



Marlene Weigel

FIRST ENTRIES ARE IN FOR THE SOU'WESTER CONTEST

By Anne McGeehee

Marlene Weigel and Anna Polydouris are the first entries in The Sou'wester-sponsored Maid of Cotton contest. Both girls have been entered by Kappa Delta.

The contest will be held in Hardie Auditorium on November 13 or 14. The date has to be approved by the Dean of Women's office. Dormitory girls will be allowed to sign out to the auditorium. Judging will start at 7:30 p.m. and must be over by 9:30.

Marlene, a sophomore brownette, was Lynx Homecoming Queen for 1950. She is from Ferguson, Missouri, and is 19 years old. She was president of Evergreen Hall last year, and in addition to being a student counselor, is a member of the Honor Council and STAB.

Anna is a Memphis girl, and a senior. She transferred to Southwestern from Western in her sophomore year. A vivacious brunett, Anna is twenty years old. She has held several offices in KD.

The qualifications for the Maid of Cotton contest: an entrant must be at least nineteen years old, not less than five feet five, and must have been born in a cotton-producing state. Each campus organization is permitted to sponsor two entrants. Entries should be given to the editor of the Sou'wester.



Anna Polydouris

ROTC Voted Onto Campus

Male Students Choose Army Organization

Saturday, October 28, the male segment of the student body met in Hardie Auditorium and by a showing of hands indicated that the majority favored bringing a unit of the Reserve Officer's Training Corps to Southwestern.

Dr. Rhodes explained to the assembly that the initiation of ROTC into our academic program has been under serious consideration for at least four years, and that an application requesting that such an organization be formed here has now been submitted to the Department of the Army, Washington, D. C. Permission to submit such an application was granted on the basis of inspections of our facilities by visitors of the regular Army.

Basic ROTC, or the first two years of training, would be required for all able bodied students entering the college. Physical examinations would be given by the Army.

Dr. Rhodes said that the ROTC would probably replace our mandatory Physical Education courses.

Picture Pamphlet To Show Campus Life

Several thousand copies of a "View Book of Southwestern" are being prepared for early distribution to prospective students by Dr. John Q. Wolf in collaboration with the Public Relations Department of the college.

The 32 page pamphlet is designed to show interested high school students just what they may expect to find at Southwestern. The material is presented pictorially with just enough prose to explain various scenes.

The picture layout carries the newcomer through the Ashner Gateway, shows him our beautiful campus, then takes him into the dormitories and classrooms where he meets the students and professors of the college.

The book has been several years in the making, with extensive work being done on it for the last six months. Its purpose will be to interest prepsters in Southwestern and to show other interested parties what this college has to offer its new student.

New Initiate

Hobart Davis was initiated into Sigma Nu Wednesday, October 25.

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

32

32nd Year

MEMPHIS, TENN., NOVEMBER 3, 1950

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Dr. Wolf Addresses Meeting In Houston

Dr. John Q. Wolf, professor of English, left Tuesday for Houston, Texas, where he will read a paper this afternoon on "Wordsworth" at a convention of the South Central Modern Languages Association.

This is the centennial of Wordsworth's death, and Dr. Wolf, who teaches a class on the poet, was invited to read the commemorative paper.

Delegates to the convention, which will last through tomorrow, will be drawn from West Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas.

Lecture To Be Given On Ancient Local Art

Dr. Glenn A. Black will deliver a lecture in room 101 in Science Hall at 8:00 next Tuesday, November 7. His lecture is entitled "Pre-Historic Art of the Mississippi Valley," which should be of interest to people of this section.

Dr. Black, who is a distinguished scholar in the field of American archaeology and anthropology, is at present doing some excavation work in Indiana.

Knitzer To Perform In Hardie Tonight

Noted Violinist is Son-in-Law of Southwestern Professor

Joseph Knitzer, great American violinist, will be heard tonight in recital in Hardie Auditorium at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend. No admission is to be charged.

Knitzer was born in New York in 1913, and began his violin studies at the age of seven. Two years later Leopold Auer accepted him as his pupil. In 1934 he won the Walter Naumberg award, and the following year won the National Federation of Music thousand dollar prize and the Schubert Memorial Contest. He has appeared as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Society, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and five times with the Cleveland Orchestra. For two years he was concert master of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He is a faculty member at the Cleveland Institute of Music.

Mr. Knitzer has twice been a soloist with the Memphis Symphony Orchestra, and has before been presented in recital by Southwestern. He is the son-in-law of Dr. R. P. Strickler, Professor of Greek at Southwestern.

The program Friday night will include Vitali's *Chaconne* and Wieniawski's *Second Concerto*.

Chi Beta Phi Taps Four In Assembly

One professor and three students were tapped in student assembly Wednesday for membership in Chi Beta Phi, honorary science fraternity.

Dr. John S. McCartney, associate professor of physics, was the faculty member honored during the ceremony. New student members and their majors are Frances Nix, mathematics; Barbara Howell, chemistry; and Thoburn Horn, mathematics.

Requirements for membership in Chi Beta Phi are a major in a science or mathematics, completion of 25 hours in the major with at least a 3.0 average, and fulfillment of other requirements.

Officers are Tasso Ballas, president; Jimmy Nix, vice-president; Louise Jackson, secretary; and Reynolds Beal, treasurer.

Osman Attends Meet Of Art Association

Professor John Osman recently attended a meeting of the Midwestern Art Association at Louisville, Kentucky, which was held on October 26-28. He attended as a representative of Southwestern, which is a member of this association. The theme of the discussion was "Art in the Small College."

Gerry Opel Is Dream Man

Austrian Wins Votes Of SW Co-Eds

Gerry Opel was presented as the Dream Man of the Southwestern co-eds Thursday evening at the Torch Backward Dance. Gerry was elected to this honored position, the goal of every man at Southwestern, last Wednesday in chapel by a vote of all the women students.

Toby Bunn, Senior and president of the Student Council, was runner-up in the election.

A junior from Vienna, Austria, Gerry stole the girls' hearts with his attractive accent and cheery "hellos". His office in Forrest Hall where he teaches German conversation, is stamped daily by girls who might otherwise have tackled Spanish.

Crash Then Smash; Opinion Given On R.U.R. Production

By Allen P. Jacobson

Rossum's Universal Robots opened weakly before a few disappointed First Nighters. Lines dragged, acting was spottily fair and bad, and the actors stumbled about the stage with unfamiliar clumsiness. Perhaps, in the future, schedules can be arranged so that there will be more than ONE "on stage" rehearsal.

The second night of its short run, RUR stirred to tumultuously become a live and vivid play. The presence, for the first time, of a decent sized audience so inspired the members of the company, that at times it was difficult to recognize them as the same actors who had on the opening night been so miserably uninspired by the tiny audience.

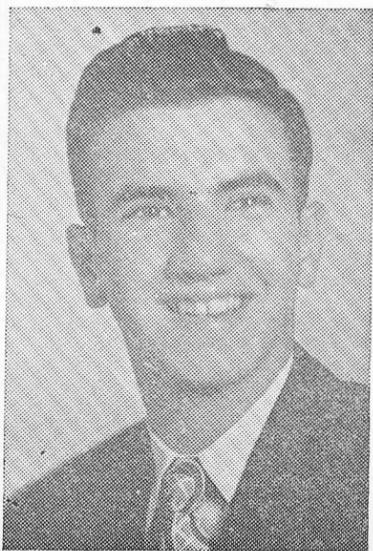
Allison, the male lead, though
(Continued on Page 4)

Halloween Party Held In Tri-Delta Lodge

The annual Halloween Party was given Tuesday, October 31 by the Tri Deltas at the sorority house. Members were dressed in all sorts of weird costumes to carry out the Halloween motif. The house was gaily decorated with Jack O' Lanterns and witches.

A large percentage of the student body enjoyed the sandwiches and punch. Bobbing for apples and dancing highlighted the evening.

McLin, Cunningham, Fitch To Lead Frosh



Jimmy McLin

Jimmy McLin defeated John Stewart for the presidency of the freshman class in a run-off election held in chapel Wednesday. In the regular election last Saturday, neither candidate received a majority, so a run-off was necessary. McLin won by twenty votes.

The new frosh vice-president is Tom Cunningham of Whitehaven, Tennessee, and the secretary is Peggy Fitch of Shreveport, Louisiana. Tom defeated Ed Barber of Gulfport, Mississippi for the office, while Peggy was unopposed.

The newly-elected president expressed his appreciation for the support of his constituents, and said that he intends to make an earnest effort to make the presidency of the freshman class more than just a figure-head position.



Tommy Cunningham

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

ROTC—A Must

To ROTC or not to ROTC. Saturday the males of the student body voted in favor of bringing the army to the campus. Since then heated debate has ranged in all quarters as whether or not such a move would be good for the college.

Torn between personal animosity toward anything smacking of the military and an intense desire to support any move which makes Southwestern a more inviting place for high school graduates, we have decided that the program would serve a definite purpose here.

Immediately the loud cries to the heavens that this is a church institution, that such a move would be sanction of war and all that it stands for. Wake up! This is the twentieth century. War is a tent mate, it is a school mate. Read Robert Q. Dunn. Even he has ideas on this subject. Check the records and find out how many students who were here last year are now in the services. Find out how many who intended to come were coerced into going to Korea. The figures will astound you.

So it is close to home, and we won't get a bit further by ignoring it than we did in 1941. The best defense . . . but you don't believe in being trained to kill. But you would, if someone was threatening to kill you, press a button and eradicate him before he could pull his trigger. That is the situation now.

Russia is doing every thing she can to undermine our way of life. She is poisoning our allies against us, she is poisoning the minds of the whole world against us. And is our way of life worth fighting for? Over eighteen million guys thought so a few years back. It hasn't changed.

So it boils down to fighting with a gun you don't know how to use . . . thereby lowering your and your nation's chances of survival, or pressing a trigger that you are familiar with and living to tell your grandchildren about it.

Most people believe that Universal Military Training is just around the corner. If so, this move is the only one the college can make to protect itself against the depleted male enrollment it suffered in the forties. Authorities believe that the high school student entering a college and joining an ROTC program will be exempt from UMT. That way he will be able to finish his education without interruption. And that commission that will be awarded after four years is no small matter in itself.

So, remembering what happened on December 7, 1941, and admitting that military experience does have its advantages, we cast one rousing vote for ROTC.

Vacancies—For You?

Al Jolson is gone. As this editorial is held in focus by your eyes, the Great Mammy Singer has been stilled little over a week. And your eyes could shed a tear . . . or two?

When Christmas tide's joyous bells peal happiness through the frost-cold air around the world, Mr. Jolson will have ceased to sing for little more than a month. And you will remember him because of his records, spinning 'enthusiastic, nasal songs of encouragement to a world starved for escape through pleasure.' But you will no longer shed a tear.

Tears for more than a day; perhaps, extended sympathy for a week, and at the very longest . . . small paths for a month are more sentiment than most people of this frustration-hardened age will allow themselves. This is a lucky and timely way to live.

For we live in a time of departing Giants . . . people whom all of us knew, revered, held close to our hearts . . . and hoped would be yet about when we grew prominent enough to afford them our leisure time. But they won't.

Jolson was not the first, nor even was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. George Bernard Shaw, while this paper lies raw upon the press perhaps sleeps that long peaceful slumber from which no man wakes. Yes, we are lucky.

But who will climb as high as they, these inspiration pieces in the game of life? Who will dare set their ambition above a comfortable salary, a few stereotyped patterns of frustrated life, and early retirement? Who will sing with courage . . . clearly and openly to a world which needs beauty?

Who will create another "Caesar and Cleopatra?" Who will live to give us the self confidence of a Roosevelt?

Who indeed? You, a student here, perhaps!

Schmoos in the NIGHT

By Herb Eber

Miracle of Miracles!!! The town has come alive. Man, this thing called entertainment here in Memphis has suddenly started to come on like Gangbusters. There's so much happening. I don't know where to start.

First to music. Joseph Knitzer is coming to this campus Friday night, and bringing an extremely talented fiddle. Moreover, it's free. FREE! That Hindesmith Sonata he's due to play should provide some nice listening. Then on Tuesday night comes Hildegard—pardon me—the INCOMPARABLE Hildegard. This should be fun for those who enjoy her sophisticated songs and humor.

Sure would like to see BOB MORRIS play some of the campus dances with his fine ork. The band manages to catch the Miller-Flagan style while using only eight pieces (but sounding like seventeen). They've had a terrific success at various frat dances they've played and it's about time they play a bit here on campus. After all, Bob is a student here and what's more important, the guy has a fine band.

Odds and Ends: New floor shows at the Slipper—The Peabody has started featuring guest artists with the Concert Orchestra on Sundays—"Born Yesterday", the opening gun of the Little Theater season had its run extended for a half week—congrats on a fine show and may they have a wonderful season—"Macbeth" at the Ritz indefinitely. There's a great show which serves to overcome somewhat the tendency to snicker when Orson Welles' name is mentioned.

In closing I'd like to congratulate the players for "R. U. R." It was a fine performance considering the number of rehearsals. I realize that the first play of the season always is hard to get started. But there were some scenes that needed a little more work. Still the play was well done and will probably result in bigger and better audiences for the productions this year. So—let's make the plays worthy of the increase in interest by holding a few more rehearsals for the next one.

Crescendo and Diminuendo

Solomon, English pianist, gave a very musicianly performance in one of the important concerts of the season last Sunday at Memphis State College, sponsored by the Memphis and Mid-South Piano Scholarship Association. Throughout the program, he evidenced fine musical sense, imagination, and understanding, but the high-spot of the afternoon was the Kinderscenen, by Schumann. The concert was good and the audience enjoyed every minute of it; but the fascination was not for the ear alone, for his fine, expressive face registered every passing mood of the music—repose, agony, happiness, anguish, dreams.

However, the superb artistry of this man of international repute must surely deserve more of a "concert atmosphere" for so beautiful a performance. How he must have suffered as the "arrivals" continued to arrive even until intermission and to sque-e-e-a-k their seats in taking their places during his quietest music. An airplane overhead, a train nearby, a singing child in the corridor, three-fourths of the audience still outside when the artist returned to the piano after intermission, a headlong rush for home before the artist could take his bows and play his encores—is that the gracious south? It was a fine concert played by a fine artist, but we should mend our manners.

Southwestern, besides working through its music department, is serving the cause of music by sponsoring increasingly important concerts. Three major contests within one week almost constitute a festival: The Southwestern String Ensemble last Tuesday night, Joseph Knitzer, national known violinist, tonight, and the annual Steuter-man-Myers organ and piano recital, which will be heard Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m. at Calvary Episcopal Church.

This program has attracted a full house for many years, and it is only the newcomers who need be reminded to go.

OBSERVATIONS

By Fred Link

The greatness of Southwestern today lies in the ability it has had to surmount the obstacles which have faced it and to continue past them to something greater. For one hundred years it has demonstrated that it is never enough to live by the status quo.

The present obstacle which faces us is to prove that the privately owned college upholding the liberal arts tradition is not only more valuable but of greater necessity than the type of institution which most of our public universities have become.

To prove this, we must show that what we learn here and the methods by which we learn it will enable us to face the crisis which is upon our civilization in a manner superior to that which results from training in those institutions.

If what we learn is to show this, we should certainly be able to use what we have learned to overcome the problems that we face while we are here. For if we cannot even solve these, we surely can make no progress in a greater society.

The evidence of the past few years is on the debit side of the ledger. The evidence to date this year has increased the debt. Our example has quite evidently contributed to the destruction of our belief.

If we cannot rise above fraternities and sororities, above pettiness, organizational and individual, and work constructively and spiritedly together to prove our belief, we are either all hypocrites or our belief has no validity.

Horace, referring to his work, once said "Non omnis moriar." It is my firm belief that the same claim could be made by Southwestern if we as students actively affirmed it. True, fostering of a creative school spirit is only a step toward a goal, but it is the most obvious affirmation of faith.

The root of all change lies embedded in the individual. If each of us makes his own personal contribution, this college will continue in the tradition of education which it has progressively maintained for so long.



By Robert Q. Dunn

WAR'S ONE THING that I can do as much with none of as I can get. Hand me a rifle . . . a twenty-two . . . an' I can hit a crow at liars' distance. Put the stock of a thirty-thirty into the groove of my wood worn shoulder and I'm a dangerous man . . . to a eight point moose . . . well . . . a mouse-deer, anyhow. With a forty-five automatic, I can fire clean through our Gym. Kapooy!

But this WAR . . . it's just like walking into the crossfire between Murder Inc. and J. Edgar Hoover's FBI in a suit of long white underwear, carryin' an Innocent Bystander sign . . . and it's worse if you dunno what you're doin'!

Back in the days when Glub whacked Blub with a boulder for Umpahehe's love, things were sort of personal, dependin' mostly on two hands, two rocks and two heads.

Two or three ages later when ye Knights of the Dice Table were chargin' hither and forth astride tin-bedecked plow horses, brandishing oversized steel toothpicks and engraved garbage can tops, one oft-times died while getting the point but, at least, he could see h'it were Sir Chamber Pot a doin' him in. An' mor'n likely, ye' women and chillin' were safe and worried behind a wall or two.

BANG! The man who concocted that over-expanding, black death, GUNPOWER . . . should be given the single-handed job of battle-field score-keeper. But found, black powder roared on, by Ming's dustgrey beard; it fire-cracked, cannonaded, Big Berthaed, and Blitz Bombed its way into the homes of a million crying kids . . . cut down faithful wives and pretty young ladies . . . killed peddlers, bums, doctors, preachers, pilots and even your brother and somebody else's sister.

Then IT came . . . with a whirring God-fissional, roaring, searing, catastrophic explosion . . . THE ATOM BOMB!!! *Silence and a baby cryin'.*

And you don't want ROTC? You can't see how it can fit into this school? You can't spare the time? Well, listen while Citizen Dunn lets you hear a voice . . .

. . . I'm cold . . . and wet . . . but I will not learn this thing called war . . . it is not right . . . I am an honorable man . . . I have sinned but little . . . I will never be a student of such a worthless thing . . . ah, the townsmen return . . . they have so long been away . . . they are so stupid to have gone away, to have given their time, to have fought . . . COME, I would speak with you, oh, neighbors . . . friends . . . warriors returned. Come . . . gently, now, or you step on my unmarked grave . . .

It isn't that you think ROTC should or shouldn't come to this school, Chillin'; it's got to! These wars are wars of the innocent bystanders, of store keepers, of good men and bad, teachers and students who suddenly turn in their lives . . . for a gun, and walk away warward! You've got to be prepared with the best you can learn.

ROTC ain't just a way to stay out of the draft . . . It teaches something about war . . . a must in this War Age. So, if and when ROTC comes to this school, proudly enter its courses and dig every bit of common, life-saving sense from it that you can. . . . You may be diggin' a Fox Hole to save your life!

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Sportsman's Corner

By Bob Starr

(Ed. Note: This column is written this week by the editor of *The Sou'wester* because there are some things that need to be said about the football that the regular writer, a member of the football team, cannot say and retain any claim to modesty.)

Do we have a football team? You say no? Then you weren't at the game last Saturday night. And if you weren't you missed a whale of a football game.

Impossible for a Southwestern football team to play a good game? You're on the wrong train, bud. That was last week. This is now.

For the first time this year fans came away from Hodges mouth-ing praise for a scrapping eleven. But look at the scoreboard! This loss was just as bad as the others! All the scores are about the same! Nuts to you, pessimist, we still say you didn't see the game. It's a trite phrase for school newspapers to say that our grand ole team went down fighting. Well, it's not trite in this case. They not only went down fighting, they went down slugging.

Fine Contest

There is nothing to be ashamed about in Saturday night's loss. The Lynx team that walked off that football field not only reflected credit on Southwestern, its football teams, but the game of football itself. It was a fine, hard-played, strongly contested struggle.

I saw three football games in a twenty-six hour period this week end. I saw Tech-Central, which is the acme of high school competition in this area; I saw Ole Miss-TCU, which was an example of fair big time ball; and I saw Southwestern-Hendrix, the which game was a fine argument for unsubsidized football, because I enjoyed that game much more than either of the other two. And the comparative scores were the same. In each game the winning team built up an advantage and was never really pressed.

This Is Certain

But one thing is certain. Of the three losing teams, none fought as the Lynx Cats did to come from behind. None fought as the Lynx Cats to get through that line and blast the ball carrier. None fought as the Lynx Cats did to make those few extra yards that might mean a first down and an eventual touchdown. Team spirit and the will to win was such as we've never seen here before. Have we got a football team. Hell, yes!

Individual praise? We have enough of it to fill all four pages and twenty columns of this newspaper. The team was great . . . this isn't the old rah rah stuff you've been getting, this is leveling, fired from the hip by a guy who hasn't had much good to say about the team before. But they won me over Saturday, and they won a lot of other students. I believe that anyone who was in the stands will be back there again next time, and that a lot more will join them when those who were there tell those who weren't what they saw. Amazing as it may seem, nobody left until this game was over, even though the Cats had as little or less chance of winning than they have had in previous games. That old mass exodus in the middle of the third quarter just didn't come off. Those people were watching good football, and when it's good football, who wins is not too important. Nobody left, that is, except a couple of cheerleaders and some others who don't count.

Want Qualifying?

If they were so good, then why did we lose? Want rationaliza-tion, do you? Got that, too. For the most part of the second half our three lettermen ends rested docilely on the bench, unfit for action. If you have seen any of our other games, you know how much those ends mean. A lot of the other first string men were hurt, and then most of them played the whole first half without relief, and that is no little tiring.

Then there was a guy named McCool, a wing-footed little buzzard who hails from the same section of Arkie that I do. Saw him play once or twice in high school, and if you're wondering how he hot-footed it through our secondary when it looked like he shuld have been tackled, I can tell you how he did it. He played on a high school team that was more or less a throw-together affair. He didn't get much blocking there, so he learned how to run without it. He's the first real break-away back we've seen all year. They don't produce many of them any more, and this one was ninety per cent responsible for our losing the game. The other ten were our inability to score.

About those individuals. Crumby . . . he played most of the game

(Continued on Page 4)

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Cats Drop Tough One To Hendrix By 28-6 Count

The Lynx pushed over a quick touchdown last Saturday night against the Hendrix Warriors but couldn't stand prosperity and succumbed before a second half rally by the visitors, dropping a 28-6 decision.

Southwestern, already crippled by injuries to Rick Russell and Teeny Crain, lost the services of John McKee and Charlie Landrum during the Hendrix tussle.

After kicking off and stopping Hendrix at the beginning of the game, Southwestern moved 52 yards to pay dirt the first time they got their hands on the ball. Bob Crumby started things off with a 26 yard heave to Bob Whiteside, and Bobby Peters pounded up to the four in two sallyes. Things slowed down somewhat here, but Crumby finally went over on fourth down on a quarterback sneak. Sparks never got a chance to try the conversion due to a bad pass from center. Nevertheless the Lynx led in a ball game for the first time in 1950.

Their advantage lasted until the first minute of the second period, when Bobby McCool of the Warriors took in a punt on his own 40 and went down the sidelines all the way for a TD. Billy Clark's conversion was good.

The Warriors increased their lead with six minutes left in the third quarter when McCool scored on an end sweep from 13 yards out. Before the period ended Walter Rodgers had traveled 38 yards for the third Hendrix score. Early in the final quarter a pass and lateral from John Nutter to Garth Martin to Bill Helms resulted in the last Hendrix tally.

Injury Riddled Cats To Battle Centre College Tomorrow

The Lynx Cats left today for Danville, Kentucky, where they will engage the Praying Colonels of Centre College in a football argu-ment. Sporting a record of five straight losses, the Cats are on the prowl for victory number one.

Centre has an unbeaten record for Southwestern to fire at. It is marred by only one tie in five games. Victims have included Tusculum, Wabash, Maryville, and Hanover. Anderson played them to a 7-7 draw.

Chi O Leads Crowd, DDD Runs Next In Girl's Intramurals

Leading the girl's intramural basketball tournament is Chi O with 8 points. Tri-Delt comes next with 6 points, the Freshmen with 4 points, KD with 4 points, the Transfers with 2 points, and AOPi and ZTA with no points.

Two points are given for win-ning a game, 1 point for a tie, and no points for losing the game. The teams winning first, second, and third places are given points for the over-all sport tournament.

This season there are several outstanding players. Betty Jo Cart-er leads the high point list with 50 points scored; Jane Wittichen is second with 38 points; Anne McGehee, third with 35 points; Anne Caldwell, fourth with 32 points; and Jeanne Arnold, fifth with 31 points.

No games have been played this week. Next Monday, November 6, ZTA plays KD at 7:00. On Tues-day, November 7, Tri-Delt plays AOPi at 7:00, and KD plays Chi Omega at 8:00. Then Thursday, November 9, ZTA meets AOPi at 7:00, and the Freshmen and the Transfers meet at 8:00.

This is the same Centre College that whipped Army some years ago when Bo McMillan was pack-ing the leather for them. The Cats got a six to nothing lead on Centre last year at Hodges before a blast of second quarter touchdowns drop-ped them 20-6 in a river of mud.

But Southwestern will field a crippled team tomorrow night. Teeny Crain and Rick Russell were put out for the season last week, and three others were injured in the Hendrix game. Charlie Land-rum is definitely out of this game with a back injury and may not get back into uniform this season. John McKee wrenched his elbow and will probably see only limited duty.

Bobby Whiteside and Billy Joe Crissamore spent a good part of the Hendrix game on the bench. Both of them were knocked un-conscious during the course of play, but both are expected to start at their positions.

The freshmen who moved up to fill the shoes of the permanently injured men looked good against Hendrix, and Ricky King and Bob-by Peters are expected to carry the brunt of the ball carrying chores, aided by Bill Sparks, who will still be called on to do all or most of the kicking.

Coaches Clemens, Hall, and Har-
(Continued on Page 4)

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In Orono, Maine, a favorite gather-ing spot of students at the University of Maine is the Snack Bar in Car-ne-gie Library because it is a cheerful place—full of friendly collegiate atmosphere. And when the gang gathers around, ice-cold Coca-Cola gets the call. For here, as in college haunts everywhere—Coke belongs.

Hendrix Game . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

ris have been driving the boys hard this week, and a lot of passes have been thrown during the practise sessions which means that the Cats will depend to a great degree on the passing arm of quarterback Bob Crumby and understudy Jimmy McLin. Lack of capable receivers may put the quietus on the aerial game, but if Whiteside and McKee are able to go, look for a night sky full of heaves.

Crash Then . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

breathy and sometimes unsure of himself, played the second performance with an active understanding of the part of the self-assured man who manufactured the near end of humanity.

Not only did Viv Chilton play well the feminine lead, but also supported her demigogue cast well enough to allow each one of them who on-staged with her the in-

frequent opportunity of having their own scene.

Albert Nelius, had he one tone more silently portrayed his beautiful irony, would have found his audience drawn on stage around his ankles, so intent were they to gather in each of his masterfully released syllables.

Cowardly . . . realistically going beserk on stage, Paul Bowdre's enactment of Councilman Busman built for the spectators the terrific tension of Capek's timely melodrama.

Juliette Read was a scream as the over-nosey maid, Nana.

Paula Richardson, who gushed tears over Walter Lazenby, who has the experienced knack of underplaying a role, and Albert Nelius; he earned top plaudits in this scene, ably moved backward the centuries within one short Epilogue 'til Nelius, as the last man, was able to utter almost effectly to Paula and Walter, the re-humanized robots, the most difficult line of the play . . . "Go Adam and Eve." Then the audience demanded four curtain calls. The entire cast, to a person, each deserved an individual call.

Mr. Raymond C. Hill, director magical, is indeed a master.

Sportman's Corner

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like the quarterback position should be played. He's had sparks of fine playing before, but he stood out throughout this game, handling the ball like a magician on offense, and was a raging lion on defense. It was above and beyond the best game we've ever seen him play. And who can forget Ricky King and Bobby Peters. A couple of second stringers who rose by the injury route proved that they had the stuff. King was probably the star of the game, if it is possible to pick a star, and his fifty yard chase where he pulled that McCool down from behind was without a doubt the most thrilling play of the game. Peters pulled off a couple of nice interceptions and almost duplicated his touchdown jaunt of the Sewanee game twice in this one. Bad footing got him once and one of those Hendrix antelopes caught him the other time, but I might be writing another story if he had got away either time.

All Were Hustling

Whiteside, Landrum, Crissamore . . . all played at peak until injured, and John McKee was outdoing himself when he got it in the arm. McAlister, Germany were hustling . . . they were all hustling. It was a rejuvenated ball club . . . it wasn't the same ball club.

Take it from one of the Hendrix players who did his prep bucking for my alma mater who said, "We heard Southwestern wouldn't fight. Somebody lied."

So there it is. They're plagued with injuries right now, they definitely won't be at top when they tangle with Centre tomorrow, but now, now we'll be willing to put our pennies on a small side wager that they'll be fighting sixty minutes.

Forget About It

We have heard rumblings that Southwestern should drop football, that it was a bad advertisement for the college, even mumbled it in our own beards once or twice, but forget about it. The boys who played Saturday night deserve to have a football team, and to heck with advertising. And they deserve every bit of support that we can give them. So how about it? On the ball or not at all. We've told them what a fine game we think they played. Have you?

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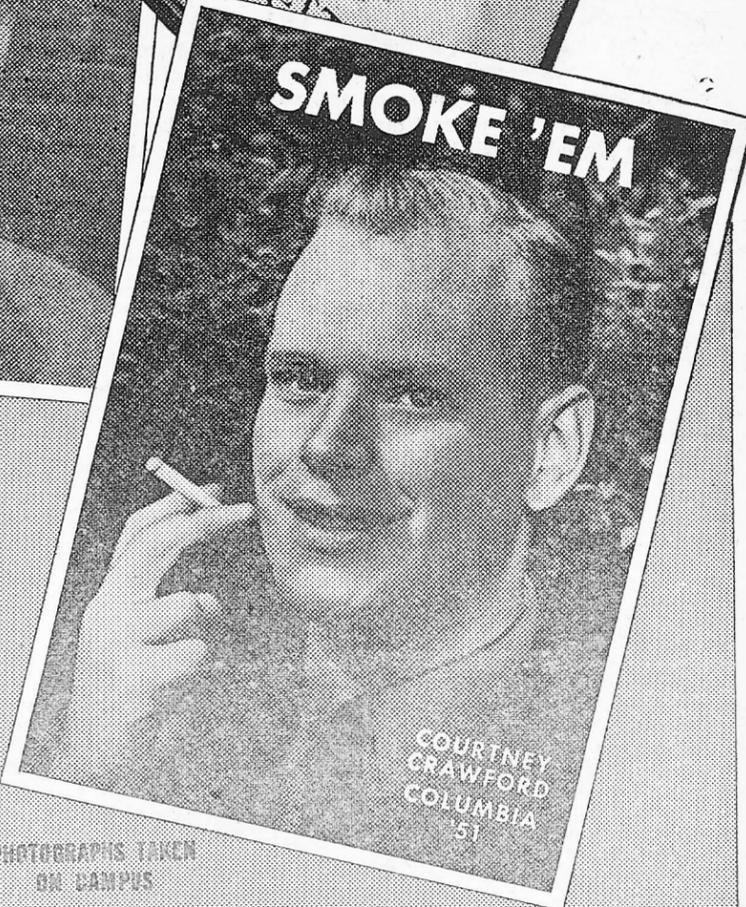
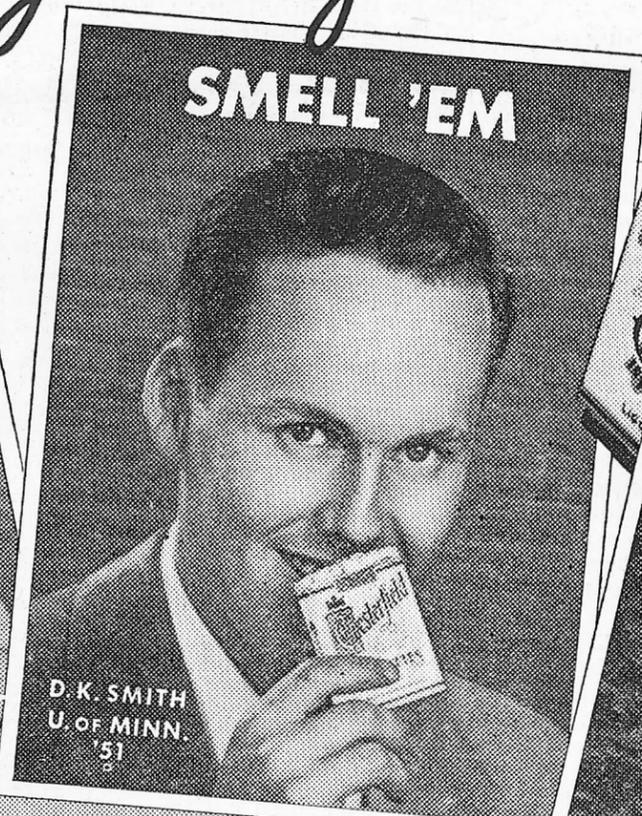
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