

THE SOUTHWESTER

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LYNX MEET HOWARD BULLDOGS

FIEND FIRES MYSTERY SHOT IN ROBB HALL

Terror Stricken Boys Flee In Nighties

DR. COOPER WARNED

Detectives Baffled Over Startling Event

A shot! A shriek! Loud groans! Then great confusion as the boys of Robb Hall ran hither, thither, and yon trying vainly to catch the Terror! Some were in pajamas and some in the nude. Such was the beginning of one of the most baffling mysteries in Southwestern history.

No finger prints or clues are to be found. Philo Vance one of the greatest detectives of the age has been searching diligently since Monday trying to find the fiend. As yet his search has been of no avail due to the lack of clues.

The murder or attempt at murder occurred Sunday night at exactly 10:30 o'clock. Who the shot was intended for has not yet been determined. After a diligent clean-up (?) by Clara and Bobo they declare that the body, if there is one, cannot be found.

Rumors are out that the first floor is haunted by a spirit in torment. The boys are afraid to venture forth after twilight and a deathlike stillness prevails.

Perhaps the bullet was intended for Prof Raymond Cooper, since last week he received a letter from the Black Hand, an Italian organization supposedly guided by Benvenuto Fes-

(Continued on Page 2)

MUSHER PENS LIVELY TALE

Bert Hansen's "Tundra" Acclaimed Good

"When Bert Hansen wrote 'Tundra' he wrote facts. Every statement in it is true. It represents six years of as fine a service under the supreme difficulties of Alaska's climate as any Government agent has ever given."

The speaker was Major Henry K. Love, at one time a Rough Rider under Roosevelt, from 1908 to 1913 United States Marshal in Alaska, more recently in the American Army in the World War, and now residing at 118 South 21st Street, Philadelphia. The question just put to him concerned former U. S. Deputy Marshal A. H. ("Bert") Hansen and the book, "Tundra" which The Edingtons have just made out of Hansen's experiences as representative of the law in Alaska.

"Bert Hansen was a United States Deputy Marshal during practically the entire time I was Marshal of the 4th Division of Alaska," said Major Love. "A brief contact with him, some years before, had indicated his worth and capacity for accomplishment. He did not seek to enter the service; I drafted him. Our district was the largest in Alaska. It included most the interior and extended all the way to the Arctic Ocean. Bert—as he was familiarly and affectionately known throughout Alaska—and his dogs easily held the record as 'mushers' in that territory, from the mountains to the seas. Season after season he 'mushed' the uncharted spaces of that solitary land, where one survived by self-reliance and individual initiative alone.

"As for 'Tundra,' it states facts—facts which I well know to be true. It correctly and vividly describes characters and conditions in the Northland of those years. I read it with a tingling of the spine as it brought back memories of our years together up there. Yes, to my mind 'Tundra' is the saga of the North."

Where do you Belong

Do you belong to a radiator? That is the vital and all important question now. Rushing has faded into the dim distance and in its place looms this new problem. The girls have definitely settled the question for themselves—the Chi Omegas monopolize the friendly iron by the north steps in Palmer rotunda, the A. O. Pi's have chosen the south one and the K. D.'s the iron mountain by the gushing fountain (no pun intended). Now the question is up to the boys—should they give them all a break and make the rounds each day or should they make a choice and remain faithful to but one? The former idea seems fairer, for what would the co-eds do without the shining smiles of the eds? So meander boys, meander.

SANHEDRIN DEN TORTURES GUYS

Paddles Play Symphony On Frosh Ends

The Sanhedrin! Merely the mention of the name sends a quiver up the spines of any Frosh who happen to be within earshot. They slink away into the shadows for fear that some unpleasant memory will be revived or that they will be urged to attend one of the exclusive meetings where an R. S. V. P., is unknown to the invitations.

The tower room torture den is maintained to mete out punishment to any Freshmen who violate any rules that are passed to govern their conduct. Once a Frosh passes the portals of the tower room, his doom is sealed. Seldom, if ever, does one emerge as active and spry as he entered. The gory scene is the result of the infractions of the rules and punishment is dealt out, ever lavishly, but in accordance with the seriousness of the offence.

What!! Bang! "OOHHHH" Another Freshman realizes the futility of disobeying orders. A few words of remonstrance with plenty of persuasion work wonders to the daring freshmen. Many have been carried from the tower room, others have had to be revived before leaving, as blood is such an unpleasant sight. All depart with a keen and sharp sense of right and wrong, with special keenness and sharpness located in the near vicinity of that part of the anatomy provided by nature for use in resting.

Dr. Hume Leads Class

Dr. Hume will continue his teaching at the Sunday morning bible Class in Palmer Hall, following with the International Bible Lessons. The class is fortunate in having Dr. Hume, as its teacher for the entire month of October.

TRACK STAR IS SERIOUSLY ILL

Sinus Hemorrhage Hits Malcolm McMillan

Malcolm McMillan has been practically lost to the Southwestern Cross-country team for this season. He had a hemorrhage of the nose Monday night, and was carried to the Baptist Hospital where a transfusion had to be made.

Blood tests of Ogden Baine, J. P. Hollifield, Elbert Huffman, Nate White, and Sam McMillan were taken. White's test conformed and he gave a pint of his blood to McMillan.

The hemorrhage was the result of a sinus operation that was performed two weeks ago. He was well on the road to recovery when a flow of blood Monday night proved serious and after an examination it was found that a transfusion had to be made.

BOBCATS TAKE OFF FOR GAME WITH DELTA

Hughes' Boys Leave On Fast Bus

FIGHT IS EXPECTED

Initial Tilt of Year To Be Tomorrow

Coach Billy Hughes and a bus load of freshmen football players will en-train this morning for Cleveland, Mississippi, to play Delta State Teachers College Saturday in the first of a five game schedule.

The Teachers nosed out the Bobcats last year by a score of 7 to 0, but Hughes' yearlings are primed for a victory this year.

Two weeks ago the Bobcats looked pretty ragged, but they have blossomed out considerably of late under the driving hands of Coaches Hughes and McCabe. A couple of hard scrimmages between varsity and freshmen in which the latter did some great defensive work, have just about given the boys enough confidence to go out on the field in a real game of football and stand the gaff.

rangy line sums up the Bobcats' prospects as far as it is possible to judge at this early date: In Albert Mallory, Tom Morris, Emil MacFarland Wesley Busbee, Frank Key, and Gilbert Pervis, the freshmen will have a strong array of backfield talent. Against the Teachers, big Wesley Busby will be in at full back. He will back up the line and add a lot of scoring punch as a dependable man to plug the line. Mallory will probably get first call over Morris for quarterback. Besides being an able field general, Mallory can punt, pass, and step off the necessary yardage. Key and Pervis are almost certain to start at the half back posts. Pervis, a rugged little back from Corinth, Mississippi, is a hard runner and very good at holding his feet on any kind of football field. Key seems to have a lot of good football in his system, but he hasn't started to cut loose. In Monday's scrimmage he showed a pair of fast legs; something he has kept away in the past.

In the forward wall will be some hefty men all of whom are good defensive players. On right end will be George McCormack a very fine player who has all the attributes of a star wingman. Weighing about 180 pounds and fast on his feet, this boy ought to smear everything around his end tomorrow. Next to McCormack, Bobbie Lee will be stationed. Lee can easily take care of his position against most anybody. Gaunt Halbert Scott is going to play right guard, and he will play it like it should be. Halbert has more experience than the average freshman football player. Center is rather a problematical with Merrill MacDougall and Lanky Lawhorn sharing the post in the past. Lawhorn is the more advanced player of the two, but he is still bothered by a bad knee. Coach Hughes may start either man. Over on the left side of the line will be Gordon Fox, Ray Sanders, and Sid Johnson at guard, tackle, and end respectively. Fox and Sanders are heavy men while Johnson is the only lightweight in the line.

Southwestern is facing a veteran team tomorrow, but they hope to overcome experience with a scrappy eleven that is going to be in there fighting for a full sixty minutes.

Alpha O's Elect

The pledges to Alpha Omicron Pi met last Thursday to elect officers for the group. The following officers were elected: Mary Laughlin, president; Roder Trigg, vice-president; Kathryn Harris, secretary; and Ella Kate Malone, treasurer.

Hear! Hear!

We know this Sou'wester is just the latest thing out in the way of news and that students fairly cry for it but for Pete's sake don't throw the copies all over the campus after perusing the contents. Such literature deserves better treatment and should be given at least a decent burial in the waste paper basket.

After the appearance of the last four issues of the weekly scandal sheet the campus has looked like the day after the parade what with the printed matter blown here and yon by the gusty winds of autumn.

Take a little pride in the appearance of the grounds and be business like enough to importantly stick the spare issue of the Sou'wester in the old coat pocket or handbag as the case may be.

FACULTY VIES FOR HONORS

Drs. Cooper, Shewmaker and Atkinson Triumphant

The selection of faculty advisors last week gave us a peek into the varied interests of the students, upperclassmen as well as freshmen. Dr. Cooper's name was found to be on almost all the slips turned in by the co-eds. The editor of this paper was rather astonished upon learning this, so he sent one of his proteges to interview a representative of the fair sex. After a rather tedious and confidential questioning the fair one burst forth with, "You know, Dr. Cooper is the type of man that I have always dreamed of but had never hoped to find. He has stirred something within me which no other man has. I am sure that the sarcasm which he throws upon love and lovers is only a veil, so I am the woman who will draw the veil." Watch out Dr. Cooper! Dr. Atkinson's innocent smile seems to have its effect—especially on the freshettes—for he very nearly equalled Dr. Cooper in popularity with the women.

Dr. Shewmaker's name was found on a great number of slips—far too many for a man with a family. The same young reporter who interviewed the co-ed concerning Dr. Cooper overheard this frank conversation: "Girls, don't you just love Dr. Shewmaker's voice? Why, just the other day I began to cry right in the middle of his lecture. What a fortunate woman is Mrs. Shewmaker!" It is very plain now why Dr. Shewmaker likes to teach.

SMALL CROWD WATCHES TILT

2500 Spectators Witness Eagle Murder

There were only about 2500 persons all told, who saw the Lynx grind Lambuth in the mire 50 to 0, at Farguson Field, last Saturday. By the time the students and complimentary tickets were deducted, very few cash customers were left.

Of course, it was known beforehand that the game would be a one-sided affair, and this fact undoubtedly kept a great many away. However, the team fought hard throughout the contest, and deserves the support of the students and fans.

Southwestern plays Howard College here tomorrow, and a hard-fought battle is anticipated, as Howard has one of the strongest teams in the S. I. A. A. They were runners-up to the champion Chattanooga U. team last year. The strength of the Lynx has already been noted in its impressive 14 to 0 victory over Mississippi A. & M., and its one-sided defeat of Lambuth. A capacity crowd is expected to attend the game.

BLOODY FRAY EXPECTED IN PIGSKIN DUEL

Aerial Attack Will Feature Game

BATTLE TO DEATH

Boys Take Things Easy for Health

The Howard College Bulldog from down Birmingham way will pad onto Fargason field tomorrow for 60 minutes of deadly combat with that fierce old devil known as the Southwestern Lynx. Out of the din and battle the fur and hair will fly and over it all there will be a cloud of dust and excitement. Stands will groan beneath their weight and the yelling mob will scream for victory. Pandemonium will run riot amid the throng and a whooping hilarious afternoon will be enjoyed by each and every spectator present at the legalized slaughter fest. So far the story reads like a tale of the Rover boys but how will it be tomorrow when the local boys match brains and brawn against that scrapping dog thing? Yes, how will it be the dopsters are crying and sleek gamblers are pacing the campus nooks taking in bets on the sly as the odds approach more and more an even basis for the big tilt of the day.

As the hours reel off their slow progress the critics are taking a close squint at that barking dog to see if he can bite. True it is that Howard is the proud possessor of a lashing aerial attack that has proved the berries in at least one game, but the defensive prowess of the Lynx airman has been consistent enough this year to cast a shadow of a doubt

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BAND STRUTS BRASS MUSIC

Bass Section Squelched With Tubas

Southwestern's 1930-31 band made its premier appearance in full force at the Lynx-Lambuth game on last Saturday under the leadership of Mr. Harrison who directed the band last year. The band is composed entirely of brass instruments with the exception of the bass drum. It made a very creditable showing, playing many of the more familiar college tunes and rendered the Southwestern Alma Mater in fine style.

The band is somewhat hampered by the lack of any but the brass instruments and also is a little weak in the bass section as there are several trumpets and trombones to compete with the single bass horn. It is, however, a very good band in spite of these lacking elements and much of the credit is due Mr. Harrison for his efforts in aiding the members with his knowledge of music and his additions to the harmony of the ensemble with his excellent playing of the trumpet.

Having a band to play at the games adds much to the promotion of pep among the rooters and the members of the band are to be congratulated for their school spirit and their labor for the improvement of the spirit of the whole student body.

All Hail, Chemists!

"Creative Chemistry," the book that made the name of Edwin E. Slosson a household word throughout America, will be re-issued in a new revised edition by The Century Co., late in October. This book has been read by more than a quarter of a million people since it was first published. The new edition contains many revisions including a brand new chapter, new illustrations, and a colored wrapper to distinguish it from its old self.

POETRY CORNER

"The Cynic Speaks"

The world is fast degrading, growing evil day by day;
 There's no escape from coming doom attempt it how you may.
 I thought all this and e'en believed that Mother love was dead
 'Til I saw a blind old lady pat her niece's head.
 The older ones are idiots, the younger ones quite mad
 This alarming situation makes a saint out as a cad.
 I even thought the end had come and the last "Pace" said,
 When I saw that blind old lady pat her little niece's head.
 A caress so full of longing from a heart quite starved by fate
 I could see her there imagining her own daughter's curly pate
 And I saw her there fulfilling what the Lord Almighty said
 To the Galilean children when He stroked each upturned head.
 And the little girl was quite content to lie in Auntie's arms
 And know she was protected from my world of fright'ning harms
 Then I saw the Auntie smile and all my foolish doubtings fled.
 When I saw a blind old lady pat her little niece's head.

CRITICAL COMMENT

In the form of a triquet, upon the life times, and complete dramatic works of George Bernard Shaw.
 I have no love for Shaw—
 And Shaw's adroit confections.
 His humor, often raw,
 I have no love for Pshaw!
 Let others grin, guffaw,
 And praise, with genuflections.
 I have no love for Shaw,
 And Shaw's adroit confections.
 —B. Mitchell.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:
 The time has come for me to speak. Perhaps since I am only a freshette in this "great institution of learning," you will no doubt entertain the idea that I express myself rather crudely because I have not had an opportunity as yet of coming under the influence of the learned scholars who conduct classes in this college for the edification of the students. No, I am still under the influence of the high school from which I emanated as a distinguished alumna. I cannot reconcile myself to the harsh treatment accorded the freshettes who matriculate at Southwestern. I am disgusted with the humiliation that I have been made to feel on entering here. Why should I be made to don a baby cap and sit in mock respect at the feet of the upperclassmen? I possess a proud spirit and a sensitive heart and a very penetrating mind, and I can see absolutely no justice in my having to humble myself before students who have been here longer than I, but who most assuredly are not more worthy than I am. Dear Editor, cannot something be done? I appeal to you as one who knows the secret sentiments of the mob. In your capacity as head of this paper I think you should take decisive steps in behalf of the freshettes. I warn you there is liable to be a reaction if this letter is disregarded. Some of my friends are in hearty accord with everything that I am saying. They too are coeds for the first time this year and they too feel keenly the ridiculous and unjustifiable blows which have stung their proud hearts into submission. Southwestern, I was lead to believe, is a place of higher learning where "Young Women," and not mere senseless girls, are invited to better their minds and equip themselves for life. Perhaps being made to carry a potato around the campus in a spoon has a remote relation to domesticity, but I cannot imagine such a thing as aiding a girl in a course in home economics. I believe I have exploded the potato's claim to a place in the curriculum of a college girl. You can see that potato-toting really has no value to a coed. As for wearing green stockings and painting one's cheeks in an outrageous manner, my sense of beauty is thoroughly revolted. My sense of propriety is practically slain and has been ever since I first set foot inside Palmer Hall.
 Such treatment as has been accorded the freshettes is enough to make them become antagonistic to this institution and the women who foster the humiliation of the freshettes. Will not the men come to my rescue and denounce the barbarous methods of the upperclasswomen? I demand that something be done. I am so infuriated that I can hardly contain myself and write with dignity which becomes a college girl—a real college girl. I hope you will publish this letter and I don't care what happens.

Sincerely,
 A Freshette.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief James Hughes
 208 Calvin Hall Phone 7-9279
 Assistant Editor John Hughes
 Assignments—Reeves Manker, Marion Painter, Lorinne Mitchell, Ralph Booth, I. P. Hollifield, Elbert Huffman, Mary Gardner Patterson, John Rea, Palmer Schaffer, Roger Wright, Don MacQueen, Charles Plummer, Mike Farrin.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Schuyler Lowe
 1651 Faxon Avenue Phone 7-5320
 Advertising Solicitors Frances Durham, Howell Tatum

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LEADING EDITORIAL OF THE WEEK

The annual cry for peace that arises with the opening of the college year has once more begun. A practice that is soon to become a tradition, every year new provisions are made to disseminate anti-chauvenistic feelings among university and college students. This year three universities received the Fidac Peace Medal for "distinguished accomplishment in the cause of peace," and at the same time Columbia has announced a new course in "Education and International Problems and Values" to promote an understanding of the methods of obtaining world peace.

On the heels of this comes the announcement that several American diplomats are convinced that another European war is brewing. They attempt to soften these dire prognostications with the pious opinion that the United States will never be drawn into such a conflict excepting to "protect her honor."

The same futility that has attended all academic discussion of war problems will apparently be the fate of the present optimistic gestures. Italy rattles her sword under the nose of France, who retaliates with ostentatious war games on the Italian border. Germany and Russia, too, indulge in their share of blustering. From all external appearances, Europe will again be shocked with the news that the cannons are again roaring. The aspect is not a cheerful one, yet it seems inevitable in these times when even disarmament conferences almost end in a war.—From the Harvard Crimson, September 22.

Few students are aware of the fact that Southwestern has another song besides the Alma Mater.

It is not only a song written expressly for Southwestern by an outstanding Memphis musician, but it is a beautiful composition in words and music.

There are occasions when something other than the Alma Mater, expressive though it is, would be more appropriate. Such a song as **Southwestern** would be sung then.

Why not blow the dust off the copy and put it into use?

THOSE TERRIBLE BOULDERS

With the campus of Southwestern as neat and as beautiful as it is at most times, it is a shame that the driveway in front of Robb Hall should have giant boulders laid on it to prevent cars from running over the edges of the pavement. The only thing to say for the physical appearance of the rocks is that they do "fit in with the general architecture of the school," but there is much to be said on the other side. To visitors who are looking over the campus they are unsightly landmarks. To the students who needs must see them every day they are eyesores of the first order.

Of course the idea of regulating the traffic in front of Robb may be necessary, but it would seem that a neater method of coping with the situation could be use. Why not move the rows of stakes over on one side and put a few black iron stakes or posts where the wooden ones would be unsightly?

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?

There are many ways of voicing the proper school spirit at Southwestern but there is still one channel open to the fellows who are really behind the team and want to do all they can to help them come out on top. Each Saturday there are a number of football men who have to wait on the tables in the dining hall because there are not enough fellows willing to take their places for the noonday meal. According to all rules of training these men should be in their rooms resting for several hours before the game. If there were enough volunteers who would see the men and offer to take their places for this one meal each week it would help the team considerably. What do you say?

COUNCIL COMPLIMENTED

A transfer student remarked the other day that of all his first impressions of this college the high moral tone of Southwestern students in the classroom and on the campus had struck him most.

He stated that coming from a school where the members of the Honor Council were recognized as a police body, the position of that organization at this college seemed almost unbelievably successful to him.

This is satisfying news from a person who has been a member of another student body. It is the **desideratum** of any honor system, and is the only consideration under which it can exist successfully.

WHO'S WHO

DR. CHARLES E. DIEHL

Dr. Charles Edward Diehl, president of Southwestern since July 1917, was born at Charlestown W. Va., May 18, 1875! He received his A. B. degree of Johns Hopkins in 1896, and his M. A. from Princeton in 1900. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1900, the same year in which he was graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1910 he received his D. D. degree from Southwestern and in 1926 his LL. D. from Davidson College in North Carolina. He married Miss Katherine Ireys of Greenville, Miss., Mar. 24, 1909. He is listed in "Who's Who" in America as a clergyman and educator. He is a member of the O. D. K. fraternity. He published "the Story of a Vineyard in 1927.

MARGARET ASHLEY

Margaret Ashley was born in Memphis on August 15, 1909. In preparing herself for Southwestern, she attended the Greenville, Miss., High School, Graduating in 1927.
 Margaret assists Mrs. Ruthland in sharing the responsibilities of Evergreen Hall (in case you do not know where this building is located ask Harold High) as she is the president of the hall. She is also a member of the San, Herdrin Council, secretary and treasurer of the Girl's Undergraduate Society, a member of the French Club, a member of Y. W. C. A., and an assistant in the department of education. For the past two years she has been proctor of Evergreen. In addition to these other activities, Margaret has played on the girl's basket-ball team.

FIEND FIRES MYSTERY

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tini. Usually this clan is out for blackmail only. For that reason Vance has come to the conclusion that Prof. Cooper is not being victimized by the "Terror."

Vance promises a solution in a few days. Otherwise the case will be referred to Scotland Yard to see what that great detective organization can do in the way of solving the murder.

A special squad of emergency policemen are being stationed on the campus every night in an effort to catch the Terror if he strikes again.

"Sheriff" Knight says, "The murder will be solved in a few days just keep quiet." Mr. Vaughn, the night watchman on the campus, is optimistic about the chances of catching the man or men who have been terrorizing the boys in Robb Hall.

"This morning when Dean Hartley was coming to school a brick hit the radiator of his car. What do you think of that?"

"Very poor shot."

* * *

"Is she stupid?"

"My dear, she thinks an octopus is an eight-legged cat."

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GREEK GOSSIP

(Editor's Note: This is the 2nd of a series of articles to be run in The Sou'wester, giving a short history of the Greek-letter organizations that have chapters on the Southwestern campus. As is the custom in such cases, the articles will appear in the order in which the chapter was established on the campus. Statistics are taken from Baird's Manual.)

The year 1882 marked the appearance on the Southwestern campus of three chapters of national fraternities. The first of these chapters was Alpha Tau Omega.

Alpha Tau Omega was founded at Richmond, Va., Sept. 11, 1865. It was the first fraternity to be founded after the Civil War and was projected as a national organization. The first chapter, Alpha, the "Mother Society" was placed at V. M. I. in Lexington, Va., and the second chapter was placed at Washington J Lee in the same town. The first 20 chapters were in the South. In 1881 the first Northern chapter was established.

Tho it was the first fraternity of Southern origin which was able to maintain chapters in the North, it was aided in this feat by the member of another fraternity, Dr. Edgar F. Smith, Phi Kappa Psi, who helped pledge a suitable Northern nucleus. Dr. Smith was later provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

The chapter at the University of the South in 1880 acquired the first house owned by A. T. O., and the first house owned by any fraternity at a Southern college.

The government of the fraternity is vested in executive legislative, and judicial departments. Legislative power is primarily in a congress of delegates from chapters and alumni association which meet bi-ennially. The executive consists of five grand offices elected for two years and a corps of chiefs of provinces appointed by the chief executive. The judicial authority is vested in the high chancellor who interprets the law and decided cases.

The official organ is "The Palm", a quarterly magazine.

Alpha Tau Omega now has 91 chapters, and a total membership of 25,687. Chapters of A. T. O. own 74 houses, and the total valuation of Real Estate is \$2,567,000.

Prominent members include: Irving Bacheller, author; Thomas Watt Gregory, former U. S. Attorney General; Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee; Luke Lea, former U. S. Senator and Governor of Tennessee; Clifton Breckenridge, former Minister to Russia; and R. L. Bullard, Major General, U. S. Army.

"INQUISITIVE"

Chapel, although it is compulsory, seems to be quite popular with the members of the student body. It has been in the regular curriculum so long that most of the students take it as a matter of course and pay little attention to it.

The biggest objection is raised by the town students who have to get up early and rush around to get to school in time for the 8:30 services. All of the dormitory students have to get up before 8 o'clock in order to get to breakfast anyway, and so it makes no difference to them.

It is a means of fostering school spirit, because it is the only time in the day that all of the students are together.

"I do believe in compulsory chapel. This is a Presbyterian school and I believe that chapel should be a regular part of the day's program," was Allen Cabaniss' answer.

Bill Rainey answered by saying: "I think we should have compulsory chapel, but what difference does it make, it is not going to be changed."

"Peewee" Hines, who cuts a few capers in the chapel every morning, says: "I am strongly in favor of making all of the students go to chapel. Some wouldn't go if it was not compulsory."

"It is a pretty good idea I think. It serves to get the student body together once a day, and that means a development of school spirit," was Schuyler Lowe's only answer to the question.

"Yes," quoth "Saint" Nicholas. "For what reasons I do not know."

Royce Moore replied, "I don't particular believe in it. I think that they ought to go to chapel, but not be made to go."

"Compulsory chapel works a great inconvenience on the town students. It is true that it fosters school spirit and all that, but it does

Bloody Fray Expected

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over the highly touted pass offense of the steel boys. With long spiraling pigskins the order of the day, if advance dope is not a lot of the royal boloney, Southwestern should be able to knock the lobbing heaves for the well known loop. The local gridders specialize in those hard fast shots that scream through the ether and net about 10 yards or more. How these two systems will stack up against each other is going to settle half the battle, or football critics have degenerated into a crew of thick headed numbskulls.

Howard is no duck soup for any man's club and the Lynx are entering the tilt with an even break conceded them and nothing more. Burke's boys are primed for the big controversy and are lying around dormant from now on until the opening whistle blows in an effort to store up that old vim, vigor, and

work a hardship on the students that live in town," thereby Martha Hamilton registered a slight protest against compulsory chapel.

vitality that is needed to get the death grip on the Bulldog. A light workout this evening will loosen up the kinks in sore muscles and after that menu is "quiet and rest."

The opening lineup will probably include Davidson and Perette at ends, Jeff Davis and either Jimmy Hughes or Teddy Johnson at tackles, Bill Walker and Bob Logan at guards, and City Thomason at the pivot post. "Light Horse Harry" Walton barking signals, Lamar Pittman at full, and Hinson and Hightower running at halves will complete the aggregation.

Howard's terriers are considered one of the toughest assignments on the current schedule. Last year they were runners up to the powerful Chattanooga eleven for the S. I. A. A. laurels of the gridiron and this fall they seem to have the same drive and stamina that carried them up among the leaders last season. Anyway the game is taken it will be a duel to the death from the minute the referee's whistle sends the two animals at each other's throat until the beaten followers of the losers

drag their dead off the field of battle.

And over it all will be the shrill yell of the Lynx cat and the booming bass of the bulldog. Like Romans at the Coliseum the populace of the Bluff City will sit in on the bloody battle. Until the fight starts the air is charged with a tense expectancy. Only 24 ours till that game . . . only 24 hours till that game!

The limits of production will be reached when everyone has all the goods he needs.—Henry Ford.

Youngsters Work Hard

Raleigh, N. C.—(IP)—David A. Ramsey, a 16-year-old youth from the orphanage at Oxford, N. C., is earning his way through North Carolina State College here and at the same time supporting an aged grandmother and helping financially his sister who is still in the orphanage.

Most of his extra time is spent working at an airport near here.

Gold several centuries old is possessed by a strange band of gypsies in Roumania.

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TWO CLUBS ARE DISCONTINUED

Shakespeare and Drama Group Dissolved

The Shakespeare and Sophoclean Clubs which in the past have been under the supervision of Dr. Townsend will not be active this year. Dr. Townsend has announced that as he will not have the proper time to devote them, they will be discontinued.

The Shakespeare Club is composed of a select group of students who meet every two weeks at the home of Dr. Townsend to discuss topics in the works of Shakespeare.

The Sophoclean Club is similar to the Shakespeare Club except that the topics deal with modern drama.

The value of these two clubs is recognized by the students and it is regretful that they will not function this year.

T. N. E.'s Hold Ballot

Pledges of Theta Nu Epsilon Fraternity elected officers for the ensuing year Tuesday night. They are Benham Stuart, president; Leslie Ennie, vice president; Robert King, secretary-treasurer. Other pledges are Ben Holmes, Roland Kilcreas, Scudder Smith, Sam McMillan and Wilbur Jenkins.

He: Hoy 'bout a little lovin' in the vestibule when I take you home, hon?

She: Betcha pull that with every girl you take out.

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STUDENTS TREK THOUSANDS OF MILES TO SOUTHWESTERN

Tennessee and Mississippi Lead States In Number of Scholars at Large On the Campus

There are 434 students enrolled in Southwestern this year including a number who are not regular students and are listed as the special students. This enrollment represents nineteen states, reaching from ocean to ocean and from lakes to gulf, and one foreign country.

The one unofficial foreign ambassador is George Pahlberg whose home is most distant from Southwestern being a resident of Sweden. There are 294 students from Tennessee the majority of whom come from the city of Memphis which makes the total of Tennesseans in the student body equal over half of the entire number enrolled in Southwestern.

The next state in regard to numbers of men and women sent to seek education is the Magnolia one, Mississippi. There is a total of 82 ambitious seekers after learning from this state which is usually considered Memphis territory.

Alabama follows Mississippi with a total of 28 students; Arkansas is next with 23; then comes Louisiana with an even dozen. The other states represented are: Ohio, 6; Missouri, 4; Kentucky, 3; California, District of Columbia, Oklahoma, New York and Texas with 2 each, and 1 each from Florida, Maryland, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Wisconsin.

After these numerous states' representatives are mixed well by the faculty and then sorted out according

to some sort of secret process known only to those who are members of the inmost circle there emerges a class of 50 of the best rating which is named for some hidden reason the Senior class. The other students go to form a Junior class of some 80 semi-intellectuals, a sophomore class of 117 wise fools, and, last but not least in number, a freshmen class of 178 unknown quantities which have to be seen to be properly understood. There is then left over nine students known as special students, which probably mean they don't loaf around the campus as much as ordinary students and manage somehow to do a little studying once in a while.

This completes the classification of that mysterious body of men and women known as Southwestern students. The school life gives the students the advantage of being able to mix with others from all parts of the United States and enables each one to learn to see in some degree the views of people other than those from Main Street in the home town.

RALPH BOOTH.

"How Sweet It Is"

1.

How sweet it is with pure, unsullied heart
To stroll upon the campus, hand in hand,
With maiden fair esteemed most high by all,
But showing true allegiance lone to thee.

2.

How sweet it is, when all the cause seems lost,
To scurry down the field all goal-post bound,
And see the winning number slowly peer
From out the widespread scoreboard's ample arms.

2.

How sweet it is when on the utmost green
Opponent giving forth saturnine grin,
To view with joy a well-timed niblick shot
Fall gently on the green and trickle in.

4.

Most sweet are these and other such like thrills
That come to men more seldom than they would;
But the greatest joy is to attend a class
And find the sage professor other wheres.

—Robert Sanders.

Twelfth Nighters List to Classics

The Twelfth Nighters met on Monday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Townsend where a number of delightful varied orthophonic records were played and enjoyed.

The program was begun by two colorful selections from the opera Carmen, "The Charge of the Guard," and "The Smugglers." Then came a violin solo by Fritz Kreisler, "The Oriental Romance." The next two records were Kipling's vigorous and compelling "Gunga Din" and "Boots;" with its swinging rhythm which conveys the sense of monotony without itself becoming monotonous. As a refreshing contrast came the tranquil "Reflection on the Water" of Debussy. Then followed the "Song of Love," a Polish composition, and two solos by Sophia del Comot, "Sweetheart Song" and the "Laughing Song" from "Manon Lescaut." The "Tramerie" of Schumann was played next. The program closed with two selections from the Gilbert-Sullivan opera "The Pirates of Penzance."

Youth Preaches Sermon

Cleveland, O.—(IP)—R. W. Harold Mark, son of Dr. Robert Wilson Mark, pastor of Old Stone Church here, is only a junior at Oberlin College, but he didn't hesitate the other Sunday to climb into his dad's pulpit, on the Public Square here, and preach a straight-from-the-shoulder sermon.

"No man can be properly adusted in life," preached Junior Mark, "until his spiritual nature becomes as important as his intellectual and physical natures."

Young Mark contemplates entering the ministry.

A candidate for the Nebraska state legislature this summer included in his campaign expense account an item of "oshing the Ladies."

Song of the Autumn

In cadence long
Their langorous song
Sobs through the night
And weighs nor doles
My weary soul's
Eternal light.

Breathless and pale
My senses fail,
And, as in sleep,
I see unrolled
The hours of old,
And I weep.

And I fare
Where the winds bear—
O Evil and Grief!
Here and there
As the winds bear
A dead leaf.

—Gadie Glertz.

The modern college of pharmacy is a sort of sundae school.

"I'm the Gink"

I'm the gink that spends every minute of my spare time among the ladies. Gee, but I like the ladies! And I guess they like me, too, because they sure tell me so a lot. Oh, I know I'm just another freshman to the upperclassmen boys, but with the ladies I'm a wow. Just because I rate with the ladies these guys have it in for me. They cook up excuses to get me up to that legalized torture den, the Sanhedrin, and then they whale the life out of me.

What's the use of studying? The old man's miles away and anyhow I can make some decent grades before report session ends. Besides, how can I go out with the ladies and study, too? Some fellows can but I'm not one of them. I need my leisure and I'll get it or my name is not—The Gink.

PHILOSOPHERS SLING BULL

Nitist Crew Discusses "Ethics of Divorce"

George Whitaker read a paper on the "Ethics of Divorce" last night at the regular bi-monthly meeting of the Nitist Club at 8 o'clock in the private dining room. A goodly crowd of philosophers gathered to discuss the paper and its treatment of the theme. Several visitors were present, prospective members of the band of intelligensia which has dwindled alarmingly due to graduations and the lure of the business world.

Whitaker analyzed modern marriage in relation to the present economic situation as well as the age old problems which have so often led to the dissolution of the marital knot.

Art should not interpret—art should challenge the times.—Attilo Piccirilli, sculptor.

CLOCK ENJOYS STURDY HOUSE

Oak Paneling Surrounds Electric Watch

The electrically driven clock in the tower room has been enclosed. The working of the clock is very intricate as well as being interesting material for the more meddlesome type of youngster on the campus. But this summer while the students were away gaily enjoying their vacations, Johnny Rollow decided that those who indulged in this form of amusement had a very crude sense of humor so he gathered his cohorts together and remedied the situation.

This machinery, which controls the clock on the north wall of Palmer Hall, is now enclosed in a beautiful new cabinet of quarter-soft oak paneling at the expenditure of \$35 and several days' labor of an expext carpenter.

A highbrow is one educated above his intelligence.—Iver Brown.

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TANTOR THE ELEPHANT IS HERO IN TARZAN RESCUE

Bull Pachyderm Pulls Up Stake and Frees Our Ape Man From the Dread Clutches of the Jungle Chief and Clan

BY JOHNNY HUGHES

As Tarzan felt the hot flames lick voraciously at his mighty thighs and heard the triumphant chant of death of his tormentors, a hot surge of anger convulsed his giant muscles into whipcord as he tugged and strained in a final effort to get his hands on those responsible for his predicament.

for his predicament. In the meanwhile Elsie, Tarzan's new blonde jungle love, had lit a Murad just to show how she felt about the whole business. She was wisecracking sobsister from down east and wagged a sharp tongue of no mean ability. When the chief lit his pipe and settled down to enjoy the cremation Elsie chortled, "Blow some my way."

The ape-man was very peeved about the way things were turning out and cursed vilely in such epithets as "Darn," "Heck," "Shucks", and others so rough as to shock the reader. But stay! What was that noise at the west gate? A still silence permeated the dulcet jungle night. Far to the north the raucous cry of a green-throated crow echoed and re-echoed through the virgin forest. There it was again, this time a little nearer, and the king shook visibly as if with the ague. There was no mistaking it, the shrill trumpeting of a bull elephant! Then upon that jungle night rang out the most bloodcurdling and eerie scream ever vocal cords conjured up, the war cry of the giant ape. Yes it was our own Tarzan who, recognizing the approach of his friend Tantor the Elephant, had cut loose with his theme song in such stentorian tones as to make Lawrence Tibbett blush with shame. Ha! Would Tantor come? These and other thoughts raced through Lord Greystoke's mind as he gazed deep into the blue eyes of his new "she," reading therein that which made him feel "O. K.", as he afterwards expressed it in his quaint jungle way.

"Get ready the spears!" boomed the savage chief, and the paralyzed blacks dove for their huts, returning with twenty foot spikes big enough for Jeff, tooth picks.

"Ha! Ha!" sneered the king as he fiercely twisted his greasy mustache, "Your friend will get a warm reception, is it not so?" And again he laughed that wicked laugh. Laughed to think that Tantor was rushing to his death. Laughed to think that the mighty ape-man would soon be a pile of ashes. A pile of ashes! Ha! Ha!

The king with great care arranged his warriors in serried array, the flower of Africa and the pride of the race, could anything rout them? Could they be cosquered? Tantor beware! Death awaits you! In a jungle village he will find you and he is merciless! But Tantor was not to be stopped. Like an avalanche he hurtled toward the master, toward his tortured Tarzan. His powerful legs drove for those extra yards behind perfect interference. Through the gate he crashed, scattering blacks right and left. With seven spears deeply imbedded in his sides he lurched over to the lovers and with one mighty wrench he pulled the stake from the ground, freeing the ape-man and the

blond in a nonce. Then as Tantor swayed precariously on his gigantic pegs Tarzan with Elsie tucked under his arm like a sack of flour, vaulted lightly over the palisade, leaving their wounded jungle hero to the mercy of the blacks. Dear reader, we will have nothing else to do with Tarzan. The dirty scoundrel! I hope he and Elsie get jakeleg. Common people, Elsie and Tarzan. The Sou'wester will not associate with people who are unkind to dumb animals and urges its readers to follow the same policy. Hence, from now on, the word "Tarzan" is barred among Southwestern students. Sorry to have given him such publicity now that it is all over.

SUE TO LOU

Dear Lou: I have so little time to write this week that this won't be a long letter. I have never in all my life seen anything like the quizzes we are getting—there's a regular epidemic of them—every professor seems to have "gotten bit."

Of course you know we beat Lambuth 50-0! You should have seen that game! It's a wonder the eagle lived through it. We hope for a bigger crowd next week although there was plenty of pep in the grandstands. Peewee gave them all the chances to strut that they could handle.

Professor Raspberry looked exceedingly important down on the bench and Coach Billy Hughes was up in the bleachers surrounded by his freshman team. I hear they are a high-powered bunch. Hope they win that Delta State tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Detwiler were at the game and seemed to be enjoying it. How do you suppose "Det" ever got her?

After the game the 13 Club had a tea dance over at the Chi O. house. It was a grand party and everybody had a big time. Bill Brinkley's Royal Collegians furnished the music and it would have made Rudy Vallee hang his head. The 13 Club ought to give a tea dance every Saturday—I don't care if you tell them I said so, either.

The whole school migrated out to East End after the dance. I think everybody should buy season tickets and be there every Saturday night.

I saw Jerry Griffith and Jimmy Byram together again today—my goodness, are we gonna have a new affair?

Joe McKinnon hasn't caught on yet to what it's all about but still goes around singing "Look what you've done with those eyes." Isn't that pitiful?

I wonder how long it will be before everybody had his picture taken for the annual. We really should declare a holiday after it's all over. They ought to know better than to put the studio up in that tower room anyway. It holds too many fond (?) recollections for the majority of us.

There goes the bull—I must go. See you at the game Saturday. We haven't been scored on yet and we've just got to beat Howard.

Till next week,
Sue.

P. S.—Pitt and Teddy have cast their crutches aside. I certainly am glad! Hope they will be ready to go again tomorrow.

Pirate Enters Print

Lyle Saxon, famous for his "Fabulous New Orleans" and "Old Louisiana," reappears on the publishers' lists on October 31 with "Lafitte the Pirate," the story of the most famous of the bad men of Old Louisiana, with illustrations by E. H. Suydam. Other books on the Century list for the same date are "The American Illusion," by Lucien Lehman—a Frenchman's views on the U. S. A.; "Black Bread and Red Coffins," by Negley Farson, a book describing the journalist's contacts in Russia; and "The New American Literature," by Fred Lewis Pattee, who is known both as a critical writer on American literature and as Professor of American Literature at Rollins, College, Florida.

It's the beautiful but dumb co-eds, remarks Faith Walton, that really make all the best marks in college.

Be a snob—marry the boss's wife instead of his daughter.

KAMPUS KRACKS

Hazel: "I understand that to be a success in literature you must write about what appeals to you most."
Hull: "Yes, but what about the censors?"

Tourist (to papoose): "So that big bad mannams broke you 'tittle bittle dollums."

Educated Indian maiden: "The philosophy of my forbears forbids any but a stoical appearance, but I should certainly like to make the son-of-a-gun fix the damned thing!"

Would you call an airplane full of Hebrews "nose heavy"?

Nashes to Nashes,
Stutz to Stutz.

If the Buicks don't get you,
The Cadillac must

Woosley (watching love scene in a movie): "Why don't you make love to me like that?"

Roger: "Say, do you know the salary he gets for doing that?"

Painter: "Wake up, Wilson, there's a fire on the Row."

Wilson: "Fraternity or sorority?"

Painter: "Fraternity."
Wilson: "Let the damn thing burn!"

Just because the modern girls are self-contained is no reason why they should go without any covering at all.

The life of a sorority pledge is a series of dues and don'ts.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who threw himself out of the thirty-seventh story window while testing his lifetime pen.

She: "Are you from Harvard?"
He: "No, I have an ingrown tonsil."

First flapper: "Have a cigarette?"
Second flapper: "No, thanks—it's so dark now that you can hardly see the smoke."

"I'm engaged to be married and I've known the girl only two days."
"What folly!"
"Ziegfeld's."

In the game it's grit. In spinach it's terrible.

One monkey to another: "Come on, Joe, let's go down and watch the people."

Customs officer: "What have you to declare?"

Plastered: "I'd like to declare that this ish the besht stuff I ever tashted."

First inventor: "I've invented a fuelless motor."

Second liar: "Does it work?"
First nut: "Absolutely—no fuel-in."

FAMOUS REMARKS

Today we are in the midst of a third period in women's higher education. The right of women to a higher education and their ability to profit by it having been proved, we are now free to experiment. We can attempt to adapt the curriculum to special interests of women, where or as far as such exist. Women as human beings with interests identical with men's, women as women, possibly with different needs—the two can well be considered side by side.—Dr. Katherine Blunt, president of Connecticut College for Women.

Our duty is to elect, not select.—Simeon D. Fess, Republican National Committee chairman.

I would hate to compile a list of intellectual leaders and continue to live here.—James W. Gerard.

The church does not vote as it prays.—Gifford Pinchot, Republican candidate for governor of Pennsylvania.

Geology cannot reform the drunkard nor can chemistry purify the thief.—The Rev. Edgar Tilton, D.D.

Psychology cannot classify fossils, nor can theology extract aniline dyes from coal tar. Botany can't solve crossword puzzles, and etymology can't drive nails into a board. What of it?—Ted Robinson, columnist.

There's no expedient to which a man will not go to avoid the labor of thinking.—Thomas A. Edison, inventor.

Democracy is no longer balked. It is bilked.—G. B. Shaw, egotist.

EVERGREEN HALL

The Kappa Sigmas must have taken in so many pledges this year that they can't all get in the lodge. At any rate there is always a crowd of these good brothers hanging around Evergreen Hall. There must be a powerful attraction for Franklin Kimbrough hereabouts.

And while we are on the subject of men, we like to see Albert Erskine languidly extending his long lanky form across several of our living room chairs, but we do wish he would make up his mind. This suspense is awful!

Imogene Carmichael accompanied Lorinne Mitchell on a week-end tour to Tupelo, the City Beautiful and Metropolis of North Mississippi.

Virginia Howry also spent the week-end at her home.

Roger Wright went home for a couple of days and if you don't think that is Evergreen Hall news just visit our West upstairs living room most any afternoon or evening.

Mary Bornman's brother and cousin and a friend, Hazel Corley, a Chi Omega from "Ole Miss," visited her during the week-end.

Among the sights of yesteryear which we see no more are Webb Burke and Fay Simpson just outside the front door.

BOOK REVIEW

"The Ancient Allan." H. Rider Haggard. By Allen Cabaniss.

This is not a newly published book but it has just been added to our library, and, in spite of the last name in the title, it is a good story. Haggard is an interesting writer, anyway. This story is one of a man and a woman who are the reincarnations of two ancient Egyptians. They were in love 'way back there when the woman, Amada, was a priestess of Isis.

All sorts of high-sounding titles and "thees" and "thous" go through the story to make it very interesting.

The reason I got it from the library to read it was that, on one particular day, I just got interested in Egypt, and now it has almost made me want to be an Egyptologist.

The book will be on Dr. Townsend's shelf, so any of you can get it out as soon as I finish it and take it back.

Judge: I fine you ten dollars and ten cents for beating your wife.

Prisoner: I don't object to the ten dollars, but what is the ten cents for?

Judge: That's the federal tax on amusement. * * *

Freshmen should be obscene and not heard.

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CINDER BOYS HAVE BRIGHT SEASON AHEAD

Cross Country Runners to Function Soon

TRACK IS REPAIRED

Raspberry Seeks S. I. A. A. Meet In Spring

The cross-country team will be soon swinging into action, in some ways a great deal strengthened by the addition of McGaughran and Porteus, but considerably weakened by the loss of old star performer McMillan.

McGaughran has already shown that he has a great deal of stamina as well as plenty of ability in the distance runs. Those who saw him run off and leave that freshman runner from Ole Miss last spring in the exhibition two mile race are expecting very great things from Riley. What is more, he appears to be right there with the goods for he is out running every day and training constantly. Freshman Clark Porteus is going to give someone an extremely hard fight of it, if they even expect to keep in sight of those flashy heels. Porteus came to Southwestern with a fine reputation as a middle distance man—having run quite successfully in a number of Mississippi state meets—but he seems to possess considerable talent as a distance runner as well. McGaughran, who has been running with Porteus, will uphold the above statement. Lynx cinder men sustained a heavy loss this week when McMillan, who recently underwent an operation for sinus, suffered a serious hemorrhage which will keep him out of all cross-country races, and possibly hinder him all the year. His teammates would like to extend him their sympathies through this article.

Wright, busy with outside work, will be kept out a few days longer, on account of bad tonsils—to be extracted this week-end.

Prospects for a successful year on the Southwestern cinder path are very bright, especially with such other recruits for the varsity as High, Newton, and Knight who will join the team in the early spring, when track season begins in earnest.

The rosy outlook for a good team combined with the quarter-mile track which Southwestern now has, is arousing much enthusiasm among the lovers of the sport. The track has a curbing on it now, which means an improvement of fifty percent, because there will be no more spreading and shifting. Southwestern certainly has a fast track thanks to the careful attention which Coach Raspberry gave it his past summer. Coach Raspberry hopes to bring the S. I. A. A. conference meet to Southwestern next spring, and this should not be such a very big task as this track now compares favorably with any of those of other schools in the conference.

No meets have been planned for the fall, except that Raspberry plans to enter three men in the Armistice Day race. The names of the entrants will be announced later. Coach Raspberry is saving his real "fireworks" for the spring.

Colgate Travels Extensive

Hamilton, N. Y.—(IP)—With Notre Dame scheduled to stay at home once in a while in its new stadium, it appears that Colgate University's football squad will be the leading contender for traveling honors this year.

In all, the Maroon team will travel 3,800 miles to play eight games. Distant opponents who will be met on their own fields by Colgate include Michigan State, Brown University, Penn State and Columbia.

Vagabond Writes Book

A new kind of travel book will be published on October 17 by Century: "Vagabond de Luxe," by John Marshall. The author is a new kind of traveler, which accounts for the book. A youthful graduate of the University of Chicago, he went around the World on his nerve and his sweet smile, spending hardly a cent on transportation, riding in other people's cars, talking his way into free railroad and airplane passes, stowing away where necessary, and all the time traveling, as the title implies, de luxe. The publishers predict that this unprecedented story will create as much interest among travel readers as did Harry A. Franck's "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" when it burst upon an unsuspecting world twenty years ago.

Now! Now!

Prof. Griffin says "now" on the average of two times per minute during his lectures on the science of economics. This information was compiled as a result of interest in statistics aroused by the new professor.

A student tabulated the number of times "now" was uttered during an hour lecture for three different days and the average number was determined. One hundred and ten times was the average for one hour lecture. Each lecture lasts for fifty-five minutes, as it does not begin until five minutes after the bell. This makes two times per minute that "now" is said by our economic prof. Believe it or not.

HOLDS REVEL

"Collegians" Syncopate Amid Sandwiches

The Chi Omega lodge was the scene of gay revelry Saturday afternoon from 5 till 8 o'clock, the occasion being a tea dance sponsored by the "13 Club". The party followed immediately after Southwestern's overwhelming victory over Lambuth, which needless to say added plenty of spirit to the affair. Southwestern's "Collegians" furnished the music and punch and sandwiches were served to the guests.

In the receiving line were; George Hightower, Pres., with Margaret Harwood, Marion Painter, vice-pres., with Katherine Reid, Horace Harwell, secy., with Jennie Puryear, Jeff Davis with Meredith Davis, Robert Logan with Grace Roland Rogers, Harry Walton with Virginia Hawk, Albert Erskine with Mildred Veasey, John Rea with Margaret Mason, Harvey Drake with Carolyn McKellar, Nate White with Emily Wallace, Malcolm Richie with Mary Allie Taylor and William Thomas.

PHARMACY IS LIKED PLACE

Service With a Smile Draws Collegians

When Southwestern was first founded in Memphis one of its first friends in a practical way was the owner of the Southwestern Pharmacy at the corner of Tutwiler and McLean. Ever since he first put in his store he has been a loyal friend of and his soda fountain has become a popular evening resort for many of the students who spend their evenings at the school.

The store is fitted with a large and varied stock including many of the incidentals necessary to the comfort of the dormitory students and also an excellent line of the small luxuries such as tobacco, candies and soft drinks. There is also a free delivery service which is useful to the students who like their nightly lunch while studying.

The excellent service coupled with the friendly and interested attitude of the management towards the student body of Southwestern has served to make the Southwestern Pharmacy one of the most popular places off the campus to which the students go for breaks in the routine of studies. Almost nightly the store is crowded with boys and girls from the campus seeking refreshments or looking for interesting "bull sessions."

LOEW'S STATE

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YOUNG WEBB BEATEN

Upperclassmen Preside on State Occasion

Between the halves of the Southwestern-Lambuth game, the annual shoe-race was put on at the expense of the poor, unfortunate things called freshmen, and for the seeming delight of the blood-thirsty upper-classmen.

When the first half of the game had ended, hoards of curious specimens with green-painted farm hats, swarmed upon the field and began to boldly unshoe themselves. Shoes of every variety (mostly worn out) were to be found in that pile that was formed. After this had been done, the shoeless ones gathered around certain upperclassmen, who disclosed rules and made dire threats. Then, with apprehensive looks, the so-called freshmen started a slow procession to the north goal, which was to be the starting point of their downfall.

The flag dropped, and the fight was on! Every soul was bent on the task of outdoing someone, thereby escaping the torturing tally, meted out by the winner of the race, under the auspices of upperclassmen. The line surged toward midfield and a battle royal ensued. Shoes were separated from their mates and heartlessly thrown hither and yon. One most unfortunate freshman, Don MacQueen received a broken nose in the rush, but, like a little man, staggered on to the finish line, ahead of many others. Gradually, the field began to empty with the mad rush of the mob, led by a fleet-footed yearling, named Pearce. Finally, the race narrowed down until only two were left, namely Freshman L. T. Webb, and Freshman Louis "Saint" Nicholas, who, after a

1930 Varsity Football Schedule

- Sept. 27—Mississippi A. & M. at Starkville.
- Oct. 4—Lambuth College at Memphis
- Oct. 11—Howard College at Memphis.
- Oct. 17—North Missouri State Teachers College at Memphis.
- Oct. 25—Millsaps College at Memphis.
- Nov. 1—Arkansas College at Memphis.
- Nov. 8—Louisiana College at Memphis.
- Nov. 14—University of Mississippi at Oxford.
- Nov. 22—Sewanee at Memphis.

valiant crawl, defeated his opponent by a tongue-length.

The defeated Webb obediently bent himself in the middle and bravely withstood the ill-effects of a murderous tally, administered by Freshman Pearce. Meanwhile, other freshmen were wandering aimlessly about, looking for stray shoes. One poor boy was separated from his foot-covering for two whole days.

By this time, the teams were coming back on the field and the re-shod lads plodded slowly back to their seats.

Stagg Still In Game

Chicago.—(IP)—Amos Alonzo Stagg, recently voted the most valuable football coach by a group of coaches, has passed his 68th year, but still is eager to get into his first game of the season.

The veteran University of Chicago football mentor first began coaching in 1892 on the Midway. This year it is expected that Stagg's son, Phil, will be the regular quarterback for the Chicago squad.

The older Stagg today appears no older than 50, and follows a daily routine which includes a tennis match with either Paul or his elder son, Amos Alonzo, Jr.

Kappa Delta's Dine

The members of the active chapter of Kappa Delta sorority entertained the new pledges to the group with a spaghetti supper on last Monday. Katherine Adams, a member of Kappa Delta from the University of Kentucky, was a special guest. After the supper Meredith Davis, Virginia West and other musicians in the group entertained the guests.

LOEW'S PALACE

Week Com. Sat., Oct. 11

Jeanette MacDonald Jack Buchanan

in

MONTE CARLO

An Ernest Lubitsch Paramount Production

Extra

"Our Gang Comedy"

Other Screen Attractions

Mats 25c; Nights 50c

Night Hawk's Dance

Saturday, October 11th

Featuring The Night Hawk's "Mystery Music"

Gentlemen 75c Ladies 25c All of the "13" Club Invited

PARKVIEW HOTEL

9:13 P. M.



Put the "grin" in Grind



~with the Pause that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

The Coca-Cola Company, Memphis, Tenn.

CW-1

9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

DRINK COCA-COLA AND SMOKE CHESTERFIELDS