

THE BURROW LIBRARY
Southwestern at Memphis

The Honor System: an examination of tradition

by Mark Lester

(Editor's Note: a first of a two-part series)

"The time seemed to go by so fast. As I waited there to be called in it seemed as if only a few minutes ago that a fellow student asked me to turn myself in. I felt as if I was a condemned person and when I finally came before the council they seemed to push an ultimatum at me—cheat once more and I would be thrown out of school."

"There was not one person on that council with whom I felt I had anything in common. And this thing about secrecy, before I walked out of that room half the student body knew I had been tried. I am not saying it was the council's fault but you can't keep things like that a secret."

The Honor Council is Southwestern's oldest and perhaps most revered institution. Many times, this age and even more this reverence tends to place the council on a shelf—where it may be looked at from a distance but never really held in one's hand. There have been attempts and in many cases successes in bringing the council up to date. But despite these efforts there still lies, whether justly or unjustly, some very basic objections to the Honor Council—it's make-up and its methods.

"A fellow student asked me to turn myself in."

It is this objection that is heard most often. As is stated in the Honor Council's bulletin, our objections to "tattling" is rooted in our early education "where tattling is rightly frowned upon as causing unnecessary altercations." But as the bulletin continues to explain, "the honor system would be impossible without the support of the student body."

It is explained that tattling by definition concerns trivial matters "whereas violations of the Honor Code threaten the way of life of the college." But many are asking with such a system of turning in one's friend, what sort of system are we trying to defend?

Another very important aspect to this objection is that the system has reached the point where it simply does not work. Many feel

that only a fraction of those students who cheat are being tried. This argument tends to follow the line that if we are to resolve ourselves into a completely honest community we must be willing to use any method to purge ourselves of all those who are dishonest.

"There was not one person on that council with which I felt I had anything in common."

The system of trial by one's peers has always been foremost in our tradition of English Common law. Recently the United States Supreme Court decided that juries must be composed of a cross section, or at least an attempt made at a cross section of the community it serves.

It is on this basis that some students object to the Honor Council's structure. They feel that almost all Honor Council members have a high grade point and more or less epitomize the "straight" student at Southwestern. Besides this apparent onesided make-up, many students feel that the council's method of nominating persons for vacant posts only tends to perpetuate the same type of person on the council.

While there is an opportunity for students to nominate their own candidates this method is rarely used and so in reality does not exist.

"Before I walked out of that room half the student body knew I had been tried."

When discussing the secrecy aspect of the Honor Council many persons conjure up visions of the Court of the Star Chamber which comes for people in the night. Actually as one of the council members put it, "its a fact that most students want secrecy concerning a trial."

But once again, as antagonists claim, reality and the ideal have departed from one another. Through no fault of the council, much of the campus knows all the details of a trial. In some cases, persons being tried relate such information as to "who turned them in."

"And besides, what's going to happen to people who live under this system when they get out into the real world?"

This is an argument which is unique from the others discussed, for it attacks the honor system itself rather than the methods which are employed. Should we resolve ourselves to live in a community which is wholly honest, or is this an impossibility? What is more important, is what becomes

of the Southwestern student when he leaves these hallowed halls into a world which is filled with persons who do everything from robbing a liquor store to cheating on income tax.

If our purpose is to create the honest man in a dishonest world, he is better trained in a situation

which is similar to the real battle.

These are by no means all the arguments that have been voiced over the years but rather a sampling of the "core" complaints. Many students are asking whether a system which was designed over a half a century ago can operate under the changing conditions in which we live.

Dilemma Announces Spring Format

by Hershel Lipow

Dilemma is a lot like Christmas: it comes once a year full of expensive surprises that are fun to unwrap and is over before you've caught its holiday spirit.

The philosophy behind Dilemma is often overlooked in the glitter of publicity of the famous and well-known. Dilemma, says co-chairman James Dobbins, is an opportunity for Southwestern to gain further awareness of present day problems by joining with well informed and concerned speakers. This does not preclude the possibility of becoming familiar with speaker's works before he visits and a continuation of discussion groups and projects after.

This year SGA is attempting to coordinate its programming efforts around Dilemma. Sometime in February, the Education Commission will sponsor an education week to explore the possibilities of improving Southwestern's educational experience both within and without the classroom.

To paraphrase John Dewey, education is learning by knowing, by experiencing the truth and reality of experience. Dilemma's aim is all those things and more.

For the sixth consecutive year, Dilemma workers have battled a tightening of funds—all of which were from outside revenues—and fluctuations of student interest. Some have questioned whether Dilemma in its present form is really worth the effort of a \$7,000 weekend.

Two possible alternatives are the creation of small mini-Dilemmas throughout the year and

continuation of Dilemma in its present form with better preparation before and after its presentation.

Because of the way it is funded, by donations and tickets sales alone, it appears that the existing format must continue.

This year's Dilemma, March 5-6, promises to attract several top speakers. Of those already secured are writer Jack Newfield and community action leader Calvin

Morris.

Newfield, author of *The Prophetic Majority* and a memoir of Robert Kennedy, was one of the founding members of Students for a Democratic Society. Morris is presently the Chicago area director of Operation Breadbasket, a Southern Christian Leadership Conference self-help program. Still to be found is a "big name" drawing card who will attract the general public.

MODEL U.N. DRAWS DELEGATES

by Charlie Frame

Southwestern has been assigned to represent Spain in this year's Mid-West Model United Nations in St. Louis, Feb. 20-24.

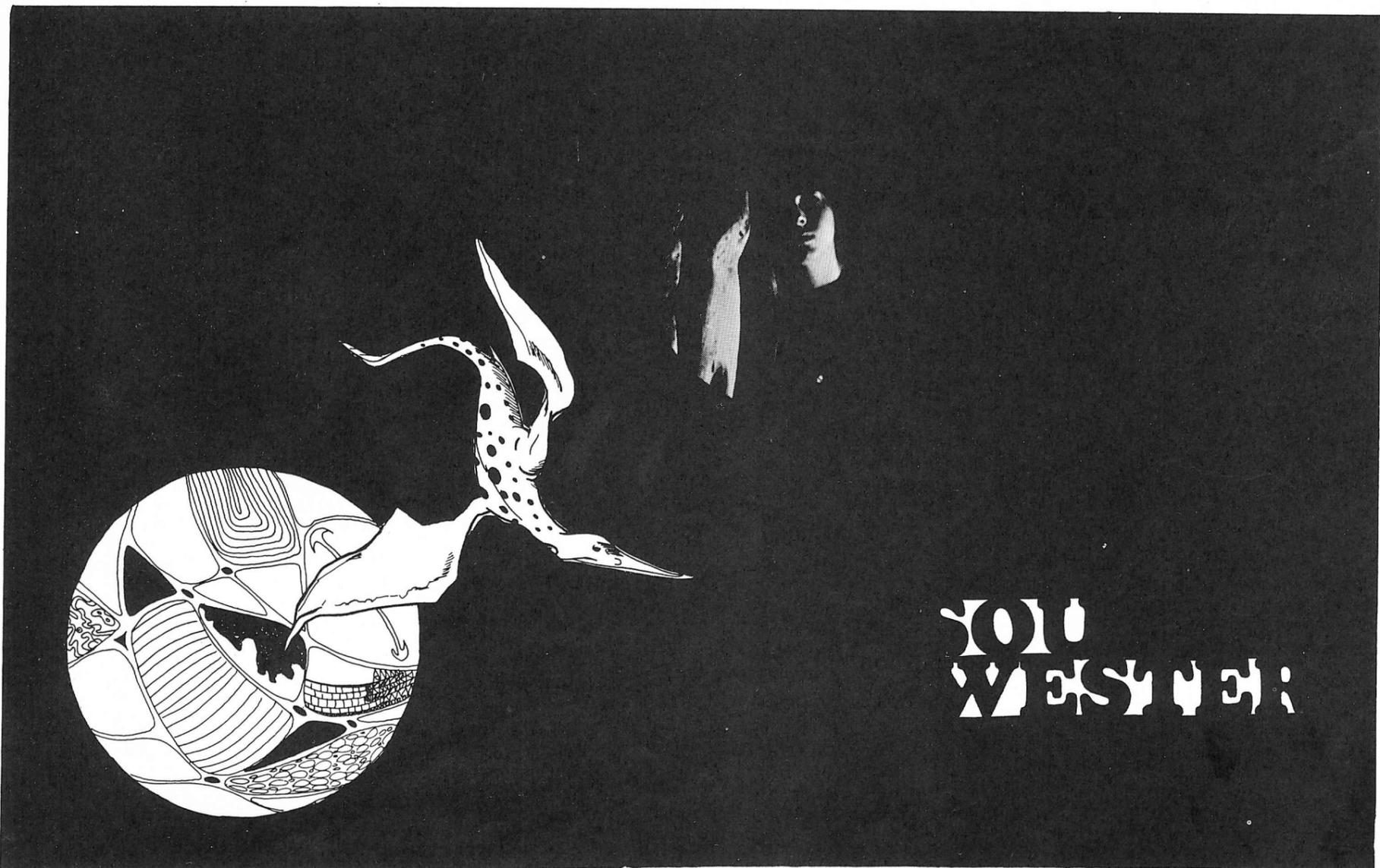
Model UN is an educational convention organized to promote interest in the United Nations on college campuses. Through assigning roles as member countries to different campuses, the MMUN hopes to involve college students in realistic situations which can add to their appreciation of such an organization as the United Nations. They also learn to see situations in a light to which they have never been exposed during the four days they become Nigerians, Morroccans, or Spaniards. In this sense each student's world has been broadened.

The MMUN is organized along the lines of the United Nations. There are four committees: social and humanitarian; special political; political and security; and economic, along with the security council. This year's agenda includes: the Middle East,

international control of military goods, Indochina, and enforcement of human rights. Delegates are encouraged to attempt to formulate innovative solutions within the framework of the U.N. Charter.

Southwestern has sent a delegation for the past five years, all of which have been rated within the top ten delegations with competition from over 70 colleges and universities from all parts of the U.S. and Canada. Some include Princeton, Georgetown, and the Service Academies. Over 700 students are expected at this year's meeting.

Due to lack of funds, Southwestern can only send five delegates, one for each committee plus the Security Council which Southwestern was appointed to for the first time. Any member of the Southwestern student body is welcome to be interviewed for a position on the delegation. If you are interested contact Charles Frame, Box 183 or room 308 Ellett or Dr. Gerhard Mally.



**YOU
WESTERN:**

POINTS and VIEWS

by Richard C. Wood

As Britain is the source of so much of what is called American civilization, one can have little doubt that any liberal-arts graduate will have an awareness cultivated in, or an imagination informed by, things English. Indeed at Southwestern there is danger of contracting a disease, Anglophilia, which at the drop of a broad "a" causes its victims to bleed internally for the fortunes of the monarchy.

Vast numbers of Englishmen are strangely immune. One of the eminent immune is Dr. Leakey, who seems to spend most of his time getting photographed at the task of chiseling rocks in the Olduvai Gorge.

Dr. Leakey has been saying for some years now that Africa is the cradle of mankind. In fact, just the other day I read an article in which Dr. Leakey said, "I have been saying for some years now that Africa is the cradle of mankind." If we are forging a "New Consciousness ("Consciousness III" as a Yale Law professor who favors jeans and unkept locks recently termed it in a

-New Yorker- essay), this will include an African awareness accompanied at its most extreme by tremors of the soul.

The Burrow Library contains quite enough African material to start a brush-awareness in the mind of a pool shark. One can travel with the likes of Mungo Park, Henry Stanley, Sir Richard Burton, and Graham Greene. One can catch the anguish in the appeal of Chief Lo Bengula to Queen Victoria to protect him from ravid treasure-hunters. One can follow a Zulu boy from his native kraal into the ghetto of Durban. And can learn how the De Beer's Company controls the diamond outlay and keeps Southwest Africa (a province) like a concentration camp.

One can experience the mystical rising of the reverential ethic of Albert Schweitzer as he watched the hippos rolling in the Oguwe River. In pictures of modern Kano or Timbuctu one can protect the lost cities of the Sahara. He can find many economic reports, histories, and anthropological

monographs like the one about Bunyoro used as a text in a course.

A favorite of mine, strongly recommended to those who desire, as I do, to have an informed imagination of Afro-American experience, is a book called *Africa Remembered*. This is a collection of narratives written by persons escaped from slavery. These recall the horrors of the middle passage (the trans-Atlantic voyage) but also report all kinds of chance events and strange providences. Most fabulous is the tale of Equiano, a Nigerian native whose 18th Century adventures could easily outstrip any conceived by Defoe., Aphra Behn, or Tobias Smollett.

Africa Remembered stimulated my search for realizations of Afro-American history and culture, and this has continued apace despite my bewilderment before a flood of materials that has spewed from the presses in response to the demand for "Black Studies." As a rule, I prefer to read what Americans of African descent have written or dedicated. There is nothing like the authentic "voice" of someone telling his own story to convey a sense of the stuff of human consciousness.

I have here on my desk a paperback entitled *Black Slave Narratives* (published 1970) which richly supplements the earlier collection I have mentioned. I have some others, such as *Puttin' on Ole Massa; Lay My Burden Down;* an anthology of poems called *I Am the Darker Brother;* collection of essays on black cultural life by (mostly) black writers: *Black Expression,*

Black on Black, and a new one just pulled off the browsing shelf of Burrow Library entitled *Black America*. Collections of essays are often less satisfactory than narratives or good secondary histories like John Hope Franklin's *From Slavery to Freedom* or Lerone Bennett's *Before the Mayflower*. Some essays are blown with chidings and threatenings, but some, principally those by scholars of music, folklore, and linguistics, are extraordinarily enlightening.

My subject, however, is cultural experience, not exploitative fashions or radical politics. It is as if I needed to make a poem of the pain. Serving to that end, for me, are some books the library has recently acquired: Winthrop Jordan, *White Over Black;* James Pope-Hennessy, *The Sins Ely Green, Ely;* Harold Courlander, *The African.*

Harold Courlander's *The African* is an unpretentiously written novel. It is not at all literary the way Styron's novel of Nat Turner is. Although I have to squint at Styron for playing the Faulkner-haunted, guilt-ridden-liberal artist, I can easily grant him his disturbing measure of imaginative staying-power.

Courlander, who is a scholar of African music and its Haitian survivals, is only a journeyman romancer. But what a story he weaves! It makes Colin MacInness' *Westward to Laughter* a book with similar elements, seem merely a smarty-pants version of Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, by comparison.

For Courlander knows what sort

of cultural life a native African tribesman might have carried to the New World. He calculates the chances of its survival or at least its retention like a barnacle on the African's new mental acquisitions through many episodes among escapees on a West Indian island, on a South Carolina plantation, among Georgia Indians, among renegade revolters, on a lonely hike vaguely north toward whatever. This seems to me a very canny tale. I do not know Courlander's color, but his African does not come through as a white boy in blackface.

McInness, who has written several comic novels about West Indians and Nigerians in London, has his adventurer be a Scots' lad who is actually branded a slave along with some companions. This is far-fetched stuff, although it allows for some entertaining scenes with a spoilt plantation belle.

Courlander has made something of Africa remember'd live in his novel. I cherish that. Somebody will make a mod, slick empty film out of *Westward to Laughter*. It will be a fit sequel to this current piece of flummery (starring Marlon Brando with a bleeding British accent) called *Burn!* Courlander's is an old-fashioned (pre-Freudian) boy-yarn which ought to put *Tom Sawyer* into modern boys' limbo. It won't, though. Between the mechanical whimsies of the Disney studios and Angela Davis making a fist as she is arraigned for conspiracy to murder, we bookish types hold up our volumes like matches as we creep by the cemeteries of indifference.

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Ma Frickertt Belches Fire

Dear Mrs. Frickertt,

I don't usually like to write to people like you who are affiliated with the newspaper. However, I'm quite desperate (obviously) and as you seem to have an "in" to all manners of sordidity and injustice, I thought maybe you might have an answer (or at least a wry reply).

You see, Lloyd Templeton, the social butterfly of Southwestern, held a fun, fun party to which (for some oversight I'm sure) I was not invited. I'm sure there is some logical reason as I'm an outstanding member of the faculty who is on several committees.

A Faculty Member

P.S. Could you mail my answer in plain brown paper?

Dear Member,

Look sweetie, I don't know where you get your info but committees are social zeros on this campus—sub-committees are the biggies now! But actually this has nothing to do with your question. My informants have told me that Lloyd has been using an age-old rule of thumb for party invites:

"Them that has to rent their tux is out of lucks." Now of course I realize that there are exceptions as in this case, Messrs. Clifton and Odom appeared in somewhat less than formal wear. However they are on sub-committees which of course allows for such garishness.

Dear Ma,

Is the refectory really conspiring with the Trezevant Celibacy Council to place salt-peter on cakes, cookies, and mashed potatoes to curb the annual winter surge of base lust?

Hoping for an Answer

Dear Hope,

I'm happy to announce there's no conspiracy and those little white crystals are all logically dismissed. Bob Manges, Saga chief, related to me that the crystals are salt-peter, but not for repressive measures. As you know salt-peter is used in the manufacture of gun powder; Bob claims that all any boarding student has to do is give his food a good crack on the table and it will burst into flames, giving the students of

Editor,

A lot has been said in the last couple of months about the quality of the food served in the refectory. Some of what has been said was in good taste, some in bad taste, but the fact still remains that a lot has been said and nothing done. I would like to add a few more words, but ones that I hope will evoke some form of action.

A workable solution would be to forget catering services altogether and hire a professional dietitian. In this way we could 1) receive three nourishing meals a day, rather than hot dogs and pancakes; 2) eliminate profit-taking and turn that money back into equipment, food, and salaries and, 3) keep records and expenditures within the control of the treasurer of the college.

Most important, however, is a fact that is separate from whatever course of action that is taken. That fact is that it is the students of this college who must eat and

ultimately pay for the food served in the refectory. Therefore, it would seem that we should have a strong say in the replacement or retention of the present food service. Whatever action is taken, we, the student, will "suffer the consequences" and should have rightful representation in any final decision made on the subject.

Respectfully,
Bill Dodson

LETTERS

Editor:

What attitude is sketched upon the hearts of all us happy souls as we gaze out the window to the horizon of a new twelve week winter term? Do you shudder at the grey, cold depression, soon to fold comfortably down around you? If you dare imagine eight weeks from now, does your head turn into a fogged crystal ball, releasing visions of slow moving people with

cold-aggravated bodies stuck in a stanch of joyless gloom?

The point is, people tend to find what they look for. Ask any Southwesterner for their opinion on the issuing Term II and see if they don't answer similar to "Like I don't . . . know strange, man." Or perhaps raise their sagging eyes in a searching glance, and then grasping a faint "Not too good,"; drag their crumpled-selves away. When it comes down to it, don't you think it is absurd for us to will depression upon ourselves? You think you can tch-tch and shake your head as you foresee the winter weeks, but you can also do a bit of avoiding. Let them call you a traitor as you skip to your seat in the refectory humming a little tune! It just might be that a non-dismal attitude is the smart, if not fashionable thing to have this winter.

Grace Paine

Southwestern the first fully cooked food they've thrown in a long time. Oh those secret Saga recipes!

Dear Ma,

Does John Turpin really sleep with his computer?

L.T.

Dear L.T.

This is just the kind of rumor-mongering I detest. John Turpin has never and will never sleep with his computer. There was a time when it slept at the foot of his bed, but his wife couldn't stand

the snoring (the computer's) and sent it (the computer) back to Professor Nemitz.

Dear Ma,

I'm absolutely aghast at what some of the upperclassmen have been telling me. They tell me that there's a list floating through the men's dorm which rates all the freshman girls and tells whether they, uh, how can I put this delicately, uh, do it. I mean (I don't want you to get me wrong) I've taken natural science and I know

it's natural and everything. But in Mariottsville, Alabama we just don't talk about such things; let alone make lists and ratings and stuff like that.

Please tell me if this is true. (I'm sorry I can't print my real name 'cause I'm still a Tri-Delt pledge.)

Dear,

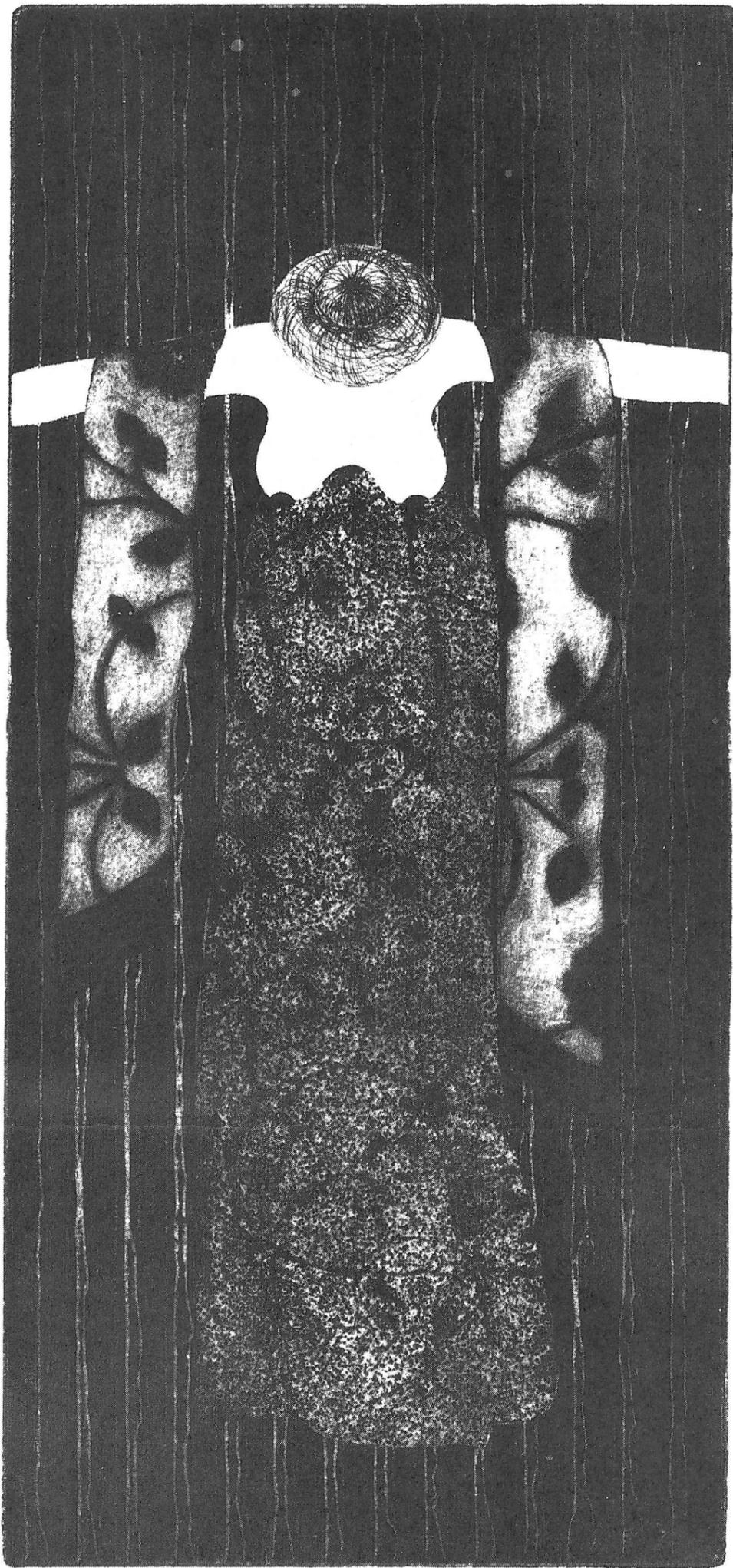
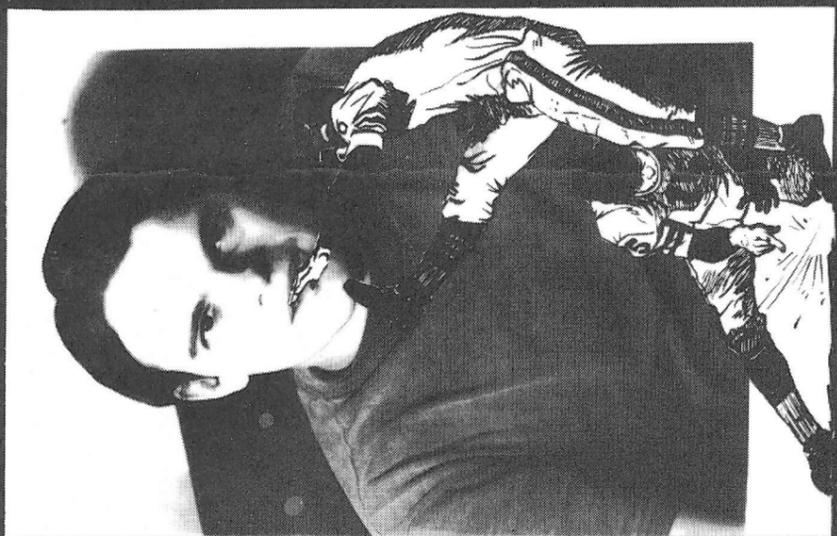
To my knowledge there has never been an official list, although there is a sacred history of oral tradition. However if you had signed your name we could have started one.



WHO?

The following students have recently been named to "Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities" at Southwestern where they are seniors: Julian Bolton, Ann Brown, James Carter Dobbins, Donna Kay Fisher, Henry Hury, Marcia Swett, Joe Brady, Jeff Carter, Pat Carter, Peter Casparian, John Churchill, Robert Doolittle, Charlie Durham,

Ann Gotschall, Dan Hatzenbuehler, William David Lloyd, Charles William (Chuck) McNeal, Sam Marshall, Bill Matthews, Mike Ripski, Johnny Rone, and William Oliver Shults. These are first in a series of baseball cards which will be presented each week. Trade them with your friends. Be the first in your class to collect all twenty two.



The Glass Jude Game

This is a little game to test your literary game-playing ability. Fill in the blank spaces. For example: get stoned

Then when you're really wasted, tear out the contest and put it in the boxes we have already prepared for you.

We'll pick some winners and post *your* names and answers somewhere everyone will be sure to notice.

Now isn't that a nice prize. A really fantastic ego trip.

1. It's wetter than _____
2. Life at Southwestern is like a _____
3. Refectory food looks like _____
4. Far _____ out
5. You may be a _____
6. but you ain't no _____
7. _____ eats _____
8. Most _____ at Southwestern aren't _____ enough.
9. _____ kills.
10. When _____ comes to _____ the only recourse is _____.

11. _____ much.
12. How many _____ can you eat before you _____
13. "Lon, your art is too _____"
14. _____ is the strongest bag available.
15. You can't always get _____
16. People who live in glass houses shouldn't get _____
17. When you're _____ and _____ don't _____, _____
18. FILL IN THE _____ SPACES
19. Get _____
20. _____ me.
21. me _____
22. _____ you too
23. Play _____
24. _____ its
25. hobb _____
26. What a _____
27. Glass _____ beads
28. _____ is _____, not _____
29. _____ and _____
30. _____
31. Life is a _____ encompassing many _____

SGA FORUM

by Bill Matthews and Chuck McNeil

Many administrators and students have wondered how colleges developed the teaching concepts they have today. A group of students and faculty at the University of Chicago, deeming the matter worthy of research, eventually traced today's teaching concepts to an obscure but profound theory—Samuel Burnbaum's "package" and "soap dispenser" theory of learning.

Education is, Burnbaum argues, the accumulation of a certain number of packages after which a person is deemed worthy of a college degree. These "packages" are arranged horizontally (by departments) and vertically (by numbers reflecting the relative difficulty of the course).

A person acquires each of these packages *via* the soap dispenser method: each student goes to the dispenser of knowledge (the professor) and retains with his hands as much as possible of the liquid soap the professor gives him, until the professor asks for the soap.

At this point, the student releases the soap into a graduated cylinder that measures his retention: if 90% is retained, the student gets an "A"; 80-90%, a

"B"; and so on. "The average university today is a giant Skinner Box, although nobody meant it to happen this way. If you want a good job, you need good grades. If you want good grades, you need to do well on multiple-choice questions. If you want to do well on multiple-choice questions, you need to keep discrete those nice, attractive, discrete pieces of data you are learning, because if you get them confused you cannot give a simple yes or no answer. It is therefore essential that one does not think, because if you think you get confused." Robert Theobald

If Theobald is right in asserting that the university has become a Skinner Box (testing our ability to react to positive and negative sanctions), it seems only natural that students might develop

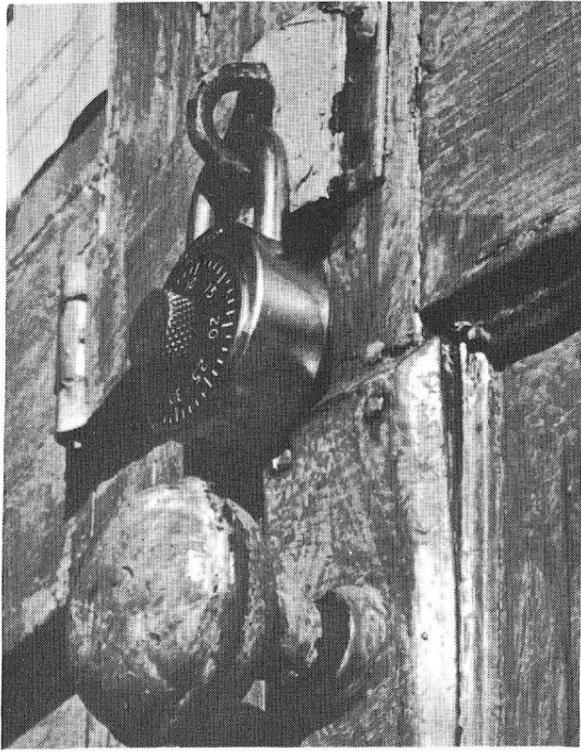
techniques by which they get through "the box" with minimal effort and maximum results: this is the measure of success in any Skinner Box. Hence it should not surprise us when students favor something similar to Burnbaum's "package and dispenser" theory we have mentioned, for it is infinitely easier because "learning" (other than retention) is not required.

Large universities and state legislatures have been staunch proponents of Burnbaum's concept for fairly obvious reasons. State university officials found that it was "efficient" and lowered costs tremendously; state legislatures, concerned primarily with providing what was coming to be education necessary for a "good job," were also happy that costs could be held to a minimum without lowering the

quality of the degree. The Burnbaum theory fitted nicely into what everyone wanted—"education" at little expense.

Lately Burnbaum's theories have been under increasing attack from small liberal arts colleges such as Southwestern. Southwestern offers the student an opportunity to determine his academic future through programs such as the directed inquiry, tutorial system, and bridge majors. And yet, the attitude of a great number of faculty, students, and administrators seems to reflect Burnbaum's feeling in regards to learning.

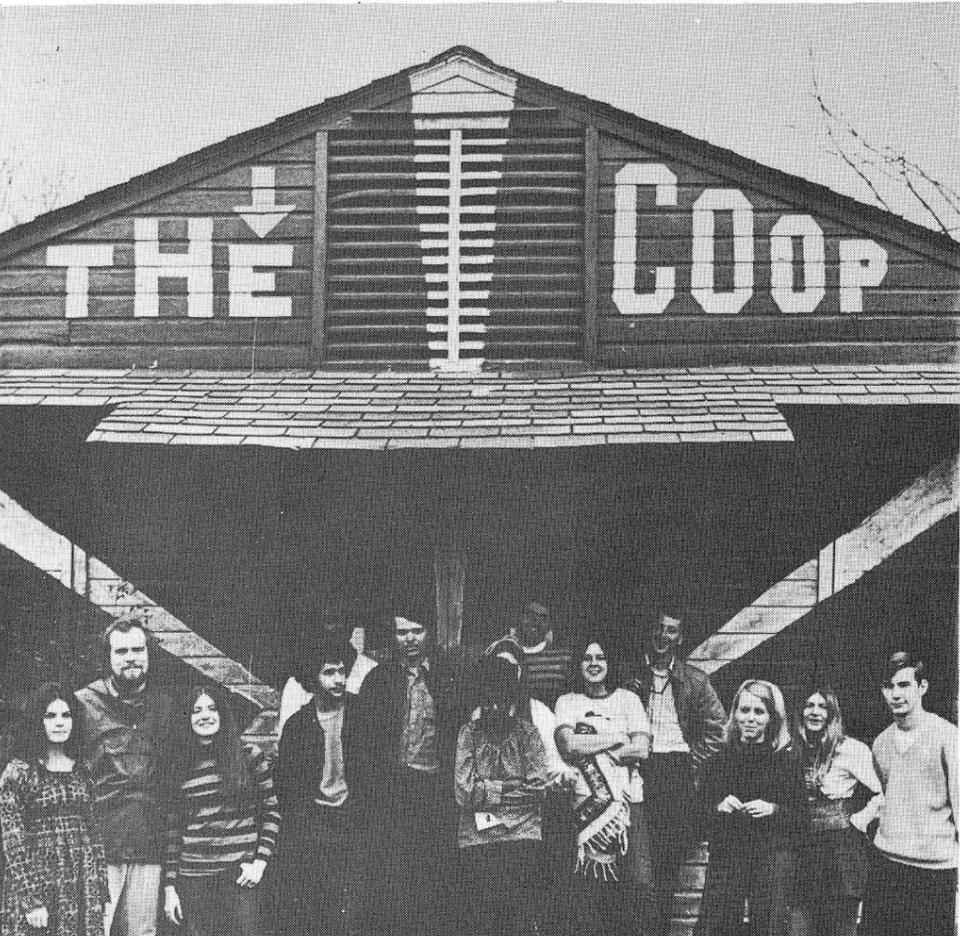
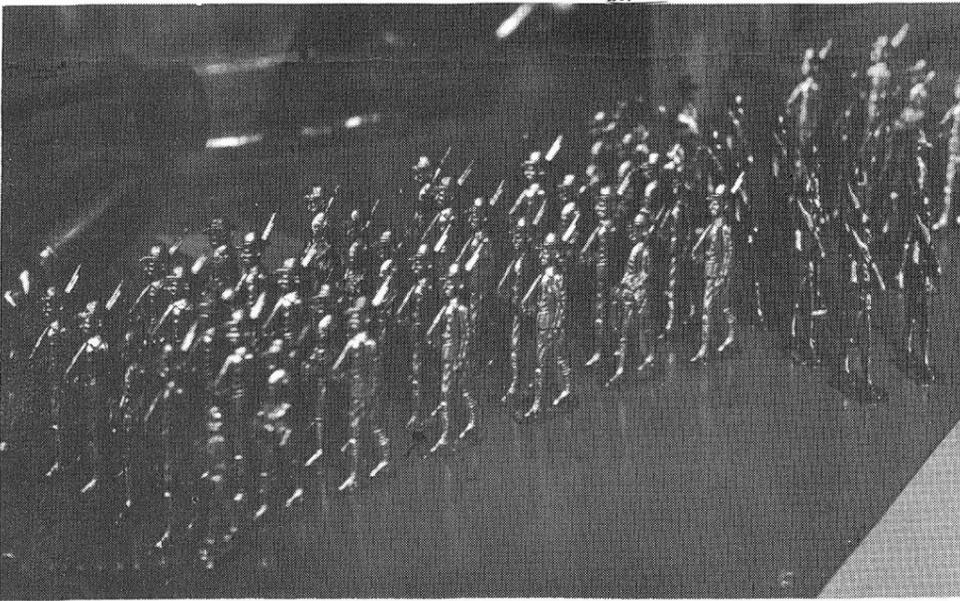
The task of Southwestern is to reject this sort of attitude and affirm that learning is more than the avoiding of negative sanctions.



This is the last ditch attempt to save the Coop from folding because of lack of interest. To all you students who do not know what the Coop is, it is the shack next to the Common House. It can be distinguished by the rising sun painted on the front of the store.

Within its bowels are amazing gifts for family and friends, (and self), from kites to mixers (from incense burners to low priced records, everything that a "head" would have a desire for. And for all you Frat-rats, rumor has it that there are personalized study boards with your Greek letters emblazoned upon them.

In other words, the Coop has something for every walk of life. Do you ever find yourself desiring the latest of Lawrence Welk? You know where to go—(psychiatrist). If you still want this service performed, why don't you check into it? Besides, it's absolutely *the* place for the person who knows where it's at.



PETER CASPARIAN—son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Casparian, 500 3rd Street, Fulton, Ky., is majoring in art and anthropology. Peter is president of the SRC, has been named to ODK, and has been assistant editor of *Ginger*, and a member of the *Sou'wester* staff.

JOHN CHURCHILL—son of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Churchill, 1802 Biscayne, Little Rock, Ark., is a philosophy major. John has played football for four years, served on the Honor Council, received the ODK Outstanding Sophomore Award, named to ODK, is a member of SAE fraternity, and is a Rhodes Scholar.

JAMES CARTER DOBBINS—son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Dobbins of 1735 Hayden Road, Germantown, is a philosophy major, and at Southwestern he has worked four years on the Dilemma program and is co-chairman for this year.

CHARLES WILLIAM (CHUCK) MCNEAL—son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McNeal of 200 Highland Drive, Walnut Ridge, Ark., is majoring in religion and psychology. Chuck is currently president of the SGA, has served as a member of the SRC and as commissioner of Religious Activities, has been a student government senator and worked in the Kinney and Challenge programs, and has been named to ODK.

by Jerome Katz

When (and if) you walk into the cashier's office and plunk down your \$1700 do you stop to consider what you are purchasing? How does the bill of goods the college works with rate? *Consumers' Reports* has not as yet compared colleges as far as this goes, and nobody ever compiled a college catalog that really tells it like it is. So many students are buying something sight unseen—that is, their education.

The courses any college offers can be found in a catalog, but the philosophy under which those courses will generally be taught is almost always a mystery. One would expect the president of a college to know what the purpose or more properly, the role his institution is playing in the educational and general communities.

The following is such a report. It is concerned with the views of the role of the university or college, as seen by the president of each institution. Three interviews will be used: President William Bowden of Southwestern, President Odell Horton of LeMoyné-Owens, and (next week) President C. C. Humphreys of Memphis State.

Southwestern at Memphis is a privately controlled, urban, co-educational liberal arts college, related to the Presbyterian Church, and founded in 1848. With 1,041 students, Southwestern offers B.A., B.S. and B.M. degrees. Faculty student ratio, 1:10. Library, approximately 100,000 volumes. Tuition (1970); \$1,700.

President William Bowden of Southwestern

Sou'wester: What do you view as the role of the university or college?

Bowden: Well, a small undergraduate college such as Southwestern, that is concerned primarily with the arts and sciences, I view as a college that is largely preparatory for youth who are going on to graduate work, or for those who view the degree here at Southwestern as a terminal degree, as one to provide a much better preparation for life in the general sense.

There is something about a liberally-educated person that the decisions that they make seem to be more humanely directed, and that these kinds of educated people seem to get more satisfaction out of life.

Sou'wester: What precisely is a "liberal education?"

Bowden: I think the ingredients of a liberal education include the ideas that are perennially useful,

regardless of what generation a person lives in. These are the ideas that have become time-tested, out of the natural sciences, the humanities, the social sciences, and what we now call the communication arts.

Sou'wester: How is this liberal education imparted?

Bowden: There is a lot of criticism of Chancellor Hutchins and Mortimer Adler's idea of the "100 Great Books" actually, all the world's knowledge is not incorporated into 100 books, but the idea is relevant. In essence, it is the content of a liberal education. Any student that goes through Southwestern that doesn't come in contact with a large number of the primary books, or the more contemporary writings of idea people who have based their ideas on the originator, has not received a liberal education.

I would say, that it is not terribly relevant if a person has gone through a place like Southwestern and not read Euclid's geometry, but I would think it terribly illiberal if that person had not in some way not become conversant with the ideas of geometry through other authors who base their work on Euclid.

But I would find it hard to believe that a Southwesterner has not been exposed to these ideas.

Sou'wester: To what extent is the Presbyterian Church involved with Southwestern?

Bowden: The Presbyterian Church is very much involved. The college is legally owned by the four synods of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee. The actual amount of money that the four synods provide Southwestern in its budget is on the order of six to seven percent, which is a pretty small amount, but the tremendous advantage of having these four synods own us, is that these synods have a directed interest in this institution.

The many pastors scattered throughout these four states know what people are wealthy and have an interest in education, and over a period of time they are able to interest people in providing gifts or becoming interested. While the actual amount of money the four synods provide is relatively small, the amount of help they give otherwise is very substantial.

Sou'wester: Should the university work to implement reforms?

Bowden: Even in a limited way, a small college like Southwestern ought to be defending whatever it feels needs to be defended for the public good. The day has long passed that a college or university



... the White Christian church as an institution, has been, and is today, one of the greatest single failures on the face of this earth ...

can be an ivy-covered sleepy place for nothing but reflection. It's a place where a few grenades have to be tossed in, and when the grenades pop, the action occurs.

Sou'wester: Do you think the university will replace the church in some way in the future?

Bowden: Well I can't believe or agree with that at all. After all, they are only going to be in college for only a tiny part of their total life. So the college doesn't become the social institution that becomes a part of their lives, as they move around.

Bowden on student apathy:

I daresay that week-in and week-out, that you have 300 to 400 students out in a wide variety of activities, either related directly to the college or in community affairs. The reason that it is so hard to get things done collectively on campus is that there are so many people who are so busy doing things. We've always had a fairly highly selected student body, confronted with a very tough curriculum and a faculty that works the devil out of them. There's not a tremendous amount of time for collective activity.

Bowden on the consortium:

Well, the consortium is hardly born. But its only been in existence for only a year, and something like this really takes a period of several years to bear fruit. We're just beginning to work in good faith.

The consortium is alive, but it's not going to be anything dramatic in these next few years, where it will be substantially a search-and-find situation, to find out what we want it to do for us.

Bowden on the future of Southwestern:

I feel that we will move toward increasing levels of excellence. We will remain small, because excellence in this kind of institution requires smallness. We will gradually erase departmental lines so that more and more there will be a tendency for faculty to work in teams.

I see us continuing down much more imaginative lines, where each student creates his own degree requirements, in terms of his own interest. I see being very much more committed to the performing arts, and the confrontation of each individual with his own individual desire of creation.

LeMoyné-Owens College is a private liberal arts college and a college preparatory school. It is urban (situated in what is a black Memphis ghetto) and small with approximately 1,000 students. It has a faculty-student ratio of approximately 1:18. Tuition: (1967) \$430.

President Odell Horton of Lemoyne-Owens

Sou'wester: What do you consider to be the role of the university in general?

Horton: Well, probably the overall role is to teach, to do research, and to train students to function effectively in our technological society.

Sou'wester: What do you consider to be the role of LeMoyné-Owens in particular?

Horton: Here again, we have a

little different situation, because Lemoyne Owen is a liberal arts institution, and a small institution, but I think that our role here is to train students to function well in our society. But I think that it's a little more than that; it goes to the extent of training students who are skilled in the arts and sciences, but also to train them to have heart, soul, and compassion for mankind.

I don't think that we could be satisfied anymore training people who are just highly skilled—all sense and no heart—so to speak. So I see our role as training and skill, but also humanistically, so to speak.

Sou'wester: Is the consortium working?

Horton: Yes the consortium is a very good thing. Of course, it's not yet functioning to the extent it should be. It might be that transportation is a problem, but it does serve a useful purpose.

Our students can go to another school and study the courses. But I would like to see more of the students from the other schools come to us. You see, our consortium functions a great deal like the old idea of how to get integrated black people to go where the white people are, and the white people seldom, if ever, go where the black people are. But I think it's a two-way street.

Horton on relevance in curriculum:

When one is poor and he doesn't have very much, and he suddenly finds that there's an opportunity, I think that he's motivated to get into something that is determined pretty much by what his wishes are. The motivation here is to get an education so that I can get a better quality job and more money to live better. So when our students speak in terms of relevance I understand that they are talking about jobs and security. And for people who haven't had it, it's important.

Now the affluent white is really talking about the same thing. But the approach is different.

Horton on the future of the black graduate:

The community structure is accepting college graduates, and black students are finding more and more opportunities. But its not what it ought to be yet, it hasn't reached the momentum it should yet.

Horton on the university and its role in society:

My own feeling is that there will be no peace in society, and there will be no peace on our campuses until the students see that the schools are going to contribute something to the solving of our problems.

Take hunger. We have no lack of skill in this country when it comes to growing more food per acre. So hunger is not a technical problem. Hunger is a social and a political problem. So we need people who are trained with heart and soul and compassion and who are willing to see programs developed so that people can eat that food we already know how to produce.

If you're hungry, if you're down and out, and if you're suffering, and if you're sick, it's no use being

lectured to about love and law and order. It just won't go. And this is the major thing I see institutions of higher learning approaching.

I think that this is a good thing, and I think that to some extent, the university will have to supplant the church, because the church as an institution—and I refer particularly to the white Christian church as an institution, has been, and is today,

one of the greatest single failures on the face of this earth when it comes to facing up to these human problems. What good is it to pray aloud in church on Sunday and at prayer meetings on Wednesday night; what good is it to preach masterful sermons? What good is it to sing beautiful Christian songs, and then leave church which has nothing to offer to people two blocks away who are hungry and who are deprived and who are never invited, in anyway to participate? And then if they get too close, run out a little farther from town.

Horton on the role of the university in the future:

I have a great deal of faith in the small college, and I believe that the small college provides something unique in higher education, because of its intimate setting.

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"We're just beginning to work in good faith."

LOOT

by Frannie Taylor

Circuit Playhouse's "Loot" is quite a haul—of poor actors. A black humor two-act play on crime, by Joe Orton, it weightily wears a cast of five, but somehow is able to stand with the support of one who plays the Inspector. It is the impressive performance of Allen Mullikin who plays Inspector Truscott that gives the play life and saves it from being condemned.

It isn't that the other five are the bad guys, it is simply that they are caught in the act of blundering lines (i.e., Doug McCarthy as McLeavy); of seemingly overdoing the performance (Valorie Greer as Fay); of forgetting "accents" (Cris Hardaway as Hal and Bill Sanderson as Meadows); and of laughing at one's own lines (Don Winfield as Dennis).

Perhaps, the chief crime involved in "Loot" is the inability of the actors (excepting Mullikin) to get into the feel of the play, something which can be achieved only by themselves and is independent even of the director.

Crime does *not* pay.

Snow White Hits On New Direction; a Snodgrass

by Chip Hury

For everyone who found *Joe* not quite appalling enough and who sensed a subtle contrivance in their post-*Fantasia* highs, there is comforting news. Get your middle-class sensibilities together, muster all those active and benign masochistic tendencies, and take it over to The Memphian to see yourself and most everyone you ever knew pinned and wriggling on the silver screen. You will not be disappointed.

Diary of a Mad Housewife moves with brilliantly insidious intent to lead us to an overwhelming question. Oh, do not ask what it is. If you do not know after the two-hours viewing time, then consider yourself refreshing in that you most certainly are asking the wrong questions. Like a *Portrait of Dorian Gray*, this movie is both the grotesque and the real. And as if that weren't frightening enough in itself, this celluloid monster speaks to us, too—relentlessly, even with its silences.

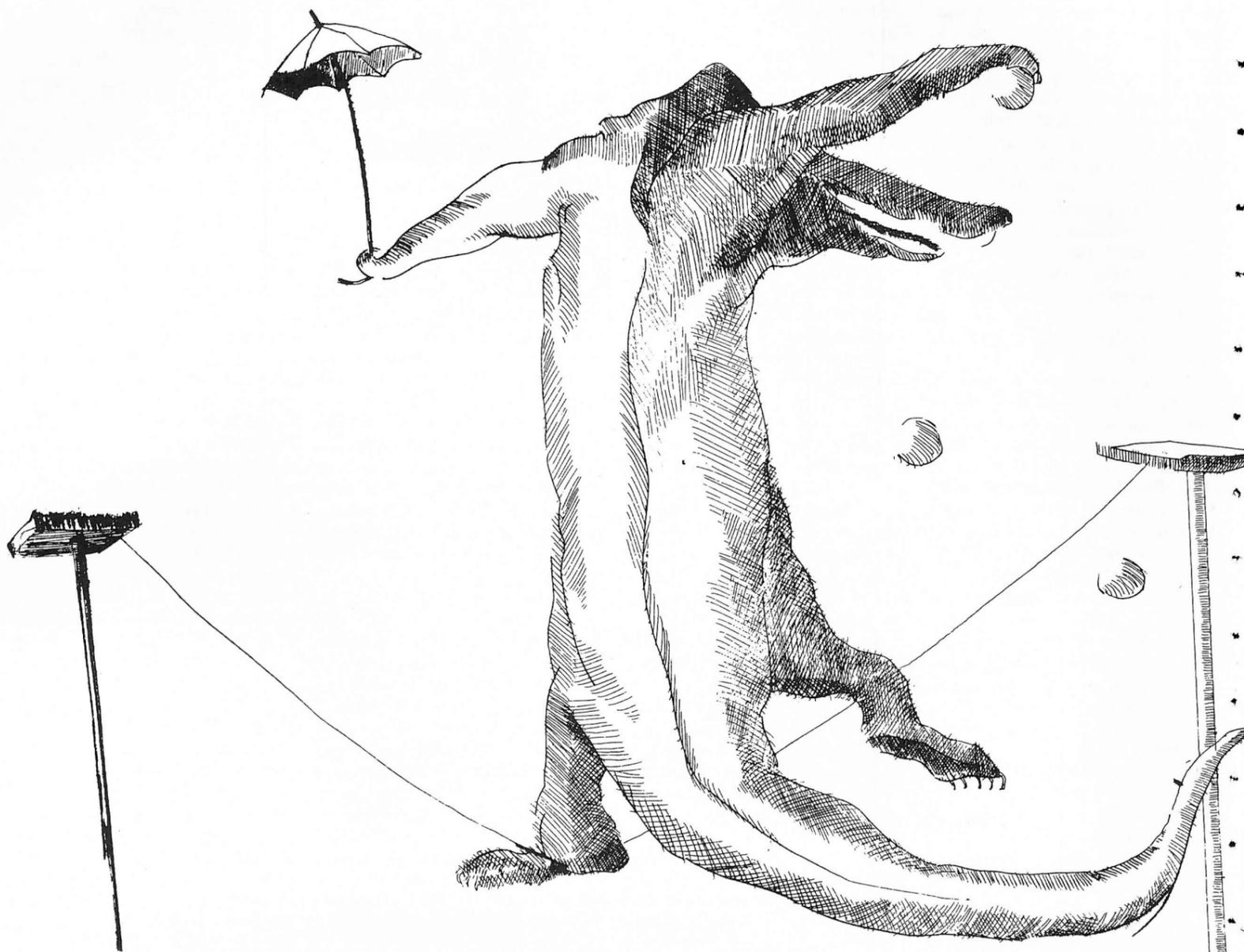
The picture is produced and directed by Frank Perry, and is adapted for the screen by Eleanor Perry from the novel by Sue Kaufman.

Even the not-up-to-par, caricature performance of Richard Benjamin as Jonathan Balzer (the husband), is not detrimental enough to spoil this demon film.

If after you've appeased your critical-aesthetic sense by letting yourself know that you know this isn't Benjamin's best work; that he is being entirely too heavy-handed, you can allow yourself the opportunity of not letting his interpretation distract you from the movie's statements.

Indeed, if you get into the spirit of the thing, you may even see method in his madness.

Benjamin portrays a helplessly middle-class snob, a social climber who has made it to Central Park West but knows he should be in a better building; whose tastes in food and wine are strictly governed by the latest edition of *Gourmet*. Every elation and ennui is an affectation regulated by his wanting to be what he thinks is something just better than what he has been



and is. The acting is overdone and at times, ridiculous. But one wonders, after finding the effect of the movie devastatingly intact as the credits appear at the end, if perhaps Benjamin knew exactly what he was doing in carving this personality with such full swoops and such driving parody.

Carrie Snodgrass, as Tina, the housewife who discovers through a sort of "it's in the eye of the beholder" method that she is going slightly round the bend, is most appealing. She is a beautiful woman, with a wistful look that is not coquettish or petulant, and

which contributes mightily to her sympathetic portrayal of a young wife fragmented by her husband's depravity and her own lack of will.

Her life becomes insipid and completely empty because of external forces and her own failure to actualize and assert herself. So utterly depressed, she is too tired for new beginnings, though what he has is certainly not what she once wanted.

When she does take a new direction, she finds that it, too, has its ending in its beginning. Moreover, the new direction is only a diversion in the field she so

deplores, a tired acceptance of a momentary consolation. Some achieve madness, some have madness thrust upon them... Tina, quite literally, gets it from both ends.

Frank Langella, as Tina's New Direction (i.e.: lover), is very effective, evoking painfully all that love-hate in us which we all know about but usually try to avoid. He is a completely unsympathetic character, and we love his attempt at honesty. His candor is magnificent and pathetic—it is the sincerest of lies.

His portrayal, which is

frightening both intellectually and emotionally, works in exquisite counterpoint that of Miss Snodgrass, whose simple desires to be open and loving are quelled by equal frightening complexities. He is that lovable despicable part of us we've always liked to visit but never to live with us, and she is that one simple pure person we want to take home with us to nurture and protect for the rest of our lives.

The film is not technically tricky, it was fairly low-budgeted. The direction and editing are laudable, for the impact of the movie is achieved largely through the relentless, brutal, insanity-incuring tedium of its pace. Miss Snodgrass, too, is responsible for the film's success. She has created a memorable role in her first picture. Indeed, her portrayal is so vividly real and poignant, that many smart-set East-side (perhaps even East Memphis) wives may never be quite the same after seeing what makes Tina run.

But then it's one of those movies that quite definitely has something for everyone. Like the evil queen in the story of Snow White, this film asks, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" and would have us, the Beautiful People, realize that the answer to that question is, in most cases, the asking.

audiences blunder into dead-end ali

by Johnny Rone

Sometimes when films come under scrutiny and criticism, it becomes fashionable for those who write about films to automatically reject a work that does not somehow reflect and re-affirm current trends in society. And when such a film receives wide public support, the values and intelligence of the filmgoer come under attack.

On the other hand, critics will fight a battle with the box-office in their attempts to promote a movie they feel is particularly worth-while. This is usually a losing campaign—*Saturday Review* pointed out in a recent issue that even the considerable swaying powers of Judith Crist could not lure the customers into *Oh, What a Lovely War!*

There are presently in Memphis two films which fit these categories. The crowds outside *Love Story* at the Park stretch to infinity, while at Loew's Palace, *Five Easy Pieces* is playing to what appears to be the survivors of the Alamo. Doubtless the attendance fluctuates but it simply can't clean up as

much as *Love Story*.

It's really pointless to say anything against Erich Segal's story and screenplay since it obviously has monumental appeal to a variety of people. "*Love Story's*" non-violent attitude certainly mirrors a growing point of view if not an actual way of life. The plot is as bland as a hospital diet but enhanced with such tested movie and story-telling tricks that one is literally swept away—not particularly by the sad plight of Oliver and Jenny (played by Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw) but with the personal memories and prejudices each member of the audience brings with him. And I think that is the effect Mr. Segal had in mind—to devise a Pavlov-type situation to which each can react in his own way.

Whether *Love Story* has any intrinsic value is debatable, but I left the theatre feeling used, like when one laughs at a comedian even though he's insulting you and the other members of the audience. Technically, the film is very gimmicky, especially the lush music

which is so persuasive and suggestive that it could even glamorize Marcella the Pig.

Five Easy Pieces is realistic where "*Love Story*" is dream-like. Its characters are as full of quirks and surprises as *Love Story's* are familiar and predictable. With a greater range of material and talent to work with, the creators of this film have been able to develop characters and situations that are intensely and painfully realistic.

As the great American "black-sheep-of-the-family," Jack Nicholson works from within to create the part. He is not manipulated in his development as are Segal's lovers who have had severe limitations placed on them by the author. The brilliance of Nicholson's performance is caught and matched by every member of the cast. The calibre of acting in this film is so high, so polished, that it makes the all-out effort given by Miss McGraw and O'Neal appear to be mere rehearsal.

Both these films are highly recommended, but you will leave one having seen what motion pictures are really all about.



LYNX PRESS TO VICTORY OVER BEARS AND EAGLES, EXTEND STREAK TO THREE

by Bill McBride

The Lynx, now 4-3 on the season, returned from the Christmas break to face the battling Bears of Washington University at Neely Mallory Memorial Gymnasium. The Lynx after spotting the Bears a 1-0 lead, took control of the game and went on to win easily 93-73.

Utilizing a rugged full court press, the Lynx thoroughly confused and disorganized the Bears attack. The Lynx took advantage of turnovers caused by the press and built an early seven point lead. After a time out, the Bears closed to within three points but the Lynx defense shut-out the Bears, for three minutes, as Southwestern roared back to a 23-10 lead at 12:23 and added to it from there for a 50-34 half time edge.

The Lynx picked up where they left off as the second half opened. For the first three minutes they shut out Washington and opened up the largest lead of the night. In an attempt to get back in the ball game Washington used a press of its own. This seemed to bring out the best in the Lynx. As the offense, led by Jimmy Ogle, broke the press time after time. At this point the Lynx, who looked as if they could have picked whatever score they wanted, relaxed and by the ten minute mark Washington had closed to within twelve points. For the next four minutes the teams traded mistakes and baskets. However, at the six minute mark the Lynx settled down and opened up a twenty point lead which stood up for the rest of the game.

The Lynx dominated almost every phase of the game. Led by Jim Moss with 10 rebounds, high for the game, the Lynx enjoyed a 51-41 advantage on the boards. The defense also forced 21 Washington turnovers and countless other bad passes.

High scorers for the Lynx were Eric Cardwell, who was in foul

trouble early and only played about half the game, with 23; Jim Moss with 18; Jim Ogle with 12; and Gary Goodman with 10. For Washington University, which hit a poor 30% from the field, it was, Haney and Neunuebel with 15 and Gunth with 13. Finishing out the scoring for Southwestern it was Tom Shofner with 9 points, Bill Richardson with 8, Ken Markwell with 5, Ralph Allen with 4, Jim Stiles and Gary Yochum with 2.

This victory, while upping the Lynx record to 4-3, does not count towards the bell. The conference championship will be decided later in the year at the CAC tournament.

Monday night the Lynx were at home again to face the Lambuth Eagles in the friendly confines of Neely Mallory Memorial Gymnasium. After a slow start, the Lynx finished strong to nail down a 84-70 victory.

Southwestern again spotted its opponents a 1-0 lead and then used a full court press to get a couple of quick baskets. It looked as though the Lynx would be able to jump out to a quick lead as Lambuth seemingly could not even buy a basket. The Lynx however, suffered from the same affliction, and at 14:35 when Lambuth hit its first basket the Lynx had only a 6-5 lead. The teams traded baskets until the ten minute mark when the Lynx settled down and began to run their offense with more effect and found the basket. With Cardwell, Moss and Shofner leading the way the Lynx opened up a 43-30 half-time edge.

Lambuth opened the second half press in full court. This opened up Shofner underneath the basket and the Lynx quickly took advantage of the situation with several long passes to him which he easily converted into two points. This was the story of the second half as the Lynx continued to hit the open man in the middle for easy lay-ups. The Lynx were so successful underneath that they only took

eight shots from outside the lane in the second half.

At the three minute mark with the Lynx enjoying a 20 point lead Coach Duckworth emptied the bench as the Lynx coasted in to an 84-70 victory.

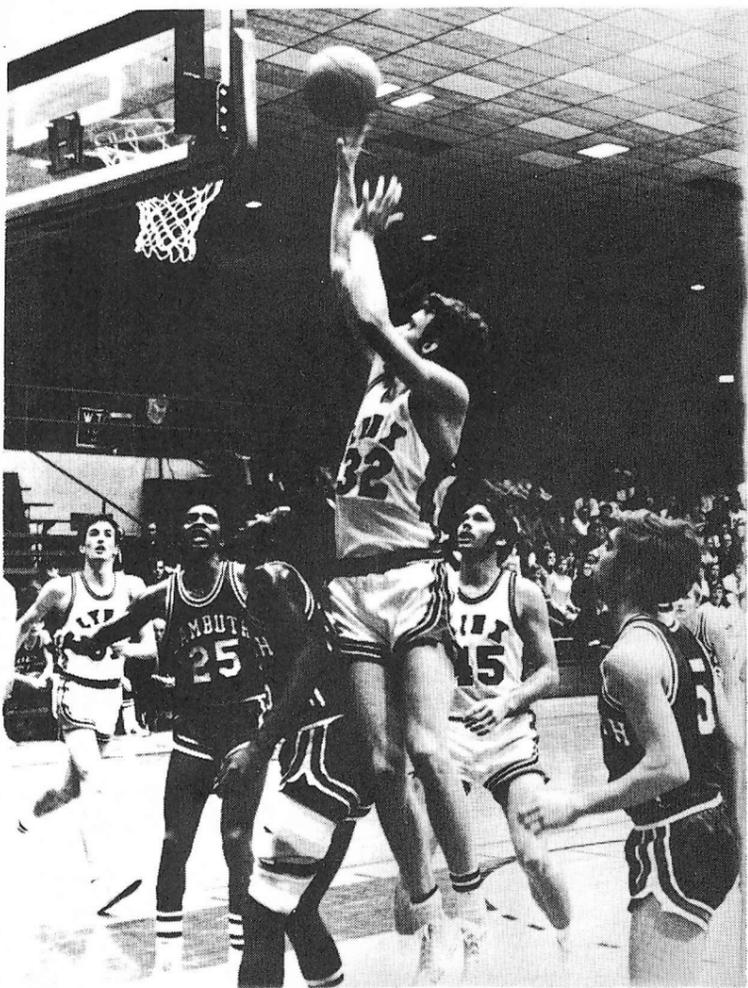
The Lynx team play and shooting accuracy simply overwhelmed the Eagles. The press used by the Lynx, though not as effective as it was against Washington, caused 13 turnovers and put the Eagles off balance through most of the game.

In the second half the Lynx hit on 17 of 21 shots for a scorching 81% from the field and 35 of 59 for 59.3% for the game; by far the best night for the Lynx this year.

Leading the Lynx in scoring were Tom Shofner with 25 points, Eric Cardwell with 23, and Jim Moss with 14. Eric also pulled down 17 rebounds as he dominated the boards at both ends of the court. Rounding out the scoring for the Lynx were Bill Richardson with 8 points, Ken Markwell with 6, Jim Ogle with 5, and Gary Goodman with 3.

High scorer for Lambuth and the game was Brown, who pumped in 26 points and pulled down 13 rebounds. However, his individual effort was not enough to overcome the teamwork of the Lynx who are now 5-3.

The Lynx's next game is an away game Friday night with the Sewanee Tigers who were defeated by Centre 63-62 in a squeaker last Saturday night.



Shoffner palpitates the hearts of Lynx fans with his dazzling skill.

MATMEN HIT THE MATS; ONE WAY OR ANOTHER

by Bill McBride

Strolling past the gym in late afternoon, one most probably will hear, emanating from the bowels of Neely Mallory Memorial Gymnasium, a strange assortment of grunts, groans, and thuds. There is no need to be alarmed however, wrestling season is upon us once again and those sounds are coming from the Lynx matmen, who are preparing to face the new season.

This year's squad, though small in number, is the most experienced group to hit the mats for the Lynx. Leading the squad is captain Charlie Durham, a senior with two year's experience. He will be competing in the 158 pound class and sophomore Gary Warmbrod in the 142 pound

class.

Three new men on the squad are senior Jim Mulroy, 177 pound class, and freshman Galloway Beck and Frank Moore in the Heavyweight and 167 pound classes. Both have prior experience in high school.

Today the squad will travel to Martin, Tennessee to face the Volunteers. The first home match will be Thursday, Jan. 28, when the Lynx will again meet the Volunteers from UTM.

Anyone interested in varsity wrestling contact Coach McSpadden, Charlie Durham, or show up in the dressing room about four in the afternoon.

FABULOUS FLOUNDERS EXUDE GUARDED PESSIMISM

by Bill Symes

Well swimming fans, isn't it great to be back at school after a totally relaxing Xmas vacation? Was Santa Claus good to you? Oh! that's too bad. Well, you can't win them all, you know. Better luck next time.

Now to dive right in to the news about swimming. Our team has picked up two new swimmers. Howie, one of our "protectors in the night" or in laymen terms, nightwatchman, and John (the Hulk) Suter. Unfortunately I have to report that we lost two swimmers also. C'est la vie.

Our fabulous flounders hit the water again today against Hendrix College. We cancelled our first meet against Hendrix because of sickness and finals. (The real reason was that they would have beat the hell out of us). And now an exclusive interview with an unknown swimmer.

Bill—I guess the big question that everyone is asking is, how do you think we will do in the swimming meet at U.T. today?

Swimmer—Well, considering that Hendrix College has an exceptionally strong team, I feel we will take second place easily.

Bill—I guess that means we have

a fairly good swimming team this year?

Swimmer—No, it really means that Hendrix is going to be the only one at the meet besides us. We just look on the bright side of things.

Bill—What are the chances of winning the conference meet?

Swimmer—(when he stopped laughing and rolling on the floor) If and when the conference meet comes around, and if we still have a team, and if the school still wants to send us to the meet, we'll go in and give it the "old college try."

Well, there you have it friends. Straight from the fish's mouth. Tune in next week when your roving reporter brings you the tear-jerking tale of woe about the swimming team that resigned.

Population's Bomb is Everyone's Baby

There will be a meeting of Zero Population Growth Thursday, Jan. 28th, 7:30 p.m. at University of Tenn. Interfaith Center, 1951 Manassas.

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