

Dr. Huston Smith, visiting Phi Beta Kappa lecturer, pictured here engaged in one of the popular question-and-answer periods after one of his appearances.

## Visiting Lecturer Huston Smith Recounts Psychedelic Voyages

by Lawrence Loeb

Visiting Phi Beta Kappa lecturer Dr. Huston Smith, chairman of philosophy at MIT, spoke on Psychedelics and Religion, before an overflow crowd in Meeman Center Monday, January 22.

Dr. Smith first recounted his own experience with psychedelics. After searching for the mystical experience through "classical means" with "moderate diligence and minimal success," he became intrigued by Aldous Huxley's *Doors to Perception*. There followed his first "trip," and long friendship with Dr. Timothy Leary, Harvard professor who pioneered psychological studies of the effects of psychedelics.

Smith spoke of his trip as "empirical metaphysics." After experiencing "different stages of reality simultaneously," he spoke of reaching the "penultimate realm."

There, because of the emotional intensity, remembering that "no man hath seen God

and yet lived," he decided to come back down. "It was like plugging a toaster into a power line."

Smith said his trip was religious in nature. He added that, under controlled research conditions, about one fourth to one third of a "normal" group called their trips "religious," whereas two-thirds of a religious-oriented group (theology students, for example) reported trips with religious overtones.

In an experiment of his own, Smith mixed an equal number of accounts of psychedelically-induced religious experiences with accounts of spontaneous religious experiences and submitted them to three specialists. Their efforts to separate the two types of reports were more than half incorrect.

Smith closed with a cautious note. Perhaps psychedelics might mean a religious experience for some. But the trip is not the life: drugs can't do your spiritual work for you.

# The Sou'wester

Vol. 55, No. 13 Southwestern At Memphis Jan. 26, 1973

## Security Budget to Increase

by Scott Wilds

If present security personnel are continued next year, the budget for security will have to be increased from \$37,000 to \$82,000, a 124% increase, Acting President A V Pritchardt said Tuesday.

Pritchardt revealed that security will spend about \$63,000 in the fiscal year ending in June. This year's budget allocated only \$37,000, but new security measures, including hiring outside private armed guards after the molesting of two Southwestern students and rape of a third, caused the overrun.

These figures do not include funds spent on installation of new mercury-vapor lights.

At a Tuesday afternoon brainstorming session attended by students and administrators, Pritchardt reiterated his intention of "making all persons on the Southwestern campus—students, faculty, administrators, and visitors—as secure as possible."

Fred Young, business manager of the college, noted the change in approach taken by security from being a deterrent merely by its presence to a "more aggressive" approach.

Dr. Marshall Jones, Acting Treasurer, stated that a new communication system involving FM radio capable of being heard between any two points of the campus, includ-

ing the old college of music building, is being purchased at a cost of \$3,000-\$4,000. The present security CB radio system is highly unreliable.

Dean of Women Anne Marie Williford is presently working on a procedures manual to help security guards deal with situations that might arise on campus, particularly those involving students.

Pritchardt noted that a formal training program will be started for student security guards. It was also reported at the meeting that after the Wackenhut guards are phased out, new permanent guards would undergo psychological testing before being hired.

## Volpe Reverses X-Way Decision

by Jim Newsom

"The little old ladies in tennis shoes" and other concerned environmentalists had ample reason to rejoice last Thursday as Secretary of Transportation John Volpe decided to rule out a partially depressed routing of Interstate 40 through Overton Park. The decision came amid violent objections from local officials, downtown businessmen, and journalists in particular.

Secretary Volpe had previously approved the proposal designed in November, 1969. The subsequent National Environmental Policy Act and a Supreme Court decision that "protection of parkland was to be given paramount importance" caused him to reverse his decision.

"On the basis of the record before me and in the light of guidance provided by the Su-

preme Court, I find that an interstate highway as proposed by the state through Overton Park cannot be approved.

"On that record I cannot find, as the statute requires and as interpreted by the courts, that there are no prudent and feasible alternatives to the use of parkland . . . nor that the existing proposal would comply with Federal Highway Administration's standards on noise."

Volpe made his decision public on his last day in office. He is to be replaced by a former oil executive, Claude Brinegar.

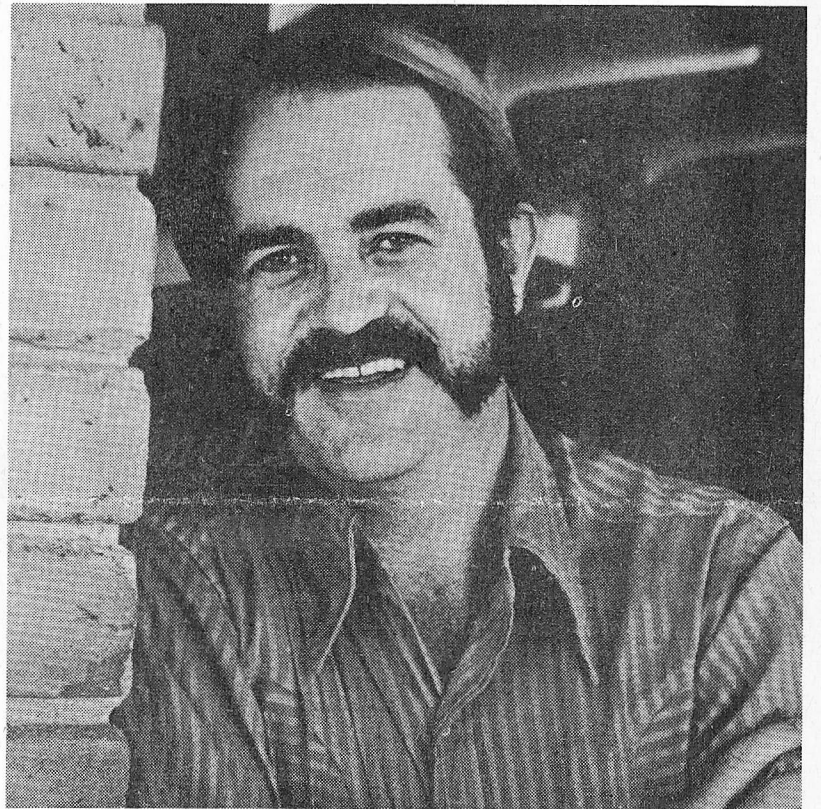
Mayor Wyeth Chandler, saddened by the decision, remarked, "If the city had the funds, I'd pour concrete." State officials had another view, however. Attorney General David Pack believed that a go-it-alone proposal would be blocked by federal courts. A more accept-

able cut and fill tunnel under the park was viewed as too expensive.

Dr. Arlo I Smith, president of Citizens to Preserve Overton Park, was pleased by the decision, which he believed to be the only one acceptable in light of the evidence presented. He warned, however, that proposed expressways which would crisscross the city are environmentally dangerous.

"Memphis needs to gain by the mistakes of cities like Atlanta and San Francisco, which found that their expressways were inadequate and are now seeking cleaner forms of mass transit. Memphis is now the nation's sixteenth largest city and needs to start acting like it."

Pack, the man responsible for the "little old ladies" quote, was on the phone apologizing for his statement when this reporter visited Smith.



James Kavanaugh

## Dilemma to Feature Priest-Turned-Poet

by Carol Ellis

Dilemma made a headstart last summer in choosing and securing speakers for the annual symposium at Southwestern March 1, 2, and 3. The coordinators, led by Ray Hartenstein and John Sheehan, chose speakers to cover a variety of areas from grass roots politics to science to the arts. They decided to get away from the "big name" approach and concentrate on finding people who could stay the whole weekend and work more closely with the students.

One of these speakers, James Kavanaugh — poet, author, and psychologist — first attracted public attention four years ago when he left the Catholic priesthood. For several years he was in the midst of much controversy over his first two books, *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church* and *The Birth of God*. He has written for several national magazines, including *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Psychology Today*, and has appeared on many radio and television shows, including Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, Merv Griffin, and Mike Douglas.

More recently, Kavanaugh has

turned to poetry and has established himself as one of the most popular and respected poets in America. He calls himself a "searcher," exploring life, "hoping to uncover its ultimate secret." In his poems he expresses "the hopes, frustration, doubt, and desires of the current generation," challenging the "dogmas, hypocrisies, and injustices" prevalent today.

Since his departure from the priesthood, Kavanaugh has done a lot of intensive self-evaluation, trying to better understand himself and his fellow man, which is conveyed in his poetry. Some critics claim that he succeeds in communicating emotion as well as thought. His books of poetry include *There Are Men Too Gentle To Live Among Wolves, Will You Be My Friend?*, and *Faces in the City*.

Kavanaugh received his PhD in religious philosophy in 1966 and is a licensed psychologist in California. Residing in San Diego, he practices privately, teaches in the Graduate School of Human Behavior at United States International University, and lectures to college students throughout the country.



Southwestern Dean of Admissions Ray M Allen is among the early morning volunteers assisting the city of Memphis implement busing.

## Pub Board Considers Budgets

by Michelle Raffel

Members of the Publications Board met Monday afternoon to discuss and submit a budget proposal for the 1973-74 fiscal year. Major discussion included an overall five percent increase over the current budget and a proposal concerning a possible redistribution of funds previously allocated to **The Southwestern Journal**.

Opening the discussion on the problem of rising costs and limited solutions, **Sou'wester** editor Gerald Koonce commented that the "primary problem with the budget is lack of money," which conflicts with the administration's request that expenditures be kept to a minimum. "Publications are currently the most viable form of student activity," Koonce added, "We have a renewed interest in publications which will be stifled without an increase in the budget."

The administration will carefully review each budget proposal and will continue its policy of the past two years to eliminate unnecessary spending.

Koonce suggested that "the only reasonable solution is to eliminate one publication and use that money to strengthen others." He said that the newspaper and the SFA are the most immediate student publications,

the annual is popular, and **Ginger**, the literary magazine, is the only vehicle of creative expression. Summarizing, Koonce proposed that **The Southwestern Journal** not receive funds for the upcoming year, since it is the most expendable of publications falling under the board's jurisdiction.

F Clark Williams, member at large, protested this proposal, arguing that **The Journal** is "the only academic publication this institution has." He warned against over-emphasis of the "artsy-craftsy," less practical, aspect of campus publications.

Co-editor of the **Journal** Clark Malcolm stated that he had foreseen the dilemma of budget restrictions and had anticipated a proposal similar to that made by Koonce. He felt that the proposal was the most feasible solution to rising costs.

Mark Lester, also co-editor of the **Journal**, was absent due to illness, and asked for a postponement of the issue. The Board agreed to vote on the proposal when Lester could be present at a meeting last night. However, according to a straw vote, the Board seemed favorable to the proposal concerning redistribution of the **Journal's** funds.

At the Monday meeting, the Board arrived at a total estimate with tentative apportionment. The total proposed budget for 1973-74 is \$22,000, approximately five percent more than last year's budget of \$20,750, which is based on the increase in printing costs which printers have assured is inevitable.

Acting treasurer of the college Marshall Jones pointed out the need to be realistic since other departments have similar inflationary problems. The budget committee receives requests from all departments; thus the possibility of more than a five percent increase in the Board's funds is slim. The publications Board receives funding directly from the Board of Directors, rather than under the Student Government Association's budget.

Commissioner Margie Howe submitted the Board's final proposed budget of \$22,000. A more detailed, itemized budget was submitted this morning, following last night's meeting, at which the distribution of the funds was decided upon. Last night's meeting was held after **The Sou'wester** went to press, so the results were not yet known,

## SW Students Assist Busing

by C. C. Schardt

Members of the Southwestern community are assisting the Memphis City Schools, in initiating the public school busing program. A group of about 15 students are leaving for their assigned posts at 6:30 a.m. all next week as they have been these past three days.

General instructions issued to the school volunteers state that one important job is "to help the children get on the right bus." This is being done by checking the students transportation card and trip number. The instructions also call for the volunteer to "emphasize safety, to warn the children to stay out of the street and to escort children who may be across the street from the stop."

Southwestern students are working in the Cypress area, which is located north of the campus. Seventh and eighth graders are being bused from the predominantly black Cypress school to the predominantly white Trezevant School. Ninth graders from Trezevant are being bused to Cypress School. Two volunteers were assigned to each bus stop. An identifying

name tag was issued to all volunteers.

Ms. Helen Hall, head of the education department, is a volunteer and sought other volunteers from students enrolled in education courses. She commented that "hopefully, they (the volunteers) will learn something from getting this much contact with the school problem." Hall continued by saying that the volunteer's job is "to see that it (busing) goes as smoothly as possible, with no harrassment."

The Admissions Office would be overjoyed to help you in contacting students from your hometown who might be considering Southwestern as a possible college choice. If someone has expressed an interest in Southwestern or if you think someone might want to come here once they know more about our school, let us know! We will be glad to contact them ourselves or give you all our "propaganda" so you can contact them directly.

## Summer Research Applications Due

The Committee on Research and Creative Activity wishes to advise students that grants-in-aid of research are available for summer research and creative activities. Eligible students who desire financial support for these research projects should submit proposals to the Committee by February 1. Proposals will be evaluated by the Committee, and awards will be announced on or about March 1.

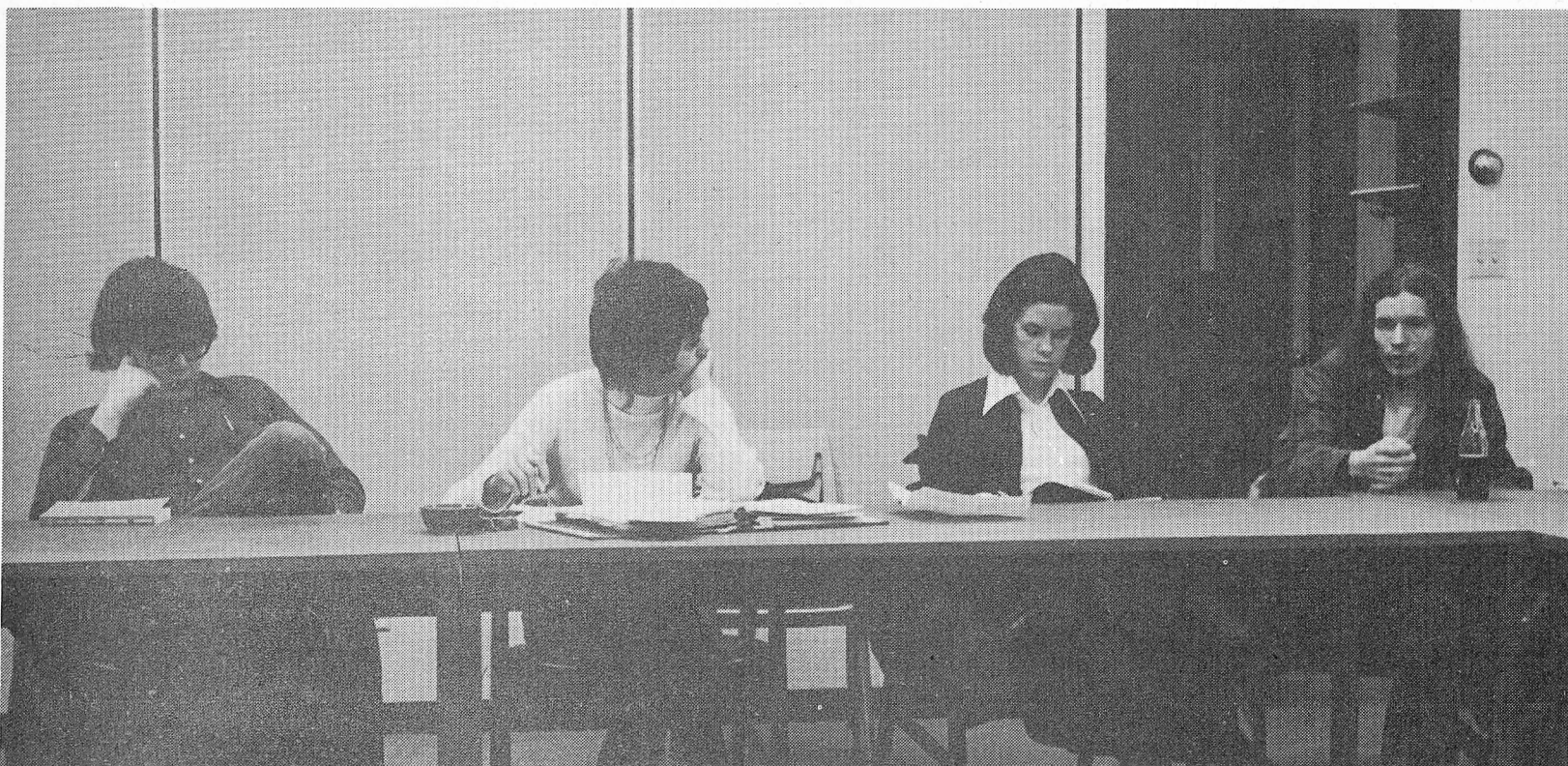
**ELIGIBILITY:** All full-time Southwestern students who have completed at least 60 hours of academic credit before the summer grants begin are eligible, provided that they are enrolled as full-time students during Term I of the following academic year.

**PROPOSAL:** Projects proposed should be initiated and planned by the student. The faculty may be helpful in providing information and guidance in the development of the project. Each project proposed must be described in detail, must be valid, original and creative in nature, must provide the student with an educational experience which he could not obtain otherwise, and should leave no doubt as to its validity and practicability.

**STIPEND:** A stipend of \$60 per week will be provided. The project will require the full time of the student and will normally last for ten weeks. Projects which require a shorter time will be considered. Some projects may require a longer time, but the maximum total stipend is \$600.

**FACULTY ADVISOR:** Although the projects are student-originated, each student must have a faculty advisor who will be available for consultation during the project.

**APPLICATION FORMS:** More information may be obtained from H. W. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Research and Creative Activity. Application forms are available in Room 111 Clough Hall.



Pub Board heavies Andy Scott, Margie Howe, and Wilda Dodson listen as Gerald Koonce explains his proposal to not fund the Southwestern Journal.

## Education Comm. Discuss Evaluation

by Lawrence Loeb

The Education Commission met Thursday, January 18, in the East Lounge to discuss a proposed student survey evaluating classroom effectiveness.

Commissioner Jamie Bibee appointed Wendy Ashcroft, Terry Byrne, Elizabeth Krysa, Carolyn Nicrosci, and herself to a committee to draw up a tentative questionnaire.

If the use of a bit of class-time is approved by the faculty, students will be asked to fill out short questionnaires during the last ten minutes or so of each class for two days. Students will evaluate both courses and profs.

As now planned, detailed results will be placed in the library. A summary will be published in **The Sou'wester**. If a prof wants a closer look at how the lectures and course arrangement is getting through, the unsigned questionnaires will be returned.

**Editorial**

"Community is the essence of the life of the college. Its health is our responsibility, its vigor our concern, and its disruption our hurt."

—Former Southwestern President J D Alexander

One of the biggest complaints heard around this campus is that there is no feeling of community. Everybody seems to be in favor of community (as long as it doesn't interfere with their privacy, of course), but no one seems to know how to bring it about.

While we hardly feel qualified to jump into the breach, we do have a solution — one that probably will not be received very well. To put it simply, our solution is to reinstate compulsory convocations, say bi-weekly. (Don't get us wrong — we're not advocating compulsory chapel, just convocations).

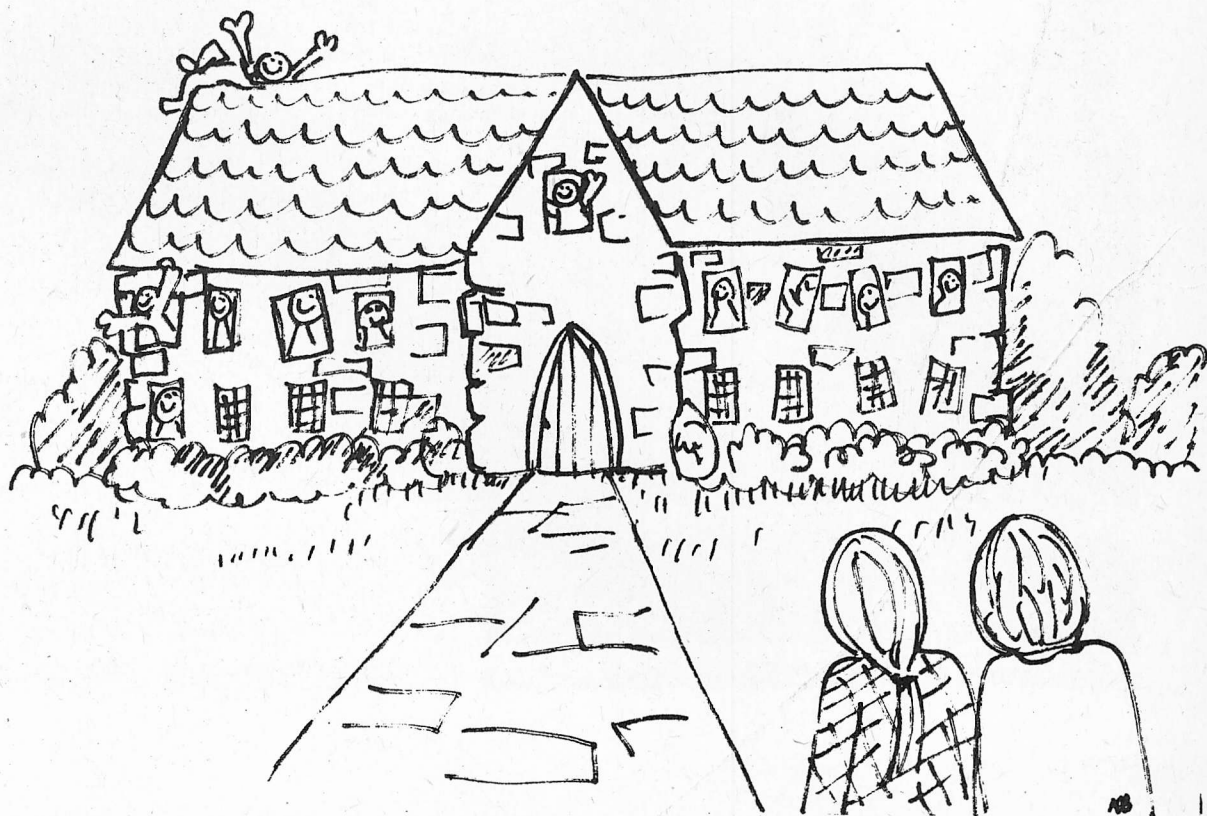
We have attended Southwestern under both systems (with and without compulsory convocations) and as far as a feeling of community is concerned, it was noticeably higher when there were compulsory convocations. In fact, the only times in the last two years we've noticed any feeling of community were during the few convocations we've had (the BSA "town meeting" and the introduction of A V

Pritchard as Interim President).

A system of voluntary convocations would be preferable, of course, but it hardly seems likely that such a system could be worked out or well attended. Dean Patterson has been working on such a set up since last year, with no success as far as we know. We really don't know how to enforce a compulsory system (but it could be worked out) or even what the convocations would consist of, though we would suggest guest speakers, plays, skits by the cheerleaders, music, or anything that would hold the interest of the student body during a break period.

While it does seem that this solution is a little drastic (and certainly a regression to something that was once considered unnecessary) this remains the best way to bring people together on this campus. And we just can't see any way to instill a feeling of community without bringing people together.

GK



Campus Life: For Dorm Students Only?

# Students And Committees

Students have served multiple roles on faculty committees for several years with varying degrees of effectiveness. According to Dean Robert Patterson, "the faculty as a whole passed a policy statement three or four years ago permitting and encouraging student participation on such committees; the individual committees then decided for themselves how to go about this."

Students are now voting members on five of the nine faculty committees, three Community Life sub-committees, and the Presidential Selection Committee.

All positions (except ex officio slots) on faculty committees were appointed by SGA president Duke Cain, while representatives to the Presidential Selection Committee were chosen by office only: SGA president and vice-president, and Honor Council President.

Speaking on the faculty reaction to student participation in general, Dr. Fred Neal, past chairman of the Community Life Committee, recalls "at first some didn't think students could serve adequately on the committees. Faculty members have questioned the students' access to confidential information about colleagues."

Neal does not see this as a problem with responsible students.

Dean Marie Williford feels that students add a great deal to the resources of the committees, but should talk more. "They generally don't say much but are listened to very attentively when they speak."

In reply to Dean Williford's observation, Neal noted that "students are just like faculty members: some talk too much and some talk too little."

Cain lists his job as "90% of going to faculty committees and 10% to SGA committees." Spending an average of 30-40 hours per week, Cain is a member of Community Life and its sub-committee Basic Issues, and the Selection Committee.

Professor Jim Lanier stated that "the very nature of the Educational Development Committee and Community Life Committee makes student reaction have more impact." Chairman

of the EDC, which has five student reps, Lanier feels that the "students play a more constructive role in this than in any other committee."

Lanier welcomes student participation, for "it is very important to see where students stand" on the various matters such as the pass/fail option. He admitted that it varies with the individual faculty members as to how open they are to student opinion.

One of the nine student representatives on Community Life, Kathi McClain assured that "student participation on this committee is rather authentic—faculty members called on student opinions more often than they ever have."

With sorority compliance as the main issue, the faculty was "more than willing to listen to students, but they are also ready to challenge you," according to Ms. McClain.

She confessed that the structure of the committee was frustrating and they often get bogged down in procedure, but added, "In terms of equal treatment for students, I think we've at least gotten that."

Tony Haygood quit the sub-committee dealing with compliance because members were "more interested in getting sororities to comply on paper—they didn't deal with reality."

Clark Malcolm paints a rosy picture of his position on the Financial Aid Committee. Working two or three hours per week, Malcolm feels he is a "full-fledged member" of the committee but "feels more intimidated on the Committee of Financial Aid and Admissions."

Malcolm commented that students are "necessarily 'inferior' members on some committees since they don't have the academic background." He cited the Curriculum Committee as an example.

Judy Brooks, one of the three students on the Curriculum Committee lists hers as an "exactly equal vote." She went on to say that she was impressed with the caliber of the professors on the committee, specifically praising the thoroughness of their discussion.

Meeting once or twice a month or when a specific appeal or policy matter comes up, the committee has discussed such questions as the need for freshman colloquia.

The Community Life sub-committee on Black Students presents another side. Haygood lists his student rep position as "most frustrating. We act merely as a sounding board and it takes such a long time and such constant work. We get the general run-around."

"What we do accomplish is very small compared to what we could get done if all the faculty members were really enthusiastic about making changes and if the committee didn't have to go through so many channels."

Haygood feels that real accomplishments will not come as a result of the committee but rather through outside efforts.

Another student member of the committee agreed: "We didn't accomplish anything at the meetings and I don't think it's likely that we're going to."

Administrative Policy faces another dilemma. Scott Wilds sums up the situation: "The faculty reacts well to the students but the things we talked about were so trivial that it really didn't matter."

Referring to the Selection Committee, Presidential candidate John B Evans told a group of students, "It seems to me that the faculty members have made Southwestern students the niggers of faculty committees." Student members on the committee declined to comment on the situation, but Dr. Robert Amy contended that "students are given every opportunity to interview candidates and participate freely in the discussion."

Patterson sees student participation as "bringing the dimension of student awareness into the committees; not only student members' statements but also their presence reminds faculty of student concerns." The effectiveness of the situation depends markedly on the attitudes of the individual committee members — their willingness to work together for meaningful decisions and beneficial change.

## The Sou'wester

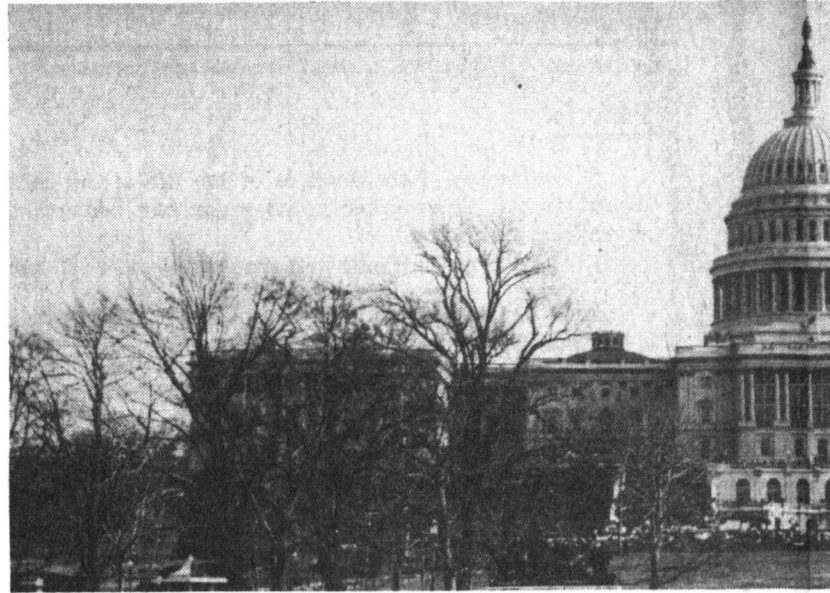
The Sou'wester and associates room was filled with smoke and people. It was a meeting of the minds and the issue being discussed was this one: Journalist Koonce had been in a daze for days and peace (of ass.) editor Rice was jumping for Joy. Beautiful Smith, copylation editor, sat at her desk and made suggestive symbols with her red pen. Mullen, Herrell, Eastburn and Meyers kept attempting to prove their sheets with little luck. McMillin and Wilds, complete with DC pictures, had snuck into the Post and brought back the important Octagon papers. Bailey and Allen were as graphic as ever, while Kittrell, Copeland, Hackemeyer, Remmers, and White exchanged quips such as "You're not my type," and "You're ribbon me." Ellis was silly spelled backwards and we don't know Howe we got along without Margie. LeBlanc sporty as ever, told Scott that it was none of his business. Schardt and Miller reacted responsibly toward each other's columns and The Foole just kept on getting farther and farther away.



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Hart



## Washington Weekend

### Thursday noon: The departure

With 4000 anti-war petitions in the trunk of an all-too-small foreign car, our intrepid band takes off to D.C. for the Counter-Inauguration (i.e. demonstrations).

Sixteen hours later, Walter, Wendy, Jan and Scott arrive at Wendy's house in Maryland, just outside of Washington. En route they had endured rain, cramped legs, a stop in Knoxville to pick up more anti-war petitions ("Oh, you must be Larry Rice." "No . . .") and Walter's continual changing of radio stations.

After three hours of sleep, the merry band — along with Don, Walter's friend from Virginia—takes off to the big city, the scene, DC., Washington, the Federal City.

### Friday: Intro to Protest

Loaded with sandwiches (courtesy of Ms Ashcroft), the group arrives in D.C., miraculously finds a parking space on the Mall, and, seeing a rally on the steps of the Capitol, races up those hallowed steps. Their first national protest rally, Citizens Against Busing (having arrived in buses from neighboring Maryland) is doing its thing. Mutual freak out.

"Hey, let's go see Bill Brock just for kicks." Brock, who is not known for his anti-war views, is not there but his secretary is respectfully freaked out as our crew signs the big book and puts "Anti-War" in the margin. So what if only two of the five vote in Memphis?

After one and a half hours in the Smithsonian, they split up for the first time. Don and Walter take off to another part of the Smithsonian, and Scott, Wendy, and Jan head to see Tom, Scott's friend who works for Sen. Case, on Capitol Hill.

Tom suggests that they not waste their time presenting them to anyone since they will only get thrown away anyway. Get some publicity, he says, and recommends two courses of action: go to the **Washington Post** and talk to the reporter covering the demonstrations or take them to the leaders of the protest. At an rate, try for publicity.

Scott and Jan talk to the guard at the **Post** and are told to go up to the fifth floor and see Paul Valentine who is covering the demonstrations.

Valentine is very nice and takes down info about SCREW. Never did they see anything in the **Post** about them, but Valentine was nice and sympathetic.

Our protestors had read in **The Post** that morning that Leonard Bernstein would give a free concert in the National Cathedral that night at 9 pm. First 2400 people would get in to hear Hayden's "Mass in Time of War."

Two and a half hours later—after rain, strange people in the

line, buying buttons they are not really sure they understand or agree with ("IndoChina will Win")—the five are in the first group allowed in the cathedral.

Avarill Harriman arrives, as does Ted Kennedy, Ethel, and sister Eunice Shriver (the children were already there, unnoticed).

After Eugene McCarthy read poetry, the Mass begins. Bernstein is simply magnificent. Obviously this will be the high point of the week. After the Mass is over, Wendy, Jan and Scott rush up to speak to, shake hands with, or otherwise bask in the Kennedy aura.

Wendy gets Kennedy's hand, Scott takes a picture, and Jan gets pushed aside by the mob. **Saturday: The Demonstration.**

They call Les, who graduated from Southwestern last year and works in D.C. and she agrees to meet them downtown to go to the demonstration. After a long bus ride, they meet Les at the Statler Hilton and all go down to the parade route.

Finally Scott and Jan head for the Washington Monument and the Rally. Wendy, Les and sister Barbara stay at the parade route temporarily.

What can be said about 100,000 people at an anti-war rally? In this case that 99,900 were peaceful, and the other 100 burned the flags around the Washington Monument (which Scott and Jan saw since they were supposed to meet the other three there, but were really uneasy and left when the flag burning began and there were cops massed on a hill opposite the Monument).

So Scott and Jan left the Monument and headed back toward the bus stop to get the bus back to Maryland. They had heard Bella Abzug speak, marched in the march, and saw the flag burned. What more could you ask for from an anti-war rally? Only to be busted which was not cool.

### Sunday: Quakers, Famous People, and Memphis

Sunday morning, Scott and Walter go to a nearby Quaker Meeting. Then a discussion on "Is Violence Ever Justified?" Very fitting topic considering why they were in D.C.

The others slept late, and after a big lunch at the Ashcrofts, went into D.C. again for "An Inauguration of Conscience" at the National Methodist Church. Allard Lowenstein (whom we spoke to afterward, and who, as soon as someone said "Southwestern" asked, "How is Anne Brantley?"), McCarthy (again), Mike Gravel of Alaska, George Wald (Nobel prize winner), Betsy Palmer, and others spoke. Pete McClosky and Shirley McClaine were in the audience. Scott shook hands with a very alone McClosky after the service. The service closed with "We Shall Overcome."

The tired five arrive in Memphis just in time to cut their nine o'clock class to hear Huston Smith speak.

So what else is new?





## Nixon Yields To Pressure From SCREWers To End War

The Southwestern Committee to Resist and End the War announces that 7 of its members departed for Washington, D.C. at approximately 4:30 in highest spirits. The contingent lists among its number(s) the rising young idealists sisters Warren, Danhof, and Dailey; and brothers Scholes, Runge, McMillin, and Donnell. Car trouble hassled the brethren and sistren but brother Scholes states that a consensus was reached and the trouble was remedied.

### NOVEMBER 19

Is encountered in the dark other corner of Tennessee, where the SCREWers deal with Tony, the greedy capitalist Wop burger pusher. Well fed and content, they neglect to feed the machine and grind to a halt in darkest Virginia, between Christianburg and Blacksburg. Fuels are found, ignited, and behold appears the imperial city, where the streets are paved with tar and the secret sewers are sealed. In psychological and physical preparation for their impending view of the Regal Dick the 7 split their forces in order to best recuperate, operate, and dazzle the mind in the glorious glow of the City of the Status Quo. The 7 are in control of the kitchen area, phone, television, and counseling room of one of God's many reported residences in Silver Springs, Maryland, which they claim to have liberated for the benefit of the masses and for their own amusement. In further preparation 4 of the 7 are at this time actively practicing masochism by battering their bodies with the freezing breezes of Washington outside the Cathedral and listening to Eugene McCarthy and Haydn's "Mass in Time of War." Rhys is quoted as saying "the closer we stand the warmer it gets."

### JANUARY 20 (Morning)

Rising later 6 of the Southwestern Seven were madly rushing through the City of Madness and Richard Nixon when they were brought to an abrupt and unexpected though not uncalled for halt by an oncoming Datsun. The police treat the six with humor and traffic tickets. Not seeming to get any thrills with the six, the police are on the verge of expelling the cadre from the confinements of the clink. The modcops ask the usual questions and receive unusual answers from Ms. Dailey, Sister Dailey explains that "of course no one takes identification to a demonstration, naturally a borrowed out-of-state car won't have registration papers, and all God's children drive plymouthfuries."

### JANUARY 20 (Afternoon)

Hidden behind layer upon layer of pork and other unclean

meats, amidst black balloons and paper mache rats, the small homegrown revolutionary cadre is positioned in the recently liberated seats of World War I veterans. Lumpy shoulder holsters and lead underwear under gray topcoats and outfits of blue on blue with silver trim are the fashion of the streets to the left, right, front and rear. While on the sidelines are now reunited seven and other young patriotic dissidents scream sometimes a great notion and other obscenities and heaved mature fruit only to have their passes intercepted and their offerings refused by tall men with quick hands, shifting eyes, and bulging overcoats.

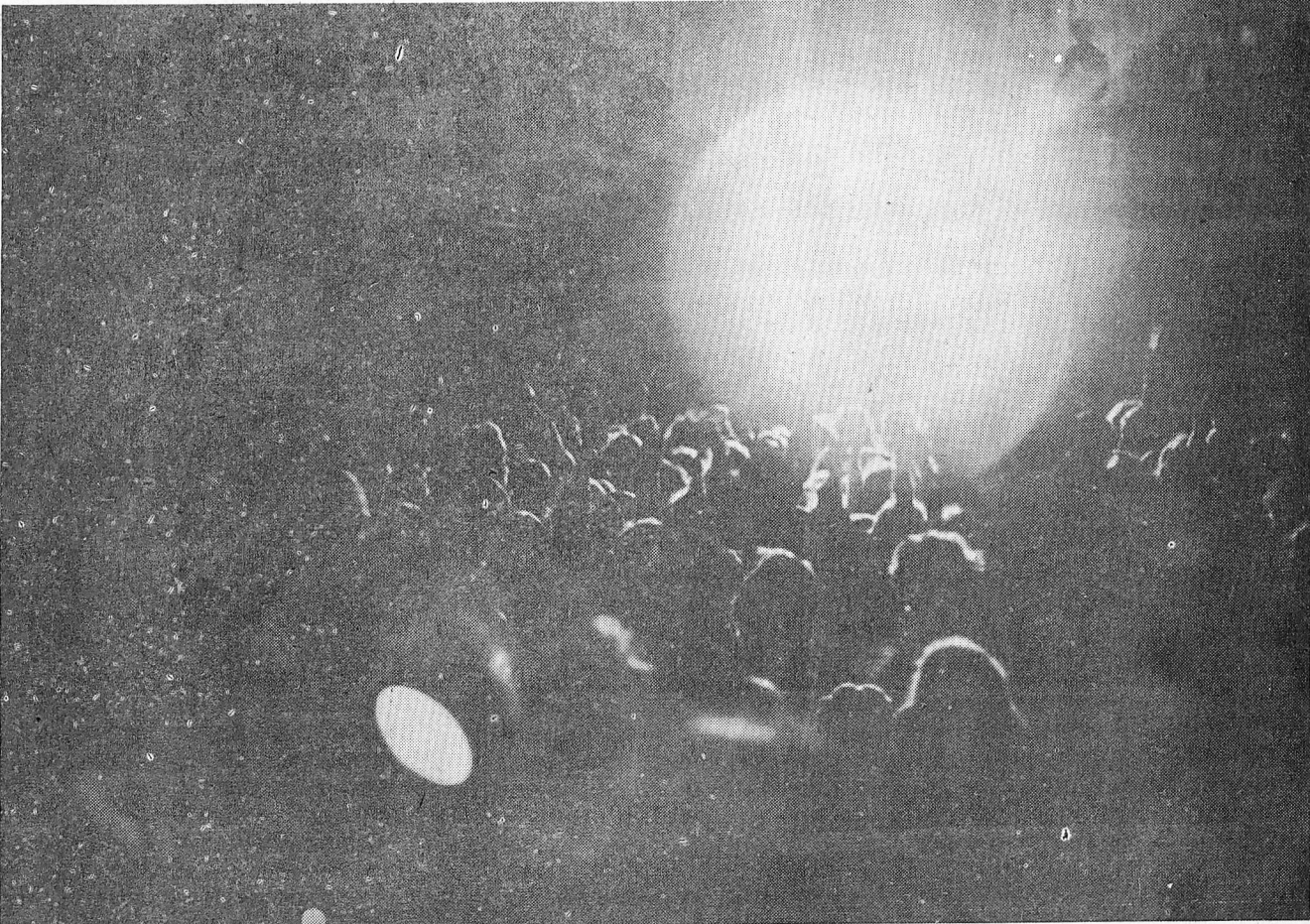
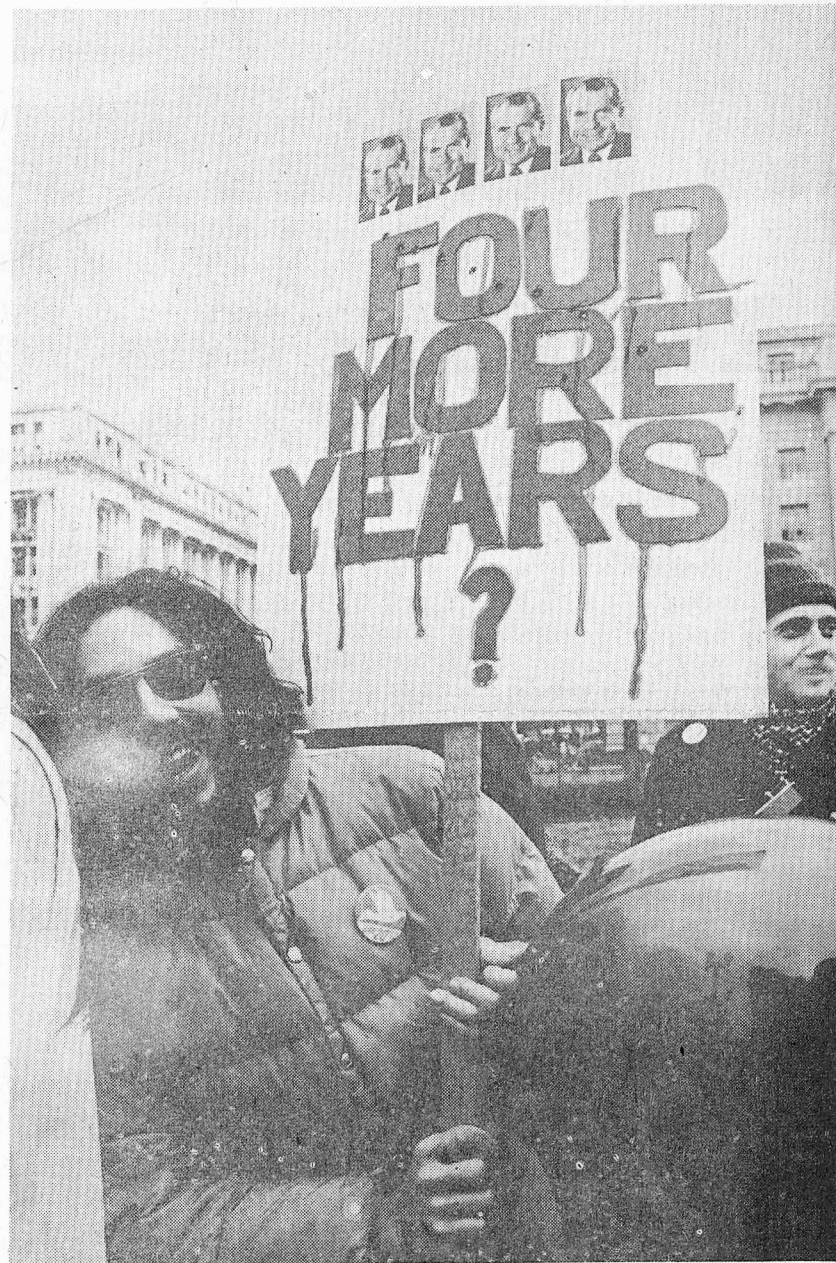
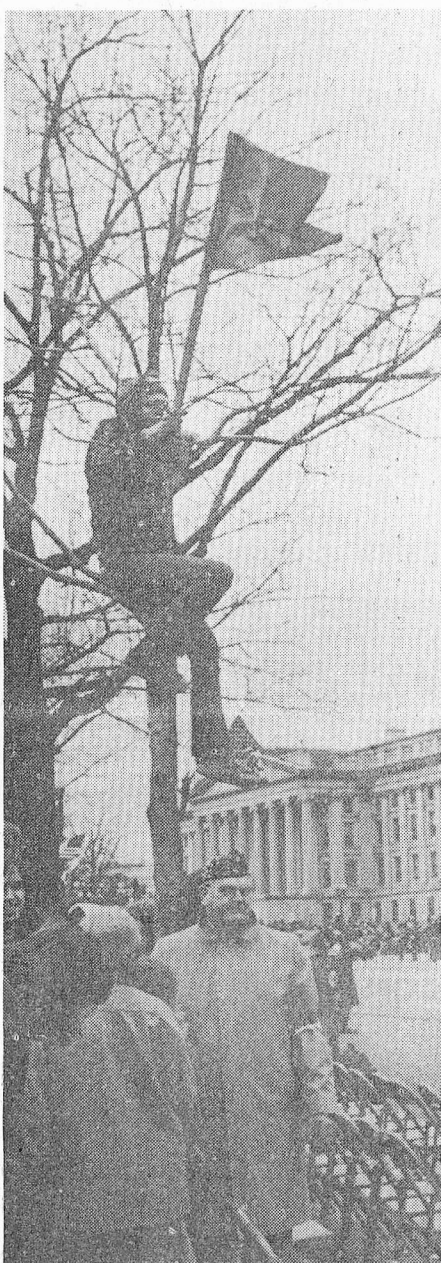
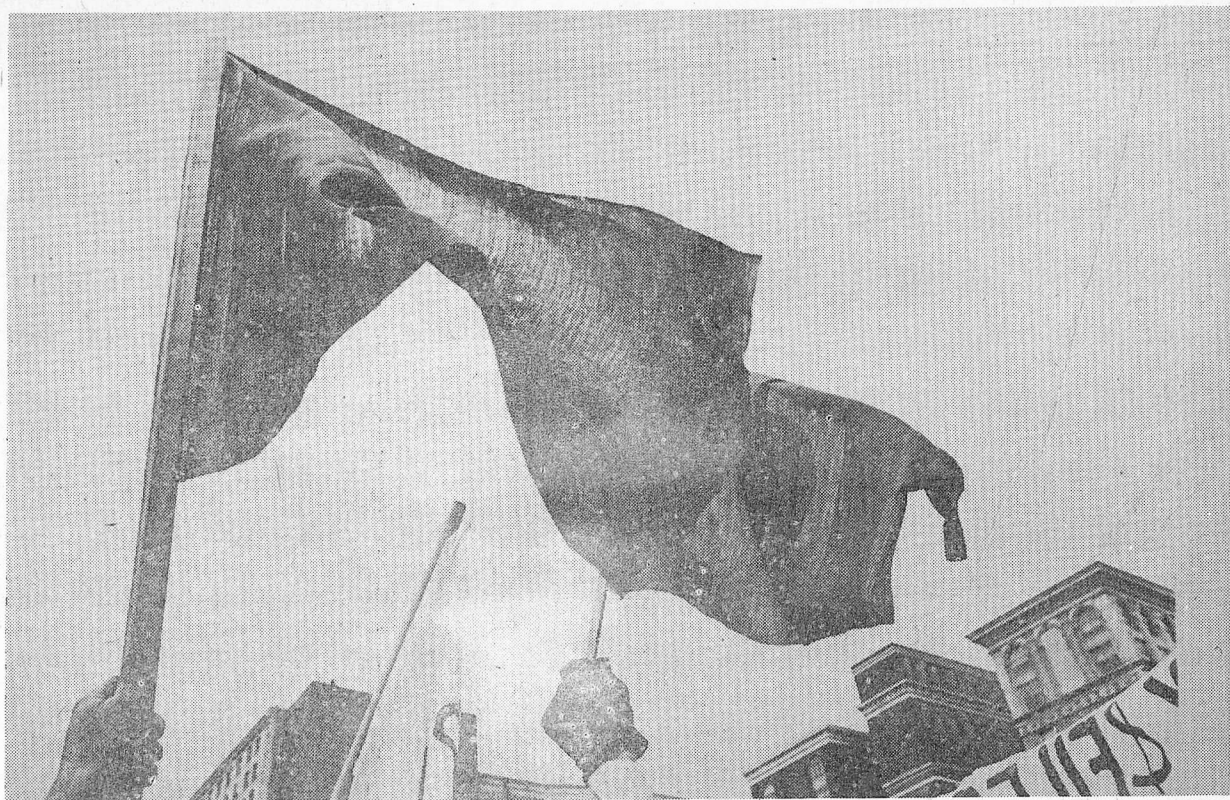
Coming within the site of the great national paternal erection (in memory of the father of our country) as the flags plunged into the fiery depths of hellish radicalism, the folk meandered to the tip of the obelisk. They observed the two odd balls defending the national symbol even while locked deep within its base.

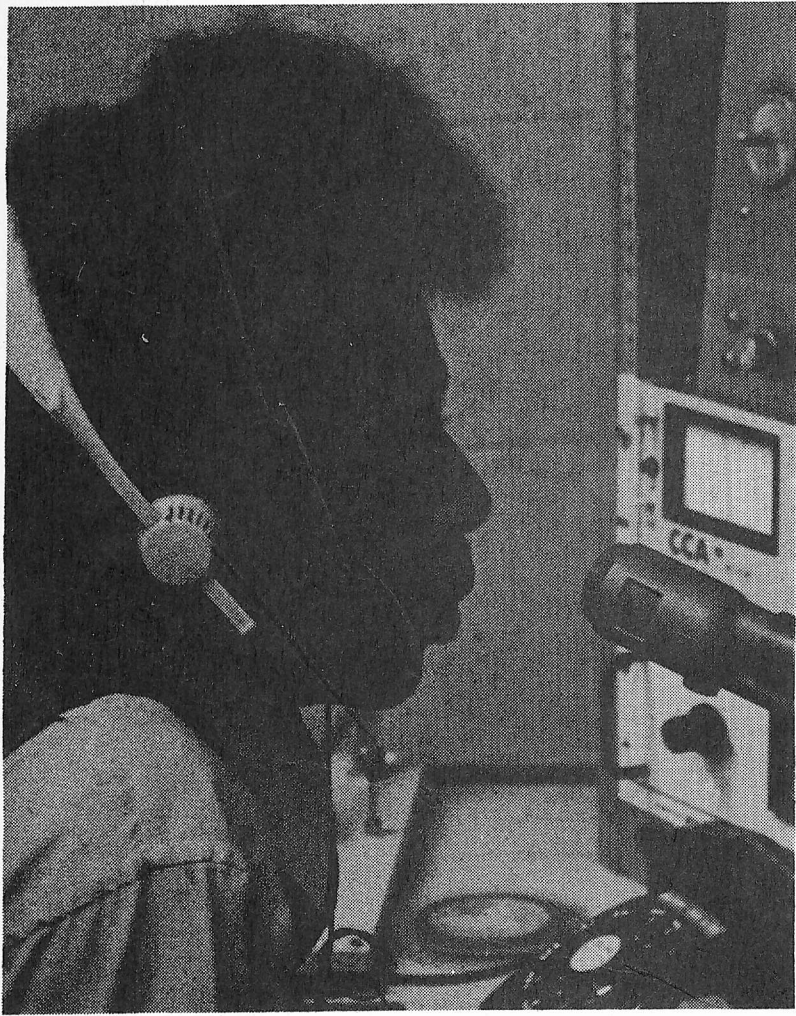
Just up the street Amerika parades its semi-naked youths with fixed bayonets past bozos beaners and royal buffoons. The gang meets the lion of March where they join the hoards who laugh at exactly the wrong things—freezing female flesh, 3 real Indians, the gilded hard hats of the pennsylvania plumbers gild, and at last the youth float which proved that innocence is not dead and that extremism in defense of liberty is no vice.

Our SCREWers dutifully follow their handbills to the First Congregational Church, where many find a rug to sleep on and Rhys finds a Real Live Radical Priest. The White candles in riddle dixie cups light the way of self styled procession to the so-called Inauguration Ball. There they trip on the nostalgia not of the grease age, but of the golden sixties. Three hours in the cold with only 3 good movement songs, "we shall overcome, give peace a chance, and kumbayah" is not usually recommended for an exciting Saturday nite on the town but as the smiling policeman said, "only ticketholders can ball the night away and Nixon has 7 tonite."

### JANUARY 21

Morning is broken and the folks start home. Night comes in Virginia and they find Tennessee in a State of Flux. East air sucks west air to create an existential void. Headlights highly beamed, aim at the energetic particles—go with the flow! Truck after truck is slowed by the elements the folk no longer recognize or accept. And when they dug us up we were dead.





Mike and Dan . . . guess which is which!

## Evans DJ's The Jazz Lab

by John Hooper

Unbeknownst to the uninitiated, there is an electronic sorcerer-in-residence, "high" above Memphis atop the Southwestern gym. "Stirring . . . mixing . . . blending for your musical enjoyment . . ." Dan Evans is cooking a funky "bitches' brew" two nights a week for WLYX—your community radio station.

Hosting the twice-weekly "Kaleidoscope" spotlighting sessions, Dan is the live-wire embodiment of the stilted Mass Media Committee's March 4 proposal that Southwestern hire "a black man or woman with experience and creative talent in radio production."

His duties are 1) "the production of two weekly half-hour programs beamed specifically to the black community" and 2) "to find creative ways of integrating black culture of the community into the regular programming of the station in a natural way, thus hopefully avoiding the polarization which is subtly encouraged by over-emphasis on all-black programs."

Recently returned from Los Angeles, Brother Evans is currently an instructor for Elkins Institute. The Kaleidoscope program serves as an educational laboratory for radio-TV students enrolled under the Elkins curriculum.

While in LA, Evans worked at KJLH—one of the few black-owned radio stations in existence—where he "did everything from sweeping floors to fetching teletype copy . . . the staff usually consisted of four people."

Although Evans claims Memphis as his spiritual home, he admits that the two and one-half years spent at KJLH heavily influenced his ideas on radio-programming beamed into the community.

While Evans only hosts the Kaleidoscope program spotlighting individuals (to date B B King, Billie Holliday, Nancy Wilson, Isaac Hayes), the "Jazz

Lab' is his chief method of integration and dissemination of the 'black culture' envisioned in the Mass Media's proposal.

**FOCUS SHOT ON WLYX CONTROL ROOM:** a lithe, panther-like figure leans over the breadboard (control panel) and fiddles with, turns, and twists various knobs in blissful syncoptic rhythm with Pharoah Saunders jazz piece, "Spiritual." As the baritone sax shrieks its final plea for peace and harmony, the dark figure softly fades in with microphone, "Yes, brothers and sisters, pray for peace, and remember, peace begins within, yeah . . ."

**CUT TO FLASHING TELEPHONE LIGHT:** Evans swivels in his chair and answers phone, finishes calls, returns to conversational posture—he is relaxed, casual.

" . . . jazz is a revolutionary form of art; it encompasses the whole gig from the Big Band sound—Ellington, Goodman—to the small three-piece combo. I want to turn the whole Memphis scene, not just the black community, on to the sophistication of jazz—train their ears, so to speak, to its various forms.

"Jazz, in the South, has suffered from lack of exposure. It has a revolutionary tone, a freedom that unifies black people, and it is this justification that, I feel, most people fear. I've had a great response from all over Memphis, mainly blacks, whose heads have been touched by what's going down here at WLYX."

**CUT TO MONTAGE SHOTS OF SOUTHWESTERN:** Students, faculty members dumbly blinking at the mention of WLYX—"What? A radio station? Here at Southwestern?"

Evans is definitely a man with a mission, and he talks in terms of "jazz heritage," . . . "keeping it simple" . . . "doing radio for the people's satisfaction" . . . "gearing everything to the community and holding back nothing."

Cecilia Schardt

## Here it is, Folks—Sexism

Are women discriminated against on this campus?

I believe the answer is an undeniable yes. Here are some of the reasons behind my conclusion:

(1). The overwhelming majority of administrators and professors are white males. The secretarial staff is predominantly white female. The custodians and ground-crew are all males, many of them black. The maids, to the best of my knowledge, are all black women. The pay-scale breaks down accordingly.

Within the few departments that do have women professors, there is a very strong feeling that some "equalization of pay" is needed. However, figures are not made available to support this feeling or to dissipate it.

(2). The rules and regulations governing dorm students discriminate between men and women students. Fresh "men" women have compulsory hours first term, whereas freshmen

men do not have hours and according to Dean Williford, "have never had hours imposed on them."

The men's dorms have 24 hour parietals. No women's dorms have this privilege. A petition by the residents of Bellingrath for a trial period of an open dorm policy was met by negative administrative reaction.

(3). Women students are not allowed to work nights in the library, the language lab, or even on the security force.

(4). There is discrimination in the use of athletic facilities. Only "boys" are allowed to use the racketball courts.

I would like to address myself separately to each point.

Administrators agree that my observations about the imbalance in the number of male vs. female professors and black vs. white professors are valid. However, they also point out that change takes time and that it would be reckless and foolish to fire professors and hire replacements merely to achieve an abstract ideal and liberal quota.

Still, the new professors hired this year in economics and biology were both white males. Also, I haven't heard any mention of any women candidates for the presidency of Southwestern.

Point number two deals with an intolerable situation that must be changed. Women dorm students should be accepted on an equal basis with men dorm students. The fact that over 97% of the residents of Bellingrath support the petitions for a trial period of open dorms has had little (if any) influence on the powers that be.

The run-around with the Bellingrath petition has discouraged SRC president Kathi McClain from even submitting the petition to abolish compulsory hours.

Point number three is a very touchy one, for it deals primarily with the myth of the "Great

White Southern Virgin" and her need for protection and security. Some people consider women to be little more than potential rape victims.

I'm sure there are many women who would not want to work nights in the library or the language lab, or work on security. I'm also sure there are women who have no qualms about these positions and who are capable of handling these jobs. It is unjust to deny them these positions. The assaults on male students earlier this year pointed out that both sexes are vulnerable.

The security men aren't even authorized or instructed to use physical violence. In case of an incident, they're to call security headquarters, who will then notify the Memphis Police Department.

Point number four rankles me. The only semi-valid reason to deny women the use of the racketball courts is that the facilities are already crowded. Although there are only two courts, after the initial excitement of allowing women to play wears off, I'm sure the facilities wouldn't be any more crowded. If the courts did remain crowded, Southwestern should consider expanding the facilities rather than denying use to half the student body.

Arguments that the courts are across from the men's dressing room can be countered with two facts: 1) the men's dressing room has a door which can be shut off and 2) there is a connection between the women's gym and the racketball courts which could be used.

**To establish unquestionably equal treatment by Southwestern of women and men students, I again charge the administration to issue and to enforce a policy to this effect.**

The myth of the GWSV is dead. The times they are a-changing.

He wants to push WLYX and speaks with confidence of interlinking media programs with public service.

**FADE-OUT SHOT** (in day-glo luminescence of the 7-Up clock, over breadboard): Evans whirls and weaves in his chair, stabbing the air with his hands, crooning and coaxing his listeners to ascend with him to higher jazz levels, in a hyped-up parody of some African witch-doctor hooked in to 10 watts of pure primal energy.

Memphis is on the verge of a musical revolution and it's brewing here at Southwestern on WLYX. So link your heads up with some of the finest jazz around and undulate to what's going down.

### The Foole

## can't you hear that mongrel sing?

It all began with a memorandum.

*From the desk of: Whoever is in charge of Zoo University To: The Foole and all he stands for*

*Your presence and/or attendance is requested at a meeting in Room 509 Palmer so that you might talk and walk with Presidential hopeful Bernard Messerschmidt, AA, MBE, and to get to know his idiosyncracies, ask him collegiate-type questions, and discourage him from taking the job. In order that others won't feel left out and report this to their respectful minority groups, do not tell anyone about this memo. Should you decide to accept, please come tomorrow during your fifteen minute break for an extensive in-depth interview. If you are caught, Mrs. B will disavow any knowledge of you or your religious beliefs. After reading, memorize, roll, and smoke. Good luck, you Foole.*

The room where we were to meet was rather an obscure one, but after a good Diehl of directions I realized that the meeting was being held in the tower it-

self; the original Bell Room. There were six others in the tower including Messerschmidt. The questions left that way, came back the other way and went this way:

**Zoo student:** Mr. Messerschmidt with all those degrees after your name why aren't you a PhD?

**Bernard Messerschmidt:** Degrees, oh you mean letters? The MBE stands for a nickname I was called in school, Mighty Big Ears, and the AA means . . . well you know.

**Another Zoo Student:** Do you mean they found you on the streets?

**Messie:** No they called me. It was the second phone call I've gotten in a year. One from here and one from George McGovern asking me to be his vice president.

**The Foole:** Who contacted you, sir?

**Bernie:** My mother read an ad in the East Memphis Shopper's News and I was white and unhappy at Stop and Shop #9 so I applied.

**The Foole:** Why you Mr. Messerschmidt?

**B.M.:** Well I was told that administrators were dropping like flies, the faculty wanted an academician, the students wanted an educator, counselor and all around rock star, but the board wanted a Topo Gigio type. I got three promotions in the war in two days and the Chairman of the Board, no matter how much they may be—let me put it this way: I know my place.

**Interviewer:** What great holo-caustic programs have you in mind instituting?

**Interviewee:** From the likes of that question young man, I believe we need a new class in sentence structure. Also I believe in equality of the sexes so I feel the girls should also have to turn parietal cards. Any molester caught on campus will have to meet our science requirements and we're going to do a study on the subcultures found on the stainless steel in the refectory.

**Quasimado:** I am so sorry students and kind sir but it is ten minutes after the hour and time for me to ring the bell.

Mary Maude Miller

# Last Night I Had a Dream

The other night I had a dream, or perhaps I should say, a nightmare, at least it almost was, I can't say for sure what caused it but my prime suspect is the donut I ate in the refectory that evening. They do tend to sort of stay in and with you a while, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, there I was in this dream, only at first I didn't know where "there" was. I was just in this line that seemed to never begin and never end, though it did keep moving. I couldn't figure out where we were going until, suddenly, there I was right next to that mat of grease where the donut-maker kept plopping dough in to swell up into those fat, oozy donuts! And then in my dream I know where "there" was: the Catherine Burrow Refectory, with its food and noise, and people, and flowers, and all.

The line slowly moved and just as it came my turn to get a tray, silverware, and food—horror of horrors—there were no trays, no spoons, and no plates to put the food on. So I waited and finally the trays and plates came, but no spoons. That's ok, thought I. I'd better hurry, hurry on if I'm going to get anywhere in this place. I grabbed a big ol' puffy cream-puff for dessert and then all was utter chaos: it blared at me, it stared at me; and it scared me!

I could get nowhere. I couldn't move. There was someone behind me, someone in front, and of course someone on either side. Finally I was able to budge and I spied a clear area to set my tray down but, alas, by the time I made it from where I was to there, there was another tray there. Someone suddenly jerked their tray up, though, and I

thrust mine in its place.

I tossed a salad into a bowl and went for the dressing, but there was no opening. I eventually made it to the blue cheese, dumping it lumpily onto my salad. I set the bowl on my tray and rushed to get something to drink. Alas, I got the last glass! Lucky for me, but too bad for some people for a while.

Whew! I can finally sit down—but where? I gaze throughout the refectory and what do I see? There are the ATO's in front, the Kappa Sig's in the adjoining room, the SAE's at the side, and the SN's at the back. And, of course, the Chi O's are with the E's, the Tri Delts with the Nu's, and the others just sort of scattered around. On the other side, I know what I'll find, for in my dream I have a vision in which I see on that side the Pikes, the KD's, and the "liberals," if you get my meaning. Each group has its own little place, but where is my place? Where am I to go?

I spy a table-ful of friends and they say I may squeeze in, if I find a chair. Ok, I find a chair, but it won't fit between the tables; then we move the table, but that crowds the guy behind me. We all squinch up, however, and I think I'll get to eat. I certainly know it's about time I'm getting to!

Suddenly, though, the lights go out and they tell me it's Tuesday or Wednesday, or Thursday night at the refectory movies. The soundtrack's so loud I can't hear anything but it and the din of the uproar of everybody trying to yell above the noise and the room's so dark I can hardly see what I'm eating, or where I'm going when I finally get up

the courage and the nerve to venture to get a spoon, since they were all out before. I just know where I want to go and I eventually reach the light, where I can see. I find a spoon and take a deep breath before returning to my table, although the masses and uproar have decreased, thank goodness.

I am just fixing to sit down and splat! A wet wadded napkin sticks to my arm. I look around but am not able to see who did it, anyway since it's dark. I finish my meal as best I can and by the time I figure out what I'm eating, the movie has ended gloriously and the lights are blazing semi-brightly. I remain to sit and try to relax and gather my wits together after such a gruelling experience.

I decide I'm ready to leave and that I better get out of there soon if I'm ever to get anything done, so I calmly get up from my chair and just as calmly, yet quickly, walk to put up my tray and take my leave.

Alas, as I pass the donut vat, my eyes see a fat, swollen, grease-oozing donut and I reach to get it with one hand. As I grab it I suddenly hear a crash as my tray bangs onto the floor.

Such a jolt awoke me and I sat up in bed, feeling as drippy as the grease that oozes out of those donuts when you squeeze them. I just sat in my bed trying to relax and gather my wits together after such a gruelling dream.

After a few minutes I composed myself, and then looked at the clock. It was time for me to get up anyway, so I did and dressed and I went to breakfast. And as I walked in the refectory, there to my right the first thing to greet my gaze was a vat of grease where the donut-maker was plopping dough in to swell up into those fat, oozy donuts!

All I felt like doing was sitting down, trying to relax and gather my wits together.



Cast of *The Price* (\$5), from left: Jim Ostrander as Victor Franz, Ed Cook as Gregory Solomon, Phil Page as Walter Franz, and Julia Gossett as Esther Franz, and Jerry Mathers as the Beaver.

## Miller Play Featured At Circuit

by FT

Powerful is *The Price*, Arthur Miller's family situation comedy-drama now being presented at the Circuit Playhouse. Piercing the vital centers, this funny-sad play brings together two brothers, Victor and Walter—one an ordinary policeman, and the other a successful surgeon—uniting after the death of their father.

Having been separated for a long time, the two men discuss what is to be done with their parent's property. A simple disagreement provokes a confrontation which leads them to examine their different lives and finally to present their ideas on existence. Victor's tired wife and a wise antique appraiser

shift their sympathy from one side to the other.

Victor, believing in self-sacrifice, had left school to support his father. Walter, who believes in practicality, had pursued his medical career. The dialogue is now affectionate and then furious.

Finding themselves lost in the affection and fury of this dialogue, the cast of actors the Circuit Playhouse presents beautifully earns credibility.

Jim Ostrander, as Victor; Phil Page, as Walter; Julia Gossett as Victor's wife, and, best of all, Ed Cook as the antique appraiser, effortlessly deserve applauded appreciation. Their performance is, in a word, powerful.

## Few Morsels in 'Sam'

by Peter Ball

Play It Again, *Sam*, the Broadway hit by Woody Allen, is the current presentation of the Memphis Little Theatre. The play is basically about a movie maniac who breaks through his celluloid caul to become a real live actor in the gripping, suspense-filled, action-packed, fraught-with-meaning soap opera known as *Real Life*.

Dan Phillips plays the part of Woody Allen, Alias Allan Felix, a cinema freak who has made Bogart into a cult figure and sex counselor. Bob Darling plays the part of Bogey, slipping in a Southern twang every once in a while to give an amusing flavor to Bogey's pithy advice.

Allan's marriage had been a really bad scene, so his wife has called it curtains on their marriage. In order to pull Allen out of intramarital despair, Nancy, his best friend's wife, attempts to occupy his mind with a succession of set-ups. But these phantoms of delight fail to respond to his unique charisma.

Having run out of friends to recommend, Nancy offers herself as a living room companion

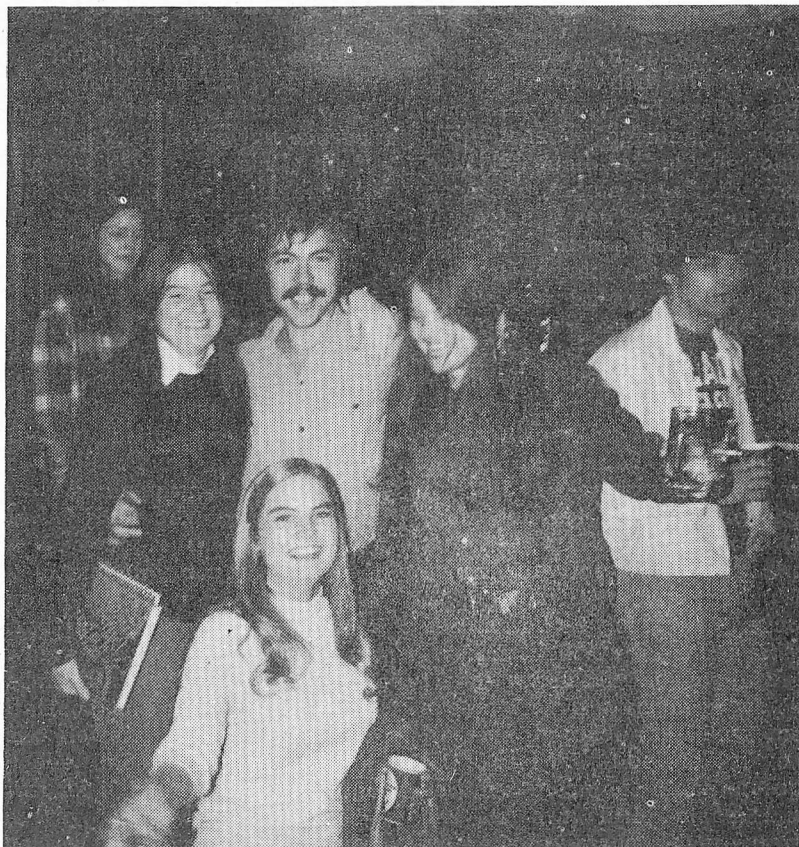
piece. Her young executive husband has been too preoccupied with business trips to give her much thought. Left alone much of the time, she turns to Allan for affection.

Will true love blossom in the hearts of these young lovers? Will Nancy be Allan's Lauren Bacall? Is this to be the beginning of a magnificent obsession?

Alas, no, for they are only dancing in the dark and now must face the music separately. Nancy goes back to her husband while Allan emerges as a star in his own right—capable of acting independently without the aid of the bogus Bogey.

Dan Phillips is too preoccupied with playing Woody Allen to play the part of Allan Felix, even though one is a thinly disguised manifestation of the other. Eda Fain as Nancy comes on like a post-graduate June Allyson whose cardigan has gotten a bit torn in the matriculation exercises.

The few tasty morsels strumping across the stage fail to compensate for the bland acting of the other cast members. As an article in the program asked, "Why aren't you home watching T.V.?"



"Thank God It's Wednesday," slurred Dabne Nichols, Liz Tibbets, Jack Danner, Rosie Rossell, Kaki Deaver and Robert Faulkoff at the Beer Bust co-sponsored by SAGA and the Social Commission January 24.

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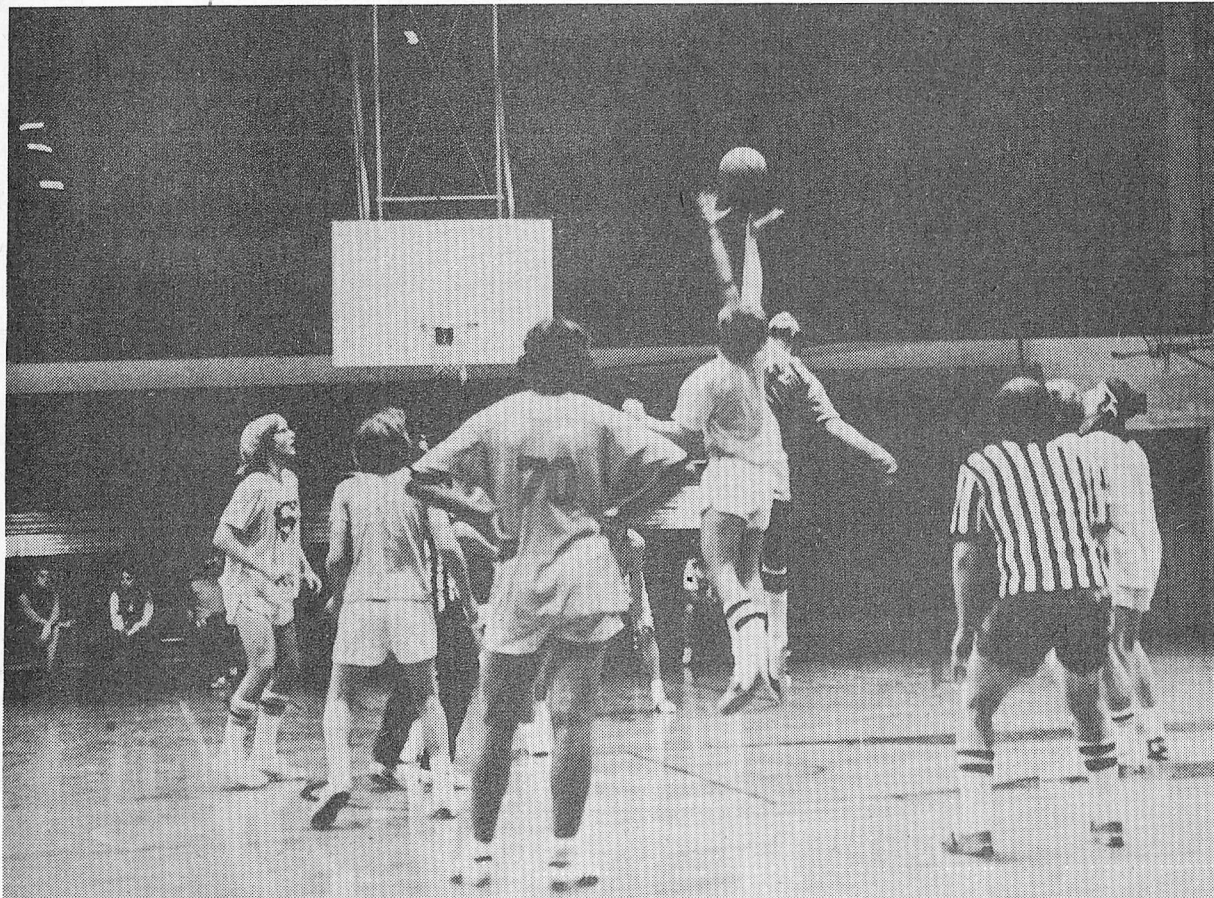
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Intramural basketballers jump before a capacity crowd.

## Choctaws Cream Lynx, 91-60

At Mississippi College the Lynx went after victory number three in a crackerjack-box-sized gymnasium, but instead the Chocs from Clinton came away with the prize and a 91-60 victory. Southwestern came out scrapping from the opening tip, and despite trailing 38-29 at intermission, the Lynx played the Choctaws on even terms throughout the first half behind the shooting of Steve Rast and Ralph Allen, who combined for 26 points in the opening period.

However, faulty free throw shooting kept Southwestern from owning the lead at intermission as the Lynx missed on the front half of five one-and-ones in the first half. For the game the Lynx cashed in on only 14 of 30 from the charity line for a mediocre 46.7%.

In the final half the Chocs' superior depth began to take its toll. Led by 6'7" center David Gold and forward Ernie Ladner, and a host of other tall and talented reserves. Mississippi College crashed the boards for a commanding 65-34 advantage in rebounding. And because they controlled the offensive boards, the Chocs were able to get the second and third shots on almost each trip down the court.

As a result, six Chocs hit for double figures before the final buzzer sounded, with Ladner leading the way with 17 points. For the Lynx Steve Rast finished with a game high 22 points while Ralph Allen and Joel Furnari added 16 and 14 respectively.

The loss dropped the Lynx to 2-10 for the season. The Lynx

returned home Thursday to meet CBC in their traditional rivalry.

### SOUTHWESTERN

	fs-fga	ft-fa	rb	pf	tp
Furnari	4-21	4-14	6	4	12
Allen	6-11	2-2	6	3	14
Hesi	3-8	1-3	0	4	7
Rast	8-23	6-6	5	3	22
Yochum	2-8	0-1	8	4	4
Lloyd	0-0	1-3	0	0	1
Ross	0-0	0-0	0	1	0
Kifer	0-0	0-0	0	2	0
Totals	23-71	14-30	34	21	60

### MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE

	fs-fga	ft-fa	rb	pf	tp
Ladner	8-14	1-2	5	1	17
Bryant	2-3	0-0	6	1	4
Good	5-12	0-2	13	4	10
Young	3-9	6-7	4	4	12
French	5-14	0-0	3	3	10
Price	2-7	0-1	2	4	4
Jefcoat	1-2	1-2	1	1	3
Musarove	0-3	0-0	2	0	0
Fondren	4-8	0-1	8	1	8
Blackman	5-6	2-3	7	0	12
Sasser	2-4	7-8	8	5	11
Totals	37-82	17-26	65	24	91

Mississippi College	38	53-91
Southwestern	29	31-60
Attendance—300.		

## Ladylynx Drop First Two Games

The Southwestern LadyLynxcats made their season debut last Friday against the Jackson independents. Despite a last minute comeback led by Debbie Krivec, Jackson held on to win, 58-50. Southwestern, coached by Women's Athletic Director Camille Deadrick, worked a 1-2-2 zone and sported a free-lance offense.

The LadyLynxcats came out sluggish against Jackson. Rita Carmichael seemed to score at ease, and Southwestern trailed 18-9 at the end of the first quarter. It wasn't until late in the first quarter that the Lynx gained their composure. From that point, the LadyLynxcats played Jackson even until half. They went into the locker room down 31-20.

Jackson opened up a 25 point lead in the third quarter and coasted to a 50-25 third quarter

lead. Then the Southwestern fireworks began. Mary Ann Bradley popped in three quick baskets and Susan Clark scored seven points in the final quarter. But it was Debbie Krivec, scoring 12 of her game high 30 points, who put the LadyLynxcats back in the game. At one point, Jackson led by only two, but two last-minute baskets by Rita Carmichael gave Jackson a 58-50 triumph.

In the second game of their young season, the LadyLynxcats were challenged by an undefeated Memphis State team. Playing before a standing-room-only crowd of approximately 100, Southwestern faced one of the most disciplined women's teams in the state. MSU came out in a tough man-to-man defense, while Southwestern relied on its intimidating zone defense. Defense seemed to be the

name of the game in the first quarter. MSU outscored the LadyLynxcats 11-10 in that period.

But the MSU quickness took its toll in the second quarter. They picked up ten points on the fast break and led Southwestern, 32-19, at half. The Lynx's hopes rested on Debbie Krivec, who was nursing the flu. Krivec had 18 at half, but the effects of her sickness did not show until the second half.

In the third quarter, MSU opened up a 20 point lead and never looked back. In the final quarter, MSU rested its leading scorer, Kathy Whitetree, who had 17 for the night. The final score saw Southwestern on the wrong side of a 57-35 decision.

The LadyLynxcats travel to Jackson to play Lambuth Thursday.

## Intramural Basketball Underway

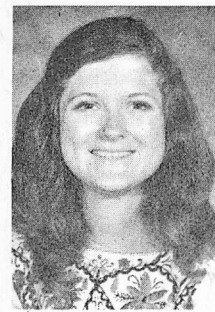
With the completion of one week of IM basketball, the KA's and all three of the independent teams seemed to rate as contenders. Behind the play of freshman Paul Adams, the KA's swept to two quick victories. The SAE's, without the services of Jimmy Grenfell, lost a heart-breaker to the BSA. Grenfell is presently fighting an appeal to keep him eligible for intramurals. Independent III played only one game and lost it to the SAE's, who were playing with Grenfell. If his appeal does not go through, the independents will be without a loss.

In B league, the SN's, with

their disciplined offense, looked impressive in winning two out of three. The SAE's B2 team won two out of three and it could be a showdown between the two for the B league championship. At times the independents, KS's and the Pikes all showed promising signs.

The SAE's C2 team romped through its first four games. The KA's C-league team won its first five. As of now, it looks like their game Monday should decide who's champ.

First round ends February 8, and the playoffs for the round will follow immediately if any are necessary.



This Week's Corned Beef House Personality is Nancy Howell. Nancy is executive secretary of the senior class and one of the unsung heroes of the Social Commission.

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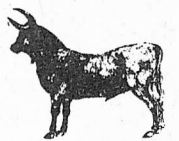
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