

# THE SOU'WESTER

28th Year [No. 14]

Southwestern At Memphis

February 26, 1947

## STUNT NITE, MARCH 7th

The annual AOPi Stunt Night will be Friday, March 7, in Hardie Auditorium at 7:30 P.M. Each sorority, fraternity, and independent group will enter a skit which is to last between 5 and 7 minutes. Straws will be drawn to decide the order in which each will appear. During the week before the show there will be dress rehearsals.

This year AOPi is awarding two cups, one to the women's group and the other to the men's group with the most original skit. There will be five judges—Mrs. Jim Mask, Mr. George Pierce, Mr. Earl Moreland, and two others to be announced later.

A three dollar entrance fee is being charged to buy the cups. This money is to be given to Joanne Hancock or Bettie Connally, who are in charge of all arrangements. Tickets will be sold in the Cloister and at the door for thirty-five cents. The funds taken from tickets goes to AOPi's philanthropic work, which is the Frontier Nursing Service in Kentucky.

Ben Gilliland will be on hand to take pictures for any group that may desire them.

## French Club Grets 14 New Members

February 12 the French Club greeted fourteen new members, in a meeting which was held in the Chi Omega house. The new members who attended were Bob Cooper, Lucille Hamer, Mary Frances McDearman, Virginia Prettyman, Bob Norman, David St. Martin, Tommy Dodson, Virginia Catching, Dan Hathorn, Ann Brown, Rhew Page, John Vance, Regine Bacot, and Louise Osborn.

Monsieur Georges Monhard was elected by the club as the "Le Prince de Sots" or the Prince of Fools to represent the French Club in the April Fool's Day Carnival which is being sponsored by the Student Council. The title "Le Prince de Sots" is the title which was bestowed upon the leaders of the amateur actors in France during the Middle Ages and was considered quite a title.

Miss Nena Hill, the president of the group, announced the next meeting would be held in the Sigma Nu house on February 28, at 7:30 P.M. All old and new members are urged to attend.

## Sophomores Hold Vespers

Southwestern's Religious Emphasis Week ended Sunday afternoon with The Sophomore Vesper Service, at which Dr. David D. Burrell, retired Presbyterian minister from Pennsylvania, was guest speaker. Dr. Burrell terminated the proceeding of the week which had been conducted in the form of various formal and informal talks and discussions by Dr. James A. Jones, pastor of Myers Park Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N.C.

Miss Betty Bynum Webb conducted the Southwestern Singers in two anthems, "Alleluia" by Randall Thomas and "Agnus Dei" by Thomas Morley. The scripture was read by the class president, Sam Fudge. Dr. Diehl presided.

## Intersororities List New Pledges

Peggy Marshall came out in the traditional green and white of Pi Intersorority on February 18. Peggy, a sophomore transfer from Stephens, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Marshall, 693 Cypress Drive. She is a music major and a member of SABA, the Sou'wester staff, and Y.W.C.A. When recently initiated into A O Pi sorority, she was selected as their outstanding pledge.

Jean Edens, sophomore transfer from Belhaven, was brought out by S.T.A.B. on Friday, February 21. Jean, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Edens, Jr., is from Okolona, Mississippi. She is a member of the choir, the Canterbury Club, and the Y.W.C.A. Last night she was initiated into Tri Delta Sorority.

## Canterbury Club Meets Friday

The Canterbury Club will meet Friday at 4:00 in the Tri-Delta lodge. Rev. George Hale, assistant minister at Grace-St. Luke's Episcopal Church, will speak on the meaning, ritual, and significance of Corporate Communion. This talk will be in connection with plans for a special Corporate Communion Service and breakfast to take place at Grace-St. Luke's on Sunday, March 9. Norma Shelton will make a report on the club's Christmas project, which was the distribution of presents to needy children. A new undertaking of the organization is holding vesper services at the Home for Incurables, and a group of students held such a service there last Sunday, under the auspices of the club. Plans will be made for further projects in the field of social service.

Officers of the Canterbury Club are: Jane Kilvington, president; Carolyn Cunningham, Vice-president; Nancy Robinson, secretary; Jeanne O'Hearne, treasurer.

## Gray Ladies Organize

As part of its social service program, the Y. W. C. A. has organized a group of volunteers for service in the Gray Ladies' Corps. Nine Southwestern coeds are now attending the training classes, which are held at Kennedy Hospital on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. After three weeks of instruction by the heads of various departments at the hospital they will become full fledged Gray Ladies and will be entitled to wear the regular uniform. Each member will then devote one afternoon each week to service in recreation for disabled veterans.

The Gray Ladies' Corps in Memphis, of which Mrs. Tim Treadwell, Jr. is the chairman, is one of the finest in the country, and Southwestern is proud to be represented in it. Any campus organizations that would be interested in helping with this project by giving parties for the patients are asked to contact Betty Shea.

Those who are now in training are: Mary Belle Currier, Betty Faux, Peggy Gallimore, Minnie Lee Gillespie, Vera Ince, Frances Lesser, Lola Lee Owens, Betty Shea, and Margaret Vickers.

## And It Isn't Even Spring



Courtesy Press-Scimitar

### "IN SPRING"

"Tis spring,  
When the youthful student's fancy  
Is for love  
And things romancy.  
The ordinary man  
Has his mind on rings or pins  
For the little lady's left hand  
Or for plans that surely wins  
The fair one's empty heart.  
Or at least a major part.  
O lovely little sprite  
Of the dearest romance season,  
If you've caught a glimpse of spite  
Between the couples, there's no reason;  
For the secret thought behind  
The looks between Jim and Ruby  
Are nothing to suggest unkind  
A meaning—"tis but beauty  
Of a thought that this summer there's a wedding.  
Bob and 'Nita don't pretend  
That their meetings are platonic;  
They make apparent they intend  
To show them not ironic.  
There's Mary Lou and Bart  
Whom you see most of the time—  
There's no doubt that she's his sweetheart,  
Although you see in pantomime.  
Barron Sieford pinned his girl;  
You've noticed them undoubtedly.  
She's the only Mildred in the world  
For him—they love devotedly.  
Do you think that Eloise and Bob  
Will pin when he's a member?  
I've heard inkings to effect  
They'll be married come September.  
In your flights around the school yard  
Look for Broderick and Lynch—  
To find them isn't hard  
For her nights out are a cinch.  
There're Carmen and Graham, and Ella and Ted;  
Not David and typewriter,  
But Locky instead.  
I wish I had a sweetheart  
So I would be like all  
And have a running start  
Before the term next fall.  
Zip-a-dee-do-da!  
Methinks I've found a lover—  
I'm gonna wear my heart upon my sleeve,  
By Julian's side I intend to cleave.  
Now I'll be just like all the rest;  
In this fair season  
Love is best!

## Pike Ball Sat. Nite

On March first the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity will celebrate its 79th anniversary with a dinner and dance in the Continental Ballroom of the Peabody Hotel. The guest of honor will be Dr. George Sammey who has been a Pike for 77 years. Dr. Sammey was president of Southwestern for eleven years when the college was at Clarksville. Many of the national officers will be present, including Robert Lynn, national secretary.

The "Dreamgirl of PiKA" will be announced at the banquet and will attend with the president, French Harris. Lee Corneille's fifteen-piece orchestra will furnish the music for the banquet and dance.

The chapters from Ole Miss, Mississippi State, and Millsaps are joining Southwestern in the celebration. These chapters comprise district 11A of PiKA. Four hundred guests are expected.

A very special guest will be Miss Margaret Harthcock, 1946 Dream Girl who will relinquish her title to the incoming "Dream Girl."

## Debaters Heading For Illinois Soon

Dr. George F. Totten announced this week that the Southwestern Debating team will go to Carbondale, Illinois this following weekend to partake in a Debating Tournament. The subject for this year's debate is "Resolved: That Labor Should Have a Direct Share in Management".

The members of this year's team are Ben Mitchell, Bernard Finkenstein, Charles Fleet, Ed Quinn, Raphael J. Dubrovner, and Miss Glenn Morris, who is doing the typing for the group.

The team has been putting in many hours of hard work and deserves a round of applause from the entire school. The group debated with Ole Miss three weeks ago and was defeated only by a slim margin. They feel confident of winning the Carbondale Tournament. We wish them the best of luck.

## Gamma Delta Elects Officers

At a recent meeting the Gamma Deltas selected their officers for the coming year. They are:

President — Sally Thompson.  
Vice-President — Ora Lee Garraway.

Secretary — Elizabeth Ann Fairleigh.

Treasurer — Rebecca Truax.  
Social Chairman — Glenn Morris.

Rush Chairman — Betty Jean Cullings.

Pledge Mistress — Elizabeth Ann Peets.

Publicity Chairman — Peggy McAlexander.

## ALPHA THETA PHI

The president of Alpha Theta Phi, Irma Waddell, announces that the fifteen students who were recently tapped for membership will be initiated on Thursday, March 6, at 5:30, and that they will be honored with a banquet in the Bell Room at 6:00.

## SOUTHWESTERN

AT MEMPHIS

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

ESTABLISHED 1919



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

By The

STUDENTS OF SOUTHWESTERN

Memphis, Tenn.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY  
National Advertising Service, Inc.  
College Publishers Representative  
420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Member  
Associated Collegiate Press  
Distributor of  
Collegiate Digest

Entered as second-class matter at the post office in Memphis, Tenn., under the act of March 3, 1878.

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STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Billy Hightower, Ben Gilliland.

## Honor Council

Two scoops of the month: Lynx Chat has been given the honor to announce to the interested clientele of the Sou'wester that Mr. John Broderick and Kathryn Lynch have shopped, old fashioned bushed up. Scoop No. 2: Eloise and Bob, 1947's Napoleon and Josephine, are still looking at the world through rose-colored glasses, even though it has been over a month since they made up their minds to take that step. When's the date?

Francis, does Billy still park on Katy Street at noon?

It has been reported recently that many books have been taken from the library without being checked out. If a student doesn't know the rules regarding the use of his library, it is his responsibility to find out what they are and comply with them. Books from the reading room are not allowed to go out of the library at any time; those on reserve, after being signed for, can only go out overnight from five in the afternoon until nine the next morning; and those in the stacks may be checked out for two weeks, PROVIDED they are signed for. The fact that students take these books without being authorized to do so, reflects an adolescent lack of consideration for others. Not only does this act take the books out of circulation and prevent other students from using them, but it also causes unnecessary work for the librarians when the book is not in its proper place or when there is no record of its having been checked out.

All students when they registered at Southwestern signed a statement that they would comply with the rules of the library. The library and school regulations state that a person who violates his library privileges may be prevented from using the library. Obviously those who have taken these books do not realize the seriousness of the matter. Therefore, it is suggested that these books be returned immediately.

Not only has THE SOU'WESTER been informed of this violation of school rules, but the problem has also been reported to the Honor Council for action should further violations occur.

THE HONOR COUNCIL

## THE SOU'WESTER

## Into Each Life

On Friday at 2:30 some innocent freshmen opened the door of the Director's Room. A cloud of Havana-tampa and Briggs smoke rushed into the corridor overcoming two colored maids. Dean Johnson slammed the door on the poor freshman who ran screaming down the hall with his digit-less main. Through the door we caught glimpses of haggard faculty faces. Dr. Diehl paced up and down the room.

In the Sou'wester office nothing short of disaster reigned. Kay Hoag was collapsed in a corner sobbing; meanwhile Harriet tried sympathetically to locate Tom Buford. The Advisory Staff sat with their faces to the wall bent on finding some solution. Barron Seifert was distressed to utter silence.

The problem: Southwestern has become an institution of enamored cupids; what can be done about it?

On Saturday two feature reporters, Baker and Hitch, slid down a rope from the third floor of Voorhies. The lock on Palmer was easy enough. The safe in Dean Johnson's office posed a problem. After a couple of devoted hours, the combination clicked. They nervously fingered through a sheaf of papers and slipped cautiously away. A dim light burned in the Sou'wester office while a pot of black coffee simmered on the gas stove.

"We got it!" they exclaimed nervously. The Advisory Staff poured over the contents of the confidential report.

The report of the Classification Committee was the most distressing. Couples who would not be separated for classes were petitioning for Speech and Chemistry 33 in the same room. A petition for love-seats to replace the desks in class room was headed by Tate and Bowden and concluded by Peeples and Wood.

Dr. Cooper filed a proposal to "ask" the couples to leave school but the already frightening and rapidly increasing number would constitute nothing short of wholesale migration from the campus.

A White Paper was included by the unattached men and women objecting to the amorous discrimination.

Engineer Rollow stated "---trees in Memorial Garden are dying from the carving of cupids and initials of their trunks. The Fire Department is threatening to condemn Palmer because of the couples who block the exit from the various halls by lingering on the steps."

The Sou'wester Staff perspired. "We must have a solution by next issue. The Students MUST know what is their stand on the question." Steel traps brains snapped. Fingers raced, resulting Sou'wester policy: Change Mrs. Townsend's title from Dean of Women to Consultant of Domestic Relations. Hold Commencement exercises in Palmer Hall.

Preparations should be made to cope with the expected rise in Memorial Garden activities with the coming of spring. An increase in the night-watchman force should be initiated immediately. Install revolving search lights above Palmer to discourage subversive activities. Alarms and booby-traps to be placed in all denser shrubbery.

In conclusion The Sou'wester does not believe that the student body should give in to this passing fad. If any student has any pertinent suggestions please submit them to the Sou'wester office before Dr. Diehl and the Administrative Committee decide to take more drastic measures.

## The MISSING LYNX

ECHOES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT: In Berkley's Minute Philosopher, we find Lysides, a dissolute young freethinker saying: "I find no fault with the Universities. All I know is that I had the spending of three hundred pounds a year at one of them, and I think it the cheerfulness of my life. As for their books and style, I had no leisure to mind them." From Montaigne's Of Solitude: "This book employment is as painful as any other, and as great an enemy to health, which ought to be the first thing considered. If, by being overstudious, we impair our health and spoil our good-humour, the best pieces we have, let us give it over."

SOUNDS IN THE CLOISTERS: Last Saturday night a weary voice floated out of the Robb Hall shower room where a lengthening line of would-be bathers were gathering: "We know that cleanliness is next to godliness—but there's no point in holding high mass in there." Donald Wood came stalking ferociously through the cloisters muttering—"Those old fools—they just wallow in learning. They must think I went to Oxford too—but the truth is, I only went to Murphy High School." A worried economics student took a trial balance sheet up to Dr. Hon, and said: "I check two billion short, Dr. Hon, but I think I made a mistake." The body of a student came hurtling out of a classroom the other day followed by the righteous roar of Professor Olive Westbrook's voice: "If you ask me, what your subconscious mind needs is a good slap in the face." A bored male voice issued from the fog pall of Palmer Hall social room: "If you love Alan Ladd so much, why don't you marry him? A large, husky male, carrying a violin case, sauntered into the Bursar's office and asked Mr. Springfield: "Just as a matter of idle curiosity—how big a check could you cash?" The joke is, that he really was carrying a violin in the case. Usually it's a light Gatling gun you know. Ken Mills came beaming into the dining hall, showing everyone, who would take the trouble to look, a chipped tooth. "Ain't it ironic," Mr. Mills was heard to say. "I broke that tooth chewin' on a vitamin pill." A harassed professor was seen bearing desperately for the academic social room hotly pursued by an eager beaver of a student bearing a pile of chemical formulae. As the professor made the door just in time, he tossed over his shoulder: "A little later, sonny, I'm off duty now."

Dr. Smith says that it is possible to dry angleworms until they are only 46 per cent water, and still revive them, but they die if they become only one-fifth of 1 per cent drier than 46 per cent. So you see, if you are taking biology laboratory, never try to dry an angleworm when you've got coffee nerves or suffering from one of Dr. Wolf's Milton-tests. Two ex-vets were standing in the cloisters fingering each other's army shirts and saying: "Yes, sir, you can't get material like that these days." Over at Brooks Memorial Art Gallery two dainty old dowagers were examining a particularly obscure picture of the abstract school. "Oh, look," said one, pointing to a triangle with two cubes in it, "Bugs Bunny."

DO BELIEVE IT OR DON'T DEPT.: Last Thursday morning, after the excellent snowfall of the following Wednesday night, Westy Tate was aspied on top of Palmer Hall clad in a huge sheepskin coat and a stocking cap, and wearing a pair of skis on her feet. She called down to a small knot of worried spectators: "Now please stop worrying! I've been wanting to do this for years."

## Roper's Little Cactus Pot

A new era of enlightenment has been ushered in by Chancellor Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago, who declares dreamily, "If anybody wants to win a war, let him come to us and we will provide him with the means to kill more people at one time than has ever been done in history."

This revolutionary manslaughter theory of education is too much a part of our modern civilization, too expressive of our highest hopes and aims, to be ignored by even conservative colleges like Southwestern, which is still dabbling around in the old absurdities of sweetness and light. We are offering the following suggestions for an immediate new curriculum which will put our school on the level of Chicago's:

BIBLE 1. THE GOLDEN RULE — its cause, prevention and cure.

BIBLE 2. THE NEWEST TESTAMENT — a survey of the four gospels (St. Machiavelli, St. Benito, St. Adolf, St. Krupp) and the Revelation of St. Harry on the Isle of Hiroshima.

BIBLE 3. THE PILGRIMAGE OF ST. ATTILA THE HUN — early history of the true faith.

HISTORY 1. THE GOLDEN AGE OF EUROPE — A study of the Black Death and its flowering.

BIOLOGY 1. VIVISECTION FOR FUN AND PROFIT — Based on the Handbook for Impromptu Surgeons, by Jack the Ripper.

BIOLOGY 2. PRACTICAL ANATOMY — location of the jugular vein, windpipe pressure points, etc.

CHEMISTRY 1. PREVENTIVE MEDICINE — from the laboratory notes of Lucrezia Borgia.

ART 21. GREEK CARVING — A study of the work of Hector of Troy.

ART 22. DESIGN WITHOUT COLOR — Taught by Theodore G. Elbow, whose technique and artistry have won him a recent \$25,000 award.

ART 31. CREATIVE CORSE-CRAFT — Popular course of Lady MacBeth's Finishing School.

PHILOSOPHY 1. MAN IN THE LIGHT OF GASOLINE AND PITCH — Fundamentals of lynching from Nero to the Klu Klux Klan.

MUSIC 21. THE BIRTH OF MODERN SONG — Herr Himler's collection of "a capella" renditions obtained by him in personal interviews.

This last reminds us that the Alma Mater song must be revised. Perhaps:

Hail to thee, dear old Southwestern!

Leader to the larger light!  
May thy gruesome sweetness  
never  
Fade from our bloodthirsty sight!

In life's conflict may we ever  
Look to thee, O ghoulish guide!  
Always standing, in the struggle,  
Staunch and true for homicide.

When, by following thy precepts,  
We arrive at our degree,  
Bachelor of Annihilation,  
O, how happy we shall be!

So, Let us drink a toast to thee,  
Our gentle Alma Mater,  
And pledge thee in a foaming  
skull  
Of choice Bikini water!

Malaparte, Curzio. KAPUTT. This book by an Italian war correspondent represents the horrifying spectacle of Europe during the war years, seen, for the first time, from the Axis side. Like Ciano's diaries, it exhibits with absolute shamelessness the full degradation of the Fascist mind. You won't forget this book.

## The Book of the Princes

By Bill Hatchett

(Translator's Note :The following is from a manuscript unearthed in the year 6000 A.D., at the site of the ancient city of Mimphus, in the country of Ten-ah-say.)

Concerning Various and Sundry Happenings and Misfortunate Occurrences Befalling Certain Patriarchs of the Tribe of Lynx, in the Time of Youth:

In the first year of the reign of Flaniken, Imperial Potentate of the Tribe, King of the High Council, Grandee of the Temple Chorus, Royal Provisioner at the Store of Books and Almighty Defender of the Faith of Alpha Tau Omega; yea, even in the year 1947; among the venerable tribe of Lynx, who dwelt in the promised land of Southwestern, there did spring up a group of nobles who had banded together in stealth and in secrecy, and had taken upon themselves the name of T.H.T. And the fame of their power spread far over the land, striking abject terror into the hearts of those who would oppose them; but the translation of the letters "T.H.T." is of such mystery that it has remained so unto this day.

Now be it known that there was a time-honored custom among the esteemed noblemen of this organization; and that custom was to assemble nightly when the dark is at its darkest; and to roam about the land; making raucous noises, singing strange but beautiful ritualistic hymns, raising havoc in general, and always, yea, above all, always partaking of nourishment at a certain inn on the Street Called Poplar; and this last was the foundation of their creed and the integral portion of their strange faith.

And it came to pass upon a certain night that there was gathered a goodly number of these people, and among those present with Flaniken the Majestic were these: Hopkins the Half-Pint, who is by day Exalted Knight of the Lord High Custodian Rollow; Caldwell the Crafty, the Secret Weapon of the Football Team; Gordon the Graham, of the two first names; and Hatchett the Hopeless, an itin-

erant scribe.

And so it was that these mentioned, together with others of the faith, being in high spirits and frivolous mood, did decide to serenade with songs of love the fair ladies who dwelt in the camps of Evergreen and Voorhies, and forthwith the decision was carried out.

And lo, the music that filled the night air was of perfection; yea, it was lovely to hear. And some of the songs that were sung were by name "For Me and My Gal," "I Want a Girl" and "Always".

And the performance in the courtyard of the camp of Evergreen was met with much success and applause; but upon the grounds of Voorhies there lurked disaster.

Because be it known that these grounds were not yet entirely completed, and there were everywhere many pits, embankments, stakes, and wooden walkways, of a very treacherous nature. And the troubadours, unaware of these things, had rendered two melodies when there suddenly arose the cry, "The house-mother approacheth!" and a hasty withdrawal in the darkness was begun. And those same troubadours did at once encounter in various positions the afore-mentioned obstructions.

And the scene that ensued was terrible to witness; yea, it was horrible to behold. And the night was rent with piteous cries and assorted exclamations, such as "Verily, I am fallen into a hole!" and "Forsooth, I am stuck in the mud!"

But despite such fearsome danger and overwhelming odds, the valiant nobles did bravely fight their way out of the perilous territory, and returned to their own camp.

And thus was ended the night which unto this day has been recorded in the history of the T.H.T. as the Night of Heavenly Music.

And upon the morning, the ladies of the two camps were loud in their praise of the enterprise, and exceedingly sympathetic with the condition of some of the participants. And the nobles were joyous in their triumph.

And there was but one blight upon the manner in which the songs were received by the listeners, and that was when one of the honored damsels, upon perceiving that the music was finished, had exclaimed, "Oh, let us give them an encore!" and had been answered by, "Nay, let us cast upon them a fish!"

And so endeth the story.

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## Letter

Since the return of the Southwestern Singers from their tour this month, many letters of congratulations have been received from the three states in which they traveled. The following is an example of the good will created by Dr. Tuthill's Singing Sixty:

Natchez, Mississippi  
February 4, 1947

Dr. Tuthill:

We felt—my wife and I—that we would be derelict in a duty if we did not, however feebly, thank you and the Southwestern Singers for the privilege of hearing your concert in Natchez.

Neither of us is Presbyterian, nor acquainted intimately with Southwestern, hence we are not motivated at all by a pre-conceived feeling of loyalty to your group. The word "pre-conceived" is intentional, for we do now have a feeling of loyalty.

That, we think, is because we like music—from the standpoint of consumers, not producers; secondly, with backgrounds of professional effort, we admire an effort that is well conceived, nicely planned and effectively executed—perhaps adding a merit or two in the minds in recognition of handicaps like bus travel, irregular meals, cumulative fatigue, inadequate facilities and so on.

We did enjoy your concert very much. What is more to the point, we heard a great many favorable comments afterward, and no adverse criticism at all. One which typifies them was from a choir singer (First Baptist Church) who said:

"It was the best entertainment that has been brought to Natchez in years."

We are inclined to agree.

We hope it will be of some encouragement to your singers to reflect that if a couple of hard-bitten newspaper folk who have had to suffer through many concerts on assignment found pleasure in your program sufficient to make a note of trying to say so, there must be myriad others who liked and admired your performance.

It boils down to two words: sincere thanks.

Ira and Hita Welborn  
111 So. Rankin.

### ATO Holds Winter Formal

The University Center was in full swing last Saturday night when the Alpha Tau Chapter of Alpha Tau Omega gave their annual second semester ball from 8-12.

The center was beautifully decorated in red and blue in keeping with George Washington's birthday. A huge red balloon surrounded by small red balloons adorned the center chandelier. Trailing ivy covered the railing of the balcony which bunches of red and red balloons were set at every column. There were dim lights around the room, set off by the huge lighted ATO crest in the center. On each side of the stage were three small balloons with ivy beneath, representative of cherries. On four columns were giant red hatchets. With these unique decorations and the gay colored dresses, the ballroom was the scene of festive activity.

There was only time for three no breaks during the evening instead of the originally planned four.

The ATO leadout was the center of attraction. Graham Gordon and Carmen Roper led out to the tune of "Sweetheart of ATO."

## Lynx Chat

"For it's a long, long time from February to May . . . These frozen days we've spent with you." That's the sad refrain that Kitty is singing these days. Gad! When is it going to get warm?

But Kitty will have to get this in before she busts:

Nancy Little has gone and let us in on something else (she's always opening her mouth and we're always putting our foot in it). It's a long story: It seems that about two weeks ago, Nancy's little dog ran away. All of Southwestern was in a turmoil; everybody expounding their theories about where the little dog went. Then, Monday, she came to school beaming, and announced that the little dog had been found, and Oh! she loved her little dog sooo much, and that her life was not complete without him. What we want to know is, why does the little dog run away in the first place?

OOOOOOGH! the Pikes are so mad! Who was the dirty rat that pasted Lena the Hyena's picture all over their Dream Girl posters?

Ben Gilliland gave us quite a scare . . . He said that he had been pinned yesterday morning . . . We were getting ready to say that Norma Shelton was a lucky girl, when Ben said that he had given that good-looking Kappa Sig pin to one of the new initiates.

Speaking of Kappa Sig pins, will someone puh-lease ask Bill Ingram when he's going to pin Jane Clay.

The frogs are all agog over who is going to be in the Cotton Carnival court this year. We noticed one boy running around being nice to every young girl who looked like she might be a prospect.

This chain of thought leads to the question of who are the froggiest frogs. Our nomination for this unusual honor is that group of young men who walked away with the lowest scholastic group standing.

Most outstanding feature of Evergreen these days is its powerful Operated-by-Sun heating system. Its beauty lies in the fact that the hotter the rays from the sun, the more heat is supplied to the rooms. Only one small item remains to make the perfect plan complete—sticks with which to hold up the windows. They say heat prostration is a horrible way to die.

Miss Allene Graeber (Alive Grabber to our imaginative laundryman) has become a new woman since her sudden rise to a position of responsibility. As new president of our highly efficient governing board, Miss Graeber has regrettably discarded certain childish pastimes, such as alarming innocent little felines with homemade water bombs thrown from the second floor at midnight. We feel that the election of Miss Graeber to the board is greatly beneficial to the dorm as a whole. Even if Miss Graeber doesn't manage to enforce silence upon the rest of the "Everdeadians", she performs

an admirable service by just keeping her own mouth shut.

Question of the week: Who stole the quart (milk, that is) from Mother Rutland's icebox? The culprit had better watch her step or she might find herself face to face with that pearl handled pistol we've heard so much about.

There was a lady by the name of Hill,  
Who tried Southwestern students to fill.  
But instead of filling,

They found she was killing,  
So they all went down to the Grill.

Overheard: Some sons marry for money but my brother sells beer barrels! Ask Gene Page to explain.

One of our well-known students, initials E (for Earl) and H (for Hays) has been seen frequently dashing in and out of the Post Office of late. We hear he's quite chummy with the Postmaster, but what's this about a G.I. letter?

Editor Miller and H. Causey have been seen around quite a bit these past few days—Wednesday night after Sigma Nu's initiation and Saturday night at the super ATO formal. Hoag and "Sleepy" Buford have also been making quite a woosome twosome recently.

Just to prove the old theory of concrete love is false we saw Prudette, Kathryn Arnold, and Jeane Amis Peabodying with some strange men last week.

Just who's out-doing who? —Wellford or Champ? Is Julia running a taxi service to Voorhies for Champ? Just what other games does Flut play besides trumping Julia's ace?

What could possibly keep Peggy Marshall and Bryant from the dance until fifteen minutes before the end?

### Library Notes

Hamman, Mary. THE MADEMOISELLE HANDBOOK Whatever you will choose, your ultimate success depends on those qualities you bring to it and how well you are fitted for it. This handbook will guide you in figuring out the job for which you are best suited, show you how to find a boss, and, having found him, how to keep him.

Holbrook, S. H. LOST MEN OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Unabashed journalism is the author's style—perhaps usefully and happily so, since a vast array of personalities from the early Pilgrims to H. L. Mencken crowd the pages of his lively and debunking study of historical events and personages in our history.

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## ANN'S ALLEY

## Loot From The Exchange Desk

With religious emphasis week over we can begin going back to chapel without carrying a hot water bottle to the gym. Everyone seemed to benefit by Dr. Jones' coming and we hope he'll be back to see us soon. Around the campus has been buzzin' the question, "What are you giving up for Lent?" How about it?

Charlie Dean — "I'm giving up studying."

Jeanne Amis — "I'm giving up smoking, drinking and Men."

Sam Stephenson — "Oh, I can't tell you that!"

Billy Hightower — "Oh, Hilma!!"

Alma Van Hook — "I'm a Methodist, honey."

Emily Rice — "I'm just giving up."

Sara Sleepenflunk — "Sleep! sleep--ee--(yawn) zzzzzz."

Charley Bradley — "Women."

Betty Sneider — "Beer and Smoking."

Beverly Beane — "Lent? I'm a Presbyterian."

Jeanne Edens — "I'm giving up giving up."

Bob Cooper — "Chasing butterflies."

Nancy Scott — "Skiing."

Cliff Greene — "I'd hate to be quoted!!!"

Jane Clay — "The Creel!!!"

Lib Dudney — "Two meals a day, cigarette, cigars, candy, chewing gum, chewing tobacco, chewing, popcorn, peanuts."

## Tri Delta Luncheon

The annual Tri Delta luncheon honoring the pledges of the local chapter was held Saturday, February 22, at Hotel Peabody.

The tables were decorated with assorted spring flowers and corsages of gardenias were presented by the pledges to their big sisters. Guests at the luncheon included Mrs. John Wolfe and Mrs. Raymond Cooper, faculty patronesses of the chapter, and many members of the alumnae chapter.

The luncheon marked the opening of Delta Week in which the position of the actives and pledges is reversed, the pledges having the privilege of making requests of the actives. Several informal gatherings are held during this week which will be climaxed by initiation of the eligible pledges on Tuesday and Wednesday.

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The evacuation of Dunkirk was seen again on a slightly larger scale as approximately twenty Evergreenian inmates gave up the ghost and went elsewhere. The question has been raised as to cause — Was it "Man" or "The Man"? Who can say?

Only two board members remain on the "Inquisition." Evidently our efforts were not in vain.

Osman is throwing black looks our way these days. Maybe he's tired of being called to chase "The Man" from the social room. Honest, we were sure we had him that last time. Anyway, we thought our "favorite professor" would enjoy playing hero!

Questions of the week: What strange mission carried Lou Osborn to and (slightly later) from the Faculty House clad in bright blue bedroom slippers? What could have been going on in the apartment directly across the court from Jane Aucott's room that would have caused such confusion that two shades fell and three week-end campuses were given?

Those Demons (Love, Barrier, Woodson, McGee, and Gillespie) are determined that life shall not be dull—even after midnight. Their latest scheme is a diabolical device which, if prorated correctly, floods the poor helpless victim's room. Oh well, revenge will be sweet!

## VOORHIES

Now that Jane (curiosity) Morris has returned we're warning all couples against parking in front of Voorhies. She has been known to satisfy her curiosity as to who is doing what with a flashlight. (Editor's Note: Morris if you find out let us know.) We are the voice of

bitter experience.

We hear that Kirby Baker is quite a hypnotist but what we want to know is has he hypnotized Mary Belle Pritchard yet?

"Was it the high wind that made those couples stagger up to the board walk to Voorhies Saturday Night?" she said simply.

The four single daterooms in Voorhies are almost finished and Organ and Carey, Peoples and Wood, and Lynch and Broderick have already taken out leases on three of them. That leaves one room for the rest of us to fight over.

We're advising all Voorhies girls to stay out of the infirmary. I'm telling you, it's worse than going to classes. Jo Silvers (strep throat) has had rice with a fried egg on top twice for dinner. That should happen to Miss Hill. The plot sickens!

## ROBB, CALVIN AND YOU NAME IT

This news comes to you directly from the keyholes of Robb, Calvin and Stewart — iceberg, that is — Halls. With Bobby Cobb bursting light bulbs in the halls at midnight it is rather difficult to concentrate. It seems that this is a way of his to express his love for a "big buxom blond"—alliteration no doubt!

Poor Ira (Pi Kappa Alpha,) The Virginia "A", s'il vous plait) has had his fill of Freud, and especially is he through trying to imitate Dali. Several nights ago some vandal smeared his Mona Lisa with water and now all that remains of his art is the fond memory.

Hightower's room is beginning to resemble Hilma Seay's illustrated biography.

## Dr. Bolling Sez

It all began on registration day. A typical "Mob Day", everyone was milling around and by mistake I got on the wrong side of a long row of tables, the side the professors held against all comers. Up too late to shave, I looked a little seedy, and thus my troubles began to grow, though I didn't realize it at the time.

A professor started to hurry by, then stopped short, "Oh, you must be a new man. What do you teach?"

"Nothing."

"A Political Science man, eh? Well, take a seat anywhere and kid these students along. I'm an economist,"

"Like to save a little money myself," I said, as he hurried away in the direction he just came from.

Slightly confused, I sat in the nearest chair and immediately a cute chick sat down across from me.

"Oh, doctor, you must help me. They told me I had to take at least four subjects, hard old things like Math, and Greek Drama; I couldn't stand it. I want to take speech and music, what shall I do?"

Pity welled up in me. Impulsively I took her hand and pressed it. She was forthright assigned to my Political Science class, Speech, excused from Physical Education because of her teeth (they were perfect and she didn't want any ole tennis ball to knock them out—I agreed) and petitioned for a date. Everything suited her fine and she winked as she left. It began to be a very pleasant morning.

For the rest of the morning I suggested to every pretty girl that she take Political Science. Having no idea what it was, most agreed readily and all the boys, except a few smart ones who insisted, dropped the course when I mentioned that it would be a fine class,

as there would only be boys taking it. Toward the last I felt a hand on my back. I was apologizing as I got up; it was the Dean, all right, and the prof. who got me into all the trouble.

"Here is our new man, Dean, Sir."

The Dean asked me my name, his eyes going blank. Then they brightened, "OH, yes, you are the fellow who did so well at Harvard. My secretary forgot your name, stupid trick, glad to have you with us." So I became a full fledged member of the staff.

My first class I started by reading the Constitution. I was about half way through when one of these smart characters said it sure sounded like the Declaration of Independence. I congratulated him on catching my little trick, and dashed to the library for the right article. Twenty minutes before the end of the classes I took everyone's address and telephone number (I threw the boys' away) in case I wanted to change an assignment after school was out. I enjoyed the first semester. Beaucoup telephone numbers; the 47 dollars the school paid me help my \$65 from the government quite a bit; and I had no trouble staying one assignment ahead of my class. I would be there till now if I hadn't learned of the "X's" a student could be given, meaning they passed, "on condition".

When every girl in my classes turned up with an "X", the Dean called me in and asked why such an odd thing occurred. Never one to be backward, I told him. He blew his top; kicked me off the faculty, and swore he would put me in jail. I laughed at the old boy. So for gosh sakes stay on the right side of those tables on the first day of school; the grub in this caboose is awful.

## COSMOS

By RICHARD WOOD

On a cozy little plot of sewage disposal on the bonnie banks of Nonconnah Creek (Flow gently sweet Nonconnah) where in the evenin' by the moonlight you can hear those darkies singing, though the old folks don't sit all night and listen, first because they all have radios and second because there aren't any old folks, there lives a certain clairvoyant called The Gypsy whose real name is Rose Lee and comes from a well-to-do family in Electric Mills, Mississippi.

If I recall correctly, the Lees of Electric Mills are called well-to-do because some nasty ole Yankees moved in on them, drove off all the livestock to provide a livestock show for a bored General Sherman, handed Uncle Tom his walking papers, blew their noses on all the available crinoline-and-old-lace, and told the Lee's (not to be confused with the illustrious founder of the Kappa Alpha Order, to get out and never darken the door again. They thought it well-to-do that.

But to make a long story short, I went to see The Gypsy for a little advice on my second book (I gave up all hope of writing the first one). I had hopes of becoming a dashing foreign correspondent with the Covington Leader and blowing up trains in Albania, posing on the back of an Overton Park Shetland pony for Canadian Club advertisements, dining on sour horse milk in Irkutsk, speaking on the wilds of the Tallahatchie before the National Council of Women's Clubs in Decatur, Illinois. (Ah, yes, Decatur! I remember well one night in Decatur, no it was East Peoria, or was it Bogalusa, Alabama? Well, anyway, I had a ukelele and I knew a girl who had a canoe, but there wasn't any place to float a canoe except in the bathtub, so I . . . well, that's another story, but wow, that was hilarious.)

But I had to give up the hope of making good as a world traveler because I had studied foreign languages at Monkey Island University where I became very familiar with the classics in those tongues and was grilled to the utmost on archaic grammar, but they overlooked teaching me to speak in any of the languages, so I am not qualified for any foreign service. So I decided to become a novelist.

I asked Rose Lee, the gypsy, to consult the Ouija Board concerning the type of story I should write. (The Board of Ouija, Tenn., has all the answers; it's the main plank in the Republican platform.) The answer came in a vision of a horse singing somewhat hoarsely an aria from I Pagliacci. Ah, marshmallow de mon coeur, I shall write a horse opera!

## CURSE OF THE G-E RANGE

By Blue Steele

Big Jim Mullet was the toughest hombre that ever spurred a ring-tailed cayuse into Crutch Creek. We all stood around the bar and tried to look unconcerned but we were all quaking in our boots when he shoved his hulking shoulders against the batwing doors and brought Kaminsky down on the 45 yard line with ten minutes left to play in the third period, Illinois leading their fast quintet to victory in the middle of the eighth inning by a score of 30-love. Big Jim stood at the far end of the bar, big stumpy fingers hooked in his ruby-studded motorcycle belt, his grey, smoky eyes fastened on Harry Hawken, the bartender. "Gimme a red-eye, kid, I need it," Big Jim said. Harry looked at us for a mo-

ment, then smoothed his gigolo hair down (this action takes place before the invention of Vitalis and the 60-second workout.) He reached under the bar. From somewhere in the back-room a smokepole spoke. Harry crumpled. "Who done that?" Big Jim exploded atomically. Marty Gurtz, the faro dealer, stepped through the door. His nervous little eyes darted like a gila monster's tongue from the dead bartender to Big Jim. "Get out of town, Jim," Marty counseled, "Get outta town before sundown, there ain't room enough here for the both of us."

I gasped. Big Jim jerked his spindly-legged new born colt out of its stable at his side and fanned the hammers with one hand while reaching for his drink with the other. Marty had a hole in his middle big enough to throw a cat or Roy Rogers into. None of us moved. Then Pinto Mosquito, the mesquito foreman of the Bar Life-Buoy Ranch ripped a little dirk from his sleeve into his hand. He didn't get to throw it. Big Jim moved like a puma in for the kill. He drove his fist into the little Mexican's butterfat face. The latter reeled against the bar. I hit Big Jim over the head with a handy chair. He busted my back (my aching back!) with the bottle of sarsaparilla that Gene Autry had ordered before quitting his job with Democrat Studios to seek the governorship of Georgia.

I was challenged to a duel in the dark. We stalked out into the street. The town was deserted. Everybody had gone to Oregon to seek gold. Big Jim and I were alone. I broke and ran toward the livery stable, Big Jim's singing B-B's plunking the dust behind me. At twenty paces I spun and pulled the trigger on my cannon. A woman screamed. It was the lady known as Lou. Blood was streaming down my face and staining my ODK key. I screamed. Justice had triumphed. I am Lucky Luciano and Big Jim is Brian Donlevy, an eastern FBI man. I was dying. Lou, my moll, ran up and spat a lipfull of snuff (Garret's) in my ashen face. She looked up into Big Jim's grey, smoky eyes. He sought her cool lips, but he couldn't find them without glasses. I died while he was still groping. Lonesome coyotes howl o'er my last restin' place on ole booothill. Go Home, Young Man, go home!

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## Lynx Bottles Coca-Colas

By Sam Blair

The Lynx cagers registered their second straight win in little over a week last Saturday night. This time it was a 56-32 victory over Coca-Cola on the home courts in Fargason Square.

The conquerors, dropping in buckets from all angles and successfully manipulating their plays against a man-to-man defense, were definitely on their game.

From the first the Lynx were in control and at the half time, had a 24 point lead which they retained until the end. The team showed much improvement in their handling of the ball. Their floor work was excellent in addition to this. It

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## Faculty-SAE Tops Turney

Intramurals are well under way in Fargason Field House these days and much enthusiasm has been shown by all teams that are participating. At the present time two teams are well on top with 4 wins and no defeats, and these

was one of those "hot" nights.

"Red Horse" Williford took scoring honors with an impressive 22 points.

S'western	—	56	Coca-Cola	—	32
Williford	f	22	St'fellow	f	5
Broderick	f	9	Wade	f	8
Coley	f	2	Harbor	f	6
Bailey	f	2	Kinnet	f	1
Carroll	c	8	Burnsed	c	4
McLeod	g	4	Bobbitt	g	5
Dickerson	g	4	Shelton	g	0
Haynes	g	4	Bayer	g	2
Shinbaum	g	0	Rowland	g	1
Bell	g	0			
Templeton	g	1			

teams are the Faculty and the SAE's.

These two teams have shown the ability to hold their own and are stuffed with talent. The Faculty has taken the KA's, 40 to 15, PiKA's 32 to 23, Independents 34 to 33, and ATO's 49 to 36. While the Faculty was marking up these victories, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon's quintet wasn't idle, as it was defeating the Kappa Sig's, 34 to 11, PiKA's, 55 to 12, Independents 40 to 34, and the KA's 37 to 34. Before these two teams clash their only serious threat is the Sigma Nu, who have enough in the way of basketball material to upset both. But if everything goes well, the two undefeated teams should meet next Wednesday night with unblemished records. This stands to be quite a contest as both teams are pointing for this game.

Glancing at the other teams we see that the Sigma Nu's are well in the race for the Basketball Championship with 3 wins and one loss. The White Stars can't be counted out of the race with a

threat like Conley Hemmen, who leads in individual scoring with 66 points. The Kappa Sig's, although their record isn't too impressive, appears to be the most improved team in the league, and this was certainly evident when they upset the highly regarded Independents, 38 to 27. The fightingest team, in our minds, happens to be the ATO's, although they do lack height.

Although many games have been played, each team must play the other members of the league once again. In case you've missed some of the games in the past and want to watch your favorite organization perform on the hard wood, you might stroll over to the field House and look into the situation. We'll bet that if you come over, you'll become interested, and we know the boys playing would appreciate a little boost from their supporters.

(Continued on Page 6)

## Lynx Takes Sewanee Tigers

Tuesday night the Lynx Cats put the finishing touches on their 1947 basketball season with a thrilling 34-32 triumph over the Sewanee Tigers. It was a contest which saw neither team hold over a five point lead at any time and one in which the referee called numerous personal fouls.

Southwestern started off with the game under control and after several minutes the score stood at 4 to 3 with the Red and Black holding the edge. In short order Sewanee jumped into the lead 7 to 4, which was attributed to the shooting of Big Destiche. With several minutes left in the first half the score board showed that the Lynx had rallied and led 16 to 12, but by the time that intermission had rolled around they held only a one point lead, 16 to 15.

When the two teams returned to the hardwood it was Southwestern who took things into their hands and increased their margin to 24 to 17. Then the tide began to turn as the Purple and White of Sewanee began to fight back. Although two of their key men had fouled out, they closed the gap and the Lynx led 27 to 22 with eight minutes left to play. The Tigers weren't through, though, and they strated making it plenty hot for the Lynx, but at the same time many shots of the Red and Black were bouncing out the basket. Sewanee then surged ahead with little less than four minutes left in the game. With forty seconds left to play Bill Haynes attempted a field goal and was fouled. The score board read, "Lynx, 30; Sewanee, 32." By checking with official score is was found that the score was 31 to 32. Haynes wawlked up to the foul line. The crowd quieted down and just as he shot someone yelled, "Watch, it, Dickey!" The ball ripped the bottom of the net, and the game was tied. Sewanee tried desperatly to score, but Southwestern took the ball off the backboard and carried it down court very swiftly. As the horn blew ending the game, Jim Coley was fouled, and that left the game in his hands. Coley knew exactly how to take the situation in hand by sinking both charity tosses. It was a sweet triumph, 34 to 32 for the team's last effort of the campaign.

Lynx 34	Pos.	Sewanee 32
Williford 13	F	Bell 2
Broderick 3	F	Francis 3
Carroll 2	C	Destiche 10
Dickerson 4	G	Leach
Haynes 5	G	Flowers 6
Substitutes:		

Southwestern: McLeod 2, Coley 5, and aBiley 0.  
Sewanee: Colhoun 3, Brown 7, and McConnell.

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**FACULTY . . .**

(Continued from Page 1)

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Team		W	L
Faculty		4	0
SAE		4	0
Sigma Nu		3	1
Kappa Alpha		2	2
Kappa Sig		1	3
Independents		1	3
ATO		1	3
PiKA		0	4

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