

SEWANEE
INQUIRER

April 1, 1982

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN SEWANEE

EXTRA!
**SMITH CAUGHT
USING TEXT IN
CLASS LECTURE**

CAMPUS IN SHOCK - -

**DALLAS STAR CHOOSING LOVERS FROM
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH STAFFERS??**



She said she was too young, too busy and too happy to really fall in love, but a brash young man has turned Charlene's life all around!

**MANNING TO
RUN FOR
GOVERNOR,
SENATOR,
PRESIDENT, S.A.**

**APE TO
GRADUATE
THIS SEMESTER
WITH DEGREE
IN ECONOMICS**

**FIRST PREP-
SCHOOL GRAD
DENIED
ADMISSION
BECAUSE OF
GRADES**

Amazing Treatment Helps Drug Addicts Kick Their Deadly Habit

Innovators and researchers at the University of the South, in southern Tennessee, have come up with an amazing new cure for the habits of those awful drug-addicted junkies who dirty up the sidewalks and parks of our country's beautiful cities and pervert the minds of our children.

According to scientist Dr. Wilfred Wan-too, of Oriental origin, the cure is so simple that it has been around for ages. "It was first used, as far as we can tell, by the ancient Hindu, who began to suspect their children's claims that they were only searching for spiritual fulfillment when the smell of burning hemp filled the house continually, and the family mushroom garden gradually decreased in size."

What those old folks in India did was the first step in Wan-too's method of drug de-addiction.

Basically, it involves the removal of the illicit temptatory substance and the administration of a discouraging and exclamatory stimuli; or, as Wan-too says, "Take away their drugs and hit them in the head with a big stick."

Step two is the first one on the road to basic re-education of the former junkie, who should be reminded of his task with an occasional re-administration of the stimuli from above.

"What you have to do next is similar to the process employed by some treatment clinics," claims Wan-too. He means by that that the child must be given something to occupy

his time and take the place of the illicit substances.

The Sewanee laboratories suggest that a program of rigorous physical exercise, such as six weeks of fun in the sun at some southern Mississippi resort spot, might be just the thing for those junkies who did drugs to get themselves "hyper." "We recommend Fort Blount, and Sgt. Green," said Wan-too.

"Those druggies who enjoyed the "mellowing" effects of some substances may be approached differently.

"The best thing to have this type of child do," said Wan-too, "is to read Nathaniel Hawthorne, preferably the *Scarlet Letter*. If you cannot find any Hawthorne, or if the child cannot read, it might be helpful to play records made by Bing Crosby. Under no circumstances should you utter the phrase 'I'd back in your junkie's presence.'"

The final step is a test, to see if your druggie can survive on his own in the outside world.

Offer him a choice between backstage passes for a taping of "Happy Days," and tickets to a Grateful Dead concert.

If he takes the concert tickets, shoot him immediately.

The subject of which side of the dining hall we liked better came up. I said I liked the left side and invited her to sit there. She said she always sat on the right side but was willing to try something new. It was then that I realized she was no ordinary dish.

We reached the silverware and tray dispensers. I noticed how she deftly pulled out a knife from the holder and held it in her hand.

We hit the food line. She reached for one of tonight's vegetables-asparagus, the legendary aphrodisiac. I felt the rolls; and they were rock hard by now. We moved on down. Fish and grilled cheese again.

I followed her over to the dessert counter. She took the last of the chocolate chip cookies. I was upset. After all, isn't it every red-blooded, white male's dream to eat a chocolate chip cookie?

We moved over to the left side; she said she had never done this before. I said that everyone does it and there is nothing to worry about.

We sat down. She seemed nervous. What broke the ice was when she spilled her glass of water on her fish. I then whipped out my knife and slid it in her already wet fish. She was screaming by now. I lifted up her fish to keep it from getting soaked and it slipped off the table. I rammed it in again. Linda was dripping wet by now. (She had spilled her other drink in her lap). I then reached for her cookies, which I ate quickly.

Everything calmed down then. She picked up her napkin and dried herself off. She got up and thanked me for a wonderful time and left. I still dream about Linda, who gave me the most exciting meal of my life.

(Name withheld by request)

ately. Proof that Wan-too's approach is effective is offered by the Sewanee labs in the form of H.B., a senior student who acted as a guinea pig for the experiments.

Here is H.B.'s testimony: "For the first three years of my Sewanee career, I smoked . . . well, it was . . . I . . . smoked pot but now I don't do it. It showed a definite factor in my schoolwork."

"While I was a junkie, I missed classes several times a semester. I almost got a cut warning in history, once. My parents were agast."

"And the work I did turn in . . . well, it was strange. I wrote an English paper about Cole-ridge which was just so weird. The teacher . . . I think . . . saw something bad was going on and gave me an A just to try and help."

"But now, pure once again, things are looking up for me. I am back to a straight and normal 'C' average, I dress just like everybody else, and I go to all the right parties."

"Thank you, Dr. Wan-too!"



Chaplain William Millsaps is congratulated by Catharine Bach of the "Dukes of Hazzard" TV show after knocking out his opponent in the first round of the All-Chaplain Boxing Championships.

Dear Skipper,

I haven't been at Sewanee too long, so I don't know the entire situation socially. I wonder if you could help me. Okay, I'm not in a big fraternity, I don't have much money, and I couldn't describe myself as real handsome. Is there any way I could get a date up here?

Signed,
Just Curious.

Dear Just Curious,

No.

Love, Skipper

Here is this week's "Best Letter," as submitted by our loyal public.

Dear Skipper,

I attend a small southern college. I always read about these experiences but never thought one would happen to me.

I was standing in line for dinner one night when this beautiful freshman female got in line right behind me. We exchanged "Hello"s and she said her name was Linda (not her real name). We got to talking and

Dear Skipper



(Name withheld by request)

LIZ AND DICK AGAIN???

SEWANEE (Apr. 1) - University of the South counselor Richard "Dick" Chapman called a press conference today to deny reports he says have been circulating about him in the national media.

"Every time I see one of those stupid fan magazines with 'Liz and Dick' across the front, I could just strangle some-body," stated the normally mid-mannered counselor.

According to Chapman, there are no truths in the reports which say the estranged wife of Virginia Senator John Warner is taking up with "Dick."

"Listen, I never even

met Elizabeth Taylor, although I will admit I saw 'National Velvet' forty-seven times," said Chapman.

While the Inquirer would never wish to cast doubt upon the word of Chapman, the trend toward Sewanee scholars taking up with Hollywood stars and starlets has been increasing in late months.

Among those rumors have been the following:

PSYCHICS SEE FUTURE OF SEWANEE

Last year, Inquirer psychics accurately predicted such events as the attempted assassination of President Ronald Reagan, the breakup of the marriage of Sen. John Warner of Virginia and Liz Taylor, and, amazingly, foretold that the "Lipitor Effect" would not tear the earth apart, contrary to public belief.

Here are just a few of the outstanding predictions made for the 1982-83 academic year.

by several of our staff psychics

A. LART MUS BRO, elitist and social theorist/critic.

"Several members of the Phi Iota Theta fraternity will be forced to drop out of school after extended illnesses, when they suffer complete physical breakdowns after their twenty-eightish all-night party in a row."

"Upon learning of this fact, administrative officials will institute a move to place in the school calendar a "five-day"

party week disallowing loud music and beer on Mondays and Thursdays.

"Proponents of the "party week" plan will then come up with a concept to be known as the "Moral Code," a corollary to the Honor Code. The MC will station officers at all Sewanee parties, save those sponsored by CARE or the SCSF."

"The Moral Code shall be printed in the Student Handbook and shall read as follows: "Thou shalt not inebriate, fornicate, or smoke illicit substances while a student at the University of the South. Any adequate concepts of morality includes these basic principles."

"Anxious to raise a small amount of extra cash, the Moral Council composed of three seniors, four sacristans, two SAGA workers, and no one from the school of Theology) will institute the selling of indulgences. To resemble Pope tickets, these indulgences will cover the commission of any of the MC offenses, as outlined above.

ARTIE K. URRITO, author of "Father Earth Fights Back"

"The Jerry Garcia Chair in Psychedelic Research will be established, with a department established in the back of Snowden.

"A new system of graduation honors will be established, with "cum laude" to be replaced by "good karma." For example, A. Urrito, grade point average 12.48, magna good karma.

"The University will award 300 acres surrounding the Forestry Cabin to a group which is to practice "experimental farming" and "clean living."

"Sewanee researchers will discover that mind-altering substances have a positive effect on academics, and some of us will have the last laugh on a whole bunch of people.

"Peace will rule the earth.

SARAH IARO UE, star of "Tilbot's is a Girl's Best Friend" and proud resident of Hoover, Alabama but she does make it to Mountain Brook (H.S.):

"A new really neat line of corduroy-and-silk overalls will come out in contrasting colors, with the designer's name in script on the front and the place where you bought it in three-inch letters on the back.

"The newest fad will be to take the labels off the inside of all your clothes, and sew them on the outside.

"Monogrammed pantyhose will be "it!"

in "urban cowboy" bars in the Sunbelt with Magnam-man Tom Selleck.

Many of the disappointed Hollywood types who are losing out to cultured Southern gentlemen are asking "what do these guys have that I don't?"

Dr. D. David Denhill of the National Institute for Flamboyant Love Affairs tells us the answer.

"What attracts today are looking for in a man is more than just

good looks. He must be able to speak well, think, and chew gum and walk at the same time."

"For instance, one of my contacts at Sewanee department at the Math tells me that he does a little synthetic division

"But my personal favorite is the professor, I think from the Religion department, who sings popular songs from today in three languages to his mistresses. He is one of the most popular men on the West Coast."

If you can draw this picture . . .



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Small type section: For the use of you \$25 and services rendered to you by the National School of Art, the School will have the legal rights to your name, house, car, and credit card numbers.

We do not assume any responsibility for suicides caused by ruined delusions of grandeur.



Unsubstantiated rumors of cannibalism at one of the fraternity houses at Sewanee was confirmed by an inquirer photographer last month. Here, a man known only as "Gilligan" attempts to bite a chunk out of a young lady's leg.

A Surprising Look Into the World of the Unknown

Trapped in Midair — A Helpless Victim Of Demon Forces

As her sleek red Volkswagen bug rolled into Sweeney that night, Debbs Delaney thought happily of the heavy-duty partying she would do that night with her friends Sherry and Pam. Little did she know, only hours later, she would be the victim of demon

ic forces, helplessly trapped on a rafter in the Phi house. Debbs met up with her friends at LaCruza where they quickly handed her a bottle of Jack Daniels with which to quench her thirst from the long journey all the way from Middlebrook, where Debbs at-

tended school. Soon the friends were laughing and joking about the trouble they would get into at the Phi house that night during the famous Bahamas.

As the hour approached when one-who-is-socially-acceptable arrives at parties, Sherry, Pam, and Debbs walked amicably toward the Phi house, laughing and chatting about old times and forgotten showers-er-flowers.

They didn't notice the strange dark-haired man behind them. Debbs was feeling pretty good by now and she flicked the butt of her Virginia Slim behind her, not noticing that it landed on the shoulder of the dark-haired man. He stopped suddenly and flicked it off his shoulder. His eyes narrowed and, letting out a low groan, he shook his fist.

Debbs did happen to notice the dark-haired man as they entered the Phi house just ahead of him. "Hey you handsome devil," she said and winked. He smiled, smoothed back his jet-black hair, and tucked in his black Polo tennis

shirt.

Debbs was once more greeted by friends and admirers as she cruised into the party scene with Sherry and Pam. "I think this guy's got a number for pointing to the dark-haired man," said Pam to Debbs, "You,"

Sure of her charms, Debbs carelessly flicked her hair over her shoulder and stroled onto the dance floor. Quickly, the dark-haired man walked over and took her hand. She smiled. They began to sway. Then they passed. "Let's get up on the mantle," he breathed into her ear. The liquor, the intoxication and the excitement of the night had all had their play on Debbs. "Sure," she said. "Let's go for it."

He helped her onto the mantle and then suddenly she noticed a change in him as she looked down at him. His eyes seemed to be burning with a red flame, he sprouted horns on his head, he held a pitchfork in his hand. She shook her head and looked again. There were two of him. And then she looked at him again

and there he was, same as ever, smiling and tucking in his black Polo shirt. I think I've had too much to drink, she thought.

But suddenly she felt an uncontrollable power seize her. "Get on the rafter," it told her. "Get on the rafter," She looked down. The dark-haired men was staring at her intently.

Suddenly, she climbed, or did she fly? She was hanging from the rafters. The dark-haired man was laughing. Everyone was swirling and laughing below.

The next thing she knew, the ambulance was arriving at Emerald-Hudson-Erlanger Hospital. "What happened?" she asked a student nurse. "You fell off the rafters at the Phi house," the nurse answered. "Oh my God," she said. "I don't remember a thing." She was wheeled into the emergency room. "Lie down on this table," said a man in white. It was the dark-haired man.

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR CANCER IS BEING DONE OUTSIDE THE LAB.



It's being done in automobiles and living rooms. Over coffee and cake. By people like these two women, who shall remain nameless.

They think, just like we do, that cancer has gotten a bad name... a bum rap... over the last few so-called "enlightened" years.

We say: smoke those cigarettes. Breathe that smog. Suck on an exhaust pipe. Take baths in saccharin. Eat asbestos for lunch. Chug mugs of Red Dye No. 2.

Hell, yes, you might get cancer. In fact, you probably will. But what the hey? There are worse ways to die.

You could have a car wreck, or a heart attack, or be eaten by a shark, or choke on a fish bone. At least with cancer, you know you'll go out in the comfort of a hospital room.

Cancer... think about it.

SHARE THE COST OF LIVING

Give to the American Cancer Society

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

ARIES (March 21-Apr. 19) This is your lucky week! A visit to the Phi house Sat. night may prove rewarding. Leave all options open.

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 20) Long distance relationships may prove rocky but never fear—check your SFO faithfully and you may be pleasantly surprised!

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Relax! The weekend will be here soon and all those tests and papers (that you blew off before Spring Break) will be behind you at last. Take time to kick back and reflect this weekend. Perhaps a bottle of wine at Morgan's Steep?

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Take time to plan for the future. Set your goals high and work hard to achieve them. Shall we shoot for an A on the next Cookie Goodstein test?

LEO July 23-Aug. 22) Take time from your busy schedule to make that social someone feel important. Maybe dinner at the Dyer Jay Pub. Saga doesn't make them feel (everything will), and then a movie at the good ol' Union Theatre.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Cut loose for once! Try to curb your perfectionist tendencies and enjoy life for a while. Take time to shoot the breeze with your friends.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) A big decision that weighs heavy on your shoulders will be resolved. Domestic tensions will be eased as your parents seem unusually sympathetic about your money situation after you squandered it all on booze in Florida.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) With a little extra effort, your academic situation could improve tremendously. Spend a night or two in the infamous InPort Library and see what happens.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22, 1981) Don't make commitments

you feel you won't be able to keep. If you feel strongly about something though—go for it!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Try a new approach to life. Go for a change of pace. Take a different route to class, make a new friend, or treat yourself to dinner at someplace besides Gailor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Act on plans talked about for so long. Be assertive and confident, but not overbearing or obnoxious this could get you in trouble.)

PISCES (Feb. 19-March 20) Re-evaluate money situation and plans for the future. They will be ok but reflect closely just to be sure!

What Secret Power Does This Man Possess?



Dixie Leonard knows EXACTLY what you don't want to eat. Even as a child, his mother discerned an inner vision concerning inedible foods that she called "incredible." "Oxie always loved green peas, liver, and spinach," she said. "And he has always had some strange penchant for burritos with green hot dogs in the middle. They had to be green, he would tell me, or he wouldn't eat them."

NOW, you too can have the inner vision that only Oxie Leonard possesses. Ask SPO \$20 in care of the National Inquirer to the Dixie Leonard Mastery of Life Fund. Within six weeks you should receive your free booklet.

He Has Inner Vision... The Ancients called it COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS