

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

32

32nd Year

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Players To Present American Premiere: Bridie's "Mr Gillie"

The Southwestern Players will present the American premiere of James Bridie's "Mr. Gillie" in Hardie Auditorium April 12 and 13.

The play was originally produced in Glasgow, Scotland, starring Alister Sin, for whom the play was written.

Credit for arranging to have the play premiered at Southwestern goes to Raymond Hill, professor of speech and dramatics, who directs activities of the Players. He ran across a copy of the play when he was in New York recently and decided that it would fit in well with the "World Drama Festival" theme which the Players are following this year as well as being well relevant to Southwestern's educational philosophy.

The comedy-drama tells the story of a school teacher in a small Scotch mining town and of his efforts to encourage the more promising youngsters of the countryside.

Bridie's most recently produced play, "Daphne Laureola", was shown on Broadway last fall. A Scotch physician, the dramatist is best known for his fantasies such as "Tobias and the Angel." "Mr. Gillie" is one of the last dramas produced by Bridie before his death which was announced several weeks ago.

Walter Lazenby will direct the Southwestern production of "Mr. Gillie." He has announced that casting will begin next week.

Osman Lectures On "The Atlantic Age"

John Osman, professor of philosophy and art at Southwestern, called for a daring new concept of history and the age in which we are living in a lecture entitled "The Atlantic Age," which he delivered last Thursday night in Hardie under the joint sponsorship of the Memphis Atlantic Union Committee and the Southwestern International Relations Club.

Osman said that the Atlantic Age is not a new concept, that it has existed for quite some time, but he said that people cannot see the age they are actually living in. He further said that the alliance between Atlantic nations will be an intellectual and spiritual one rather than economic.

Immediately after the lecture, Mr. Fred Apperson, president of the Memphis Atlantic Union Committee and Dr. D. M. Amacker, Southwestern professor of political science, called upon Mr. Osman to submit his lecture for publication in the Atlantic Union magazine. Mr. Osman said he is writing a paper on the subject.

Lois Maer Performs On Chapel Art Program

Lois Maer, member of the faculty of the College of Music, played original compositions for piano of two of Southwestern's music faculty members on last Friday's "fine arts" chapel program.

The composers are Vernon Perdue Davis and Harry Edwall. Music of better known masters was also presented. These numbers were also included in Miss Maer's Tuesday recital.

Players' Double Bill Opens In Hardie

Second Performance Will Be Staged Tonight

A Danish farce and a Russian play switched to a post-Civil War South setting were offered to Southwestern theater-goers last night and will be presented again tonight as the third leg of the Players' World Drama Festival.

Starring Prof. Raymond Hill as a habitual drunkard, Ludvig Holberg's comedy treats the trials and tribulations of the imbibor. Supporting Mr. Hill in "Jeppe of the Hill" were Jen Covington as his wife; David Morelock as the Baron; Henry Freund as the tavernkeeper; and Douglas Marsh, Aubrey Whitley, David Morris, Woody Morriss, Jack Worthington and Moe Bollinger in minor roles. Chekhov's "The Boor," which has been jokingly subtitled "The Damsyankee," starred Buddy Allison and Ann McGehee. Roscoe Feild appeared as a colored servant.

Settings for the productions were designed by David Morelock. Edgar Francisco directed "The Boor," and Prof. Hill "Jeppe."

Frosh Forensic Team Takes On Ole Miss

The Southwestern freshman debate met the freshman team from Ole Miss on the question of organization of non-communist nations in Hardie Auditorium yesterday at 2 p.m. in Hardie.

Results of the debate were not available at presstime. Debate activities are under the direction of Raymond S. Hill, professor of speech and dramatics.

Library To Show Art Prints Another Week

The Library reports that its exhibition of framed prints which are to be loaned to dormitory students will continue through another week, until February 21.

While many of the prints have already been signed for with much scrambling for certain favorites, there are a few fine ones left.

If there are any prints left at the close of the exhibit on the 21st, town students will be allowed to borrow them.

Students may claim their prints February 21, and the college will attend to their hanging in the dorm rooms.

A drive to collect books for the Holly Springs Public Library is sponsored by the American Association of University Women. The Public Library was completely destroyed in the fire which swept Holly Springs recently.

War Shortages Will Delay Radio Station

Programs Being Planned For Broadcast Soon

Southwestern's radio station is having difficulties with war shortages.

Some equipment which is vital to the operation of the station cannot be obtained locally and a promised delivery date of from two to three months in the future was the best that could be obtained from out of city manufactures, according to John Price, station manager. The number one item on the needed list a turntable to make recorded programs possible.

In the meantime, the sponsors of the station are going ahead with plans for programs. Professor Raymond Hill is Program Director.

Permission to have the station was granted by the Federal Communications Commission on January 15. A tentative date for the original broadcast was set for January 30, but it was postponed. When operations are begun, the station will broadcast on a frequency of 640 kilocycles and will have a power of 40 watts.

Frances Nix Chosen For Torch Vacancy

Frances Nix, Tri-Delta senior, was named By Torch, senior women's honorary society, in chapel Wednesday to fill the vacancy left by Ruth Salley who finished her degree requirements last month.

In order to be invited to membership by Torch, a girl must have at least 2.6 scholastic average and a minimum of 15 Torch activity points. Membership must never exceed ten at any time.

Frances has a 3.11 average and 24 activity points. She is vice-president of Tri-Delta, vice-president of the YWCA, a member of Chi Beta Phi, science fraternity, and a laboratory assistant in biology. She has held a general honor scholarship for four years.

Choristers Clamor Through Four Days Of Caroling Through Wonder State

Thursday night two busloads of tired choristers, sixty-five in number, dragged weary feet across the threshold of the dining hall to get another taste of scrumptious Southwestern food after four days of eating in hotels, cafeterias, private homes and restaurants during a shortened 1951 choir trip.

So climaxed an experience. After first being scheduled for departure on Friday, February 2, two postments because

of ice later the Singers swung aboard two greyhounds (Greyhound busses, that is), and wheels began to turn for Shreveport in the bayou county. Straight through it was, and a tough fight, not that the departure hour of five a.m. hadn't been discouraging enough. The oil city was sighted around twelve hours later. It wasn't all that straight through.

After a hasty supper the musicians performed at the First Presbyterian Church. Nothing of moment happened other than that Papa Tut started to lead the group into the third verse of a song which

didn't have a third verse. The night was spent in private homes in Shreveport. From the oil capital, no need for Wildroot here, of northern Louisiana, they traveled to the oil capital of southern Arkansas, El Dorado, where they performed a morning show at the high school. Then off for Texarkana. The concert was at 7:30 p.m. in the First Presbyterian Church. This was Tuesday. Nobody was tired yet. After the concert a large group serenaded patrons, informally of course in the lobby of the (Continued on Page 3)

Beauty Queens Are Named For Thursday's Annual Lynx Revue

The five Southwestern sororities have named their entries in the annual beauty revue sponsored by the Lynx. The contest will be held Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in Hardie Auditorium.

From these twenty-five lovelies ten will be named as finalists. Five of the finalists will be honored as beauties and the other five as favorites in the pulchritude section of the annual. A decision will be reached on the final winners next Thursday, but it will not be made public until the annual appears in May.

Stunt Night To Be In Fargason Gym

Stage To Be Built On Basketball Court

AOPi Stunt Night will be held in the Fargason Field House this year instead of Hardie Auditorium it was announced Tuesday by the sorority.

The change in locations was necessitated by the limited seating facilities in Hardie where only four hundred may be accommodated. Between six and seven hundred may be seated in the gym, and, as the Stunt Night is always one of the best attended events on campus, AOPi sought and gained permission to use Fargason.

Mr. John A. Rollow, college engineer, will be in charge of the construction which will turn the basketball area into a theatre. A stage, twenty-five feet long and approximately three and one half feet high, will be constructed across the southeast corner of the floor in order that the present bleachers may be used as seating space. Other bleachers and some chairs will be moved onto the floor for the performance.

The same lighting system now in use in Hardie will be employed, and a new amplification system, recently obtained by the college, will be used.

Fraternalities and sororities participating in the activities will rehearse their skits in the gym. The program is scheduled for March 16. AOPi members will be in charge of decorations and ticket sales. Admission is fifty cents.

The entries are:

AOPi: Marlene Baker, Greta Graham, Gene McFarland, Barbara Mann, and Rebecca Spencer.

Chi O: Jean Arnold, Jen Covington, Jane McSpadden, Martha Ellen Maxwell, and Betty Rhodes.

Tri-Delta: Sara Jane Bryant, Anne Caldwell, Mary Ellen Chambliss, Joan Stewart Hodgson and Emily Shaw.

Kappa Delta: Betty Lou Collins, Marilyn Mitchell, Anna Polydouris, Jackie Roland, and Mary Nell Wendt.

Zeta: Betty Basom, Mary Catherine Hurt, Ann Morrow, Juliette Read, and Pat Tomlinson.

The Independent Women have entered Norma Maddox and may have more entries, but they have made no announcement as yet.

Al Braver will emcee and Sis Moore and June Beasley are managing the revue.

Proceeds will be used to finance additional pages for this year's annual. Admission will be fifty cents.

Nancy Hill and Francis Crouch, co-editors of the Lynx, are sponsoring the revue.

During intermission Helen Coker and Gloria Brown will entertain with music and singing. Refreshments will be available in the lobby.

DDD's Dance Has Valentine Theme

Tri-Delta had a Valentine theme at its annual formal dance held last Saturday at the University Club. Johnny Long's Orchestra played.

Sorority members held their leadout through a huge red heart, flanked by a white picket fence. During the leadout Vice-president Frances Nix presented President Ann Caldwell with a dozen red roses.

Officers of the sorority and their dates attending were: Miss Caldwell with Charles McAlister, Miss Nix with Christie Morgan, Recording Secretary Vivienne Chilton with Lee McLean, Corresponding Secretary Pat Cooper with Bob Richardson, and Treasurer Emily Shaw with Doug Buford.

Chi-Omega Honors Frats With Open House Party

Chi Omega sorority will hold an open house this afternoon beginning at 4 honoring the six Southwestern fraternity chapters.

Sandwiches, cokes and cookies will be served at the event to which the entire student body is invited.

Jane McSpadden is general chairman of the arrangements committee.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

College Athletic Picture Needs Resolution

We heard someone say the other day that athletics at Southwestern had come to a sorry state. The speaker was referring to the situation just developed in which Coach Clemens had to call off the remainder of the basketball schedule because of lack of material.

Either this speaker was uninformed or did not care to make his statement general. The athletic situation at Southwestern has been in a sorry state for quite some time.

The trouble isn't all with the athletes. With them it's been a case of too much griping, too little initiative and not enough love for the various sports to work at them, for sport, as participated in by varsity athletes, is more work than play. Intramural or independent basketball is attractive because practically no time must be spent in practice. But any varsity sport is ten per cent competition and ninety per cent practice. By far too many of our Southwestern athletes have never realized that.

But not all of the trouble lies here. The lackadaisical stand taken toward athletics by students is doubled and redoubled as it goes up the line from the lesser professors to the old timers to administration heads. Dr. Rhodes classic statement, made last December, that the player strike was a matter of no consequence, not worthy of news space, demonstrates more powerfully than any weak words of ours, to what a low ebb feeling for intercollegiate competition has reached around here. This strike was the first eruption of the rumbling volcano of discontent about the athletic situation.

The fact that no action, or at least any that was ever made public, was taken by the faculty committee on athletics is another black eye to policy. At the time, this newspaper hinted that some definite action should have been taken by that committee. In that we erred. We should have demanded that they take action. Hampered by the Christmas holidays, during which time no paper was issued, and the lapse in time between the date of the strike and our first January issue, we could not drag the skeleton out of the closet because it could not be done with any finesse. It was a dead issue. When the players did not demand action, the faculty committee was all too ready to forget about it. A resolution on the matter should have been made then.

But this new thing, the fact that Southwestern cannot now field a basketball team, brings up the problem again. How can this be, when Coach had a team on the floor when all the strikers were missing. It was proved during that strike that there are enough basketball lovers in this college to build a team. Instead, the new faces which flashed during the strike were allowed to fade soon after. No far-seeing building program was instituted, so now we have it.

Who is to say where the fault lies in its entirety? In no one place, to be sure. But whereas, heretofore, all the blame has been thrown onto the sloping shoulders of Coach Clemens or onto the indignant heads of the athletes, it is time that a little of it found its way to where most of it belongs.

It's time the student council called for a resolution from the faculty committee on athletics regarding the athletic policy at Southwestern. Is the college going to drop intercollegiate sports, especially football, next year? If so, are any moves going to be made toward strengthening the intramural program? When a reporter approached the chairman of the faculty committee, he was told that the committee had not discussed these matters. Why not? Other colleges have already stated that they are deemphasizing athletics. The time for action is now. Not that tomorrow will be too late, but that Southwestern has no reputation for dawdling, and now, in the face of the emergency, is no time to build such a reputation.

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"BAGGETTELS"

That, if you'll pardon the expression, illegitimate offspring of radio and the cinema has at last placed the final wisp of hay firmly on the back of a too-long-suffering public.

As some of you may have noted, sufficient friction to avoid an undue number of fractured fibiae, tibiae, and ribiae during what I rather hazily recall as the first week of this month was as scarce as hen dentures. The stuff started precipitating Sunday, and the county powers that were wisely closed their schools Monday. City school superintendent Ball, not being too well on the (Brace yourself—I can hardly bear to say this) ball, piddled around till after Wednesday, which was the worst day, before putting the padlock to his educational emporiums.

The children, absolved momentarily from the necessity of absorbing varyingly incompetent pedagogy blissfully and ignorantly exposed themselves to sundry forms of pneumonias and catarrhs, and/or wreaked all possible mayhem in their households. Those dear spinsters who have made it their life drudgery to pump some modicum of knowledge into the unwilling craniums of the city's progeny were aghast at the number of education-hours being lost, which number you can calculate by multiplying the number of school children by the number of hours in a schoolday by the number of days lost by an efficiency factor of 17.4 per cent.

Some opportunist of an idea-boy of a yes-man of a jackarse, employed at our local purveyor of the Miracle of the Age, like a bolt from the azure got the idea of (the next phrase must be read with a tone of hushed, awed reverence) bringing EDUCATION into the home. Think of the benefits the children will get! Think of the publicity the station will get!! Said staid spinsters, when approached with this idea, accepted gleefully this unprecedented method of murdering joy, and of (again reverently) appearing via the beams of everpainting electrons.

Far be it from me to suggest a certain irony in their exposing their somewhat unsuited physiognomies to the mercies of a medium which tends to make men who have scraped the screaming hide of their faces to a polished-marble smoothness at 4:59 look like a Gem ad at 5:00 and which sometimes makes even the most willowy of damsels appear to have the topographical aspects of a Kate Smith. I suppress a lofty satirical snicker at my recollection of how properly prim and prudish one old girl looked who taught thirty minutes of fifth-grade arithmetic wearing, among other things, a hat, mind you, a hat! I would not even suggest that this combination of the conventional media of blackboard, chalk, and pedant borne on the wings of vidicon fell a bit short of the glory of an enlightened conception of visual education.

But I could with little effort wax right sneering at the pride with which the local matinal journal pictured these puerilities, a pride which can only be described as maternal, as of a doting mother, as of a hen and her self-hatched brood. You may recall that a few months ago a terrific advertising campaign was launched to sell these necessary gadgets to make you an *au courant* American of which the main tenets were that "We're selling a great educational medium and your children will shun your home to go where a set is available and they will be shunned by their playmates if you don't buy one." For once the FCC did something smart, reasonably promptly clapping a ban on ads of this general aroma on the grounds that the children from the have-not families would feel and be ostracized by them. Coasting on that little effort mentioned at the first of this paragraph, I could almost get mad at the actual ostracism of the have-not kids of our dear Mudtown, ostracism consented to, and what's incredible, even gloated over by the educational authorities. But this thing is not worth anger.

I, and whoever else sees, will merely mentally smile compassionately at this little scene from the infinite totality of events that make up the tragi-comedy of life.

The Missing Lynx

The sudden lurch of the bus at it struck a hole in the road awakened him at the same time that he felt the blow on his knee. He saw the overturned compact between his legs through half-opened eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "So dreadfully sorry." Her mouth was warm, friendly, glistening unblotted lipstick. She picked up the compact and placed it in her own lap. Her hand trembled in mid-air of indecision, then, with short, jerky strokes, she brushed some of the spilled powder from his trousers leg.

"It's quite all right," he said, as embarrassed as she, as, with two strong movements of his hand, he brushed the remainder of the powder into the air. It swirled and clung stickily to the back of the seat in front.

"I'm so sorry," she began again, but stopped when he took his handkerchief from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Here, brush yourself off, you got it worse than I did." She dabbed at her skirt, then returned his handkerchief with a murmured thank you. He took it, stuffed it into his breast pocket and leaned back in the seat. He found his copy of *The Chronicle* and unfolded it.

"Are you going to Detroit?" she asked timidly, lonesomely.

"Yes, I am."

"I'm going there, too. To visit my aunt. Do you live in Detroit?"

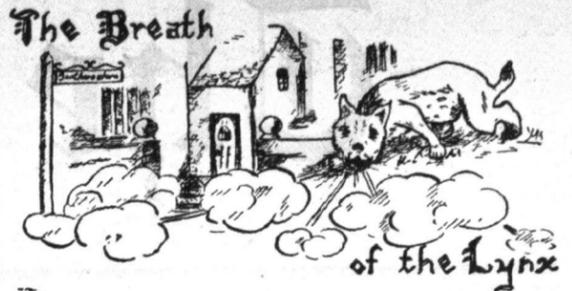
"Yes."

"I've always wondered what it was like. This is my first trip far from my home state. I go to college in Tennessee. We're between semesters now."

He told her that he, too, was a student, at Ohio State, studying engineering. They spoke of college life, professors, studies, and all the other things that are of interest only to students. A road sign read twenty miles to Detroit.

She was from a plantation in Mississippi, born rich, not as rich

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By Robert Q. Dunn

(Ed. Note: Robert Q. Dunn, at the specific request of the administration, is on an extended trip away, the further the better says Rhodes, from Southwestern. He has contracted to do a series of articles on a country boy's impressions of the wide world exclusively for THE SOUTHWESTER.)

Street wide, tropical colored; the CROSSROAD'S CAFE sign hangs stiffly in mid-air blocking upper Broadway at 49th Street. B'way, always accommodating, splits and runs off into darkness on either side of this Centralized Bean and Barry.

I was sitting, pure and indecent, at one of the round, tin tables on the traffic terrace, my eyes dancin' with the flutter-flash of thousands of yards of hick mystifying neon tubing . . . when . . . I SAW HER!!

How could I have misread her? She slunk in like a half-tight grass snake, tubed in a chartreuse garment, holding a long slender cigarette in her long slender hand. (Come to think of it, I could have missed her.)

Ah, ha! The hunt was on! (Now we must determine who was hunting whom.)

I was drinking a lemonade colored drink. It was lemonade. So was she. It was not lemonade. We were soon sitting together, laughing because her beverage was not lemonade. She had a beautiful laugh. I had the bill.

"I'm new in New York," I said, hoping she was maternal.

"Oh, Ah been heah fo evah," said this Brooklyn lush . . . thrush, I said!

"Busy tonight?" was my next coy, clever question.

"Well, George," she began, gulping in enough aid to fly above the world, "George . . . he's mah steady boy . . . an' he's awful good to lil ole me . . . an' Ah'm always busy with him . . . an' . . ."

"Wait a minute," I said, banging the bill against the table and thereby obtaining silence, "Are you or aren't you?"

"What?" said this Empire City Vestal Virgin.

"Are you busy tonight?"

"Well, no."

"Then, where are we going?" I said to the Giddy Gotham Goose whom I was just beginning to suspect was loaded with slow gin. "Tell the driver," and here I pointed at the other stranger in the cab, "Go on, tell the nice man where we're going."

On 52nd Street, which is Tin Pan Alley, the music is hot, the shows are so-so, the gals are plush, and naturally we didn't get near 52nd Street.

The Hack Hustler removed the bars from the door and we crawled out onto the sidewalk . . . \$1.55 after we started. (This guy didn't even use a gun.)

Oh, what a secluded spot! Gertrude looked at me, gargled playfully, then, nodded toward a square hole in the walkway. There were steps leading under a building . . . also a red sign buzzing fear-somely at me. GAY 90s it said . . . blink . . . DRINK BATZ. Why, I almost stumbled over the black cat rubbing herself bald on my trouser leg.

Gertrude descended like an Erie Fire Maiden into this prostrate entrance of hades, cigar smoke boiling up around her. I stepped off the surface of the earth to follow, rescue, yea, perish with her. Down, ever down, we went, Beatrice and me . . . eight steps.

Composing the door were the bulky, green jacketed backs of four waiters. I was looking for the key when an upraised, impudent forefinger from inside beckoned. It belonged to the MAJOR DOMO . . . a tall, pale suit with tails and authority dedicated to the perseverance of large tips.

He was not haughty . . . until Beatrice . . . er . . . Gertrude belched coquettishly in his face.

The GAY 90s was done in red and white checkered table cloths, three deep and scores long. At one end of the room on a tiny platform at a bare-backed up-right piano sat a thin, little man. He was dressed in a straw hat, striped coat, and I thought he was the piano cleaner. He was not! He was singing? Farther, he was a minstrel, but not far enough.

The only empty table this Haughty Major Domo could locate in that Sea of Erin Faces was one arm-length from the piano and down flopped Gertrude like a lily in a dirty pond.

Swifter than light of 'lectricity, a Manhattan Waiter poised himself above our heads. His eyes, hard at the kill, barked "What'll you have?"

GERTRUDE: "I'll have a beer."

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Sportsman's Corner

By Bob Whiteside

According to Coach Clemens, Southwestern's basketball season is officially ended, the remaining schedule having been canceled. And now, as after the football season, our Lynx must slink back into a short retirement and lick his wounds. Shame we can't send that old boy home with his head held high just once this year.

We overheard a remark the other day that sorta set us thinking about our unfortunate mascot. Someone said the toughest competition a Lynx team has had this season is Southwestern itself. And we have been wondering if maybe they are not right.

Trite "School Spirit"

There is immediately that trite "school spirit" thing but we will not get involved in that again. There is the more fundamental question of material however. Back at the first of the season there were quite a number of aspirants. True, most of them were "green," no experience at college ball and no experience at playing together. But with a little practice they would have been good enough to at least have held their own and given any team a good fight. After about three weeks the number of men had dropped considerably. We are not saying that mere numbers make a good team but it does help to have enough men out for practice to give the starting team a scrimmage. We are not exaggerating when we say that we have seen several days when there were eight men or less out for practice. Those absent usually "didn't feel like practicing." Well let's face it, men, no one on the team was that good and we have begun to wonder if all this complaint about poor coaching is a fact or an easy way out.

Pipe The Frat League

We are of the opinion that there was better material on the campus. When the Fraternity League develops to the point that some of those teams could give the varsity team a run for their money we detect the stale aroma of fish too strong to be attributed to the Friday efforts of the Dining Hall staff. Perhaps none of the Fraternities were persuading their men to give up a chance on the varsity for the glory of "dear ole frat" but at the same time it is obvious that "dear ole S'western" was not uppermost in their minds either.

But, just like after football season it is straw-grasping time again. We have baseball and tennis coming up. Reckon now we are supposed to wag our heads sagely and predict the tide will turn.

Missing Lynx . . .

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as her family had been before the Civil War, but more than comfortable. Her father was an alderman, a member of the school board, a cotton planter. He listened with interest.

He told of how he was working his way through Ohio State, how he was on the football team, about the Michigan game. She was fascinated.

Her timidity fast disappeared, and she talked animatedly of the world situation, communism, Truman. Her eyes, he noticed, were amber, and she wore them wide open. He told a joke, and crinkles chased each other away from the corners of her mouth. Her face missed being beautiful by a fraction. Alive. Alive was the best word for it.

"My aunt lives in . . .," she named an exclusive residential district. "Do you know where that is?" She could discern no flush in his tanned face as he told her that it was in the eastern part of the city. She wondered just how bashful he was.

"How long are you out for?" she asked and studied his face as he answered that he had a week between quarters. Strong, classic-profiled, hair in that wild confusion common to college boys.

The bus slowed to a stop in a suburb, and two negroes got on, talking and laughing the laughter which only negroes can laugh. Deep laughter, from the heart, carefree under the weight of servility. The girl turned to her companion as the two took a seat across the aisle from them. "I don't guess I'll ever get used to that," she said, almost bitterly.

"Southerners seldom do," he said, a half-smile on his lips. The bus rolled into the beginnings of Detroit. He shifted in his seat. "I get out about a half a mile from here. If I go all the way to the station I have a long ride back."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, and he realized how much like the way it had begun that it was ending. She fumbled in her handbag and took out a letter. He saw that it was from her aunt and bore a return address in the corner.

The stops and starts at the stoplights mixed with the twisting of her shoulders as she turned from side to side, her eager eyes trying to see things on both sides of the bus. He pointed out an automobile plant to her, then reached under the seat for his small suitcase. As he rose, she hastily took the letter from its envelope and handed the envelope to him. "Here's my aunt's address," she said. "You're the only friend I'll have in Detroit. Please use it."

Without answering he jerked the cord and went to the front of the bus. He watched it pull away from the curb after he had descended. Then he turned and walked down the street between the modest houses.

At the end of the block he turned into a tavern. The colored bartender swiped a clean place on the bar. "The same old beer, Tom?" he asked.

The young man nodded, and, after the bartender had drawn a full glass without any foam, began to drink the beer. It had never tasted so bitter. His lips formed mute curses. He took the glass of beer and smashed it against a huge poster on the wall which showed a white man and a colored one shaking hands. The pale liquid drenched the glaring red letters. "THIS IS BROTHERHOOD WEEK."

He crumpled the envelope and dropped it into a spittoon.

Union Ruins Lynx Cats In Basketball Finale

Last Friday night the Southwestern basketball season came to a premature end as the Lynx dropped a 73-35 decision to the Union Bulldogs in Jackson, Tenn.

Union led all the way, and was never in danger of losing. The loss was the 15th consecutive defeat for the Lynx.

Basketball Washes Out; Coach Cancels Remaining Contests

By Bob Starr

The six remaining games on the Southwestern schedule were formally cancelled last week, and a rather disastrous basketball season came to an abrupt close.

Eliminated were games with Arkansas State, Navy, two with Memphis State, and two with Sewanee.

Coach Al Clemens threw in the towel on a season marked by a player strike and general apathy among both players and fans after six of eleven varsity players dropped off the team at the beginning of the second semester either because they left school or were no longer interested.

The five players who were out for practice before the Union game which the Lynx lost Friday were Tom McClelland, John Austin, Dave Thomas, Mose Simon, and Toni Elizondo. Charlie McAlister, who had enlisted in the Air Force and did not intend to return to college, found that he would not have to go until June and reentered in time for the Union game.

The other five who dropped off the team were Bennie Lambert, who at first left college, but since has returned, Roy Gwin, team captain who definitely joined the Air Force, Ed Barbour, who transferred to Ole Miss in order to enroll in an ROTC unit, Bob Allen, who transferred to Iowa, and Walter Norman, who was forced to quit the team because of an overcrowded schedule which included several afternoon lab courses.

Choristers . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

hotel where they stayed, and then they went to put Janet Canada on a train for Memphis. In order to give Janet a proper send-off, the choir serenaded her as she got on the train. Twenty minutes later they were still serenading and the train was still standing there. Seems the conductor was an arts appreciation man and wouldn't start the train until the Singers got tired and quit.

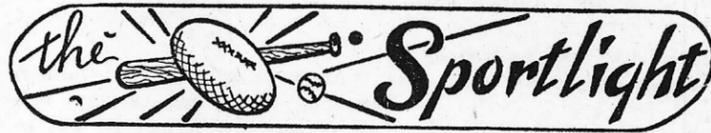
Zero hour for the next morning was 8:30 and destination was Hope, Arkansas, where an afternoon performance was presented at the high school. It was here, in the school's home economics buildings that Doug Buford washed his feet in a washing machine. Then off for Little Rock, the capital of that fair state. (The editor of this rag is an Kansan). Wednesday night's sing fest was in the Pulaski Heights Presbyterian Church.

Next morning they sang in North Little Rock High School, and saw the sights of Little Rock, such as they are. The afternoon found them in Little Rock High School. Some of the more artistic minded choristers amused themselves by posing alongside of the statues which decorate the beautiful high school there. (Names: Betty McFadden, Hattie Edens, Deedee Dennison and Betty Worthington.)

This was the last performance of the shortened trip. Mama Tut played bridge all the way back which is no mean feat in a crowded bus. The dining hall was held open so that they could sup.

It was here, thinking about the morrow's classes, that most of them began to get tired.

The MAOAPADW asks Al Clemens and Carol June Williams to pick up a package which is being held for them in the Lynx Lair.



Is On INTRAMURALS

By Jack Worthington

With the stepped up schedule which Intramural Director Bill Maybry announced last week, the 1951 Intramural Basketball Season will be completed next Tuesday night, and the tournament will begin on Wednesday. Five of the fraternities, all except PiKA, decided at the Intramural Board meeting this week to line up a round robin of B-team games.

These games would be played on Tuesdays and Thursdays between the tournament games, which are scheduled for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and would allow the fellows who have not played much during the season to play. No intramural athletic points will be awarded for these games.

In the first game of the second semester, last Friday, Kappa Alpha edged out Sigma Nu 47-39. Sigma Nu had led KA 20-18 at the halftime. KA Omar Smith was high scorer of the game with 17 points.

In a game that wasn't close until the last quarter, Alpha Tau Omega downed the Old Men 52-46. Landrum was far ahead of everyone else with 24 points.

Monday night Sigma Alpha Epsilon, playing every available man, defeated Pi Kappa Alpha 56-32.

In the second game, Kappa Sigma pulled ahead of a first quarter lead by Sigma Nu to win 47-33. Karl Rhea of Kappa Sig was high scorer with 19; Sigma Nu Bill Threlkeld ran a close second with 16.

TEAM STANDINGS (FEB. 12):

Team	W.	L.	Pts. For	Pts. For
SAE	4	0	186	122
KS	4	1	245	143
ATO	3	1	187	141
IND.	2	1	129	141
KA	2	2	135	142
SN	2	3	173	176
OM	0	4	133	182
PiKA	0	5	113	291

INDIVIDUAL SCORING (Feb. 12)

Player	Team	Games	Pts.
Threlkeld,	SN	5	65
Fox	SAE	4	63
Maybry	OM	4	60
Landrum	ATO	4	57
Rhea	KS	5	55
Bugbee	SN	5	52
Crumby	KS	5	45
Daniel	Ind.	3	42
Whiteside	KS	5	41
Bell	KS	5	41

Prognostications

This afternoon—Old Men over Pi Kappa Alpha.

Tonight—two close ones. ATO and KA slightly favored over Kappa Sig and Independents respectively.

Tomorrow afternoon (1:30)—SAE over SN.

Monday afternoon—SAE over the Old Men.

Monday night—ATO over SN, and KS slightly favored over the Independents.

Tuesday afternoon—KA over PiKA.

The two games tonight should be the best remaining games of the season.

Crescendo and Diminuendo

The first piano recital of the new semester was given last Tuesday night at the Memphis College of Music by Miss Lois Maer, artist teacher. The highlight of this interesting and varied program was two works by members of the Southwestern faculty, Harry Edwall and Vernon Perdue Davis.

Composed in 1945, Mr. Davis' work is five tiny etudes written with different harmonic intervals predominating in each one, but using similar recurring rhythmic devices, and varying in mood from exotic to frisky or militant.

Written in Memphis in 1948, Mr. Edwall's work, "Like an Improvisation" is exactly what the title implies, in spite of the remark which Mr. Edwall made about it, "I expect the audience to scratch their heads and say 'How peculiar.' That's what they usually do with my music." In reality, it is a beautiful, simple, dreamily wistful song, with all the wandering, soulful melody of a meditative improvisation.

Both of these works are very listenable, and are fine examples of the modern school of music, losing none of their essential beauty by their modern dissonances. The four numbers which followed these and concluded the program were a definite anti-climax.

As always, Miss Maer's program was very musically played, and very tastefully executed.

Next Tuesday night, at the College of Music, Mrs. Virginia Myers, also a member of the faculty, will give a piano recital. She will play three sonatas, one classical, by Carl Phillip Emanuel Bach, one romantic, Schubert's B-flat major posthumous, and one modern, Fuga's Sonatina, an Italian work written about 1936.

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Southwesterner Finds Korean War Murderous Homework

By Bob Starr

This is a story of someone you all know. This is a story of someone who is closer to you than you realize, because right now he is saving you and all you have and ever hope to have. This is a story of a hero, the only kind of a hero that ever existed outside of fiction.

Not so long ago this hero was a young man, not unlike you, or me, or anyone else, for that matter, who would rather play cards and shoot the bull with his buddies than to study, the average college boy.

Last May he was out on the softball diamond, exchanging hits and outs for his fraternity. Today he is in Korea, exchanging hand grenades and .30 slugs with the Chinese Communists. It would be easy to give you his name, but it is not necessary. He is one of thousands and can no more be separated from them than they from him. His parents do not know he is in a danger zone, and when you read his story, you will realize why his name must be withheld.

A member of the organized army reserves with a rating as a combat soldier, he was among the first to be recalled when the Korean war broke out. The first time anyone at Southwestern heard from him he was going through Pyongyang on the way to the Manchurian border. His letter was dated three days before the Chinese Communists entered the war, so by the time it was received here he was south of Pyongyang again, going the other way. Right now he is engaged in the American, or should I say United Nations, counterattack. If he is still alive. His last letter was dated January 30.

It is from this letter, and from other such letters, and by no others means, that we may find out what the man who is doing the fighting in Korea is thinking. And remem-

ber. This letter was written by a man who very recently was one of us.

It is a story of war in its worst form, a story of killing, a story of blood, not a nice story to read, but not a nice story to live either.

The time and places must be withheld for reasons of security.

"The tactics over here are just like those we discussed that warm September evening. Mostly mountain fighting. We and the Chinese always defend from the highest places unless one or the other is caught napping in the villages. I have seen no door to door stuff as yet."

"My platoon has three rifle squads of nine men each and one weapons squad with a thirty calibre machine gun and a 3.5 bazooka. Usually there is a fifth squad of five men attached, the 5.7 MM recoilless rifle. Because of the terrific back blast (75 yards) this type weapon sees most action in the paddy flats and roads."

"The best way to describe the fighting is to tell something of our last engagement. The Second Division of the 8th Cavalry Regiment was sent in to take a certain hill, Hill 256. The hill was long and had two perpendicular ridges running into its side, shaped something like the Greek letter Pi. The Second Battalion hit and was knocked off and back, unable to retain ground once taken."

"The next morning the First Battalion, A,B,C, and D companies, jumped off, Dog and Charlie companies in reserve. Tanks gave supporting fire up the long draw, while Navy planes strafed with machine guns and rockets and bombed with hundred pounders and tanks of napolin (a mixture of jelly substance and gasoline hot enough to burn Satan himself right

out of Hell). There was a full battalion of Chinese waiting for us, dug into well camouflaged positions, up and on Hill 256. (They see masters at concealment.)"

"The 99th Field Artillery added to the softening up, and, as they lifted, we went up the hill. My squad got hit by machine gun cross-fire from two nearby ridges, lost two men, and we hadn't even reached the base of the hill. Tanks pulled up on the flat ground beside us and knocked out one gun. We forgot about the other and went on."

"An hour of climbing, falling, running, firing and cussing, and we (Companies A and B) got to within fifty yards of the top. The area was littered with dead G.I.'s from the second battalion, killed the day before. The Chinese had stripped them of their clothing and boots."

"We grouped as well as possible under automatic rifle fire from the Chinks and charged the bastards on top with grenades and all our weapons wide open. They routed and fell back down the other side of the bill. We ran to the ridge and shot them scrambling down the snow-covered slope. I alone threw seven grenades and fired five magazines from a Browning automatic rifle, and there were some 200 of us doing the same, just in the last twenty yard dash."

"We dug in and prepared for the inevitable counter-attack — the Chinese always do, but this time they didn't come. All night the artillery laid down the big stuff on the front edges of our holes and kept them off our necks, thank God. The next morning another regiment relieved us."

"That night of waiting for the screaming little apes was worse than charging the hilltop. The results — 350 dead Chinese (200 contributed to accurate artillery and 150 to our companies, A and B. We lost 63 wounded and 34 dead. (Two company commanders and one lieutenant.)"

"This might sound like a dime novel, now that I reread it, it does, but that's Korea now. excuse me if this letter sounds like some battlestrung hero. I'm not. I love my — just as much as the next fellow and if everything works out, I'll bring it back to good old Memphis in one hunk."

"Maybe someday all these big wheels will get together and work out some peaceful settlement for China and Korea. As long as the U.S. and the U.N. say "all or nothing at all" we guys are going to stay here. But the politicians are not going to give, it's going

Breath . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

WAITER: "What kind?"

GERT: "A wet one. I'm growin' dry." And a far away look crept into her eye. (The left one, I think it was.) She was staring lovingly at the minstrel. He was looking at the clock. I turned the other way.

Then . . . all at once . . . my spine turned to ice and needles! I turned slowly around and looked at an empty chair where she had been sitting. And, I heard, scrambled with that weedy minstrel tenor, the voice of My Darling. She went him one better. Honest to God . . . Gertrude was singing baritone!

They were yodeling "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling". The waiters weren't. From all directions they started toward us.

Gert fought as I grabbed at her. She kicked! She swung her arms

to be all take with them. All I wish is that Truman, Acheson, and a few others could get a little of this stuff over here. They get something done then—damn fast."

General MacArthur has said that we'll stay in Korea and fight. Reason: He says we'll have to stay here long enough for the defense measures to get tuned up back home, preparation for World War III, something I hope will never come about. I don't know as much about the situation as you do there. You get all the news on the radio and the papers. I only get what I see. Things can go either way. There are enough Chinese Reds to run us out if they want to, but I don't think China wants all-out war with the U.S. She is just trying to appease Russia and at the same time not step off the deep end."

"All I want to do is hurry up and get home to all you swell fellows and my folks and some kind of decent future, if there is any kind of decent future anymore. I don't thinnk that is asking too much after all this crap over here."

So there it is. That's the way a Southwesterner thinks about this war. He says he's no hero. Maybe he's not in the classic sense of the word. He's not clayng dragons or leading a crusade. He may be one against his will, but he's just as much a hero as any guy who ever won a war from Tokyo.

He's fighting for you. He's fighting for me. He's fighting a God-forsaken war in a God-forsaken part of the world. A war for the sake of God-forsaken international politics.

SABA Entertains Lynx At Football Banquet

The 1950 Lynx Cat football team was entertained at a banquet sponsored by the Southwestern Athletic Backers Association held last Thursday night in the Chi Omega Lodge.

Entertainment was provided by dancer Babbie Morris and ivory tickler Jimmy McLin who doubles as a quarterback in his spare time.

Gerry Bugbee is president of SABA.

violently! She came down from the podium to do earthly battle. The minstrel sang on.

How I gripped her in my arms, hurdled around, over, under, thru scores of fat women, laughing men, flying Irish waiters and up the eight steps to Greater Manhattan, is beyond me.

But, I do know that I deposited my green garbed, writhing bundle in the rear of a taxi, pressed five dollars into his hand and shouted "BROOKLYN!"

As the cab took off, I saw a slender hand still clutching a half-filled beer glass protruding through an open window . . . and Gertrude, quiet, timid Gertrude, rode forever from my frail life, accompanied, I'm sure, by Bacchus and his six sotted Satyrs.

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