

THE SOUTHWESTER

VOLUME XII

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SORORITIES SIGN UP FRESHETTES

PROF. WARREN'S "JOHN BROWN" MAKES BIG HIT

Prominent Critics Say Book Is Fine

BIOGRAPHY IS FAIR

Northern and Southern Points Taken

Prof. Robert P. Warren's new book, "John Brown, the Making of a Martyr," has met with immense success. A review of the book appeared in the Virginia Quarterly Review for October. It was written by Dexter Perkins, an authority on books about the civil war and that immediate period.

According to the review, Warren's book ranks with Villard's "John Brown." This book was published in 1910 and was the best up to that time and even up to the time of the latest biography of John Brown.

Warren presents a clear-cut view of the life of a man that has caused much discussion. He attempts to give a view of the man from the southern point and also from the northern. He has painted a wonderful picture of the shiftless northern farmer and business man. To him John Brown does not seem admirable, and contributed little to the final outcome of that great war that "he nation in twain."

To the northern historian John Brown is always a martyr. To the southerner he is always pictured as a fanatic. Warren leans toward the southern point of view, but not as strong as to think of the fanaticism. The book was written with a certain amount of objectivity.

"It can truly be said of this book that it is a notable biography and a notable contribution to the understanding of a complex personality," to quote Mr. Perkins.

LYNX CLUB HAS NEW MEMBERS

Group Ballots For Male Applicants

Twelve new men on the campus are the proud wearers of the striking red and black blazers, which single out the members of the Lynx Club from the rest of the student body. Selection of the new members came as a result of a ballot in which all old members of the club participated. A committee appointed by Albert Erskine, president, drew up a list of prospective "Lynxmen," and from this list, the new members were selected.

The Lynx Club is an old and recognized institution of Southwestern. Its membership is drawn from the male student body; those men showing a special interest in the bettering of athletics, being chosen. This club is strictly one of athletic aims. Its functions are directly connected with the Athletic Committee of Southwestern. Members serve as hosts to visiting teams; as ushers and ticketmen at the football games; and help in any way possible to make for "bigger and better" athletic events at Southwestern.

Members of the club are: Albert Erskine, president; Thomas Drake, vice-president; James Hamilton, treasurer; Marion Painter, Horace Harwell, Harold Ohlendorf, Leroy Montgomery, Ritchie Morgan, Edgar Dodds, John Crofton, Erle Howry, Thad Hall, Ogden Baine, Nate White, Paul Jones, Morys Hines, Bill Berson, Bill Raney, John Rea, "Dutch" Bornman, Bill Taylor, Charles Plummer, Harry Gillum, Ralph Booth, Reinhold Matheson, Elbert Huffman, Harvey Drake, and Goodbar Morgan.

Hear Yez! Oh, Hear Yez!

The Sou'wester wishes to acknowledge an error published in the last issue of the paper. In an article on the front page Dr. Alfred Hume was said to be the head of the Mathematics Department at Southwestern when in reality Dean R. W. Hartley is the department head.

The Memphis newspapers, so anxious to publish radical changes and news of the day, have repeatedly called Dr. Hume the Mathematics leader at Southwestern, a thing that is absolutely false. Drs. Hume and Hartley are both capable mathematicians and are both nationally known for their work, but Dean Hartley still retains his post as the Mathematics head.

MAGAZINE IS GIVING PRIZE

Forum Announces Big Date Contest

Do you know who begat whom—as well as what begat which—and when and why? If you do, you are qualified to enter a historical contest, offering substantial cash prizes, announced by the Forum Magazine. The idea is to pick the twelve most important events in the history of the world, give their correct dates, and tell why they ought to be regarded as the greatest dates in the calendar.

As a starter in this contest, the Forum is publishing three articles in its September, October, and November issues by Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells, in which each of these famous outliners has listed the twelve dates which he thinks are the greatest, and has stated his reasons for thinking so. For the three best papers listing the most important events that van Loon, Durant and Wells forgot or overlooked, the Forum will award a first prize of \$250, a second prize of \$150, and a third prize of \$100.

Full details about the contest are printed in each of the Forum issues mentioned above. The magazine's announcement says that college students with a flair for history are particularly invited to compete for the prizes.

STYLUS GROUP HEARS POETRY

Prof. Warren Honored With Membership

The Stylus Club met last Thursday night at 6 o'clock in the private dining room to discuss literature and to read original poetry. The program was miscellaneous in its theme since no phase or type of poetry was stressed.

Allen Cabaniss, Jack Chambliss, Jimmy Harrison, and Maury Hull read some of their poems composed during the summer, Hull even going back to a masterpiece written when he was but seventeen.

It was decided to meet next Thursday night, which is Vergil's birthday, for a memorial program in honor of that ancient bard. A brief outline of his life will be read and several of his world-famous poems reviewed.

Prof. Warren was elected a member of the club.

Kappa Alphas Pledge

The Kappa Alpha fraternity takes pleasure in announcing the pledging of Charles Lawhorn, a graduate of the Tupelo Military Academy, and Halbert Scott, former Memphis University School student.

LYNX COMING ALONG NICELY DUE TO STUDIO

Frosh Have Mugs Shot In Tower Room

FORMING THE STAFF

Early Edition of Year Book Apparent

The "Lucky Lynx" for '31 is getting off on a flying start. Nearly all the freshmen have visited the Tower Room Studio, and have had their countenances struck. Some of the campus views and group pictures have already been sent to the engravers so that the staff has high hopes of having the annual out at least a month or so before the end of school. The upperclassmen seem just a trifle unappreciative of the convenience that they enjoy now that they may have pictures made without leaving the campus. In previous years several trips to Cassaday's were necessary, and one of the reasons for the late arrival of the annual last year was that students took the annual pictures as something of a bore. Everyone automatically buys an annual when he or she enters Southwestern, so why not have that picture made, and so give the staff some helpful co-operation?

Business Manager Ohlendorf is planning to choose a staff next week to be composed of a Corresponding Secretary, Circulation Manager, Advertising Manager, and Assistant Business Manager. All who are interested, and who desire some good experience should see Ohlendorf by the first of the week.

PROF. DAVIS HAS RUBBINGS

Display of Pictures Goes To Library

Prof. John H. Davis did some interesting work this summer while in England. He made some rubbings of brass pictures of some of the more prominent characters of English history.

Davis is very proud of his work, and certainly should be. He has tried several times on his visits across the water to get some exact reproductions of the brass etchings on the tombs of men but up to this time he has been unsuccessful. On his trip this time he met a man who was a fanatic on the subject of rubbings. He told Davis how to get a more permanent reproduction. Heretofore he had used charcoal in the process and the picture would rub off in a short time. The new system is to use a sort of wax or crayon that makes a heavy black mark and stays permanently.

The source of the rubbings are the tombs placed in the more prominent churches of England. Over the tombs in order to keep for all time the images of the people interred within, a brass picture was made of the individual. By rubbing the black crayon on a white piece of paper placed over the brass image an exact duplicate is produced.

Most of the pictures are of bishops, archbishops, or kings. The interesting part about it is, that it gives the students of English history a good idea of the dress of the people of that time.

Davis spent about a day and a half in hard labor, and has done some admirable work.

These rubbings will be put on display in the library so that all of the students may have access to them. He is quite proud of them and would not have them torn up for any amount of money. So, when they are placed in the library, hands off!

Looky! Looky!

Southwestern co-eds and eds do not walk home, and if the number of cars parked on the campus every day portends anything neither do they walk to classes. The average number of cars parked on the campus every day is 95, 19 makes being represented.

Fords, and especially those of the rumble seat variety, are the most popular with Southwesterners. The exact number of each make parked on the campus was as follows: 52 Fords, 9 Chevrolets, 7 Buicks, 5 Chryslers, 4 Willys-Knights, 2 Nashes, 2 Oaklands, 2 Dodges, 2 Overlands, 2 Studebakers, a DeSoto, an Essex, an Oldsmobile, a Cadillac, a Plymouth, a LaSalle, a Pontiac, and a Hupmobile.

NIGHT HAWKS THROW PARTY

'Mystery Music' Promised Collegiate Set

Tomorrow night will see the inauguration of a series of weekly "parties" (the name "dance" is forbidden in the Sou'wester) to be given by the Night Hawk club of Memphis for the entertainment of the college set. The Night Hawks are an organization to whom the dread hours of the night are the most attractive, and when they sling a party there is a good time had by all.

The affair this Saturday night will be given at the Parkview Hotel at the stroke of 9:13 p. m., and a goodly crowd is expected. As a super attraction the "Mystery Music" will furnish the syncopation and from all rumors and indications that music will be hotter than hot.

A special price of 75 cents for the males of the specie and 25 cents for the wo-men will prove most interesting to the young college student far away from home and the parental pocketbook.

You need have no fear that your girl will be thrown with the rougher element at the Night Hawk "parties." A bouncer bigger than Jeff Davis has been secured and his morals are unquestioned. He has an eye like a censor and the muscles of an Earl E. Liedermann. His job it will be to eject, reject, and protect.

Yes, yes, the Night Hawks will be the hosts of a select social gathering tomorrow night at the Parkview. The date market is being rapidly exhausted and soon there will be only the figs left.

DORMS RECEIVE BULLETIN RACK

Telephones Equipped with Good Directory

Telephone service in the dormitories is destined to be better this year. In the past when anyone was called on the phone in the dormitories and failed to answer that was the last of it. This year bulletin boards have been installed at all of the telephones and any call that is not answered can be put on the bulletin board and the student can be referred to it later.

Dr. W. R. Cooper, who resides on the second floor of Robb Hall, has added another convenience for the inmates of that hall. Thanks to Cooper, a directory has been placed on the bulletin board. It gives the telephone number and the address of the faculty, office staff, the president, office and residence, the athletic department, and all of the remaining halls of the school. The only thing now to make it really complete would be to give the phone number of the nearest bootlegger.

WOMEN PLEDGE GOODLY GROUP OF INNOCENTS

Dove of Peace Hovers Over Campus

THE ROSTER GIVEN

Palmer Hall the Rubicon of Decisions

The Greek letter sororities rang down the curtain on the three-day rush season Wednesday night when freshette pledging took place in Palmer hall. The preferential system of bidding was used. After the freshettes had been received in the rooms of the sororities of their choices, the girls adjourned to their respective lodges where formal pledging took place.

Once more the dove of peace will flutter over the Southwestern campus as fraternities and sororities alike heave a sigh of relief and thanksgiving that it is all over.

Here's how they pledged:

Chi Omega—Miriam Heidelberg of Clarksdale, Miss.; Imogene Carmichael, from West Palm Beach, Fla.; Mary Powell Abbey, Tunica, Miss.; Mildred Veasey, Coldwater, Miss.; and the following girls from Memphis: Virginia Reynolds, Adelaide Anderson, Barbara Allen, Mary Fant, Margaret Hyde, Martha Johnson, Peggy Henderson and Chloe Burch.

Alpha Omicron Pi—Ida Banks, of Hernando, Miss.; Alice Cahill, Clear Spring, Maryland, and Mary Laughlin, Rhoder Trigg, Ella Kate Malone, Anita Wadlington, Winona Bates, Kathryn Harris, Teresa Lilly, Katherine Floyd, Mary McCallum, lone Adams, Josephine Farley, Nancy Clinton, Charline Tucker and Mary Selden Helme, all from Memphis.

Delta Theta Pi—Edith Fraff, from Cleveland, and the following Memphis girls: Emma Frances Robinson, Annabelle Cox, Margaret Conley, Peggy Martin, Grace Carheit and Sara Crowe Ransom.

Kappa Delta—Kate Cleveland, from Cleveland, Ohio; Virginia West, Shaw, Miss.; Mary Kennedy Hubbard, also of Shaw; Frances Cairns, Delaware. Memphis pledges are Martha West, Julia Marie Schwinn, Martha Reeves Costen, Jerdone Kimbrough, Dixie Mae Jennings, Mary Kathryn Cone, Nelle Martin, Louise Barbee, Catherine Davis and Emily Lena How.

Zeta Tau Alpha—Eugenia Weeks, of West, Miss., and Janie Ussery, Dorothy Jane Kerr, Dorothy Daily, Marorie Moore, Carol Van Brocklyn, Ruth Frances Parke, and Beverly West, all of Memphis.

Byram Gets Call For Cheer Leader

Jimmy Byram was elected to serve as assistant to "Peewee" Hines as cheer leader, for the coming year, by the Lynx Club Tuesday morning. Byram was cheer leader for the freshmen last year and did some admirable work. "Peewee" and Jimmy ought to make a good pair of pepsters, for this makes the second year that they have been working together.

Tryouts for cheer leader were held in the chapel Tuesday morning. Besides Byram, Malcolm Richie and Ransom tried out. They all made a good showing but the Lynx Club decided in favor of Byram, owing to his service last year.

Kappa Sigs Pledge

The Kappa Sigma fraternity announces with pleasure the recent pledging of Albert Maffroy, a Memphis boy, and a graduate of Tupelo Military Academy.

POETRY CORNER

"Tullulah"

A horseback ride is a golden path circling round like a spring, in coils, between green forests, where yellow-hammers mock the blue sky.

A horseback ride is a silver nail driven thru the red blood of a heart—the clacking of iron-shod hooves on stones, and the half-hidden smell of trailing arbutus.

A horseback ride is white breeches and black boots, and a tan face, a little face, with sparkling eyes that turn up at the corners, and a lovely laugh.

Strings brushed by heart-ache lips make a long chord that lingers still . . . and reminds me of A horseback ride.

—Paul Bunyan.

"INQUISITIVE"

Southwestern's freshmen this year are a dumb lot if the opinions of some of the well-known campus celebrities are to be taken as a criterion. The question propounded to the individuals was "How do you think this freshman class compares with the freshman classes of the past. In the first place all of the freshmen were excluded from the list of eligible questions answered. It is a good thing because the upper class men seem to think they are overly dumb. Anyhow, they would be too prejudiced and have only seen one class.

Russell Brigance was the first victim. Here is his answer: "This year's class does not have the pep and school spirit the classes of the past have always had." Naturally he would think of that because he was heading for the football field to put in a long afternoon's work. These football men must have their support from the student body.

Albert Erskine was trying very hard to "hunt and peck" out a letter on one of the Sou'wester typewriters. (Yes, we have two.) He had just made a slip of the finger and hit the wrong key. Maybe that accounts for his answer. "Oh, they are all right I guess, but they are not as good as the class of '32. They are pretty dumb." It is easy to guess of what class he is a member.

William Mitchell was working in the library and didn't have time to be answering any foolish questions. So he gave me the sigh sign and told me to be on my way. Not much encouragement there.

Anna Hudson was diligently trying to make some sense out of a conglomeration of words, commonly referred to as French. She would not agree to let me print what she first answered, but modified her answer by saying, "They are about the average, by that I mean in dumbness. They do not even compare with the class that entered in 1928." And by that, ladies and gentlemen, she meant intelligence. The freshettes had better not bring her to task about her opinion, because she wields a wicked paddle.

"They may be as smart as the other classes, according to the intelligence tests, but they are dumber looking. They are a dumber bunch because there are more of them," was Jimmy Hamilton's reply.

Mary Gardner Patterson was scribbling away at a Sou'wester article and didn't have any time to think over such a momentous question, but at that it is pretty good. "This class is not as outstanding as the classes of the past. They have done nothing to distinguish themselves."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, seems to be that. Anyhow, it gives you some idea as to how this year's freshman class appears to those who have viewed many freshman classes and know whereof they speak.

Big Map Planned

Wellesley, Mass.—(IP)—What is to be the largest map in the world, to cost more than two million dollars, is under construction here. It will measure 63 feet from east to west and 46 feet from north to south.

The map was begun about five years ago, and is expected to take 50 years more to complete. When finished it will be a perfect likeness of the country which makes up the United States and Canada.

A gallery, 15 feet high, will encircle the map, and viewed from this any section reproduced on the work will appear just about as it would if actually seen from an airplane at a height of 12 miles.

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LET'S MAKE THE WELKIN RING

Tomorrow will be the first home game for the great Southwestern football team that trounced the Mississippi Aggies. There is considerable hullabaloo and excitement rampant on the campus in preparation for the heralded first tilt on the home soil, and rightly so. We are blessed this year with a fighting team that will undoubtedly write the name and fame of Southwestern high on the wall of achievement. With the proper support given the squad there is no reason to doubt that all this year's games will be won or fought to the last ditch for. It is the duty of the student body to be out on Fargason field en masse tomorrow afternoon when the opening whistle blows to start the struggle.

Cheer-leader Hines will want all the students and supporters of Southwestern to sit in one section so the noise and cheers that are to be given will be full of pep and unity. Always there are some few students who refuse to sit with the gang because there are better seats available elsewhere. These are those few who lack the proper spirit and the best method of dealing with them is to yank them into a seat with the crowd as they pass the stands. Hold them down until all the seats are taken and then make them raise the roof with Peewee.

It is not only the playing ability of the football team that draws the crowd to a game. The "college spirit" which so many old grads are looking for has to be furnished the spectators at the game if Southwestern is to enjoy big crowds in the future. Whatever Peewee leads the gang into, let's all yell like we meant it and give the populace of the old home town a real treat in football excitement and noise.

WE WANT THOSE KEYS

There is one part of the equipment of Southwestern that should be useful and which is in reality only an ornament or monument to the class of '30. This is the bulletin board which was constructed at considerable expense for the purpose of furnishing a prominent place for important notices and items of general interest to the student body. So far it has failed in practical value to live up to the expectations of the classes. Instead of being open at all times for the posting of notices, it is kept under lock and key until the proper authorities are seen and permission granted to use the board. This method of protecting the notices that are already on the board is undoubtedly a good police move, but entirely necessary on a campus like Southwestern. Instead of the red tape connected to such a small thing as the posting of the notice, there should be the liberal attitude of leaving the doors unlocked at all times.

ARE YOU A BARBARIAN OR CIVILIZED?

Because of the carelessness and vandalism of some few students who damaged the dormitories last year to the startling sum of over five hundred dollars the student council has entered into the new semester with a deficit of \$20 instead of the expected budget of several hundred dollars. The lack of funds, which was totally unexpected, is a serious handicap to all the smaller activities on the council. In the past the council has issued small grants of money to deserving organizations for the advancement of such groups and the general welfare of the school. The money has been carefully apportioned and through the channel of the council various worthy programs have been financed. This year, judging from the present indications, there will be no such deposit to which the groups may appeal for necessary funds.

There is absolutely no excuse for the present condition. All the students who enrolled at Southwestern last year and all those who have enrolled this year paid a contingent fee which was to take care of any damages to the buildings. Part of this fee is used in renovating the dormitories during the summer months and most of it is usually returned to the students through the medium of the council. This past year saw such an unprecedented war on the dormitory equipment that all the fund had to be directed in repairs to them. The action of a few has endangered the interests of all.

A man who can not live in a civilized dormitory, surrounded by the best of furniture, without having respect for his rooms and equipment is little more than a barbarian. To men and women who have attained the rational age of at least fifteen years, good furniture and clean surroundings should mean a particular interest in their upkeep. It is pitiable that in a school like Southwestern, where the best of everything is featured, there is still present this boorish tendency to demolish valuables.

In the common interest of all, the Sou'wester seeks to promote among the dormitory and town students a strong spirit of appreciation of the halls and buildings on the campus. There is no reason why with proper care the contingent fees should not be given almost entirely over to the council for the benefit of all concerned. There is only one way to bring this about and that is by each student keeping the furniture and equipment of his rooms in the best of shape all the year round and refraining from defacing the walls of the buildings in any manner. How about it?

WHO'S WHO

Barbara Bates

Barbara Bates, president of the local scholastic fraternity, Alpha Theta Phi, petitioning Phi Beta Kappa, was born October 8, 1909, in Memphis. She graduated from Central High in June, 1927.

In her freshman year, Barbara received second honors, and in her junior year she received first honors. In addition to these achievements, she has been a member of the honor council, of the Shakespeare Club, of the Sophoclean club, of Chi Delta Phi, and treasurer of Y. W. C. A. This year she is German assistant, and is also reading for honors in German and English.

Jefferson Davis

Little Jefferson Davis was born in Indianola, Miss., on July 3, 1909. Judge and Mrs. S. F. Davis are the fond parents. This young lad graduated from Indianola High School in June, 1909.

Jeff began his college career in a big way. He was president of the freshman class, made the Bobcat team, and pledged Alpha Tau Omega. Since his freshman year, Jeff has been a member of the Student Council, of the Pan-Hellenic Council, president of the Honor Council, a member of the San Hedran Council, and also of the Thirteen Club. For the past two years he has been a big factor in the Lynx's successes, and this year he is captain of the team. Davis is also president of Alpha Tau Omega, and vice-president of the Honor Council.

Mary Carpenter

Mary Carpenter (alias Mobile Mollie) made her first "wise crack" on Jan. 13, 1910, in Nashville, Tenn. She graduated from Snowden Gram-

mar School and from Central High School in this city. Soon after her graduation from high school, Mary's family moved down into Alabama, and she attended Alabama Womens College at Montevallo for two years.

Mary is a member of Beta Sigma chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha. She is a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, vice-president of the Girls' Undergraduate society, and secretary of the Spanish club.

Last year Mollie was monopolized by a certain young A. T. O., but as he was unable to return this year, maybe a few of the other Eds will get to take up some of her time.



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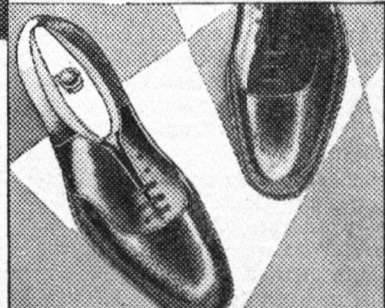


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TORTURE DEN KNOWN AS THE BIOLOGY LAB PORTRAYED

Lackey Presides Gracefully Over Innocents; Strange Worm Specimens Purchased

Up in the dimmest, remotest, and most inaccessible portion of the Science hall there is a torture den where the poor innocents are dragged off screaming and made to pore uninterestedly for hours over wriggling worms and slithering serpents of a smaller scale. It is the Biology laboratory that holds its weekly number of inmates in the fell clutch of the study of Mother Nature as she is undressed for the peering eye to see. It is the Biology laboratory that has spelled the battleground of defeat to many a young student and hard-working scholar. There are indeed foul things done and the annals of the past fairly reek with the numberless murders and dissections carried on within that hall of hell. Far from the confines of man and his binding laws there are no restrictions placed on the mutilation, mayhem, and maltreatment of harmless bugs and beetles who are much smaller than the operating student. The science of fair play is unknown in the treatment of the animals of the species there.

Were it not for the benign presence of one Jas. B. Lackey, who presides over the young Biology students the situation would be well-nigh intolerable, but Lackey's presence soothes the troubled atmosphere and like a phantom of delight he pads noiselessly through the rows of desks carrying patiently his burden of wisdom and knowledge. Right gladly does he dispense the same to his many disciples. If Sir James has one failing it is a continued loquacity that makes the carrying on of a conversation with him the easiest thing next to eating there is.

According to this learned pedagogue, there have been going on strange things this summer in the purchase of laboratory equipment for the forthcoming year. Five new microscopes so powerful that a gnat's eyebrow can be studied at the startling distance of ten feet have been brought out of hock and are now ready for the boys and girls of that department. Museum specimens approaching the amazing sum of over \$100 are now on display in the lab. The specimens consist of mountings of a well known worm and are so life-like that the females of the specie, by which is meant the young ladies of the class, scream with horror every time they are forced to gaze on them. There are no flies in the biology cells, although there are a lot of fly cells in the Biology Department.

It is expected by all that in the near future there will be a race of men and women on the campus that will be able to distinguish *Drosophila melanogaster* from the *Bocteria subtilis* and the nasal catarrh from the cauliflower ear. If such is the case the thanks should go to the aforesaid Lackey, for it is he who is working night and day to instill in the students a knowledge of the intricacies of nature.

So far the students have done nothing but draw a few cells and briefly outline a conch shell. They are learning the ropes in the lab and have at last reached a condition where the microscopes are safe in their hands.

Until something further of a startling nature hovers into view it might be well to say a fond and affectionate farewell to the Biology Department of Southwestern.

SUPPLY STORE WELL STOCKED

Tomes and Texts Rest On Shelves

As a result of long waiting and arduous pleading, Miss Gates has been interviewed. Having to contend with pushing and elbowing Freshettes, the interview was limited to three short hours. (Ah, blasted hopes and shattered Love's Young Dream!) Of course, all types of students patronize the Book Shoppe. The lazy Southerner with his lovely exotic, caressing voice (I'm wasting my time writing this; it should be a love story), who didn't know until last year that Danyankee was two words (Fagan influence), and the Northern social climber like Thomas Drakovitchsky alike meet at the common shrine. Since the advent of the Bibliographical Dispensary, the Coca-Cola business has trebled. You have felt the urge to linger in her presence after purchasing, haven't you? Or, perhaps, it was the necessity for a stimulant after hearing the ridiculously low price of those volumes so full of the knowledge for which you have so long sought in abysmal darkness.

The essential books for higher learning cost slightly more than those for Freshman Cerebrum Culture. For instance, there is a lovely high-class novelette for only \$4.50, as compared with the mere 65c; a Freshman is so sweetly requested for lots of noble Practice leaves. WE have a grand Organic Chemistry book with nine hundred and so many pages—oi, think of the reading matter and the resale price—mine goodness! Then for light reading we have Sophomore's Delight written by Mr. Hastings—sometimes, this little joy dispenser is known as "Syllabus of American Prose," but it's a very brief book. No dormitory room should be without several.

What more enjoyable way of spending an afternoon than to pass the Chin Music with the *Lovely Lady*—with the *Luscious* (Ah-ha! no, Roger, not lips but Leaves). Make this your motto: "Leather-backed notebooks are the gift sublime." Can't you see the joy lighting the face of that fortunate young lady from whom you buy it and to whom you give it?

The How Of It

Ann Arbor, Mich.—(IP)—Waring's Pennsylvanians got their start at a university, and it wasn't Pennsylvania either.

It came to light here just recently that the famous jazz orchestra was so broke back in 1921 that the members decided to bust up, and would have done so, had not Fred Waring been invited to come up and play at the University of Michigan.

Here's how it happened: One of the boys went to Ann Arbor, where a friend told him that the University of Michigan committee was looking for a small band to play in an old gym for the overflow crowd at the annual Jay Hop. The committee already had two famous bands for the main dance. The orchestra member telegraphed to Fred, Fred wired the committee and the band assembled.

"That was the greatest night ever," Fred tells the story himself. "We stole the crowd right away from under the Big Names. All our success started in that old gym. And we didn't even have hotel money. A fraternity put us up on condition that we play free for their house party the next night."

From there the band went to a Detroit theater and radio station, and after one night they got an eight-week stage contract. They've been going good ever since.

Cleveland, O.—(IP)—A new system of instruction, whereby one teacher will be able to handle a class of as many as 250 pupils, is to be tried out in one local high school this fall, and if the experiment proves a success, it will be used in all public schools here.

The new system involves the broadcasting of lectures by wired radio to various rooms in the school.

RUSH SEASON TOO PEACEFUL

Rock Pile Useless This Year As Grandstand

What, no fights? What kind of a sorority rushing season is this?

Time was when the eds could secure a reserved seat on the rock pile and view the greatest scene of action ever witnessed by man. Choice rocks they are as barren as the proverbial were much in demand. But, ah, now cupboard and are in no more use than a second-hand match. The boys are now occupied with checkers, chess, or even reading during the rushing season. The old charm of the season is over. No more is the air filled with chattering and screaming as in the past. All of the pep is gone.

In the good old days the girls took rushing seriously. Hair pulling was the favorite sport. Football helmets were often borrowed to protect their flowing locks. And, never was a football headgear submitted to such punishment. A full supply of mercurochrome was always on hand to be used in case of an emergency. These emergencies were the usual thing and by the time the season was over every one was completely used up. It was to doctor all of the scratches, bites and numerous other lacerations inflicted by the enthusiastic co-eds.

And to think that this year there was a swell line of box cars behind the rock pile. They could afford excellent accommodations for all the boys who arrive late for the show. But there is no show to come to see. The powers that be have agreed to leave the rock pile by the sorority houses for three more years. By that time if they haven't improved the attractions of rushing season they will remove the stone grandstand.

Rushing these days is too business-like. It is a good thing that the frosh don't know of the good times and the attractions of yesteryears that used to lure so many of the stronger sex to make a trip to the scene of action. As they do not know, they will not have that to brood over for the remaining days of their undergraduate work. Just ask some ole' timer, he will tell you what fun there used to be.

GREEK GOSSIP

(Editor's Note: This is the first 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.)

Theta Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha was the first chapter of a National Fraternity to be established at Southwestern. Theta was founded in 1878, ten years after the fraternity was organized. It was the eighth chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha, and for a number of years after its founding, it was a power in the national organization.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity was founded at the University of Virginia, March 1, 1868. The five founders had long been intimate friends at V. M. I. and tradition has it that they had been together in the Confederate army. The five, finding themselves all together after the war, wanted to perpetuate their friendship. Within a month after the founding, another friend was invited to join, and was taken in without formal initiation. He later designed the badge. Two months after the founding of the fraternity, on May 1, 1868, the first man was pledged.

Pi Kappa Alpha now has 14,466 members. Fifty-one chapters of the organization own houses. Real estate of the chapters is valued at \$1,724,200. At present Pi K. A. has 74 chapters.

The fraternity is governed between conventions by a supreme council composed of the grand principles, grand treasurer and grand secretary. General offices are maintained in Atlanta, Georgia, and presided over by the grand treasurer, who is also the business manager of the fraternity. National conventions are held biennially.

Among prominent alumni of the fraternity are: Senator Underwood, of Alabama; Dean John A. Turner, of New York University and Chairman of the Advisory Committee to the Tariff Commission; Wm. P. Kent, U. S. Consul General; Edward P. Swinney, president American Bankers' Association; Everett B. Elwood, director, National Board of Medical Examiners; and Razberry.

Logan: "I hear Hightower is not eligible to play this game."

Hinson: "Yeh, and the college is looking around for two new professors."

'Song of the Sanhedrin'

Bend, all ye lowly freshmen, beneath our iron hand,
And subjugate your bodies to our revengeful band,
And tread the straight and narrow or else ye'll rue the day.
That ye were so forgetful to leave the trodden way!
Far up above old Palmer we have a tower room.
Whereto the erring freshmen are called to meet their doom,
And they who pass our portals shall never greet the light,
But walk in gloomy darkness beneath the awful night.
Their end shall be the torture, their sign shall be the scream,
And they shall walk forever in one blood-curdling dream.
Ask those who have been tolleyed if it was worth the pain,
And ye will get the answer: "We'll sin no more again!"
Then bow the haughty body and bend the supple knee
If ye would dwell forever in deep security.
No longer enter Palmer by doors that front the west,
Or leave your farmer bonnets (these things are for your best!).
Let upperclassmen enter into the dining hall
Before the lowly freshmen . . . but soft I have said all!

—YE EDITOR.

Bacteria Beat Methuselah

Berkeley, Calif.—(IP)—Bacteria believed to be millions of years old have been found to be alive and to be able to multiply rapidly, it was reported here by Dr. C. P. Lipman, of the University of California, who spoke before the National Academy of Sciences, in convention here.

Professor Lipman found the creatures in Pennsylvania hard coal believed to be 200,000,000 years old.

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Paradise

WEIRD TALE OF FACULTY IS REVEALED IN THEIR TRAVELS

Unknown Reporter Pulls Big Scoop to Secure Fantastic Tale of Professors

It's no secret now and at last I can tell you how and where the Southwestern profs really spent their summer vacations. I guess you heard about Professor Cooper going to Europe. Yes, and that's not all! He was a life guard at the Deauville beach and from reliable sources I've heard that he created a sensation when he strolled down to the sandy beach one day wearing a one-piece red bathing suit with "Hello girls" elaborately embroidered across the front. Now, Raymond!

Frenchy Townsend spent the summer months selling Liberty and True Story magazines in a house to house canvass of the entire city.

Prof. Atkinson tries to live down his past but under the peering eyes of this reporter that is an impossibility. He and Dean Hartley ran a night club over on Mud Island. They had Dr. Shewmaker over there singing mammy songs each night and maybe the crowds didn't come! Atkinson proved the perfect host. He could smooth up to any guest and have him unlimbered and under the table in less than ten minutes. Then he would entertain the guest's lady friends with numerous anecdotes about the old life at Southwestern and the way he simply slays the women, my dear.

Dr. Strickler ran a Greek restaurant and pawn shop down on South Main street and had a very successful summer.

There's no use to tell of the wanderings of one J. H. Davis, who is the pedagogue of history here at the old Alma Mater. I hear he has just written a racy little account of his summer travels which will be published this fall as the newest Little Blue Book by Haldemann-Julius Company.

Dr. Bassett and Prof. Kelso teamed up for the summer and bought a collegiate Ford, in which vehicle they toured the West. While in Hollywood, Kelso was asked to be Greta Garbo's leading man for her next ten pictures but the handsome philosopher declined. Bassett was forced into the movies as it were. He was walking down the street in Hollywood while "Our Gang" was filming a comedy. The director mistook the Latin professor for one of the cast and took two reels of film of him before discovering the mistake. And that, kind sirs, is how the majority of the Southwestern professors spent their vacations. And—I almost forgot it—I saw Prof. Eric Haden daily on the corner of Main and Madison doing campaign work in the interest of the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Townsend: "And do you have any bad habits?"

Co-ed (on carpet): "Well, I drink a little; I go out with strange men in their roadsters; I attend fraternity dances occasionally—and I smoke every now and then."

Mrs. Townsend: "What, you smoke! How dreadful!"

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GIRLS GIVE PINK TEAS

Line of Bull Shot To Bewildered Freshettes

Once again the fervid and hectic ordeal of rushing has come and gone, leaving rushers and rushees gasping for breath. One of the greatest advantages of a rushing season is the opportunity afforded members of the so-called talkative sex to exploit their skill in the age-old line to the best of their ability. This seems to have been exactly what they have done, for from the first tea on Monday to the last on Wednesday, smiling and effervescent hostesses welcomed smiling and no less effervescent freshettes into the shelter of their protective houses.

Some responded beautifully to the titter and tattle over the teacups, but some of the less enthusiastic or perhaps more bashful, afforded a chance for the silver-tongued daughters of the mighty sisterhood to show their prowess in cajoling, persuading and aweing reluctant neophytes to accept the pin with rejoicing and to be sure henceforth that hers was the one and only.

Some might call it gushing season, but all of it was sincere and, besides, who can deny that feeling of pride at the sight of the dear old pin, whatever it may be?

Alpha Omicron Pi started the official rushing with a "red rose" tea in their lodge from 3 o'clock until 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. The Memphis alumnae, Miss Catherine Underwood, president, had charge of the gathering. The lodge was artistically decorated with roses and smilax, and during the hour a sandwich and salad course was served. Favors were in the form of rose-enameled lipsticks with red ribbons. Mrs. Julian Bondurant and Mrs. James Rainier presided over the tea-table.

Zeta Tau Alpha entertained their rushees from 4 o'clock until 5 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Parkview Hotel. A "sports" theme was carried out from the invitations hidden away in tiny golf bags to the individual cases of chocolate cigarettes given as favors. The sun parlor was attractively decorated with sports paraphernalia, and refreshments took the form of flapper salads. Miss Jenny Burford Puryear, and Miss Mary Helen Freeman, chairmen, were assisted by the patronesses, Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle, Mrs. A. R. Hudson, Mrs. June Rudisell and Mrs. A. T. Johnson.

The Chi Omega tea was held in their rustic lodge from 5 o'clock until 6 o'clock Monday afternoon. An unusual pastel motif of green and orchid was carried out in the decorations, and tiny colonial dolls in these colors were the souvenirs. An attractive salad course was served from a long table placed at the end of the room. Miss Jane Barker, chairman, and Miss Margaret Mason, rush captain, were assisted in the receiving by Mrs. Robert Heard, Mrs. W. S. Lawrence, Mrs. R. Brinkley Snowden, Mrs. Leslie Thornton, Mrs. C. L. Townsend and Mrs. Charles E. Diehl.

Delta Theta Pi entertained with a unique "Indian tea" from 6 o'clock until 7 o'clock at the home of Miss Margaret Gunn, 1716 North Parkway. Appropriate Indian trophies and tipis made the scene quite realistic and conch-shell pin-trays were used as favors. The sorority colors, yellow and blue, were carried out in the refreshments, which were served buffet style. Miss Catherine Bigelow and Miss Alice Rogers were special hostesses. Patronesses were Mrs. J. M. Hall, Judge Camille Kelley, Mrs. E. G. Wellington and Mrs. R. W. Hartley.

The Kappa Delta sorority took advantage of the 7 o'clock to 8 o'clock hour to illuminate their lodge with candles in crystal holders for their first tea on Monday. White rosebuds were used in the decorations and refreshments were served throughout the evening. Miss Elizabeth Smith, chairman of the tea, was assisted in receiving by Miss Meredith Davis, president. The patronesses were Mrs. Phil Wallace, Mrs. Ben Covington, Mrs. Edgar Lee, Miss Dorothy Sibley, Mrs. Napoleon Geldert, Mrs.

LYNX TAKE ON LAMBUTH HERE TOMORROW P.M.

Cols Expected To Eat Eagle Wing

THE PAST REVEALED

Adherents Seek To Give Goose Egg

Still fresh from a breezy victory last Saturday over a sadly dilapidated eleven wearing the maroon of Mississippi A. and M., the Southwestern Lynx will go on their yearly excursion tomorrow afternoon at Fargason Field as guests of a nice crowd of gentle students from Lambuth College, located somewhere in the vicinity of Jackson, Tenn.

While the excursion or outing is a customary event in honor of Southwestern's football coterie, this particular date seems to fit in perfectly with the season. Mr. Webb Burke's Cats will only be too eager to drop the very musty cotton bauble for a generous bowl of sweetened Eagle's wing.

Jackson's jolly Lambies have not failed a single time in the past three years to serve sweetened Eagle's wing, and this season, unusually good for eagle hatching, advance reports have it that a much larger supply than ever before will be dished up for lusty Lynx appetites. A generous number of added attractions are promised to add variety and spice to what looks like the best and most pleasant outing ever tendered a Southwestern football team.

Old studes will recall the hearty gathering on the '27 excursion, which was given in honor of Milton Hawke and Arthur Dulin. That year stark, bare remains of forty sweetened Eagles' wings lay scattered over the picnic grounds when day's due had been done. However, loving Lynx in return souvenired their congenial Lambie hosts with twelve Cat claws. Not so old studes will harken to the story of Dode Farnsworth's unrivaled feat during the '28 festival. Dode put away 21 sweetened Eagle's wings alone. White, sole Lambie without an external black mark, was donated six Lynx claws engraved with the following words: G-I-F-T from a grateful Southwestern backfield.

Last year's excursion was a perfect affair. George Hightower and Coach Webb Burke were guests of honor. George, wishing to carry out the dignity and importance of his new rank, devoured eighteen sweetened Eagle wings and fell three short of Dode's great record. Complacent Coach Burke sat across from George, and with every wing that went down George's throat a robust chuckle came up from his own.

Strange, nay, not strange, the Lambies cut for home just before dark, and Coach Burke only managed to slip the Lambie chef a beautiful white goose egg. In his eagerness to catch the first outbound train for Jackson Mr. Chef left his goose egg hanging high and dry on the scoreboard, where it decomposed after seven days.

We have a sneaking suspicion Mr. Burke is planning to present the entire Lambie Club with goose eggs tomorrow afternoon, gaily done in various water colors and with the following inscription on each egg: "Tiens ta foi."

Robert Atkinson and Mrs. Frazer Smith.

Tuesday, the second day of rushing was started by the Chi Omegas with their annual beach party from 3 to 4 o'clock. The lodge decorated with swings, gay umbrellas and other beach regalia, presented an attractive scene which was enhanced by the members themselves attired in Lido costumes. Miss Virginia Hawk and Miss Emily Wallace were chairmen.

The Kappa Delta "Show-Boat" party was held from 4 to 5 o'clock Tuesday. Typically southern decorations were used and little negro clog dancers added to the spirit of the occasion. Miss Frances Durham and Miss Mary Moore were special hostesses.

Delta Theta Pi entertained from 5 to 6 o'clock with a "Derby" tea at the home of Miss Margaret Gunn, 1716 N. Parkway. The walls were hung with pennants and balloons and refreshments were furnished from a real old-time hot-dog stand.

Lawhorn: "I won't let you go until you tell me the height of dumbness."

Mike: "About six feet three, aren't you?"

THIRTEEN CLUB THROWS FLING

"Tea Party" for Grid Teams Tomorrow

The Thirteen Club of Southwestern will entertain members of the student body at their first tea-dance of the year tomorrow at the Chi Omega lodge from 5 until 8 o'clock. Block bids have been issued to the fraternities and a favored group of campus co-eds will be present. This dance, to be given after the Southwestern-Lambuth game, is in honor of the team and their sponsors for the coming year. Members of the club are: George Hightower, Marion Painter, Horace Harwell, Harry Walton, Robert Logan, Jeff Davis, Harvey Drake, Bill Thomas, John Rea, Albert Erskine, Nate White, and Malcolm Richie. Arthur "Bud" Hickey of Memphis, is the thirteenth member.

Mother: "Your sister's roommate is coming to visit us for a spell."
Son: "All right, I'll try to put her under one."

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FORMER STUDENT WINS POSITION

Charles Calhoun, Jr., a former student of Southwestern, and a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, is now located in New York state and would like to hear from some of his old friends. His address is 307 McKinley avenue, Endicott, New York. Calhoun graduated from Bliss school at Washington, D. C., and secured a position with the Tabulating Machine Corp. He was selected for the position out of 179 applicants, another feather in Southwestern's cap.

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"Further Adventures of Tarzan"
 "The Scream in the Night"

By JOHNNY HUGHES

The jungle night was cool and delicious, with only the faint hum of drowsy crickets to mar its study-hall silence, as Lord Greystoke, alias "Tarzan of the Apes," wanted in more than one African village for murder in the first degree, leapt lightly from the swaying head of Tantor the Elephant, his forest cory, and catapulted his lithe, godlike body through the leafy foliage above the matted jungle floor. He was hungry and didn't care who knew it, even Numa the lion, bad boy of a dozen brawls.

As our hero swung with the speed of an express train from limb to limb, the muscles in his arms and shoulders writhed and squirmed in an effort to burst from under that bronze skin that imprisoned them hopelessly in Gargantuan bundles. Beside this young forest god, Earle E. Liedermann would have been a nance. And who wants to be a nance? Not even Earle E. Liedermann.

Far to the north Tarzan swung in search of some poor helpless gorilla in which he could sink his strong white teeth to his heart's content. After a fruitless search which lasted the better part of an hour, Tarzan headed for a native village twenty miles away where an old grey-haired savage served pre-war stuff. Little did he reck what dangers he would undergo on this night prowling or the strange adventures that would befall him ere he again stretched luxuriously on Tantor the Elephant's head and whispered strange jungle jokes into the pachyderm's ear.

At the hour when milkmen are just catching that last snooze Tarzan paused high in a gigantic oak tree overlooking the village of Capone, a hustling little community of three hundred souls, all as black as a chimney sweeper's face. The town was wide open and going like a house afire. Down at Myrtle's joint a drunk fiddler was reeling off the blues as our hero vaulted the palisade in one magnificent and effortless bound. Tarzan proceeded stealthily down an alley between two rows of huts, as it was as much as his life was worth to show his nose in Capone after he had taken those two young fellows for a ride who had called him a sissy because he didn't wear regular pants like most men. Tarzan was rather sensitive about his pants, or rather the lack of them, and the slightest wisecrack on this subject was apt to prove fatal to the village wit.

As Tarzan came to the end of the row of huts he saw that the villagers had built a great bonfire on the town green and were obviously about to engage in an old-fashioned burning bee, judging from the iron stake around which the inflammatory materials had been thrown. Now the ape-man considered this a fortunate break for him, since he could prowl unmolested through the town, taking whatever he saw fit. But he was not to gather loot that night and perhaps nevermore, according to the writer's mood. As he slithered into the shadows a mighty scream rent the night air, cries so shrill and piercing as could come only from a woman. Tarzan immediately became interested. He extinguished his fag and peered clandestinely around the corner. What he saw forced a low "gee whiz" from his lips. Two tall savages were dragging a beautiful blond white girl to the stake, amid peals of applause and laughter from the on-lookers.

Bitter tears trickled down her cheeks as the fair prisoner addressed the tribal chief thus in dulcet tones: "Aw, chief, give me a break! You ain't doing right by me!"

A low, raucous chuckle was her only answer, then the chief snarled out the death sentence: "Burn her to a crisp!"

Little did he know that Tarzan of the Apes was at that moment hiding behind the water cooler! As the girl was roughly dragged to the stake, Tarzan went into action with all the courage and agility of the giant gorilla who had so successfully taught him his battle tactics. With two leaps he was at Elsie's (purely a pen-name) side. The guards were felled in their tracks and the chief sent catapulting into the fire before the bewildered savages could get going. Then with a mighty yell they beset our hero. Blows fell with dull thuds on twisting bodies; fierce screams pierced the night air as Tarzan of the Apes battled fiercely for his love and his life. Finally, by sheer weight of numbers the ape-man was bound and secured.

The chief, wiping a smear of blood from his nose, was howling mad. He

savagely kicked Tarzan in the stomach. Elsie screamed. Then he gave orders to proceed with the burning, this time doubling the victims.

Elsie shrieked: "You leave him alone, you big bully!" but little effect it had on a great chief who had just been humiliated in front of his whole tribe.

The ape-man was chained to the same stake with the girl. Together they stood in that circle of death looking deep into each other's eyes and seeing the lovelight glowing there. It was love at first sight.

The chief himself applied the match. The hungry flames licked out in their greediness, great clouds of smoke rolled skyward from the funeral pyre of Tarzan of the Apes and his new love. The fiendish savages dance madly around our hero, the flames mount the stake. All seems lost. Tarzan . . . but wait! If you want to know what happened to the ape-man, read the next episode in the Sou'wester next Friday.

SUE TO LOU

Dear Lou:

I've never been so busy or so excited in my life as I have been this week. So much has been going on. Rushing started Monday morning, and we had pledging Wednesday night. It's all too good to be true, and all parties concerned are thrilled to death. The spirit between the sororities this year on the campus is so much better than ever before. I certainly am glad.

I hear that some of the eds and co-eds had a "get-together" Sunday night. There was great excitement and a big-time was had by all. You might ask a Chi Omega about it.

I saw Marian Pape riding yesterday with "God's gift to women"—he pledged K. A. you know. They make a fine couple don't you think?

I heard a certain young lady on the campus had a large crush on City Thomason. City had better watch his step—somebody is gonna trip him up yet.

I have one bit of news that will certainly surprise you. I saw the High Priestess of the Sanhedrin council and the editor of the "Lynx" strolling down the driveway today. Can you beat that?

I was just thrilled to death over the showing our team made down in the wilds of Mississippi last Saturday. This town never saw a prouder or peppier crowd of enthusiasts than there were here last Saturday night. The Kappa Sigs had a bunch over at their house that afternoon to listen to the game over the radio. I honestly think the real purpose was to show off the said new radio. It really is a dandy one.

Too bad Pitt and Teddy got bad ankles as a reward for such high-powered playing, but think of the glory they are getting. The campus heroes! Hope they'll both be on the field tomorrow to make the Lambuth Eagle scream for mercy. I don't see how anyone could miss that game and I know I'll see you there helping to cheer the boys on.

Always,
 SUE.

Zeta Sanctuary Mounts Skyward

Work on the Zeta lodge is going on at a fast clip, uninterrupted by rushing season. The working men don't seem to realize that they are building a domicile for a sorority, except when some curious co-ed inquires when the house will be finished. The roof is already shoulder-ing out the sky in company with a green brick chimney.

The sunken fireplace, which will be a feature of the interior of the lodge, will soon be sunk, according to Margaret Williams, president of the Zetas. According to current plans, a dedication ceremony and house-warming will be followed shortly by an open house sorority dance.

McMILLAN GOES UNDER KNIFE

Malcolm McMillan underwent an operation for sinus trouble at the Baptist Hospital last Friday morning. He returned to the campus Sunday morning and has been confined to his room all of the week.

Whether the operation will have any effect on his running this year remains to be seen. He is being counted on as one of the mainstays of the team this year.

Bill: "What would you give me for a long, lingering kiss?"
 Mary: "Listerine."

KAMPUS KRACKS

Logan: "Why are there so many men going to the Hawaiian islands this summer?"

Clough: "I dunno. The grass crop was a total failure."

Reformer: "Stop, friend. Do you think a glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?"

Izzy: "Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole jug."

Oh: "I heard your party was all wet."

Kay: "Yeah, the music got so hot that it started the automatic sprinkler system."

She (with indignation): "I thought you said this was a parlor joke!"

He: "Well, I heard it in a billiard parlor."

Prospective tenant: "I should like to see one of the bedrooms."

Owner: "Modern or comfortable?"

Brugance: "You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn."

Lawhorn: "What, and get it bitten off!"

Love is when a girl wearing a long white dress will ride to a formal in a fellow's rattle-trap, moth-eaten, dust-laden, topless automobile.

A little girl of eight years came running into the room.

"Mummy, could I keep a diary?"

"Why, yes, dear. Keeping a diary is an awfully nice thing to do."

"Thanks. Then I can keep big sister's diary that I found under the bed."

Bridegroom: "Step up, Bill; it's time to kiss the bride."

Bill: "You're wrong; it's time to quit."

Economics professor: "What is the farmer's greatest trouble?"

Goof Hinson: "The traveling salesman, sir."

Hightower: "Waiter, have you forgotten me?"

Waiter at Fortune's: "Naw, you're the fried fish."

All ducks walk as if they had just gotten out of a rumble seat.

Virginia Hawke: "A bandit jumped on the running-board of my machine last night and demanded five dollars."

Harry: "Why didn't you have him arrested for impersonating an officer?"

She: "You're not the man I married ten years ago."

He: "I should say not. I'm the man you married five years ago."

Mary Allie: "It tells here of a man in Chicago who hasn't spoken to his wife in fifteen years."

Richie: "I think that's carrying politeness too far."

"You'll have to wait," said the guide. "I can't show you around the galleries yet. Smoking isn't allowed."

"But we're not smoking," said the visitors.

"Naw, but I am," returned the guide.

Then there was the freshman who wanted to know why Charlie Diehl is called "Sugar Kitty."

First Freshman: "I'll bet we have a bigger bathtub than your family does."

Second Dumbbell: "Maybe so, but I bet ours has the biggest ring."

Papoose: "Baw-w-w-w, I wanna drink!"

Eskimo Mother: "Shut up; it's only six months till morning."

"Out of my way, wretch! I'm riding to the hounds."

"Give us a lift; I'm going to the dogs myself."

A drug store sandwich could be improved a lot by a little work to show which corner the meat was in.

"Who were at Claire's party?"

"Oh, several college students and a few invited guests."

Nate: "That freshman reporter was certainly fired with enthusiasm."
 Schuyler: "You bet. I never saw anyone discharged so violently."

And now they tell us the difference between a violin and a cello is saxophone of one and a half dozen of another.

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BOBCATS FIGHT LOCAL YOUTHS

Puppet Show Commences This Afternoon

Show producers Billy Hughes and Willis McCabe will put on another of their entertaining Pull and Jerk shows this afternoon before an earnest crowd of Central High School letter seekers, and another small group comprised of empty afternoons and football enthusiasts. Admission charge will be free, and the show will be held within Central's spacious air dome or else on Southwestern's spacious bird wallow.

Producers Hughes and McCabe, who incidentally wrote most of the lines which both will declaim in the role of ventriloquists, as puppets never speak, have just about strung up all the wires necessary to run off a complicated show of this type. Possibly some of the wires, there must be thousands, are connected with the wrong puppet, thereby causing one member of the cast to brush aside another player when he only intended to fall at his feet. Also it is probable that string A, which is used to propel a figure forward may be attached to a player's rear, thereby causing him to move in the wrong direction to a given tug. All these things happen in the best of shows and are unavoidable even during the first month's run.

The plot of H and M's melodrama goes something like this. Settings are spacious with clear, blue sky to give the effect that everything is in the spirit of fun. It seems there is a quartette of hip shaking, toe and heel dancers, namely Tom Morris, Emil MacFarland, Elbert Pervis, and Wesley Busby who while pretending the greatest innocence of worldly matters are really plotting to steal a pig, force their way through a cordon of watching warriors, and reach safety by reaching the goal. Albert Mallory and Frank Key encourage the plotting quartette. To divert attention from our schemers a ballet of seven, namely, George McCormack, Bobbie Lee, Gordon Fox, Lanky Lawhorn, Fred Bearden, Ray Sanders, and Halbert Scott, do a series of movements which attract the warriors' attention from our plotters to our ballet. While unnoticed the quartette slips through to safety, but quite often at this stage of procedure a wire breaks, and it is necessary to start all over again.

Nevertheless Producers Hughes and McCabe promise us a good show October 11, when the Delta State Teachers of Cleveland, Mississippi, are taken on at Cleveland.

"Have you heard the chiraptors' song?"
"No."
"Adjust you, adjust me."

Check for Lynx Men

There were many strong supporters who pulled for the Lynx victory last Saturday over Mississippi A. and M., but none of more stronger loyalty than Dr. C. O. Groves, Presbyterian minister of Kosiusko. Dr. Diehl received a check last week addressed to the football team for the sum of \$5 and signed by Dr. Groves, who added that he had sent the money to the team that had "taken the cackle out of Cagle."

It has not yet been decided what will be done with the money but it is certain that it will be used in some form of entertainment by the team.

The squad wishes to thank Dr. Groves not so much for the check that he sent, although that is highly appreciated, but for the spirit that moved him to express his loyalty to the team.

FARGASON IS WELL FIXED

Raspberry Superintends Ground Crew

Fargason field has been repaired during the weeks of school and is already for the whistle that will start the game with Lambuth, Saturday afternoon.

A good football field is not made in a day. Consequently, work was begun last summer and spring. A high grade of grass was planted on the field last spring. It went for naught though. The drouth that we heard so much about last summer also hit the campus and killed all of the young grass. During the spring the field was graded up and a slight incline from the middle of the field to each side fixed up. This incline will be of invaluable service during the rainy season, because the water will run off the field quickly and a perfect field is left. Weeds, however, were not phased by the drouth. They grew in great quantities all over the field.

Coach Raspberry has been engineering the repair work for the last two weeks. The ground has been mowed. He has had a crew of men helping him every morning.

The bleachers were repainted during the summer. New numbers have been painted on the reserved seats and the boxes. The scoreboard is to be repainted. The fence has been repaired.

One thing remains yet to be done. That is to move all of the box cars that are now standing behind the field. Otherwise, they would serve as a nice grandstand for a majority of the kids in Memphis.

EVERGREEN HALL

There hasn't been much time for gossip in Evergreen Hall lately. Weary inmates returning from rush teas are so relieved to be able to stop talking and wipe the set grins off their faces that they spend the evening in comparative quiet.

However, the story did get around that Martha fainted dead away in the arms of the husky Aggie who informed her that Harold had broken his nose, in the game.

Of course, accidents will happen, but even if Jimmie Walls misses her daily "special" from Holly Grove, the telegraph and telephone are still working.

Several young men on the campus were looking forward to seeing Miriam Hiedelburg for a few moments while June was down at A. & M., but her brother had to come over and take her off.

Joe McKinnon's theme song seems to be, "Beautiful Ohio," with "You've Got to See Papa Every Night" as a close second.

"Sister" Northcross spent last week-end in the dormitory.

Ida Sue Banks will visit her cousin Emmy Lou Banks this week-end.

Mildred Veasy, Evergreen's red-haired riot, received an epistle of maternal advice which she is going to post on the bulletin board for the edification and elevation of all coeds.

The contents may be summarized as follows:

- DON'T
- 1. Frisk and frolic too much.
- 2. Smoke.
- 3. Drink.
- 4. Pet.
- 5. Go to dances.
- DO
- 1. Obey rules.
- 2. Study hard every day.
- 3. Act like a lady.

Mildred has turned over a new leaf and decided not to walk home from dinner with "Coon" any more.

CAGLE'S BOYS TAKEN FOR A RIDE BY CATS

Overhead Attack Thwarts Bulldog Hopes

A few months ago the staid old beha County, Mississippi, was sent beah County, Mississippi, was sent into a flurry of excitement over the coming of Keener "Red" Cagle, Army's great All-American football player to serve as Mississippi A. & M.'s new football coach. Cagle had come with a brand new system that once installed was to put Mississippi right up in the top of the Southern Intercollegiate Conference heap.

Last Saturday an unheralded Southwestern under the guiding hand of Coach Webb Burke went out on the field at Starkville and proceeded to smash "Red" Cagle's system sky high along with scores of stout hopes in the hearts of bleeding Aggie alumni.

Name and fame fell in the wake of the Lynx attack that started early in the afternoon and ceased along about supper time when Coach Burke withdrew his boys from Cagle's sorely pressed Maroons. The Maroons spent a miserable afternoon trying to stem the Lynx running attack and overhead game at the same time, and they must have felt rather disgusted and sick of the whole affair after trying all afternoon in vain to do two things at once.

Old residents of staid Starkville began to shiver and shake early in the first quarter when Southwestern started a march from her own thirty-yard which was continued to the shadow of A. & M.'s goal only to end when a pass from Harry Walton over the goal line to Hinky Hinson failed to reach its destination. Boy, that pack of Lynx Cats had everybody up on his feet when they continued to rip off yard after yard with consummate speed and monotonous regularity. Lamar Pittman, who played a great game both offensively and defensively, started the procession with a plunge through center for twenty-five yards. Harry Walton, Hinky Hinson, and George Hightower plugged along for short gains that ran up two more first downs and a near touchdown.

A. & M. did not register a first down during the opening quarter and were content with employing a kicking game to keep the Lynx away from their goal.

Early in the second period Southwestern opened up a baffling passing attack that had A. & M. completely stymied. After Harold High returned an Aggie punt with a scintillating 30-yard spurt to put the oval in Mississippi territory, Southwestern effectively mixed an overhead game with a few running plays for a touchdown. Harry Walton popped a pretty pass into Pittman's arms, and the chunky fullback dodged one Aggie tackler and June Davidson laid another low and the field was clear for a touchdown.

The second half was practically a repetition of the first with Southwestern scoring another time on a pass from George Hightower to Harry Walton. However, A. & M. made a spirited fight.

PAN-HELL SITS QUIET SO FAR

Big Hop Is Expected By Thanksgiving

Although no definite plans have as yet been made, it is the opinion of many upperclassmen that the Men's Panhellenic Council will give its first dance of the year the night of Wednesday, November 26, probably at the Elks Club, since this will be the night just before the Thanksgiving holidays begin.

So far this year the council has been fairly quiet. No controversies have come up over rushing or rushees, and no elections have been held.

Officers of the council are John Rea, president; Malcolm Ritchie, vice-president, and Jimmy Hamilton, secretary and treasurer.

Chambliss Praised

Readers of poetry on the campus will be pleased to know that some of the poems of Jack Chambliss, who has written several poems for the Journal, were favorably commented on by John Crowe Ransome, prominent man of letters, and poet of no mean worth.

Chambliss has selected literature or rather authorship as his life work and is talented along the line of short story and poetry.

OLE MISS EATS UNION BOYS RAW

Opening up the current season with a new morale, a pair of new coaches, and a flock of intricate plays, Ole Miss combined the three elements into a touchdown scoring machine last Friday to run roughshod over Union University, 64 to 0.

Ole Miss alumni who saw the game, say the Mississippians are in for a big season. To Southwesterners this can mean only one thing. The Lynx are in for a tough battle here on November 14, the date set for the traditional game between Southwestern and Ole Miss. Still Lynx backers are keen on their own eleven since A. & M.'s demise last Saturday, and are willing to stake their shirts Southwestern will be rough sailing for Chuck Smalling's boys.

It really looks like a great battle on November 14th.

Director: "Now in this talkie I don't want you to say a word that has more than two syllables in it."
Actress: "Why, what am I supposed to be?"
Director: "A college co-ed."

"Have a good time, Bill, and let her conscience be your guide."

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