

The Sou'wester

Vol. 56, No. 6

Southwestern At Memphis

Oct. 26, 1973



Impeachment Proceedings For President Richard Nixon? Pro And Con....

by Linton Weeks

First, let's understand one thing: I am a registered Democrat. I firmly believe that the Democratic Party represents and always will represent the priorities of most Americans. The following essay is by no means a cry of sympathy for Richard Nixon or the Republican party. The purpose of this essay is to note how the opinions of some Southwestern students border on the ludicrous to say the least.

Earlier this week, I saw many students wearing buttons. On the buttons were the following words: Impeach Richard Nixon. These buttons only prove something I've known since arriving at these hallowed halls of learning seven weeks ago. It is that many students of this college are sickened with idealism. They talk and act and wear childish buttons before they think. I truly believe that few students have realized the consequences of Presidential impeachment. They refuse or simply do not know how to take a realistic position on the issue. First of all, impeachment proceedings might take years. Yes, years friends. It's hardly a simple process. Meanwhile, certain vital issues that are now before Congress would, without a doubt, die from lack of attention. For example, two very important bills are presently before Congress. One deals with the Alaska Pipeline, the other is the Minimum Wage Bill. While all the wonderfully pure idealists are writing their congressmen to destroy evil King Richard, the price of gas goes up, the supply goes down, and your wages remain the same. And when you're paying for an overpriced education, the importance of these issues becomes even clearer.

Who would take over the presidency? Gerald Ford? I doubt it. Speaker of the House Carl Albert would probably be President. That would be just dandy. A man who in his first two years as Speaker proved to be shy, quiet, and totally indecisive. The Presidency would collapse.

There you have just a few reasons why impeachment would lead to horrid consequences. Why not accept the fact that we made a bad choice and there's nothing we can do about it. We can, however, push our congressmen for the passage of vital domestic bills, bills which may make the country a little better. The choice is yours: wear inane little buttons and prove your idealistic stupidity or realize the consequences and focus your actions on more important issues.

Realistically yours,
Steve Watermeier

Richard Nixon is innocent — until proven guilty. Richard Nixon is right — until proven wrong. Richard Nixon is sane — until proven insane. These assumptions are blossoms on the branch of idealism upon which our country was founded. And it is with these assumptions that we proceed to build a case for the impeachment of Richard Nixon.

It is not the purpose of this article to determine Richard Nixon's guilt or innocence. That is the decision of the American people. However, this decision cannot be justified until every fact and every piece of evidence is in the record of the courts, and available for public review.

"The President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of, Treason, Bribery, or other High Crimes and Misdemeanors." (U.S. Constitution, Article II, Section 4). Impeachment is not equated with guilt. "To impeach" literally means "To charge with malfeasance in office before a proper tribunal." (American Heritage Dictionary).

Impeachment would force Richard Nixon to "lay his cards on the table" and enable him to do so "with honor." Richard Nixon does not have to be guilty of the crimes stated in the Constitution to be impeached. If, during the impeachment, he is found guilty of "High Crimes," he will be removed from office. If innocent, he will return to his office.

"You don't need evidence to

impeach a President," said Richard Kleindienst. All it takes is the support of a simple majority of the House of Representatives. Richard Nixon has been unofficially charged by highly-respected, elected officials with overstepping his constitutional grounds. When Nixon fired special prosecutor Archibald Cox and William Ruckelshaus, many leaders expressed alarm. "Obstruction of justice is a crime where I come from and that's an impeachable offense," said Rep. Jerome Waldie (D-Calif.).

"The House should consider holding hearings on the impeachment of the President," said Sen. Edmund Muskie (D-Maine).

"Nixon's deeds are dishonorable and without justification," said Sen. Robert Packwood (R-Ore.).

A brief look at possible constitutional issues might be helpful to the objective patriotic reader. Please keep in mind that these are only alleged criminal activities and through the impeachment process they can be proved or disproved. Some charges are of "High Crimes." Most charges are of "Misdemeanors." Any one of these charges, if proved true, could lead to conviction.

The President has been charged with:

1) Wiretapping — newspaper reporters 5/9/69. J. Edgar Hoover expressed his disapproval,

JACKSON A.D. '75



Wagner To Field Rodent Work

by Tom Kibby

Does the study of a Polish ecosystem in relation to rodent population sound like another Polack joke? Well, not to Ken Wagner — ecology professor, sports car and photography buff, and soon to be among representatives of the United States at an international biology symposium.

The ecological side of rodents will be discussed by the Working Group on Small Mammals of the International Biological Program, holding its third paper presentation in Warsaw, Poland, next week with Dr. Wagner participating under the auspices of the Smithsonian. Having done the work for his PhD on the subject, Wagner is looking forward to the chance to meet ecologists from around the world who will gather to compare data on the role of small mammals in ecosystems.

Wagner actually has three reasons for attending. Primarily, it is "to report my work to others, and to integrate my feelings with those of others," all towards eventually developing a theory of rodents in ecosystems. But another more immediate reason is to converse with the

Poles and see where he stands in relation to the state of their research. Wagner says this is because, "I want to meet with the Poles in preparation for returning to Poland for additional field work."

Wagner's paper, "Energy Flow as a Measure of Importance of and Predation on Small Mammals," stems from his PhD work at the University of Georgia, and won him an award from the American Society of Mammalogists. For you eco-freaks, this paper is essentially about measuring the energy flow through a population of small rodents. This measure is used to determine the importance of mice in contrast to the rest of the ecosystem and for the importance of predation on mice, especially by owls.

Oh, and the third reason? Dr. Wagner's wife, Susan, is editor of the book that includes all papers given at the meeting. And besides, "we spent all summer in Memphis." Well, best wishes to the Wagners for a fun-filled week in beautiful Warsaw. Their departure is set for October 31, and their return for November 9, barring any sudden devaluation of the dollar.

on the grounds that the tapping violated the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of the press.

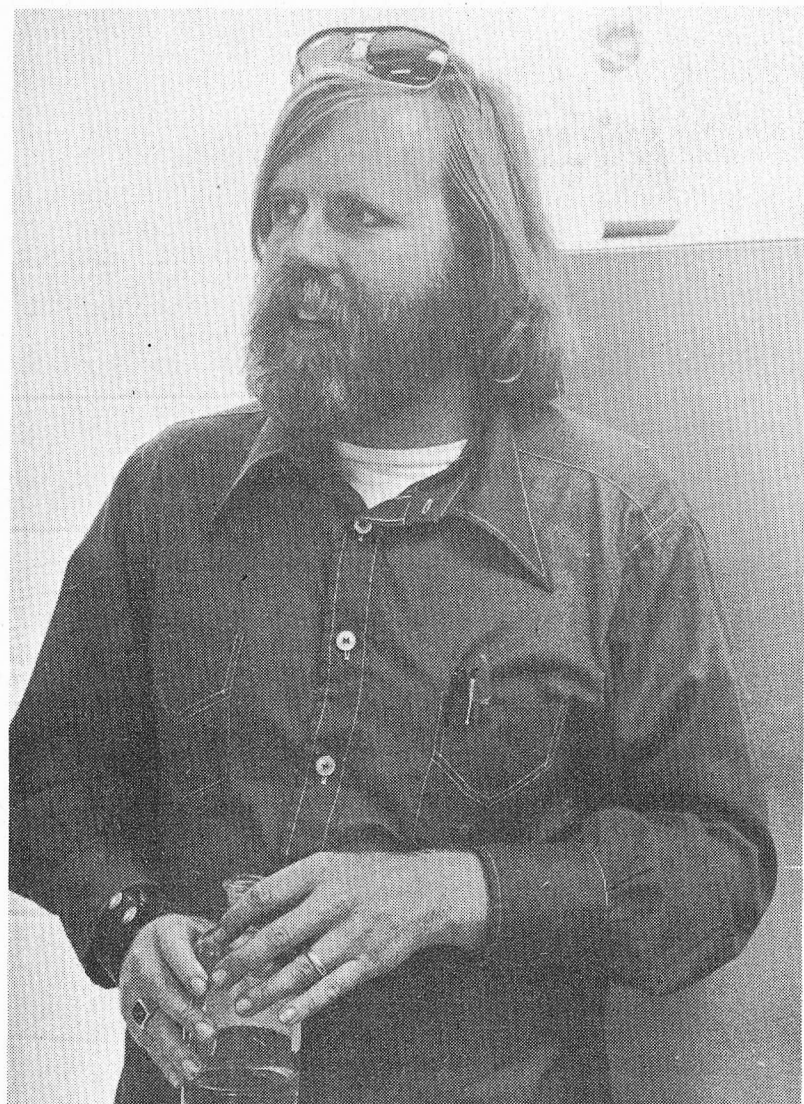
2) Authorization of surreptitious entry — breaking and entering (written statement 5/22/73). This also violates the First Amendment since there was no search warrant issued.

3) Obstruction of Justice — the firing of special prosecutor Archibald Cox. This destroyed the momentum of the investigation.

4) Broken Agreement — with Elliott Richardson concerning Cox's independent and unrestrained investigation. (This has more political ramifications than constitutional.)

There are other accusations based on pending evidence. Nixon's aides also committed various and diverse crimes against the constitutional grain. Many facts are yet unrevealed such as contribution sources, the Hughes-Rebozo connection, and Cambodian involvement.

The left wing claims that Nixon has placed himself above the law. The right wing believes the accusations against Nixon are false. Impeachment could settle the dispute and restore our faith in the Presidency, or in the country, but, ideally, in both.



Dr. Ken Wagner, a professor of ecology at SW, will attend an international biology symposium in Warsaw.

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Trustees Discuss Budget, Sabbaticals, Advisers

The Board of Trustees of the college met during the homecoming weekend to consider business and to join in the inauguration of James H. Daughdrill, Jr. as eighteenth president of Southwestern.

Seven committees, Building and Grounds, Development and Institutional Advancement, Faculty and Educational Program, Student and Campus Life, Finance, Honorary Degrees, and the Nominating Committee met separately to consider appropriate items of business.

The Building and Grounds Committee met to consider a proposal for renovation of the Refectory to increase capacity and generally update the food center. A study of such a renovation was approved. The committee voted to suggest that \$20,000 be spent renovating the student infirmary. The committee suggested that the campus landscaping procedures be studied and the quality of the campus landscaping be maintained.

The Faculty and Educational Program Committee met to consider the question of faculty sabbaticals. Seven requests for sabbatical leaves were considered and approved. A new policy for sabbaticals was discussed.

At present, a faculty member warrants a sabbatical after six years of teaching in the college. A new policy was proposed in which, were a faculty member to work seven rather than six years and then take his year-long sabbatical, he need only work five years until he merits another sabbatical.

The committee also recommended the need for a better faculty-student ratio.

The Student and Campus Life Committee proposed that a grant be made for a workshop program aimed at developing the advisory aspect of the Southwestern faculty's work.

The Finance Committee surveyed the 1971-1972 fiscal year. Last year, the school operated in the black for the first time in many years. The process of achieving and maintaining a balanced budget was reviewed.

Discussions were carried on concerning the 1972 budget. The committee noted that money was scarce because of the state of the economy. Salaries of professors at Southwestern, it was observed, rank below those of professionals working at comparative institutions. The possibility for the need of an increase in tuition was discussed. The need to increase the wages of the maids and janitors was noted.

Friday afternoon, the Board of Trustees met in general session to hear the annual report of the President.

President Daughdrill described the manner in which the administration was organized and outlined the objectives of his administration.

Several coordinated planning systems were begun in February, 1973, President Daughdrill said. The systems had responsibilities for long-range, middle-range, and short-range planning, he noted.

Daughdrill described attempts being made at better communications with Trustees and friends of the college by means of a monthly news sheet entitled "Tower Talk."

Daughdrill closed his report by noting the college's accomplishments over the past year.

In the area of Academics, Daughdrill pointed out that in the 1973 edition of the College Rater's "Where Do the Colleges Stand," Southwestern ranked higher than all colleges and universities in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Kentucky. In Tennessee and Texas, Southwestern ranked second behind one institution in each state.

Daughdrill noted that the Southwestern budget was in the black for the first time in six years, and faces 1973-74 with a balanced budget.

Daughdrill also noted that Southwestern's publicity was increasing because of increased news releases. He pointed out that Southwestern's annual fund was the largest in history.

Lynx Bring It Home

Southwestern's Fighting Lynx rode a second half surge to capture a 20-6 homecoming victory at Fargason Field. Southwestern showed an improved running game centered around tailback Joe Johnson. As usual, however, it was the defense who came up with important turnovers, including a spectacular 40 yd. return of a short Sewanee pass by Freshman linebacker Paul Brantley which turned the tide in favor of the Lynx. Seniors Ronnie Dillard and Tommy Sims also had outstanding games as the Southwestern secondary snatched off four Tiger passes.

This week the "Jock in the Box" words of praise go to Southwestern Quarterback Mike Hanna and the Southwestern

coaching staff's call on the 4th down and one to go on the Sewanee goal line. The Lynx had been using Mac Underwood for extra power in the short yardage situations and generally, when Underwood and Russell Ries were both in the backfield Southwestern ran slant and dive plays into the heart of the line. This time, Hanna made a good fake into the line to Underwood, raised up and hit flanker Andy Chunn, who was one on one with the Sewanee cornerback. Chunn made a good inside move and was wide open as Hanna's bullet hit him on the numerals. The result: 6 points for ZOO U.

This week Southwestern hosts Centre College on the home turf of Fargason Field. Game time is 2 PM.

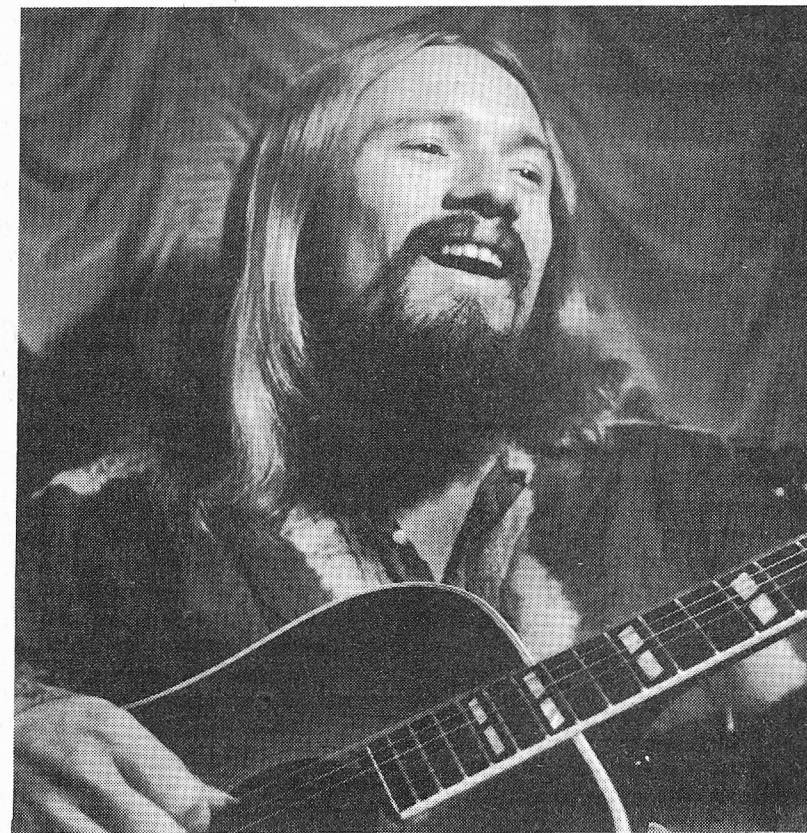
ZTA Plans Recolonization

The Beta Sigma Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity will recolonize November 9, 10, and 11, the weekend of formal rush at Southwestern. President of the sorority, Robbie Tatum, said recolonization means "to start the chapter over."

All members of the Southwestern chapter except Tatum have assumed an alumni status. Zetas from the University of Tennessee will conduct rush.

The younger of the two alumni groups in Memphis will train the pledges. "The pledge class will elect a new president and all their own officers," Tatum said. "The existing members of Beta Sigma chose to go into alumni status early (before graduation) to open opportunity for the new members to assume leadership," she explained.

Tatum said that a number of years ago, when all the sororities



Ron Sowell is appearing tonight and tomorrow, 8:30-11:30, in the Lynx Lair.

SAGA Offers Townie Meal Tickets

Bruce Money of SAGA fame has informed the **Sou'wester** of the error in last week's rotating column about two students. There is a meal plan for townies!

Money said that he would be more than happy to work out a deal with commuters for eating at the Lynx Lair or the refectory at reduced rates. These meal plans are made to fit the individual's wants and needs. The plans are especially designed for townies who will eat 70% or more of the meals served. Persons who dine there less than that are advised to pay as you go.

There are now 12 town students on their own individual meal plans. Money would like to have more eat there, since both parties involved benefit financially by it.

Wice To Lecture

Paul Wice will speak on the topic "Pre-trial Release vs. Preventive Detention" in the symposium, Criminal Justice in Contemporary Society, Wednesday, October 31, at 8 PM in 200 Clough Hall.

Paul Wice is currently an Assistant Professor of Political Science at Washington and Jefferson College and is a consultant to the Governor's Commission on Justice of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In the latter capacity Wice is currently evaluating bail agencies seeking state support.

Paul Wice received his PhD at the University of Illinois in 1972 and has studied at Bucknell, American University, and the Vanderbilt University School of Law. He has written widely on bail reform, pre-trial release programs and public defender programs.

Paul Wice has entitled his new book **Justice for Sale**. The title suggests that the bail system is reserved for those who can pay for the services rendered. Further, the system is under attack for abuses, corruption, violation of individual liberties, and ineffectiveness. To cope with these problems, new programs have been instituted through pre-trial release agencies. The question remains whether either the traditional system of bail bond or the newer pre-trial release agencies protect people from those who are a threat to society, and whether it is possible to define which defendants should be held under preventive detention.

Paul Wice will address himself to these highly controversial questions and programs.

Jock-In-The-Box

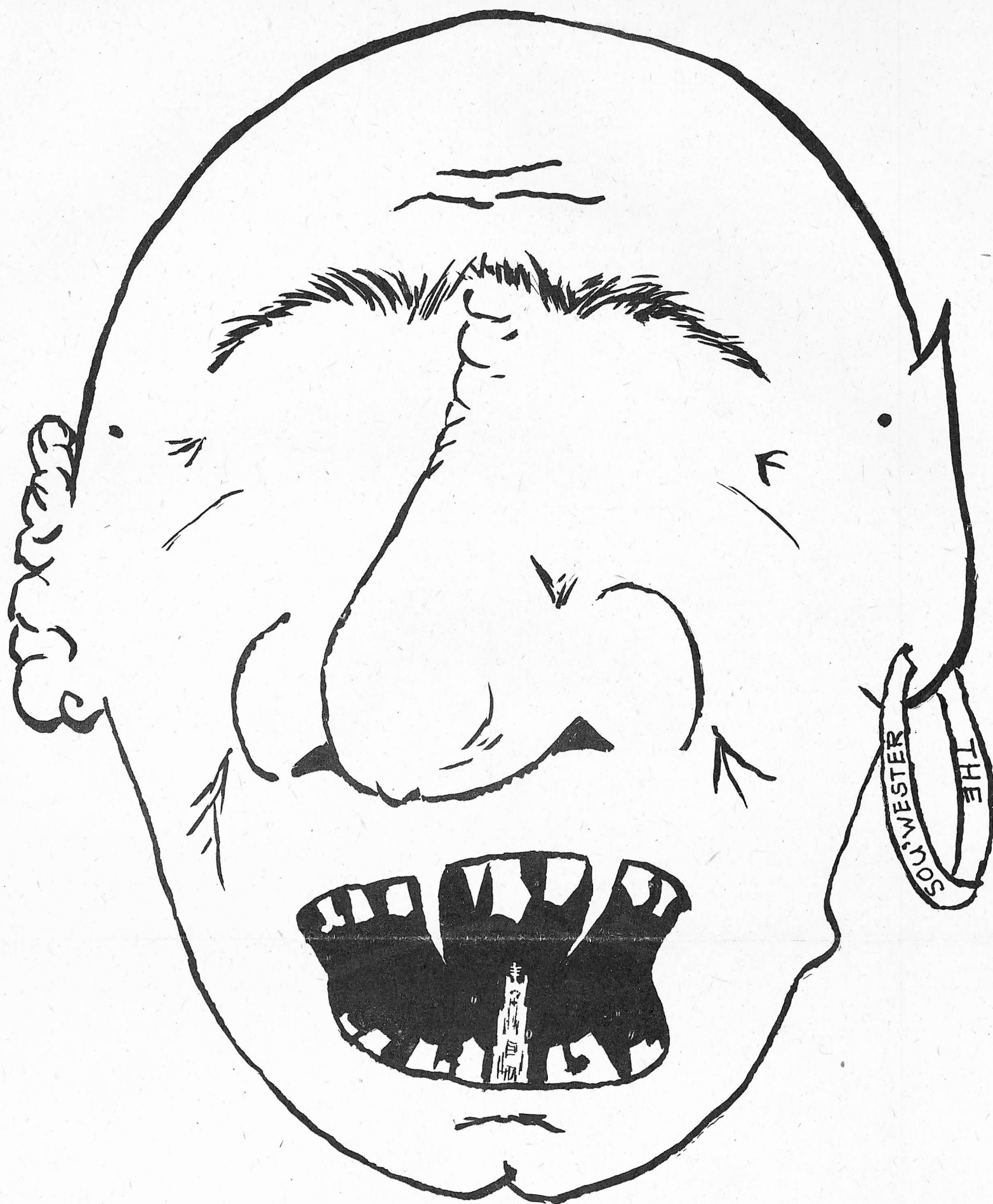
The Superstars, Southwestern's Women's Varsity Volleyball team, placed sixth in the Mid South Invitational Volleyball tournament at Memphis State last Friday and Saturday and brought home a trophy for their efforts. Sixteen teams from Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky and Missouri entered the contest.

The team travels to Martin this weekend for another tournament.

Southwestern Soccer Club met with mixed success this week, acquiring a win and a tie. Traveling to Ole Miss Wednesday night, the Lynx stomped the Rebels 3-0 on goals by Larry Williams, Bob Donnell, and Emanuel Mbi.

But the winning streak was nipped Sunday afternoon when CBC scored in the final 10 minutes to save a 1-1 tie. Although controlling the whole game, Southwestern was able to score only once, on a goal by Bob Donnell. The next game is Sunday, Oct. 28, with the Roadrunners at 3 PM in Overton Park.

Happy Birthday to Ernestine! Creator of Turkey a la Ernestine, this talented culinary chef is one of SAGA's most redeeming features. Students join with Bruce Money in extending warmest wishes for a great year.

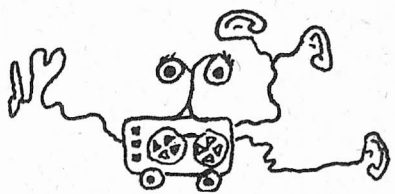


The theme for Halloween this year is "The White House Horrors." Object: thinly disguise yourself as a mockery of American government.

One of the earliest, yet still terrifying, figures is the inhuman thing known only as ITT. Tradition says that ITT was born, not of natural passions, but of the infamous "vested interests." Costuming consists of a shroud of memorandums which are sh(r)ed and replaced by denials.

Costumes consist of overalls with adhesive tape over the mouth, symbolizing the Plumbers' gift of speaking in scrambled tongues.

Bugs are big this year, and there are so many varieties to choose from: the tapwire, the lying bug, the coxroach (who's



always underfoot and needs to be stepped on), the agnat (who hangs on with his mouth even after his wings are torn off), and the in-house fly (which breeds in the Offal Office, and sometimes goes unzipped). Improvisation is the word in costumes, but it's always a good idea to get wired before going out.

Politics has breathed new life into the traditional Mummy motif this year. Symbolizing the muck and mire of the long dead past, the Mummy surprises all by showing up well-preserved and wound from head to foot in magnetic oxide tapes. For a real scare, delete those portions of the costume which can least afford exposure.

And how about the tragic specter of The Spiro of Halloween Past? The former phraser of pungent punitives finds himself an exposed expositor as jealous journalists bring bribes to light. The costume should be simple and dignified, with red marks on the hands from being slapped.

For the metaphysically inclined among you, there's the awesome and forbidding Silent



Hints For Halloween

Majority. Some say this is a mythological creature which doesn't really exist, but those with insight say that this is just the reason for the creature's silence. Costuming is a snap, since talk is cheap and silence even cheaper.

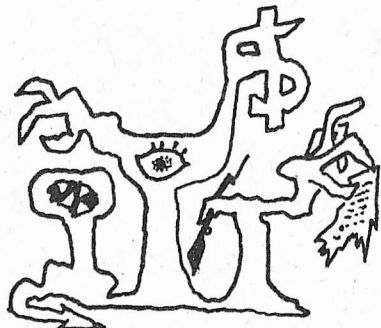
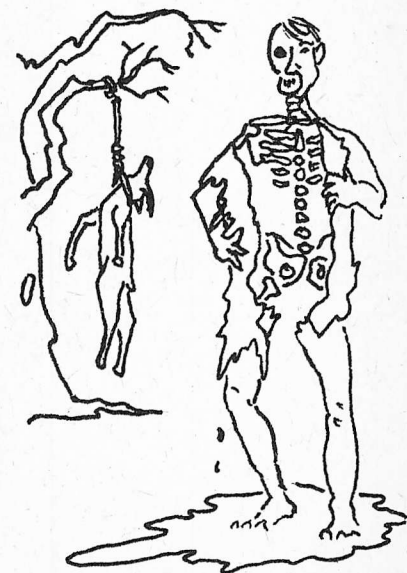
If you would enjoy parodying press relations with the President, why not go out as Zealous Zeigler, or Ronald the Clown as he is sometimes known. As presidential pressman, you'll

get to make absurd explanations become inoperative with the turn of a phrase. Miss the point entirely with a Moot-Suit costume comprised of unequivocal denials and other glib gibberish.

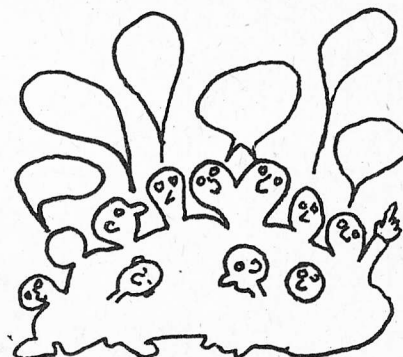
Also on the lighter side, the Scapegoat cuts a winsome and wordy figure. Although in ancient times the scapegoat led the flock to slaughter, nowa-

days even followers can aspire to scapehood. Costuming should stress the Bared Soul look with multiple appendices.

Last and lightest and least of all, there's Tricky (He's No Treat) Dick, Nick's son. The charlatan, the magus, he goes by many names. But most of all, he is like us. He claims the right to decide what is true about himself, but forgets to make the change. It probably comes from wearing good Republican cloth coats, and blinders that say "I am the President" on the inside.



Yet another popular group of figures is the mysterious and arcane White House Plumbers. Wearing red wigs and chanting "O, I'll get by with a little help from my friend," the Plumbers enjoy a reputation for mindless enthusiasm unmatched except perhaps by Cuban reactionaries.





The indecisiveness of my writing upsets me. I don't really know how to relate this story to so many strangers, but relate it, I must.

I am not sure why I was singled out, but one dark night in the fall of a year long gone by I stumbled into an adventure. Even now my mind recoils when I think of that night.

The days of September were gone and October was almost spent on this night of a full moon. Dry summer had killed many of the trees and the early frost had stripped the rest, leaving a brown carpet to decay and disappear. A cold wind whistled through the black branches of the forest on either side of the dark rural road. I say road blithely, but if two ruts bereft of grass on either side of a brown mat make a road, a road it was.

I had been out shooting. The day's frustration and anguish had slipped away amid the exploding bottles and riddled cans.

I was low on shells. Darkness had crept upon me as fall nights do and I had lost my way. The woolen shooting jacket was no protection from the biting wind. The forest was laughing at me. I could hear the hideous chuckling over the wind and my own cursing.

Then the strangeness began. As I walked by the bloodless light of the moon I stumbled and fell. Landing flat on my face my gun discharged. The shot echoed for a time and died.

One moment the path had been empty. The next a bag or a log or something had been thrown across it. I became angry at the practical joker. Not only had he hidden his presence from me but also had tripped me. The gun felt heavier in my hand as I went back to see what I had stumbled over. Wan light revealed the horribly mutilated body of a man. I think it was a man. Blood still oozed blackly from horrible gashes and tears all over the corpse. Seeing the

horrid sight a wave of sickness overcame me. I recovered my senses and reluctantly searched the body. By the light of a pocket flashlight I went through his wallet. There was nothing that might have tied this bloody hunk of meat to a personality. There was no identification.

I was miles from any manner of authority. Replacing things as I had found them I took up my gun, made sure it was fully loaded, and hurried on into that dark night. I was no longer cursing. I was frightened. The smallbore rifle that had felt so heavy only moments before now felt as ineffectual as a feather against the encroaching gloom. The bitter taste of my sickness was a constant reminder of what I had seen. I could feel cold panic slowly creeping down my spine and freezing my blood. The night was not over.

The road ahead gave the appearance of a tunnel, furrowing through a shallow hill with darkened trees overlapping above. The black branches parted the light from the moon into pale fingers which probed the dismal path ahead. I noticed with horror that the evening, once so clear, now had a rim of clouds and the air had gotten even colder. The road had been rising for the last half hour, but now seemed to be descending into the lonely hills. The bank on either side rose higher and higher as I walked along. A damp smell suddenly filled the air and I prayed that the road

An Utterable Tale Of Terror

was not blocked by water. My prayers were in vain for the bank abruptly dropped off and a black expanse of water, relieved here and there by limbless trees, swallowed the road. I could dimly see, on the far shore, that the road continued. Bracing myself, I raised my rifle over my head and waded into the slough. The water was icy. It was also stagnant and had an evil odor about it. As it rose steadily up to my chest I was constantly thinking of turning back when I suddenly felt higher ground. Proceeding forward I soon regained dry land. The road bed that I had waded across had been submerged for some time and rotten branches and slimy mud just failed to send me sprawling. Its goo clung to my water-logged boots like some awful fungus. I stomped until my feet hurt and yet it wouldn't stomp off. I finally found a stick and scraped off what I could before continuing my journey. I couldn't bring myself to touch it with my hand.

I needn't tell you how I felt when I heard the sound of movement behind me. I wasn't sure at first, but as I walked I could hear dripping. I dismissed it at first as my own dripping. It got louder. The moon by this time was strangled by clouds and the night was black indeed. Cold wind blew them across the face of the moon causing moving shadows in the trees around me. The dripping grew louder and with that a sort of crunching sound became audible. The road curved through the hills again and whatever it was lay hidden by the high banks and curves. I broke into a trot. The dripping, grinding sound grew louder and I thought I could hear a sort of



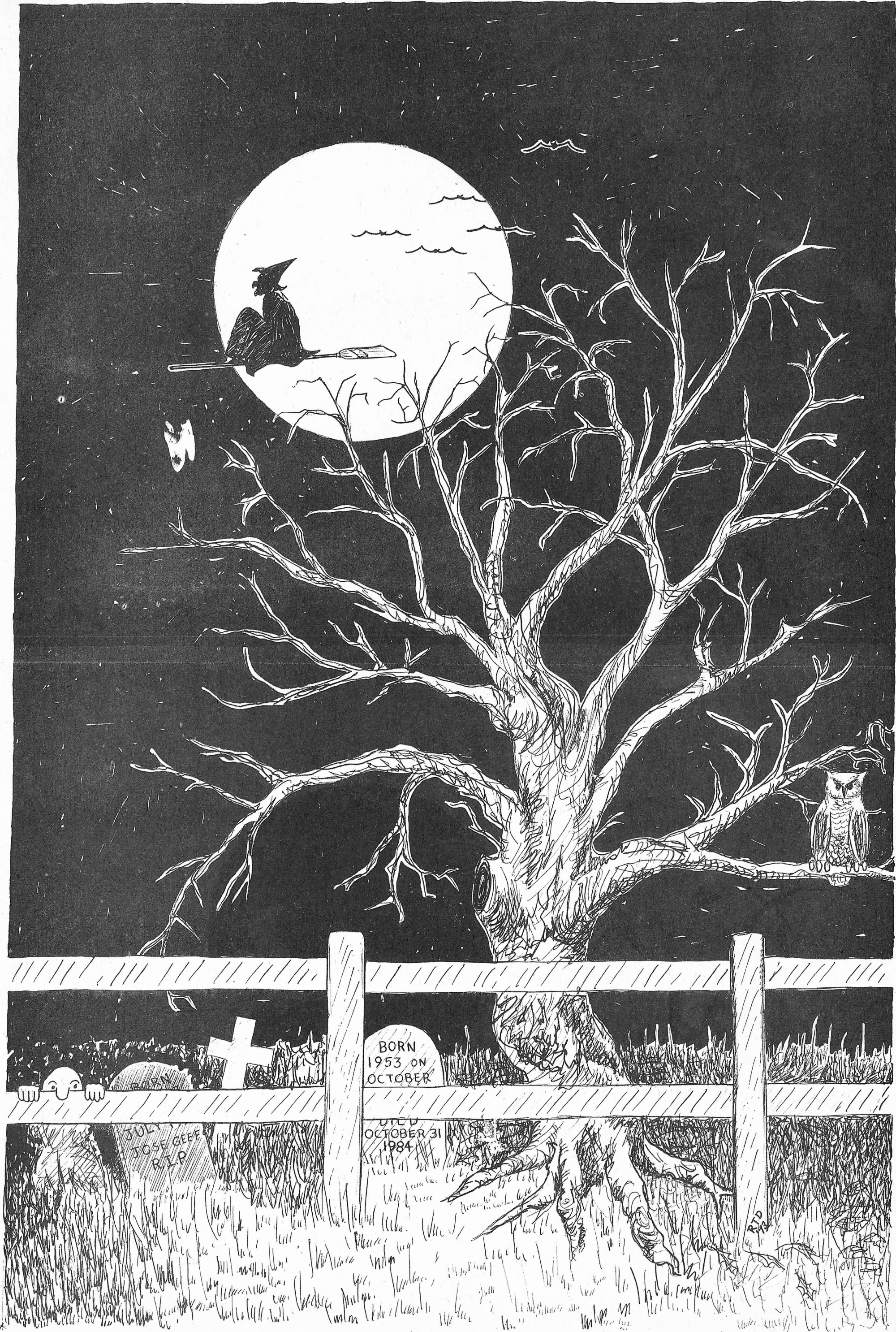
wheezing mixed in with it. I started to run. The road ended on a hill topped by an abandoned skeleton of a house. Whatever it was behind me had stayed in the shadows of the woods as I rushed for the ancient manor. I was safe for a time. I ran into the house, searching for a phone but found nothing more than dust, cobwebs and old furniture. It was darker in the house than in the clearing, so I went outside to await the dawn.

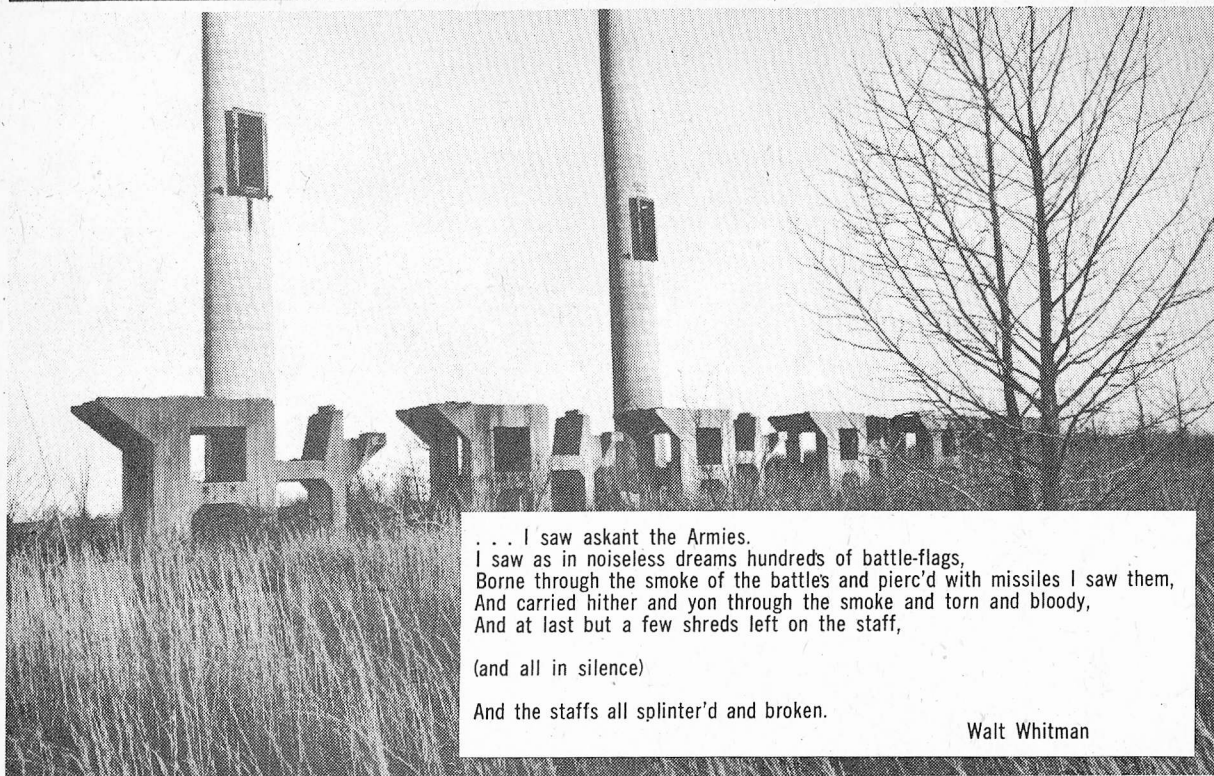
The moon set first. The night was black, lit only by an occasional star through the clouds. I heard the wheezing again. It was just at the edge of the clearing and not moving. It circled the clearing and then started toward the house. I caught a glimpse of something vague, like evil, fangs and tentacles, before I started firing. My bullets had no more effect than increasing the fury of the thing. I retreated into the house and bolted the door. I could hear the

wood splintering as I struggled up the stairs of the old house. Cobwebs clung to my face. Dust rose from the floor to cheat my screaming lungs of air. I found one of the rooms with a door and a lock and barricaded myself in. Finding an old chair, I broke it. The rotting damask curtains came at a pull and I heaped them with the wooden fragments against the door. I found some matches in my coat pockets and with shaking fingers lit the edge of the curtains. The dry old cloth burnt quickly sending clouds of reeking smoke to choke me. I flew to a window and struggled to open it. Smoke swirled as the tongues of flame licked the rafters of the ceiling. With all my strength I threw the window open and lept out. The ground rushed up and met me hard.

My arm hung useless and broken as the flames and smoke climbed to the cloudy sky. Dawn broke on the still flaming ruin.







... I saw askant the Armies.
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staff,

(and all in silence)

And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

Walt Whitman

They Called It Life

Deader than the maggot's meeting
Feeding on corpse of clay,
Darker than the night's receding
Into the dawn of day.

Comes a hound with eyes of sulphur
Spewing forth a flame,
He rests his paws upon the wind
And utters out a name.

Anubis brings the shroud of time
That sin has hid away.
He cuts deception in its lair,
Exposes shades of gray.

Crouched on a cushion shame infringed
He lets the wise ones know
... is a sacrament

Sung to the gods below.

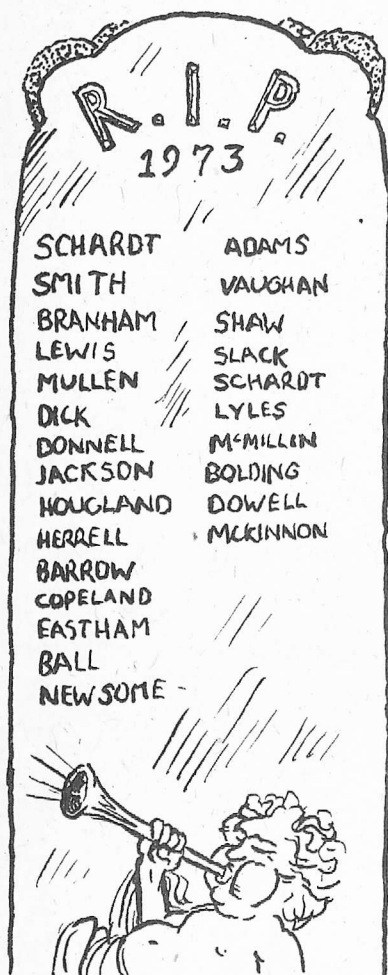
Happiness is a fleeting mist
Scattered by rays of light;
Joy is a spangle interposed
Like stars between the night;

Delusions are caps of mountain snow
That hide the rocks beneath
And keep them like a razor sharp
As sword within its sheath.

Yet wind will wear the mountain down
Into a valley green;

Rich soil to grow the trees so high
On clouds they seem to lean,

Sharp stakes to pierce the black dog's heart,
Heat curdled drops of red
That fall like flames into the sun
Bringing life unto the dead.



SNAP, KRACKLE, POP, AND GONE.

On the barren red clay plains of northern Shelby County lies a collection of bizarre forms. There eerie figures dominate both landscape and the imaginations of those who visit. Known among several adventuring photographers as the Powder Mill, its lonely jumbled structures both haunt and inspire the occasional visitor.

The smokestacks symbolize a recent and almost forgotten past. Their use was in providing arms for World War II. They produce no more.

The Chickasaw Ordinance Works were built by the DuPont Corporation in the summer of 1940 under contract to the British and French governments. It manufactured a smokeless powder based on cotton linters. Later, as the contract was taken by the United States government, it

produced TNT and DNT. As the war ended the plant had no purpose and it stopped production five months after VJ Day. As Paul Coppock comments in his book, *Mid-South Memoirs*, "Eventually the buildings were taken down, the rail tracks were taken up, the soil was decontaminated and only the stacks remained."

The Sou'wester extends its appreciation to Gene Bardley of the Commercial Appeal and author Paul Coppock for the historical information.

One Tok'n Ma

Dear Ma,

My roommate asked me the other day whether the Great Pumpkin is actually Marshall Jones, since he has such a great head on his shoulders.

I couldn't answer him. Can you?

Dimpled Dan

Dear Dan,

I really don't think so, because first, he's not that generous, and second, his head isn't orange enough. In that order.



Thespians Play: Trick Or Treat?

What's the trouble bunkie?

Are you just a little too tall and a little too wide to fit into that Casper the Ghost costume?

Has the idea of rolling the principal's yard with toilet paper lost the zing it once had?

Can't you get excited about dropping a cherry bomb into a jack-o-lantern anymore?

* * WELL CHEER UP!! * *

Be of stout heart and lift your face to the heavens and scream hallelujah and Happy Halloween 'cause the New Southwestern Players have got a trick or treat surprise for everybody's bag. Yessiree Friends and Neighbors, this Halloween Night, Wednesday, October 31, at 7:30 PM, your very own Southwestern Players will present three—3, count 'em, 3—one act plays written by none other than Ms. Ted Camp (who some of you may know by the alias of Charlaire Harris).

And that's not all folks!!!!

Rhys Scholes—The Man with the Voice from the Deep—will read poetry by Edgar Allen Poe and others which were especially commissioned for the gala occasion.

But now Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls, I see you look at me as if to say, "But what's in it for me?" And I say to you, oh ye of little faith, PRIZES!! that's what's in it for you.

A prize, which in all likelihood will be both liquid and delicious, will be awarded to the best Halloween costume present.

SO COME IN YOUR BEST HALLOWEEN REGALIA AND WALK AWAY WITH THE JUICE!!!!

The location is, of course, Theater Six in the basement of historic Palmer Hall. The plays to be presented are: "Lizzie,"

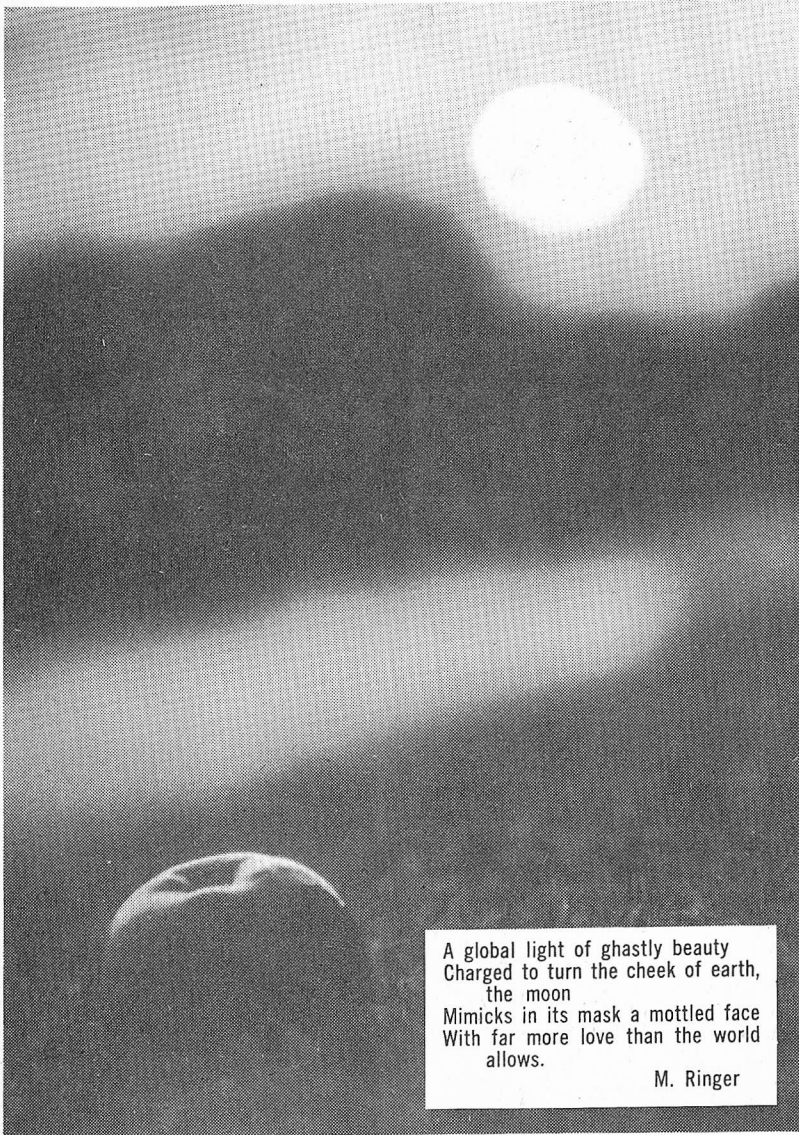
directed by Paula Taylor and based on the life of Lizzie Borden; "Charlotte," based on the life and times of Charlotte Corday and directed by Robert Donnell or roophbal fame; "Finishing off" with "Jack," an appropriately entitled play directed by that master of macabre Mike Dowell and based on the legend of the infamous Jack the Ripper. And the admission, are you ready for this one friends, the admission to this event to end all events is absolutely, positively and irrevocably FREE!!

That's right, Sons and Daughters, bring Ma, bring Pa, bring Granny and bring the dog 'cause it don't cost a thing!

Remember, that's Halloween Night in Theater Six at 7:30 PM.

Bring a costume and a friend.

A splendid time is guaranteed for all!



A global light of ghastly beauty
Charged to turn the cheek of earth,
the moon
Mimicks in its mask a mottled face
With far more love than the world
allows.

M. Ringer