

Sportspotlight

by QUANTHY

A good football player who, we think, is considerably underrated is "Flusie" Littlefield. "Flusie" had a bad shoulder the other day during scrimmage but he tackled viciously. Several times he nailed a runner back of the line when the Lynx were rehearsing their offense for the warriors of Hendrix. The Lynx did get going, however, and all plays were good for long gains.

Warren Prewitt, a first class quarterback who has just returned to the team, looked plenty good grabbing long passes. Smith, too, will be available; so all in all, the Lynx are in decent shape to battle the Warriors.

The boys seem to be really serious about their S Club house. And in order to finance the project—it seems that they have no financial wizards among their alumni to help them, but that's another story—they are giving a series of dances at the Community University Center. It will be easy to do our part in this case, for the S Club spreads the "raz-ma-taz" to put in the words of Toto Houts.

The Lynx and Coach Propst deserve all the credit in the world for their work in the Moccasin game. In spite of outplaying the Chattanooga team the Lynx had to be satisfied with a scoreless tie. But we must remember that Southwestern was on the spot. Bad weather, over-tenseness and especially a darn good team stared the Lynx in the face. Reports say that never was there harder tackling and blocking on the part of both teams.

The team has shown they can do it—and so has the student body. The so-called "school spirit" of Southwestern is the talk of the town—finally.

And that's what the football fan wants. He likes to see the players in action; that's true. But also he goes to the game for the ballyhoo that is created. We understand that there will be "surprises" pulled by the band at the half tomorrow. Quite a sum has been appropriated for this purpose so it should be interesting.

We hate to do it—but we will. Yes, we've been prevailed upon until we have found it advisable to lower the profound dignity of this column and

LYNX HELD TO SCORELESS TIE

Sasser Hurt During Opening Quarter

The Southwestern Lynx were held to a 0-0 tie Friday night by the University of Chattanooga in a game played on a very muddy field.

Due to the condition of the field the play was slow and unexciting and neither team threatened their opponents' goal.

The Lynx were weakened in the first quarter by the loss of Jimmie Sasser, who suffered a badly sprained ankle. "Kite" Morton, who seems to be able to throw the ball far and accurate, rain or shine, was the outstanding man for the Lynx. His passing was perfect but the receivers were unable to hold on to the wet ball. Morton also did some excellent punting, his kicks averaging about 48 yards throughout the game. Sutton, a guard for Chattanooga, was undoubtedly the outstanding man for the Moccasins.

Although the Lynx have played five games this season their goal line remains uncrossed, Union having scored their 3 points by a field goal. From all indications the goal line will still be uncrossed after Saturday's game with Hendrix.

sling a little dirt concerning our stalwart gridders:

Bob Lee, take notice first. It seems that one of your girls in Miss. will be led to the altar late this month—by a good friend of yours. . . . Porter Chappell has a double. A certain Miss Charlotte Drake who is very fond of Porter was irked by the fact that the eagle-beaked one could not be with her constantly. She scouted around until she found a little boy that look exactly like Mr. Chappell—pity him. She calls him (the little boy), "Porter dear." . . . Fifteen girls are willing to pay me \$4.98 to get them a date with Morton.

The Seniors

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by John Quanty depicting intimate side-lights in the lives of senior Lynx football players.

"You either like a guy; or you don't. I think Tapp is a swell guy." That's what a Southwestern student said about Neil Tapp, star Lynx blocker and line backer. A co-ed continued in the same strain, saying, "He's mighty fine," with great emphasis on mighty.

Believe it or not, Tapp was born and lived for ten years in Yokohama, Japan. "All those stories they tell about Japanese and Chinese are absolutely wrong," says Tapp. Street cars positively don't run side-ways," he explained smilingly. He should know.

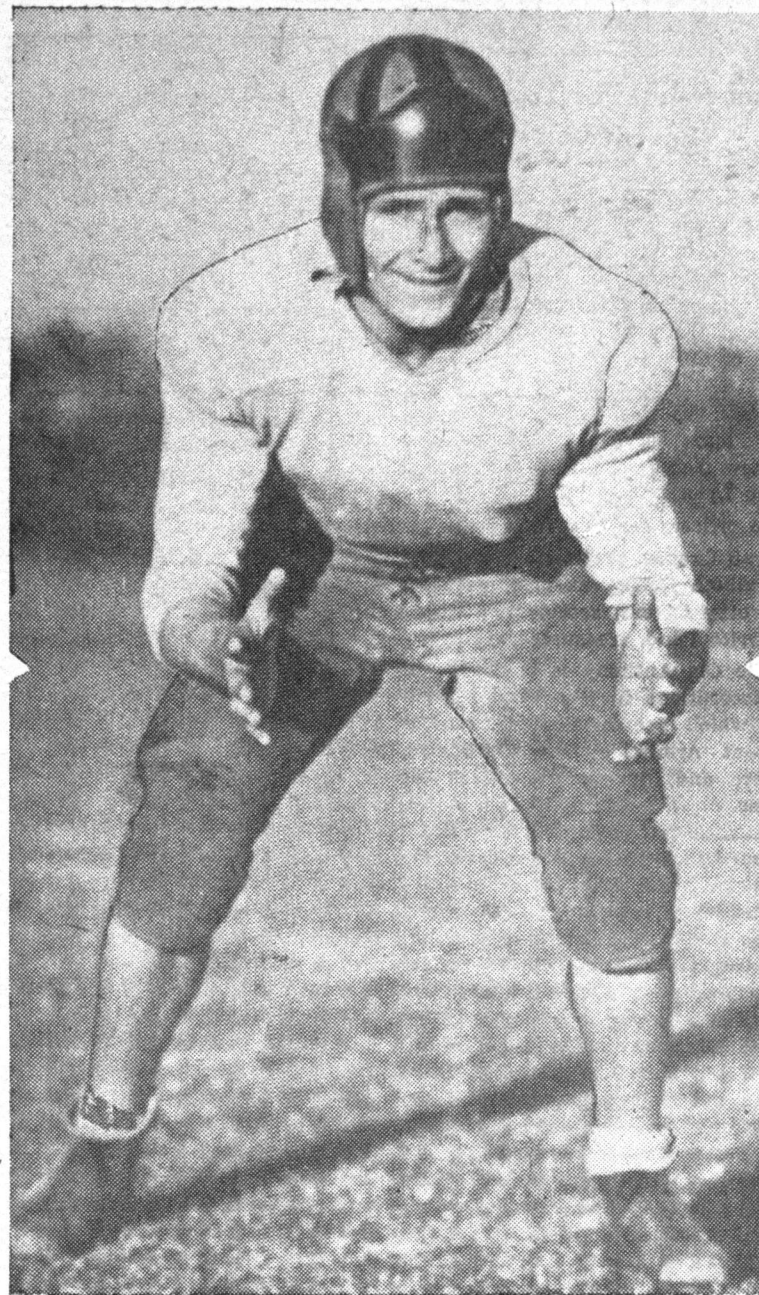
But to continue: "Tunica"—that's what his friends call him—came directly to Memphis from Yokohama. He graduated from Tech High, where he starred four years at fullback on the Yellowjacket team. He entered Southwestern where he continued one and a half years with the Lynx. Then he took a trip on a freight steamer to Japan, China, the Philippines, Indo-China and Siam. He admitted that he had many interesting experiences but advised against printing them. "But," he answered our question, "Southwestern has the most beautiful women in the world." And the situation must be mutual, for as we were plying him with questions a freshette walked by eating a cake. She looked at him, smiled. "I believe you're hungry," she cooed as she offered him her last bite.

His ideal girl weighs about 300 lbs. "A nice armful, you know." He can't get his mind off tackling. "I like to get away from skin and bones." If he can find a girl like this—who's also rich enough—he'll marry her, after he graduates and has traveled a year in Europe. Then he plans to come home and settle down as an economist.

In the movies he prefers Donald Duck. "Kay Frances, though, would make me forget my 300 lb. wife."

Next to football he likes surf-boat

NEIL TAPP



—Courtesy, Press-Scimitar.

riding. "It Happened One Night" is the type of picture he likes best. Carrying out his love of the sea, lobster is his favorite dish.

"Why is your nose always skinned?"

we asked. "I'd like to know that," he answered. "It marks the official opening and closing of the football season," he added.

We remember a good crack Tunica

McKEAN WINNER IN FROSH TENNIS

Defeats Floyd 6-2, 6-2, 1-6, 3-6, 6-3

R. H. McKean, the Mobile tennis star, outstaidied Charlie Floyd Wednesday afternoon to gain the freshman tennis crown. McKean had little trouble in taking the first two sets 6-2, 6-2, but the game Memphian staged a strong rally to cop the third and fourth sets 1-6, 3-6. Up to this point both had played an offensive game, and had shown surprisingly equal skill. McKean proved his superiority, however, in taking the fifth and final set 6-3.

McKean had difficulty in disposing of W. C. Rowan in the semi-finals as shown by the score, 6-4, 6-4. Floyd faced equal opposition in Art Pople, and only after a hard fight did he win out, 6-4, 8-6.

Semi-finals: McKean defeated Rowan 6-4, 6-4; Floyd defeated Pople 6-4, 8-6.

Finals: McKean defeated Floyd 6-2, 6-2, 1-6, 3-6, 6-3.

A trophy will be presented McKean.

pulled last year in the Lynx-Tenn. game that shows his subtle humor. After he had been tackled hard several times by a particularly vicious Vol., Tapp cornered him and growled, "Listen, buddy, I'm only the blocker on this team; I never carry the ball, see."

His biggest thrill—two of them in fact: The first was during his freshman year when the Bobcats tangled with the Ole Miss freshmen. The score was 26-0 in favor of Ole Miss, when Tunica, who was playing tackle at the time, intercepted a lateral and ran the length of the field for the Bobcat's only score. His other—and justly so—was when the Lynx beat Vandy. Tapp played that whole game in All-American style. "Don't look now," he told Coach Morrison of the Majors, "but we're going to smear your boys all over the field." You remember, they did.

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MONA MONKEY

"Sees all evil—hears all evil—prints all evil!"

Hear ye, hear ye! Warning to all girls: (By popular request) Don't give the Sigma Nu pledge who's name starts with an "S" a date . . . Reputations are in danger . . . He's telling tall tales about a certain Tri Delt who wouldn't even give him a date . . . Deservedly or undeservedly, his tongue wags on . . . The wise will heed.

Seen Thursday night at the Peabody: Dorothy Steuwer and J. P. Crawford going to sleep . . . Back up Friday, Mona discovered Professors Lee and Caspari . . . Did Lillian Price discover her long lost love Saturday night?

Fred Dixon and Josephine Daniels really enjoyed those persimmons Sunday night . . . How was your picnic, Charlie? . . . Betty Hunt can't come to school but she went to Chattanooga, and will be at the S Club, Saturday night . . . What's this power, Bob?

Look out for Cobb's visitor at the dance. She's from Helena . . . What's happened to Morrow? Parrotte will be with Jeanne Johnson . . . Is Kalford Ratcliff a woman-hater? He hasn't had a dance-date yet . . . Where'd Chenault get his nick-name of T. P.?

Gene Poulton and Andy Myers went to the D. B. S. backwards dance. Cameron Clough didn't go, but he had a date with Betty Mae Thompson Sunday night . . . Jerry Martin was seen in Fortune's with her . . . Some people seem to be going high school on us.

Why does the subject of Sasser come up with every bunch of co-eds? . . . And one of them was heard to say George Jennings is cute. . . Ah, to be a football hero . . . "Blond Blizard" Hammond was at the Chi Omega dance, the Peabody, and the Claridge all in one night. Can he take it! . . . Have you seen Hartwell Morton's blush? . . . Why does Mike Pepper get so mad every time a certain letter is mentioned? . . . Have you heard about Jimmy Sasser's chapped lips? . . . The girl whom Professor Kelso jumps on in philosophy class has the same trouble.

Did you hear about Al Wunderlich in Chattanooga? His family put him on a train. Freeman, Breytspraak, and Ricker took him off the train. The ticket money provided the where-withall for a party. He walked in on his family at dawn.

Why is Tommy Fuller all wet? . . .

YWCA DRIVE ENDS AT INSTALLATION

Membership For Year Nears Seventy-Five

The Y. W. C. A. drive, which began at the opening of school, culminated this week in the candle-light service, Wednesday night, in the cloister. A table was put in the cloister last Tuesday and Wednesday for the convenience of all who wished to join. At the close, the membership neared seventy-five for this session. After the candle-light service, which installed the new members, supper was served in the Lynx Lair.

The officers for this year are: Sarah Gracey, president Elizabeth Cobb, vice-president Dorothy Givens, secretary Harriet Pond, treasurer

Effie Ola Anthony is in charge of the decorations for the Vesper Services, which are held four times a year—at Armistice Day, Christmas, Easter, and during the Week of Prayer.

Do you still have those two dates for tomorrow night, Martha? What will you bet C. S. gets it? . . . Sick 'em, Billy . . . Mobley likes his Bills . . . Did you see Charlie Taylor "under the willow"? . . . The Swing Master is available to all hopefuls.

Jane Bray has made up with her Phi Chi . . . Have you seen Lillie Walker's Phi Rho pin? . . . That's a new way to make a date, Smithwick. Ann Potts was her associate.

There was an explosion in chemistry lab. Tuesday. Dr. Baine blew up. Paul Freeman: "Stella, can you type?"

Stella Jones: "Am I what?"

CAMPUS CAMERA

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FACULTY "SNOOPING" CAUSED THE "GREAT REBELLION OF 1875" WHICH RESULTED IN OVER HALF OF THE SENIOR CLASS BEING EXPELLED A FEW WEEKS BEFORE COMMENCEMENT.

ROOM AND BOARD HAS INCREASED 30 FOLD AND TUITION IS 70 TIMES HIGHER THAN WHEN HARVARD WAS YOUNG!

SIX YEARS A DEVIL

That isn't the title of a book. It's just a segment-sentence description of the kind of life Mary Ann Wynkoop, freshman at Indiana University, has been living for the last half-dozen years.

Before coming to college, she did all kinds of odd jobs around the of-

fices of the Lebanon, Indiana, Daily Reporter, where her father serves as city editor.

Even though she is the first co-ed ever to enroll in the linotype operating class, conducted in the printing shop of the university press, Miss Wynkoop is right at home, for she has been a "printer's devil" ever since she was 12 years old.

Kaleidoscoping—

The campus tags and lassies certainly had a full week-end last week—what with the K. A.'s very much in evidence, throwing their house heating and a barbecue to boot . . . not to mention the Chi O shindig . . . at the K. A. house Saturday afternoon . . . Jeter and Laughlin forming a receiving line all their own . . . Alfred Page quite bubbling over with that proud papa expression . . .

Charlie Nichols doing nobly without a piano . . . it'll take a block and tackle to hoist one up . . . President Cobb arriving at the half with the A. O. Pi present carefully wrapped in corrugated paper . . . Dr. John H. the life of the party . . . his attractive better half gracing the tea table . . . we wonder why Quanto was among the missing . . . perhaps the police station could supply the information . . .

Chenault finally heing in . . . visions of his date tearing him to pieces rather outweighed the Alabama attractions . . . at the Chi O house . . . Ed Atkinson and Torchtop Pettit forsaking the Phi Chi in favor of the old Alma . . . we hear Torchy and Leavell took it in later, tho . . . Nan Bloodworth searching for Dorsey . . . who was ensconced in the bunk room of all places . . . Bob Armstrong carrying on bravely . . . he hadn't seen Betsy White (beds are white to you) since Thursday . . . Caradine and Lederer dressed just alike except for the color . . . flipdizzy Carol Krausnick getting playful with the lights . . .

Harvey Bank's nice Phi Delta Theta brother from Vandy . . . also his friend . . . an uninformed freshman falling thru the panel . . . Tony and Carroll Smith perfecting the Nashville swing . . . Paullus doing same on porch . . . tho it resembled the Casino hop more nearly . . . the orchestra getting mixed up and playing two leadouts . . . Billy Reid and

EPISCOPAL CLUB TO HAVE COMMUNION

The Episcopal Club will have a Corporate Communion Sunday morning, October 25, at 7:15 at St. Luke's Church, on the corner of Peabody and LeMaster. A breakfast will be given the club by the women of the church in the parish house after the service. All those who have no way of getting to the church should see Tom Mitchell.

Barnard blocking off three square feet tiled dancing . . . at the barbecue . . . with furniture . . . the purpose—unmupaden Page and his tin mechanics wondering why the tractor wouldn't go . . . they had run it out of gas . . . Helen Graham finding out that a gun can kick . . . just like Letitia's horse . . . what Tarzan rescued her? . . . we also noticed she sat gingerly Monday . . . host Logan Hughes so busy that his date seemed like a stag . . . little Jane Alvis shooting a rifle twice her size . . . Shirley Scarbrough afraid of the same nasty weapon . . . Bob Leake serenading the bonfire . . . and so on into the nite.

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