

Publication Board Meets Ginger Budget Tentatively Cut

by Robert Hamilton

The budget of *Ginger* has been tentatively cut by one-third by the Publications Board. At its meeting last Thursday night, the Publications Board reduced the budget of *Ginger* from \$3,000 to \$2,000 in the proposed budget to be submitted to the Treasurer of the school for 1972-73. In other business, the board refused to finance the independent *Abraxas* Halloween issue and selected Nancy Hottel as the editor of the new *Southwestern Journal*.

The question of the cut in *Ginger* funds arose when Publications Commissioner Bill Dodson submitted a proposed budget which reduced the *Ginger* funds by 60%, leaving only \$1,200 for operations.

Immediately, Gerald Koonce and Charlie McElroy, *Ginger* representatives on the board, objected strenuously to the massive cut in the proposed budget for *Ginger* for the next year. Dodson said that he and publications business manager Clay Farrar had arrived at that figure by taking the most recent *Ginger* and going through it and trying to cut down everywhere they could. They said that the binder, color, expensive paper, and graphics would have to yield to more economical materials. With these left in, the cost of each copy of *Ginger* was \$2.70.

The meeting turned into a discussion of *Ginger's* value to the students and its value as a literary publication. Many in the meeting felt that *Ginger* was simply too expensive for the amount of value that it was to the students, but McElroy and Koonce defended it. McElroy quoted from Professor Wood's critique of the *Ginger* just out at the time of the meeting, thereby giving evidence of the value of it in the eyes of one outside the staff. McElroy also pointed out that when *Ginger* was established two years ago, that it was not supposed to be a literary magazine, but rather, a *literate* magazine. Then the point was made that the budget wasn't final and that the Publications Board could possibly request more funds and have some hope of getting it. Then they could increase the budget of *Ginger*, and they would have more to operate on for the next year.

McElroy was asked what was the minimum *Ginger* could be put out for. He quoted \$2,000 as an *absolute* minimum figure. Dodson then changed the *Ginger* proposed budget to read \$2,000 and the board approved the amended proposals.

In other action, the board refused to fund the independent *Abraxas* Halloween issue.

Dodson told the board that it was not put out by the *Sou'wester* as everyone had thought, but rather three students had met together and decided to print a special paper. The *Sou'wester's* printer was used to print it and was told to bill it to the newspaper. A suggestion was made that this was an Honor Code offense and that it should be brought up before the Honor Council at their next meeting. Claude Stayton, president of the Honor Council, said that he would hesitate to bring those responsible before the

Rutledge's Coronation To Highlight Festivities

by Mary Ford

Rumor hath it that the sophomores, with the aid of the Social Commission and the Southwestern Geese, are organizing Coronation Day, November 20 (or, Whatever Happened to Derby Day?). Verily—a pompeious pageantry of Fowl and Fun:

Beginning with a soccer match featuring the Southwestern SuperSocs and (as of this writing) an unknown menagerie of others:

"Something Special" (O, No! Not Shepherd's Pie again!) served inside the Infactory with the coronation of the SGA King, Jackie Rutledge, to add to the festivities! B.Y.O.B.—Bring Your Own Bromoseltzer, 'cause there'll be harmonic dissonance given by the Sgt. Dolan's Lonely Lynxcat Band. Whoa, don't leave yet until Jack Farris reads his Ode and you've seen Archbishop Turpin and his Merry Jesters prove more than fools for themselves;

Powderpuff football game starring the Frosh and the "Not-so-Frosh" Juniors versus the Sophomores and the Seniles;

Hot-air Balloon Race (ever seen a laundry-bagged UFO?), co-sponsored by the English and Philosophy departments;

Bridge Tournament—all comers to Goran's Game must have minimum IQ of 145 to enter;

Roofball Tourney—need we say more?;

Bicycle Rallee (we lost half the group last time at the third pole—William B. Gargle has yet to return!);

Fish and Egghead Contest (well, it's like this: boy with egg held firmly on cranium by Little Prune Pantyhose has to carry female occupant of said pantyhose on back who in turn is armed with dead Fish as club into the fray of similar combatants—object: obviously not to smash your own egg while smashing others!);

Pennies Inna Flourpot—no pun intended, that's what I meant!—See how rich and flaky you can get grubbing for Abe's Goodies! "It should blend in nicely with the Fish & Egg event," says Steve Sharp, sophomore class prez;

Booby prizes for those that dare win!

To wind up the day's activities will be the First Annual Coronation Ball, with sounds from *Liberation*, a heavy group from Atlanta soon to be in Big M (Memphis, you sots, not Miller).

Tough luck, Buck, this one's a girls' Invitational in loving memory of Women's Lib. The girl invites the guy of her choice. Fair's fair, but—

Please, girls, don't leave us sitting in that damned dorm . . .



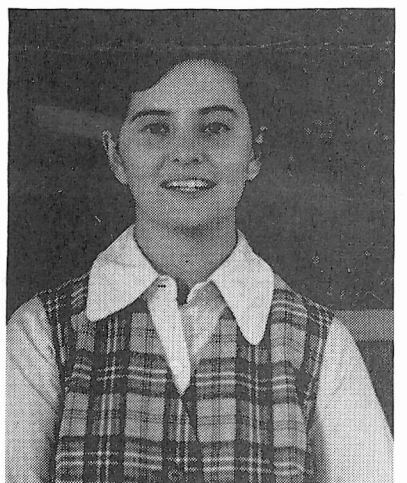
Chi Omega members practice for the Kappa Delta All-Sing to be held tomorrow night at 8:00 in the Snowden High School auditorium. Admission as 75¢ and afterwards there will be a party at the SAE house here on campus.

Sou'wester

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Honor Council and suggested that the board handle the matter. Dodson made a statement of policy saying that the Publications Board has total authority over the budget and the publications themselves and that those three students did not have the approval of the board to print any publication, special or otherwise. McElroy then said that since the three were connected with *Ginger's* staff that he would pay the \$125 out of the budget allotted for *Ginger*. He said that the staff had discussed putting out a special issue with the format of a newspaper and that *Abraxas* could have been that issue. Sonny Golden brought to the board's attention that they were missing the issue at hand, namely, that *Abraxas* was a completely unauthorized publication. If condoned, this would set a dangerous precedent, and he didn't believe that the board could go so far out on a limb. He then moved that the cost of *Abraxas* be carried by the three people responsible for its publication. The motion was amended and changed to read "The Publications Board forbids Clay Farrar to countersign any check to cover the cost of *Abraxas*." A roll call vote was taken and the motion as amended passed by a nine vote margin.

News Briefs



Apologies to Mrs. Susan Sims Smith, left out by printer's error in last week's *Who's Who* article. Susan is president of Mortar Board and a Resident Advisor. Also omitted last week was Judy Warren, past Pub Board Commissioner, and Inter-Collegiate Affairs Commissioner.

This Saturday and Sunday in Frazier-Jelke B, the BSA is presenting *The Murder of Fred Hampton*, a ninety minute documentary covering the shooting of the 21 year old Black Panther leader by Chicago police and the subsequent investigation of the slaying. The film will be shown at 6, 8, and 10 p.m., Saturday, and 2:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m., Sunday. Southwestern students with a valid ID will be admitted for \$1.

from the jocks in the back. Many of Barks' poems contained vivid images of water, making one wonder if the poet would prefer to be back in the womb. Actually, some of Barks' poems were quite good.

The diversity among the poems is so great that there should be at least one that anybody would like. My advice is to rip off a copy of the book somewhere and see for yourself.

Coleman Barks Reads Poetry

by Peter Ball

The first local circuit poetry reading of the year was held Monday night in Clough Hall with Coleman Barks reciting poems from his new book, *The Juice*, which will be published in about a month.

I've always found it disappointing to hear a poet recite his own work, especially when I have read some of it myself. Since he is the author, it's as if he has given the one definite way in which the poem can be read, thus limiting the possibilities of one's own interpretations from various moods and reflections which give a poem depth and scope after a



Coleman Barks

period of time. Monday night did not prove an exception.

The setting and mood of the event had something to do with it. A bevy of gum-chewing, lip-smacking high school girls with their teacher occupied the best seats; their major contribution being to reserve asking their assinine questions until the coffee period. Also included at the gathering were ambitious freshmen English students trying to earn points with the professor. Their main occupation during the serious poems ee - ed to be staring at the carpet and playing with their hands. To complete the group were a few of those bizarre types (neurotics, borderline schizoids, etc.) who always find their way to art openings, poetry readings, and the "cultural events."

The poet himself was in a rather humorous mood, breaking into laughter several times with unapparent provocation. Barks' poems spanned a fairly large spectrum in both quality and subject matter. The ones about parts of the body and animals' mating habits drew the most attention, evincing continual tittering from the high school girls and hearty guffaws

Sou'wester



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Sou'wester Policy

The last Publications Board meeting was a traumatic experience for the **Sou'wester**. Although brought under fire for everything from the number of pages per issue to a dully repetitive front page (even though proofs for last week's "new look" had gone to the printer the night before the meeting), we feel that the main gripe of the few discontented board members was our editorial policy. In order to clear the air of misconceptions and in a possibly vain attempt to combat the Southwestern rumor-mill and stop the crisis-mongers' latest crusade, we are making our editorial policy public—perhaps something we should have done earlier in the year.

As a newspaper, we are committed to correctly reporting the facts and events in any news article, and we are committed to reporting as many facets of campus activities as we possibly can.

Nothing more can be included. To attempt to define our stand on opinions would, we feel, limit the expressions of our writers and thus limit the validity of this newspaper as a campus voice. It is our belief that the particular leanings of the editors on a college newspaper should not restrict the voices of other students. For instance, we have a "hands off" policy towards letters to the editor. All letters are printed unchanged (with possible exception in the interest of good taste) and we actively encourage students to express themselves in this column.

The scope of a newspaper is limited by the vision of its staff—if you are displeased with us, we suggest in all sincerity that you might join our staff. Perhaps we both could learn a little.

Shame on You Miss Roop!

It seems that the rudeness on the part of the new "left?" which marred the 1968 Presidential campaign is still around. As you recall, Hubert Humphrey was many times unable to speak to an audience due to the disruptions. This week, during General Lewis Walt's presentation at the International Studies Seminar, Miss Kathy Roop of the Memphis Peace and Freedom Council could not be satisfied with simply asking a few questions. Miss Roop, by interruption, continually refused to let General Walt answer her questions. After splurting out the usual cliches of non-fact, Miss Roop was finally calmed down by the intercession of the head of the international studies department. It would certainly make the debate between liberals and conservatives much more civil if the new "left?" would learn a little manners.

Southwestern Sin Suffers

by Bill Dodson

Not long ago I was walking across campus with Hershel Lipow when a sweet young thing walked past us. Between pants, Hershel sadly remarked at the distinct lack of sin in his life. Alas, it is true. There is a deficiency of sin at SW. This unfortunate circumstance has come about mainly through the loosening of rules, taboos, and general moral attitudes.

Ah, for the bad old days, when men were men, and sin was sin, and women were glad of it. Who doesn't get all misty-eyed when they remember getting grounded for staying out on a date past 10 o'clock? It is overwhelming to think about the old Baptist minister telling us that youngsters who went to dances would rot with VD and girls who wore make-up would most surely end up as prostitutes. The mystic sweet sins of tobacco and alcohol sent us straight to Nora's Liquor Mart where you could always get what you hankered for with a minimum of effort and creativity. Playing cards was just vile enough to be fun without being afraid of being punished if you got caught.

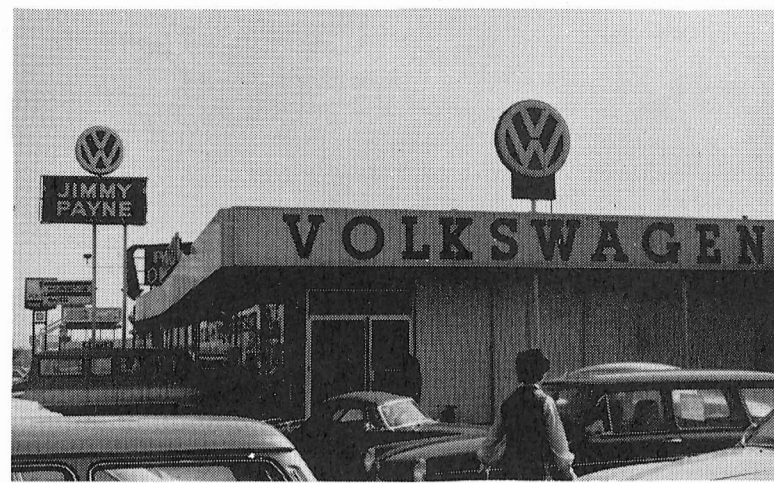
Suddenly we are snatched from our daydream to realize that we have not safeguarded one of our most prized liberties—the right to do something wrong. What has happened?

First, things that used to be sins, aren't anymore. To our Puritan forefathers everything was a sin but hard work. Soon, (through a new outlook on sex) thirteen colonies became fifty states. One by one the taboos and no-no's have fallen by the wayside. Swearing used to result in a "B" for blasphemy being branded on the transgressor's forehead or tongue. Today four letter Anglo-Saxon euphemisms are common forms of communication. Due to the advent of ingenuous devices such as "the pill," even sex is no longer forbidden (although you would not know to look at Southwestern). There is now a difference between a "nice" girl and a "good" girl. There is still some exhilaration in talking about "It" and who is doing "It" with whom, but slowly the whole subject has become ho-hum and much less intriguing. Most of the people at Southwestern think of *Carnal Knowledge* as a movie.

It seems nothing is sacred. Even prostitution has been legalized in Nevada. There is no daring, no good old fashion filth and self-degradation, no one left to horrify, repulse or embarrass (with the possible exception of Dean Melton).

The problem is two fold then. We have lost all of our sins and have not been creative enough to make new ones. We have wrestled with the devil and won a technical knockout. We have nothing to look forward to, nothing to aspire to, and nothing to snicker knowingly about.

We have tried going back to the old stand-by's (witness the pitiful panty raid last week) but the victories are few and hollow. Our only hope is to create bigger and better sins. More things must be forbidden. It is a noble task that you would embark on, but the sinking college moral bids you to rise to the test.



A Payne-ful Experience

by Mark Lester

Editor's Note: The host of complaints against automobile manufacturers and dealers many times fall on deaf ears. Such was the case of this editor before he had cause to make complaint on an incident within his own experience. Here is the story of the incident with high hopes that it too will not fall upon deaf ears.

My roommate was returning from Nashville when a few miles outside of Jackson the back end of my 1969 Volkswagen began to smoke. He immediately stopped the car to find that all the oil had drained out of the engine. We towed the car in that Sunday to the lot of Jimmy Payne Motor Co., who we called the next day.

In my phone conversation I explained the situation and asked that they please find out what the problem was and to call me back before doing any work. Later that day the service department returned my call to explain that it would cost \$400 to fix the engine because it had been burned due to the lack of oil. I explained that the oil light did not even come on, to which they replied that it "must have been broken."

I told them at that time that it was not worth getting fixed and that I would sell it rather than have the repairs made. In order to sell the car I first went to Jimmy Payne Motor Co. and asked if they would buy it. The reply I received was negative due to the fact that such a Volkswagen, even fixed, "would be hard to sell."

Speech on Yoga

Dadajii Shows Way

by Eileen Hanrahan

"The time has come to unify humanity under one spiritual flow for the betterment of all mankind" said Acharya Yatiishvarananda Avadhuta in a lecture on Yoga at Southwestern.

Avadhuta, known as Dadajii, stressed that before attaining the permanent, everlasting peace we must attain happiness within ourselves, our families, our culture, and the world.

He compared society to a cart with one wheel representing spiritual progress and the other representing socio-economic progress. If one wheel does not function the cart cannot move ahead.

From experiences of the past, man has come to know that he is the "entity divine." We know intellectually but not in practice, said Dadajii, "that there is a self and a Cosmic Consciousness." The self is but a micro portion of the Cosmic Consciousness.

Without a concentrative mind, meditation, which is concentration upon a spiritual ideal, is not possible. Dadajii stated

Eventually I purchased a Chevrolet with a trade in of \$200.00 for the Volkswagen which was still on the Payne lot. I was informed the next day by the Chevrolet people that Payne refused the car claiming I owed \$35.00 on it. Upon calling the service department I was told that the charge of \$35.00 was for "tearing down" the engine to see what was wrong. I replied that I had never been told of such a charge and had never signed an authorization. After checking his copy he replied that was true and that they therefore could make no charge. Accordingly I called the Chevrolet dealer and asked them to remove the car.

Three days later I was again called by the Chevrolet dealer and told that I still owed \$25.00 and they could not get the car. I immediately called the service manager of Jimmy Payne's and asked him what the situation was. He informed me that I had been incorrectly informed and that I still owed \$25 whether I signed an authorization or not. I inquired why the change of price from \$35 to \$25 and he stated that also was a "mistake."

Since this incident I have related to many people my story and have had no less than eight people make similar complaints against the service department of Jimmy Payne Motor Co.

My burned out '69 Volkswagen fastback still rests in the lot of Jimmy Payne. Its future is still uncertain.

that Yoga breathing exercise help bring the mind under control. He added that it is necessary to take care of the body through proper diet and exercise to further aid in controlling the mind.

Our minds are subject to vibrations. When there is a synchronization of these vibrations we are happy. A Mantra, meaning higher mind, may be given by a spiritually qualified Yogi to those who are serious about meditation. A different Mantra, attuned to the individuals vibrations, is given to each person. The person is instructed in the method of meditation he should use. During meditation he repeats the Mantra, a Sanskrit word, mentally, concentrating on its meaning.

Dadajii concluded that spiritual practice is a must for all of us, regardless of our profession. We must respect a man for a man. "Discipline and perseverance are necessary to quality ourselves as men and as human beings."

Leaving Home — John and the Junior Generation

by Jerry Gentry

What possesses a young man to leave the safety and security of home for the uncertainty of life "on the road?" Why do more young people, who were considered only children a few years or even months ago, suddenly pull away from all ties and move away? Each year increasing numbers of young people disappear and head for parts unknown leaving behind worried relatives and sometimes envious friends.

Last week a young man named John with an innocent, almost girlish, face, passed through the campus on his way to Florida for the winter. While here he stopped long enough to eat a good meal, visit a relative, and describe his experiences on the road.

John is only 16, though for him, 16 is old enough to leave home and see the world. Strangely enough, he would not say which age is the best for taking leave; for him the time was when "things" became so bad that you must go. He considered himself to be mature enough to live alone, to be on his own; but, in the free tradition of the road traveller, he would not characterise anyone else on his standards. To him, the world is a group of individuals, or should be, who make their own creeds and decide their own fates. This is the guardian philosophy of the new generation of nomads in America, in that all people are their own to do as they wish without hindrance or restraint from anyone else. To put it

tritely, it means "do your own thing."

Sixteen, nevertheless, is still considered young by even contemporary standards; so the natural question concerns why such a young person should leave home. John's answer followed the main reason given by his own set of peers. For him, life at home was depressing and restrictive; for him, it was "you can't do this, you can't do that." In the end, he had to leave. The vast majority of young people give the same reason for why they leave. For them, the world around them is too light to live in, so they must find a world of their own.

John was trying to prove something, again like most young people. He said that it was simple that he could survive on his own with no help. Whether John was trying to prove things to himself or to someone else (his parents) he did not quite know. If, indeed, he was trying to prove his manhood to his parents, he would not admit it. However, he was certain that he had proved his point to whomever it may concern, though his manner was not as certain as his words.

John's survival on the road was not as independent as his ideals might wish it to be. He left home taking a car and credit cards with him to get him far enough away from home to start his new-found independence. After that, his well-being depended on the generosity of the motorists who offered him rides across the

nation. From these people, John was fed, given lodging and, if he was lucky, given money. If he was not lucky, he slept on the side of the most of the day. John's independence, in many cases, was not independent.

The hazards of "hitching" a ride were not too clear to John as he had never had the kind of encounter that would change his mind on America and its inhabitants. He had heard all the "Easy Rider" stories of



Ma John

thumb-trippers and longhairs being shot at, beat up, or, in some cases, killed.

Southern Texas, Northern Alabama, Central Georgia, and East Florida were all places he had heard about and he was going to avoid them as much as he possibly could.

Some experiences, however, did have a bittersweet taste for him: In Oklahoma, he was given a job working hard for a sign painter. The man gave

John food and lodging for a week before leaving town without paying the week's worth of wages due. This kind of situation was rare as John admittedly never stayed in one place long enough to be disappointed or disheartened. Even the motorist who picked him up were on the whole very kind to him; though some were not the best company to have in a car. On at least two occasions he was picked up by homosexuals who made passes at him; at least he was fortunate to extricate himself gracefully at times. These two bad occurrences, which he said were becoming more and more prevalent while young people travel, were more than made up for by a young girl motorist in California who offered something more than a ride.

California was the mecca for which John headed when he finally broke from his prison with 5 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 cars, and a swimming pool. Why? He was not very sure. It just seemed the logical place to go when you left, if television is any accurate picture of conditions among the run-aways. California was everything John had wished; it was warm in climate and people like him; looking for something, just what, they were not sure. In this sea of the blind leading the blind in search of something better, he saw the state from San Francisco to San Diego; from the ocean to the mountains. He was impressed, but now he is heading back

East.

Drugs were all along the trip, so his temptations were great and opportunities many. The bulk of his good Samaritan drivers were young and so the drugs were plentiful, but John was not raised that way. He said that he declined all the offers no matter how tempting, or persuasive, the young provocature was. In one instance he and a group of other hitchhikers found what one obviously experienced traveller identified as a large bottle filled with "speed" capsules. Once again; John declined the free offering.

The first time John was seen he was thumbing south on Highway 78. He was rested, with bed and ready for whatever came his way. On his way through Florida he said he might stop at his "home," maybe, just to let everyone know he was well. He never would stay at home, not now, not after seeing this good nation. With his optimism improved and a little gleam of a dream in his eyes, John continued south to continue this great adventure of his young life.

Post Script: Since the writing of this article, we have discovered that John did indeed make it home and that now he is on his way back to California. He is still filled with the enthusiasm and optimism that goes with serene naivete of youth. For John, the adventure is not over, it is only entering a second phase.

SW's Real Power Structure Exposed

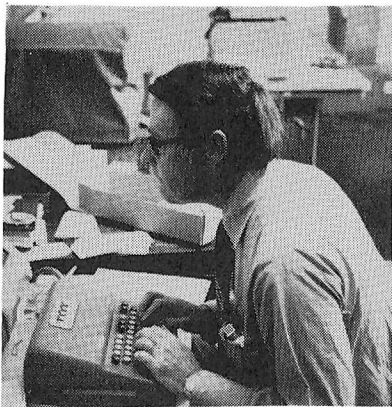
by F. Clark Williams

Many things have been said and written about Southwestern's power structure. All the schemes and diagrams and pages long explanations that have come to my attention, however, have been most erroneous. Their authors had gone off on tangents completely irrelevant to any real power at Southwestern. For this reason, I have taken upon myself the monumental task of, once and for all, diagraming, documenting, and explicating the true structure of real power at our contemporary college.

It may be said that there are six basic areas of interest, or spheres of influence, as it were.

The infirmary is excluded because there they are powerless to do anything, especially in case of an emergency.

for someone who knows what he's doing to come over with a wrench and spend about ten minutes restoring your sanity and health. See what a powerful man Mr. Twaddle is? That's why we call him Mr. Twaddle. He can control the frequency of your bathing simply by adjusting the dial on your dorm hot water heater. Respect him, and in case of extreme B.O. worship him.



The acamedician with power is Mr. John Turpin. He is the registrar with a big computer. Mr. Turpin and his side kick, Mr. Computer, can conspire against your ever graduating from Southwestern. You can be drafted if his office cleverly overlooks sending your draft board the proper notification of your enrollment here. He can also flunk you in P.E., even when you haven't signed up for it. Be nice to Mr. Turpin and give to the Southwestern Amateur Symphony Orchestra.

Your social and dorm life are much affected by Mrs. Betty Brumfield, Secretary to the Deans of Men and Women. She sends the notices to your mail box (and more importantly to your parents) when any kind of disciplinary action is taken upon



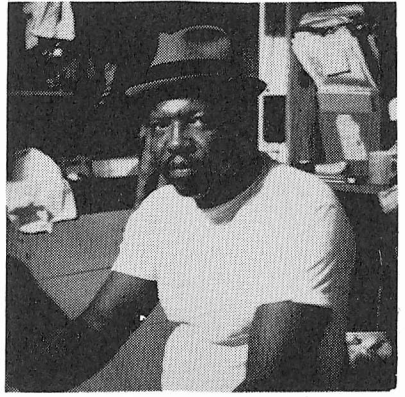
your person. Her first duty, however, is to hold the college together. She is often the only one to be found on second floor Palmer and thereby in charge. She is also the person you must see if you wish to use any of the school facilities.



Now, we come to the Burrow Library; well, some of us come to the Library anyway. For most students, who deal almost exclusively with circulation, Mrs. A. I. Smith is the dominating force in this area. As a freshman, you no doubt, once upon a time, innocently treked over to the book barn to check out what is known as 'the Man' book. Oversleeping, the next morning, when you finally awoke, you dashed to the book slot and dumped "Man" in what you

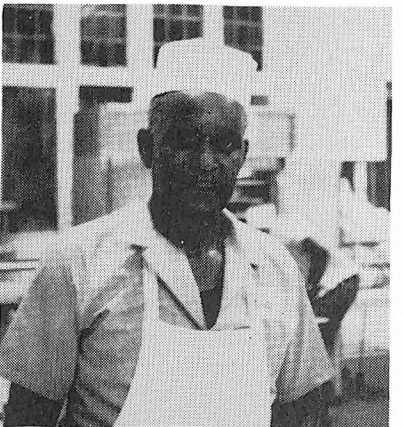
thought would be the unnoticed nick of time. Not so. When it came time to get your grades, yours were not released; the long arm of the 25¢ blue slip had held them up. Multiply this by several reserve books, and you might have your borrowing privileges taken away. Multiply it by a bibliography for a senior honors paper, and you might not graduate. Do not infringe upon library rules, even if you do not know what they are. Those people have a sixth sense when it comes to tracking you down. Also, don't depend on the student assistants to help you out of a jam. They're all loyal to Mrs. Smith because she signs the vouchers.

Next down the line is the gym.



The guy in charge here is Robert. At present, he is still working on his power base as he is pretty much of a rookie. However, he will, no doubt, someday attain the omnipotence of his predecessor, Leroy. If you ever win a two dollar bet in the locker room's extra-legal bookie joint (all others are illegal) and the next day get a damp jockey, don't wonder. If your volleyball just doesn't have its same old bounce or your racketball racket has no string, see the

man, and remember his electric dryer.



When it comes to the refectory (as we all regrettably must at one time or another), King is what his name implies. Though not a Ford Motor Company efficiency expert, he is the McNamara of Saga's Southwestern Food Service. It is said by those who should know, that he only knows the intricate system of the basement catacomb refrigeration compartments and thus, is the sole authority on the antiquity of most of what we eat. King can be your best friend, or worst enemy, depending on how he feels about you. You say you don't know who King is? Then friend, don't eat till you find out; much can be said against the sanitations of "in the back" but it could be much worse. Be nice to King and protect us all from Tomain. This is the true story of the Southwestern Power Structure in all its shocking detail. And if you should hear any more rumors about a student political machine, scoff; will you please. Students haven't the power with which to run a machine.



In charge of Buildings and Grounds is Mr. Twaddle.

He is second only to God, but only on special occasions, like Sundays. A case in point is that leaky faucet that's been keeping you awake at night. All that has to be done is

Lynx Stop Generals 35-25 And Bring Home The Bell

by Bill McBride

Last Friday the Lynx traveled to Roanoke, Va. to play the Generals of Washington and Lee. With the conference championship at stake the Lynx downed the Generals 35-25 for their third conference crown in the last four years.

W&L lit up the scoreboard first with a 37 yard field goal. The Lynx then marched down the field and took the lead on a 16 yard run by quarterback Steve Warren. These were the first of 28 points the Lynx were to score in the second quarter.

The Generals regained the lead however, on an eight yard pass from Fluharty to Conrad and then extended their lead to 17-7 on a 79 yard punt return. Southwestern again came back; this time on a 50 yard pass from Warren to split end Ralph Allen. On the next series of downs sophomore cornerback Tommy Sims intercepted a W&L aerial and returned it deep into their territory. The Lynx took advantage of this opportunity with Herman Morris taking a pitchout and

going eight yards for the TD. This gave the Lynx a 21-17 lead. They never relinquished the lead again.

With less than two minutes remaining in the half, Sims came up with his second interception and returned it to the Generals' 8 yard line. Three plays later the Lynx were on the three yard line. On fourth down Warren bulled his way over the goal line giving the Lynx a 28-17 halftime lead.

The third quarter opened with the reverse of what the second quarter had been. It proved to be a defensive struggle. Late in the period W&L returned a Lynx punt to the 15 yard line and four plays later Fluharty went over from the two. The try for two points was good and the Lynx lead was trimmed to 28-25. Southwestern stormed right back and scored on a five yard run by Morris which proved to be the final score of the game.

The Generals had thoroughly scouted the Lynx and their defense was keying on Morris.

Though they held him below his season rushing average he did shake loose for two TD's and continues to lead Southwestern in scoring. By keying on Morris W&L left large areas unprotected. Warren took advantage of these holes to ramble for 109 yards and 2 TD's while throwing to Ralph Allen for another TD in what was one of his best offensive performances of the year.

Defensively, the Lynx successfully contained the nationally ranked passing of QB Fluharty, allowing only six completions while intercepting three. Safety Tommy Jones' one interception set a new career record for the Lynx, and Tommy Sims' two interceptions set up two TD's.

The victory gives the Lynx a share of the conference crown with a 3-1 record and a 5-1 overall record. This Saturday Southwestern finished its season at home against Maryville College. Kickoff time is 2 p.m.

Lynx Sports Briefs

by Wayne Herbert

Southwestern's Lynxcat football team closes out its season this Saturday (Nov. 20) in a home game with Maryville (Tenn.) College. Congratulations are in order to Coaches Lear, Harvey, and Breathrick and to the members of this year's team. In the three years that he has been at Southwestern, Coach Lear has improved Lynx football to a level which has produced teams with a combined 12 and 2 record over the past two years. If you haven't seen the Lynx play this year, Saturday is your last chance. Go see a good football team.

The Southwestern soccer team lost its bid to win the first Memphis Soccer League Championship Sunday by dropping a contest to Memphis State. The loss, which came in the first round of the league

playoffs, eliminated the Lynx from contention in the five-team race.

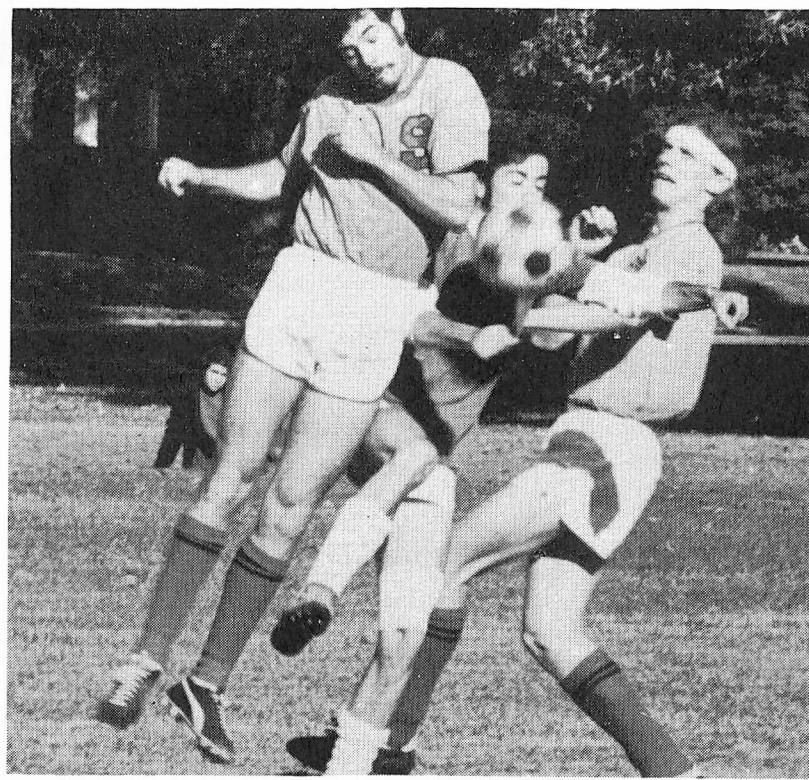
Playing without two of three regular fullbacks proved too much for the Lynx soccermen, as the red clad team from Memphis State rammed six goals past an inexperienced Lynx defense. Offensively, the teams matched up pretty evenly, but Southwestern's failure to clear loose balls out of the goal area resulted in three short range goals for Memphis State. This week the team will play MUS prep school on Friday at MUS.

Congratulations are in order for the SN "A" league flagball team for their 5-4 win over SAE which gave them the overall flagball championship. It was the Nu's second win in a row over the E's and gave the Snakes their third "A" league flagball crown in as many

years.

The E's fared much better in the "B" league, where they faced approximately the same problem that the Sigma Nu "A" team did, that is, having to defeat the Nu "B" team twice for the "B" league crown. In the first of these contests on Friday the E's, led by Steve Schmidt, Jeff Perkins, and Stan (the Wisp) Hamilton, literally blew the Nu's off the field. Capitalizing on numerous pass interceptions the E's outscored the Nu's 7-1 and completely dominated the game. The teams will meet Saturday for the "B" league championship.

Chris Lyons, Southwestern's number one distance runner, has been invited to participate in the NCAA college division championship cross-country meet this Saturday in Chicago. Lyons will join a field of about 200 runners.



A Memphis State player finds himself sandwiched between Southwestern's Clark Williams and Bob Henry in last Sunday's game.

Perkins' Prognostications

by Jeff Perkins

Last Week: Games Predicted—16; Correct-12; Ties-1 Pct. .781
Overall: Games Predicted-80; Correct-60; Ties-1 Pct. .756

Alabama over Miami (Fla.)—Even though Musso is not going to play, the Tide will win—Ala. by 21.

Colorado over Oklahoma St.—The Buffaloes are eying a bowl. Colo. by 14

Michigan over Purdue—Wolverines will stay #4 in the country until next week—Mich. by 28

Georgia Tech over Fla. St.—This is going to be a close one—Tech by 3

Southern Cal. over Washington—South. Cal. ought to be going to the Rose Bowl instead of Stanford—So. Cal. by 10

Notre Dame over Tulane—Not much doubt here—N.D. by 20

Arkansas over S.M.U.—The Hogs have to beat someone—Ark. by 10.

California over Kansas—The Sooners are looking to Thanksgiving Day—Okla. by 28

L.S.U. over Miss. St.—If the Tigers could play every game like they did last week they would be 7-1—L.S.U. by 24

Texas over T.C.U.—I don't think T.C.U. is good enough—Texas by 10.

Ole Miss over U.T. (Chattanooga)—The Rebels actually might go to a bowl game—Miss. by 14

Memphis St. over North Texas St.—The MVC title is on this game—Tigers by 6

Nebraska over Kansas St. The Cornhuskers also look to Thanksgiving—Neb. by 31

Florida over Kentucky—Florida is actually going to beat someone—Fla. by 10

Auburn over Georgia—Just a guess—Aub. by 1

TOP TEN

- Oklahoma (8-0) The big game is on Thanksgiving.
- Nebraska (9-0) Ditto.
- Alabama (9-0) They had a tough game last weekend.
- Michigan (8-0) On the way to the Rose Bowl.
- Auburn (8-0) Two tough games in a row.
- Georgia (9-0) Will be #5 if they beat Auburn
- Penn State (8-0) Easiest schedule in nation
- Arizona State (7-1) Beat some pretty good teams
- Colorado (7-2) Hanging tough for a bowl bid
- LSU (5-3) Played a helluva game against #3

Close: Tennessee, Texas, S. Cal., Stanford, Ohio St.

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