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Thoughts On Men and Women A-w-w, What's the Use?

March, the first month of spring, has begun. Knowing that in the spring a young man's fancy (to say nothing of that of a young girl) lightly turns to thoughts of love, we thought it appropriate to turn Dorothy Dix and give a few pointers to youse guys and gals.

To the fairer sex: So you're out gunning for a man this leap year—well, you'll want to know just what you're getting and if you're hooking him or just being strung along. You want to understand man, that incomprehensible creation of egoism. But how can you? In an algebraic problem involving B(boy) plus G(girl) equals L(love) the B remains the same—but not so when B steps out into real life. B becomes a mass of incongruities. If you tell him what a great big wonderful creature he is, he becomes conceited; if you squelch him every now and then, he becomes furious (and you have to start looking for another victim). If you give him a date every time he asks for it, he thinks you're too easy to get; if you give him the busy signal, he stops calling. If you smile at all the Joe Colleges and have others on the string, he accuses you of two-timing him; if you save all your smiles for him, lack of competition makes him lose interest. If you dish him all the latest gossip, he will wonder what story you are going to tell about him tomorrow; if you don't tell him, he will say you don't keep up with the news. If you take a drink with him, he may think you are too bold; if you stick to a milk diet, he will accuse you of not being companionable. If you swallow that mile long line of his, he will think you a naive child; if you don't fall for it, he says you are cynical. And woes be unto you if you are jealous, for he'll say you're trying to henpeck him; but if you don't jump down his throat every time he dates anyone else, he will pout because he's no longer your one and only. If you glitter like a glamor gal, he says you dress gaudily; but if you look like Sweet Sixteen, he becomes part of the stag-line following the local Hedy Lamarr. . . . Understand man? Easy, isn't it? Clear as mud.

But not to show our natural prejudice, we present the other side. To all you poor things who dangle at the end of "her" line we present this bit of musing. You also are in quite a fog. If you tell her how nice she looks, she'll think you are flattering her; if you don't, she'll call you unobservant. If you make love to her, she'll laugh at you for having a line; if you don't, she'll think you unexciting. If you swear lustily, she may say you are ungentlemanly; if you only say shucks, she thinks you a prude. If you get in the Lynx Chat with another girl, it's the devil to pay; if you are constant and true, she takes you for granted. If you try fancy steps and shine at all the dances, she thinks you a show-off; if you waltz every number, she makes goo-goo eyes at the campus star jitterbug. If you talk about her in your bull sessions, she raises—(censored); if you don't, she thinks you are ashamed for the gang to know you date her. If you make an impetuous try for that goodnight kiss, she calls you caveman; but if you shake hands and bow politely, she calls you Ferdinand. If you tell her of the women in your life, she won't believe you; but if you don't chew the rag about your Susies and Marys, she casts you aside labeled "inex-

perienced." Now what's a guy or gal to do? Answer: Stay home and curl up with a copy of "Live Alone and Like It." —F. L. A.

Missing Lynx

From the Campus Chain

Due to coed usurpation, Willie McB. isn't responsible for this column today. In fact, he really shouldn't be blamed for it at all, since he's been a very, very sick man for years. As a timely tribute to our beloved weakly columnist, we pen this sentiment: "He is a combination of the gentleman, scholar, and nobility, but somehow the scholar predominates."

If you were not in the bookstore the other afternoon, you missed the best unconscious gag of the year. Little Bobby McCrary had to dress the show case up, to do which he crawled into it, dragging the crepe paper behind him. When he finished tacking it down, he rolled over on one side and proceeded to look like the Girl On the Pink Police Gazette. It would have been even better if he had not clipped off his curls the night before.

Murphy has nicknamed him Duckbush, but whatever you call him he's a sweet dish of Humko. The other night at a dance (in the gym, of course), GOOSEY waddled up and broke. He was full of himself. We politely inquired how his allergy rash was getting along. He gurgled and said he'd been to some horse doctor named Drake who'd told him it was Hives. We cringed and writhed inwardly, but went on dancing . . . yes, he's a weighty problem.

Corney Joke Department

The following joke was contributed by Miss M. Brabant, of Lille, France (obvious, wasn't it). When first approached for a statement, no joke could be dragged from her, because, she said, none but risque ones would come to mind. The next morning, she produced the ensuing masterpiece:

Hitler et sa suite visitent un asile d'alienes. A son passage, tous les fous saluent a l'hitlereune. En passant, le gardien qui lui ne saluait pas, Hitler demande avec etonnement: "Pourquoi ne salues-tu pas?" "Mais je ne suis pas fou, moi," dit le gardien.

Can anyone tell Dean Johnson who the Lucy is that Rick Maury lives near?

Gleaned from this Charm School craze comes the idea that a similar project might not be such a bad thing for the men hereabouts. We suggest that Senator J. J. McKellar think it over and maybe make it into a Government Program as a part of the W.P.A.

Have you heard—there's a Dive out on Lamarr called the Missing Link?

This year—1940—will mark the 2,600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire. It was exactly that many years ago on the eleventh of February that H. I. M. Sinmu Tenno was crowned the first Emperor of Japan.

From the knee down to the ankle, Elise Smithwick has ripped her beauteous leg, and all because she chased Bland Cannon, unwisely, down a concrete walk by the Science Building. Which brings to mind the saying concerning the early Pilgrim Fathers (to Australia)—"Upon disembarking, they sank to the ground on their knees, and then they fell upon the aborigines."

Henry Peek is, we warn you, a bridge fiend. Or maybe he might be termed more accurately a card-shark! Did you see that deck—a perfectly normal looking one—which he cut and then made into all red cards? The other night, the story runs, he was playing a cagey rubber or so with his chums, when they ganged up on him and fixed a hand with every face card in it. This they dealt to Henry. But he wised up to the fun and instead of bidding as they expected him to do, he passed. He says their expressions were something to behold.

Have you seen Miss Fransioli's new green socks? They're not only green but also fuzzy. This definitely heralds Spring and tender sprouts.

It's just a case of mind over matter—I don't mind and you don't matter.

Better Never Than Late

In campus politics, a friend is a fellow who has the same enemies you have.

Letter to Editoress

Dear Editor: In the absence of Mr. Murphy, the girls on the campus—and I'm sure some of the boys, too—want to take this very welcome opportunity to complain of one of the more revengeful and unnecessary of the Sou'wester's inexcusable habits.

Miss Potts—we feel that in you we may find an understanding hearer—for who could know better than you that one date may mean that a boy is interested in you and would like to find out more about your personality; two dates may even mean that he thinks your personality pleasing—but Miss Potts, a third date, does that mean he intends to have dates with no one else—and wants you to do likewise? Certainly not! The more dates you have the more interest he will probably arouse in you and the more likely he will be to ask you for a fourth date—maybe if you are quite attractive, a fifth—and so on.

But we wish to make the point that the Sou'wester's policy of attaching too much importance to a third or fourth date and calling the two persons involved a "campus couple" is unfair to campus co-eds. Now, Miss Potts, do you think—honestly now—that everybody who has had three dates with you, and we know how numerous they have been, has expected you to stop having dates with other boys? Come on now—you know they didn't mean it. And didn't it prove embarrassing when the Sou'wester insisted that it was "a budding romance"? And the boy, fearing it might be, withdrew from the picture.

Well, we feel like that, too. And we would like to petition for a fairer gossip system. We admit we like to see our names in print, and we don't mind them being linked with those of the campus swains, but not linked with bonds of steel—not even fraternity pins. We came to college to have fun and anything binding is a burden—we don't get along any too well anyway.

Our stand is that "Lynx Chat" makes, then breaks more prospective campus couples than any other prevailing factor. (Excuse us, but even you, Miss Potts.) And by next coed edition we will have statistics to prove it. We want fewer snap judgments on our private affairs. —A Victim of Circumstances.

The Editor Caught With His Pants Down (The Ugly Duckling)

"One man's gain is another's loss"—True enough this proved, When Billy Murphy by "the boys," Had his pants removed.

His coat, all wrapped around his legs, Looked not the way it oughta, To hide his little cherub knees, Because it cut high-water.



His knobby knees played peek-a-boo, As did his ten toes too, Because those naughty, naughty boys, Absconded with his shoes.

Up the goal-posts climbed this lad, His "number nines" retrieved, But then he couldn't find his pants, Which made the poor thing grieve.

And so in chapel up he got, And spoke a piece in rhyme, To say that with his pants he lost, His dignity sublime.

His pants returned, he's advertised, (O tragedy so deep!) "One slightly damaged dignity, For sale and very cheap."

What To Do When! You Have A Date? To Make A Big Hit

- 1. Billy Murrach. Bring along your Webster's Handy Pocket-sized dictionary to use for reference (unless your mother has already told you about those things) on amorous phrases. 2. Billy Nall. A pillow is always handy when your head gets weary and your eyes get droopy (even with a radio—if on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday nights Glenn Miller will pep you up). 3. Calvin Smith. Sit on the edge of the seat so that you may easily slide to the floor in case you hear a loud shrill "Google" which means I'm coming, and I do mean Godbold. 4. Tom Mobley. Study up on your etiquette, have your nose at the right upward tilt, and hint (subtly) that you will be a 1940 debutante. 5. Hays Brantley. Don't forget ear muffs (cotton will do)—there's never a dull moment. (Continued on Page 3)

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Lynx Chat

Oh boys! We are really on the job this week! No lazy purring and stretching at getting back into the old routine. For a month we've been sharpening our claws and gloating with anticipation, and are now pawing the line to begin this, our supreme moment of self-expression. Whereupon we make an open declaration to see all evil, hear all evil and print all evil (almost). So take heed, all staunch inhabitants of the Halls of Calvin, Robb and Stewart, and the City on the Bluffs, and tremble in your boots for the day of doom has come. Revenge is sweet! Heh, heh!

The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on . . . to say that in spite of what the rather dubiously entitled "Mental Meanderings" column said about Miss Serree, Ye Olde Charm Experte, we think there's plenty of missionary work in that line to be done at Southwestern. Just look around you and see what the poor girls have to endure in the way of carrying their own books, opening their own doors, and in general, peddling their own canoes, not to mention having their delicate sensibilities jarred by a screaming purple necktie with a green suit, or their ear drums injured by bursts of raucous laughter shattering the quiet(?) of the cloister. Of course there are gleams of hope ever now and then. For instance, if we could make a composite man combining the sterling qualities of Curtis Hurley's impeccable taste in ties and color combinations and the silvery sounds of Hays Brantley's well-modulated laughter, we might have something.

Going on with the more concrete happenings on the campus (and things are happening all the time) we're following with great interest the progress in the Roberta Wellford-Boyce Johnson affair. Sunday night they were having a supper rendezvous at the Cotton Boll, and of course the night before, they were all over the place at the Pi K. A. Founders' Day dance, in spite of the fact that Miss Wellford was listed in the paper as going with Mr. Donelson, leaving Mr. Johnson and Miss Jones out in the cold. Whether this was just a misprint or an attempt to throw others off the track will always remain a deep, dark mystery. Speaking of the dance, we noticed that Mary Ann Simonton was doing her best to bring Lewis Wellford out of hibernation, and succeeding pretty well, if one could judge by his over-attentiveness and soulful looks cast in her direction.

Prize comment of the week, made by an anonymous football player. Scene: the bookstore. Subject: K. B. Tipton. Said the stalwart gridiron hero, "My, that Kitty Bright Tipton is sure luscious! She reminds me of a doll." "A doll? What kind of a doll?" asked one of his nearby comrades. "Oh, a china doll," was the answer, "and a very expensive one, too!" "Well, Miss Tipton, is truth stranger than fiction?" Another scene, namely Friedel's last Friday afternoon with the SAE's draws our attention . . . and it must have been even funnier when Drs. Liston and Davis walked in on the crap game.

Did you see Miss Harsh waylaying that "cute Swedish architect" who spoke on how to build neat little bungalows? Wonder why Bebe is so terribly interested? It'll be quite some time yet. And while we're on the matter of faithfulness, look at Everett Mobley and Elizabeth Mullen, Jane Chilton Adams and Bobby Robinson, Frank Hammet and the Library, also Laura McGehee and Doyle Fuller. Switching for a moment, you know now that George Blakemore has hung his S-Club key on a gal over at Sears and Roebuck. That's probably just one more thing they have in stock. Mr. Harold Jones, too, has stock in a company, namely the Godhold Corporation. We are honored with having Ladies-in-Waiting amongst us. The lucky and deserving coeds happen to be Joye Fourmy and Diana Wallace. Joye was selected by Hein Park and Diana by Le Bonheur.

According to the looks of things,

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there's going to be some fun over the Easter holidays. Beth Paine and Elder, Droop and Bud McCraney, Kitty B. and McGrady, will hop into their panting motah round about the 20th to visit in McGrady's home at Macon, Ga. Another group will include Jo Meux, Anne Potts and Lloyd Parker, who will visit Charles Perry in Pensacola. We only hope that our fair co-editress won't prove to be as much of a jinx on the trip as she was Tuesday night, when her date, Ward Archer, was arrested speeding her to the symphony.

Round and about: At last, David Osborne has asked a GIRL to have a coke with him. Better watch out for Winnie, Quindley. . . . Boys, you must be slipping. Otherwise why would the charming Miss Rosamond sit at the window in the girls' social room every day waiting for a certain B. Driver to take her to lunch? And speaking of luncheon dates, Sam Paine certainly punches the clock every day with Ann Eckert. . . . For those boys that would like to win a girl, take a hint from the Bob Meacham-June Bostick twosome, and go to see her once a day. Miss B. is certainly impressed. Fie on the ravages of disease that take from us our campus wit and philosopher, McBurney. However, we hear that his days of convalescence have been brightened by a visit from his Welsh(La.) girl friend. And we're not welsling a bit when we tell you that she's a real Cajun. Doesn't it sound (gl)amorous?

Some chili-bean nail polish to Dr. Kelso for the best crack of the week, made in Philosophy 2 class. In discussing whether a perfect physical type such as an athlete was the ideal, Dr. Kelso boomed out, innocently enough, "Miss Claffey, do you think you have everything when you have a football player?" Imagine the poor girl's embarrassment at being asked a personal question like that. And we don't think she got out of it very well by her reply, "Well-l-l, he's gotta have somethin' else." Why, B. J., doesn't Peekie have everything?

And now, the time has come, the walrus says, to fold our tents and stalk away into the night, so it is with great regret that we bid farewell to you boys until next year. Don't let all this bother you; just remember (with apologies to the Hedy Lamarr-Spencer Tracy movie) that "TIME WOUNDS ALL HEELS."

What To Do When You Have A Big Date

(Continued from Page 2)

6. Jimmy Hammond. Anyone who is able to get a date with him doesn't need our advice.
7. Will Rhea Winfrey. Pretend that you don't know there is a girl back home and try, try again.
8. Bobby "Esquire" Rhodes. Comment on new tuxedo!
9. Henry Lynch. Just call him "POWERHOUSE," but be careful, he's got a way with the women.

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Society Notes

SAE Founders Day
SAE fraternity will celebrate their Founders' Day with a banquet at the Hotel Peabody Friday night. Mayor Walter Chandler and Judge John D. Martin will be the principal speakers. About three hundred alumni are planning to attend, among them the officers of the alumni group who are as follows:
President, Emmett Joyner; vice-president, Robert Metcalf; secretary, L. P. Cook; chapter adviser, Gilbert Wilson.

The name of the best pledge will be engraved on a silver loving cup and awarded at the banquet.
The officers of the active chapter who will attend are:
President, Dan Carruthers; vice-president, Robert Elder; secretary, William Donelson; recorder, Alec Courtner; Chronicler, Geren Baird; herald, Gorton Berry, warden, Harry Preest.
Robert Quindley, treasurer, will be unable to attend as he was elected to the Province Convention at Lexington, Kentucky, which will take place March 8 and 9.

SAE Initiation
Monday night, March 4, the SAE fraternity initiated thirteen new members. They are:
Richard Allen, Lester Baggett, James Collier, John Gibson, Julian Nall, Tunkie Saunders, William Wills, William Wooten, Henry Craft of Proctor, Arkansas, Jack Mills of Bogalusa, Louisiana, Henry Rockwell of Hartford, Connecticut, William Small of Salem, Illinois, and Lewis Wellford of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Kappa Sigma Initiation
Kappa Sigma fraternity initiated seven pledges Monday night in their lodge on the campus. The new members are:
Robert Beasley, Jim Sparks, both of Tusculumbia, Alabama; Ernest Reid of Orange, Texas; Claude Romine of Arcola, Mississippi; James McNeese of McComb, Mississippi; Allen Hilzheim and Elder Shearon, both of Memphis.

ATO Election
Bland Cannon was re-elected president of the local chapter of Alpha Tau Omega at its regular meeting on Monday night. Ned Hermann was elected vice-president and Palm reporter; Wallace Mayton was elected secretary.
Other officers of the fraternity are: Charles Reed, treasurer; W. J. Hearn, usher; Curtis Hurley, keeper of the annals; and Henry Lynch, sentinel.

More Initiations
Chi O.—Nine Chi Omega pledges were put through on February 27 and 28. They were Constance Rosamond, Diana Wallace, Lucy White, Jeanette Hollenberg, Minna Potts, Roberta Wellford, Elizabeth Holder and Milton Matthews. Cornelia Garrott was too ill at the time to be initiated and Frances Cash, who was chosen to be Model Initiate at the Chi Omega National Convention this June at

Bum Yokes Cracked By Egg Initiated Into S-Club Gang

I was a perfectly normal egg until I joined the S-Club. I used to sit quietly in my crate and smile, but one day Abe Palmer came in looking for a chicken (as usual). Seeing possibilities in me, he put me in a bag. Upon arriving at the S-Club room, I scrambled out, leaving him holding the bag (as usual). There were a lot of other eggs standing around. "Crate day," I said, thinking of home.
I was seized and carefully tossed into a towel, which was tossed into a bucket, which was tossed to Porky Heaton. "My," thought I, "ham and eggs." It was very dark in there and I was becoming a-fried, when I felt someone tap my shell. I rolled around and saw that it was another egg in the same fix. "Can you tell me what all the eggitement is?" he ventured. "Oh, haven't you heard; the football beef is in a stew about the S-Club initiation," said I.

No sooner had I said that than he was snatched away, and I saw my friend in the paws of Icky, the Campus Cassanova. Icky hurled him high into the air. I knew I was next! Freddy Drees grabbed me but I wasn't scared because he was used to taking care of a chicken. After that I was thrown around till my shell ached. Coach Cue-Ball nearly broke me (I'd heard he was like that). Ape Caven-der took my breath away when he gave me a fling, and Jasper Wood rolled me in the aisles.

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., will be initiated later.

A.O.Pi—Last Friday night, March 1, after a banquet at the lodge ten A.O.Pi pledges were initiated. They are: Gladys Moore, Margaret Polk, Cecelia Hill, Katherine Miller, Elizabeth Hinckley, Virginia Knowlton, Mary New, Mary Ann Simonton, Nell Wright, and Jean Flynn.

Ann Coate Scott, who was pledged at mid-semester, was honored with a supper on March 6.

Kappa Delta Backward Dance—There will be a Kappa Delta Backwards Dance on March 15 in the gym. Tickets will cost only 50c, for both stag and couple. Priscilla Shumaker and Margaret Moyer are in charge of ticket selling; Dorothy Esch and Evelyn Belcher will concoct the decorations for the occasion.

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Competent Judges Review Cortner-Mobley Literary Gem

Women and How to Get the Best of Them, by Messrs. D. Alexander Cortner and T. Brantley Mobley. This best seller is one of the most entertaining studies of women yet published. The authors are immensely learned and rely on first-hand sources for their material. The style is free, full of color and light, marching ahead with vigor and drama, the speed of which belies misconception, misinformation and a thoroughly warped viewpoint. The authors apparently have acquaintance not only with contemporary femmes but also indicate their knowledge of great women in the past—perhaps their own past!

Viewed from a literary standpoint, the book is something of an achievement in its successful combination of a scholarly background and an intimate atmosphere like an every-day talk between "friends." For those who wish to profit from the varied and interesting experiences of the authors, we suggest especially Mr. Cortner's advice on "keeping a woman at bay." He says, "Having once convinced a woman by any method suitable to her personality that your happiness depends entirely on her and her alone, you have won your battle. After that one needs only to fail to let her know of appointments until fifteen minutes beforehand. If you're a lax correspondent, send a box of handkerchiefs instead of that late letter, so that all she may say is "thank you." And above all, remember to forget the little things she's confided to you and wants you to remember so badly."
It is here in connection with these "little things," and only on this vital issue, that our authors disagree, no doubt due to their dissimilar personal

experiences. Mr. Mobley's outstanding contribution to the controversy is the chapter entitled, "It's the little things that count." But he over-emphasizes the place of logic by failing to take account of the fact that every act or word of a woman is not premeditated. On the whole we find his attitude a bit more skeptical than Mr. Cortner's, but it seems to be temporary cynicism, not to be taken seriously.

To read this book is to understand modern women from a new angle. Its worth to posterity can only be measured by the acclaim awarded to the authors who spent so much time and hard labor in research on their subject. We wouldn't be at all surprised if the book won the 1940 Pulitzer Prize!
Reviewed by Anne Tuthill and Beverly McFall.

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Basket Ballet Team Thrills Male Onlookers

Coeds Show Men a Thing Or Two In Throwing Thru Hoop

In case you've noticed the throngs of people, mostly men, headed for the gym every afternoon, they were on their way to witness one of the greatest sport thrills of the year, the Girls' Basketball Tournament, which is well into its fourth week.

The Tri Delta sextet is losing the tourney, with the A.O.P.'s and the Zeta's following too close behind for comfort. The other teams are still going strong, however, and will continue to fight to the finish. Next week promises to bring to the sports-minded a score of tense thrillers.

Manager Herby Conway has had quite a job seeing that all the games started on schedule and keeping the masses of masculine onlookers, and I do mean onlookers, off the court. And we must say that he has done his job well, never missed a game. The games have been exceptionally fine this year, with many thrills and spills; and one must admit that the girls took their spills gracefully and without complaint. In fact, there are no major casualties recorded and only a few minor ones; Jones, of Chi Omega, received a blow on the finger and a wrenched foot. Cato, of Zeta, had a small piece of flesh removed from her palm by a fingernail.

If there have been an amazing number of fouls during the tournament—one A.O.P. player was even fouled out—every one knows that no real harm was meant. The girls were only joking. But the games have moved at such a terrific pace, that whole teams have been worn down and had to be substituted. One has only to note the intense expression on every player's face to realize that every girl has given her all to the dear old team.

One of the most spectacular moments of the tournament occurred in the Tri Delta-Non-Sorority classic, when Louise Howry tossed a goal in the last minute of the play, bringing the score up to 66 to 2 (favor of Non-Sorority). With that score it is understandable why Sunshine Jo of the Rhea and Booth combination should keep such a happy smile on her face in every game. Incidentally, may we suggest that you keep your eyes on these two above because they definitely have something in pass technique.

Well, we add our cheers to those of the lusty lunged feminine spectators, and declare that we are all for women's athletics. By the by, why not have a softball and tennis tournament? Such remarkable ability should be directed into other fields as well.

Most college boys sow their wild oats and then pray for a crop failure.

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Field In Woo Derby

Entry	Probable Odds
1. Jack Conn, Celeste Taylor..... 1-1	Even money on a sure thing.
2. Jim Andrews, Ruth Logsdon..... 10-1	He's temporarily wooed in line.
3. Mark Hammond, Dorothy Hammond	Scratched.
4. Billy Murphy, Be Waggener..... 1-50	Needs a hypo of dope.
5. Hays Brantley, Kate Weaver..... 20-1	(Doubt if he can laugh his way out of this one.)
6. Corton Berry, Kitty B. Tipton..... 30-1	Berry not left at the post but crippled like the others in the race.
7. Beryl Waller, Margy Curry..... 5-1	He'll be ahead in the home stretch.
8. Bob Beasley, Margaret Polk..... 10-1	It's the Pontiac.
9. Bob Foley, Roberta Wellford..... 15-1	He's trying to get ahead and can't.
10. Henry Peek, Betty Jean Claffey 8-1	He's melted the ice.

Screwballs Make Hay With Jr. Ministers

Bader Turns Cook; Combine Is Discovered, Lights Are Turned Out

The Screwballs and the Ministerial Club tete-a-teted together in the S.A.P. fraternity lodge at 7:31 last Wednesday night for the sole purpose of bettering both organizations. The chairs were arranged in the shape of a horseshoe around the fireplace to make the meeting more cozy. "Beetlebrain" Robinson of the Yellow Bow Society made the suggestion that they take a vote to select their favorite popular song. All agreed, jumping up and down gleefully clapping their hands. So the votes were cast by secret ballot.

"Be" Waggener and Sonny Osborne were asked to withdraw their votes and leave the room until the voting was over because of a combine which was discovered by Deacon Craft. Miss Waggener declared that she was merely telling Mr. Osborne that her favorite song was "I Only Want A Billy, Not A Sweetheart." It was a close race but the best song won, which was "Let's Turn Out the Lights." During the course of the meeting winsome Walter Beta slipped into the kitchen and whipped up a batch of fluffy cup cakes with which he served hot tea and finger sandwiches. We quote Mr. Beta, "A spot of tea and a good wholesome cup cake always give me a lift after an exciting day at Southwestern."

Dorothy Steuwer Hammond gave a talk on "How to Get Your Man" which she thought would prove beneficial beings as how this is leap year. Then they played a novel game called "Pin the Mustache On Hitler." No one won the prize because no one pinned the mustache in the right place which was nice because they didn't have a prize anyway.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:55 so that all the music lovers could rush home and listen to Kay Kyser at 9 o'clock.

The average college girl is the kind who likes to eat her cake and have yours, too.

• AN INVITATION ...

To inspect the most complete camera and photo supply department in the city, featuring these famous names:

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Boxing Tournament To Begin March 12

Stars Of Last Year To Contend In Ring For Pugilistic Honors

The Intramural Board announced Tuesday that the popular boxing tournament would be held March 12, 13 and 14. The entries will weigh in early next week and first round matches will start on the night of March 12. There will be no charge to attend the early matches but a fifteen cent admission price per head will be charged for the finals. Many of last year's stars will return to the ring. Jimmy New, John McGrady, Harold Falls and Bobby Elder are a few of the well-known stars who will defend their titles.

The Kappa Alphas and Sigma Alpha Epsilon entered the finals of the double elimination basketball tournament by virtue of victories over the Kappa Sigs and Sigma Nu's respectively. The KA's marked themselves as favorites to take the crown by overwhelming the Kappa Sigs 36 to 21. In the only other game, the Sig Alphas trounced the Sigma Nu's 26 to 18. John Gibson stood out as foremost man of the Sig Alphas.



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Looney Library Notes

College reading is generally considered overburdened with boring classics and brain-straining tomes of wisdom, so the following list has been prepared as an antidote.

The War Years—Sandburg's brief account of Lincoln in only three volumes and totaling slightly less than 2,000 pages! Just the thing to toy with over a week-end.

The Encyclopedia of Furniture—Screamingly funny—you can't imagine. Space, Time and Deity—Recommended particularly for the more frivolous students.

House of Seven Gables—The story of Clark as a boy at home and how he always wanted to grow up and play Rhett Butler Will be enjoyed by the film fans.

Gone With the Wind—A magnificent work of the ancient civilizations. Being a more intellectual work, it is listed here primarily for history majors. Oh yes, an unknown named Margaret Mitchell wrote it, but don't let that stop you.

Rebecca—A biblical story. The Blessing of Pan—The title may seem obscure, but you know how these

writers are! We solemnly assure you that it really means how fortunate we are to have pots and pans. What would the world be without them? How would we eat? What would the poor gold miners do? And how would we bear life with no Pan dances? Well, I guess you can see what you've been overlooking all this time.

It Can't Happen Here—The story of Utopia.

Turtles of the United States and Canada—An invaluable little book which no one can afford to miss. Positively thrilling.

Relativity—A delightful bit of froth by that inimitable funnyman, Einstein. And when you've sailed through that, be sure not to miss—

The Einstein Theory Explained and Analyzed—This is a little thing cook-

ed up by Guggenheimer which might be called a sequel. All in best of fun.

A General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis—This is cheery, fast reading by Freud to brighten a rainy afternoon, and should be followed immediately by—

The Interpretation of Dreams—And this is even more pleasant than the other. It's sure to give you a lift. Nothing like it to make you think more highly of your fellow man.

We hope that the above reading list will be welcomed as a relief from some of life's weightier problems. We realize that this won't keep you busy more than a week, so we just want to remind you that there's nothing for the sense of humor like a Russian novel.

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