

THE SOU'WESTER

28th Year

[NO. 4]

Southwestern At Memphis

October 15, 1946

Bridge and Chess Meet Planned

Local Winners May Go To National Collegiate Tourney At Chicago

With the advent of fall at Southwestern, there will be held a chess and duplicate bridge tourney for the bookstore crowd and anyone else who wishes to enter. With the influx of a large number of chess players as well as bridge enthusiasts, now is the time for a contest to be held, and everyone interested is urged to enter.

In the chess division, everyone who plays chess may enter. Each contestant must arrange the match with his opponent. Boards and men will be provided if needed, and because of the extreme concentration associated with the game, as few games as possible will be played in the bookstore. Matches shall consist of 2 out of 3 games and the rules shall be the universally accepted rules of chess. In keeping with modern chess the "en passant" will not be used.

Matches will start as soon as registration is complete, and the Sou'wester will carry an analysis of the best game of each week. The finals will be provided with seats for the spectators and a trophy will be awarded to the winner.

In the bridge tournament duplicate team of four matches will be held. All organizations are urged to put up as many teams as possible, and non-organization teams are heartily welcomed. Four players comprise a team. Single entries will be accepted and will be formed into teams if possible.

For the benefit of all non-tournament players, a brief description of duplicate play follows.

According to Hoyle, "Duplicate Bridge is a method designed to eliminate the luck of the deal by comparing the scores of pairs which hold identical cards; the assumption being that the pair which can make a higher score on the same cards has played better." A duplicate board provides a holder in front of each player to hold 13 cards. The cards are dealt and placed in the holders, with an arrow pointing to the "north" player. In a match between two teams the East-West pair of one team plays the North-South pair of the other team. Sixteen boards are dealt and split between the tables, each table playing 8 boards, after which the boards are exchanged and played again. The team winning the most points on the 16 boards is the winner of the match. North bids first in all cases.

Scoring will be just as in rubber bridge except that no rubber premium is given. Instead, 500 points is given for a game made in one hand.

The winning team may have an opportunity to play in the National Inter-Collegiate bridge tourney to be held in Chicago on April 18.

All persons interested in entering either the chess or bridge tournament see Bill Clary, or sign the registration lists, which will be placed on the bulletin board in the Social room and bookstore. The rules will be explained in full to the contestants, and the regulations of the American Whist association will prevail in the bridge tourney.

Bill Schmidt Wins KS Plane Ride



New Discussion Group Organizes

Plans are under way to instigate a new discussion group on the campus for the purpose of advancing constructive thinking on topics of current interest. Under the leadership of Larry Knopp, a former student of Southwestern, who has returned from a tour of duty with the Armed Forces, the project has been discussed among the faculty and students and tentative plans have been formulated.

The group will meet this Wednesday night in the Bell Room to make plans for the coming year and to select a name. A wide variety of planned topics will be discussed under the direction of a guest member from the faculty who is particularly interested in the subject to be talked about that week.

If any student is interested in joining this group, contact Larry Knopp, who can be found in the Book Store any night, or Eloise Metzger during the day.

MFS Now Offers U-Fly-It Service

A U-Fly-It service, whereby a person may rent a plane—just as you would an automobile—for out-of-town business and pleasure trips, is now in operation at Memphis Flying Service, according to Mrs. La Velle Walsh, vice president and general manager.

Under this rent-a-plane system, a person would be required to show his or her pilot's license, take a "check ride" at no cost and put up a deposit on the plane. For those who don't fly, pilots will be available on a daily basis to take them where they want to go.

Charges for the U-Fly-It service will be based on actual flying time, with a guaranteed minimum number of flying hours for each day. Foolproof instruments that will accurately log the hours a plane is in the air and even record whether the pilot is a "straight and level" flier or one who goes in for acrobatics—are installed in the planes for rent, Mrs. Walsh said.

This latest wrinkle in private flying demonstrates the degree to which the airplane is competing with the automobile as a means of everyday transportation.

Memphis Flying Service now has 62 planes, ranging from 65 horsepower Cubs to twin-engine Cessnas and a 450 h.p. Beechcraft, on its airport. Of these 39 are company-owned and 23 are owned by individuals. Some of the U-Fly-It planes are equipped for night flying. Memphis Flying Service's airport is equipped with

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Stylus Will Publish Dec. 1

Plans For Journal Are Announced By Richard Wood, Pres.

Richard Wood, new president of Stylus, campus literary organization, announces that a Stylus Journal will be published around the first of December.

A meeting was held Thursday night at the home of Irma Waddell, at which time plans for the coming year were made. Professors Wolfe and John R. Benish will be the faculty advisors for the coming term.

Meetings will be held each week at the home of one of the members, at which literary discussions will be held.

Stylus will hold chapel on two mornings in the near future to acquaint the student body with the purpose of the organization and to invite contributions to the Journal. At some time this semester a tapping ceremony will be held to invite new members into the organization.

A meeting of all members will be held at the home of Jean de Graffenreid in Whitehaven next Thursday night at 8:00.

K.A.'s Hold Open House Thursday Eve

The Kappa Alphas will hold Open House Thursday afternoon from 3:30 to 6:00 in the Fraternity Lodge. Following a "Back the Team" motif, the event will be in honor of Southwestern's football team. The house will be decorated with Southwestern colors, red and black, and students will pass through goalposts upon entering.

K. A. pledges will give a one act skit, demonstrating the style of some of S'western's potential stars of the 1946 season. Refreshments will be what football players like to eat; healthy wholesome punch, moca cake, and so on. This will be the official prelude to the school's opening game on October 25 with Millsaps College here.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Dean Johnson has called a mass meeting of the student body in Fargason Field House Wednesday morning at 8:30. All members of the student body are required to attend.

LYNX BAND REORGANIZING FOR NEW FOOTBALL SEASON

Kenyon Host To Conferees

Dr. Osman Represents Southwestern Faculty At Anglo-American Meet

With the need of a most vital consideration of world peace involving the understanding of ideas and institutions springing from the peoples of continental Europe and Asia, a conference, "The Heritage of English-speaking Peoples and Their Responsibility" was held October 4, 5, and 6 at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. Its purpose was to examine the heritage of the English-speaking peoples and to consider their responsibility in the light of this heritage. There were over five hundred representatives from colleges and universities of the British Empire and the United States. Prof. John Osman, assistant to Dr. Diehl, attended, representing Southwestern.

Prof. Osman said that the most interesting part of the conference was a two-hour debate on the problems of government and how far the United States should go in the socialization of certain industries, between Harold J. Laski, Professor of Political Science at the University of London and intellectual leader in the British labor government, and the Honorable Robert A. Taft, United States Senator from Ohio. It was during this debate that Taft made the statement that the Nazi trials should never have been held. Another interesting address, given by Ananda Coomaraswamy from India, was a most effective criticism of Western Civilization and its failures. It was this address that jerked the whole conference to the realization of the shortcomings of the Anglo-American heritage.

The most talked about book at the conference was F. S. C. Northrop's "The Meeting of East and West." It is leading the best-sellers of non-fiction in three cities, one of which is Memphis.

"The fact," said Prof. Osman, "that Kenyon College could afford to actually have such diverse points of view presented on the floor and have hundreds of people, who had the opportunity to be heard, give such severe criticisms of democracy, proves that democracy is safe as long as we are willing to accept such criticism."

First Meeting Will Be Held Today In Campus Band House

The color of martial music—memories of long-forgotten football parades and Homecoming celebrations—return to the campus this week with Professor Tuthill's announcement that the Southwestern Lynx Cats Band will be reorganized.

First gathering will be held in the Band House this afternoon at 3:45. All players of wind and percussion instruments are urged to attend.

The band this year will be under the direction of Mr. Allen Cash, who is instructor in brass instruments in the Southwestern College of Music, and Director of instrumental music at South Side High School. Mr. Cash is a graduate of Murray State College, Kentucky, and played French Horn for the Memphis Symphony Orchestra.

Southwestern's band was disorganized during the war, although there was an Air Corps Cadet band during the cadet's stay on the campus. It is planned that a marching and a concert unit will be formed this fall, with rehearsals to be held twice weekly.

Professor Tuthill has ordered the band uniforms, which consist of red coats, black trousers, and red caps, out of storage. He hopes to form an organization of approximately forty-five members.

"I am delighted that the band is being reorganized," President Diehl told the Sou'wester yesterday. "The band, under Professor Tuthill's able leadership, was a first-rate organization."

The announcement brings Southwestern almost full circle to pre-war days. Those who remember the hey-day of the Southwestern Lynx Cats on the football fields of the South, those who recall Gaylon Smith and Icky Orenstein and Kenny Holland and games with Sewanee and Mississippi State, know that the band was an integral part of life at Southwestern. Something of the color that was college before the war is now restored. Band practice was once as familiar a term on the campus as choir practice. Professor Tuthill's enthusiasm and the pride of band members in their unit made band spirit as real a thing as team spirit

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NUTSHELL DIGEST

TUESDAY, October 15: Meeting of Women's Dormitory Governing Board in Voorhies Hall. 6:30 P.M.

Meeting of candidates for Lynx Band in Music House. 3:45 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, October 16: Meeting of new Discussion Group in Bell Room. 7:30 P.M.

Voorhies House Meeting. 6:45 P.M.

THURSDAY, October 17: Kappa Alpha Open House in Chapter Lodge, 3:30 to 6:00 P.M.

Ministerial Club meeting in Bell Room. 6:00 P.M.

Stylus meeting at home of Jeanne deGraffenreid. 8:00 P.M.

SATURDAY, October 19: Sigma Epsilon's Fall Formal in the Continental Ball Room, Peabody Hotel. 8:00-12:00 P.M.

MONDAY, October 21: Student Council meeting in the Bell Room. 1:00 P.M.

NOTICE: All organizations wishing to have announcements printed in this calendar please turn in all pertinent information to Miss Helen Gordon or Tex Kressenberg by Monday morning of each week.

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STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Billy Hightower, Ben Gilliland.

Let's Go, Southwestern

For something like ten days the student council has been electing cheer leaders. This seems to us to be an excessively long time to work on such a relatively simple job. Seven chapel periods were taken up with auditions from which ten people were chosen. Mismanagement was evident somewhere.

We realize that things are rather in a dither these days, and it is very difficult to get any organization started. The situation is not going to improve however, unless we start doing something about it now.

Football is here. The Lynx take the field against Millsaps here on October 25, less than two weeks from today, and as yet there has been no news from SABA, other than the selection of officers. The cheer leaders were just elected today, which leaves them ten days to work out a routine, learn the yells, and teach them to SABA and the student body. We have been asked not to let the football team down, and yet we are surely not doing justice to their efforts.

Postponement seems to be the byword these days at Southwestern, and with such a policy we can expect but meagre returns. We cried for football until they gave it to us, and now we don't seem to be doing a lot about it. If you don't think October 25 will be here very soon, just sit back and watch it just up in your face.

A Call For Help

This is both an appeal and an apology to the student body. We are trying to give you a paper of which you can be proud, and so far we don't think we have done as well as we should have. Perhaps you've noticed that there doesn't seem to be very much news in the Sou'wester, and you are very right. Unfortunately, news cannot be invented...but it can be dug up.

We still need a lot of help from the student body. Newspaper work is something you have to be interested in if you are to be associated with it at all. Staff members are not just names on a masthead; they are an integral part of the publication, and without an interested, hard-working staff, no newspaper can function well. The editors have a deadline to meet if the paper is to come out on time, and that deadline must be passed on to the staff.

My appeal to you is this: if you would be willing to forego a bridge game, football game, radio broadcast, or bull session, in order to make the Sou'wester a better newspaper, come out and pitch right in. Maybe you'll get a kick out of helping us, and certainly we will appreciate what help you can give us.

We would appreciate it very much if the head of every organization on the campus would make it his personal responsibility to see that the Sou'wester is informed of any news which that organization wishes to make public. If you will just put a note in our box in the Registrar's office, we will assign someone to get the facts and write the story. If you don't have time to write a note, let us know in some

"Mlle" Offers An Opportunity

Would you like to be a Mademoiselle College Board Member? A Mademoiselle Guest Editor? A participant in Mademoiselle's first forum on Jobs and Futures?

If you would, you'll compete for a 1947 College Board membership. And if you're an outstanding College Board member, you'll be selected to be a Guest Editor. That's harder...only the twenty best will make the grade. And if you're a Guest Editor in 1947, you'll attend Mademoiselle's first career forum, sponsored by the Jobs and Futures department and designed to help college girls clarify their aims and ambitions and find their right vocational niche.

You'll have a chance to evaluate yourself, vocationally speaking, with the help of aptitude and interest tests prepared by experts, a personal appraisal by Mademoiselle editors, interviews with people who're successful in the way you'd like to be successful.

You'll discuss with careering alumnae some of the problems of getting off to the right start after college.

You'll talk about jobs to important people—the kind of men and women you'd like to work for and with some day.

Here's How: To become a College Board Member, and compete for a place as Guest Editor, you must:

1. Be an undergraduate attending an accredited college or junior college.
2. Be available to work during the month of June, 1947, in our New York offices, helping to put out the August College Issue. (You earn while you learn, and Mademoiselle also pays railroad fares to and from New York.)
3. Submit a trial report, consisting of approximately two type-written, double-spaced pages on any new phase of campus life, whether it be academic course, fashion, fad, activity, organization or trend.
4. Send a snapshot of yourself, with complete data regarding: your college and home addresses, class year, college major and minor, other interests and extracur-

Sammy Kaye Is Sponsor of New Poetry Contest

A national amateur poetry contest, with over \$1,250 in cash prizes is being sponsored by Sammy Kaye, orchestra leader. The first prize will be \$500; second prize \$200; third prize \$100. There will also be twenty prizes of \$25 each.

The contest starts October 1st and will close February 27, 1947, a date selected because it is the anniversary of the birth of one of America's greatest poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The winning poems will be read by Sammy Kaye on his "Sunday Serenade" program, which is heard over the coast to coast network of ABC every Sunday at 1:30 p.m., E.S.T., and will be published in the 1947 edition of the Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry". The first prize poem will appear in Pageant Magazine.

The judges will be Kate Smith, one of the country's foremost women of today; Ted Malone, outstanding collector of American Poetry and featured on the Westinghouse Program; and Vernon Pope, Editor of Pageant Magazine. In announcing the contest, Sammy Kaye stated:

"Writing poetry is one of the fine arts and should be encouraged as much as possible. We are particularly interested in receiving entries from college and high school students, as some of the finest poetry emanates from those sources. We are hoping that this contest will uncover poets who will thus be inspired to continue writing and achieve fame in this field."

The contest is open to everyone and entry blanks may be secured from Tex Kressenberg.

ricular activities, and any paid or volunteer jobs held.

5. Send your trial report, snapshot and personal data to: The College Board Editor, Mademoiselle, 122 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

6. No applications will be considered after November 1, 1946.

Southwestern Autumn

O, Hail, Southwestern, hail!

Cool now is the road-dust in the hollow,
Frisky-fresh is the breeze on the brown-grass,
Clean are these acres flecked with monumental stones.
The winds of October as ever pussyfoot
Among the furled flags of all the heavenly nations,
And lonely leaf-fall litanies sigh up
To surf-shaped cloudspray;
Brittle-veined leafmen in bright jerseys
Break in whorls of razzle-dazzle scrimmage.

Hail, Southwestern, Hail!

By day and night;
By springtime, summertime,
Falltime, wintertime
We look to thee for life.
Now does the fairy-tale charm
Of Gothic, stone-on-stone
Give us proof of hearth-warmth
And belief that life will go on living
Though the old earth faints and dies.
Autumn is going, going—the harvest moon
takes a look at herself in upperstory windows
And gets a pocketful of change.
This is the fabulous redgold October;
The Artist's finished product.
Let's drink this air, love this earth,
Pay homage to this place:
O, Hail, Southwestern, hail!

other way. Because we would like to have full coverage on all the football and basketball games this year, we have decided to publish a paper every Tuesday. We must have a certain percentage of our copy at the printers by Friday noon each week, and if it is at all possible to do so, we would like to have the information from you several days before that time, so that the story may be written, proof-read, and sent to the printers as early as possible.

If you would like to help, come out and see us, or waylay us in the halls somewhere and let us know what you would like to do.

STUDENTS SAY

Freshmen burned their bonnets their bonnets and signs last Saturday night. This memorable occasion brought rejoicing to some, but to others it brought a feeling of sadness. Yes, strange to say, even some freshmen wished that their period of slavehood had been extended a few more weeks! Everyone agreed that this year's freshmen "got away with murder."

SHOULD THE FRESHMAN REGULATION PERIOD BE LONGER OR SHORTER IN LENGTH,—OR NOT AT ALL?

Trent Wood: "I think the freshman regulations cover a long enough period. However, the regulations should be much stronger and more fully enforced."

Marjorie Allen: "I think the freshman regulations are long enough. Since they seem to enforce it for only one week, I think that one week is all that is needed."

David Ruffin: "We were regulated up until Christmas back in 1940. In 1942 I took my revenge on the new crop. Now I don't care. Should all hazing be left in the hands of sophomores, eventually freshmen would be destroyed and after a few years there would be no colleges."

Mrs. Julian Sides: They should be no longer but more effective while they last. After the freshmen learn the Southwestern songs, they like to be called on to sing them.

Catherine Harrison: "It's hard on the freshmen but it's a good way for the upperclassmen to learn the freshmen and the freshmen, each other. Shouldn't last over three weeks. Maybe upperclassmen should wear signs for the benefit of the freshmen."

Donald Wood: "I think it should have been made longer. I enjoyed it."

Charles Raney: "As a sophomore, I am in favor of making it longer, and somewhat bloodier."

Ann Brown: "They should definitely have them, because they're part of college life, but they should be more enforced to get the most out of the regulations."

Betty Boisblanc: "I've had enough!"

Elizabeth Farleigh: "Not necessarily any longer, but more of it during those weeks. The freshmen learn their songs, but the upperclassmen don't bother to ask them to sing. Consequently, the freshmen don't think much of the regulations. I believe it is up to the upperclassmen to make them appreciate them."

Biddy Buder: "I got away with anything. Went without a sign for two weeks and never was caught!"

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: One Chi Omega Sorority Pin. Finder please notify Wilmary Hitch, Voorhies Hall—phone 7-1604.

LOST: One first year Physics book, with brown Manila envelope containing lab reports, slide rule, etc. Finder please notify Tex Kressenberg, who may be found in the Sou-wester office occasionally.

Ed. Note: This is a new service to the student body. A nominal fee of 25 cents per notice will be charged to cover costs. Anyone wishing to enter a notice see Tex Kressenberg or Bill Ingram.

Lynx Chat

Now that the rush weeks are over, and the Ole Miss-Vandy game is history, Kitty has had time to hire some informers and to pry around the nooks and crannies of the book store in order to give all you Joes and Jills the real dope.

Emmett Hall was grilled last week and admitted that he was footloose and fancy free for the first time in four years. No strings attached. It seems to us that the strain will be too much for the poor boy. He didn't say so, but we'll bet that his heart is still down Texas way.

Has Annie Pridgen forgotten Juney Bailey in just three weeks?

Bernice Wiggins—How did her name get in here? We thought that we got rid of her last year . . .

J. C. Scianni is really "brought down" because he was called the "campus Eddie Duchin." (You'll have to ask Scianni what "brought down" means, people, we laymen don't know.)

McAfee wrote us a letter saying that he wanted us to put his name in the paper, so here it is . . . McAFEE!!!!

Tom Houser still wants to know who wrote Lynx Chat last week.

Last week was one of the greatest in the history of Monkey Island, (as Southwestern is so fondly named by the inmates of Memphis State) for the school was honored by the presence of Everhere Bones (once in a while called Everarde Jones). For the benefit of all you unenlightened frosh, Everarde has become a tradition at dear ole S. & W. by the Z. We firmly believe that he gave Bilbo lessons in politics. Also seen on the campus, revisiting, was Ed Watkins, now attending Kenyon, in Ohio. Edwin is somewhat a budding genius. We have seen some of his work and were quite impressed.

What is this school coming to? Puss saw a poker game, no less, gong on in the book store last week. No chips or money in the game, but a good time was had by all, we'll bet. Next think we know will happen—"Have a puff of marihuana, kid."

Johnny, "The Seagull" Murdock squiring transfer Mary Nell Campbell all over creation the day of the Kappa Sig open house. Were you at the open house when the li'l girl who won the airplane ride said "EEEEK"?

And those Sigma Nu's . . . they just can't seem to keep their frat pins to themselves . . . but Maude Young, Anna Louise Rother and Gin Peoples don't seem to mind.

This week Kitty's selection for girl about the campus is Ann Brown . . . and boy of the campus is Dick Arnold (who, by the way, is trying to step into the life of little Phelps—weeeell, Ingram)

"Well, have you Peggy Laugh-ter?"

What's the matter, Siefder? Can't you decide between Mildred W. and Jeanne A.?

Kitty hates to see people take the fatalistic attitude towards life—or was Goswick really "ending it all" for the benefit of the Student Council Dance alone??

You'd better watch out, Peg or Marilyn's gonna get that man!!

Dean Bailey, do you hang around the alum office to see Jim Wade . . . or Carolyn Reynolds???

"Seems Like Old Times"—walking into the Bookstore and hearing Everarde's familiar call—fililOOOO . . . and Maynard and Flutt at the S. C. Dance together.

These match-makers drive Kitty crazy . . . Brakefield, don't you think your son is too young to

start calling on Mary Beth Fudge? That's right, isn't it Papa Sam?

Kitty knows the Gamma Delta's miss Cary Neil Clark—cause Kitty does too.

Well, the bells are clanging and that of course means Kitty has other things to do—namely run to the bookstore so she can keep up with all you active people.

POME

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer) I think that I shall never see At S. & W. by the Z.

A day when in the social room No clouds of smoke before me loom.

A day when no girl tries to flirt, And no boy leers at every skirt. When boys don't think of all the beer They could have if they weren't here.

When Wiggins, Crutchfield, and McPolio Don't pop out of a teacher's folio.

And Willie Lowsteeples line of hooley Never works on Hilmer Sooley.

When Everarde stops returning, And coeds come here just for learning.

When Stobaugh isn't wrapped up in those books, And Trent Wood never bothers 'bout his looks.

When the bookstore is never crowded, And deepest secrets aren't shout-ed.

When all the windows are in Voor-hies Hall And Physics students get on the ball.

When Harry Hawken stops poli-ticing And you can have a gal just for the picking,

When these things happen out there It'll be a cold day in You Know Where . . .

Greek Groups List New Pledge Officers

Now that the former rushees, who were so royally treated, have assumed the position of lowly pledges, the customary election of officers has taken place. These officers who are to lead the pledges in their menial tasks are as follows:

- Alpha Tau Omega
Pres.—Judge Edington
V. Pres.—Bill Hopkins
Sec.—Bill Cobb
Treas.—Lloyd Smith
- Kappa Alpha
Pres.—Millen Darnell
V. Pres.—Dick Arnold
Sec.—Gene Page
Treas.—Willard Armstrong
- Kappa Sigma
Pres.—Julius Johnson
V. Pres.—Dave Statler
Sec. and Treas.—Henry Beatty
- Pi Kappa Alpha
Pres.—Carlan Stuart
Sec.—Albert Nelius
- Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Pres.—Frank Boswell
V. Pres.—Dan Boone
Sec. and Treas.—Raymond Norton.
- Sigma Nu
Pres.—Dick Mussett
V. Pres.—Ray Martin
Sec. and Treas.—Burton Sinclair
- Alpha Omicron Pi
Pres.—Peggy Marshall
V. Pres.—Catherine Arnold
Sec.—Joanne Gwyn
Treas.—Peggy Haire
Pledge House-manager—Patty Schappley
- Delta Delta Delta
Pres.—Jane Woodson
V. Pres.—Mitzi Wheles
Sec.—Betty Mae Withers
Treas.—Mary Virginia Burchett
- Gamma Delta
Pres.—Elizabeth Ann Peets
Sec.—Rebecca Truax
- Chi Omega
Pres.—Anne Barrier
V. Pres.—Berta Radford
Sec.—Tito Reid
Treas.—Jean Taylor
- Kappa Delta
Pres.—Ruth Edna Griffis
V. Pres.—Ann Brown
Sec.—Jeanne Gillespie
Treas.—Jane Dewbre
Editor.—Mary Ann Ramsey
Home Chairman.—Sara Cooper
ZTA has not as yet elected pledge officers.

Student Council's Dance Was Greatly Enjoyed By All Present

SAE Sponsors First Formal

Dance To Be Held In Continental Ball Room Saturday Night 8 To 12

Sigma Alpha Epsilon's Zeta Chapter at Southwestern will entertain with its fall formal to be held in the Continental Ballroom at Hotel Peabody Saturday, October 19th from 8 'til 12.

This dance is the first of a series to be given by the social organizations on the campus and well over three hundred students are expected to attend. A number of couple bids have been extended to the other social organizations as well as to nearby chapters of SAE at Union, Ole Miss, and Vanderbilt.

The Continental Room will be decorated in purple and gold, the colors of the fraternity.

A special feature of the dance will be the leadout during which the songs of the fraternity will be played and the members and their dates will enter the ball room from the west end thru the center of the Greek letters of the fraternity. There will also be four no-breaks. J. C. Scianni's orchestra will play for the dance.

SOC NOTES

Pi

Last week Dot Hogan, President of Zeta Tau Alpha and President of the Women's Panhellenic Council, appeared on the Southwestern campus in the traditional green and white of Pi Intersorority. Miss Hogan is the first co-ed to be brought out by Pi this year.

S.T.A.B.

First S.T.A.B. to be brought out this year was Dorothy Dyess, who appeared in the intersorority's traditional red and white last week. Miss Dyess is a Pi Beta Phi transfer from the University of Texas. She is a junior, and a major in English.

AOPi

Betty Connally was initiated into AOPi Sorority Saturday, October 5. She is a sophomore.

KS

Phi Chapter of Kappa Sigma initiated Jack Darby and Bill Battaille into the order last Monday night at the regular meeting.

SAE

Bill Cox was initiated last Monday night by Tennessee Zeta Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

SN

The local chapter of Sigma Nu has announced the initiation of Sam Fudge and Bill Mitchell.

Mildred Wilkerson in soft grey long sleeved wool, trimmed with green buttons and a wide green belt.

Gere King in a sports outfit consisting of a black wool jersey blouse and a bright red plaid skirt.

Vi Quarles in "black crepe" date dress that was studded with big and little silver nailheads.

Alma Van Hook in a bright Kelly green dressmaker suit.

Peggy Marshall in black crepe—the cap sleeves and the bow on the front were of lovely black lace.

Irma Waddell in purple soft crepe cleverly draped on each side of the skirt. With it she wore stunning gold accessories.

And, of course, I imagine you all saw Sylvia Caldwell in her outfit—"Nuff said."

Barn Dance Idea Was Enjoyed By All; Shows Profit Of Eight Cents

The Student Council Dance last Saturday night was really a big success. Not only was there a square dance, but the dance ended all freshman regulations. Almost everyone was dressed in plaid shirts, blue jeans, and straw hats. At intermission all freshmen were allowed to throw their signs and baby bonnets in the bonfire that was burning by the tennis courts. After intermission the square dance was converted into an informal dance with J. C. Scianni's orchestra playing.

In order to raise more money the Student Council auctioned off one dance with Sylvia Caldwell to the highest bidder, and none other than Dick Simmons won the dance for five dollars. Although there was a very large crowd, the Student Council asked for contributions at the door and finally came out with eight cents profit.

The Student Council is composed of the President of the Student Body, Ernest Flaniken; Vice-President, Evin Perdue; Secretary-Treasurer, Julia Wellford; Presidents of the four classes; presidents of certain group organizations; and the editors of the Southwestern and Lynx.

Members of Student Body attending were:

- Freeman Marr—Lucille Hamer
- Robert Edington—Jane McAtee
- Richard Wood—Virginia Peoples
- Blair Wright—Ginger Thomason
- Bob Cooper—Una Sills
- Bob Amis—Sara Latimer
- Bill Sutherland—Peggy Marshall
- Dick Bolling—Wilmory Hitch
- Stanley Trezevant—Jean Taylor
- Bob Miller—Ann Avery
- K. M. Kressenberg—Nancy Little
- "We" Kalerherb—Nancy Wright
- Harold Richmond—Dot Hogan
- Ben Gilliland—Mary Virginia Burchett
- Samuel Johnson—Westy Tate
- Howard Ross—Joanne Gwyn
- Ray Bryant—Joanne Hall
- Jimmy Hooper—Hilma Seay
- Ted Johnson—Patty Sue Shappley
- Walter Haun—Berniece Wiggins
- John Brakefield—Anne Brakefield
- Millen Darnell—Berta Radford
- Bill Craig—Ann Brown
- Jere Nash—Mary Howard
- John Evans—John Baker
- Dick Arnold—Jane Phelps
- Jasper Templeton—Barbara Bowden
- Hugh Buckingham—Ann Barrier
- Frank McKnight—Pat Caldwell
- Milligan Fossett—Virginia Mulder
- Charlie Bradley—Betty Boisblanc
- Dean Bailey—Vinton Cole
- Jim Wade—Carolyn Reynolds
- Frank Rhodes—Marilyn Alston
- Trent Wood—Carolyn Cunningham
- Bill Bryce—Dorothy Dyess
- Barron Siefder—Mildred Wilger-son.

ZTA Honors Founders

In commemoration of their founding on October 15, 1898, in Farmville, Va., Zeta chapters everywhere will have a Founder's Day Banquet Tuesday night. The Beta Sigma chapter on the Southwestern campus will have a banquet in the Bamboo Room at the Hotel Claridge. Alumnae as well as active members will be present for the special service which will be conducted after the banquet. The pledges will present a skit. Everyone present will give a penny for each year since the founding of the sorority.

Fashions

By Nancy Little

Another week has gone by here at Southwestern and regardless of studies fashion has not by any means fallen to the wayside. Although most of the clothes worn on the campus this past week have been of the casual type, there were many which stood out and are decidedly worthy of mention.

Sweater Notes:

The King twins in very novel sweaters that consisted of a grey background against which were a number of eye catchers in white and red—girls and boys holding hands, a little white fence, and on one sleeve a beautiful red heart.

Hilma Seay in a very soft pale orange sweater—an unusual and very attractive color.

Martha Birdsong in a bright pink sweater that was the most striking shade of that color I've ever seen.

Social Room Notes:

Peggy Haile in a green Scottish plaid sleeveless dress—ever so useful an outfit. It can be worn with a sweater for school or dressed up with a blouse for a date.

Carol Bitner in the popular en-

semble of wool jersey blouse and matching skirt, the blouse in rich royal blue and the plaid skirt predominantly the same blue.

Betty Jane Hall in a light purple jumper with ruffled type cap sleeves—a good looking combination.

Sally Lundy in one of the new fall informal suits. Made of grey pinstriped wool, the jacket was the outstanding part of the outfit, being modeled after the popular General Eisenhower battle jacket with full sleeves that were gathered at the wrist.

Lucille Hamer, who proved that you can look stylish even in bad weather by wearing a fitted aqua raincoat gathered at the waist and the belt in the back.

Student Council Dance Notes:

It seemed that the motto for dressing at the dance as far as dress was "anything goes." Everything from jeans to black date dresses were seen. Surely you saw:

Wilmory Hitch in black pedal pushers and a white blouse, her little waist accented by a gold kid belt.

CHAOS

By RICHARD WOOD

By Richard Wood

Ever since I graduated from the Isadore Reagan Gutman High School in Nolle-Prose Parish in the Alabama transvaal, I've been searching for an ideal college against whose hallowed, ivy walls I could lean my aesthetic back. While I was color-bearer for the fifteenth New Hampshire Huzzars in Vladivostok, I spent long hours of sixty hectares each purusing the very latest manuscript of Bede in Indo-Chinese dialect in addition to bearing the colors (I bore a flock of colors, some of which called me daddy and some mommy, all of which was confusing.) We of the Huzzars fought valiently against the facisti Poland-Chinas (Ah, mon cherie, these men were but pigs, pigs!) Their leader was a veteran of the Vandal sack of Rome. The vandal sack of Rome, Georgia is one of the most comfortable sacks in the solar system. And speaking of the solar system, I watched the comet pass over the Orinoco valley the other night and I was prone to marvel at the authenticity of the celestial display because I had once lost faith in Orson Welles as an astronomical Merlin. But I was beginning to feel back in awe of him when it was imparted to me by the witchmaster (he hasn't got his doctor's yet) of the village that the Pepsi-Cola company of the Amazon valley was sending skyockets over the Orinoco for advertising purposes. The Seven-Up people were pretty mad about it because they had been told by Lum N. Abner of the Hudson's Bay store that sky rockets were not in stock. He sold them some paper torpedoes that make a noise like Seven-Up when they are thrown against the side of an outhouse. This wouldn't be too good because the natives of the Orinoco era too busy hunting heads to even bother with such luxuries of civilization as outhouses. But may I continue with the story of my life with the Huzzars? Thank you.

I sat upon silent haunches (haunches never say much), and wondered what the future had in store for me. I was hoping there would be some ginger-ale in store (A&P) in case I wanted to have an open house at my great grandfather's tomb atop Orange Mound. (My great-grandfather was Buffalo Bull. For many moons he conducted old-fashioned revivals in an umbrella tent at the corner of Mclemore and Third. He died of a broken liver when a song called "Sunny Side of the Street" changed the attitude of the masses against the umbrella tent and caused his salary of many moons to sink to few moons. A moon is worth about the same as a Lithuanian peso on the Australian exchange or in the bank at Monte Carlo or in the poke of the man from the creek who was the real sweetheart of Sigma Chi and not of the lady who's known as Lou.) So the future looked black as a bursar's heart because I had no idea about where I'd go to college after my discharge. It was a problem. My buddy, Danny Deaver, they're hangin' him in the mornin', tried to sell me on the idea of attendig Allah's College in the Kaaba Quadrangle of Meca University, but I was afraid that I might become too interested in my required class in Koran I and become converted to the hauntingly beautiful philosophy of the poetry of Eddie Guest. I was on the horns of a dilemma (A dilemma is a relative of the aardvark and was the 79th delegate to the United Animal's Organization on Noah's Ark in the year Gover Cleveland

was elected best all-round-mumble-depeg-player at Public School 819, the Bronx.)

I got a furlough from the Huzzars just gefore we took the bridge at Concord and killed a lieutenant in the second platoon of General Burboyne's Erie-Canal Transport command. I went to Gutman High to see my fifth-grade calculus teacher, Miss Sally du Alley. She came up behind me while I was getting a drink at the horse-trough and playfully pushed my head down on the spigot. I laughed a little ruefully as I watched my betel-dyed teeth settling in the drain. I turned upon Miss Sally and would have clattered her with a double-loaded sap had I not been afraid she would think I was another maladjusted military returnee. We exchanged some words in excellent Portuguese, but I was afraid of plagiarizing something of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's so I spoke softly in my worst school-boy Arabic. Miss Sally was glad to give me some advice about my college education. She told me I ought to go someplace where they would accept me, which seemed like sound advice, so I left quietly after I had retrieved my teeth from the cesspool on the fifty yard-line of the Gutman Bowl, where many a gridiron great has turned out mediocre hamburger steaks for the late theategoers.

What to do about college? Perhaps the problem could be continued in the next issue or I could just go ahead and register at Memphis State with the rest of the world. But no, the easiest way to solve the whole thing is to have myself killed off as color bearer with the huzzars. So, I strode, eyes right, on the hand of Bonaparte where it was placed inside his tunic. Jeb Stuart rode up and struck off my head with a pruning hook. The Yankee cause was lost that day. I had hidden to the hills in my ghostly Rocinante with some plans for haunting a successful college student named Ichabod Crane.

Snacks Pay Off For Texas G.I.'s

Austin, Texas.—Two GIs at the University of Texas have struck pay dirt while resuming their war-interrupted collegiate lives. Undaunted by the probems tossed in their faces as they doffed khaki, they felt that their experience points the way for other GIs faced with postwar problems.

Principal credit, however, should really go to pretty, 19-year-old Chinese-born Morgia Howard, a Zeta Tau Alpha, and a Junior at the University. Miss Howard's father, an Army career man, is Colonel in the Quartermaster Corps.

Morgia, it seems, had for some time been playing with the idea of providing night snacks to the students, a food pickup during evening studies. Studious Texans, she decided, were pretty hungry by the time they reached trig or chemistry, and they needed this energy-builder to hold them until next morning's breakfast.

As a result, she contacted two GIs, themselves playing with a similar idea, and joined forces. "Night Snack" was born, a firm specializing in the preparation and delivery of toothsome sandwiches and milk. Since there are several thousand ex-GIs on the Texas campus, it was a minor problem to get

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A Rendezvous With Death

By A. L. Braver

As he walked into the sphere of light, his sallow but clear cut face was illuminated. He had on a wrinkled, out-of-style suit and a crumpled black hat. One might have said he had just come in from the rain but it wasn't raining. He didn't look out of the ordinary—he was tall; he might have been a little dirty, but that doesn't matter. Why one would be struck with his appearance is beyond me, but everyone who noticed him stared. Maybe it was that glare in his eyes; that half-dead, half-crazed gleam. That look as if he had seen death. He stood there for a minute under the pale illumination of the oil lamp. There was perspiration on his brow. He reached in his side pocket and brought out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, took one, and returned the empty pack to his pocket. He put the cigarette to his mouth, fumbled for a match in all his pockets and finally produced one. He lit his cigarette, looked back and forth in the dimly lit hallway, and then mounted the stairs. Had he waited a moment longer he would have seen a shadow slide across the hallway, and slowly but surely follow him up the stairway.

When he arrived at the third floor, he stopped, stood perfectly still, and listened. Everything was quiet. — he turned slowly; the perspiration was deeper on his brow. He looked down the steps. He seemed to sense someone there, but he couldn't see a living soul. He thought to himself: "a living soul" and a sneer distorted his stoney face. He strained his neck to see down into the darkness, and when he was satisfied no one was there he walked slowly down the hall, looking back over his shoulder from time to time. From the stairway to his door seemed endless, and he quickened his pace.

He finally reached a door marked 13. Stunned at the sight before him he became a statue. To think that for three months he had been living there and not once had he noticed he was living in room 13. He fumbled in his pockets for his key. Finding it, he took it in his hand and started to open the door. Just then he knew someone was behind him. He had that same feeling as on the stairway. He sensed it; he felt it; he turned around, slowly at first, and then faster. — There was a loud shriek and the landlady's black cat went flitting down the hallway. He didn't notice the cat jumping into someone's arms in the shadows. His heart was pounding against his ribs; his eyes were staring into nowhere with that half-dead, half-crazed look. In the excitement he had dropped his key; so picking it up he quickly opened the door, went in, and closed the door behind him.

He stood there for seconds in the darkness leaning against the door. His heart was beating faster, and he was tired. He was so tired. The cafe neon sign across the street kept going on-and-off, on-and-off, and each time it went on it threw shadows all over the ceiling and over him. He looked deadly white with horror-stricken eyes, just standing there immovable. What was this man running away from—what had he done that made him act this way?

When he awoke from his stupor, he went to turn the lights on. He turned the knob a few times and pushed it, but no light came on. He cursed the landlady who said she'd have it fixed, and still that neon sign went on-and-off, on-and-off. He turned towards his dresser and took out his one candle which had served him the last

Pledges Working; Rush Week Is Over

Last week flocks and flocks of eager young freshmen and transfers were flitting from sorority house to sorority house sipping punch, munching cookies and indulging in frivolous and lazy conversation. On Saturday afternoon many fingernails were chewed, while the poor girls waited for that telephone call. And the result of all this was climaxed Saturday night (the nite!) when 77 girls were pledged to the six sororities on the campus, which honored them with knockout open houses.

Then "Rush Week let down"—this week—follows. Boys, please don't judge all your sorority members with Gladstone bags under their eyes too harshly. They're TIRED! But the pledges—oh, no! They're eager, elated, and exuberant. Everything for the dear old Beta Alpha Gamma! That is, 'til the first pledge meeting—and then—why, where's your spirits, girls? You don't mind cleaning up that house, cooking supper for your members, and washing those dishes? And then when some active comes up and booms "where's your pledge pin?"—you wonder, does my sorority sister really love me?

However, to look at the brighter side of things, it gives a pledge a wonderful feeling when she hears those "congratulations" so eagerly bestowed upon her. Also when a complete stranger walks up and says "Are you pledging B. A. G.? Why, my first cousin thrice removed on my sister-in-law's side was a B. A. G.!" there is a glow. Seriously, though, when you are a pledge you feel as if you are on top of the world and you have the feeling that old hackneyed phrase expresses—i.e. — butterflies are jumping in your tummy. Just ask any one of the little girls that are wearing the metal pins or ribbons over their hearts and they'll tell you. To sum it all up—as Ebenezer Turnipseed (you know him?) so ably put it, "Nothing is worthwhile that isn't worth working for"—(keep it in mind, pledges!).

few days. He lit it, and then he went to his wash stand and washed his hands and face. He was hot, very hot. While he was washing, he didn't notice that the candle went out. When he turned around he found he was in total darkness; he blamed it on the wind, but he knew there was no breeze whatsoever in his room. The windows were all closed and so was the door. He strode across the room, and felt around his table for the candle, but he couldn't find it. He looked all over, feeling his way like a blind man finding his way on his hands and knees.

And the neon sign went on-and-off.

All of a sudden he had that same sensation he had on the stairway; he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt—that he was not alone in his room. He backed against the wall, his arms were spread out, his face was drained of all blood; scared at what wasn't before him. The neon sign still went on-and-off. He knew exactly where he was, whoever it was in his flat—once it was behind the curtain, just standing there. Once it was near the closet door, once behind the bed, another time in front of the clock, and yet another behind the mantle. He ran for the door, screaming at the top of his lungs, but no sound came out. He found the door and pulled, but the door was locked from the outside. He became panicky: this man who hurt no one. He didn't know where to turn. His heart was beating fast—faster than ever before, and still the neon sign went on-and-off. He wheeled

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BRIDGEWORK

By Tom Goswick

Leave us dispense with all non-sensical formalities. No introduction or rambling about just to get some more space in this paper. The time has come and the situation should be taken into hand. There I go already. That word "hand." The topic of this little opus deals with bridge. (Deals... Oh Irony!!). I think the subject, although touched lightly on previous occasions, should be more thoroughly expounded.

I'm quite sure I don't know the purpose of this pastime other than to kill time. No one keeps score and there are absolutely no exchanges of anything of value. Once in a while one may hear screams emitting from one whose ace has been trumped or from some individual who has just made a grand slam or some such coup d'etat. The addition of the new tables has brought forth an even deeper interest in the game. People desert the social room to go distribute the pasteboards in the bookstore. The game has taken strides so enormous that even BobbyCobb plays. I even see an occasional professor buried as deep in thought over a bid as I imagine he was when he was studying for his Ph.D. This sport has become so octopus-like in its growth that its tentacles have encircled practically ever soul on the campus, from the lowest freshman to the most exalted senior, and, as previously stated, a couple of professors, too. Somebody tried to start a poker game once, but it was knocked out like a Louis right to the solar plexus. You may see a cautious Gin Rummy game, but just let two more people wander in and... Viola!! We're off again.

To dive into this topic more completely, I shall attempt to convey one typical game to you. In all fairness to the participants of this one particular game, they shall remain nameless. There is a beginning. I'm sitting making with the conversation with two of the female members of the student body, when these two boys lure them away with fifty-two innocent-looking little items. They start in the conventional way and ere long they are lost in a spell. What to bid? The girls are partners and with a few well-placed kicks they try to let each other have a faint idea what is contained in their hands. The male tactics are not as violent, but the objective is the same. When everybody has figured out what everyone else has, they start. Northeast leads (the table was at an angle) and southwest eyes her partner critically but says nothing. Oddly enough, all follow suit and northwest can't figure out where the queen came from. This is a lovely time to catch up on some philosophy of art and good ole nor-east whistles out some books and papers and clutters up the table. During the shuffle and dealing of the next hand, character B decides that he needs a date for Saturday night and jumps up and grabs a likely looking prospect that is prancing by at the moment. The game is held up until he finishes, without success, and now he must arrange his hand and proceed. The cigarette smoke is thicker than fog and coke bottles line the table at the end of the hour. Northwest and southeast have a class, so the other boys chat idly until the inevitable occurs. Yep, two more trip up, flop down, and the vicious circle continues to revolve. A word about the onlookers. They're plentiful. The "Man" course is crowded. They pack 'em in during philosophy... Sophomore Lit. is a riot, but all of these are pikers, running not even a close second to bridge. What an education!!!

SPORTS

By Bill Sutherland

This is the month that King Football regains his rightful throne on our campus, which is just now feeling the first bitter sting of autumnal rains and winds . . . The opening game is scheduled here on the 25th, at which time the Lynx tangle with the pride of Millsaps College. Already this thought begins to harass and excite the minds of the more football-conscious; "If we can only win the first, if we can only win the first, which is so often so important to the outcome of the whole season . . ."

This bit of worry, this enticing particle of mental agitation is only a small part of the thrill with a capital "T" that means football . . . there is the excitement and expectancy that prevails in the stands in those last few pregame minutes—the very air seems leaden with anticipation, as if the happiness and welfare of the universe depended solely on the outcome of this one struggle . . . as though the gods themselves were breathlessly hushed to witness some ethereal contest on the cloud-swept plains of high Olympus. Then comes the thrill of the contest, fought just as bitterly in the stands as on the field—each spectator seems an actual part of each thrust, each tackle, each plunge, as the teams sway back and forth in mighty combat . . . and as the final whistle blows, there is the exultation of victory, or the gloom of dark defeat—all this is yours, free for the asking, so make the most of it.

As yet, it is hard to say whether cheers or tears will predominate among the followers of the Lynx. After the scrimmage Saturday, Coach Clemens remarked that the line play was gratifying, while the backfield action was disappointing, to say the least, all of which is to be expected when a team is long on spirit and aggressiveness but woefully short on experience. However, the boys seem willing enough to put forth the constant and grueling effort so necessary

to polish off the rough edges, so as someone probably said before, the issue is still in doubt.

Taking an over-all view of the team by positions: at center, the competition is between Harris, Bolling, and Dick Smith; at the guard position are Dickerson, Hay, Arnold, and Strain. Dan Boone and Lloyd Graves, both huskies of an aggressive nature, seem to stand out at tackle, with Dunavant, Locke, and McKee being shifted there from other positions as reserve strength. Scott and Houser shine at the end spot, along with "Zombie" Wright and Bill Haynes; Conley Hemmen, another candidate for a pivot post, is out at present with a broken nose received in scrimmage last Thursday. In the backfield, Forrest Flaniken, at right-half, Sam Blair and Boswell at left-half, Billings at full-back, and Hightower at quarter have shown up rather well in scrimmage this last week. The kicking will be up to Billings and two portersiders, Carroll Cowan and John Etheridge.

The schedule is as yet somewhat on the meagre side, the only games definitely decided upon being the tilt with Millsaps on the 25th, and a game Nov. 2 (which will also be played at Fargason Field) with Bethel College, who miffed Camp Campbell, Ky. last Saturday with a 13-0 score. A great number of other schools are being contacted, but so far the problem of conflicting dates has hampered any definite arrangements.

Notes on this and that: It's a pretty amazing and gratifying fact that the football squad has decreased in number only by five from the beginning of practice until the present time . . . that almost rates banner headlines at the school where so much has been said about lack of spirit and cooperation . . . Now's as good a time as any to say a commending thing about Walter Haun, the guy who's been out there every day at practice keeping the boys happy with adhesive tape and "hoss" liniment, so consider it as said.

By-the-by, the Lynx probably won't have an official captain until the end of the season . . . If the same system is used as was used in the past, and it probably will, a temporary captain will be appointed for each game, and then the team itself will elect an honorary captain at the end of the season . . . th team will play a straight "T", which is simple, but amazingly complicated in its very simplicity—the variations are limitless.

That's just about the scoop on the pigskin situation as of now, so keep your fingers crossed . . . as was said before, anything can happen.

The Spirit of Notre Dame

(A Column Written From South Bend, November, 1939)

To those who get here occasionally, a Notre Dame home game means a lot more than two football teams in battle.

In the morning there's a long walk about the campus, a visit to hallowed halls which brinks a consciousness of the tradition that is Notre Dame's. And at no university is the tradition so linked with football.

As long as Notre Dame plays the game, the names of two immortals will remain inspirational forces, inescapably bound to the school and to the team.

It is almost as if they live, Knute Rockne and George Gipp.

They called him "The Gipper," the boy from Calumet, Michigan, who came here in 1916 hoping to make the baseball and basketball teams. Rockne was only an assistant coach and a professor of chemistry when he made the discovery that was to lift Notre Dame to a position of national importance in football.

Watching a group of students kicking a ball on the campus, he noted one gangling youngster who was drop-kicking farther than most varsity players could punt. Rockne urged him to report for football and that first year he kicked his way into immortality with a sixty-two yard drop-kick against Western State Teachers College of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Gipp, a halfback, was Notre Dame's first All-America. In 1919, as a junior, he led the Irish to their first undefeated season. He was here five years, the SATC years not counting on eligibility.

Those who knew him recall "the Gipper" as colorful, silent and sophisticated beyond his age. He was a daring competitor and mechanically perfect. He had mastered the art of relaxing, and was so adept at conserving energy under fire that he gave the impression of being lazy.

His achievements are unbelievable. His individual exploits will never be touched. In placing him at fullback on the 1920 All-American, Walter Camp said: "Gipp gets first place because of his versatility and power, being able as he is to punt, drop-kick, pass, run, tackle and block—in fact do everything a backfield man might be required to do and do it in a superlative fashion."

He is and will forever be Notre Dame's No. 1 player.

Here they remember a November afternoon in 1920 when Gipp arose from a sickbed to accompany the team to Northwestern. Rockne kept him on the bench until he would be needed.

The Irish ran over the Purple, but the stands sent up a continual cry: "We want Gipp! We want Gipp!" In the last few minutes Rockne yielded to the pleas of alumni and fans and sent him in, and although covered with tape and bandage, he completed six passes.

The next afternoon Gipp appeared at Loyola University, where an old teammate, Grover Malone, was coaching. He gave the players some pointers on kicking and passing. It was on the field at Loyola that he contracted the throat infection which in forty-eight hours sent him to the hospital where he died twelve days later.

It was a cold December day and as the chapel bells tolled, the student body knelt in the snow, on the campus, to pray.

On the opposite end of the campus from the magnificent stadium is the memorial where is immortal-

SCHEDULE IS ANNOUNCED BY SCHOOL INTRAMURAL BOARD

Cage Practice In Full Swing

Squad Working On Fundamentals Under Coach Lloyd Stokstad

Basketball is in full swing on the hardwood three times a week in Fargason Field House. These practices are short and sweet and to the point. In this early season practice the men are working on the basic fundamentals of the game, which are the making of an excellent team. By this method, the team plans to work into their offensive and defensive drills.

The men on the squad have shown a tremendous amount of interest in their work. Although eleven letter-men have returned, they will be hard pressed, for it is certain there will be terrific competition for each position. There is no doubt that there will be many new faces in the line-up when the Lynx meets Ole Miss in their initial tilt December 7.

One great improvement is to be made in the gym, and it is certain that this will bear on the scoring of the teams. New fan-shaped backboards are to be installed in the place of the old lop-sided backboards, which have been used in the past. These new backboards require a great deal of skill in shooting.

Up to the present time, only eleven games have been definitely scheduled, but it is the desire of Coach Clemens to have a full schedule consisting of twenty to twenty-two games. The Memphis State games will be played in a series of the best three out of five, and should draw a great deal of interest between the two schools.

The schedult now is:

- December 7—Ole Miss (here)
- December 12—Arkansas State (here)
- December 17—Ole Miss (there)
- January 7—Memphis State
- January 16—Sewanee (there)
- January 17—Chattanooga (there)
- January 18—Vanderbilt (there)
- February 3—Arkansas State (there)
- February 11—Memphis State
- February 15—Chattanooga (here)
- February 24—Sewanee (here)

The following men are on the roster:

Henry Beaty, Alan Babin, Dean Bailey, William Bell, Bill Bowen, Bill Bryce, Jim Carey, James Darnell, Bill Davidson, John Evans, Bill Egbert, Ray Farris, Graham Gordon, Clifford Green, John Brodric, Earl Hays, Frank Hemmen, Bill Joslee, John McLeod, Clyde McLeod, Charles Raney, Bill Riley, Joe Roulhac, Marv Shinbaum, Sperm Vryonis, Judd Williford, John Williford and W. J. Templeton.

ized forever the name of Knute K. Rockne.

It s a memorial of action, bringing back to the minds of all, the Norwegian immigrant boy who became the greatest figure in American football.

The bust of the famous coach and the carved figures of athletes somehow overshadow the \$600,000 Rockne Memorial field house which covers the innumerable basketball and tennis courts, practice fields and swimming pool.

Touch Football Is First Event To Be Held This Semester

At a meeting of the Intramural Board in the gym yesterday, election of officers was held. Billy Speros, Sigma Nu, was elected president, Billie Brock Davidson secretary, and Bob Miller publicity chairman. Representatives from each of the fraternities were present and a schedule for touch football was set up. Rules were set up governing eligibility of players. Each varsity man will be ineligible to compete in the sport for which he is out except that basketball players are eligible until Nov. 11.

Schedule:

- Oct. 17 PiKA Vs. KA
KS vs. Ind
- Oct. 22 ATO vs. SN
SAE vs. KA
- Oct. 24 KS vs. PiKA
Ind vs. SN
- Oct. 29 ATO vs. SAE
KA vs. KS
- Oct. 31 PiKA vs. Ind
SAE vs. ATO
- Nov. 5 SN vs. KA
- Nov. 7 Ind vs. SAE
ATO vs. PiKA

Gridmen Hold Scrimmage Game

Fargason Field was the scene of the first big scrimmage of the Lynx last Saturday. Coach Clemens picked two teams from the squad and set them against each other. At the end of about two hours of hard work the Reds piled up a score of 12 to 0, Forrest Flaniken scoring one touchdown and Billy Hightower the other.

The play brought forth many things yet to be worked on, but Coach Clemens says that nearly all the rough spots will be ironed out before the end of next week when the Lynx Cats meet Millsaps.

Forrest Flaniken seemed to be the halfback of the day, producing several nice runs and coming in fast to make tackles. Billy Hightower played heads-up football at quarterback, calling plays like a veteran and passing with a lot of accuracy. At ends, Tommy Hauser and Fletcher Scott were the standouts. Hauser shows exceptional ability at pass receiving, while Scott is one of the fastest men on the team. Dickie Dickerson and Ted "Fireball" Hay will certainly be a thorn in Millsaps' hide when they go in at guard, and the Lynx have two great tackles in All-Memphis Lloyd Graves and husky Dan Boone.

The boys had a little trouble handling the ball on that "T" formation, but with enough practice they will prove tough nuts to crack by any school the size of Southwestern.

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Snacks Pay Off

(Continued from Page 4)

"food messengers", and today a dozen of them ply regular routes through the campus, into fraternity and sorority houses, and dormitories, carrying baskets of ham, cheese and egg salad sandwiches, and pints of milk with sanitary paper cups.

Morgia's partners, Joe Tallal of Dallas, and Herbert Lee of Philadelphia, Pa., are overwhelmed by the financial success of the venture. About a thousand sandwiches are sold nightly and about the same number of pints of milk. That totals a pretty profit for the three of them.

In Tallal's case, it came as a lifesaver, for Joe, a senior at the University, is 23, married and expects to be a father any day. He was a Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps during the war; entered civilian life with much foreboding about the future. He is majoring in geophysics. Lee, a sophomore, is 23, and was also a Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps. His aim at the University is physical education.

The three partners work out of the kitchen of a one-room apartment occupied by Tallal and his wife. Morgia skips from her classes to the kitchen, supervising the preparation of sandwiches, and, more often than not, taking a hand in slicing and buttering them as well as setting out the paper cups. Every square foot of space must

be utilized to accommodate sandwich paraphernalia and thousands of paper cups. The fact that nested paper cups can be stored in great quantities in a small amount of space is mighty helpful in this business. "It is the best guarantee of health insurance we can give the students," are Morgia's thoughtful words in explaining the fact that only sanitary, single-service cups are used by "Night Snack" in catering to the students.

A Rendezvous With Death

(Continued from Page 4)

around and ran to his bed, but he slipped on the candle which had fallen to the floor.

He lay there for a minute; his hands felt along the floor, they felt wet and clammy. He thought — his hands felt wet and clammy. Crazed with fear he put his hands up to the light of the neon sign; he was afraid to look; afraid of what he might see. He had to look—he had to know what it was. He looked, and on his hand there was — — blood.

There was nothing for him to do; he just lay there. He was so tired and so hot. One doesn't know where he thought the blood had come from, but it was there. He laid his head in his hands and lay there, thinking, thinking — thinking. The neon sign went on-and-off.

When the landlady came to clean up the next day and couldn't wake him, she called the police. Pushing the door in, the police found him lying on the floor with his head in his hands—he was dead. He had died from a heart attack not more than six hours before. The police report said that the door was locked from the inside, but the key could not be found. Under his body they found a bottle of wine spilled all over the floor.—

Oh, yes. The police report also said that, "he had died during his sleep, a calm and peaceful death."

Band Reorganizing

(Continued from Page 1)

it. There was, in fact, a boy who turned down a post on the team to play in the band!

The band travelled with the Lynx team on out of town trips. They were present in Nashville on that memorable day when Southwestern downed mighty Vanderbilt. Once football gets rolling again, and the team plays a full schedule, the band will make trips again.

The Southwestern Band was not

only an indispensable part of Southwestern life—parading at the half in Crump Stadium—leading cheering lines of students down Main Street in pre-game parades—but it was also of service to the community. No Cotton Carnival, no Armistice Day Parade, was without the color of trim red and black Southwestern uniforms.

The new Lynx Cats Band inherits a tradition almost forgotten during the war. Something of the color of college before Pearl Harbor is now restored.

MFS Now Offers U-Fly-It Service

(Continued from Page 1)

runway marker lights, obstruction lights, and flood lights. It is the only privately owned airport in Tennessee fully equipped for night flying, according to Mrs. Walsh.

A free field check which consists of a ten minute ride around the field for the purpose of orienting pilots new to MFS airport will be given to Southwestern students.

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