

THE SOU'WESTER

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No. 18

Glenn Miller Won't Play For Founders' Day Dance Of Pi K.A.

Colie Stoltz Is Signed For Tomorrow Night

Dance Will Be At University Club From 9:30 to 12

Colie Stoltz and his Gruesome Ghoules have definitely been signed up by the Pi K. A.'s for their annual Founder's Day brawl, March 1st of this year.

Glenn Miller will not play for the dance, William Miller, Pi K.A. president (no relation) announced today at noon.

Benny Goodman will not play either, they said.

Tommy Dorsey will not play either, they said, but you can never tell about Jimmy.

Guy Lombardo will not play either, they said.

Blue Barron is definitely out, and Kay Kyser had trouble with the local union, they said.

Colie Stoltz and his Ghoules are definitely signed up, they said. Stoltz is colossal, they said. He has six pieces and all of them are colossal, he said. He is a band with a future, they said, a "name band." That is, if you haven't heard of him yet, you will. Have a little patience, they said.

In addition to Colie Stoltz's band, the Pi K.A.'s will also have Mr. John Chisler, prominent Clarksdale attorney to speak at the banquet. The dance will be from 9:30-12, no intermission, and three no-breaks. There will be a crest above the orchestra, with Pi K. A. on it, and the stand will be decorated with the fraternity colors of garnet and gold. All of this is going to be at the University Club.

Officers of the fraternity and their dates who will attend are Bill Miller (still no kin to Glenn) with Norma McGuire. Miller is president. Robert Robinson is vice-president and he will be escorted by Jeanne McClelland. Mary Jane Howell will be responsible for bringing Ryce Russum, who is treasurer of the group. Warner Hodges and Jo Rhea are slated to appear together, with Warner in the role of secretary. Johnny (crew cut) Hles will tear Toni Noce away from her specimens and bring her along. He is the guard.

Other members and their dates are James Lincoln with Ann Hord, Fleet (Kelly's friend) Edwards with Patricia Van Sloan-Sloan of Boston, Earl Stevenson with guest, Ed Webb with Betty Hughey, Bill Spangler with Evelyn Goodell, Paul Buchanan with Martha Jones and Vernon Ingram with somebody.

Members of the student body who have been placed together by the Pikes are: Emmett Kelly with Roberta Wellford and Boyce Johnson, Bob Beasley with Sue Potts and Penny (Continued to Page 3)

Chi Beta Phi Meets At Last

Picnic Proposed By Playboy Baine; Hermann Snares "Esquire"

At its regular tri-weekly meeting held last night in the women's gym, Chi Beta Phi met for a meeting. Officers that were elected last week were not installed as there were some projects of a combine made up of Dr. Jiggie Baine and Charles Long.

The Chi Beta's discussed a tapping which will be held sometime soon—everything depends on the quoted price of Goldcrest at the time. A paper entitled "A Scientific Inquiry into the Love Life on an Anemic Turtle or 'The Rover Boys Go West'" was read by Bob Meacham.

Next a motion was brought up by Dr. Baine that the group have a picnic at the Doughboy in Overton Park. The motion was over-ruled by the other more serious members of the group.

Ned Hermann brought in a very old copy of Esquire and the group spent the better part of the next hour examining anatomy charts by Petty.

The meeting was closed with a song led by Dr. Meadow. The song was "The einStein Song."

Will Davis Play John Barrymore?

Holdout Predicted As Matinee Idol Plays Hard To Get: (Jet Says No)

The Southwestern Players have something entirely new by way of a spring play this year. It's going to feature the Barrymore Family (with a capital F), or at least a reasonable facsimile's latest addition, campus theater by Prof. H. Barrett Davis, the faculty's latest addition, campus theater-goers will see interpretations by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber of the Barrymores living their everyday lives, walking, talking, thinking, and acting, but at the same time, acting to the very last. They are called the Cavendish family in the play, but even Kaufman and Ferber can't keep a good Barrymore down. John and Ethel, their mother Georgie (the last of the Old Guard), and Ethel Barrymore Colt (of the New) are as plain as the nose of anybody's face.

Something of a professional atmosphere will surround this production, which will be given at the Little Theatre the nights of March 28 and 29 to accommodate a large audience. Tickets sold for Stage Door will be accepted or redeemed, and a representative cross-section of Memphis audience is slated for the show, in addition to heavy campus support.

I SPY
The other day I saw two people. They were a couple. They were holding hands. They were Sam McCulloch and Ainslie Pryor. They almost looked intelligent.

JENNINGS, KELLY, WOOTEN, ENGLAND, MEACHAM AND BLAKEMORE WIN IN RUN-OFF

With Malice Toward Some?

MISS SOUTHWESTERN



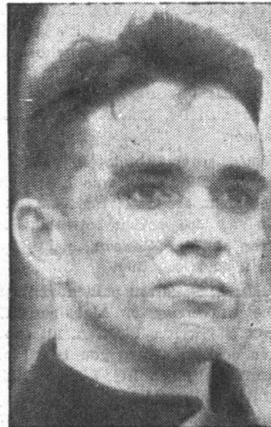
LOUISE JENNINGS

MOST POPULAR



FRANK ENGLAND

BEST ALL-AROUND



BOB MEACHAM

MOST STYLISH



ARABIA WOOTEN

MOST ATTRACTIVE



PEGGY KELLY

MOST HANDSOME



GEORGE BLAKEMORE
Courtesy of Press-Scimitar

Cats Corner Kitty; Loses by Five Votes; Polls Only Two Feminine Ballots Outside Chi Omega

This the 1940 edition of the Co-ed Sou'wester takes great pride (in fact we are just a little smug about it) in announcing the results of the annual Popularity Contest sponsored by the Sou'wester. The winners, determined by the final balloting held Wednesday morning in the bookstore are: Louise Jennings, Miss Southwestern; Peggy Kelly, Most Attractive; Arabia Wooten, Most Stylish; Frank England, Most Popular; Bob Meacham, Best All-around and George Blakemore, Most Handsome.

Miss Jennings, who defeated Harriette Hollis in the run-off, is a senior and a member of A.O.Pi Sorority. She isn't in the Nitist Club. She has tried out for the band several times and is expected to be admitted next season—she will help Goostree carry that big drum since it's stunting his growth. She is a member of the track team, having made several record-breaking dashes. (Nope she never caught a man but she ain't no spinster yet).

Neatest Boys Visit Woman's College

Will Further Relations In Florida; Murphy Will Lead Group

This is the day of progressive education; the era in which educators are taking a more broadminded stand on this and that; the liberal influence permeates the most sanctified of institutions but we still are forced to raise our eyebrows and say, "My, My! What's the world coming to!" when Southwestern, the College of the Mississippi Valley sends five innocent young gentlemen to represent them at an International Relations Club Convention in a woman's college in Florida.

"What will the synods think? What will the august board of Directors think? I wonder if Life will send representatives? Those poor young innocents thrust into a den of iniquity and all things nice. And their poor mothers trustingly bidding them a fond good-bye yesterday. Ah, much better that they have been caught in the snaring web of a woman's female institute for higher education. (Florida State College for Women).

And, as if the whole thing wasn't scandalous enough these stalwart examples of American manhood are members of the Nitist Club.....(we never have been sure whether that's a typographical error or not).

Who are these brave souls who are willing to brave the wiles of the Florida swamps to preserve the good name of their College, take off your hat folks to Frank Hammet, leader of the band, Bill Wooten, Moose Moorhead (whose trapper experience should serve him well), Allen Webb, and Wm. Murphy.

If all goes well the boys will return to our fair city Sunday, or will they?

Miss Kelly, who defeated Kitty Bright Tipton (the dark Horse in the race) (we said dark not white, Stites) is a freshman and a pledge to the Kappa Delta Sorority. She plays half-back on the women's basketball team and is a member of the campus chapter of the W.C.T.U. Last year she didn't get elected president of the Y.M.C.A. and wasn't brought out by S.T.U.C.K. She has had SMALL parts in many other campus activities this year. Strange as it may seem Miss Tipton was not thought attractive enough to draw but two women's votes outside of Chi Omega. We suggest that the ordinance about carrying concealed weapons be waived in Miss Tipton's case. A girl with that few friends ain't safe out unarmed.

Miss Wooten, a senior and a member of the A.O.Pi sorority defeated Mary Elizabeth Harsh in the final voting. Miss Wooten is majoring in Home Economics 1884½ and is planning to read for honors in it next semester. She hasn't been a member of the Christian Union Cabinet for the past six years. Her hobbies are football, boxing, handball, tap-on-the-ice-box and Strother Asquith. She has a sister. She also has a mother and father and a little dog.

Frank England, a senior from Greenville (the little town made famous by Starling Reid) is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He was made an honorary member of the Y.M.C.A. in his freshman year and has served on the Women's Undergraduate Board last year. He was chairman of the "Know Southwestern Bitter" program in 1925. He has a brother named Joe. Joe also lives in Greenville. Frank is majoring in Prac-

(Continued on Page 4)

LOVE BAROMETER

Ann Worten	_____	Bob McKinney	_____
Be Waggoner	_____	Billy Murphy	_____
Tunkie Saunders	_____	Tunkie Saunders	_____
Bebe Harsh	_____	Elder Shearor	_____
Any Old Hag	_____	Allen Hilzeim	_____
Peggy Kelley	_____	Bill Small	_____
Ainslie Pryor	_____	Ainslie Pryor	_____
Barbara Dean	_____	Ernest Reid	_____
Gladys Moore	_____	Franklin Ellis	_____
Mrs. Townsend	_____	Dr. Townsend	_____
Student Body	_____	Mrs. Holloway	_____
Martha Hewitt	_____	Charlton Moore	_____
Dining-hall Waiters	_____	Mrs. Hill	_____
Elizabeth Hinckley	_____	Charley Long	_____
Dale Botto	_____	Bill Dewey	_____
Margery O'Kelley	_____	John Whitsitt	_____

Courting Survey Shows Co-eds Have High Morals

He says it's bucks and Buicks. She says it's scruples. After prying into the private lives of Southwestern students, this is what we get to the question, "Why we don't date more." The boys almost unanimously said that it was because they had no money and no car. The popular answer of the girls was "I won't go in for some of the things that seem to attract boys to other girls, if you know what I mean."

Statistics show that this is how often they do date: Senior boys, about three times a week; Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman boys all average two dates a week. Some have only one date a semester and a few have eight dates a week (twice on Sundays!)

Senior girls have come down off the shelf this year. They keep up with the Freshettes as far as dating goes. The average for both is about three

dates a week and some as many as seven dates a week. The Junior girls aren't letting the jinx get them down, either, with an average of four dates a week. Statistics prove, however, that there is still one of those things called "The Sophomore Slump." Two dates a week is all the average Sophomore rates. They might blame this on the fact that most of the Sophomore girls are dormitory students, and dormitory rules permit only two dates a week.

The heavy courtiers on the campus are among the Senior and Junior classmen. These probably include the "steady" daters. The students as a whole court only moderately. Most of the boys made it plain that this was not their fault, however.

It seems that 75 percent of the Freshmen boys and 60 per cent of the (Continued on Page 4)

The Fe-mail Must Go Through But Look What It Penetrates

For the benefit of all freshettes who are so unfortunate as not to have latched on to a male, and taking for granted that all Sophomores have, quoth:

There are numerous reasons why you must not give up the fight for supremacy, because Winter is on the wane and we all know what springs with Spring (and I don't mean hope in the human breast). There aren't very many cute men. In fact there are none which could be classified as even 50% perfect, which is pretty sorry when you think about all the perfectly perfect girls running around loose on the campus. And so this column is designed to sooth all sorrowful souls and get revenge for lonely hearts, aside from giving you the dope on why you ain't made a hit and how

you might in the future. By now you have probably forgotten all your high school technique, which probably didn't go over so well anyhow. So for the advancement of womankind, play like you are Snow White and have Seven Dwarfs following you around.

Here are a few pointers for your own dope-sheet:

Mercer West—If you are a past master at slithering, that is, at being a snake, you ought to be able to keep up with him.

Beryl Waller—This sedimental gentleman is too well equipped with cam pusology for a freshette to mess with.

Alf Cannon—Very loquacious person but his conversation runs along the same line, namely, the subject of Alf Cannon. Incidentally, he (Continued to Page 3)

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Co-eds Bid For Appreciation

No doubt you have heard some one of the 200 women students on this campus ask the familiar question, "Where would Southwestern be without us?"—we have taken advantage of the Co-ed edition to answer this question with an emphatic "nowhere"—well, at least not where it is today. To back up this boast we might ask you to imagine what the bookstore, or the campus on a spring day, or a Saturday night's dance would be without us—and who would be "Miss Southwestern?" Instead we simply ask you to look at the grade averages for last semester, or almost any semester, and notice that the women's average is usually .50 above the men's average. Well, where would a college be without someone to learn what it's there to teach?

These statements have not been made in a spirit of mere braggadocio but rather in the hope that someone would realize at least a portion of our own estimated importance and show us a little appreciation; and we have some very definite ideas about how that appreciation might be shown. At the top of the list of suggestions we would recommend that something be done about the girls' dormitory. It is true that there are more men dormitory students than women and that another men's dormitory was needed this year. But why was it necessary to take the women's dormitory and shove them into the present Evergreen Hall—and we could think of a more appropriate name for it. Perhaps those who live in Evergreen are somewhat biased in their opinions, but most of them seem to feel that there is no particular reason for the men students to be favored with two-room suites when they have to go through three and four rooms to get to their own "overgrown closets"—which really aren't worth the trouble.

Then, in our own quiet, modest way we would suggest that the college itself would be greatly benefited if women students were permitted and encouraged to take part in more activities. We have especially in mind the position of cheer leader. We're just conceited enough to believe that a peppy cheer leaderette would bring out worlds of unsuspected school spirit.

We don't mean to seem too dissatisfied and complaining, and we realize that it may be impossible to satisfy all the wants that all of us have, but may we suggest that the next time improvements are made, we have a better dormitory and perhaps even a better gym for the women students—or do you think Robb hall needs three room suites instead of two?

POME

Breathes there a man Around this school Sufficiently restrained and cool To limit his demands Enough to say "good night" just Holding hands? Who is satisfied to wait Until at least a second date To reach a romantic state, And give a girl some preparation Before expecting osculation? If such there be Go mark him well For I'll date that guy Though he looks like Hell.

Obs. of One "R" Farthingay - Phipps. Bart. K.G., K.B.

"Gad, what a messy day!" The words popped out as I stumbled through Overton Park—Suddenly I saw a mound, a form, a figure, "perhaps it is even human, but if so, what a ghastly position to be in. There was someone down on his hands and knees sniffing in the mud." Yes—it must be human, physically, if not mentally. "Ye Gods, it was none other than R(D) ummy himself. The Farthingay Phipps affair.

"Do you feel all right?" I blurted out, not thinking how unkind it was. For merely knowing that he was he, how could he feel all right?

"No, no, no, NNO!" How can you be so crude, so callous. They're real foot prints. Real, real foot prints!" he screamed, going fairly mad with glee. I couldn't see a thing, and told him so.

"They're Mozart's," he bellowed. "He's run away again. Over the moat and over the fence he leaped, dragging Pinckney behind him. And if a blood-hound can follow tracks, so can I. Never let it be said that a Farthingay Phipps couldn't.

"Around Buzzard's Knoll," he replied, "Giles' hillside abode. It's here in the park, over across the road. Jolly place, quite cozy, well equipped and all that you know. There's not a blithering female to bother us. The monkeys chatter a good bit, but Giles and I can always do them one better.

In the afternoons we sketch. They sketch me, and I sketch them—turn about you know. They seem to enjoy my company immensely. They're intelligent creatures, quite. They have delicate mannerisms.....its the little things that count. One remembers the little things," he said, still sniffing in the same spot.

"Well, Rummy, old chap," I asked, "what else do you do with your time?"

"Ah, there you are. You know I was doing something big, something great, something to startle the world! You know! I could tell by the expression on your face. It's the expression that counts. Ah, yes, the expression. Just look like that, don't say anything. Now I know that our thoughts are in harmony." All the time I was wondering what antics this new member of the 71 Club (I.Q. 71) could be up to.....monkeys and all that.

"Look at me, look at me....." he began. "On the stage, with pen or brush in hand I am without peers (Heaven forbid! Pal there couldn't be two like you. One's too many). But a genius has many fields (Pal you need one with a barbed wire fence) I am composing. Ah, yes.....Symphony in H.B.D. minor I'm dedicating it to H. Barrett."

"Why don't you just call it "Harry the Horse?" I suggested.

"Don't be foolish, it's not a bit equine," he replied, missing my point entirely. "It's vital music, throbbing with the very heartbeat of the world.... Leaking pipes, rattling waste paper baskets, scratching pens and beer bottles crashing magnificently to the floor as cockroaches scurry away."

At this point enter Mozart. He didn't emerge, he descended like a cloud of storm troopers, playfully rolling Rummy in the mud.

"Well, Rummy, old boy," I began, "you must be rather stiff. How about standing up for awhile?"

Still dazed by the combination of Mozart and the throbbing music, he staggered to his feet. I took a good look and saw mostly Mother Earth with little bits of Rummy showing through. That face of honest frankness could scarcely be recognized. "Dash it all," gasped Rummy, "there go my chances at winning best dressed." (Pal if they could see you, you wouldn't have a nag's chance of being a D.D.)

"Pinckney," he began screaming violently. "And you," he growled at me, "Stop grinning like a cheshire cat. You don't seem to realize my predicament.....Pinckney, disguise me, once recognized, I'm ruined." (Pal I said to myself, no one could recognize you, and besides you're already ruined.)

And so exit Rummy Farthingay Phipps etc, etc, pursued by an heiress disguised as a little red wagon. Ah..... to think that poor Rummy, who made his entrance so gloriously in a cloud of dust should exit so miserably in a mire of mud. Unfortunately Rummy will probably have recovered enough to return next week, but remember, this is a true account of what happened.



THIS PROVES IT! A scoop photo on Giles O'Shauffney's Father.

Lynx Chat

Katie Miller can't seem to make up her mind between Meacham and alum, Bill Donelson. Remember, Bob, love is 9-10 proximity! Happy Hill certainly showers Molly with gifts—3 orchids, 2 bracelets, and a ring—Starling claims that "nothing can mar our romance." How 'bout McCrary, Starling? We can't see why Georgeanne loves B. W. or why Peggy Silliman limits herself to Lin Todd.....Bill Voegell and Mopsy White are enjoying each other's company to no end these days. Maybe he too has noticed the cousinly resemblance to that other brunet short-stop.....while we're on the subject of Roberta, we can't decide who's got the inside track. She seems awfully demure to be managing such a lengthy string.....Charlton (Seal) Moore is THE dormitory romeo for the current season of 1940-41. He dates Hewitt, Williamson, Klemme, Simonton, Marjorie Moorhead, and the rest of the Evergreen gals are breathlessly awaiting their turn.

Shearon claims he's chasing "no woman on this campus".....not even the artlessly artful Bebe? The cat-that-swallowed-the-canary expression on Chuck's face is becoming more sickening daily. Wipe the cream off, Chuck! FLASH M. Wilmersherr puts arm around Marie!!!! (Remember Marie they always tell).....Little Evelyn Magee has been stepping out with Mr. Iles. She'll blush if asked if she's seen any etchings lately..... Just try it.

WE could do without: Herbert Dawson's impressive (?) questions in class. Hays Brantley's laugh.....yes, we know it's repetition. Dormitory cowboys who confine their dates to drug-store trips.....Starling Reid and Ed Adams.....Dr. Baker's sense of humor.

Who'd ever think to look at "Chubby" Biddle he was a jitterbug—but looks are deceiving.....A sweet little romance is that between Gloria Besser and H. Dawson.....they now have a class together.

Demetra Patton paid a visit to the University of Alabama and now she writes Pi K. A. all over her books.....Have you heard of Ruffin's "Eligibility List".....Eligibility for matrimony, my dear.... Under new couples comes Pryor and South—but South is more interested in an outside party..... Something Shearon tried to keep on the quiet.....his date with a red headed "babe" tonight.

It is rumored that Cary Eckert and Bob Black have broken up and there wasn't even a fuss to mar the memories of that beautiful love affair..... Dale, which week is it this week, Davis or Dewey???? Bud McCraney has joined the long list of Radford suitors, and Buddy McNeese is disdaining our coeds this week, and having a certain young lady from M. S. C. W. up here, by the name of Dolly Hughes. So is Tunkie giving us the "go-by," for just last week he flew to Yale to meet Betsy Copp, and then what.....we don't know! We Are Not Amused Bys

Sam McCulloch's coiffure (ed. note.....If Sam will come to the Souwester office before last night at seven o'clock we will give him a pink satin hairbow).....Jimmy New's sartorial effects.....John Young's bay window.....Gorton Berry's humor.....Clay Williams' social ambitions..... Frank England's official walk.....Robert Cogswell's hair tonic.....Strother Asquith's pugnacity.....Barney Gallagher.....B. W. Beaumont's moustache (or Campbell Long, or Ed Adams, or anybody's)..... Charley Greenleese's antics..... Johnny Iles haircut and Cliff Moriarity's lack of it....."Surveying the Seniors" (we're glad we're not a Senior).....Alf Cannon's "politicking".....Jac Ruffin's attempted rhumba.....The dining hall menus.....Charlton Moore's joviality.

We Deplore: Prof. Lampson's passion for work....."Drama Davis" Yankeeism.....Dr. Monk's influence on Southwestern males, by means of frequent repetitions of his eternal theme: "The unworthiness of woman".....The "new hawks" on the faculty who know who has a date with whom before whom does.....Dr. Cooper's jokes.....Dr. Diehl's stance..... Dr. Johnson's lectures..... Profs who don't publish pass lists.....Profs who don't pass pledges and football players.

Deacon's Dating Bureau For Dilapidated Damsels Opens Soon

"Craft's Cupid Corner" will open this week according to Deacon Craft, entrepreneur of the new date bureau. It will do business with all women students on the campus, regardless of looks or personality, provided they are properly registered at the bureau headquarters—Mrs. Diehl's apartment. According to Deacon, the idea of the date bureau came to him when he was reflecting on the relative merits and defects of the liberal arts education.

For those women interested in the bureau, Deacon offers the following blank, which when filled out will go into the files of his office. It is impersonal but revelant data which may enable Deacon to make correct choices as to proper companions. The application is as follows:

"We are here to be prepared for Name..... Address..... Phone No..... Height..... Weight..... Age..... 1. Is your figure: Good (); Bad (); Excellent (); 2. Do you: Neck (); Dance (); Drink; () Smoke (); Make whoopee (); 3. Are you married?..... If so, does your husband travel?..... 4. Do you live with your parents?..... Or do you have an apartment?..... 5. How far is it from your room to the ground?..... 6. Do you retire early or late?..... 7. Can you prepare breakfast?..... 8. If you live at home, indicate on diagram the exact location of (a) light switch; parent's bedroom, (b) davenport or sofa and (c) watch dog. 9. If you live in an apartment, do you have a roommate or friend..... 10. Will you do anything once..... What.....? 11. Will you do anything more than once.....? What.....? 12. Are you fond of: Wine.....? Gin.....? Beer.....? Whiskey.....? R. G.....? 14. Is your rent paid.....? If not, how much.....? 15. If you are dated up, give this to your roommate or friend. 16. Personal remarks

People Who Ought To Have Dates With People—

Table with 3 columns: Name, and, Name. Milton Wilmersherr and Justine Klyce, Russell Wiener and Vive Walker, Strother Asquith and Arabia Wooten, Tom Duncan and Tom Duncan, Dr. Cooper and India Rutland, Bob Stites and Marie Coffey, Gorton Berry and Mary Hunter, Goyd Boodwin and K. B. Tipton, Bland Cannon and Brenda Frazier, William Surber and Norma Bright, Jasper Wood and A deaf mute

People Who Ought to Have Dates—

- Julian Nall, Allen Webb, Bill Tarver, Henry Rockwell, Pat Gladney, Willis Ensign, Ed. Note: Moorhead and Howry—adv.

People Who Ought Not to Have Dates—

- Harling Reid, Earnest Reid, Charlton Moore, Ed Nesbitt, Neal Williams, Bill Morgan, Barney Gallagher, Frank England

screws on news

By LOLLIE LABLE

Working on the well worn(out) principle that "Honesty is the Best Policy" the Elections Commission carried off another election in its usual unimpeachable (unpredictable) manner. Working on the same principle we want to add our bit—however small.

Combines are inadvisable—that is, illegal—that is if you're not in (on one) you're out. And we mean out—of the running. The Tri Delts seemed to be odd man in the primary, but they got revenge in the run-off. Like the Canadian Mounties if they couldn't "get their (wo)man" they managed to see that no one else had a clean sweep—lean sheep—lone wolf then.

Now we should say on the other hand that the Tri-Delts were justified. If given a fair trial they should, no doubt, plead self-defense; and the Elections Commission, being a fair and forceful body, would call it justified. And in their usual manner the offense should be passed off as a "natural" an innocent thing, innocent of everything except intentions. (What they mean is they couldn't find the proof.)

The Tri-Delts were easy to single out because of their, so to speak, relation. The others being a bit confused and "combined," not in the illegal sense of the word of course, are harder to untangle. But one spicy event is enlightening—

A young transfer, a pledge, at least, who hadn't learned his way around, in higher politics comes in to vote. The young man, not knowing the out-

standing and attractive campus figures, said to a campus queen:

"Well, who's good to vote for among the girls?" knowing enough of course to vote for his own frat brothers.

The girl being a modest, but loyal supporter of a large organization hinted subtly that "This one and that one and this one" were not bad choices.

But no sooner had she said so when over rushed the young man's "more well-groomed" brother (he'll probably run for office in years to come) who gives him a few pointers as to more expedient policies. Of course he, too, was justified—the engagement of one couple and the stock and lasting affection of another couple "naturally" brings their respective organizations into closer bonds of friendship and mutual aid. Now unfortunately there seemed to be some slight dissention, and coca-cola bottles flew—

"See here," says Mrs. Holloway, "I don't make a cent off those coca-colas, and I don't intend to have those bottles broken! You'll just have to call off the combine!"

But a member of the commission, a thoroughly neutral party—comes to the bewildered young man's aid and in a motherly manner tells him to run along and "vote his own mind." He's liable to get the K.A.'s into trouble if he doesn't—and besides he wouldn't be helping the Chi Omegas either.

You are to understand, dear innocent reader, that all of this is pure imagination—we are only instructing you as to how things might be if we didn't have an Elections Commission, which shows us how to "Make the Campus hold its head high (above all these petty politics) and "May the Best Man Always Win."

—BITTERLY.

Hendrix Hepcats To Harmonize Here

Program To Rock Walls of Hardie Auditorium Tonight

The Hendrix College Symphony orchestra, under the direction of David R. Robertson, professor of music at Hendrix, will present a concert in Hardie Auditorium, tonight at 8 p.m. This concert is being sponsored by the College and the student body and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

The program, which includes semi-classical and classical music is as follows:

- "Symphony in B Minor (Unfinished) Schubert
- Allegro moderato (first movement)
- "Allegro Apassionato Saint-Saens
- Mary Katherine French, Cellist
- "Hungarian Dance, No. 5" Brahms
- "The Three Bears, a Phantasy for Orchestra" Eric Coates
- "Symphonie Espagnole" E. Lalo
- Andante (slow movement)
- Billie Womack, Violinist
- "Dance of the Tumblers," from the Snow Maiden" Rimsky-Korsakow
- "Pomp and Circumstance, Opus 39" Elgar

The concert, the first appearance of any Hendrix musical organization in Memphis, is the fourth on a tour through Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee.

Profs Reveal Secret Of Kissing Technique

A recent survey of the faculty provided us with answers to a question that may prove valuable to students. Question: How did you ever learn to kiss so divinely?

- Answers:
- Dr. Siefkin: "I used to blow a bugle in the Boy Scouts."
- Dr. Baine: "I used to siphon gas from tanks."
- Dr. McQueen: "Clucking after horses."
- Dr. Gear: "Saying 'tsk tsk' after hearing dirty jokes."
- Dr. Paulsen: "Eating peas off a knife."
- Dr. Shewmaker: "Drinking out of a jug."
- Dr. H. B. Davis: "Ordering 'prunes for breakfast.'"
- Mrs. Townsend: "Blowing smoke rings."
- Dr. A.: "Eating spaghetti without a fork."

Schirokauer Speaks Sunday

Dr. Schirokauer will address the Sunday Evening Forum this Sunday in a continuation of the talks given by Dr. Diehl and Dr. Paulsen before the same group. Dr. Schirokauer will discuss the causes for this present struggle that has arisen since the last war. He will look at this war from the point of view of a historian. The Forum meets each Sunday evening at 6:30 in the band house. The students of Southwestern, the faculty, and visitors are invited to take part in these meetings.

Of "Of Music"

By MAY HAUNDERS

WHAT'S NEW IN JAZZ

Benny's Blues Band is set to open at the Plaza Toro next week with the pawn-shop heiress, Gloria Brenda Cobina Fienkelberger as baritone soloist. As you will probably remember this popular post-debutante was chosen Glamor Girl No. 113 for the season of 1899-1900.

Tootsie Roll Martin is forming a new band, as the old one was broken up when several of the members joined the N.B.C. Symphony under Toscanini. The new members are Colin McCulloch, musical saw; Puff MacRuffin, jug; and Abie Pror, ocarina. (Hodie, Hodie!)

RECORDS

Limpin' Lampson has just turned out a platter called *Rumboogie-Woogie Rhumba*. This record is unusually reedy. The lead-off goes to Fat John's mutes. As the needle tracks into the first chorus, Murphy is taken to the cleaners.

Fisher is boosting two records of *Lydia, the Tattooed Lady*. One is done by Groucho Marx, the other by Virginia Weidler. The disks retail at \$2.50 each, or 25c pair.

The Pain Sisters' latest arrangement of *Hang Me, Uncle, by the Great Horn Spoon* has made a terrific impact in the music world. Critics are raving about their rolling, trilling melody line and unusually varied bass.

(IS HE REALLY?)

In the Legitimate Field—Mousorglowsky: *Symphony No. 1-3 in D flat Chromatic* (Vanquished, 2 1-3 10-inch records 39c). Prairie Grove Symphony conducted by Ottisitotski. This record is notable for the magnificent gargling of the French horns. It almost, but not quite, surpasses the Memphis Symphony in his respect.

Edgesky-Horsecough: *The Isle of the Dead Fish*. Mr. Barbeculit gives a sumptuous, yet tender, interpretation of this familiar work.

Motsart: Variations on *Honky-Tonk Train Blues*. This record will have particular appeal to the lovers of classical forms (Venus de Milo, huh?). It is played by the Motsart String Sextet, conducted by Robert Pretzel Price. The instrumentation is lush and sumptuous. (I THINK SO.)

Fe-mail Must Go Through

(Continued from Page 1)

prophecies he will soon run the school (if they don't run him out first!)

Frank England—Perish the thought! Only specific upperclassmen can qualify in the eyes of the omnipotent (in his eyes) Frank.

Henry Craft—No doubt you are already one of his "angels" but it would take more than a blitzkrieg to tear him away from the Bright side of life.

Robert Goostree—The type boy who has been disillusioned; consequently he has built a wall around himself which probably would be difficult to penetrate.

Allan Hiltzheim—If you can become a "chum of his, the odds are even. In fact, he might take you to a picture show some time—that is, if you go "halvies."

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LOEW'S PALACE

STARTS FRIDAY FEB. 28th MAISIE 'Operates' on DR. KILDARE Whew! Lew! She's In Society Now! "MAISIE was A LADY" ANN Sothern LEW AYRES STARTS TUESDAY, MAR. 4 You've Read About It! You've Talked About It! NOW SEE IT! Britain's War At Sea CONVOY

STRAND

SAT.-SUN.-MON.

"The Thief of Bagdad"

In Magnificent Technicolor

Pi K. A. Dance

(Continued from Page 1)

Potts, Ned Sparks with Betty Lea Alderman, Bill Small with Peggy Kelly, Buzz Slusser with Marrrrrrgie Ohhhh'kelly, Clyde Malone with Carolyn Carrol, Frank England with Kitty Bright Tipton (fate brings them back together), Starling Reid with Milton Mathewes and Bob McCrary, Charles Reed with Jessie Woods, Charles Long with Goo Goo Hinckley, Harry Hill with Molly Hawken, John Young and Manny Sieving with Peggy Hughes, Claude Brown with Harriette Hollis and Louise Jennings, Bill Maybry with June Bostick, Elder Shearon and Jimmy New with Mary Elizabeth Harsh, Bill Wooten (who will no doubt dash home from Florida) and Barbara Dean, Marion McKee with censored! B. W. Beaumont with Georgeanne Little, Jack Conn with Celeste Taylor, Henry Craft and Lester Baggett with Norma Bright.

Charlton Moore with Martha Hewitt, Wesley Walker and Wolf Duncan with Nadine Browne, Mac Hinson with Louise Howry, Rufus Ross and Barney Gallagher with Patty Radford, Dan West with Jane Williamson, Henry Saunders with Mary New, Jac Ruffin with Meredith Moorhead, Strother Asquith & Co., Rowlett Sneed & Co., Bill Moorhead with Mrs. Hill and Marion Dickson, Bland Cannon with the 1940 Debutante Club and Tinnie Burch, Clay Alexander and Gorten Krupa with Martha Earp, Buddy McNeas with Dolly Hughes (she's from out of town) Bob Black with Carey Eckert, Maurice and Deola, Frances Akers with Dabney Lee, Carlton Freeman and Ruth Crumley and Ed Martin, Bob Siedentopf with Virginia Ann Gates, Cliff Cochran with Marjorie Moorhead.

Quite a large number of old moulded beat-up stags will also attend. The bar will be open and will be under the expert management of Dr. Felix B. Grear. "In an exclusive interview Dr. Grear said, 'I'm a whiz on them Pink Lady cocktails.' It will all take place at the University Club.

Three Sweetest Words In the English Language

1. I love you
2. Dinner is served
3. Keep the change
4. All is forgiven
5. Sleep 'til noon
6. Here's that five

Come To See Pete

Pete Friedel

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Tut, Tut, Bill

For not shaving before that dance.

For bragging about former conquests.

For insisting that she stay out later than she wants to.

For telling dirty jokes.

For asking "what flavor coke do you want?"

For being late without calling.

For harping on the inferiority of the female sex?

For not filling your no-breaks (before the dance).

For these he-man tactics.

For not keeping up with what's "good" in men's clothes.

For being such a heel.

Thank You, Bill

For not waiting until the day before to ask her for a date.

For keeping up your end of the conversation.

For not "quadrup-aling" on a date.

For having a date planned instead of the eternal "what'll we do?"

For admiring her new dress.

For not coming to the girl's basketball games.

For not expecting presents (P.S. see Emily Post).

For doing your drinking with the fellows.

For SUBTLE flattery.

For the "Little things" you do.

"An inmate just escaped from an asylum. He was tall and thin and weighed 250 pounds."

"Tall and thin, and weighed 250 pounds?"

"I told you he was crazy."

Dr. Nick

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Dissertation On Co-operation Based On B.M.O.C. Interviews

Cooperation is an important thing. It's what makes the world go round—just think what would happen if the apple hadn't cooperated with gravity, where would Newton's law be? In the ashcan, in the ashcan.

But let me bring our example closer to home. Just to show what a lack of cooperation can do, last Saturday night at the ODK dance, we heard muffled sobs from a corner of the gym. Cautious investigation revealed Mrs. Murphy's little man Billy, lying on his thin little tummy, kicking his ten tiny toes on the floor. Broken sobs issued from his rosebud lips and fell into a million pieces all around him. In fact we could hardly wade through the pieces. Murph rolled over on his thin little derriere and sat up. The fat little tears rolled off his sharp little nose and mingled with the broken sobs on the floor—making everything decidedly messy. Digging grimy little fists into his little squint eyes, he moaned:

"Why, why can't they understand that I don't want it that way? First Harriette, now Howry—maybe they don't think I'm the type! But can't they see I don't want platonic relationships!"

Seizing us by the scarf of the neck, Murph demanded fiercely:

"I am the type, ain't I? You tell her so, will you?"

"Sure, sure," we gurgled, between strangles, "We'll tell her."

"Thanks pal," he chirped, his bird-like face all aglow, and off he muttered, wandering to himself.

Now that's what we mean. Sad things like this case wouldn't happen if we had cooperation around the campus.

We decided to get some other people's opinions on the problem and approached a bunch of men, squatting, stooping and standing in various crouches, and positions, on the campus where the green grass oughta grow all around, all around. With great trepidation we timidly tapped the forbidding Mr. Ainslie Pryor. Never having seen any expression on A.P.'s totem-pole face we were undecided as to whether or not he was of the human species, but surprise, surprise, he did respond to stimulus, turn-around and reacted. And if you've never see A.P. react you should! But, as he said, over and over again:

"I'm a gentleman; if I do anything wayward, just tell me; I'm a gentleman, for I passed the test."

Pushing his black derby down more firmly on his overly-large head he stalked off—still reacting to stimulus.

"We have a question to ask you all," we said, to the men remaining.

Cherub Weiner rolled his big black eyes around, and winked and smiled. Rhett Shearon grabbed us by an arm, "What, when, why, who, how, where, tell me quick!" said he, jumping up and down with impatience, his little coat-tails fairly flying in the wind. "Opps, he said, "there goes one of my babes!" and he was gone.

Cherub Weiner rolled his big black eyes around, and winked and smiled. Tunkie Saunders boomed forth with, "Any question has two aspects, and

what makes me so darn angry is that if some silly little two-by-four question can have two aspects why can't I? I never have had more than one aspect, not since I was a little bitty boy. It ain't fair, it ain't democratic, that's what it ain't.

Cherub solemnly rolled his b.b. eyes around and winked and smiled.

Tunkie's mouse-like little face puckered up as he screamed, "I'll hold my bref til I'm blue in the face," he yelled.

Cherub rolled his b.b. eyes around and winked and smiled. Buddy Edwards and the Green Knight spoke up in unison,

"It ain't right, it just ain't right!" they chorused. "Boys and girls shouldn't matriculate together—in the same building."

With that a hush fell on the crowd, killing four people and mortally wounding six others. Cherub rolled his b.b. eyes around and winked and smiled. By now we could hear the death-rattle in Tunkie's throat, and he was deep purple in the face. But we have a weak stomach and we could not stand this awful carnage. Drawing our dignity about us we departed. Oh, but we nearly forgot the moral: Cooperation out of chaos, or if you don't cooperate, you'll be sorry!

Courting Survey

(Continued from Page 1)

Sophomore girls are not dating as much as they would like to be! The Freshman class was the only one that gave much support to the Campus Dating Bureau idea.

Reasons marked by women for not dating more, follow in the order in which they were checked most:

1. I won't go in for some of the things that seem to attract boys to other girls, if you know what I mean.
2. The boys do not ask me.
3. I do not know enough boys.
4. Dormitory rules limit my nights out and I can't go out any oftener.
5. I am going steady with a boy not on this campus.

Reasons marked by men for not dating more, follow in the order in which they were checked most:

1. I do not have the money.
2. I am here to study and have little time for girls.
3. The girls I want to date is dated up too far ahead.
4. The girls I would date live too far out and it is inconvenient.
5. I am going steady with a girl not on this campus.

A few additional and revealing reasons offered are:

1. The Southwestern women are too provincial.
2. Many girls here are rather stiff-necked, shallow and prudish.
3. Most girls eat too much too often.
4. Boys out here are drips.
5. The boys in this school are not worth my time.
6. Most boys out here are conceited and if they can't date the most popular girl on the campus they won't date.
7. Certain boys don't have the nerve to ask me.

Popularity Contest

(Continued from page 1)

ical Politics and rooms with John Young, President of the Elections Commission. He was a member of his high school glee club. He played on his fraternity's soccer team his freshman year and scored 3 points. When interviewed Frank said, "You know that Starling Reid certainly controls a lot of votes on this campus—just ask him."

Bobby Meacham, a junior from somewhere in Alabama, was chosen by the LAME, honorary women's leadership group, which is petitioning the Board, as the freshman most embodying the ideals of Katharine Miller. He is a member of the decorations committee for the next Men's Panhellenic Council Script Dance. He was the room-mate of Bill Watson of Conn. last year. He was named on the Committee to Aid the Oppressed Patagonians-in-Brazil. He is definitely not reading for honors. He has been tried by the Honor Council on sundry occasions but has not yet been convicted. He won the election over John Young, who got nominated by someone who thought they said biggest All-around. Meacham is a monitor for Evergreen Hall.

Blakemore, a senior from Rives, is majoring in history. He topped Harold Jones in the run-off. George spends most of his time watching the girls play basketball and it is rumored that he may take up the game after leaving school. He has never sung in the choir, being that his voice is still changing, but has hopes. He was one of the three students chosen to represent Southwestern in the Needle and Yarn knitting contest this year. He is a great Shirley Temple fan and has even asked her for an autograph. He will graduate this spring and plans to enter the business world as a street car motorman. He is a member of several secret fraternities on the campus which we can't reveal at present.

Ideal Man

(Man as we'd like to have him!)

HAIR E. Shearon
EYES Russell Weiner
NOSE John Whitsett
SMILE R. Meacham
COMPLEXION .. Neumon Taylor

EARS Robert Quindley
CLOTHES Tunkie Saunders
PERSONALITY C. Long
LINE Bob McCrary
LEGS Chuck Guthrie
PHYSIQUE Stob Jones
SENSE OF HUMOR .. E. Shearon
(We mentioned Shearon twice, the paper next week)
Personally, we'll just take P. H. Woods!

Man

(Man as we generally find him!)

HAIR James New
EYES Wesley Walker
NOSE Icky O.
SMILE Starling Reid
COMPLEXION.....with a beard
NECK(S) Ernest Reid
EARS Harry Hill
CLOTHES J. New
PERSONALITY Gallagher
LINE Frank England
LEGS Goosetree
PHYSIQUE Bob Stite
SENSE OF HUMOR S. Reid
cause we know he's putting out!

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