

Campaign Nears Successful Close

Synods Hope To Reach Goal Before Christmas

Latest reports of the Southwestern Campaign reveal hopes that by Christmas the synod's quota of \$1,000,000 will have been exceeded, and that the campaign will have been successfully closed.

Mr. T. Walker Lewis, the Chairman of the Campaign, has been assured by the pastors of numbers of churches that they will do their utmost during the last weeks of the drive; and he has high hopes of our reaching the goal.

Louisiana is expected to be the first of the four synods to reach its quota. It has raised all but \$35,000 of its \$257,000 quota. Alabama is well on the way to its goal, having raised more than three-fourths of its quota.

The various presbyteries are also cooperating to the fullest extent. The Memphis Presbytery has already raised its quota, and is making an effort to go beyond its expectation.

The first million dollar goal set for the city of Memphis, which was reached earlier in the year, along with another million from contributions in the rest of Tennessee, in Alabama, and in Mississippi, will enable the school to claim a \$500,000 conditional gift of the General Education Board of New York City.

FACULTY MEMBERS ELECTED TO POSTS

MacQueen, Baker, Named By Academy of Science

Dr. M. L. MacQueen, Head of the Mathematics Department, and Dr. C. L. Baker, Head of the Biology Department, journeyed to Nashville on November 29, to attend a meeting of the Tennessee Academy of Science.

While there, Dr. MacQueen was elected Mathematics Editor of the Journal of the Tennessee Academy of Science, and Dr. Baker was elected Director of the Reelfoot Lake Biological Station and Chairman of the Zoological Section and also Representative to the Triple D's Council. Due to this election Dr. Baker will be required to spend the greater part of his Christmas Holidays in New York.

C.U.C. GIVES CHILDREN XMAS PARTY

I won't forget Friday the thirteenth. Not because of anything unlucky happening to me but because of the happiness that ten little children gave to me and other students here at Southwestern who attended the Christian Union Christmas Party. At first it was a little strange for all of us until we started playing such games as Red Rover, Steal the Bacon and of course, Drop the Handkerchief. Soon we knew Elizabeth, Betty, David, Howard, and the rest of the children by name and would cheer them as they scored points for their team. There was something about the way a certain student would run slowly so the child would have the fun of catching him or maybe it was the shining look in a little girl's eyes when she escaped being tagged by a student that brought a lump to my throat.

About four-thirty it was pretty cold so we all went inside the clois-

GRAY LADIES ORGANIZE HERE

Mrs. Jim Treadwell, chairman of the Gray Lady Corps at Kennedy Veterans Hospital, spoke to the YWCA on Saturday, December 14. One of the YWCA projects for the year is the formation of a college Junior Gray Lady group. After a four hour course of instruction at Kennedy, those taking the course will be entitled to wear the Gray Lady uniforms. They will not, however, wear the cap and veil. Those completing the course will serve three hours a week.

This Corps is mainly for recreational purposes. The Junior Gray Ladies will write letters for those men unable to use their hands. They will read aloud to the men and play bridge with them.

As exams begin January 24, the course will not begin until second semester. The instruction will be given the first two days of the semester by the Red Cross field director and various members of the hospital staff. The lectures will cover hospital routine, attitude toward the patients, and any other material necessary for proper and correct execution of the duties to be required of the Junior Gray Ladies.

Dependability is most important in this type of work. Only those girls who are sincerely interested and able to give their time regularly each week are asked to join the group.

Vinton Cole, the new social service chairman, will be in charge of the group. Miss Cole was appointed at the Cabinet meeting December 13. She fills the place vacated by Barbara Bowden.

Local Sigma Nu's Elect New Officers

At a recent meeting, the active members of Epsilon Sigma chapter of Sigma Nu fraternity elected new officers. Retiring officers are Ben Arnold, Commander; Richard Wood, Lt.-Commander; Conley Hemmen, Secretary; Tom Miller, Treasurer. New officers are: Bill Speros, Commander; Conley Hemmen, Lt.-Commander; Richard Wood, Secretary; Kirby Baker, Treasurer; Bob Norman, Chaplain; Billy Hightower, Rush Chairman.

ter and sat around the beautiful Christmas tree. We had just taken our coats off when who should come in but Santa Claus waving to all and taking his seat by the tree. We sang all the old familiar carols and several modern ones as well. Then Jane McAtee told the impressive story of the First Christmas in such an appealing way that all were moved to hear the tender story of Jesus' birth.

Santa gave out the presents of candy, fruit, and clothing wrapped gaily in bright red and white paper and suddenly it was all over. The children were leaving and the party was over.

As I walked back to the dormitory the lights were on in Robb Hall and I felt very much the spirit of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Yes, I think I shall always remember Friday the thirteenth.

Student Directories

Making out your Christmas card list will be a lot easier if you have a 1946-47 Southwestern Student Directory. The booklet cost 15 cents and are now on sale at the Bursar's Office.

Southwestern's Trailer Village

Veterans Manage To Be Self-Sufficient

By Bob Amis

There are twenty-five veterans at this school today who are thanking their lucky stars, the government, and Southwestern for the twenty-five tiny castles-on-wheels that go to make up Southwestern's "Trailer City" out on the northeast corner of the campus. Supporting a wife, a child, and going to college on \$90 a month seemed at first to be an impossible task until they found out about the trailers. Some of them just wouldn't have been able to come here, others would have had to find apartments, if that were possible, and others would have had to live with their families here in town.

Some of you would probably give up before moving out to "those little things," but if you feel that way you should first pay the "trailer folks" a visit. You might find it surprising how well they get along, and how well they really like it out there. The atmosphere is even more congenial than that of a dormitory. It has to be, because the spirit of cooperation is prevalent in nearly everything they do.

Bob Baldwin, Student Manager

Each family pays their rent to Bob Baldwin, the student manager. Rent is \$18 for a single trailer and \$22 for the double type which is occupied by families with children. Bob pays all the bills, electricity, water, kerosene, etc., and uses what money is left for the improvement of the grounds.

Out of a total number of fifty trailers, twenty-five are occupied; ten of them are double or expandible trailers. Besides these, there is one large trailer used for a laundry and two used for showers. "Ollie," their colored boy, takes care of these and keeps them clean. They all got together one day and built a phone booth in the center of the community, so that their little city is not completely isolated. Ice deliveries are made daily along with the newspapers. One of the citizens collects the laundry and cleaning while another makes arrangements for milk.

The trailers themselves are small but not too crowded, especially the large ones. Bucky and Betty Walters live in one of this type with their three months old baby girl. Bucky says one of their greatest conveniences is hot and cold running water: "You run out to the laundry trailer with an empty bucket and come back with it filled." He has designated different parts of his trailer as the library, the dining room, living room, nursery, bedroom and kitchen. Heating and cooking are done with kerosene which the community gets at cost. The cook stove has two burners

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"S" CLUB TAPS WEDNESDAY

Fitzhugh Scholarship Fund Is Announced

The Josephine Circle voted last week to grant an \$8,000 scholarship to Southwestern in honor of Mrs. Guston T. Fitzhugh, their founder. It will be called "The Josie Millsaps Fitzhugh Scholarship-Fund," it was announced by Mrs. Andrew O. Holmes, daughter of Mrs. Fitzhugh and 1946 president of the circle.

The fund is expected to be made available by the first of the year and will benefit women only. Candidates will be chosen by the school and approved by the circle.

The Josephine Circle was organized by Mrs. Fitzhugh in 1914 and has grown to be one of the largest women's social welfare groups in Memphis. Mrs. Fitzhugh's father, Maj. R. W. Millsaps, was the founder of Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss.

Southwestern Coed Is Entrant In Maid Of Cotton Contest

Southwestern will be represented this year in the Maid of Cotton contest by Sally Lundy. A native of Belzoni, Mississippi, Sally entered Southwestern this fall, and pledged Tri-Delta. She satisfies fully the qualifications for entrance, which include: age between 18 and 25; born in a cotton growing state; and never married.

The contest closes December 20, and the finals will be held in Memphis in January.

The Maid of Cotton will fly to Paris and the French Riviera in the spring, and will display her cotton wardrobe in the fashion salons of Paris and Cannes. Upon her return to the United States, she will resume her coast to coast tour.

Shopping With Goswick

By Tom Goswick

'Twas the night before you know when And all through the you-know-where

Ah, this is the season that I have anticipated since Sept. 21. The smell of Christmas fills the air. The spirit of the Noel has been creeping steadily upon each heart and now every soul in the land lives in anxiety for that happy day which Pappy paid for. Christmas music is quite prevalent on all sides. Radios, juke boxes and the Tuthill gang all give forth with the traditional songs. The hustle and bustle of the shoppers lends that air that puts the finishing touch on the whole season. Crowded, ain't it?

When we think of Christmas, what enters our minds? Why good ole Sandy Claws, natch. Along with hairles Joe comes the idea of gifts. To get these things, one must shop. It's kinda senseless to write an article on shopping, but for some insane reason, I thought you good people might be interested in the experiences that I encountered. I knew that it was thick with people uptown, but what I didn't know was that buying presents was like playing the Army and Notre Dame football teams combined. Oh, brother!

Of course the first thing you should do before even attempting to buy, is decide what to buy. There are always good old stand-bys that

(Continued on Page 4)

Nutshell Digest

TUESDAY, December 17—Chi Beta Phi meeting, 203 Science Building, 7:00 P.M.

Volley Ball, Gymnasium, SN vs. KA, PiKA vs. ATO, 4:00 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, December 18—Alpha Theta Phi meeting, Bell Room, 1:00 P.M.

Kappa Alpha Christmas Party, Lodge, 5:00-8:00 P.M.

THURSDAY, December 19—Zeta Tau Alpha—Pi Kappa Alpha Formal, University Center, 9:00 P.M.

Christmas Holidays begin.

SATURDAY, January 4—Kappa Alpha Formal, Hotel Peabody, 9:00 P.M.

Faculty Members To Be Invited To Join

The Southwestern "S" Club, composed of varsity lettermen will hold a joint chapel service in Fargason Field House tomorrow morning. All men who are eligible for membership will be invited to join the organization. In addition four members of the faculty and staff who have made outstanding contributions to Southwestern athletics will be tapped for membership.

The "S" Club has just returned to the campus this fall after being inactive for several years during the war. The present officers are Billy Speros, president; Hays Owen, vice-president; Clyde McLeod, secretary-treasurer.

Dean Johnson Meets With College Heads

Dean A. Theodore Johnson attended last week the annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The meeting was held at the Hotel Peabody, from Monday until Saturday.

Tuesday, Dean Johnson attended the meeting of the Administrative Deans, which was devoted to discussion of stimulating creative activity for undergraduates in the fields of writing, music, and art. The teacher shortage, teachers' salaries, and problems associated with the return of veterans to the colleges were also discussed.

Tuesday night, here at Southwestern, Dean Johnson attended a meeting of the Committee on improvement of instruction of the Southern University Conference. Also attending were Dean Clement French of Randolph-Macon, chairman of the committee, Dean Frederick Smith of SMU, Dean Maxwell Smith of Chattanooga, and Miss Lucas, president of Sweetbriar.

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STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Billy Hightower, Ben Gilliland.

Mail Distribution

Many improvements have been made in Southwestern during the past year. Some have been revolutionary, and some are just a part of the Southwestern that someday is to be. The old bookstore, once dingy and uninviting, has blossomed forth into the New Student Union, a place where the book-weary student can find recreation and refreshment. The dining hall has adopted the cafeteria system of standing in line, sometimes even in the rain, while waiting for the dining hall to open. The dining hall is kept open two hours for each meal as compared with the thirty minute period allowed last year. New dormitories have been built, improvements have been made in the library, and better recreation facilities have been made available. But amidst all these roses there is a thorn—the system of student mail distribution. This, above all recreation, is important, especially to dormitory students. The present system of distributing students' mail does not appear to have resulted as an oversight on the part of the administration of the College, but seems to have been chosen as the most expedient means of relieving itself of the responsibility of distributing students' mail. This "come and get it" method of distributing mail is a very reckless way to handle someone's personal effects which have been entrusted to your care.

There are not enough boxes in the Student Union to accommodate all students who receive mail at Southwestern. Therefore, those students who do not have boxes are forced to rummage through a great stack of general delivery mail each day. During the first half of the semester there has accumulated a great number of letters addressed to former students, and to students who do not expect to receive mail in the general delivery box. Each day the number of letters in the general delivery box increases. Each day this box tends more to become a dead letter box.

In receiving mail addressed to students, the College voluntarily acts as an agent of the Government, and therefore is responsible to the Government that the mail is delivered, or returned to the sender. We do strongly feel that it is not completely a legal responsibility, it is at least a moral responsibility of the College to distribute the mail to the student or to return it to the Post Office for forwarding.

We students realize that the College has a great number of administrative problems, and that it is making an effort to solve these problems, even under the handicap of insufficient personnel. We do not feel that Mr. Kelly, who, as manager of the Student Union, has

THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD

From Texas Christian University comes a tale of something that could only happen in an English class of G.I. students. Miss Rippy, the instructor, wrote on the board, "Jack is a captain," and went on to explain that in this case the word "captain" was a predicate nominative.

"Now if I said, 'Jack struck the captain,'" continued Miss Rippy, "what would that be?" Without hesitation the class in unison answered, "Court Martial!"

A student was refused admission to Western Michigan College because all classroom seats were occupied. His ingenuity and determination caused the ban to be lifted by a very simple plan. He now carries his own folding chair.

The Oregon Daily Emerald tells of an Eastern paper, which in reference to a venerable war veteran of the glorious past, made the embarrassing error of calling him a battle-scarred veteran.

With the indignant remarks of the old soldier's family ringing in his ears, the editor quickly ordered that a correction be made. This was done, and the item apologized for the error—stating that they really meant to call the man a "bottle-scarred" veteran.

What Ziegfield did for the American girl, Tully Petty, freshman art student at Texas Christian University has done for the male sports shirt: glorified it.

Convinced that even a yellow gabardine shirt has its dull moments, Petty bought several and painted their fronts with colorful outdoor scenes. For example, on the right side he would paint a man shooting pheasant; on the left side, a dead pheasant plummeting down; and clear across the midriff—an appropriate landscape.

Another yellow shirt is entitled "Showdown." On the right a sharpshooting cowboy stands with his smoking pistols; on the left, one

been given the job of putting up the mail, is responsible for the present mail situation. We would make no complaint whatsoever if we did not sincerely feel that there was a solution to this problem that would prove satisfactory to the College, as well as to the students. Therefore we submit the following proposed solution to the mail distribution problem:

1. Do away with the present system of distributing students' mail to the mail boxes and general delivery box in the Student Union.
2. Set up a mail roster of students for each dormitory.
3. Appoint a responsible student in each dormitory to pick up the mail each day, and to deliver this mail to the students in his dormitory.
4. Hire a mail clerk to sort the mail according to dormitories and to handle general delivery. (This work would require hardly two hours each day.)
5. Set up a general delivery box for students who do not live in the dormitories. At the end of each week, post a list of the unclaimed letters in general delivery on a conspicuous bulletin board. If they are not claimed at the end of the following week, turn them over to the Alumni office. The Alumni office can forward all letters addressed to Southwestern Alumni, and return all other letters to the mail clerk, who can return them to the Post Office.

Southwestern has always made an effort to boost even higher the high morale of its students. It is a well established fact that mail is one of the most important factors in obtaining and maintaining a high morale among persons who are away from home. An improvement in the existing mail distribution system is something that Southwestern cannot well afford to overlook if it would desire the highest possible morale among its students.

We believe that our proposed solution to the present mail problem is feasible, practical, and that it would provide maximum efficiency in mail service to the students, while requiring very little expense and practically no effort on the part of the College.

Late Starts

In the past week we have noticed a trend which could become very inconvenient to the majority of Southwestern students. The basketball game Thursday night got off to a late start and consequently the play was not over until 11 P.M. that night. The following night it was several minutes after 8 P.M. (scheduled starting time of "Family Portrait") when the curtain rose.

Student attendance at most functions this year has been faithful and prompt. Late starts of any functions will tend to cause late arrivals at nearly all functions throughout the remainder of the year. The Sou'wester urges various organizations to keep this in mind as regards the scheduled and actual starting times of other campus events.

Intercollegiate Bridge Tourney

Entries for the first Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament to be held on a nation-wide scale are flowing in from all parts of the country, it was announced this week by Foster M. Coffin, director of Willard Straight Hall, Cornell University, and chairman of the Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament.

Invitations were mailed two weeks ago to more than 300 colleges accredited by the Association of American Universities. The Tournament Committee is a group of alumni interested in developing bridge as an intercollegiate sport in which men and women compete on an equal basis.

The 1947 event will be a duplicate tournament for pairs of undergraduates. Each college will select a "varsity" team of eight—four pairs—by any method it chooses. These pairs will play a round by mail on the campus on February 12, 13 or 14. The results of this mail play will be scored, and the two highest pairs from each of the eight zones into which the United States has been divided will be invited to Chicago for face-to-face finals on April 18 and 19.

The expenses of bringing the finalists to and from Chicago, and during their stay there, are borne by the Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament Committee.

dead hombre. The left side of the shirt seems to be "No Man's Land" in either case. If you ever have a missing button, you can always claim it was shot off.

Besides shirts, he paints ties, shorts, shirts and scarfs. A local department store has placed orders for some of his scarfs, replete with top hat, lamp post and champagne glass designs.

College-bred, according to the latest recipe book, is a four-year loaf made by father's dough . . . and there's nothing like a good seasoning now and then . . .

Needed: Stargazers

Mankind needs a new dream. The old dreams are threadbare with use and abuse. They have been kicked around so much that they no longer mean anything. The frontier has vanished. The concepts of liberty, justice and democracy have lost their meaning or have become the topics for endless debate. Men have learned to fly like birds, swim like fishes and burrow in the ground like moles.

And fight like mad dogs. Mankind needs a new dream—a dream that is new in its hopes of realization, yet as old as the race of man itself, that was dreamed when the first man reached his hand toward the stars.

Man has the technical ability and the scientific knowledge today to reach the stars. The army is conducting experiments with guided rockets and predicts that it will reach the moon within 18 months.

If the nations of the earth would pour their resources into the conquest of the universe, they might have no time or energy left to worry about conquering their earth-bound neighbors.

The rewards would be great. The have-not nations might find their natural resources infinitely increased by the exploitation of new planets and new satellites. Life itself would take on a new vigor, a new meaning. There would be new frontiers.

Why should we scabble for a few miles of disputed earth when there is a universe to conquer? Call the star-struck dreamers fools, idealists, and madmen. Call yourselves realists and practical men of the world, but your world is small and battle-weary; your horizons close you in like prison walls.

There may be peace again when man can dream a new dream and reach up to touch a star.

PRODUCTION IN GERMANY

German farmers in the American occupation zone have obtained the highest production of any European country in the post-war period.

This is the opinion of Norris E. Dodd, Under-secretary of Agriculture, who recently returned to the United States after a two-month study of food production in Europe.

Despite shortages of fertilizer and farm equipment, the German farmers have made a "grand recovery." With crops better this year than in 1945, there are no famines threatening European countries next winter, in Dodd's opinion.

This factor will perhaps help to straighten things for the German people in the eyes of the world. If they can produce food for themselves, it will lessen the burden of other nations—especially those who "won" the war. Authorities are to be praised for success in re-converting the German farmer to his plow. The more food the Germans produce, the less the United States will have to send them.

(Daily Athenaeum, Morgantown, W. Va.)

NOTICE

There will be no meeting of the Sou'wester literary, editorial, and typing staffs in the office this afternoon at 4:00 p.m.

AOPi ENTERTAINS WITH XMAS DANCE

Gym Is Gaily Decorated In Holiday Theme For Festive Occasion

Kappa Omicron chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi entertained with a formal ball Saturday, December 14, in the Southwestern gym.

White streamers were extended from the ceiling, converting the gym into a serene snow scene, following the Christmas theme of the decorations. A large holly wreath with a red satin bow and streamers were hung on the backdrop of the bandstand. Snow men were placed at intervals along the dancefloor and at the sides of the bandstand. At one end of the gym was a large crepe paper replica of a Christmas Tree, decorated with colored ornaments and surrounded by presents. Small wreaths of holly and sprays of mistletoe adorned the walls. Opposite the Christmas tree was a large Christmas package, wrapped in white paper and tied with wide red ribbon, through which members entered the ballroom during the leadout. At this time the President, Claire James, presented an arm bouquet of red roses to Ann Pridgen, the newly-elected vice-president.

Scianni Furnishes Music

J. C. Scianni and the band furnished the music for the occasion. There were three no-breaks and the AOPi leadout.

Peggy Haile and Leone Flaniken were co-chairmen in charge of arrangements.

The chaperons attending were: Dr. and Mrs. Wolfe, Dr. and Mrs. Embry, Mr. and Mrs. Rollow, Dr. and Mrs. Cooper, and Dr. Southard.

Invitations were extended to the faculty and their wives, the veterans and their wives, and all men students.

Officers and their guests were:

Claire James, president, with Carroll Cowan.

Ann Pridgen, vice-president, with Paul Snodgrass.

Leone Flaniken, recording secretary, with Jimmy Blankenship.

Vivian Quarles, corresponding secretary, with Jack Barber.

Lily Ann Beggs, treasurer, with Tom Culberson.

Members and guests:

Marilyn Alston—Frank Rhodes
Betty Alice Villyard—Rufus Irby, Jr.

ZTA-PiKA Joint Formal Thursday

University Center Is Scene of Gala Affair

Zeta Tau Alpha sorority and Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity will give a joint dance at the University Center Thursday, December 19, from 9-1. The affair will be the last dance before the Christmas holidays. The ballroom of the Center will be decorated with greenery around the columns and balloons will hang from all doors and will decorate the bandstand. Dorothy Hogan, president of Zeta, and Bill Haley, president of PiKA, will receive the guests.

A number of representatives have been issued bids. There will be four no-breaks and a PiKA-Zeta leadout.

Peggy Haile—Joe McCabe
Betty Schneider—Ezelle Bowen
Bettie Connally—Ralph Teed
Jo Alice Page—Maynard Fountain
Betty Walker—Harry Locke
Betty Lee Hancock—Gayden Drew
Betty Shea—Jimmy Saino
Hilma Seay—Billy Hightower
Joy Upshaw—Billy Mitchell
Allene Graeber—John Millard
Carolyn Rier—Herbert Glenn
Jane Stewart—George Swanton
Peggy Marshall—Virgil Bryant
Mickey Daugherty—Jimmy Lewis
Ann DeWar—Dick Bolling
Pattie Sue Shappley—Elliott Nelson

Myrtle Powell—Joe Roulac
Joanne Hall—Billy Brazelton
Joann Gwyn—Howard Ross
Barbara Cullins—Bill Ingram
Ann Avery—Robert Miller
Kay Hoag—Frank Turnbull
Catherine Arnold—Willard Armstrong

Betty Boisblanc—Charles Bradley
Peggy Haire—Lewis Ost.

Nina Hill and Eselle Newsum were unable to attend.

Alumnae and their guests:

Teasie Ulhorn—Walter Wunderlich
Shirley Scott—Oliver Philyarr
Jane Bigger—Bill Turner
Barbara Bowden—Jasper Templeton

Nancy Conn—Bobby Davis
Donna Robinson—Escort
Jo Allen Jackson—Escort
Carolyn Cook—Ray Wunderlich

Representatives:

Chi Omega: Julia Wellford, Tito Reid, Janie V. Paine, Lucile Hamer, Jeanne Amis, Ginger Thomason.

Tri Delta: Betty Bouton, Mildred Claire Curtis, Betty Mae Withers, Norma Shelton, Jean Langheart, Sara Beth Meadows.

Kappa Delta: Mary Langmead, Carolyn Reynolds, Jane and Jean King, Jeanne Gillespie, Mary Lynn Bean.

ZTA: Dorothy Hogan, Peggy Gallimore, Westy Tate, Julia Chester, Nancy Pope Wright, Betty Jo Brantley.

Independents: Evelyn Givens, Betty Stout, Joan Cogswell, Gail Martin, Joan Davis, Carol Cable.

Gamma Delta: Sally Thompson, Ann Fairleigh, Glenne Morris, Peggy McAlexander, Betty Jean Cullins, Ora Lee Garroway.

Stray Greeks—Mary Lee Ashworth, Dorothy Dyess, Claude Pilkington, Dorothy Fuller.

KA's Formal Honors Lee

Birthday Chosen For Winter Banquet And Dance At Peabody

The birth of Robert E. Lee, spiritual founder of Kappa Alpha Order, will be celebrated Saturday, January 4, at the Hotel Peabody. Each year in January the alumni and members of Alpha Epsilon Chapter meet to celebrate the occasion. This year, a banquet will be held, followed by a gala formal dance in the Continental Ballroom from 9 'til 12 o'clock.

Special guests for both banquet and dance will be Kappa Alphas from each chapter in Candler Province, who are attending the Province Council meeting, January 4th and 5th. The two day convention will terminate the holidays for delegates from Sewanee, Universities of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Louisville, and Vanderbilt, Georgetown and Transylvania. Alpha Epsilon will be the host chapter.

The stag banquet at 6:30 will be in the Cadet Room of the Peabody. Dr. Carroll Turner, president of the alumni chapter, will preside, and introduce the principal speaker, Mr. Clifford Pierce, International president of the Lions Club.

The members and guests and representatives will meet in the Continental Ballroom for the dance at 9:00. Decorations will include greenery around the walls, and the black and gold shield-shaped KA crest will hang above the orchestra stand. J. C. Scianni and his orchestra will play for the dance. There will be four no-breaks and the Kappa Alpha leadout, during which a special arrangement of "Kappa Alpha Sweetheart" will be played.

All men students are cordially invited.

SOC NOTES

Jean Gillespie, KD pledge, appeared in the campus December 10, wearing the traditional green and white of Pi intersorority.

On December 14, the Chi Omega's had a slumber party in the chapter lodge. At one o'clock, all the members, carrying candles, serenaded the dormitories with Christmas Carols.

On Monday, December 9, the Tri Delta's entertained the alumnae with their annual Pine Tree party. This week they will hold their Christmas party, at which time the members will exchange gifts.

Sigma Nu entertained the student body at an open house December 12. The lodge was decorated in the Christmas theme. Included on the program of entertainment were the singing of Christmas Carols, dancing, and a refreshment table.

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Lynx Chat

What, ho! Gung ho! L.S.M.F.O!!! We're off on another wild ride on the Kressenberg Kronicle Express. I'll get fired for that remark, but my usefulness is about at an end, anyhow. With the proximity of Christmas and Christmas "spirits", we notice that business is picking up in our department. Hot tips are flowing in so fast that we had to don our water wings and call for life guards.

The latest report from the doctor's office's records reveals that most of those people asking for treatment for sore throats and colds are couples. An amazing discovery. (Ahem, cough, cough.)

Something ought to be done about the way Henry "Hogan's Rat" Beatty drives a car. Coach Stockstad is going to lose about six prime basketball players if he keeps letting them ride home with him.

Another long-time romance — Maude Young and Ben Arnold.

Ah-ha, Willie Armstrong . . . What's this we hear about you and Catherine Arnold?

Look out, all you majors in campusology, Charlie Dean is reported headed back in our direction next semester. Our spotter just called in and told us that he was at 20,000 feet, coming in fast, and screaming "Filliloo" with every breath.

Another one of the Smith boys is in the spotlight this week. It's Dick . . . Reason: Betty Schneider is paying much attention to him.

Betty Lee, why don't you go ahead and marry Drew?

. . . We find that we have more than one claimant to the title, "The Darling of the Debutantes." Seen at Carolyn Mitchell's and Sally Bank's party, last Thursday night, were: Bob Amis, Dean Bailey, Jack Hilzheim, Tom Miller, Ed and Craft Dewey, Jack Ackroyd, Jack Connors, Jim (Just Call Me Stringbean) Wade, Walter Haun, Tom Goswick, and Jack and Jim Shannon.

Congratulations to the Sigma Nu's on their swell Open House. We understand that a certain Frank Berfield is responsible for the fine decorations. More power to you, Frankie.

Speaking of Sigma Nu's, there's Billy Speros, seen muchly with a cutie who masquerades as Frances Dixon.

Look out, Dickie Dickerson, Patty Sue Shapply is casting very, very amorous glances in your direction. Oh, you great, big, handsome football players . . .

Well, well, well, Charlie Marcum, the bachelor of all bachelors, is

finally roped. The cowgirl who twirled the lasso is none other than Gloria Ash . . .

Fragment from an ode: . . . All we hear from Margie Hardwicke and Ed Quinn

Is Margie saying, "Please, Ed, don't fence me in" . . .

AAAAAAK!!!!

Harumph! We are forced to say to Betty Shea that faint heart never won Bobby Cobb. Re: AOPi dance.

We never thought it could happen but it did . . . A Southwestern girl is dating a Memphis State boy . . . What are we going to do about this, people? Shall we tar and feather Vi Quarles?

POME:
TITLE: Martha Carroll Thinks of Freeman Marr.

VERSE: I always thought that he Was not the only fish at sea,
But now it has occurred too late

That I am not the only bait.
Suggestion: Let's all have a moment's silence for Shirley Sibley and Estelle Mac. They didn't know that girls' basketball was so rough.

Your friend and mine, Jack Hilzheim just can't seem to settle down . . . now, it's Janie V. Paine.

Cheer Leader Gallimore is sporting a frat pin now, belongs to a TKO named Bobby Haverty. (Luckiest boy in the world, in our opinion.)

Peggy Haile has found the dream man at last—Hugh Buckingham.

We were wondering why Emmett Hall insisted that everybody come out to the Silver Slipper last Sunday night . . . It seems that he has joined the ranks of the hopelessly entangled. Engaged, that is . . . to Bobby Thompson . . . CONGRATULATIONS!!!

PTUI!! . . . comes a revelation . . . Graham Gordon is dating Carmen Roper quite often these days. If you should ever be asked by a panther, don't anther.

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SHOPPING . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

I use for different people. The perfume counter was the first stop. This wouldn't take very long and if I get some and give it to my mother, my sister will use it and vice versa. The odors never mean much to me. I just smell 'em all and when the lady sticks one under my nose that has me calling Memphis Tower for landing instructions, I buy it. Very simple.

Next on the list is something for the other female member of my family. Should I get her something real nice or should I get her something she can use? Well, I'll see about some costume jewelry, or some jewelry of some sort. After making several trips through Brodnax, I checked my credit at Silvers. Some of the things women adorn themselves with these days look as if they were made by a metalsmith with a bad case of the D.T.'s. One item was made to resemble a policeman's gold badge which had been run over by a steam roller, covered with glue, and dragged through a pile of assorted colored crushed glass. Only sold for 172 greenbacks. And then there was a pair of earrings that had glass bowls attached with two gold-fish swimming around inside. O. K., so I bought a box of handkerchiefs.

Something practical for my brother-in-law. Since the war has been over, there have been no more new gadgets on the market. They have windshield wipers for the rear view of your car now. There is one attachment that connects to the speedometer of your car. It's kinda like the one in Chryslers. It has a green light that's on up to thirty; from thirty to fifty, it's amber; from fifty to ninety, you get scarlet and if you get over ninety, a little man comes out and sings "Nearer My God To Thee." Radar can be installed to pick up a squad car within six blocks to the rear. I hope he likes the windshield wiper I bought.

My oldest nephew is a child far beyond his years. He makes his own pneumatic drills, air compressors, and various other tools. I considered getting him an atom-splitting set, but maybe Oak Ridge would object. One little steam shovel will dig a hole just short

of a gusher and his mother bought him a bulldozer that can move the piano. I spent the rest of the afternoon in Toyland playing and had to go back the next day to finish up.

Picking up something for the girl friend is the most tedious job of them all. I could have used the inexpensive method that was most effective back in high school. Break up just before Christmas and have a big reconciliation after New Years, but I've got the spirit this year and Uncle Sam still sends me my check every month, so I can afford something. Like I say, you gotta be very careful, or you're liable to break up after all. Let's see now. Would she like a —, or maybe a —. I did hear her say she could use one of those new —, but they are too cheap looking. So I'll tell you what I did, but don't tell, please. I bought her one of those things that have a whatchamaycallit with a whas-it attached. Very pretty and most practical. The lady said that if it didn't fit it could always be tied on the aerial of the car radio to keep out the static. If it is too loose, she can bring it back and the store machinist will tighten the squibus so she can wear it home. Looks as if it will look real nice on her.

All you nice people have a big Christmas and take it easy on those Yuletide spirits. Just get all wrapped up in the idea and it presents no problem. I hope Yule have the merriest one yet.

AUSTIN, Texas — (ACP) — A significant experiment in the teaching of foreign languages is underway at the University of Texas and will be continued for a three-year period in order to get statistical data of importance to all schools offering foreign language courses.

In the boys' gym classes, much time has been spent by Coach Stokstad giving the boys a well-rounded program of sports and exercises including football, basketball, tennis, badminton, track, and exercises on the parallel and horizontal bars. All of these are excellent for exercise and they serve to augment interest in what could be a very dull class.

Mean Widdle Kids

Robb Hall, with Aunt Mary as the matriarch, is a far cry from the days of snakes and frogs in Dr. Cooper's bed, during his bachelor days, that is. Southwestern must be growing up.

No one ever hears of the dunkings of freshmen in the lake in Overton Park, or wild rides to Frayser where the dear (?) frat brothers would castor oil and mercurochrome their pledges and make 'em walk home—no—none of that exists today; Southwestern *must* be growing up. But even up to just last fall, the Biology department boiled over and the amphiumas jumped out the windows and just missed some unexpectant, innocent bystander. Ask me, boy, I was there—who said anything about Kilroy—yep—any day, one could innocently walk in Baker's lab and be hit by the spotlight and bellowed at, "Close the doors; turn on the lights, don't anybody make a move—Imogene has 'escaped.'" To anyone who doesn't know—why explain—it was just a silly ole amphiuma.

Instead of Philosophical bull sessions, with Osmanism as the highlight, in the bookstore, there used to be great dramatic ping pong tournaments—and nothing can rival the brilliant coloring of the Southwestern Band—what a band—a real "he man" band—NO GIRLS — in that band — yeah, what's the matter now — we got men, yes? talk about football games, will there ever be one like the Vanderbilt-Southwestern game when the Lynx were victorious — will there ever be any real games like that again—

Who's the piano virtuoso at Robb Hall—he's good all right, but no sweeter sounds ever emerged than the toneful tinklings of Dr. Cooper; bachelor days, of course.

Overhead are "old" alums walking down the corridors of Palmer, "What, girls in the Men's Social Room?" Things have changed. Yep — I know those witches smoke twice as much as any ordinary man, including Dr. Porter.

But to bring this lil' article up to reality once more, in the present, we now have added more new

(Continued on Page 5)

CHAOS

By RICHARD WOOD

(Sancho, tienes un fosforo?—Don Quixote.)

I am an artiste, A-number one, first-water interpreter of toe-painting in these United States. In spite of the fact that my great-grandfather was a Commodore, Junior Grade, in the Confederate War Assets Administration with headquarters in the Beekman Tower (Panhellenic Hotel) in Fordyce, Arkansas and the fact that I am a courtier in an organization known as the Kris Kringle Kids which sponsors some pseudo-enjoyment among the hoity-toity beachcombing set which is sufficient unto itself in a collective village of pup-tents at the foot of Auction Avenue (the pup tent was originally constructed by Norman Bel Geddes for an attachment to a hamburger hot-plate so as to keep the elements off of a creation known as Pone-puppy which originated among the Pone Indians of the upper stretches of the Ganges River, a tributary of the Tallahatchie Estuary which is a good swimmin' hole for the citizens of Edinburg, a suburb of Baraboo, Wisconsin), I am an artiste as I've said before and I will not let anything keep me from pioneering the new artistic Renaissance here in Demarcration Line, Province du Schwein, Quebec. Alas, when I informed my deah pater and mater of this matter of my being transcendentalist, they hooted me down and ordered me to my suite of rooms without beefit of clergy or my usual evening diet of fricasseed beak of pheasant. I couldn't rightfully blame them for being piqued with me. They had had their hearts set since my birth (I had come out of the delivery room singing a light aria from Lakmé while clicking my toothless gums to the intricate tune of Wagner's Easter Spell music on my becoming a musician. Oh, I had done their will all right; I had studied under Carmen Horowitz and Yehudi Heifetz and Sir Thomas Rubinstein, and at one sceance, I had been informed by the ghost of Beethoven (not Ludwig von Beethoven, but a Nick Beethoven who was a Greek bus-boy in South Side restaurant. He couldn't even hum a tune, but he had great admiration for Bizet's Lackadaisical Chantey No. 5, done in Pie-a-la Mode), that destiny intended for me to be the finest Fluegel Horn man in the country. Even Bunny Berigan would have said that, and anybody knows that he had the best ear for Fluegel Horn in all Hamtranck. But I would not listen to my wiser elders from this world or the next. I tried to please them by taking a job as the first snafonist for the Collierville Symphony Orchestra. But the snafon is a difficult instrument to play. It has no keys, no mouthpieces, no reeds, and no spit-valves. I believe that somewhere in the heart of the bamboo instrument, there is a concealed kazoo which emits the exotic sounds that chill the very soul of Deems Taylor with every muted squeak of hemidemisemiquaver. But I was secretly planning to break away from it all. I had decided to become an author; my first story would be about a Scottish baron who invites the king to his castle

for a quiet week-end and in the dead of night, the baron's wife talks the baron into killing the king with a bread-knife and pretend somebody else had done him in and finagle into the good graces of a bored parliament and secure with expert bowing and scraping some sort of a position in the exchequer's office wherein there is graft a-plenty and all that sort of thing. But it suddenly occurred red to me that my story wasn't original. I had seen it somewhere before. So I abandoned the idea of becoming a writer. I knew I could improve on any previous plot, but it might be against the law. Things looked black; I might have to become a musician after all. I hate music; I hate everything—what to do? I lay down on my bed and cried out my lonesome heart against the pillow. (According to the latest medical journals, it is very dangerous to cry one's heart out; it's hard to get back in again, and many medical authorities agree that a man cannot live without a heart, though it's a known fact that women live almost unanimously without them.) I had removed my shoes and subconsciously I began to scrape the wall near my bed with my big-toenail. When I had thus worn my toe away to the knee-cap, I realized what I was doing. While I was applying the tourniquet to the bloody stump, I noticed the marks on the wall. The seemingly disordered scribbles suddenly took on the shape of an atomic horse-pill being swallowed with a flourish of hautboys by a satrap of Salmanezar III, who was once dauphin in Lipsey's fish-market, which specializes in dauphin croquettes, though the fish are not really dauphin but merely papier-mache Japanese replicas of Jo-Jo, the dogfaced boy, with a stuffing of caramel-coated sardines to make the whole thing look fishy. I stared for a long time at my toe painting. 'Twas a revolutionary revelation. This new art-form will make me famous. They'll be sorry I didn't make the S club or the janitor's list or the Cafeteria Inspecting Board. They'll be sorry. I rushed wildly to the nearest assay office to stake a claim on ten square feet of the southern tip of Mud Island. Me and my retinue of purple cows and jabberwockys with debate club keys would not be too weak to break the chains that bind us. What if I only have one more leg to give posterity in order to create the world's greatest masterpiece since Euclid scraped sand to the tune of Ole Batterywater Sky? It's art, brother, and it's art, sister. Time's a-wastin.

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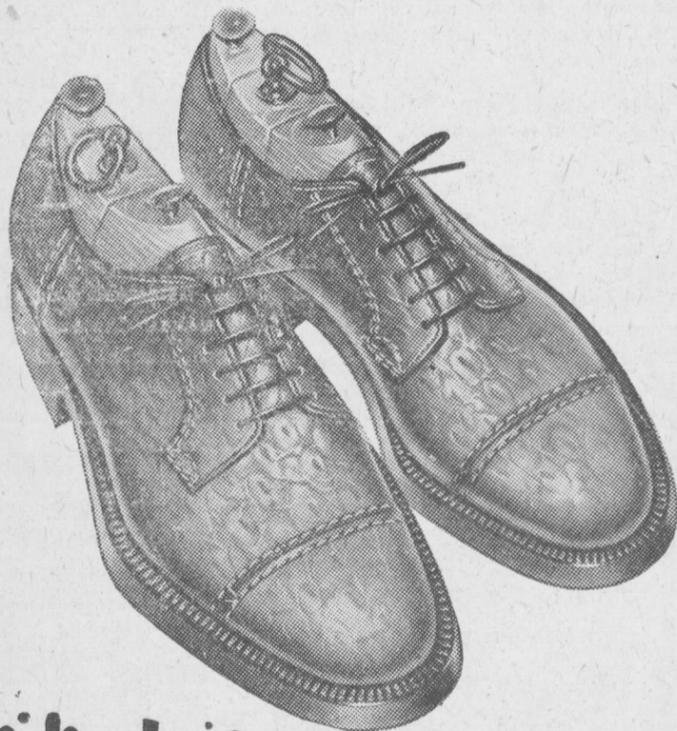
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SPORTS

Bowl Game Fever

Now that the Holidays are here once again everyone is thinking about those wonderful parties, dances and most of all being home for Christmas. But the men in the sports world are talking about the Bowl Classics to be played on New Year's Day. Yes, the bowl fever is here and the question is who will win these first games of 1947.

In the Sugar Bowl the Georgia Bulldogs, led by the All American Trippi tangle with North Carolina U., who is pinning its hopes on Charley Justice. This appears to be a bang up affair, but we think that Trippi and Georgia have the stuff to take this contest. Tennessee and Rice are going to give the Orange Bowl spectators quite a game. In the past when a Southwest team and a Southeast team have tangled it has always measured up as a thriller. We'll give the nod to the Rice "Owls," but it wouldn't be any surprise to see the Vols pull another one out of the fire as they have done all season. Two other teams from these two conferences are going to fight it out in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas. Here we have LSU and Arkansas meeting each other. This looks like it will be too much of LSU, and the Tiger will really pounce on the Razorback. Staying in the State of Texas we have another Bowl affair. This one is the Oil Bowl, with Georgia Tech and St. Mary's. We'll give the Yellowjackets the margin, but Wedemeyer can put on a hot show for the crowd at this game.

The Classic of the Roses is bringing together a Western Conference team and the Big Nine's best for the first time in sixteen years in this Bowl game. The last time the Big Nine sent a representative out West they came back on the short end of the count, but this year it seems that Illinois has the punch to beat undefeated UCLA. This one is a toughie and could be either way, but we still string along with the Illini.

Miller Too Hot for Lynx

Height beat Southwestern once again in the Arkansas State fray when the Lynx took a beating 81 to 41. Glancing back at the last two scores, Southwestern has dropped both of their last contests by 40 points. The score of the first Ole Miss game was 74 to 34. Although the Red and Black went down before the cagers of State it was a ball game packed full of thrills and everything happened that you would want to see. Arkie State had a boy named Miller who was hot, swishing the net for 27 points, but two of these were chalked up in favor of the Lynx. This guy was so hot that he didn't care what basket he shot for, and in a scramble for the ball between the men of the Lynx and the boys of State the Arkansas team got the ball. When this happened one of the teammates of Miller turned and threw him the ball. Miller at the time was standing close to the Lynx bucket and immediately turned, shot and Southwestern had received a gift of two points.

The injuries continued to hit the team as in the first minutes of the second half John Williford was knocked out and had to be helped from the floor. Later in the game as things got rougher Jasper Templeton received a shoulder injury and he was removed from the game also. Another thing that made this game interesting was the fact that for the first half the Lynx were in the battle all the way and this was due to a defense that the Arkie men couldn't solve. However, when they came back after intermission the big boys from State ran the Red and Black plenty with their fast break, having as many as four men down the floor sometime with only two Southwestern men to break it up.

Billy Wilhelm of Arkansas State did right well for himself the other night when he poured 14 points in. It is no wonder, for this fellow is a fine ball player who has had plenty of experience. He played for Taylorville, Ill., and this team only lost six games in three years. But in 1943 when Billy was playing they won 45 games without losing and took the State Title, and Wilhelm made all-state.

Invitation to M. V. C.

Southwestern now has the chance to get in a league in their own class if they accept the invitation to join the M. V. C. which stands for Mississippi Valley Conference. The teams that make up this conference are teams that represent schools just about the size of Southwestern and they don't subsidize. In this conference the Lynx could do well and they wouldn't be out of their class. In order to make athletics anything at Southwestern this would be a wonderful move, because then we would have a goal to point for each year by winning the Conference championship and a full schedule that would be pleasing to all interested in the athletic program of this institution. And personally, we think that Southwestern could be a winner in the M. V. C.

Yes, school is almost out and before going I want to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. But I must rush off to be the first one out of the door for some rest from the school by the Zoo.

Lynx Bow To Arkansas State 81-41

NEXT FALL SPORTS PROGRAM PLANNED

Seven Game Football Schedule Is Planned

By Ray Ferris

After conferring with the athletic department, it seems that Southwestern has plans for a wide variety of sports for 1947. These include football, basketball, tennis, golf, and track, not to mention the intramural sports and the program for the gym classes.

Under the direction of Head Coach Clemmens and Coach Embry, plans are being laid for football to start off on the right foot next year. The coaches plan for practices to start about September 1 next year, and for a spring workout this year, although it will not interfere with any of the other sports. A schedule is being completed that will have at least four home games, to be played at Crump Stadium, with at least three out-of-town games. Clemens and Embry are also in charge of track and hope to arrange a good schedule for their teams.

Basketball, under the direction of Coach Stokstad, has already started its season this year and we wait with anticipation to see its results. Next year we will have another full schedule plus some experienced men who are gaining that experience this year. Golf and tennis will also be under the direction of Stokstad, who hopes to find some good competition for his teams.

Intramurals for 1947 will follow along the same lines as they did this year with touch football, volleyball, basketball, tennis, and golf taking the lead. By the end of this year, complete schedules will have been made out and published, with competition due to start shortly after school opens. The Intramural Board intends to publish a booklet for next year containing the intramural rules and regulations on such matters as the point system, rules of games, eligibility of players, etc. This will help to clear up misunderstandings and will be warmly greeted.

MEAN WIDDLE KID

(Continued from Page 4)

dormitory space, and included in that word *dormitory* is Voorhies Hall—and included in Voorhies, that is on the inside, some nights, cute specimens. Big ones, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones, blondes, brunettes, red-heads, and the others, you name them. This new generation really can't be beat. There never was, and probably never will be, another like it, and wouldn't Dr. Monk agree, remember Juniors? But while on the subject of dorms, we can't leave out Evergreen Hall and the name Gillespie—anybody that wears that name'll do. What was that, Calvin Hall? Where's that?—Oh, by the cafeteria—Hmmm, what a mathematical whiz we have in there—well—I 'spose the Grill will keep on doing business even if kept up by only Statler and Thom- as.

'Nuff fun, now. Walking around old Sou'western's campus any time, any year, makes us feel pretty good to belong to this big family. But I sure wish they'd put the wooden seats around some of the trees again. Fellers, on a moonlit night—any time—NICE!!

Coaches Select All-Americans

The East, which dominated the football picture last year, wins only two places on the 1946 All-American team selected by the American Football Coaches Association and announced today in a copyrighted story in the Saturday Evening Post. The South and Midwest take three places each, the Southwest two and the Far West one.

Holder of seven places in 1945, the East is represented by Army's two great backs, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard. Described by Coach Dick Harlow of Harvard, president of the Coaches Association, as "unquestionably the outstanding football players in the country," they are the sole 1945 selections to retain their places.

The South, which failed to get a single first-team spot last year, comes into its own with three stand-outs—back Charley Trippi of Georgia, tackle Dick Huffman of Tennessee, and center Paul Duke of Georgia Tech.

Notre Dame, which shared the national spotlight with Army, also shares with the Cadets the honor of placing two players on the first team. They are back Johnny Lujack and tackle George Connor. Giving the Midwest its third All-American player is Illinois' guard, Al Agase.

Named to represent the Southwest are end Hubert Bechtol of Texas and guard Weldon Humble of Rice. End Burr Baldwin of UCLA represents the Pacific Coast.

As a result of the flood of talent released for the first normal football year since the war, four members of the 1945 first team had to be content with less favored spots this year. Warren Amling, Ohio State tackle, George Savitsky, Pennsylvania tackle, and Harman Wedemeyer, St. Mary's back, were pushed back to the second team and Dick Scott, Navy center, to the third team. Bob Fennimore, Oklahoma A. and M. back, also on the 1945 first team, does not appear on any of the coaches selections this year.

Besides Amling, Savitsky and Wedemeyer, the 1946 second team includes Hank Foldberg and Barney Poole, both of Army, ends; Dick Barwegan of Purdue and Charles Milner of Duke, guards, Bobby Lane of Texas and Harry Gilmer of Alabama, backs.

In addition to Scott, the third team is made up of Leonard Ford of Michigan and John Lilly of Notre Dame, ends; Frank Wydo of Cornell and Bob Davis of Georgia Tech, tackles; Frank Barzilauskas of Yale and John Mastrangelo of Notre Dame, guards, and Levi Jackson of Yale, Tony Minisi of Pennsylvania, Charlie Justice of North Carolina and Clyde LeForce of Tulsa, backs.

In announcing the Coaches' All-American, Harlow points to the handful of unbeaten teams and observes that the 1946 season "was the most evenly matched in football history." He adds that "football played in 1946 was no better than the football played before the war, but, technically, the game improved to the point where it was both a better game to play and a better game to watch."

He states that the trend toward the quick-opening T formation continued, "with more emphasis than ever before on forward passing and long-gaining ground plays, both T-formation virtues."

On defense the element of de-

Miller and Wilhelm Lead Way To Victory Over Lynx Quintet

Coach Stockstad's Lynx Cats fell for the second time this season at the hands of Arkansas State College 81 to 41. Arkansas took over the lead shortly after the beginning of the game and never fell behind. At the half they held only a 31 to 23 point lead, but in the last half they went wild and behind the scoring of Miller and Wilhelm they pulled away to make the margin 81 to 41 when the final horn blew.

Lynx Take Lead

In the opening minutes of the game Southwestern was very much in the ball game as Williford threw in two points on a fast break and Broderick followed up with two foul shots. At this point the Cats led 4 to 1. But then Miller made three field goals for State and with the help of Greenway the Arkansas team led 9 to 4. At this point the Red and Black seemed to fall apart and when the reserves of both teams took over the score had increased to 19 to 9. With five minutes remaining in the first half Coach Stockstad sent his first five back on the floor and the visitors led 22 to 9. With the whole team playing heads up ball and employing a zone the Lynx closed the gap and trailed 31 to 22. In this short period of time Southwestern had marked up 14 points while the visitors were getting nine.

Arkansas State came roaring back in the second stanza and completely solved the zone put up by the Lynx. With the entire State team hitting they held on to their 8 point margin. Southwestern tried everything in order to wipe away that four bucket lead, but all was in vain as the Arkansas pushed their lead up to 56 to 39, with only seven minutes left to play the Jonesboro team began to fast break and when the score cleared they were on the big end of the score 81 to 41.

Miller Gets 24 Points

Miller and Wilhelm were the two men that spelled defeat for the Lynx Cats as they accumulated 25 and 14 points respectively for their team. The two big guns for the Lynx were Judd Williford and John Broderick who pitched in 9 and 12.

Southwestern put up a great fight and played one of the hardest games any team could play. They never quit trying, but they were handicapped once again by the lack of height. Arkansas State cleared their bench against the Cats and practically every man scored.

Southwestern	Ark. State
Player, pts.	Pos. Pts., Player
W'ford, Judd 9	F 9 Johnston
Broderick 12	F 6 Greenway
McLeod 4	C 25 Miller
W'ford, John 2	G 14 Wilhelm
Smith	G 3 Parkinson
Miller of Ark. 2	

Substitutes: Southwestern — Templeton 3, Haynes 1, Dickerson 6, Bell 1, Shinbaum 1, Davidson.

Arkansas State College—Mouche 4, Jumper, Parker 2, Scott 4, Shannon 7, Hudson 2, Nix 2, Weakly 3, and Dickey.

ception was relied on "to a degree never before seen in football," Coach Halow declares. "Lines over-shifted and under-shifted, there were sliders and loopers, backers-up shuttled in and out of the line with unnerving suddenness."

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TRAILERS . . .

(Continued from Page 1) and an oven. There is an ice box and a sink in the kitchen, but most of the wives wash their dishes in the laundry trailer which is used to wash everything from dogs to dishes. In the evening most of them get together to study and help each other here they can.

Trailers Leased From U. S.

Southwestern has leased the trailers from the government, which brought them from Oak Ridge this summer. There was a great amount of expense involved in preparing the grounds, digging sewers, laying water lines, wiring, etc. When the families moved in they found them in very poor condition and were compelled to spend a lot of time and energy in repairing and cleaning. The neat appearance inside shows the results of their labor. Some have even planted winter grass around the outside. This spring they plan to do a lot of vegetable gardening.

There are nine families with babies and before the school year is over there will be more. As Bucky Walters put it, "This is a very productive community." Not all the families are connected with Southwestern. Six are students at U. T. Medical School, and two are studying at the Whitehaven Aeronautical School. One is a professor of chemistry at the medical school, Dr. J. H. Wood. He has two children.

Indeed, the Trailer Folks are very happy. They like each other, they like their trailers, and most of them would not take an apartment now if they could find one.

STAMFORD, Conn. — (ACP) — Uncle Sam's parcel post customers in 54 cities will soon find the chore of mailing packages to Aunt Minnie a streamlined snap when, for the first time, their postmasters will shortly install special postage meters that cut down waiting-in-line time at postoffice windows and that mail parcels without so much as the lick of a stamp.

Here is how the new public service will work: the window clerk at the parcel post window weighs your package, computes the fee, takes your money and touches levers on the electrically-operated postage meter machine.

Out pops a small printed label, gummed and moistened, complete with postage of the exact total value, plus city postmark and date of mailing. It's slapped on your package and the transaction is over. Pitney-Bowes, Inc., has the long-standing contract with the post office department, coming appropriately just before a probable record-breaking Christmas mailing rush.

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