

An organizational meeting for the Tex-Mex work trip will be held Monday, October 23 at 7 p.m. in the Orgill Room. Chaplain Steve Musick, who is organizing the third annual trip, stated that anyone who is considering participating in the project must attend this meeting.

The Mid-South has the opportunity to experience the majesty and beauty of international award-winning ballet for one night only when Memphis Concert Ballet presents the *First International Glasnost Ballet Tour* on Friday, October 13, 1989 at 7:30 p.m. at the Orpheum Theatre.

The repertory's highlights from favorite classical ballets include: "Swan Lake"; "Don Quixote"; "Romeo and Juliet"; "Giselle"; "La Bayadere"; "Sleeping Beauty";

"Satanella, the Birds"; "Les Nuages" (Kylian); "Les Sylphides."

For ticket information and to order reserved seating for this major U.S. tour, call the Orpheum box office at 901-525-3000 or Ticket Hub at 901-725-4822. For group rates, call Memphis Concert Ballet at 901-763-0139.

Auditions will be held at the Germantown Community Theatre for The Best Christmas Pageant Ever on Sunday, October 22 and Tuesday, October 24, at 6:00 p.m. A large cast is needed and men, women and children of all ages are encouraged to audition. Brian Mott will direct. The theatre is located at 3037 Forest Hill Road in Germantown, and additional information can be obtained by calling the theatre box office at 754-2680.



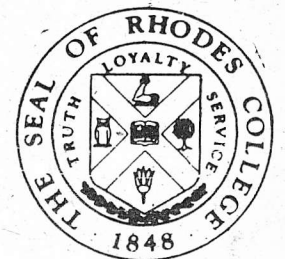
Bill Van Cleve and Leigh McWhite were chosen as Mr. & Ms. Rhodes during halftime at the homecoming game.

The Sou'wester

Vol. 77 No. 20

Rhodes College

Thursday, October 12, 1989



The Post-Homecoming Wrap-Up

by Kellye Crane

It was a perfect day for football. A perfect day for anything, for that matter. Sunny skies without a sign of the threatened rain and a warmish Fall temperature created the perfect setting for Rhodes Homecoming '89.

The previous night had featured several unofficial "welcome home alumni" parties that were somewhat grand in scale, many lasting into what should definitely be termed the "wee hours." Needless to say the campus was a tad slow to stir on Saturday. However, by about noon an abundance of cups were being carried with celery sticks protruding from them. A touching testimony to the endurance levels of Rhodes students, both past and present.

For many the day began at the fraternity and sorority houses. Most sororities held brunches for both alumnae and actives, as well as their dates

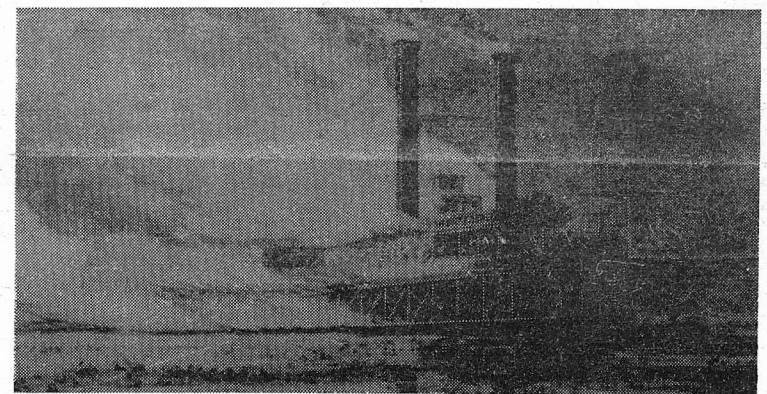
and families. Meanwhile, many fraternities held pre-game receptions to get those festive juices flowing. The game could not be described as anything but exciting. There was one particular tackle by Greg Foster that had the former Rhodes players dancing in the aisles. The end of the game was intense, and left everyone ready for the fun that was to come.

Following the game, the pre-dinner rituals began. While some students went back to their rooms or even to bed, many converged on the fraternity houses for the traditional parties. It was amid this energized atmosphere that I attempted to converse with alums about changes at Rhodes.

One member of the 1989 graduating class, when asked what it felt like to come back to Rhodes, remarked, "It's really messed with my mind. I mean I feel like I still go to school here, but I'm going to have to get up on Mon-

day morning and go to work." A 1973 graduate, identified only as Alf, declared, "Yeah, Rhodes has changed! Yeah, I like you girls." (Alf later declared that eating a thesaurus would make me a better writer). Jay Huffstickler, '88, said, "The student body seems to have changed. It's so much more homogenous than when I started school here. It's much less diverse." It became progressively more difficult to find a graduate coherent enough to talk seriously, so I gave up. After the fraternity parties, most couples went to dinner and then to the dance. Fifth Cliff was described as "Kind of jazzy . . . funky . . . I don't know what." But if the crowds of screaming girls were any indication, they were a big success.

Homecoming is an annual day of marathon merrymaking, and this year was no exception. It was, as one student exclaimed, "Most righteous."



Mud Island's Museum To Close

by Lee Phillips

Where can you spend an afternoon aboard an 1870s steamboat, join in Civil War battles, boogie in the Yellow Dog Cafe honky tonk, and have a conversation with Mark Twain? The answer is Mud Island's Mississippi River Museum. The museum contains eighteen galleries tracing the history along the Mississippi River.

The tour begins with displays of Mississippi River Valley Indian artifacts, objects left behind by European explorers, and a brief history of boat building on the river. The most astounding portion of the museum is the replica of an 1870s steamboat named Belle of the Bluffs. Stepping on board is stepping back in time.

Other very authentic replicas include the pilot house of a diesel towboat, a Union ironclad "battling" a Confederate shore battery, and a honky tonk, all complete with the necessary sound effects.

In the "Riverfolk Gallery" a visitor may encounter Mark Twain, river workers, steamboat captains, riverboat gamblers, and show boat performers each with their own story to tell.

The section titled "War on the Mississippi" contains Civil War

memorabilia from Confederate and Union forces. After leaving the Civil War, one enters into the history of Mississippi River music complete with Rag time, jazz, blues, and of course, Rock and Roll with Elvis Presley.

The last portion of the museum deals with the physical aspects of the river and its surroundings. The "River Gallery" has a tank full of catfish and other river creatures and television screens detailing the environment of the Mississippi River.

The museum is truly a walk through history on the river. The only problem is that the museum will be closed at the end of the 1990 season in order to re-organize the museum into ten music related attractions. The consensus of museum employees is that they are "saddened."

It is possible that with more support and attendance the Mississippi River Museum will remain open and intact. The museum is located on Mud Island, it is open from 10:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., and the price of admission is \$6.00 to enter Mud Island and the River Museum.

Deciding On Unreasonable Search and Seizure

by Jonathan Smoke

The 1989-90 term for the U.S. Supreme Court began officially on Monday, October 2. One of the many issues to be decided this term is that of the constitutionality of random motorist sobriety tests that police are already conducting in over half of our states. The use of such "sobriety checkpoints" is growing, and 22 state appeals courts have upheld the practice. In Michigan and 5 other states, the practice has been declared unconstitutional on the grounds that it violated the Fourth Amendment's ban on searches and seizures without a warrant. The Michigan Attorney General appealed, "arguing that such stops represent a reasonable response

to the carnage caused by drunken drivers."

Granted, fatalities in motor-vehicle accidents involving alcohol are needless tragedies. But if in order to prevent such crimes, the government finds it must infringe upon the basic rights of the individual, we are becoming one step closer to a crime free and liberty free America.

The Constitution guarantees citizens the right to be free from unnecessary and unreasonable hassle and harassment from police, and I believe that "routine police stops of presumably innocent motorists" fits this freedom exactly. Its aim is certainly positive, but since it infringes upon the lives of innocent people, it is wrong.

I don't know how you are, but when I am driving somewhere I don't add in a cushion of time to allot for the chance that I could be pulled over and administered a sobriety test. Simply the loss in time and the stress involved in being stopped is harassment in my mind. Even if I were to be driving intoxicated, the police have no right to stop me unless I exhibit some action such as reckless driving to give them just cause.

If there were a chainsaw murderer loose in Memphis, slicing and dicing people daily, we would not justify the police if they were to come to Rhodes and force every one of us to let them in our rooms to search for a Poulan if

(Continued on Page 2)

Thursday, October 12, 1989

EDITORIAL

A Humble Proposal

by Scott Naugler, Co-editor

The racial issue is once again flaring up on college campuses, the most recent exacerbating event being that of the fraternity "prank" at Ole Miss. One might be likely to dismiss the event, saying that it occurred in Mississippi, knowing that Mississippi is a state where racial enmity is so much more prevalent than in other parts of America. This may be so, but it underlines the problem we face today: civil rights legislation has been passed, but the social structure is an "institution" much more recalcitrant to change. What more can we do to change the social climate so that not only are civil rights supported by legislation, but also by social acceptance?

This is indeed a puzzle, but there is a solution. The way out is simply to erase race differences. Make it mandatory that all children from now on have interracial parents. We would pass laws to the effect that members of the racial majority may only have children with members of the racial minorities, and contrarywise. I know this would take a few generations to make the racial paste all one color in America, but the problem has been going on for more than a few generations, and that seems a small price to pay for racial equality in all aspects of society, legislative and social.

Of course, to make the plan fully effective, we would also have to make different "sub-cultures" of both minorities and majorities mate together to eradicate, say, the differences between the Southern "race" and the Northeast "race." And there would have to be children whose parents were, for example, a Hell's Angel and a Kennedy to iron out the class discrepancies (as many minorities are said to contribute heavily to the "lower element"). But, as I said, after a few generations a racial homogeneity would be achieved.

The consequences of implementing such a plan are tremendous. No longer would we have political candidates pledging contradictory things to different minorities (and the majority), because there would be no minorities. Many political issues at hand now would simply disappear. For example, the problem of providing good education to minority groups. And colleges and employers would no longer have to worry about recruiting a percentage of minorities into their body.

The social implications are equally commendable. No one would even have to worry about being prejudiced anymore, because there would be nothing to be prejudiced about.

One problem remains, and that is that America (as a policy) allows minority groups to immigrate, which would destroy the balance of race. We could, of course, make it the law that all minorities must continue to have children with the majority, but there is a simpler solution: we make the original plan a worldwide one. After a couple of generations, there will be no more Russians, Poles, Jews, or Americans. We would all be the same.

This obviously solves most of the world's problems. A cold war with the Soviet Union would be ridiculous if we were the same race as they were. Territorial boundaries need not be observed, since everyone would be one big happy family.

And to make the transition to a homogeneous race feasible, we could throw out all evidence that a segregation of races ever existed. For example, we could destroy all Western "civilized" (the previous majority) art, as well as all art produced by minority races (the blues, the technology of the Japanese, etc.). That way no race could be looked down upon because it did not contribute to "high culture." As soon as the race differences were eradicated, all culture would be attributed to the majority, which would include everyone in the world.

To show the further goodness of this plan, there would be no difference in food preference in different parts of the world (we all being the same), and so we could concentrate on producing the kind of food that would make everyone happy. The same sentiment applies to every aspect of the standard of living—because everyone would desire the same things, thus providing a uniform standard of living around the world. (As one can see, this takes care of exploitation of labor in third world countries.)

To make things even better, the same moral standards (relatively) would apply to everyone in the world, and we could thus forego condemnation of other countries for their atrocious moral practices.

Homogeneity of race (and taken further, of class, religious persuasion, and political stance) could only make the world a better place. After all, no one could condemn anyone for anything, because we would all be the same.

Guest Editorial
Embryonic Faux Pasby Mark Albright
Moral Conscience

A Tennessee judge recently gave custody of a batch of embryos to a woman, despite protests from her ex-husband, the father of said embryos. The Judge Young ruled that the embryos are life forms, and have the right to live. The woman will now attempt to give birth to and raise at least one of the embryos, against the wishes of the father. This could only happen in the South.

Forgive me for seeming insensitive, but I have a really hard time sympathizing with these embryos. Granted, they are potential life forms, perhaps even future life forms (if the mother decides to thaw them out). But to ascribe to them rights equal to those of their parents is taking this whole pro-life thing a little too far. Also, if we are to grant the right to life to one of them, then we certainly must do so for all of them. They froze several embryos to allow the mother to keep trying until she successfully bore a child. Now it seems to me that if all the embryos have the right to life, then the mother is obligated to attempt to bear all of them. This does not appear to be her intent. She could end up with a litter of up to seven children.

Another important issue in all of this is the man's rights as father of the embryos. With the abortion issue I can see that the woman has a little more to say than the man since she's the one who has to go through the pregnancy. But in this case the man's rights as father are clearly equal to those of the mother. Regardless of what the courts say, he will be the biological father of a child, against his will. The father will be perfectly justified in feeling morally responsible for this child. At the moment of divorce, he declared complete separation from his wife. For a parent to claim the right to have children by her ex-spouse after the divorce is ludicrous. The father made the decision to separate himself from his wife, but these eggs could haunt him forever. Settling over the joint bank account is one thing, but this gives new meaning to the term "taking him for all he's worth."

It saddens me to think what this decision does to the pro-choice move-

ment and abortion. A frozen embryo has got to be about the earliest stage of childbirth worth considering. If this precedent sticks, things will be tougher for women who want (or need) to have abortions. This decision also goes along way to downplay the rights of men in the whole childbirth issue.

But isn't it fun living in the modern world? We've moved beyond the old

child-custody problems to bigger and better ones. We now have law suits over custody of eggs and men fathering children by their ex-wives after the divorce. I wonder what we'll see next. Men and women will be afraid to do anything long-lasting together for fear of getting a divorce. And will it someday be illegal to throw away used condoms?

Illegal (Continued from Page 1)

they had no warrant. But we would still all agree that the murderer should be caught. By refusing to be hassled, we were not condoning the crime, but condemning the action to stop the crime. Similarly, I don't think we would condone forced random blood tests of people walking in the mall to stop the use of illegal drugs in this country.

Furthermore, there is something inherently wrong with a system that preaches innocence until proven

guilty, yet in its actions practices a method which surely must be presuming guilt or else there would be no need for such methods. As drivers, we are forced to prove our sobriety in these random stops, though there has been no reason to doubt our sobriety.

It is my hope that the Supreme Court will uphold our freedom from unreasonable searches when there is not just cause to stop us, whether we are guilty or innocent of driving under the influence.

CORRECTION:

The editors regret that Doug Kilday's position was misstated in last week's issue. The correct statement is as follows:

"I feel that the new policy is unfair to honest students and misleading to other colleges and graduate schools. An honest student who fails to meet Rhodes' academic

standards is suspended from the college. That suspension appears on a transcript. A student who is expelled for cheating is treated with the status of a withdrawn student. This standard places a higher value on grades than honesty. Also, the policy misleads other colleges and graduate schools to believe that an expelled student left Rhodes in good standing."

The Sou'wester

The Sou'wester is the official student newspaper of Rhodes College. It is published every Thursday throughout the fall and spring semesters with the exception of holidays and exam periods. The office is #10 in the Briggs Student Center. Staff meetings are held there each Tuesday night at 6:00 and all students are welcome to attend.

Interested parties are encouraged to write letters to the Editor, which may be delivered to the office or sent via campus mail. Any letter for publication may be edited for clarity, length, or libelous content.

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Rhodes College

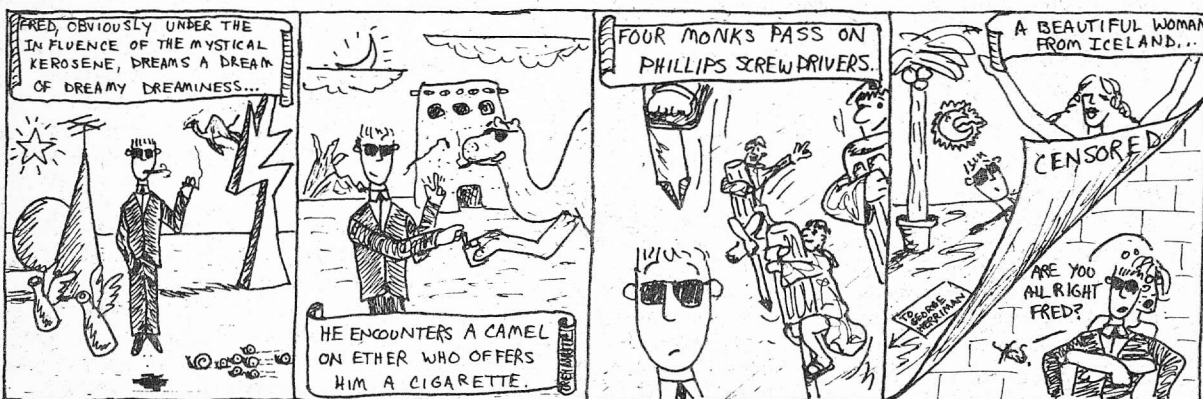
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FRED COBALD: Anarchist

White and Whittle



Found by David

The Great Chief in Washington sends word
that he wishes to buy our land.
How can you buy or sell the sky—
the warmth of the land.
The idea is strange to us.

Yet we do not own the freshness of the air
or the sparkle of the water.

How can you buy them from us?
Every part of the earth is sacred to my people.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways.

One portion of the land is the same to him as the next,
for he is a stranger who comes in the night and
takes from the land whatever he needs.

The earth is not his brother but his enemy,
and when he has conquered it he moves on.
He leaves his fathers' graves, and his children's
birthright is forgotten.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities.

No place to hear the leaves of spring or
the rustle of insect wings.

But perhaps because I am savage,
and do not understand—

the clatter only seems to insult the ears.

And what is there to life if a man cannot hear
the lovely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments
of the frog around the pool at night.

The whites too, shall pass—perhaps sooner
than other tribes.

Continue to contaminate your bed and you will
one night suffocate in your own waste.

When the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild
horses all tamed, the secret corners of the forest
heavy with the scent of many men, and the view
of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone.

Where is the eagle? Gone.

And what is it to say goodbye to the swift and the hunt,
the end of living and the beginning of survival.

—The Seattle Chief of the Dwamish and Allied Tribes of Puget Sound, 1855

Miscellany Misc

Elephant Butte—Vacation Paradise of The Southwest(ern at Memphis)

F. Grant Whittle, Mark Albright

(I wish to welcome Mr. Mark
Albright as a guest to this column.
Thanks a lot, Mark—F.)

(You're welcome, Grant. Glad to be
here—M.)

Once more we are about to celebrate
a vacation that no other school has.
Fall Break coincides with no holiday
(except maybe Columbus Day), yet the
college seems to think that we need a
break in the middle of first term. Since
most of our friends are still at school,
as they are not blessed with Fall Break,
many Rhodes students are at a loss for
anything to do. In the spirit of Chris-
tian charity, Mark and I humbly offer
a few suggestions. (This is a poem, not
a list.)

Go home, of course. You'll have to
deal with your parents, or your sib-
lings, or your friends who never left
home, or your dog, or your goldfish
(Hell, they might even make you mow
the lawn). You can do your laundry
for free, and your parents might even
slip you some cash on the way out (it
probably won't even cover gas). You
can sleep a lot.

You can study. Of course, you
won't. You'll bring all your books to
wherever you go. You'll probably
sleep with them. You'll eat with them.
You'll take them to the bathroom with
you. But God help you if you read
them. You'll feel better though. So
will your parents.

You can go to a friend's house. If
he'll have you. You can deal with his
parents, siblings, his friends who
never left home, and his pets. You can
watch him do the same. Of course you
won't like the food. You never do.
Maybe they'll have better cable
though.

Now if these more common pursuits
bore you, which I know they do, then
you need to seek out more exotic
entertainment. For example, you can
travel on the old highway system,
stopping to urinate in every diner on
the way owned by a fat matron or
patron who speaks with an accent that
you cannot understand unless you're
stoned. While you're there, you might
pick up a souvenir or two, like a deck
of cards that says, "Where in the hell
is Elephant Butt(e) Reservoir, New
Mexico?" or a silver-plated desk or-
nament of a drunken soldier which will
drop its pants at a flip of the wrist.
Another thing you could do is follow
the Grateful Dead to wherever they
go, or see the Stones for a change of
pace.

You could seek the birthplace of the
great Buddy Hackett (you'll know it
by the number of VW's out front). Or
take in the glories of the Jefferson
Davis Memorial (a replica of the
Washington Monument in the middle
of a corn field in Kentucky). Or the
Stephen Foster Memorial state park on

the Suwannee River (which he never
actually saw—in fact he misspelled it
in the song).

You can stay on campus and knock
off a few cases of beer. We hear the
RA's are a little less stringent with the
alcohol and noise rules, as long as you
give them their share. You can put
blue light bulbs in all your sockets,
draw the shades, wear a black
turtleneck (real bohemian) and get in
touch with your inner self (especially
if you induce vomiting or the d.t.'s by
accident). Just be sure you do this
alone, because having friends around
will only distract you from your buzz.
And if you don't like beer, you can
always experiment with new
cocktails—fizzy navel, stone fence, o.
horse's bladder—or worse. And when
you wake up groggy the next morn-
ing, you'll have the bathroom prac-
tically to yourself.

Some of you people (Craig Gibson,
for one) have already contracted to
take the GRE (whatever that stands
for) and you'll be hanging around
moping about how this stupid test is
going to affect the course of your
whole lives. (Of course, you're getting
all worked up about nothing anyway
because if you screw up you can
always get a job with a stockbroker or
an accountant or Wal-Mart. You might
take a few days to look around Sam's
Wholesale Club for bargains in tires,
fishsticks, or stuffed wombats.

And if all else fails, you can sit
behind the security desk for minimum
wage, stuffing your face with saltin
and watching football and The Pri
is Right.

Peace.

SUBURBAN Saw

by Web Webster

Courtship Ritual at Rhodes College: We're Looking for a Few Good Dates

Dating. Remember that word from
high school? Remember passing notes
between classes? You'd come a long
way from the "Do you like me?
Yes___ No___ Check one" varie-
ty of personal correspondence, but not
far. Something more along these lines:
"Sitting in Geometry. Mr. Massey is
the antichrist. I know it. Do you want
to go out with me this weekend?"
Remember how dating ended up be-
ing a family affair, involving your
friends and the other person's friends?
How if you said anything which could
be construed as rude, the biggest thing
to worry about was not the response
of that someone, but that of his/her
best friend? "I think you're a complete
ass for what you did to (insert name).
It wouldn't surprise me if he/she hated
you for the rest of his/her life."

The Kiss. Remember your first
one? The first time you kissed that first
special someone. Remember all the
feelings that coursed through your
body? The feeling of carbonated hor-
mones gone bad. The questions rac-
ing through your mind as you hoped
you weren't slobbering all over the
person's chin. Am I doing this right?
When was the last time I brushed my
teeth? What am I going to do with this
piece of gum hiding under my tongue?

Is this person's tongue supposed to feel
like a peice of warm liver with a mind
of its own?

Going Out With Someone.
Heavenly bliss. Compliments from all
sides on how good y'all look together.
The persons (eds. note: Enough all
ready! This gender unspecific syntax
will be the death of us all. You may
use gender specific syntax as long as
you don't get sexist. Jeez.) (auth. note:
Thanks.) Maybe she'd been home to
meet your parents. You spend Sunday
afternoons watching football and mak-
ing out in the den. She wears your
jacket, even though it means you stand
around freezing your hiney off. She
leaves Boynton cards in your locker.
The sun shines only on you. Your
grades go straight to hell.

The Breakup. Without a doubt as
bad as one human being could feel.
Life—meaningless. Happiness—a sick
joke. Sorrow—the norm. Remember
the notes and poetry you churned out?
Reams upon reams of the stuff. High
school metaphysical death poetry at its
very best. That anyone around you
was happy was an affront to your
grieving process, thanks very much.
Life was at a complete standstill. Get-
ting out of bed was difficult. The sun
existed only to make fun of you. You

throw away all of the Boynton cards,
and sent a note to her between classes.
"Since you're obviously not going to
need it, might I have my jacket back? It's
cold around here. Or maybe you
hadn't noticed." Life bit hard.

Until you got a note from her best
friend. To wit: "Sitting in geometry.
Mr. Massey is the antichrist. Do you
want to go out this weekend? And life
had come full circle.

What a joke! I hardly think that I
was the only one to go through this
whole process. I'm positive I'm not.
High school romance, at the time a
most serious and pressing issue, is
now the stuff of small talk and inane
columns like this. And why, valued
reader, is this?

Because we're in college. College,
the hotbed of liberal thought and im-
proved relations between the sexes.
The hormonal tsunami responsible for
washing away all semblance of orderly
thought during the high school years
has subsided, leaving behind rational
dialogue between sexes. We're kinder,
gentler people. We're hardly con-
scious of the fact that the person peer-
ing into the microscope in Biology lab
is of the opposite sex. We've forsworn
the insanity of high school romance in
the name of free thought and intel-

lectual growth—or not.

Though we think we've come far in
the elimination of secondary school's
reckless display of pubescent emotion,
we are little better than we were four
years ago. Passing notes has given
way to phone calls and study breaks
(stuh-dee brayk. n. act of eating fried
cheese in pub while making small talk.
See also yogurt). Kissing has given
way to grubbing (gruh-byng. n. the ac-
to of pressing one's face against that
of another, usually alcohol induced.)
and breaking up is a little more than
a weak attempt to avoid that person in
the rat on Sunday afternoon.

True enough, we are in training to
be the next generation of coffee
achievers. And I won't try to argue the
fact that none of us really have time
to mess about with those of the op-
posite sex. We're too busy trying to
learn as much as we can, so that we
can graduate, get good jobs, then
worry about a wife/husband.

Between our plans to be making six
figures by the age of 25 and traveling
abroad for the summer, earning our
way by stomping grapes in Italy and
tending bar in London . . . whew . .
it's by the Grace of God and God
alone that we even have time to be
(Continued on Page 4)

Yet Even More Signs Of the Decline of Western Civilization

by J. D. Sali—uh, E. Hemingway

First, that editors of college
newspapers (take the case of, say
the *Sou'wester*, for example) don't
know the authors of books they
mention in their papers (take, Brad-
bury's *Fahrenheit 451*, for exam-
ple), and don't have the humility to
check on the damn things. I tell
you, if you can't trust the
newspapers, what can you trust?

Second, it appears that Congress
is actually taking seriously the
President's proposal to ban flag
burning. To paraphrase Dennis
Miller's question, does this mean
that we can't burn those little flags
stuck in hoagie sandwiches? or
what about American flags painted
with icing on cakes—can we eat
them without being jailed?

Third, Chicago's aldermen
recently voted to appoint an inspec-
tor general to ferret out the corrup-
tion in their administration, but ex-
empted themselves from investiga-
tion. Where the hell do they think
the corruption is coming from?

Thursday, October 12, 1989



The Rhodes Lacrosse Club was defeated by the Memphis Lacrosse Club 7-3 last Sunday.

Suburban Scrawl

(Continued from Page 3)

civil with each other, much less go through the complex and highly formal moves of a Rhodes College courtship.

In this space, over the next few weeks, I will be examining the nature of

male/female relationships. I will bring you, the reader, the unadulterated truth about who and how we love. Next: Dating at Rhodes — Myth or Fact?

College Students

\$10.25 to Start

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Rhodes Students March For The Homeless

by Liz Orr

Six Rhodes students travelled this past weekend to Washington D.C. to march for "Housing Now", a nationwide organization that is fighting for the rights of the homeless. Robbie Allen, Ashley Brian, Annette Dubard, Elbert Hampton and Mal Johnson took this trip to Washington where they joined with approximately a quarter of a million people from all across the United States marching for the homeless.

They left for Washington Thursday afternoon and arrived Friday afternoon, where they met with Tennessee Senator Al Gore and his wife Tipper and Senator John Sasser. That night in a gesture of empathy for the homeless plight, the group slept out with the homeless and ended up spending the night among the monuments, an experience which Mal Johnson described as "the scariest experience of my life." Annette DuBard said the "sleep-out experience" gave her the idea of the overwhelming fear a homeless person must go through each night.

Saturday was the march and after the participants breakfasted with the homeless, they congregated in front of the Washington Monument where later they heard speakers such as Jesse Jackson and entertainers Tracy Chapman, Jefferson Airplane, and Stevie Wonder, to name a few, who all showed up in support of the marchers who had just marched to the Capitol chanting. "It was incredible! There was a constant line of people so that you couldn't see the beginning or the end!" said Mal Johnson, one of the marchers.

In front of the White House the AIDS Quilt that was made of patches for AIDS victims sent in from all over the country and put together was displayed.

Pat Morgan, an adult student at Rhodes, helped organize the trip. "Housing Now" took six Rhodes students and four Memphis State students, as well as a busload of homeless people and active adults in the Memphis community. A demonstration in support of the national march in Washington this weekend was held October 1 in Memphis, from the Civic Center to the Calvary Episcopal Church. According to the Memphis chapter of "Housing Now", more than 6,000 families are currently on the waiting list for HUD vouchers to obtain federal housing.

BACCHUS Sponsors Alcohol Awareness Week

by Trey White

From Sunday, October 15, until Saturday, October 21, BACCHUS chapters nation-wide, including those at Rhodes and Memphis State, will be observing the Third Annual National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week (N.C.A.A.W.). Because of fall break, events in observance of N.C.A.A.W. at Rhodes will not begin until Wednesday, October 18. Despite the shortened week, many events have been planned.

On Wednesday, non-alcoholic beer will be served at dinner in the Rat. At 7:00 p.m., Dr. Paul Mushala will speak in the East Dorm social room on the subject of co-dependency. At 8:00 p.m., a demonstration will be held in the Pub on the proper mixing of alcoholic beverages. As an "added attraction," Steve Hambuchen will play the piano at this "mixology". The final event scheduled for the evening will be a memorial service for the victims of alcohol related accidents. The service will be held in the amphitheater

at 10:00 p.m., and all who know of someone involved in an alcohol related accident are invited to attend.

On Thursday, October 19, LINK will sponsor the serving of Hawaiian Mocktails at dinner in the Rat. Also, everyone is encouraged to attend the Mock Trial scheduled for 6:00 p.m. that night. N.C.A.A.W. will be observed on Friday, October 20, with a pair of afternoon events. In addition to a Mocktail Party sponsored by the R.A.'s lasting from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m., a D.W.I. demonstration will be held on the front patio of the Student Center. The three participants in the demonstration will begin drinking at 2:00 p.m. Afterwards, they will go through D.W.I. tests conducted by the Memphis Police Department.

Complimenting these various daily events, LINK will be sponsoring Alcohol Free Week to coincide with N.C.A.A.W. All campus organizations are encouraged to participate in this three-day event.

Shakespeare Workshop At McCoy

by Margaret Chandler

Actress Kate Davis will be at the McCoy Theatre on Saturday, November 11 to present a Shakespeare Workshop. The primary intent of this workshop will be to instruct students interested in the performance of Shakespeare, but will also serve to prepare anyone interested in auditioning for the spring production of CYMBELINE; therefore all those interested should attend.

There will be two ways of participating in the workshop: 1) Actively, and 2)

passively, i.e. as a spectator only. The deadline for signing up depends upon your participation; for the first, the deadline is Friday, October 13, 5:00 p.m., for the latter, Wednesday, November 8, 5:00 p.m.

The workshop will take place at the McCoy Theatre from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. on November 11. Call the McCoy Box Office (3838) for more information. Anyone interested in Shakespeare and/or CYMBELINE is strongly encouraged to attend!

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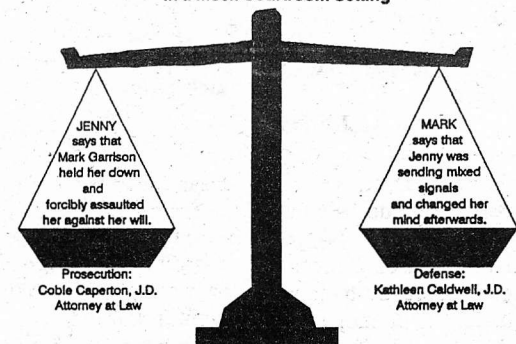
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JURORS WILL BE RANDOMLY SELECTED FROM THE AUDIENCE PARTICIPANTS.

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Greek Escapade by Derek Van Lynn

Editor's Note: No names have been mentioned, as to protect the privacy of all.

Amidst controversy and debate raging like two or three Hurricane Hugos over the Greek System at Rhodes, fraternal activities still ramble on.

Normally I have nothing to do with the System's inner workings. When I was a freshman I didn't even attend the smokers and missed out on some great food. I do like the parties, though, especially when everyone has their beer goggles strapped on real tight.

But last Thursday I was somewhat accidentally swept along into a late night fraternity ritual.

It was around 4 a.m., and as usual, I was up late diligently going over gas laws for my chem lab. There came a gentle rapping at my window. Two Greek men wearing robes were requesting some flame for their candles. I searched through my chemical apparatus and happily obliged.

"Hey man, do you have a hood?" one of the guys asked.

I had thought that Klan stuff died out with Rosa Parks . . .

"No, no — we're going to abuse some pledges. You could come along to lay down some b.s."

So I found an old green jogging outfit, slipped it on and joined the party.

We met three other Greeks armed with paddles at the front of Glassell Hall. They didn't seem to acknowledge my presence, but I was thoroughly incognito with my hood pulled around my eyes like a blood-shot Sleestak.

"Remember boys, this is **not** hazing," said the head Greek.

After a few preliminary plans, we marched single file to the dorm room and busted in on the sleeping pledges. I must admit we looked somewhat like the Gestapo in the candlelight. The pledges belched, snorted and got on their knees. One of them tripped over his clock radio, setting it off. Someone was asking for money for National Public Radio, and a couple of the Greeks looked at the scene by snickering a bit.

Order was restored as the boys with the paddles pounded the floor. I began to get nervous — I didn't want to see any violence. After all, it was only Thursday night, Elton John fans.

The head Greek spoke: "Pledges, you have strayed from the path. You must remember that the path to brotherhood is a straight and narrow one, not to be strayed from and not to be challenged."

He pointed at me and said, "Cease, begotten." This was the signal. I pulled a can of Colt 45 from my sweat-shirt pocket and began:

"One must be careful when dealing with brotherhood, however. You might end up like a flattened ant out on the crazy path."

I took a long pull.

"And remember, drink liberally from the ethnic malt beverage."

The other Greeks said a few words then made the pledges drink whiskey from a flask. That was about it. Not hazing, but perhaps a scare.

Oh yeah, I still haven't figured out what they use those paddles for.

The Pig Everything you need to know . . . and more

by S. Stinson Liles

I have a confession to make. Monday, I deviated from what I have resolved to be my own personal year of Student Responsibility and failed to budget my time wisely. I spent the afternoon shopping/browsing in Decadence Manor on Madison and four hours and six leather garments later I realized that I had forgotten to do some important shopping. I crossed the street to the Piggly Wiggly with a short list of essentials. I found what I needed plus a lot more . . . a heck of a lot more.

In the tradition of F. Grant Whittle, I rate The Pig a ten . . . or an eleven or a twelve or a hundred. Aside from its luxurious size, wide aisles and brand new spacious carts, The Pig offers its shoppers a wide choice in every area one could imagine. Hungry for news? The selection of news periodicals doesn't stop with the ever-popular Commercial Appeal. One must decide between The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, USA Today, Fortune, Forbes, Inc. and Business Week to name a few. And news isn't the only genre covered. The Pig offers everything desired in the department of tabloids, fashion magazines and sporting literature. **HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY FOR ALL THIS? DON'T ANSWER YET!** 'Round the bend and you'll find yourself in a book department that rivals my home-county library system. Here you will find everything from **Green Eggs and Ham to Helter Skelter**. I stopped to read **Hop on Pop** and then leafed through **Elvis After Life: Unusual Psychic Experiences Surrounding the Death of a Superstar**. I picked up a copy of Burt Wolf's **What's Cooking** (now there are only 76 left . . . I do not lie; I counted).

Maybe you're not the literary type. Business-oriented people will love The Pig, too. On top of being able to buy almost every business journal published, one can wire money through Western Union, cash checks, get money orders or buy assorted colors of dress socks. You say you're looking for more in a grocery? The Pig can now Fax documents, notarize them, xerox them or stamp and mail them.

Now you're probably thinking, "It sounds great but I'm looking for a supermarket with more of a family atmosphere." Look no further. Mom and Dad can shop from a humongous variety of food departments including a bakery, a deli, a soup and salad bar and a fresh seafood division. In the seafood section alone, one can buy Cod, Orange Roughy, Catfish, Redfish, Salmon and Halibut. I even saw something called "Buffalo" going for only \$1.99 a pound! They can have their photographs developed while they shop or wire Uncle Frank in prison out-of-state some flowers. The

kids will love the children's book and toy sections and they'll line up to get popcorn from the old fashioned popper. There are video games to occupy them and, on special occasions, you might even surprise them with a live pet lobster from the seafood department (Don't worry Mom! The claws have been taped securely shut for your child's protection). A wide variety of videos are available for rent and on Monday, they were going two for the price of one! There's even lots for Grandma and Grandpa to do. They will love to stroll through the well-stocked Garden Center that offers both real and false flowers. The Pig will deliver flower orders anywhere in the city for them, too. They can fill their prescriptions at the pharmacy, have their blood pressure taken electronically and find someone to carry out their groceries free of charge. My grandparents like to come late at night so they can stay and talk to The Antenna crowd after they finish their shopping. Granddad loves them (he likes to arm-wrestle) but if they frighten you, The Pig has a sharp Security team that will be glad to take time off from guarding the shopping carts to assist you.

I decided on a salad, a copy of Reader's Digest, a box of low-calorie Matzo crackers (with oat bran, of course) and took them along with my Burt Wolf book to a special place I know. The Pig was built on the land that used to be the Brett family cemetery and out back, between The Pig's cargo doors and the old Zayre building, there is a grassy monument to this family. The Tillman Brett family settled here in 1818 (before the city was laid out, even). Vandals have turned this small graveyard into a monument to "STEVE -N- DEE" but it still manages to retain some of its charm. I popped a crouton in my mouth and slipped straight to the joke section.

Book Review: Breathing Lessons

by Anne Tyler

(\$5.50 in paperback
from Berkley Books)

by Christl Peacock

Anne Tyler has enjoyed great popular acclaim recently because her last novel, **The Accidental Tourist**, was made into an award-winning film. Having never read her work before, I was curious as to what all the fuss was about. I found out Ms. Tyler's latest novel, **Breathing Lessons**, is absolutely stunning in its simplicity and lack of pretension. Tyler's style is smooth and rhythmic — almost hypnotic — and always beautiful. Some critics would say that this move is too gentle to reflect the reality of today's harsh, harsh world, but the "world" is not its concern.

Breathing Lessons is the story of a middle-aged couple, Maggie and Ira Moran. Maggie is scatter-brained and meddlesome while Ira is distant and pragmatic, but they both have the capacity for infinite love and support. The story begins with Maggie and Ira going to a funeral for Maggie's best friend's husband. All the action takes place in a single day — a day which gets more and more complicated and exhausting. Gradually, it becomes clear that Maggie and Ira have reached that point in life where everything is dissolving around them. Their children are leaving, friends are dying, they are aging, and they are frightened of what will happen when they are completely alone. Ira's attitude is resigned—he knows he has to let go. But it is Maggie, from whose point of view most of the story is told, who becomes the center of the novel.

Maggie is one of those people who can instantly connect with anyone she meets. She has a wonderful intuitive sense of other people's pain. Ira is an equally fascinating character, but he is under-represented. Also several of the minor characters are inconsistent and seem sloppily drawn. On the whole, however, **Breathing Lessons** is a book for your "Must Read List." It accomplishes the remarkable feat of affirming life while walking the thin line between sweet and syrupy.

Dear St. Bubba

Dear Bubba,

From what was said in your last column, I can tell you're a real open-minded, '90s man, so I have a cause you might be interested in. You see, after a few of my friends and I saw *sex, lies and videotape* we decided to make a change for a better tomorrow by forming a new group—**Men Organized Against Needless Costs (M.O.N.C.)**. Our motto is **JUST SAY NO—to rising entertainment costs, rising food costs, tux rentals, and disappointment, and say yes to cd buys and video games**. Our numbers are growing, and we would love for you to join.

CD COLLECTOR

DEAR CD COLLECTOR,

Yes, yes, yes! Where do I sign up? After just barely surviving the frivolous financial fiasco known as Homecoming, I am ready to join. I could have bought 5 or more CDs! Women, let this be a warning to you. The men on this campus are broke and broken-hearted and sick of the same old thing. If you want equality so much, why don't you do something about it? Only hypocrites continue this sexist system known as dating. Why don't you ask us out for a change? And

I don't mean to one of your Date Parties. For years you've complained about the dating scene at Rhodes while you stood in line for more ice cream, and now it's time you put your actions and money where your mouth is. Men, let's sound the M.O.N.C. trumpet and go on a dating strike (we can watch as much sports or play as many video games as we like). **JUST SAY NO!**

Dear Saint Bubba,

How in the hell did you, of all people, get to be a saint? And, Mr. Saint Bubba, of what are you the patron saint? I oughta come up and kick your butt.

Love in My name,
The Reverend Bubba Wilson

Dear Reverend,

Beatification is a long process, involving time, dedication and whipping oneself with barbed wire. That and answering an advertisement on late night T.V.

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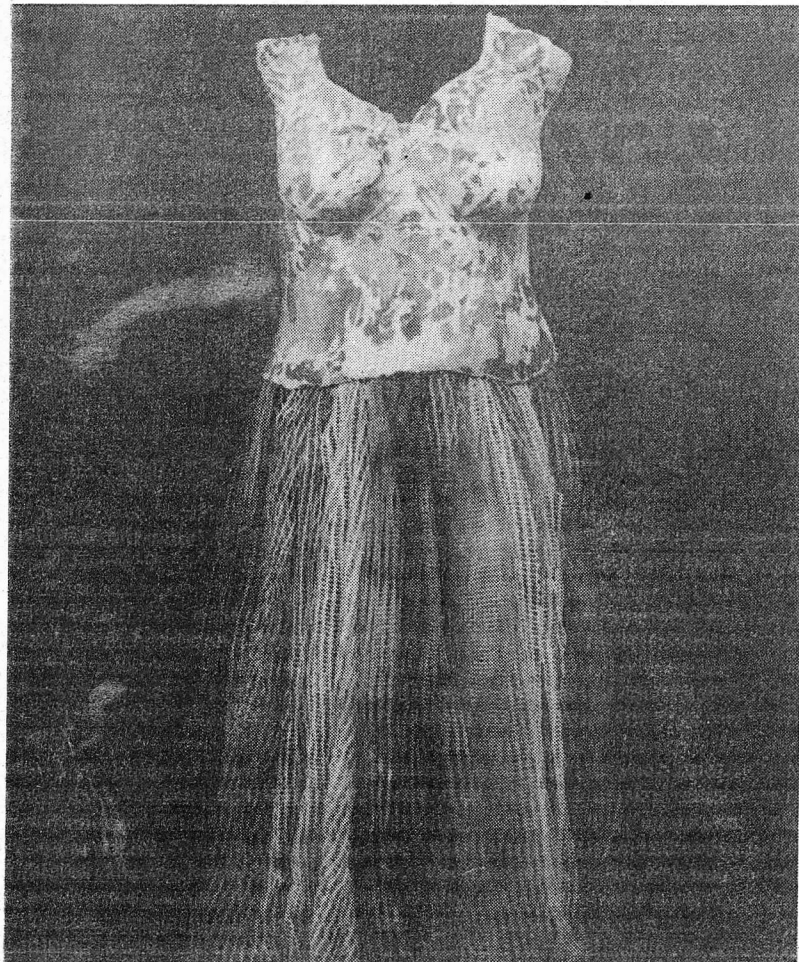
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A detail from the "Tribe of Dina" by Deborah Kruger.

Art Review: Protective Wrappings

by Crickette Rumley
Arts Editor

"A dress can be many things. Just a few are a mask, armor, prison, or a frame. It can also project an outward statement of the inner self. While the dress — like a shell — is neither the body nor the spirit, it still gives us a tacit knowledge of both. Its retained shape and wrinkles betray the habits and movement of its owner."

Such is the basic philosophy of Doree Albritton, one of the artists whose works will appear in an exhibit at the Clough-Hanson Gallery starting October 12. "Protective Wrappings" is a collection of the works of Ms. Albritton, Carol Hamoy, and Deborah Kruger. Through the use of garments, accessories, and allusions to clothing, the artists explore the universal and more personal meanings of clothing as well as the historical and mythological concepts of women.

Ms. Albritton's contributions to the exhibit include button-encrusted dresses made of chicken wire, drawings which try to integrate humorously the traditional female role of seamstress with the male-dominated field of painting, and dresses made of cast plaster that reflect her love of folk art and antiques. She portrays various female archetypes — the mother, the movie star, the homemaker, the diva

— in a series of shadow boxes.

Carol Hamoy, whose family worked in the garment and fashion industry, uses lace, fabric, ribbons, birthday candles, photographs, and other objects, displaying them on and in boxes, shoes, and garments. Comparing her work to her family's, she says, "I've no interest in manufacturing in quantity. One statement will do. My priorities. My subjects are ABOUT people. Theirs were ON people. Their work succeeded when imperfections were concealed. Mine succeeds when those discrepancies are revealed."

On exhibit are her "Golem Garments," derived from the Jewish legend of automaton-like servants (golems) who were created to serve their masters. The garments are pieced together from scraps of fabric and are Ms. Hamoy's conception of what the female golem would wear.

The inspiration for a majority of Deborah Kruger's work has been the Old Testament story of the rape of Jacob's daughter Dina. "The Tribe of Dina" is a group of lifesize female plaster torsos covered by netting hung from the ceiling. It is a metaphorical work dealing with violence against women. She says that it is "the most satisfying work I've done to date because it brings together the three philosophical bases that define who I

am: Art, Feminism, and Judaism."

Ms. Kruger's work also includes several plaster breastplates portraying a unique theme and adorned with such accessories as pheasant feathers and a leopard pelt.

"Protective Wrappings" has been brought to Rhodes by senior Megan Jones, who saw the exhibit in Northport, Alabama. "It's a fresh and unique exhibit, different from most that are seen in the Clough-Hanson Gallery," she says. "Also, it's a huge community effort. Rhodes administrators, faculty, and student groups are all supporting the show both financially and 'morally.' It's very exciting to see everyone working together on such an important project."

Bill Short, curator of the Clough-Hanson Gallery said, "I am most impressed with the work that Megan Jones has done to bring the exhibit to campus. Without prior experience, she has coordinated the efforts of a large number of people to make this happen. I am very pleased that we have been able to bring the show here."

"Protective Wrappings" will run from October 12 to November 3. Gallery hours are 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Monday through Friday and 10 a.m.-2 p.m. on Saturdays. The gallery will be closed during Fall Break.

Movie Review: A Dry White Season

by Thomas Layfield
Movie Editor

Socially-conscious films are hard to dislike, especially when they contain no major flaws. One tends to overlook small defects and praise such a movie for having its heart and mind in the right places. Unfortunately, *A Dry White Season's* considerable good intentions do not overshadow its mass of problems. Although the film explores the issue of the injustice of apartheid in South Africa, it does so in a conventional and unremarkable way.

Adapted from a novel by South African author Andre Brink, the film centers on the 1976 uprising in the township of Soweto. Donald Sutherland plays Benjamin Du Toit, a white Johannesburg history teacher who is oblivious to the racist brutality surrounding him, until it surfaces in his personal life. Du Toit's gardener, Gordon (played by Winston Ntshona), is killed by the police after questioning his son's death following a black student protest. After examining Gordon's mutilated body, Du Toit hires a lawyer (Marlon Brando) for Gordon's wife, Emily, who insists upon an inquest. Despite the unsuccessful hearing in which the death is ruled a suicide, Du Toit continues to gather evidence against the police, and, in doing so, is deserted by his family (except his young son), fired from his job, and harassed by the authorities. The remainder of the movie concentrates on Du Toit's collaboration with Emily,

Gordon's friend Stanley (Zakes Mokae), and a British journalist who plans to print their findings.

The director of the film is Euzhan Palcy, a young woman from Martinique. In her second outing as director, Palcy shows some signs of talent and smart decision-making. She never avoids the grim reality of the situation: the gunning down of young black children and brutal torture by the police are effectively shown not to shock, but to convince. In addition, Palcy has managed to assemble an impressive-sounding cast, including Sutherland, Ntshona, Mokae, Brando, and Susan Sarandon.

Controversial subject, great cast, and an acclaimed new director — where, then, does *A Dry White Season* go wrong? For starters, there is the character of Du Toit, who is almost unbelievably ignorant at the film's beginning. Although in 1976 the situation in South Africa did not receive the amount of worldwide media attention that it has in the past decade, surely those who lived in Johannesburg had at least some idea of the injustices. Further aggravation of Du Toit's character stems from Sutherland's droopy-eyed performance: a wimp doth not a convincing central character make. In addition to its puny protagonist, the movie suffers from a lack of intensity, suspense, and focus. Only occasionally does the director bring the audience close

Album Review: Tracy Chapman, "Crossroads"

by Laura Blankenship

Tracy Chapman's debut album was a smash and therefore a hard act to follow. But follow it she did with her new album, *Crossroads*. In *Crossroads*, there is more of that folksy, bluesy, almost country sound

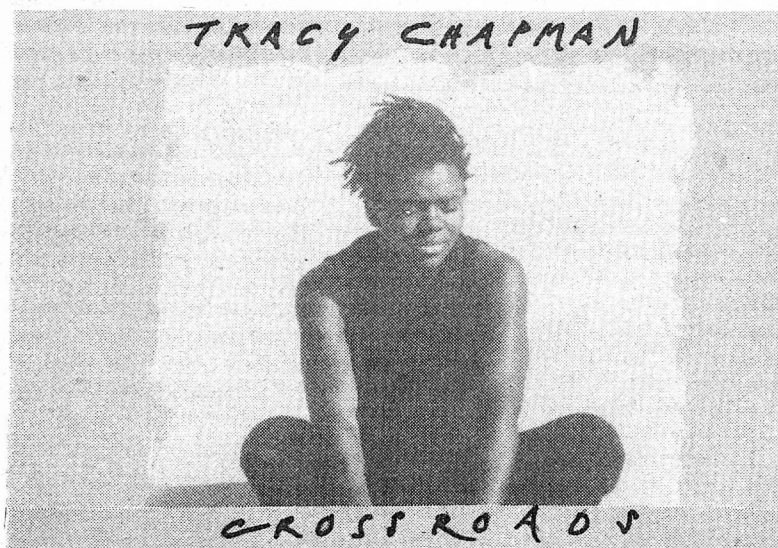
everyone loves and Tracy's wonderfully rich voice; however, the album fails to show off these very aspects for which Chapman is appreciated.

The album is not unenjoyable by any means, but it leans towards being mediocre. All the songs begin to sound

the same and there aren't any that stand out as being exceptional. The music is very soothing, with the acoustic guitar in the background. "Freedom Now" includes a banjo in the background and "Born to Fight" has several nice trumpet lines in it for a change of pace. Chapman has added the harmonica to her repertoire and several songs include some interesting harmonica parts.

The lyrics are Chapman's strong point, especially if you look at her mainly as a folk singer. "Freedom Now" recalls the civil rights movement of the 1960's and the song immediately after, "Material World," questions the black status in the post-civil rights movement years, saying, "Call it upward mobility, but you've been sold down the river. Just another form of slavery. And the whole man-made white world is your master." As with most of her lyrics, she's not afraid to point the finger. In "Sub-city" she says "I'd like to give Mr. President my honest regards for disregarding me."

I don't think Chapman has necessarily failed to live up to expectations. Her lyrics are good and the music isn't bad either, but it is hard to follow such a great hit with another. I do think Chapman has a lot to say in her music and it's worth listening to just for that if nothing else. I expect she'll be doing good things in the future as well.



enough to the happenings on-screen to convey a sense of the atmosphere in Johannesburg.

Apart from Sutherland, there are no let-downs with the acting. The South Africans, especially Mokae, are all excellent, as is Janet Suzman in the role of Du Toit's bitter and unsympathetic wife. Susan Sarandon, however, is wasted as the British journalist; she is barely on-screen enough to remember her presence. And, yes, Marlon Brando is back and bigger than

ever. After the shock of his bulk begins to fade, Brando is perfect in the small role of the realistic civil-rights barrister.

A Dry White Season is a better than-average movie, but not much more. Although portions of the film are effective, it does not quite come together as a whole. Considering the potential of the subject matter, cast, and director, it seems a shame that the sterile image of the title somehow worked its way into the movie itself.

Brunson's Boot Ensures Homecoming Victory

by Brad Todd
Sports Editor

Last year against Sewanee, Ty Brunson kicked the longest field goal in Rhodes College history. This year against the Tigers, he kicked what may prove to be the most important field goal in Rhodes College History.

The kick, an incredible 47-yard launch, came with only two seconds remaining in the game with the Lynx trailing the arch-rival Tigers 14-13. A loss would not only have ruined homecoming, it also would have spelled disaster for what may be the best football team this campus has ever been able to claim.

The undefeated Lynx jumped out to an early 13-0 lead but then became lethargic and fell behind 14-13 to the winless but gutsy Tigers, who have now lost the Orgill Bowl to Rhodes six consecutive times.

The Tigers tied the score with 6:22 remaining in the game on a 3-yard run by fullback Mark Barineau that culminated a determined 80-yard drive. The Tigers faced third down four times on the drive and faced fourth down on the touchdown play. John Proctor's extra point kick, which

was partially blocked, gave the Tigers a 14-13 lead.

Rhodes failed to advance the ball on its next possession, forcing a Todd Smith punt back to the Tigers. Rhodes managed to stop Sewanee on its next possession to give the offense another shot. The Lynx were unsuccessful once again, but Smith put the Tigers in a hole with a 53-yard punt to the 19-yard line. The Tigers managed only one yard in three plays to give the Lynx one last chance with 1:43 remaining.

The Lynx began on their own 47-yard line with only one time-out. Quarterback Bill Van Cleve completed two quick passes to David Kahalley and Ray Rando to pick up a first down and stop the clock. Van Cleve then ran the ball down to the Sewanee 31 before Demetri Patikas ran it to the 26.

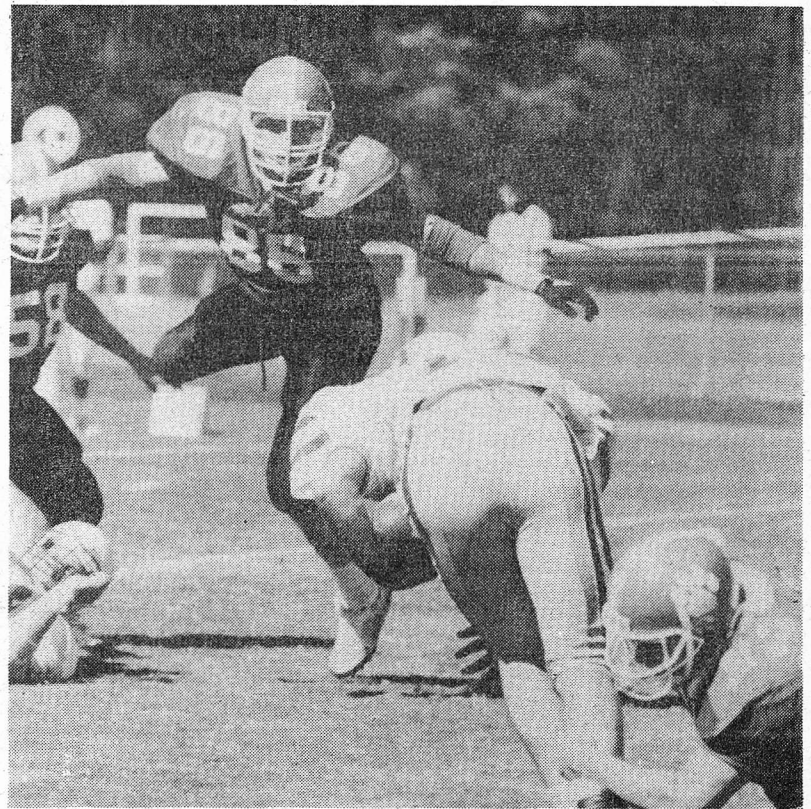
A 5-yard pass to Rando put the ball on the 21 before Van Cleve was sacked for an 8-yard loss. Brunson then came in to attempt the game-winning kick out of Trey Babin's hold. The kick sailed just over the uprights with the help of a slight breeze, bringing Rhodes its fifth victory and relief to; a nervous Fargason Field crowd of

3,100.

Brunson said he had "a lot of faith that the team would give me a shot to kick." The junior preseason All-American has made three of his last four attempts and seems to be rebounding well from an early season slump in which he missed seven consecutive kicks. he also is getting used to kicking under pressure, making the game-winner Saturday and one at the halftime buzzer last week.

The Lynx scored their first two touchdowns early in the first period on a 29-yard jaunt by Rando and a 39-yard ramble by Van Cleve. The Lynx botched the first extra point on a high snap, thus enabling the Tigers a chance to go ahead late in the game. Sewanee's first touchdown came on a 5-yard run by Barineau in the second period following a Rhodes fumble on their own 19-yard line.

The Lynx were led statistically by Van Cleve, who completed 9 of 17 passes for 71 yards rushed 9 times for 86 yards. Fullback Chad Dunston rushed 24 times for 89 yards. On defense, Walt Powell was a menace to the Tigers all day, with 11 unassisted tackles and several pass deflections.



Rhodes' defense held Sewanee back with much difficulty to win 16-14.

Volleyball Team Sweeps St. Louis

by Jan LaFollette

The volleyball team travelled to St. Louis this weekend to play three matches on Saturday. The first to fall to the Lady Lynx was Principia College. in a best of three match the squad lost the first game 8-15 but then came back to win the last two with scores of 15-13, 15-8.

A few hours later, the Lady Lynx matched up against Maryville College (MO). After slight injuries to Katie Braden and Kathy Coe in the first match, Joy Stafford came off the

bench to start and help the team win 15-7, 15-10.

Webster College was the last opponent to fall easily with a score of 15-10, 15-5. The three wins this weekend brings the team's record to 14-10. Although this record alone is enough to deserve praise, the Lady Lynx have more to brag about. In the last national poll the Lady Lynx were ranked 4th in the nation in service aces. The next volleyball match is Wed., Oct. 11 at Hendrix College,

followed by a match against Fisk University Fri., Oct. 20 at 6:00 in Mallory Gymnasium.

In other soccer action this weekend, the Lady Lynx played Emory University and Millsaps College. The team lost to both teams with score of 0-3, 4-1, respectively. Alli Gray scored the goal against Millsaps. Soccer action resumes at home on Fri., Oct 13 at 3:00 against University of Missouri-Rolla.

Tennis Team Keeps on Winning

by Jan LaFollette

Last week the women's tennis team upped their record to 6-1. Monday the ladies took on U.T.-Martin and had a fairly easy time, winning 6-3. Singles winners against Martin were Tricia Browning (6-2, 6-1), Maureen McCabe (2-6, 6-4, 6-4), Cheri Grosvenor (6-2, 6-1), and Aiveen Killian by default. The doubles winners were Browning-McCabe (4-6, 7-5, 6-2) and Grosvenor-Killian by default.

Tuesday proved to be just as profitable against Delta State, although the Lady Lynx had a more difficult time in this one. In the end it came down to the doubles matches. The team had to win all three doubles in order to win the match 5-4. Singles winners against Delta State were Browning (6-3, 6-1) and Grosvenor (6-0, 6-0).

All three doubles teams won with scores of: Browning-McCabe (6-2,

7-5), Elizabeth Hickman-Kelly Nowlin (7-5, 6-1), and Grosvenor-Killian (7-6, 3-6, 6-2).

The fall season is the important season for women's tennis and on Oct. 20-21, the team will travel to Lexington, KY to play in the Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Conference Tournament. With only one more match before the tournament the team seems to be in good shape.

Watkins Wins Contest

by Brad Todd
Sports Editor

Robert Watkins is the first winner of Pigskin Pick 'Em, a contest sponsored by Huey's and The Sou'wester. Watkins correctly predicted 9 of 10 selected college football games and will receive a free dinner for two at Huey's restaurant.

Watkins and Dean McCondicie each accurately tabbed 9 of the 10 winners, each missing only the Vanderbilt-Memphis State game, won by MSU 13-10. On the tiebreaker, Watkins was declared the winner after picking Rhodes to defeat Sewanee 21-7. The actual final was 16-14, closer than anyone predicted. Only one entry picked the Tigers to win.

Entries for this week's contest should be returned to either the collection box in the Refectory or to the box on The Sou'wester office door. The deadline for returning entries is 11 p.m. Friday night.

Lynx Hit the Road To Face Washington

by Brad Todd

The football team takes to the road this weekend in search of their sixth win without a loss. The Bears of Washington University provide the opposition for Rhodes first night game of the season at Francis Field in St. Louis.

The Bears have had a rough time of it this season, losing four of their five games. Their lone victory came against the winless Trinity Tigers, who were beaten by the Lynx 28-9 earlier in the season. The Bears took advantage of several Trinity errors to down the Tigers 35-7 two weeks ago in San Antonio. Trinity committed nine turnovers in

Huey's Pigskin Pick 'Em

October 14, 1989

Georgia	_____
@ Ole Miss	_____
Louisiana St.	_____
@ Auburn	_____
Vanderbilt	_____
@ Florida	_____
Arkansas	_____
@ Texas Tech	_____
Houston	_____
@ Texas A & M	_____
Maryland	_____
@ Wake Forest	_____
So. Mississippi	_____
@ Louisville	_____
Georgia Tech	_____
@ Clemson	_____
Notre Dame	_____
@ Air Force	_____

Tiebreaker (Pick score)

Rhodes	_____
@ Washington	_____

Name & Phone Number

Return to Rat or Sou'wester office
by 11 p.m. Friday

the game, including seven in the first half. Washington converted five of Trinity's miscues into touchdowns. After playing both teams, Trinity coach Gene Norris says he thinks that the Lynx are a better team.

"Rhodes moved the ball better against us. Washington just capitalized on our mistakes," said Norris, whose team is 0-5.

Kickoff is set for 7 p.m. at Washington University's Francis Field.

NCAA Division III South Poll

Team	Record	Voting Points
1. Wash. & Jeff.	(4-0)	98
2. Lycoming	(5-0)	97
3. Rhodes	(5-0)	90
4. Centre	(5-0)	85
5. Susquehanna	(4-0-1)	75
6. Ferrum	(4-1)	73

Others Receiving Votes: Dickinson, (4-0-1), Emory & Henry (4-1), Franklin & Marshall (4-1), Frostburg State (5-0)
Last Week's Results Washington & Jefferson 33, Thiel 3; Lycoming 21, Widener 0; Susquehanna 28, Delaware Valley 22; Ferrum 52, Guilford 3; Dickinson 21, Franklin & Marshall 14; Emory & Henry 31, Hampden-Sydney 10; Frostburg St. 42, St. Francis 6.

CAC Standings

Team	C.A.C. Record	Overall Record
Rhodes	2-0	5-0
Centre	2-0	5-0
Millsaps	2-1	3-2-1
Trinity	0-2	0-5
Sewanee	0-3	0-5

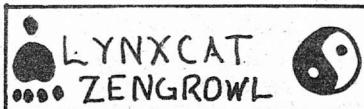
LAST WEEK'S RESULTS

Rhodes 16, Sewanee 14
Centre 16, Millsaps 15
Claremont-Mudd-Scripps 42, Trinity 20
Washington Univ. 35, Trinity 6

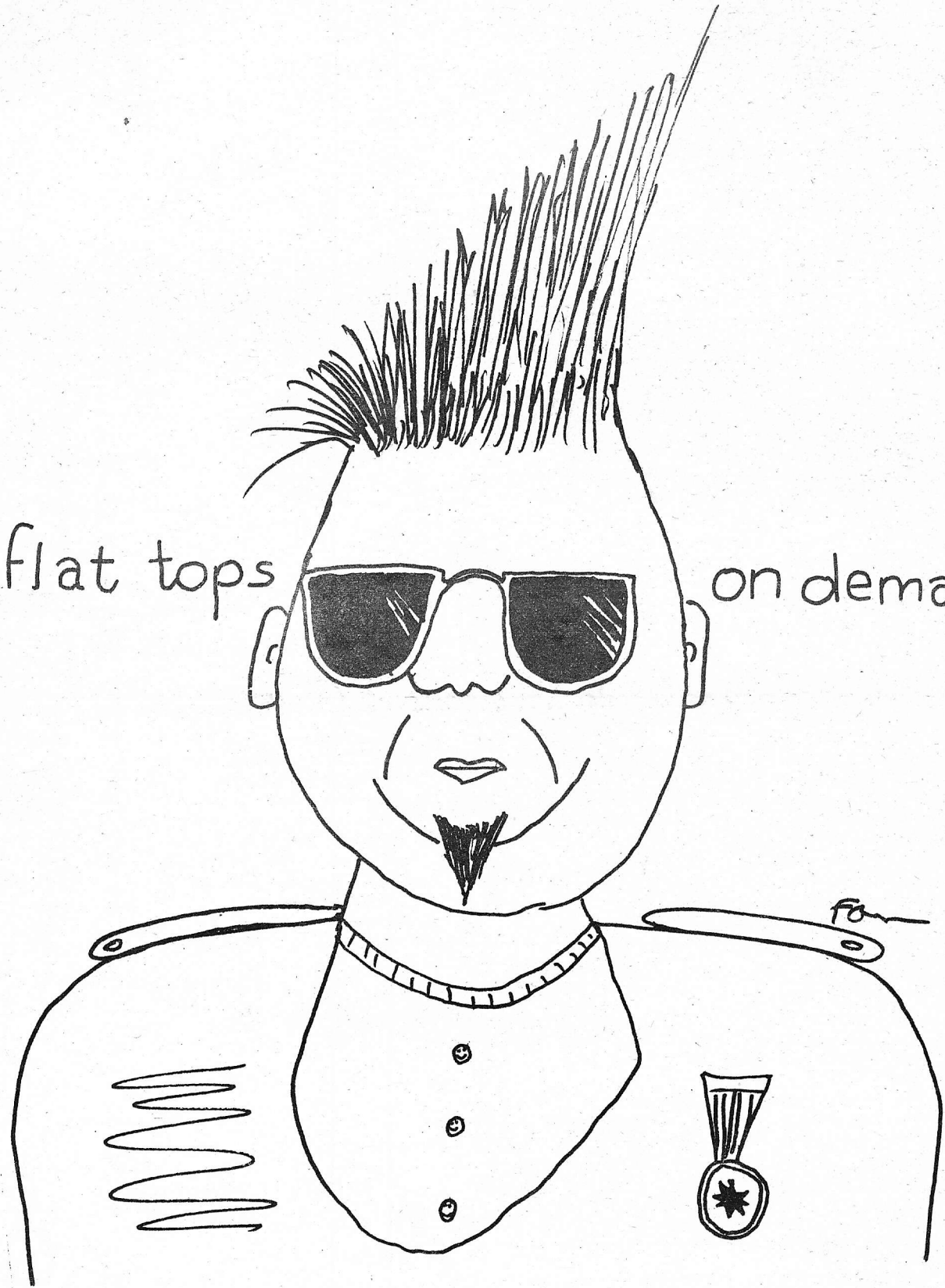
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