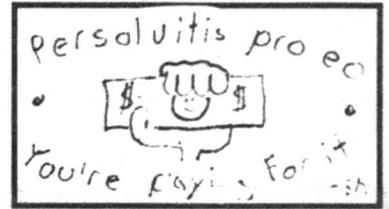


The Raw Deal

Vol. 80 No. 31

A Rhode'ster Left Nostril Publication

Wednesday, April 21, 1993



Bassham Mauled By Pentaceratops: Foul Play Or The Mangled Result Of A Tragic Love Affair



Editor dies in jaws of love.

R. Gohlke

Friday, April 16 — Students were appalled to discover the half digested body of former *Sou'wester* Editor, Gayla Bassham, protruding from the clenched jaws of the recently acquired Pentaceratops. Officials from Campus Safety believe Bassham's death to have been accidental, but they have not ruled out the possibility of foul play.

Tube Socks Critical For Identification Of The Victim

Bystanders easily identified the victim by her mismatched tube socks. Evidently, Ms. Bassham was inclined to wear mismatched tube socks with her pumps. The style is especially prevalent in Hardy, Arkansas, Bassham's home town.

French Kissing the Beast?

Officials from Campus Safety believe that Bassham was having an illicit affair with the beast. "It's the same tragic tale of love gone bad," said Iassac Bones, Campus Safety Coroner, "passion led astray."

"She had seen the movie, *Beauty and The Beast*, fifty times," said one of her close friends, "and I think it got

to her head," and many others reported seeing Bassham "french kissing the beast" on lonely weekend nights.

"I knew she was into cows back home," said Bassham's bereaved mother, "but Lord knows, I never suspected she was into dinosaurs."

Accident, Foul Play, or Suicide?

Most feel that Bassham's death was accidental, caused when the dinosaur's tongue got caught in her braces. "It must have just pulled her in," said one appalled bystander.

Others feel that Bassham was pushed into the mouth of the giant beast. "The problem with foul play," said Bones, "is that there's no motive except that somebody read one of her articles and got mad. We'd have to investigate over half the campus for that."

Still others feel that Bassham dove into the mouth of the beast in a deliberate attempt to end her life. "She came to me in great duress," said Dr. Libby Robertson, "because she wanted to have the pentaceratop's baby, but her gynecologist told her it was physically impossible for her to lay an egg. It's impossible to understand the effects of such a revelation on the prepubescent mind."

Campus Grieves, Janitor Expresses Condolences

At least one student admitted to being sad about Bassham's death. He wished his name kept secret, though, for fear of Campus ridicule. The first to arrive at the scene of Bassham's death reported that one lone tear fell from the pentaceratop's left eye. All of these witnesses, however, admitted to being poetry-writing majors after six hours of Campus Safety torture — I mean questioning.

Others felt her death was reasonable. "Women nowadays are always sticking their heads where they don't belong," said one student.

None of the sympathies expressed over Bassham's death, however, compared to those spoken by Mr. Dusty Mopp, the Frazier-Jelke janitor. "That dinosaur's goin' have to take one hell of a grunt one of these days, and I don't want to be the one who has to scoop it up."

Debate About Burial Site

Bassham's partially digested remains were to be interred under the Frazier-Jelke rose gardens, but Sally Mander, professor of marine biology, intervened. "I don't think anything will grow where she's buried," said the professor.

In the end, Ms. Bassham was buried, face down, under the airstrip where she is expected to discourage weed growth for the next five to ten years. "Plus we needed another speed bump over there," said a representative of physical plant.

— BM

The Sou'wester Presents Its 1992-93 Yellow Journalist Of The Year Award

Brent Moberly has become an invaluable asset not only to our esteemed publication but also to the campus community. His articles stand as exquisite beacons in the art of applied fiction; his articles have entertained us throughout the year — even if they did not quite state the truth.

In February of 1993, Mr. Moberly stunned the campus with his article "Proposed Book Will Allow Students To View Results Of SIR Evaluations." Mr. Moberly went beyond the call of yellow journalism when he invented a complete plan to publicize the results of student SIR evaluations. We can not be sure if certain members of the Student Assembly were more angered because he misrepresented the Assembly as actually doing something or because his plan, which he allegedly invented during "a personal crisis" in the third floor Buckman men's restroom, was ten times more complex and involved than any the Assembly concocted at the time or has concocted to date.

But Mr. Moberly wouldn't be Yellow Journalist of the Year had he stopped there. He went on to help co-author the infamous cartoon with Matthew C. Hardin that read, "if we all hold hands around a bubbling cauldron and wish real hard, will Cereal Info disappear forever?" Mr. Moberly, always humble, neglected to attribute this most insightful and truthful cartoon to himself.

Mr. Moberly's third claim to fame came in March when he managed to single-handedly misrepresent next year's mail room policy. Imagine the mail room sending back mail just because such a little thing as a box

number was missing from the address. If you believed that, then you probably also believed the posters that mail services hung up. These posters, believe it or not, stated that mail would be returned if their addresses did not contain a box number. Bravo, Mr. Moberly.

The grand achievement of Mr. Moberly's 1993 career came when he managed to present, in Jim Turner's rather inept words, "direct misinformation to the Rhodes community of the allocations process." Mr. Moberly, in fact, made the board look better than it actually was. He neglected to ask why the member of the Allocations Board who used his position for his personal profit wasn't impeached. Mr. Turner's criticism of Mr. Moberly's article shows that there are more hands in the allocations till than previously thought. Again, Bravo, Mr. Moberly.

But it would not be enough to award the 1992-93 Yellow Journalist Award to Mr. Moberly without praising those on the editorial staff of the *Cereal Info* who brought Mr. Moberly's supreme efforts to light. They consistently went out of their way to solicit and print critiques of Mr. Moberly's articles that had the merit of being both unfounded in truth and damaging to Mr. Moberly's integrity. Of course, they had no personal reasons for attacking Mr. Moberly (except that maybe his supreme writing ability threatened their masculinity). Keep up the good work guys! Maybe next year, you'll win the *Sou'wester* Yellow Journalist of the Year Award.

— BM

Important Mailroom Changes

Solely for campus convenience, the mailroom has decided to change the hours it is opened. The old hours have all been cancelled, and now the mailroom will be open from 4:00-4:10 a.m., Sundays only. The mailroom staff has really gone out of their way to open up before they even attend church, so they hope we all really appreciate it.

Another move made by the mailroom in order to expand their service is a change in attitude. Instead of

only a handful, now ALL of the mailroom workers will pretend that they are competent and have a clue. They have also decided to periodically throw a big bonfire to burn any mail that does not have a box #, thereby efficiently disposing of wasted, presumably unimportant mail, and also providing a social means for enhancing fraternal feelings on the campus. Any other terrific ideas will gladly be taken into account.

— TJT

Question Of The Day

How do blind people know when to stop wiping their butts?

See page 4 for more intellectual queries.

— MCH



9 Days Of Crime At Rhodes

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 9. Parking tickets | 5. Cars are stolen |
| 8. Mugger's mugging | 4. Drunkards Sleepin' |
| 7. Toms a-peeping | 3. Deans Fired |
| 6. Windows broken | 2. Turtle doves |

And a bomb in Oak Alley

A List of Grievances, or Why You Shouldn't Read the Rat's Ass

Tell you what: I'm upset. In recent weeks, as I have walked into the Rat—the epicenter of all things Rhodesian—of a Friday morn, I have smelt the foul odor of a plague. I'm sure you know that odor of which I speak of, and it ain't Todd's new-and-improved meatloaf. No sir, that odor emanates from the *Rat's Ass*, the vilest creature ever birthed in the shadow of Haliburton Tower.

I remember the first time I saw the foul rag. It was lying on a table in the Smoking-slash-Independent room of the Rat. You know the one. It's the room with the long tables and benches, the one with that old fashioned charm. In fact, I'd say that room is as close as Rhodes gets to the grandeur of Oxford. At Oxford, people come in and eat at the long tables and the dons of the college sit at head tables perpendicular to the ones where the students sit. It's all steeped in the most delightful tradition, harking back to the days when all the colleges there were monasteries, more or less, when every student had taken at least minor orders. These days, Oxford has lost that close affiliation with the Church, of course, but the vestiges of it remain in the way meals are taken. Anyway, I first saw the publication in question in the Rat.

I was shocked when I read the first article, a recipe for quesadillas. What order of moron, I thought, what irresponsible editor, would lead off with a recipe? I turned the paper over to the second of its two pages and looked for a Staff Box. I found a list of self-professed "poor souls" bearing titles Worthy Sentinel, Worthy Keeper of the Anals (sic) and (!) Worthless Chaplain. I covered my mouth to fend off the unsavory gastrointestinal reaction that would normally follow such a shock. I slammed the paper down on the table whence it came and left and left the Rat.

Later, I tried out the quesadilla recipe. It was delicious, bursting with

the vernal gusto of fresh basil and the controlled pungency of cumin essence. But I digress.

The following week, the "poor souls" insulted the Rhodes population by printing an article in German. What percentage of Rhodes students have studied German? A small percentage, that's what! Fewer still, I'll wager, are native speakers. How then could the *Rat's Ass* have hoped to serve the Rhodes community by running an article in German? Not at all, that's how! Moreover, I submit that the staff do not even *try* to serve the community. Journalistically speaking, the *Rat's Ass* has no *raison d'être*. *Epouvantable, je dis!*

I could go on for volumes, but I'm sure I need only jog your memory of the string of offensive articles printed in the hideous pamphlet: a chemical-tinged recounting of illegal activities during the annual Rites of Spring debauch; a blatantly sacrilegious essay, replete with autotheistic and pantheistic overtones, claiming the Easter Bunny, a known fictional character, is God; and in what was certainly the most offensive article, a comparison of our own President Daughdrill with another known fictional character, Yertle the Turtle.

Add to these the very *tone* of the paper—steadfastly anti-establishment, anti-Greek, anti-authoritarian, un-American, unchristian and probably anarcho-syndicalist, and you have a highly dangerous organ that threatens to disrupt campus unity and hinder students in their quest for knowledge.

As if to add insult to injury, the poor souls debuted their publication in the wake of the recent Student Journalism Crisis. Such an action displayed a profound heartlessness, insulting those campus journals who have for years valiantly groped their way on a campus that has never seen fit to institute a Journalism program.

In recent weeks we have suffered the triune torments of high pollen count,

TAMMI'S TALK AN ADVICE COLUMN

by Tammi Titsworth

DEAR TAMMI:

I am so skinny. I keep trying to gain weight, but no matter what I do, my weight stays the same. I feel awful, because I don't exercise or anything—all I do is sit around and eat pizza and cheesecake. What should I do?

—LETHARGICALLY THIN

DEAR THIN:

Die. We'll all feel better.

★ ★ ★

DEAR TAMMI:

I am a female professor who did not get tenure. I was surprised not to receive tenure, because I am intelligent and built to the hilt. What should I do to rectify this situation? I am desperate.

—DESPERADA

DEAR DESPERADA:

Since this calls for extreme measures, I would advise sauntering up to Diamond Jim's office. Try to look sexy in a low-cut business outfit, yet classy and pout demurely if at all possible. Speak in an innocent voice with husky undertones, explaining your situation rationally. If this doesn't work, pull Jim by his collar across the desk, slam him down, and kiss him solid. If Libby comes in with an attitude, pat her on the tail and

Spring Fling and end-of-semester exams. We have weathered the storm of controversy surrounding the Dunathan Affair. But the blows landed by these enemies to our collective morale have not threatened us half as much as the havoc wreaked by that heinous spectre of anarchy, that affront to the American way of life, that insidious perversion of the liberal free press, the *Rat's Ass*. Take action, O politically-charged Rhodesians, and stop the poor souls from infecting our fair campus any further with their smut. Boycott the *Rat's Ass*. You have nothing to lose but your souls! —cc

inform her that the Underalls are working nicely for her today. I bet you'll feel valorized after that, at least for a little while.

★ ★ ★

DEAR TAMMI:

I had this huge-mama weird dream last night that you just HAVE to help me deal with. I dreamed that I was surrounded by all of these big, stiff aggressive mushrooms, and for some reason I felt happy. But then when I looked again, I was one of the million pears laying about, feeling wasted, while a couple of clammy mushrooms hopped around to each of us sporadically. It was terrible, TERRIBLE, I tell you! What do you make of it?

—PEAR CHICK

DEAR PEAR CHICK:

First of all, I think that Jim Turner will definitely be interested in interviewing you for Freudian Corner. However, with my minute understanding of Freud and Rhodes Campus, I think I can easily interpret this for you. What you are experiencing is Male/Female Ratio Anxiety. I know several women who have it, and if you are not careful, it could eventually make you quite bitter. It's good to be aware of the problem, because that is part of the cure. If this isn't good enough, however, several women have told me that what helps them get through this is to decide that, in general, men are shit. This is not my

viewpoint, mind you, but it really seems to have worked for others. Take it or leave it, as you wish.

★ ★ ★

DEAR TAMMI:

Ever since I met you at Orientation three years ago in Fisher Gardens with all of that body heat and the sweltering sun, I have wanted to ask you this question? How much are your Titsworth?

—Eric

DEAR ERIC:

You perverted coward, you would pick the most common name on campus. I just want you to know that you are not the first to pose this imbecilic question to me. My family used to get prank calls all the time. Well, let me tell you, buddy, therapy can do wonders, and now I can look at you and honestly say, "You suck" for asking me such a stupid question. In stressful moments like this, I try to follow my mentor and close friend, Stuart Smiley: "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and doggone it, when I marry, I can change my last name." Okay, I admit it, this wasn't my best advice column, and the *Sou'wester* will probably it next year. I'm dating a rage-aholic and my father thinks I'm a slut, and I'm probably going to end up on the streets as an unemployed, bitter Writing major with \$80,000.00 in loans moulded to my head. But that's . . . OKAY. I'll see ya next year.

OBSERVATIONS

In our never ending attempt to stimulate intellectual debate on campus. *Observations* now presents the following discussion between Jim Turner and Gayla Bassham, with interruptions by J. B. Cormier and Rob Jarrett.

Yes you are!

—Gayla Bassham

Shut up, J.B.

—Gayla Bassham

No I'm not!

—Jim Turner

Nobody cares, J.B.! Now . . . Am not, but you are!

—Jim Turner

Are so!

—Gayla Bassham

You are but I'm not!

—Gayla Bassham

Am not!

—Jim Turner

You're only denying it because you know its true.

—Jim Turner

Are so!

—Gayla Bassham

Am not!

—Jim Turner

DON'T ANALYZE ME!

—Gayla Bassham

Are not!

—Gayla Bassham

See, you know you are!

—Jim Turner

Am s---HEY! Don't try that "Bugs Bunny" stuff on me!

Am not!

—Jim Turner

I am not, but you are without a doubt!

—Gayla Bassham

I can't believe we funded this!

—Rob Jarrett

Are so!

—Gayla Bassham

GO DIE, ROB!

—Gayla Bassham and Jim Turner

Well, I think you're both being very immature.

—Jason Briggs Cormier

Oh no, we agreed!



Freudian Corner

The Final Chapter

Yes, I know, you're all crying your eyes out because there'll be no more Freudian enlightenment in this little corner of the paper. You're probably saying, "But, Jim, they've finally started printing you right-side-up, and you're just going to leave." Well, my little neurotic friends, I just can't put off getting on with my real chosen career, college administration, any longer. That being said, let's finish this little experiment in pseudopsychanalytic journalism.

First, to those I've talked to who are starting the so-called Feminist Freudianism: No matter how hard you try, it's still not going to get you the one "thing" you really want. Sorry.

Second, to those who say I should analyze myself: That's ridiculous. I'm the most competent, well-adjusted person I know. In fact, I almost never suck my thumb in my sleep anymore and I haven't accidentally called a woman "mother" while on a date in over three weeks. Beat that!

And finally, to Gayla Bassham:

Gayla, listen to me very carefully. Whether or not you know it, you are really in love with the Allocations Board. Something about the way they pass out money causes you to desire each and every member. However, since you realize that the Board is a vile group of spiteful misers, your superego chatizes you for being attracted to them. Therefore, you become very angry at yourself, displace that anger on the Allocations Board, and try desperately to make the world think you dislike them. Come on, Gayla, be true to yourself. Declare your love for them. It'll make you feel good. Come on. Are you scared? Everyone's doin' it.

And so ends one of the great chapters in modern journalism. If you take nothing else from this column, remember these two things:

1. There's always time for therapy.
2. My office accepts Visa.

In repressed love,
Dr. (never again, though) Jim Turner

Gayla's Last Stand

"I can't be funny!" — Jennifer Larson, Campus Editor

"You're fired!" — Gayla Bassham, Editor in Chief

The Raw Deal

The Raw Deal is the official student newspaper of Rhodes College. The Weekly Diehl notwithstanding. It is published every Wednesday throughout the fall and spring semesters with the exception of holidays, exam periods, and really good party weekends. The office, such as it is (it ain't much) is in the basement of Palmer Hall where the administration can hide it from prospective students. Staff meetings are held there each Sunday afternoon at 4:30 and all students are welcome to attend.

Interested parties are encouraged to write letters to the Editor, which may be delivered to the office, sent via campus mail, or published in Cereal Info. All letters must be signed and include the author's phone number for confirmation and possible dates (if you're cute). Any letter for publication may be edited for clarity, length, libelous content, or failure to agree with the staff's viewpoints.

Student publications at Rhodes are governed by the Publications Board, a group of people whose sole function is to harass the Editor-in-Chief of the Sou'wester. The opinions expressed are those of the editors and contributing editors and have never in known memory represented the official viewpoints of Rhodes College.

In case you're wondering, nothing printed here is true, except for the part about Teri Sullivan being resident babe.

GAYLA D. BASSHAM
Goddess

LUCIFER C. HARDIN
Representative 7th Level of Hell

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Assistant to Ms. Bassham

JASON BRIGGS CORMIER
"Vogue" Instructor

STEPHEN DEUSNER
Chief Lighting Technician

CATHERINE CUELLAR
ERIC MORATZKA
Massage Therapists

JENNIFER LARSON
The Swedish Chef

CHIP RIGGS
God and Sportsman Extraordinaire
(and Athletic Supporter)

TERI SULLIVAN
Resident Babe

DIPAK GHOSH
Jeeves

JIM TURNER
Capitalist/Psychiatrist

CLAY COMBS
Security Advisor

JOE HARDIN
Best Boy

TAMMI JO TITSWORTH
Dolly Grip

ERIC DUNNING
Stunt Coordinator

ROSS GOHLKE
Master of the Universe

CHRISTINA HUNTINGTON
Mondo Caffeine Artist

A. LEMMING

The Raw Deal

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Editorial

Gayla's last editorial was entitled, "Five Tips and Out." I found myself with a few tears in my eyes after reading it. Not only was it insightful, it was emotional. Nobody could have loved Gayla Bassham more than I did. It won't be the same without her. I want to dispel the rumors that Gayla and I are lovers. This is totally unfounded and ridiculous. Gayla never let me touch her once. Sure, I made a few advances, but being as dedicated to the paper as she was, she refused to mix business with pleasure. Nothing ever happened between us!

Now, I would like to talk about my leaving as the Rhode'ster Editor. I also have a few tips for the next one, if there will be one. I'm running out of the space I was given, but this is far too important, so they'll just have to cut someone else's article to let me have the space . . .

Editorial note: Yah right!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

I was very upset when I read item #10 in last issue's Top Ten Things Overheard at Rites of Spring. Yes, I did say, "Have you seen my pants?" but I would like to put the quote in context.

I took off my pants because I thought the campus wanted to see my butt. After I got down from the Lynx, I discovered my pants were gone. My natural reaction was to ask, "Have you seen my pants?" I'm sure that I asked this only five times. After that, I just decided to walk around without my pants on. Sometimes a cool breeze just feels so good down there.

I don't see how you can characterize my quote as being one of the top ten most said things at Rites of Spring. Whoever wrote this is a low-down, hunch-back, pencil-wielding, blue-balled, yellow journalist, and can kiss my butt, which should be really easy considering I haven't found my pants yet.

— N. A. Kidbut

To the Editor:

I was glad to see the picture of the three women wrestling "playfully" on the ground in the center of the last issue of the Sou'wester. It pleases me to see that the Rhodes community is open enough to accept homosexual relationships. Most people, when they see a picture like this, would say, "What a bunch of lesbians." But your photographer has captured the more intimate, and I admit somewhat stimulating, aspects of this relationship. I showed the picture to my mom, and she said, "Honey, that's what I enrolled you in a liberal arts school for." Way to go, Sou'wester.

— Sally Mander

To the Editor:

I was very upset that this year's Spring Fling neglected to clean my roommate. I would have provided toothbrushes, had the planning committee been considerate enough to add him to the list.

I. P. Freeley

— TS & BM

September 24, 1962

Who Cares?

3 1/3

"Hey, man, is that 'Rhodes College Rappin'!" "Then warm it up man!"

K-tel presents the one-the only Rhodes College Rappin Trio, rapping all their best in this once in a lifetime offer available for an unlimited time only on eight track. Featuring "Don't No Y" Dean Dunathan, "M. C. Big House Daddy" Daughdrill, and "Eazy Ice T Cube" Tom Shandley. The selections include their smash hits, "Rent-a-Cop Killer", "Up and Comin, If You Know What I Mean", and "@#%\$#@#\$%†\$# #%& You, and Your Parents".

So place your orders now before we sell out of these musical treasures. Available this fall for \$19,264. All money will be allocated to bring the world's largest ball of twine from Iowa to Rhodes for a year and to reestablish WLYX radio station.

— MCH

President Daughdrill's Top Ten Favorite Books

10. *Dance the Lambada - in 10 Easy Lessons*
9. *U.S. Army Survival Manual*
8. *What She Wants—A Man's Guide to Women*
7. *Giant Book of Dirty Jokes*
6. *David Duke—A Profile in Courage*
5. *The Buns of Steel Workout*
4. *Minority Students — Are They Really Necessary?*
3. *The Deja Vu Girls — A Pictorial History*
2. *Am I Normal? The Personal Guide to Understanding Yourself & Others*
1. *Above Top Secret — The Worldwide UFO Cover-Up*

— ED

The News in Brief

The Religious Studies Department has undergone a recent surge in tension following the standoff at the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas. Because there has been such a rash of publicity in the media about the cult and about cults in general some Rhodes professors decided to do the humane thing; write a book and try to make some money off the thing. But this last week in Clough Hall, tensions have been high after some professors have become aware of what the other professors are doing, and tried to keep them from doing it. Professor Mark Muesse, still reeling after his Spring Fling Jell-O wrestling loss to Doctor Darlene Loprete of the Chemistry Department, took a swing at fellow faculty member and chair of the department Michael McLain. Apparently Muesse's book, *I've Got A Koresh on You*, was turned down by the Fly By Nite Publishing Company of Walla Walla, Washington, because

they said McLain's book, titled *A Cult Above* was "better". "Better?" Muesse said, "I have more pictures in mine. How could his be better?" Although no one was hurt in the altercation, the two professors were put in "time out" until they could learn how to behave themselves."

Congratulations go to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, who won in last week's "Most Creative Project With Lots of Wood and Spray Paint Contest". We had a hard time coming up with a winner for the contest, and although we will not actually be giving away the houseboat and the round trip tickets to Peru, we know they'll be excited. Runner-up goes to Rhodes College, whose structure, "Tuthill," was considered too flimsy and too dangerous for human habitation. The other Rhodes structure, "Stewart Hall," was disqualified for using paper mache instead of wood.

Congratulations also go to the Rat's

Ass, voted Time Magazine's "Most Likely to Incur the Wrath of Someone Important." We agree, and hope to express the idea that the editors of such a publication should be taken out of the back 40 somewhere and shot. We could say this about other campus publications, but Gayla would never let us do such a thing. In fact just last week we were saying that

Lastly this week, the *Raw Deal* wishes to say goodbye to the seniors who have made this paper one of the most highly rated newspapers in the country. Teri Sullivan, *Raw Deal* editor extraordinaire, said, "we couldn't have done this without the seniors. In fact, the seniors should be paid for their contributions to this year's *Raw Deal*. All the typos this year were my fault, not theirs." The seniors agree, and any contributions anyone wants to send can be sent in care of Chris Pollette, box 2059, Rhodes College. Until May 15, anyway.

— C.P.

Stairmasters Malfunction 2 Students Killed

Last Friday afternoon tragedy struck Mallory Gymnasium. Two students were killed as a result of malfunctioning stairmasters. Apparently, an electronic problem caused the stairmasters to catapult the students through the glass wall and onto the basketball court below. The details are still sketchy. However, an investigation led by security head Ralph Hatley has been able to answer some questions. "Well, I'm not really sure what happened," commented Hatley, "but I better be getting paid overtime!" Other members of the Rhodes community have been able to provide information about the results and possible causes. When the bodies were found, Nurse Gill was immediately called. She later told the Rhode'ster, "I ran in there and I saw all the blood and stuff on the court, and I passed out! I don't really remember much, but the ambulance ride was fun!!" Ralph Hatley later commented on the possibility of having to shoot the Stairmasters because as he stated, "Once they get a taste of humans, you know you just can't control 'em any more!" When Prof. Olsen of the Biology department informed him that such actions were necessary only with animals Hatley stated, "Yeah well, I still don't think we should take any chances, Let's kill 'em dead!"

As a result of this tragedy, the parents of the deceased students are considering possible legal action against Rhodes College. Athletic Director Mike Clary responded, "You know I really don't care! Let 'em sue! They shouldn't have had their fat butts on the things anyway!!"

Luckily for Rhodes College one

previously unknown survivor was there to provide the answers that were so desperately needed. Bernal Smith, '94, came forward Sunday to explain what happened to a special investigative group meeting in the Orgill room. "Well I was in there minding my own business, and these two girls came in and got on the machines. They were way to large to be on level 8, so I tried to leave before anything happened." However, Mr. Smith, who was found among the dead bodies, was not so lucky. Mr. Smith continued, "Then I heard the most horrible sound, and I turned around and saw the two girls flying through the glass, spandex and all! I guess the vacuum sucked me right out too. Then I went flying through the air, kinda like one of the rides at Libertyland, then I landed on one of them, which was kind of gross." Thanks to the testimony of Bernal Smith, Rhodes College was found not libel for the accident. Mr. Smith was later honored at a Board of Trustees meeting and was given a key to the gym that he may use at his discretion.

When asked during the investigation why he was the lone survivor, Mr. Smith replied, "I'm just too strong inside!" We, here at the Rhode'ster, are not quite sure what that means. However, let it be known that the rest of Mr. Smith's comments were irrational and violent. Furthermore, it is this reporter's opinion that Bernal Smith has lost his mind and has become a danger to both himself and Rhodes College. My suggestion is that the key be taken away from him before some serious harm occurs to anyone else.

— ED

Things To Think About When You've Already Read Stall Stories:

Why do they always serve catfish nuggets and spinach lasagna the first night that we get back to campus from break?

What IS Goofy?

How long would it take to make a whole swimming pool full of Jell-O?

Does President Daughdrill really sleep in pajamas with a drop-seat?

So if Townsend used to be a women's dorm, why are there urinals in the bathrooms now, and why didn't they take the urinals out of Bellingrath? Is this a penis envy thing?

Why do they call the newspaper the Sou'wester? Did the first editor have a lisp?

What flavor is the Kool-Aid man?

Does Elvis work in Krystal's or the Burger King in Tupelo, MS?

Why do hot dogs come in packages of eight and the buns come in packages of twelve? (It's not necessarily a bad thing to have more buns than weiners.)

Do prostitutes charge tax?

Did Adam and Eve have navels?

Could you swim in dry ice and not get wet?

Who is responsible for Brent Moberly's hair?

If you can run circles around someone, can you run squares around someone?

What did you say?

If everything tastes like chicken, what does chicken taste like?

What does teen spirit smell like?

Why can't you pick your friend's nose?

Why ask why?

— JL & THE REST OF THE STAFF



Evidently, it was a banana in his pocket.

— MCH

Religion: Past, Present, And Future At Rhodes College

Rhodes College has been affiliated with the Presbyterian Church since the school's founding in 1848. We have that big church across the street, and we have to underline a few passages in red in Revelations in Search, and there is a really nice section in the Rhodes College Catalogue about fear of God or something. But last week, the Presbyterian Church was cast aside, forever, when President Daughdrill's Executive Committee on Monetary Well Being and Happiness decided to realign with a group of East Tennessee snake handlers. According to an administrative report it had, "Abso-damn-lutely nothing at all to do with the eight million dollar donation for the new Athletic building. We have simply seen the way. Bow to the east. Praise water water moccasins."

Although many students do not know it, Rhodes was barely affiliated with the Presbyterians in the first place. Back in 1848 a budding evangelist named Harold Krishna with his long, thin flowing lock of hair and baskets of flowers founded the nation's first airport in Memphis. Clearly divinely inspired as this was years before there were even any planes. He made a fortune off the passengers,

who were waiting for planes that never showed up. Not only did he catapult his religion to the forefront of Memphis culture, he also invented the time delayed flight. At the time Southwestern was a fledgling college with only a single building on the entire campus. It was built with rocks and adobe blocks from Overton Park. The materials were free, because the park service had grown tired of students sleeping on the golf greens since the Masters was to have been played there that year. Two part time professors taught truck maintenance and international studies out of that building. It later became the Security Hut. The recession was running rampant through Memphis that year threatening to close the school down.

But that was before Harold arrived on campus one day in long flowing red and black robes carrying a big basket of money and leading his pet Lynx, R.C., on a leash. In a matter of weeks he turned the school completely around. He put up eleven sheet metal buildings, put the two professors on tenure track, and wrote an article in U.S. News and World Reports about the school. Students wandered the campus in robes, feeling love and hap-

piness flow over them like a warm cup of imported herbal tea. But then disaster struck. The winter of 1848 struck the campus of Krishna College hard. All except one building, which today is behind the theater, blew down along with the crop of flowers on which next year's budget depended. Harold shattered by his failure lived the rest of his life among the trees in Overton Park. He could be seen on a rare sun-lit afternoon clutching handfuls of dandelions on his way to visit his disciples at the airport.

The fate of the school, we all know. A renegade band of Presbyterian ministers cleared the wreckage of the winter of '49, got some more rocks, and the rest is history. Today we stand on a new threshold for Rhodes College. A new snake pit is being dug, and we're starting a lend-lease program with the zoo. Money has bought us a new religion. I'll close this account of Rhodes Religion with the immortal words of Harold Krishna as he disappeared over a hill one day. He said, "Religion is in the flower I'm sniffing, but remember I've already torn it from its roots." Hope everyone likes snakes.

— MCH

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— TJT