

THE SOUTHWESTER

Student Bi-Weekly Publication of Southwestern at Memphis

25TH YEAR—712

SOUTHWESTERN, MEMPHIS, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1943

No. 5

Students Invited To Submit Papers To Literary Club

Opportunity For Membership Given Many Interested

Literary activity on the campus is increasing, since Stylus Club issued invitations to a number of students to submit poems, short stories, or any other type of original writing for consideration toward membership in the organization. It is hoped that the quality of the papers submitted will justify the publication of two Journals this year. Those who have received invitations are Jean Samuels, Jane Milner, Mary Gideon, Billy Mills, Jack Harwood, John Broderick, Pauline Smith, Mary Manning Peters, Betty Gooch, Pat Carothers, Tinka Jett, Mabel Boone, Jean de Graffenreid, Jo Shillig, Minor Robertson, Peachie Thompson, Ann Pridgen, Dottie Park, Demetra Patton, Mary Ann Banning, and others. All interested are eligible to submit papers.

Stylus announces the membership of Hugh Davidson, Jr., whose poem, "Mood Noir", appeared in last spring's Journal. Through an unintentional oversight, Mr. Davidson was not included in the Club's recent tapping ceremony. This error is deeply regretted, and Stylus wishes to apologize to Mr. Davidson and to the student body for its carelessness.

The next regular meeting of Stylus will be Tuesday, December 7. The members will meet at luncheon time in the Bell Room. Mignon Presley and Ralph Osborne are in charge of the program which will carry out a Christmas theme. In addition, Sarah White Barth will read a ghost story of her own composition.

Many Alumni Visit S'western Lately

Alumni Office Wants Addresses, Pictures Of Alums In Service

Mrs. C. A. New, the former Winifred Pritchard, who attended Southwestern from '39 through '42, is now assistant alumni secretary. She has joined the other alums who have been working on the college staff this year. They are Mrs. Robert Goshorn, '38, Mrs. Wallace Mayton, '40, and Josephine Daniel, '41.

Harriet Hollis has requested that everyone report any addresses of alumni that they know of, and to bring visiting alums to the alumni office to sign the alum book. Also snapshots for the bulletin board would be appreciated. Students are always invited to look at these pictures on the board in her office.

Old boys who have returned recently are: Charles Frank, now stationed in Greenville, S. C., Fleet Edwards, stationed in Lummen, Ky.; Clyde Malone, stationed in North Carolina, Erskine Falls, stationed in New York; Ewing Carruthers, stationed in Norfolk, Va.; Robert Goostree, stationed in Clarksville, Tenn.; Lloyd Gordon, stationed in Rhode Island; Bill Wooten, stationed in California; and Will Armstrong, stationed at Lakeland, Fla. Those who stopped by on their way to active duty are: John Pond, Harold High, and John Whittsitt.

Choir Party

A party for members of the Choir was given Wednesday night before Thanksgiving from 5:30—7:30 in the Tri Delt lodge.

The party was an informal supper followed by a program and a number of songs. All the lights were turned out during the program, and a spotlight was flashed on the singers. Members taking part in the program were Betty Bynum Webb, who sang a solo; Frances Fish, who sang a popular song; Gene Dickson, who accompanied herself on the piano as she sang "This is the Army"; and Margaret Walthal, who gave a recitation. The program was followed by group singing.

Mrs. Anne Cole Will Visit Under Torch Sponsorship

Torch is sponsoring the visit of Mrs. Anne L. Cole, who will arrive at the college Friday, December 10, representing the National Nursing Council for War Service, Inc. A tea will be held Friday afternoon from 4:30—5:30, to give students an opportunity to meet Mrs. Cole, and that night at 7:00 an informal meeting will be held in the dormitory.

During the day Mrs. Cole will have conferences with the Dean and Assistant Dean of Women, the heads of the Physical and Biological Science departments, and the Psychology and Social Science faculty. Mrs. Cole's morning is vacant, and will be reserved for any girls who wish a private conference. Miss Gordon is arranging the conference hours. The tea Friday afternoon, however, will be the only opportunity for the entire student body to meet Mrs. Cole, and everyone is urged to attend.

Mrs. Cole represents the National Nursing Council for War Service and the United States Cadet Nurse Corps—the new government plan which, under the U. S. Public Health Service, offers a free professional education to qualified students. Her visit is part of a nation-wide endeavor to recruit 65,000 student nurses this year for wartime replacements caused by acute needs of the Army, Navy and civilian health agencies, and also to interest college women in preparation for post-war careers.

The latest information on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps will be presented by Mrs. Cole, who has recently conferred with Miss Lucile Petry, its director, and other national authorities. Recruits in the Corps receive free tuition, free maintenance, distinctive gray and scarlet street

uniforms, and a monthly stipend during their entire period of training in accredited schools of nursing. In return, they promise to remain active in essential military or civilian nursing for the duration of the war.

Mrs. Cole is a native of Nashville, Tennessee, and a graduate of the Vanderbilt University School of Nursing, and of Vanderbilt University, where her major interest was in public health nursing.

She served as staff nurse of the Sullivan County Health Department at Blountville, Tennessee, and of the Gibson County Health Department, before becoming its assistant supervisor. She resigned in September to be with her husband, who is in the Army.

During her undergraduate years, she was a member of the student council at Vanderbilt. She now holds memberships in the Vanderbilt University Alumnae Association, the American Nurses' Association (Sixth District, Tennessee), the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, and the Tennessee Public Health Association. She is serving as a temporary instructor in Home Nursing for the American Red Cross.

Hawken Elected By Freshmen

Harry Hawken was chosen in the election last Monday as vice-president of the freshman class. He succeeds Mary Langmeade, who has moved up to the presidency to fill the vacancy left by Guy Bates. The primary was held Saturday, and Mr. Hawken and Mary McFall placed in the runoff Monday.

Mr. Hawken is a Kappa Sigma pledge, and is now the only boy to hold class office at Southwestern. Miss Langmeade is a Kappa Delta pledge, and comes from Washington, D. C.

Spanish Club

The first meeting of the year was held by the Spanish Club at the Zeta house Sunday, the twenty-first, at three-thirty. These meetings are held every month and each time one of the members is in charge as chairman. This week Joy Gallimore planned the program. After refreshments were served Senor Storn gave an interesting talk on Spanish customs followed by the reading of a Psalm in Spanish by Senorita Julia Coldindres. Senorita Calindres has been assisting the students in learning her language by attending Senor Storn's classes this year. Before the meeting closed the group sang Spanish songs accompanied by Miss Jane Soderstrom at the piano. Officers include Frances Ann Turrentine, treasurer, and Joy Gallimore, secretary.

Students Say

Question: What is one of the most exciting things of your life?

Archer Ayres—Falling in love(?)
Vadis Jeter—When Santa Claus brought me a Teddy Bear. (Yeah, we bet).

Nathalie Latham—July 25th, 1942.
Winston Cheairs—You can't put it in print.

Mary Beth Hansen—The day I discovered that I was going to have a little false tooth.

Jim Wade—It's been a life of constant excitement and turbulence—I really don't know.

Virginia Morgan—I lived a very quiet life. (How about those cigars?)
Dottie Park—Wondering whether I will get to school the mornings that Ray Allen drives.

Joyce Spalding—The day I had one pair of nylons left.

John Broderick—The day I met Winston Cheairs.

Nancy Woods—The day I hit Southwestern.

Marine Recruiting Division Contest For Posters Opens

Prizes Offered For Best Posters From Memphis Colleges

The Marine Corps Women's Reserve has invited the student body to participate in a competitive poster campaign. Lt. Isensee, of the Marines, has announced that the subject of the poster will be a recruiting poster for the Reserve. The competing colleges will be Southwestern, Memphis State Teachers' College, Siena College, and Memphis Academy of Arts. There is no limitation on size, number of posters submitted, colors, in fact—there are no rules except those listed below. It is hoped that in this fashion, each student submitting a poster will allow his or her imagination and initiative to have full scope and a free reign.

There will be a War Bond Prize given to the first, second and third winners. The first prize winner's poster will be converted into a bill board, to be set up on some thirty-four bill boards in Memphis, with the name of the student and the school prominently displayed. In the event that an additional time is given to us on the bill board space, the second and third prize winners will have their posters displayed similarly in succession.

The contest is open to all the students, men and women alike, of Southwestern.

The contest will commence on December 6th and the final date will be on January 15th. All posters should be submitted to the Marine Corps Women's Reserve office located at 1209 Sterick Bldg., telephone 5-0869.

Booklets have been delivered to the registrar's office which show the activities of the Women Marines at work at their base, and if additional information is desired the Marine's will be happy to furnish it, if you will telephone or call in person at the office.

The judging of the posters will take place on January 17th, at which time the awards will be given. All of the posters will be displayed in a public place at the time of the judging, and you will be advised at a later date where the judging and display will be held.

There is a possibility that the campaign will become national in scope, and Headquarters in Washington is now considering it, and if that becomes true, all of the posters submitted will be entered.

Girl Scout Troop Leaders Requested

There is a desperate need in Memphis for Girl Scout troop leaders. Most Southwestern girls are engaged in some type of war work or social service at present, but if there are any girls who feel they would be interested in scouting, they are urged to contact Margaret Battaille, Winnie Anderson, or Jane Milner who are already troop leaders. Miss Evelyn Harris who is at the Girl Scout Headquarters at Bry's would also be interested in locating some leadership material and placing girls in troop where they are most needed.

A Girl Scout leadership course was offered at Southwestern last spring, and will be repeated if at least twelve girls desire it. The training takes twelve hours, and troop meetings require no more than one afternoon a week on the average.

COTTON COUNCIL ANNOUNCES NEW MAID OF COTTON CONTEST

The cotton industry has announced plans for the 1944 Maid of Cotton contest, and invited all unmarried, southern-born girls between the ages of 18 and 25 to become candidates for the title. The winner will be named January 24 at Memphis.

The winner will receive a 20,000-mile tour of American cities during which she will serve as the cotton industry's official ambassador of goodwill, as well as a semi-official salesman of United States War Bonds. She also will visit many military posts to assist in entertaining members of the armed services; and will tell special meetings of women how to conserve and care for their cottons.

Moreover, the National Cotton Council, speaking for the contest's sponsors, revealed that sizeable prizes of War Bonds will be awarded to the winner in the contest, and to the first and second alternates.

The contest will close January 9, at which time all candidates must have filled completed application blanks and photographs at the Council's office in Memphis. A special panel of judges then will meet to select a limited group of finalists. These finalists will be invited to come to Memphis, January 24, for the final judging. The selection will be made principally upon the basis of personality, appearance, and background;

but special consideration will be given to any dancing, singing, acting, or similar talents. Application blanks may be obtained now at the Council's office.

All of the Maid's expenses on the tour will be paid, and she will be accompanied at all times by a chaperone. The tour probably will include principal cities in the eastern and southern portions of the United States, and will start within a few weeks after the Maid's selection. Between the contest and that time, the winner will be sent to New York for special training in the latest-approved methods of conservation of cottons, and to fit a special all-cotton wardrobe which she will wear during the tour. Throughout the trip, the Maid will emphasize to American women the cotton industry's wartime message of conservation of cottons; and will tell civic and business groups of the vital role cotton plays in the war effort.

The winner will be the sixth southern girl to carry the title, "Maid of Cotton." Previous winners are: Alice Hall Smith, Mary Nell Porter, Alice Erle Beasley, Camille McLean Anderson, and Bonnie Beth Byler, the 1943 Maid of Cotton. Miss Byler now is in New York studying voice as a result of her tour earlier this year. A graduate in music at the University (Continued on page 4)

Zeta Tau Alpha Will Hold Formal Tomorrow Night In Gymnasium

Tri Delt Sorority Fall Formal Held In Lodge Saturday

Stars And Crescent Ball Carries Out Traditional Theme

Tri Delta Sorority entertained Saturday, November 27, at their annual Stars and Crescent Ball.

The dance was given in the sorority house from 9 to 12, and at intermission coffee and cookies were served.

Silver, gold, and blue, the sorority colors, predominated in the decorations throughout the lodge. White crepe paper formed a canopy and silvered ivy decorated the mantle and balcony.

Betty Joy Smith was in charge of refreshments, and Dorothy Chauncey, the decorations.

Officers and their dates were: Mabel Francis, president, with Bill Northern; Betty Jean Wilkinson, vice-president, with Arthur Billott; Anita Hyde, recording secretary, with Joe Alvis; Ann James, corresponding secretary, with Ensign W. K. Weldon; Mary Frances Lynch, treasurer, with Jimmy Wellford.

Other members and their dates were: Betty Joy Smith with Capt. Charles Hayte, Gene Dickson, with Henry Lanus, Jane Milner with Robert Mann, June Crutchfield with Jim Clifton, Jeanette Hord with Chester Allen, Jean Covington with William Wills, Marianna Woodson with escort, Emmy Dolfinger with Henry Hedden, Dorothy Chauncey with Cadet Jack Brennan, Alice Palmer with Tommy Samuels, Suzanne Ransome with escort, and Sara White Barth with Cadet Joe Wiley.

Pledges attending were: Betty Lay with Cadet Paul Blanton, Martha Hunter with E. W. Nelius, Mary Ann Catching with Maynard Fountain, Lynne Owen with Harry Hawkin, Elizabeth Hunter with Russell Bryant, Beta Sevier with Cadet Bob Snyder, Warren Buford with Cadet Gene Seaward, Garnet Field with John Pierce, Kitty Hargrave with escort, Nancy Scott with escort, Lucy Lee Ganier with Robert Malin, Louise Frank with George Schulte, Nancy Alexander with John Thomas, and Mary Gideon with escort. Katherine Lynch, Ann Leggett, and Virginia Wade were unable to attend.

Representatives from other sororities were: Kappa Delta—Peggy Kelly, Marjorie Gardener, Imogene Williamson, Jane Davidson, Mary Langmeade, Betty Belk, and Roberta Treanor.

Chi Omega—Jane Dailey, Peggy Huges, Allen Fauntleroy, Jessie Woods, Marion McKee, Mary McFall, Kitty Grey Pharr, and Mimi Reid.

Alpha Omicron Pi—Janet Kelso, Beverly Barron, Shirley Scott, Trudy Bruce, Margaret Polk, Frances Uhlhorn, and Betty Lee Hancock.

Zeta Tau Alpha—Frances Ann Turrentine, Joy Gillimore, Emily Morgan, Virginia Wemple, Virginia Gibbins, Virginia Hughes, Frances Fish, and Adelaide Horton.

Independents—Louise Moran, Winnie Anderson, Katherine Henderson, Mary Jean Watson, Ann McConnell, Marjorie Pierce, and Jean Samuels. Chaperons were Prof. and Mrs. W. R. Atkinson, Prof. and Mrs. W. R. Cooper, Prof. and Mrs. R. S. Pond, and Dr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Francis.

PRESENTS PROGRAM

Miss Jane Soderstrom, Southwestern music-major, will present the program this afternoon at a tea given by the A.A.U.W. at 3:00 o'clock at the Nineteenth Century Club.

Yuletide Theme To Be Carried Out In Tomorrows Formal

Kenny Danz's Band Will Furnish Music For Event Saturday

Zeta Tau Alpha sorority will sponsor its annual Winter Formal in the gym Saturday night from 8:00 to 12:00. Kenny Danz's orchestra will play.

The gym will be decorated in the Christmas motif with red and green the predominating colors. Wreaths and silver bells will hang along the walls and the band stand will be decorated to carry out the Yuletide theme.

There will be a Zeta leadout, three no-breaks, and two specials.

An intermission party will be held in the Zeta lodge.

Zeta officers and their dates are: Francis Ann Turrentine, president, with Ed Dewey; Emily Morgan, vice-president, with Ensign Harold Swift; Joy Gallimore, secretary, with Jimmy Turner; Betty Albro, treasurer, with Don Thiel; Jane Soderstrom, historian, with escort; Virginia Gibbins, conductor, with Robert Vanpelt; and Virginia Emmons, guard, with Max Morris.

Other members and their dates who will attend are: Texas Horton with H. L. Shumann, Sally Johnson with Ronald Cooke, June Guice with Wally Deuring, and Elizabeth Goddard with John Kocian.

Pledge officers and their dates are: Virginia Hughes, president, with Hugh Davidson; Virginia Wemple, vice-president, with Jimmy Henry; Jean Wroten, secretary, with Joe Duncan; and Gene Nuckles, treasurer, with Collier Norvell.

Other pledges and their dates who will attend are: Mary Lou Ortmeier with Ted Acuff, Francis Fish with escort, Dot Hogan with Jack Bellamy, Adalade Ratten with Bill Case, Betty Osborne with Frank Ross, Sara Jane Cockerill with escort, Sara Grey McCollum with J. C. Mitchiner, Ann Brankstone with escort, and Peggy Walthal with Jack Harwood.

Representatives from other sororities who have been invited are:

Chi Omega—Peggy Hughes, Mary Ann Banning, Ditsy Silliman, Marlon McKee, Minnie Gordon, Marjorie Radford, Mary McFall, Julia Wellford.

Tri Delta—Mabel Francis, Betty Jean Wilkinson, Anita Hyde, Dot Chauncey, Jean Lawo, Lynn Owen, Katherine Glenn, Mary Ann Catching.

A. O. Pi—Janet Kelso, Jane Mitchell, Shirley Scott, Agnes Ann Ming, Joyce Spaulding, Trudie Bruce, Claire James, Gloria Walker.

Kappa Delta—Peggy Kelly, Marjorie Gardener, Roberta Treanor, Imogene Williamson, Jane Davidson, Mary McDearmon, Mary Langmead, Betty Webb.

Independents—Winnie Anderson, Jean Samuels, Mary Ann Blackman, Jane Batten, Kay Henderson, Louise Moran, Mary Worrall, Mary Jo Craig, Valerie Raeburn, Gray Baker, Pauline Laguzzi, Frances Keaton, Bea Hosey, Jane Waddell.

Chaperones who have been invited are: Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Soderstrom; Dr. and Mrs. B. C. Tutill; Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Pond; Mr. and Mrs. John Rollow; Miss Helen Gordon; Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur Stout; Dr. and Mrs. Martin Storn; and Dr. Felix Wassermann. All men students and the cadets on the campus have also been invited.

CANTERBURY CLUB

The Canterbury Club will meet next Tuesday, December 7. Listen in chapel for a detailed announcement of the time and place.

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JANET KELSO EDITOR
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Comments - -

Visiting Nurse

Next week Mrs. Anne L. Cole is coming to the campus to discuss opportunities for college women in nursing. The need for nurses is very serious, and every Southwestern girl should give this matter thought. In a recent letter Dr. Thomas Parram, the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service wrote:

"The shortage of nurses caused by the needs of the Army, Navy, and civilian hospitals and war industries has forced us to set a goal of no less than 65,000 new student nurses for the current school year. Some of them are on your campus— young women who want to serve their country. They are needed as student nurses.

"Establishment of the United States Cadet Nurse Corps by act of Congress in June indicated the importance the government places on training for this profession. The act provides free tuition, free maintenance, distinctive uniforms, and a monthly stipend during the entire period of training."

Nursing, Mrs. Cole believes, is war work with a future. The first women to go overseas with the armed forces were the Army and Navy nurses. Even before she graduates, the student nurse is now recognized as being in a service as essential as that undertaken by the WACS, the WAVES, the SPARS and the Marines. Student nurses release graduate nurses for service overseas, or in military or naval hospitals at home.

As a post-war profession, nursing offers opportunities which have been greatly expanded by the war. Nurses will be called upon to take part in post-war reconstruction programs abroad and at home. There is now, and there is every evidence that there will continue to be after the war, a great need for nurses—not only in hospitals and other institutions, but also in public health nursing, as teachers in schools of nursing, in government work with the U. S. Public Health Service, the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, the U. S. Veterans Administration, and in a number of specialized fields.

Let it not be said that Southwestern girls are not interested in this work for both patriotic and humanitarian reasons. Perhaps some of us are not

interested in nursing as a career yet the least we can do is to avail ourselves of this opportunity to learn about the nursing program, and make Mrs. Cole's visit a success.

Apple Sale

This year the Christian Union Cabinet is carrying on an old Southwestern tradition, the sale of apples on the campus. As in former years, the sale is being conducted on the Honor System, with everyone expected to leave a nickle for his apple. Proceeds from the sale go to the annual Christian Union Christmas party for the benefit of underprivileged children. At this time a Christmas tree is put up in the cloister, and a real Santa Claus gives out presents of toys and clothing to the children.

This year the sale has been an especially successful one, though it has been difficult to secure good, sound apples. However, whenever they can be obtained, they will be put on sale. The Cabinet appreciates very much the cooperation and honesty of the student body, cadets and civilian alike. Their interest has served to made the sale a great success.

Perish the Thought

It is generally believed that it is the prerogative of unknown, little writers to endeavor to attract attention and acclaim by expressing themselves in caustic, unjust, and thoughtless language—so long as it is done in prevailing literary style. There doesn't seem to be handy any way of darning this stream of maladjusted, super egotistical, and positively repulsive sort of writing—except by adding to it a few words against its general use. These few words aren't hard to collect, and I propose to use them at the risk of abusing the privilege of writing for the Sou'wester.

Some of the printed matter that is produced at Southwestern is obvious, and although refined to a point that is too, too clever, it is obvious, copying of the worst in the writing of the post-1918, pre-1943 period. Denunciation, extreme individualism, hyperbole, disgust with morality, ridicule, and invective have been adopted, it appears, as the highest aims of literature. "Let us be true to our nature, let us not be afraid to show what sophisticated, cynical beings we are," chant the columnists, the play-wrights, and the littlest literary-minded hacks.

In the hands of capable and intelligent writers, these qualities can be useful and helpful—but they are precious tools, and are to be used sparingly, or at least with some other end in mind. Swift and Voltaire didn't use them sparingly, but they knew their business and had something to say—a marked contrast to the copy writers with whom Southwestern is overly blessed. When I read anything by the two named, I don't find it necessary to be continually reminding myself to forget the source and not to be offended by stupidity.

I realize, amazingly magnanimous soul that I am, that our readers are supposed to like vicious, undeserved, and evidently shallow treatment of others. Perhaps they do, but I have my doubts. Surely, they see that the whole thing is fake—fake originality, fake individualism, and completely unbiased belief in the cleverness of such treatment. The spiteful, vicious element is a result, in my opinion, of a lack of respect for others, and a shallow, attitude-loving mind. It is impossible to conceal from oneself the clearly imitative character by which the majority of our campus literary productions are invested. As a further result of this imitative, blind-to-reality character, justice is rarely found, truth still more rarely discovered, and justice in combination with truth or sincerity too rare to be of aid in maintaining respect for the products of our literary giants. The processes by which such a condition has been reached is too important a problem to discuss here, but the fact remains that it is a deplorable condition.

This imitation justice, frankness, and liberty run deep in certain contributors' habits, and produce—to speak frankly—a vapid sort of work. It does, indeed, seem that shallowness has become one of the indispensable qualities of "good" writing.

I maintain that the goals striven for by certain of our elite literary set are not worth the sacrifices made in their behalf. It is certain, at least, that individuality, originality, sophistication, wit, and the right to be bitter (sweet right!) have never, and will never, be attained by sacrificing reason and judgment. True it is, however, that as long as readers can be brow-beaten or doped into accepting a grossly overdone, deluded shadow of these qualities, no change for the better will be made.

Well, it has been said, and if it isn't interesting it is because there has been too much to say under the title of Perish the Thought.

Alumni In The Service

The following is a list of the addresses those boys who were in Southwestern last year and are now in military service:

A. S., V-12, USNR, Navy V-12 Unit, University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee: Bob Amis, Dean Bailey, Joe Bill Black, James Boyd, Snowden Boyle, Bill Bullock, John Collier, Carroll Cooper, Hugh Crawford, John William Criss, Billy Brock Davidson, John Jackson Dennis, John Douglas, Frank Elby, Charlie Evans, Allison McNeil, Bobby Mann, Larche Michaux, Charles Mims, Paul Moorehead, John Northcross, Kenneth Riley, Bryce Runyon, David St. Martin, Meridith Flautt, Neely Grant, Sam Greenberger, Robert Henington, Ed Herring, Bo Highfill, Jack Hiltzheim, Warren Hood, Tommy Houser, Homer Howie, Rufus Irby, Wharton Jones, Fred Kelley, Frank Kennedy, Perrin Lowrey, William McClure, James McFadden, Clyde McLeod, Buddy Stout, Billy Symes, Melvin Weinberg, and Frank White.
Milton Addington—Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi.

Bob Armstead—1st Lt., A.A.F.N.S., Section 1, San Marcos Army Air Field, San Marcos, Texas.

David Baker—Pvt., Co. B., 7th Q. M.T.R., Bldg. T437, Camp Lee, Virginia.

Bill Banks—Cpl., O.C.S., Fort Benning, Georgia.

Dick Bolling—Pvt., 6th Training Battalion, Co. C., Fort McClellan, Alabama.

Bill Bowden—Yeoman 1/c, U.S.M.M. Morrison Buck—Cpl., A.A.F., Co. K., 800th Signal Training Regiment, Camp Crowder, Missouri.

Cham Canon—Pvt., 14136627, Co. F., Regiment, Camp Sibert, Alabama.

John Canon—Pvt., 104 Infantry Band, Camp Blanding, Florida.

Dixon Connell—Pvt. 646 T.S.S. Class, Barracks 1954, Madison, Wisconsin.

Alexander Cunningham — 14192498, Co. 1, S.C.U., 3419 ASTP, API, Auburn, Alabama.

A/S W. G. Currie—S8th C.T.D. (air crew), Memorial Stadium, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, 14, Minn. Leon Davis — Japanese Language School, Camp Elliot, San Diego, California.

Sam Denny—V-5, U. S. N. R., 30 Burney, USNRFFS, University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina.

William Donelson — Lt., Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida.

Robert Douglas — Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Billy Dowdle—Pvt., U.S.M.C.R., Millsaps, Jackson, Miss.

William Doyle—2nd Lt., 439 Bomb Group, Dale Mayby Field, Tallahassee, Florida.

H. C. Earhart—A/C NAAC, Squadron C-4, Nashville, Tennessee.

Bill Few—A. S., Co. 43-83, U.S.N.T.C., San Diego, California.

Ernest Flaniken—14076271, Co. 1, S.C.U. 3419 ASTP, API, Auburn Alabama.

Karl Frank—2nd Lt., 0-819857 Student Officer Detachment, A.A.F. Pilot School, La Junta, California.

Tommy Frazier—Midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy, 4th Class, Annapolis, Maryland.

Berson Frye—Cpl., 34730709, Co. A., 594EB and SR, Camp Gordon, Johnston, Florida.

Steve Goodwyn—Pvt., 14076266, T. R. 912, C. Battery, 3rd Battalion, 1st Regiment, F.A.R.T.C., Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

John Harris—Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Noble Hicks—Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Jim Ising—Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi.

Dave Jolly—Pvt., Anti-Tank Co., 422 Infantry, APO 106 Division, Fort Jackson, S. C.

William Kendall — Pvt., 34738314, Battery A, 104 C. S. Training Bn., Camp McLuaidy, California.

Carl Krausnick—A/C, U. S. N. R., U. S. N. F. P. S., University of South Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina.

Billy Leach—APO 8762, c/o Postmaster, New York, New York.

Louis Leroy—Cpl., APO 443 Co. D, 423 Inf., 106 Division, Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

James Lincoln—S. 017, NAAC, Nashville, Tenn.

Herbert Lipman—Battery B, 12th Btn., Fort Eustis, Virginia.

Frank McClain—Pvt., Co. B, A.S.T. Unit, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Conn.

John Maize—San Antonio, Texas. George Marshall—Pvt., H. O. Plat. Co., 573 S.A.W. Bn., Drew Field, Tampa, Florida.

(Continued on page 3)

LYNX CHAT

Well, you stupid people, the old-time Lynx-Pussy is back in your midst again, finding the Penthouse apartment cold and bare with even Randomonium missing. All there was time for was one cup of the catnip that used to brew so hearteningly on cold winter mornings when the Lynx Pussy hurried to chapel like everyone else.

Tinka went to Sewanee last weekend . . . Comment, "I have never been on so many blanket parties" . . . Ervarde went to Sewanee too . . . So what . . . Does anything really matter anymore? Louisa wasn't at Sewanee . . . Isn't this the purest drivell you have ever seen . . . Not to say read. Put something down . . . but what . . . what in heaven's name is there to write about on this forsaken campus . . .

Why should Ervarde go to Sewanee . . . the tip-off is that he is an orchid admirer, and was greatly tempted by a luscious specimen that he spotted on some feminine shoulder . . . the name was something like Minne Bdygihdik . . . strange . . . Martha Hunter would like to be in Miami . . . who wouldn't . . . for one, Ervarde would, because orchids grow wild in the tropics . . . Miami is in the tropics, isn't it . . . But enough, or in other words too much, about Ervarde . . . How did he creep in? . . . "Beware the insidious Kappa Sig, son," McClure chortled in his joy . . .

Can we be duller? Your little feline friend thinks that recounting the adventures of Bargee might serve . . . Stupid things about stupid people, written in a stupid style . . . Nothing about Bargee, except she pounced on Lloyd Gordon, who watched Teasie turn a lovely green . . . which pin was it that day? . . . This is an old story though . . . It had some confused last year too . . . Most confused of all was Teasie . . . See, we told you it could be worse.

Missing Link of the week: Blah . . . a fanfare, alarms and excursions without and within . . . Ulcers, my dear . . . The M. L. gets our carefully mothballed banana skin headgear as his prize . . . Now how did he do it? Simply by being president of SAE? . . . No-o . . . That is not enough . . . For being adopted by McKee? . . . Even that is not sufficient . . . So he pinned Jo Leroy . . . Does anybody know Jo Leroy? This is carefully scouted and edited information, you see . . . can't give out any information that would aid materially in understanding what goes on . . . A comment on the newly developed affair McClure-Leroy: McClure has been trying for years . . . all his life, we should say.

That the venom not seem directed wholly against the SAE's, we have the Kappa Sigs, the PIKA's, and another small group stemming from Robert E. Lee . . . Kappa Alpha Society has eight chapters . . . And one just noted that the cars in the parking lot are empty . . . Oh, Pridgen (or is it eon?) thou shouldst be living at this hour . . . But Orpet carries on . . . and on . . . on . . . And a person named Mills is reputed to carry on also . . . as someone said like Jilly Northcross . . . This was the character who developed the theory of kissing someone's mind . . . ask Demetra . . . Too bad . . . But who is this obscure Mills person anyway?

EEenoff, eenoff of these foolishness—we are getting into our dotage, and are rambling, rambling like the Kappa Sigs.

We feel that the oft-repeated excursions of one M. Bernstein and Miss Blackman should not go unnoticed—after all there aren't a lot of people wandering around town at four A. M.—and they weren't delivering milk either.

We thought triangles had gone out with the war, but Julia Wellford, Ray Allen, and Millie Anderson are trying hard—especially Julia. Congratulations are in store for Julia for being the first female on the campus to lure the Little Minister into dating in three years. He goes for these shy, demure little brunettes, doesn't he?

Event of the Week!!!! The return of the redoubtable and redundant Bubbles O'Goostree, with the same steamrolling humor, the same gouging wit that everyone has cause to remember—yet something is different—all is not the same. For Mr. Goostree has lost, in addition to SIX inches off the belt, one Little Red Hen. Like Emsie of old he can say

DRY-DELTA FOREVER—but not the Goostree.

Cushing's unsubtle tactics are being directed to Mabel McKee who seems willing—come on McKee, we know you're a blond—don't make us false prophets. This is the same gentleman who wandered around behind Bargee with a pin—does she need deflating besides retreats?

Shirley Scott seems to have made rapid time with the Kaydets . . . but Carolyn Cooke seems to have arrived on the field too late—there'll always be another section, Cooke . . . Sue Potts went to Sewanee to see Ditsie's one-time Clyde—but if Sue can't get interested in the subject why should we?

Someone ought to tell Francis Perkins to grow up . . . People we like: Ann Pridgen and Jim Wade.

This week the award of the oversized hat and WOW title goes to Miss Ann Hersheimer, in view of the fact that: (1) she is a friend of Jack Harwood, which probably explains her sour expression; (2) she is also a friend of a photographer; (3) she just reached the ancient age of nineteen, and (4) she is an actress—just watch her anytime.

GRIM FAIRY TALE

Volume II Issue I No. 5

My little darlings, your old grannie has been telling you a lot about Big Bad Wolves lately, but there's a lot you need to know. There are all sorts of things to learn about how to keep the wolf from your door—how to get him to a dore, etc. So here is a new take of another wolf—Mr. J. H. Wolf, Esq.

Once upon a time there lived, in an ivy-covered cottage in Overton Park, three little pigs who, although they had reached the age when young piglets usually become "pork sausages", had been deferred from gracing S. W.'s breakfast table because of superior intelligence. Each of the three little piggies had a long, low 'n super-charged kiddie car, which they used to park rakishly in front of the ivy-covered cottage.

One bright and sunny morning the Big Bad Wolf (a local one via Stewart Hall, and not to be confused with poor Lt. X) chanced to stroll past and seeing the kiddie cars all alone 'n lonely, popped in to try them for size. Kiddie car No. 1—which was red, with a bee-yoo-ti-ful "A" sticker—was a perfect fit; and green Kiddie car No. 2 was also "just right"—and (perhaps you've guessed) the gray job was "just what the doctor ordered" (which was most convenient for the wolf—and just too good to be true—OR coincidental.)

Down in Tennessee—near Milan—where our wolf was raised, they're opportunists and three of anything is definitely better than one—so with only a slight grinding of gears, J. Wolf slid into high and was off.

"What a beautiful red car", he whispered to the medium-sized piggie, "shall we go to the show?"

"What a beautiful green car", he murmured to the toothpick sized piggie, "the Skyway?"

"What a bee — (But is there any need to quote that by now familiar story? For of course to our intelligent readers, this sounds like Line A, paragraph 2, with no further description needed) but then you must remember the tender age of the piggies. In fact this might have gone on indefinitely—or for the duration (the wolf will surely be here that long—as he is also deferred) if it hadn't been for the whispered advice of the fairy godmother of all young porkers. However, she did drop a few words of wisdom into the shell pink ears of the three little pigs, and one morning the Big Bad Wolf found himself without even one of the three fair damsels, and—what was much worse—neither red, nor green, NOR gray kiddie car . . . but the big, bad yellow bus ride into town!

Moral: Never count on pork sausage for breakfast 'until you determine the intelligence of the three little pigs.

The Junior Birdman

13th College Training Detachment

VOL 1

SOUTHWESTERN, MEMPHIS, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1943

No. 4

THE TOUR LINE WE COVER THE CAMPUS

Miller (he of the Alaskan highway fame) admitted that the little wheels beat him.

An apology: To Lieut. Ligay, it is not a plate that flies out when he yells commands, it is merely one tooth.

MacNamara and Marlof were all set to wash dishes at the Cotton Boll last Sunday, when Bill Shepard came to their rescue.

Pretty Boy La Tronica received a well-deserved "G.I." shower. Now will you be good.

Who were the eager ones staging a parade at 1 o'clock in the morning? Sergeant Levine and his sweetie(?) being serenaded with "The Sergeant and the Main", on the bus.

A note to a certain I don't want to mention any names but how much do five and five equal? Either smarten up or shut up! You are supposed to be on that ball not behind it.

She's a very nice girl, Foley, even if you can't pronounce her name.

"Black Lips" Donovan singing "four or five times".

Fagleman and Tiger Edelson the dirty duo carrying on their war of nerves. Cuno and MacNamara all set for dates, but the stork interfered.

Daring Dave obtains release to woo witch.

To town and felt so sorry for him O. D. nose Donohue's girl came she decided not to break the engagement.

Pop Werner threw a big stone at his "Louisiana lullaby", the past weekend.

Snake Hips Lerner incurred the wrath of Perilous Pauline. Result: Two trips to the tee.

Several hash splashers came to the fore when Section Nine took to the air. Are you blushing?

Recheck ride Cook. Well I couldn't find any section lines.

To Dutton, the stick controls the elevators not the brakes.

It appears Gene Davis was talking when he should have been listening, what an eye!

Fitzgerald taking lessons in acting from one of our coed actresses. Need we say more?

Hit of the week—M. Cahill sounds off on, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" in the auditorium.

Corr is in hibernation since he had one of his front teeth yanked.

Macon taking up smoking. Has the high altitude got you bud?

Doherty to boys of Nine, "Well, to do an outside loop, first tighten the safety belt."

Mead puts his all into his dancing as was seen at the Tri-Delt formal. Of course it was an accident.

Duff tells us, "I hate girls, I hate love, I hate girls."

Masceri we are sorry we said you play like Jack Benny you don't but keep studying it won't be long now.

Evans, doctor of C.D.D. and G.D.O., is an able assist. to Dr. Mueller.

Curly Cushing embarrasses the witch at open house by his, "Meet the witch, chum."

Who will Lieut. Schwartz use for a right hand when Shorty Farrell leaves?

Willie Kring supervising the new drummer in the band.

Shedlick gets his affairs straightened out in time to kiss the girls goodbye.

Campbell is getting religion at the Evergreen League on Sunday evenings.

Rhodes had a lesson in Military Discipline the hard way Monday—two tours only? You are fortunate.

Have Liss imitate a salesman selling clothes, it's good for your melancholia.

We should vote Chamberlain the most eager one in the Section and vote Marston the—well we know what.

To be an editor of this paper you must have spent at least five hours on the tour line, (If you wish to follow tradition).

Mars getting telephone calls at all hours of the day and evening.

Swimming classes for Nine is strictly for the winged ones.

Shepard received in the mail a jar of chicken livers, Coincidence or admirers, Bill?

Cuno on being late from Open Post,

"Well I didn't want to go out any more anyway".

"Spider" Cohen's mother and sister were in town. We can't blame him for showing off a bit more than usual.

Jim Farrell mooning around the telephone calling Evergreen Hall like clockwork.

The Tri-Delt Sorority dance was a wonderful success. More sorority formalists please.

Lawson laments, "I don't want to leave Southwestern, I like it here".

The big operator, Lawrence can't work his rank along the first floor on Robb, we knew you when, brother.

One of the sadder boys to leave Southwestern will be J. Doherty.

Note to K. Miller: Any one who would gaze at himself in a mirror and sing to himself, well—

We haven't heard much crying from our paratrooper friends these last two weeks. Can it be those tours quieted LaMont a bit?

We all begin to feel our age with the arrival of Section 13—the average age is barely reaching nineteen.

With five Millers in the crowd, roll call sounds like the tobacco auctioneers chant.

Red Madden tells the English class all about snipe hunting, ask him about it fellows.

Lorde popping to down town on approaching Marlof and MacNamara.

It's a good thing the boys had their eyes examined before leaving Miami—with the coed situation, they would be bound to have eye strain.

Nason Mason, this is not double talk, that's his real name, and watch this boy when he plays pool, he's had quite an education.

Morrison watches over his brood while his shadow skirts along the flank looking for gigs. Chicken already? Who is that guy?

That rush the other day was Section Thirteen getting off the campus for the first time.

Martin of 13, objecting to being fathered, says he wants to lead the parade.

Leverenz is still limping that bum?? ankle. It aches sooo much around P. T. time.

How about someone telling Jim Depriest to stop paying his debts in Confederate Money. Do you remember that the North Won? Ask Lancaster of Section 10, if you don't believe me.

Ken, "A La Mature", Miller, certainly gets about on the Dance Floor . . . Douglass, in 12, certainly sported a smile, when he heard that rumor about Pre-Flight being moved to Fort Wayne . . . Devorak still claims that his handkerchief isn't turning brown.

We believe him too, for he will make a good Lt. . . DeDecker seems to be blue of late, could it be that he has lost that cute gal that was seen rushing at the dances . . . Latronica, how about taking things easy, you're getting on peoples' nerves. Especially some of your room-mates. 303 Robb has an extra roomer, why don't you put his name up for room orderly, boys.

J. R. Lawson still claims that he could recognize people Sat. night, but your Father says that Haig & Haig effects different people in various ways . . . "Touring with Cushing" shall be the name of David L's new book . . . "Pop" Werner certainly looks sharp on the football field. (Not a bad player, either) . . . "Kid" Cummings is quite proud of that set of "Sparklers" that he has been showing his friends. Whom did you chloroform?

"The Leaves and I" apparently was the theme song of all those sleepy-heads that spent Saturday afternoon doing their good deed of the day. Also on Saturday of last week the "Unlucky Thirteen" of Section Eight had a walking marathon. For a while it looked like the answer to perpetual motion. Fellas, that was just a warning for the rest of us, so let's keep on the beam for the rest of our stay here.

Time Not Come To Celebrate Yet

After listening to the radio and reading the papers for the past couple of weeks, one would think that the war with Germany is nearing completion in the very near future.

It is just such optimism as this, that the German Propogandists have been striving for since the beginning of the war. People throughout the world have been misinterpreting speeches and facts. Already reservations have begun to come into Washington Hotels for accommodations for a so-called "Victory Celebration" and people are actually serious about this.

Many lives are to be lost before this war with Germany is to be ended and if our people begin to get careless, their optimism will be the direct result of additional lost lives. Can anyone look into the future and predict the end of a War?

Those boys that have returned from overseas with arm and legs lost are the ones that can tell you just how close "Hitlers' Army" is near the finish. There are over 400 divisions, totaling nearly 5,000,000 men, that Germany can put on to the battlefield by the first of the coming year. Does that sound like a defeated Army?

War Industries are getting nervous and are trying to sell their stocks in a hurry. Why? Are they afraid of losing a few million out of those billions that they have cleared in the last few years?

The lights have gone on again on the coasts, but this doesn't mean that we may not have to revert back to the blackouts of previous months. All it takes is one slip and hundreds of more lives could be lost.

So if this country is to come out on top with the minimum loss of lives and time, the people that begin to believe and repeat any rumor that they hear, must be shown the seriousness of the coming months of war. It seems to me that these people that are saying that the war will be ended by Christmas or the first of the year at the latest, are those persons that were saying before December 7, 1941, that it couldn't happen to us.

ALUMNI IN THE SERVICE

(Continued from page 2)

David Matthews—Pft., 36th T.S.S., A.A.F., Barracks 709, Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina.

Ernest Meek—Camp Shelby, Miss.

Andy Miller—A.S., U.S.N.R., Co. 10, Pl. 2, East Dorm, Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Robert Miller—34732813 S. U. S. A. T. U., West Virginia University, Morgantown, West Virginia.

Tommy Mitchell—1st Lt, Hq. Battery, 328th F. A., APO 85, c/o Postmaster, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Bobby Orr—A.C.S., AAF, CTD Sq. 2, Clarion State Teachers College, Clarion, Pa.

Will Osborne—Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Hays Owen—Pvt., USMCR, Box 2630 Georgia Tech, Atlanta, Georgia.

Hunter Phillips—ASN 14091633, Co. 1, SCU 3419, ASTP, API, Auburn, Alabama.

Edwin Quinn — Cpl., 34053028, Weather, APO 182, Unit 1, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bill Ramsey—Cadet, SCSU, Co. E., University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Ed Rhoades—ASTU 3700, Co. G., 1515 University Ave., S. E., University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, 14, Minn.

Gordon Rowe—Pvt., Pro Recreation Center, Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Eugene Searson — Pvt., B-28, 7th Regiment, FARTC, Sec. 5, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Leslie Sheehy — 2 sftc, Hospitals Training School, U.S.N.T., Barracks 852, lower, Bainbridge, Maryland.

Bob Stanworth — Afc, Allegheny College, Reading, Pennsylvania.

J. Neville Stevenson—315 C. T. D., Flight F., Aircrew—Temple, Arizona.

Henry Spurrier—Pvt., USMCR, Marine Detachment, Naval Training Unit, Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.

John Spain—A/C, 14119423, Sq. A-1,

Lives Of Sheperd And MacNamara

One cold night away back in 1921, William C. Sheperd was born in that quaint little village of New York. He spent most of his boyhood days in Brockport, New York, being "Just Plain Bill".

Bill, one of our popular squadron commanders, forged his way through high school being one of the top in his class. His athletic career also began in high school, for he played four years varsity basketball and made several "All" teams. Bill gave some time to tennis, seemed to possess a nack for this sport, and proceeded to bring a runner-up in the New York State tennis matches. That brings quite a bit of honor and glory to Bill in his athletic career.

After high school, Bill went to Springfield College in Springfield Mass. He here made the freshman basketball team, which was considered the best throughout New England.

The next fall "Shep" transferred his records to Tufts College, where he pursued a career in Medicine. Throughout his two years at Tufts, he was constantly on the Deans List and received some honors in his pre-medical course.

Bill came in the Army in July of this year as an Aviation Cadet. After finishing his basic at Greensboro, N. C., he was sent here to Southwestern early in the month of September.

Last month he was promoted to Flight Lt. and was so successful that he received his present rating, that of Squadron Commander. He has continued his athletic career and has been one of the mainstays on the Championship Section Nine Basketball Team.

His ambition is to spend his life finding out as much about human beings as possible. He hopes to continue his study in Medicine after the War, and we know that he will be as successful then as he so far has been in life.

Garard MacNamara, known as "Mac" to all, our Detachment Adjutant was born June 17, 1920 in Long Island, New York. He spent wild and carefree boyhood days there.

Upon graduation from high school he decided to see the world, he joined the Merchant Marines as a cadet in Officers Training. During the one year that he was in the Merchant Marine he was in such places as Germany, France, Spain, Denmark, Ireland and England. By traveling around the world "Mac" picked up quite an education which he says is equal to that of any college training.

When he came back to the states after one year abroad, "Mac" entered Holy Cross College. He stayed there two years and was very active in art and sculpturing. He then entered Fordham University and got his degree. During his college he had taken quite an interest in sculpturing so decided to try this for a life long profession. MacNamara spent the next four years of his life pursuing this profession, studying at the Art Student's League in New York City.

He entered the Army November 23, 1942, thru no fault of his own, and was put in the infantry at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina. "Mac" was stationed there until he transferred to the Cadets.

His ambition is to go to Europe after the war and study further on his old love, Sculpturing. He hopes to find some great teachers who can really make his works sensational.

AAFPFS, Class 44D, Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Ellis Titche—Pvt., Hq. Batt. 365, F. A. Btn., APO 445, Camp Swift, Texas.

Bill Turner—Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi.

Bill West—Co. C., 544 E. B. and S. R., Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida.

Howard Whitsitt—A/C, Flight 124-D, 912nd T. G., BTC 9, Miami Beach, Florida.

Tyrone T. Williams—Co. D., 7th Q. M. T. P., T. 505, Camp Lee, Virginia.

James Wilson—ASN 14091631, Co. 1, SCU 3419, ASTP, API, Auburn, Alabama.

Section Nine Swamps Millington Cagers

Coronation Dance Very Successful

Many Are Present To See Radford Crowned As Queen

By A/S N. H. Mead

On Wednesday Evening, November 24, the "Coronation Ball" of the 13th College Training Detachment was held and the "Campus Queen" of the outwestern Student Body was crowned.

Marjorie Radford, "Queen" of the gala affair and her two attendants, Shirley Scott and Ann Hirscheimer reigned over the throngs of Cadets and civilians alike. The Queen, attired in a very lovely evening dress, looked, and certainly to everyone's acclaim, was the beauty of the evening.

Aviation-Student Cushing, being the Master of Ceremonies, came across with quite a number of "Kute Kuips" and had the crowd in stitches, before he introduced Capt. Rengstorf, who presented the Detachment's gift to the Belle of the Ball.

The color scheme of the Dance was of a Patriotic nature following the colors of Old Glory. The Red, White and Blue presented a lovely picture in the Gym, and to carry on for the Air Corps, the Bandstand was set off in the traditional colors of the Air Force Cadets. With a Blue and Gold background, the stand was made into a colorful "Shell."

All of the Detachment's officers were there with their guests and from all concerned, the dance was the most successful and by far the most colorful given this season by the Cadets of Southwestern.

Through the open doors of the Gym, if one were strolling by, could be heard the sweet refrains of the Cadet Dance Band. They opened up during the evening and presented to the dancing couples several new arrangements of the latest popular songs.

Refreshments were served throughout the evening and those "tripping the light fantastic" were thankful for that "pause that refreshes".

So to those who were responsible for the arrangements and to those who put in their time helping decorate or helping in any other way—those thousand and one little things which go to make up a successful dance, WE THANK YOU.

Blessings on thee Flying Cadet,

Your silly puss I can't forget;

With thy head of solid bone,

Its inner functions stay unknown.

Dressed up in thy fine attire,

I wish that clothes could make a flier;

And thy takeoffs never straight,

Look more like a pylon eight.

And thy overbanked chandelle,

Oh how I wish you were in hell!

Thy landings make me black and blue,

God made you half kangaroo;

With thy skidding downward turns,

I give up! You'll never learn.

With thy feet on rudder froze,

What keeps you up God only knows.

With thy pylon eights downward,

You are in a constant spin.

With thy ever dragging wing,

Oh please, sweet death where is thy sting?

With thy goggles cased in dust,

If loops don't get you, snap-rolls must,

Blessings on thee Flying Cadet,

Stay in and pitch, you'll get there yet.

I only hope someday you'll be . . .

A Flight Instructor same as me.

STAFF EDITORS

John R. Lawson

David Cushing

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Noah Mead

John Doherty

S. Z. Loder

By A/S John R. Lawson

Coming on the floor as favorites, Section Nine lived up to the expectations of the Detachment when they put across a very decided win over the Navy Blues from the Millington Air Base.

Starting off in a flurry of shots the "Yellow Clad" Cadets played their usual fast-breaking and crowd pleasing game. Captain Willie Shea started the future Pilots on their Bombardment of baskets by rattling the Sailors with his hesitating push shots. After finding out just what and who their opponents bigguns were, the Army team proceeded to hammer away at the baskets with swishing shots from all angles and in no time were leading the visiting quintet 21 to 4.

Bill Sheperd was the "ball of fire" in action during the game for he was dribbling and shooting the other team wild. There probably wasn't an angle or position on the floor that Bill didn't proceed to send the ball swishing through the net.

Superb ball handling on the part of all five team members gave them the distinct advantage over the nervous "Gobs", and when they showed the opposing team just how much speed each member had, they were a cinch to run up a high score which they proceeded to do.

Farrell and Sheperd playing the guard positions, Shea at the center pivot, and Mead and Dutton playing the forward positions, the quintet presents the best team the Detachment has had to date and according to Lt. Schwartz, "this team is certainly a miracle team for being formed out of one section of our small Detachment". Ed Warenik, Duff, Clopeck and Cooper entered the game during the third quarter and continued the massacre. Cooper looked especially good on his rebound work with Duff and Warenik presenting a formidable offense.

Section Nine followers are hoping for at least a couple more outside contests before leaving the Detachment for Bluer Fields. At any rate the Basketball team from Nine leaves behind them a very outstanding record and one which the Detachment should be very proud of.

Cold weather set in on the Detachment in the last two weeks, freezing out the section intermurs. The cadets are really sorry to see this headlining activity go, because it is the only fair competition they have between their sections. The intermurs have shown the sportsmanship and determination to win of the cadets of "Old Thirteen", it has given the boys a chance to give their all to something which they think is more important than the "Midnight Shuffle" (disliked because it is done upside down). We hope that in the future the intermurs will again become the highlight of the routine week-day schedule.

Kadets Nightmare

It was midnight and the streets were dark

The passing cars were few—

Just then a girl came walking by

The flower of the dew.

I asked her if she would like a ride—

She seemed to hesitate,

Then stepped in and breathed a sigh—

Alas, I could not wait.

I took her to a lonely lane

Where stars lit up the sky;

My very blood ran through my veins

With a feeling of Do or Die.

Her eyes were of the deepest blue,

Her hair was blond and fine,

When I touched her hand I knew

That she was really mine.

I put my arms around her waist,

I kissed her ruby lips, and when I

drew away

My hand slipped gently to her hips

It was then I found out who she

was—

It hit me like a Bomber—

For around her waist was slung a

gun—

It was "Pistol Packing Mommer".

Sportsman's Corner . . .

By Jim Wade

Tonight the Southwestern basketball team will get its first official test of the season against the officers of the Blytheville Air Base. Coach Clemens will start Jack Wilson and Phil Orpet at the guard slots, Bill Bryce at center, and either Bill Coley, Dick Lee or Jim Wade at the forward positions.

Last year the Lynx were able to outpoint the Blytheville group without too much trouble and this season's quintet is hoping to repeat the job. In three practice games with Coca-Cola and Section Nine of the Air Cadets, we have not performed in a style that would be called brilliant, but is could have been worse and we are improving, we hope.

The game tonight will be played here in our gym, with the tip off at eight o'clock. Try to drop out and lend a little vocal support . . . we may need it . . .

Central tangles with C.B.C. again tonight so that Mr. Ed Crump can consummate his charitable instincts. Both teams have been hard hit by the Flu and minor injuries to key men. C.B.C. is especially handicapped in this department. We would be inclined to predict that the Warriors will win much more easily than in the previous encounter . . . However, the Brothers would like very much to even their score with the Centralmen . . . you never can tell.

Our friend Mr. Henry Reynolds announced his Commercial Appeal All-Memphis team in last Sunday's paper and a very good one it was indeed. Only on one point were we inclined to disagree with Henry. Joe Highfill in the opinion of the department stacks up as a slightly better tackle than Malcolm Baker. Don't get us wrong . . . Baker is plenty good, but we thought Joe was just a little better . . . But then Reynolds covered almost all the games and he should know.

We had the misfortune of having to pick the junior high all-Memphis this year. That is a real job to select eleven boys out of a couple of hundred.

Notre Dame the mighty, the invincible, took a tumble last week from the ranks of the undefeated. We were up at the paper when the news came in on the wire that the Irish had lost 19 to 14. Dave Bloom, who the night before on his radio program had predicted such an upset, was most elated.

The Irish lost that like they used to win them back in the early thirties when Bill Shakespeare was in there tossing those prayer passes that always seemed to connect in the last

seconds of the game . . . remember the Ohio State game?

A 46 yard desperation heave whipped the Notre Dame team that had marched through the toughest schedule any team ever played. Steve Lach was the individual who rared back and let fly that last second pass . . . it must have been tough to lose like that after such a truly great season . . . well, that is the kind of thing that makes football the great spectator sport that it is.

Southwestern of Louisiana and the Arkansas Aggies will play in the Oil Bowl on New Year's day we noticed . . . that will be probably the best of the Bowl affairs. We saw the teams play one somber, rain drenched afternoon at Crump Stadium this year, and it was one of the best football games we've ever seen.

Basketball practice has been progressing with very satisfactory results lately, according to Coach Clemens. Phil Orpet, Jack Wilson, Bill Coley, Bill Bryce, Dick Lee, and yours truly have been alternating in the starting lineup, with Fred Watson, Bob Clough, John Broderick, Toof Brown and Willy Jones holding positions on the second string. Coach says that on the whole our squad is showing better in practice than last year's more experienced group. Our shooting and pass work down the floor on the fast break is definitely superior.

Mr. Fred Tojo Watson, one time emperor of the Ewa theater and steady patron of Henry's Lunch, wishes that the student body cease to associate his name with these establishments of ill repute. Tojo is turning over a new leaf . . . His days of Brew drinking and free living are over. Basketball and Sunday school work are from this week forward Fred's chief interests. Fred is seriously making an effort to get a place on the basketball squad, and if the big boy will just stay in training there is no reason why he cannot materially aid the team.

Last year we remember how conspicuous the students of Southwestern were by their absence at our basketball games. We hope that some of the student body will come out and see the games . . . especially those played on our own court . . . It is certainly true that the school needs some rallying point around which to build a little school spirit . . . Hail Southwestern hall . . . the Lynx Cats cannot fail . . . etc., etc. . .

After Nash OR She Was Only A Policeman's Daughter BUT Man Was She Fast

Ribbontop Twang went away to college.

After four dreary years, he had two things to show for it—a sheepskin and a girl.

The girl's name was Willie Lou. She was an Economics major reading for honors.

Willie Lou was one of those strong minded, economically sound girls.

She had ideas of her own. It wasn't long before she told Ribbontop that they were going to be married.

They were, and went on the prescribed travel folder honeymoon.

They came home and settled down. Ribbontop got a job in an excelsior factory. He cut the stuff up he would tell his friends. That was colloquialism he would say.

Mr. and Mrs. Twang were very happy.

One day Mr. Twang came home from the excelsior factory to find that Mrs. Twang had posted her production schedule on the breakfast room door. It called for two units, and had marginal productivity, unit cost, and value right beside it.

The first unit rolled off the line in eight months, which was an unprecedented speed. Mrs. Twang got the Navy E for excellence.

They named it Wilburforce.

Soon it was joined by the second unit. They named this one Gnarsch.

Soon the patter of little feet was heard throughout the house.

But Mrs. Twang had some basic economic ideas. One of them was not to pamper children.

She said, "Children should not be pampered."

When the little fellows came in and asked for bread and jam, she said: "Go get it for yourselves."

When they asked for toys she said: "Go buy them yourselves."

The little children became very independent.

First they collected and sold scrap metal.

Soon little Gnarsch branched out into landscape gardening.

By the time he was six he had bought out all the landscape gardeners in the city.

Little Wilburforce had managed to corner the milk market when he was eight. He promptly raised the price to 55 cents a quart.

By this time Gnarsch owned five seats on the New York Stock Exchange and was giving the brokers fits.

My they were independent children people said.

You must be proud to have such fine economically sound children they told Mrs. Twang.

Mrs. Twang just smiled and pored over her Economic tomes. Mr. Twang just kept on cutting the stuff up.

One day Mrs. Twang decided it was an unsound economic policy to have all that idle productive capacity lying around.

She tacked a new production schedule on the breakfast room door, with unit cost, marginal productivity, and value alongside.

Mr. Twang came home, took one look at it, and dropped dead.

Mrs. Twang had read somewhere about mass production.

But that didn't stop Mrs. Twang.

She said: "I'm a strong minded woman and not to be stopped by trivialities."

All the neighborhood wives began to regard their husbands with suspicion.

My, it was AWFUL!

Soon Mrs. Twang had 300 children.

But she had forgotten ONE item when she figured out cost for her new production schedule. She had forgotten that little Wilburforce had cornered the milk market and NEVER sold milk for less than 55 cents a quart.

She and all the babes starved, except one little mite who got out and stole gasoline until he had enough capital to start a livery stable.

DON'T HAVE ECONOMICALLY SOUND CHILDREN! —Harpie.

(Ed. Note:—The above story was originally written for the Sou'wester, but was first published by the Sewanee "Purple" last year.)

All traffic lights on the Road to Ruin turn green when they see a fool coming.

The closed hand cannot give. Life is the supreme riddle; all of us have to give it up sooner or later.

A good job well done, speaks louder than words.



Herbert Hood, Jr.

COTTON COUNCIL ANNOUNCES

(Continued from page 1)

of Arkansas, Miss Byler's singing attracted the attention of several voice instructors during her tour, all of whom advised her to pursue her studies of music.

Miss Anderson, who became a stewardess for American Airlines shortly after her tour in 1942, recently married at Fort Worth. Miss Porter, a former Southwestern Student is also now married.

Those interested in filing application should see Miss Gordon in her office.

We who are the proud inheritors of a great Nation and enjoy the privileges of its citizenship must carry also the obligations of its citizenship. —Leon C Phillips, Governor of Okla.

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Society Notes . . .

By Demetra Patton

Delta Delta Delta

At their last meeting the Tri Delta's made plans for their members to meet every week in the sorority house to do war work. Every Monday afternoon the Tri Deltas will make toys and roll bandages, with Anita Hyde as chairman for the work.

Kappa Alpha

Wednesday, November 24, the K. A.'s held a Thanksgiving party in the Chi Omega house. The party was given by the pledges with Billy Mills, Jack Bellamy, and Russell Bryant in charge.

Non-Sorority

The Independent group met in the Tri Delt house, Tuesday, November 30 for supper. Ann Duncan was in charge.

S.A.E.

With many of the brothers returning, the S.A.E.'s are entertaining this week with several informal events. Those home on leave are Lewis Wellford, John Whitsitt, and Bill Wooten.

Kappa Delta

Today the K.D. Mothers' Club is entertaining with a Christmas luncheon at one o'clock in the lodge, and next week, Thursday, December 9, will be the date for another party given by the alums. The pledges will provide entertainment for both events.

Chi Omega

Wednesday, December 1, the Chi O's feated the air cadets with an open house from 5:30—7:30 in the lodge. Last Tuesday the regular supper meeting was held.

A. O. Pi

Plans are being made for the A. O. Pi Founders' Day Banquet to be held Wednesday, December 8, at the Peabody. Specially honored guest will be Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, district superintendent, who will be visiting the chapter next week. Pat Quinn is in charge of arrangements.

Zeta Tau Alpha

Last Monday the Z.T.A.'s held a party for the cadets, with Jane Soderstrom and Virginia Emmons in charge. Dancing, ping pong, and singing provided entertainment.

Kappa Sigma

December 10 Kappa Sigma will celebrate its Founders' Day at the Peabody.

There is no duty we so much undervalue as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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