

THE SOU'WESTER

Student Bi-Weekly Publication of Southwestern at Memphis

26th Year—2722

SOUTHWESTERN, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DECEMBER 19, 1944

No. 7

Christmas Comes But Once A Year---It Shouldn't Happen To A Dog

Tinsel And Tissue Untied; Prepare Poor People For Pathetic Presents

At Southwestern this year the students have inaugurated a custom which promises to have far-reaching effects. During the last two weeks of December everyone is leaving school and going home for a holiday. This holiday is called Christmas and we think it is a very good idea. The purpose of Christmas is to give presents to everyone that you think could give a nicer one back to you, and to flood the mails with 130 million cards a day. The stores and post offices are cooperating with the students, the former having gone to all the fire sales in the South for the past six months and the latter lowering the price of stamps to three cents.

This custom was started by Miss Ann Howard Hailey and Miss Ginny Crutcher with the faculty supervision of Dr. Kelso. Mr. Springfield has caught the spirit and given each dormitory (except Stewart, of course) \$5.00 with which they can buy a tree, tinsel, bells, baubles, a piano, and a rug. The tree is to put the presents under and also to keep us warm during the cold spell.

Of course it's been a little too early to find out exactly what everyone is giving everyone else, since the shopping season doesn't start till Dec. 24, but we have been able to find out a few things. Virginia Cartwright is giving her roommate a black plate glass gown and Warren Buford is giving her a pair of ear muffs. Imoene Williamson is giving Mrs. Rice (Aunt Mary to the K. D.'s) 12 dozen grapefruit and a first aid kit. Jo Thornton is giving Westy Tate a periscope and a policeman's whistle and someone is giving Jo Thornton 25 boxes of matches and a big pile of leaves.

Mr. Blankenship, from Monette, Ark., has bought a Hudson seal fur coat and three gold teeth with Love, Love, Love, carved on them but we can't figure out who it's for yet. The Honor Council is presenting Cissy Kelton and Fondren with two packages of Luckies and a bottle of Old Granddad sleeping powders. Gloria Cook is giving Elizabeth Fülkereth a

(Continued on page 2)



Pictured above is Ed Dewey

The Typical Start Of A Perfect Day

There is something about Chapel every morning that starts your day just right. Since our car pool tours the City of Memphis before we reach our destination, Southwestern, we all rise early, the idea being to get to Chapel on time. Of course each member allows himself to oversleep once in a while. This means a late start on an average of every morning. The prospect of being late again dampens our already groggy spirits and wrapped in gloomy silence we race at a mad pace through stop signs and traffic lights.

The only being who dares impede our progress is a small safety council boy who plants himself firmly in our path, and drunk with power, holds us at a standstill until it pleases him that we should move on. When our car has been installed in the parking lot we disentangle arms, legs, books, and suitcases and light out in the general direction of Palmer Hall.

Exhausted, we stumble up the steps and what do we find—we made it! We sink into our seats in a daze and the next thing we know someone is pulling us to our feet while voices in the distance faintly ring—"We've got the team rah-rah—"

The Greatest Story Ever Written

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch over their flocks by night. And the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men.

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger.

One Serving Of Tonight At SAE

SAE will hold another party tonight. They do this every once in a while. They think that the student body just sits around waiting for an SAE party.

No one knows what will happen, noteven the "members and actives."

The guests will probably sing "Violet."

The guests will probably have too much to eat.

The guests will probably sing "Violet."

The guests will probably include all the "frogs" of the school.

The guests will probably sing, "Sing, Brother, Sing."

The guests will probably sing "Violet."

The party will probably run far into the night.

WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO AT AN SAE PARTY?

One Serving Of Ham On Rye

Don't Blame The Author He's Trying For Stylus

Zeta Tau Alpha entertained Saturday night with a supper in the north hall of Ellis Auditorium.

Flash Gordon was there. The guests dined on peanuts and orange sherbet (which looked suspiciously like some of Mrs. Greenhill's pre-holiday ware).

A floor show was given by Miss Peggy Gallimore.

After the floor show Peggy Gallimore led the group in individual singing.

After the dinner, the guests adjourned to Mud Island for dancing.

The island was decorated with Zeta's colors of black and blue.

After the dance the guests adjourned to Front Street for an intermission party.

The party continued until the chaperones were drunk. Then everyone went home.

Here's Another Bit Of Corn!

Well, since it's getting close to Xmas time, I knew the lil' quips and gals at ole S'western would be writing notes to Santa—so-o-o-o—I, being a near relation to St. Nick himself, took the privilege of peeking into some of these letters.

On the very top of the stack was a cute, lil' gold edged envelope from lil' Irma. She wants a letter from her one certain doctor in France. St. Nick is sending a special, Irma. It seems that cutie of the stage, Katherine Brown, has gotten her Xmas gift from Santa, a bee-u-ti-ful fur coat. Oh yes, and Santa is painting up a new pair of specs for P. Gallimore. A cute lil' letter from "Dimples" Austin said please tell J. Gideon to phone. Ring-ring-ring, that's it, Betty Jo. Another envelope, trimmed in blue, from Mary Ellen—Bobby Barham (joint letter I s'pose), a couple o' tickets for the Peabody and Claridge. A letter of request for information from Sissy D. "To her can I get some mitstletoe?" A party, could be??? Of course the business-like telegram from G. Crutcher and Imogene, "Plenty of dates during holidays urgently requested." One little note I almost overlooked, from one Wee Willie. He wants more attention. You'll probably get a severe letter from Santa Bouton. From the smallest to the largest—from one extreme to the other—a huge, official looking envelope from "Broderick."

He asks Santa to please leave a note in all the Staffs' stockings, telling them to please get their copy for the S'western in on time! And, oh yes, some new bow ties with blue, yellow, purple and green polka dots. Here's one, printed by hand. It reads: "Please leave me a marcel like H. Hawkins," Mac Turnage. My! My! Mac. Oh, goodness, this letter asks Santa to leave a French Pony—better not say who that blond is. Some of these letters Santa will have to keep till after the war—for instance Ted Johnson's convertible—Margaret Pace's Penthouse—Brent's Ranch—Cunningham's airplane—but don't get discouraged, kiddied, Santa files all his letters—(confidentially, I do most of it). I see the North Pole Mail Man coming again so I'd better put these away and go read over Santa's shoulder the wants and whims of his other darlings.

Here's Winston's Christmas Story

Santa Claus is on the way. So you had better be a good boy. But have no Utopian ideas for eleventh-hour reconciliation with Santa. Because the dose may be stronger than you can take all in one shot. For instance, take the example of Winston. (Don't be so egotistical, Cheairs; any similarity to you is purely coincidental!)

It all started on the bus on which Winston was riding downtown. Everybody had a strange look, and looked strangely at him because he didn't look so strange. He noted an abundance of packages even for warring war-workers. Everything, even the weather, seemed different this November. Then the whole idea struck him (a wicked blow). And when he awoke, he knew that it was no longer November; the rush was on—the Christmas shoplifting rush. And then he deduced that the Fraternity Christmas party was close at hand—and he hadn't gotten a date.

The two thoughts in his mind, of strategically and politically selecting a date and of pleasing St. Nick, clashed violent. But then they united into one: Winston was going to take seven girls, his rightful ration according to the Southwestern census; and surely Santa would think he was sweeter than even Banning. Now Winston must concentrate on buying presents to give all of those dates at the party.

Sensing that his destination was drawing near, Winston began plowing towards the door of the bus. When it stopped, he was hurled out of the door into a gulf stream of madly rushing, boorish individuals who conveniently deposited him in Woolworth's lingerie department. That's why seven girls got such embarrassing presents at the party.

The day of the party rolled around. Willing Winston was raring to go. Still not completely in the Yuletide mood, however, he innoculated himself with additional Christmas spirits (plural). Incidentally, this really did the trick; he felt just like a Christmas tree—he was all lit up! So then he set his chariot upon the winding way. Since his watch had stopped, he added to four o'clock in the afternoon, the product of seven dates times an average time loss of thirty minutes per date, to obtain the approximate time of his arrival. And his calculation was accurate, for 7:30 (Continued on page 2)



LYNX CHAT . . .

AND THE FIRST GRIM FAIRY TALE OF THE YEAR



"'Twas the night before Christmas When all through the house Not a creature was stirring Not even a mouse— The house was awaked by a very loud call, Hi Ho Silver, the chimney's too small!"

(There will now be a slight pause to open the window. But at least it's not as bad as Dr. A's "The Autumn Leaves Are Falling"). In case you're wondering if this is the Poet's Nook, no, it ain't true but I'm getting that esthetic.

Now getting back to the proletarian level (your level, you dope) let's shift into second and reach in the grab bag:

Evergreen Hall receives nightly lectures concerning the all-important subject, love. Yes, and Carlos is the teacher. I hear his roommate is taking it all in, too. Don't tell me strumming guitars are going to be the next step.

By the way, ask any of the Kappa Sigs about Kimbrough Boren's—er, ah, little sister. Quite a gal, huh.

Our sympathies extended to Hugh Jones in his hour of loss and sorrow. When will you dope heads learn that all women—yes, even Bev, change their minds. Meet you at the Rose Bowl, Bev.

You know, life is complex. Here we had it all figured out that Wizzie and Willie were the campus' best couple. But Willie is seen with Bouton quite a bit, but on the other

hand Bouton and Evard are getting around, but on top of that Evard and Winnie haven't had a swan song yet. While on the subject had ya' heard about Evard, Bouton, and the diamond ring? She didn't take it and who would, because after all "dearest" Winnie still has her beat. (Twenty percent tax included).

O K, Fletcher Scott, how 'bout making up your mind? It's McCormick one night and Camille Bailey the next. Gee whiz, this could go on indefinitely and you never would get anywhere.

Some night when you're not studying for a test (am I kidding?) try to get Patsy Page, Ann Bradshaw, Emily Williamson, Nancy McMahon, or Nancy Kizer on the phone. It ain't hoomanly possible on account of because they spend the night calling to find out if one of the others has had a call from Millington. Involved isn't it?

Our reward of melted snowflakes and G minor chords goes to the missing link of the week—none other than the extinguished Donny (I'm from Scotland) McGuire. This title is bestowed upon him due to his pigeon-toed walk with or without the book on his head; for refusing the Skyway after the Kappa Sig party because he heard it was a den of iniquity; and most important of all for wrapping up gentle Julia like a sack of flour when he dances with her. No, no, Donny, remember your educational lectures in Senior Bible.

Betty Barber, kindly refrain from leaving your address book lying around with your opinion of certain boys in it. It's a little too hot for other people to handle.

Have you met "Diamond Jim" Pentz? Jim Henry has and boy, was he taken!

Overheard: Jimmy Blankenship to Sue Dugger, quote, "May I borrow a pair of pants?" unquote. After the atmosphere had cleared it was found blue jeans was what he wanted. Say what you mean, ole boy.

Nim is going to install a garage outside Evergreen for the Buick always parked there. Gee Vadis, isn't it kinda cold with just two aaaaaaall alone?

The title "women of the week" goes to the cast of the S. You did a grand job and everyone enjoyed it. Bet you'll never forget—small talk and jokes before rehearsal starts—Texas' attempted swagger in high heels—Prof's blithe nonchalance—Naida's persistence in muttering under her breath thru others' lines—worry over costumes—Wiggin's consuming thirst—Bailey's inevitable mutter "You're covering me!"—the confusion of making an entrance—miscues, disgust, weariness, patience, humor, cooperation and fun.

Say, you, let's make a resolution (yep, I hate 'em too). But did you ever sit in the back of a classroom and see hair stringing down the backs of those in front of you? Pretty awful. Maybe we could look a little

more decent and a little less unkempt and run down at the heels. So your husband or man is overseas. Sister, we gotta' look at you anyway. Noff said.

Metzer, how are you and "just-call-me-Paul" (Fanning) getting along? Jackson, what a team.

Carrier is still on those pink clouds from the visit of her sailor. Have to admit, he wasn't bad.

People we wish would let their hair down and just become one of the gang. Margaret Austin and Lee Conley. (The latter is not to take the first too seriously). But honestly, kids, bet people would like you if you'd let them.

Enough of this bulling. Don't let your fire burn too brightly Christmas Eve because—well—Santa might have disastrous effects. But have a super time and puleese, for my sake, don't study all of your vacation. That's a good child; I knew you'd take my advice.

Lotz of wishes and stuff. Buenos snowflakes.

GRIM FAIRY TALE No. 1

Once upon a time there was a big, GOOD wolf. This wolf lived up in the woods of North Carolina. Now, for some unknown reason he decided he would like a Southwestern exposure. So he journeyed down to the zoo.

Now the wolf was not an ordinary

wolf. He had long, blond hair and when he talked he didn't say "o-w-t" and "a-b-o-w-t," like all normal wolves do. He said "o-o-o-t" and "a-b-o-o-o-t" and he was very cute.

Now, as we said, he was a good wolf. He was a very athletic wolf, too. He would get in the middle of the forest and run and run. And all the little she wolves would say, "Isn't Thomas (for his name was Thomas Wolf) a big-hero?" And the wolf would just smile and smile, because he thought he was a big hero, too.

But even a nice wolf like this one, with blond hair and an accent, can't be a lone wolf. He had to join with some other wolves, and so he asked all the little she wolves (because he already was big friends with the she-wolves) who was the best wolf in the forest, and they all said (jumping up and down with glee) "Eveready Wolf." And so our wolf joined with Eveready Wolf and the two of them made a wonderful pair.

One day when he was walking through the forest, he saw a beautiful Blacklocks and he went over to her and said, "Whose little wolf are you?"

And she said, "I'm Anne Howard Wolf's little wolf. Whose are you?"

And he said, "I'm Eveready's little wolf."

And she said "Goody, that is so fine."

But she could tell he was the kind of a wolf who had a purpose in life

and so she asked him, "What's your purpose in life?"

And he said, "To wooo."

And she said, "Whooo?"

And he said, "Youuuuu!"

And so that was settled.

So now our wolf spent all his time walking around the forest with his new-found she wolf. And she spent all her time walking around the forest with her new-found he wolf. And it was very sweet.

Now, some of the animals in the forest didn't like little Thomas Wolf. Especially the Single-Adenoid-Elephants and the Kangaroo-Antelopees, but he didn't mind that, as long as he had his little wolf and sweet, old Eveready Wolf.

But, one day, when he was walking around the forest, with little Blacklocks and Eveready, he stopped—his—toe!!!!

And this aggravated Thomas so much that he said, "CH, F-U-D-G-E!!! And when he realized what he had done, he said hastily, "I mean—oh fudge ice-cream."

But it was too late. The deed was done.

And he fell down on the grass and said, "Oh please forgive me."

But it was too late. All his friends deserted him. And he was alone in the zoo. And he was a sad little wolf.

And the moral of this story is: Wolves should know when to keep their mouths shut, or, where were you last Saturday night, Dewey?

Poem poem POEM

Money-mad with hair torn down
We race around this crowded town
But wait! shop not for your own stockings—
For soon St. Nick will come a knocking
He'll bring some gifts all tied with cheer
Special things too; so lend your ear.

Mercy Percy-hope Flutt will gain
A lifelong pill to ease that pain.
Everade's wish from Santa's known
He wants a doll to call his own.
Rollin darlin's quite the kid
Girls! Santa gives to the highest bid.
Rolls and rolls of pretty yarn
Goes to guess who? that's right,
Moron.
Yuletide season brings Banning her man
Quote "That's the bestest gift what am."

Crutcher's room has its own decoration
A calendar which marks a great celebration
Hurry, Santa, bring Fish do-re-mi
For Washington's calling and so is Fike
Ruffles, frills and plenty of shirts
Please bring to Tag so he can flirt—
I think that Santa is bringing a phone
For Peggy G. to call her own—

Snowflake has hopes for millions of men
Will kind Santa bring her some new bobby pins?
Texas co-pexas, te eligo Flexes
Santa do something for bow-legged Texas
Mary McDearman deserves not a thing
She turned down a diamond; in order to sing—
Accidents can happen; planned meetings are nice
What ho! in New York will be Wasserman and Rice
Silent now chillun; Don't cry in your bed
St. Nick will also ride over yo head
With hisses and blesses and everything nice
Do try to be good and take my advice.

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The Pause That Refreshes



PHONE 8-7411

Factory at Fourth at Washington

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 1)
copy of "Clang, Clang, Clang Went the Firebell in C Sharp Minor," and Mac Turnage bought six cans of dog food for Sue Robinson.
Nimrod is giving the girls in Stewart Hall a diamond studded telephone and Jo Shillig is giving Nimrod a new book entitled "Tomorrow's Children."

Robb Hall is getting a megaphone for Peggy Galimore so that she won't have to strain her voice over the telephone and Marianna Woodson is getting a new pompadour from Hot Springs. Nancy Kizer bought five bottles of Goldcrest 51 shampoo for her roommate, Flutt. Third Floor Robb is giving Lucy Hamer a book entitled "My Mama Done Tole Me" and "Texas" Clawson will receive 21 wigs to change hair styles. Mary Belle Currier wants a baby panda and Sara Rolston needs a book on "What Every Dormitory Girl Should Know."

Jane Williams is getting a slot machine so that she can raise money for telephone calls to Atlanta and Dean Johnson's giving Betty Lay 30 extra cuts so that she will have time to meet some new prospects.

Mrs. Rutland has arranged for a refugee from the WPA days to be in the book store next week and she will meet each student a time to meet with him if they so desire. His name is Santy Claus and it seems that he, with the help of his assistant, Dr. Atkinson, is willing to listen to anything anyone wants and then exclaim, "You have to be from the mountains like me, if you want to succeed."

The minimum charge is \$150.00 per minute, but the only reason it is so cheap is because his wife won't let him charge more. Just remember:

Some get 'em
Some don't
Christmas comes
But this year won't.

WINSTON

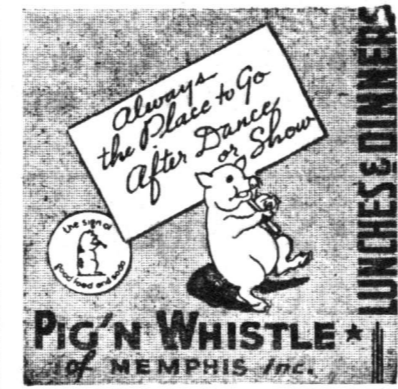
(Continued from page 1)

was the time when the seven-date procession carried him into the party, and dropped him on the sofa.

After reenforcing his weary bones with a few morsels of food, nevertheless, he enjoined in the festivities of the party. However, by about 10 o'clock, he felt like an old dollar bill that has been passed around a crap game all night. It came time for each boy to give a present or presents to his date; afterwards Winston declared that next year he would enlist as a Santa Claus in the Goodfellows. Finally, everybody gathered around and sang Christmas carols; Winston, entangled among seven girls, realized how bad poor Dr. Tuthill must feel about the war. At last the time came for Winston to reload his weary wagon and put it on the road.

Next stop was the "Pig," for again Winston's sagging bones were screaming for nourishment. It seemed those girls ordered more food than the army consumed in the last war. They must not have eaten in weeks. Pass-out food, Winston felt as if he were the Salvation Army.

He was now depleted and disgusted. It seemed he could rediscover the seven wonders of the world quicker than those seven houses. So he disposed of that task—and his seven dates—to the Zip Delivery Company.



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with SIMONE SIMON JAMES ELLISON
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The Great Moment
with JOEL McCREA

Equality

You can divide mankind into two classes, the laborers and the idlers, the supported and the unsupported, the honest and the dishonest.

Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he "wears a crown."

All laborers should be brothers and should have equal rights before the world and before the law.

—Robert G. Ingersoll.

The trouble was that kissing all of them goodnight had been too much of a strain on him. He felt like he had kissed Superman's vacuum cleaner.

So boys, take heed of Winston's example. It doesn't do to wait until just before Christmas to get in good with ole Santa. The necessary dose may be stronger than you can take all in one shot.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
Misses and Juniors
Coats—Suits—Ensembles—Hose
Lingerie—Costume Jewelry

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By Mallory Chamberlin
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The SOUTHWESTER

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William A. Jones, Jr.

La Vogue Beauty Salon
1873 MADISON
AIR-CONDITIONED

Greetings from the Southwestern Grill

LOEW'S PALACE

Starts
Thursday, December 21st
Ronald Coleman
Marlene Dietrich

in "KISMET"

A Metro-Golden-Mayer Production

Loew's STATE

STARTS DECEMBER 23rd
Carmen Miranda
Michael O'Shea
Vivian Blaine

in "Something for the Boys"

IN TECHNICOLOR
20th Century Fox Picture

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