Sou'wester, April 23, 1992, Volume 80, Issue 11a

The Sow Wester

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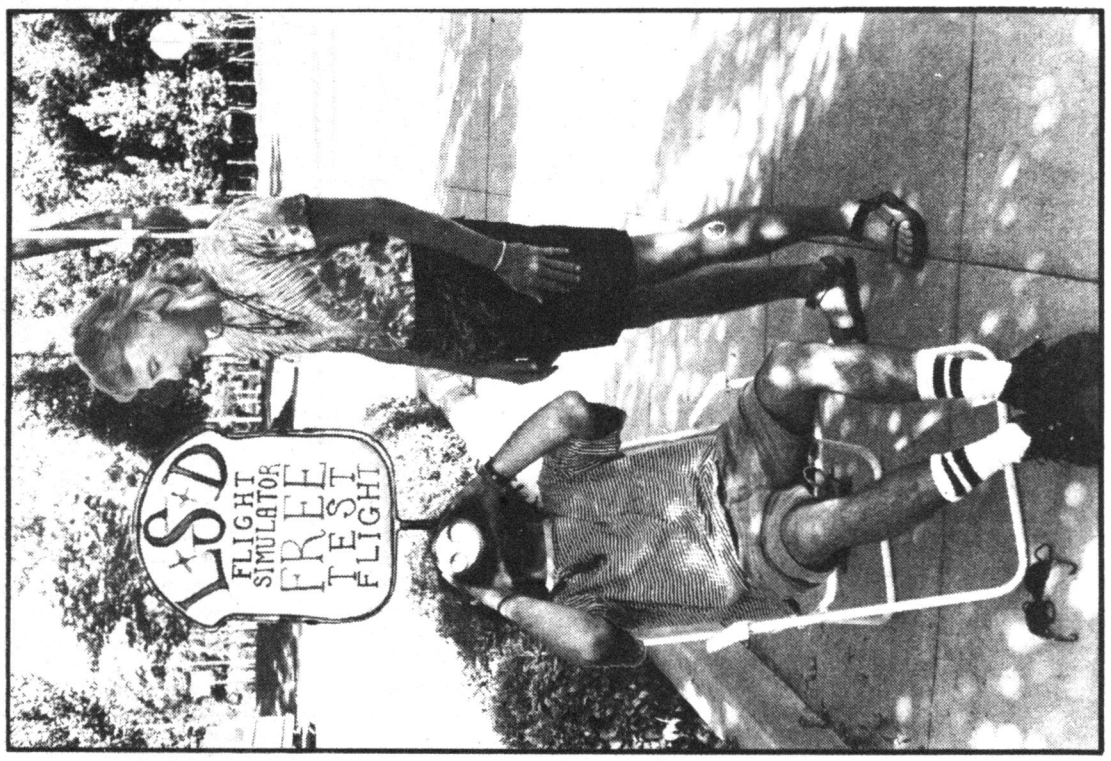

Social Regulations Committee Deadlocked

The Social Regulations Committee was deadlocked last Thursday when it was required to sentence a student who claimed that he was force-fed drugs by Elvis during this year's Rites of Spring.

The student was found atop the Lynx shouting, "Hi-ho, Silver!" "He kept jumping up and down on the statue," said one witness. Another witness said that the student rode the cat backwards. When Security finally arrived, the student was found to be in possession of great amounts of drug paraphernalia. The student also had a Bacchus cup full of alcohol. When the student's stomach was pumped, doctors found traces of various recreational drugs floating beside pieces of undigested RAT ham in a tepid mixture of tequila, whiskey, and stomach bile.

"The student was in flagrant violation of everything that the school stands for," said one member of the SRC. "It was un-American," said another member of the SRC, "we knew we had to convene right away and handle the problem."

But when the SRC interrogated the student, they were very surprised by his confession. "At first we only applied two hundred volts of power, but he wouldn't confess," said another member of SRC, "but when we pumped five hundred volts into him, he started talking, but it was really weird. He told us that the ghost of Elvis approached him in the Bellingrath Chapel and forced him to take drugs." Another member of SRC said that "it was really weird, but he stuck to his story even after we pumped 1000 volts into him."

"We've never had a case like this," said Chris Emanuel, president of the SRC. "We've had nuts who have exposed themselves during a Seidman lectures, and freaks who have worn T-shirts without Greek letters on them, but never before have we encountered a student who claimed he was force-fed drugs by Elvis. Our body just wasn't designed to handle such a case."

The SRC was split over the verdict. Those pursuing a guilty verdict argued that the student did eat the ham by himself. "He didn't have to eat the ham," one member of the SRC said. Those pursuing an innocent verdict argued that, "it's every student's dream to be forcefed drugs by the King." Others argued that "if it had been one of the lesser deities, like that Jesus fellow, then it would be different. But it was the King. The King!"

The SRC was unable to reach a decision. "What we're going to do," said one member of the SRC, "is to let the students decide. In the next campus election, students can vote guilty or not guilty. Pictures of the student riding the Lynx in his drug induced state will be posted beside a full color photography of the contents of his stomach in the Rat. Right now, we're trying to get Cereal Info to run the pictures."

Most of the interviews conducted with the members of the SRC were conducted in the Bellingrath Chapel. "We're awaiting His coming," they explained.

—B. Moberly

Campus Magazine Editor Hospitalized

Attending Physicians Monitor Paranoid Babblings

(CPS) — Dartmouth Graduate and *Campus Magazine* Editor Hollingsworth Ford Hollingsworth, IV, was admitted to Prescription Hills Charter Hospital on Tuesday of last week, magazine officials announced yesterday.

"He just snapped," said the spokesperson for the conservative monthly, M. Winston Winthrop, "and don't call me spokesperson."

Hospital officials confirmed the announcement this morning and answered questions about Hollingsworth's conditions. According to the reports, the young episcopalian was apprehended after disrobing, kicking out his office window and running naked towards the local ACLU headquarters shouting "I've found it! I've found it! Multicultural studies causes cancer! It's right here! The figures prove it! Ooooo Look! Gum disease, too! Gum disease!!" A coworker caught up and subdued Hollingsworth with an unabridged copy of *The Bork Reader*.

"I knew something was up," says magazine chaplain P. M. Springwater, "when he split an infinitive in his last story **Women's Studies Causes Lesbianism.** That's so *unlike* him. Then, in the **Holocaust? What Holocaust?** issue, he misused a semi-colon. I tried to get him to see someone, you know, but he wouldn't. I started to proofread all of his editorials and, when he showed me a piece called **Your Student Activity Dollars Fund Satan,** I confronted him . . . in the third paragraph he had left out Ronald Reagan's middle initial. Can you believe it? Anyway I went to confront him and he locked himself in the office. I heard the glass break and went in after him."

Around the side of the hospital this morning, a small group gathered outside of the columnist's window. The sightseers dispersed when, after four hours, Hollingsworth had managed to say little more than "the homosexual agenda! It stole my luggage!" 11,347 consecutive times.

When asked about improvements in Hollingsworth's conditions, physicians reported that there were none. The search is underway for a new Editor.

—Whatever you want

President Daughdrill's First AT&T Session

Many students who attended Daughdrill's first AT&T session were shocked to discover that instead of conversing with the president, they were conversing with an AT&T answering machine hidden behind a life size cardboard effigy of Bozo the Clown.

Apparently, the students had been carrying on a discussion with the effigy for about thirty minutes when a student suddenly burst through the door and cried out in a loud voice, "please don't expel me from your renowned institution. My parents will give more money. They'll buy you a new couch, a new car, anything." The student then approached the effigy of the clown and attempted to kiss its feet. As he did so, the effigy fell, and the answering machine was exposed.

Most of the students at the conference thought that they were conversing with the real president Daughdrill. "His answers were so lifelike," one student said. "Every time I asked him something, he would say 'Well that's interesting, but I just can't explain it.'" Another student became suspicious when the effigy answered with the same phrase, but she added that the realism of the voice convinced her that she was speaking to the president.

All thought that the effigy of the clown was really president Daughdrill. "I mean, I've never seen the guy," said one student, "and every time that I hear his name mentioned, it is in the same sentence with the word 'clown.'" Not one of the students had any suspicion at all that the effigy was not a picture of the president. When he heard of the incident, J. B. Cormier commented that "nobody knew it was Bozo the Clown because nobody on this Campus knows who Bozo the clown is. Nobody knows anything on this campus and nobody does anything on this campus."

The Fiasco raises several questions about the position of president. One student commented that "if we can hide an answering machine behind a picture Bozo the Clown, and it does just as good of a job as the real man, then why don't we do that?" Another wondered why the picture had to be of Bozo the Clown. "It's an insult to Bozo the clown," he said, "why not George Bush."

When asked about the event Daughdrill commented, "I just can't explain it." When pressed for a response, Daughdrill asked "do you know who the student was who promised me a new car? I already have a new couch, but I'd like a new car." Daughdrill never said where he was when he was supposed to be at the AT&T conference, but an anonymous member of the faculty said that Daughdrill was out shopping for a new couch with his wife. "He was representing Rhodes," the man said, "because he bought the couch at Rhodes furniture store, and it only cost him $50,000—Quite a bargain."

When asked whether or not he will be at future AT&T Conferences, Daughdrill shrugged and said, "who started the rumor that I would be at those things in the first place? I'm sick of reporters who print unfounded rumors because they are too lazy to research them." —B. Moberly

In a follow-up to the oh-so-popular* Booze News *feature the Rhode'ster continues.

OOZE NEWS

The perception: Rhodes students are apathetic.

The reality: Rhodes students, though they may appear to be this way, are actually undercover cops, waiting for a drug bust. Unfortunately when we are all cops, there can't be a bust, so we just all sit around and wait for something exciting that will not happen.

The perception: Rhodes administratin does not care about the students.

The reality: Rhodes administration is learning the popular practice of tough love.

The perception: There is not enough money for the clubs on the campus.

The reality: The money is being placed into a trust fund for the clubs until they reach the maturity to care for it.

The perception: There is an unwanted alcohol policy.

The reality: Most people want it. They just do not realize it yet. But they will.

The perception: Tuition keeps going up.

The reality: Actually, tuition is going down, if you look at it in the large scheme of inflation.

The perception: The food in the Rat is bad.

The reality: The food in the Rat is bad. —T. Sullivan

Editorial:

Everybody Should Be More Like Me

by J. B. C.

When I came to Rhodes as a first-year student, I thought everyone would be like me. Little did I know that I would be surrounded by a plethora of Neanderthals, who devote their lives solely to sex and alcohol. After two long years, I must recognize the tragic fact: out of fourteen hundred students, I am the only one who is even remotely interested in intellectual pursuits.

No one at Rhodes cares about anything but the social scene: drinking, sleeping around, passing out. No one but me, that is. I never think about the social scene. I have no social life; that sort of plebeian thing is far beneath me. I was shocked to find that Rhodes students actually allowed others to throw mud at them! I would never permit such a thing. I prefer to spend my weekends rereading Plato and watching *Truth or Dare*.

I never worry about the "right look," either, as does everyone else at Rhodes—especially the administrators. So what if every other college in America has a gymnasium? Does that mean *we* have to have one? The money could be far better spent on another academic building. So what if we get money from Special Studies? We could buy more books! Of course, I would be the only one to read those books, since I am the only one at Rhodes at all concerned with academic pursuits, but at least we would be fulfilling our collegiate duty.

Finally, I have noticed that I am the only non-Assembly member who ever attends Assembly meetings. At the last meeting, Annie B. Williams, in her final act as president of our student government, appointed a task force to form a committee to look into discussing a possible student referendum on buying an additional change machine — and I am the only student who knows about it! The apathetic residents of Rhodes probably couldn't even be bothered to read the highlighted minutes in the dorm lobbies.

As contributing editor of this publication, I find it my unpleasant duty to try to raise Rhodes students from their stupor. This may not make me popular; but crusading journalists are never popular with their victims. Just look at Bill Jordan! But at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that I — unlike the lazy, ignorant, hedonistic students at Rhodes — have taken the moral high ground.

Corrections:

1) In last week's article, I incorrectly charged that Brian Foshee has a pet penguin. What I meant to say was that he had a pet pigeon.

2) Beer trucks making deliveries will be *required* to keep their flashers on, not *rewired*.

3) We mistakely overprinted the totals received by each club. According to Rob Jarrett, to calculate the actual totals, readers should subtract 90% from the printed totals. The overall total is correct as it is printed. When asked why the numbers did not add up, Jarrett replied, "I can't explain it."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

To the Editors:

Hell. That's where Rhodes is headed. It has been a while since I've written to your liberal left wing smut-peddling humanist rag, but my duty to the Lord must be restrained no longer. I woke up last night in a cold sweat thinking about the spiritual torment that the few God-fearing American youth on your campus must be experiencing.

First it was the war. The secular socialist majority of the student body (corrupted, obviously, by the radical atheistic prison furlough supporters on the faculty) persecuted the few proud Americans among them for supporting their country and their God. Persecuted! Lo, how frequently we who speak on behalf of Bush (and the Lord) are persecuted by the hedonistic hell-bound liberals. "Peace!" these Willie Horton loving pornographers about. The only way to peace is the destruction of all those that oppose the Lord and his chosen super-power. It is unpleasant that we have to kill those poor sinners (and, HOOOOEEEEE, didn't we kill a mess of 'em!), but at least few Americans had to die. Thank Jesus for Bill Jordan.

Then it was condoms for the practice of illicit, pre-marital sexual positions. As the drug-addicted devil worshippers spread the plague of AIDS across the nation, we don't need to be instructing our youth in the ways of fleshly corruption. The Lord is exacting just penalty on those reprehensible illicit homosexuals. Serves 'em right.

Now, the liberal baby-killers of your once-respectable institution are urging the students to publicly insult and protest the Baccalaureate because it's being held in a Baptist Church. I say let those feminist communistic family-wreckers go sit in a pew with the lady preachers at Prescott . . . who needs 'em. They are disrupting God's ordained order and are reserving us all front-row seats in eternal fiery damnation. If we let them sway us now, it will only be a matter of time before they will want to be able to vote. If you're so smart, tell me who will raise your babies when the women are out in the world, you effiminate, welfare, McGovern clones.

I write for the benefit of those that may still have a glimmer of decency in them somewhere . . . turn back before it's too late!

I can't help you save your soul from the influence of the marijuana-cigarette smoking secular humanists in higher education — just send $69.95 to "The Reverend Brother Wilson, c/o the Poplar Avenue Church of the Discreet Monetary Plea." I will gladly send you my video, "Fighting the Long-haired Left-Wing Communists Evolutionists With the Automatic Weapons of the Lord." Specify VHS or Beta.

Love,

The Reverend Brother Wilson

To the Editors:

In regards to the recent issues of your paper which have featured somewhat scurilous articles with the following nomers: "The $234,000 Fountain Pen," "The Politics of Presidential Pigeon Poisoning," "1001 Yardmen," "The Presbyterian Censor," and the especially disturbing jaunt into serendipitous serendipity by Mr. J. B. Cormier entitled "Rhodes Sucks," I offer these responses not only to quell the aforementioned rumors, but also to bring to an abrupt end this characteristically over-ambitious and verbose sentence.

1. In reference to the fountain pen, I presumed that the inhabitants of these exciting and changing times were not possessed of enough years to recall those days of fountain pens. But, since the matter has been fortuitously raised, I would like to recollect for you a brief and shining moment when I witnessed a benchmark in the historic progression of world events, as guards goose-stepped across Red Square and communism came crumbling down simultaneously and harmoniously with the Berlin Wall, Libby and I stopped into a shop for a $234,000 fountain pen. The guy said there was no such thing.

2. I didn't have anything to do with the pigeons. I wasn't here. I was in Paris . . . no, wait, Rome . . . with the Pope. He saw me. You can ask him.

3. "1001 Yardmen." Ho, Ho, Ho, wrong again—that makes three out of three. Another shameless display of misinformed mistakenedness. If you were to take a little peek at what we pay faculty and staff per year, you would undoubtedly realize that it would cost hundreds of dollars to employ 1001 yardmen.

4. Many of you young, still-unformed youth may think that I'm an old, out-of-touch, narrow-minded hyphen-abuser. It may surprise you to know that the man you think is out to

(Continued on Page 3)

The cartoon for this week is so intellectually deep that four out of five math majors didn't get it. In the interest of the public self-esteem, we withheld it.

The Sow Wester

The Sow Wester is the unofficial student newspaper of Roads College. It is published every Thursday after a full moon throughout the fall and spring semesters with the exception of holidays and exam periods. The office is in the President's office on his sofa. Staff meetings aren't held there each Tuesday night at 7:30 and only biased students are welcome to attend.

Interested parties are encouraged to write letters to the Editors, which we will cut to change your point and may be delivered to the office or sent via campus mail to us. All letters must be signed "We Love You"and include the author's phone number and measurements for confirmation (not for publication). Any letter for publication may be edited for clarity, length, or truthful content.

Student publications at Roads are governed by the Publications Board — the Editor-in-Chief and Asst. Editor are forced to work. The opinions expressed are those of the editors and contributing writers and do not necessarily represent the official viewpoints of The Sow Wester or Roads College.

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Dr. James Daughdrill
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Monopoly Hints

by Jim Turner

In order to help those waiting to begin the 1992 summer Monopoly season, here are some carefully researched hints for playing against certain Rhodes personalities and groups:

Sou'wester editorial staff	Communists don't play Monopoly!
President Daughdrill	Watch for people giving him money during the game.
Allocations Board	You play THEIR way.
Math Department	Be wary of their ability to make you think they won when they didn't (they use calculus or something).
Annie B. Williams	Will form a committee to investigate any rule changes that will help her win.
Drew Henry	Expects all players to cooperate to help make a better board and to bring everyone together.
Cereal Info staff	You'll get plenty of pizza while you play.
English Department	Will take up to an hour making the names of the properties politically correct.
Bacchus	Seem to giggle strangely while playing.
Religious Studies Department	Keep digging up previously unknown properties.

Secret Meaning Uncovered In Daughdrill's Name

Recently, Reverend Jerry Falwell of the Moral Majority made a surprising announcement: he has discovered that our own President Daughdrill is under the influence of Satan. Explained Falwell: "It is a little known fact that Daughdrill's name spelled backwards is 'Llirdhguad.' When adding 'e' after 'l' and taking away the 'r' and 'hguad' and adding 'e' before the 'd' and reversing the letters spells 'devil.' Yes! It IS hard to believe. But, brothers and sisters, it is the Gospel truth.

The religion department is simply shocked. Most are still speechless although Valarie Ziegler did tell the press that "I've suspected it all along, but I just never had proof." "Daughdrill must be tormenting them with the flame," commented Falwell.

Not to be outdone, Jimmy Swaggart has pointed out that other, similar demonic words have been found in his name. Daughdrill (if that's his real name) can be analyzed to reveal many strange meanings. It is obvious that "Daugh" is the beginning of daughter, a young girl, with the suffix of "drill." In combination, the name has a psychotic sound to it with undertones of power tools. As Swaggart said, "The devil is certainly revealing himself. Daughdrill indeed. Any good, church-going Christian will agree it has a *Silence of the Lambs* feel to it."

Other analysts note that "Daugh" also sounds similar to "dawg," or, as all truly southern students recognize, "dog." This combination can mean drilling a dog and dawg-drill(ing) is perverted and sick. Just as an end note, the foreign languages department has noted that in Swaghillaa, the word "daughdrill" means "one who dances around a fire with slaughtered goat on head and stomps on cats" and typifies the number . . ., well you know what number it is.

Letters (from Page 2)

censor your fun has a BeeGee album or two of his own! I like to have a groovy time at Rites of Spring just like everyone else — and I don't censor anything that's a groovy display of wholesome family values? Can you dig that?

5. And, lastly, Mr. Cormier should know that Rhodes does not, in fact, "suck." If he were to read the conveniently posted Rhodes Mission or the equally ubiquitous "Excellence Can Be Attained If . . .," he would most certainly see that nowhere in these inspirational texts does it say that Rhodes "sucks."

James H. Daughdrill, Jr.

Hicks Seeks Food Stamps

Hicks Composition Service, producers of *The Sow Wester,* are seeking food stamps to tide them over during the summer hiatus of this newspaper.

NEED HELP WITH GRADES?

Having Trouble With Time Management?

Use this space to plan:

	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
8:00			
9:00			
10:00			

★ ★ ★ CLASSIFIEDS ★ ★ ★

FOR SALE

Special Events
T-Shirts
left over from
this year
We've got
'em all
Special Bargains
Buy before next year's
first year students
beat you to
them

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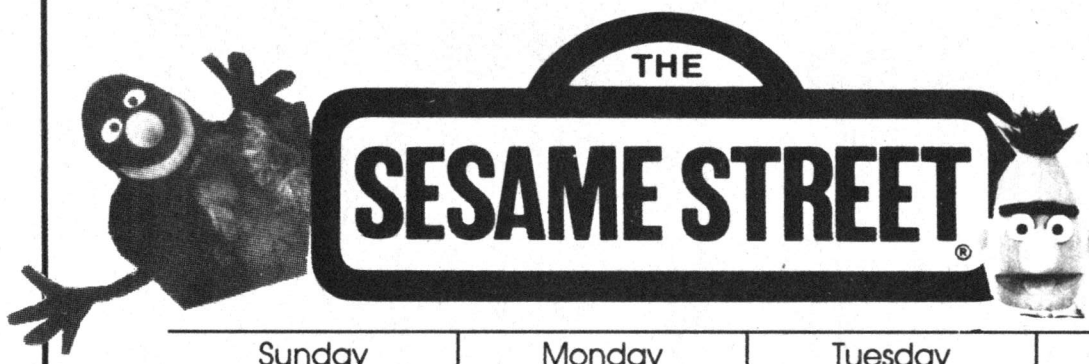
Dibbles

"We cut your hair the way we want it"

"We go for the Status-quo"

The Back Page
Thursday, April 23 1992

For Your Pleasure the *Back Page* Presents



Calendar for May '92

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
APRIL '92 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JUNE '92 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30				**1** Loyalty Day	● New Moon **2**
3 Susan's Birthday	**4**	**5** Plant a Flower Day	**6**	**7** Take a Bath Day	**8**	◐ First Quarter **9** Don't Get mad Day
10 Clean Your Room Day Mother's Day	**11**	**12** Make an Angry Face Day	**13**	**14** Help Clean Your Street Day	**15**	○ Full Moon **16** Love A Tree Day Armed Forces Day
17	Victoria Day (Canada) **18** National Trash Day	**19**	**20** Day to Tell Your Mother You Love her	**21**	**22** Oscar's Birthday	**23** Sam The Robot's Birthday
◑ Last Quarter **24** **31** Ascension Sunday (Canada)	**25** Memorial Day Observed	**26** Look Suprised Day	**27**	Ascension Day (Canada) **28** Does Bert shave Day	**29** The Amazing Mumford's Birthday	**30** Water a Flower Day