

# Student Discontent and Profit: the Continuing Story of Saga

by Mark Lester

Each year around this time, either because of the cold weather or the shepherd's pie, students at Southwestern figure out that Saga spelled backwards is "a gas." This student discontent was apparent in a poll released by *The Sou'wester* last week in which 60% of the men students polled called for a new food service. Each June Southwestern accepts bids for the food service for the next year—the question will be decided then whether to keep Saga or get a new food service. Two issues will be of the utmost consideration: first the question of student discontent, and second just what percent of profit a company should be allowed to make.

The question of discontent is uniquely complex because one is dealing with many personal likes and dislikes. As Southwestern Saga food manager, Bob Manges, said, "We cannot keep 700 people with 700 different appetites happy."

This is apparent, but students reply that they are not asking for 700 happy people, only a majority of half-way contented ones.

Some students have suggested that Southwestern should hire a dietician to supervise the food service's meals as to their nutritional content. "This is not necessary," Manges states, because "all of our meals are made by a registered dietician in our home office." Manges pointed out that it would merely mean an extra \$8000 a year job.

Other students have gone so far as to ask for a completely new food service. Manges claims this is also unnecessary and "wouldn't help." He explained that "all food services' basic principals of operation are the same." Which would lead some to ask that, if all food services are about the same, why not try a new one even if only for a change in menu?

The other issue in the forefront

of whether or not to hire a new food service is the percentage of profit a company should be allowed to make. It seems that a college food service is somewhat similar to a public utility. It has a "captured" consumer who must purchase its product. With this type of relationship it is extremely important that the percentage of profit be kept at a reasonable rate. The Saga food manager says that he cannot reveal the present percentage of profit due to company regulations, but he explained that it "was about average." Even without knowing this specific percentage of profit it is obvious that Saga is well pleased with it because of their eagerness to keep the Southwestern account. Giving the administration the benefit of the doubt, they too must be pleased that Saga is not making an unreasonable percentage of profit.

But we have only begun to

scratch the surface of the problem. The important aspect as far as the student is concerned is how much is specifically spent on food by Saga. Manges reported that for each dollar received by Saga, 50 cents of it goes to food and the other 50 cents goes to administrative costs, labor, licenses, etc. He went on to state that the amount of food Saga purchases each month, on the average, never fluctuates.

This seems to be in apparent contradiction to the argument given by Saga previously that the students were only hurting themselves by losing silverware. How could a student be hurting himself by losing silverware when the average amount of food purchased for him never fluctuates?

Another sample of this contradiction is that Manges, in discussing the problem of increased labor cost due to students' leaving trays, claimed, "the longer we have to keep people here, the more

money we have to take out of the food budget." Manges attempted to explain this discrepancy by saying that what he meant was that Saga would merely have to increase its bid for the next year because of these losses, and this increase would merely be passed on to the students. In fairness to Saga, they have a national reputation to protect and this would perhaps prevent them from making a mass production of food expenditures in order to cover other costs. But the fact remains that under the present contract, according to Manges, there is no stipulation as to how much *must* be spent for the purchase of food.

The question of student discontent and percentage of profit are only two of the many aspects which must be considered when deciding whether to keep Saga or get a new food service, but they are two which should stand at the forefront.

## Would you buy a used college from these men?

by Jerome Katz

Universities and automobiles are often similar. They are both American developments of European inventions. They are both often used as status symbols (Harvard=Ferrari=Class!). Both come in a variety of sizes, styles, and costs. In spending money on either a college education or a car, some knowledge of the people associated with the thing, as well as their own view of their purpose or role (and how they are accomplishing this) is a prime consideration. If a new car buyer didn't do this, he might buy a Cadillac when a Vega will do. Either car will get him where he's going, but that Caddy might break in the process.

A good, basic education, like a good, basic car, doesn't cost too much, say \$600-\$800 a year. People go for this "standard model" in ever-increasing numbers; the size and comparatively large growth rate for state-supported institutions compared to private and church supported institutions bear this out. The question is one of the kind of education best for a given situation, budget, and desire.

The answer is that "you get what you pay for." At a large and inexpensive university, the education compares to an inexpensive car made in a large factory. The education is basically sound, and it provides one with everything a good, sound education should (a diploma, some useful knowledge, some character development, some destruction or loss of individuality), just as a basic, inexpensive car will get you where you're going, a factory line education will do the same. It provides all the necessities, meets all the requirements, and fits a great many budgets, like a two-door Chevrolet sedan.

Academia doesn't live by two door-Chevy-sedan-universities alone. Some dig the utilitarian aspect, hence you have technical colleges, business and trade schools, the collegiate equivalent of a pick-up truck—practical and useful in a specific area, but lacking in the amenities. Some folks don't dig the assembly line or giving up anything a gentlemen needs for comfort, and these people buy the crafted product, one that is more closely tailored to his tastes, desires and needs.

Enter the small college. Like a custom sports car, a small college enhances, asserts, even develops the

user's individuality. The small college, makes demands on those it surrounds, but in return, it can be tailored to particular people. The idea must be good; universities whenever possible try to follow the small colleges' lead in individual development.

Recruiters from such colleges often sound like the salesman in a sports car dealership. No hard sales pitch, just an appeal to one's desires (1) for "the finer things in life" and (2) to be part of something that's not for everybody.

The pitch. "Find the right model for you! Intimacy is the common factor. Care for an old shell with a new engine, a free machine to assert the real *you*? If you answer yes, Southwestern at Memphis is the little number you need, and you can even get this one on time (\$500-\$400-\$300).

"More traditional maybe? How about a number with the stress on engineering? Runs smoothly, plenty of opportunity. Businesses love this one! If you want science, engineering and a truly liberalizing effect then mister, Christian Brothers College is for you!

"Maybe you want to break into the country club set. Well, maybe you just need this type of education. Conventional, individualized, well-known, useful, acceptable, liberalizing and ethnic. One which will get you into the club but not out of touch with your old community and friends. Well, I've got the model you need—LeMoyné-Owen college."

To all those who think this is a mean thing to do, remember, that it has been pointed out that none of the four institutions are bad. In fact, they are all in their own way, excellent. Their leaders are all intelligent men, although some are dreamers and others are distressingly unflinching realists. But they become such because of their environments and trustees.

President C. C. Humphreys of MSU runs a gigantic government operation. His views are of the plant, the budget, and the generalities of running a university, not the individuals. He is a Southern politico in the true sense of the idea, but his concern with generalities and long-winded after-dinner speeches gets MSU enough money yearly for an additional one or two hundred scholarships.

Southwestern's President William Bowden is the contrast. He is a dreamer. Remember, though,

that he is in a small non-government liberal arts college. He can afford occasional reveries. In fact, a person who wouldn't be idealistic wouldn't be a suitable president for a liberal arts college like Southwestern. He dreams of further liberalization, black inked budgets, and scores of ladies and gentlemen graduating into a world that may want them. He dreams, but his dreams become Southwestern's realities.

Brother Malcolm O'Sullivan of CBC is an unusual man. Any man who comments on spreading the "Kingdom of God" is a rare man.

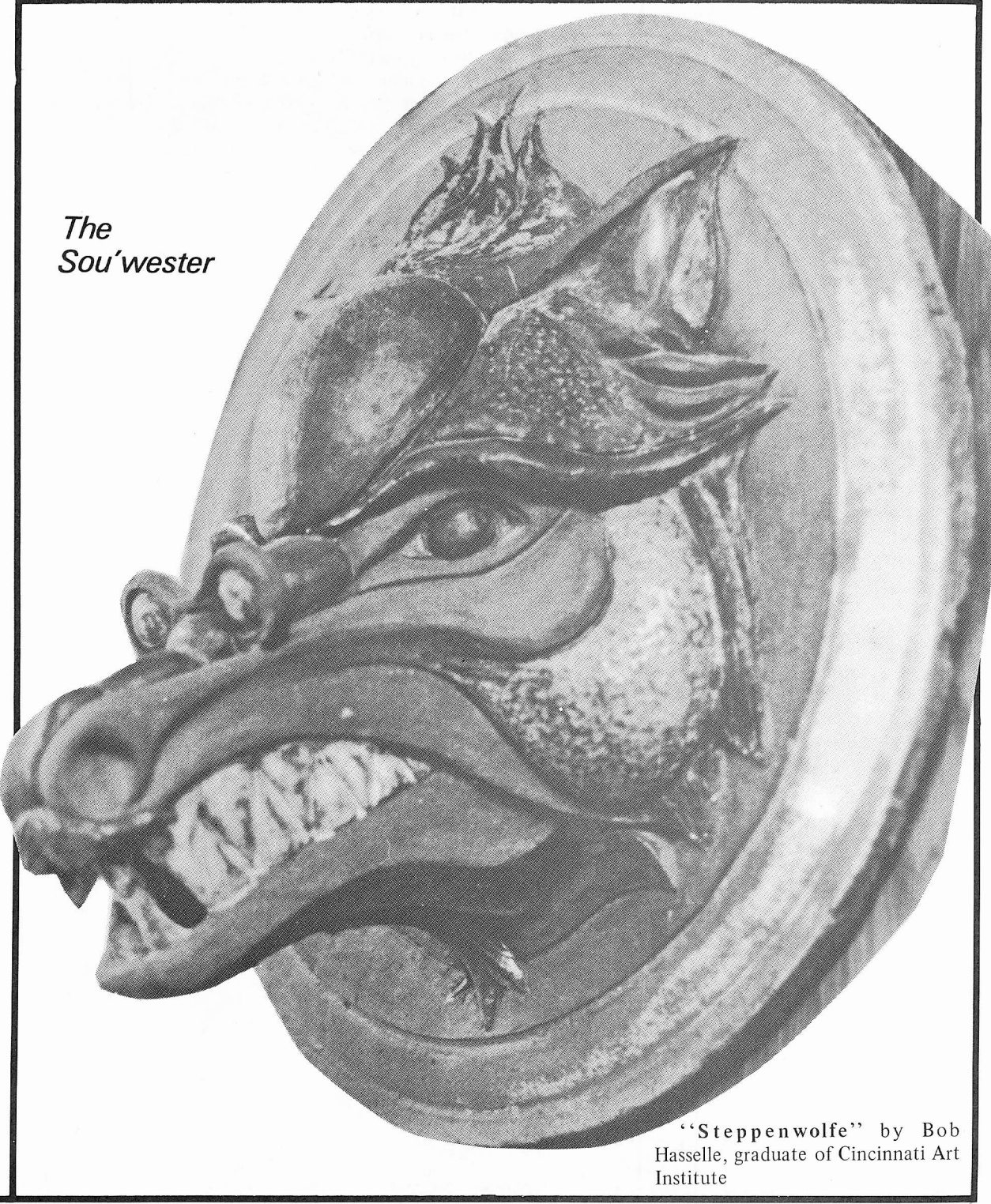
The minds he and his disciples will fill with equations will also be filled with a desire for truth, beauty and God.

LeMoyné-Owen's Odell Horton has a challenge before him. If his ideas don't work, one hell of a lot of local blacks are going to die in hunger, poverty, or the streets. He dreams, but then you think you see him shudder when he looks out his window at the surrounding ghetto. His education makes the black students the equals of everyone with acquired intelligence, and maybe even society's betters in having the desire to help, to use the

and compassion that are his watchwords.

There you have it, folks. The places and the people, presented for your selection. The university and the car parallel again, this time in their roles. Both are designed to be used by people to get around in a technological society. A society which seems to make both a measurement of success, and later a necessity for success. Luckily, it's pretty hard to find a lemon in a college education; unluckily, you don't have that luck when facing General Motors.

The Sou'wester



"Steppenwolfe" by Bob Hasselle, graduate of Cincinnati Art Institute

# Editorial

Dear staph:

Re: *The Sou'wester* page 8, Jan. 15, 1971. Ad on abortion.

In response to your national abortion council ad:

All girls consider abortion. If things were just, all males would do the same. The girls and boys who consider it under the stress of early pregnancy are entitled to something besides a phone number that will get them a cheap, "sanitary" abortion.

Consider this: An EEG will record brain waves from the eight-to-ten week utero-fetus. Electro cardiographic tracings can be recorded. All basic body, extremity and head features are formed by that time in the life of the human fetus.

Yours is a generation that values life more than anything else. Yours is the generation challenging all institutions, teachings, authority and publications. What age in human life is valued most?

Perhaps you are operating as a literal staph and should again examine what a news staff really is.

Very truly yours,  
John M. Alford, Jr., M.D.

Dr. Alford,

Your letter poses a multitude of questions, questions that delve into the fundamentals of all life, questions that deserve a bit more than a letter or an editorial.

What age in human life does our generation value most? It is not only difficult but quite vain to speak for a generation that attempts to examine everything. The Chinese believe human life begins at the instant of union between sperm and ovum. As a result, a baby is considered one year old on the day of his birth. Whereas Buddhas in certain Eastern sects believe that no man is alive until he is enlightened; physical life is vain without spiritual life. As a result, anything goes. Slavery, wars, and cruelty are not only accepted, but promoted as necessary paths to enlightenment. A Western man might look to childhood as the grandest of ages because of its freedom and potential. An Eastern man might look to old age for its wisdom. A question such as this can only be answered by a sole entity confronted by himself.

Consider this: An acorn worm can produce discernable graphs on an EEG; so does a tadpole, a dog, a squid, and a ten year old girl. Electro cardiographic tracings can be recorded in the electrically stimulated heart of a quite dead frog. Actually, if ontogeny does recapitulate phylogeny, then an eight to ten week utero-fetus would be considered to be in the "tadpole" stage. Have you ever eaten frog legs? No doubt some scientists would contend that an EEG of a human fetus is nothing more than cerebral resistivity changes; while some Buddhists would contend that the tracings of a human fetus and a dog fetus are no different, as all life is beyond value. If EEG's and electrocardiographic tracings are the criteria from which one gives value to human life, then it seems that one must surely use these criteria for all life. Have you ever eaten a steak, or worn leather shoes? Obviously any answer would be individual and introspective.

People who consider abortions should be entitled to "something more," but they at least should be entitled to a phone number that will get them a cheap, sanitary abortion. Without a phone number; without the knowledge of safe, legitimate facilities; then any girl who has considered an abortion falls prey to quacks, douches, saline injections, and less than "sanitary" backrooms. Without legitimate facilities, a girl who chooses an abortion must also consider sterility, psychological trauma, and death (maybe a staph infection from dirty instruments). But there are legitimate facilities, and if an individual chooses an abortion, he should be aware of them. Without communication, people would never know of these alternatives.

However, I think I understand your position. It is a sobering position to hold a human fetus in your hands and consider life and the potential of life. And it is admirable that a man can value the potential of human life in a profession that requires one to treat pain, disease, and death "clinically." I will be a med student next fall, and will be facing the questions you have already answered. I too would like to see the day when abortions are considered a part of the "dark ages," for I too believe in the potential of life. However, that day will never come until people recognize the birth of a baby as a miracle of love and life, and not a burden on the population and a mark of shame.

E.W.

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## Dear John-The Easy Way

LARRY RICE

Have you been putting off writing that last little letter to your home town sweetie? Once again that time of year rolls around when the freshmen are trying to get that loathsome letter off to the girl or guy they left behind. Recognizing our responsibility to serve the entire college community, *The Sou'wester* provides you with this easy, multiple-choice Dear (John, Jane) letter.

All you need to do is clip out this article, circle your choices, and mail it to the late loved one of your choice.

Dear (John, Jane, Cathy, Mary, Tom, Dick, Harry,-----),

You're probably wondering why, during the Christmas holidays, I (seemed preoccupied, wasn't very affectionate, didn't come home). True, I could have been more responsive, but something kept me from it—something bigger and more powerful than I've ever known. I've discovered (the boy of my life, the girl of my life, that I've got the clap) and I thought I owed you (an honest explanation, something for all the times we've known, a dirty Dear John letter) and so now I'm writing you. I want you to know that I still think that you are a wonderful person and the fact that you are (going to UT Martin, still living with your mother, pregnant) has nothing to do with my writing you this letter. I want you always

to remember our last date.

We had just left the (movie/walk-in, drive-in, restaurant, tastee freeze.) As we drove, the radio played our song, the one I'll always remember. Sometimes strains of ("Bridge Over Troubled Water," "Lucretia MacEvil," "Sugar, Sugar") still run in my head.

Finally we reached (that dark old road, those deserted woods, the cornfield). You reached over and turned off the motor. I could hear the crickets chirping outside the window, and we (held hands, groped passionately for each other, changed stations on the radio). Oh, how vividly that night stands out in my memory, that night that we finally (held hands, kissed, fornicated).

On the way home we started that silly talk about marriage, and we kidded about it. You do know that I was only joking? I remember just before we said goodnight that you promised to wait for me until I (came home for Christmas, finished school, finally broke down and did it), but now I want to let you have your freedom.

You need to date other people; it will broaden your perspective on life. And to help you meet other people, I think it would be better if we didn't (see as much of each other, write, get married) for (right now, a while, ever). I know that you won't have any problem

finding someone to ask out because you (have such a wonderful personality, have such a keen car, have pretty hair).

Don't worry about me—I'll get along because I know that this is truly the best thing for both of us. I'll try to find happiness with a person here on campus, just as you will.

In fact there is a person here on campus whom I know you would really like. (He, She) has a wonderful personality, good looks, and is a real joy to be with. I have seen this person (quite often, constantly, once). ----- and I get along quite well, and for sometime now we've been (talking, dating, spending the night together). Our relationship started off (with a conversation between classes, with a dance at a party, as a pick-up), and has since developed into something very special.

Now that we've decided to separate I want you to know your name will be etched on my heart. I'll always remember you,-----

Your Friend,  
Sincerely,

(Mr. Miss)-----

(P.S. I will send your ring under separate cover.)

(P.S. Please send me my ring as soon as it is convenient.)

(P.S. ....)

## Munchkin Perforates Saber-tooth Tiger's Heart

Dear Ma,

I've been increasingly upset by the Southwestern computer's calling me by my middle name. What can I do?

Upset

Dear Upset,

On occasion I have been known to be slightly clairvoyant; in this case I fear I am in as much dark as the computer. I suspect that your problem lies in always signing your documents and the like as you do above. Frankly, if I had a ridiculous first name like "Upset" I wouldn't mind at all if the computer called me by my middle name—unless, of course, that is your middle name, in which case you have no call for complaint since you obviously prefer it.

Dear Ma,

Is it true that Southwestern will offer a course in administrative efficiency next year? I have recently become confused regarding this new and innovating course.

Confused

Dear Confused,

Yes. We may perhaps have such a course offered during the fourth term. If you wish to register for it, you should first fill out one of the pink cards (the little ones) then take the pink card to your prospective instructor who will

initial the card and give you a blue card which should be returned to whoever gave you the pink one.

Dear Ma,

Our new independent chapter (GDI) wants to use the Tower for its meetings and parties, but the administration won't let us. What shall we do?

Disappointed

Dear Dis,

I suggest you change the ostensible purport of your organization from social to that of patriotism. Then you could petition Memphis Mayor Henry Loeb, and I feel sure he would give you all the building space you could possibly use right in City Hall. Hell, if you could bring yourselves to say you support the War, he would probably give you this Sheraton Peabody to use on weekends.

Dear Ma,

During orientation I was told to look out for the Registrar, that he was a bachelor. Now I find that he is married and has two children. How come I was misinformed during orientation?

Innocent

Dear In,

While it is a common knowledge that the Registrar (who will remain nameless due to my respect for the

law of libel, and the aforementioned's tendency towards violent rages) refuses to refer to the female members of his office staff as secretaries—preferring to call them girls. He is a married man. Campus myths involving daisy chains with computers and The Dead Transcript File notwithstanding, I think you got the word used to describe the Registrar mixed up with the proper one. The first two letters in your word "bachelor" are right, however.

Dear Ma,

Last week I wrote a nice letter filled with much love and put blanks for all the -- letter words. I didn't want to offend you so I left the blanks for you to fill in. How come you didn't answer?"

Waiting

Dear Waiting,

In the first place it was very difficult to understand a letter with all the four-letter words blanked. For example, had you written your last letter in such a manner it would have looked like this ----

--Ma.

---- I wrote you a --- letter filled --- --- --- you see what I mean.

DORIS? YES, OWEN.

HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN LIKE THIS? OH, ABOUT TWO HOURS.

NO, I MEAN HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN GOING TOGETHER? SINCE SEPTEMBER. WHY?

WELL... DORIS, I THINK I... UH... I THINK I LOVE YOU! OWEN! HOW COULD YOU! WHAT KIND OF GIRL DO YOU THINK I AM?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, IF I GET INVOLVED WITH YOUTHEN EVERYBODS WILL THINK WE ARE IN LOVE.

SO? WELL, THEN THEY'LL KNOW WE ... DO IT... AND THEY WON'T THINK I'M DORIS DECENT ANYMORE.

THEY'LL KICK ME OUT OF CHI OMEGA. I WON'T BE ABLE TO ROOM IN TREZEVANT, I'LL HAVE TO WRITE "OPTIONAL" ON MY SIGN OUT CARD.

I'M SORRY, OWEN. I'VE GOT MY REPUTATION TO THINK OF. GOOD-BYE  
=SLAM=

## Spinoza McNeal: Essay on Unethics in the Community Spirit

### Part I Concerning Southwestern Definitions

I. By **apathy**, I mean total unconcern; indifference.  
 II. By **verbiage**, I mean meaningless talk; prattle. Emanates from both sincere and insincere sources alike.  
 III. By **committee**, I mean that structure wherein a number of individuals unite in concerted effort to insure that nothing is accomplished.  
 IV. By **community**, I mean that mythological category employed by theologians, admissions counselors, and college presidents to explain

group experiences and demonstrate why a small liberal arts college in Memphis is better than a state university.

V. By **liberals**, I mean those members of the campus who are as scared as hell.

VI. By **conservatives**, I mean those members of the campus who are as scared as hell.

Explanation—everybody is as scared as hell.

VII. By **professors**, I mean those who profess—anything and everything.

VIII. By **undergraduate students**, I mean those who are under; they know their place.

### Axioms

I. Everything that is said on this campus is either an individual's personal verbiage or the work of a committee.

II. The faculty necessarily lives off campus.

III. Frozen smiles and rigid social structures keep love away.

IV. The Student Government Association fosters good citizenship and offends one's ethical sensibilities.

V. The committee that plays together stays together.

VI. The multitudes manipulate themselves through their silence.

### Propositions

Prop. I. Nothing can, will, or should

be done.

Proof: This is evident from Def. I, II, III, V, VI; also silence is golden. Prop. II. There is little time to do anything.

Proof: See Def. VII and VIII: professors are professing and students are either under, or they are serving on committees (see Def. III) in the community (See Def. IV) Prop. III. Saga is the best of all possible food services.

Proof: See Def. II; also Axioms II (they don't eat here do they?) and IV (SGA has meetings every now and then).

Prop. IV. Saga will always be the best of all possible food services at Southwestern.

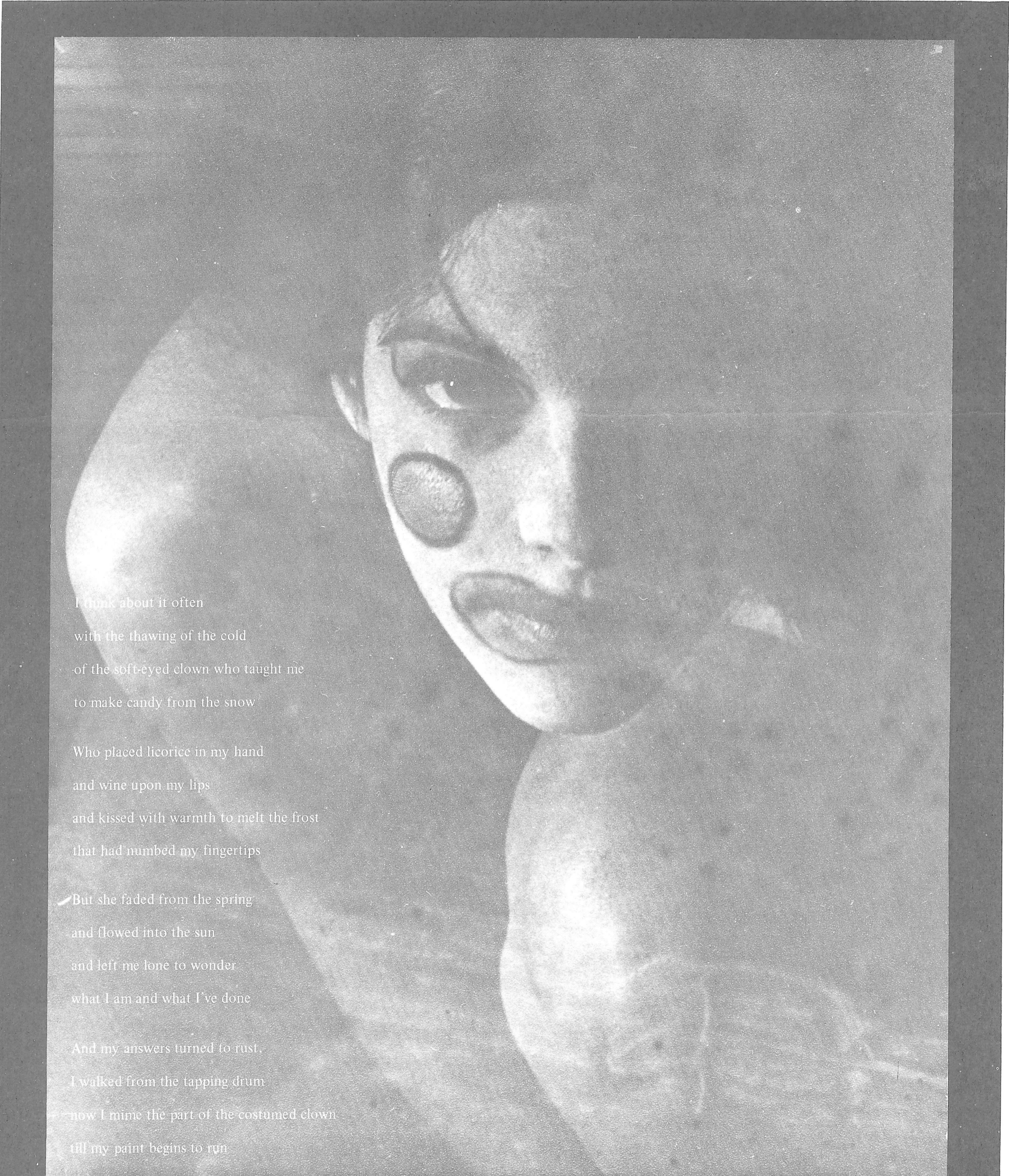
Proof: This is clear by Def. I, V, VI, and Axiom VI.

Prop. V. The Coop cannot possibly work.

Proof: Indeed, who wants to buy records, toilet supplies, and necessary essentials on campus cheaper than any place in town? See especially Def. I.

### Appendix

In the foregoing, I have demonstrated illogically the modes of our existences and the maintainance of our *status quo*, and, or, possible exception. Each of us must claim our personal responsibility for the stimulating atmosphere which pervades Southwestern.



I think about it often  
 with the thawing of the cold  
 of the soft-eyed clown who taught me  
 to make candy from the snow  
 Who placed licorice in my hand  
 and wine upon my lips  
 and kissed with warmth to melt the frost  
 that had numbed my fingertips  
 But she faded from the spring  
 and flowed into the sun  
 and left me lone to wonder  
 what I am and what I've done  
 And my answers turned to rust,  
 I walked from the tapping drum  
 now I mime the part of the costumed clown  
 till my paint begins to run

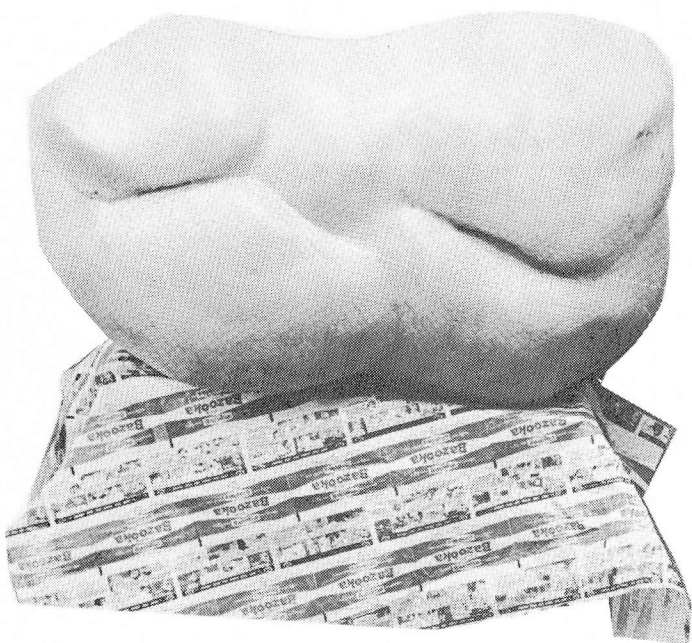


**Stone lizard** by Rembert Donelson—"My mother needed some stone statuary for her garden and I thought a lizard would be kind of out-doorsy."

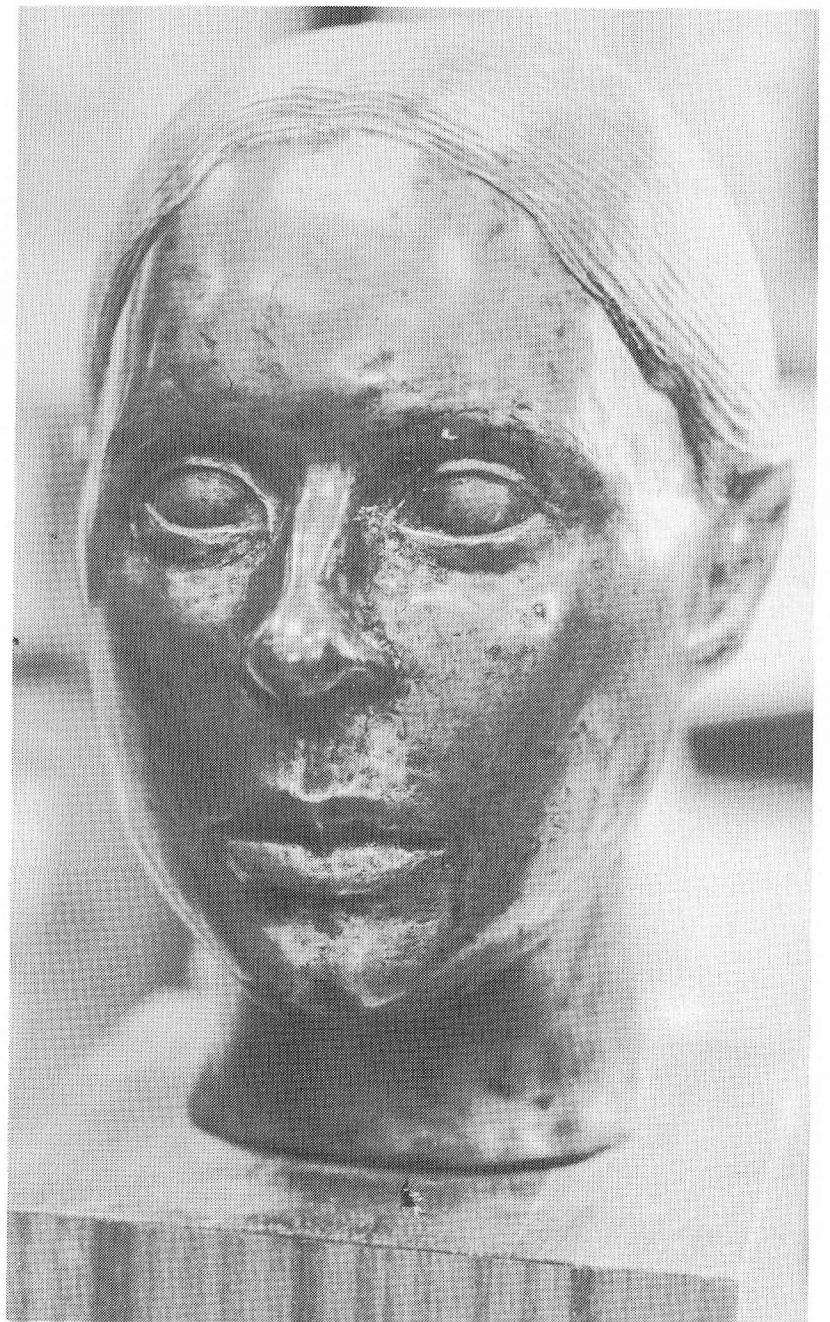
# STUDENT SCULPTURE



**Sitting clay figure** by Joanne Glover—"This was modeled after a close friend. Because it's so big I had to build it up hollow."



**Bubble-gum in plaster** by Daisy Craddock—"It's a miquette of the Great Bubble Gum in the Sky which I plan to launch in the spring of '75."



**Bronze head** by Betty Peebles—"I used a model but it's mainly just a study of a head."



This week's Campus Personality is the Lizard King. He is an Iguana. See him in the Student Center and freakout.

# MMMMMoney!

by Bill Symes

This is a true story, only the names have been changed to make it interesting.

Have you heard of Dare-to-be-Great Legal Ripoff? (The actual name is Dare-to-be-Great Interprises, but the other is more appropriate).

Thursday, Jan. 28, at 8 p.m. eight freshmen (including myself), entered the lobby of the Holiday Inn on Union and McLean, to find the meeting place of the above mentioned group. It seemed that this group knew the secret of quick and easy money. Not heeding the warning we had been given by Walter Herrick, we plunged into the meeting with open and vulnerable minds.

As we walked into the room, we were greeted by, "Glad to meet you, do you like money?" "Happy to see you here, do you like money?" Naturally we said that money was handy to have, to which we were told that we were in the right place.

We sat down. (All eight of us, and all forty of them.) Suddenly a man came running down the aisle yelling, "Go, go, go, go" to which the crowd responded in a fervor that is expected at Hallelujah-praise-the-Lord Bible meetings. The crowd chimed in with "Go, go, go," until the signal was given to stop. He got up before us and spoke of how much he had made that week. Then without warning, a low hum was heard that got louder and louder. It went something like this:

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMONEY!

Everybody cheered and had a good time while the eight of us sat there completely stunned. This went on for about an hour and a half while the people went into ecstasy about a man who earned \$16,000 in one month, and again the "MONEY" cheer echoed around the halls of the Holiday Inn.

After this inspiring scene we split up into groups so that we, too, could cash-in on this tremendous money-making scheme. After all, that's why we went.

The whole idea behind it was to make as much money, as easily and as quickly, as possible. They offer salesmanship courses that are

supposed to help one's salesmanship ability tremendously. They offer a total of four courses, for a total of \$5,000.

The first course costs \$300. You receive a cassette recorder and six tapes, and you are entitled to attend one weekend class.

The second course costs \$400, and with it you get more tapes and more classes on improving your salesmanship.

The third course costs \$1,300 and with it you get more tapes and courses, but, you can also start recruiting members for the other classes, for which you receive a commission of about 50% of what they pay to get in. All right, so far you've paid \$2,000 for the three classes.

The fourth course costs, take a deep breath, \$3,000. With this one you get full commission on all students that you recruit. If you get a person to sign up for all four classes you get \$2,500 commission. If you get him to sign up for three classes you get \$900 commission, etc.

The whole idea is to join up at the highest level (fourth) and then try to recruit as many members to that level as you can, so that you can receive the \$2,500 on each one.

On the whole it's like a chain letter. The possibilities are great now, but in five years there aren't going to be many people left. Just think, if you could recruit just five people in one month in your spare time you could be \$12,500 richer. What a fantastic legal ripoff.

It's also like getting a Ph.D., isn't it? What do you do when you get your Ph.D.? You teach other people how to get their Ph.D.—right? It's a big circle until everybody has their Ph.D., or letter, or \$2,500, or whatever. Or if it's really your thing, you can get all three.

If you really want an experience, they meet at 8 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday each week at the Holiday Inn. And if you are really interested, or, appear to be so, they will send you to Orlando, Fla. for a weekend so that you can see the main operation—expenses paid. You could also rip them off for a free trip if you're convincing enough. Just ask Walter.

## A CHANGE OF PACE IN JEWELRY

by Larry Rice

Mrs. Diane Kubitz produces some of the most original jewelry in this part of America. Mrs. Kubitz left Pennsylvania for Memphis six years ago to study art at the Memphis Art Academy. She remained there to finish her education because the Academy offered a variety of courses, adequate facilities and personal

attention. Currently she is teaching an accredited day class and a non-credit night class at the Academy in jewelry.

Mrs. Kubitz's jewelry has a wide range of textures, design and originality. She first prepares a wax model, and then makes a plaster mold from this model. After heating the mold, the melted wax is poured out and a molten metal is

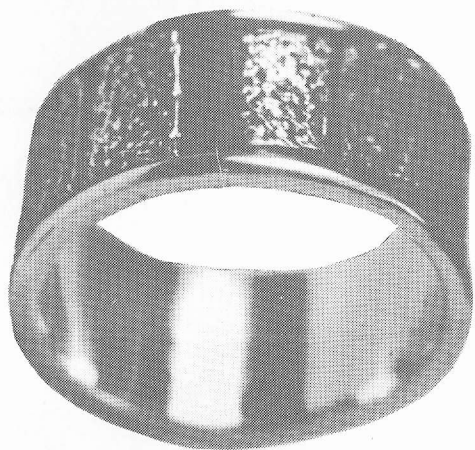
poured in.

Following the cooling step, the plaster mold is broken away, making each article a "Kubitz original." The process takes from 10 to 48 hours, and can be extremely frustrating or rewarding. For every finished piece of jewelry there are many pieces which develop air bubbles or other flaws which must be junked.

In addition to her teaching responsibilities, Mrs. Kubitz works privately on commission. She feels that the people of the South, especially Memphians, are becoming more aware of these arts and less satisfied with mass-produced goods. More people are commissioning her to produce jewelry because they are realizing that "for a few pennies more they can buy something personal"—a work of art instead of the work of industry.

Mrs. Kubitz produces her jewelry mostly for young people, for \$50 plus the cost of the metal. Her jewelry has won due acclaim, and several pieces were recently purchased by the Reece Memorial Museum for permanent display and the Calvary Episcopal Church of Memphis.

If you are interested in her jewelry, there is currently a showing of her work at the Memphis Art Academy in Overton Park, or you can visit her at home.



### The Sexual Pussycat

by Johnny Rone

The problem with Barbra Streisand is that she's a victim of personal mis-management. In all her films she has been great, perfect, usually the best thing in the whole deal. Lately, however, she has developed a certain sameness with which she approaches a part. Everything—even *The Owl and the Pussycat*, her publicized departure from musicals into the realm of the dramatic comedy—has been based on the concept of an ugly/gorgeous, wise-cracking, smart/dumb Jewish girl from the Bronx. And only Jewishness is inherent in her situation.

She does not always have to do the same things (the parts don't always call for it), and she has proved she's capable of something different because of the fine job (remarkable for its restraint) that she did with the "Miranda" character in *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever*. So one can only wonder whether she's trying to create a continuing character in a serial, like Nancy Drew, girl detective.

This new film, *The Owl and the Pussycat*, (now showing at the Plaza) is tremendously funny. Its humor is not sustained to the end because the script starts to wander and the Streisand style starts to run thin, but it's a good movie to take a date to (you'll see why), and certain episodes really grab the laughs. It is also a "dirty word" movie (another first for Miss Streisand) and the kindly Memphis censors have saved us from depravity by snipping a nasty

expression from Barbra's naughty mouth. Any idiot can read her lips (she's quite expressive), and when you see how ridiculous it is, you'll probably take the words right out of her mouth, too.

The plot concerns the relationship between an aspiring writer who clerks at Doubleday (George Segal), and a tough, but decent, hooker. Mr. Segal gets Miss Streisand thrown out of her apartment, so she retaliates by moving in on him.

The stars work well together—in fact Miss Streisand may have at last met her match in the highly versatile Mr. Segal. This man can apparently do everything, from *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, with all those heated emotions, to the villainous *King Rat*. In comedy, his timing is so precise it should be studied by Timex. They have one great scene together when he tries to put her to sleep by doing a television program from behind a fish tank.

As Doris, the hooker—who, as Segal puts it, is a "sexual Disneyland"—Streisand hits the screen like she was fired from one of those Quaker puffed rice cannons, spitting out lines as though she had just been told her vocal chords must come out immediately. One hopes that she will eventually escape from the monolithic acting structure in which she has encased herself and become as capable as the many-sided George Segal. If not, her ultimate destiny may lie in propaganda films for the land of Zion.

by Mark French

Tonight in Hardie Auditorium Jim Bassette, folk-singer on the Coffee House Circuit, will give a free concert at 8 p.m. He has distinguished himself as a singer by taking the basic themes of love, hate, loneliness, etc., and adding new dimensions to them with his delivery and stage presence. Perhaps his best offering is the walking—talking blues first made popular by Bessie Smith.

Bassette has enjoyed success as an actor, notably a leading role in *Golden Boy* with Sammy Davis, Jr. He has appeared at many colleges and universities, performed in different clubs, and presented his special style at such affairs as "Sing Out" in Carnegie Hall, the Newport Folk Festival, the New York Folk Festival, and the Cambridge Folk Festival.

Bassette lists his present home as Philadelphia, but spends much of

his time on the club circuits and the campuses. His performance is one of pure entertainment on a highly enjoyable level.

He prefers singing to acting, because he feels that music offers a more complete mode of expression for his own feelings. "When you act you become another person and can't completely be yourself. As a singer, it has to be you—you're fighting for your life on the stage."

### Love Story Runs Like a River of Tears

by Jerome Katz

Women's Liberationists arise! The male, supremacist-pig-running-dog-lackeys-of-the-oppressive-repressors of the free, noble, proletariat backbone-of-America women are exploiting the unsuspecting women of the world. Love and sex are the tools they are using to propagandize and profiteer at your expense. "Love Story" and "The Stewardesses" are out to get us all.

Erich Segal's now famous moneymaker, *Love Story*, runs like a river of tears, at the Park Theater. As people see and hear of *Love Story* they are amazed by its grosses, in the production and in the box office returns. Have you heard that the 1930's are in vogue?

Well, they are, and this movie is a revival, albeit a sad one (in more ways than one), of a 1930's movie.

There are darn few movies in this world that are worth standing in a line for one cold, wet hour to see. *Love Story* is not one of those few movies. Ali McGraw's acting improves as she makes her exits, and her finale is worthy of even a nasty old spinster's tears (hear that Ma Frickert?) Ryan O'Neal, supposedly a Harvard hockey jock, is better, because his gee-whizzing performance as the loser is stoic (read as WOODEN) enough to make all the girls watching him want him to love them.

Ray Milland (remember him? For his sake, I hope you don't) is beyond belief as O'Neal's dad. He is

every man's fear of old age, and every director's fear of a once-great actor who is failing at his movie comeback. John Marley (Ali's dad) was the sole comic relief, but now the *New York Times* says that he wasn't supposed to be.

Look at it this way, fellows. All of you are eventually going to have to take some girl to see *Love Story*. When the time arises, prepare for it in these ways: (1) Wear warm, comfortable clothing to wear while standing in line. (2) Take a couple of hankies for your girl. (3) Get good and drunk before you go, so the movie won't seem so bad. Finally, if you insist on going, go during the week, when the lines are shorter. Ladies, have a good cry!

## Split Effort

by Bill McBride

Monday night the Lynx traveled across town to take on the Buccaneers from Christian Brothers College at De La Salle Gymnasium. Unfortunately, the fans who made the trip came away disappointed as the hot-shooting Bucs defeated the Lynx 77-61.

The Lynx jumped out to an early four point lead on baskets by Cardwell and Richardson. However, at 15:02 the Bucs tied it up on a 15-footer by David Terrell. On two other occasions the game was tied, but at 12:15, on another basket by Terrell, the Bucs went ahead to stay. Through the last seven minutes of the half the Lynx could only manage one basket as their usually hot hand from the field failed them.

The Lynx hit for three quick points at the start of the second half, but the Bucs regained control and opened up a 16 point lead. At 7:31 the Lynx mounted their most serious challenge since the half as they ran off a string of four unanswered baskets, cutting the Buc lead to nine and, more important, gaining the momentum that had been with the Bucs throughout the game. However, two steals and the baskets resulting from those steals switched the momentum back to the Bucs and they went on to win.

Leading the Lynx in scoring were Eric Caldwell with 19 points, Jim Ogle with 16 points, and Tom Shofner with 15. Also scoring for the Lynx were Jim Moss with 6 points and Ralph Allen and Bill Richardson with 2 points each.

High scorer for CBC and for the

game was David Terrell with 21 points. He also pulled down nine rebounds which was high for the game in that department.

The Lynx, as in the Belhaven game, were unable to hit from the field, shooting only 36%, and were unable to control the boards. These two factors proved to be too much for the Lynx to overcome.

Thursday, Jan. 28, the Lynx travelled to Little Rock to meet the Trojans of the University of Arkansas. The Lynx won a squeaker 78-77.

In the first half the Trojans managed to control the boards and built up a six point, 47-41 halftime lead.

In the second half the Lynx came back and took control, mainly by blocking the Trojans off the boards and denying them the second and third shots they were getting in the first half. Late in the second half the Trojans staged a rally and they closed the gap to the final one point margin. They were never able to take the lead however, as they were forced to foul to get the ball from the Lynx, who were attempting to stall. In the final minute and a half Jim Ogle hit four foul shots to preserve the Lynx lead and victory.

## Regrets

We regret to inform you that in last week's Weekend Jocks article we failed to include the GDI "B" team on the list of undefeated teams. Also, as of last Tuesday night they are the only undefeated "B" team, as they beat the Sigma Nu's. Congratulations GDI and we'll try not to let that happen again.

## Another Spiro

by Tommy Shanks

The first round of basketball is over, and the ATO's are looking pretty tough to repeat as champions of the second round. The attention of Southwestern's intramural jocks has turned to the sport of doweling. Doweling is the age-old sport of hurling wooden dowels through the air in an attempt to have them land in a wooden (or cardboard) box some thirty feet downrange.

The sport was invented by Phoenician sailors in the year 43 B.C. as they sought to relieve the boredom of long trans-Atlantic voyages. Doweling was discovered at Southwestern two years ago when Glen Cunningham, director of intramurals, threw a wooden dowel from the roof of the physics tower and watched it float to earth, landing in the corner pocket of the Kappa Sigma pool table. (No, this isn't another Kappa Sig story. This story is fiction.)

Doweling season will open next Monday, Feb. 8 in the grand ballroom of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity house. The Pikes were honored in having their house chosen as the official court for doweling because Pike Tim Ables is the acknowledged Grand National Champion Doweler. Ables has already become a legend in his own time. Getting an interview with him is like getting one with Spiro but he finally consented, on the condition that he be given censorship privileges. Here follows a partial transcript of the interview:

**Sou'wester:** Why do you dower with your left hand?

**Ables:** Because when I was a

child and my mother put a dowel before me, I picked it up with my left hand and have been doweling lefthanded ever since. Also, it would be hard to change to the right hand now because I'm accustomed to stroking everything with my left hand.

**Sou'wester:** Is it true that you were once reprimanded by the Associated American Dowelers?

**Ables:** Yes, for doweling out of turn.

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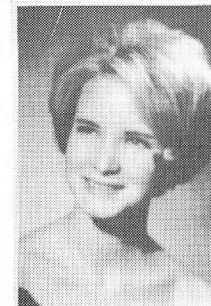
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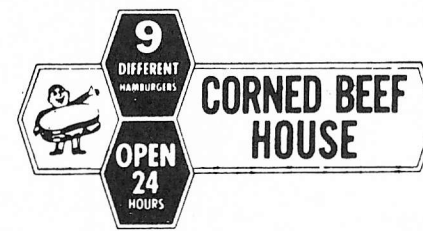
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KITTIE JOHNSON

Kittie is a senior from Chattanooga. She is presently serving as President of AOPI Sorority and is Vice President of the Honor Council.



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