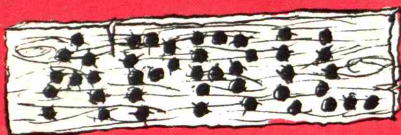
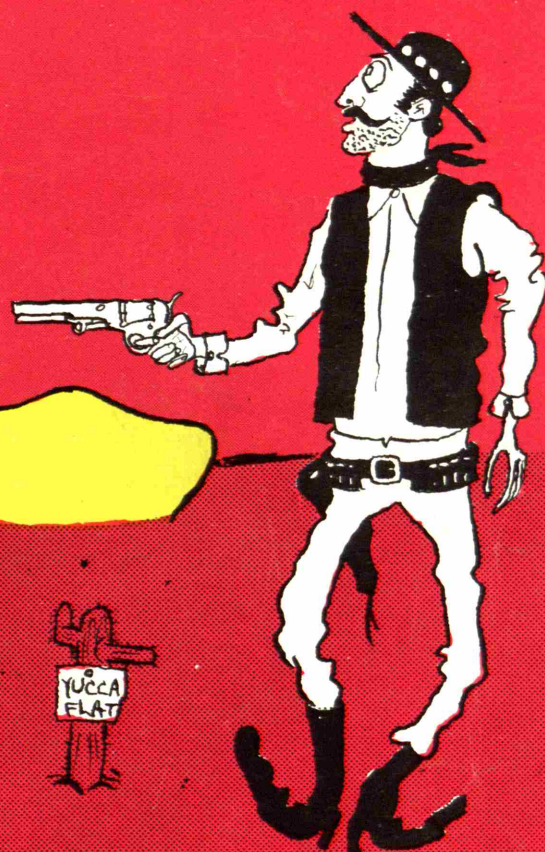
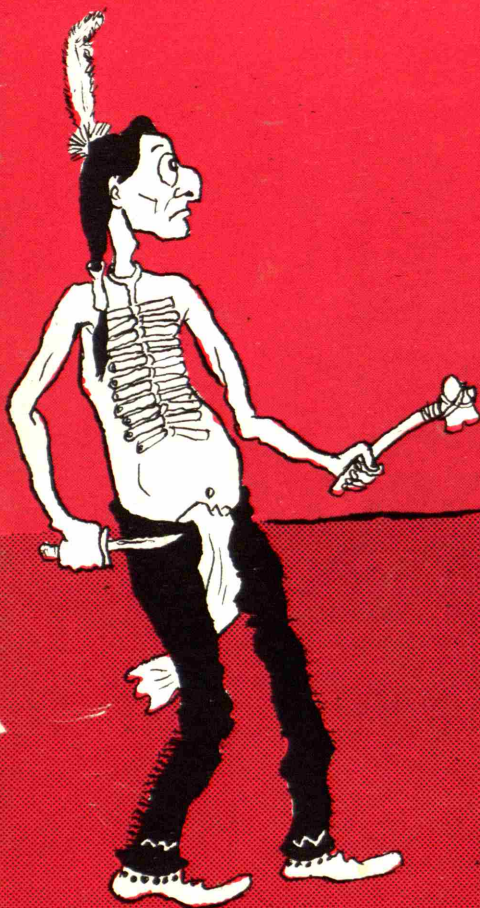
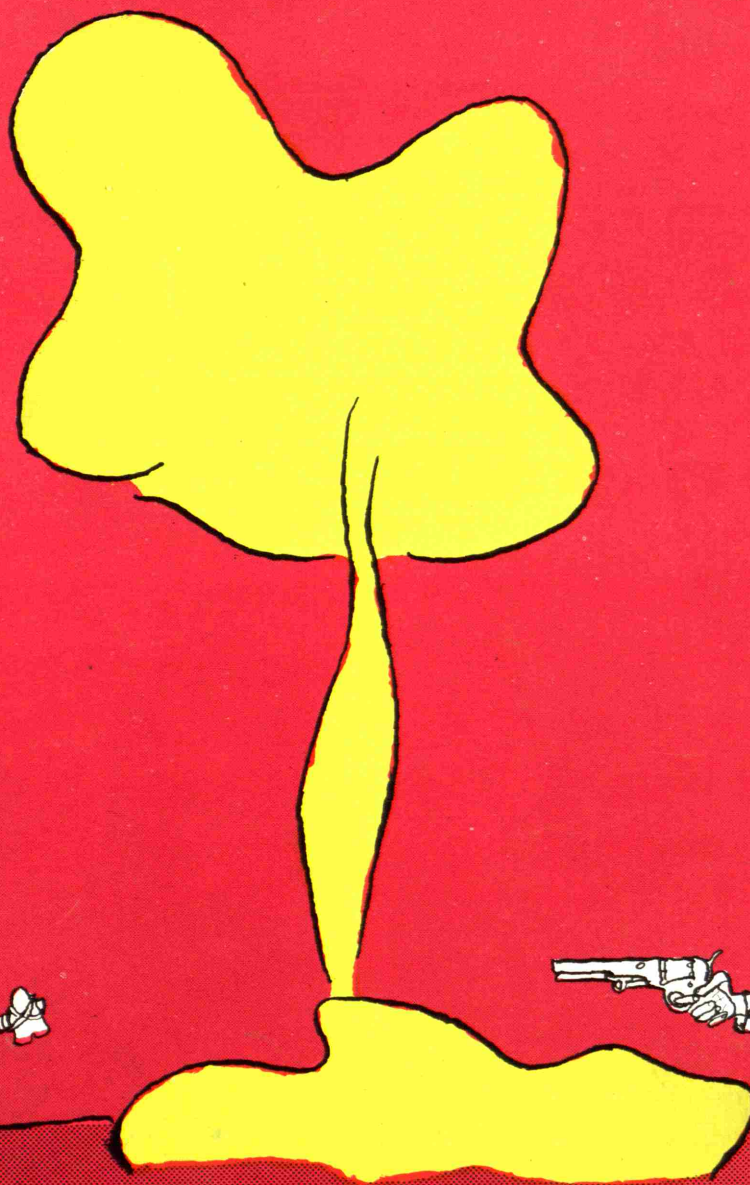


VOODOO



35 EAGLE
1000



WILD WEST NUMBER

GARRETT

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE



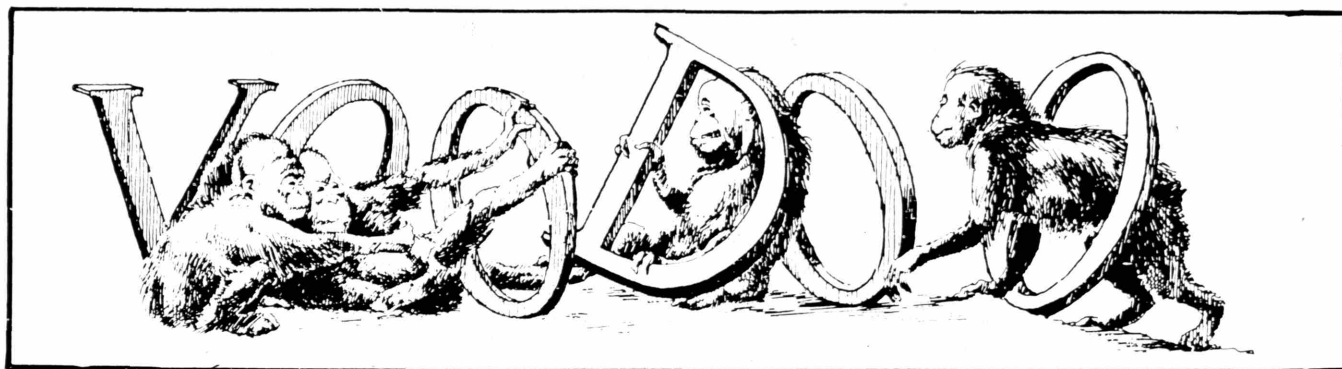
JULIUS A. STRATTON

Alias Big Julie, alias Hundred-a-Year,
alias Old Clockwork

FOR EXTENDED AND AGGRAVATED EXTORTION

Anyone having information as to the whereabouts of this
notorious Road Agent should contact the Tech County
Sheriff at the VOO DOO office,

\$1700 REWARD

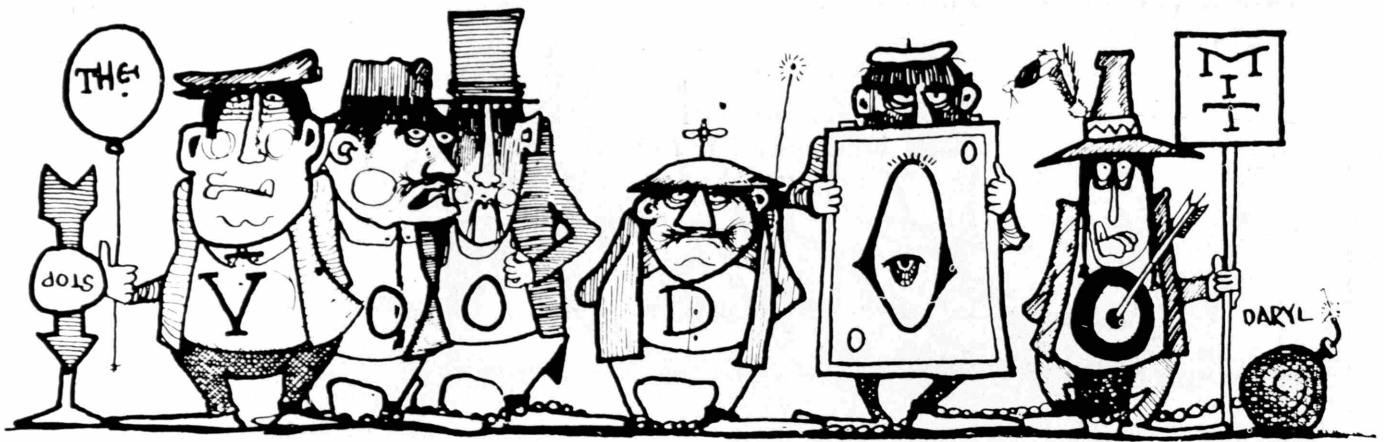


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<i>Exchange Editor</i>	—	Bob Gray
<i>Photography Editor</i>	—	Steve Benton

Phos thinks however that the whole business could have been better handled from a public relations point of view. The bit about how the money goes to underpaid Profs was certainly well done, as it drew attention away from such fiscal blunders of the past year as the \$45,000 Senior House fence and office which still haven't been completed after 10 months of building. But in the assigning of the actual increase amount more tact could have been used. The Institute should have taken heed of the Coop technique and raised the tuition \$225, giving a 10% discount to students who don't riot. This would have made them look benevolent and at the same time netted another \$2.50. They also should have pointed out that as the tuition rises the percentage increase falls drastically. For instance, the \$200 of 1962 will be 13.3%, whereas another \$200 increase in 1964 will be only about 11.8%, a decrease in increase of 1.5% in only two years. Soon it will be down to almost nothing...percentage-wise.



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Spring, lovely spring is here. We can tell because the snow now melts when it hits the ground. Also, the chirds are birping and Techmen are rioting. And the other day we discovered an infallible sign of the advent of the monsoon season: the first fly in our Walker soup.

Sometime during the late class elections campaign, two Dekes running for president and vice-president of the freshman class put up posters in the Burton House heads. Now the penalties of such enterprise in a locale so infused with wit are many. One was effectively demonstrated when many of the posters were labelled "For Emergency Use Only."

It has come to our attention through a friend in the Society to Preserve Near-Extinct Publications that The Tech has finally started

printing its rag on a paper of quality equal to the publication as a whole. Much as we hate to admit it, it was a wise decision. Only ten years ago The Northern Tissue, a rag for a medical school, made a similar decision and now they are worth millions. The Tech has made the first step in a painful but profit making process of self-recognition.

Phos, by the way, has been able to trace the source of the mysteriously accurate riot schedule which appeared last March 29. It was published by the steering committee of the Little Old Boston Ladies for Violent Action, a group which has long been known for its zealous support of college students. (See Time, May 1959). Last Thursday, in a closed session behind the Casino, this organization presented a special GUTS (Gallantry Un-

expected from Tech Students) award to A. Raunch for his seventeen attempts to fill the Alumni Pool with green India ink the night of the riot. Also present as a guest was Paul Moore, who placed the call to Moscow on Institute extension 7568.

During our glorious Centennial we could not remain unimpressed by the high efficiency with which the "Greatest Technological Institution in the World Today" ran the show. Only our glorious Administration could manage to throw a dinner for 600 in Walker that only 200 attended; only M.I.T. could get stuck with hundreds of box lunches full of perishable milk; only this school could finally get three top Soviet scientists to come to its Centennial, only to forget to get them visas in time to come.

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But if the efficiency of the Institute was amusing, we were awed by the startling revelations made by Centennial speakers. From the Honorable Harold Macmillan we learned that South America has recently left the British Commonwealth, while our own President informed us that the nineteenth century is about two thirds completed and that we still have a third of it to go.

Tech students, not awed in the least by the centennial, rose to unusual heights. One zealous aide, failing to recognize Mrs. Stratton, whose coat he was guarding, refused to let her put it on until a member of the corporation verified her identity. Another tool, desiring one of the free record albums that were given to all the delegates (yes

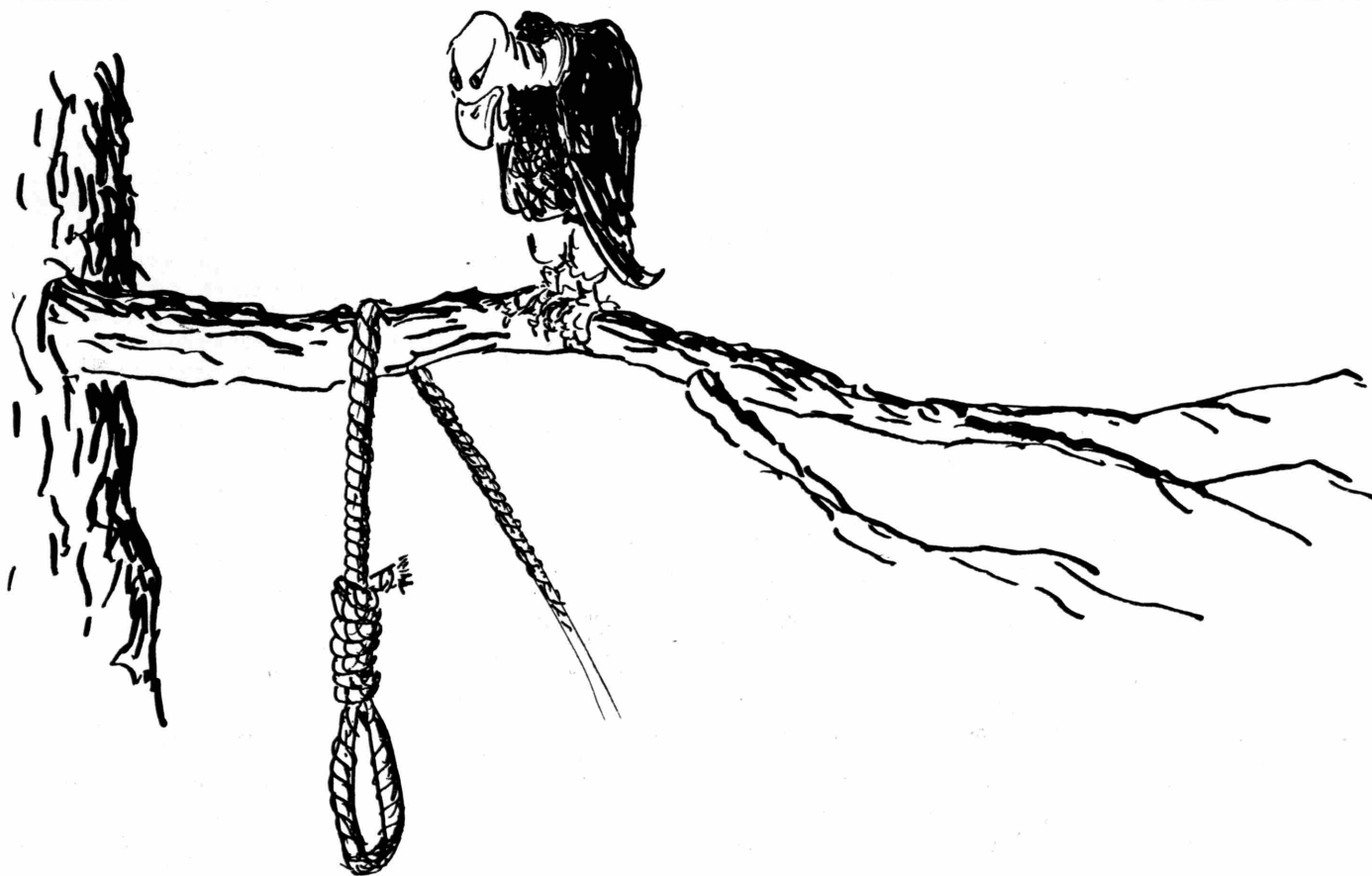
kiddies, the Institute has all sorts of clever ways to absorb the tuition increase) simply said to the aide guarding the records: "You are relieved." and after the aide walked off, helped himself from the pile of disks.

Another aide apologized to a guest: "I'm sorry, sir, but all the reserved front row seats in Kresge Auditorium are taken. We'll give you a seat further back, but don't worry -- you can hear perfectly from anywhere in this auditorium. Replied the guest: "Yes, I know, I designed it."

Commented one old alumnus at the Alumni Dinner held in Walker Memorial: "They may have put a lot of new buildings up since I was here, but that damn washroom in the basement of Walker hasn't been remodeled in forty years."

Another said wistfully: "I never did find out why the hell they used V's instead of U's on all the buildings."

We were sleeping in the Music Library the other day, when someone woke us up to point out a scene of activity in the courtyard. Three men were busily setting up a statue. When they left, we were able to get a better view of this monstrosity, which looks something like a cross between a reclining nude and a praying mantis. Later, a Junior in Pritchett was heard to remark: "I tell you, it reminds me of a giant grasshopper!" On the second floor of Walcott in East Campus there is being conducted a Name the Statue contest. So far the list of names has remained unprintable for a periodical which is sent through the U.S. mails.





Doing the Town

"We know young men are bold and free,
Beware, O take care,
They'll tell you they're lovers, but they're liars, you
see,
Beware, O take care.

Beware, young ladies, they're foolin' you
Trust them not, they're foolin' you
Beware, young ladies, they're foolin' you
Beware, O take care."

— Old folk song

With the modern-day revival of folk music in all its quaint and curious forms we find a preponderance of the "I'll love you forever, even if you run off with the chauffeur, and grow old, toothless, and as bald as a billiard-ball. Herman darling," type of ballad. If this is not the theme, then it is, "You've left me penniless, pregnant, and phthistic, and I'll never love again." Of course, there may be exceptions to this rule, and one may find a folk song or two about hunting deer, or somebody's old hound dog named Blue, or the sinking of some ship or other; but in the main, these may be disregarded."

At any rate, disregarding the individual theme of each song, we note that a suspiciously large number of these musical gems contains the idea that it is the female sex which is always low man on the totempole. One would think that in times gone by the local suffragettes in every hick town from Florida to Alaska spent all their spare time writing these mournful ballads.

For example; take a typical song, "John Riley." This song is amazing in that it contains, line for line, more hoo-dah than Hercules washed out of the Augean stables. To make a long and somewhat nauseating story short, the song deals with some broad who has nothing better to do than sit around in some garden. While she is sitting there, a young man who happens to be passing by ups and asks her to marry him. She declines, saying that she is snowed over some sailor who's been away looking for the wheels on battleships or something for seven long years. They play twenty questions for a while, him asking such things as what would she do if this sailor of hers were married to some foreigner. Her reply is a classic of poetic hoo-dah: "I wish them health and happiness, where they dwell across the sea." After a while he finally grabs

this broad," and kisses gave her, one, two, three, saying 'weep no more, my own true love, I am your lost John Riley.' " As a matter of fact, he doesn't just grab, but rather, "he picked her up, all in his arms..." Although this is pretty much meaningless, you have to admit that it sounds better than saying, "he picked part of her up, etc."

Now, any of you who don't see that this female had old Jack recognized right off the bat and figured him to have about seven years back pay coming, along with a lot of shore leave, belong with the angels - you're too good for this world. Also, you notice that the song stops when they are reunited. It does not go on to mention the part where, having taken what little of his money she was unable to spend, she runs off with a union organizer, leaving Old Jack with nothing but a galloping case of V.D. which she had picked up by doing a little business on the side or within ninety or so degrees of there.

Thus we see that it really isn't the female who gets the dirty deal. The song merely ends before the inevitable occurs! Although the reason for this dates back into antiquity, it is easy to see how such a thing came about. Picture, if you will, a more or less happily married Stone Age couple. They are relaxing around the cave after supper, the man is singing to the woman, as men are wont to do, and accompanying himself on a prehistoric banjo made from an Echippus thigh and Mastodon skin, with sabre-toothed tiger innards for strings. He sings a plaintive ballad about a lad who goes out and clobbers a fair damsel and takes her back to his cave there they live happily until one day she shoves him under a speeding Brontosaurus. About the time when the girl is giving the guy the business, the little woman comes in and says something about why can't you sing a song that isn't so gory for heavens sake. And so to please her he sings that the guy two-times the frail and runs off, rather than the truth. This leaves her in a sentimental and friendly mood—which is where women should stay, rather than trying to go out and be presidents of things.

Although the popularization of this type of song has probably led to an increase in individual short-term gains, the over-all effect has been to give women such a tremendous moral advantage that in the last couple of hundred years or so, songs like 'Barbara Allen' and 'Frankie and Johnnie' have started to appear. Now 'Barbara Allen', being older, does not contain direct action; rather, the fair maiden slays her

boyfriend by merely giving him the fish eye and saying, "Young man, I think you're dying'." He then turns his face to the wall and croaks, giving her hardly enough time to get out the door. Then there is the ballad about Lord Randal, whose girlfriend poisons him by slipping him a stiff dose of spickled and spacked eels. (although some sources attribute his demise to a "cup of cold poison, mother:").

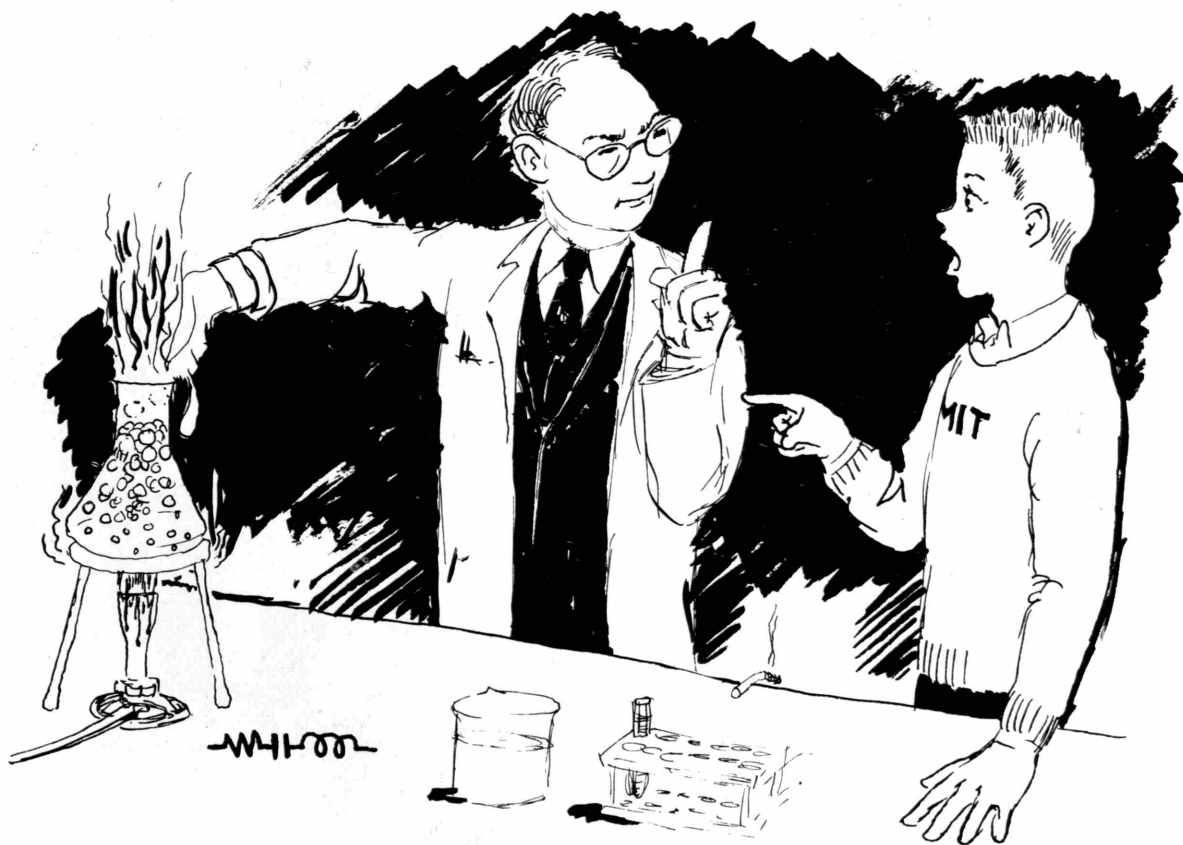
But the really frightening trend starts with 'Frankie and Johnnie' in which, just because her boyfriend is two-timing her a little bit, Frankie whips out the old roscoe and scraggs him. If this type of folk-song is allowed to continue, it will become dangerous even to

look at a passing face when there are any other females around." Will this trend continue? It bears watching. Perhaps the "Delia" type of song will return, in which Tony rubbed Delia out just for swearing at him. Perhaps the innocuous or wishy-washy type of folk-song like "Greensleeves" will return. Who can say? But watch out when your girlfriend starts humming the part from "Frankie and Johnnie" which goes:

"The first time she shot him, he staggered,
The second time she shot him, he fell,
The third time she shot him, O Lordy,
There was a new man's face in Hell...."

PSM

SAFETY HINTS



..." AND NEVER SMELL FUMES DIRECTLY! JUST WAVE SOME OVER WITH YOUR HAND AND THEN SNIFF THEM! THEY MIGHT BE DANGEROUS!"

THE WEST OF

There are various characters who are familiar--in fact, very familiar--to the watchers of TV westerns. They are the stock characters who have become cliches to such an extent that each one retains the same appearance no matter what show he appears on. As a



THE HIRED KILLER

(Intellectual Type)

This cultured gunman is advancing warily on the subject, whose back happens, luckily, to be turned. Provided the subject does not turn around before our hero can get out his gun (note convenient location), the case is about to come to a sudden conclusion. The gunman, who really hates killing people, will then blow the smoke from his revolver and rip out some melancholy quotation from "The Antiquary."



THE LONE RANGER

The Lone Ranger, if you recall, was originally a Texas Ranger. Well, slap a mask on a genuine Ranger, and this is what you get. Hi-yo Bismuth!

THE BADMAN . . .

service to undergraduate philosophers, VOO DOO presents one of its famous exercises in Reality: how these characters might have looked had they existed in the real-life old West circa 1870.



THE BOUNTY HUNTER

has just discovered that his wanted poster is dated years ago. The man he has just killed had already served his sentence. Just one of those little mistakes.



THE CEESCO KEED

Friendly Mexican brigand ostensibly north of the Rio Grande to persuade Texas to join the OAS. Actually is secretly growing a beard preparatory to taking over Mexico.

AND THE LAWMAN



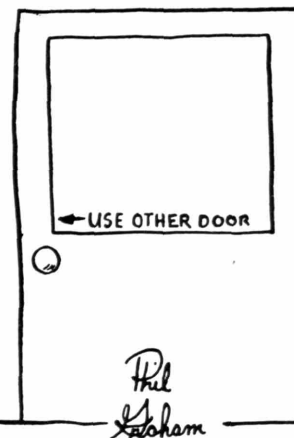
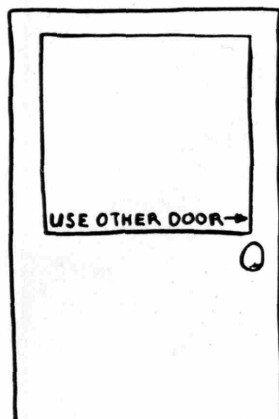
THE COWTOWN MARSHAL

"Shirt? Who can afford a shirt on my salary? "



THE YOUNG DEPUTY

The Ivy League type, working his way through college as a summer deputy. Note narrow lapels on vest, fashionably narrow sleeve garter, neckerchief, hatband, head"



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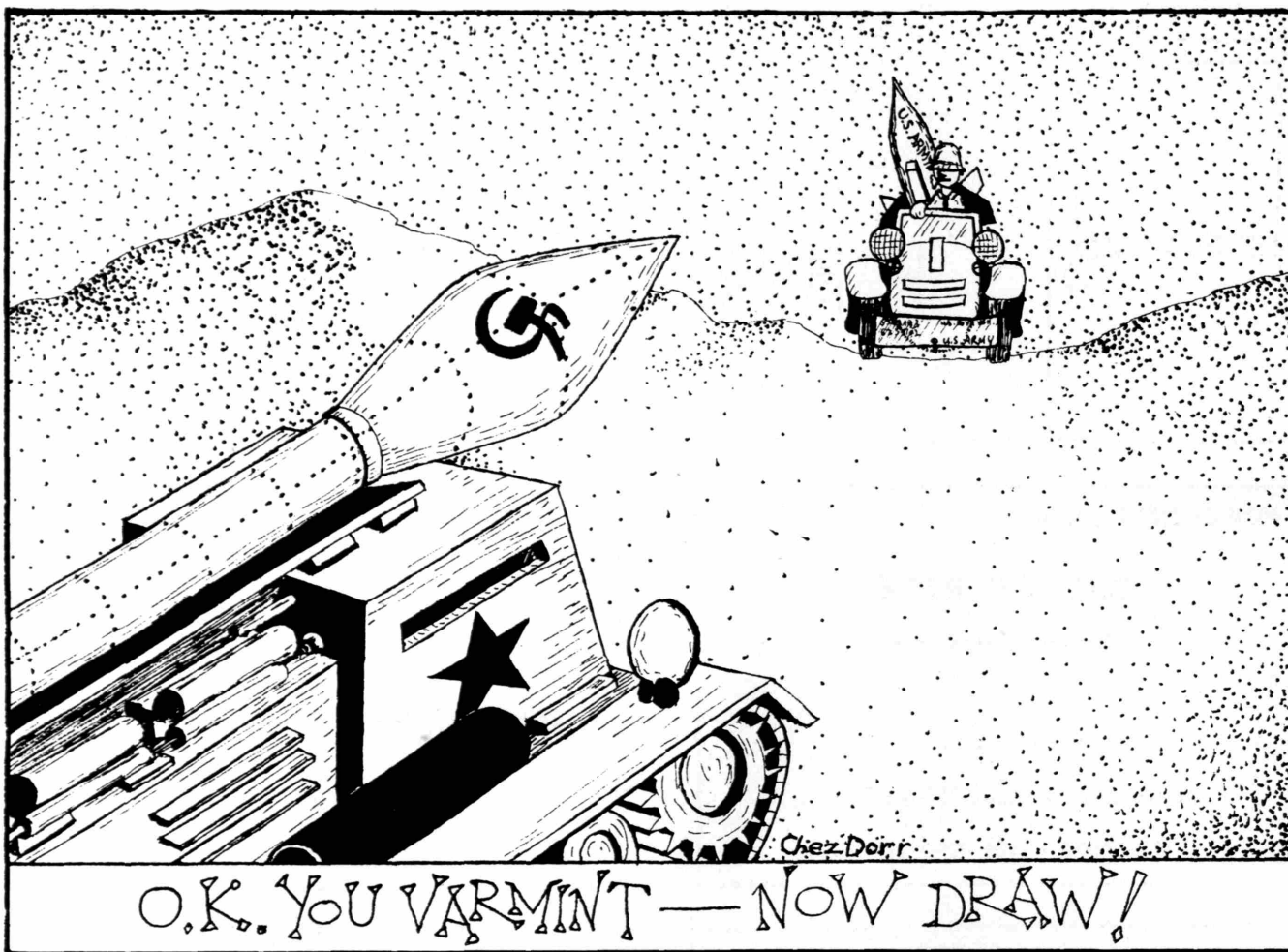
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THE NOBLE SAVAGE LOOKS AT MIT



"Ugh! Use-um Funny tomahawk at M.I.T.!"

How! My name Bull-who-is-doing-that-which-he-should-not-in-public. Heap name for one dried up little old Injun, huh? Is one word in my language. English heap strange tongue. My name really only two-three words in it, but Heap-big-chief-who-runnum-magazine say not print-um. Ugh!

You wonder-um why us Injuns always saying "ugh," I bet. Is heap simple. To Injun, "ugh" is what is to Frenchman to shrug shoulders. N'est-ce pas?

"Ugh! Pardon my French. Me Oxford man, really. I bet you spot-um my accent right off, huh?

Enough this idle chit-chat. Me here to tell-um you all 'bout my trip. Me want-um son go to Oxford, like noble parent. Ugh! Modern youth gottum no respect for elders. Heap sassy boy take good Oklahoma oil wampum me give-um, and head for place called MIT. Me write-um Oxford. No son. Me trace-um, go see what this MIT is like. Ugh! Me arrive-um place they call Mass. Ave. Is all over masses of dirty white stuff. Me poke-um with finger. Finger nearly freeze off. Is heap damn dangerous stuff, you bet! They pile-um up head-high along curb. Only few places where pedestrians go-um through to cross street. Is always there heap dirty brown water in deep puddles. Me gettum moccasin full. Also heap cold. Me hope-um son not already froze to death"

Me go-um in big ugly stone pile they call-um Rogers Wigwam. Me see-um picture this Rogers. Is heap ugly and vicious-looking paleface, like building. Me see-um also picture his squaw. Ugh!

Me no can find stupid son who comes this Iroquois-built joint instead of Oxford. They tell-um he take-um quiz with other fresh men, like on every Friday. Ugh. This very bad place. Me no bring-um son up

right so he can come here and learn-um to be fresh. Other kids here say this "quiz" is form of torture heap more good than any of us poor ignorant Injuns know. Me believe-um. People who puttum pictures of that Rogers squaw on public walls capable of anything. But is not good to give-um kids works only once in week. Should have-um every other day so they gettum toughened up.

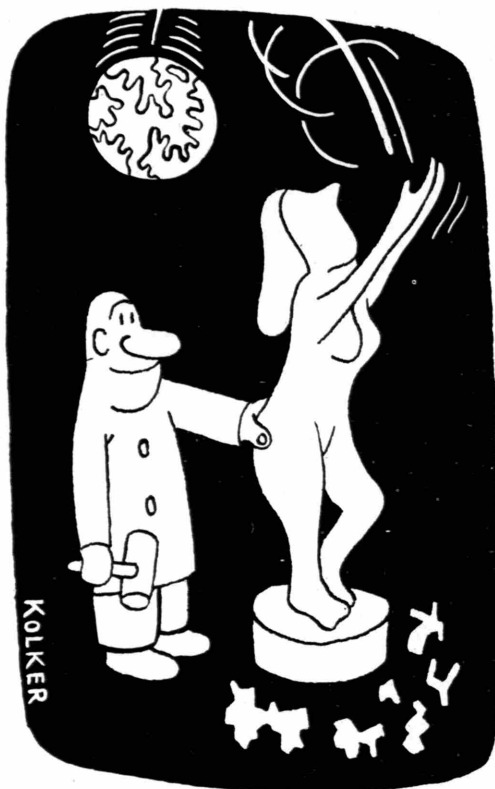
Me wonder if "quiz" is torture with fire or maybe variation on good old gantlet."

Next hour me go-um to son's class in mah. Ugh! me no give-um wampum to foolish boy so he can learn about what make-um holes in blankets. But class is not about maths. Is only wide-eyed young brave who stand-um up at front of room full of empty chairs and make-um strange marks and signs on black part of wall. Some signs look-um like warclubs, so maybe is Iroquois writing. Me only one in room, and he seem heap happy to see me, but me look-um around careful. Us Cherokees no like-um damyankee Injuns. Brave at front of room chatter and chatter in language with some English words, but mostly stuff me no understand-um. Sound-um like Iroquois toyours truly, so me gettum up and leave-um. Ugh! Heap no good send-um Cherokee boy to Iroquois school"

Me walk-um over to lecture place where son have-um next class. Ugh! Heap walk. Me walk-um from Dodge City to Dallas one time when me younger, but this walk beat-um all. Me know-um Iroquois build-um long houses, but this heap ridiculous. Me not see how son can stand-um. Me collapse-um on seat in lecture place. Ugh! Is heap torture to sit there for only three heartbeats, but legs no hold-um me. Me sittum and listen to heap cute-looking brave chatter down behind what lookum like big trading post counter piled up with heap strange little carts on small-size iron horse tracks. He chatter-um away in Iroquois, talk-um heap much about what he call "moment-um." Me never know-um that "moment" is verb. Then he demon-strate-um. He knock-um together little flat things on slick pool table. Ho ho! All over sudden me comprehend-um. This class teach-um my little boy to play pool! Me hear-um other fresh men in hall say they all took-um test at pool at first day. Every college around have-um pool team for intramural competition, I bet. Me stalk-um out, heap indignant.

Me want-um go home, but belly begin to holler. Me go into another ugly stone teepee named-um after sick-looking old medicine man called Walker. If he went-um to school here, he was in right place. My feet still hurt-um from pounding hard floors. Me stand-um in line for many moons, finally gettum heap small food. Me pay-um plenty wampum, then sittum down at little table" Ugh! Food smell heap bad, like horned toad souffle. Taste-um heap more bad. It daunt-um even me, most bravest war chief in Oklahoma. Stomach do-um heap flip-flops" Me gettum out on smelly iron horse"

Me write-um son to come home quick before he get killed by food, air, tortures (he call-um "studies"), or too much white stuff. He better bring um scalp of one Danish pool shark, too"



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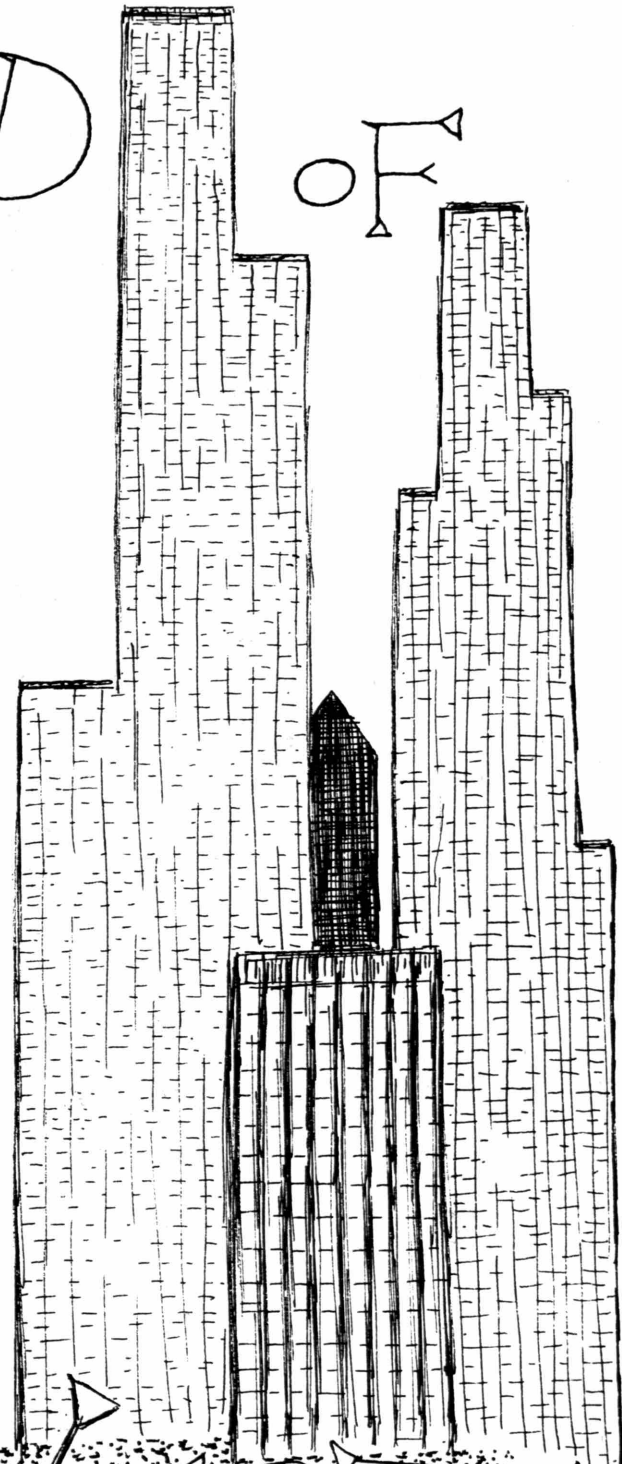
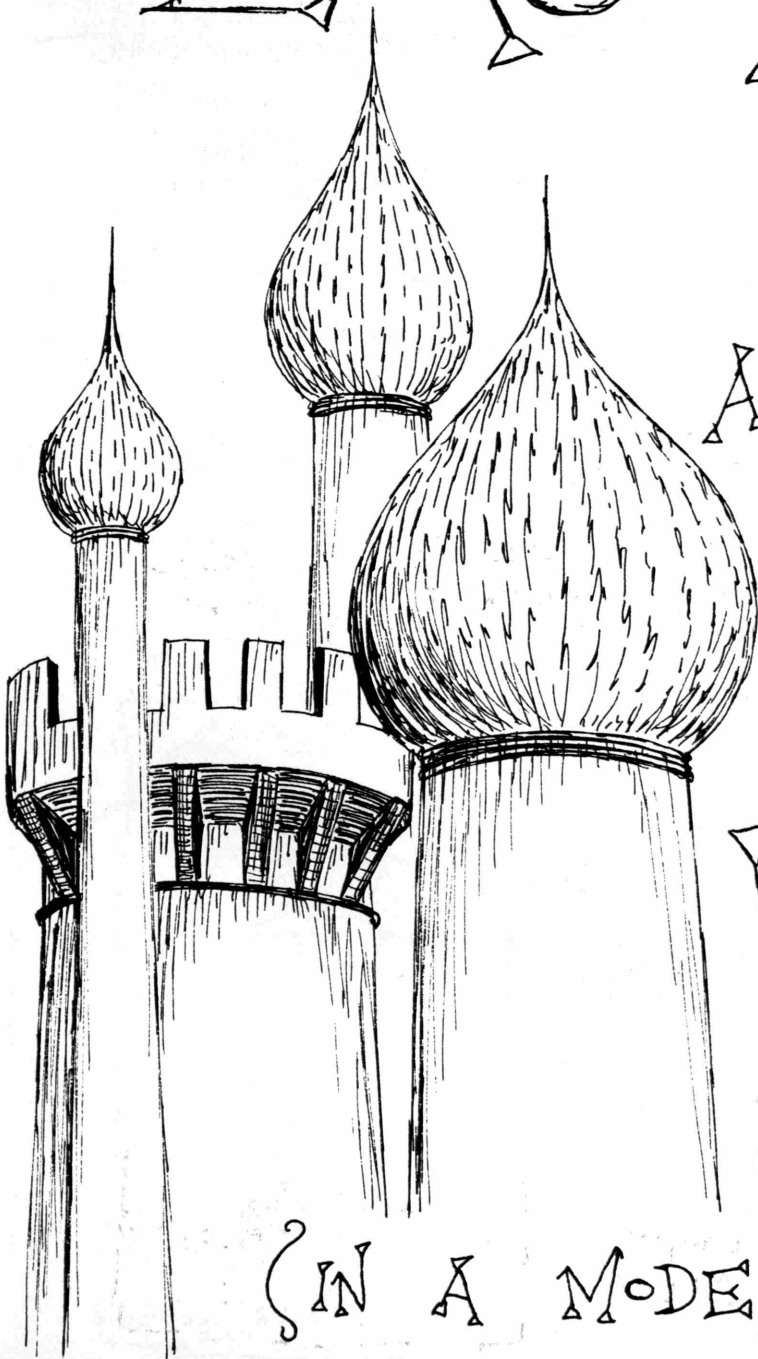
THE BALLAD OF

EAST

AND

WEST

(IN A MODERN REVISION)



EAST
IS
EAST

AND

WEST
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AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET,

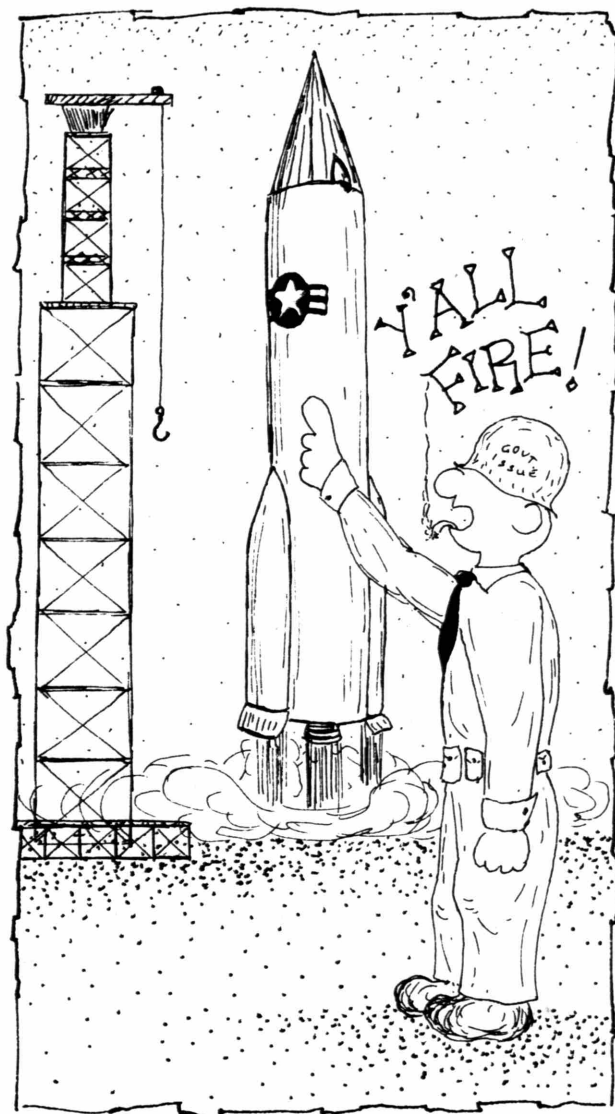
NEITHER IN U.N.,
NOR
CONFERENCE HALL,
NOR
LOFTY
SUMMIT SEAT,





BUT
THERE IS
NEITHER
EAST
NOR
WEST,

BORDER,
NOR BREED,
NOR BIRTH,

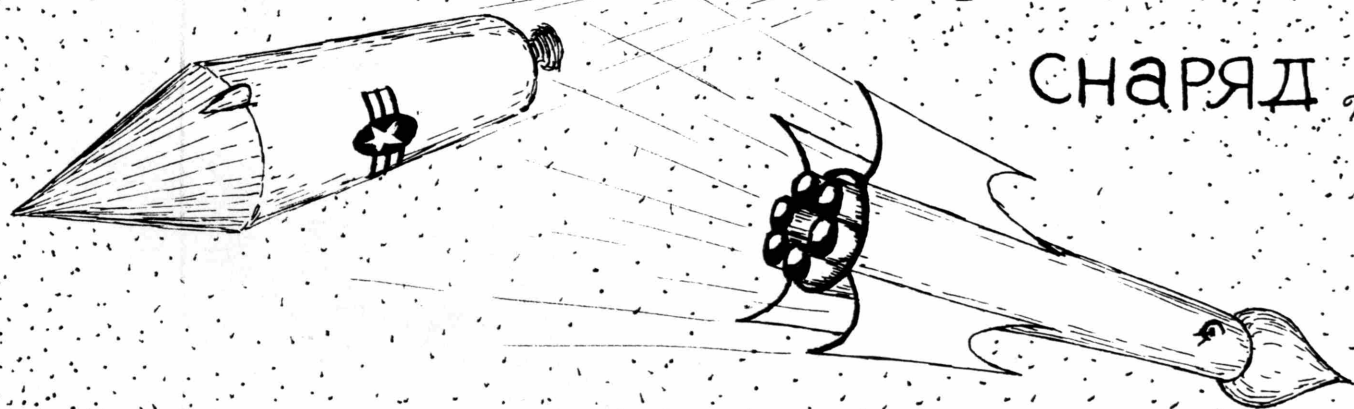


Y'ALL
FIRE!

WHEN
MISSILE

MEETS WITH

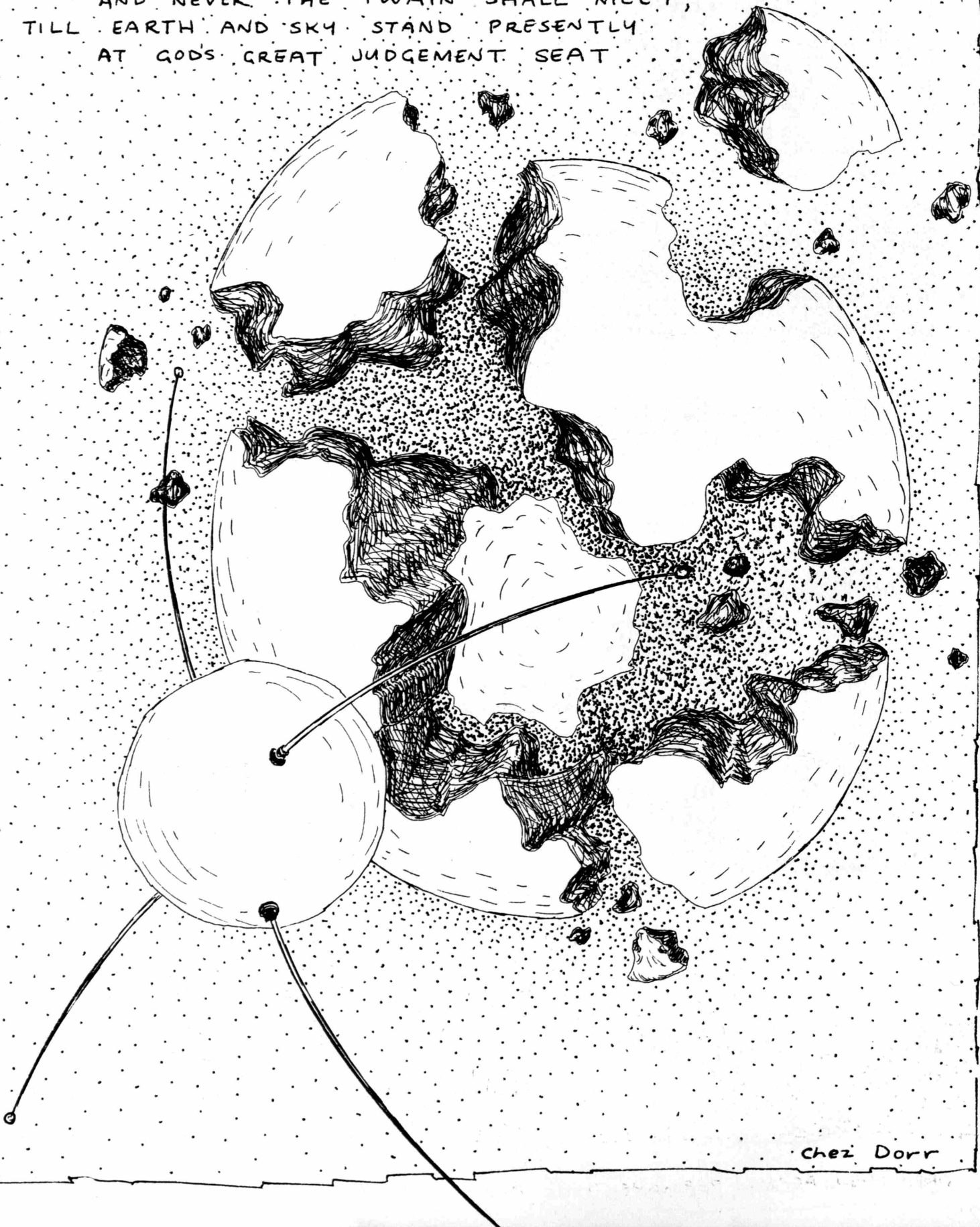
СНАРЯД,



THO' THEY COME FROM
THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

OR, THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS THE TRADITIONAL VERSION IS ACCURATE ENOUGH...

OH, EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST,
AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET,
TILL EARTH AND SKY STAND PRESENTLY
AT GODS GREAT JUDGEMENT SEAT.



chez Dorr

GOOD UNTIL JUNE 25, 1961

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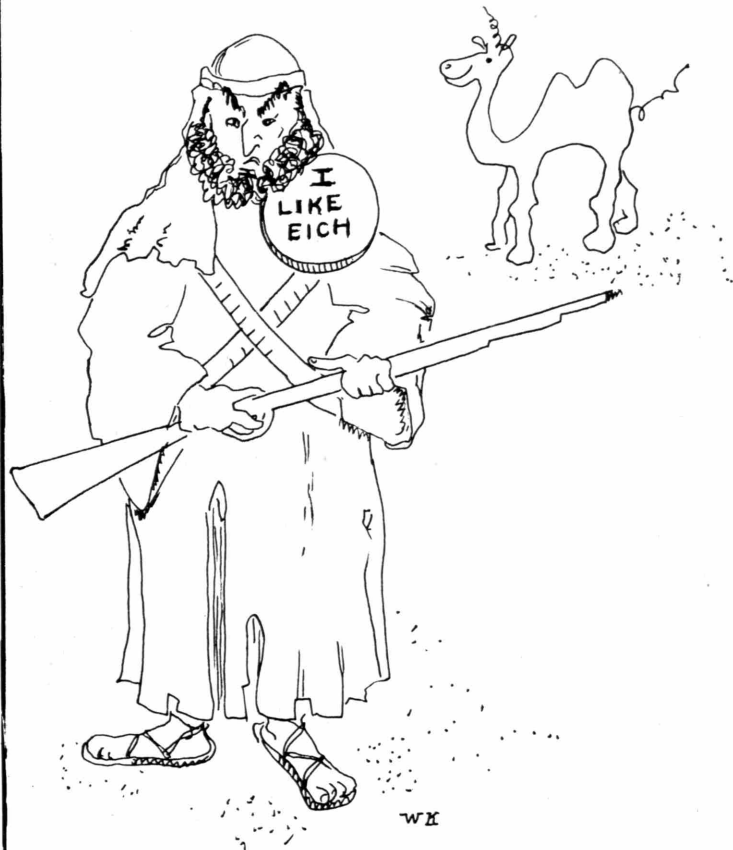
on Life Savers:

"So sweet, the
sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢



**SENIOR
X**

**WEEK
B E E R**

IN A CIVIL WAR
STOCKADE, ON A DESERT
ISLAND !

ON A LUXURY LINER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
ATLANTIC OCEAN ON A STARLIT NITE!

THIS AND MUCH MORE FOR THOSE FORTUNATE
SENIORS WHO GET TICKETS FOR

SENIOR WEEK



YES, DOC, YOU COULD CALL 'EM
SHOOTIN' PAINS.

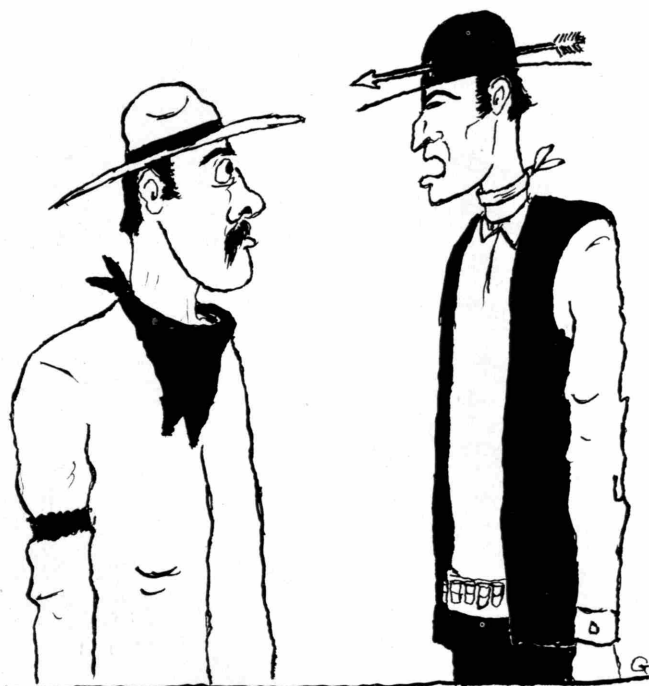


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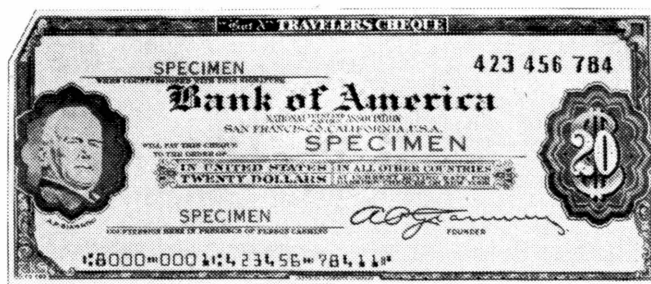
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CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS
FEBRUARY 26, 1961

MISS JANIE SHAPIRO
28 ALLENWOOD ROAD
GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

DEAR MISS SHAPIRO,

SOMETIME DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER 1960, A STUDENT OR INSTRUCTOR AT M.I.T. ENTERED YOUR NAME, PERSONALITY TRAITS AND VITAL STATISTICS INTO A SPECIAL SECTION OF MY MEMORY UNIT. THUS YOU BECAME PART OF A VAST POOL OF INFORMATION UPON SOME 134,281 YOUNG FEMALES RESIDING WITHIN THE CONTINENTAL BORDERS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 85,756 FEMALES RESIDING IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA BUT NOT WITHIN THE CONTINENTAL BORDERS OF THE UNITED STATES, 239,006 FEMALES RESIDING THROUGHOUT OTHER PARTS OF THE FREE WORLD, 67,958 FEMALES RESIDING IN UNCOMMITTED NATIONS, AND A TOKEN REPRESENTATION OF 645 FEMALES FROM NATIONS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN.

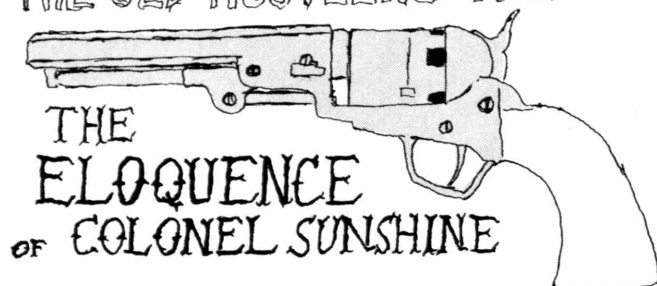
THE PURPOSE OF COLLECTING THIS POOL OF FEMININE INFORMATION WAS TO PROVIDE ME WITH AN ADEQUATE SOURCE FOR SELECTING PERFECT MATES TO ACCOMPANY M.I.T.'S 3,000 UNDERGRADUATES TO THEIR CENTENNIAL SEX ORGY, WHICH IS HELD ONLY ONCE EVERY ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED IN AN IMPARTIAL WAY BY ME AS A SEMI-FINALIST IN THE HOT COMPETITION TO ACCOMPANY ONE DANIEL SUPERTOOL DURING THE ORGY, WHICH WILL BE HELD THROUGHOUT THE WEEKEND OF APRIL 21 TO 23. IN ORDER TO BECOME A FINALIST, IT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO FILL OUT THE ENCLOSED FORMS AND IBM CARDS AND RETURN THEM TO ME AT ONCE. FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHECK THIS ENVELOPE IMMEDIATELY TO ASCERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINS:



WE HAD TO PRINT IT BECAUSE THE EDITOR
WROTE IT DEPT.

THE OLD RUSTLER'S TALES:



I never b'ars witness to but one reely properly conducted hangin' (said the Old Rustler), an' that's the time Colonel Bill Sunshine defends Remuda Rance from the attentions of the Sandville Regulators--which attentions he is drawin' some heavy at the time.

It's on account of a poker game in the Sunny South Saloon. I disremembers just how many participants there was, but besides of Remuda Rance, several gents from up Ghost Rock way was sittin' in, along with Sacramento Williams.

This Williams feller is a California gambler who passes through Rio Blanco County on his way to Ellsworth, an' stops in Sandville to pick up travellin' expenses. Remuda Rance has been wranglin' hosses a heap for the Bar Nothin' outfit. He just gets in from three months up on the Yampa Plateau, an' aims to have him some riotous times, which latter attitude ain't none condoociveto a cool head. Natural, Remuda Rance commences to drop a heap of dinero, while Sacramento rakes it in perty regular.

Remuda Rance absorbs nose-paint plenty assiduous durin' these proceedin's, so that, come fourth drink time in the mornin', he's a bottle an' a half ahead of ever'body else. 'Bout this time he accuses Oklahoma Jack, the barkeep, of slippin' the dealer a cold deck under the tray whereon he purveys drinks. Oklahoma Jack regyards these sentiments with disparagin' contempt. Sacramento, howsomever, is dealin' at the time, an' chooses to take the accyoo-sation as a slur aimed personal at him.

Which California gamblers is the touchies specimens of hyoomankind I ever runs acrost in my long career. Son, don't never say nothin' to such a sport thet could be token as a insult; cause that's how he'll take it as shore as they drawin' to a inside straight is no way to get rich.

Anyhow, this Sacramento, bein', as I sez, somewhat touchy, immediate whips out a derringer an' commences to smoke up the place, Remuda Rance return the complymnt gleeful-like. The cowpokes from Ghost Rock choose the better part o' valor, an' head for tall timbers.

When the smoke lifts, it's found that Sacramento has sought eternal peace. At the time, Remuda Rance is crouched down behind of the overturned table with but two loads left in his Colt's .44, while Oklahoma

Jack is firmly ensconced back of the bar, cussin' an' carryin' on somethin' dreadful, an' makin' lurid promises about what he does to Remuda Rance soon as he finds his shotgun. Old Jack allus talks thataway when somebody upsets a table, gettin' whiskey on the floor an' scatterin' chips an' cyards miscellaneous. He ain't actooal got any shootin' irons behind the bar 'ceptin' a couple of ole Navy Colts thet he don't never use. But Remuda Rance don't know this. He figgers his foe to come up with sooperior firepower in two shakes of a rattler's tail, so he capers out the door some sudden.

Just at this yere minute, Tex Magee is walkin' acrost Main Street along with Bullet Bob Libby, who is executive enforcer of the Sandville Regulators--what outsiders an' sloppy-minded folks call the town marshal. The panicked Remuda Rance, as he emerges from the swingin' doors of the saloon like a bronco from his stall, sees 'em an' just natural throws down on 'em--which folks in Sandville can tell you thet this ain't no entirely proposition. Quite the con-trary! Remuda Rance misses entire, drillin' two holes in the front of the New Jersey store. Bullet Bob, bein' some rapid hisself thataway, cuts loose an' downs Remuda Rance with a slug in his leg.

After Doc Simms binds up the recreant's wound--which he lets go with a few comments 'bout how triflin' and completely minor a scratch it is while he's at it, 'cause he knows how unlikely it is that he gets paid for said bindin' operation--we trusses him up tight an' calls a emergency meetin' of the Regulators over on the verandah of Colonel Sunshine's Regal Hotel.

Question of the day is what to do with--or to--the culprit, but the committee cain't agree 'mongst themselves. Bullet Bob havin' once again proved that nobody can fire on him without bein' completely shot up hisself, put it up that he ain't go nothin' more to do with the shootee, an' remains obstinately neutral throughout the discussion. Tim Gibbs sez thet a good hangin' is just what we needs to enliven the atmosphere, which is 'bein' some dull an' somnolent lately. Uncle Bob Tatum agrees with him. "Sandville," he says, "ain't no rough an' rowdy camp like Red Dog or Lone Hand, or any of them other ramshackle aggr-y-gations of wretched barbarians what imposes theirselves on the lan'scape of our fair county. If we-uns let this yere scallawag come pirootin' in, shootin' up Tex's saloon an' killin' harmless kyard-sharps, our reppytation goes down more's a new notches."

Tex Magee puts in his chips right hyere. "I begs to differ," sez he, "with thet phrase you just coins. There' ain't no such animile as a harmless kyard-sharp. Gamblers, one an' all, with the exception of my partner Deuces Wilde, is totally depraved an' venomous reptyles. As witness that time down in El Paso when I gets into a crooked faro game--"

All an' sundry is heard this story before, so Gibbs an' Uncle Bob quick turns to Colonel Sunshine an' asks for his opinion. The Colonel clears his throat solemn-like an' declares thet, while he

ain't one to let mere monetary considerations sway his sense of what's right an' just, he has got to admit that if he lets Remuda Rance swing, ther' seems very little chance of thet gent bein' able to pay his hotel bill in this world.

Deuces Wilde makes a comment then. While, Deuces ain't a regular member of the regulation committee, his words is generally listened to with respect by most. He sez, "I agree with my colleague's remarks on the subject of gamblers in general." Which it's Deuces's delusion that he runs the only honest game west of the Mississippi. "Howsomever," he goes on, "I is bound in principle to vote for the sudden demise of any sport what downs a member of my chosen profession. Much as it pains me to oppose my partner in the Sunny South Saloon, an' Opry House, an' to stand up for that mis'rables coundrel Sacramento Williams, I holds out for the immediate chastisement of Remuda Rance."

The committee adjourns to the saloon, in hopes that the mellow glow imparted by Tex's nose paint renders the obstinate parties more amenable to agreement. Howsomer, Tex changes his stand as soon as he enters his saloon an' sees what havoc Remuda Rance has wreaked. "Which if this varmit ain't strung up sooner'n immediate," he swears, "I shoots him myself an' presents the carcass to Deuces for target practice."

Colonel Sunshine resigns hisself to the loss of the two dollars owed him by the lynchee, an' we-all repair to the windmill. No sooner, however, does we start to tie the runnin' noose than Remuda Rance sez, "Hole on, now! If'n you sports is set to string me up, I demands thet you does it right. I aims to leave this yere world, if leave I must, in a manner what does me plumb proud."

"Which I reckon you-all wants us to wear white shirts an' ruffles for the occasion," sez Tex, a heap truculent.

"Nossir," replies the doomed man. "Nossir: what I wants is a lawyer."

Tex regards this yere request as a whole lot reedicalous, an' wants to swing Remuda Rance immediate. But Colonel Sunshine stays his hand an'

sez, "We ain't goin' to go foolin' round with no last requests. Which it's plumb bad luck to do so."

"In that case," remarks Gibbs, "you is goin' to have to be the lawyer. Shore, none of the rest o' us got the qualifications nor the wind." We-all backs up Gibbs's bluff, so the Colonel nods. "You-all calls the turn," he says, an', steadyin' his feet on the ground, cuts loose a heap.

Son, he is shore some verbose! Ther' ain't no presidential candydade can match the Colonel for sheer volume of penetratin' observations when he lets out the stops. Which he plumb floods the pure Colorado air with words. He holes forth for two hours on the state of the nation, the surpassin' virtues of Sandville, an' the weather forecast. Then he stops for breath, an' Tex sez, "That shore is some fine speechifyin', Colonel."

Colonel Sunshine sez back, a heap dignified, "Them is merely the preliminary remarks. I now embarks on the defense of my client."

"Hole on!" hollers Tom Gibbs b'fore the Colonel can start off ag'in. "We agrees right here an' now to throw this villain loose, in spite of the atrocity he perpetrates, if you stops defendin' immediate an' speaks never another word. The regulatin' committee is got its dooty, but that dooty don't incloode standin' out here till sixth-drink time at night with nary a drop to console its collective throat. We cringes before personal destruction in such a awful form. Colonel, yore client, unfeelin' varmint an' owlhoot that he is, is free."

Remuda Rance's thanks is profuse, but Colonel Sunshine refooses 'em entire. "It weren't you I was defendin'," he sez "it were your hotel bill." It don't do Ole Bill no good in the ultimate, howsomer, 'cause Remuda Rance runs off without payin' next day.

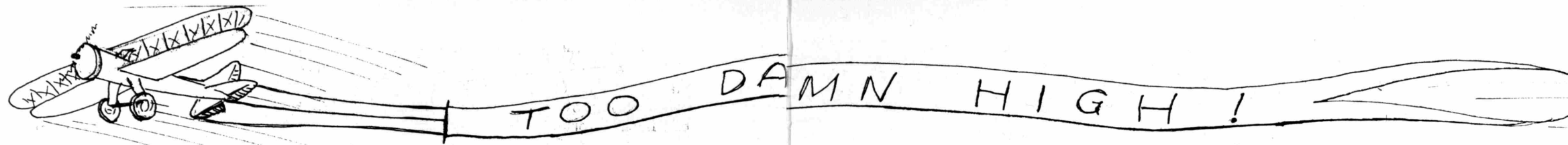
Tex, bein' the good sport that he is, engineers the usual line-up at his bar with drinks on the house, in spite of the fack thet the lynchin' didn't come off. Doorin' the subsequent festivities, he is scandalized an' some harrowed to observe Sacramento Williams imbibin' heavy with the rest.

"I thank you-all was dead!" he reproaches the returnee from the grave.

"Which I shore was," sez Sacramento, pale an' a heap apologetic. "But the Colonel's words of fire plumb revives me."

— G. N. Gabbard





OFFICIAL PROGRAM

THIRD BIENNIAL TUITION RIOTS: M.I.T.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1961

11:15 Form in front of Burton House and East Campus to prepare to march on Institute.

11:20 Arrive at Graduate House and Hayden Library respectively. Students light torches and march on Memorial Drive against traffic. Cherry bombs are set off to attract campus attention. (Phone calls are placed to Boston Globe and New York Times reporting student riots during Centennial.)

11:25 Rioters arrive at Great Court and begin piling wood on East and West flagpoles. Cars without handbrakes are pushed into Memorial Drive to complete traffic jam.

11:30 Bonfires at bases of flagpoles ignited. Students sing Star Spangled Banner to get support of America First organizations and sing We Are Marching to Stratton's to the tune of We Are Marching to Pretoria as they move out of the Court towards Senior House. (First wave of Security Force outmaneuvered at this point by breaking up into small groups and re-forming ranks at Walker Memorial.)

11:37 Students arrive at Stratton's and are chanting DOWN WITH THE INSTITUTE! and TOO DAMN MUCH!

OFFICIAL PROGRAM CONTINUED

TIME

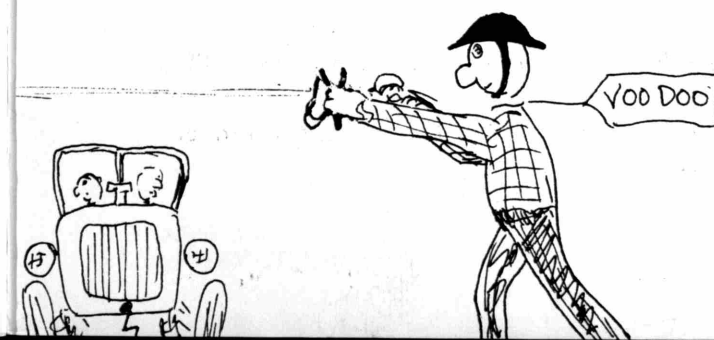
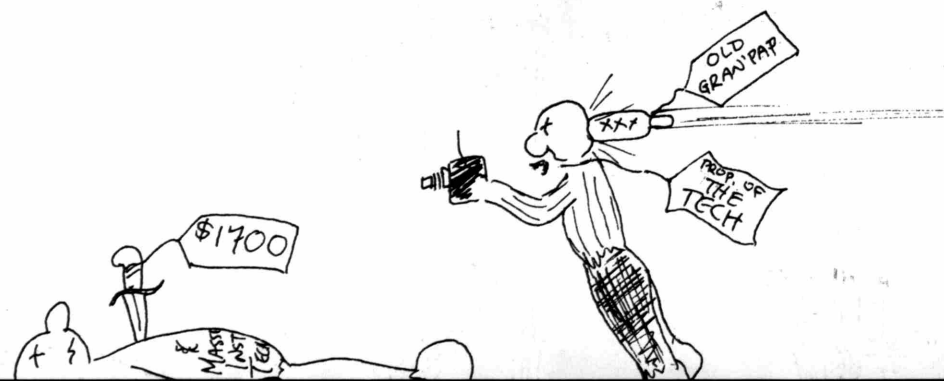
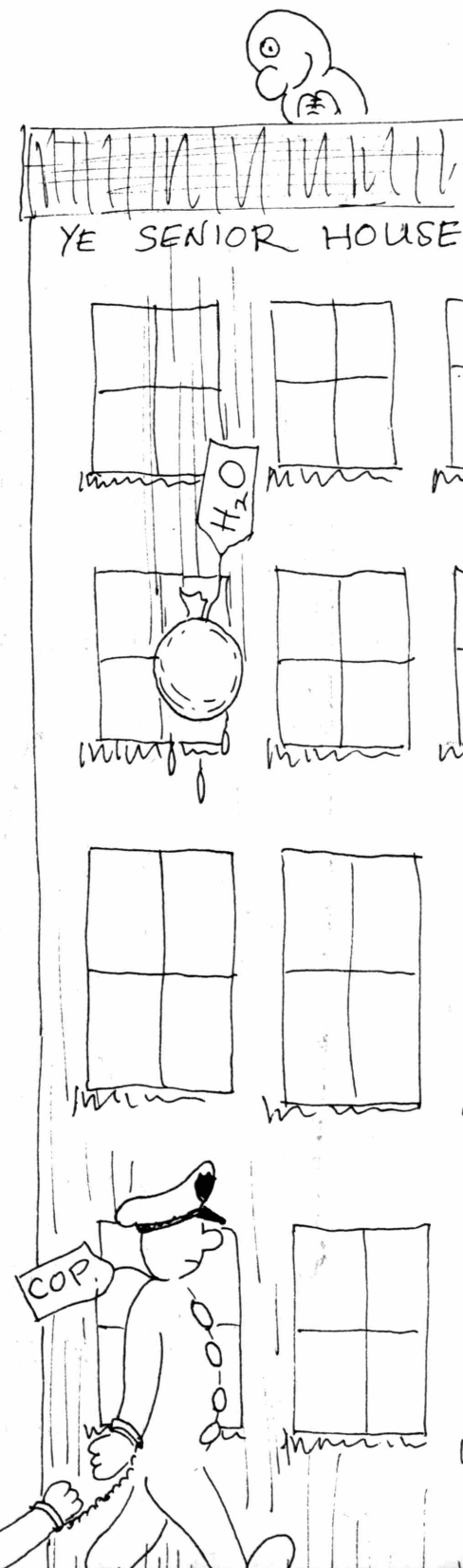
11:40 First real municipal and State opposition is felt: two Cambridge police cars and three MDC paddy wagons park on Ames Street. First fire engines answering false alarms arrive. Students and police exchange various obscenities through electronic megaphones.

11:45 Painting red of Institute statues and busts completed. First Simmons girls arrive. Student call to White House on Institute extension with nine priority placed. Electronic door in building seven is jammed and out-of-order signs put up. Student gains access to Alumni Pool with bottle of green India ink and makes clean getaway.

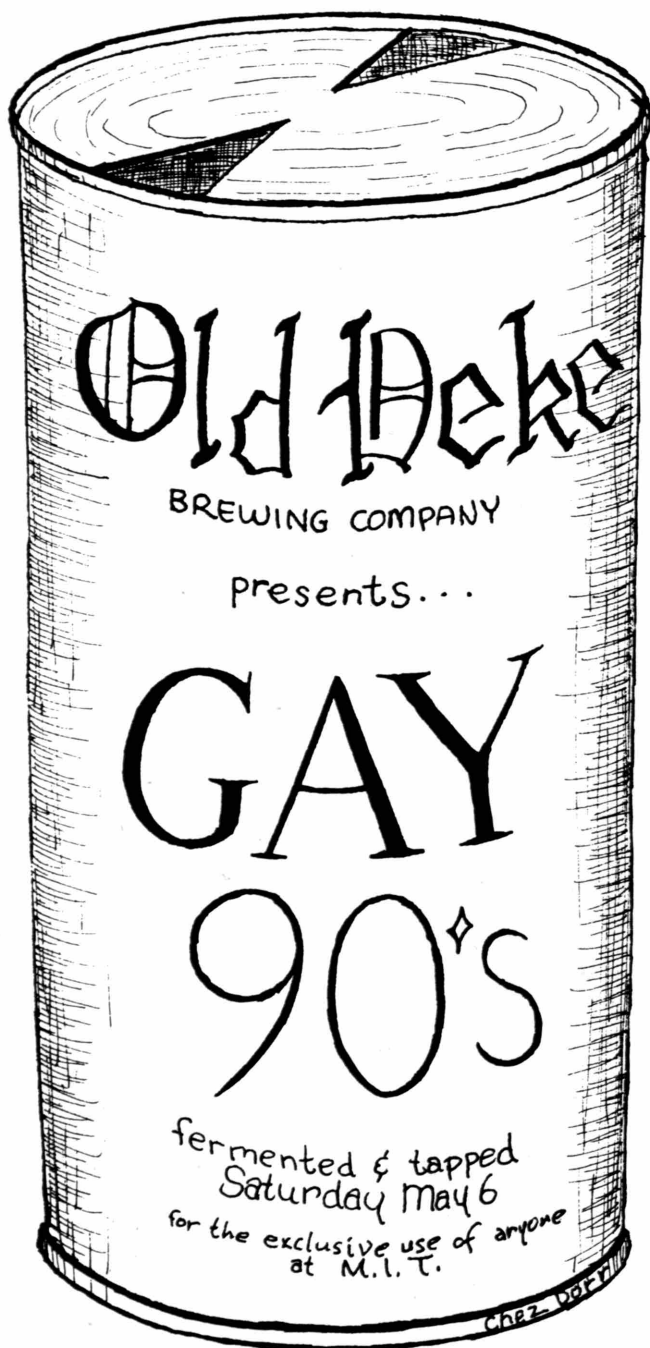
11:51 Two more MDC police cars arrive and student arrests begin. Stratton and Rule begin calling friends to release students and keep riot stories out of newspapers. First commercial radio station gives report of riot.

11:53 First five paddy wagons leave full of students. Three more arrive. Firemen discover that fire axes have been removed from engines as well as hand extinguishers.

12:04 First use of hand extinguishers felt by police. Two more paddy wagons arrive (full of MDC riot squad police). The Tech assigns reporter to cover story after Centennial. All lights go out in Burton House and East Campus; first cars full of Harvard students arrive. Students flee to safety in Boston.



STEP UP TO QUALITY! STEP UP TO



FREE BEER DANCE BAND
imported by Fassett & Rule, Ltd.

The teacher of the 8th grade had just finished explaining that the word "frugal" meant "saving". To make sure they had fully grasped its meaning, she asked the children to use the word in a story. One little girl proudly handed in the following gem:

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess who got lost in the forest. A handsome prince rode by on his white horse and the princess cried, "Oh, please frugal me!" So he frugaled her and they got married and lived happily ever after.



How do you make a hormone?
Kicker.



Fellow to his girl at a cocktail party: "How about going up to the roof and having one on the house."



Boy being kissed by fiancée: "Say, I think I swallowed your gum."

She: "What gum - I just cleared my throat."



"I'm so discouraged," complained the Tech-retary to her boss. "Everything I do lately seems to be wrong."

"Oh really," he leered. "What are you doing tonight?"



One bird to another: "Seen any new VW's around?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I spotted one yesterday."

Then there was the absent-minded girl violinist who kissed her violin goodnight and took her bow to bed with her.



It has just been proven that girls would not stay out late at night if fellows didn't make them.



Hear about the woman who had a wooden baby? She married a Pole.



The announcement of the professor's new book on astrophysics and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously in the newspaper. Upon being congratulated on 'this proud event in the family' the professor naturally thought of the achievement which had cost him the greater effort.

"Thank you," he replied modestly, "but I never could have done it without the help of two graduate students."



Wolf to Little Red Riding Hood: "I'm going to rape you."

Little Red Riding Hood: "Stick to the story, you're supposed to eat me."

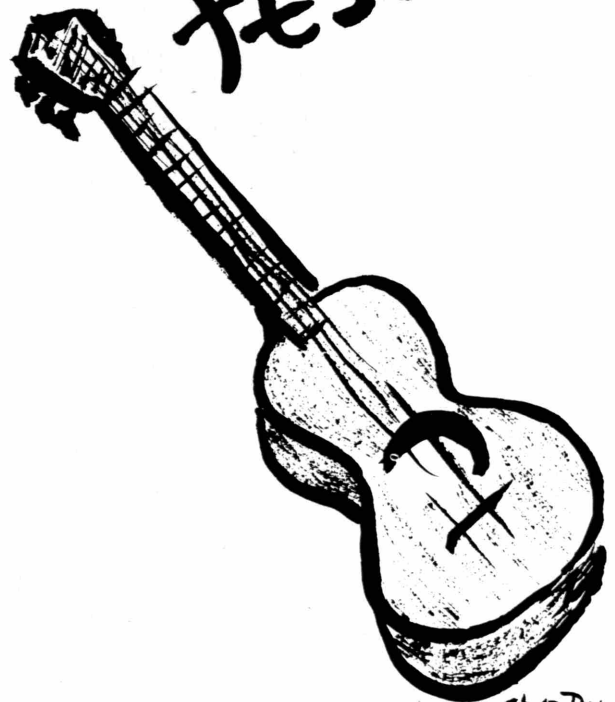


Hear about the turtle who drove himself crazy making love to a war helmet?

Ralph Kahn
Debbie Green

& more
at a really
wild...

Folk
Festival



Chaz Dorr

Sun. May 7 (2:00 PM
at ye olde DEKE → ∞)
HOUSE
\$2.00/couple (if the beer
\$1.50/stag is FREE!)





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Telephone (if female).....

Do you like your beer in large amounts and at odd hours of the day or night. Do you always wear your hat indoors? Are you a decrepit bum? Well, you aren't quite a typical Voo Doo reader but you probably will enjoy reading it (most people do!). And even if you don't fit into the above category, why not fill out this blank and send it with your \$2.50 (Always your \$2.50) to Voo Doo. With luck you'll receive eight full issues and you'll never stop laughing.

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- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too



Take a puff... it's Springtime! That's what smokers say about Salem, because its smoke is as softly refreshing as the air of a springtime morning. Salem's special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. And its fine tobaccos make Salem the rich-tasting cigarette that refreshes your taste: Smoke refreshed, pack after pack... smoke Salem!

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