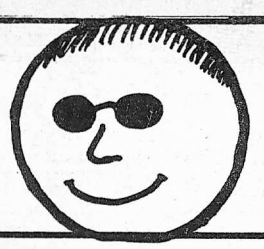
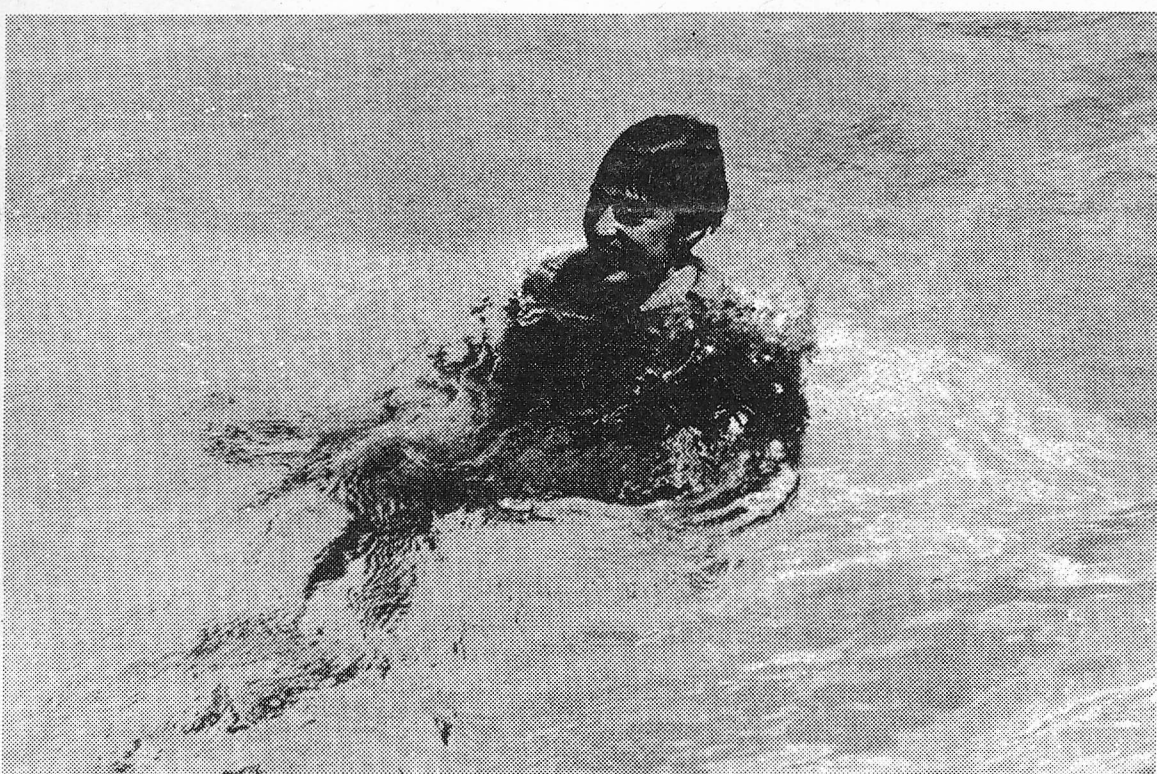
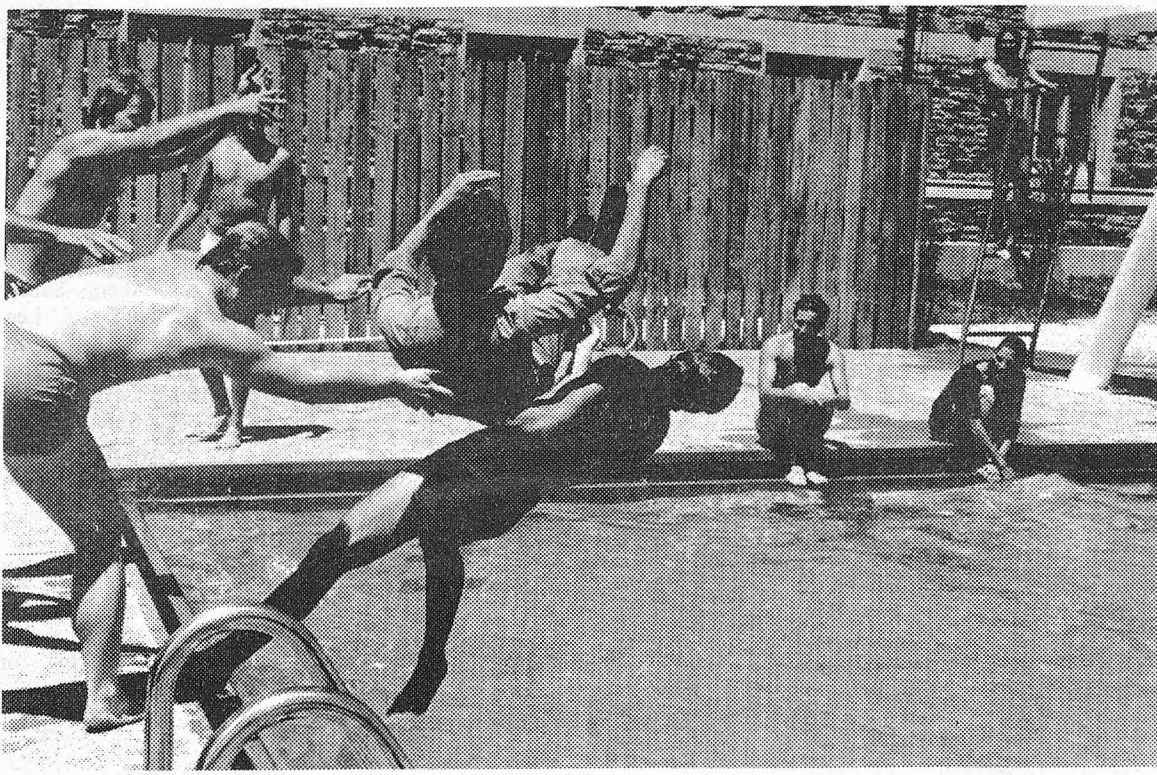


Club Southwestern News



Southwestern at Memphis Country Club and Recreation Area - Zoo too
Vol. 61, No. 12 Memphis, Tennessee 38112 May 19, 1977



Patterson moves to humanities post

Robert G. Patterson, Academic Dean of Southwestern At Memphis, has been named the first College Professor of Humanities. The appointment will be effective in September 1978 when Dr. Patterson returns to the college after a year's sabbatical and leave of absence to teach at Tunghai University in Taiwan. Dr. Charles O. Warren Jr., associate professor of biology, will serve as acting dean during the 1977-78 academic year.

As College Professor of Humanities, and not directly assigned to any one department, Dr. Patterson will seek to develop interdisciplinary approaches to liberal education. He will also return to the teaching of some courses in the Department of Religion and to participation in Southwestern's long-established interdisciplinary course in the humanities, "Man in the Light of History and Religion."

"Much of my time in the dean's office has been directed toward the social sciences and toward interrelating liberal studies and career concerns," Patterson observed.

"But now I will be returning to my own primary interests. I look forward very much to rejoining our strong faculties in the humanities and the arts and sharing with them in the rewarding task, indeed the vital task, of cultivating humanistic understanding in our time."

"Dean Patterson's teaching experience and dedication to liberal learning have contributed much to Southwestern's educational strength," President Daughdrill said. "Perhaps most notable among his contributions as dean are the addition of the internship program, new appointments that have expanded the number of women faculty members at Southwestern under a Mellon Foundation grant, addition of sociology and geology to the curriculum and expansion of the college's program in business administration."

In the fall of 1977 Daughdrill will ask the faculty to elect members to a search committee to advise on selecting a dean to succeed Dean Patterson and Acting Dean Warren during the summer of 1978.

British speakers conclude

G.W.G. Wickham, the second speaker of the series on Late Medieval and Early Renaissance history, spoke in Clough Hall on April 28 and 29. Mr. Wickham, Professor of Drama at the University of Bristol, discussed the literary and theatrical trends during this period of history.

His past experience in drama is extensive and far-reaching. He has previously worked with the British Broadcasting Co., as an actor, a script-writer, and a critic. Mr. Wickham visited America in 1953 on a Rockefeller Award and was Visiting Professor of Theatre History in the Graduate School at Yale University in 1970. His world

wide influence has been extended to the universities of East Africa, Finland, and Tanzania. Some of his numerous publications include **Drama in A World of Science; The Medieval Theatre; and Early English Stages, 1300-1660**, 2 vols.

Anyone that attended Mr. Wickham's lectures with hopes of hearing about "The Genesis of English Comedy: Medwall and Skelton" or "The Rationalization of English Comedy: Shakespeare and Johnson" would have been disappointed by the discordance between the subject matter and the title. Despite this, Mr. Wickham's lectures were not a rehashing of familiar themes but were an exposure to his own original research compiled in his upcoming book on Medieval Drama, to be published by Columbia University Press. Such a revelation of new ideas will open a new door in the literary world. Since this information has not yet been exposed to the general public, he requested that there be no taping during the lectures.

Up to now, modern scholars have believed that Chaucer's writings derived from ancient folk tales. Mr. Wickham, however, has traced the development of the anti-clerical drama prior to Chaucer. Mr. Wickham's new research shows there was a much more developed history of the secular comedy that that of which we are aware. Dr. Wood, Professor of English at Southwestern, said "he read excerpts from some plays previous to Chaucer that we had never even heard of before."

Some of the audience was unable to grasp the lectures because the material was so new and lacked any common knowledge with which they could otherwise have associated.

The third speaker, Anthony Quinton, was to have spoken on May 5 and 6, but due to illness, the lectures were canceled.

Southwestern trackers claim state championship

The SAM track team gave a thorough demonstration of its successful turnaround this year, as they completely dominated the college division of the Tennessee Intercollegiate Athletic Conference championship. Under the leadership of coaches Ron Fuqua and Jim Hardwick, the Lynx out-

scored their nearest competitor by more than 50 points. The significance of this achievement is that the victors were dead last in the same meet a year ago.

Much of the Lynxcat scoring was done by daceathletes Phil Mulkey and John Harris, both of whom scored three wins and placed in two

other events. Another factor for the vast improvement this year is the fine corps of freshman and sophomore sprinters, who will provide the nucleus of a good team for the next few years. Terry and Jerry Hampton, Ralph Jones, Larry Glasscock, and Gary Graham all picked up points in the sprints and

relays, along with seniors Bill Harkins and Conrad Bradburn.

Another pleasant surprise has been found in miler Eddie Batey, who showed a strong enough kick to finish 2nd last week behind distance ace Tim Godfrey. Godfrey also placed 2nd in the 3 mile run, and was trailed by Jim Hunter in that event, who finished 4th. And then you've got a holdover from the less glamorous years who still manages to place here and there—Prosterman got 5th in the mile.

In the field events, the Lynx have found a consistent winner in Jimmy Onobun. Jimmy placed 1st and 2nd in the triple jump and long jump, respectively. Other scorers in the field events for SAM were Bill Israel and Willie Hulon in the high jump; and Tim Gray, Larry Higgenbotham, and Tommy Mullady in the weight events.

Now only the College Athletic Conference championships remain in the schedule, which will be in Terre Haute, Indiana, this week. Though the conference offers more competition than in any previous year, SAM has its best team in five years. It should be interesting.

Dormitory renovation plans begin

The student-faculty administration dormitory renovation committee met last week for the second time, and after student suggestions were reviewed and discussed, renovation plans for the near future were outlined. Robb, White, and Ellet are first on the list for new air conditioning-heating systems. The window units in these dorms will be eliminated and all windows will be resealed to enhance the central climate control system. The insulation in the roofs of these forms, as well as throughout the whole campus, will be checked, and faulty sections replaced. Eventually, adjustments will be made in all campus heating and

cooling systems to maximize efficiency.

Some examples of work to be done in specific areas: Bellingrath residents will enjoy the use of new bathtubs next year, and the same dorm will have a new town student room; the Voorhies basement walls and bathroom stands to receive upgrading; Glassell will have its vending machine privileges reinstated; and much needed room and hall painting will be done in Trezevant.

But all proposed dormitory renovations are not merely cosmetic in scope. Major, costly structural changes are planned for Robb-White-Ellet. Restructuring in

Glassell will divide that dorm into separate, smaller living areas, hopefully quieter and more economically heated and cooled.

The committee was also told that a campus wide phone system would pay for itself and may become a reality in the near future. All renovation plans are certainly not finalized, however, and student input is sought. If any students or faculty members see other campuses this summer that have innovative and imaginative dormitory features, please make note of them, taking pictures if possible. The dorm renovation committee will be happy to entertain your suggestions at the beginning of Term I.



THE SOU'WESTER

EDITOR Steve Minor
 BUSINESS MANAGERS Bill Hulsey, Dan Searight
 LAYOUT MANAGER Edward Wheatley
 PHOTOS Ray Gilmer, Jim Watson, Kelley Hinman
 CIRCULATION Cynthia Low
 CARTOONIST David Dwiggins
 STAFF Martha Mitchell, Gayden Newton, Alice J. Smith, Jerry Heston, Anne Herbers, Jim Pagan, Peter Christian, Ernie Williams, H. Scott Prosterman, Patricia LaRue, Woody Falls, Paul Ainger, Angelo White, Neil Mara, Warren Kearney, Katherine Maddox.

Will you, won't you?

- I, Bonnie K. Bailey, leave the following: to Art Durkee, dates with seniors; to Charlie Collie, crepes and classical records; to Deborah Dudney, anything to argue about; to Tom Taylor, nothing; to Bob Dobbins, SN punch; to Bill Von Hoene, details of my love life; to Wolfgang Schneider, Schatzle; and to Mr. Eckert, my favorite professor, a 10.
- I, Katherine Ann Bullard, in firm faith and confidence bequeath to Gwen Jones that ability to collect and consequently broadcast to the Southwestern community all titillating "scoops" and idle gossip.
- I, Lyn Burdette, will all my wants to the Toads. Also, the Master Bass Caster Trophy to Jeff Campbell, with the assurance that he and others will carry on the tradition at Sandy's farm (including overnight fighting trips).
- I, Steve Collins, leave the "spirit of taxation" to all the members of the campus Discussion Group; my Sunday nights to the new SFA editors, Ron and Paul; and my smile to anyone who wants to wear it. May you all carry on with pride.
- I, Nancy Crowell, leave the four flights of stairs to Dr. Farris' office to any rising senior English major who foolishly saved all of his/her Farris courses for the senior year. Goodbye Farris! Second, I gladly bequeath Ty Herrington's "ceremonial scrapper" to the unsuspecting few who will become new members of Southwestern's varsity volleyball team next year. Please note—this "scrapper" was found on the banks of the Tennessee River.
- I, Melanie Hart, will to all residents of Voorhies Hall softsoled shoes for the sake of the second-floor R.A.; to all rising senior women, a pack of cards and subscription to T.V. Guide; to all rising senior men, confidence to "rise" to the occasion; to "Tex", his long-awaited baby bass; and to "Big Neb", a lifetime supply of "you know whats."
- I, Kelley Hinman, as the founder and only active member of the Young Socialists Alliance at Southwestern, leave my hope for the proletariat and my disgust for hard-core capitalists to Mike Nolan.
- I, Katherine Maddox, leave to Steve Minor the Dean of Students office pair of single-bladed scissors to cut the red tape; to Mary Crawford, her mentor Mark McMahon; to Bonnie Allen a

- remaining prophecy, yet to be fulfilled; and to Mary Jernigan her coffee beans and ice cream.
- I, Phil Mulkey, hereby bequeath all my dear and beloved possessions which are to be equally shared between my heirs: Grayboy, the Old Man, Dago, the Jew, and those Hampton boys (all have one thing in common—they ain't got no mind at all). Finally, I submit one final question to these close friends . . . "Boys, how are y'll going to act when I'm dead and gone?"
- I, Carter Rogers, bequeath my ability of African engineering to anyone who may need it. My loud stereo will go to Larry (Lizard) Fitzgerald, Pat (Fat Boy) Wade, and my roomie, David Wiggins. To Bob (Wirehead) Cragon I leave my coaching ability of drinking at J-Ways. Last but not least I leave the meaning of my name, BOMER, to Chip (Melville) Harris.
- I, Nell Sistrunk, being of lethargic body and overworked mind, do hereby bequeath: To all my dear I-V brothers and sisters, and to Mrs. Ruffin and my friends in the C.A. department—my warmest love and appreciation, and some very friendly memories. Thank you, folks. To Beth Deming—my car Gerard/Seymour, Sylvester Stallone, all the many places where we love to feed our faces, the Canine Intelligence Test, M.O. from the trip to Urbana, and lots of bread for the greedy "deese and guts" in Chickasaw Gardens. To Nick Nickl—my mouse ears (on the butter), the Pizza Hut in Pensacola, clout (that's a no good), your very own green panty hose for Renaissance Festival, and some new Catholic jokes. To Jerry Heston—the Helen Keller School of Modern Dance Award, out of respect for your Irish soul, and a David Bowie costume complete with five shades of glitter, and hind-quarters (Ah-oooh). To the Psychology faculty—all my sleepless nights, bitter tears, torn-out hair, bitten-down fingernails, writer's cramp—and a (serious) thank you for your interest and the many things you taught me. To Southwestern—a new, improved, indestructable switchboard (are you listening, Administrative Services?) and several patient, placid people to operate it.
- I, Beth Thoma, bequeath to the Southwestern community a spirit of enthusiasm and one slightly used Vanderbilt baseball cap. To

Letters from Oz.....

The music is, perhaps, appropriate, for it intensifies the thoughts floating in my mind; the music is something Walter Carlos adapted for *A Clockwork Orange*, something fantastic, far enough from us to border on the unreal—and yet it is here. I hear it, feel it, respond to it. I play the music, and such music: some of the best the world has ever heard—the Second Movement of the Ninth. Not being sufficiently knowledgeable in the intricacies of composition I cannot attempt an analysis of the piece. But I can recognize and appreciate that music which is good; this work, for instance, on account of its royal, magnificent, forceful theme with some purpose and fulfillment, to slip into anthropomorphic description.

The music possesses that which is lacking in my thoughts, a forcefulness and fullment. My thoughts are of the completeness floating in our minds, touched but not grasped except externally, as in music. And I wonder what "completeness" means to these writers, those whose essays I have just read in the annual.

In these essays I can see in varying degrees the philosophies of each writer, the accomplishments each has made, and the questions that still remain before them: Professor Russell's comfortable idealism and Ron Sims' secure faith, Nancy Crowell's confidence and H. Scott's perseverance, Patricia LaRue's capacity for observation and Brian Sudderth's hindsights, Pam Portwood's romanticism and Annette Wilkerson's search for new heroes, Gary Gaines' hopes and Warren's bitterness, Professor Wood's confusion, Cathy Coates' optimism, and Bill Harkins' awed wonder. However vaguely I describe it, I cannot fail seeing connections among them, a common theme, a common and yet separate searching for meaning, for goals, for fulfillment, in several degrees of advancement.

And yet I feel empty having read them, pensively melancholy—something's missing in each of those essays, a lack of conclusion, each one pointing to something maybe different, something maybe the same, something unknown, far enough from us to border on the unreal—and yet here it is. What is missing is the feeling of **knowing** what it is to be fulfilled, the knowledge of what we lack before that goal, the searching for the method to internalize that sense of satisfaction we enjoy, however fleetingly, when we hear the Scherzo.

"The myth of seniority has been disproved, and we go to encounter the future as freshmen once again—in search of new heroes." (Annette Wilkerson) "It's almost like another freshman year right now: a new challenge, another freedom, another self, and another world. It's like having been on the brink of something ever since returning here." (Cathy Coates) "It has always seemed to me that in important event(s) in my life, there has been a subtle, seeming inconsistency which ran beneath the way I thought I felt, or was supposed to feel." (Bill Harkins) "If there was anyone who saw Network and didn't even have a

the students who believe in tradition, I hope that the legacy of the Pep Band will remain a part of SWAM sports along with the mascot the Lynxcat. As I become an alumni my first contribution to this institution is white paint for the purpose of repainting the East wall of Mallory gymnasium. Thanks Southwestern, it has been real!!

I, Woody Upchurch, being of sound mind and unsound body, leave the following parts of my legacy:

continued on page 4

slight urge to stand up with Peter Finch and shout I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take anymore' he is dead." (Warren Kearney) "You know, there used to be things on the bathroom walls like Nietzsche was right—God is dead. Now, all you can find are things like 'Joe blows.'" (Pam Portwood) "I said I'd do it if I could make the jaws look like a human mouth screaming protest." (Richard Clement Wood) These examples point to the emptiness, the frustration, and the lack of fulfillment to which I refer.

Two quotes I have chosen to set apart, two which struck me as especially poignant: "... it was the ultimate challenge to return to a relatively mundane existence and attempt to preserve the inner questioning and concern that is much more natural to a traveling band of religion-philosophy majors" (Pam Portwood); "The purpose of liberal education is to enhance perception by intellectualizing experience . . . Too many of our students approach sophisticated problems without necessary or adequate tools, insight skills, perspectives . . ." (Jack U. Russell)

These excerpts I have attempted to present in some sort of progressive order, from the most specified to the most abstracted. They bring me to a question: Can man ever find fulfillment within himself? I presuppose, of course, that fulfillment is an attainable, however fleeting, thing. But it is something of which we cannot speak because it is a concept so deep within our psychologies that words and other communication forms, in their extremely limited capacities, cannot possibly fathom the complexities involved.

And yet I get ahead of myself. If I am to speak of the fulfillment which is lacking, I must define, as best I can, what it is of which I speak. Is it something apart from us, a God, a hero, another world; or is it something within us, an inner questioning and concern, an intellectualization of experience, a God? The search for fulfillment is beyond all else a search for meaning, for relevance, for purpose. And as such it is an intensive, personal search; a subjective, internal one. These essays in the annual demonstrate this. Nietzsche was correct: life **itself** has no meaning. He sought the man strong enough to assert his own meaning above life—the overman—whom we somehow fear, but again idealize under another name in our liberal arts education.

And so we turn inward; we intellectualize our experience, sometimes prepared and sometimes not, sometimes by choice and sometimes by necessity or crisis. Such is what these writers have done. I ask myself why I have not considered my own life in those ways, or why others have not spoken before. And then I realize: others have not been capable and still are not—as certainly I am not, not yet. Until I am I must continue to learn, to arm myself with the insights, the tools, the methods, which I will use when my time comes, or else assume the responsibility for not having done so. I read and question these essays, not as idle commentaries or passive reflections, but as the thoughts of others who have begun a journey and who have bothered to offer something, however small, that may be useful in my own search, that will lift my eyes up toward that horizon which I have not been able to consider. But I know it is there, even if I have not seen it, far enough from me to border on the unreal—and yet here it is.

Perhaps G. E. Moore was on the right track when he advocated the

cultivation of relationships and the contemplation of the arts as the primary tasks of life, for they turn us inward; perhaps that is why we feel satisfied after a symphony, because music, the highest of the arts, can best reflect our own depths and intricacies in its own; perhaps "intellectualizing experience" is the nebulous method with which we can reach, or endure the frustration of not reaching, that state of self-godliness; perhaps these writers are trying to say something along these lines; perhaps the liberal arts education is valuable for providing the initial setting of this search, and not for providing us with the answer or the tools; perhaps the key is not to be found anywhere except in myself-and-you.

No, my time is yet to come. When it does that first step will be as large as Frodo's bearing the Ring out of the Shire to an uncertain fate. Until then I shall sit back and enjoy my music. Perhaps someday I shall understand it.

Somewhere in the last issue of a college's newspaper is found some space that has been set aside for the editor in order that he may make some last comment and leave behind a few minimal words of questionable wisdom to those who will follow. Others call that space and what fills it the "mental masturbation" of the editor. But since I will be here at this typewriter next year the first categorization does not apply; on with the second.

I could talk about the trials and tribulations of being editor; however that is boring to read and to write. I could talk about what being editor has meant to me; that would be worse. And having no wisdom to offer, I shall plunge headlong into whatever comes from my fingers onto the printed page.

Once Don and I got into this office we realized that neither of us had had much experience with publications. I do not demean the value of a **posteriori** knowledge, for without those who **did** know what was going on we never would have gotten past the first issue back in January. But we have been learning as we go, and I still am.

Aside from basic logistical lessons (layout) and planning ahead (how to find news), a few more comprehensive lessons have been learned. One is that it is hard to please all the people all the time; in fact you cannot. The problem then is to present the views of the people on campus but do it in a way that is not destructive to the community. For instance, my editorial policy concerning letters to the editor holds that personal animosities should not interfere with the opinions being expressed. That line, however, is hard to draw.

So is the line concerning how much political power the newspaper should and should not have, which will be even more of a problem next year when I am also to assume the role of Administrative RA. And so is the line as to how much of my personal opinion should go into the paper, and when. I admit that I have not always been judicious or fair, and sometimes have been offensive in my liberties with the paper.

The editor himself cannot always see where these lines should lie and when they should be drawn; he is too involved to be adequately objective in all the moments of decision. Therefore commentary received, not only pertaining to the paper but also to the editor's performance, is invaluable in making sure that The Sou'wester remains responsive to the needs of the school. My thanks to those who have offered both praise and criticism; don't let either stop.

Letters to Oz.....

A particular piece of legislation has been developed by the Social Regulations Council which we felt needed to be announced. Due to the great probability of and the great danger involved in use of the new swimming pool during its closed hours, the SRC felt it a necessity to propose a regulation which would discourage if not prevent this from happening.

The regulation, effective as of May 18, 1977, is this: "In the event that a student is found using the pool area at a time when said area is closed, that student will automatically be suspended from further use of the pool area for a period of two weeks from the infraction. In the event that a student who has previously been suspended from pool use, in consequence of said infraction, is found violating this regulation on a subsequent occasion, his/her case will be brought before the Social Regulations Council on an individual basis."

Dan Cogswell
President, SRC

Also appearing on Sunday's bill will be singer Danny Bryant. There will be a \$1.00 charge to pay for the musical entertainment and Greg's drug habit. The concert is rated R - -restricted to honor council members.

GregFields

I would like to reply to Edward McDonnell's article on changing Southwestern's pass-fail policy but frankly I hardly know where to start. My initial reaction to this idea was entirely emotional. What is the purpose in this change? Is he suggesting that this move will make our liberal arts education more "valuable," even in a pragmatic sense?

Let me first voice my complete disagreement with the grading method which pervades the American educational system today. I do not think that a number, even if it is carried to the fourth decimal, is indicative of a student's knowledge, understanding, or intelligence. Nonetheless, at present we are saddled with this system and as long as it does exist, I say let us make it as valid and indicative as possible.

One of Edward's basic arguments for this change seems to be, "Well lots of other schools do it and besides we're better than they are anyway." I still remember my mother's answer to my insistent assertions that "everybody does it." Without fail, she would reply, "That does not make it right and would you like to be like everyone else in the first place?" I realize now why she always seemed to win on those issues.

If the fabled Ivy League institution of Brown or any other equally classed university has a more liberal policy concerning the grades they record on a student's transcript, does that mean Southwestern should lower its standards to "keep up" with them? Should we make our grades more of a farce than they already are? In addition, the statement that, "spiraling grade inflation" does not exist on our campus: we work for everything we get," is ludicrous. In fact, I almost did not complain about receiving a grade lower than I felt I deserved in one class simply because of the high grades I have undeservingly received. Grade inflation is alive and well and living at Southwestern at Memphis. I know; I am one of its beneficiaries.

I have elsewhere heard the justification that this change is not asking for more grade inflation, but that it merely will insure full use of our all ready existing six opportunities to inflate our grades. Certainly, I realize that a student who judiciously plans his or her pass-fails can eliminate six grades from his or her record. Nevertheless, I think that the plugging in of three pass-fails the senior year would be conducted in an entirely different spirit. In my mind, the reason for the present pass-fail system is so that students will not be hesitant to take courses outside their major interests and abilities simply because of their anxieties about grades. If this is true, as I think it should be, where is the validity in inserting a pass-fail after the classroom experience is over? After all, it can only remove the symbol for any frustration or anxiety you may or may not have suffered during the course.

The reason the article gives for the change and, by implication, for the existence of pass-fail, is to make you the Southwestern student more

"marketable." As I sit here writing in the Union Planter's lounge, waiting behind thirty other women to be interviewed for a job, I know how marketable I am; after all, a few of them are probably trained or experienced. I have no doubt that when I go to apply to grad school I will be faced with even more formidable competition in my field. If it is true that many Ivy League schools have more inflated grades, then I imagine I will have to rely upon presenting myself as an individual and upon but another number (the GRE instead of the GPA). However, if the trend towards disguising grades on students' transcripts continues, and if Southwestern holds its ground on this issue, then hopefully in the future Southwestern students will have the reputation of a reasonably valid GPA to stand upon even if their second decimal is a bit lower than the next student's.

Pam Portwood

Inflation affects everyone. Price inflation affects every worker and grade inflation affects every student. What is the cause of this much-discussed problem?

Let us consider the college as a producer of knowledge and the student as an employee, competing for success within the academic realm. Whenever a student registers for a term of courses, he is in a sense signing his name to the payroll.

The problem of grade inflation is paralleled to the cost-push theory of dollar inflation in that employees want and get more for less. Thus employee compensation or grades rise higher than productivity, and students press for a higher quantitative score in order to "buy" a job after graduation. The rationale is that a higher GPA is necessary to obtain the better positions in the working world, analogous to a higher income to buy the inflated market goods. In other words, the only way to compete in the job market, which increasingly is demanding higher college degrees and a good record (higher prices) is to likewise demand a higher GPA (income).

Such is the reasoning for labor unions as well as grade-conscious students. We may question whether or not the price situation really warrants the continued spiral of inflation. But even if it does, does not the inflating process exacerbate the problem as well as create inequities, and does that not let quantity take precedence over quality?

Recently, there have been policies to counteract the effects of inflation on standards. Dean's List was raised from a 3.6 to a 3.75, and graduation with distinction will rise from a 3.0 to a 3.5 for the class of 1978. Anyone who resents the action should consider how little difference such notations make to anyone outside the college, except to relatives, and society page marriage announcements. Graduate schools and employers do not even know the criteria for the awarding of such honors. The transcript can tell more.

But how important is the transcript? To an employer, a GPA beyond a certain acceptable level means nothing compared to the interview and recommendations. To a graduate school, the diversity of courses, recommendations, and entrance exams count equally with the transcript. In either case, a few tenths of a points make no significant difference.

Besides the fact that most people consider a B. (instead of a C). An average grade, other practices have contributed to the inflation of grades. One is the privilege to drop a course within two weeks and to

withdraw (Passing or Failing) from a course within 8 weeks. That was not possible in "the old days of high standards."

The other practice is the pass-fail option. The philosophy underlying pass-fail is to enable a student to take a course in subject outside his confidence region without fear of pressure from a grade. What a boost to the GPA, especially in a liberal arts school which has area distribution requirements. To decide to take a course PF is to sign a contract which binds the student and the professor. To simply plug in a few P's at graduation not only violates the contract and mocks the philosophy but is unfair to those who are willing to abide by the decision. We may also ask how just it is to those who apply to graduate schools before graduation time and to those who have A's behind those P's.

There are other proposals such as a "no credit" (NC) notation for a failure and a pl-minus system to tack on to grades. But to what avail? Who will remember the B in ten years, or even next year?

When we become so concerned about bolstering our quantitative record, we join the labor union in the race to beat the price rise. In stead of treating the symptom, we should treat the problem by increasing the productivity. Perhaps, too, we should look harder at what we are trying to buy. If we are convinced of the quality of our education then our "real" income will provide for us far beyond the transiency of a first job and withstand any ravages of further inflation. Knowledge is something which can never be adequately accounted for in a number. Its worth is ours alone, to treasure and polish.

Katherine Maddox

I must respond to Warren Kearney's diatribe against the Department of Education, which was printed in the Sou'wester in April 28, in an effort to set the record straight.

Speaking from semi-knowledge is often more misleading than presenting a complete falsehood. Let's first take a look at some facts about Tennessee regulations and Southwestern's role in preparing people to be teachers. Warren states that the Ed. Department at Southwestern has designed a new set of certification requirements. This is not only untrue; it is impossible. By law, the State Department of Ed designs such requirements. When the state included psychology as a social science, we were unable to meet their requirements and so add social sciences to the areas for which we can recommend certification.

Warren states, "Implicit in the Southwestern certification policy is the turning of attention in secondary teacher training from academic and intellectual competence to the preparation of guidance teachers must take a great many courses in and about education. .. deal largely though not totally in banalities such as how to 'communicate' with a student." First, the entire college is focused on developing academic and intellectual competence. All future teachers at Southwestern, like all other students here, must have an academic major; they must meet all other requirements to be graduated from Southwestern. Warren's statement . . . "deal largely with how to 'communicate'" is completely false. Warren's dogmatic prejudging of all issues and refusal to consider the views of anyone else,

teachers or fellow students, made us grateful when he dropped the one education course in which he was enrolled. Being able to communicate with students is vital. It makes no difference if a teacher is omniscient if he can't communicate that knowledge to students. Communicating, is, however, only one small fragment of what a teacher has to learn.

Let's now consider the reasons why Tennessee requires fewer hours in each subject matter category when a certificate is granted in the broad area of social studies. Many valuable subjects are taught so little in Tennessee schools, both public and private, that no teachers are hired for that subject alone. No one can meet the requirements of a major in economics, psychology, sociology, and political science during one undergraduate experience. These are usually taught by people with certificates in history plus certification in one or more of these less-often-taught subjects. Incidentally, the social studies certificate requires 36 semester hours in addition to the minimum 9 hours of psychology required for professional education. Economics is a one semester course in high school; it usually emphasizes consumer econ; this is an important course, for all people need to know budgeting, the perils of installment buying, etc., and people who aren't econ majors are capable of transmitting this material. Sociology, when taught at all, is a one semester course. Psychology wasn't even a certifiable area until 1974, and it is barely beginning to catch on as an elective. No school hires a teacher to teach one period, one semester per year. Therefore, if these subjects are to be taught at all, a teacher needs multiple certification.

The Education Department at Southwestern knows that our graduates are much better prepared in their content areas than are the graduates of most colleges. The school system know it also, and that is the reason why they hire our teachers. Most Southwestern students are very intelligent people who are willing to work hard enough in our minimal number of education courses to learn what they need to know about schools, how to relate to students, how to present subject matter in an interesting and understandable form, and how to evaluate students.

Will our graduates be "finished teachers" when they start teaching? Of course not. They need to know much more. A new doctor or a new lawyer still has a lot to learn. So does Warren Kearney. Only a dedication to life-long learning, growing with new experiences, and keeping up with a changing profession in a changing world can make anyone worth his salt as a professional. We're helping people get a good start toward being the excellent teachers which our country needs if democracy is to survive. 100% of our graduates from the class of 1976 whom we certified, except those who chose to go to graduate schools, got teaching positions. This is testimony to the regard in which school systems hold Southwestern and our Department of Education. That's not a bad record these days!

HelenN.Hall

Katherine Bullard and Joy Welch have been named recipients of Rotary Scholarships for next year. These awards include the possibility of studying abroad for a year, and Katherine and Joy have tentatively planned trips to France.

We attended the Renaissance Festival on Sunday, May 8, when we had the occasion to witness the jousting portion. We must say that we were appalled by the lack of discipline and control evidenced in the spectacle. As observers experienced in these matters and who have seen medieval combat when done properly (I.E. The Society for Creative Anachronism), we were extremely aware of the possibilities for injury, especially true, since when the fighters' armor were deteriorating and one was cut on the head, they attempted to fight without helmets.

We would like to protest this lack of discipline and suggest that people experienced in these activities be consulted in the future. We would like to add one note in commendation of the Festival in general, which was unfortunately marred by this incident.

Respectfully,
Richard S. Collins
Mary Galsheen
Daniel Dennis
Cathy Omar
Kevin E. Gage
Terry Davenport
Van A. Rosenau
Laurie Huetter
Lori Lepsey
James Miller
Robert W. Green, Jr.

As you know, all of the Seniors will be graduating in June, except for one, Greg Fields! It seems unfair, Greg has managed to maintain a 1.2, although his plans for medical school seem to be in doubt. However, not to be denied, Greg will have his own graduation in Hardie Auditorium on Sunday, May 22, at 8:00 p.m.

Greg has been a stand-up comedian for almost six years, which is probably the reason for his outstanding grades. During the past six years he has been the opening act for performers such as Blood, Sweat, and Tears, Diahnn Carroll, and Brook Benton. In the summer of 1975, he worked at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles, appearing with such comics as Jimmie Walker and the late Freddie Prinze.

POOL OPENS! Leaches emerge!

Worn gets tired leching at the hole; that's why he's called Worn. So do a lot of people, because yes, we finally got the thing filled. The unofficial opening, and the first illegitimate plunge, is credited to Dunk "Flying Moses" Eastman, who in the wee hours of Friday night, May 6, slipped through the barrier and took a dip, disappointing the too late Worn, who found the hole occupied upon his arrival to vie for that most-favored position. The first official day of business was the Monday following, May 9, a day fateful to those students who are already hopelessly behind and who really couldn't care less. But what is it that these students do, besides throw administrators into the deep? Answer: profess to study as they lech.

Warren's limp efforts have been long-since forgotten, efforts in which he endeavored to address the problem of what to do at the hole, whether to get in or to just play around, or both. Susie Swing, or whoever that tramp was, told us of what the girls do. Apparently she held Worn to his promises, for he is not to be found, and if he is some lame excuse is ready as to why he cannot write another Hole Story. Maybe that's a blessing in disguise.

Anyway, to address the question, a hole can be fun. Those thousands of people who have been in will attest to that. But have you noticed? About two-thirds of the folks out there are male! Good news for those women who get hot and wet in alternating cycles; but that is not too good for the male population which goes to the hole to show off on the diving boards or deepen their already-black tans; the rations are entirely too scarce.

Ask any male why he goes to the hole and the responses will run from "To go swimming", "To get a tan," "To look at the girls." All but the last are lies. Many techniques have been developed so that the lech may get the best possible view of the most of the object in sight without looking too obvious or clumsy. That is why

the high board is so popular; nothing beats the bird's eye view. Another method is to swim underwater near the diving well in hopes of catching a too-fast dive in a too-loose suit; but, unless one has on a mask or something such, the view is much too blurred to be worth the chlorine in the eyes. More methods include walking around the pool, which is inferior because the women may be walking around the pool too. On the other hand, if a lech sits down, so do the lechees—you never win.

Almost never. Two sure-fire methods have been found to work well for this lech of many years. The first is to begin building a standing pyramid in the water, men on the bottom and women on top. If anything gratifies a lech's ego it's having the women he's watching climbing all over him. The other, more difficult but a mark of refined accomplishment, is to get the women to come to you, which cannot be done by diving on the board or by looking cool. It calls for something novel; at the present moment the most novel but attracting thing is backgammon. People who understand it will beg to play, and more often than not this group will include some worthy women. Also, the curious non-players will gather, and this group always includes some worthy women. By the end of the summer backgammon will have lost its lustre and something new will have to be devised. But fear not; the true lech is never at a loss as to finding some way of getting the women to come to him, and not having to exert himself in fulfilling this. Being cool by the pool just does not count anymore; it does not matter if you are still lily-white and always will be and that you cannot dive or are scared of getting up on that high board. All that is required is a hairy body, a pair of sunglasses, and some imagination.

Yours in the hole, not by it,
Stephen P. Minor

You will, won't you?

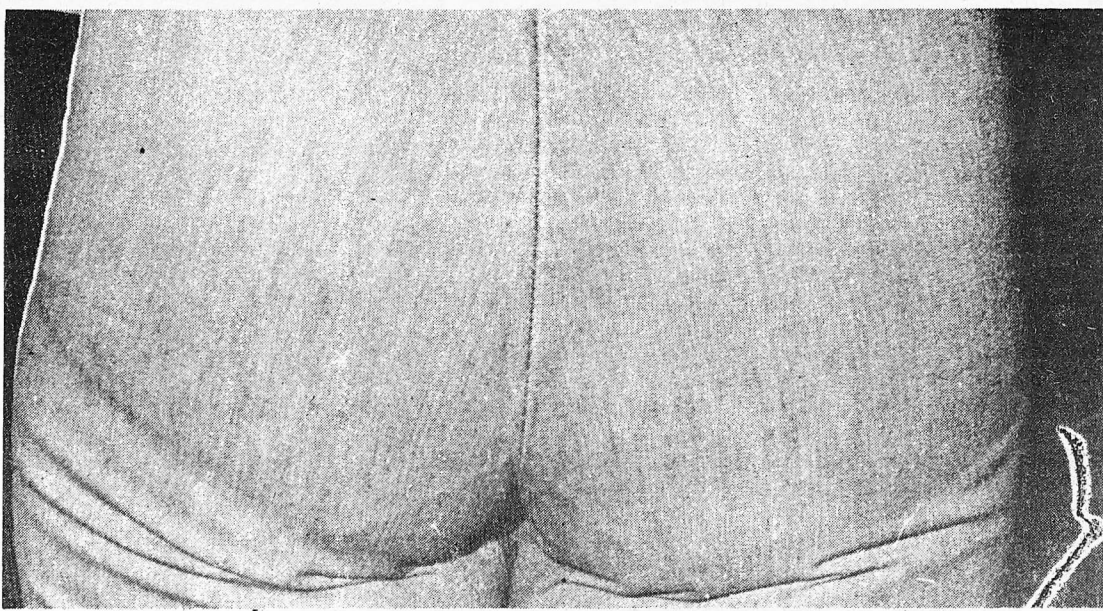
continued from page 2

To Craig Solomon, I leave my permanent parking space at Glassel Castle, for when his car breaks down. I leave also Ellison Cowan's definitive manual on how to get kicked out of Southwestern (or how to rip the ATO's off, to little George, who is already on the right track. I (along with Jimmy Meyers) leave my prostate gland to any fool

willing to go on the necessary two week spree (believe me, its fun at the time!). Finally, I leave my undisputed title as Ka-bond champion and my set of lungs to the Madisonville Kid.

I, Bill Van Cleave, leave Gwen Jones the hopes that Richard might be found.

All the other seniors are stingy nerds. Maybe it is better they did not leave anything.



It has been said that the difference between people and jackasses is that a person knows when he's an ass. The purpose of liberal arts education is to broaden our base of knowledge. —Reprint from the Hendrix Profile

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF MEN® presents the ...

MALE SURVIVAL MANUAL



A handbook on how to survive the recent artificial superiority of women



Modern American Society is changing so rapidly that most people can't cope with this thing called progress. Science and technology—once the servants of mankind—are now rapidly becoming the master. The natural biological differences between the male and female of our species are being manipulated, eradicated—or simply ignored. Motivated by the best of intentions, but guided by fantasy rather than facts, the female liberation movement is leading us down the road to a unisexual society. This road could well be a one-way street.

If the male identity is to survive—concerned men and women must do something, and do it now.

SILENCE

is a luxury we can no longer afford. We can not be quiet and pretend that the female movement is just another passing fad. It is the most serious social phenomena since the Industrial Revolution. Men must become involved or women will unilaterally rewrite the laws and customs of our society. This will affect everyone for generations to come. The National Organization of Men is pleased to finally see a straight forward fun and factual book written for the average guy rather than a college professor. The outline format is easy to read, thought provoking and always well documented.

- In the simplest terms possible, *The Male Survival Manual* discusses:
1. More than 2,000 proven biological differences between male and female of our species (evolutionary, genetic, structural, physiological).
 2. Hundreds of psychological and social differences.
 3. A comparison of world sports records by men and women.
 4. A comparison of susceptibility to hundreds of diseases and conditions.

5. A review of how modern man has used drugs, surgery and technology to create a replaceable artificial body. The centerfold display shows what has been done and the future possibilities.
6. The effects of recent inventions (birth control, TV, automation, drugs, computers, etc.) on our traditions and social structures—and most important, our children.
7. The conspiracy to emasculate, re-evaluate, and redefine the male identity by communication media.
8. Male rights in divorce, property settlements, and custody of children.

1. A mother who just left your father after 35 years of marriage because her female "support group" convinced her to "go find herself."
2. A wife or girlfriend who hums "Torn between two lovers" or "I am a woman, hear me roar," while serving dinner.
3. A secretary who wants equal pay plus free lunches and roses on her birthday.
4. A job you lost or a promotion you didn't get because of an affirmative action program favoring the female minority (which is 55% of the population)
5. A daughter who wants you to pay for her sex-reversal surgery.
6. Higher rates on your life, health and auto insurance.
7. The probability of dying on average of 8 years sooner than the female you oppress.
8. A woman who insists on joining your Boy Scout Troop, Service Club, or Big Brother Program.
9. The feeling that you are suffering from "paralysis by analysis."

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