

THE SOU'WESTER

28th Year [no. 3]

Southwestern At Memphis

October 8, 1946

ADDITIONS TO OUR FACULTY

Moose, Porter, and Grossnickle also join campus staff

Omitted from the Sou-wester in last week's resume of new professors on the campus are three more names with which all the students will become familiar in a short time. They are: Miss Jessie Grossnickle, Director of Physical Education and Intramural Sports for Women; Dr. M. Foster Moose, Associate Professor of Chemistry; Dr. M. E. Porter, Associate Professor of Modern Language.

Miss Grossnickle's home is in Columbus, Mississippi. She received her B.A. degree from Mississippi State College for Women, with majors in mathematics and art, and her M.A. from Texas State College for Women, with a major in health, physical education and recreation, and a minor in speech. Before coming to Southwestern she taught at Mary Hardin-Baylor College in Texas and at the Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education in Boston, Massachusetts.

Dr. Moose was born and reared in Tipton County, Tennessee. He holds the B.S., A.M., and Ph.D. degrees; his B.S. from Memphis State College, his Master's and Doctor's degrees from Columbia University. He has taught at Columbia, Little Rock Junior College, and Memphis State. He is a member of Phi Lambda Upsilon, Sigma Chi, and the American Chemical Society. He was a General Education Board Fellow with Cooperative Study in General Education from August 1940 to February 1941. He is married and has two children.

Dr. Porter returns to Southwestern this fall from service with the Counter Intelligence Corps of the Army. He was Assistant Professor of Modern Languages at Southwestern from 1936 to 1941. Dr. Porter was graduated Summa Cum Laude at Washington and Lee University in 1933 and received A.M. and Ph.D. degrees in Modern Languages at Princeton in 1935 and 1937, holding the Herbert Montgomery Bergen Fellowship in Modern Languages. In January, 1942, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Army and reverted to inactive status as Major, Military Intelligence, on July 14, 1946. As Investigations Officer and Chief Interrogator of the Counter Intelligence Corps Detachment of the Western Task Force which later became the Seventh U. S. Army, he participated in campaigns in North Africa, Italy, Southern France, and Central Europe. During periods of Seventh Army inactivity he served as political observer in Italy and in Algiers. During late 1945 and early 1946 he was a military attaché at the American Embassy in Mexico City. He holds the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, and Commendation Award. Dr. Porter is a member of the Modern Language Association of America, the Linguistic Society of America, the American Association of College Professors, and Phi Beta Kappa.

Due to lack of information, Mr. William Thompson was omitted from this story. Mr. Thompson is now serving as Instructor in Chemistry Labs, and is no doubt familiar to all Science majors.

Lynx Return To Gridiron



Dr. Diehl Chooses School Pastor

Rev. Revely to head religious work here; ex-army chaplain

For the first time in its history, Southwestern is to have a college pastor as a regular member of its faculty. The position has been accepted by Rev. W. Taylor Revely, who was appointed by Pres. Chas. E. Diehl last Tuesday.

In welcoming him to the faculty, Dr. Diehl said that this year's increased enrollment necessitated the new post which had been considered for some time and that Mr. Revely is qualified in every way for student work.

While taking a B. A. degree at Hampden Sydney College, Mr. Revely won the Sullivan Medallion as the best all-round man in the college. President of the student body and a member of Pi Kappa Alpha, Omicron Delta Kappa leadership fraternity, and Chi Beta Phi scientific fraternity, he was also an outstanding athlete, lettering in football, baseball and basketball.

At Union Seminary, Richmond, Va., he was elected president of the student body and after receiving his B. D. degree entered the Army in March, 1944.

Until July of last year he served as Chaplain of the 144th Infantry Regiment and then was transferred to the 27th General Hospital as Protestant Chaplain. Before coming to Southwestern with his wife and two children, he was engaged in further graduate work at the seminary in Richmond.

In addition to directing student religious activity in the Sunday Vesper Service, Christian Union Cabinet and other Christian community projects, Mr. Revely will teach a course in freshman bible.

Honor Council

The largest freshman class in the history of Southwestern was called together last Friday morning after Chapel to choose its boy and girl representative to the Honor Council. Cliff Pittman and Robert Edington were nominated by the Council to represent the boys, and Mary Howard and Jane McAtee to represent the freshman girls. Cliff Pittman and Mary Howard were both elected by a large majority. They will assume their duties as regular members of the Honor Council when they are sworn in at the next meeting of the Council.

PLAYERS PLAN PRODUCTION

"Family Portrait" will be presented in near future by Thespians

The Southwestern Players will produce their first play of the year in the near future, according to Professor George F. Totten, director of Speech and Dramatics.

For their first production Professor Totten has chosen Family Portrait, by Lenore Coffee and Willim Joyce Cowan. The play was first produced at the Morosco Theatre in New York with Judith Anderson in the leading role. It is a moving, beautiful story of the lives of those who were closely associated with Christ. After a long run in New York, the production was acclaimed by critics as an exalted mark in 1939 drama.

Professor Totten announces that try-outs for the cast will be held very soon.

Work On Dorms Is Progressing

The loud hammering and apparent hurry atmosphere which pervades the campus around the new dorms during these busy fall days is likely to continue for quite a time yet, according to Mr. Springfield, who has the latest word direct from the contractor on the subject. However, Mr. Springfield did give a few encouraging facts, which should be a cheerful earful for the "cave dwellers" of Voorhies.

According to the Bursar, the furniture to be used for Voorhies has just arrived and has been placed in the dorm. The coeds are now living under the wing of Mrs. Sledge, their housemother, in the dorm's basement, wouldn't give two-bits for the furniture as long as they will have to continue using the temporary coverings over their dorm's "future" windows. The windows will arrive in the not-to-distant future, it is hoped and then the coeds of Voorhies will get much more joy out of their furniture.

As for the extension on Calvin, work is proceeding possibly a little slower. The furniture has been ordered and is expected to arrive within the next two or three weeks. It is to be hoped that by the time the furniture does arrive the workmen will have the dorm ready for occupancy. This statement might be too optimistic. Most likely it is!

It can be plainly seen that this article deals with only future prognostications and not with defin-

(Continued on Page 3)

SORORITY RUSH WEEK CLIMAXED BY PLEDGING

SABA Elects New Officers

Billy Long chosen as president; Claire James, vice-president

In a meeting after chapel Saturday morning, Billy Long was elected the new president of SABA. Other officers chosen were: Claire James, vice-president, Pat Caldwell, secretary-treasurer, and Tex Kressenberg, publicity manager.

SABA, which stands for Student Athletic Backers Association, was formed last fall to foster school spirit and interest in athletics here at Southwestern. Under the direction of Bill McAfee, last year's president, the organization functioned as a pep squad at the basketball games.

Plans have not been completed for this year's activities, but a uniform will be decided upon at a meeting to be held very soon.

A revision of the constitution will be necessary this fall, as the number of students has increased considerably, making a larger organization desirable. Membership is divided among the social organizations on the campus, each Fraternity and Sorority, and Independent Men and Women being represented. The original membership was chosen last fall by the founders, who were Berniece Wiggins, Billy McAfee, Jim Wade, Billy Long, and Tex Kressenberg. Professor Osman, Coach Clemens, and Miss Gordon are faculty sponsors.

To replace those members who graduate each year, an appointive system was set up whereby each graduate selects someone from his organization to succeed him.

Further information will be released as soon as plans are formed.

Torch Society

Torch Society, the senior women's honorary organization, was established at Southwestern in 1937. The purpose of this society is to grant recognition to the women who have attained a high standard of scholarship and leadership in campus activities.

Women in the upper 25 per cent of the Junior class who fulfill all requirements, which are based on actual points, are tapped in the Spring by Torch. Also at this time the Society presents a bracelet to the outstanding Sophomore girl. After each eight weeks period, a luncheon is given for those girls who made a "B" average in the preceding period.

Those tapped in the Spring of 1946 were Julia Welford, Mary Langmead, Kathryn Lynch, Irma Waddell, and May Wallace. Officers for the year are May Wallace, President; Kathryn Lynch, Vice President; and Irma Waddell, Secretary-Treasurer.

Open houses held Saturday night to honor novices

Saturday afternoon climaxed the sorority rush week and the results now are made public. Monday started the festivities and they were continued throughout the week until Friday night, when the rushees gathered in Hardie Auditorium to list their preferences. At one o'clock Saturday afternoon the respective sorority presidents called each name on their list and informed them that they had been selected as pledges of that sorority. Saturday night formal pledging was held in each house with the neophytes all attired in white formal evening gowns. The student body was invited to each house at nine o'clock to congratulate all the new pledges.

The new pledges are:

AOPI
Peggy Marshall
Myrtle Powell
Barbara Cullins
Patty Sue Sheffield
Catherine Arnold
Peggy Haire
Betty Boisblanc
Mickey Dougherty
Ann De War
Jo Anne Guinn
Jo Ann Hall
Peggy Land
Chi Omega
Ann Baggett
Ann Barrier
Maretta Buder
Betty Camp
Louise Fitzhugh
Betty Jane Hall
Eula Holmes
Gere King
Frances McGee
Berta Radford
Harriet Reid
Jean Taylor
Beverly Townsend
Patty Weaver
Mildred Wilkerson
Joan Williams
Delta Delta Delta
Jeanne Abbott
Carol Bitner
Mary Virginia Burchett
Sylvia Caldwell
Mary Nell Campbell
Mildred Curtis
Jean Edens
Nancy Hames
Nancy Little
Dot Love
Sally Lund
Jane McAtee
Shirley Sibley
Mitzi Whelin
Betty Withers
Jane Woodson
Gamma Delta
Elizabeth Ann Peets
Rebecca Truax
Kappa Delta
Ann Brown
Virginia Catching
Sara Cooper
Jane Dewbee
Ann Faquin
Mary Jeanne Gillespie

(Continued on Page 2)

NUTSHELL DIGEST

TUESDAY, October 8—Synodical Auxiliary of Tennessee; 7:30 P.M., Hardie Auditorium.

WEDNESDAY, October 9—Kappa Sigma Open House—All student body invited.

THURSDAY, October 10—Tri Delta Coffee Hour, 3:30—For members and new pledges.

FRIDAY, October 11—Christian Union Open House honoring Dr. Revely—4:00, S.A.E. House.

SATURDAY, October 12—Student Council Dance; 8-12 P.M., Fargason Field House.

MONDAY, October 14—Chi Omega Chocolate Hour, 4:00-5:00.

SOUTHWESTERN
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Fire Prevention

This week is National Fire Prevention Week. Each year thousands of people are killed or injured, and millions of dollars in property is destroyed, by the raging menace of fire..

As is the case with so many other hazards, fire does not seem to be particularly frightful until it strikes close to home. We like to think that being burned to death, or having homes and property destroyed by fire, is a terrible catastrophe, but that it just doesn't happen to us. We grudgingly pay fire insurance rates, and rest assured of complete fire protection. This is analagous to taking out life insurance, and then neglecting to take care of our health.

Suppose we all look around us and see just what we can do to reduce the fire hazard. Realizing that the Sou-wester office would be a happy home for any fire, we pledge ourselves to remedy the situation immediately. We suggest that you resolve to do likewise concerning your home, place of business, or wherever you see work that needs to be done.

Cut System

Last fall a Southwestern student had his grade lowered one letter because he happened to be sick on the day of a Math quiz. We fail to see why a system of cuts that allows such an occurrence is allowed to continue as a part of the college regulations.

The bulletin states on page 43, "Requests for excuse of absence are presented to the Dean on a form provided for this purpose, but such requests are not to be made before the student's unpenalized emergency absences have been exceeded." Let us suppose that a student uses his allotted number of emergency absences, and each of them happens to fall on the day of a quiz. The individual professors are not authorized to excuse these absences, and can not, therefore, allow the student to make up the quizzes. If, as is the custom of a number of professors, there are only 6 or 8 quizzes that semester, it would be virtually impossible for the student to pass the course.

This is, of course, an exaggerated case, but it does demonstrate the fact that the cut system here is very unsatisfactory. We feel sure that not even the college administration is satisfied with the present arrangement. It seems rather strange that in a school which is proud of the way its honor system functions, the students are required to furnish evidence of the fact that illness prevented them from attending a class. If a professor can walk out of an examination with the assurance that there will be no cheating, surely a student's word should be acceptable as an excuse for absence from class.

This subject has been discussed very much on the campus, among the faculty as well as the students, and several solutions have been suggested, ranging from unlimited cut to no cuts at all. We are not coming out in support of any one of the suggestions, but we firmly believe that a change of some kind should be made.

IF YOU HAVE THE TIME

By Tom B. Miller

Dick's letters are always interesting. Besides imparting news of mutual friends he usually manages to wander off into a personal essayist strain of consciousness. Dick being the greatest of admirers for Wordsworth, I am never surprised to find myself reading all about "a magic October day when the sky is incredibly blue and wooly cumulus clouds are suspended motionless between heaven and earth—"

Yesterday, however, right in the middle of a discourse of matters most interesting and private, I read, "Best Wishes For the Season of Ramadan."

No one outside of Algeria ever heard of Ramadan nor anyone who has been there has ever forgot it. Ramadan begins when the last purple rays have slipped behind the long bare slopes of the Kasaras on the last day of August. Then, almost simultaneously, firing of cannon can be heard from each of the scattered little villages which populate the mountain sides.

At this Ramadan season Dick and I were the house guests of M. Rayat, a French colonial servant, who, along with his wife and two lovely daughters, operated the small post and telegraph office of a suburb of Algiers. Although the Arabs alone enter into this festive occasion, the French seem to enjoy it equally.

We were disappointed with the first evening of the season as our little village seemed to be similar to any other evening. We walked along the streets listening to the din of merriment that issued forth from the doors of the restaurants. Here and there a Hall of Prayer was doing its ordinary gloomy business and above the soft murmuring of evening strollers the lonely strains of Arabian chants drifted into the streets.

The next morning we were awakened by another volley of cannon. Mme. Rayat explained to us at breakfast that from the firing of cannon at sunrise no Arab man or woman was allowed to eat or drink even the softest of drinks until the firing of the cannon at sunset.

In the center of town was a square surrounded by sycamores and in the middle stood a band stand. On the first morning of Ramadan to this square children of ages from three to fifteen years came dressed in costumes that shamed Arabian Nights. They were of all colors, made of exquisitely embroidered cloth of the finest materials. The girls wore ornaments of all sorts consisting of arm and ankle adornments, ear rings, gorgeous head pieces, etc. They spent the morning playing games which we were never able to understand until noon when they suddenly disappeared.

The children were the only patrons of the streets. It was surely a month for children, at least we thought so then. Not until the below of the cannon at sun-set did their elders venture forth. Yet when they did, the town seemed to become all alive at once. The restaurants opened up, crowds passed up and down the streets, and the merriment of Ramadan held forth.

This was a season blessed with many marriages, and almost any hour of the night one could hear a wedding procession moving up and down the streets. A rich old Arab, whom we called Caief, called one evening and invited us to the wedding of his eldest son. Delighted, we went along and joined in the strange ceremony. The groom had never seen the face of his veiled bride, and from personal observations Dick and I took a dim view of this match. We hoped

STUDENTS SAY

This weeks students, selected at random from the student body, seemed extremely co-operative and a few even enthusiastic about Southwestern's new cafeteria in the Neely Memorial Hall. The question they were asked was "What are your thoughts on the new cafeteria?"

Peggy Gallimore: "It's wonderful! Gives me more hours to sleep and I can't get locked out from my bread and butter."

Wheeler Carleton: "It has its disadvantages, but it undoubtedly is the best that can be done under the existing circumstances."

Bob Montgomery: "I like it because I can eat at any time, but I surely do eat a lot."

Gin Peoples: "It serves the purpose of eating and such an arrangement is necessary under the school's crowded condition, but I still like last year's family style meals."

"Sonny" Connell: "The method of eating family style seemed more in keeping with the friendly, homelike atmosphere of the school, but I think Mrs. Hill is doing very well under the present circumstances."

Carol Bitner: "It's very practical. It would be impossible to serve so many in any other way."

Parade of OPINIONS

"For a little I'd call it off. All we do is try to rest after a miserable sleepless night," one ex-GI complained to the couple standing beside him in the supper line.

"Keep your mind on the good time for years from now," remonstrated the friend.

"Four years from now"! Another four years to put off living, to exist in a one-room apartment. Four more years after months—even years—of sleeping on the ground and eating rations from cans, of living in deserts, swamps and jungles, dirt and mud. Or perhaps it was the rancid odor of a starvation diet of a German prison camp. Yes, four more years to wait to have even the simplest comforts of home.

Will the GI Bill of Rights be a disillusionment to the ex-service men? Will they give up and seek other recourses for reestablishing their lives which were so wrangled by the long war? Will they give up in despair at the cost of living? Or will houses be forthcoming in the not too distant future and allow men with families a chance to attend college and gain a more stable place in the future?

the groom was not anticipating beauty.

Several times during the month we would see a fleeing Arab chased by a number of his townspeople. We were told that the unlucky one had been caught eating during the forbidden hours and a thorough beating would be his if overtaken. This odd ritual of fasting during the daytime hours and feasting at night lasted the entire month of September.

All this was interesting for the first week, but soon our enthusiasm waned, and, as the noise of revelry went on all night, we were unable to sleep.

So today on the first of October, I suppose a lot of Arab mothers are packing away pretty costumes in moth balls, shop-keepers are boasting of inflated Ramadan sales, and the few foreigners who were unfortunate enough to be there are looking forward to a quiet night's sleep.

"BILL" MALLORY; A FRIEND TO ALL

He was outstanding in college and in later life; died in service over Italy

In the year of our Lord 1945, a hero died, winging his way homeward from the tortured skies of bloody Italy. A mature man of some forty-four years, he had lived gloriously, and so he died. Major William Neely Mallory had just completed a brilliant and arduous work, for which he received the Legion of Merit; it was "Operations Mallory", the knocking out of 22 of the 24 bridges across the Po River in Lombardy, so as to isolate the bitterly contested Anzio-Monte Cassino battle area.

"Memphis Bill" Mallory was not a graduate of Southwestern, but he was one of the school's most ardent supporters, having been connected with it as a director and as the treasurer. A Yale man, he was captain of the unbeaten football squad in the year 1923, and was chosen as captain and full-back on Walter Camp's All-American Team. In his business and social life he also attained great honors, a few of which are listed below.

President of W. B. Mallory & Sons, Memphis Compress and Storage Company, Memphis Freight Bureau and the Memphis Cotton Carnival, a member of the Board of Directors of the Cotton Exchange, and a director of the National Bank of Commerce, he was awarded the "First Citizen" Key by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and was elected king of the Cotton Carnival in 1935.

This was Bill Mallory, Southwestern's friend and advisor. It is in his memory that the mammoth new Student Union Building will be named, and it is in his memory that this poem was written by one of his innumerable devoted friends.

BILL MALLORY

Son of fame in high attainment,
Moulded in a vivid realness,
Lifted to a dash and color—
Living marks of God's creation—
Fading never in our memory!
Could he speak to us in absence,
Could he tell us his desire,
He would linger in the parting
Till he stayed our thought of sorrow—

Hushed our praise of mighty greatness—

Ever selfless! Ever modest!
With compassion born of sharing,
He would turn our thought to others

Who went forward serving bravely
To return in memory only—
Chiseled names in stone immortal!

—PAUL SAWRIE

Girls Pledging...

(Continued from Page 1)

- Ruth Edna Griffis
- Elizabeth Leatherwood
- Joy Masino
- Monkey Oliver
- Jeanne Patterson
- Oneida Pruette
- Mary Ann Ramsey
- Ann Ross Reeves
- Dottie Steindorff
- Zeta Tau Alpha
- Marjorie Allen
- Betty Jo Brantley
- Margaret Boiser
- Billie Kaye Carter
- Helen Ruth Copler
- Katherine Daunhaecer
- Helen Stanley DeBerry
- Virginia Jones
- Beverly C. Kessling
- Betty Jean Lee
- Mary Ann Minderman
- Virginia Mulder
- Wendell Phillips
- Betty Jane Robinson
- Georgia Skouteris
- Dorothy Ann Wilson

FRESHMEN SHED SIGNS AT DANCE NEXT SATURDAY

Long-awaited event sponsored by council; Happy day is near!

Ernest Flaniken, president of the Student Council, has at last released the information for which the freshmen have been waiting. It deals with the Student Council Dance on October 12, at which time a celebration will be held by the frosh, marking the end of freshman regulations. But—attention freshmen! There are a few strings attached. Behave until then or Evin Perdue, who is in charge of decorating the gym, will have you all in there helping him.

The first half of the dance will be a barn dance—with a real caller provided by Julia Wellford. Dress will be that appropriate for this sort of thing—use your own judgment. All freshmen are required to come—dates or no—and if you're not there the raving will continue. Plans have been made for checking up so don't evade the issue. At 10 o'clock, out by the tennis courts, a bonfire will be staged—made up of all the troublesome signs and baby bonnets.

The second half of the dance will be a regular dance, and Tex Kresenberg has announced that music will be furnished by the campus Eddie Duchin—J. C. Scianni and his band. Upperclassmen are urged to come, and, of course, all frenzied freshmen will be there—so keep that date in mind, October 12, for the Student Council's gala celebration.

P.S.—There will be a small charge of around 25 or 30 cents per person.

Christian Union Cabinet

Tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 the Christian Union Cabinet will hold an open house and forum at the SAE house. At this time Mr. Taylor Revely will be introduced to the student body and will also lead the discussion at the forum. Mr. Revely has arrived to be Director of Religious Activities for the campus, and was only recently discharged from the Navy, where he served as chaplain.

Last Tuesday Dick Bolling was elected representative to the Cabinet by the Sophomore boys. He replaces Denby Brandon, who has gone to the Army. Julia Wellford was elected vice president of the Cabinet to replace Carolyn Cunningham, who was recently advanced to the presidency.

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CHI O'S TO HAVE ANNUAL BANQUET

Miss Holcomb, one of founders, is to be guest speaker

The annual Eleusinian Banquet of Chi Omega will be held tonight at 6:30 p.m. in the Sorority Lodge. In celebration of its founding at the University of Arkansas on April 5, 1895, dinners will be held throughout the United States by all chapters.

Miss Jobelle Holcomb, one of Chi Omega's founders, will be the Honor Guest of Kappa Beta, and will make a short talk on the Founding and History of the Sorority. Presentation of the new pledges and singing of Chi O songs will complete the program. Members, alumnae and pledges will attend the fried chicken dinner.

EXTRA DATES ON PAN CALENDAR

In addition to dates assigned at the first joint Pan-Hellenic meeting, each fraternity and sorority will have one extra afternoon date on the campus. The whole student body will be invited to attend each of the functions, with or without dates. This measure was taken because of the large enrollment and the desire that every member of the student body be able to attend some social function.

Each of the Greek letter organizations have their choice of one afternoon of the week assigned them.

The schedule assigned by the Pan Council is as follows:

- Week starting: October 6 — Kappa Sigma.
- October 13—Kappa Alpha.
- October 20—Alpha Tau Omega.
- October 27—Zeta Tau Alpha.
- November 3—Pi Kappa Alpha.
- November 10—Kappa Delta.
- November 17—Alpha Omicron Pi.
- November 24—Gamma Delta.
- December 1—Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
- December 8—Sigma Nu.
- January 5—Chi Omega.
- January 12—Tri Delta.

Fashions

By Nancy Little

As you have probably heard by now, rather than exclusively to give fashion notes and hints, the purpose of this column shall be to call to everyone's attention (in case there might be someone who failed to notice) the current styles as exhibited by our own "fashion plates" here on the campus. With only two weeks of school behind us, I sincerely believe that I can say without fear of contradiction that we can proudly boast of a style center that equals that of any campus, large or small.

The policy of being well-dressed is not solely carried out on weekends by the girls at Southwestern, but also during the school week. Some of these outfits seemed particularly worthy of comment because they stood out as being attractive in themselves, and, even more important, because they were becoming to the person who wore them, thereby showing taste and forethought in the choosing of clothes.

Social Room Notes . . .

Jane Kilvington in a black and beige jumper with aqua trim worn over a short-sleeved aqua sweater—Betty Bynum Webb's good-looking red corduroy suit . . . Ann Avery, whose clothes are invariably compliment-earners, in a plaid jumper, predominantly black and yellow, under which she wore a black wool jersey blouse . . . Betty Flynn's luscious pink wool coat which everyone said looked good enough to eat.

Men's Pan Dance Notes . . .

Sylvia Caldwell in a long-sleeved white silk jersey with a pattern of green leaves running through it, worn with gold accessories . . . Claire James, a perfect model of new fall styles in aqua crepe with cap sleeves and a peplum of lace in the same color . . . Jane Phelps in black crepe, trimmed in net, with a bandeau and wristlet of tuberoses . . . Lucille Maury, who simple black dress was set off to perfection by the addition of pink roses in her hair and at her waist, and long pink gloves.

Rush Notes . . .

Regine Bacot in undoubtedly one of the most stunning suits seen here this fall . . . Made of rich, brown wool gabardine, it had Rag-

lan sleeves and the peplum of the jacket was reminiscent of the English coachman's coat . . . Bettye Lee Hancock in a black dress, the top of which was covered with sequins, large and small, of green, red and gold . . . Ginger Thomason in straw-colored silk crepe which had small covered buttons down the back and the new and very attractive bustle . . . Eselle McLean in a pale green and watermelon wool, studded with silver nail-heads. . .

In conclusion, I find that there are three important keynotes of fashion on the campus this fall that have not yet been mentioned, but are most popular, particularly with the Freshmen, Sophomores, and transfers. Yes, I mean the baby bonnets, the signs, and those good-looking blue gym suits. There are not adequate words to describe the latter, and then, after all, perhaps it's best to leave it unsaid anyhow.

Dorms . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

ite facts, at least not many of them. Everyone can guess as to how much longer the workmen will be at their job before the final materials are obtained from the factory and the "Finished" sign is hung on the door. At the latest, according to Mr. Springfield, this will be toward the end of Jan., 1947, or in the time for the second semester. At that time the 81 rooms in Voorhies and the 40 in Calvin will add greatly to the comfort of dorm life and the appearance of the campus.

GIVE to the Memphis Community Chest Drive

Lynx Chat

Pant! Pant! Kitty is really beat. What with frat rushing and sorority dashing all behind, trying to take a slight peak at lessons, and at the same time check up on all last season's romances and this season's newest, it's about to get the best of ole Kitty. Whew! Please be patient dear reader, maybe by the time graduation rolls around, we will have cornered most of the romances.

To save the typesetter any undue trouble, it is sufficient only to connect the words, McKnight and Caldwell in the same breath. 'Nuff said.

Speaking of the above two, Kitty likes this latest innovation of Tri-Delta. It might be a time honored custom of theirs, but we're kinda slow at times. This business of the boy wearing the trident of the Tri-Delt pin. We always did feel for the male when he gave his be-jeweled pin to his heart's choice. Comes the revolution! At the present, we know only of Frank Mc. and Dick Wood as members of this exclusive organization.

The number of various clubs that spring up about the campus from time to time never ceases to amaze us. The latest, founded by a certain young, tall, dark young man is the T.W.H.H.I. Club. These initials stand for, in case you don't already know, "Those Who Have Had It." According to reports, the membership should be quite large.

News has reached these ever-perked-up ears that the SAE's are considering buying the Kappa Sig house for use as a pledge

Kappa Sigs Plan Gala Open House

Wednesday afternoon, from 3:00 to 6:00 o'clock, the Kappa Sigs will begin the new program of weekly open houses with a gala affair in the gymnasium. There will be music for dancing, refreshments, and entertainment—in other words, just anything your little heart desires!

In the way of said entertainment, the K D Klose-Harmony Quartet will render a few selections in their own inimitable way; Johnny Bryant will feature some real hill-billy singing; "Jake" Scianni will perform on the 88's in his out-of-this-world manner; Maurice Chisholm will play the ever-beautiful "Warsaw Concerto"; and, in a lighter mood, Virgil Bryant will give out with "The Dark Town Poker Club", he being the only living human besides Phil Harris that knows all the verses. The agenda is as yet incomplete, and negotiations are underway for some even more startling attractions.

Just as a climax to this sort of carrying on, there will be a Grand Lottery later in the evening, the winner of which will be escorted forthwith to the airport, and treated to an airplane ride over the campus before the party breaks up! What more could a poor man ask? We'll see you there.

Due to a proof reading error in last week's Sou'Wester, we hereby make our first retraction. The Canterbury Club is open for membership to men students as well as co-eds.

—The Editors

house. The house of blue lights is bursting out all over.

If it's anything that Kitty admires, it's a guy that doesn't give up easily. We are referring to Tommy Hauser and his doggedness with Barbara Bowden. Although Jasper has come back, Tommy refuses to holler "Uncle." Good luck, son.

Just who are you putting the screws to, Miss Van Hook?

These transfers and freshmen are giving poor Kitty quite a time. We don't know what the score is 'cause they keep switching around so much. Sylvia Caldwell started off with a large bang by getting her picture in the paper. Many pointed ears gleamed in the sunlight and the ready wolves came out looking for her. So far as we can see, however, the scene is calm and serene.

A couple we like—Rier and Glenn.

Jeanne O'Hearne still receives communiques from New Mexico. From whom, do you ask? Our erstwhile companion Long John Malone.

Bookstore improvements may come and go; a twenty piece orchestra could be installed and bridge would go on forever. Even some of the faculty join in occasionally.

What gives with this Ingram-Phelps affair? It's gotta be this or that.

Character: Barron Seiford.

Are you still trying, Hightower? Maybe if things go a little better you may get in solid. Who knows?

A sight well worth watching is Tosh while he is listening to some real hot record. How a man can get so knocked out!

The thought just struck us the other day that the boys as a whole, really missed the boat last year. Nobody, with the possible exception of McAfee, tried to sew up Becky McCall. Just goes to show you.

Numerous things pop into our heads to say about the editor, but his fast and furious blue pencil would make short work of our efforts.

Jim Wade, you aren't fooling us. That job you got is a good excuse just to hang around and play wolf.

Happiest - Lad - of - the - Month Club's newest member is Bill Clary. He romps in with the news that the army turned him down. Our sympathy, Bill.

Biggest Laugh of Many Weeks: Bobby Cobb's definition of "The House of Blue Lights."

Harry "The Face" Hawken has been giving Jeanne Amis quite a rush these days . . . What gives Harry?

Seen at the Vandy-Ole Miss game Saturday—Jo Alice Page, Nena Hill, and dates. Stanley Trezvant, Burson Frye, Trent Wood, all carrying the colors of SAE. Miss Becky McCall, of Blytheville, Arkansas, and Atlantic City Fame. Tommy Hauser and Jimmy Blankenship in a "cosy two-some."

Puzzle of the week—What w. k. (well known) Southwestern Professor was seen walking a young lady through Overton Park about dark-30 Thursday night?

Comments on Saturday afternoon's bid list discolure: The sorority members: "OOOOOHHH." isn't it wonderful . . . A caustic campus wit: "Never in the fields of human conflict have so many made so much over so little!!!"

Wood, Trent, and Hamer, Lucille are a steady couple these days—Serious business, this match-making.

Oh No!! You're not nervous, Gilliland . . .

KNIGHT and DAY

Or
That's A Pun, Son!

By Tom Goswick

My typewriter just sits here and looks at me with all its 47 keys. It just sits and waits for my fingers to stumble over its keys, but my alleged brain refuses to transmit any knowledge to the clean white paper placed therein. I'm not in the mood to write, for tragedy has struck and numbed my senses. Life can't go on like this any longer. There is nothing to live for since that fateful night. My faith in all mankind has dwindled into nothingness.

I'm not really a bad kid, although some think I may be. I take care of my sister's two little boys. I get up and give my seat to ladies and elderly men, like Jim Wade, when I ride street cars. I never beat the girls that condescend to venture out of their mother's sight with me. Small dogs receive my warmest greeting and cats get a fur massage. I always let the frat pledges hold on to something before I hit them with my favorite 2 x 4. But no more. Alas!

It all happened Friday night in the seclusion of my boudoir (that's French for 'basement'). I had just closed my psychology book in utter amazement at its contents and prepared my mental processes to absorb some of the higher literature of the ages. This was a masterpiece in English literature. Mrs. Benish said so. "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight." I'm sure that a in your memories. So, for the benefit of those who have but a faint recollection of this and for those who have not yet been exposed to it, I shall give a brief resume of it with the faith-shattering details.

It seems that King Arthur is giving a big blow-out one New Years and everybody is knocking himself out. All of a sudden some character all diked out in green comes riding in the joint on his horse. Well, this guy is a head taller than John Billings and built like Atlas. And he's got some screwy ideas about having a good time. He offers to swap blows with anybody there and will let himself be first goat and on top of that he is willing to wait a year before giving out with his come-back. Gawain, stout fellow, pops up and offers to take this guy on. He wheels out a whopper of an axe and politely chops this green kid's head clean off. Now, personally, if I had been this guy in chartreuse, I would have been somewhat peeved at Sir G, but not this show-off. He picks up his head and trips off.

Well, time staggers on and our hero starts out to look for the Green Knight's hangout. He hasn't the remotest idea where to look, but the kid gets directions at the local Texaco station and starts out on his hay-burner. He rides so long that he's got calluses and he decides that some real honest-to-goodness sack time would come in handy about now. He barely gets the notion in his head when he stumbles on a castle that is out of this world. This is just the thing, so he is let in after the local gendarme gives him the once-over.

The head-push around this joint really shows him a time. He feeds him until he makes like June and is busting out all over; lets him sleep 'til noon and all sorts of unheard-of things.

Gawain thinks this all very nice, and, not being too dumb with the housing shortage as it is, sticks around. He tells his host what he's doing up in that neck of the woods and he guesses that he had better pull up stakes and go on, but the taxpayer of that household tells him that this Green Knight lives

CHAOS

By RICHARD WOOD

By Richard Wood

I jumped in my third cousin's 1924 Reo phaeton coupe last night and took a spin up to Calico Rock, Arkansas to see a picture called "Confessions of a Sorority Girl." One of the clerks in the grist mill near Germantown told me about the picture; he had seen it on a double bill at the Last Chance Theatre in Tomahawk, Wisconsin. So, I called the Monogram representative in Shreveport and asked him where I might see the picture. I am doing a book on the preparation of Greekletter alphabet soup, and the technical lore in the movie would doubtlessly have been invaluable. I got the Reo in a shrewd deal with my third cousin who is an orangotang by the name of Linseed Oyl, she's the main attraction at the Cypress Knee Zoological Gardens on Four Roses Street in West Memphis. The Reo had been given to her by a wandering biologist who wanted to discover in the interest of science what tendencies a 1924 Reo would have toward mating with an orangotang. The experiment was never successful. Linseed Oyl turned out to be Ernest Hemingway gathering material for a novel. He gave me the Reo in exchange for a book of verses underneath the bough, a loaf of wine, a jug of bread and my mother's sister Minnie who is tired of her job painting throats with barbecue mops dipped in coal tar at the College of Music. Well, anyway, I got the Reo and took off early the fourth of July so as to be in Calico Rock for the duck season. To cut a long story

down the road a piece and is the holy terror of the neighborhood. Our boy, Gawain, with a week to go decides to just stay around for a little longer.

Now comes the blow. This one particular a.m., while the chief is out hunting and Sir G. is making with the sack time, some dame comes in Gawain's room and plops herself down on the side of the bed and guess what he does. He slides 'way down under the covers and hollers for her to scram. She is just trying to be sociable, so he pokes his head out and they chat about the weather and who they think will run for prime minister and other pressing topics of the day. He doesn't do a thing but sit there looking silly. In fact, she has to kiss him and even then it's against protest. This goes on for three mornings and Gawain is so scared he won't even get out of the sack. He doesn't even tell her that she's got pretty eyes or nothin'. He's literally petrified. Not even up to holding her hand or putting his arm about her little waist. Good ole Gawain. He's got a woman beating her brains out over him and he won't even give her a tumble. Oh, no, not the great Sir Gawain of King Arthur's Court. No, he has to run out and find some character in green that will more than likely be glad to see this guy that isn't too careful where he swings his hardware.

He does muster up enough nerve to kiss the lord of the castle, quite daintily I'll bet, and then he makes tracks. Well, he finds the knight and again I'm dealt a low blow. This babe that was the highest type female wolf of her day, turns out to be the green boy's better half. Now if my wife (if I had one) had been running around sweet-talking strange men, I would be tempted to lay her stone cold daid in the market. But it seems that she was a visitor in the castle just to put young Gawain to the test and

(Continued on Page 6)

short, I didn't get to see "Confessions of a Sorority Girl"—the theatre where it was showing caters only to migratory Mexican cotton-pickers (there is no cotton in Calico Rock, so the Mexicans police up butts during the regular Old-Gold rush). So I missed the picture. I felt pretty bad about it. On the way out of town, as luck would have it, I saw a hobo standing near the Missouri-Pacific tracks who resembled a major that was in my outfit at the National Scout camporee at Pascagoula in 1898.

"Remember the Maine" was the slogan in those days. It seems that on Halloween of the previous decade some un-public-spirited kindergarten lads who were barely old enough to vote dropped epsom salts down the sewers underneath the Forest Hill Dairy and caused an eruption in the pipelines. The mainline went dry, and the townspeople were up in arms. The last minute results of this necking bee aren't in yet, but the slogan "Remember the Maine" rings grandly through our slum-dwelling every time the pipes freeze over. They say "Maine" instead of "Main" because people spoke Anglo-Saxon in 1898.) Anyway I saw my ex-major pistols I had intended to sell to any Seminole tribe of Okefenokee Swamp who might be interested in an overthrow of the bourgeois class. The pistol was smothered in onions and I like mine medium but there wasn't time so I ate the gun rare. I took out another brace of horsepistols and shot the hobo like a dog (a Dalmatian, I believe). I went over to the body and examined it for gold fillings or loose Italian lire. It was with a twinge of regret that I saw the corpse was not my old major. I've been studying too hard lately. I need glasses. Smoked glasses would do if I could find anybody who'd smoke some for me. They are not a popular brand these days.

I drove the Reo to Forrest City. It balked on a hill and I was tired of sitting on the magnetos, so I traded it off to a farmer in exchange for a drink of Apple Jack and a pair of Confederate GI shoes. In three days I swarmed up the bank at Riverside Park with the famous 1842nd Marine Division. We sprayed the area with DDT and zeroed in with wrist-mortars. I fell on Southside soil that day, horribly mutilated by a flying Chicken-in-the-Rough box. I was removed to the ship's hospital on the poop deck of the Island Queen. In a year I was well enough to see a movie. The feature was "Confessions of a Sorority Girl." I took out my notebook and ball-bearing crayon. I could envision my book on the shelf of every railroad beanery in the country. But the Island Queen gave a lurch. Something was wrong, radically wrong. I heard the man behind the hot-dog counter shouting, "Women and children and John Jacob Astor first!"

I said, "What's wrong with the Island Queen? Did she run afoul of Mud Island?"

The doughty old captain who was putting a clothespin on his nose answered, "What do you mean Island Queen? You've been delirious. You were transferred while you were unconscious. This is the Titanic. We've just hit an iceberg."

As my lungs begin to fill with icy Atlantic seawater, I look back upon my futile life. There just ain't no justice. I'd die happily if the Titanic had just waited long enough for me to see "Confessions of a Sorority Girl."

Extry--Extry

By Nancy Davis

"Ex-try, Ex-try . . . Shake Down on Sorority Row . . . Torture Chamber Exposed. Ex-try, Ex-try, Read all about it!"

No, I don't believe it," I said half aloud.

"But it's true," said a Gismo standing near me. "Come with me; I'll prove it."

After dark we walked along The Row of "Lurnmore College for Gismos." Silently we slipped into the house of Eta Hunka Pi, with the aid of Gismo's pass key. All Gismos can see in the dark, so I got a good look at the house. Where could these torture chambers be? The house was small . . . no room here for devices of crime. To my astonishment, Gismo removed the shield over the fireplace. There was a button. She pushed it and we both fell through a hole in the floor. Down we tumbled into blackness. Gismo shook me back into consciousness and from the feeble gleams of a 50,000 candlepower floodlight which she always carried in case of emergencies, I could make out dim shapes of queer-looking machines.

"Here," Gismo said, "is the rack." Dried blood was caked on the leather hand straps. "I saw a sophomore get twelve turns because she allowed a Paida What Iota to get in front of her in the cafeteria line. Hard Luck!"

"Whose are those?" I asked, staring at a pile of yellow bones. Must be an alum who refused to dry dishes after last year's rush parties."

"See those boxes piled up over there?"

"Yea."

"Well, they're full of dead rushes. Unfortunately they drank too much punch the night of pledging. Due to sherbet and ginger ale they all died of acute suffocation."

"How could ginger ale and sherbet cause that?" I asked.

"There was a skirmish over the last bowl of punch at Open House. A Hearda Zeta Psi choked ten Hafta Pledga Daughta pledges. Claimed she had a HECK OF A THIRST! Later she was awarded the Order of the Purple Garter by her fellowwomen."

"This," said my friend, pointing to a rack of whips, "is reserved for greater crimes. The bull whip is used only on Informers' Informers. An Informer is a spy who keeps a group informed on the latest rush party ideas of rival groups. An informer has an Informer who keeps him informed that the rival informer is informed that he is informed. Theirs is a sad lot. Sometimes they get confused and inform the wrong Informer. Now, this . . . the Cat-O-Nine-Tails . . . with a brass handle . . . is used only by Vice-presidents." (Now I know why there is such an office.) "She," continued Gismo, "lines all members up once a month and gives them fifty lashes each for not getting their pictures in the YEHOO GAZETTE."

Then we came to the Peg-Table. On the blood-stained table were flat wooden pegs and a heavy iron mallet.

"The hands are spread out, here," said Gismo, putting her hands in little grooves, "then the pegs are driven in just between the knuckles."

"But what is this punishment for?" I asked.

"This is for the CRIME OF CRIMES . . . reserved only for people who let three Chapel Days go by without making a sorority announcement. There are several other torture devices around. The weighted nose and ear hooks are used on those members who fail to stand facing the crest at sunset each day."

"Oh," was all I could say. Some-

Record Rakes

By Tosh

As I turned the dial on my radio the other night I happened to catch Jamae's program coming from the High Hat. This is the first time I've heard her "combo" since early in August, and it seems to me that she has the best outfit in these parts. The arrangements are similar to those of the Goodman Sextet, and she has the best men around here on their respective instruments. For some terrific music all you Casanovas had better drag your babes down to the "High Hat." The Claridge says that Bob Strong is coming in Friday and they plan to catch Jack Teagarden and possibly Sonny Dunham sometime this fall. Incidentally, you can discount that rumor that Stan Kenton is gonna play there. In the first place, the Claridge couldn't give him enough money, and in the second place the people couldn't stay in the Balinese Room with Kenton's rhythm section, much less his whole band.

Patootie Pie—Ella Fitzgerald: I've always said that Ella's a terrific vocalist, but I can't give Louis Jordan's accompaniment much. You'll get your money's worth from the record.

Boyd Meets Stravinsky—Boyd Raeburn: Raeburn, the forerunner of the modern "power" style of jazz, comes up with one of the most terrific records I've ever heard. You'll provably have to order to get it, but it's worth the extra effort.

Don't Get Wild, Child—Chubby Jackson Sextet: This is another one you'll have to order, but it, too, is worth the trouble. While Jackson was with the Herman Herd, he won the Esquire award for jazz bass men. On this disc he teams up with five of Herman's band, and what comes out is really terrific. It gets an A1 rating in anybody's book.

Dr. Tuthill Plans Choir Activities

The choir of the 1946 fall semester has an enrollment that equals any pre-war record. The parts of the choir are well-balanced, with plenty of male voices as opposed to last year's group.

Dr. Tuthill hopes that the choir will be able to take one or more tours this season, visiting several small towns. He also plans to visit some of the larger cities on the way, the first of which will probably be New Orleans.

In elections this year Ernest Flaniken was chosen president. Vice president is Peggy Laughter, who has as her assistant Mary Frances McDearman. Second vice president — Stanley Williamson. Barbara Bowden is the new secretary.

A special honor went to Miss Betty Bynum Webb, when Dr. Tuthill named her Assistant Conductor. Miss Webb, after receiving her B. M. last spring, has returned to take her B. A. this spring.

Since the enrollment of Southwestern has increased, it was necessary to alternate the different classes in Chapel. The choir also alternates with Freshmen and Seniors on Monday, Wednesday and Fridays, with Sophomores and Juniors on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays. This arrangement has proved most successful.

how I had to get away from there. I looked around for a means to escape. Quick as a wink I ran up a stairway and pushed on the entrance. I came up out of the chimney of the barbecue pit. Jumping down, I ran across the yard to the Phi Coula House. I must get our treasurer to buy a brass handle for our Cat-O-Nine-Tails whip. See, I'm a Vice-president!

SPORTS

By Barron Siefert

With the beginning of the brisk fall winds and the falling leaves, Ole Man Football is on the gridiron once more. This season will be one of the most topsy-turvy that football has seen in many a day. Many veterans have returned, and football will have one of its best years. It is hard to say whether the sport will be at its peak as it was before December 7, 1941, but it is certain that this year will bring better football and more interesting contests for the spectators.

One of the most significant things pertaining to the return of football to its pre-war standards is the atmosphere of a college town before the big game. The day before the game there seems to be a lull in the air and yet there is something tense, expectant and exciting. It seems that the town is waiting for everything to break loose on Saturday afternoon and no one is sure exactly of the outcome.

Game time arrives, and all the preparations come to life. The bands with their bright uniforms march on the field playing high-spirited songs, and with the entering of the teams each cheering section blasts forth with its favorite cheer and school song. Just before the kick-off thousands of people are still streaming into the stadium, some clad in Joe College style and others in their Sunday sporting best.

Then comes that all-important moment—the kick-off! Thousands of people are watching and waiting to see what will happen to their team. This year many eyes will be looking toward the gridiron, more than this country has ever known. For those people there will be many surprises and many disappointments. This year's football will bring many upsets and overwhelming victories.

Speaking of upsets, the season is not yet three weeks old and many top ranking teams have already fallen from the win column. The biggest upset that shocked many fans was Cincinnati University's 15-6 triumph over Bo McMillan's Indiana Hoosiers, Big Nine Champions of 1945. Oklahoma A & M's vaunted power with Bob Fennimore and company was stymied when they ran up against Barnhill's Arkansas Razorbacks. The magnificent play of Kenny Holland, former Southwestern athlete, and Clyde Scott, transferee from Navy, turned what seemed to be an Aggie run-away into a 21-21 tie. Missouri bounced back from a 42-0 trouncing by Texas U. to halt the mighty Buckeyes of Ohio State, 13-13. Incidentally, Ohio State was looked on as one of the chief contenders in the National Championship.

Texas University has power, speed, and everything it takes to be a championship team. Led by the sensational Bobby Layne, they have walked away with Missouri and Colorado to the tune of 42-0 and 76-0. From all reports from the Southwest they say that Texas is already looking toward the Rose Bowl. In the past the Southwest Champions have always had to meet some other prominent team in the Cotton Bowl. However, if things go well for the Longhorns, they will seek permission to accept a Rose Bowl bid if offered.

One of the most surprising games in its outcome was Notre Dame's crushing victory over Illinois. This was doped as one of the big contests of 1946. Lujack showed his old form on the "T"

and, aided by Sitko and Mello, ran rough-shod over the Illini 26-6. Buddy Young, Illinois speedster rated as one of the finest backs in football today, was held in check by the Notre Dame line.

Looking at the football situation at this point, the Big Nine looks wide open for whoever plucks it. In the Southeastern Conference, Alabama, rated to repeat its performance of last year, is sure to be hard pressed by Georgia, and they can't overlook Neyland's Volunteers and Mississippi State. In the Southwest, Texas is heads above all. On the coast watch USC and UCLA. Not much is known about the Eastern situation, but Penn is loaded with talent and Columbia showed well in their first game.

At random: The team least talked about in the Southeastern conference is Tennessee. They showed their old self against Tech, winning 13-9. Neyland pulled what may be called brilliant strategy when, as the time was running out, they took a touchback to delay the game and to keep Tech from gaining possession of the ball at a critical time. North Carolina State surprised Duke 13-7 and it looks as if the Southern title is between North Carolina State and North Carolina University. Many people said that the "T" was just a war-time experiment, but Leahy has returned to Notre Dame and the "T" still clicks for the Irish, so it seems as if it's here to stay.

Turning away from the Mirror, here's hoping football will give you many thrills during this weekend. See you at the big game!

Grid Men Will Depend On Speed, Alertness

Grid practice for the post-war Lynx is in full swing on Fargarson Field these days, with the first test of Southwestern pigskin know-how less than a month away.

Two tentative dates have been set by Coaches Al Clemens and J. O. Embry: one on the week end of October 25 with Millsaps (here), and the other on November 16 with Erskine (in North Carolina). Two or three others are still in the "letter-writing stage", according to Coach Clemens. A complete schedule is forthcoming.

After two weeks of stiff conditioning, the squad is settling down to work on the fundamentals of good football—blocking, tackling, and teamwork. Full uniforms were issued Monday.

"The Lynx will feature an open, alert game this year," says Coach Clemens, "and we'll expect every man to be on his toes the whole time." Basic formation of the '46 club will be the "T", familiar to Coach from his high school days.

Likely prospects for top-notch men this fall are Lloyd Graves (All-Memphis tackle in '43), Frank (100 in 10-flat) Boswell, and Richard Dickerson (with Central High in '45). Little can be prophesied with certainty until scrimmages begin to shape up a starting outfit.

Looking good at halfback on the "T" last week was Forrest Flanken, who really knows how to snag an aerial. Bill Hightower was doing some neat spinning at quarterback. With the entire squad continuing their all-out efforts, many such "promises" are coming to light. Here's wishing them all the best!

A CHARACTER TO REMEMBER

Jim Wade; he won the Seidman Trophy for sports participation

There is one long, famished looking individual drifting around this ivied campus to whom you new students should certainly be introduced, if only through the cold medium of newsprint. Jim Wade is the name, occasionally, but only occasionally, to be found at his dust-covered desk in the Alumni Office. This man, well-known to all those who graced these sequestered cloisters during the last few years, made quite a name for himself as one of Southwestern's most outstanding all-round athletes in many a year, and still found time to become one of our favorite characters. Here is a brief resume of his truly outstanding athletic career, with some points taken from his none-too-modest memoirs.

This sylph-figured Frank Merriwell was on the varsity basketball squad way back in 1943-44, and, never satisfied with dull mediocrity, was the high scorer for the year. Wielding the golf stick with the same vivacity that was the doom of many an opposing quintet on the basketball court, he was runner-up in the intra-collegiate golf match in the same year.

In the fall of the following year, there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among the girls and the members of the sports department when "Slim Jim" announced that he would not attend Southwestern that year, but our loss was Eastern Kentucky's gain. This amazing young man, in one year's time, established himself on the varsity team in basketball, baseball, golf, and tennis, and, just as a sideline to these achievements, he attended the National Invitational Basketball Tourney, which is reported to be no mean honor.

Jim returned to our campus in the Fall of '45, and again varsitized in basketball, and also directed his talents into one of the few remaining fields which had not as yet felt his gifted touch—the track team, reborn last year under the skillful tutelage of Osman and Clement. Here he carved out the following rather astounding history for himself. He was State Champ in the half-mile, and was undefeated in the mile and the quarter-mile; he was a member of the mile-relay team that broke the school record and won the state championship, and, as he modestly admitted, he "did a little high-jumping, too."

To his fellow students, Wade was the personification of school spirit; during his colorful reign as king of the sports page, a weekly exhortation for greater support from the student body for the inter- and intra-collegiate games was almost to be depended upon.

Upon his graduation, he was awarded the Seidman Trophy, as the outstanding athlete of his class, a presentation that was heartily approved by all. He was "our boy," was this Wade; we'll be needing more of his kind.

Madness On The Gridiron

You've all doubtlessly heard of the amazing prowess of the fairer sex in such sports as tennis, golf, basketball, and softball — and let's never forget those wonderful tidbits of femininity, the lady wrestlers — but has anyone ever considered the possibilities of the ladies on the gridiron? Now your reporter has been observing football games for some time and, understandably enough, he has been observing woman for an even longer time, but for some odd reason the thought of combining the two has just never occurred to him, other than to have a girl warm herself under his genuine bearskin coat in his reserved box on the fifty-yard line, or to give his slightly suggestive eyeballs exercise ogling at the more abandoned female cheerleaders. However as many veterans of front-seat combat will admit, most girls can play pretty rough, so why should not they take the spotlight on the oval platter, and release a man for active beer-drinking? This casual thought has many possibilities, as you will see by letting your eyes dip lazily down into the next paragraph.

All focused? Good. Now let's strain every fibre of our over-worked imaginations and try to picture just how this bizarre scheme would work out. As of a milli-flobstob ago, we are in the huddle with the glorious Eleven of Miss Saltentpfeffer's School for Muscle-bound Young Ladies. The Q. B. (quarterback to the uninitiated) is speaking.

"Oh girls, will you please make the huddle just a little bit closer, please? I've been dying to fix my thing-o-ma-doogy pads for ten minutes."

C. (aside to L. E.): "Why Myrtle, are you wearing that same old jersey you wore last year? Of course, I thought it had just oodles of style then, but after all, darling, that was last year."

(L. E. casually spits in C's good left eye and surreptitiously ties her shoe strings together).

Q. B. "Quiet, please. I'm ready to call the next play. Now Valdosa, you center the ball back to the H. B., and she will give it to the R. E. who will be behind her; then you, Penelope, will run down the left side of the field for a touchdown, unless one of these uncouth girls from Slobbovia Seminary are so mean that they stop you. Is that clear, girls?"

Penelope (who is the R. E., in case you haven't been listening): "Oh, Q. B. I just couldn't run down that side of the field! If I did, that would show the left side of my face to the stands, and you know my right profile is SO much prettier in this horrid helmet! You're just trying to (sob) humiliate me!" (runs from field, crying her mustard-colored little eyes out.)

This carrying-on must cease, for this way madness lies. I guess we will just have to keep the girls under our genuine bearskin coats in our reserved box on the fifty-yard line.

LAST LYNX II IS RECALLED

Finale to football after season of '41 is well-remembered

Five long, war-scarred years have passed grudgingly away since the high-pitched scream of the Southwestern Lynx has echoed about the football bastions of the South . . . Five years is a big deficit to try to overcome, but the time to do it is now. There has to be a starting point, and the fellows who love this game of football have decided that this is the year to begin . . . No, it won't be the same football we knew before the war . . . there will be no crimson clad band playing stirring battle hymns . . . no throngs of thousands of spectators . . . probably no looming stadium for the games . . . probably no all-Americans will show their wares . . . no, it won't be the same.

But maybe it will be just a little better in some ways. There will be no men on the field who are playing for the money involved. Every athlete will be an athlete in the true sense of the word . . . not simply a commodity on the athletic block, ready to sell to the highest bidder. Somehow we think we will enjoy the games more this season . . . The fellows are playing for the love of the game and for the glory of the college . . . and that's all there is in it for them.

The last team the college had was in the Fall of 1941, and we remember it well . . . Memphis State, Ole Miss, Sewanee, Mississippi State, the University of Kentucky, all were on the schedule . . . The school had a fine team that year, but they were lucky to win half their games . . . They simply were playing out of their league most of the time . . . Who was on that team? . . . Surely you remember . . . There was little Kenny Holland, who starred for the Marine Corps on Iwo Jima during the war when he tore through the Jap line into the secondary to score a touchdown on a murderous pill box . . . Kenny could move with that football . . . Billy Speros played a lot of ball that year . . . He is in school here now, but is unable to play because of his coaching post at Whitehaven . . . Big Jim Wyatt, a really fine end, and his running mate, Fleet Edwards . . . Bob Beazley, who alternated between his duties as a stellar halfback and being the biggest operator on the campus . . . Jim McLure, a rugged fellow who could do terrible things to an opposing line, but who was as mannerly and genial as they come . . . Lumbering Emmett Kelly, a power at tackle . . . Jim Ising, whose "Cush, by Gawd" was a campus byword . . . there was Long John Malone, a squat fellow, who took time to be everybody's friend . . . We miss Long John . . . and Billy Dowdle, another powerful fellow . . . there was tousled Alfalfa Earhart, who was a skillful general and who could do dreadful things to a charging end . . . It was a good ball club that they turned out in 1941, but it was not good enough to handle the teams it tried to play . . . and the expense was overwhelming. That is one reason we are playing strictly amateur ball this season . . . It is a rather brave thing the fellows are trying to do . . . You won't let them down, will you?

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THE ZOO VIEW

Editors Note:

This is the inauguration of a new feature. The idea was born last Tuesday morning after the twelve o'clock Bible class. I was being smothered in an attempt to make a brilliant end run to the dining hall, and a guy whom I know only by the surname of Roper handed me a poem he had written or a poem somebody had written. He didn't say anything as to the authorship. He just handed it to me in the middle of the onrushing student personnel, and I was left to puzzle over it. I decided to print the poem as a start for a new student-contribution column. Maybe Roper's poem will bring out the Joe Miller in the student body. This is your chance to contribute anything of your own. The only stipulation is that it be written in English. It doesn't have to make sense; most of life makes little sense anyway. There are no rules. To preserve the dignity of our college, it is my duty, of course to pencil out anything off-color. All else is up to you. Write! Some of the boys who used to contribute to a scrap-column in the Chicago-Tribune are famous writers now. You can't ever tell. This is it. This is your column.

THE HIGHER LEARNING (Or: I Did It, And I'm Glad)

At Southwestern the teaching of things academic
Ends not at the classroom door,
For cloister and campus are tireless tutors
(And may teach just a bit more.)
The courses are many, the hours perhaps long,
But the students have never complained.
That this worthy endeavor shall have its due praise,
A few facts are hereby explained.
The chemistry course is a definite "must",
Of infinite useful attraction;
One learns how much acid a retort must hold
To produce the proper reaction,
How too many carbohydrates can tend
One's grouping to rearrange,
The things that one needs to keep an iron
Magnetic attractions change!

In Spanish one learns to remark, muy bien,
And con passion "Te quiero."
One also learns to confine the remark
To an "A" grade, a coke, or dinero.
One learns, mi amigo, muchachas are apt,
When wooed by a jerkish dater,
To lift their noses and put their mananas
In the refrigerator.

"The latin student I married," one hears,
"You'd never know is the guy Huius tu vincit ala vimen
Till I closed his other eye!"
Sorority pledges drop "Arma virumque"
(Dear subject!) for fear has swept 'em;
During the voting they mutter, with Caesar,
"Villa classi lassis ac septem?"

Stern geometry lays down the law,
But the outlook can be made rosier;
Two solids cannot occupy the same space,
But parallelism is cosier.
Unparelled lines call for special attention;
Give the arc the chord it deserves,
For co-eds must stretch every sinew, it seems,
To plot diabolical curves.

In summer especially the zeal of the class
To Lit. with intensity turns,

El Cine

By Dick Mussett

As a member of that vaunted profession commonly called "movie critic," I shall attempt to channel your minds toward a better selection of films for your pleasure.

The price of a newspaper is well within your realm, especially if you wish to be hep on the latest production in town. It is suggested that you acquire the latest edition of the paper, because the movies have the strange ability of crossing town during the day. If you have to walk; as I do, being one of the lesser known critics and therefore only slightly paid for my job, the hottest paper you can lay your hands on is the best. Now, thumb thru to the comics to see how Lena, your ole flame, is getting along, and then flip over the page to the movie news. If you have the nasty habit of reading the news from the front page to the rear, you will find that the Cinema page comes first and you will probably miss Dagwood altogether. Looking down the page, you will see that the City Commission is taking bids for a new sewer construction job, and that music classes are being given for music teachers on Saturday morning. Mayors Aspirin is guaranteed to stop the pain, and the price of coal has dropped to \$37.37 per ton. All this odd information is used to fill in the space around the cinema columns. If you are in a hurry, though, the section you want has a marquee over it.

The large ads are for the theaters on Main Street except the one marked "New Daisy", which, by the way is one of the newest and better constructed theaters in town. The air conditioning unit

For blisters are proof that some have received
Swift, Browning, thru Tennyson, Burns.
One hears "Beowulf!"—it may be a name,
Or it may be advice from the smart,
For many strange characters romp thru the tale
Of the Cloister and the Heart.
JAMES E. ROPER

there is hooked up to a joint across the street that sells 10 cent hamburgers. The small ads are for neighborhood theaters. I have selected "Smoky" as the movie to be criticised. It is currently featured at the Bijou on South Third Street. My brother-in-law is the manager, and my sister told me that they will move to another house if this publicity brings in the patrons. The Bijou is the cleanest theater in town. Every fifteen minutes, the floor opens up allowing all the peanut shells to drop thru to the garbage scows in Gayoso Ave. My brother-in-law says this is a very safe method. Just before the floor sags, a bell rings, and the film is replaced with a sign warning the patrons to pull up their feet during the flood season.

"Smoky" is the Horatio Alger story of a horse. The scene of action is somewhere in the mountains, which should thrill every red blooded Tennessean. While Smoky is learning the ways of horses, Fred McMurray, a destitute horse puncher, is trying to be the strong silent type that has a way with girls. Finally "Smoky" and several other horses are rounded up and corralled and branded and are given a free meal at "the Stable", which is located at the corner of Bellevue and Union and which is run by another of my brothers-in-law. Smokey is trained to be a good cow pony though it looks to me like he would make a pretty good steak in these days and times. However, Smoky is purloined by Fred's brother, (though I think he is really Fred's brother-in-law), and is sold on the open market for glue. Fred leaves the ranch house and Ann Baxter to search for Smoky among the far reaches of the Appalachians because he heard from Burl Ives that they were known as Smoky Mountains. Meanwhile, Smoky is an unbusted bronco in a Rodeo and finally winds up pulling a junk wagon. So one day, Fred is watching a parade and there is Smoky, pulling the junk wagon down the street. Fred asks Smoky if he would rather come back home or stay in the business world. In the end Smoky is released to pasture in the stars, and Fred flashes a big smile for

BOOK REVIEW

By Barbara Burnette

My Theodosia, Anya Seton

The most famous American ghost is Aaron Burr, who 'tis said by native South Carolinians, still searches the midnight darkness for his lost daughter. This father was devoted to his motherless Theodosia, but Theodosia's devotion to her father reached the magnitude of worship. In one of her letters she wrote. "I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man."

It is of Theodosia Burr Alston that Anya Seton has written My Theodosia. This is a fictional interpretation of Theodosia's life, historically accurate in detail.

Vividly described is the marriage of Theodosia to Joseph Alston, a Carolinian planter, a marriage to give political advantage and prestige to her father. One reads of Theodosia's love for the dashing young Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clarke expedition. There is the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, and the plan for a fabulous Mexican Empire which resulted in the famed Aaron Burr trial.

the fadeout. This is a B-plus picture though Mrs. Benish might give it less on the scenario. Them cowpokes ain't so grammatical. And, by the way, if you see my brother-in-law, tell him that I borrowed his blue serge suit for tonight.

KNIGHTS . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

the shamrock kid says that Sir G. s such a fine upstanding young man that he won't ruin his make-up by chopping his head off. Now Gawain is getting just a little disgusted at this stage of the game. It wasn't enough to wander all over England looking for Muscles, who he knew would have baked Gawain for his livestock's dinner an have women make love to him; this guy wants to kiss and make up, but just to please Gawain the knight slices brother G's neck open so he can run all over Arthur's court showing off his scar, 'cause they didn't give any Purple Hearts then.

Like I say, I'm fast losing all faith in my ancestors. Can't say that I blame the author of that story for one thing, however. If I had written such a farce, I wouldn't put my John Henry on it either.

DR. NICK SAYS:

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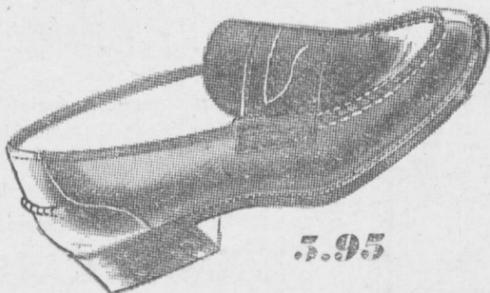
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