

Power and Non Politics: An Insight into Our Region-USNSA

by Mark Lester

The Southern Area Conference of the National Student Association was held last weekend in Knoxville, Tenn.

In attendance were some 100 students representing various colleges and universities in the south.

The overall tone of the conference was influenced in great part by recent developments concerning the rapport between students and the national administration. Mike Honey, director of the southern office of the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, spoke to the conference on Saturday morning concerning "Repression in America." The Memphis-based director stated that there was a conscientious attempt by those in "the highest places to silence opposition to racism and Nixon policies." Honey blamed much of the repressive legislation on the

pre-election fears of congressmen.

In addition to Honey's address, delegates to the conference discussed many of the problems of repression on their individual campuses, paying particular attention to the recent events at the University of Tennessee where students were arrested for disturbance of a Billy Graham meeting. Some of the arrested students spoke to the conference concerning the incident.

Being an organ of the National Student Association, the conference also dealt with many of the problems concerning campuses in the southern region. In order to concentrate on these problems the conference instituted the innovation of "consultations," in which each school had the opportunity to discuss their problems with representatives of the national office of the NSA. It is hoped that these consultations may be kept on record in order to

enable the national office to channel a school with specific problems to another school that has already experienced similar problems. By such consultations it is also possible that the national office may keep in better touch with its member schools.

The chief instruments of the conference were workshops dealing with areas of student activities. They included such topics as "Suing Your University," "Student Communities: An Open Model," "Students and Drug Programs," and "Student Coalitions," each lead by a representative of the Washington office of the NSA. In addition to the various workshops, a panel discussion on "Student Power and the Role of Student Government" was led by student body presidents of various schools. It was brought out in the discussion that better education can never be achieved without institutionalized student power.

John Gaventa, president of the Vanderbilt student body stated, "It is a necessity to keep student power centralized in order that it remain effective."

Addressing himself to one of the basic problems of all student governments, Drew Olim, of Northland College, brought out the necessity of student government to remain above "politics." "Some student governments," he stated, "become so hung up with politics that they are unable to operate."

Southwestern's intercollegiate representative, Lina Newhouser, served as one of the coordinators of the conference. Miss Newhouser is one of the regional supervisors of the National Student Association as well as serving on the policy board of that organization.

USNSA-ELF

by Lina Newhouser

ELF is just a three letter word. Earth Liberation Front. It is an idea—an idea to radically change this society by travelling around the country giving people the resources and experiences which will help them create alternatives to the institutions and life styles that make this country anti-life, anti-freedom, anti-people.

ELF is a big red school bus full of information in files, books, magazines, tapes, newspapers,

movies and people; information on social change—how did society get the way it is, what are the alternatives, the tactics, what have other people throughout the country done to promote change, what are the possibilities for the future? ELF is growing, as is its mother organization, United States National Student Association.

The student community today is faced with more challenging issues than ever before. In order to maintain its status as the oldest and largest national student organization, USNSA has had to expand its services and programs—with the ELF idea, the idea of living and learning through change, pervading this growth.

Its publications deal with anything from campus social rules to environment to labor relations. Legal services include student defenders and advisory information and service. The Center for Educational Reform provides not only the ELF bus, but also publications concerning educational liberation, i.e., free universities, disorientation programs, research of power structures.

USNSA also sponsors a speakers bureau, the National Student Film Festival, life insurance, and record and book clubs, all available at non-profit costs. All created to support us.

STUDENT UNION WEEKEND ACCOLADES AUTUMN WITH CONTESTS, FUN

by Margie Howe

Student Union Weekend begins its two-day run tonight of food, contests, and fun. The weekend is a competitive one between and among the sexes with each group trying to accumulate enough points to win the President's Trophy.

Following a barbeque dinner in the refectory tonight will be two grand showings of a secret movie (late rumor has it as *West Side Story*) in FJ-B at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. According to Joe Brady, president of the Student Union Board, it should really be special since the television industry has been hasseling for months over who should be granted viewing rights. Doors will be open at 6:30 p.m.

From 10:30 p.m. until midnight, the Common House will present Jack Fonville, an amateur flute and recorder artist from Memphis State. He will be accompanied on the piano by Arthur Yates.

On Saturday morning's schedule

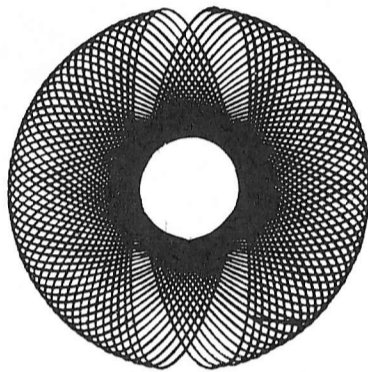
will be a Pancake Eating contest followed by the general election of Miss Frostbite (prettiest legs on the campus) in the refectory around 9 a.m. Also tomorrow morning will be a Tandem Bike race emanating from the library parking lot.

Then Saga has prepared an "Alka-Seltzer Delight" (SIC) for lunch featuring marshmallow meatballs and one huge gigantic dumpling.

Group competition in Contract Bridge, Chess, and Ice Sculpture will be held in the Student Center at 1 p.m.

More athletic prowess will be needed for the afternoon activities. Broom Hockey will be held in the gym, Road Rally will be held throughout Memphis, and Mr. Zoo U., held in Hardie, will be judged by a local Miss Memphis judge.

Then, once again, Saga will prepare a special dinner which will be eaten in Japanese-cow style on bales of hay.



Climaxing the weekend will be the President's Ball Saturday night at 8 p.m. at the Chisca Plaza. Live music will be provided by the Swinging Medallions. Charge is \$1 per couple. The President's Trophies will be awarded during the dance.

Winners are chosen on a point system based on how many contests an organization enters and their performance in the contests. Points will be given on a 10-6-4 basis with the highest total winning the coveted trophy.

If all goes as planned, this weekend should be a memorable one—because a good time will be had by all.

PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES CONTEST CONTEST CONTEST

All right, all you 1969 nameless faces out there, *The Sou'wester* is sponsoring a contest complete with prizes, suspense and emotional instability. This is your chance to find what some people say is not lost or lose what no one else has found. In Vol. 52, No. 8, *The Sou'wester* informed the campus of the crisis over the 1969 Lynx Yearbook. The 155-page section is still missing, and you can find it.

First prize is a date with David Bell McGuire. Second prize (worth as much or more than first prize) is the film rights to the

forementioned date with David Bell McGuire. We will forward the most original and creative answer to Delmar Publishers, who are waiting anxiously for the results of this contest. (and the other 10 thou they get when the book is finally finished).

This contest is void where prohibited by law and expires on Dec. 31, 1970, at which time all entries will be returned along with a consolation prize of a six-by-five inch glossy photograph of Tommy Wolff in the nude, suitable for framing.

Twenty-five Years of Breeching the Wire Mesh

"It's hard to just walk away from something you've been doing for 25 years."

Leroy Rascoe has served as equipment man in the gym for 25 years. Leroy, who is black and crippled, has spent a great majority of his waking hours during those 25 years in the confines of a 20x8 foot room with little more for company

than heaps of football gear, racket balls and a battered radio.

At first glance this may seem to be an isolated, unmeaningful existence, but Leroy has managed to breach the wire mesh that separates him from the locker room and develop strong friendships among that passing parade of students, varsity athletes or

otherwise, who thrust dirty towels into his hand.

Many of those who left Southwestern behind years ago can remember very little about individual professors or courses they flunked, but they can quickly recall Leroy—the guy they joked around with—the guy that was always ready to laugh.

During homecoming this year seven alums came by to see Leroy, joke around and reminisce about the good old days; many other alumni have remained in constant contact over the years.

Each year Leroy is quick to learn the names of the new varsity players, sometimes even before the coaches. The new players soon become accustomed to screaming at the screen door about the elastic in their socks or the size of their jockstrap in expectancy of a sharp retort from within. The arguments sometimes last for ten minutes but always end in both sides being satiated with laughter.

After the homecoming victory this year, the football team hoisted him on their shoulders and marched

off field—an outstanding tribute and an indication of the prodigious effect that this man has had on the Southwestern community. However, Leroy has received as much from his role as he has given; his constant relation with people is his form of contentment, or whatever one calls that peace of mind that most search for but never find.

Just recently Leroy was informed by his doctor that it would be detrimental to his health to remain on his feet for more than 25% of the time. Since he was not able to continue his work load, he was forced to report the situation to M. J. Williams and Coach Maybry.

A conference was authorized involving Coach Maybry, Mr. M. J. Williams, Coach Don Lear, and Fred Young, school business manager. The meeting was to decide exactly what could be done about Leroy's situation.

These men decided after a great deal of deliberation that it would be better for Leroy to accept a sizeable pension from the school

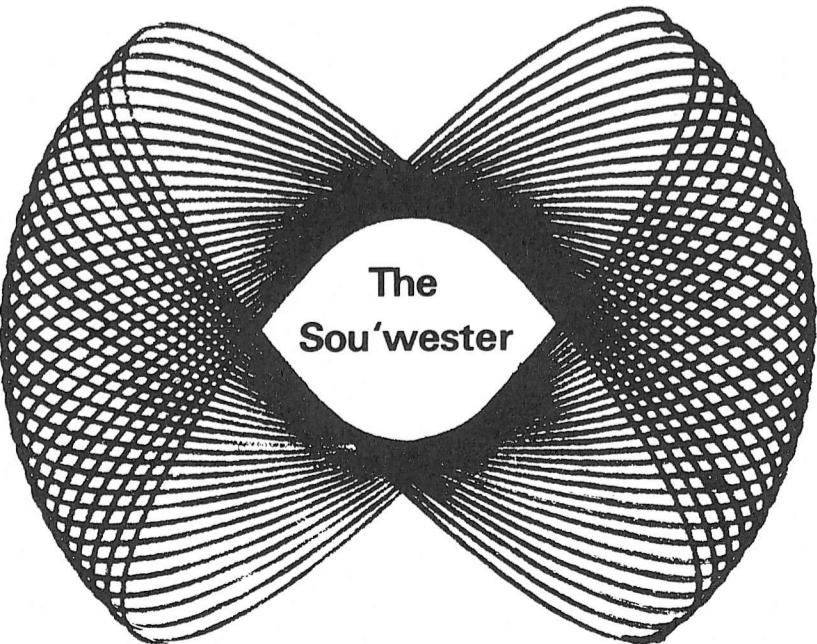
and retire. Several alumni interceded for Leroy, but upon realizing that a pension was a more equitable settlement, they too agreed with the previously cited foursome.

Leroy stated that he would like to remain in a part-time capacity, but under Southwestern's pension rules this would not be possible.

All of the people now on a pension equitable to Leroy's have not received part-time jobs. Mr. Williams stated that "if we allowed Leroy to retain his pension and work part-time, then some people would come squawking."

He continued, "Several alumni and students have been coming by and calling about this situation, and although we feel sympathetic about Leroy's cut in income, there doesn't seem to be anything we can do."

Unless some agreement can be arranged between all involved then December 31 will be Leroy's last official day at Southwestern. The community will be losing a pillar, and the athletes in particular will be losing a friend.



I can remember wandering through the carnival on the edge of the seawall surrounding the Corpus Christi bay. I was never much for rides or the dancing waters, as the cancer of the prize had always owned my soul. My brother and I would walk eternally up and down the rows of gilt and giveaway, forever calculating the investment of our pooled seventy cents. We learned that the milk bottles were weighted and the prizes for fishing were made in Japan and inevitably it was easy to lose. We always looked for the sure thing, and I thought I found it.

It was the sort of thing Hesse would have put into his magic theater amazingly simple, wickedly complex, everyone a sure winner with fantastic prizes—and the greatest obstacle, yourself. A horseshoe-shaped bench stood in the middle of the booth. It was heaped with racks and shelves with pockets, nooks and niches; piled-laden with baubles and curios of the most wonderous sort. Some were cheap, others of solid gold, but all were wonderously appealing. For a Franklin dime the tired-smiled barker in the felt-feathered hat would name a bauble for you to disinter; a glass ring, a silver fishhook (from the fishhook bowl), a flint arrowhead. You get two picks. Find the trinket and keep your two picks. Find two of the same and win the grand prize. And you could finger, fondle, touch, lust, and covet your choice for as long as you wished—there was no time limit—just patience.

I paid my dime to look for a black coral ring. I examined piles upon piles of rings finding black but not coral, finding coral but not rings. Patiently, methodically, I worked through the horseshoe. A mottled grey coral ring stuffed in a leather coin purse intensified the search. No prize was left unturned. My hand was clutching two "almost" blacks when a cluttered recess revealed a jet black coral ring. Thumb and forefinger gently lifted it to the knowing light and then slipped it easily onto a digit. The prize was half mine.

With heightened patience, I searched the remaining booty, with each uncovered secret an unfulfilled prayer. Constant loss took its toll, anxiety began to prevade. The ring had become quite slippery when I realized there was no more table to search. My eyes shifted to the table, the ring, my brother, the barker, the table. I would just search through everything again. But everything looked the same—familiar. Objects were blending together. I slowly closed my eyes then thrust them open wide. The expected lucidity was shattered with a total unfamiliarity. It was though I hadn't searched at all. The other ring could be anywhere. My head felt like a spring stretched too far.

So I tried to think of the devious, the trick, the gimmick, the secret passage that got you to the evermoving rainbow's end. My brother was restlessly fumbling with his two different sets of handpainted chopsticks, and the scheming crumbled with the acid of reality. I would turn in my almost winner and get two coral rings—and there it was, the trick, the devious, the obvious! Why turn in two coral rings, when I could turn in one and the pick of the prizes. The grand prize was realizing there was no grand prize—distinguishing between what you can win and what you thought you could win.

I replaced the mottled ring with a two-foot Mexican candle molded in the shape of a monk. His habit was poured layers of blacks and browns, with the cowl mysteriously hiding the rough-hewn features of his face. It was what one might expect in a good carnival prize—a strange, dark fetish. I showed the good ring and the candle to the barker as my choices.

His tired smile took on an angular sharpness as he looked at the candle, then the ring; but he caught himself and spoke, his words like an undertow, "Lemme see now, you were supposed to find the handpainted chopsticks, hmm, why you didn't even find any chopsticks. I'm sorry, but I guess you lose." He reached for the candle and the ring.

I stepped back. "That was what you told my brother; you told me to find a black coral ring. I found it, so this prize is mine. You know that, so why are you trying to trick me?"

"I told you to find . . ." he stopped, thought a moment and pushed his hat off his forehead. We both saw the futility of arguing. He began again, "Now look boy, I do this job to make money, and I can't make no money if I give expensive candles away to just anybody who doesn't even play by the rules. So, I'll tell you what, I'll give you a couple of good prizes if you give me back the candle, and we'll both be happy." He picked up a handful of Chinese finger traps and a bag of marbles.

"I don't want those, I want the candle, it's a present for my mother who's sick in the hospital. She's always wanted a candle just like this." I lied but believed it for the instant.

He was losing his patience, but the lie slowed him down, although he knew it was a lie. He sighed, "Now look, if I tell a secret, will you give me back the candle? I'll even give you these other things." He put the other prizes in my hand.

"O.K., but it has to be a good secret," I said warily.

He squatted down like a catcher, and I moved closer to hear the low undertone. "Now if a man were to make up a game, don't you think he would be a foolish man if his first rule wasn't that he should always win?" I nodded. "So all you have to do is talk someone into playing your game—that's why I use prizes." He paused. "Now you can trick all your friends and win all the time."

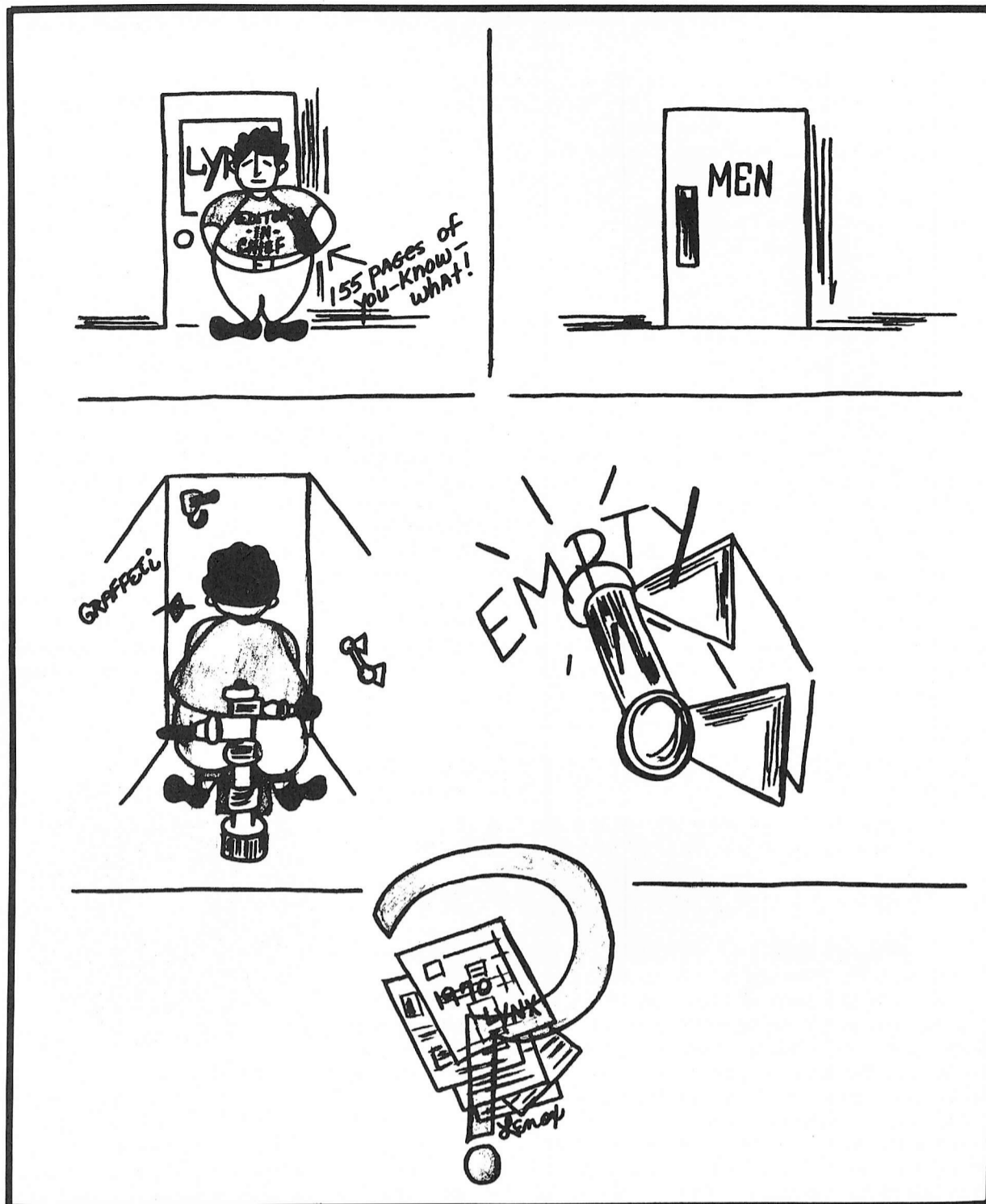
"But it's not fair!" I stammered.

"Nothing's fair." He grabbed for the candle.

I jumped back. He fell, off balanced. My brother ran to the horseshoe table and pushed some prizes off the edge. The barker spit curses and ran back to his booth. But by that time, we had run with all the speed of fear halfway down the midway. We lost ourselves, laughing, winded and scared, in the crowd.

The foot of the monk was broken off in the scuffle, so I gave it to my mother.

—for deb - e.w.



Charlie McElroy: yippie! versus Ag

In keeping with a long-standing tradition of reporting all viewpoints, *The Sou'wester* this week interviewed a young man who has been receiving personal training in the arts of honest politics from none other than the Vice-President himself, Spiro T. Agnew. What follows are his off-the-cuff comments and insights concerning students, war, the economy and his boss.

yippie! What do you think is the major challenge facing college students today?

Ag: I think that one of the main problems is that you have to decide for yourself the way you want to live. You have to form your own views on things and decide the exact pattern of your life, of the things that you want to accomplish. It is very difficult, if you're just starting out, to decide on a major, what you want to do. That's one of the main decisions I think everyone has to make.

yippie! Do we, as students, have any responsibilities to the larger community outside the campus, on either a local or nationwide level?

Ag: I think that we do, and we can act in different ways. Like, I really appreciated the students that were out in the political campaigns. I thought that was really great to become involved in something and show that we really care; to do something very *constructive*. I admire all the students in the Kinney program who work with the different children. And, there are several sororities who are out working with different groups who need help.

yippie! What are your feelings on the Viet Nam war? Do you agree with Nixon's Vietnamization program?

Ag: I feel sorry for Nixon, because it was dumped in his lap. We should be doing the best we can to try to get out. I think it would

be very difficult if we withdrew all the troops suddenly. It would be defeat for the United States.

yippie! What's wrong with defeat for the United States, if we realize that we're wrong?

Ag: Who's to say if we're wrong?

yippie! The people.

Ag: Do the people say that we're wrong?

yippie! Many of them do, yes.

Ag: I'm sure there are some who feel we're wrong, but then I'm sure there are others who feel we're very justified in being there.

yippie! Do you think we're wrong?

Ag: I, ah . . . I can't be . . . I can't really make an intelligent observation on that. I can see the points of both sides.

yippie! Do you think that it's right for us to continue to support the South Vietnamese regime, in view of their policies of political repression and inhuman treatment of prisoners?

Ag: I don't agree with their torture methods whatsoever; I can't agree with treating any person as an animal no matter who or what they are. I'm not that familiar with the regime to know exactly what their policies are, to say that I can't support their regime.

yippie! If you had the President's power to decide our fate in Vietnam, what would you do, given your present knowledge?

Ag: I would continue pulling out the troops gradually to see what is going to happen over there, and decide the outcome of that mission.

yippie! If it became obvious that the North Vietnamese were going to win, would you continue to pull out, or would you re-escalate?

Ag: I don't think that one person could make that decision.

yippie! What do you think about Vice-President Agnew?

Ag: I like Agnew very much as a person. I worked for him this

summer. I'll say this: if I'm ever working for a man, I'll do the best I can and respect him and respect what he's doing.

yippie! How do you feel about him as a Vice-President?

Ag: Well, I'm going to work for him again next summer, and anything I say might jeopardize my job.

yippie! What should be done about student demonstrators, who sometimes employ violent tactics?

Ag: I don't think we should unleash the National Guard on them, but I think that students should learn how to achieve their goals through peaceful demonstrations.

yippie! Can peaceful demonstrations accomplish anything?

Ag: I really think they can. I think that you have to respect the people that you're working against, trying to change their attitudes, and you have to talk to them on their level.

yippie! What do you think is the worst problem facing the United States today?

Ag: Right now I would say the main problem is the economic situation, out of which arises the problems of the poor.

And who is this developing disciple of our infamous Veep? Does he in fact lurk behind our hallowed Gothic walls, and awe his peers with impassioned rhetoric? Of course he does, for what better place for Spiro to train an understudy than this, a bastion of Southern "liberalism," sex, and drugs, our own Southwestern at Memphis. His name? Right again, you perceptive devil, you! He's George Travis, president of the freshman class! Spiro must rightly be proud.

Thank you, and good luck, Mr. President!

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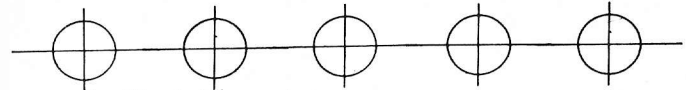
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The Feminine Mystique



by Shealy Thompson

Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* sets forth the influence of our culture concerning sexual attitudes; and, more subtly, it points out the unrecognized influence upon all our values and attitudes.

The mystique of both men and women (men must be aggressive and strong; women must be passive and dependent) plays a great part in perpetrating war ("Be a man. Join the Army") and in maintaining our economic system. A man gains status through courage and bravery. Pacifists are homosexual. A woman gains status through marrying a rich man. Spinsters are abnormal, asexual, and mainly, unsuccessful women.

The mystique nurtures these ideas of our society (war and wealth) but what nurtures the mystique? The answer is the mindless singly-directed economic system in which the drive for profit and expansion exceeds all other concerns. The woman is the number-one consumer. Her status depends upon her material signs of wealth. Thus, a woman must buy to gain respect. Naturally, she then becomes the target of

manufacturers and advertisers.

A frustrated, dependent female looks for substitute ways of proving her worth. In keeping the best house, she becomes respectable by being a good housekeeper. But to do so, a woman must have the newest appliances, the best furniture, the most time-saving devices. She must buy. She feels a sense of accomplishment at getting a bargain. She has saved money—she has helped her husband.

The woman who has a profession doesn't have the time or feel the compulsion to buy. She gains self respect, though, by commitment to life and is freed from the need for status and the need for other people to take responsibility for her happiness. A fulfilled woman is not a great consumer. Our economy demands consumption. Woman must remain unfulfilled so that she will remain frustrated and will prove her worth through buying.

Advertisers employ this need for worth to keep women in the home—and consuming. Keeping up with the Joneses means keeping up

:Patton Pending

the level of consumption to the manufacturers while it means keeping up status for the woman. But advertisers use a stronger psychological basis for winning the housewife.

The unfulfilled woman needs proof of love insatiably. Thus the frustrated woman's need for sex psychologically outdistances her husband's. Because of the husband's "insufficient" attention, a woman feels she's no longer sexually attractive. The advertisers step in quickly with the solutions to aging (hair color), ways to become sexy (sauna baths), and all the "musts" for youthful sexy housewives. But they also use this weakness subtly to sell everything from cigarettes ("A good cigarette is like a good woman—thin and rich") to laundry powders.

Because of the economic system and thorough work of advertising,

women have become the sacrifice our society makes to maintain equilibrium. There must be a scapegoat. Negroes are one; women are another. But because both Negroes and women have gotten an obvious "bad deal," they have the motivation to fight and change it. Men have a much more difficult task because their position is comfortable, and they have little tangible gains to make. There is no other reason than love for and a oneness with humanity for man to fight prejudice and inequality if he's on the winning side.

Beyond the immediate problems of the mystique perpetuating sexual attitudes, a much more far-reaching concern is accentuated in the exploration of this particular problem. Most simply it is the propaganda of advertising in ways so subtle that we must constantly fight even to be aware of them, much less resist. The trend in advertising now is to incorporate the woman's liberation movement to continue selling. Advertising still relies on our psychological weaknesses to succeed, as evidenced by the "bra-less" bras and the

liberated women's cigarette ("You've come a long way, baby").

But in a broader view, the problem is basically the absorbing way of life of Americans that allows no deviance. It entails the beliefs that money is happiness, and that America because it is the richest nation is the best (and infallible) nation. At the heart lies capitalism which uses advertising, government, law, prejudices, violence and intolerance to insure its continuation.

But capitalism, personified in Reich's "corporate state," is mindless and undirected. It has raged out-of-control and is even beyond the power of those who advanced it. It is sucking everything and everyone down with it, and though it can be resisted, it can only be escaped by destroying it.

As long as we try to salvage those parts of us that "aren't so bad" we are stuck in our past and present situation. At some point we must admit failure and start again. That point is now—for our "pride" and "bravery" that makes us "fight" it out" will make us go down fighting.

The People of the Earth vs Shanks

by Tommy Shanks

If you aren't careful, you can really get burned on North Parkway going west at the overpass. The speed limit there is 35 m.p.h. Unless you are really careful going down the hill, your car will accelerate a bit, and the radar speed trap set up by "Memphis' finest" (the boys in blue) will nab you.

It happened to me on Saturday, Oct. 31. While cruising down the street at about 35 per, I hit the downgrade; and my car sped up to around 40. I was hauled in behind a line of about 10 cars waiting to be ticketed.

I was informed that I had been clocked at 42 m.p.h. and was going to get a ticket. Okay, that's fine. Unfortunately, I didn't have my driver's license with me, and I could not prove who I was or that I even existed in the eyes of the law. A letter from my mom with my full legal name on it in the glove compartment of my automobile is all that saved me from a trip to Stalag 13 that day.

The following Tuesday I had to show at 9 a.m. on the sixth floor of the city court building to answer for my deeds in the matter of The

People vs. Shanks. I got there early and wished my arresting officer a happy birthday, and then sat down to wait with two murderers, a rapist, a jay walker. By the time 9 o'clock rolled around I felt like it was Shanks vs. The People of the Earth.

The clerk shouted, "Philip Shanks arise and approach the bench." I did so.

Said Judge Beverly Boushe, "Son, you're charged with speeding and no driver's license."

"Yes sir, I'm guilty, Your Honor."

"On your plea of guilty I find you guilty and sentence you to a \$5 fine and \$3 costs."

And it was over. My money for the weekend was blown, and I had missed a no-cut statistics class. But it could have been worse. The fellow in front of me (who happened to be black) was fined \$20 and put on probation. Because I wore a coat and tie to court and said "Yes, sir" and "No, sir," I was treated like a good boy who just lost his head once and was a little bit too socially offensive to the public.



House of Parliament by Claude Monet

As shown in last week's *Sou'wester*, much can be learned about ourselves from observation of that great institution across the street, the Memphis City Zoo. This week we have another such study in the form of an interview with the king of the animals—the lion.

Sou'wester: What is your name, sir?

Lion: My name is Tearalong, and I'm one of the dotted variety. Surely you've heard of Tearalong the Dotted Lion?

Sou'wester: Unfortunately, yes. Could you tell us about some of the other residents of the Lion House?

Lion: Well, first all the lions can be divided into two big groups. The most abundant are the straight lions. The others are the hairier, hipper ones. The straight lions claim that they are mainlioning.

Sou'wester: What are the different kinds of straight lions?

Lion: There are party lions that do nothing but juke, get drunk, and chase after females. They are all good talkers and are sometimes called snow lions.

In the next cage are the newcomers. Some of them go over to Mississippi for beer and get known as state lions.

Sou'wester: Who's this one with all the closets?

Lion: That's a special breed called a clothes lion. He spends most of his money on new fur coats, and new paw covers. He has

so much stuff he has to use his roommate's closet, too.

The ones with the red necks are the hard lions. They pretty much stick to themselves and call the rest of us Commies and freaks.

Sou'wester: What are these empty cages?

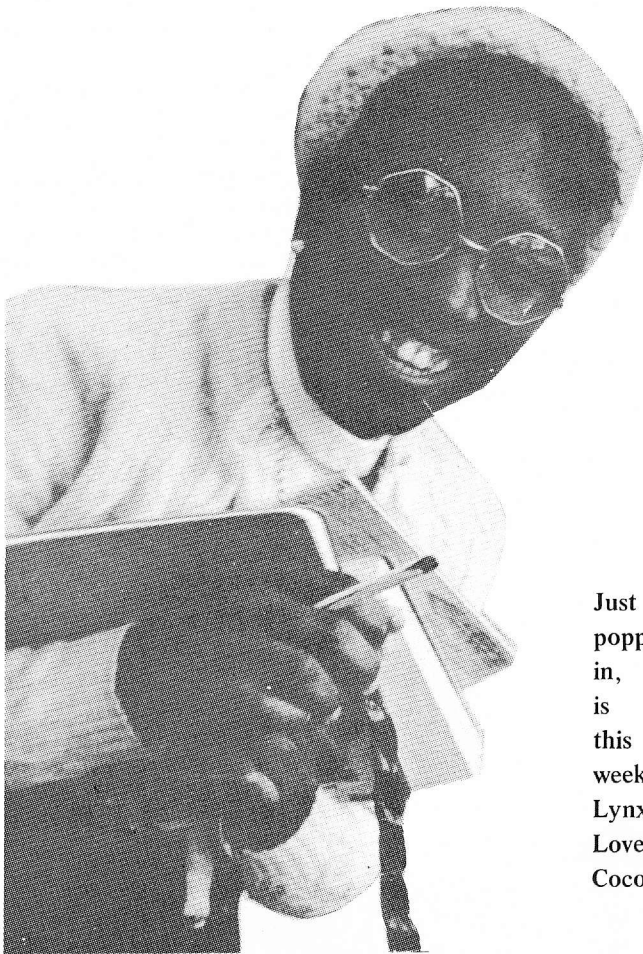
Lion: Those used to belong to some boys that went 1-A and got drafted. The President said they did

it in the lion of duty, but they got in the lion of fire and didn't come back. I'm a life lion myself.

The last room down there is for the smokers, you know, the pipe lions.

Sou'wester: Well, thank you very much for the tour. I hope I can say this is the end of the lion. Ha, Ha.

Lion: I really wish you hadn't. Personally, I try to read between the lions.



Just popping in, is this week's Lynx Lovely—Coco



Pollution Progress and Bar-Be-Cue

In what must be an ultimate gesture of irony, Gulf Oil Corporation has begun offering plastic decals proclaiming "Clean Air," with each fill-up. The absurdity of this is heightened by the fact that people have become immune to realization of why this is absurd. Everyone, every kid, every college student, and every adult has been saturated with "startling ecology facts" so completely that it has become analogous to reading scripture to say something like 428 pounds of toxic wastes and poison were dumped into the air in America last year. It is meaningless, because we can build psychological defenses around our minds (not our lungs) and we can put plastic (the plastic industry, things like Baggies, plastic bottles, and clean air decals, pollute the environment in a unique way: the products are virtually indestructible) on our windshields.

This complacency is the result of an information saturation that rivals in extent the saturation of pollution within the air we breathe. We are becoming numb, figuratively and literally.

Memphis, Tennessee alone accounted for over a trillion lbs. of atmospheric poison within the last year.

That is meaningless. The amount of tetraethyl lead, which causes sterility, brain damage, weakness of muscles, etc. has increased 12,500% in the atmosphere of America since the invention of the automobile. Carbon Monoxide forces oxygen out of the blood and causes red blood cells to collapse. It is a popular, and painless, method of suicide to inhale the carbon monoxide exhaust of an automobile in a closed garage.

Memphis alone accounted for over a trillion lbs. of atmospheric pollution within the past 365 days and automobiles are far and away the greatest polluters of the atmosphere:

"The state of Tennessee has warned Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart that further delays in building a freeway through Overton Park in Memphis may lead to soaring construction costs."

"The state of Tennessee" in this case equals a number of individuals who stand, for various reasons, to profit by this freeway and who have the funds and political influence to get what they want. Business interests make the Interstate through the city, rather than around it, "necessary."

"Pack maintains that the city and state made careful studies of alternate routes around Overton Park . . ."

Dr. Arlo Smith, head of the Citizens to preserve Overton Park group maintains that alternate routes by-passing the city are, and always have been feasible, but this would mean that the city of Memphis would miss out on a constant flow of potential buyers. Certain businesses realize that there is a direct relation between the number of people who pass by and the number of people who enter an establishment. Take, just as an example a restaurant or a quick lunch stand, if there is a sudden increase in the number of people who find themselves near a barbecue sandwich at lunchtime, there will be a sudden increase in the number of bar-be-cue sandwiches consumed. Now surely just because the mayor of Memphis and the city's largest restaurant chain happen to have the same name, it doesn't mean that is the reason the Mayor is one of the expressway's leading proponents. Probably the reason is something much larger, like the growth of the city, or the astronomical real estate profits that have been and are being made from the sale of the land over which the Expressway is to go.

" . . . and pointed out that the 12 mile freeway would connect downtown Memphis with residential areas."

This connection is all that these business men can point to as beneficial to Memphis. They want that connection because it means more money flowing downtown. There is however, no defense against the facts the Overton Park group presents, the expressway will bring many tons of unnecessary pollution to our lungs; the trees and plants will die; the animals in the zoo will become sick and nervous due to the increased pollution and noise. But "the State of Tennessee" can ignore the facts and keep the Park group from making these facts known to the public:

"The state also argued that all points being raised by the conservation organization had already been argued in the District

Court of West Tennessee and the U.S. 6th Circuit Court of Appeals, in the legal battle which has gone on for years."

This means in effect that he feels the judge should end the temporary stay because the state is tired of hasseling with people like Dr. Smith who have the tenacity to fight the crimes of the system on its own terms. Park implies that the expressway is going through the park eventually anyway, and it would thus behoove Memphis to build before construction costs rise. Pack does not mention the arguments which the Overton Park Group has been trying to present to the court. When the matter first came up before the Memphis city council, they recognized, as anyone would, the obvious pollution dangers. They voted unanimously against the Overton Route and ordered that a route around the city, other than through parkland be found. The next day however, when expressway proponents heard of the decision they spoke to a number of council members. The matter immediately came up for a vote again and passed by a small margin. Citizens to Preserve Overton Park have yet to receive the opportunity to present their case to a court. Their court experience so far has been limited to the argument that they have the right to do this.

"Ten to fifteen acres of wooded area in the park out of a total of 170 acres would be removed for the freeway said Pack. Also the State

WASHINGTON. — The state of Tennessee has warned Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart that further delays in building a freeway through Overton Park in Memphis may lead to soaring construction costs.

Because of this, the state contends that the Supreme Court should dissolve a temporary stay order obtained by the Citizens to preserve Overton Park, a conservation organization which petitioned for the action about a week ago.

In addition, the state wants the court to allow an oral hearing where their lawyers can "show the necessity of requiring the petitioners to give security for possible monetary damages."

The request for the hearing was made by Tennessee Attorney General David M. Pack, who maintained that the contractor, J. B. Michaels Construction Co., Chattanooga, won the Overton construction contract with a low bid of \$5,148,000 but could refuse to honor it if there were a delay.

Also, said Pack, the Michaels firm would have legal grounds to demand more money if rising construction costs or bad weather plague the project after the delay.

Pack maintains that the city and state made careful studies of alternate routes around Overton Park and pointed out that the 12-mile freeway would connect downtown Memphis with residential areas.

All rights-of-ways for the road have already been cleared, according to the state's legal briefs, and a "loop in the road" would now have to be made to avoid the park.

If the loop were made, contends the state, hundreds of homes and businesses would have to be removed. Depending on whether the loop went right or left, said the state, it could also take out such things as a college, large hospital, and a home for the aged.

The state also argued that all points being raised by the conservation organization had already been argued in the District Court of West Tennessee and the U.S. 6th Circuit Court of Appeals in the legal battle which has gone on for years.

He also questioned whether the court had jurisdiction to enjoin a stay against Tennessee and said the freeway would not touch the zoo, golf course, art gallery, practice fields, and playgrounds in the park.

Ten to 15 acres of wooded area in the park out of a total of 170 acres would be removed for the freeway, said Pack, and construction would necessitate the removal of only two small gravel parking lots which the Park Commissioner promised to offset by expanding present parking areas.

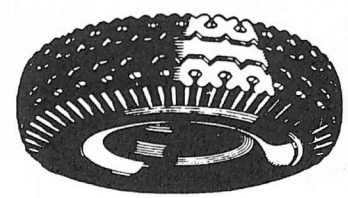
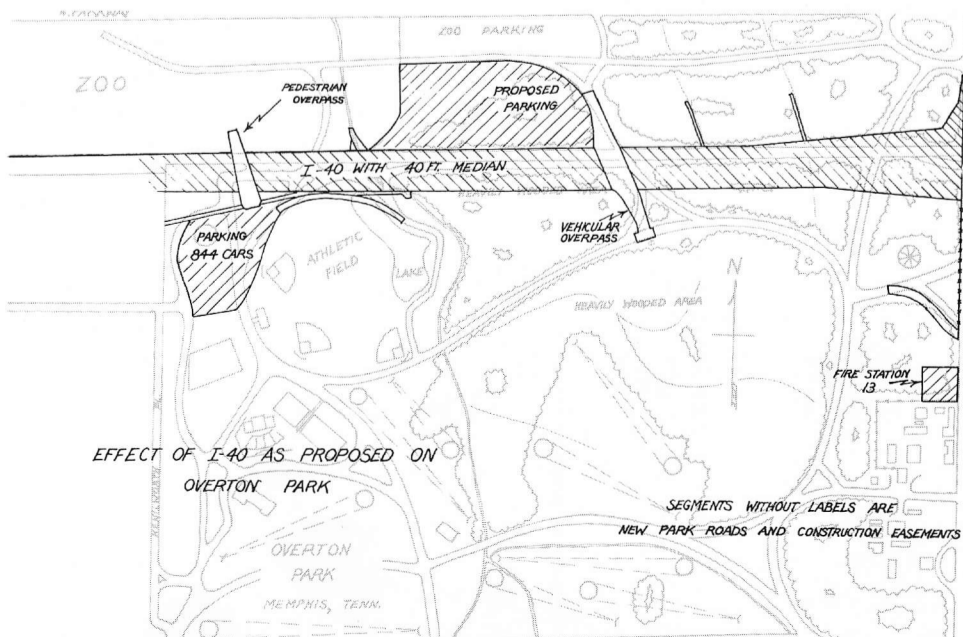
Stewart cannot take any further action in the case until the Justice Department files briefs on behalf of the Transportation Department, which is supplying 90 per cent of the funds for the Overton Project.

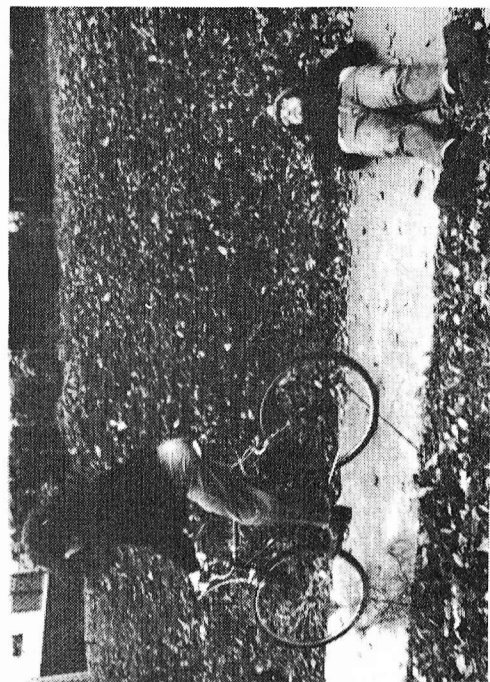
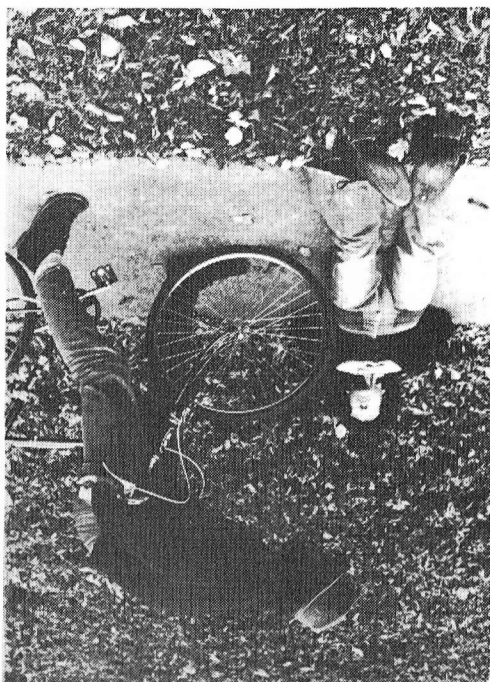
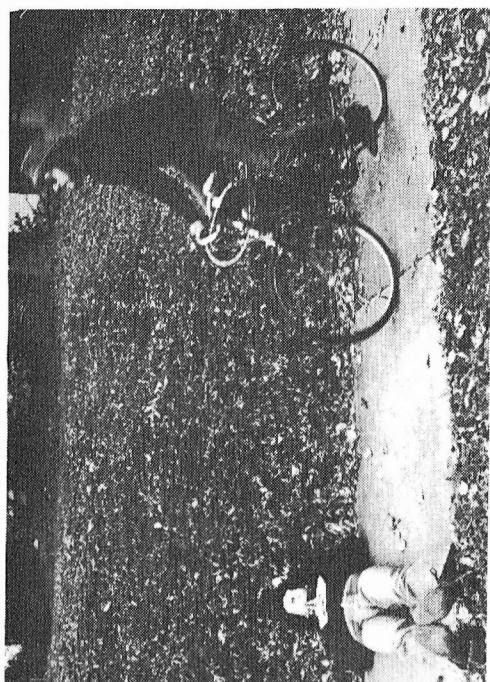
by Lee Stillwell
The Press-Scimitar Bureau
Memphis Press-Scimitar, Nov. 11, 1970

proposed the construction of a ten foot wall along the sides of the expressway in order to control pollution.

They might as well give out plastic decals for all the good that will do.

Ten to fifteen acres doesn't sound so bad a sacrifice for progress, but wall or no wall there will be more tetraethyl lead, carbon monoxide, and sulfur dioxide in the lungs of the Memphians along the expressway. Memphis is already 45% below the amount of park space that biologists say is necessary for a city of its size. As the map (this page) shows, the Interstate would pass right beside the zoo and chop trees from six different wooded areas. But its been done before and it looks like its going to be done again. As we go to press, the decision of Judge Stewart on the extension of the temporary stay is forthcoming.





by Chuck Kibby

with a new york there's a little something for everyone

by Johnny Rone

The attraction this past week at the Guild Theatre has been a fascinating little number entitled *Something For Everyone*. Among the many interesting and informative things we big-time film reviewers find out is that the film was originally called *The Rook*, and that it was shot entirely on location, interiors included, thanks to a pre-fab sound stage, an inflatable balloon-type structure, that was erected near the Bavarian castle that figures so prominently in the plot.

This is also the first film for Angela Lansbury since her success in the musical *Mame*. Previously, she always played much older women, usually wicked mothers (especially in *The Manchurian Candidate*), but that play has apparently given her a new lease on movie life. Although in this film she is still a mother, (a widowed countess with two difficult children, no less) this new version of her old routine has a flair and a comic sparkle that has not been evident in her past performances. She all but walks away with the picture.

The person with that certain "something for everyone," however, is the highly versatile, but often miscast Michael York (of *Romeo and Juliet* fame). It is definitely *his* movie, and he does wonders with a difficult and intriguing role. He is a strange young man who suddenly appears one day and, through a series of sly moves, makes a place for himself in Miss Lansbury's family circle and makes it possible for all to return to the ancestral castle that the impoverished countess had been forced to close. It seems that to live in a castle had always been Mr. York's dream, and in achieving this ambition he was prepared to be all things to all people. He is extremely versatile when it comes to bedroom gymnastics.

In quick succession he beds a young "nouveau riche" woman, Miss Lansbury's homosexual son, and eventually Miss Lansbury herself. By the film's end, thanks to a wry twist, he becomes ever so much more to the countess and her family.

York is superb. He manages to convey the tawny grace of a stalking lion and slithering menace

of a cobra. His repellently attractive sensuality is the most exciting screen performance seen in recent years. The brilliance of the film is also demonstrated by the absolute minimum to which nudity is kept. And I can think of only one scene that might be thought of by extremely prudish people as objectional.

Regretfully, the visual style of the motion picture is mediocre. Broadway director Harold Prince makes his debut as a film director, and he has chosen, wisely, to record this perverse little tale (billed as "the basic black comedy") in a straight-forward narrative style. But often his grip on the material seems slack, and he doesn't know how to orchestrate the action. Consequently, the film is one long crescendo, always building to peaks followed by scenes which then seem to be anti-climatic.

The film is also too long, and the ending, when it does come, is weak for all its shock value. One therefore leaves the film a trifle unsatisfied, wishing that since we'd all gotten a knife in the back, it would have been pushed in to the hilt.

by Cumshaw the Munchkin

Shades of *Weekly Reader*, if it isn't a puzzle! The proof of an educated man is tolerance; here's a test to try both. If you can't get the answer, don't feel bad. Short lives can't afford long faces.

Rip Van Winkle, Washington Irving; *The Pursuit of Excellence in Education*, Lester Velie; *Alas, Poor Annabelle*, Carol Rylie Brink; *Stolen Day*, Sherwood Anderson; *John Glenn and His Day of Miracles*, George Mardikian; *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met*, Lee Kaprian; *Cow Pasture Backfield*, Stephen W. Meader; *Our New Age of Invention*, Max Eastman.

1. Write in a line, in the order in which they appear, the first names of the authors listed above which begin with the seventh, twelfth, and thirteenth letters of the alphabet.

2. If there is an even number of letters in the line, change the first

letter to "t" and the last letter to "y."

3. If there is a four letter word in the line, change the "s" to "a" and the second "g" to "n."

4. If there are more than five "e's" in the line change the second "e" to "k" and the last "e" to "r".

5. If the last three letters spell a month of the year, change the combination "or" to "vi" and the "le" to "tu."

6. If consonants outnumber vowels by more than two to one, strike out the first and last letters.

7. If more than two three-letter combinations spell words, change the "e's" to "h", "i", "g," respectively.

8. Change the second "t" to "n" and the last "a" to "e."

9. If at least three consonants appear more than once in the line, change the first "r" to "s" and the "m" to "k."

10. Answer-----.

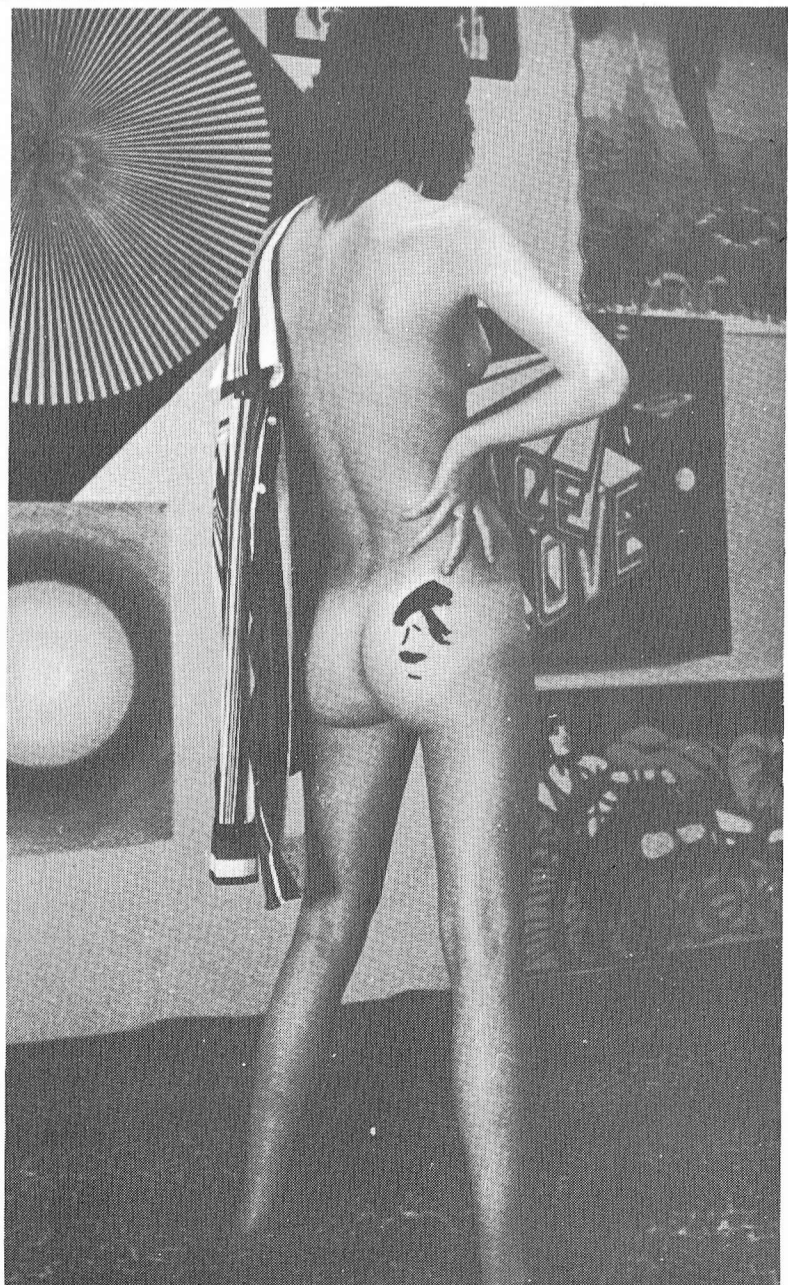
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Lynx Climax Season with Shutout Victory Over Maryville

by David Lloyd

Southwestern closed out its 1970 football season with a hard-fought 10-0 victory over Maryville to culminate the most successful season in Southwestern's many long years as a football power. The Lear-led Lynx finished the season with an impressive seven wins and one loss. The only mar on an otherwise perfect record came at the hands of CAC rival Centre, and in all honesty, the Lynx were not at their peak for that particular contest. Granted the Lynx on several occasions were on the ropes (notably in the Austin and Washington University games) but somehow, somehow, the Lynx always managed to pull it out—which is what separates the winners from the losers, obviously.

Up in the chill of the east Tennessee hills the Lynx charisma of just plain winning was put to the test. From an offensive standpoint the Lynxcats were something less than impressive. Maryville outrushed Southwestern 144 yards to 140 (not a particularly voluminous output from either team) and in passing it was

Maryville 58 yards to a meager 25 for the Lynx. In other words, the Scots recorded 202 yards total offense to Southwestern's 165. However, those are but statistics, and by all true scholars of the game are held to be valid only if the winning team has the most impressive stats.

Even so the Lynx did come out on top in the stat department in several key breakdowns. Southwestern racked up 10 first downs to Maryville's six. And in the all important mistake category the Lynxcats proved the decidedly more cautious. The Scots lost three fumbles and threw two errant passes into the waiting arms of the Southwestern defense, while the Lynx themselves managed only one lost fumble and zero aerial miscues. So for those who put stock in the divinity of the number, there is some explanation of Southwestern's prevalence on the field found within the clerics records.

Since I put no allegiance in the vaunted numbers game, I will move on to the game itself. (For these whitlings who would fault me on

my seeming pre-occupation with something I so strongly discredit, i. e. statistics—I would offer my defense on the grounds that I pay homage to a far greater god—that mighty titan known as Copy).

Meanwhile, back at the game, the Cats struck first in the second quarter on a heart-stopping 31-yard field goal by Ernie James (no relation to Steve). There was some doubt for several brief seconds while the ball hovered between the abyss of eternity and the infinitude of the void—that is to say the ball hit the crossbar and bounced high in the air only to fall on the further side and give Southwestern a 3-0 lead.

Albeit a somewhat precarious margin the way the Lynx defense was popping, it looked as though it might well stand up for the entire game. Nevertheless in a seemingly uncharacteristic fashion (I have already made allusion to Southwestern's penchant for extremely close ball games, c. f., early in the article, you dumb ass), the Lynx decided to go for an insurance score and thus perhaps quiet Coach Bretherick's ravings

from the phones. Following a Lynx punt some hapless goat from Maryville fumbled the ball somewhere in the vicinity of his own 20-yard line. (If this writer seems at times unduly vague or obscure, bear in mind that since he cannot attend the games within his corporeal self, he is often forced to rely on a somewhat tenuous hook-up via the visionary properties of LSD-666, a primarily religious drug and hence not so effective for the absorption of athletic contests.)

Some short time later the Lynx found themselves first and goal on the Maryville one. After two classic thrusts dubiously ruled unsuccessful by the officials, the call went to Herman Morris over the left side. Even Morris was

thwarted, and on fourth and a half, Lear decided to go for it with Morris over the right side, and that made the score 10-0 which held for the remainder of the game.

The defense was outstanding, and obviously won the ball game for the Lynx. Seniors Dick Heien and Jim Habenicht at defensive end, with John Churchill and Mike DeSalvo anchoring the middle, and Dan Blackwood backing them up in the defensive backfield which will be sorely missed by Lear next year. But he can look for an almost intact offensive unit with the exception of David Seiler. All in all the Lynx record pretty well speaks for itself, so there is no need for me to keep trying to add more senseless copy.

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