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Number 20

Young People's Convention Here This Week

March 27, 28, 29
Are Dates of 9th Annual Meeting

Southwestern will be host to more than three hundred Presbyterian Young People March 27, 28, and 29, as the Young People's League of Memphis Presbytery holds its ninth annual convention on our campus. In order that every Presbyterian student at Southwestern may attend, Dean Johnson is granting free cuts from all classes for those at the convention.

Jimmy Cogswell, president of the group, and Tommie Jean Haygood, chairman of the convention, have arranged a program featuring a number of speakers, both young people and adults, chosen for their vital message for the youth of today. Among the speakers brought to Memphis and Southwestern are: Rev. William E. Phifer, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., and highly recommended by members of his church who are students here; Rev. H. S. Henderson of Smyrna, Tenn., affectionately known as "Pop" to the hundreds of young people who have known him as the director of the annual summer conference at Na-Co-Me; Rev. William (Bill) Belk, new Director of Religious Education for Alabama and Tennessee; Miss Lucy Fletcher, a missionary recently forced to return from China, whose stirring five minute talk at the Mission Convention during the holidays many students will remember; and Rev. Fred Turner of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville.

The convention opens with a banquet in the Southwestern Gymnasium Friday night, March 27, after which Mr. Phifer will speak. The Southwestern Singers, under the direction of Professor Burnet C. Tutthill, will assist with the worship during the Saturday morning part of the program. Saturday night the convention will again meet in the Southwestern Gymnasium. Motion pictures will be shown by Miss Fletcher, and a party will be given Dr. Washburn, a missionary to the Belgian Congo will deliver the Sunday morning sermon in Hardie Auditorium. The convention will close Sunday afternoon with a special dedicatory service in the auditorium of Idlewild Presbyterian Church.

Registration will begin Friday afternoon, March 27. The cost of the entire convention, exclusive of the banquet, will be ten cents, the banquet being sixty-five. A number of Southwestern students have already registered.

Among the Southwestern students who have helped to plan the Convention are: Tommy Jean Haygood, chairman of the committee of arrangements, Jimmy Cogswell, president of the Memphis Presbytery Young People's Council; Rosella Hill, vice president of the Council; Imogene Williamson and Bob Siedentopf, Council members; and Joe McGehee, member of the committee on arrangements.

Logical Reverberations On the Co-ed

(Printer's note: The following story was found laid aside after the Southerner had been set up. Your noble-hearted editor had evidently discarded it, even though it was his own, because of the unkindness of some of its truths. We have taken the liberty of printing it instead of some of the copy already set up and left over from the Co-ed Edition, which your editor was using only because of his measures for economy.)

After reading last week's Co-ed Edition, the great truth of the basic postulate of Descartes fell into doubt in my mind. Descartes had said, "Je pense, donc je suis" (I think, therefore I am). This would imply that the Co-ed did not exist, for there was not a valid thought in it. However, anyone could tell it did exist; it had such a pungent odor, strikingly resembling Front Street on Friday.

Characters of "Ladies In Retirement" Show Their Colors In Their Lines

"If I were to disappear tomorrow, no one would be the wiser." This declaration, coolly given forth by Jessamine Grime in "Ladies in Retirement," harbors the mood, the mystery, the problem, the plot of the next number on the college dramatic program. Jessamine, so adept in the roles of the insane mystery woman in "The Woman" of last fall and of debonaire Judy Canfield December's "Stage Dood," this time plays Leonora Fiske. In Jessamine's own words, Miss Fiske is a "retired chorus girl," but her position is several notches above that. She WAS an actress, and IS an actress—till her dying day, which day, incidentally, you, as audience, will witness.

"You don't have to know people to kiss them." Thus Dave Ruffin, shows his true colors. Or rather the true hue of the Cockney cad he portrays in the coming attraction. His stage role comes under the name of Albert, a ne'er do well nephew with an eye for a pretty girl and an ear for murder. Dave is spinning out a dandy cockney accent, and will doubtless prove again his versatility.

"You wouldn't dare stay here with me! You have a healthy appetite and you'd never be quite sure, would you?" And speaking of revealing true character, this line of Mary Ingram's hands you the key to the real Ellen Creed. Mary, the young lady you'll never forget for her Old Mrs. Cavendish in "The Royal Family" and Terry Randall in the aforementioned "Stg. Do.", again finds herself in a leading role. A secret that's any good at all is too good to keep, so here's telling all: Mary is the murderess.

"Imagine a whole boatload of something you tie up things with in the garden." Just what this line really means to Lorene Downing when she says it is a case for psychiatry. Also "I feel I must tidy up the river bank" which may be attributed to Mary Ware. Lorene plays Louisa and Mary is Emily—they're Ellen's demented sisters, and you'll wish there were a dozen of them. There's something delightful about a dull-wit, and these two are slated for special popularity. You'll like it when Mary has to bring in an old dead bird.

"If anyone ever asks me." That's one line to express how coy Justine Klyce can be as Lucy, the maid. She's the pretty girl Albert has an eye for, and he's the guy for which most of their coy remarks are intended. Miss Klyce also turns out swell clipped Cockney.

Completing the cast of seven is Anne Howard Bailey, who dons robe and cowl to be the stern Sister Theresa. A friend of the murdered Leonora, Theresa is one of the first to develop suspicion as to her friend's fate.

The psychological situation is the ruling influence in making "Ladies in Retirement" the smash drama it is. Heroine and villainess share audience sympathy. In fact, it's a bit hard to distinguish between the two. Nightly rehearsals are in progress from now until certain time, and the play is already smoothing into a semblance of the real thing.

But all of this tells only half the story. The second half is concerned with technical matters—scenery, properties, costumes and all such indispensables. Betsy Foster is student director, supplementing the work of Mr. Fred Sears. Margaret Sanders is spending her time costume-planning, while Vive Walker is scenic designer. Props are being dug up by Misses Howry and Peete. Manny Sieving is business manager deluxe.

President Chas. E. Diehl made the formal address at Maryville College on Wednesday in connection with the installation of the new members of Alpha Gamma Sigma, the Honorary Scholarship Fraternity of the College. There were seven students, five young women and two young men who were initiated into the active membership. There were three alumni of Maryville College who had attained distinction in various spheres who were also elected to membership in this organization. One of these three was Dr. H. J. Bassett, of the Faculty of Southwestern. Dr. Bassett is Professor of Latin at Southwestern and his sister is Professor of Latin at Maryville College.

Dr. Diehl Speaks In Maryville

The Coed was grossly misleading. In the first place, the only criteria for accepted copy seemed to be that the editress be mentioned at least twice. Modest and unassuming female that she is, she evidently could not resist the temptation to put herself before the public eye in her effort to be a real E. W. O. C. like kbt. Furthermore, these articles were a little misleading. For example, to quote one, "Howry won too. Her ankles are smaller than Joe Kennedy's." All of which is true, but misleading. Her ankles are smaller than Joe Kennedy's ankles, but then so are the rest of her legs.

The editress also used the Coed for her own ends. She dared not slander that over-grown child-prodigy who has been following her around lately, for fear of hurting his feelings, even though every one knows (Continued on page 3)

DR. MILLARD TO SPEAK
Dr. W. J. Millard, pastor of the Evergreen Presbyterian Church, will address the Christian Union Service Sunday. The service will be held at five o'clock in Hardie Auditorium.

Park Commission To Give Training

Prospective Leaders To Receive Course Beginning Next Week

From March 23rd until May 18th the Memphis Park Commission will offer a training course for prospective leaders in the Summer Public Playgrounds. There are various types of training for various positions such as instructor, or director and their assistants.

All applicants for this training course must have been residents of Memphis for at least one year previous to application to take this course. The position will require from four to eight hours per day for six days a week during the summer.

The courses have been designed to meet the need of special emergency wartime recreation. They will also include training in the supervision of dramatics, games, dancing, use and supervision of apparatus, creative play, handicraft and story telling.

The course this year will be under the direction of Miss Ethel Bowers, Memorial Field Secretary on Recreation For Girls and Women, of the National Recreation Association. Miss Bowers has aided many communities with her practical and theoretical knowledge of the recreation field.

At the close of the course an examination will be given. Appointments will be made after the examinations have been graded. The appointments will depend upon the examination scores weighted with ratings on experience, practical questions, and personality.

Additional information may be obtained from the registrar's office or from the Recreation Office at the Fair Grounds. Their telephone number is 7-1727.

Nitists Hear Meacham

This Wednesday at seven-thirty the Nitist Club heard a paper by Robert Meacham. The paper covered the various system of motions as propounded by Aristotle, Newton, and Einstein. The various systems were compared and the development from one to another was traced. It was shown that the older systems had to be altered to coincide with the discoveries of an ever advancing science. The theories of Einstein satisfy certain discoveries that the older systems were not able to adequately cover.

After the paper had been read, coffee was served and the members discussed the problem. Professor Davis was the only faculty member present. According to President Charles Cable plans for the next meeting have not yet been completed.

SUGAR RATIONING GOOD

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (ACP).—Don't complain about sugar rationing; it will be good for you. This is the advice of Dr. L. H. Newburgh, widely known University of Michigan authority on dietetics.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Newburgh declares, it would be a God-send if there weren't no sugar at all for, if there weren't we would be forced to eat more whole grains, meats, milk, green vegetables and other foods which give us everything that sugar does plus much-needed B-vitamins and other necessary food elements.

Agency that possesses regulatory authority can fix corporate rates so that no money will remain to cover the eventuality of repairs.

Certain tendencies, no matter what their political coloring is, are definitely unsound. The action of the court is of this type. A nation cannot allow its capital goods to be destroyed and not be replaced. Whether the government is liberal or conservative (Continued on Page 2)

ODK Script Dance To Be Given In The Gym Tomorrow Night

CPT Discussed On Weekly Broadcast

In the weekly campus broadcast Wednesday Dr. Pond with Charles Greenlese and Lloyd Gordon discussed the Civilian Pilot Training program and its place in the war. The chief points in the program were discussed including the fact that the men taking the course are required to sign an affidavit saying that they will go into a branch of the armed forces if it is necessary and they are physically qualified. The increase in the size of the training program was also announced.

Last week four members of the Nitist club discussed the history, the name and the work of that campus organization. The four members talking were Charles Cable, Willis Ensign, Ed Nesbitt, and George Case with Dr. Davis acting as guiding angel for the broadcast.

Next week Mr. Sears and members of the dramatics department will discuss some phase of dramatics at Southwestern. These programs are heard over WREC each Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock with Hugh Murphy as announcer.

Kappa Sigs Party

Kappa Sigma Fraternity entertained with a steak fry for its members last Wednesday at Hillsdale. The party lasted from 4 til 8, and "a good time was had by all."

Members and dates who attended: Russell Weiner with Louise Howry; Everade Jones with Alice Chapman; Cheves Ligon with Elizabeth Hinckley; Bob McCrary with Jessamine Grimes; Whip Kennedy with Jan Williams, Elder Shearon with Mary New, Claude Romine with Mopsy White; Jim New with Mary Eliz. Young; Allen Hiltzheim with Cary Eckert; Morgan Fowler with Margery O'Kelley; B. W. Beaumont with Georgeanne Little; Buddy McNeese with Milton Mathewes; Steve Goodwyn with Martha Hewitt; Ned Sparks with Betty Lee Alderman; Joe Kennedy with Kitty B. Tipton. Members who will attend stag: Tom Duncan, Charles Greenlese, Emmett Kelly, Sam Stephenson.

Pledges and dates who attended: Louis Leroy with Lucy White, Barton Currie with Flossie Turner, Bill Few with Mignon Presley, Clyde Malone with Gene Dickson.

Pledges who will attend stag: Bob Stanworth, Jack Dennis, and Allen West.

No Limit On Navy Enlistment Now

College juniors, seniors, and graduates, who are eligible for commissions in the Navy under the V-7, Midshipman Officer Training Program, can not be enlisted without regard to quota, a Navy spokesman said recently.

These students will take special Navy training courses while in college. When they graduate, they will be sent to a four months officer's school. Upon graduation, they will be commissioned Ensigns in the Naval Reserve.

Spring Must Have Come to Lynxdom

Say, have you noticed the sudden change on the local greens of the Lynx Club—the starchy, day-dreaming like daze of the little gals and the very evident perking up of the masculine sex—the pairings off of the rarest couples to drink in the beauties of nature; the strange little clusters of profs strolling around the terrace of Palmer Hall (Chiefest one being the Faculty Newly-wed and his blushing bride), the rapidly decreasing attendance in the library on these sunny afternoons and the choir singing—"Flora?" Does sumpin' to ya, doesn't it? Spring has sprung! It flew in the library window t'other afternoon, teasing and taunting the stuffy stooges up there and SNUG-

Sophomore Cup To Be Presented During Evening

Jimmy Claire's Orchestra Will Furnish the Music

Phi Circle of Omicron Delta Kappa, men's honorary fraternity, will entertain with a script dance in the college gym Saturday night from eight til twelve.

Music for the evening will be furnished by Jimmy Claire's Orchestra, and there will be four no breaks and three specials. Feature of the evening will be the presentation of the Sophomore Cup to the sophomore boy most nearly embodying the ideals of ODK. Following this the fraternity will have a leadout dance. Tickets for the dance will be one dollar for couples, and seventy-five cents for stags.

Members of Omicron Delta Kappa and their guests who will receive are Tom Duncan, president, with Alice Chapman; Edward Hermann, vice-president, with guest; Prof. W. Ross Junkin, secretary-treasurer, with Mrs. Junkin; Bob Meacham with Katherine Miller; Robert Cogswell with Edith Williamson; Elder Shearon with guest; Jimmy Cogswell with Virginia Ann Gates; Emmett Kelly with Louise Howry; Charles Cable with Gladys Moore; Bill Wooten with Rebeqa Barrett; Julian Nall with Norma Hallock; James Sparks with Betty Lee Alderman; Fleet Edwards with Dorothy South; Jimmy Collier with Cissy Fauntleroy; and Russell Wiener, attending stag.

Other students planning to attend are:

Willis Ensign with Mary Ware, Hugh Murray with Mary Anne Banning, Alf Canon with Milton Mathewes, B. W. Beaumont with Georgeanne Little, Bob McCrary with Kitty Tipton, Allen Hiltzheim with Elizabeth Hinckley, Jimmy Wilgus with Tillie Prewitt, Bob Seidentopf with Marjorie Moorhead, Chuck Guthrie with Justine Klyce, Wharton Jones with Barbara Dean, Sam Stephenson with Peggy Hughes, Whitney Ozier with Patty Radford, and Jim Shannon with Agnes Ann Ming.

Others attending are John O'Hearne with Beverly Barron, Barney Gallagher with Nancy Smith, Bones Jones with Shirley Seagle, Buddy McNeese with Margie O'Kelly, Tom Tidwell with Emily Scott, Shorty Branford with Joy Gallimore, Joe Kennedy with Claire McLean, Claude Romine with Mopsy White, Bill Turner with Betty Jean Wilkinson, Billy Mason with Frances Alford, Sam McCulloch with Meredith Moorhead, Lynn Todd with Peggy Silliman, Billy Few with Mignon Presley, Morgan Fowler with Martha Hewitt, Billy Symes with Jean Dickson, McNeil Ayres with Dottie Gill, George Case with Peggy Kelly and David Ruffin with Ethel Williams.

GLIES. According to all reports and surveys on this most delightful subject of Spring, it is "the young man's fancy" but there is a cruel shortage of such animals on this campus so the skirts around these parts are gonna have to do more than sigh and look pretty when the Brummels pass by.

Taking mental note on the different techniques being thrown out, it's interesting to see certain of our "Cuties" mobbing just any and all of the males, in the bookstore, in the dark corners of the cloister, and engaging them in a fast game of chess in the "lovely" odk Social Room (Hm, must be seeking entrance into the (Continued on Page 2)

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"What's bitin' him?" "Him? Oh, he's just relaxing after election week!"

and stop there. And that denial will be true to some extent. But rather than leave any doubt in the minds of our visitors, let's treat them cordially in the future.

Next week-end a number of Presbyterian young people will hold meetings here on the campus, and in several weeks the Mississippi Valley Press Association will convene here. Most of these people will be of high school age, and considering college careers. Let's don't try to pledge them all something or another, or even give them pep talks on why we came to Southwestern, but let's do treat them so that they will feel they are welcome, and will be welcome here in the future, as fellow students or in any other capacity.

See You—In the Bursar's Office—

Over a month ago, the students of Southwestern decided that they would rather have a senior yearbook than no annual at all. This was the only choice offered due to the fact that a regular sized book was financially impossible. It is doubtful if the staffs will make enough profit to justify their time but they agreed to put the book out, depending on the full cooperation of the student body. Two hundred and seventy-five students contracted to buy a yearbook, and to pay the agreed two dollars on or before March first. It was decided for the convenience of the students to extend the deadline a few weeks in order to allow everyone to get the money in. Up until now, less than one hundred have paid. This is a miserable situation, as it was assumed that all contracts would be paid in working out the plans. To insure having a first class book, it is necessary that all money be paid immediately.

... Found in the Mail ...

DAILY TAR HEEL

According to this North Carolina paper, the only "way to be patriotic now, what with village sugar rationing, is to be diabetic."

GAMECOCK

The University of South Carolina Gamecock reports the sad story of a freshman whose grades gave him some justification for his father's forthcoming reply. Came the reply—

"Dear Tom," it began, "I see by your report card that you have failed four courses and passed one with a grade of 'D.' Son, listen, you're spending entirely too much time on one subject."

ORANGE AND WHITE

Fifty freshmen at the University of Tennessee attended the Freshman Retreat. Questions on "Why I Came to College" and "What's Wrong with Professors in the Classroom" were asked and answered frankly and honestly. Students and professors met in an informal atmosphere, and joined in games and walks together.

And in parting the Orange and White contributes this poem:

"Any girl can be gay in a classy coupe, In a taxi they can all be jolly. But the girl worthwhile, Is the girl who can smile When you're taking her home on the trolley."

New Social Room Produces Fast Set

Almost on par with "What's cookin' Doc?" is the phrase "Somethin new has been added." The addition of our estuary—better known as Palmer Hall's Social Room—is definitely something new for such a stable medieval castle in a cornfield that owes every little thing to precedent and precedent alone.

Of course, though co-eds had the right to smoke there in the beginning such license has been revoked and all they do now is "suffrage" while watching the hideous male leisurely puff away. It seems that B. McFall is about the only woman who stands up for her rights. Perhaps the little ladies could more modestly sniff a bit of snuff.

One rarely finds the creme de la creme of the brain trust class there. Of course, they take to the solitude of the library maintained by a harpy—one Miss P.

But for the "peepul" (as Coop. puts it), the common little, interesting Joneses, Smiths, and Browns—they're there—never studying and having a helluva cheerful time.

One always sees Smokey Stover Nelius—horrid red shirts, suspenders, moustache et al—playing chess with Presley who would like to but she can't.

Chuck, Klyce, and Stites are usually over in some corner smoking a cigarette while Klyce knits between draws as it were.

Goostree is ever at large answering various questions for people.

Betty Hartley sits demurely like a sleepy cat in the morning sun.

And now and then Meredith Morehead and McCulloch drop in for Sam's morning cigarette, (gratis) which he seizes with dottering hands and stuffs halfway down his throat.

Shirley Seagle greets men with the usual nervous wink that she gives to everybody.

Miss Nix is forever drawing around

NEWS by the CASE

(Continued from page 1) vative, radical or reactionary, this principle still holds. Factory equipment of production must be replaced as it wears out. If this is not done, the nation will soon face a production breakdown. Yet the decision of the court allows, in fact practically forces such a process to take place. The only people that will make the necessary improvements on equipment are the people that are interested in the economical operation of the machines. If the government no longer allows them to accumulate reserves for this purpose then they will be unable to keep up the machines of production and an eventual crisis will occur. Whether the decision of the court was right is not the question is whether it is advisable in a time when every ounce of potential production is necessary to make it impossible for industry to provide for the necessary replacements that will keep the level of production at its highest levels.

Of course this column was not in on the scoop of the week, as usual, however we will use it now that every one knows the physical facts of the matter. We predict that General MacArthur will not have as much success in his new position as he had in the Philippines, unless he is permitted to reorganize the complete military structure in the Far East.

SPRING MUST HAVE COME

(Continued from page 1) mystical circle of the April Fool Court) Then there's the "automobile variety" who sneaks her capture off to the parking lot for a "quicke" and then keeps him there for the "duration." This method seems to prove effective for collecting bridge fourths but probably won't start one of those affectionate lovey-dovey campus couples. And then more intellectual minded femmes are squiring the guys to the Beethoven Concertos, on the pretense of having to write a paper of Prof. Tutthill, but 'tain't nothing but to work up a soft and romantic mood, which isn't such a bad idea. All of these approaches have their good points, but the best idea so far is to go on the long-awaited choir trip; if you can't hook something then, man or mouse (mostly mice) then Heaven help you!

Anyhoo, get in the grove and polish up your trusty little bow and arrow, shoot straight when you see your prey coming. It's a cinch if you don't nab him, the next girl will! Good luck and remember all's fair in love and war, and this is both!

Probable Prospective on Prospects

There's no doubt about it—something's got to be done—and even if you're one of the few fortunate co-eds who never to herself has said, "Another Saturday night, and no date," you'd better be on your toes, sister, cause times have changed!

The practical coed faces the facts. She realizes that America's most attractive manhood no longer graces America's college campuses (Southwestern no exception); and from where we stand that leaves our practical coed face to face with a grave decision. She can do one of two things—either put on her bravest smile and date seventeen year old Joey, or forget that super senior who joined the air corps last week by undertaking a systematic disciplining of the mind.

You who aspire to be practical co-eds might give both courses a try. We've an idea that you need no advice on how to pursue the first of the two. We will therefore proceed to the second, and if we can save even one coed from a case of the doldrums we will feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

We're not going to tell you to be patriotic, be brave, be patient, be what not—frankly it takes a much stronger constitution than anyone on this campus possesses to just sit and be patient, etc. four hours a night seven nights a week. We believe that

some table of gents.

Gene Dickson meets Mr. Billy there before English class, and I have seen her jitterbug around the edges.

Our space is practically filled—all we wanted to say is that if Palmer Hall were a beautiful woman—the Social Room would probably be her fickle heart. What's lovelier than a Rendezvous?

Downstairs: "Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?"

Upstairs: "Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves."

"Do you summer in the country?" "No, I simmer in the city."

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die. She refused him. Sixty years later he died.

dating is a habit (O. K., so it is a good habit—it's still a habit), and habits can be broken.

Right after polishing off that last box of Valentine candy we broke ourselves of the habit of eating chocolate. We folloed Will James' three essentials for breaking a habit, and we pass them on to you.

1. Just stop—don't talk about it—just do it. See how easy it is?

2. Never let the habit reoccur. This worked fine with chocolate candy. Dates may be a little different. If that good looking senior gets back home for a week end, you might give him one little date. Hey—we just happened to think—if you don't, some one else will! Go to it, practical coed!

3. Find a substitute for the habit. We suggest a jolly evening of bridge with the girls or just a plain old hen party. It's going to take the conceit out of a lot of males when they find out we girls can get along with such ersatz dates just like ersatz coffee, stockings, etc.

We have given you only the barest outline for your program, girls, but we expect to see just lots of Practical Coeds about in the near future—and to the coed who first proves that she has faithfully followed these rules for a period of 24 hours, we will present absolutely free of charge one volume of "Live Alone and Like It."

TEN REASONS WHY A WOMAN IS LIKE A FORD ...

- 1. Both have a high cost of operation. 2. They're always breaking down. 3. Depreciate too quickly. 4. Often boil over when pushed too hard. 5. Make too much noise when they begin to get old. 6. Consume too much fuel all the time. 7. Both win their notoriety by speed. 8. Both can be obtained with deluxe equipment but the changed appearance rarely affects the performance. 9. Both can be found anywhere in the world. 10. There is one big difference—and that is: with a Ford you can obtain a reasonable trade-in value on obsolete models. We might add that in these times a Ford (especially with tires) seems much more valuable.

RANDOMONIUM

By DAVID RUFFIN

Here it is Spring again! Another one to add to one thousand nineteen hundred and forty-one other Springs ... when men and women have fallen in love no matter what the period ... when the earth has been awakened, impregnated with renewed vigor and life ... when people are buying seed to thrust in a few square feet of earth behind cramped city dwellings ... when little girls half sail, half hop along on one rusty roller skate ... when expectant women pass with brown sacks of radishes, early greens and limp lettuce for scurvy-mouthed children. Everyone is warm again, and everything in the past and present is obliterated by tomorrow for there is one season when a man can live in the future: Spring.

In looking through "Reflections—1941" I find this little verse that was written last spring:

OF PEOPLE The parks in town are green this Spring And filled with people, squirrels, pansies, And singing birds. The parks in town are green this spring. War is predicted for next winter. Empty might be the parks next spring, But the birds shall come again and sing.

A Sunday not too long ago to remember, I was in Juarez, and it was a morning like this past Sunday. I walked where bright sunlight beamed on barren streets of white earth packed tight by cart wheels and hundreds of busy feet. I saw rows and rows of little pink huts that were dark and dirty inside. Hungry children played in the doorways or out in the streets. Their bright clothes flashed in and out among long black

dresses and veils of women that passed. Village dogs circled the doorways looking for food. Old graves nearby were without a sprig of grass as though their inmates had absorbed what little life was ever there. A primitive terra cotta Christus on one tomb reminded me that the lowest people have a desire for beauty.

An empty ruined fort on the hill was silent, and within its flakey, bullet-marked walls there grazed a languid goat whose milk sustained some family perhaps. I couldn't help but think how the lowest people will always fight for survival. There it was: the boat and the fort—wonderful symbols to me. And though forts fall into decay, there will be others built.

At least two hundred villagers worshipped in the hot, stagnant air of the mission. I had rudely burst in and was looking intently at the beautiful hand-carved beams, wax figures of the saints with glass eyes and real hair, and the old shrines housing holy relics when—an old, old man put his gnarled hands on my shoulders and unflinchingly pushed until I was outside the mission and stood in the court. I couldn't help but think that the lowest have respect for some god they define.

So on going from place to place in that steril looking little village, I could see man and all his natures. I was surprised when I matched with kings the activity, survival, life, death, war, peace, desire for beauty, and religion of these simple people. Men are so much alike everywhere.

We congratulate Lou on an amusing edition. Such fun wearing the editors pants for a day and saying "damn, damn, damn—Hello Dr. Cooper." And our thanks to Flossie for that parody. It reminded us that we haven't read "The Rape of the Lock" since English 22. As to the Lynx Chat comment on our demented state: I shouldn't joke about afflicted people; it might happen to you too.

Comments . . .

The Track Is Open—

With the first track meet about a month off, the outlook is both hopeful and dubious. The hopeful aspect exists because of the return to the field of several veterans, and because of the turn-out of a number of new faces. The vets, because of their experience in the past, should make a good showing this year. The new track men are only potentiality, but potentiality that may turn into reality. And there has been an admirable turn-out.

The dubious side of the picture lies in the fact that in some events—hurdles, sprints, weights—the entrants are few. Those who would have been vets have gone into the service and the coaching staff is almost without the wherewithal to coach.

This may be the announcement waited for by some of the college men. For, some students, especially freshmen and sophomores, have been afraid to go out for track because of competition with more athletic fellows. Now is their chance. With a month to train for the first meet, the question can definitely be settled as to whether or not they have any ability along the line of track.

Although the war situation leaves sports a little baffled as to the course of its material, it may be working a good. For although the war is taking many of the larger, more athletic men, it is necessitating participation in sports by men who did not before. It may serve to bring to light undiscovered material, and to give confidence to those who in the past were shy as to their prowess. Here's hoping that the fellows here at Southwestern will take enough interest in its activities to enable them to continue despite the war.

We Have Visitors—

With the coming of the spring season, there also comes to the campus quite a few visitors for one purpose or another. And there also arises again the problem of the attitude of the student body toward these visitors.

On a number of occasions in the past, Southwesternites have been accused of being snooty towards the people who visit the campus. Of course, we can deny the truth of the accusation,

Lynx Chat

Your little Lynx Pussy is back again, after a short vacation at the expense of certain unmentionable Southwestern coeds, who managed this column rather badly during our absence. So great was our shock on viewing the tattered, stinking remnants of what was heretofore a fairly respectable news column, that we fairly howled with rage as we brewed a double-strength catnip tea to nerve ourselves to return to work. We resolved to take this defeat stoically, and have definitely committed ourselves to the policy of ignoring those who were pointed out as having had an ulterior motive in contributing the general grotesquerie last week. Don't forget to read the whole column this week to see who is the WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

And having sedulously avoided Editor Cogswell since last Friday, we hope to bring you again an unbiased report of doings on ye old playground, the valley college . . . the passing seen a week or more ago: Billy Bowman ignoring Nancy Jane in favor of Prestone Presley . . . anti-freeze . . . get it? Whittitt rushing spring by sitting on the grass with Hinckley . . . Kelly with Mary New instead of Howry, Fleet Edwards with Junior Leaguer Pritchard . . . V. A. Furr and Ming lunching at grill . . . Mary Hunter with George Schulte, new man . . . and so on.

And of course spring always brings its quota of campus sitters . . . of whom more when there are more . . . the only one we've noticed in days past being the eternal Carey and Dowdle . . . But away to the ATO, as fertile a field for undercover activity as we've ever seen . . . And without further ado we give you the prize couple of the night . . . Dixon Connell, who didn't know he had a date with Willy until the Sou'wester came out . . . whoever wrote that story is just a little Cupid and nothing more . . . Reddest face of the evening: George Case, when date Peggy Kelly suffered a violent attack of hiccoughs in the hall . . . exit Case blushing to water cooler . . . Surprise of the week (this takes precedence over pop quizzes): Ed Adams' beaming mustache with a background of white tie and . . . Mary Hunter . . . Sperm only comment was 'a sinner didn't kiss an angel' . . . Sam McCullough with his lipstick smeared, although Meredith's wasn't . . . and Zombie Wright sulked at home all night because O'Hearne got a date with Miss Barron . . . And having exhausted ourselves and the news at the ATO, we speed to Pete's in time to catch a glimpse of Carlton Freeman late-dating with some unknown . . .

We wonder if Cheves actually has Alford fooled, when so many better men have failed . . . but it wasn't this that caused Cheves to pay blackmail last week . . . somebody must have seen him at Bon Air . . . and its reported that even that intellectual game of games has been banned for the Social Room, which leads us to believe that purity is here to stay . . . But we suggest that the chess games continue and that doors be put on the room, which will solve all difficulties. . . Upon seeing Ensign in hot pursuit of Mary Ware around a corner of the Science Bldg. some innocent bystander is said to have remarked that Spring was certainly come, and that it reminded him of his home in the mountains . . . And George Marshall seems to be becoming quite serious about Betty Jean . . . The Hughes-Sieving bust-up so adroitly reported last week, was given an added fillip by Manny's election . . . If Peggy had only known but the disguise couldn't have been penetrated except by a medium . . . We prophesy that "SUPERB" Potts won't make Lynx Chat again . . . not after writing about herself that way . . . It seems that Ethel Williams' Harvard short story notes were too great an attraction to Randy, and now he and Miss Brittingham are speaking coolly . . . Congrats to B. Barrett, STAB Day Stabbee . . . and Frinzie they all dined off the backs of the unsuspecting Southwesterners.

And once again we bring you the thing you've all been waiting for (especially Howry) — fanfare. THE WOMAN OF THE WEEK . . . this

week's prize, a first edition of the Works of Machiavelli, goes for the second time to Miss Louise Howry, by her own admission BWOC., who was the only girl to appear at ATO with two corsages . . . the Editor of last week's Sou'wester, in which those mystic familiar five letters HOWRY appeared nine times (actual count), she was also the proud recipient of the title of most stylish girl . . . Further details on the past life of this outstanding example of Southwestern womanhood may be obtained from any one or all of the following: Emmett Kelly, Malcolm Hinson, Bob McRae (Vandy), Elder Shearon, or Robert Rhodes (U. T.). NEXT WOMAN OF THE WEEK will not be Lou, unless she burns down Palmer or marries Kelly in the interim, both of which the Sou'wester staff by a vote of 34 to 1 consider unlikely . . . Your Lynx Pussy, in the minority, suspects that anything can happen now . . . And Bill Tarver is reported to have said, "It's the intellectual atmosphere that radiates from Miss South that attracts me."

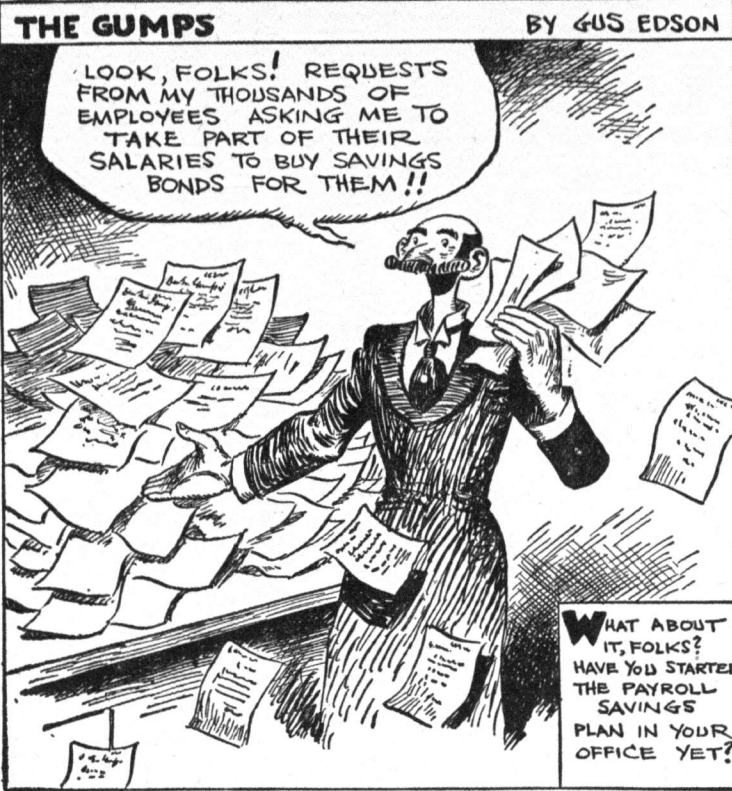
We wish to make an especial plea this week for some of those pins to start moving . . . things are certainly getting quiet around the campus, even if Miss Presley suspects that we don't know what's going on . . . In answer, we know what went on on her Saturday date with Cable but that was nothing . . . Seems Mignon's bark is worse . . . But our parting thought of the week is in a somewhat lighter vein than usual . . . Why not let Kitty hold all student assemblies for the rest of the year . . . we're rather bored with Shearon, who we don't believe is speaking with authority when he says that Kitty's ankles are bigger than Joe Kennedy's . . . have you measured them, Elder? . . . We think not . . . aloha.

LOGICAL REVERBERATIONS

(Continued from Page 1)
he is the coming thing. All of which brings to mind:

A bird-legged lassie named Howry Always seemed to believe Kelly would stay on the string While she had McRae up her sleeve. But she was not alone. She had cohorts—cohorts who used the Coed to make up for all the disappointments of the past, and who led you to doubt the existence of a philosophically ideal woman. One cohort particularly, who had a great deal of experience in the past as Coed editors, contributed an article worthy of shaming the best reputed editors. But its statements were revealing—"But I seemed to appeal only to the maternal in Miss Moorhead." This, evidently written by the object herself, reveals all the traits of a personality frustrated in an attempted coup d'etat. And she must have been frustrated, to have made such a reaction as she did—a lanky, tossed headed birdlover, whose greatest accomplishments in life are to see what's written on the bottom of the bottle. The rest of the already-mentioned article is, of course, fallacious—an attempt to overcome paranoia by revenge. A key chain in these times is a necessity; locks are necessities—one does not know who to trust. "Snuggles" is a name applied to the person in question since he cut his first tooth, merely an evidence of the affection of his proud parents.

The normal reaction to the Coed was expressed by a little earth worm several days ago. He had found his way into the Sou'wester office, and was chewing on a last remaining Coed Edition (one that the editors missed in her effort to impress all of her relatives in Mississippi). The poor little fellow, when he read what he was eating, turned over and died. And there he remains as evidence, a warning to other designing females. All of which is relevant, very relevant.



Senior Sudatorium

Dearies, you should have heard old Grannie cackle when she read the Coed's tackle on the "Pseudo-Sudatorium" . . . and Miss Howry, as your point 4 stated, you may well be scared . . . if you were just a Senior . . . AHA! I think I should begin it this way:

There was once a Miss Bird Legs Howry
Who was the essence of the bowery.

But I can't be wasting time and space with you because it's time to open the pretty, pretty book to page four. See the picture of the little Brownie with pointed ears? Now let Grannie read you what it says:

To Weenie the 'ittle Brownie
To Southwestern ladies there's no one meaner
Than darling, angelic 'ittle Weener.
Frankfurters adorn his coat or arms—
Symbolic of his rotund charms.
Mr. Disney, for a full length future feature strip
Why not investigate my worthwhile tip?

Of Miss Eckel
So now it's time to heckle
That charming girl, Miss 'Charlotte Eckel!
With Rhodes you always used to be—
Alas, we see no more of you and he!
Could it be that Siviter is sweeter?
(We know, you spell it was "a" Rhoades)

Emmett Edward Kelly B.M.O.C.
So you're basking in the light of Lou?
There'll come a day I promise you
When you'll confide in Toughie Hinson
Opinions on this scheming vixen!
Anyone who'll rhyme "vixon" with "Hinson"
Must be "inson."

Lines to Miss Foster
We'll never forget to remember
A ravishing sight last November . . .
You came to "The Tavern" in exotic gown of blue.
Ah, Betsy! No one could have filled it up like you.

Brief Observation on Bob Siedentopf
Bob's not sufficiently alarming
To ere be called Prince Charming.
(Much less 'Snuggles')

Of Miss Paine
We're glad Miss Paine
Is not lame . . .
There'd be so much
Of Miss Paine to limp.

He—"When I get up in the morning, you are in my first thoughts, darling."
Darling—"Yes, but Bob says that, too."
He—"Well, what if he does? I get up before him."

"I see she's let her hair go dark again."
"Yes—she's off the gold standard."

Customer—"Do you think that long hair makes a man look intellectual?"
Barber—"Not when his wife finds it on his coat; it then makes him look foolish."

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Concerning Art Society Notes

The Empress wished to commune with her late husband whose present abode was in hell. So, preceding the sacrifice of several obliging courtiers, she whined, "Take a message to my husband in Hades." But—(here's the catch) one courtier declined the honorable errand. "Why, you bit of vermin? Were you not on speaking terms with the late Emperor?" "Ah, I was intimate with the Emperor, your majesty, but not half so intimate as you were. Therefore precede me!"

You probably notice in this little episode something characteristic of a gay people, cynical, and sophisticated. The story is typical; here's another: A beautiful lady dressed in white (mourning) stood furiously fanning a new grave. Pedestrians were curious, but she worked too intently to find time for conversation. Her obliging servant explained though: "At the side of her husband's deathbed, she had wanted to swear that she should become a nun. He would not permit it. Well, she would swear never to remarry. He wouldn't permit that either (broad wasn't he)—If she must swear though, he suggested that she remain unmarried until the sod on his grave should have time to dry.

Well, so much for that, and to the art: They thought much of death, knowing they'd be deceased for a long, long time, so what—that's right—they filled their tombs with objects that would serve and comfort the spirit in its long life after death of the body. Of course, they believed the spirit dwelt in the burial place. With this in mind, most town drunkards asked to be buried beside a potter's kiln, on the sporting chance that the body's clay might sometime become a good old wine jug!
Amazing thing! Omar Khayyam had the same idea:

FIRST EDITION, XXXV
I think the Vessel, that with fugitive Articulation answered' once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold lip I kissed
How Many Kisses might it take—and give!
But here I'm Randoming again in pure fancy—theirs was a golden age of arts and letters, and their empire was the largest and strongest on the earth. They had paper money, and
(Continued on page 4)

TRI DELTA ELECTS
Delta Psi of Delta Delta elected its new officers Monday night at the sorority lodge. New officers are: Louise Howry, president, Virginia Brittingham, vice-president, Mary Hunter, secretary, and Vera Byrd Hager, treasurer.

AOPI PLEDGING AND SUPPER
Margery O'Kelley, president of Alpha Omicron Pi announces the pledging of Alice Chapman of Atmore, Alabama.

A supper was held at 6 o'clock at the house Wednesday night for the actives and pledges of the sorority. Marianne McCalla was in charge of refreshments.

KAPPA DELTA INITIATES
The following girls were given their final degree of initiation into Kappa Delta Sorority Wednesday night: Margery Allen, Anne Middleton, Anne Howard Bailey, Imogene Williamson, Adah Hamblen, Elizabeth Anne Hensley, and Lee Conley. Anne Howard Bailey was given the scholarship award and Imogene Williamson was chosen as best pledge.

MATHEWS LEADS CHI O'S
Milton Mathews was recently installed as president of Chi Omega. Jesse Woods is the new vice-president; Ladye Margaret Craddock, the secretary; Marion McKee, treasurer; and Peggy Hughes, pledge mistress.

LOEW'S
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Second Week
BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE
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SPORTSMEN'S CORNER . . .

By CHEVES LIGON

The signs of SPRINGTIME are appearing in a big way here on the Southwestern campus. With the coming of Spring, our sporting instinct drives us out to watch the athletes at play. But neither our tennis veterans nor our track stars are playing. They're working hard, concentrating on getting into shape, and looking ahead to their first meets which will take place in the near future. The tennis team is experienced. Meacham, Collier, Wellford, and Hinson are performing for their third straight seasons, and have provided plenty of competition for many formidable foes throughout this period. Arkansas State comes up first on next Saturday afternoon, followed by Alabama's crack outfit the following Tuesday. The Lynx should reign successfully on the courts.

KEEPING STEAM UP ON THE TRACK. The Lynx cinderman are also hard at work. Lacking experience in College competition, the positions are being sought after by a few veterans and several freshman aspirants. At present it's hard to even imagine what the prospects will be. The ol' Lynx spirit can't fail, tho'.

While we're on this very important subject, we're reminded of the Naval Relief Meet which is to be held tomorrow in New York. This event is being groomed as the biggest thing the Bronx has seen since the Dodgers popped up there to meet the Yankees in the World Series. The feature event of the afternoon shows a return match between Les MacMitchell, present holder of the World Record in the Mile Run, and Gil Dodds. Last Saturday, Dodds surprised the sport's world by upsetting MacMitchell in

this event and attaining the position of the title-holder. His record made at the A. A. U. meet last Saturday fell short of a previous mark set by MacMitchell. Of added interest to this Mile-event is the possibility of one of the boys breaking the present record. The Naval Relief Society has also contracted such potent cindermen as Greg Rice, Chuck Beetham, John Borican, the crack Georgetown mile relay team, and Roy Cochran whom some of you perhaps saw win the 220 yards event here last Spring at the Cotton Carnival. What we wouldn't give to be there!

THERE'S THE SUBJECT OF BASE BALL which must not go unnoticed any longer. At this point it would be unorthodox to favor any Major League outfit 'cept the Dodgers and Yanks. However, Cincinnati's Reds seem to have made more progress than any other club at the stage. It may be the year for the Reds to make their comeback to the top of the baseball world. . . . Our idol of the diamond is Ted Williams, who slams them out for Boston. He wasn't good enough to gain the coveted 'Most Valuable' award last season, although he led DiMaggio in practically every branch of the batting department, ending the season with the highest batting average made in the Majors since Ty Cobb's .416. Williams may go to the Army, and if he does it will mean that baseball loses its most colorful and determined performer. The game's loss will definitely be the Army's gain.

We've got all this and much more to look forward to. Things will be clicking in a week or two! GOOD . . . BYE BONDS.'

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:
I ain't the kine to complane, but there's something I think orght to be said. There's too many of these wimmen floating aroun this kampus wid rings, and wings, and pins, and such as that. And I don't like that smugg little aire they wear along wid them. Youd think the rest of us gals couldn't get them if'n we wanted them rite now. Youd think we couldn't get a man in the artillery, or the aire core, or the navel reserve, or even the C O D, or whatever it is.

As I said befour, I ain't the kine to complane, but I think there jus afrade of gettin left out in the cold. There jus afrade that because the rest of we gals are doin so well aroun hear, we'll show them up, specially on Saturday night. So, they get their selves a man, far off where none of us can see him, or know what he's like. Or they only let him show up fer a few days, sos we can't find out what he's really like. So now instead of sittin home night by theirselves,

they sit home wid a ring or something like that. That's allrite wid me, but where do they git that smugg scared.

Yores truly,
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STUDENTS 2 FOR 1 MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

CONCERNING ART

(Continued from Page 3)
they printed from movable type. The sun of their civilization never shown brighter than from the seventh to the tenth centuries—Europe was as black as night.

They enjoyed life and drank lots. Their greatest poet, the immortal and almost legendary Li Po, called the Banished Angel, died drunk as a lord—trying to embrace the moon in the Yellow River!

In crude, earlier periods custom forced men's wives, harlots, servants and pets to be interred with them. But like all people on earth, the Chinese took the sting out of religion and made a farce of it—but don't get me wrong: a very worthwhile farce, because here's the advent of T'ang pottery! An image was simply buried instead of an individual.

The coup de grace is that Miss Grave-Fanner several paragraphs back finally turned to the worship of her husband's image—so faithfully indeed that it gave her, in pity and condolence for her sad companionless state, a child—evasive people, these T'angs!

As to the objects d'art, we are left pottery pillows often of cream ware bearing an incised floral spray on an elaborate foilate ground. The green and yellow glazes are invariably well preserved after many centuries in the tomb. From the grave of a Chinese merchant prince who lived between A.D. 618 and 906, there comes a little saddled horse of beautiful blue glaze—assurance of a worthy mount for travels beyond this life.

Likely from the tomb of a famous T'ang beauty is a small figure in green and vermilion glaze with a mirror in one hand and about to apply cosmetic with the forefinger of the other. I suppose the idea was that death may not dim the beauty of the deceased.

For ten centuries asleep in the cool tombs of China the dead never lacked once for entertainment; there sat little pottery figures of girl musicians forever about to beat the cymbals or twang the four stringed lute. Made sometime between the seventh

Tennis Season Opens

With the coming of Spring, some young men's fancy has turned to tennis. Four veterans, Meacham, Hinson, Collier and Wellford, have been loosening up their muscles and knocking a few precious balls around on the hard surfaced court. As yet no freshmen have put in their appearance. However, Sam Greenberger, freshman champ, Bill Haynes, and Hayes Owen are expected to battle it out for fifth spot.

The first match of this season will be held on Saturday, March 28, a week from tomorrow against Arkansas College. Last season the tennis team won all except two matches, losing to Spring Hill and Vandy. Meacham, probably, will occupy his number one spot with Collier, Wellford and Hinson following in that order. In the doubles Meacham will team with Hinson and Collier with Wellford.

As the Sou'wester goes to press the city clay courts are being conditioned and barring inclement weather will possibly be in shape by the time you read this article.

and tenth centuries, their cream pottery surface was painted vermilion and white but unglazed (red glaze was not used in the T'ang period). So, sans glaze only traces of the original coloring of these may be seen today.

The few figures I have described are in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, and I give the credit for most of this information, to A. G. Who is he? So far as I know—a very brilliant and modest writer.

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INTRAMURALS

Highlight of the intramural program the past week was the defeat of the Lee boys of Kappa Alpha by the mighty stalwarts of Kappa Sigma in the semi-finals of the 880 relay Wednesday afternoon. With Buddy McNess getting a quick start, the Kappa Sigs managed to hold a lead all the way around and were never seriously threatened. Their time was 1:42.5, which is plenty good for an intramural team. McNees, Spain, Shearon, and Whip Kennedy ran for the winners, and Allen, O'Hearne, Williams, and Marshall tried for the losers.

In the second match of the semi-finals Thursday afternoon, the SAE team defeated the PiKA's to enter the finals this afternoon against the Kappa Sigs. The finals will probably be held about 2 p.m. and a large crowd should turn out to witness the race. The Kappa Sigs are favored to win, and a school record may be set if they are pushed very hard.

The 880 relay is replacing the old three mile relay this year. This change was made because it was felt that competition would be just as keen, and the strain would not be as great. The first round in the tug-of-war has been run off, with the SAE and Kappa Sig teams outpuling the K.A.'s and PiKA's. Finals will be run off the first of the next week.

The intramural track meet will be held in the next two weeks, and Spring softball will start April 1.

The standings of the organizations are as follows:

S. A. E.	611
K. A.	485
K. S.	427
Pi K. A.	308
N. F.	289
A. T. O.	244
S. N.	163

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ON THE NATION'S FRONT



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