



GENE SMITH shows grim determination which recently won him coveted promotion to General of the Army, AFROTC.

Smith Receives Promotion In AFROTC Cadet Corps

By GENE SMITH
At a special press conference in the chapel Saturday night, P. E. ("Gene") Smith announced his forthcoming promotion to the rank of sergeant in the AFROTC. Col. S. ("Sam") Whiteside confirmed the news.

The conference was called in order to "kill a lot of birds with one stone," as Smith jokingly put it. "I am prepared to answer questions in my capacity as president of the Honor Council, ex-president of Purple Magazine, lieutenant in the AFROTC (Major Whiteside confirmed this), and de jure editor of the Purple."

When Pickering, of the *Lost Cove Courier*, rose to ask for an explanation of the latter effect, Smith's handsome visage darkened, and for the first time he partially lost his composure. Grimly he stated that "the whole fabric and not of the publications system has been torn by a flood of corruption and graft, and I intend to strike at the core of the problem. With my new-found influence as captain in the AFROTC (Captain Whiteside nodded in mute acquiescence. I intended to push through a regulation lowering the grade point average necessary for editorship to something more reasonable, say 5.5. Smith hinted broadly at scandal in last year's election but would not elucidate. He only observed that "Ed) Duggan

Lancaster Proclaims Drinking Expulsions Red Dean Promises To Be Ruthless In Carrying Out 'Beer Only' Policy

Dean Robert S. Lancaster today revealed the expulsion of 215 students for violation of the drinking rules which he reiterated before the Pan-Hellenic Council two weeks ago. The dean admitted that he had been frankly ruthless in enforcing his famous "beer only" policy. An unofficial breakdown of the expulsions revealed that 212 were expelled for drinking hard liquor, seventeen for receiving Communion at the early Mass on Sunday without written permission, thirteen for the unauthorized possession of Listerine, and three Kappa Sigs who had been seen passing around a bottle of Haldol.

Although Dean Lancaster's self-proposition was remarkable as he read his prepared statement to the Purple's representative, reactions from other quarters have been loud and frenzied. At 8:30 p.m. (SAT), just an hour and a half after the dean's formal statement was flashed to the world, students rallied in front of the Chapel to discuss joint action. From Jack Talley, president of the Highlanders, came the following statement: "We're not worried. We've burned our records as a matter of procedure, but we're not really worried. That red-headed (dean) will have to back down." Official University sources, however, showed no intention of backing down. A special faculty committee of Messrs. Dugan, Grimes, and Martin was set up immediately to expedite the execution of Lancaster's Order of Expulsion. The Vice-Chancellor commented, "It's a fluctuation, sedimentation, filtration type filter, and there's no doubt that our water problem is really lice!" Other than that he had no comment and asked not to be quoted.

From the quasi-official Alumni Office (Continued on page 4)



Three unidentified students cooperate with Dr. Lancaster in his "beer only" policy. Unlike wine-bibbers, they have nothing to fear.

Pi Gamma Mu Hears Kaspar

Pi Gamma Mu, national social science fraternity, had as its speaker last week well-known freedom fighter John Kaspar. Mr. Kaspar, en route to a Klan rally in Memphis, came direct to Seawanee from Florida Supreme Court hearings. He was feted at a dinner at Cler's Friday night, after which he addressed a closed meeting of PGD. His topic was "Segregation and State Supremacy."

Saturday night he spoke to an open meeting on "Segregation and White Supremacy," followed by a vigorous question-and-answer session. Some untoward heckling was in evidence, but it was soon silenced by the efforts of Kasparites Mrs. Joseph Glover, Professor Dickx, and Donald Sanders.

Pi Gamma Mu president Billy Kimbrough, commenting on the talk, said, "... [good] speaker, and it's a good subject." Kimbrough revealed the list of speakers scheduled for future PGM meetings this year. They are John Foster Dulles, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Clement Atlee, and the late Robert A. Taft.

Errata

Dr. M. A. Moore, Ph.D., has kindly brought to the attention of the Purple's mistake in calling the Professors' Common Room the "Professors' Common Room." We assure our readers that this resulted from sheer incompetence on the part of our copy editor, John V. Pheasant. Phil Hets Kays-Bets President-Baker Schuler from the Shady Grove Community near Mountain Home in Baxter County, Arkansas. It will not happen again—Ed.

Harrison Resigns In Board Meeting; Successor Unknown

In a stormy meeting of the University faculty on Tuesday, March 27, Dr. Charles T. Harrison, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences for the past five years, tendered his resignation. In a prepared statement Dr. Harrison told the assembled pedagogues that "... I ... it is entirely congenial ... with the policy of this [University]. You can take the job and give it to someone else."

The surprise announcement shocked the entire academic community. The Vice-Chancellor had no immediate comment to make as to Dr. Harrison's possible successor. In his plush third-floor office, Dr. M. A. Moore, Ph.D., pool-pooped the rumor, voiced by the Purple's reporter, that he was next in line for the job. But there is one interesting fact. This rumor has not been officially denied.

Dean Scores Local Rape

Dean Robert Lancaster today placed on social probation the two Seawanee students who are being held by Officer McBee in connection with the brutal rape yesterday of a Seawanee resident, Mrs. J. J. ... (See RAPE, page 4).

Editor Investigates Mysterious WGSPG To Bring Back Truth To Student Body

By CLARK KENT
For two and one-half hours I took part in the mystic rites of the clandestine William Gatewood Sibley Prayer Group. Disguised as the Pope and determined to bring back the truth on this enigmatic movement for the readers of the Purple, I walked among this mysterious group of people, who in President Sibley's words, "have at last brought Christianity to the Mountain." This, then, is my story.

Through confidential, devious sources I heard that the WGSPG was to meet for its regular-scheduled Wednesday night meeting in the Furnace room of Science Hall. I disguised myself in clerical attire and joined the procession as it formed in the Biology Lecture Room and descended into the Ogden salarum. What I was to see there defies the imagination!

Sibley is leader of the group, but he is not the only influential man in the organization. This quietly fanatical group has won conversions in almost every area of college life. There is Orlannd Beall, boy intellectual, mystic, and music critic. There's Billie Kimbrough, who keeps in training by carrying his keys around. There's Henry Loutit, quiet but effective in his capacity as group exorcist.

The meeting I was attending, it

turned out, was a rally rather than an actual prayer meeting. Corresponding secretary Beall led the group in re-emphasizing the basic tenets of the WGSPG. "We want," he said, "to bring every undergraduate soul at Seawanee to the Universal Clockwinder." He hastened to add that the WGSPG was not primarily an evangelical group, but preferred to devote its time to fasting, praying, incense burning, reading Gerard Manley Hopkins and discussing the Christian aspects of Karl Marx and Christine Jorgensen.

By its "modest and pious example," said Beall, the WGSPG hopes to break through the "superficial veneer of collegiate agnosticism" and demonstrate to students the value of "simple and righteous Christian living."

The WGSPG has agents quietly out in all of the academic departments except biology. Sibley states, however, that "we have servants Naylor and Matsushita working on (Roger) Abel, and I feel that a conversion is imminent." This came during the Kingdom Progress portion of the meeting, led by enthusiastic ex-agnostic D. A. Jones. According to his reports progress "favorable" with Don ("The Littlest Gownsmen") Sanders. "This would be a coup," said Jones, "be-

cause he's carrying twenty-one hours." Jones hastened to add that "we are working on J. V. (Fleming) you know, the literary critic, and Michael Woods, the actor."

Little Henry Loutitt then addressed the group. "We're an underground group now, but we won't be for long. We will come out in the open as soon as the campus is ready for our [message]." (See RAPE, on page 4.)



Your editor, disguised as a member of the WGSPG, reports the real story to you.

Cat Problem Out Of Hand

The feline situation at Sewanee has reached a point which is fast becoming unresolvable, and in this respect our University is indeed "going to the cats." I am referring to the quite noticeable increase in the number of lions and tigers which have been invading Sewanee customs of late.

It is one thing when beasts which have been denning on the domain all their lives take it upon themselves to exact special privileges which would not be accorded to lions and tigers in an ordinary society, and quite another when an occasional student. This is one of those little things which make Sewanee a truly unique institution.

But it is another thing when a large number of them—apparently stray—animals decide to invade the bounds of human society. Recently there have been several of these cats that have been constantly seen in Chapel, Galloway, and classrooms, where with brazen assurance they have been attacking not only students, but faculty members as well. True it is that the Tiger is the Sewanee mascot, but even this would not seem to justify recent events.

Specifically, one may call attention to the medium-sized black and white spotted tiger, and the small brown lion with its mane shaved off. These are some, and the same, but in particular the black and white spotted one, have certainly been exceeding their limits. They are seen in almost every Chapel service and at every meal in Galloway. And furthermore only yesterday the medium-sized black and white spotted tiger was dragging a gump speaker into the woods.

In view of the above, I suggest that the instructors, especially the black and white spotted one, be removed from the scene. They should be kept out of doors, and perhaps the best way would be to authorize Colonel Durbale or Officer McBee to purchase lion nets, and to dig tiger traps at strategic points on the domain.

JRW

Circum Academia

We do not challenge the judicious decision of the Student Vestry to sponsor a series of talks on the general subject of "Love and Marriage." We feel, however, that the talks could be better coordinated. Better publicity is certainly in order. Actually, and de veritate, very few students knew about the first talk, delivered by Dr. McCurdy in the ATO crypt. A very embarrassing outgrowth of this sub rosa publicity occurred when, midway in the V-C's talk, two coville girls rushed in and asked, "Is this the place where they're giving that sex talk?" Student Vestry, this is something to think about.

A subject close to the hearts of every Sewanee man now that Spring is here is grass. Yes, we certainly feel a glow inside of us when we see the Eternal Being's annual rite being effected in the verdure of the hillsides. But another, and, unfortunately, an unhappy phenomenon of Spring is to be seen at Sewanee. Grass is growing between the cracks in the sidewalks. This makes ambulatory progress difficult on many of our fine stone pathways, and it is certainly not part of the Sewanee tradition. Eternal Being, this is something to think about.

JRW

Son of Lupo

A lively wolf and a snarky fox lived in a box with a tar-paper roof

Where they taught the little chickadees that they ought to sing in different keys.

And they so burned for ways and means that they even turned to twitter machines.

And after a while each chickadee could sing with a smile "Je pense, donc je suis."

But a mouse muffled low from the opposite room "Cogito, ergo sum."

The Sewanee Tiger



"BMOG or no BMOG, I still think LAD is strictly outhouse."

Lupo Returns

I had read in the *Purple*
All the lyrical gurgle
On celestial airdrums
To be had for a song;
I had waded through stanzas
On beefsteak bonanzas,
On T-bones like Texans
As thick and as long;

I had read that the Queen of
The Haute Cuisine
Could be found but a handful
Of furlongs away;
And that Doctor McCurdy
And Rosy O'Grady
Would trade in their Kinseys
or her famous file;

So—
With my Lancaster beagle
I went to Montague
To that city of glory
Where the wild women are;
And I passed up the houses
Of nightly carouses
To sit at a table
Since there wasn't a bar;

And—
I ordered the finest
The rarest
The most debonnairest
Prime cut on the card;
—After waiting two hours
I got a few glowers
And a piece of the tire
From the Chaplain's backyard!

Refrain:
O what should I find
Staring back at me there
But a rag
An 'a hawk
An 'a hawk o' 'a' best!

Well,
Wouldn't you know it,
When you treat a poor poet
Who's been dining at Galloway
Six nights out of six
In the rainiest season,
He just ain't got his reason
And is bound to get you
Into some sort of fix;

And I should have predicted
That they all get addicted
To the looses of license
And high perbale—

BUT
To think that that
Walrus
Rhinoerous
Platypus
That T-bone of
Foxygaw
Cost me three fifty-three*

DERGAN HEROES
(*Note: The three-cent tax is also hyperbole. "Snatter o' fact, so is the whole dan' poem)."

Real Letter to the Editor:

Why Not Ice Tea?

I am writing this because the thoughts which I am expressing here are shared by a good many other students here. I should be given careful and thoughtful consideration.

My first topic to be: Smoking in the Library. I do not feel that the present rule of absolutely no smoking, except in the entrance area is fair, considering that the majority of the students smoke. Some people might say that the smoke would bother those who do not smoke. I do not think this to be true because several professors permit smoking in classes where there is certainly not the open space found in the library, and no one complains about that. I admit that smoking downstairs would not be a good thing, but the reading portion there seems to be no good reason why smoking should not be permitted.

My next topic concerns the serving of ice tea at dinners throughout the year, instead of only in the fall and spring. I feel that this would be a considerable improvement to our meals. It should not cause undue strain to our budgets; it does not seem to hurt SMA, and I understand they have it all year.

I do not believe that if the administration would give these thoughts their thoughtful consideration that they would have any great objections to these improvements in our school life.

In case anyone would like a list of those people who agree with me in these matters, I would be glad to furnish one.

THEODORE S. WOLFRUM

Abbo's Scrapheap

Mr. Richard M. Nixon, in his fascinating little study *Fascism Self-Taught*, makes the statement that "... only in the South do we find evidence that we are going ground. . . . There are no Talmudges in Colorado." This statement is true on the face of it. What gives it significance is that it should come from the lips of a Yankee—an enlightened one, to be sure, but still a Yankee. It was Corlyle who first observed that a nation is not defeated until it is intellectually subjugated. The South, for this very reason, will live forever. As long as we can command and capture outstanding intellects like that of Mr. Nixon, we need not fear that our Southern children will have to go to school in integrated classrooms. In fact, most of them will never have to go to school.

It is undeniably a happy situation that the Sewanee student knows little of impertinence. It reaches the ludicrous, however, when the dull student does not know the meaning of the word. Tennessee is known as the Volunteer State (as we are wont to observe upon occasion in the classroom). And when the poor student, who knows not the definition for the word "impertinence" questions Tennessee's claim to its happy sobriquet on the grounds that it was the last state to join the Confederacy and the first to leave, he (like Truman) in fact does not know what he is doing. We could perhaps supply the definition for both cases.

While in my rovine one day, I noticed a phenomenon among the animals which inevitably passed to mind the words of Rousseau. (See RAPE, page 4.)

Bruneau's Fables

From the inimitable pen of Bernard Barip THE BARDS OF CHIVALRY AND HELL. As the inspired hero of Lupo's chrestomathy My basic, pre-natal, bloated Corpore of woe Remains to be confusion. Osteopathy Rhymes, but it doesn't have enough syllables, which is bad, because Bruneau is very strict about his verse form. He sits in meditation behind the keyed machine To rack his brain and search his pulsating brain For words, ah, yes, a vocabulary 'I've been' Said you can't write a bubble without Funk and Wagnell's, And this is very true. I would like to write for us MORAL THE SECOND: The pseudoes Get the kudos STROPE: If you don't understand Bruneau, merely chuckle and look knowing. "Pronounced in the British way, of course, to rhyme with "machine."

Letter to the Editor:

It's OK With Me
DEAR SIR:
It has come to my attention that certain members of the student body have expressed a dissatisfaction with the editorial policy of the *Purple*—and with what justification? None, so far as I can see. The piercing insight of the editor more than makes up for deficiencies in other departments. The editor of the *Purple* would seem to be beyond human for any unreasonable action. Indeed, with his genuine interest in the affairs of other people, his unflinching support of the administration, his critical analysis of each and every situation which arises, and his New Albany, Indiana, attitude Mr. Wright stands first among one of the finest editors of American college publications. From this reader, Mr. Wright—anything you do is all right with me.

Sincerely,
Miss JOEY WAZART
New Albany, Indiana

The Sewanee Purple

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Sewanee Purple Sports

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, APRIL 1, 1957

FOOT FAULTS

By MONROE K. JOCK

The Intramural Games reported elsewhere on this page called forth many succinct comments from spectators, among which was a suggestion that this aspect of Sewanee's burgeoning sports program ought to go big time, in line with our new goal of making ourselves a real name in the sports world. We feel that this form of beautiful outdoor activity would be a significant addition to Sewanee's existing 68-sport intercollegiate program, fit to accompany such activities as dodgeball, beer-can stacking, ogling, butterfly chasing, and all those other wonderful sports. Sewanee's new Athletic Director, Grundy Jervis, was reported favorable to the suggestion, although he was unavailable for comment.

.....

We're sorry that we were unable to bring our readers a full report on the annual wrestling match between the University Intramural and Champlin's varsity squad and St. Mary's, due to a sudden failure in the lights. Sophomore co-captains Beall, Swinney, and Gussell are reported to have performed splendidly, however, dismissing their opponents with apt quotations from Swinburne, Elliot, and 14th century Italian balladeer Pseudo Arabesque. Sophomore's sage mentor, Arthur Ben Martin, defeated Sister Cristabel in the exhibition contest which preceded the main event.

.....

The curator of the Sewanee Ravine Gardens has complained recently that a certain effluvia apparently proceeding

KS, BTP, DTD Win In IM Games

Kappa Sigma placed first in the eighteenth annual celebration of Intramural Lenten Games held in the yard of the Chaplain's house last Sunday afternoon. Beta Theta Pi took second, and Delta Tau Delta third in the most exciting series of contests witnessed in recent years.

The Kappa Sigma led right from the start, taking a first in freestyle crucifix carrying, and a second in the candle lighting medley relay.

The Betas, however, began to pose a considerable threat after coping one-two-three in dung-hill groveling. DTD proved to be the only other frat able to stand the competition, and managed to pile up a few points in the humble pie eating race.

Gatewood Sibley and Zach Ruber took the Games in the bag for the Kappa Sigma, when they smashed all other contenders by covering each other with sackcloth and ashes in eleven seconds flat, without rendering a single garment!

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EVERY DAY
MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE

See Harry Steeves for a collection of Elegance in Gentlemen's apparel from

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OF MOUNTAIN BROOK, INC.
GENTLEMEN'S APPAREL OF QUALITY

from the vicinity of the new Juhon Gym seems to be killing off all his daffodils, and has asked that some kind of flocculation, sedimentation, filtration filter be procured and installed to wipe out this hideous gas. Well, all we've got to say to you is that if you don't like it, you can . . . go jump in the lake. Athletics are an integral part of our American Way of Life, and any Red that criticizes them had better look out here, because we take care of our own.



J. E. Hatfield, T. P. Da Spaghet, and Apollo Vaingorious have recently been bought by McCreedy to "bolster up the football squad and put an end to the water problem."

Sewanee Gridmen Get Three Players

Vice-Chancellor Edward S. McCreedy bounced into chapel yesterday and announced that Sewanee was dropping its policy of not "buying athletes." From now on, it will buy the "V-C, " who will get the best grid-ironers the money can buy."

He went on to announce that he had actually already purchased three fine young specimens of humanity, and hoped to get several more.

The lucky three are: JACOB REKES, HATFIELD, formerly an employee of Jerry Beam & Co. Hardware store in Cross Crossing, N. C. Hatfield was first-string fourth grade fullback of Cross Crossing P. S. for seven years, after which he was picked up by a wandering slave trader who subsequently sold him to the University of Gethsemerous where he is presently stepped on two line coaches, killing them instantaneously. In spite of his plea that he "didn't mean no harm," he was put back on the block and auctioned to Sewanee, "at a considerable saving"—said Ed McC.

TOMY PALMANTIEN as SEAGERIE is a big town boy who made him. He agreed to come to Sewanee after being assured that Hayden McBees was a Sheriff, not (in Tony's quaint language) a "copper." Da Spaghet has played on several top forms sandlot teams (the seat), and apparently "knows da ropes." "Me and my shiv," he says. "we do ja."

APOLLO VAINGORIOUS is presently setting in the capacity of the Saturday hero of Hillbrook High School, North Dakota. In honor of this young man, the county fathers of Black Plains County in which Hillbrook is located have extended the football season officially to last all year, enabling player Vaingorious to increase his total number of touchdowns to 2,162. "If Apollo had been running football in a straight line," said Mayor of Hillbrook Geoffrey Weatherstain, "he could have gone around the moon twice."

BANK OF SEWANEE
H. E. CLARK, President
ROSS SEWELL, Vice-President
F. W. MEYER, Cashier
YOUR BUSINESS APPRECIATED

Collins Defeats Jones To Take Ping-Pong Lead

By MONROE K. JOCK

(Special From The Sewanee Preview) Chaplain David B. "Killer" Collins has taken a commanding lead in the quarter-finals of the AACCUPITAAU-NAAP table tennis tourney, Sewanee Regional Elimination bracket. Cool, calm, and smiling even at moments of the greatest tension, Collins' booming table and the greatest serve in big-time table tennis competition brought him smashing victory over Joe "Pancho" Jones, 21-0, 21-0, as Jones consistently flubbed into the net.

Collins' famous table tennis paddle, Excelsior, duty signed by all the natives notable for being shaped like a Phi Beta Kappa key, darted to and fro like a fishing scimitar to take points after points from a game but under-powered Jones, whose only comment at the conclusion of the match was unprintable, in the best traditions of table tennis sportsmanship.

In other matches around the circuit, it was Richard Noodoo in straight games over Mrs. Myers, although the winner dropped several important points when he fell over his briefcase. A screaming line drive to the clean shroud of former ring champion Bob Pierce, temporarily disconcerting him, brought kudos to B-Boy Soreberry-Souray, as holder of an amazing table tennis aficionados road to their feet to acclaim a truly magnificent performance.

In what was perhaps the most thrilling of the afternoon's matches, a red-cliff-hunter was halted with R. D. Swinney holding a 237-236 edge over a dogged Bishop Juhon. The four-set contest ended when Hrothgar ate the ball.

In mixed doubles Jim Grimes and Strat Buck edged John McCredy and Mary Dalney Ware by 21-19, 19-21, 21-19.

University Senate Suspects Graft In Honor Council

In a mysterious action by the University Senate, the Honor Council of the University of the South was today ordered "temporarily" disbanded. The action came as a complete surprise to usually well-informed Purzess sources, who were at a loss to explain the University's motives. When asked to comment on the situation, outgoing Honor Council head (Pants) Eugene J. Smith held only cursory comments: "I don't know anything about this. And furthermore don't quote me. It's going to be busy all day with Sam over at Palmetto. There just isn't any story here."

University sources too were evasive. Timothy Piekering, head of the University Senate subcommittee on collusion, deferred comment "until I have a chance to talk this thing over with Chuck and Red. It could be something big, but we can't tell yet." When pressed he offered only fragmental confirmation. "I . . . can tell you, this . . . It doesn't have anything to do with the Acolytes' Guild Milk Pund" scandal. "We know that Paris was completely innocent in this case . . . or, meaning anything at present, of course. B-but, I'll have to talk to Chuck and Red, I mean Red and Chuck, like I said."

For the time being, Dr. Bruton will hear all cases that would regularly go to the Honor Council.

Each year uncounted scores of cartons die within the icy confines of the frozen tundras.

Paul Revere made George Washington's first set of false teeth.

Mrs. Anna Mae McBees spent the weekend visiting with relatives in the Lost Cove community.



This is Danny Rieck's preliminary sketch of the multi-million dollar new Bishop Juhon Outhouse. (See story at lower right.)

Acolytes Riot In All Saints'

All Saints' Chapel was the scene of a riot which threatened to involve the entire membership of the Acolytes Guild last Sunday morning, it was reported by Sewanee Warden Bayly Turington. The outbreak, which occurred shortly before the early service, apparently occurred after an argument between W. Gatewood Sibley, 21, and Karl Gladden, 21. Both were arrested on charges of drunk and disorderly and disturbing the peace.

The scuffle, which broke out behind the altar, resulted from a disagreement over the question of precedence in breast-beating between Sibley and Gladden, both high chapel officials. Within a short time onlookers became involved, as tempers flared.

Attempts to quell the disorder only resulted in further displays of violence. Prayer books, hymnals, candlesticks and other chapel accoutrements were used as weapons by the enraged Acolytes and their supporters, and several persons were injured in the scuffle, none seriously.

Among those hospitalized were O. Gee Beall, who suffered a slight concussion when struck by a guided missile. Also among the injured was Sig. John.

The riot was finally quelled when Dean C. T. Harrison, Ph.D., became engaged at an attempt to use the newly 30-foot Steinway Concert Grand for battering ram. The attempt was made by a group of Gladdentites to oust a band of Sibley's guerrillas from the sanctuary of St. Augustine's Chapel.

Perhaps the most cogent comment on the riot was made by J. V. Piekering, of Mountain Home, Arkansas, who said as he was dragged away "Gladden, the cross I bear," "Phlegm, English major. Baker Schlegel, BTP, is a member of the Purzess staff."

Sewanee Chaplain David B. "Killer" Collins, much in the news this week-end spent the night in prayer and fasting with the two young malefactors in their dungeon in the Jasper jail, and reported this morning that both ate healthy meals.

Castor beans grow wild in Abyssinia.

Bishop Juhon played center on the Sewanee football team as long ago as 1908.

A certain ATO is missing a very important part of his fraternal jewelry. Who's the lucky miss, Olin?

Board of Regents Votes To Proceed With Construction

At its spring session two weeks ago the University's 13 men Board of Regents voted unanimously and enthusiastically to proceed immediately with the construction of a \$25,000 Frank A. Juhon Memorial Outhouse. According to reliable sources, this will be the "largest facility in terms of size over constructed by a college whose enrollment was comparable to that of Sewanee."

Though only a small part of the money needed to finance construction is available, Vice-Chancellor Edward McCreedy told the Board reassuringly, "Money means very little indeed unless it is used for something; at any rate it was at Sewanee cannot wait much longer for the facility."

Plans as submitted by Proxities & Co. call for a ten-floor structure built entirely with discarded toothpicks, "to save on construction costs." According to the development office, one toothpick per communicant ought to do the job. Upon completion, the building will have a maximum operating capacity of 675 (175 more than the University's present enrollment).

Bishop Juhon said that, "We decided to build an outhouse because I am strictly . . ."

Regents Suggest Adoption of Arms

The suggestion to adopt a coat-of-arms was made at the last meeting of the Board of Regents (the agenda having been cleared of such topics as restaurants, motels, parking lots, and the type of student at Sewanee). Certain members of the Board objected to the Holy Ghost descending into beer mugs—"Inappropriate use of religious symbol" it was called. Therefore, before the risk of offending the Almighty becomes too great, an arms will be adopted.

Oldham Theatre
MONDAY, MARCH 25
RAWEDGE
TUES., WED., THURS., MARCH 26, 27, 28
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

THE NEXT TIME ASK FOR
University Orange
"The green spot that hits the spot!"
The Mountain's Favorite Drink
The University Dairy

ROTC Gives Paris Smith New Position

(Continued from page 1)
 it is up to the individual, who is requested to rush immediately to Thompson Union and purchase a University Orange and one of Mrs. Mae's two-egg cups. The nourishing contents of the UO are to be poured into the two-egg cup, there to be conserved as rations for the future and the UO bottle is to be broken judiciously. This has a double significance: it may be used to kill weeds and salamanders in order to maintain life while in Wet Cave, ultimate destination of the shaker-seeker; by the Union and the egg the UO may well have to be brought into play to defend oneself from the various casts of unknown origin now roaming the Mountain, especially the medium-sized, black-and-white spotted one. (See editorial page).

Smiling coolly, Smith announced that Operation "UO" was receiving his official sanction as colonel in the Sewanee AFROTC (Sergeant Whiteside applauded loudly). He remarked that the Selby-Marsdorf-Smith-Eisenhower chain of command was unbroken and that he was receiving full cooperation from all corners.

Assuming the garment of dramatics with the speed of a quick-change artist, Smith laid the assembled newspapermen that selection of the next Purple Masque had been made. "Ole Brin [ley Rhys] was tryin' to sneek one by us," said Smith in his diarming Swain drawl, "but we stood up for our rights." It seems that the final selection had to be made from W. B. Yeats's "The Hawk's Well," submitted by Rhys, and Smith's suggestion, "My Fair Lady," the latter of which was chosen. "Said Ellis is a natural for the lead," said Smith, smiling easily.

In his last announcement of the evening, Smith told the group that he had just received confirmation of his promotion to the rank of four-star general. Gently pushing Private White aside away with his foot, Smith said he would use his new-found influence to get the former a promotion of his own. "We need men like Sam in this man's army," said Smith, smiling easily.

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This week's lovely girl of the month is Miss Generel Clapp of New Albany, Indiana.

Lancaster Reveals Expulsions

(Continued from page 1)
 face came the comforting report of Arthur Ben Clitty that "... we can whip this problem in the same way we whipped the flu epidemic of 1918 or the 1930 plague. . . . Still, we've lost a lot of students."
 General student reaction was overwhelmingly anti-administration, although there were exceptions. Donald Sanders, who has only one kidney, preached asceticism in the quadrangle until he was stoned into unconsciousness. There was even some hostility to the policy voiced by the faculty. Dr. M. A. Moore, Ph.D., remarked that the only student left in his American Literature and Eighteenth Century courses was Fairfield Butt.
 But the real story on the Sewanee dignior situation was taking place off the Mountain. Solace Freeman reported that telegrams were coming in. ". . . like they never did before." Reaction off the Mountain, as it was, mixed. Most of the telegrams came from alumni demanding Dr. Lancaster's prompt resignation, but he was not without his admirers. From Dr. Billy Jones, world-famous evangelist from Smeckover, Ark., came the following message: "STRENGTH TO YOU BROTHER LANCASTER IN YOUR GOOD SWEET JESUS IS GUIDING YOU STOP AM AVAILABLE FOR FOLLOW-UP MISSION." The telegram of the Associated Alumni of Atlanta was more terse: "LANCASTER STOP."
 "The American Press has been merciless in its exploitation of the 'great-crime' crime since Ruhl Judd," Feme magazine, in a last minute before publication addition, carried a biting story: "Building Alumni Director A. B. (rhymes with 'Maybe') Chilly looked out from behind his double-breasted suit to comment 'Everything is just right. Now please don't make something big out of this. I don't have a

story for you boys at present!' The story he didn't have was that the crime de crime and the butteifer too had turned out to be barntion and skinned milk! . . ."

From the ecclesiastic came unofficial sanction for the move too. Bishop "Geneva" Juhn commented that it was in the finest liberal tradition of the Episcopal Church, and Chaplain David Collins backed the Administration's stand. "Red and I have discussed this policy, and we are in complete agreement. The policy has had tremendous success at Bob Jones University, and there is no reason why it can't work here."

In a second statement (about 5:00 p.m.) Dean Lancaster refused to discuss the drinking problem, but said that he was issuing notice "here and now" that he intended to crack down on playing bridge for money and mumblebeep "in the near future." He also hinted that the narcotics and pederasty problems would come under his "alert eyes" after he had taken care of the "more important vices."

EQB To Publish Official Magazine

At its last regular meeting, Eege Quam Bonum discussed plans to publish an official magazine for the scholarly group. To be called the EQB Pequebe, which, as Dr. Furlington observed, ". . . doesn't mean a . . . thing, but ought to catch the eye of the public," the weekly magazine will be printed by the University Press.
 Plans are still at the tentative stage, but the general scope of the publication has been determined. It will contain "exciting, first-person adventures written by the men who lived them."

The first edition of the Pequebe, which should be out in early May, will include a chapter from Dr. Whitesell's new unpublished book Through Lost Cove Cave with Ceasde and Camera, "Birth Control and You," by Dr. Yeastman, "The Classroom: Personality is Important," by Senor Pickering, and an 800-page annotated bibliography of Eighteenth Century political poems by Dr. M. A. Moore, Ph.D.

PERSONALS:
 GASTOS—please come home. I didn't mean what I said.

 JESUS SAVES.

 Mountain Home, Arkansas, is the largest city in the country without a railroad.

Pic of Flicks

By JOHN PHILEGIMING

Wednesday, March 29. The better half of the double bill this week is Birth of a Nation. It's neat. Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Elmer Clifton (in his best role) delineate a bitter indictment of the carpet baggers who exploited our bleeding homeland during reconstruction. As timely as it was in 1915. A neat. Mixing the bitter with the sweet (aie) we have a reissue of The Clever Dumbey, a laboured farce with Jack Ackroyd, Wayland Trace, and Ben Turpin. A lesser, but maybe Solace will show it last Thursday and Friday, March 21-22. Hileen Kane, with Orson Welles, show

how a dirty little Fascist gets rich under the Republicans. Orson gloms on a pile of loot on a newspaper and becomes a wheel. When he's discovered by his shrew in a platonic little extra-marital nest with a piano-playing fiddle, the public gives him the heave. Our hero is left to spend the rest of his days playing chess with his sweetie in an abode with rooms like Grand Central. If you go for this avant-garde movie book you might like it, but I'll take John Wayne.

Owl flick: The Grapes of Wrath is neat. Henry Fonda (he's hard) is one of Steinbeck's Okies who is chased off his little acre by the Republicans, and goes West for the Better Life, advertised in capitalist handbills. Not owl flick material, perhaps, but worthwhile.

Chitty Changes Centennial Plan

In a joint statement issued simultaneously from the Alumni Office and the Office of Development, it was disclosed yesterday that the University has changed the date of its Centennial from 1958 to 1985. "Actually," said Mr. A. B. Chitty, Director of Public Relations and sometime historian of the University, "this is not a change. It merely rectifies a typographical mistake made early this year in the Purple, in which the last two digits of the date somehow got interchanged. I'm not blaming the Purple. Nobody is perfect. But I do want to clear this up."

Saturday and Monday, March 23 and 25. According to "Boxoffice," Frontis Gambler is a right hard flick. John Bromfield is a deputy deigning to delly down into disaster of dead doll, done by distard. Boxom bobo respawns. Hero ogles. Venal venial threeman. Cacophonous carnage from blasting bellies. Couple clinches (protagonists pass passionately).

Sunday and Tuesday, March 24 and 26. Haven't heard much about Unshorn to D but Monroe, Joe, Chuck, Marston, Brinley, and Abbo all tell me it's neat, so I guess it must be. Italian neorealism with a vengeance, directed by Vittorio Di Sica. An old man on a street. Alone. Subtly.

The plans of the University have always been, he said, to observe 1985, the hundredth anniversary of the beginning of reconstruction at Sewanee, as the University's official Centennial.

Henry Tompkins Kirby-Smith, Jr., was elected last week into Sigma Upsilon (Sopherin), student literary society.

MUST SELL CHEAP! Book issues of Nugget, Playboy, Escapade, Gent, Sunshine and Health going at rock-bottom prices, before getting married. See Rabbit Knight.

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VICE VERSA*

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 Of course you know
 You must get a license
 Before you go!

Oh! After a deer.
 Then it's reversed.
 Never mind the license—
 Catch the deer first!

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