Co-ed

THE SOU'WESTER

Edition

VOLUME XV. MEMPHIS, TENN., FEB. 16, 1934 Number 18

SOUTHWESTERN LIBRARY Memphis, Tennessee

POPULARITY CONTEST RESULTS

Annual Prayer Week To Begin At Monday Chapel Service Hour

DR. OGDEN TO BE SPEAKER AT PROGRAMS

Sophomore Vesper to End Week of Prayer Next Sunday

Southwestern's annual week of prayer will begin Monday morning, in chapel with Dr. Dunbar Ogden, of New Orleans, conducting the services. It is sponsored by the Christian Union.

He has served as pastor at Mobile, Ala., for a number of years and is now the pastor of Napoleon Avenue Presbyterian Church in New Orleans.

He will conduct the chapel exercises every morning, the evening services at 6:30 every night except Saturday and Vespers Sunday afternoon at five.

For the convenience of the town students, dinner will be served in Neely Hall for 25c, according to Bob Pfrangle.

Sophomores will be in charge of the Vesper Service Sunday afternoon, with Harvey Jones, president of the class. as head of the committee consisting of Betsy O'Brien, Sarah Naill and Kate Odey Eddins.

Dr. Diehl met with the Christian Union Cabinet and representatives of the student body Tuesday night in the Bell Room, at which time he emphasized the importance of this Week of Prayer which will be observed all over the country next week.

CO-ED EDITION

Co-ed's Diary Is Found On Campus

Extracts are quoted from a little black diary, found on the campus. If the owner recognizes her book, she may have same by calling at *The Sou'wester* office and identifying the diary.

Dear Diary:

I have the dullest schedule this semester. All my classes are so boring—except one. That is the one I have with Rudolph Valentino. Oh, Diary, he is so cute . . . and he says the cutest things! But some things he says are really heart-breaking. Oh dear—. Diary you can't imagine how disillusioning he is. Here I've been learning that "Love is a smoke raised with a fume of sighs—", and Rudy says it is simply—"a stirred up state involving certain typical externally observable responses and certain experiences dependent upon interoceptive and proprioceptive stimulation.' Oh dear. Now Diary how am I going to *appreciate* anything with that attitude? But Rudy says "Great Stuff!"

The funniest part about it all is that a man could so dislike BRITISH LYRIC POETRY of the NINETEENTH CENTURY when it all describes him so exactly. He's so romantic! (ahem)—Pardon me.

And he has the most Be-U-ti-ful blue eyes. They hold me spell bound—Really I think they have me hypnotized. He is so clever. He can do anything—teach—run summer camps (if you ask him enough MAYBE he will tell you something about them)—he can draw up educational systems that are REmarkable! He can even draw pictures for child prodigies—And then he plays golf too—or rather he used to, but he's so busy now. Poor thing he just works all the time.

Dear Diary:

Today I love my schedule even more. I just know I'm going to love biology. Clinton L. is so—o helpful. I'm learning the cutest things about respitory and digestive systems and all that.

The place doesn't smell so hot, but he has the sweetest smile. Diary, I've got an uncontrollable impulse to muss his hair. I'll bet he hasn't got funny ideas on love like Rudy.

And some of the nice jokes he tells! I can't understand them, but maybe he'll explain them to me. They say he's so-o nice about giving extra help to dumb (but beautiful) girls.

Maybe he'll ask me to lunch in the Lynx Lair some day. I hope he does—just any day.

CO-ED EDITION

Chi O's Pledge

Chi Omega announces the pledging of Joan Gillette, who entered at the new semester.

WHAT SOME MAN THINKS

We like Daniel DeFo's description of women. Quote: "She is a creature without comparison. Her person is angelic, her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace love and wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimist wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful."

What a man!

SORORITIES TO INDUCT NEW CO-EDS SOON

Tri-Delt, A.O.Pi, Zeta, Kappa Delt Initiations Scheduled

Four sororities are hoding initiations within the next few days, and Tri-Delta conducted its services.

Tri-Delta held the Tri-dent degree Tuesday night and the final degree, the Stars and Crescent, last night. Their new initiates are: Shirley Freshman, Ethel Taylor, Helen Acroyd, Kate Guiliani, and Dorothy Jackson.

AOPi will have their annual Pledge Stunt Night tonight with the pledges serving a Buffet Supper for the Actives. The Formal Banquet and Initiation will be observed Monday night in the lodge. Those who will be initiated are Elizabeth Harvey, Mary Walton Sohm, Frances Portlock, and Dorothy Ann Ferguson.

Kappa Delta held second degree last week, and initiation will be held Monday night at the lodge. Their pledges to be initiated are Virginia Hoshall, Margaret Leuck, Katherine Orr, Eleanor Coppedge, and Betty Ann Lea.

Zeta Tau Alpha will hold its second initiation for the year on February 28 at the lodge. The pledges who will be initiated at that time are Sarah Gracey, Evelyn Chambers, and Frances Flournoy.

Chi Omega has made no plans yet and their initiation will be announced later.

CO-ED EDITION

GIVE EDITORS GOLD KEYS

Publications Board Gives Emblems

Publications Board, faculty-student governing board of all campus publications, awarded the editors and business managers of the various publications gold Southwestern seals, suitably engraved.

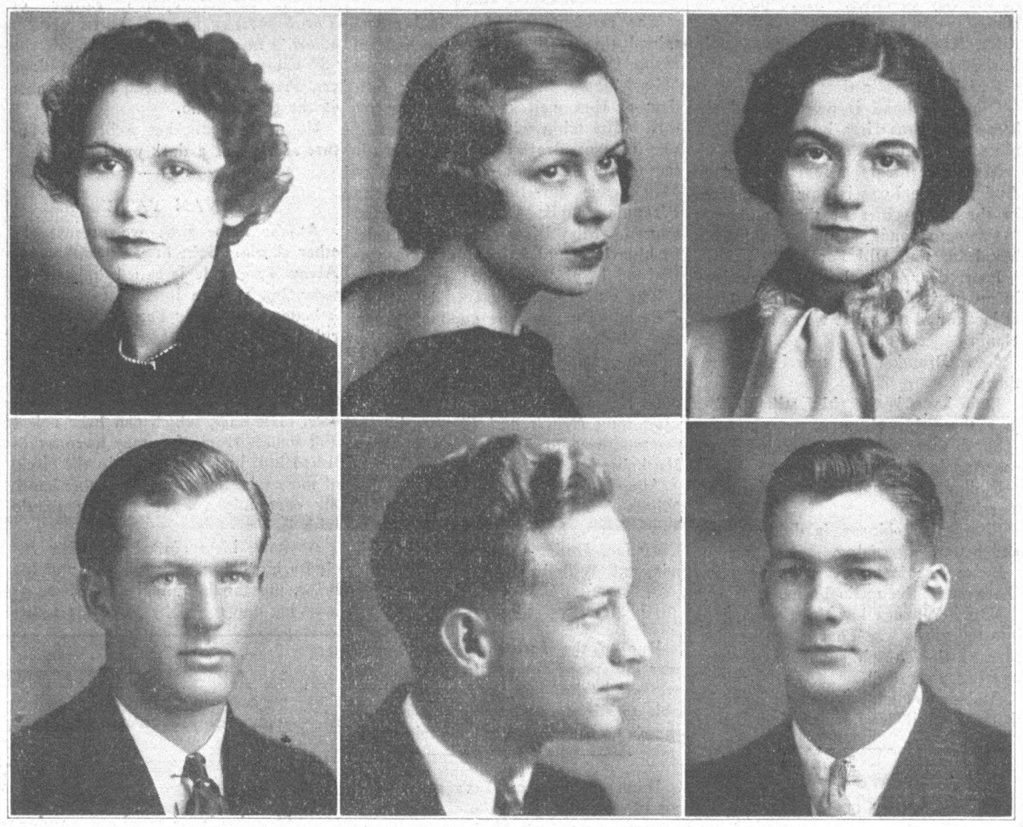
Those receiving the awards were Clark Porteous and Alvan Tate, editor and business manager of *The Sou'wester;* Henry Oliver and Don Johnson, editor and manager of the annual; and Rodney Baine, editor of *The Journal.*

CO-ED EDITION

Tri-Delta Pledges

Marjorie Main is announced as the new Tri-Delt pledge. She entered at mid-term.

HONORED BY LYNX STUDENTS



Top row, left to right: Priscilla Painter, prettiest co-ed; Ella Kate Malone, "Miss Southwestern"; and Mary Allie Taylor, most stylish. Bottom row: Mac Elder, best all-round; Harte Thomas, most popular; and Harvey Jones, best looking boy.

"Sou'wester" Feature Writer Knew Popularity Candidates

Jones Had Things Well In Hand For His Election

Well, what did we tell you? Guess we aren't good. Last week in the dear old *Sou'wester* we predicted more or less subtly who would win the popularity contest conducted rather inappropriately (if you ask us) by this here literary laughing-stock. Well, keeds, it gives us great pleasure to announce that four (4) of our six (6) selections won their respective races by everything from a nose to a landslide.

As was expected and predicted by your correspondents last week, Cornelia's little boy-friend, Harvey, "Just call me Harv" Jones stole a lead on his fellow anthropoids in quest of that illustrious title, "Handsomest Boy." This, of course, surprises no one, as Mr. Jones had the unanimous support of the Army, the Cow Omegas (are we taking it this week) and countless co-eds who can hardly repress a sigh as he wends his way down the lengths of the corridors.

The fact that Mr. Jones resembles the imposing individual smiling sweetly on one of our better-known collar ads may have influenced the feminine voters, although the envious males (and are there any!) fail to see how this could have affected the issue. However, boys, you must realize you can't fool all the women all the time, and also twinkling eyes, a smile revealing pearly teeth, and short blonde locks make an irresistable combination.

The most monotonous voting was for the title of "Miss Southwestern." May we repeat a statement previously made in saying, "We are totally unable to think of anyone else who even approaches the title." Of course you must realize this can be taken in more ways than one.

This despite the fact that Charlotte Berlin—alias "Hips, Hips, Hooray"—made a feeble effort to oust our dainty cooking fat (pardon us; we mean Humpko. We just forgot to turn off the radio) from her fore-ordained office. Don't try anything so useless next time, log cabiners.

Well, our old friend came home after all ladies and gentlemen, allow us to present Harte "Brute" Thomas, the students (and Kappas Sigma's) choice for "Mr. Southwestern." The brute just came "Smilin' Through" to victory with a comfortable (inappropriate word when his arm is near) majority. When interviewed for a statement, His Honor the President attributed his success to his willingness to dance with any and everyone (we're living in the day of democracy, girruls) and to his using Pepsodent three times a day. Keep it up, little Napoleon.

It seems that Mac Elder is in line for all the honors this year, his latest being, as predicted, "Best-All Round Student." Mac has played at football for three years, posed for the professors in the library, and practiced on that air of bashfulness enough times to have all the girls saying, "Isn't he just TOO cute?" which oughta burn him up, but maybe that doesn't come under the head of "student."

The latest creations from Paris SHOULD be seen on Mary Allie Taylor (as long as the charge account at Goldsmith's holds out) for she is now wearing a figurative placard with the inscription, "Most Modish Miss." She ought to be, according to brother Charlie, who claims that three-fourths of the family income is necessary to keep that brunette bag of brains and bones (how's our alliteration this week?) going.

Just like Dr. Atkinson, we were trying to overlook our perennial source of delight, Miss Priscilla (speaking of inappropriate names) Painter, the gal with the pertinent pout and the doll-like dimples which have moved many a frigid football hero to unknown (as yet; give us time) depths of . . . we hardly know what to say. And many a freshette can tell you about Miss Painter's brawn, for she aptly proves that beauty and paddling do go together.

It was amusing to notice the few Chi O pledges who got their instructions mixed and voted for Prissy for best-dressed girl and McKinnon for prettiest. Is that any way for a lodge boasting the beauty section's choices to act?

The election is over and the fire of battle has came and went and all that remains for our campus elite to do is, according to a census of the campus taken Wednesday, for the men to write for "The Woman's Home Companion," the gals to pose for Lifebuoy ads, and both to appear on the programs of Crazy Water Crystals.

UG FAILS

Despite the efforts of a well-oiled (we mean it the nice way) Stewart Hall combine, all efforts to elect "Ug" Hammond as handsomest boy, failed.

He made a gallant race, but the sororities wouldn't back Ned and Pick's lads, and the Andalusia Apollo gained a clear majority the first primary.

Humpko, Elder, Painter Jumped In With Margins

"AIN'T YOU GOT NO VALENTINE?"

By CYNTHIA BRAY

Girls, you have simply swamped me with imploring letters asking, "How can I make Henry care for me?"—"Why doesn't Harvey succumb?"—"Do you think Dr. Monk likes brown or blue eyes?" There really seems to be so many of you co-eds that haven't got a Valentine to call your own that I've decided to pick the boys that you've mentioned most frequently in your letters as the objects of your pursuits, and tell you how to get them. To begin with I want you girls to keep the following fact in mind, "They can be had" Mae West never spoke a truer word. (Incidently, girls, while I think of it I'd advise you all to see Mae's pictures. They are SO instructive to the young girl of today. You can learn, there, fine points of technique that I could never teach you in written instructions. If you go about it in the proper way there is no reason why all of you can't have these campus woman-haters at your feet. Take ole Cynth's advice and these lone dogs will be turned into tea hounds in no time. Remember Caesar may have been a power to the Romans but he was putty in the hands of a girl like Cleo.

Let's start out with Harvey Heidleberg. Now there is no reason why Harvey can't be easily obtained if you follow my advice, and he will make a splendid beau. To begin with he isn't strictly a woman-hater—on the contrary I've noticed him following certain feminine forms with a rather wistful look. With such a type I consider the "chase, coy, and catch" system the most successful. Chase after him, be coy, then catch him. Be subtle in your methods, girls, I admit it is not likely, but you might run across one who has a little intuition and it's always best to be on the safe side. So don't chase Harvey so obviously that he will become suspicious.

Just manage to sit next to him in class, walk with him (I wouldn't advise running over half a block to catch up with him), and sit next to him in the library. Around Harvey I would be coy; let your conversation run something like this: "Harvey, I hope you won't think I am forward for mentioning it (here gaze upward with the shyest of smiles) but I do think you have the most soulful brown eyes and you dress better than any other boy on the campus. And, Har-vey, without you and your trumpet, Bill Taylor's orchestra wouldn't sound good at all. You don't think I am forward to tell you all this, do you?" (Another toothy smile about here).

No, my child, Harvey won't think you are "forward"; he will think that he has at last found a girl, who understands and appreciates him. QED*

Next let us consider Henry Hammond. Letters have come pouring in concerning him. All have run something like this:

"Dear Miss Bray: I must have Henry Hammond! Without him I can't sleep, eat, or rest. At night he haunts my dreams, and I seem to see his face looking up at me from every beefsteak I eat. Please tell me how I can win his affections, for if I can do that I will experience true happiness. What I mean is, Miss Bray, a girl has got to have dates, and don't you think that he is as good a sucker as any? Please tell me the quickest and surest way of making handsome Henry mine. (signed) Miss Desperate For-a-Man.

Miss Desperate For-a-Man, I would advise you to use the "flirt, fool and fall" method. Do I make myself clear girls? Flirt with him, fool him, and he will fall. A well directed wink would probably start things off, and a few flutterings of the mascared lashes would keep them going. Talk to him about things the average boy knows something about; gangsters, whether Greta has more "it" than Joan, Cab Calloway's latest ear splitter, Popeye, and football. I know that most girls understand football perfectly; some of you probably have as much football

(*Continued on Page Three*)

First Annual Ballot Run By "Sou'wester" Is A Great Success

FOR ONCE EDITOR IS WISE

We bow to the infallible wisdom of the masculine members of our campus. The intelligence they displayed in permitting us to edit this number of *The Sou'wester* proves that their brain has emerged from the state of inertia in which it usually lies. And though astonished at their recognition of our ability, we are nevertheless grateful and have endeavored to give them something worth while in this issue.

COLLEGE CLUB TO HOLD SWAY AT PARKVIEW

Dances Resumed After Intermission For Exams

College Club will resume its dances Saturday. During exams and vacation this part of Southwestern's campus life has been greatly missed. The dance will be held at the Parkview and will begin at 9 o'clock.

An interesting feature of the evening will be a floor show, which up to this time has been kept a secret. You can't afford to miss it.

Among those who have already planned to attend are:

Savilla Martin with Charles Maxey.
Betty Bruce with Dick Turner.
Nancy Warden with Jim Tompkins.
Ellen Canale with Ben Harvey.
Elizabeth Ford with Herbert Newton.
Mary Walton Sohm with Thayer Houts.
Betsy Mohead with John Hines.
Mary Laughlin with Dabney Crump.
Eleanor Hooker with Tom Wellford.
Mary McCallum with Fred Harned.
Nelle McMahan with Earl Christian.
Olive Black with Duff Gaither.
Frances Portlock with Jim Carey.
Seldon Ford with Jack Crosby.
Elizabeth Harvey with John Hughes.
Katherine Dickinson with Bunny Brown.
Joan Gillette with Charles Taylor.
Peggy Walker with Bob Williams.
Evelyn Gragg with Chicken High.
Anne Grymes with Alvan Tate.
Margaret Winchester with Howard White.
Rose Lynn Barnard with Ned Wright.
Hope Brewster with Fred Rehfeldt.
Bernice Cavett with L. A. Duffy.
Sally Griffin with John Gaither.
Cornelia Henning with Douglas Partee.
Martha Chase with George Willis.
Mary Allie Taylor with Jimmie Meadow.

CO-ED EDITION

PLAYERS PLAN ONE-ACT PLAYS

Schwin, Galbreath, Sadler Are Directors

Members of the Southwestern Players are planning three one act plays to be presented in about three weeks.

Julia Marie Schwinn will present a one-act character sketch. It is entitled, "Persian Poppy," and is a monologue.

Boyce Leigh Sadler is directing an unusual play called, "Overtones." Those in the cast are, Cornelia Henning, Allete Gates, Betsy Mohead and Virginia Reynolds.

Kate Galbreath is the other producer. Her play is "The Flower Shop," which was to have been presented last fall, but was put off because of Savilla Martin's illness. Her cast includes M. A. Lightman, Tom Jones, Savilla Martin and Martha Bailey.

CO-ED EDITION

Sigma Nu Pledges

Sigma Nu announces the pledging of Johnnie Quanthy, freshman.

MALONE WINS TITLE OF MISS SOUTHWESTERN

Painter, Taylor, Thomas, Elder, Jones Other Selections

Results of the first annual popularity contest, conducted by *The Sou'wester,* are announced today. A primary was held Monday in the store, in which the student body was checked off as they voted. A run-off was necessary in five of the six offices, and was held in chapel Tuesday.

Ella Kate Malone won the title of "Miss Southwestern, defeating Charlotte Berlin in the runoff. Others in the running were Julia Marie Schwinn, Louise Carroll, Catherine Davis, Virginia Reynolds, and Helen Gordon.

Best All-Round Student is Mac Elder. Helen Gordon was runner-up. Other candidates were Henry Oliver, Clark Porteous, Carroll Cloar, J. B. Brazealle, and David Edington.

Priscilla Painter was elected prettiest co-ed, besting Betsy O'Brien in the finals. Others receiving many votes were Sarah Elizabeth Gemmill, Julia Marie Schwinn, Kate Otey Eddins, Peggy Walker, Mary Allie Taylor, Evelyn Hester, Norma Lee, and Margaret Clay Faulhaber.

Harte Thomas won the title of most popular boy. Competition was offered by Mac Elder, Alvan Tate, Joe Moss, Andy Edington, John Streete, and Charley Crump.

Harvey Jones won the best-looking boy election in a walk-away, winning in the first primary.

The closest battle was for most stylish girls. Mary Allie Taylor defeated Frances McKinnon. Others receiving a number of votes were Mary Walton Sohm, Ethel Taylor, Allete Gates and Nelle McMahan.

CO-ED EDITION

Debaters Defeat Murray Teachers

Southwestern's Debating Team presented the school a valentine in the form of a decision over a team from Murray College Wednesday night.

John Fishbach and Henry Oliver upheld the affirmative side of the question "Resolved: That the powers of the president should be substantially increased as a settled policy." The Murray Teachers Team was composed of Mr. Burps and Mr. Miller.

Mr. Hale, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, acting as critic, gave the decision to Southwestern on the grounds that their argument was more fundamentally sound, their position and their points better supported. He judged the Murray debaters to be very clever at word-play, but questioned the soundness of theri arguments.

Southwestern meets Union in a dual debate Thursday. Alvan Tate and Henry Oliver will uphold the affirmative in the "Powers of the President" question at Jackson, while Robert Walker and a colleague, to be selected, will defend the negative in Hardie Auditorium against the Union forensic team.

CO-ED EDITION

Glee Club To Give "Trial By Jury"

"Trial by Jury" was selected as the operetta to be presented by the Men's and Women's Glee Clubs the latter part of April at a meeting of the two organizations Tuesday night.

The operetta is short and can be easily staged as well as being clever in its continuity and possessing pleasing and attractive musical numbers.

Mr. Franklyn R. Glynn, organist and director of the choir at Idlewild, has consented to direct the presentation, and Professor Haden and Louis Nicholas will assist.

CO-ED EDITION

STAB Selects

S.T.A.B. announces Betsy Mohead as the thirteenth member. As so many of the eds on campus are asking her, "Will you be mine?", this is an appropriate announcement for the Valentine number.

Christian Union Week of Prayer Begins Monday

THE SOU'WESTER

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EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

JULIA MARIE SCHWINN.....1429 Poplar—2-1860
MARY ALLIE TAYLOR.....1830 Jackson—2-3719

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BUSINESS MANAGER.....Louise Carroll
2988 Iroquois Road—4-6820
OFFICE BOY.....Clark Porteous

All copy for publication must be in the Sou'wester office by 12 noon Wednesday preceding the appearance on the following Friday noon.

A subscription to the Sou'wester is $3 the year in advance.

A PLEA FOR CO-ED RIGHTS

Co-eds—one might very well ask—just what is their place at Southwestern? From the day one registers here and throughout her college days here on this campus, she is told and impressed with the fact that this school was meant for boys, and that some day, in the near future, it will be just a boys' school.

That fact really need not be mentioned, it's easy enough to see. A girl may be secretary-treasurer of this student body and that only, as long as the student body as a whole is concerned.

Of course, she may possess various prerogatives as long as co-eds alone are in her domain, but when the prerogatives includes boys as well as girls—there she can only aspire to be the power behind the throne, and completely hidden at that!

Southwestern co-eds might be rightfully said to be far above the general average of University women. Their ability and capability have been proven. From a mercenary viewpoint, they contribute more than their share of the student activity funds.

Women throughout the world of today are slowly yet surely assuming the responsibilities long considered to be "just a man's job." The co-eds of Southwestern have this week for the first time in the school's history succeeded in breaking tradition.

Why, may we ask, should the co-ed now be further barred from campus leadership?

WEEK OF PRAYER

Monday morning the Week of Prayer will begin. This observance is not a new thing, but has been practiced for a number of years.

It is an endeavor on the part of all of us to deepen the religious life on the campus.

Almost all denominations realize that a certain time must be set apart each year in which one can recognize his shortcomings and begin anew to make himself more worthy of the name Christian and exercise the legacies of a Christian, example, persuasion, and prayer.

It has been said that a fraternity or a sorority is an asset when it appreciates the aims of its alma mater and endeavors to cooperate with these. Opportunity is afforded next week for these groups to prove their cooperation with the aims of Southwestern. Each chapter has postponed its initiation ceremony until after the religious services in chapel and is urged to attend every night.

This is the first time the students have been privileged to select the speaker. Dr. Ogden has been highly recommended by Southwestern students both from Mobile and New Orleans.

Dormitory students can usually be depended upon to come, and it is up to the town students to complete the gathering each night from 6:30 'till 7:15.

Make it your responsibility to invite your family, come yourself, and see that your friends come.

"Keep Young and Beautiful"
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PARTNERS WITH THE PUBLIC

This institution is a part of the civic and commercial life of the community, and is interested in every worthy enterprise.

Memphis Power & Light Company

Just a Bit of Dorm Life

Never Green

All this Valentine business tends to make one look into the future. Well, I broke thru the years and took a "look" at the inmates ten years hence.

I phoned Mac in a little Mississippi town and what do you think she said? "My, is it really you? I thought it was someone ringing for the doctor, I'm just fine—yes, the children, too. Come right on out but give me time to take off my Mother Hubbard.

Susie is a headliner in the (?) show in the city of cities. More power to her—

Mc Kinnon is a famous modiste in Paris.

Eva is still collecting jewelry.

Olga's husband is a sailor and she keeps the home fires burning by running talking marathons.

Mary Merhle is a famous surgeon. And Malline Lyon is now being feted in the large cities of the country as the famous young authoress of "What My Education Did For Me."

Poor, dear Ellie has been confined in an institution. The public at large at last found out what we've known all along.

Gene Brandon has married several times.

Lyda Lyon is the chief stilts walker in a three-ring circus.

Sarah Gracey is impersonating Flapper Ann in Hollywood.

Eddins and Hooper have, of course, married.

Elizabeth Robinson is doing bigger and better advertising.

Boyce Lee is teaching dancing and Clara is in the radio business.

Nancy Warden has, in a way, gone into the ministry. That is she's taking care of the church supper and circle meeting part of it.

And—yours truly has been hung by the neck until dead long before this.

Stewed All

The Ministerial Club of Stewed All has continued to meet on Wednesday nights and last week's meeting had such a large attendance that all could not fit in Barnes' room where it was held. "Parson" Mc Collum opened the meeting and Brother Pickens led the song service.

After McCollum's address, the boys passed around bottles of ancient hair tonic and other things used to prevent colds. The meeting should have closed with a song but by that time enthusiasm was running so high that the song turned to shouting, which shouting and other "holy roller" antics led far into the night.

It is with regret that we announce Mills, Gates, Wallis, and Rasberry as the only ones in the whole building who have not as yet been converted. Their behavior on Wednesday nights in unexcusable for they indulge in such sports as water fights and free-for-alls and are the disturbing element in that peaceful, quiet and meditative atmosphere.

Mob Haul

The residents of Mob Haul entertained this week with a delightful planned Pink Rose Tea in honor of Miss Maggie Givens, the newest resident of that well known pleasure resort. The table with a centerpiece of pansies was draped in a hand-made lace cloth, the work of the needle of Miss Jessie Sowell. Misses Roberta Pfrangle and Delight Eddington poured. Miss Pfrangle wore a model in blue lace and Miss Eddington was gowned in pink chiffon.

The guests were received by Misses Gertrude Durante, the guest of honor, and Madame Ramona Cooper.

The evening's entertainment consisted of several short vocal selections by Miss Helen Jones who later in the evening sang *Hearts and Flowers* in accompaniment to Miss Tommy Jean Huckabee's Spring Dance.

Among the interesting guests were: Misses Anna Eddington, Thelma and Jane Jones, Marian Butler, Evelyn Christian, Louise Gauchet, Doris Cannon, and Wilhelmina Lapsley.

Cavalry Stall

Due to the fact that "Old Lady" was indisposed the greater part of last week-end "she" and her boys were unable to stir up any excitement and so there's no Calvin Hall News this week.

——CO-ED EDITION——

Jimmy Meadows: "Let's get a couple of dates tonight."

Porteous: "Can't; I have to go to be dearly and get some sleep."

Jimmy: "Why?"

C. P.: "Tomorrow's my tough day; gotta shave."

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BOOZE HUES

CLARK PORTEOUS

Dear friends and fellow readers(?), we have the privilege of presenting to your notice this week, none other than our editor, Thomas Clark Plaisance Porteous, who has shown unlooked for modesty in not printing his own life in an earlier issue.

Mr. Porteous is really an all-round type. Until he developed heart trouble, he was one of our leading track stars. Since then he has engaged in nearly every activity on the campus including more HEART trouble. He has his key for debating, was recently chosen into ODK, is head of Sigma Nu and is former Sport's Editor of *The Souwester* as well as its present editor, a member of the Lynx Club, the "S" Club, and the Southwestern Players, Press Club president, and member of the Stylus Club.

He undoubtedly has a brilliant future as well as a dark past!

ALVAN TATE

At the same time we present the other shining light of *The Sou'wester*, Alvan Tate. He is called "mister" by some, but we are inclined to think he is better known as "Tate". (Nicknames ruled out).

It is hard to tell just how long he has been here. He seems to know more than his birth certificate would indicate. His ears, which can hear noises and sounds from afar, may have established him in a short time in the circle of those who know. On the other hand, his ears might have nothing to do with it.

Anyhow, his secluded early life includes his being a Boy Scout, and his being presented, quite by accident, as a loving cup to Bobby Jones for something or other. Hence Fletcher's antipathy for golf.

It would take more than his share of space to enumerate his present activities, but a few can be mentioned. (For further information see the Lynx) He is a member of the Lynx Club; president of the Debating Team; April Fool's Court last year; Panhellenic representative in Kappa Sigma; president of the Southwestern Players; General Welcome Committee for all freshettes; General Entertainment for rest of school.

——CO-ED EDITION——

"I spent last evening with the one I love best."

"My, didn't you get awfully lonesome?"

To The Eds

You always seem to joke and jest
About the silly things we do
That now we're taking time to say
Aren't alley you boys as human, too?

You laugh at all our fancy dreams
And all our deep romance
But don't you always do the same
When e'er you get a chance?

Of course, we have our heroes,
At whose name we always start
But how about those Movie Queens
That captivate your hearts?

When you're with us you're quite blase
You seem so very wise
But now, it's true, we're
Found you out
We know you're in disguise.

You're just as human as we all
And full of dreams, who knows?
And then, 'cause you are what you are
Is why we have our heroes.

Lynx Ladies 'Lucidate Lads On Love

Love is the most important thing in a woman's life. Where there's life there's soap and a certain medicated soap has aided many a love affair.

* * *

It takes youth, energy and time to love. Youth grows old, energy becomes exhausted and time passes, leaving only memories. Get yourself a bunch of memories. You can study when you get old.

* * *

It has been said that marriage is an institution. Marriage is for love. Love is blind. That makes marriage an institution for the blind.

* * *

It is better to have lived and loved than never to have lived at all.

* * *

Most affairs are platonic. Play for her and tonic for him.

——CO-ED EDITION——

Stylus Club Will Meet Wednesday

Stylus Club will meet Wednesday at 1 p.m. in the private dining room and a program consisting of original works will be given, in which all members will participate. A round table discussion will follow.

Louis Nicholas, president, announces that those who will be asked to write for membership will be selected at the next meeting.

Toxie Fortenberry
Appreciates Your Patronage at
JOHNSON'S BARBER SHOP
North McLean

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Hundreds of teachers, students and college graduates will earn two hundred dollars or more this summer. SO CAN YOU. Hundreds of others will secure a better position and a larger salary for next year. YOU CAN BE ONE OF THEM. Complete information and helpful suggestions will be mailed on receipt of a three cent stamp. (Teachers address Dept. T. All others address Dept. S).

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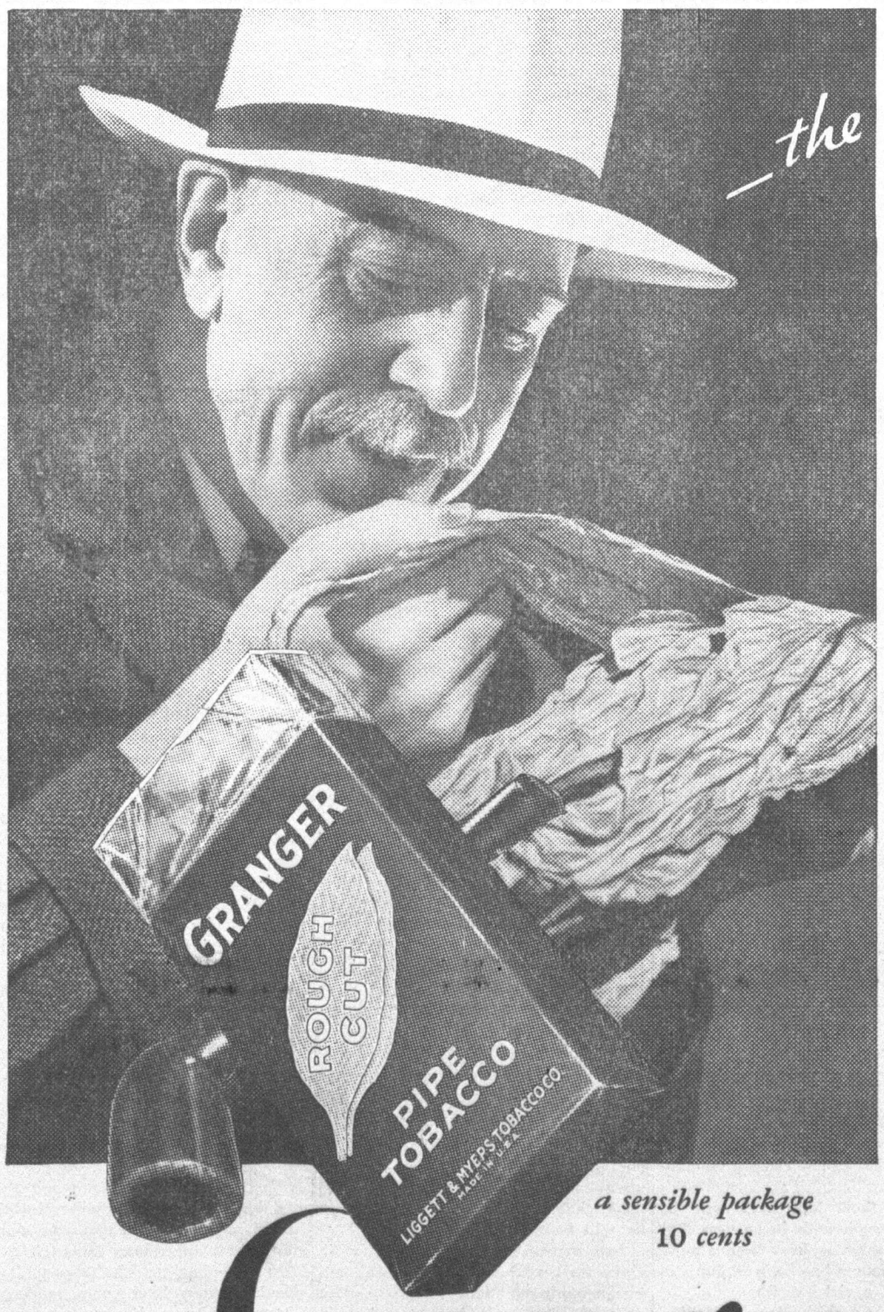
School Officials! You may wire us your vacancies at our expense, if speed is urgent. You will receive complete, free confidential reports by air mail within 36 hours.



—the abc of pipe tobacco

The best tobacco for pipes comes from Kentucky . . and it's called "White Burley"

WE use White Burley in making Granger Rough Cut. It comes from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky—ripe, mild leaf tobacco that just about tops them all for fragrance and flavor.

From the right place on the stalk we select the kind that's best for pipes. Then we make it into Granger by Wellman's Method and cut it up into big shaggy flakes.

White Burley tobacco—made the way old man Wellman taught us how to make it—that's Granger.

"Cut rough to smoke cool" is the way pipe smokers describe Granger—try it

a sensible package 10 cents

Granger Rough Cut

the pipe tobacco that's MILD
the pipe tobacco that's COOL
—folks seem to like it

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Tit FOR Tat

And now that the girls have a chance to get their say in, there are just a few things we'd like to say about The Men About The Campus.

Just what is wrong with taking a Southwestern girl to the Pan? They seem to be alright to play around with out here, but when it comes to taking them to school dances, it seems there's something sadly lacking. We'd like to know.

Lucius Cook must have reached the pinnacle of success by now. Four years at this school, and he's never danced with a nub, and only dated the most popular girls on the campus.

Variety may be the spice of life, but John, couldn't you limit your harem to 20 girls?

Can someone tell us whether Jimmie Meadow is planning on being a musician, or doesn't he own fifteen cents for a hair cut?

And we don't like being discussed in bull sessions.

Speaking of bull sessions, the other day some girl happened to remark to Cornelia Henning.

"You'd better watch out, Harvey's been smiling awfully sweetly at me lately." It was surprising to hear the chorus of voices that claimed that it was meant for them. You'd better watch that personal smile of yours, Harvey, it's creating a lot of trouble.

The problem of the season is why Howard White is dubbed "Debutante Howard." He may have gotten in one or two of the parties, but those who actually attended claim they never saw the debs enthralled with the honor of his presence.

The vote for the most obnoxious shiners on campus goes to Clough Eaton, Alvan Tate, and Russell Perry Combination.

Puhlease—Ned, if you must sing, would you mind using the center of a five-mile square open field instead of the cloister, the store, chapel, the classroom, and the campus at large?

Leddy, you think we all love you, but would you mind not loving us so openly (especially at the AOPi radiator)?

We don't blame you, Raford, for being so in love with Betsy; but can't you refrain just a little from that moon-eyed "Isn't she just marvellous?" expression?

Bunny, maybe you think we're envious of your curly hair, but we'd have it too if we primped as much as you do.

Duffee, has it ever occurred to you that you might sometimes associate with people of your own sex on campus?

And Charlie Taylor, we still think "You're My Thrill" is the best song to be dedicated to you.

For the most immature "little boy" types, we nominate Sawrie and Tom Wellford.

And for the most crude, we hand the bouquet of green orchids to Bill Pickens, Jimmy Haygood, Henry Hammond, Don Owens, Thayer Houts, and Mac Givens.

Our approval goes to Jerry Porter, To mand Hinky Jones, Joe Moss, Carroll Cloar, Duff and John Gaither, Andy and David Edington, Jim Wallace and Mac Elder.

LOEW'S STATE
OPEN 11:45
MON., TUES., WED.
The Greatest Wild Animal Picture!
'DEVIL TIGER'
Directed by the Director of
"Bring 'Em Back Alive"
A Fox Picture
JUNIOR FEATURES
WILLIE WHOPPER CARTOON
ALL-STAR COMEDY
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TIL 6 P.M.: BAL., 15c; ORCH., 25c
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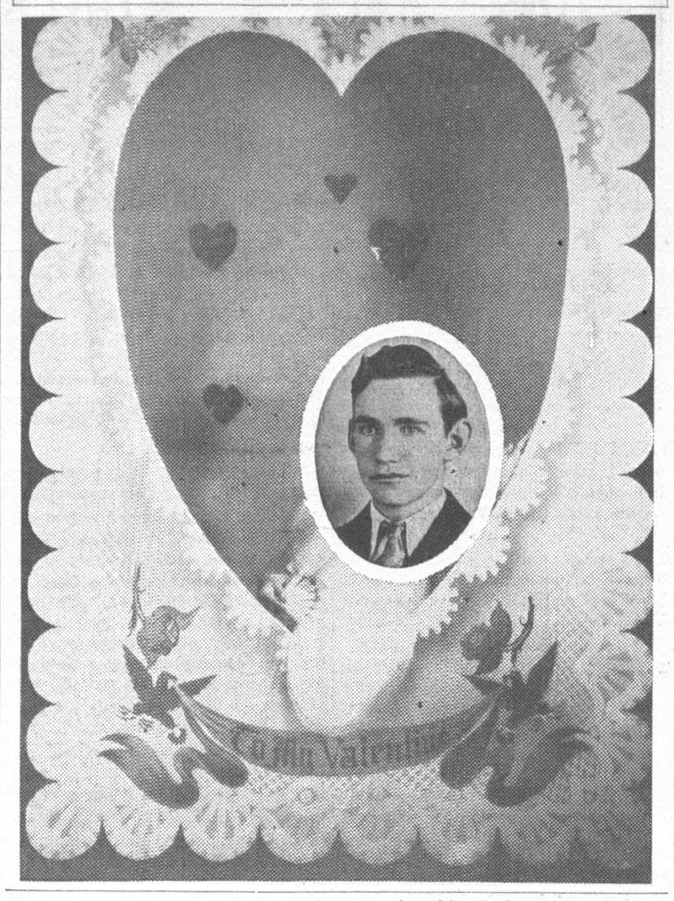
CHILDREN, ANYTIME, 15c
NRA MEMBER

STRAND
HOME OF THE BEST PICTURE
STARTS FRIDAY
The power of a great Love Story—Plus the charm of glorious music!
"BELOVED"
Dramatic Epic Romance, with
John Boles
GLORIA STUART
JIMMIE BUTLER
PRICES THIS ENGAGEMENT:
MATINEE BALCONY, 15c ORCH., 25c
EVENING ORCH., 35c BALCONY, 25c
Children, Always 10c
COMING
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
ANDY DEVINE
in
"Horseplay"

CO-ED'S VALENTINE



Ain't You Got No Valentine

(*Continued from Page One*)

sense as the players. But don't let them know it. It makes the dears feel SO superior to hear us "'ittle" girls ask, "why have those boys over there all got their arms around each other? Are they looking at something on the ground?"

While you are carrying out this system with Henry, I feel it my duty to warn you that I don't think this gentleman adverse to snatching a little "woo," as the saying goes. I do not agree with my contemporary advisor of girls, Emmy Post, when she states that necking has no place in the life of the younger generation. Necking does have its place, girls, but so has the young man, and see that you keep him in it. In the securing of Henry I would use a little of what Mae West taught you, a dash of Garbo technique, and nix on the Emmy Post stuff. QED*

Now for Doctor Monk!

You nearly had me stumped there, but as the numerous pleas for help in procuring this aloof gentleman were so pathetic and so pleading, I will do my best to help you land him. After deep and lengthy thought I have advised the "stare stumble and succomb" method, which I am quite proud of myself. Now here is the idea: you stare at him in class, ardently and admiring; then after, say a month, of this you stumble—quite gracefully and accidently in his arms. And then he succombs. At least, he is supposed to succomb. If he does not, I advise you to start all over and repeat the process until results are obtained. Of course, being expelled from school may be the result, and in that case we will have learned that the "stare, stumble and succomb" method was not the correct one to use on Dr. Monk, QED*

That will be all for today girls, but be sure to write me again and let me know how the systems work. I stay at home every night so I have plenty of time to tell you how to be popular, and to get places. If after reading these instructions and carrying them out you still ain't got no valentine, heaven help you, Cynthia can't!

(*Quite Easily Done For)

GREEK BRAWLS
(*Sigma Nu in particular*)

Where society plays there is bound to be scandal . . . after a tussle at the Peabody's smart ballroom . . . Sigma found out, and was so impressed that Sigma forgot what Sigma Nu . . . if you are wondering, Armstrong didn't take Jean Reid . . . a crescent and star loud mouth did the honors . . . freshmen still bear marks of high school daze . . . and Usrey took McMahan . . . some of those select few who rated came not . . . but Sigma is afraid to talk . . . Sigma Nu should be turned across a mother's knee or spirited away to a convenient woodshed . . . the "foh pahs" were evil . . . if you are disillusioned about the price paid for that grand band, you had better get wise . . . Peabody is changing soon, and Cappo took a cut for advertising. . . . estimates by some of the better "I-know-the-low-down-boys" on the number of invites runs between 900 and 2000 . . . better play safe on 1200 . . . a fat portion of that number piled in.

Southwestern, a place where they slap you on the back when you are face down in the mud.

Mentioning again this Cappo from up the country . . . members of the not so exclusive "Fyndowt Club" say that he will take a turn at the popular band stand when "Blew" Steele toots his last . . . don't quote yours sincerely . . . if you didn't you should have visited the 11th floor that night . . . one TNE took a trip up without any difficulty but on the return ticket he got lost . . . there was something said about his "Golden Wedding" day, but we didn't get it all down . . . there were other men in collitch that made excursions at appointed times . . . self-appointed . . . the fairer sex were dressed fit to kill . . . and many of them were taking advantage of the crowd, if you know what I mean? . . . Henry Oliver in his evening suit gave us gals a treat . . . he isn't bad looking after all . . . a dainty way he has of cutting in.

AOPi is mounting the social ladder these days . . . Peggy Walker led the Senior German grand March at their recent scramble on the hill . . . Also at Sewanee, Canale paraded in the front of the Blue Key crew at a similar walk around . . . not to forget our own Mary Allie who worked wonders at a Sigma Nu likewise . . . she took members around on a dizzy grand parade . . . some of our own *Bantes* are predicting the worst for Chi Omega . . . they say size is a snake bite in that case . . . they say the same for some of the fraternities . . . not to mention the griping being done about the new regulation. . . . some of the athletes are sitting by their Bromos trying to think of a possible way to evade the law . . . there is nothing more disappointing than not being initiated so they say . . . sororities aren't often worried about that and Sigma wouldn't know . . . grades, as in the case of AOPi, are a hindrance, however . . . do you know Beverly Boothe? . . . take it from a girl that knows . . . Dorsay Barefield is not so innocent as he is sweet . . . Johnny Hughes, a pre-med student, flunked biology flat . . . good going, Doc . . .

Southwestern, where the fifth girl out of the five that have "it" seeks education . . . I'm not conceited.

We Dedicate To

John Streete: "Two Loves Have I."
Malline Lyon: "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie."
Eleanor Trezevant: "Smiles."
Sidney Strickland: "Now's the Time to Fall In Love."
Ned Wright: "Down the Old Ox Road."
Clark Porteous: "You're Mine, Too."
Frances McKinnon: "Glad Rag Doll."
Fred Rehfeldt: "Goofus."
John Hines: "The Last Roundup."
Marion Butler: "Tired."
Virginia Reynolds: "My Man."
John Gaither: "My Dancing Lady."
Jean Reid: "Little Women."
Harte Thomas: "Give Yourself a Pat on the Back."
Hope Brewster: "Pagan Love Song."
Louis Duffee: "Jealous."
Bernice Cavette: "No More Love."
Mary Allie Taylor: "Sophisticated Lady."
Shorty Simmons: "Ain't Misbehavin'."
Mary Day Brennan: "When Day Is Done."
John Hughes: "Me For You Forever."
Gladys Jane Caughlin: "Oh, where, oh where, has my little Dog gone?"
Max Usrey: "I Ain't Got Nobody."
Dicky Dunlap: "Vagabond Lover."
Hiram Todd: "Just An Echo, Yoo-Hoo."
Scudder Smith "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf."
Carroll Cloar: "With A Song In My Heart."
Dicky Thomas: "Walkin' in a Dream."
Mary Mac Eddins: "Alice In Wonderland."
Nelle McMahan: "Shanghai Lil."
Peggy Walker: "How'm I Doin'?"
Ernest Sawrie: "Night Owl?"
Charlie Taylor: "Keep Young and Beautiful."
Elizabeth Ford: "When Your Lover Has Gone."

—CO-ED EDITION—

Our personal nomination for the most conceited man is the one who lets some dizzy blonde talk him into believing he had something to do with hanging the moon.

A TOAST

Here's a toast that we want to drink,
to the co-eds we'll never know,
To the girls who are going to take our place
when it's time for us to go,
We've wondered what kind of girls they'll be,
and have wished we could take their hand
Just to whisper, "We wish you well," to them
in a way they would understand,
We've found it a job of sheer hard work,
but now must pass it on
To the girls who will come to take our place
when the time for us is done.
Will they see all the sad mistakes we've made
and note all the efforts too?
Will they ever guess the tears they've caused
or the heartaches that they cost?
Will they gaze through the failures and fruitless toils
to our constant mental swirls?
And catch the glimpse of our real intent
and the heart of we vanguished girls?
We dare to hope they may pause someday,
as they toil as we have wrought,
And again some strength for the heavy task
from the battles we have fought;
But we've only the task itself to leave
with the cares for them to face
And never a cheering word to speak
to the girls who will take our place.
Then here's to your health, co-ed, we drink
as a bridegroom to his bride,
We leave an unfiinshed job for you,
but heaven knows we've tried,
We've dreamed our dreams as all "eds" do,
but very few came true;
And our prayer today is that all the dreams
may be realized by you.

"Hey! Have You Had Your Ears Set Down?"
"No! I Just Had A Hair Cut at
Southwestern Barber Shop
649 N. McLean

Norma Lee Scores In "Let Us Be Gay"

Norma Lee made quite a hit in Rachel Grother's sparkling comedy, "Let Us Be Gay," playing at the Little Theatre this week. Doll takes a prominent role and does it very convincingly(?)

Among those seen at the Theatre were Catherine Davis, Mary Ken Hubbard, Savilla Martin, Harvey Heidelberg, Peggy Walker, Betty Ann Lea, Eleanor Coppedge, Frances Mae Weatherall, Dixie Mae Jennings, and Julia Marie Schwinn.

Southwestern boys who ushered Tuesday night were John Baker, Sidney Strickland, Francis Benton and Jack Kelly.

Those ushering Wednesday night were George Williss, John Hines, Walter Cain and Wiley Jones.

—CO-ED EDITION—

Episcopal Club To Have Communion

Episcopal Club will hold Corporate Communion Sunday morning at 7:15 at St. Luke's Church. Breakfast will be served following the service. All members are urged to attend.

Sunday afternoon at 4:30 the regular meeting will be held in the parish house and Dr. John Henry Davis will talk on the Oxford Movement.

LOEW'S PALACE
OPEN 11:45
WEEK STARTING MONDAY!
GARBO
RETURNS AS
"QUEEN CHRISTINA"
M-G-M PICTURE
JUNIOR FEATURES
MICKEY MOUSE CARTOON
M-G-M ODDITY
METROTONE NEWS
TIL 6 P.M.: BAL., 15c; ORCH., 25c
AFTER 6 P.M.: BAL., 25c; ORCH., 40c
CHILDREN, ANYTIME, 15c
NRA MEMBER!

The Largest user OF FINE TURKISH TOBACCOS

...one reason why Luckies taste better, smoother

In Turkey too, only the finest tobaccos are selected for Lucky Strike—the mildest leaves, the most delicate, the most aromatic. Lucky Strike is the world's largest user of fine Turkish tobaccos. Then these tender, delicate Turkish leaves are blended with choice tobaccos from our own Southland—to make your Lucky Strike a cigarette that is fully packed—so round, so firm—free from loose ends. That's why Luckies taste better, smoother. "It's toasted"—for throat protection—for finer taste.

From the Diamond Horse-Shoe of the Metropolitan Opera House
Saturday at 1:45 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the Red and Blue Networks of NBC, LUCKY STRIKE will broadcast the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York in the complete Opera, "Faust."

Always the Finest Tobacco and only the Center Leaves

The Cream of the Crop
"The tenderest, mildest, smoothest tobacco"

NOT the top leaves—*they're underdeveloped—they are harsh!*

NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and always sandy!*

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Uncovering THE Campus

If you're looking for a novel place to take your date after the next College Club, try "Three Stars" (about four miles out the Bristol Highway from North Parkway) where you can get some swell spaghetti at very inexpensive rates and service is accommodatingly best from midnight to 3 a.m. Everyone is still mumbling ejaculations under their breath concerning Dicky Dunlap's making the honor roll. My dears, Richard Dunlap was in the "A" section of last year's frosh class and he gets our bouquet this week for the biggest improvement of the year. The boy has turned over new leaves.

For that tired feeling try Hines' new recipe: White of one egg, four drops of absinthe (and does it make the heart grow fonder), half-pestal of lemon juice, three jiggers of Golden Wedding Bourbon, sugar and cracked ice to suit the individual. It's guaranteed to cure falling hair, strawberry rash, and broken hearts.

We think Boyce Leigh's Panhellenic bustle should get the brass shoe-horn for originality. It was a lovely corsage of roses and went well with her lipstick red dress . . . Savilla Martin is trying hard to overcome her Tallichet reputation ("Sweet Disorder") . . . Her ultra-smart black and white combinations are contributing to it. Canya imagine?

Our prize tall tale concerns Miss Helen Gordon whose loving SAE swain made a financial arrangement with her little sister to answer the telephone and, when the person asking for Helen was not he, to say, "She's not at home." Clevah, these Laymen . . . Ask Jean Brandon about her dilemma . . . It concerns two fatuous young men who are making their better sides known to her in a big way and the young K. D. is honestly up a tree. She claims she loves 'em both . . . Didja ever hear about Peter Rabbit?

Remarks that stop all conversation: Where DID Rehfeldt and Hines get their derbies? . . . Betty Bruce doesn't seem to mind about her occasional squabbles with Dick Turner. After ALL, when the Right Hon. Beverly Buckingham is around to buy one beer and sit out one dance after another with one. . . . which reminds us that someone said Mildred Brandes would be a good housemother for STINKS. men's inter-frat clurb.

And among the suggested nicknames are the following: "Coy Burps," Bolivia Dreams, Ducky on Lap, Gladly Feighns Coughin', Mary's Waltzing Some, Belly Towel, Mildewed Brandy, Concealed Goiter, Normally, Loose Nickles, Better Brace, Merry Laughing, Just a Richman, And Grime, To "He's a Lilly", I Love Backs, Bib Ears, Scotty Wetting Some, Been Bogus, Cholic Rump, And A Laurel at any Cost. Rosy Weighs a Ton, Kan't Smell Breath, Audible Hound-scent, Snarly Lead-slinger, Car-lots Boiling, and Evelyn Has To. Canya figure 'em out?

And don't forget Louise Carroll—and that would be hard to do. She's always under foot and got her big nose in everybody's business but her own. Her excuse is that she's just hunting for a man to take Pettit's place—'Twill be hard to do, 'cause such gullible lads are hard to find.

——CO-ED EDITION——

To a Senior Coed: The boys all call her cinders—she used to be hot stuff.

Queer Overtones

Time—8:30.

Place—Home of Annie Grime.

Situation: Nelly Makerman has obliged Annie Grime by having a blind date with a friend of Annie's sweetheart, Cholic Nutslinger. The friend's name is Heart Thermometer.

Grime: I hope you like Cholic's friend. Cholic said that he was awful cute. Sorta the Bug Caycollum type. . . . *She oughta be glad to have a date with aynbody. Goodness knows she has a rotten enough time as is.*

Makerman: So sweet of you to ask me. I know if he's a friend of Cholic's he must be all right. . . *Anybody that hangs around with that Nutslinger's bound to hand me an awful evening.*

(Enter Nutslinger and Thermometer) Proper salutory greetings . . . then . . .

Makerman: Annie told me you were from New York, Mr. Thermometer, but now I realize she didn't have to. You have that cosmopolitan look . . . *Great guns! He looks like Jimmy Metter, and I believe he stutters.*

Thermometer: Nice of you to let me come along, with Cholic. I get so frightfully lonely at times . . . *MY PAL! Didn't think HE would frame me like this. At least she realizes I've been places and seen things. Sure was a good poker game of Sorry's I left in Robb.*

Makerman: Suppose I turn on the radio. It's so comfortable here before the fire . . . *Isn't he going to take me anywhere. If I have to sit before this fire one more night, I'll scream. This chair is about as comfortable as the AOPi furniture. Don't believe he stutters after all. He likes my dress.*

Thermometer: You should always wear red. You remind me of Franny McKillem . . . *Looks like she bought it on dollar day. Thank goodness she didn't suggest going anywhere. I wouldn't be seen on the street with her. Just the type to fall for a guy and worry me to death.*

Makerman: Oh, you smoke a pipe just like Lacks Usury. I'm so glad. I do so love to see a big man smoking a pipe before an open fire . . . *I can't tell which is the fire and which is the pipe. Why doesn't he suggest going somewhere? He isn't so bad looking.*

Thermometer: I like a pipe. It's the most restful smoke after the day's grind . . . *Sure am sick of tihs thing. Maybe she doesn't smoke as much as that darned Better Change Gluepot did last night, and I can display my Chesterfield (Kindly notice, Mr. Advertiser).*

Makerman: Mr. Thermometer, did anyone ever tell you that you look like Harvest Bones? Well, you do . . . *Harvest Bones! You look like Erg Handem. If Harvest ever hears about this, he'll never break on me again.*

Thermometer: Call me Heart, won't you. Harvest Bones! That ape face? I'd rather look like Erg Handem any day . . . *Well, that shows that they do think I look like Bones. Glad she noticed it. She's not such a bad sort after all. Just a little like Dizybeth Bored, that's all. And there's a good show down at the Stranded.*

Makerman: Wouldn't you like to play some double sol? I'm just CURRAZY (with that Snappy Grippem accent) about double sol . . . *Can't he even play parchesi? ..I'll go crazy if I see another card.*

Thermometer: Wouldn't you like to go to the Stranded. Rustle Bury and Martyr Daze are there in "One of us is Wrong." It oughta be a good comedy . . . *It won't cost much, that's certain. And I'll have enough to get back in that poker game.*

Makerman: I'd love to. Be ready in a moment . . . Humph! The Stranded. *I'd just as soon play double sol. But even the Stranded is better than sitting here all night.*

Makerman: Hope the Scooter Smith Brothers aren't in this picture. Pictures that they make frighten me terribly . . . *Even Scooter would pep up this evening. Maybe I can give him a drink.*

Theremometer: If you get frightened we'll leave I . . . suppose she wants me to hold her hand. *I can see myself leaving this thing before it's over after I've paid my good 20c.*

Makerman: Goodness gracious, isn't that Greta Garbo there? *It sure looks like it judging by the feet.*

Thermometer: Naw. That's a big shot at Southwestern. That's Gratey Rabies, K. D. senior.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(At home after the show)

Makerman: Well, thank you . . . er . . . Heart. I've had such a lovely evening and did so enjoy talking to you. You say the CUTEST (in the manner of Lousy Carols) things . . . *Has a line like Sadknee Strychnine, and makes love like Dead Dayfelt.*

Thermometer: Let's go to the Collie Club at the Park and View. I'll be bout about 8 . . . *If a poker game turns up, won't be any trouble at all to break it.*

(Customary good-night ceremonies) (X X X X X X X) (Algebraic equation. If you wanta know what for, ask Better Brace and Duck Turnip).

ACT III. SCENE II.

Place: Her house. Saturday night at seven.

(Telephone rings)

Grime (at telephone) Hello? . . . Yes, she is, Heart, but she just HAD to go to Sewanee with Ailing Canale, Baby Walkem, Hadta Parker, Concealed Porter, Kite Dimesworth and others . . . What? . . . No, I'm not . . . Oh, I'd love to . . . Why, not at all . . . I just LOVE (in the manner of Cleverly Berth) the Stranded Theatre.

(X X X X X) (Same as before).

And theerby hangs a tale!

All Southwestern Asked To Dance

Noble Sissle, America's premier colored dance band, will play for the Mid-winter formals at the University of Tennessee, to which formals ALL SOUTHWESTERN has been invited by a telegram received Monday from the Nahheeyayli Governing Board of the university.

Southwestern takes this opportunity to thank the University for their cordial invitation to the dances, which will be, incidenally, February 22 and 23. A tea-dance on the afternoon of the 23rd will be presented by the U. T. Interfraternity Council and the Panhellenic Council.

Insipid Insinuations

A hint is as good as a kick in the pants; therefore, why should we merely imply? Here goes—

Edna Barker loomed in town from Sewanee a wiser woman. The new aspect of her education is the renowned game of Colonel Bumps, maybe during her next sojourn there she'll learn that her favorite fruit, "Strawberry," was taken off the market five years ago by an unknown blonde.

Elizabeth Ford is seen speeding swiftly homeward every morn. Be careful, Ford, or that mail box will need new hinges. Speaking of flivvers, Seldon couldn't escape the amorous pursuit of Crosby even while in the Cumberland mountains with such a swift man as Fleet Clark.

It seems as though Lucius Cook and Johnny Baker cannot resist the temptation to put their feet in that Mississippi mud. Twice this month, my lads, and the Southwesternites have yet to discover the two. (We hope it is only two) attractions. Incidentally, Johnny, has the Ward-Belmontite been kept in ignorance of the little affair? We are anticipating two more affairs as the outcome of Herbert Pearce's and Ella Kate's trip to Ole Miss this week-end. Who has the courage to volunteer to attain the inside dope of this journey?

Alex, SAE's piano pounder, appears to have slowed up his mad rush after the AOPi's "Dancing Lady." Glass does cut. Everything heals, however, so take heart and carry on.

A question that has been puzzling us exceedingly is why Harvey and Hughes leave all affairs early—Perhaps they like pig sandwiches?

Canale seems to prefer Galloway to Overton for her early morning twosome of golf(?) How is the course at 4:00 A.M.? Or shall we ask Ben?

One of Ned Wright's harem was heard to remark that she would experience the same thrill kissing her mother good-night as kissing him. As a strange coinstance we overheard a conversation between two of Helen Gordon's admirers. One stated that he would just as soon kiss his brother as to kiss her. We suggest that the logical conclusion would be that these two might get together.

Maybe Chicken wouldn't crow as loudly if he realized what the next dawn may bring. To date there has been no encounter between him and the "jumping Jack." Everything pops cut sooner or later, though, doesn't it, Gragg?

All's fair in love and a scandal column. With this thought in mind we put away our spades in a benevolent spirit.

——CO-ED EDITION——

Sohm: "I wish Providence had made me a boy."

Ledsinger: "He did. I'm he."

What the Co-ed Issue emphasize in its Valentine.

Poets Scraps

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for a kiss he asked her—
She must have answered yes, because
The shades came down much faster.

Love is like a rubber ball,
It bounces high and low,
But when it bounces 'bout too much
It gets worn out, you know.

Little fishes in the brook,
They look and look and look and look,
They play and play, all day they play,
My sister rides a bicycle.

1.
When you just saw this
You probably thought
It was a poem

2.
By this time you have
Surely found out
That it isn't.

3.
Isn't it funny how
People will keep
Right on reading when
They know darn well
They're being fooled.

Co-ed Effie Is Exponent Of Girl Scout Campcraft

Great Time Had By Lynx Kittens At Piney Woods Outing

Since most of the students on the campus were carried away with sending valentines and boxes of candy, few were aware of the fact that this was Girl Scout week.

Wednesday night the Maltese parol, of which Effie Reid is leader, went on a hitch-hike out to Piney Woods. Peggy Walker proved the best thumber and grabbed the first ride—a delivery truck—that put her ahead of the others. Ellie Powell was the last to arrive, having spent so much time before the mirror at Evergreen.

When everybody had reached the rendezvous, Chief Effie proceeded to show her cohorts how to make fire without matches. Taking a piece of dry wood she began rubbing it vigorously with another slender piece. She kept this up for two hours and twenty minutes, at the end of which time she took her cigarette lighter and started the wood to burning. A nice round of applause greeted her success. Betsy O'Brien gave a knot-tying demonstration. Her first knot was the Heepshank, which is the exact opposite of the Boy Scout Sheepshank. As you know, Sheepshank is used when you have a sheep tied to a rope and it shortens the rope so that the sheep cannot reach a basket of corn you have just picked. Well, a Heepshank really isn't a knot at all. The difficulty is solved by moving the basket of corn.

After the knot-tying demonstration songs were resorted to as a source of entertainment. Cornelia Henning sang a solo, "Harvey's Moon" and the entire group joined in on "The Old Gray Mare." The smoke signalling contest was won by Audrey Townsend, who blows such excellent rings, you know.

The final event was a forage into the woods. Ethel Taylor inspected the south sides of all the trees, looking for Moss, while Priscilla Painter got all scratched up in some briars, looking for Rasberries. Cornelia aroused the curiosity of the group of climbing a mammoth oak tree. "What on earth are you doing up there?" yelled Susie Ellen. "In the first place, I'm not on earth, and in the second place I'm looking for Chestnuts," shouted Priscilla, "Why don't you look in this Chestnut tree?" "Aw," answered Connie, "Anybody can find Chestnuts in A Chestnut tree."

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