



The Southwestern



Volume 8 Weather—Too busy for weather—Talk to you next week. MEMPHIS, TENN., NOVEMBER 24, 1926. Requiem—Stewart preached the sermon and Southworth drove the hack. Number 10

BOB CATS PLAY LOCAL HIGH IN POST-SEASON GRID GAME

Frosh Gridders Journey to Tunica Tuesday For Game With Tunica High—Drub Blytheville High, 13-12



EVERYBODY knows that the Bob Cats of Southwestern will entertain the Warriors of Central High School in royal fashion Saturday when the teams clinch in a post-season game on Fargason Field.

The entire Frosh grid squad of 24 men is in waiting for the whistle. If necessary, Coach Arthur Halle might possibly call on Frosh members on the varsity squad who have not played much this year.

The Bob Cats journeyed to Tunica,

EDS DECIDE BEST ALL-ROUND COED VIA FAT PURSES

Winners in Pulchritude Contest Will Be Announced in Chapel Saturday

Editor A. M. Hicks of the Lynx annual has pushed the pulchritude ball and voting has started to select the prettiest Southwestern co-ed. Ballots were placed on sale Wednesday morning.

Blank ballots were supplied with the following forms, which will represent votes for (1) the most popular co-ed, (2) the most winning and attractive girl, (3) the prettiest girl, (4) the best all-round girl (in every way: personality, activities, etc.).

No votes will be counted unless the pictures of all candidates have been taken. All votes must be signed.

Voting will end Friday at 1 p. m. Results will be announced Saturday in chapel. The Sou'wester on appearance next week will carry a complete account of the contest.

Honorary fraternities and other organizations must have all pictures made at once. All organizations with a membership of less than 15 will be given panels in the annual at the rate of \$15. A dollar fee is charged for each reprint of an individual's picture. This "berry" can either be paid to ye editor or ye business manager.

Membership lists of each organization must be filled in complete and turned in. Any organization desiring a full-page panel and a whole page in the annual can secure same on payment of \$40, which will defray extra printing and engraving charges. Additional pages may be got for \$30.

Venus and Adonis Hopeful New-Born Will Join Hippos

Venus and Adonis, hippopotamuses at Overton Park zoo, announce the arrival of a baby hippo bearing resemblances of its parents. The child was born recently without age or reputation.

Members of the Hippo Club at Southwestern are jubilant over prospects of a new member.

The unheralded arrival weighs but 150 pounds. It is now about the proper weight to join brother hippos.

COLLEGIANS O. K. PROHIBITION BY ONE MARGIN

Debaters Judge Debate on Prohibition and Rule in Favor of Abstinence

Southwestern collegians are in favor of prohibition.

They are not unanimous, but the majority voted for it. Last Friday in Quibbler Forum meeting a debate was heard on the question, "Resolved, That Prohibition Is a Good Thing for the United States."

William Orr and Mansard Bullock upheld the affirmative, affirming that it was a good measure. Freshman Palmer Fuzzy Foxie Farnsworth and James Gladney spoke for the negative.

The affirmative won by decision of the entire debating club present by but one vote.

A debate will be held Friday night in regular weekly Forum meeting.

PREXY VISITOR AT CENTENNIAL

President Charles E. Diehl, of Southwestern, represented the college at the Centennial Celebration of the Mississippi College, Clinton, Miss., on last Friday. The president was returning from a meeting of the Synod of Louisiana. He returned to the campus Saturday.

PROFS ADVANCE CLASSES A DAY

Thursday Classes Meet Friday—Friday Classes Rest

There will be no classes Thursday on account of Thanksgiving. All classes scheduled to meet Thursday will meet Friday. All classes scheduled to meet Friday will not meet. All classes scheduled to meet Saturday will convene as usual.

Prof. W. R. Atkinson, registrar, states this arrangement is for this week only.

ALGY TELLS GRID BOYS ABOUT THANKSGIVING

Cracks Yarn About Queen Pocahontas Hiding Juice in Pumpkin

The air was astir with excitement and bricks. The excitement was due to the fact that it was Thanksgiving, the day of the game between Southwestern and the Tennessee Undertakers. The bricks need no explanation.

Algernon McNodif strolled over to the dressing room with an expression of utter fearlessness written upon his countenance—that is, if any kind of an expression at all might have been registered upon such a face.

Upon the shoulders of Algy rested the hopes of Southwestern. He was counted upon, not in the sense that one counts upon an adding machine, to add up a good score of points for Southwestern. Algy had started out with the team in the capacity of beer-boy, but due to the fact that the undertakers had kidnapped all the Southwestern men except eleven, among which Algy was numbered the eleventh.

The whistle blew for the kick-off, and brave Algy was unafraid. Perhaps it might have been from the fact that he had never played football before and knew nothing at all about the game except what he had read in books about Tom Swift and the Rover Boys.

"Three cheers for the old alma mater, boys!" he cried.

The crowd at the classic gave groans of horror and pain, for the Southwestern team congregated in the center of the field to give the cheers, while the Undertakers kicked off. Just as the ball began to sail over their heads, Algy and his crew finished their cheer and threw their headgears into the air. Eleven headgears hit the ball and knocked it to the ground. The opposing team was so astounded by that marvelous show of headwork that they merely dreamed through the first three quarters—not six-bits, y'understand, but the first three periods.

Along towards the end of the fourth quarter, Algy heard one of the spectators say that if Southwestern didn't hurry up and make a touchdown they

wouldn't win. It didn't take Algy long to grasp the situation. The problem was clear they must make a touchdown.

"Mr. Referee," he said, "could you, please, sir, give us time out?" The nice old referee did it, and our hero called his boys about him.

"Boys," he began, "as you all know, today is Thanksgiving. That is why we are playing football. Just think of the great work of our ancestors. If it hadn't been for them there would never have been a Thanksgiving, and we wouldn't be playing ball here today. Perhaps you would like for me to tell you the story of how Thanksgiving began?"

"Oh, please do!" they all cried, practicing it over several times so they would cry in unison, for they had all read about the Rover Boys—and they all cried in unison.

"Well, it was like this," said our hero, with a kind smile. "A long time ago there were some Pilgrims somewhere on this continent. They had been through a hard time, and that night was the night of the Pan-Hellenic dance.

"That beats the juice!" said one

"What juice?" said the other.

"The grape juice," said the other, and just laughed, because the other Pilgrim knew what he meant, but he wouldn't say it because the prohibition officer might hear him, and they were really strict about the eighteenth amendment in those days. But, sure enough, on the day of the dance the poor Pilgrims didn't have a bit of corn to make merry.

"I'll tell you what, let's go see Pocahontas, she has some good stuff and sometimes let's her friends have it. And anyway this is Thanksgiving."

"No, it's not either," said the other Pilgrim. And sure enough, it wasn't, because the celebration of Thanksgiving didn't begin until some years later. "Well, anyway, we might fool her into thinking it is. We'll tell her Cap-

CATS-DOCS RING DOWN GRID SEASON IN TURKEY DAY FRAY

Ancient Enemies Fight For City Championship On Fargason Field Thanksgiving Day With Cats Doped To Win.



Southwestern's day is bound to come. Forced to wait another year to beat "Ole Miss," the Lynx Cat gridders are determined to drub the U. of T. Doctors in the Thanksgiving Day classic Thursday at 2:30 p. m. on Fargason Field, which will ring down the curtain on the present football season.

It has been the custom for the U. of T. Docs to trounce the Lynx mechanically, as if it was an established custom, which it was at Clarksville. The two teams did not meet last year.

But the Docs will have tougher sledding now, for they will rub against a real college team. Thus far this season the Cats have had a harder program of games than the Doctors, and have emerged with a better record.

The Docs at top form defeated the West Tennessee Teachers but 21 to 0, while the Lynx reserves turned them back 27 to 6. Ouchita and Hendrix played a 0 to 0 tie. Ouchita beat the Doctors 37 to 0. Hendrix won last week from the Cats by a 9 to 0 score.

"Tarzan" Holt and Sammy Sanders, two main cogs in the Doctor machine, have been watching their teammates from the sidelines. However, Coach Gil Reese is relying on them to bear a big part of the burden Thanksgiving Day.

Hard luck has dogged the trail of Coach Reese during the entire season, and he has been unable to stave off injuries to his dependables, and has never put the same team on the field twice in succession.

The Cats escaped from the Hendrix battle unscathed. Each player is in good shape for the game, with subs available for each position.

Whichever team wins, that team will also win the city championship title.

BARDS, CRITICS SCRIBES REVIVE OLD PERIODICAL

Student Hack Writers to Publish "The Journal," Literary Symposium

A new coterie of scribes appears among the student ranks. The Journal, literary publication now sunk into the history of Southwestern many years ago, is being resuscitated.

Prof. Sam Monk and A. T. Johnson, English instructors, are faculty sponsors.

Catherine Lockwood has been chosen as editor-in-chief of the student thesaurus. Frank Heiss is assistant editor. Louis Marks is business manager.

Contributing editors have been chosen: Reviews—Peggy Tate, Allen Haden, Eleanor Richmond. Poetry—Martha Carnes, Earle McGee, Elizabeth Patterson. Essays—Catherine Underwood, Frances Fisher, Edward Dirmeyer. Short Stories—Richard Hunsaker, Mary Wells Ridley, Marion Blalock.

The Journal is no new publication at Southwestern. It was printed several years ago, but was allowed to lapse. Infusion of new blood to student ranks since those days prompts the restoration of the magazine.

Composition of The Journal's columns has not been decided as yet. But the likely policy which will be followed will be to glean the majority of material from student ranks. There is a possibility that the faculty will have one column open to them.

Contributors must sign their name to any and all work submitted. Anonymous articles are prone to frustrate ye editors.

Plans are now to publish from three to five issues of The Journal this year.

NOTED SINGER HERE TUESDAY

Charles Stratton Makes Debut in Hardie Chapel

Charles Stratton, famed lyric tenor and Southwestern alumnus, will make his fall debut in Hardie chapel next Tuesday night.

A special rate of \$1 the ticket is offered students. Regular admission is \$1.50.

The SOU'WESTER

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Remittances or business communications should be sent to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates upon application. Communications upon topics of interest are invited. They should be sent to the Editor.

All copy for publication must be in the Sou'wester office by 2 p. m. Tuesday preceding appearance on following Friday.

The Joy of Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day is upon us again. It is the one day during the year of toil that we devote time to meditating on the riches of the past year and to praise God for His kindness and munificence toward us.

To the faculty and student body of Southwestern Thanksgiving is truly a day for rejoicing. It is a day in which we can peruse the manifold returns which the past year has bestowed on us. First of all, we rejoice that we have life and limb. Some may be sick, but it will soon pass away, leaving all happy once again.

During the past year Southwestern, the College of the Mississippi Valley, has gained tremendously in prestige in collegiate circles. We are becoming known through out aggressive and sportsmanlike athletes, through our honorable debaters, through the Sou'wester, for it exchanges papers throughout the United States, points in Hawaii, Philippines, and England.

Our campus has taken on a finished appearance, quite different from the railroad tracks, rock piles, tree stumps, bare ground, muddy walks which presented the landscape this time last year. Clinging vines are creeping over our gray-stone buildings, lending that familiar home-like atmosphere to our surroundings.

The student body is thankful for the incoming Freshman class. Intelligence tests have shown them to be far above the average. The upperclassmen rejoice in this and in their large number. The students and faculty are thankful that the efficient work of Mr. Harrison and his corps of assistants has kept them healthy and in condition to cope with life's daily struggles. The faculty smiles as it looks over the student body each morning—of the many shiny faces and florid cheeks.

As we retrospect we link up an unending chain of facts which show that Providence has looked down upon us during the past year and has made us better persons and has left us a better world in which to live; for the world is really getting better, after all. We have innumerable blessings to offer thanks for.

We Need a Corps of Heralds

Visitors to Memphis will remember our city by the striking landmarks which they saw while here. Many will visit the Bluff City and go away without seeing anything other than our movies and barbecue stands.

Memphis' treasure spots are not widely known. If one comes to Memphis, what is there about to inform him that Southwestern is located here? And if so, what information is handy to let one know that it is the home of the College of the Mississippi Valley?

Street car conductors call each stop as it approaches. We ride the Raleigh street car each morning. As the car nears the zoo, the conductor yodels, in his own manner, "Overton park zoo." No mention is made of Southwestern. Yet this is the station a visitor would stop at to make his way to the college, should he come by Poplar route. We think that the conductors should be instructed by rail officials to say, "Southwestern College, Overton park zoo, next stop!" Conductors on the Faxon car line could say, as the car approaches McLean, "Southwestern College two blocks due east," or something to this effect.

Memphis is no college town. It will be, though, when we educate the citizenry. The other night we were at the Sou'wester printers. We asked the typesetter if he had ever visited on our campus. Although he had lived in Memphis for a long while, he did not even know in what part of town Southwestern was located.

We must rectify this appalling condition. When Memphians do not even know where we are, then how can we expect visitors to find us?

We must advertise our college, and must take every advantage to do so. We should start our campaign by speaking with railway officials, who, we feel certain, would in turn instruct their employees accordingly. It is the duty of Southwesternites and Memphians to promulgate our beloved college.

Dribblings From The Drowsy Droll

The Freshman from down in Mississippi wonders as how the new English department journal will have English jokes in it.

The Sou'wester has a supply of maps of the City of Memphis and surrounding territory. If any co-ed is in the habit of walking back, we would advise her to call by and get her copy.

Prof. C. L. Townsend informs that the "three ways to spread news most rapidly are by telegraph, telephone and telawoman."

Bob York says that his Ford is a Seventh-Day Adventist. It never works on Saturday.

The trouble with most would-be football stars is that too many of their coaches live in sorority houses.

I'm the Gink

I'm the Frosh gink—the one that wrote that immortal article called "I'm the Senior Gink," that was published in the Freshman desecration issue of the Sou'wester last week. I waxed elegant on that article, and I just know I made a big hit. My burning sarcasm must have pierced the one at whom it was directed. I bet from now on he'll be more careful how he razzes the Frosh, after the way I got him told. I hated to be so hard on him, but I couldn't let the chance go by; I wanted everyone to know that I sling a sarcastic pen and I know I succeeded. Due to my success with my initial attempt, I expect to be the regular author of this column next year.

Co-Ed Activities

A. O. Pi's Look and Eat

Pledges of A. O. Pi Sorority entertained active members with a box party last Thursday night at the Lyceum Theater. Following the party a buffet dinner was served at the home of Miss Elizabeth Williams.

Those attending the party were Polly Gillfillan, Tom White Holloman; Minnie Lundy, Walker Wellford; Elizabeth Laughlin, Jim Pope; Virginia Winkelman, Dumpy Bell (Wessie wasn't there); Catherine Underwood, Joe Norvell; Gladys Gibson, Brice Draper; Marguerite Pride, T. M. Garrott; Dorothy Vandenberg, Doc Price; Mildred Rainwater, J. Robert York; Bennie Belle McCraw, Joe Gladney; Mary Frances Phillips, Bob Parish; Anne Trezevant, Dode Farnsworth; Elizabeth Williams, Ralph McCaskill; Ellen Goodman, Lee "Mike" Wailes; Mary Evelyn Wailes, Allen Haden; Edith Watkins, Louis Marks.

Visitors were Elise Porter, Frank Heiss; Maretta Graham and Ed Buder. Col. and Mrs. W. M. Terry chaperoned the Greeks.

Candy boxes tied with red rubber bands were given each of the party during the supper.

Other features of the party was a marathon dance by Miss Underwood, and a solo by Miss Mildred Rainwater, who sang "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'," while Bob York sat in front of the fire to keep from freezing to death, for it was cold outside, and Miss Rainwater persisted in staying near one of the windows.

Neophytes Hold Gavel

New members of Chi Delta literary society officiated at the regular club meeting Monday-afternoon.

Miss Elizabeth Baker was acting chairman. Miss Mary Allen acted as secretary.

The program given by the new members was participated in by the Misses Virginia Winkelman, Martha Sweeney, Mary Todd, Nell Saunders.

Pledge Aurelia Walsh

Alpha Delta chapter of Kappa Delta sorority takes pleasure in announcing the pledging of Miss Aurelia Walsh.

Southwestern,
Tarkey Day.

Dere Bill,

I want to cum down there and see you sumtime, but I has to get sum new shoes, and little Gladney is so busy trying to sell Mildred Rain (two h's plus an O) sum 5 AA's that he ain't got no time for me. Evidently they ain't the kind that advertises themselves.

And then I is so engaged watching A. Dulin and Mary Frances Faires. It sho is surprisin', cause last year evubody begun to think him hopeless, and now he's breakin' Lizzie Laughlin and Mary Frances' hearts.

Bill, they's got a freshman up hear called Ladd and he sho is that, or Lasse, one or the other. He has a stride that's the envy of Mississippi, and let me tell you sumthing else: He went to the daybutante ball and Nolen Pierce made a mistake and danced with him. And Louise Clark says to tell you that somebody else you kno was there—yeah, the color scheme was perfect, black and white.

Lovingly,
LILY.

Who's Who in Senior Class and Why

Robert Parker Parish, Jr.

"Misery, misery, stacked knee high!" is the morning moan of Robert Parker Parish, Jr., for Bob always hits the showers at 8:28 a. m., which allows him plenty of time to make chapel.

Bob won't tell much of his past life—perhaps he has a reason, but a consultation with an ouija board disclosed a few facts concerning his checkered career.

Bob is the quintessence of a charmer. He is the individual sheik on the campus. He struts while others follow. "Misery, misery, misery!" He will not give a divination of this eerie chant. Frat brothers conjecture it is the women who are the miseries. Bob

is adamant about the subject, for he knows women are hard and cold.

Bob, Jr., can't help women coming to Southwestern, so the story will begin at the beginning. Bob bears the same name as that of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker Parish, with the exception that his father is Senior and he is Junior. He was born at Greenwood, Miss., on Aug. 30, 1905.

Bob's grammar and high school days were spent in the purlieu of Greenwood schools. He started his college life at S. P. U. at Clarksville.

Bob has carried various honors upon his chic and debonair personage. He is, first of all, a Sigma Alpha Epsilon Greek. Then he played baseball, '23, '24; was a member of the "S" Club; also a member of the scrub basketball team, '23; member Mississippi Club in capacity of vice-president.

"Misery, misery, misery!" Bob moans, but it is known he does it only for the effect on those listening.

Both Parties Knew It Was a Mistake & Just Did a Big Laff

Ye Sou'wester editor is amused and chagrined. His big laugh is over the grievous and ludicrous mistake in the Frosh desecration issue of the Sou'wester last week. Although the gazette was temporarily cast into disrepute by the Freshman Class, ye editor deems to correct their error.

Here's where the big chagrin comes in. In a story captioned "Eds List Glum as They Choose Co-Ed Debaters," was the startling paragraph: "Prof. A. P. Kelso, Prof. A. T. Johnson and Prof. Sidney Fant Davis, Jr., were judges." The big moan came from two dark recesses, both the professor's and the other one's.

To palliate the flurried feelings of both, Prof. Davis was meant and not Sid Davis, acclaimed footballer.

All willingly laugh with the gentle and generous public, and all hope the same Freshmen will not make all laugh again with the same error.

LOONEY SPEAKS AT "Y" SERVICE

J. M. Looney, senior divine, talked before the Y. M. C. A. weekly meeting last Thursday night on the topic of "Things Pleasing to God." He based his talk on the fourth chapter of Genesis.

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PALS WILL GIVE THREE-ACT PLAY

Three Casts Will Be Used In Enactment.

"The Pals," Southwestern's dramatic club, will produce "The Will," a short three-act play, at its next regular meeting. A different cast will be chosen from the club's large and versatile membership, and each will produce one of the three acts.

Elaborate stage properties and costuming effects will be furnished by Moore Moore, property man and master of the wardrobe.

Club members look forward to the presentation of one short play at each meeting.

All members are urged to be present at the next meeting which will be held in Hardie Chapel Wednesday night at 7 o'clock. Important plans are due to be discussed.

We have heard that a senior and a junior have been fighting for the favor of a Chi Omega pledge. Why these boys can't pick on someone their size is a deep mystery to the Frosh.

Drippings From the Poets' Quills

Becky Miller

I dou'd lofe you now von schmall leetle bidt,
My dreams vas blayed oudt, so blease git up and git,
Your false-hearteded vays I can't go along mit—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all der young vomans so false-hearted like you,
Mit a face so bright, but a heardt black and plue,
Und all der vvhile schworing you lofed me so drue—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vy, vonce I t'ought you vas a shtar vay up high;
I like you so better as gogonut bie;
But oh, Becky Miller, you hafe profed von big lie—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You dook all de presents vat I did present,
Yes, gobbled up efery vot thing vot I sendt;
All der vvhile mit anoder rooster you vent—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhen first I found oudt you vas such a big lie,
I didn't know vedder to schmudder or die;
But now, by der chingo, I don't efen cry—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You'd dry make belief you vas sorry aboutt,
I don'd belief a dings vot comes oudt by your moudt;
And besides I don'd cares, for you vas blayed oudt—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

P. S. (pooty short)—Vell, he doid Becky to go avay enough dimes, enner how. I dinks he vas an uckly yellow. Vell, perhaps dot serfs Becky choost right for daking presents from von yellow, while she vas vinking her nose by anoder yellow.

RADIO AUDIENCE IS ROCKED AGAIN

Collegians Croon and Give Public Rare Treat

Three Southwestern student musicians will be heard at noon today over the radio of WMC, the Commercial Appeal broadcasting station.

Freshman Herbert McClintock will play several solos, accompanied on the piano by Freshman Albert Johnson, chapel pianist. Freshman Johnson will shock the ether with several piano rentitions.

Stanley Sloan, warbler, is scheduled to radiate a few solos. Freshman McClintock will accompany Sloan on the violin and Freshman Johnson on the piano.

This will be the third occasion that the collegians have been heard by radioites on the air. Chester Denham, violinist, appeared with the student entourage the past two times.

ASK SUBSCRIBERS TO PAY PLEDGES

Southwestern Now Has 452 Students in Student Body

All Southwesternites are proud that the enrollment planned for this term has already been reached, and that after turning away about 50 girls for lack of accommodations. The enrollment has reached 452 and more students will seek admission the first of February, the beginning of the second semester. The largest enrollment before coming to Memphis was 187. In this ideal location, in the heart of the Mississippi Valley, Southwestern has a wonderful future, provided the immediate financial difficulties are worked out. This can be done but the help of all subscribers is needed.

In order to care for a larger student body it was necessary to secure 5 additional professors. This, of course, increased the expense budget. There are two sources from which funds are secured to supplement the tuition paid by the students, namely, gifts and income from endowments. All subscribers who have not paid their endowment pledges are urged to do so at the earliest possible moment. Likewise, all building fund subscribers in Memphis and in the Synods who have not paid are requested to pay up now. If you have paid your pledge maybe you will like to give again. Southwestern's work so well begun must be continued.



Cappy Ricks in New Role



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What'd Happen If

Tom Appleton was seen without his chewing gum?

Anne Trezevant didn't use her eyes while talking to the campus sheiks?

Sid Cameron didn't make five A's?

Aurelia Walsh failed to pull her escort around by the hand?

Eleanor Beckham began taking short, ladylike steps?

It's dangerous to be too darned inquisitive—curiosity killed the cat.

Tom White Hollowman wasn't rushing more than six girls?

Miriam Frehling left off her glasses?

Colie Stoltz lost his "pep"?

"Speedy" Hall took his fling?

"Barrel" Davis picked up his feet?

Freshman Ladd passed the co-ed table without stopping to chat?

Dena Northcross failed to monopolize the telephone?

Bennie Bell forgot to borrow something?

Mary Allen talked in a hurry?

CO-ED STEPS ON FALSE DOOR AND FALLS TO STREET

Marcelle Yard Rushed to Hospital After Mishap During Armistice Parade

Miss Marcelle Yard, Southwestern junior, is still confined to her home from effects of injuries sustained when she fell 20 feet through a pasteboard trap-door in the hanging roof over the sidewalk at the Princess theater during the Armistice Day parade.

Miss Yard had received a painful injury to her left foot a day or two prior to the parade. She was unable to march with other Southwestern co-eds. In company with Miss Virginia Hogg and Miss Elizabeth Carnes, the three viewed the parade from atop the roof.

An ambulance chanced to be passing the theater in the line of parade at the time the co-ed crashed through the roof. She was rushed to Gartley-Ramsey Hospital. She received a sprained hip and torn ligaments in her only serviceable foot.

She expects to return to the campus within another week.

"I am sorry I married you!" sobbed the bride.

"You ought to be," he replied. "You cheated some other girl out of a mighty fine husband."

The Eskimos seldom weep for the reason they have their daily blubber.

He who doth not believe in himself always Heth.

It is not human to bless when one is being cursed.

FOR SALE—Saxophone—in good condition, \$75. Further information may be secured at office.

PANTAGES OFFERS

A double headliner in the vaudeville and a Peter B. Kyne, "Cappy" Ricks story, "More Pay, Less Work" on the screen, Pantages will offer an especially attractive program the week of November 29.

Comedy is the keynote of the picture, which tells of the tribulations of Cappy Ricks. Complications arise of a ludicrous nature and a cleverly wrought love story intertwined.

Elga and her ten Music Box Girls, the foremost girls' jazz orchestra in the country, will share headline position with Raymond Wylie and Dave Stack, who will present an original comedy oddity written by Wylie, styled "The Futuristic Jail-Bird."

Dorothy Morley and Al Anger will present an added attraction, "The Way of a Fool." Breakaway Barlows, aerialists and "Burnum" in a sensational song classic will complete the bill.

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Bring Home the 'Possum

Hunters and so-called hunters of Alpha Epsilon chapter of Kappa Alpha fraternity staged their annual 'possum hunt last Friday night. One of the furry animals was captured and brought to college Saturday. He reposed serenely on the south goal-post on Fargason Field during the first half of the grid game and on the north goal during the latter half.

Neither ed nor co-ed, nor both, got lost in the trackless bottoms traversed by the Greeks in vain search of the elusive tricker.

Those participating in the hunt were: Amalie Fair, George Kyser; Deatrice Mathews, A. M. Hicks; Mildred Rainwater, Joseph Gladney; Virginia Hogg, Bob York; Elise Porter, Frank Heiss; Sara Johnson, Russell Johnston; Ernestine Wiggins, Bill Thompson; Aurelia Walsh, Verd Slaughter; Polly Gillilan, Harold Avent; Louise Ralston, Charlie Sullivan; Dorothy Lee Corner, Billy Montgomery; Martha Dickinson, Moore Moore; Janet Moody, Ussery Thompson; Bessie Williamson, D. C. McRaney; Miriam Muehler, A. L. Hicks; Anne Trezevant, John Hagen.

Prof. Ernest Haden and Mr. and Mrs. Fair were chaperons.

York to Convention

J. Robert York, representing Alpha Epsilon chapter of Kappa Alpha fraternity at Southwestern, left Monday night for Louisville, Ky., where he will participate in the Bi-ennial Province Convention. The convention will convene on Tuesday and will adjourn Wednesday. York will return Thursday.

ALCOHOL, LIGHT LAYS SOPH LOW

Terry Tries Novel Stunt and Is Thrown for Loss

Curiosity killed the cat. Just because Charles Terry, 19, Southwesternite, was of the other variety, that is what saved his life, it is thought.

It was cold last Wednesday night. Terry was aware of it, and looked into the radiator of his car at his home at 1634 Faxon avenue to see how much alcohol it held. He could not see. He lit a match. The alcohol spewed forth. Terry had his face over the opening.

Terry stated that he could not retain alcohol, and so he sustained serious cuts and burns about the forehead and right side of his face. Six stitches were taken in a gash on his forehead. A medic practically sewed on his right ear again. He is back in school.

BULLDOGS WIN OVER CATS BY 9-0 SCORE IN FOURTH FRAME

Canines and Felines Checkmated During First Three Quarters By Even Strength. Dogs Finally Triumph

Old Man Time toyed with the Lynx Saturday on Fargason Field and tricked the Cats into losing to the Hendrix Bulldogs, score 9 to 0. Old Man Time rang his gong to end the first half just as the Southwestern gridders were reaching the climax of a brilliant offensive campaign which had placed them within the shadow of the Bulldogs' goal. Not satisfied with this rebuff to the Cats, he refused to blow his whistle during the last quarter in time to stave off Hendrix' winning dodge, when she scored her points during the last five-minutes of play.

Dopesters opined as how the Bulldogs would run over the Cats like a tractor over hayseed, but during the first three quarters this press agent info was shattered, for both teams fought backward and forward with neither gaining a material advantage.

The Lynx fought gamely against a heavier and more highly-touted and experienced team. During critical moments the line was at its best, thrice holding Bulldog backs when but two or three yards meant a touchdown.

Neither of the Hendrix scores came after a sustained drive down the field, yet it would be unfair to reflect from their credit by calling the points made by luck. Meriwether's drop-kick soared between the goal-posts for the first three points. The Dogs made the lone touchdown of the game not long afterward.

The Lynx tried 25 passes, completed seven and had five intercepted. Hendrix tried 13, completed five and had three intercepted. Southwestern made nine first downs and Hendrix 14.

Line-up and summary:

Southwestern (0)	L. E.	Hendrix (9)
Liddon	L. T.	Whiddon
King	L. G.	Meriwether
Smith	L. G.	Freeman
Sid Davis	C.	Wilson
Dufin	R. G.	Gregg
Clemens	R. T.	Hudson
Joe Davis (C)	R. E.	McCormack
Hawke	Q. B.	Salters
Farnsworth	L. H.	Charles
Gillespie	R. H.	Bird
Trelawney	F. B.	Botts

Score by period—
 Southwestern 0 0 0 0—0
 Hendrix 0 0 0 9—9

Grid Highlights

Art Dulin, always a stellar performer, played the best game of his career last Saturday against the Hendrix Bulldogs. Art broke through the Bulldog line repeatedly to nail runners behind the line.

Hendrix men complained that Ken Clemens and Lorin King were playing rough. Playing opposite such giants as Meriwether and Hudson, this seems unlikely. Who said football wasn't a rough game, anyway?

Dode Farnsworth was outkicked by Meriwether, but made up for the punting by his ground-gaining proclivities. Dode got off many a beautiful boot that soared high and far. On two occasions he ran from 35 to 40 yards on punt formations.

Captain Joe Davis played a classy game at right end. He took a long pass from Farnsworth for a 30-yard gain.

Flint Liddon made his debut at end, displaying remarkable prowess and adeptness, vying seriously with Joe on covering punts. Both lads were down on each boot.

Dago Trelawney gave another fine exhibition on how to properly back up a line. On the three instances of the Bulldogs striving for touchdowns on the Lynx five-yard line, Dago stepped in and said nay!

"Gip" Gillespie shone as a defensive star Saturday. His tackling was the best on the field. "Gip" dragged down and got his men below the knees in prescribed football manner. He snagged several Hendrix heaves.

Milton Hawke was chief pigskin pusher for the Cats. Hawke heaved and it went straight to either "Chi" Waring, Captain Davis or Flint.

Sid Davis and Hiram Smith held the middle of the line intact from invasion. Both did their part against the heavy foe line.

Gladys Gibson says that a Ford is not lazy, just shiftless.

Co-Ed Cackles

Mary Francis—"Girls, I want your advice."

Louise R.—"Are you sure the dorm is locked?"

Maretta (without her glasses)—"Is that him?"

Neal L.—"I don't see the point."

Miriam—"When I was at M. S. C. W."

Sarah—"Boys, how about a ride?"

Virginia S.—"Wait just a minute, Deaton!"

Dink—"I want to see you."

Lucy F.—"I'm so in love."

Elizabeth H.—"Oh, Elsie—Elsie."

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PREACHES ON "PRAISING GOD"

Charles F. Stewart will take as a topic for a sermon next Sunday night at Eastland Presbyterian Church, "Praising God." Stewart conducts services each Sunday night at Eastland Church. He is president of the college Y. M. C. A.

We fail to see how Princess-Rain-in-the-Face keeps her dates straight.

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SPANIARDS PLAN TO PUT ON PLAY

Spanish Club will lay plans Friday night for a Spanish play which they will present next semester.

Miss Mary Parker, club president, announces that a program will be arranged at this meeting for a series of presentations to be given by members during the present semester.

The speaker for Friday night has not been chosen. It is understood that a Spanish teacher from one of the local high schools will talk.

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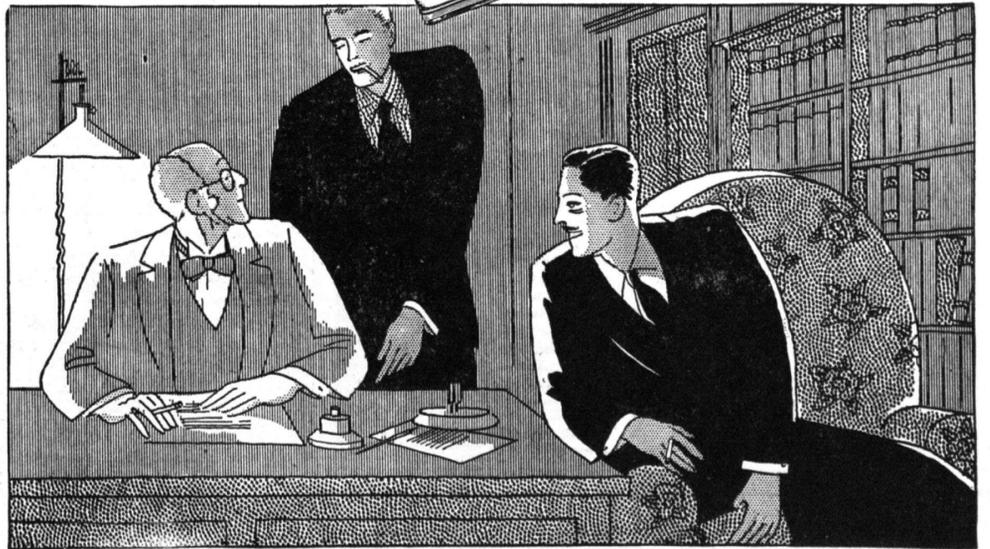
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