



Dear Mother and Dad,

It has now been three months since I left for college. I have been remiss in writing and I am very sorry for my thoughtlessness and in not having written before. I will now bring you up to date, but before you read on, please sit down, Okay?

Well, then I am getting along pretty well now. The skull fracture and concussion I got when I jumped out of the window of my dormitory when it caught fire shortly after my arrival are pretty well healed now. I only spent two weeks in the hospital, and now I can see almost normally and only get those sick headaches once a day.

Fortunately, the fire in the dormitory and my jump were witnessed by an attendant at the gas station near the dorm, and he was the one who called the fire department and the ambulance. He also visited me in the hospital and since I had nowhere to live because of the burned out dormitory, he was kind enough to invite me to share the apartment with him. It really is a basement room, but it's the kind that's cute. He is a very fine boy and we have fallen deeply in love and are planning to get married. We haven't set the exact date yet but it will be before my pregnancy begins to show.

Yes, Mother and Dad, I am pregnant. I know how much you are looking forward to being grandparents and I know you will welcome the baby and give it the same love and devotion and tender care you gave me when I was a child. The reason for the delay in our marriage is that my boy friend has some minor infection which prevents us from passing our premarital blood tests and I carelessly caught it from him. This will soon clear up with the penicillin injections I am now taking daily.

I know that you will welcome him into our family with open arms. He is kind and although not well educated, he is ambitious. Although he is of a different race and religion than ours, I know your often expressed tolerance will not permit you to be bothered by the fact that his skin is a different color than ours. I am sure that you will love him as I do. His family background is good too, for I am told that his father is an important gunbearer in the village in Africa from which he comes.

Now that I have brought you up to date, I want to tell you that there was no dormitory fire, I did not have a concussion or a skull fracture, I was not in the hospital, I am not pregnant. I am not engaged, I do not have syphilis, and there is not a negro in my life. However, I'm getting a D in history and an F in science; and I wanted you to see these marks in the proper perspective.

Your loving daughter,

# The Sewanee Purple

Volume 104, Issue 1

The University of the South

January 15, 1981

## BEING OF SOUND MIND AND BODY....

Late last week a diligent pair of *Sewanee Purple* editors wandered aimlessly back to the Mountain and landed on the second floor of the Bishop's Common. When they emerged several days later the result was this *Purple*; you are now reading. What started out to be a "Best of the *Sewanee Purple*" did not exactly turn out that way.

Instead, we present a slightly less than award-winning conglomeration of past *Purple* articles. For in choosing articles from those available in the rusty file cabinet many so called "more journalistic" articles were eliminated in favor of those which we decided to be more interesting and relevant to the present. Lack of time, manpower, funds, and space prevented us from producing a survey of articles accurately indicative of the

## "Best of the Sewanee Purple."

Production of this issue was not painless. After choosing the articles, (a highly subjective process; but after all is not subjectivity a privilege enjoyed by all persons holding positions of power?), the ordeal of Layout commenced. Between the two of us we knew little to nothing about conventional layout techniques.

Each article appears in its original form. Because we had to contend with

countless variations of type-styles and column widths, the appearance of each page perhaps breaks every imagined rule for laying out a publication. Nevertheless, be assured that an immeasurable amount of care and attention to detail was put forth. In reading through this issue, refer to the inserted dates and keep in mind that we used no article which was originally intended to be a joke.

Finally, as the new co-editors of the *Purple* we

hope this issue offers an inspiring welcome back to *Sewanee*.

Read. Enjoy; but if you don't please let us know.

-S.K. and B.S.  
January 15, 1981

p.s. bets are now being placed as to which of us will be sane and healthy come May.

Cover article: October 18, 1980

## Woodlands

Now...



And Then...

## Living Conditions at Woodland Apartments Still Unresolved

There used to be a rule against married students attending Sewanee, but someone saw the folly in it and had it set aside. After the war, World War II that is, the administration built the Woodland apartments for married students to stay in.

There were originally thirty apartments in ten small buildings of three each, and they provided at the time, adequate housing.

When the veterans all left, the apartments were used by married students of the College, and by the theology students. This arrangement worked out in a satisfactory manner until recently, when the Woodland apartments began to be allowed to deteriorate. Since in the last five or six years, thirty-four new housing units have been given to the school of theology, the Woodland apartments have been occupied by students of the college.

The apartments were originally built without much regard for beauty or permanence, and now, twenty years after their construction, they are in a state of near ruin.

## Regents See Fit To Do Nothing

The subject of housing for married students was brought up before the regents, but they have seen fit to do nothing, and the administration has followed this line, and has developed

a policy of allowing the Woodland apartments to simply fall apart until they are uninhabitable. Then they are torn down.

Last spring three were destroyed and last summer, no major repairs were effected. Indeed, nothing more was done than a little cleaning or painting. Holes in the walls and floors, cracks and leaks in the ceilings were left unfixed, and the married students were greeted with a pretty unlovely sight. They are beginning to feel a firm pressure against them.

Last semester THE PURPLE criticized the administration for tearing down the three buildings without plans for replacing them.

Though it must be said in the administration's behalf that no university money has been spent on housing for the theology students, but

only money given for that purpose, we feel that just because no money has been received in behalf of the college students is no reason for their expulsion from the campus or for them to have to suffer any undue hardships.

We still feel that the married students are a small but important part of the campus, and that this percentage must not be abolished.

We still feel that the enlarged number of college students warrants an enlarged percentage of housing devoted to married students. At least, let it not be decreased!

We therefore urge the administration and the regents to again reconsider their policy and to provide better housing at least to alleviate the disastrous conditions in Woodland.

September 22, 1936

October 24, 1939

Sewanee is expecting a large number of girls for Homecoming Week-end, November 4. Most of the girls will be staying with residents here on campus. However, Selden Hall, which will accommodate about fifty girls, and the Nurses' Home are also available. October 19, 1937

## Curfew Established By Dean of Women

By ANNA DURHAM

Benedict's common room hosted a representative group of Sewanee's females last week and Miss Elizabeth Morrow, Dean of Women.

What happened inside the closed doors of the Dorm's main room? Miss Morrow began by explaining very simply, as she had in Monday's symposium, that she set up the rules to afford girls privacy and protection. She also stated that there were reasons the girls did not understand concerning the establishing of a curfew.

With these statements discussion exploded. One of the first comments of any definite opinion was made by Susan Aiken. "Girls should be able to come in whenever they want because by the time we come to college we should be mature enough to make our own decisions." Miss Morrow's rebuttal was, "Some of the girls have told me personally they need reinforcement for coming in. They want to be able to say, 'I have to be in now.'"

The argument for no hours continued with the Dean agreeing that it would be an idealistic situation but she did not feel it was a realistic one. She again made reference to these girls who want curfew and said, "I have to protect the minority."

Cristie Bay suggested quiet hours in the dorms (Benedict and Hoffman). These would be set up so girls could get studying done with no squeals or shrieks from the outside or courtyard. The effectiveness of this measure was debated and a motion was made to set up a house judiciary to decide on such matters. The idea of a women's committee was favored by the group. Group information was the only definite piece of information resulting from the meeting Wednesday night at 11:30: the girls

voiced on what Miss Morrow termed a "steering committee." Five girls were selected to discuss and suggest new rules. The girls' names will be announced in next week's PURPLE.

Judy Ward advocated that an overall vote be taken among the girls on suggestions the committee makes. One should vote that these suggestions would first have to be approved by the Dean or the outcome of the vote would be of no consequence.

Two notable statements of opinion were made by Miss Morrow. "I am not going to permit you to have no curfew. There is too big a group of you." She did say later that she would extend the hours for upperclassmen but would "not be willing to extend it for freshmen at this time. I happen to think the rule for freshmen are very reasonable."

Mention was made of the fact that girls can climb in windows or over the iron gates to come in after hours. Dean Morrow said she would rather girls sign out for a late and get a key (of which there is and will be a limited number) than to sneak in late. But keys are only available to upperclassmen.

The meeting disbanded dully for some. No hope for no hours. Others left feeling a bit more secure.

## Salaries at Sewanee Rate at National Top

By CHARLES DOUGLAS

Sewanee's teachers are among the best paid in the nation. According to the annual report of the American Association of University Professors for the year 1936-37, Sewanee ranks in the top 15 per cent of the nation's colleges and universities.

In comparing Sewanee with schools of its own size, the ranking is even higher: one of the top two in the nation.

The AAUP report each year grades the reporting institutions in the same way that professors grade their students. Sewanee's overall grade for the last school year was a B.

The report gave the average salary of the teaching staff as \$11,060 per year plus another \$1,275 that is deducted for social security, hospitalization insurance and retirement fund. The figures for this year are not yet available.

The salaries naturally vary according to the rank of the faculty member. According to Dr. Gaston Bruton, the range of the salaries and the mean salaries are as follows: for professors—rang \$11,600 to \$19,000, mean \$14,318; for associate professors—rang \$10,600 to \$12,500, mean \$11,095; for assistant professors—rang \$8,300 to \$19,000, mean \$9,121; for instructors—rang \$5,700 to \$8,100, mean \$7,650. The above

mean salaries do not include deductions for social security, etc.

Dr. Bruton said that Sewanee is working to improve the salaries even more. The school has been among the leaders since the awarding of a Ford Foundation grant in 1934. The present salaries are double what they were in 1937. Dr. Bruton said that the salaries will be increased by a further 75 per cent in the period 1962-1972.

The beginning salary of a faculty member varies according to his degree and his experience. A man with an M.A. and no experience may start as an instructor at \$6,700; however, if a man has a Ph.D., he may start at \$8,100.

The salaries of faculty members are generally highest in New England, California and Hawaii. Also the larger school can usually afford to pay their professors more. Being a small southern school, Sewanee has an extremely high level of faculty salaries.

October 19, 1937

## Sigma Nus, ATOs Entertain Co-eds from Sullins College

By now most members of the student body are aware of the fact that there were a few more skirts floating in our mountain breeze this past weekend than is usually the case. This phenomena of nature can for once be easily explained.

Sixty-four co-eds from Sullins College in Bristol, Virginia, chartered a bus on their own initiative, and headed for the Mountain Friday afternoon. Dean Webb had arranged for two fraternities, the Sigma Nus and the ATOs, to entertain them when they arrived, and act as the host groups. The girls got here late Friday afternoon and moved into Selden Hall for the weekend.

Friday night the host fraternities entertained the girls with informal parties. Many of the girls were paired off by this time with a wide assortment of university men, from varied social groups, not solely the host groups. The

## Rush Season Ends in Ruins

By JOHN BENNETT

Rush on the mountain ended Monday, October 18. After "shake" early in the afternoon, the freshmen went to their chosen fraternities to meet the rest of their pledge brothers and let the fraternities gloat over their season's catch.

The afternoon was filled with a lot of "tis great to have you," "you made the right choice," and, in the background, could be heard as some spoke in dismay, "Where is so and so?" Yet with a few disappointments, all fraternities were pleased as pledge classes exceeded last year's number.

The day was long from over, for that

evening all new men gathered in Convocation Hall to formally receive their bids. This solemn occasion was followed by the best display of Sewanee spirit this year.

The night began as the new pledges entered the houses, greeted with handshakes and pats on the back, but most of all with the directions to where the bar was. So beer and bliss there was. It must have been a rather hot evening because there were kegs to quench everyone's thirst.

Yes, the night was full of good cheer. Here are some lingering rumors as to what happened. (Most names will be omitted as not to incriminate the guilty.)

It was reported, by a reliable source, that a paranoid, from the state of New York fancied himself as a wounded "kami kazi pilot." This poor, ruined owl was taken into the KA house where many jolly brothers were enjoying some fried chicken and country ham. This unknown ace, proceeded to serve the potato salad, by the hand fulls, to anyone who stood in his way. Then went the fried chicken, ham, and beer, and all, none excluded, got ruined.

At the Delta house, the new pledges and actives had a "merry ole time," playing football while trying to understand what had happened to the beer that had once been so plentiful.

The SAE house reported a few minor incidents as everyone was drenched the other with the golden nectar. However, as the Paji's and Sigma Nus converged on the lunch period, a brother from Florida, bravely held him back with a water pistol. Unfortunately, his stand was in vain, because the next morning the golden lion was pink and blue.

The ATO's night, quenching their thirsts with much rest, reportedly confiscated a statue from the SN's. The sole ATO ran out their whole chapter, leathers and all. Also that evening, some brothers got gay and a pair of pants ended up on the Union flag pole, leaving someone with only their shorts to fight the evening cold.

The Beta's celebrated this affair, more religiously, by having their toasts and cheer beneath the shadows of the Cross. Shortly after returning, someone must have put a "men's room" sign on their front yard, because the brothers from up the hill, marched down and relieved themselves on the side of the house.

One of the strangest sights that night, was at the house "where the girls are." As one walked in, he saw groups of brothers, mostly with dates, standing around in groups. Each with a cigarette in one hand, a drink in the other, monogrammed belt buckle, and assorted leathers highly polished, just hatted and having a good time. It was rumored that someone was so impressed by the sight that he felt obligated to write his response on the ceiling in basement.

A few other incidents were reported that night. Like the three SAE's who were caught digging up a pair of pants in the graveyard by the Sewanee Police. And the "Pollyanna Fleshpie" at the KA house. However, after several injuries to the Emerald-Hodgson Hospital, Dr. Kirby-Smith called Dean Webb to help referee.

This madness, cheer, and bliss, went on throughout the night. However, when the dust cleared the next day, there was one heap of a mess for the pledges to clean up.

## Quotation for the Week

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"—Vergil  
"Perhaps one day, it will be pleasant even to remember these things!"

September 21, 1866

October 7, 1969

## Another Jolly Weekend Passes

By JOHN BENNETT

The weekend was in full on one, but at least one thing can be said, "The Sewanee men, like the gridiron team, had a fertile weekend after six barren weeks."

The weekend will not go down as one of the craziest nor will it be called the worst, but it may have been one of the calmest. The festivities were somewhat delayed by mid-term tests last week, but at last, Thursday night the kick-off arrived with Highlander and Wellington initiations. These two fine, upstanding (and much in Sewanee tradition) drinking societies—which now could be called "impress your date with a kill or cape societies"—initiated an elite fall crop. The initiations went on with much incident and the new members managed to enjoy about an hour-half-hour of the evening before passing gracefully, one by one.

Yet, hark, for as these few fellow students passed, many others spent a joyful evening at the KA house, listening to the superb recitations of Sewanee's own Tuna and the Fish.

It was at supper on Friday night that one could tell a lot about a boy on his date. At the tables where those who were well endowed and had good dates, at At Tubby's, those who were not so well endowed, yet with pretty good dates, at. At the union, those who were not very well endowed and had horrible dates, etc. And then there were the horrible boys with horrible dates who in their bedrooms—

Much must be said for the German Club band, Freedom, for they really put on an excellent show. Dean Webb must have been rather impressed, for he was forced to make his stand also. Much in the same way that long hair has outlasted crew cuts and mini-skirts outlasted ankle length ones, the pants suit has been rather chic and in style for several years, yet was banned from the dance by the Dean. As he said, "We are rather old-fashioned around here."

Later that night, bands were heard doing in the morning. All went as well as was expected. There were no real horror shows and no girls were seen doing any traditional burlesque routines.

Saturday morning showed the makings of a joyous day. It was good old Sewanee weather—rain inter-mixed with fog and the temperature was about 40 degrees. To start off the morning, a certain group of early risers had breakfast and Bloody Marys at the Inn. Sports were so warmed that more early risers found need to refresh themselves too. The Beta's being among that group started the morning with a big trash can full of grain-punch—which could be more of a morning welcome?

Saturday evening was filled with many bands blasting away to the contentment of the alcoholic rituals going on and about the dance floors.

The night was like the rest of the weekend, without much in the way of incident. However a few minor happenings were noticed, most of which took place upstairs in fraternity houses. For one, there was the young lady from Converse, who had a date with a KA pledge, but at one intermission, she left him and went upstairs to the pool room, which was unlighted and there sank into an embrace with one of the members of the Soul group playing that night. Being of a rather liberal mind, her date, who was having trouble negotiating the stairs, did not take the situation too seriously.

At the Beta house, a certain illustrious member decided to ask his date a personal question by using his calling card that dangled between two rows of brass teeth. The Paji's really let their hair down this weekend and everyone was full of good cheer. Especially one young lady who was sitting on her date in the balcony. One could tell she was having a good time from the smile on her face, but the air must have been thin up there because she was taking mighty breaths.

One amazing thing about the weekend was the lack of outside law officers collecting their usual toll. However, there was one small incident which happened to a campus visitor. As he was driving to Monteagle in the fog and somewhat full of cheer, he had a little trouble navigating and managed to run a car off the road. All would have been well had not the car

had a blue light on top and the words "Tennessee State Highway Patrol" printed on the side.

The night also found many hopeful couples somewhat disappointed as the manager of a major youth cabinine one hand and master key in the other, made a bed check. Needless to say, many a fair virgin remained disheartened, yet still a virgin. No bed checks were made in the dorms, and there was probably no need. However, at 6 o'clock Sunday morning, an unusual number of alarms were heard going off, but it was probably boys going to wake up their dates.

'Twas a sad day for some to see their little lovelies leave and for others 'twas one of joy.

For some, the festivities were not over. For at the KA house, held in complete and total sobriety, were the ceremonies for the new members of the Stainless Steel Fork Society. This highly distinguished club, like the rest of the societies up here, is one of great tradition and has true meaning. It was an impressive sight as Romi Gonzalez, mounded upon Slaggering Zani, marched around the yard. Then came that old Sewanee tradition as Polly and the boys romped around in the grass. The ceremonies were closed by filling everyone with good cheer which took the better part of the afternoon.

By twelve that evening, all would have thought the weekend over, but not so. For, around three Monday morning, a few were still alive, especially a certain inter-fraternity group who, after much thought and deliberation, decided that the stop light by the Supply Store was too slow and detracted from the beauty of the campus. Therefore, these boys, full of good intentions, set out to remove this ugly sight. However, without the benefit of enough of a budget and the installation a few screws, the plan failed.

So ended the weekend and began another academic week. It was a very depressing time and many hearts were lingering, but, in a word of seriousness, let it be known that many faculty members are upset as to how we have taken matters into our own hands this year about rush and other things.

October 24, 1969

Sewanee



Purple

February 23, 1967

October 12, 1963

## Another Edsel?

"Sewanee is going to the dogs and everyone knows it. The Golden Age of the Mountain has passed. The last bastion of Southern manhood is crumbling. The former, famed intimacy between students and professors is no longer possible. Classes are too big. Soon there will be ONE THOUSAND students in the University, all eating in Gailor and at one time."

Thus do the loyal swains of Sewanee bemoan her fate. The fair virgin of learning is being ravished and desecrated by a fiend called "the Expansion Program," with assistance from the Ford Foundation.

Ye loyal defenders of the good and gracious past have done more than weep and accept the coming doom. Verbal and written darts of invective have been launched at all that exudes the hated odor of change.

But since the complainers know little about what is to come their criticism cannot be constructive and they accomplish nothing, except perhaps to raise a dean's hackles every now and then.

The gaudy Coe-Bee sign did fall after an extended siege: a small but worthy victory in the war against progress. The merit of this triumph is not to be questioned, but perhaps the taste of success has led the men of Sewanee to believe that if they bow long and loud enough about the Expansion Program it too will topple, and Sewanee will again be the aristocratic lady she was in the past.

The Expansion Program is a vague and horrible evil in the minds of most students, although they know nothing about it. THE GENERAL CONCEPTION IS THAT FORD IS TRYING TO TURN SEWANEE INTO ANOTHER ESSEX. It is assumed that when the expansion is completed we will have neither the benefits of a small university nor the advantages of a large one.

An opportunity will soon be offered for the students to find out more about the Expansion Program and the future of Sewanee. Dr. McCrady will explain it in full and hear criticism in an evening program in Quarry Hall to be announced soon. Then if students don't like what they hear, they can fight it as men well-informed on what they oppose.

T.B.

October 17, 1963

## Ole, God Save the Queen

The harshness and bitterness of the Dean's accusations toward the "drinking societies" earlier this year was in a large sense a very futile effort to localize blame that lies not upon the capes, surtles, and tartans so proudly and traditionally displayed at Homecoming and other festivities.

If the activities of last year are analyzed, one can readily see that no raucous or unwholesome activities were participated in by these groups. It seems that the administration is basting to nip in the bud one of the most unique and unusual traditions here at Sewanee.

"Drinking for drink's sake," is the criticism by these men on high, but it is really true that this is the actual aim of these organizations? The clubs are composed of members of all lodges, thereby reducing any tendency of fraternities to remain solely in lodge grouping throughout dance weekends. It brings them all together for the fellowship of singing, joking, fiddling, and the introducing of pretty young ladies to fellow Scots, Spaniards, and Pears.

The annual half-time march lends much to the spirit of the game and is in many respects a method of conveying to the crowds that holiday fervor which carries over to the players, sparking them on to more outstanding play. These sportive capers exhibited so playfully and with such entertaining and diverting reactions are surely not catalysts which spur on mass rioting. I say, "carry on such good-natured revelries in the moderation and good cheer of past years."

W. L. STIRLING

THE SEWANEE PURPLE

Concept originally by Ruth Cardinal

Brought to you by

Sissy Kegley and Bemis Smith

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## ATTENTION

All students who did not attend Tuesday Chapel this week are reminded that their 600 word themes on either the origin of the Selective Service System or the history of the Selective Service System are due by noon February 26th.

February 23, 1967

December 12, 1963

## Price Check

My own private idea of what a Student Union should be is very simple: it should be a fairly quiet place, where students can just get together and talk. And it should be a place where you can buy a pack of cigarettes or a Coke at a fairly reasonable price—preferably below the price of other, non-University restaurants and such. Speaking of prices, a friend of mine gave me something rather interesting the other day: a price list from Baker's Cafe. We compared the prices at Baker's Cafe. We compared the prices at Baker's with those in the Union, and this is what we came up with:

Baker's Cafe	The Union
65 bacon and eggs	75
20 hot dog	25
25 hamburger	30
30 cheeseburger	40
30 cigarettes (from a vending machine)	35
5 bottle Coke	18
25 milk shake	30 and 35

Now, it seems a little incomprehensible to me that this great big (and getting bigger) University, with at least \$10,000,000 would have to charge more than a very small cafe for food. Somehow, I get the idea that the University won't go broke by charging less—after all, Baker's hasn't. I think that, every once in a while, Sewanee could depart from its "sound, conservative business principles and give us poor Southern boys a break. I think that I know now why Sewanee has the reputation of being a rich man's school: it costs so damn much to survive up here.

THE FLYING GOWNSMAN, 64

## Is Gailor Hall Avoiding the Real Problem?

It is certainly gratifying to see that the University has taken the first few steps on the long road toward improving Gailor.

Essentially what has been done is that some twenty new waiters have been hired so that each waiter will now only have to wait on two tables instead of the usual three, thereby bettering the service, and lightening the waiter's load.

In addition to this an attempt is being made to set our lovely "Mother of Formica" tables in a more attractive way. This past week plastic butter knives were even employed.

### Health Department Heeded

To comply with a strong admonition by the Tennessee Health Service, there have been other changes which we cannot consider as progress, but only as moving up to the level of decency. These include lining the waste cans, and chasing the dogs out of Gailor.

The Administration has also suggested that in the near future, matrons, proctors and appointed gownsmen will be placed at the head of each table. It has not been made quite clear as of yet as to what their function will be.

There has been a recent current of thought which indicates that they might be used to chastize, belittle, berate, ridicule and report any breach of Amy Vanderbilt's Book of Etiquette.

If, in fact, they will be placed there to see that riots and the like do not occur, then we have no objection. But if they will be there as a "Mama away from home" then we find this to be silly, childish, pre-schoolish and beneath the dignity of a first rate university.

### No Excuse

There is no excuse for serving one's plate before the Grace. There can be no justification for the grabbing and general animal-like tendencies which seem to characterize meals at Gailor.

A gentleman who has good breeding will display this good breeding whether in a palace or in a barn.

We are quite aware of the fact that Gailor is not conducive to using one's best table manners, but this is, nevertheless, a poor excuse.

On the other hand we do not feel that it is in the proper domain of the University to take upon itself the task of enforcing good table manners.

The time might be better spent in figuring a way to get at the root of the problem, which is, after all the food and its preparation.

J. C.

This issue of the PURPLE is dedicated to a large extent to a re-examination of an old and dismal problem: the war in Vietnam. The selections in this issue reflect frustration, anger, and a desperate desire to end a war which seems to have become a permanent fact of life. The deep split in this community as well as in the nation is also evidenced; for commentary supporting the Nixon war policy and opposing the moratorium also appears in this issue of the PURPLE.

—Editor

October 17, 1965

May 11, 1979



The following letters are excerpts from a column appearing in *The Purple* throughout the fall of 1966.

## Dear Danny

Dear Danny,  
My fiancée sleeps with a six-foot stuffed teddy bear. Is this normal?  
RANGER HAL

Dear Hal,  
It all depends. If I were you, I'd check around and see which one of my best friends own a six-foot teddy bear suit. It sounds like somebody's using the old Trojan Horse tactic to me. There's nothing worse than thinking you're buying a new car that somebody else has put 50,000 miles on.

Dear Danny,  
What do you do if you are parked with a girl in a car and seven armed thugs surround it and threaten to molest her.  
(the signature was unrecognizable)

Dear Mystery Writer,  
Nothing. A girl up here is like a box of cookies from home; pass it around and let everybody grab a handful. Besides, "discretion is the better part of valor." He who runs away, lives to love another day. Next time, park in a safer place like in front of the Union.

Dear Danny,  
Do you think Ann Landers is all she's cracked up to be?  
ARICAIL VAN BUREN

Dear Abby,  
Definitely not. Only a charlatan or a quack would give advice to the lovers in a syndicated column without a background of professional experience in this field. The emotional problems of people should never be thrust into the hands of journalistic dilettantes.

Dear Danny,  
Would a lonely university student be condemned for dating a "well-bred" town girl?  
CHARLES C.

Dear Charlie,  
Your fears are groundless. A student up here ain't gonna be condemned for dating anything that can put in a good claim to be a member of the fair sex. In fact, even a "poor-bred" town girl is better than "well-bred" isolation. A further manifestation:  
John: How's your wife?  
Jim: Better than nothin'.

Dear Danny,  
What is the Mountain Goat?  
J. C.

Dear John,  
The Mountain Goat is the illegitimate son of the PURPLE whose chief claim to humor lies somewhere between spitz and nausea. It's printed sporadically when the editors have rummaged enough copy out of their wastepaper baskets. The only discernible difference between the Goat and toilet tissue is that the former is printed on five-ply paper. If you want a sneak preview of the forthcoming Thanksgiving Goat, go down to Tubby's and look on the restroom walls. The Goat used to serve a utilitarian purpose by stuffing the cracks in the walls of Barton and Selden in winter time but since the latter have been evicted, I imagine they'll now line the floor of the student post office along with the bills from the Sewanee Dry Cleaners and the annual Christmas cards from the chaplain. They're printed by the Andy Warhol Press in the basement of Hoffman every Halloween and April Fool's day and distributed gratis to anyone who only has taste in his mouth. The Goat, unofficially sponsored by Henry Miller, is mailed every leap year to subscribers in plain, brown wrapping paper.

May 2, 1968

## Reagan: the Man to Beat in November?

Perhaps it was The Speech. Perhaps the undefinable charisma. Perhaps the moment. Perhaps the message. Whichever one it was, the facts remain—Ronald Reagan has climbed from the 1964 Republican fund raiser to the governor of the most populous state and now—suggested though it be—to the possible standard-bearer of his party. To the American Left and Right wings the sequence of these events have proved paradoxical, startling and prophetic. Only in America. . . .

Ronald Reagan—born Ronald Regan—was raised in the Mid-West. He went through public school, played baseball and all-in-all showed promise as a fairly good pitcher. Then, a young man, Reagan entered sportcasting, covering both minor and major leagues. Eventually, the microphone—as it did for many—turned his ambitions toward southern California and the world of 1930 Hollywood. The War then interrupted a series of supporting roles e.g. the Kid Athlete in Knute Rockney. Reagan, discharged a captain, resumed his movie career. Acting gave way to administration; in the late 50's he was elected president of the Screen Actors Guild. Here was the first step in the National spotlight.

The Senate, investigating the "vast Communist influence" in American filmhood, heard the B-star actor deliver his most eloquent role in defense of the industry. His lucidity was established. . . . This political virtuosity then assumed a degree of change. In an era when it was fashionable to be slightly Pink, Reagan admitted self-doubt. We have no way of knowing what the future Governor observed on his speaking programs for General Electric, but . . .

One evening, in early fall of 1964, William F. Buckley advised Goldwater sides of showing nationally a thirty-minute spot taped by Ronald Reagan. Unlike many such as Richard Nixon, Reagan cannot be subtitled by the Camera. What he stated made sense to many. Here was no bigotry, no wild extremism, no hip-shooting, Burke crying in the wilderness. The switchboards jammed, the estimated amount to over \$300,000, and the Reagan movement was on.

The story now clouds. Reagan met

two formidable foes in his race for Sacramento, Pat Brown and the extreme Right, i.e. the John Birchers. True, the Birchers aided the Goldwater Conservative in the primary, yet upon winning they discovered Reagan discussing the importance of party unity and pragmatic action. (Robert Welch, president of the Society, has since stated that Reagan has sold out the Cause.) Then, there is Pat Brown, a popular man even without his machine. Yet, Brown for all his support discovered his Dillia in the issue of an unbalanced budget—as did his opponent. Another thorn was racial relations. The Congressional bills, the myriad of re-organizational meetings, the smooth talk proved futile. Reagan with his vigor and his conception of pragmatic Conservatism swept the state.

Ronald Reagan has been in office now for over two years. Critics are trying desperately to adjust their original predictions to this administration's action. Civil rights—even following the death of King—have proceeded. Reagan met with large employers of the Watts district to establish a program of increased hiring for Negroes. On the matter of a Right Wing Rule there have been no witch-hunts, no know-heating, no repression by the bourgeoisie.

One major issue remains, education. Reagan with his stress on a balanced budget has curtailed many funds he deems unnecessary. A number of such cutbacks has involved California's institutions of higher learning. Further, Reagan, being allowed one vote as a member of the Board of Regents at Berkeley, suffers heavily for his decision against Clark Kerr.

Yet for all this, many national leaders view Ronald Reagan far from tarnished. As one knowledgeable analyst told this writer, 1968 may be a Republican year if the Party can find a new suit of clothes. Reagan has the vigor; he has a definite platform; and he has a philosophy—a pragmatic Conservatism. Support? In a party that will no doubt be split, Reagan as California's favorite son, with the 64 per cent of the present delegates who supported Barry Goldwater in 1964, might hold the trump card.

DAVID LEWIS STOKES

January 18, 1968

## Extended Reading Period Needed

The reading period of three days before the examination period for all 300 and 400 level courses constitutes an important innovation at Sewanee. Unfortunately this reading period is not long enough to achieve its maximum effectiveness and it does not apply to lower-level courses. This latter is a definite deficiency unless one is willing to make the assumption that underclassmen do not need to study.

Many universities, such as Harvard, have a reading period of two weeks. Sewanee students could greatly benefit from a reading period of at least one week before exams, open to all students.

November 17, 1966

## Let's Keep One Tradition Alive

Many traditions have died at Sewanee. Some have disappeared after a struggle, some were not worth the effort. Now another appears to be slipping into obsolescence, and yet it is one that is almost unanimously agreed upon as valuable. Virtually no one would question the value of visiting professors on Sunday night; rather, all praise this custom highly, and with good reason.

Sunday night visits allow the student and teacher to form a more personal relation that aids both the student in his academic endeavor and the professor in his vocation. Students have often been pleasantly surprised to find professors personable and entertaining in their own homes after harboring a previous misconception gotten by a partial exposure to a teacher's classroom manner. In addition, the faculty at Sewanee is a particularly distinguished body, and has a treifundous amount to offer the student outside the classroom. It is only the academic pedant, of which Sewanee has none, who can present all he has to offer in three hours of lecture per week.

### Difficult To Understand

With its almost universal approbation, it is difficult to understand why most students do not make Sunday night the time to visit the faculty. Admittedly visits require some slight effort. Students must plan their work to hold the hours from 8-10 free. However there is little to do on Sunday night. To this day there is still a movie at the Union Sunday night and many older professors still do not assign quizzes on Monday in obedience to the old rule to keep Sunday free of outside diversions. Occasionally students do not know where their professors live, but the Gownsmen are to publish a map indicating the faculty houses, thus removing this little obstacle. Other students perhaps harbor deep fears of doing the lion's lair unaccompanied, but companionship can easily be found. Conversation does not have to center on academic subjects, and indeed rarely does. Also, the student always has in his need to study a ready excuse to depart that his host will never reject.

### A Small Effort Required

The small effort required to visit a professor's home is unquestionably worthwhile. Sewanee has always been justifiably proud of its intimate student-faculty relations, and the traditional Sunday night visits are an essential means of producing and fostering these relations. The professors and students go to students to their homes, but they cannot go to the dorms and drag the students out. Perhaps each student should make it a working rule to visit each of his own professors at least once each semester and pay a visit to some member of the faculty once every other week.

This long-standing tradition at Sewanee is certainly worth fighting for, and the effort is so ridiculously small and the benefits so disproportionately large that it seems inconceivable that the students could allow it to fail.



By Keith Sutton

Acting Vice-Chancellor Robert Ayres recently assessed Sewanee's problems as being both financial and spiritual. Mr. Ayres shared his views with Sewanee students and faculty members through his Convocation Address last week.

Mr. Ayres, a 1949 graduate of the University of the South, stated that the majority of Sewanee's problems are financial difficulties. He cited the University's \$3.7 million debt and the loss of \$150,000 at Emerald-Hodgson Hospital over the past year as specific problem areas.

"One of the great needs of this University is to step out on a major fund-raising drive during the next two or three years to raise additional endowment and retire our debt," said Mr. Ayres. The Acting Vice-Chancellor also asked the faculty to reduce their departmental expenditures by as much as possible in an effort to balance Sewanee's budget as soon as possible.

## QUOTATION FOR THE WEEK

"Now he (Underdog) belongs to the ages."

October 24, 1969

October 19, 1967

## Co-eds Assess Sewanee Life

By DICK KOPPER

The University of the South is a co-educational institution; and, though the fact is not generally known, it has been for some time. Four women are enrolled in the University this year: one is a college graduate studying part time, another is in her junior year here, and two are St. Mary's students doing special advanced college work.

Thelma Davis, whose husband is an Assistant Director at the College Board regional office located on campus, graduated from college in Illinois and is taking Shakespeare under Dr. Harrison in order to gain credits towards a teaching minor in English. Next year she hopes to study for a masters degree in political science, possibly in Atlanta. "A new experience" was Thelma's description of student life at Franklin County's mostly male answer to Oxford. Asked about her treatment at the hands of her fellow "Arcadians," Mrs. Davis replied that she found most Sewanee students "well-mannered."

"Marvelous . . . They're fine," was Alice Wells' reaction to Sewanee students. Alice, who was a Drama major at Syracuse University, before the married Sewanee senior Don Wells last March, is taking her junior year at the college and will do her senior work where ever her husband goes to law school. Asked about her academic pressures at Sewanee compare with those of Syracuse, Mrs. Wells stated, "You're required to do more here, but it's really easier." Syracuse, she feels, offers much more for the student who really wants to learn. When asked what her lives in Woodland apartments she replied, "If I'd had to live there, I wouldn't have gotten married."

Asked how she felt being nearly alone students were "very polite . . . it was a little unusual for us, and I guess for them too."

### Sewanee Will Not Be Co-ed

Women are now in Sewanee; but Dean Webb, when asked by the Purple whether this situation might be an indication of greater changes to come, indicated that none are contemplated in the near future. Some people have felt that the University may be planning to admit women in order to alleviate the application decline which occurred last year. Dean Webb stated that there has been "no serious or significant admission decline," and asserted that there was "no truth" in the story that co-education was being planned for Sewanee. A few women will probably continue to attend the University in special circumstances, as they have since the end of World War II; but what the Student Handbook refers to as the "monastic routine," is apparently destined to continue for some time.

### Cathy Woods Takes French

Cathy Woods is a senior at St. Mary's and is taking French 201 under Dr. Buck. She has taken four years of high school French, and, desiring to do advanced French, enrolled in Mrs. Shafer's French 301. Finding work at the third year level "really too hard," she decided to drop back into French 201. She hopes to get some college credit for the course, but does not know how the grading will be arranged. The switch from the all female environment of St. Mary's to the all male environment of Sewanee did require some adjustment: "At first I wasn't exactly comfortable." Cathy also allowed that Sewanee boys are "certainly polite."

# AYERS ADDRESSES CONVENTION

Mr. Ayres continued his address by expressing his concern for the maintenance of what he termed "a Christian life-style on this Mountain." He reminded the student body of a statement made by the Chancellor of the University last year in which he said that excessive drinking had no place in a "Christian community" such as Sewanee.

Mr. Ayres then asked two questions of his Convocation audience: "If Jesus Christ were to walk down this aisle, would we know Him?" and "If we took Him with us about this campus, would we be proud of the things we showed Him?" The Acting Vice-Chancellor then urged that all members of the Sewanee community be more Christ-like.

Mr. Ayres' speech was given at the Opening Convocation of the University. Besides the Vice-Chancellor's address, the Convocation was the scene of the induction of 154 Sewanee students from both the College and the Seminary into the prestigious Order of Gownsmen. The occasion also gave the Sewanee faculty a chance to display their various academic goods to the audience in a very crowded All Saint's Chapel.

September 29, 1977

## EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

Final examination schedule for first semester 1966-67, 9:00 a.m.—12:00 Noon

Thursday, January 19, 1967

All TTS 11:00 o'clock classes

Friday, January 20, 1967

All MWF 9:00 o'clock classes

Saturday, January 21, 1967

All TTS 9:00 o'clock classes

Monday, January 23, 1967

All MWF 8:00 o'clock classes

Tuesday, January 24, 1967

All MWF 10:00 o'clock classes

Wednesday, January 25, 1967

All TTS 8:00 o'clock classes

Thursday, January 26, 1967

All TTS 10:00 o'clock classes

Friday, January 27, 1967

All MWF 11:00 o'clock classes

Saturday, January 28, 1967

All afternoon classes\*

\*Students who have more than one class scheduled in the afternoon, must arrange for their examination by conference with the Dean of the College.

Examinations in Seminars and Tutorials are to be arranged by the Professor and the time reported to the Dean of the College.

January 12, 1967

May 2, 1968

# Baseball Team Downs Vandy

In action last week, the Sewanee baseball team brought its record to ten wins against five losses with an impressive win over Vanderbilt and Birmingham-Southern. Don Ellis got the win over the Commodores in Nashville, allowing only nine scattered hits. Both Billy Cunningham and Chap Wasson honored for the Tigers as Sewanee jumped out in front in the early innings and held on to win. Ernest Kirk and Tommy Tilley also supplied timely hitting as Sewanee defeated their neighbor SEC foe 6-4. In one of the best pitched games of the year "Bullet" Bob White knocked off Birmingham-Southern easily by a score of 5-1. Rallying behind the hitting of second baseman Kesley Colbert, third baseman Wasson and catcher Cunningham, the Tigers scored four of their runs in the first three innings. Kirk, Cunningham and Richard Matthews each had two hits in the game.

Sewanee faces a crowded schedule this week playing six games in a five day period. Due to rainouts last week the team must play Lambuth College twice in single games and travel to Cullman, Ala. for a game with St. Bernard which was washed out last Saturday. In addition to these games Sewanee plays MTSU here Thursday in a double header. The team will spend Spring Weekend in Jackson, Tenn. on an overnight trip where they will play Union and Lambuth. This is the last full week of regular season before the CAC tournament May 10 in Lexington, Va.

May 2, 1968

# Linksmen Rout Vandy

John Grubb and Jack Steilmeyer sparked the linksmen to a 14-0 rout of the Vandy golf team last Saturday. Grubb won 2-1 shooting a par 72 while Steilmeyer shot a 73 and defeated his man 3-0. Allyn Lang who shot a 75, Bill Tunnell 77, and George Waterhouse also won their rounds 3-0 with Rusty Napier (77) losing all three points. Napier's opponent was medalist for Vandy with a 74.

The golf team travels to Chattanooga Thursday to play U. C. and Georgia State in the last match of the season.

October 2, 1969

DEAR EDITOR:  
Why is it that what is good enough for the Chattanooga Times and Sports Illustrated, is not good enough for the Sewanee PURPLE? SEWANE SOCCER!!!

Mrs. D. G. CRAVENS, JR.  
Former Matron for  
2 former Sewanee Soccer Coaches  
3 former Sewanee Soccer Captains

October 17, 1963

# Pressures From Coeds

## Sex Concerns College Men

A man by the name of Art Buchwald who writes a nationally syndicated column, decided to interview a representative group of college males to determine the national attitude concerning the subject of premarital sex, and came up with some rather interesting comments. Following are excerpts from his column:

"We asked a Yale senior, home on vacation, if he believed that a man should submit to relations before he is married. 'Certainly not,' he told us. 'College girls may call me old-fashioned but I think a nice boy should remain pure.'"  
"A Georgetown sophomore told us: 'When I go on a date with a girl, I always take someone along with me—either a professor or an older person. A lot of girls get mad at me, but I promised my mommy and daddy I would never do anything in school to make them ashamed of me.'"

"An University of Southern California football player said, 'I think there has been an over-emphasis on promiscuity on college campuses. It's true that there are a few weak men who may succumb to a persistent coed, but the majority of college men believe in chastity and wouldn't think of having an affair during the happiest years of their lives.'"

"Two Princeton men we met were first very wary about discussing the problem, but finally one of them said: 'I think it's all right for college girls to be emancipated, since after all, they have nothing to lose, but as a man I'm very idealistic about such things. Besides, I think girls think so much less of you when you give in. I don't want them saying in their dormitories that I'm a 'loose guy.' I prize my reputation above everything else.'"

"A Harvard man said, 'When I first came to Harvard, several of the students asked me if I would "go all the way" with a girl. I didn't even know what it meant, but when I found out I reported them to the dean. I believe a school is judged by its students, and I would hate to believe the girls from Smith and Vassar and Radcliffe would think Harvard men had such thoughts in their heads.'"

"We talked to a least 200 male college students and not one of them admitted to having had a promiscuous relationship. It was a very encouraging thing and gave us faith in the youth of America. If our survey is correct, the college boy is keenly aware of the inherent dangers in sexual emancipation and, despite the enormous pressures from college coeds, he will, in almost all cases, graduate as pure as the driven snow."

—Reprinted from The Wooden Horse (St. Petersburg Junior College newspaper.)

May 22, 1963

# She Likes Us

The following letter is no joke. It is published in the virgin form in which it was received by the Director of Admissions. The full name and address of this chick who thinks we are so cool cannot be divulged, but a picture has been requested by the Purzuz and party weekend institutions made pursuant to consideration of same will be forwarded.

DEAR DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS,

Hi! I'm writing to you because I do not know who else at your liberal arts and theological school for MEN could help me. I'm not trying to be funny. . . I am really very serious about this whole letter and I hope you will answer it.

My name is Julia — and I am a sophomore student at Bakersfield High School. I am a GIRL but if I wasn't I sure would like to attend the University of the South. I'm a very active Episcopalian . . . Secretary of the Episcopal House of Young Churchmen in the Diocese of San Joaquin.

Anyway . . . I have a big crush on a young man who attends your University! last year and will attend next year. He's too good for me and there are many other reasons why ours is not a big romance. . . I won't go into that. He's my image of a typical Ivy-League college man and because his school is the University of the South, I'm interested.

I want to go away to college and am looking ahead towards my future. Are you sure that you don't admit GIRLS? Even if they have a straight B plus average? And are willing to work hard? And have a definite career in mind? And have the necessary funds?

Is there any college or university controlled by the Protestant Episcopal Church that GIRLS can attend? I really want to know.

Also . . . Could you PLEASE find out if your University sells sweat shirts with the name of your University on them? I have the money and if I knew how much they cost, I would order one immediately if not sooner. A sweat shirt from Sewanee will really mean a lot to me. Also . . . Could I in any way order about 10 book covers from the University of the South at Sewanee?

Director of Admissions, you are really wonderful to read this letter and now I am hoping that you will answer it SOON.

Thanking you in advance,

DATE: 1/19/81  
SUGGESTION — (Remember to be specific.)

PEOPLE SHIRTS FOR ALLIGATORS



(PLEASE SEE AN ALLIGATOR WEARING A SWEAT SHIRT THAT SAYS 'UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH' ON IT)

Though your name and address are certainly not required, this information would help us to give you credit for good ideas.

NAME: AL ADOSIE  
ADDRESS: UPSTATE  
PHONE: ANYTIME AFTER 11 PM

October 27, 1977

BITING TOOTH COMIC PRESENTS...

Sewanee Place

THIS EPISODE: **DISAPPEARING DOG WILEMMA**

ONE OF THE MOST VENERABLE THINGS ABOUT SEWANEE PLACE IS THE FACT THAT WE LIVE IN COMPLETE HARMONY WITH MILLIONS OF OUR FUZZY LITTLE CANINE FRIENDS. WE JUST LOVE TO HEAR THEM "WAF-AW" AT JOODAM. THEY ALSO HELP KEEP THE CAMPUS JELLY-LING CLEAN AND FRESH. HAVING THEM AROUND IS CERTAINLY WORTH THE TROUBLE OF BATHTING WITH FLEA SOAP REGULARLY. LATELY THOUGH, MANY HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING, ESPECIALLY THE LONGER HAIREDAES. CREDIT FOR THIS HAS BEEN CLAIMED BY A MYSTICAL AND APPARENTLY PSYCHIC DOG-NAPPER WHO CALLS THEM "THE JOB OF SEITERS." THE TOWN IS IN A FRENZY AND "SEWANEE'S FINEST" ARE TOTALLY PERPLEXED!

COSH CHIEF LAGNER, HOW WILL WE EVER CATCH "JOB OF SEITERS" WHEN NONE OF THE COMPOSITE DRAWINGS DOSE FOR VARIOUS WITNESSES' DESCRIPTIONS LOOK ANYTHING ALIKE?



WE'VE BEEN AWFULLY LUCKY SARGE. IT SEEMS THAT "JOB OF SEITERS" WAS SPOTTED IN THE CITY BY AN OWN RESIDENT ARTIST, DR. ODD CARELESS. HE'S DOING US A DETEILED PORTRAIT NOW THAT SHOULD LEAD US STRAIGHT TO A SUSPECT, NOT TO MENTION EN PLACE, THE MYTH OF THE IMPRACTICITY OF THE LIBERAL ARTS. I THINK HE'S ALMOST DONE.

THESE, I THINK IT CAPTURES PERFECTLY THE FRAGILITY OF THE OBTAINABLE SEXUALITY OF THE SEXUALITY EXPERIENCED BY THE SUSPECT IN HIS PSYCHO-SEXUAL ESCAPADES! THAT'LL BE \$500.00



## McCrary Nearly Ready; Last Dorm on Old Campus

By WILSON W. WYATT, JR.

The last dormitory to be erected on the campus of the present undergraduate college of the University is McCrary Hall, now under construction in the area between the forestry building and Galior Hall.

The completion of the new dormitory will enable the residents of Barton, Selden and Woodland Halls to enjoy the comforts of modern living before the beginning of the second semester of this school year. However, much to the dismay of many students, the vacated dormitories will probably remain standing, traditionally, at least through 1984. The increase in the number of students at the University has brought about a serious housing problem for students' dates on party weekends and for students' parents on various other occasions. Barton, Selden, and Woodland are being considered for housing such guests of the University when the need arises.

When and if Woodland is torn down, the married students who now live there will take residence in the new, duplex homes being built around campus. Many married students have already occupied these homes.

McCrary Hall was designed by the Edwin A. Keeble and Associates architectural firm in Nashville. Now nearing completion, the dormitory is set in the traditional architecture of English style with the other University buildings, the exterior being Sewanee sandstone. It was largely due to the plans of McCrary Hall, Benedict Hall, and the duPont Library that Sewanee was chosen to receive the Ford Foundation grant which is nearly doubling the proposed income for Sewanee's ten-year expansion plan.

The suites in the new dormitory will comfortably accommodate 98 students and one master. Arranged in a fairly consistent pattern, each furnished suite contains two double bedrooms, two studies, and one bath. The bedrooms are approximately nine by twelve feet and the studies are eight by twelve

feet. There is plenty of space for mobility, and there is a great assurance of privacy than in most of the dormitories.

When McCrary Hall is occupied, before the second semester, it will be the last dormitory to be built for this campus of the University. The next building for boarding students to be designed and erected will constitute Sewanee's major transition from one undergraduate college to two colleges, from one campus to two separate campuses. It is expected that the atmosphere and traditions of the University will not change but only continue in two colleges instead of one.

October 31, 1963

February 22, 1968

## 75 Drop Out At Semester

Despite all the rumors floating around campus about vast numbers of transfers and failures at the end of last semester, there has been no massive flight of students from the University. The registrar's figures for last semester released last week reveal that 75 students left school during the entire semester.

Of these 75, some 22 dropped out for a variety of personal reasons, chiefly the draft, during the course of the semester before exams began. Of the remaining 53 students who withdrew at the end of the semester, 10 were graduating seniors who completed degree requirements, 20 were voluntary transfers to other colleges, 10 dropped for non-academic reasons, and only 13 were academic withdrawals, the official euphemism for flunking-out.

According to the registrar's office, the 20 transfers and 13 failures were "high but not at all out of the ordinary." Current enrollment stands at 799.



## The Flying Gownsmen

♦♦♦♦♦

### The Foes of McCrary

I'd love to go find Someone Important, and say "I told you so," but in deference to the greater wisdom and sounder judgment of my elders, I won't say a word about McCrary Castle, better known as The Castle Perelous. Well, actually, it isn't so bad; it does look real pretty, and ought to really impress a lot of alumni and Ford Foundation people, and get Sewanee lots and lots of money. The only people who don't care for it too much are the poor students who have to live in it, and they're obviously of little importance, in this Brave New World of Sewanee Irredenta.

I made a little survey the other day: I went through McCrary Castle and talked to the students who room there, asking them what they thought of the place. The results were amazing; four football players were actually reduced to tears before they finished describing their room.

The first complaint was of how ugly the dorm was. The outside landscaping leaves a lot to be desired (I don't mind the landscaping so much myself; I think the tractor tracks are sort of distinguished). Most don't mind the place looking like a castle, but there was a certain amount of dissent about the mess surrounding the place. Another student said he liked the outside, because he loved to scrape mud off of his shoes. The sidewalks are badly made, and they feel like you're walking on sponge rubber. The parking is bad, like I, no, not that the parking is so bad, it's just that there's no place to park. Mrs. Mitchell doesn't like it either, since students have taken to parking in her front living room. It's not that I think that the parking lot is badly constructed or that I think that the job was botched; it's just that I've been wondering whether or not the University can be held responsible for the dollar it cost me to have my car pulled out of the parking lot...

Inside the dorm, there seems to be only one complaint: that whatever the place was built for, it wasn't built for human habitation. One nice thing about the place is that every room is different: in every room something different doesn't work. Some rooms have bed-lamps, some don't have any lights, in some there are still bare bulbs hanging out of interesting holes in the wall, and so on. You get the idea.

There's not enough space in any of the rooms for anything. The closets seemed to have been designed by Doug Bulcock or Peter Smythe, and anyone who is over 5'3 1/2" tall can sit there and watch all of his coats drag the floor. This is going on the assumption that he has a flashlight so that he can see into his closet, that if they didn't bother to put any lights in any position that would allow you to see into the closets. The lights are badly situated; no matter where you put them, they cast a shadow on whatever you're studying. And some rooms don't have any lights at all. The thermostat in the room is great, if you can borrow a flashlight and a screwdriver from somebody to adjust it. The heaters are situated very nicely, too: it's a lot of fun to have hot air blowing in your face when you're trying to study, or sit with your knees against the heater. The light switches look cool as hell; the only complaint is that they don't do anything.

The bathrooms are great, too, if you like standing in the commode to be able to get at the sink so that you can shave. The doors in the place are great. The architects figured them just right so that they get in the way all the time, even when they're closed. Every time someone opens a door in McCrary, someone goes to the hospital with a broken knee or arm...

The desks are great... if you need a place to study, because there's sure not room to put a notebook on the study desk without it falling off. Lots of room on the shelves, too. The dorm is a little noisy. In fact, you can hear everything that goes on on your floor. The phones should be in booths, so that you can hear what you're talking to, and the ceilings should be sound-proofed.

I'm glad they waited until the dorm was finished before we moved in, too. If they didn't, we'd wake up to the sound of bulldozers and buzzsaws right outside our windows every morning.

And so on and so forth... The list is endless. What it basically comes down to is this: McCrary Castle is ill-conceived, badly planned, badly put together, and shoddy in execution, and whoever thought of such a place ought to be shot. Personally, I think it's funny as hell: the design of this place is a modern functional space-saving dormitory, and it's turned out to be the worst blunder since the Napoleonic Invasion of Russia. Yes, McCrary's Foe... McCrary Castle is real funny... unless you have to live in it...

February 20, 1964

THE FLYING GOWNSMAN, '64