

Lowlifes

Friday

Joe Lapsley, now moved by the needs of the wretched, starving, naked inhabitants of the Third World countries, announces the closing of Tent City to the new and revised Nude City, to be located in the Front Fourty near the library. Says Joe, "Well, like, at least we don't have to worry about mistreating the Flag anymore since we won't be wearing it."

Night: The Green Animals in the Pub at nine. Not to be confused with the White Animals of Nashville fame, the Green Animals specialize in Scottish Folk Dances and other ethnic delights. Says Darby O'Connell, lead bass and electric bagpipe player, "If you can pub crawl you can toss the lily and walk her home." (Translation not available.)

Saturday

Afternoon: The University, Townsend/Williford, Robb, and Glassell commons sponsor the Ultimate Commons event, the Wine-and-Cheese - Coffee - Reception - Backgammon - Sleep In - Love Fest - 14th Mash - Flagball - polyester - bike-ride - to Graceland - Party-Tournament-Party. Says C. V. Scarborough, Dean of Students and former Mr. Southwestern, "We knew that the students and the R.A.'s were all getting tired of the endless inane events, so we tried to combine them all into one to promote the greatest student enjoyment."

Says Liz Nielson, "Right."

Evening: Not a band in the Pub, but the Images Foreign Film Series on Polka Dancing by Nude 18th Century Rival Tribesmen. Makes you want to start lining up for the door right now, doesn't it?

Sunday

Inspired by the recent development of Beale Street, the developers of the one-year-old Mud Island Corporation have decided to change the Mississippi River Theme to a new, hopefully more popular one, "Fantasy Mud Island." Planned fantasies include: Great Mud Wrestlers Along The Mississippi; Living in Mud Castles and Antebellum Mud Homes; and, of course, the Women's Auxiliary has planned a cookbook, "Real Mississippi Mud Cooking." Tickets are only five dollars, available in the Development Office . . .

The Committee for Political Awareness sponsors speaker Yomanio Momanini, current member of the Russian Secret Police and Canton, Ohio, resident. Due to the nature of such a program and the fact that although dwelling in the beloved state of Ohio for twenty some-odd years but still unable to speak the english language, the time and location of Mr. Momanini's speech have been kept secret by the members of the group.

Monday

At one o'clock, on Fargason Field, the Men's Hoop Team goes up against the Debuque Snifflers. Team Captain and left rear woppler Tim O'Keefe is the favorite to win the Freestyle Grunting division.

Tuesday

The Seedy Town Hall Lecture Series is sponsoring a speaker attraction, Nobel Prize Winner and Lecturer Dr. Whimsy Poopdale on the subject of the Nuclear Arms Build-Up in Southern North Dakota. Poopdale, a Sewanee graduate, is also the author of such books as "The Bald Eagle: Extinct in Twenty Years and Who Really Cares?", "Montana: Life in the Dust Bowl for the Well-Bred," and "Pigeon Forge On Five Dollars a Day."

The Movie of the Week: Nancy and Sluggo Go to the Beach and

(Continued on Page 4)

The Sou'wester

Southwestern At Memphis

VOL. 69, NO. 20

Free and Well Worth It

April 1, 1983

CUTNA provides sure solution

by Brad Howard

It takes little more than a mindless idiot to look around and see that the state of international relations is in shambles. The nuclear

arms situation has gone far beyond the bounds of what is reasonable, riding the crest of a wave of worldwide disharmony and leaving unanswered ideological conflict in its

wake. The entire world has been on the verge of war since the end of the last "last war."

The United States possesses enough nuclear weaponry to pave this little planet seven times over (a neat little concept known as "overkill"), and we keep building more so that others will be less likely to make war. It ought to be obvious to anyone of even amoebic intelligence that this line of military thinking is less than effective.

We had nuclear weapons when the Korean conflict began; and it did begin. We had nuclear weapons when we became involved in Vietnam. And when China entered Nepal. And when Russia invaded Afghanistan. And when the Argentines took the Falklands. We have nuclear weapons now, yet there are countless guerrilla wars erupting all over the world at every stroke of the clock.

When we look at the billions of dollars, my dollars and yours, that are being spent to build yet another harbinger of Armageddon, for such reasons as outlined earlier, we cannot help but notice that somewhere along the line, someone has made a grave mistake. We have not even completely tested one of the Pentagon's children in over twenty years, so no one is really sure that these titanium monsters are capable of functioning.

Huge sums of money are spent on defense, which in this day and age means more bombs and more people to detonate them. The fact that our armed forces have not been called upon to directly defend us since 1945 points to two rather shocking conclusions: either we are gladly issuing weapons, food, shelter, clothing, and salary to a gang of freeloaders, or they are all getting pretty itchy for a fight; neither situation being very hip.

In this light, perhaps we can see the end product of our technology. Since 1945, every advance in mili-

tary science has served to further the most farcical, most laughable, utterly ridiculous stand-off in the history of the world. The heightened international tensions birthed with the advent of the first nuclear warhead have reached an intolerable magnitude.

The common knowledge that even the most minute principality in the world can singlehandedly obliterate its greatest enemy has halted even the most mundane diplomatic progress.

We have a solution. In twenty-four hours, every military force in the world can be disarmed. The United States, as previously noted, can easily destroy the world seven times over; and the Soviets know that. Everyone knows that. Why not make use of this fact?

The Citizens United for Total Nuclear Annihilation (CUTNA) would like to propose a simple solution to the threat of nuclear war. We suggest that these pillars of our technology be aimed not only at our ideological opponents (because we don't like them), but at our allies, at neutral countries, at the polar icecaps, into the deepest oceans, into barren wastelands, even at the moon; everywhere.

This done, we would give the world twenty-four hours to disarm, under threat of total nuclear obliteration. No one is naive enough to believe that a mere human being could survive an atomic saturation of the planet (one must remember that if the Soviets did not agree to our terms, they would probably throw their missiles into the fray as well). Every man, woman and child; every fish, every animal would be completely and utterly destroyed.

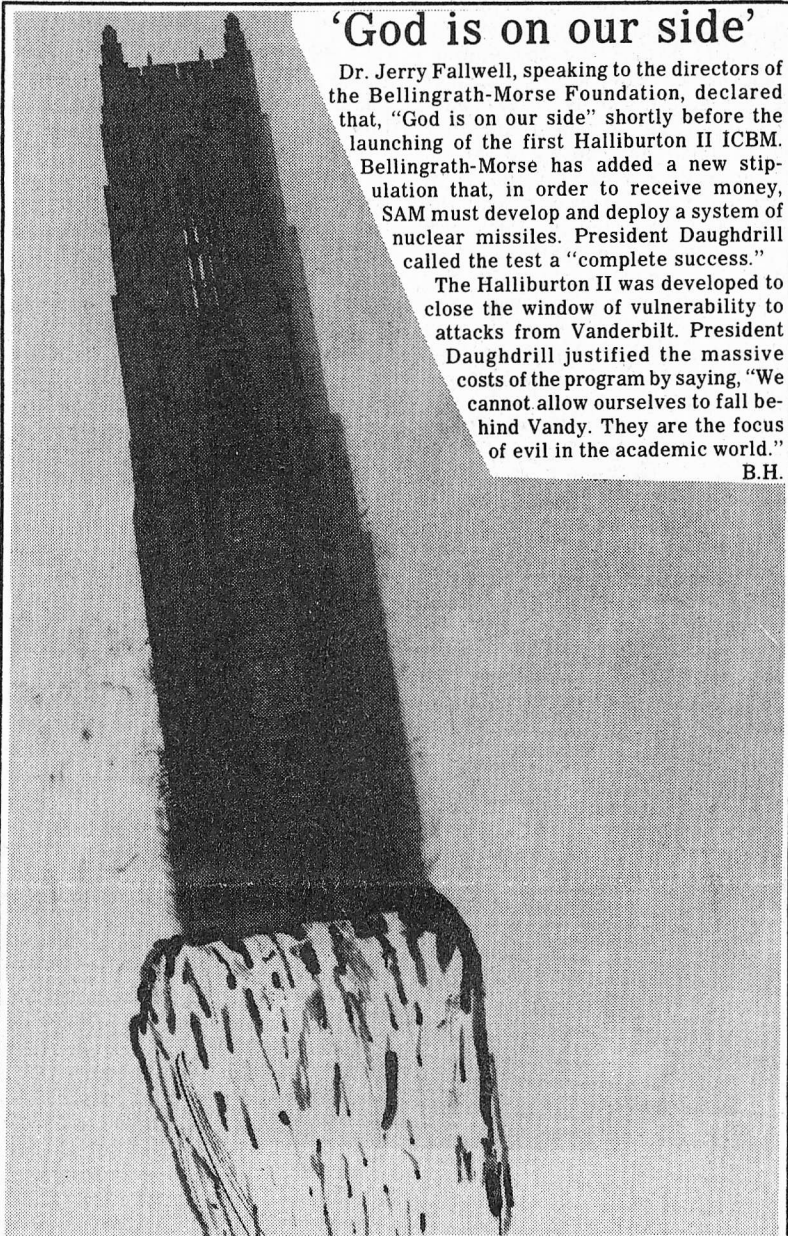
That is really quite a reasonable approach to the situation, don't you think? Disarm or we will all die. There is no need for our civilization to survive if survival means continually living in fear of one's neighbor.

Many less realistic people have some bizzare notion that this solution would not work. All moral or self-preserving instincts aside, this is a one-hundred percent foolproof method of stopping the threat of war once and for all. It is a clear-cut case of delivering an ultimatum, which we have the full ability to make good, and keeping our
(Continued on Page 3)

'God is on our side'

Dr. Jerry Fallwell, speaking to the directors of the Bellingrath-Morse Foundation, declared that, "God is on our side" shortly before the launching of the first Halliburton II ICBM. Bellingrath-Morse has added a new stipulation that, in order to receive money, SAM must develop and deploy a system of nuclear missiles. President Daughdrill called the test a "complete success."

The Halliburton II was developed to close the window of vulnerability to attacks from Vanderbilt. President Daughdrill justified the massive costs of the program by saying, "We cannot allow ourselves to fall behind Vandy. They are the focus of evil in the academic world."
B.H.



Hell's Angels raid God Squad

by Studs Ferrari

(Note: The Dean of Students' office has requested that The Sou'wester, in accordance with the principles of responsible journalism, withhold the names of those involved for the present.)

Tragedy struck last weekend as a group of Southwestern students on a retreat to Dyersburg fell prey to a veritable deluge of ne'er-do-gooders. The malicious rabble disrupted the Intervarsity sponsored event just as the group was preparing for a marathon prayer session that God strike down, or preferably obliterate, the profit margin of the Nestle corporation this quarter.

In an unsuccessful attempt to establish amicable relations with mischievous herd, one female member of the Christian gathering leaped from her perch over the stale popcorn and bland baked beans to personally greet and introduce herself to the Angels as they descended from their motorized vehicles. Her extended hand was, however, mercilessly crushed by the apparent chief administrator of the barbaric gang.

In agony, it seems that she eventually managed to wrench her lifeless appendages free and began flailing her arms. She then proceeded to praise God's infinite wisdom for having manifested this "sure-fire miracle" which would spare her (and others) from endur-

ing her piano recital scheduled for the next evening. The baked beans were courtesy of the Refectory.

Another member of the assemblage was appalled by this show of deliberate inhumanity unleashed on his well-meaning, yet still perse-

cuted, companion and rushed to her defense. His trouble was, in turn, rewarded by an almost ritualistic progression of violent shoves about the campsite. When it happened that he stumbled through
(Continued on Page 3)

Real News

'Little Nelle' to inform campus

Students, faculty, and administration will be able to stay better informed of campus events through use of the new SGA calendar in the Main Quad. "Little Nelle," as it is affectionately known, will be updated regularly so that the on-campus community will be able to know at a glance what events are scheduled to occur.

If you would like to publicize something on campus, drop the information by the SGA office in 302 Briggs (the Student Center), or have your event placed on the college computer in the Dean of Students Office. Any last minute notices can be given to Peter Rooney, Lesley Nelson, Kim Weeks, LeVan Kimbrell, Van Daly, or Mike Thompson.

Etc. . . .

Rider Needed: I am driving to Minneapolis, Mn., via Champaign & Rockford, Ill., and Madison,

Wis. I will be leaving Wed., April 6 at 12:00 noon. Contact Judy Booth, 276-2063, 322 Bell.

Found: Yellow Town and Country Yamaha key chain with three keys on tennis courts. Call Joe at 278-9049.

Lost: Approx. 10 days ago in White Laundry room, one leather bi-fold billfold containing licenses

SMILE

Most people think the smile is a uniquely human way of conveying a friendly, congenial attitude. Not true! The smile is a link to our animal ancestry. Even today, many small rodents, such as the squirrel, the chipmunk, the lemming, and the shrew, have adopted the smile as a means of saying "Don't hurt me! I'm small and harmless and will agree with whatever you say."

and other I.D.s. Contact Paul Watson, 725-9265.

Forgotten: I loaned a text to someone, and I've forgotten to whom. The book is *An Artist's Notebook*. I need it before the end of this term. Cindy Brown, 272-2311.

Roommate Needed: To share 2 bedroom apartment close to campus. Large kitchen, large bath, living room, plus . . . ONLY \$112.50 per month, ALL UTILITIES INCLUDED!!! Call Haynes Knight at 276-2854 for more info.

For Sale: Loft bed, \$35.00. Call Kathy at 274-4219 or come by 320 Bellingrath.

Walkathon: Walk America for March of Dimes is April 24. Registration blanks are in the Student Center; just fill one out, drop it in the box in the lobby, and we'll send it in for you. There will be prizes for the teams that collect the most contributions. We want to get together a Southwestern team. Join Us!



Editoress..... Tracy Vezina
 Associate Editor..... Mary Horne
 Sports Editor..... Bert Barnes
 Photography Editor..... Jeff Wright
 Business Editor..... D.P.
 Highlights..... Richard Barnes
 Cartoonists..... Lewis Kalmbach, Peggy Wood
 Reporters..... Bobby Doughtie, Brad Howard

 Contributors..... Hank Rector, Jaded James,
 Jim Rutledge, Craig Jones, Bob Lawhon,
 Al Nimocks, Martha Hample, Michael Layton
 Circulation Editor..... Steve Farrar

Opinionated

Pardon me, Are you a dean?

Southwestern at Memphis. The picture of tranquility. Big oak trees towering over imposing gothic buildings housing studious minds. Relatively little ever happens to disturb this serenity. A pillar of peace, education and security in this sordid city. Oh, the lucky few who work and study here. WRONG, WRONG, WRONG!

I am about to expose the "truth behind the terror" at SAM. Very few people know about this, and it's kept very quiet. Little did you know that employees of SAM live and work in a state of virtual terror. At any moment their whole existence can be changed by an ominous summons. "Report to 329 Halliburton Tower."

I'm not talking about them getting fired or reprimanded, oh no! I am talking about them being made a dean. Hereafter referred to as being "DEANED."

Their terror is well-founded. All

one has to do is take a quick walk through Palmer and Halliburton to realize we have more than a few deans. People are being DEANED right and left.

Being a dean, as jobs with a title tend to be, is a trying job — especially at SAM! The way it is set up here, you see, is that only deans have direct access to the president. So once a person is DEANED, he or she becomes nothing more than a well-traveled bridge.

This is what causes "dean fever," as I've heard it called. Understandably, these folks get a little weary of this and start wishing there were more deans. Realizing no one will volunteer, they're devised a strategy.

The tactics they use are ruthless. A source, who asked not to be identified, told this story:

"Word will drift down from the upper regions of Halliburton —

Box 724

Box 724: Southwestern is generally a place where one can be one's self without worrying about the attitudes of others; we are all tolerant of one another. However, I feel a great sense of frustration whenever I try to show genuine feelings for people.

As a necrophiliac, I feel that Southwestern students are often inconsiderate of me and my feelings. It is very difficult to tell who is a necrophiliac and who isn't. Often, I have fallen in love with someone, only to find out later that they aren't dead.

It is difficult to ask someone if they are a necrophiliac, too. It would simply ruin my friendship with them because of the embarrassment we would both suffer if they weren't one of us, so to speak.

Of course, I can find other necros, but I have to go to creepy graveyards or cruise the local morgues. I see no reason why the SGA can't provide the Pub with dead bodies, or at least allow us to "brown-bag." We are really nice people, and I'm sure that you know at least one of us without even realizing it. We make up a large cross-section of society: professors, students, administrators; there are even those of us who go "both ways" and dig the living.

People are really full of archaic hang-ups. Why not have a necrophiliac "Dating Game?" Or per-

haps a dance where both necrophiliacs and others could dance together just as friends. Let's get with it. Southwestern, after all, it is 1983. Shouldn't we be more compassionate towards those of us who are different?

Sincerely,
Rob Graves

Dear Vez,

We the undersigned would like to express to the SAM community our concern about gossip. "There ain't enough of it," as Mary, the queen of the deli line, says, "What little there is, is behind closed doors." It is our contention (V.H.) that all gossip needs to be made public. This will save a lot of hard feelings and misunderstandings on the part of those involved.

The problem can be exemplified by the following. First of all, we all know the feeling of sitting down at a refectory table in the midst of a juicy exchange and realizing the only two people that don't know what's going on are you and the person being discussed.

A second problem is the feeling one gets when they walk into a sorority meeting five minutes late, the whole chapter is laughing over a sizzling tid-bit, and you don't have the least idea what the scam is.

Lastly, the most perplexing prob-

lem of gossip behind closed doors is this: when you think you've finally got something worth spreading, you find out that Jenny and Greg aren't the ones squeaking the springs in Voorhies, but the latest from the last episode of "One Life to Live."

Recognizing these vital flaws in the system, we the undersigned, therefore recommend the following:

1) That little calendar board in front of Palmer should be turned into "The Gossip Board," push-pins and forms can be found at the Admissions desk, ask for Marty.

2) WLYX should devote fifteen minutes per day to inform the campus of any late-breaking scoop.

3) The public execution of all Bo (C.V.) Peeps. Quarter beer will be served.

4) Any gossip behind closed doors shall be considered an Honor Council violation. Gossip, from this day forward, shall be pledged.

5) The chartering of a new publication to be named the SFAG (The Student, Faculty, Administration Gossip), with a bi-weekly feature on "Daughdrill Dirty," (with no intention of labeling Libby).

So in conclusion, to wrap it all up, don't worry about spreading it too thin, just spread it!

Loquaciously yours,
B.A.M.

someone is out to be DEANED. Immediately, terror will strike. Rumors run rampant, and people get paranoid. Often times potential victims sneak around, glancing up and down hallways, hiding in the shrubbery and making mad dashes for the restroom. It can get pretty nerve wracking!

One poor person tried to make themselves scarce. They were pretty successful until one day they went out to their car after work. Hiding in the back seat were two burly men waiting to escort the poor soul to 329 H.T." (As it is referred to in hushed tones.)

That's just the tip of the iceberg, however. "They" have been known to corner people in dark alleys, pull them into an office as they traverse the hall and even lock them in Halliburton Tower overnight. I'm sure you've seen those lights on up there late at night as you walk back from the library.

After spending days locked away in the tower the helpless victim gives in and allows himself to be DEANED. You've heard those strange noises at night, I'm sure. Some would have us believe that those noises are restless animals in the zoo. Such is not the case! Those strange noises are coming from Halliburton/Palmer. A lucky few manage to escape and they run, screaming down the long halls of Palmer.

The paranoia is at such a level that employees introduce themselves to one another by stating names and titles. They never give out any information without first asking if you are a dean.

No one dares bring this situation to light for fear they'll be named dean of the committee to investigate this problem. In light of all this, I have some suggestions for the deans. However unpopular this will make me with the regular employees, I can't resist. See chart, Page 4.

Well, the list is as endless as the commercials on FM-100, so I'll leave the rest to your imagination.

Rather than subject everyone to the nightmarish experience of being deaned, I've decided that it would be easier to put the president's office in the main quad. That way we'd all have access to him. An open door policy at SAM!

In the meantime, however, be careful. If you're walking down the hall and someone says "Pardon me, but are you a dean?" RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.

Swan song

At "Marguerita Monday" the other night, I ran into my predecessor, Mark Hurley. He asked how the Sou'wester was doing and why he hadn't been receiving his complimentary subscription. I explained that money was tight these days.

He then asked when my last issue was. "Friday, April 1," I replied with a gleam in my eye. (It's marked on my calendar.)

"Well, babe," he said, "let me give you some advice. I'll always regret never having blasted everybody with my final editorial, so I think you really need to give 'em more hell than they thought they could take."

"Hurley, I intend to."

Why is Bo Scarborough the most disrespected man on this campus? Could it be because he insists on being addressed by his first name? (Would any student have enough nerve to address Dean Duff as Gerald or to approach Dean Allen with "Hey, Ray, whaddya say?")

Could Bo's lack of respect stem from the reputation of the people, or "Bo Scouts," that hang around the Dean of Students office? The term "Bo Scout" connotes a brown-nosing, spineless, opportunistic individual who panders to the administration and would gladly sell-out his fellow students to be "tapped" for ODK. "Bo Scout" is seldom used in a complimentary fashion.

But names are not really important, actions are. And the actions of Bo are the real reason behind the campus' tarnished image of him and his office. The high school Model United Nations held at Southwestern several months ago is a case in point. Bill Townsend, student coordinator for the event, which was deemed a success by all involved, was accused by Bo of allowing the high school students to consume alcoholic beverages during their committee meetings in Frazier-Jelke. The accusation was denied by Bill, who was then given a list of witnesses who had discovered beer cans among the debris left behind. One such "witness" was Ruth Metcalfe, who was supposed to have found beer cans in Frazier-Jelke when she went to prepare for that evening's College Bowl competition.

When asked about the beer cans Ruth said, "The place was really trashed, but I would have noticed if there had been anything alcoholic. Bo never even talked to me about it. He just made it up."

It would seem that false charges were manifested by someone . . . sounds like a possible Honor Code violation.

With well over 60 declared majors, the International Studies department is one of this school's largest and more dynamic. The department is currently searching for a new professor to fill the place of the retiring department chairman. However, rather than offer the position of full or associate professor, the I.S. department is offering a position as assistant professor. Why? Because this college will not spend a few more thousand dollars on an associate professor but, rather, insist on downgrading this program, one of the finest in the country, for the sake of "thriftiness."

Some of the applicants are more than impressive, so much so that one wonders why they would want to come here. The reason is simple — the I.S. program has a prestigious reputation nationwide and has continued to produce majors that head their classes in graduate school. So why can't this school invest a few thousand dollars to get the best and keep this program at its same high level? Why spend millions of dollars on beautiful buildings if we won't spend the money to hire quality professors to fill them?

One final word: I think Third Term taught us all a valuable lesson; as students, we learned that if we want something, all we have to do is band together and fight for it. The students are the most important part of this college, and if we want something, we'll get it. We just need to develop a more activist attitude and stop being a bunch of wimps. We must be more than all words and no action.

The administration, faculty, and the Board of Trustees cannot deny us anything; we are the customers and as my old boss at Pizza Oven used to say to me: "The customer is always right."

Tracy M. Vezina



THE THORN CHICKENS

STARRING:

RICHARD BIRD KIM CHICKEY ROBIN HAYNIE
LINDA PARROTT ROB FINCH LESLIE DRAKE
HERRON MILLER AND THRUSH WALLER AS THE BEAVE

MUSIC BY: A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

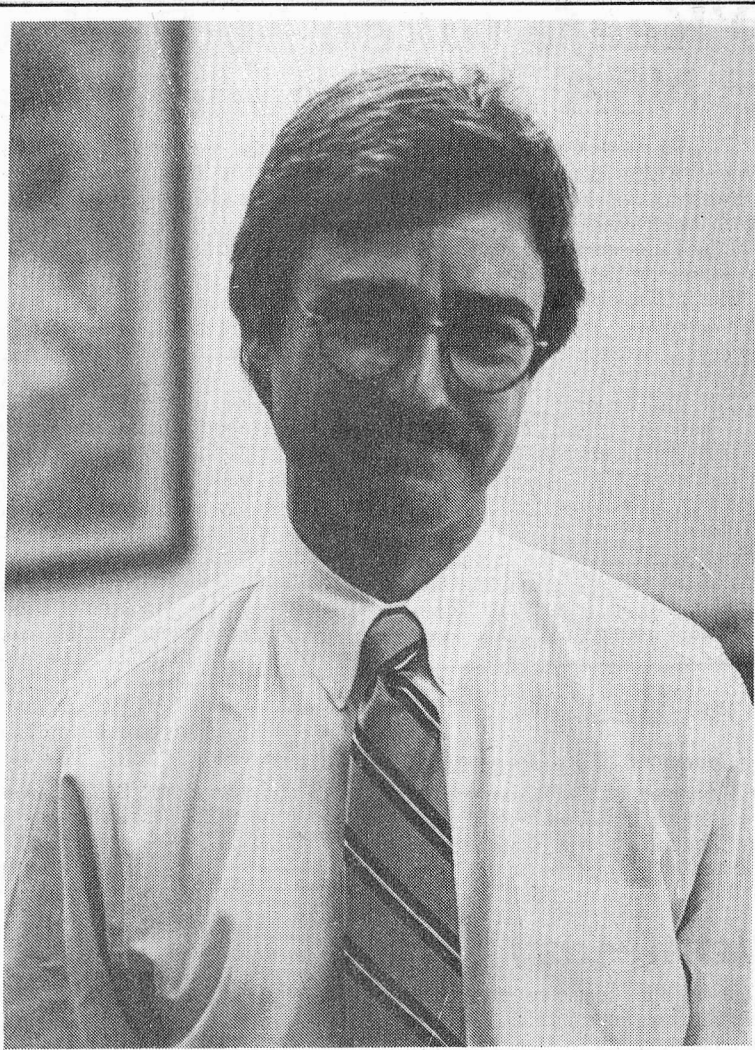


photo by Jeff Wright
A Smiling Bo Scarborough.

Arms race solution—

(Continued from Page 1)

promise if our demands are not met.

If mankind cannot live as brothers, sharing ideas in tolerant harmony with one another, then none of us has any justifiable claims to existence. We might as well just end it all now, and hope that in another billion years or so the magic of evolution can do things right the second time around.

Of course, some will object to this proposal on the grounds that it is clearly psychotic. That is, however, the only defensible reason for its dismissal. Others will clamor about what the Soviet reaction will be. It does not really matter. Either the Soviet Union will see the wisdom of our "proposal," and disarm, or they will react by launching their own missiles.

Because of Mutual Assured Destruction, a Soviet first strike would do little more than give them the satisfaction of knowing that they had destroyed America before they themselves were wiped from the face of the Earth. This satisfaction would last all of twenty minutes, by which time our missiles will have reached Russia. In any case, the ball will be in their court, so to speak. The decision to destroy the world would have to be made in the Kremlin.

If the Soviet Union refuses to yield to our demands, it will be

obliterated. If it attempts to counter our threat during the ultimatum's time period, it will be destroyed. If the United States decides that the world will either disarm or be destroyed, and we are willing to commit ourselves to the idea, so shall it be.

In conclusion, the United States has both the desire and the ability

to end the madness of the present arms race on terms which are fair to everyone. Either the world will allow itself to stumble further along the path towards inevitable nuclear war, or America will draw the line here and now. Either the world will succumb to our demands, or (a) push the button, and (b) goodbye.

Hell's Angels—

(Continued from Page 1)

the camp's small cooking fire, still another student made efforts to extinguish the blazing Christian in true altruistic fashion by dousing him with ceremonial wine from a vat.

By this time, those members not vanquished by these outbursts of violence were covering behind nearby boulders or had scattered about the surrounding woodlands. One final, vain attempt to relate to the intruders was made; a language major began gibbering well-intentioned, nonsensical utterances in virtually every living language, with the exceptions of Servo-Croatian and Swahili. His ef-

forts availing nothing of their purpose, he is now resting quietly in an area hospital while awaiting a larynx transplant. Reached for comment, he scribbled: "We tried every means to communicate with them in a civil and intelligent manner, but they simply wouldn't respond. Personally, I believe that the abominable wretches were utterly insensible. No one recalls having heard them utter even so much as the slightest sound."

When asked about identifying the marauders to the authorities and the prospects of any arrests or charges being pressed, members of the student church-oriented organization were reluctant to comment beyond asserting that they will most likely "turn the other cheek in the matter."

Blast from the past

Reprinted from April 1, 1967
edition of the Sou'wester

Video has-beens rehash past glories

by Jaded James

The recent ratings success of revivals of defunct teleseries (i.e. "Leave it to Beaver," "Gilligan's Island") has prompted a repugnant trend: a rasher of video has-beens is getting into the act, offering a repast of rehashes of their faded glories. I've always been of the opinion that old dogs can't turn new tricks; nevertheless, the following is a sampling of coming events.

"The Story of Ethel Mertz." Fred Mertz dies and leaves Ethel the brownstone, the tenant, and a modest inheritance, which Ethel delivers to Mrs. Trumble, who is in need of an artificial heart. Lucy devises a money-making scheme; she and Ethel convert the brownstone into a bordello. Ricky is appalled; he has Lucy and Ethel arrested and then returns to Cuba with Little Ricky.

Lucy goes on a starvation diet in prison; she manages to slip through the iron bars of her cell. She returns to Mrs. Magillicuddy in Jamestown. In the meantime, Ethel is left to other devices. She charms the parole board with her rendition of "Mammy's Little Babies Love Shortnin' Bread." She returns to the apartment building, converts it into condominiums, and lives materialistically ever after.

"Little Whore House on the Prairie." Sweet Ma Ingalls succeeds in giving Charles diabetes. Mrs. Olsen packs up the price of insulin at the mercantile, so the Ingalls cannot possibly afford to treat Charles. The wholesome little family is faced with a cataclysmic decision: either let Pa die or get the money fast.

The girls pull the ribbons off their braids and Ma sews them some sexy new pinafores. All the men in Walnut Grove drop in to pay their respects. Nevertheless, the town minister makes them see the error of their ways. All become born-again evangelists. They purchase their own satellite and offer a highly lucrative continuous religious program every weekend on the independent station in Walnut Grove.

"Walton's Mountain's." Do you remember "The Homecoming," the Christmas special that "inspired" the "Waltons" (with Patricia "I've always been a fighter" Neal)? Do you remember Mary Ellen's la-

ment to John Boy that her breasts would never grow? Well, they never did.

So Mary Ellen orders a bust-development manual from the back pages of *Movie Mirror*. John and Olivia despair. However, Jason and Jim Bob crank out some down-home country tunes on their guitars, and with Mary Ellen as vocal-

ist, they take the act on the road, become phenomenally successful, and amass a small fortune by making detergent ads.

When and where will it all end? Will we be forced in the near future to view "The Devil in Our Miss Brooks?" "Laverne loves Shirley?" Grow up, America! Can we talk?

World news notes

MOSCOW . . . Soviet leaders at the Kremlin today hailed President Reagan's twin proposals for a technological shield against nuclear missiles and a reduction of the number of Soviet tactical nuclear missiles in Europe. The American proposal has been hailed as a great step forward in the quest for peace. Reliable sources say that Soviet Premier Yuri Andropov actually broke down and wept tears of joy at news of the president's speech. "These years of tension, of hate and fear, are now well and truly over," said the former KGB director. "Our two great peoples are now prepared to live in peace and harmony. We will begin the process of reducing our arsenal of nuclear weapons at once. In fact, so overwhelming is the magnanimity of the Americans that we are prepared to cut all of our nuclear forces by 75%. We are sure that America will follow suit."

WASHINGTON . . . Administration officials are clearly taken aback by the unexpected warmth with which the Soviets embraced the President's proposals. Suspicion ruled the air at the State Department and a spokesman for the Reagan Administration refused to comment except to say, "We never expected the Soviets to be so pleased with the proposal. Upon reflection, the notion of cutting back on nuclear arms before we get approval for the Zero-zero option now seems a bit hasty. We are currently studying the President's speech to see if the ideas are compatible with national security." Reagan could not be reached for comment.

MEMPHIS . . . At a small, corrupt, ivy-drowned college in the middle of the city, protester and college conscience Joseph W. Lapsley was reportedly well-pleased with the President's speech and the positive Russian response to it. "Hey, like, I'm really glad that we're going to stop threatening all those innocent people with imminent mega death. Maybe some day, our children can read about this terrible time of fear in their history books." In triumph, he disconnected the electric cords that ran to the television and radio that he took with him while "roughing it" in the great, unexplored wilderness behind the Refectory, where he pitched his tent.

MANAGUA . . . The people of Nicaragua today welcomed with open arms their former tormentors, the Somocista guerrillas who have defeated the ruling Sandinista communists. Upon his arrival in the capital at the head of his victorious troops, the commander in chief and new head of state, Sargeant Sancho Pancho Gomez Garcia spoke to a cheering crowd of townspeople. "Yes, there will be many reforms carried out within the security forces. Never again will innocent civilians be machine gunned outside their homes like so many pigs. Now we have napalm and sulfuric acid showers imported from Germany, with advisors to teach us how to use this wonderful new equipment." The speech received a standing ovation.

MARIANNAS TRENCH, PACIFIC OCEAN . . . The USS Ohio, first of the Navy's new Trident submarines, has been lost at sea amid rumors and innuendo. The tragedy occurred during the massive submarine's first operational deployment, a deployment so secret that even the Navy doesn't know precisely where the submarine is. The Ohio carries 24 Trident missiles with ten warheads each, and even though the Navy doesn't know where the submarine is, it guarantees that the warheads are safe and that the nuclear reactor did not contribute to the sub's demise. The Navy was quick to dispel rumors that the Ohio's commander, Captain I. V. Russovich had defected with the vessel to Haiti.





Members of the Men's Hoopie Team practice their freestyle grunting for this Monday's meet against the Debuque Sniffles. Tim O'Keefe, center, was last year's regional champion and is favored to walk away with first place in the grunting event.

O'Keefe taken by Dallas In NBA draft, round three

by Bert Barnes

Tim O'Keefe became the first Southwestern basketball player ever to be drafted by the National Basketball Association, when he was taken in the third round by the Dallas Mavericks.

The selection came as a surprise to everyone except O'Keefe: "I've always felt I could play in the NBA, despite the disappointing season I had this year. To tell you the truth, I'm surprised I didn't go in the first or second round, especially after my performance at Tulane."

Immediately after the announcement of the historic event, O'Keefe named his good friend and teammate Kurt Hentz to be his agent

and financial advisor. "I'm awful excited about this," said Hentz. "I've always wanted to go to Dallas."

When asked about money, Hentz declined to give any specific figures. "I'm sure the Mavericks realize they must be willing to pay out the nose to get a player of Tim's ability," he said. "We'll hold out for a lot of money, and the best thing about that is the more he gets paid, the more I get."

O'Keefe was then asked about the possibility of playing against the best basketball players in the world, such as Dr. J., Larry Bird and Magic Johnson. "I've seen those guys on t.v. a couple of times and I haven't been terribly impressed," said O'Keefe. "I've also played against some tough competition in the CAC, so I don't think I'll have any trouble adjusting to the NBA."

In a related story, Scott Patterson, despite his eligibility as a hardship case, was not drafted.

Lowlifes

(Continued from Page 1)

Get Devoured By the Creature that Lives Under the Sand. "Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the water, you can't even get there." FJ-B at nine.

Wednesday

Due to the sensitive nature of their charter, an unnamed group on campus sponsors a Southwestern first: A Milk Bust at nine. For fifty cents drink all the fresh, Homogenized liquid that nature has to offer. When asked if cookies could be available, an unnamed member growled, "If you want milk AND cookies, you'll have to go somewhere else."

Also tonight: A Placement Center forum: "Avoiding the Hassles and Rejections of Job Search — How to Fix it With the Registrar so that you'll never graduate." Planned suggestions include: Bribing and Boozing the Registrar, Ways to avoid Declaring your Major, and the perennial favorite: Declaring a Biology Major in the Third Term of your sophomore year after making a "C" in Baby Biology.

Promises Ms. Susan Harr, "Take my advice and you'll never get out of here."

White resigns to take 'Bama post

by Bert Barnes

In a news conference in Tuscaloosa, Alabama yesterday, Ed White announced his resignation as Athletic Director of Southwestern to take the same position at the University of Alabama. The job was last held by the late Paul "Bear" Bryant who was also, of course, the Alabama football coach.

The hiring ended a search which began after Bryant's death in January. University President David Matthews is pleased with the selection. "I'm thrilled to death that we could get someone of Mr. White's caliber to come to Alabama. We're all looking forward to working with him."

At the press conference, Mr. White fielded a variety of questions. "I'm certain that we can work to keep Alabama at the top of collegiate sports," he said. "But I also feel that I can save the university some money by making minor changes. For instance, there's no reason why football play-

ers can't sleep four or five to a room on road trips. Also, they can get good meals at cheaper places," like McDonalds."

When asked about other goals, Mr. White said: "I'd like to take some of the money we save and build a new tennis complex."

White had this to say about the new football coach, Ray Perkins: "I'm not sure he has enough experience running the wishbone, so I'm considering bringing in Gary Troll as head coach and making Perkins an assistant." White also pointed out that Troll would not expect to be paid as much as Perkins currently is, so that the athletic program could save even more money.

Basketball coach Wimp Sanderson was called at home and asked his opinion of the hiring of Ed White as new Athletic Director. His simple reply was: "Who?"

Mr. White will finish out the academic year at SAM and plans to move to Alabama in mid-June.

A search for his replacement has already begun, with Bill Jones and John Turpin mentioned as the top candidates.

POSITION	CANDIDATE
THE PLAN TO DEAN-UP SAM (Continued from page 2)	
Dean of Varsity Athletics	any of the coaches
Important Places	Tom Kepple
Dean of Cloisters and	Col. McQuown
Dean of Riff-Raff control	Anyone who can swim
Dean of the pool	John Henry
Dean of Shrubbery	Chuck Carter
Dean of the Refectory	elected position
Dean of Halls	Hugh Hefner
Dean of Burrow Library	The best player, of course
Dean of Whiteball	elected position
Dean of Speed Bumps and Potholes	

White Awareness sparks cries of racism

Controversy is still raging concerning the proposed White Awareness Week suggested by the newly-formed White Students Committee. While some elements of the student body are welcoming the proposed week-long celebration of white culture and history as long overdue, other factions, most notably the black community, have attacked it as a racist outrage. The proposal now under consideration by the Social Commission, will be either accepted or rejected by the middle of the week.

"It's just not fair," WSC Chairman Patty Bess Powder said in an interview with the Sou'wester. "I mean, it is not racist. It's just that, well, the Negroes get to celebrate their African roots. All we want to do is celebrate our European roots for a week."

Patty Bess then went on to describe the activities planned for the proposed week. "Well, I just thought we could maybe have some readings from white literature. Maybe put on a play, something from Shakespeare. We're planning a white film festival, as well. We'll show a film by a different white director for every night of the week. And we've invited a couple of speakers from the white community, too. But we're planning to go easy on that dull intellectual stuff, you know. Mostly we just want to have some fun. Like, I was thinking about sponsoring a cooking demonstration of some

traditional white dishes. I thought I might whip up some chicken Kiev and maybe some eggs benedict."

When asked about her inspiration for the proposed week, Patty Bess said, "Well, I just want to let people know we're here. I mean, we're an ethnic group, too. Just because we're not a minority doesn't mean that we shouldn't have any fun with our ethnic backgrounds. I personally express my own ethnicity every single day."

How, Patty Bess? our reporter queried. Patty Bess then got up and did a sort of slow pirouette. When asked if she was demonstrating a step from some traditional white folk dance, she replied, "No, stupid. I'm showing you my outfit. It's a traditional English costume. My roots are English, so I express them in my clothes. Lots of tweed and wool. You should have seen how I hit the stores at Oxford last summer. But since you mention it, I'd like to say that we're going to have a dance. White music, white dancing."

When needled about the silliness of her proposal and questioned again about its racist overtones, Patty Bess became irate. "Listen, you jerk, I've said it before, I'll say it again: All we want is to have a little fun. The Negroes don't have the least reason to get offended. They get their Black Awareness Week. Besides, every week in this town is

continued on page 11

BRISTOL LIQUORS

DISCOUNT PRICES

Under New Management

2375 Summer Ave.
452-0618

GEORGE AND DAVID'S RESTAURANT

147 Jefferson
527-3074

SOUTHWESTERN HAIR CARE

649 N. McLean
(next door to Dino's)
278-5066

Full Service Cuts
For Men & Women
Bring SAM I.D. and
Get A Precision Cut For
\$4.50

Open evenings by appointment

JEFFERSON SQUARE

79 Jefferson Ave.

Buy one
Marinated Chicken
with Fries,
Get the Second
at Half Price

DIAL 527-7542
FOR TAKE-OUT ORDERS!

Good during April 1983 only

We Are Open From
11 A.M. to 3 A.M. Daily

TWO HAPPY HOURS
EACH DAY

Our Kitchen is
Always Open

THE CANDY STORE
EASTER FEASTER

HOMEMADE FUDGE EGG

Personalized, Greeting Card,
and/or Gift Box

Only \$4.50 1/2 pound

Free delivery to SAM from

OVERTON SQUARE

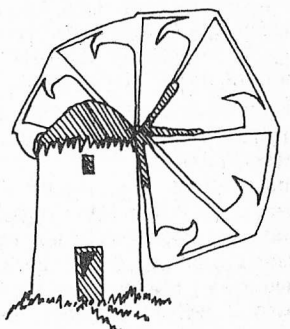
Visa or MasterCard 726-6073

PAT'S A PIZZA

2890 Summer

452-9114

Open All Night



MELOS TAVERNA
(the Windmill)

Specializing In
Lamb Dishes

2021 Madison Ave.
(Near Overton Square)

725-1863

Greek Cuisine
by Sophia Stergios