

Sou'wester

VOL 59, NO 11

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS

DECEMBER 5, 1975

Term III Battle Looms

by Patti Smith

While students are nestled comfortably among their reading day books, faculty members will meet to decide the fate of third term next Wednesday.

The Administrative Policy Committee (APC) will recommend in their report to the faculty that they retain the present 3-term (4-4-2) system. A minority report advising the faculty to revert to the semester (5-5) system will also be filed.

These reports, which culminate a term of intensive review of the current term structure and several alternatives, will also include specific calendars for both systems, a list of advantages and disadvantages of each (see Box, this page), and a summary of the committee's action.

The committee's decision to recommend the present system came on a vote of 4-2, with two members absent and not voting.

Unless the issue is declared an "unimportant matter" (Which would delay any final action until the January meeting), the faculty will debate it and make their final decision in the Wednesday meeting.

Three persons empowered to officially declare the matter "important"—Dean Robert Patterson, President James Daughdrill, and APC Chairman Jack Russell—have indicated that they will not take such action.

However, the APC can vote to declare their report an "important matter" or any faculty member can make such a motion, which requires the yeas of one third of the voting members at the meeting.

In an effort to allow greater educational experimentation and innovation, Southwestern

implemented the 3-term system in the fall of 1968. According to Russell, certain faculty members requested a review of the system approximately three years ago, but the faculty felt it was too early to judge the calendar and decided to wait a few years.

The APC began reviewing alternative college calendars last spring, but dropped their investigation when a referendum revealed that 94% of the student body preferred the 3-term system.

Dean Patterson cited "increasing dissatisfaction with third term on the part of certain departments—economics, math, languages, business administration, and probably physics and chemistry"—as the basis for the committee's re-evaluation this year. He explained that these departments "have considered that third term is disadvantageous to teaching their disciplines."

Two main alternatives to the present system arose from the APC's discussion: a two-semester (5-5) calendar and a 3-term (4-1-4) system, which offers one course in the month of January and requires one "meaningful summer experience" for credit. The 4-1-4 system was dropped when the committee decided it presented more conflict than the 4-4-2 system.

They then focused their attention on the semester system as the only viable option to the present calendar. To add flexibility in course scheduling for the proposed semester system, the APC approved a new class schedule which would shorten M-W-F classes to 50 minutes and T-Th classes to 75 minutes, and

thus create more class periods within the same 8am-4pm time structure.

While he voted for the 4-4-2 as a member of the APC, Dean Patterson confessed that he is "very much on both sides—neither system is perfect." He favors the present calendar because it offers variety in the length of terms, and an increase in innovative development and personal interactions in third term. It also provides a new start in April, which he thinks is helpful.

Jim Morris, another APC member, has no strong feelings one way or the other, although he leans toward the 4-4-2. He noted that he sometimes feels third term is not pedagogically valuable. Then he countered this with, "Why is that? Is it because we don't have enough energy, ingenuity, and real effort to make it academically sound?"

This points out the feeling of many faculty members and students that third term is really just a "play time." Yet, as one faculty member phrased it, "there is such a dichotomy between work and play. . . sometimes we seem to think that you can't study and learn without suffering."

The flexibility of third term is Jim Lanier's major reason for supporting the present system. It lends itself to experimental and interdisciplinary courses. "And while we haven't done as many of these things as we could have, we won't even have the chance to try them if we eliminate third term."

Lanier has been assisting Michael McLain, Ray Hill, Bo Scarborough, and Lon Anthony this term in developing a third

term course in New York. Dean Anne Marie Williford who also voted for the 4-4-2 in the APC, stressed third term's effect on interpersonal relationships: "There's more teaching and learning together. . . it's a glueing experience involving student/student and faculty/student relation." She attributes this to the tempo, weather and small classes of third term.

In voting for the 5-5 system in the APC, Chuck Orvis emphasized the inadequacy of the spring term for conveying certain ideas. He maintained for example, that his field requires a period of absorption for economic theory which cannot be met in the six week's time.

Russell believes that the semester system "lends itself to a seriousness of purpose better than our present system. "I think I can do my job better teaching mathematics under a 5-5-5 system, and I think my students do better."

The majority of students seem to favor the 4-4-2 calendar, exalting third term and shuddering at the idea of concentrating on five subjects per semester.

However, these feelings are not unanimous. Katherine Maddox explained that "in terms of my personal major (economics) and in how I order my educational experience, I would probably be better off under the semester system."

Russell feels that reviewing the existing calendar is a positive action. He noted that there have been a lot of people "muttering" about third term, and he acknowledged that he was one of them. "We're going to put the murmuring and muttering (about the calendar change) to rest. . . We're going to

decide, and we're going to live with our decision."

The exact procedure for arriving at this decision has been a subject of controversy throughout the week.

Several faculty members have expressed concern that the immediacy of the issue was not conveyed in the APC's report to the faculty last month. Deeming it "vague" and "totally innocuous," they maintain that there was no hint in the report that the issue could come to a vote this month. C. Kenyon Wagner echoed the thoughts of many in declaring that the matter was "hastily brought before the faculty at an inopportune time."

Russell maintains that he accurately relayed the APC's action in his report: "That's where we were last month—we were merely exploring possibilities of different calendars."

Other faculty members questioned the anticipated procedure of combining the APC's majority and minority reports in one presentation. The exact method of this presentation will be determined by the APC at their meeting this afternoon.

A meeting at 6pm Sunday in FJ-B is scheduled to formalize the students' viewpoints into a report which will be presented at the faculty meeting Wednesday.

Will the students' voice be heard? Again, the ranks are apparently divided. In Russell's words: "I think it's appropriate and proper that the faculty makes the final decision, mainly on the basis of faculty opinion in the best interest of the educational program."

Item: 4-4-2 5-5

ADVANTAGES

DISADVANTAGES

ADVANTAGES

DISADVANTAGES

1. NUMBER OF COURSE INVOLVEMENTS
2. OVERALL STUDENT "FEEL"
3. EDUCATIONAL "INNOVATION"
4. PEDAGOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS
5. OVERALL FACULTY "FEEL" AND COURSE LOAD
6. WEATHER/ENERGY
7. ADMINISTRATIVE CONSIDERATIONS
8. INTERFACE WITH SUMMER AND WITH SISTER INSTITUTIONS

1. With only 4 courses, student can pursue each course more fully.
2. Term III nurtures smaller and more creative courses; good student/student and student/faculty relations.
3. Encourages academic innovation and greater variety of one-term courses.
4. Student with poor record can do better in Term III (shorter time-span, two courses), three course sequence during one academic year is possible.
5. Three courses per long term, not four.
6. Late September start, air conditioning costs low.
7. We are on this system now, no revisions necessary
8. June-August are the traditional summer months, both for summer school and summer jobs.

1. Student can choose only four courses. (The pinch is especially noticed by first term freshmen.)
2. Term III is called 'play term' by some students and faculty, meaning that it may permit or encourage a lack of educational seriousness.
3. All that innovating may mean there are not enough 'standard' courses for freshmen.
4. Compressed time of Term III is poor pedagogically in some disciplines (e.g. Physics, Math, Economics, languages).
Difficult or impossible to make a two-term sequence (7½ months) cover as much as two semesters (9 months).
5. Faculty in some departments feel their time is not well used in Term III.
6. Early January start, heating bills higher.
7. A third term means more days used for exams, more effort to register, to report grades, etc.
8. Late Sept. beginning coordinates poorly with local K-12, MSU, CBC, Art Academy.

1. Five courses per term better for a science student taking 'Man,' for someone taking three major courses at one time, etc.
2. Student's year would be less fragmented, more year-long involvement in a subject.
3. To change the calendar would require reorganized courses, and therefore (perhaps) revitalized courses.
4. Symmetry of the calendar makes course planning easier. Shorter class time makes scheduling more flexible (even with students having five course involvements).
5. Some departments can offer certain courses fewer times.
6. Relatively cool ending in mid-May, beneficial to faculty vacations.
7. Only two terms to fool with.
8. May increase attractiveness of summer school by making it "different." Students get jobs better in early May.

1. Five courses more difficult for average student to juggle than four.
2. A bad semester for a student is harder on him than it would be in 4-4-2 system.
3. Off-campus courses (e.g., biology field trip, Florence seminar) not possible.
4. Symmetry of calendar means less variety, all courses will fit into same mould.
5. Faculty would have to teach four courses in certain terms.
6. Hot start in August, Palmer Hall classrooms poorly air-conditioned.
7. To find five course instead of four to fit into a schedule may hassle students and their advisors.
8. Timing for summer school clumsy.

Editorials

Don't Change

Next week the faculty will consider and possibly decide whether to continue the present calendar of two 4-course and one 2-course terms or to return to the traditional two 5-course terms calendar.

The *Sou'wester* urges the faculty *not* to abandon the present calendar for the 1976 session.

The calendar has a very important influence on the academic life of the school. This kind of presentation that is effective in a 15 week course is totally ineffective in a 6 week course. The learning process involved in taking 5 courses at once is strikingly different from that involved in taking 2 courses. These things are obvious. In comparing the two different calendars there are naturally different advantages to each. And different people naturally favor different systems.

But the reason that we feel the faculty should not adopt a new calendar is not because we favor one system over another. It is because what is at stake is more than just a calendar change—the important question to ask is *what type of learning experience does Southwestern want to offer*. This is being considered only indirectly. The real conflict is between the traditional teaching method and a creative and innovative one. This conflict should be resolved first—which calendar system to use will then follow.

Incidentally, there is one assumption behind both calendars that has never been challenged. Is it necessary to have all courses start and end at the same time? Is it possible to have a calendar incorporating different length terms that run concurrently?

The bookkeeping might be complex, but then a system that would satisfy proponents of both calendars would surely justify devising a record-keeping and registration process that could handle it.

This idea is intriguing enough to warrant work. Because of its size, Southwestern could devise a truly unique system particularly fitted to its needs.

Seniors Take Note

Those of you who attended a previous year's Commencement may have seen the diplomas received by our graduates. They resemble something that might best be described as the offspring of an illicit affair between a draft card and a Coca-Cola advertisement. From a technical standpoint, their appearance is greatly lacking—for instance, a poor quality photograph of the seal of Southwestern replaces an actual stamped seal. The diplomas look like one of these fill-in-the-blank "Mother of the Year" certificates one might buy at Woolco. In a word, they're cheap.

If the school is going to bother with giving out diplomas at all, they may as well distribute a document that appears to have been received from an institution that holds an amount of self-esteem. Find a graduate's diploma, look at it, then go gripe to Lloyd Templeton in Palmer Hall and help get the things changed.

Also...

Seniors need to stimulate a little class unity. Remember, graduation will soon be upon us. Raymond Fitzgerald, the Senior class secretary, might be wise to set a meeting for Seniors at the beginning of Term II to plan class activities previous to and during commencement exercises.

This has been a quiet (boring, even) year thus far. Let's not fade out of the picture without making a little bit of racket.

"Twas the week before finals, and all through the *Sou'wester*,
Not a feature was stirring, though Jeff tried to pester
One up...

The *Sou'wester* this week is a Christmas present to YOU from old Daddy Christmas himself, Jeff Strak, with help from SWAM's own Kross Kringles Dan Matics (Managing Editor), Katherine Maddox (Business Manager), and Rob Chugden (Copy Editor).

Our writers were ornaments to their profession (they just bumbled on): Leslie Copeland, Patti Smith, Ty Herrington, Taylor Phillips, Scott Prosterman, The Squatter, Preston Johnson, Andy Branham, Bernice White, Henry Slack, Gil Rossner, Dan Hougland, and Susan Olsen got hung up for you. Professor R.C. Wood is the star on the tree. In our chest of drawers we found Josie Warchek and David Meyer, so we strung them up, too. Remember, two points determine a line.

The photographic elves were Barney Stengel and Steve Posner, who toyed in their holly holy darkroom under the direction of editors Ray Gilmer and Peter Cobb, and kept saying, "We will berry you."

To package the paper up right, we had extensive "wrap sessions" with aid from stocking stuffers and staffers Jaime Ronderos, Joe Ross, Merlin Buford, Ellen Tyler, and Bill Coolidge.

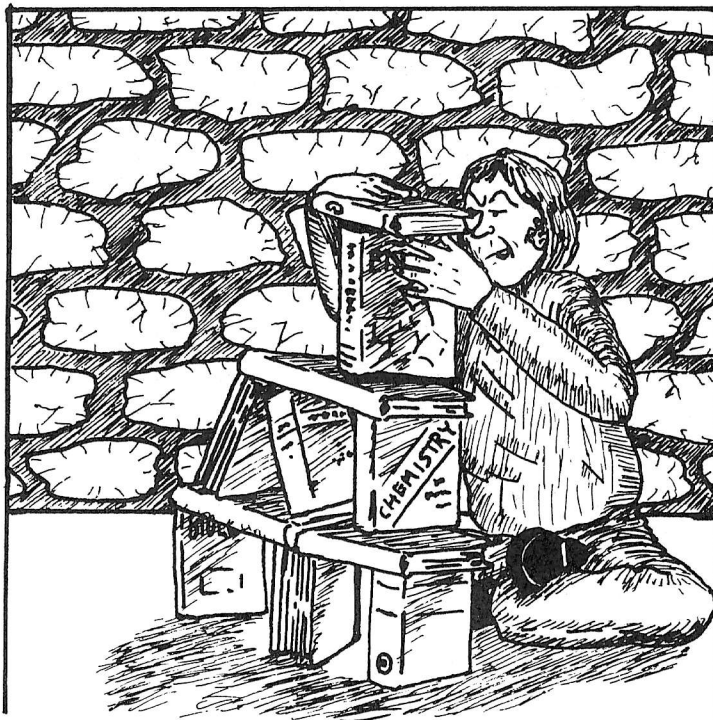
And Circulation Manager Jim Williams showed some sleigh-of-hand by recalling Dasher from the track team, Dancer from the ballet, Prancer from the starting gate, Vixen from Russ Meyer's film, Comet from the kitchen, Cupid from St. Valentine, Donder from the head, and Blitzen from the krieg.

We also member a few of our snowed-under helpers (they've always been flakey): Pat Wade (Sports Editor) and Ken Herrell (Advertising Lay-out). Bob Sledd furnished transportation: we've got him down cold.

And I heard him cry, as he flunked out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

Sou'wester

cover by peter cobb, pat wade, and david meyer



5-5 CREATIVITY

Highsteppers

Highlight

Formal

Larry Raspberry and the Highsteppers will perform at the Kappa Sigma formal January 10 at 9:00 pm in the Xanadu Ballroom. Tickets are six dollars per couple in advance, and can be purchased from any member of the fraternity.

Come and celebrate the New Year with the first gala Bicentennial drunk and general travesty. Make your plans to attend now. Tickets will be sold in the refectory and at the Student Center.

Letters to the Editor

CONCERNING: PETS, PRISONERS, PROFESSORS, AND POETS

Dear Editor:

Southwestern offers an incredible amount of freedom—and trust—to each student. Yet in the light of the actions of some students, one cannot help but wonder if this trust is entirely justified.

The SRC, like the Honor Council, finds itself confronted with an increasing number of somehow 'socially acceptable' violations. This is a situation fraught with danger. The students who abuse the concepts of individual rights and responsibilities at SW (whether by vandalism, dogs, drug abuse or honor code violations) not only deny other individual students of their rights, but threaten the ethical framework of our college community.

A recent and notable example is the abuse of the campus pet policy. Chronic violations have encouraged administrative intervention and, worse, threaten to disrupt the campus' tenuous autonomy from the Memphis municipal authorities.

The maintenance of our freedoms lies not only with the SRC and Honor Council, but with every student. If we cannot show ourselves to be responsible members of the college community, we cannot expect to hold our unique freedoms for long.

Sincerely,
Arthur Kellerman, President
Social Regulations Council

Every so often, an opportunity comes along for someone to give a little of him or herself, to do it even though you don't know the other person at all, just because it's Christmas.

Here's your chance, Southwestern.

Dear friend,
Would you please place an ad in your paper about a lonely prisoner who would like to correspond with someone cause at mail call is the lonely hour. Anyone who would like to write to a lonely prisoner I appreciate it from my heart.

Mr. Marcus Mike Taylor
141-628
PO Box 787
Lucasville, Ohio 45648
Thank you.

Dear Editor:

Recent discussions centering on calendar proposals have revealed a disturbing aspect of the Southwestern community:

The high pressure system which apparently dictates our pedagogical climate has anything but beneficial effects upon community communication. More than one tenured faculty member requested anonymity when expressing personal views to me in my role as the ominous *Sou'wester* reporter who threatened to make public their opinions. Wielding I-have-to-live-with-these-people's and you-can-understand-my-hesitation's, they pleaded their case, begged empathy, and received blessed namelessness.

While I sincerely appreciate their candor in our discussions, I regret that they, along with many others, feel they can't expound certain ideas beyond the confines of their office door.

Their ideas are provocative; they need to be heard.

Patti Smith

Dear Editor:

My first words in this newspaper and, given the quality audience, I'm nervous to measure up. Term I draws to a close, and in closing springs backward glances, glances effortlessly evolving into recapitulations, and re-evaluations (and . . . and . . .), of self within the panorama of 4½ Southwestern years. This term closing more poignant, more affecting. Richard C. Wood leaving and me leaving before his return; and I guess it's the leaving that makes me want to write in this paper; I guess to share with you the farewell to Doc Wood that I could never talk about (presumptuous I understand, but please indulge me this bepedestalled connecting myself to the community.)

You know Doc Wood, and if you've looked, his face hints a tale. Doc is a man who has taken on more than a man can stand. He has taken on the universe as

an entity; he has taken on the infinity of parts. Doc rests on faith in the soul's immortality, but where we pause, stop and make rest, Doc stops only to rest. And but for a bemused instant, to catch his wind. For it must be tough to try to say the universe by denying the limitations in yourself in hopes of knowing everything. And not "knowing about" Shakespeare, but knowing by being Shakespeare and writing his works. And knowing by being Milton in "Paradise Lost." And knowing emptiness and the depth of despair by taking into himself the pain of World War I trenches. Shouting Poe's "Eureka!" by piecing together his, and Poe's, fragmented reality. Loving Americans as he struggles to go beyond Whitman's proclamations by being himself America's poet writing America's poem—essentially, writing America. And this only a drop. A million urgings in a million directions—and yet his self is not dissolved, and he is still Doc Wood.

Doc, I love you for shouldering my cross, giving me the option to take the easy, directed path to "knowing about." I think you know your yearning for an expensive, all encompassing, all inclusive and totally integral self too much for a man to stand, so you stand there, perhaps alone, however shakily, engrossed in your vision of what it must mean to speak the truth. Striving to be the one to discover it by speaking it.

And Doc, I see in your face how hard it is for you; and it's in your tear-streaked poetry reading; and in your classroom exhortations—even pleadings; and in your ever surfacing and crippling expressions of your own sense of being unworthy.

But Doc, Doc, Doc, you are one of the few of any worth—indeed no less than the handiwork of the stars. You have touched me, ushered my soul to develop, made my shoulders strong so I can lighten your load if I so choose. Hidden within this touch is your faith; and in your communicating your faith you have planted the germ of a life of the soul possible through grovelling in the mire every moment of experience. The germ a vision, drawing me to choose. In your planting, in your touch, the primary beauty is the lightness, your refusal to grasp—only a touch. So if I choose to lighten your load, I take on the universe by taking up and following ME, you wishing no followers. I thank you, Doc, for my education. I thank you for bearing yourself open.

Lewis Phillips

Netsmen Off To Fast Break

by Pat Wade

The Southwestern basketball team is off to a fast start for the 1975-76 season already recording two victories in three outings.

The team's season began in the Covenant College Invitational Tournament up near Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, on November 28. The Cats played Liberty Baptist in the first round and came away with a thrilling 91-89 victory. The Cats pulled out to a 55-49 halftime lead and pulled ahead by as much as 12 in the second half. The Cats went into a delay game with the lead and came away with the two point thriller. David McWilliams led all scorers pumping in twenty-five points; besides McWilliams the Cats put four other players in double figures as Willie Hulon pumped in 17, Don Anderson hit for 15, Mark Carroll put in 12, and Greg Fields was good for 10; Steve Dreher hit 9 and Ed Batey added 3. Ed Gomez was high for Liberty Baptist getting 23. The Cats hit 37 field goals and made seventeen free throws.

Host Covenant thrashed Daniel Payne 121-89 to play opposite Southwestern in the finals.

The Cats went against Covenant in the finals the following night and did a respectable job but fell short 74-66 to take second place in the tournament. The Cats stayed close the entire first half playing some good basketball, but with seven minutes left in the game, Covenant went into a stall and held their lead to win.

Southwestern's chances were shot down when center Dan Anderson fouled out and injured his hand on the same play. Anderson still wound up as top man gunning in 18, Steve Dreher got 14, while David McWilliams and Willie Hulon both put in 11. Bruce McDonald hit 30 for Covenant.

Coach Duckworth said the team played well, but couldn't get the shots to fall when they needed them; he added that the delay game hurt the Cats because Covenant had some good ball handlers.

Dan Anderson and David McWilliams were named to the All Tournament team for the Lynxcats.

Tuesday night the Cats opened their home schedule playing against Millsaps. The Cats played a good first half as they hit the offensive boards especially well. At the end of the first half Greg Fields hit a half court shot at the buzzer to push the Cats halftime lead up to 46-38. The second half got progressively closer as Millsaps pulled to within one at 61-60 with a little over six minutes to play. It was from this point the Cats took control of the game and the tempo, outmuscling and outbounding an outmanned Millsaps squad. The Cats went to the foul line late in the game and if a shot were missed the Cats would simply get the rebound and put it back home.

David McWilliams led the Cat scorers with 20 while Smitty Charleton got 16, Willie Hulon gunned 15, Greg Fields got 13, and Mark Carroll hit for 11 to give the Cats five double figure scorers. Willie Hulon and David McWilliams controlled the boards hauling down 15 rebounds apiece. The Cats hit 50% from the field hitting 36 of 72 shots. The team hit on 11-16 free throws for 68.8% accuracy. The team controlled the boards 57 to 35. The Cats ended up winning an exciting 83-73 game despite the absence of injured center Dan Anderson.

Coach Duckworth said the team has been working extremely hard and just needs a few games of experience under the younger players belt. He said in recent years the program has been in the doldrums but it's bouncing back as witness to this year's fine recruiting job. He said the team has something it hasn't had in a few years—depth.

The team plays two more games before break; tonight against Trevecca and Saturday night against Belhaven. Both games are here at Mallory Gym at 7:30. The admission is free, so come out and see an exciting night of action.

All-CAC Named

by Pat Wade

Last Saturday the All College Athletic Conference Football team was named. The Lynxcats placed eight players while Sewanee and Rose-Hulman both placed seven on the team. This is the second straight year the Cats have had the most players named to the All C.A.C. team; last year the Lynx had a whopping fourteen players on the team.

The Cats placed four players each on the offensive and defensive squads. Named to the offensive squad were: Freshman tight-end Tommy Mullady, Senior split-end Rik Talley, Senior tackle Gary Gehrki, and Freshman kicker Mike McConkey rounding out the offensive picks.

The players named to the defensive unit were: Senior defensive end Bennie Howie and Senior linebacker Jon Crowder; Junior Conrad Bradburn and Senior Carl Hill, both defensive backs, completed the Lynx defensive players honored.

The repeaters from last year's All C.A.C. team were Rik Talley, Carl Hill, and Conrad Bradburn.



Fro's Foresights

An exclusive for this week's Sou'wester is Sports Editor Pat Wade's predictions on the upcoming bowl games. Take it away, Pat.

TANGERINE BOWL—December 20 in Orlando
Miami of Ohio (10-1) vs. South Carolina (7-4)
WINNER: South Carolina by 3

*LIBERTY BOWL—December 22 in Memphis
Southern Cal (7-4) vs. Arkansas (8-3)
WINNER: Southern Cal by 10

FIESTA BOWL—December 26 in Tempe
Nebraska (10-1) vs. Arizona State (11-0)
WINNER: Nebraska by 17

SUN BOWL—December 26 in El Paso
Pittsburg (7-4) vs. Kansas (7-4)
WINNER: Pittsburg by 14

ASTRO-BLUEBONNET BOWL—December 27 in Houston
Colorado (9-2) vs. Texas (9-2)
WINNER: Texas by 13

GATOR BOWL—December 29 in Jacksonville
Florida (9-2) vs. Maryland (8-2-1)
WINNER: Florida by 6

PEACH BOWL—December 31 in Atlanta
North Carolina State (7-3-1) vs. West Va. (8-3)
WINNER: North Carolina by 13

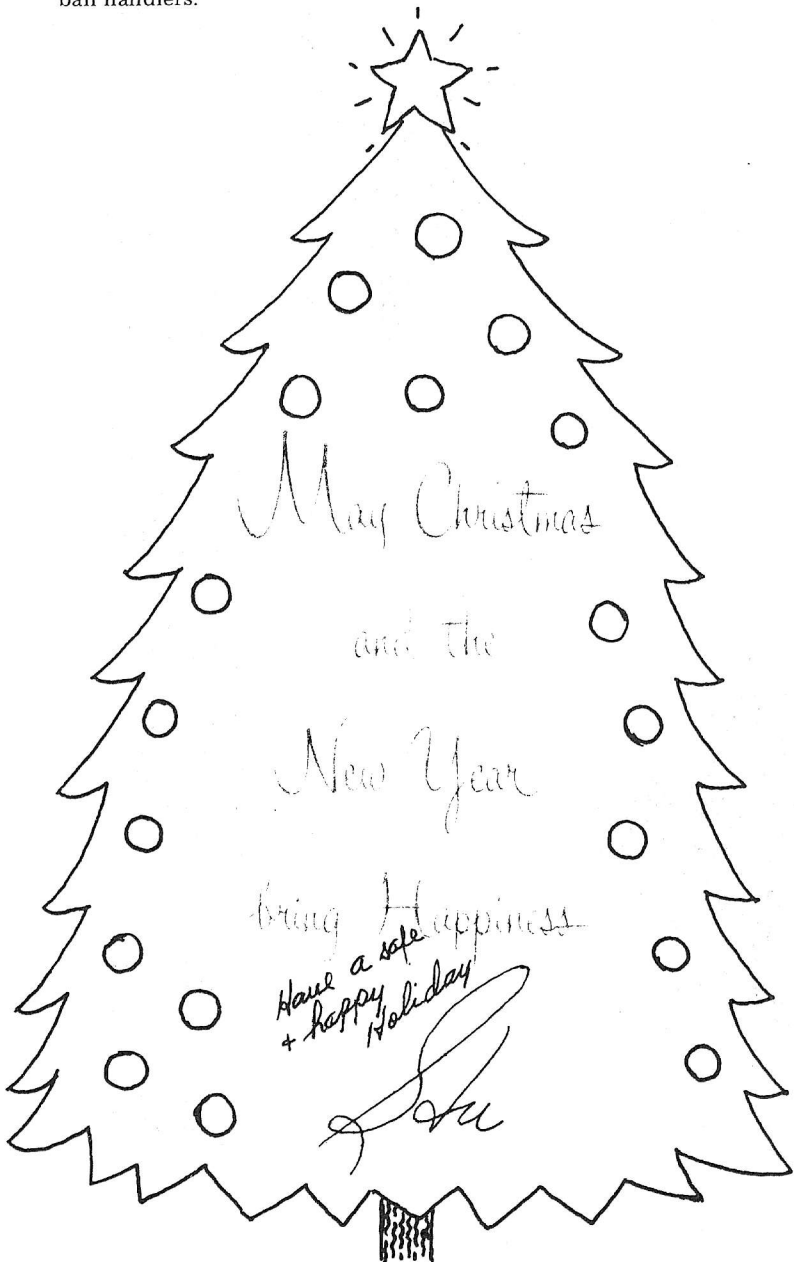
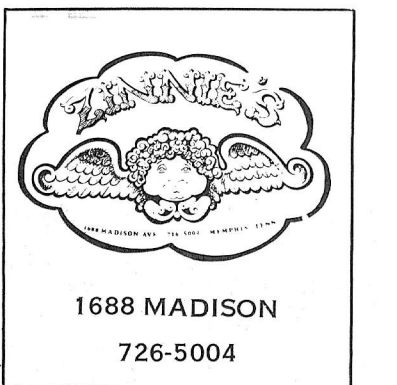
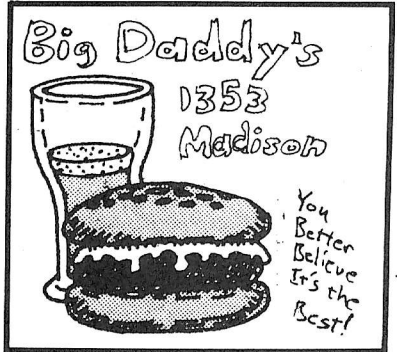
SUGAR BOWL—December 31 in New Orleans
Alabama (10-1) vs. Penn State (9-2)
WINNER: Alabama by 23

*COTTON BOWL—January 1 in Dallas
Georgia (9-2) vs. Texas A&M (11-0)
WINNER: Texas A&M by 18

ORANGE BOWL—January 1 in Miami
Oklahoma (10-1) vs. Michigan (8-2-1)
WINNER: Oklahoma by 6

ROSE BOWL—January 1 in Pasadena
Ohio State (11-0) vs. UCLA (8-2-1)
WINNER: UCLA by 4

*If by the slimmest of chances Arkansas beats Texas A&M this Saturday, the two teams would reverse bowl games. My prediction is A&M by 17.



SOUTHWESTERN T-SHIRTS & SWEATSHIRTS

MUGS & GLASSES

ALBUMS

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT...
Christmas IS ALMOST HERE**

CALCULATORS

STATIONARY & NOTECARDS

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ALL SORTS OF STOCKING STUFFERS

MON-FRI 8AM-4PM

P.S. DO NOT FORGET THANK-YOU NOTES

in The Bookstore

MON-FRI 8 AM - 4 PM

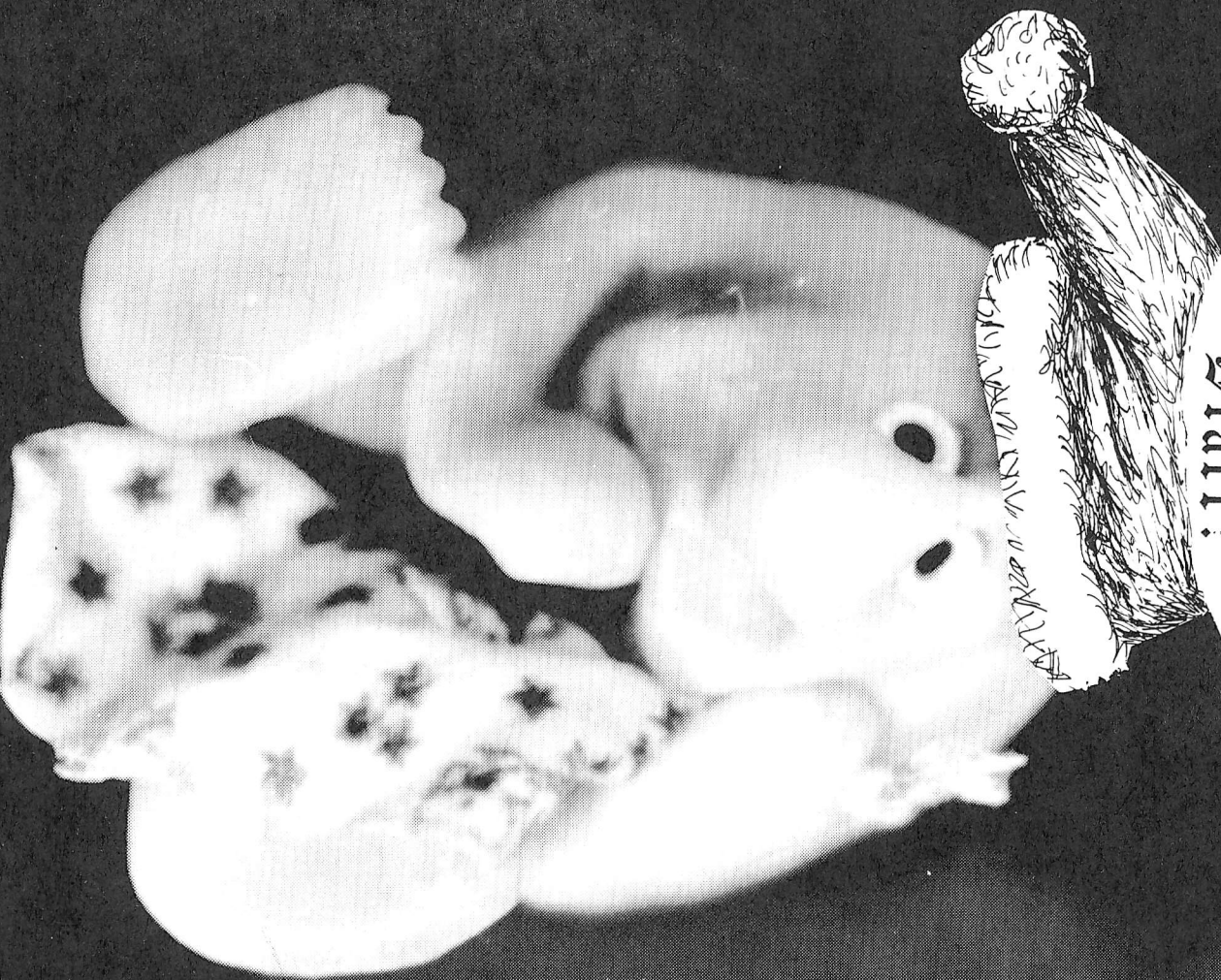
Sou'wester

VOL 59, NO 11

SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS

DECEMBER 5, 1975

**Merry
Christmas
from the
Sou'wester
Staff!**



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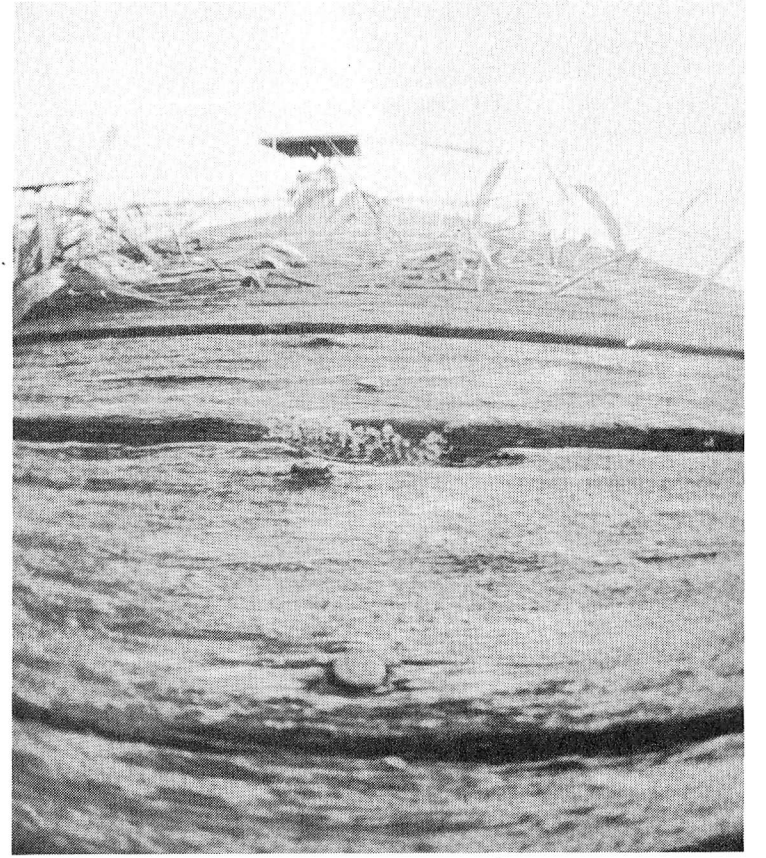
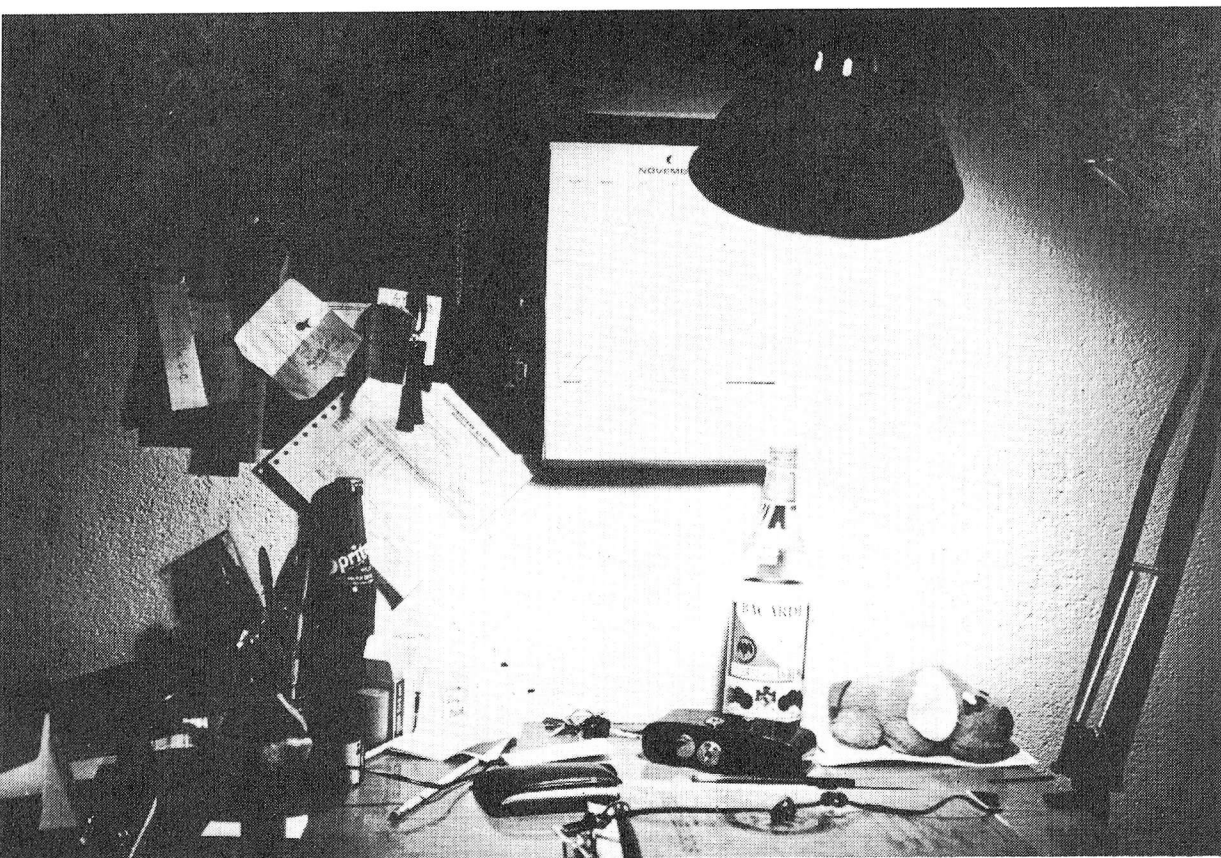
The Sou'wester
At Memphis,
Box 724
Southwestern
Memphis, TN 38112
Page four

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

TO SOUTHWESTERN AT MEMPHIS:

ASSORTED WONDERS

TOP RIGHT: Walter Allen,
CENTER LEFT: Walter Allen,
CENTER RIGHT: Dan Houglan
BOTTOM LEFT: Jaime
Ronderos, BOTTOM RIGHT:
Ray Gilmer





MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM CABEZA DE VACA

Out in the Gulf from Apalachicola,
 All a war of caravels, tall smoke
 And cannonade. Wreckage of the nations
 Twined in kelp and slithering grass. Crud
 Of the States boil-rolling with the eel,
 The sand-shark, the insidious squid.
 Here, where the wounds of Florida fester
 On the heaped beach, ground of the hermit's scutter,
 I felt the fury of the Mayan gods, thunders
 Hurl'd hot oversea from Yucatan.
 I thought of old Narvaez, how he cursed
 The poisoned hanging thing of Florida
 To find; how he shucked instead the stunted
 Corn and forced the natives hew great trees
 And hollow them to make canoes; how men
 And horses braved the Gulf, absurd flotilla,
 And at the mouth of some huge heaving river,
 Yelled the Holy Names into a hurricane,
 And dived below the nosing Groupers' haunt,
 Fabled Indies of the drowned. There rest,
 Most stupid of the governors, while
 Your keen cool impatient second-in-command
 Keeps his head and makes landfall: *Ay, Dios,*
 There begins the tale! But now an awful
 Cloud, as burly-vast as Texas, heaves up,
 Appearing in the shape of helmet, cloak
 And sword. "Most reverend haughty ghost,"
 I cried it, "stay." Hand lowered sword,
 And then, I swear, it laughed and made a mocking
 Cross. "This sport is almost done," it said,
 And melted so I thought a thin naked pillar
 Knelt before me. "You see the true man
 I became in life; Vasco Nunez Cowshead
 I was called." I will vanish soon and you
 Will have a clear day. I know that you
 Are unimportant, though you have good will,
 A bumbler, so that the truth I speak
 In game can be no more of force than squall
 Of a herd-girl's baby just-born in a shed:
 I say that Cowshead was a proud man
 Jealous of command, eager to become
 The viceroy of an Emperor and of God.
 I was shipwrecked with four fools
 And taken slave by naked savages,
 Most ignorant, most benighted grubbers
 After roots. Twas thus that I became
 A radical. One of my fellows, little

Poet with ne'er a book, may, sweet phrasings
 Even for a herd-girl's memory, showed us
 How to heal the sick. I prayed and got
 Results! And Esteban, a black, and once
 The butt of Narvaez' scorn, brought up
 A rotting dead child to the life. So
 Miracles, or, as we knew, the weakest
 Acts of God, were done through us, weak fools
 Without a priest or books or Mexic gold
 Or Moorish fountain of a woman's arms.
 These natives passed us on as talismen
 Of brotherhood to other tribes. In peace,
 Still blessed to heal, we made a progress
 To the setting sun of conquered lands.
 We hailed the Spanish chivalry. They gawked,
 Then rode to chain or kill our Indians.
 My last power from God, now fading fast,
 Was to persuade my countrymen t'allow
 My natives room to flee. Much later I returned
 To Spain. The others may have lain in God's
 Obscurity, but Esteban was given
 Licenses to lead the troop of Coronado
 To the fabled mesas. He waved his weapons
 And demanded gold at pueblo doors. They
 Quilled his body like a porcupine's.
 At home I chafed to have again the healing
 Art. They sent me out a governor
 Armored like the tornado shape you saw
 Before. I pretended proper arrogance
 On the River Plate, but I lusted
 For the wilderness, the roots. The others
 Thought me crazed, unmanly soft on Indians.
 I had no power of Spain or God again."

The day grew bright. The voice had ceased
 Its speaking from a scud not bigger
 Than an open hand. "Funny that he should
 Tell that tale to me," I said. "He musn't
 Know the earthly date. Perhaps I was
 A scruffy bard or minstrel in some other
 Life." I sauntered from that beach of trash,
 And on the sand road inland say a naked
 Negro baby playing. Close by, a slap-dash
 Cabin with a woman on the stoop.
 The palmetto scrub around burned hot and strange.

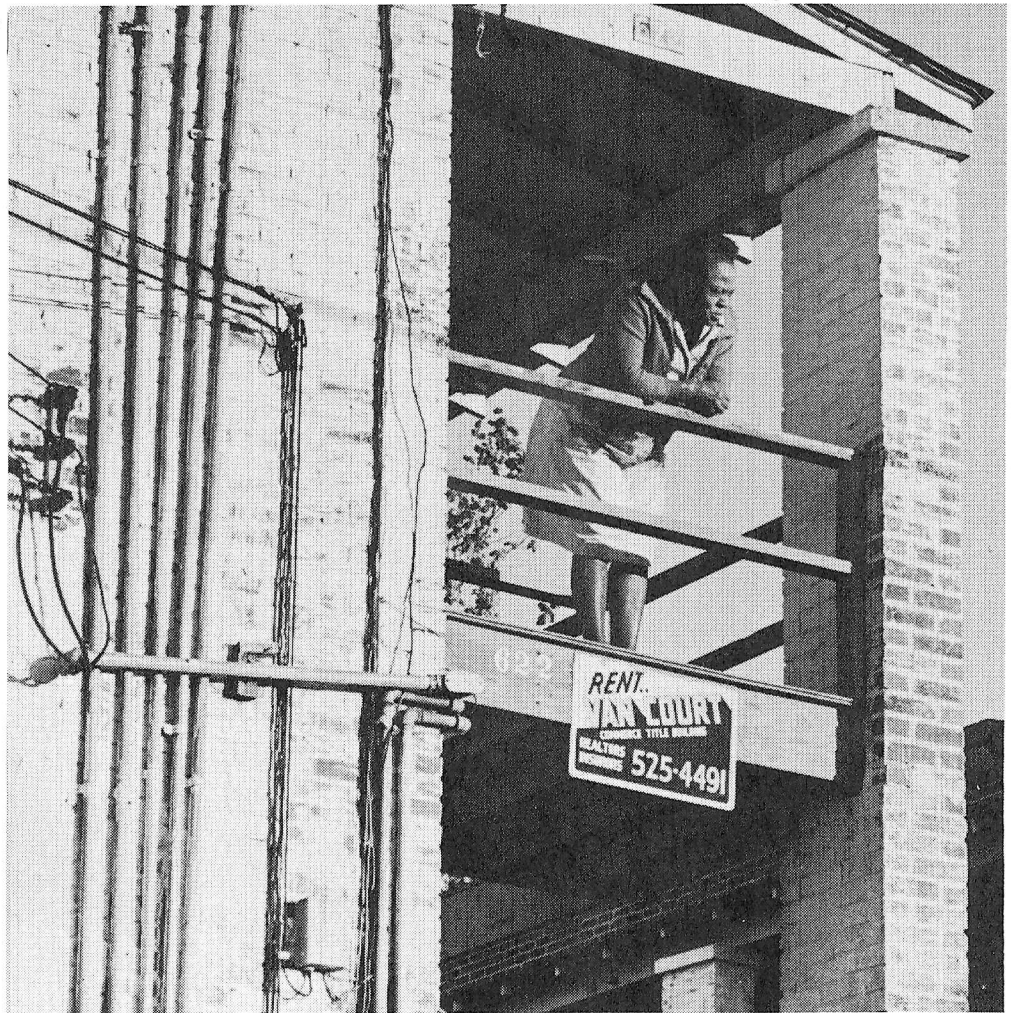
POEMS
BY
RICHARD
C
WOOD

SCRAPS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

August 1945

SKETCHES
BY
PETER
M
BOWMAN

Europe was won. Screwed-up.
My wrench and I awaited transport
To Japan. In flat Nebraska
I heard the news of Hiroshima.
My wrench fell limp. I felt alone,
Encircled by those zeroes
Of the stars, pressing close
With deadly fire the silver
Underside of Superfortress Earth.
Our base was roaring. I held
My ears and played a round with Sol,
Who always won. I had jitters.
That night a cold wind blew
Down the Divide. Sky exploded,
Enlightening the base. In front
I saw our gleaming arsenal, the great wasps
Huddl'd at the nest. Their stingers
Breathed. Aside, the miles of wheat-surf
Ebbing westward in white light,
The Comanche nation after buffalo.



SOUTHWESTERN-AT-MEMPHIS, C. 1947

SAME SONG, 1970'S

Here are graves. The oaks are changing colors.
I would be mad and make unearthly song,
But I am sane. I know how things really are:
Here are graves. The days are colder now and short.
I have a history. I am paid a wage.

I start to walk. The wind whips back my coat.
I would be mad and make unearthly moan,
But I will go on as I am, in fair health,
Thanks! I know that I must practice for this place.
I try to feel like these unfeeling stones.

Here are graves. The trees are changing. I am
Distinct. I am sane and only wish that I
might have unearthly visions. As if
That 19th century figure there, gray bust,
Could fly atop that oak and fling raw arms,

Some priest in robes, like none I've ever seen,
Great, gaunt old laughing thing, pointing up!
Pointing to a sky of tumbling clouds
Like graves upheaving, crying, "There! Go there!"
O unbidden image, I would break and go.

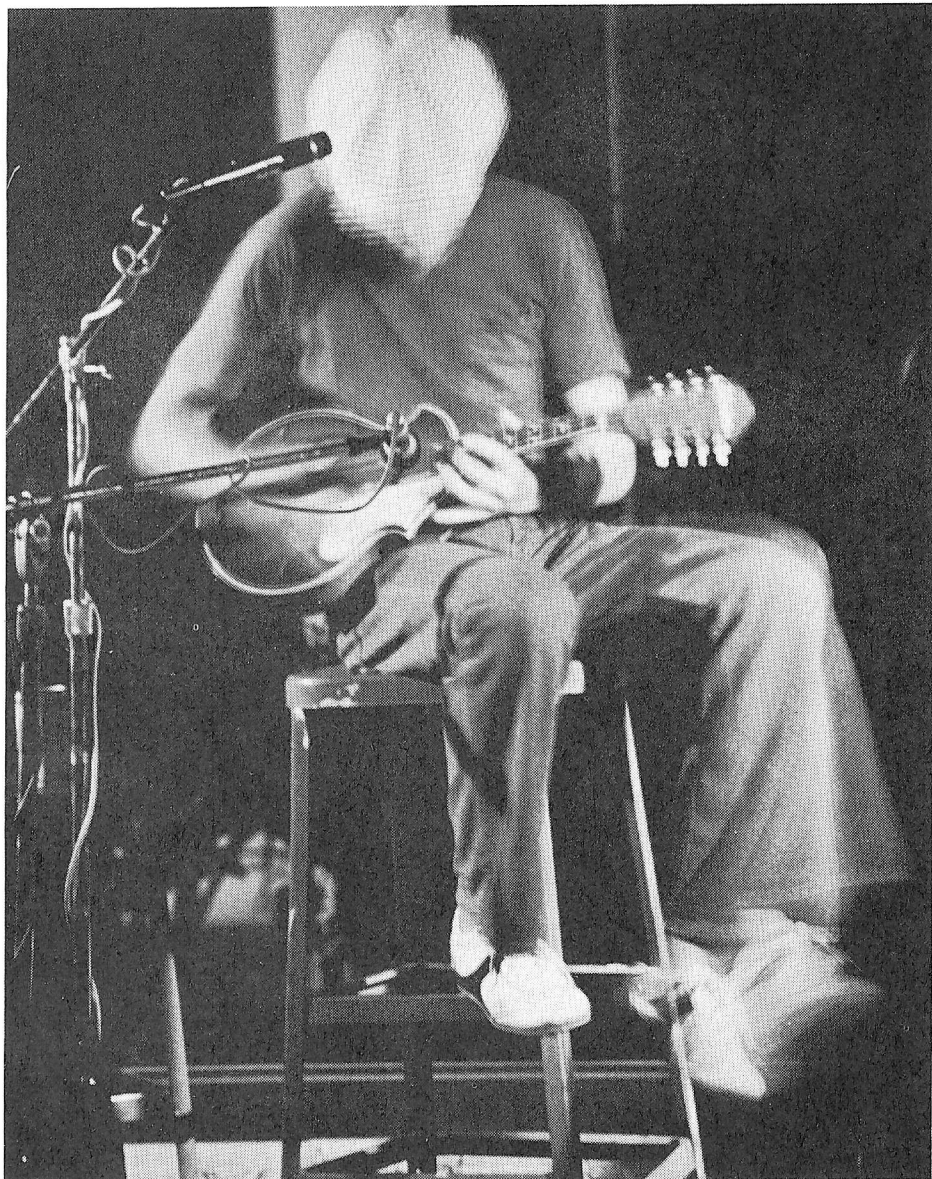
Innocence, we had it back, I thought.
At Sigma Nu we dunked sherbet
In the apple-juice and danced
Like drunks who've almost gone to sleep.
You pressed your face to mine
While Perry Como moaned of rainbows,
How he was always chasing them. Possibly
In love, we clutched and waddled after him.
You were in the dorm by twelve.

One woke to high endeavor then.
I had been reading Wolfe, how epic breeds
In sleepy towns. Stale dreams seemed fresh.,
"The Renaissance" was popular. But someone
Downtown in business called our most dear Prof
A "Common-sit." Not one of our Anglophiles
Could help us read "The Wasteland."
You loved me, though; I had a bit of genius
On the GI Bill. Bright little goy,
I bestowed my promise on New York.

LAMENT OF THE MAKER
(12th Century)

I was smitten with the seven pangs
To make and chant some ballads
Round the villages. "Rise, Caedmon,
Sing the Creation of the World,"
The angel in that story cried.
Caedmon had the true humility.
I would ascribe a virtue
To myself for not arousing envy
Of the bards in barons' livery:
Strut and glitter of their harps
Used to dazzle me to blindness
At the great assizes of the makers,
Though I heard their skillful measures
Right enough, and felt despair.
The people set my gifts at nought,
And if I made a stroke beyond
Myself, they asked whose verse I robbed.
I knew quite well that the great ones
Were the boldest thieves. Bawdry
I made and the harrowing yarn
Of heroes in the shipwreck.
I hid from the Norman knights. I often
Nearly starved and knew that I would
Die unmourned, but the children laughed,
And ale sometimes was sweeter
For my song. Men reject their God,
Who gave them Scriptures and examples
Of the holy living, so they might
Know their evils are their own;
I diverted them with randy stuff.
My sin was simply faithlessness:
I glimpsed one time the white stag
In the wood, and turned my face away
In craven dread of the Lady Muse.

She curst me with a kind of song.



THE PAINTED DESERT, AUGUST 1965

As we drove westward through the desert country
And saw looming the ancient pueblo of Oraibi,
I madly sang, though you said we were lost;
I did not bother then to count the Pentecost,
The Rush of Joy. My spirit raged like a holy beast
Of Hopi tales. You saw the lightning in the East
And feared we might be swept away in sudden storm.
I noticed that your face was drawn, forlorn,
And said, "That is a sure sign it won't rain."
But Hopi magic held my heart until your strain
Of unaccustomed sadness broke upon my thought.
I drove in irritation till we fought
And came up foully to some foul inn.
That night the rain burst over with the din
Of devils. You were ill. Those spirits were malign
That bade the alien joy. Your sickness was the sign
No divining flashes can be wholly mine.

INTERVIEW: A VAUDEVILLE by Richard Clement Wood

(Note: During a raid on a fort near Randolph, Tennessee, on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, General N. B. Forrest ignored or did not see a flag of surrender held out by the fort's defenders, blacks and East Tennesseans of the Union Army. More than half of the defenders were slaughtered. Northern newspapers made much of the action as a calculated massacre. Forrest denied it; history does not know. Could one of those ancient, honorarily up-graded survivors of de Wah that used to get their pictures in the Southern papers ritually on birthdays and such, give a spark of light on that battle?)

Reporter: You were a Southern officer?

Sorrells: No, sir. Private mainly. Got corporal
By the end. Never had no pay for that.

Reporter: How'd you get to be a colonel, then?

Sorrells: I've lived so long. Don't draw no pay for that,
Neither, but if I draw a few more breaths,
I'll be a gin'ral big as Lee hisself.

Reporter: General R. E. Lee? You'll rank with Him?

Sorrells: No, I mean Stephen Lee in whose department
Gin'ral Forrest was. That other Lee
Was in Virginny, somehweres up near God.

Mrs. Pugh: Don't be so sassy, Papa. You meant
To mislead this man. Pardon him, mister.
He's likely to speak of God right light.

Sorrells: Well, god-damn it, Lilly, you're just jealous.
I've set here drawin' closer to The Lord
Than you can ever dream of gittin, and . . .

Reporter: You were a cavalryman with Forrest?

Sorrells: I started on a horse, yes sir, I did.
Sometimes I just ran. But when we taken Pilla',
I had some Union bastard's mule. That's the beast
I come back here and plowed with, made a crop,
Put cornbread on the table for the wife
And all. Why, hell, yes, I was then a boy,
But I wore down leather through the meat,
Right to the iv'ry tailbones, mule's and mine.

Reporter: You speak of Pillow, Colonel Sorrells.
All my life I have hoped to hear the truth
From an eye-witness. The facts, you know,
About . . . hmm, how shall I say it . . . ?

Sorrells: All your damn life you've waited and you're
In the snoopin' business and you can't
Come out with it, what you want to know?

Mrs. Pugh: Papa, you agreed to let him come.

Sorrells: So I did, but damn it all, what we did
At Pilla just ain't in the contract.
I thought he'd ask me what I've done to keep
My health for ninety years: I don't eat
No Yankee bread, don't never hear no preacher
Harp on my sins and threaten me with hell.
I thought he'd ask if I was still a ladies'
Man. By damn, I'd of told him flat to his
Condescendin' nose I hate to see 'em kiver'd:
I want to see their flowin' arms and legs.

Mrs. Pugh: Oh, Papa! Why, he's just makin' these things
Up. He thinks you people want him senile.

Sorrells: They sho won't 'hance a old man's dignity.
By God, I'm sane. It's that damn grandee
In the White House that's got the soft-head,
Askin' us to kill our pigs and cut the crop.
Report I said that. But since the other thing
Come up, I'll add my two-bits worth to that:
Forrest, sir, was not respectable.
He was only a great man. He figgered,
Then he took out. He played to win the game.
I know you're hintin' that he hated them,
Them black boys and them Union mountain boys,
And had 'em shot after the surrender.
If you knowed how he in Georgia taken
No man's life onest that white flag waved,
You'd have his mind on that. He wasn't mean
Like some of these modern-state politicoes
That fish your votes with nigger-bait. No sir.
Them boys was drunk out of their senses
In the fort. They shot the horses, blowed
Their own toes off they was so skeered
And we kept comin' when they stopped
Because the Fed'ral gunboat made us deaf.
But I can't tell you, I can't tell you.
The truth ain't anywhere: It's this, it's that,
It's in-between. Time you tell it out
It's already a damn lie. Ah, stuff that down
That slobberin' maw you call a daily paper.
Your whomped-up horrors wouldn't put a rip
In some nice Memphis lady's stockin';
They just make a spittoon of her soul!

Ray Gilmer



Reporter: Sir, I apologize. We won't conjecture . . .
Um, I must say this has been interesting.

Mrs. Pugh: Well, he's clouded up. He's strong to talk,
But still he's very old. He don't trust
Himself, let alone a woman or a younger man
To say what really was or even is.
You come with me, I'll show you somethin'
Mama kept of his for sixty years.
It's a letter that he wrote his mother.
He mustn't know about it, now. Your word:
Read it for yourself, then go, forget it.

Randolph, Tenn.
April 13, 1864

Dear Ma,

I couldn't get a fresh horse, so I'm
on picket-duty in the woods. I reckon
thousands rode against the fort. Great deal
of shooting I can hear it tapping
like Billy Barnwell practicing his drum,
far away and dry. Tom Henry's got a cat
that's running all in circles with the
mockinbirds on its tail. Yesterday
after all the troops was gone for glory,
Tom Henry and a boy called Nutt
got larking. We chased a wild pig in the woods
until we tumbled all together down
a little hill and rolled into a creek.
Oh, it was cold. We just laid there, half
in the water, half in black-eyed susans
waist-high to a man. Tom said he heard
a rattlesnake but I laid still as death
and called them flowers girls and let 'em
touch my cheek. I counted in the sky
two banks of puffed-up clouds and waved 'em
on. Said, 'Go it, General,' as they came
together. One surrendered and the other
towered proud. If clouds was horses, me,
I might of been the bravest one. I'd best not
tell the folks at home I never shot nobody . . .

Love,
Giddy

Barney Stengle

