



BROWNE MERCER "gets in" to make his move as Old Man Reed warns that he can't stop him. However, Mercer's next lead was a spade causing Cole to play his singleton Ace which caught the Queen thus stopping the run.

Cole on Hearts

Those who frequent the Lair from time to time are doubtless familiar with the mass of bodies, bleary of eye, and moist of armpit, congregated under the glaring lights of the heart table. This particular evening found the old man, attired in one of those shirts stolen from a bargain basement in the Yap Islands, busily at work. Fellow adventurers in the manly art of hearts include Mercer, the master of the bellicose diatribe; Fishbach, "Good Grief" the greasiest gamester of the group; and, already the proverbial unknown factor, one Gerald Koonce, unwittingly the most unorthodox rookie to make the Southwestern hearts scene in many a moon shot.

Few are aware of the intricacies involved in a hot game. Never fear. One can become something of a quasi-expert by mastering the lingo, often violently flung about in a session. At this point it must be noted that the procedure of the game can be followed at an amazing distance (especially when Mercer's on the pad) without even following the actual play of the cards. Envision the course of action as the game begins.

Reed—Let's run one.
 Mercer, Bach, Koonce—(In unison) Deal!
 Reed—Why do I always have to play behind Gerald.
 Mercer and Bach—(In stricter unison) Deal!!
 Koonce—I'm roasted. Which way is the pass?
 Mercer—Which way do you usually pass on the first hand, &%\$#"?#%?
 Reed—You dummy. Lead, Bach.
 Koonce—No, I lead.
 Bach—How high, old man?
 Reed—That high, Bach.
 Bach—That sucks. Get in, Mercer.
 Mercer—Oh no, You're runnin', Bach.
 Reed—Smoke.
 Bach—That sucks. Better things.
 Mercer—Keep leading, Bach.
 Koonce—That sucks.
 Reed—The eternal climber.
 Koonce—Who's in?
 Reed—You're in, you dummy.
 Koonce—What am I doing in?
 Bach—Sucking.
 Mercer—Smoke.
 Koonce—I haven't got anymore.
 Bach—Yes, Gerald.
 Reed—Oh, drop trou, Gerald.
 Mercer—Twenty-five.
 Koonce—Geez.
 Koonce—Geez.
 Reed—Gerald's makin' his move early.
 Mercer—Deal, Bach.
 Reed—This is the worst hand I've ever seen. Complete control. I haven't seen an out card in so long I feel like I'm playing euchre. Just look at that. Bagged on the pass again.
 Koonce—You really get bagged on the passes in this game. Yessir, Isn't that right, Old man.
 Reed—Oh lead, Gerald.
 Koonce—Oh yes.
 Reed—I don't believe it. Get in, Bach.
 Bach—What do I want in for? Dump it!
 Mercer—Stay in, Reed.
 Koonce—Smoke.
 Reed—And let you out? You dummy.
 Bach—Somebody stop his sun shot.
 Mercer—You stop him, Bach.
 Reed—I don't believe it. The eternal climber's at it again. Now what?
 Koonce—What's wrong with this?
 Mercer—That's the bag-suckingest lead in the deck.
 Reed—You're going up, Gerald.
 Koonce—Why me?
 Reed—You stopped my run you dummy.

And so forth, Koonce screams out the top; Mercer, Bach, and Reed fight it out for low man. For a live episode in the annals of a fast game, mosey on down to the Lair any night from six to eleven. See Reed play Houdini; listen to Mercer's awesome tirades; watch Fishbach throw in his lock and still grease out; and marvel at the best laid plans of mice and men foiled by the temerity of Koonce.

Confessions of a Member of the Shadow SGA

The first hesitant rays of the morning sun were barely beginning to make pink inroads among a pile of scrambled clouds hanging against the fading prussian blue sky, as The Sou'wester Eye shifted its beary beam from the Student Center (which it had been watching for three days running with diminishing hopes of discerning any sort of constructive activity) and peered myopically at a dim, blurred figure outlined by the morning half-light slowly making its way with halting steps across old Fargason Field behind the grey bulk of the now permanently uncompleted student center. The stalwart, all-seeing Eye, ever mindful of its sacred obligation to stand guard for an innocent and unsuspecting student body, squinted, blinked several times, and adjusted its retina for a closer observation of this strange apparition. In the gathering light, as the figure approached it began to take the familiar form of one of the better-known personalities around campus, although the usual vigorous spirit which has captured the hearts of so many voters in the past, seemed to be missing. Weary as it was, the Penetrating Orb peered at length the haggard frame of the once-mighty Bo-Diddley Scartown as he shambled past the Eye.

The Eye cleared its throat (which is a pretty neat trick), and casually cast a cautious greeting at the now-retreating back of Scartown, who, noticing the presence of the Eye for the first time, wheeled and fell at the feet of Your Guiding Light, groaning and mumbling strange mystical phrases such as "Constitutional Committee," "get the girls' dorm vote," "runoff," and "Watch out for Ellett Hall." Fearing for the poor fellow's life, the Eye hoisted him to his feet and solicited the source of his malady.

After imbibing a few salubrious swigs from the Eye's ever-handly flask of peach brandy, the lad was sufficiently revived, and, beginning slowly but gathering speed as he progressed, Scartown related the saga of the Shadow SGA.

He explained at the outset the reason for his mysterious predawn appearance in such a disheveled and distraught condition. It seems that he had just been drummed out of some sort of super-sacrosanct clandestine club called the Shadow SGA after this group had succeeded in a night-long effort to wrench a confession from him. He had been accused of violating the organization's principles by actually participating in a program that caused dangerous intellectual awakening among the normally soporific student body. Scartown, former director of Perplexity '69, explained that this particular group held as its cardinal philosophy that if the student body is to be controlled it must be ignorant. He turned and pointed to an innocuous looking little structure strongly resembling in both appearance and odor a normal portable john used by workers on the Student Center.

"That," he confided, "is in reality the headquarters. We—I mean—they took it over when all of the construction men disappeared several months ago, and they've been meeting there ever since."

At this point the poor soul broke down, but after a few more healthy sips from the Eye's bottle, he recouped his strength and continued, seemingly anxious to unburden his conscience. The Bloodshot Sentry sensing that a foul and dastardly plot menaced our peaceful school, gently urged him to explain more fully the nature and workings of his erstwhile comrades—in-cabal. (Oh, clever, crafty Eye, you lucky students!)

"It all started there." The words were bitten off by his tightly

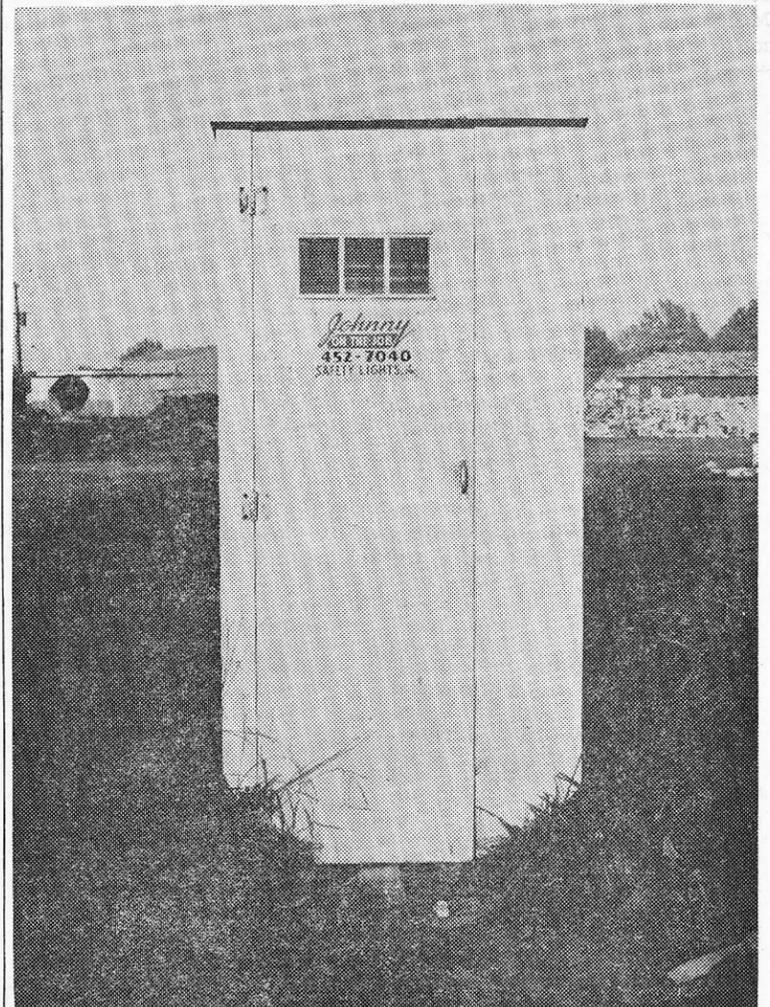
climbed teeth. "There in the basement—Room 11. It seemed like such an innocent gathering at the time. A few of us lingered for a while after the crowds had left the first meeting of the Freshman Orientation Seminar to discuss profound truths. I remember so well the refreshing exchange of brilliant ideas, the freedom of expression, the casual, offhand manner in which the leader of the discussion, Ivan Ratclivitch, set forth an exciting new dogma that seemed to inflame the imaginations of everyone present. The doctrine took the form of a plan for reorienting academic truths on campus (RAT, as it was subsequently called). This seemed like such a noble purpose, honest it did; but little did I imagine the perverted design couched in that innocent premise."

"The real scheme, the malevolent, twisted plot, did not become obvious until after I had become inextricably entangled in its foul web. I became a pawn in the hands of a master manager of power and his devious demigod cohort, "Robin" Hallsobitch. The plan was this, short and sweet. By operating in secret, manipulating the apparent blocs of power against one another until they destroy themselves, Ratclivitch, Hallsobitch, and their fiendish comrades intend to gain ultimate control of the ultimate concern of Southwestern, thereby converting the entire school into the central control complex for directing the world-wide revival of the Nihilist Revolution. The whole deal is operating under the ultra-secret code name of RAT-FINK, or Reorientation of Academic Truths and Future Indoctrination of Negative Knowledge."

The glowing light of dawn suddenly dimmed as black clouds boiled across the once-rosy sky and a coldly foreboding wind whipped up dust and dead leaves. Streaks of lightning began to flask in the dark mass overhead, casting Scartown's usually pallid countenance in a new eerie light. The Good Ole Eye quickly jerked its flask from the now-transfixed Scartown's clinched fingers and took a long,

healthy pull. The Eye uneasily glanced at the grim sky and then at the face of the turncoat. His expression was indescribable. Horror, fear, and profound awe mingled in his twisted features as he stared fixedly past the Eye. The gathering storm mounted its activity to a fever pitch. The wind howled horribly, the thunder blasted loose the windows in the Student Center, and the earth trembled violently (the earthquake, which wasn't quite severe enough to shake the Eye and his hapless friend off their feet, managed to reduce the shacks to rubble). All at once a blinding flash of light whitened the already ashen figure of Scartown and seared the surrounding landscape. Figuring something was going on behind it, the Orb swiveled hesitantly in order to capture the scene to the rear.

Blazing against the blackness of the cumulo-nimbus, high in the heavens, was the wildest vision the Eye has witnessed since it read the KA rush letter. There, standing in the sky, clothed in flaming white robes, were three figures. On the left, with a smoking copy of the SGA Constitution in one hand, and a can of Pabst in the other, floated the scowling image of Hallsobitch; on the right, slightly out of focus, glowed the pink countenance of Rog Heartski, the prophet who went before; and in the center, towering in incendiary rage and brandishing a gleaming golf tablet of the Course Evaluation Questionnaire in his uplifted hands, burned the figure of Ratclivitch. Its senses reeling, unable to absorb the intensity of the vision, the Sou'wester Eye turned away and looked again at Scartown who had thrown both arms over his terror-stricken face. Simultaneously, a thundering voice echoed over the fury of the storm, for all ears to hear proclaiming ultimate defiance and arrogant superiority in its hour of triumph. As Your Stalwart Defender now sits on the body of Scartown and surveys reflectively the remains of the once-mighty gothic halls, that exultant cry still resounds in its numbed consciousness—"YOU SUCK!"



ONLY THE SECRET chambers of the Shadow SGA survived the holocaust which ravaged the campus as this nefarious clan of intellectual hoods claimed victory over the minds and bodies of Southwestern Students. As the haggard Eye sagely observed, "There's gonna be a big stink here from now on."

SAVE WATER—
TAKE A BATH
WITH A FRIEND

PAUSE NOW
FOR A MOMENT
OF PRAYER

Campus Security Still Baffled In Case of Mysterious Culprit

APRIL 1. This morning at 8:31 a.m., the campus security officer, Sergeant Hubbard, discovered an improperly parked automobile in the parking lot behind the Science Building.

"The car was almost fifteen degrees out of line with the other cars," stated Officer Hubbard, "creating a terrifying hazard to pedestrians and traffic alike." Alert Officer Hubbard immediately suspected some sort of Communist plot and, fearing possible mob violence adopted an attitude of lethargy.

Rushing to the Comptroller's office, he informed Mr. Chambers of the situation. Chambers, realizing the matter was too serious to be handled alone, informed his immediate superior, Mr. Springfield.

The three of them plus Mr. Martindale and a riot squad of four hundred maintenance men rushed back to the scene of the crime only to find the car gone. However the evidence was there in tire tracks, a popsickle wrapper and a half-pound of icky-poo, left by the car and its operator.

Several witnesses were quickly found, who were frantic to assist.

When asked why he did not take the license number, Hubbard said that he could not write. The escape of the culprit was a major setback in the case. But the clever and efficient campus police force immediately swung into action. After a hasty consultation between Mr. Springfield, Mr. Chambers, Hubbard, and Batman, a round-up of suspects was ordered.

At 12:42 p.m. Springfield announced that over one hundred suspects had been brought into custody and were being questioned in Dr. Bigger's old office in the basement of Palmer Hall. The suspects included thugs, juvenile delinquents, con-men, prominent citizens, prostitutes, KA's, bums, dexedrine pushers, two dogs, and an itinerant tycoon mumbling something about a student center.

Soon after the news broke your reporter polled campus opinion and got a banana in his ear.

Immediately after the manhunt was ordered, the opsickle wrapper was taken to the campus security section of the chemistry laboratory. After several hours of research Dr. Moose reported that the wrapper had contained a banana popsickle which has been eaten by a tall red-headed person with nine toes. Moose stated that he had determined the flavor by licking the bag,

but campus security did not allow him to reveal the details of his other discoveries.

As soon as the discoveries concerning the wrapper were announced a stake-out was placed in the Lynx Lair to discover and arrest any one attempting to purchase banana popsicles. The first break in the case came when at 3:18 p.m. two shady-looking females entered the Lair and purchased one hundred and forty-seven banana popsicles.

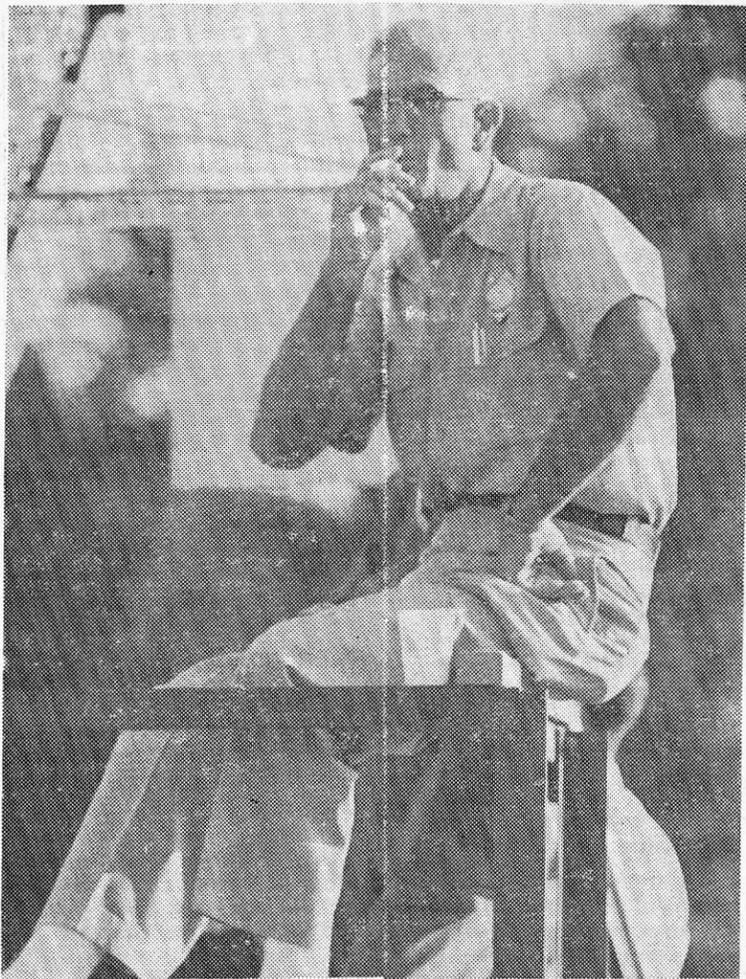
The alert campus security officers followed the suspects to a small, suspicious-looking house near the edge of the campus. Noting a large number of automobiles parked in front of the place, the officers felt they had stumbled onto an important development in the case.

The officers moved up to the front door and demanded entry. When they were refused on the grounds a secret meeting was in progress they knew that this was it. Drawing their revolvers and smashing in the door, Officer Hubbard hurt his foot. After frisking several of the girls they phoned in their report.

The misunderstanding was cleared up when Dr. David Alexander informed them that the alumni of this organization had contributed plenty of money to the school.

Springfield cautioned the faculty and entire student body to proceed with extreme caution since the campus security force is dangerous when armed. However he reassured everyone by stating that he expected to have the outlaw in custody by sundown.

Campus Briefs



THE CAMPUS COP, PERCHED LANGUIDLR ATOP his new lookout tower, smoking a casual cigarette between frequent chases of speeding students over the campus bumps, peers out over the twisting network of pavement, ready to spring into his idling Model A to bring any violators to justice.

Reporter Unveils Mystery Gains Wisdom of Sphinx

Last week those two studs of the printed word, Don Watson and Bill Jones told me to write something jarring for April fools. Well dear readers, I tried. But all my efforts were in vain. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, funny, sad, or thrilling about Southwestern, its faculty or student body.

Or so I thought! In desperation I sought out that wise old man of letters, of whom I had heard so much and knew so little. I found him busily at work rewording the treaty of 2016 B.C. between the King of Togo and himself. He did not even glance up as I walked in.

He (who, for esoteric reasons I will refer to as the man who makes the student body stand for something in Chapel) said, "I need your help. I'm far too old to accomplish this action by myself. Will you aid me?"

Still confused I accepted. He pointed out the window at the large unfinished building which loomed in the Distance. Articulate-ly, he explained the secret purpose of this structure. No, it wasn't to be a Student Center. I was flabbergasted.

He viewed my skepticism. "I will prove it."

Within a matter of minutes, I was stationed outside the structure, a mere 100 yards away, cleverly disguised as a Russian Sheep-dog. I propped myself up against a fireplug and waited. It was so cold that I froze my tail off.

After two hours of observation, I saw a faculty member enter the building. Then another. Within an hour the "Student Center" was packed with wild-eyed profs. One of them shouted, "We have done it! We have taken over the Faculty Center, shall we say?"

Suddenly one of THEM, by his instinct and my outstinct, recognized me.

Frobbish Game Ends In Tie With KS Rally in Last Zwx

The fourth annual Frobbish All Star Game Playoff Game, between Kappa Sigma Fraternity and a team consisting of the two best players from each of the other five fraternities, was held yesterday, with the scene of action alternating from the Toast to Farguson Field every five minutes. As in the last four years, the game resulted in a tie between the two teams and the referee. Top scorers for the All Stars were Jeeesus Reed, representing ATO, with five points; and George Abraham, president of KA and the senior class, with no points. Leading the Kappa Sigs was Bill Edington, four pitchers.

It was obvious some three hours before the game, when Jimmy Whittington of Sigma Nu was found under the table at Gammon's, that KS had an early lead. This lead was lengthened when Arnie Pittman, the other ATO representative, couldn't even be found. The sides were evened up right before game time, however, when Tod Brabson, Kappa Sig's greatest potential threat, was found suffocated to death in the beer cooler on the backseat of his car.

Shortly after the game had begun, the Kappa Sigs arrived on a stolen Budweiser truck. Once the llamas were unhitched from the front of the truck, play resumed. The first score came after only minutes of play, when Arnold Drennen rode across the goal line on George Abraham's back. Credit for the score went to Drennen. The Kappa Sigs quickly retaliated by burying Walter Howell under the C.A.C. Championship Bell, where he will remain as an example to all Freshmen aspiring to be politicians.

Now on defense, the All Stars demonstrated amazing agility. The younger Wheling, of PiKA, leaped seventy-three yards in the air to nail Don Munch at the one can line, resulting in a fumble which Charles Murphy quickly drank. Even before the end of the fourth minute of play, Abraham had scored again. He dropped to his face, exhausted, shortly after the fifth was begun.

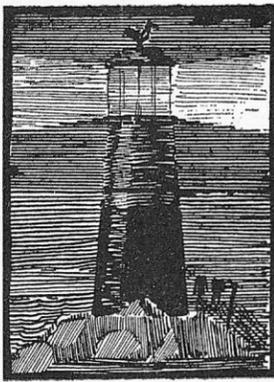
Bob Jolley, who had returned from the French Riviera when he heard about the game, was thrown for a loss nine times in a row. Jim Cole was forced to pun, and once again the All Stars were at it.

When they finally did get back from the Toast, the game had to be moved inside on account of daylight. At last report, the game is still in a tie. Both teams are said to be somewhere in the French Quarter looking for enough money to finish the game. So far, the only thing they've found is Arnie Pittman.

Part-Time Help Wanted
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The Sou'wester

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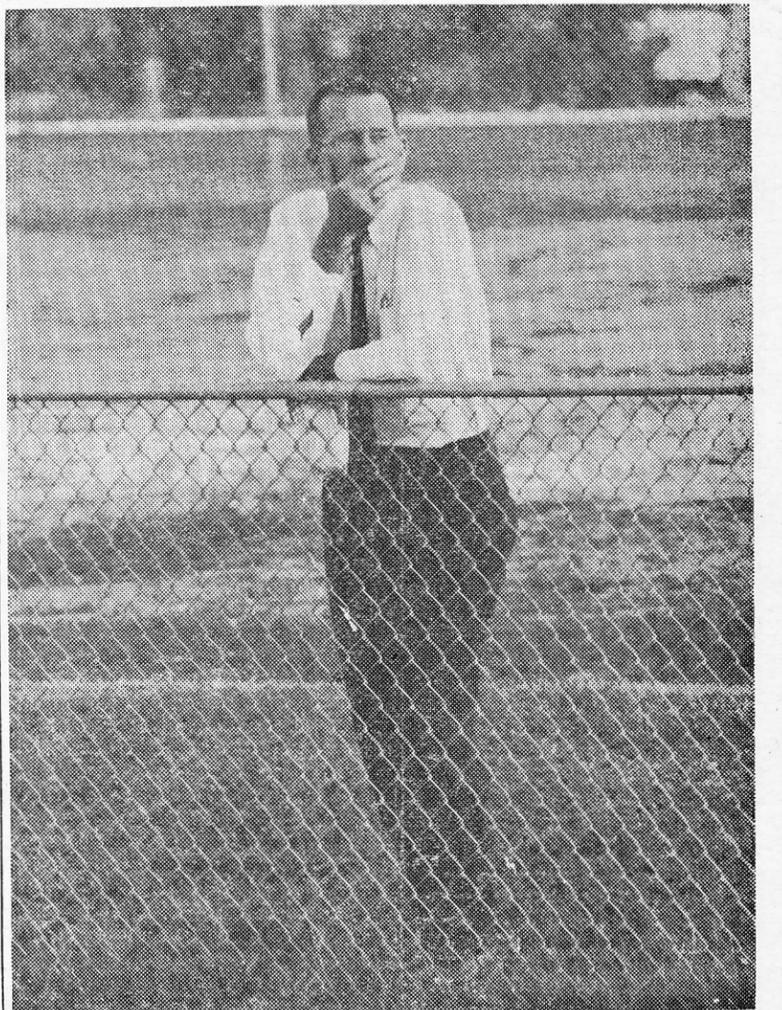
Published Weekly by the Students of Southwestern

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ATHLETIC DIRECTOR BILL MAYBRY GASPS AS HE SEES Bruce Cook and Brady Anderson both lodge their javelins in Mary Jane Riegler in last Saturday's track meet held on Fargason Field last Monday. Maybry had yelled "Get the Hell out of the way," but the cindermen threw. By the way, it was their best distance yet and the Lynx won the meet.

A Just-So Story

Once upon a time there was a college student.

The story could end right here but since everybody is somebody we might as well drag it on a bit. This college student was a junior. There were things he liked about his college and there were things he did not like. For a while he employed the doctrine of passive resistance, and endured the things he did not like in the belief that those wiser than he knew what was best for him. Besides, there were only three years left after he decided he was not satisfied, and he had some ideals and though there might be some virtue in finishing a job once started.

He thought about this a lot, and decided to find out what was available to a non-college graduate in the great big nasty world outside. He went to the military recruiters.

The Air Force recruiter said, "Stay in college and we'll make you an officer when you graduate."

The Navy recruiter said, "We don't have anything much for people with only two years of college. If you were a college graduate we could make you an officer, but if not, there isn't anything special about you. You like to scrub decks?"

The Marine Corps recruiter said, "We need intelligent, trained men for the modern Marine Corps. We have a great program of officer training for college graduates."

The Army recruiter said, "You can go in as a private, and then try for OCS, but it isn't easy. If you had a college diploma we could let you straight into it."

The Coast Guard recruiter said, "You graduated from college?"

The college student left the recruiting offices sadder but wiser. He could not understand how the mere presence or absence of a college diploma could make so much difference, especially since from observing his classmates and himself he was fairly sure college students

were on the whole less mature than non-college students.

Next he went to a friend of his, a scientist, one of the people whose opinion he respected. He asked the questions which troubled him.

The friend said, "When a person has been to college and graduated, an employer knows the person has done more or less what he was told for four years. It simplifies the paper work for the military services if they limit officer training to college graduates. They don't get half as many applications, and most of those that do get in will stay at it a while. Also in your scientific fields the college diploma is a sort of union card—it means you've had training you couldn't get anywhere else and which is considered necessary in the scientific field. That is well founded, but it's getting where a BS is not enough: many of your big companies have a PhD directing the research and four or five MS and BS people doing just like he tells them. You're not going to get very far in anything unless you finish college."

The college student went back to school. It wasn't really what he wanted to do, but he felt he couldn't do anything else. He sat in the classrooms and went to labs and repeated sentences in different languages and slept and ate and did all the other things that college students do, but his heart wasn't in it.

He started to slip before he realized this, and got careless in his study habits, and his grades dropped slightly. This depressed him further and the thing turned into a vicious circle. Before long he was fighting hard to resist the temptation to walk out to the street next to the campus and hold out his thumb, and the worst thing about it was that he wasn't even sure what the trouble was.

This story isn't really very funny and this is the April Fool Issue, so maybe we'd better cut it short.

WHW

Fire Breaks Out In Chi-O House Anti-Greek Pyromaniacs Blamed

Fire broke out in the Chi Omega sorority lodge last Monday afternoon. Throngs of students gathered to watch the men in black fight the bellowing smoke in what turned out to be a futile attempt to save the structure from total ruin. Three hours later, six thousand tons of water, two quarts of Hi-C and a helpful dog, found the building in ashes. All that remained were two

wide-eyed owls and a trio of bed

spring carefully hidden behind the

refrigerator, no doubt reserved for

a full moon.

The cause of the fire has not yet been determined, but girls' dorm rumor machine has cranked out what seems to be a likely explanation. According to Lucy Bartges, et.al., the mid-afternoon blaze was begun by some ambitious anti-fraternity-sorority students who were unable to think of a better way to end rush. The story goes on to say that the Sigma Alpha Epsilon house would be the next victim of these pranksters and radicals allegedly led by Roger Hart and Howard Romaine. The two alumni had returned to renew their rebellious ways after discovering that the world at large provided little opportunity for their particular type of expression. And of course, they found many willing followers ranging from Arnie Pittman, who cannot decide who should be his successor as IFC President, to Joe Heflin, who has decided sororities are no better than fraternities.

Countering this rumor was a tale whose origin has been credited to three psychology majors and Mary Patterson(s). According to this report, the fire was started by a dis-

carded match earlier in the day. When pressed for the culprit who would be so careless, the informed students revealed seeing Dean Jones leaving the Free World Issue convocation on the run. They went on to say that they had seen the dean throw his match on the Chi O lawn but they were so busy in trying to figure out whether Jones was a pyromaniac, a manic depressive or simply simple, that they forgot about the growing fire. Another rumor has it that Stan McNeese is presently searching for these persons' identity since they were obviously irresponsible and negligent.

LAST CHANCE
Send your dollar to
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DIRECTING THE ACTS OF A BAND OF RUTHLESS CRIMINALS, the mysterious masked Gargoyle, backed by millions from an unknown power, attempts to wreck production for national defense. The police—baffled—seek the aid of Richard Wentworth, a famous amateur criminologist. Sometimes masquerading as the Spider, thus concealing his identity from both criminals and the police, Wentworth pits his wits and strength against the Gargoyle in an effort to prevent sabotage, subversive activities, and other crimes.

Little Known Vignettes

April 1, 1965—During the search for the Larger Light last year a band of renegade Chinese soldiers was discovered in the Kappa Alpha Lodge where they had been stranded for 47 days without food. It seems the Chinese soldiers, anxious to escape the oppressive authoritarianism in China into our free American way of life, had tunneled through the earth and broken out inside the KA House. Since KA was non-existent at the time, the Chinese found themselves trapped in a sort of twilight zone, unable to leave or go back where they had come from. Upon discovery of the refugees, the administration declared KA in existence long enough for the refugees to leave the house and immediately declared it non-existent again.

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Letters to the Editor . . .

SOMETHING SPECIAL

There's something special about those few minutes in the morning just before the alarm clock sends its nauseating clatter through the halls. What sort of profanity runs through the mind of a cold-footed, red-eyed victim of that merciless creamer? Indeed, what sort of profundity would have this crumpled paragon unfurl his sleep-laden lashes and leave the warmth of his cubicle as the gray fog is lifting? An eight o'clock class.

There's something special about the way this mobile gargoyle drags his heels over the icy sidewalk on his way across the chilly greensward. Zombie-like he gropes through the morning gloom as weary, capillary-crossed eyes survey the frozen plain, the soaring monolith and the stately arches. Raggedly he creeps toward a distant door, grasps the chilled handle, and . . . CRASH! Like a flash the murky scholar is thrown cruelly to the wall, gnarled sandstone proding him, as a lone figure hurtles dimly past. All he sees is a retreating form start at a devilish pace, slip, turn, wheel, then spill headlong into the icy earth and skid inexorably into a buttress, clipping staccato through a thicket of icicles as he goes. And resting slightly askew atop that mournful heap amid the ivy is a purple brick, a grim reminder of our Greek heritage. So on he goes, undaunted, unflinching in the face of disaster. Stoic courage for a man whose trembling hand rests on the door to the Burrow refectory. There, my friend, but for a grain of luck, stand you.

There's something special about that reassuring burp that keeps reminding him of his limp, leatherly breakfast as he strides toward his journey's end at eight in the morning. Steady footsteps, becoming more glib now, carry him past the concrete sentinels of education toward the sullen shadows that fall on that inert, impersonal classroom door. The same hand that once faltered at the brink of his repast now bravely lunges forth greeting a brassy knob whose coldness reminds him of the task ahead.

There's something special about the way they stare at him when he stands stonelike before the wrong class, on the wrong morning and recalls the night before when a clack was set, a vow made by his hapless roommate who at that very moment lies wrapped in sublime, unknowing sleep.

George Lucifugus

HINT ON THE RUSH-RECK RACKET

The fraternity correspondent for *The Sou'wester*, T. F. Bandit, IV $\frac{1}{2}$, has recently originated a fool-proof reply to the average alumni to facilitate fraternity correspondence during and after rush week. The formula is as follows: addressed to

Mr. Typical Recommending Alumni
Beatanigger Plantation
Wahoo, Mississippi

the letter reads like this:

Dear Brother _____,

We received your recommendation on _____ and we certainly do appreciate the interest you have shown in our rush program. However we found _____ to be one of the biggest wienies in the freshman class. In fact he was so horrible we did not allow him to meet more than one or two of the chapter members. We realize that he comes from a good family, but so what, my mother and father were married too.

We are truly sorry that you picked such a pussy to recommend.

Yours truly,
John J. Fratman

DIVINE LOVE THE ANSWER

This is the age of demonstrations and dramatics for any issue; one in which divine courage is lacking in many quarters, and with revolutionism just around the corner it's not strange that such tactics are popular headline news the world over.

Yet the best news may never reach headlines. Such is concerning the Lord Jesus Christ who came into the world to save sinners, who made peace through the blood of His cross, and who alone can change the ugly picture and plight of our time for if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away.

While many leaders heartily indulge in their new found fame, and fortune as they proclaim salvation via such methods; the heart of multitudes remains the same; not to mention the conditions outwardly which could well be defined as anarchy in many cases.

In spite of good intentions; the money spent; the near frantic efforts of legislators and law enforcers, or even the lives yet to be given; the worst is yet to come for every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Salvation is to be found in name of these for salvation is of the Lord who once suffered for sins; the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God.

As a Negro seeking not sympathy or sensationalism, but the welfare of my fellow-traveller to eternity; who knows without doubt that the Lord Jesus Christ who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification alone is the answer, and that men everywhere need to be reconciled to God who is no respecter of persons as only the love of Christ in the heart can make the difference.

Prayerfully submitted
SAM DALTON
1331 West Evans Ave.
Denver, Colorado 80223

EDITORIAL POLICY

Opinions expressed on the editorial page are not necessarily shared by the entire *SOU'WESTER* 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.

and More Letters ★

ADVICE FOR MONDAY

On Wednesday, March 30, you elected cheerleaders for 1966-67. You voted not preferentially, but for the six who impressed you most. You elected Do Ann Johnson, Maria Jackson, Carol Ann Colclough, Ellen McCarty, Jim Vardaman, and Tip Haug. However, because of discrepancy in the number of pledges and ballots turned in, Tip and four others will have a runoff Monday, April 4, for the sixth position. Those involved in the runoff are Tip Haug, Suzanne Bott, Lou Ann Crawford, Miss Miller Murry, and John Williams. **VOTING WILL BE PREFERENTIAL.** From the five will come ONE cheerleader and TWO alternates.

Because of a rule in the Constitution of the Veterans Commission, a boy cannot hold the position of alternate cheerleader. Therefore, if you want a boy cheerleader for next year, you will have to as your first choice in the preferential balloting. He will have to receive a majority of the first place votes, thus insuring him a position as a cheerleader. Should you not vote him as your first choice, he will finish somewhere below first in total votes, thus qualifying him, perhaps, for an alternate position, **BUT, HE CANNOT BE AN ALTERNATE** according to the elections commission.

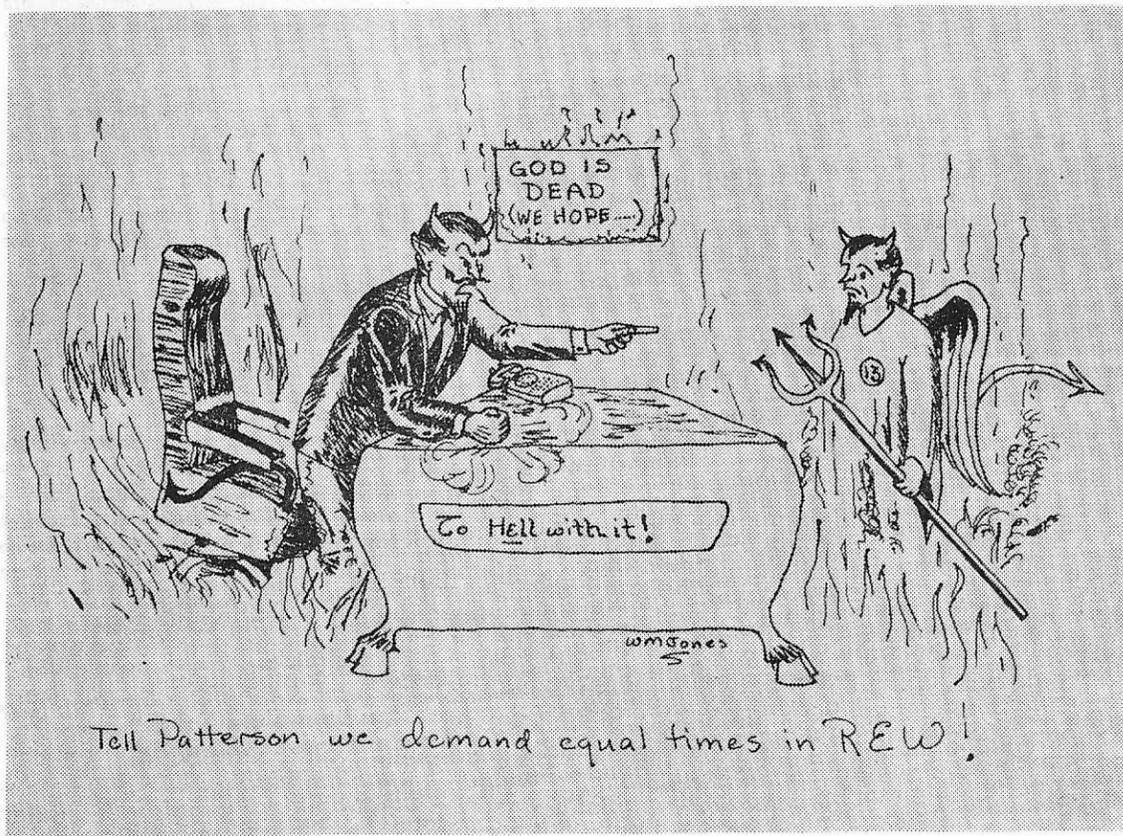
In short, the only way a boy will win this runoff is to be placed as first choice on your ballot or he won't be elected.

By electing a boy on Monday, you will have a squad of four girls and two boys. The two alternates will be two of the girl candidates. In order to perform some of the strictly "girl" cheers, the two alternates will cheer virtually all the time and serve as full cheerleaders, because the cheers are easier to perform with six girls, rather than four.

So, if you vote for the boys as first choice you increase your cheerleading squad to six girls and two boys. Should you elect a girl as first choice you eliminate the boy (because boys **CAN'T BE ALTERNATES**) and you have a squad of five girls, one boy, and two girl alternates. One boy cannot do much alone.



MODERN DANCE, AN UNUSUAL REW PRESENTATION, WILL BE A PART OF THE TUESDAY program entitled "A Service of Worship Through the Arts." The group, which is composed of professors and students from the Louisville Theological Seminary, will dance to the theme "Somebody Knocking."



Tell Patterson we demand equal times in REW!

Religious Emphasis Week Speaker To Be Dr. Keen

The three day program for REW this year has an unusually fine minister and an unusual program.

The speaker will be Dr. Samuel McMurray Keen, Associate Professor of Philosophy and Christian Faith, Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. Dr. Keen, born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, took his S. T. B. and Th.M. from Harvard Divinity

School in 1958 and his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in 1962. Besides the post that Dr. Keen holds at Louisville, he has been Instructor in Christian Philosophy at Princeton Seminary from 1959-61 and Assistant Professor of Religious history at Douglas College from 1961-62. He is also a member of N.A.B.I., Sane, and Phi Gamma Mu.

The REW program is planned for the 4th, 5th, and 6th of April. On Monday Dr. Keen will speak on "The 'Death of God'—An Autopsy." This is in accordance with the main theme of the week dealing with the "Death of God" philosophy.

From 11:00 until 11:30 a coffee with Dr. Keen will be held in Room 40 of Evergreen's Educational Building. At 8:00 p.m. a panel discussion on the "Death of God Theology" with Dr. Keen and professors from the departments of psychology, religion, and philosophy attending. The place will be announced.

On Tuesday, there will be an unusual program. The title is: "A Service of Worship Through the Arts" and is a service done in modern dance with the theme, "Somebody Knocking". The performers will be Mrs. Samuel Keen, Director; Ogden White, a seminary student; Mrs. Ogden White; Mr. Tom VandenBosch, a seminary student and alumnus of Southwestern;

Mrs. VandenBosch; and John Salmon, a professor.

There will be a coffee at eleven a.m. on Monday, and at 9:30 p.m. a discussion with Dr. Keen will be held in the Voorhies social room. All students are welcome.

Wednesday, Dr Keen's address will be "An Apology for Wonder". The time and place for the coffee are the same.

As usual the class schedule will be altered:

Monday — 9:00 dropped; 10:30 changed to 9:00.

Tuesday — same

Wednesday — 9:00, usual; 11:30 dropped; 10:30 changed to 11:30.



Dr. Keen

Two Southwestern Students To Be Chosen For Experiment

In keeping with the everbroadening spectrum in world good-will, the Experiment in International Co-Existence will sponsor two Southwestern males for an indefinite period of time in South Viet Nam. The other qualifications besides being a male are: that you be over eighteen, that you are in academic

trouble, and that you have no grave physical ailments. Students wishing to apply will draft their petition and hand them in to Mr. Turpin no later than April 17, at four o'clock. The two fortunates lucky enough to be selected for this service that they will be doing by representing their culture in a foreign land will live with a Vietnamese family in an old Viet Cong bunker in either Da Nung or Pleiku. Frequent field trips will be taken into the interior and up the Ho Chi Minh trail to study the habits and customs of their quaint little southeast Asian country. They are assured of many chances to accompany many big-game hunting parties employed to beef up tourist intake during the off-season monsoons. These excursions are financed by one of the South Vietnamese governments and by our own.

No problem with the language

barrier will be encountered by our travelers. Due to the heavy influx of U. S. tourists, they will find lots of fellow Americans to keep them company (especially on big game hunts—Americans are great sportsmen). Accompanying most of these hunts are Vietnamese gun-bearers who, while not helpful in the hunt itself, are good conversationalists.

Another quaint custom our boys won't want to miss is that of the "ancient war rituals" which have been going strong for the past few years in different parts of the country. Many coincide with the big-game hunts. They are sure to see plenty of action.

If the plan for more flights to North Viet Nam is worked out and the flights can be connected directly to Haiphong and Hanoi our transients may find themselves dropping in to pay a visit to the Northern peoples' paradise. All in all it should be a wonderful trip. We will want to hear about it if and when they get back.

Organ Guild Students Take Trip To Arkansas

The Southwestern Organ Guild spent last Saturday in Batesville, Arkansas, where they inspected and played the D. A. Flentrop organ at the Christian Science Church. The organ was constructed by Flentrop, of Zaandam, Holland, and conforms to all of the necessary specifications for an organ which may be defined as truly "classic" in nature. It incorporates direct-tracker action, slider or wide-channel pipe chests, and low wind pressure to insure an almost perfect tonal quality. The organ was installed in 1960 and dedicated by E. Power Biggs, the world renowned concert organist. Accompanying the students on the trip, was David Ramsey, professor of Church Music.

Besides visiting the organ at Batesville, the Organ Guild has visited the local organs at First Baptist Church and Saint Mary's Cathedral, and plans to see the instrument at Idlewild Presbyterian Church before the end of the year. The Guild also went to Covington, Tennessee where they played and perused four of the church organs there, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Griswold for dinner. All in all, the Southwestern Organ Guild has had a very interesting and successful year.

THE KISS OF THE HOPS

Dear Editor:

For many years, Southwestern has stood in Memphis, the Mid-South, the "United" States, and indeed the world community as a symbol, a guide-light, a tower of strength in the liberalist traditions of Locke, Rousseau, Jefferson, F.D.R., and Savio. Liberty—of thought, action, and ideal—freedom—of mind, body, and spirit—rights—personal, civil, ethical—these are words; nay, heritage; nay, the basis of existence of this American dream we strive toward, the very lifeline of democratic conceptions. How can these fought for, hungered for, I dare say, lusted for vitals of the life we all enjoy be applied to each of us, this campus, this our mode of existence in our preparatory years? WE must have freedom of thought and action. "Liberalism," the keynote to a vivid, progressive society must be the strength of our hopes. This campus, these students, and I emphatically insist, this administration and faculty must accept the responsibilities of a dynamic and forward-surgng social structure. This is the past tradition, the present hope, the future grasp that Southwestern must perpetrate. Surely we may follow, yet indeed lead, in this struggle. This is the way, these the dreams, this the salvation. This is my argument for a wet campus.

New Rating System Revealed; Southwestern One of Top Ten

Many Southwestern students know that their college is ranked among the nation's top ten small colleges and universities, yet not many are aware of the exceedingly complex scoring system used to determine this standing. What exactly is meant by the phrase, "top ten?"

Interested in this vital topic, the Sou'western recently sent its roving reporter to the headquarters of CASE (Corporation for American College Evaluation) to inquire into this little-known offshoot of the American educational structure. This reporter was granted an extremely interesting and enlightening interview by Dr. E. B. Vognoskowsz, the director of the Corporation's main computer facilities at Mangrove, Alabama. Here computers work day and night keeping tabs on the American College system, computing standings once every thirty minutes so that everybody always knows exactly where they stand. The following is a transcript of the interview.

Q. Dr. Vognoskowsz, just how do you "rate" colleges?

A. That is our largest single problem, and when the corporation was organized its first action was to set up a research team to study various logical ways of comparing colleges. Our latest system is by far the most fair and comprehensive that we have ever used but it is being revised constantly.

Q. Well, sir, could you tell us about your present system?

A. Certainly. First we consider all educational aspects of the college at once. We take the percentage of entering freshmen who were in the upper quarter of their high school classes and add the percent of the college faculty with PhD degrees, and then add the percent of graduates who go to graduate school, averaged over the entire history of the college. This is our base computation.

Q. Isn't that a little cut-and-dried?

A. Yes, it is, and of course a college cannot be rated on this alone. We adjust the base figure to account for the number of freshmen who fail out, the number of sophomores who transfer out, and for the juniors and seniors who simply drop out to join the Army or take up carpentry. This gives us the "adjusted base" figure.

Q. How do you compute these adjustments?

A. We have tables prepared by our permanent staff of 40 full-time actuaries. The tables are kept up to

date as educational trends change.

Q. Well, can you give us a general idea of how much these factors count?

A. Roughly, a flunked-out freshman is plus one, since it shows that the school isn't a pushover. The actual credit depends on the size of the school, of course; it's all relative. A transferred sophomore is usually minus one-half, and a dropped-out upperclassman is about minus two. If he goes to a mental hospital it counts off more.

Q. What happens to the adjusted base then?

A. It undergoes a set of secondary corrections for the size of endowment, number of classrooms, that sort of thing. One thousand dollars endowment is worth one classroom or one hundred volumes. This brings us to the third stage of evaluation.

Q. What's that?

A. Things like ten points for every nationally recognized department, five for each significant research project or book by a professor in the last ten years, three for each alumnus in Who's Who, and many other things too numerous to mention. We let the computers handle all that. Then we hit stage four.

Q. How does stage four operate?

A. This is the ratio test. We correct the average for the faculty-student ratio, the men-women ratio, the athletic win-lose ratio, and the racial ratio in some cases. We have special factors for all-men or all-women schools, and for colored colleges, just to keep things even. The actuaries also prepare our tables for this. Then we add two points for every course that is required for graduation, subtract twenty-five if the college has compulsory chapel, and convert to the base of 1,000 points. Higher scores represent better colleges.

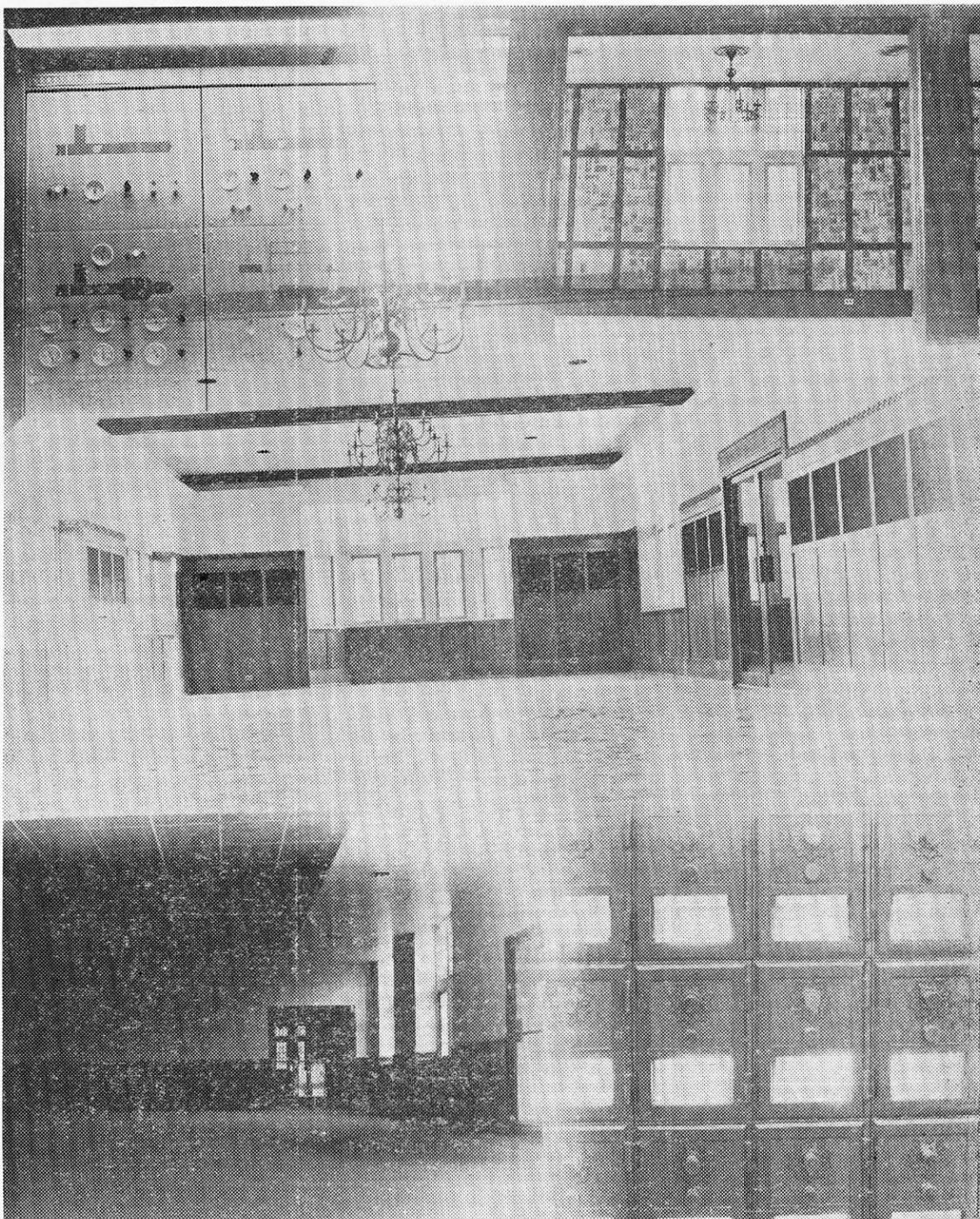
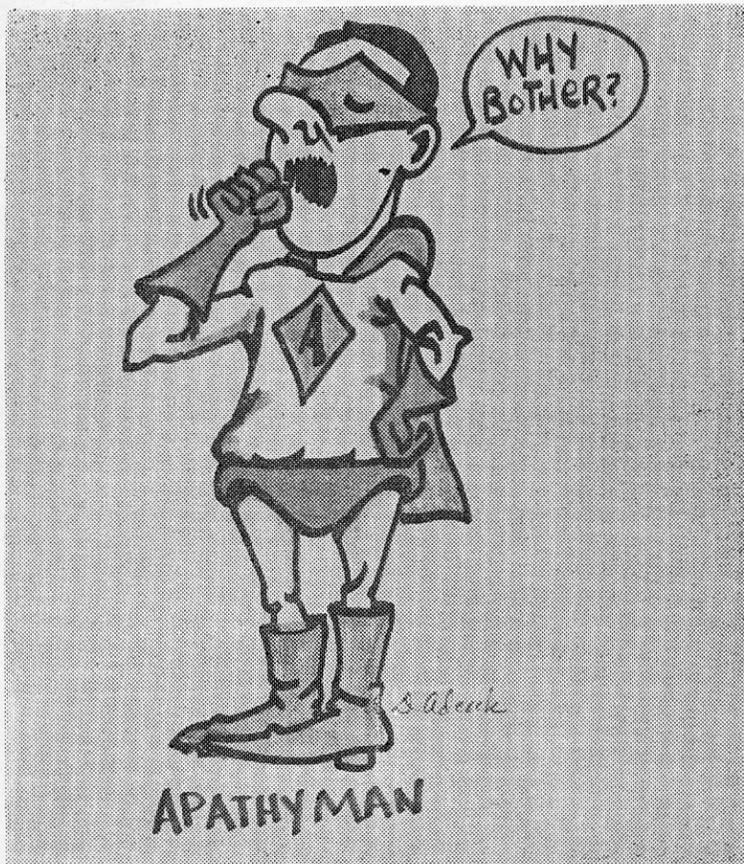
Q. That's very interesting, sir, and we thank you very much for your time. One question, though, if you don't mind: What do you do if two schools come out exactly even?

A. Well . . . Ah, that doesn't happen very often.

Q. Yes, but what do you do when it does?

A. We toss a coin.

The press is the foe of rhetoric but the friend of reason. —Colton



ELUDING CAPTURE AT the changing of the guard, our valiant photographer, taking chances that would make even a life photographer shudder, was able to get these candid shots of the new Student Center from the inside. These exclusive pictures are the first ever to be seen outside the Administration "text-book curtain" and are likely to be the only glimpse of the Student Center the students will ever get, because it is rumored that it will become a showcase for prospective donations to the Challenge Campaign and a roost for weary pigeons.

New Academic Questionnaire To Attempt Intellectual Change

With the recent success of the Academic Affairs questionnaire first semester, the Affairs Committee has decided to embark upon a new and different plan to instigate

more of an intellectual atmosphere on campus and increase the quality of student-faculty relationships.

According to Bob Hall and John Rateliff, the chairmen of the Committee, the group is planning to give the faculty a questionnaire, which would be filled out, placed in a sealed envelope, and given to that professor's students after it had been mimeographed in sufficient quantities. The students would not be allowed to look at their professors' answers until after final examinations. The reasons for this are that the students, if quite disillusioned, might slack in their work or make jeering remarks in class or fail to come to class altogether. This, of course, would not allow for the possible positive influence of "good" answers by the faculty to the questions; that is, the students if encouraged by a statement by the professor, in black and white, of his interest, scholarly ability, desire, and preparation, might "shape up" and attend class, read their assignments, and study for the tests. The Committee, deciding the chances for this are slim, will seal the questionnaires up till after examinations. At that time they will be given to each student in the appropriate classes. Also a duplicate copy will go to the Committee, which will evaluate the faculty on their own confessional statements on the questionnaire. Sleuths working for the Committee will be behind the scenes checking up on the truth of the professors and

then comparing that with what they put down on the questionnaire. Any discrepancies will be evaluated along with the over-all rating, so the professors are warned to be honest and tell the truth.

Included with this experiment by the Academic Affairs Committee in what they call "comparative faculty evaluation will be questions of this nature.

—INFORMATIONAL. Where did you get your degrees? What was your average in graduate school? Do you publish in scholarly journals? or try to? or read books newly published in your field? or read any books at all?

—PERSONAL. How many hours of television do you watch each night? How many nights this week have you gotten more than twelve hours sleep? What is your average intake of beer and alcoholic beverages per week? Does your wife grade your paper regularly? Does your wife write your lectures?

—IMPERSONAL. How many hours per week do you spend preparing your lectures (if any)? How many hours do you spend in your office per week? Do any of your students ever come to your office to ask you questions or to talk personally with you? How many times a week do you work the cross-word puzzle in the newspaper? Do you drink coffee only to make the students think you are dead tired after staying up all night grading papers?

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

- Dr. Amacker is really Batman?
- John Willett is running for Voice of America?
- the Purina Co. will cater the Refectory next year?
- copies of THE SOUTHWESTER are sent to our Armed Forces overseas?
- Coach Jesse Johnson will be head of the Speech and Dramatics Department?
- Robert Lucero has conducted the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in three verses of Hot Nuts?
- Harriet Henry is a boy?
- George Abraham says that there is no Santa Claus?
- the "Shacks" were unwittingly condemned by the Memphis Sanitation Commission?
- Mike Reed can't get a fake I.D.?
- Gary Nichols will reach maturity?
- Willy Edington actually voted for Bo Scarborough?
- the recent Flying Saucer scare was in reality the PIKE initiation?
- Professor Mary Ellen Burton has announced her engagement to Professor Clifton's dog?
- Decca Records has contracted Dave Marion for his second recording of the year?
- Sharon Whalen was voted "most well known" on campus?
- the Kappa Sigs are rushing exactly 144 boys for an even gross(er) Fraternity?
- Sigma Nu is secretly the most successful branch of Alcoholics Anonymous?
- Dr. Lacy uses "Peanuts" as the basis of Philosophy 102?
- Anita Picassa was exiled from Cuba for raising too much cane?

Anatomy Of A Political Machine

On one particularly rainy evening last month as I was about to retire at the end of my studies, I was disturbed by a late caller who, looking peculiarly distraught, urged me to acquit him entrance to my house. Having identified the interloper as a friend, I hurriedly descended the stairs and opened the front door. There shaking with cold and dripping wet stood my friend, whose visage I knew well, hardly recognizable with contorted muscles twitching in his face and ghostly white skin that made his bloodshot eyes glow crimson. I begged him to come in, but he didn't move; he just stood rigidly staring insensibly at the steps repeating almost inaudibly, "It was horrible, just horrible." This curious figure, transfixed as a zombie, would not stir when I asked him in until I shook him soundly. Thence he became conscious of his environment and begged my pardon and indulgence since he had been in a state of shock ever since he left the dorm.

Having fixed him a pot of coffee, which he greatly appreciated, I implored him to relate what gothic event had so overwhelmingly numbed his senses. At my mention of his recent history, he fell into a swoon from which I revived him and gave him a warm blanket to replace his soaked clothing.

"It was horrible," he repeated anew.

"What, man? What was so horrible," I inquired impatiently.

"You remember that G. died three days ago?"

"Yes, and wasn't it sad; he was a great political asset to the campus — never lost an election, you know."

"Quite true," he agreed, "but do you know all those new people who were always around him asking for advice on their campaigns and everything?"

"Certainly, you were in 'the clique', weren't you?"

"Oh, I rue the day that I joined."

He continued to wail and fret over what an ignominious day it was when he began to be politically active on campus and was only quieted at the threat of ejection from my home without his apparel.

"Go on," I said, "surely there must be more."

"Oh, there is much more, but I'm not sure I'll be able to tell all. I'm so nervous and scared."

"You must tell me; try hard," I encouraged.

Thus one of the most fascinatingly ghoulish misadventures was laid open to me. The man's state of mind was completely justified and here I shall, trying to keep as close to the exact story as it was told me, narrate the horrors this

poor penitent suffered. It seems that after G.....'s demise "the clique" had a meeting to decide whether or not to claim the body since the poor deceased, who had a lot of followers, had no friends; even his parents would not claim him. Most sad, indeed. It was unanimously agreed upon by these fiendish madmen to claim the corpse and have it dissected to learn the mystical secrets of such a great political machine. My friend agreed to the claiming of the body but only for a decent burial for their departed martyr, and although he balked at the latter proposal he did not dare object, fearing it would mean political disaster.

To perform the dastardly deed, the politico procured the service of a disgruntled medical student who was currently employed at a local slaughter house and dissected cold and senseless carcasses only under the most clandestine circumstances and when his fee was met in advance. This scurrilous character, as described to me by my friend, was typically enough for this sort of thing, a hunchback with a crooked and rope-burned neck, slightly reminiscent of Igor. (Back you fool!)

At the appointed time the following evening all the members of "the clique" and the beef-house incorrigible met in a shanty on the bluffs of the Mississippi. The night was cold black and storm clouds blotted the moon as the still brown cadaver was arranged on the table along with an array of necessary instruments for competent dissection.

With cold-blooded directness, the company agreed, with no noticeable squeamishness, to proceed with the forearm. It was immediately noticed that the right hand was unusually larger than the left, which seemed withered from disuse and was caloused and flat, apparently from slapping prospective voters on the back. The flexor pollicis brevis, the abductor digiti minimi and the lumbrical muscles were very enlarged, and it could be seen that they had been extensively employed in vice-like activities such as the griping of a friend's hand. Continuing up the forearm into the upper arm the rigidity of the biceps (rigormortis notwithstanding) and the lumped shape indicated the subject had often engaged in pumping exercises to build up his muscles or even a vote by shaking hands.

Being sure not to leave any tissue unturned, "the clique" urged their accomplice in anatomy on, and madly kept taking notes as Igor (as I shall call him for the

sake of a better name) lectured on the significance of their findings.

Thoracic exploration was net on the agenda and the first stop was the heart. As the heart was uncovered, which took considerable time to reach due to an uncommon amount of adipose tissue. The room was covered with a deaf silence broken intermittently with OH's and AH's. Instead of the conventional organ, there was a curious anomaly of nature. The machine, for that is what it most closely resembled, clicked when given an electric shock or when the word "vote" was mentioned among the spectators. Gasping at what they had just witnessed and with whetted appetites for more illuminating facts, they demanded that Igor proceed post haste to the brain. However, a soon discovery of the workings of the brain met with some difficulty because of an understandably thick skull and the wiry texture of the politicians hair, which resembled a dirty S.O.S. pad. But Igor, a man of some experience, was never one to come unprepared and he blithely took out his air hammer, since he knew a simple wedge and sledge-hammer would be slightly inadequate.

After the blasting, the inner-sanctum of the successful politician was divulged in all its splendor. What was instantly curious was the low development of the conscience and even what was visible was malignant with a cancerous growth. Even more noticeable was a long burned-out connection that led to the larynx. The "clique" was amazed and even applauded what they saw, but alas! their glee was effervescent. The brain proved too difficult and complicated to understand completely. What was discernible was that the brain had a direct connection with the vote counter, umph, I mean heart, and besides the usual involuntary nervous system, that was all.

A little disappointed, the "clique" decided to end the anatomical succession. Nothing else worthy of mention was found except perhaps for the enlarged facial muscles that made for a set, ingratiating smile and a large inner-ear structure that enabled the astute vote-getter to hear everything and know at all times what was going on, not to mention a sophisticated set of olfactory nerves that allowed him to discern what was in the wind (politically, that is).

My colleague, exhausted after relating his tale, earnestly begged assurance that I would keep his identity a secret, which I granted immediately, and left me to ponder all I had heard.

Southwestern Baseballer To Sign With the Mets

Senior outfielder John Farese, who has been prominent in writing the recent success story of the Southwestern "Fighting Lynx" baseball team just disclosed his plans to forfeit acceptance to the Ole Miss Law School for a position on the New York Mets ball club. Farese has been a standout in the Lynx outfield for three years due to his special "portable buoyancy" fly-catching technique. Portable buoyancy, or "Por-Bou" is a delicate process that only John has been able to perfect since its origin at Bessemer, Alabama, ten years ago.

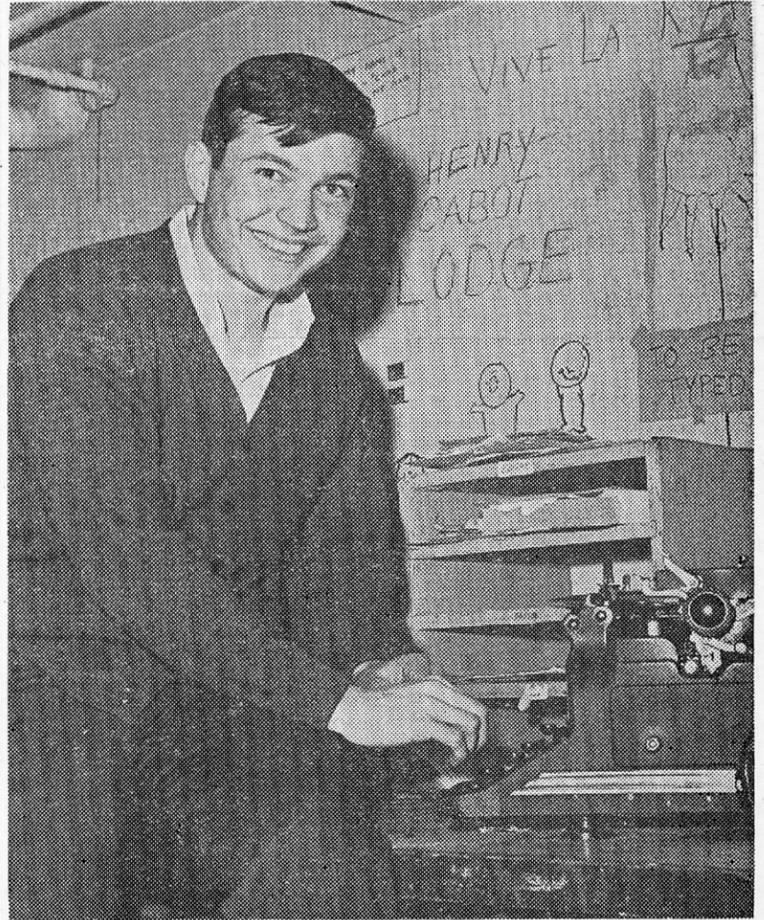
Discovered by the son of a foundry worker, Por-Bou requires the emission of an inordinate quantity of hot air just prior to the catching of the ball. Mortimer Shagnasty, the Alabama youngster, would go to the open hearth furnace area of his father's foundry in Bessemer and inhale great amounts of steam, then rush out to the field where he was able to permeate a 900 cubic foot volume of air with the heated vapors thus lofting the ball long enough for him to get under it and make the play. To this day no one has been able to perfect the so-called "divided lung" technique that is used in this form of Por-Bou.

Farese, who majors in Speech and minors in Psychology, is the only person in the history of baseball capable of Auto-Por-Bou, or actual production of the hot air while in the field. He has been

regrettably limited somewhat in the present season by the enforcement of a new ground rule which prohibits the use of a scorched ball in official games. This means that whenever John makes a great number of Por-Bou catches, Jodie Willis, the team elf, is forced to glide over to the local emporium and get more balls. In the past this has resulted in considerable delay.

School grounds-keepers are so anxious to see the Ashland Flash graduate that they have "pooled" their funds and bought John an asbestos baseball uniform. They plan to present a statement of gratitude for his allowing them to re-seed the outfield and, appropriately enough, it will be inscribed on parchment.

Met manager, Wada Loser, has not revealed how his club will utilize the Por-Bou specialty, but informed sources say that John is a real hot prospect for a starting berth. The Sou'wester wishes him a lot of luck and congratulations on being major league baseball's big draft choice.



A PICTORIAL TRIBUTE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS. Incidentally this guy will be the next visiting lecturer in the Public Affairs Forum on Academic Apathy.

Job Opportunities Abound For The Zoo U. Grads

With the coming of Easter and thoughts of Booze, beach parties, booze, women, booze, and comps descending over the campus, the soon-to-be graduate of oo U. must turn his thoughts to that horror of horrors, WORK. After four years of quasi-liberal education and "Finding one's self on Thursday each week, there is presented to the Leader of Tomorrow's World many and sundry positions in the business world. Quick advancements and high salary are possible for the graduate with a degree with honors in:

English: Street Sweeper, Professional Beggar, Gun Slinger.

Physical Education: Bully, Amazon (confined to the female six), Secret Agent Man (only for athletes lettering in badminton).

Political Science: Communist, Dictator, King or Chief if your name begins with A, Whig, Hot-Head.

History: Soothsayer, Parking Lot Attendant, Roll of Toilet Paper, Mortician.

Art: House Painter, Professional Mother (either sex), Plumber, Fairy or Flit.

Economics: Grocery Checker,

Lemonade Stand Manager, Bra Salesman and Fitter (must have large hands).

Pre Med.: Mercy Killer, Quack, Dope Pusher, Pro Abortinist.

Music: Organ Grinder (must like animals), Go-Go Dancer, Record Player, Civil Rights Demonstrator.

Of course everyone cannot find the perfect position for his talents. The student failing to receive a diploma because he flunked the oral part of his language comp in the second semester of the Senior year cannot hope to become famous and wealthy. Therefore he can become a college professor, atomic scientist, or other menial, work-a-day job. For further information regarding these fabulous positions, contact Dilbert Dorkwater, % this paper.

Students Have Chance To Pick Fool of Year

Since there were so many possible choices for "The Fool of the Year" award, and since the leading candidates (for a change) were Don Hollingsworth and Chip Hatzembuehler, The Sou'wester has decided to let the students have a chance to vote for their Best Fool. The election will be held Monday and coincide with the SGA President "run-off." Kind of appropriate, don't you think?

In commemoration of the election, Knox Phillips, the SGA social commissioner, has planned a dance featuring "the Bean Brummels" and "Ronnie and the Daytons," which will be held 8:00 Saturday night at the Clearpool. Although an April Fool King and Queen will be announced that evening, students should be warned that this is merely a preliminary formality and should in no way effect their vote Monday.

Sex And Security Scandal Rocks Student Government

In a speech before the Student Senate this week, Don Hollingsworth made public certain facts which seem to link Bo Scarborough, former President of the Southwestern Student Government Association with Miss Nita Van Sloan, beautiful socialite and third chair trombone in the Sebastopol, Mississippi Symphonic Orchestra.

According to Senator Hollingsworth, Miss Van Sloan had "used her feminine wiles to extract certain classified information on the Dilemma project. She later sold the information to the University of the South. It was diabolical!"

An exhaustive search ultimately discovered Miss Van Sloan ensconced in a plush penthouse apartment in Stewart Hall. "We are mere acquaintances!" protested the shapely brunette in response to reporters' questions. "I only met Bobiekins at a cocktail party during the SASC Convention last year. Ours is purely a plutonic relationship!"

In a prepared statement to a hastily called press conference, Scarborough insisted, "I ain't never told her nothing!" Scarborough later resigned his position, reportedly under great pressure from several influential Senators.

Bill Allen, Scarborough's predecessor as SGA President stated, "I am confident that Bo would do nothing to compromise Southwestern's relatively high position among the colleges of the South. He is, however, a big boy now, and he should be allowed to lead his own life." Senator Hollingsworth stated that his committee would investigate the situation more thoroughly. "We'll pin it on him yet!" The Senator declared.



THIS YEAR'S LYNX GOLF TEAM consists of Whit Deacon, Bill Ellis, Arnold Pittman, Eric Wilson, David Capes, Charles Lemond, and Gerard McOffney. The team's next match is the fourth Tuesday of next week.

McKean Homers In Sixth To Gain Split With Bears

Freshman Randy McKean turned in outstanding performances in both the Lynx baseball games with Washington University Wednesday and Thursday. Washington won the first game 5-4. The Lynx won the second 4-3. In Wednesday's game, Randy had three hits for five at bats, including two doubles and a single. Thursday, in five trips to the plate, he walked twice, was on on an error, hit a ground rule double, and hit a home run over the left field fence.

The Lynx tied Washington in the sixth inning Wednesday, but Washington was able to score in the top half of the ninth. Mitchel got the loss. In the game the Lynx had several opportunities to score, but were foiled by mixups in signs.

Steve Turner was credited with the win on Thursday. He had a no hitter until the top of the sixth innig. Washington was unable to score due to a fine double play by McKean, who was shifted to third base from shortstop replacing Vince Vawter because of illness. With one out and runners on first and second base, the batter hit a ground ball to McKean. He stepped on the bag and then threw a perfect strike to first base. The throw beat the runner by more than a step. Then in the bottom of the sixth Browne Mercer led off with a single. Randy stepped to the plate and hit the ball over the left field fence about 340 feet away from home plate, scoring

the first two runs of the game. They added another in the seventh inning. Washington scored one run in the top of the eighth and two in the ninth to tie the game. Then in the bottom of the ninth, Don Gaddy led off with a single. The next batter struck out. Bill Davis hit a single sending Gaddy to third base. Bob Croker replaced Gaddy, who injured his knee sliding into third. On a squeeze play Mercer hit the ball to the pitcher who threw to the catcher at the plate. Croker slid into home five feet off the ground causing the catcher to drop the ball and scored the winning run.

The Lynx continue their season in a game with Illinois State Normal University today and they meet them again tomorrow in a double-header starting at 1:00 P.M. They also have games on Wednesday and Thursday of next week before the holidays. Then on Tuesday, April 12, the Lynx have another double-header before the end of the Easter Holidays. Since the weather has warmed more students have been attending the games. The team would appreciate your continued support during the holidays. The Lynx are a winning team with a record of four wins and two losses, so we as students have an even better reason to support them.



From the Pressbox

by Tony B. Jobe

The motorcycle I was riding on zoomed down a long stretch of open highway and as I turned into the road which led to the clubhouse of Windyke Golf Course the speedometer told me that I had travelled 18 miles out of Memphis. My purpose was to cover a golf match between Southwestern and Washington U. which had already been underway for 45 minutes. I caught a ride to the third green where Whit Deacon and Charles Lemond, the Lynx's No. 5 and 6 men, were patiently waiting for Whit's opponent to shoot. Thanking a Mr. Alexander for the ride I walked to the green. I stopped at the edge of the zoysia grass and said "What's happening?" Three people turned and said, "Shh . . .", and that's the way it was the rest of the day. However, I did walk about five miles, got windburnt, and futilely watched those little white balls as they disappeared over the fairways. About five o'clock I got back on the motorcycle and drove eighteen miles home.

After dinner I remembered how enjoyable golf had once been for me, but I had the brilliant realization that it was just possible that I had been away from the game too long. So I wandered up to the second floor of Robb Hall to Bill Ellis's room to find out how everyone had done. The report was good. Arnie Pittman, this year's team captain, and Eric Wilson both had 75's, Charles Lemond had a 78, Bill Ellis had a 79, and Ron Wilkins and Whit Deacon shot 80's. The team scored a victory over Washington U. 19½ to 4½.

I explained to Bill that I was even more befuddled after the afternoon match than before and on top of this I was supposed to write something funny. I then ask him why he liked golf. "I think golf is the hardest sport," said Bill. "When equally matched golfers play one another the guy who wins is the one who concentrates the best. A golfer is one who can rule out everything except the shot he is hitting, and this takes a lot of self-control." So I said, "So do a lot of other sports." And he replied, "In most other sports the action follows fast and a contestant doesn't have time to worry too much about any one particular shot. In most other sports shots are not dependent on each other, but in golf one bad shot can ruin your whole game. The effect of one careless or accidental shot can therefore have a decisive psychological influence upon the golfer. So this game requires its participants accept pressure and remain stoically calm."

"I still don't see how you can say that golf is the hardest sport?" I said. Replying, Bill said, "I think golf is possibly deceiving to viewers who just observe the sport. If you play you'll realize that golf takes many different skills. And these skills must work together. For example, a golfer must be able to drive, make the right choice between his long and short irons and then use them effectively, and then make his putt. But if any one of these skills is bad then you've got to compensate for it with some other, and this again takes exacting self-control. I'm not able to drive the ball as far as stronger fellows, and I have to make up for it with either my irons or my putt."

"Another final point about golf," said Bill, "would be the wide margin of chance with which a golfer has to deal. For no matter how good the course you are playing on there are always ruff spots which will send your ball flying sooner or later. When this happens the golfer is required to accept the position of the ball, and make the best shot he can through a concentrated effort. Later when he gets the advantage of a good break he must make it count."

After I left Bill's room and walked back to the newspaper office I was convinced that I had learned something about golf, but I could not see why he thought it was one of the hardest sports. Two hours later I realized that golf takes the same thing life does: the best you can give it.

Southwestern's Track Team Defeats Millsap's Thinclads

Southwestern's track team defeated Millsaps College in a dual meet last Saturday by a score of 106 to 39. Outstanding performers for the Lynx were Steve Ashby, Barry Boggs, and Bruce Cook. Ashby won

the mile in 4:30.4, his best time, he also won the two mile run. Boggs won the broad jump and the triple jump. Bruce Cook and Jim Durham tied for first place in the pole vault, then Cook won the javelin with a throw of 155 feet. Garry

Nichols won the 880 yard run in 2:00, his best time this year.

The thinclads continue practice for the coming meets. Their next and final home meet is the Southwestern Invitational Track Meet on April 30.

Two Southwestern Coaches Leave For Bigger and Better Positions

Athletic Director Bill Maybry announced yesterday that two of the Lynx' coaches will not be with us next year.

Basketball coach Donald Duckworth, after coaching the Lynx roundballers to a fantastically successful season this year, has been named by the St. Louis Hawks to replace present coach Richie Guerin for next year's season. Captain of this year's Southwestern team, Mike Reed, reportedly will accompany Duckworth to St. Louis to become a combination assistant and player in the hopes the Hawks misfortunes can be overcome next season.

In an exclusive interview with Duckworth, The Sou'wester obtained the following press statement: "In some ways I am sorry to leave Southwestern. The students, players, and cheerleaders have been good to me. But, after all, I can be of better use in professional basketball. You see, I never actually regarded this job at Southwestern as anything more than a stepping stone to bigger and better things. With the Hawks at least I will have the chance to work with some talent."

Duckworth revealed his plans for the Hawks by saying he would use the forty-two man box weave and bench center Zelmo Beatty if he could get Bob "Ace" Aslinger to come and play for the Hawks.

In other areas it seems Mose, who has secretly been the brains behind the Lynx football team for the last twenty-seven years, will leave to take over the organization of the backfield strategy and passing offense of the newly-formed Atlanta Falcons. Falcon scouts uncovered the truth about Lynx football last year when Mose slipped up and unthinkingly revealed that he was the real mastermind behind the Southwestern passing attack of quarterback Bruce Cook and end

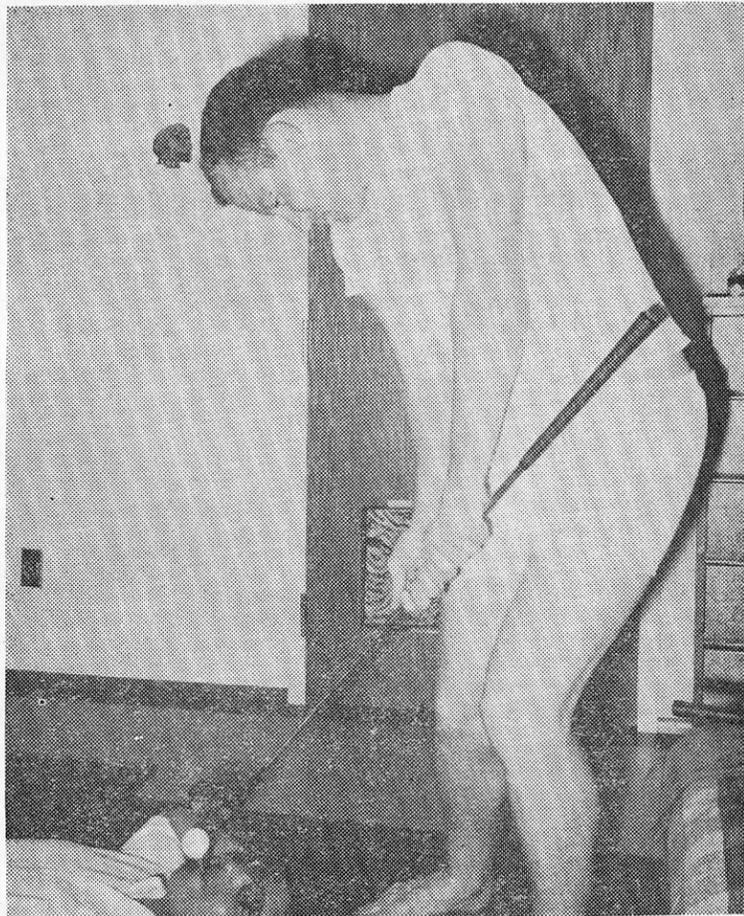
Bill Hendrickson.

Jesse Johnson, presently head coach of football, is in a quandary. Maybry had no comment for the press.

SW Tennis Team Downs Ole Miss, Arkansas State

Southwestern continued its mastery of opposition this week by downing Ole Miss 6-3 on Monday. Singles winners were Curry Johnston, Hayes McCarty, and John Richardson. McCarty, in a split set situation and down 5-2, came back to take his final set in a tremendous rally. The Rebels really took it on the chin in the doubles with Drennan-Johnston, Ramsey-McCarty, and Barton-Stanley sweeping their respective matches.

Wednesday, here at Southwestern, the Lynx netters skunked Arkansas State 9-0. They swept singles with the absence of the No. 5 man Barton, Richardson and Stanley moving up a notch to fill his



ARNOLD PITTMAN, SEEN HERE LANGUISHING IN HIS ROOM AT VILLIAN'S VALHALLA, a home for retired politicians, is expected to be a real threat at the hole-in-one contest Saturday night.