

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

35th Year

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, APRIL 1, 1954

35
Vol. 36, No. 21

DR. RHODES RESIGNS



Arson is suspected in the blaze that leveled Fargason Field House late yesterday. This picture, taken as smoke began to billow from the south windows, shows the festive mood that prevailed as a result of the fire.

—Photo by John McKinney

Students Cheer As Fire Sweeps Old Fargason Gym

The Fargason Field House, a Memphis landmark for many years, was leveled by fire yesterday. The blaze is thought to have been started by a group of Southwestern Faculty members to herald the new educational policy which goes into effect today. A crowd of Southwestern students and adult Memphians gathered in front of the gym even before the smoke started pouring from the south end of the old wooden building. By the time a small band of gym-lovers led by ex-President Rhodes arrived, the cheering mob had grown to an estimated 500. Dr. Rhodes pled with the throng to save the building for a temporary Student Union, but all efforts to stop the spread of the fire were thwarted when Professor Wolf forgot which was his school and called the fire department to come to the gym at Memphis State.

Marrymakers

The band and cheerleaders were on hand for the party as the entire student body joined the celebration. Tommy Crais, Lisa Rollow and Margaret Fagan led the merrymaking. Ralph Turner, Bob Allison, Chandler Warren and Peggy Fitch did stunts to entertain the crowd during the momentary lulls in the conflagration.

Dr. Rhodes and his group (led

Increase In Enrollment Seen

The prospect for new students for next year is better than ever before, reports Malcolm B. Evans, registrar. Now that Southwestern will be functioning under the system of Regressive Education, we will be drawing hundreds more students from every state in the Union and many foreign countries. In fact, applications for admittance are flooding the registrar's desk. Extra assistants will have to be employed to relieve Mr. Evans of some of the work.

Dr. Lowe R. Standards, a special advisor sent down by Dr. Letem B. Bratts, new president of Southwestern, will arrive at the end of the week to instruct Mr. Evans in the new "Lowe R." entrance requirements. We do not yet know what the requirements will be, but rumor has it that all new students will be required to pass a course in the reading and interpretation of Pogo.

Regressive Education Comes To Southwestern; All Rules Changed

At their meeting here on March 15th and 16th, the Board of Directors of Southwestern upon hearing of Regressive Education on Bishop Fulton Sheen's radio program, although he was not advocating it, has decided that this is what Southwestern needs. According to Bishop Sheen, Regressive Education was originated by Dr. Letem B. Bratts, doctor of idiotology from the University of Lower Slobbovia.

Changes in the Student Government rules, credits for degrees, and calendar are being made to meet the requirements of the program of Regressive Education. The committees involved have already met and have decided upon the following changes. No girls will be allowed in Voorhies dorm until after eleven p. m. Girls will not be required to sign out. Chapel will be discontinued. Students will have unlimited cuts in all classes. No one should arrive at

L. B. Bratts Named New Prexy

Dr. Peyton N. Rhodes announces that he is resigning as President of Southwestern. He feels that he cannot go along with the program of Regressive Education which the Board of Directors have voted to institute here immediately. Below is a copy of the letter he wrote to the students explaining his resignation.

The Board did not have to deliberate long in deciding who they wanted to fill Dr. Rhodes' place.

Dr. Letem B. Bratts, originator of Regressive Education, was their immediate and unanimous choice. They are rejoicing in their success in securing his services.

Dr. Rhodes taught physics here from 1926 to 1949. Since then he has served as President. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Virginia, is a member of Delta Chi fraternity, The Raven Society, Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi. Last year he received an honorary Doctor of Civil Law from Sewanee.

MR. RHODES' LETTER TO THE STUDENTS

The President's Office
Palmer Hall (Zoo side)
Southwestern at Memphis
April 1, 1954

Dear Students, Would-be-Students and Won't-be-Students:

Word has just reached me of one of the foulest perpetrations and devastating developments yet to rear its ugly head in the realm of higher education in this our fair Southland. I am filled with holy wrath as well as consumed with righteous indignation. This is a difficult position to maintain. Once the awful facts are known the public will rise up to a man (or to a woman and maybe to a child or so) and demand fit punishment for those who have not only misused the sacred authority with which they had been entrusted, but who have sold us down the river, or at least to the levee, in a crass and callous violation of academic inertia and educational ineptitude.

I shudder to think, as will you all if one may rashly assume that thinking is still in vogue, of the repercussions that will shake the entire academic world when it becomes known that the BORED OF TRUSTIES of Southwestern, in solemn and smoke-filled conclave, has succumbed en toto to the pernicious modern trends in intracurricular procedures and has adopted and seeks to promul-

(Continued on Page 3)

Duncan Hines R.E. Threatens Signs Contract U.S.F.B.I.

Duncan Hines has signed a contract to be Mr. Pack's assistant. He will arrive today to begin his duties.

Mr. Pack announces that the dining hall will now be open for continuous service. He can not give us the complete menu for each day, but he has told us of a few additions to the menu. Caviar will be served as the entree on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and anchovies on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Persons may have their choice of either on Sunday. Also featured on Sunday will be Oysters Rockefeller and Crepes Suzettes.

Sou'wester's Washington Bureau, April 1—In a private interview today J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, stated that, "This new educational idea Southwestern is putting into practice will revolutionize the F.B.I." He rose and went over to the map hanging on the wall and began to illustrate his words by pointing to places on the map. "Look," he said, "We have ten F.B.I. agents here in Memphis and offices in New Orleans, Little Rock, and St. Louis. If Southwestern car-

(Continued on page 3)

any class until after the late bell. Students may take only six hours per semester. Physical education classes will be discontinued. Classes may meet at 10 and 11 A.M. only. Faculty members are instructed to complete all work within class so that students may devote all other time for extracurricular activities. Anyone caught using a book in the library will be severely punished. Cars may make their own paths over the campus.

The committees have not completed their task of changing the rules. If anyone has any suggestions, they will be glad to make the change.

New Degrees Announced

Dean Johnson announced yesterday that four entirely new degrees will be given to graduates this year. They are the B.S.E., the B.P.R., the B.D.J., and the B.I.

That the B.S.E. (Bachelor of Self Expression) is vitally needed at Southwestern was the almost unanimous decision of the faculty. (Dr. Kelso thought we already had it, so he wouldn't vote.) "Why are the students so co-operative and regimented?" asked the faculty, and they answered, "It is because they have no encouragement to follow the ideas of the great philosopher Paradis 'to be themselves.' It is our firm belief that this new degree will solve the problem." The requirements for a B.S.E. include the new course in pamphlet passing and and style instruction by Dr. Davis. It should be noted, however, that the course discourages the shooting of Presidents.

Bosworth's Pet

The B.P.R. (Bachelor Pagani Ritualo) has been a pet project of Miss Eleanor Bosworth for several years. "Indeed," said Miss Bosworth in a statement to the press, "I have thought about it ever since I saw my first Tarzan picture in 1939." To obtain this degree, the graduate must specialize in the history courses which deal with pagan ritual (Old South history is not included) and for comprehensives must perform a Rain Dance in the basement of Voorhies.

The B.D.J. (Bachelor of Delinquencia Juvenalia) should prove popular with the younger set. It is similar to the B.S.E., except that you're not required to think for a B.D.J. Among the required units are "Vandalism in the Home," "The Psychology of the Law and How to Evade It," and "Music for Destruction."

The Sou'wester

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Campus Challenges

Have you all noticed that it is getting a little warmer every day? Have you all gone to the Memorial Park and seen the beautiful azaleas blooming in all the splendor of their manifold colors? Have you all heard in the morning the sweet and happy trill of the mocking bird? The skies are bluer, the flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, everybody is happier—it is springtime. It is the time when we feel overcome by the irresistible attractions of nature in its most varied and exuberant expressions. It is when we feel like singing, running, jumping, pic-nic-ing, swimming, playing, and . . . the heck with books and classes, and school and all. Who wants to waste his time in the tight four walls of a stuffy classroom, when everything outside invites to enjoy life? You students, who waste the precious hours of the day and many of the night in the Library or in your room, impoverishing your sight, enfeebling the vitality of your youth, you are missing the main ideals of a life on a College Campus. All those fictitious patterns of discipline established by old fashioned members of faculties of our colleges have to be forgotten and substituted by the healthy and ever welcome dominions of FUN.

Friends, let us live it up. Let us have fun now that we have our Regressive Education. Boys, let us get our dates. Girls, let us get the spirit. Let's have a REE-vival—with our new system on campus.

—Alexey Panlues

Ball To Be Double Rush

An innovation in dances will be initiated the night of April 2, the night of the "All Fool's Ball." In plain spoken words the dance will be a "Double Rush." The idea, suggested by a group of students from Mobile, has been accepted by the Social Committee. Double Rushing is made for the girls, though it is admitted that boys benefit in just as many ways.

Rules of Double Rush

Here are the general ideas and rules of Double Rushing. First of all, since the dance is planned for the student body as a whole, anybody can come stag, girls included. This is important: it is not necessary for a girl to have a date. Come stag! At a Double Rush dance girls have all the privileges that only stag boys usually enjoy. Therefore, both boys and girls can cut and break. Neither the girl nor the boy is obligated to dance more than one dance with his or her partner. After that you can, if you wish, cut to your heart's content. When either the girl or boy wants to change partners, she or he says, "I enjoyed it," or something in that vein, and is entitled to leave without further conversation. This method makes cutting much easier, and therefore, you will be able to dance with a greater number of people; and as you will see, it will make the dance much more lively—and interesting.

Ladies' Initiative

Well, girls, you of the fair and weaker sex, now is the time to prove to us the old and oft quoted saying: "Never underestimate the powers of a woman." The initiative is yours—take it!

U. S. Senate To Investigate Southwestern

Sou'wester's Washington Bureau, April 1.—Senator McCarthy stated in a press conference this morning that Dr. Letem B. Bratts, new president of Southwestern, is un-American. "He should know better than that," sputtered the Senator, "telling them to express themselves, that complete self-expression is the goal of education!" As he glared around the room at the reporters he screamed, "What's the good of education if the professors don't teach their students that they'd better be conventional or my committee will get them! I'll subpoena Bratts! I'll ruin him! He was one of a group who sponsored sending blankets to Navajo Indians and everyone knows that the Indians possess communal property! Think of having a man like that teaching our children!" Slamming his fist down on the table, he continued, "I can prove to you that Bratts is guilty! Ask him where he was at 3:30 on the afternoon of April 3rd, 1937. He'll say he can't remember, but he just doesn't want to tell you!"

Southwestern . . . Dr. Bratts has as yet made no printable reply to Senator McCarthy's accusation, but the Sou'wester will keep you informed as to future events in this conflict.

Grad Sleeps Way Through College

OMAHA, Nebr. . . "I slept my way through college," said Nebraska college graduate A. W. Turnbow, who received his degree last June.

This startling statement came as a complete surprise to ex-student Turnbow's professors who had once predicted his college career would end in failure.

Last week graduate Turnbow disclosed his secret. He had been "Sleep-learning."

"I'd read many articles on the theory of sleep-learning," he said, but none told me how to go about it. So I made my own sleep-learning device and experimented. I was working full time and trying to carry 19 credit hours at college. I was told I was failing, so I figured I couldn't lose anything."

Time has proven that he didn't lose anything. According to Mr. Turnbow, now president of Sleep-Learning Research Association, 114 S. 38th Ave., Omaha, he owes his college degree to his pioneer experiments.

Learn Russian

Student Turnbow's unusual method of obtaining knowledge was first applied to his course in Russian. "I read two-thousand Russian vocabulary words into the machine, then gave the English meaning to each," he reported. "Results were so successful that I started reading notes from all my courses into the device.

"I remember how my fellow students laughed when I told them about "sleep-learning," he remarked. "But when I started tossing around five syllable vocabulary words, formulas, dates and complete passages from Shakespeare, they changed their attitude."

After writing several articles on his sleep-learning results, Mr. Turnbow continued his experiments. Immediately upon graduation, he formed SLEEP-LEARNING RESEARCH ASSOCIATION in Omaha, Nebraska. Last week with the publication of his illustrated booklet "LEARN A LANGUAGE — WHILE YOU SLEEP." Sleep-Learning Research Press (\$2.00), the public was offered his secret. The booklet tells his complete story and how to make his sleep-learning device for as little as \$50.

We've Got It At Last

We've got it at last. Regressive Education is what we have been needing and wanting here at Southwestern for a long time. The Board of Directors have finally come to their senses. Dr. Bratts sounds as if he'll be the best president this school has ever had. We commend Dr. Rhodes for resigning (and not waiting to be asked to leave). We would also like to express our appreciation of his noble efforts to make Southwestern the best he could. But now we must support the new regime.

The new rule changes sound great. No one ever liked to be in the dorm at 8 or 11 p.m., signing out, having to do homework, etc. Now we will really be able to "be ourselves." Those new degrees certainly should prove to be popular. Now surely everyone will be able to receive a coveted degree from Southwestern. So be happy, have a good time, and don't complain. You should have nothing to complain about under this new administration.

Quo Vadis, or What's Next

(From the DAILY CHARIOT, Rome's Picture Newspaper, March 16, 44. Copyright MGM, 1954.)

Today, readers, is a day to try men's souls.

The question of the hour is: Where are we going?

The CHARIOT, a non-partisan and independent newspaper whose interests are those of this good city and state of Rome, does not presume to pass judgment on the tragic event that took place yesterday in the very heart of our community.

There have been two radically divergent schools of thought in Rome as to the course which public affairs were taking. The CHARIOT has been careful to try to see the merits of both sides, as our files will bear witness. We have praised Caesar and the stalwart public figure, Mark Anthony, who may be expected to carry Caesar's torch in the tumultuous days that, we sorely fear, lie ahead of us. And we have never failed to pay due tribute to the integrity, courage and resolution of Brutus, Cassius, Casca and the other leaders of the movement that has opposed certain important aspects of Caesar's policy.

There are good men—men of whom Rome may well be proud—on both sides.

We associate ourselves with Mark Anthony's words of yesterday—"Brutus is an honorable man. So are they all, all honorable men!"

Our duty, as Romans and as citizens, is to keep our heads. The future of all of us is at stake. We would like to see Anthony and Brutus, representing their respective followers, shake hands and call it a day. That would be good for the peace of mind of each and every one of us, and good for business.

Let's keep our fingers crossed, mind our own business, and hope for the best.

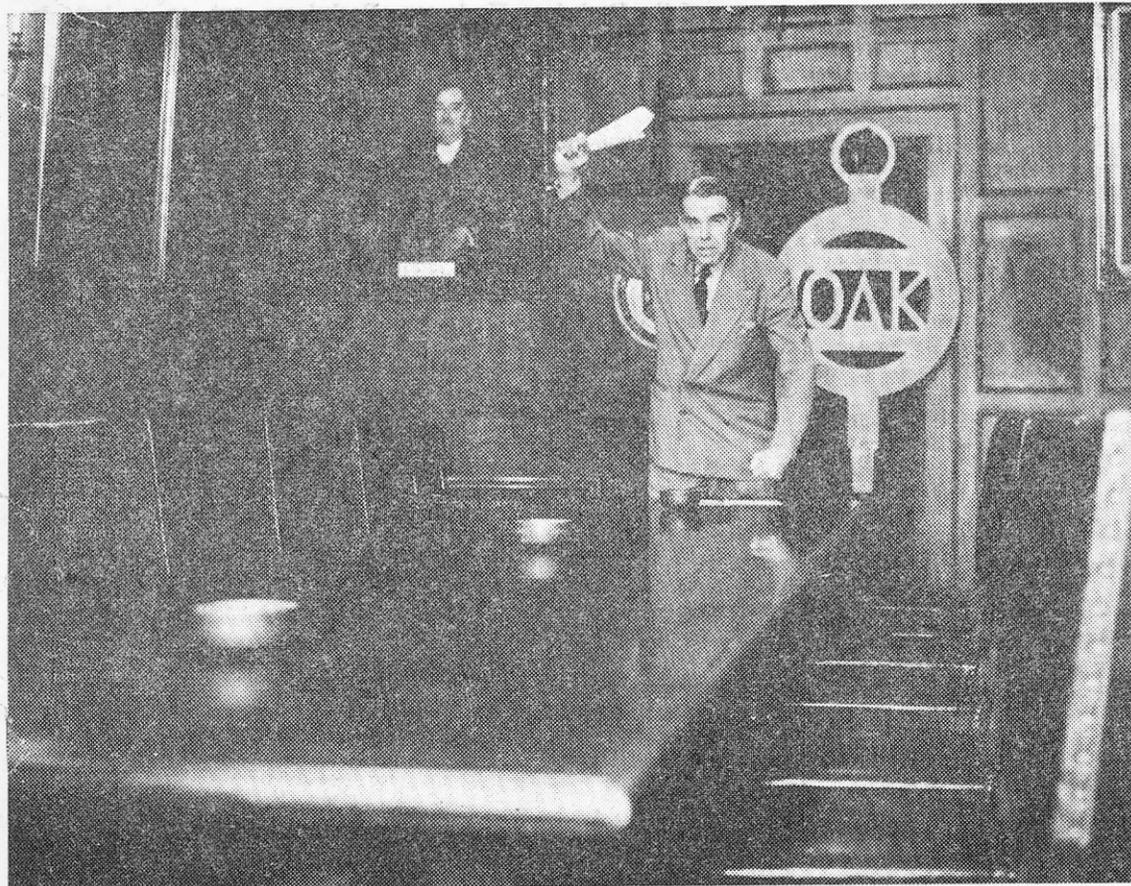
* * *

The story above fits in with our April Fool theme, and still tells you of an event we wanted you to know about on the level. Today MGM's "Julius Caesar" opens at the Loew's Palace. The film, based on the play by William Shakespeare, has been acclaimed by critics, literary and historical authorities, and the general public as one of the movies that mark an epoch in screen production. The leading characters include Marlon Brando as Anthony, James Mason as Brutus, Sir John Gielgud as Cassius, Louis Calhern as Caesar, Edmond O'Brien as Casca, Greer Garson as Calpurnia and Deborah Kerr as Portia.

If you have any time to spare over the April Fool weekend, we heartily recommend that you see "Julius Caesar" at the Loew's Palace.



(SPRING IS HERE AND THE SAP IS RUNNING.)



Former Southwestern President Peyton N. Rhodes emphasizes his position at a meeting of all his supporters held yesterday. Mr. Rhodes refused to tell the press just how many backers he has, but this picture, taken through the window of the Conference Room, tells the story.

—Photo by John McKinney

MR. RHODES LETTER

gate in our once (slap) happy college an idiotic and moronic system of instruction first foisted on the unwary faculty by that arch-carpenter Letem B. Bratts, O.Id., whose ugly head first reared itself at the last O.I.C.U.R.A. Nut Convention.

TRADITION REQUIREMENTS

Here at our ancient seat of learning we have always stood for inspiration, expiration and perspiration. We have gloried in our four-year Greek requirement, our four-year math requirement (which often took six), and we have all taken at least two years of physics even when we couldn't get four. We have browsed and burrowed for books about Plato and Aristotle and drained Shakespeare (and Maxwell) to the last drop. We wanted to learn. We had a thirst for knowledge or at least we had a thirst.

NO HARD FEELINGS

But now all of this is swept away like the glory that was grease and this edifice that was builded over the years to endure for centuries has been smashed by a force more destructive than the H-bomb. New rules, new faces, new ideas, newmonia and neuralgia have infiltrated the campus and fixed their baleful eyes on hallowed tradition. The members of the faculty to a man, and to a few women, have been lured by the glint of gold -- double pay for half-time and no-Saturday classes -- to forswear their Socratic oaths and have joined the Bored in embracing the new regime. Alone I have fought to stem the tide of extra-curricular extravaganza that engulfs us. I have asked no quarter and nobody gave me one. I have only one life to give for my country and if I waited for the Bratts to move in I might not have that. My decision has been made. I am bloody but unbowed, bent but unbroken, burned up but not stewed. I quit.

Ave atque vale,
(Signed) Peyton N. Rhodes

R. E. Threatens

(Continued from Page One)

ries out its new system we'll have to somehow double or triple our agents." He was speaking faster and faster. "And if this idea of Dr. Bratts catches on over the nation," he hid his face in his hands, "I don't know what we'll do! All those demons under no control; with their instructors telling them to express themselves! We'd need ten times as many F.B.I. agents and with this new generation the way it will turn out under such training, I don't know where we'll recruit them. And just think what America will be like after fifty years of this!" He stopped pacing long enough to stare out of the window. "Sometimes," he said slowly, "I think that's the only answer... just to jump." He turned away. "But I shan't! We have to meet this bravely." He picked up a tommy gun and a stiletto. "On to Southwestern!" he yelled. "The F.B.I. never flinches!"

Students Cheer

(Continued from Page One)

larly unusual since nobody ever tells him anything anyway. Rumor has it that tonight Professors Cooper, Strickler and Kelso will light fires under the Speech Shack and the Band House. The accidental fires will probably begin from carelessly-placed live pipe ashes. Dr. Cooper practiced his part earlier this week by putting his hot pipe in his pocket--scared the class more than it burned his coat.

All students are cordially invited to the back parking lot tonight to bid "awe mirage" to the last of Southwestern's eye-sores.

Poochie's Patter

"There's no fool like a young fool!" And this means YOU! All the foolish fools of Southwestern will congregate Friday nite at the gym for the "All Fool's Ball." The dance is from 10-2 with the Pastels playing. Like it? Love it!

The S. A.E.'s will honor the April Fool Court at an open house Thursday night from 6-8. Everyone is invited--y'all come!

This is strictly a week for fools--not only the foolish open house and the fool's foolish ball, but a terrifically foolish play. The play is on the age old subject of love. "Love is a sickness, full of woes; all remedies refusing." The foolish play does have a moral, however. It is:

Fear Spreads To Other Colleges

Our colleges are being invaded by an atmosphere of fear and suppression created by irresponsible investigators, hysterical community leaders and other self-appointed "thought police" who have succeeded in intimidating both our students and faculties.

This is the startling and frightening conclusion of a survey made by reporter Andre Fontaine of our colleges and universities which serves as the basis for the article FEAR ON THE CAMPUS, appearing in the April issue of Redbook Magazine.

After many personal interviews with students, Mr. Fontaine found that they are becoming afraid to ask questions on controversial subjects; afraid to join or support unpopular causes even when they believe them to be right; afraid to criticize our political and economic ways or try to improve them. These are a few:

Ed Eigel, editor of the student newspaper at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "Students today don't feel that they're free to sample every idea, as they used to be."

Students are frightened to speak their minds because they know that upon graduation some of their predecessors have been denied jobs and commissions in the armed services because they joined or contributed to some organization or attended some meeting. On campus right now, they are being "tried" without their knowledge and without an opportunity of explaining their records. At the University of Michigan, an investigator of the State Police takes down the names of those attending meetings of "liberal" or "leftist" groups, even the license numbers of cars parked in the vicinity of the meeting place. At Contra Costa Junior College in California, the Great Books Course discussions are put on tape as a record of the students' reactions and opinions of Karl Marx's "Communist Manifesto." Such actions on campus will undoubtedly inhibit a student's self-expression and thinking and is an offense against their freedom.

Ernest Rubenstien, a Princeton graduate and later editor of the Yale Law School JOURNAL states: "It's a sort of pervasive fear that you have--that you have to watch your step. It's hard to list the direct effects."

These appalling conditions, reporter Fontaine finds, are unnecessary in most cases as a poll of the students revealed that they are politically conservative and unlikely to accept Communism on any terms. They have also proven themselves capable of handling free and open discussions of the subject of communism. As Robert Neary, a member of the student legislature at Michigan, said: "We can beat the radicals--in the sunlight."

Redbook Press Release

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may--

Be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry--

Go marry; don't tarry but make sure he's a millionaire."

It's pretty sound advice for a group of fools!

It's really so grand to be a fool. Everything is completely out of this world. Such as Sonny Colvert's newest jitterbug step which combines the Alabama stomp and the fairy waltz.

Have been noticing the nature lovers recently. They really look foolish--gaging or communing!

Big Party

A great time was had by all last night after the word leaked out that President Rhodes resigned. It was the greatest thing that's happened to S'western since the football team won a game. All the fools ran to Parkside and celebrated where nominations for the new President were held. There was a big argument at the convention and the members had a hard time slating the ticket. The Democrats, led by Jim Jones, argued that Marilyn Monroe was perfect for the job (because of her Southern accent, of course) while the Republicans proclaimed that Jane Russell was the one for the job. The tickets nearly came to blows but finally decided to follow the traditions of the school and flip a coin. Silence prevailed at Parkside as the coin leaped into the air--but, in stepped LaVerne Myers, and decided the entire argument. "Darlings, I just couldn't care less, especially since I'm graduating; but after all we do need at least one man on the campus--so how about Liberace?" The crowd roared! Who could be more perfect--and just think of the chapel services! Ah, the power of a woman!

Well, the gang was long gone with celebrating, and so was Pete. But eleven o'clock rolled around and the girls had to get back to the dorm. Sadness indefinable was reached by this decision and mournfully we headed out the door--but, no, Bosworth saved the day! In she walked and calmly announced (she does speak calmly), "Girls, now that you're out, just go ahead and stay out 'til 2 or 3. After all this is 1954! And the rules have been changed." Yep, that cheering she led at the faculty--S.A.E. ball game worked wonders. So, on with the party. Deciding that we needed a little more entertainment, we called on the Social Commissioner, Tommy Cunningham. Tommy decided we might as well do something spectacular so he called the Re-Bops to come play for us. There was only one problem. We needed \$750 to pay them. And, bless his heart, if Mr. Springfield didn't give us the money. Needless to say, we rocked and rolled all night long!

Ahhh--if it could only be April Fool all year long. Don't forget the April Fool Ball Friday! See you there!

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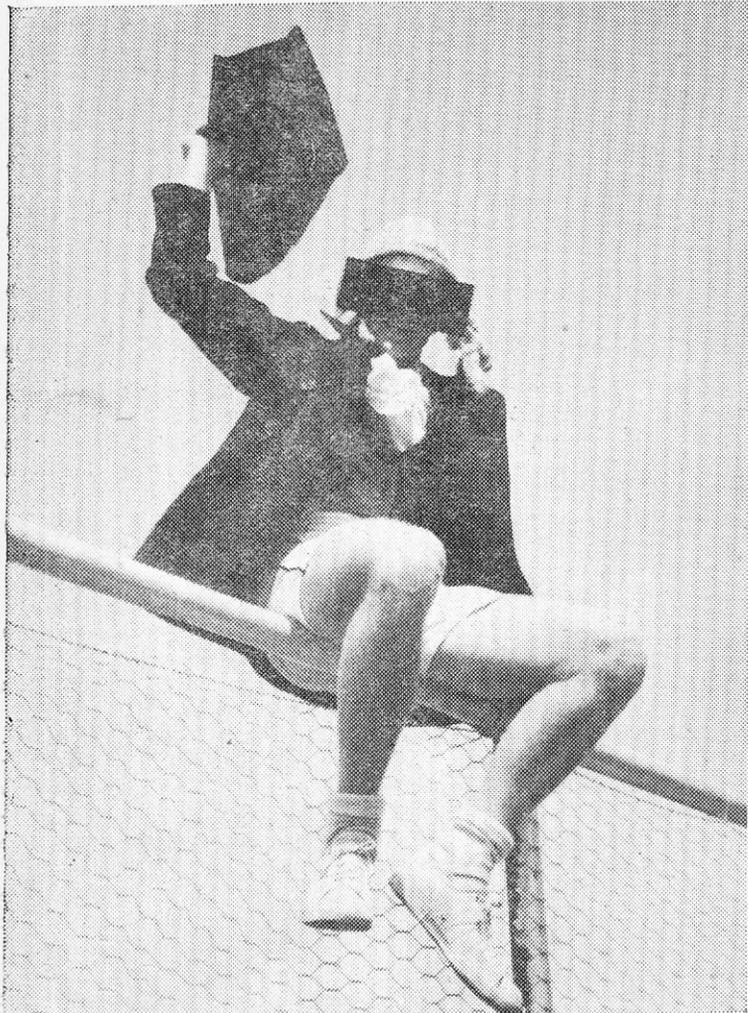
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Letem B. Bratts, 369376369334, alias "The Little Professor," wanted in 24 states for contributing to juvenile delinquency. Last seen as he waved goodbye to fellow prisoners. The face has been deleted in this picture by request of the Board of Zoo U.

—Photo by John McKinley

Pressing the Profs

Geraldine Dozier

"Ah, pleasure is the aim of life, my children," began Prof. Letem B. Bratts, a doctor of the modern school who has earned, magna cum loudly, degrees in many fields, namely procrastination, illiterate joy, efficient methods of passing time, and work-time sleeping. "Ignorance is bliss," he continued. "Let's get happy." Dr. Bratt's favorite saying: "Why work overtime? You got four years to go here anyway, unless, of course, you're one of those incredibly disgusting persons who want to graduate in three years. Oh, king of bliss, save my 'students' from such fates. Ohhhhhhh!" It was too much for the old professor. The man fainted at the idea.

Precious Child

Dr. Bratts was an extremely precocious child back in his boyhood days spent in Brattsville. He was the talk of the village. His I.Q.-10. After having graduated from high school with honors (he majored in mumblety-peg), the young student moved to B.I.C., Brattsville Institute of Cajolery. There he received a degree with, errr, in cajolery. Next he attended the infamous Playboys College, and after being sent home for a rest cure (he had been working late nights, being so enthralled and enthusiastic about the prescribed curriculum), he headed for U.C.C., the University of Clear Confusion. While there, Dr. Bratts made the highest grades ever given at the college. When he graduated, he was the exact and perfect product of U.C.C.—What they had always hoped for in a student. His deeper thoughts ran light, errr, no, no, reason is truth, no. That's not what I want. I know—I'll start over. Ah, reason is li, no reason is darkness. Darkness? Darkness—! What I wanted all the time, of course—darkness—the perfect picture of clear confusion. The poor, dear man's mind is so muddled and tangled with various and numerous languages, you know. Well, it was here that the professor decided to make it his life's work to travel the world over and give every deserving student the inside dope on the true meaning and purpose he must take in life. Thus this week, our campus is blessed with this familiar and well-known personality, this student of the truer and dearer things in life, and, above all, this "joyous" missionary who has felt and answered the call to go out and enlighten the world. His motto: "Beware of the books."

In college, Dr. Bratts was president of his frat, Kappa Pi, called C.P.'s and which stood for "Con-

tinual Pandemonium." They won five straight years in the boys' intramurals. The top sports—knocking the corners off the Gothic towers of the campus building. He was a great sport in the varsity field and specialized in polo. But when the young fellow would lose his glasses, his horse would run, in fear, with his head to the side and he, the prof, would wonder, the field having been cleared of wary players, why it had been so easy for him to make his way down the field. But his colleagues never told him and Dr. Bratts, to this day, still considers himself the world's greatest polo player.

Hobbies

Now in his later years, the teacher of truth and light enjoys many hobbies, one of which is raising grasshoppers. Grasshoppers, I've heard, like to play and so does Dr. Bratts. They have the best time together. Now another of his hobbies is collecting envelopes, not stamps, envelopes. Now his reason for this collection is that once some student wrote a very critical letter to him about his philosophy of life and it hurt his feelings. Woe be unto that student if he is found. Dr. Bratts still has an old polo mallet. Don't be surprised if you should see him looking through waste baskets while he is here—just overlook it. He's still looking for that student—I mean envelope.

Learned Societies

The doctor belongs to many learned societies. He is now treasurer of the N.U.W.C.A.A. This most useful and worthwhile society is the National Uneven Word Counters Association of America. Their job is to count all the uneven words on each page of every book they read, no even words, just uneven. It's a very difficult task and these learned men do enjoy it. Now Dr. Bratts is proud of his office of

Top Teams Battle In Alcatraz

Perry Dannelley

(Any resemblance of names appearing in this article to real persons is purely intentional.)

Today we bring you the play by play account of the game between the Rock Island Racketeers and the Sing Sing Orioles. The game is being played in the Alcatraz home park in San Francisco's bay. A large crowd of well over 500 inmates is on hand to witness this thrilling game. It's a perfect day with the temperature reading in the upper 20's. Your announcers for the ball game are "Dizzy" Marsh and his old sidekick Al Hoffman.

Coaching for the Racketeers will be Dean Johnson (head of the famous S. W. death chamber.) Coaching for the Orioles will be Judge Diehl. Head umpire for the game will be Warden Rhodes.

Just before game time, we had a dug out interview with the man-

ager of the Racketeer. He is confident that his team will break out the bats and escape with an overwhelming victory. In a few moments the game will be getting underway, but first a word from our sponsor, Miss E. Bosworth, who has done such a great job in our Regressive Education movement. "Try money. It's the smart thing. Shoppers prefer it to all other brands."

Fast Game

The game is tied until the seventh inning, when the Orioles load the bases on a single, a walk, and a \$50 bill given to umpire Rhodes. To counteract the action the Racketeers send in their ace reliever, Ben "Sleepy eye" Miller (not to be confused with the popular Glenn Miller). Pinch hitting for the Orioles is John Thweatt. The home run sign is given by a fan when he says murder the ball No. 5096.

John hits the ball against the rock pile in deep center field and three runs cross the plate. John was so amazed that he hit the ball that he hardly made it to first. The next three men strike out.

In the bottom of the ninth the

Racketeers put on a last desperate stand. Coach Johnson gives the signal. The catcher relays the take signal to the pitcher. The pitcher figuring that the batter is not going to strike, lobs the ball in. The batter, "Forgetful" Thornton swings and slashes a terrific foul off to the left side of the field. On the next pitch he lines a single into right. The next batter Conway Hahn, seeing too many curves lately, hits a meek pop up to the pitcher. Jim Gillis lays the weight to the ball and homers into the right field stands where Mary Rice, Keith Tanner, and "Poochie" scramble for the ball. The next man flies deep to left. Two out and the score is 4-3. Jack Bugbee steps up to the plate and hits two straight balls over the right field wall foul. On the third pitch he flies out in deep center field.

The game ends with the score 4-3 in favor of the Orioles. We would like to thank our sponsor, Miss E. Bosworth, for sending the game your way. Next year we will bring you once again the world famous Prison Series direct from San Quentin Stadium.

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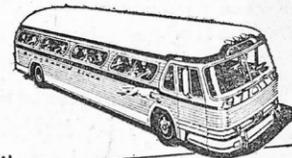
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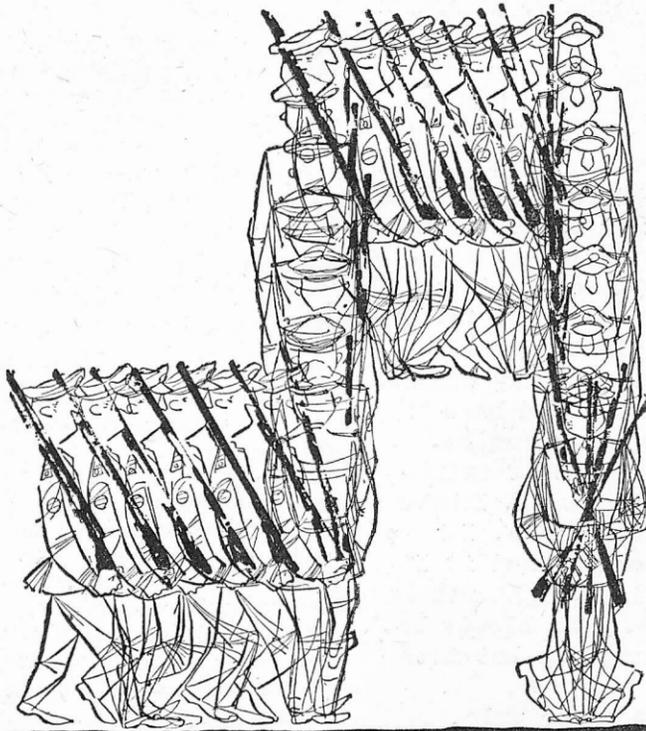
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