

Four Affected

# CLC Considers Sororities' Fate

by Jamie Walkup

The Community Life Committee met Wednesday to determine the fate of four sororities found not in compliance with campus guidelines regarding discrimination in voluntary organizations.

Because of a Tuesday night deadline on *The Sou'wester*, any decision made by the Community Life Committee can not be reported in this issue.

An Interim Report of the Subcommittee on Voluntary Organizations of the committee issued late in May found all fraternities, AOPi sorority, and the Black Students Association in full compliance with three guidelines issued by the faculty in April, 1971. Briefly, the guidelines require (1) that no voluntary social organization "be

closed to any student on the basis of race or creed; (2) that no more than a ninety per cent vote of the membership be required for pledging; and (3) that no organization require recommendations from beyond "the active membership of the chapter."

The faculty also ruled at that time that "any organization not in compliance by September, 1972, is to have its right to pledge and activate members withdrawn until such time as it is in compliance."

As of third term last year, the committee was still awaiting evidence from two sororities that they had eliminated tacit discriminatory rules. According to this same source, all fraternities and two sororities were in compliance with the policy

making the maximum required affirmative vote for membership ninety per cent. All fraternities also met the requirement of eliminating the recommendation from someone outside the chapter, while only AOPi sorority was able to comply. Two sororities indicated possible national policy changes over the summer, while one other sorority had not submitted adequate evidence to be reviewed.

All organizations not in compliance with the adopted policy were given opportunities over the summer to demonstrate evidence that they had met the stated standards. The committee was also available to receive any challenges to its favorable evaluations.

The subcommittee was composed of eight students (including five Greeks and three non-Greeks) and eight representatives from members of the administration and faculty. A group is evaluated as not being in compliance when it fails to adopt the official policy or fails to supply demonstrative evidence of its adherence to the rules.

## 'Townie' Denied Infirmary Bed

by Cecilia Schardt

Last Friday morning a very sick student, Howie Garfinkel, was told by Nurse Cannon that he could not be housed in the infirmary because of his status as a town student, i.e., a non-dorm student. (Howie is from Broomall, Pa.) That afternoon, he checked into Bowld Hospital with an extreme case of mononucleosis and is dropping out due to the severity of this illness.

The incident began Thursday evening when Garfinkel sought medical attention at the infirmary. A throat specialist, Dr. Franklin, examined him and noted his inflamed tonsils. Nurse Cannon, new on the job, was unaware of all the infirmary regulations and allowed him to spend that night before asking him to leave on the following morning.

There are 12 beds in the infirmary and Garfinkel was the only patient at that time.

According to Nurse Cannon the infirmary is "provided with space for 12 students who need to remain in bed." She emphasized that it is a school policy that "only dorm students are admitted (overnight) to the infirmary." Town students are eligible for day treatment. Nurse Cannon made it perfectly clear that she did not and has not

made up any of the regulations. "Authorities," unspecified, told her the rules.

M J Williams, treasurer of the college, stated that the infirmary is funded just as a slice of the school budget. The money to run it is not drawn specifically from the room and board fee. He did point out the difference between the town student paying \$1900 and the dorm student paying \$2850 yearly.

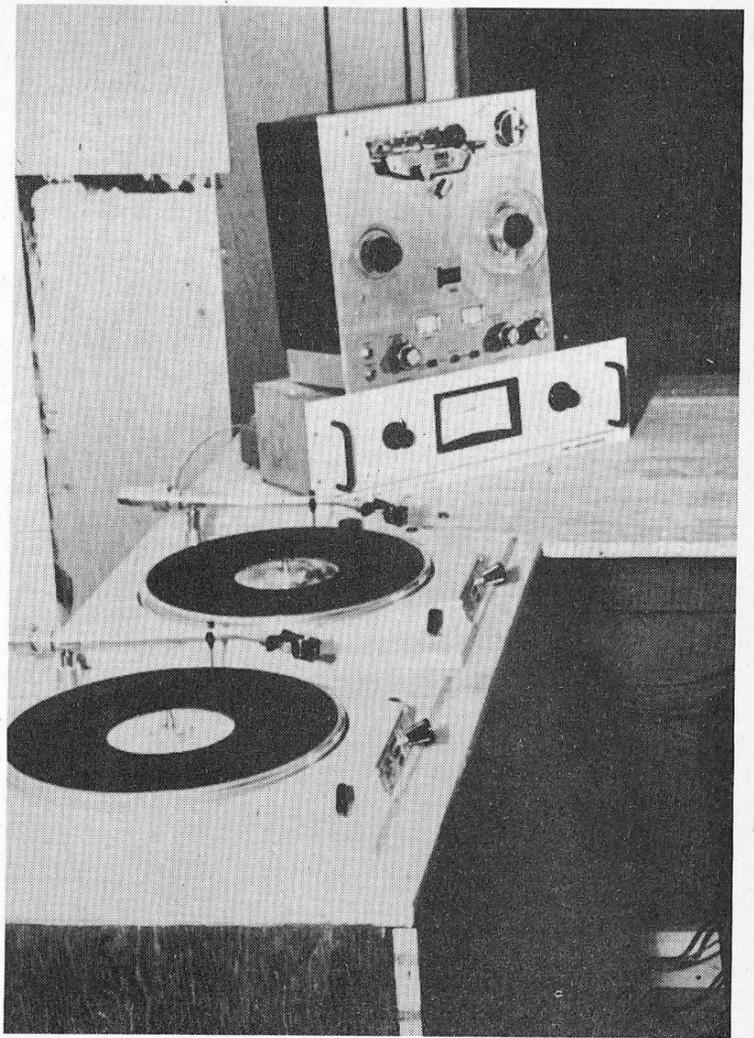
Dean of Men Charles Diehl, who is the titular head of the infirmary, stated that this long standing rule probably dates from "the time when any out-of-town students had to stay in the dorm." He stated that "We (the administration) feel a special responsibility for dorm students." Citing last year's flu epidemic, he added "Frequently we need the limited space for dorm students" and "try to reserve living-in-rooms for dorm students."

Dean Diehl believes that when an out-of-town student opts to live off-campus that he is "on his own in other ways, too."

Dean of Women Anne Marie Williford (as stated in last week's *The Sou'wester*) revealed that because of crowded dorm space she is seeking to find more off-campus housing for students.



Howie Garfinkel, just taken off intravenous feeding, is looking forward to eating solid food again.



Equipment is already being installed for the proposed campus FM station. The broadcasting booth will be located on fourth floor of the gym.

# The Sou'wester

Vol. 55, No. 2 Southwestern At Memphis Sept. 22, 1972

## WLYX Will Broadcast Soon

by Jim Newsom

FM radio at Southwestern, barring any unforeseen difficulties, will soon be a reality. WLYX radio is expected to occupy the FM band at 89.3 on October 14, with a program test, followed by regular programming on the 21st. Emphasis will be placed on quality programming, including classical music, broadcasting of athletic events, and discussion forums in a context of presenting Southwestern life to the community at large.

Programming will be limited at first from 6 to 9 pm on Sundays through Thursdays and 6 pm to 1 am on Fridays and Saturdays. The station will initiate its broadcasting at 16 watts, which should be enough

to assure reception up to ten miles, depending on the location and quality of the receiver. Wattage will increase to 1710 in February, expanding the station's broadcasting radius to 35 miles.

The station's existence is due in great part of the volunteer efforts of many organizations and individuals, foremost among these being the Committee of National Ministries of the Memphis Presbytery and Mr. George McClintock. KWAM, Fletcher Electric Company, and WDIA also provided assistance. The efforts of these, among others, has made it possible for Southwestern to remain free of the responsibility of funding the project.

Students interested in working for the station have been asked to get in touch with Professor Ray Hill in 303 Clough Hall. They have also been asked to call Mr. McClintock at 276-2783 after 5:30 pm.

The aforementioned information requires some clarification. All previous figures are Mr. McClintock's, which will be presented to the administration for approval before actual broadcast gets underway.

The FCC license has been assigned to Southwestern, or more specifically, to Southwestern's administration. This license, the tenth assigned for FM broadcasting in Memphis, was the last to be assigned in the area. Under these conditions, an FCC license becomes a very valuable possession. (Witness the Los Angeles fight for television airwaves.) Therefore, the question of who lays the groundwork for the station is crucial.

The administration, in holding the license, is attempting to make sure that WLYX remains

a Southwestern enterprise, operated in large part by student volunteers, and mindful of bringing quality programming to the community at large. Their feeling is that WLYX, being Southwestern-operated, must be Southwestern-controlled. Hence the conflict.

WLYX probably will not play rock music. The administration's idea in applying for the license was to present Memphians with an idea of what is happening at Southwestern; its interest in Memphis affairs, its guests, its sporting events, and the brand of culture it represents. Existing outlets for popular music in Memphis are thought to be ample. Further discussion of the subject is likely.

WLYX should prove to be an interesting experiment in Memphis listening. Under anyone's plan, station staffs would have students at almost every level, providing (after live shows replace pre-recorded ones) great possibilities for student expression and community awareness.

**Editor's note**—It was reported last week in *The Sou'wester* that the wall between the former annual and dilemma offices (now occupied by the BSA) was not knocked out because it is a supporting wall. An examination of the wall by *The Sou'wester* revealed this is not the case. We were unable to find anything being supported by this wall.

# NOW Regional Director Blasts Southern Image

by Allison Jones and Dan Mathis

"Here we are on a pedestal. We are lovely creatures looked after and admired by adoring husbands, children, and all of society. Shrinking from public gaze, withdrawn from the struggle and competition of life, the Southern lady is protected, not only by just, protective laws, but over all by the natural chivalry of the Southern man.

"Nowhere else is the image of a woman so forceful, and nowhere else in the country is there an image so full of rot—or so false."

So charged Ms. Judith Lightfoot, southern regional director of NOW, (National Organization of Women), at a meeting of the Memphis chapter of NOW on September 12 at the UT Interfaith Hall. Ms. Lightfoot amused the NOW members by criticizing America's misconception of the traditional Southern woman.

"We are a nation of capsule images. Everybody has to be classified in some easily caricatured format. We have the hard-boiled New York career girl; the Playboy Bunny; the Hollywood starlet who loses her innocence and whores her way to success with a heart of gold; the old maid school teacher; the very stern woman lawyer; and the southern lady.

"The truth is, that for hundreds of years, southern women have been in on the strongest and most militant and competent of America's resources of woman power. We are putting a whole new meaning into the whole of volunteer work. That is a particularly southern thing. This gentle southern woman, this imaginary creature, has traditionally been bound into doing good deeds—the upper class woman, in particular. The middle class and lower economic class woman has spent most of her time trying to earn a buck.

"Doing these good deed things—little league, the church, and, of course, the polio and cancer. The US government has been ripping us off for a hell of a long time. (applause). We have been the damned, unpaid, social conscience of the world . . . now we're volunteering for ourselves. Now we're walking the streets to raise money—not for good deeds, but for important right deeds—for the building of the women's movement.

"The southern region consists of fourteen states plus Washington DC, and Puerto Rico. Nationwide, we're talking about somewhere in the neighborhood of 350 chapters. Not quite 25% of them are southern. We're the fastest growing region nationally."

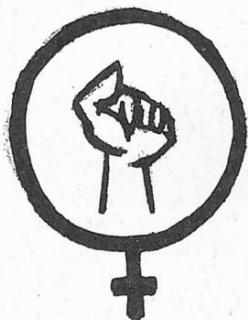
The Memphis chapter of NOW, which is in its third year, has twenty-eight active members. In the Memphis chapter are several Southwestern alumni, including the president, Jane

Moore. At present there are no male members in the Memphis chapter, but Ms. Lightfoot says: "There's a lot of male membership. We do not put our men in auxiliaries. They have full voting rights, they hold offices. We do not make them make coffee . . . This is a human revolution and if we don't prove it

mitory regulations for women and men. According to Ms. Lightfoot: "You've got to get every female (and as many males as possible) freshman student protesting, signing petitions, writing letters to stop discriminatory practices."

About sexual freedom, a concern of many parents, she says: "I think that sexual freedom is a freak thing. I think that if the children are properly raised, they are going to act with discretion and understanding. They are not going to be any more or less promiscuous because of liberation. Anyway, sexual promiscuity is not an issue in the women's movement because you see, what's happened is that with women having more sexual freedom now, a lot of people have said, 'Right, that's what women's liberation is. You can screw anybody now.' That's not what it is. What women's liberation is developing is people, but not just as sexual bodies."

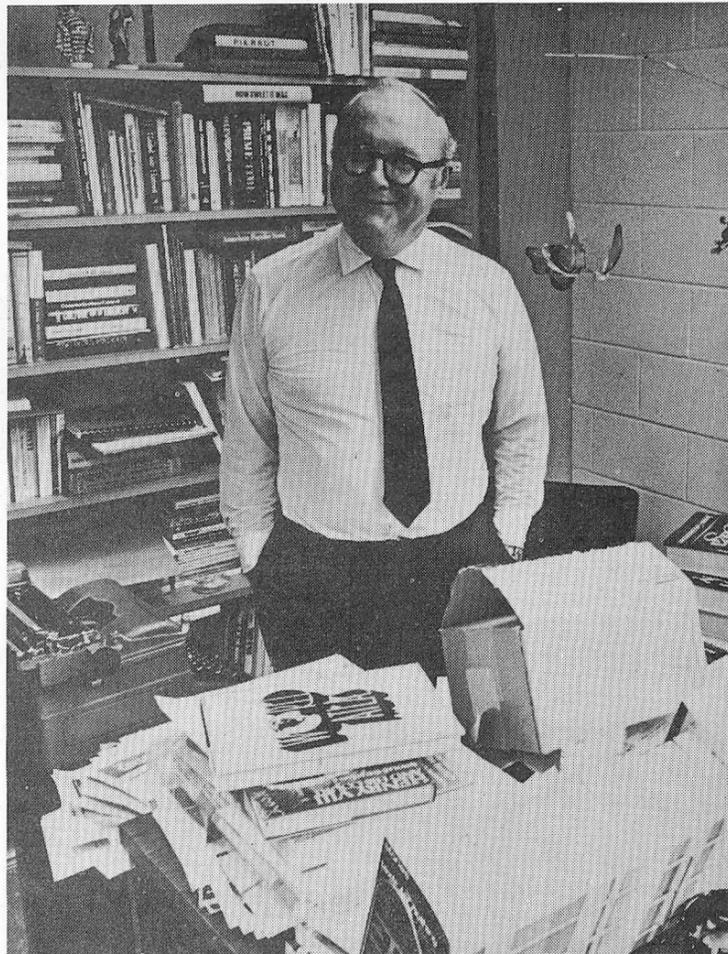
Ms. Lightfoot concluded with this resume: "That's the thing about NOW. We are the only totally broad based women's movement. We are not working exclusively in employment, or exclusively in image, or exclusively in any particular thing, we are working in all areas of women's rights. That's NOW's unique characteristic."



in our own organization, we can't talk about it."

After her speech, Ms. Lightfoot talked to *The Sou'wester* reporters about issues particularly pertaining to campus life.

An issue of particular interest to many campuses concerns the double standard involved in dor-



## Popular Prof to Start School

by Lindy Fair

Ray S. Hill, head of Southwestern's Communication Arts Department, plans to leave the school's faculty at the end of spring term to start a small ex-

perimental school. Working with Hill on the project are Joe Hebert, Charles Sneed, and Martha Howell, all former Southwestern students and professional educators.

ALP (A Learning Place) is designed to instruct forty to fifty students ranging from preschool through high school in age. The students will be divided into four groups according to grade level and each group will be guided and taught by one of the four partners.

ALP is to be project oriented with the age groups intermingling; the older students helping the younger ones. Resource speakers will be brought to the school to share experiences and knowledge with the students.

Hill has been a professor at Southwestern for 23 years. Many feel he has had more impact and has influenced more young people than any one man Southwestern has known.

Broadening the former Speech-Drama Department to the present Communication Arts Department, bringing the Continuing Education Bookstore at Clough Hall into existence, and working near miracles in drama productions are a few of the innumerable contributions he has made to Southwestern.

Outside of Southwestern boundaries, Hill has influenced many while working with the Center of Continuing Education and, of course, there were the days when he was popular as Tiny the Clown, the star of Loonie Zoo.

# Art Dept. Drops Printmaking, Expands Darkroom Facilities

by Patti Smith

Printmaking has died at Southwestern due to lack of funds, interested students, an instructor, and has succumbed to a growing demand for photography.

According to Lawrence Anthony, head of the art department, only three students pre-registered for the printmaking courses this term, while at least 75 students were turned away from photography classes. Also, Ms. Mary Radakovic, a local artist who taught the printmaking course, decided this fall that she no longer has time to teach.

Rather than hire a teacher for the three interested students and the freshmen who take the course since all other art classes are usually closed, Anthony decided to expand the photography department and to add cinematography.

Student demand for photography is at least four times what the department can now accommodate in the Physics department's darkroom. Currently, 16

students utilize this facility which adequately equips ten.

Anthony and photography professor Murray Riss are planning to use the printmaking section of crowded Clough Hall (the only section with the needed plumbing facilities) to house the new darkroom which will include eight enlargers. They then hope to offer both a beginning and an advanced course in photography.

The art department received \$5,000 from the Mellon Foundation. The intaglio printing process requires an etching press, etching materials and acid. The school now has a small press, but to maintain printmaking would necessitate buying better equipment with a large amount of the Mellon donation as well as hiring a new instructor.

Anthony noted that people feel more at home with a camera and photography is therefore in the greatest demand. On the other hand, intaglio printing involves years of discipline. In a semester of this medium, a student "barely learns to scratch the plate."

Therefore, he feels that the art department can better serve

student demands by expanding and directing emphasis toward film and cinematography.

"The resources of filmmaking are very well met in a liberal arts college for it involves all kinds of resources—dramatics, visual effects, light, space . . . I would like to offer weaving, jewelry, pottery—all those courses but Memphis Academy has a good department in those areas and a very well-equipped printmaking department."

"I would rather get into areas that would complement rather than compete with the Academy."

Printmaking will still be available as a studio project but not as a class unless there is a demand for it. (A demand consists of at least ten interested students).

Advanced students interested in continuing in the field of intaglio printing will still have access to the press and those students choosing this medium for their senior project may proceed under the direction of Peter Bowman.



# FBI Forms Computer System

by Leslie Copeland

Last year, a controversy developed over US Army Intelligence invading the privacy of civilians. In that issue, it was decided that domestic affairs do not concern the military. Now, as the FBI organizes a national computer data bank to record information on 1 out of 4 US civilians, a broader and more imminent question arises: Does any governmental agency have the right to record what its citizens have done, especially through a system initiated with little publicity and no Congressional approval?

The *Washington Monthly*, in an article entitled, "The FBI's Big Brother Computer," researched the history, function, and probable impact of this new computer system.

The FBI computer system was first a project of the LEAA (Law Enforcement Assistance Association) involving only criminal records of six major cities. The SEARCH (System for Electronic Analysis and Retrieval of Criminal Histories) program had spread to 20 states before 1970 when the FBI assumed full control of the computer bank system and expanded its potential.

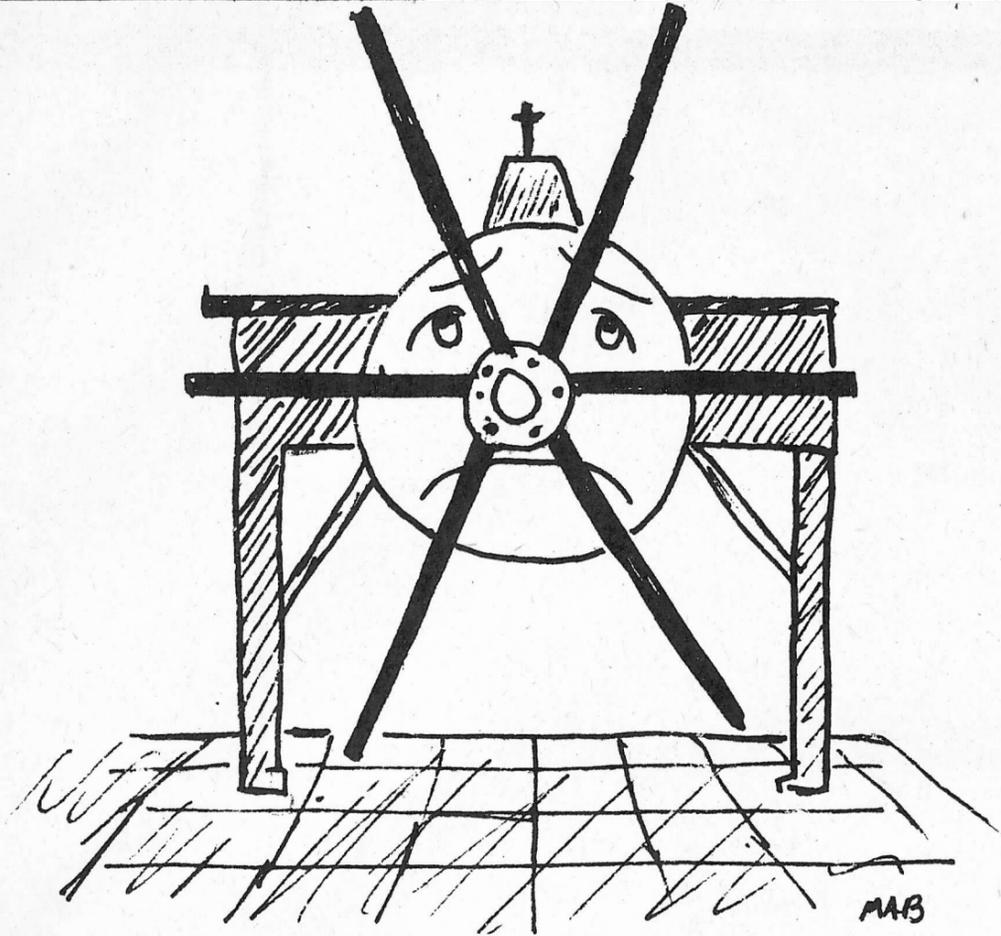
As the system is now planned, each state will have a separate computer center where records will be stored and also transmitted to the FBI's National Crime Information Center. Municipal and local police departments will join, too, so that in three years, 95% of the nation's police agencies will be plugged

in. The type of information allowed in the computer center is not universally controlled. Each state may decide what kind of information will be stored in its computer, and thus in the nation's machine.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, the crime computer holds the amount of each citizen's water bill. Iowa has plans to combine criminal records with tax returns and data from most of its state agencies. Kansas City feeds the computer the names of area dignitaries, parolees, adults and juveniles with arrest records or histories of mental disturbances.

There are also no plans to control who has access to this vast store of knowledge. Lenexa, Kansas, police department has given information on prospective tenants to apartment owners. Iowa is considering allowing access to anyone who will pay for it. The FBI can send records to any federally chartered or insured bank and other institution on approval of the Attorney General.

Although Congress has refused to pass legislation creating a national data pool, the Secret Service, the US Civil Service Commission, the Justice Department, the Department of Housing and Welfare, the Department of Urban Development, the National Science Foundation, HEW, the IRS and other federal agencies all have computers that will be able to interface or trade information with each other.



"What a depressing thought: now I'm going to become a lost art..."

**"I don't like anything Dalí's done. I just thought it would be interesting to come."**  
—A New Yorker

**"He must have a fantastic wit!"**  
—Ms. Forster

**"Gross."**  
—Anonymous

**He's a genius. And this is gorgeous!"**  
—A Southerner

by Frannie Taylor

Overheard at Goldsmith's Civic Garden Center in Audubon Park, visitors to the "Art-in Jewels" collection differed in their opinions of the jewels and their creator, Salvador Dalí. A controversial Spanish artist, Dalí is particularly noted for his contribution to 20th century painting. One of the Surrealists, he has been deemed inventive by some, insane by others. Anyway, Dalí is certainly imaginative. His work, his paintings and his jewel creations, are extraordinary evidence of this.

Inspired by Renaissance artists, Dalí once said, "In jewels, as in all my art, I create what I love. In some, you will note an architectonic sense—as you will in certain of my paintings; again logarithmic law is evident; again the interrelation of spirit and matter; of time and space." Dalí personally selected every stone used in the "Art-in-Jewels" collection, not simply for color and quality, but for specific atmosphere and connotation.

Diamonds represent the "Light of Christ" and in secular pieces, the preciousness of woman. Rubies represent the "Blood of Christ" and energy and life. Emeralds represent growth. Sapphires represent serenity. And gold represents strength and power. All of these, of course, represent beauty. In addition to these connotations, a number of the jewel creations reveal a marvelous wit. Who else but the imaginative Dalí would think to design "ruby lips and pearly white teeth," using, of all things, rubies and pearls? ("Ruby Lips" was supposedly inspired by the late Marilyn Monroe).

Dalí's other jewels include "The Living Flower," a jewel flower which opens and closes as naturally as a living flower. There is "The Pomegranate Heart," which pulsates with life, as its rubies loosely simulate the beating of a human heart. There is "Ophelia," whose topaz face bears no expression but madness. There are more of these jewel creations. As a matter of fact, there are 37 pieces, all created for display.

"Without an audience, without the presence of spectators, these jewels would not fulfill the function for which they came into being." This is Dalí's invitation.

Designed by Salvador Dalí and executed by Alemany & Company of New York, "Art-In-Jewels" is presently on loan to Memphis from the Owen Cheatham Foundation. The Foundation, originally founded in 1934, primarily assists in religious and educational projects. The proceeds of this exhibition will go to the Memphis Botanic Garden. Admission is \$1.00 for adults and 50c for children. The exhibition opened September 16 and will remain at the Goldsmith Civic Garden Center until October 22.

Juniors elected Wilda Dodson their class executive secretary Wednesday. As such, she will head the committee which nominates seniors to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities and Hall of Fame. The office of class executive secretary replaces that of class president.

## Letters To The Editor

Letter to the Editor:

I have eaten in literally dozens of colleges, hospitals, and the like and have yet to find an institutional food service which was not the target of endless complaints. Recently, however, the gripes about the food service here have become considerably more vocal. I have no ties to Saga or to the Food Service Committee, but I do feel that some of the facts have been obscured.

The Food Service Committee does accept anyone who is interested in working and this has been its policy since it was started. Last year it put out a great deal of publicity urging students to make suggestions and to join if interested. One of its posters has been adopted by Saga for national use in encouraging student feedback. Another is under consideration. A "likes and dislikes" poll was run and a Psychology department study was used to schedule monotony breakers during periods of general campus depression.

The committee's efforts and Bruce Money's willing cooperation were responsible for last year's beer bust, more vegetables with meals, and breakfast till ten. It has consistently tried to find out what the students want and to provide it, and seems to me to be undeserving of the condemnation it has received.

John Johnston

To: The editor of  
**The Sou'wester**

Re: Your article on politics on Southwestern's campus

In the above mentioned article it was hinted that the poll taken at the table manned by Young Voters for the President

might be slightly prejudiced in our favor. This, we admit. This poll was taken for the purpose of informing us with the following information:

1. Who is interested in working for the President.
2. Who has not registered.
3. Who is interested in working for Sen. Baker.

We also used the poll to give ourselves a very rough idea of how the campus felt.

What I take issue with is the insinuations made that our table was strictly for Republican candidates. It is not, was not, and we are not Republicans. The candidates that we support happen to be. Personally, I am an independent. I owe my loyalty to no party, Democratic or otherwise. On the basis of the records of the individuals, I have chosen to support Nixon, Baker, Kuykendal (sic), and Garfield. Yes, they are all Republicans, but they are all much better suited and qualified for their respective positions than are any of their opponents. Were any of these gentlemen Democrats, I would support

them. I resent any statements made associating me with the Republican party in any form other than this.

Ron Hathcock

Chairman of Special Activities Committee  
Young Voters for the President,  
Young Tennesseans for Baker

To the Editor of the  
**Sou'wester**

In last week's interview with John Evans, concerning the Re-Elect the President booth in the Student Center, it was said that the organization could not possibly be non partisan because it was a Re-Elect the President stand. I would like to point out that there are a great many Democrats supporting and working for Mr. Nixon and who are very disillusioned with Mr. McGovern's liberal policies.

The booth in the Student Center was to help re-elect the President, and to find out how many people on campus are registered to vote, no matter which candidate they support.

Jeff Tarkington

### The Sou'wester

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PLEASE RECYCLE THIS NEWSPAPER

conscious of that ultimate solution to end all solutions, that all-encompassing cloak of final action and absolute nullity, suicide. Yes, as a new year begins here at Southwestern, we all should stand reminded of one of the most fascinating pastimes ever to be introduced on this or any other college campus. Finis. Ultimo Absoluto. The End.

Yet what do we discover when we dig into this mysterious and macabre activity? We find that persons who stand on the brink of the most momentous occasion of their careers, persons who have the chance of bringing into existence an action of catharsis and transcendence beyond any they have in their very hands the opportunity for a final soul wounding culmination to their lives — we find that these persons ultimately, while laughing in the face of life itself and grasping out for the endless fire and speckled darkness of that

stitution of higher learning famed for its pace setting innovations, its tradition breaking ideas, its upper 10 percent student body which allows such unimaginative practices of suicide as doing Jack-knives off Halliburton Tower should be ashamed! Surely we can do better than this! Let us investigate the art of suicide in a harmonious spirit of creativity.

One is constantly hearing the simple music lover who slits his wrists while listening to Beethoven's 9th. Why settle for such bland methods? Become a part of the music. Plug oneself into a Sony X-2000. Leave this noisome world in style. How romantic to fry with 120 watts on the cymbal crash in Mozart's flute concerto.

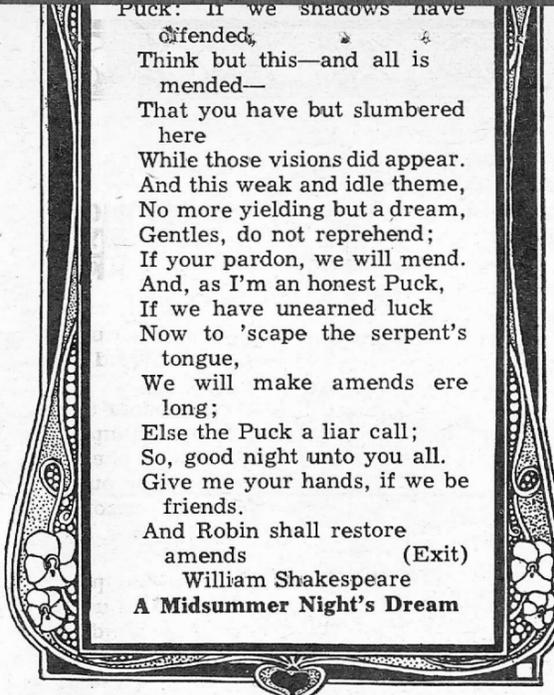
For the mechanical minded there are an endless variety of challenging motifs. If one enjoys cars, why not try taping one's mouth to the exhaust pipe

For those with anal complexes, try flushing one's head, down the John. Or for the air-conditioning lover, there's always feeding oneself to a window fan.

For the Don Juans in the crowd you can romance a wall socket.

Martyr types have always held rich possibilities for exemplary examples in the art. Why not campaign for George McGovern in Mississippi? Or read from a text of Martin Luther in a Catholic secor of Belfast in Northern Ireland. Try presenting a scientific theory of evolution to a rural Baptist church in Alabama. Or there is always the chance of giving a soul brother handshake at a KKK meeting. What about wearing a black panther get-together.

Yes, these are just a beginning to the many different and inventive ways of making a work of art out of one's death. Think creative, Southwestern!



Puck: If we shadows have offended, Think but this—and all is mended— That you have but slumbered here

While those visions did appear. And this weak and idle theme, No more yielding but a dream, Gentles, do not reprehend; If your pardon, we will mend. And, as I'm an honest Puck, If we have unearned luck Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, We will make amends ere long; Else the Puck a liar call; So, good night unto you all. Give me your hands, if we be friends. And Robin shall restore amends (Exit) William Shakespeare A Midsummer Night's Dream

Your friend from above, R. M. Nixon  
". . . I promise to end the Viet Nam war if elected. I have a plan which would be jeopardized if revealed now, but I ask you to believe in me . . ."  
Dear Ass. Ed.,  
I have a really incredible deal to offer anyone in need of interesting facts sparkling witticisms. For six years, (1960-1966) I diligently collected My Weekly Readers. This extensive collection can be found no place else in the world. (Except maybe the basement of my elementary school). This is a once in a lifetime buy, handsomely bound in genuine naugahide (selection of color: seagreen, turquoise or pink). These Weekly Readers are a veritable history book of the early part of the Swingin' Sixties. They are

mitted by the wheels are really secret messages from Martian spies inside the tires. Dogs are continuing their role as man's best friend in trying to sink their jaws into these nuisances. Dogs keep an even fiercer lookout for radials because they make an even higher sound being of course higher on the Martian ladder of authority. Dogs have such a superior level of intelligence than man that they know man is being manipulated by the Martians to drive in certain directions at certain times. Why do you think man's will is so weak to prevent him from driving the car to the grocery store a block away. We must do something now to prevent this outside intervention. I think we should appoint a dog as head of the CIA and outlaw cars. The future of America is at stake.

Respectfully,  
Abigail Faldingham

# The Sensuous Rapist

by "R"

## Chapter 1

### "Sneaking into Rapistry"

To be frank and honest, I was fifty-eight before I really knew how to rape a woman. That is, to be so clever, appealing, and sadistic that they still kept coming back to the same bushes looking for little ole me. (It's quite evident more and more women are appearing in the parks day after day, night after

night!) Many men, however, be-little this act of raping, thus causing a general distaste for rapists. This, indeed, is a shame.

Raping can be as sensual as combing your beard or brushing the tiny specks of dust off an old cherished LP. Remember, to rape is to nourish a fallen daisy child of society and to belch in the face of our tradi-

tional evils and confused politicians.

A need for loving rape is great in America today, and the following chapters will hopefully instill in your mind that this act is not a "give and go" procedure, but a lasting and loving mark on our culture.

## Chapter 2.5

### "Where to Meet your Customers"

The most important element in rape is a rapee. These are easier to come by than you may think. All women are potential victims of their lusty appeal. But, obviously, not every place is suited to the urgency and quickness that a good "going-over" deserves. Church services, police cars, airplanes, and escalators are all difficult spots in which to partake in the rape and are practically out of the question.

## "The Bush"

As earlier mentioned, my hang-out is "The Bush." For several reasons I prefer this over others which I will delve into later.

First of all, "The Bush" is everywhere, and providing no large hives of hornets live there, it is fairly comfortable. "The Bush" is also excellent camouflage. Therefore excited fans of yours can not find you and hound you for your signature. Surprisingly enough, many women will actually call their husbands or friendly policemen and brag on just how well you performed. This constant "asking for a personal ap-

pearance" will help you none toward your goal as a successful rapist.

## "The Sidewalk"

Another excellent place to rape is a crowded sidewalk in a large town. Here you will find gooby-gobbly gobs of women literally dying to meet you. So meat them, then. At first the fear of your premier public performance might scare you into a shy mugging and purse-snatching; but after one realizes the apathy and total robot-like movement of "The Sidewalk" residents, it will come easy. Beware, however, the Waterloo of Wet Cement!

Certainly there are countless other places where one can audition his talents, such as classrooms, tree-houses (for those who think young) and bingo parlors (for their counterparts), but the main thing is for you to find your own little home away from home and practice daily at making it livable.

## "Your Appearance"

Be "incognito" at all times. Nothing turns a woman off more than an obvious and desperate rapist. Be cool, calm, and collected. That is the secret. The old trick, dressing up like a wolf, works only in fairytales. If you feel self-conscious, use the common silk hosiery as your mask, but it is quite ugly and tight around the ears.

The best dress is that of an eccentric miser or a chicken eating Kentucky Colonel. These everyday-but-handsome attires will make your rapee feel that

she owes you respect and will probably respond much quicker. This respect is your cherished reward in the aftermath and merits well in rapist cliques.

## Chapter 5

### "Luring Your Fish"

As you now stand courageously tall in front of your mirror and dressed "fit to kill," it's time to think of how you plan to catch your covey for the day.

Usually it takes a different approach in different situations, but the best approach almost every time is what I term the "Two-handed Pull-down," and probably the easiest for beginners. (You experienced rapers, and may God reward you, shouldn't be wasting your time reading this anyway.)

Simply caress your girl with one hand gently but firmly over her mouth and the other hand clasped lovingly tight roundst her waist. Then pull her down. Nothing to it! But she'll want more than a two-handed thug hug, and that's where Chapter 6 comes in handy dandy.

## Chapter 12

### "Your Arsenal or Your Life"

Throughout my many rapes, the ones I remember fondest were those in which I came prepared for the strongest women and encountered them.

A good rapist needs fine weapons. His equipment will enable him to stay on top of the situation at all times and be in complete control. However, it'll pay not to be too chauvinistic these days. Feminists can be quite feisty beasts. Respect her femininity and treat her as

you would any other rapee.

## "Britvas ond Nozhes"

Without going into unneeded detail here are a few good tools to use and reasons why they're preferred above others.

(1) A sharp dagger. Definitely, one of America's finest buys on the market. All women, rapees or not, revere a handsome blade, when opportunity knocks on their door.

(2) Manila rope. Your basic leather thongs are just too posh for the silken woman of today. The manila rope offers her a more soothing rest and certainly one in luxury extraordinaire.

(3) Finally, Fruit of the Loom cotton pajamas make excellent gags (or practical jokes, as I prefer to call them). There is really no sense listening to her tell you of her day's adventure, and she probably doesn't like apples stuffed pig-like into her mouth.

## Chapter 24

### "Conversation During Rape"

Although this part might seem trivial, it is essentially important that you rap well with your partner.

Situation: You've wrestled your lovely down in the bushes, and not knowing you, she begins to jump to mythical conclusions:

SHE: Help! Faggot got me! Leggo Queer Man!

YOU: You'll love it! You'll love it. You're just insecure and a victim of society.

SHE: Help! Help! Faggot still got me! Leggo Queer Man!

YOU: Quiet, Puritan, you're confused. I'm your friend.

SHE: (spittal) Lop-Eared Hound Dog!

Here Chapter 12 will come in conveniently as you wipe spittal off your worn complexion. Be subtle, but gag now and explain later. Situation: You bump accidentally into a damsel on our typical crowded sidewalk. You lie on pavement with her.

YOU: Pardon me, I seem to have bumped you quite hard. Let me make you comfortable, while we're down here.

SHE: Sure, go ahead. I've heard of your incredible charm.

Don't count on this happening too often.

## Chapter 25

### "Protect Thyself from Thy Enemies"

Some women were brought up into this Puritanical world as ignorant of the beauties of rape as were their ancestors. So watch out for those flying fisticuffs and knuckles of brass. Be quick, decisive, and above all friendly, and then she too will convert into a believer of rapist doctrine. That's your basic duty as a missionary of rape.

## Chapter Finis

### "Rape is Healthy Fun"

Yes, rape is healthy fun, but few had the chance to really explore the fine art behind a good rape. I've enjoyed raping and trust you will now become the rapist you have longed to be, by following my simple instruction.

"Let the children lose it

Let the children use it—

Let all the children Rape On!"

Z.S.

### An Assistant Editorial

Dissension became rife. Three papers and many upset stomachs later, we divided the paper up. One may now rest safely, knowing that Gerald Koonce, duly elected counter-revolutionary, betrayer of the student class, traitor/turncoat, will now make all decisions on all of the paper except 14 pages to be issued from time to time, which my depraved mind will fill with articles for information and entertainment. Just think of it—young journalists, researching out the facts, talking to little known, hard to find, and rather uninteresting persons, digging through mountains of old newspapers for background information for their articles, written in their own yet to be developed prose style.

What a bore. We'll run humor, or maybe a big picture instead. So, without further ado (and damage to the ecosystem from waste paper) we proudly present Project Page No. 1.

### On Football

Right there, second from the left, sitting in front of the fat lady in the yellow dress, I sat, thinking about the horrible things the people around me were screaming at the top of their wooden lungs. The language centered around the basic theme of blood, kill, and mutilate the other team, sympathies that characterize football audiences. If the people who pay their hard earned dollars to see the game want violence, I think that football should resolve itself to console them.

It could be something like this — one of those warm Sunday afternoons, when two famous slaughterhouse teams, undefeated in their league campaigns clash in the Memorial Shrapnel Bowl. The crowd is tense, waiting safely behind the stadium bunkers for the opening shots. Following the flip of the coin, the losers wait in their defense tombs for the beginning bombardment.

Schools famous for the school spirit would still be bound by tradition to run "their" school plays. UT would run the old orange wave play and Alabama's red tide would really be red. The more scholastic schools could develop special teams like a true aerial offensive, chemical warfare, or nuclear attack with appropriate scholarships. Two leagues could be formed, those who allow medals and those who do without.

At halftime, those who aren't worried about what kind of food to score for half time could sit and watch the interrogation show. Can you imagine hanging people up by their thumbs before hundreds of thousands. As for prisoner negotiations during half time — "would you like a quarter back?" "No, we'd like the whole player." The game could be played with no time limit, the winner being the team that crosses the other goal line with the most line players with partial credit for amputees.



It's twilight in Wally Wacker, West Virginia, there's a log on the fire and an elf in the chimney. Grandfather just stepped out of the clock and I can tell by the fire in his eyes that he has a story to tell:

Two and a half score years ago, our fore-people brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in Ann Arbor and dedicated to Lenny Bruce.

We are gathered here today on the steps of the Pink House in Berkeley to pay tribute to our founding fathers and mothers, for such they were. Let us pause for a minute of good vibes to flash on the contributions of our ancestors. How can we ever forget Abbie Hoffman and his great document of Amerikana, "The Bill of Lefts."

Let us all remember that jolly old sage, author, statesman, and inventor, Allen Ginsberg, who in times of stress chanted. We also remember with fondness our first People's Chairman and "Person of the Country," Bernadine Dohrn, who has disappeared.

We also remember how, after Woodstock, the revolutionary spirit swept this country like a wave of nausea. How people, driven by desperation, jumped like lemmings to such relevant, meaningful leadership as Dr.

Spock and Buffalo Bob.

Our heritage will be preserved in our Shriners and memorials. The Jerry Rubin Monument which rises high over Chicago is a tribute to this signer of the Declaration of Cosmic Bliss. This emblem of a huge fist made entirely of 1924 Cadillacs will serve as a constant reminder of the Proletariat's Dismissal of Bourgeois Wealth and Decadence.

The People's Pool is also a source of national pride. Once known as Los Angeles, it was flooded in the early 1990's to wash away finger prints.

More intangible than mere monuments are our songs and symbols. As always, the National Anthem is "On the Hips of Everyone." Our national bird, "The," gives everyone a thrill, or else.

Let us now contemplate our noble martyrs, The Kent State Four, The Chicago Seven, and the Jackson Five, who did after all, die in vain. We must never forget that the cornerstone of this country is in Colorado.

As we sit here surrounded by our dreams our memories, and our apathy, let us sing, "Happy Birthday, Dear Country" and pass around the Liberty Pipe with the crack in the bowl.

Better

### Tic Tac Toe

through Henry Slack

This week's column deals with the problem as shown in the diagram below:



X to move and win in two.

Looking at the playing area, one immediately notices that there are only five spaces in which X may place his mark; they are labelled as 1,3,4,7, and 9 on the diagram. A careful study will show that the move X-4 is not aggressive enough, and will result in a win for O, if he is on his toes. If he is not on his toes, he is probably lying down, and X still has a chance for a draw.

The move X-7 will force the following series of moves:

1. X-7 O-3
2. X-9 O-1
3. X-4 end

This game is a draw. The move X-9 will also cause a draw, because it forces O-1, blocking the top row and the left column for a winning play by X, and leaving him only the easily blocked diagonal for a possible win.

Either X-1 or X-3 will result in a win for X; for X-1, O cannot block both 3 and 9 (or in the case of X-3, 1 and 7), thereby leaving X a winning corridor no matter which move O chooses.

Next week's problem: X to move and win in one.



Beth Acree, a recent Southwestern graduate, was admitted to NYU School of Drama. Unfortunately she neglected to keep her press clipping from Southwestern. So to help ole Beth out we are preparing a press clipping to show all those mean and nasty Broadway producers. Ass. Ed.

### Beth Breezes To Broadway

by Monty West

Beth ("Beth") Acree, that hollyhock from Southwestern's dramatic flower bed, has blossomed anew in New York City. Like a breath of spring rain Beth ("Beth") is once again proving that she was born in a trunk. This weekend she will be making her off-Broadway debut as a bicuspid in "The Dentist is your Buddy."

Last year, when Beth was a senior at Southwestern, she proved she was the asset of the Drama Department. Everyone remembers her memorable Desdemona in the Shakespearean Festival production of "Othello" that was staged in a mulberry tree behind the baseball diamond.

Perhaps her greatest triumph occurred when she played the title role in "South Pacific". For this extravaganza Frazier-Jelke was flooded and took the part of the sea. The Physics tower appeared as a mountain and Palmer Hall portrayed Palmer Hall.

The critics raved but were stopped before they did any damage to themselves or others. Those who did get to press were, for the most part, unanimous in their praise. "Cute . . . sweet . . . nice . . . well-scrubbed . . . and freckled" were the statements of one scholarly reviewer. "OK" was the cryptic comment of one small-time typesetter.

We will drink a toast to Beth ("Beth") though the crumbs get caught in our throats. "To you, Beth, ("Beth") Break a leg!"

Dear Lawrence,

I am taking you into my confidence at this critical moment in American History. As you may have heard, I have been having a touch of trouble with the selection of a running mate. As of today, Sargent Shriver and I are doing fine. But I am afraid this Watergate incident will bring to light some rather "unfortunate" information concerning some of Sarge's earlier life. As a child he was a flagrant follower of "The Mickey Mouse Show" and after a rather serious bout with antanea malaria, he is still having a little trouble his verticle hold. Don't get me wrong; I'm behind Sarge a thousand per cent, but some of my campaign managers have hinted that this incident may cause some static.

Nothing official as of yet, Lawrence my friend, but I want you to know that you are being

chock full of the tricklets of wisdom guaranteed to make the diligent reader an instant celebrity at parties, commencements, and after dinner speeches. Reasonable price. Individuals alert to this fantastic bargain should write Box W-2 care of this paper.

Love, etc. . .  
Anita Bighan

Dear Larry:

Man, have we got the dope on that counter-revolutionary traitor turncoat Gerald Koonce. We know how Koonce is killing all your creative ideas and is betraying the student/working class by not exposing the administration or the government or all those people who keep ripping off us relevant right-on folks. Well you won't have to put up with Koonce any more cause last night while I was in astronomy lab up on top of the

### junk mail to the assistant editor

seriously considered for my second banana. Your stint on **The Sou'wester** will probably be overlooked.

Anyone's truly,  
George McGovern

Letter 2111 for ecology maniacs; detach along perforated line before sending

Mr. Miss Mrs. L. Rice Ms.

In light of your concern for the environment, which you have expressed by letter to me in the past, I would pause in my busy schedule as President of the United States of America to write to you this personal letter. I agree with you that we must conserve our national resources and I am making a strenuous effort to preserve our national political rhetoric reserve. To accomplish this I will refrain from hiring any new speech writers, printing any new campaign literature, striking any new buttons, making any new promises or walking any new paths. I will recycle my 1968 campaign in its entirety.

physics building "checking out Bellingrath" with our groovy new eight inch telescope we got Koonce's room instead. Man what I saw made my blood run cold. After everybody goes to sleep Koonce gets up and steals over to Fisher Gardens where he gets an old and tattered suit case out from behind this bush. Once he gets back to his room he opens the suit case and dresses himself out of it and parades around in a pair of white double knit bell bottoms, a navy blue blazer, red tie, and an old Sigma Nu sweat shirt underneath a light blue shirt with heavy starch. Then he puts up pictures of Bill Bowden and Dean Williford. We crept up under his window and heard him saying "I wonder what those uppity BSA boays want now?" We know you will recognize the delicacy of this matter, and trust you will use it as a threat to get that counter revolutionary Koonce out of the paper.

Right On  
Lab Section 3 Physics 115

Dear As. Ed,  
Did you know that the reason dogs chase cars is that they know the high pitched sound

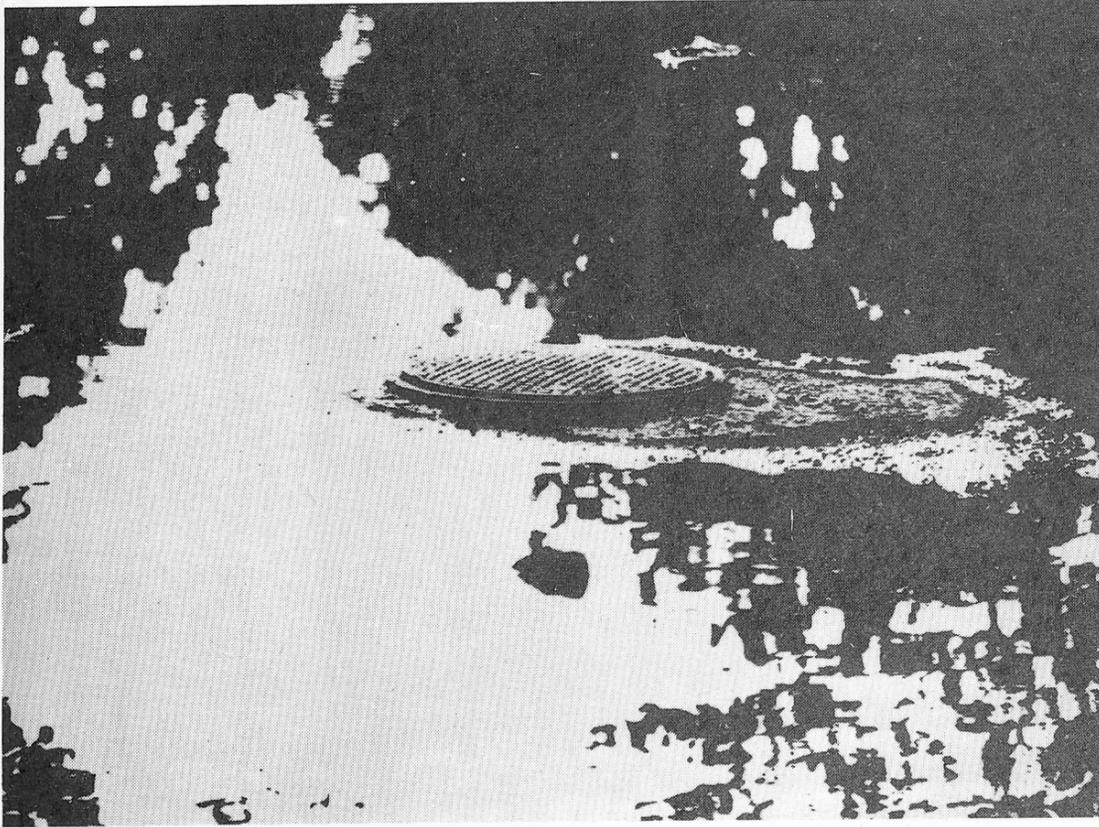
### Arsenic and Old Shoe Laces

As pressures mount at Southwestern — term paper, time, tests, reports — one becomes

which lies beyond, blow it. How droll. Really Southwestern. An in-

—a much more ingenious method than the customary locked doors, closed windows style.





Photograph by Mad Jon

Mary Maude Miller

## New England's Quaint Charm Captures Cheerleader's Heart

Last Friday when the cheerleaders arrived in New London, Connecticut, for the football game with the US Coast Guard Academy, we immediately began looking for The Vauxhall Inn at 42 Vauxhall Street, where we had reservations for that night. We found Vauxhall Street with no problems, but after driving as far as we could both ways and seeing no motel, we eventually called the place to find the way.

We learned we were only about five minutes away and that The Vauxhall Inn was a house, not a motel. So we followed directions and discovered we had driven past it once. We certainly had not expected what we found: a big, lovely, white house built in 1846, full of antiques, with a large backyard and flower garden, separated from the street by a huge, tall hedge. There was a small, wooden gate opening onto the sidewalk.

It was the perfect setting for my first glimpse of New England. We settled into our rooms, which were quite homey and comfortable, and began to look through the house, finding a library, a cool, inviting veranda surrounding half the house, and all sorts of niches and crannies full of interesting old things. Ms. Oldershaw, an elderly lady who runs the inn along with her brother, was very obliging and recommended a good seafood restaurant.

That night we ate at The Lighthouse Inn, a mansion along the beach built in 1900 but now an inn with 52 rooms. We splurged on money, food, and calories, but after dinner we each thought it was well worth it.

We went back to The Vauxhall, planning to go to bed early and get up early for the continental breakfast served from 7-9 in the dining room. We all made it to breakfast finally around 8:30, and everyone sat together at the large dining room table and enjoyed juice, coffee,

cereal, homemade bread and donuts, sweet rolls, orange marmalade and homemade raspberry jam.

Our plans were to practice at 9 a.m., but needless to say, after all this delicious, quite filling food with which we literally stuffed ourselves, we didn't get around to, much less feel like, practicing until about 9:30 when we went to the shackyard with the Pep Band, and eventually onto the street.

At the end of a song the band was playing, I noticed a little old lady on the street corner saying something to us. I thought she was complaining about the noise, but she "thought it was beautiful" and told us to "go on, go on," and she would continue to listen from her porch. She was born in Paris, but had lived in New London 42 years. And she enjoyed "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho."

Finally, we quit practicing at around noon, changed clothes and went to Ocean Beach Park. Since it was unofficially closed, it was not very crowded. We sat in the sand, rolled up our jeans and waded in the water, collected rocks and shells, watched the seagulls sit on the rocks, and enjoyed the fresh, open air and the view of the water, the beach houses, and the sky and the sand. I honestly could have stayed the entire afternoon.

We had to move on, however, since it was getting later, but on the way back, we stopped at a beach house with a "Garage Sale" sign in front. After looking at the waves and talking to the people, we headed for The Vauxhall, stopping along the way to take pictures of a lighthouse which we could not go in, since it was on private property.

When we returned, some of us slept and some of us walked to downtown New London to see what we could see: old stone churches with tall stone spires, beautiful, but locked because of the vandalism; quaint, pictur-

esque, old houses, a small port, and people. I'm sure it's changed since it was a whaling center many, many years ago, but the feeling of that age was there, at least with me, and I wished I could have lived there in the century just passed.

That evening we packed up and left to go eat before the game, which was at 8 p.m. For the first time we saw the Coast Guard Academy when we arrived for the game. On a hill overlooking the water, its setting was quite impressive. As were the Lynx, who won the game, 23-13.

As we drove to Warwick, Rhode Island, after the game, to catch the plane back to Memphis, we talked of all the things we saw and did, and I wondered if I'd ever make it back to New England, more specifically, New London. I was taken, captivated, overwhelmed by everything there. I think I'll always remember The Vauxhall Inn, Ms. Oldershaw, Ocean Beach, the little old lady from Paris, in fact the entire trip.

Maybe it's because this was my first taste of New England, maybe it was such a change from Memphis, but I loved it. Once on the plane, I could hardly wait to get back to Memphis, but I did not want to leave New England. Which made me wonder if anyone visiting Memphis from another part of the country ever feels that way about our town.

But that's another subject and I intend to follow it up.

As for now, if you're ever in Connecticut, be sure to visit New London and stay at The Vauxhall Inn, 42 Vauxhall Street.

And please, take me with you . . .

Chip Eastham

## The Compleat Zen Baptist

There is a Universe and events are in it.  
Some events are distinguished from others  
By a concept Man calls Time,  
By a concept Man calls Space.  
And Einstein showed they were the same  
Though we can't imagine what he could have been thinking.

—Anonymous Zen Baptist Hextane, circa 20th century  
found inscribed on antique Ripple bottle.

A Zen Baptist is a closet Christian. So let's follow our favorite hero as he falls beneath the burden of "Ohmigod: Imamechanism!"

**Science**—"See? I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! I am a machine!"

**Religion**—"A machine?"

**Science**—"Well, a mechanism, anyway."

**Religion**—"Well, what do you mean, mechanism? I don't think you have any more reason to consider a person a mechanism than I have to consider him as a, well, whatever it is I consider him as."

**Religion**—"Well, I understand it well enough to use it, anyway."

**Religion**—"Hey, you give me my name back."

**Religion**—"I'm sorry, it's my name now."

An argument ensues which distracts the Zen Baptist from his usual distraction. At last a group of concerned hair follicles suggests the issue be submitted to an honest investigation. By this time, Science and Religion are on speaking terms, Science having returned Religion's name.

**Science**—"Personally I can't see what everybody's so upset about. So man is a mechanism. Listen! Events take place, right? And one event can cause another event, right? Then man is a mechanism!"

**Science**—"Okay, so I'll give you an example. Consider an atom. We think of the atom as a small object that things happen to. But we might just as well identify any particular atom with the things that happen to it . . . the events that take place that affect the atom.

"Now, consider this set of events. Under trying circumstances, sometimes the atom is destroyed, it loses its identity. But usually, the atom is a stable, self-adjusting set of events. The events that make up the atom are pretty resilient.

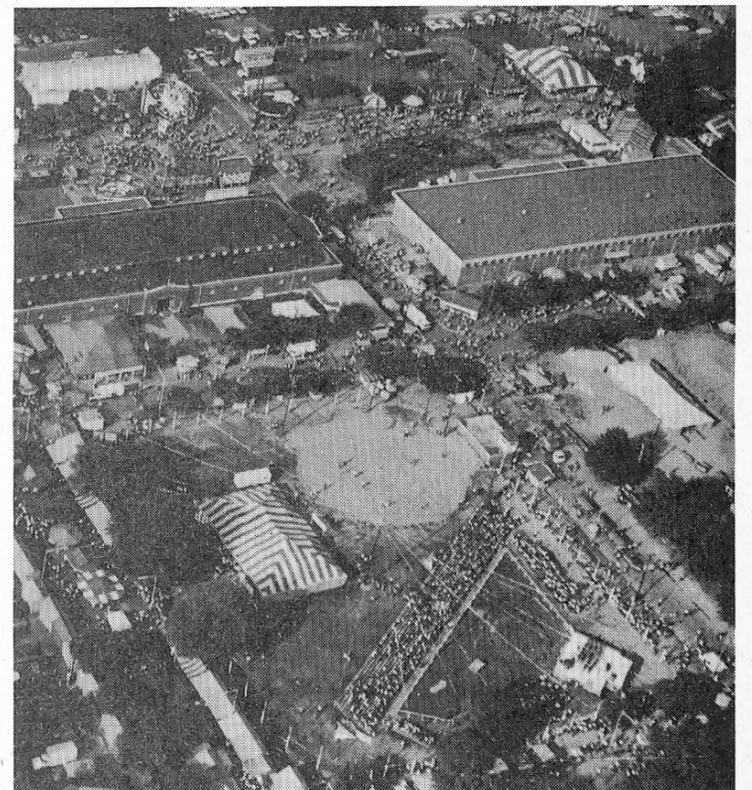
"Suppose a nasty old photon, a particle of impending destruction, comes along and strikes our atom. Well, rather than getting spaced out about it, the atom absorbs the photon by raising the energy level of one of its electrons. It then lowers the level of the electron, and sends the photon packing.

"The orbiting of the electron is a fixed pattern of events, because an event which causes the electron to move away from the atom causes another sequence of events which result in the return of the electron.

"This property of atoms, this pattern of events which the atom-system produces, is what I mean by a mechanism. Of course, man is a rather crude improvement on the atom. Really, the mechanisms that help man to resist the effects of external, uncontrolled events, i.e., fluid balance, digestion, behavior determined by memory, all these mechanisms are essentially used in the amoeba. Hell, mechanisms like reproduction and transportation, the bacteria have got them."

At the comparison of human beings to filthy germs, an electric wave of boredom swept through the lecture hall, and Science took its chance to creep through the audience, stealing names.

**Exercise of the Week:** Go to a retail store and ask the clerk for a base price information request form. Observe the startled anxiety of the clerk as the usual set of events in her job is set agog by thoughts of economic exploitation. Take a survey, keep track, and share your notes with a friend. Then kiss.



Beginning on Friday, September 22, and continuing through Saturday, September 30, Southwestern will have a booth at the Mid-South Fair in the Youth Center. All members of the college community are invited to stop by, speak to the person in charge, and/or to any others who may be visiting the booth at the time.

**Bill Symes**

# Fred Fuddles Frenzied Folks

There's a carnival in town. You mean you haven't heard about it? It's been going on for quite some time. There are clowns, and ringmasters, and plenty of food. In fact, there are more clowns than anything else. Why? Because when you go there, you have to become a clown. There are plenty of bright colors, posters and signs, and the selection of food is unreal. And besides all that, there are plenty of parking spaces if you go at the best time, which is around midnight. You can take a date, go with some friends, go by yourself, or not go at all, which is better than all the others.

Where is this delightful, fun, and educating place? Why, it's your friendly Fred Montesi's grocery store on Madison Avenue. Wah-de-do-dah!!! You said it, brother. What a circus! That has to be one of the most underrated entertainment centers in Memphis.

Look at it this way. It's free, isn't it? If you get hungry, it's just a matter of deciding what to eat, which isn't as easy as it would seem. And all those interesting people . . . I'm surprised the anthro people haven't discovered it. What a DI!!! The study of Memphis's subculture. It's a housewife haven. Take notice, future housewife and/or husband.

But there are a few stipulations (as always.) I mean there has to be some sort of dress code. After all, what kind of place do you think this is? There are three types of people. Find the one that fits you best, then stick to it (Although there are many types that fit into the three main types)

1. The housewife. What would America do without her? She can be recognized by the curlers in her hair. I could never figure that one out. It would seem that she enjoys wearing curlers. It's kind of a thing with

housewives. They must be terribly frustrated to wear curlers to Montesi's at midnight, so they torture their hair. Weird! Also part of her regalia includes a tight pair of pink, green, or black (or all three) shorts; blue, pink, or white blouses, white tennis shoes; and a screaming kid, who has one leg crammed in the basket, one hand in the cookies, a mouth full of grapes (which sometimes makes what the kid is screaming somewhat garbled) and one free hand to add to mother's shopping list. "Baby mustn't knock 5 lb jar of olives on nice store owner's floor."

2. The second kind of person(s) are the hippies. You can usually find them hanging around the hostess cupcake counter, or buying potato chips or Hershey bars or running back and forth wildly in front of zillions of different kinds of cookies hoping to maybe find a box open. The last time I went, I asked one of the guys dressed in the white aprons where the fig newtons were. He kind of looked at me as though the last time he had a fig newton was in the seventh grade, in the sack lunch that his mother had made for him, and being that his mother was always running out of time, she had made it three days ahead of time and the fig newton was so hard that he had used it to open the lock on his locker after his best friend had glued it shut with a good wad of bubble gum. Whether this kind of freak is the one that kind of meanders along staring at everything, mumbling such adjectives as "too much," "wow," "what colors" and that immemorial statement, "I'm flipping out!!" You can find them at the detergent section. I swear the detergent section is like the rainbow. No kidding. There are more bright

reds, oranges, greens, blues, purples, whites, avocados, yellows, with each one claiming that it has secret ingredients, benzotermate PZW with tuinole. If you stick your hand in while it's washing, it'll dissolve your fingernails.

3. The third kind is the most abundant of all. The store detective. You can recognize them by the way they stand at the fruit counter watching all the customers through the mirrors. Pretty weird, huh? I once saw two detectives follow each other around for ten minutes before arresting each other. Whatever you do, don't ever try to "lift" something there. Besides the bad Karma you emit when you rip off people, they'll nab you, and unless you thrive on intimate stalks with the local SS, you had better play it cool.

I tell you, when Fred Montesi sets out to build a circus, P T Barnum ought to duff his hat in grave reverence to a master of night life. Fred is so far ahead in his field that his competitors don't stand a chance. How about this? One day, just for a joke, when half of Memphis was buying groceries there, he closed down all but one of the check-out lines and put a little old lady with arthritis of the fingers in charge of the cash register. Ho, ho, Fred, that was a good one.

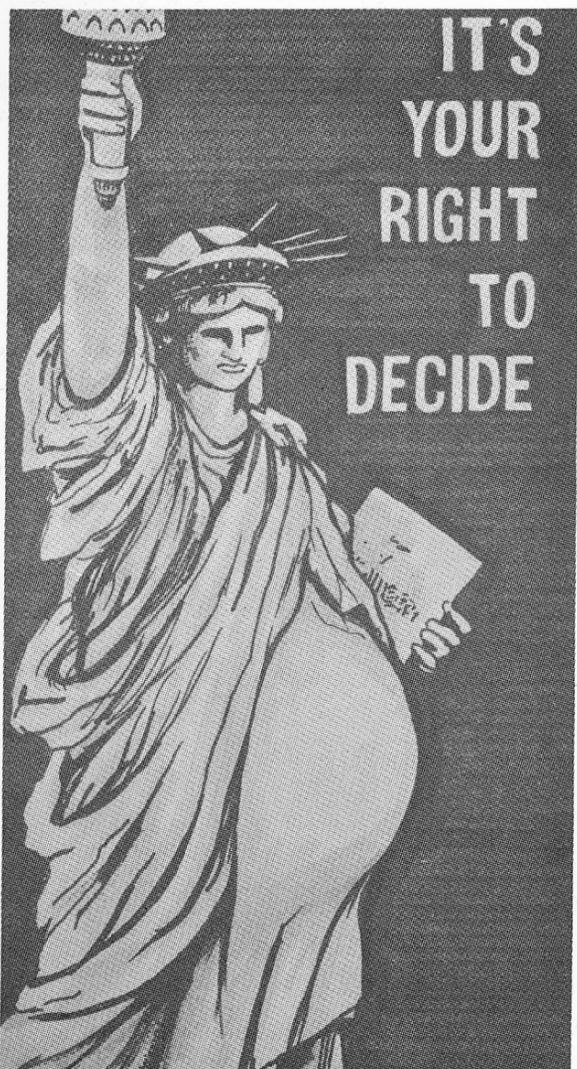
There are only three Fred Montesi amusement centers in the Memphis area. One on Madison, one in Whitehaven and another one out in east Memphis. So the next time you are looking for an unusual night spot, ole Fred's a-rarin to have you over. No cover charge.



Lynx Lovely Ingrid Ortiz takes advantage of the weather to get a little studying outside.



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## POPLAR TUNES

308 POPLAR

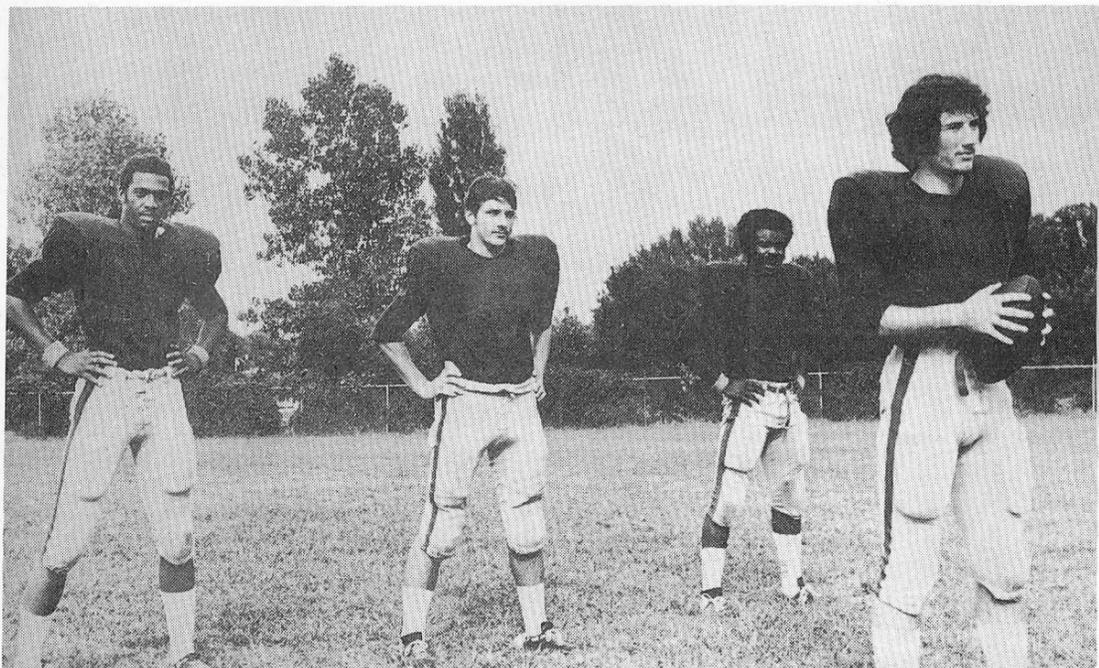
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## POP TUNES

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# Warren-Allen Clicks For 3 TD's, Lynx Subdue Coast Guard 23-13



The Lynx offensive backfield, Allen, Ries, Morris, and Warren, picked up all but seven of the 341 total offensive yards.

Southwestern soundly defeated a well-balanced Coast Guard team under the lights last Saturday, 23-13. The explosive Southwestern offense, led by Ralph Allen, took its toll on the inconsistent Coast Guard defense. Allen scored on passes of 49, 11, and 50 yards, all perfect strikes from quarterback Steve Warren. Tailback Herman Morris managed 107 yards, but found little running room, and he seldom picked up needed yardage on third down situations. Instead, it was Warren, following his blockers well, who kept the few Lynx drives alive.

After the opening kickoff, the Lynx defense stopped the Cadets in three plays. But an offside penalty on the punt gave the Coast Guard its first first down. After moving the ball well on the next few downs, the Cadets retained the ball on an early whistle. Finally, the weak-armed Bobby Moore hit a back out of the backfield for a 12-yard touchdown. The point after made it 7-0.

But then the Warren-to-Allen pyrotechnics began. On the second offensive series, Warren hit Allen on a 49-yard bomb, after Allen had humiliated his defender. The score was tied at seven.

The Lynx defense had tightened up since the opening series. They turned the ball over in good field position several times in the first half. Early in the second quarter, after failing to score deep in Coast Guard territory, Coach Don Lear called on Ernie James to attempt a 42-yard field goal. It was good, a new school record, and it gave Southwestern a lead it never relinquished.

The defense held again, and the Lynx put together their only sustained drive of the game. With Morris and Warren carrying the ball, Southwestern drove

to the Coast Guard 11, where Ralph Allen pulled in a Steve Warren pass. The extra point was wide, but the Lynx held a 16-7 edge at half.

The Coast Guard defense came out fired up to start the second half. The Lynx offense sputtered, trying to keep the ball on the ground. The Cadets secondary seemed like their weak link, and Warren had the hot hand, but Southwestern tried to eat up some of the clock by keeping the ball on the ground. The Cadets defense was keying on Morris and it was three downs, punt, three downs and punt.

The Lynxcats defense again held Coast Guard scoreless in

the third quarter, despite several brilliant runs by Cadet quarterback Bobby Moore. With Coast Guard driving early in the fourth period, Ken LeBlanc picked off an errant Moore pass. Then the Lynx offense picked up. Finally, Warren hit Allen with a 50-yard pass to put the Lynx ahead 23-7, icing the victory.

On the next series, Tommy Jones picked off his second pass to stop the Cadets again. But Morris fumbled near midfield, setting up the final score of the game. The Cadets pushed the ball over with less than two minutes remaining, but failed when trying for two. The final: Southwestern 23, Coast Guard 13.

## Predictions Of The Week

Each week your The Sou'wester sports editor will make an attempt to pick the nation's top collegiate football games, including our own Southwestern Lynx. Point spreads will be included in each pick. This week's games will be:

- Southern Cal over Illinois by 14
  - Oklahoma over Oregon by 7
  - Colorado over Minnesota by 24
  - Michigan over UCLA by 4
  - Tennessee over Wake Forest by 35
  - Va. Tech over Florida State by 9
  - LSU over Texas A&M by 8
  - Arkansas over Oklahoma State by 5
  - Ole Miss over South Carolina by 4
  - Southwestern over Austin by 24.
- Upsets:
- Tulane over Georgia by 3

## Soccer Team Falls To Ole Miss

The Southwestern soccer team was edged by Ole Miss, 3-1, Saturday, at Overton Park. Coach Papachristou's 22 man squad went into the game with optimism and a number of question marks, and played brilliantly during the first half. Bill Brown scored on assists by Leule Limehe and Scott Howard, tying the score at one late in the first half. With brilliant play by goalie John Day, the Lynx held onto the tie until half.

The Lynx seemed to drag a little in the second half. Seldom did they mount much of an offensive, and Ole Miss took charge. Ole Miss scored on a free kick awarded on a hand ball call, when iced the game when a corner kick was deflect-

ed off a Southwestern player, slipping past Day. Ole Miss had won, 3-1.

Despite the loss, the Lynx were not without their stars. Both Bill Brown and Leule Limehe looked sharp handling the ball and John Day handled himself well in the goal.

The soccer team travels to Ole Miss October 21 for a rematch.

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