

# Sou'wester

October 29, 1971

Southwestern At Memphis

Vol. 53 No. 8

## BSA COSTUME BALL

### When:

Saturday, Oct. 30, 8-12.

### Where:

Student Center

### How Much:

75¢ a couple, 50¢ drag.

### Costume:

Optional, mask will be sold for those without costumes.

There will be live music!

## Farris Novel Goes Hollywood

by Eileen Hanrahan

Ramey, a novel written by Professor Jack Farris in the early 1950's, is scheduled for movie production sometime after the first of the year.

The novel deals with the relationship between a man and his son, Ramey, and the problems the boy encounters after his father is killed. It is a simple, old fashioned novel set in the Arkansas mountains.

It was originally bought 17 years ago by the United States Steel Hour for production as a premier television film, but was never produced. At that time, Abbey Mann, who won an Oscar for *Judgement at Nuremberg*, was asked to script the play.

Mann was unable to script the novel at that time because of his involvement in other projects. However, he re-read the novel several times over the years with the intention of scripting it.

About six months ago, Mann decided to write the script and contacted Farris. The name of the movie, which is being handled thru Universal Studios, will be *Holvack*, Ramey's last name. The cast has not yet been chosen.



Professor Jack Farris



This week's Lynx Lovely  
"The Dark Side of the Mona"

## Southwestern Hosts Experts On China

Next Friday, November 5, Southwestern will host Uldis and Ann Kruze who were among fifteen young scholars representing the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, who this past summer made a month-long visit to the People's Republic of China. They shall speak and offer a film of their trip at 3:00 in Frazier-Jelke B. The following day a coffee shall be held at 10 a.m. in the East Lounge for all interested students.

While in China, the group traveled officially as the Friendship Delegation of the CCAS. During the last week of the trip, the group was received in Peking at the embassies of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and the Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea. In addition, the Friendship Delegation held lengthy discussions with Cambodian Head of State Prince Sihanouk and with Premier Chou En-lai of the Peoples Republic of China.

Since all fifteen members of the Friendship Delegation are American citizens, the group was the first of its kind in more than twenty years to travel extensively in China. The majority of the members of the delegation speak Chinese and were able, therefore, to communicate directly with the people around them. The delegation

visited Canton, Shanghai, Soochow, Nanking, Peking, Cachai, Taiyuan, Sian, and Yenan, and traveled in six provinces. The group visited peoples agricultural communes and production brigades in the countryside, factories and hospitals in the cities, and a wide variety of educational institutions in places of historical interest. They met the Chinese people in all walks of life wherever they traveled.

The delegation kept a thorough record of the visit on film and in note form. They were permitted total freedom to photograph and ask questions as they pleased, and were encouraged to preserve a complete account of their meetings with Premiere Chou En-lai and Prince Sihanouk. The group now has available more than 3,000 color slides and a one-hour "Super 8" movie, nearly 1,000 black and white photographs, several tape recordings, and volumes of transcripts and notes.

Ann Lowery Kruze was born in Tupelo, Mississippi, and has lived in Mississippi, Texas, California, North Carolina, New Jersey, and Ohio. She has a B.A. from Cleveland State University in 1970 in Psychology and Education. She has been a primary school teacher in Hong Kong; is married, aged 26.

## Community Life Proposes Relaxed Liquor Policy

by Jerry Gentry

Writer's note: At the request of Dr. Fred Neal, presiding member of the Community Life Committee, all names which would normally be attributed to quotes are being withheld. It is his opinion that this insures the individuals' right of free expression.

During the past week the Social Regulations Committee and the Community Life Committee have met to determine what to do about our school's alcohol policy. The meetings, however, brought forth some interesting questions concerning the role of the student as opposed to the power of the administration. This unlikely result of such a mundane subject was pointed up but was hardly clarified at the emergency meeting of the Community Life Committee Monday.

The Community Life Committee is a loosely-knit organization of students and faculty who meet once a month to discuss regulations proposed by the SRC and to make recommendations of its own. It boasts the highest proportion of student representation of any non-student committee. It can, if the situation warrants, meet more often, and such was the case Monday.

The basic issue of question was the revision of the drinking rules for the campus; however, even this is more complicated than it seems. For the first part, an unofficial straw poll taken by the SRC shows that 80% or more of the students are totally unaware of the current regulations. Most did not even know that any regulations existed at all. Under these conditions it appeared to the committee a little insipid to announce a major change in the rules.

The SRC's original proposal would have permitted liquor over the entire campus with the exception of all administrative buildings. (At present, it is only supposed to be in the dorms and fraternity houses.) The original proposal was finally altered, after much arguing on all sides, to read "dorms, fraternity houses, and the grounds in general." The only points of contention came over the gym, the football stadium, the refectory, and the Student Center.

Principally the controversy over the gym was a lengthy argument of semantics. Apparently no one could decide whether or not the gym was an administrative building or a more student-oriented one. Dr. Lykes of the international studies department holds a number of his classes there, but this was not considered conclusive enough.

In the final action, it was decided that alcoholic beverages should be excluded from the gym; first of all, due to the problem of dealing with "the rowdy behavior of drunks" and secondly, due to the litter problem.

A similar attitude was taken toward the football stadium. It was felt that the public image of the college might be endangered by "the lunatic fringe" taking advantage of lax rules. To solve the situation, the committee proposed that signs be posted around the field informing the public not to drink in the stands. Furthermore, a like announcement would be made preceding each game.

Refectory officials reportedly said they would abide by the students' decision. However, no decision was ever made.

It was also decided that the Student Center make its own rules concerning the drinking rules there. This insures the Student Center of continued autonomy.

A mention of the ruling in the girls' social rooms, where drinking is presently forbidden, was made. The faculty member responding said, "It would be a perpetual bar and party every night. They (the student attendants) have enough trouble with the drunks now." It was then decided that no action would be taken with the girls' dorms.

The question of "administrative review" was briefly and gingerly touched on toward the end of the meeting. This process gives Dr. Julius Melton the power of veto over any SRC regulation. Apparently, up until a short time ago, even the SRC was unaware as to where the power started, so some clarification was called for by the SRC representative.

Dr. Melton took the situation in a calm and almost ambivalent mood. He said that he had the utmost faith in the representative decisions of the SRC and the continued advisory capacity of the Community Life Committee. He still retained his veto power, although he said he never expected to use it.

The meeting adjourned with little action taken and many questions left unanswered.

Dr. Rodger Klienman, head of the Southwestern Counseling Service, has announced the formation of an Educational Planning Program. The purpose of the new program is to "explore problems involving post-graduate work." While the program is primarily aimed at juniors and seniors, anyone who is interested may call the counseling service.

# Sou'wester



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## UN Vote

It was reported this week that the Tanzanian Ambassador to the United Nations did a traditional victory dance in front of the rostrum after it was announced that the body would seat the People's Republic of China rather than Nationalist China. This was in no way to compare to the string of dances that senators, congressmen, governors and just about everyone else did in protest to this historic vote. Everyone, it would seem, has jumped on the bandwagon to dismember the United Nations by cutting U.S. appropriations to that body. Before such action is taken, a little closer look should be made concerning the China vote.

First, Nationalist government on the island of Taiwan does not represent the Taiwanese people themselves. The Kuomintang (the only party allowed in Nationalist China) has continually suppressed the rights of the native Taiwanese. No one is denying "Taiwan" a seat in the organization of nations because the island has no real representative government.

Second, it should not be the place of the United Nations to decide a nation's membership on any criteria except whether such a nation's government is in fact the realistic governing body of such a nation. In other words, it makes no difference whether a nation's government is communist, fascist or mugwump, it still has a right to be represented in the United Nations. If the Nationalist government will abandon its dream of reconquering the mainland and merely claim to represent the island of Taiwan (whether they do in fact or not), it should be welcomed into the United Nations.

From a practical point of view, the seating of both Nationalist China and the People's Republic, which the United States advocated was impossible from the start. How could the Nationalist Chinese sit in the same organization with a government they refuse to admit exists? This would be tantamount to recognition of such a regime. On the other hand, how could we expect the Communist Chinese to accept this half-way accommodation? A choice had to be made as to which government represented the realistic government of the Chinese mainland. Unfortunately, President Nixon, for political reasons, could not admit this fact, and so American prestige in the world organization now rests at an alltime low.

It would be tragic indeed for America to abandon the United Nations at this crucial juncture in its history. This week's vote was a much-needed turn to realism on the part of the world organization. We must continue to give even greater support to this organization which means so much to the future of mankind.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

Regarding last week's letter to the editor concerning the turning away of three black students from the Zeta house, I would like to make a clarification of the matter. I would like to point out that during rush weekend Zeta, as well as all other sororities on campus, are bound by the Panhellenic restriction which states that no one may enter or leave the house

during the time of voting. For this reason, the black students, as well as everyone else, were denied admittance. This also includes the three white students who were allegedly allowed to enter.

We regret that the black students misunderstood our advisors who were only acting in accordance with the rules of the campus.

Beverly Crawford

## Rudeness Mars Homecoming Dance

by Bill Jones

Memphis audiences are notorious at rock-music functions, whether concerts or dances, for instructing performers in what to perform. A "mental eunuch", as Paul Simon called him, screamed throughout the 1968 Simon and Garfunkel concert for "Sounds of Silence." In 1970, the cry was for "Whole Lotta Love" at the Led Zeppelin appearance. This year, "Country Road" was recommended to James Taylor, even after he'd played it.

In most cases, the practice of an artist who has among his repertoire a universally recognizable song is to wait until the end of his concert to perform it. There are several reasons for this, primarily psychological. If the "hit" song were performed earlier, much of the emotional tension of anticipation would be diffused, and a tremendous amount of excitement would mysteriously be missing for the remainder of the evening. What would follow would be rather anti-climatic. The crowd-pleaser will of course be performed, but not until the audience has been worked up to the point where they are ready for catharsis.

The Ides of March, playing last weekend at the Homecoming dance were faced by a receptive audience, part of which, however, demonstrated a degree of rudeness not seen since a well-known California social organization interrupted the Rolling Stones' concert at Altamont. The Ides of March proved themselves musicians of considerable talent. Lead singer and guitarist Jim Peterik successfully combined the stage routines of Pete Townshend, Jimi Hendrix, and Sha Na Na. That the aud-

ience was enthusiastic was appreciatively noted by the Ides of March, but the actions of various members of the audience merely convinced them that the Southern U.S. is still living somewhere around 1962.

As usual with a Memphis audience, the crowd called for their favorite, in this instance, "Vehicle", as though they actually thought somehow it would be neglected. "Some bastard out there called us bastards," said Peterik, "and told us to play 'Vehicle'." His tone of voice registered disgust. Contempt was later expressed privately for those apparently misplaced members of Jeb Stuart's cavalry brigade who, for lack of horses, were dancing on one another's shoulders and brandishing their clothes as they would have sabres. A group of exhibitionists, who appeared to believe the audience was really interested in watching them stand ludicrously on stage like Russian dignitaries on Lenin's tomb, were quickly removed by an irate stage manager. Finally, a beer can was hurled at the lead singer, who tossed it back, infuriated.

Although the Ides of March had been extremely well-received by most of the people present, the proximity of disruptive elements caused them to end their performance earlier than they had intended. The provincial behavior of segments of the Southwestern audience, according to Social Commissioner Bob Tigert, was instrumental in a decision made by the Ides of March, shortly after the Homecoming show, never to play again at a dance. One can hardly blame them.

## Black Theatre to Open at DOPKWE House

by Peter Ball

*No Place to Be Somebody*, Charles Gordone's Broadway triumph of 1969, will be playing on weekends at the DOPKWE House at 1185 South Bellevue, starting Dec. 17th and running through March.

This action takes place in a bar run by Johnny Williams, a complex, angry, illiterate black man who has succeeded in running a bar and being a pimp because of a toughness he has learned the hard way. What keeps him going is his ambition to run the rackets in a neighborhood presently controlled by white gangsters. Williams has learned early to hate white society and trust no one. Yet, he employs an incompetent white helper, and he loans money to an out-of-work actor.

The bar is peopled by a wide assortment of characters, one of

whom is Sweets Crane, a black ex-convict who tries to talk Johnny on his "Charley Fever" (trying to beat the white man at his own game). Sweets says, "We couldn't copy Charley's good points an' live like men. So we copied his bad points. . . All it did was make us hate him all the more and ourselves, too."

Gabe, the out-of-work actor, delivers a number of long monologues that point out the absurdity and tragedy of racism. In the epilogue, he mourns the passing of "a people whose identity could only be measured by the struggle, the dehumanization, the degradation they allowed themselves to suffer."

The Community Playhouse, Inc.'s production of *No Place to Be Somebody* offers a good chance to become involved in the first black theatre in Memphis.



Critic's Corner

by F. Clark Williams

Vanessa Redgrave is a hunchback nun and Oliver Reed the guy she has a crush on in *The Devils*. All the sexually frustrated nuns of the order crave his bod. He is a powerful priest in the almost city-state of Loudon (France). Political papal powers don't care for Loudon's independence or tolerance of Huguenot's. The nuns feign to be possessed by the devil and the religious-political potents grab the opportunity to seize the city, stealing Reed's authority by "proving" him the Devil's agent.

Miss Redgrave does justice to a role that could easily have been rendered a caricature. One does not scoff at her hysterics, but is caught up in them and made afraid. Mr. Reed maintains a vibrant force in his performance so that we are not bored with a part a lesser actor would bore us with. Soliloquy and agony are not easily done convincingly.

Ken Russell (*Women in Love*) directs with purpose and imagination. His purpose would seem to be to make his audience retch (not since John Cassavette's *Husbands* have I been so inclined to retch), but he is setting is up. For despite the well executed and quite prolific scenes of torture, inquisition, and shame, and gut horrors on both physical and metaphysical levels, there are touching sequences of beauty and even love, of order in a sea where chaos would inundate.

The most pathetic characters of the film are not the nuns; they are mere rejects of society, unmarried women who had struggled to gain respect for themselves. The pathos lies not with the inquisitors and ambitious politicians who bring about Urban Grandier's (Reed) demise through a "religious" trial that is purely political. The persons we must pity are the common people. Worse than the fact that they don't see what is happening to them, is that they don't care. The few who do cry out are tortured into submission. Repression has so long been a part of their lives that they shift with the wind, no longer even able to see their best self interest or instigate a rebellion that might save them.

However, when we leave, we are not consumed by despair, for Grandier never confessed to what he had not done, as his tormentors would have had him do. He does not curse his *ciudadanos* for their apathy and blindness. He transcends the cesspool aspects of the human experience and gives us hope. In the closing scene, his woman comes out, having been tortured for an affidavit condemning him, and gazes upon his ashes. She then exits the city via a breach in the wall which is being destroyed, carrying with her that portion of him that had made her love him, that human quality which enabled him to want to save that pitiable populous from tyranny.



# Confessions Of A Suburban Guerilla

by Jerome Katz

I could tell that something was up last week when I saw the phrase, "Suppose they gave a riot and nobody came" scrawled on the graffiti board in the executive washroom. Accepting the towel from Jim, a fine Negro who has been with our company for years, I conspiratorily asked him, "D'ya hear of anything happening t'night?" But Jim just looked at me and said, "No suh, wuz sumping s'pose t' happenin'?" Obviously, if there was to be a riot, it was unknown to the Negro community.

Out in the office, I could see everyone gathered around Joe's radio (you know, the one we smuggled in for the World Series). One of the typists saw me approach, and looked up smiling as she said, "Jeepers, isn't it thrilling. There's a riot today, and there's a curfew tonight. Gosh, I'm so scared." Being gallant, even my wife says so, I felt it my duty to help this sweet young thing get over her jitters. Naturally, I asked her to go for a drink with me when we got off work.

"Is this your first riot?" I asked.

"Yes. In the little town I come from, all the darkys are so sweet, they'd never riot. Gee, wasn't it nice of the Boss

to let us out early?" she replied.

With the curfew beginning at seven, it didn't leave much time, so, after arranging a convenient schedule for overtime reports typing with the girl, I dropped her at her apartment, and started home myself.

I must admit the idea of getting out of work early did appeal to me. I could hardly wait to get home so that I could watch the riot on my new 27" brite-lite color TV. I'm proud to think of myself as one of the few connoisseurs of the riot. I really appreciate a well-thrown brick, or an ingenious and novel use for an obscenity. Watts, Chicago, Berkeley, Newark—yes, I've watched them all, and I could hardly wait to see our city's second grand theater in the streets.

Unfortunately, everyone else had the same idea, and the streets were jammed. I still don't know where all the policemen were; they should've been directing traffic. Seeing that the traffic was outrageous, I stopped off to get a drink.

My judgement was right. When I left the lounge, the streets were clear. I got into my car and turned on the radio, but there was nothing coming through except music. Now I knew that there was supposed

to be a riot on, so the radio station's playing music could mean only one thing—"They must've captured the station!"

The situation must've been serious. Driving along, I saw how quiet and deserted the whole city seemed. Perhaps, thought I, the whole city left while I was drinking. Perhaps, they've fled before the on-rushing . . . No, no, it was too terrible. It became apparent that I must get to my family and protect them.

As I came to my neighborhood, I saw that it was my civic duty to warn my neighbors, so I stuck my head out of the car window and screamed at the top of my lungs, "The darkeys are coming. The darkeys are coming!"

By the time I got home, I knew that everything was safe. Arnie, my neighbor's 14-year-old, got his new .22 and was protecting the neighborhood by means of an effective road block. Agreed, the lad was a mite over-ambitious, and he did shoot out one of my tires, but he was only doing his job as he saw it. Back at my own house, George, my other neighbor's son, was studying our backyard to find some defensible positions. Which I feel is a living testimonial to our

wonderful high school ROTC program. My own wife was in her Red Cross uniform, ready to go out with a disaster unit. It was easy to see that our neighborhood had a real sense of involvement, especially when one saw Ted, Larry and Ed, who were police reservists and National Guardsmen. They had both of their uniforms out, and were going batty deciding which one to put on. Now THAT'S civic pride!

I myself sat down with a beer in front of the TV. The day before, Walter Cronkite mentioned our city on his newscast. It's always so nice hearing your city's name on national TV, it really makes one feel as though, "My town has made it into the big leagues."

The rest of the evening I sat anxiously before my screen, turning away only to give my son, who is only eight, a wonderful father-to-son talk about how one makes a Molotov Cocktail, culminating in his own practice throw, which he did wonderfully, considering his size. I can tell you that I was proud.

Unfortunately, the TV was a disappointment. They hardly broke into the middle of regularly scheduled shows at all. As the evening progressed, it be-

came apparent that the much hoped for riot was going to fizzle out in a lot of useless, inactive rhetoric. My dreams of glory for our fair city withered away with each successive commercial. Perhaps our city wasn't ready for the big leagues yet, after all. Disgusted, I went to bed, hoping that the morning papers might have something, maybe even about the apparent take-over of that radio station.

The papers proved to be a disappointment too. They recounted the boring story of how nothing happened, when every decent, law-abiding citizen knew that something was supposed to happen. Crestfallen, I went to work. There would be other days, and other causes. By gosh, the next time, we won't let some half-baked jungle-bunny foul up the only chance for fun us decent, God-fearing, tax-paying citizens have, with all their talk about keeping cool. We'll stop those activities of theirs yet. I mean, its not right, their trying to stop rioting is an infringement of my civil rights. It's un-American!

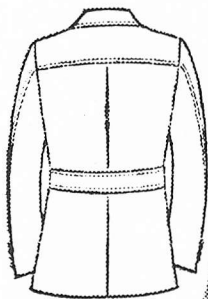
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## POP TUNES 4195 SUMMER

# Lynx Defeat Tigers 9-7 With Last Second Field Goal

Last week Southwestern downed arch rival Sewanee 9-7 in a hard fought game. The Lynx margin of victory came on a 24 yard field goal by Ernie James that split the uprights with three seconds remaining on the clock. This was the third time without a defeat that a Lynx squad coached by Don Lear had been victorious over a Sewanee team.

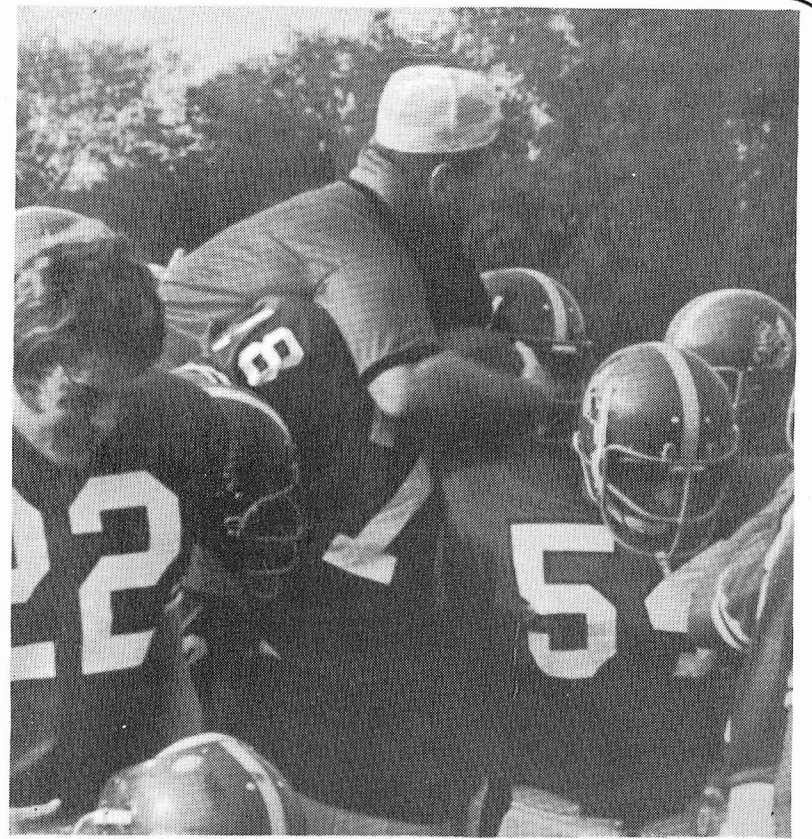
The first half proved to be a defensive struggle as neither team could generate much offense. Late in the second quarter, however, a Lynx fumble gave Sewanee the ball on Southwestern's 20 yard line. In three plays Sewanee had moved to the Lynx three yard line. Three plays later, Sewanee found themselves still at the Lynx three. On fourth down tailback Gary Sims swept around right end for the score and Sewanee led 7 to 0. After the kick-off the Lynx offense came alive and drove the length of the field only to have time run out with the ball on Sewanee's one foot line.

The second half was much like the first as far as Sewanee was concerned. The Lynx defense held the Tigers to one first down the entire second half. On the other hand the Lynx offense was able to move up and down the field; however, its drive was stalled as it approached the Tigers end zone.

With five minutes left in the game and the Lynx on their own five yard line, it looked like Sewanee's 7-0 lead was going to hold up. Sensing this, many in the crowd began to head for the exits. At this point though, the Lynx came alive and mounted a 95 yard scoring drive. The TD came on a 13 yard aerial from Steve Warren to Todd Robbins with 1:18 left in the game. The try for two points failed, and a few more people started to leave. The Lynx then tried an onside kick which was successful when freshman Alan Latorette pounced on the ball at the Sewanee 45. Three plays later found the Lynx on their own 45 facing a fourth down and

20 situation. Ralph Allen managed to get behind the Tiger secondary, and Warren hit him with a 48 yard toss that carried the Lynx to the Tiger 7. Ernie James then came in and kicked the game winning field goal.

The Lynx defense held the powerful Sewanee single-wing attack to 5 first downs and 120 yards total offense. Offensively Ralph Allen, though injured, made several key catches on crucial third and fourth down plays to keep the Lynx drives alive. As a team the Lynx just never said die and came back to defeat a Tiger team confident that victory was theirs. This victory gives the Lynx a 4-1 record on the season and a 2-1 conference record. It also assures the Lynx of their second straight winning season. This week Southwestern is idle. Next week the Lynx travel to Lexington, Virginia to play the Generals of Washington and Lee. The following weekend, Nov. 13, the Lynx end their season at home against Maryville College.



Jubilant Lynx carry Coach Lear off the field.

## Lynx Sports Briefs

by Wayne Herbert

Sports are in full swing this week at Southwestern. The cross-country team, after losing its last two meets to LeMoyne-Owen (36-21) and Sewanee (41-18), heads into the T.I.A.C. meet to be held this weekend, Oct. 30. Although the team is winless so far this year, fine individual performances have been turned in by Chris Lyons who was the top Southwestern finisher in both meets, placing fourth in the Sewanee meet and losing a battle with two LeMoyne-Owen harriers for first in that meet. Injuries to number two man Jim Schumard and number three man Neil Pitts have slowed the Lynx harriers, but both are expected to run at the Tennessee Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. The T.I.A.C. meet pits the best 5 men from each school against each other. Chris Lyons, Jim Schumard, Bill Brune, Neil Pitts and Arnold Weiner will probably compose the Southwestern team.

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Scott Howard's three goal performance led the Southwestern soccer team to a 5-2

victory over the Millington Naval base team in a game played at the Lynx soccer team's lush new stadium behind Evergreen church. Howard's goals came in the second half and padded a 2-1 Lynx half-time lead. Southwestern's last goal was set up by Jimmie Byar's driving kick which whistled across the goal mouth and was headed into the net by Howard.

\*\*\*

Second round flagball is proceeding as expected with the SAE's and the Sigma Nu's head-

ing toward a championship deciding playoff game. A clear cut winner failed to emerge when the Nu's used a last minute pass interception to tie the E's 5-5 on Wed. Both men's and women's volleyball will start within the month.

\*\*\*

Southwestern's girls' volleyball team, the Superstars, returns to action Nov. 12 in a tournament at Tennessee Tech. Rumor has it that somewhere in some too well-chlorinated, algae filled pool the Southwestern swimming team is still working out. Hang in there swimming team.

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