

WEEK OF EXAMS STARTS MONDAY MORNING AT 9

Fine Will Be Charged For Late Registration

JAN. 25th IS HOLIDAY

Grades To Be Given Out By Professors

Examinations for the first semester of the 1935-36 session of Southwestern will end Friday, January 24th, and the next day will be an inter-semester holiday. Monday, January 27th, all students will register for the second semester. This registration will include the payment of all fees and the making of all necessary changes in curricular activities. A delayed registration fee of \$2.50 will be charged after 1 p.m. Monday. Any student who wishes to pay his fees before the allotted time may do so at the Registrar's office.

Grades for the first semester will be disclosed at the discretion of the professors of their particular subjects. The Registrar's office will not be allowed to give out grades prior or during the registration period.

Classification will be the same for the second semester as it was for the first semester unless a change is made officially through the Dean's office. This applies to discontinuing a course, even though the course is concluded, as well as changing to a new course. The only case in which it does not apply is when the student continues under the same professor at the same hour on the schedule. Any student who knowingly makes an unofficial change of course is automatically suspended from college. Requests for changes which involve irregularities in classification must be made in writing to the Dean. After the first week of the semester a change of course involves a fee of \$2.50.

Classes will begin for the second semester Tuesday, January 28.

CHRISTIAN UNION TO MEET TONIGHT

The Christian Union will meet this evening in the Bell Room at six o'clock. They will have as their guests Herbert Cain, Wavé McFadden, and Dorothy Givens, who were delegates from Southwestern at the Student Volunteers Convention in Indianapolis Christmas. These delegates will make a report concerning that convention. The members will also review the actions of the various organizations which they represent.

Language Tests

Students who wish to satisfy the modern language requirements may take an examination this afternoon at 3:30 in room 108, Science Hall.

'WHY HAVE THOSE COMPOSITIONS' IS FRESHMEN'S LATEST SQUAWK

The English composition is one of the things that must be endured by every student trying to get through Southwestern. It is a piece of written work containing many careless mistakes in grammar, spelling, and penmanship. It can be regarded from two angles.

First, we should consider the point of view of the student. Looking at the composition through the eyes of the student, it is a punishment inflicted by a heartless professor, who received a wicked pleasure in giving such an assignment. It means several hours that could be spent on something worthwhile must be spent on the disagreeable task of writing a composition.

The student first tries to decide on a topic. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally decides on something that holds no interest for him but will, perhaps, please the professor. Then he tries to remember the many rules that the professor tried to leave fresh in his mind, but he

Staff Meeting

The regular monthly meeting of the staff will be held in the Southwestern office at 1:30 p.m. on Tuesday, January 28. All members must be present, or it will count heavily against them, under the new system recently inaugurated.

WORK IS BEGUN ON NEW ANNUAL

Herbert Urges Students To Have Pictures Made

Work has started on the Senior Year Book for 1936, according to an announcement made by Raferd Herbert, editor. This book is put out by the members of the senior class.

No definite date for the annual to come out has been set, but it will come out some time in the latter part of May. Herbert urges the students to aid him in getting the book out on time, by getting their pictures in as soon as possible.

One of the main features of the book will be the beauty section. There will also be the class, athletics and organizations sections.

Members of the staff are: Jean Reid, Savilla Martin, Kate Galbreath, Norman Shapiro, Leon Jones, Peyton Sibley, Betty Foley, John Farley, Jim Merrin, Molly McCord, Herbert Cain, Maurice Carlson, Ward Archer, Henry Daniels, Jameson Jones, Eugenia Tully.

HOPE BREWSTER RECEIVES AWARD

Alumnae Scholarship Goes To Former Student

At the monthly meeting of the Memphis Chapter of the Southwestern Alumnae last Monday night the scholarship offered by the group was awarded to Hope Brewster of Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Margaret Townsend gave a talk on Samuel Pepys' Diary. Miss Brewster is a senior, having transferred here from Emory University in Atlanta, where she made an enviable record. Prior to this semester, she was a student at Southwestern. She was elected to Alpha Theta Phi last year and was a member of the Music Club and the Southwestern Choir. She is a member also of the Chi Omega Sorority.

PROF. WENGER TO SPEAK TO CLASS

The Men's Bible Class will hold its weekly meeting Sunday evening at 6:30 p.m. in the social room of Calvin Hall. The speaker will be Professor Jared Wenger.

All men, both dormitory and town students, are cordially invited to attend.

"ADOLESCENT HAZING"—A SEQUEL (An Editorial)

In the March 1, 1935 edition of THE SOUTHWESTER, there appeared an article captioned, "Why Adolescent Hazing?" Phi Circle of Omicron Delta Kappa, in that article inaugurated a campaign to abolish all forms of harmful and adolescent hazing on the Southwestern campus. The idea received the immediate and effective cooperation of the students, and since that time much progress has been made. Omicron Delta Kappa wishes to congratulate the student body for the progress. The constitution of the San Hedrin Council was revamped, providing for a freshman representative and abolishing the custom of wanton punishment. The "S" Club, which in years past has practiced hazing in its severest forms, decided to adopt a more modern attitude and one more in keeping with the ideals of Southwestern. This year harmful and barbarous practices will be eliminated from its initiation ceremony. Most of the social fraternities have promoted and practiced a less severe method of disciplining their pledges—more method and less madness. All but two of the social fraternities have discontinued the practice of horse-play or "hell-night." For those tangible results, the students of Southwestern are to be congratulated.

Phi Circle of Omicron Delta Kappa, with this article, would like to re-awaken the student body to the necessity of completing the plan they have begun and to urge every right-thinking, reasonable and grown-up student to work for the abolition of hazing in his fraternity.

Last year THE SOUTHWESTER made the statement that our college was one of the few laggards who clung to outworn methods of discipline. One more year has passed, and there are STILL vestiges of antiquity and barbarianism clinging to our college. Hazing is a dead weight; let's throw it aside.

FROSH WINNERS IN FIRST TILT

Defeat Colorful Welchmen By 16 Points

Southwestern Bobcats opened their basketball season successfully with an impressive victory over the highly-touted Welchmen five, 64-48.

The Bobcats gained the lead early in the conflict and held the upper hand throughout the game. At half time the score was 37-19. The entire team, paced by Rusty Burns and Gaylon Smith, played bang-up ball. Individual scoring honors go to W. Welch of the opposition, with 21 markers. Close behind were Burns, with 20, and Smith, with 19.

Lineup:	Points
Garrison, F.	15
Self, F.	8
Burns, C.	20
Smith, G.	19
Neal, G.	2

TEXAS STUDENT IS CORRESPONDENT

GREENVILLE, Tex.—(ACP)—J. C. Arnold, 19, University of Texas journalism sophomore, decided he wanted to be a war correspondent, in spite of having little experience, money or connections. So he got aboard the first freighter offering him a chance to work his way to Djibouti, French Somaliland, and several Texas papers are now using his feature stories, airmailed from Addis Ababa.

According to the last word received by his agent, Boyd Sinclair, editor of the Wesley College Pilot, Arnold is staying in Addis Ababa with Count Hilliare du Berrier, French adventurer, an English airplane pilot, and a newspaperman from Lahore, India.

Arnold sailed from Marseilles, France, to Djibouti with Taklo Hawariate, Ethiopian delegate to the League of Nations, interviewing him on the journey.

According to Arnold, whose school paper, The Texan, boasts of being the only college daily having a special correspondent in the war zone, Addis Ababa is law-abiding, justice is swift and sure, and the main danger to life and limb lies not in war complications but in the native-driven taxis.

TRI-DELTS INITIATE

Delta Psi of Delta Delta Delta announces the initiation of Julia Black of Memphis, Tenn. She received the final degree, the Stars and Crescent, Wednesday night. She was given the Trident Degree Monday night.

No Issue

Because of examinations, there will be no issue of The Sou'wester next week. The next issue will come out on Friday, January 31.

HAWAIIANS WILL MEET LYNX TEAM

Will Debate On Hawaiian Statehood

Official word has been received that the debating team from the University of Hawaii will meet a Southwestern team Tuesday, March 3, instead of February 8, as was previously announced. The subject for the debate will be, "Should Hawaii Be Given a Statehood?"

Tryouts for the Southwestern group will be held some time in February.

A chapter of Tau Kappa Alpha, national debating fraternity, will be installed on the campus as soon as a charter is granted. All necessary data has been compiled and forwarded to the central office in New York City.

NATIONAL OFFICER VISITS KAPPA SIGS

Last Tuesday Mr. George R. Rea, national officer of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, spent the day with Phi chapter. An informal dinner was held in the Bell Room of Neely Hall that night, after which Mr. Rea spoke to the group.

Mr. Rea is an alumnus of Southwestern, having been graduated from the school at Clarksville in 1900. He was initiated into Phi chapter in 1896.

Is This True?

A chemist—a man—has at last analyzed woman. The following is a report of his analysis: Symbol—WO; member of the human family; occurs in widely separated regions, and is found wherever man is found; occurs in all shapes and colors; turns green when placed next to a better appearing specimen; possesses ability to absorb all kinds of expensive foods; has great affinity for gold, platinum, and all kinds of precious stones; boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment; generally hard, but melts when properly treated; possesses explosive properties; likely to be dangerous in inexperienced hands.

Second Panhellenic Will Be At Casino Friday, January 24

PLAY PRACTICE REVEALS TALENT

Schapiro And Barker Take Leading Roles

"Louder, Please," that fast-moving, wise-cracking bit of drama to be presented by the Players in the near future, is progressing nicely under the able direction of Professor Linton. Norman Schapiro takes the masculine lead as Herbert White, while Edna Barker, as Polly Madison, a movie actress, plays opposite.

The scene opens in a Hollywood publicity office, where a stunt is being planned to put Polly Madison's name and picture in every newspaper in the country. Of course, the plot runs into various complications. While it is being straightened out, the audience is subtly acquainted with the interworkings of Hollywood "ballyhoo."

Mac Innes, the assistant producer, is well suited to the part and Ben Louis is exceptionally good as Eddie. John Quanty, the stage manager, is hard at work testing telephones, lights, and curtains, assisted by Peyton Sibley, who also plays the part of an ex-Broadway* matinee idol (now idle). Quite suitable.

The play will be presented for two nights, possibly on the 14th and 15th of February. On one of the nights, between acts, a beauty contest will be held to select the beauties for the annual. Five girls from each sorority on the campus will be selected to participate. They will be elected by popular vote of the students.

WEST POINT EDS LOSE DANCERS

WEST POINT.—(ACP)—The "equilibrium" of United States army cadets must be preserved at whatever cost, so the two attractive young women who assisted at West Point's compulsory dancing classes last year have been banned forever.

When Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts of Tulsa, Okla., went to the academy to teach dancing to those of the cadets who didn't know how, they took along as accompanists two young women from their dancing school. It was a good idea, but it didn't work.

"The young ladies disturbed the equilibrium of the cadets learning to dance," it was explained.

The two dancing partners who came so near upsetting the academy said they had "a swell time" and didn't notice anything wrong with their dancing partners. "It was grand," said Miss Ann Templeton. "If we disturbed their equilibrium I didn't notice it. I'd like to go back."

HINKY DIVULGES MENU SECRETS OF THE MASTERS OF GASTRONOMY

Jameson Jones, F. D. O. (Food Dish-er Out), is quite enlightened on the wants and whims of most of the students frequenting the Lynx Lair. Hinky, as you probably know, is the gentleman who takes both your order and your money in exchange for a few morsels of food.

Very proud of his knowledge, he was quite willing to pass it on to a poor reporter sadly in need of something to write about.

"Well," says he, "lots of people just order the first thing they see, but lots also have set menus. Now take Jack D'Arcy, for instance. He likes apple pie a la mode to go with his mashed potatoes and gravy. But Woody Butler has a craze for Swiss steaks.

Dance Will Follow Week Of Examinations

BAND TO BE SELECTED

Feature Of Evening Will Be Grand March

The Men's Panhellenic Council will entertain with its second dance of the year Friday night, January 24, at the Casino at 9 o'clock.

The orchestra has not been selected yet, but there will be four no-breaks, three specials, and a Panhellenic Council leadout. The feature of the evening will be the grand march, in which all Southwestern students will take part.

Members of the Council and the girls whom they will escort are: Richard Dunlap, president, A. T. O., with Kate Galbreath; Bob Williams, Sigma Nu, with Elizabeth Pearce; Richard Mays, Sigma Nu, with Nancy Haygood; Francis Benton, PiKA, with Mary Frances Aydelott; Charles Barton, PiKA; Charles Taylor, Kappa Sigma, with Lucille Woods; Dorsey Barefield, Kappa Sigma, with Nannice Tappan; Jameson Jones, S. A. E.; Milton Smith, S. A. E., with Virginia Buchman; Billy Walker, K. A., with Lola Sale; Alfred Page, K. A., with Mary Thweatt; Richard Drake, T. N. E.; Maurice Carlson, T. N. E.

Others planning to attend and their dates are:

Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Sidney Strickland with Beverly Boothe; Leon Jones with Ann Jeter; Walter May with Helen Fitzhugh; Harry Webb with Elizabeth Cobb; Leslie Buchman with Josephine Ingram; Joe Bell with Bernice Cavett; Carroll Varner with Mary Virginia Arnold; Henry Daniels with Mary Starnes Taylor; Henry Nall with Allie Stark Porterfield; Kalford Radcliff with Kate Farnsworth; Macon Smith with Virginia Morrow; Wells Aswumb with Virginia Jett; Waddy West with Betty Wells; Bob Montgomery with Mary Hunt; William Tyson with Nancy Patton; Frank Campbell with Virginia Armstrong; Ernest Patton with Anne Williford; Ward Archer with Levin Coe; Tom Mills with Sally Harding.

Sigma Nu
Bob Kincaid with Margaret Kyle; Jim Breyspraak with Alice Hagler; Louis Chenault with Eleanor Hooker; George Reames with Nell Thompson; Wayne Paullus with Nell Stoltzenburg; Allan Brock with Ann Bruner; Curtis Johnson with Nancy Warden; Steve Frazier with Rose Lynn Barnard; Carroll Smith with Lucy Jane Connell; Peyton Sibley with Blanche Boyd; Sam Mays with Louise Kennedy; Jack D'Arcy with Jane Bray.

Alpha Tau Omega
Jesse Sowell with Helen Acroyd; Bob White with Jane Wall; Newell Jerome with Marguerite Pope; Cecil Warde with Betty Foley; Dunlap Cannon with Lillian Love; Howard McKenzie with Beverly Alston; James Watt with Harriet Pond; Eldridge Armstead with Elizabeth Holder; George Phillips with Lucy Bratton;

(Continued on Page Two)

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tions, and exert our initiative in the near future.

The student body of America is not inarticulate. Its voice against war was so loud that it could not be drowned out. Its voice demanding conservative leadership could be as commanding. To sit by and indifferently watch the pitiful spectacle of one party stubbornly defending a losing fight without attempting to heed outside council, and an opposing party destructively criticizing, and not offering a constructive substitute, is certainly not becoming an intelligent and live wire student body. A progressive America hangs in the balance.

The decision which the American people must soon make demands honest, intelligent and courageous discussion. Will the voice of American students be heard above the ballyhoo of another campaign? May they exert some good influence.

ELSEWHERE—

By MARION COBB

Four hundred students and four zinc bathtubs, bathed the year 'round in cold water. That was Mississippi State fifty years ago. There were no water heating facilities in the dormitory. If you wanted a warm bath, you heated the water in a container that scarcely held a gallon over a grate fire in your own room.—Mississippi State "Reflector."

If a survey were to be made of the number of students who keep an account of their expenditures, it doubtless would show a woeful minority of them in comparison with the total enrolled.

How much did you spend last month? Do you realize what amount the "shekels" you spent for refreshments here, for cigarettes there, for movies now and then, have reached? Do you keep an expense account?—University of Kentucky "The Kentucky Kernel."

"What we need in order to gain for M. S. C. W. the whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of the citizens of Columbus is a football team," so wrote the editor of the Spectator.

Six Louisiana State University women students took part in the formal dedication of the Huey P. Long-Public Belt railroad and highway bridge over the Mississippi River at New Orleans December 16th. One of them was Rose Long, junior at the University and daughter of the late senator.—L. S. U. "Reveille."

Brought out in bold relief should be a paragraph in Dean Lancaster's column. It is: "It is all very well to send home reports that show high grades. It is even more important to be sure that we have actually earned the grades that we make through our own efforts. Our reputations for honest work are worth far more than any high grades in the world."—University of Alabama "The Crimson-White."

About 3,000 students from forty-three states and all provinces of Canada attended the twelfth quadrennial convention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Indianapolis, Indiana, from December 28 to January 1.

Registrations of students and instructors from about 500 colleges and universities were received.—"The Babler," David Lipscomb.

Do you study enough? Doctor Albritton, instructor of physics and organic chemistry, answers "No!" Doc claims that for every subject one should have at least two hours preparation. However, if two hours' effort is excessive, one good hour of uninterrupted, real, conscientious study will be sufficient.—"The Pow Wow."

PAN DANCE TO BE HELD FRIDAY

(Continued from Page One)

Lauren Watson with Flora Wilkinson; Hiram Todd with Mary Nell Porter.

Kappa Sigma Robert Armstrong with Betty Hunt; Billy Bethea with Wil Tate; Henry Moblely with Miriam Gilbert; Harold Harber with Frances Regenold; Cameron Clough with Claudia Yerger; Fontain Johnson with Jean Johnson; Henry Turner with Marjorie Jennings; B. T. Hunt with Martha Patton; Marion Cobb with Shirley Wynn.

T. N. E. J. M. Hart with Mildred Poindexter; Richard Alexander with Sarah Fox Martin.

Kappa Alpha Fred Dickson with Hester Moffat; Oscar McDaniel with Mildred Morgan; Henry Walker with Ruth Spears.

This Collegiate World

By Associated Collegiate Press.

Quite unaccountably, we find ourselves with a sudden rush to the head of stories about absent-minded college professors. We do not recall where the stories originated, nor whom they concerned, but our remembrance of all of them suggests that there is a basis of truth for each one.

We know, for example, of the professor in a small town college who traveled 50 miles away to another campus to observe a basketball game. As the game broke up, a man from his home town offered the professor a ride home. He accepted, with gratitude. No sooner did he set foot on his front porch than he realized he had driven his own car to the other city.

Since he had to teach the next morning, he sent his wife on the train to get the car and drive it home.

So he stopped in at the depot and bought his wife a round trip ticket!

We recall the story of another man, a German professor, who was sitting in a railway depot with his wife, waiting for the train. Suddenly he exclaimed, "My word! I've left my gold watch up in the hotel room! I'll have to run up and get it."

"But you haven't time," said his wife.

Thereupon the professor jerked out his watch (the watch in question) and blurted, "Sure, I got fifteen minutes. I can make it." And he turned and started to scurry away!

No doubt similar episodes to this have often happened in colleges. But it's still good. We are thinking of the psychology professor who stomped into his first hour class, threw down his notes and began to lecture. Rapidly, concisely, using his best witticisms, he talked for 15 minutes. Then he stopped.

"Any questions?" he asked. There were none.

So he began to ask some questions of this student and that. "None of them could answer."

"Good Lord!" he burst out finally. Have I spent this whole semester for nothing? Don't you know a blessed thing about this course?"

And a brave boy raised his hand and said, "No, sir. This is a class in eighteenth century prose."

Faculty people dance and frisk occasionally as well as their students, so each campus generally has its faculty dancing club. At one of these affairs a professor of education began to dance with the wife of another instructor.

As the first dance wore on, the educator began to complain vociferously of the floor, the music, and even hinted that his partner possibly wasn't quite up to snuff as a dancer.

"Everything was solved, however, when his partner informed the professor that he still had on his rubbers."

Have you yet heard of the young girl in a Latin class who translated the story of Achilles into English? Concerning that famous episode in the

IS HOME A GARDEN SPOT? LYNX STUDENTS SEEM TO THINK IT IS

Southwestern students think their various homes are the garden spots of this great big world for different and sundry reasons.

One little girl, Mary Frances Baker by name, thinks that Kingsville, Texas, is o-o-o-so swell 'cause it happens to be in the south pasture of that great King Ranch.

Those towns that bear the name of Paris must be—well, pretty nice, at least so say some. Paris, Texas, is powerfully nice, according to Neely Saufley, 'cause everyone is as crazy as she is. While Paris, Tenn., has its glory spread by Gus Pitt. He claims he can step inside any house and be fed plenty.

Raford Herbert states that "John Gilbert's first wife was a Lexington, Miss. girl."

Hinky Jones informed us that Corinth, Miss., "is the home of Roscoe Turner and it is also the gateway to Shiloh National Park." Clarksville, Tenn., is very well known and is great because both Gauchat and Dr. A. are from there. Frank Fiederling informed us of this.

Floy White just kinda laughed and said, "I don't know about it being a garden, but Olive Branch is really a tiny spot."

"El Dorado, Ark.," voted J. D. Beaudchamp, "is swell because the kids are so friendly." (We wonder if he is re-

ferring to goats or children.) Only two boys on the campus were very sure their homes were the garden spots of the world because they lived there. Consequently, we will let Jamaica, N. Y., be a "Northern" spot because of Val Huber, and Centre, Ala., a "Southern" spot because of George Jennings.

Sarah Gracey firmly believes that Covington, Tenn., is the swellest place in the world, for there she is a big Frog in a little pond. The Crow sisters have different reasons for thinking so well of Elaine, Ark. Aubrey merely smiles and says that Rob is there, while Eutelle grins and murmurs that all small towns are swell.

Vaughan, Miss., should be an enormous place 'cause Mike Pepper was born and raised there. (We claim that such large products should come from big places.)

Betty Jones claims that Laurel, Miss., is swellest because "It has friendly people, swell times, and it's far enough away from Southwestern." "Jasper, Ala., is, oh, so great," drawled Jim Blackwell, 'cause it has humdinger watermelons and pretty girls."

But the cap was climaxed when Mildred Poindexter exclaimed "Morgan City, Miss., is the garden spot of the world because it grows such good turnips."

Sideglances—

By RALF BROWNE

Am I sore at the editor? Am I mortified? Last week the front page carried a notice that of the five hundred students who received a paper, two hundred turned first to Winnie Winchel's column. The thing that burns me up is the fact that nothing was said of the three hundred others who turned first to my column.

A letter from my friend, Joe Goulash, the other day. He says he is working as a traveling salesman for

life of the great warrior, her translation said:

"His mother, holding him by the heel, dipped him into the River Styx, until he was fairly intolerable."

Let us close by observing the plight of members of the college marching band, accustomed to forming the names of opposing schools on the football field, who learned that their next opponent was to be the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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JUST IN FUN—

He was telling her of the members of the future Lynx football team.

Howard M.—"Now take Roy Fisher, for instance. In a few weeks he'll be our best man."

Beverly A.—"Oh, Mac, this is so sudden!"

Another good test of blood pressure, so Brown tells me, is to have a friend borrow your money to buy himself something you can't afford"

Dr. Cooper—"I say, do you like to play with blocks?"

Ben Lewis—"Not since I've grown up."

Dr. Cooper—"Then stop scratching your head."

D. J. B.—"They say kisses are the languages of love."

Nannice T.—"Well, why don't you say something?"

Three ways of disseminating news: Telephone Telegraph Tell a Lynx Co-Ed.

rich aunt was dying.

"I never learned to drive," Said Pop-eye Pete.

"I always had to ride In the Rumble Seat."

Experience is the best teacher, but she certainly charges heavy for the lessons.

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EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

First Semester 1935-36

(Reprinted by request)

Table with examination schedules for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, listing courses and professors.

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VARSITY CAGERS IMPROVE FORM

February Schedule Includes Arkansas Foes

According to Coach Propst, the Southwestern basketball team is beginning to show some form in its daily practices. Coach has been concentrating on the passwork and the learning of the plays. Although no definite schedule has yet been settled, several tentative games have been lined up. Coach is in communication with Union University of Jackson, Tenn.; the University of the South at Sewanee; Henderson-Brown College and Ouichita College, both of Arkadelphia, Ark.; and Arkansas State College at Jonesboro, Ark. Another possible opponent for the Lynxmen is the State Teachers College here.

Most of these games will be played in February. Coach Propst hopes to schedule two games a week during this month.

CALVIN HALL

At last Calvin Hall has begun to take on the serious atmosphere of studious boys. Complete courses are gotten up in one night and papers are written by the dozen. After all, it seems that exams really do have a tremendous effect on boys. Palmer Simpson plans to make A's on all of his exams, so he steps out every night. We don't see how he does it; maybe it's the inspiration.

Park McDermott maintains that his home town, Little Rock, is the toughest burgh on the continent. He says that when a dance gets too crowded they just kill off a few, mop up the blood, and go right on dancing. After this, we are inclined to agree with Park.

"Little Bull" MacFadden has rightly won the title of the strongest man in the hall after stretching Gladney's exercise apparatus held by ten strands. "Pop Gun" Kelley said he could do better, but he didn't have time to try it, as he had to go and study.

This column sincerely hopes that everyone passes their examinations as easily as Gene Grissom says he goes to town with the girls.

GETTING RID OF THE BLUES IS NO TROUBLE AT ALL—FOR SOME

How do Southwestern students get rid of the blues? Feeling like Little Eva crossing the ice, what with my own special case of the blues and this assignment dogging my heels, thought I'd ask this question around campus, combine answers, subtract and add, get a result that I could apply—also some decent reading for you, dear readers.

Are these Southwestern people subjected to melancholia? Do they know all the answers when it comes to getting rid of Azure Aches? Answer—No. I—Yes. Answer No. II—And then some!

To Gullible Gus Pitt 'twas said, "Do you realize, my friend, that what this world needs is a good five cents' riddance of the blues?"

To which Gus, great Pitt-Witt that he is, replied, "Humph, I got one better than that." My curiosity at a strained point, mumbled me, "What, dear?"

"Wash your feet; that's all you need do, just wash your feet."

"B. C." Scott offered a juicy bit for my information. It seems "Bruised Consciousness" feels a spell coming on he gets himself comfortably situated and indulges in a harmless bit of head scratching. His implements vary from a comb to a cheese-grater, but once he got hold of a razor by mistake. This yokel boy makes good, and to think he started at scratch—so to speak.

It must be wonderful to be as mentally alert as that exalted member of Sw's INTELLIGENTSIA, "Cy" Williams—nothing dumbfounds him, not even the question, "Relate your own eccentric method (which must be very cute) riddance of the phobia azuria." Cy sighed, "Feed them things and they won't bite ya!"

William McSpleen Kelly recommends a hot bath and a good book. This writer should really go back and ask him again. This has me worried. I can't recall whether he said that or a good bath and a hot book.

Quite a number of campus knights tell me they call on the "spirits" of (A)lbert and Vir(gin)ia to aid in their flight against blues. Naturally it would not be sporting to announce this long list of unfortunates.

In a fit of despondency Cecile Lu-

Birthday?

Mark up one for the geniuses! In case you think these creatures are the *genus rarum* in the campus, you've overlooked one outstanding example. Little Walter May had a birthday, and feeling in an oh-so-good and joy-to-the-world vein, he strolls up to a group of damsels and says, "Aren't you going to congratulate me? I was born two hours ago." "What!" comes the quick reply, "and you're walking already?"

ROBB HALL

Now that the "opera season" is over we are hoping that the hall will settle down to peace and quiet for the exams. We know that Dr. Cooper will heartily join in that desire, as he has shown a lack of appreciation of music from the first of school, and decidedly so since the boys have started singing opera. We cannot understand why he should become so angry when the strains of "The Soldiers' Chorus," rendered by Frank Campbell and Doug Bateman, come floating into his room about one o'clock every morning. Of course, Doug and Frank do get it mixed up with "Mademoiselle From Armentiers" in places, but after all—

A sense of humor is a grand attribute to possess, but the little of that quality that the boys on the north side of the hall have is being strained to the limit. Some playful person has formed the habit of throwing mud through the window as he passes. Imagine having a pile of mud deposited beside you just as you become comfortably settled with a thick history book.

Herbert Cain's condition is beginning to worry his many friends and admirers. He has done nothing but give deep sighs and downcast looks since he returned from the convention at Indianapolis during the holidays. He poured forth his secret the other night to a sympathetic group. It was of how he had met, loved, and been loved by two Canadian girls there in Indianapolis and of how cruel fate had separated them forever after six lovely days. Poor Cain! He was cut out to be a perfect tragic hero.

"Little Bull" MacFadden has rightly won the title of the strongest man in the hall after stretching Gladney's exercise apparatus held by ten strands. "Pop Gun" Kelley said he could do better, but he didn't have time to try it, as he had to go and study.

This column sincerely hopes that everyone passes their examinations as easily as Gene Grissom says he goes to town with the girls.

SPORT SPOTLIGHT

By JOHN QUANTHY

Due to an error on the part of the writer, and not through fault of the coaching staff, last week there was printed in this column a comment to the effect that the SIAA passed laws allowing athletes to be compensated, in the form of athletic scholarships, for services rendered. For this we offer humble apologies to the Dixie Conference, of which Southwestern is now a member. It was the Dixie Conference that first passed such laws. The SIAA only discussed the adoption of such legislation, but voted it down decisively.

* * *

Certainly the Dixie Conference deserves all the credit for removing from athletics much of the hypocrisy connected with college sports.

We all know that practically all colleges compensate athletes in one form or another; yet only one group—the Dixie Conference—has made this practice legal.

We must face the fact that college athletics has become a business. It has gotten so—much as many of us hate to admit—that most of our big colleges either stand or fall, depending on the merit of their football team. Personally, we think that this is carrying things to the extreme. However, this does not alter the facts. We have heard that one of the largest universities in the United States, situated in Indiana, actually supports itself through proceeds from the football team. This amounts to something like \$500,000 annually.

* * *

Speaking of athletics in general, reminds us that the student body as a whole has awakened to the fact that athletics here are undoubtedly on the up-grade. In other words, so-called "school-spirit," which has in the past been more or less dormant, is springing to life again. Whether it is because of a "new deal" in athletics, we don't know; but certainly the coaching staff has noticed a marked improvement on the part of the students, both men and women. This they appreciate. They regard it as a true sign that "happy days are here again."

* * *

Several intramural athletes have been complaining, justly we believe, because as yet they have not received their intramural coats. These were due to be given out right after school opened. We understood at the time that all that was necessary was for Coach Miller to get the proper signatures in the office, which he said he could "get at any time."

* * *

"Bonecrusher" Scott and Gaylon Smith took it unto themselves to entertain at a Community Center rally by exchanging a few groans and grunts in the manly art of wrestling; but contrary to expectation the "Bonecrusher" didn't win. In fact the thing ended in a draw.

* * *

Perhaps you didn't know, but William Shakespeare flunked English recently at Notre Dame.

EVERGREEN HALL

News is hard to find these days. Strange as it seems, everyone is poring over books and notes. Gracey and Hunt are wearing themselves out in pursuing the "Faerie Queen." The STAY OUT sign on Ellie and Hooker's door would scare off a braver one than I. Gladney and Givens brought over a frog in order that they might better prepare themselves for the lab examination. The exceedingly humorous part of it is that they were always fearful lest they would come in and find themselves minus the coveted object. But did you ever see an Evergreen girl around looking for a frog—especially a cold and stiff one!

Mamie Rush has decided to quit this worrisome life of work and study and go to Jackson to follow a technician career. Billie Mills hasn't come back yet and we surely do miss her. Hope she won't have to be gone much longer!

Roses must be plentiful—at least they seem to be around the dormitory. "Tutter" (ask me how to pronounce it) was favored with a big bunch of yellow ones, and Mary Lane with one of red. If this keeps up, all of us will be getting maladies.

What? You didn't know Rob was here? You could have guessed as much if you had noticed the beaming countenance of Aubrey Crow.

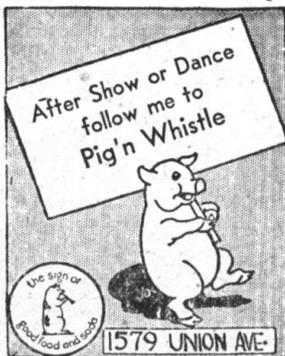
Half the girls suffered from eye-strain and headaches last week on ac-

count of the operas. Shows what we are not used to.

What sophomore didn't know until Tuesday night, January 14, 1936, that bay windows are found in places other than houses? Which reminds me that one of our dashing campus Romeos longs for the aforementioned phenomena, to act in the capacity of a book prop.

"I'll try not miss my Nap," said Josephine as she took sleeping powders.

Honest now, readers, don't you think I'm the punniest man in the world?



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SOUTHWESTERN PHARMACY

40 LETTERS ARE AWARDED TO SOUTHWESTERN ATHLETES

FAST BOBCAT FIVE TO MEET TRIANGLES

A fast improving Bobcat cage team will meet the Coca Cola Triangles at the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow night at 8 o'clock.

Although the Bobcats have their strongest quintet in years, predicting a victory for them is not safe. Their performance against the Welchmen, however, indicates that the Bottlers will have their hands full. The same team of Self, Garrison, Smith, Burns, and Neal will start.

THE DIAL

By RAY De'OFAN

Chit-Chat: It's time we recognized the talent of Orlando Robeson, tenor with Claude Hopkins' Harlem Ork.—Dolly Dawn, currently with George Hall, is rapidly gaining the popularity held by Loretta Lee, formerly with Hall. Loretta is well remembered by Memphians.—Those of you who enjoy "hot" drumming will enjoy listening to Jay Whidden, currently at the Claridge.—Noticed Lombardo left out the above-mentioned national earache Monday night. Flash! Although this is not connected with radio, rumor has it that Charlie Freeburg and his Fearless Freshmen will make a one-day stand in the Lynx Lair shortly after exam week. Freeburg, in case you ask, cavorts on an alto sax.

Orchestratology: Ray Noble: four saxes (clarinet doubles), two trumpets, two trombones, three violins, bass, piano, guitar, and drums. Glen Gray: five saxes (clarinet doubles), three trumpets, three trombones, bass, drum, piano, and guitar, with three doubles on violins.

There seems to be extremely varied tastes in orchestras. Here's your opportunity to give your favorite a boost. Place these ballots on file in the Sou'wester office.

Favorite Orchestra.....
Favorite Vocalist.....
Favorite Program.....
Favorite Announcer.....

Gus P.: "Yes, mine is a platonic love."
Any Co-Ed: "What do you mean?"
Gus P.: "Play for me, and tonic for her."

WARNER THEATRE

PREVIEW FRIDAY WEEK STARTS SAT.

BARBARA STANWYCK

"ANNIE OAKLEY"

PRESTON FOSTER MELVYN DOUGLAS HORONI OLSEN

ADDED—Vitaphone Varieties

NEW STRAND

FRIDAY-SATURDAY GEORGE O'BRIEN

"Whispering Smith Speaks"

SUN.-MON.-TUES.

EDMUND LOWE

"The Great Impersonation"

COMING—JAN. 22

"THE LONE WOLF RETURNS"

Faculty Committee Rewards Men For Year's Work

Twenty-four varsity lettermen and sixteen freshmen were recipients of letters awarded by the faculty committee on athletics. Two managers also were given recognition.

Six of the men will not be back next year. Five will graduate and one will withdraw from school. Jimmy Haygood, Murray Rasberry, Francis Benton, Rick Mays, and Harvey Jones will receive their diplomas in June, and Arthur McDonald has already withdrawn from college.

The complete list of letter earners is as follows:

Ends—Mark Hammond, Haygood, Chapman, Lee.

Tackles—Davis, Ray, Pepper.

Guards—Houts, Williams, Parker, Benton.

Centers—Charlie Nichols, McDonald.

Backs—Tapp, Owens, Rasberry, Jones, Mays, Prewitt, Pitt, Jennings, Chappell, Clay Nickells.

Manager—Watts.

Freshmen lettermen are:

Backs—Smith, Nettles, Winfrey, Fisher, Neal.

Ends—Roth, Butler, Dalrymple.

Tackles—Bragg, Gardner.

Guards—Carden, Scott, Garrison.

Center—Gattin, Humphrey.

Manager—Pilkington.

"If you try to kiss me, I'll call mother."

"What's the matter with your father?"

"Oh, he isn't as deaf as mother."

OSCAR B. BELL

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THE NEWS STATE

Week Starting Saturday

LIONEL BARRYMORE

WALLACE BEERY

"AH WILDERNESS"

The Most Human American Comedy Since "State Fair"

MALCO

NOW SHOWING!

Shock Full of Surprises!

Edward Arnold

"REMEMBER LAST NIGHT"

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS SALLY EILERS ROBT. YOUNG

PLUS MALCO UNITS

STARTING SATURDAY "MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION" with Irene Dunne

Winnie Winchel—

"Twas the nite before exams
And all thru the dorm
Not a creature was studying,
They all danced till morn. . . .

Oh, yeah? That's not what I think—on account of because it seems to me that something has sadly affected the brains of many of these here folk—ferinstance: T'other nite Frank Campbell had just finished talking to his girl, Lillian, when Ward A. started laughing and said muchly like that little funster, Audrey (of the Italian bomb pome), 'cause he knew Frank couldn't make LOVE. . . . Strick gave a beauteous definition of love (this one not spelled with a capital I, F. C.), thusly: It's a feeling you feel you're gonna feel when you feel a feeling you never felt before. . . . Womack was equally affected when she carefully stamped an envelope, put her return address on it and mailed it without any address—you know exams can't be blamed for that only—there's someone or something on that young lady's mind. . . . Jeter had a brainstorm and named her puppy "Sooky"—imagine how that poor thing feels with that name tied on it, but I guess even that is better than "Leona." . . . And now for that question of questions that has been worrying the entire campus—what is the matter with "Bonecrusher"? I thought he was supposed to be the Don Juan, Casanova and Romeo combination of these parts—but now I guess he ain't so hot. At any rate he sho' did brag about getting a date with Audrey, and as yet, has he? I should say not! Whatta man! . . . And another thing which has me worried is why is it that every time I see Duffee he is either singing (in that melodic bass of his, which has always thrilled the Chi O's so), or whistling (sweetly like a canary which keeps all the other gals on the run), that ol', ol' refrain, "I've Found a Million Dollar Baby." . . . Ever since Foley has returned from Tunica she has had a faraway look in her eyes—something none of us have seen since the well-known Moore-Foley case of a while back; anyway, whatever happened there will happen again, 'cause she's going to visit "Sis" after the exams. . . . E. Cobb is having a hard time studying with all she has on her mind—the BELL sang a Christmas CAROL in her HARRY coat—that's kinda silly, but I guess you of the intelligentsia can catch on? . . . The gentleman of those Sideglances was heard plotting with ONE of his girls to try and beat his good buddy's time by busting in on his date—and then after making that poor girl think he was all for her, he spent all of two hours calling every Beasley in the book, asking for Rachel, and then finding out she lived with a relative of an entirely different name. Now I guess he won't be so jealous about not having his name in this column and stop saying such un-understandable comments. . . . The Delta Wup-silons asked me to announce the pledging of some new material: Marian Spencer, Rebecca Laughlin, Savilla Martin, and Lightning Logan. Congrats, girls.

It's my opinion that boxers and not card players should have POKER faces—if this sounds fishy, it's 'cause it's not OFFICIAL.

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WAR CLOUDS—A TIMELY TOPIC

By CARROLL CLOAR
A Drama of International
Relations.
ACT I.

Nothing happens in this act, so suppose we go on to Act II.
ACT II.

The scene is the back of a pool room in Geneva, Switzerland. On the walls are signs reading NO MINORS ALLOWED, NO CHECKS CASHED, in French, German, English, and Italian. A door, extreme right, leads out into an alley (really of no consequence). Another door, left back, leads to backstage.

Sir Samuel Hoarse, Premier Laval, Baron Aloisi, two messenger boys, a group of assorted statesmen, and a man who is a dead ringer for Ed Wynn are discussing the war situation. As the curtain rises, nobody speaks.

Sir Sam Hoarse (rises, clears throat vociferously): I am reminded of a funny story. . . . It seems there were two Swedes . . .

Envoy from Sweden: Easy there! Sir Sam (tactfully revises his story and thus an international crisis is narrowly averted): It seems there were two dumb Lithuanians—

Envoy from Lithuania: Hey, you! Sir Sam begins crying. He has to be taken out.

Baron Aloisi: I maka da motion we adolpta da resolution that Mussolini he greata guy.

This motion is seconded by Baron Aloisi, who has ventriloquist powers. It is defeated unanimously, Baron Aloisi changing his mind.

One of the Messenger Boys: What about our war?

Group of Assorted Statesmen: Throw him out. Throw him out.

The messenger boy is ejected, vowing revenge.

Things begin to happen. The envoy from Ethiopia has cleaned the envoys from Paraguay and Czecho-Slovakia in a craps game. This causes strained relations, bordering on an international crisis. . . . Monsieur Laval begins fretting.

M. Laval: I'm hungry. I wanna go home.

The envoy from Albana shares his peanut butter sandweh with him and thus is formed a new alliance.

The Other Messenger Boy: I move we adjourn.

Envoy from Belgium (aside to envoy from Spain): There's an up-and-coming lad. He's going to get somewhere.

Envoy from Spain: Yes, or rather, Si.

The telephone rings. M. Laval answers it.

M. Laval: Hello . . . (hollers) M'sieur Laval. Call for M'sieur Laval . . .

Envoy from Albania: You're Laval, I think.

M. Laval: Oh . . . hello . . . why, of course dear . . . yes . . . yes . . . all right . . . all right, dear . . . yes . . . good-bye . . . good-bye. . . (Aside to the statesman from Albania) Remind me to take home a loaf of bread, will you?

Envoy from Albania: Okeydokey . . . I don't see how you Frenchmen eat that old hard bread.

M. Laval (warmly): Oh, you don't like our bread, eh? Casting aspersions at our customs, are you? Of

course I know that's just your way of saying we're a dumb lot.

Envoy from Albania: Oh, it wasn't any such of a thing.

M. Laval: You don't have to beat anything into my head for me to get it.

Envoy from Albania: Oh, hush!

M. Laval: I won't—and what's more, a state of war hereby exists between my country and yours. Now how do you like that?

Envoy from Albania: Here, have a bite of my jelly sandwich.

Laval hesitates a moment, and the fate of all Europe hangs in the balance, but the jelly sandwich carries the day and Laval takes a generous mouthful and gulps it down.

M. Laval: Your mother fixes awful good sandwiches, doesn't she?

Envoy from Albania: She sure does. Here, have another bite. . . . I have jelly sandwiches all the time and I'm about tired of 'em.

Laval: Gee! Merci beaucoup.

The man who's a dead ringer for Ed Wynn strides to the door.

Man - Who's-a-Dead-Ringer-for-Ed Wynn: Well, I gotta get along, fellows. Gotta date.

No one pays any attention to him.

Man - Who's-a-Dead-Ringer-for-Ed Wynn: Well, Abyssinia. (Exits.)

It was Ed Wynn.

CURTAIN

ACT III.

THE END

Note: This play is not to be considered as propaganda of any sort and must be judged by its literary merits alone.

STEWART HALL

All's been quiet around Stewart for the last week. With exams beginning Monday, the men have been doing a little studying in order that they can stay in school next semester.

Stewart men held another one of their famous informal meetings last

week in order to straighten out several problems that have been puzzling campus heads for the past four months, such as notes of protest, phone situation, noise, etc.

Regrets: The ruling on the phone situation has been overruled by a formal petition gotten up by Master Oney Ellis—censored.

Scoop: Girls, alas and alack! Gauchet is leaving school to face the cold, cruel world next semester.

"Say, waiter; there's a splinter in this cottage cheese."

"What do you want for a dime—the whole cottage?"

Guess Who's Who

1. Do you intend to give up your youth for qualities more becoming to a professor, like a beard, faraway look, etc.?

I swear I have never seen a professor, not even a Southwestern professor, with a beard, but perhaps you have us confused with the Communists; they all have beards in Memphis. What is more, professors are of necessity near-sighted and indulge in faraway looks, not for the sake of appearances, but as a vacation. As for the "etc.," the answer is certainly "Maybe."

2. (a) Does the faculty take you into its bosom as one of its own, or (b) is their attitude the same as one upperclassman to a freshman?

(a) Shocking suggestion. Our worthy faculty would not, I'm sure, even if it could.

(b) Sorry, but I really have never been able to conceive of any attitude as being the same as any upperclassman to any freshman. (This question, I might add, is a masterpiece of its kind.)

3. Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?

Yes.

4. Do you find literature an easy subject to drum into young lady students' heads?

I hadn't thought of drumming—it may prove a last resort.

5. When "professing," do you ever wonder what the students are thinking about?

(Dear Reader, I think this is asking a good deal.) I am learning to take for granted that their minds are elsewhere.

6. As a student body, what do you think of Southwestern?

Again I must apologize—this time for not being able to think as a student body.

7. Do you recommend bachelorhood as a design for living?

Ever, you remember, was the hen who mislaid the golden age.

8. Do you enjoy dancing?

Yes; but I'm getting too old for these barbarous free-for-alls where

New Society

Among the files of our Secretive Snooping Service we find listed a newly-organized society for the prevention of the straining of vocal chords. So far the membership is limited to two members, both of whom are doing commendable pioneering work. The first Grand Viceroy and Shutter Upper is Warren Prewitt, and the Second Supreme Squelcher is Jug Owens. Warren approached a vociferous student who was clamoring for service in the store and said casually, "Please, Mr. Dickson, I wish you wouldn't raise your voice in that ungentlemanly fashion." Jug is reported to have firmly rebuked a gay young maiden who was singing in the halls.

you have to compete with the herd of stupid-looking stags who clutter up the center of the floor. But come what may, a woman will have her pedestal.

9. Are you tolerant of girls who smoke?

Normally, yes. I draw the line when they burst into flame.

10. Please give a short autobiography beginning at date of birth (latter for benefit of women students).

I am that I am, and I've been that way all too long; in fact, ever since the year in which the Swedish ambassador to Persia, having drawn a hand of thirteen spades, died of heart failure. Does that help you?

11. What is your pet hate? An interviewer.

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FRIENDS
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1936
Chesterfield
brings 'em down
leap year . . . and
every year

