



Torch Petitions For Mortarboard Honor

Four of Five Requirements For Admission Are Met

Torch is again petitioning for admission to Mortarboard, national senior women's honorary society.

Torch meets four of the requirements for admission. They are (1) that the organization has been in existence at least five years (May 10, 1937) with the sanction of the Dean of Women; (2) that there have been over fifty women in the senior class for the past five years; (3) that there is no other senior women's society on the campus, and (4) that there is a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on the campus.

Torch, however, does not qualify for the last requirement, which is that an organization must be accredited by the American Association of Universities and the American Association of University Women. Frances Crouch, president of Torch, is endeavoring to persuade Mortarboard to waive this requirement.

FOOTBALL SPONSORS for the Sewanee game are Jeanne Roberds and Jean Arnold pictured with Gerry Bugbee, president of SABA, the organization which reviewed the prewar custom of having the football team select sponsors for each home game.

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

32

32nd Year

MEMPHIS, TENN., OCT. 6, 1950

Vol. 37, No. 3

Freshettes Pay For Dastardly Crimes

Trembling with fear and properly sobered, four freshman girls appeared before the Undergraduate Board Saturday afternoon to learn their fate for having flagrantly violated freshman regulations.

The following punishments were meted out:

Jamie Smith of Memphis went around trying to get signatures on her roll of paper, for she had to have two hundred names by Thursday or face further trials. Jamie was also required to ask everyone she meets "How are you" three times.

Norna Nehren, our little Yankee transfer, entertained the students by singing "Yankee Doodle" in chapel Wednesday. Her hair was attractively dressed in thirteen small pigtailed, and she waved a Confederate flag. Her socks were rather strange looking, for one was black and one was bright red.

Bette Burk Rucker became well known on the campus by Wednesday, for she wore for two days a laundry bag on her back with her name in letters five and three-eighths inches high.

Paula Richardson looked a little pale for a while, for she was forbidden to wear make-up. Her high-heel shoes were very unusual worn with bobby socks, and she attracted attention with her rag doll and large lollipop she carried everywhere.

Look well, students, these sights come seldom!

Jacobson Will Head Men's Independents

At re-organizational meeting last Friday night the Independent Men elected Allen Jacobson, publicity director of *The Sou'wester*, president.

Willie Bow was named vice-president and John Cuvillier secretary-treasurer.

Seven members attended the meeting, but, Jacobson has said that any men students who are not attached to fraternities and all Freshmen are invited to join the group.

The second meeting will be held tonight at 7:30 in the Social Room of Palmer Hall.

Four Get Nod From Uncle Sam; Johnny Is Marching Again

Two Southwestern seniors have already been called into Uncle Sam's loving arms and two sophomores will report for duty today.

John Kurts, senior and major in political science, arrived at Fort Jackson, S. C., Sept. 9. He is a quartermaster in the Army Reserves. John was president of Pi Kappa Alpha and would have been president of the Pan Council this year.

John Berry, another senior and Pi Kappa Alpha member, was sent to Fort Hood, Tex., Sept. 26.

Don Morgan, sophomore and Sigma Nu member, along with another Sigma Nu, Linn Jones, a second-semester sophomore, will report at Millington today. They are both in the Naval Air Reserve Training Unit. Don is an aviation electrician second class; Linn an aviation electronics technician first class. Both were called individually, not by units, because they have essential rates in electronics.

Joe Rouhlac, a Southwestern graduate, is now on a carrier, having left from Seattle some time ago.

Members Of Faculty Honored At Tea

The new members of the Southwestern faculty were honored at a tea given by the faculty wives in the social room of Voorhies Hall Saturday night.

Mrs. Rhodes and Mr. and Mrs. Springfield headed the receiving line, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Price, Dr. and Mrs. Tiller, Mr. and Mrs. Hogue, Dr. and Mrs. Munger, Dr. and Mrs. Calandrucio, Miss Willis, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendall.

Men's Pan Chooses Bell

Tom Bell, senior president of Kappa Sigma, was elected to head the Men's Panhellenic Council for the coming year.

John Kurts, who had been elected to the post, was forced to resign, due to his being called to active duty by the army reserve.

Sound Scriber Helps Speakers Of French

French and German students wishing to improve their pronunciation may use a Sound Scriber machine which plays textbook recordings and pauses at intervals for the students to repeat the words.

Last year, recordings were available in French, but this year two of our exchange students, Gerhard Opel of Vienna and Suse Josenhans of Germany, will record their native languages.

The machine is located in Forest Hall and will be available Monday through Friday from 3:00 until 4:00 and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 9:30 until 10:30 a.m.

Page and Allen Are Named Biology Lab Assistants

Roy Page and Bob Allen have been named as assistants in the biology lab by Professor Baker.

Appointed to replace Jimmy Nix who has left for the armed services, both are juniors and pre-med students.

Chilton And Allison Get Lead Roles In Players Robot Drama

By Anne McGehee

Vivienne Chilton and Buddy Allison will star in the initial production of the Southwestern Players' 1950-51 season, Professor Raymond Hill announced early this week.

Vivienne will play the role of *Helena Glory* in Kapek's modern fantasy, *R.U.R.* She has previously appeared in the Players' production of *Lost Horizon* and in the musical *All For Fun*. Buddy has the part of *Harry Domin*, Helena's husband and the man whose robots take over the world. This is his first appearance for the Players, although he has played in *A Sound of Hunting*, *Imaginary Invalid*, and *Julius Caesar* elsewhere.

Another Oxford Man ... Er! Pardon Woman

Professor Eleanor Bosworth, assistant professor of history, studied at Oxford University this summer. In preparation for History 57 which she will teach this year, Miss Bosworth took a tutorial course in Contemporary European history.

Robert Q. Dunn hanged himself in a garret in Evergreen Hall. Is the campus better or worse off? Maybe Dunn will make the Hall of Fame column in *The Sou'wester*. What do you think?

THE FIRST FROSH to entertain on student assembly program appeared on the first show a week ago Wednesday. They are, left to right: "Doodle" Busby, Laura Edington, Bette Worthington, Nancy McKinstry, and Mary Ellen Chambliss.

Photo by Billy Brazleton



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Two weeks of the school year are past and there has as yet been no slackening in the wave of school spirit that her students brought to Southwestern in September. We feel that this is the best thing that has happened on the old campus in many a decade, one to be exact.

It seems that Southwestern was never lacking in spirit before the next to last war, but, when the men marched away taking with them football and other factors (if you know what I mean, girls) that serve to keep student interest at a high pitch, that interest waned and has never been rebuilt to the level it once attained.

You are mature men and women. We say that with tongue in cheek, for we know that some of you are not, but the simple fact that you chose to attend Southwestern places you above the rank and file. Therefore, we ask you in all seriousness. Is it necessary to forget that we are proud of Southwestern just because the football team loses a few games? Couldn't you stick out your chest and say, "We have something else at Southwestern which means more to us than a football team which is winning games."

For you do have something else. You have a student community the like of which is rapidly disappearing from the faces of campuses all over the country. You have an integrated course of study designed to graduate you from this college with a sound basic knowledge of the wheres and whyfores of civilization. You will be an educated person when you receive your diploma from Dr. Rhodes. You will be, or you'll get that sheepskin somewhere else. Southwestern does not graduate automatons, human beings taught to operate in one field, and lost in a sea of prejudices and misconceptions once taken from that one field. This college graduates men and women, and you, believe it or not, will be one or the other when you leave here.

For several years it has been impossible for the editor of the newspaper to ask the students to show school spirit, because even the newspaper itself was an outstanding example of apathetic journalism. The student officers in various and sundry unassailable places reveled in the same pool of apathy. Even the professors had begun to lose interest. The varsity athletes seldom gave all that was in them or played with the great enthusiasm that good varsity competition requires.

But such is not the case this year. The newspaper has been stirring in its bed of exile, it has aroused comment. The student officers, led by a capable president, have been picking up steam. Other organizations have recognized the trend and realized that it is now a case of get in or get out. Stagnation is a thing of the past. The very existence of several campus organizations now depends on movement. NSA found out what happens to those groups which do not serve their function in the campus picture. The Student Council voted the dying faction off the Southwestern scene before its corpse proved a stumbling block for other tottering clubs.

So there it is. There was a popular cartoon circulated during World War Two which carried the motif "Get your heart in America or get your picture of a donkey out." And it's come to that. But stay if you want, and watch the others roll past, around and over you.

Schmoos in the NIGHT

By Herb Eber

Back again. Man, these deadlines really roll around fast. Still, there's quite a bit happening 'round the bluff city so we'll get started.

Talked last time about the "Slipper." Kiddies, if you want to hear what a guitar can sound like, (No, I don't mean GEE-tar) drop out and hear Ray Tanquary. He's joined the floor show out there and he's the absolute end. Speaking of clubs, Chuck Honsa is opening at the Town House with pretty much the same band he's had for a while. Lots of people will be glad he's back again, playing smooth, dancable music that's designed to please.

Glad to see that Memphis is beginning to attract some pretty big names of the concert stage. If you're not completely tone deaf and can beg, borrow, or steal the price of the pasteboards you shouldn't miss Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London for any reason short of Double Pneumonia. As long as you live in Memphis this is a once-in-a-lifetime event. Same goes for Sadler Wells Ballet.

Theater is getting a boost in the
(Continued on Page 4)

Crescendo and Diminuendo

Southwestern's winter music season opens officially next Tuesday, October 10th, at 8:30 p.m. in Bohlmann Hall, with the piano recital of Myron Myers, artist teacher and recitalist of the Memphis College of Music.

Mr. Myers has been on the faculty of the Memphis College of Music since 1938, and his annual fall recitals have become almost a tradition, attracting a large following in this part of the country.

Mr. Myers will open his program with the Busoni piano arrangement of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in D Major, a masterpiece of first magnitude. Busoni's interpretative powers and prodigious technique were especially suited to Bach's colossal preludes and fugues for the organ, which he transformed into piano pieces of enormous power and scope.

Perhaps more within our intellectual grasp will be the delicate impressionism of Ravel's "Miroirs" in the second group. Mr. Myers will play the entire suite, which
(Continued on Page 4)

The Missing Lynx

"I shall go," said the shining star of the Hogwallow High football team, "to the hallowed institution which has offered me a scholarship, because I want to be a philosopher."

So he packed his clean shirt into his Aloysius Alligator hide traveling bag, bought a pair of shoes and sallied forth to the city. Long and arduous was the journey and sore and weary his feet when he arrived, but Eglebert Schnuch was not disheartened. He was going to be a philosopher.

He was greeted at the threshold of Western Elevenisaw University by the coach of the football team, who led him to the gridiron. "But I did not come to this great institution, which has a graduate school, to play football. I came to learn how to be a philosopher," said Eglebert.

The coach had met poor and uninitiated souls such as Eglebert before. "You did not read the small print in your contract, chum," he said. "You must play football for us before we will teach you to be a philosopher." And Eglebert hung his head and accepted his uniform in silence, for he was ashamed to tell the coach that he could not read.

He was further disappointed when he learned that classes were not to start for two months and that he had been called early to get in shape for the football campaign, but such was his burning desire to become a philosopher that he said not a word and learned how to break legs, shatter skulls and cripple quarterbacks with the rest of his fellows.

When the day came on which classes opened, Eglebert enrolled in a philosophy class. It was the only class he was allowed to take, and the coach was very angry because he insisted upon taking that. But Eglebert had been adamant, and, because he had been picked as starting fullback, the coach felt that he should humor him in at least one insane request.

"Why," the coach asked his assistant after Eglebert had gone happily to his class, "do some of these birds insist on taking classes? It is not really necessary. Our football team here at Elevenisaw is much brighter than the average football team. Why, look at Feedlebaum, the quarterback. He has an I.Q. of thirty four. Show me another quarterback anywhere in the country with a higher one, and I'll show you a college that does not have a winning football team."

"You are right, Coach," answered the assistant. Tense and expectant, Eglebert went to his philosophy classroom. Now at last he would learn how to make a living by sitting and thinking. He would think only deep and reflective thoughts, he assured himself, and when the time came, he would drink the hemlock and die philosophizing happy!

The professor entered the classroom. Eglebert was surprised when no one stopped talking, but the professor didn't seem to mind. He climbed to the top of his desk, stood erect, and shouted, "What was the fundamental teaching of Socrates?"

Eglebert waited eagerly for the answer. In the rear of the room a student leaped to his feet and shouted, "Beat Owotta U."

"You are so right," shouted the professor, clicking his heels together. "Are we going to do it?"

"Yes," screamed everyone but Eglebert. "You are all bright boys," said the professor, "and because you are so bright, this class will not reconvene until after football season, at which time there will be two consecutive meetings before basketball season. Any questions? In any case, class dismissed."

Eglebert wandered aimlessly across the campus. He was disheartened. He had not expected that college would be like this. At this rate, he would never get to be a philosopher and make his living by sitting and thinking.

In the course of his aimless wandering, he met a small, bespectacled man who was hiding behind a bush. "Why are you hiding there?"
(Continued on Page 4)

BREATH OF THE
LYNX

By Robert Q. Dunn

The buttments of Science Hall glitter cold and wet, and stand silent as the pyramids. The ivy shudders, the first icy tongues of winter tickle it as it hangs dizzily from the Gothstone. Winter is savage. Its first night is here, moonless . . . a slow lost wind moans through a window someone forgot to close.

Across Fargason Field a shadow advances . . . rapidly . . . flying shoeless . . . breathing breathlessly . . . praying that the night may end! It won't.

Thud . . . ough! He crawls several feet from where he has fallen. Painfully he rises. Struggle is caught in every taut muscle . . . agony runs wet and red from his briar scratched face. His ankles are each swollen larger than two . . . they bend; he gasps in white faced pain.

A man of courage would die . . . but a fear crazed animal

From behind the long green row of wooden shacks edging the field the crickets scrape their wings into sharp tick-tacking chirps. Then, silence. Something is passing among them . . . disturbing their nightly vespers. Things with four feet, long, dangling ears, and a moist, seeing noses. The hounds!

They are coming! They are coming! Run . . . run . . . run on legs of bursting bone . . . hide in a shadow . . . turn off the moonlight . . . close your eyes . . . think

. . . . "Mr. Dunn, what do YOU think of the fraternal and sororal intentions on this campus? Remember, this is, ah-ha, off the record your answer is purely a matter of personal opinion and will be held in the strictest confidence. Nothing will be held against you."

RUN DUNN!! Here come thirty five ways of keeping the strictest confidence.

Little men standing bare-headed, beneath the buttments will drop salty tears to the ground where Q. at last fell final. Yes, little men . . . but only in the measurement of social stature. To Dunn, bless his immoral heart, there were the—the . . . WAH . . . boo-hoo . . . glub . . . real people.

They applauded not the stereotyped dances of the Greeks, nor did they prance and parade their oddly formed earthly wares before the other sex hoping. . . .

Robert Q. Dunn, they are the doers . . . and they are here to kick the stones and earth down atop your torso. Rise, grave-ghostly spirit, from where you burn and pat each of these well meaning people above the brain. They have believed. . . .

A dirty gym will give one the itch . . . not to study is to dig a ditch . . . that coffee should sell at five cents a cup . . . rushing should be on the up and up . . . and I'm due a column full of trash . . . as much as Starr is due a mustache.

Period. Paragraph. New Column!

☆☆☆☆
Stargazing

☆☆☆☆
Comes there a time in the life of all newspaper people when they wish that they were of Japanese ancestry. Hari Kari would be so easy.

Just a for instance are the two stories on the front page of last week's *Sou'wester*, one stating that there would be a bus to Jackson for the Mill-saps game and the other expounding that the *Sou'wester* was going to sponsor a play by play broadcast of the game earlier this week.

Of course there was no bus, and, as a result, there was no play by play. Buddy Allison, who had been well briefed in operating the wire recorder, found himself stranded on Saturday afternoon with no way to Mississippi. The recorder had already gone down with Bobby Barrows, however, and up to game time, there was still a possibility that there might be a broadcast. But the result . . . well, the result sounded something like this. Southwestern has the ball screeeeech tackle by Miller. Teams line up screech screech fourth down, six to go which doesn't make a broadcast in anyone's language.

☆☆☆☆
Incidentally, the vote now stands at 57 to 1 in favor of the rejuvenated *Sou'wester*, issue of September 29, over all others heretofore published by the present editors. Actually the Southwestern vote is 57 to 0, but I guess we must count that Memphis State student who invited herself into the poll. Frands, this is only the beginning. Pardon me for speaking in your face, but bigger and better *Sou'westers* are in the making. We promise you four pages, a laugh a minute, and a copy in every wastebasket.

the sportsmen's corner

No More Prognostication But Complaint

By Bob Whiteside

Our column has a red face.

In predicting a 6 point win over Millsaps last week we were farther from the truth than a politician's promise. We have tried our hand at the art of crystal-gazing in times past with equally unfavorable results. So from now on, no predictions in this column; flip your own coin.

With intramural sports getting under way this week we wonder if the intramural board has made any provision to provide competent officials for the games. It is our understanding that the board has made arrangements to pay some of the officials for their work in some sports. Fine idea but that still does not guarantee good officiating.

Inefficient Umps

The inefficiency of the whistle blowers was the first place gripe last year and most of the time with good reason. The fraternities and sororities are as jealous of their trophy collections as a mother at a baby show. As a result the competition in these intramural games is keen and they sometimes tend to get a bit rough; those teams are out to win. We wonder if they are going to be handicapped again this year by officials who are ignorant of the rules or, in some cases, officials who are obviously prejudiced.

If competition has any place in the program, we think that unless some improvements are made the intramural board is defeating its own purpose.

How About The Cheerleaders?

As long as we are digging up past gripes connected with Southwestern's athletics we wonder if SABA has seen fit to grant any aid to the cheer leaders. Last year they had to provide their own transportation to the out of town games and buy their own uniforms (with the exception of the letter sweaters which SABA took away from them at the end of the season). They do get through the gate at a game free—we think.

We were told last year that SABA was considering a motion to give them a sweater for their work. What happened to it we do not know, but we do know that all last years cheering section got was a reluctant word of thanks at the end of the season. Now those people work; they go through more motions than a contortionist, they yell themselves hoarse, and in the process their clothes are liberally splattered with mud and cinders. Then after it is all over they get to pay their own cleaning bill.

How 'bout it SABA???

Cats Open Home Play Against Sewanee At Hodges Tomorrow

By Jack Worthington

The Southwestern grid squad will meet the Sewanee eleven as their first opponent of the 1950 season Saturday night at Hodges Field. It will be only the second game of the season for both teams, but it is still possible to predict something of the outcome.

Last Saturday the Tigers from the University of the South traveled almost a thousand miles to play Trinity, a school with an unsubsidized athletic program and the only defeated team in New England for the 1949 season. Trinity was favored, and the Hartford, Connecticut, boys came through with a 40-0 victory.

Southwestern Skips Comeback Chance Against Millsaps

Southwestern spotted Millsaps a three touchdown lead in the first half, were unable to overcome it and so dropped a 19-6 decision to the Majors in Jackson, Miss., last Saturday night. The score was the identical one by which the Majors tripped Southwestern last year.

Late in the first period Millsaps made the first offensive gesture by either team. Price Sneed and Johnny Miller pushed to the Lynx 17 on running plays, and on fourth down Sneed threw to Charles Deaton in the end zone for a touchdown.

Third Touchdown

On the first play of the second quarter Doug Hammond intercepted Bob Crumby's pass on the Major 43. Miller found a hole at tackle and outran the Lynx secondary 57 yards to a tally. A few plays later Billy Robinson put the ball on Southwestern's 7 with a 71 yard run, and he scored two plays later from the one yard line. Dave Williams succeeded on this conversion attempt after failing on the first two.

Southwestern threatened for the

think so.

So here's a cheer and a rah! rah! for tomorrow's game. Let's get a little more spirit and pep—and give a good showing at Hodges against Sewanee. We've got a good team, let's back 'em and let's win. Last week, yours truly predicted a 19-6 win in our favor; this week I'm going all out again, and say we'll win again. My prognosticating percentage so far is zero; so here's another zero. This week, the score'll be 20-13, with the Lynx Cats on top, or my name isn't

al braver



COTTON MILLER, Sewanee end

braving the tide . .

So we lost the first game of the season. So what! Worse things have been known to happen. Look at lowly Mississippi State, smothering Tennessee and listen to Notre Dame bellowing out after the North Carolina game, "There ain't no Justice."

Direct from Coach Clemens, when asked about last Saturday's encounter with Millsaps:

"The second half was encouraging; we won the second half, 6-0, but we lost the first half, 19-0. We started quite a few inexperienced men and they didn't get their feet on the ground until the second half—but they did come through in a very gratifying manner."

"Fifty-nine yard Whiteside, whose breakout run in the second quarter set up our lone touchdown, played very well both as pass receiver and runner; Allan Smith showed up well on defense and offense, making tackles on both sides of the field; Ricky King, sophomore transfer, and Bill Allen did some nice running from their backfield positions, and Crisamore did his usual fine job of blocking extra men."

All in all, the general concensus of opinion from the football players is that we didn't settle down until it was too late;—we did out play the Majors in the second half, but the scorekeeper didn't

RIGHT from the HORSE'S MOUTH

There's a new crop of women in Evergreen, and the masculine section of the student body hasn't wasted any time in investigating the prospects, mostly to the chagrin of the upperclasswomen. The ladies hadn't gotten checked in before they were checked out again—in the company of an "S" sweater or a crewcut.

It's early in the season, but some of the girls are already well-known for their idiosyncracies. For instance, Nancy McKinstry is never seen walking around alone. Usually, she has one or more boys in tow. As for the phone situation, "Doodle" Busby has a strict monopoly on Alexander Graham's invention.

Another Stafford?

There's always someone singing in the dorm, and more than likely if you trace sound to source you'll find Norna Nehren, the little Yankee from Illinois, accompanying the radio. If you want a tutor for French, hunt for Beth Perkins. She not only can speak the language, she can explain it, too.

Mary Helen McLeod has the reputation of writing more letters than everyone else put together. Her outgoing mail really puts a load on the postman. And speaking of mail, the postman must have an evil gleam in his eye for Anne McGehee, for she keeps him busy. Not content with getting most of the morning mail, there's usually a special delivery or a package in the afternoon.

Everything is still new, but a long time lies ahead for everyone to get acquainted. One thing is sure, it's a lot of fun to live in Evergreen.

WAA To Kick Off Season On Tenth

The Women's Athletic Association met September 27 at 4:00 to discuss the coming basketball season. Entries for the basketball tournament are due October fourth. The playing season will open October tenth and close November seventeenth.

The Freshman, Transfer, Independent, and Sorority teams began practice this week for the big events.

The schedule is:

- Oct. 10—KD vs. Transfers at 7
AO Pi vs. Independents at 8
- Oct. 12—DDD vs. ZTA at 7
XO vs. Frosh at 8
- Oct. 17—AO Pi vs. Transfers at 7
ZTA vs. XO at 8
- Oct. 19—DDD vs. Frosh at 7
XO vs. Transfers at 8
- Oct. 20—ZTA vs. Independents at 4:15
- Oct. 24—KD vs. Frosh at 7
AO Pi vs. DDD at 8
- Oct. 26—Independents vs. Transfers at 7
DDD vs. XO at 8
- Oct. 27—Frosh vs. AO Pi at 4:15
- Oct. 31—Independents vs. XO at 7
ZTA vs. KD at 8
- Nov. 2—DDD vs. Transfers at 7
KD vs. AO Pi at 8
- Nov. 3—ZTA vs. Transfers at 8
- Nov. 7—DDD vs. Independents at 7
XO vs. KD at 8
- Nov. 9—AO Pi vs. ZTA at 7
Transfers vs. Freshmen at 8
- Nov. 14—XO vs. AO Pi at 7
Independents vs. KD at 8
- Nov. 16—Frosh vs. Independents at 7
DDD vs. KD at 8
- Nov. 17—ZTA vs. Transfers at 8

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Schmoos . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

arm too. Seems we're scheduled to have "Kiss Me Kate" and "Death of a Salesman" among others. Sooh—things are looking up.

Best WHODUNIT melerdrammy in many a long flick is Bogie's "In a Lonely Place." Plot is a bit hard to follow, especially if you come in at the middle of the thing. Still, the pic achieves distinction by dealing with an unpopular motif, i.e., the destruction of an innocent man by circumstances he can't control. The story achieves dramatic value, though, by the fact that even in these circumstances, it's the man's own character which provides the basis of his downfall.

Flash!! — an intelligent radio program dealing with the forces of man's inner self has appeared on the horizon. "Detour" on Thursday nites, while melodramatic and even at times horribly overacted, has at the core a fine new idea in radio mysteries. I realize that we are all studying on week-nights but perhaps once in a while a SW student (and I use the word loosely) listens to the radio.

Saw Notre Dame play N. C. on television. This TV is a great

Crescendo

(Continued from Page 2)

consists of "Night Moths," "Sad Birds," "A Boat on the Ocean," the famous "Aubade of the Jester," and the "Valley of Bells," (translated for your convenience).

The last programmed number, Brahms' Sonata in F Minor, Op. 5, is unusual in having five movements. It is somewhat heavy in design and emotionally deep. The fourth movement is an intermezzo suggestive of a funeral cortege, somewhat dreary in color. This work is profound and intellectually complex, and does not pander to the shortcomings of music students.

Southwestern faculty recitals are usually "standing room only" affairs. Music majors are required to attend. Your attendance will be

thing. Can't think of a better way to spend a Saturday afternoon—BANG!!!!—

Editors' Note: At this point Mr. Eber was shot by a rather hasty member of the S-Club who maintains that there IS a better way to spend this time. We hope to have the bullet dislodged by next week so that THE SCHMOO CAN GO ON.

checked! Come early for a choice seat on the stair steps in the hall.

Keep in mind that the Southwestern String Quartet's first concert of the season is October 31st. Don't get caught at the Skating Vanities that night! Southwestern's fine quartet is devoted to chamber music, modern as well as classical. Those who heard last year's beautiful performances will not forget.

We hear that the music majors rolled back the rug and square danced at their initial get-together at the C. M. last Wednesday week. Shades of old Mrs. Galloway haunt us, but let's have more of it. Its time the music folk let their hair and their noses down and did something besides croak about the practice pianos and the distance to the College of Music.

Clean Kids—We Got 'Em

Southwestern coeds have devised a new way for getting excused from class early, according to Prof. Ray Hill.

Jen Covington and Babbie Morris approached him the other day asking to be allowed to leave to take baths.

Couldn't you have waited until Saturday, girls?

Missing Lynx . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

he asked. The other fellow adjusted his spectacles and said, "I am a student at a small college across town from here. I have been chased from my campus because I wrote an article saying that the students did not learn anything at Elevenisaw U., which has a graduate school, except football, late dating, and . . . but why are you interested in me. I am a lost soul. I cannot return to my campus unless I find an Elevenisaw student who is unhappy with his football major."

"You are lost no longer," said Eglebert. "I am that unhappy student.

So Eglebert and the man with four eyes went to the campus of the small college across town. Eglebert found what he had been looking for, and, although he had to work in the registrar's office twenty hours a day to make enough money to pay his tuition, he was allowed to spend the other four hours studying philosophy. Eglebert was happy. He had found what he was looking for. In the course of four years he lost a hundred pounds from studying late at night, but, when he was graduated, he had learned to make a living by sitting and thinking.

All this happened many years ago. Some of the old timers remember Eglebert as the editor of the student newspaper, although he never did learn to write. Others remember him as the only person who ever flunked the Man course three consecutive years because he thought he could learn something new each year, and he was right. Everyone knows him as the great philosopher of our time, although few knew he was ever named Eglebert Schnuch, for he changed his name in order that the gestapo from Western Elevenisaw U., which has a grad school, could not trace him after his disappearance.

The name he chose was . . . but then everyone knows the famous philosopher who has brought so much fame to his Alma Mater.

Of course, no one remembers the editor who brought him to the campus in the first place.

THE CHESTERFIELD STAR TEAM



TED WILLIAMS IF BOSTON RED SOX

JOE DIMAGGIO cf N. Y. YANKEES

STAN MUSIAL cf ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

PHIL RIZZUTO ss N. Y. YANKEES

EDDIE STANKY 2b N. Y. GIANTS

GEORGE KELL 3b DETROIT TIGERS

ROBIN ROBERTS p PHILA. PHILLIES

GIL HODGES 1b B'KLYN DODGERS

YOGI BERRA c N. Y. YANKEES

ALL THE STARS SAY...

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK

CHESTERFIELD

THE BASEBALL MAN'S CIGARETTE