

## To The Student Body

Southwestern at Memphis  
February 10, 1949

To the Students of Southwestern:

Tuesday, February 1, 1949, is a significant day in the history of Southwestern at Memphis. It was the day when the Board of Directors, after two or three years of earnest and prayerful search all over this country, unanimously elected Peyton Nalle Rhodes, Professor of Physics and Vice-President of the college, as the thirteenth President of Southwestern. He will continue his teaching duties for the remainder of this session, and will assume the duties of the President's office on July 1, 1949. The universal approval given to this action of the Board of Directors confirms the wisdom of his selection.

Dr. Rhodes has unique qualifications for the position, the fundamental one of which is rockribbed integrity. He is genuinely devoted to intelligent Christian ideals, is academically respectable, is broadly educated, has an honored social background, is a capable administrator, commands the respect of his colleagues, stands for the sound liberal arts tradition, and is well known and highly esteemed. He will take up his new duties not as a stranger who needs to be oriented, but as one who has worked with the faculty, the staff, and the students for more than twenty years, and has helped to build the institution.

It gives me a feeling of relief, indeed one of deep satisfaction, to turn over the duties of my office to the man who in my judgment is best qualified for this position. The following brief editorial which appeared in the Memphis Press-Scimitar on February 2, 1949, expressed my sentiments, as well as those of the Editor of that paper:

"Dr. P. N. Rhodes is a gentleman. He is a scholar. He is a Christian. He is a man of courage. He is modest. He is genuine. He is a man you like to know. He is a man you like to talk to. He is a man you like to think of in connection with your son or your daughter or your ward.

"So the decision of Southwestern trustees to elevate him to the presidency is understandable. Why go afar to find a president when you have such a man at home--tried and found to be true.

"We expect Southwestern to maintain the fine traditions....and to go forward under the leadership of Dr. Rhodes."

CHARLES E. DIEHL

### Retiring President



President Diehl  
(See letter at left)

### World Relations Club Organizes

To Have Carnegie Affiliation

An International Relations Club to be affiliated with the Carnegie Foundation for Peace is to be organized on this campus, according to an announcement made today by Irvine Anderson, chairman of the Steering Committee. All students and faculty members are invited to attend an open meeting at 7:00 p.m. Thursday, February 17, in Room 100 Palmer Hall, at which time plans for organization will be discussed.

The Steering Committee has met twice to discuss plans, and will hold chapel Friday and Saturday to present these plans for the International Relations Club to the student body.

Members of the committee are Audrey Brunkhurst, Toby Bunn, Ken Mills, Owen Moore, Charles Pool, William Wade, Dr. John H. Davis, and Prof. T. M. Lowry. Representatives from this group will attend a regional conference on International Relations at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, November 11-12.

Members of the committee represent the following campus organizations: The Christian Union Thought Committee, the History Club, the History Department, the Nitisit Club, the Political Science Department, the United World Federalists, and the NWSA Student Committee.

"The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries."—F. B. Sanborn

### NEW ZETA LODGE IS UNDERWAY

President Diehl Speaks At Groundbreaking

Three years of impatient waiting and homeless existence finally came to the beginning of the end of the Beta Sigma chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha as the ground was broken for their new lodge on Sorority Row.

The dedication and breaking of the ground on the lot across the road from the Chi Omega and Kappa Delta lodges took place last Saturday afternoon at 1:30 p.m. Dr. Charles Diehl, president of the college, gave the invocation and made the dedicatory address. He recalled that Zeta was the first group to be founded on the campus after its coming to Memphis, and briefly told the history of the chapter's house. Formerly located south of the AOPi lodge, the Zeta house burned to the ground in the spring of 1946. Dr. Diehl was particularly happy that the new home of the first sorority on the Memphis campus is being rebuilt during his term of office.

Jean Ellingson, president of the Beta Sigma chapter, accepted the charge of the new lodge on behalf of the active members. She expressed appreciation to the administration for its cooperation and assistance during the houseless years, and also thanked the other Greek groups who have been gracious enough to lend the Zetas their respective lodges on many occasions. Miss Ellingson promised that once the lodge is completed, its doors will always be open for the use of the school functions.

Brief speeches by Miss Mary Virginia Smith, president of the Memphis alumnae, Mrs. Franklin Cassen, president of the ZTA House Corporation, and Miss Jeanette Spann, provincial president, completed the short and impressive ceremony.

The new lodge will be made of fieldstone in keeping with the architectural designs of Southwestern. It will contain a large living room with a sunken fireplace, a reception hall, dressing room, and modernized kitchen downstairs. The chapter room will be at the top of the stairs, and will have sliding panel doors which can be opened to form a balcony.

Construction of the lodge will begin as soon as the weather permits. It will be completely finished and furnished by the late summer.

### Ministerial Club To Meet

The Ministerial Club will meet in the Bell Room tomorrow night at 6:00 p.m.

## Hutchins Addresses Two Audiences Here

### STAFF NOTICE

The Sou'wester staff is reminded of regular staff meetings held in the office every Thursday at 4:00 p.m. Every member who can possibly attend is expected to be present. The office bulletin board should also be checked at least once a day for assignments and important notices.

### Sorority Rushing At Mid-Way Point Now

Open House For Pledges Climax Of Program

The second annual deferred sorority rush week got off to a bang-up start at 4:30 yesterday afternoon when the five sororities entertained with the initial in a series of three rush parties. Eighty eight girls, divided into five groups, attended the parties. Each group spent thirty minutes at each party with a five minute break in between parties.

All rushees attended the first day's events. Today the number invited back to each party has been cut, and the guests tomorrow will be still further limited. The quota of each sorority has been set at eighteen girls. Legacies count only one-half.

Tomorrow night immediately following the final parties the rushees will meet to sign their preferences. Mrs. Noble Hicks, assistant to the dean of women, will be in charge of delivering the preference lists to an impartial committee. The committee will match the preference lists with the final sorority selections.

At 1:00 p.m. Saturday, sorority presidents will begin calling their prospective members. Bids will be delivered to both women's dormitories. At 6:00 Saturday evening all sorority members and prospective members will meet at their respective lodges for formal pledging ceremonies. Open houses especially honoring the new pledges will be held in each lodge following the pledging ceremonies. They will begin at 8:00 and end promptly at 10:30 p.m.

Parties for the first day of rushing were especially novel and well-planned this year. Alpha Omicron Pi held a "Paradise Party" with members attired in white (Continued on Page 3)

### University Of Chicago's Famed Chancellor

### HAS ADVANCED IDEAS

### Atomic Energy Work During His Term

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago and one of the outstanding figures of American education, spoke last Tuesday morning and night at Southwestern. Coming here at the invitation of President Diehl, an invitation tendered more than a year ago, but which he was unable to accept at once, Dr. Hutchins spoke on the general theme of the relation of the college to the community.

An advocate of advanced ideas in education, Dr. Hutchins has urged a number of revolutionary changes. He has proposed plans to enable capable and ambitious students to advance as rapidly as their ability permits, unfettered by the "drag" of slower fellow students; as well as plans for the establishment of two-year college courses in specialized fields. Some years ago he abolished intercollegiate football at the University of Chicago in the interest of greater attention to studies.

"One of the outstanding contributions of Dr. Hutchins has been his reorganization of the College of the University of Chicago," Dr. Diehl has said. "This brought him as much denunciation from educators as his withdrawal of the University of Chicago from intercollegiate football in 1939 brought him from sports writers and coaches."

Chancellor Hutchins also has been highly successful in developing the financial resources of his institution. When he became president in 1929, its assets were approximately \$81,000,000. During his administration these assets have doubled.

Dr. Hutchins, the holder of a long string of honorary degrees from universities and colleges in the United States and Europe was born in Brooklyn on January 17, 1889, and began his formal education at Oberlin College in 1915. He later (Continued on Page 3)

## Wassermann To Lecture Tonight

Faculty Lectures Continue

Dr. Felix Wassermann will lecture on "Goethe and the Crisis of Western Civilization" tonight at 8:00 p.m. in Hardie Auditorium. Dr. Wassermann will present his argument to a panel discussion group composed of the Rev. Victor Brugge, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, and Dr. Karl Linden, Professor of German at Memphis State College.

These faculty lectures are dedicated to the alumni and friends. They are named The Centennial Lectures in honor of Southwestern's one hundredth birthday. Given in three series, the lectures deal with vital issues of religion and science while the anniversary theme is introduced at intervals. A different plan has been adopted to give better opportunity for discussion. The speaker presents the subject and, following a brief intermission, a forum will be led so that those who wish to make comments and ask questions may do so.

On Monday night, March 7, Dr. Clinton L. Baker will discuss "Increasing Population and Decreasing Natural Resources." On Monday, March 14, Dr. Benjamin A. Wooten, Jr., lectures on "New Sources of Energy," and on March 21, Dr. Raymond T. Vaughn presents "Chemistry and the Standard of Living."

Thursday, April 7, Dr. W. Raymond Cooper will present "Southwestern, the First Hundred Years." Dr. Cooper is writing a book about Southwestern.

## Debaters To Enter Southern Tourney

Aid To Education Is Subject

The Southwestern Debate team will attend the Mid-South Tournament to be held at Conway, Ark., the 11th and 12th of this month. The National College Debate Question—Resolved That The Federal Government Shall Establish A System of Equalizing Education In Tax Supported Schools By Means of Annual Grants—will be the topic.

Professor Totten, debate coach, expects to take the following debaters on the two day trip: Amos Rogers, Bill Roberds, Gerald Pierce, Tom Stergios, Denby Brandon, and Bill Rawlins. This will be the first competitive tournament for Pierce and Stergios in college debate. They will debate in the Junior College Division. The two remaining teams will both compete in the Senior Division. Southwestern will enter no team in the remaining inexperienced debaters Division.

The Mid-South Tournament sponsored by the Arkansas Association of Teachers of Speech is held annually at some college in the mid-south. The Southwestern team of Brandon and Rawlins was awarded second place at the tournament held in Arkadelphia, Ark., last year.

The Southwestern debaters made a good start this year by taking fourth place in the District Top Kappa Alpha tournament at Ole Miss. Some of the best debate teams in the south attended that tournament. The debaters feel confident that they will do better in the coming tournament, excelling if possible their record of last year.

### COUNCIL GIVEN GOLDEN KEYS

The eleven members of the Student Council are now sporting gold keys, bearing the Seal of Southwestern and the individual member's initials and title of office. The keys were presented by the school to the members of the Council at a meeting last Thursday, February 8.

### PLEDGING RESULTS

Following are the names of the students who were pledged to various campus fraternities on Saturday, January 5:

#### Alpha Tau Omega (13)

Blake Atchley, Bill Boyd, Al Clemens, Jr., Howard Hayden, Jimmy Lapsley, Fred Link, Glenn Miller, Jimmy Radcliff, Sammy Reese, Bob Richardson, Wayne Todd, Frank Turner, and Brady Whitehead.

#### Kappa Alpha (11)

Bobby Allen, Parham Baker, Ray Bryant, John Clark, Joe Deaderick, John Edgar, Ed Hamlet, Wendell Holloway, Bert Kremp, Roy Page, and Curt Weston.

#### Kappa Sigma (7)

Joe Bennett, Bob Craven, Richard Dixon, Roy Gwin, Claude Hazel, John Pyles, and Reiter Webb.

#### Pi Kappa Alpha (5)

Harold Nance, Horace Price, Fred Pritchard, Bob Starr, and Tommy Stergios.

#### Sigma Alpha Epsilon (19)

Eugene Barham, Russell Bruce, David Denney, Wayne Deupree, Ben Dewbre, John Gratz, Lester Graves, Hayes Hoover, Howard King, Horace Kitchell, Billy Mills, Billy Pridgen, Ed Rucks, Richard Russell, Ben Shawhan, Earl Sloan, Ham Smythe, Jim Stockley, and Ed Wills.

#### Sigma Nu (2)

Bill Bowden and Jack Oliver.

### RELIGIOUS WEEK NOTICE

Spring Religious Emphasis period will begin Sunday, February 20, when Sophomore Class Vespers will be held. Dr. Armand L. Currie, pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., will be the guest speaker.

There will be mass chapel services on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday mornings of that week, and Vesper Services on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Dormitory worship periods will complete the schedule.

A full schedule of events for the period will be published in the next edition of this newspaper.

## Council Welcomes Gripes, Comments

Box Placed Outside Chapel

A box has been placed outside chapel for the purpose of receiving student complaints and thanks concerning courses and student activities. In this way students may air their likes and dislikes through official channels.

Students may complain about any phase of their college life from their professors to dances and dorm regulations. The box will be emptied weekly by a committee composed of Prof. Thomas M. Lowry, Frank Boswell, Jimmy Davis, and Jim Turner. All suggestions will be carefully considered and Prof. Lowry will present the most important matters to the faculty. The idea originated with members of Omicron Delta Kappa, leadership fraternity, and has been enthusiastically pushed by ODK president Bill Marsh and by the Student Council.

### RED PAINT SMEARED ON LYNXES, WINDOWS

Vandals smeared red paint on Palmer Hall and the Lynx Cats over Ashner Gateway the night of January 27, using a brush to daub the paint on windows of Dean Johnson's office.

Some of the paint splashed on the stonework surrounding the windows. The stone Lynx Cats adorning the entrance posts at Ashner Gateway were liberally painted, also. It is believed by the authorities that the vandalism was done by pranksters. It is not known at this writing whether the pranksters were Southwestern students or not.

Dean Johnson said he believed the damage could be repaired without expensive replacements, adding that the Lynx Cats are valued at more than five hundred dollars.

The Sou'wester is pleased to report that Miss Jeanne Gillespie has returned to school. She was in the hospital for several days for treatment of a back condition.

## ALABAMA ARGOSY; or, The Southeast Passage

Betty Lott

I got a robe  
You got a robe  
All Papa Tutt's chillun got robes

except Virgil, and he left his in Memphis. Not only that—he took all of Johnnie's clean unmentionables with him. And that's how the annual choir trip started, kiddies.

Friday morning, bright and early, 74 pairs of bright and shining vocal chords boarded the two faithful Greyhound busses and folded their respective frames into the seats, and silently stole away into the wilds of Alabama. Programs were given at Amory and Columbus, Mississippi—then on to Tuscaloosa. After a most scrumptious meal at the church, we warbled (not to be confused with wabbed) through the program and essayed forth to find our hosts for the night. After all the smoke and flame had died down, I in my kerchief and Bob Wade on his suitcase were left waiting. Someone finally claimed me, but I never did know what happened to Bob.

Saturday morning, after touring all 55 square miles of the Alabama campus, we were off a-gain, (travelling, that is). Within a short time we had reached Centerville, Alabama, the home of Dr. Cooper. I'm here to tell you we really gave them a show. After the formal part of the program, we dismantled the podium and had

a regular jam session around the piano. We rendered everything from "Life Gets Tejus" to "Stout Hearted Men." This was purely impromptu, you understand.

We were the guests of an alum, Mr. Brady Belcher, for lunch. Someone started spreading the rumor that we were to have 26 barbecued ATO's to stave off our hunger, but we discovered that he had read the schedule wrong and that Mr. Belcher was of the class of 1926 and an ATO, who was feeding us barbecue. After gumbo, barbecue, potato salad, and home made cake, I decided that we were the pigs.

That night found 21 of us young ladies ensconced in a hotel fashioned like an Italian castle in Selma. The rest of the unfortunates stayed in town. We had all the conveniences of home, including spittoons.

By this time, everyone was getting to be the best of friends. We had passed the talking and singing stage and were advancing to such pastimes as bubble gum blowing contests (Reba won, but I got the consolation prize. Personally I thought my bubbles were superior but Reba showed better technique because she used the Leighton method). Then there was a masculine limb contest which Russ Hines won. All of this was done enroute, of course.

Sunday we sang in Prattville

and that night in Montgomery. The elements were becoming rather drippy by this time, and it was here that we heard that there was anywhere from 8 to 58 inches of snow in Memphis.

As we were leaving Montgomery, Joy Upshaw electrified everyone by rushing to the window and screaming that we were passing the home of a very prominent man, one Dr. Pigsty. It turned out that the gentleman's name was Thigpen. That day we arrived in Greenville, ate our lunch in 12 minutes, and made a broadcast. We reached Mobile that night and sang there.

Tuesday morning Lois and Genevieve were only ten minutes late instead of the customary 45 minutes. But guess who was tardy this time! The illustrious Mr. Bryant came in with a wild tale about having stayed on an island and having to swim 13 miles back to town.

That afternoon we were the guests of Mr. Walter Bellingrath in Bellingrath Gardens. We gave an open air serenade grouped around the Lily pond. The other tourists stopped, listened, and trained their cameras on us instead of the 457 different varieties of camellias. It was rather difficult fishing those pennies out of the pond.

Something happened, I know not what, but we were some hours late getting to Gulfport. I suspect (Continued on Page 4)

# Editorially Speaking:

## On Children

School spirit is school spirit. Out-and-out vandalism is something else again.

So far as is known as this is written, the administration has not yet discovered the identities of the clever children (or perhaps it was only one such child, though individuals of that sort usually travel in pairs or more) who did the paint job on the stone Lynx Cats at Ashner Gateway, and on the windows of Dean Johnson's office. Perhaps those identities will never be known. It is highly doubtful that such people are worth the trouble of looking for, or at.

The regrettable thing in this instance is that all the evidence seems to suggest that the somewhat crude effort at self-expression was done by students of this college. The fact that the Dean's office was singled out for decoration is sufficient in itself for that suggestion, as it is well known that people with the calibre of character such as the painters must have, generally prefer to accomplish their misdeeds by slinking around the back and corners of buildings. Only when they have some specific intent do they dare come out into the open.

Along the same line of thought, we should mention the monthly mayhem being performed on the pay telephones in the men's dormitories. No one likes the bother of having to have change in order to place a call. If the students who last year ran the college heavily into debt on unclaimed long-distance telephone bills had only stopped a moment to consider the action which the administration would be forced to take, the free telephones would be still in use. But ripping out and crossing certain strategic wires at pay stations in order to make free calls only results eventually in the telephones going completely dead, and workmen having to be sent to the school by the company to repair the damage done by college "men." Even encasing those wires in steel cable, heavy pipe, and cement has done no good in at least one instance. It would appear that someone in White Hall is the proud possessor of a hacksaw.

Such actions as those we have mentioned have no place in college. Neither, for that matter, do the students who performed them. No one is at all amused, not even those responsible. They find that they are unable to get any admiring words for their valorous deeds from their friends because they cannot safely claim the credit for those deeds.

And Mr. Rollow, whose responsibility it will be to get the Lynx Cats back into some sort of decent shape, if possible, is the one who must really entertain a particularly high opinion of the general character of we modern college students.

## Campus Politics

Robert Cobb

(This article is the first of a series having to do with our campus politics. I hope to be able to present facts about each organization which enters into the political picture, giving praise where deserved and criticism where warranted. My first two articles will deal with the Elections Commission. This week I will criticize their present system, and next issue present a really workable and fair set of rules for them to consider adopting.—Robert Cobb.)

A few days before spring elections are held, we will probably suffer through another chapel program held by the Elections Commission. The last two times this has been done, we have seen, after the worship service was over, the spectacle of an official of that committee "reminding" us of the rules under which the election would be held. This oration generally consists of a series of threats directed at the sleepy students seated below. We are told that we cannot do this, we cannot do that, if this or that happens a whole organization will be punished in this or that fashion, and so on ad infinitum. The implication there is certainly nothing more or less than that a large segment of the student body is out to coerce others of this group at the polls. It seems obvious that the Elections Commission feels that the way to prevent all these impending crimes which never happen is to barrage us with threats before each election. The actual effect of this "rules reminder" program is a disgusting one.

We have also witnessed the failure of the Elections Commission to come to any conclusion about the interpretation of its rules. The reference here is to the now-famous "Star Chamber" trial held last spring, in which Mr. Richard Mussett and Mrs. Mary Lou Christopher, two people as honorable as any to be found anywhere, were called up by the Elections Commission on charges growing out of their being seen together at the polls.

The fact that Mr. Mussett courteously placed Mrs. Christopher's ballot in the box for her, to which he pleaded guilty, certainly restricted in no way her "free voting privilege" since it was most certainly done with her consent. Perhaps the Commission felt that it was protecting that voting privilege when it brought them both to trial. I can only hope that no one ever tries to protect my voting rights in that manner.

An attempt was also made by the Commission to frame Mr. Mussett on the charge of simply being present at the place of voting with Mrs. Christopher, under the Commission's constitutional prohibition of "congregating around the place of voting by persons not actually voting." I personally know Mr. Mussett, and when talking with him I never feel in the midst of a congregation. He freely admitted his "guilt" on this charge also.

To still a third accusation, that Mr. Mussett had marked Mrs. Christopher's ballot for her, both the accused pleaded, under oath, not guilty.

Subsequently during the trial, no conclusion was arrived at, and the deadly criminals were neither cleared nor convicted. All parties concerned then took some aspirin and tried to forget the whole thing. About the only tangible result immediately accomplished was to let the student body know that the Elections Commission did not know how to interpret its own constitution; that said constitution, therefore, could not be enforced; and that all the "rules-reminder" talks in chapel are as worthless as they are boring.

I am informed that the constitution of the Elections Commission has been changed as a direct aftermath of all the unfavorable publicity given the trial in this newspaper (a solitary reporter was finally admitted into the "courtroom" after much debate). When I heard the rules laid down to me in chapel last fall, however, I could not help but think, "It sounds like the same old story."

Next issue, then, in this column, I shall list a suggested set of rules which, if followed, would be far more efficient than the present ones, and which would certainly not demand our being intimidated before each and every campus election.

## JUSTICE, WRIT LARGE

(Editor's Note: Following are excerpts from a column entitled "Let's Look Now," by Sim Wilde, which appeared in the January 28th edition of THE APPALACHIAN, weekly publication of Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, North Carolina. These selected paragraphs are being reprinted despite my general policy which demands original work, because in my opinion they are worth reading by every college student in the United States — North, South, East, and West — as an example of the clear, modern, progressive thinking that can be and is being done on the college campus.)

"Someone sniggered and a woman screamed as justice was doled out in a Georgia courtroom the other day. But I imagine that somewhere in the heavens, the God of Justice turned his head and vomited. A young, prosperous negro was hauled from his car on a lonely road and, in the presence of his wife, lynched. When the wife appeared in a courtroom and told of the incident, she broke down and went into hysterics, screaming that she had seen it all. Someone sniggered. The jury was out for twenty-five minutes and returned with a verdict of not guilty for the men who had been indicted for the murder. God bless the people of Georgia for upholding the rights of the American

## Literary Festival Rules Stated

Ole Miss This Year's Host

The annual Southern Literary Festival will be held this year at the University of Mississippi on April 22, Southwestern's Dean Johnson has announced. Stylus Club, literary organization here, will sponsor Southwestern's entries as it has done in the past. In recent years this college has more than won its share of honors through student manuscripts submitted. Stylus will probably again send a delegation of members to the Festival, which consists of talks by various well-known authors in the several literary fields, and judging of manuscripts.

Rules for this year's contest are as follows:

1. Preliminary Contests. Each member institution shall hold a preliminary contest for the purpose of choosing the two best manuscripts in each category. Each institution may submit two manuscripts in each category. It is not obligatory that an institution submit entries in each category or that two entries be submitted for each category.
2. Categories. Manuscripts may be submitted in the following: (1) poetry; (2) short story; (3) formal essay; (4) informal essay; (5) one act play.
3. Restrictions on Length.

Category	Minimum	Maximum
Poem	None	None
Short story	None	5,000 words
Formal essay	None	5,000 words
Informal essay	None	5,000 words
One act play	None	None

4. Publication. Only unpublished material is eligible for submission, although it is understood that material published in the college magazine or newspaper shall be considered eligible.
5. Eligibility of Students. Any undergraduate student enrolled in a member institution during any part of the 1948-49 session is eligible to participate in the contest.
6. Preparation of Manuscript. Each manuscript must be typed, double-spaced, on one side of the sheet only. The manuscript should not bear either the name of the author or of the school. A sealed envelope containing the author's name, the title of the manuscript, and the name of the school must accompany the manuscript. The title of the manuscript, and the name of the school must accompany the manuscript. The title and classification (for example, "Love," poem) should appear on the outside of the envelope. Only one copy of the manuscript is necessary.
7. Deadline. All entries must be in the hands of the secretary of the Association, Professor N. F. Hamlin, Mississippi State College, State College, Mississippi, by March 20, 1949.
8. Prizes. First and second prizes of ten and five dollars will be awarded to the winners in each category at the meeting of the Association on April 22.

people, no matter what their color."

(And, I would add, God forgive the Federal Government for tolerating such an action.—Ed.)

"... The courtroom tactics used in the above story are the same employed by Hitler in his persecution of the Jews. I make a sincere appeal to you, as students, to rid yourself of any prejudices you may have against any race, creed, color, or religion. It makes no difference if you come from Mississippi, Georgia, New York, or North Carolina. . . . If you have any such prejudices and refuse to cast them from mind, then get out of the (teaching) profession and don't influence hundreds of school children with the rottenness of your own mind.

"I am a Southerner. I was born and bred a Southerner. I will argue with any Yankee that the South should have won the war, and I will probably die a Southerner. But I try not to let this factor influence everything that is right and decent. I don't believe in interracial marriage or any other radical viewpoint, but I do believe in the Constitution of the United States and in everything it stands for.

"... Decent treatment of every human citizen has been the motto of every right person from the time of Christ to the present."

## KAPPA DELTA VESPERS

The regular Sunday afternoon Vesper Service was held last Sunday by Kappa Delta sorority. Leaders for the service were Mary Ann Ramsey and Mary Chisom. The scripture lesson was taken from the fifteenth chapter of John, and the theme of the devotional service was, "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." A special musical number was presented by a trio composed of Ann Brown, Jane Phelps, and Dotie Steindorff.

## For Lo, There Came Among Them A Certain Student Who Did Make The A And B, Not The Alibi

(Biographical Note: The following bit of deathless prose has been furnished the Sou'wester by the kind courtesy of one George Comes, Student of Kelsonian Philosophy, who undoubtedly stole it from somewhere. Mr. Comes, you may recall, is the tall, somewhat hap-hazard individual who recently created something of a panic amongst the Lynx Lair crowd of noontime shoppers when his hamburger grill exploded. George's rather extraordinary exhibition of arm-flailing and imprecation-muttering, though glimpsed only occasionally through the smoke and flame, nevertheless gave a completely fetching impersonation of a hack actor trying to play Goethe's "Mephistopheles" while fighting off a violent case of the Leaping Itch.)

And in those days, behold, there came through the doors of the College of Southwestern a student from afar off, and it came to pass that as the days went by he made the A's and the B's. And they that were of the tribe of the teachers gave him the glad eye and bequeathed unto him high letters and many honors.

And those in the school that were the reviled of the faculty didst knock down the D's and the F's, and were astonished. They said one to the other: "What the dickens? How doth he get away with this, while we spend our time in making alibis for our low grades to the Administration which is the Veteran's and to the Morgan which is Goodbar?"

And it came to pass that many were gathered together in the Social Room of the Hall which is Palmer. And a soothsayer came amongst them. And he was one wise guy. And they spake and questioned him saying: "How is it that this stranger amongst us accomplisheth the impossible?"

Whereupon the soothsayer made answer: "He of whom ye speak is one hustler. He ariseth very early in the morning, and he burneth the oil of the midnight until the midnight be past. He complaineth not, neither doth he squawk and say, 'What good doth this tripe do me?' He doth not bellyache nor proclaim that this subject is too hard and those lectures do bore him to death. He sitteth straight in his chair and listeneth with both his ears unto the instructor. His face is keen and his term paper hath been written weeks ago.

"Even while ye gather here and say one to the other, 'Verily, it is a heck of a day to study,' he is already abroad in the library, and when the end of the semester cometh, he will need no alibi. The poolroom attracteth him not and he passeth with a look of cold scorn on his snoot.

"He knoweth his lessons, and even they that would wish to grade him low must need give him the A's, and the teachers do talk among themselves one to the other, and they do mention his name, and praises fall from their mouths for his good works. And lo, when he goeth forth from this institution, many fine letters will be on the document which is his diploma."

And then the soothsayer spoke again, and said words of wisdom as follows: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, and these words do I leave with thee: Beat thy cuesticks into pencils, and change thy racing forms into notebook papers. Yea, even let not your hearts be troubled over whether this metropolis shall have legal booze by the drink in the month which is to come, but apply the seats of thy pants unto the seats of thy chairs and study like the almighty dickens, following him who hath set this example.

"For lo, when he goeth forth to shew unto the world the things that he doeth, his works will be great, and many will marvel at his deeds. Yea, he will be mighty, and ye who are sluggards will be covered with the dust from his feet, for he is one eager beaver.

"And lest thou eat the clods from his heels, go thou forth and do likewise.

"Amen."

(Fear not. There shall be a Missing Lynx in this space next issue.—Ed.)

## Envy The Stolid

J. N. Sumrall

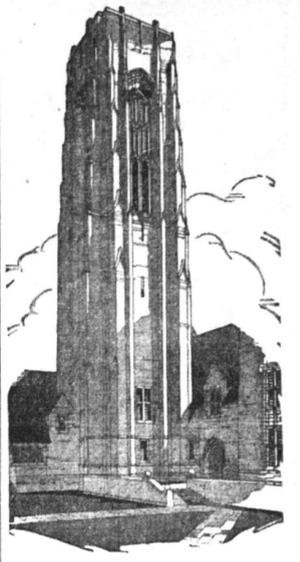
Envy the stolid  
Those who look but do not see,  
Who steeped in all the  
Perfumes of delight  
Dilate not a nostril,  
Unhinge not an emotion,  
They can sit in stalwart silence  
While the world spins itself  
In ever-diminishing convolutions.  
They sun themselves,  
Scratch their bellies,  
They talk — and stretch  
In the sun,  
Fill crowded beaches  
Scattering in their wake  
Effluvia —  
Wastes of forgetfulness.  
They talk and hold  
Their bottles to the sun  
And through the amber beer  
Gaze emptily —  
Till closing their eyes  
They stretch asleep  
The tide laps warm  
Around their feet,  
And the worrying sea  
Pulls one, another,  
And then another  
Into its lapping lucent deep  
Where from its cathedral dark  
With faces uptilt toward the sun  
They lie . . . and through the  
Emerald gaze emptily.

Envy the stolid  
They sit among the wise  
They know not the night's  
unquietness.  
Tomorrow's path for them is  
No more real than yesterday's  
Remembrings.  
Envy them — but watch the while  
For some must look  
If nothing more than  
To sentinel the stars  
And chart the flight of doom.

## FEATURE NOTICE

A "Letters to the Editor" column will become a regular feature of the Sou'wester with the next issue. All communications should be left in the newspaper office or in the Sou'wester mailbox in the Registrar's Office. The letters must be signed, but identity of any writer will be withheld upon request.

## Chapel Chimes



Robert H. Stanbery

On face value, there is nothing particularly attractive about my theme or text; for they have probably scared more people away from Christianity than any other: "Strait is the gate and narrow the way which leadeth unto life."

It is by no means difficult for us, in days of youth as well as in days of maturity, to look about us and discover confining and depressing things in life. In the course of his lifetime, a man may be destined to travel a great many ways that are narrow—the way of poverty, of ill health, of failure, and of disillusionment. They all have one characteristic: they cramp man's aspirations and limit his achievements.

That being the case, it scarcely seems likely that any religion that seemed to add one more way of restraint to those that are common to man's life could ever carry a great appeal for humanity. Jesus rejects the broad highway of a carefree life and says to those who would follow Him, "I call you to travel the narrow way."

The most obvious fact about "the narrow way" is that it is the way of discipline. It is not very difficult to picture the probable culmination of the life that is not subjected to discipline. A person who would live such a life would be graceless, heartless, without conscience, without morals, and without the smallest approach to moral principles. This is the way to spiritual degeneration and moral decay. You have only to keep your eyes open to see how often this life becomes a most unlovely specimen of humanity.

As man marches down life to the Eternal, he has a career to carve, a mind to develop, a character to build, and a soul to strengthen. He cannot do these things without accepting the disciplines of life. Discipline is indispensable for the molding of a true man or a true woman. The narrow way of discipline is a way of reward for those who are willing to tread it.

Finally, the narrow way is the way of security. There is nothing that can be more baffling, more bewildering, or more terrifying than life itself. Within the span of a single year, a single day, or a single hour, the life that has been moving along serenely, confidently, and happily, can be shattered by a bolt from what was apparently the bluest of skies.

(Continued on Page 3)

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## TO THE READERS:

I would like to take this opportunity to publicly extend my appreciation to all those persons, both among the student body and among the faculty and administration, who concerned themselves by either encouraging word or action toward my reinstatement as editor of this newspaper.

Although I cannot possibly name all of them here, special mention in this respect should be made of President Diehl, Dean Johnson, Mr. Springfield, the members of the Publications Board, Miss Katherine Smith, and Miss Vivienne Chilton. And to all others who helped, with or without my knowledge, that appreciation is in no sense lessened by being unable to print their names.

Bill Hatchett

## Club Talk



Initiation for three of its pledges was held by Delta Psi chapter of Delta Delta Delta sorority on Thursday and Friday of last week. Initiated were Anne Caldwell, Louisville, Ky.; Erlene Downs, Memphis; and Betty Neill, Avalon, Miss.

Members and pledges of the sorority were served dinner together after the initiation ceremonies, and each of the three initiates was presented with a talisman rose.

The sorority is at present working on plans for its formal dance, to be held on February 19 at the University Club.

L'Alliance Francaise, Memphis organization for persons interested in France, presented a program on Ravel, celebrated French composer of the modernist school, in the SAE house last Tuesday. Clifford Tucker gave the program, with an introduction by Mrs. W. Webster, member of the faculty at Miss Hutchison's School. Prof. R. L. Roussey is president of the organization.

## Good Gawd! Hatchett!

or: Oh, No! Not Again!

Betty Lott

Bill Hatchett has been reapointed.

Egad! ! ! !

The entire student body was amazed, astounded, flabbergasted, and chagrined to hear this. We, the members of his old staff, were particularly unhappy about it, because with the regime of Hatchett comes the cold, the starvation, and the privation. And after that—yes, you guessed it—COMES THE REVOLUTION!

"Perhaps the most thankless student office at Southwestern is that of editor." Believe you me, it's NOT so for Hatchett. He's not even averse to denying by-lines just so he can claim the articles as his own. In fact, if the truth were known, William Reese Hatchett not only cannot write, he can't even read.

And he certainly has not done his work without griping. Any one passing the Sou'wester office can hear noises ranging from muffled groans and grunts to loud shrieks and groans. Cigar, cigarette, and pipe smoke boils through the door as he smokes all three at once. Sometimes he even burns incense at the shrine of Caxton. As he gets more absorbed in his ritual, his otherwise distracted and bumbling nature becomes aroused and infuriated. He screams at everyone who dares to come within his range, and finally, when the paper is at last ready to go, he has to tear around the campus to hunt up and apologize to all the members of his staff whom he has either insulted or assaulted.

Hatchett, like many another great man, realizes that in order to be a good bum tomorrow he must be a good bum today. Having given fifteen semesters to loafing, he must reserve the sixteenth for trying to get out of this place. Thus it is that the job of editor has fallen into the hands of one who is not so near graduation.

So it's hello for now, Hatchett. Don't play too hard, good luck, God bless you, and at least try not to make such a general nuisance of yourself.

Chapel Chimes ...

(Continued from Page 2)

Life at its best is a complex thing which confronts men and women with a host of problems. Unless man has something to cling to, something upon which he can place unswerving trust and unflinching faith, then he is poorly equipped for the journey of life.

What, then, is the security offered by the narrow way? Here it is in Jesus' own words, "Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." It is the knowledge of the other life with all its eternal promise and fullness that makes the narrow way worthwhile. There is a security that cannot be matched by anything this world offers. We all have to walk the road of life whether we wish to or not. We may take the broad road, the easy road, the heedless, or the thoughtless rushing road; but if we do, then our lives are little different from the automobile that is started up and left to its own resources. The end will not differ at all. However, if we are willing to walk the narrow road of Christ, the road that at times does deny our human desire for sensation, then our lives have the guidance and the approval of God. The end is always clearly in view. God is with us every step of the way. There is no greater security than that.

Here, then, is the narrow way to which the Carpenter of Nazareth calls us. It is the way of discipline, but it is the discipline which is essential to the well-ordered life that brings its own reward. It is the way of beauty that enables men to reach out for the perfection that is Christ. It is the way of security that holds out to man the only promise of a truly abundant life—here and in eternity. Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, but it gives meaning to life and hope for a better world.

This Newspaper Racket - -

"Newspapers are the world's mirrors."—James Ellis

"Were it left for me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."—Jefferson

"Every editor of newspapers pays tribute to the devil." — La Fontaine

"Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."—Napoleon

"Let me make the newspapers, and I care not what is preached in the pulpit or what is enacted in Congress."—Wendell Phillips

"All I know is what I see in the papers."—Will Rogers

"There's villainous news abroad."—Shakespeare in Henry IV, Part I

"Writing good editorials is chiefly telling the people what they think, not what you think."—Arthur Brisbane

"Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate more important far than they all."—Carlyle

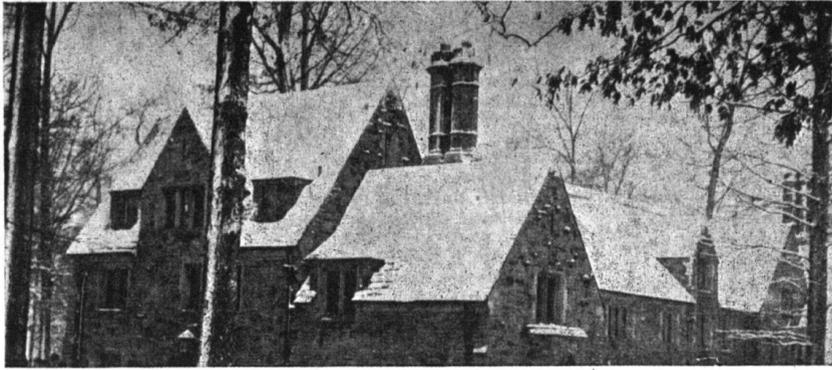
"Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please."—Mark Twain

"The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous — licentious — abominable — infernal — not that I ever read them — no — I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper." R. B. Sheridan in The Critic

Rings 'n' Bells

The Sou'wester would like to take this opportunity to congratulate two recently-engaged couples on our campus, Miss Jeanne Edens and Mr. Jake Lewis, and Miss Peggy Marshall and Mr. Jack Crutcher. Congratulations are also in order to recently-married Mr. William Marsh and the former Miss Jane Aucott, now at home in Trailer Village.

"He Who Would Know Great Art, Look Out Of Doors"



A symphony in chiaroscuro is presented free of charge here every winter, as Southwestern's Gothic architecture becomes strikingly outlined with snow against a gray background of sky.

Southwestern Sends NSA Delegates

Bunn, Schillig At Berea Now

Toby Bunn and Steve Schillig are representing Southwestern at the regional convention of the National Student Association now being held in Berea College, Ky., today through Saturday. NSA program and policy will be discussed and plans for the 1949 regional program made at the convention.

Bunn and Schillig, selected by the Student Council to represent the college, will attend discussion groups on International Relations and on Student Government. Discussion groups on the NSA Purchase Card system and on the Culture Aspects of College Education will be held, also.

The National Student Association is the largest association of college student governments in the United States. The Association coordinates information for the member schools and informs them of work done by other student governments. An international relations bureau is conducted, also.

Question Of Week

Vivienne Chilton

What is your opinion about the forthcoming comprehensive examination requirement for graduation?

Robert Cobb: "Although I naturally crave excitement, I just don't want to think about them."

John Thomas: "It is my carefully considered opinion that in the present economic crisis of a world torn by the storm and strife of opposing political ideologies, they constitute a serious menace to the safety and well-being of the posterity which is to follow us."

Irving Anderson: "They are a very good thing. Concentrating all of one's major work toward the end of the college years should serve at least to give the student an all-inclusive view of his field which he would be liable not to get otherwise."

Sorority Rushing ...

(Continued from Page 1)

vestments complete with golden halos and wings. The lodge decorations and refreshment theme also featured the celestial motif. Ann DeWar made a hit as Saint Peter, guardian of the "Paradise Gate." At the Chi Omega lodge, rushees found a "Chi Omega Wedding" in progress with Eloise Cooper as bride. All members were attired in formal gowns or tuxedos. Following the wedding ceremony the guests enjoyed a reception complete with "champagne."

At Tri Delta's "Shipwreck Party," rushees were amazed to find the members in nautical and South Sea Island garb. A "Cannibal Skit" and typical "Robinson Crusoe" decorations added to the atmosphere. Kappa Delta entertained with a "Nursery Rhyme Party" featuring a group of clever songs carrying out that motif. The members were attired in authentic story book costumes adding to the Mother Goose atmosphere. Zeta Tau Alpha is holding its rush parties in the Pi Kappa Alpha Lodge. Yesterday's impressive tea featured the theme "Zeta Girls Through The Years." A group of Zeta's modelled costumes from the date of the sorority's founding until today.

CLUBS NOTE!

All reporters for campus social organizations are asked to turn in to the Sou'wester their announcements concerning forthcoming meetings, or stories about important meetings, already held, by twelve noon every Sunday for publication in the following Thursday's paper. The newspaper staff should not be expected to be responsible for work that is delegated to other persons, particularly with the present scarcity of extra-curricular time and rush of news.

Stylus Club Reports Magazine Delay

Distinctive Makeup Promised

Stylus, free, official midyear publication of Stylus Club, the literary organization of Southwestern, will not be issued to the student body until the latter part of this month. In making this statement, Bill Hatchett, editor of the magazine, added that although plans originally called for a publication date in January, unforeseen difficulties concerning faculty approval of manuscripts made the postponement necessary.

The new edition will consist of thirty-two, large-size pages in a distinctive, easy-to-read format. In addition to articles, stories, and poems by both old and new members of the organization, there will be contributions from students who are working to fulfill necessary requirements for membership. Generally, two manuscripts accepted for publication entitle the author to join the group, although in the case of shorter works of the same type, more than two may be required at the direction of the club in order to demonstrate the candidate's literary versatility.

Shakespeare The Prophet

(The following are excerpts from a radio address given by Dr. C. L. Townsend, Professor of English at Southwestern.)

"Shakespeare, who saw everything," wrote Mr. J. St. Lo Strachey at the head of an article on the downfall of Britain's first Labor Government, and many are the Bardolaters who would subscribe heartily to the assurance given by a distinguished Shakespearean critic, the late P. A. Daniel, to George Brandes, that there was simply nothing that Shakespeare did not know.

Stimulated by these evidences of how frequently the imagination of genius in Shakespeare has anticipated the conclusions of scientific research, I have lately re-read several of the plays in search of further proof of Shakespearean omniscience.

The Tempest, for example, affords proof positive that Shakespeare had familiarized himself with radio. Not to dwell on the similarity of sound and function between Ariel and aerial, how else can we account for Caliban's description of broadcasting in the lines:

"Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs, that give delights, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices . . ."

In the same vein, we find in Coriolanus the injunction to "Take up some other station;" and in The Taming of the Shrew the warning "His lecture will be done ere you have tuned."

Proof that Alexander Graham Bell had been forestalled by the prophetic soul of Shakespeare is proven by a line in Hamlet:

"Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends."

Macbeth affords good grounds for holding that the first revelation of Christian Science was vouchsafed not to Mary Baker Eddy of Boston, but to Will Shakespeare of Stratford. "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it" is a single line summary of "Science and Health."

The alliance between the bootlegger and the rumrunner is unmistakably anticipated in Glendower's boast: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," and the interference of the hi-jacker foretold in Hotspur's retort, "Why so can any man, But will they come

Home Games Announced

Southwestern's home basketball game schedule for the remainder of the season has been announced as follows:

- Feb. 19, Alabama State, Fargason Field House; Feb. 23, Ole Miss, Shelby County Building, Fair Grounds; Feb. 25, Memphis State, Shelby County Building, Fair Grounds; Feb. 26, Millsaps, Fargason Field House.

Student Tickets Here For Film "Hamlet"

Olivier's Art In Fourth Week

Special discount tickets are still available to students of Southwestern who have not yet seen, or who wish to see again, the Ritz Theatre's current, all reserve-seat, showing of Laurence Olivier's film version of Hamlet. The tickets are available in Dean Johnson's office and in the Lynx Lair, and are good for any matinee showing of the picture. No money is handled by Southwestern — the student merely obtains his ticket here, signs it, and presents it with the price of admission, one dollar, when he makes his seat reservation. Reservations must be made in person at the box office, and may be made in advance for any desired matinee performance. The management of the theatre has announced that good seats are being given on student tickets.

Matinees, the only performances at which student tickets will be honored, are presented at 2:30 p.m. on weekdays, and at 2:30 and 5:30 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. The film is expected to be shown at least through the seventeenth of this month.

NSA Student Art Shown On Campus

Academy Works on Display

The best of American student art from 37 colleges and universities all over America was displayed on the Southwestern Campus at the Man Building last Monday through Wednesday.

This group of 43 pieces of art, including oils, water colors, gouaches, etchings, and lithographs comes from an original group of 101 works assembled under the auspices of the United States National Student Association by Miss H. J. Rogers of Mundelein College of Chicago.

Along with this group was a collection of ten works from the Memphis Academy of Arts, which offered to students a chance to compare local work with other student work.

A portion of the original group has been sent abroad for display at international student exhibits. The remaining group was split to enable more convenient handling in touring the colleges which are members of NSA.

The exhibit which came to Memphis from the University of Detroit was obtained through the National Offices of the National Student Association, through the efforts of Howard Arnold of Christian Brothers College, and was displayed on the C.B.C. campus Saturday and Sunday. The collection was originally assembled for display at the First National Student Congress in Madison in August of 1948.

Christian Union Forum

The Christian Union Forum this week will be on the question, "What is the Church?" The Rev. N. C. McPherson, pastor of St. John's Methodist Church, will lead the discussion on the historical differences of the denominations. The Forum is to be held in the ATO house at 3:45 p.m. Friday.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Students interested in obtaining work as dancing instructors at Memphis' Arthur Murray Studios are asked to contact Virginia Briggs, Southwestern student, at 5-9222.

Lynx Defeat Local "Y" League Champs

APOLOGY

The Sou'wester regrets that it was unable to cover yesterday's game with Arkansas State. Since we must go to press on Tuesday, that story obviously could not be included.

FROSH FROLIC FEATURES VALENTINE THEME

Jackie Roland of Caruthersville, Mo., and Ed Wills of Memphis were crowned Queen and King of Hearts at the Freshman Valentine Dance last Saturday night at 8 o'clock in Fargason Field House. The coronation was held just before the entertainment planned by Barbara Flippin and Ann Rollow. There was a duo-piano rendition of "Rhapsody In Blue" with John Gratz and Jim McLin doing the artistry, a "dramatic" reading by Anne Marie Caskey, and Julia Richardson's singing of "Embraceable You."

The walls of the gym were covered with hundreds of small red hearts, and at one end of the room was a large eight foot heart. Betty Hoyer was in charge of the decorations. The music was provided by Bill Jones' orchestra.

"Twelfth Night" Coming

Readings for Twelfth Night, to be presented this semester by the Southwestern Players, are being held this week. All students interested in trying out for parts should watch the Players Bulletin Board just outside the chapel for time and place announcements.

George F. Totten, professor of speech and dramatics, will direct the Shakespearean comedy. He cannot say at present exactly when it will be presented, but states that it will probably be sometime in April.

The play will be given almost exactly as written, with no changes in plot and only a few minor ones in the dialogue.

Coat Thefts Plague Men

A gray overcoat belonging to John Evans was stolen from the gym during the intramurals basketball game Friday night, February 4. John states that he stayed until everyone else had left and all the coats were gone. He is a junior and may be reached at 4-6924.

A new gunmetal-colored plastic raincoat was stolen from Gene Schaeffer during the period between Christmas and examinations. The coat was hung in the second floor cloakroom of Palmer Hall.

Schaeffer is convinced that it was not a case of someone's being mistaken as to the identity of the coat, because of its unusual appearance and texture and because of the fact that his hat was left untouched.

This was not Gene's first experience with a clothing theft here. During his first semester, in 1946, a navy raincoat and a pair of pigskin gloves belonging to him were taken from the same cloakroom.

Win And Lose Game In Mississippi

FROSH GAME TIED UP

Last Saturday afternoon Southwestern got back on the victory trail with a 55-41 conquest of the Coca-Cola Bottlers, champions of the local Y.M.C.A. league. Edgar B. Riley of the Bottlers and Jimmy Goostree of the Lynx paced the scorers with 11 points, closely followed by Bill Coley with 10. Although Southwestern was in the lead throughout, the Bottlers made it fairly close until midway in the second half when the Lynx spurred to a commanding 45-30 lead.

Roy Gwin, Eldon Roark, and Jimmy Goostree hit for baskets in the opening moments of play to run up a quick 6-0 margin, and Gwin and Roark paced the attack that resulted in a 27-22 Southwestern lead at the half. The second half was evenly played for the first few minutes; then Goostree, Gwin, Coley, and Derr connected for goals in rapid succession to run Southwestern's advantage from 7 to 15 points. At this juncture, about six or eight minutes before the end, Coach Clemens gave the regulars a rest and the subs played the contest out to its conclusion.

The Lynx Cats' road trip into Mississippi during the recent holidays was only moderately successful. Southwestern defeated Keesler Field in Biloxi 53-52, but Millsaps knocked off our boys in Vicksburg the following evening by a 47-38 count.

As a preliminary to the Bottler game, the Southwestern Freshmen took on the quintet from Itawamba, Miss., Junior College. The game was called off after one overtime period with the score deadlocked at 43-43. This contest was chiefly notable for its roughness, nine men fouling out and 57 fouls being called. As a matter of fact Itawamba had to finish the overtime period with only four men since five of their nine man squad had been forced out via the personal foul route.

SOUTHWESTERN

Table with 3 columns: Name, Pos., Pts. Includes players like Coley, Roark, Derr, Gwin, Goostree, Williford, Pridgen, Thomas, Graves, Dabney, Doyle, Newton.

TOTAL

COCA-COLA

Table with 3 columns: Name, Pos., Pts. Includes players like Bailey, Tate, Glasgow, McSpadden, Bayer, Ellis, Morton, Hugo, Smith, Bowen.

TOTAL

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# The Strange Doings Of Horace A. Quiverr

Jim Hudson

I had rather have been where I was than any other place in the world. I was in bed. It was one of those big, soft beds. The windows were open and the cool air and the pile of blankets went swell together. Betty cuddled and made contented little noises. I understand that this is a common trait of cute little girls of twenty-two, so I suppose there is no real reason to brag. Her blonde hair lay in a golden mass on the pillow. No bobby-pins. No curlers. We hadn't been married long. The lights were out — I was so tired — so comfortable —

—“There are lights on at the Quiverr's, darling.”

The proper thing to do, in such a case and at such a time of night, would have been: first to grunt pathetically, and second to curse bitterly. I just grunted. If I had married any girl other than Betty, or if even Betty had said the lights were still on at the Thompson's or at the Crawford's, or the Richards', or even at the Wienkeskevis', I would undoubtedly have done the cursing also. I just grunted, but it was a most expressive grunt, an incredulous one.

“The Quiverr's you say!” I was sitting up looking. I was able to look out our front window and it was perfectly obvious that she was right. The lights were on at the Quiverr's.

I pulled on our light and looked at my watch.

“It's almost two,” I said unbelievably.

“Must have gone to sleep with them on,” Betty mumbled as I reached up, bumped my head and yanked out our light. She snuggled in again.

“The Quiverr's are too frugal to do that,” I said doubtfully.

“Frugal? Just because you went to college do you have to show off by using such big words?”

“Frugal. It means thrifty. You went to college yourself.”

“Yes, I know, but it was a girls' finishing school.”

“I'm sorry. I accused you unjustly. Now go to sleep.”

“Okay, dear.” — More contented little noises.

The bed felt so soft — I was so —

—“You awake, darling?”

“Yeah, somebody keeps waking me up.”

“I guess it's me huh?”

“It is unless some blonde woman has mysteriously stolen in here and is now sleeping between us.”

“Would you like that?”

“I won't even dignify such a question with an answer,” I said patiently. “Now go to sleep, please.”

“It really wouldn't be very dignified—two women in the same bed with one man, particularly if one of them was his wife. I'm surprised at you suggesting such a thing. We've been married such a short time.” She was playfully pouting.

“Betty, when I get in bed with another woman I promise to make sure that you aren't there too.”

She smiled. I smiled.

“Do you suppose one of them is sick?” she asked seriously.

“Who?”

“The Quiverr's.”

“I doubt it. Mr. Quiverr admits having had a slight cold in '98.”

“I suppose you are right. Good-night.”

“Goodnight, dear.”

The bed was so —

“Darling, Mr. Quiverr is a funny little man, isn't he?”

“Uh, huh.” I love my wife.

“I'm glad you don't look like him.”

“Oh I don't know, I think he is quite attractive. But he's definitely not your type.” I could visualize

Horace — everyone calls him that — scurrying down the street on his short legs. He always wears a woolen scarf tightly tied around a very thin neck and pulled up over a huge Adam's apple. A monstrous overcoat leaves two inches from the shoe tops upward unguarded, practically no fingers are visible. Hat and gloves also make up a part of the costume. You never see him without overshoes, for as he would say in his high squeaky voice, “It might have rained and I'm so susceptible to colds you know.”

“Let's go over to the Quiverr's tomorrow and see if we can't find out what it's all about.”

“You mean the lights being on so late?”

“Uh huh.”

“It's not worth the trouble. They are quite sociable people, the Quiverr's. At least Mrs. Quiverr is, and I think Horace would like to be. But all Horace ever says is, Yes, dear, whenever she seriously asks, Don't you think so, Horace? Quite often she continues the conversation before Horace has had time to agree. . . . Poor little guy.”

“You sleepy, dear?”

I started to whack her once, but just said, “Uh huh.”

“Let's go to sleep then. Good-night.”

“Goodnight.”

Mrs. Quiverr—Mrs. Quiverr is known to her closest friends as Mrs. Quiverr, and referred to by Horace as Mrs. Quiverr. Sometimes he calls her “dear.”

It happened as I was dozing off comparing Betty to Mrs. Quiverr and feeling lucky and all warm inside. The Quiverr's door banged shut. Someone was up over there! I was out of bed and to the window just as Horace reached the sidewalk and succeeded in getting both feet planted on it at the same time. This required a good bit of effort on Horace's part. He leaned forward on something long and black and surveyed the situation as coolly as was possible for a person in his condition to coolly view any situation. I recognized the long black something. It was a gun.

“Plastered to the gills! Well I'll be damned!” said a shy sleepy voice over my shoulder.

“Ladies shouldn't cuss,” I remarked.

“Well I'll be damned!” Her voice came from the depths of the clothes closet.

I knew the old gun. It was an ancient one Horace had from a great uncle. He had shown it to me one day when Mrs. Quiverr was away. I had almost felt sorry for him when he had thrown it to his shoulder and sighted imaginary game. I knew he had never shot it and doubted if the uncle had ever seen anything more modern than screaming savages down its barrel.

After we had groped around blindly in the closet, we located coats. I'm still wondering why one of us didn't click on the light. I told you that we both went to college.

We fell downstairs and out to the street. Did you ever know a girl who could wear a baggy overcoat and have it look form-fitting? Betty can.

Horace was under the street light squinting at the old gun. We moved into the circle of light.

“What're you doing, Horace?” I asked.

“Yes shir, yes shir, they fit

just like the man said they would.” After several failures he fumbled a shell into the gun. He was definitely drunk, but was still too fastidious to allow more than a slight lisp to invade his voice.

“Now Horace, be careful,” cautioned Betty.

“Not going to hurt a soul, not a soul,” Horace assured her.

We could easily have taken Horace in to bed, but no one ever told a tall girl in a French bathing suit to go get dressed.

“They think I don't know,” he confided to us, “but I'll wager I'm the only one who knows the whole story, they just know part of it themselves. It's amazing. . . . amazing! Been watching for weeks. Finally got it all figured out and put together tonight. Fantastic! Fantastic!”

He seemed to swell up with pride, at least I think he tried to swell up. He had the overcoat on. Before I could ask him what, or why, or whatever a logical question would be to such a jumbled statement, Betty was motioning me to be quiet. She looped her arm through mine and we watched.

Starting with his own house, Horace counted four houses up the street. Then he recounted and came to the same conclusion—the white house was the one he wanted. It was Mr. Fitzhugh's house.

He turned to me.

“See that white house?” He pointed.

I made it plain that if he could see it, I could.

“Now, you keep pointing at that house so I'll know which one.” I hesitated but when the sweet feminine elbow whammed into my ribs I thought better of it.

“Got it all figured, know just what to do,” he lisped.

He picked up the old shotgun, looked where I was pointing and before we could stop him, cannonaded out about a dozen of Mr. Fitzhugh's upstairs windows. Were you ever in a bass drum while someone was beating on it? It must have been an old type black powder shell.

“Sh!” Horace shouted over the roar that was echoing about the neighborhood. The old gun was still at his shoulder. I had expected great roars of rage to come pouring from the Fitzhugh house, but nothing was heard except the scurrying sounds of hurried movement, and the thud of knocked-over furniture. The occupants of the Fitzhugh house seemed to be unnaturally accustomed to being fired on in the middle of the night. Betty and I were completely astonished by the whole series of events.

Horace laid the gun down, leaned against the lamp post and serenely awaited developments. If Horace was so calm I could see no reason for us to get upset, so we imitated Horace and folded our arms in front of us and looked in the direction he was looking—

at the Fitzhugh residence.

We didn't have long to wait. The Fitzhugh door flew open and who should dash out but Mrs. Ames, alone, without Mr. Ames. And I might add that she was in a state of slightly disheveled attire.

“Oh!” exclaimed Betty.

“Ah!” said Horace, with a tone of satisfaction.

Mrs. Ames made a slightly accelerated trip next door to the Ames' residence and disappeared inside.

There was darkness and silence, then lights and one hell of a noise. The door fairly popped open and Mrs. James made a rapid exit. Mr. James was nowhere to be seen.

“Oh!” said Betty.

“Ah!” said Horace.

These exclamations were still in the air when Mrs. James entered the James domicile. Once more, light appeared and words of gross displeasure were heard. Mrs. Franklin appeared on the scene making for the Franklin home-stand.

“Oh!”

“Ah!”

The domestic conflagration was sweeping down the street and was now very near us.

Two women screamed and one man cursed and the Franklin portal belched forth its fleeing female.

This time Betty said a few words after her “Oh!”

Horace said, “Told ya' I had it all figured out.” It was Mrs. Quiverr. Brakes were applied and hands flew to her hips. She leaned forward and squinted at Horace.

“Is that you, Horace?” she demanded.

“Yes, dear.”

“What are you doing out without your overshoes? Do you want to take pneumonia?”

“Yes, dear.”

“What!”

“No, dear.”

“Are you drunk, Horace?”

“Yes, dear.”

“On what, Horace?”

“On wine, dear.”

“On what kind of wine, Horace?”

“On sherry wine, dear.”

“My cooking sherry, Horace?”

“Yes, dear, your cooking sherry.”

“I suppose you realize that you will have to replace that out of your chocolate bar money.”

I expected Horace to rebel at the threatened loss of his chocolate bar money. It was certainly dire punishment.

“Yes, dear. Well, anyway, Mrs. Quiverr will be at home at nights again,” he muttered consolingly to himself. He obediently followed Mrs. Quiverr as she marched into the house. After a few minutes the lights went off. . . . Poor Horace! Some guys have all the luck, and at this moment I felt that I was one of them.

I was seized with a compelling urge to grab Betty and kiss her.

I was so happy that I was me and not Mr. Quiverr, and even more so that Betty was Betty and not Mrs. Quiverr. I turned and reached for her. She had her hands on her hips and was leering at me in a Mrs. Quiverrish manner.

“Careful of your gum drop money,” she cautioned. It so happens that I actually like gum drops. I stopped.

So after all fifty of us pajama clad spectators explained to the police how we had come out to see a cat and dog fight and most-certainly had not heard a shot, we went back in to bed.

I hadn't had so much fun since my mother first told me I could play with girls, or maybe since V-J Day in New York, which was before my married days. Don't get me Wrong. No matter what I say, I have fun now. If I hadn't married Betty I wouldn't have had the pleasure of knowing about the Quiverr's lights being on—among other things—pleasures, I mean.

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## IN THE DAYS OF THE GIANTS



The photograph above, Southwestern's 1913 Band, constitutes the first in a regular series of picture features of the same nature. Dug from dust-covered files here and there around the college, the series is intended to reach far back into time and bring to light brief glimpses of Southwestern as it used to be.

Next issue: The Chi Omega Log Cabin.

therefore I did not get a copy of it to print) rendered by Leslie, John Springfield and Janet Canada, praises were heaped upon the head of Papa. Then we raised our water glasses on high and toasted him, the trip, the state of Alabama, the state of the union, the state of the seniors, our own state of mind, and about there my water gave out and I couldn't participate in the remaining 50 some-odd toasts.

Then came, the climax of the evening. Bill Oakly and Bill Metz, our drivers, were tapped (with a giant-sized peppermint stick) for honorary membership in the Southwestern Singers. After the ceremony we trooped upstairs and prepared for our final performance.

We had a little difficulty with Clifford, who climbed into a play pen in the nursery and insisted that he was “Lil' Boy Chile.”

The performance over, we tottered back to the busses and quickly spanned the 90 miles between us and the little cubicles awaiting us in our respective dormitories. The busses pulled to a stop in front of Palmer and 74 pairs of sprained and aching vocal chords wearily stumbled out, moaning the Alma Mater as they came.

I can't begin to tell even half

of the incidents occurring on the great trek. Perhaps the most heart-warming incident was that of the little old gentleman, a member of the Southwestern class of '96, who heard us in Montgomery, then followed us to Mobile and Gulfport. He listened, with tears in his eyes, to every word of every performance, and rode the train back to Montgomery each night. He told us that after he attended to some business, he was coming up here to see us. He's our rather unofficial mascot.

And so ends my story. The only statement I have to make is that this is an experience to be experienced only when one has experienced the experience. Te Deum laudamus halleluja Amen.

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