

END OF THE TERM SENIOR'S EDITION

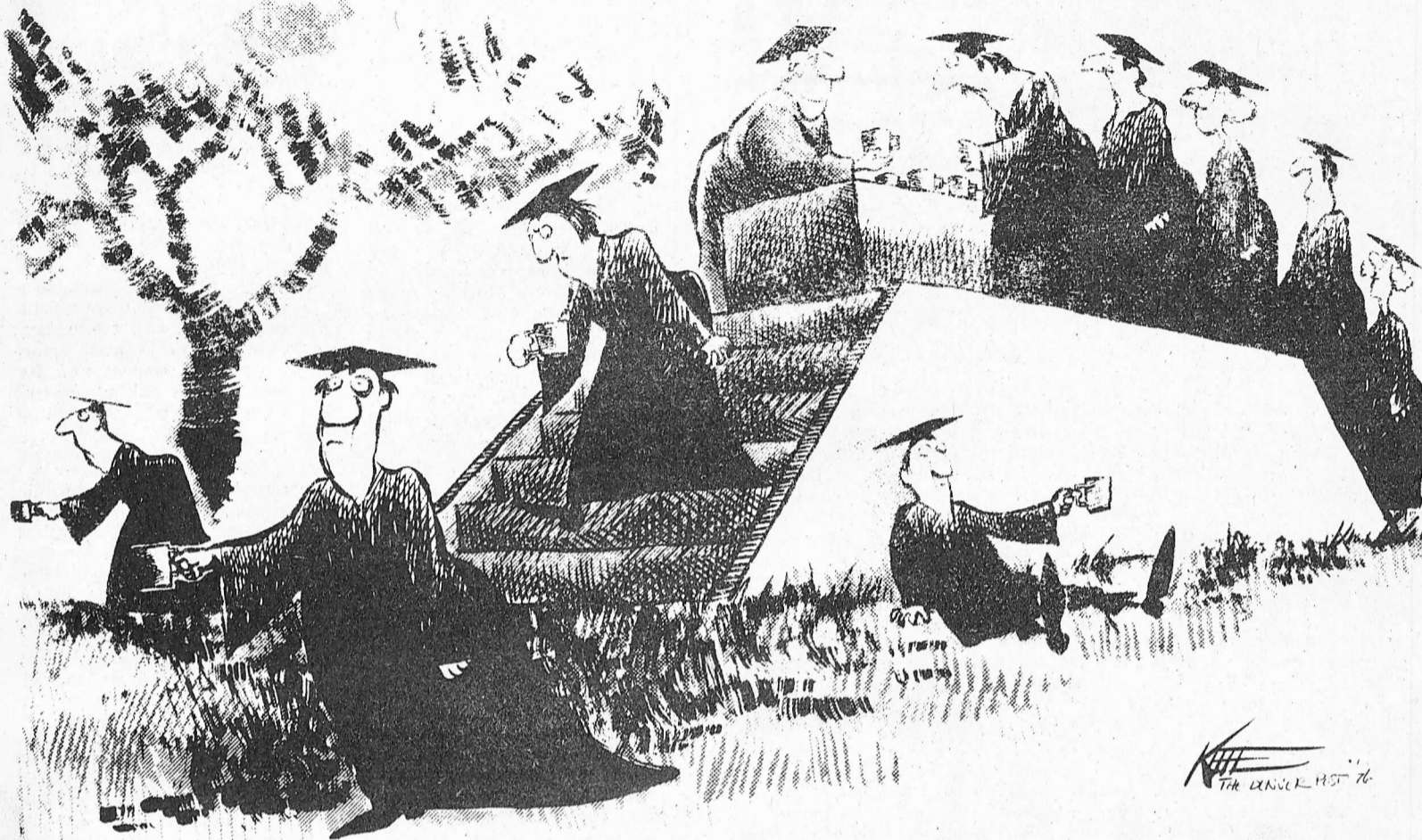
Sou'wester

Southwestern At Memphis

VOL. 60 NO. 5

MEMPHIS, TN. 38112

MAY 21, 1976



Pub Reps Elected

By Jamie Curtis

ELECTION RESULTS: Joe Ross and Barney Stengle were elected as sophomore representatives and Warren Kearney and Mike Pearigen are the new senior representatives to the Publication Board. No rising Juniors entered the race and this Election will be held again in September.

The Board Of Trustee representatives will be elected next Monday, May 24, from 8-4 in the Student Center. The election held Wednesday was declared invalid because of an incorrect ballot. The nominees are: Rick Brown, Katherine Bullard, Joellyn Forrester, Bill Harkins, David W. Johnson, Warren Kearney, Katherine Maddox, Deena Mullen, Louise Rutkowski, Annie Stein, Bobbo Jetmundson and Steve Wade. There will be no further nominations. Seniors will be allowed to vote.

Sr.'s Parting Words

by Carl Hill

These are some responses given by our beloved 1976 Seniors to these questions: Summarize your four years at Southwestern and give your last Will and Testament before you leave.

Georgia McGhee: "Four years of parties...living on campus and having all your friends in the same dorm"

"I will my outlook on life to Sandy Jean."

Albert White: "While at Southwestern I've had a tremendous experience. I've received a lot of advantages from my major ...I really hate to leave"

"I will my drunkenness to Madge Wilson. I will my ambition to Mike Nolan. I will my attitude to Paul Caldwell"

Patty Adams: "I lose weight when I'm either very happy or very sad. While at Southwestern I've lost 10 pounds"

"I will two inches to Paul Ainger; that makes both of us 5 feet tall."

Terry Patterson: "...esthetic pleasure, tranquility on the outside seething with activity on the inside"

"I will my best wishes and encouragement to those people who would like to put a swimming pool under the diving board that was donated by a previous senior class"

Jack Oliver: "It has been a fair amount of studying and a whole lot of fun. The people have been great because they have a fair concept of themselves. They seem to realize their faults and yet still go on"

"I will 15 pairs of worn out tennis shoes to Don Simmons and Charles Collie"

Claire Mathias: "a growing process...learning more about myself and other people. Learning to accept and love people with different values and interests from my own involvement with many groups of students, Faculty, administration - Feeling of community and warmth..."

"I will Professor Wood's office sanctuary to any soul lucky enough and brave enough to enter this clutter."

Micheal Mackinnon: "No comment"

"I will this quote to Dr. Lacy: 'He who gobbles last, gobbles best' (Lastanq 'Bill' Sopatlashmentra, world renowned fuzz-box existentialist.)"

Mary Workman: "It was a good school ...it really meant a lot to me. I made plenty of good friends I will appreciate it even more when I leave"

"I will my proxy to the school"

Karen Boggess: "At Southwestern everyone seems to know what you've done, which consists of things you haven't done"

"I bequeath my fine collection of shoes to Bettina Wilson"

Beth Sanders: "I can't I have to go to a recital."

"I, 'B' the 'P', will 'B' the 'P' at 'B' back to the KS"

Gary Gehrki: "Little study, little work and a lot of fun"

"I will the midnight shift in the Library to a person with more time than money"

Ann Remmers: "After reviewing my four years at Southwestern I feel the funds could be distributed more wisely"

"I will all the roaches inhabiting Theatre 6 to the Biology Department for dissection"

Jim Newsom: "While at Southwestern I learned to be more honest with myself and towards others. I feel this can only have good effects on me in later life"

"At last count there were 17 copies of my will in circulation . all having different spellings of my name. However, the final one says something about leaving a subscription to Sports Illustrated to the Library in memory of the Big 'H' "

Spence Fricke: "Southwestern instead of preparing me for the outside world has sheltered me from it. It's more enclosed that I think a college should be"

"I will my knob collection to Bob Dobbins"

Debbie Hoy: "Southwestern has given me a good education. It has helped me develop as a person...; I made a lot of good friends while I was here"

"I will FJ-B to all biology underclassmen"

Jeff Strack: "It was real and it was fun, but it wasn't real fun."

"I bequeath to all of Southwestern the copies of my paper which you should cherish for eternity."

Dan Matics: "I won't go away mad...I'll just go away."

"I'll leave...in my car."

Ellen Tyler: "My four years here have provided an experience I will always wonder about."

"I leave my spanish book to all those interested in any other language."

Rob Chugden: "I have ... what was the question?...Oh...."

"I leave my Webster's Dictionary and cutting knife to the next Copy Editor so that he can cope with a mad sportswriter."

Sou'wester
Box 724
2000 N. Parkway
Memphis TN 38112

Reflections COLLECTION

by Mary Jernigan

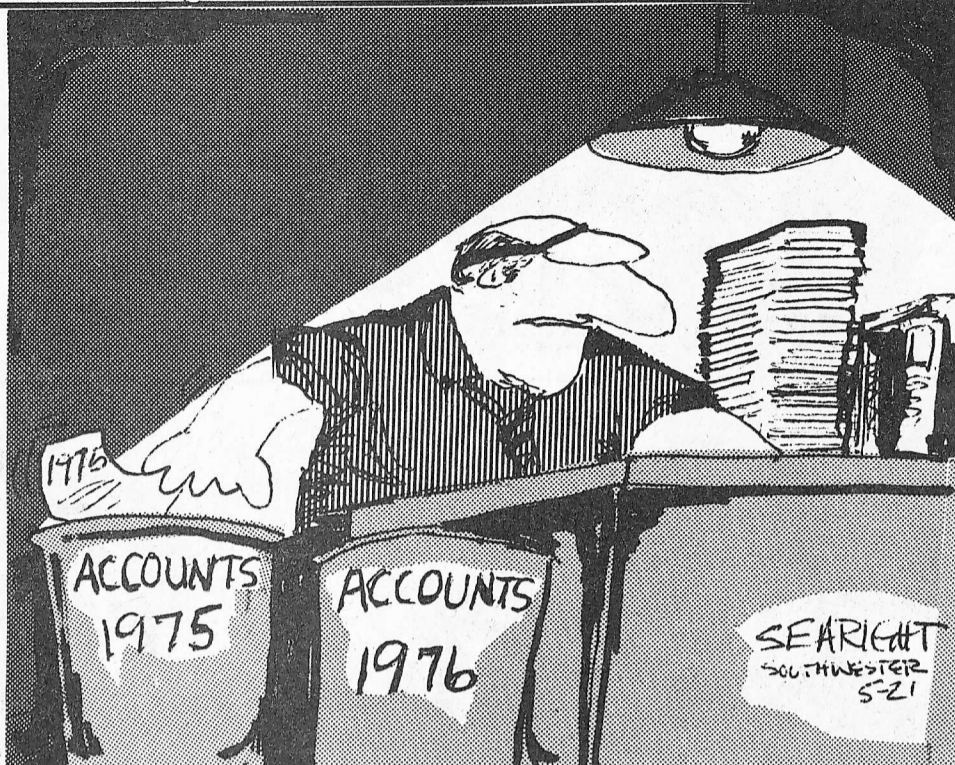
I can remember the pure joy of waking up in a sun filled room the first day of summer. School was finally out and the glorious freedom of June was beaming through the windows. Outside was the green warmth of mid morning and the daily sounds of the neighborhood to welcome me back. I was a year older than the summer before and a year more experienced, but still a child and unready for change. That summer would be the same as all the others. There would be no change.

I could hear friends voices, dogs barking and a distant lawnmower from a neighbor's yard. I lay there contemplating my day, thinking I'd go swimming that afternoon or play croquet in the back yard. But it really didn't matter. Every day was essentially the same. The cycle of activities would eventually wind down into the late afternoon. After supper, the muggy twilight would be perfect for a big game of Kick the Can.

I can remember having scratches from hiding in the bushes, scraped knees, grass stained elbows and mosquito bites. Our playful voices could be heard until nearly dark, when each child disappeared across the lawn and the sound of crickets sang the twilight to darkness. Another summer day then ended.

Those days were timeless. I was happy and in my own childish way, aware of the freedom I was enjoying. Yet only now when I'm some years past this phase of my life do I realize what this childlike freedom really means. It is intangible, for those experiencing it are too young to grasp it and those past the age know only too well that it is gone.

editoria



MONEY

Recently the school has been plagued with money shortages, bad investments, and inaply kept books. Evidence for this is the constant budget overages reported by many departments and the administration's inability to cope with them. Also in a recent case, the books had been so screwed up that amounts in excess of one thousand dollars had been double spent by two departments of the Publications Board at one time.

The reason for this erroneous spending seems to lie heavily on the handling procedures of the Business Office and partly on all those involved with the money on the Pub Board. The mistake was not spotted until recently when two publications budgets did not balance. As a result this newspaper is operating on a deficit which will be covered by the fortunate demise of the second half of Ginger.

The careless handling of money is indicative of a lack of concern on the part of those responsible for its efficient use.

The school has also invested vast sums of money into stocks which have yielded less than a local savings account could have. Is the institution slow to trade stocks for sentimental reasons, or are the funds simply entrusted to someone who likes to "play around," not realizing the importance of the money to the school?

Southwestern should check its pockets, realize that all they have is loose change, and that a hole is being worn in their pockets.

FOOD

The recent Meatless Tuesday in the Refectory brought up a few problems that need to be ironed out. First, there was little advance warning of a Meatless Tuesday other than petitions on the wall of the Refectory. Since most people do not even bother to see what notices say on any of these sheets, this did not help the situation to any measureable degree. Second, we think that only those that wanted to participate in a Meatless Tuesday should have had to. They way it worked out was that it was forced on the campus and this is not right. There are many people on campus that don't have the time, money, or transportation to get something with a little meat in it. In the future, at least half of the studentry should be consulted before being forced to the wishes of a few. While a Meatless Day serves its purpose, it should be voluntary, not mandatory. The Sou'wester in printing articles does not always support them; often they are suggestions to the campus.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

By John Weems with Bo Scarborough

Over the next three years we hope to establish four Common residential groups on the Southwestern campus. All students should eventually be included in one of these small (200-300 students) social and educational communities:

Townsend Common - Townsend and Voorhies Hall; Robb Common: Robb, White, Ellett, Neely, and Bellingrath Halls; University Common: University, Trezevant and Evergreen Halls; and New Common: New Dorm and Glassell Halls.

These rather odd combinations are proposed to achieve a balance between men and women. They might be changed as this program develops. Certainly a geographical unity of each Common would be more desirable.

These would be inclusive and non-restrictive social units. All students would be asked to participate, especially Town Students! No one will be required to participate. No one would be restricted to the activities of their Common. Things would in no way prevent their involvement in any number of other social groupings. These Commons are not intended to replace any existing social organizations.

A Common would develop a social program of its own. It would allow the development of Common intramural teams. Each Common might develop their own extracurricular programs in films, forums, etc. Each Common might also develop a special relationship with a particular faculty member or members. The point would be to contribute to the improvement of the quality of life on campus and particularly in that community.

Beginning in the fall of 1976 all new students will be assigned a Common, just as dorm students are presently assigned a residence hall. In three years we will see if it works. Perhaps, by the end of the second term we will decide on some revised version of the plan.

DEAR ED: Meatless Tuesday?

To the Editors:

Before anything is further written, I have to say that the problem of hunger in the world and one's awareness of it cannot be understated. Such programs of fasting and vegetarian awareness should be encouraged and made part of one's statement of concern for the state of the world. However, the "Vegetarian Day" of this week should have been an optional observance for the individual to participate and not forced on those who cannot or wish not to join. Nothing much was written or said about the menu change except for a list in the Refectory for those who wanted to observe a meatless day and two articles in the Sou'wester concerning the world hunger problem therefore, the student body was not fully warned about the actions taken.

There are those people who have suffered from a protein deficiency and have to be on a constant guard to make sure that they have a certain amount of animal and other protein daily. Even though the servings are meager and many times not the greatest food in the world, SAGA usually manages to meet the requirements needed. Tuesday's meals did not, from my knowledge of food, meet the daily requirement of many people.

Again, let me repeat the vegetarian meal or day and fasting is an important statement for those who can or wish to participate in such actions, but the action taken Tuesday was entirely inappropriate because of the lack of choice each person had concerning the matter.

A Senior

Dear Editor:

I would like to comment on the recent 'meatless Tuesday' in the Refectory.

Although basically a fine idea - the gesture has been perverted by the insecurity and hypocrisy of both the sponsors and the practitioners.

By the above statement I mean the following: the meat consumed in Tuesday meals is small in comparison to that eaten on a Saturday. One wonders if the proposal of a 'meatless Saturday' would have elicited as much favorable response. I suspect not. By their avoidance in asking the student body to give up something truly 'vital' the advocates of such acts have only shown

the hollowness of their symbolic gesture. As well-by not offering a choice between meat and meatless dishes, the final choice was not let up to the student body. The decision was forced.

Undoubtedly one could ask more of the student body; though why it does not refrain from meat without the prodding of 'special' days is something to be considered.

Gandhi would fast for days on end, and the Buddhist monks of Vietnam practiced self-immolation. It is amazing to see that we with such luxury, are unwilling to give up such a small amount. As well-the fearfulness of the bleeding hearts to put it on the line and risk seeing how little everyone cares is saddening.

Sincerely yours,
Daniel Dennis

Dear Editor;

A good deal of the passtime gossip in the past days has been directed at those directly involved with the Rite of Spring Concert. A big bitch was raised because the show was cancelled. I want to express what I saw as I sat in the meeting last Saturday night- awaiting the ultimate choice of the alternatives at hand.

The room was crowded- faces were with no expression. Sitting on whatever would support them were fellow students that had spent many hard hours of dreadful labor trying to put together a concert- a concert that would be free to the Southwestern Campus. Their hair was still wet from the last shower as they were hammering away on the fantastic stage. They were hungry because they hadn't the time to take off for dinner. Then there were those with thier heads full of new problems, their arms full of papers that were soon scattered about the and their thoughts lending of anxiety. And nestled about were some that represented organizations that could only lose in monetary terms. Things began to look bleak.

Very little was said at first because the only alternative as the obvious one. But, regardless of logics, came a last plea- a plea to save the Rite of Spring Concert. A few minutes of excitement were shared until the fantasy ended. The show must go on? No way. Rain over the past days killed the concert. The forecast was as deadly. As the outcome became clear, the faces were again without expression, and slowly the room emptied.

The decision made was the best one possible. In my mind this can't be argued. It had to be one of the most painful moments that could be experienced.

Despite those that insulted, cursed, or laughed at what happened were those that sent their regard and thanks, not to those responsible, but to the entire Southwestern Community for trying to put the concert on.

Adjustments will be made to offset problems incurred. I hope that your support is behind those faced with these problems. Mine is, and I will help until I can't help anymore.

Sincerely,
Bobbo Jetmundsen

SENIORS !!! WANT TO STAY IN CONTACT WITH NEXT YEARS CAMPUS ACTIVITIES?

Buy your next year's subscription to the *Sou'wester* now and save \$1.50.

This year \$5.00
Next Year \$6.50.

Your *Sou'wester* will be mailed to any address in the US.


NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

ZIP CODE

Sou'wester



Co-Editors
Jaime Ronderos, Pat Wade

Copy Editor
Candie Porter


Managing Editor
Robbie Pickens

Circulation Manager
Greg Parry

Advertising Editor
Bill Coolidge

Writers
Stevie Williford, Jamie Curtis, Joe Ross,
H.Scott Prosterman, John Weems,
Bo Scarborough, Bill Harkins,
Preston Johnson, Carl Hill,
and Mary Jernigan.

Layout Editor: Cathy Close



CREW?????
WHAT CREW??
OH ✓†@!!

Typesetters
LiLi Chung and Diana Scarbrough
Art
Margaret Bane and Dan Searight

Photo Editors
Ray Gilmer, Barney Stengle

Honor System?

By Bill Harkins

The Honor System at Southwestern is undoubtedly a main reason for the quality of academic life which we are all offered. At the same time, it is extremely important that we examine and question this system often. It is this act of involvement and concern which keeps the ideals of the Honor System salient and meaningful in the everyday campus (and hopeful non-campus) life. The openness, honesty, and freedom of inquiry are as much a part of the "education" here as are the formal academics. Also, the Honor Council feels that the system could perhaps benefit from more scrutiny and an increase in consciousness of the system on the part of all members of the Southwestern Community.

The expectations and responsibilities of the Honor Code should be discussed often, and the students should sign the full honor pledge for each test and assignment. In one recent case a student admitted to cheating on a test when he discovered a textbook in the room where he taking the test. The student felt that, had the professor mentioned the Honor Code and requested a fully written pledge before he took the test, he (the student) would not have cheated. Certainly the Student Government at Southwestern is such that the autonomy and the responsibility of the students is extensive. The Honor System, however, is for the entire community. Any increase in faculty involvement with regard to expressing and enforcing their beliefs in the system would surely see the system strengthened, and would find a student autonomy quite intact. An increase in the community role would be beneficial for all.

A major problem is that of secrecy of trials and trial results. As Ted Eastburn mentioned in an earlier article, "secrecy has gotten to the point where nobody knows what we're doing". The Council is attempting to deal with this very real, but in a sense necessary problem, by publishing the action taken by the council in each case. A brief statement of the circumstances of the case and how the decisions are reached will open the Honor Council activities to involve the students and faculty to a larger degree. This is essential. Of course, many precautions are necessary to keep from jeopardizing the privacy of the individuals involved; a privacy which the recent West Point Honor Code case shows is not inherent in most systems.

The system is not working as it should. Comments from students and recent graduates concerning the high level of cheating,

in spite of the honor code, is disturbing. The Honor System does work however, and confidence in the basic undeniable truths the system represents is a necessary student responsibility.

During Term III the Honor Council has thus far conducted two trials, each of which involved offenses committed near the Term II.

In the first trial, the defendant was charged with plagiarism. This charge was brought to the council by a member of the Southwestern faculty. The evidence consisted primarily of a term paper in which all but six words had been copied verbatim for a source to which no credit, whatsoever, was given in the way of footnotes, quotations or bibliography. The defendant was found guilty as charged and was suspended for two years and received an F in the course which the paper was written.

The defendant of the second trial was also charged with plagiarism. Evidence in this case consisted primarily of a term paper in which large portions had been copied or paraphrased from a source for which credit was not given properly. The defendant was found guilty and was suspended until Term II of 1977 and given an F in the course.

Presently three possible violations are pending Honor Council action. Of the offenses brought to the attention of the Council, plagiarism is the most common. As the Honor Code Handbook states ignorance of proper footnote procedure is not an excuse for plagiarism; nor is carelessness. Both defendants of these two trials stated they did not intend to plagiarize.

In fact one defendant stated that throughout grammar school, high school, and Southwestern, they had never been assigned a term paper before. This should be of special interest to the English Department and 151 professors.

A word on suspension. The sentence, when given, implies a feeling among the council that after a time the student might return to Southwestern, abide by the code, and make a contribution to the Community. This is an expression of confidence in the student; taking definite action without prohibiting a possible return to Southwestern, and a reevaluation of ideals. There is a question among the Council members as to the responsibility they have to the system, the students, and the defendant in the particular trial. It is a question of the "punative" vs. the therapeutic responsibility of the council. Let us know your thoughts about this.



Barney Stangle

Bill Israel is shown here high jumping 6 feet 2 inches to take the Lynx's lone first place in the CAC track meet.

Last Rites

by Preston Johnson

The Rite of Spring concert, slated for Sunday, May 16, was cancelled late Saturday, May 15, because of the forecast of rain and the pressure of low advance ticket sales.

Carl Hill, Social Commissioner, said that all weather forecasts received by Saturday morning predicted partly cloudy with a high of 82 degrees. However, by Saturday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. the forecast had changed to a 50% of rain Sunday afternoon and night. Hill said that the organizers of the concert double-checked with the Weather Bureau at 6:00 p.m. and were told that they should expect the same weather Sunday as there was Saturday- scattered showers,

on and off all day long—because of "a change in winds."

Hill further explained that although the concert was originally planned to go in the gym in case of rain, that "advance ticket sales did not warrant setting up in the gym." He said that the concert would rely heavily on ticket sales at the gate, and because a great deal of the drawing power of the concert was the "outdoor festival concept," the Social Commission felt that they would lose too much money and consequently cancelled the concert.

However, the festival was not totally lost. Sunday night, saxophonist Dave Leibman gave a fabulous performance in Hardie Auditorium to over 300 people.

Leibman, who once played with Miles Davis, and his band, *Lookout Farm*, thrilled the audience with all the magic of live jazz.

Hill said that an estimate of the losses to be incurred is not available at this time because negotiations with the bands and are still in progress. He said that the standard rate to pay a band is 50% for a cancellation but that one of three bands waived it since they were contacted before they go to Memphis. Negotiations with the other two bands also notified in time Saturday night, are still continuing. Hill said that losses incurred in publicity and equipment are not presently available. Money to cover the losses will come from the Social Commission and perhaps the Student Center.

Student involvement is, again, essential for the System to work as we would like. Talk to any Council member about any questions, possible violations, etc. The members of the council were elected by the students and are anxious to represent student and faculty opinions. The members of the Council are as follows:
Seniors: Katherine Bullard (vice president), Louise Rutkowski, Paul Brantley, and Steve Collins; Juniors Ron Sims (secretary), Sandy Schaeffer, Mary Crawford, Bonnie Allen, and Steve Hatcher; Sophomores: Taylor Philips, Phil Mischke; Caroline Morgan and Kelli Walker. Two new Freshclass representatives will be elected in September.

GREAT STAR SUPERMARKET
651 N. McLean
Cold Beer, Fresh Fruit
Quick Snacks

DINO'S
Southwestern Grill
Specialties
RAVIOLI and SPAGHETTI
645 N. McLean
Memphis, Tenn.



Brandywine Ski Resort has jobs for men - women who can work summer and/or winter quarters. Good pay, lodging, Box 343 Northfield, Ohio 44067.

MEN & WOMEN WANTED FULL TIME SUMMER JOBS

If you are temporarily discontinuing your education and seeking summer work, consider this unique opportunity. Large international firm has general full-time positions available in district offices throughout the United States. If accepted, you will be working with others your own age. You can work locally, travel your own state or neighboring states. The men and women we are looking for are ambitious, dependable and hard-working. For district office address in area, or for appointment with our local managers, call Sherry. 9 am to 5 pm, Monday thru Friday.

332-5434

IMAGES Movie



LOVE AND ANARCHY Tunin, a shy and awkward peasant, arrives in Rome from the countryside in the early 1930's and goes directly to a luxurious bordello. He is looking for Salome, the boldest and most glamorous lady of the house, and his aide in the one task he is determined to carry out: his plan to kill Benito Mussolini.

Salome, his contact in the underground network of anarchists, offers a hide-out: and so Tunin perfects the assassination plot parading as Salome's cousin - as a full time resident of the brothel. But when Tunin falls in love with a young prostitute, the conflict between "love and anarchy" sparks an explosion of passions that is felt far beyond the bordello. **GIANCARLO GIANNINI**, Best Actor Award, Cannes Film Festival

This is the final film in the Images Series, Sunday night, 8:00 p.m. FJ-B Admission is \$1.00.

PROSTERMAN SPILLS THE BEANS

by H. Scott Prosterman

The Lynxcats were dealt another setback in track last Saturday as they could manage no better than fifth place in the College Athletic Conference outdoor championship. Injuries to Carl Hill and Phil Mulkey cut the Lynx point total by more than half of what it would have been if they had been competing. Coach Ron Fuqua calculated 26 more points that the Lynx would have had, with Mulkey and Hill in the competition, compared with the actual total of 20. "These 26 points would amount to 52 point spread considering the points taken away from the other teams," Fuqua said.

Southwestern picked up only three places in the field events, where they are usually strong. Larry Higginbotham placed 4th in the shot put, with a 44'3" toss, and Tom Taylor placed 5th in the discus at 118'. The only first for the host Lynx was to the credit of Bill Israel in the high jump at 6'2".

In the running event, the 440 relay team of Conrad Bradburn, Danny Bellott, Hill and Larry Glasscock came in third with a time of 43.6. Bradburn took third in the 440 Intermediate Hurdles in 56.8, and Glasscock ran the 100 in 10.3 to place third. The Lynx mile relay was the same as

the 440 relay team, with the exception of Israel instead of Hill. This group set a personal record for a SW mile relay team this year, by covering the distance in 3:28.6. Other PR's were attained by Higginbotham, Bradburn and Israel.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Well, what can you say that's funny about a track team that places second in its conference indoor meet, and then loses the outdoor championship three months later on its home track? I've tried real hard, but I can't seem to find anything humorous about it. I thought that by now, I would see the lighter side of it, but the more I think about it, the more I find it downright depressing. So I decided this unpleasant situation deserves at least one serious tribute, and some practical observations.

The natural reaction by those who endure an unsuccessful program, as this one, is to try to find out what went wrong, or who is to blame for the setback. In making such analysis, one would probably examine two factors: the quality of the personnel, and the coach. The coach is usually the one who feel the pressure, as he is often given undue responsibility for the performances of

his athletes. He has the responsibility of seeing that his athletes are physically and mentally conditioned. However, his responsibility ends when the race begins (except for his vocal encouragement).

It would not be fair to blame Coach Fuqua for the track team's lack of success this year. He often demonstrated remarkable attitudes of dedication and patience by his willingness to accommodate everyone with a training schedule to fit their other scheduling demands. This accommodation entailed personally supervising everyone's workout, whether it was one o'clock or six o'clock from January until May.

If it is really necessary to find a reason for this year's lack of success, one must realistically judge the quality of the personnel that composed the team. As demonstrated by the results of the conference meet, the bulk of the scoring load was carried through the year by just a few individuals. Even though we had a few athletes who consistently won their events, these victories were sometimes offset by the points won by the other teams, for picking up the remaining places in the event. Aside from the few people who consistently

won or placed, the remainder of the team was composed mainly of people who worked very hard at improving their standards, but who simply do not have the physical capabilities to excel in athletics. Another factor affecting the success of athletics in general at SW is the number of student who could contribute to a program, but for various reasons elect not to participate.

I would have to place myself in the category of those who strive for perfection, but are simply lacking in physical capabilities. However, pessimistic this attitude may seem, it is merely a realistic way of looking at the situation. However, about midway through the season, my realism began to develop into an attitude crisis.

Only recently have I accepted the fact that no matter how hard I work as an athlete, I'll never be 'outstanding' by any standards of collegiate competition. Only this past season did this realization lead to a noticeable lack of personal incentive to excel. Although my attitude crisis is a personal affair, I must wonder if my attitude ever showed through and affected any of my teammates. If this is the case, then I must feel responsible for any mental letdown to which I

may have contributed. I've also begun to wonder if my manner of reporting the affairs of the track team contributed to a morale problem.

My style of reporting grew out of my envious situation last fall, when I found myself as captain of the worst cross-country team in America. Oh, sure, maybe there were a few teams that we could have beaten, but they weren't on our schedule. In light of these circumstances, I decided to take it upon myself to point out the lighter side of our losing effort, even if I had to make it up.

This idea made sense to me for several reasons. First of all, with our given capabilities, we could have very well developed six cases of manic depression, if we took our endeavor too seriously. So it became important to emphasize the fact that we were running because we enjoyed it, and that we were competing only against our own standards.

Another reason for my lampoon nature of reporting was to attempt to general more interest in running within the SW community. In my previous 2 years, I had found that in order to attract attention to an activity here, you must either offer several kegs of beer, or have something rather unusual to offer. Being a staunch teetotaler, I naturally chose the latter.

More important though, I wanted to avoid becoming a practitioner of sport's journalism which I think is the most basic and uncreative mode of modern communication. Journalism itself ignores many possibilities of creative writing; sports journalism in particular seems to thrive on a massive collection of overused expressions to say "won" or "lost." (Admittedly, there are exceptions.)

Then again, you couldn't very well call my writing "journalism." It is often opinionated, it's biased, it's sometimes not true. In fact, my friend Jeff Olson once compared it to a millipede with two soggy tennis shoes going: "Nine-Ninety-Nine; squish, squish; Nine-Ninety-Nine; squish, squish." The squish you see or hear is the truth!

When I really think about it, what the hell did I give you except a couple of dozen ways to say "we lost" with good humor. Did this exercise of mine serve any use except to satisfy my own need for verbal masturbation?

Then again, maybe I started the most revolutionary idea in journalism since yellow ink.

However it was received, I do have one standard for knowing that it was successful. For the entire 8 months that I've been doing this column, hardly anyone ever asked me how we really did. (Maybe no one read it.)

As for this year's track team one would have to say that they started out with alot of potential, but a series of injuries soon left the corps "down to the stems and seeds" by the end of the season. One certainly could not fault Coach Fuqua because everyone knows that you can't turn straw into gold. And God knows that he did his best with the straw that he had to work with.

Despite the frustrations of this past season, I feel that I've learned and grown as a person because of it. I've learned that even if I do get lapped in the three mile run like clockwork, I can run off at the mouth as well as anyone on the track. More important, I've learned a new sense of realism about my ambitions. Soon after it became clear that I wasn't going to qualify for Montreal, I decided to re-channel my burning ambition.

I feel that since I've already conquered all worlds available to me as an athlete, there's no need for me to remain in school. So next year I plan to be somewhere in the Middle East where I can better realize my new ambition: to band together one of the lost tribes of Palestine, form a nation, and become king.

(see picture page 3)

Memorial Chain

by Stevie Williford

It was October the 28th, a rather pleasant morning, one of those nice, cool autumn mornings when you can so easily fall in love. I woke up at 5:00 and took a shower. My roommate, Randy, had his birthday on that very day; and to celebrate, we were going to kidnap him and take him to breakfast, which would be waiting for us at the AOPi house. When I finally walked out of Robb Hall, I saw two security guards stalking the Chemistry building. I pretended not to notice and chalked it up to the weather. At 6:00 I got to the AOPi house and found things already in preparation.

When 6:15 rolled around, to our dismay the throng we expected had not yet materialized. So Cece Ralston and I took it upon ourselves to go rouse this crowd which would induce such surprise in Randy. We started out frolicking in the gentle breeze with much general horseplay (as we are prone to do most anytime) and ended up dashing towards the Robb Commons up dashing towards the Robb Commons area where a good number of our throng lay peacefully snoozing in their respected rooms.

What happened next is still somewhat puzzling. While making a beeline in between Palmer and Kennedy to the front door of Robb, one of my feet caught in one of those treacherous chains, flipping me over till I was making a 50 degree angle nose dive. My arms were nowhere to be found and I promptly pasted my proboscis on the pavement.

Now the whole accident was unusual and it gave rise to many theories being explained by rectors and other factors about how it occurred. My explanation is simple. Many times before I had

taken that short cut: jumping the first chain, coming to the second chain, jumping it onto the pavement and with the next stride clearing the third chain, while after that the fourth chain would usually be no challenge at all. Doing this was no strain and it was actually fun. However, my path for taking the second and third chains had always been perpendicular to the pavement, this being the shortest distance between them.

The fatal morning of the 28th, I unfortunately chose a diagonal path. After my left leg was already over the second chain, my brain realized that this feat it was attempting, demanded much more reach and power from the right leg, but while sending these signals forgot that the poor right leg still had to make it over the chain. Thus the tragedy.

As I dazedly picked myself up off the sidewalk, I was pleased to see that I hadn't torn any of my clothes (I didn't know then that my nose had received all the shock of the fall), but I was irked when I noticed the blood on the sidewalk. Cece ran up to me yelling, inquiring of my health and my nose. I said my nose wasn't broken and bent it rather vigorously from side to side to prove the fact. But she seemed rather pained while looking at it (though there were brief giggling spells, too) and since it was still bleeding, we retired to the first floor Robb bathroom and tried to clean the wound.

She left me rather soon, time hastening on, with people yet to rouse, as I was mourning the fact that my nose might require stitches. Fortunately, I wasn't in any

pain; so for while I wandered around, occasionally dabbing my nose with tissue paper, finally festooning a length of the tissue on my nose.

It was thus that I met Charly Thomson, who was going to play Happy Birthday on his accordion when we woke Randy, and after a small discussion, it was decided that the best thing for me to do was to scurry on over to the infirmary and await my fate there. So 6:30 found me standing at the infirmary door in my vestments, waiting for Nurse Gill to make her entrance. When she opened the door for me, I told her I had done something rather cruel to my nose. She agreed.

Soon I was lying on my back in the infirmary with an ice pack between my eyes waiting for the doctor's office to open. I knew then that my nose was broken because as I leaned my head to one side, my nose would hesitate and would then sway over and tap against the limits beyond which it would not go. As I turned my head the other way, it swayed over in that direction. (Wouldn't you know the first thing I was to break would be my nose.) I played this way for some time. By 11:00, I was in surgery.

They say I came out rather lucky for having my nose crunched that badly. I had been wearing glasses, which in the accident had only been scratched. Those had to be replaced. Mr. Turpin was under the impression that someone had

been shooting squirrels or pigeons because there was so much blood on the sidewalk. It took 4 or 5 good rainfalls to wash the blood away. And even though I nearly broke my nose again in a collision with a girl while trying to get to the cookie tray, the only thing that hurt was the shot they gave me to put me to sleep. I wore that bruise for a month. I am also told that the birthday party was a success.

And so it is with this memory of that strange day in which God changed Stevie's nose. Cece Ralston has erected a memorial plaque on that foul chain which botched my footwork. She says, "The S. Henry Williford Memorial Chain plaque was erected as a commemoration of Mr. Williford's incredible stupidity in view of his clumsiness. After having fallen over the same group of chains twice, he can still be seen merrily jumping his way over the chains towards Robb."

'77

Dilemma '77 needs your help. It will be an especially interesting program next year concerning "The South", and again, student interest and involvement is essential. Contact Paul Brantley, Mary Crawford or any Steering Committee member.

Phone 452-9114
PAT'S PIZZA RESTAURANT
 Best Steaks & Spaghetti In Town
 Jumbo Sandwiches
 Open 6:00 PM 'till ???
 Pat Patterson, Owner & Manager
 2890 SUMMER STREET

Leslie:
 Nine months have come and gone and our freshman year is over. We've shared so many great experiences. Remember our car accidents? Did you ever get the bill from the tree surgeon? Who would have thought that a DDD and an AOPi would stay friends? Give 'em Hell at Knoxville! The other townie, Diana

\$ wth Dollars worth Typing Service
 FAST SERVICE ----- LOW RATES
 NO SURCHARGE FOR EVENING SERVICE
 458-7363

CLIP JOINT

SAMMY LEROY'S
 (between Blue & Gray Bookstore & Chanelo's)
 3534 Walker
 452-8363
HAIRSTYLES FOR TODAY & TOMORROW