

The Selling Of The Honor Council

by Mark Lester

Viewed in this age of the advertisement—Alka-Seltzer ads, *The Selling of the President*, and Volkswagen commercials—I think we can begin to understand the underlying problem with the Honor Council its “public relations.” There are, of course, some minor corrections that could be made in its present methods of operation. But the great problem lies not in its methods, but rather in the gulf of misconception which exists between the Council and the student.

However, lumping all the problems under the heading “misconceptions” is rather misleading. Inaccurate ideas merely constitute one part of “image,” and in this age of advertisement, the Honor Council doesn’t have the charisma, sex appeal, or whatever necessary for a good “image.” But misconceptions are a good place to start in improving the image. Let’s look at some of the arguments we had last week.

“A fellow student asked me to turn myself in.”

No one likes to turn in his best friend, as was shown by this week’s poll. But it is impossible to circumvent this dilemma. The old adage that “the system can’t work without the student” is true. If we are to have a system which works, short of having some type of independent police force, we must place ourselves in the position of the enforcer.

“There was not one person on that Council with whom I felt I had anything in common.”

Under one of the new amendments to the Honor Council constitution passed last fall, anyone may nominate a person by giving a name to a member of the Honor Council—no signatures required. This means that the Council is completely open to the scrutiny of the student body—anyone may run, anyone may get elected. And concerning the argument that no one is ever nominated by students, in the last election more than twice

as many persons were nominated by students as by Honor Council members themselves. Before this amendment was passed there might have been room for the “representation” argument, but now it simply doesn’t stand.

“Before I walked out of that room, half the student body knew I had been tried.”

To what extent this statement is true is open to debate. If a person feels that too many people have heard of his trial, he is more than likely pointing his finger at himself. Almost all information concerning a trial or witnesses in the trial, it would seem, comes from the mouths of either those on trial or witnesses in the trial.

When discussing the possibility of completely open trials, one immediately runs into a problem which is not easily solved. It is a fact that most persons who are convicted of offenses are not permanently expelled, but temporarily suspended or just warned. The problem is therefore apparent—should a person once

found guilty of an Honor Council offense be branded before the entire student body for the rest of his years here? In short, a person’s punishment would then far outweigh his crime.

“And besides what’s going to happen to people who live under this system when they get out into the world?”

What will happen? There will no doubt be adjustments to make. But aren’t they adjustments that any of us would be willing to make or suffer? It is an idealistic situation in which we live, and it will no doubt be hard to shift gears to a world where honesty has reached the point that it is idealistic. But this is a problem with the world in which we must live, not a problem of our Honor Council.

Now that we have viewed these misconceptions we have some idea of what problems the “ad” man would have in improving the “image” of his Honor Council client. He would immediately see that it is a problem of communications. People simply do

not understand how it works. One person actually believed that all twenty-odd Honor Council members came to a person’s room to notify him of his offense. With beliefs such as these, it is obvious that we need a little more instruction than one or two lectures during our freshman orientation.

Which brings us to the question of that intangible item called “image.” As of now the Council’s image is projected through an austere, ugly, grey book which is written in a formal tone that would delight Amy Vanderbilt but fails to interest students. Perhaps a fresher, lighter approach would be in order.

It is easy to place all of our ills on the shoulders of the Council itself. However, communication is a two-way street. There is going to have to be some desire to learn more about the Honor Council on the part of students. If we take this initiative I think we will find, as we did with the little old lady next door who used to chase us off her yard, that she wasn’t so bad after all—it’s all a matter of image.

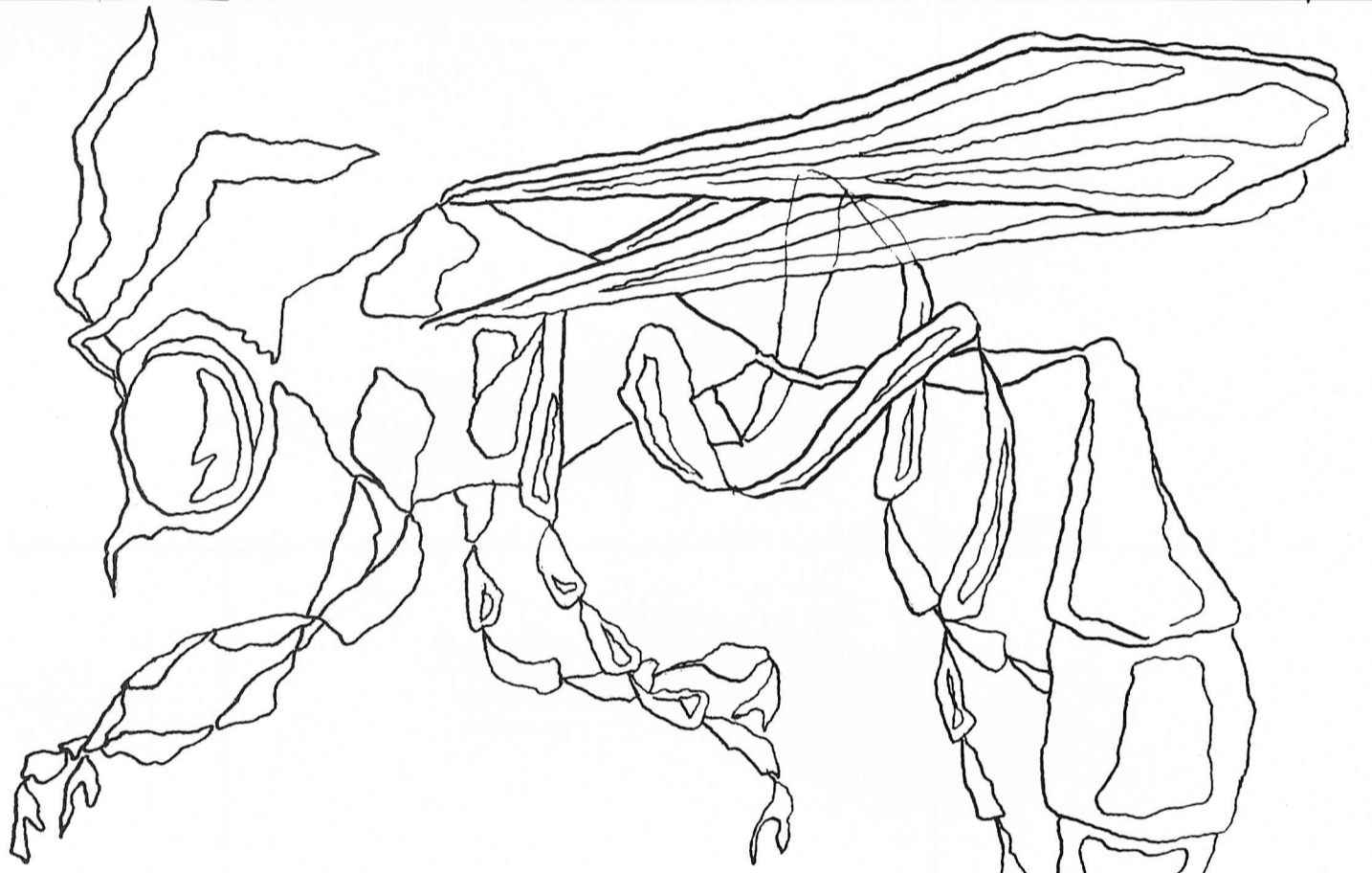
the liberal WASP

by Jim Chable

Salt crystals tumbled out of the shiny leather pouch and bounced on the black marble table top. She stared at them, and then, moistening her finger, she touched them and lifted her finger to her mouth. Smiling at the saline pleasure of taste, she glanced askance at the young man beside her, and then, turning on her heel, she darted out and climbed on her motorcycle. Kicking the starter, and satisfied with the cough and then roar as the machine came to life, she spun around the tiny court yard several times, and then, with a maniacal cry she sped to the inside door and burst through, splintering the wood and scattering the remains of the flimsy door throughout the room. Covering the length of the room in a flash, her diabolical cycle rammed through the outside door, and with a parting shot from her beretta in which she blew out the one light, she streaked off into the murky night down the coast road.

Eventually the crashing echoes of the recent violence died away, and the young man slowly put his own finger to the salt. Gingerly and fearfully he raised his own finger to his mouth and tasted of the briny substance. As if by magic, his body floated up to the roof till his head bumped the ceiling. The waters closed silently and gently over him, and he went on to join her.

Shrouded in gossamer haze, her natural hair flowing on her breasts and shoulders, her lips part and maze the bourgeois young man staring at her as she snarls viciously, and with the look of cliffs and houses built on the hill among the trees back from the pounding sea and with the schizoid music of a harpsichord.



The following freshmen recently pledged the according fraternities. **KA:** Bryant McCrary, Randy Adams, Johnny Cox, Richard Douglas, John Sleasman, Wayne Carroll, Robert Falkoff, Jeff Moore, Kelly McQuire, Tommy Sims. **KS:** Greg Scarbourough, Don Bryan, Steve Thomas, Alan Williams, Steve Williams, Clyde Smith, Jim Drummond, Jim Ross, John Richie. **ATO:** Cooper Beazley, Bob Baisley, John Cotham, Steve Parks, Barry Rhodes, Dick Bryant, Bill Marcy, Bob Reynolds, Jerry Oliver, John Sites, Coble Caperton. **PKA:** Jack Barnett, Ben Ethridge, Robbie Evans, David Francis, Hugh McKinnon, Ronnie Marlow, John Nolan, Conrad Pitts, Rex Rankin, Larry Rice, Stanley Sharp, Marty Shaw, Charley Taylor, George Travis, John Welker, Ed White (not the editor), Joe Newell, Arnold Weiner, Steve Philips, Addie Boone. **SN:** Rick Bruno, Ed Davis, Steve Sharpe, Oliver Lee, Jere Hammond, Bucky Stauffer, Jimmy Sams, Allen Shelton, Whit Thomas, Tommy Lewis, Clint Butler, Frank Moore. **SAE:** Frank Broyles, Mike Epps, David Travis, Glenn Lee, Bill Ward, Jeff Tarkenton, Steve Warren, Steve West, Jim Grenfell, Les Jaco, Jay Hight, Jeff Perkin, John Kesee, Herman Morris, Ralph Allen, Bruce Allbright, Jim O’Donnell, Jim J. Clodfelter.

We of the *Sou’wester* staph would like to congratulate each one of you on your choice.

Community action meeting: THE ANGELA DAVIS CASE.

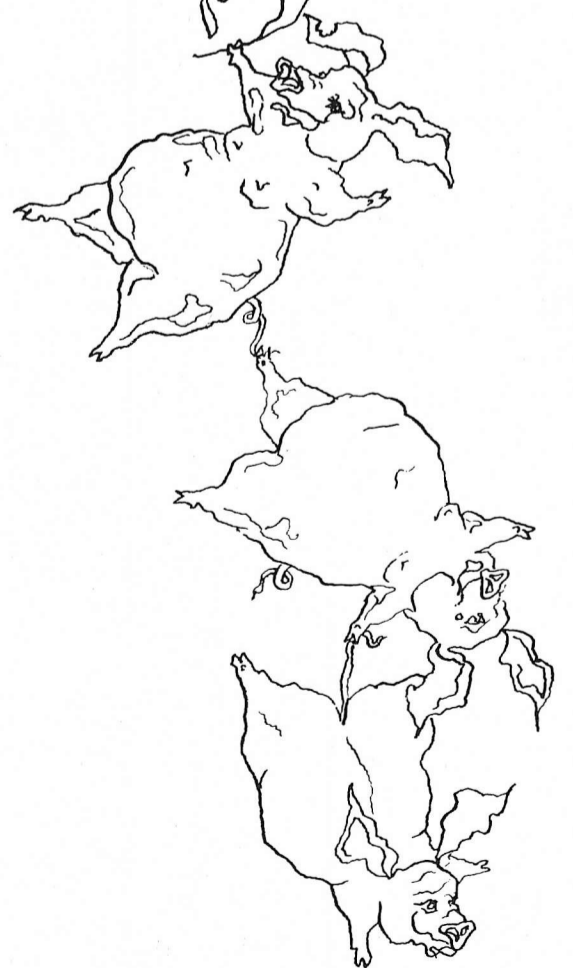
“I am innocent of all charges and the victim of a political frame-up.”

Angela Davis is charged with kidnapping and murder in California. It was with the above words that she answered these charges at her arraignment on Jan. 5.

Because of the wide interest in the Angela Davis case and its importance to all Americans, the Memphis Peace and Freedom Council is holding this meeting. You are invited to attend and hear Angela Davis’ side of the story.

Speakers include: Mrs. Sallye Davis, mother of Angela Davis; Carolyn Black, National Black Liberation Secretary, Young Workers Liberation League; and Anne Braden, Executive Director, Southern Conference Educational Fund. The meeting will be held at 3 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 23, in St. Patrick’s Center, 333 Linden Ave.

For more information and for transportation to the meeting, call 278-7988 or 278-4017.



What Earth Is It?

by Frannie Taylor

We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory—as via government, big business, formal education, church—has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing—power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by the **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG**.

The preceding cites the purpose of a unique publication. What on earth is it? It is the **Whole Earth Catalog**, 144 pages of everything from adding machines to yurts. A division of Portola Institute, Incorporated of California, the **Whole Earth Catalog** is published six times a year by a community of people living and working together for the purpose of cataloging items that are deemed: 1) useful as tools, 2) relevant to independent education, 3) high quality or low cost, 4) easily available by mail.

Internationally circulated, the catalog appeals to a vast number of people for its variety of items and its often humorous, deft descriptions of the items themselves. Using current terminology, it is particularly appealing to modern lingo-ists. Dig?

Reviewing the **Whole Earth Catalog** is an adventure. It is an excursion. It is a trip. Open up the **Whole Earth** and enter into a mind-expanding experience. Take it all in slowly because you do not

want to overlook anything, especially items like these:

No More Secondhand God, a book by Buckminster Fuller. Says the catalog of him: "Some are put off by his language, which makes demands on your head like suddenly discovering an extra engine in your car—if you don't let it drive you faster, it'll drag you. Fuller won't wait. He spent two years silent after illusory language got him in trouble, and he returned to human communication with a redesigned instrument."

Aladdin Kerosene Lamps, British made lamps. Says the catalog of them: "Coleman lamps are terrible—they hiss and clank and blind you, just like civilization. Aladdin is the answer if you need good light."

Tipis, portable dwellings. Says the catalog of them: "We have word about three sources in the U.S. of ready-made tipis, and so far Goodwin-Cole is still the best—best construction, lowest cost. They also have tipi liners, which you will need if weather is wet or cold."

Thomas Register of American Manufacturers, a trade publication. Says the catalog about it: "Let it all hang out: 7 volumes, 10,000 pages, 50,000 product ads, 70,000 classifications. It's the great American industrial yellow pages—and like the yellow pages, an education. If the Sears Catalog will tell you where American consumption is at, TR tells you what's happening in production. And if you're trying to make the switch toward production, TR can help you find what you need."

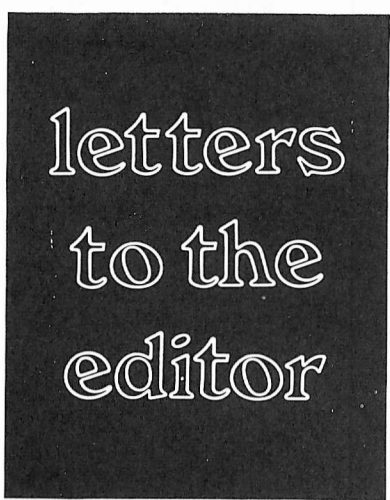
How to Build a Still, a pamphlet. Says the catalog about it: "Unlawful."

Dear Editor,

I feel that it is time that something is said about the varsity swimming team. We got beat by Hendrix last Friday 52-26, and the score would have been even more lopsided if they had tried to run it up. This is not meant to discredit the guys on the team; they work their sweet tails off—all six of them.

Most swim teams have from 10-20 members for schools our size. The problem does not rest in the fact that we don't have swimmers. The trouble is that we do not have a pool, that we do not have a coach (except me), and that we do not seem to be able to get more than a half dozen people who are willing to travel 15 minutes to practice, practice an hour, travel 15 minutes back to school in the cold, and then hassle with the refectory. It's really a pain in the ass.

The basketball team has a gym; football, a field; baseball, a diamond; track, a beautiful track. And these teams have support from the student body (as much as they support anything). They have



support because there exists some chance that our teams will win. They have coaches and a place to practice.

The only students at the last swim meet were 11 students paid by the athletic department to help run the meet and the sister of one of our swimmers. And you might rightly question if the students should come just to see us get beat. The swimming team, contrary to

popular belief, is not a joke. But you cannot expect us to compete at any comparable level in the conference or out, if we don't have the equipment to do so. Our swim suits came two months after our first meet. We need kickboards badly. We finally got some goggles last week. Most of all, we need swimmers. And I don't think you will get enough people to have a "real" team until the school sees fit to 1) build a pool and 2) acquire a coach.

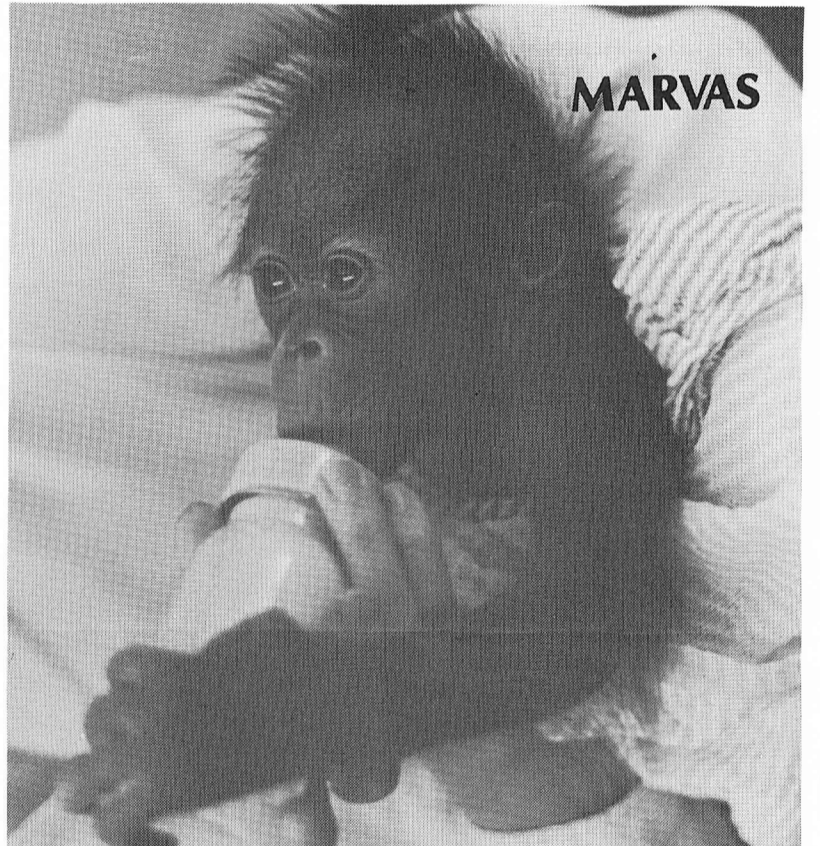
The guys who are on the team have really worked, despite all this crap. And, I think it is high time that the school makes some effort in supporting the team, if they truly want a swimming team in the first place.

If any of you in the student body can swim or dive, I invite you to come out this afternoon or Monday at 4 p.m. in front of the library or at the U.T. pool at 4:15. Otherwise, I invite you to keep your damn mouth shut.

Sincerely,
brad green

Earth Flag, a flag! Says the catalog about it: "A gentleman named John McConnell came into the Truck Store a few weeks ago and said that since all the nations have flags, and the UN has a flag, and states and businesses have flags, maybe there ought to be a flag that's just for people. So he got together with artist Norman LaLiberte and one of Apollo Earth photographs and came up with the Earth Flag. I don't know if I'd die for it, but it's the first flag I've seen that I don't feel it somehow excludes me. The Earth Flag feels nice to wave.

Maybe you can dig the **Whole Earth** . . .



This picture was taken without a flashbulb.

McNeal and Matthews Silence in an Age of Xerox

by Chuck McNeal and Bill Matthews

Why is there so much silence at Southwestern? The students seem almost as intimidated as the faculty to speak their minds. Of course, we have nothing in common; no individual living in a community of 1100 people has anything in common with the other 1099 individuals. Anyway, there's not a tremendous amount of time for collective activity.

* * *

I am waiting for some misguided student to shatter the silence by screaming out that lectures are obsolete in an age of Xerox

machines. Many professors would panic: "Does this mean I should talk with my students, instead of at them?" But discussion-type class structure never works; it presupposes a willingness of the students to work on their own and read daily assignments. This is not possible with the students at Southwestern. Remember parents: always spoon-feed your babies.

* * *

Democracy is a fine thing, students. Read about it in your political science books. Do not be distressed that our college's government is authoritarian. The administrators know what is best.

Please note that while many (most?) of the members of this community (e.g., students, secretaries, maids, janitors, yardworkers) do not share directly in the governing of this community, they are represented by duly elected faculty members(?).

* * *

I went in search of an honest man. But each individual directed me away from himself to the community's honor system. But is honor a matter for a system; has any group of people ever legislated honesty? Perhaps we do have something to talk about.

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED GERALD

by Gerald Koonce

Almost any time you enter the Student Center you'll find four or more people clustered around a table frantically playing cards and uttering such strange cries as "two spades," "three clubs," "double," and "redouble." There's no need to be alarmed, these people are not demented; they are just Southwestern's bridge freaks.

If a real bridge player were to sit in on a game, he would soon find out that the game he thought he was playing and the one he actually is playing are not the same. Southwestern bridge abounds in conventions undreamed of in the real world. A few of these are the Allendorfer three no trump (despite rumors to the contrary, it is not true that John Allendorfer's entire vocabulary consists of the words "three no trump"), Derrick rights, the Clodfelter-Ables signaling system, the Bruce Levine redouble, and the Koonce inconvenient minor (or how to bid every suit but your best one). What is done in the name of the Michaels cue bid is enough to make its originator cry. Any similarity between bridge as it is meant to be played and

Southwestern bridge is pure coincidence.

It is a popular fiction that bridge is a social game played for relaxation in the congenial company of close friends. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is a vicious cutthroat game played for blood. Once you sit down at the table your only purpose in life is to build up your own ego while humiliating your opponents. As for your partner, everything wrong that happens is always his fault.

When the cards and breaks are running your way, you are the epitome of grace and good humor. Nothing compares to the orgasmic pleasure of winning rubber after rubber. But when the cards run the other way and you start going down on every hand or suffering helplessly as your opponents make games and slams galore, it's no longer fun and games.

If your partner wasn't such a complete fool he wouldn't put you into all those unmakeable contracts or allow them to make theirs. And what about them? They certainly don't deserve all those good cards they're getting. Then, when you

finally get a hand you can bid and get to a good four spades contract, you go down because spades split 5-0.

As if all that weren't bad enough, a friendly kibitzer rubs salt into your wounds by telling you how you *should* have played the hand. It's no wonder that after a game breaks up, the players all hate each other plus everyone else in the immediate vicinity.

Most bridge columns have an illustrated hand with a lesson. Instead, *The Sou'wester* offers you a free ego trip. Think of that hand that you played or defended so brilliantly (you know the one). That is today's hand. Oswald Jacoby couldn't have done any better, right? You were simply fantastic. What more can be said? And, just think, to top it all off, it was in the paper.

The only last advice that can be offered is: if you don't play bridge, stop, fall on your knees, thank your lucky stars, and never, never, learn how.



by Margie Howe

In the Monkey House, Jan. 10, Sally the orang-utan gave birth to Marvas, which is the name for orang-utan in Borneo, a beautiful baby boy who was valued at \$5,000. IKU, who also lives in the Memphis Zoo, was the father. Marvas weighs 4½ pounds and has reddish hair which he gets from his mother. He has blue-almost-black eyes which at first could not focus on objects, but he now turns at the sound of voices. Like all babies, Marvas has no teeth, but there are visible bumps where his baby teeth will soon be coming through.

At the beginning, Sally was taking care of Marvas and seemed very satisfied with her new role as a mother. She was very maternal, nursing him and holding him often. After a week, however, she rejected him, refusing to feed or hold him, screamed loudly, and was generally irritated by the whole situation.

There is some speculation that the excitement her baby caused and the continuous popping of flashcubes caused by tourists and news photographers made her paranoid enough to reject her baby completely. So, Marvas and his mother now live in separate cages. Sally is on tranquilizers and drugs, sadly trying to forget the whole affair.

Marvas has taken a surrogate mother—a bundle of towels wrapped with masking tape and carries it around with him quite frequently. His mother substitute apparently gives him much satisfaction as he has grown quite dependant upon it.

Visit Marvas at the Monkey House every day except Sunday from 10-4:30. Admission is 75 cents and Monday is free day. Maybe Marvas needs friends now that he hasn't got his mother.

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DILEMMA

dilemma



by Mark French

On the weekend of March 5-6, the planning and effort of nearly a year will burst into view as Dilemma '71. Unique in that it is solely a student effort which received no school funds for its operations, Dilemma relies entirely on contributions and ticket sales.

Since its inception in 1965, the symposium has sought to create a worthwhile educational experience for the students. This year's Dilemma hopes to encompass in its thrust man's entire range of survival needs, spiritual as well as ecological.

The Dilemma '71 format will include its usual wide range of offerings—exhibits, movies, plays, as well as prominent speakers who have excelled in varied fields and who come to present their ideas for the participants to consider, to question, and, hopefully, profit from.

Chip Hury, active on this year's Dilemma committee, emphasizes that Dilemma offers a real opportunity for students, as the speakers "represent some of the best minds in the country." Also those who complain about the seeming isolation of the Southwestern campus may profit from Dilemma; it represents at least one time a year when Southwestern comes to Memphis, and Memphis comes to Southwestern.

Jeff Carter, co-chairman with James Dobbins of Dilemma '71, pointed out that "the symposium brings speakers to Memphis who might otherwise never have been able to come."

Five speakers thus far have formally accepted the invitation to participate in Dilemma '71. They are Jack Newfield, author of *The Prophetic Minority* and a bestseller about Robert F. Kennedy; Pat Waters, author of *The South and the Nation*; W. D. Snodgrass, Pulitzer prize winner in poetry last year; Houston Smith, head of M.I.T.'s department of religion and

author of *Religions of Men*; and the Reverend Calvin S. Morris, National Coordinator and Associate Director of Operation Breadbasket (SCLC). In this and subsequent articles, *The Sou'wester* will attempt to acquaint the community with these speakers and any additions to the program. This article will deal in detail with the Reverend Morris.

Morris, a minister in the Methodist Church, resides in Chicago, Illinois, where he directs Operation Breadbasket, an arm of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). In his capacity as director, Morris coordinates existing chapters of Operation Breadbasket, organizes new affiliate chapters, and directs all Chicago operations. He is also coordinator of the Illinois Hunger Coalition, a movement which directly resulted in the establishment of a Free School Lunch Program in Illinois schools, and the defeat of a proposed \$125 million cut in Public Welfare.

A man with varied talents and interests, Morris has employed a master's degree in history and a bachelor's degree of sacred theology from Boston University in his efforts to expose social and political injustice and to develop a public awareness of, support for, and participation in, community-oriented programs designed to eliminate such injustices.

Morris' desire to respond to human needs have led him to direct a program designed to increase the political awareness of blacks; to serve as coordinator of "Black Expo," first held in 1969, which spotlights minority groups as businessmen, producers, and manufacturers; and to become a founder of the Coalition for United Action, a drive specifically formed to challenge discrimination in the building trades industry, and expanded to actively seek development of black potential.

wave" which means that the waves cancel out each other, so that you get a relaxing motion instead of the last moments of the Titanic. This relaxing motion is at its best when shared by a friend. If you know what I mean. (No secret meanings intended, because you do know!)

If I have convinced you to purchase one, (water bed) let me now try to discourage you, but not on purpose. This is not just a mattress. It is a bed, and costs what a bed costs. PLENTY! From what I heard, they cost around 600 bucks for the small one and \$960 for the large one, which is 8 feet by 8 feet. And for a little extra you can get a sound system thrown in. Precisely \$1,000 extra. But that's retail. With a middle man and a good deal of capitalistic ripoff. A typically ingenious person can hang onto his bread and spend his remaining nonwaking hours in confine.

If you're interested in this, you can check the *Whole Earth Catalogue* or, the *Village Voice*. Both have lots on how to acquire a water bed. There is a company, The Aquarian, that advertises in the *Village Voice* that sells water bed kits for \$139. And these are supposed to be good beds with built-in heaters for temperature control. Now don't any of you jokers go out and make a bed without a temperature control because after a sudden frost they'll have to chip you out of the ice.

Just imagine the fun you can have with your very own water bed! You could even name it. How about the Purple Passion, or The Pit?

After all, if you are going to have to spend a third of your life in bed, why not at the peak of comfort? And undoubtedly some crafty soul will find his better-mouse-trap straw tick handy in adding a few pleasures to the little joys of life.

SOU'WESTER POLL: THE HONOR COUNCIL

On Jan. 11, a questionnaire concerning the Southwestern Honor Council was distributed in both the men's and women's dormitories. The questions asked students what the Honor Council's role on the campus was, its standing in the college community, and its effectiveness.

The questionnaire did not attempt to probe deeply into areas of philosophy and ethics; such a discussion would certainly have to be conducted before any complete evaluation of the Honor System and its regulatory body could be decided. However, the questionnaire could be valuable in obtaining an idea of how the students themselves felt about the Honor Council, its methods, and its worth.

The questions are printed below with the frequency of answers received given in percentages. The percentages are based upon the tabulation of 200 questionnaires representing approximately 20% of the student body. The printed choices to most of the questions were yes or no, unless a qualification was asked for; other answers are recorded if they occurred in significant amounts.

1) Do you feel that the members of the Honor Council are representative of the entire population at Southwestern?

Yes - 41%
No - 52%
No opinion - 7%

2) Would you turn in a friend?

Yes - 39.5%
No - 39.5%
Depends on situation - 9.0%
Don't know - 8.0%

3) Should the Honor Council publish reports of their activities?

Yes - 83.5%
No - 16.5%

How often?

Quarterly - 63.5%
Annually - 22.8%
Other - 13.5%

4) Do you know who your representatives are on the Honor Council?

Yes - 51.5%
No - 48.5%

5) Do you feel that the Honor System is the most feasible system?

Yes - 82.5%
No - 9.5%
No opinion - 6.0%

6) Do you feel their policy of secrecy is valid?

Yes - 78.0%
No - 18.5%

7) Do you feel Honor Council members should be allowed to nominate the slate of each Honor Council election?

Yes - 33.5%
No - 61.5%
No opinion - 5.0%

8) If the answer is No, in whose hands or by what method should nominations be made?

Student body - 73.2% (note that this figure includes both nominations on a school-wide basis and by each class.)
Present method - 4.9% (Honor council slate with student additions allowed.)
No opinion - 6.5%
By organization - 2.4%
Administration and student committee - 2.4%

There were a few methods which many students felt needed change. For example, the present method of nominating candidates for the Honor Council appears to be widely disfavored. Also, the Honor System which depends upon individual students' reporting those who violate the system seems to be in danger.

The poll shows that a majority of students do not feel that the Honor Council members are representative, and that nearly half of the students do not even know who their class representatives are. These facts suggest that the Honor Council has not successfully publicized the Council's purposes, the purposes of the system it serves, and that individual representatives have not made themselves known to the student body.

the southwest is a rip-off
 of a Purple Passion
 or The Pit

Heard a good one lately?
Pop Tunes has a million of them

What's red and white and heard all over?
A patriotic Pop Tunes.

Why did the chicken cross the road?
To get to Pop Tunes.

How do you keep fish from smelling?
Cut off their noses at Pop Tunes.

If you had all the records in the world
what would you do?
Find out at Pop Tunes.

Poplar Tunes
308 Poplar

Pop Tunes
4195 Summer

The Old Sports Page Score One

by Bill McBride

Last weekend the Lynx hit the road for two games in east Tennessee. Friday night they played the Sewanee Tigers and came off with an 85-78 victory against conference foes for as many attempts.

The game was close all the way, as the Lynx held only a 44-42 lead at the half. In the second half it still remained close, and with one minute left the Lynx had only added four more points to the score for the final seven-point bulge.

One of the key points of the game was Southwestern's control of the boards as the Tigers' front line could not match the board strength of the Lynx. Jim Moss pulled down 15 rebounds and Eric Cardwell and Tom Shofner had 12 and 11, respectively. High scorer for the Lynx and for the game was Eric Cardwell with 37 points—a season high.

Rounding out the scoring for the Lynx were Jim Moss with 25, a personal high for the season; Jim Ogle with 13; Tom Shofner with 6; and Bill Richardson with 4.

The Lynx also continued the hot hand from the field that they displayed against Lambuth, hitting 52%, but were still cold from the foul line, hitting only 61%.

For Sewanee, both Billy McWilliams and Wayland Long had a fine game, with McWilliams putting in 24 points and Long pulling down 18 rebounds. However, the scoring of Cardwell and Moss and the rebounding of the Lynx forward line proved too much for the Tigers to overcome.

Saturday night the Lynx came down from the mountain to face David Lipscomb College. Here the Lynx ran into a red-hot Lipscomb five led by Ron Rippetoe and came out on the bottom of a 96-81 score.

Lipscomb jumped off to an early lead and at the half held a 51-43 advantage, with Rippetoe putting in 20. The Lynx came back strong in the second half and with twelve

minutes remaining in the game tied the score. At this point Rippetoe hit three unanswered baskets and Lipscomb then pulled away for the final 15 point victory margin.

For Lipscomb the story was Rippetoe, who hit 61% from the field and poured in 43 points for a new school and individual record. Bruce Bowers contributed 21 points and hauled down 13 rebounds for Lipscomb.

High scorer for the Lynx was again Eric Cardwell, who had 33 points, bringing his season average to 26 points a game. Also in double figures for the Lynx were Jim Moss with 16 and Jim Ogle with 13. Rounding out the scoring for the Lynx were Tom Shofner with 8; Ken Markwell and Bill Richardson with 4; and Ralph Allen with 3.

Though the Lynx had a 45-40 advantage on the boards, they could hit only 41% of their shots from the field while Lipscomb hit 53%, which coupled with Rippetoe's outstanding performance, proved to be too much. The Lynx returned home for three days rest before facing the visiting five from Georgia State.

Grapplers Pinned

by Jerry Stauffer

Southwestern's undermanned wrestling squad journeyed to the campus of U.T. Martin last Friday, and the results were nearly disastrous as far as the score was concerned, but it was a valuable lesson in many respects. The Lynx hit the mats as definite underdogs in every weight class as the squad paired off against a full-scholarship opponent, to a man. It was the first match for Southwestern and Martin took advantage of first-match jitters and varsity inexperience as they rolled over the Lynx by a score of 48-0.

Southwestern was down by a score of 15-0 before the first wrestler stepped onto the mat. Martin won the 118, 126, and 134-pound classes via forfeits. Coaches Don Lear and Gilbert McSpadden have had troubles all year with an unbelievable lack of personnel, and this lack makes it almost an impossibility for a

victory in team score this year. Six men represent our school against a school with scholarship wrestlers and other schools in the conference that are often 2-3 men deep in a division.

Gary Warmbrod led off for the Lynx as he entered the 142-lb. contest. His match went the full eight minutes, but he came out on the short end of an 8-2 score. Philip LeTard followed in the 150-lb. class, and after a sluggish first period, his opponent forced him into a pinning combination in the second period.

At this point the Lynx trailed 23-0 to a team that had previously knocked off perennial CAC champion Sewanee. Charlie Durham, last year's leading grappler, came next, and he battled his 158-lb. opponent on even terms as the match score reached 2-2. In the second period, however, the Martin wrestler slipped a figure-four headlock on Charlie and the referee, as he closed in to watch Durham's shoulders, failed to notice that the hold had slipped into an illegal leglock, and Charlie was the victim of a hastily-called second period pin.

Freshman Frank Moore started strong and was very impressive in the next match. He weighed in at 167 lbs., and he gained an early lead as he took command and rode his man convincingly. But his first-match jitters showed as he failed to react to a new legride that the Martin wrestler used to roll Frank into a pin late in the first round. It'll be a different story on Jan. 28 when Martin travels to Memphis.

In the next-to-last match, newcomer Jim Mulroy faced an experienced 177-lb. wrestler. Jim just started wrestling a week ago, but he showed to signs of timidity as he jumped onto the mat and immediately began to intimidate his opponent by slapping him about the head. However, time and experience told the tale as Mulroy fell victim to a pin in the second period.

The following match was another forfeit as Southwestern could offer no one to accept the challenge at 191 lbs. Freshman Galloway Beck stepped in as our heavyweight, but as he charged forward, he was rolled into a first-round pin, completing his

match and the team match.

The team now has a couple of weeks to rue the loss to Martin, and the coaches and their squad are working hard to surprise the strong Martin outfit during their January visit. Each match will show an improvement, and one of the biggest boosts that our men can be given will be the cheers that our full bleachers will produce.

Swimming Straight

Southwestern's fighting Lynx came in second to first in a heated match with Hendrix College. In other words, we didn't win, but our boys tried their damn hardest.

To even the score, Hendrix disqualified all their first string swimmers so that we swam against their second string. But what are you supposed to do when only six people show up for the meet and three of them have fevers, and the only person we had rooting for the team was the sister of one of the swimmers. It's really sickening, isn't it? I wouldn't blame them if they all dropped off the team tomorrow because nobody gives a damn except the swimmers.

All I can say is, "Right on you lads of the watery wonderland, you wondrous walruses, may Neptune be your guide to victory against Harding."

Intramural Fight Begins

by Minor Vernon

Second semester has begun, and the fight for the overall intramural trophy continues. At the end of first semester ATO won "A" league volleyball in a dramatic playoff over SAE, while the E's were winning "B" and "C" leagues. This put Sigma Nu ahead of the E's for the overall trophy by a few points. The Independents look especially good with the pre-season acquisitions of David Hume and Clark Malcolm to back up stalwarts Mike Ripski, Chuck McNeal and company. The GDI's should be favored if they can come up with better organization than they usually have.

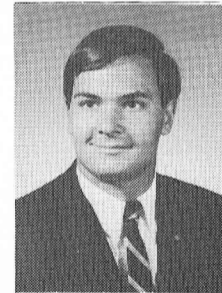
The Nu's should be equally tough after stealing Andy Pouncey and Mac McWhirter from Coach Duckworth to back Gordon Greeson and Steve James. The E's are led by their usually strong contingent of guards Bobby Doolittle, Jack Childers, and Kevin Rando.

The Pikes are led by Bob Nieson, Ron Register, and Ken Thompson. The ATO's, guided by George Taylor and Reed Click, could be the spoilers. The KA's could also be tough, and little is known about the BSA which fields their first "A" league team.

"B" league should be a toss-up between the KA's and the E's.

(In appreciation for Southwestern students patronage, we at the Corned Beef House will recognize two students each month who have through their leadership and efforts helped to make Southwestern the outstanding school that it is.)

The Corned Beef House Presents



Sam Marshall

Sam is a Senior from Lakeland, Florida. He is presently serving as Sr. Class President, Dorm President, and Chaplain for Sigma Nu.



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