

The Winnahs . . .



MISS S'WESTERN PEGGY HUGHES



MOST ATTRACTIVE JEAN COVINGTON



MOST STYLISH BETTY LEE HANCOCK



BEST ALL-ROUND ALF CANON



MOST HANDSOME RAY ALLEN



MOST POPULAR ED DEWEY

At Last--Secrets Of The Honor Council

What Little Fly On The H. C. Wall Exposed These Hush-Hush Proceedings

Those of us who thru, chronological difficulties beyond our control, missed the joys of the Spanish Inquisition, will be happy to know that the Honor Council has been meeting again.

Altho there is wild conjecture as to the course of said gatherings, no one save those grim judges themselves and their agonized victims know what goes on.

The former, of course, would never tell. (They ain't no fools--say we with tongue in cheek).

And, the poor, battered, beaten victims wouldn't dare!

So--oo--o, We, with our usual healthy curiosity, are forced to draw upon our fertile imagination for a picture of the proceedings within that hallowed inner circle, the HCI (Honor Council Inquisition).

SCENE: The Directors' Room.

TIME: Who knows? Maybe right now.

CHARACTERS: You know who, you dopes.

Lord High Executioner Canon, (striking thrice with his double-headed ax)--The Inquisition will come to order! (He frowns upon sub-executioner Moran who is spitting on the blade of her knife).

McGUIRE: What are we using today--the rack or thumb-screws?

WELLFORD: Well, I don't know, but I think it's just horrible--all this sinning. I think we should--(pauses dramatically).

ALL (gasping): You mean--(She nods, stary-eyed with righteousness.)

ALLEN looks upon her with pleasure.

LHEX: (raps firmly) We'll decide the punishment later--(turns to Cox) Bring in the victim. And remember--he's guilty until proved innocent.

MORAN chuckles. Cox leaves. MORAN and HUGHES knit away (and if you haven't thought of the French Revolution yet, we have).

- KELLY slavers. CANON slavers. MORAN slavers. BALDRIDGE slavers. MILLER slavers. WELLFORD slavers. ALLEN slavers. TURRENTINE slavers. KIZER slavers. RANSOM slavers. ALL slaver. The large metal ash trays overflow.

Cox re-enters clutching by the jugular vein a quivering hunk of man who screams, "I didn't do it--and anyway--you can't prove it! You can't prove it!--"

LHEX: QUIET!

Victim subsides to a runny burble. LHEX: We feel it our duty to warn you that anything--positively ANY-- (Continued on page 4)

A Howling Success Is Crowning of The King of the Kampus

After the stimulating social life of the past few weeks at Southwestern (telling our beads, betting on how long chapel will last, etc.) the A.O.P.I. Valentine Valse was quite a relief--in fact it turned out to be a howling success--with everyone howling over everything, and the cadets just howling ('tis their nature to be so, girls).

The selection of the King of the Kampus Kadets was supposed to have been the piece de resistance, but greater history was made! Pat (whisper it softly) Carothers was seen three (3), yes tres, times holding hands with a cadet, and what's more startling with three (3) different ones!! I know such open immorality is hard for you frail people to take, but it's true n'er the less.

Howere the King was chosen and turned out to be Walter "Red" Madden from section 13, who, when asked to make a speech said "I use Lifebuoy". It was disclosed that the secret of his success was the adorable flutter of his lashes and the allure of his soft little hands (Sgt. Fabrizio nurtures his children so tenderly). Red competed with three equally attractive males, Walter Depula, section 12; Walter Penny, section 14, and James W. Brown, section 15 (aha, says Banning).

Couple of the evening (or any evening) was Harwood and White, who entertained all by their jittersbugging and amorous looks. (yes, her legs are pretty.

Nimble Nimrod wiggled his chassis in a way to make Betty Grable sick--Peggy Floyd was interested, too--he can win my money any day in a hula contest.

Dottie Barnes was seen wandering around looking for Tojo (fate worse than Harwood)--Kitty Hargrave was seen wandering around looking for anybody.

Flash!!!! We saw Winston Cheairs, not only speaking to people, but actually dancing with some.

The "dearest" campus couple, Ed Dewey, and F. A. Turrentine, came together and looked so happy. Trudy-and-Phil and Worall-and-Frissell were vying for the "loviest dove" title, with Naida-and-Charlie running a close second.

Gibbous* Goostree was giggling and gambling after Gule. ("def. gibbous, adj. protuberant; irregularly rounded).

LaNovo looked out-of-this-world (inhuman) as she let her panther-eyed gaze drip over several cadets. Have you ever noticed the strong resemblance (Continued on page 4)

Peace Tis Lovely One Night Stand In India's Haven

Or: Waltz Me Around Again, Whale-Tail

Night closes in and ye ole dormitory settles down to a long, peaceful night? But wait! What light through yonder window breaks? The inhabitants of the six-people apartment on the second floor are burning the midnight oil late tonight. Daley and Moran slither into the already crowded room, making their way to the nearest bed. Then a harsh scream rents the air! We do not need to look to know who it is. The scream belongs to no one other but our own Miss Virginia - Dormitory - Dictator-Hughes. Every night about this time, Hughes creeps quietly into the halls and in a very soft whisper lets it be known that quiet hour has begun.

Now let us return to Apartment No. 4. Voices are rising from every corner and the smoke is so thick it could be cut with the proverbial knife. Suddenly the telephone rings. Naturally we all wait for Sarajane to get it, and it rings for five minutes before we realize she isn't home, and one of us races to get it.

"Hello, this is the devil who in hell do you want?"

"Oh-h-h, I'm sorry--"

"Flutt, it's your Grandmother!"

Again we return to our comfortable Apt. No. 4. We hear a slight noise at the door and we throw it open, disclosing our own little practical joker in the act of greasing the doorknob. And friends, the doorknob is but one of the things she greases! Whale (better known to her fans as "Ditsy"), leaps up and in her own weak way throws Craig halfway down the hall, where she lands right in the arms of "Mothballs".

There goes the telephone again, and this time we have a superb salutation.

"Hello, this is the maternity ward, who can I deliver for you?" But our humor is wasted for it's only P. Hughes saying she's going to spend the night.

As we return to our rooms we pause by Mac's door. Jo Clare must be taking a bath because the lilting strains of a quaint song are rising about the noise.

On the other side of our fair home for the weary and aging, things are a little quieter. Only the voice of Dowling, emoting over the phone to some new man, breaks the silence.

We see a twitching figure slipping in and out the rooms. We are not alarmed for we recognize it as Burkett, bumming cigarettes. Suddenly a sharp voice pierces the night: it is only Henderson crooning about Dr. B. Bombay, so called because it is so near India, is definitely settling down for the night. And now we take our leave of Evergreen and return once more to our own wing, Apt. 4, by this time, is seething with activity. Whale is fixing bouillon, while Nellie rushes around swiping crackers. That lump on the upper bunk is only Mopsy, who can sleep through hell and high water. This is the scene (Continued on page 2)

Tramp, Tramp, Ye Olde Library Is Now a Nuthouse

Pursuit of Coeds Replaces Pursuit Of Larnin'

Just a suggestion in passing from the meekest and mildest member of the madcap matriculates of this institution of higher learning--(well--institution anyway.) It is to the effect that that den of iniquity--that lair of slaving wolves and besweatered b--er--girlies--namely the GENERAL SOCIAL ROOM be moved up three flights to what erstwhile was fondly known as the Room wherein To Light the Torch of Learning! I refer, of course, to the library.

It was in the year of our Lord--The Time of the Great Trek while all loyal students and true--used the hallowed and carpeted aisles as ye olde proving ground for the fruits of their No. 18 shoe stamps. Also the kaydets did maneuvers in the stacks--not necessarily to be confused with the accepted army maneuvers.

Shure--and it was a cold day--when this mental midget shivered up the stairs into that polar region of knowledge and quivered into an unobtrusive chair. Stillness lay like a dewdrop on the frosty air. Ah--little did I know! As I thrust my reluctant nose into the confines of a book, the Air Corps arrived--en masse and G. I. boots--thundering down the aisle in what I naively supposed to be a track meet. It proved to be a race for the New Yorker. Then I clutched the table frantically to avoid being swept away in the typhoon arising from the gusty sighs of innumerable wistful women ranging the walls.

I settled again. Tomblike silence reigned--broken only by an unidentified individual wheezing out her life in asthmatic sniffing. Then the Junkers attacked the citadel as the patter of rather splay feet was heard in a superb rendition of the goose step. They advanced, stopped at my elbow and the wearer (of the feet and the goose-step) proceeded to execute a fan dance with unnumbered crackling maps--while chanting loudly in mystic jargon.

A pale virgin--the keeper of the temple of knowledge--floated down the aisle, paused aesthetically, and then raucously reproved all erring devotees.

As I returned to my quest of learning, after a fearsome clockwise glance--the Rendezvouers arrived. This, my children, is a new species of homo sapiens--namely, including one sharp fanged khaki clad male--and one dewy eyed wolveriness (co-ed variety). The Rendezvouers arrive singly, or in pairs with much swishing and swushing and giggling and cooing. They scrape out a chair and perch there--ogling nervously and painting feverishly and spasmodically. They investigate the stacks for a stray--just in case brother Rendezvouer doesn't want to--er--rendezvous today.

Oops--the Junkers just went thru (Continued on page 4)

THEY DOOD IT, WAITING WORLD

Coffeepots Galore Mark Annual Popularity Knock-down Drag-out

Warning: Don't Believe Everything We Dream

Our Imagination May Be Too Extreme, But Think Of This!

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.

This is your fieldhouse correspondent, bringing you the first annual basket classic in the Punch Bowl. Bailey is in the line-up--located on the east side of Fargason Fieldhouse, Southwestern Campus.

Today the staff team is playing an All-star student team in what promises to be a bitter struggle. And why not, for the winning team will be awarded a beautifully sculptured bronze bobby-pin, a truly fine example of metal work, which will be engraved with the name of each year's winning team. The pin will be awarded by the Reverend Archie Turner, whose heartfelt interest in athletics is no less than a tradition here at Southwestern, and the trophy will be mounted over the door of Palmer Hall (the bronze bobby-pin, not The Esteemed Reverend)

And out of the fieldhouse springs our referee for today's game, Mrs. C. E. Diehl, attired in brown corduroy slacks and a two-tone tweed jacket. Closely following the "ref.", the staff team jogs out on the field. These ladies have selected for their uniform, contour embracing fireman red shorts and black and red polka dot sweat shirts. Each carries a small red pitchfork, and, by some concealed mechanism, is exciting smoke from nose and ears. Incidentally, there is a rumor that the staff will make an attempt to use psychological methods in the game today, and we are all excitedly waiting to see just what form it will take. The All-stars are now making their appearance. Their uniform is a one-piece play suit of black silk jersey with Bishop sleeves, and each wears a string of seed pearls. Miss Stratmann and a selected crew of workers are around the edge of the crowd administering blood plasma to the male spectators.

And here is the line-up--Staff forwards: Mrs. Greenhill, Mrs. Rutland, and Miss Hollis; guards, Miss Gary, Miss Newton, and Mrs. Townsend, All-star forwards, Ditsy Silliman, Mary Ann Catching, and Susan Jett; guards: Anne Howard Bailey, Jean Samuels, and F. A. Turrentine.

Rutland and Jett step forward for the toss-up. The whistle shrieks and the game is on! Rutland slaps the ball over Jett's head to Greenhill-- (Continued on page 4)

After a blistering, torturing three days--the mighty have risen, the mighty have fallen. There's just nothing like a popularity election to bring out the path of all true love--or to put it properly--the closer you cling, the higher you go. For those of you who have been around for years, the elections may have been mild this year. We definitely lacked Hilzeim and his little flock--the smooth sophistication of his politics; Goose-tree didn't fail us--but his open mouth and ready flow of campaign speeches were sadly devoid of the old Goostree zip and enthusiasm.

Back in the groove--the Chi O's managed to elect their little doll--she of the blue eyes and blond hair--to the coveted pinnacle. For Peggy Hughes was elected Miss Southwestern. What's more, the obvious combines were working as calmly as ever--despite the attempts of certain honest shepherds to confound the little flocks of pure white sheep--and Miss P. H. was elected in the run-off Tuesday. What confused--not amused--the K. D.'s--what did happen?

Miss Hughes obviously owes her rise to the fact that she's a Chi Omega--what could be more obvious? For several years the brother Kappa Sigs were the little white hopes--but just to prove she has two (neat, too, by the way) pins of her own--to say nothing of the room-mates the S. A. E.'s--to stand on--she won without Whitsitt--without Hilzeim.

Jean Covington slipped in the running to drag down the title of Most Attractive of the S'western Co-eds. So it happened--the Dri Delts couldn't have been wrong so many times without getting somewhere. Covington, after defeating the S. A. E. maternal influence, finally came through in the second run-off. The blond with the quiet unassuming air suddenly found herself in the midst of the everlasting hot-box. She did get the necessary votes, however--and the Dri Delts appreciation.

The battle royal continued down the line with Treanor, another K. D., Howard--the inevitable Chi O--and little Hancock struggling for that male eye-opener--Most Stylish among the femmes. Now Hancock is an attractive child--but more than that, she has friends--such little chums who could out-vote the boys (defenseless as they are) and cause mild chasms in the slick combines. Being a freshman, she obviously had an advantage. For what could be sweeter than the style of youth and the fragrance of one so completely uncontaminated (?) by the old political regime. Miss Hancock is an A. O. P.I.--and though she is not a blond, she apparently has the freshman vigor--and the "Scott"-ish abilities. We might add the A. O. P.I.'s also have something--though small in size, and loud in mouth--a literal bombshell--Cooke--the born (Continued on page 2)

LYNX CHAT

A very weak hello to you all my children.

Your Lynx Pussy is very definitely getting too old for this sort of thing. Meaning, of course, elections.

A week of hair-pulling, pleading, cooing, and speaking to people she'd never dreamed of speaking to before, has wearied and worn your faithful correspondent.

And anyway, with the Green Knight no longer in evidence about these hallowed walls, WHAT, she asks you, is there to write about?

An interesting touch for the week: As P. Hughes was innocently sitting in the book store politicking in the votes, Jack Wilson ran off with the ballot box. In her valiant efforts to

retrieve it, she was forced to go in the little room next door to the book store—the one with the little red light over the door. Must say she blushed beautifully, as there was quite an audience enjoying the whole tableau immensely.

The old Co-ed edition is now depleted of the pleasure of sp—pt—ting at the grusome twosome, otherwise known as campus couples. But we shall continue to swallow our K rations for the energy to seek out, whether in cellar, Skyway, or "Fargason's", the Khaki-wacky gals, in other words, all of S. W.'s drooly-drips, who manage to hook a uniform. And speaking of Long John—(you're right, it isn't too pleasant an assignment)—reminds us of the peeping Tom at the girl's dorm. Gilma only screamed—But what we want to know is, why wasn't she able to grab him, was the stampee too great? After all a man's a man.

The young Alexander has finally stopped day-rooming—it to accept a K. Sig. pin. Couldn't be serious—she doesn't even wear it on her pajamas. For that matter Sue Potts doesn't seem very serious either, John Caden is still in there pitching. (what, we have been a little afraid to ask.)

While on the subject of pins, Moron finally honey-eyed the Chi O's into thinking she was really the girl. Of course they needed a junior.

Little Julia took the opportunity to show her kindness to the ever elusive Mr. Allen by befriending a homeless pup. Did it work, Pres.? (Editor's note to Miss W. A., Why don't you get Frances to teach you her wiles? She got the unelusive V. Pres.)

Were you happy this week, Teasie, or did Lloyd make complications in your love life? By the way, congratulations on your new attitude toward us girls. Thanks for speaking (er, at least nodding) to us. Guess your limited campus love life and new political views are having their effects.

The cadets report that they get a big kick out of Anne Howard's buxom figure flopping around the basketball court. The girls retort they got a big kick out of her—period.

Your sneaking pussy saw stoop-shouldered Wheeler at the high spot of the town—ye old Skyway—the other night, feeling quite gay. Say, Martha, in Memphis we dance by Emily Post (although I doubt it after Monday's Valentine dance)—the girls' right arm doesn't go around the boys' neck—to dance anyhow.

Cissy and Aggie can't decide whether to date a wolf or not to date at all. A little kiss won't hurt you, girls. They can't all be like Lupe. And besides a girl doesn't have all that many chances these days—or are you bragging.

Congratulations, La Noue. Buck up girls. If she can do it, so can we.

We missed some of the old faces seen here at this time last year—but not Goosey's He, like the Green Knight, always shows up unexpectedly. An election without the Goosetree nose for politics—and this year the Goosetree without the stomach! He might have done better than run a close race for most handsome this year.

Biggest laugh of the week—Fred Watson—did you completely explain to the little polkie Dot why you were defeated? Surely you weren't laying the blame on the "thin man" Wade! Why do all the cadets sing "I'm Old-fashioned" to Mary Ann Catching? That's strictly a new angle to use at the door, girls.

And so Betty Lay had a blind date with an army doctor Saturday night. She claimed he was "rugged", but did she love it!

One campus couple who seem to struggle along well enough without being heralded properly—Sara Sparr and the Taylor. They do seem to make a happy duo—is it the lunches at the Grill or the snappy tennis matches, Sara, do tell us.

The AOPi dance last Friday was quite a success. The party kaydets dragged the weary ladies out en masse to bring in their king and the students just dragged the weary ladies. More dances of that order would be welcomed like a new year.

This business of the coeds sporting new diamonds every other day is getting monotonous. At this point, yours truly is feeling very much like a moldy old maid. Knitting will be

taken up immediately and a cat seems in order.

Our Siamese twins of slightly different coloring, Scott and Bigger, have now each anchored themselves a kaydet—at least there can be no more spearation, kicks, and violent sobbing.

Life becomes more and more confusing—we not only have twosomes and triangles on this "oh so fair" campus, we also seem to be blessed with something of a quadrangle. The particulars really aren't too interesting to the general public, but the main character in our little drama appears to be none other than the overly-famous "Tojo" Watson who has gone all out for a certain blond in the first act. It's been kinda pathetic—reminds me a little of a moth-eaten dog following a ravaged bone—tempting, isn't it? However, on the outside of this little episode, the dear boy has one other very "bright" light of his life. Her name escapes me for a moment, but the particulars are known—well-known—to a few select souls. B. L. Hancock and C. James are extremely anxious to use even drastic measures to reform him, but it's our opinion that these two innocent chicks don't have a sufficient amount of education for such—a home of correction would be somewhat more proper.

An excellent demonstration of the much publicized honor-system was aptly portrayed a few days ago when Mr. Alf "holier-than-thou" Canon lost a terrific sum of cold, hard cash within these cloistered walls. P. Hughes—honest little soul that she is—found the green stuff, returned it to the miserable creature, and received nary a pittance as a tip. Disgusting, positively! By the bye—I wonder if "holier-than-thou" is trying to rival Mr. God Allen.

One thing around this joint that indubitably needs mending is that revolting squeek Bargee uses for a voice. It's particularly irritating when that over-worked "Dahling" is shrieked at poor Curt Parham as he gingerly slides his lovely frame into the ever silent social room.

"Pedro" is by now an institution.

Address questions to one A. H. Bailey.

I'm very wary of Terry and Mary. One of them am-ay a pansy. Maybe both. Who knowth?

Open letter to Southwestern coeds: Dear Girls:

His name is Marion Baine. Faithfully, Your Lynx Pussy.

It could be a camouflaged airfield. It could be a surrealist print.

But your Lynx Pussy, with her usual discerning eye, has discovered beneath that paint 'n powder 'n frills 'n stuff—Schrod's new rival: Dottie Barnes.

Now we have a double feature—in technicolor.

Famous last words (attributed to Kelly and Cox):

"What happened?"

Grim Fairy Tale

Vol. II Issue II No. 1

Put down your little bloody hatchets, and your blunt instruments, and your dirty combines, children—take your knife out of your little sister's back, Josephine—and gather around your old granny's knee while she tells you a bedtime story.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a tribe of indians in a place called the Mississippi Valley. Now these indians had built themselves an old stone quarry to live in, and to this quiet sylvan spot none of the refinements of civilization had come, and nothing disturbed the ungodly peace of the place except an occasional timorous howl of a Lynx Cat (which was quickly squelched), or the braying of Jack Harwood chasing Mirlam White.

In fact, it was a DEAD quarry.

One day the little indians decided that they were damn tired of their daily round of tiddly-winks, Ray Allen, and freshman biology. So they decided to have an egg hunt to get in training for Easter.

A whole bunch of them started out hunting in the old quarry (not to be confused with the Happy Hunting Grounds). Each indian was perfectly sure that he would find an egg, and kept taking wandering indians by the throat and shaking them and saying, "I want an egg, dammit," or leering insipidly at innocent damsels and whispering, "I'll give you an egg, if you'll give me one". This went on for three days, but none of the indians gave up, for the true indian (like a bunny) never stops, not even for FOOD.

Suddenly an old brave who had been looking in vain for an egg for three long years, shouted, "At last!" (Continued on page 4)

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