

**An Editorial**

## Why Christmas?

This is the last issue of the **PURPLE** before Christmas. Like everyone else the **PURPLE** staff is facing a hectic schedule of quizzes and papers until the end of the year. We have not too much time to be thinking about Christmas or anything else.

No one does any thinking about Christmas really anyway. Our concern is more often with doing one's shopping early or getting dressed for parties. We eat glutinous meals, give and receive expensive gifts and speak with unbridled smugness about the country of God and the genius of the American Way of Life. All in all it can be pretty dull—especially after the liquor runs out.

This is sad, because Christmas really exists to remind us of something profoundly exciting—that God, his infinite love for man, became Himself and that life which began in the dung smell of the stable floor and ended on the cross is the noblest that has ever been lived.

The reason we don't hear much about this is that it is a source of considerable embarrassment to the vast majority of people—who neither have nor can be expected to have any vital concern over religion. At Seawane, the catalog tells us, we are Christian gentlemen—and this is a vital matter to us.

At any rate the **PURPLE** staff join in wishing everyone—the students, the faculty, residents, and alumni—a very full and happy holiday season. Merry Christmas.

THE EDITOR

## Beta Pledges Capture Active; 'C'est la Vie', B-O-B Wright

At 2 a.m., Dec. 7, Sewanee's J. Robert Wright was stolen from his bed, bagged, and put into an automobile. In the car sped away from Cleveland Hall, Mr. Wright was heard to ask "C'mp mumm?" He was told to be quiet if he wished to gain his destination unharmed. Obviously, he was in the hands of hardened criminals. His bag was removed in Cowan, and it soon became obvious to the others that he thought that he was going to Winchester at the farthest.

As Franklin County fell behind, one observer saw B-O-B give up. He sagged back on the seat and allowed that he didn't know where he was or where he was going. Silence greeted him.

Weather slows progress. A strong rain had started before the group left the Mountain, and continued intermittently until the middle of the morning. The going was slow and tough.

As soon as it got light, the party decided that it was time for breakfast. The boys stopped at a filling station and adjourned by a cafe. While the car was being filled, two of the boys went over to the cafe to get breakfast, for it was obvious that the prisoner could not be taken inside. For one thing, he had on his pajamas. The breakfast soon emerged. Hamburgers and coffee for all the pledges, bread and water for the prisoner. Mr. Wright, a heavy eater, seemed somewhat put-out about these arrangements, but was in no position to rectify them.

One member of the entourage was quite concerned about escape precautions. Largely due to his efforts, the prisoner was never allowed to sit on the outside and the doors were kept locked. It soon became known with the prisoner shuffling his feet to see this person jump. As we would expect a town, we would be asked to check the doors, make sure that the windows



WRIGHT

were up, and to watch our charge until we were again able to keep him from leaving by merely going too fast. Some of the boys thought that these precautions were a little oversteered for Bob was still in his sleeping clothes, and certainly would have been in jail within seconds after he left the car. Had he managed to escape detection, he would have had to hide, and whenever he was found, he could not have identified himself.

Talk of Memphis. A second possible terminal for his trip entered the poor boy's mind. As the car moved westward, he began to talk more and more of Memphis. Once he tried to outsmart his captors by making some remark about "after we are in Arkansas." One of the pledges took the bait, and he knew that he was not to get off so easily. As we entered Memphis, the precautionary began his lectures, and the captive seemed to take a new interest in life. He sat up and took note of his surroundings, evidently feeling that he might be seeing them again soon, and that he might as well become as familiar with them as possible.

Arkansas was flooded. The rain had finally let up to some degree, and now there were only occasional showers and a heavy overcast. The fields were full of water, and the rivers were very high. Mr. Wright observed that this part of the country was the most drab he had ever seen. One of the people remarked that parts of western Texas were much more so, and Bob, in a flash of clairvoyance, answered: "I might go out there and see it some day." His captors nearly choked, but not a one of them cracked a smile.

About two in the afternoon the group approached its destination, Arkadelphia, Ark. Bob was still unaware of the great things that lay in the future for him, but he was obviously too stunned by what had already happened to care. He knew now that their final goal was Arkadelphia, but he had no idea of what awaited him there. His guards began to talk quietly among themselves, and he must have caught

(Continued on page 4)

# Steeves New O.G. President

In the Order of Government elections ending Monday, Harry Steeves was elected president, Dave Goding vice-president, and Bernie Dunlap, secretary.

Steeves, PDT senior from Birmingham, Ala., is current vice-president of the Order of Government, a member of the Pan-Hellenic Council, Honor Council, Blue Key and has been named to "Who's Who" of American Colleges and Universities." He is also a member of the Red Ribbon Society and the Highlanders. He has played varsity golf, as well as having been on the All-Star intramural foot-



STEEVES

ball team. Steeves has served his fraternity as rush chairman.

Goding, KA senior from Lake City, Fla., is a Baker scholar and has been named to "Who's Who." He is president of Blue Key and the Green Ribbon Society, and ODK. He is a professor, former secretary of the German Club and member of the Student View. He has served the Purple as assistant managing editor, the Cap and Gown as classes editor and the Mountain Gost as business manager. Goding is a Highlander and has served his fraternity as corresponding secretary.



GODING

Dunlap, KA junior from Columbia, S. C., is a Baker scholar and member of Blue Key. He is vice-president of his fraternity, editor of the Mountain Gost, and a proctor. He is president of Sophomore, a former staff member of the Cap and Gown and the



DUNLAP

Purple. He is a member of the Publications Board. Dunlap is also a member of the Acolyte Guild, Music Club, and a former member of the Sabre Drill Team. He received awards as outstanding freshman and sophomore coach in ROTC. He has lettered in two varsity sports, football and track.

# Seawane Purple

The Official Organ of the Students of The University of the South

Vol. LXVIII, No. 10 SEWANE, TENNESSEE, DECEMBER 11, 1957 New Series No. 1,232

## Seawane To Have Concert Series

Mr. Julius Hegyi will conduct the Chattanooga Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 19 in the opening program of Seawane's third annual concert series to be sponsored by the Seawane Music Club and the University of the South. This year's series of Sunday afternoon concerts will consist of one program by the full orchestra and three others by the Chattanooga Symphony Chamber Ensemble. Mrs. Charlotte Hegyi will be the piano soloist at the first concert as well as performing in both appearances of the Chamber Ensemble.

Julius Hegyi is now in his third year as Conductor of the Chattanooga Symphony Orchestra. He was graduated with highest honors from the Juillard School of Music in his native New York City. Since making his concert debut in Town Hall in 1945, he has played with Toscanini, Meropoulis, Stokowski, and Ormandy. He is a Director of the Seawane Summer Music Center, which had its first five-week season on the University campus last June and July.

Mrs. Hegyi Featured. Charlotte Hegyi has collaborated with her husband in more than 250 programs in this region, playing all styles of music from small works to the most exciting concert. A native of Texas, she is a graduate of McGill University in Montreal, Canada, where she studied composition with Douglas MacMillan and with her husband, Bernard. Her solo and chamber music appearances have won highest critical praise both in Canada and in the United States.

The Jan. 19 performance, featuring Mrs. Hegyi as piano soloist, will include Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 37; Alban Gruber's Trichotomy (1957); Mozart's Symphony

No. 41 in C, K. 551 ("Jupiter"); and Chabrier's Espana Rhapsody.

Chamber Group To Play. The two other concerts will be held at the University Auditorium and will be presented by the Symphony Chamber Ensemble, consisting of Julius Hegyi, violin; Charlotte Hegyi, piano; Thomas Beck, viola; Martha McCrory, cello, and Dewayne Caddock, oboe; with Jay Craven, clarinet in the March 9 concert.

On Feb. 9, the program will consist of Mozart's Quartet for Piano and Strings in G Minor, K. 478; Dohnanyi's Serenade for Violin, Viola, and Cello; Mozart's Quartet for Oboe and Strings, K. 370; and Pfitzner's Sonata for Violin and Piano (1939).

The program on March 9 will include Beethoven's Trio for String in C Minor, Op. 9, No. 3; Bartok's Contrasts for Clarinet, Violin, and Piano; and Mozart's Quartet for Piano and Strings in E Flat, K. 405.

Season Tickets Available. Ticket sales at Seawane will be held:

by the members of the Blue Key and the Seawane Music Club and will also be available at the Development Office. Prices will be season tickets—\$300, adults; \$200, students—single admission: \$10, adults; \$100, students. Children's tickets will be \$50 for each concert.

## CALENDAR

- THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12
  - 8 p.m. Basketball: Seawane vs. Chattanooga here.
  - 8 p.m. E. Q. B. Meeting.
- FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13
  - Basketball: Seawane vs. University of Tennessee, there.
- SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15
  - 8 a.m. Holy Communion.
  - 11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon by the Rev. David Ross, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Corpus Christi, Texas.
  - 8 p.m. Concert of Christmas Music, by the University Choir, All Saints' Chapel.
  - 4-6 p.m. Phi Delta Theta Pledge Tea. ATU Christmas Party after Choir Concert.
- MONDAY AND TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 17
  - SMA Examination Period.
- WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18
  - Ember Day
  - 9 a.m. Holy Communion, All Saints'. SMA recess begins at noon. (Continued on page 4)

## Phi Gams Sponsor Drive For Clothing

The Phi Gams are holding their annual clothing drive under the direction of Father Pratt of Otey Farm. There will be someone in each dormitory to collect clothes during this week. Residents of the Mountain are asked to leave any clothing they may have on their front steps on Friday and Saturday afternoons if they will not be at home on those days. Ronald Giampietro and Wortham Smith are in charge of this drive.



CONCERT PLANNERS Julius Hegyi, Chattanooga Symphony conductor, Charlotte Hegyi, first piano, and musical vice-chancellor McCrory make final preparations for the Seawane Concert Series.

## Choir Concert To Be Sunday Night

Sunday, Dec. 15, the University Choir will present its annual Christmas Concert at 8 p.m. in All Saints' Chapel.

The choir will sing "Two 16th Century Italian Madrigals" which will include "Ecco Messa" and "Dimmi, dolce Maria"; "Beside Thy Cradle Here I Stand," by Bach; "Christmas," 18th Century American; "Little Jesus," Polish Carol; "A Babe Is Born," Old English; and finally "Gloria" (in modo fahe). This Latin phrase simply means that the choir will sing and be accompanied by a string quartet and fanfare. The trumpeter is Jack Arns. Guillaume Duffy wrote this number about 1450, chiefly for two voices and two brass instruments.

The following Monday night at 8

p.m. the Choir will present the concert at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Chattanooga.

The members of this year's splendid choir, under the capable direction of Mr. McConnell, are: D. Adams, David Arn, Olin Beall, William Bullock, Craig Casey, Daryl Condit, Mike Coton, John Chalker, Hiram Chamberlain, James Dean, David Elpheg, Joly Farnham, Ronald Giampietro, Robert Gore, William Jenkins, D. Johnson, Fred Jones, Charles Hester, John Haras, A. Keeler, Tommy Kirby-Smith, Wimple Lytle, David Lindsey, Bruce Keenan, Benjamin Mathews, E. Moore, E. Miller, Charles Marks, Don D. Galtley, Jeffrey Schiffmayer, Warren Schweig, John Ruppel, Henry Roerig, Gareth Taylor, Joe Tucker, Bill Vose, Garath Ward, Lynn Wright, Fred Vose, Nick Albane, and C. Astaway.

MR. MCCONNELL

# The Sewanee Scene

Letter to the Editor

# Could Be, Maybe . . .

Editors:

I haven't seen much of what war can do compared to a great many people, but I lived in Japan for four years from 1946 to 1950. My folks had drawn housing in a suburban area of Tokyo. There was an old prison about half a mile from the house that had been used as a POW camp during the war. I used to walk past it on the way to school every day. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to forget the time I got to school late because I'd stopped to watch a Graves Registration crew digging behind the wire fence next to the road. I saw them dig up the first body. I was eleven at the time and I turned around and puked in the road. The sun was up and it glinted off the dog tags on the man's neck. There was some flesh on the neck, not much. Somehow, the talk about Sputniks and Vikings brought that scene back pretty strong. All the Republicans and Democrats arguing made me think of another one: it's not very original, I'm afraid, but let's see how graphic I can make it.

I ran walked out the front gate, picked up a stick and ran along beside the picket fence making it chatter like a machine gun. That was a sound he knew well, Ivan did. He heard it almost every evening across the valley. After school one night he'd crossed the corn field behind the community barn and climbed the ridge. It was fun walking along under the trees with the soft sick pine needles beneath his feet. He wasn't supposed to do it, and that made it even more fun. Sometimes his father had made it plain that trespassing on the ridge was punishable by reduced rations for three weeks. One had to get caught, didn't one? Ivan climbed the ridge and went along the fence as if a squirrel and threw a stick at it. He missed. He kept on walking, not noticing where he went but sticking fairly close to a trail that ran twenty yards or so beneath the crest. He had heard the familiar gangue, louder and much closer than it had ever seemed from home. He scrambled to the top of the ridge and left his schoolbooks in a stack by the trail. He was very neat. At the top of the ridge he could see out across the next valley. There was a great barbed-wire fence more than two miles long. In front of the fence was a deep wide ditch. Down at the far end of the fence on the side of the valley away from Ivan, he could make out two small rows of figures. The machine gun noise came again and one of the rows toppled back into the ditch. It was very interesting to one of Ivan's six years. Now he knew where the noise came from. As soon as the noise stopped and there was only one row of figures left he ran down the trail again, picked up his books, and started home.

"They'll never start it," the General said. "They couldn't occupy a country this size. An H-bomb wouldn't leave enough food potential to feed the few remaining inhabitants." The general was half wrong and half right. He found that out when they machine-gunned him so there would be enough food for occupation troops.

Only a test shot. Kapitusk. Soviet propaganda experts using American headlines, saves trouble by making it into investigations: Nip and tuck race. SAC has the deterrent power and will continue to keep it for at least five years. Cerecets. What the hell did they publicize it for? 100 PERCENT HINDSIGHT. Newsprint papers.

"You science-fiction bugs drive me nuts!" "Don't you understand, you thick-skulled dimwit. It's here. It ain't fiction any more. There'm ion rockets they was puttin in comic books ten years ago. Look here. It's in *Lois*. Ain't it? *Lj'e*'s got the straight dope, ain't it. Sw, hall with you, let's get back to the truck. We got these buses to go to."

It might come a lot sooner, John. It might come like this. MAYBE.

The men with tempered steel in the smooth timbre of their voices, and the soft spoken word—"Maybe."

The children whose Dad will surely be back—maybe.

Those same men with quick sureness and checklists as they make the walk-around. The only certainty is here. Feat, smell, test your sixth sense. No nervousness, only sureness. Check, check, probe, push, twist, open and close with finality. All around are others with the same awareness and the same checklists. Checking, twisting, feeling with the sixth sense. This means life—and death.

Four men to a briefing. The cool tones, blank impersonal. The maps, the weather, ceiling, visibility, ice in the skies and the veins. The coffee—steaming and mingling with the ice in the veins. The flashes of blue in the pines. The foldings of the face, the switches, toggles, buttons. Here is a key, a stray commissary check. Only one man's voice.

The shuffle of feet and the rough scraping of chairs. The doors open one, close once. Check, check, quick pencils dash down the paper and the row of vs lengthens. Three harnesses pulled light and the crewman checks the hatch. Swift fingers fly over the switches, toggles, buttons, levers. Small whining sounds and the all-pervading roar building into a crescendo of life. Check that life, those checks depend on it, and those on which it depends. Pressure, temperature, RPM, pounds, and the row of vs grows longer. Another impersonal tone, tippy in the headset. The great motion that comes slowly. It stops. Check, check, the vs are in the mind now. The small demanding voice and the motion which comes for certain. This time it does not stop. The decisive levers are rammied forward in a small vicious flicked. A stream of pure white fire defies the night. An other switch. The bottles tumble end over end and crash hundreds of feet below. And now the checking. Climb, climb, yearn for the height, level, check.

The children are asleep. Somewhere a street cleaning machine dashes down the deserted streets in a whirl of blades. The headlights muted, the picture bright, the counter reflect the light, the girl looks up and smiles at him. A flash of white hot light changes the smile to a grimace. San Francisco is no more. Duddy is on his way home.

"I guess those guys go around to a lot of colleges looking for suckers to sign up."

"They were getting a small amount. The in this school are too smart to fall for it. I'm not signing up. I hear they're not taking too many at my draft board and there are enough people less fortunate than I to fill the quota."

"Same way with mine. Understand there's a pretty good chance we won't have to go in the service at all."

"I sure hope so. Even if you do get drafted it's only two years. Get a commission and you're in for three. If you fly it's five now."

How long does it take, John, before we really get out of the sludge and look in the mirror to see if any of the dirt came off? How long before we pull our heads out of the clouds of propaganda, talk about satellites, accusations and counter-accusations, and really take a look at the grubby, smug toothed, craft faced, clubby little character who's pulling the strings on the other side of the fence.

We ought to look at him as the aggressive ruler of a vibrant young nation and then so ourselves as pretty degraded in many respects. The haves and the have-nots, the young and the old, the tough and the soft, the synthetic and the antithesis, the starters and the finished, maybe.

It's always taken a lot to get this country saved enough to pull into effect the measures that can change it from a democracy to a fighting machine. Unfortunately we aren't scared enough yet, not by a damn sight. It isn't anybody's fault, so they say. The Republicans blame it on the Democrats and vice-versa. It's even getting to the point where the Navy blames it on the Army, the Army passes the buck to the Air Force, the Air Force passes it to Ike, and the appointee a missile adviser so he can pass the buck. By the time they get finished with passing the buck it won't be a buck any more, it'll be a Ruskys soldier with his bayonet stabbing in in the gut. I'm not alone in my antipathy to that situation. I just wish there were something I could do about it besides sit and read the newspapers and listen to reports about how long it will take and how good we are and how nobody's doing anything and everybody's doing something.

I'm confused, John. I feel like I'm up the Tennessee river in a leaky washbuck. There's a polar bear in the river and he's swimming between me and the shore. Polar bears are most eaters and this one's kind of thin from what I can tell.

I'm going to feel just as I do right now unless I can get that rescue boat. You know how I feel? Brother, I'm scared as hell.

TONY ACARIZO



Deck the halls with bags of money.

## Editorial

# It's What You Make It!

"No one does any thinking about Christmas really anyway." This statement appears in the expression of the editor on the front page. This will probably be one of the most forgotten aspects of the holiday season—the real meaning of Christmas.

Bells jingling, merry Santas in department stores, colored tinsel, gaudy lights, loud speakers blaring "Silent Night" as crowds pass by—all have come to signify the Christmas spirit. Shoppers are crowding the streets; children are writing letters to Santa; fir trees are being decked in brightly colored balls; gleeful anticipation is in the air.

Many years ago an Event occurred which was destined to change the entire course of human history. The Christ was born in a stable. All was peaceful. All was still.

Two scenes are here presented. One is shallow and superficial; the other, deep and meaningful. Has the memory of the Christ Child

been buried under a deluge of cheap tinsel and artificial snow?

No, Christmas hasn't all become artificial and cheap. It isn't just last minute gifts and tree decorations. Behind loud speakers blaring Christmas carols over the heads of shoppers, behind the tree department store Santa Clauses with white cotton beards is something else, a somewhat intangible quality.

This intangible quality is a true spirit of brotherhood and love. The teachings of the One humbly-born are in the air. It is in one's heart and in his daily life.

The spirit of Christmas also may prevail in the new year to follow so shortly thereafter. With determination we may ring out with the old year all of our unsteady, dishonorable thoughts and replace them with refreshing ones of worthiness and good deeds.

In short, Christmas is what you make it!

BSS

## Lupo's Fables

# The Child And The Lyre-bird

Two and two are four  
Four and four are eight  
Eight and eight are sixteen  
Again! says the teacher  
Two and two are four  
Four and four are eight  
Eight and eight are sixteen  
But look at the lyre-bird  
Passing in the sky  
The child sees it  
The child hears it  
The child calls to it  
Save me  
Play with me  
Lyre-bird!  
So the bird comes down  
And plays with the child  
Two and two are four  
Again! says the teacher  
And the child plays  
The bird plays with him  
Four and four are eight  
Eight and eight are sixteen  
And what are sixteen and sixteen  
They aren't anything sixteen and sixteen  
And especially not thirty-two  
And away they go

And the child hides the bird  
In his desk  
And all the children  
Hear its song  
Two and all children  
Understand its music  
And eight and eight next disappear  
Four and four  
And two and two  
Next fade from view  
And one and one are neither one nor two  
One by one they go away too  
And the lyre-bird plays  
And the child sings  
And the professor cries  
When you have finished clowning!  
But all the other children  
Listen to the music  
And the walls of the classroom  
Quietly crumble  
And the windows become sand again  
And the ink becomes water  
The desks become trees  
The chalk becomes cliff  
And the old quill pen  
Becomes a bird again  
(after Jacques Prévert)

## JOHN FLEMING

Editor

## BATTLE SEARCY

Issue Editor

## ERIC NAYLOR

Business Manager

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ods. Subscription rates are \$3.00 per school year, \$1.50 per semester. The PURPLE was entered as second class matter Feb. 18, 1946, at the post office at Sewanee, Ten-





## The Stovepipe League



- STEREOTYPATION
- ROYAL REACTION

By MIKE WOODS

Purple Sports Editor

In the textbook for advanced composition I recently came across a very amusing dialogue by Frank Sullivan which parodied the stereotyped language of sportswriting. I thought you might enjoy it.

Q. If the teams don't roll up a score, what do they do?

A. They battle to a scoreless tie.

Q. What do they hang up?

A. A victory. Or they pull down a victory.

Q. Which means that they do what to the opposing team?

A. They take the measure of the opposing team, or take it into camp.

Q. And the opposing team?

A. Drops a game, or bows in defeat before it.

Q. This dropping or bowing, constitutes what kind of a blow for the losing team?

A. It is a crushing blow to its hopes of annexing the Eastern Championship, Visions of the Rose Bowl fade.

Q. So what follows as a result of the defeat?

A. A drastic shake-up follows as a result of the shattering at the hands of Cornell last Saturday.

Q. And what is developed?

A. A new line of attack.

Q. Mr. Smith, how is the first quarter of a football game commonly referred to?

A. As the initial period.

Any sports page of the Nashville Banner, or I fear, the Sewanee *Purper*, will provide countless other examples of clichés which have nothing to do with a technical understanding of the game being played, to wit: split the uprights, wince the boards, wade the wood, hit a circuit cold, etc. ad infinitum. It is seems to me that this jargon confronts any conscientious sportswriter with a serious problem. It undoubtedly constitutes bad prose, but sports fans have gotten used to it and now expect it. When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw their first American football game, their remarks struck us as naive. As a matter of fact their observations were perfectly intelligent, but the absence of clichés made an impression of naivete. I'm afraid we're caught on the horns of a dilemma.

There were several errors in last week's basketball article and column. First of all, Jack Moore is a senior. He is beginning his fourth year of basketball at Sewanee. Secondly, this year is the third for Jim Roberts on the Sewanee court. We proffer apologies to all offended parties.

## Wrestlers Have Five Lettermen

Sewanee's 19 man wrestling team rely heavily this year on its five returning lettermen. These boys were part of last year's team which finished 3rd in the Southeastern Tournament. They are Ned Harris, 123 lbs.; Gayle Cox, 137 lbs.; Todd Breck, 143 lbs.; Ralston Taylor, 147 lbs.; and Max Young, heavyweight.

Some of the new boys out this year are Jerry Gee, 167 lbs.; Curtiss Searns, 177 lbs.; Ronnie Gray, 147 lbs.; Bob Moore, 139 lbs.; and Bart Munn, 137 lbs. Eleven of the nineteen boys have had previous experience, either in college or high school.

Jan. 11—Emory, there  
Jan. 13—Birmingham-Southern, home  
Jan. 16—Chattanooga, there  
Feb. 10—Chattanooga, home  
Feb. 11—Birmingham-Southern, there  
Feb. 21—Maryville College, home  
Feb. 28—Southeastern Wrestling Championship at Emory

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## THE NEXT TIME

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## The University Dairy

# Tigers Drop First Home Game

By AL ELMORE

Behind from the very first points scored in Juhon Gymnasium, Sewanee's Tigers dropped their first home game of the 1957-58 basketball season on Saturday night to a tall horde of accurate Tennessee Orangemen from the upstate university. The final score was 89-40.

The highlights of the game came at the pre-tiptoe dedication of the sparkling new gym, and the half-time activities of Miss Tennessee on a transplanted set at mid-court. One thing became obvious when the young Miss America contestant, decked out in white tights and blouse, made her half-time appearance:

There's plenty of cheer left in Sewanee sports fans. It just takes the right sport to bring it out.

For a while Saturday night basketball was right for the near-capacity crowd of students, professors, miscellaneous people, locals, and the rest. The small but stentorian ROTC band, stirred in the dark shades, splashy-shirt patterns of progressive jazz artists, helped the omnipresent cheerleaders whip up some real spirit from the crowd as the Purple took the floor. Captain Jack Moore was first through the hoop with the big Tiger face on it, which the S Club and German Club had concocted for the occasion. He met with liberal applause, as did the other four starters who followed him, Cummings, Foster, Gelston, and Roberts.



TIGER CAPTAIN Jack Moore is all set to shoot.

## KA Undeclared In Volleyball

On Monday, Dec. 2, KS evened their won-lost column by up-ending the Independents. The Faculty continued impregnable by finessing their way to victory over Phi Gam. SN was dropped from the Volleyball competition after forfeiting two games.

Tuesday, the Theologs proved themselves superior to the Deltas as the Phi Deltas, with match point against them in the second game, made a tremendous comeback to win over the clutch-ed Alpha Taus. Phi Gam handed the Independents their second loss of the week.

KS picked up a gratifying win over the previously undefeated Theologs on Wednesday night. The hex on their opponents which the Faculty had ridden to a perfect record abruptly deserted them in their game with the Phi Deltas.

KA, still undeclared, made it one more by downing DTD. The other game of the night saw Beta lose to the Independents.

DTD finished ahead of cellar-clinging SAE on Friday. KA rolled to victory over Phi Gam as PGD slipped past the Theologs.

The Faculty recovered sufficiently on Saturday to beat KS and the Theologs following their example over Beta. In the first game Sunday, DTD found the Alpha Taus no competition and won easily in two games. The tireless KAs played the other two games of the afternoon, winning against PGD in the first and refusing to be overawed by the Faculty in the second.

KA	.....	7	0
PDT	.....	7	2
Faculty	.....	5	2
Theolog	.....	4	2
DTD	.....	4	4
KS	.....	4	4
ATO	.....	4	4
PGD	.....	3	4
BTP	.....	3	5
Independents	.....	3	7
SAE	.....	2	9
SN	.....	Forfeited	out

When Coach Lon Varnell popped through the hoop and produced a pair of scissors with which Tennessee Coach Emmett Lowry sheared a purple and white ribbon, flashbulbs glittered, and everybody sat down to wait for blood.

Tennessee drew it first with an inside-the-key jump shot and that same shot made again and again proved Sewanee's downfall. Yet the Purple could have stayed in contention but for a spider-web defense by UT that firmly sealed the key zone and forced Sewanee's guards to shoot from well outside. Hugh Gelston pumped through the Tigers' first points in Juhon Gymnasium when he drove inside to the right of the basket and scored on a hooking lay-up. Gelston went on to pace his team's attack with 12 points for the evening, most of them on long-two-hand set shots.

Still it was just too much Tennessee for the outmanned Tigers. The Southeastern Conference, with plenty of height under the basket, could score and rebound with apparent ease, while Sewanee's young crew made too many bobbles and too few shots to stay in the ball game after the first few minutes.

Gelston Effective

But it was a gummy, fit frustrated, team that refused to let up the pressure even when it seemed to lose its fingers. Gelston proved the most effective point producer and pulled in his share of rebounds. In the second half Jim Foster found the range for several field goals and made a couple of nice steals from the Tennessee guards. Roberts Cummings, and Moore all had their good moments, and Burton, Joseph, and

Hanes looked as good as most of the starters in their appearances.

When the final whistle sounded, no Sewanee supporter was downright pleased with the score. In fact there was some disgusted mumbling from students like the sophomore who had lost four bits by taking Sewanee and thirty points. But, for good or bad, all supporters here had come expecting to see a thin, inexperienced Sewanee team of real potential lose to a superior opponent, and that's precisely what they saw.

Diogenes

Running true to form, the game produced its share of Mountain idiosyncrasies. An ATO pledge, Ted Hazen, came awailing into the gym (escorted too) just before halftime, diked up in slurr, sweater, falsies, and white blacks, with a sign in the appropriate spot on his backside reading "Miss Sewanee." Well, for those who thought Miss Sewanee offered no serious competition to UT's, usually given we print this bit of dialogue:

Uppercassman: "You know, Miss Tennessee looks damn good all right, but I don't declare she's a ravishing beauty, if you know what I mean."

Freshman: "Anything would look good after being up here so long."

Uppercassman: (Laughs knowingly.)

Freshman: Even Hazen (Miss Sewanee) didn't look too bad the first time I saw him!"

Uppercassman: "You know, not changing the subject, but you realize 40 points is all we need to get back into this ball game?"

Betty

Flowerland

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