

Homecoming Day Activity Takes Campus Spotlight

Homecoming Time Brings Festivities To Campus
BAND TO MARCH
Dance Will Feature Long's Orchestra

A tear from the eye for the old school tie, it's Homecoming day.

Backed by pledges from the persons in charge that this is going to be the biggest and best Homecoming celebration Southwestern has ever seen, students will set about this morning decorating cars for the big parade, designing fancy lawn displays for their frat house green, and practicing yells for the big game this afternoon.

It's Southwestern against Mississippi College and the stag line against the dated boys at the dance after as the College of the Mississippi Valley gets ready to kick up its heels for its one time a year.

The parade will follow the judging of the Greeks' yard layouts this year, due to difficulties with local authorities who set the time for the Main Street procession at 12:45 p.m. Students will have to go straight from downtown to Hodges in order to make the game.

The college band will make its first marching appearance of the year in the parade. Cars will be decorated in the parking lot beside the field house starting at ten o'clock.

Cups will be given to the fraternity and sorority judged as having the most attractive lawn. Judges for the contest will be selected by Harry G. Webb, vice-president in charge of reunions of the Southwestern Alumni Association. The prizes will be awarded at the dance.

Highlighting both the parade and the halftime activity at Hodges will be the freshmen men, dressed in traditional pajamas. These lads will participate in the annual "shoe race" at the half, an event regarded

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Students May Hear Recorded Literature

Here's good news for those students who have been wishing for a chance to hear the Library's recordings of *The Cocktail Party*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Medea*, several of Shakespeare's plays, contemporary poets reading their own work, or ballads and folk songs.

Or maybe you didn't know about all this. At any rate, now it will be possible for students to take advantage of the excellent collection of recordings now in the Office of the Library.

Although general "lending" of the albums to students on the same basis as the book-borrowing plan is not possible, another plan has been worked out. The students are invited to come up to the Library Office, select those which they wish to hear, check them out, and listen to them on the Library player in Room 114, Palmer Hall, which will be open from 2:00 to 5:00 every afternoon for this purpose.

Hill Turner Will Give Address To Alumni

Hill Turner, executive secretary of the Vanderbilt University alumni association has accepted an invitation to address the alumni of Southwestern at the annual Homecoming Dinner to be held this evening at 6 in the field house.

Well known in the field of alumni work, Mr. Turner is the author of a book entitled *An Adventure in Alumni Relations*.

After receiving an A.B. degree from Vanderbilt and an M.A. from Columbia, Mr. Turner received training in educational public relations as part owner of a private preparatory school.

At Vanderbilt during the past twenty years he has developed a three-fold program in alumni work covering publicity, organization and fund raising. Probably his most important contribution at the university has been the establishment of the Living Endowment, an annual giving program that has met remarkable success, his methods having created a model for many colleges in the Southeastern area.

SAE Has First Rush Party Of Semester

Members of the Tennessee Zeta chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon gave the first rush party of the year, a stag buffet supper, held Oct. 6 at their lodge.

A program of music was presented as the guests gathered around the piano. E. B. Fox and Billy Long played, after which Leslie Thompson sang "Old Man River" and some SAE songs.



FOR HIS BIRTHDAY last week Bob Richardson's frat brothers presented him with an old fashioned night shirt and invigled him into trying it on. An alert Sou'wester photographer got this picture and was chased out of the dorm for his trouble.

Marlene Weigel Is Homecoming Queen

PRINCESSES PICKED

Marlene Weigel, the 1950 homecoming queen, and Patty Smith and Martha Hebron, princesses, will be the center of attraction today.

Making their first official appearance at the Chi O open house held jointly in their honor and in honor of the football team, the royalty will ride in state down Main Street in the parade and will be introduced to Lynx football fans at the half of today's game, to the alumni at their banquet, and to the student body at the Homecoming Dance.

Victor in a five way runoff ballot in student body elections, the attractive queen is a sophomore, a member of the YWCA, STAB, the Student Counselors, and Kappa Delta.

The princesses are both AOPi's. Patty was Homecoming Queen last year and a princess in 1948. She was elected by members of the football team. Chosen as "S" Club princess, Martha is a senior and a member of the Minerva Club.

Bunn Explains Cut System for Chapel

The system of chapel attendance checking has been clarified by Toby Bunn, president of the student body.

Cuts will be recorded by the students on cards which are passed out at the beginning of each Friday's chapel. Students are expected to mark days attended and days cut on the cards, which are then tabulated in the registrar's office.

Fifteen cuts are allowed each semester, and five cuts are automatically charged to each student who does not turn in a card. Those who are absent from Friday's chapel may obtain a card at the registrar's office on Friday, Saturday, or Monday, but on no other days.

NOTICE

The editorial staff of *The Sou'wester* has received a letter from Bob Crumby, quarterback of the football team, regarding the article published under the byline of Jack Worthington last week.

Due to the length of the letter and the length of the editorial reply necessitated by its controversial nature, this letter could not be placed in this overcrowded homecoming issue.

It will, however, be printed next week. In the meantime, the editors of *The Sou'wester* invite interested students to come by the office to discuss the article which has aroused more comment on campus since the infamous "Hatchett editorials" of two years ago.



THE QUEEN AND COURT for Homecoming Day activities are, left to right, Patty Smith, princess of the football team, Queen Marlene Weigel, elected by the student body, and Martha Hebron, princess of the "S" Club.

West's Management Announces Policy Of Lair, Dining Hall

Dan West, operator of the Lynx Lair and the dining hall has announced that this year the two will be dedicated to serving the student body as efficiently as possible.

In a statement to *The Sou'wester* West said that the Lair and the cafeteria were here for the benefit of the students, and that the objective of the management was to make them feel at home.

West declined to accept full credit for the superlative management of the dining hall, sharing honors with Mrs. Kendall, the dietician, Mrs. Farley, assistant dietician, and an experienced crew of cooks, bakers, salad specialists, and cleaners-uppers. Ike Baker, head cook who has been with Southwestern since 1925, said, "We give the students the best of everything. We don't save the best for the faculty."

"The student reception has been very good thus far, and we will endeavor to continue in this vein for the entire school year," concluded West.

Trailer Camp Fire Destroys Building

Nothing Saved In Home Of U.T. Dental Student

Tuesday afternoon at approximately five-thirty, defective wiring in the trailer living quarters of James B. Cloyd, University of Tennessee dental student, and family, ignited an oil fire which eventually destroyed the trailer and most of the possessions of the young couple and their three children.

Mr. Cloyd was at work and Mrs. Cloyd was collecting her children for the night a short distance from the trailer when the fire began. Within a period of minutes fifty spectators and one pumper truck congregated about the blaze. The firemen were able to salvage little. That which was burned was not covered by insurance.

The Cloyds spent the remainder of the night in the guest trailer.

A student-faculty collection of ninety-five dollars was taken up in Student Assembly Wednesday morning to help the Cloyds get back on their feet.

Austrian Likes Our School; Wants To Stay Four Years

When you see a young man about 5 feet 8 inches with a blond crew-cut and a big smile on his face, you will know he is Gerry Opel. If you hear him say "I like the school very much; I would like to stay here four years or more," you will have still better proof.

Gerry, whose proper name is Gerhard, is visiting the U. S. for a year. A native of Vienna, a fact of which he is understandably proud, he is one of sixty Austrian students participating in American life.



GERRY OPEL, the friendly Austrian, has won many friends with this smile. He teaches classes in German conversation in addition to his studies.

It all began on Sept. 3, 1949 when Gerry read an advertisement in a local Viennese newspaper, published by the American forces. The advertisement called for students who were interested in going to America for one year. Out of the four thousand students who answered, Gerry was the second!

They were judged on their appearance, degrees from high school and university, and their life histories. This narrowed those eligible to 250.

Then followed personal interviews by American specialists of higher education. After his interview Gerry received his official application the next day. All that happened around Christmas and he didn't hear anymore until July 14, 1950. That's a long time to be held in suspense, not being able to make any definite plans.

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING About the Parade

Some students who will go to and enjoy the Homecoming parade will never realize how close we came to not having the Main drag procession this year. It was not definitely established that there was to be a parade until late Monday afternoon, and that was by the narrowest. It seems that city officials have a beef about the way these parades have been conducted in past years.

They were much concerned about the reckless way that some students have stood up, wildly waving arms and legs and anything else waveable, about the way that some cars have weaved in and out of the parade line, about students running alongside cars, and about excessive speeds of parade cars in returning to the campus.

Toby Bunn, Ray Bryant, Goodbar Morgan, Nancy Hill, and Ed Wills finally got permission to hold a parade by going all the way to the mayor of Memphis, but, according to Toby, permission was granted only on condition that the conduct we have mentioned would be eliminated from the celebration.

Memphis does have a traffic problem, especially in the downtown area, therefore we feel that they have a perfect right to forbid a parade next year unless their conditions are carried out today.

No Southwestern student would want to be responsible for an embargo on our Homecoming celebration, so the maxim is co-operate. Keep that car in line, keep in it, and take it easy coming back, and we can go down again come next Homecoming.

On Chapel

"Chapel is a farce; it's not serving the purpose of a religious service." "Hey, there ain't no seat for me." "I believe that the chapel services this year have been conducted on a consistently high plane, and that we have a closer approximation to real devotional services than at anytime since the split chapel system was instituted."

These are a cross section of the remarks that we have heard in the first few weeks of school concerning the mid-morning college convocation, more affectionately known as chapel. For the benefit of those who do not yet understand the new arrangement, a story is printed on Page Two explaining it.

We have talked with a great number of people concerning this subject, among them the students who made the above remarks. By far the more widespread of the opinions is that there is much room for improvement.

So we had a little talk with Toby Bunn, and we conversed at length with Chaplain Price, and here was the general gist. The new set-up is still in the experimental stage. Constructive suggestions concerning any phase of the arrangement will be welcomed by both the Student Council and Mr. Price. Such suggestions should be forwarded to the Student Council or the Christian Union Cabinet.

Here are a few of our own.

Although a major complaint has been the lack of seating space, there have always been ample room for everyone who tried to get one. The seats up front will not bite.

We also feel that it is too much to ask of Mr. Price that he have to deliver the sermon every day. This, too, is only temporary, but we feel that guest speakers serve to liven and create interest in chapel programs more quickly than anything.

And last, but not least, something should be done to take care of the stragglers . . . something like a door slammed in the face. Eight minutes is ample time to get from one class to another. Why not to chapel?

The Student Council and the Christian Union is striving to make improvements, maybe some of these we have mentioned are being worked on. However, it is not too much to ask that the student body bear with them a little while.

From the Student Body To Returning Alums

On behalf of the student body I welcome you back to the campus. We who are still students at Southwestern hope that your brief visit to the college will renew many pleasant memories and old acquaintances.

Thanks to the efforts of many of the students, the members of the staff, and the administration there has been planned a Homecoming program which promises to be one of our greatest and most successful.

We are happy that you are able to participate in this celebration, and we look forward to having you with us this weekend.

Sincerely yours,
Toby Bunn

Crescendo and Diminuendo

The Memphis musical season made an auspicious beginning last Tuesday night with the piano recital at the Memphis College of Music by Myron Myers, faculty member of Southwestern. Mr. Myers recitals have long since ceased to be faculty recitals but are an integral part of the musical calendar of the city.

Three formidable works showed Mr. Myers at a very high pitch of mastery. He displayed a powerful tone, steel-like rhythm, and an amazing mastering of technical problems, which, however, were subordinate to his cirile manner of interpretation. One feels that Mr. Myers has devout respect for the masters, that he does not project his own personality into the music. One hears Bach and Ravel and Brahms, and not a "Myers interpretation" of their works. Mr. Myers has the complete technical mastery, without which these great masterpieces could not be played.

Only in the opening Bach Prelude and Fugue in D did Mr. Myers lack the animation called for. It was played with somewhat more restraint than is his wont, but he unleashed in the Ravel sensitivity and virtuosity which made the suite exquisitely enchanting.

Of the Brahms' Sonata, may we say, with Wordsworth, "The music in my heart I bore, long after it was heard no more." The Andante, particularly, was hauntingly beautiful. Mr. Myers was able to project the rich color and melodic expression of this emotionally disturbing work.

Schmoos in the NIGHT

By Herb Eber

Ouch, — I'm sorry, — don't hit me again, — a fella can't be right all the time, — PUT AWAY THE CAT O' NINE TAILS, STARR — I'm no freshman. So I pulled a boner. That radio show,—"Detour" has just left the straight and narrow road and gone off on a—no I won't use the word again. Sure nuff kiddies, it started so good that in my naive way of thinking I figured maybe radio producers had grown up. Well, the show has finally turned into just another mystery, and not a very good one at that. Too bad.

The Claridge is making a big splash this week with as fine a DANCE band as I've heard in many a day. Don Ragon is the name. Here's wishing them a long successful stay and many happy returns. Speaking of music — the quality of the freshman entertainments is getting worse all the time. These chicks need some quick lessons with Mr. Leighton at the MOOosic College. — Dropped by and heard the choir the other day — there should be some interesting listening in this realm come choir concert.

'Nother fine flick is making the rounds. "Crisis" with Cary Grant. Maybe movies, some movies that is, ARE better than ever. Circus is coming to town — greatest show on earth — trapeze — high wire — tumbling elephants etc. Great kicks for those who can still become kids for a night in spite of being sophisticated collegians.

We come to the concert stage. While a seat in the balcony to hear the London Philly may be worth

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The Missing Lynx

Patience, with thy slave, o caliph most magnificent and mighty, for my tongue is thick and words lie heavily thereon. A glass of wine, sire, I can speak no more.

Ah! eternal gratitude to all thy race, o master. Thrice blessed be the seventh son of thy seventh son. And now, now . . . my tale.

Many eons ago, sire, before thy greatness rose to light the path of the halt and the blind, before man was possessed of that we now call reason, there existed a small and powerful kingdom, the name of which has long since been but a memory to even the most learned of this age.

Great and wise were the rulers of that kingdom, and many were the searchers for truth that dwelled therein, seeking always the fundamental of their wretched existence. But there arose none to point the way, and daily the searchers toiled and accomplished nothing.

And there was in that kingdom, that which was called newspaper, produced by a method which called printing and by a man who was called editor. Great was the disfavor of newspaper, for the masses were dissatisfied with it. "Yea," they said in loud voices, "For it is a namby-pamby thing and the man who is called editor is a spineless being. He gives us no pictures. He prints only that which is known as history and he has anchored not his publication to the rock which is known as stand."

Such was the discontent, and, lo, a great muttering arose amongst the multitude and feathers and boiling tar were prepared, and the man who was known as editor trembled for his life. And he fell to his knees and pleaded for reprieve.

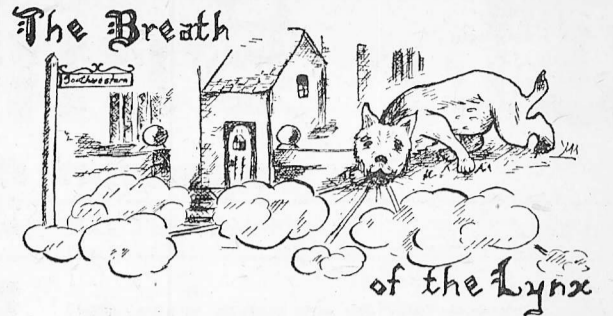
Great was the mercy of the multitude, for, taking pity on the shivering hulk, they sent him to a neighboring country which was known as Arkansas where he spent three pleasureable months in the company of a witch known as mother-in-law. And it was in that time of year when the very leaves of the trees have blood in their eye that the man who was known as editor returned to his own country, and, in much fear of his life, began again the publication of that which was called newspaper.

Great was the anticipation of the mass and many were the flogs and cauldrons which were prepared when he who was editor announced that newspaper had been put to bed and would rise with the sun on Friday.

Scarce had the dawn broken on that day when editor was seen scurrying to and from from the far corners of the kingdom placing newspaper so that it might fall into the hands of multitude.

O mighty sultan, it is impossible to imagine the surprise of the multitude when, upon casually picking up a copy of newspaper, they found that newspaper lived, that he who was called editor had breathed life into it. Yea, great were the cries of astonishment, and loud were the clucking of tongues and many there were who questioned whether newspaper, who had so long been dead, could long

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You look fine, boy, well preserved, even thinner than the last time I saw you. Come right in . . . park the Cadillac in the barn . . . unroll the pen-nant . . . get out the bossy cow bell . . . no thank you, have my own jug. Unhinge the aged vertebrae and squat here close by whilst we reminisce.

Ah, them was the gay, evil days . . . Mountaine-stone McCrushmaner? Class of '13? Nope, can't say's I do. No pads . . . ran how far . . . very blocker prostrate on his clippings . . . broke his what? But how . . . oh, I see . . . stood up in class for the rest of the season. Musta built 'em rougher in them days. . . .

Aw, you're kiddin'. You did! From the bell tower in a bathtub . . . three o'clock in the morning . . . singing the Alma Mammy in his shorts . . . nearly froze his knee caps . . . got his B.A., I hope . . . Oh, the Ice Company . . . route 13. Well.

No . . . ha, ha, we . . . uh . . . haven't quite gotten around to it yet. Still temporary. Hold all our dances there though. Quite a place . . . kind of a cross between a third rate dirigible hanger and the greatest ambition of a super chicken grower.

You married her?! Well, well; who would have ever thought. Sadie Glutz. My, oh, my . . . how tempest frigidests. President of Lifta Little Skirt, wasn't she? Used to hate those IPBs with a sororic passion. No, I never thought she was any more stuck up than . . . But, of course, now she's . . . Oh, I'm so sorry—Reno—next month, . . . Well, who would a thought!

Say, you're wearin' the PHD pin! You must be infinitesimally brilliant, one 'a them brains . . . then, suh, answer me this query: How can we stopa de war? Oh, you run a steel company . . . awfully busy . . . used to think about such things in school . . . haven't the time now. HAS STALIN?

But, Mr. Alumni . . . I didn't mean nothin'. Don't leave! You got to tell me something. I'm young Dunn and all I got is a dream or two and Karyl. She's the girl friend. She's happy 'cause she's got me . . . I ain't. I'm broke. What's the surest way to get just as far in the world as the next feller?

"Well, sonny . . . first, you have to learn to love your brother lucratively. Then, escape from the U of Boo, sheep hide in hand . . . get yourself a PHD type job . . . plenty of money . . . new income tax bracket . . . better standard of living . . . raise ninnyconpoops . . . keep mouth shut—nose clean . . . don't vote . . . get into war . . . forget ideals . . . profiteer . . . send ninconpoops to war . . . they get shot . . . you die of heartache. . . . Now you are as far in the world as anyone has ever gotten."

Shades of the Sanhedrin! Scrapping Lynx! At last I've got it. Got good news for all my campus chillin . . . the way things an stuff am headin' now, everybody but the Staff of the Paper and the President of the college will be just as far along as they can get by the first of December . . . Oh, happy day . . . we is all goin' to be successful . . . dead . . . spirits!

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I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT ME OR—THE SIGN SAID 10 MPH

By Patricia Riegler

I didn't know what hit me. I was merely walking up the driveway in front of Voorhies Hall, proceeding with caution, my whole being trembling with the thought of an upperclassman hovering at the entrance to Palmer Hall, when a supersonic blur swooped down and flattened me.

The exhaust fumes blew in my face, momentarily reviving me. I opened my right eye weakly and caught a fleeting glimpse of my brutal attacker, a 1950 Pontimobile, the kind with spiked, cast iron bumpers. Just before my eyelid closed, I noticed the landmark under which I was lying. It read, "Speed Limit—10 MPH."

The next thing I knew a group of energetic students were scraping me off the asphalt with snow shovels. I was gently tossed into a wheelbarrow and carried off to the infirmary.

It was a brand new, exciting experience. The old infirmary had expanded into a 300 bed ward. Mrs. Hughey was head nurse over a staff of twenty and there were four resident surgeons with Dr. Tullis in charge.

Every available cot was occupied, some by unfortunate freshmen, some by cases similar to me, so they brought an extra tumbling mat from the gym and placed me on it. Soon the medics were huddling over me. They put their heads together and spoke in four syllable gibberish.

I was lucky, my injuries amounted to only one bruise—which covered my whole body. They gave me a gallon of Minut-Rub and released me.

"I suppose I may consider myself fortunate," I thought as I limped down the driveway. I looked around at the other convalescents on crutches. Then I heaved a prayerful sigh and as I turned to start up the walk to Palmer Hall I lifted my eyes in heavenly gratitude.

With due respect to God—This Was A Mistake.

I was walking up the driveway in front of Voorhies when . . .

What's the use? This is where I came in. Anyway the nurse is here with my orange juice.

braving the tide . . .

DON'T GET ME WRONG. I am the peppiest, most-high-spirited person you'll ever meet, I am completely sold on Southwestern and everything and everyone concerning it. I am happy to say I know nearly every Southwestern football player personally, and my very best friends are on the team. I'll sit through all games, through sleet and snow, and cheer 'till I'm hoarse; so you see I'm loaded with school spirit.

I am writing this only because it is the truth. It is not my own personal opinion, mind you, but the thoughts of many members of the student body, the football team, the people who crowded into Hodges Field last Saturday night, and the Army, Navy, and the Marines.

I'm sure most of us saw the football game last Saturday night between our Lynx and the Sewanee Tigers. Well, if you missed the first quarter but saw the last three, you saw a fairly matched football game. Otherwise, it was miserable.

We started the game with 11 men out on the field; after six minutes of playing time, the score was 19-0 in their favor. After that, there were more substitutions for Southwestern running on and off the field than in any mile relay ever run.

Twice during play, we only had ten men on the field; we were penalized five times for delaying the game while substitutions were being made hand over fist; and twice on fourth down deep in our own territory our star punter WAS NOT put in to kick and you know the results.

There were all too few bright points in our game.

NOW GET THIS. Late in the third quarter, we were deep in our own territory with third down coming up. We had to kick, the whole stadium knew we had to kick; but we didn't have a punter in. Just then, Sewanee called time out, and

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TEARS IN THE BEER for Robert Q. Dunn. Tommy Cunningham, freshman, kneels reverently at the grave of the beloved columnist which appeared before Science Hall last Friday. The student body refused to let Dunn die, however, and he is back this week.

Photo by Al Clemens

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Schmoos . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

\$1.80, it seems a shame that many of the non-aristocrats in Memphis may have to miss this great orchestra for this very reason. The local promoters of the "CULTURAL THINGS IN LIFE" have been moaning and groaning for years about the poor attendance which results whenever they bring an attraction like this to town. It seems that the easiest way to remedy this situation would be to bring the pasteboards down within the reach of a few of us Wretched Lower Class Citizens to whom a buck-eighty is still a sizeable hunk of cash. Don't forget, promoters, that you can turn on a radio and hear the same music for free AND hear it about as well as you can from the dizzy heights of the Auditorium balcony. Still, guess I'll cut out the bubble gum for a while to try to make it there.

Guess the paper's about full by now. If not, I'd like to pass on to you this amazing bit of information:

Statistical analysis has shown that in 1928 the total number of elephants engaged in the production of little elephants was about twice the number of male elephants engaged in this important industry. AND—this was a boom year.

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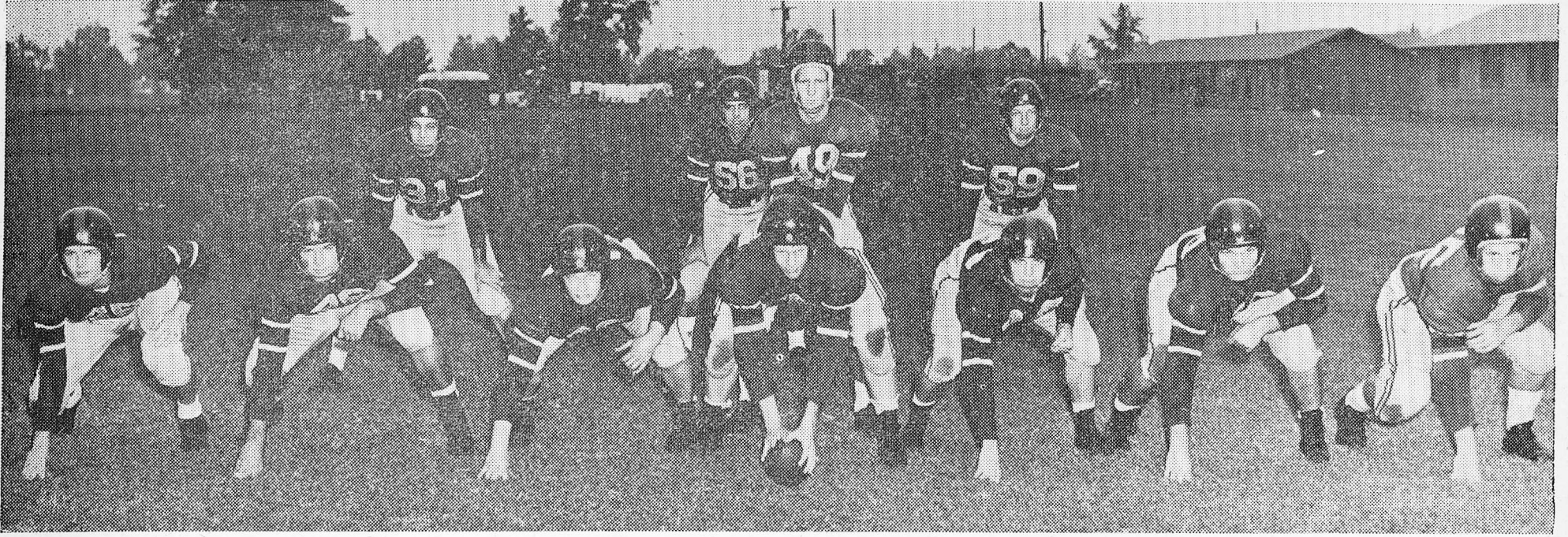
Meeting the gang to discuss a quiz—a date with the campus queen—or just killing time between classes—the University of Miami Student Club is one of the favorite places for a rendezvous. At the Student Club, as in university campus haunts everywhere, a frosty bottle of Coca-Cola is always on hand for the pause that refreshes—Coke belongs.

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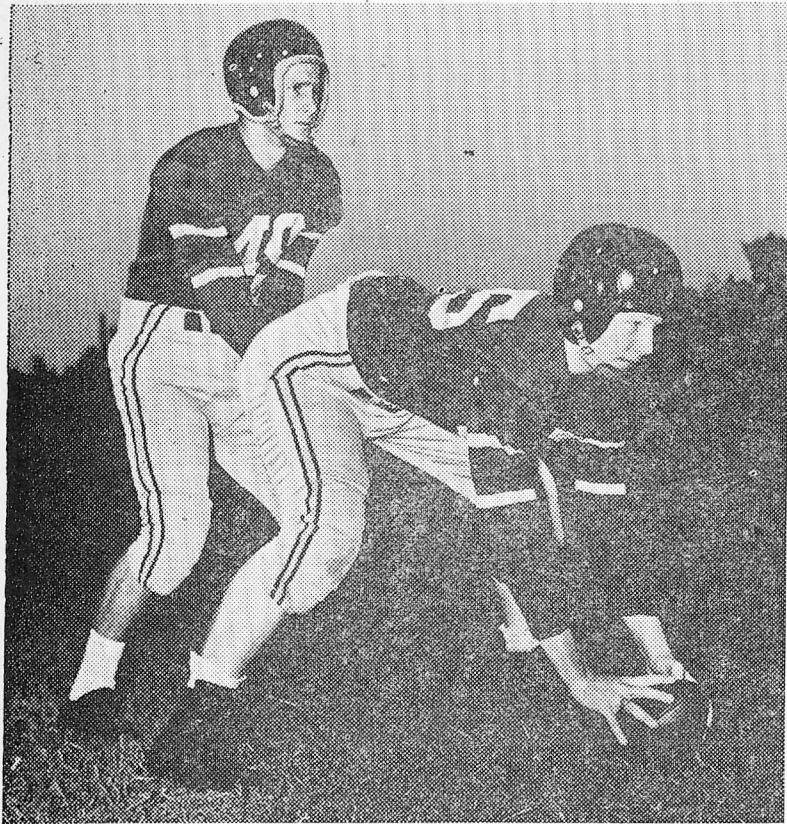
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READY TO GO against Mississippi College is the Lynx eleven above. Left to right in the line as they line up are Whiteside, Ping, Robertson, Barber, Crissamore, Hamlet and McKee. In the backfield are Crumby, Sparks, Crain, and Russell.

In the picture to the left, Bob Crumby, quarter, and Ed Barber, center, line up in their "T" formation positions.



Lynx Drop Contest To Sewanee, 25-6

By Jack Worthington

The Southwestern grid squad lost its second tilt of the season last Saturday 25-6 to the Sewanee Tigers. The boys from the University of the South got off to a rolling start, and the only times during the first quarter that the ball was in Tiger territory were the four times during the period that Sewanee kicked off.

Three times in rapid succession Sewanee set up the ball for George Nichopolis' dashes across the goal line. Only one of the three conversion attempts was good, and the quarter ended with the Tigers leading 19-0.

The Lynx' only touchdown was made late in the half when Full-back Bobby Peters intercepted a pass to set himself up for the twenty-nine-yard scoring run.

Sewanee's final score was made early in the final period by Nichopolis, who had also monopolized the ball on the set-up drive.

On looking back over the play-by-play graph of the game, the fan would see no glaring deficiencies in the Southwestern team. He would probably conclude that the Lynx Cats were out-classed and had a few bad breaks besides.

The line did play good ball. They made three telling goal-line stands.

Rick Russell, Bill Sparks, and Ricky King stood out in the backfield, as did Bob Crumby at times. Charlie Landrum was a demon on defense. But the ball handling was often so amateurish that the stands groaned in discomfort. The team lacked up-and-at-'em-lets-play-ball spirit. It looked as if the adrenalin count of every member of the squad was down to zero.

DR. NICK SAYS:
 Make Yourself at home
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the sportsmen's corner

By Bob Whiteside

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

We refer you to that forgotten portion of every football team, the group of men classified collectively as the scrub team. These are the men who must don the red jerseys and take the knocks while the starting team runs rough-shod in an attempt to perfect their offensive attack. These are the men who try to master the opposing teams formation and plays and run them against the first string team so that group can devise a defensive attack. These are the scrubs.

They get very little recognition for their services, nor do they expect it. But let's not forget them completely. Few work harder and none are more loyal to the team than the benchwarmers. Football is not a sport to be played by the novice. Present day football has been reduced to a difficult and complicated science—at least that is what they tell us—and these men are learning it the hard way.

Considering the Sewanee game along that line we are reminded of a story Jack Carrigan (class of '50) tells. It concerns a South-eastern Conference team that had an unbeatable offensive attack. Suddenly in the middle of the season the attack went dead. None of the plays would work and the team lost game after game. When asked for an explanation the coach lamented, "All through practice we told them to block and run, block and run, block and run. Now some fool forgot and told them to run and block, it got the team so confused we had to start all over."

All through practice the Lynx played against a 6-2-2-1 or a 7-1-2-1 defense. Then Sewanee came up with an overshifted line and the team got so confused that their attack bogged like a barefoot boy in the Mississippi mud.

INTRAMURALS

Last week marked the beginning of the 1950 intramural football season. At the end of the week's play, SAE, defending champion, and Sigma Nu are tied for first place with two victories and no losses. KA is also unbeaten, but has played only one game.

The season began Wednesday, October 4, as SAE met ATO and Sigma Nu engaged the Independents. SAE tallied four times in the second half to beat ATO 39-7, with Bill Metzger and Hugh Francis leading the scorers with 13 points. Ted Fox and Prentiss Fulton also scored for SAE, while Brady Whitehead went over for ATO.

The same day Sigma Nu shut out the Independents 27-0. Bill Threlkeld, Winfield Hudson, Red Wray, and Gerry Bugbee scored a touchdown each for the victors.

On Friday Kappa Sig defeated

PiKA 20-6, with Reiter Webb, Roy Gwin, and Tom Bell scoring for Kappa Sig and Mo Simon making the lone Pike TD. In the other game Friday Omar Smith led the

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Missing Lynx . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

live again. And there were those who sought out the man known as editor, and praised him highly, and heaped many honors upon his head for his part in newspaper's resurrection, for many of them had loved newspaper in the days of his living.

Yea, and the sound of rejoicing echoed from the heavens when newspaper appeared the following Friday, still living and with renewed vigor. And the multitude approached editor as one man, praising him highly and declaring their great love for newspaper. And the silence descended as a cloud of locusts when editor spoke to address the multitude after his long and enforced silence.

In the most humble of tones, he informed the masses that newspaper had discovered the truth, the truth for which they had spent countless centuries in searching, and that newspaper was going to tell them that truth.

Now, almighty and magnificent one, there was in that same country, an organization which was the Klan which was called Ku Klux. And the Klan that was called Ku Klux feared the truth with many an earth shaking tremble, despite that many and muscular were the members of the Klan.

For the duty of the Klan that was called Ku Klux was to go out weekly to engage in battle with like clans from neighboring countries, and many and sound were the beatings that they suffered at the hands of their enemies. So it was that the Klan feared the truth, for they had for many years convinced the multitude that their Klan was the best of all possible Klans, and that they were well capable of defending the multitude from the weekly forays of the neighboring countries.

And, illustrious ones, their fears were well grounded, for Friday when newspaper spoke the truth, he predicted that the Klan would not emerge triumphant from their weekly encounter.

Loud were the rumblings of the Klan, for newspaper had said that they would lose the battle by nineteen bullets, and, with vile threats against newspaper, the members of the Klan sallied to battle bandying the prediction of newspaper on joking lips and threatening the pipsqueak of a writer who had put the words into newspaper's mouth with extinction.

But, oh omnipotent one, when the dust of battle settled to the earth of the field which was called Hodges, a passing surgeon extracted nineteen bullets from the bodies of the members of the Klan that was Ku Klux.

And great was the wrath of the Klan, and they descended upon newspaper in a body, determined to snuff out his short life. And the man who was called editor gathered his small crew of friends together and prepared to defend newspaper to the last ditch. . . .

But, most exalted Caliph, the distant bells are signalling the dawn. Day has come, and the muse of bull has thronged my tongue once more. The tale . . . o mighty sire . . . must remain unfinished.



BOB WHITESIDE, LYNX END, is about to be hauled down on the fifty yard line after racing fifteen yards with a pass thrown by Bob Crumby on the ten. Charlie McAllister is the Lynxman leading the interference. The cats lost 25 to 6. Photo by Billy Brazelton

Lynx Cats To Battle Choctaws At Hodges

Mississippi College Double Wing To Oppose Southwestern's "T" Formation

By Bill Boyce

The Southwestern Lynx, still trying for 1950's first victory, take on the Mississippi College Choctaws Saturday as part of the Homecoming Day festivities. The contest is called for 2:30 p.m. at Hodges Field.

This will be the fourth game of the year for Mississippi College. The Chocs dropped their opener to Arkansas A & M, but rallied to defeat Union 20-7, and Marion (Ala.) Institute 40-6. Southwestern has dropped decisions to Millsaps 19-6, and to Sewanee 25-6. Last year Mississippi College defeated Southwestern 19-13 in Clinton.

Intramurals . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

way as KA edged ATO 27-20. Omar scored 20 points for KA, with Bob Allen getting the other touchdown. Jimmie James reached paydirt twice for losers, and Bill Boyce scored the third ATO touchdown.

SAE and Sigma Nu continued their winning ways Monday, Sigma Nu winning from PiKA 19-2, and SAE beating the Kappa Sigs 26-7. Bubba Bowden, Charles Jackson, and Allen Cooke scored the Sigma Nu touchdowns, while PiKA was scoreless until the last play of the game, when they earned a safety. Lester Graves, Hugh Francis, Bill Metzger, and Ben Dowbre each scored once as SAE won from Kappa Sigma. Reiter Webb's touchdown saved KS from being shut out.

Head Coach Stanley Robinson of Mississippi College employs the double wing formation, one of the few coaches who still likes this once popular system. He is also a proponent of the Two-Platoon style of play, with complete player shifts when the ball changes hands.

Key man in the Choctaw offense is David Lee, a junior from Forest, Miss., who holds down the full-back post. A triple-threat, he does all the kicking and much of the passing and running. Last week he scored twice and passed for another score against Marion.

Coach Al Clemens of Southwestern put the team through rough drills this week in an attempt to iron out the shakiness and uncertainty, which was so costly both on offense and defense in the opening games.

The Lynx are generally in good shape. Only Bob Whiteside and Charley McAllister were injured in the Sewanee game and neither is thought to be seriously hurt. In addition Rick Russell and Teeny Crain are expected to see action Saturday for the first time.

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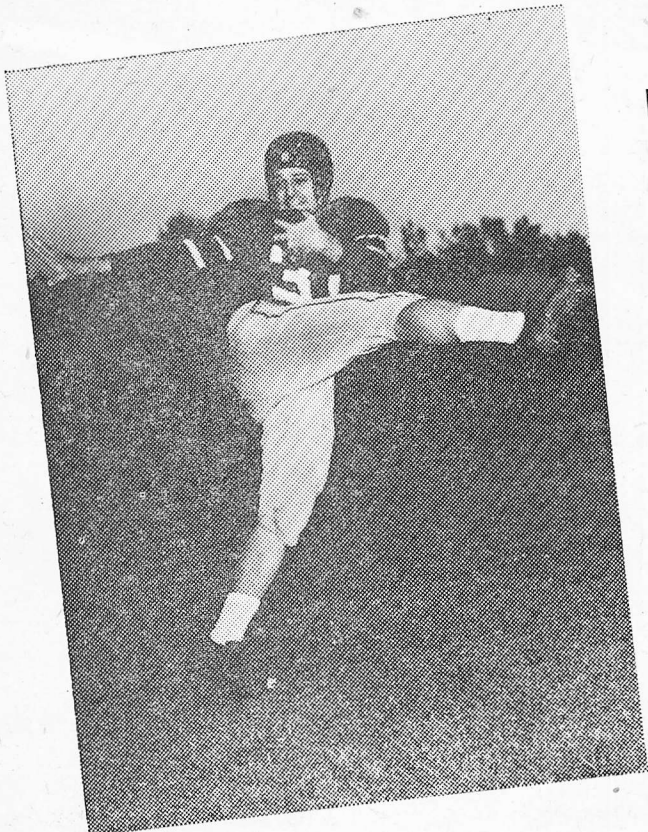
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K.C.'s Choice For Lynx of the Week

Bill Sparks, halfback and alternate captain of the grid squad is King Cotton's choice for the "Lynx of the Week."

Bill, who is a native of Tusculumbia, Alabama, has proved his ability in tight places time and again. In the Sewanee game last week his booming punts, which averaged 49 yards per kick, saved the Lynx one and maybe two touchdowns.

His activity is not limited to football, however, for he is vice president of the student body, president of the "S" Club, and a member of ODK.

Picks

**"THE LYNX
OF THE
WEEK"**

Tender

Nutritious

Tasty



ZETA PRESIDENT Pat Tomlinson, left, welcomes the Southwestern cheer leaders to an open house held in their honor. Pep squad members are, left to right, Betty Jo Carter, Louis Weber, Jen Covington, Marzette Smith, Gene Fincher, Beth Carter, and Millye Bunn. Photo by Billy Brazelton

braver . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

lucky they did, for Crumby had to stand up and HOLLER over to our bench to have a punter sent in. Didn't anyone watch the game? Finally, they sent Sparks in, and he got a beautiful punt from back on our fifteen to their forty. In fact, Sparks' three punts, when he was put in to kick, averaged 49 yards, and that's good in any man's country.

Today's Homecoming—our big game of the year. I can't think of anything finer than a victory for Southwestern. Mississippi College is the strongest team we'll face this year. We really weren't outclassed in our two previous games, with Millsaps and Sewanee. They were on our level, and our team can play just as fine a ball game and probably better.

Before I sign off, I want to congratulate our cheerleaders—they were slightly less than terrific; and that's plain wonderful. They held on continually through a fruitless game and were the main spark in our spirit.

Yours, for a Happy Homecoming, and a stronger Southwestern.

. . . al braver

Austrian Likes . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

Finally he received a letter, and with shaking hands, he opened it. He arrived in New York on Sept. 5 where he spent two delightful weeks. Then he came to Southwestern.

Why did he choose Southwestern? He wrote on his application that he wanted to have a good time, so he was sent here.

Gerry can speak English as well as any American, having studied it since he was in the seventh grade. And despite a teacher with a British accent, he learned to speak English with an American accent, because he dislikes a British accent. Rah, rah, rah!

A future civil engineer perhaps, Gerry is studying math and physics. He is also studying English and teaching a course in German conversation.

Welcome to Southwestern, Gerry. We are glad to see you.

Homecoming . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

ed by many as the most interesting event on Homecoming programs and by all as a great lot of fun.

The alums will take over at 6 p.m., commandeering the gymnasium for their banquet. The homecoming queen will be introduced to the alumni.

The Homecoming Dance, which is scheduled to begin at 9 p.m. will climax festivities. Fargason will be decorated with hundred of balloons under the direction of Mary Woods. Johnny Long's Orchestra will provide the music. At 10:30 the football team will have their leadout and the Homecoming Queen and Princesses will be presented.

The winning organizations in the decoration contest will receive cups at this time and other awards will be presented to the frat and sorority having the most alumni present at the banquet.

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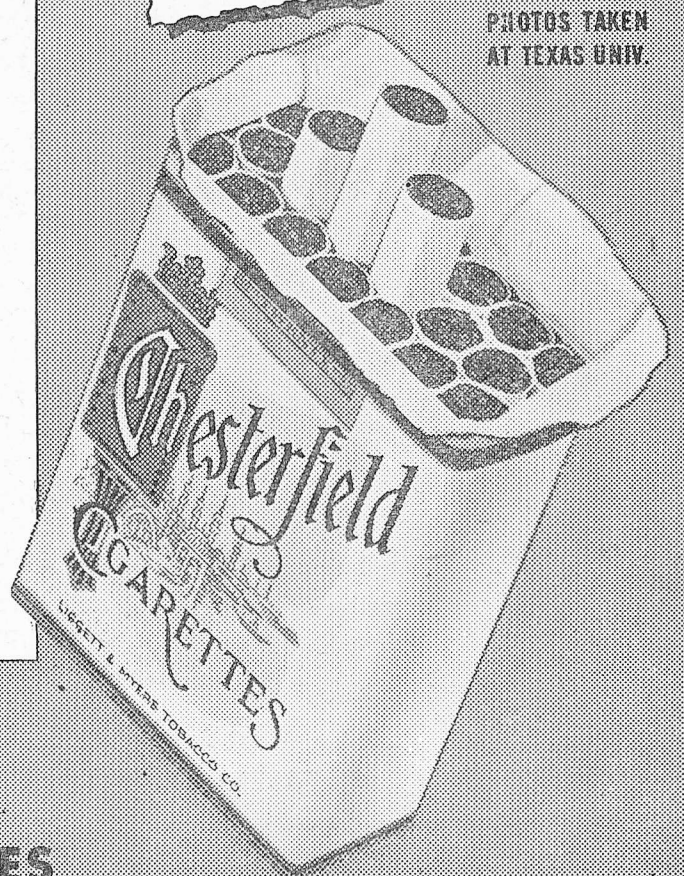
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