

The Sou'harvard

Harvard at Memphis

46th Year

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL FOOL'S DAY, 1965

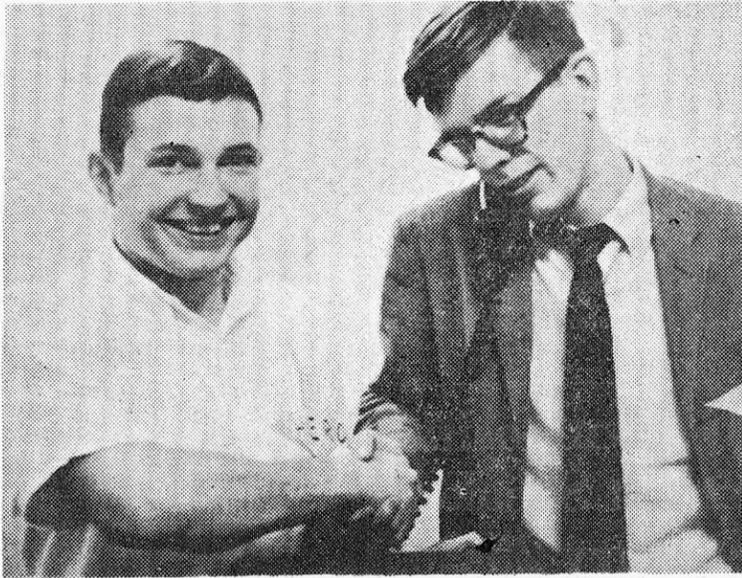
Vol. 46, No. 19

Final Contract Let For Student Center

On Friday, March 26, the college accepted a bid for the completion of the Thomas W. Briggs Student Center from Mr. F. T. Thayer, Jr., the present contractor for North Hall.

The contractor's bid for \$450,000 is exclusive of lighting fixtures, hardware, the electrical equipment for a 30-position Language Laboratory, post office equipment, and interior furnishings, as well as the cost of the foundations, currently under construction. These items will amount to approximately \$100,000 additional, so the final cost of the whole Student Center, complete, will be not less than \$550,000.

The usable floor area is of the order of 22,000 sq. ft. within the building and large, paved terraces on both the north and the south sides.



PULITZER PRIZE WINNING EDITORS Watson and McQuiston are shown seconds after President Johnson presented them with their HERO medals on coast to coast television.

Sou'wester Editors Given Coveted Pulitzer Prize

The Newspaper Guild of America announced today that Don Watson and John McQuiston, editors of The Sou'wester, have been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Outstanding Journalism for August 1934. Joseph Pulitzer III reported the awarding at Rockefeller Center amid cheering throngs who had waited for 52 hours in a blizzard to salute the brilliant student journalists.

In Washington President Johnson recognized Watson and McQuiston as "certainly the most dynamic writers the country has seen since the 'muckrakers!'" On a coast to coast all-network broadcast the President presented the editors with HERO medals and gave them a check for 15 million dollars as an "anti-poverty scholarship."

In one of many congratulatory telegrams the Atlantic Monthly offered the pair positions on the magazine's editorial board. When the two students turned them down Henry Luce immediately offered to turn Life, Time, and Sports Illustrated over to them in entirety. Watson, however, had already signed a contract with Mad Magazine. Mr. McQuiston told the disappointed literary world that he intended to go to Antarctica as a Presbyterian Missionary. "I owe it all to Senior Bible," he said.

On the local scene Dr. P. N.

Rhodes broke ground in a special ceremony inaugurating the construction of a fifteen story memorial newspaper office. Mayor Ingram announced that he would not seek re-election and dewpoint was 74.

ODK-Mortar Board Sets Annual Banquet

The annual Omicron Delta Kappa--Mortar Board scholarship banquet, honoring students with the highest grades in each class for the first semester, will be held Wednesday, April 7. Professor Fattig of the Biology Department will speak on the relation of the sciences and the liberal arts.

Seniors to be honored are Jeanne Driver, Tommy McKay, Cam Murchison, James Shelton, and Charles Brandon. Top Junior scholars are Ed Scringier, Gaff Martin, Cleve May, Alice Boyd, and Rob Henley; Mike Hendrick, Shirley Newton, Doug Post, Kathy Simpson, and Kristin Pruitt are the sophomores to be feted. Outstanding freshman records were compiled by Michael DeShazo, Judy McDonald, Nancy Patton, Mary Ellen Bryan, Nancy Jane Lord, Swinton Roof, Paul Spaht, and Michael Welch. These students were chosen on the basis of grade point averages for a minimum number of hours taken first semester.

Last Minute Cancellations Cause Revising April Fool Weekend

By Bill Allen

No doubt the sudden cancellation of both April Fool Groups calls for an explanation. I believe the fault lies with a certain agent, Mr. James Goodman, of "the College Bureau of America," Boston, Massachusetts—an entertainment agency that professes to deal solely with college performances.

Mr. Goodman called me last summer to discuss how his agency could help colleges get lower prices due to his contacts with the agents of various artists. There was no cause to believe that this was a fly-by-night outfit, since the school has been receiving correspondence for a few years now, even though no arrangements were made. I gave Mr. Goodman the dates that Southwestern needed to fill this year. He offered suggestions, among them an up-and-coming group called Brown and Dana.

Brown and Dana's M-G-M record was good, and the price (\$450.00) was right. The contracts were completed on October 7, 1964.

In December Mr. Goodman sent me definite word that the Isley Brothers could come for the April Fool Dance for \$1,250.00. We offered \$1,000, and he said O.K. In February he sent contracts calling for the original \$1,250. Another call revealed that the Isley Brothers had changed their minds and needed more money. We said O.K. The contracts were filled out, and sent back with a few alterations. It usually takes some time for the contracts to go to the agent, to the artist, and then back to the agent, so there was little cause for worry when we did not hear from Mr. Goodman for a few weeks.

Then last week I began to get worried and called to find out where the hold-up was. Mr. Goodman informed me that in view of the distance from New York to Memphis, the Isley Brothers felt that the price was not good enough. (By the way, \$1,250 is their nationally advertised asking price.) To quiet my cries of agony, he said he would call them again and try to get them to come after all.

I received this telegram last Friday: "Isley Brothers Definite Contracts and Publicity Being Rushed. Jim Goodman." I relaxed.

When Tuesday rolled around and still no contracts came, I called him back. The phone had been

temporarily disconnected. Tried Wednesday—still disconnected. Wednesday afternoon I got a special delivery letter saying in part: "I am sorry to inform you that the Isley Brothers will not appear at your school. I must assume that you wish to cancel the Brown and Dana engagement, and have therefore notified the artists of this. We will return your deposits. Jim Goodman."

Now where he got the assumption that we would want to cancel Brown and Dana is beyond me. Not being able to contact Mr. Goodman, I tried to call Brown and Dana to tell them we still wanted them. I did not have their personal address so I called the National Musicians Union in New York, who referred me to Garrett Brown's local union somewhere in Connecticut. The local office informed me that Brown had been discharged from the union, and that they had been looking for him for months for an offense which they didn't care to explain. They did say that Brown and Dana have not been together for some time, and that they surely could not give a performance without being in good standing in the union.

May the Lord be with George Walker.

Khrushchev OK's SGA Elections

RUSSIA (UPI), April 1—Khrushchev startled International press observers today with his second public appearance outside his modest Moscow apartment. As throngs of loyal comrades with nostalgic tears in their eyes pressed enthusiastically against police lines, old Nick, who had somewhat bleary eyes himself, held a schooner of Vodka aloft in a magnanimous toast to what he termed the crowning achievement of American Democracy in action, the election of Bill Allen as Southwestern's Student Council President (i.e. Commissar). Although the old campaigner seemed tired by the effort, he affectionately banged a brogan on the head of a nearby well-wisher, delivered a brief four-hour harangue on the Marshall Plan in Lower Slobbovia, and disappeared into his apartment.

There will be a debate next Monday night in the AEC at 8:00 p.m. on Medicare. The Medicare bill presently being discussed in the Congress and nearing enactment into law will be debated by U. S. Senator Albert Gore from Tennessee and a group representing the American Medical Association. They will discuss the advantages and disadvantages of Medicare and also the AMA's plan for Eldercare.

Fool of the Year Announced

In accord with the tradition begun this year at Soowestern, the Sou'wester takes pride in announcing the college's Fool of the Year. The winner for 1964-65 is our benevolent ex-commisar, Harvey Caugheyschev.

Caugheyschev, past president of the Stud und Kancel, has been selected from a bevy of fools-apparent, any of whom might well be next year's top Fool.

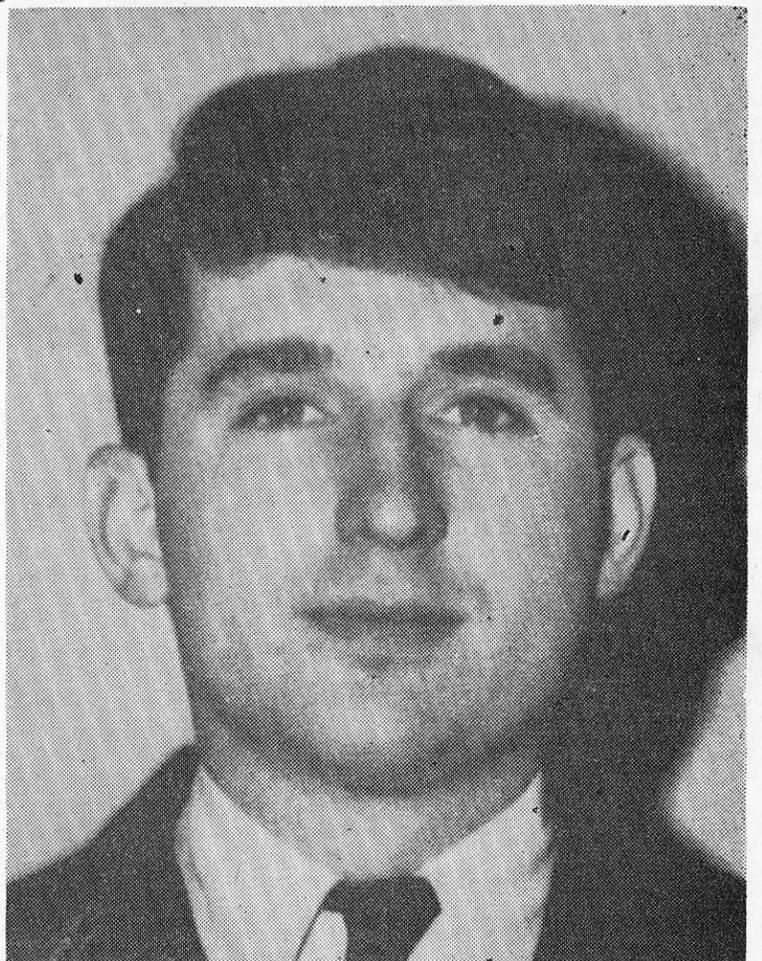
The deciding factor for Caugheyschev was his holehearted labor in concocting and railroading in the new Constitution for the Stud und Government AssAssAssociation.

A senior in absentia at Soowestern, Caugheyschev has been a dormant-student for four years or so. He was born in sin, several years ago in Dallas, Nebraska, where he was delivered in an excart by a policeman-errant. Since that time he has attended the Boston Latin School, Miss Hutchison's School, and the Peabody Demonstration School in Nashville. At each school he served as a demonstration.

He plans several years of graduate study at the planned Catholic University in Dublin, Ireland, if Cardinal Newman's Idea of a University is acceptable to King Hal VIII.

Other nominees for the Fool of the Year Award included Bill Allen, for obvious reasons, and the fool who took down the "Springfield Memorial Bump" sign. Dr. David Alexander's name was also placed in nomination, but the suggestion was withdrawn when it became clear that it was through no fault of his own that he did not take over the College Presidency this year.

In honor of the occasion, Mr. Caugheyschev was awarded a memento consisting of the Lenten Lint from the navels of the Sou'wester staff.



THE 1965 FOOL OF THE YEAR is Harvey Caugheyschev nee Cyril Hollingsworth. This clever devil has masqueraded all year long to claim the dubious honor of being the first two-term President of the Student Body.

Good Work, SGA!

In the midst of all these April fooleries it is necessary to take time and space to commend the newly-elected Student Government officers and commissioners for making one of the major advancements in student welfare in the past several years.

The Student Senate in their first meeting passed a major piece of "legislation" that has been much needed in the past but had always met obstacles and had never become a reality.

One of the major troubles, as we all know, is that Southwestern has many organizations but that none of them are really organized. In the past this inability to organize has led to confusion and anarchy, a state in which little can be expected in the way of concrete accomplishments.

The new bill, introduced by Welfare Commissioner Don Hollingsworth and railroaded through the Senate by Vice-President Ray Bye, includes a plan to "organize the organi-

zations." Under the new system there will be new organization named the League Of Campus Organizations. The League, called LOCO for short, will hold a meeting every night in the Bell Room of the cafeteria at 5:15.

Since in the past it has been the same people who have attended the meetings of the separate organizations night after night, the SGA feels that nothing much will be changed for the majority of LOCO's members. But for those who are often left on the sidelines, the plan will bring them in from the periphery to see what is happening. For the others who do not "belong" to the select "in" crowd, they may attend the meetings any night of the week or every night without worrying about whether they are going to a WF or a Mortar Board meeting. It's all the same.

You're off to a roaring start, SGA. Keep it up!!

★ Letters to the Editor

MATURITY CALLED FOR

There has been much said by many students about the lack of consideration on the part of the staff for the students. As a member of the staff, I should like to express my opinion of the students, the minority group, however; it does reflect on the entire student body. I have found this small group to be gauche, inconsiderate, and completely lacking in respect for adults. I grant you that not always do the adults conduct themselves in a manner that will demand your respect. Be that as it may, the fact that we are adults and should have learned some things by going this far through life does accord us some respect. These students DEMAND that the staff allow them certain privileges. They have done nothing to earn them. They behave as small children by sitting at the Faculty and Staff table in the dining hall and in many other little petty actions . . . all of which are designed to show their complete lack of respect for the authority of the staff. When you are in a position such as the staff is now, think back on your college days and remember them well. In the mean time, act as mature adults and you shall receive your reward.

Not Signed

The Sou'wester

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John McQuiston, Associate Editor

Jerry Black, Business Manager

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- Sports Editor..... Duane Mills
- Political Editor..... Bill Jones
- Photography..... Shannon Ball, Phil Hollis
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Campus Briefs

Applications are now being accepted by Dale Seay, out-going Commissioner of Publications for positions on the various Southwestern publications. The jobs are editor of "The Sou'wester," "The Lynx," "The Southwestern Review," and "The Student Council Handbook." Other positions are business manager of "The Sou'wester" and "The Lynx," and associate editor of "The Lynx" and "The Sou'wester." The deadline is April 10 for petitions; editors, etc. will be elected April 11 by the Publications Board.

★ ★ ★
The recently elected ATO officers for the coming year are: Brad Camp, Worthy Master; Arnie Pittman, Worthy Chaplain; Chip Hatzenbuehler, Worthy Keeper of the Exchequer; Charlie McLean, Worthy Keeper of Annals; Jim Butler, Worthy Scribe; Nat Kirkland, Worthy Usher; and John Overly, Worthy Sentinel.

The new initiates are: Tom Bowman, Bill Ellis, Bob Frank, Jim Henderson, Nat Kirkland, Bill Le-neave, David McMillan, Bob Morrison, John Pine, Robin Sanderson, Rut Tufts, Ronny Watrous, and John Williams. After initiation John Williams received the Scholarship award, and Nat Kirkland was named Best Pledge.

Student-Sponsored Symposium Featuring Prominent Speakers Will Be Held February 25-26

Southwestern is now making preparations for a student-sponsored weekend symposium, Dilemma '66, to be held February 25-26, 1966. To explore the topic "Society in Search of a Purpose," we anticipate having speakers prominent in six fields who, through lectures and discussions, will share their knowledge and experience with college students and adults. Invitations to participate will be issued to students of other colleges in this region as well as to the student body of Southwestern and to interested adults.

The purpose of Dilemma '66 is to complement the classroom situation by means of dialogue between the student and active and successful participants in our society. Such a program will be advantageous to the individual and enhance today's quest for a more coherent society. Dilemma '66 will not give pat answers, but will attempt to stimulate the concerned student toward an intelligent and purposeful course of action in his society. Its success will depend upon the interest of each student and his parents.

Dilemma will make use of this campus and possibly other public facilities. For the larger meetings, Evergreen Presbyterian Church or the gymnasium will be used. Discussion groups and smaller meetings will take place in the fraternity and sorority houses.

Perhaps the fullest meaning of the term dilemma is evident when we speak of its financial resources. The money must come from private donations, grants from interested foundations, and student sponsored activities.

The program for the weekend

will include entertainment that will be planned at a later date, possibly a dance, and an afternoon concert by the Memphis Symphony. It is possible that an art show will be part of the program as will a program of dramatic nature.

The weekend will not be possible without a great amount of student effort, and students wishing to offer assistance in any constructive way should contact any of the following committee members: Bo Scarborough, Alice Callicott, Pat Black, Walter Howell, Dick John-

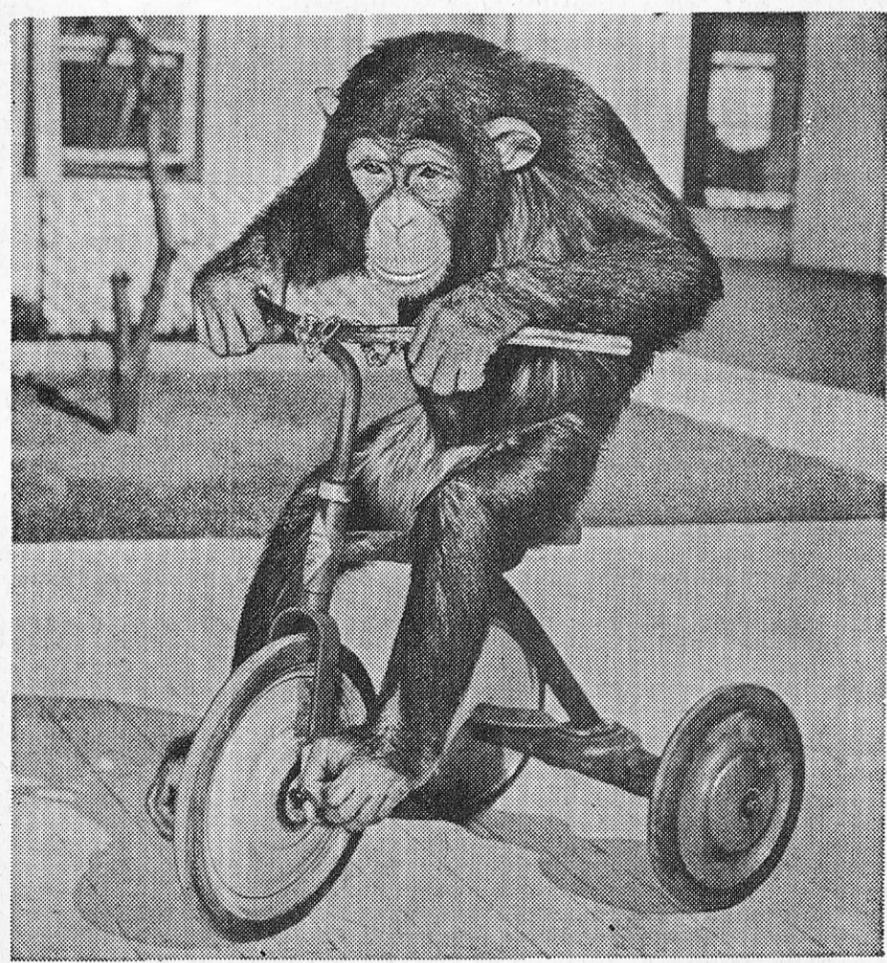
FOCUS: 008 Exposed

by Roger Hart

This department has some very incriminating evidence on the infamous 008 which will now be brought to light for all the public to see. Painful as this revelation may be to the writer, it must be done, for the good of Southwestern, Memphis, and the Mid-South, and mainly because everybody eagerly opens up his paper each week and reads 008 instead of FOCUS.

Last week's paper revealed that the recent election of Bill Allen to the presidency of the Student Government Association was only a front for a dictatorship by 008. Students were urged to follow secret orders from that elusive source. But—here is what was not disclosed—the 008 dictatorship is in turn a front for a gigantic plot (get that, YR's) to dismantle and sell the Haliburton Tower. At this moment, a battery of the finest lawyers, hired by an organization which never misses a chance to do good, Mortar Board, is trying to persuade the Tennessee Supreme Court to issue an injunction to prevent the wrecking crews from beginning on Monday. But it is doubtful that they can annul the contract, all properly signed and sealed, selling the Tower to the Quality Arkansas Gothic Limestone and Vermont Slate Salvage Company. The bell will be presented at graduation to outgoing SC president Caughey as a fitting symbol of his service. It is rumored that Dean Cannon will move his office to the Bell Room and that Dean Caldwell will set up shop just behind the curtain in Voorhies.

Since there seems to be no way to prevent this tragic loss, everyone is urged to express their opposition by refusing to speak to Bill Allen. Anyone wishing to contribute constructively may see Vern McCarty, who has a plan for the PRC to construct a gigantic tent on the site of the tower for new-type REW programs with Billy Graham and the chaplain of Bourbon Street. McCarty's only comment at presstime was "Are you saved?"



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'65 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE

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The Case Of The Mad Crucifier

by Harvey Caughey

The college tower building was an imposing structure which gave off an air of aloof seclusion from the mad outside world—a symbol for the haven for scholars which lay at its feet. It was for this very reason that it had been picked to be the headquarters for the northern branch of the Guatemalan secret service by the head of the northern squad, the man known only to his underlings as "P-R." Agent 008 walked up the four flights of stairs (he distrusted elevators ever since he had narrowly missed being killed by a mined elevator in Antarctica) and staggered through the door of P-R's office after carefully checking the door mat for poisoned gas capsules which would be ejected upon pressure from the foot.

He was met in the reception room by P-R's secretary, a Miss Penny Coin, who announced his presence to P-R. 008 gazed lecherously after Penny Coin, who was clad in a black sheath that was two sizes too small, plaid stockings and neatly tapered high-topped tennis shoes. She returned in an instant, nodding, and 008 skipped gaily into P-R's secret office.

"Glad to see you again, 008!" said P-R, breaking open two cans of 17 year old Katz Beer that he had been saving for just such a special occasion. "Glad to see you got out of that Beach Boy caper."

(P-R was referring of course to 008's last assignment, the protection of the Beach Boys from irate Brooklyn water-ski merchants who had declared a vendetta against all surfers).

"Sure, thing, chief," chirped 008, who had wolfed down the Katz beer and begun nibbling on the telephone cord. "What's my next assignment?"

P-R's face clouded. He always gave 008 the toughest assignments in the hope that somebody would surely be able to get rid of him. It was embarrassing whenever the International Spy Conventions met because the other delegates always ridiculed him. Guatemala was the only country in the world whose number one enemy was its number eight agent. Well, maybe this would be the time.

"I say, 008, stop hanging from the chandelier and come down here," barked P-R. 008 dutifully dropped gracefully onto P-R's desk, thereby triggering the howitzer kept to deal with saboteurs which lay beside the door, cleverly disguised as an architectural drawing of the proposed new 10,000 seat chapel. The shell barely missed both men who gazed in awe as it crashed through the window and obliterated the college library.

"There's no time to lose," barked P-R. "You must catch the next jet for Tel Aviv. Proceed from there to Jerusalem."

"Right chief, but . . . what's the assignment?"

"Have you ever heard about the mad crucifier?"

"Heard of him? Sure I've heard of him. Every Easter he strikes. Nails his victims to a tree. Spread-eagles them so to speak. But, I don't see why the Service should be involved in a domestic case."

"That's just it, it's been rumoured (note suave British spelling) that he's working for our arch enemy."

"You don't mean . . ."

"Yes, the Yemen Secret Service."

"Good grief, this looks bad. Any idea who he'll strike next?"

"No, but he always strikes in Jerusalem."

"Very well, chief, I'll get after him right after lunch."

008 left the inner sanctum and spoke to Penny Coin, who said yes, she'd love to accompany him to lunch.

As 008 walked down the street arm in arm with Penny Coin, his thoughts turned to the dreaded

Yemen Secret Service and his former death struggles with Yemenese agents to preserve truth, justice, and the Guatemalan way of life. Guatemala and Yemen had been at odds ever since 1961 when both had staked territorial claims to downtown Vladivostok. Neither had given in an inch, even after the U.S. had offered to throw in the entire state of Arkansas as a consolation prize in the dispute. Relations had been tense since then, and in spite of joint Soviet-U.S. efforts to negotiate a settlement, the two countries had been on the brink of nuclear war.

008 was awakened from his reveries suddenly by the sound of rushing footsteps behind him. He turned around in time to see a host of armed men, the leader of which had just leapt into the air and was about to pounce upon 008, dagger in hand.

"You suck, 008!" the leader cried triumphantly.

"Look out, Penny Coin," 008 shouted. "It's a band of Polynesian gypsies, the most deadly fighters on the face of the earth!"

"Polynesian gypsies," Penny Coin gasped hysterically, "oh, no! Are you sure?"

"I'd know that war chant anywhere," 008 explained, and sure enough the rest of the band were echoing the cry of their leader as they eagerly anticipated the dismemberment of 008.

But 008 had other ideas. He caught the leader neatly by the neck with his thumb and forefinger, snapping the jugular vein. Picking up the fallen leader's dagger he quickly threw it into the air, and it neatly severed a power line which fell to the ground precisely where five members were amassed for attack, electrocuting them all. Extracting a handgrenade which he had thoughtfully placed in the knothole of an adjacent tree earlier in the day, he tossed it to the remaining members of the band, who tossed it back to him. But 008 was ready for just such a turn of events. He had hastily assembled a trampoline which caught the grenade and sent it whizzing back at the band, exploding as it reached them. 008 naturally was protected by his bulletproof vest, face mask and warm-up pants, but Penny Coin unfortunately received several sizeable shrapnel wounds. She nevertheless was able to continue to lunch.

"You're so brave, 008," she murmured as he tied the tourniquet around her arm.

"Penny, we're close friends," 008 smiled softly. "You don't have to use my code name. You can call me by my real name."

"But what is it?" Penny Coin asked eagerly.

"008," he responded.

After lunch and a quick trip to 008's apartment to examine some new paintings he had acquired, Penny Coin returned to the office and 008 brushed his teeth, washed his feet and caught the jet for Tel Aviv, and then hitch hiked to Jerusalem. It was a boring trip. 008 killed only 15 enemy agents and seduced only 24 girls on the way.

When he arrived, he was in a bit of a quandary over how to go about locating the mad crucifier, and he stood in the middle of the street when a large neon sign struck his eye.

"The Mad Crucifer, 2 miles ahead on interstate 45," the sign read.

008 smelled a rat (Jerusalem had yet to install modern sanitation facilities) but caught a cab to take him the two miles. When he arrived, he saw another neon sign larger than the first, which said, "The Mad Crucifer is in Here" and had an arrow pointing to a nearby hole in the wall. 008 checked his Buntline special, Boy Scout Knife and Captain Video magic ring.

Then he squared his shoulders and walked inside.

The place was utterly empty except for one solitary individual sitting in the corner, drinking tequila mixed with Vitalis. 008 walked over and sat down at the same table.

"I'm looking for the Mad Crucifer," he said.

"You found him," said the other man.

"Who you planning on crucifying this year?" 008 asked.

"Sorry, that's a secret. I'm working for a secret service organization now, you know."

"Yes, the dreaded Yemen secret service, you arch fiend!" shot back 008. "But I won't let you get away with it."

The Mad Crucifer smiled and said nothing until the bartender approached.

"I'll have another of the same," Mad told him.

"I'll have what you're drinking," said 008.

When the drinks came, 008, who didn't trust bartenders, especially Arabic ones, deftly switched drinks with Mad when the latter wasn't looking. Mad, however, had suspected that 008 would pull a fast one and had therefore taken the precaution of having the knockout pills placed in his own drink. 008 took several swallows, giggled blissfully, and passed out.

When 008 awoke he found that he could not move his arms or upper body. As he struggled, he felt sharp pains in his wrists and sides and subsequently discovered that he had been nailed to a tree which was on the outskirts of town. While he was wondering how to extricate himself from the embarrassing situation in which he had found himself, he heard someone rummaging about at his feet. He looked down and saw the Mad Crucifer searching frantically through the grass.

"Lose a contact?" asked 008.

"No, something else," answered Mad. "See you finally came to."

"Yes, and I see you are attempting to get me out of the way so that you'll be free to wipe out whoever it is that the Yemen Secret Service has sent you to kill," sneered 008. "But it will never work. I have friends you know. They'll wonder what has happened to me."

"Wrong on three counts, 008," replied Mad. "As for your friends, they'll know what happened to you as soon as I report in. As for the Yemen Secret Service, if they get ready to kill someone, it will probably be me for getting rid of you. As for the person that I'm planning to crucify this year—well, that's where you come in."

"You mean . . ."

"Precisely. I am agent 009 of the Guatemala Service."

"But why are you killing me?"

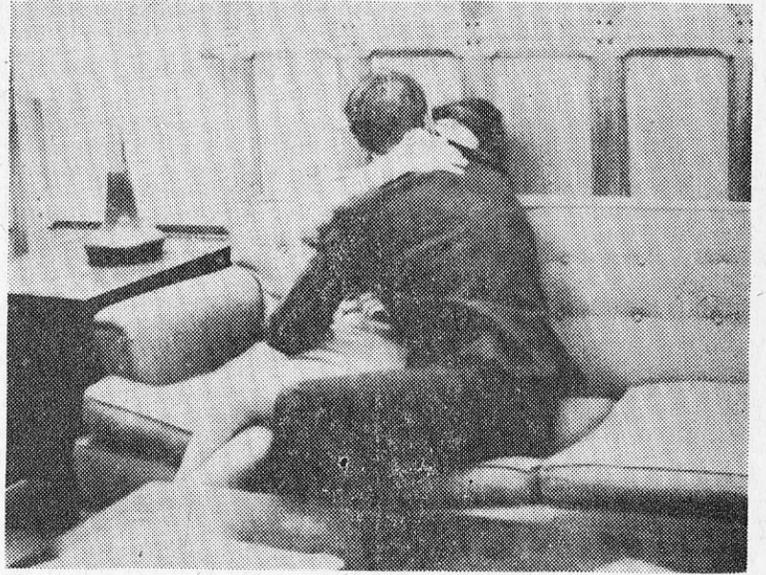
"Because you are the biggest liability that the Service has ever had. I'm being paid millions by P-R to get rid of you. That bit about sending you to Jerusalem to catch me . . . that was just a ruse to get you here. He knows I never kill except at Easter and in Jerusalem. So you had to be tricked into coming to Jerusalem."

With that, the Mad Crucifer bent down and searched diligently but frantically through the grass once more. At last he sighed, got up, and spoke to 008.

"I'm afraid I've lost it. Look, could I ask you a favor?"

"Afraid not, I'm hung up at the moment," replied 008 sarcastically.

"But look, would you mind crossing your legs? I've only got one nail left." (To find out how 008 escapes from this impossible situation, don't miss the next 008 thriller entitled "The Second Coming," which will be available soon.)



SECRET AGENT 008 OF THE Guatemala Secret Service, and secretary Penny Coin get down to the real knitty gritty in Townsend Social Room before 008's recent trip to Jerusalem in search of the Mad Crucifier. For details of 008's caper in the Holy Land, see the latest 008 spy-thriller novel printed for the first time in this issue of the Sou'wester.

Dean of Admissions Comments On Next Fall's Freshman Class

In an exclusive interview with Dean of Admission, Ray Allen, many interesting facts concerning the incoming freshmen were discovered, and it is only proper that a conscientious news(?)paper such as the Sou'wester relay these remarks to the general public. Crouched behind

Southwestern down by the zoo . . ." He emphasized the masculinity of the incoming students noting that three quarters of the men were recipients of National Merit Scholarships and ninety percent were members of the Federation of High School Stamp Collectors and Numismatists.

Allen also stated that next year's freshmen co-eds will be of the traditional high caliber maintained throughout the college's history. He assured the male students that the women would be both charming and sociable giving as evidence the fact that almost all were in the top ten percent of their class scholastically. In conclusion he expressed the belief that it looked like next fall would start another red-letter year for Southwestern.

On Monday night, April 5th at 8 p.m., four organ students from our Music Department will play before the Memphis Chapter of the American Guild of Organists at First Baptist Church, East Parkway at Poplar.

They are Miss Frances Griswold, Robert Henley and Albert Burke, Jr., students of Dr. Adolph Steuterman, and Miss Grace Fitzgerald, student of Kenton Stellwagen. The program is free and the public invited.

<p>McCULLOUGH'S ESSO STATION Road Service—Member AAA 585 North McLean Phone BR 4-1881</p>	<p>Southwestern Barber Shop Home of the Flat Tops 649 North McLean BR 2-2238 Owner, C. E. Garrison</p>
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ARTS AND SCIENCE GRADUATES

TEACH

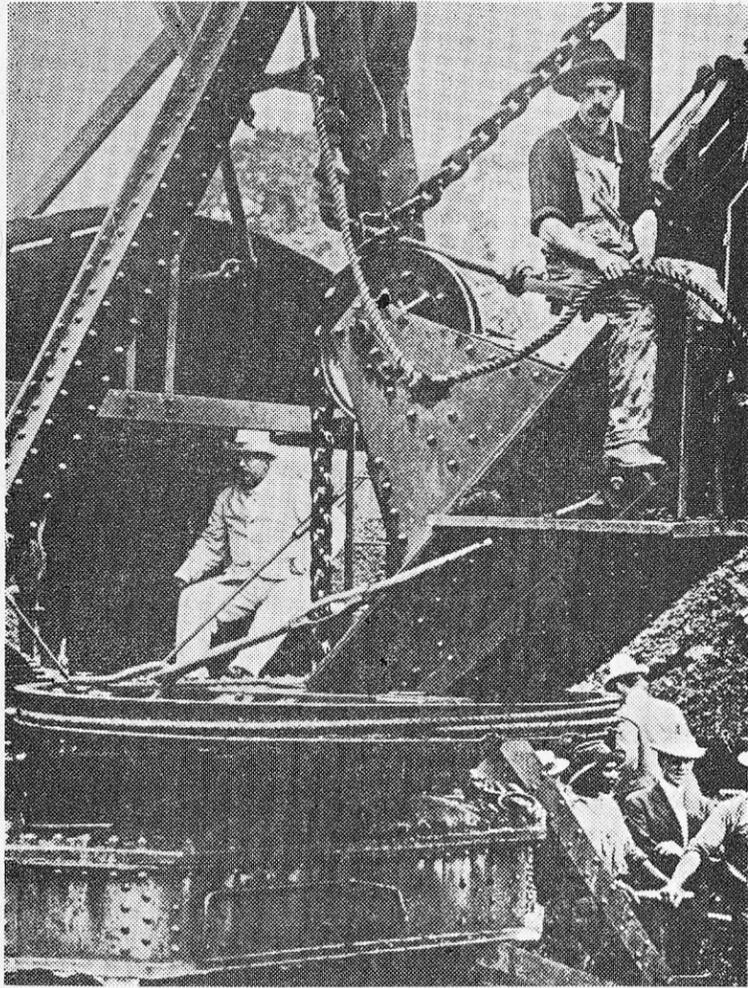
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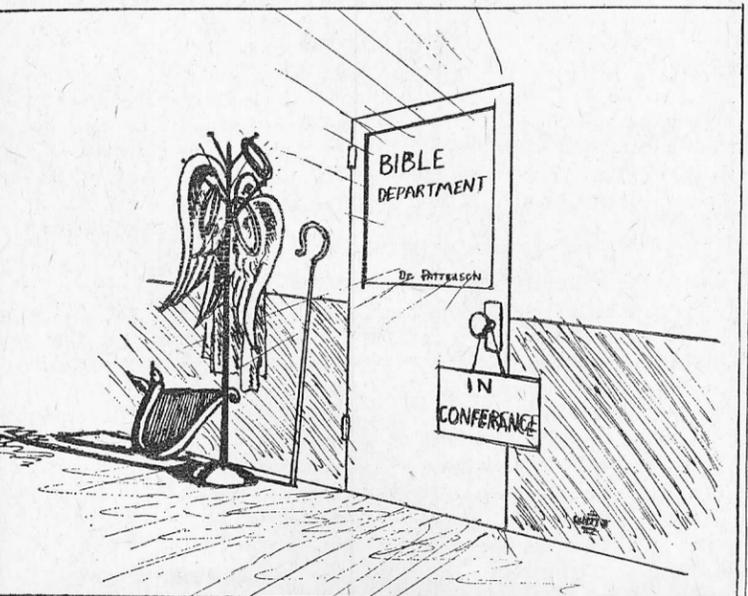
Qualifications

- No Education Courses Required
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- A Liberal Education
- Preparation in a Subject Area

INTERN TEACHING PROGRAM
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PROGRESS CONTINUES ON THE STUDENT CENTER with cranes and workmen frantically trying to finish the foundation. The unknown supervisor has ably been directing the digging and excavation. Several students have reported this man in the white Panama suit and the gold-rimmed glasses and bushy moustache has been trying to solicit students to participate in some hair-brained scheme to invade Cuba. Further reports reveal that the little man has been trying to organize something called the "Roughriders" and keeps yelling "Remember the Maine." School officials announced that steps will be taken to prevent any further imperialist fanaticism.



Top-Secret Excavation Continues Despite Revealment of Real Plans

Through dedicated, deft, and deliberate investigation, the Sou'wester has at last obtained the necessary information to cast aside the veil of secrecy surrounding that ominous excavation in the midst of the proposed site of the new student bowl-
ing alley and pool hall in old Fargason Field, and plumbed the depths of the dilemma.

After having researched and rejected false reports that it was an underground hanger for Sky King's aeroplane, a silo for Atlas missiles, a tunnel built by the John Birch Society so the U. S. can escape from Vietnam, a mud trap for giant ground sloths, a fallout shelter for Dr. Amacker, a meteorite crater, or just a bad attack of gophers, your newspaper has uncovered the truth.

Yes, friends, it is not an open-air handball court—it is indeed Kappa Alpha's new underground fraternity house!

The Sou'wester today secured a set of the top secret blueprints from a distraught workman, who had to be convinced that his wife and kids were more valuable than those nasty ole papers. When confronted with the disclosure of the surreptitious plans, KA chief executive George Abraham confessed:

"Yeh, it's a dirty business, all right, but we all dig the idea. After all, Dean Diehl sold our old place to the Kappa Sigs for a new pool room."

When completed, the subterranean sanctuary will be masterpiece of ingenuity and specialized design. The only exterior evidence of its existence will be the ultra-sensitive radar unit, cleverly designed to resemble a rotating beer can.

Access to the Jim Greenwood Memorial Chapter House, as it will be dedicated, is to be available by means of a trap door located underneath the john in the men's room of the Bavarian Inn. From this humble portal will extend an underground tunnel directed to intersect the drainage sewer that passes between the shacks into that bog at the southeastern corner of the campus.

Entering members will be screened through an ingenious battery of electric eyes, design to detect the reflection of light from the gleaming KA fraternity pin. If an intruder is sensed, an alarm bell rings and the entire house is automatically transformed in a twinkling to a Trappist Monastery.

Once inside, the KA will find himself in the lap of luxury. (Luxury is the housemother, recently acquired from her last engagement in a Bourbon Street sorority house.) The layout consists of an immense drawing room decorated in an ante-

bellum Southern colonial motif and dominated by a ten-foot-high mural depicting Robert E. Lee being served a mint julep by U. S. Grant in butler's livery while Sherman polishes his boots and Traveller looks on affectionately. Directly under the painting, resting on a marble pedestal, is a dynamic bust, executed in titanium by Mr. Anthony, of President Rhodes, Kappa Alpha's spiritual leader and a unanimous benefactor at Southwestern.



HEIL!!!



SHOWN HERE ARE MEMBERS of Southwestern's NCAA championship name-game team, who defeated all comers in the national tourney last week at Vermilion, South Dakota. Southwestern captured the title by successful declension of the names Aristophanes, Sviatoslav and S'su Ma-Chen.

APRIL FOOL SPECIALS IN THIS ISSUE

- Page 9—Never before revealed photos of the NaCoMe orgies.
- Page 11—Expose of the real admission policies of Southwestern. Including an explanation of the "sweet boy" method.
- Page 13—Copies of Dr. Queener's secret files of the neurosis of faculty members.
- Page 15—The confessions of an old market manipulator. By "Poppa" Hon.
- Page 16—A list of all the "willing ones" in Voories Hall. Donated by Roland Jones.

AMONG THE STANDOUT features in the decor of the new subterranean Kappa Alpha House is this magnificent head, affectionally known by members of the Collosus of Rhodes.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are not necessarily shared by the entire SOUTHWESTER staff or student body. Letters to be published must be signed, although names may be withheld from publication by request. The editor reserves the right to judge the acceptability of editorial articles and letters, and to limit the number of articles and letters on a single subject. Also, on letters of more than three hundred words, the editor reserves the right to make deletions not essential to the body of the article.

NOTE: Our apologies for any distortion in detail. Social items such as these have not occurred at Southwestern often enough to be described accurately.



FROZEN UP? Cold weather made you sluggish? This student protests the lack of heat in the men's restrooms during winter.

Union Squeezes By SW Hurlers But Lynx Out-Last Hope College

The Lynx nine got off to an even start this week as they won their season opener against Hope College of Holland, Michigan, 1-0 while losing 19-0 to the team from Union University.

Tuesday's game with Hope College went 12 innings before Southwestern's Ed Sneed scored to end the game on a double steal. The Lynx had scheduled a double-header to make up for Monday's rained out game, but the length of the first game caused the second to be canceled. Senior Paul Cox drew pitching chores, but was relieved late in the game by freshman Jim Mitchell who was credited with the win.

Wednesday Mitchell took the mound against the Bulldogs from Union, but the Union batters collected part of their 15 hits off him, and the loss left his record 1-1.

Freshman Bill Smith relieved Mitchell and gave up only one run until he was replaced by Jim Cole and then Jimmy Roberts. Five of the Union hits went to first baseman Paul Slover from Memphis. John Farese, Vince Kouns, and Jack Tilton each got a single hit for the Lynx. Errors hurt the Lynx effort as 6 unearned runs were scored.

Saturday at 2:30 on the Southwestern field, the team will face conference foe Washington University. The game with the Bears should give us some indication of how things will go in May at the CAC at Sewanee.

Spring Workout Begins For Flabby Footballers

A limited spring football practice got underway last week at Southwestern. Coach J. C. Anthony is working with about twenty boys. Several other members of the squad are involved in track and baseball and will miss the spring drills.

Practice will last at least until the Easter break. Early work has been on conditioning and play drills. Next week the players will don pads for work on blocking and some controlled half-line scrimmage.

Scholastic difficulty forced the withdrawal of seven members of last year's squad at semester, but such new additions as center John Meeks and halfback Don Kinard will strengthen the Lynx for next fall. Also participating in the spring drills are quarterback Billy Hendrickson and halfback Tommy Moore who were both starters last September but were sidelined.

Classics From the Past

My dear Mr. Feltus:

You have posed some interesting questions in your article and I would like to attempt to answer some of them and pose a few more for you and others who may share your opinions. The problem appears to center about the "compulsory chapel." Before beginning let us define "chapel" and a religious service and "convocation" and a secular meeting. Unfortunately the "compulsory chapel" appears to be the case where there has been either lack of responsibility or maturity on the part of the student to recognize the value of the program. As I see it man's only justification for existence is to worship God and it is devoutly hoped, by the very few who took the time, trouble and initiative to improve the past chapel program to what it is at present, that the time set aside for us in the academic week for this chapel will encourage and impress upon us the duty to worship our Creator. I need not remind the students of the totally unworshipful atmosphere of Hardie Auditorium as compared to the service as it now occurs at Evergreen Presbyterian Church where you have the opportunity to hear good music, a succinct sermon and have a worshipful atmosphere. Now this atmosphere is what you students make it, for it directly reflects your reverence, if any, and your mature recognition of man's frailty and need for guidance introspection.

I feel one errs when making a statement that a proper chapel service is a "waste of time" or "irrelevant." This appears to me to be a confession of ignorance as to one's spiritual estate. Now, the chapel service can, I am sure, be improved and if we all work together constructively to improve it Southwestern will have something of value, beauty and quality. As students come to Southwestern for intellectual and spiritual stimulation and pay good money for it I cannot see the justification for anything but the very best in all areas, especially with our most precious trust or possession, namely the soul.

Here are several questions I would like to pose: (1) Studying is not compulsory here but are all of you using this time, probably the only time in your life you can devote all your energies to this privilege, to the best of your ability? Perhaps the answer to question bears a relationship to the "why" of a "compulsory chapel." (2) Do you really believe reaching the physical voting age implies intellectual maturity? (3) Do you really believe that the capable faculty of Southwestern look upon the student as "not having sense?" I might add here that if a student "had good sense," i.e., could study effectively, reason well and above all THINK, it wouldn't be necessary for him to attend college. Perhaps the confusion here centers about the instructors' recognition that students do have opinions, right or wrong, but with maturity and in light of more experience with life may temper or change these same opinions. This attitude of the faculty may lead the student to think he does not "have good sense."

As to "where we are going" depends upon the present students as affected by the faculty who are, in turn, judging their effects upon the alumni. If students are not being challenged to think or not being encouraged to develop their talents to the fullest extent, then I would question the value of that program and seriously take steps to remedy it. This, of course, infers mature questioning of an area and an attempt to improve it before acting.

KENTON W. STELLWAGEN
(Organ and Sacred Music)

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CONTROVERSY

There is much ill feeling around school about Second Presbyterian Church and at Second about Southwestern, mainly because of the last two months. This is not to advocate Second's position in its segregation situation nor is it to advocate the actions of its front lawn worshippers.

Second is a church with God very much a part of it. The Lord has produced other successful churches from it, such as Woodland, Shady Grove, and others. In the youth department it is especially noteworthy: it sponsors annual trips to Rock Eagle World Missions Conference (for more than just members); it holds Youth Week in the summer for the youth of the city; it has exceedingly successful Christ-centered retreats for its youth. Innumerable people have met Christ through this church and the dedicated Christians in it, who are working quietly and behind the scenes on this problem.

These are a few things which are not meant to excuse or defend, but simply to acknowledge a side that has not been acknowledged. This matter has very deep intricacies on both sides, and snap surface judgment does not solve the dilemma. I don't know all about Second's side, but if we would discuss this with the Lord and with directly involved folks on both sides a little more before acting or denouncing, we could see everything in a much clearer perspective. The church has a committee to which interested people can refer. With Christ's guidance somewhat more prevalent in this or any problem, some terrific things can happen.

CHARLES MURPHY

'PROPER' RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE?

I have heard that the Westminster Fellowship was criticized for meeting around tables at the Bavarian Inn to discuss a movie. Apparently someone thought that this environment would not provide the proper atmosphere for a "religious" group like the WF.

The aim of the WF is not to preserve religion, but to be a fellowship in which divine power and presence are felt. Frequently a "religious" atmosphere is so syrupy and sentimental that it suffocates real human encounter—which often happens over a glass of beer. Let us recall that Christ was crucified not on a gleaming altar but on a filthy garbage heap.

ROGEE HART

CALVIN TO TURN OVER?

Egad, finally an original definition of Westminster Fellowship was presented in last week's Sou'wester by Mr. Roger Hart, one that could shake the very foundations of Presbyterianism, or at least entice a sickly groan from the grave of Calvin.

"What is this definition?" you ask. It is that Westminster Fellowship is an institution which does not exist to preserve religion, but which exists for the purpose of guzzling beer beneath crucifixions on garbage heaps. In this way an atmosphere develops where divine power and presence are felt. On examination this definition seems to hold, for after two beers a golden glowd usually begins to form within one.

ROBERT A. ORR, JR.

John Turpin To Attend IBM School Against Will

John M. Turpin will be sent to IBM computer training school this summer it was disclosed today at the expense of students interested in receiving their grades before four weeks after the marking period ends. Mr. Turpin tried to point out that he had already graduated from a similar school but SAT (short for "Students Against Turpin") threatened a genuine Selma-type sit-in if the registrar refused to learn the right way to run his machines.

With the first eight weeks ending Wednesday, Mr. Turpin, or Professor Turpin as he prefers to be called, has begun to work a regular six hour day with only four coffee breaks. He stated that he expected to get the grades out early (April 20) this time since Jim Greenwood's cards would be handled by hand rather than processed through the IBM sorter. Greenwood's cards were the reason for the long delay last semester, he explained, and thus there was no cause to accuse him for inexperience.

Intramural Board Plans New Events

The Intramural Board met behind closed doors last Monday to plan next year's schedule of activities. The three hour session resulted in only a few changed events for next year.

Next year a mixed doubles event will be held to test the quickness of both the sexes. A race will be held starting from the conference rooms in Burrow Library to the "passion pits" in Voorhies Hall. The sprint will begin when the library closes; contestants next year will have an open field and good chances to win since some of the more adroit sprinters graduate this year, like Goodin and Dowd.



JOHN M. TURPIN poses beside his "baby," the IBM 40988, and illustrates the complexity in operating the machine by placing a card in the "Feeder"; however the card he used was Jim Greenwood's and resulted in the complete break-down of the system. After pulling the card out, the Registrar found it to contain exactly forty-one holes, a prime number whose sum is also prime, and explained the machine could not handle such cards.

Newspaper Sleuths Unmask The Secret of Southwestern

The students and faculty of Southwestern at Memphis, and everyone else concerned with our beloved institution, have probably been staying awake nights worrying about The Skeleton in Southwestern's closet.

This closely guarded secret has never before been revealed to the public. In fact, it has never before been revealed to anyone not a member of the Board of Directors or

the Administrative Committee. Only at extremely infrequent intervals has even a wisp of the true story been whispered through the cloistered halls. But today, as a result of super-sleuthing and years of patient research by The Sou'wester's Secret Committee on Secret Goodies, the entire shameful mess can be exposed to the light of day. Oh, the reputations which are to be shattered. Poor Dr. Rhodes, poor Dean Jones, poor Dean Deihl, poor Miss Caldwell, poor Nurse Haner, to name only a few of the principles involved in this sickening story.

It all started in 1848 when a blacklisted Mason and ex-Presbyterian minister placed a blood curse on the administrators of the college. That is why the college was moved to Memphis. But the curse followed it. The curse operates the night before graduation ceremonies every year.

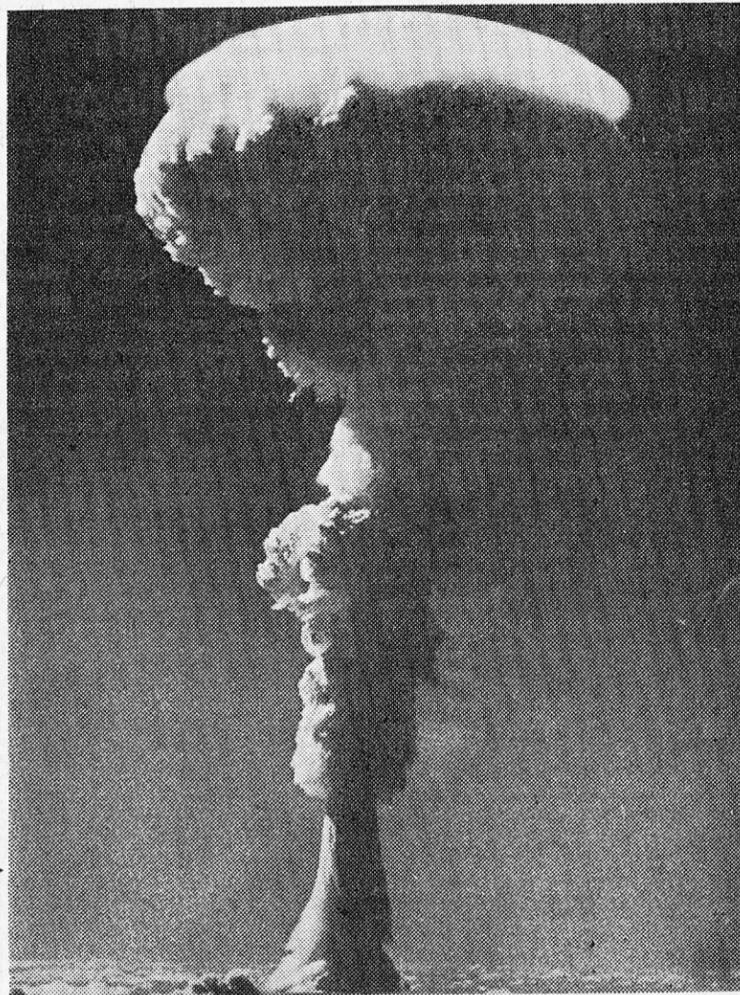
On that night the administrators of the school are overcome with a compulsive desire to (continued on page 9).



"IF YOU DOUBLE-DOG Dare me again I will hit you with my shovel," says Mrs. Briggs. "Nyaa, nyaa nyaa nyaa nyaa," says Dr. Rhodes.



POLICE AND STUDENTS STARE anxiously as firemen ransack the ruins of Palmer Hall, looking for some trace of former SGA head, Harvey Caughey, believed to be trapped in the Student Council Information Center. All that was found was a copy of the new constitution, a fudgesickle stick and a tennis ball. The inferno was started by disgruntled Sewanee students who protested the destruction of the Sewanee mountain (right) by Southwestern physics majors.



Southwestern-Sewanee Rivalry Escalates Into Full-Scale, Major Guerrilla Warfare

Southwestern and Sewanee have been rivals for perhaps as long as the schools have existed, at least as long as the two colleges have been participating in academic and athletic competitions.

In the past this rivalry has been a congenial and pleasant one, but lately several occurrences have blown the traditional rivalry into an all-out war. For instance in a recent track meet a Sewanee "brute" caught one of Griff Keyes shot puts and threw it back at him. The sixteen pound ball landed on Keyes' foot.

So far everything could be overlooked as an accident; but Grif Stockley, seeking to avenge his alma mater, raised a tennis net just as a Sewanee netter was jumping across to congratulate Stockley on a nice game. In a baseball game last week between the two rivals, Mike "the old man" Reed stepped on the first baseman's foot instead of first base. Sewanee retaliated when they met Southwestern in a golf match the next day. Infuriated when Richard Hagwood sunk a 93 yard chip shot for Southwestern a Sewanee "poor loser" wrapped a nine-iron around Hagwood's head. Although Hagwood remembered the literal, fundamentalist interpretation of the Bible and turned the other cheek, team members Arnold Pittman and Steve Lightman buried all four Sewanee golfers in a sand trap.

This is all background; below and right are the two latest news stories on the state of the present conflict:

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Fire broke out today in Palmer Hall as Sewanee students, incensed by a recent holocaust started by Southwestern students at Sewanee, stormed the cloister, where seventeen sorority girls were selling tickets to a spaghetti supper, and poured kerosene over the floor and walls and attempted to start a fire.

Amazed when the Arkansas sandstone would not catch ablaze the Sewanee students were not dismayed. They finally got the mortar between the rocks to burn, and the mortar totally consumed, the building trembled before the spring winds. With one big breeze the whole of Palmer Hall, then only a big pile of rocks held together by no firm cohesion, crumbled into a huge pile of Arkansas sandstone.

Firemen fought the blaze in a vain attempt to keep the building from returning to its natural state.

Dr. Amacker, in the middle of an introduction to the 4345th of the Free World Issues speakers, immediately exclaimed that it was The Third World War. Dr. Amacker, whose speeches in last week's chapels terrified his listeners as to the possibilities of another war, obviously had scared himself, for when the fire broke out, he shouted, "The problem of Viet Nam has escalated into an all-out war with China and the Soviet Union has come in on their side!!"

Harvey Caughey, still waiting in the Student Council closet in the Palmer Social Room to explain the new Constitution to somebody, anybody, had trouble freeing himself from the red tape and almost was burned alive.

On their way out of the building they snatched Mrs. Collins, Mr. Springfield's secretary, from the mad embraces of Coach Duckworth and scampered away in the direction of Science Hall to get revenge on the fiends that blew up the Mountain.

The science majors were buried under a barrage of falling ceilings and were easily trapped by the Sewanee invaders. The Sewanee culprits forced the physics boys to renounce, against their will, all of Newton's 30,000 laws of gravitation, motion, energy, etc., as the invaders stormed off to hunt down Smitty Smith, the real culprit, and dispute his badminton title and regain the Gothic Cup.

SEWANEE, TENN.—General war has broken out here between the students of the University of the South and their arch-rivals, Southwestern. The conflict started after the two schools had just finished their annual Gothic Cup battle for the badminton crown of the CAC.

Spectators from the Sewanee student body streamed on to the court after Southwestern's number one player Smitty Smith called "wood" on the final point and declared victory. Apathetic Southwestern students tried to dismiss the controversy over the close call and climb back into the SAU bus and head home.

But a bitter verbal imbroglio ensued when Sewanee students accused Southwestern students of having no school spirit. SAU President Mike Whitaker and his group agreed but pushed the point too far when they declared that they had more school apathy than Sewanee had school spirit. This of course touched off more debate in which SW students claimed to have more Gothic confines than Sewanee, smaller classes, more seminars, etc.

Roger Hart, a Southwestern student, appeared on the scene, redefined school spirit, and thus touched off an even more bitter debate in semantics linguistics, and theology.

Several physics majors on the trip added to the heated tempo of the argument by finding fault with recent discoveries in the field of astrology published by Sewanee labmen. They claimed that they had not taken into account the 42nd law of Newton that says that the amount of helium and nitrogen differs with attitude and therefore, since they hadn't taken into account that factor, their observations were off 0.0053 millimeters and 34,000 light years.

Philosophy majors from Southwestern further infuriated the Sewanee scientists when they entered the verbal battle. Ted Wynn, a Southwestern student, backed up the SW physics guys saying that the Sewanee astrologists had not distinguished between real and apparent appearances.

Meanwhile the SW scientists sneaked off and blew up the mountain with the help of Sewanee's own chemicals and electrical equipment. Tragic irony!

Found! In the Lair a pair of brown, horn-rimmed glasses. Owner please claim at the counter.

GOREN ON HEARTS

North (Jones)

- S-A-8-6-5
- H-9-7-4
- D-A-K-Q-9-7-6
- C-Void

East (Reed)

- S-J-9-3
- H-A-J-10-6-5-3
- D-J
- C-K-9-8

South (Mercer)

- S-10-7-4
- H-8
- D-10-8-5
- C-Q-J-10-7-5-3

West (Kahn)

- S-K-Q-2
- H-K-Q-2
- D-4-3-2
- C-A-6-4-2

Pass: Left

North—

9-7-4 of hearts

East—

K-9-8 of clubs

South—

10-8-5 of diamonds

West—

K-Q of spades
A of clubs

Kibitzers:

Northwest—

Dooley
Evans

Northeast—

Head

Southeast—

Bodie

Southwest—

Drago
Hackleman
Flackleman
Fischbach
Korsakov

It's bad enough when a player passes without passing a "run stopper" when he will not cripple his hand by such a pass. (Instead of passing the Ace of Clubs Kahn should have passed the queen of hearts) But when through sheer idiocy a player throws away a stopper, letting an opponent shoot the sun, he can expect to sustain much verbal and physical abuse from the other players, especially if Mercer is in the game. This hand took place last night and Kahn is new resting comfortably in the campus infirmary.

After the pass Kahn led the

deuce, Jones plopped out the Ace, sticking his hand out dit it, faking that he thought the bi--er, the queen—was going to fall on the first trick. Jones then led the queen of diamonds. Reed followed with the jack and Mercer sluffed the eight of hearts. Jones turned white, but his countenance returned as Kahn dropped the ten. Jones then led the king of diamonds, Reed sluffed the jack of spades and Mercer sluffed the king of clubs. At this, all four players gasped. It was evident to all that Jones was running his toes off, and it was evident to Jones that Kahn had him stopped. Kahn threw the five on the trick. Jones sighed and resigned himself to gobbling 25 points.

After some consideration Jones figured that if he could get all the spades in he might avoid eating the queen. Therefore he led the Ace of spades. The ten, four and deuce fell. Knowing there were three more out, Jones led the king. Reed played the nine, Mercer played the seven, and Kahn, without thinking, sluffed the eight of diamonds. ...Jones did a double take, counted the diamonds still out to make sure, and then laid his hand down. Kahn stared open-mouthed, speechless. Mercer was open-mouthed but not speechless. He launched into a 15 minute tirade in which he cast aspersions on Kahn's intelligence, ancestry, and religion. The eight kibitzers added to the vitriolic debate. Jones, meanwhile, added 26 and subtracted 26. This put Kahn out of the game and brought Jones below 0. Since it also put Mercer and Reed into the 90's, Jones' winnings amounted to well over \$10 for the game. Mercer vowed to take his plus-\$3 share of the payment to Jones out of Kahn's hide. Reed said he still couldn't believe it. Drago expressed the opinion that Kahn was stupid, which brought forth expostulations from Kahn concerning Drago's ethnic heritage. Korsakov got into the conversation and Mercer stated that anything said about Kahn went double for Korsakov. Hackleman, Dooley and Fishbach were next in line to receive verbal abuse from Mercer before he turned back to Kahn.

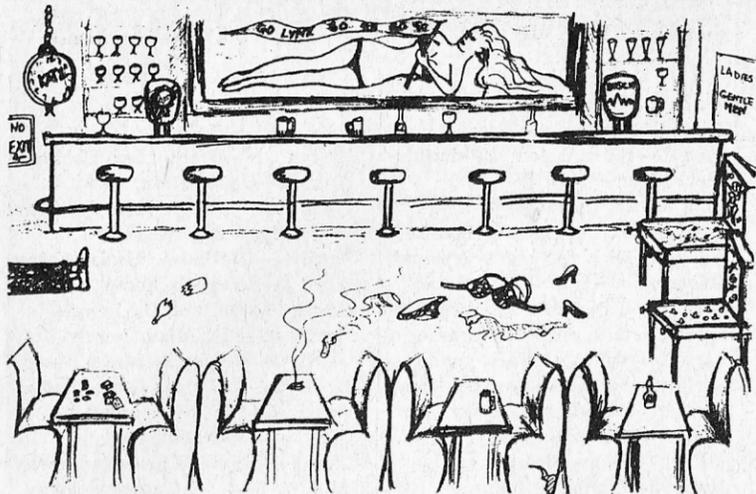
Jones pocketed his money, uttered a prayer of thanks that Kahn had been in the game, and went off to write an economics paper on "The Southwestern Credit and Banking System—According to Hoyle."

Midnighters Will Replace Isley Brothers

When the Sou'wester went to press a deposit had been sent to Universal Attractions, Inc., to contract Hank Ballard and the Midnighters for the April Fool Dance Saturday night. Dick Allen, the agency's representative, assured me that they were available for the dance and would send the contract immediately upon receipt of the deposit.

The dance will be from eight to twelve at the Rainbow Terrace. Students are to buy the Isley Brothers tickets already printed for \$4.00, and this will entitle them to the dance and free soft drinks. The tickets can be obtained from the Social Commissioner tonight. The afternoon event has been cancelled (see story).

Bill Allen



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF the proposed renovation of the Lair is shown above. A select committee headed by Dean Allen has had the project under advisement.

Choir Member Gives Personal Account of Mid-South Travel

By Mary Bettis

At 6:00 last Sunday morning 36 sleepy-eyed but excited students lugged suitcases, pillows, etc. to a Greyhound bus parked in front of Tuthill Hall. At 6:30 the bus, crammed full of people and equipment, pulled off the campus to the strains of the Alma Mater, and the 1965 choir tour was finally under way. This was a fairly dignified beginning to what was sometimes a dignified college trip. Most of the time it was pandemonium! As the bus roared south towards Greenville, Mississippi, everybody settled back and caught a short nap to try to make up for having gotten up at 5:00 that morning. We got to the 1st Pres. Church about 9:30 where the freshmen boys bounded off the bus, eager to unload the risers, music, instruments, etc. (Ha!) At 11:00 everyone scrunched onto the risers for an hour's radio broadcast. As we opened our mouths to sing the Alma Mater, the minister launched into his welcoming speech.

Our evening concert was in the 1st Pres. Church of Vicksburg, Miss. On the way in we stopped by Vicksburg National Park where we got a guided tour by one of the choir members, Susan Duke, who lives in Vicksburg. The highlight of the park was the Illinois Monument. This marble structure is dome shaped, and its acoustics are fabulous. We made a quick stop here to sing in the monument for a few minutes. The sound was wonderful—you get about 10 echoes for every note you sing. We also made a quick trip down to the waterfront. Going back up the bluff took a little more time, however. The bus had trouble getting up the hill. In fact, we backed down four streets before we found one that the bus could pull.

Bright and early Monday morning the bus left Vicksburg for New Orleans. At 10:00 we made a quick stop at Natchez to sing at Morgantown Junior High School. This, in one way, was a tragic stop music-wise. The back of the piano was shoved up against the stage, and it wasn't until we started singing that we realized that we couldn't hear the piano. Needless to say, we ended up with the piano in one key and the choir in another. At Baton Rouge the mob piled off the bus and invaded Howard Johnson's. Can you imagine 36 kids and 28 flavors of ice cream? We

thought we were going to be in Baton Rouge for quite a while—the bus didn't want to start. But soon we were merrily charging towards New Orleans, singing at the top of our lungs. By the time we got to New Orleans we had sung every song that has ever been written, and a few nobody would dare to write down.

The Monday night concert in Lakeview Pres. Church in New Orleans was typical—spastic in places. The Madrigals were outside the sanctuary waiting to come on as Aaron Foster, choir president, made his speech about choir tour. As we waited for Aaron to introduce us before we came on, he kept talking and wondering why we hadn't come on when he had introduced us. To make a long story short, he stretched his 3 minute speech to 5 or 6 minutes.

Tuesday morning a bleary-eyed bunch got on the bus at 8:30 and headed for the French Quarter. After an hour and a half of shopping—we didn't have enough time—we ate lunch at the Commodore's Palace. At 1:30 in the afternoon we bid a sad farewell to New Orleans and headed for Laurel, Miss. Our concert in the 1st Pres. Church there went very well, but we were so exhausted that our pre-concert warm-up dissolved into giggles.

The bus pulled out of Laurel at 7:45 the next morning and bounced down the road to Okolona, Miss., where we sang in the high school for an hour. By 4:00 we were back on the road making a bee-line for Memphis. At Holly Springs, Miss., we stopped for about 10 minutes so that Bonnie Davis could see her mother. Finally at 6:20 p.m. the group fell off the bus in front of Voorhies Hall and sang the Alma Mater.

Our concert on tour consisted of not only choral numbers, but also pieces for choir and small orchestra, the brass ensemble, instrumental solos, and a few numbers by the Madrigals. Besides Dr. Taylor, four faculty members (Mrs. Earl Whittington, Mr. Peter Synnestvedt, Mr. John Wehlen, and Mr. Kenton Stellwagen), and Mr. Sam Drash, field representative for the college, went with us. We travelled almost 1,000 miles, we sang ourselves hoarse, and we had a lot of fun, but we hope that we also were the kind of representatives of the college that you would be proud of.

Entrepreneurs Plan To Renovate Lynx Lair; Will Establish Combination Taproom-Casino

A group of entrepreneurs, who call themselves The Dealers, Inc., announced this week that their long debated plans to put into full use next fall are nearing fruition.

The spokesman for the group said that since the entire food-drink-et cetera concession along with Bob Poole and Blondie will be moved into the new Student Center next September the group began thinking of some way to utilize the vacant Lair for the students' benefit and their own profit.

They came up with the idea of making the old Lynx Lair into a taproom. Several difficulties lay before The Dealers, Inc., before they could realize their plans (and profits). The most outstanding of course was the traditional dictum that no alcoholic beverages are allowed on campus.

Going over the head of now President Peyton Rhodes, The Dealers, Inc. went to the man who would have the full authority next September when their plan would go into effect. New President David Alexander was queried on the mat-

ter and the answer was in the affirmative for the group's plans.

Alexander said in part: "Yes, I think that the renovation of the Lair and the establishment of an on-campus bar would be a good idea. This would save students the trouble of going off campus for a beer and keep the regulation of drinking on campus where we could control it better. Besides students should have somewhere close-by to go and get a quick one before such trying experiences as classes and convocations, particularly during REW week." The Dealers, Inc. were forced to cut Alexander in for 20 per cent partnership, however.

The entrepreneurs also hope to turn their new establishment into a kind of combination discotheque and night club. Such favorites as Lynx Lair stand-by Bob Fischbach will offer folk music and the group is in the process of trying to sign the ethnic duo Weber and Frank.

Sometime cafeteria employee

"Gomer" Harlan will serve as the bouncer and also offer his comic antics from time to time to add to the atmosphere.

To add the flavor of New Orleans and Bourbon Street the new proprietors of the Lair hope to present a burlesque show several nights a week. Possible coming attractions along these lines are the world renowned "Four Horsewomen of the Apocalypse" and the 1965-66 cheerleaders minus "Jumping" John Williams.

As far as refreshments go Schlitz and Michelob will be on draught as well as Katz beer, added for the benefit of Browne Mercer and Rick Duschl.

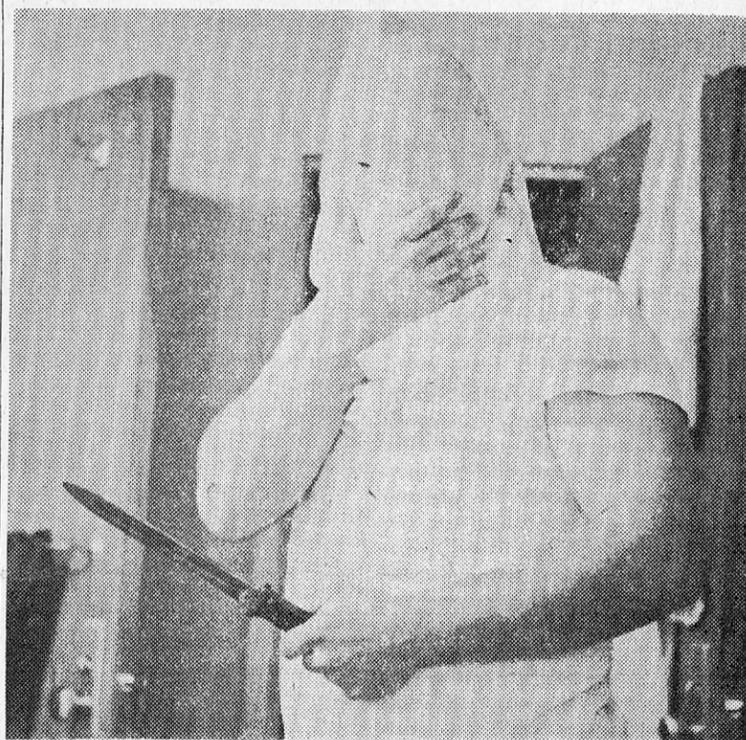
So as not to disturb the patrons of the new establishment no card games in the taproom; all gambling will be done in what is now the bookstore the Dealers themselves will run all sorts of Las Vegas-type games for the, as their spokesman called them, "suckers."

Jock Junta Jumps Unprepared Campus

With swift military precision today the Athletic Department seized control of Southwestern in a coup obviously well-planned in advance. In a bloodless move which strategically coincided with the opening of spring football practice, Coach Jesse Johnson and the conspirators ousted former president Peyton Rhodes, who scarcely had time to grab his University of Virginia diploma as he fled his office.

Observers within the ranks of athletic supporters expressed great surprise at the sudden takeover, but several confided that it was rumored among the ten members of the football team that Johnson had been endeavoring for some time to line up the support of the campus cop and the Student Council regime.

According to sources within the munieque released to the Sou'wester, firmly established and in a com-new junta, the new order has been Coach Johnson revealed his convention-shattering plans for re-orienting Southwestern.



SOUTHWESTERN KLANSMAN JOHN MEEKS poses for photographers on his way to a meeting of Klavern 96. The Most High Exalted Grand Super Wizer told reporters that Klavern 96 was "ready for anything icky-poo L.B.J. can put out." The local Klavern is planning its Spring Formal soon. Last week the organization announced its Klangler for 1965. She is Miss Jacqueline Dowd.

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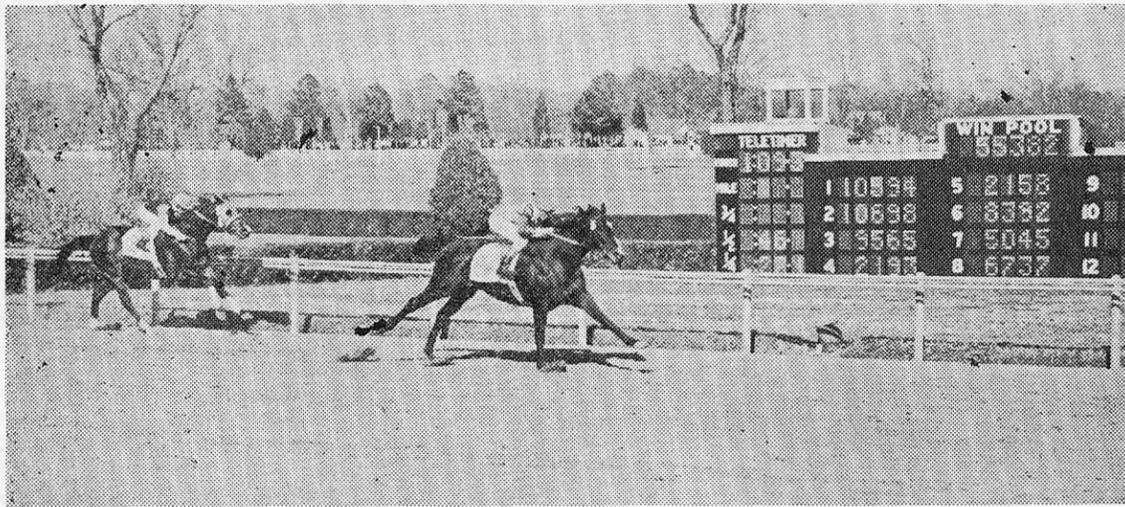
CULTURAL CALENDAR

April 9—Mr. Farris will lead a discussion group examining the comparative merits of "Fanny Hill" and "Peyton Place."

April 10—Dr. Roper will discuss the symbolism of the modern classic "Candy."

April 11—Interested students will meet in Fisher Garden to protest the dismissal of Mr. Farris and Dr. Roper.

April 12—All English majors will assemble in the cloister to sing the Music Department's arrangement of Areopagitica.



FASTEST TRACK IN THE MID-SOUTH is how Coach Freeman Marr describes the new Southwestern track. Its rubber-type surface offers good footing for the Southwestern thoroughbreds, as Southwestern goes all-out to emphasize varsity sports in a complete policy reversal for the administration and athletic department. In a scientific breakthrough the Chemistry department found the secret formula long-lost since the days of Ovid and Kafka to metamorphosize Gary Nichols and Hill Weber into "distance sprinters."

SW Golfers Take Two Matches; Thump a Washington and Miami

By Arnold Pittman

Southwestern's linksters rebounded with two big wins this week after suffering an initial setback in the season's opener with Notre Dame.

Tuesday the Lynx soundly thumped the University of Miami in Ohio, 20½-6½, at wind-blown and rain-soaked Ridgeway Country Club. Leading the Lynx was freshman Eric Wilson. Eric coped medalist honors with a fine 75. Also playing well was another freshman John Neiman. Neiman, coming out on the better end of a 3-0 individual match, also teamed with Captain Donnie Dyer to grab a 3-0 win in the two-man matches.

A warm sunny day greeted the linksters Wednesday and resulted in a wilde broad smile from Coach

Maybry. The Lynx, facing conference foe Washington University, trounced the visiting "gas-light gang" 26½-½. Number one man Craig Goldate (the one who lost the ½) led the Lynx with a 73, taking medalist honors. Lightman, Pittman, and Wilson followed 75, 77, and 79 respectively.

The Lynx face William Jewel College and Delta State today in a three way match at Memphis Country Club. Next week the linksters will meet David Lipscomb and Lambuth on Monday and Union on Friday.

Lynx Netters Lose First Two Matches

In the first conference match of the season the Lynx netters were crushed by the powerful team from Washington University 9-0. The loss brought the season record to 0-2.

Several bright spots appeared in spite of the dismal score. Freshmen Bill Ellis and Hayes McCarty both showed well.

With warmer weather the netters are looking forward to the opportunity to work more. While concerned with the matches scheduled, they are pointing to a good showing at CAC.

The team will lose only one man this year, senior Grif Stockley. Playing for the Lynx are sophomores Currie Johnston Arnold Drennon, and Tommy Barton. Senior Stockley, and Freshmen Ellis and McCarty round out the 1965 Lynx squad coached by Derrick Barton.

Last night the officers of the Interfraternity Council for 1965-1966 were elected. They are: President—Arnie Pittman; Vice-president—Bill Wilson; and secretary-treasurer—Willie Edington.

Tracksters Open Home Season Against Howard College Tues.

By Barry Boggs

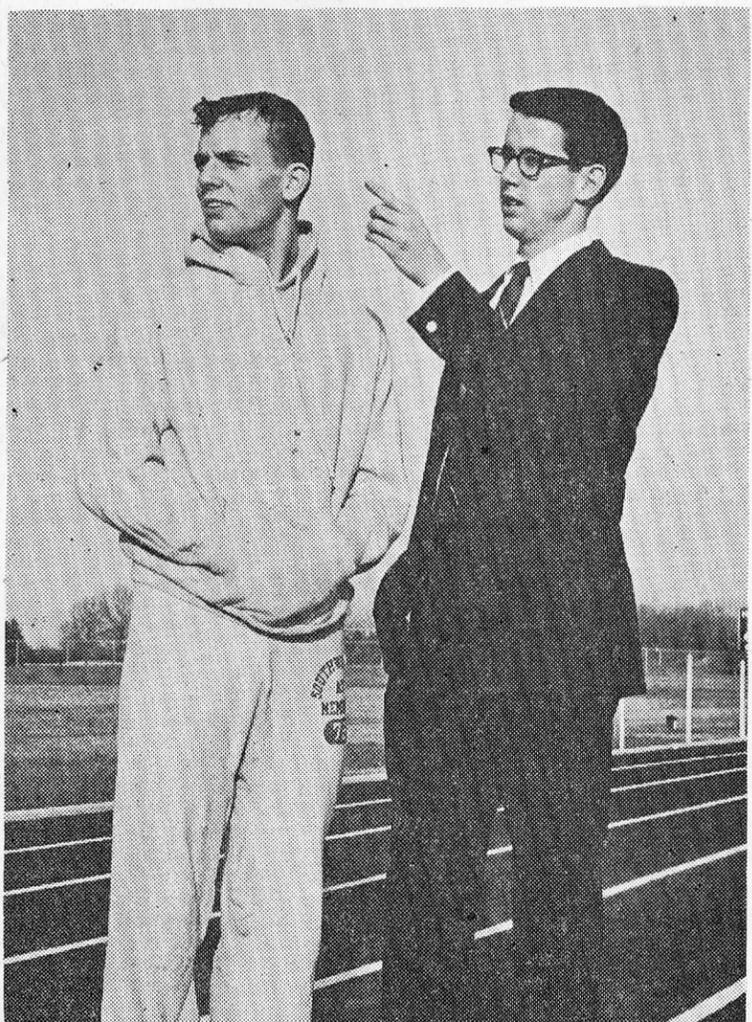
The Southwestern track team will open its home schedule of meets next Tuesday when they go against Howard College of Birmingham, Alabama. It is the first dual meet of the year for the Lynx and will be the first real measure of the team's overall strength. Up until now the team has only been spotlighted by several good individual performances.

The Lynx lack the depth needed for team victories but may be able to make the difference up by virtue of each member of the team being able to compete in several events.

Bill Weber, team captain, will run the anchor leg on the mile relay in addition to the open quarter. Gary Nichols will run the 880 and a leg of the mile relay. Don Hollingsworth will compete in the 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash and run on two relay teams. Ronnie Davis is on the three relay teams. Scott Arnold will run the 220 and two relays. Barry Boggs will compete in the three jumps and run on two relay teams and the 100 yard dash. David Hays will pole vault, high jump and broad jump.

Paul Spaht will high jump and broad jump and Tod Brabson will run the 100 and 220.

Freshman Alex Gafford will run the mile and two mile. Jim Durham will throw the shot put, discus and javelin, as will Brady Anderson. Russ Didelot and Griff Keyes will both be shot putting.



IT'S THE THIRD DOOR ON YOUR RIGHT says Dan Daniels Assistant track coach, to a query from Gary Nichols, holder of the school record in the 880. Nichols will compete in the Drake Relays this Saturday and the Penn Relays next weekend. Authorities feel he has a good chance of placing, since neither of these meets are held until May.

SPRING SPORT SCHEDULE

Baseball

March 29—Hope College, home
 March 30—Hope College, home
 April 3—Washington U, doubleheader, home
 April 6—Arkansas State, home
 April 8—UT at Martin, home
 April 10—Illinois State Normal, doubleheader, home
 April 13—UT at Martin, away
 April 19—Quicy College, home
 April 20—Quicy College, home
 April 22—Union University, away
 April 23—Vanderbilt, away
 April 24—Sewanee, away
 April 27—Delta State, away
 April 29—Lambuth, home
 May 1—Lambuth, away
 May 3—Delta State, home
 May 7—CAC Tourney, away
 May 8—CAC Tourney, away

Track

March 27—Memphis Relays, home
 April 6—Howard, home
 April 10—Sewanee, home
 April 13—Valparaiso, home

April 17—Southwestern Invitational, home

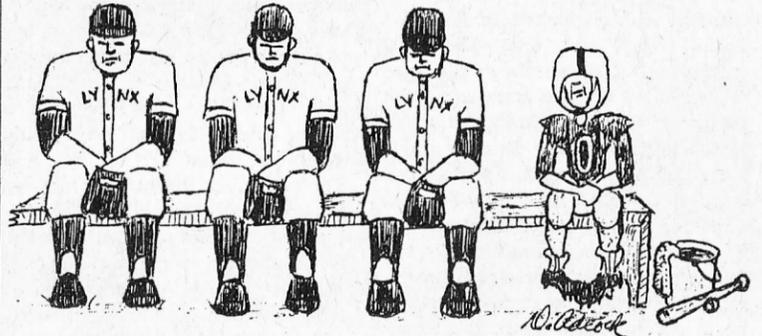
Tennis

March 31—Washington U., home
 April 1—Delta State, away
 April 2, 3—Mississippi Southern College Tourney, away
 April 5—DePaul University, home
 April 9—Sewanee, home
 April 10—DePaul U., home
 April 12—Ole Miss, home
 April 23—Arkansas State, away
 April 27—Arkansas State, home
 April 30—Ole Miss, away
 May 3—Vanderbilt, away
 May 4—David Lipscomb, away
 May 7, 8—CAC Tourney, away

Golf

March 30—Miami of Ohio, home
 March 31—Washington U., Home
 April 2—William Jewel College, Delta State, home
 April 5—David Lipscomb, Lambuth, home
 April 9—Union University, home
 April 13—Arkansas State, home

From the End of the Bench



And now we find ourselves in that delightful refreshing time of year when Spring wafts softly across the face of our fair campus, and students' hearts lightly turn to thoughts of love and its associate skills. We know Spring is at last beginning to arrive because the weekly snowfalls are gradually diminishing from three inches to two inches and so forth. One can hardly think of anything more romantic than such things as boys in Bellingrath taking their first showers in weeks and as Winter's grime rushes down the drain, discovering new vim, vigor, and virility and quite possibly each other's identity. Meanwhile over in the distaff dorms the young ladies begin to feel their hearts swell with the romantic reverie brought upon by the essence of fresh mud which drifts through every open window. Bermuda shorts hang ready in every closet, and heavy coats and boots are prepared for storage. Convertible tops are checked and cars washed and waved. Bathing suits and blankets, sun glasses, and lotions begin to dot the lawns. Ol' Sol once again appears and actually generates some warmth. The blustery northern winds soon blow themselves out and eventually turn tail and run before the gentle zephyrs which advance from the south. Or consider the gray-haired professor, who sits and puffs thoughtfully on his pipe as he daydreams of a still lake with the insects buzzing and birds chirping and fish jumping on a day when every one of his five senses is gratified in its search for evidence of life—and then a student's question jerks him rudely back to the confines of the educational process. Ah it's a lovely idyllic picture is it not? But wait, think back. Why concern ourselves with such conventional signs of the seasonal changes. If we are perceptive at all, we can recall even earlier harbingers which heralded the annual arrival of life's rebirth.

Remember those sweating, straining, puffing animals running out on the track that you saw. You know—those beings under layers and layers of assorted hoods and sweat suits and such. They were tossing around cannon balls, and throwing spears, and jumping saw horses and falling into pits of sawdust, etc. These peculiar species always appear at the same time each year. You can hear their grunting and cursing, their groans and growls all across the playing fields. They too are signaling the arrival of Spring and that yearly madness of cinders and spikes which we mortals call at best track and and at worst lunacy, while the participants themselves cling to it as if it were life itself—and perhaps it is.

Meanwhile over in the field house you may have observed the antics of another creature who is related to the aforementioned animals. This species is recognizable by its weird equipment and outlandish costumes. They can be seen to cavort with horsehide spheroids and polished clubs, throwing and hitting, catching and dropping as they are watched over by a larger creature called a coach, who walks around gingerly, very gingerly. A special trait which makes them unmistakable are the floor burns along their posteriors which they get from sliding practice on the hard wood. These particular species are called baseball players.

Two other organisms which appear with the demise of Winter are the golfer and the tennis player. The first never really gives up in any season. He is notorious for the way he practices his craft year round and for the narcotic effect this game will hold over him for the remainder of his life. In any event he welcomes Spring as the victor over snowbanks, which have a habit of cleverly hiding a poorly hit ball, and as relief from layers of sweaters which hinder the swing. The latter being stands out in the cold blustery wind and hits ball after ball over a little net with a handed checker board. He does this for hour upon hour and is identifiable by his chapped knees and runny nose.

So we see that with Spring comes madness. In athletics this is a special type of madness where people have an undeniable urge to get outside and run and jump and swing and yell, so much so that they rush the season and declare a mildly sunny day in February to be the beginning of Spring as they rush pell mell for the exits. It is also the time of year when hope springs eternal and every player, coach, and fan dreams of the glory which seems so possible as a new season begins. So it's zany and so it's wild, but who would have Spring any other way?

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