

The Sou'wester

VOL. 58, NO. 27,

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS

MAY 16, 1975



Bogey Fatty, the new "Mr. Southwestern," takes part in celebration festivities after his election. Although the Election Commission attempted to stop his election with the invention of a pseudonym ("Jeff Hudgins") on the ballot, Bogey nevertheless triumphed through massive popular support. Bogey, and "Ms. Southwestern," Theresa Cloys, will be crowned at the Riverboat Dance Saturday night by a distinguished SW alum, Jimmy Jack Clodfelter.

Locked Out?

by Bob Reynolds

On May 6, 1975, L.G. Poppa, Southwestern's Director of Security, requested approval by Southwestern's administration to construct traffic control gates at the North Parkway and Charles Street entrances to the campus, and at the main entrance on University Avenue. The cost, as outlined in the request, is estimated at \$1550 complete.

The gates would be opened and closed daily so that "...the North Parkway and Charles Street automobile entrances would be closed to ... traffic from 10 pm to 7 am daily...the University Avenue entrance and exit to the library... from 8 pm until 7 am during student breaks and remain open all other times."

The Sou'wester discussed the recommendation with Poppa, and he stressed that the move was preventative in nature. Although there have been isolated incidents involving non-school persons "cruising" the campus, there is no unusual danger or risk at this time. The isolated incidents do, however, indicate a possible area for future trouble unless some "before the fact" action is taken.

Poppa stressed that the cost of the gates (which would be simple in design and only 36" high) was much less than the cost of even a single additional security person, but would be effective to a high degree, simplifying the task of the security force. As Poppa said "we can cope with the walkers, but not the walker and the drivers both."

The proposed gates would be rectangular in shape, about seven feet long, eighteen inches wide; constructed of two-inch pipe, hinged to four-inch pipe posts set in concrete; center-closing and able to be locked open. The bottom of the gate would be eighteen inches above the road. A piece of sheet metal about eighteen inches high and seven feet long would be attached to each gate section and painted and lettered to indicate that the road is closed.

In any event, Poppa is interested in implementing his plan in early June, so it will be a foregone conclusion by September. Students or Faculty members with strong feelings either way on the question of barricades for security are urged to make their feelings known to the Business Office.

Bogey Fatty Takes "Mr. Southwestern"

An Interview with our New Ruler

"Bogey Fatty," Southwestern's own 22-year-old legend, has taken the title of "Mr. Southwestern" by a landslide victory. Bogey, in a press conference after his greatly-deserved victory, tearfully answered questions about the event that has rocketed him to greatness.

Sou'wester: What do you feel is the role of "Mr. Southwestern"?

Bogey Fatty: I never actually sought the title of Mr. Southwestern, and that fact adds to the excitement I feel at this moment. At the time the nominations took place, I was out of town. I must thank all contributors to my campaign, for without their actions and support, my victory would never have been attained. I wish to give special thanks to my campaign managers Ingrid Ortiz, Andy Branham, and Dan Matics, who are mostly to blame for my election.

With respect to the duties of "Mr. Southwestern," I feel compelled to actively exemplify the spirit of Southwestern. Since the duties of "Mr. Southwestern" are not specifically delineated, I feel that I must devise my own method of representation. Therefore, six times daily I will face Halliburton Tower, and throw myself prostrate on the ground in gratitude for all the things it has taught me. I also plan to sacrifice my firstborn by throwing it from the fifth floor of Burrow Library. My second-born shall suckle from the milk machine in Catherine Burrow Refectory.

SW: What is your greatest contribution to Southwestern?

BF: In term two of my sophomore year, I paid \$43.42 in library fines.

SW: What would you consider to be your greatest single achievement in your four years at Southwestern?

BF: The perpetual erection of a foundation that will serve me in the loopholes of life.

SW: What will be your relationship with Ms. Southwestern?

BF: I will attempt to position myself in accordance to our mutual desires. Hopefully, I will always come out on top.

SW: Do you feel that your term in office will sufficiently alter the course of events at Southwestern?

BF: My term in office may well alter events if Dean Diehl finds out I was elected.

SW: What advice would you give to any aspiring "Mr. Southwestern"?

BF: Be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, and thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, and brush 3 times daily.

SW: Summarize in a few words what SW has meant to you.

BF: The flag, mom, apple pie, and the time I mooned 45 Sigma Nu's in front of their dates.

SW: Do you know Bogey Fatty?

BF: I sure do, buddy, and he's a real good guy.

STUDENTS TO RATE PROFESSORS

by Jim Vogel

Students will have an active voice in the evaluation of faculty. Under a new proposal by the Faculty Professional Interest Committee, forms would fly thick and fast as students and faculty rated the 85 professors on campus. This information would go to the administration for making decisions regarding salaries, tenure, and promotions. Aspects to be evaluated might include attitudes toward Southwestern ideals as well as teaching techniques.

The present system for gathering information for these important decisions is confused, unsystematic, and ambiguous. The Academic Dean receives most of his impressions about a particular professor from the department chairman. Recommendations may be given to him by the Faculty Professional Interest Committee. The treasurer of the school might report on the financial feasibility of being able to give the subsequent raise to a professor due his promotion. All this is considered by a Board committee. They decide to whom tenure, promotion, and salary increases will be given. Then these recommendations are considered by

the Board as a whole and are usually accepted. It is obvious that this is a piecemeal procedure and open to much error and inconsistency.

With an evaluation, the main problem would be eradicated. A wider base of opinion would replace subjective conversations as the criteria for judging a professor's effectiveness. Results given by colleagues and students would be given directly to the Academic Dean to the Faculty Professional Interest Committee who would advise him as particular cases come up. In this way, a misunderstood statement or a personal bias will be less likely to affect these decisions.

President Daughdrill feels that there will be several added benefits just in the process of doing it as well as the information it gathers. It will force the committee into focusing on good teaching and overall contributions to the college.

If the evaluation proposals now under consideration for the Trustees and the administration are accepted along with these faculty evaluations, Southwestern will be inundated with forms but may be a more efficient place to live.

Representatives Chosen

The following students have been selected by the SGA to serve on Faculty committees for the 1975-1976 school year.

Administrative Policy
Patti Smith, Neil Mara

Library
Carol Richardson

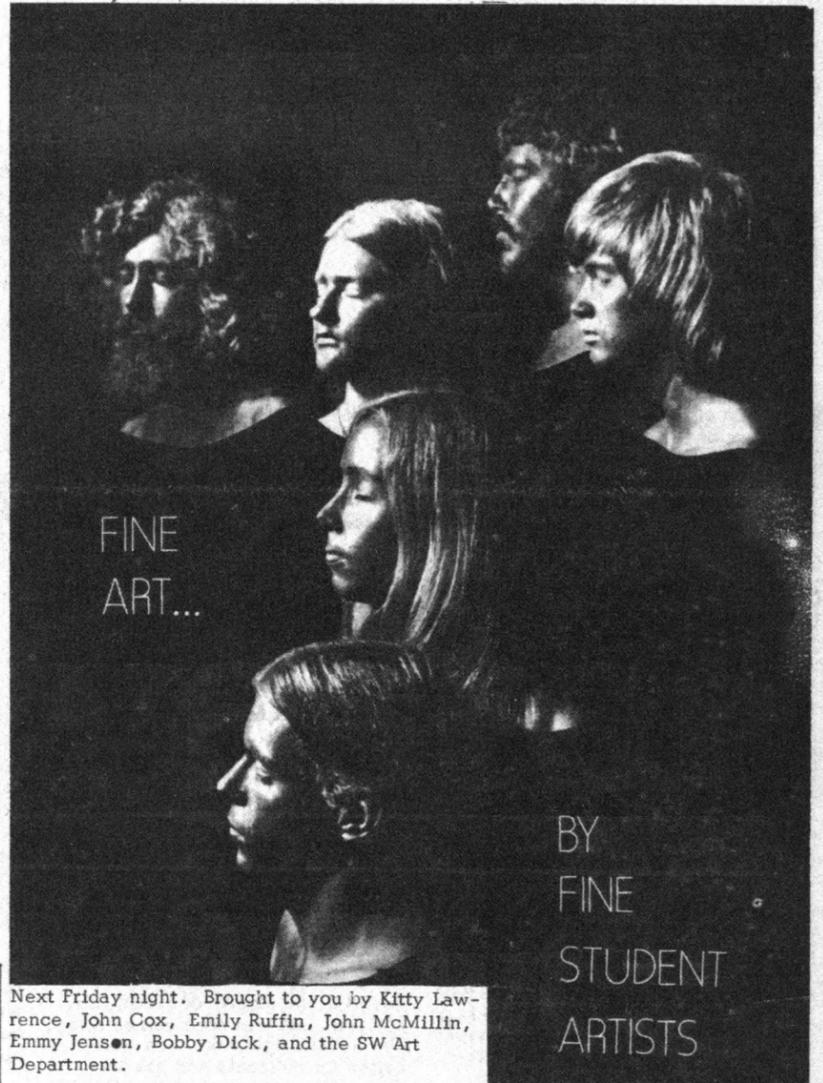
Athletics
Steve Wade
Bobbo Jetmundson
Kathy Whitaker

Educational Development
Tom Kibby
Steve Congleton
Robin Skillern
Cathy Johnson
Raymond Fitzgerald

Freshmen Program
Steve Masters
Nick Nickl
Camille Gladney
(Alternates: Mary Engle, Sandy Schaffer, Mary Beth Walker)

Curriculum
undecided at the time of printing

Admissions and Financial Aid
Jimmy Mitchell
Claire Mathias



FINE ART...

BY FINE STUDENT ARTISTS

Next Friday night. Brought to you by Kitty Lawrence, John Cox, Emily Ruffin, John McMillin, Emmy Jensen, Bobby Dick, and the SW Art Department.

SINGERS WILL CALL BEHIND THE CURTAIN

The Southwestern Singers of Southwestern At Memphis will spend three weeks in either Poland or Romania in June 1976 under the auspices of the Friendship Ambassadors program.

Members of the touring ensemble will be among approximately 3,500 U.S. high school and college musicians visiting the two countries next year as Friendship Ambassadors. The cultural exchange tour is sponsored by Friendship Ambassadors Inc., a nonprofit organization based in New York.

Tony Lee Garner, Instructor in Music and director of the Singers, said the exact schedule for the tour has not been completed, but

said he expects it will include 13 concerts in various parts of the host country.

The Friendship Ambassadors organization sponsors such tours throughout the year. Garner said the Singers will fly abroad with four or five other groups, but that each group will embark on a separate concert tour after arrival.

Garner said the Singers' program will consist of music by American composers, but will include one or two selections native to the country visited. He said he had planned an "all-American" show for the ensemble's spring tour next year in celebration of the Bicentennial, and that the same music will be presented in the tour abroad.

BENEVOLENT BULLY

As this paper goes to press, news of the Cambodian actions pours in. Every minute there is a new update: Ship captured, Ford upset, Senators outraged, Marines sent to Thailand, Cambodian gunships sunk, Phnom Penh radio announces release, Marines seize ship,...

When will the United States stop acting like the American Empire? I hear it said in the newspapers, on television, and on the radio, "We can't let these little countries push us around!" Let them push us around? My God, for a decade we've been pushing them around and all they have gotten for their complaints are more bombs.

"The United States must defend its honor," we hear from our leaders. Honor? What honor? Honor hasn't been a factor in American foreign policy in 25 years. Honor implies returning respect with respect, peace with peace, and admitting the equality of one's fellows.

What has substituted for honor in this country is an "I'm bigger and better and I can prove it" attitude. The United States acts as the world's benevolent bully.

It's absurd to claim as "unprovoked" an action by a country in which we have continuously supported the dictatorial regime which overthrew the lawful government of Prince Sihanouk, in which we have continually bombed and destroyed people and property, into which we have sent invasions of South Vietnamese soldiers, and to which we have refused to even grant recognition.

Then "little people" whom we naturally are far above seize one ship, which is admittedly carrying ammunitions, a ship from a country which they can only regard as an enemy. And we act like we were kicked in the crotch by our best friends!

It makes me want to puke.



Letters to the editor

Dear Editor,

To set the record straight at the first, I don't have a job either. I have one distant prospect, but I'm not holding my breath.

Having said that, I venture to guess that my situation is representative of many seniors at Southwestern (and elsewhere for that matter). I can't say I am surprised because, like so many people, I've seen it coming. I realize that the old, mythical, ideal job applicant, white, male, Protestant, with a full head of hair and a firm handshake is just that, a myth. (Besides, the current myth is that of the black female--although in reality she is far from being guaranteed employment.)

We are in a society that has high unemployment as one symptom of its many ills...we pollute, destroy, fight, rape, and rob each other daily and with relish. Anyone can tune in to a newscast and read into it the destruction of civilization in a matter of 20 years or so for a variety of reasons. It all seems very much worse than it has ever been before.

We must stop forecasting without purpose, however. We must not cease to look for the implication of our actions, but we must remain confident in our ability to overcome them...not so much by any tremendous power we have, but by the seeming accident of man's inventiveness. 'Seeming' because it is not really accidental. T.S. Eliot has Becket say: "Saints are not made by accident". I say that civilizations are not made by accident. No, I am not making a case for a divine will or purpose. I am simply stating that I believe in the fundamental desire of mankind not only to exist, but to prosper. It is this fundamental desire that I am banking upon.

It is the desire to prosper that drives many to ruin. It is the desire for the superior mind or trappings that pushes many past their point of equilibrium. It is the belief of a few that they have become superior more rapidly than others that makes them discount the values of those others. Richard Nixon was a good example of this unhappy state. His actions indicated to me that he was a man who thought himself somehow superior, better than others could be, way above the common crowd. Certain of us might contest that. In any case, he felt that he was what society wanted to be--better than itself.

But this desire is not always destructive, though often misguided. This desire has brought us the gradual awareness of the consequences of our actions. The desire to be and do better has brought man out from his caves and into his galleries, his libraries, his hospitals, and his schools. And if it be necessary, it will take him yet further, to places and conditions which we cannot yet know.

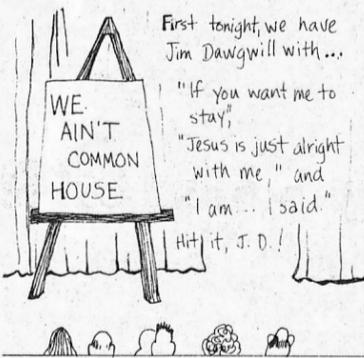
In short, what I'm saying is that mankind tends to become better.

Dear Editor:

Recently my roommate went to our school bookstore to purchase a book required for an Econ. course. The bookstore had only the hard cover edition, which sold for \$12.50. He then went to Memphis State and got a paperback edition for \$2.25. I have had similar experiences myself.

Are there some books the bookstore can not order in paperback? I think S.W. students would save a little money if more paperback editions were introduced.

Holton Guyton



Does the name Ed Roach ring a bell? For many Southwesterners—student and faculty alike—a visit to his stand is a daily must. However, there are plenty who don't know about him; and that's definitely to their misfortune.

Mr. Roach's stand is located right below the refectory, behind an iron-grilled door that opens onto our famed roophball court. The door bears no sign, because, in Mr. Roach's words, passerby and stangers frequent the campus; and "if they don't know where I'm at, it won't hurt 'em."



It's worthwhile to seek out the place, though, because it's a life-saver for the student. If you're hungry Mr. Roach offers the usual munchies, candies, and gums, as well as a tremendous variety of sandwiches and pastries—all of which can be warmed up in his microwave oven. If you're thirsty, fruit juices, soft drinks, milk, and coffee are available. The choice is wide, and the prices are reasonable. Even smokers can support their favorite vice in style at Mr. Roach's place. The crowning glory is his stock of personal necessities,

geared to meet student needs—from laundry detergent to key rings. If you don't see it but you ask for it, the odds are good that it will be there.

It is also very probable that you will like Mr. Roach. Having been here since 1966, he has a great liking for Southwestern. The program for the blind that placed him here has offered other locations, but he has chosen to stay. His wife's retirement from her own vending stand has reinforced his desire to remain here.



We create difficulties and then overcome them. From time to time we regress, then we gradually move forward again.

This movement forward is not to be scoffed at. It is as nearly an irresistible force as any I can isolate. The only thing which can impede its progress is despair. When on those rare occasions in the history of the world mankind has given up, he has then begun to falter. When Rome no longer believed in the dignity of human life, she fell, and was not mourned often. The Indians sold more than Manhattan for red coats and beads--they neatly purchased a Bill of Goods; bought the attitude that the Indian way of life was worth those coats and beads, and little else. No wonder they have been so trampled. When they realized the value of their culture, and would have taken back what they had foolishly traded away, the mass of people which engulfed them had become firm in its belief and would not yield.

In Vietnam we learned that we cannot fight a war for a country whose people did not wish to fight for themselves. Right or wrong, they simply did not feel the fight worth fighting. . . and therefore could not triumph.

We must never cease to believe, not in the two-car family or the 15¢ Krystal or whatever else we hang our material scale of values on, but in the basic resourcefulness of mankind to overcome and prosper. When

I find that the only job I can get is "not what I really had in mind", I must not forget that these times will pass, this year, next year, ten years from now...and if that seems too long to wait, I should pursue the future more actively. For if I do what I can starting now, and you do the same, how long can the eventual victory elude us?

I wish for us all good times ahead. But more than that, I wish for us all the sustenance of the hope which will speed us the consummation of our present difficulties and the true approach of a better age.

In all sincerity,
Bob Reynolds, Jr.

YOU MAY Think YOU KNOW ME,
BUT YOU AREN'T WITH ME When
I am with ME.

JASON

STAFF BOX

There comes a time in the life of every editor when he just wants to throw-up all over the layout sheets. Well, Pepto-Bismal saved me, despite the sickening capitalism of Business Manager Katherine Maddox, the nauseating appearance of Managing Editors Dan Matics and Rhys Scholes, disgusting Copy Editor Greg Oldham, incompetent Sports Editor Joe Johnson, bleary-faced Advertising Copy Editor Ken Herrell, lazy Circulation Manager Jim Williams, greedy Business Staff Steve Collins, Amy Nease, Robert Jetmundson, Dan Searight, Marc Courtney, and Todd Underhill, talent-less writers Jim Vogel, Dan Matics, Steve Collins, Rhys Scholes, Greg Oldham, Jeff Strack, Andy Branham, Leah Cheriff, Bob Reynolds, J. Vest, and Joe Cooper, and John McMillin, and other assorted incompetents, all-thumbed cartoonists Josie Warchack, and Don Ramler, dirty-fingered Layoutists Dan Matics, Mitch Wilds, Jeff Strack, Rhys Scholes, meter-less Poets Andy Branham and Lindajoy, lens-capped photographers Ken Herrell, Dan Houglund, John McMillin and Mitch Wilds, and assorted people who just came down to get in the way—Karen Shanks, Joe Cooper, Tom Kibby, James Daughdrill, Katherine Pritchard, and several others who are lucky enough to have slipped my mind. Oh, the typists did do a half-way decent job considering they went 10 words a minute: Laurie Key and Amy Nease. The Editor? Ha, ha—I left town yesterday. Seriously, the year is over—and all of Southwestern should be grateful for the long hours the Sou'wester staff has put in. It's been a good newspaper and they have the heartfelt thanks of this editor.

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The Sou'wester

Daughdrill Demands Student Support

In September of 1975 all female students will be required to wear bras, President Daughdrill announced Tuesday in a closed faculty meeting. "The studies of a large number of students are being interfered with. This blatant enticement of male students has got to be stopped."

Citing a *Sou'wester* Special Report by B.J. Crenshaw, Daughdrill pointed out that many "student hours are lost in late-night frivolity. Parents are not paying tuition to have their son flunk out because some demon woman entraps him." He also expressed concern that freshmen were especially susceptible to "evil women." They will

"get them before we have had a chance to instill the moral character sufficient to control the baser lusts."

The bra problem first interested him, Daughdrill confessed, when he was aroused by a particularly buxom coed who had passed him while improperly clothed. "We have to hold these things in check now or who knows what will happen," he stated.

Sources also reveal that at this point Dean Anne Marie Williford threw up in her chair. She stated afterwards that "I have never been able to stand that man. It is difficult to work with such a male chauvinist."

A Tribute to Bogey Fatty

Being placed upon the pinnacle of success a man, one man, stands alone. Bogey Fatty came to Southwestern, saw his goal, and rented it. He is the hope that lies in our forgotten times, the guru of our generation, gallant liberator of the morally decrepit. After four years of striving, a man, no, a legend has reached its peak. No longer do we stand in awe, gape at his atrocious acts—it is as if it has become a habit, maybe even a way of life. We wait and watch and wonder at what begun? Are we on our way back to the times before? Has a breath of hedonism enter our Calvinistic cloister?

The man that put the "dudge" in "fedudging" has been elected Mr. Southwestern, the King. Our chosen leader in the relms of rent, the unquestioned master in the files of fedudging. This one student is more than a classroom flunky, he's a Southwestern tradition.

After attending more than six years at Arts Stocks Stud School under the watchful eye of Spike Magrilligan, he matriculated to Southwestern at Memphis, pledged Kappa Sigma, met Col. Likes and left an indelible brand upon the rump of the school.

His years have included myriad social and moral atrocities including several months as a pervert, masochist, and hired stud as well as appearing before the entire student body as the main participant in a pagan fertility ritual. What realms of repugnance have been traversed? What depths of degeneracy have been divined? No man has the answer to these, save Bogey Fatty himself, but maybe these thrugs aren't for mortal ears, and are perhaps better left unasked.

When asked "Why Bogey Fatty?" by an innocent freshman, coed I found the answer hard to express. Can one explain away the glory of spring? The breath taking wonder of a summer night sky, or the golden glow of an evening filled with the last rays of an autumn sunset? To me Bogey Fatty is more than a man, in fact, the name in itself is more than a name—rather, it is like a verb that in all its various and subtle connotations suddenly leaps forward in raw vigor to assert that, simply, "I AM."

So Bogey Fatty's the King. Well, good and fine I say. Long live the King. "Cause you know Bogey Fatty's never die, they just fedudge away."

The Air Force Pilot has it made. Air Force POT will help you make it.

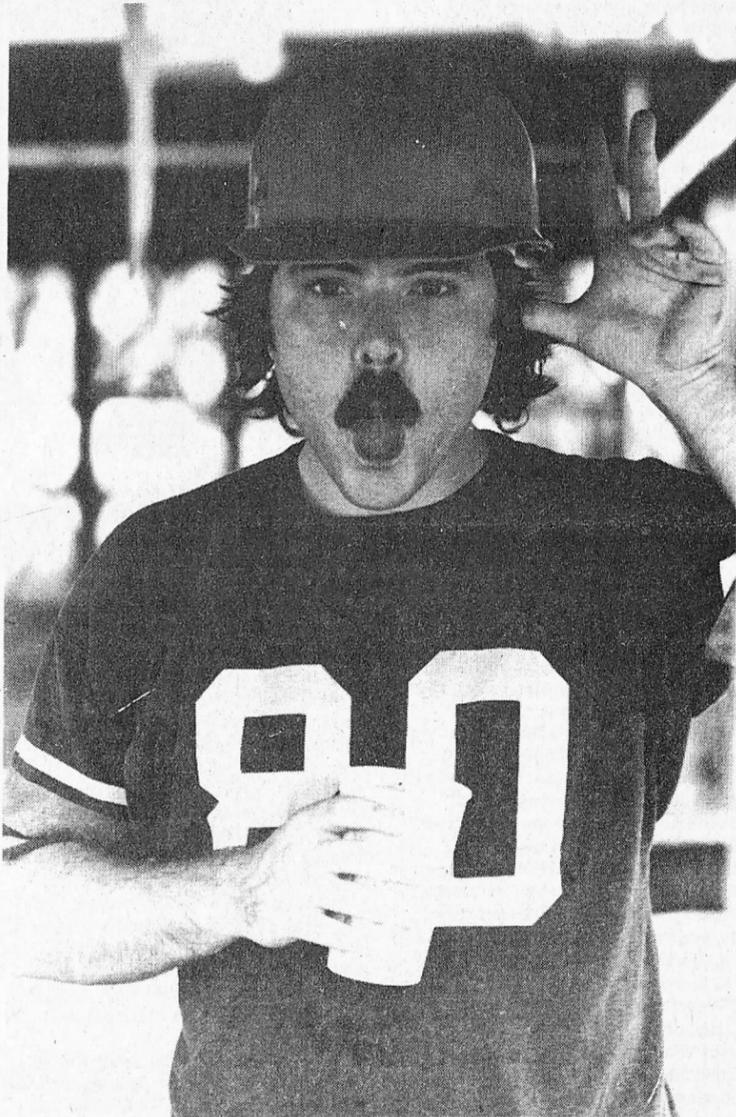
OK, so you read the ad about "Air Force POT" last year, and you didn't believe it, right? Well, I didn't believe it either, but one day I was real blown away and I decided to check it out. I went down to talk to the recruiter, and I asked him about the POT. Well, he whipped out this big doobie, and the next thing I knew—my name was on the dotted line.

Basic training was hell. We were so fucked up all the time, we couldn't even tell our boots from the sand. But when we were issued our face pipes, we knew it was all worthwhile. Now all my buddies are flying all the time, and let me tell you, flight pay is nothing to fart on. And then there's the glory and honor of knowing that you're doing your part

to keep our vital bodily fluids in their most democratic formulations.

Of course the recent turn of events in Southeast Asia has been traumatic for all of us. No longer will we be able to hold back on our Thai sticks as our weapons plummet groundward. Peace comes to those who search for her.

Automation isn't all its cracked up to be but you'd be surprised what machines can do for us today. Why, it wasn't five minutes ago that a middle-aged cormorant passed by my cockpit and gave me a shotgun I'll never forget. As they say, it's the fringe benefits that soak up all of the gravy.



David Smathers

POT PROTEST

Southwestern should provide marijuana for all students desiring it, demanded radical students today. About 335 students participated in a mass meeting outside of Palmer Hall in support of this. "Uh, yep, I think, uh, you know, it's like, uh, a good idea. I mean, it's cheap, uh, cheaper in large quantities, um, quantities," stated Herb Gunn, ex-SGA President and leader of the group.

In an exclusive interview with *The Sou'wester*, Gunn stated, "Uh, . . . gee. . . . shit am I stoned."

The administration was not available for comment.

Turn of the Screw

There are awards for bravery, good deeds, and achievement. Every day people get awards for the meritorious things they do but can't you think of a lot of people who also deserve awards for outstanding Screw-ups? Well, we could.

The Big Screw had curious beginnings. We found the rusty, old, seven-inch screw near some railroad tracks, along with numerous railroad spikes. What do we do with such a useless object? The Big Screw! Of course, they're millions of people who deserve such an award? So we mounted the Big Screw on a block of wood and decided to present it to the most outstanding Screw-up.

This first Big Screw couldn't go to just anyone; it had to be someone special, really deserving of such an award. So, this issue's award goes to Editor Jeff Strack for having such a dazzling personality. . . just ask him!

Everybody Must Get Stoned

By Rogs

It is apparently a truthful statement that, "Southwestern might actually be able to field the conference championship roophball team," says officer Scholes of the *Sou'wester* staff.

"Winning is what we're after, isn't it, we must go on to win, and then win again—our honor and very existence is at stake! Win, we must win, I tell you—Win! Win! Win! We must crush those who fight us, Crush Them!" commented Scholes.

But— isn't there a yet better sport to so popularize? After all, only one side of campus reaps the benefits of roophball concerts; what we need is a good, fun sport that draws campus-wide support. Yes, kids, we all know what that is. . . No, no, not that.

What are SW students good at? YES—smoking pot. That's right, SW students smoke pot well. But, you object, who will we compete with? Ah, the beauties of being in a league by yourself (as SW most assuredly is)! With no competition, how can we lose?

This marathon event will include such diversions as the 10-toke dash, the 50-toke dash, and the High Bong (not to mention the Mary Jane look-alike Contest). The endurance contests will clearly be the most grueling, as well as the most exciting and, well, the downright funniest.

Southwestern's finest will have to train constantly in order to maintain their fighting shape. They will have, when ideally trained, huge stoking lungs and fire engine-red eyes, specially designed to withstand huge quantities (while nonetheless retaining maximum quality—a more or less desirable goal, somewhat, you might say) of the very finest pot smoke.

If you're interested in this plan for future athletics (remember this is yet somewhat less exhibitionistic

and socially repulsive than the only other fully integrated, sexually and otherwise, contest we could support), please send a joint (decorated however you want!) to President Daughdrill, to let him know how you feel about it.

Think of it! Southwestern, the only college prepared to cope with the sudden legalization of pot by actually having a Smoking Team fielded even before the historic action!!

PURE FILTH!

I was sittin' out on the football field at the concert last week, drunk as hell, watching the hippie women

flopping around smokin' that shit, drunk as hell, watching the hippies and bein' right horny I wrote this poem:

Look at them atrocities, ain't they obscene
Wearin' them halters that look like a string.
Some wear 'em close, some wear 'em tight
Some wear 'em slack and some half in sight.
Some got big 'uns and some petite
Some got 'em skinny and some are meats.
Some got bulgy ones that poke to the side
And some got a cleft a half a wide.
I like to watch atrocities and holler and scream
When they bounce by in them ripped up jeans.
Just look at them atrocities ain't you atroced
Some likes 'em skimpy and some likes likes 'em gross
Some likes 'em short and some likes 'em lewd
I likes 'em naked where you can see their pees.
I wish I had an atrocity in a tie dye shirt
I'd rip it right off her and do it in the dirt.

Just watchin' them atrocities is so entertainin'

Some like 'em firm and some interchangin'

Some like 'em floppin' all over the place

Some like 'em close or right in yer face.

I'd like to grab one and stick it in my ear

Or can it and drink it like you do a good beer.

If I had an atrocity I tell you what I'd do

I'd fire 'er in the grass or in a swamped canoe

keep 'er in the closet, or stuck under the bed

An' if I was too ugly I'd put a sack on my head.

An everyday atrocity is found in any room

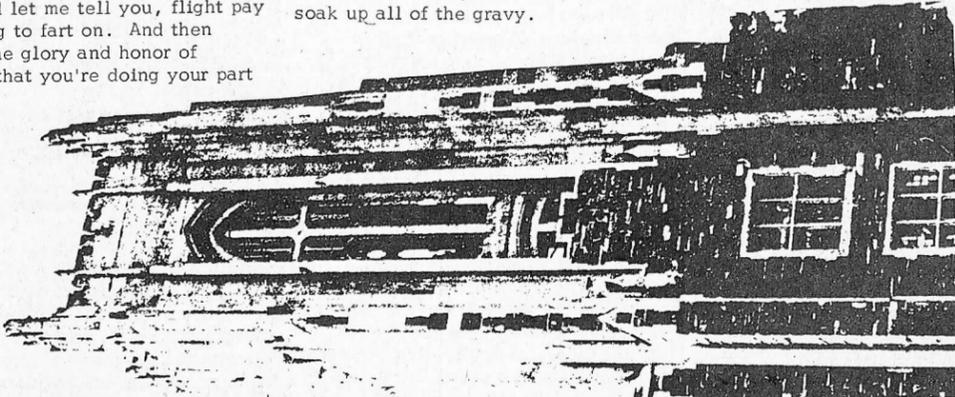
Some from Matti, some from the Black Lagoon

Some from Bug Holler where country corsettes hang

Some from the city where atrocities are a bang.

How to be an atrocity, you really might enjoy it

Strip yourself a body and go ahead and employ it.



Open Air Images

John McMillin

Hot times. Spring sun never seemed brighter. Here comes an old Texas boy, looking not very much like a pop star, chunky and tall in his straight-leg levis, with an "Aw Shucks" grin on his face. When he began to sing and chop out country blues phrases on his vintage Martin, I was finally sure he was Willis Alan Ramsey. I knew a half dozen of his songs, which had finally reached my radio 3 or 4 years after they were cut in Memphis, and Nashville, and Austin. When I heard the songs, "Muskrat Love" and "Spider John" they sounded fresher and more spontaneous than their early recordings: after a few years of "endless one-night stands" the words had been drawled and slyly spoken until Willis could step back and let them slip out, smooth and sexy and quite aware of their wit. Much more than adequate with his accompanying guitar, he was a one-man band, and I left a new fan.

"Is there anybody from Southwestern out there today?" Willis asked; and a few scattered hands, no more than 50, rose from the crowd. "I used to go to Southwestern... for about a week once. Guess that wasn't too brilliant a thing to do... turn down a great education like that." Many snickers heard.

Just in sight of the gruesome Gothic spires of Southwestern... the largest student presence was the ticket-takers and the stage crew? Surely we've all paid alot more for less exciting music, in cavernous, echoing halls under a police guard worthy of visiting heads of state. Two dollars in advance bought me blue skies, green grass, overflowing portable toilets, and the God-given right to refreshment.

But a slightly unsettling presence was noticed just past the football fence—blue shirts and low slung 38's on their hips, they shooed away all the ticketless stragglers who wandered around outside the fence, looking for holes or just a free listen. Students and strangers alike were sent walking, on orders of the "Burns Security Guards," enforcing the rules of "the students." If I had been one of those hustled away

from the fence's edge, I would have easily been indignant enough to search for and find the fellow students who sent out these Blue Goons to (politely) shove us around on our own turf.

In the wake of the students' massive non-participation in this worthy event, I'm not sure if anyone is really to blame for this. But I do know that, as things turned out, little more than half a hundred dollars in revenue would have been lost if a Southwestern I.D. had been our ticket at the gate. And a splendid time would have been guaranteed to all—including any rare student who wasn't quite middle-class enough to pay twice for his entertainment. I paid my two bucks and got my money's worth and more. I just wish a few more of my friends could have gotten in. They missed a good thing.

by Steve Collins

Southwestern's third annual "Rite of Spring" concert showed signs of maturing into an event that will merit the pride and respect of students and Memphians for years to come. Last Saturday's musical featured an abundance of mellow tones and provided a serene atmosphere that will insure the return of all who attended. Kenny Wallace observed that, "while not as many students showed up as we would have liked, this year's concert marks a turning point in three years of Social Commission productions.

Warm rays, cool suds, and sailing frisbees have characterized all of the outdoor festivities, and "Now that this one has come off successfully, it will be an annual event for years to come," Charles Briggs predicted, recalling other concerts he has helped plan.

Briggs' invitation to Pure Prairie League the Sunday before second

term finals last year cost him a warning from the FRC. That slap on the hand was worth it to him because "it was a real break that opened up Southwestern to the Memphis community." That opportunity came during an interview with FM-89 when Pure Prairie League expressed a desire to play for more Memphians than their LaFayette's Music Room engagement allowed. Briggs' offer of Southwestern allowed only two days of preparation, but surprisingly, the performance came off well. Numerous Memphians and students enjoyed the free performance, and those serious students unable to condescend attempted in vain to escape the League's harmonious tunes.

It was just a month later that the *River City Review* and Southwestern's SGA co-sponsored the "Free to All" concert in the Overton Park Shell. The well-attended six-hour marathon featured six local bands and had the additional feature of local disc jockeys who gave away records

during stage changes. With no investment to lose and much publicity and experience to gain, the gala moved Southwestern closer to mastering the organization displayed here last weekend. Briggs noted that "last year's concert made Southwestern's name big so that this year we were able to promote it ourselves."

But the crucial step in the evolution was a realization made last fall at the Arts-Crafts-and-Music Festival held in the football stadium.

That event brought to mind the idea of having an outdoor concert inside the stadium fence so that admission could be charged. The opportunity to put up money for big name artists was now possible because ticket sales could offset the overhead. It was with this in mind that Neil Mara, Greg Sims, Charles Briggs and Randy Robertson set about the task of organizing last week's "Rite of Spring" concert.

"About the time of Dilemma" Greg recalls, "we started calling agents to work out some dates." The college's management team wanted to know all the details: how many would come, what toilet facilities, how about rent-a-cops? nursing services? etc.? They were a life-saver. "Every little problem was covered," Charles noted, "and the business office helped by requiring that every penny be accounted for."

A big break came after signing on Willis Alan Ramsey and J.J. Cale, who both record on Shelter records. The local distributor, MCA records, did approximately \$300 worth of promotion for the event, which was a big help. "We did our own posters, t-shirts, and radio promotions," Charles explained, which was possible because of the reputation Southwestern has built up.

Neil Mara has been active in all the music productions at Southwestern in the last two years. He described the weekend as "a gas. You really do get a rush out of the whole thing when you plan it like we did. This is the first one of this scope and size and it took a lot of planning. When national talent is used there is a lot of money involved, and we wanted to insure we would break even."

In round figures, receipts from the concert were \$600 short of the \$6700 spent, but the Social Commission had set aside \$1800 for the concert. This means a budget surplus of at least \$1000. There was an estimated 2000 person turnout.

Looking to the future, the chance of Southwestern sponsoring annual "Rite of Spring" concerts is unlimited. The past three years have witnessed a steady improvement in the quality of outdoor concerts at Southwestern, and additional refinements can be expected. The core of people responsible for this year's event will be around to assist the organizers of future concerts, and with the continued cooperation of the promotion industry and music loving Memphians repeated success can be assured. The annual "Rite of Spring" can become as institutionalized at Southwestern as Dilemma is, and when it is, it will do much to generate pride and respect for Southwestern.



Ken Herrell

Rite of Spring Great Success



David Smathers

SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME

By J. Vest

Tommy is good satire. In the broadest (etymological) sense "satire" means a mixture, a potpourri, and *Tommy* the movie is just that. Of course, there's the music of The Who's "rock opera," now somewhat eviscerated for the screen. There's also the zodiac of stellar "artistes" that the visual/aural pyrotechnics people will pay \$3 to groove on. But most impressive—and most innovative—of the many facets of Ken Russell's film is its satire in the narrow sense.

The traditional banes of the youth culture—parental authority, religion, war—are roundly mocked. But these blatant jibes are seconded by softer slurs against the acid culture itself.

The Acid Queen doesn't make it with the hero. The young people who are followers are complacent, vacant, mesmerized. In the end, their one act of self-assertion is immediately doused by their submission to traditional authority: their passions quickly yield to police sirens. Director Ken Russell effectively short-circuits his symbols and undercuts every positive assertion with wry irony. The systematic destruction he wreaks is characteristic of high satire. Even the concept of "rock opera" is ridiculed: the unmelodious singing voices of Jack Nicholson and Oliver Reed could have been dubbed!

Finest of all satire is parody: the artist laughing not only at the external world, but at himself and

his art as well. Ken Russell's gift for parody rarely surfaced in his period pieces (*Women in Love*, *The Music Lovers*), but it emerges triumphant in *Tommy*. Here are the hand-held camera shots of Stanley Kubrick side by side with the "well-made shots" of Hitchcock. Here are Antonioni's stark white rooms and high-angle shots; Resnais' sparkling glassware; Bergman's long, revealing glances; Fellini's grotesques; Orson Welles' thronging interiors; Polanski's visual sadism; and American International's obligatory conflagration scene. Here are the mystical gestures of laborers associated with Pasolini as well as the mirrors, water, and apotheoses which are hallmarks of Cocteau.

There are direct take-off's on scenes from Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* and Tati's *Traffic*. Although the animation is reminiscent of *The Who's* album graphics, it also recalls *Yellow Submarine*. By incorporating so many elements which are closely associated with major filmmakers, Ken Russell is subtly holding his own cinematographic art up to the light of satire.

There's a lot to *Tommy*: the music, the sound and light spectacular, the stars, the blatant darts, the facile symbolism, and some subtlety of thought and form. It's satire in the classical sense: a melange, a salad—perhaps ambrosia.

Loan Rip-Off

(CPS)—The federal student loan program is being shortchanged again, but this time defaulted student loans aren't the problem.

Texas state and federal officials are currently investigating evidence that about \$200,000 owed on student loans was collected by a private collection agency under contract to the US Guaranteed Student Loan Program, but was never turned over to the federal government.

The collection agency, Collegiate Recovery and Credit Assistance Programs, Inc., has closed and is now being audited by HEW for possible misuse of funds.

State officials said they found evidence that the collection agency was guilty of "improper representation and tactics in the collection of funds and defaulted student loans." One young man who dropped out of a private business college told the *Dallas Times-Herald* that a man posing as a sheriff's deputy came to his job and threatened to put him in jail unless he immediately paid his school loan.

According to HEW, there is no indication so far that the problem exists beyond the regional office in Dallas, which includes Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana.

Some officials have predicted, however, that the irregularities found in Texas may be part of a nationwide scandal. "I don't think there is any question but that this is a serious matter for the entire United States," said Joe Kelley Butler, chairman of the Texas school board.

Because of foul play in Texas, student loan program offices throughout the nation are being checked, an HEW spokesman said.



Dan Houglund

Look forward to the We Ain't Common House this weekend.

Skinner Reconditioned

"Is a pigeon's behavior different from a human's only in degree?" This and other questions were raised last Tuesday as about 40 members of the Southwestern community welcomed Dr. Jerry Gill to the campus to read a paper and lead a discussion on the theories of B.F. Skinner. Gill attacked Skinner for what he called "internal contradictions" built into behaviorism. "If all behavior, which includes verbal behavior," said Gill, "is a result of conditioning. . . then successful conditioning replaces truth and judgment." According to Gill, this reduces Skinner's work itself to just an attempt to condition people into believing in behaviorism. He quoted Skinner himself as saying, "the science of verbal behavior does not admit to truth." To say humans are completely controlled by their environmental conditioning and then to say "look at the evidence" to support that position is contradictory, claimed Gill. "There has to be a notion of truth that transcends conditioning--at least for this one statement." Truth is logically prior to reinforcement contingencies. Gill objected to "extrapolating from the simple (behavior) to the complex," especially if this is then

"pushed as an exhaustive view." He also pointed out that even accepting behaviorism, "how do we decide what behavior to reinforce?"

Professor Charles Warren pointed out in the discussion after the reading of the paper that, "he has scientific evidence on his side and you have only language on yours." Gill was somewhat taken aback by this, and suggested that perhaps "we have been conditioned" into placing more value on science than language itself. To say "that's just a problem with language" does not deal with the problem of Skinner both denying any meaning of the traditional notion of "truth," then claiming that his theories are "true."

Professor Michael McLain pointed out the problem of "can you counter (conditioning) without conditioning?" Gill then suggested that "being conscious of the process changes this."

Dr. Gill is currently a professor of Philosophy at Eckerd College. He spent the past year in Seattle studying the arts and has been speaking at colleges on his way back. He was a professor of philosophy at SW from 1966 to 1968. While on campus he also spoke to the Introduction to Theology class on "Toward a Relevant Theology."

Beyond Freedom of Information

by Paul Feroe

(CPS)--The confusion appears to be subsiding as administrators and students become acquainted with the ins and outs of the recently-enacted Family Rights and Privacy Act, also known as the Buckley amendment after its sponsor, Sen. James Buckley (C-NY).

The law allows college students access to their "educational records" including records, files, documents and other materials maintained by a college which contain information directly related to a student. It also sets limits on the type of information that can be released from a student's files without his permission.

The bill drew sharp criticism from educational institutions and organizations when it was first passed, virtually unnoticed, in November. Educators claimed that the ambiguities and inconsistencies of the bill made compliance impossible.

The bill was later revised and passed by Congress. Shortly after, the Department of HEW issued clarifying regulations--which are themselves still undergoing clarification.

"With all due respect to (Sen. Buckley's office) it was a poorly drafted piece of legislation," said

Ed Glieman of HEW who is handling the questions and violation reports that come to HEW.

"As of March 30 we had 3500 pieces of correspondence concerning the Privacy Act," Glieman said.

According to Glieman there have been around 40 reports of administration non-compliance or violation, but the majority of them have been misunderstandings which were cleared up with a phone call or letter. Three-quarters of the complaints have come from secondary schools, Glieman said. Besides college students, parents of school children under the age of 18 also are given the right to see school files.

"At this point we're assuming that everyone who hasn't complained is complying with the law," said Glieman. "However hard it is to believe, some students and administrators still don't know the law has been amended."

As was feared, some admissions directors are reporting that fewer and less open recommendations are being received from high school counselors at the college level and faculty at the grad school level.

Under the Buckley law, students have a right to see letters of recommendation unless they sign a waiver beforehand.

"The Buckley amendment has made our job harder. . . the recommendations we receive are watered down. The counselors are afraid to be candid," said University of Connecticut/Storrs admissions director John Vlandis.

Recommendations are needed, Vlandis said, to provide information

not included in a student's academic record and to explain inconsistencies in records.

Likewise, at Washington University (St. Louis) useful recommendations have dried up, prompting the Pre-Medical and Pre-Dental Committee to strongly request that pre-medical students sign waivers relinquishing their right to see faculty recommendations.

The Committee pointed out that a lack of recommendations could seriously hamper a student's medical school admission chances because some schools count letters as up to 30% of the total evaluation process.

Besides admissions directors, college news bureaus have run into headaches with the new law.

Going by a strict interpretation, the University of Kansas News Bureau decided that it would no longer release the names of a student's parents without written permission from the student.

The Buckley law provides that a college can only publicly release "directory information" about a student. Directory information includes a student's name, address, telephone listing, date and place of birth, major field of study, participation in officially recognized activities and sports, weight and height if a member of an athletic team, degrees and awards received, as well as dates of attendance, and the most recent previous educational institution attended by a student.

Most other information can be released only if a student signs a waiver giving his permission.

DILEMMA

The Spirit of Dilemma is stirring from the ashes. Organizers Carol Ellis and Jim Newsom are mobilizing early for the March program.

To start off with student input, Carol and Jim are asking for ideas or, better still, polished phrases for the central theme of Dilemma. The field is open to any ideas, although "Why the Beatles Broke Up" and "Underwater Basketry Review" were temporarily set aside.

The Program Committee is also open for ideas for speakers. If you have a patron saint or guiding star that can still walk and talk, submit their names for consideration.

Look for the Dilemma boxes in the Refectory and Student Center. Everything considered, nothing turned away.

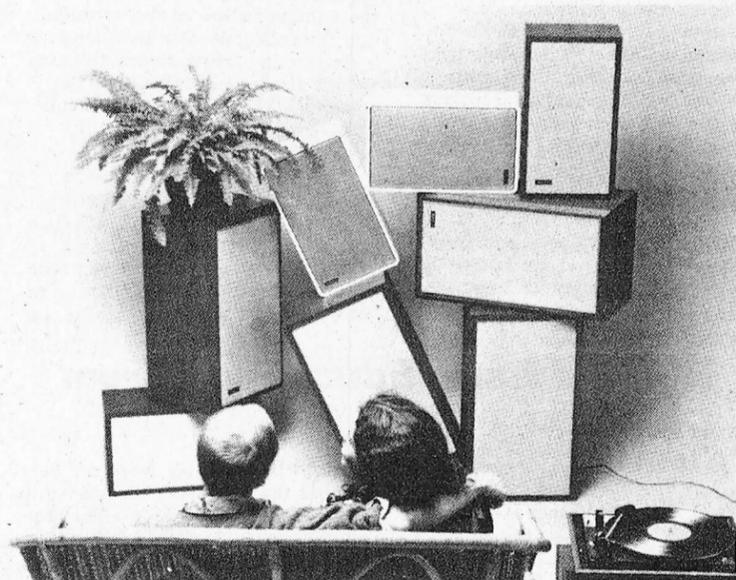
Empty Nest Breeds Best

(CPS)--A team of US university research experts, striking a blow at the popular belief that childless marriages are incomplete, has reported that the happiest married couples are those without children.

The team, headed by members of the Institute for Social Research of the University of Michigan, has issued a series of findings based on interviews with more than 2000 Americans in 1971.

"People with children find that parenthood involves both costs and rewards. During the years of raising small children the costs appear to be substantial," the team said.

The team traced an increase in parental strain--both economic and personal--through the years of raising small children. After the children are grown and the parents are alone the level of strain drops off.



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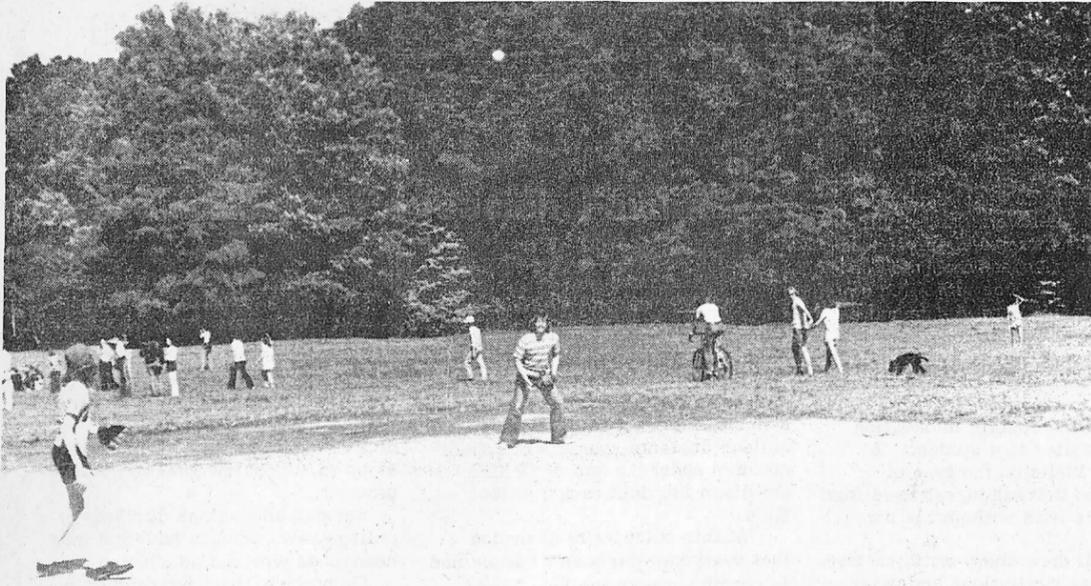
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Ken Herrell

The Men's intramural free for all was, well, yes.

Sandlot Sluggers Drop Series

by Jim Vogel

Ever had everything go wrong but vow to do better next year? Well, that's what the baseball team is saying and they have good reason. It's really all they have left to say after a 1-12 season, nineteen rainouts, and a crippling lack of pitching. Southwestern finished the season at Sewanee as they lost all four games of the CAC tournament. They were beaten 10-4 by Sewanee, 9-1 by Centre, 5-2 by Rose Hulman, the winner of the tournament, and 10-5 by Principia. Yet, next year is not some vague hope which is hung before this poor Southwestern team, but will quite probably come true.

First, several strong freshmen will be returning next year along with experienced sophomores and juniors who will form the (ever-desired) "nucleus" of the team. And, Coach Stauffer is optimistic about

filling the present holes in the infield and pitching with new recruits that he is actively searching for. The problem this year was not that Southwestern put nine incompetents on the field for each game, but that they knew they had the impossible task of winning behind pitchers, save one or two, who had never stood on the mound before. With the prospective talent coming next season, morale should be higher and performance should rise accordingly.

The question remains, however, if this will be enough. After all, Southwestern has only had two winning baseball teams in the last eight years. The time is now for the team to start improving quickly. It is hard to justify a team's existence merely on the grounds that it will be better some time in the future. Lynxcat baseball has had to do that too long.

Two Humps Don't Make A Camel

by Joe Cooper

I sit filling my stomach to sickness with chocolate chop cookies. The sticky sweetness of the comforts of society so tantalize my buds that I am a helpless fly trying to rescue myself from a plate of honey. The of living to a mere handful which must be dealt with in dark rooms to further knowledge, so lengthening life life, and to shade the eyes of other men.

It is good. For how else can man realize his utmost potential: his reign over the earth and all the creatures that wander over it, all the plants that suck nourishment from its soil and sun? How can man understand himself when the world preoccupies him with so many trivial vulgarities that only distract his intellect and distress his emotions? We need not worry our minds with the obscure danger of a lion's leap from the precipice for the lion is in our control, the mountain path guardrailed.

The warm wind blows cool over the sweating brow of the farmer. Each morning he goes with hoe in hand to turn the dirt in his rows,

to pluck the threatening wild flower, to bend a few acres of land to his will or to die on the attempt. His coarseness and crudeness have been forgotten. His tanned, lean body stands tall in our minds because he won.

Now we drive air-conditioned John Deeres with tinted windows. No longer so we suffer from dry, cracked skin. If skin cancer should break through the tinted glass, it can be cured. Unlike the old farmer who knew nothing about skin diseases, we are doing something about them.

There is an emptiness in it. Everything is stuffed to its maximum capacity. In my kitchen I can see the shining yellow of the buttercup and the dull gray-blue that hangs on; a rising sun. My guts are splitting though lunch and dinner have yet to come. Though the world is full of diversity and stimulation, it is lacking.

I must pause my reflection to watch the death of a fly. There seems to be a bit of cookie lying in the sun. Alighting, the fly was attracted to a dark, supersweet blob. As he first sank his front legs in to suck the chocolate more easily, his

greed and thoughtlessness pulled him in further until only half of his squirming body remained above the quagmire. I had pity and was disgusted. I knew not to try to save him for flies are wary of human aid. As the ants began to carry pieces of the cookie away, I wondered if peanut butter cookies might not be less harmful to flies.

NOTICE

Saturday morning at 9:00 Brookings Institute will hold a seminar in either Clough or the women's gym (probably Clough, but check for signs) dealing with analysis and planning of the Memphis area. This is being conducted in conjunction with Mike Cody's campaign for the city council. All persons and inputs are invited and encouraged to attend.

POEM

by Lindajoy

It bothers me sometimes that you seem to love me. You seem to open up and really let us enjoy being friends and being warm and being, and then you pull away and act as though it was a bother to know me and you're glad that nonsense is almost finalized. That you find me bothersome matters little. At times like that you are a bore.

Batey Hosts Education Forum

The Better Schools Committee and the League of Women Voters received a grant from The Tennessee Committee for the Humanities to produce a film on Public Education in Memphis. The film focuses for 15 minutes on two juniors at White Haven High School—a white girl and a black boy. The students are shown in their school activities and interviewed in their homes with their families.

The purpose of the film is to probe the human concerns—hopes and fears—that families experience in Public Education in Memphis today. This 15 minute film is being shown to a panel of three humanists who will analyze the human concerns. Their analysis will be taped and will constitute the last 15 minutes of the 30 minute program. The humanists are Dr. Jameson Jones, Director of Development, Memphis Academy of Arts; Professor Marcus Orr, Department of History, Memphis State University; and Mrs. Margaret Danner, Poet-in-Residence, LeMoyné-Owen College.

Dr. Richard Batey (yes, our very own) is the announcer and moderator for the panel discussion. The program is scheduled to be shown on WMC-TV, Channel 5, on Thursday, May 22 at 7 pm.

The public will be provided an opportunity to respond by telephone and a review of public reaction will be made on the following Sunday, May 25, on Face-to-Face (WMC-TV).

WANTED

Approximately 4 students going to San Francisco or any point in between to share driving and expenses (approximately \$50). Leaving in June—date adaptable. Be in California a month or six weeks. 396-6601

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ANOTHER NOTICE

On Sunday, May 18, at 8:30 p.m. in Hardie Auditorium, Bob Reynolds, a senior Communication Arts major, will present "Saving My Order." This is a one-man show based upon Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and Anouilh's *Becket*, augmented by transcriptions of the actual letters of Thomas Becket to his contemporaries. These include some to King Henry I, a close friend and compatriot who eventually condoned Becket's murder in the cathedral at Canterbury, where he was archbishop. Admission is free.

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