

LYNX CLAW AT OLE MISS

Bobcats Meet Aggies Today

SOUTHWESTERN MEETS OXFORD FOE TOMORROW

Team In Great Shape for Battle

CRITICS PICK MISS.

Local Lads Determined to Snatch Win

Tomorrow morning those fightin', scappin' Southwestern Lynx Cats and a carload of staunch supporters from the Alma Mater will embark on a special train to make the little journey to Oxford where these same Lynx laddies are going to take the red out of the red and blue and leave only the blues. In the pink of shape and keyed up to a winning attitude not to be denied the local gridders are leaving for a great game of the old pigskin sport calculated to throw a wrench in the highly touted Ole Miss machine. Southwestern's boys are not going around with chests out bragging about the prospects but neither are they shrinking from the conflict. They have the goods and intend to deliver it prepaid to the Ole Miss eleven. All week along every move has pointed toward the conflict. All week long the team has been drilling for the big day. And now that day has arrived.

Critics dope Ole Miss to win because of her advantage in weight and general showing so far. But they will have to bank on plenty of fight from the Southwestern aggregation before laying odds. Southwestern has never licked Ole Miss in a varsity football game but there are strange surges in the blood of the whole squad that portend a decided upset in the realm of the old dope bucket.

Come down to the battlefield of these two Titan elevens if there is an inner spirit seeking a colorful struggle. All indications point toward a colossal battle of brains and brawn.

Plans Mature For Big Convention

(N. S. F. A.)—Ed. R. Murrow, President of the National Student Federation of America is in Atlanta, Georgia, making preparations for the sixth annual N. S. F. A. Congress to be held there Dec. 29-Jan. 2, at which more than 500 delegates from American colleges are expected. Mr. Murrow had interviews with Bobby Jones and other prominent southerners. When he was in Washington last week, Mr. Murrow had an interview with President Hoover, who expressed his interest in the work of the Federation. Following his Washington visit, Mr. Murrow was entertained by the North Carolina Student Federation, which is amalgamated with the N. S. F. A.

Mr. Murrow reports that the student leaders of Georgia Tech and Agnes Scott College have already gone a long way in arranging the set-up of the Congress and are enthusiastic in their hopes to make it the most valuable and enjoyable Congress in the history of the Federation. Charles Witmer, student president of Georgia Tech last year and chairman of the Congress, assured Murrow that plans are being made to show the Congress the hospitality for which the south is noted. Preparations are under way to run special cars from New York, Portland, Chicago and San Francisco.

THINK THIS OVER

Hold your temper—no one else wants it. No sooner does a person say it can't be done, when he finds someone doing it.

Look Hyar, Folks!

This here Sou'wester ain't got but fo' pages, as maybe you all done discovered already. It ain't that we-uns is a-laying down on the job, cause we just loves to feed de presses with choice noose, but yur see it's dis way. These hyar printers warn't on de job Armistice day. Dey wuz out demonstratin' like all de rest and consequentially dey didn't hab time to set up de type for six pages. Den, too, the staff had an off day Tuesday. You all will pardon dis hyar issue for its smallness, but no doubt you will find herein some noose of great interest.

We ain't aiming to cut down de size of de weekly scandal sheet, but we-uns will put out a couple of more fo' page papers afore the year is out, specially round the holidays, when wuk's scarce and guys to do it is scarcer. Beggin' yo pardon, we now quit this here dissertation and axes you to go on wid de reading. Thanx.

Dr. Warren's Poems Get High Rating In Modern Anthology

Southwestern Professor Writes Kentucky Poetry

Last year Dr. Robert Penn Warren broke into the literary limelight with his prose biography of John Brown. This year, in possibly even more emphatic style, he has confirmed and magnified his reputation as a poet.

Louis Untermeyer, in his "Modern American Poetry," has an article concerning Dr. Warren, which rates him highly as a poet, and from which the following criticisms have been derived. "Pondy and Other Poems" is a volume of poetry in which form and feeling have been so perfectly fused as to become one. Critics believe this balance extraordinary in so young a poet.

Dr. Warren is the youngest of the "Fugitives" who had centered around Vanderbilt University in Nashville. This group of seven or eight experimenting poets was the most distinguished of the several which gradually emerged from the poetic chaos of loose thinking and looser writing by way of a measure of scholasticism and intellectual orderliness.

Dr. Warren belongs to this classification in so much as his verse is always of an intellectual and controlled emotional origin. His critical mind is readily discernible, although it is not used so insistently as to smother the forces of a creative imagination. His verse is virtually restricted in locale to the soil of Kentucky, and through its native images derives its strength no less than its fecundity.

There is a rugged strength and force beneath the semi-cavalier grace of Dr. Warren's poetry which is due part to the fact that sentiment has been controlled by thought to an extent that a perfect balance has been established between conception and perception.

We believe that Dr. Warren has a promising future as a poet if this volume is a sample of his future work.

Cupid Hits Carolyn

The engagement of Miss Carolyn Stockley, former student of Southwestern and member of the A. O. Pi sorority, to Mr. Herbert Humphreys is announced by her mother, Mrs. Henry Walker Stockley, the wedding to take place in December at Westminster Presbyterian Church.

The Sou'wester Takes Pleasure In Presenting New Serial: "Fred Finley At Farington"

By JOHNNY HUGHES
Author of "Ted Stormbright Out West."

(Editor's Note:—This is the second of a series of stories written by Mr. Hughes for the columns of the Sou'wester. What this young author did for the West in his thrilling story, "Ted Stormbright Out West," he has succeeded in doing for schools and colleges the country over. Now go on with the story.)

A tall, blue-eyed young man gazed interestedly out of the window as the fast express raced over the rails toward the little town of Wheelborough, where he was soon to begin his college career at Farington University. Fred Finley was the son of a well-to-do Southern planter who had decided to send his son East to get that education which he himself had been deprived of when his father had been knifed in the back by a Greaser in old Monterey. At Hillsdale High, young Finley had made quite a record for himself athletically, scholastically and socially, as all of the readers of "Fred Finley's School Days" well know. Six feet tall and weighing 180 pounds, Fred was a halfback of no mean ability, as well as a champion boxer, golfer, hockey player, pitcher, forward, and fencer. Sports just came naturally with him. His father had played on Yale's championship grid squad in the '90s in the position of left out.

Fred now sat beside the window lost in his thoughts. What kind of school would Farington turn out to be? Would he like it? Who would be his room mate?

Fred's musings were interrupted by the cry of "All off for Wheelborough," as the train rounded the last bend, and mid the grinding of brakes and the hiss of the air hose he gathered his suit cases together. Fifty or sixty other clear eyed chaps stood eagerly in line, more freshmen, Fred decided, awaiting the first glimpse of the school that was to be their Alma Mater.

As Fred stepped down upon the platform he was taken in charge by six fraternity men, each trying to pin a little button on his coat and talking a blue streak. Fred was at first taken back by such profusion of friendliness but he soon regained his typical poise and politely declined all invitations to ride to school, preferring, as he quaintly put it, "to ride with the other tenderfeet." He was led to a large bus where he waited for ten minutes while "Old Sam," the aged darkey who had been

(Continued on Page 3)

Alpha O's Sling Nifty Open House

The A. O. Pi's entertained with an open house Friday night from 8:30 till 11:30 o'clock in the chapter house on the campus. A sandwich course was served at intermission, and music was furnished by Zeto and his Moonlight Serenaders. The members, pledges and their dates were:

Harriet Shepherd with John McFerrin, Carolyn McKellar with Harvey Drake, Marian Pape with Joe McKinnon, Mary Mitchell with Angus Emerson, Elizabeth Hagan with Bob Seigler, Mary Allie Taylor with Malcolm Ritchie, Virginia Richmond with Jimmy Byram, Betty Jones with Leroy Montgomery, Elizabeth Beasley and escort, Martha McFerrin and escort, Mary McKellar and escort, Winona Bates with Thad Leggett, Alice Cahill with James Harrison, Nancy Clinton with Peewee Hines, Mary McCallum with Billy Wright, Katherine Harris with Mike Farrin, Mary Laughlin with Bill Gammage, Teresa Lilly with Lucius Cook, Charlene Tucker with Guy Mitchell, Katherine Floyd with Joe LePrince, Roder Trigg with Douglas Heuer, Ione Adams with Bob Campbell, Ida Banks with Joe Moss, Seldom Helm with Bill Frazier, Anita Wadlington with Bob Freeman, Josephine Farley and escort, and Ella Kate Malone and escort. Other specially invited guests were Jennie Puryear with George Powers, Lucille Work with Marion Painter, Frances Durham with Glenn Grubb, and Lyle Stange and escort.

YEARLINGS IN PRIME FRACAS ON HOME SOIL

Youngsters Ready for Big Battle

SENATOBIA IS HERE

Mississippi Boys a Good Pigskin Crew

This afternoon on the blood-soaked soil of Fargason the Bobcats will sharpen their claws on the strong Senatobia Aggies team, which aggregation will oppose them in a fracas of no mean merit. The local yearlings have a crew to be proud of and will exhibit a brand of football capable of making a visit to the sidelines quite an interesting affair.

Coach Hughes's men are not expecting to be handed the little end of the score but they are figuring on amassing a few points above the majority made themselves.

This paper refuses to make any wild calculations but it wouldn't surprise critics of the game in the least if the Southwestern Bobcats didn't put the Aggies in the background in the struggle today. At any rate, it will be a clash well worth the time and energy expended.

Zeta Taus Give Tea to Warm new Shrine

Fourth House Added to Sorority Row

The Zeta Tau Alphas initiated their new house with a tea given Saturday afternoon following the football game. Practically the entire faculty and student body came to admire and congratulate the chapter. The latest addition to sorority row was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and other autumn flowers, and tea was served throughout the afternoon by the patronesses of the chapter. Margaret Williams, president, received the guests at the door where they started a trip of exploration of rooms from the kitchen to the unique sunken fire place, stopping at intervals to admire the gifts presented to the Zetas by the sororities and fraternities on the campus. Dr. Bassett was observed holding his own surrounded by a group of chattering young ladies, and Dr. Johnson seemed to be enjoying an interesting conversation between munching cakes.

A jolly good time was had by all, judging by the crowd and the enthusiastic remarks.

Ladies Look Here If You So Incline

"What to do till the lawyer comes" is the theme of a first aid course in law which opened at New York University, September 23rd for women only. The modern, successful business woman has found a knowledge of legal principles, procedure and terminology necessary, while others not actively engaged in business or professional fields have come to appreciate the value of such knowledge in the management and protection of their various interests. The course, sponsored by the Women's Legal Education Society, is an answer to this need and will deal particularly with contracts, sales, wills and similar legal forms with which the average person comes in contact.

THE PI'S DESPISE
Members of Pi national sorority deem it unseemly that members of lesser "high-hat clubs" such as F. T. F. I., A. P. O., and O. K. should be included on their membership roll. Perhaps the members of Pi are just playing a game of tit for tat.

WILLIS McCABE WILL NAVIGATE LYNX CAGERS

Popular Coach Assumes Varsity Role

McCABE WELL-FITTED

Mentor Has Had Plenty of Experience

Willis McCabe, assistant coach of the freshman football team last week, was appointed varsity basketball coach for the coming season. He will have full charge of the varsity cagers during the coming season.

McCabe is well fitted for the new position. Last year he was coach of the freshman basketball team and the frosh went through the season with only two defeats. All last year's Bobcats who have graduated to the varsity ranks, are familiar with his system of coaching and will be ready to start the season off right when he calls the varsity men out for practice. He will not be a stranger to a majority of the varsity men, for he took over the coaching reins of the Lynx during the latter part of the 1928-29 season and converted a mediocre club into championship material. Evidence of his coaching ability is shown by the fact that the Lynx were runners-up in the championship tournament at Jackson, Miss., in 1929.

At the beginning of this year McCabe was selected as coach of freshmen teams, succeeding Wes Adams. At the end of last school year he resigned his position but was reappointed as freshman coach to assist Billy Hughes, at the beginning of the present year.

McCabe is a graduate of Central High school and the University of Tennessee. He was a three-letter man at both schools, playing quarterback on the football team, guard on the basketball team and pitcher on the baseball team.

Track Will Attract Student Gathering

Cinder Runway Opens At Ole Miss

Southwestern has been especially invited to attend the dedication of the Turner track at Ole Miss Friday afternoon. The new track has been named for O. J. Turner, former Ole Miss student, and a big bronze tablet will be erected in his honor.

The dedicatory address will be delivered by Honorable Heck Currie, prominent attorney of Meridian, Miss.

The new track will be dedicated between the halves of the Ole Miss-Lynx football game. Since a majority of the student body is going to the game Southwestern is well able to accept the invitation and will be on hand in great numbers when the memorial tablet is uncovered.

SUE TO LOU

Dear Lou:

The football game Saturday was real good. Louisiana's men were small, but they were plenty plucky and full of fight, but when our Lynx cats walked out on the field they didn't have half a chance. We walked right off with all the honors—and how! I never spent so much time cheering for so many touchdowns—were we thrilled?

After the game, the Zetas had their house warming. The house is perfectly beautiful—they have plenty of reason to be all puffed up. The fire place is the grandest thing you ever saw. It looks as if it were made for roasting marshmallows and such things. Virginia Richmond was certainly entranced by it—she looked so hard that she fell right in.

Wonder why Painter was so dressed up last Monday? Do you suppose he was planning to make another oratorical attempt?

The beard brigade is growing fast—it's a shame Izzy Key isn't on the football team, 'cause he sho' would get the prize. Brigrance looks like he's reverting to the type, and you should see Pitts, he looks beautiful—City's whiskers add exceedingly to his manly charm, too. By the way, I wonder where City was Saturday night!

Well, I must stop—be good and write soon.

Yours,
SUE.

P.S.—You should have seen Lucille Work and Doctor Razz Saturday night—whoopee!

WHO'S WHO

MARY HELEN FREEMAN

Mary Helen Freeman makes a strong bid to be the youngest member of so-called dignified seniors. She was born in Paris, Tenn., on September 18, 1911. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Freeman are her parents. She attended Central high four years, graduating in 1926.

Mary Helen is vice-president of Beta Sigma chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha. Last year she was a member of the Women's San Hedrin, and the year before she was a member of Chi Delta, of Y.W.C.A., and of the Spanish Club.

SCHUYLER LOWE

Schuyler Lowe, Sou'wester shekel shifter and righthand man of a certain young Kappa Delta, was born way out at Rocky Ford, Colorado, June 5, 1910. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Lowe.

On addition to being business manager of the Sou'wester, "Skinny" is a member of Beta Sigma, and a member of A.P.O. Exclusive Society.

MARION MILLS

Marion Mills, who hails from the southern part of Louisiana, Bugalusa, was born at Greenfield, Tenn., Nov. 1, 1910. She graduated from the Bugalusa High School in June, 1926. Before coming to Southwestern, she was a student at Bellhaven for one semester, and at Louisiana Tech. for one year.

Marion is a member of the College Choir, and of the Y. W. C. A.

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LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT

An editorial which appeared in the last issue of the Sou'wester has received a great deal of criticism by the faculty, and still more approbation by the student body. This is no apology for that article because we still believe the points set forth in the editorial, but we should like to make certain parts of it clear before going any further.

Part of the article dealt with student dissent with the faculty should they attempt to pass the ruling restricting social activities. Consequently some of the faculty members think the student body is not as closely behind them as in times past. This is false at present, although it could very readily be the case in the future should the faculty seek to control us too much. The student body harbors no malice toward the faculty members, and is willing to co-operate with them as far as possible in everything tending toward the welfare of the school. We have the best interests of Southwestern at heart as well as they. It is more important to our own welfare that faculty and student body work in close harmony, because we carry the school's ideals over a greater territory than they can possibly do. It is the student body that makes a school and not the faculty, although that is a most necessary part.

We should like to assure the faculty our hearty support toward all constructive measures, but we cannot give them blind loyalty in anything they do. And on their side they do not want that. We reserve the right to think as we wish on any subject whatsoever and express our views accordingly, but we must not carry the thing too far. That is what some of the faculty believed the last editorial did. Whether this is true or not is a matter for the individual to decide. At any rate, our obviously best policy is to make the relations between faculty and student body as smooth and as beneficial to the school as possible.

ABOUT THE OLE MISS TRIP

Tomorrow is the day of the big game, and the whole school is agog with the excitement of the trip to Ole Miss. There will be a special train to take the students down to Oxford, and on this train there will be the usual cheering and general hullabaloo. A spirit of fun will reign supreme. This is no prudish caution but something ought to be said concerning the behavior of the student body on foreign soil before the gang embarks.

We have been trusted by the faculty with a holiday to use as we wish. If we abuse the privilege granted there will be no small chance of ever securing another off day for a football game. The faculty will be quite justified in denying us a holiday for any game should we misuse the one we are to take tomorrow. It is up to us to make tomorrow a big success without overstepping the bounds of gentlemanly conduct.

The fact that we shall be away from home makes the conduct of the student body more important than if we had taken the holiday at home. Memphis knows us well enough to excuse anything we might do. They are well acquainted with the school out here and can see a little deeper than one big parade we might stage to the devastation of traffic, etc. But in a strange town the destruction of property and rowdiness will be less tolerated. Of course everybody expects us to make plenty of noise and have lots of pep at Ole Miss, but we can do all of that without hurting any one else. Let's watch our manners at Oxford as well as at home.

And in speaking of the Ole Miss game, there is yet another phase, than of the trip that should receive attention. The football team will be on the special train that bears the student body. It will do them plenty of good to know that a large crowd of Southwestern students is along to cheer them on. They need our support and they will get it. But the student body can be a hindrance to the team's chances in another way. Coach Burke will want his men to go straight to their rooms when the train pulls into Oxford. There are always some students who want to go with the players and talk the game over, lay bets, and keep the conversation flowing wildly. The team needs quiet and rest until the opening whistle blows. Let's all keep away from their quarters until after the game.

WE HAVE SOME FRESHMEN, TOO

This afternoon the Bobcats play their last game of the year on Fargason field. Any other games they have planned will be away from home. So far this year every freshman game here has received miserable crowds. The student body always turns out for the varsity games, but they let the freshman efforts pass unnoticed. Regardless of whether the varsity or freshmen are playing a game, every loyal student ought to be on the sidelines. The Bobcats are as much a part of Southwestern as the Lynx, and should be treated as such. They work just as hard and just as many days a week as does the varsity. They have been out since the middle of September training for their season. They deserve our support, whether they produce a winning team or a losing team.

College Men Preside Over Playgrounds

Four Big Bad Men Play With Kiddies

BOYS ARE GRIDDERS

Mentors Seek Game With Southwesterners

Southwestern is well represented on the Memphis Park playgrounds with four students as directors. Lawrence D. "Smoky" Hood, Norman Gibbs, "Peewee" Hines, and Freshman Jack Renshaw are working hard with their youngsters every day, and so was Bud Mefford, who has just resigned from the directorship of Bellevue Park. Mefford is also a member of the Royal Collegians, and both jobs took too much of his time.

Hood has charge of Forrest Park (Continued on Page 3)

POETRY CORNER

"Sobria grata parum; cum bibet, omne decet."—Propeatus.
Wine makes you flirtatious—
(Boy, two goblets of wine)
Usually ungracious
Wine makes you flirtatious—
Moral: be vanaicious,
Bibacious, drunk, and mine.
Wine makes you flirtatious—
Boy! Twelve goblets of wine!
—Billy Mitchell.

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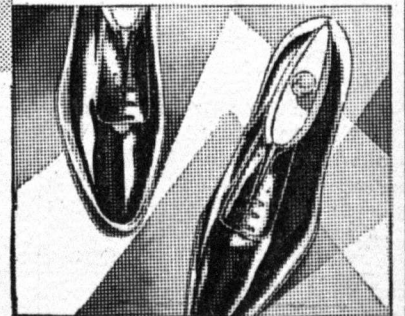
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College Men Preside

(Continued from Page 2)

and is turning out a football team of renown from the young men of the curb market district. He has sent his charges through three strenuous tilts and each time they have come out on the long end of the score. Chief Hood states that he would like to arrange a scrimmage for his team with the Lynx. He also intimated that if Coach Billy Hughes was not afraid of having some of his Bobcats put on the injured list, he would like to have a little opposition from them.

Hines is the director at DeSoto Park. So far, the eminent Southwestern pep-maker has cheered his men of the gridiron on to three defeats, but is gradually rounding them into shape for the more trying tilts which are to come.

Gibbs is the head of Beauregard Park and is putting his men through hard scrimmages and signal drills every day. He has put an eleven of Renshaw, mentor at Overton Park, has a team about which little is known. Many times such mystery teams prove to be thorns in the sides of well known elevens, however, and Renshaw's may prove no exception. Rival teams are not considering them lightly as the Overton Park director has a reputation for not being satisfied with a losing team and will keep switching his men until he has found a winning combination.

"Fred Finley at Farington"

(Continued from Page 1)

in the employ of the school for years, fixed a flat tire.

As Fred's eyes flashed here and there he noticed the large number of shiny roadsters, collegiate dressed young men, and pretty girls. A tall dark faced youth with a beautiful chestnut haired girl on his arm, strolled past the bus toward the station where a laughing group of upperclassmen had gathered to talk over summer activities and old times. As the couple passed Fred the girl dropped her handkerchief quite accidentally, nor did either she or her escort notice it. With a quick bound Fred was out of the bus, and with the handkerchief in his hand advanced toward the group of upperclassmen, who were now gathered around the girl.

"Pardon me," said Finley, with his customary politeness, you dropped this."

The girl turned toward Fred as she noticed the outstretched hand containing the handkerchief.

"Oh, thank you ever so much, Mr. er . . . er . . ."

"Finley's the name," quickly interrupted Fred. "I was sitting in the freshman bus as you passed and I saw you drop this."

"That was so kind of you. My name's Doris Donaldson. We'll be in the same class, for I'm just starting this year, too."

"Gee, that'll be swell," burst out Fred, as he gazed deep into her brown eyes. "Say," continued Fred, "may I call on you tonight?"

"Why, yes, of course," smiled the girl, "I live at 1756 Dunley. Drop around about eight."

"Thanks a lot, Miss Donaldson," replied Finley.

As Fred reached the step of the bus a strong hand grabbed his shoulder and twisted the Southerner around. Finley gazed straight into the face of the tall youth who had been with Doris when she played drop the handkerchief.

"Listen, freshman, lay off that dame. She's mine," the bully snarled. "I'm Tim Thompson, the boxing champion of Farington, a senior, and a big man around here. What I say goes. Get that?"

"Take your dirty paw off me," replied our hero. "I have as much right to call on Miss Donaldson as you have. Furthermore, even though I'm a frosh, I can whale the devil out of you," and Fred's blue eyes flashed with lightning.

"I'm going to be over at Doris' at eight, so if you know what's good for you, you'll steer clear of there," snarled the dark youth.

"See you at eight," grimly smiled Finley, as the bully turned back toward the group of upperclassmen. He noted the powerful shoulder and lithe stride of Thompson and read the strength in every movement of his body.

"Hm . . . that may mean trouble," thought our hero as he seated himself in the bus along with the other freshmen. After a ten-minute ride through a beautiful wood the bus came to a halt in front of a small group of grey stone buildings, Farington University, whose sons had made history as a direct result of the splendid training they had received in her walls. Farington, the school famed for its fighting spirit, whose athletes and scholars knew not the word "fail."

"Are you Finley, Fred Finley?" asked a tall curly haired fellow with an inviting grin as Fred stood on the walk in front of the dormitory.

"Why, yes," answered Fred, "what can I do for you?"

"Johnson is my name, Jimmy Johnson. I'm your roommate," replied the friendly chap. "Here, let me help you with those things."

Together they ascended the stone stairs to a second story room where Fred's junk was thrown in a corner. After cleaning up, the two young men began arranging Fred's stuff, paying especial attention to the walls. In one corner stood a tall car, reminiscent of many a close race. Two hockey sticks crossed on the wall opposite two crossed fencing foils gave a sense of balance to the room. Boxing gloves, baseball bats, a headgear, tattered and torn, all blended in giving the room a typical college atmosphere.

Supper over, Fred went to his room to get ready for his date. He and Jimmy chatted in a friendly fashion as young boys will do, until a quarter to eight. With the best wishes of his roommate in his ears, Finley started down the street toward its intersection with Bonds Avenue. It seemed to Fred that he once or twice caught a fleeting glimpse of a shadowy figure following him but he was not sure. Fred walked along briskly but managed to find time to save a little child from a speeding truck, bind up the leg of an injured dog, give a dol-

lar to a blind old lady, and soundly thrash a big bully who was endeavoring to beat a little girl over the head with a club.

Fred rang the doorbell of the Donaldson mansion. Doris herself met him at the door and took his coat. Fred thought her divine in a white dress, caught up with black rinstones.

"Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you've come," cooed the girl, and Fred smiled clandestinely as he mused on his power over women. He was not conceited, but he did appreciate himself. They sat down on the couch before an open fire. Fred took out his little ukulele without which every college boy would feel lost, and in three songs had Doris eating out of his hand. It was love at first sight. Just as they were about to blend their lips into a kiss divine the door was pushed open and Tim Thompson, the school bully, rushed in, his face black with rage.

"I'll get you for this, he fairly screamed as he made at Fred Finley, intent on doing mischief of the worst sort. Our young hero jumped to his feet and the eternal triangle was again triumphant as the two youths met headlong.

Editor's Note:—What will happen to Fred Finley? Will he be driven from school by the bully, Tim Thompson, or will he win Doris Donaldson for his own and star in all the football games. Second chapter of this serial will be in the next issue of the "Sou'wester." Don't miss it.)

Communism in China. Maxwell S. Stewart. The Nation for August 27, 1930, page 217.

Mr. Stewart, who is on the spot, finds that the communism which is growing in China is not Russian at all, but is a growth from within the nation. This is an interesting new angle on the subject and should be of interest to the readers of all editorial columns.

Death rates calculated on the basis of the new census indicate that in healthfulness among cities of the world, New York ranks first, Chicago second, Berlin third, London fourth, and Paris fifth.

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MUSIC HEADQUARTERS

Shall Creators Own Their Own Creations. Lyman Beecher Stowe. The Bookman for August, 1930, page 337.

Most of the successful authors of the next decade are now in college. Stowe tells briefly of the injustice being done American authors by our archaic copyright laws, and of a possible revision of these laws soon to be considered by Congress. An editorial on this subject should interest a large number of your readers, and all of them who are faculty members.

Z.T.A.'s Give Party In Their New Lodge

The Zeta Tau Alpha sorority entertained with an open house Monday night from 8 till 11:30 o'clock in honor of the pledges in their new chapter house on the campus. The party was in the way of a formal opening of the house which is the newest and one of the most attractive on the campus. The active members, pledges and their dates were: Mary Carpenter with Halbert Scott, Mary Anderson with Thad Leggett, Louise Nowlin with Arthur Ranson, Mary Helen Freeman with Jack Turner, Jennie Puryear with Laurence Hood, Dorothy Whitten with Joe LePrince, Dorothy Dailey with Ritchie Morgan, Marjorie Moore with Travers Read, Dorothy Jane Kerr with Phil Roberts, Elizabeth Richey with Tom Holloway, Carol Van Broklyn with James Hamilton, Jane Ussery with James Byram, Willie Mae Gildart with Malcolm Gibbons, and Mary Bornman with Edward Ashley. Specially invited guests from other sororities were Catherine Bigelow, Martha Burton, Elizabeth Alley and Virginia Richmond.

LYNX GRIDDERS CHEW WILDCATS IN BIG BATTLE

Louisiana Lads Luscious Football Meal

THE VERDICT: 57 TO 0

High and Newton Step Lively

Scoring at will, Southwestern ran up 57 points against a papery Louisiana College defense Saturday afternoon at Fargason Field to register their first S. I. A. A. triumph and tie their scoring record which was made back in 1925 when the Lynx ran rough shod over Jonesboro College 57 to 0 in the first game of football Southwestern played in Memphis. Louisiana failed to score.

Again it was Herbert Newton and Harold High, sophomore substitutes, who carried off scoring honors with each garnering three touchdowns. Newton made all of his in the first quarter while High divided his between the second and fourth periods.

Behind a stalwart Lynx line which outcharged their opponents throughout the game, Newton, High, Sheriff Knight, Pittman, and Hinson ran wild, with each, excepting Knight, scoring at least once. The Wildcats were unable to penetrate the Southwestern forwards for any appreciable gains and had to resort to aerial tactics which, while effective to a great extent, were never able to cash in for a score.

Favored by a 20 pound to the man advantage over the Wildcats, Southwestern opened up a powerful attack in the first quarter which netted twenty points and cinched the game. After Newton had kicked to Louisiana to start the game, Dalton Faircloth fumbled on the second play and City Thomason recovered on the Wildcat 29 yard line. On the first play Newton went around left end behind a wave of interference to cross the goal line standing and untouched. Lamar Pittman added an extra point with a place kick. Shortly after Southwestern scored again on a long march in which Knight and Newton gained repeatedly through Louisiana. Newton carried the ball over on a short end run. Near the close of the quarter, Southwestern added another touchdown. Standing on his own 35 yard line, Newton shot a pass to High good for a 17 yard gain. Another pass, from Newton to High, placed the ball on Louisiana's 25 yard line. Knight rammed through for a short gain, and on the next play he surprised Louisiana and no less than 1,000 spectators by tossing a sun-kisser over the goal line into the waiting arms of Newton. Words can't describe that play. The ball left Knight's hand, spiralling beautifully, and apparently headed for no particular spot in the air. After going up about thirty yards the ball dropped, and there was Newton standing under it in the clear. Sheriff is the only player on the Southwestern squad who could get away with a play like that.

In the second quarter, "Chicken" High broke loose with a couple of his characteristic broken field runs to score twice. High went around end for 55 yards the first time, and shortly after he took a 20 yard pass from Hightower to race 50 yards for another touchdown. Incidentally High played a smart brand of football all the way, picking his holes carefully, spearing several wildcat passes and driving his team at top speed whenever the officials permitted.

Louisiana braced somewhat in the third quarter to hold Southwestern to a single score while making a valiant effort on their part to break through for a touchdown. Passes from Captain David Harkness to Arthur Taliaferro and Cad Stevens put the ball in threatening position several times, but Lynx backs and ends managed to either break up the passes or intercept them.

Coach Webb Burke had his first string halfbacks, George Hightower and Hinky Hinson, in the game during the last quarter, and the latter scored twice in rapid order. Hightower probably would have scored also if he had not been taken out when injured. High also added his third score of the game during this quarter.

Every player looked good for Southwestern, with Sheriff Knight, sophomore fullback, displaying a great deal of improvement over past performances. Always a good defensive player, Knight looked the part of a real line smasher Saturday whenever called upon to carry the ball.

Bryan University, a memorial to the man who was the United States' foremost exponent of fundamentalism, opened its doors this year at Dayton, Tenn., where Bryan died while engaged in his last great fight for his beloved cause.

The two hundredth anniversary of the invention of the cuckoo clock is being celebrated in Germany this year. The first one was made by Franz Anton Ketterer in Schoenwald in 1730.

Bahia, Brazil, built in two sections, at the foot and at the top of a tall cliff, has installed two American elevators for the 10,000 people who daily climb up and down the cliff.

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