

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

39th Year

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1958

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Western State Observes Psi Chi

by Sigmund Fraud

For the remainder of the semester Western State Mental Hospital's staff will observe the members of Psi Chi, Southwestern's honorary psychology frat. For a number of weeks the Psi Chi's have been visiting the mentally ill at John Gaston's Gailor Clinic in hopes to collect data and "practice up" on diagnosing abnormalities. However much the mental stupefaction of Dr. Lulabell Tweener and Dr. Moitle Gnash, the members of Psi Chi found all the patients at John Gaston in sound mental condition and even called the doctors at John Gaston "chicken" for keeping the patients under care. This confused observation aroused some suspicion in the medical world as well as on the campus. (However, there has been much suspicion about the campus for quite a while.)

Western State had arranged to have two of its staff members observe each member of Psi Chi night and day. However, this is not known by the Psi Chi's because the good Dr. Tweener has informed them that the doctors are simply the super ego and id checking up on their evil organisms. Now isn't medical science wonderful?

The administration of Southwestern is expecting great results from this observation. Maybe they can find the neurotic who burned all the leaves last year or the maniac who threw the missiles through Dr. Hon's windows. The doctors may even be able to explain the high correlation between bridge playing and Psi Chi's. All in all it's going to be a pretty big deal.

So all you rodent manipulators watch your step this semester. Don't let your favorite neurosis show and be careful around your tendencies. Just remember — Big Sibling is watching!!

NOTICE

FREE CUTS have been announced for the entire student body! The faculty voted unanimously its decision at the last faculty meeting. Professors feel that not only are their words wasted on overflowing classes of sleepy-eyed students, but also their meditations are dangerously interrupted by feverish note-taking, pencils being sharpened, and requests for them to repeat that last phrase. Besides, we want to imitate the BIG colleges.



THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS for The Allen Reynold's Memorial Student Center are designed to blend ignominiously into the uplifting buttresses of our All-Gothic campus.

Plans For New Student Center Released More Gothic Spires to Grace Campus

by L. C. Q. Lamar

Students, rise up and give 2 or 3 cheers! Springboard has finally unclutched the barbed-wire purse strings and we are going to get a Cheap Substitute Lair! After many years of giving Charity Pancake Suppers, Missionary Society Teas, and Mike Ivy Memorial Fund-Raising Poker Games, the money has

at last been collected to purchase the following items: (a) one match to burn down Palmer Hall (b) 3000 tons of South Arkansas Brick (each piece autographed by Christopher Wren). Thus will the location and building materials for the New Allen Reynolds Memorial Lair be provided for. The magnificent edifice will rise in all Mid-South Gothic splendor, flanked on each side by the lush greenery of the Charles I. Charles Memorial Bushes. The exquisitely lovely entrance hall will have its charming Palladian Vista enhanced by 5000 times life size solid-gold bust of the John Henry Davis Memorial Peanut which will serve as a constant inspiration to students.

The new Allen Reynolds Memorial Lair will contain such indis-

pensable features as the Jack U. Russell Faculty Harangue Room, in which members of the faculty may engage in philosophical discussion and tell dirty jokes without student interference, the Wedge Memorial Rathskeller, in which students may take their choice of many varieties of Schnapps, and

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Southwestern Under New Rule Leaves Care of Presbyteries MONASTICAL ORDER REPLACES SYNODS

by Tennessee

It has recently been rumored that Southwestern is to come under new Administration and Control. Dr. Peyton N. Rhodes, former college president, has verified this, and the wonderful news may now be told! We are subject to the demands of His Holiness the Dalai Lama of Tibet, instead of the

demands of Their Holinesses the Synods of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee.

Riot Explodes When Students See Brown Shacks Dismantled

Stunned students and professors gaped at a neat architect's drawing in Mrs. Wolfe's office today. A sleek new streamlined office building is planned to replace the shacks. Modern down to the neatest red brick, the plans are thought to be part of a vicious plot to undermine student morale and shake off Gothic effluvium.

Already work has been started dismantling the beloved shacks. Clutching the new annual cover desperately, Jay Jerden was seen fleeing from the falling art shack followed by a trusty staff bearing paste pots, pictures, and rulers. Harassed professors ran hither and thither poking the debris for books, spectacles, and dentrifices. Recently evacuated Dr. Bigger stood eyeing the wreckage indifferently. His only comment was, "Wonder if Thompson got out?"

Prof. Madden was hardest struck by the catastrophe. His afternoon art class was turned into a canvas-bearing bucket brigade, but work came to a standstill when he demanded the eight foot easels be saved. Eternally lost are Dr. Conrad's fossils and souvenirs from Spain.

After steadfastly resisting all pleas to desist, workmen volunteered that Springboard was pay-

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To those who are not now religiously oriented — this is your chance! The change has come about because of the recent inroads into the Presbyterian Church by the steadily increasing number of Foot-Washing Baptists and the like. This has produced a recession in the Economic System of the Synods of A., L., M., and T. In a word, they have FOLDED!

The New Administration has proposed a system by which Southwestern may operate without subsidation, grants-in-aid, endowments, etc.—all members of the faculty and student body will be required to take the vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, as we are all going to be MONKS (girls included). This system will be of great assistance to bachelor members of the faculty, such as Wright, Gravesmill, Madden, and Gunnar Klink, and will solve the Well Known Southwestern Dating Problem. It will also eliminate complaints about the Dining Hall Food, as we will all eat rice and yak butter, and drink tea.

Chapel will be eliminated (to the relief of all), including Professor Patterson and Paunchy Turpin, as we will spend most of our time contemplating our navels and whirling prayer wheels. Senior Bible will be dropped from the curriculum, to be replaced by Senior Nirvana. Pall Malls will no longer be sold in the Lair; as a substitute and as an aid to Meditation, opium will be provided for all students free of charge. All automobiles will

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Work Begun on Faculty Center First 16 Floors In Basement

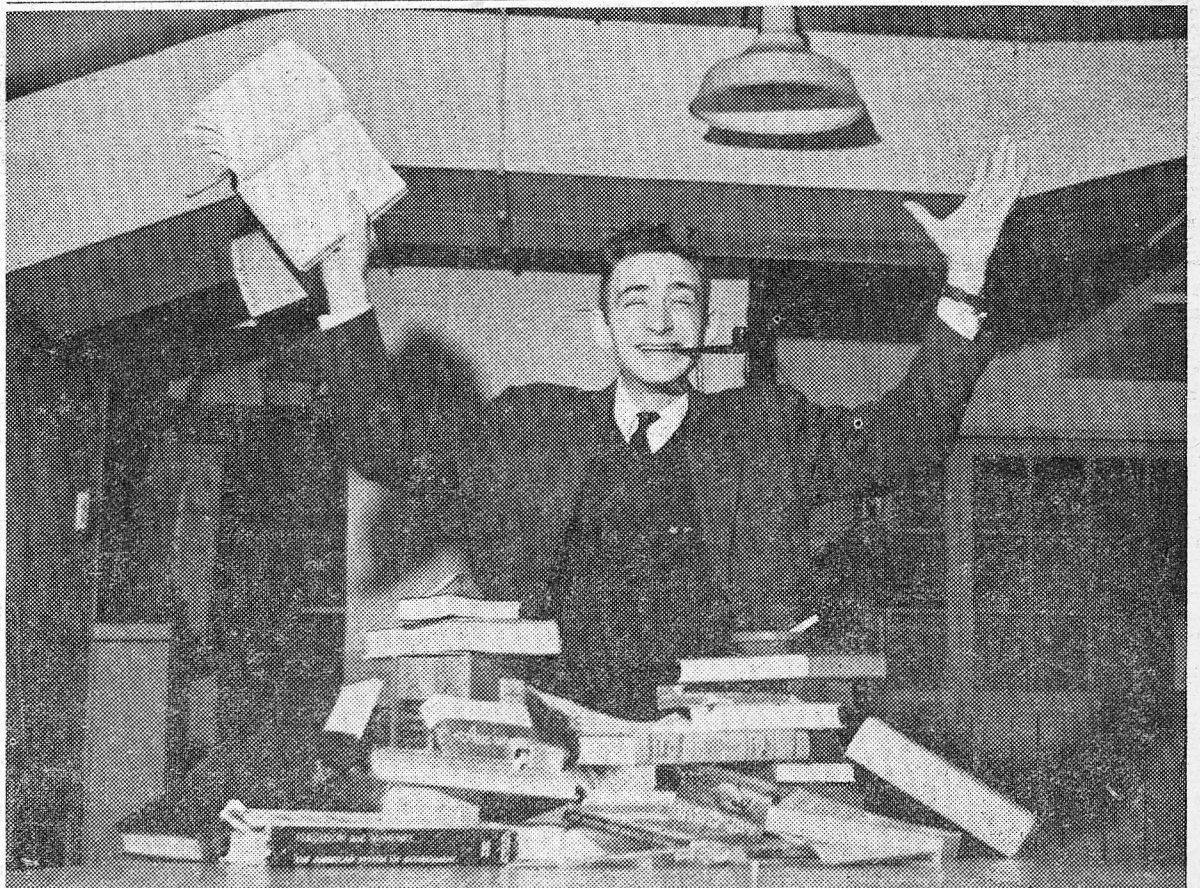
by Gene Botsford

Dr. Mortimer L. (Moon) Mullins, head of the Sanskrit department here at Southwestern, and newly-elected president of a committee of pleaders-to-the-Board-of-Directors-to-try-to-see-if-we-can't-get-a-Faculty-Center-too, announced today that plans were coming along very

well on the granted Center. A crew of laborers has been working on the building since early last week, and, so far, they have completed only the 16-floor basement of the gigantic structure; Dr. Mullins stated that he hopes the rest of the building will be finished before the end of March. Anyone caring to look over the basement may do so, (although we'd suggest that you watch your step.)

Each department of the school will have a separate floor of unusual, interesting things about that department. On floor —16, for example, will be the entertaining apparatus of the Biology department; they will have such phenomena as: live bullfrogs being developed with the names of their organs already stamped on them; a guitar-playing amoeba, a red-eyed Drosophila capable of working heredity problems, and a student who has had his di-

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COMPS CANCELLED! Paul (The Monk) Thompson, studious senior at our Hallowed Institution, expresses heartfelt grief upon receiving news that comprehensive exams, another tradition, have been cancelled.

The Sou'wester

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The Peacock's Tale

by Bates Peacock

With all the new changes on campus, I really have a lot to write about. Number one on the list is a big congratulations to our new trustees for giving us the Student Center and for making chapel unrequired. Also Dean Jones, we're glad you realized the frustrations of this past year and did away with final exams and "comps." The seniors bow down in humble adoration.

Plans were started this week in Voorhies and Freshman to enlarge the closets and put TV in all upper-classmen's rooms. There was some objection to this, but it was quickly taken care of by Miss Richards. "The girls' happiness is my first concern," she said in defense of the sets. Oh yes—Miss Cable's kitchen is being built.

The Sigma Nu's, SAE's and KA's are planning a Brotherhood Dinner next Monday night. The purpose is to discuss their new joint Boy Scout Troop.

Have ya'll seen the shows downtown? I took in every one last week and recommend them all. That is, if you get time between parties.

One more interesting report. The Science Department announced that they had just completed plans for a gigantic still, which will be built to supply all Southwestern needs. Enough for now—Happy April fool, fools—

Oh, and one more thing. Call BR 2-3061. Unity.

Mrs. Martin announced the following items have accumulated in the lost and found department of the office: Two jars of Ruby Mae Kinky Hair Straightener, three gallons of microscopic parasites, two and one-half umbrella ribs, three typewriter keys (a, n, and %), one contact lens, one right-handed crutch, one case of Jack Daniels, and four dozen atoms of sodium dichlorodiflorotribromometasulfide.

The following articles have been reported at lost: one two-tone green 1952 hardtop Buick car battery, one black Doberman Pincher, 1/4 page Senior Bible notes, one sleeve from a white poplin jacket, and last week's article by Mississippi.

Shacks Dismantled

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ing them by the job, not the hour. A thrill-seeking crowd had gathered by afternoon, but workmen continued despite sneers and hissing. At a loss to meet the dilemma, the crowd stared helplessly until one level-headed student asked himself what Southwesterners had done in the past when confronted by insurmountable obstacles. Equal to the situation he immediately strode confidently away and called the fire department.

Faculty Center

(Continued from Page 1)

gestive tract taken out and a photosynthesis unit put in, and consequently never has to be fed.

The psychology department has the world's fastest maze-running rat; the English department amuses itself by watching a rather old movie of Shakespeare writing King Henry IV, with ol' Willie himself playing the lead role. The Math department, on the other hand, previously had a machine which would count the number of raindrops falling on the campus per year; unfortunately, however, the machine had a nervous breakdown a few days ago.

The above-ground portion of the building will be made of the customary pink and black stones of other buildings on the campus. The intelligentsia cordially invite the students to drop in any time and indulge in some extra-curricular curricula.

Innovations Announced In Directors Meeting

At the annual meeting of the Southwestern Board of Directors, several announcements were made that could possibly be of interest to students. To begin with, Dr. Peyton Rhodes announced that students could begin leaving now to go home for the Easter holidays whenever they got ready; Dr. Rhodes, however, stated that students must be back "before very long" to start back to classes. He stated that three weeks was the maximum length of time that a student could be away, and anyone gone longer than this would automatically have one month cut off of next year's Christmas vacation.

The question of coffee breaks every quarter-hour during lectures was discussed, and voted on. The directors unanimously granted the students three such breaks during a regular one-hour class. One Ph.D. holder who talked back to a student was expelled, and the others told to watch their step in the future. Along this line, Leroy, proprietor of the gym, was brought in and severely reprimanded for failing to let a student check out a basketball.

The Board of Directors met in the new Burrow dining hall and enjoyed a wonderful meal and a successful meeting, with only one casualty being reported from poisoning. Dr. Henry Hopscotch, architect in charge of buildings on the campus, announced that the new Student Center was to be made entirely of red brick. He also announced the addition of a new wing of Voorhies, with about 100 new passion pits being added. After granting the request that no exams and comprehensives be given from this time forth, the meeting was adjourned.

Parkside Restaurant

448 E. Parkway GL 8-5298

Student Center

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the Treasure Room, in which objects of historical importance, such as the old Lair, will be displayed.

Private rooms for various student gatherings, as the Joe Rhodes Night Existential Group and The Ellett Hall Weight-Lifters Society, will be charmingly decorated with abstract murals on the theme "Dieu et les Dames." A convenient snack bar featuring Cafe Brulot and Mrs. Drake's Sandwiches will be located on the Gothic Front Porch. The 3rd floor will be entirely occupied by an intimate little bar with 5 floor shows nightly, starring the World Famous New Orleans Sequinettes and the song of the Sigma Nu Quartet.

For the convenience of Philosophy Majors, a Meditation Room with a large statue of Pallas Athene springing full-grown from the forehead of Lewis Wilkins and a number of hot and cold running waiters with pots of hot coffee is being planned.

To increase the beauty of the new structure, stained-glass windows depicting various historical events will line the walls of the main foyer. Subjects being considered are: "Pack packs," "Dr. Smith urges Paramecium to Conjugate," "The Departure of Jay Stein," "J. Q. Wolf Discovers Wordsworth," and "Daniel D. Rhodes is Assassinated by John Wilkes Booth."

All in all, the Allen Reynolds Memorial Lair sounds like a grand old Hell-Raising place, and as a final added attraction, space will be provided for each student to have a Do-It-Yourself Sour Mash Still. Students, prepare yourselves—learn the password right now. "The Brothers Karamazoo" which means Stinking Bullet Water in the Choctaw language. And you'd better go kiss the old Lunk's Leer goodbye. The Day of Reckoning Is At Hand!

Care of Monastery

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be confiscated; transportation will be provided by Yaks. No major will be offered in Bible. As a matter of fact, the only major offered will be "Theories of Reincarnation."

Religious Evaluation Week will be replaced by pilgrimages to Lhasa, Natchez, and Holly Springs.

Those Who Know say that His Holiness the Dalai Lama plans to institute a search for his successor, viz. The Reincarnation of the Dalai Lama, among the students of Southwestern. The Future Dalai Lama will be identified by certain mystic signs about his person, such as an unbuckled Ivy League belt on the back of his pants, a chaw of Bull Durham in his shirt pocket, and 5000 Top Value Trading Stamps pinned to his undershirt.

All students are advised to either get out while the getting's good, or else run out to their Friendly Neighborhood Supply Store and purchase 2 or 3 convenient wallet-sized full color portraits of Buddha (suitable for framing).

The Word of the Week:

Long Live the Potala! (see Webster's if you are so uncultured as not to know what the Potala is.)

Make it a
TODDLE HOUSE
SNACK
after studying!

Location nearest you ...
1915 Poplar Ave.



America's 24-Hour Host

T. V. TIME

by John Farris

After several seasons' absence from the TV screens, that popular show about a college president and his wife, "The Halls of Gothic," returned last night, and happily we report that the show has lost none of its subtle humor, its wistful philosophy, its sly satirical view of campus life.

The opening program was mostly concerned with the domestic life of Perry N. Rose, president of the Gothic-Style Institute of Higher Learning.

Dr. Rose had just come down to breakfast wearing his French dressing gown, his English argyles and his Kentucky miner's lamp. This last item is a charming eccentricity which makes Perry seem just like folks instead of a college president. It's practical, too, for reading in bed. (Perry sleeps in the hall closet because he can't abide drafts and the tarpaper over the holes in the windows of the president's Gothic-style home is peeling away.)

Hearing an ungodly racket in the kitchen, Dr. Rose opened the door. His only son, Moe, was sitting on the kitchen floor sawing away at one of the legs of the new breakfast table.

"What are you doing?" Dr. Rose said in horror. "Don't you realize I paid ninety dollars for that table?"

"You got rooked," Moe commented, sawing away. "The thing won't stand level. My plate keeps sliding off onto the floor."

"What do you mean? I paid ninety dollars for that table. It's the best table money can buy. Of course it stands level."

"Ridiculous," said Moe, still sawing. "Just take a look at it. Anybody can see it doesn't stand level."

"I don't need to look at it," Dr. Rose cried. He pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and waved it. "Look, I'll prove it stands level. Here's the receipt. Ninety bucks. That's how much I paid for the thing. Of course it stands level!"

"Let's eat our breakfast, now,"

Mrs. Rose said, setting the table. "Moe, put up your saw and have some hominy grits."

They all sat down to eat. Mrs. Rose served them. There was a short silence, followed by a crash. "No wonder I'm starving to death around here," Moe said bitterly. "I didn't ever get a chance to pick up my fork that time."

"What are you going to do today, Nil?" Mrs. Rose said, employing the president's middle name affectionately.

"Well, I have a couple of conferences, and then I'm going to have lunch with Schuyler B. Shin, the financier. He's thinking of giving the college a little scratch for its building fund."

"Really, dear? What does he want to build?"

"A Gothic dog kennel."

"Neat." At this, the family pet, an albino Dalmatian named Spotless, perked up his ears, then laid down again and watched the flea races on his backbone.

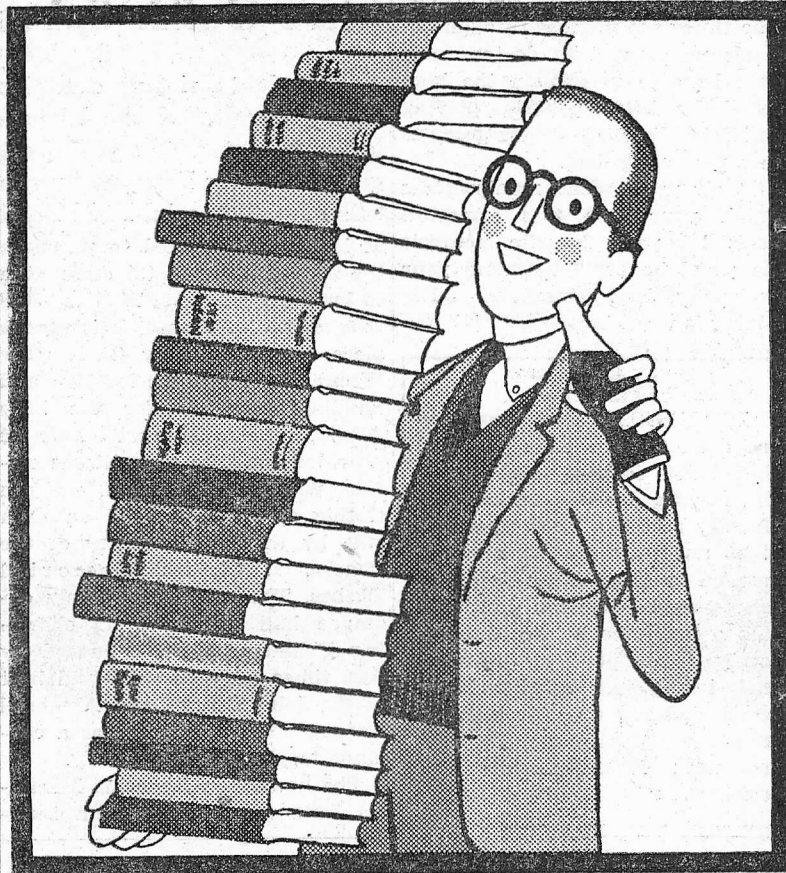
"Have you seen the paper?" Perry said.

"The last time I saw it," Mrs. Rose said, "you were reading it in the shower. Maybe Moe—" she broke off and stared impatiently at her son. "Moe," she said severely, "how many times must I tell you, if your face doesn't stop getting hairy at the breakfast table, you'll have to eat in the kitchen."

"Gee whiz, Mom," Moe said defensively, "can I help it if I'm a teen-age Werewolf?"

"Off with you," Dr. Rose admonished.

(Continued on Page 3)



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De gustibus

non est disputandum"—and, quite literally, there's no question about it—when it comes to taste, Coca-Cola wins hands down. In Latin, Greek or Sanskrit, "Have a Coke" means the same thing—it's an invitation to the most refreshing pause of your life. Shall we?



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Night Out

by Mississippi

A belated congratulations to the Snakes on the theme of St. Patrick for their dance.

We, the downtrodden, have a holiday coming. Were this not a Christian institution, no doubt about it, we would never have gotten a holiday. Selah. Easter is appropriate and reminds me of a story which now comes, concerning a rooster who found a batch of Easter Eggs, stopped and thought a moment, then went out and knocked Hell out of the peacock. (Apologies to Bates.)

? Derby Day, promised to be this week-end, is postponed 'til warmer weather. The cows are waiting for warmer fingers. This Annual Event seems doomed after 1 year's running. Such intelligent events anyway.

"The Bridge on the River Kwai," a real fine bit with suspense and everything. Should be an excellent show and will be at the Warner. If you missed "I was a Teenage Frankenstein" and "Blood of Dracula"—good. These horror shows get more ridiculous as they go—nice with a scared date though.

"Farewell to Arms" is still going—as well as the "Brothers Karamazov." The Guild has the "3rd Key," and I'm not yet familiar with it. (But when I'm familiar, I'm very familiar.)

The Sunset in West Memphis has two goodies—"Mated" and "Swamp Woman." "Mated" is a genuine full length, and not to be seen by couples unless already married.

The Article last week when I didn't get mine in, that one was o.k., but omitted Jack Rockett or Ralph Gore, my candidates for Commissioner of Religious Activities.

The KS Band was good, and stags were evident all over who held their dates in their pockets, by the neck, or bottom. The Big Crowd was probably at the tennis matches. Those gentlemen sports are not for me.

Beware, Beware the Red (Yawn) Tops are coming.

Our word of culture for the week is to complete this line:

"The cock doth crow
The day doth daw,
The channering worn doth chide..."

Make an original ending to this verse and submit it for publication to me on campus sometime.

Love and Easter Joy to all. Attend your local church and repent.

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T. V. Time

(Continued from Page 2)

"Grrr-r," Moe said sullenly, and loped away.

Mrs. Rose shook her head. "I just don't know what to do about that boy."

"Maybe he needs a hobby." Just then there was a terrible racket above.

"What's that?" Mrs. Rose said. Dr. Rose listened. "Sounds like Moe chasing the cat across the roof."

Mrs. Rose giggled nervously. "He must be making a hell of an impression on the neighbors."

Came a screeching howl, and a sodden thump.

"Well, I wonder who won that round?" Perry said hopefully.

Moe came dragging in through the back door.

"I guess this just isn't my lucky day," Dr. Rose sighed.

President P. N. Rhodes has announced that graduation exercises will be held this spring at the Cotton Mouth in West Memphis. Graduating seniors will receive an indelible purple stamp on the back of their hands rather than the conventional diploma. Music for the processional will be supplied by Charlie Brown and his combo.

Russians Donate Funds to Campus

The administration has just announced that the U.S.S.R. has given Southwestern a \$1,000,000 grant. The credit for this grant goes to Dr. Louis Murray who has been negotiating with the Russian Education Department for some time, as the U.S. government refuses to give Southwestern any more grants until the Student Center Building which has been under construction for the past eighteen years is finished.

The Russians placed one stipulation on the grant, that being that \$999,999.99 be used in erecting a Gothic Doghouse Monument in memory of Llika with the remainder to be used at the students see fit.

President R. Pritchard of the U.S. Government says that if Southwestern accepts the grant he will take all his books out of Burrow Library. As of yet the administration is undecided on what they will do but it is rumored that the school will soon have what everyone knows the school has always needed, a Gothic doghouse.

Reporter Astounded By Colossal Flop Of Faculty Concert

They had another concert over at the College of Music the other night. Professors Gravedigger, Tutberg, and Thornhill played several selections on ancient medieval instruments. One of them came apart during the performance, but this didn't stop anybody. Faculty and students of Southwestern were cordially invited to hear the recital, but none of them came.

The concert was pretty much of a failure. A feeble applause from the rather restless and sparse audience greeted the first number. As the spectators then rose to leave, the performers screamed, "No, no, it's not over yet!" Some of them left anyway.

After the recital, the Sou'wester's roving reporter asked various members of the audience for their opinions of the concert. Some of the more enthusiastic ones were:

"Just because I'm a music major I have to come to all these dern little concerts and I have a lot of better things to do."

"—ell#!??#"

"I thought it was pretty good. I

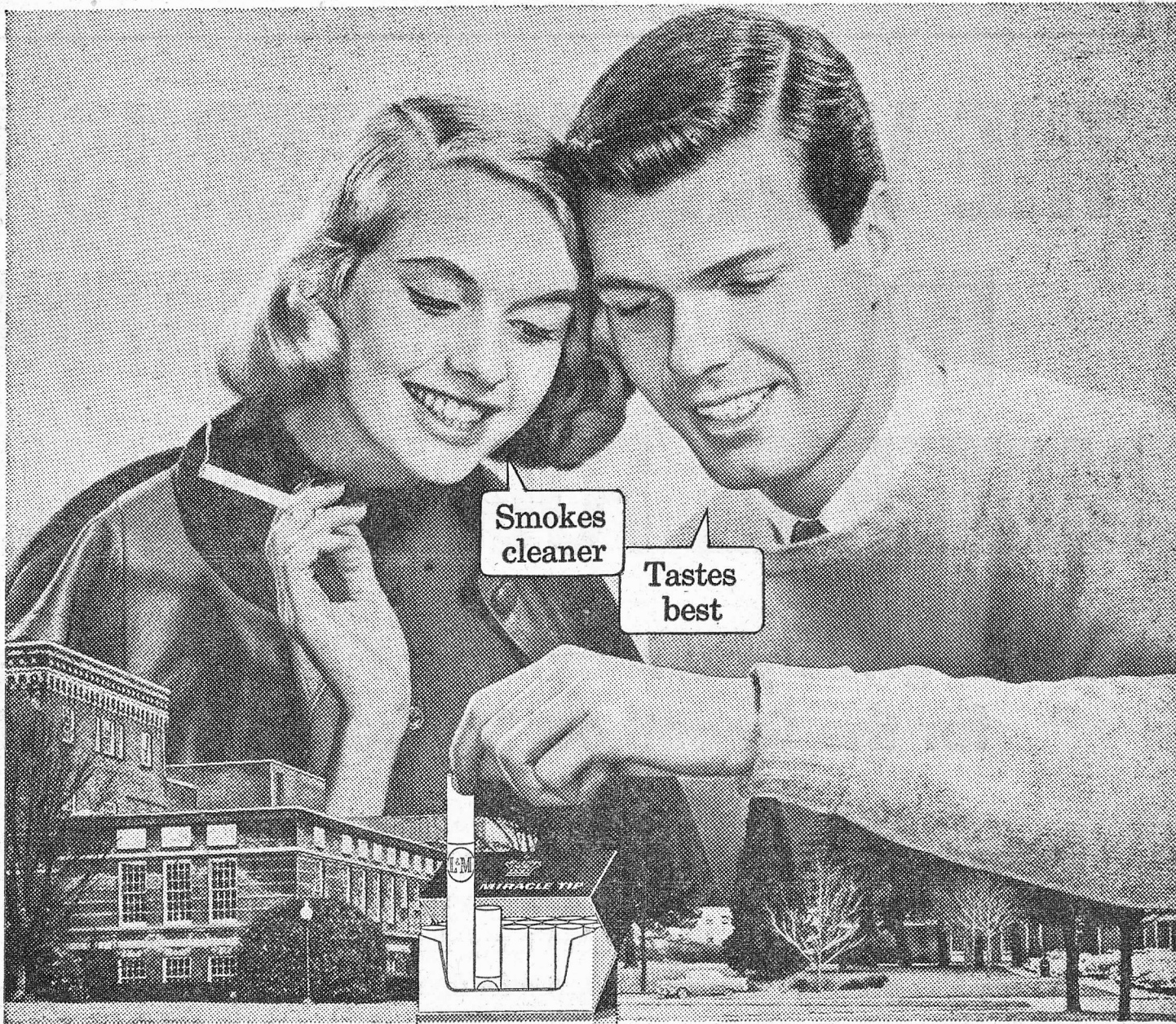
Lack of space in this the April Fool issue, means this will be a long article, capsule fashion. Golf: Ole Miss yesterday, Southeast Mo. State April 9, and Lambuth April 16—Four!! . . . Out on the diamond. Baseball opens tomorrow against Hanover, the Hoosier Conference Champs. On the mound, watch Rose . . . Also baseball. A four game southern trip, then back home for four, with Union away sandwiched in between. Read about the road games April 8th. See the home ones April 9, 11, 17, 18 . . . Track—Memphis Relays tomorrow, Lambuth April 4 and 11—our boys are in shape . . . Tennis—Home April 1 and 2 against DePauw and Ole Miss, then on the road April 7, 8, 9, and 15 to Howard, U. of Alabama, Miss. State, and Union.

HAVE TEAMS, GLOVES, SPIKES, RACKETS, CINDERS, PUTTERS—HAVE WON, WILL WIN, ARE TRAVELING.

went to sleep before the first number was over."

The best comment came from Junk Fackhouser, theory instructor (what theory has not as yet been determined.) Junk said, "Well, honey, I really don't know because I wasn't there."

You'll be sittin' on top of the world when you change to L&M

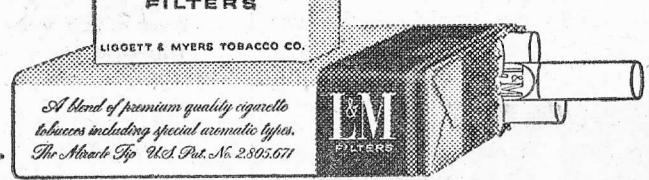


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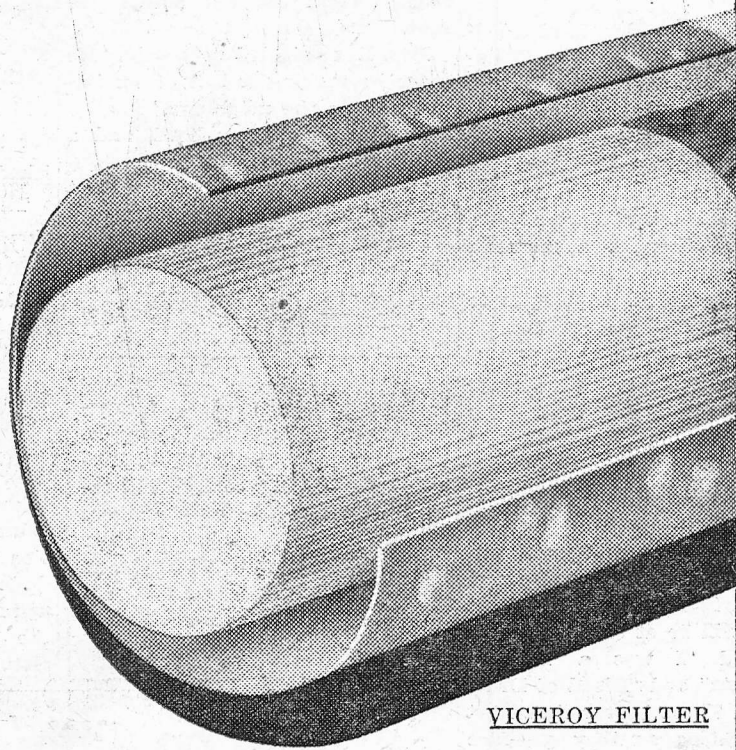
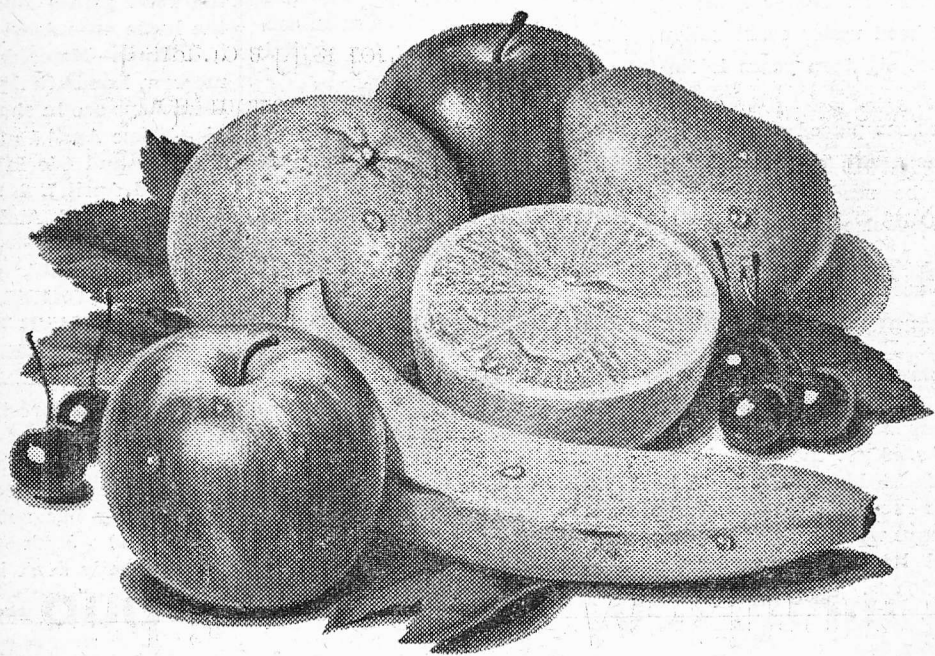
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