

# The Sou'wester

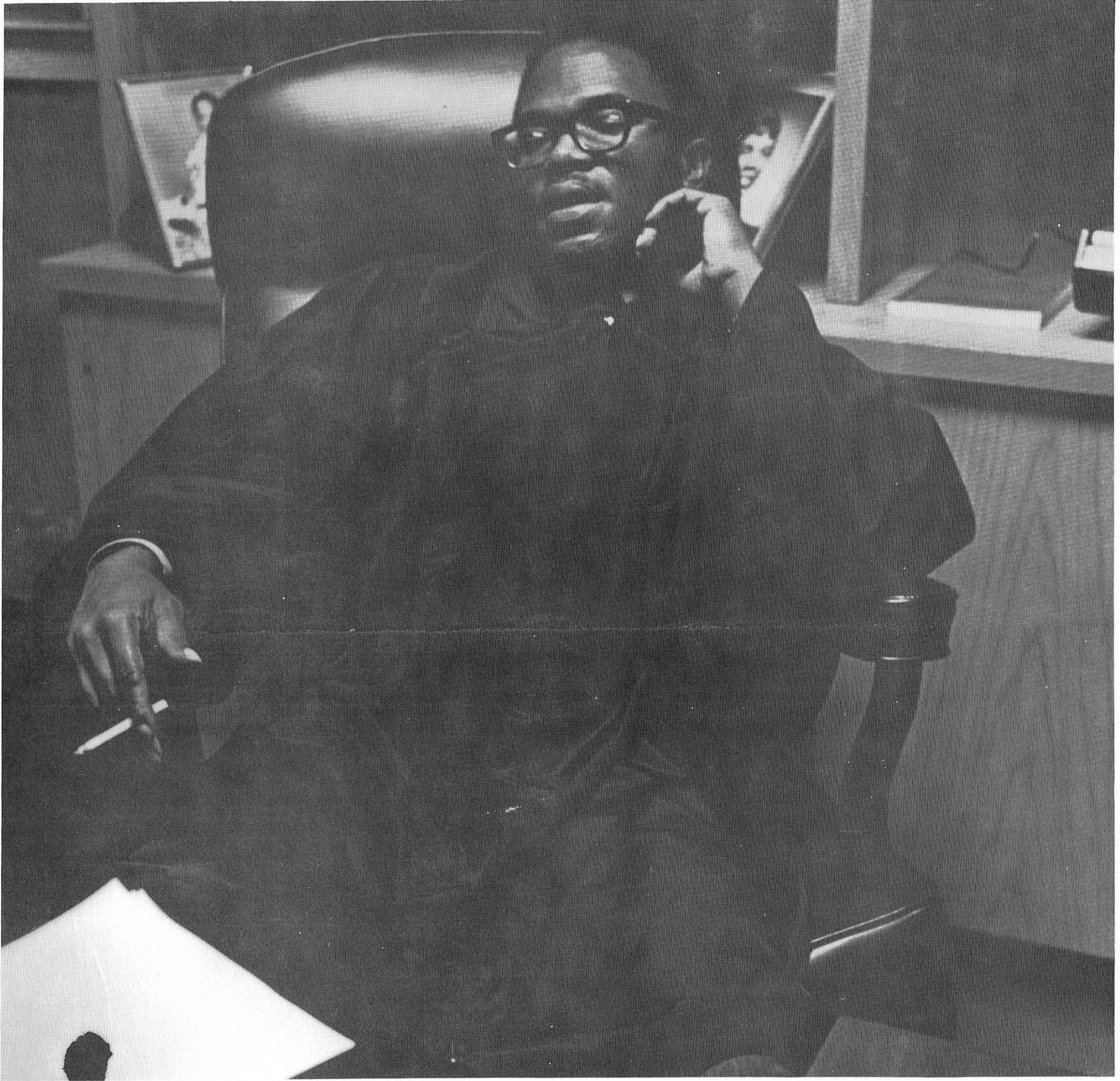
## FEATURES

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October 23, 1970

Southwestern At Memphis

Vol. 52, No. 6



## Dialogue with Judge Otis Higgs

by Jerome Katz  
Typed by Candace Kierns

The Sou'wester this week interviewed Memphis Judge Otis Higgs. The youngest judge in Tennessee, Judge Higgs benches the Fourth Division Shelby County Criminal Court. The judge was born in Memphis and raised in the Orange Mound Area of the city which he described as "marked by extreme poverty—a tragic situation." Higgs went on to work his way through undergraduate school and to receive his law degree from Memphis State University. Although he is the only black judge in Tennessee, Higgs does not

consider himself a Negro leader or a leading Negro. The only position of leadership he has held in the black community that he recalls is that of one of the advisors to the Black Coalition. Higgs considers himself a disciple of the late Dr. Martin Luther King in that he supports the methods of nonviolence. Although the original purpose of the interview was to receive Judge Higgs' opinion on the Black Monday Trials, the judge felt that he would have to postpone his opinions until he had considered the matter further.

### On Marijuana

**Sou'wester:** In your opinion, do you think the penalties being imposed for marijuana and hard drugs are too tough?

**Higgs:** My attitude about, well, let's take marijuana first. The penalties are too high for the innocent, casual smoker of marijuana. There is a distinction between the pusher and the casual, the innocent smoker. As to the casual, the innocent smoker, I'm of the opinion that justice should be

handled on an individual basis. I don't believe in mass justice. If a Southwestern student, say, is arrested on a charge of smoking pot, there should be no standard guilty recommendation. Justice should allow the judge to have a presentence report on the marijuana user. To take a look at that individual's history, the individual's potential, to make some determination on whether or not the sentence should be suspended. I believe that the sentence should be correctional instead of central deterrent. I believe

that in the final analysis that marijuana is analogous to Prohibition. College students, poor people, some of the leading people in this country are smoking pot. During prohibition everyone was drinking whiskey, and whiskey was against the law. I think we should take a new look at marijuana with a view toward repealing the statute. I don't think it ought to be a crime, because people are not criminals in the sense of the word. It should be repealed. If it doesn't happen I'd

(Cont. on page 4)

*"In the whole, nothing is unjust. It may, to this or that individual, be unfortunate."*

*-John Fowles*

## Clough Dedication

### -an editorial with two endings

#### ending no. 1

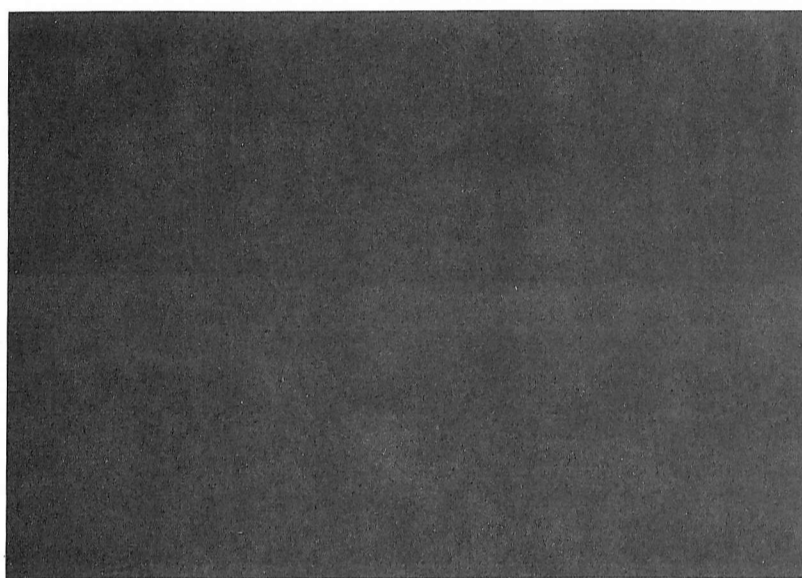
Fowles' words above are not as cynical as they might seem. They do not despair over the situation; they state the limitation under which man must seek justice. That search, Fowles would say is an individual one, and preconceptions defeat its purpose. A system is a set of preconceptions and Clough Hall is a product of our system. If the spirit to which Clough and Southwestern must ultimately be dedicated can be absorbed by the bureaucracy of a system, or surrendered to its prejudices, the spirit and the system and useless and doomed.

The dedication of Clough Hall last week was an impressive ceremony. It is an impressive building; one that could come about only through great expense and personal sacrifice. Although President Bowden read a list of benefactors, those who were forced to create the profits, those who picked the cotton which made Memphis and Clough Hall possible, were not mentioned. Instead their grandchildren viewed the ceremony from behind their brooms and maintenance uniforms.

It is unfortunate that people had to sweat, and even die, so that eventually Clough Hall might be air-conditioned. It is unfortunate that these victims of our society must exist—but they are economically necessary.

It is more unfortunate that racial prejudice and discrimination continue to exist at all levels of Southwestern at Memphis. If you don't think they do, you're not black.

The way to correct an unfortunate situation—under our system is to have meetings, discuss things, legislate; but very few of us responded to the B.S.A.'s appeal to come together last month.



#### ending no. 2

If you can't deny the cry for justice, you can always stifle it in the system—the same system that *created* the inequities and the injustices. Obviously, there is a paradox in the system; but the fault is the inefficacy of men who attempt to improve it.

Now some may raise the question that this whole "problem" is manufactured and is actually inane rage over a gift horse with perfectly good bicuspid. But it's really a matter of priorities, and choosing a place to drive the wedge. What is more important, what is the more eternal deed; building stone edifices or raising mankind to the limits of nature? Jesus, Socrates, and Buddha knew, and they taught in the streets.

Of course, a quick rationalization will reaffirm your opinion that there is no injustice . . .

In the whole, nothing is unjust. It may, to this or that individual, be unfortunate.

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edward stevens*

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*bill baker*

*bill symes*

*steve youmans*

*tommy shanks*

*photographers*

*chuck kibby*

*charlie durham*

dear brother, dear editor,  
I scream my praise madly,  
You are finally speaking your  
name loudly  
Unto the heavens.  
Your work is an honest one;  
Your pages are justice, mercy, and  
a little truth  
like none other in Memphis.

I am a graduate of Southwestern  
I am the maddest of revolutionaries  
A poem maker  
inside a dream and oceans  
only mine for liberation.

I too have smelled the wet bark  
on a cold night  
under the moon.  
Now is the time of the wet bark.  
Be careful the harsh smells  
may jail you.

Continue to ask the right  
questions.  
Expose the arrogance and stupidity  
of our oppressors.  
Reveal the voices  
let us hear the silence  
of the nigger inside our poverty.

Let us remember Memphis  
the cemetery of the dream  
the abandoned rust stained  
shack of the universe  
where die  
the wretched of the earth.

Ease the suffering  
Share the solitude of the  
oppressed  
Bring to our empty noises,  
rain.

Carry it on, my people  
make me shiver  
near the river.

Joe Heflin

**Eds:**

Not everyone is against you—  
quote from a letter I got today  
from my father.

"I was mildly amused at the  
furor over the 'obscene' headline. I  
was certain that it must have had  
something really obscene in it—like  
War . . . Hate . . . Kill!"

And he's over 40!

Anne Bramlette

**Dear Editor:**

Let us consider a local  
demanding concern; the plight of  
the Black students of  
Southwestern. While administration  
magnificently fulfill their role in  
the improvement of the total  
college experience of the Black  
students by forming committees to  
"look into the problem," the  
student body emphatically denies  
that such a problem exists.

In 1964 the doors of  
Southwestern were opened to the  
first of 72 (72 in six years) black  
pioneers. Imagine the scorn, the  
possible physical abuse, the oral  
rebukes, and the psychological  
beatings that those students had to  
undergo in order to grace the  
corridors of this white oriented  
institution. And six years later the  
needs of the present day Black  
students are as acute and the  
conditions quite similar to those of  
the first Black students to enter  
Southwestern.

Six years in which to institute  
blacks studies into the curriculum;  
six years in which to stop the token  
integration of the faculty and  
administration;

If we must deal with the  
"concerns" of the people let's not  
forget the one which just happens  
to be in your own front yard! In  
this school, which boasts of being  
"as innovative as the curriculum,"  
do we dare permit the needs of  
Black students to be marked as  
"unimportant" and filed in the far  
most corner of our committee  
based (or run) ivory tower, in the  
hope that they will disappear!?!  
Janice Moore, ABS

**W O R T H**

### Registrar Discusses Transfer Difficulties

by Clay Farrar

Many students have recently expressed uncertainty about school policy concerning the transferring of credits both to and from Southwestern. The Sou'wester asked Registrar John Turpin, keeper of the records and occasional court jester, to clarify Southwestern's transcript policies.

Both summer school and all other transfer work are recorded on a student's Southwestern transcript as C quality credit regardless of the actual grade made. Work in which a grade of D was made does not transfer. It should be noted that quality credit refers to both grade point and quality points. The only two exceptions to this policy are work done in the Southwestern at Oxford and Aix programs.

While this C quality credit will effect a student's cumulative grade point, in situations in which the lowered averages would prevent a student from being eligible for a Southwestern honor such as graduation with distinction, the registrar will calculate the total grade average to assure the student of receiving his proper scholastic

honors.

When asked about the effects of this policy on a student's applications to graduate schools or for employment, Turpin explained that the Southwestern transcript, just as any other school's transcript, reflects the work as evaluated only by that particular school. The institution that is reviewing a student's record should go directly to the school in which the other work was done in order to make its own evaluations.

Generally, Southwestern work is accepted at most other colleges. Students with Pass/Fail courses, D. I.'s, or Colloquia should write to the other institution if there is any doubt in their minds concerning the transferability of a course. Turpin does not recall any students experiencing difficulty in transferring to other institutions except for low grades.

The Sou'wester advises students applying for any competitive program to make certain that the reviewing board does understand that any work transferred from other schools usually detrimentally effects his Southwestern record.



Piano Red and Nathan Beauregard.

### Festival Features Oldtime Bluesmen

"I started this thing five years ago to bring the blues back to Memphis while this music is still around. In a few more years, all the good blues artists will be dead, and so will the blues."

Bill Barth is the organizer of the fifth annual Memphis Blues Festival, to be held in the Overton Park Shell on Saturday, Oct. 24. The festival features artists who are, for the most part, from Memphis and the surrounding area, but who are better known outside of Memphis.

"Many of these people are well known on college circuits and in other parts of the country, but few people in Memphis, the 'home' of blues music, have ever heard them."

The annual festivals, which have received a commendation from the mayor, receive no financial backing other than what Barth and friends can scrounge up.

"We do it like a benefit. The proceeds are divided up to pay the performers and, hopefully, our expenses.

Blues music developed in the rural South in the beginning of the 20th century. In the 1920's, as crop failures drove most of the poor blacks to urban areas, Memphis became "the headquarters" for blues and blues artists. Beale Street cabarets and cat houses were the

homes of artists Furry Lewis, W. C. Handy, Bessie and Mamie Smith, and others.

The depression and "Boss" E. H. Crump's crusade against the "joints" on Beale Street drove most of the bluesmen back into the delta country to disappear without a trace. Columbia and Victor, once great recorders of the blues sound, were forced by the economic collapse to halt production of "race recordings." Blues music was left to the owners and collectors of old blues records and most of the artists were presumed dead.

In the 1960's, several record companies began to re-issue editions of early '20's and '30's blues recordings. It was at this time that record collectors began to investigate the possibilities of finding old blues artists who might still be living. As a result, many of the original bluesmen were "rediscovered," including Furry Lewis, Will Slade and Gus Cannon (of the Memphis Jug Band), Bukka White, and Skip James.

Five years ago Barth, a guitarist and collector of blues recordings, and some friends discussed the possibility of giving a blues concert

to feature some of the old blues musicians. They rented the Overton Park Shell and put together a program—the first of the Memphis Blues Festivals.

The first concert featured Sid Selvidge, Lee Baker, Jim Dickinson, along with traditional artists Furry Lewis, Rev. Robert Wilkins, Bukka White, and Nathan Beauregard.

This year the festival again includes White, Lewis, and Selvidge, with the Beale Street Four, the Untouchables, Fred McDowell, G. P. Watkins, Moloch, and the Southern Fife and Drum Corps.

The festival is good family entertainment, and so the situation with the police is what Barth describes as "cool." For the most part, there are no hassles for the freaks who want to hear good blues music.

The afternoon concert begins at 2 p.m. and will run "several hours, depending on how many people show up," and the evening set begins at 7:30 p.m. and will probably run long into the night. Admission prices are \$1.00 for the afternoon set and \$2.50 for the evening performance.



Latest, and definitely our pick for most outstanding addition to newly dedicated Clough Hall is this week's Lynx Lovely, Erotic Erin Stukey.

Last year's yearbook, the 1970 *Lynx* will be printed and distributed around the last week of November, according to Tommy Wolff, editor. Final copy was sent to the Delmar Publishing Company Monday, Oct. 19.

Until Wednesday, Oct. 21, Judy Warren, publications commissioner, and the Publications Board did not know what had happened to the annual. The publishing company had not received the pages necessary for completion, and Wolff told Miss Warren that he had

already sent the final copy.

The Publications Board discussed the problem in their last meeting and voted to withhold the \$250 honorarium awarded to the annual editor until the book had been published. There was much concern since the budget for the yearbook was approximately \$14,000; \$4,000 had already been sent to the printer with the balance due after the book was printed.

In a letter to Miss Warren and the Publications Board, Wolff apologized for the

delay and said he would personally take charge of distributing the yearbooks once they arrived.

In order to avoid recurrence of delayed yearbooks, Miss Warren said, "This year the Publications Board has required a list of deadlines and at each deadline editors will be required to turn in a progress report." She also added that the Board would ask for mailing receipts and proof from the printer that he had received the copy turned in by the editors.

### Pianist Presents Concert

Donald J. Moore, pianist in residence at Southwestern, will be presented by the music department on Monday evening, Oct. 26, at 8:30 p.m. in Hardie Auditorium. Mr. Moore is no visitor to the concert stage, having served at the Interlochen Arts faculty at Interlochen, Mich., as artist, teacher and pianist.

He received his Bachelor of Music degree from Northwestern University, where he was a student of Guy Mombaerts; he received his M.M. from Eastman School of Music, where he was a piano student of the internationally known Madame Cecile Genhart. Professor Moore has also been a

student of Madam Ilona Kabos in New York City and studied at the Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts in Vienna on a Fulbright Scholarship.

Among his orchestral appearances, Mr. Moore has appeared as guest soloist with the Hamburg and the Rochester Symphony Orchestras.

His program will consist of some of the most challenging works in the literature for piano, including a late sonata of Beethoven (Opus 110), the demanding symphonic variations of Schumann, three preludes of Rakhmaninov, and a recently produced sonata by the Argentine composer Alberto Ginastera.

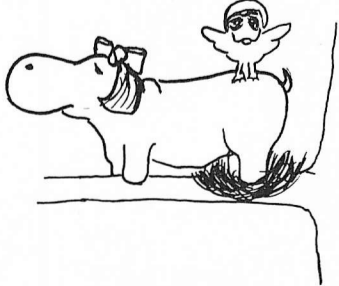
### ZOO U.

by Dotson

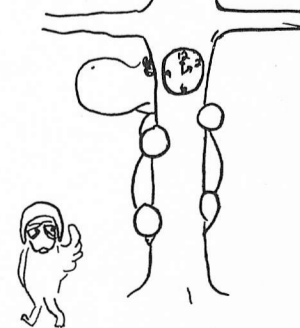
... SOMEWHERE IN THE QUIET CONFINES OF A QUIET DORM.



CLARRISA MY SWEETS, RECONSIDER, LIFE ITSELF HANGS IN THE NOOSE OF LEGAL OBEDIENCE AND RADICAL OBEDIENCE...



... if ONE is to truly be alive, ONE MUST obey a law because it is RIGHT - NOT BECAUSE IT IS A LAW



... you'll NEVER be alive. To be alive, ONE MUST MAKE his DECISION NOW - TO LIVE OR TO DIE!



PKA  
My technique may be slipping but even slipping didn't have to deal with Z.A.M. cortex interruptus

(Cont. from page 1)

# The Sou'wester Interviews Judge Otis Higgs

like to see judges have the sole discretion in dealing with marijuana offenses, for the use of marijuana kids get kicked out of college and faculty members get kicked off the faculties. He gets a conviction for pot that seriously hampers his future, and he is not a criminal.

The other problem with marijuana is that there's a wide sentence disparity in this country that makes justice a mockery. You get arrested for marijuana, you're either innocent or casually in possession of marijuana, you get five or ten years in a state penitentiary. You get convicted in the city of Memphis, you might get a three hundred dollar fine. Justice shouldn't be like that; it should be uniform. I think there should be a way of eliminating the injustices in the system.

On marijuana since so many young people are smoking, people who are intelligent, who could make tremendous contributions to this country, in the final analysis, I think if they are arrested, that a trial judge should be able to say to that student, or that young adult, "I'm going to put you on probation for one year; and during this time, if you don't get any more arrests, for smoking marijuana, you come back to this court room, I will dismiss the charges, and we will wipe out your complete arrest record." That's what I believe is the ideal system. I think that the finger prints and everything should be completely destroyed so in the future when that person applies for a job, that will not be on his record.

Now, as for other dangerous or hard core drugs, I'm more inclined to have a hardnosed attitude. I don't think the narcotics addict should be incarcerated. I believe incarceration should be correctional. It should cure the narcotics addict, make him a useful citizen, and at the proper time to come back as a useful member of society. A narcotics addict is simply thrown into jail, and the doors are closed. So we don't have a system geared to basic rehabilitation. A lot of people might call it a permissive type of attitude, but I believe that laws that are useless in our society, that have no more meaning, should be taken off the books.

I'm reminded of the story I heard about prohibition, where these bootleggers were thrown into jail for making the whiskey. Now the judge, public prosecutor, and everybody, threw a party and drank whiskey. So you make a mockery out of the system of justice. That is analogous to marijuana. When senators' sons, governors' sons, and folks who are useful to the society start to smoke pot, we should take a look at it. If the law is useless then we should take a look at it. I'm not giving you a mandate to smoke marijuana, I'm simply saying that the law has to be tempered with mercy and justice. The more we clamp down on marijuana smokers, the more we clamp down on some of our finest minds.

## On the Revolution

**Sou'wester:** How do you view the revolt of the young?

**Higgs:** I would have to preface my reply saying that I'm opposed to violence. I don't believe in burning buildings and that stuff. I don't think that burning buildings is symbolic of free speech. But on the other hand, I think that in general, young people are deeply committed to changing the system. I think to the injustices in our system, the physical demonstrations and physical dissent are fine. I think they serve a purpose without the violence. I think that protesting the Vietnam war is educational. I think that

young people have a right to protest wars, and racism, and poverty, and capitalism which in general makes a few people wealthy and makes the impoverished people hungry. However, I do think the place for dissent in in our debate halls. See, our whole country was founded on that principle of free speech. I do think there's something wrong when a small element completely controls the university. I think that the place for dissent is in the debate halls. I think this is part of the first amendment, that others should have the right to speak. I think this country was founded on that principle. So I'm not against dissent, but I don't like the burnings.

## Black Memphis

**Sou'wester:** How do you view the situation of the blacks in Memphis?

**Higgs:** I think that the lot of the black people in Memphis has improved, but I think there is still a great deal of room for improvement. I think that sort of sums it up.

**Sou'wester:** In what areas is the improvement needed?

**Higgs:** In the area of black-white relations. On the high echelon level, there has been a great deal of social mixing among the judges. This hasn't gone down to the lower levels. Now I'm referring to the overwhelming majority of the people. On the other hand, to sum it up, after a hundred and fifty years of change in Memphis, there's been very little change, but he sees a brighter kind of future. His position has become brighter, clearer, and more distinct. I think we, the black people, do have a future. I think there's a tremendous chance for change. However, there's a lot of change needed in the area of employment and many other areas, social acceptance, many things can still be done. In general, the black man has made tremendous contributions. It might be brawn and not brain but it's still a contribution.

I look forward to the progress of the kids in Memphis. I grew up in the Orange Mound section. It's a very tragic survival. There's extreme poverty, and I know that long ago I convinced myself that coal filings should be used at the end of the scuttle. Phillip Brooks quoted the



passage called "The Churchman," "That will be the day when every man becomes content with the way he is living and the thoughts he is thinking. That will be the day when he becomes absolutely content with the life that he is living, and the dreams that he was dreaming, and there is knocking at the doors of his soul the insatiable desire to do something. And he is still, in spite of it all a child of God."

## The Chicago Seven

**Sou'wester:** What is your opinion of the actions during the Chicago Seven trial?

**Higgs:** As a judge, I believe that every single defendant should have a fair trial. I will do everything in my power, as long as I sit on the court, to insure the man that he will get a fair trial. I will not be pressured by influence, and I won't be pressured by extreme poverty: I use one yardstick for all. It makes no difference, a man be a militant, and activist, or what-have-you, he will receive the same kind of trial in my court, as long as I sit as a judge. Now I would say this with that premise in mind, I must insure that every man receives a fair trial. I cannot believe that disorder and chaos in the courtroom is conducive to a fair trial.

The only comment I would have

about the Chicago Seven is that I am not committed to disruptions in a court of law. I don't think it's a wise measure of progress we should have in this country. If a man is accused of committing an offence, there are certain methods that can be aired in a court of law. I will exhibit no prejudice toward an unpopular defendant. I'll see that he receives a fair trial. Now he has rights, responsibilities. Screaming and shouting obscenities in a court I don't think should be tolerated.

I, of course adhere to the strict word of the law. I believe that the Supreme Court decision is that unless a court can be held in an orderly manner, that the defendant should be bound and gagged. I think there are other ways of bringing discontent with our system of justice to bear. I believe that many, many respects of the system of justice in this country need to be reformed. I think there should be many, many reforms in Memphis and Shelby County, and I'm committed to many of these reforms. However, I would not permit or tolerate a defendant who would stand up in court and throw obscenities at me, because that would not change the system.

## Changing the System

I feel that the young people of this country should find a way to

change the system from within. I'm trying to change the judicial system of Shelby County. I think I can do more being the judge within the system than being totally disillusioned with the system, than if I stayed put and cast my stones from outside, not being a judge. I'm in favor of a crime commission which should be set up to study our archaic judicial system.

I believe that the judges must bridge the communication gap. No one knows better than I as a judge and I can talk about reforms that should be instituted. For instance, I believe that when a man is arrested he should be tried within sixty days, and the complete appellate process ought to be disposed of within six months, but it takes years. That involves more money, more courts, more administrators, but it must be done. I happen to believe that the complete system of money bail should be completely eliminated. A man should not have to stay in jail based on his ability to pay a bond. It's a denial of the due process of law. That's cruel and inhuman. If you have a three thousand dollar bond and I have a three thousand dollar bond and you afford the premium and I can't, then the law punishes me, because of my poverty. The only way you can right the system is to eliminate bail completely. I furthermore believe that we can reduce the crime rate here in the city of Memphis by giving all the people in the city a share in the products of labor.

## Free America

**Sou'wester:** Would you say that America is actually a free country?

**Higgs:** Well, that's a fairly general question. I happen to believe that as long as men are hopelessly reduced to poverty, as long as men cannot rise above their present environment, as long as there are racists and prejudices and hard core unemployment and inadequate housing—then American is not free.

In other respects, in so far as the overall concept, America is free. But there are many many evils in this country, tied up in racism and discrimination, and America can never be free as long as any one of our citizens is a victim of this personal discrimination. We've come a long way here in Memphis, but we have much, much more to do.



this page contains hooker and his plan; a review of "joe"; something about drugs and an ad for the corned beef house.

Hooker by T. Shanks

Four years ago John Jay Hooker, Jr., lost the governor's race to the present governor, Buford Ellington. Today, he is running a neck and neck battle with his Republican opponent, Dr. Winfield Dunn.

The key to victory for Hooker is to attract the votes of the five candidates he defeated in the Democratic primary in August. If he can hold these Democratic votes solid, he is assured of victory since the Democratic party holds a large registration majority over the Republican party in Tennessee. Unfortunately for Mr. Hooker, only Ralph Waldo Emerson of Greenville, who polled 12,000 votes in the August primary, has endorsed him. His main Democratic opponent, State Senator Stan Snodgrass, who received 180,000 votes, has thus far not committed himself to either Hooker or Dunn.

Born in Nashville 40 years ago, Hooker lives there now with his wife and three children. He graduated from Sewanee and obtained his law degree from Vanderbilt. He is the senior partner in the law firm of Hooker, Hooker, and Willis. However, it is not as an attorney that Mr. Hooker has gained most of his wealth or his notoriety. He is probably best

known for his business ventures which included among other things the Minnie Pearl Fried Chicken franchises. His Republican opponents charge that this business alone lost millions of dollars not only for Hooker but for others as well. They cite this as reason enough to keep him out of the governor's chair. Mr. Hooker counters this claim by saying, "Some of my businesses have made money and some have lost money."

John Jay Hooker has been quite active in civic and social affairs for a long time. He has served as State Chairman of the Tennessee Heart Fund in 1969, past president of the Nashville Kidney Foundation, a member of the Executive Committee of the Religious Heritage of America and a member of the Development Councils of the University of Tennessee and George Peabody College. He was also active in the YMCA expansion program in Nashville.

In 1970 the state's news media chose him as one of the top five men in Tennessee for having made "the greatest contribution to the programs and recognition of the state during the past year."

One of Hooker's main concerns is drug abuse in Tennessee. He says, "Drug abuse strikes fear into the hearts of the parents of this

country and of this state. It is no longer confined to any one place or neighborhood. It hits families of all different types of backgrounds. The very first day I am governor of Tennessee, we are going to begin work on this problem. I am going to appoint a panel of people made up of doctors, ministers, educators, legislatures and private citizens who want to attack this problem with their full vigor."

Hooker has developed a ten point program which he promises to use to "uplift Tennessee" if elected. The points include 1) fiscal responsibility with no state income tax; 2) criminal justice and prison reform; 3) better education, including a new kindergarten program; 4) an adequate consumer protection law; 5) close coordination of local, state and federal programs; 6) immediate improvement of highways as the foundation for industrial growth; 7) pioneer environmental programs to preserve and enjoy the beauty of Tennessee; 8) better jobs, better housing and more take home pay for the working man; 9) adequate workman's compensation laws and equal opportunities for all citizens; and, 10) community facilities which concentrate on the prevention of disease and mental illness.

Daisy by Bob Shipp

In light of recent exposes on implications of drug use in the words of popular songs, upstanding citizens throughout the country have been standing up and demanding that such songs as "Eight Miles High" and "I Get by With a Little Help from My Friends" be banned to stop further pollution of the minds of our nation's youth.

Daisy, Daisy,  
Give me  
your answer do,  
I'm half crazy,  
All for the love of you.  
It won't be a stylish marriage,  
I can't afford a carriage,  
But you'll look sweet  
Upon the seat  
Of a bicycle built for two.

This song is considered by many to be a harmless, Sunday-afternoon tune; closer examination shows it to be crowded with unnatural demands for drugs. The title and opening phrase, "Daisy, Daisy," is merely a thinly disguised play on the "dazey" meaning in a daze; "Daisy" can also be a reference to the infamous communist flower-children.

"... Give me your answer do" reflects the drug culture philosophy that drugs can be used as a ready-made solution to all the world problems, from war to tooth decay. Many dope fiends claim that they use drugs to find answers to their personal problems.

"I'm half crazy, all for the love of you." This line's interpretation is obvious; the song writer makes no attempt at mincing words as he sings of his insane compulsion to shoot up.

"It won't be a stylish marriage." It is evident that the words here mean that the "marriage" between drug user and drugs is not socially accepted; the addict voluntarily engages in an antisocial activity.

"I can't afford a carriage." In advocating drug use the song writer goes on to spurn capitalism, the cornerstone of our democracy, and to suggest the destruction of our station-wagons.

"But you'll look sweet upon the seat." This line is one of the most obscenely anarchistic lines of the song. In it, the singer seems to be crooning of love to the drugs which he has just purchased; it can also be interpreted to refer to the fact that many drugs are adulterated with sugar.

"Joe" by Carla Cox

There are quite a few reasons not to see the movie *Joe*—first, if you believe in the possibility of a student-worker alliance in the U.S., don't see *Joe*; or, if the incidents at Kent and Jackson State gave you a prickly sense of paranoia, don't see *Joe*; and finally, if you are intent on preserving an illusion of "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," see *Fantasia*, not *Joe*.

*Joe* has been acclaimed by the *New York Daily News* as "devastatingly funny"—a description which is at least half accurate. *Joe* is definitely devastating but the only good reason for laughing at the end of this movie is to keep from crying.

*Joe* is not without humor. The character Joe, the Everyman of Middle America, is a unique mixture of the comic and the pathetic. Joe is the fears, hopes,

ambitions, hatreds, and prejudices of the "older generation" all rolled into one big beer-drinking, hippie-hating, hard-working, sexually-repressed but not altogether unlovable guy.

A stereotype? Not Joe. Joe is the man next door who's convinced your boyfriend is a communist fag; Joe is the truckdriver who hates hippies because "all they ever do is screw"; Joe is your father. You can laugh at Joe but even his funniest lines are underscored with pathos. When Joe asks Compton whether life doesn't sometimes seem "just a crock full." Laughter fades with the realization of how sad an admission this is from a guy who worked his tail off to "make something" of his life.

In his role as Compton, Dennis Patrick has a more subtle characterization. However, he handles the neuroses, guilt, and repressed violence of the

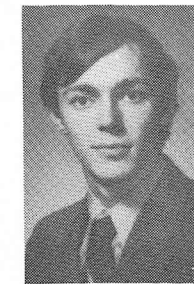
\$60,000-a year ad man expertly.

Despite such lavish praise, the movie does have its faults. While Joe is an extreme characterization of the conservative middle American, the picture painted of the "younger generation" is none too pretty. Those in the movie as a whole fit Joe's accusations of being longhaired dope fiends who do nothing but indulge in "orgies"—the phonetic pronunciation you'll have to hear to appreciate. Since the writers oversimplify in order to emphasize the "generation gap," they fail to do justice to the complexities of the under-30 generation. The detraction, however, from the movie's overall effect is negligible.

Don't let a weak stomach keep you from seeing *Joe*—take a few Pepto Bismol tabs (the only kind of tabs I'd recommend for this one) and go.

## The Corned Beef House

### Presents



ROB RILEY

Rob is a junior from Little Rock, Arkansas. He is current President of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity and Vice President of the elections commission. He is majoring in Physics.

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"Of a bicycle built for two". The ending of the verse, while not as blatant as the other lines, is easily understood when one remembers that one important aspect of the drug-culture is the fanatical belief of its adherents to the "free love" concept. Obviously the origins of today's problems of drug use extend much further back than a cursory glance would indicate. Only by the continued use of unbiased reasoning and the presence of an open mind can these problems be solved, and this unholy menace be wiped forever from the face of the earth.

# It Matters Not Whether You Win or Lose It's How You Look on the Films

Pictorial Essay by Charles Durham—



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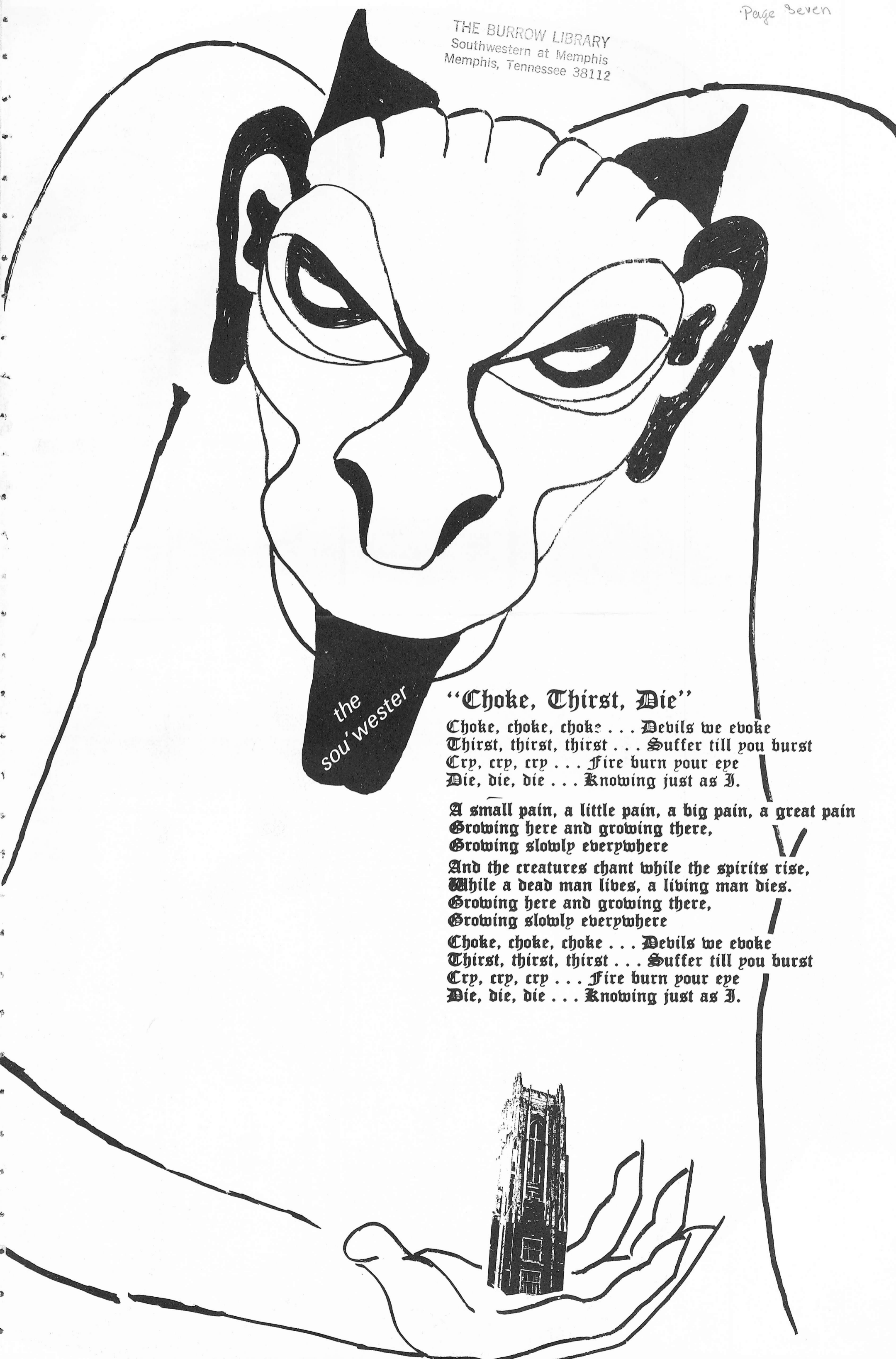
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**“Choke, Thirst, Die”**

**Choke, choke, choke . . . Devils we eboke  
Thirst, thirst, thirst . . . Suffer till you burst  
Cry, cry, cry . . . Fire burn your eye  
Die, die, die . . . Knowing just as I.**

**A small pain, a little pain, a big pain, a great pain  
Growing here and growing there,  
Growing slowly everywhere**

**And the creatures chant while the spirits rise,  
While a dead man lives, a living man dies.  
Growing here and growing there,  
Growing slowly everywhere**

**Choke, choke, choke . . . Devils we eboke  
Thirst, thirst, thirst . . . Suffer till you burst  
Cry, cry, cry . . . Fire burn your eye  
Die, die, die . . . Knowing just as I.**



## The Melting of the Mask

The drizzle was causing the green tempera on my paper mache Martian mask to run in small droplets down the front of my collar. I was eating root beer barrels and walking aimlessly down the Red Dog Road trying not to cry just because Jim had left me. Up ahead was a house I had not trick-or-treated, or at least I thought I hadn't. It was hard to tell, because all the houses seemed oddly strange—but still familiar—like I had seen them in a dream. I suppose I was lost, well, not lost, I just didn't know where I was.

Jim had always told me that when you got lost to head in one direction till you found a place you remembered. And if you couldn't find a place you remembered, stop and ask someone. People will always help a little kid. Trusting these vague thoughts from the brother who had just tricked me, I put my bag in both hands to keep the bottom from falling out and headed toward the big brick house set in the woods off the gravel road. There were lots of cars parked under the trees and a lot of noise coming from within—and the weight that had been lodged in the base of my stomach was going away. I walked through ankle deep wet leaves and pine needles toward the front porch. The wind was blowing rain drops from the trees onto my mask and soggy bag. The witches broom was slowly being washed away revealing the dull orange paper. The popcorn balls were ruined. I put another root beer barrel in my mouth and knocked on the wooden door. I knocked again but no one heard me. There was too much noise. The rushing sweat began to return but I look for the doorbell, a little bronze handle with "The Meyers" etched in it. I pulled it in and out several times, listening to hear it ring inside.

Finally the door opened wide and a short man with a glass in one hand looked out at the small water logged Martian. Before I could say anything (the root beer barrel was stuck under my tongue) he laughed,

"Say hasn't this Martian landed here before." He took a swallow from his glass.

I fumbled with my mask and put the candy in the corner of my mouth and muttered, "I'm not trick or treating, I'm lost."

"Well come, come in," he smiled. "I know how easy it is to lose your bearing on a strange planet. Say, I think your bag is about to give out; why don't you set it down and I'll get you a new one." He closed the door behind me and walked off to look for a grocery sack.



I set my bag down and put my mask by the umbrella rack. Some of the paper mache was caving in. The green dyed long johns that was the remainder of my Martian costume were sticking to my blue jeans. The rear end had stretched down to my knees and I was very self conscious. No one seemed to notice. There was really quite a party going on.

There were lots of people all drinking and laughing and slapping each other on the back. From the entrance way I could see a converted table with a punch bowl and lots of different kinds of foods. The ceiling was covered with black crepe paper streamers and there were cornstalks and jack o'lanterns in some of the corners. In one corner was a Christmas tree with a small electric train running around the base. But this didn't seem nearly so odd as what was next to it.

There, propped up against the wall between the fireplace and the Christmas tree was an open wood and brass coffin with a very old

very pale man. I knew he wasn't dead, because he held a drink in his hand and looked slowly from side to side. His eyes stopped on me and I became very cold.

Fortunately the fat man with the big smile came back with a paper bag and mug of something hot. He handed me the mug and bent over to put my candy in the new bag. "What are you doing trick or treating by yourself on this cold, wet Halloween?" he said.

"I'm lost," I said.

"So you said, so you said." He smiled again. "You know, you can't really be lost if you don't have any place to go. You going some place in particular?"

"Home, in a little while, I guess." But I really wasn't listening, because I was glancing back and forth from my trick-or-treat bag to the coffin. "What's the man doing in the coffin and why do you have a Christmas tree on Halloween?" I finally blurted.

The fat man smiled (he always smiled) and said, "Drink your cider before it gets cold. Now, why is there a Christmas tree? Well first of all, it is because old Frank likes Christmas."

"But it isn't Christmas," I said as I drank some of the hot cider.

"True, very true, but that's unimportant because Frank likes Christmas."

"Who's Frank?" I said, but as I looked back to those eyes in the coffin, I knew who Frank was; "Is he dead?"

The man's smile faded as he looked for the words, but was rekindled as he spoke. "Frank is the man in the coffin, and he's not dead, but is going to be...er...you see this is a wake...er, sort of a wake. Have you ever read *Tom Sawyer*?"

I nodded.

"Well, do you remember how Tom and Huck went to their own funerals, and what a good time they had?"

"Sorta," I said.

"Well this is pretty much the same thing. You see when Frank's first wife died, he decided not to have a funeral with everybody crying and grieving because there was no good reason to cry or get upset. He said Lynn had had four of the meanest, nastiest kids born to any woman and had just about worked herself to death trying to keep everybody happy. Dying was the only vacation the woman ever got, so why shouldn't it be a happy occasion. So he threw a party instead of a wake—and it caught on. He did the same thing for his next two wives and one of his sons, and well, the family seemed to prefer a big party to a wake. Can you understand that son?"

"Well, sorta," I said.



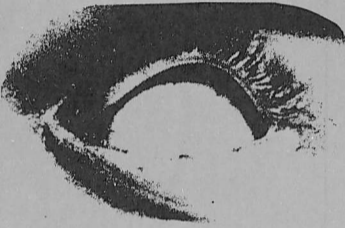
"So you see, Frank just decided that he didn't want to miss his own party. He told us yesterday that he thought he was going to die soon, so we set up this party and called all the relatives. The coffin was Frank's idea. I guess that's a bit hard for a young fellow like you to

understand?"

"I guess so," I said as I swallowed the last bit of cider. He had finished the candy transfer and had put the good bag on an end table by the door; but I didn't notice as I stared at the old pale man sitting in a coffin waiting to die.

The fat man noticed me staring at the living corpse and said abruptly, "Say, why don't you come talk to Frank a bit and meet some of the people. I'm sure everyone would like to meet a converted Martian." I nodded and realized the seat of my long johns was flopping, and I became uneasy.

I met some people, had another mug of hot cider and ate some sandwiches, until I was finally steered over in the coffin's direction. The jack-o-lantern, the Christmas tree, the coffin, and the people all seemed to make sense, like this was the way it was supposed to be: the jack-o-lantern



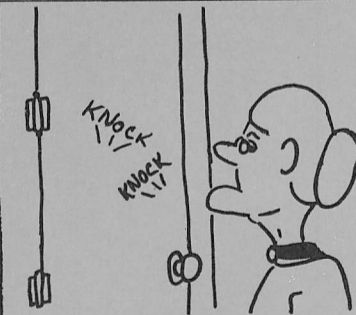
was laughing at the train that kept running in a circle. Then I realized that I was standing in front of Frank, my guide and protector had left me—left me standing in front of a dying man. I shivered like someone had run a cold spoon down my spine.

Frank gazed at me for what seemed like hours. The silence was making my forehead hot and causing my temple to pound. I couldn't speak. Finally the old man half-grinned and spoke in a very strong, but light voice. "I guess you've never seen a man dying before, huh son?"

I shook my head.

The whole smile spread over his face, "Well don't worry about it, because everybody has to die—hmp most people spend most of their lives dying. And it's not nearly as bad as they'd have you think."

I thought I was going to cry, like



when my grandad had died, not because I was sad, but because I didn't know what else to do. Frank saw this, and kept on talking. "How old are you, son?" he asked.

"Almost nine," I choked. "I'll be nine November 22."

"I can remember when I was nine. Had a really good time. I didn't know it then, but I know it now. I think a lot about the past—turn it over and over in my mind. I suppose you don't think too much about the past?"

I shook my head no.

"Well you should, there'll be a time when you wish you had." He paused for a very long time and then said, "Maybe you shouldn't, it doesn't make that much difference."

He closed his eyes and thought about that for a while. I became restless and began to think about going home and telling Mom on Jim. I started to leave, but he opened his eyes and froze my feet to the floor. He was staring at me, but he didn't see anything in the room. It was like we had all turned invisible.

Then he spoke, "The furthest back I can remember is looking at the blank darkness. Green blotches are starting to form, and...everything in hues of green, a verdure...but its not a forest...its a waterfall, an emerald green waterfall. How old could I have been—70 years ago. I can see it now perfectly clear. The magnificent emerald rushing water-fall...the green, the mottled green...the darkness."

He closed his eyes. A small giggle, then a torrent of laughter broke forth like pouring baking soda into vinegar. His whole body shook. I could see them start from his diaphragm and break from his lips. His free hand started to rise from his side and he stopped laughing. But the hand stopped, he let it relax, and a broad smile swept over his face. His glass dropped and



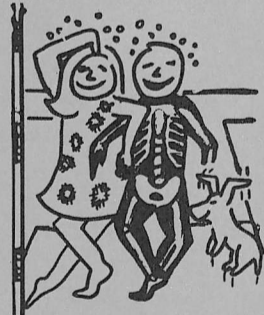
he sank back into his coffin.

I looked at the glass—it was empty and it hadn't broken. I looked at him for a short time, turned, got my mask and bag, and started for the back door.

The fat man stopped me as I was about to leave, "Say, I thought you were lost."

"I was," I replied.

"Well, wouldn't you like us to



call your parents and have them come get you?"

"No, I can find my way, I'm almost nine you know."

He grinned and said, "Okay," and let me out the back door.

My house was only two blocks over and I could cut through the woods to get to it. I had done it a lot of times in the daylight. I walked down the hill to the little creek and stepped through it not worrying about getting my tennis shoes wet. As I walked up the hill to my house, I stopped at a crab apple tree. The sharp, sweet smell clung to my tongue and my lungs. I picked a large crab apple and started to eat it as I walked. Root beer barrels didn't have a thing on crab apples.

I left my mask at the foot of the tree—it melted in the rain overnight.



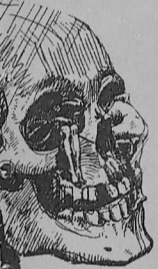
### And If You Die

And when a man dies of fright . . .

His brain receives the sensory stimulus which in turn activates the nervous system to send out impulse waves over the body. These waves reach the heart in a matter of seconds and the heart starts to beat at an increased rate. If the waves are not reduced by the receipt of a less frightening sensory stimulus at the brain, the increased rate of heart activity will cause it to contract and cease to function, thus inducing death in a matter of minutes.

If, on this Halloween, you wish to trap God, beauty, power or a werewolf, there is but one sure method—the pentagram. Since time immemorial these magic pentagrams have occurred for good and evil among all groups who seek contact with the infinite. Whether used for harm as a weapon of the witches or as a tool of heaven, these magic shapes have proved successful since the time of the Egyptians.

For an explanation of how these pentagrams work, those who have researched the subject have only received the explanation that they



are the most tried method so they must be the best traps.

It is probable that you don't have a pentagram handy, so I offer one that has been tested by time and found true, the famous Crowley Pentagon. Many years ago a British occultist made this pentagon renowned by sacrificing black cats upon it. It should be noted here that it's never the shape



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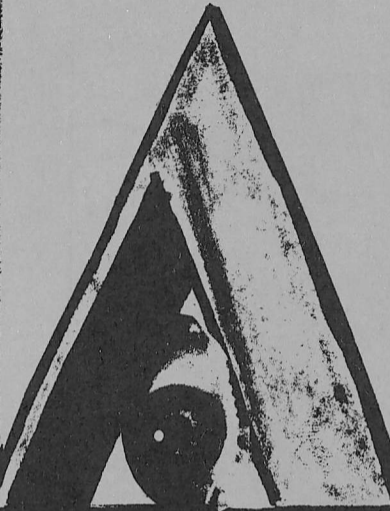
of the altar that makes it good or bad but rather what sacrifices you offer and what you do around it.

Accompanied with Crowley's Pentagon is the warning to those who might go off half-cocked and set their trap without first thinking fully of what they plan to do with God, beauty, power or a werewolf when caught.



Witches are everywhere, under many disguises. It isn't infrequent that two people can live together for years and then discover, much to their surprise, that all along one has been practicing witchcraft. So take heed of this advice, on detecting witchcraft.

There are commonly recognized methods for catching practicing witches which should be investigated. To begin with, if an apparition in human form appears to a number of people and afflicts them, then the personality represented in this apparition should be investigated. Secondly, look for evidence of malice, since



witchcraft is an expression of ultimate malice. Hopefully, an investigation would provide credible confessions. Confessions are easy to obtain, particularly when the technique of "cross and swift questions" is used as recommended by virtually all authorities from *Malleus Maleficarum* to Cotton Mather, but it's often hard to tell whether these confessions are credible.

More concrete evidence can occasionally be found. A diligent search may turn up some tools of a witch's trade: images with pins in them, ointments and potions, books of instruction in the magical arts. The body of the suspected witch could also be searched for the so-called Devil's Mark. It is believed that when a pact is made with the Devil, he places a piece of flesh on the witch's body from which he might suck the blood of the witch. This patch is insensitive to touch.

There are several more commonly known tests which have been used. One of these is to tie the suspect's arms and legs and throw her into a body of water. If she floats, she's a witch; and if she sinks, she's innocent. One must be quick with this test in case the suspect is innocent because she could easily drown.

To have the accused repeat the Lord's Prayer is another common test of witchcraft. It is believed that a witch can't say it correctly since she regularly says it backwards at her witches' Sabbaths. It is also believed that witches can't cry because they have rejected Christian charity in favor of demonic malice.

Everywhere witches are a threat—keep the fires burning!

### Halloween

October 31, which has for us today been almost completely secularized under the guidance of all-engulfing middle class mercantilism, has its well springs on far more primeval ground than simply that of Christian tradition.

The Halloween we celebrate today as a fun time for the kids and, more importantly, a good excuse to get people into stores to buy some of the glittering hordes of junk thrown into great bins, was for the Celtic peoples, not only the eve of their New Year, but also marked the end of the Celtic summer.

As such it was one of the two great fire festivals, the other being the beginning of summer which is what we call May Day, the Celtic name for which was Beltane. The Celts in their original formations were primarily pastoral rather than agriculturally oriented and thus their calendar was based on a biseasonal setup instead of the usual quartering of the year on the basis of the equinoxes and soltices. Consequently, the Celt Samhain, our Halloween, fell at the end of October and had nothing to do with autumnal harvests or anything of that sort. We can only speculate at the ancient origins of the two great Celtic fire festivals.

Doubtless the controlling Druidic order played no small part in what was for the Celts something of deep religious significance. And if so, the element of human sacrifice doubtless played its part, at least in the very ancient times.

Although little is actually known of the Druids (about all that scholars can safely say is that they were the ruling order of priests and wise men—the word "druid" can be broken down to render "knowledge of the oak" but this theory is linguistically uncertain), the fact remains that what we celebrate as Halloween has its roots in a festival so thoroughly pagan as to make the crust of any mom's apple pie turn to dust. Of course, no one need worry about perpetual damnation from observing pagan festivals because the Church long ago incorporated the Celtic Samhan into its religious calendar.

In medieval times the Church dubbed October 31 as the feast of All Hallows; and November 1, which was the first day of the Celtic New Year, was set up to honor all the Saints and hence become All Saints' day. What the Church did was follow a time tested axiom of never banishing pagan festivals but merely assimilating, thus placating, the tradition of a people they had incorporated. Since the emphasis was on the Feast of All Saints in the Church, October 31 was frequently referred to as All Hallows Eve, which is where our name Halloween comes from.

Not surprisingly, almost all the embellishments which make our Halloween what it is go back to the pagan Celtic origin rather than the Christian. Our concepts of Halloween as the witching night have many forerunners in Celtic folk customs. (Through this entire part of Halloween was certainly enhanced for our tradition by the Medieval emphasis on witchcraft and related subjects.) Such seemingly frivolous activities as children bobbing for apples at a Halloween party stem from Celtic folk customs that if a person could pick up the apple without using his teeth then the following year was destined to be lucky. The Celts also designated Samhain as the day on

which departed souls returned to their places of former habitation and so the fire was kept up all night in order that the dead might warm themselves.

As far as the macabre element of Halloween is concerned, both the Scotch and the Irish have a rich tradition of ghouls and demons and goblins. Irish folk legend recounts how each year on Halloween the gates to the cave of Cruachan in Connaught are unbarred and a flock of copper-red birds issue forth to ravage the land by blighting crops and killing animals. The Scottish name for a demon who steals babies is Samhanach, derived from the Celtic name for Halloween.

One integral part of the Celtic Samhain which has not found its way into our celebration of modern Halloween is the practice of divination, which was widespread in



almost all the Celtic nations, partly because it was the beginning of a New Year for them, and hence what better time to divine the events to come?

A popular Celtic custom required the young maids of a community to sow hemp seed (even then) saying, "I sow hemp seed and he who is to be my husband let him come and harrow it." Whereupon the girl was supposed to glance back over her left shoulder, and in the dark she would get a glimpse of the man she was supposed to marry. It is relatively easy to imagine why this was such a popular custom and, for that matter, why it was likely to be surprisingly accurate.

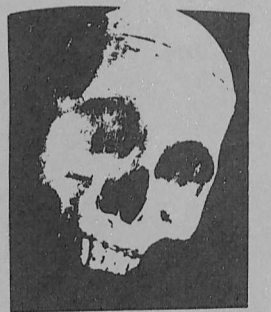
Divination took on a myriad of different methods all the way from slicing apples, to interpreting egg whites in water, to examining stones in the ashes of fires. In a curious blend of the old pagan and the Christian, it is a Welsh folk custom for the women to come to

church on Halloween night and by reading the flames of candles, so see their fates, as well as any deaths of parishioners with the next year.

But for all the banner surrounding modern Halloween, it is difficult to get any clear picture of the gravity and importance which the Samhain carried with it. It was a fire festival and one of the two great feasts of the Celtic culture. In the Irish nation a new fire was re-kindled at the King's court and then all the fires in Ireland were said to have been lit from that one. This was carried down at least until the late 1800's in the form of each family lighting a bonfire on Halloween night both in Ireland and the Scottish highlands. For the Irish this marked the beginning of their great outdoor parliament (Freig) which was held at Tara and lasted for two weeks.

It is interesting to note that the Celtic influence on our Halloween is strongly Scottish. This is where the idea of the jack-o-lantern comes—except the Scots used their native turnip rather than a pumpkin. Apple bobbing is of Scottish origin, and the Scots have always been big on goblins and that sort of thing. The origin of "trick or treat" is probably Scottish in nature, from days when young Scots would run around turning over outhouses, farm sheds, and in general playing pranks on people on Halloween night.

Regardless of the way in which Halloween has evolved into what we now know it as, and no matter how much we have perverted it with commercialism, it still serves a very similar purpose in our society to what it did for our ancient Celtic forefathers. It is still somewhat of a feast, at least for the kids anyway. And more importantly, it provides an outlet for indulgence into the macabre and the mystical which is still very much a part of us even today.



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