wash tubs every day for so long, I can't remember when I ever did anything else. Every night I wash every stitch my school aged child has on and just hope her clothes dry by morning.

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Poverty is staying up all night on cold nights to watch the fire burning one spark on the newspaper covering the walls means your sleeping children die in flames. In summer, poverty is watching grats and flies devour your baby's tears when he cries. The screens are torn and you pay so little rent you will never be fixed. Poverty means insects in your food, in your nose, in your eyes, and crawling all over you when you sleep. Poverty is hoping it never rains because diapers won't dry when it rains and soon you are using newspapers. Poverty is seeing your children forever with runny noses. Paper hankerchiefs cost money and all you have you need for other things. Even more costly are antihistamines. Poverty is cooking without food and cleaning without soap.

Poverty is looking into a black future. Your children won't play with my boys. They will turn to other boys who will lead them to get what they want. I can already see them behind bars of the prison instead of behind the bars of my poverty. Or will they turn to the freedom of drugs or alcohol, and find themselves enslaved. And my daughter? At best, there is for her a life like mine. It would be sensible of me to wish her dead.

But you say to me, there are schools. Yes, there are schools. My children have no extra books, no magazines, no pencils, or crayons, or paper and most important of all, they don't have health. They have worms, they have infections, they have pink-eye all summer. They don't sleep well on the floor, or with me in my one bed. They don't suffer from hunger, my baby keeps us alive, but they do suffer from malnutrition. Oh, yes I do remember what I was taught about health in school. It doesn't do much good. In some places, there is a surplus commodities program. Not here. The county said it cost too much. There is a school lunch program but I have two children(continued on page 4)
RIGHT, FOR THE WRONG REASONS

It all began when the Muncasters of Montgomery, Ala. refused to allow their son to register for the draft on the grounds that the U.S. has not formally declared war on Vietnam. (Before you start thinking that the Muncasters are a model, idealistic left-wing family, consider that they contend the Vietnam War has been "perpetrated in violation of the U.S. Constitution by the United Nations." (The boy, Charles, was convicted for failing to register and was sentenced to an indeterminate jail term.) Shortly thereafter, his father, a proctor, was to begin serving a three-year sentence for counseling his son not to deal with the draft board. As he was being led away, Mrs. Ester Muncaster, 45, his wife, struggled to prevent his capture, and was arrested for assaulting a Federal officer.

Last month, after undergoing a court-ordered sanity test, she was declared mentally competent to stand trial some time in June. If her trial is anywhere as interesting as her husband's, it should be one to watch; at his hearing, Mr. Muncaster contended that paper money was not the legal currency in the United States. 

CRAWDADDY

() PLEASE CONTRIBUTE ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT YOU CAN!!!! GOOD LUCK ON YOUR EXAMS!

MONEY THAT YOU CAN!!!! GOOD LUCK ON YOUR EXAMS!

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT YOU CAN!!!!
After observing the gals on campus for several years, we have found they will fall into several different groups. Which do you belong to?

1.1. Suzy Sorority- "I'd love to go out with you, but we have first round party, and a second round party, and then a third round party, and then..."

2. Penelope P.- "Hi there fellas, wanta wallow with me?"

3. Betty Bitch- "I have the strongest problem— a permanent period."

4. Louisa Lush- "My sexual potency lies in a 12oz. can."

5. Harriet HamandHunter- "Want to go to Hagerstown?"

6. Sally Slut- "A beer'll buy my body buddy!"

7. Priscilla Proper- "Pardon me, but did you say SIX?"

8. Larry Hucklebund- "Watch out mother—I got my hockey stick!"

9. Cathy Caviller- "You can find me on Rugby Road."

10. Freida Freak- "Now! The S.U. is a far-out place when you're tripping. By the way, do you like my blouse, or lack of one?"

11. Bridget Body- "Look at me: 36-24-36, but I speak with a lisp."

12. Terry Tease- "Look how loose I hang!"

13. Tillie Train- "I've got a one-track mind!"

14. Josephine Jerkoff- "I got the fastest hands on campus!"

15. Maria Wonderful- "Wish we could find one to take home to the family. It'd sure be nice..."

Sensuously,

Joe Nice Guy

P.S. I just passed my 6000 mile checkup.

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**THE BAD COLLEGE (?) RII-OF-F STYLE: ANALYZED**

**IT'S THE RII-OF-F STYLE! EVER NOTICE SUDENLY VANISHES FROM THE D-HALL COAT RACK? AFTER A D-HALL MEAL, GETTING SABBED IN A SHOWER (THUNDER) COULD BE YOUR FAD. OTHER GOOD PLACES FOR RII-OFS ARE: YOUR ROOM (EVEN IF LOCKED— THE URGE TO RII-OFF LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS) THE SUB, CLASSES, THE QUAH, ETC... RII-OFS ARE NOT PARTICULAR AS TO WHERE THEY RII-OFF AS LONG AS THEY CAN DO IT WITHOUT BEING "KNABBED."

The techniques are something to be aware of: the subtle and the obvious. The subtle approach involves sneaking into a room alone or with a friend who scans the area as a guard and taking the desired object—like a pair of steel-rims. (Leave a kid blind) The obvious is best carried out by walking up to the bread-line and lifting a loaf in sight of the D-hall staff. Then stuff it into your knapsack and walk off bouncing to the tune of fanny wheat bread.

The subtle is most used (match' on campus. Other subtle techniques involve snatching small hygenics such as Great Body Hair Texturizer between 2:00 and 3:00 in the morning. (Toothpaste and Breck Shampoo are good substitutes if someone has been through 10 minutes ahead of time) Calling people up on the phone to get them out of the room long enough to complete a rip-off, or rummaging through other suites and rooms during "dinner hours" or only a few other ways of evading getting knabbed. The obvious is not as popular as the subtle—yet however, considering the direction the campus is flowing, everyone should have the privilege of being on the receiving end of a rip-off very soon...

One who has been ripped-off.
For the Fixer:

By now, all of you have gotten that 1 page ditty from the Housing office. It was signed by the Director of the Housing Office, Challace Joe McMillin, and whether he wrote it or not and composed it to be as full of discrepancies as it was, I have no idea...but it was a very confusing piece of Administration Literature. (Defined as "that literature or publication that usually takes the form of mimeographed or blue ink dittoed sheets of paper. The contents of these flyers vary but all generally exude the air of 'Listen kiddies, have we got a deal for you. Just follow our simple instructions and we will steer you clear to a healthy and wholesome college experience; our kids, WE know what's good for you!")

The particular document that I am referring to has many of these characteristics to it. Here are the outstanding examples of discrepancies and inequities I found.

1. "...the need to triple rooms that would normally be doubled and have 4 students in a room..."

You know what students they will be? The women students, that is who! And you know why? Because the men have a choice to live in the following dorms: Hanson, N-7, Ashby, or Eagle. They won't have 3 or 4 stuck in their dorm rooms, no siree! As one of my male friends proudly said to me; "They don't dare stick 3 or 4 guys in a room in a guys dorm. The guys just wouldn't put up with that kinda stuff." How right he is - for only the girls on this campus are docile and submissive enough to put up with 3 or 4 bodies in a tiny room. Congestion on this campus should not have to be tolerated by just the women.

2. Another item in the letter said that "A student who are inconvenience...will receive a 10% reduction in room rent." This is a real big deal...a whole 10% off! Now what a compensation! How about something a little more economically just? Like 25% room rent reduction for 4 residents of a room and 30% off for those with 3 to a room. This is more fair than the unsubstantial 10%. The thought of ten pennies off a dollar makes me laugh - hal

3. The letter also gave conflicting and misleading information about the new contract system to be implemented this upcoming year. It states "This year for the first time each resident student will sign a separate contract for housing, food, and laundry." This statement is misleading in that it sounds like one can sign a contract to live in the dorm but not contract for laundry service. (Perhaps you've grown tired of seeing your clothes come back 1. with half the buttons crushed and broken 2. with tears of worm spots appearing in your clothes that you send often and 3. or getting your zippers broken. And perhaps you'd rather wash them yourself.) Well, it looks like you will be required to pay for both dining-hall and laundry service anyway; whether you use them or not. So tuff beans! This bothered me last year and I wanted to know why I couldn't just live in the dorm, pay that fee only and do my own cooking and laundry? Wannaw know the run-around of reasons I got? The basic one was that I "must take part in such services in order that I have a healthy and full college experience." Sheesh!

Did anyone else read the letter from housing office this way? Or are you satisfied that the Administration has your entire life style all pre-planned and prepared for your healthy and wholesome college experience?"

by One Who wants to know why

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THREE LAWS

EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED TO EVERYTHING
EVERYTHING'S GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH

Whole Earth Catalog

with a little help:

Pat Jay Sarah
Patty Judy Tina
Patty Rich Dennis
Mary Flash Contributors
and all who read it.
THE SILVER SCREWDRIVER is
Awarded to—
THE ADMINISTRATION
OF MAD. COLLEGE
(On the students
with elegance)

FURRY JURY

GREETINGS!!
THE DIRTY DICK OF DISASTER
HAS FINGERED YOU
TO APPEAR IMMEDIATELY BEFORE
THE GREAT FURRY JURY... AND
IF FOUND GUILTY OF POSSESSING
BAD KARMIC WAVES, YE SHALL
BE RIGHTEOUSLY STONE,
FORTHWITH, Love,
Ondria Pally
Hand by Arm
Pigeon Puke

You too can join the acquisition! Simply
Cut out (pretend these are dotted
lives) serve to the administration. By your
life, and run like hell.

Berkley Tribe
The Bombing

I am writing this column at 4 A.M. while sitting in a waiting room at New York Hospital. Inside, about 50 feet away, my three-year-old daughter, Jodi, is sleeping in a crib with both of her hands tied to her sides to keep her from touching the 100 stitches she has in her face. You see, Jodi made a terrible mistake a few hours ago. Almost a fatal mistake.

She trusted the world of grown-ups. Like a million other three-year-olds all over the world, she took her mother's hand and walked with her to go out and play in the park. They walked past a building where a young militant had just placed a 15 inch pipe bomb. I guess it was bad timing on Jodi's part because she passed the building at the same time the bomb went off.

The blast sent a rain of jagged glass into her tiny face. Now we all know that the militant didn't set out to injure Jodi. No, What he was looking for was "justice." My little girl just got in his way. And I'm sure that some people will tell you that Jodi being a three-year-old member of the establishment was at fault. Because when a man is looking for "justice" or looking to right the wrongs of the world with a bomb it's your fault if you get in his way. The Mark Rudds of this world will tell you that the man who placed the bomb that went off in Jodi's face was merely defending himself from society, merely choosing his way to be heard and listened to.

The Angela Davises of the world might tell you that three-year-old Jodi is just paying "dues" for several hundred years of oppression.

The Eldridge Cleavers of this world might tell you that Jodi is only an 'early casualty of the war that's coming between races. As I said before, there are a lot of people who can give you a lot of good reasons, they say, for throwing bombs; and killing cops, and burning, and rioting, and looting, and hating. Just before I sat down to write this I walked into Jodi's room and see if she was asleep. I guess I made a little too much noise and I woke her. She smiled with her ripped up lips and said, "Daddy, I ran and I fell."

You see, Jodi being only three doesn't know what a bomb is or what it does. She still thinks she fell and cut herself. For a second, I wanted to explain to her what had happened and then I realized how ridiculous it was and so I did something I haven't done since I was a little kid. I cried.

How do you explain a bomb to a three-year-old kid?

How do you tell a kid that a man took dynamite and buckshot and made a bomb that blew up and ripped your face? He did it in the name of "justice" and "freedom."

How do you explain?

Maybe the Mark Rudds or Angela Davises or Eldridge Cleavers of this world can explain to Jodi why her face had to be ruined this morning in the name of "justice."

Because, God knows, I can't. Della Femina