

MOUNDBUILDER MEMORIES



While attending Southwestern College I was nominated to represent the home economics department for the *Moundbuilder* yearbook queen. I was surprised to be nominated for queen. During a student assembly, the young ladies nominated were presented to the student body. I was escorted by an SC football player.



The night of the crowning of the queen I learned my escort had gone out of town for the weekend and I was without an escort. I decided not to attend the festivities and just watch TV in the dorm lounge. I felt dejected and "let down." About an hour before the ceremony, I was "buzzed" at my room and asked to go to the lounge. When I arrived, there were two men students awaiting me. They told me they would be pleased to escort me to the function. I first said "thank you, but no thanks." After much lecturing from my roommate and the two men, I said I would attend.

I returned to my room, I wiped away my tears, got dressed, put on a smile, and headed for the lounge. When I arrived in the lounge, there stood my two knights, smiling, dressed and ready to go. I took the arm of Bill Mintern and Bill Brazil and off we went to the "ball." I learned that night who my "friends" were and that "God always has a ram in the bush" ...or should I say two rams.

Gail Canales '63
Battle Creek, Michigan



According to tradition, the Kappa Rho Pep Club, a campus men's organization, was the keeper of the Jinx. One evening in 1954 after our meeting, a group of members decided to initiate Mel Cheatham as the new president.

Mel was an outstanding student who had a ritual of studying and going to bed early. We waited until Mel's lights were turned out and then stormed his room and tied him in his bed. The bed was then folded up, carried across the campus to Holland Hall, the women's dorm on College Street on the south side of the campus, and placed on the front porch.

The doorbell was rung and the girls came out and got quite a thrill on seeing Mel wrapped up in blankets and tied to a bed. Several even took pictures.

Then the club members went back up on the porch, picked up Mel and the bed and started east on Warren Street toward Smith Hall. At just that time, one of the group noticed Dean Leonard Laws car turning west on Warren as it came off the hill from the administration building.

The group left Mel and the bed in the middle of Warren Street and scattered. Dean Laws stopped, untied Mel, loaded his bed on the top of his car and took him back to his dorm. At our next meeting, Mel laughingly informed us that paybacks were coming from the incident and to beware.

Eight years later, I had been teaching and coaching at Winfield High School and had suffered several severe bouts of pneumonia. At the end of the school year, I was sent to the University of Kansas Medical Center in Kansas City to have a foreign object removed from my lung which was the source of the pneumonia.

Following surgery I was returned back to my room and an unexpected visitor came to see me—Mel Cheatham in a doctor's uniform! He had gone on to medical school at KU and was working on his medical degree at KU Med Center. He informed me, "You don't have any idea what we took out of you today! I told you I would get even with you some day!"

continued below

Friday night live at Warren 12.

I am not sure how it got started or why, but, during the fall semester of 2001, the girls who lived at Warren 12 (or maybe it was some of their friends) decided one warm Friday night after the high school football game to bring their speakers and microphone out into the Warren courtyard.



My roommates and I were in our living room and heard a lot of noise coming through our windows, so we decided to check it out. To our surprise, there was a crowd gathering on the lawn to watch the entertainment. The show consisted of an open mic for any and all who wanted to participate. Some told really, really bad jokes or stories, while others sang or played an instrument of some kind. This went on for a couple hours until everyone got tired (or the sprinklers would come on and scare everyone away). However, by the time the show was over, many of the residents of the complex and several from other areas of campus were outside hanging out with neighbors and having a good time.

It was a very relaxed, no-planning-involved atmosphere, but everyone had a great time (I even remember the guys next door bringing their couch outside so they could watch in style). Actually, it went over so well with the campus residents, they continued this act almost every Friday, until it got too cold to sit outside.

Julie Morgan '04
Shawnee Mission, Kansas



I started checking for my liver, my gizzard, and all other body parts. We had a good chat and it was good to see him again.

I returned home and several weeks later I received a package in the mail from Mel Cheatham – he had retrieved the foreign object removed from my lung and sent it to me. I was thrilled to receive it as it turned out to be a metal whistle out of a rubber toy I had swallowed back in my youth

Ken Everhart '57
Wellington, Kansas

page 2



30-Year Grads Kayak, Camp in Hawaii

A Hawaii vacation without the usual frills brought together several men with Southwestern ties during the last week of August. The group kayaked out six miles to the Napali coast, on the north shore of Kauai, then spent four nights camping in primitive conditions. Braving the elements were David Smith '73, Salina (left); Ted Hresko '73, Crescent, Penn.; Brad Weigle '72, Terra Ceia, Fla.; and Josh Will, son of Larry Will '69 and Joy (Weigle) Will '69, plus Ted Coffey, Lawrence.

