



The Southwestern



Volume 8 MEMPHIS, TENN., SEPTEMBER 25, 1926 Number 1

COLLEGE OPENS SEPT. 16 WITH LARGE FACULTY

Instruction Corps Increased by Seven Pedagogos, Including New Dean

Southwestern, the college of the Mississippi valley, opened its doors on Sept. 16 to both an enlarged faculty and student body.

The student body is the largest ever admitted at Southwestern.

There are seven new professors to the teaching corps.

Rev. E. D. McDougall, D.D., popular pastor and lecturer of Jackson, Tenn., has assumed his duties as Dean and professor of Bible.

Dr. P. N. Rhodes (University of Virginia) is the Associate Professor of Physics.

Dr. A. T. Johnson (University of North Carolina) comes from the faculty of his Alma Mater to accept the Associate Professorship of English here.

Dr. Francis C. Huber (John-Hopkins) has accepted the duties as Associate Professor of Chemistry and Biology.

Mr. Ernest F. Haden, graduate S. P. U. class '24, is now acting Professor of French.

R. D. Shemaker (University of Missouri), son of Dr. W. O. Shewmaker, is the new instructor of Mathematics.

B. P. Kaufman, Professor of Biology and Bacteriology.

FROSH GUESTS OF COLLEGE Y

President Stewart Leads in Annual Function

Freshmen were feted to a formal reception in their honor last Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the cloistered hallway and in the chapel of Palmer Hall, sponsored by the college Y. M. C. A.

One of the largest crowds to ever attend this annual luncheon of the Y. M. C. A. service witnessed the lowly Frosh on the pedestal Saturday.

Charles F. Stewart, "Y" president, was in charge of ceremonies. Following a short talk by Stewart, music filled the air.

Albert Johnson rattled several spicy pieces of jazz off of the piano. Herbert McClintock, violinist, accompanied by James G. Johnson, pianist, rendered several numbers. A quartette composed of "Fritz" Heidelberg, Robert Horton, Wilson Mount and Jack Yarbrough, enlivened with spicy songs and negro spirituals.

Refreshments were served in the cloistered hallway. (Tommy Weiss, smallest man on the campus, contrived to manage a double portion).

CHORES

Frosh Find Welcome From Seniors

"Take this pipe and fill it with Prince Albert, freshman."

"Hustle this cap around yon building, bud."

The lowly frosh do more than fill these requests. They have not yet run the gamut, for it is but the first week of college, and it takes a year at least to complete the list of chores.

"If it were not for the freshman, how could we upperclassmen amuse ourselves," inquires Sid Davis, High Priest of the San Hedrin.

COACH NEELY CONSULTS OUIJA AS TO WHO WILL FILL BERTHS

Grid Schedule

Oct. 2—Mayfield Col	Memphis
Oct. 9—Birm. Southern	Memphis
Oct. 15—Henderson-Brown	Memphis
Oct. 22—Arkansas College	Memphis
Oct. 30—Vanderbilt Uni.	Nashville
Nov. 6—Ole Miss.	Memphis
Nov. 11—Bethel College	McKenzie
Nov. 13—W. Tenn. Teach	Memphis
Nov. 20—Hendrix College	Memphis
Nov. 25—U. of T. Doctors	Memphis

This is the hardest schedule that the Lynx Cats have ever faced, but they are expected to come through in fine style.

UNARMED SOPH CHASES ROBBER

Bode Routs Black While Rifling Home

Donald Bode, 19, sophomore of Southwestern, gave chase to a burly black in his home last Thursday morning at 2 o'clock. Bode stubbed his toe over a chair and the marauder escaped by vaulting through the back door.

Mrs. Bode was awakened by a slight sound in her room. She thought it was Donald, and asked: "What are you doing, son?" The black replied: "I'm fixing the fan." Bode also heard the noise and flashed on the light when his mother screamed.

Bode gave chase, although unarmed. The black was so startled he could not find his way out.

As the student almost completed his work of cornering the negro, he stumbled and the robber escaped.

REV. MORGAN TO PREACH SUNDAY

"The Missionary Call" is the theme of the Rev. E. L. Morgan, Southwestern student divine, Sunday morning at Stephenson's Chapel Methodist church, Winona community on Horn Lake Road.

Rev. Morgan will preach on "God's Plan for His People" at Longview Heights Methodist church at 7:30 p. m.

Zoup Strainers To Share Sorrows of Former Collegians

Harold "Goof" Trinner, erstwhile Southwestern student, returned to the campus Thursday morning with a new partner. He stated it was to share his eras of sorrow and joy during the impending year of travail. It was a noble yet sandy moustache. Friends stood aghast, wondered, thought, smiled, and made his acquaintance over again.

Raymond "Red" Schneider, another erstwhile Southwestern stude, was forced to make friends again. His gentle yet vigorous growth of stubby frizz adorned a like spot on his visage as that of Goof's. He was congratulated along with the Trinner heir.

Mike Is in Our Class

Pat and Mike stood before a store window, wherein were placed trunks on sale.

Said Pat: "Moike, why dontcha buy a troonk?"

"What for? and pray tell me."

"To put your clothes in, you idiot."

"What! and me go naked?"

Grid Mentor To Sort Material In Preparation For Will Mayfield Game. Abundance of Varsity Prospects



The Cats are certainly keyed to the pitch to keep their slate clean against the Mules.

Coach Neely will give as many of the aspirants as possible a chance to display their wares under fire. It is almost certain that he will use two complete backfields, one of the fast range type composed of Hawk, Adams, Price Gillespie, or Caywood, and another of the ranging jamming type consisting of Steve Jamison, Dode Farnsworth, George Stokes, "Dago" Trelawney, or Hobson, "Chi" Waring, Sid Davis, Capt. Joe Davis, Art Dulin will be in the line, supported by some of the newcomers—Verne Baumgarten, Joe Pickering, Flint Liddon, all former Central luminaries look good for a trial in the line. Ernie Atkins, end is another promising candidate. T. M. Garrott, Crawford McGivran, and Draper, of last year's squad, are making determined bids for regular line jobs.

EIGHT TRY FOR CHEER-LEADER

To Whip Into Shape by First Grid Game

A new corp of cheer leaders will conduct the gyrations of the Southwestern supporters this year.

Ralph McCasckill, last year's contortionist, has decided that youth must be served and is laying aside the megaphone in favor of a host of newcomers. Hall from Marion Institute, Holloday from Dresden, Pete Marchisio from Catholic High, Schultz and Stork from Central High, and Charley Michner, all Frosh, have signified their intentions to try out. Wilson Mount and Nolan Pierce, veteran Southwesterners, will give the Frosh a run for their money. Tryouts will continue until the first game.

Or a Filthy Old Quarter

Uncle—If you are good, Charlie, I'll give you this nice bright new penny.

Nephew—Haven't you got a dirty old nickel instead?

Weather Or Not

Saturnine expressions now adorn the visages of the once exuberant troupe of Frosh—a week ago. No, it is not the depending clouds that are blighting the Frosh's life, but the hazard of crossing the inroads of the San Hedrin.

Meteorologist Tom Taylor, former observer at the observatory—by the beach—now observes the elements with the bulletin: "If it rains, it will pour, and that will mean water. Likewise, if the clouds blow the other way, it will also rain. Whatever it does, it will rain. If it doesn't rain water, then the San Hedrin will reign. The San Hedrin will reign—that's foregone, then it won't rain water. In other words, what I've been trying to say was that the weather would be fair and cloudy for the ensuing week—providing it doesn't rain."

ACKLING his ouija board with a vengeance. Coach Jess Neely Lynx Cat football mentor, is in a quandary as to who will fill varsity berths. There is such an abundance of formidable pigskin material handy that the Lynx leader will have tough sailing picking the best men for the positions.

However, experience will count and a creditable team will take the field for the first game, October 2, against Will Mayfield College of Missouri. The Lynx hold a 6 to 0 victory garnered last year midst much wailing and weeping of the elements. The Mules showed stubborn opposition and are sure to come down this year seeking revenge.

Lemon Plays Rare Joke On "Barrel" And Takes Tooth

A lemon passed by a woman is usually the cause of it all.

But the lemon that Sid Davis bit into was of the other sort. And in the affray he lost one of his beautiful front molars. It is irreplaceable, irretrievable, gone, sunk into oblivion, a mar to an otherwise beautiful visage.

But not for long will its absence be missed. In a bulletin issued recently, the moleskinner announced: "Have no fears, friends, for the missing tooth will soon be replaced by an upholstered one from my favorite tooth artist."

Davis lost his peanut muncher last Thursday. During heavy scrimmage he was hit in the mouth. The tooth was knocked loose. When biting into the depths of a luscious lemon, the tooth dislodged and the gap remained. The tooth has been buried with all ceremony.

HENDRICKS OFF UNTIL OCT. 1ST

Harvey "Gink" Hendrick, former Vandy player, and assistant coach at Southwestern, will be unable to report to Coach Jess Neely before the first of October.

Coach Hendricks is a member of the New Orleans Pelicans, baseball champions of the Southern League for 1926, and will be engaged in the post-season series between the Southern and Texas league pennant winners.

YES, THE BOYS ARE HOME NOW

Waddell and Stewart Halls Change Color

The apartment dormitories are not what they used to be. No more do they resemble dormitories. They are real homes.

Mrs. E. L. McGivaren is house-mother to the collegians at both Stewart Hall and Waddell Hall. She has an apartment in Stewart Hall. Regular home scenes are enjoyed by the boys, for they now get encouragement and sympathy where last year they got tallies and chores.

Taken By Mistake

Donald Bode, sophomore, reports that someone took his books by mistake in front of the chapel Monday morning. He is shy one Physics, one French reader, one Physics laboratory manual.

Finder please return to owner and receive thanks?

40 PIECE BAND ORGANIZES FOR YEAR'S TOOTING

Coleman Stoltz to Direct Official Southwestern Orchestra. First Session Held

Wind-jammers, fiddle strummers, and concocters of eerie chants and harmony should report immediately to Colie Stoltz, director of the Southwestern musicians.

First practice session was held last Monday afternoon in the music room at 2 o'clock.

Expectations are being entertained for a 40-piece orchestra. There will be two sections. A band will be the first organized. They will play at all football skirmishes. Also an orchestra of about ten pieces will soon follow.

"A full repertory of engagements have been tentatively arranged already," Director Stoltz announces. "Our most crying need at the present is for a bass-drummer, trombone and bass-horn players."

"The dual body will be the official representatives of Southwestern. We will furnish the melodies for official dances, functions and entertainments."

A strong nucleus has already been banded, coupled with the personnel of the Tennessee Collegians, furnishes a strong core for a successful venture.

Included in the Tennessee Collegians who have answered the call are J. D. Causey, saxophone; Mackie Newton, trombone; Coleman Stoltz, trumpet; Oscar Hurt, trumpet.

It is a possibility that those composing the band will make the Nashville trip for the Vanderbilt game, the guests of the Athletic Committee.

COLLEGIANS TO INVADE VANDY

Special Train to Nashville If Students Gee!

Plans are almost complete on the Memphis-Nashville round-trip for the Southwestern-Vanderbilt grid skirmish at Nashville on Oct. 31.

Rail officials have quoted Ralph McCasckill, president Boosters Club, a rate of \$8 for the round-trip. The train will leave Memphis Friday night and arrive in Nashville Saturday morning. The game will be played that afternoon. The train will return Sunday.

"Dr. Diehl has not consented as yet to grant a college holiday," 'Mc' says, "but will likely if more than 150 students buy tickets. Last year he was kind enough to grant a cessation of one lay while we invaded 'Ole Miss' on the special train. We will get a special train when 150 tickets are purchased."

"What would you do if you could play the piano like me?"

"I'd take lessons."

SHAME!

Grad Caught By Cupid's Wiles

George G. "Chick" Breed, erstwhile baseball captain and former terror of freshmen, last year high priest of San Hedrin, seems to have shuffled off some of his cold uncompromising dignity and is succumbing fast to woman's wiles.

The former prominent Southwesterner, after successfully completing several courses in economics under Dr. Donaldson, has launched himself into the business world with a determination such as could only be motivated by some high purpose. Needless to say, Chick has been keeping "awful" regular company with a certain young lady.

The SOUTHWESTER

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Remittances or business communications should be sent to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates upon application. Communications upon topics of interest are invited. They should be sent to the Managing Editor.

All copy for publication must be in the Sou'wester office by 2 p. m. Tuesday preceding appearance on following Friday.

Concerning the Frosh

Southwestern greets you. The Sou'wester, student weekly publication greets you in the name of the student body. We know you are the necessary evil. We were once in the same unnecessary position. But, quoting President Wilson, you have the sap of manhood that has not reached the head yet.

You will find conditions at Southwestern ideal. The past year ushered to conclusion the first year of the college in its Memphis home. There pervaded on the campus a spirit of deep democracy and co-operation amongst all classes of students. Every student knew the other student. Recognition was given at all times on meeting. Sometimes it was a nod, wave of the hand, word, or other acknowledgment. Such a standard as this cannot be forsaken, should there be the tendency toward such.

The San Hedrin has issued the dictum that "all freshmen will recognize all upperclassmen at all times." In like manner the upperclassmen will recognize the freshmen.

Southwestern is a haven of enthusiasm and pep. Knockers and pessimists find rock soil here in which to thrive. Glumness is quickly changed to effusiveness. Get the habit if it is not yours already.

Here's hopes for a successful year to all.

All Aboard For Nashville!

Everybody's planning to make the Nashville trip to witness the Southwestern-Vanderbilt gridiron struggle on October 30. The game is more than a month off, but it is not too soon to plan for it.

Ralph McCaskill, president of the Boosters' Club, has dickered with rail officials and has been successful in getting greatly reduced rates for a minimum of 125 fares round-trip.

Present plans, although tentative, will more than likely hold up. The special train—available when 150 tickets are sold—will likely leave Friday night, returning Sunday. The fare is \$8 for the round-trip.

Those who made "Ole Miss" the past year know the enjoyment of having the gang on a special train. The faculty came in for its round of fun.

The team will need the students' support, for it will be a tough game. All aboard now for the Special. If you can't plunk down the \$8 in a lump, plunk it down in small bits between now and October 30 in some nook where it will remain unspent until the great moment when the gang takes charge of the train.

Income Tax Reports 1925

Twenty-four individuals had incomes between \$500,000 and \$750,000 a year, ten had incomes between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000; ten between \$1,000,000,000 and \$1,500,000! three between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 a year. One of the individuals included in this list once said to the writer, "We have come to the time when everybody hates a rich man because he is rich." That was a sar statement and made in sadness. Our reply was: "That's not quite the case." But we are coming to the time when rich people will be judged, not by what they have but first by the way in which they get it and second by the way in which they are using it. And they have a right to do both.—From Presbyterian Viewpoint.

That Grating Noise

The quietest place on the college campus should be the library study hall. But, unfortunately, it can in no way lay claim to being such a place of solitude.

Each leg of each chair should be equipt with rubber tips. As they are now, every time the wooden tip scrapes across the hard floor, there is a grating noise that pierces the uttermost corners of the department. Concentration on one's lesson is unfailingly broken each time a chair is moved. The cost of the tips would be small and their service great.

Dribblings From The Drowsy Droll

Women have that vice of borrowing paper in class to which the men encourage by submitting to. Thus the feminine question was dwelt upon recently by one of Southwestern's professors.

Charlie Stewart left the wrong inference at the reception last Saturday night when he said: "It's warm in here, but will be warmer still before long." Charlie informs he had reference to the freshmen. They were warm then but would be warmer yet when the San Hedrin was through with them.

Speculation is rife over the reason that prompted Prof. Monk to lay the ban on all Co-Eds in his sophomore classes.

The freshman from down the way wonders how he will prosper this year with the bevy of beauties about the campus.

Sid Davis is very optimistic. He claims he loves the world and obstreperous freshmen.

We note that Ed has not lost any of the former ardor.

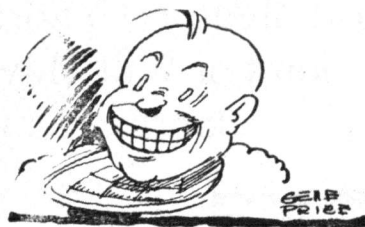
Terse words and tense atmospheres surround when members of certain sororities meet. We can "rush" to no reason for this.

Sam Rhem contends that the reason he calls "Tack" Thompson Alvie is because that's his name.

I'm The Gink

I'm the "frosh gink" that enters college with plenty of egotism. I was the "big boy" in the high school I attended, and naturally I expect to hold the same distinction on the college campus. I strut around with a great feeling of superiority and snub the other freshmen. I go around slapping the upperclassmen on the back and consider myself an equal to them. I guess I'm a little too forward but I don't dare, I'm gonna be the stuff and I want everybody to know it.

Welcome Frosh



Civilization

A man was stranded on a desert island. He was afraid of cannibals and so he moved very cautiously. As he was climbing up a small hill he heard voices. "Who the hell trumped my ace?"

The man lifted up his eyes to heaven and said: "Thank heaven there are Christians on this island."

These College Boys

"So you graduated from a barber college? What is your college yell?"
 "Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw!"



Keeping in Trim

The Vicar—Do you give your dog any exercise, Mr. Hodge?
 Farmer Hodge—Oh, yes; he goes for a tramp nearly every day.

A Total Loss

Mandy—Yo' al reminds me of one of them flying machines.
 Rastus—How cum, woman, how cum?
 'Cause I is such a high flyer?
 Mandy—No, cullud man; it's jest 'cause yo' ain't no use on earth.

The only difference between modern dancing and wrestling is that some holds are barred in wrestling.



When Dreams Come True

"Strange," said the first tramp meditatively, "how few of our youthful dreams ever come true!"

"O, I dunno," said his companion. "I remember I used to dream about wearin' long pants, and now I guess I wear 'em longer than any one else in the country."

Southwestern,
 "The College, etc."

Dere Bill,

Wal, I shore was glad to git back and see everybody an I jist bin havin' such a good time with these here freshmin that I ain't had no time to write to you an Sally—

They shore hev got a green crowd of freshmin and Bill, you sho' wud hev a good time teasin' em. However, they'e bin' rite wise to 'em for a while, but wait till the fun begins. They're already bin introduced to that Sid Davis who's Mr. San of the San Hedrin.

Why Bill, they asked that freshmin Gay if he had seen a "Sou'wester," and he said he didn't want to be no sailor and he didn't care which way the wind was blowin'.

Bill, you remember them Harrison twins. They sho' is cute and the boys on that side of the buildin' say they sho is healthy too. Well, I gotta go now.

Lovingly,
 LILY.

Who's Who in the Senior Class and Why

Ed Buder

Edward Eugene Buder was born at Columbus, Miss., on Jan. 4, 1905, without age or reputation, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Buder.

Ed was indulgent and spent his grammar school days at Columbus. He thought that the Lee High School at that place to be an ideal school, and, accordingly, spent his "four-year stretch" there.

Reports had spread even to Mississippi that S. P. U. at Clarksville, Tenn., was the very place for such a sheik to daudle for a four year college career. And so, Ed informed the registrar that he would enter the Freshman class of 1923, which he did. The years have rolled by since then, and we now find Ed the president of his senior class.

And during those intervening years, Ed has found many things to attract his attention. He played freshman

football and basketball. He filled the role of assistant business manager of the Sou'wester for '24, and athletic editor for '25. The San Hedrin Council has claimed a seat for Ed for the two years '25, '26.

Ed has also been outstanding as a Greek, though coming from Mississippi. He has played a major role in Kappa Sigma fraternity activities and this year is head of that body. He served on the Pan-Hellenic Council in '26, '27.

The noble order of A. P. O.'s saw Ed an earnest member during '24.

But paramount as all might be in Ed's career in college, his greatest achievement was in coming to Memphis to start his junior year. Words need not be used to delineate who he met—everybody knows that.

Southwestern will lose a good man in Ed.



RHEM DIVULGES LURID SECRET

Fantastic Mind Plans Mythical Team

Sam Rhem, perpetrator of the "Typical Co-Ed" chaos of last year, was peacefully enthralled in one of his characteristic, profound reveries. He was watching the footballers football on Fargason football field. He was pondering deep and meditatively upon a philosophic problem.

Suddenly he apparently shook from this lethargy; for he started mumbling inaudible sounds. Perhaps if they were audible it would have cast no further dawn on present day learning. Soon the tones were distinguishable. As he gazed pensively at the gridmen cavort, the forthcoming somniloquistic monologue passed his lips:

"Now if I was a married man, I wouldn't be here. Likewise if I hadn't struck T. M. Garrett I would be feeling much better. Furthermore, if Ivory didn't float, the world would lose its marvel, besides myself.

"If I had struck my bonanza instead of T. M., I would toddle over to the store and buy some cigrets.

"Some foolish sage has remarked that a bonehead can't think, but here's one boy that might be a bonehead but he can bone up a sensation that will make the profs speak in parables.

"Now in the first issue of the Catalink I will give my mythical All-American aggregation of Pigskin Punchers. First, I'll sell the exclusive rights to every magazine in the country. Then I'll buy that package of cigrets.

"Instead of a 'waterboy' I'll have a

'beerboy.' That'll bring everybody out to practice. Then all I have to do will be to tag them and write the programs.

"Let's see, the lineup will be something like this: Center, Jess Neely—he'll have to show some class, though, because this in going to be a good team.

Then I'll put Lonnie Dean at one guard and Jack Dempsey at the other. Both boys know the art of guarding, but in their several ways. Then I'll have C. Coolidge at left tackle and H. R. S. Wales doing the right tackle. Of course I'll have to occupy a conspicuous place, I'll have to play quarterback and right end, so I can throw myself passes and receive all the applause. Then I'll put Mayor Paine on left end, so he can warn the opposition not to come that way—

boy, he sure can't draw it some. It wouldn't look right to have a fullback and two halfbacks. It would detract from my glory. Guess I'll have to put dummy players back there. Nobody will know the difference because I'll carry the ball and the guards can carry them to the next down.

"Well, I reckon I'll have to go get a cigret before I get reckless and think some more."

It was well that the youth made exit about that time. A passing campus fop was almost beguiled into offering a cigret, but the reporter wouldn't let him break the mental drain of the great Rhem. Hope is held for the boy. Even one's thoughts are not safeguarded any more.

GET ACQUAINTED

WITH THESE STORES—THEY ARE YOUR FRIENDS

Sam Bacherig

Beasley Bros.—Jones-Ragland

Burk & Co.

Golden Eagle Clothing Co.

Phil A. Halle

Oak Hall

Johnston & Vance

Walker M. Taylor

Noble Senior Pushes Perambulator During Summer in Quest of Shekels

Ancient and respected students of Southwestern have steeped to the depth of endeavors that they might return to school this year. Yes, they have done everything from pushing perambulators to roustabouting on river boats. Now that they are here, we rejoice.

Outstanding among the campus luminaries who were victims of adventure during the sweltering months list:

Ralph "Mac" McCaskill, senior, president of the Boosters' Club—Nurse during summer. Ambition—To tantalize students from the rostrum.

L. P. "Doc" Watkins, sophomore—Labored at Empire Oil Co. Ambition—To see the sights and still pass.

Clyde Blair, junior, president Alabama Club—Made apple cider and reached the momentous intellectual conclusion to become a lawyer in preference to an engineer. Ambition—To sell every freshman a straw hat.

Charlie Sullivan, sophomore—Collecting debts from deadbeats. Ambition—To pass math.

Dick Taylor, junior—Architect, landscape gardener, exterior decorator, plumber at Southwestern. Ambition—To turn a new leaf and study.

John Henry Hatcher, dusky cyclops of the college sweeping fraternity—Traveling and saying howdy to the boys. Ambition—To keep 'em brushed up.

Ed Dirmeyer, senior—Pharmacist. Ambition—To get fat.

Chester Frist, president Honor Council—Train caller at Union Station, Meridian, Miss. Ambition—Not to have a single case during the year.

Milton Hawke, junior, football star—Played baseball at Durant, Miss., with Coach Jess Neely. Ambition—To catch butterflies during off hours.

Sid "Barrel" Davis, senior, football captain—Loafing and stobbing out road signs. Ambition—To beat worlds of freshmen and get another front tooth.

Tom Taylor, sophomore, orator—Roustabout on Warrior river near New Orleans. Ambition—To retain the intellectual progress.

Henry ("Half-Pint") Turley, sopho-

more—Compressor at the compress. Ambition—To grow taller.

Lee "Mike" Wailes, transfer sophomore from Bethany College—Shirt salesman and general hired hand. Ambition—To act right and not even care.

Ethel ("Skippie") Brown, junior—Social service worker. Ambition—To have a good Co-Ed department in the Sou'wester.

Sid Latiolais, president Pan-Hellenic Council—When not sick, ran service station. Ambition—To dust potatoes at the mess hall every morning before breakfast.

Sara Johnson, junior—Checked the hours as they flitted by. Ambition—



Don't know yet. Know later. Let you know.

And thus the above students unburdened their secrets to the Sou'wester scribe. Others have done worse and more thrilling chores, perhaps, but their secrets will remain intact.

Employment

Editor's Note—Prof. W. R. Cooper, member of the faculty in charge of student employment, announces that he would appreciate if all students will report to him of openings suitable for college students.

Openings are available for four or five student boys during the afternoons, who can earn from \$3 to \$5. If interested see Luther Southworth, editor Sou'wester.

Ash Funny

"Hic—parden me, but which ish other shide of shstreet?"
"Why, right over there."
"Ash funny. Fellow over there told me twush over here."

CLUB PLANNING BIG GRID YEAR

To Fill Vacant Chairs at Early Meeting

Sid Latiolais, president of the Lynx Club, announces the organization will soon begin its functioning. The club was banded together the latter part of the past semester for the purpose of entertaining visiting athletic teams.

Among the old members who have returned to the campus are Ralph McCaskill, vice-president; Warner Hall, Wallace Johnson, Ed Buford, Alfred M. Hicks, James Melvin, Nowland Pierce. Appointments will be made soon to fill the places left vacant by those who failed to return to school.

Campus Touches

G. D. "Chick" Breed, June grad and 1925 leader of the Pi K. A. fraternity, was present at the Y. M. C. A. reception last Saturday night.

Robert Penn Moss, who received his sheepskin last June, was also present at the "Y" reception. He is working at the Newburger Cotton Company.

Henry Brandon ("Noisy") Lemmon, June '25 graduate, visited the campus on opening of the fall semester.

Wayne ("Windy") Gray, organizer of Beta Sigma fraternity at Southwestern last year, was a visitor to the campus on Tuesday. He will be again with us Monday and part of Tuesday next week.

John C. Tribble, 1925 freshman and Beta Sigma Greek, shook hands with the boys on the campus Monday. Tribble is going to "Ole Miss" this year.

John Rollow, June grad, has returned from a motor tour of the western coast. He has been on the campus for several days.

Alvie ("Tack") Thompson, Pi K. A. and last June graduate, was a visitor to our campus recently.

J. Tuttle ("Doc") Kitchell felt the lure of the old surroundings. "Doc" was with us last Tuesday. "Doc" has the most piquant moustache imaginable. He did not have the adornment 'till June when he received his "skin."

Social Activities Among the Co-Eds

K. D.'s Give Fetes

Alpha Delta chapter of Kappa Delta sorority entertained their "rushes" Thursday evening, Sept. 23, with a dancing party at the University Club.

Members of the alumnae, parents of the girls in the active chapter, and representatives from each of the other sororities, were also honor guests.

The club rooms were beautifully decorated in green and white, the sorority flower. Punch was dispensed by Mrs. J. Frazer Smith.

The sorority will also entertain with a tea next Monday afternoon in the Kappa Delta room.

A. O. Pi's Are Active

Kappa Omicron chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi entertained on Friday the seventeenth, from 4 to 6 o'clock at the home of Miss Virginia Winkelman, on Belvedere, with a tea in honor of a carefully selected group of new Southwestern co-eds. Members of the alumnae chapter and A. O. P's from neighboring colleges, were also especially honored guests.

Cardinal, the sorority color, was effectively used in the decorations. Mrs. C. W. Goyer presided at the tea table and Mrs. Gus Fitzhugh and Mrs. J. Walter Canada, the patronesses of the sorority, were present.

On next Wednesday, Miss Elizabeth Laughlin will entertain the Southwestern A. O. Pi chapter and their guests at a supper and swimming party at Col. Canada's country home. Col. Canada's pool is one of the loveliest outdoor pools in the city. The plans for the A. O. Pi's last and formal party is to be kept as a surprise.

New Girls' Dorm

The new girls dormitory at Tutwiler and University Boulevard is now being occupied by Southwestern co-eds. Work has been rushed on the 20 room brick structure that it might be ready for occupancy by opening of the fall semester.

Mrs. I. A. Rutland, of Memphis, is hostess. The dormitory will accommodate 26 girls. It has four tile baths and showers. There are four reception rooms.

Sympathy For "Strays"

The autumnal wind has wafted several "stray" Greeks onto Southwestern campus. And it seems—from the glow on the horizon—that they will remain "discontented" for some time to come, because there are no local chapters of their orders to which they might repair.

Sympathy is offered to the following "strays":

Vern Baumgarten, Delta Sigma Phi. Matilda Gay, Delta Zeta. Elizabeth Nail, Phi Mu.

Judge—"What's your occupation?" Mike—"I'm a sailor."

Judge—"You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you ever were on a ship."

Mike—"Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?"

Pigs Are Pigs

A young man, searching for his father's pig, accosted an Irishman, as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?"

To which Pat responded: "Faith, how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

Transfers Numerous

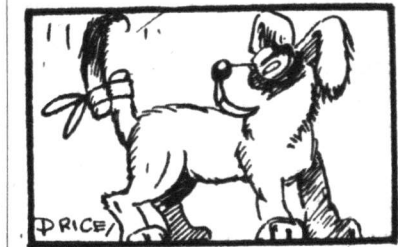
Both sororities and fraternities will benefit this fall by transfer students from other colleges. Included among these are:

Kappa Delta—Frances Henry, of Kentucky.

S. A. E.—Hal Bailey, University of Virginia. Wright Bailey, of Sewanee. Hobron, of Union University.

Kappa Sigma—Charley Spears, of Sewanee.

Pi K. A.—Hutchinson, of Vanderbilt.

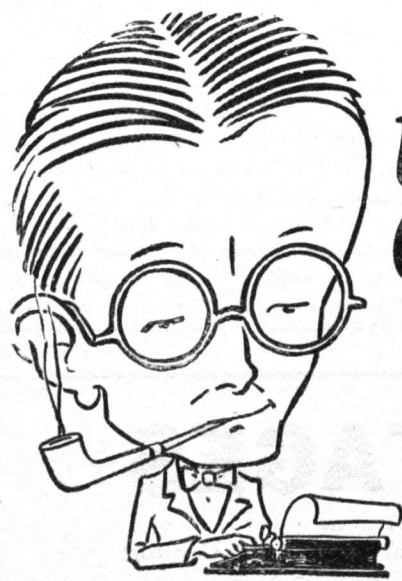


Accurate Information

Stag—"What time is it?"
Ger—"Ten to."
Stag—"Ten to what?"
Ger—"Ten to your own bizness."

He—You know, a sentimental song always moves me.

She—Really. Let's play "Home Sweet Home."



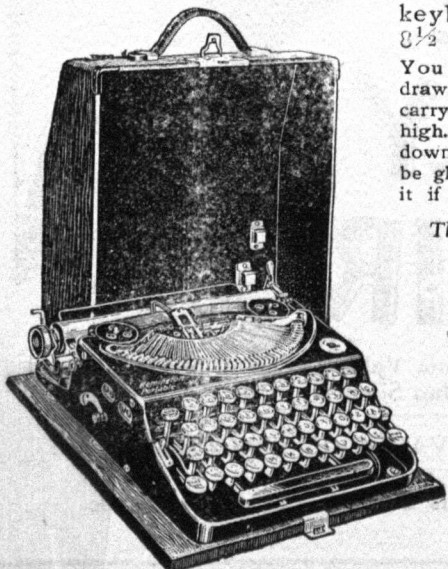
Use the Old Bean of course — but use the Remington Portable too!

YOU can't get through college without using your head, but you can lighten the drudgery of writing long reports and theses by using a Remington Portable. This handy typewriter is "made to order" for students. It is the lightest, most compact, simplest to operate, and most dependable of portables. Has four-row standard keyboard. Weighs only 8½ pounds, net.

You can tuck it away in a drawer when not needed—the carrying case is only 4 inches high. Can be bought for \$10 down and \$5 monthly. We'll be glad to tell you more about it if you'll let us.

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Rushing Is Rife

There is so much "rushing" about the campus these days that the wind's quit blowing. It's dangerous to stroll into a bunch on the campus, because they might be talking the "low-down" about some prospective pledge. Yeah, it's even bad manners to accost an upperclassman with a freshman in tow, because he might be keeping the lowly one "under cover."

But things can't go on like this forever. There is a halt to all things. Likewise the "rushing" wave will subside at 6 o'clock Thursday night, Sept. 30, when the "quiet period" starts.

Bids will be issued in chapel Friday morning, Oct. 1.

Bids will be accepted the same night (Friday) at 8 o'clock. This gives a "quiet period" of 26 hours.

Every member of the student body is on his honor during the "quiet period" not to talk with or be seen with any prospective pledge. Likewise, those thinking themselves prospective pledges are under the same honor bound.

FIGHT

Red Ant Downs Fat Worm

Robert Murphy, sophomore, has broken into the ranks of the fight promoters.

Last Friday morning Murphy got the principles of his first bout together in front of Robb Hall, in the shade of the drooping trees.

The red ant won, the worm was disabled during the early frames. Murphy was roundly applauded by his freshman admirers.

"Dearest, am I the first man that ever held you in his arms?"
"Yes, of course. Why do you men always ask that the first thing?"

SAN HEDRIN TRY'S 7

Mystic Order of Upperclassmen Put Obstreperous Frosh Through Ancient And Tried Ordeal

Woe to the Frosh who tampers with the dictums of the San Hedrin, mystic order of upperclassmen at Southwestern. Sinister rumors from divers quarters smack of a pudgy, murky rendezvous to which cantankerous Frosh are wished by the members. Dame Rumor further gloats that an ancient scimitar depends from the cavernous exit to settle all San Hedrin scores.

But to those lowly Frosh who desire to pursue the safer course and truckle to the fiats of the San Hedrin, there lot will be more easy.

Sid "Barrel" Davis, High Priset, summoned his solemn council in secret conclave in the Political Room Wednesday morning to try seven Frosh. They attest to the ire of the order.

Darktown

Rastus—Whuffo' yo' 'jeculate yoself to me in dat onery manner?
Cicero—Whoffo? Nigguh, who do yo' calkerlate yo' is?
Rastus—Yo' nigguh! mah family am quality folks an' ahm a pusson of rank.
Cicero—Huh! ah'll have yo' trifln', Rastus, to know that ah'm ranker than you is.

Unavoidable Clemency

Soph—"But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."
Prof.—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark that I am allowed to give."



Atta Boy!

"Which would you rather have—a lion eat you or a tiger?"
"Neither—I'd rather the lion ate the tiger."

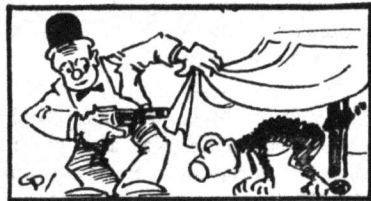
Composed on the San Hedrin council are Price A. Patton, Verne Slaughter, Tom Appleton, Ralph McCaskill, Ed Buder and Dick Taylor. Every upperclassman belongs to the noble and venerable order.

Dilemma

Circus Man—The leopard has escaped—shoot him on the spot!
Guard—Which spot?

Nothing to It

"Did you do your English for today?"
"Betcha. English ain't hard."



At Last

Rookie—Thank goodness, I'm right about something!

Love is blind, they tell us. Which is the reason why lovers get along so well in the dark.

A Sneaking Draft

Jack—You've got a bad cold, Pete.
Pete—Yeh.
Jack—How'd you get it?
Pete—I slept in a field last night and some one left the gate open!

College Bards

Freshman Life

We are Freshmen of Southwestern: For its love in our hearts will always burn.
She is the place for those who work, But none are welcome who loaf or shirk.

To every student she lends a hand And those who are weak she helps to stand,
To educate humanity—she does her best, It is up to the students to do the rest.

September 16, we felt our best, But two weeks later we needed a rest. The Sophmores were the cause, we say, For they gave us no rest either night or day.

From morn till night we dodged around, Inside the dormitory, out in town. A Freshman could have no peace at all For he knew too well that Sophomore call.

By ten o'clock each Saturday night Weary Freshmen were afraid to fight, So over a chair each would bend in pain, While Sophomore paddles fell like rain.

It was hard enough to live those days For we were abused in many ways. We never knew which way to turn, All we could do was live and learn.

Thus the days passed till Christmas came, And the homesick Freshmen went home again. Seventeen days he spent—the best in the world. With father, mother, brother and girl.

But time soon came when we had to leave; Maybe you think we didn't grieve. Of course we did, and so would you, Knowing what we would have to do.

January and February came and went, No unhappier months were ever spent Pretty hard with all the Profs., And also bad with the big headed Sophs.

But now at last April has come, And baseball season has just begun. The lazy sophs who should do the work, Yell for the Freshmen to dig their dirt.

A half dozen tallies will be given all Who fail to heed the Sophomore call. For nine long months we've stood them well; This time we'll tell 'em to go to h—l.

MEMPHIS TO BE THEME OF 1927 SCHOOL ANNUAL

Editor Hicks Makes Call for Volunteers; Business Manager Gladly Dittoes

Work on the Lynx is rapidly getting under way. Dummies are already in the process of preparation and plans are being made for carrying the book to rapid completion.

The business of taking photographs will begin as soon as the student body settles down to business.

The Lynx staff is lacking the services of W. K. Fort, who failed to return this year. Fort's work probably will be divided among several assistants, and the one working the most conscientiously throughout the year will be given a place on the staff as assistant editor.

There is also a dearth of men to work on the business staff, in assisting the business manager. The editor and business manager would appreciate the assistance of all who have had experience along this line.

Those who are gifted artistically are also in demand, as there must be a sufficient number of cartoons and designs to pep up the book.

The staff expects to make the book a complete record of the year's activities, and, in addition, as a recognition of the support which the city of Memphis has given us in the past. The history of Memphis has been chosen as a theme, and this is expected to add much to the popularity of the book.

Those who have had experience on annuals are urged to see either Editor A. M. Hicks or Business Manager James Gladney, for assignment of work on the Lynx. Let's all lend our hands to the work of putting out a better and bigger year book.

All in the Day's Work

Jobber—Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?

Salesman—I got two orders in one place.

Jobber—What were they?

Salesman—One to get out and the other was to stay out.



Didn't But Did

He—Why didn't you answer my letter?

She—I didn't get it, and besides I didn't like some of the things you said in it.

Life Preserver

An Irishman, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Pat Murphy.

"Arrah, now, dear honey," answered the other, "poor Paddy was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

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The character of the suits and overcoats tailored by Charter House will earn your most sincere liking.

PHIL A. HALLE

Grid Birds-Eye

Coach Jess Neely certainly does not have a dearth of material for the grid varsity this year. In fact Neely is swamped with stellar moleskinners. A glimpse of the luminaries will give an estimate as to the glowing chances for a winning Lynx Cat football aggregation this season.

Capt. Joe Davis—End, veteran of two campaigns, hard tackler and expert at backing the line.

"Chi" Waring—Wingman, snagger of passes, and a mean man to run a play around.

Sid Davis—Center, veteran of three campaigns, an accurate passer, always at the bottom of the pile on a play through center.

Art Dulin—Guard, forgets about the ladies on the field, opposition thinks he lives on raw meat.

Milton "Nigger" Hawke—Quarterback, a permanent threat, fast, heady, and a swell ground gainer.

Dode Farnsworth—Full-back, an excellent punter, drop kicker, and line plunger.

"Doc" Price and Wes Adams—Half-backs, fast, dependable ball carriers.

McGiveran, Draper, Garrott, and Montgomery—Line candidates of tried ability.

Neophytes

Harold Gillespie—Central star back, good punter, drop kicker and hole picker.

Steve Jamison—Tech star, a powerful type.

George Stokes and Frank Trelawney—Backs of the Tarzan build, always dependable for several while at Central High.

Caywood and Ray—Backs, graduates of the West Tennessee conference.

Bobby Lloyd—End and former Central shining light, a hard hitter.

Flint Liddon—Guard, a Dulin type, heavy and tough, from Central.

Vern Baumgarten—Center and lineman, experience on Tech Frosh eleven.

Ernie Atkins—End, rangy and fast, as good a punter as is on the field, received his hard knocks at Oklahoma Military Institute.

King and Clemens—Line candidates, the former from Dyersburg where lads grow husky, the latter at home anywhere in the line.

THE OTHERS, pardon if we have left you out. It was unintentional.

Dentical Dope

"My boy, you've got to part with six molars. That bridge goes, and you need four fillings and a new plate."

"Doctor, you said a mouthful."

The Stork's Understanding

Soph—Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

Fresh—If he'd lift the other foot, he'd fall down.

PANTAGES
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