



SANHEDRIN BOWS TO FRESHMEN

DR. DIEHL WINS RAGING BATTLE ON PRESIDENCY

Beloved Leader Comes Out With Flying Colors

BOARD BACKS DIEHL

Critics Wield Hearsay In Vain To Remove Him

By a unanimous vote Dr. Charles E. Diehl was vindicated by the Southwestern Board of Directors of all charges brought against him by a group of Presbyterian pastors, in a hearing held Tuesday afternoon in Palmer Hall.

The decision came an hour after the charges had been presented by the Rev. J. P. Robertson, the pastors' spokesman. The resolution, which stated that "the church owes a tremendous obligation to Dr. Diehl," was signed by the 14 members of the Board who were present at the hearing.

DISPERSE HEARSAY

Commenting on the weakness and inconclusiveness of the evidence presented by the ministers, the resolution stated that "not hearsay, but only the strongest and clearest evidence should be allowed to lodge against such a splendid record."

"This has not been found. The investigation has not only completely vindicated him from every charge, but has presented a fresh and convincing demonstration of the vast value of his services."

ROBERTSON ATTACKS

Rev. Robertson, in his lengthy speech, accused Dr. Diehl of modernism, extravagance, unsoundness of theological belief, and allowing "shocking" dances on the Southwestern campus. Other members of the opposition to Dr. Diehl appeared before the Board, but their evidence was considered by the members as groundless and based mostly on hearsay.

The hearing lasted the entire afternoon and took the form of a jury proceeding that ranged from baffling theological questions to campus dances and the cost of bulletin boards.

Stylus Club Sets New Spring Style

The prevailing styles for the spring season were shown at a meeting of the Stylus club last night in the Bell Room. Members of the club appeared as mannequins in a beautiful array of future styles.

Jimmy Harrison exhibited a gorgeous pair of silk "underthings" which will be much in vogue on and off (the campus) this spring.

Maury Hull, gown by Adrian, presented a pretty picture in a charming creation of brindle wool. He carried a handbag of Tyrian purple emblazoned with Old Gold. This frock is good for possum hunts and other outdoor night activities.

Other stunning combinations were revealed, but to tell them would be revealing too much and even the Stylus Club has some modesty.

Curtis Is Veteran

Vice-President Curtis, who celebrated his 71st birthday Jan. 25, has spent more than half of his life in Congress.

Look Here First Before Reading

Listen, you all. Before you all plants yore peepers on this hyar issue ob de Sou'wester yuh gotta remember that it's de freshmun issue and anything is fair. You all done did enuff to we uns so far this year to last us till de end of our lives. Now we gits even wid you in dis hyar paper.

Tek yo medicine lak de men yuh ain't. If you all don't lak sumpin read sumpin else, and vice versa. We done cut loose with both guns a-blazin and although we don't mean to hurt you all wid real sho nuff bullets we figgers on puttin de fear of Gawd in yuh wid de whine ob de lead.

We calculated as how you all wud druther hab a live wire issue den a serious one so we done taken a shot at eberybody.

If you all gits mad de party's spoilt for eberybody. Bite yo lip and abut ebery if yo pride am wounded.

De freshmin.

D. T. PI LOCAL GOES TRI-DELT

Get Charter From National Sorority; Install Chapter Soon

Delta Theta Pi, the only local sorority on the Southwestern campus, received a wire Tuesday night from Delta Delta Delta, national sorority, stating that they will grant the local group a charter during the latter part of March. Rumors to the effect that the representative or inspector of the Tri-Delts had put her stamp of approval on the D. T. Pi have been circulating on the campus for some days, but the early arrival of the wire of acceptance came as a pleasant surprise to the members of the sorority and their numerous friends on the campus.

Delta Theta Pi was organized Oct. 23, 1929, and was recognized by the Pan-Hellenic Council in November of the same year. They petitioned Tri-Delta in November, 1930.

Delta Delta Delta was founded at Boston University on Thanksgiving Eve, 1888. It is recognized as one of the leading national sororities and has chapters in many of the large colleges and universities.

Members of Delta Theta Pi are Lyle Stanage, president; Elise McDaniel, vice-president; Alice Rogers, corresponding secretary; Louise Mitchell, secretary; Catherine Bige-

(Continued on Page 2)

Frosh Paddle Davis



Take a squint at the scene shown above, upperclassmen, and bow your heads in meek submission to the powers of the freshman class. Jeff Davis, the lad with the bull head and bat brains, has just been taken for a ride by frosh gangsters who put him on

the spot yesterday. His rear extremity has been duly chastised and he is shown blubbering to be let loose just before the final and decisive blow falls.

This may happen to you so you better be careful. Boo!

Nitist Club Has Neatest Contest

The Neatest Club met last night to hold their semi-annual "neatest" contest. Prizes were awarded the winners.

Johnny Hughes won first prize for having the cleanest pair of ears. He got a cake of Ivory soap.

Prof. J. H. Davis rated a set of collapsible false teeth for having a coat and pants to match. That is, his pants matched the color of his coat.

Ronald Hayhoe looked like a little sunbeam with his nicely washed mug. He drew a book of Mother Goose rhymes.

Billy Marsh had soot in his moustache so he got the booby prize which was a can of "Old Dutch Cleanser."

The club will give special demonstrations of neatness at chapel services all next week.

Girl Stork Mad In Evergreen Dorm

Miss Glutts Raving Mad Following Illness

Sophie Glutts, prominent co-ed and a member of Rho Rho Rho sorority, went stark mad in Evergreen Hall last night and will be confined to her room for a week, according to a statement of Dr. John R. Drake, who is her insulting physician.

Miss Glutts caused quite a furore in the girls' dormitory when she began screaming shortly after midnight and continued on until dawn notwithstanding efforts of her roommates to quiet her.

Miss Glutts has never been troubled this way before. If she does not improve she may never be again.

PANHELL PARTY IS A WOW

Witty Reporter Gives Graphic Picture Of Hop

Well Sir! You should have been out at the Casino Monday night of February 2nd. It certainly was a beautiful evening gowns and boys in their Tuxies and a big orchestra and the ball-room all lighted up. By the way, this was the occasion of the Second Men's Pan-Hellenic Party, you know that organization of the fraternities at Southwestern.

Here are a few little interesting things about it:
PARTY IS HALF-LIT
The ball-room was half-lit with pretty lights and was very becomingly decorated with sun-flowers and dog-finnal. These beautiful plants mingled with the extravagant perfumes of Miss Meredith Davis (it is rumored that it cost her 25 cents for a quart of it, something imported it

is thought because of the price of it) made a wonderful odor which wafted about the room.

MARY ALLIE ENTERS

There was Mary Allie Taylor, the girl that Malcolm Ritchie, president of the Pan-Hellenic Council, was seen with not long ago in that notorious night club. Well anyway she had on a most gorgeous gown. The skirt

(Continued on Page 3)

LEADERS ADMIT WEAKNESS WITH FROSH "HEMEN"

High Priest Brigance At End of Tether

YOUNG DEPOSE OLD

Freshies March Forward Toward Campus Rule.

The Sandhedrin council, long a sore spot on freshmen, has been disbanded by High Priest "Bru" Brigance because of lack of power on the part of upperclassmen to enforce its dogmatic rule. Dr. Diehl in an interview with a reporter refused to go into details of the disbanding of the traditional suppressers of freshman individuality, but looked happy at the thought that the freshman class has at last come into its own.

SANHEDRIN POWERLESS

"The Sandhedrin has ceased to serve its purpose," Prexy gave as his only reason. And that was absolutely all he had to say on the subject.

But the staff "Sherlock Holmes" did a little sleuthing around. Luckily for him (he isn't quite the equal of Watson's friend) others in on the know weren't quite so niggardly with their information as Prexy.

It seems that a committee led by the redoubtable "Snookums" Hightower and "Bru" Brigance, invaded or rather slunk into Dr. Diehl's office early yesterday morning. They confessed an inability to manage the strong freshmen class this year.

This was all "Sherlock" needed to go on. At this point he discovered that two times two is a subtle variation of two plus two. Follows his proof.

FROSH FORGE FORWARD

Beginning last fall the Freshman class has evinced an unusual spirit as to hazing. It has sadly lacked the docile submissiveness of freshman classes of yore. Examples the shattered Royal Rattler; a swimming party at which the talkative Mr. Whitaker was the only bather. A little later followed the famous Freshman insurrection, unsuccessful only because of the lack of intestinal fortitude of its leaders.

DAVIS IS LAST STRAW

And last of all, desecrations of Jeffersons, the tallying of one Jeff Davis, upperclassman, followed immediately by a cooling splash into Overton Park Duck Lake by the same Mr. Davis. It is said that "Snookums" got "his" at the same time.

After the wounding of Senior Davis' "dignity," the committee to Dr. Diehl and his resulting action need no explaining.

The passing of the Sandhedrin council marks another step forward in freshmen supremacy at Southwestern.

Press Gang Shows Good Year Report

The Press Club has turned into the Bursar its annual report of pressing activities. An unusually good trade for the fiscal year ending February 1 was enjoyed.

The statistics show the following items:

Pants pressed	145
Coats	123
Nighties	99
Unmentionables	Gobs and gobs

Lampoons

Done In A Nice Way

Doc Johnson: I bet there's nothing like this pocketbook around here, I made it out of my amputated leg.
Doc Cooper (who had an operation on his stomach): Well, I don't know. I have a tennis racket I am mighty proud of.

Red: I like a man who has something tender about him.
Allison: Yeah, legal tender.

Prof. Townsend: Why all of these quotation marks in your paper, Mr. Hightower.
Snookums: Out of courtesy to Mr. Diehl in the next seat.

Gammage is only 99.44 per cent pure. He was heard whistling a naughty song the other night.

Freshette: There is a woman outside with a man.

Mrs. Rutland: Tell her I will take him.

What was the cause of the collision at the corner today?
Two motorists after the same pedestrian.

Gunman: Hand up, or I'll blow out your brains.
Goof Hinson: Hahahaha-haha-hahaha.

"WHAT DOES CO-ED STAND FOR?"
"CRUSH ON EVERY DATE."
"WHAT IS THE HYPHEN FOR?"
"OH, THAT IS THE DISTANCE THEY KEEP WHEN THE DEAN OF WOMEN IS AROUND."

Katie Reid: "So your mother said you must tell a man to stop when he tries to neck you."

Miss Pape: Yes, she says it makes them ever so more persistent.

"There are lots of couples that don't get in parked cars."
"Yeah, the woods are full of them."

HOW TO AVOID MORNING MOUTH—GET A JOB AS NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

Joe McKinnon: Shall we go outside for a little walk?

Imogene C.: You fellows have the funniest way of saying what you mean.

Pitt: I always know a good cigar when I see it.

Teddy: Yeah?
Pitt: Yeh, if there is not too much mud on it.

THEY CALL HER "CHECKERS" BECAUSE SHE ALWAYS JUMPS WHEN YOU MAKE A BAD MOVE.

Izzy: It is bad luck to walk under a ladder.

Bud: Not when there is a pretty girl on it.

Dr. McDougall (absent-mindedly): Hello, Angel Face, how is your father?

A FRIEND NOT IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Suggested slogan for Neely Hall—"Our Meals Will Make You Feel Like Eating at Home."

JIMMIE WALLS SAYS NEVER TO MISTAKE ASTHMA FOR PASSION.

It is no longer true that a girl has to have lots of clothes to get any place in society.

Poetry Corner

CUM AMORE

(Dedicated to Miss Neidelberg, with best wishes of Goof Hinson.)
In Lover's Lane mosquitoes fly
And light in each sweet lover's eye.

And they respect not age nor sex;
The sweet young things they love to vex.

They love to light on a laddie's nose
And make that member red as a rose.

I never walk in Lover's Lane,
Because mosquitoes cause such pain.

For when all is said and done,
Only the mosquitoes have any fun.

THE SOUTHWESTER

ANNUAL FROSH DESECRATION

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Chief Sit and Bull.....Mike Farrin
The Dopey Devil.....Dan Ross
Poet Laureate.....Henry Oliver
Poser of Pictures.....Ray Sanders
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BUSINESS STAFF

Ain't got no business publishing this, anyway.

All copy for publication must be in the Sou'wester office by 2 p.m. the afternoon the paper appears on the campus.

This paper costs two bits—worth lots more.

DON'T GET ON YOUR EAR, PLEASE

If you are "panned" or if your secret scandal has been made public don't bawl or bring a libel suit, remember this will hurt us worse than it does you. This is the Freshman issue and if some of our attempts at humor fail to click, blame it on the stupidity rather than the ill will of the editors.

MAKE FROSH OF MID-TERM GUYS

The freshmen entering Southwestern in the fall are helped to find their proper status in the scheme of things by the straw hats, bonnets and other insignia of the frosh. While there are not so many entering at mid-semester, we feel that some plan should be devised for reminding them that they are only freshmen, and not to be taken seriously. This will not only keep the more ancient frosh from feeling that they have been treated with partiality but will help the new-comers to become acquainted and prevent their missing one of the most enjoyable periods of their lives.

LET'S TONE DOWN ON THE NOISE

During the week of examinations there were quite a few complaints about the excess volume of the radios which belong to students in the dormitories. Even late at night it was impossible to study because of the incessant stream of jazz and static. Radios are undeniably helpful and entertaining, but there are times when they become sources of worry and irritation. This is especially true in a dormitory, where the noise in one room can be heard throughout the hall. Let's be a little more considerate of our neighbors and put the dimmer on the loud speaker.

GIVE PROF. HADEN A BIG HAND

Prof. Haden has begun work on the Southwestern presentation of "The Pirates of Penzance," Gilbert and Sullivan's famous comic opera. In the past he has done much to make Southwestern's student body "music conscious." Both Prof. Haden and those assisting him in the production deserve the appreciation and support of the student body.

Voice of The People

Dear Mr. Editor:
Bacon and eggs, served on one platter intended for simultaneous consumption, are as much an American institution as chewing gum and F's in Physics. It is the one dish which is equally at home on the breakfast plate of a Vanderbilt or a Sophomore.

The anticipation of a plate of eggs, with their smiling faces shining up a message of cheer from a background of crisp, brown bacon, has made many a student (resident of a college) endure the rigors of the cold shower with stoic fortitude.

Nothing, with the possible exception of bicarbonate of soda, so successfully counteracts a night of debauchery as does this epicurean dish.

The dormitory student of Southwestern knows nothing of this delight. His life is a series of unhappy days

and troubled nights governed by a calendar of breakfasts. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday are egg mornings; not smiling egg mornings, but plebeian, scrambled messy egg mornings. Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday are bacon days but greasy, slimy bacon days, days begun on a stomach which tells the world it deserves more humane treatment.

The quotation "Together we stand divided we fall" applies just as appropriately to bacon and eggs as it once did to our errant forefathers. What is Southwestern, known throughout the length and breadth of its campus and even as far as Stewart Hall for its rabid adherence to tradition, to hold in such contempt the dish of our fathers?

Yours truly,
A Butter and Egg Man.

Urge Students To Riot For Notice

Barnard Seeks New Way To Publicity

New York—(IP)—That the suggestion of the Barnard College Bulletin that the women of the college should riot in order to call attention to their school and thus gain finances, was not entirely wasted, was indicated, according to the New York Times, when a Princeton man sent the paper \$1, accompanied by a letter, which read, in part:

"We feel that nothing will indicate our sentiments better than the enclosed donation, the interest of the principle to be used for the purpose of fostering, inciting and urging on to riot, the Barnard students. We

Pleads Birth Control

New Brunswick, N. J.—(IP)—The backwardness of the United States in comparison with other countries on the issue of birth control was scored by Miss Henrietta Hart, executive-secretary of the New Jersey League of Birth Control, at the League of Women Voters meeting here recently. In Germany, she pointed out, there are 22 regular birth control clinics, while in Japan and England the problem is considered important.

would appreciate notice of the time and place for any forthcoming riot to be conducted under your auspices."

The dollar is to be used to purchase the Barnard postcards which Barnard alumnae are selling in their campaign of publicity for the college, The Bulletin said.

Barnard undergraduates this year have awakened to the fact that their college, because it is associated with

SUE TO LOU

Dear Lou:

As was to be expected, Pan Hellenic turned out a howling success. The old barn, more respectfully known as the Casino, was the scene of the celebrated "hop."

Catherine Brown and Buster Dial made a charming pair. Catherine's head rested demurely on Buster's brawny shoulder. This couple was closely rivaled by Meredith Davis and her football hero, Wes Liverdais. I saw Edith Graff and Tommy Drake engaged in serious conversation. I think this is going to be one of the season's interesting cases. "Bru" and Dr. Cooper's niece caused a sensation as they entered the dining hall, however, they started a miniature riot as they were again seen together at the Pan.

Dr. Warren is now gunning for the famous roomys, Dan Ross and Bill Wright, because of their undivided attention to the good Doctor's wife. It sure was a swanky party. Wish you could have been here.

Better luck to Dr. Cooper next time.

Yours,
SUE.

The newspaper man must know the truth as fully as it can be known, be ready and fearless to tell it, and then know how to tell it.—John H. Finley.

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The Popular Prof
Baton Rouge, La.—(IP)—An article in The Reveille, undergraduate newspaper of the Louisiana State University, declares that of all the types of instructors on the campus, the most hated, and at the same time the most popular in the end, is the so-called "Hard-boiled prof."

Students Hear Now
Oberlin, O.—(IP)—Because students accused of disorder in chapel told college authorities they were unable to hear the lectures, officials at Oberlin College hired an acoustical engineer and repaired the chapel's acoustics.

D. T. Pi Local goes Tri-Del
(Continued from Page 1)
low, treasurer; and Margaret Gunn, Grace Carkeet, Annabel Cox, Emma Frances Robinson, Annie Mae McDaniel, Peggy Martin, Edith Graff, Marguerite Conley, and Sara Crowe Ransom.

The charter will be granted in the latter part of March. The D. T. Pi's will all be initiated into Tri Delta at that time.

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HORSEY RIDERS PLAN BIG HUNT

Will Ride to Hounds Over Wild and Rocky Course

Horse enthusiasts have formed a Leather and Lather Club which meets weekly. The "lather" part of the name comes from their habit of turning a nice afternoon ride into a wild gallop, after which the poor horses feel like the morning after the night before.

They will stage a fox hunt in Overton Park tomorrow if efforts to get the zoo superintendent to release one of the many Reynards prove successful.

Dr. Bassett on a prancing charger will be master of the hunt which will begin in front of Palmer Hall at 1:30. Arrangements have been made to eat a light lunch at Fortune's. The fox has agreed to run down Union Avenue to make the hunt more spectacular. He will not be allowed to hop rides from passing cars. However, if he sees an Austin going his way it is perfectly all right for him to jump on top and coast a while.

Horse back riding has recently supplanted ping pong as the college rage. From one extreme to the opposite. Ping Pong requires the minimum of exercise, a simple wrist motion. While horse backing as performed by the campus sports seems to shake up at least ninety-nine percent of the muscles of the body, not to mention along with a few other essentials.

From a close study of Billy (Sis) Wright's methods, a great deal of elbow motion is evidently necessary. Billy is a typical leather hugger. He boasts that he learned how it should be done while fox trotting.

BOOZE WHO

The Freshman class recently held an election of who they thought to be the most detrimental students at Southwestern and have secured the permission of the copyright owners, the Honor Council, to publish their names.

- Most disagreeable numskull in school: Harry Walton.
- Biggest pest among students: Harold High.
- Three boys most hated among co-eds: Marion Painter, H A, K 9. Jamsie Harrison, A K, S B. Charles Plummer, B A H, P P.
- Most unbearable girls (besides Laughlin, Malone, Harris and Lilly): Frances Durham, Ann Galbreath, Batty Hagen, Jane Barker.
- Most popular fone number among men: 2-4045
- The living meaning of the word "gripe": Horace Harwell
- Mr. Personality Plus (old hot stuff himself): Harvey Drake.
- Largest potions of hot air and concentrated bull: George Whitaker, Meredith Davis, Dr. Shewmaker
- The most active member of the D. F. or Imbecile Club: Goof Hinson, Pee Wee Hines, Clough Eaton
- Biggest parasite and cigarette bum: Teddy Johnson
- Those who ran close seconds for three or more places are: Russell Brigance, Jeff Davis, Albert Erskine, Frances Arthur

Morg Spills Beans In Kitchen Crash

Friday night's dinner proved very disastrous to Waiter Ritchie "Hash-Slinger" Morgan. Morgan, after having expostulated long and loud to his 'Fratres in Kitchenate,' was attempting to put into practice some of his speech, when a loud crash was heard. His brothers all rushed to the rescue and carried the unfortunate Ritchie into the kitchen. He was found to have only a few minor cuts, however, and soon a wrecking crew was dispatched to clean up the debris.

In an interview Morgan expressed his regrets and apologized to the student body. "It means potatoes and beans for the rest of the week," wailed poor Ritchie, who was probably thinking of Mrs. Daly's economizing program.

The loss was \$10.00.

Catty Boys Get Right and Spout Out Their Ideas of Certain Goofy Greeks

Anonymous Pair Give All the Lowdown on Pictures In Last Year's Annual; See What They Say.

BY SOME UPPERCLASSMEN.

For one who lacks amusement last year's annual is always a handy thing. We came in one night and fell prostrate on our bed, weary from boredom. Since we could not light a Murad, we reached for the annual instead.

THEM SOUTHERN GEN'S.

Opening it at random we gazed first at that page of true Southern gents. Jimmy Harrison, with his languid eyes, kissable lips and seductive expression, looked up at us like God's answer to a maiden's prayer. Just a few of the aristocrats were there, so we didn't linger long there. That crazy Tommy Drake would make anybody turn over a new leaf.

THOSE KAPPA SIGS.

Turning backwards as always, we found the Kappa Sigs in array. How in 'hell can anybody tell which is Jimmy and which is Johnny? And isn't that a funny picture of Joe McKinnon—oh, that's not Joe, that's Bill Daniel. Wasn't he cute though? Painter looks like he just jumped out of the cradle. Wonder why he doesn't get a new picture once in a coon's age.

A. O. PI'S LOSE GALS

You know the A. O. Pi's sure lost some good girls last year. Shame. "Goody Goody Bright Eyes" wasn't here to pledge a few more for them. You know she thinks she's got power.

THE AMAZON ARMY.

The Chi Omegas sure had an army last year, didn't they? Isn't that a funny picture of T. Hudson! Doesn't look anything like her, but that sure flatters Cordelia Jones. The whole crew looks like they were half shot at sunrise. Wouldn't be a bad idea at that.

BIG MUSCLE MEN.

On first glance the A. T. O. chapter was mistaken for the football squad. Don't you think Snookums is a honey! He's so innocent looking. We'd hate to have any one of that thuggish gang after us in the dark, especially "Ironjaw" Walker.

PI K. A. LOWDOWN.

A black cloud now passed over both our minds. "Wonder if the Pi K. A.'s were satisfied with their chapter." Don't see how they could have been with that crew. If they didn't have all the lab assistants they'd be lower than a duck's instep on the campus.

AND THE OLD ARMY.

Then we turned to the American Legion, commonly known on the campus as the S. A. E.'s Bill Gammage looks like a mongoose, and Stanley Frazer like what the cat drug in. Wonder if that kid ever had his adenoids removed. The whole crew ought to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The T. N. E.'s—wonder where Dr. Cooper was when they took the pictures.

All the Beta Sigs smirked out at us, but we couldn't stand them long. Toto looks like a bullfrog about to be gigged. Malcolm Ritchie looks like a collar advertisement.

HO HUM! JUST K. D.'S.

Of course the first girl we saw in the K. D. section was "Miss Arthur." She takes the cake for nonchalance. Meredith looks like Mrs. Rutland at a wild party with that reproving look. This gang won't stand much talk, so we passed on. But we do wonder where "Box" Seats is this year.

They say that four out of five Zeta girls have "It." Wonder where the twenty "It" girls are. Maybe those are the first two letters to "It-iot."

Seems like we're always getting the A. T. O.'s mixed up. We thought sure we had found an extra page of them, but, lo and behold, it was only the D. T. Pi's and we had just seen Alice Rogers. They're O. K. in a way, but you know that old gag about not weighing much. Lyle's their best bet by a long shot.

TRACK TEAM SICKLY.

Dr. Rasberries' track team is the sickliest group on record. "Sugar" Diehl is sure a high-kicking kid. Wonder how "Goof" Hinson ever remembers football signals. Chauncey is sure coming out in his old age—getting to be real good.

JONES MODEL LIPS

Hasn't Paul Jones the most kissa-

ble lips! Guess they're monopolized now though. Well, Meredith managed to get in most of the snap shots as usual, but Harriet Shepherd ran her a close second.

As we drew toward the front we naturally turned to the faculty and with that glimpse lost all sense of consciousness and drifted off into dreamland where "Hal" and the aroma of roses predominated.

I am rarely enthusiastic about what the League of Nations has done or has not done, but I am always glad it exists.—Prof. Albert Einstein.

It is not a laughing age. Notice how little laughter you hear on the streets.—Sherwood Anderson.

Friends: "This broadcast reaches you through station E. E. G."

EAST END GARDEN

In response to many requests we have reduced the price of admission to

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Bob Anderson's Ten Piece East End Orchestra playing for you dance music which you do not hear elsewhere. Tell your friends and come out

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FEBRUARY 14th IS VALENTINE DAY

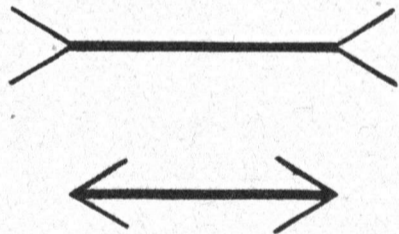
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MILDER... AND BETTER TASTE



They Satisfy

Frosh Take Lead in Sports Activities



Courtesy Press-Scimitar

The above tintype is just one of the many examples of the diversity of interests among the freshman class at Southwestern. Miss Reynolds and Mr. Bearden have just come in from a long ride and are sporting broad pepsodent smiles. How they do enjoy a brisk canter (say rather

"pedal") through the country! It takes a freshman and freshette with both nerve and verve to mount such a treacherous steed as is depicted above. Upperclassmen find their joints too stiff with lumbago and the gout caused by eating Whita-

ker's chile to indulge in such dangerous travel.

Next week the Sou'wester will run the second of its educational snapshots. It will feature Harry Walton leading chapel in his underwear and will bear the title, "Suppose You Wore Paris Garters."

Panthe Party Is a Wow

(Continued from Page 1)
was a close fitting model (T) of grass green mosquito bar, with a loose jacket of blue woolen material. The ring in her nose (beg pardon, the one around her ankle) was made of gen-

uine brass taken from the radiator of Raskob's Ford and it matched her neck exactly.

KATY SCORES BIG HIT
Then there was Miss Katy Reid (cizzin' to the famous Wally Reid, noted movie contortionist). She looked simply stunning—her gown was a beautiful thing made of flour sacks (Memphis Milling Co.) she held them together with thread taken from one of Clarence Saunders wrapping counters, it was gathered at the waste and tied over the shoulders in a nonchalant manner with a beautiful combination of sea-grass rope and bailing wire. Her hair was held in place by cockleburrs taken from behind the Chi Omega house. These mingled with a gorgeous array of white lilies on her back made a beautiful costume. Her foot wear was by Florsheim, a beautiful model in a canvas shoe with red strings.

Then Jennie Puryear, called Jennie Burford for short, was there, the girl with the body by Fisher. She wore a stream-lined model, low slung and racy looking. Her lights were a little dim but altogether she was some class.

ALLEY HAS GRACE
And can this Elizabeth Alley dance? Graceful as a horse on skates and just exactly like pushing around the statue of liberty on a river barge. Just floats about in your arms like the Leviathan. She's a little hard to steer but that's because she's a little off balance, it is thought.

Miss Ella Kate Malone, the A. O. Pi walking zoo, was there. (Nuff said).

It was just too bad that the evening was completely ruined when James Hamilton, president of the Honor Council, and Harold Ohlen-dorf, President of Beta Sigma Fraternity, threw a drunken brawl in the middle of the floor.

JEFF DAVIS INJURED
Jeff Davis was struck on the head with a ladies compact believed to have been thrown by Tommy Drake or Jimmie Harrison.

Dr. Davis was there and he also received a minor injury from his wife because he wanted to dance with Dr. Cooper instead of her.

Prof. Warren was there with his ball and chain. Nice looking couple too, both were "elegant" looking.

Marion Painter was found by the orchestra leader hiding from the reporter in the base horn because he hated publicity, and he is always spotted in a crowd because of his swanky appearance. (Adv. The Dixie Shop).

And there was Billy Hughes, that college "bread" man (four years loaf) in his Tux. Tall, hungry looking bird this Hughes guy, just under-nourished.

Marion "Goo-Goo Eyes" Pape was there too. The boys just wouldn't let her have a moment's peace. They

MINISTERS POP UNDIES PARTY

Faculty Turns Out For Big Whoopee Get-Together

The Ministerial Club and the girls of the Y. W. C. A. collaborated last night in a negligee party which all proclaim as the gala social event of the year. The Pan looked like a W. C. T. U. convention in a speak-easy by contrast. The entire faculty were present and with this group of whoopee members to set the pace, ex-

young ladies were rushed home by escorts, others to the Orange Palace, some to the Rex Grill, and it was rumored that Jimmie Harrison was kidnapped by a lady bandit on his way home. The ransom price is one dollar ninety-eight, girls.

FRENCHY SCORES TOO

Many believed that Dr. Townsend's Parisian affection should have gotten first prize. However "Frenchy" says that he was more than satisfied with the embroidery bag and knitting needles which fell his way. Other prizes were given to Dean Hartley and Prof. Rhodes.

The affair closed with Mrs. Rutland giving an original variation of "Casey at the Bat."

citement and hilarity were only natural.

Dr. McDougall's entrance with Merrill proved the only discordant note of the evening as the reception committee found it necessary to refuse admittance to Angel Face because of the tenderness of his age. However, the learned Doctor states that he never enjoyed himself more, and that if he had not been so unfortunate in the strip poker game his evening would have been perfect.

DR. COOPER WINS PRIZE

After refreshments had been served, prizes were awarded to the wearers of the most daring and original costumes. Dr. Cooper's original creation of crimson gauze trimmed with tassels which fell half way to his shapely knees was awarded a year's subscription to the "Amateur Detective."

The second prize, a complete set of the Decameron Tales, was given to Dr. McDougall who's naturally seductive figure was enhanced by a clinging bit of sable lace trimmed with ermine.

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C A LEMKUHL

CHI DELTA HAS PEPPY MEETING

Review "Whiz Bang" and Other Nice Stuff

Chi Delta had its first meeting since the Christmas vacation on Tuesday night. It was a rather dull affair in comparison with some of the past peppy get-togethers. However one or two members warmed to their subjects.

Reports on some of the more modern literature were made by Frances Arthur, Jenny Puryear, Meredith Davis, and Maury Hull.

Miss Arthur reported on the January issue of Parisian Nights. She complained of the serious attitude of this monthly, and hoped something could be done about it. She didn't know exactly what.

Meredith in true Davis style said she enjoyed Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," but she just couldn't understand some parts of it. (?)

Jenny Puryear explained a few jokes taken from Whizz Bang.

Maury, nonchalantly lighting a Murad (all the other girls envy Maury's smoking so) discussed the latest Modern Priscilla at length. The meeting ended before Maury finished.

Hightower (on telephone): Hello, darling, would you like to dine with me tonight?

She: I'd love to, dear.

Hightower: Well, tell your mother that I will be over at seven o'clock.

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Brinkley's Boys Blare At Benefit

Bill Brinkley's Royal Pan Beaters played their syncopated discords last week at a benefit ball held in the ball room of the Rho Rho sorority of 225 South Second Avenue. The proceeds of the affair are to be given to those unfortunate upperclassmen who have been disabled in trying to quell the Frosh.

In the receiving lines were: Gloria with Joe McKinnon, Marie with Teddy Johnson, Violet with Hinky Hinson, Corinne with "Shifty" Logan, Janey with Chief Moore, and many other social figures.

The Tale of Two Suitors

Or, Why The Whitaker Scowl A Nonsensical Narrative in Three Acts.

BY "FISH."

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Room in Robb. Bold Bill Berson of Brownsville sits silently perusing some sweetly scented sheets of pale pink... Sighs softly and sentimentally. (Enter P. W. Hines through window.)

Bers: 'H'lo, Generalissimo.

P. W.: "Eee Oii, what's that?" (points to pale pink pages).

Bers: (blushes) "It's a letter from my aunt."

(Hines snatches p. p. pages. Reads.)

Hines: "Wot, ho! Big Bog Berson falls for sweet Sally Simpkins, th' sweetheart of Somerville. And she invites him for a cruise down the Mississippi on her sand scow. Hoorary!"

Bers: "That's all right, but what does this R. S. V. P. mean?" (points to p. p. page).

Hines: "Lessee, that means that you've got to rent a swallowtail coat, and pants, of course. Some class to that party."

Bers (looks at alarm clock): "Gosh! the boat leaves in an hour" (jumps up).

Scene 2.

Bold Berson rushes rapidly 'round Robb and flags fleeing Faxon car.

Scene 3.

Blushing Berson, plus S. V. P., slips on the sand scow "Sauerkraut" to greet sweet Sally. He slips on slimy skin of abominable banana and falls flatly at feet of surprised Sally.

ACT II.

A dozen days downstream, Blithe Berson wildly woos simpering Sally in face of stern opposition from warbling Whitaker, who for many moons has had hopes of having a honeymoon in high hills with singing Sally as his honeyed helpmeet.

Scene - (11:31 p. m.)

George and Sally sit at starboard of sand scow "Sauerkraut" watching whispering wavelets. Mad-mooded May moon softly sheds silvery sheen on surface of meandering Mississippi. Sally sighs. George gulps. They hold hands.

Whit: "Ah, Sally (points to m. m. M. moon), methinks you resemble yon queen of night as she serenely perambulates the diagonal concavity of the cerulean heavens."

Sal (simplers): "Oh, George—" (footsteps fall. Berson blunders by).

Sal: "O, hello, Bill."

Whit: "O Hell—o."

Bers: "Gosh."

Scene 2

Stern of sand scow Sauerkraut. Bers and Whit conversing.

Whit: "Both of us can't stay here. One of us has got to leave."

Bers: "Gosh."

Whit: "Let's flip a coin to see who leaves."

(Whit produces coin. Flips it. Heads turns up.)

Bers (anxiously): "Do I win?"

Whit (sadly): "No, Bill, you lose."

Bers: "Gosh."

ACT III.

Scene 1.

Deep night. The sturdy scow Sauerkraut is moored at Mud Meadows, Miss. Bers, plus S. V. P., steals stealthily to gang plank. Sally slips from starboard. Whitaker watches from lar-board.

Sal: "Willyum, where are you going?"

Bers: "I'm just going to town to buy some apples."

(Sally takes step, slips on slimy skin of same abominable banana and slides into muddy Mississippi. Brave Berson, before realizing that he can't swim, dives into the deeps of the rolling river. Wily, watching Whitaker sees sad plight and opines that he has great opportunity. He reaches ready rope into river and pulls perishing pair aboard.)

Whit (stretching upper extremities toward soaking Sally): "Come into the arms of a he-man from the hills."

Sal (glancing at bedraggled Ber-

FACULTY BOYS TOSS IVORIES

Profs Show Rare Skill At Mathematical Art

Faculty members know their "sprightly cubes." Here is an account of a friendly game that occurred on a recent "stake" roast. Somebody lost plenty of something on it.

"Goat" McDougall strolled up nonchalantly (apologies to Murad) and cried out in a stentorian voice. "Let me have the Dice." He grasped them in a steady hand. "Saint Paul, help me!" he bawled. "Merrill needs money now for his Pan bid." He rolled the bones with a flourish and to his utter disgust crapped out.

"Mine! Mine!" squeaked "Wildcat" Wisewell "Just watch me make my point. I need money to buy that book on 'Easy Subjects Made Hard'."

Curly Griffin laid hm a side bet of a buck that he couldn't make "Little Joe" and won.

Doctor Raymond Cooper minced up. Now this gallant Southern gentleman either knows his "galloping dominoes" or else Detectives receive special courses in them in order to be proficient in stopping "barnyard poker" games by winning all the money in sight. Anyway, Sherlock Philo Cooper copped all the coin in the game. If you need a fiver till next allowance, stay clear of the winner of this game cause he has it no longer.

Peeping Toms Use Telescope In Work

Chief Moore has just recently discovered a unique method of making money. The view of Evergreen Hall from his room is unexcelled and many have found it delightful: so delightful in fact, that the Chief now has a steady source of income from students who use his telescope to gaze upon the beauties (of nature). Cotton Perette says the view of Sears-Roebuck is almost sublime when seen through the Chief's tool.

'WE WONDER'

Why MariAnne Painter thinks he is the eighth wonder of the world.

How Hightower gets that way with the ladies.

Why Logan thinks he is a basketball player.

Why Paul and "T" spend so much time in the Publication Office.

Why Whittaker joined the W. C. T. U.

Why McDougall failed to sign.

Why Doctor Mac ordered a new supply of Blue Ointment.

How Cotton Perette passed English.

Who started the fire in the Kappa Cig lodge.

What the outcome of the Hinson-Kimbrough feud will be.

Why Comus Kelly takes Trigg.

Who told the Beta Sigs that they'd ever go Sigma Nu.

Who told Wisewell he could teach.

Who told Cooper he was a detective.

Where Mrs. Rutland goes after breakfast.

Why Jimmie Walls is so popular with the athletes.

Where Allison Cole gets her jokes.

Why Bruce Tucker wears a moustache.

Why Martha Burton slammed her door.

We wonder what the intentions of "The Flying Scotchman" are.

Why Teddies Johnson and Izzy Sane Key spent the night in Whitaker's room.

Who told Raskrob he had a car.

What Red Beazy does between dates.

Who told Johnny Hughes he could write Serials.

If Teddies Johnson is being rushed by K. D.

Why Herbert Newton goes to the "Rosemary."

Why Paul Jones walked home.

What Painter sees in Pape.

If Professor Griffin ever went to College.

Why they have a freshman issue.

son): "No. I must marry Willyum. He needs someone to take care of him."

Whit: "Curses!"

Bers: "Gosh!" (And glowering George groped gloomily ashore.)

And that, gentle reader, is why Whitaker wears a scowl!

Marshal Whitaker Drinks Listerine

Prohibitionist Whitaker has been acting queerly of late. Two state policemen entered Stewart Hall the other day without first filing notice of their intention; George dashed quickly around the corner. There came a tinkle of broken glass; George reappeared in a few minutes. There was a strong smell of Listerine on his breath.

"Yes," said Whitaker, in reply to the unuttered question of the policeman, "I find that Listerine increases my speaking ability greatly."

"But, Henry, I can't go to Kentucky with you."

"And why not, honey?"

"You know very well, darling, that I've had indigestion lately and I hear that the Kentucky feuds are just terrible."



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Millsaps Majors March Off With Two Victories Over Fighting Lynx Squad

"Little Goat" Hale Leads Militant Lads In Pair Of Hard-Fought Battles In Barn Gym

Millsaps sneaked out of the Barnyard gym with a couple of games last Wednesday and Thursday nights. The first game was very close, and but for a last half rally which netted 20 of the Major's 46 points, the Lynx would have encountered very little trouble. As it was, the final whistle found the two teams grappling desperately in the middle of the floor.

"Little Goat" Hale was the big shot for the victorious Majors. His floor work was also passable. Knight, Diehl, "Flashy" Barbour, and two of the guards stood out for the Cats.

BOB AND GOOF STAR

The Lynx seemed tired during the second game, and the visitors eked out a 54 to 34 victory. The contest really wasn't as close as the score indicates, the Majors scoring almost at will until the advent of "Hinky" Hinson and graceful Bob Logan upon the scene in the late minutes of the affair. Where these two stalwarts were during the rest of the game remains a mystery. How so ever that may be, the moment they began to show their stuff, the Millsaps coach rushed in his third stringers. Whereupon the scoring ceased. "Goof" did some beautiful dribbling but mostly in cir-

cles. "Shifty" played even more brilliantly than "Goof," dashing here, yon, and everywhere. In his zealoussness the big center lost his footing once, and sat rather energetically down amid the applause of the spectators.

Toward the end these two "never say die" fighters showed the strain of examinations somewhat.

Apologies to G. Rice and P. Shaffer. Football prospects are admirable. It is rumored that a few of the football players passed enough work to be eligible. Nothing definite, however. What they need around here instead of Spring Training is Spring Cleaning—clean out all the profs who won't give an athlete a break.

Even a moron can see that a man who goes out for athletics and also works on a job (maybe) has less time to study than a frat loafer with nothing to do except the dances and other folks. Therefore, why make things harder for a man just because he wears an "S" or a numeral? The logical thing would be to make things easier, if possible.

You have to hand it to the basketball team. In spite of two Conference night games during Exam week, most of them passed—some plum out of school. However, most of them did better than the average this year, which is very low, by the way. "Sheriff" Knight showed the skeptics a thing or two about passing courses. Keep it up, Zeke.

Haygood Rings Gong for Grind

Athletic Director James Haygood announced on his recent visit here that Spring Training for the varsity will begin on Monday, March 2. This practice will be both to acquaint Haygood with the men and to teach them the rudiments of the game. It is understood that the new coaching staff will not attempt to make this training period a grind. This year's freshman team will be included in the practice sessions.

Alabama Man Will Help Lead Lynx

John Miller Is Assistant To Jimmy Haygood

John Miller, a member of the champion Alabama team of 1930, has been named as assistant football coach at Southwestern. Miller was recommended very highly by Jimmie Haygood, newly appointed Southwestern Athletic Director. He will report on September 1.

Miller, who was rated as an excellent guard at the Capstone, terminates his college career this June. He was picked on the Sports Writers' All-Southern and starred in many of the games that were instrumental in bringing the 1930 Southern Championship to Alabama. Although no official announcement has been made regarding Miller's duties, he will probably coach Freshmen and help tutor the varsity linemen.

Here's a Hot Story

When a thief attempted to hold up John Shepard, Springfield, Mo., hot tamale salesman, Shepard rubbed some of his wares in the gunman's eyes, whereupon the bandit screamed and made tracks.

Shoot Over 25c Loan

Chicago—(IP)—Six boys and a girl, all school pupils, were shot here when two youths, quarreling over a 25c loan, engaged in a gun-battle as school was letting out.

Porteous and Ross Place In Marathon

Laddies Pound Pavement to Cop First and Fourth

Clark Porteous running for dear old Gaston, Pee Wee's park, galloped in to an easy first place in the City Park Cross Country Race last Sunday. Clark looked very, very good as he broke the tape some four hundred yards, in front of his nearest rival. His time of 10:43 was amazingly low for the stiff two mile

Dan Ross, Pee Wee's stray horse, stumbled in a few minutes later, a very bad fourth. Considerably harassed at the end by Riverside's fifty-one year old prodigy, Tom Collins, young Ross showed rare courage in starting off so potent a threat. Ross did right well, though.

Fargason Track Gets Attention

W. C. Rasberry and his crew have been bearing down in an effort to have the Fargason Field track in perfect condition for this spring. The curb has been completed on the straightaway and a heavy poplar fence placed around the north end to keep trucks and wagons off.

In addition to the S. I. A. A. Conference meet, there will be an All-Memphis prep school track affair held on Fargason track, as well as several dual meets and a Triangular session between Southwestern, Union, and Millsaps.

The Prep School meet should stimulate track interest among the Memphis High Schools and bring out some excellent performances by the young "cinder padders" and field men.

Two turkeys were found alive on a Colorado farm after they had been buried in a snow drift for 57 days.

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JOHN MACK BROWN
ELEANOR BOARDMAN
 A M-G-M Picture

More folks should come out and support the Ping-Pong team. Those poor fellows come out every day and slave hour after hour knocking the elusive celluloid about with those heavy paddles. Ugh! The very name *paddle* gives me creeps. "Peewee," get your crew together and come out and give the Ping-Pong lads and lassies (yes, femmes play too) a big hand. It is rumored that the varsity will receive net sweaters with Dr. Pepper emblems, with ten, two and four on them.

Herb Newton, Southwestern's bid for an All-American berth next year, looks like a real martyr to the cause with his bandaged eye. Wonder if he is getting much sympathy from the weaker sex.

Who told "Snookums" that he could referee? Anyway, he does the team more harm refereeing than he did playing—maybe.

If the "Flying Scotchman" wins the two-mile S. I. A. A. race this spring, the gymnasium should be removed from its present site to Evergreen Hall.

Poor Razzberry has been overworked. Slaving day after day on the track almost finished Southwestern's popular young physical director. At any rate, Mrs. Daily wishes that he would just say that he doesn't like fish instead of sending his dinner back and demanding a new one on the pretext of a sore throat.

If Bill Walker could sling opposing football players around with the ease and dexterity with which he handles hash, Southwestern would have another All-American candidate.

Bye, Bye, Webb. Yes, it's sad but true. Coach Webb Burke will not be back next year. Here's hoping that the new administration keeps up Burke's good work. We wish Webb continued success as a ball-player this spring and a coach next fall. He's O. K.

Suitor—May I ask, sir, if you think your daughter would make a suitable wife?
 Lawyer—No, sir, I don't think she would. My fee is one hundred dollars, please."

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