

## Distinguished Guests Here



DR. JONES



DR. BURRELL

College Speakers: Dr. James A. Jones, pastor of Myers Park Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C., and Dr. David DeForest Burrell, retired Presbyterian minister from Pennsylvania, are guest speakers for Southwestern's Religious Emphasis Week, which opened Tuesday.

Dr. Jones is speaking at chapel services and 7 p.m. evening services thru Friday. His theme will be "The Christian Student in the World Today."

Dr. Burrell will address students and faculty at the annual Sophomore Class Vespers at 5 p.m. Sunday, Feb. 23, in Hardie Auditorium.

## Spanish Club Meets Thursday

The Spanish Club will hold its monthly meeting Thursday at 2:30 in the AOPi house. Claire James, program chairman for this month, announces that the principal speaker will be Dr. Marion E. Porter, who will talk on his experiences as attache to the American Embassy in Mexico City, a position which he held until about a year ago. Oscar Gabriel, Southwestern's new Latin American student, will discuss his native country of Guatemala. Doris Jones will recite a poem, "El Pirata". Christine Triacoff will sing a Spanish version of "Yours", and she will also play the piano accompaniment for group singing of Mexican songs.

After the program, a tea will be given honoring the two new instructors of Spanish, Mrs. Carmen Padgett from Lima, Peru, and Prof. Edwin L. Stewart from Vanderbilt University.

Students making A or B in second year Spanish classes and all in the advanced classes are eligible for membership and are invited to join.

## Dr. Diehl is Honored At Student Reception

The Student Body of Southwestern honored Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Diehl with an informal reception Tuesday, February 18. From four to six the student body, the staff, the faculty and their wives gathered in the cloister where they were served sherbet punch and cookies.

Mrs. Margaret Townsend and Miss Helen Gordon presided over a table in the center of the cloister, which was centered by Spring flowers, iris and jonquils, and highlighted by tall candles.

The reception was financed by the money made by the Student Council selling coca colas at basketball games and supplemented by contributions from the student body.

Lily Anne Beggs, Betty Bouton, and Billy Hightower, representing the Student Council, were in charge of arrangements.

## Stylus Requests Contributions

The Stylus Club met Thursday evening at the home of the secretary, Jeanne deGraffenreid. The group went over all the material which had been submitted. If a student's articles are accepted for publication in two publications, he is invited to join. It was decided that another request for contributions will soon be made. Plans are under way for publication of a journal early in spring.

The next meeting is to be held at Southwestern on Thursday, February 20, at 3:00.

## Greeks Get 'Em Again

Mid-winter rushing was held by the Southwestern sororities Friday, February 14. Each sorority gave one party which lasted forty minutes. Preferences were signed Friday night, and pledging was held Saturday afternoon by Chi Omega, and Monday night by the other sororities.

The following girls were pledged:

- AOPi
  - Margie Phelps
  - Evelyn Givens
  - Mrs. Louise Lunceford Middagh
- Chi Omega
  - Dale Bowman
- Delta Delta Delta
  - Stanley Williamson
  - Tema Parker
- Kappa Delta
  - Elizabeth Pierce
  - Virginia Rose Mead
- Zeta Tau Alpha
  - Betty Mason
  - Vera Ince

## Appreciation

The members of Omicron Delta Kappa wish to express their appreciation for the cooperation received in the recently-held review classes before examinations. We wish particularly to thank the students who gave their time in preparing and holding the classes.

—Bob Stobaugh, Pres.

## ATPhi Holds Tapping Service

Alpha Theta Phi, Southwestern's Honorary Scholastic Society, last Thursday held tapping ceremonies in Hardie Auditorium at which time fifteen students were admitted to membership.

From these fifteen new members the three with the highest grade point average were made officers: James Roper, President; Lucille Hamer, vice president; and Virginia Peoples, Secretary-Treasurer. Their point averages are 3.94, 3.93, and 3.92 respectively.

The newly elected members are Betty Jo Brantley, William F. Elbrecht, Frank Elby, Lucille Hamer, Margaret Hardwick, Vera Ince, Estelle Newsum, Sara Grey McCallum, Hays Owens, Virginia Peoples, Mary Ann Robertson, James Roper, Ruth Stokes, Billy Symes, and Westy Tate.

The Senior members are: President, Irma Waddell, Vice President, Bob Stobaugh, Secretary-Treasurer, LaVerne Lazarov, Ernest Flaniken, Jeanne de Graffenreid, Carol Morris, Jim McQuiston, May Wallace, Betty Bynum Webb, and Julia Wellford.

## RESOLUTION TO DELAY FRAT RUSHING PASSED BY MEN'S PAN COUNCIL

### ATO Holds Ball Saturday Night

Alpha Tau chapter of Alpha Tau Omega will hold its annual second semester dance Saturday, February 22, from 8-12 at the University Center.

The decorations will be in keeping with George Washington's birthday, the colors of which will be red, white and blue. As to the plan of decoration for the center, no information has been given and everyone is in store for a lovely surprise.

Jess Hudson and his orchestra will be on hand to furnish the music and there will be four no-break dances.

The gala event of the evening will be the ATO leadout, during which "The Sweetheart of ATO" will be played.

Representative bids have been issued to the various sororities and fraternities on the campus.

### Advantages Seen In New Rush System

A major change was made in fraternity rushing rules last Wednesday, when at a meeting of the Men's Pan-Hellenic Council a resolution was passed which, if approved by the faculty, will delay the pledging of freshmen until the beginning of the second semester. For a freshman to be eligible to pledge a fraternity, he must have passed at least 12 hours with an average of 1.2.

Bill Hightower, president of the Council, said that plans are not yet complete, but that a committee of William Jones, Howard Hurt and Ernest Flaniken has been appointed to present a revision of the rules at the Council's next meeting in April.

There was much discussion pro and con as to the advantages of such a rushing system and it was brought out by those who opposed the resolution that it would result in four months of rushing; and that the necessary strict rushing rules would not be completely adhered to. Points brought out in favor of the delay were that fraternities would have a chance to know whom they were rushing and vice-versa, freshmen could get a better start in school with the absence of the former intensive first week rush period, and that every man who pledged would be eligible for initiation academically.

The Kappa Sigma and Sigma Nu representatives favored a delay of eight weeks, but Dr. W. R. Cooper, faculty advisor, said that the administration would not approve a rush period in mid-semester.

Representatives and their organizations were: Ernest Flaniken, ATO; Dick Smith, KA; Sam Stephenson, KS; Howard Hurt, PiKA; Warton Jones, SAE; Bill Hightower, SN; and Dr. W. R. Cooper, faculty advisor.

## Kappa Sigmas Hold Vespers

The Vesper Service last Sunday was held by the Kappa Sigma Fraternity under the leadership of Ben Gilliland.

The scripture was taken from Acts 1:1-8 and an inspiring meditation was presented by Mr. Gilliland.

Miss Pat Caldwell sang a solo, accompanied by Miss Jane McAtee. It is announced that Vespers next Sunday will be under the auspices of the Sophomore Class at five o'clock in Hardie Auditorium. All students, parents, and faculty members are cordially invited to attend.

## Nitist Club Will Meet Tonight

The Nitist Club will hold its semi-monthly meeting this evening at 7:30 in the Bell Room.

Mr. William L. Bowden will present a paper, the subject of which is War and Education. The thesis will include definition of war and education, War predictions by the wise and dereliction of educators. He will discuss certain fundamental trends which were ignored by government leaders, chancellors, and educators, particularly since 1900, which give us tremendous power, technologically, handicapped by an equally tremendous cultural lag.

## Campus Log

### WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19

- 8:30 A.M. "The Right Use of Unearned Privilege" — Dr. James A. Jones—The Field House.
- 1:00 P.M. Alpha Theta Phi Meeting—Bell Room.
- 7:30 P.M. Evening Service—Dr. James A. Jones—Hardie Auditorium.
- 10:00 P.M. Discussion Group led by Dr. James A. Jones—Robb Hall.

### THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20

- 8:30 A.M. "What is Christianity After?"—Dr. James A. Jones—The Field House.
- 2:30 P.M. Spanish Club Meeting—Alpha Omicron Pi House.
- 7:30 P.M. Evening Service—Dr. James A. Jones—Hardie Auditorium.
- 10:00 P.M. Discussion Group led by Dr. James A. Jones—Evergreen Hall.

### FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21

- 8:30 A.M. "The Preeminence of Christ"—Dr. James A. Jones—The Field House.
- 3:45 P.M. Christian Union Forum—Chi Omega House.
- 7:30 P.M. Evening Service—Dr. James A. Jones—Hardie Auditorium.

### SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22

- 8:00 P.M. Alpha Tau Omega Dance—University Center.

### SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23

- 5:00 P.M. Sophomore Class Vesper Service—Hardie Auditorium.

### MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24

Southwestern vs. Sewanee Basketball—Gym.

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25

- 7:00 P.M. Chi Beta Phi Meeting—203 Science Bldg.

## Library Notes

Bell, E. T. — THE MAGIC OF NUMBERS. With matchless wit and insight Eric Temple Bell leads us on the fascinating search for the origin of numbers. He discusses the profound and curious way in which number magic has influenced the development of religion, philosophy, science and mathematics; and the struggle of human beings through history to give a coherent account of the infinite.

Covarrubias, Miguel. — MEXICO SOUTH. Physically this is a handsome book, profusely illustrated with full pages in color and many beautiful photographs. It is a superb piece of reporting, throwing light upon the history and culture of all Mexico.

Evans, Bergen. — THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE. Do you believe that bulls are enraged by the color red, that men's

brains are larger than women's, that hair turns white overnight from extreme fright? These and countless other fallacies Mr. Evans punctures most engagingly and entertainingly.

Gipson, Fred. — FABULOUS EMPIRE. There is something of an epic quality to this story of the rise and decline of the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma. The book is rich in both ranch country idiom and exciting anecdote.

Gordon, Alvin. — OUR SON PABLO. While in Mexico, the authors adopted a young Mexican Indian, Pablo. As you follow Pablo's introduction to this country's customs, the intricacies of the radio and the shower-bath, you will be entertained and instructed at the same time. His search for a better education, his dream of democracy, symbolizes the hope of all repressed minorities of this world.

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**Drives Or Obstacle Courses?**

The roads and drives about the campus have been for sometime the subject of severe criticism—and not unjustly. It was well to take in consideration during the war the shortage of materials and labor, but at present these commodities, if not plentiful, are available at a much greater extent.

The drive from Voorhies Hall, passing the Farguson Field House to University Avenue, has become a challenge to the best of drivers. Mere rough places have grown into great holes which are difficult to avoid and damaging to the vehicles which must pass over them. The real magnificence of what a drive should not be is the gravel path which leads past the Frat houses to the tennis courts. In rainy weather the road entirely disappears, thanks to the culvert which is completely filled and which last cleaning out makes early history. In bad weather it is impossible to reach the houses by foot without a good pair of rubber boots.

On week-ends and Holidays we have many visitors on the campus, some of which, invited by the beautiful landscape and our Gothic, bring their automobiles through our gates. It is a pity they must spend their time avoiding the holes and other bad aspects of the drives instead of admiring our lovely campus.

**On The Party System**

Typed is a word often applied to Southwestern students. This word "typed" implies that we possess the same ideas about campus customs and habits, we all breathe the same stale air of the social room, and each repeat the same disturbing, and sometime shocking, comments on chapel programs and the dining hall.

We found this theory completely shot to Hang-Over Square. In order to improve your paper we invited five students to serve on an advisory staff, whose job it would be to meet once each week and discuss various way of improving the Sou'wester, to debate editorial policy, and to report criticisms, and, if by chance, indulge in some pleasant back-slapping.

No sooner had the sound of the gavel died away than we found that we each possessed ideas sharply at variance. We discovered that we were, One Radical, one Radical Conservative, a member who Dr. Amacker would define as a Dangerous Liberal, an Extreme Liberal whose revolutionary ideas would make Marx move to Westminster Abbey, and one Man on the Fence, an opportunist, who would jump the fence to promote his ideas.

When suggestions were requested each member demanded an audience. The Radical would fire the coach, burn the gym, and establish a chapter of Pi Phi's. The Radical Conservative received his title for, even though radical in most instances, he thought the food in the dining hall good. One member threw the waste basket at this time. The Dangerous Liberal would be taken in by any party if the argument was strong, this member is the "Good Joe" type who is looking for a free coke.

The Extreme Left Liberal really upset the meeting. Among his many suggestions were motions to make the painting of the Eight Ball an annual tradition, sun-rise dances on Sunday morning, sentence the honor council, and burn all reference books. The Man on the Fence agreed with everything except the food in the Dining Hall. Two members, by name Causey and Seiford, resorted to name calling but are speaking again after the Lynx's victory Saturday night.

Only one point was agreed on. Broderick made a motion to retire to the Cellar for a "coke". Meeting ajourned.

**The MISSING LYNX**

The mold covered door to my room creaked open, its rust laden hinges protesting against unaccustomed force. Editor Miller's voice roused me from my three-day sleep. "Crusher," he called, "you have to do something about this door. It's absolutely fermenting."

I shook a small collection of tree spiders from my lap and shoulders and moved carefully so that I would not disturb a small basil tree which had taken root in a floor crack near my chair. I agreed that I had been neglectful.

"And this desk, Crusher," continued Miller, "is just frightful." He scooped a small mound of dust up in his hand and poured it through a broken slat in the shutters. "Have you finished your column?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I wanted to interview you for a story first." I caressed Thad, my unsexed water moccasin. He spends much of his spare time lying on my typewriter roller. "Miller," I continued, "just how did you become an Arkansas gentleman farmer?"

"Well, it's a long story," said Miller. "One gets that way by being an excellent trader—horses, farms, the usual things you know, corn shuckers, silos, hog jowl—the commodity doesn't matter, as long as you get the best trade. Only once was I badly beaten . . . and it was then that I learned . . . how to trim a sucker."

I handed Miller a glass of choice vintage, and he began his story.

One day I went to the village to buy a horse. I found a particularly fine horse, and the price seemed quite sensible. After a polite interval, I offered to purchase the animal.

The man who owned the horse seemed a decent sort, for he said to me: "Before you buy this animal there is something I must tell you." The man regarded his thumb sadly. "He has his peculiar moments."

I was quite mystified at hearing this, and so I asked the man, "What does he do in his peculiar moments?"

The man regarded me tearfully: "He sits on grapefruit hulls," he said.

Well . . . I thought this a most unusual habit to indulge a horse; but, I thought, after all, there are not many grapefruit hulls lying about these days. That little habit won't be troublesome. So . . . I bought the horse. I also bought a small Studebaker wagon that matched. Then I turned cheerily toward my home.

There was a creek on the way which had no bridge across it, but which was shallow enough to be crossed. We approached the stream and entered the water without mishap. Half way across, the horse sat down.

I was proper well peeved about the event, let me tell you. I disembarked, and surveyed the scene with distaste. The animal would not budge, although I offered him an almond bar and an artichoke. He munched on the almond bar. But, he was quite content to sit. I tried diving for the grapefruit hull. I had no success at all. The horse regarded me critically between dives. I suppose I was most personal, feeling for that grapefruit hull I mean. At last, in fury, I trudged back to town.

I found the trader reclining peacefully under an ancient cottonwood tree.

"Look here," I said to him angrily, "I thought you told me that horse would only sit on grapefruit hulls."

"Why, yes," the other said, "that's just what he does. What's happened now?"

"He's sitting in the creek," I said cholericly. "And there's no grapefruit under him."

"Oh!" said the man, and he looked quite apologetic. "I plumb forgot to tell you. He sits on fish too."

Thad, my unsexed water moccasin, made a guttural sound, and turned over for another nap on the typewriter roller.

**Echoes from The Morgue**

**TWELVE YEARS AGO:**

PiKA fraternity and KD sorority topped in scholastic averages for the first semester.

The ZTA's were planning a dance to be held in their lodge honoring two new pledges.

Jim De Hart, past coach at Washington and Lee, Duke, and

Georgia, was appointed by President Diehl and approved by the executive committee to be head athletic director at Southwestern.

**FIVE YEARS AGO:**

Comment found in Lynx Chat—"Now that exams are over we are ready to return to you with renewed vigor; hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and telling all the ob-

**Roper's Little Cactus Pot**

According to a communique just received from our operative No. 3.1416, currently assigned to Operation Cheesecake, the Models Union of New York City has decided that the amount of pay received by a model should be in direct proportion to the amount of epidermis exhibited. It was voted that a full anatomical revelation should be set at \$2.00 per hour, and now the girls feel that they can make a bare living. A proposal for a straight rate per square inch was defeated by the midget delegation.

It was further objected that inattentive artists dilly-dallied around the studio beginning, while the models languished in birthday raiment around the studio, turning from azure to indigo as the breezes whistled through their goose-bumps. A pink-to-pink pay clause was included in the Nude Deal.

Knowing the ability of unions to extend their blessings, to all amateur forms of their particular line of work, we await some Petrillo of the Undraped Proletariat whose regime will call forth such correspondence as this:

"TO: Joseph X. Doakes  
City  
Services rendered \$3.00  
I. Phil Graves, M.D." returned with the notation: "Two (2) hours posing, au naturel \$4.00 Net \$1.00 Please Remit

Joseph Doakes  
Member, Human Form Divine Local No. 214."

Or perhaps the following: "Mr. B. S. Thetic  
Curator, Art Museum  
Dear Sir:

It has been called to our attention that certain items of Greek statuary are being exhibited at your establishment in a state of nature, and without a flesh-and-blood standby for each, as our regulations require. We warn you, sir, that technical evasions such as fig-leaves, etc. will not be tolerated. Our negotiators will arrive tomorrow, accompanied by our Venus de Medici and six assorted nymphs and fauns, all in their work uniforms.

G. Rose Lee, President,  
Knights of Divestiture,  
Local No. 368."

It should also be pointed out that if Junior considers his weekly allowance inadequate, he need only join up, and flash his union card come Saturday night.

What with the growing scarcity and cost of masculine vestments, your humble correspondent looks forward happily to a lucrative future collecting a full eight hours, plus sixteen overtime, each and every day.

Huzzah for Labor Day, that happy September Morn!

scene little stories we can concoct about it.

The Lynx Cats were planning to return to the hardwood in a basketball bout with the Chattanooga Bulldogs.

**THREE YEARS AGO:**

The mighty rose and the mighty fell in the popularity poll. AOPi Betty Lee Hancock, then a freshman, came out as most stylish. ("For what could be sweeter than the style of youth?")

"Everdead" Hall seemed to be somewhat alive then:—The phone rings and is answered with: "Hello, this is the devil—who in Hell do you want?!"

From the receiver: "Oh-h-h, I'm sorry---". A gasp — "Flutt, it's your GRANDMOTHER!!"

# Fashions

By Nancy Little

We are all quite proud of Southwestern's contribution to the glory of the cotton industry, Hilma Seay, and since it's almost Spring and the time for summer clothes is drawing near, what could be more appropriate than to get a glimpse at warm weather fashions by looking through Maid Hilma's all-cotton wardrobe.

Thanks to the descriptions sent to us Mary Allie Taylor, who is taking the trip with our Maid of Cotton:

In her wardrobe we find an afternoon dress and white gingham featuring a wide neck and a waistline that gathers into a bustle-back beneath a narrow belt covered in black jet. The skirt is long and beneath the folds of it peep rows of narrow black cotton lace stitched under the hem.

For more formal moments she has an evening gown of black poplin with a wide bare midriff. The snug blouse comes up into a high round neckline and over the padded shoulders stand pointed cap sleeves. The skirt, made of yards of material, is gathered in at a wide waistband and girded in tiers of white cotton braid and bands of embroidery with tulle birds perched on

a hedge of white leaves. A circular stitching in an azalia shade adds highlights to the dress.

For playtime the Maid has a three-piece outfit consisting of tailored shorts, long halter, and dirndl skirt in pink and dusty rose. The shorts are designed in flower-like petals.

Among her wide assortment of coats is a velveteen wrap-around in an antelope color—casual with a sporty collar, a wide tie belt, and big patch pockets. She also has one in desert tan with a nipped-in waist; and for dress, a coat designed in princess lines. For rainy weather she has a coat of wind-resistant, water repellent cotton with a detachable hood.

All the accessories to these costumes are of cotton, too. Her shoes and bags, styled by Joyce, match in colors of pink perfection, wild rice, chamois, and cocoa. Among her shoes she has such varying styles as Midas sandals, sabots, and Indian moccasins.

This all-round wardrobe made of the South's greatest product, cotton, has been designed by twenty of America's top designers, and we feel sure that with lovely Hilma modeling it, cotton and she will be a success wherever they go.

## WATCH OUT, DR. LOCKE!

Dr. Louis Locke, professor of English here at Southwestern, called my attention a few years ago to a racy little literary publication called "The Explicator," to which he just happens to be a contributor. (During my course of study under him, Dr. Locke must have called my attention to several other things, but I have forgotten them.) The magazine, strictly high-brow, devotes itself intercollegiately to profound arguments among the literati as to exactly what such-and-such an author really meant when he wrote thus-and-thus, or why he even wrote it at all. Nothing, and this is positively a fetish with the professors, must be taken merely at face value. "Send it to 'The Explicator'!" is the cry.

Dr. Locke, having been to Harvard, is an extremely capable professor, but I feel that certain questions recently received in the mail, although distinctly falling within his domain, can really be answered by myself. Accordingly, I shall answer them at this time, and perhaps give you a pretty good idea of what Dr. Locke has managed to get himself involved in.

Q. How did Edgar Allan Poe hap-

pen to write "The Raven"?

A. The miracle here, as I see it, is that "The Raven" ever got written at all. What would you do if you were enjoying a quiet night reading, and a talking bird suddenly came in through the window? Would you write a poem? Would you even be able to write? (This, incidentally, probably explains why Poe took to drink.)

Q. What is the exact date of Geoffrey Chaucer's death?

A. Chaucer is not dead. A very old man, he is at present living in a small cottage near East Wappington, Straddleshire, England, on a modest pension granted him by Parliament in 1936. This is not generally known.

Q. Was "Evangeline," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, based upon fact?

A. Longfellow did not write "Evangeline." It was composed by Ernest Bleeker, aged ten, while attending the fourth grade at Wichita Falls, Texas, Grammar School. He signed the poet's name to it as a joke, and a very good joke it was.

Q. Do you agree with Dr. Kirtledge's theory that the comma in Abastanio's speech ("Romeo and Juliet," Act I, Scene 6, Line 21) should be omitted, thus changing the meaning of the entire sentence and making Romeo a dachshund?

A. (Sullenly) I never agree with anybody.

Q. Who killed Cock Robin?

A. Don't be impertinent, young man.

And that about winds up the forum for today. Things just don't seem to be going at all well. If you have any more questions, please send them to Dr. Locke. But don't mention me.

## POETS' CORNER

THERE IS A TIME

There is a time for laughter  
And for tears a time.

Laughter lies in little circles  
Hiding underneath the nondescript  
affairs  
Of living in today.  
Tomorrow is a distant shadow,  
Only in this small hour  
Dwells the hearts laughter.

Tomorrow is a distant shadow.  
The world and the follies of the  
world  
Inhabit too perniciously the shade,  
And who would see the broad ex-  
panse of this,  
And Tomorrow's world.  
Finds the time for weeping.

Finds the time  
And weeping runs  
Back to the bosom of this small  
hour.

Rest the head on today's warm  
breast;  
Dry the tears on the hem of this  
small moment;

There are larger things than man  
can see,  
And a time for laughter.

## Saludo Amigo, Senor Gabriel

Southwestern's budding international scope has recently been given added emphasis in the person of Oscar Gabriel, a citizen of Guatemala, who arrived recently to begin the second semester with us. Oscar, as a good percentage of the campus has already found out, is a personable and attractive young Central American who is making a very successful start these first weeks here at Southwestern. And he is the epitome of good neighborliness and diplomacy, for try as he might, this interviewer could extract from him only the most complimentary comments on Southwestern in particular and the United States in general. Oh yes, there was one thing: he does admit the weather in Memphis is a little too sharp for his taste. (He was reminded however that the Memphis summer is on its way, a season distinctly unsharp.)

About a year and a half ago Oscar left his home in Guatemala City, his mother, his four brothers and four sisters and the prosperous business run by the Gabriel family. Boarding a Pan-American Clipper he headed north for the U. S. and after some hours landed in New York City. There for the next three months he spent most of his time at the Pan-American Institute studying English. At the end of this time, being pretty well oriented in the 'American language,' he moved on to the Wooster Academy in Massachusetts where he completed secondary school in English. This was retracing steps somewhat, for he had previously graduated from a Guatemalan high school speaking Spanish. But between English and Spanish there is considerable difference at least so say many Spanish students.

After a trip home for a vacation, Oscar continued his American wanderjahr at U.C.L.A. where he began the pre-medical work that is to lay the foundation for his career, that he is now continuing to prepare for at Southwestern. In the meantime one of his sisters, Mrs. Helen Davis became a resident of Memphis, and this suggested Southwestern which he investigated, applied for admission to, and entered at mid-term. An extraordinary effort was made to get in

# Lynx Chat

People, you've dealt your persevering Kitty the blow to end all blows! Dear, dear, what is to become of us all? Do you realize what's happened? The old jernt is actually becoming a place of learning. Gone are the froggy Frog, gone is the Moose, gone is Tosh, gone is Everarde, gone are the care-free days when Wiggins cracked the whip and everyone leaped into action; students actually study! A reformation is in progress! Who is to lend succor to poor old Kitty? Even Brent has left, Brent, the terror of the basketball court. Never again will the gym resound to the fierce cries of the indomitable amazon, never again will the boards be strained when she crashes to the floor in those desperate dives for the ball.

(Moan!!!!)

But here is a thought to brighten things up a bit:

I often stand amazed

At fate's peculiar ways,  
For nearly all our famous men  
Were born on holidays.  
Makes you think, don't it?

When it comes to holding hands (not bridge, that is)—Broderick 'n' Lynch are the most unique—You can't tell who's afraid who's gonna get lost from who—Maybe it's just a case of the blind leading the blind—they say love is—really.

We nominate Peggy Baker for the Girl of the Week—Qualification—She defied the trend of the times. She and Bill Douglas have had a great break-up. Congratulations, Peggy! If there were more like you Lynx Chat wouldn't have to sacrifice a life to make news.

We have it straight from the authoritative sources that Howard Hurt is going to settle down—get—married—and start his own little private insane asylum—better not plant any trees around it, Howard—trees attract squirrels, and well, the squirrels are liable to make off with all the profits.

The information we got from a certain KS and a certain KA leads us to believe The Foundation should

too. During his Christmas vacation at U.C.L.A. Oscar flew to Memphis to make personal inquiries at the registrar's office then flew back to California to take his final exams there.

In discussing schools Oscar made the revealing, though to us hardly surprising, disclosure that Southwestern is considerably stiffer in its academic requirements than U. C.L.A. But that the closer faculty supervision and integral student participation make it definitely more interesting. Also he is enjoying the life in the dormitory which is something rather new to him. In Guatemala, it seems, there exist no such living facilities for students in conjunction with the colleges and universities. It was with evident pleasure that he told of the friendliness shown him on his arrival here, and indeed how much he likes Southwestern in general.

As has been said Oscar is a pre-med student. His plans are still more or less fluid, but he is seriously considering remaining in Memphis to study at the University of Tenn. medical school after he completes preparatory work here.

To conclude it may be said that Southwestern appears to have a very active and enthusiastic student and supported in Senior Oscar Gabriel. And . . . oh yes . . . he thinks the Southwestern girls are "very nice indeed." Some of them may well find a most agreeable Spanish coach in Oscar.

start an engineering school of her own.

Brains aren't everything—some peeples like 'em with yeggs—eh? Dick Wood?

What happened to the Male Boxes in the Bookstore. The girls hadn't even noticed that they were missing since so many veterans have returned to College.

Friday was St. Valentine's Day—What is St. Valentine's Day? That's when people send out the cards they should have sent last Christmas.

Willie Jones  
Moans, and groans  
And also SAE pledges  
Wharton Jones  
He too moans and groans  
His nerves are all on edges  
But Bob Brabant,  
Tho Warton flaunts, vaunts and taunts  
Remains dormant.

The trouble with Southwestern is that there's not enough—and too much—and people are just plain indifferent about—? Another \$5,000,000 will gladly be donated to the Southwestern Drive by an anonymous party if some one can fill in blanks correctly. Please address your answers to Alcoholics Anonymous (Hic!).

Why has Memphis been smoky this winter? I can't imagine, unless some simple soul opened the window in the social room to get some fresh air.

Boy, when the depression comes, you'll look back on the good old days at Southwestern when three deep breaths in the Social Room was equivalent to inhaling a pack of Pi-ca-unes.

Some people look like steam powered robots dashing madly about the Stoker Room.

Chi Omega is learning tricks from the Boy Scouts these days. Pitching tents perhaps? I like pitching woo bette—oh woo kid—!!

Southwestern's giving a course in high finance now. What, you didn't know! Haven't you been around to see the Bursar lately?

Cobb, you wouldn't have to hitch old Dobbin to the Shea to get taken for a ride, son.

Today is Wednesday—Now let's see, is this your day, Harlan? Since when did Bill Hatchett start writing poetry to Ann Brown?

Cham Cannon—don't let Julia Foolya—or is it Flut?

(Kressenberg & Kilvington) is the warmest romance on the campus these days. Another little K and they'd have a regular Klan.

We understand that Kilroy is about to beat Dick Arnold's time.

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# ANN'S ALLEY

Well, here we are again. (That's what the fellow who wrote this column last week said!) By now we have all settled down to the old study habit, and any other habits which we have happened to acquire among the calm cloistered halls. (Stop your twitching, folks, we only have three and one-half months more!) With the grades out and the library books back on the shelf, we're ready to relax and read the funnies, not because we're to be given an exam on them, but merely to satisfy our curiosity as to whether Flintheart will ever get calouses from sleeping on that brick. The profs are still calling the names of students who they flunked and they still can't figure why they "dropped out". And it is good to get back to standing in that line for meals in Hill's Haven for The Craven, even though one victim was mysteriously smothered while getting between the cash register and Mrs. Hill. Standing in line in the morning puts one to sleep, and by the time I get to the food, I have salt and peppered my tray, spread butter on my room-mate, and stacked them neatly on my grapefruit. You should try it, it's delicious.

This all boils down to one question—What do you appreciate about this new semester?

Bob Utter: I appreciate my new attitude, and she's cute, too!

SUE HENRY: The new theory teacher!

SENATOR CLAGHORN: I've revised a text book in which the South wins the Civil War and Lee is president of the U. S. S. (United Southern States).

JANE PHELPS: There's bound to be something I appreciate!

CHARLES BRADLEY: You! (Aw, gee!)

LIB DUDNEY: Frankly, I'm still looking.

KAPPA SIGS: Charlie and Bennie.

MORONICA MORON: I'm looking forward to spending many happy hours in the library.

SARA SLEEPENFLUNK: (Yawn) This semester I have no morning classes; in fact I have no classes. I slept and flunked.

FACULTY: Oh! Goodie! Now we can flunk some more!

JOHN MURDOCK: It's a dirty low-down deal to give us one right after the other.

ED QUINN: Less people in class.

BILL TURNER: Ten semesters down, one to go.

KAY HOAK: No Brent; no probation!

JULIAN AND WILMARY: More of each other!

VIRGINIA ANNE WITHERS: I passed last semester.

PEGGY GALLIMORE: Bobby Haverty.

HARRIET CAUSEY: Bohemian Bar and Grill parties.



## LOOK RECORD REVIEW

**TOPS IN WAX**—Shared by two great trumpet men, Roy Eldridge waxes Hoagy Carmichael's opus: *Rockin' Chair* and *Yard Dog*; and Billy Butterfield records *Jalousie* and *Steamroller*. All four sides rate playing but the stand-outs are *Rockin' Chair* and *Jalousie*. On the former, Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge gives his full range trumpet a complete work-out and in a mood of relaxation that must rate bows from Hoagy, the composer. Roy catches the precise feeling Hoagy originally intended, and, in addition, Roy lends careful support through the background music, in the use of his band (Decca). On Butterfield's Capitol label of *Jalousie* and *Steamroller* the great horn of Billy predominates throughout except for a spot given to Bill Stegmeyer for clarinet. Billy sings *Steamroller*, and production remains along the line of *Cement Mixer*—a good novelty.



Roy Eldridge

**DANCE**—Leading off, Benny Goodman makes a good choice of a standard marching band number for background and solo work in the Columbia recording of *Benjie's Bubble*. He backs it with *A Gal In Calico*, with vocal by Eve Young. Both Sonny Dunham (on Vogue) and Freddy Martin (on RCA Victor) have worthwhile recordings of *Save Me A Dream*. Exclusive Records offer a jumping novelty, *T. W. A.* by Joe Liggins and The Honeydrippers, then back it with a moody *Last Night Blues*. Another new Exclusive release is the highly playable album, by Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, three 10 inch discs with these titles foremost—*Gloria*, *St. Louis Blues* and *Now That You're Gone*. New York's sensational small group, the Joe Mooney Quartet, have a four star topper in *September Song* and *Just A Gigolo* (Decca). Tommy Dorsey does two titles from his new picture, "The Fabulous Dorseys"—a mellow instrumental, *At Sundown*, featuring his trombone; and the reverse, *To Me*, which Stuart



Benny Goodman

Foster sings (RCA Victor) Victor also offers the Mary Lou Williams Trio in *Humoresque*, a relaxed and carefully arranged instrumental. On the reverse, the Trio does *Waltz Boogie*, one of her originals. Columbia has one of the last Doris Day vocal choruses with the Les Brown band in *Sooner or Later* and reverses it with a Jack Haskell vocal of *Years And Years Ago*, with Les Brown.

**VOCAL STANDOUTS**—Topping all the vocals in the nation is Jack McVea's novelty recording, *Open The Door*, Richard and backed by *Lonesome Blues*. Richard started as a gag tune that Jack and the boys do regularly on engagements; then, they made a recording on Black & White label and it took the nation by storm. Another "Richard" is done on the Enterprise label by Dick Peterson—and in Swedish dialect. Jewel has one top side of Marion Morgan, ex-James vocalist, singing *December* and backed by *Embraceable You*. Ben Pollack and band support her with production music. Top Juke rater, *Old Buttermilk Sky* has an especially good recording by the composer, Hoagy Carmichael on Decca. Among the high rating titles: *Guilty*, as done by Johnny Desmond on RCA Victor; *You Can't See The Sun When You're Crying*—Vaughn Monroe with the Moon Maids, RCA Victor; *For Sentimental Reasons*, a Dinah Shore on Columbia; *September Song* as done by the perennial Bing Crosby (Decca); *Huggin' And A Chalkin'* on Capitol by Johnny Mercer with the Paul Weston band and *She Didn't Say Yes*, Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour and his orchestra—Capitol Criterion.



Hoagy Carmichael

—Sam Rowland

### NEW AND WORTHY IMPRESSIONS IN WAX

- TUMBLEBUG—Ray McKinley, dance (Majestic)
- I'M STUCK WITH A STICKER—Buddy Baker, dance (Exclusive)
- ENDIE—Louis Armstrong, dance (RCA Victor)
- LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING—Margaret Whiting, vocal (Capitol)

# COSMOS

By RICHARD WOOD

I cursed rather vehemently when the editor of our campus weekly, *The Gutwagon Flambeau*, asked me to cover a human-interest story on one of Gutwagon College's highest honor students, Gorcey P. Talleyrand. Gorcey was a major in Company R, 4th Battalion of the .003 Chairborne Paragraph Troops and I had the misfortune to be four years before his mast. Many times I was tempted to hoist the jolly roger and mop up the orderly room with him, but that's a long, long story, and I won't bore you with it. However Gorcey has a 99 44/100 percent pure record at Gutwagon and the editor has an inferiority complex to the extent of asking me to look into Gorcey's personal life and come out with some dirt to make him look bad. But I didn't want any part of it; Gorcey P. Talleyrand is a fine, upright, clean, obedient, reverent junior assistant scoutmaster, dull material for a sensation-seeking student body. But I sighed and started out on the perilous assignment. I went to Gilbert's Drug Store at 2121 Madison Avenue and asked Joe Craig, the soda-dispenser, to fix me a root-beer float which I took with me to the pin-ball machine. But I didn't get to play the machine because a junior-high school lad jerked a Gillette Blue Machete out of a book of Catullus' poems and ordered me back.

Disgruntled, I turned to find escape and surcease from sorrow in a comic book story based on the life and loves of the Bobsey Twins. I dreaded the assignment ahead of me. I stalled as long as I could. Finally I took the bull by the horns (just call me Lorenzo, el magnifico, yo soy el matador mas grande de todo Kansas City); I bought a possum-pouch edition of *The Oracles of Nostradamus* and turned to page 3498, line 23659 and began reading Nostradamus' version of the life of Gorcey P. Talleyrand. It proved to be more interesting than I had ever dreamed (I'm a dreamer, aren't we all?):

"Gorcey P. Talleyrand was born. The fact has been established by many of our more prominent anthropologists. He came into this world under the sign of Sagitarius, or was it Goldcrest 51? Well, no matter, Gorcey was destined by fate to be a precocious infant. At the age of six weeks he took his basinet apart and built a Hammond Organ on which he played Shostakovich's 65th Fugue in Y-minor for Tympani.

"Delving further into the mystic realm of music, he sang the role of Lucia di Lamermoor in the opera by Tutnet C. Burnhill called 'Song of the White Horse's Tail.' At eight weeks he translated the Divine Comedy into Sanscrit and from Sanscrit into the weird eskimo tongue of Novaya Bembla. He graduated from Oxford with honors in Physics (Mineral Oil, Cascara Sagrada, Sal-Hepatica) at the age of six months. He wrote seven-hundred novels and eight thousand textbooks on economics. His travels took him to France where he snatched a brush away from Cezanne and did the canvases for which Cezanne is credited today.

"Gorcey wound up in the Lake Tchad region of equatorial Africa where he removed his pith helmet, wiped the sweat off his brow with the edge of his diaper and said, 'Momo koko ruru niki lega, popo lulu alpha tau omega.' Those learned words in the primitive language of the Tchad natives have never been deciphered. Gorcey was a little genius to begin with, but soon he became a slobbering idiot and had to be sent to an institution for

the criminally insane or given other such punishment as a court martial would direct. At the age of 42, Gorcey was pronounced cured of his mental disorder and allowed to return to private life. He decided to start all over again. Gorcey P. Talleyrand was born. He attended schools at Lausanne and Miss Hutchinson's where he was a member of Sigma Kappa Sigma, the Cotillion Club, and the Town Club for Sub-debs. He later attended Southwestern where he was a member of no organization because he did not go to Southwestern. He went to Gutwagon College instead. There he spent all of his spare time in the library studying diligently. He committed all of his notes and texts to memory and ground through his examinations with the greatest success. Since Gutwagon is a small college (microhoned down to 1/9000 of a centimeter), nobody ever heard of it and the solid A grades made by Gorcey meant nothing to the filling station owner to whom he applied for a post-graduate job.

"The job was refused Gorcey because he opened all conversations with 'Yet once more, A ye laurels And myrtles brown, with ivy never sear . . . and knew nothing about filling a gas-tank or adjusting a black leather bow-tie. Gorcey finally got on as a stock boy at Kress' through the kindhearted efforts of the Salvation Army." Well I won't read any more about Gorcey. It isn't very interesting anyway. I've just about decided to quit trusting in Nostradamus. The latest grades have just come out and Gorcey flunked everything. He just exploded like the wonderful one hoss shay. What price Phi Beta Kappa? Daddy, where's my parcheesi board?

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# LYNX DEFEATS MOCCASINS

## Spring Football Practice Opens

Coach Al Clemens issued the call for spring practice and it was answered by more than 40 brawny youngsters who would like to play the game. It has been said that teams are molded in the spring and tapered off in the fall so the candidates can expect hard work on the two fundamentals in football, blocking and tackling. Also special emphasis will be placed on ball handling and when Coach Clemens feels that the necessary gridiron poise has been established there will be a practice game between the members of the squad.

The Co-Captains of the 1946 Lynx squad, Floyd Graves, tackle, and Fletcher Scott, end, are both expected back for next year but there is the chance that the latter may enter med. school in July.

The remaining linemen who are returning are Dan Boone, Ted Hay, Richard Dickerson, Jack Carlisle, Mark Harris, Ed Strain, Dick Smith, J. H. Arnold, Bedford Duravant, Herbert Glenn, William Haynes, Earnest Bernhoft, and Robert Amis.

Backs returning are "Little" John Billings, Frank Beswell, Arthur Akridge, Forest Flanigan, Sam Blair, J. C. Scianni, Johnny Bryant, and John Ethridge.

New prospects for the team will be Stanley Davies, John E. Thomas, A. C. Oliver, Jr., Jimmy Walker, Glenn Swingle, Barron Seiferd, Buddie McCann, Wade Newhouse, Richard Cortne, Conrad Carroll, Robert Parlmer, not Max, William Durbin and Bennie Tutt.

Clemens, who will handle the backfield, will be assisted by terminal Coach Taylor Reverly and Joe Embry, who will put the linemen through their paces.

Plans for five of the tentative seven game schedule have been completed. They are: Stetson, Oct. 11, Crump Stadium; Centre, Oct. 18, Crump Stadium; Sewanee, Oct. 25, there; Millsaps, Nov. 15, there; Hendrix, Nov. 29, Crump Stadium, Homecoming Game.

## Intramural Schedule

WEEK OF FEB. 17, 1947

Monday, Feb. 17	1:30	KS vs. SN
	2:30	SAE vs. IND
Wednesday, Feb. 19	1:30	PiKA vs. ATO
	2:30	KA vs. Faculty
Friday, Feb. 21	1:30	KS vs. IND
	2:30	SN vs. ATO
Saturday, Feb. 22	1:30	SAE vs. KA
	2:30	PiKA vs. Faculty

WEEK OF FEB. 24, 1947

Wednesday, Feb. 26	7:00	KA vs. IND
	8:00	SAE vs. ATO
Thursday, Feb. 27	7:00	KS vs. PiKA
	8:00	SN vs. Faculty
Friday, Feb. 28	1:30	PiKA vs. KA
	2:30	IND vs. ATO
Saturday, March 1	1:30	SAE vs. SN
	2:30	KS vs. Faculty

WEEK OF MARCH 3, 1947

Wednesday, March 5	7:00	SAE vs. Faculty
	8:00	PiKA vs. IND
Thursday, March 6	7:00	KS vs. ATO
	8:00	KA vs. SN

## Millsaps Defeats Lynx Quintet

The Lynx cagers were downed 61 to 50 by a smooth passing Millsaps five Friday night.

Southwestern took an early 6-1 lead but Millsaps slowly pulled up to tie the score. The lead then see-sawed until the half-way mark which found the Mississippi team leading by a narrow margin of 30-27.

Dickie Dickerson, Lynx guard, paced his teammates with '0 points in the first frame. The second frame found Dickerson bottled up and unable to score.

Judd Williford and John Broderick, sharp shooting forwards, scored '7 and '2 points respectively to lead the Lynx scorers. Gordon Carr, Millsaps forward, held scoring honors with 19.

Southwestern received 26 foul shots and made 16 of them good. Millsaps hit 9 out of 16. Neither Southwestern nor Millsaps lost any of the starting five via the personal foul route.

Lineups:  
 S'western Pos. Millsaps  
 Williford 17 F Carr 19  
 Broderick 12 F Bell 4  
 Coley 5 C McLaurin 11  
 Carroll 4 G Pigott 12  
 Dickerson 10 G Christmas 3  
 Substitutions—S'western: Bailey, Owens, Haynes, Shinbaum. Millsaps: Doherty, McIntosh, Young, Bryant, Carruth, Bates.

## Lynx Cagers Lace Moccasins

The Southwestern Lynx cagers laced the University of Chattanooga's Moccasins in a hotly contested 43-42 victory last Saturday night in Fargason Auditorium. The suspense-laden second half was amply climaxed by a win clinching long shot accomplished by Bill Coley in the closing seconds of play.

The first half terminated with the Lynx having a substantial lead of 17 to 10, but in the opening minutes of the second stanza the Moccasins closed the 7 point advantage to 2 and from then on in it was nip and tuckered.

When the final four minute period started, the Chattanooga's had a slight edge, 38 to 37, which they immediately increased by a field goal from the seventeen foot line. Not to be outdone, the Lynx sparked with Coley coming in from the side for 2 and soon after, Conrad Carroll, who had been a stand-out both offensively and defensively all night, matched another of the opponents' goals, bringing the game to the crucial stage for Coley's timely toss-in.

The scoring honors were equally divided among Jud Williford, Coley, and Carroll, who tallied 11 points each. Dickie Dickerson, a boy who very ably played the entire game, didn't have an opportunity to shoot the first half but during the latter period opened up and sank three straight uncanny long shots which gave a valuable boost to the Lynx score.

S'western	C'nooga
Williford f 11	Welch f 7
Broderick f 1	Cash f 5
Coley f 11	Rawlings f 0
Bailey f 0	Griffeth f 10
McLeod c 2	Hicks c 1
Carroll c 11	Atchley c 5
Dickerson g 6	Carder g 10
Haynes g 1	Trundle g 4
Shinbaum g 2	Thach g 0



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WHAT HAPPENS TO MY  
CHESTERFIELDS

Everybody read in the last issue the article which began "BELOVED PROFESSOR RETURNS TO THE CAMPUS". The article went on to say that he was an all time favorite and some "could grant themselves the distinction of mentioning, 'Oh, I had him in English when I was out there.'"

I saw Dr. Monk in the library the week before exams began. Since in all of the fall meetings of Alpha Theta Phi we have been allocating many questions to ask him on his return, I proceeded to ask him to our regular luncheon I told him that we wanted to ask him a few questions. That was fine; Dr. Monk would come if I could call him as a reminder. I called him as he asked and found that the same issue of the Sou'western had gotten me into much trouble. The article about the Alpha Theta Phi meeting said that he was to be the principle speaker. After issuing dire threats and informing me that he was going to give me fits because I had

misrepresented facts, he said he would still come. Someone had left me with my neck sticking out. Oh well, c'est la vie. Everyone assembled for the luncheon and found to our utter chagrin and embarrassment that the "Man" professors were firmly ensconced in the Bell Room and would not budge. Here we had a guest for luncheon and no place to feed him. This did not appear to be the appropriate way to greet a man about whom we all had heard so much. Mrs. Hill remedied the situation by serving us in the dining hall.

When lunch was over, Dr. Monk began feeling his pockets for cigarettes. Ever anxious to do a person a good turn by offering them Chesterfields, I offered to give him some. Since my supply was cached at the Sou'wester office, Dr. Monk agreed to accompany me over there for the Chesterfields. I had Bessie, the family car, that day and had offered a ride into town to Laverne Lazarov and Irma Waddell. As we approached the parking lot, I glanced at Bessie in order to give an accurate description of her so that my passengers might get in. My glance was most unfortunate because it told a sad tale which I summed up by saying, "Mine is the one with the flat." Dr. Monk and I got his cigarettes and headed back to the car. I confirmed the statement by getting prepared to change the tire. Dr. Monk being a chivalrous soul offered to help. The offer was accompanied by the remark that giving him the Chesterfields was only a scheme to get help for changing the tire.

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