

Rhodes Sets Up Dictatorship

Flying Saucer Men Take Rule Quickly

Big Dan, King Williford Subdued Easily And Promptly By Powerful Little Ones

While Southwestern students yet rocked the walls of Voorhies and Evergreen with the resounding snores of peaceful slumber, out of the grey sky of early dawn, outlined in the first rays of light from the East, the first contingent of Martian invaders swooped down and brought their flying saucers to a screeching halt on Fargason field. Time 5:30 a.m.

Swarming out of miniature conning towers, the little men, none of them more than eighteen inches high, converged into a battle formation reminiscent of Alexander's phalanx and with cries of "Tilley valley," swooped toward the only visible lights, those of the Lynx Lair, where Desperate Dan West had opened for business in the hope of making a little extra money.

All Like That?

The little men paused for a moment on the threshold of the Lair, gazing on the tremendous bulk of Big Dan. A babble of voices protested against the advisability of attacking the Earth if all inhabitants were of such size. But their leader gave them a pep talk, and they came out in the second half ready to do or die for dear old Mars.

Dan West looked up from his comic book as the first men entered. His agile mind was quick to size up the situation. "Ah! Marzette Smith's brothers. Come in gentlemen," he said.

Poor Dan

Surprised at Dan's friendliness, the little men decided to have breakfast before embarking to conquer the world. Everything was fine until one of them screamed, "Seven cents for coffee. Ye Gods! I won't pay it." Dan West insisted, so they killed him, looted the Lair, and set out to storm the dormitories. What the little men thought of what they found in the Lynx Lair is another story.

Marching across the campus lustily singing "When BXTYFT comes marching home again, Hooray, Hooray." They met King Williford who was out searching for subjects to admire him. "Halt," shouted King Williford, "Admire me," and he struck a pose. Nphgk, leader of the Martians, struck King Williford, and he bounded off to Palmer Castle to cry on Queen Ann's shoulder, destroying the bridge across Palmer Lake behind him.

You Can't Beat 'em

The Martian Corps of Engineers threw a temporary pontoon roadway across the vast expanse in minus five minutes, however, and reached the castle before King Williford.

Dashing into the cloister, the little men spied the water fountains. Several were thirsty, so they stopped for a moment to imbibe. Three were scalded to death before they realized what was happening.

After overwhelming the royal

(Continued on Page 2)

Constitution Set Up By Dictator Rhodes

After fifteen minutes of hard work, Dictator Rhodes drew up a new set of regulations for Southwestern, "I know they are pretty harsh," he said, "but this is a hard world."

The new rules are:

- 1) Students will attend all classes without fail. Penalty for cutting will be one week on the neck.
- 2) Students may not speak, either in the classrooms, to professors, or to one another. A special restriction is placed on men communicating with women students in any way. Penalty for speaking is tongue cut out. Penalty for communicating with women, head cut off.
- 3) All students will bow three times whenever they see a faculty member, five times when they see Dictator Rhodes. The dictator's bodyguard, Malcolm Evans, will break the backs of all who fail to comply with this regulation.
- 4) Students will be allowed to air gripes by means of opinion sheets. These must be filled out, signed, and placed in the incinerator. A student filling out a suggestion blank must also turn in his name to the Sanhedrin. (Why we cannot guess.)

Kmprwvtqmzx Likes Fargason's Lines

While being shown the Southwestern campus by Plato Kelso during the short stay of the little men, Kmprwvtqmzx, Martian architectural genius, went into ecstasies over Fargason Field House. He pronounced it a veritable gem of modern functional building.

The plans and architect's drawings of this phenomenally beautiful structure were copied and returned to Mars with the genius after the unfortunate incident in Neely Hall. Kmprwvtqmzx planned to have the whole building transported to his home planet for use as an example for the most promising young Martian architects, but decided that it was so functional that it would collapse

(Continued on Page 4)

Faculty Storms Defenseless Students

Attack Follows Martian Departure Immediately

Peyton Nalle Rhodes, president of Southwestern while it was a college, and head butler to the king and queen under the monarchy, assumed a new title when he led the faculty in a revolution against the puppet government set up by the Martian conquerors.

No sooner had the tiny invaders' flying saucers disappeared into the nether regions than the "Defender of the Rights of the Faculty" with his followers, gathered from the ranks of the faculty, who had fled into the Trailer Empire when the Martians had deliberated them from servitude to the king and queen, swooped down upon the throng of wildly cheering students who had gathered on Fargason Field to see off their little visitors.

Led by the flaming sword of A. Theodore Johnson and the valiant exploits of Richard Vowles, the faculty subdued the unarmed students.

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Compulsory Concert Is Announced By Rhodes

Dictator Rhodes, in connection with his drive for greater culture, has announced a band concert to be held the night of April 4. This is the first in a series of compulsory-attendance concerts to be given by the music department.

The band will participate in the majority of these productions, as under the new regulations only martial music may be played. According to Dictator Rhodes, this is to encourage all students to learn to goose-step.

On this first program the featured number will be that greatest of all marches, Military Escort. The supporting numbers, though not so difficult, will be stirring marches.

We wish to remind the student body that the roll will be checked at the first concert, April 4. All students not present must answer to the Sanhedrin. Minimum penalty for absence is violent death.

Dictator Rhodes Outlaws ODK Under New Regime

Since there will be no student activity allowed on the campus under the new regime, ODK, the fraternity honoring leaders in this sort of activity, was officially done away with by Dictator Rhodes immediately after his return to office.

All students who have been members of ODK must report to the Sanhedrin to have their keys confiscated. These people will be treated with kindness. They will be gassed instead of hanged or shot. This consideration will be shown them because of their previous positions of importance.

Martian Invaders Leave Suddenly

Hill-Cooked Meal In Neely Undermines All Previous Efforts For Cooperation

The Martian conquerors left hastily yesterday in the midst of a banquet in their honor.

The Kelso-Osman administration was entertaining the two hundred fifty Martian guests in Neely Hall when they left suddenly. The banquet was especially for Nphgk, leader of the Martian invaders. Although the guests were not well understood, the conversation buzzed brightly under the direction of Clyde Flanigan, interpreter, the only Earthman able to converse with the Martians.



Nphgk
Martian Leader

Plato Kelso highlighted the function with his speech acknowledging the leadership of the little men and expressing appreciation for all the enlightenment of their age. Although he could not as yet understand their language, he said, he hoped in the near future to learn it under their most excellent guidance.

This being interpreted by the indomitable Clyde, Philosopher Nphgk answered, "Hybncr gfwsq-jmt kndrfmepl wqjgbh srfpw." This was the greatest tribute ever paid to any institution in our times.

Eating Attempted

Then the meal was served by our own hash-house boys under the direction of our greatest of dieticians, Mrs. Hill. The colorful plate was received with gusto, and several attempts were made to gulp the food down.

The meal was abruptly ended immediately after chow was served by an announcement by the honorable Nphgk, made with a wry face. Clyde interpreted: "We decided not to stay."

Each little man immediately arose and a unanimous expression of sorrow reverberated throughout Neely Hall. Platoons formed quickly, and the little men marched to Fargason Field. Each group clamored into its flying saucer, and, one by one, took off.

The students watched, dumbfounded with regret, as the disks faded out of sight. A great civilization was slipping from their helpless presence. There are now only memories and a few cryptic, but invaluable documents left; our heritage from a most noble invasion.

Dictator's Government Establishes Sanhedrin

In order to see that his edicts are carried out to the letter, Dictator Rhodes has ordered that the Sanhedrin be re-established on the campus. This organization will be in charge of executions of those who do not see eye to eye with Dictator Rhodes.

Dusty Anderson, who was president of the Honor Council in the now defunct Southwestern College has been chosen to head the Sanhedrin. Anderson is especially adapted to his new job because he has just returned from Russia where he took a concentrated course in hating under Joe Stalin.

Anderson said, "I will enforce the laws of Dictator Rhodes beyond the limit."

Extra! Extra! Eyewitness Account Given Of Flying Saucer Ships From Mars

Flash! An eye-witness description of the aircraft employed by the Martians follows herein.

The flying saucers, for such is the name attributed this type of airplane, were exquisite Haviland china saucers with delicate cups nestled thereupon. A dainty soft-pink rose pattern adorned the two articles of tableware.

Behind the gilt hand-painted handle, which was very slender and graceful, stood the pilot of the ship. Needless to say, the pilot stood behind the steering rod, which the cup handle proved to be. By a slight flick of the wrist, the mechanism being so sensitive and cooperative, he could guide the craft in any direction and turn it to any position.

It was amusing to watch the flying saucers dispatch their occupants. Their pilots turned the saucers on their sides, and the attackers literally poured from the cups.

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BOB STARR SLAVE-IN-CHIEF
RITA CUNINGHAM MANAGING SLAVE
BETTY LOU WOOD SLAVES' SLAVE

MINOR SLAVES
Sherman Baggett, Andrew Pappas, Mary Frances Reese, and Ann Taylor Walker.

Let's Have More Changes

Things do happen fast. In the brief space of one day, the monarchy, so carefully built by King Williford after his stunning overthrow of Southwestern College, was taken over by invaders from Mars, a puppet government set up, the Martians returned to Mars, and ex-prexy Rhodes led the faculty in another revolution and set up the college just as it was before with a few small changes. It is these changes we are complaining about.

In the first place, we cannot see this wearing of balls and chains all the time. And classes twenty three hours a day is too much. Also this deal about intra-venous feeding. I know we raised a holy horror about the dining hall, but after all.

We object very strongly to the new system of punishment for cutting chapel. Public lashing with a cat-of-nine-tails went out with Captain Bligh.

We believe that students should be allowed to leave the campus at least once a year. We realize that it is too much to ask to be allowed to go home at Christmas or Thanksgiving, or at Easter, but unless we are allowed to either go home or receive mail, how will we be able to pay our tuition? We believe that this situation will be the first to be remedied.

We also feel that some students objected to the methods employed by Mr. Springfield in collecting this year's tuition were rather harsh. Most of us are not used to being dangled by the heels until all our money falls from our pockets.

The set-up in the Lynx Lair could stand a little going over. As soon as Dan West learned that a new edict required all students to do their purchasing in the Lair, he tripled the prices. This is not good business etiquette. We will howl to the high heavens until Dan quits extracting a pint of blood from each of his customers. It is rumored that he drinks the blood himself, but we have it from a reliable source that he sells it to faculty members at a reduced rate.

Suppression of the printed word must cease if we are to have free speech. We strenuously object to having to ride Lloyd Binford, who was imported expressly for this purpose, piggy back all over the campus while we are gathering news.

Nuts to the whole deal. We are going out to hang ourselves. We are eager to test whether Dictator Rhodes' edict forbidding anyone to die will work in fact.

It Sounds Too Familiar

We wonder if anyone was impressed by the little ceremony which took place in Hardie Auditorium during chapel yesterday. We are referring to the offering of the crown to Dictator Rhodes by Professor Robinson. Three times she offered the crown to him, and three times he refused it. This would seem that our ruler does not want regal powers. Regardless of the fact, however, an order was placed with a downtown firm for a hundred yards of purple velvet by aforementioned dictator yesterday. Where have we heard this before?

Our READERS Say

Question of the Week: What do you think about yesterday's events?

NANCY WILSON: At last I have found my intellectual equals. I am leaving for Mars on the next saucer.

RICHARD DIXON: It all happened too fast.

BAILEY PRITCHARD: I think it's fine. L.S./M.F.T.

JEN HUNT COVINGTON: I liked Nphgk. I thought he was cute.

DAN WEST: How can I think anything? I've been dead since this morning.

PROF. C. I. DIEHL: What? Has someone been here from Mars?

PROF. C. L. BAKER: There is absolutely no biological evidence for it.

REITER WEBB: Beats.

PAUL CURRIE: Wh-wh-wh-a-a-t?

JOAN STEWART: They speak my language.

JOE SUMRALL: I particularly liked the assonance in their poetry.

CLYDE FLANIGAN: Gpqrtsvzx pltsmlwx szxltrq.



Dear Editor:

We hear that your students are complaining because your college is run by a dictator. What are they complaining about? At least they have a college.

The Students Of Memphis State

Dear Editor:

I hear that your school is now being run by a dictator. I want to be the first to congratulate your students on selecting this form of government. As you know the Russians have voted in this form unanimously for a good many years now, and it has worked wonderfully.

I wonder if your illustrious leader will be willing to confer with our Joe. He is anxious to talk over a plan of overthrowing the democratic capitalists who surround you and are a constant menace to your fine civilization.

Andrei Vishinsky

Dear Editor:

I am pleased to hear that you have not yet lost your head in the coups d'etat which have been coming off around there. I hope that you will use the power of the press to aid me in my cause.

I want the students to know that I am gathering a force over here in West Memphis to relieve their situation. We march at dawn.

Denby Brandon
Exiled President

Professors Add New Courses This Year

As a result of events of the past few days, several new courses are being offered for the coming semester.

"Interplanetary Relations" will be taught by Professor John Quincy Wolf, whose constant study of Science-Fiction magazines has well qualified him for his task. As an added feature, students taking this course will take a trip to one of the neighboring plants in the spring.

"Totalitarian Economics" will be led by Professor Ralph Hon. All students will be required to take this course as its fundamental teaching will be how to kick in all your cash to the dictator and still buy books.

"The Intellectual's Course," designed to raise the thinking standards of the student body, will be taught by nine ex-students, the Phi Beta Kappas, who were automatically graduated by Dictator Rhodes upon his rise into power because it was his opinion that they knew more than any of the professors anyhow. This course will be offered only to those students who have an all A average from the first grade on.

A course on "Peyton Nalle Rhodes: A Rock in His Time," will be taught by Dictator Rhodes. The only reason the good dictator offered for its addition to the curriculum was, "I think it will be an interesting course because the subject is so interesting."

The language department will teach a course to be called "Southwesternian." It is Dictator Rhodes' decree that from henceforth, Southwestern shall have a language of its own. This course will not be offered until fall as the language must be made up first. All students will take this course to satisfy the modern language requirement.

All in all, the new courses should make for a very interesting curriculum.

Martian Literatures Kept For Posterity

Also swiped from the record files of a flying saucer was this masterpiece of poetry. It was composed by the great Mrxwpq, the invader's counterpart of our own Joe Sumrall.

STYL-S DNVTR

Styl-s wntrl gjntsm / jvnct nbhvx ncm @fys cjstnr Styl*s hp jsvx Frhtg gnrs wzsyn smvp& Styl-s vmp:rsw nwxd sqyth Styl-s

Styl-s nthgd fgren cxwr mpnhd mprnc rdsgy Styl-s hypqd Nvrfd ghlpn snrd wfstmn Styl-s ntrwx Styl-s smcrypn ctyls As translated by Clyde Flanigan, it reads:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.

CHRONOLOGY

(Editor's note: In order that our readers may better understand the multitude of events which have happened in the past day, we have compiled this table of the events in their chronological order. Awrite! So it happened pretty fast. This is April Fool, you know.

- Friday, March 31
- 5:30 a.m. Flying saucers land
 - 5:45 a.m. Lynx Lair attacked
 - 6:00 a.m. Palmer Castle stormed
 - 6:15 a.m. Castle taken; King and Queen exiled.
 - 7:30 a.m. Puppet state set up
 - 10:00 a.m. Male beauty revue
 - 11:45 a.m. Banquet for Martians
 - 11:46 a.m. Martians decide to leave
 - 12:15 p.m. Martians leave
 - 12:16 p.m. Rhodes leads faculty against students
 - 12:30 p.m. Rhodes sets up government
 - 1:00 p.m. Rhodes refuses crown

Saucer Men Take . . .

(Continued from Page 1)
servants, who had been faculty members at Southwestern College before King Williford and Queen Ann had led the revolution and set up the monarchy of Swesternalia, they exiled the king and queen to the reading room of the library. They met fierce resistance in the person of the royal butler, Peyton, who fought valiantly for two seconds with the smallest Martian before he was vanquished.

Quick Changes

Being well versed in government, the Martians immediately set up a perfect puppet state, headed by two great men who had been philosophers before the revolution, and who held the titles of Royal Censors of Comic Literature under the monarchy, Alexander Plato Kelso and Confucius Osman.

Kelso and Osman aided the Martians in mapping out a plan for the overthrow of the monarchy, pointing out that the Big Man in Kingdom, Curtis Kent, was the real ruler of the kingdom, and that the population followed his will like automatons.

A secret mission was dispatched to Kent's luxurious quarters in Robb Hall, where he was taken without awakening his straight man, Toby Bunn. The Martians then offered Kent a bribe of 10 Kthxzh (three cents, American) to issue a decree that his followers should go over to the Martians. After he had done this, the Martians took away his Hadacol, locked him up in the royal dungeon which had been the Dean of Women's office, and left him to pine away.

Brain Didn't Pay

In throwing Kent into the dungeon, the little men found there an emaciated, grey-haired old man who identified himself as Denby Brandon, once president of the student body, who had been jailed with the advent of the monarchy because King Williford feared the intellectual power which had been bestowed upon him by the Supreme Order of the Phi Beta Kappas. The Martians set him free, and he was last seen heading toward West Memphis, the haven of political refugees.

Then, leaving the government in the capable hands of Osman and Kelso, the Martians commandeered Voorhies Hall, moving all the girls there quartered into Evergreen where they would be more comfortable while the invaders plotted their campaign against the neighboring independent state known as the Trailer Empire.

Let's Revolt

The first official act of the new heads of state was to require all citizens to take the Man Course. All those who had taken the course before the overthrow of the college were required to take it again, as the big four reorganized their brain child completely, making it a forty hour course, and making it run, not from Adam and Eve to the present day, as it had in the decadent college, but from Chaos to the twentieth-fifth century. They also demanded that all citizens attend the great books lectures.

Jared Wenger, Joe Embry, Gordon Southard, and G. R. Shipman, who had been employing their combined efforts in seeking to translate the Stylus magazine into English under the directions of King Williford, were directed by the big two to learn the Martian language and begin holding classes in it within two days as, after that, all other languages would be outlawed, and all those caught uttering Earthian syllables would be decapitated.

The wheels then began preparations for the victory banquet which resulted in the Martians' decision to return to their own planet.

Martian's View Of Earthian Civilization

(Editor's note: This interesting manuscript was found on one of the benches in Neely Hall after the Martian departure.) Translation from the Martian by Clyde Flanagan.

I, Bgggt, due to my having held the chair of sociology at the University of Mars, was selected to accompany the expedition to Earth to observe the social conditions of its primitive civilization. This was not inimical to me, for my chair was not a comfortable one.

Through the inexorable decision of the high command, we landed at what the Earthians optimistically call a university. Here I was to get the first of what has been a series of the rudest shocks imaginable which have continued for the last several hours. The university consisted of a group of stone buildings, in what, architecturally, must be a barbarianism on even this bar-

barian planet. Behind the three large stone buildings were a group of more functional wooden ones and behind those were a group of even more functional cardboard ones. I inquired from one of the Earthian professors why was this particular style of architecture was used. "To perpetuate a thousand year-old tradition," he said. I then asked why perpetuate the tradition. Assuming a dreamy look, he murmured in awesome academic tones, "For the esoteric, the ontological proof is sufficient."

With these cloyingly sweet words ringing through my auricular canal I was considerably encouraged as to the intellectual level of the Earthians. "At least they have a vocabulary," I thought. I wandered, not without difficulty, through several mazes of boulders onto and across a muddy plan where several young Earthian males were proceeding to mash each other to pulp,

not without enthusiasm. These were the sounds that assailed my ears: "awright hun to three go thats the way get him nice going."

Pernicious doubts again began to filter through my consciousness when I arrived at an L-shaped sickening green building, over whose portals was inscribed the words Lynx Lair. I had been informed that I could view the typical Earthian student here in his natural and most customary habitat. This information puzzled me somewhat, for I had expected the library to be the center of student activity. Not so.

This place was equipped for the dissemination of food and drink, at speeds varying from standstill to one customer in ten minutes. Tables, designed to accommodate four, were scattered about, at every one of which were eight. Several of the males and all of the females had glowing, smoking somethings dangling precariously from their mouths. Attention seemed to be centered on rectangular bits of paper which they held fanwise in their hands. At intervals one would mutter a word or two, and there would be a general slapping down of the rectangular bits, followed by mutual exchanges of hate-filled glances. One of the kinder Earthians endeavored to enlighten me

on this activity.

The game, for that was what it was, is called bridge. Proficiency in this game, or a degenerate form of it which is rapidly capturing the fancy of the masses, is a requirement for social existence. Those few who have so misused their time as not to have mastered the principles of this noble art are doomed to spending the remainder of their days at the institution as non-entities.

When occasionally there happens to be a number of odd people—I mean an odd number of people—who are thus excluded from the above game which requires four people—the leftovers can divert themselves at machines which for a small sum will assure them that they are geniuses or that they can shove a metal disk down a wooden runway in a straight path. Upon questioning them I found that they were completely incapable of rational replies to my query as to why they were doing those things. About the only thing they could say was, "Because it's fun."

Behind and to the east of the Lynx Lair were several small buildings built in the perpetuating style of architecture. Upon investigation, I ascertained that these buildings housed, or concealed, the political

activity of the institution. Female inhabitants congregate in groups known as sororities, the male counterpart being known as fraternities. All minor offices in the political hierarchy of the school, which are ostensibly elective and to be filled by qualified students, are distributed to members of these groups through means of combines—a device whereby the various groups combine votes to elect the desired persons. Those who are shrewder in this horse-trading of influence secure a balance of power, which is retained till some crew outshrews or outshrews them, as the case may be.

Typical Student

In general, the typical Earthian student is a bundle of frustrations, complexes, and undirectedness. He cannot tell you why he's going to school or why he's going to the particular school that he's in. Some of them come to the conclusion that they are at the wrong place after four years of it. Others care not for the amount of knowledge and the extent of development of the power of utilizing that knowledge, but for what is palmed off on them as a quantitative measure of what they have sponged up. He's happy, with the accompanying condition proverbially associated with happiness.

In the words of the revered Martian poet Mrxwpq, "Styl-s wntrl gnptsm / jnvct nbhvx."

Springfield Retains Office Throughout All Changes

C. L. Springfield has been named Minister of Finance by Dictator Rhodes.

Springfield has been the only person whose position has not changed throughout the changes in government. He was Bursar of the College and Grand Chancellor of the Exchequer under the monarchy. Perhaps this is because he is the only one who knows the combination to the safe.

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April Fool Play To Run As Scheduled

Due to the goodness of Dictator Rhodes' black heart, the annual April Fool Play will be presented as scheduled tonight in Hardie Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. It will be the original uncut version.

An extra-added feature to the play, which will be a satire on life in one of those out-moded institutions, a liberal arts college, will be the public hanging of the author, Mark Harris, between acts one and two.

All students, as well as the general public are urged to attend. The admission will be one pint of blood, which will be collected at the door.

Sammy Reese Wins Title, Most Beautiful

A beauty revue was sponsored by the little men during their reign here at Southwestern. Featured in this contest was only the male half of our race, they being considered the more beautiful by the invaders.

The revue was held in the Man building, that being not only one of the most beautiful structures on the campus, but also the seat of our most highly developed and most aesthetic learning. The building was well decorated with sharp geometrical figures and pieces of dead wood gathered from the campus.

The master of ceremonies was Mgtspq, assisted by Prof John Osman.

Only a first place winner, Sammy Reese, was announced. The little men decreed that no one should be classed as second-rate in such a fine showing. It is regretted that Sammy can retain no title from this noble contest, but the judges having departed, no one here can officially bestow the honored name of Gtmlksw.

Sanhedrin Sponsors The Carnival Dance

Social life will continue on a limited scale at Southwestern, according to dictatorial decree.

The April Fool Carnival Dance, which was to have been sponsored by the ill-fated student council, will be taken over by the Sanhedrin and will be held tonight in the Panorama Room of Fargason Field House.

The presentation of the king and queen, as originally planned, will not take place, mostly because Dictator Rhodes won't let their majesties out of the library. Instead, Dictator and Mrs. Rhodes will be introduced.

The regulation against speaking will be in effect, and boys may not dance with girls and vice versa. The affair will last from 9 to 9:15.

Dictatorship Set . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

dents in no time at all, and Rhodes announced that he was setting up an iron rule under his own leadership. He immediately set up the rule in the middle of Fargason Field and then retired to Palmer Castle to set up his government.

A small police force was left to conduct the students back to the dormitories where they were locked in while the faculty went along getting things on the ball.

After a hurried conference with his confederates, Rhodes named those who will help him in keeping the students under rigid control. He did not make the announcement public, but issued a decree that all students who have not learned their names by Monday will be made to memorize Paradise Lost. Penalty for learning the names is death by drowning in Palmer Lake.

Likes Fargason . . .

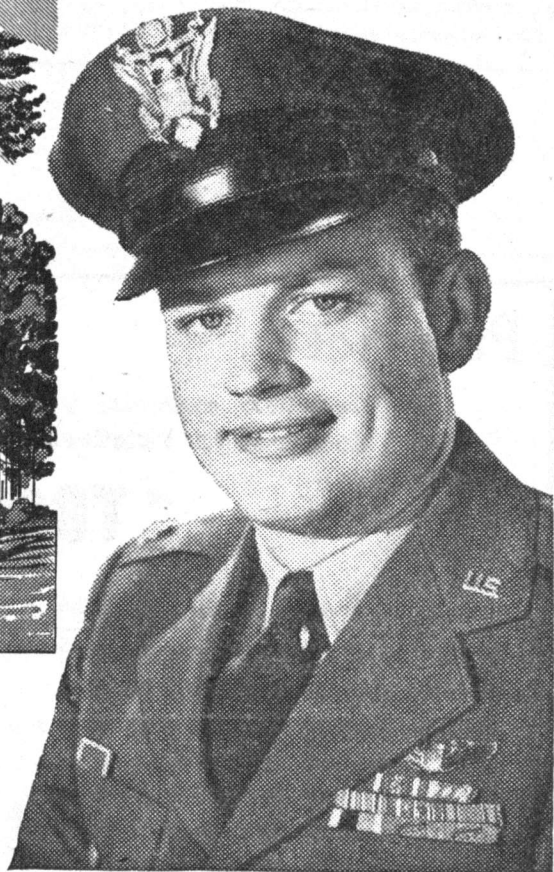
(Continued from Page 1)

if touched with a dismantling tool. Kmprwvtqmx was particularly impressed with the absence of any purely decorative features. He admired the inspiring simplicity of

the lines, both vertical and horizontal, and expressed his desire to encourage similar work on Mars. He waxed poetic under the spell of the barn's overwhelming beauty and expressed this most quotable thought, "Kvtxrs nhklp tthrmvns mcklyzvx."

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Major Roy Carlson, U. of Iowa, Training Executive, U.S. Air Force!

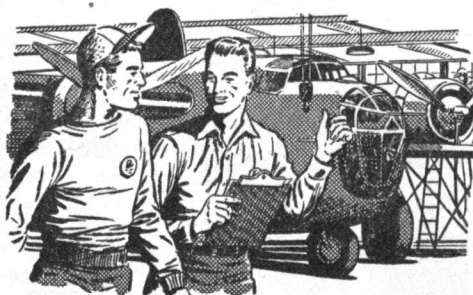
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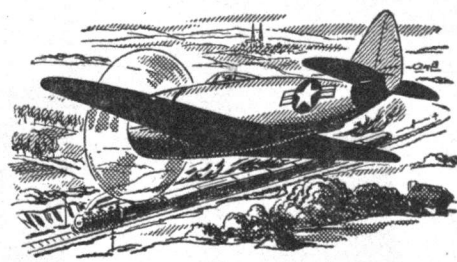
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Born in Red Oak, Iowa, Roy graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School at Council Bluffs. He was ready to enter the University when war changed his mind.



He went to work at Consolidated Vultee in San Diego, building PBV's and B-24's. But it wasn't long until he had put in his application for Aviation Cadet training.



Cadet Carlson won his wings in April, 1943, was assigned to P-47 "Thunderbolts" with the 368th Fighter Group in England, to break ground for the Normandy invasion.



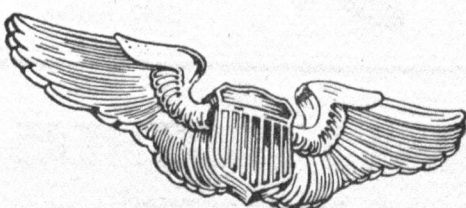
Roy completed 125 combat missions, leading many of them, supporting the invasion and the advances on into Germany. Won Air Medal, D.F.C., many other decorations. Promoted to Captain, then to Major.



Back home, he married the lovely Army nurse from Lowell, Massachusetts, whom he had met at Cannes, France. After the honeymoon, he returned to finish his studies at the University of Iowa.



Major Carlson is now Chief of Operations, 2471st Air Force Reserve Training Center, at O'Hare International Airport, near Chicago. Has two husky sons, a fine job, a great career still ahead of him!



If you are single, between the ages of 20 and 26½, with at least two years of college, consider the many career opportunities as a pilot or navigator in the U. S. Air Force. Procurement Teams are visiting many colleges and universities to explain these career opportunities. Watch for them. You may also get full details at your nearest Air Force Base or U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station, or by writing to the Chief of Staff, U. S. Air Force, At: Aviation Cadet Branch, Washington 25, D. C.



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