

THE SOU'WESTER



VOL. 58, NO. 20

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS

MARCH 14, 1975

PBK Brings Visiting Scholar, James Tobin



James Tobin

Hall Monitors Are Chosen

Townsend: 1st floor, Herb Gunn; 2nd floor, Phil Mulkey; 3rd floor, Neil Mara.

Glassell: 1st floor, Arthur Kellerman; 2nd floor, Jimmy Meyers; 3rd floor, Gary Gehrki.

Robb: John Daniel.

White: Ricky Williams.

Ellett: Royce Morris.

Bellingrath: 1st floor, Becky Carroll; 2nd floor, Lisa McMaster.

New Dorm: 2nd floor, Marynell Branch; 3rd floor, Pat Flynn.

Trezevant: 1st floor, Ann Lowe; 2nd floor, Cathy Johnson.

Voochies: 1st floor, Jane Thomas; 2nd floor, Laurie Mercier.

Julie Allen will be the administrative resident adviser and will live on third floor Bellingrath.

James Tobin, chairman of the Department of Economics of Yale University, will visit Southwestern At Memphis Thursday and Friday, March 20 and 21, under the Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar Program.

In addition to meeting and talking with students and faculty members, Dr. Tobin will deliver a public address on March 20 on the Southwestern campus. His talk, "The Economics of Inflation and Recession," will be at 8:15 p.m. in Lecture Room "B" of the Frazier Jelke Science Center.

The Visiting Scholar Program was begun in 1956 to provide students across the country with exposure to established scholars in various disciplines. Under the program, sponsored by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, a visiting scholar spends two days on campus and takes full part in the academic life of the institution.

Dr. Tobin will be the guest of honor at Southwestern's annual Scholarship Banquet at 7 p.m., March 20. The banquet honors initiates to Phi Beta Kappa, new members of Mortar Board and Omicron Delta Kappa honorary societies and members of the Honor Roll for the first term.

During his two days on campus Tobin will meet with several classes, discussing topics related to material currently under study. His lectures to the classes will cover such subjects as tax reform, welfare reform, monetary theory and U.S. economic policy.

Tobin has been Sterling Professor of Economics at Yale since 1957. From 1955 to 1961 he was director of the Cowles Foundation in Economics at Yale. He is author or co-author of

several books including *The American Business Creed*, *National Economic Policy*, *Essays in Economics*, *Financial Markets and Economic Activity* and *The New Economics One Decade Older*.

Dr. Tobin has been on the Yale faculty since 1950. In 1972-73 he served as visiting professor at the University of Nairobi, Kenya. His chief fields of interest are economic theory, monetary theory and policy, economic growth, income distribution, consumer behavior and econometrics.

In 1955 he received the John Bates Clark award of the American Economic Association for his "significant contribution to economic thought and knowledge."

He was president of the American Economic Association in 1971 and is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Sta-

tistical Association, the Econometric Society, the American Philosophical Society and the National Academy of Sciences. He was a senior fellow of the Society of Fellows at Harvard University from 1947 to 1950.

Tobin is a consultant to the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System and a senior adviser of the Brookings Institution Panel on Economic Activity, and in 1961-62 was a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. He is a former member of the executive committee of the National Research Council and currently is a member of the National Committee on Tax Justice.

He graduated summa cum laude from Harvard University and later earned his master's and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard. He also holds LL.D. degrees from Syracuse University, the University of Illinois and Dartmouth College.

Weekend Symposium Questions Present Community Conscience

By Carol Ellis

The Southwestern and Memphis communities participated in a Re-birth of the American Conscience this past weekend as the Dilemma speakers focused on such relevant issues as conservation, population control, the economy, the Middle East crisis, human rights, and alternatives for the future.

Environmentalist Stephanie Mills and marine biologist Jack Rudloe were the kickoff speakers on Friday in separate seminars. Mills discussed the future of American agriculture and energy usage. She described a farming community in New

England called "The Alchemists" who are experimenting with a system of planting "companion crops" alongside a main crop to act as natural insecticides and to enrich the soil. She also suggested that Americans limit their use of aerosols since the freon they contain destroys the ozone zone in the atmosphere which protects us from the sun's ultraviolet rays.

Rudloe presented a slide show on some of the areas in Florida which he is trying to save from "development."

Robert Theobald, a socio-economist and futurist, spoke at a seminar on Friday afternoon and again on Saturday morning with Stephanie Mills. They examined the present educational system and criticized its emphasis on regurgitation of facts. Southwestern's Center for Alternative Future received praise for "inventing the future."

Andrew Young, congressman of Atlanta's fifth district, opened his address Friday night by posing the question whether America has ever had a conscience or not. He pointed out how the record of history "shows this country raping the land the Indians held sacred" and describes the subjection of Africans to slavery and suppression. On a positive note, he commented that the country's "ability to come through Watergate and Vietnam quickly and smoothly is a tribute to the American conscience being reborn on a day to day basis."

James Dickey, southern poet and author of *Deliverance*, read poems by request on Friday night. He invited student Scott Prosterman to join with him in a dramatic reading
(Continued on Page 4)

History Of Southwestern -- No. 7

Spirit Of Southwestern Passed

By Linton Weeks

One doesn't often hear the term "school spirit" any more. Outspoken loyalty to one's college vanished somewhere between the raccoon coats and the nakedness of streaking. Varsity athletics at many schools are sold as a promotional product. Fortunately, or unfortunately, athletics play second string to academics at Southwestern. School spirit fell victim to the revolution in the last decade and now bows to scholarship.

In the spring of 1928, Clarence Saunders (owner of Pink Palace and organizer of automated chain store system) sponsored a competitive spirit song writing contest and offered one hundred dollars for "the best Southwestern rally song."

Twenty-one songs were submitted. They were judged by six faculty members. The committee of judges selected five songs altogether, but only two of these "were rousing songs which more nearly fulfilled the requirements of the contest."

Elizabeth MacDonald and Adolph Steuterman divided the prize money. Patrick O'Sullivan also received an award for three songs he wrote.

DIXIE SONG

By Elizabeth MacDonald

We piled the stones of Dixie 'neath the blue of Dixie skies.
Where now the walls and towers of Dixie's finest college rise.
And we who love her cloistered halls and make the echoes ring

In praise of her and all that's hers as loyalty we sing:

Oh, Hail! Southwestern, hail! The Lynx Cat cannot fail,
Southwestern's spirit back of you, To show them all what we can do.
Remember, Fight until you win, And victory's ours again.
For every loyal heart will rally To the college of the Mississippi Valley.
Oh Valley.

GANGWAY

By Patrick O'Sullivan

Southwestern, Southwestern,
Gangway for Southwestern.
You've got the pep, you've got the rep, you've got to get the game.
The ladies all are here. They're sending you good cheer.
Just keep that ball a rolling, goaling for Southwestern's football fame.

The cheers that echo on Ferguson Field from the past are far less imaginative and suggestive as today's cheers of syncopated grunts. The Official Southwestern Song Book also contains a few of the official cheers of 1928.

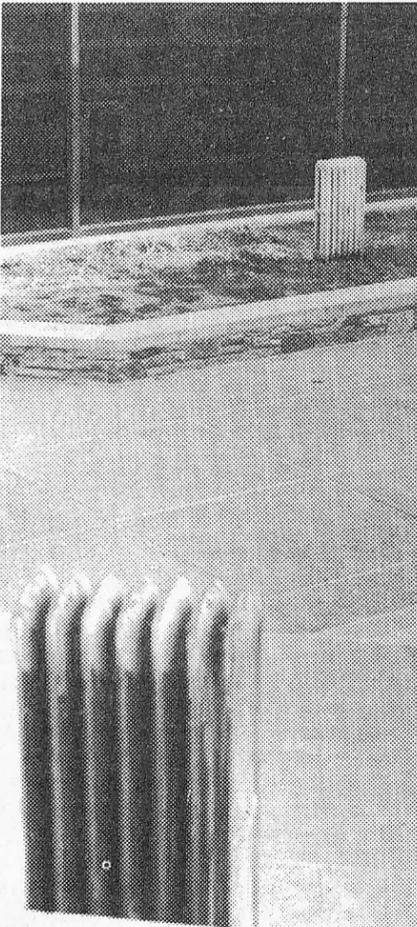
SKY ROCKET

(Whistles)

Boom! Ram! Team!

HALAKAHAK

Around the end we go very well,
But through the center we go like—Halakahak, halakahak!
Pass the ball to the quarterback,
One, two, shove 'em through—Down!



Dr. Ray D. Eighter, the renowned authority on the energy crisis, addresses a sparse audience.

Photo by Mitch Wilds

Honor Council Class Delegates

Rising Sophomores: Sandy Schaefer, Ron Sims, Martha Nixon, Bess Shirley.

Rising Juniors: Brian Sudderth, Katherine Bullard, Louise Rutkowski.

Rising Seniors: Frank Brown, Jim Newsome, Julie Allen, Laurie Mercier.

Weeks' Week

Dilemma '75 was good and solid. The seminars and addresses were well attended. All the speakers showed up (with more variety than sobriety). But the theme of Dilemma '75 is still ringing in my head.

"Rebirth of the American Conscience" was not a bad theme, as far as these things go. Apparently only half of the speakers cared what the theme was—maybe we don't need a theme next year. Theobald, Mills, Young (and Rudloe I am told), addressed themselves directly to the issue of the American conscience. Rukeyser almost talked about it and Morris, Hayeck and Dickey made a mockery of the American Conscience.

James Dickey soaked his conscience sufficiently so he would not feel the pangs of his superego when he passed out before his seminar on Friday. He then threw the Dilemma Steering Committee into panic by disappearing from his room just before his evening address. He finally was escorted in by an acquaintance and spoke for an hour exactly to a near capacity crowd.

Perhaps he got religion late Friday night, perhaps he wanted to make sure he was paid the two grand he had come for or perhaps his conscience hurt, but whatever the reason he appeared at an impromptu seminar Saturday and was surprisingly delightful, but as for speaking to the theme of American Conscience...

The real travesty of conscience was the outlandish lesson in propaganda we were taught by Morris and Hayeck. Under the guise of two knowledgeable representatives of the two sides of a horrible and armnipotent war, the Dilemma speakers lowered themselves and us to a depth below perception. I was laughing along with the rest of the people until someone close to me pointed out the fine line that the speakers had crossed—that between comedy and tragedy.

Well, congratulations to Dilemma '75. What is important is not what was, but what will be . . . not who spoke, but what was said, not the Rebirth of American Conscience but the afterbirth.

Letters To Editors

The AOPi Stunt Night was a disservice to the college and a discredit to the student body of Southwestern at Memphis. The evening was intended to be a showcase of humor and fundraising venture. What transpired was a display which insulted both judges and spectators alike. This appears to be due to a number of factors. (1) The AOPi's did not exercise sufficient screening of the content of skits. (2) A number of organizations did not show restraint in allowing some members to produce and perform stunts with objectionable material.

The Social Regulations Council does not wish to act as a censor. However, it should be remembered that general campus activities such as Stunt Night are not limited to the viewing of the student body, but are open to alumni, trustees, and the Memphis community as well. Therefore, performances reflect not only the talent and integrity of the Performing group, but the talent and integrity of the Southwestern community as a whole. The SRC expresses the hope that the appropriate groups and individuals will take certain steps as are necessary in avoiding a repetition of this year's Stunt Night.

Social Regulations Council

DILEMMA '75



Photos by Mitch Wilds

IFC Memo

Memo: All member fraternities

The Interfraternity Council, at its meeting on March 4, has found it necessary to express its concern over the actions of some of its member fraternities during the Alpha Omicron Pi Stunt Night. The Council feels that the fraternities, in some cases, have lost sight of the goals of events like Stunt Night and as a consequence have shown actions not entirely favorable to the fraternities, their members, this Council, and this college. The IFC realizes that part of the blame for these unfavorable actions must fall upon its shoulders, and if other instances of these objectionable acts do occur in the future, the Council will consider disciplinary and regulatory policies.

Respectfully,
Spence Fricke
President

SOU'WESTER



Editor:
Dan Matics

Managing Editor:
Jim Vogel

Associate Editors:

Andy Branham

Linton Weeks

Copy Editor: Ingrid Ortiz

Staff: Nancy Gould, Leslie Doster, Dan Searight, Herb Gunn, Bonnie Moore, Rhys Scholes, Patti Smith, Andy Scott, Katherine Pritchard, Ruth Millman, Larry Crawford, Carol Ellis, Susan Williford, Patricia Terry, Marty West.

Layout Editor:
Katherine Maddox

Sports Editor: John Daniel

Photography Editors:
Walter Allen, Mitch Wilds

City Editor: Allison Jones

Women's Glib, Sentimental Smut

Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More

Directed by Martin Scorsese
Written by Robert Getchell

The way it was hard for Alice Hyatt, Alice who grew up in the post depression Steinbeckian tradition of rural life in and around Monterey in California. It is this picture of youth, on the farm, wanting to leave, to sing, that we catch briefly at the beginning, but which shapes the tone of the rest of the picture for us. It is a picture of gloom, but of determination, young, fierce and basic, free from any real ties. This is the Alice we meet twenty-seven years later in a dreary Oklahoma town, dreams deflated, sewing, shopping, raising a child and living for a man.

At this point, and indeed at many points throughout the picture, the movie is geared to show the tediousness of life, how one falls into life's fatal artifice and becomes trapped in the housewife horror of fading slowly with no one to notice, or to care. It is a classic study of our times, the boredom and meaninglessness of life in Suburbia, in the seventies, that few movies in this decade have touched.

From the beginning, Alice is shown to be bright, witty and endowed with a remarkable ability to rise above the life that seems determined to crush her. She often spits in the eye of society, using high school profanity and snappy one liners to shoo away the spectre that seems to always lurk beside her door. Her kid, Tommy, is a xerox of Alice, copying her facile smut and glib way of approaching disaster and coming off as a very bright and loving, but sometimes spoiled and basically resentful, child.

Men are used throughout the picture as a vehicle for getting Alice from one jam to another. They are seen as nothing more than objects of gratification to the desires and the needs which Alice can't seem to suppress. The Coca-Cola truck driver husband of Alice, Billy Greenbush, is both angry and indifferent, cruel and, at best, passive. He is first seen as the faceless body that keeps the bed warm and pantry full, and maybe should be left that way. His sudden death on the highway is a powerful blow to the stable, though stagnant life of Alice, and though grief is the initial response it is relief that follows, as seen in the song "Daniel" by Elton John used in their departure scene from Oklahoma. Quite by luck, Alice has escaped her cage, a cage which not only entrapped but protected her as well. She has no job experience at all other than the short time she spent as a singer at nineteen. She sees this as her chance now to chase the childhood dream that marriage stole from her.

Albuquerque is Alice's first step towards Monterey, home of all those childhood dreams, where she vows to Tommy she'll return and work as a singer and send him to school. With the money she received from the sale of the house and belongings she buys some "sexy" clothes and, after some tearful tales, finds a job. "Peggy Lee it ain't" is a good way to describe her talents; Alice's voice is throaty with a "wobble" in it, but the songs are good and the soundtrack will leave anyone who enjoys a good bathroom serenade humming for hours afterward.

During her job Alice meets Ben Eberhart (Harvey Keitel) who is the classic example of a sociopath. After seducing Alice by flattery and youthful wiles he comes across as the sadist he is, beating his wife and threatening Alice. The result is to cause Alice to pack up and leave her job behind to escape the male menace. Anyone who doesn't think all men are bastards by now isn't very sensitive to Alice's plight. The violence of her first two encounters and their empty headed approach to life beside Alice's warm and caring attitude

is enough to turn any girl to celibacy.

Her last stop is Tucson, where Alice tearfully accepts the only job available, a waitress at Mel and Ruby's Cafe. Without a doubt, the cafe scenes are the best. Here the boredom of such a structured life and its consequent despair are vividly contrasted to the absurdity of the whole situation. Tension will grow and grow only to explode into some very good relief-producing comedy scenes. Slapstick, like one liners and easy curse words, is used to lower the anxiety levels in the movie, to make Alice and Tom's lives bearable.

The movie, too, is a movie of contrasts, contrasts between ultimate despair and side-splitting hilarity. There are very few in between, no shades of grey. The third man she meets offers this inevitable contrast; a jet plane flies over, who does she see but good looking, easy talkin' twinkle-eyed David Barrie (Kris Kristofferson). Of course a review never reveals the end of a movie so I'll leave you in suspense.

Though the producers would like to exploit the picture as being a story of female liberation, it is not that at all. Ellen Burstyn has created a very unique, seemingly liberated in a so-

cial sense, but still very dependent character. A woman who, before her husband's death, flatly states she could easily live without men, finds the temptation for warmth and security so great that she is perpetually tortured by it. It is a statement of a woman, of her generation's dependence on the male, but moreover it is a statement on woman nature keenly observed in the anesthetized, morally jumbled world of the middle class thirty to forty group and their adolescent groping for faith and security in a self-centered and very boring world.

The role of Alice is masterfully done, overshadowing any female performance I have seen this year (Valerie Perrine included), and definitely merits "Best Actress" for Ms. Burstyn. Tommy is played by the spidery Alfred Lutter and shows great insight for a child actor, a talent which I believe far outshadows that of the more famous Tatum O'Neal or Jodie Foster who appears as Audrey with him in the film. Homeletic Kris Kristofferson as David is mellow and good lookin' but leaves much to be desired as a rancher; but he is at his best here (in comparison to his role as Billy the Kid) and is, for a singer, solid in his part. Finally,

great praise must go to Diane Ladd who plays Flo, one of the other waitresses at Mel & Ruby's. She is both common and genteel, understanding, with all the wiles of a woman of the world, the problems of Alice, and is almost eloquent in her cross, country spun obscenities. Her part is played with the vigor and style of a great actress and along with Ellen Burstyn, delivers what is one of the greatest toilet scenes in the history of the cinema.

Despite its rancid rancher (though good lover), sometimes shaky cinematography, and modified Prince Charming solution, it is a landmark film in both content and the way it approaches a relatively ignored subject quite directly. Alice and Tom are both very full characters, well presented, well acted. The mixing of genuine pathos without slick sentimentality and busting out, absurd, joyous humor is an obscure thing, and done better here than I've ever seen it done before. Whenever a movie approaches truth, great art is hinted at. Here we have those hints in piano scenes echoing "Casablanca," and a piece of American Life finally cut out and served up before us as something unique, and maybe worthwhile. Branham

Southwesterner In Memphis

By Allison Jones

I would like to retract a statement. In fact, I would like to retract an attitude toward life.

Remember last week when I was taking life in stride and telling everyone to relax on Sunday and enjoy the moment? That was last week and it is now the middle of March and near the end of second term. Pollyanna has begun to see the Bette Davis side of life. There are some harsh realities to face before the end of Term II.

Two papers, two tests, comps and final exams. Yes, I'm sure you could tell me worse things about yourself. About this time of the term, countless people come up to you and say, "You would not believe how much I have to do in three weeks—three papers, four exams . . ." But you're not listening. You've phased them out and you're waiting for the sound they are making to stop so you can tell them a taller tale. All that matters is that you are assured other people are as miserable as you. It's the good ole church school atmosphere and the Gold-plated Rule.

Last Sunday after three hours of intensive studying (your threshold for concentration increases every year,

but not, I repeat, not without damage to your mental health.) I said to myself in a hoarse and pitiful voice, "It is time for a minor distraction."

Have you ever tried to review John Dryden? To watch me reread Dryden is like watching "Death eating a cracker" (to borrow a line from John Turpin).

For my distraction I would go for a leisurely bike ride through Overton Park. There I would see people playing softball, families having picnics, and wierdos waxing their cars. How good it would be to see real people who didn't even know who Dryden is and who can laugh about how they made a 1.5 in their senior year twenty years ago.

Last Sunday was a gloomy day if you recall. It was chilly, grey, and still, and drizzling intermittently. Even if the outdoors would not do much to lighten my mood, at least I would be getting exercise.

Sunday is "People's Day," as you know, and no cars are admitted in the park. That thought comforted me; at least I wouldn't have to worry about souped-up Orange Dusters blowing me off the road, or some guy leaning against his car whittling a stick. No, to me whittling sticks is not a seemingly innocent occupation. Can you imagine coming home from church, eating a big meal, leaning back in the kitchen chair, and saying off handedly, "This seems like the perfect day to go to the park and whittle a stick." Anyone who can go to the park and feel safe is more dangerous than 95% of the people there.

I would be safe on my bicycle. Not safe from other bicyclists but at least from the creepies hiding behind the trees.

Riding past the parking lot, I noticed that there were very few cars. It would be rather depressing to see

the monkeys huddling together on Monkey Island in the drizzle, I thought to myself.

There was no one that I could see walking or riding on the road to the art academy. The drizzle, of course, started up again. I was having difficulty appreciating the beauty of the park. I didn't even see the trees, I was busy looking in between them for watchful whittlers. I started pedaling faster; it was time to get this minor distortion over with.

All of a sudden I saw a group of boys up ahead. From 30 yards away I couldn't tell if they were at the rock or the rape age. At this point I had time to slow down and turn back, but something made me pedal faster. I was thinking, "Stop being paranoid. Even if a lot of abnormals come to this park, don't let it make you demented too. They're just a bunch of schoolboys."

Well, even adolescent criminals go to school, and when they saw me coming, they started moving out in the road. Throwing rocks was kid stuff to them, and they were certainly not taking a break from John Dryden. As I raced towards them, they were getting older, bigger, and horrible in more than twelve different ways. When I reached top speed, I raised up from my seat and as I zoomed through their attempted blockade, I screamed in a piercing, falsetto voice "Hellooo" — with a moronic smile on my face.

They didn't even try to chase me. Some of them backed off and some of them had a confused look on their face. I had triumphed; to them I was a female Ichabod Crane whose head was even wierder than no head at all.

Meanwhile I was trying to decrease my speed. My body was trembling so much I could hardly bend my knees to sit on the seat. My heart was pounding and I was panting.

My minor distraction took no more than fifteen minutes. I was still scared but, I was rather proud.

DINO'S
Southwestern Grill
Specialties
RAVIOLI and SPAGHETTI
645 N. McLean
Memphis, Tenn.

AL'S TECHNICIANS
Repairs To VW's
3671 Jackson
386-9424

JERRY'S GARAGE
2408 Summer Ave.
Complete Auto Repairs
10% Discount On
Parts For Students

Great Star Supermarket
651 N. McLean
Cold Beer, Fresh Fruit
Quick Snacks

JAMES E. CISSOM
ED'S EXXON
Mechanic on Duty
Road Service
585 N. McLean Ph. 274-1881

Phone 452-9114
Pat's Pizza
Restaurant
Best Steaks & Spaghetti In Town
Jumbo Sandwiches
Open 6:00 P.M. Till ??
Pat Patterson, Owner & Manager
2890 SUMMER ST., MEMPHIS, TENN.

Varsity Basketball: The Retrospective

By Scott Prosterman

The basketball team finished the 74-75 season with a 100-85 loss to Freed-Hardeman last week to complete the season's record at 8-15. Although this statistic would hardly indicate a banner year for any team, it is a marked improvement over three consecutive seasons of only four wins.

The season began very much in tune with last year's team as the Lynxcats were outclassed by Tulane 97-59 at New Orleans. The initial white-washing was followed by six more consecutive losses, that left the squad all but void of any motivating spirit. However, in the final loss of that losing streak, the Lynx showed some renewed ability in playing team basketball, as Lambuth came away with a 92-79 decision. The Lambuth game showed several signs of encouragement, namely in working for the high percentage shot on offense, and the general realization that we could play better than past results had shown.

The renewed attitude was displayed in the next game as the Lynx edged Whitworth 62-61 in the opening round of the Dixie Tournament. The first win, however, was followed by another disappointing loss: this time to crosstown rival CBC, 67-57 in the final round of Southwestern's home tournament. This loss seemed to deflate the team's spirit again, as the Lynx were routed by Freed-Hardeman 92-61 in the next home game.

The Freed-Hardeman game seemed to point out all the negative aspects of the Lynxcat's game in what was called a "complete mental and physical letdown by everyone," by forward Steve Dreher.

The team responded to the F-H embarrassment with five consecutive victories, including three on the road at CBC, Trevecca, and Centre. These wins marked the first successful road efforts for Southwestern since the '71-'72 season. The win streak was climaxed by a 64-63 win over conference rival Sewanee, who recently made an unsuccessful appearance in the NCAA Division III regional tournament. However, the highlight of the season was probably the 59-57 win at CBC, in what Coach Don Duckworth called "the greatest win in Southwestern basketball history."

The Sewanee win was followed by perhaps the most disappointing loss of the season, as the Lynx fell four points shy of Rose-Hulman, 66-62 in an extremely physical game. The R-H loss took much of the fire from the Lynx' winning drive as we dropped the next four straight to Oglethorpe, Millsaps, Whitworth, and Lambuth.

These losses left the Lynxcats with only a two-game conference home stand, with which to salvage some respectability out of the season. The response was a consistent effort on both ends of the court in an 80-73 win over Centre, followed by an exciting

82-80 win over Principia the next day. This sweep gave some cause for satisfaction with the season's overall performance, that was to be somewhat tarnished by the final loss to Freed-Hardeman.

Reviewing the season's record will show it to be one of streaks and inconsistencies. It should be noted that the winning streaks appeared at the times the student support seemed to pick up. Several players noted that the spirit on the team usually reflected the support they were getting at the games.

It might also be noted that the initial losing streak seemed to have been accompanied by a distinct lack of communication between the players and Coach Duckworth. At times there were outright displays of personal disagreement or conflict that seemed to carry over to the court. But the personal conflicts were submerged during the mid-season winning streak, to which Coach Duckworth attributed to having everyone healthy for the first time.

Much of the credit for any success the Lynx had this year must go to team captain Steve Rast. Aside from carrying an important share of the scoring load, the senior guard provided a very big leadership element that was shown in his authoritative manner of running the offense, and sometimes vicious defense.

Aside from Rast, the Lynx will lose reserve guard Louis Phillips to graduation. Both seniors make important

contributions in displaying the attitude necessary to keep going during the more dismal times of basketball.

For next year, Coach Duckworth looks for improvement with the return of leading scorer and rebounder Dan Anderson, along with other front-liners Randy Hodges, Bo Coley, David McWilliams, Smitty Charleton, and Dreher. In the backcourt the Lynx return Greg Fields, Joe Meals, Win Walker, and Benson Davis. Also, Duckworth reflected some optimism in recruiting some players out of the high school and junior college levels.

So the prospects for next year look much brighter on paper, but a winning season will depend on much more than statistics. No team can find much inspiration to win when they can feel the emptiness of the gym during the game. The lack of support is a definite factor in the overall performance of any athletic team.

Weekend Symposium

(Continued from Page 1)

of the debate scene in *Deliverance*. At his Saturday seminar, Dickey answered questions from the audience about his poetry and said that he conceived of poetry "as a kind of magic."

Louis Rukeyser's wit and economic wisdom provided insight into the financial problems facing Americans today. He called the recession "a natural payback of inflation," which was the result of "unrestricted government spending irresponsibly financed" and wage and price controls.

Yaakov Morris, the Israeli minister to the United Nations, and Joseph Hayeck, President of the United Arab Federation, came to verbal blows in the final seminar.

Lump Picks 'Em

NCAA Tournament Predictions		
First Round — March 15		
Favorite	Margin	Underdog
East Regionals		
Lasalle	1	Syracuse
No. Carolina	2	New Mex. St.
Furman	3	Boston College
Pennsylvania	7	Kansas St.
Midwest Regionals		
Cent. Michigan	5	Georgetown
Kentucky	6	Marquette
Indiana	18	UTEP
Oregon St.	10	MTSU
Midwest Regionals		
Cincinnati	3	Texas A&M
Louisville	9	Rutgers
Maryland	13	Creighton
Notre Dame	3	Kansas
West Regionals		
Arizona St.	7	Alabama
UN-Las Vegas	6	San Diego St.
UCLA	9	Michigan
Utah St.	3	Montana

NCIT Tournament	
Games for March 13	
Arizona 86.7	vs. East Carolina 78.8
USC 91.6	vs. Drake 82.5
Games for March 14	
Purdue 87.6	vs. Missouri 84.0
Tennessee 91.9	vs. Bowl. Green 79.6
Games for March 15	
Winner of Ariz.—E.C.	vs. Winner of Purdue—Missouri
Winner of USC—Drake	vs. Winner of Tenn.—B.G.
Games for March 16	
Championship and Consolation	
NIT Tournament	
Games for March 14	
Massachusetts	1 Manhattan
Clemson	12 Providence
Games for March 15	
So. Illinois	2 Pittsburgh
St. John's	7 Lafayette
Games for March 16	
So. Carolina	11 Connecticut
Holy Cross	2 Princeton
Memphis St.	3 Oral Roberts
Oregon	16 St. Peter's

BIG DADDY IS BACK!

Budweiser on Tap

Pitcher: \$1.50

Draft: \$.35

Best Barbecue in Town!

1353 Madison