



The Yearbook of Southwestern at Memphis
Nineteen Hundred Seventy-Nine
Volume Forty-Six

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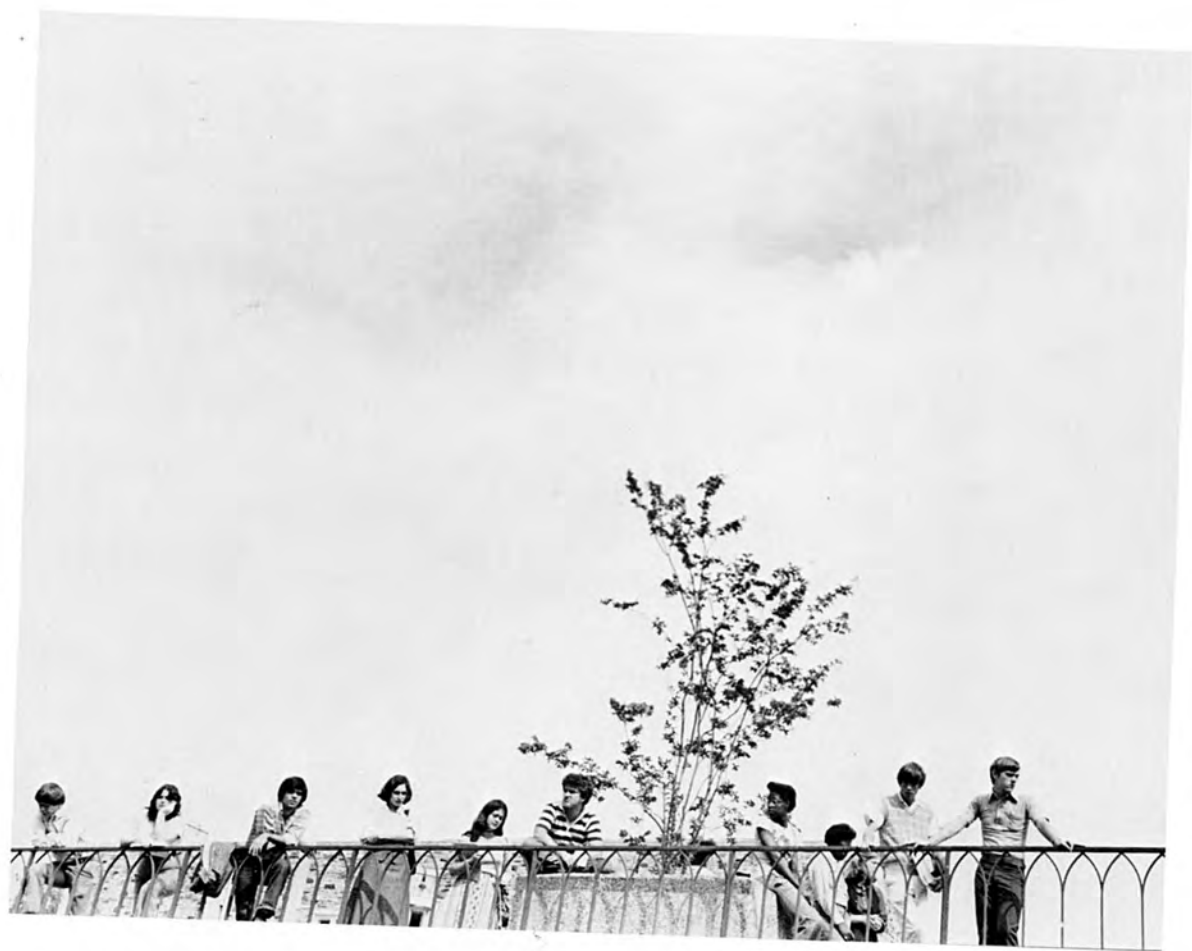
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Editor: Deck Reeks



















































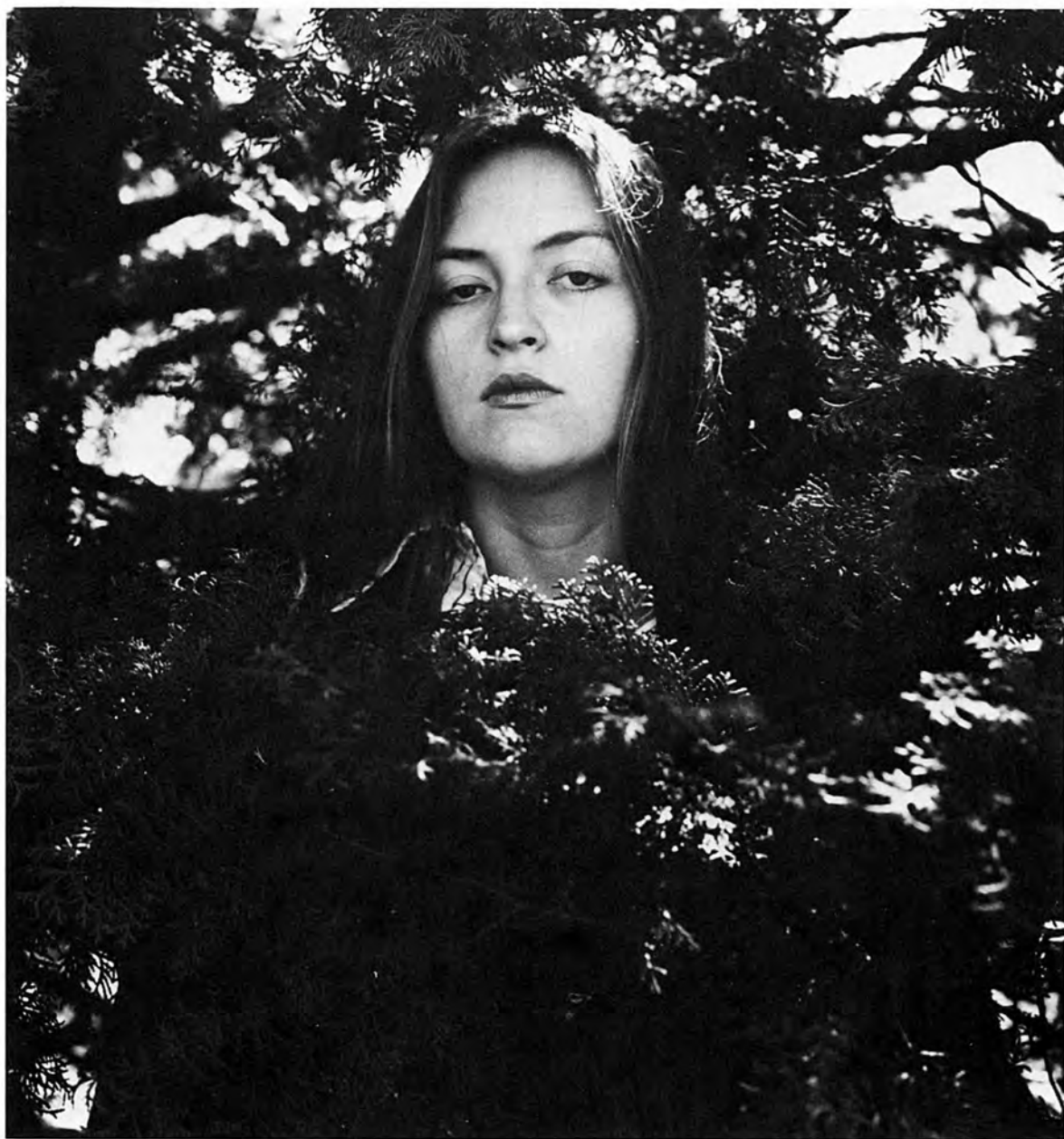
JOURNAL ENTRIES

The powdery night's snow covered the quad outside of Bellingrath's door on my way to breakfast. In the refectory, I saw immediately that the place was lit up special--that the white of outdoors has been translated into bright gold of the student's hair, and the tables with their wooden benches. I sat down by familiar faces to eat and didn't even listen to conversation . . . just staring a forkful of food before they go in . . . The snow outside is translated into murmurs indoors.

Paul came back out of the library for some reason and caught up with me as I was shimmering the surface of that ground gleefully. Sarcastic--always sarcastic with that boy--but my mind's juices were churning and gurgling full flow at that particular moment, and the metaphysical gibberish fairly rolled out of my head. Paul's wit is sharp and unmatched--except maybe by his overwhelming roommate--and our journey to the Student Center is just one long spiel of suppressed, delighted laughter.

I stare out my window this afternoon thinking about the work I've done and have plenty of time to do, about the girls in this suite who see Edward come in and shut the door--they hear the giggles and know what's going on in here. Just *this* sets me apart from them. I feel it acutely although I don't really react to it. What could I do? There is a big difference between the life style I've had established for me and the ones they are forced to live through limitations--and I feel alienated. I sit in this room alone and feel the need to share excitements with them . . . but they only stare blankly at me. I guess I do have more than my share of happiness where the men and the academics are concerned.

Liz Hart





Soccer team ties for CAC title

The playing field was completely quiet. At the end of regulation time and overtime, there was still no score in the CAC match between Principia and Southwestern. Now a winner had to be determined by five players from each team taking turns in a penalty kick shoot-out. If Principia won, they stood a good chance of winning the conference. Southwestern, having fallen to Sewanee 2-1 that morning, had to win to stay alive. The Principia players scored on their first two shots, but Southwestern's Robert Montgomery and Rodney Nash followed suit, tying the score at 2-2.

As the third Principia kicker approached the ball, the silence was broken by the sound of goalkeeper Greg Volgas' hands slapping together. The shot was waist-high and to his right. The next sound on the field was that of the ball bouncing off his outstretched hands.

John Trussel and Taylor Phillips each scored, but so did the last two Principia players. Then Greg came out of the goalmouth to drill home the fifth and final shot. Both teams finished the round-robin tournament with a 3-1 record and a share of the conference crown.

Each team played four games during a three-day period.

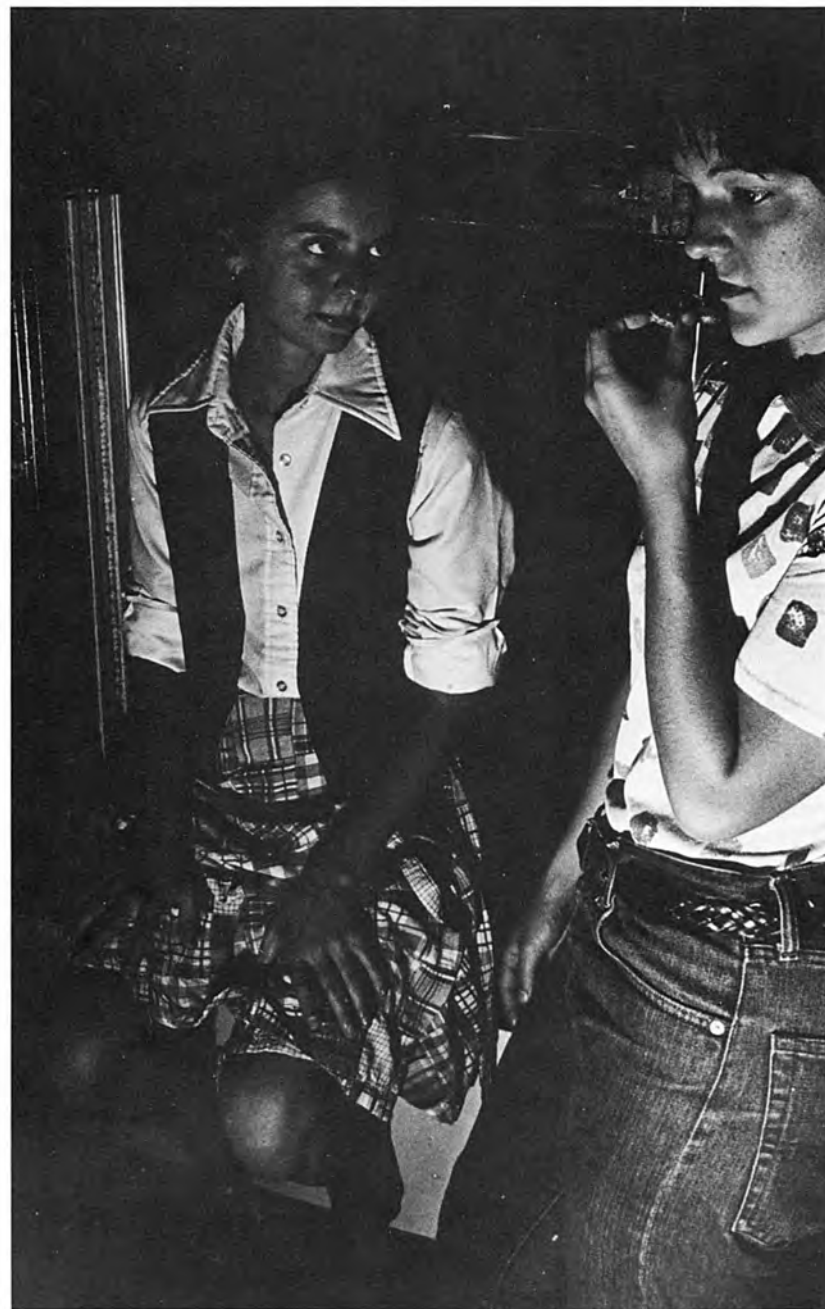












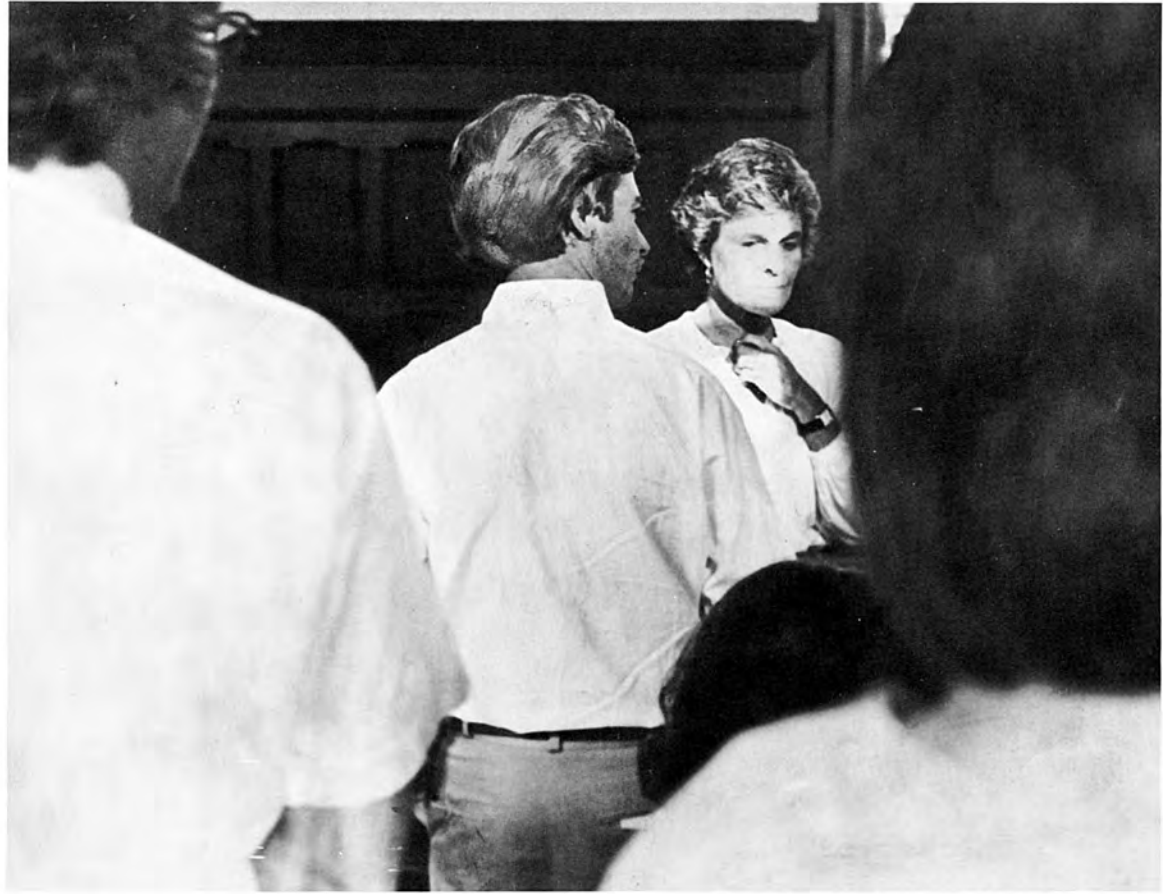






Jim's room at
2:15 PM
2/24/79
#





... Everyone has a different reality, each real to each individual, no one's is more real than another's or does one have greater quality over another. One never mentally conceives another's reality as the other lives it, but we all try to. Each reality sees different quality. Each reality has different realms, values, expectations, and rigidities. Each reality stores different problems and questions on their own mental shelves. Each reality has different thought processes and different levels of romantic emotion as classical logic. Different is a mild term to describe one reality from another reality. One would say a marble is "different" from a battleship, and one would use "different" to describe how one grain of sand is "different" from the next grain of sand. Each reality has a "religion."

... I don't know how to define "religion" but the basics of mine are stored on a mental shelf waiting for me to take down and play with, think on, and discover. Yet I know I am a religious person. Each person lives their own reality and each feels the world is centered about himself in this reality. Other people are there only for his folly. When he doesn't see them they are only resting till next time.

People don't exist out of one's reality. Nothing exists out of one's reality. If something is not in one's reality it doesn't exist. Everyone and everything has his own reality. None any more vivid or advanced. Everything we know only exists in our reality. We condemn persons whose reality seems to fall outside our reality's realm. A store exists in our reality just as vividly, truthfully as multiplication, gravity, the speed of light, or the day before we are born.

Something outside one's reality is hard to see but even harder are things within our reality because they don't seem to be in our reality but they seem to be truths, know facts and hide in that light. A ghost in outside my reality because my realm of experience tells me I have never experienced a ghost. My realm of experience tells me ghosts can't be or haven't been seen, heard, felt, smelled, or sensed in my past or present. My reality's rigidity tells me things outside of my realms don't exist, but I have neither smelled, tasted or felt or seen truth either.

We never know anything but past because of time lag between our reality and the present.

When two people talk they are the only reality, nothing else exists...

Deck Reeks







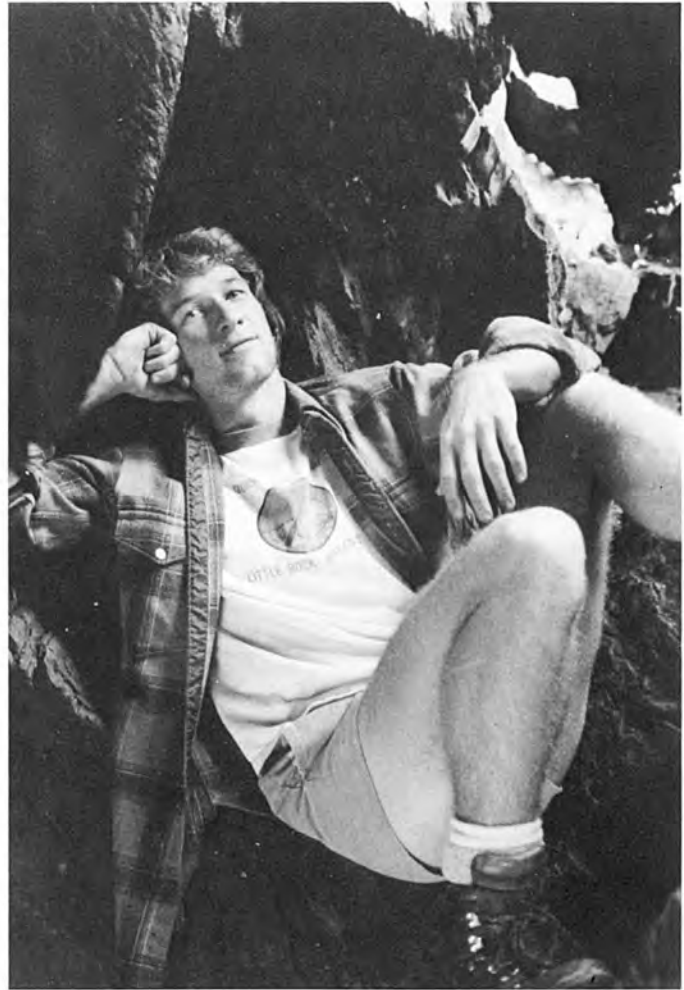














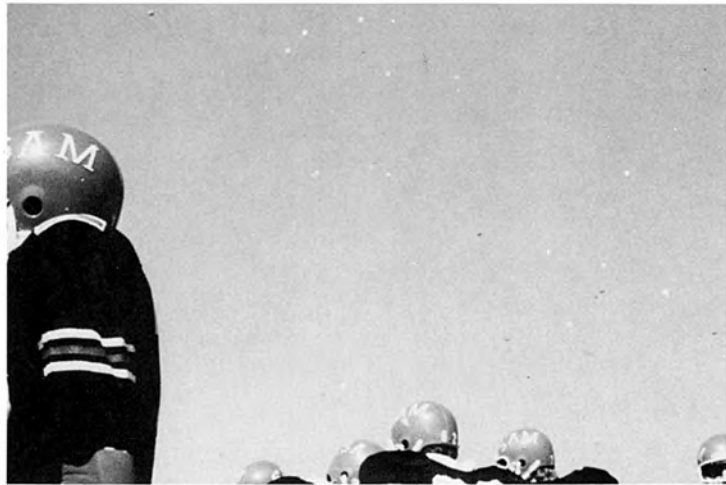
ORPHEUM THEATRE
MEMPHIS, TENN.
FRIDAY 8:00 P. M.
WORLD PREMIER BENEFIT
REMEMBER MY NAME
ADMIT ONE

OCT 6
1978

R.C. L
ROW
107

NO REFUND OR EXCHANGE
SEAT

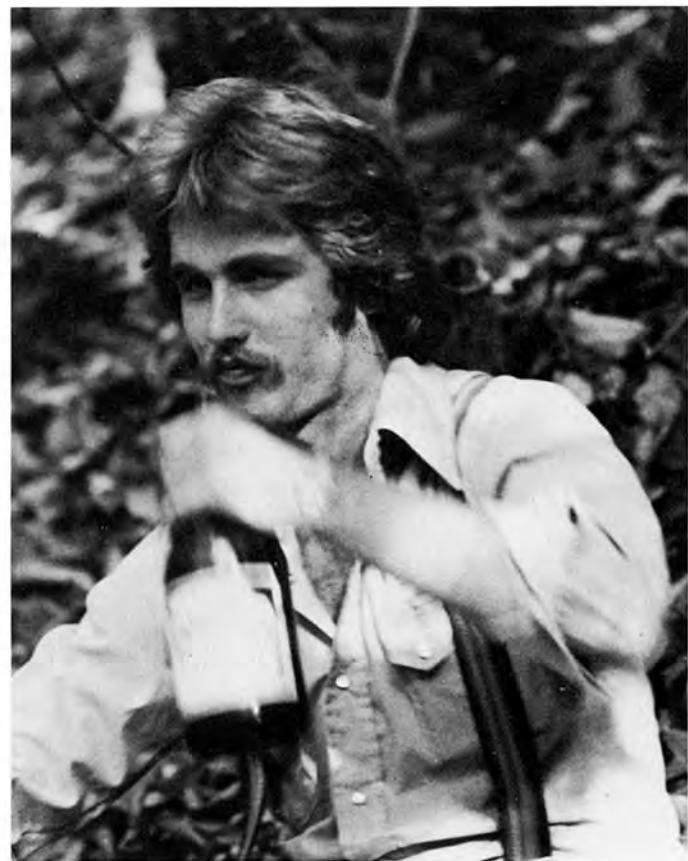
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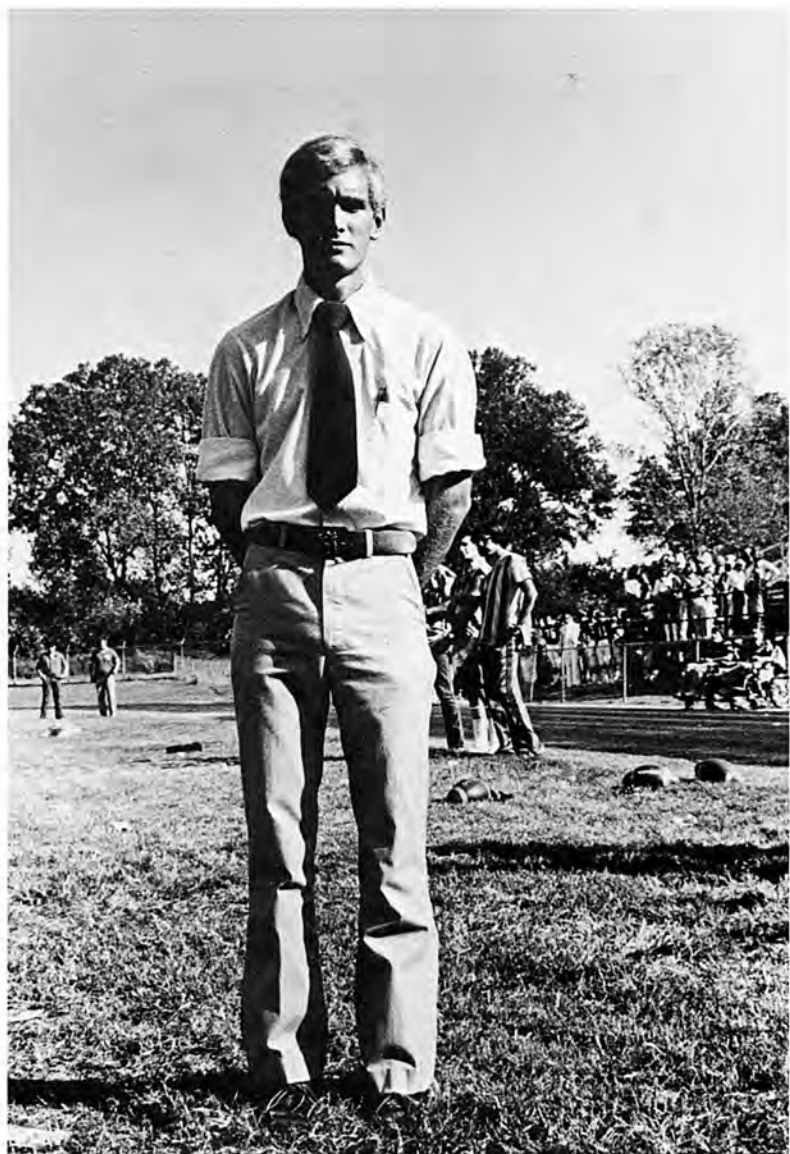




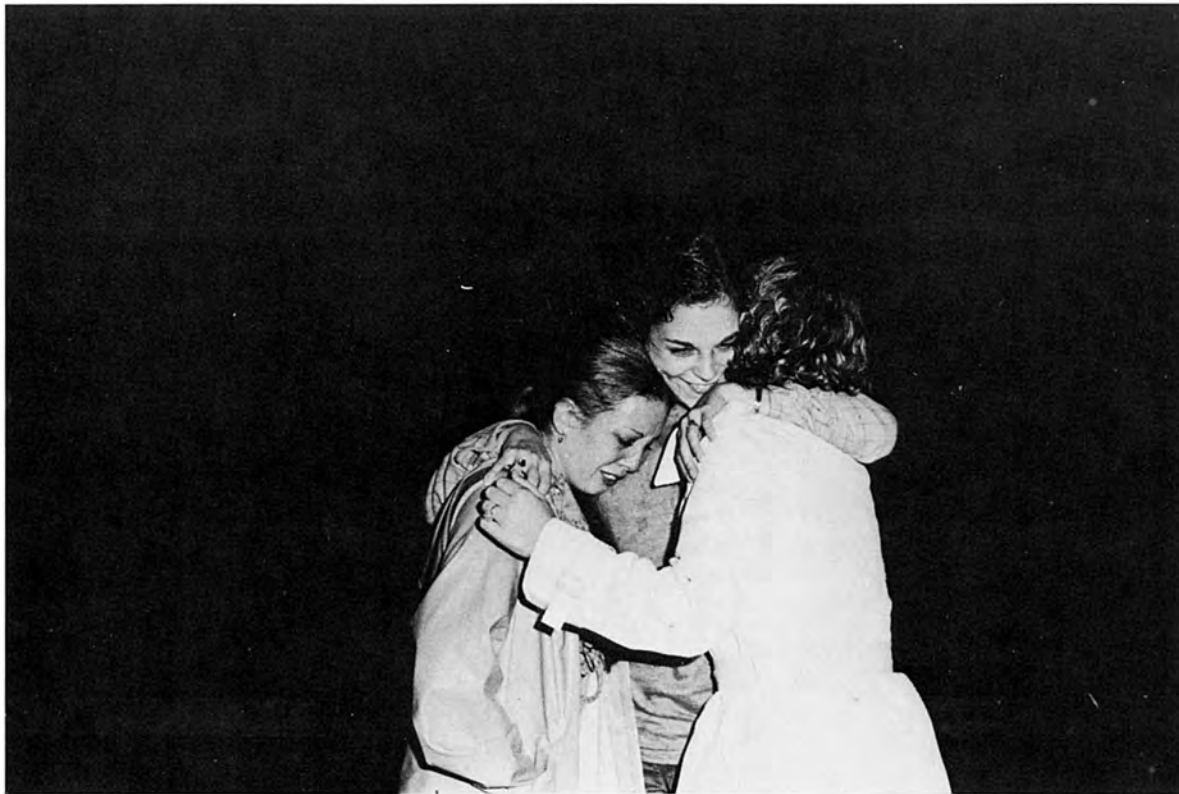


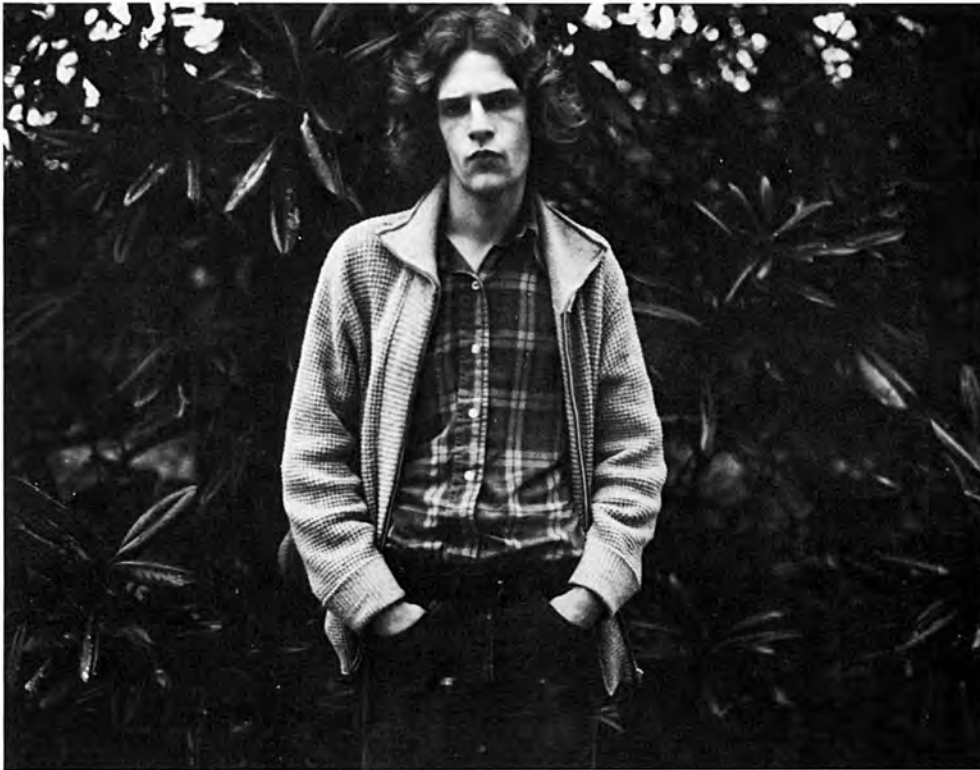












THIS POEM IS A SCREAM

I am the shoulder you cry on.
I'm the one you come to when there's nowhere else to go.
Good old me. I'll always be there when you need me.
But where do I go when you don't?
I hear your screams of agony, never your shouts of joy.
I share your life second-hand;
I'm not really part of it.
Yet we think of me as your friend.
I am alone.
This poem is a scream
With no ear to deafen.

Bobby Burks

JOURNAL ENTRIES

More and more I am allowing my competence to become something of which I am aware and not ashamed. This indicates growth. I am gradually stripping myself of stigmas attached to me by my peers. Fortunately I am beginning to like myself. I imagine there are those who come to know themselves and dislike what they perceive. Then I pity.

I found myself saying things several times in the past few weeks as though I were an authority on the subject on hand. At the same time I became extremely aware of how little I really knew, and that I was trying to live up to a reputation. I know this presumed knowledge is a quality which displeases me in my father. And I detest my acquisition of it. Yet it makes me feel respected. How is this resolved?

So I weep. In utter dislike of myself as perceived through my eyes. And I reap one tear. A sad sight for a girl with so much ahead of her, and Lord knows, so much going for her! On all who see me like that I could spit. And yet on them I thrive, my survival dependent on that ounce of praise, that earned award, that second glance. But I am not happy with myself. I am a chamber of pent-up expression, and every blundered attempt to make my mark raises the level of my anger higher and higher and higher. And I am still a fool. Perhaps if I never read books; perhaps if I could just forget that there is so much to achieve . . .

I cannot sit idly by and watch my potential deteriorate. Yet my knack for self-indulgence (as this) speeds up the process as the wasted moments mock my progress toward an early grave.

Organized religion is a farce. She is a professed Christian yet she violates Christianity's fundamental law, love of neighbor. It's very simple to discuss the beauties of this doctrine, as it is to say that one aspires toward Christian ideals; it is another thing entirely to live within their bounds.

If I attend Church services without complete understanding of every word I pray, and furthermore, without exemplifying the character I profess, I am a hypocrite. If I rely on the mystical shroud of the mass for religious fulfillment, I am not secure in my faith.

Religion is an independent search for God, and the Church is a medieval crutch for men who don't perceive this truth. And organized religion is a barrier to this quest. Its man-made dogmas are fences built up before the true understanding of man's relationship to this world. The "answers" are too freely given, and more freely accepted . . . without proper consideration. It is only through my life experience and my interactions with humankind and with my own spirit that I can ever know the secrets of the universe.

A crutch is a symbol of weakness.

Dependence is weakness.

Blind faith is weakness.

Hypocrisy is a lie and furthest from faith.

God is not freely administered without reflection.

Lisbeth Nielsen



XIV-~~EN~~ PLEDGE SWAP

SATURDAY - JAN. 6

Actives come over at
10 p.m.

You will have fun -





FIRST DAY PARTIES

People to people
House to house
They all begin to divide up.
All those knowing grins
Trying to look like they
Know something we don't—
And succeeding.
Feeling (false
Walking through a
(False corridor of
(False people—but that's
Not TRUE. They aren't
False—it's just that they're
In a different role now. I
Do appreciate the smiles.
Really I do.
Relief
When one of them steps forward—
Squeezes my arm, and keeps up the (pace.
Finally everyone is claimed.
We all look like campers in the
Buddy system.
Rather than the familiar
Buddy check
Whistle, they sound a gong.
Action!
We're all placed, then they take their positions.
Like magic—
Songs come flowing out of those
Smiling mouths.
They can't really be singing—
My gosh—will I have to do this too?
Forget it—no way—that's it—
I wish I could (though—
We'll see

Dabney Gillespie



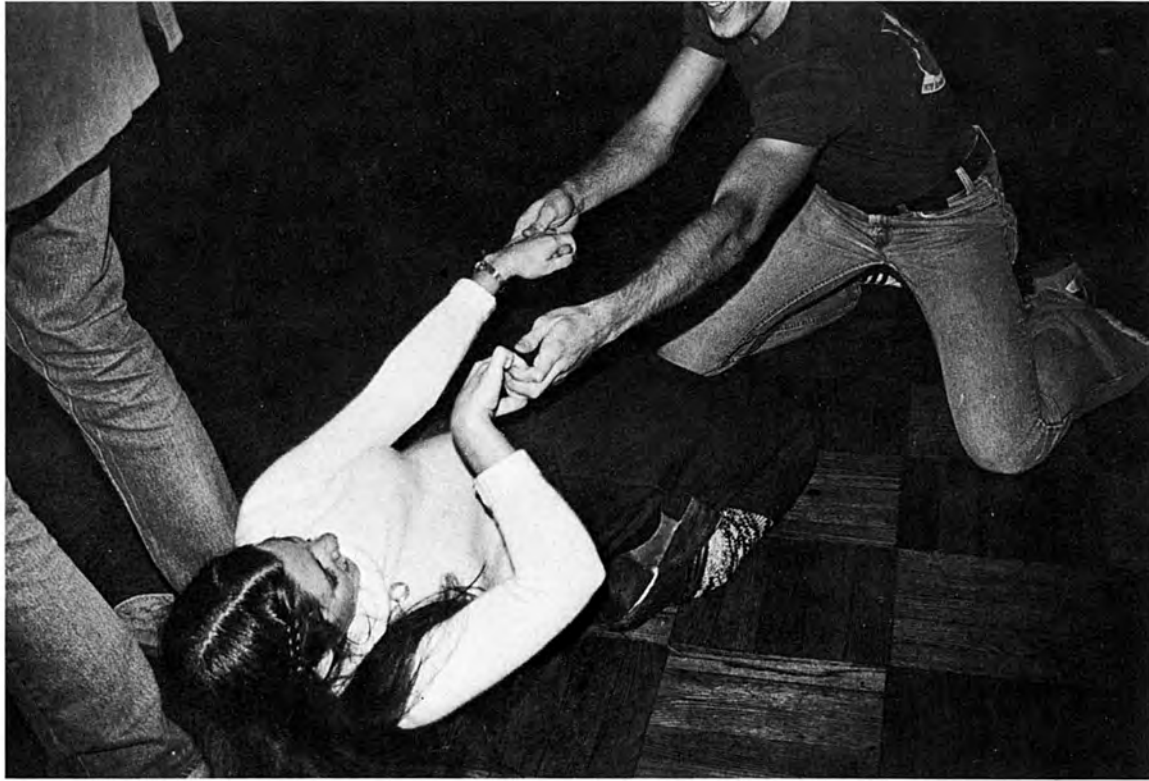


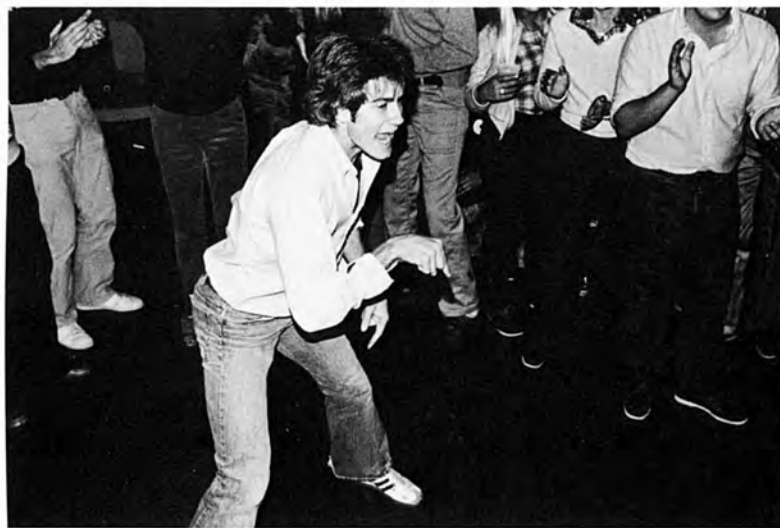
















Homecoming

The Homecoming Dance, to be held next Saturday night, October 21, at the Orpheum, will feature Larry Raspberry and the Highsteppers as well as Exotic Movement. The two bands will provide constant music beginning at 9:00 p.m.

Due to the high cost of both the bands and the facilities, the Social Commission has deemed it necessary to sell tickets. They will be \$3.00 per couple and will go on sale Monday.

Buses will run to and from the Orpheum all evening; information

will be posted around campus next week.

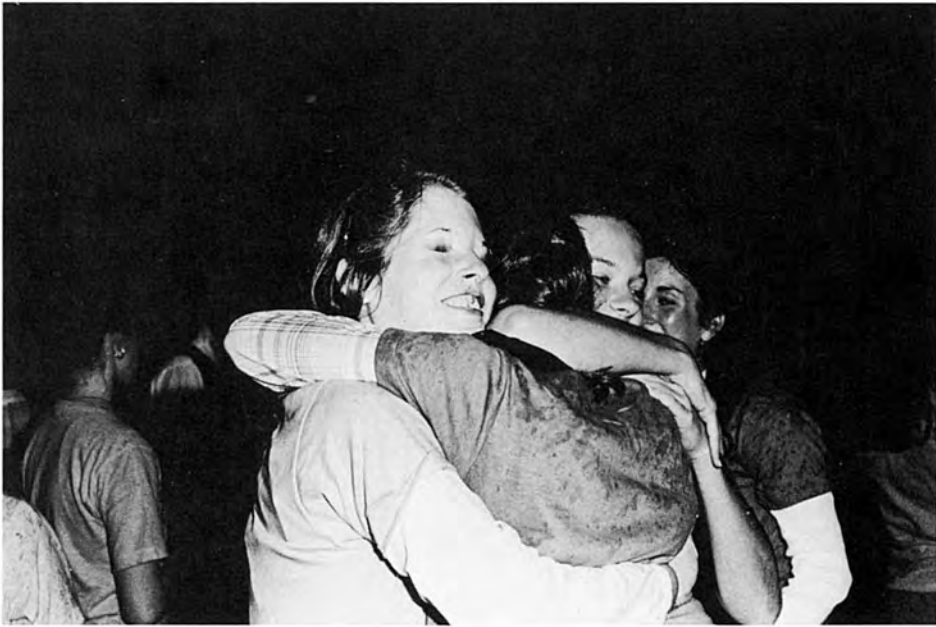
The Orpheum is a theater in the grand tradition. Built in 1928 after a fire destroyed the opera theater which previously occupied the site, it still displays most of the brass-and-red-velvet opulence which ornamented it half a century ago. Among the most dominant features are the pair of two-ton crystal chandeliers. The Social Commission hopes that the beauty and historic value of the surroundings will be respected by those attending the bash.



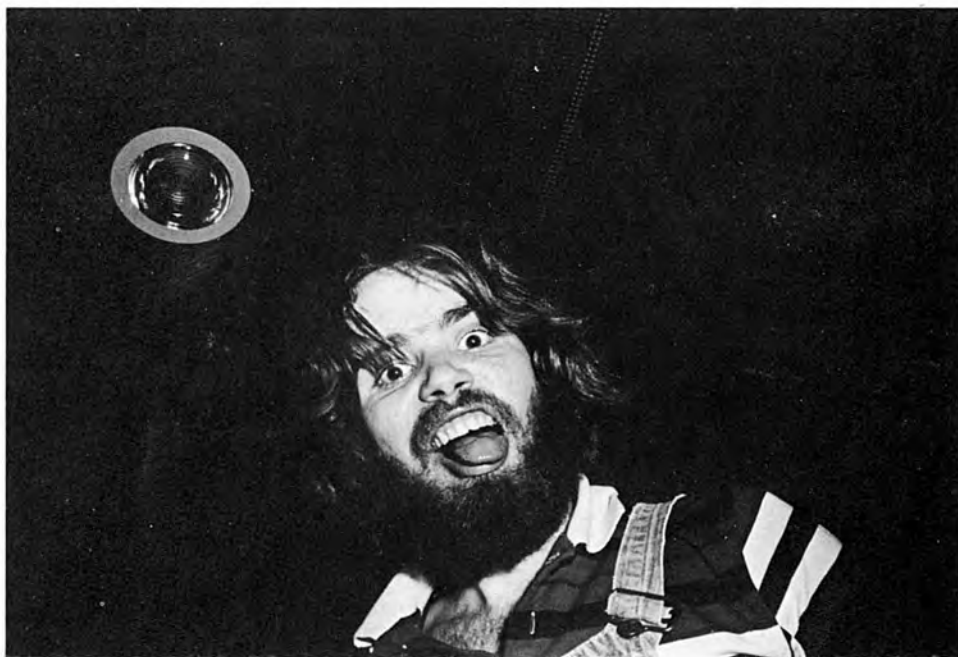






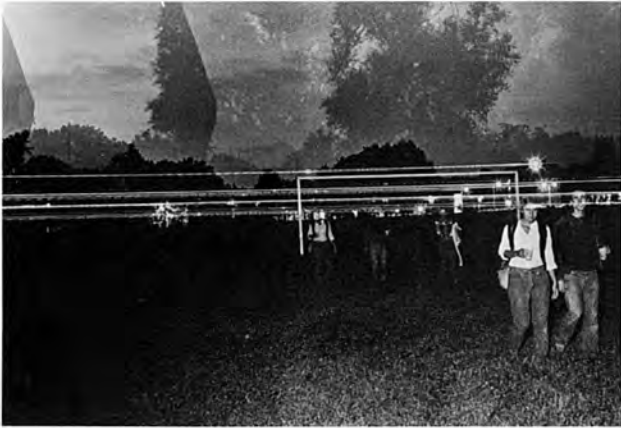






nine: fifty-eight p.m.
did i ever tell you about my grad school roommate's idea of fun?
no?
great!
here, take my drink and sit down; you're gonna love this.
gus had this way-out ottoman fan, you know, the ones that are about a foot or so tall--look like midgit r2d2's.
you saw 'star wars' didn't you?
kid's film.

well, gus' ottoman fan was suspended between its supports so it could swing back 'n' forth when he pushed his remote control ...
yea, isn't that a scream?
real well off--parents are both doctors.
kinda like a soap opera, you know.
... well, he could press this remote control to raise or lower the degree or angle, or whatever, that the fan blew.
ah, let's see. okay--the day we came back from christmas break, or easter, or something he asked me if i wanted to try out his ottoman ...
wait, lemme finish!
... yea, that struck me as a real bazarre question too.
hey man, listen--we were pretty high, lemme tell ya.
ah, where was i? ah ... okay.
he gave me the remote control box and told me to do what he told me.
d'ya get that?
okay.
thank god it wasn't any more demanding than that.
well, he sat in the chair that came with the room, you know, the brown one with the burlap cushion.
you remember how the room was arranged don't ya? the chair was about a yard from the ottoman on a direct path from the fan to the front door.
he told me to push the release button so the fan would drop to its horizontal position,
that was easy enough.
he looked pretty tense--really hugging those armrests.
i don't guess it was unusual at the time, though.
so he said turn it on.
so, i turned it on and wow ... lost it.
man, his legs, from the kneecaps down went zoommm, smack, against the door; no blood, nothing --like a mannequin through a radial-arm saw.
i mean, there was paper all over the floor and that fuzzy mess, you know, the stuff that looks like miniature grey tumble-weeds, not to mention the
chair ...
... and this junk didn't even rustle, not an inch.
and i'm pretty sure the fan wasn't putting out any abnormal amount of air.
but i sure wasn't going to stick my hand down there to find out.
well, i was headed for the window, lemme tell ya, but he told me to quit freakin' and push the button again to raise the fan level.
to make a long time short, it took about five minutes for him to convince me to push the button.
he said his kneecaps were itching so i pushed it.
well, this move took him from the crotch down, smash, into the door right back in place with the knees; perfect fit, thigh bone connected to the knee
bone, you know.
i found myself laughing this time--i mean, what else could i do, i might as well enjoy it; he sure couldn't have gotten up and tried to keep me from
going through the window.
well, he just smiled and told me it was "kinda wild" in a really breathy, monotone voice.
but, you know, here gus was, being systematically dismembered, and i was the executioner!
well, i was even more reluctant to push the button this time when i saw him screw up his face and tighten his grip.
looked like someone who just woke up in a shopping center--really wild eyes.
he detected my reluctance to proceed, relaxed, and assured me that this was only where it got hard to hang on, but that nothing would happen.
well, i went along, you know.
about the time he tensed up again i pushed the button and watched his trunk, armpits down, join his clone evolving gegen die Tur.
yea! how about that? german for 'against the door.' two years at tech; not much to show for it though.
okay ...
so, and this was the real bizarre thing: his body was reassembling perfectly against the door, no blood or guts, no cuts or bruises--all in the same
position, minus the chair, you know.
so, here's one-fourth of gus: arms still latched to the chair, shoulders, neck, and head.
and i can't wait for the next command.
you know what happened next?
gus told me to push it once more, wait fifteen seconds and push it again, which would turn the fan off.
now we've got four-fourths of gus suspended in mid-air against our apartment door by the wind from this pint-sized fan.
well, he looked like a zombie. oh yea, he was in 'A-1' physical condition, but there was no expression--hollow stare, you know.
those fifteen seconds passed like fifteen minutes.
finally, i cut the damned thing off and gus collapsed on the floor; no thud, more like a feather--floating down as the wind slowly subsided.
well, i found myself sinking down to sit on the ottoman, but caught myself just in time and wisely shifted directions, catching the coffee table in-
stead,
by the time i was down gus was up, staggering back to the brown chair proclaiming how this time was much more satisfying than the trial shot
at sears.
he dropped into the chair and i dropped into the bathroom to seek a safer world.
he didn't ask me to try it: 'conventional' was his phrase for me.
thank god you understand me better, t.r., that's why levitating over here is such a blast.
"Seth"





IMPORTANT NOTICE

The unauthorized use, possession, sale or transfer of illegal drugs and substances is not condoned by the College.

Should a student be offended by or concerned about use of such, he/she should report this to the R.A. who will talk with the user. If the result is not satisfactory to the student, he/she should report the problem to the Dean of Students who will then handle the matter directly with the user.

Should a student suspect that a fellow student is trafficking in illegal drugs or substances, he/she should report this directly to the Dean of Students, who will immediately warn the student that his actions suggest he is dealing illegally in drugs, and that, if he is, he must immediately stop or be subject to suspension. If a second and subsequent report of this is made to the Dean of Students, the Dean of Students will investigate the matter. This investigation could lead to suspension.

All reports to an R.A. or the Dean of Students will be held in strictest confidence.

Anne Marie Williford
Dean of Students



... There is a peculiar category of students who can be observed wandering through the halls of the dorms at three in the morning, six-pack in hand, looking for "something to do." These thrill-seekers engage in many sorts of creative activities while the majority of our community is passed out, studying, asleep, or making love behind closed doors. You can find these night people drinking in front of a fireplace (whether or not there's a fire), engaging in marathon pool games, or getting high on a window sill somewhere. As the night wanes, they progress to reading comic strips pasted on the walls, cluttering up memo boards with inconsequential obscenities, or sleeping through all night movies. If you don't care to stay up late enough to discover these wanderers, you might be able to glimpse one in the morning leaving a dorm of the opposite sex, wearing yesterday's blue jeans, with a glazed look about the eyes...

Ellen Johnson





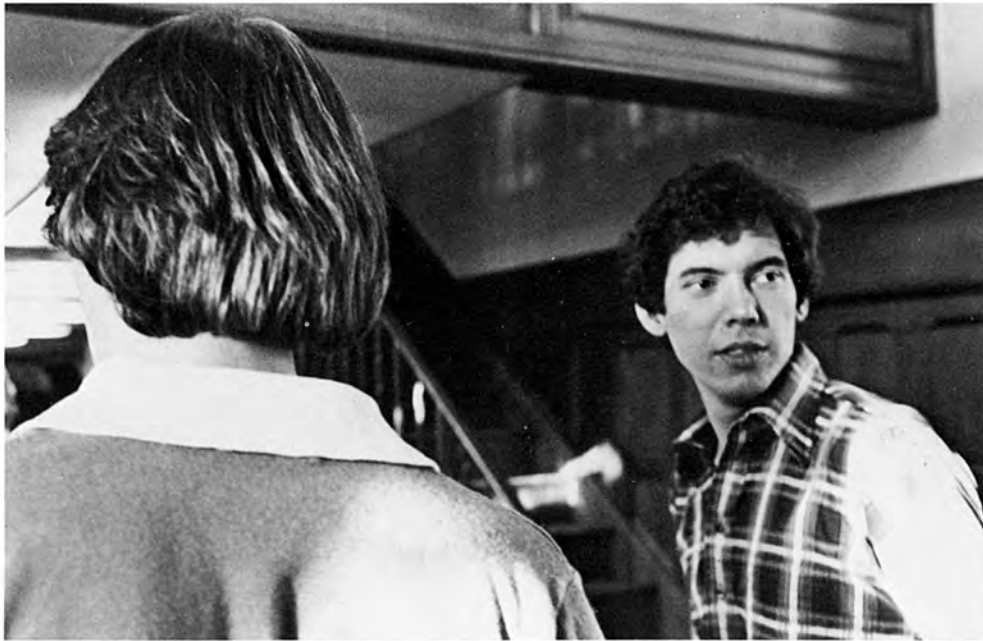


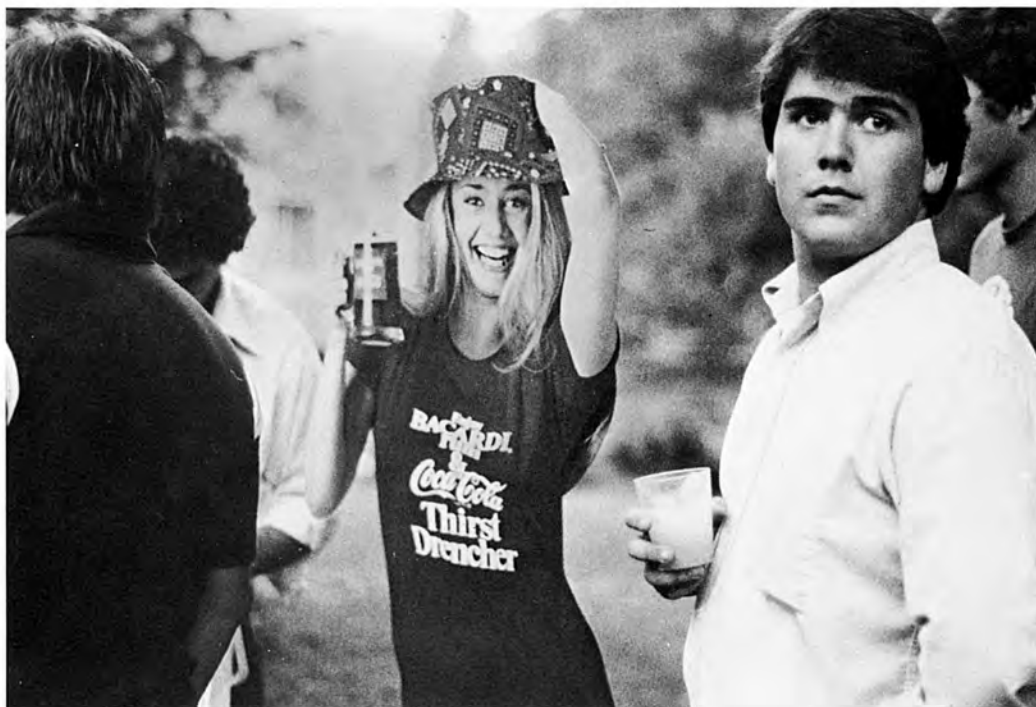












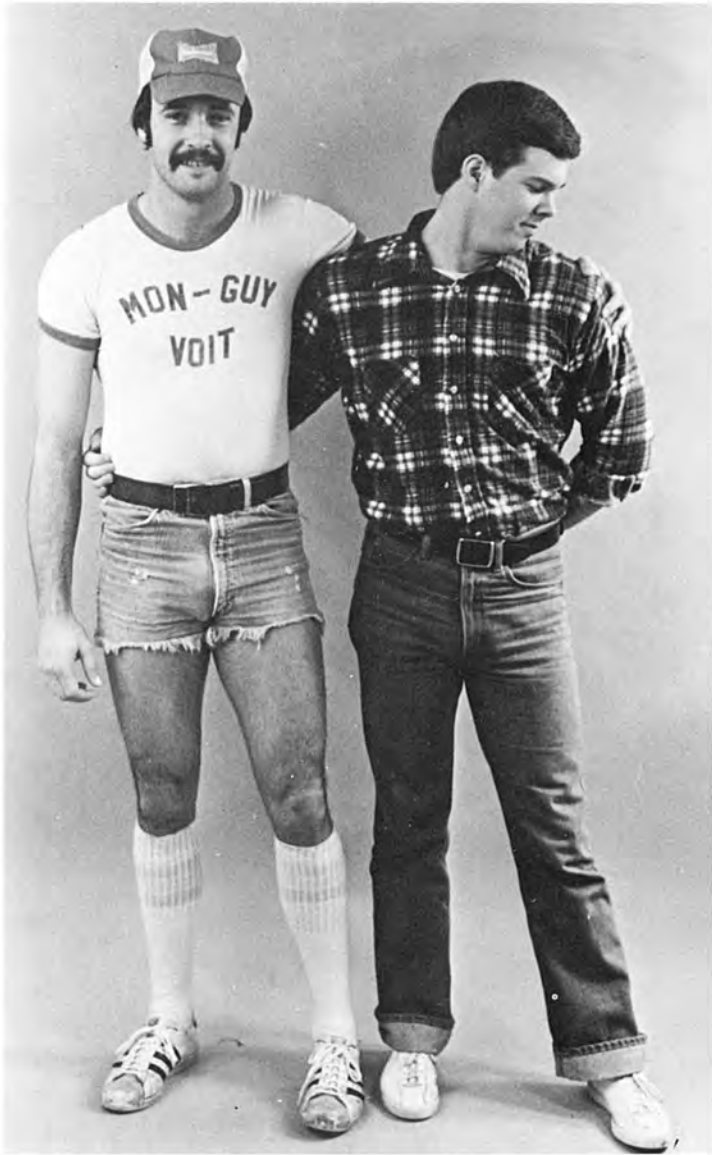
TWO POINTS FOR TWO-TONE

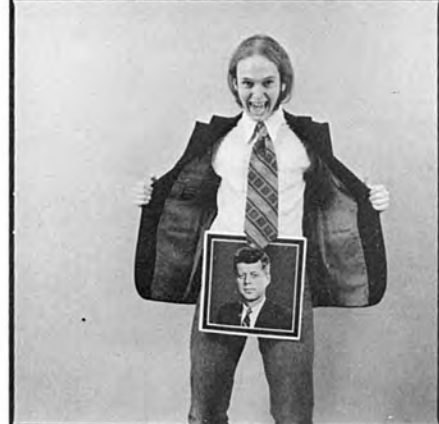
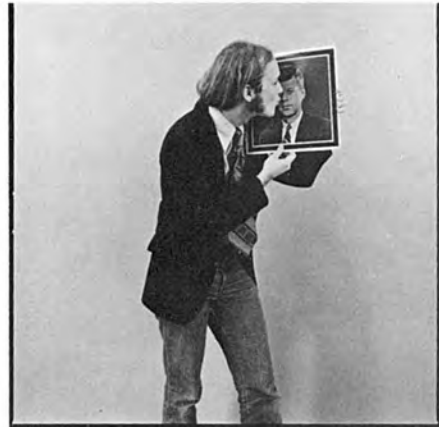
To articulate and to exit--the two most difficult things for me to do. It is only right that they become synonymous among my friends. I stand at the doorway, half in and half out, nervously playing with the door knob and lock, trying to pull together all my outlandish statements of the evening into a single cohesive explanation. I just can't stop. Neither can I achieve my goal so I stand there and ramble, killing time and hanging on cause I know when I shut the door I'm on my own, standing in a cold empty hallway which leads everywhere but where I want to go. It's the only time during the whole day that I'm really alone. No people, no thoughts, no decisions--just me and that damn two-tone hall. I have no choice but to drag on down the beckoning hall and creep into my room. I don't like to lose that battle every night, but the hall's victory is inevitable. I anticipate it before-hand for quite a while. I guess it's that nervousness that makes me start to babble, I like to think that one of these nights I'll just turn and walk the other way, but for some reason I've always done things right, and that would be wrong, not because it's spontaneous but for some other reason, something like running away or being mean just to prove you can be mean. As I said before I have trouble articulating. I just know I'll never win.

Dabney Gillespie











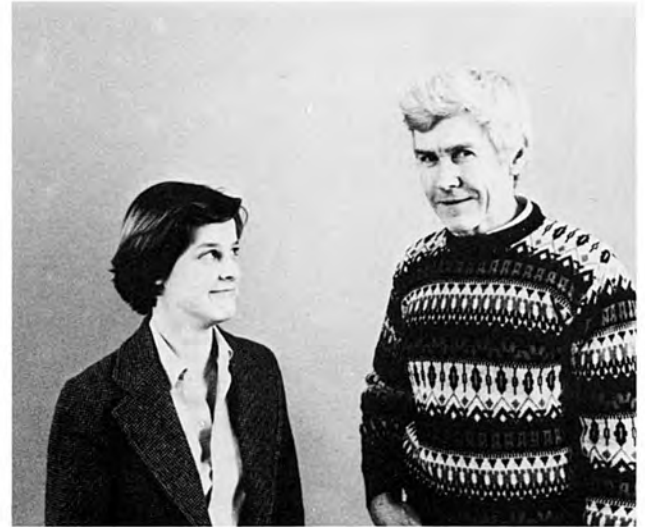






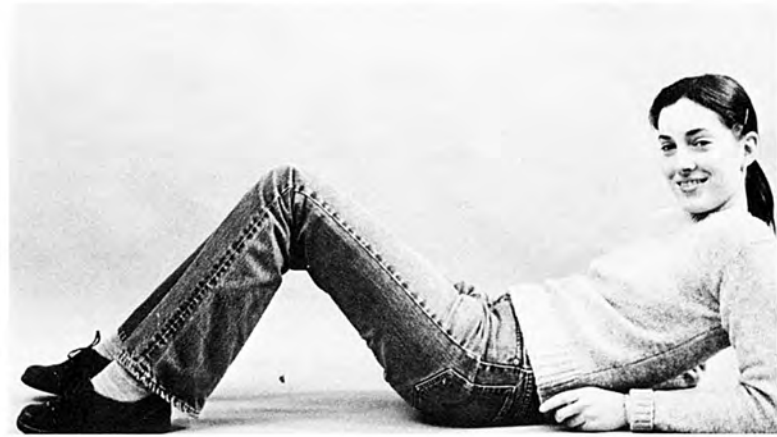








Dear Martha,
Came across some words you once shared with me. I hope
you won't mind my sharing them with others.
"Somewhere between what is given and taken
we create a balance of our own.
Ideas unlive and friends not loved,
Yet some dreams are captured.
And it is in realizing our dreams that we realize ourselves.
We will be careful with all that is learned
For it is a fragile thing we build."
Thanks and love
Lady Ray

















Dear Edward,

Well, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their countries. Or, what's it like at the old Zoo U? I hear it is now a Historic Site in the National Register, or something similar. What I wanted to do was ask you to send me a copy of the *Sou'wester* every week or whenever you feel like going to the trouble to print an issue.

I ran across what I consider an accurate description of the journalist who is on the way out of the business. It reminded me of a conversation we had sometime last spring. The passage is by Walter Lippmann who quipped that, "Anyone who has been that long in the boiler room of the ship had better come up on deck for a breath of fresh air and a look at the horizon."

Even as I type (terribly) this letter you are most likely hunched over "the big board" curiously considering yet another approach to an otherwise slow news week. As Humphrey Bogart put it, "maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday . . ." Lippmann wrote about himself: "Who the devil are you to be grandiloquent and impersonal? The truth is you're afraid to be wrong. And so you put on these airs and use these established phrases, knowing that they will sound familiar and will be respected. But this fear of being wrong is a disease. You cover and qualify and elucidate, you speak vaguely, you mumble because you are afraid of the sound of your own voice. And then you apologize for your timidity by frowning learnedly on anyone who honestly regards thought as an adventure, who strikes ahead and takes a chance.

"I generalize rashly: That is what kills political writing, this absurd pretense that you are delivering a great utterance. You never do. You are just a puzzled man making notes about what you think. You are not building the Pantheon, then why act like a graven image? You are drawing sketches in the sand which the sea will wash away."

I want to wish you the best of *Sou'wester's* erstwhile fluctuating past, present and future. With an Editor not unlike yourself, the "SAM sheet" will never earn that contradiction of terms. You might even scoop the TV stations with the latest SAM football news stories—maybe they'll quote directly from your stories! Anyway, good luck in school; you'll need it. Drop me a line if you need a story on Iranian student demonstrations at the White House—or an update on any of Tennessee's elected "officials" on Capitol Hill. Reporting from Washington—that's the news tonight.

Memphis Don Ramier

P.S. I will NEVER vote for Carter again. I promise.





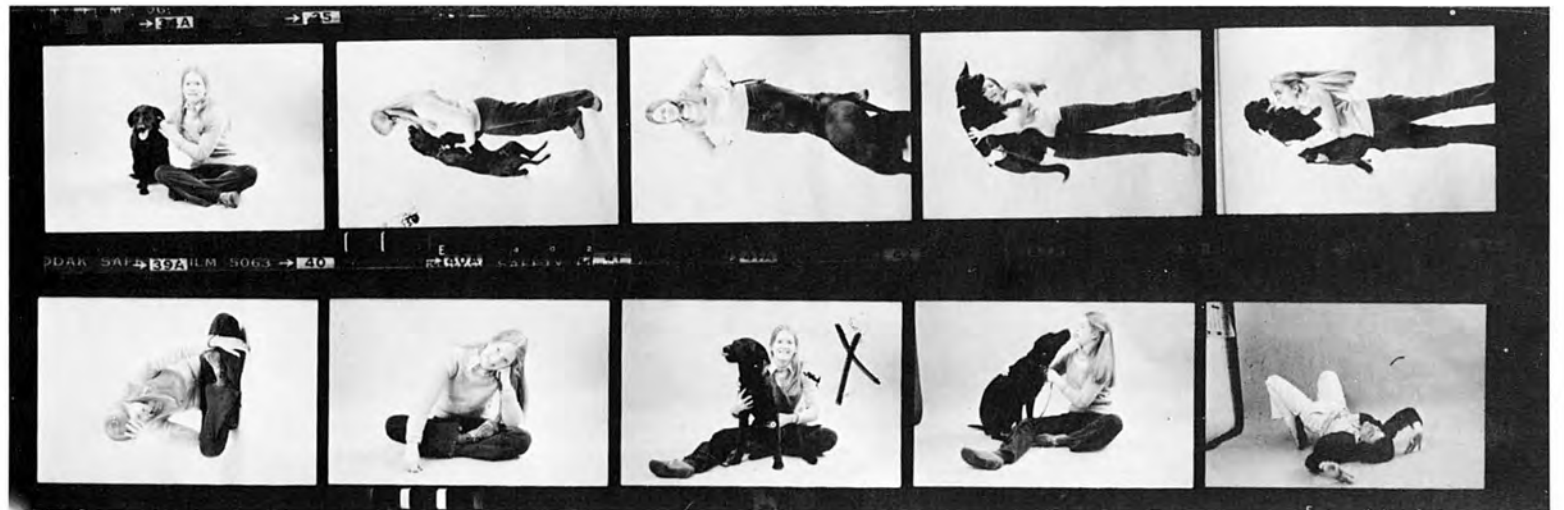
As graduation approaches, the main thing I'm aware of is my own ignorance—everything I read seems to cry out with unanswered questions, undeveloped arguments, incoherent connections—that there is no more time for more courses, more lectures, more papers—from now on, buddy, any thinking is your own, both unrestricted and undirected . . .

Yet I've no real desire to stay—in fact, I've every desire to leave—to leave the humidity and traffic, to leave the familiar and dull, to leave the grind of “college life”—to go on to something new, something different, something better . . .

The unreadiness for the future because of the awareness of ignorance and fear of failure—the restlessness, even boredom with what's left of the old senior year, the optimism and excitement about the future—I want to stay, I want to leave . . .

Primarily, of course, I want to leave. Yet I hope that after leaving I can keep trying to answer those questions still unanswered, those arguments still unmade, those connections still unclear, those gaps, those endless holes in knowledge that make me want to stay . . .

Cathy Caldwell













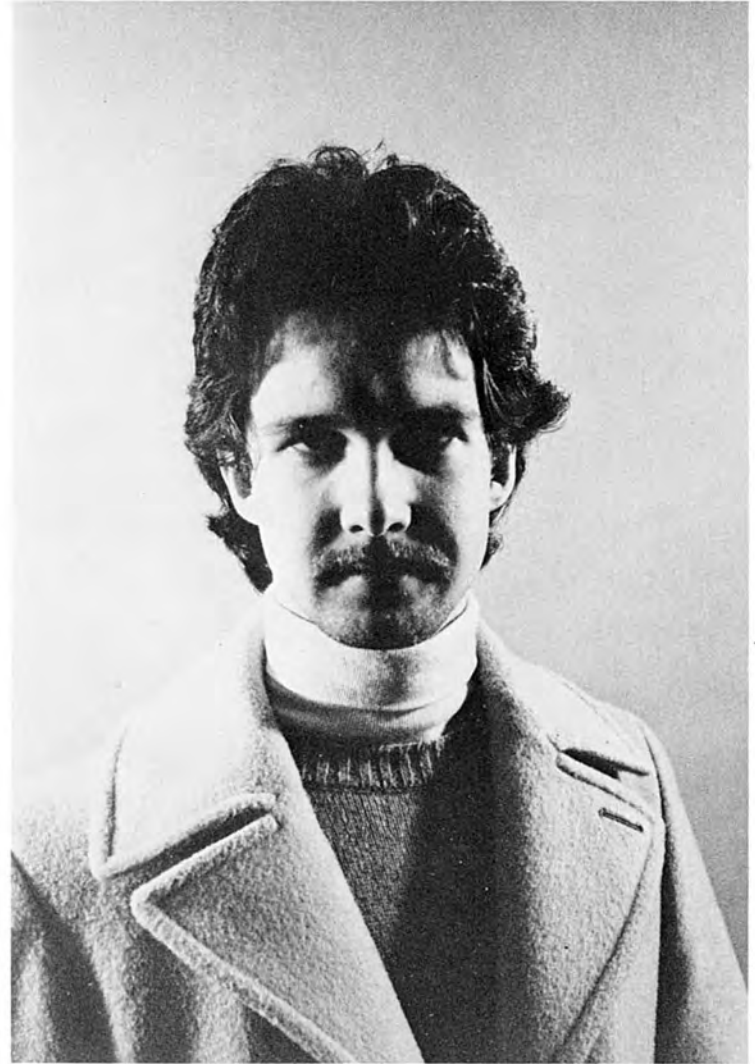




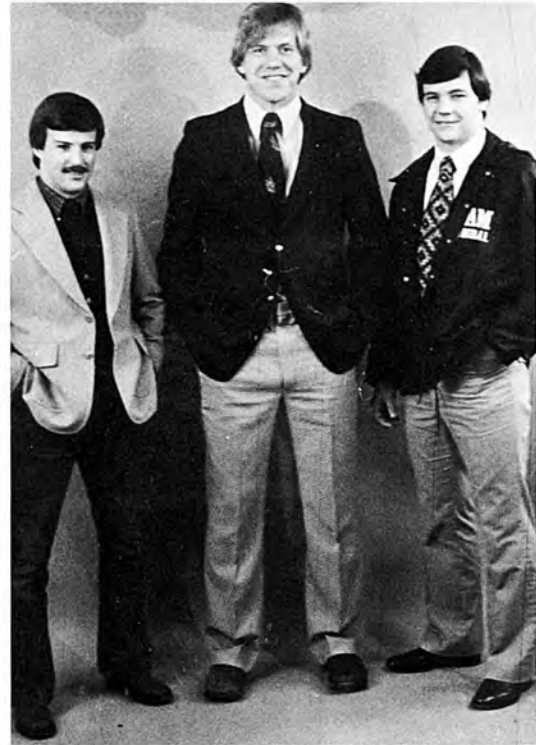


THE WORLD IS great-YOU'RE JUST GETTING OLD

As a child, things were great,
We did not care nor hesitate.
Life was simple in this phase,
No thought directed, our minds in a daze.
Scolded for our actions, not lingering long.
No preconceived notion; we could go on.
As life proceeded and conditioning began,
It soon became harder to deviate from the plan.
To follow these ideals we learned to imitate,
The way to the good life is to Manipulate.
Force upon others our selfish intent,
Pretending our ideas were Heaven sent.
Once these moralizing thoughts took our lives,
They became forever our primary drives.
From these it follows that all must believe,
For without them life would be hard to conceive.
A rotten world of mindless machines
Would not fulfill our devious means.
As how, what, and when died in man's brain,
The Way's of the Cosmos were left to the inane.
If we could see our once forgotten dreams,
Life would not appear as drab as it seems.
So keep those visions of silver and gold;
The world is great; you're just getting old.
Robert Peterson

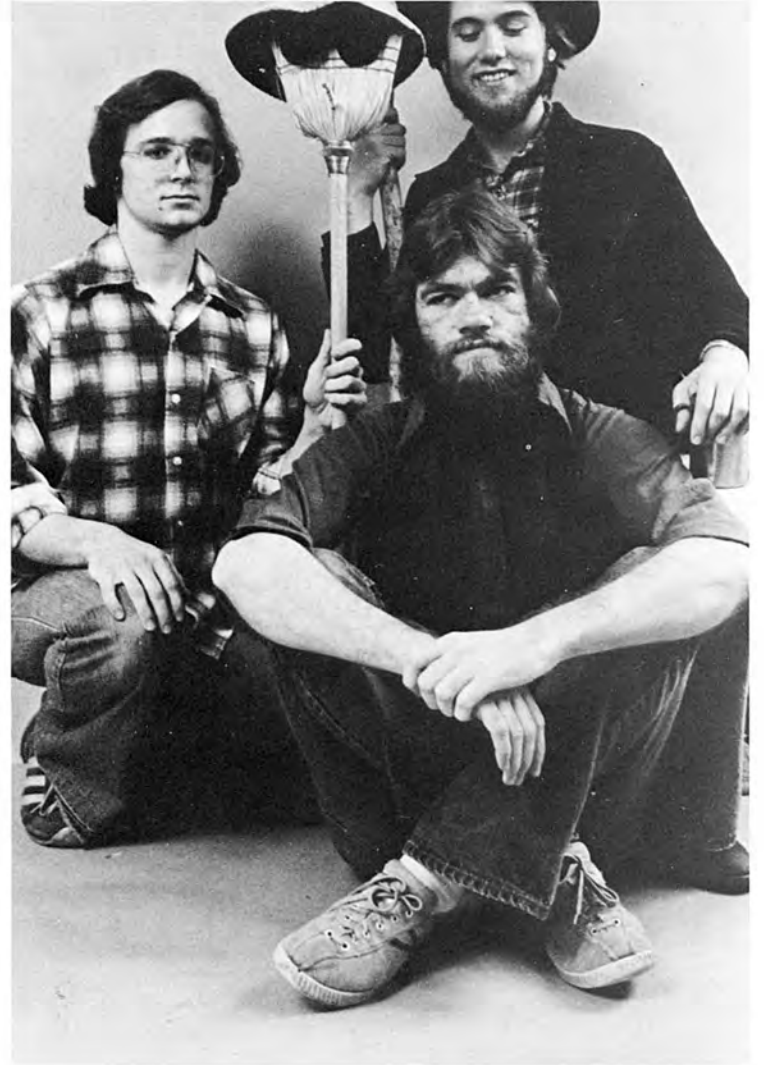
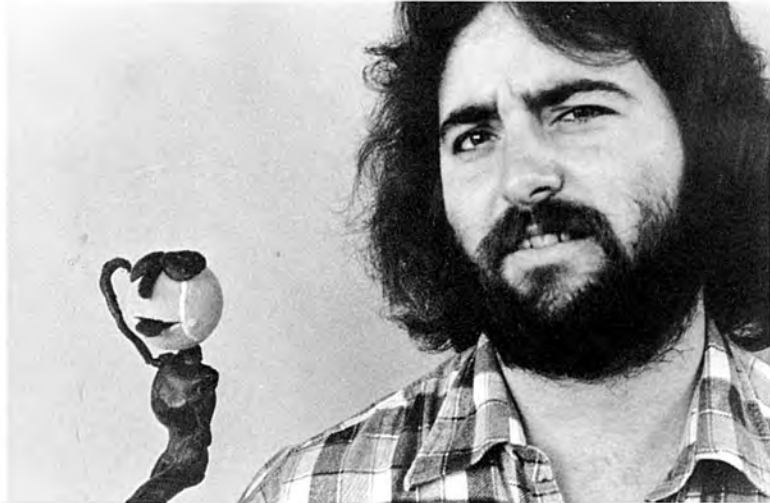




















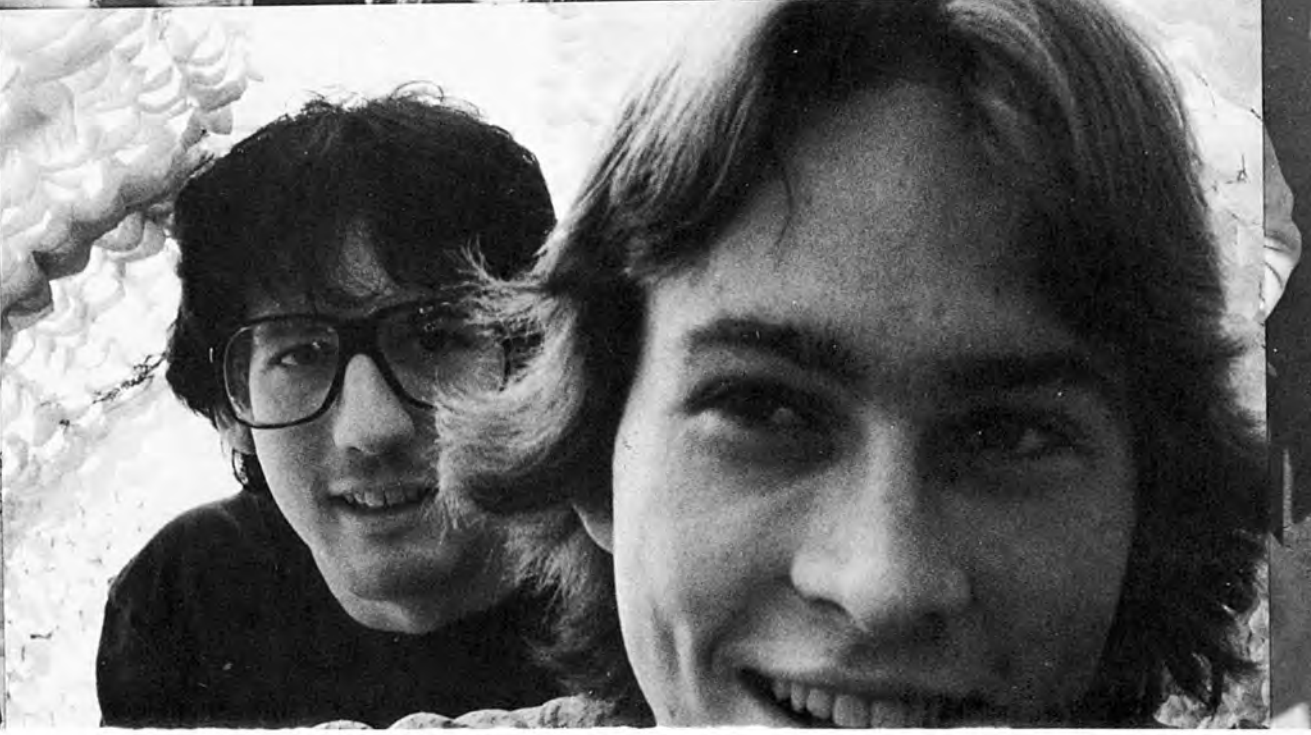
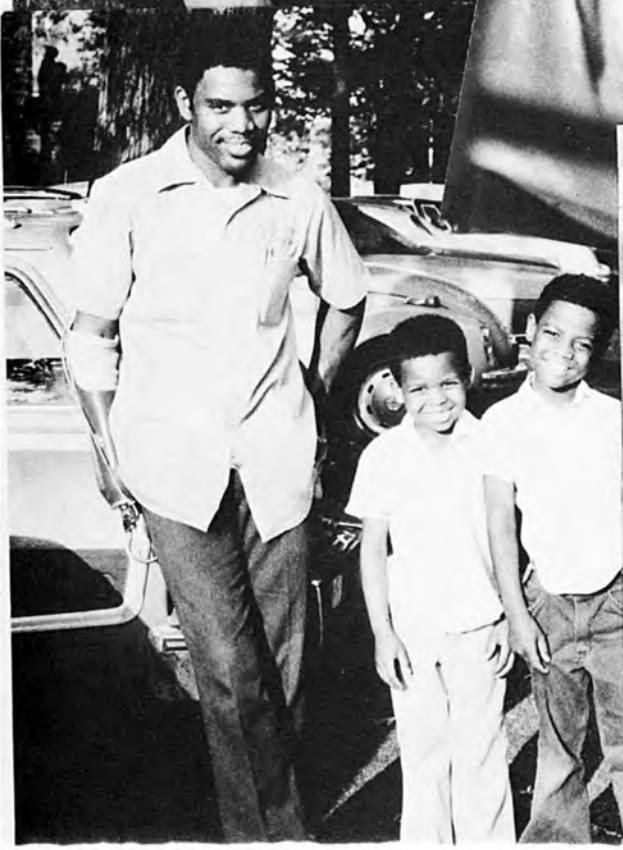














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The Sou'wester

southwestern at mem

vol. 63, no. 11

memphis, tennessee 38

ary 26, 1979

Board finalizes tenure hearings



The Board met on campus Janu meeting was a Southwestern c The board rea tenure-related official debate unofficial deba

Last spring Educational Program Committee of the Board of Trustees was given the responsibility of preparing a recommendation concerning the school's tenure-

stern met on issue of the e to the entire n the future. the school's months of a period of head.

Educational

delibera consider an all-da second m copies of faculty f were ge through they cons faculty a

The and Educ to the fu chairman the propo amendme

the Faculty s presented ately after e had read porate four recommendation. Discussion from that point on centered around the amendments. The committee's proposal was accepted by the board only after these amendments were passed.

SGA President Chris King asked the Board Directions and Leadership Committee to reinstate the former number of voting student board committee representatives. Last year's student representation numbered sixteen, on five of the six board committees. President Daughdrill and Board Chairman Robert



aking into er, scheduled fall. At this ts proposal, ent and the nses of both mittee met ast week as s of both the

the Faculty s presented ately after e had read porate four recommendation. Discussion

SGA tenure forum states issue

Frazier-Jelke Science Center reason for the new 67% working
Lecture R. concern members, administr afternoon SGA. T) question; discuss recently; and relat
Amc three s Carolyn and Ra member Jones, William P. Cot Daught S(called Cogs' the s open com
the the Bc al fr I

FORUM TODAY

3:00 P.M. 200 Clough

concerning status of the De office and censor of Southwestern T

Everyone is encouraged to attend

Among raised was that concerning changes in policy for the academic tenure of the Dean of the college. Also of apparent concern

Tenure

The president answer to the faculty, up to th always been assum importance. Th however, has ignc faculty has found th they can do, while have mostly chosen

This situation ca it will either get bette certainly will not imp student protest and in The Board of Trustees h cards. I think that they want the best for Southwestern, but it is up to us to tell them what that is.

Charles Warren is deeply committed to a policy that will best

The fol released th President's office over the publication of a summer of the tenure issue to date.

Southwestern has done a great deal to plan for the 1980's when problems of energy, inflation, increased competition for dollars and students, and a decline in the number of 18-year-olds are expected to converge on private colleges.

...man who is doing the best he can to help the school. Unfortunately for the school, he is in the wrong office.

The president should realize that the essence of Southwestern is in its education and its people. He is

Jack U. Russell he felt the adoption of alified new faculty or any appreciable me, since their tenure used on this figure. He ere was now a "great tween faculty and ion," and that

they felt were discrepa between the president's inter tion and the report itself, to the president responded th discrepancies were ones wh and the Board had worked Mr. Cobb spoke on beha Board, saying that he fel decision had been ca pondered and

Resignation dominates meeting



caused by Dean SGA's appreciation for Warren's fine service as Dean of the College concern over his resignation along with

enough, and lec drawing conclusions with sufficient information. At a luncheon that included Alumni President, Mrs. Katherine Smythe, Trustees Charles Cobb and Paul Tudor Jones, and Adn ... charged with

Well Southwestern, what are you going to do now? The abstractions of words, meetings, and decisions have ended, and the actions which they threatened have begun. Dean Warren will soon become Dr. Warren again. President Daughdrill has shown his insensitivity to student opinion again with his dismissal of the

policies passed Trustees in January. The will have three parts:

- 1) A 500 word report of the facts written by Mr. Denis Meadows, to and perspective to the issue. (This will be reviewed by both the trustee and Faculty spokesmen before going to press to be sure that their statements fit his framing of the issue.—
- 2) A 3-page (double-spaced) statement written by Dr. Jones and Mr. Cobb explaining the new policies.
- 3) A 3-page (double spaced) statement written by a person by the Faculty Professional to explain the

SGA tenure resolution

Be it resolved that the Student Government Association, because of its distress over the recent ruling by the Board of Trustees ... policies, requests th ... reconsider it ...

to appear in Southwestern Today were on the ballot in yesterday's election in order to gather student opinion. The SGA discussed student evaluation of faculty members. A major concern was the fact that many students do not realize the weight of their evaluations. Discussion also centered around the value of quantitative as opposed to qualitative analyses in the composition of the evaluation forms.

Three food services who have placed bids to serve Southwestern next year are Morrison's Inc., Epicure, and A.R.A.

A forum was held at break in the East Lounge today to allow students to express their views on the expenditure of energy bonus money.

... amount of patience, and resourcefulness to Southwestern. That a man of such great stature has apparently found it beyond his ability to endure any longer as Dean is a dark testament to the depths of this crisis which engulfs

Dean Warren has been a friend a source of guidance to me. hugh my point of view has not says prevailed in our discuss, I have never failed to be essed with his clear reason sense of justice. To find a ssor who possesses like ies will be no easy task. an only hope that the Dean's tic action will bring the Southwestern community to e before further damage is

Sincerely,
Greg Fitzgerald
Box 164

The Sou'wester

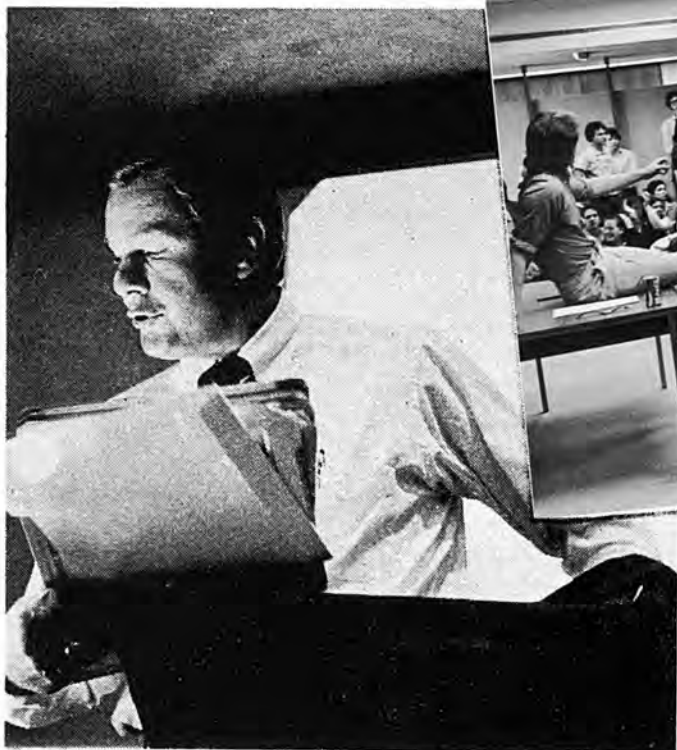
southwestern at memphis

vol. 63, no. 17

memphis, tennessee 38112

March 16, 1979

Dean Warren resigns



Pres. James H. Daughdrill



photo by Deck Reeks



Dean Charles O. Warren

When asked during a telephone interview for a statement, President Daughdrill replied that he "deeply regretted" the Dean's resignation and stated that he felt Dean Warren had done a "fine...outstanding" job in his time as acting dean of the college and executive vice-president. Daughdrill felt the faculty would be "100%" in favor of having Warren return to the faculty after he leaves the Dean's office. Daughdrill wished to make no comment on Dr. Warren's reference to differences between himself and the President on certain administrative policies.

Honor Council enforces refectory policy

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL

Memphis, Tenn., Saturday Morning, March 17, 1979

SAM Faculty Group Hits President

By JIMMIE COVINGTON

A Southwestern faculty group said yesterday President James H. Daughdrill Jr.'s conduct of his office "has seriously diminished those confidences" needed for effective administration of the college.

"President Daughdrill seems not to listen seriously to subordinates or faculty committees in arriving at his policy positions," said a statement issued by the college's chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP).

The AAUP group met about 80 faculty members.

The chapter of Daughdrill's administration and executive "sign" and new policy from holding son for Warren.

The statement, Daughdrill: 'It seems the best interest is increasing and government yours.'

"That Daughdrill

jobs in June and return to teaching at the college.

Also yesterday, a meeting of at least 250 students was held on campus to discuss Warren's resignation and the dispute between faculty members and the college's president and board of trustees.

Chris King, Student Government Association president, said afterward that an effort will be made to publish a special edi-

The AAUP statement, release James Lanier, chapter president and associate professor of history, said Daughdrill "has insisted on implementing policies and policies which a very large majority of the faculty believes will weaken the educational program and erode the moral and effectiveness of the dean's office."

"He persists in these policies in the face of the overwhelming opposition of the faculty."

On several occasions, President Daughdrill has been reluctant to give reasons for his actions. He has alluded to the problems of the faculty and the present threats to the college and to the sense of its mission. He disregards the fact that policies are actually being implemented.

Faculty members in January voted to hold full-time faculty positions for a limited period of time.

Proposed by 93 faculty members, the board of trustees is considering the administrative posts. The proposal is to reduce the tenure limit for administrative posts to one year. The proposal is to reduce the tenure limit for administrative posts to one year. The proposal is to reduce the tenure limit for administrative posts to one year.



Sou'wester
Box 72

I attended a meeting of the Alumni Executive Board on Wednesday. President Daughdrill expressed to those present his opinion that the student vote on SGA Tenure Resolution was a true indication of student opinion. He stated that the students who had voted their approval of the Resolution with which he had talked were either informed or pressured by members of the faculty. I resent the belittling representation of student intelligence and integrity. I am frightened by Mr. Daughdrill's appraisal of the worth of student opinion. Students are pawns of the faculty; not aware of the complexity of the situation. But we are capable of making informed and intelligent decisions regarding the issue. The time has come for Mr. Daughdrill to realize that we are overwhelmingly against the Board proposal regarding tenure. If he is unable or unwilling to take our opinions seriously, he is in no position to administer the affairs of this college.

War

We must make the President aware of our concern. Apparently, we will have to be more vocal in order to make ourselves heard. If this is what it takes, this is what we must do. We cannot allow this issue to die until our voice has been heard by this President or until this President realizes his ineffectiveness and resigns.

Chris King

Janet Yeatman, Students and Life.

Every Board committee discussed the progress of the self-evaluation being made for the

Board discusses tenure, student reps, SAC

The Board of Trustees of Southwestern is concluding its Winter meeting today, having discussed, among several other matters, tenure policy, student representation on board committees, and the self-study being done for the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools.

The Board members received the

Committee yesterday afternoon to protest the cutting of half the number of student on Board committees which took place last year. President Daughdrill and Chairman of the Board Robert McCallum reduced the previous 16 student positions to eight without consulting the Board; they are granted this prerogative by the

faculty representatives on these committees. Through King's protest at the last Board meeting, he was granted the right to appoint eight non-voting student members to the committees. Further action on this issue, with the possibility of the reinstatement of the full 16 voting student members, is before the Board.

SGA president Chris King

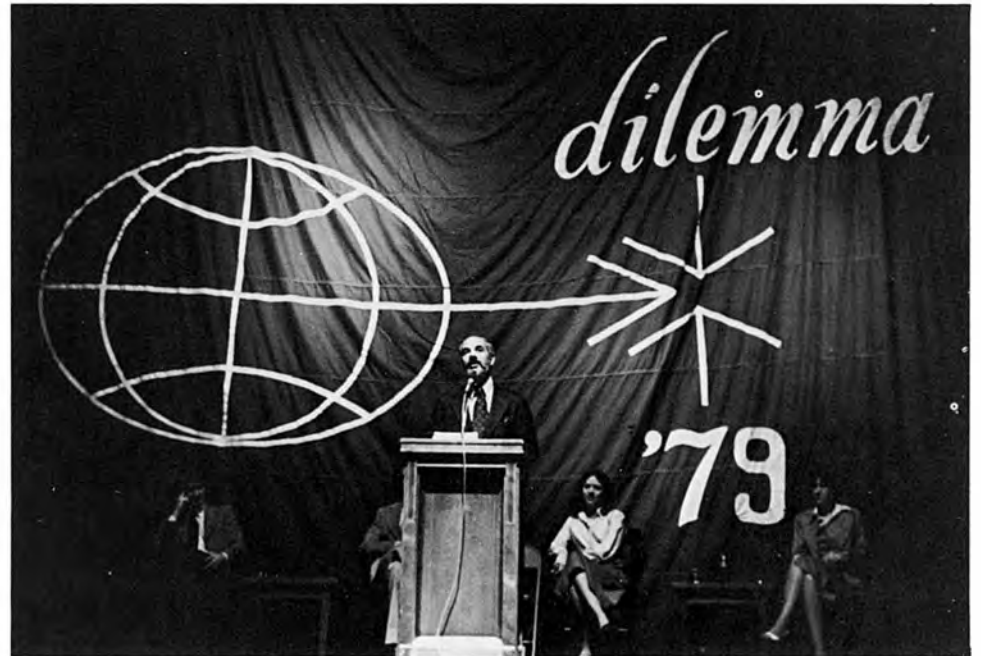


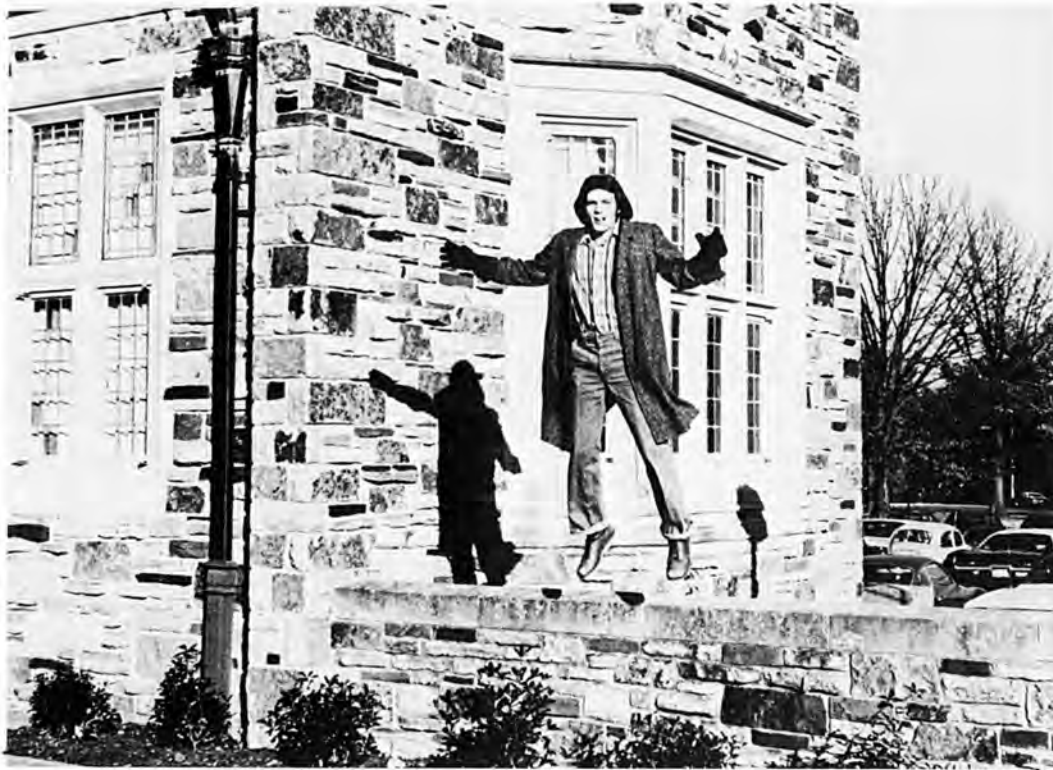




In Media We Trust







Hi Sweetie,

Gram finished your sweater and with this cold weather, thought I'd better send it up, pronto. The rest of the material was used to make Susan a sweater, so you and she have matching sets. I do hope you feel better by now and also have warmed up. That must have been a *real trip!* (Really!)

Daddy took Gram. Sat. to look for cars, Olds and Buicks and I took her today to Ford. So now she has to make her mind up.

Thurs. nite Dad and I are going to B.A.C. for a spaghetti supper then I have play practice. Went bowling last nite. I had 158, 126, and 141. Not bad for laying out a couple weeks. Went to K-Mart to pick up some things and saw some goodies for you so hope you like the choice.

Sat. nite I'm having Carol and John and Clyda and Bill Allen for dinner. Dora is going to the club for Bingo.

Honey, the fire starter you gave us for Christmas works just great and we love it.

The peacock is around the house, everyday. I wish I knew where she belongs. The cow is still in the barn, loving it and getting more spoiled than ever. Dad cut out the coffee and tea breaks.

Gram finished your dress but I won't send it cause I think it's more for fall, spring, and summer so I'll just hang it in your closet. I'll remind Dad about the application.

Love ya and miss ya',
Mom





THE ADVENTURES OF ARTHUR HASH



ARTHUR HAS JUST GOTTEN IN THE PROPER MOOD TO WATCH HIS FAVORITE T.V. SHOW...



OKAY, KIDS! NOW IT'S TIME FOR...

THE MR BILL SHOW

AND, TODAY, KIDS, WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A TOUR OF... **YAAAA!** MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE!



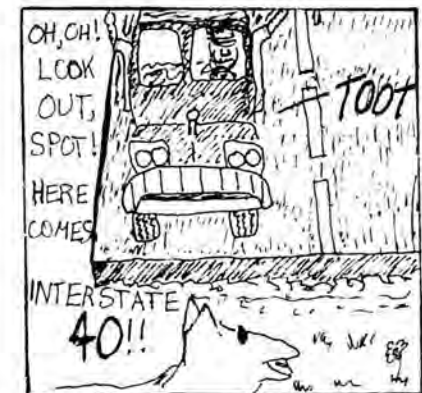
AND HERE'S YOUR TOUR GUIDE, MR. HANDS, WHO SAYS THAT OUR FIRST STOP IS BEAUTIFUL OVERTON PARK!

OOOH, YAAY! ISN'T IT PRETTY?



LOOKS LIKE SPOT WANTS TO GO EXPLORE THE PARK!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! HE'LL BE...



OH, OH! LOOK OUT, SPOT! HERE COMES

INTERSTATE 40!!



YIPE!!

BLARE!

POW!

OOOOOOH! SPOT!! NOOOOOOO!

WELL, TOO BAD, SPOT! BUT YOU CAN'T STOP PROGRESS!



WHY, LOOK WHO WE'VE MET IN OVERTON PARK, MR. BILL! IT'S OUR OLD FRIEND, HOMOSEXUAL SLUGGO!!

OOOH, NOOOOO! HE'S NOT MY FRIEND! HE'S MY ENEMY! HELP! POLICE!



TOO BAD THE MEMPHIS POLICE ARE ON STRIKE, MR. BILL! NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU!

POW!



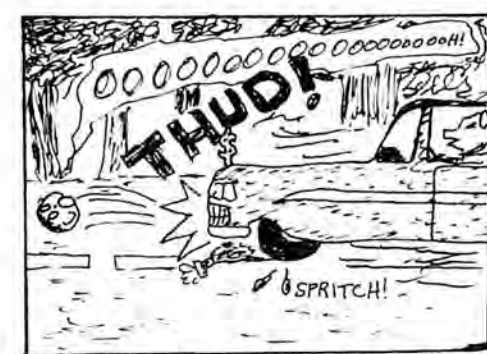
BUT DON'T WORRY, MR. BILL! WE CAN STILL ESCAPE BY CUTTING ACROSS NORTH PARKWAY!

NOOOOO! WAIT! WE SHOULD CROSS AT THE LIGHT! CCCCCCCCC!



DON'T WORRY, MR. BILL! YOU KNOW HOW SAFE MEMPHIS DRIVERS ARE!

NOOOOO! WAIT! I'LL BE HURT! NOOOOOOO!



THUD!

SPRITCH!



SA-M-I

ZOOM!

STAY TUNED NEXT TIME, KIDS, WHEN MR. BILL VISITS SOUTHWESTERN!









