

SOU'WESTER

Southwestern At Memphis

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November 13, 1970

SRC Proposes Dorm Liberalization

Peter Casperian, current president of the Social Regulations Council sent the following letter to President Bowden on November 9, 1970.

November 9, 1970

President Bill Bowden
Southwestern at Memphis
Memphis, Tennessee 38112

Dear President Bowden:

On November 2, 1970, the Social Regulations Council met to consider revision of the present parietal rules of the men's dormitories. A vote was taken during the last week of October by the dormitory presidents. As in the polls administered on this subject in the past (in the Spring of '69, the Fall of '69, the Spring of '70, and the newspaper poll of this year) the desires of the men seemed strongly in favor of major liberalization of the present regulations with at least 95% of the men in favor of open weekends.

Considering well over a year of experience with intervisitation and past legislative attempts at parietal reform, the Social Regulations Council voted to submit this schedule for the gradual liberalization of the existing rules.

The reasons behind the proposal are many. The Council recognizes its role in reflecting the attitudes of the dormitory men but also realizes that it has a responsibility to consider the sentiment of both the alumnae and parents. We realize that to many people any liberalization of the intervisitation privilege would be regarded as a further breakdown of Southwestern's moral fiber which was begun by the allowance of parietals in the Spring of 1969. However, the Council concurs with the administration's viewpoint that the students should be given the responsibility for their own lives within a framework of administrative guidance. We agree that the student's room is for all intents and purposes his home during the time he is at this school, and in the final analysis, he should be able to determine the limits of his own social life. The Council, however, cannot stress enough that the individual, while ultimately determining his own actions, must temper his freedom with responsibility and avoid any direct offense against his roommate, neighbors, or any other person who could possibly suffer from the unwise use of his freedoms.

Often it has been called to our attention that a growing number of men do not in practice abide by the present regulations. This fact raises the valid question of whether we should liberalize the rules so as to fit the practices of the men or insist that they learn to follow the existing rules and then consider liberalization. This is also a concern of the Council.

Firstly, it is virtually impossible to enforce the present parietal regulations for obvious reasons. Secondly, the Council's structure is such that it can only deal with reported offenses. If a resident does not find an infraction of the present regulation "socially offensive," he will not bother to turn in the violation, and, therefore, no action can be taken. In the history of parietals at Southwestern, only one case involving indiscretion in the use of intervisitation privileges has been tried.

The Social Regulations Council sees a dormitory population limited by a policy which seems to them too strict in the light of their own reasoning and practices, especially in regard to the trend among other contemporary colleges such as Florida Presbyterian, Oberlin, and Bard. Those Southwestern men who studied at Oxford during the summer of 1970 saw open visitation in effect and beautifully workable. At University College, Oxford, there were no rules stating times when intervisitation could occur. Every member of the Southwestern program was responsible in his own actions. Offenses were dealt with by the Southwestern Dean, but everyone seemed to handle his responsibility well. This experimental type program of "open dorms" during the summer more than anything seems to prove the legitimacy and feasibility of our proposal. If the open dorms policy worked so well at Southwestern at Oxford, are we not justified in desiring a similar policy at Southwestern at Memphis?

- The legislation passed by the Council consists of a threefold proposal:
1. For the remainder of the first semester, the men's dorm will be open from 8:00 a.m. until 12:00 p.m. Monday thru Thursday, and from 8:00 a.m. until 2:00 a.m. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. (The justification of the lengthening of hours is that men have had women in the dormitory during the morning for years. Maids arrive at 8:00 a.m. and until last year were in the rooms and halls daily except on the weekends.)
 2. During Term II the dorms will be open from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. Monday through Thursday and from 8:00 a.m. on Friday morning until 2:00 a.m. Sunday night.
 3. With a 75% affirmative vote of the men at the end of Term II, the dorm will be open during Term II. If the vote fails, the rules in effect during Term II will remain in operation.

In conclusion, the Council feels that this legislation is very much in keeping with the philosophy of the present administration while reflecting the sentiments of the vast majority of the dormitory residents. The Social Regulations Council is constantly striving to make its legislation proposals relevant to the philosophy and models which we believe necessary to keep Southwestern a contemporary educational community. It is with these considerations that the Social Regulations Council of Southwestern at Memphis adopts this legislation and submits it for administrative approval.

Respectfully submitted,
Peter F. Casperian, President
Social Regulations Council
Southwestern at Memphis
Memphis, Tennessee

the legal battle to stop construction.

Dr. Smith stated that the Citizens have not yet had a full-scale court hearing. "We have been denied the rights of subpoena, to take depositions, and to call witnesses in a full-scale hearing."

At present, the suit filed by the Citizens against the State of Tennessee and Secretary of Transportation John Volpe is pending before the Supreme Court. The Court has granted a temporary stay of construction until a decision on hearing the case has been reached.

If the Supreme Court refuses to hear the suit, the case may be remanded to the Sixth District Court of Appeals, which recently ruled in favor of building the expressway through the park.

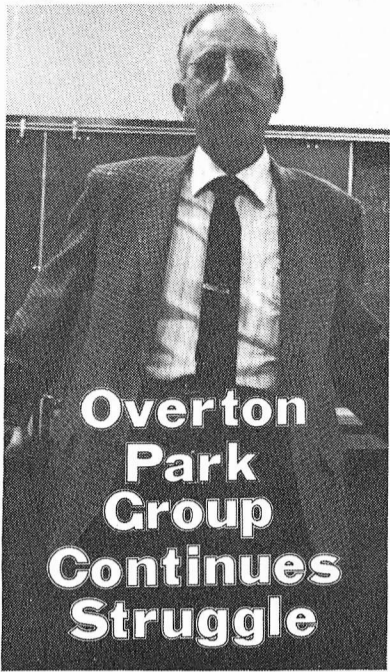
Smith commented that the decision by the Memphis City Council to build the expressway through the park was made after the Federal Highway Administration called a special closed meeting with the Council to discuss the expressway, in which the Council overturned a former unanimous decision to re-route the expressway.

He also stated that certain affidavits presented in court by the Federal Bureau of Roads were

undocumented and disputed by the Federal Highway Administrator and that other information presented by the Bureau may be discredited for containing incorrect and misleading information.

If the Supreme Court agrees to hear the case to halt the expressway, the stay on construction will continue until a decision is reached. If the Court does not hear the case or remand it to lower court, all legal options will have been exhausted.

Construction could begin immediately should the temporary stay be rescinded. Concerned citizens are currently taking steps to prevent this occurrence.



Citizens to Preserve Overton Park, a group which is fighting to prevent expressway construction through the city's largest park, received the 1970 Connie Award, presented by the Society of American Travel Writers for outstanding efforts in preserving our environmental heritage. In an acceptance speech Monday night, Nov. 9, Dr. Arlo Smith, chairman of the Overton Park group, discussed recent developments in

YEARBOOK FATE UNKNOWN

The earlier expectations that the '69-'70 Lynx would be available in October or November have been crushed with the discovery of 155 missing pages.

On Nov. 5 the Publications Board announced that 155 pages were missing. Since the yearbook covers were designed for 313 pages, it would be impossible to complete the book without replacing the covers with smaller versions.

The Lynx editor, Tommy Wolff, who was responsible for the situation, failed to send the copy to the printing company during the

summer after he stated that he would; he again failed to send it at a later date in the fall. He admitted his error, and finally sent the latest shipment of copy to the printer, Delmar Publishing Co., on Oct. 20. Nancy Lenox, '71 co-editor, called the company to see when the books would be finished. Delmar reported that 155 pages were still missing. When Wolff was contacted, he disavowed any knowledge of the missing copy.

When a printing company receives copy, it immediately returns to the sender a receipt for

all the copy shipped. Wolff should have noticed the absence of the pages from the receipt. The copy could have been lost in the mail.

The Lynx has already paid \$4,000 to Delmar and under their contract still owes the company \$10,000 more—to be paid after the books are delivered.

Hershel Lipow and Brad Green have now agreed to take over the copy and publish it; however, they need pictures which are not forthcoming. Whether or not the pictures can be obtained is not known.

"You're under arrest . . ."

"What . . ."

"For possession of illegal drugs . . ."

If you have long hair, wear strange clothes, or just look like you did not vote for Bill Brock, this could happen to you. And it does not have to be your dope; one of the most repressive methods used by the police is "planting."

Planting is the placing of narcotics in the possession of a citizen by the police. It is used on people suspected of dealing in narcotics, those working in politics—especially radical politics—or just anybody who angers a policeman. This method has been used several times in this area, including on Southwestern students involved in political

groups.

Unfortunately, the police do not have to knock if they have a warrant for drugs or "corn whiskey," but they must have a warrant. This can be a John or Jane Doe warrant and can include any vehicles on the premises. The warrant must also state just what they are looking for; anything else they find is not admissible as evidence in court.

If the police do knock or come into your room or house, ask to see the warrant and call a witness to observe the search. *Do not let them thrust anything into your hands—once they have your fingerprints on an object, you're incriminated.*

If you are arrested, you should give the officer your name, date of

birth, residence, and occupation. You are not required to answer any questions about the offense without the presence of your lawyer, nor are you required to take any tests, i.e. blood samples. Don't give the officer a hard time as he can make it rough on you.

If you are arrested while in an automobile, the arresting officer is required to search your vehicle for his report.

So if you are involved with the police, ask to see their search warrant, call a witness, do not touch anything, and play it cool.

If arrested, get a lawyer. If you don't have a lawyer and cannot afford one, you might call the ACLU at 526-6008 in Memphis.



Speeding through the universe, Lynx Lovely Kathy Ramage flows into a circle round the sun.

by David Lloyd

I greatly enjoy rummaging around in my past, rainy, sleepy, afternoons, when some boring assignment lulls the rational self into drowsy indolence and rolls over for the almost melancholy peace of memory. One portion of that dim realm I am sure to touch on is the somewhat chaotic temporal span which included the greater portion of my attendance to the fourth grade of Davidson Elementary School.

All things considered it was a momentous year, the year I got a genuine Nellie Fox autograph glove for Christmas, the year I inherited my older brother's 35 customer paper route to go along with my own route of 16 customers which nearly proved my undoing until I finally got it pared down to a good solid route of 42, the year my little brother and a cousin burned the barn to the ground but escaped all blame, and consequently punishment, by some willful act of providence, though my older brother and I knew all along that it was they rather than the spontaneous combustion of green hay which was the theory offered by the fireman and other knowledgeable individuals. (Long years later our suspicions were confirmed when one of the two let slip some damning reference to "the day we burned down the barn.") It was a special time even in the magic of my youth, not because everything turned out so perfectly, (it never does, but the blessing is that we remember an inordinate portion of the good things or perhaps the pain so far removed is resurrected as the melancholy) but because there was simply more adventure.

Our teacher that year, like so many others, was an institution—a spinster far past her prime and yet not so as to be termed an old maid. She was known to her classes as Miss Davidson, and those facts which others generally employ to degrade another were known to us but without the degrading implications. She was decidedly plain, a short stocky woman with a broad forehead and rather close set eyes—the overall effect was one of misplaced masculinity; she had thick powerful forearms and was rather hirsute. All of which I was indifferent to for the most part; though I was actively impressed by her strength—she could pick a fourth grade idler by the shoulders straight out of his desk and administer a shaking along with a verbal lashing which inspired quiet awe among us of similar tendencies.

My relations with this woman began on surprisingly good terms, for the year before I had been a less than exemplary student, passing through a long phase of concentrated and obvious underachievement as well as being great friends with a remarkable third grade radical who had cursed out the teacher the year before and then stomped out of class, thus providing us with McMurphy-like inspiration.

But this year I had turned over a new leaf, and if not overachieving, I was at least turning in an adequate job. One of the high points of those early days before my fall from grace involved the weather, which Miss Davidson avidly instructed us in each day to the exclusion of almost all other subjects except composition and reading, but in those two instances we wrote about the weather and more often than not read about it.

As well as measuring rainfall and snowfall, we recorded the temperature every day, twice a day. With commendable scientific objectivity and accuracy, the thermometer had been placed on the north side of an old oak which stood on the edge of the playground. Hence it was necessary to send each morning at 10 o'clock an emissary to journey out to the old oak, record the temperature on a piece of paper, and report back to Miss Davidson and the rest of the class the official recording. This austere responsibility was rotated upon the shoulders of the entire male population of the class. Miss Davidson did not regard it as a feminine task, and hence the girls were given some sort of compensation though I can't remember just what. Bear in mind that with a little bit of finesse the entire operation could be made into quite a production. It just so happened that my turn happened to fall on what undoubtedly promised to be the coldest day of the year. As was customary on cold days, I started preparing myself about a quarter of ten and shuffled around putting on my two sweaters, my hat and gloves, and finally my great winter coat, so that by the time I left the room all eyes were on me with a common look of awe and envy.

The night before it had gotten down to minus four, and that was as cold as it had gotten in several years. It was with a profound sense of triumph that I scrawled out a six with a circle at the top and to the right. By the time I reported this to Miss Davidson and the class, I had reached unheard of heights of elation and stayed that way for a week until I was sent to the principal for fighting at recess.

Oddly enough, that which precipitated my fall was what might be considered an overzealous attitude. I came to school one morning with an almost euphoric outlook on all humanity and the general cosmic scheme of things, and I was anxious to relate this feeling to some other individual. What had caused that unlikely state of being I am not sure, however as the rest of my classmates bolted out the door for the freedom of morning recess, I lagged behind with some vague thoughts of engaging my respected teacher in some form of conversation.

Being somewhat ill-instructed in the social graces, I was momentarily tongued-tied after the initial salutation. However, my youthful eyes lit upon none other than the hairy visage of those massive forearms Miss Davidson had thoughtfully crossed before her for all to admire (or so it seemed to me). Even now, I am not sure what prompted me to say with all the enthusiasm of a boy whose fondest dreams lie in the mystery of the unattainable world of the adult male, "Boy, Miss Davidson, you sure do have hairy arms."

The icy look which this invoked was first to shake my exuberant optimism, and the ensuing stony silence washed away all traces of my cheerful beaming, to return with the look of a whipped dog. I mumbled something and slunk out to recess, there to ponder my fate. I cursed my lack of propriety, and contemplated leaving the city for some distant parts where I could hide within anonymity. I knew as soon as I had spake those fearful words that I had blundered far beyond the repercussions of a bathroom fight. In accordance with my darkest forebodings my trial began shortly thereafter in the form of an announcement made before the general class that Miss Davidson wished to see me during recess. My classmates looked at me first with curiosity and then with sympathy, sensing the gravity of the situation.

The lecture which followed dealt with my performance in my studies, but we both knew the real causality. I bore up with a minimum of stammers and resolved to weather the storm.

However, in the weeks that followed I proved to be no match for one much older and experienced. I finally broke while receiving a lecture on dishonesty in writing compositions. In an effort to lengthen my compositions, I had taken to stating certain facts twice in the same compositions. A favorite ploy was to indicate at the very first of a composition on say, George Washington, that he married Martha in 1770 or whatever, and then slip it in again towards the end worded slightly different. Being a kid, I thought surely the verbal span of one handwritten page sufficient to induce forgetfulness.

But I could surpress the tears no more, after which Miss Davidson accepted my resignation, and by the end of the year we were on the best of terms again. Thus, at the tender age of nine I learned that which took the wisdom of Shakespeare to express succinctly, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

by Alphonse Miniscus

The following article was written by a spastic fantastic speed freak, who intended it for publication in the L.A. Free Press. Somehow it found its way into his trashcan instead, but fortunately was salvaged. It is apparently addressed to both reactionaries and revolutionaries. You can take it for what it's worth.

There are many people today who feel that we are threatened by **Marxism**, **Communism** (Commonism, Cawmew-ism), Reds, Rookies, and the Yellow Peril. These people are members of what I would like to call the **Paranoid-Conservative Establishment** (an antithetical term to Mr. Agnew's Radical-Liberal Establishment). They are in a perpetual state of conditioned-response panic over foreign films, the World Communist Conspiracy, and the U.N. (When was the last time you celebrated U.N. Day?)

However, some of these paranoids are shrewdly aware that the threat does not come from without but from within. Shrewd, shrewd.

"Within," we must agree, means the colleges, the under-25 bracket, the revolutionary youth. The campuses, say the paranoids, are the breeding places of Marxism and violence. I'm happy to say that for a change the paranoids are right. There is a Marxist under every bush.

Why is this true? Well, mainly because there are a lot of dumb people around, people so dumb that they can take LSD and still believe in dialectic materialism—Marxist for short. Anyone who dropped acid and remained a materialist obviously has his head on backwards and upside-down. And you can quote me on this.

Marxism is Old Politics. Darwin was one of the jokers who started it all. He tried to take the scientific method as far as it could go, not knowing that others after him would be able to take it even further. By a process of *reductio ad absurdum*, materialism reduced itself to something absurd enough for people to believe in. Counted among this group of believers are all of the twentieth century technological and economic innovators, those same people who brought you World Wars I and II. Even as far back as 1920 Hermann Hesse was talking of civilization being "in sight of chaos," and he was right. Marxism and American Capitalism are both Old Politics.

The young revolutionaries are not spouting Marxism because violence calls for it. They are trying to live in the past, and are afraid to invent their own future. They would prefer to fall back on the ideas of a nineteenth century, fuzzy-faced radical instead of doing their own thinking. What is needed is a new Marxism so "neo" that it is no longer Marxism. No more scientific theories of ethics. It has to be far out enough to recognize LSD, transcendental meditation, and non-Aristotelian logic. Any attempt to cling to the old "Marxist" label is sheer nostalgia.

Marx is out, Bucky Fuller is in. We need two, three, many Bucky Fullers. We need Bucky Fullers a hundred times more sophisticated than the old one. We need to freak out, go outside the old systems. We need, as R. D. Laing says, to go insane. Take down the red flag and fly the freak flag high. Until the revolutionaries learn this, the revolution will be nothing more than a paper tiger in a high wind.

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Sou'wester Interviews — BILL JONES

On Nov. 10, 1970, William L. Jones, Director of Student Financial Aid, announced that beginning Nov. 24, he would personally be handling job assignments etc., under the college work-study program and Campus Employment. He also reaffirmed Southwestern's policy of non-discrimination. Prior to his statement he spoke briefly with the Sou'wester:

Sou'wester: Since the administration has separated admissions and financial aid, are you still answerable to Dean Allen?

Jones: No, it is my understanding that I work directly under the Vice president for Student Affairs, Julius Melton.

Sou'wester: Do you think there has been institutional racism in the work study program up to and including this year?

Jones: Definitely, I don't have any reason to doubt it.

Sou'wester: Do you think that the admissions department will finally do something and actually recruit more black students?

Jones: Yes, I don't think its been so much a matter of a lack of willingness to do this, rather its a

tradition. This hurts in this area—**Sou'wester:** By tradition you mean racism?

Jones: Right. There is institutional racism that we recognize, I mean I recognize, and there are people who are sincere and really mean well but have this hang-up without realizing it. We fall into this institutional racist line of policy without actually being aware of it, and now we've got to make ourselves more aware of this factor. With this understanding, we've got to change a few guidelines here and there in order to what we've already committed ourselves to do, in order to have a student body that is representative of our society.

Sou'wester: Part of a Liberal Arts education involves understanding people; understanding your community. If you're living in a community that is 50% to 60% black, you have to know something about their culture.

Jones: I don't have the hang-up that some people have regarding quotas. I don't think that the entire recruitment program should be based on numbers. The important thing is that we establish a solid program.

Sou'wester: There are people who feel that there is a possibility for the attainment of funds from sources other than those presently utilized. How do you feel about this?

Jones: I think that Southwestern itself has a moral obligation to lead the way in aid; I mean the distribution of the bonds we presently have. But I believe that this is the first step, and certainly this would not preclude our seeking bonds from agencies outside the college.

Sou'wester: Are all black students at Southwestern on work-study?

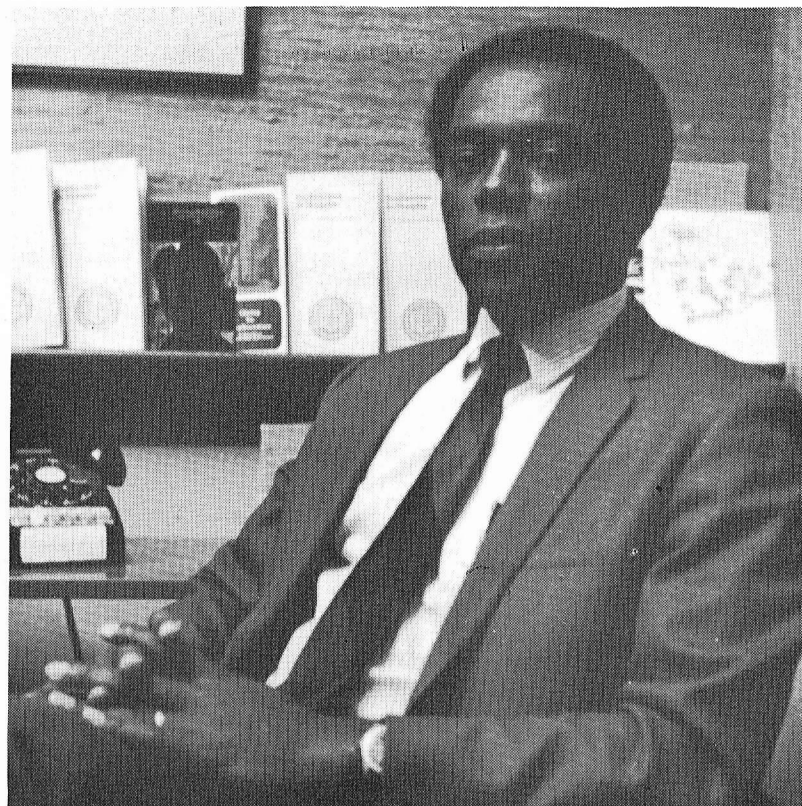
Jones: I believe there are four or five here that aren't on work-study at the present time.

Sou'wester: Do you feel there is validity in the complaint of some black students that work-study jobs prevent them from getting a better paying job in the community?

Jones: I do.

Sou'wester: Mrs. Duke said that there are certain firms in Memphis that request not to have black students. Are you aware of this?

Jones: We cannot enter into a work study agreement with a firm holding this kind of policy.



Alum Seeks Senatorial Prof

Last Friday, unknown to all but a few people, a little known alumnus of this great institution sought to move the cogs and gears of academic atrophy, simply because he had an idea. The man was Bill Evans, and his idea grew out of a sense of moral indignation and despair over the defeat of Albert Gore in the election last Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Evans had heard that Gore might consider a teaching position and couldn't see why Southwestern wouldn't take a crack at luring him. After all, Gore's eighteen years in the Senate (representing the people of Tennessee) entitled him to a \$29,000 a year pension. This is not to say, of course, that Southwestern salaries aren't extravagant, but the pension might make the monetary end of the deal a little simpler. But how could he possibly move the monolithic bureaucracy of his Alma Mater?

Evans was at a loss. In the 23 years since he left Southwestern he hadn't been back except for Alumni Day in 1958, when he got sick on the hot dogs. Taking his cue from Bill Brock's campaign, our inventive alum decided to begin a rumor. He phoned The Memphis Press Scimitar and asked if they had

heard that Gore had been given a faculty position at Southwestern.

But alas, where our daring news monger (class of '47) phoned just-call-me-Bill-Bowden, he was greeted with a resounding "Hello-o-o, Bill Evans." Immediately Evans suspected that something was up, and his suspicions were confirmed when President Bowden explained that the paper had just phoned and he had squelched the rumor.

Bill Evans was disappointed and sadly went back to his job as a Roto Rooter man (Phi Beta Kappa—physics). One cannot help but admire the inventiveness and initiative taken by Evans in his attempt to do something for Southwestern.

The question which interested this reporter and others is why after 23 years of non-involvement in Southwestern affairs, had he decided to take these steps.

In an interview with Evans at the Krystal on Poplar, he explained it saying, "Well, hell, it seemed like a good idea at the time!"

It does one's heart good to know that Southwestern has and always will turn out individuals of such sterling character and courage.

The Coffee House Circuit is bringing Nanette Natal, the second in a series of performers, to the Common House this weekend. She is guitarist, singer, and composer all in one. Her performances will be both Friday and Saturday nights at 8:45, 9:45, and 10:45.

Miss Natal has cut an album,

"Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow," and has plans for another one in the near future.

Her style of music has been influenced by a combination of pop, jazz, folk, and rock. Many of the songs in her repertoire are songs that she has composed herself.

Ann American Judicial System

reported by Tom Grant

On Friday, Oct. 30, four Southwestern students—Clifford Pugh, Tom Pritchard, Doug Bibee, and Bo Nilles—made a short trip into Mississippi for some beer. On returning from Ann's, a beer joint outside Hernando, Miss., Bo Nilles, who was driving, approached an intersection near Interstate 55. Thinking that the traffic laws permitted a right turn on red, he made the turn but was quickly pulled over by one of the local authorities.

The four students were told to get out of the car, were frisked, then taken in the squad car to the Hernando County Jail. The only remark directed at them during the search was to ask how much they had drunk. The students only answered that it "wasn't much." No beer was found in the car and no test of any sort was conducted for inebriation.

Inside the jail the authorities confiscated wallets and other personal possessions, then led the four students to two cells. Bibee asked what they were charged with and the reply was "public drunkenness." At this time the fine was stated as being five hours in jail. The next morning the officers refused to release them unless they paid a bail of \$37 each plus \$26.25 to release the car. Early Saturday morning Bibee called Al Nippert at Southwestern to come to Hernando with enough money to post bail.

When asked when court would be held to contest the fine, the

sheriff replied that it would be held Saturday afternoon at 4 p.m.; but when they arrived at the traffic court, located behind the local car wash, no one appeared.

Pritchard, Bibee, Nilles, and Pugh then walked to a gas station and found the arresting officer there. The station was owned by the judge who was supposed to hear their case. When asked about the traffic court, the officer told them to come back Monday morning at 8:30 a.m.

Pugh asked the officer the legal definition of public drunkenness. The officer replied "We can tell just by your actions." The students insisted that they were not drunk and that their actions were no proof of intoxication. The officer became irritated and said to Pritchard, "Look here, Mr. Moustache, you be here Monday morning at 8:30 a.m."

The officer then turned to Nilles, asking if he knew the penalty for driving under the influence in Mississippi, intimating that the charges could be changed. Nilles had originally been charged with only a traffic violation.

On campus they talked to Dean Diehl, who referred them to a local lawyer. They were given two Mississippi lawyers to contact for their defense. One of the lawyers, Ross Franks, agreed to take the case under advisement. On Wednesday Mr. Franks reported to the students that the court had been held on Saturday morning and not on Saturday afternoon at 4

p.m. as the sheriff had told them earlier.

The expense of an appeal will be about \$150, which is considerably more than they can afford since they forfeited the bond when no one appeared at the Saturday session. The lawyer assured them the case would hold up in court, and he would inform them later on the time and cost. Pritchard, Pugh, Bibee, and Nilles plan to appeal if the funds can be found to support the court and lawyer expenses.

The Sou'wester is a weekly publication by the students of Southwestern at Memphis. It is funded solely by the student activity fees. The editors of this publication were duly elected by the Publications Commission which was duly elected by the student body. All content and opinion expressed unless specified with a byline are those of the editors and the staff.

Suggestions and complaints may be sent to Box 724, Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis, Tennessee, 38112.

The Ultimate in Low Cost Loans

by Mark Lester

What would be the reaction of most students to a bowl containing \$500 in cash from which anyone could take any amount—no questions asked? A better question might be how would the first student to reach the bowl spend his newly acquired \$500? Contrary to all human nature, the philosophy of the "Chinese Bowl" teaches otherwise—that such a bowl would, in fact, never be full but never empty, in turn based on the fact that students needs are always present and the hope that there will always be concern for one's fellow student.

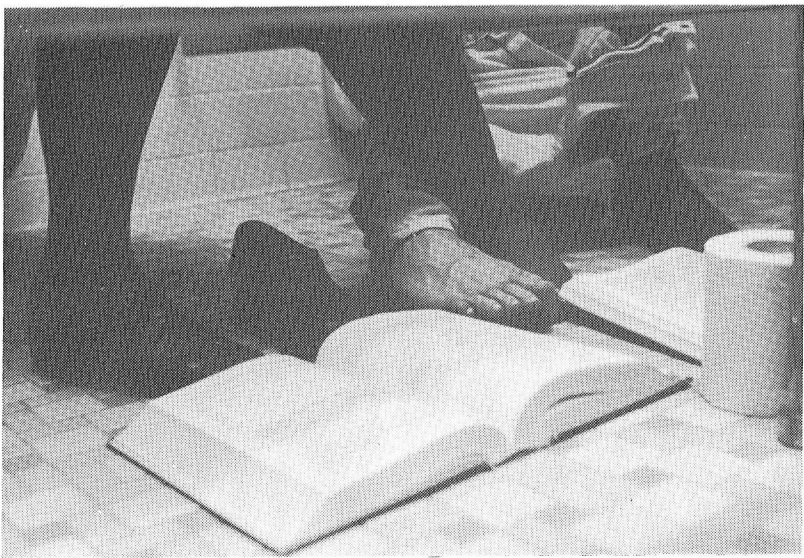
Let us apply the specifics of the "Chinese Bowl" to our own community. The administration would take 50 cents out of each person's student activite fee (a total amounting to about \$500) and place it in a bowl in the cashier's office. The bowl would in turn be

placed where no one could see the amount of money a student might take out. Each student would then be free to go to the bowl whenever the need presented itself with the stipulation that, on his honor, he would return the full amount whenever possible.

Dismissing for a moment whether the cash would be gone with the first student, let us look at the advantages that would be possible with a successful "Chinese Bowl." Many students on campus don't have the cash necessary to purchase books at the first of the year. The bowl would provide for these persons the opportunity for a loan without the humiliation of asking for it. In short, it would provide students with funds which might be in demand due to some circumstances a student cannot control.

As you see, the advantages of a successful Bowl are somewhat

obvious but not so obvious is the possibility of its success. I think there might be some safeguards inherent in the system of the bowl which cannot be discounted. Students who might be tempted to take all the funds would realize that the student who visits the bowl after him might have a greater need. There might be a group who would perhaps personally contribute in order to keep the bowl from becoming completely empty. But this does not answer the basic question of honesty. It is at this point that we realize the danger of such an experiment. We know the need exists, but we are not so sure as to the existence of the concern for our fellow students that is necessary for the success of such an endeavor. For the fear is that if we looked into the bowl in May and found it empty, we would infact be witnessing a much deeper emptyness.



"We really do have alot in common, I'm taking Abnormal too."



Blood... Blood... Blood Makes the Grass Grow...

by David Lloyd

Southwestern beat Washington and Lee here Saturday in an impressive homecoming exhibition. With little or no mercy, the Lynxcats took a commanding 21 to 7 halftime lead and denied the Generals a comeback bid in the second half, to pour it on for a 42-14 victory.

The Lynx got on the scoreboard first when Steve Warren connected with Ralph Allen on a 48 yard TD combination. Ernie James booted the extra point and the Lynx enjoyed a 7 point lead.

Warren continued to dazzle the alumni with his aerial precision while completing an 86 yd. pass to David Seiler. Seiler demonstrated his acrobatic abilities with an over-the-head-around-the-back-summersaulting catch and a 40 yd. romp for good measure. This pass set a new record for the longest

pass from scrimmage.

The Lynx squad responded to the rampant cheering of the crowd and scored a third touchdown to put the idle Generals down by 21 points.

Warren refused to remain backstage and connected with a familiar Ralph Allen on a 38 yd. hook up for the third TD. James once again proved his consistency with the extra point.

W&L finally woke up to the gravity of their situation and responded by marching 60 yards for a touchdown, with the score coming on a three yard plunge by Gossman. At the sound of the halftime horn the Lynx stood atop a commanding 21-7 lead.

The Lynx came out for the second half, resting on the laurels of an outstanding first half performance. At that point it may

well have looked as though the Generals were at the total mercy of the surging Lynx. However, as is so often the case in the wild and woolly CAC, the tide abruptly went out on the Cats as W&L marched 70 yards to score on a 23 yard run by General quarterback Fluharty. Chase added the PAT to cut the SW lead to a scant seven points at 21 to 14.

Without question the momentum had shifted to the General's camp, and it was anybody's ball game. The Lynx took the following kick-off deep in their own territory, and then proceeded to run the ball straight down the General's throats. Lear went with the old Woody Hayes' theory of three yards and a cloud of dust, except this time it was more like five yards and Herman Morris. When Morris slammed over from the one and

James added the point-after to make it 28-14, for all practical purposes Southwestern had clinched at least a share of the Conference crown. With that drive, straight up the middle time after time the Lynx had established their superiority beyond all shadow of a doubt.

Sure enough, the rest of the game was anticlimatic except to send Lynx Homecoming fans on to new heights of ecstasy. Southwestern added another score in the third quarter on a 15 yard roll out by QB Steve Warren. The Cat defense, led by seniors Dick Heien and Mike Desalvo, effectively stifled the General offense for the remainder of the game. In the fourth quarter Ralph Allen took his third TD pass of the afternoon from 15 yards out and glided in for the score. The final score officially

established the game as a rout at 42 to 14.

In the stat department SW came out ahead in almost every department. Total offense found the Lynx at 425 to the General's 282. Outstanding individuals included just about everybody on the team, but Warren had a great day—going 8 for 12 for 223 total yards as well as picking up 71 yards on the ground. Morris led the team in rushing with 96 yards in 26 carries.

This puts the Lynx at six and one with only one game left against Maryville. Southwestern is assured of at least a tie for the CAC crown—Washington University must win the remainder of their conference games. Should the Lynx win this week against Maryville they will establish a new school record.



The accusations presented in the *Sou'wester* editorial last week were received with a wave of consternation among the football players.

Shrieks of "pathological sadists" shattered the air during practice on Friday and proved a moving battle cry. The team was moved to new heights of fury at the allegations, and at least ten points were added to the Lynx tally Saturday due to the editorial.

Shouts of "hit 'em again harder, harder" grew to crescendoes among the homecoming crowd Saturday; "push 'em bac, push 'em back" sounded at regular intervals; and "kill 'em" arose frequently out of the assembled multitudes.

The Lynx ran over Washington and Lee, and violence is a reality of life—the vent for the irrepressible emotions of a football player, Yippee, or mercenary.

Survivors! The next session will be at the darkest hour just before the dawn. Bring your own knife—we'll supply the candles.

Bittie—
I want to come home. I still love you and need you. Call 278-9308.
Melvin

c.f.
You're beautiful. Thank you.
M.A.C.

Nellie Fox Fan Club organizational meeting 8 p.m. Thursday in Voorhies chapel. For details contact David Lloyd, Mary Margaret Morris, or Gerald Koonce.

Wanted: Token Mexican-American for '71-'72 school year. Apply Dean of Admissions, Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis, Tenn., 38112.

Death Eating Crackers

by Bill Symes

Hello you stick-by-the-swimming-team-to-the-end-when-you-know-it's-no-use fans. When you hear those immortal words, "swimmers to your mark—GO," you know the Lynx Leeches are out in force. To the heroic herrins, or the tremendous tunas of our Southwestern swimming team, this is the death-eating-crackers cry.

The team consists of between seven and ten "swimmers," but never more than nine at a practice. That would be much too much to ask for. (Besides, if a certain coach, Brad Green (not his real name)

would get more innertubes, more than three people could practice at a time.) Other members of this elite club are: Ed White (not his real name), Tom Grant (not his real name), Bill Symes (not his real name either), Ben Liggitt (ditto, and not spelled right), David (make up your own last name), Les (use the telephone book, there's not more than 5000), Doug Bibee (now out on bail), and Fleet Feet (his real name).

Their first meet is Nov. 20. With luck it'll be called off on account of rain. (Why not—last year it was called off because of jock-rot.)

Southwestern at Memphis
2000 N. Parkway
Memphis, Tennessee

Over Hill, Over Dale

It's a long and lonely sport anyway and this past Saturday at Washington University in St. Louis, it must have seemed longer and a good bit more lonely to the Southwestern Cross Country team.

With the CAC title at stake, the thinclads gave it all they had—unfortunately, as one immortal sports sage once put it, "You can't run unless you got the hosses." And in this case the Lynx

obviously did not have the equipment as they finished a distant fifth. It was, however, not all for nought, as senior Captain Mike Ripski finished 11th out of a field of 30 while Bob Ruddock of W.U. more or less ran away from the rest of the field to cop first place. At last tally Centre and Washington U. were both in contention with the next two places going to Sewanee and W&L.